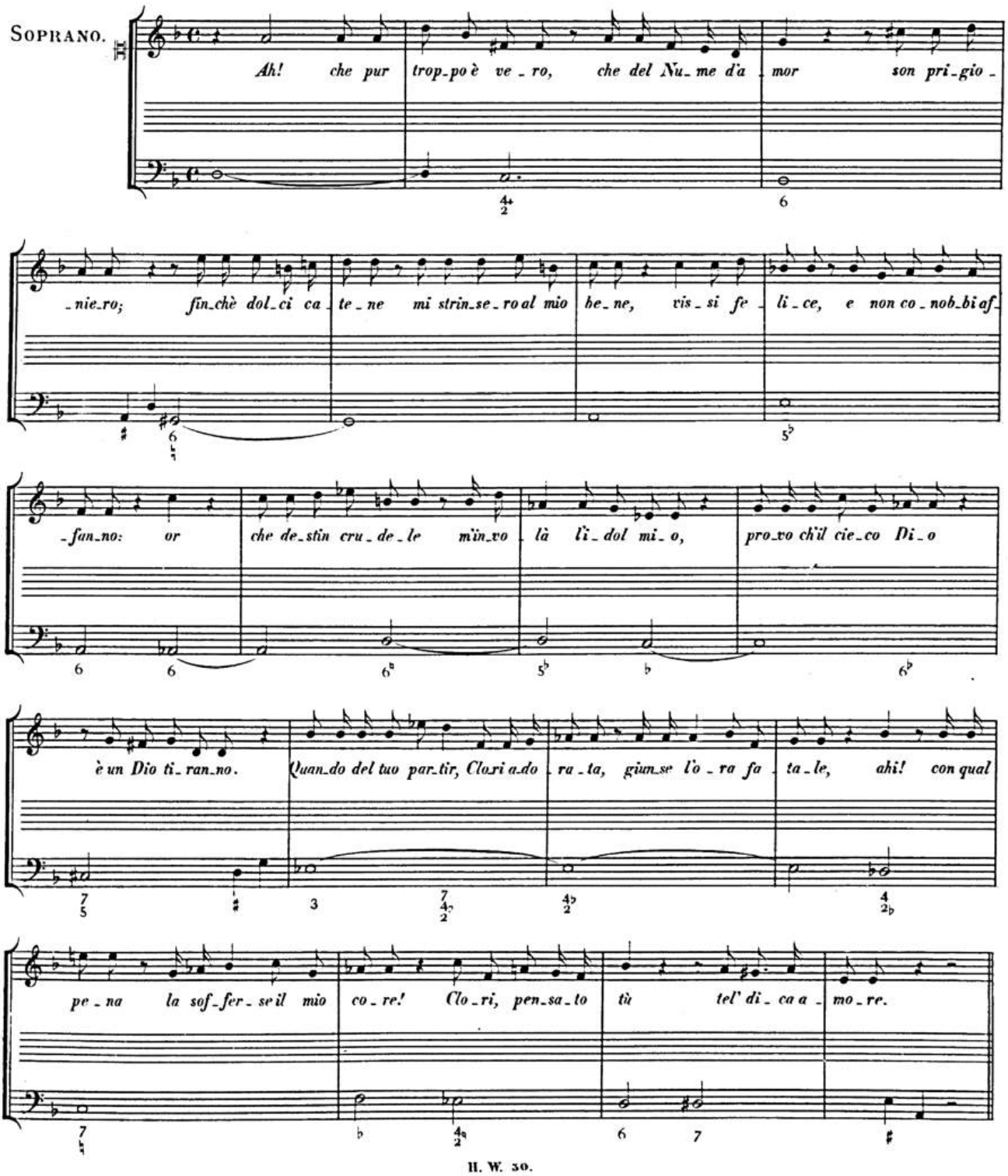
BSB

1.

Ah! che pur troppo è vero.

