

Moratti

IL RE PASTORE

CLASSICAL OPERA  
IAN PAGE (CONDUCTOR)



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Orchestra playing on period instruments at A = 430 Hz

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# WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

## IL RE PASTORE, K.208

Libretto by Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

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### ALESSANDRO

Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia

**JOHN MARK AINSLEY** tenor

### AMINTA

A shepherd, in love with Elisa

**SARAH FOX** soprano

### ELISA

A noble Phoenician girl, in love with Aminta

**AILISH TYNAN** soprano

### TAMIRI

Daughter of the tyrant Strato, in love with Agenore

**ANNA DEVIN** soprano

### AGENORE

A nobleman of Sidon, in love with Tamiri

**BENJAMIN HULETT** tenor

### THE ORCHESTRA OF CLASSICAL OPERA

Leader: Matthew Truscott

Continuo: Steven Devine (harpsichord), Joseph Crouch (cello),  
Cecelia Bruggemeyer (double bass)

**IAN PAGE** conductor

# IL RE PASTORE, K.208

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## The Orchestra of Classical Opera

### Violin 1

Matthew Truscott (leader)  
Rebecca Livermore  
Andrew Roberts  
Liz McCarthy  
James Toll  
Alice Evans  
Julia Kuhn  
Camilla Scarlett

### Violin 2

Jill Samuel  
William Thorp  
Dan Edgar  
Marianna Szücs  
Kristin Deeken  
Naomi Burrell  
Davina Clarke

### Viola

Alfonso Leal del Ojo  
Mark Braithwaite  
Oliver Wilson  
Heather Birt

### Cello

Joseph Crouch (continuo)  
Andrew Skidmore  
Jonathan Byers

### Double bass

Cecelia Bruggemeyer (continuo)  
Timothy Amherst

### Flute

Katy Bircher  
Jane Mitchell

### Oboe / Cor anglais

James Eastaway  
Rachel Chaplin

### Bassoon

Philip Turbett  
Zoe Shevlin

### Horn

Gavin Edwards  
Joseph Walters  
Nick Benz  
David Bentley

### Trumpet

David Blackadder  
Philip Bainbridge

### Harpichord

Steven Devine (continuo)

## Il re pastore – an introduction by Ian Page

*“One must live as if it would be forever, and as if one might die at each moment. Always both at once.”*  
Attributed to Alexander the Great

Mozart’s *Il re pastore* was commissioned by the Archbishop of Salzburg to celebrate the royal visit of Archduke Maximilian Franz. It was premièred on 23 April 1775. The choice of Metastasio’s popular libretto, in which Alexander the Great searches for the rightful heir and places him on the throne of Sidon, was a particularly apt one, for the ceiling of the Knights’ Hall in the Archbishop’s Palace – the room in which Mozart’s opera was first performed – features a series of paintings by the Austrian artist Johann Michael Rottmayr, all dating from 1714, which also depict scenes from the life of Alexander. It might also have appealed to the composer’s subversive sense of humour that the acts of heroism evoked on the ceiling were not entirely mirrored by Metastasio’s often ironic portrayal of Alexander’s bungling attempts at match-making as he seeks to bring peace and political harmony to the kingdom of Sidon.

### Background

On 16 December 1771 Mozart’s employer, Sigismund von Schrattenbach, had died, and was succeeded by Hieronymus, Count Colloredo, who was installed as the new Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg on 29 April 1772. Schrattenbach had been very supportive of the young Mozart, and had recognised his importance and usefulness as an ambassador for Salzburg. It was for this reason that Mozart’s father Leopold had been given extended paid leave of absence to show off his prodigiously gifted children at the most prestigious courts in Europe – indeed, Mozart, who was only fifteen years old when the Archbishop died, had spent a mere thirty months in Salzburg during the previous ten years.

Archbishop Colloredo’s attitude, however, was quite different – Mozart and his father were his employees (Wolfgang was promoted to the position of Konzertmeister in August 1772), and as such they were required to carry out their respective duties as court musicians. Mozart was begrudgingly allowed to go on his third and final visit to Italy to fulfil the commission of *Lucio Silla* for Milan, and he also wrote *La finta giardiniera* for Munich at the end of 1774 – it would have been politically embarrassing to deny him this opportunity, for the Archbishop himself had been invited to attend the Carnival festivities at which the new opera was to be performed. For most of the 1770s, though, Mozart was trapped in an increasingly frustrating and servile role in the home town which he steadily grew to loathe and resent. He was paid an annual salary of 150 florins for his duties as a practising, performing musician, but received little additional reward for his compositions. Nonetheless, he composed prolifically during these first years back in Salzburg – symphonies, serenades, concertos, masses and numerous chamber works – and several of his earliest masterpieces date from this period. But opera was Mozart’s greatest passion, and his primary frustration was that Salzburg had no theatre. As long as he remained there, he would not be able to concentrate his energies on writing operas.

### The commission and first performance

Mozart was, however, required to write one opera during these years in Salzburg. Archduke Maximilian Franz, the youngest son of the Habsburg Empress Maria Theresia, was visiting Salzburg in April 1775 on his way to Italy, and Archbishop Colloredo commissioned two works to honour his visit: Salzburg’s senior court composer Domenico Fischietti was to set Metastasio’s text *Gli orti esperidi* for the opening celebrations, while Mozart was to set the same librettist’s *Il re pastore* for performance the following evening. Both works were referred to as serenatas, signifying not only that they were composed for a special occasion but also that they were reduced in length from the standard three-act ‘opera seria’ and that they were performed with either very limited staging or none at all. Both were written for a cast of five – one soprano castrato, two sopranos and

two tenors – and two leading artists from the Munich Court Opera were engaged for the occasion. The castrato Tommaso Consoli had sung the role of Ramiro in the first performances of Mozart's *La finta giardiniera* three months earlier, and he had already portrayed the role of Elisa in Munich the previous year in a setting of *Il re pastore* by Pietro Alessandro Guglielmi; for Mozart's setting, rather more sensibly, Consoli was to perform the male role of Aminta. The other visiting artist from Munich was the flautist Johann Baptist Becke, whose presence was perhaps more necessary for Fischietti's work, for Mozart's opera includes only one number with virtuosic flute parts.

No confirmation has survived of the other cast members, but given that they were all members of the Salzburg court ensemble it seems likely that the soprano roles of Elisa and Tamiri would have been played by Maria Magdalena Lipp and either Maria Anna Fesemayr or Maria Anna Braunhofer. In the spring of 1767 all three of these singers had sung in the first performance of *Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebots*, which also took place in the Knights' Hall of the Archbishop's Palace. Each of the three parts of this sacred singspiel had been written by a different composer contracted to the Salzburg court – the first part by the eleven-year-old Mozart and the remaining two by Michael Haydn (brother of the more famous Joseph) and Anton Adlgasser – and shortly afterwards Lipp and Fesemayr had married Haydn and Adlgasser respectively. Franz Anton Spitzeder, who was a court tenor in Salzburg from 1760 until 1796 and who had sung the role of Christgeist in *Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebots*, probably sang one of the tenor roles (presumably that of Alessandro), with the other one possibly being taken by Felix Hofstätter, about whom little more is known.

Archduke Maximilian arrived in Salzburg on 22 April 1775, and Fischietti's *Gli orti esperidi* was performed that evening; *Il re pastore* received its first performance the following evening. The Knights' Hall is a surprisingly small room, and any staging must have been extremely basic. No records survive about whether the singers wore costumes, or even whether they sang from memory or not, but the fact that Consoli (who was taking

the leading role in both works) and Becke had only arrived in Salzburg on 19 April gives us a fair indication of how little rehearsal time was considered necessary.

### The libretto

Metastasio's original text for *Il re pastore* had been written in 1751 to celebrate the birthday of the Empress Maria Theresia, and it was first performed in the theatre of Schönbrunn Palace with the five roles all taken by Maria Theresia's children – the part of Alexander the Great was originally played by the future Emperor Joseph II, who was aged fourteen at the time, but Maximilian Franz, who was the same age as Mozart, had not yet been born (nor had his sister, the future Marie Antoinette). As court poet in Vienna, Metastasio had already been required to write plays for these birthday celebrations for the previous twenty years or so, and the parameters were clearly defined: not only must the plays glorify monarchy and imbue the performers with enlightened aesthetic values, but in addition no villains or evil actions were allowed to be portrayed, as this would reflect discredit on the royal children who were acting out the roles. It is presumably for this reason that the tyrant Strato has already been deposed before the action of *Il re pastore* begins, and Tamiri, though understandably predisposed to dislike and distrust Alexander, never actually aligns herself in any way to her father's views or methods.

The music for the original 1751 performance was written by the Viennese court composer Giuseppe Bonno, with whom Mozart was to come into contact many years later, and by 1775 the text had already been set by a further thirteen composers, including Hasse, Gluck, Jommelli and Piccinni. When Mozart had been in London as a nine-year-old he had probably attended a setting of the opera by Felice de Giardini which was being performed at the King's Theatre, Haymarket. The story of the shepherd king, innately good but brought up in humble ignorance of his true identity, had always been a popular one, of course, harking back to the biblical story of King David, and it provided an enduring role model for enlightened leadership.

Mozart's setting of *Il re pastore* was based on the two-act reduction of Metastasio's libretto which had been used for the 1774 Munich revision of Guglielmi's setting, the one that had featured Consoli as Elisa. This version essentially retained Metastasio's Act One and then reduced and merged Acts Two and Three into a single whole which lasted no longer than Act One. Mozart did make a few small changes to the 1774 Munich libretto, including the reinsertion of a few lines that had been cut from Metastasio's original. There are also three places where he set completely new text in place of Metastasio's; it has been assumed that these new sections of text were penned by the Salzburg court chaplain, Giovanni Battista Varesco, but there is no firm evidence of this.

Two of the changes were clearly made to heighten the dramatic peak at the end of each act. In Act One new text is added before the final duet, and this text is set as accompanied recitative, thereby giving greater import to the ensuing duet. Metastasio's finales, meanwhile, were habitually brief and perfunctory, prompting music settings which often lasted scarcely longer than a minute, and it was presumably felt that something more extended, festive and celebratory was required, especially in the context of Archduke Maximilian's state visit. The only other significant change was for Aminta's second aria, where Metastasio's "So che pastor son io" is entirely replaced by "Aer tranquillo". Mozart maybe felt that he had already established the pastoral mood in Aminta's short opening aria, with its bucolic flute accompaniment, and required something more vivacious, virtuosic and contrasting for the shepherd's second aria, which follows shortly afterwards.

Mozart clearly held "Aer tranquillo" in high regard, for he referenced its infectiously energetic opening bars just a few months later as the main theme of the first movement of the G major violin concerto, K.216. He also programmed the aria in several concerts he gave, and at some point he composed an alternative solo recitative to precede it, again with entirely new and unidentified text. It is in two parts – the first accompanied by continuo only, the second by full strings – but in dramatic and plot terms it does not

replace or even enhance Metastasio's original text. There has been some confusion as to where this recitative belongs, and previous recordings of *Il re pastore* have included it within the main body of the opera, but it seems clear that it was conceived by Mozart for subsequent occasions when the aria was performed in isolation as a concert piece. For this recording, the alternative recitative has therefore been placed as an appendix at the end of Act One, so that listeners have the opportunity to hear this 'concert version' of the aria as a separate entity.

Mozart's final text of *Il re pastore*, combined with the music he composed for it, is much more fluid and dramatic than the rather portentous stereotype of *opera seria*, and although Metastasio should take some of the credit for this we can already recognise Mozart's genius for capturing real and truthful human emotions. On the title page of his last opera, *La clemenza di Tito* – another setting of Metastasio – Mozart changed the poet's nomenclature of *opera seria* ('serious' or 'grave opera') to *opera vera* ('true opera'). Had *Il re pastore* been able to receive a full staging in Salzburg, he might well have made the same distinction sixteen years earlier.

