La Donna E Mobile

Mark Vincent

La Donna Ã¨ mobile,
Qual piuma al vento.
Muta d'accento,
e di pensiero.

Sempre un amabilÃ¨,
Legiadro viso.
In pianto o in riso,
Ã¨ menzognero.

Sempre misero,
Che a lei s'affida,
Che le confide,
Mal cauto il cuorÃ¨.

Pur mai non sentesi
felice appieno
chi su quel seno
non liba amore!

English translation:

Women are fickle,
like a feather in the wind.
First they change their voices,
then they change their minds.

They are always pleasant,
with pretty faces,
but when they laugh or when they cry
they mean to decieve you.

Always miserable,
he always suffers,
is he who confides in her,
O his unwary heart.

Although one will never feel
fully happy
Unless he has drunk love from

the breast [of a woman]!

Lyrics submitted by Scott Allen.

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