

El Grillo

The cricket is a good singer
Who holds a long note
Give him a drink, the cricket sings

But he doesn't do like the other birds
As after they have sung a little
They in fact go elsewhere.
The cricket always stays put

When everyone else is hot,
Then he sings only for love

La Turturella

The turtle dove cries and complains
For her lost dear and sad companion
Alone she leaves for the forest.

Alone she goes away sad and thoughtful
Always thinking of her good dear
Who for her lives in tears of breathlessness & pain.

She rests on thorny trees
Because she abhors the green saplings
And the clear waters and streams.

So did I after I had lost
My comfort and my clear desire
Who winning had made me happy and jolly.

Cantan fra rami

The charming little birds sing among the branches
blue and white and green and red and yellow ones.
Murmuring streams and quiet lakes
Of winning clarity, crystalline.
A sweet breeze that seems to you so charming
Has a motion always and in its manner does not fail
To make the air flicker around,
So that it would not be hot in the day:

And among the flowers, tomatoes and vegetables
The different aromas stealing, went
And of all these made a mixture
That nourishes the soul gently.
Arises a palace in the middle of the plain,
That when lit, it seemed like a living flame:
To much splendor around and so much light
Radiated, out of any mortal usage.

Capriciata/Contrapunto

*(Here is performed an amazing farce,
by certain scatterbrains who suddenly appear)*

Noble spectators,
You will now hear four fine and humorous fellows:
A dog, a cat, a cuckoo and an owl
For fun improvise a counterpoint over a bass line.

Fa la la la
Never trust a hunchback,
Likewise those who limp,
If a squinter looks good, he is good,
Write it in the annals!
Fa la la la