### The music

By 1775 Mozart had already composed such celebrated works as the *Exsultate, Jubilate* and the symphonies no. 25 (in G minor, K.183) and no. 29 (in A major, K.201), so it should come as no surprise that the music for *Il re pastore* is of a consistently high quality. What is particularly noticeable about this score, though, is the way in which it evokes its own specific (though of course definitively Mozartian) sound world. In the rhythmic energy and drive of the overture it is not hard to imagine Alexander the Great's army laying siege to foreign lands, but as soon as we encounter the shepherd Aminta we immediately enter a calmer and less belligerent world. The music throughout is quintessentially 'outdoor' in feeling, though often not in a traditionally pastoral manner, and there is always a sense that these are real people expressing real feelings. Perhaps



the most remarkable achievement of the first act is that each aria is an expression of joy, contentment or devotion, and yet Mozart still manages to create enormous variety and contrast within this framework.

Alexander's first aria contains extraordinary evocations of storms and rainfall, and the string writing in all his arias incorporates hints, however brief, of falling rain. Aminta's music, too, is often suggestive of water, but in his case the lapping semiquavers of second violins are more suggestive of running streams and rustic tranquillity. This subtle water imagery, which Mozart was to develop in *Idomeneo* to evoke powerful images of the sea, serves to underline the contrasts as well as the similarities between Alexander and Aminta, whose music at the same time shares with Elisa's first aria a wonderful 'fresh air' quality.

The climate gradually changes in the second act, as the repercussions of Alexander's misconceived plan to marry Tamiri to Aminta take root, and the music is now able to have a much wider emotional range, from Elisa's opening pain at being separated from Aminta to the shepherd's own poignant expression of love, "L'amerò, sarò costante", the most exquisite and celebrated number in the piece, scored for violin solo, flutes, cors anglais, bassoons, horns and muted strings. Agenore, having had to control his feelings while each character in turn sings an aria to (or in some cases at) him, finally gives vent to his anguish in an aria that is quintessential 'Sturm und Drang', but by the final quintet, which contains some miraculous moments reminiscent of the very greatest of Mozart's works, the irrepressible high spirits and vivacity of the first act are restored.

Ian Page



## Synopsis

The opera is set in Sidon, Phoenicia, in 332 BC. Alexander the Great has just conquered the city, overthrowing the tyrannical usurper Strato. Before moving on to further conquests he determines to find Abdolonimo, the rightful heir to the throne, who has been brought up in humble obscurity, unaware of his true identity

### Act One

*A wide pleasant landscape in the hills outside Sidon*

Elisa excitedly tells her beloved Aminta that her mother finally supports their union, and she rushes off to see her father. Alexander interrogates Aminta and, impressed by his candour and nobility, is convinced that this shepherd really is Abdolonimo, the rightful heir to the throne. Agenore recognises his beloved Tamiri, Strato's daughter, who is now in hiding and disguised as a shepherdess, following Alexander's victory over her father. Agenore is unable to persuade Tamiri to reveal herself to Alexander, but vows to come back to her soon. To Tamiri's great joy and relief, he reassures her that he still loves her.

Elisa now returns to tell Aminta that her father has consented to their marriage, but before they can leave Agenore arrives to proclaim that Aminta is the rightful king. Aminta and Elisa are astounded, and waver uncertainly between excitement and fear.

### Act Two

*Alexander's camp*

Elisa is looking for Aminta, but Agenore prevents them from seeing each other. Alexander regrets not being able to forgive Tamiri publicly, and worries about the damage this will do to his reputation. When Agenore mentions that he knows where Tamiri is hiding, Alexander, blithely unaware of anyone's amorous attachments, decides that it would be a political masterstroke for Aminta to marry Tamiri; duty and honour prevent the horrified Agenore from protesting.

*A large cave*

Aminta is still unresolved as to whether to accept the throne, but when Agenore arrives he ambiguously declares that he has finally decided to fulfil his duty. For Aminta, this duty involves renouncing the throne and remaining true to Elisa, but Agenore assumes that Aminta has decided to become king and to take Tamiri's hand. He urges Aminta to take good care of his new bride, and Aminta, thinking he is referring to Elisa, assures him that he will always remain loving and devoted to her. Elisa is devastated when she hears that Aminta is to marry Tamiri, while Tamiri is appalled that Agenore could so readily give her up to someone else.

*The outer courtyard of the Temple of Hercules in Sidon*

As Alexander asks the gods to look favourably on his plans, Tamiri tells him of Agenore's sacrifice and of their love. Elisa likewise opens her heart to Alexander, imploring him to help. Aminta then arrives in his shepherd's clothes, renouncing his royal position in favour of his flock and marriage to Elisa. Alexander, moved by such courage and honesty, appoints Aminta and Elisa to the throne of Sidon, and promises Tamiri and Agenore another kingdom to rule. All ends happily.



## Classical Opera

Classical Opera was founded in 1997 by conductor Ian Page to explore the works of Mozart and his contemporaries, and has emerged as one of the leading exponents in its field. Performing with its own acclaimed period-instrument orchestra, the company has attracted considerable critical and public recognition, not only for the high quality of its performances but also for its imaginative programming and its ability to discover and nurture outstanding young singers. In 2015 the company launched MOZART 250, a ground-breaking 27-year project following the chronological trajectory of Mozart's life, works and influences.

Classical Opera has performed regularly at many of London's leading venues, including Sadler's Wells, Wigmore Hall, the Barbican and Kings Place, and has mounted staged productions of many of Mozart's operas, including *Apollo et Hyacinthus*, *La finta semplice*, *Il re pastore*, *Zaide*, *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Così fan tutte*. In 2009 it was invited to present The Royal Opera's new production of Thomas Arne's *Artaxerxes*, and it has also given the world première of the 'original' version of Mozart's *Mitridate, re di Ponto*, the UK premières of Gluck's *La clemenza di Tito* and Telemann's *Orpheus*, and concert performances of Handel's *Il trionfo del Tempo e del Disinganno*, Arne's *Alfred* and J.C.Bach's *Adriano in Siria*.

Classical Opera's first two recordings – 'The A-Z of Mozart Opera' (Sony BMG, 2007) and 'Blessed Spirit: a Gluck retrospective' (Wigmore Hall Live, 2010) – were both selected for *Gramophone* magazine's annual Critic's Choice, and they were followed in 2011 by Arne's *Artaxerxes* on Linn Records (Opera Choice, *BBC Music Magazine*; Disc of the Month, *Opera*). This CD is the fourth release in Classical Opera's complete recording cycle of Mozart's operas, following *Apollo et Hyacinthus* (Linn Records, 2012), *Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebots* and *Mitridate, re di Ponto* (Signum Classics, 2013 & 2014).



## Libretto

### CD 1

#### 1 Overtura

##### ATTO PRIMO

##### Scena I

*Vasta ed amena campagna con veduta della città di Sidone in lontano. Aminta assiso sopra un sasso, cantando: indi Elisa.*

#### 2 No. 1, Aria

AMINTA:

Intendo, amico rio,  
Quel basso mormorio:  
Tu chiedi in tua favella  
Il nostro ben dov'è?  
Intendo, amico rio...

#### 3 Recitativo

AMINTA (*vedendo Elisa, corre ad incontrarla*):  
Bella Elisa, idol mio,  
Dove?

ELISA (*lieta ed frettolosa*):  
A te, caro Aminta.

AMINTA:  
Oh Dei! Non sai  
Che il campo d' Alessandro  
Quindi lungi non è? Che tutte infesta  
Queste amene contrade  
Il Macedone armato?

#### Overture

##### ACT ONE

##### Scene 1

*Vast and pleasant countryside, with a view of the city of Sidon in the distance. Aminta seated on a rock, singing; then Elisa.*

#### No. 1, Aria

AMINTA:

I understand, friendly stream,  
that low murmuring;  
you are asking in your own language,  
"Where is our beloved?"  
I understand, friendly stream...

#### Recitative

AMINTA (*seeing Elisa, he runs to meet her*):  
Beautiful Elisa, my beloved,  
where are you going?

ELISA (*cheerful and in a hurry*):  
To you, dear Aminta.

AMINTA:  
Oh Gods! Do you not know  
that Alexander's camp  
is not far from here, that all this  
pleasant countryside is infested  
with Macedonian troops?

ELISA:  
Il so.

AMINTA:  
Ma dunque  
Perchè sola t'esponi all'insolente  
Licenza militar?

ELISA:  
Rischio non teme,  
Non ode amor consiglio.  
Il non vederti è il mio maggior periglio.

AMINTA:  
E per me?

ELISA:  
Deh m'ascolta. Ho colmo il core  
Di felici speranze, e non ho pace  
Finchè con te non le divido.

AMINTA:  
Altrove  
Più sicura potrai...

ELISA:  
Ma d'Alessandro  
Fai torto alla virtù.  
Son della nostra sicurezza custodi  
Quelle schiere che temi. Ei da un tiranno  
Venne Sidone a liberar, né vuole  
Che sia vendita il dono:  
Ne franse il giogo, e ne ricusa il trono.

ELISA:  
I know.

AMINTA:  
But why then  
do you expose yourself, alone,  
to the brazen military presence?

ELISA:  
Love fears no peril,  
nor does it listen to advice.  
Not seeing you is a greater danger to me.

AMINTA:  
And what about me?

ELISA:  
Ah listen to me. My heart is brimming  
with happy hopes, and I shall have no peace  
until I share them with you.

AMINTA:  
Elsewhere  
you will be safer...

ELISA:  
But you are wrong  
about Alexander's virtue.  
They are protectors of our safety,  
those troops that you fear. He came to free Sidon  
from a tyrant, and he does not wish  
this gift to be a sale.  
He has broken the tyranny, but refuses the throne.

AMINTA:  
Chi sarà dunque il nostro re?

ELISA:  
Si crede  
Che, ignoto anche a se stesso, occulto viva  
Il legittimo erede.

AMINTA:  
E dove...

ELISA:  
Ah! lascia  
Che Alessandro ne cerchi. Odi. La mia  
Pietosa madre (oh cara madre!) alline  
Già l'amor mio seconda.

AMINTA:  
Ah!

ELISA:  
Tu sospiri, Aminta!  
Che vuol dir quel sospiro?

AMINTA:  
Contro il destin m'adiro,  
Che sì poco mi fece  
Degno, Elisa, di te. Tu vantii il chiaro  
Sangue di Cadmo, io, pastorello oscuro,  
Ignoro il mio. Tu abbandonar dovrai  
Per me gli agi paterni, offrirti invece  
lo non potrò, nella mia sorte umile,  
Che una povera greggia, un rozzo ovile.

AMINTA:  
So who will be our king?

ELISA:  
It is thought that,  
unknown even to himself,  
the legitimate heir lives in obscurity.

AMINTA:  
But where...

ELISA:  
Ah, let  
Alexander look for him! Listen, my  
merciful mother (oh dear mother!) at last  
approves of my love.

AMINTA:  
Ah!

ELISA:  
You're sighing, Aminta?  
What does that sigh signify?

AMINTA:  
I'm enraged by my fate,  
which made me so unworthy of you, Elisa.  
You boast the pure blood of Cadmus,  
while I, a humble shepherd, am ignorant of mine.  
For me you will have to abandon the comforts  
provided by your father, and I, in my humble destiny,  
shall not be able to offer you anything instead,  
other than a lowly flock and a rough sheepfold.

ELISA:

Non lagnarti del Ciel: prodigo assai  
Ti fu de' doni suoi. Se l'ostro e l'oro  
A te negò, quel favellar, quel volto,  
Quel cor ti diè'. Non le ricchezze o gli avi,  
Cerco Aminta in Aminta, ed amo in lui  
Fin la sua povertà. Dal dì primiero,  
Che ancor bambina io lo mirai, mi parve  
Amabile, gentile  
Quel pastor, quella greggia, e quell'ovile:  
E mi restò nel core  
Quell'ovil, quella greggia e quel pastore.

AMINTA:

Oh mia sola, oh mia vera  
Felicità! Quei cari detti...

