Aria and Duet.—"A CHANGE HOW DECEIVING!"

K Euridice

A change how deceiving! Repose I am leaving, Once more to be grieving At life and its pain; A

change how deceiving! Repose I am leaving, Once more to be
grieving At life and its pain,
Once more to be grieving At life:
moir - se a tan - to do - lor!
pas - sar dal - la mor - te a tan.

and its pain, at life:
and its pain.
to do - lor, a tan.
to do - lor!

Duet.
Andante.
There was nought to a - larm me,
Only rap - ture to charm me, en - ly
Av - sen - so al con - ten - to d'un pla - ci-do ob - bli - o, d'un

Orpheus.
How the sight of my grief
Qual do lor al mio cor
increases her dis -
ul gran te - mer che

Andante.
rap - ture to charm me,
No dan - ger to harm me, no
pla - ci-do ob - bli - o,
Sra que - ste ten - pe - ste, fra

trust!
fa!

What is there to help me?
Che di - ve? che fa - ve?
danger to harm me, for
gueste tempeste si per de il mio cor. 

Ah! I am quite despairing!
Ah! quasi pensier mi cruc-cian!

Nowhere can I find what will comfort her heart!
Aita, aita vuol un al-sgra-sia-to cor!

What

Oh