



A pilgrim poor to Zita's name one day,
 All faint and thirsty with the summer heat,
 And for a little water hid her pray.....
 'T'was close beside the well they chanced to meet.....
 She feared to ask it, yet what could she say?
 She answered humbly, and with words discreet:
 I wish, my brother, I could give thee wine;
 But if thy spirit please thee, that is thine.

This said she drew some water from the well,
 And with a cross the pitcher hid she sign.
 On Lord, she said, a hile lo' shee's ret voice fell,
 He' not this water hurt him, he is thine.
 The pilgrim, as he stooped to drink, could tell
 Her thought before she spoke, I wish t' were wine.
 He tasted, then astonished, raised his head:
 But truly, this is precious wine! he said.



Accostandosi a Zita un pellegrino,
 Che per il caldo lui gran sete aveva.
 Ognun di loro al pozzo era vicino,
 E Zita che dell'acqua ne trovava.
 Chiedendole se lei vuol porre vino,
 Ed umilmente Zita rispondeva
 Aspetta fratello mio, la ve a cavare,
 Perché del vino non ti posso dare.

Volgendo Zita l'orazione a Dio
 Fè sopra l'acqua il segno della Croce:
 Che fosse vino avui mille disse.
 Disse, barto, a lui con l'acqua disse.
 Ognor Zita disse, Signor mio,
 Fate quest'acqua al pozzo non rucce!
 Così cominciò a far qual pellegrino:
 Gustando disse, E prezioso vino!