ELISA:

Addio.  
Corro alla madre e vengo a te fra poco.  
Io non dovrò mai più lasciarti. Insieme  
Sempre il sol noi vedrà, parta o ritorni.  
Oh dolce vita! oh fortunati giorni!

**4** No. 2, Aria

ELISA:

Alla selva, al prato, al fonte  
Io n'andrò col gregge amato;  
E alla selva, al fonte, al prato  
L'idol mio con me verrà.

In quel rozzo angusto tetto,  
Che ricetto a noi darà,  
Con la gioia e col diletto  
L'innocenza albergherà.  
*(parte)*

ELISA:

Don't complain about heaven. It was most lavish  
in its gifts to you. If crimson and gold were  
denied to you, it gave you that voice, that face,  
that heart. I seek neither riches nor forefathers;  
in Aminta I seek only Aminta, and I love in him  
even his poverty. From the first day that  
as a child I saw him, that shepherd,  
that flock and that hut seemed  
delightful and kind to me;  
and that shepherd, that flock and that hut  
have remained in my heart.

AMINTA:

Oh my only, true happiness!  
Those dear words...

ELISA:

Farewell.  
I must run to my mother, and shall return to you soon.  
I shall never more have to leave you; the sun will  
always see us together, whether it leaves or returns.  
Oh sweet life, oh happy days!

**No. 2, Aria**

ELISA:

To the forest, to the meadow, to the stream  
I shall go with my beloved flock,  
and to the forest, to the stream, to the meadow  
my beloved will come with me.

In that rough, cramped hut  
which will give us shelter,  
with joy and with delight  
innocence will dwell.  
*(exit)*

**Scena II**

*Alessandro, Agenore con picciol seguito, e detto.*

**5** Recitativo

AMINTA:

Perdono, amici Dei. Fui troppo ingiusto  
Lagnandomi di voi. Non splende in cielo  
Dell'astro che mi guida astro più bello.  
Se la terra ha un felice, Aminta è quello.

AGENORE *(piano ad Alessandro):*  
*(Ecco il pastor.)*

AMINTA *(in atto di partire):*  
Ma fra' contenti oblio  
La mia povera greggia.

ALESSANDRO *(ad Aminta):*  
Amico, ascolta.

AMINTA:  
*(Un guerrier!)* Che dimandi?

ALESSANDRO:  
Sol con te ragionar.

AMINTA:  
Signor, perdona  
*(Qualunque sei):* d'abbeverar la greggia  
L'ora già passa.

**Scene 2**

*Alexander and Agenore approach with a small  
entourage.*

**Recitativo**

AMINTA:

Forgive me, friendly gods. I was too unjust,  
complaining about you. No star in heaven  
shines as brightly as the one that guides me.  
If there is one happy person on earth, Aminta is  
that person.

AGENORE *(quietly to Alexander):*  
*(Here is the shepherd.)*

AMINTA *(about to leave):*  
But in my happiness I am forgetting  
my poor flock.

ALEXANDER *(to Aminta):*  
My friend, listen!

AMINTA:  
*(A warrior!)* What do you want?

ALEXANDER:  
Only to speak with you.

AMINTA:  
Sir, forgive me  
*(whoever you are);* the time for feeding the flock  
has already passed.

ALESSANDRO:  
Andrai, ma un breve istante  
Donami sol. (Che signoril sembante!)  
*(piano ad Agenore)*

AMINTA:  
(Da me che mai vorrà!)

ALESSANDRO:  
Come t'appelli?

AMINTA:  
Aminta.

ALESSANDRO:  
E il padre?

AMINTA:  
Alceo.

ALESSANDRO:  
Vive?

AMINTA:  
No: scorse  
Un lustro già ch'io lo perdei.

ALESSANDRO:  
Che avesti  
Dal paterno retaggio?

AMINTA:  
Un orto angusto  
Ond'io traggo alimento,  
Poche agnelle, un tugurio, e il cor contento.

ALEXANDER:  
You can go, but give me just a brief moment.  
(What a noble countenance!)  
*(quietly to Agenore)*

AMINTA:  
(Whatever does he want from me?)

ALEXANDER:  
What is your name?

AMINTA:  
Aminta.

ALEXANDER:  
And your father?

AMINTA:  
Alceo.

ALEXANDER:  
Is he alive?

AMINTA:  
No, five years have already passed  
since I lost him.

ALEXANDER:  
What did you receive  
as your father's heirloom?

AMINTA:  
A narrow garden  
where I grow food,  
a few lambs, a hut, and a contented heart.

ALESSANDRO:  
Vivi in povera sorte.

AMINTA:  
Assai benigna  
Sembra a me la mia stella:  
Non bramo della mia sorte più bella.

ALESSANDRO:  
Ma in sì scarsa fortuna...

AMINTA:  
Assai più scarse  
Son le mie voglie.

ALESSANDRO:  
Aspro sudor t'appresta  
Cibo volgar.

AMINTA:  
Ma lo condisce.

ALESSANDRO:  
Ignori  
Le grandezze, gli onori.

AMINTA:  
E rivali non temo,  
E rimorsi non ho.

ALESSANDRO:  
T'offre un ovile,  
sonni incomodi e duri.

ALEXANDER:  
You live a poor life.

AMINTA:  
My guiding star  
seems to me very favourable;  
I do not wish for a better destiny.

ALEXANDER:  
But with such meagre fortune...

AMINTA:  
Much more meagre  
are my needs.

ALEXANDER:  
Bitter sweat provides you with  
plain food.

AMINTA:  
But it seasons it.

ALEXANDER:  
You miss out on  
riches and honours.

AMINTA:  
But I fear no rivals,  
and have no regrets.

ALEXANDER:  
It offers you a sheepfold,  
and sleep that is hard and uncomfortable.

AMINTA:  
Ma tranquilli e sicuri.

ALESSANDRO:  
E chi fra queste  
Che ti fremono intorno armate squadre,  
Chi assicurar ti può?

AMINTA:  
Questa, che tanto  
lo lodo, tu disprezzi, e il Ciel protegge,  
Povera oscura sorte.

AGENORE (*piano ad Alessandro*):  
(Hai dubbi ancora?)

ALESSANDRO:  
(Quel parlar mi sorprende e m'innamora.)

AMINTA:  
S'altro non brami, addio.

ALESSANDRO:  
Senti. I tuoi passi  
Ad Alessandro io guiderò, se vuoi.

AMINTA:  
No.

ALESSANDRO:  
Perché?

AMINTA:  
Sedurrebbe  
Ei me dalle mie cure; io qualche istante

AMINTA:  
But peaceful and secure.

ALEXANDER:  
And who among these armed troops  
who are swarming around you  
can guarantee your safety?

AMINTA:  
This poor, humble fortune  
which I praise so much,  
is despised by you, and protected by Heaven.

AGENORE (*quietly to Alexander*):  
(Do you still have any doubts?)

ALEXANDER:  
(Those words surprise and enchant me.)

AMINTA:  
If you desire nothing else, farewell.

ALEXANDER:  
Listen; I can take you to Alexander  
if you like.

AMINTA:  
No.

ALEXANDER:  
Why not?

AMINTA:  
He would be seducing me  
from my charges; for a few moments

Al mondo usurperei del suo felice  
Benefico valor. Ciascun se stesso  
Deve al suo stato. Altro il dover d'Aminta,  
Altro è quel d'Alessandro. È troppo angusta  
Per lui tutta la terra: una capanna  
Assai vasta è per me. D'agnelle io sono,  
Ei duce è di guerrieri:  
Picciol campo io coltivo, ei fonda imperi.

ALESSANDRO:  
Ma può il Ciel di tua sorte  
In un punto cangiar tutto il tenore.

AMINTA:  
Sì, ma il Cielo fin'or mi vuol pastore.

### No. 3, Aria

6

AMINTA:  
Aer tranquillo e dì sereni,  
Freschi fonti e verdi prati  
Sono i voti fortunati  
Della greggia e del pastor.

Che, se poi piacesse ai fati  
Di cambiar gl'uffici miei,  
Avran cura allora i Dei  
Di cambiarmi e mente e cor.  
(*parte*)

I would be depriving the world of his blessed,  
beneficent valour. Everyone should behave  
according to his station. Aminta's duty is one thing,  
Alessandro's is another. The whole earth  
is too confined for him, a hut is  
plenty big enough for me. I am a leader of lambs,  
he of warriors;  
I till a small field, he founds empires.

ALEXANDER:  
But Heaven can change the whole tenor  
of your destiny in a single moment.

AMINTA:  
Yes, but so far Heaven has wanted me as a  
shepherd.

### No. 3, Aria

AMINTA:  
Tranquil air and serene days,  
cool streams and green meadows  
are the happy desires  
of the flock and the shepherd.

And if it should please the Fates  
to change my duties,  
then the gods will take care  
to change my mind and heart.  
(*exit*)



### Scena III

#### 7 Recitativo

AGENORE:  
Or che dici, Alessandro?

ALESSANDRO:  
Ah! certo asconde  
Quel pastorel lo sconosciuto erede  
Del soglio di Sidone. Eran già grandi  
Le prove tue: ma quel parlar, quel volto  
Son la maggior. Che nobile cor! che dolce,  
Che serena virtù! Sieguimi. Andiamo  
La grand'opra a compir. De' fasti miei  
Sarà questo il più bello. Abatter mura,  
Eserciti fugar, scuoter gl'imperi  
Fra turbini di guerra  
È il piacer che gl'eroi provano in terra.  
Ma solleva gli oppressi,  
Render felici i regni,  
Coronar la virtù, togliere a lei  
Quel che l'adombra ingiurioso velo,  
È il piacer che gli Dei provano in Cielo.

#### 8 No. 4, Aria

ALESSANDRO:  
Si spande al sole in faccia  
Nube talor così,  
E folgora, e minaccia  
Su l'arido terren.

Ma poi, che in quella foggia  
Assai d'umori unì,  
Tutta si scioglie in pioggia,  
E gli feconda il sen.  
*(parte)*

### Scene 3

#### Recitativo

AGENORE:  
Now what do you say, Alexander?

ALEXANDER:  
Ah, for sure that young shepherd  
is really the unknown heir  
to the throne of Sidon! Your evidence  
was already strong; but his speech and that face  
are greater proof. What a noble heart! What  
gentle, serene virtue! Follow me! Let's go  
to accomplish our great work. Of all my  
memorable deeds this will be the finest.  
Demolishing city walls, routing armies  
and agitating empires in the tempests of war  
are the pleasures which heroes enjoy on earth.  
But relieving the oppressed,  
making kingdoms happy,  
rewarding virtue, stripping from it  
that harmful veil which covers it, these  
are the pleasures which the gods relish in Heaven.

#### No. 4, Aria

ALEXANDER:  
Sometimes a storm-cloud stretches  
over the face of the sun,  
flashes with lightning and threatens  
over the dry land.

But then, when in that guise  
enough moisture has collected,  
it all falls as rain  
and nourishes the earth's bosom.  
*(exit)*

### Scena IV

*Tamiri in abito pastorale ed Agenore.*

#### 9 Recitativo

TAMIRI:  
Agenore? T'arresta. Odi...

AGENORE:  
Perdona,  
Leggiadra pastorella: io d'Alessandro  
Deggio or su l'orme... (Oh Dei! Tamiri è quella.)  
Principessa...

TAMIRI:  
Ah mio ben!

AGENORE:  
Sei tu?

TAMIRI:  
Son io.

AGENORE:  
Tu qui! tu in questa spoglia?

TAMIRI:  
Io deggio a questa  
Il sol ben che mi resta,  
Ch'è la mia libertà, già che Alessandro  
Padre e regno m'ha tolto.

AGENORE:  
Oh quanto mai  
Ti piansi e ti cercai! Ma dove ascosa  
Ti celasti fin'or?

### Scene 4

*Tamiri approaches, dressed as a shepherdess.*

#### Recitativo

TAMIRI:  
Agenore! Stop! Listen...

