

## **Gitene Ninfe**

*Gitene Ninfe sù gl'herbosi prati  
E voi Pastori amati  
E tu Damone lascia i car'Armenti  
E al suon de nostr'accenti*

*E ghirlandette de piu vaghi fiori  
Tesset' à la mia Clori  
Prendila e seco men' alte carole  
Che te sol bram' e vuole*

*Poi che le die d'Amore  
Bellezza tal che pò rapire il core  
E di dolcezz' ancor trar l'alma fuore*

*E noi farem' in tanto  
Per allegrezza risonar le valli  
Al dolce suon de pletri canti e balli.*

Let's walk, Nymphs, on the meadows,  
And you, dear shepards,  
And you, Damon, leave the dear flocks.  
And with the sound of our voice

Let's us make festoons with the most  
Beautiful flowers for Clori.  
Take her and sing loud songs  
For she loves and desires only you

And because Love gave her  
Such beauty that can steal your heart  
And, with sweetness, also your soul.

And in the while  
We shall make every valley sound  
- With the sweet sound of the strings - songs and dances.

Thanks to Andrea Friggi for the English translation.