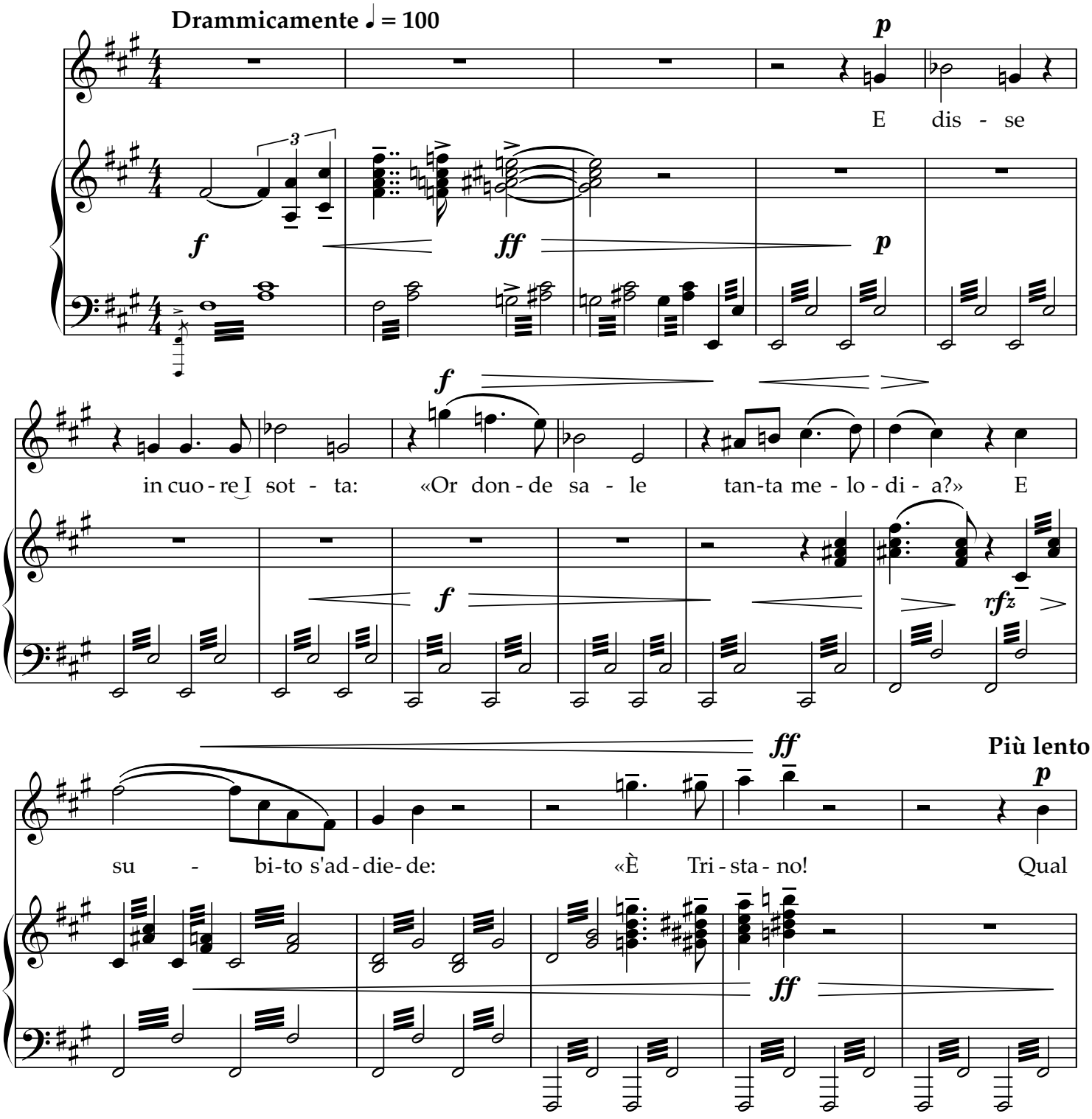
E disse in cuore Isotta

from *Parisina*

Parisina d'Este. married to an Italian marquis, has a doomed love affair with his son. In this aria, she imagines herself as another doomed lover, the legendary Isolde. Tristan calls her, and together they rush to death, and to eternity.