AGENORE:  
Forgive me,  
pretty shepherdess; I must  
follow Alexander... (Oh Gods, it's Tamiri!)  
Princess...

TAMIRI:  
Ah, my beloved!

AGENORE:  
Is it you?

TAMIRI:  
It is.

AGENORE:  
You here, in this attire?

TAMIRI:  
I owe to this  
the only good thing left to me,  
which is my freedom, since Alexander  
has robbed me of father and throne.

AGENORE:  
Oh, how I cried for you  
and looked for you! But where have you  
been hiding yourself until now?

TAMIRI:  
La bella Elisa  
Fuggitiva m'accolse.

AGENOIRE:  
E qual disegno?...  
Ah! m'attende Alessandro.  
Addio: ritornerò.

TAMIRI:  
Sentì. Alla fuga  
Tu d'aprirmi un cammin, ben mio, procura:  
Altrove almeno io piangerò sicura.

AGENOIRE:  
Vuoi seguir, principessa,  
Un consiglio più saggio? Ad Alessandro  
Meco ne vieni.

TAMIRI:  
All'uccisor del padre!

AGENOIRE:  
Straton se stesso uccise: ei la clemenza  
Del vincitor prevenne.

TAMIRI:  
Io stessa ai lacci  
Offrir la destra? Io delle greche spose  
Andrò gl'insulti a tollerar?

AGENOIRE:  
T'inganni:  
Non conosci Alessandro. Ed io non posso  
Per or disingannarti. Addio, fra poco  
A te verrò. *(in atto di partire)*

TAMIRI:  
The beautiful Elisa  
sheltered me as a fugitive.

AGENOIRE:  
And for what purpose?...  
Ah, Alexander is waiting for me.  
Farewell; I shall return.

TAMIRI:  
Listen. Find for me,  
my beloved, a path to enable my escape.  
Elsewhere I shall at least cry in safety.

AGENOIRE:  
Princess, won't you follow  
a wiser counsel? Come with me  
to Alexander.

TAMIRI:  
To my father's murderer?

AGENOIRE:  
Strato killed himself; in doing so  
he prevented the conqueror's mercy.

TAMIRI:  
Am I to offer my hand  
only for it to be shackled? Will I have to  
tolerate the insults of the Greek wives?

AGENOIRE:  
You are mistaken;  
you do not know Alexander. And I cannot  
explain your error right now. Farewell, I shall  
come to you soon. *(leaving)*

TAMIRI:  
Guarda: d'Elisa i tetti  
Colà...

AGENOIRE *(come sopra)*:  
Già mi son noti.

TAMIRI:  
Odi.

AGENOIRE:  
Che brami?

TAMIRI:  
Come sto nel tuo core?

AGENOIRE:  
Ah! non lo vedi?  
A' tuoi begl'occhi, o principessa, il chiedi.

#### 10 No. 5, Aria

AGENOIRE:  
Per me rispondete,  
Begl'astri d'amore:  
Se voi nol sapete,  
Chi mai lo saprà?

Voi tutte apprendeste  
Le vie del mio core,  
Talor che vinceste  
La mia libertà.  
*(parte)*

TAMIRI:  
Look; Elisa's apartments  
are over there...

AGENOIRE *(as above)*:  
I have already made a note of them.

TAMIRI:  
Listen.

AGENOIRE:  
What do you want?

TAMIRI:  
What place do I occupy in your heart?

AGENOIRE:  
Ah, can you not see?  
O princess, ask the question to your beautiful eyes.

#### No. 5, Aria

AGENOIRE:  
Answer on my behalf,  
fair stars of love;  
if you do not know it,  
who does?

You have learnt all  
the ways of my heart  
since you robbed  
me of my freedom.  
*(exit)*

## Scena V

### 11 Recitativo

TAMIRI:

No, voi non siete, o Dei,  
Quanto fin'or credei,  
Inclementi con me. Cangiaste, è vero,  
In capanna il mio soglio, in rozzi velli  
La porpora real; ma fido ancora  
L'idol mio ritrovai.  
Pietosi Dei, voi mi lasciate assai.

### 12 No. 6, Aria

TAMIRI:

Di tante sue procelle  
Già si scordò quest'alma,  
Già ritrovò la calma  
Sul volto del mio ben.

Fra l'ire delle stelle  
Se palpito d'orrore,  
Or di contento il core  
Va palpitando in sen.  
*(parte)*

## Scene 5

### Recitative

TAMIRI:

No, you Gods, you are not  
as unkind to me as I previously believed.  
It is true that you have changed  
my throne into a hut, my royal purple  
into rough fleeces: but I have found  
my beloved again, still faithful.  
Merciful Gods, you have left me enough.

### No. 6, Aria

TAMIRI:

My soul has already forgotten  
all its many storms;  
it has already rediscovered its peace  
in the countenance of my beloved.

Although it trembled with horror  
amid the anger of the stars,  
now my heart is throbbing  
with joy in my breast.  
*(exit)*

## Scena VI

*Elisa sommamente allegra e frettolosa, poi Aminta.*

### 13 Recitativo

ELISA:

Oh lieto giorno! oh me felice! oh caro  
Mio genitor! Ma... dove andò? Pur dinanzi  
Qui lo lasciai. *(accennando uno de' tuguri  
pastorali)* Sarà là dentro. Aminta!  
Aminta!... Oh stolta! Mi sovviene: è l'ora  
D'abbeverar la greggia. Al fonte io deggio,  
E non qui ricercarne.

AMINTA:

Dove t'affretti, Elisa?

ELISA:

Ah tornasti una volta. Andiamo.

AMINTA:

E dove?

ELISA:

Al genitor.

AMINTA:

Dunque ei consente...

## Scene 6

*Elisa enters, extremely happy and in a rush.*

### Recitative

ELISA:

Oh joyful day, oh happy me,  
oh my dear father! But... where has he gone?  
Just now I left him here... *(signalling one of the  
shepherd huts)* He must be inside there. Aminta!  
Aminta!... Oh silly me! I remember, it is the time  
for feeding the flock. I must look for him  
by the stream, and not here.

AMINTA *(returning)*:

Where are you rushing to, Elisa?

ELISA:

Ah, you've come back again. Let's go.

AMINTA:

Where to?

ELISA:

To my father.

AMINTA:

Then he consents?

ELISA:  
Il core  
Non m'ingannò. Sarai mio sposo, e prima  
Che il sol tramonti. Impaziente il padre  
N'è al par di noi. D'un così amabil figlio,  
Superbo, e lieto... ei tel dirà. Vedrai  
Dall'accoglienze sue... Vieni.

AMINTA:  
Ah! ben mio,  
Lasciami respirar. Pietà d'un core  
Che fra le gioie estreme...

ELISA (*in atto di partire*):  
Deh! non tardiam: respireremo insieme.

#### Scena VII

Agenore, seguito da guardie reali che portano  
sopra bacili d'oro regie insegne, e detti.

#### 14 Recitativo

AGENORE:  
Dal più fedel vassallo  
Il primo omaggio, eccelso re, ricevi.

ELISA (*ad Aminta*):  
Che dice?

AMINTA (*ad Agenore*):  
A chi favelli?

AGENORE:  
A te, signor.

ELISA:  
My heart  
did not deceive me. You will be my husband, and  
before the sun sets. My father is as impatient for  
it as we are. Having such a lovely son-in-law will  
make him proud and happy... He will tell you so...  
You will see from his welcome... Come!

AMINTA:  
Ah, my love,  
let me catch my breath! Have pity on a heart  
which in supreme joy...

ELISA (*leaving*):  
Ah, let's not delay; we shall catch our breath together.

#### Scene 7

Agenore enters, followed by royal guards who  
carry royal emblems on golden trays.

#### Recitativo

AGENORE:  
Receive from your most loyal servant  
the first tribute, exalted King.

ELISA (*to Aminta*):  
What is he saying?

AMINTA (*to Agenore*):  
To whom are you speaking?

AGENORE:  
To you, my Lord.

AMINTA (*con viso sdegnoso*):  
Lasciami in pace e prendi  
Alcun altro a schernir. Libero io nacqui,  
Se re non sono; (*crescendo*  
*il risentimento*) e, se non merto omaggi,  
Ho un core almen che non sopporta oltraggi.

AGENORE:  
Quel generoso sdegno  
Te scopre, e me difende. Odimi e soffri  
Che ti sveli a te stesso il zelo mio.

ELISA (*ad Agenore*):  
Come! Aminta ei non è?

AGENORE:  
No.

AMINTA:  
E chi son io?

AGENORE:  
Tu Abdolonimo sei: l'unico erede  
Del soglio di Sidone.

AMINTA:  
Io!

AGENORE:  
Sì. Scacciato  
Dal reo Stratone, il padre tuo bambino  
Al mio ti consegnò. Questi morendo  
Alla mia fè commise  
Te, il segreto e le prove.

AMINTA (*with a scornful face*):  
Leave me in peace, and find someone else  
to mock. I was born free, even if I am not a king,  
(*increasing his resentment*) and if I do not  
warrant homage, I do at least  
have a heart that will not endure insults.

AGENORE:  
That noble anger  
betrays you, and defends me. Hear me out,  
and let my fervour reveal you to yourself.

ELISA (*to Agenore*):  
What? Is he not Aminta?

AGENORE:  
No.

AMINTA:  
Then who am I?

AGENORE:  
You are Abdolonimo, sole heir  
to the throne of Sidon.

AMINTA:  
I?

AGENORE:  
Yes. Driven away  
by the wicked Strato, your father entrusted you  
as a child to my father. When he was dying,  
he handed into my care  
you, the secret and the evidence.

ELISA:  
E il vecchio Alceo...

AGENORE:  
L'educò sconosciuto.

AMINTA:  
E tu fin'ora...

AGENORE:  
Ed io, fin'or tacendo, alla paterna  
legge ubbidii. M'era il parlar vietato  
Finchè qualche cammin t'aprissi al trono  
L'assistenza de' Numi. Io la cercai  
Nel gran cor d'Alessandro, e la trovai.

ELISA:  
Oh giubilo! oh contento!  
Il mio bene è il mio re!

AMINTA (*ad Agenore*):  
Dunque Alessandro...

AGENORE:  
T'attende, e di sua mano  
Vuol coronarti il crin. Le regie spoglie  
Quelle son ch'ei t'invia. Questi che vedi  
Son tuoi servi e custodi. Ah! vieni ormai;  
Ah! questo giorno ho sospirato assai.  
(*parte*)

ELISA:  
And old Alceo?

AGENORE:  
Brought him up in ignorance of his true identity.

AMINTA:  
And you until now...

AGENORE:  
And I, until now keeping silent, obeyed  
my father's command. It was forbidden for me  
to speak of it until divine intervention opened  
a path to the throne for you. I sought it  
in Alexander's great heart, and found it.

ELISA:  
Oh joy, oh happiness!  
My beloved is my king!

AMINTA (*to Agenore*):  
So Alexander...

AGENORE:  
Awaits you, and with his own hand  
wishes to crown you. Those are the royal robes  
which he delivers to you. These people whom you  
see are your servants and guards. Ah come now;  
ah, how I have longed for this day!  
(*exit*)

**Scena VIII**  
*Elisa allegra, Aminta attonito.*

**15** **Recitativo**

AMINTA:  
Elisa!

ELISA:  
Aminta!

AMINTA:  
È sogno?

ELISA:  
Ah no!

AMINTA:  
Tu credi  
Dunque...

ELISA:  
Sì: non è strano  
Questo colpo per me, benché improvviso.  
Un cor di re sempre io ti vidi in viso.

AMINTA:  
Sarà. Vadasi intanto  
Al padre tuo.  
(*s'incammina*)

ELISA (*l'arresta*):  
No, maggior cura i Numi  
Ora esigon da te. Va, regna, e poi...

**Scene 8**  
*Elisa happy, Aminta astonished.*

**Recitativo**  
AMINTA:  
Elisa!

ELISA:  
Aminta!

AMINTA:  
Is this a dream?

ELISA:  
Oh no!

