Our earliest ancestors were living happily in the garden of delights and pleasures that were honest and true. But the serpent, the ancient, cruel enemy,
greeted the lady and spoke to her

done mi-co A la don-na s'a-co-sta, A la don-na s'a-co-sta e si gli par-la

in order to deceive her.

in-gan-nar-la, per in-gan-nar-la, per in-gan-nar-la, per in-gan-nar-la.
Donna per qual cagione Dimmi ti prego il grand Signor vicino

you to eat the tasty fruits of all the trees?

only from the tree in the middle is it forbidden to eat, and it is on pain of death

that any of us perchance so much as touch it, let alone eat from it.

It is not so. No, no, you do not understand, oh children, that you are, that it is prohibited because He knows that Adam would become like a god, you like a goddess, were you to eat it.
The lady looked at the golden apple and judged it to be delicious.

She picked it, she took it, she tasted it, she gave it to her dear husband, who accepted the offer.
hid themselves, and with leaves that they picked, they covered their bodies.

and ate it and suddenly changed, the unhappy man changed, and both of them, naked and ashamed,
Cruel mother, pitiless father, unhappy father, faithless mother,

who, in eating an apple, were the reason that every man has sin.
New Adam, new Eve,
more beautiful couple than those first two,

Canto primo
Novello Adamo Di quei due primi Coppia più bel-

Canto secondo
Novello Adamo E va Novelia Di quei due primi Coppia più bel-

Alto
Novello Adamo E va Novelia Di quei due primi Coppia più bel-

Tenore
Novello Adamo E va Novelia Di quei due primi Coppia più bel-

Sesto
E va Novelia di quei due primi Coppia più bel-

Basso
E va Novelia di quei due primi Coppia più bel-

Organo

the former, with the apple, condemned every man, you, with your offspring, restore everything,

la Quel la co’l po mo Cond nano gn huo mo
la Quel la co’l po mo Cond nano gn ho mo
la Quel la co’l po mo Cond nano gn huo mo
bel la T ú co’l tuo fruto Ri sto ri il tut
la T ú co’l tuo fruto Ri sto ri il tut
la T ú co’l tuo fruto Ri sto ri il tut
Salve Regina

ah, turn your eyes down to us; give us your Son, white and red,