

Petrarch, Rima 310 (ca. 14<sup>th</sup> century)

A Modern Prose Translation

Zephyrus returns and leads back the fine weather and the flowers and the grass, his sweet family, and chattering Procne and weeping Philomena, and Spring, all white and vermillion;

the meadows laugh and the sky becomes clear again, Jupiter is gladdened looking at his daughter, the air and the waters and the earth are full of love, every animal takes counsel again to love.

But to me, alas, come back heavier sighs, which she draws from my deepest heart, she who carried off to Heaven the keys to it;

and the singing of little birds, and the flowering of meadows, and virtuous gentle gestures in beautiful ladies are a wilderness and cruel, savage beasts.

“The Soote Season” (1557)

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

- The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings  
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;  
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;  
And turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
- (5) Summer is come, for every spray now springs;  
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;  
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;  
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;  
The adder all her slough away she slings;
- (10) The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;  
The busy bee her honey now she mings;  
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.  
And thus I see among these pleasant things  
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.