AMINTA:  
You believe  
then...

ELISA:  
Yes; this news, though unexpected,  
is not strange to me. I always saw  
the heart of a king in your countenance.

AMINTA:  
If you say so. In the meantime  
we must go to your father.  
(*setting off*)

ELISA (*stopping him*):  
No, the Gods now require a greater duty  
from you. Go, reign, and afterwards...

**16** **Recitativo accompagnato**

AMINTA:

Che? m'affretti a lasciarti? e non ti cale  
 Che il genitor, il genitore, oh Dei!  
 A cui la tua tu dei,  
 La mia felicità degg'io, de' nuovi  
 Improvisi contenti or ne sia a parte?  
 Perdona, Elisa, ubbidirti non posso;  
 Me 'l vietan l'amor tuo, il gran piacere,  
 Il rispetto, il dovere.  
 Ah pria ch'altri il prevenga,  
 Dal mio labbro sì lieta nuova intenda,  
 E ad Alessandro e al regno poi n'andrò;  
 Quindi fra poco nel tuo fido pastore  
 Un re tuo sposo a te ritornerà.  
 Soffri ch'io vada... Ah se sapessi quanto  
 Lungi da te, idol mio, un solo istante  
 Peni il mio cor amante...

ELISA:

Ah se vedessi  
 Come sta questo cor! Di gioia esulta.  
 Ma pur... No, no, tacete,  
 Importuni timori. Or non si pensi  
 Se non che Aminta è re. Deh! va: potrebbe  
 Alessandro sdegnarsi.

AMINTA:

Amici Dei,  
 Son grato al vostro dono;  
 Ma troppo è caro a questo prezzo un trono.

**Accompanied recitative**

AMINTA:

What? You rush me to leave you? And it doesn't  
 matter to you if your father – the father,  
 oh Gods, to whom you and I both owe  
 our happiness – is not now included  
 in our new, unforeseen joys?  
 Forgive me, Elisa, I cannot obey you;  
 your love, our great happiness,  
 respect and duty all forbid it.  
 Ah, before others inform him,  
 let him hear such happy news from my lips,  
 and then I shall go to Alexander and the throne;  
 from there, in the person of your faithful shepherd,  
 a king will soon return as your bridegroom.  
 Let me go... Ah, if you knew,  
 my beloved, how much my loving heart suffers  
 when it is apart from you for a single moment...

ELISA:

Ah, if you could see  
 how my heart is feeling! It leaps with joy.  
 And yet... no, no, be silent,  
 inappropriate fears. Now one must think of  
 nothing except that Aminta is King. Go then!  
 Alexander might be angry.

AMINTA:

Friendly gods,  
 I am grateful for your gift;  
 but a throne is too dear at this price.

**17** **No. 7, Duetto**

ELISA:

Vanne a regnar, ben mio,  
 Ma fido a chi t'adora  
 Serba, se puoi, quel cor.

AMINTA:

Se ho da regnar, ben mio,  
 Sarò sul trono ancora  
 Il fido tuo pastor.

ELISA:

Ah che il mio re tu sei!

AMINTA:

Ah che crudel timor!

ELISA, AMINTA:

Ah proteggete, o Dei,  
 Questo innocente amor.

*Fine dell'Atto primo***APPENDIX****Atto primo, scena ii (versione concerto)****18** **Recitativo**

AMINTA:

Compagne amene,  
 Romite selve, a voi quanto degg'io!  
 La mia pace, il riposo e di sereni,  
 D'ogni gioia ripieni,  
 D'ogni vero piacer, per cui contento

**No. 7, Duet**

ELISA:

Go to reign, my beloved,  
 but keep your heart true, if you can,  
 to the one who adores you.

AMINTA:

If I have to reign,  
 I shall on the throne  
 still be your faithful shepherd.

ELISA:

Ah, but you are my king!

AMINTA:

Ah, what cruel fear!

ELISA, AMINTA:

Ah, protect, o Gods,  
 this innocent love.

*End of Act One***Act One, scene 2 (concert version)****Recitativo**

AMINTA:

Pleasant companions,  
 solitary woods, how much I owe to you!  
 My peace of mind, resiffulness and serene days,  
 filled with every joy,  
 with every true pleasure, for which contentment

Il fasto ogn'or ricuserei d'un trono,  
Tutto, lo riconosco, è vostro dono.  
Se soletto tra voi  
Della tenera greggia i passi osservo,  
Col rozzo suon dell'umil mia zampogna  
A quella i paschi raddolcisco, e intanto  
Scaccio dal cuor la noia, e lieto io canto.  
Canto della mia ninfa i dolci amori,  
Che, se meco non è, so che sospira;  
Tutto amor ella spira,  
Tutto fuoco è per me, e al suo fuoco anch'io  
Qual fenice mi struggo, indi rinasco.

**19** Recitativo accompagnato

AMINTA:

Ditelo voi, pastori,  
Se un più di me felice e fortunato  
Si ritrova fra voi. Che al fido Aminta  
Fida è la bella Elisa, ogni ruscello  
Garrulo il dice a tutti, il cavo monte  
Lo ripete giulivo ed ogni fronda  
Chinandosi l'afferma, e fin gl'augelli  
Emuli al nostro amor amano anch'essi;  
E fra baci ed amplessi  
Separandosi, all'un e all'altro polo  
Portan de' pastorelli Elisa e Aminta  
Al chiaro esempio il testimon verace:  
Che il riposo, la pace, e il vero amore  
Nella vita s'annidan del pastore.

**20** No. 3, Aria

Vedere a pagina 31

I would always renounce the loftiness of a throne,  
everything, I remind myself, is your gift.  
If, on my own among you,  
I observe the movements of the gentle flock,  
with the rustic sound of my humble shepherd's pipe  
I sweeten their feeding, and at the same time  
banish any burden from my heart, and sing  
contentedly. I sing of the sweet love of my girl,  
so that if she is not with me, I know that she is  
yearning for me; all the love that she breathes,  
all her fire is for me, and in her flame I too,  
like the phoenix, am consumed and then reborn.

**Accompanied recitative**

AMINTA:

Tell me, you shepherds,  
if there is anyone among you who is more happy  
and fortunate than me. That the fair Elisa is faithful  
to the faithful Aminta each chirping stream  
tells everyone, the hollow mountain  
repeats it joyfully and each leafy branch,  
bowing, affirms it; and even the birds,  
emulating our passion, make love themselves;  
and among kisses and embraces,  
scattering themselves from one pole to the other,  
they bear true witness to the pure example  
of the shepherds Elisa and Aminta,  
so that repose, peace and true love  
may abide in the life of a shepherd.

**No. 3, Aria**

See page 31

## CD 2

### ATTO SECONDO

#### Scena I

*Grande e ricco padiglione d'Alessandro da un lato, ruine d'antichi edifici dall'altro. Campo de' Greci in lontano. Guardie del medesimo in vari luoghi. Elisa, poi Agenore.*

#### 1 Recitativo

ELISA:  
Questa del campo greco  
È la tenda maggior. Qui l'idol mio  
Certo ritroverò.

AGENORE (*arrestandola*):  
Dove t'affretti,  
leggiadra ninfa?

ELISA (*vuol passare*):  
Io vado al re.

AGENORE (*la ferma*):  
Perdona,  
Veder nol puoi.

ELISA:  
Per qual ragione?

AGENORE:  
Or siede  
Coi suoi Greci a consiglio.

### ACT TWO

#### Scene 1

*Alexander's large and opulent pavilion on one side; the ruins of ancient buildings on the other. The Greek camp in the distance. Guards of the same in various places. Elisa, then Agenore.*

#### Recitativo

ELISA:  
This is the main tent  
of the Greek camp. Here I shall surely  
find my beloved.

AGENORE (*stopping her*):  
Where are you rushing to,  
pretty girl?

ELISA (*wanting to pass*):  
I am going to the King.

AGENORE:  
I am sorry;  
you cannot see him.

ELISA:  
Why not?

AGENORE:  
He is currently sitting  
in council with his Greeks.

ELISA:  
Coi Greci suoi?

AGENORE:  
Sì.

ELISA (*incaminandosi*):  
Dunque andar poss'io:  
Non è quello il mio re.

AGENORE (*arrestandola*):  
Ferma: né pure  
Al tuo re lice andar.

ELISA:  
Perché?

AGENORE:  
Che attenda  
Alessandro or convien.

ELISA:  
L'attenda. Io bramo  
Vederlo solo.

AGENORE (*arrestandola*):  
No, d'inoltrarti tanto  
Non è permesso a te.

ELISA:  
Dunque l'avverti:  
Egli a me venga.

AGENORE:  
E questo non è permesso a lui.

ELISA:  
With his Greeks?

AGENORE:  
Yes.

ELISA (*setting off*):  
In that case I can go;  
that is not my king.

AGENORE (*stopping her*):  
Stop! You're not allowed  
to go to your king either.

ELISA:  
Why not?

AGENORE:  
Because he must now  
wait on Alexander.

ELISA:  
That must wait. I want  
to see him alone.

AGENORE (*stopping her*):  
No, you are not allowed  
to go any further.

ELISA:  
Then tell him;  
he will come to me.

AGENORE:  
He is not allowed to do that either.



ELISA:  
Permesso almeno  
Mi sarà d'aspettarlo.  
*(siede)*

AGENORE:  
Amica Elisa,  
Va: credi a me. Per ora  
Deh! non turbarci. Io col tuo re fra poco  
Più tosto a te verrò.

ELISA:  
No, non mi fido.  
Tu non pensi a Tamiri,  
Ed a me penserai?

AGENORE:  
T'inganni. Appunto  
Io voglio ad Alessandro  
Di lei parlar. Già incominciasti, ma fui  
Nell'opera interrotto. Ah va! S'ei viene,  
Gl'opportuni momenti  
Rubar mi puoi.

ELISA *(s'alza)*:  
T'appagherò. Ma senti.  
Se tardi, io torno.

AGENORE:  
È giusto.

ELISA *(s'incammina e poi si volge)*:  
Addio. Frattanto  
Non celare ad Aminta  
Le smanie mie.

ELISA:  
I must at least be allowed  
to wait for him.  
*(she sits down)*

AGENORE:  
Dear Elisa,  
go; trust me. For the time being,  
ah, do not disturb us. I shall return shortly  
with your king.

ELISA:  
No, I don't believe you.  
You don't think of Tamiri,  
and yet you'd think of me?

AGENORE:  
You are wrong. Right now  
I am wanting to go to Alexander  
to speak about her. I had already begun, but was  
interrupted from the task. Ah go! If he comes,  
you might steal from me  
the opportune moments.

ELISA *(standing up)*:  
I shall obey you. But listen!  
If you are late, I shall come back.

AGENORE:  
That is fair.

ELISA *(setting off and then turning back)*:  
Farewell. In the meantime  
do not conceal from Aminta  
my yearnings.

AGENORE:  
No.

ELISA *(come sopra)*:  
Digli  
Che le sue mi figuro.

AGENORE:  
Sì.

ELISA:  
Da me lungi, oh quanto  
Penerà l'infelice!

AGENORE:  
Malto.

ELISA:  
E parla di me?

AGENORE:  
Sempre.

ELISA:  
E che dice?

AGENORE *(con impeto)*:  
Ma tu partir non vuoi. Se tutte io deggio  
Ridir le sue querele...

ELISA:  
Vado: non ti sdegnar. Sei pur crudele!

AGENORE:  
No.

ELISA *(as above)*:  
Tell him  
that I can imagine his.

AGENORE:  
Yes.

ELISA:  
Oh how much the unhappy man will be suffering,  
parted from me!

AGENORE:  
Very much.

ELISA:  
And does he speak of me?

AGENORE:  
All the time.

ELISA:  
And what does he say?

AGENORE *(with force)*:  
But you do not want to leave. If I have to  
repeat all his lamentations...

ELISA:  
I'm going; don't get angry. But you are so cruel!

