

13 Vincenzo Bellini  
Cinta di fiori (*I puritani*)

Cinta di fiori  
e col bel crin disciolto  
talor la cara vergine s'aggira;  
e chiede all'aura,  
ai fior con mesto volto:  
Ove andò Elvira,  
ove andò, ove andò!

Wearing a floral wreath  
and her beautiful hair loose  
at times the young girl wanders;  
and asks to the breeze,  
to the flowers with a look full of sorrow:  
Where did Elvira go,  
where did she go, where did she go!

Bianco vestita e qual se all'ara innante,  
adempie il rito, e va cantando: Il giuro  
poi grida per amor tutta tremante.  
Ah vieni, Arturo, ah vieni, Artur ...

Wearing white, as if standing at the altar,  
she carries out the ceremony and sings:  
She swears and then cries, trembling from love.  
Oh come, Arturo, oh come, Arturo ...

Geme talor qual tortora amorosa,  
or cade vinta da mortal sudore,  
or l'odi, al suon dell'arpa lamentosa,  
cantar d'amor, d'amore.

At times she sighs like an amorous turtledove,  
at times she collapses, vanquished by mortal fever,  
at times I hear her, to the sound of a wistful harp,  
singing of love, of love.

Or scorge Arturo nell'altrui sembiante,  
poi del suo inganno accorta e di sua sorte,  
geme, piange, s'affanna ...  
e ognor più amante invoca morte, morte.

At times she sees Artur in someone else's features,  
then, noticing her error and her fate,  
she wails, cries, laments ...  
and ever more in love asks for death, death.

Ah, la misera morrà d'amore.  
Oh ciel, pietà prendi al suo dolor!

Oh, the wretched will die of love.  
Oh heavens, have mercy with her suffering!