

## THE CHERRY TREE

On a green high hill a cherry tree once stood,  
as soaring as a tower, and as time itself old,  
noble yes, but lonely, growing apart from the wood,  
centre of the story is now going to be told.

One day, the cherry tree to the sky its branches rose,  
since it couldn't live anymore, drowning in gloom,  
so it asked the gods some company, a friend, maybe a spouse  
or at least the honor of having the most beautiful bloom.

The great gods, moved to pity, his desires satisfied  
so they chose a bud, from which blossomed not a flower  
but the most graceful girl, in this world or in the other side  
like a princess, first among all, but for beauty, not power.

Oh lady of the cherry tree, you show us how  
the gods could be so generous, and yet so cruel  
since when autumn arrived, all the leaves would fall down  
leaving you there lonely, under the grief's rule.

The Moon, shining on the hill on a winter night  
saw the lady of the cherry tree, in the bare branches:  
"A flower in the frost! What a wonderful sight!  
To meet such a damsel what were the chances?"  
and so the Moon, first of three,  
fell in love with the lady of the cherry tree.

"Oh lovely damsel, lady of the cherry tree  
even the Moon you were able to bewitch!  
So I ask you boldly if my wife you would be  
And make me the one who's of your love rich!"

And so answered back the lady of the cherry tree:  
"I'm honoured, oh Moon, but this propose I'll accept  
only if you'll make me fly, like a leaf, and set me free".  
So the Moon went away, and bitter tears wept.

The Sun, shining on the hill, from its height  
saw the lady of the cherry tree, in the green branches:  
"A gem in the leaves! What a wonderful sight!  
To meet such a damsel what were the chances?"  
and so the Sun, second of three,  
fell in love with the lady of the cherry tree.

"Oh lovely damsel, lady of the cherry tree  
even the Sun you were able to bewitch!  
So I ask you boldly if my wife you would be  
And make me the one who's of your love rich!"

And so answered back the lady of the cherry tree:  
"I'm honoured, oh Sun, but this propose I'll accept  
only if you'll make me fly, like a leaf, and set me free".  
So the Sun went away, and bitter tears wept.

And eventually a logger, on a day fresh and bright  
saw the lady of the cherry tree, in the blossoming branches:  
“A maiden on a tree! What a wonderful sight!  
To meet such a damsel what were the chances?”  
and so the logger, third of three,  
fell in love with the lady of the cherry tree.

“Oh lovely damsel, lady of the cherry tree,  
as pure as a stream, as sweet as a peach!  
I’m poor and miserable, but if my wife you’d be  
that wouldn’t care, since I’d be of your love rich!”

And so answered back the lady of the cherry tree:  
“I’m flattered, young logger, and I’ll accept your propose  
if you’ll make me fly, like a leaf, and set me free”.  
So the logger thought for a second, and then he chose.

With a vigorous blow, after his axe he had drawn  
the ancient cherry tree, chopped down, was gone.  
Therefore the lady flew, but too far, too high:  
he couldn’t catch her, so she fell like a leaf, without a cry.

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