

# 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

1. | | | | | 1. | | | | 1. | | | |

*f* e r a r a r e e

a a r a r d r

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

1. | | | | | 1. | | | | 1. | | | |

a a a a r a r a

a r a r r d

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

1. | | | | | 1. | | | | 1. | | | | 1. | | | |

a e a a a e f a a

r e a r e r r a d r

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.

1. | | | | | 1. | | | | 1. | | | | 1. | | | |

a b a a a a b a a

b b a a a a r a f b d r

d a a d a e r a r a r a a d r a

a

Seconda parte

20

Tu sai pur, dol- ce mia be- ne, Ch'hò nel co- re Tan- t'ar- do-  
 Ma, che fac- cio ipre- 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.