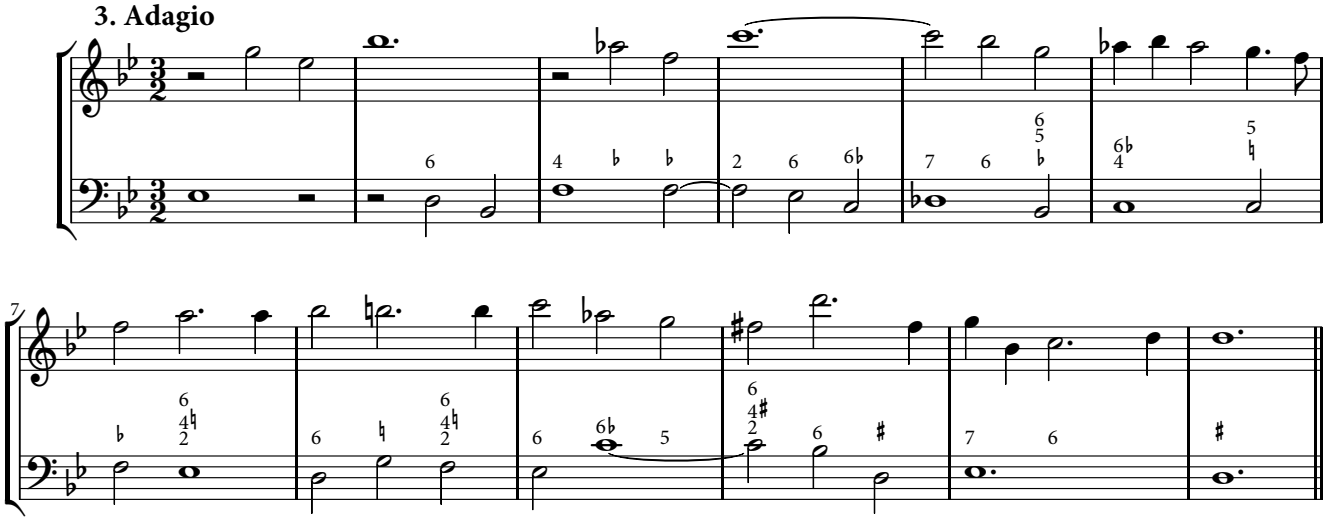


Ah, che pur troppo è vero (Florence/Venice 1709)

