MEDICI, Lorenzo de’  
  
  
**Sonetto I**

I saw my Lady by a purling brook

With laughing maidens, where green branches twined;

O never since that primal, passionate look

Have I beheld her face so soft and kind.

Hence for a space my yearning was content

And my sad soul some consolation knew;

Alas, my heart remained although I went,

And constantly my pain and sorrow grew.

Early the sun sank down in western skies

And left the earth to woeful hours obscure,

Afar my sun hath also veiled her ray;

Upon the mind first bliss most heavily lies,

How short a while all mortal joys endure,

But not so soon doth memory pass away.  
  
  
**Canzone a ballo**

Let him who is no lover

Go hence and seek another

Floor on which to dance,

He merits not good chance!

Be there one who knows not Love,

Let him hasten from this place,

For that heart is poor in grace

Which fond ardours doth not prove.

Be there one whose fires burn low,

Let him breathe on them, and so

They blaze again, he need not go!

Love presideth o’er this feast,

Those who serve him gather round.

Be there one by envy bound,

Take he leave, for thus at least

He will go and not be chased!

Only those whom Love hath graced

In so sweet a bower are placed.

Be there one who is ashamed

Of loving, let her ponder fair

And she will soon become aware

To love is to be nobly famed;

For love all homage doth deserve;

Ingratitude doth shame reserve.

Be there one perchance so vile

As to flee away for fright,

Let her understand aright,

No such coward fancies wile

In gentle hearts! Nature doth bring

Us beauty; foolish ’twere to fling.

Away the roses of the spring  
  
  
**Trionfo**

Youth is sweet and well

But doth speed away!

Let who will be gay,

To-morrow, none can tell.

Bacchus and his Fair,

Contented with their fate,

Chase both time and care,

Loving soon and late;

High and low estate

With the nymphs at play;

Let who will be gay,

To-morrow, none can tell.

Laughing satyrs all

Set a hundred snares,

Lovelorn dryads fall

In them unawares:

Glad with wine, in pairs

They dance the hours away:

Let who will be gay,

To-morrow, none can tell.

Not unwillingly

Were these nymphs deceived:

From Love do but flee

Graceless hearts aggrieved:

Deceivers and deceived

Together wend their way.

Let who will be gay,

To-morrow, none can tell.

Fat Silenus nears

On an ass astride:

Full of wine and years,

Come and see him ride:

He lolls from side to side

But gleefully alway:

Let who will be gay,

To-morrow, none can tell.

Midas following,

Turneth all to gold:

What can treasure bring

To a heart that’s cold?

And what joy unfold

For who thirsteth, pray?

Let who will be gay,

To-morrow, none can tell.

Ears be very bold,

Count not on to-morrow:

Let both young and old,

Lads and lassies, borrow

Joy and banish sorrow.

Doleful thoughts and grey:

Let who will be gay,

To-morrow, none can tell.

Lads and lassies all,

Love and Bacchus Hail!

Dance and song befall!

Pain and sadness fail!

Tender hearts prevail,

Happen then what may!

Let who will be gay,

To-morrow, none can tell.

Youth is sweet and well

But doth speed away.