

O mio cor

Girolamo Frescobaldi

O mio cor, dol- ce mia vi- ta,
Trop- po_ohi- me rat- to ten fug- gi,
Io per te sol vi- vo,_e spi- ro,
Vor- rai dun- que col par- ti- re

Poi- chè, las- so, Il tuo pas- so Vol- ge_al- tro- ve_in- vi-
Fer- ma_un po- co, E quel fo- co, Con che_il cor m'ab- brug-
Sol ri- vol- to Nel tuo vol- to O- gni ben go- do,_e
A chi t'a- ma, E ti bra- ma Dar ca- gio- ne

da stel- la, Al- men sen- ti, Pria che par
gi_e strug- gi, Spen- gi pri- a, E poi par-
ri- mi- ro, Da te lun- ge Duo- lo,_e noi-
mo- ri- re, Deh, soc- cor- so Se non hai

ti, i mie- i la- men- ti, pria che par- ti, i miei la- men- ti.
ti a- ni- ma mi- a, e poi par- ti, a- ni- ma mi- a.
a il cor mi pun- ge, duo- lo,_e noi- a il cor mi pun- ge.
cor d'as- pe, ò d'or- so, se non hai cor d'as- pe ò d'or- so.

Seconda parte

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Tu sai pur, dol- ce mia be- ne, Ch'hò nel co- re Tan- t'ar- do-
 Ma, che fac- cio_i pre- ghi, e'l pian- to Spar- go in va- no, Che ei lon- ta-
 A- vre voi pie- to- se_al- me- no, Ch'in- ten- de- te, E ve- de-
 Ri- fe- ri- te, che vi- ci- no Al- le por- te Del- la Mor-

re Quan- t'hà il mar ste- ri- l'a- re- ne,
 no Più non m'o- de_e fug- ge in- tan- to,
 te Il do- lor, ch'hò den- tro al se- no,
 te M'hà con- dot- to il mio des- ti- no,

25 Ch'è il mio pet- to D'in- fi- ni- to_a- mor ri- cet- to,
 Ahi for- tu- na Del mio mal - sem- pre di- giu- na,
 Ri- fe- ri- te Al cru- del quel ch'ho- ra u- di- te,
 Dall' a- i- ta Di lui sol - pen- de mia vi- ta,

(b) 30 d'in- fi- ni- to a- mor ri- cet- to, a- - mor, a- mor ri- cet- to.
 del mio mal sem- - pre di- giu- na, sem- - pre, sem- pre di- giu- na.
 al cru- del, cru- - del, cru- del quel ch'ho- - ra, ch'ho- ra u- di- te.
 di lui sol pen- - de mia vi- ta, di lui sol pen- de mia vi- ta.

[My attempt at translation -- corrections welcome!]

Oh, my heart, my sweet life,
Because, alas,
Your path turns away to your own star???,
At least hear,
Before departing, my laments.
You also know, my sweet good one,
That I have in my heart as much ardor
As the sea has sterile sand.,
That my breast is filled with infinite love

Too quickly, alas, you flee;
Wait a little,
And that fire
With which my heart is burned and consumed,
Extinguish it first
And then depart, my soul.
But what am I doing? These prayers, these plaints
I pour out in vain,
for you, in the distance
can no longer hear me, and meanwhile you flee .
Oh, my bad fortune, always empty.

I live and breathe for you alone,
I only keep turning back
Toward your face.
All your charms that I delight in and gaze upon for a long time
Pierce my heart with pain and suffering.
At least have pity on me,
By listening
and seeing
the pain I have in my breast.
Tell me,
Cruel one, that you will now hear me????

Please, therefore, in parting
from the one who loves you
and desires you,
give him death;
oh help!,
If you do not have the heart of a viper or a bear!
Let me know that close
to the door
of Death
my fate has brought me,
My life depends on the help
that she alone can give.