

26 Giacomo Puccini
Vecchia zimarra, senti (*La bohème*)

Vecchia zimarra, senti,
io resto al pian,
tu ascendere il sacro monte* or devi ...
le mie grazie ricevi.
Mai non curvasti il logoro dorso
ai ricchi ed ai potenti.
Passar nelle tue tasche
come in antri tranquilli
filosofi e poeti.
Ora che i giorni lieti fuggir,
ti dico addio fedele amico mio,
addio, addio.

Noble old cloak, listen,
I stay down here,
while you have to go up the mount of piety* ...
my gratitude goes to you.
Never did you bend your worn-out back
before the rich and powerful.
Your pockets took in,
as if they were tranquil caves,
philosophers and poets.
Now that the happy days are over,
I say to you: goodbye, my loyal friend,
goodbye, goodbye.

* Allusion to “monte di pieta”, the pawn shop.