

La Primavera (Spring)

Opus 8, No. 1, in E Major



I. *Allegro* {quickly and brightly}

Festive Spring has arrived,
The birds salute it with their happy
song.
And the brooks, caressed by little
Zephyrs,
Flow with a sweet murmur.
The sky is covered with a black
mantle,
And thunder, and lightning, announce
a storm.

When they are silent, the birds
Return to sing their lovely song.

II. *Largo e pianissimo sempre*—
{deliberately slow and always quietly}
And in the meadow, rich with flowers,
To the sweet murmur of leaves and
plants,

The goatherd sleeps, with his faithful
dog at his side.

III. *Danza pastorale. Allegro*—
{quickly, dance-like} To the festive
sound of pastoral bagpipes,
Dance nymphs and shepherds,
At Spring's brilliant appearance.

L'Estate (Summer)

Opus 8, No. 2, in G minor



I. *Allegro non molto* {briskly, but not
extremely quick}

Under the heat of the burning summer
sun,
Languish man and flock; the pine is
parched.
The cuckoo finds its voice, and
suddenly,
The turtledove and goldfinch sing.
A gentle breeze blows,
But suddenly, the north wind appears.
The shepherd weeps because,
overhead,
Lies the fierce storm, and his destiny.

II. *Adagio; Presto*—{staring slowly
and becoming very, very fast}

His tired limbs are deprived of rest
By his fear of lightning and fierce
thunder,
And by furious swarms of flies and
hornets.

III. *Presto*—{rapidly}

Alas, how just are his fears,
Thunder and lightning fill the
Heavens, and the hail
Slices the tops of the corn and other
grain.

L'Autunno (Autumn)

Opus 8, No. 3, in F Major



I. **Allegro** {brightly and quickly}
 The peasants **celebrate with dance and song**,
 The joy of a rich harvest.
 And, full of Bacchus's liquor,
 They finish their celebration with sleep.

II. **Adagio molto**—{slowly but with movement}

Each peasant ceases his dance and song.
 The mild air gives pleasure,
 And the season invites many
 To **enjoy a sweet slumber**.

III. **Allegro**—{brightly and quickly}

The hunters, at the break of dawn, **go to the hunt**.
 With horns, guns, and dogs they are off,
 The **beast flees**, and they **follow its trail**.
 Already fearful and exhausted by the great noise,
 Of guns and dogs, and wounded,
 The exhausted beast tries to flee, but dies.

L'Inverno (Winter)

Opus 8, No. 4, in F minor



I. **Allegro non molto**{briskly- but not too quickly}
Frozen and trembling in the icy snow,
 In the **severe blast of the horrible wind**,
 As **we run**, we constantly **stamp our feet**,
 And our **teeth chatter** in the cold.

II. **Largo**{very, very slowly}
 To **spend happy and quiet days near the fire**,
 While, outside, the rain soaks hundreds.

III. **Allegro**—{quickly}

We walk on the ice with slow steps,
 And **tread carefully**, for fear of falling.
 Symphony, If we go quickly, we slip and fall to the ground.
 Again **we run on the ice**,
 Until it cracks and opens.
 We hear, from closed doors,
 Sirocco, Boreas, and **all the winds in battle**.

This is winter, but it brings joy!