

O mio cor

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O mio cor,
Trop-po_ohi-me
Io per te
Vor- rai dun-

dol- ce mia vi- ta,
rat- to ten fug- gi,
sol vi vo,_e spi- ro,
que col par- ti- re

Poi- chè, las- so, Il tuo
Fer- ma_un po- co, E quel
Sol ri- vol- to Nel tuo
A chi t'a- ma, E ti

pas- so Vol- ge_al- tro- ve_in- vi-
fo- co, Con che_il cor m'ab- brug-
vol- to O- gni ben go- do,_e
bra- ma Dar ca- gio- ne

da stel- la,
gi_e strug- gi,
ri- mi- ro,
mo- ri- re,

Al- men sen-
Spen- gi pri-
Da te lun-
Deh, soc- cor-

ti, Pria che
a, E poi
ge Duo- lo,_e
so Se non

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par
par-
noi-
hai

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

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

Solfège: *fa sol la sol fa sol la sol*

Seconda parte

miei la- men- ti. Tu sai pur, dol- ce mia be- ne,
ni- ma mi- a. Ma, che fac- cio_i pre- ghi, _e'l pian- to
cor mi pun- ge. A- vre voi pie- to- se_ al- me- no,
pe ò d'or- so. Ri- fe- ri- te, che vi- ci- no

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

Solfège: *sol fa sol la sol fa sol la sol*

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Ch'ho nel co- re Tan- t'ar- do- re Quan- t'hà il
Spar- go in va- no, Che ei lon- ta- no Più non m'o-
Ch'in- ten- de- te, E ve- de- te Il do- lor,
Al- le por- te Del- la Mor- te M'hà con- dot-

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

Solfège: *la sol fa sol la sol*

mar
de_e
ch'hò
to

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

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'hò- ra u- di- te, al cru- del, cru - del,
ta Di lui sol - pen- de mia vi- ta, di lui sol pen - de

ri- cet- to, a - mor, a - mor ri- cet- to.
di- giu- na, sem- pre, sem- pre di- giu- na.
cru- del quel ch'hò- ra, ch'hò- ra u- di- te.
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.