**2** **No. 8, Aria**

ELISA:  
Barbaro, oh Dio! mi vedi  
Divisa dal mio ben:  
Barbaro, e non concedi  
Ch'io ne dimandi almen?

Come di tanto affetto  
Alla pietà non cedi?  
Hai pure un core in petto,  
Hai pure un'alma in sen?  
*(parte)*

**Scena II****3** **Recitativo**

AGENORE:  
Nel gran cor d'Alessandro, o Dei clementi,  
Secondate i miei detti  
A favor di Tamiri. Ah! n'è ben degna  
La sua virtù, la sua beltà... Ma dove,  
Dove corri, mio re?

AMINTA:  
La bella Elisa  
Pur da lungi or mirai: perché s'asconde?  
Dov'è?

AGENORE:  
Parti.

AMINTA:  
Senza vedermi? Ingrata!  
Ah! raggiungerla io vogli. *(s'incamina)*

**No. 8, Aria**

ELISA:  
Barbarous one! Oh God, you see me  
separated from my beloved –  
barbarous one – and you do not even allow  
me to ask after him?

Why in the face of such great affection  
do you not yield to compassion?  
Do you indeed have a heart within your bosom?  
Do you indeed have a soul within your breast?  
*(exit)*

**Scene 2****Recitativo**

AGENORE:  
In the great heart of Alexander, o merciful Gods,  
give your support to my words  
in favour of Tamiri. Ah, her virtue and her beauty  
are well deserving of it... But where,  
where are you running, my King?

AMINTA *(entering)*:  
I saw the beautiful Elisa  
in the distance just now; why is she hiding?  
Where is she?

AGENORE:  
She has gone.

AMINTA:  
Without seeing me? Cruel girl!  
Ah, I want to join her. *(setting off)*

AGENORE *(l'arresta)*:  
Ferma, signor.

AMINTA:  
Perché?

AGENORE:  
Non puoi.

AMINTA:  
Non posso?  
Chi dà legge ad un re?

AGENORE:  
La sua grandezza,  
La giustizia, il decoro, il bene altrui,  
La ragione, il dover.

AMINTA:  
Dunque pastore  
Io fui men servo. E che mi giova il regno?

AGENORE:  
Se il regno a te non giova,  
Tu giovar devi a lui. Se te non reggi,  
Come altrui reggerai? Come... Ah! mi scordo  
Che Aminta è il re, che un suo vassallo io sono.  
Errai per troppo zel. Signor, perdono.  
*(vuole inginocchiarsi)*

AMINTA *(lo solleva)*:  
Che fai! Sorgi. Ah! se m'ami,  
Parlami ognor così. Mi par sì bella,  
Che di sé m'innamora,  
La verità, quando mi sferza ancora.

AGENORE *(stopping him)*:  
Stop, my Lord.

AMINTA:  
Why?

AGENORE:  
You cannot.

AMINTA:  
I cannot?  
Who give orders to a king?

AGENORE:  
His greatness,  
justice, decorum, the good of others,  
reason, duty.

AMINTA:  
Then as a shepherd I was  
less servile. So how does the throne benefit me?

AGENORE:  
If the throne does not benefit you,  
you must benefit it. If you cannot rule yourself,  
how will you rule others? How... Ah, I am forgetting  
that Aminta is the king, that I am one of his subjects.  
My ardour was too great. Forgive me, my Lord.  
*(kneeling down)*

AMINTA *(lifting him up)*:  
What are you doing? Get up! Ah, if you love me,  
speak to me always like this. It seems to me so  
beautiful that the truth enamours itself to me,  
even when it hurts me.

AGENORE:  
Ah! te destina il fato  
Veramente a regnar!

AMINTA:  
Ma dimmi, amico:  
Non deggio amar chi m'ama? È poco Elisa  
Degna d'amore? Chi condannar potrebbe  
Fra gli uomini, fra i Numi, in terra, in cielo,  
La tenerezza mia?

AGENORE:  
Nessuno. È giusta.  
Ma pria di tutto...

AMINTA:  
Ah pria di tutto andiamo,  
Amico, a consolarla, e poi...

AGENORE:  
T'arresta.  
Sciolto è il consiglio: escono i duci: a noi  
Viene Alessandro.

AMINTA:  
Ov'è?

AGENORE:  
Non riconosci  
I suoi custodi alla real divisa?

AMINTA:  
Dunque...?

AGENORE:  
Ah, destiny truly  
intends you to reign!

AMINTA:  
But tell me, my friend,  
should I not love the person who  
loves me? Among men, among the Gods,  
on earth, in heaven, who could condemn  
my tenderness?

AGENORE:  
Nobody. It is true.  
But before anything else...

AMINTA:  
Ah, before anything else let's go,  
my friend, to console her, and then...

AGENORE:  
Stop!  
The council has finished; the chiefs are coming out;  
Alexander is coming to us.

AMINTA:  
Where is he?

AGENORE:  
Do you not recognise  
his entourage with the royal livery?

AMINTA:  
Then...?

AGENORE:  
Attender convien.

AMINTA:  
Povera Elisa!

### Scena III

4

#### Recitativo

ALESSANDRO:  
Per qual ragione  
Resta il re di Sidone  
Ravvolto ancor fra quelle lane istesse?

AMINTA:  
Perchè ancor non impresse  
Su quella man, che lo solleva al regno,  
Del suo grato rispetto un bacio in pegno.  
*(vuole inginocchiarsi)*  
Soffri che prima al piede  
Del mio benefattor...

ALESSANDRO:  
No: dell'amico  
Vieni alle braccia: e di rispetto in vece,  
Rendigli amore. Esecutor son io  
Dei decreti del Ciel. Tu del contento,  
Che in eseguirli io provo,  
Sol mi sei debitor. Per mia mercede  
Chiedo la gloria tua.

AMINTA:  
Qual gloria, o Dei,  
lo saprò meritare, se fino ad ora  
Una greggia a guidar solo imparai?

AGENORE:  
We must wait.

AMINTA:  
Poor Elisa.

### Scene 3

#### Recitativo

ALEXANDER *(entering)*:  
For what reason  
does the King of Sidon remain  
wrapped still in these same woollen garments?

AMINTA:  
Because he has still not planted  
on that hand which raised him to the throne  
a kiss as a pledge of his grateful respect.  
*(he starts to kneel)*  
Allow me first at the feet  
of my benefactor...

ALEXANDER:  
No; as my friend  
come into my arms, and instead of respect  
give me love. I am the executor  
of Heaven's decrees. You are merely  
the debtor of the contentment I feel  
in carrying them out. As my reward,  
all I ask is for your glory.

AMINTA:  
What glory, oh Gods,  
can I deserve, if up until now  
I learned only to lead a flock?

ALESSANDRO:

Sarai buon re, se buon pastor sarai.

AMINTA:

Sì. Ma in un mar mi veggio  
Ignoto e procelloso. Or, se tu parti,  
Chi sarà l'astro mio? Da chi consigli  
Prender dovrò?

ALESSANDRO:

Già questo dubbio solo  
Mi promette un gran re.

AMINTA:

Ma d'onde un sì gran lume  
Può sperare un pastor?

ALESSANDRO:

Dal Ciel, che illustra  
Quei che sceglie a regnar. Or va, deponi  
Quelle rustiche vesti; altre ne prendi,  
E torna a me. Già di mostrarti è tempo  
A' tuoi fidi vassalli.

AMINTA:

Ah fate, o Numi,  
Fate che Aminta in trono  
Se stesso onori, il donatore, e il dono.  
(parte)

ALEXANDER:

You will be a good king, if you are a good shepherd.

AMINTA:

Yes. But I see myself in an  
unknown and stormy sea. If you depart now,  
who will be my guiding star? From whom  
should I take advice?

ALEXANDER:

Already, these doubts alone  
assure me that you will be a great king.

AMINTA:

But from where can a shepherd  
hope for such enlightenment?

ALEXANDER:

From Heaven, which shines lustre on  
those whom it chooses to reign. Now go,  
discard these rustic clothes; put on others  
and return to me. It is high time that you  
show yourself to your faithful subjects.

AMINTA:

Oh, grant, o Gods,  
grant that Aminta, on the throne,  
may honour himself, the giver and the gift.  
(exit)

#### Scena IV

##### 5 Recitativo

AGENORE:

(Or per la mia Tamiri  
È tempo di parlar.)

ALESSANDRO:

La gloria mia  
Me fra lunghi riposi,  
O Agenore, non soffre. Oggi a Sidone  
Il suo re donerò. Col nuovo giorno  
Partir vogl'io. Ma (tel confesso) a pieno  
Soddisfatto non parto. Il vostro giogo  
lo fransi, è vero: io ritornaì lo scettro  
Nella stirpe real: nel saggio Aminta  
Un buon re lascio al regno: un vero amico  
In Agenore al re. Sarebbe forse  
Onorata memoria il nome mio  
Lungamente fra voi. Tamiri, o Dei,  
Sol Tamiri l'oscura. Ov'ella giunga  
Fuggitiva, raminga,  
Di me che si dirà? Che un'empio io sono,  
Un barbaro, un crudel.

AGENORE:

Degna è di scusa,  
Se, figlia d'un tiranno, ella teme...

ALESSANDRO:

Questo è il suo fallo. E che temer dovea?  
Se Alessandro punisce  
Le colpe altrui, le altrui virtùdi onora.

#### Scene 4

##### Recitativo

AGENORE:

(It is now time  
to speak out on behalf of my Tamiri.)

ALEXANDER:

My fame does not allow me  
long periods of rest,  
Agenore. Today I shall give to Sidon  
its king. With the new day  
I want to leave. But (I confess it to you)  
I do not leave entirely satisfied. I released you  
from your tyranny, it is true; I returned the sceptre  
to the royal family. In the wise Aminta  
I leave to the kingdom a good king, in Agenore  
a true friend to the king. Perhaps my name will be  
an honoured memory among you  
for a long time to come. Tamiri, o Gods,  
only Tamiri darkens it. Where she goes  
as a fugitive, as a wanderer,  
what will people say of me? That I am a villain,  
barbarous, cruel.

AGENORE:

She deserves forgiveness  
if, as the daughter of a tyrant, she fears...

ALEXANDER:

This is her mistake. And of what should she  
be frightened? If Alexander punishes the crimes  
of some, he also rewards the virtues of others.

AGENORE:  
L'Asia non vide altri Alessandri ancora.

ALESSANDRO:  
Quanta gloria m'usurpa! lo lascerei  
Tutti felici. Ah! per lei sola or questa  
Riman del mio valore orma funesta.

AGENORE:  
(Coraggio!)

ALESSANDRO:  
Avrei potuto  
Altrui mostrar, se non fuggia Tamiri,  
Ch'io distinguer dal reo so l'innocente.

AGENORE:  
Non lagnarti, il potrai.

ALESSANDRO:  
Come?

AGENORE:  
È presente.

ALESSANDRO:  
Chi?

AGENORE:  
Tamiri.

ALESSANDRO:  
E mel taci?

AGENORE:  
Asia has not yet seen any other Alexanders.

ALEXANDER:  
How much glory it is taking from me! I would like  
to leave everyone happy. Ah, due to her alone  
a dark stain remains on my valour!

AGENORE:  
(Have courage!)

ALEXANDER:  
I could have shown others,  
if Tamiri had not fled, that I know how to  
distinguish the innocent from the guilty.

AGENORE:  
Do not punish yourself; you can still do it.

ALEXANDER:  
How?

AGENORE:  
She is here.

ALEXANDER:  
Who?

AGENORE:  
Tamiri.

ALEXANDER:  
And you remained silent to me about it?

AGENORE:  
Il seppi appena  
Che a te venni: e or volea...

ALESSANDRO:  
Corri! t'affretta!  
Guidala a me.

AGENORE (*in atto di partire*):  
Vado e ritorno.

ALESSANDRO (*pensa*):  
Aspetta.  
(*risoluto da se*)  
(Ah sì, mai più bel nodo  
Non strinse amore.) Or si contento a pieno  
Partir potrò. Vola a Tamiri, e dille  
Ch'oggi al nuovo sovrano  
lo darò la corona: ella la mano.