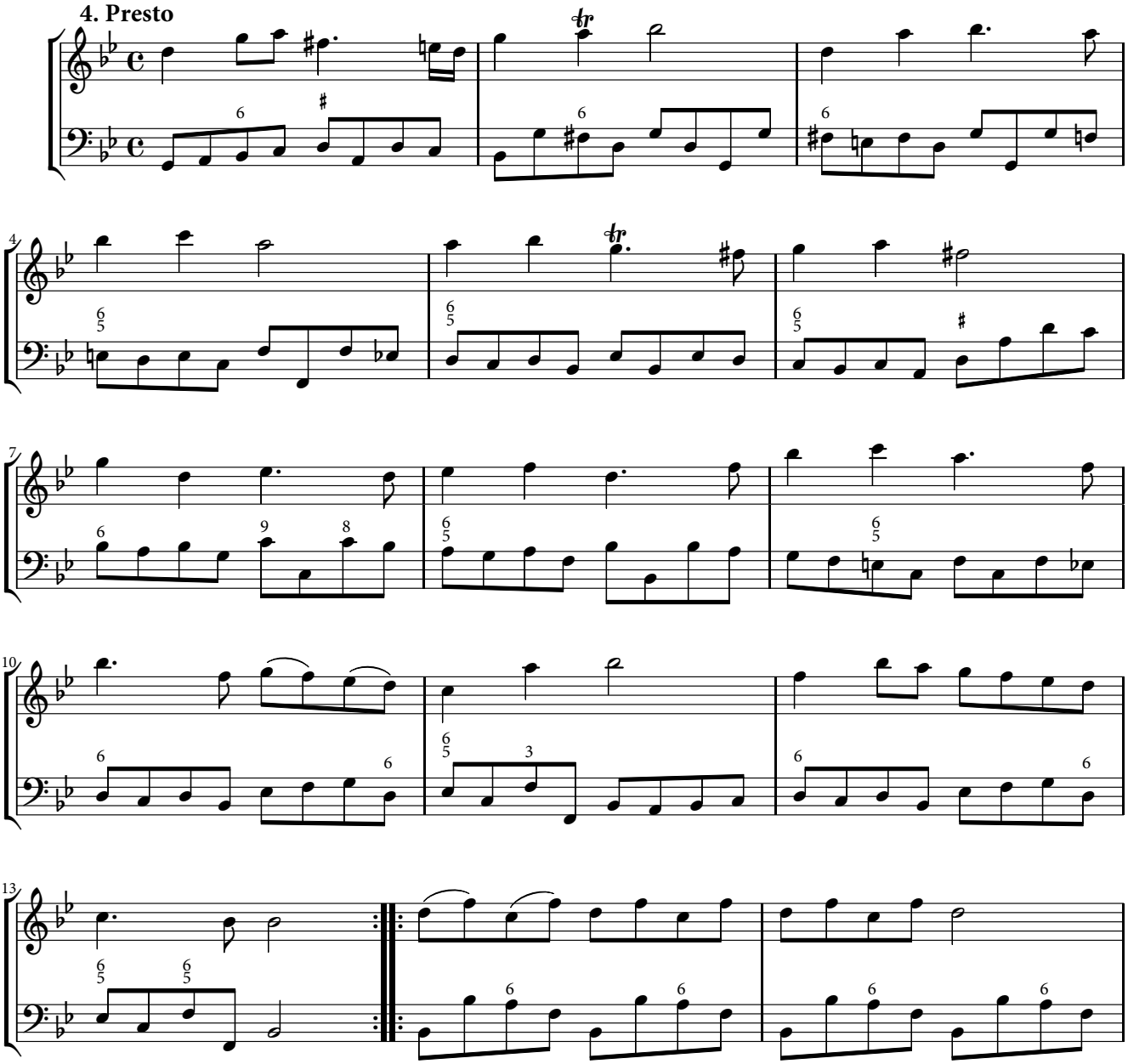
Ah, che pur troppo è vero
Che del Nume d'amor son prigioniero;
Finché dolci catene
Mi strinsero al mio bene,
Vissi felice, e non conobbi affanno:
Or che destin crudele
M'invola l'idol mio
Provo ch'il cieco Dio
È un Dio tiranno.
Quando del tuo partir,
Clori adorata,
Giunse l'ora fatale,
Ahi! con qual pena
La sofferse il mio core!
Clori, pensalo tu, tel' dica amore.

Ah, it is only too true
That I am a prisoner of the god of love;
As long as sweet chains
Bound me to my love,
I lived happily, and knew not anguish:
Now that cruel destiny
Steals from me my idol,
I find that the blind god
Is a tyrant god.
When the fatal hour,
Adored Clori,
Of your departure came,
Alas! with what pain
My heart suffered it!
Clori, think of this, let love speak to you of it.

