

O mio cor

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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
 gi_e strug- gi, Spen- gi pri- a, E poi
 ri- mi- ro, Da te lun- ge Duo- lo, e
 mo- ri- re, Deh, soc- cor- so Se non

mar ste- ri- l'a- re- ne, Ch'è il mio pet-
 de e fug- ge in- tan- to, Ahi for- tu-
 ch'hò den- tro al se- no, Ri- fe- ri-
 to il mio des- ti- no, Dall' a- i-

Figured bass notation: \bar{a} \bar{a} r 9 \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{b} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} 6 \bar{b} \bar{b} \bar{a}

to D'in- fi- ni- - to a- mor ri- cet- to, d'in- fi- ni- to a- mor
 na Del mio mal - sem- pre di- giu- na, del mio mal sem- - pre
 te Al cru- del quel ch'ho- ra u- di- te, al cru- del, cru- - del,
 ta Di lui sol - pen- de mia vi- ta, di lui sol pen- - de

Figured bass notation: \bar{a} \bar{b} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{b} \bar{b} \bar{a} \bar{b} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a}

ri- cet- to, a- - mor, a- mor ri- cet- to.
 di- giu- na, sem- - pre, sem- pre di- giu- na.
 cru- del quel ch'ho- - ra, ch'ho- ra u- di- te.
 mia vi- ta, di lui sol pen- de mia vi- ta.

Figured bass notation: \bar{a} \bar{b} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{b} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a} \bar{a}

[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.