## V'adoro, pupille

(Giulio Cesare)

V'adoro, pupille, saette d'amore, Le vostre faville son grate nel sen. Pietose vi brama il mesto mio core, Ch'ognora vi chiama l'amato su ben.

I adore you, eyes, missiles of love, Your spark is welcome to my breast. My sad heart desires you, who inspire pity, And whom it always calls its best beloved.



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