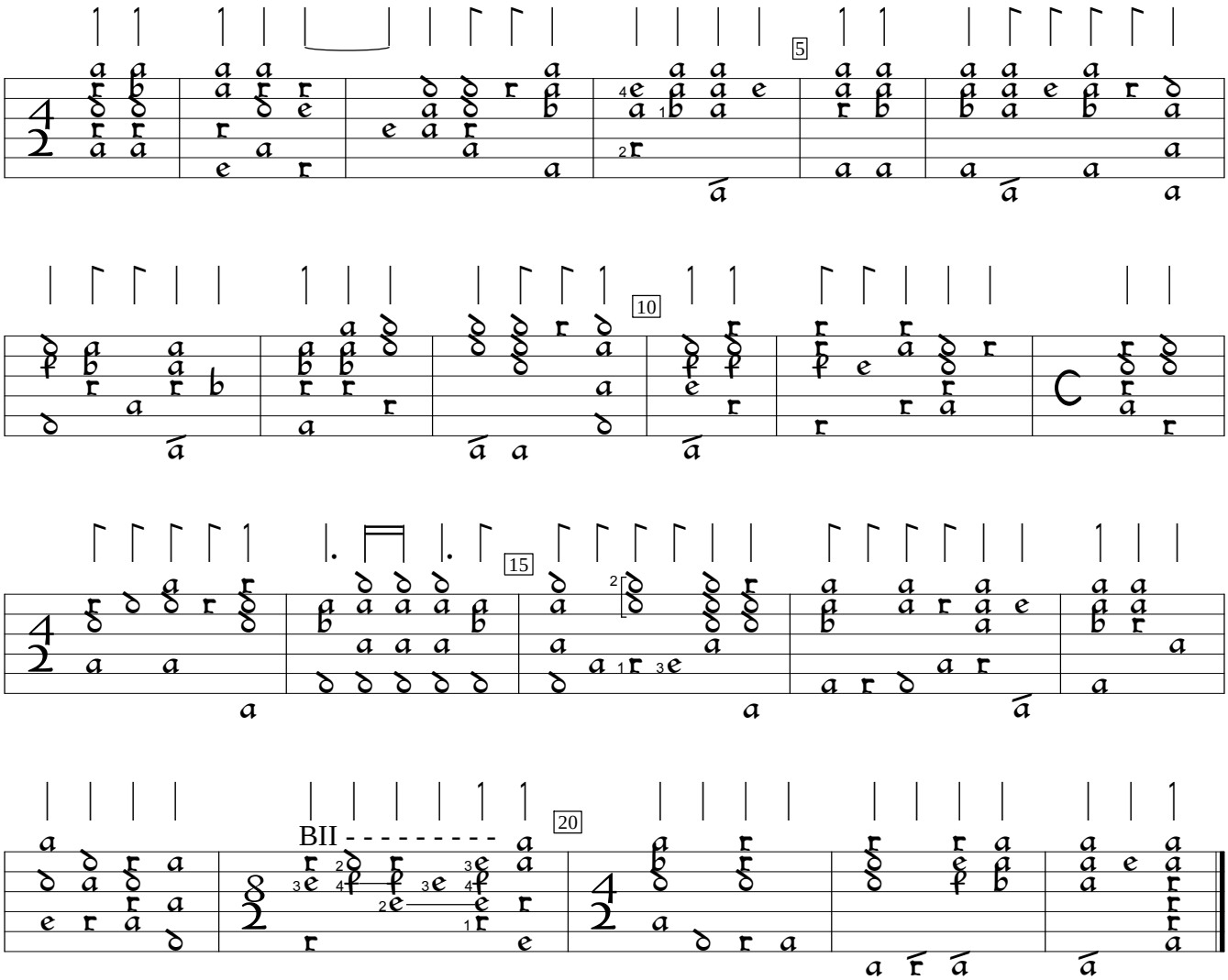
La Gerusalemme liberata, canto XIX, 107

Sigismondo d'India



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.

Le Musiche... Da Cantar Solo Nel Clavicordo... Et Altri Istromenti Simili (1609), #23. Encoded and edited by Sarge Gerbode.