Amor ch’attendi,
Amor che fai?
Su, che non prendi
Gli strali omai;
Amor vendetta,
Amor saetta,
Quel cor ch’altero
Sdegna ‘l tuo impero.

Ò pompa, ò gloria,
Ò spoglie altere,
Nobil vittoria
S’Amor la fere;
Amor ardisci,
Amor ferisci,
Amor et odi
Qual havrà i lodi?

Amor possente
Amor cortese
Dirà la gente
Pur arse e prese
Quella crudele,
Che, di querele
Vaga, e di pianti,
Schernia gli amanti.

Quel cor superbo
Langue e sospira,
Quel viso acerbo
Pietate spira.
Fatti duoi fiumi
Quei crudi lumi,
Pur versan fore
Pianto d’amore.

Continued

Love, what are you waiting for?
Love, what are you doing?
Up, why have you not taken up
your arrows?
Vengeance, Love!
Love, shoot
that heart that proudly
denies your power.

O pomp, O glory,
O great spoils of war,
Noble victory,
if love should wound her;
Burn, Love!
Wound, Love!
Love and hatred—
which should receive praise?

“Powerful Love,
gracious Love,”
people will say,
“has burned and seized
that cruel one
who, pleased by
moans and tears,
scorns lovers.”

That proud heart
dies and sighs,
that sour face
breathes pity.
Those cruel eyes
are made two rivers
that pour forth
tears of love.

Se cruda e ria
Negò mercede,
Humile e pia
Mercede hor chiede.
Ò face, ò strale,
Alta immortale,
Che fia che scampi
Si ‘l giaccio avvampi.

Dall’ alto cielo
Fulmina Giove,
L’Arcier di Delo
Saette piove,
Ma lo stral d’oro
S’orni d’alloro
Che di possanza
Ogni altro avanza.

If it fiercely and cruelly
refused mercy,
now it humbly and lovingly
asks for mercy.
O fire, O arrow,
mighty immortal,
who can escape
having you set fire to their ice?

From highest heaven
Jove thunders;
The archer of Delos
rains down arrows,
but let the golden dart
be crowned with the laurel,
for in power
it surpasses all others.