3. Adagio



4. Presto



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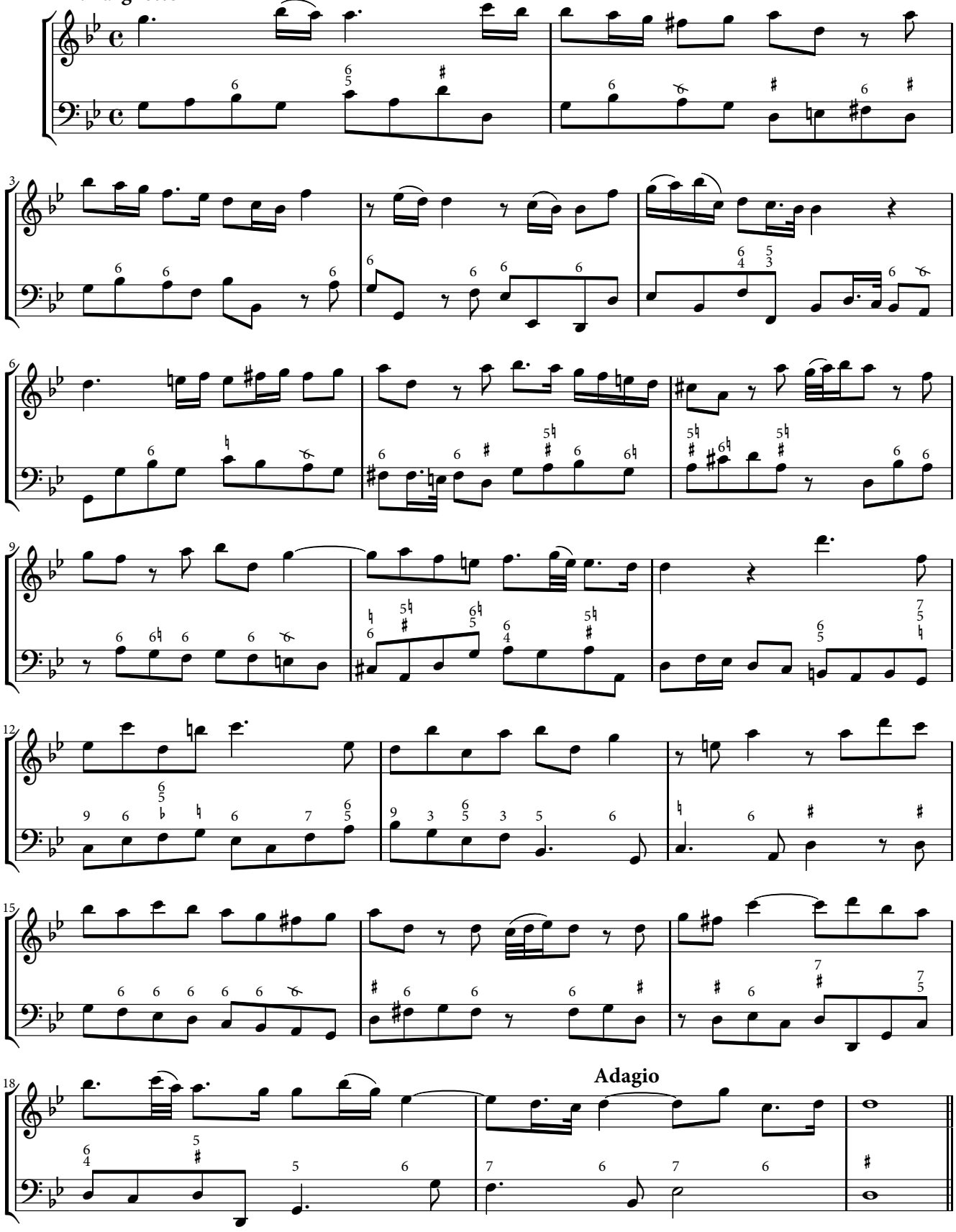
Sonata a Flauto e Cembalo in g, HWV 360

