



(Image: Ice Trio—North America)

L'Inverno / Winter

In icy snow showers an unyielding shivering
With biting blasts the terrible winds blow,
A stamping of feet now covered with snow,
And a clatter of teeth in a cold so forbidding;

Peaceful and contented in front of the fire
As hard rains soak where not a light does glow,
Walking on ice, with care and most slow,
Falling not great skill does require;

A fast turn, a slip, a fall to the ground,
Once more on the ice and walking fast,
Until it cracks and chasms are found;

Feel—out of frozen portals blowing past
Southeast and North—, furious Winds unbound,
Yes Winter, but still, such joy unsurpassed.

Antonio Vivaldi c. 1720 (tr. Cliff Crego)
The Four Seasons: Winter (Concerto IV)