key = G

When to her lute Corinna sings,
her voice revives the leaden strings.

And doth in highest notes appear
As any challenged echo clear.

But when she doth of mourning speak
E'en with her sighs, her sighs

her sighs the strings do break
the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die, led by her passion, so must I,
For when of pleasure she doth sing, my thoughts enjoy a sudden spring
But if she doth of sorrow speak, E'en from my heart, my heart,
the strings do break (2x)