

114. Occhi miei lassi

Strambotto à 4, poem by Francesco Petrarch

1) Notes in brackets added by editor to fit words.

95 [100]

Pero, pero dolente anzi chefien venu- te
 pero, pero dolente anzi chefien venu- te

105 [110] [115]

l'ho- re del pian- to che son gia vi- ci- ne
 l'ho- re del pianto che son gia vici- ne

120

pren- de- t'ho- ra la fi- ne bre- ve con- for- t'a si lon- go mar- ti- ro,
 prende te ora la fi- [ne] breve conforta a si lungo martiro,

125 [130]

pren- de- t'ho- ra la fi- ne bre- ve con- for- t'a si lon- go mar- ti- ro.
 prendete ora la fine breve con- 1) forte a si lungo martiro.

1) "d" in orig. See bar 120.

Weary eyes of mine,
as I turn you towards
the beautiful face that killed you,
please be wary,
for Love awaits you defiantly;
hence my sighs.

Only death can preclude my thoughts
from wandering the loving path that would bring them
to the sweet haven of their salvation;
but may light be hidden to you
by a lesser obstacle, for you are made
of lesser virtue and constitution.
Thus, albeit in pain,
before the crying hours arrive --
and they are near --,
take some brief respite now,
at the end of such long suffering.