My pretty rose tree

Testo: William Blake Musica:Enrico Miaroma









My Pretty Rose tree

A flower was offer'd to me, Such a flower as May never bore; But I said "I've a Pretty Rose-tree", And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree, To tend her by day and by night; But my Rose turn'd away with jealousy, And her thorns were my only delight.

William Blake

Il mio bel roseto

Mi venne offerto un fiore tale che maggio mai portò l'eguale; ma dissi: "Ho un bel roseto", e quel fiore soave disdegnai.

Tornai quindi al Roseto notte e giorno a curarlo; ma la Rosa si volse con dispetto, ed ebbi spine - unico diletto.

(Traduzione)