**La primavera**

Giunt’ è la Primavera e festosetti

La Salutan gl’ Augei con lieto canto,

E i fonti allo spirar de’ Zeﬃretti

Con dolce mormorio scorrono intanto:

Vengon’ coprendo l’ aer di nero amanto

E Lampi, e tuoni ad annuntiarla eletti

Indi tacendo questi, gl’ Augelletti;

Tornan’ di nuovo al lor canoro incanto:

E quindi sul fiorito ameno prato

Al caro mormorio di fronde e piante

Dorme ’l Caprar col fido can’ à lato.

Di pastoral Zampogna al suon festante

Danzan Ninfe e Pastor nel tetto amato

Di primavera all’ apparir brillante.

**L’estate**

Sotto dura Staggion dal sole accesa

Langue l’ huom, langue ’l gregge, ed arde il Pino;

Scioglie il Cucco la Voce, e tosto intesa

Canta la Tortorella e ’l gardelino.

Zeﬃro dolce spira, mà contesa

Muove Borea improviso al suo vicino;

E piange il Pastorel, perche sospesa

Teme fiera borasca, e ’l suo destino;

Toglie alle membra lasse il suo riposo

Il timore de’ Lampi, e tuoni fieri

E de mosche, e mossoni il stuol furioso!

Ah che pur troppo i suoi timor son veri

Tuona e fulmina il Ciel e grandioso

Tronca il capo alle spiche e a’ grani alteri.

**L’autunno**

Celebra il Vilanel con balli e Canti

Del felice raccolto il bel piacere

E del liquor de Bacco accesi tanti

Finiscono col sonno il lor godere

Fà ch’ ogn’ uno tralasci e balli e canti

L’ aria che temperata dà piacere,

E la Staggion ch’ invita tanti e tanti

D’ un dolcissimo Sonno al bel godere.

I cacciator alla nov’ alba à caccia

Con corni, schioppi, e canni escono fuore

Fugge la belua, e seguono la traccia;

Già sbigottita, e lassa al gran rumore

De’ schioppi e canni, ferita minaccia

Languida di fuggir, mà oppressa muore.

**L’inverno**

Aggiacciato tremar trà neri algenti

Al severo spirar d’ orrido Vento,

Correr battendo i piedi ogni momento;

E pel soverchio gel batter i denti;

Passar al foco i di quieti e contenti

Mentre la pioggia fuor bagna ben cento

Caminar sopra ’l giaccio, e à passo lento

Per timor di cader gersene intenti;

Gir forte sdruzziolar, cader à terra

Di nuove ir sopra ’l giaccio e correr forte

Sin ch’ il giaccio si rompe, e si disserra;

Sentir uscir dalle ferrate porte

Sirocco Borea, e tutti i Venti in guerra

Quest’ é ’l verno, mà tal, che gioja apporte.

**Spring**

Spring has arrived merrily

the birds hail her with happy song

and, meanwhile, at the breath of the Zephyrs,

the streams flow with a sweet murmur:

thunder and lightning, chosen to proclaim her,

come covering the sky with a black mantle,

and then, when these fall silent, the little birds

return once more to their melodious incantation:

and so, on the pleasant, flowery meadow,

to the welcome murmuring of fronds and trees,

the goatherd sleeps with his trusty dog beside him.

To the festive sound of a shepherd’s bagpipe,

nymphs and shepherds dance beneath the beloved roof

at the joyful appearance of spring.

**Summer**

Beneath the harsh season inflamed by the sun,

Man languishes, the flock languishes, and the pine tree burns;

the cuckoo unleashes its voice and, as soon as it is heard,

the turtle dove sings and the goldfinch too.

Sweet Zephyrus blows, but Boreas suddenly

opens a dispute with his neighbour,

and the shepherd weeps, for he fears

a fierce storm looming – and his destiny;

the fear of lightning and fierce thunder

and the furious swarm of flies and blowflies

deprives his weary limbs of repose.

Oh alas! His fears are only too true.

The sky thunders, flares and with hailstones

severs the heads of the proud grain crops.

**Autumn**

The peasant celebrates in dance and song

the sweet pleasure of the rich harvest

and, fired by Bacchus’ liquor,

many end their enjoyment in slumber.

The air, which fresher now, lends contentment,

and the season which invites so many

to the great pleasure of sweetest slumber,

make each one abandon dance and song.

At the new dawn the hunters set out on the hunt

with horns, guns and dogs.

The wild beast flees, and they follow its track;

already bewildered, and wearied by the great noise

of the guns and dogs, wounded,

it threatens weakly to escape, but, overwhelmed, dies.

**Winter**

To shiver, frozen, amid icy snows,

at the harsh wind’s chill breath;

to run, stamping one’s feet at every moment;

with one’s teeth chattering on account of the excessive cold;

to pass the days of calm and contentment by the fireside

while the rain outside drenches a hundred others;

to walk on the ice, and with slow steps

to move about cautiously for fear of falling;

to go fast, slip, fall to to the ground;

to go on the ice again and run fast

until the ice cracks and breaks open;

to hear, as they sally forth through the iron-clad gates,

Sirocco, Boreas, and all the winds at war.

This is winter, but of a kind to bring joy.

**Antonio Vivaldi ‘Le quattro stagioni’**

**English translation: Paul Everett**

***Vivaldi, The Four Seasons and other concertos, Op.8***

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