

The ballad

I

Palermo cries, Siracusa cries
In Carini there is the mourning in every home...
who brought this sorrowful news
never will have peace at home...
I have my mind very confused...
the heart abounds... the blood overflows.
I'd want a respectful little song...
cry column of my home;
the best star laughing in the sky,
soul without overcoat and without veil.
The best star of Seraphs...
poor Baroness of Carini!...

II

Beautiful eyes ate by worms
that are buried underground...
you don't meet yourself all friends,
only you know my love...
Think to God and do not disturb her more!...
A day you will be as her...
Make alms and charity
so a day you will find her in Heaven

III

Cry rivers, mountains, trees...
do not rise more Sun and Moon!
The beautiful Baroness, you lost,
she gave you the loving rays!
Birds of the air, what do you want?
You are vainly looking for your love!
Boats that slowly come to this beach,
rise your sails edged in black ...

**edge in black it with dark mournings,
because the Lady of love is dead.**

IV

**Love, love, cry for the misfortune!
That big heart doesn't run you more...
those eyes, that blessed mouth,
oh God! Their shadows don't even remain!
But there is the blood that calls out for vengeance,
red in the wall... and it is waiting for vengeance. And there are who comes with
lead steps...
That only One who rules the world...
And there is who comes with slow walk
he always reaches you, Cain's soul... !**

V

**Araund the Castle of Carini,
often a beautiful Knight passes;
he passes there mornings and evenings,
he always looks at the windows...
he wanders as a bee in april,
araund the flowers to pick up the honey;
and now he appears along the plain,
on a bay horse flying without wings...
now in the night with the mandolin,
you hear his voice in the garden.**

VI

**The fine lily, that spreads its scent,
immersed in its own leafage,
it wants to soothe the worryes of love...
and it doesn't answer these cares;
but inside powerful ardours blaze.
She goes dreamy and all confused...
and always that the reason has no value,
that so love rules everybody.**

VII

**This flower bore with another flower
it blossomed in March step by step
April and May enjoyed its scent...
it caught fire with the sun of June;
and always this big fire blazes.
Always it blazes but doesn't consume...
this big fire gives the life to two hearts...
and attracts them as a magnet.**

VIII

**What a sweet life, nobody exceeds it,
to enjoy it at the top of the wheel!
The sun pass in the sky and cling there
the stars put themselves there as wheels!
A chain ties the two hearts,
both they beats together,
and the happiness paints them
around, around with gold and rose;
but gold makes the envious hundred,
and the rose is beautifl and fresh for a moment.**

IX

**The Baron came back from hunt...
- I'm tired, I want to rest -
When a monk came to him
he wanted to talk with him;
they were togeter all the night...
they must talk for long
Jesus Mary! What dark sky
this is the sign of the storm!
The monk went out laughing,
and upstairs the Baron lost his temper.**

X

**The moon was swallowed by clouds...
the owl flitted frightened;**

**the Baron grabbed the sword and the helmet...
- Fly horse out of Palermo...
quick, my loyal men, although it is night,
come by my side in company.**

XI

**The pink daybreak rose
above the back of Ustica in the sea;
the quail flies and twitters
and takes to flight to greet the sun;
but the sparrow hawk crosses its way,
it wants to scratch its plumes,
timidly it squats down in its nest,
hardly it can survive.**

XII

**Such fear, such terror
the Baroness of Carini had.
She was standing at the balcony
enjoing herself...
- I see the cavalry coming...
that is my father who come for me...
I see people riding on horsebak,
maybe my father who come to kill me
- Sir father to do what do you come?
- Madam daughter I come to kill you.**

XIII

**- Sir father, grant mi it,
I want to call my confessor!
- they are many years you take it as a game,
and now you ask for a confessor?
This is not time of confessions.
And neither to receive the Lord!
And, after he said these bitter words,
he draws his sword and beake her heart.
At the first stoke the woman fell down...
with the next the woman died.**

XIV

**Oh what a discouragement for that sad soul
when she saw that nobody helped her!
She was disheartened and she was looking for friends...
in each hall she wanted to survive...
she cried loud:- help me people of Carini...
help me, help me... he wants to kill me!...
She said angry:- dog people of Carini!
The last cry she makes
the last cry and the last sorrow...
already she lost her blood and color.**

XV

**Run all, people of Carini,
now your Lady is dead:
the lily that flowered in Carini is dead...
a treacherous dog has got a body!
run all, monks and priests,
Take her to the grave together...
run all, good country people,
take her in a big procession.**

XVI

**Then the news went to the palace...
her grandmother died:
her sisters had no hair,
her mother lost her sight...
The pinks in the vases withered,
and the windows remained alone.
The cock didn't sing more
it goes flapping its wings and run away.**

XVII

**In two, in three people went around,
they group themselves with trembling chest:**

**around the city you hear a buzzing,
mixed with sobs and crying:
-what a bad death! what a sorrowful death!
Far from the mother and from the lover:
they buried her in the night in the darkness...
the gravedigger had fright too.**

XVIII

**I could not tell you about flowers
No more I saw your charm:
my soul is leaving I can't breathe
on my knees on your tombstone.
My poor talent, put on the wings
tell me this black sorrow:
to write and note my laments
I would like the king Solomon's mind...
My boat wanders in the middle of the storm.**