

Torna il sereno Zefiro

Sigismondo d'India

Tor-na_il se- re- no Ze- fi- ro, E gl'au- gel- li- ni gar- ru- li, De' bos- chi dol- ci
Le nu- be d'ac- que gra- vi- de, Che scor- ga- ro i de- lu- vi Hor tut- te si ris-
Rin- gio- ve- nito ogn' ar- bo- re Di ver- de man- to ves- te- si, Ri- den- ti cam- pi_e

5

mu- si- ci, Can- tan- do_in- sie- me, tem- pra- no, Al suon del rio che mor- mo- ra Con
ta- gna- no E_i ven- ti, che fre- me- a- no Or- go- glio- si con fu- ri- a, Ta-
pra- to- re Di ver- de spoglia im- man- tan- si, E_in fin le grot- te_a- dor- nan- si Di

10

cor- di no- te_ar- mo- ni- che. Io sol, in- vol- to, il tris- to co- re,
ci- ti_e chie- ti_or dor- mo- no. Io so- spi- ran- do sen- za ri- po- so
fior ver- mi- gli_e can- di- di. Io sol smar- rita fuor d'o- gni u- san- za

15

An- zi se- pol- to in trist' hor- ro- re Al suon del pian- to_in- tuo- no_in tris- ti
 E_an- cor ver- san- do tris- to_e do- glio- so Nem- bo di piog- gia,_in- tuo- no_in tris- ti
 Sec- ca_e sfio- ri- ta di mia spe- ran- za Il più bel ver- de_in- tuo- no_in tris- ti

Chord diagrams and fret numbers for measures 15-19:
 Measure 15: a (fret 0)
 Measure 16: a (fret 0)
 Measure 17: a (fret 0)
 Measure 18: a (fret 0)
 Measure 19: a (fret 0)

20

25

la- i:
 la- i: Pri- ma- ve- ra per me, Pri- ma- ve- ra per me, non sa- rà ma- i, Pri- ma-
 la- i:

Chord diagrams and fret numbers for measures 20-24:
 Measure 20: a (fret 0)
 Measure 21: a (fret 0)
 Measure 22: a (fret 0)
 Measure 23: a (fret 0)
 Measure 24: a (fret 0)

30

ve- ra per me, Pri- ma- ve- ra per me, non sa- rà ma- i.

Chord diagrams and fret numbers for measures 30-34:
 Measure 30: a (fret 0)
 Measure 31: a (fret 0)
 Measure 32: a (fret 0)
 Measure 33: a (fret 0)
 Measure 34: a (fret 0)

Calm breezes return:
And the twittering birds,
Sweet musicians of the woods,
Singing together, tune their songs
To the sound of the murmuring brook
In concerts of harmonious notes.
I alone, my heavy heart shrouded,
Nay buried, beneath a horrid grief,
Intone this sorrowful lay to the sound of sobs:
"For me it will never be spring."

The clouds, gravid with water,
From which floods are disgorged,
Are now stanching the flow,
And the winds that raged
In proud fury
Now sleep in silent peace.
I, ceaselessly sighing
And ever weeping, sad and mournful,
A river of tears, intone this sorrowful lay:
"For me it will never be spring."

Every tree is renewed,
Dressed with a cloak of green,
Pleasant fields and meadows,
With their immense green bounty,
And finally caves, adorned
With vermillion and snow-white blossoms.
I alone, lost and outside all familiarity,
The most beautiful greenery of my hope
Dried up and withered, intone this sorrowful lay:
"For me it will never be spring."