



**I** was born when roses were blooming,  
And near mid the roses I lie,  
And near mid the roses I lie on the shore of the sea!

**Father** forbids it,  
And so does my Mother!  
We love each other  
But what can we do?

*I was born when roses &c.*

**Father** and **Mother**  
Will soon be left lonely,  
Heaven knows only  
The tears I have shed!

*I was born when roses &c.*



**Es** io son nata tra le rose.  
Tra le rose io voglio morir.  
Tra le rose io voglio morir, sulla riva del mar!

**Babbo** non vuole ....  
**Ira** Mamma nemmeno!  
Com'è faremo  
Per far all' amor?

*Ed io son nata tra le rose &c.*

**Babbo** non vuole,  
**Ira** Mamma nemmeno!  
Ho pianto tanto.  
Il Cielo lo sa!

*Ed io son nata tra le rose &c.*

This little song, which I have put here only for its pretty tune, was taught me by Ferdinando Petrucci of S. Marcella, the sonnet of all the mountain singers. The picture at the top of the page is one of the fountains in the piazza of S. Marcella, as I saw it from the window where Ferdinando used to sit and sing to me. ♦