

La Gerusalemme liberata, canto XIX 107 Stigismondo 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- rio_ar- di- re; da le pal- li- de

lab- bra_i fred- di ba- ci, che si cal- di spe- rai, vo' pur

15
ra- pí- re. Par- te tor- rò di sue ra- gio- ni_a mor- te, ba-

cian- do que- ste lab- bra e- san- gui_e smor- te

20
e- san- gui e smor- te.

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.