



But just as Zita, trembling, passed the door,  
 He mistook her for her, and with searching eye  
 He looked to see if still the cloak she wore  
 It was not! At a frown his anger rose so high,  
 With bitter words he bid his rage cut-pow,  
 And sharp reproach, while she made no reply,  
 But while in loud and angry voice he spoke,  
 Behold appears the stranger with the cloak!

Who, thanking Zita kindly, as he might,  
 Gave back the cloak like one in haste to go,  
 His face all changed, and shone with heavenly light  
 And lighted her with its reflected glow,  
 They tried to speak, but he had passed from sight,  
 No longer he of those that walk below!  
 Great comfort had he left their hearts within,  
 An angel of the Lord had with them been.

Mentre che Zita in casa se n'entrava,  
 Ecco venuti incontro il suo padrone!  
 Se avia la veste ben lui la guardava,  
 Non li che punto di zola faceva:  
 Con essa Zita il Padrone ragionava,  
 Facendoli à multa riprensione.  
 Mentre il padrone con lei contendea,  
 Guinse il mandato che la veste avra.

Portava quella sopra le sue braccia,  
 Detta a Zita, e quella ringrazio:  
 E sa si risplendente la sua faccia,  
 Che tutta quella faccia illuminò.  
 Di ragionar con sua corun peccaccia,  
 Quelle sperava, e riunte non parlò.  
 Rimase corun de lir si consolò,  
 Li parò un Angel de Gesù mandò.