

"Deh vieni non tardar," from Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy!
Come where love calls you to enjoyment,
Until night's torches no longer shine in the sky,
As long as the air is still dark,
And the world quiet.

Here the river murmurs and the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples.
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh.
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures.
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.