

Cantate, ariette, e duetti (1651), #10. Encoded and edited by Sarge Gerbode.

Translation (my best guess):

The lying lover

My peaceful days are tainted by your glance, and by your lying sigh, you have poisoned my air.

Oh play and don't scorn, Oh gaze and don't lie.

But if you speak lies and falsehoods, cease your simpering and false and traitorous kisses.

A tormented atmosphere is what I get from the lies, from your habitual deceptions, and from my own furious rages.

Oh, swear to me and don't lie, oh be silent and don't betray me.

But if you speak lies and falsehoods, cease your simpering and false and traitorous kisses.