

# Aria del Piacere, Il Trionfo del Tempo e kel Disanganno

George Frederic Handel

(c) 2011 Teo Vincent IV

$\text{♩} = 75$   
Piano



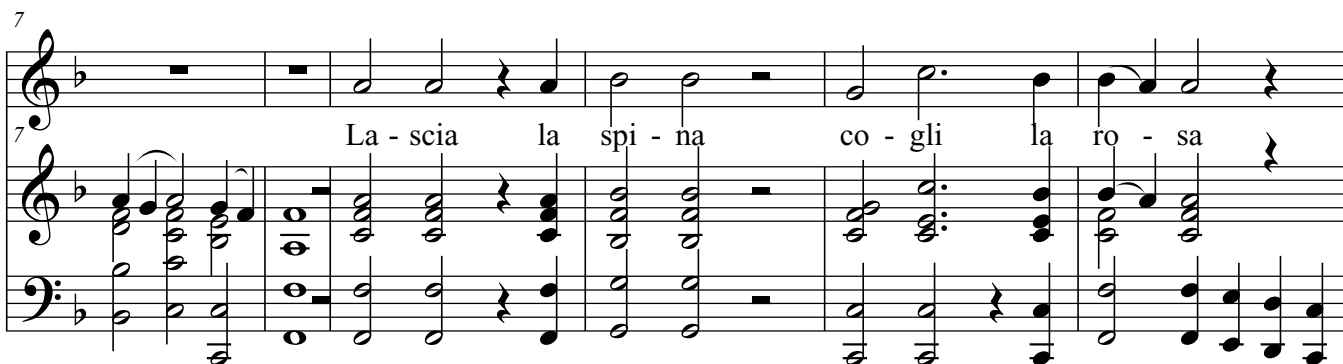
The piano introduction consists of 12 measures. The right hand features a complex, flowing melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

7

Voice

7 La - scia la spi - na co - gli la ro - sa

Pno.



The vocal line begins at measure 7 with the lyrics "La - scia la spi - na co - gli la ro - sa". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture as the introduction.

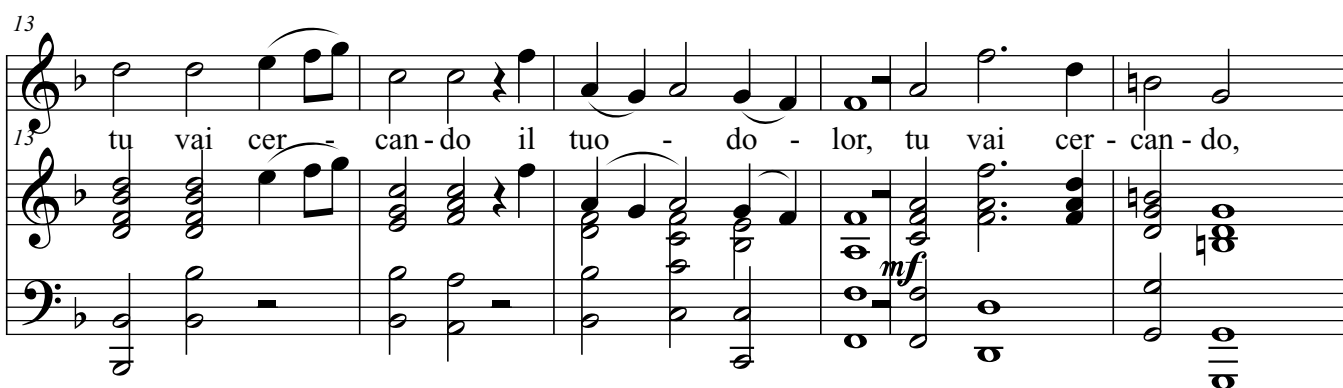
13

Voice

13 tu vai cer - can - do il tuo - do - lor, tu vai cer - can - do,

Pno.

*mf*



The vocal line continues with the lyrics "tu vai cer - can - do il tuo - do - lor, tu vai cer - can - do,". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) at measure 16.

19

Voice

19 tu vai cer - can - do il tuo do - lor, - - La - scia la spi - na -

Pno.



The vocal line continues with the lyrics "tu vai cer - can - do il tuo do - lor, - - La - scia la spi - na -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

25

Voice

25 co - gli la ro - sa tu vai cer - can - do tuo - do - lor -

Pno.



The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "co - gli la ro - sa tu vai cer - can - do tuo - do - lor -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

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31 Fine

Pno.

39

Voice

39 Ca - nu - ta bri - na, per ma - no as - co - sa giun - ge - ra quan - do nol

Pno.

Cello

45

Voice

45 cre - de il - - cor. Giun - ge - ra quan - do nol cre - de il cor,

Pno.

51

Voice

51 ca - nu - ta bri - na per ma - no as - co - sa, giun - ge - ra quan - do nol

Pno.

57 Da Capo al Fine

Voice

57 cre - de il cor, giun - ge - ra quan - do nol cre - de il cor.

Pno.

Piano

**Aria del Piacere**

Lascia la spina, cogli la rosa, tu vai cercando il tuo dolor. Canuta brina, per mano ascosa, guingera quando nol crede il cor.

**Pleasure's Aria**

Leave the thorn, pluck the rose, you are seeking your own sorrow. An unseen hand will bring you hoary old age ere your heart imagines.