

A sweet mouth (A vucchella)- Paolo Tosti

Yes, like a little flower,
You have got a sweet mouth
A little bit
withered.

Please give it to me
it's like a little rose
Give me a little kiss,
give, Cannelella!

Give one and take one,
a kiss as little
as your mouth

which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

Ideal (Ideale)

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every torment
I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me
a new dawn.

L'ultima canzone (The Last Song)

They told me that tomorrow
Nina, you will be a bride.
yet still I sing my serenade to you!
Up on the barren plateau,
down in the shady valley,
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!

Rose-petal
O flower of amaranth,
though you marry,
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles and flowers,
and will not spare a thought for our past love;
yet always, by day and by night,
with passionate moan
my song will sigh to you.

Mint-flower,
O flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember
the kisses I gave you!

Ah...! Ah...!

The sunset- Percy Bysshe Shelley

(1792 - 1822)

There late was One within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He walked along the pathway of a field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods - and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep - but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on - in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead - so pale;

Her hands were thin, and through their wandering
veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unproved,
Where the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, a drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were - Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made.

The Sun and Love (Sole e amore)

The sun joyfully
Taps at your windows. Love
Softly taps at your heart,
And so the one and the other call to you.
The sun says: Oh sleeper,
Show yourself, since you're so beautiful.
Love says: Sister,
With your first thought, think of he who loves you!

To Die (Morire?)

To die? And who knows what is life?
Is it this one that opens, shining and pure,
to the charms, the loves, the hopes,
or is it the one that dozed off in renunciations?

Is the bashful and calm simplicity
that is handed down as a warning,
like a secret of a secret life
so that everyone can reach his goal,

or rather the lively flash
of new dreams over jaded dreams,
and the overwhelmed peace and the inexhaustible
faith you need to have in order to desire?

There, I don't know. But you who are
on the other side, on the vast shore
where the flower of life blossoms -
I am sure you know.

And the little bird! (E l'uccellino!)

And the little bird sings on the branch:
Sleep calmly, Boccuccia my love:
Rest your little, blond head
on your mother's heart.
And the little bird sings on that branch:
You will learn so many beautiful things,
But if you want to know how much I love you,
No-one in the world can ever tell you!
And the bird sings to the serene sky:
Sleep, my treasure, here on my breast.