AGENORE:  
La man?

ALESSANDRO:  
Sì, amico. Ah! con un sol diadema  
Di due bell'alme io la virtù coronò.  
Ei salirà sul trono,  
Senza ch'ella ne scenda: a voi la pace,  
La gloria al nome mio  
Rendo così: tutto assicuro.

AGENORE:  
(Oh Dio!)

AGENORE:  
I only just knew it  
when I came to you; and I wanted now to...

ALEXANDER:  
Run, hurry,  
bring her to me!

AGENORE (*leaving*):  
I'll be back straight away.

ALEXANDER (*thinking*):  
Wait.  
(*decisively to himself*)  
(Ah yes, love never tied  
a more beautiful knot.) Now like this I can leave  
completely happy. Hasten to Tamiri and tell her  
that today I shall give to the new sovereign  
the crown, and to her his hand in marriage.

AGENORE:  
His hand in marriage?

ALEXANDER:  
Yes, my friend. Ah, with a single diadem  
I crown the virtue of two noble souls.  
He will ascend to the throne  
without her having to descend from it.  
In this way I restore peace to you  
and glory to my name; all this I guarantee.

AGENORE:  
(Oh God!)

ALESSANDRO:  
Tu impallidisci! e taci?  
Disapprovi il consiglio?  
È pur Tamiri...

AGENORE:  
Degnissima del trono.

ALESSANDRO:  
È un tal pensiero...

AGENORE:  
Degnissimo di te.

ALESSANDRO:  
Di quale affetto  
Quel tacer dunque è segno, e quel pallore?

AGENORE:  
Di piacer, di rispetto, e di stupore.

**6** No. 9, Aria

ALESSANDRO:  
Se vincendo vi rendo felici,  
Se partendo non lascio nemici,  
Che bel giorno fia questo per me!

De' sudori, ch'io spargo pugnando  
Non dimando più bella mercè.  
*(Alessandro parte con Agenore)*

ALEXANDER:  
You grow pale, and are silent?  
Do you disapprove of my plan?  
Is Tamiri then...

AGENORE:  
... most worthy of the throne.

ALEXANDER:  
And such an idea...

AGENORE:  
... most worthy of you.

ALEXANDER:  
Of which emotion, then,  
are your silence and your paleness a sign?

AGENORE:  
Of pleasure, of respect, and of amazement.

**No. 9, Aria**

ALEXANDER:  
If in conquering I make you happy,  
if in departing I leave no enemies,  
what a beautiful day this will be for me!

For the sweat that I shed in fighting  
I could not ask for more handsome reward.  
*(Alexander leaves with Agenore)*

**Scena V**  
*Una grande grotta. Aminta è solo, seduto su una roccia.*

**7** Recitativo

AMINTA:  
Oimè! declina il sol. Già il tempo è scorso  
Che a' miei dubbi penosi  
Agenore concesse. Io, nel periglio  
Di parer vile, o di mostrarmi infido,  
Tremo, ondeggio, m'affanno, e non decido.  
E questo è il regno? E così ben si vive  
Fra la porpora e l'or? Oh me infelice!  
Agenore già vien. Che dirgli? oh Dio!

**Scena VI**

**8** Recitativo

AGENORE:  
E irresoluto ancora  
Ti ritrovo, o mio re?

AMINTA:  
No.

AGENORE:  
Decidesti?

AMINTA:  
Sì.

AGENORE:  
Come?

**Scene 5**  
*A large cave. Aminta is alone, seated on a rock.*

**Recitativo**

AMINTA:  
Alas, the sun is setting! The time is already passed  
that Agenore allowed me for my anguished doubts.  
In danger of appearing cowardly, or of showing  
myself to be disloyal, I tremble, I waver, I fret and  
reach no decision. And is this what it means to rule?  
Is this living the good life among the royal purple  
and gold? Oh unhappy me! Agenore is coming  
already. What should I say to him, oh God?

**Scene 6**

**Recitativo**

AGENORE *(arriving)*:  
Do I find you  
still undecided, my King?

AMINTA:  
No.

AGENORE:  
You have decided?

AMINTA:  
Yes.

AGENORE:  
How?

AMINTA:  
Il dover mio  
A compir son disposto.

AGENORE:  
Ad Alessandro  
Dunque d'andar più non ricusi?

AMINTA:  
A lui  
Anzi già m'incammino.

AGENORE:  
Elisa e trono  
Vedi che andar non ponno insieme.

AMINTA:  
È vero.  
Nè d'un eroe benefico al disegno  
Oppor si dee chi ne riceve un regno.

AGENORE:  
Oh fortunato Aminta! Oh qual compagna  
Ti destinan le stelle! Amala: è degna  
Degl'affetti d'un re.

AMINTA:  
Comprendo, amico,  
Tutta la mia felicità. Non dirmi  
D'amar la sposa mia. Già l'amo a segno,  
Che senza lei mi spiacerebbe il regno.

AMINTA:  
I am ready  
to carry out my duty.

AGENORE:  
Then you no longer refuse  
to go to Alessandro?

AMINTA:  
On the contrary, I am  
going to him now.

AGENORE:  
You see that Elisa and the throne  
cannot go together.

AMINTA:  
It is true.  
And he who receives a kingdom from him  
ought not to oppose the plan of a benevolent hero.

AGENORE:  
Oh fortunate Aminta! Oh, what a companion  
the stars have destined for you! Love her;  
she is worthy of the affections of a king.

AMINTA:  
I recognise, my friend,  
all of my happiness. Do not tell me  
to love my bride. Already I love her to the extent  
that, without her, I would hate to rule.

**9** **No. 10, Rondeaux**  
AMINTA:  
L'amerò, sarò costante:  
Fido sposo, e fido amante  
Sol per lei sospirerò.

In sì caro e dolce oggetto  
La mia gioia, il mio diletto,  
La mia pace io troverò.  
*(parte)*

#### Scena VII

**10** **Recitativo**  
AGENORE:  
Uscite, alfine uscite,  
Trattenuti sospiri.  
Oh Dio, bella Tamiri, oh Dio ...

#### 11 Scena VIII

**Recitativo**  
ELISA:  
Ma senti,  
Agenore: quai fole  
S'inventan qui per tormentarmi? È sparso  
Ch'oggi Aminta a Tamiri  
Darà la man di sposo.

AGENORE:  
Esci d'error. Nessun t'inganna.

ELISA:  
E sei  
Tu sì credulo ancor?

**No. 10, Rondeaux**  
AMINTA:  
I shall love her, I shall be constant,  
a faithful husband, and a faithful lover,  
I shall sigh for her alone.

In such a dear and sweet object  
I shall find my joy, my delight,  
my peace.  
*(exit)*

#### Scene 7

**Recitativo**  
AGENORE:  
Release yourselves, at last release yourselves,  
restrained sighs.  
Oh God, beautiful Tamiri, oh God...!

#### Scene 8

**Recitativo**  
ELISA *(entering)*:  
But listen,  
Agenore. What tales  
are they inventing here to torment me! It is rumoured  
that today Aminta will give to Tamiri  
his hand in marriage.

AGENORE:  
Do not think it a mistake. No one is deceiving you.

ELISA:  
And are you  
so credulous as well?

AGENORE:  
Io non saprei  
Per qual via dubitarne.

ELISA:  
E mi abbandona  
Dunque Aminta così...? Dove apprendesti  
Novella sì gentil?

AGENORE:  
Da lui.

ELISA:  
Da lui!

AGENORE:  
Sì, dall'istesso Aminta.

ELISA:  
Dove?

AGENORE:  
Qui.

ELISA:  
Quando?

AGENORE:  
Or ora.

ELISA:  
E disse?

AGENORE:  
Che al voler d'Alessandro  
Non dessi oppor chi ne riceve un regno.

AGENORE:  
I can see  
no reason to doubt it.

ELISA:  
And does Aminta then abandon me  
like this...? Where did you learn  
such charming news?

AGENORE:  
From him.

ELISA:  
From him?

AGENORE:  
Yes, from Aminta himself.

ELISA:  
Where?

AGENORE:  
Here.

ELISA:  
When?

AGENORE:  
Just now.

ELISA:  
And what did he say?

AGENORE:  
That he who receives a kingdom from him  
ought not to oppose Alexander's will.

ELISA:  
Santi Numi del Ciel! Come! a Tamiri  
Darà la man?

AGENORE:  
La mano, e il cor.

ELISA:  
Che possa  
Così tradirmi Aminta!

AGENORE:  
Ah! cangia, Elisa,  
Cangia ancor tu pensiero:  
Cedi al destin.

ELISA:  
No: non sarà mai vero.

AGENORE:  
Ma s'ei tuo più non è, con quei trasporti  
Che puoi far?

ELISA:  
Che far posso? Ad Alessandro,  
Agli uomini, agli Dei, pietà, mercede,  
Giustizia chiederò. Voglio che Aminta  
Confessi a tutti in faccia  
Che del suo cor m'ha fatto dono: e voglio,  
Se pretende il crudel che ad altri il ceda,  
Voglio morir d'affanno, e ch'ei lo veda.  
(parte)

ELISA:  
Holy Gods in Heaven! What?  
He is giving Tamiri his hand?

AGENORE:  
His hand and his heart.

ELISA:  
How can Aminta  
betray me like this?

AGENORE:  
Ah, change, Elisa,  
change your line of thought;  
give in to destiny.

ELISA:  
No, it will never be true.

AGENORE:  
But if he is no longer yours,  
what can you achieve through these tantrums?

ELISA:  
What can I achieve? To Alexander,  
to all men, to the Gods I shall beg for pity,  
mercy and justice. I want Aminta  
to confess to everyone face to face  
that he has already given his heart to me,  
and if the cruel man intends to surrender it to others  
I want to die of grief, and I want him to see it.  
(exit)



## Scena IX

### 12 Recitativo

AGENORE:  
Povera ninfa! Io ti compiangio: e intendo  
Nella mia la tua pena. Io da Tamiri  
Convien ch'io fugga: e ritrovar non spero  
Alla mia debolezza altro ricorso.

TAMIRI:  
Agenore, t'arresta.

AGENORE:  
(Oh Dei! soccorso.)

TAMIRI (*con ironia*):  
D'un regno debitrice  
Ad amator sì degno  
Dunque è Tamiri?

AGENORE:  
Il debitore è il regno.

TAMIRI (*con ironia*):  
Perché sì gran novella  
Non recarmi tu stesso?

AGENORE:  
È ver: ma forse  
L'idea del dover mio  
In faccia a te ... Bella regina, addio.

TAMIRI:  
Sentimi. Dove corri?

## Scene 9

### Recitativo

AGENORE:  
Poor girl! I sympathise for you, and I feel  
your anguish in my own. I have to flee  
from Tamiri, and I have no hope of finding  
any other cure for my helplessness.

TAMIRI (*entering*):  
Agenore, stop!

AGENORE:  
(Oh Gods, help!)

TAMIRI (*with irony*):  
Does Tamiri then  
owe her kingdom  
to so worthy a lover?

AGENORE:  
The debtor is the kingdom.

TAMIRI (*with irony*):  
Why did you not bring me  
such big news yourself?

AGENORE:  
It is true, but perhaps  
my sense of duty,  
in your presence... Beautiful Queen, farewell.

TAMIRI:  
Listen to me. Where are you running?

AGENORE:  
A ricordarmi  
Che sei la mia sovrana.

TAMIRI:  
Alle mie nozze io presente ti voglio.

AGENORE:  
Ah no, perdona:  
Questo è l'ultimo addio.

TAMIRI:  
Ubbidienza io voglio  
Da un suddito fedel.

AGENORE:  
(Oh Dio!)

TAMIRI:  
M'udisti?

AGENORE:  
Ubbidirò, crudele.

### 13 No. 11, Aria

TAMIRI:  
Se tu di me fai dono,  
Se vuoi che d'altri io sia,  
Perché la colpa è mia?  
Perché son io crudel?

