

Enrico Garzilli, The Spring Of 1117

Hlose

In the spring of 1117

My heart is yearning to sing

For in the convent of 1116

I never knew such a spring

With him I will fly like a song-bird

With him I will try canticles not yet heard

Females

For he is Plato

He is mistletoe

He is Socrates

He's the Pyrenees

He is logic

He's forbidden fruit

He is light

Hlose

He's my truth

Hlose

In the spring of 1117

My heart wants to dance and rejoice

For in my Latin, Greek, French and convent prayers

I never knew such a voice

With him I will fly like a songbird

With him I will try canticles not yet heard

Females

For he is Plato

He is mistletoe

He is Socrates

He's the Pyrenees

He is logic

He's forbidden fruit

He is light

Hlose

He's my truth

Hlose

In the spring of 1117

The world is waiting to play

With him I want to dance out on the roof

But I must study with him