

Per la gloria d'adorarvi

For the sheer delight of loving

Girls Class / High

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English version by
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Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)
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Andante, $\text{♩} = 116 - 132$

7

mf

Per — la glo — ria — d'a — do —
For — the sheer — de — light — of —

12

rar — vi Vo — glio a — mar — vi, o lu — ci ca — re.
lov — ing, O my dear — one, — I — a — dore you.

Idiomatic translation: For the glory of adoring you, I want to love you, O dear eyes.

17

P

Per _____ la glo - ria _____ d'a - do - rar vi
 For _____ the sheer de - light _____ of lov - ing,

21

f

Vò - glio a - mar - vi, o lu - ci ca - re.
 O my dear one, I adore you.

25

f p

A - man - do pe - ne - rò, Ma sem - pre v'a - me - rò,
 Though love bring pain to me, Free of love I ne'er will be,

29

Sì, sì, nel mio pe - na - re:
 Yes, yes, I kneel be - fore you.

Loving you, I will suffer, yet I will love you always, yes, in my suffering, dear, dear eyes.

33

f

Pe - ne - rō, v'a - me - rō, Ca - re, ca - re,
 Love and pain, tho' in vain, I a - dore you,

f 23 34 35 36

37

P

Pe - ne - rō, v'a - me - rō, Ca - re, ca - re.
 Love and pain, tho' in vain, I a - dore you.

P 37 38 39 40

41

3

mf 41 42 43

45

45 46 47

mf

Sen - za spe - me di di let - to
Gone all hope of bliss or pleas - ure,

49 50 51 52

53

Va - no af - fet - to è so - spi - ra - re.
Vain hope for - ev - er to im - plore you.

53 54 55 56

57

p

Sen - za spe - me di di let - to
Gone all hope of bliss of pleas - ure,

p 57 58 59 60

61

Va - no af - fet - to è so - spi - ra - re,
Vain hope for - ev - er to im - plore you.

61 62 63 64

Without hope of pleasure, it is a vain affection to sigh.

65

f-p

Ma i vo-stri dol-ci rai, Chi va-gheg-giar può mai
But when-e'er your eyes en-fold me Still-with-in-your web you hold me,

f-p 65 66 67 68

69

E non, e non v'a-ma-re?
No, no, I'll al-ways love you.

69 70 71 72

73

f

Pe-ne-rò, v'a-me-rò, Ca-re, ca-re!
Love and-pain, though in-vain, I a-dore you!

f 73 74 75 76

77

p

Pe-ne-rò, v'a-me-rò, Ca-re, ca-re!
Love and-pain, tho' in-vain, I a-dore you!

p 77 78 79 80 81

But your sweet glances! who can admire them and not love you?