Gabriele D'Annunzio

Giuseppe Antiluongo



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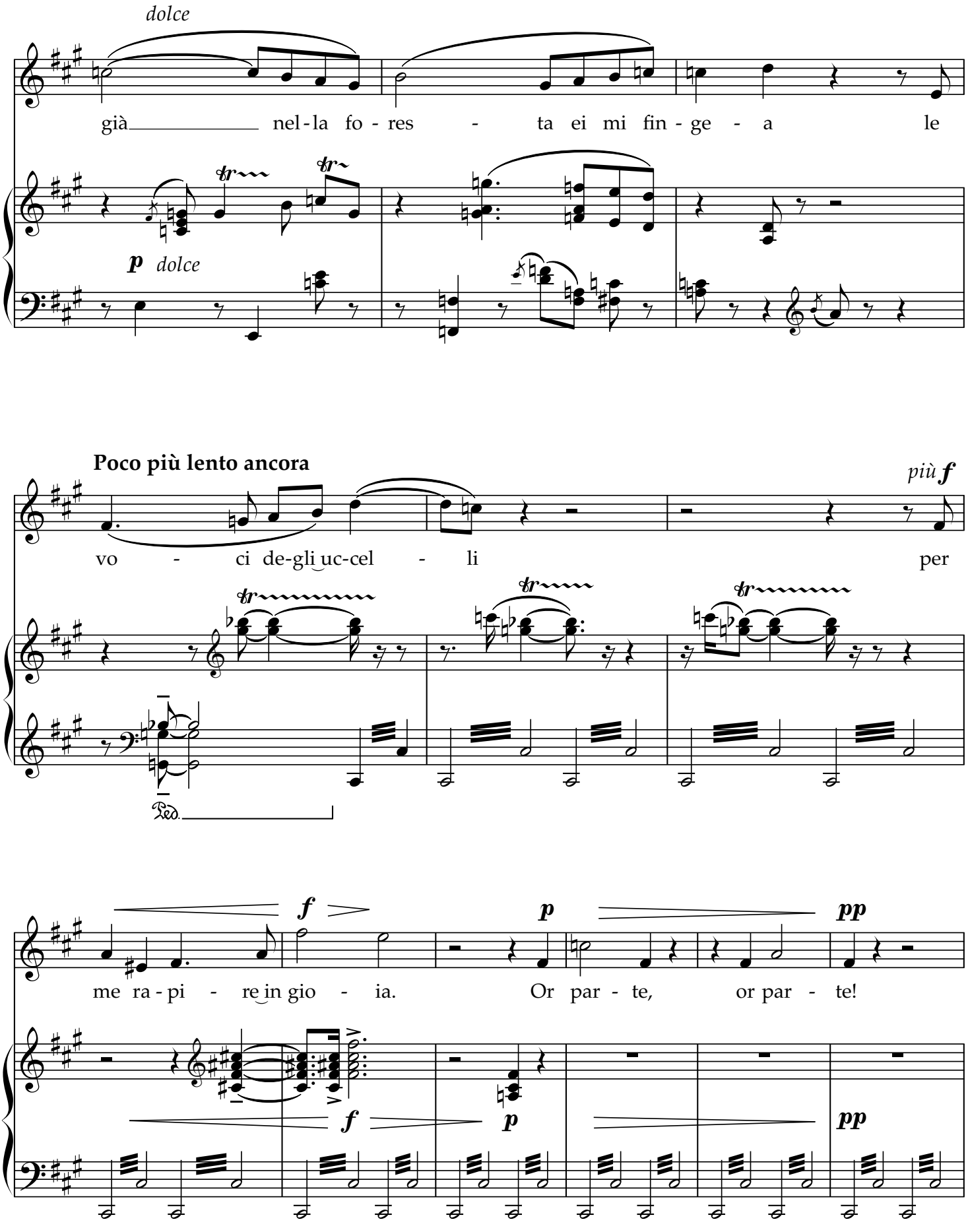
