

## Discolorato hai, Morte

DEATH! thy cold hand has touched the loveliest face  
Was ever seen, and closed the fairest eyes;  
Has cut the tender and beloved ties  
Which held a soul of purity and grace.  
Thou has bereft me in a moment's space,  
Of all my joys—hast stilled those melodies  
Of sweetest tone; my heart in anguish cries,  
For grief I see and hear in every place.  
Thou doest well, O Lady, to return,  
By pity led, to comfort sad desire,  
No other solace in this life I find.  
Could I make known how bright thy glories burn,  
How sweet thy speech—with love I should inspire,  
I say not man's, but even the tiger's mind.