

四季歌（青海民歌） The Four Seasons (Qinghai Folk Song)

The Sonnets on which Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* are based, apparently written by Vivaldi himself.

<p>Spring comes with daffodils blooming; Young girls come to pick the wildflowers, my love.</p>	<p>Spring – Concerto in E Major</p> <p><i>Allegro</i> Springtime is upon us. The birds celebrate her return with festive song, and murmuring streams are softly caressed by the breezes. Thunderstorms, those heralds of Spring, roar, casting their dark mantle over heaven, Then they die away to silence, and the birds take up their charming songs once more.</p> <p><i>Largo</i> On the flower-strewn meadow, with leafy branches rustling overhead, the goat-herd sleeps, his faithful dog beside him.</p> <p><i>Allegro</i> Led by the festive sound of rustic bagpipes, nymphs and shepherds lightly dance beneath the brilliant canopy of spring.</p>
<p>Summer arrives, girls/ hearts full of longing. Pomegranate flowers turn to seeds, prettier than agate, my love.</p> <p>My love, my love, My love, I will take your hand.</p>	<p>Summer – Concerto in g-minor</p> <p><i>Allegro non molto</i> Beneath the blazing sun's relentless heat men and flocks are sweltering, pines are scorched. We hear the cuckoo's voice; then sweet songs of the turtle dove and finch are heard. Soft breezes stir the air...but threatening north wind sweeps them suddenly aside. The shepherd trembles, fearful of violent storm and what may lie ahead.</p> <p><i>Adagio e piano - Presto e forte</i> His limbs are now awakened from their repose by fear of lightning's flash and thunder's roar, as gnats and flies buzz furiously around.</p> <p><i>Presto</i> Alas, his worst fears were justified, as the heavens roar and great hailstones beat down upon the proudly standing corn.</p>

<p>Autumn arrives, and tan-kai fragrance is everywhere; Girls' hearts rippling and waving, my love</p>	<p>Autumn – Concerto in F Major</p> <p><i>Allegro</i> The peasant celebrates with song and dance the harvest safely gathered in. The cup of Bacchus flows freely, and many find their relief in deep slumber.</p> <p><i>Adagio molto</i> The singing and the dancing die away as cooling breezes fan the pleasant air, inviting all to sleep without a care.</p> <p><i>Allegro</i> The hunters emerge at dawn, ready for the chase, with horns and dogs and cries. Their quarry flees while they give chase. Terrified and wounded, the prey struggles on, but, harried, dies.</p>
<p>Winter arrives, snow flying, filling the sky. Girls' hearts whiter than the driven snow, my love.</p>	<p>Winter – Concerto in f-minor</p> <p><i>Allegro non molto</i> Shivering, frozen mid the frosty snow in biting, stinging winds; running to and fro to stamp one's icy feet, teeth chattering in the bitter chill.</p> <p><i>Largo</i> To rest contentedly beside the hearth, while those outside are drenched by pouring rain.</p> <p><i>Allegro</i> We tread the icy path slowly and cautiously, for fear of tripping and falling. Then turn abruptly, slip, crash on the ground and, rising, hasten on across the ice lest it cracks up. We feel the chill north winds coarse through the home despite the locked and bolted doors... this is winter, which nonetheless brings its own delights.</p>

Washburn, A. and Wu, F. (2020). Four Seasons Medley:
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