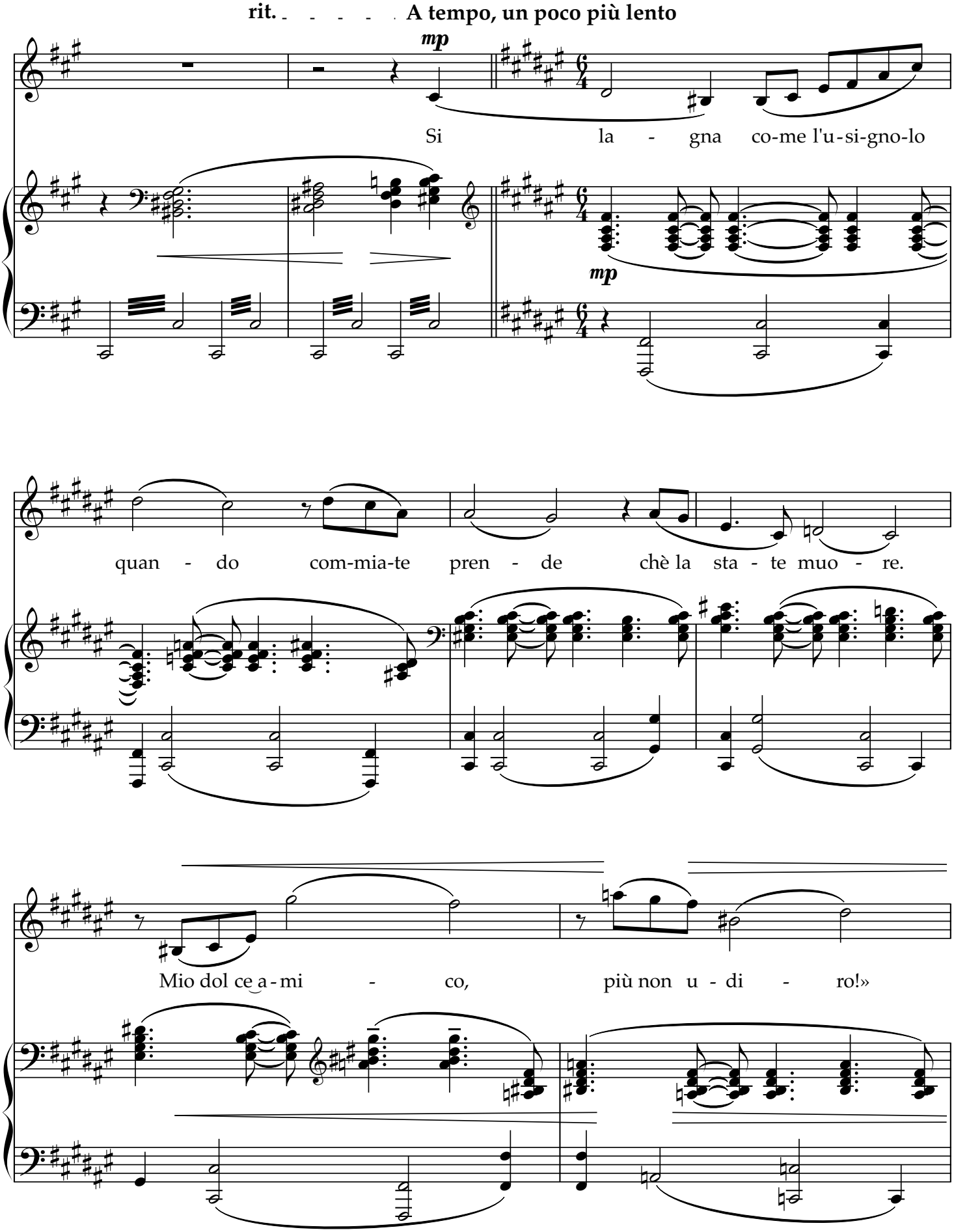
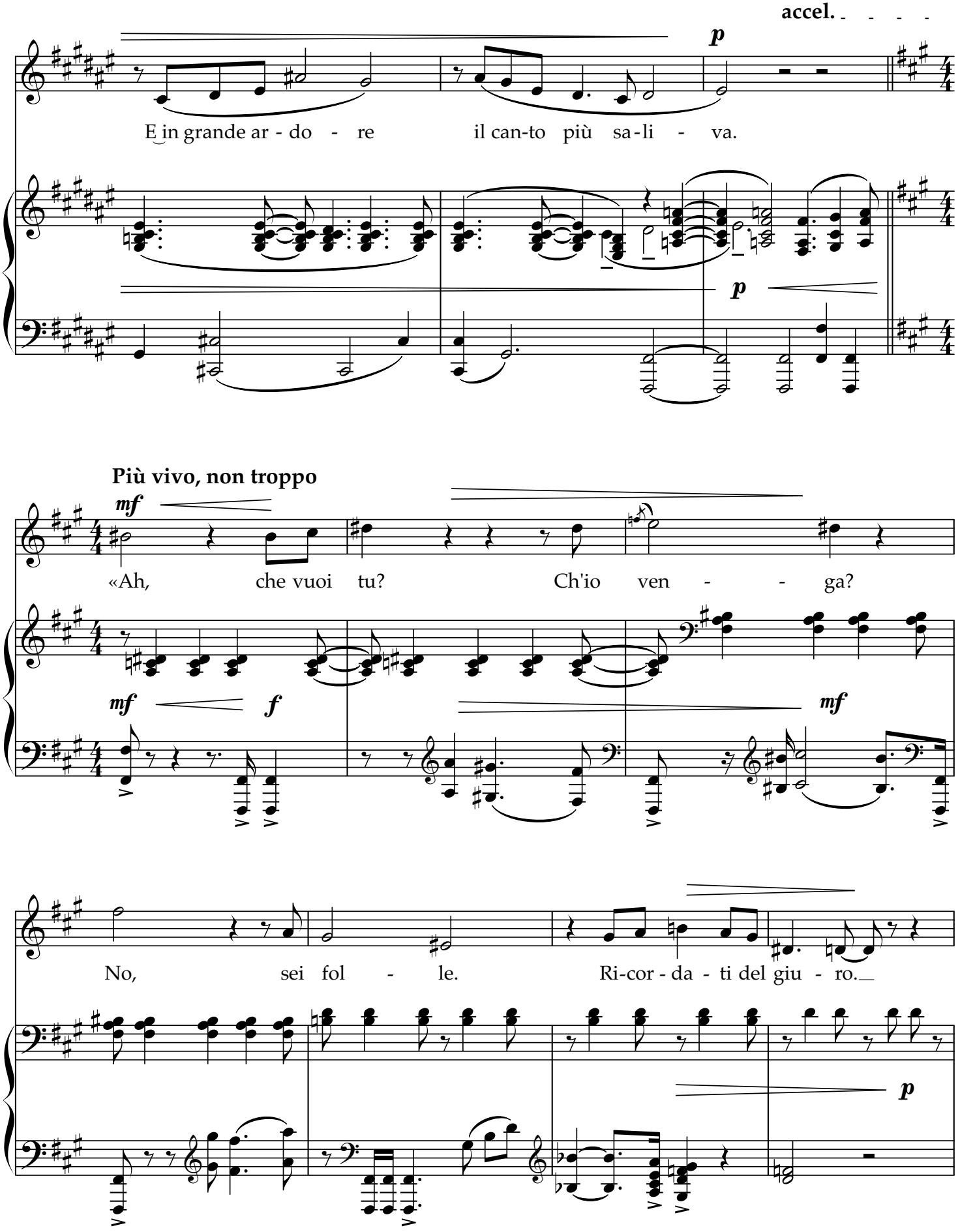
