

40. Amor che nel mio pensier

Soneto 1 en ytaliano - Words from Petrarch, Poem #140 Luis Milán

5 10

A- mor che nel mi- o pen- sier vi- ve e re- gna el su- o se- ggio ma-

15 20 25

ggiomel mi- o cor- te- ne tal- hor ar- ma- to ne- la fron- te ve- ne

30 35

i- vi si lo- ca et i- vi pon su- a in- se- gna quel- la che a- ma- re et

40 45 50

sof- fe- rir nen se- gna et vol che e gran de- sio, l'ac- ce- sa spe- ne, ra-

55 60

gion, ver- go- gna et re- ve- ren- za af- fre- ne, di nos- tro ar- dir fra se- stes- sa

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si sde- gna. On- de A- mor pa- ven- to- so fug- ge al co- re,

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la- scian- do o- gni su- a im- sa, et pian- ge et

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tre- ma; i- vi s'as- con- de et non ap- par più fo- re. Che poss' io far,

100

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te- men- do il mio si- gnò- re, se non star se- co in- fin al

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120

ho- ra ex- trè- ma? Che bel fin fa chi ben a- man- do mo- re.

Translation:

Love, who lives and reigns in my thought
And keeps his principal seat in my heart,
Sometimes comes forth, armored, into my face,
There he camps and there raises his banner.
She, who teaches us love and patience
And wishes my great desire, my kindled hope,
To be reigned in by reason, shame, and respect,
Is filled with anger at our boldness.
Wherefore, terrified, Love flees to my heart,
Abandoning his every enterprise, and weeps and trembles;
There he hides and no longer appears outside.
What can I do, when my lord [i.e., Love] is afraid,
Except stay with him until the last hour?
For he makes a good end who dies loving well.