Fitzwilliam Collection MS 261

G.F.Handel

1. Larghetto



Adagio

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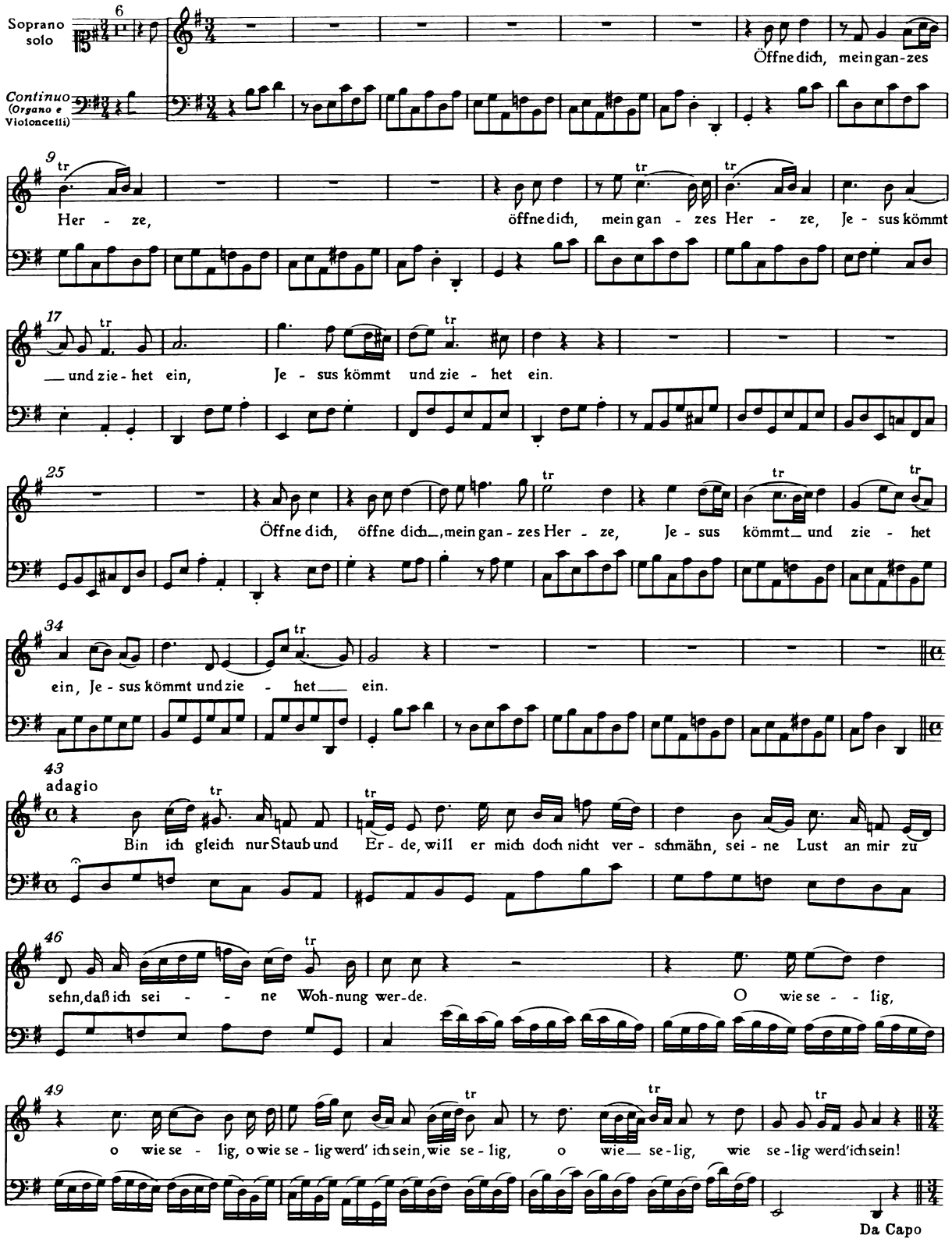
5. Aria.


Soprano solo
Continuo (Organo e Violoncelli)
Öffne dich, mein gan-zes
Her - ze, öffne dich, mein gan - zes Her - ze, Je - sus kömmt
— und zie - het ein, Je - sus kömmt und zie - het ein.
Öffne dich, öffne dich—, mein gan - zes Her - ze, Je - sus kömmt— und zie - het
ein, Je - sus kömmt und zie - het— ein.
adagio
Bin ich gleich nur Staub und Er - de, will er mich doch nicht ver - schmähn, sei - ne Lust an mir zu
sehn, daß ich sei - - - ne Woh-nung wer-de. O wie se - - lig,
o wie se - lig, o wie se - lig werd' ich sein, wie se - lig, o wie— se - lig, wie se - lig werd' ich sein!
Da Capo