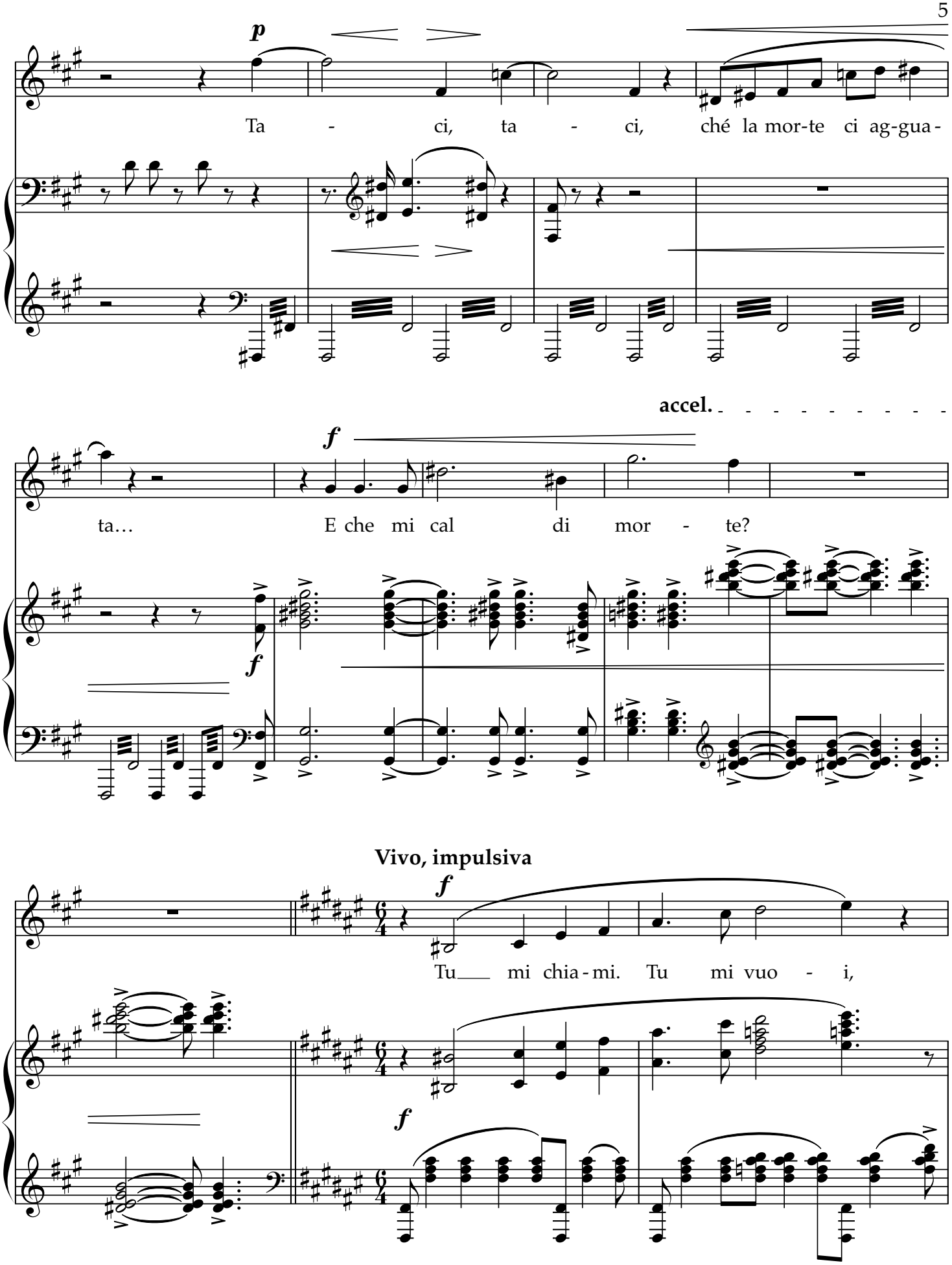
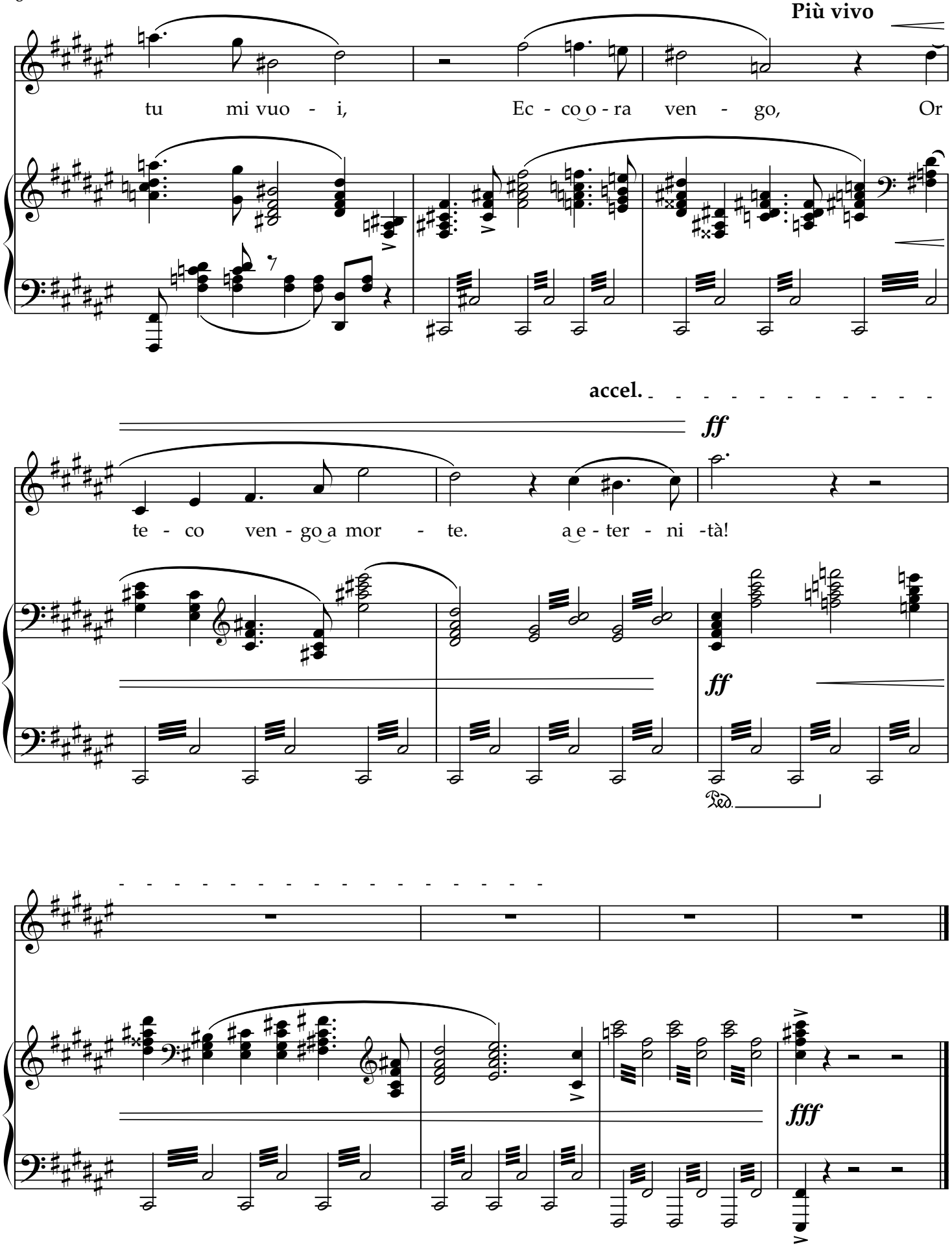

