

# 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 qui\_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-

rio\_ar- di- re; da le pal- li- de lab- bra\_i fred- di ba- ci, che sì cal- di spe- rai, vo' pur

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

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.