

La pastorella

Cecilia Bartoli

Son bella pastorella, che scende ogni mattino,
Ed offre un cestellino di fresche fruta a fior
Chi viene al primo albore avra vezzoso rose
E pmo rugiadosa, venite al mio giardin.
Son bella pastorella, che scende ogni mattino
Ed offre un cestellino di fresche fruta a fior.
Ah. Chi nel notturno orrore smarri la buona via
Alla capanna mia ritrovera il cammin
Venita, o passagiero
La pastorella e qua
Ma il fior del suo pensiero
Ad uno sol dara! Ah. I am the beautiful shepherdess,
who descends every morning,
and offers a basket full of
fresh fruit and flowers.
Who comes on the first harvest
will have nice roses
and very good pommels
come to my garden.
I am the beautiful shepherdess,
who descends every morning,
and offers a basket full of
fresh fruit and flowers.
Ah. which during the frightened night
the right way is lost,
in my shelter
you will find the fireplace
come, oh passer-by
the shepherdess is here,
but her inner thoughts
will only be given to one!
Come, oh passer-by,
the shepherdess is here,
but her inner thoughts
will only be given to one!
Ah.

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