

1. PAR MIN DIRTI

Par min dirti col pensiero
Voce cara del mio sposo
Sospirando il tuo riposo
L'atra l'ombra a mormorar.
Ma se ancora in quel orrore
La sua forza stende amore
Sentirai di me pietade
La mia sorte a rimirar.

*In my thoughts I whisper to you,
Hearing your voice, my beloved
Sighing at your grave
In the deep darkness.
But if in this horror
Love still has power,
You would feel compassion for me
Thinking of my fate.*

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ANTONIO VIVALDI

(1680-1743)

Lento

PIANO

Par min dir-ti col pen-sie-ro vo-ce-ca-ra del mio

s-po-so par min dir-ti col pen-sie-ro vo-ce-ca-ra del mio s-po-so

so-spi-ran-do il tuo ri-po-so l'a-tra l'om-bra a mormo-rar,

*) in the original