dolce
già nel-la fo-res - ta ei mi fin-ge - a le
p dolce
Poco più lento ancora
più f
vo - ci de-gli uc-cel - li per
Ped.
f
p
pp
me ra-pi - re in gio - ia. Or par - te, or par - te!
f
p
pp


rit. A tempo, un poco più lento
mp
Si la - gna co-me l'u-si-gno-lo
mp
quan - do com-mia-te pren - de chè la sta - te muo - re.
Mio dol ce a-mi - co, più non u - di - ro!»


accel.
p
E in grande ar - do - re il can-to più sa-li - va.
p
Più vivo, non troppo
mf
«Ah, che vuoi tu? Ch'io ven - - ga?
mf
f
mf
No, sei fol - le. Ri-cor - da - ti del giu - ro.
p


p
Ta - ci, ta - ci, ché la mor-te ci ag-gua-
accel.
f
ta… E che mi cal di mor - te?
f
Vivo, impulsiva
f
Tu mi chia-mi. Tu mi vuo - i,
f


Più vivo
tu mi vuo - i,
Ec - co o - ra ven - go,
Or
accel.
ff
te - co ven - go a mor - te.
a e - ter - ni -tà!
ff
Ped.
fff

And Isolde said in her heart:
"Now where does such melody come from?"
And suddenly she realized:
"It is Tristan!
as once in the forest
he feigned the voices of birds
to enchant me with joy.
Now he' gone, he's gone!
He laments like the nightingale when
it says farewell because summer is dying.
My sweet friend, I will hear him no more!"
And the song rose with such passion.
"Ah, what do you want? That I come?
No, you are mad.
Remember our oath.
Be silent, be silent,
for death lies in wait for us...
But what do I care about death? You call me.
You want me, you want me. Now I come,
now I come with you to death, to eternity