

La Gerusalemme liberata, canto XIX Sigismondo d'India

Ma che? Squal- li- do_e scu- ro_an- co mi pia- ci.

A- ni- ma bel- la, se quí_in- tor- no gi- re, se odi_il mio

pian- to,_a le mie vo- glie_au- da- ci per- do- na_il fur- to_e'l te- me- ra-

10

rio_ar- di- re; da le pal- li- de lab- bra_i fred- di ba- ci, che sì cal- di spe- rai, vo' pur

15

ra- pí- re. Par- te tor- rò di sue ra- gío- ni_a mor- te, ba- cian- do que- ste lab-

20

bra e- san- gui_e smor- te e- san- gui e smor- te.

But what? Though dim and dismal, still you please me.
Fair spirit, if you are circling around here,
if you hear my lament, listen to my wish,
pardon the theft and the reckless audacity
of my bold ardor:
from your pallid lips I want to steal cold kisses,
that I so wish were warmer;
I want to soften the law of death
by kissing these dead, bloodless lips.