

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto (That Look)

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
Lucente e minacioso,
Quel dardo velenoso
Vola a ferirmi il petto:
Bellezze ond'io tutt' ardo
E son da me diviso.
Piagatemi col sguardo,
Sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi pupille
D'asprissimo, d'asprissimo rigore,
Versatemi su'l core
Un nembo di faville,
Ma 'l labro non sia tardo
A rattivarmi ucciso.
Feriscami quel sguardo,
Ma sanimi quel riso.

Begli occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!
Io vi preparo il seno.
Gioite di piagarmi,
Infin ch'io venga meno.
E se da vostri dardi
Io resterò conquiso,
Ferischino quei guardi
Ma sanimi quel riso.

That look with its touch of disdain,
Lustrous and menacing,
That poison dart
Flies to wound me to the core:
Delights by which I am all afire
And am without myself.
Afflict me with your look,
Heal me with your laugh.

Arm yourselves pupils
With severest, with severest rigour,
Pour around my heart
A cloud of sparks,
But let your lips not be slow
To revive me from the slaying.

Let that look wound me,
But let that laugh heal me.

Beautiful eyes – to arms, to arms!
I open my bosom to you,
Rejoice in my affliction,
That my submission becomes final.
And if by your darts
I remain vanquished,
Let those looks wound,
But let that laugh heal me.