

THE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

FROM POLITIAN.^{1*}

LA pastorella si leva per tempo
Menando le caprette a pascere fuora;
Di fuora, fuora, la traditora
Co suoi begli occhi la m'innamora,
E fa di mezza notte apparir giorno.

Poi se ne giva a spasso a la fontana
Calpestando l'erbette tenerelle,
(O) tenerelle, galanti e belle,
Sermollin fresco, fresche mortelle,
E 'l grembo ha pien di rose e di viole.

Poi si sbraccia e si lava il suo bel viso,
Le man, la gamba, il suo pulito petto,
Pulito petto, con gran diletto,
Con bianco aspetto,
Che ride intorno intorno (o) le campagne.

E qualche volta canta una canzona,
Che le pecore balla e gli agnelletti:
E gli agnelletti fanno i scambietti,
Così le capre con li capretti,
E tutti fanno a gara (o) le lor danze.

* Author: Leigh Hunt / Transcribed and annotated by Alessia Testori.

E qualche volta in sur un verde prato
 La tesse ghirlandette (o) di bei fiori,
 (O) di bei fiori, di bei colori,
 Così le ninfe con li pastori,
 E tutti imparan da la pastorella.

Poi la sera ritorna a la sua stanza
 Con la vincastra in man discinta e scalza,
 Discinta le scalza
 Ride e saltella per agni balza.
 Così la pastorella passa il tempo.

TRANSLATION.

THE sweet country maiden she gets up betimes,
 Taking her kids to feed out on the grass,—
 On the grass, on the grass,—ah! the sly little lass,
 Her eyes make me follow with mine as they pass;
 I am sure they'd make day in the middle of night.

Then she goes, the first thing, to the fountain hard by,
 Treading the turf with her fresh naked feet,—
 Naked feet, naked feet,—O so light and so sweet,
 Through the thyme and the myrtles they go so complete,
 And she makes up a lap, which she fills full of flowers.

Then she tucks up her sleeve to wash her sweet face,
 And her hands, and her legs, and her bosom so white,—
 Her bosom so white,—with a gentle delight;
 I never beheld such a beautiful sight,
 It makes the place smile, wheresoever it turns.

And sometimes she sings a rustical song,
 Which makes the kids dance, and the sheep alsò—

The sheep also,—they hark, and they go;
 The goats with the kids, all so merrily O!
 You would think they all tried to see who could dance best.

And sometimes, upon a green meadow, I've seen her
 Make little garlands of beautiful flowers,—
 O, most beautiful flowers,—which last her for hours,
 And the great ladies make them for their paramours,
 But all of them learn from my sweet country lass.

And then in the evening she goes home to bed,
 Bare-footed, and loos'ning her laces and things,—
 Her laces and things,—and she laughs and she sings,
 And leaps all the banks with one of her springs;
 And thus my sweet maiden she passes her time.

EPIGRAM OF ALFIERI,

UPON THE TREATMENT OF THE WORD "CAPTAIN" BY
 THE ITALIANS, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH.

Capitano è parola
 Sonante, intera, e nell'Italia nata;
Capitèn, già sconsola,
 Nasalmente dai Galli smozzicata;
Keptn poi dentro gola
 De' Britanni aspri sen sta straspolpata.

IMITATED AND ANSWERED.

Poor Italy, one needs must own,
 Has the word "Captain," and the word alone;

EDITORIAL NOTES

- ¹ Angelo Poliziano (1454-94), Italian classical scholar and poet of the Florentine Renaissance.