Monteverdi — Lagrime d'Amante al Sepolcro dell'Amata

5. O chiome d'or

O golden hair, lovely snow-white breasts, And lily-white hands have all been stolen by heaven. But even though you are trapped below, Who can really hide thee? It's only earth. The flower of beauty and Glauco's sun still lives. Ah muses! Shed your tears with me. (Tr'n: K.H.)