La mia dolcezza imita.  
L'abbandonata io sono,  
E non t'insulto ardita,  
Chiamandoti infedel.  
(parte)

AGENORE:  
To remind myself  
that you are my sovereign.

TAMIRI:  
I want you to be present at my wedding.

AGENORE:  
Ah no, forgive me;  
this is our final farewell.

TAMIRI:  
I want obedience  
from a loyal subject.

AGENORE:  
(Oh God!)

TAMIRI:  
Did you hear me?

AGENORE:  
I shall obey, cruel one.

### No. 11, Aria

TAMIRI:  
If you make a gift of me,  
if you want me to belong to another,  
why is it my fault?  
Why am I cruel?

Imitate my sweetness.  
I am the deserted one,  
and I do not insult you boldly,  
calling you unfaithful.  
(exit)

Scena X

14 Recitativo

AGENORE:

Misero cor! Credevi  
Di aver tutte sofferte  
Le tirannie d'amore. Ah! non è vero:  
Ancor la più funesta,  
Misero core, a tollerar ti resta.

15 No. 12, Aria

AGENORE:

Sol può dir come si trova  
Un amante in questo stato  
Qualche amante sfortunato  
Che lo prova al par di me.

Un tormento è quel ch'io sento  
Più crudel d'ogni tormento.  
È un tormento disperato,  
Che soffribile non è.  
(parte)

Scene 10

Recitative

AGENORE:

Wretched heart! You thought  
you had suffered all  
the tyrannies of love. Ah, it is not true;  
the most fatal one of all,  
wretched heart, still remains to be endured.

No. 12, Aria

AGENORE:

The only one who can describe  
how a lover feels in such a state  
is some wretched lover  
who feels it as keenly as I do.

The torment that I feel is  
more cruel than any other torment;  
it is a desperate torment  
which is not endurable.  
(exit)

Scena XI

*Atrio esterno del Tempio di Ercole a Sidone.  
Lo spiazzo è addobbato per l'incoronazione.  
Alessandro scende gli scalini davanti all'entrata  
del tempio, preceduto da nobili greci e seguito  
da quelli di Sidone. Poi Tamiri ed Agenore  
entrano nell'atrio.*

16 No. 13, Aria

ALESSANDRO:

Voi, che fausti ognor donate  
Nuovi germi a' lauri miei,  
Secondate, amici Dei,  
Anche i moti del mio cor.

17 Recitativo

ALESSANDRO:

Olà! che più si tarda? Il sol tramonta:  
Perché il re non si vede?  
Dov'è Tamiri?

TAMIRI:

È d'Alessandro al piede.

ALESSANDRO:

Sei tu la principessa?

TAMIRI:

Son io.

AGENORE:

Signor, non dubitarne: è dessa.

Scene 11

*The outer courtyard of the Temple of Hercules in Sidon.  
The square is decorated for the coronation. Alexander  
comes down the steps from the entrance to the temple,  
preceded by Greek nobles and followed by those  
of Sidon. Tamiri and Agenore subsequently enter the  
courtyard.*

No. 13, Aria

ALEXANDER:

You who always propitiously give  
new seeds to my laurels,  
support, friendly gods,  
also the wishes of my heart.

Recitative

ALEXANDER:

Ahoy there, what's the delay? The sun is setting.  
Why is the King not here?  
Where is Tamiri?

TAMIRI:

She is at Alexander's feet.

ALEXANDER:

Are you the princess?

TAMIRI:

I am.

AGENORE:

My Lord, do not doubt it; it is she.

TAMIRI:  
Odi: Agenore, amante,  
La mia grandezza all'amor suo prepone.  
Se alla grandezza mia posporre io debba  
Un'anima si fida,  
Esamini Alessandro, e ne decida.

ALESSANDRO:  
Dei! qual virtù! qual fede!

**18** Scena XII

*Elisa e detti.*

**Recitativo**

ELISA:  
Ah giustizia, signor, pietà, mercede!

ALESSANDRO:  
Chi sei? che brami?

ELISA:  
Io sono Elisa. Imploro  
D'Alessandro il soccorso  
A pro d'un core ingiustamente oppresso.

ALESSANDRO:  
Contro chi mai?

ELISA:  
Contro Alessandro istesso.

ALESSANDRO:  
Che ti fece Alessandro?

TAMIRI:  
Listen. Agenore, my lover,  
places my aggrandisement above his love.  
Consider, Alexander, whether I should value  
my aggrandisement more highly than such a  
faithful soul, and then make a decision about it.

ALEXANDER:  
O gods, what virtue, what loyalty!

**Scene 12**

*Elisa and the above.*

**Recitativo**

ELISA:  
Ah, justice, my lord, pity, mercy!

ALEXANDER:  
Who are you? What do you want?

ELISA:  
I am Elisa. I beg  
for Alexander's help  
on behalf of a heart which is unjustly oppressed.

ALEXANDER:  
By whom?

ELISA:  
By Alexander himself.

ALEXANDER:  
What did Alexander do to you?

ELISA:  
Egli m'invola  
Ogni mia pace, ogni mio ben: d'affanno  
Ei vuol vedermi estinta.  
D'Aminta io vivo: ei mi rapisce Aminta.

ALESSANDRO:  
Aminta? E qual ragione  
Hai tu sopra di lui?

ELISA:  
Qual! Da bambina  
Ebbi il suo core in dono.

ALESSANDRO:  
Colui che il cor ti diè, ninfa gentile,  
Era Aminta il pastore: a te giammai  
Abdolonimo il re non diede il core.

**19** Scena XIII

*Aminta in abito pastorale, seguito da alcun che  
portano sopra due bacili le vesti reali, e detti.*

**Recitativo**

AMINTA:  
Signore, io sono Aminta, e son pastore.

ALESSANDRO:  
Come!

AMINTA:  
Le regie spoglie  
Ecco al tuo piè: con le mie lane intorno,  
Alla mia greggia, alla mia pace io torno.

ELISA:  
He steals from me  
all my peace of mind, all my well-being.  
He wants to see me die of grief.  
I live for Aminta; he has taken Aminta from me!

ALEXANDER:  
Aminta?  
And what claim do you have over him?

ELISA:  
What claim? Since I was a child  
he gave his heart to me as a gift.

ALEXANDER:  
He who gave you his heart, charming girl,  
was Aminta the shepherd; Abdolonymus  
the King never gave his heart to you.

**Scene 13**

*Aminta enters, dressed as a shepherd, accompanied  
by others who carry the royal garments on two trays.*

**Recitativo**

AMINTA:  
My Lord, I am Aminta, and I am a shepherd.

ALEXANDER:  
What?

AMINTA:  
Here are the royal garments  
at your feet. With my woollen clothes around me,  
I am returning to my flock, and to my peace of mind.

ALESSANDRO:  
E Tamiri non è...

AMINTA:  
Tamiri è degna  
Del cor d'un re: ma non è degna Elisa  
Ch'io le manchi de fè. Abbiassi il regno  
Chi ha di regnar talento:  
Purch'Elisa mi resti, io son contento.

AGENORE:  
Che ascolto!

ALESSANDRO:  
Ove son'io!

ELISA:  
Agenore, io tel dissi: Aminta è mio.

ALESSANDRO:  
Sì generosi amanti  
Non divide Alessandro. Eccoti, Aminta,  
La bella Elisa. Ecco, Tamiri, il tuo  
Agenore fedel.  
*(ad Aminta ed Elisa)* Voi di Sidone  
Or sarete i regnanti:  
*(ad Agenore e Tamiri)* e voi soggetti  
Non resterete. A fabbricarvi il trono  
La mia fortuna impegno:  
Ed a tanta virtù non manca un regno.

ELISA, AMINTA, TAMIRI, AGENORE:  
Oh grande! oh giusto!

ALEXANDER:  
And is Tamiri not...

AMINTA:  
Tamiri is deserving  
of the heart of a king, but Elisa does not deserve  
to be betrayed by me. Let someone who has  
the desire to rule have the kingdom;  
as long as Elisa remains with me I am content.

AGENORE:  
What do I hear?

ALEXANDER:  
Where am I?

ELISA:  
Agenore, I told you so; Aminta is mine.

ALEXANDER:  
Alexander will not separate  
such noble lovers. Here, Aminta,  
is the beautiful Elisa. Here, Tamiri,  
your faithful Agenore.  
*(to Aminta and Elisa)* You will now  
be the rulers of Sidon;  
*(to Agenore and Tamiri)* and you will not  
remain as subjects. I pledge my fortune  
to build you a throne, for such virtue  
should not be lacking a kingdom to reign.

ELISA, AMINTA, TAMIRI, AGENORE:  
Oh great one, oh just one!

ALESSANDRO:  
Ah vegga alfin Sidone  
Coronato il suo re.

AMINTA:  
Ma in queste spoglie...

ALESSANDRO:  
In queste spoglie a caso  
Qui non ti guida il Cielo. Il Ciel predice  
Del tuo regno felice  
Tutto per questa via forse il tenore:  
Bella sorte d'un regno è IL RE PASTORE.

**20** No. 14, Coro [Quintetto]

TUTTI:  
Viva l'invitto duce,  
Viva del Cielo il dono  
Più caro al nostro cor.

ELISA, AMINTA:  
Con fortunati auspici  
In questi dì più belle  
Splendano in ciel le stelle,  
Rida più lieto amor.

TUTTI:  
Viva del Cielo il dono  
Più caro al nostro cor.

ELISA:  
Nell'adorarti ognora  
Qual sia un felice amore,  
Caro, il mio cor saprà.

ALEXANDER:  
Ah, let Sidon at last  
see her king crowned!

AMINTA:  
But in these clothes...

ALEXANDER:  
Heaven has not led you here  
in these clothes by chance. Perhaps heaven  
proclaims by this gesture that the whole  
tenor of your reign will be a happy one;  
good fortune for a kingdom is the Shepherd King!

**No. 14, Chorus [Quintet]**

ALL:  
Long live the unconquered leader,  
long live the gift from heaven  
most dear to our hearts.

ELISA, AMINTA:  
With favourable auspices  
may the stars shine in heaven  
more brightly in these days,  
and may love smile more contentedly.

ALL:  
Long live the gift from heaven  
most dear to our hearts.

ELISA:  
In adoring you forever  
my heart will know, my dear,  
what blissful love is.

AMINTA:

Se quel tuo cor m'adora,  
Cara, più dolce ardore,  
No, che l'amor non dà.

ALESSANDRO:

Questo è per me contento.

AGENORE:

Gioia ne provo al cor.

ELISA, AMINTA, TAMIRI, AGENORE:

No, che ad amore un cor  
Resistere non sa.

ELISA:

Vaghe luci, mio tesoro.

AMINTA:

Cari accenti del mio bene.

A DUE:

Nel mirarti mi conviene  
Dolcemente sospirar.

ALESSANDRO, TAMIRI:

Alme liete, alme care,  
Sì godete nell'amar.

TUTTI:

Viva l'invitto duce,  
Viva del Cielo il dono  
Più caro al nostro cor.

*(Fine del dramma)*

AMINTA:

If your heart adores me,  
there is no sweeter passion, my dear,  
that can be given than love.

ALEXANDER:

This for me is contentment.

AGENORE:

I feel joy in my heart.

ELISA, TAMIRI, AMINTA, AGENORE:

No, a heart does not know  
how to resist love.

ELISA:

Adorable eyes, my treasure.

AMINTA:

Dear words of my beloved.

BOTH:

In looking at you I must  
sweetly sigh.

TAMIRI, ALESSANDRO:

Contented souls, dear souls,  
thus enjoy yourselves by loving.

ALL:

Long live the unconquered leader,  
long live the gift from heaven  
most dear to our hearts.

*(End of the opera)*



## What the critics said about Classical Opera's previous recordings

*"My personal pick for giving this year is Classical Opera's glorious The A-Z of Mozart Opera, which is fresh, diverse, insightful and illuminating... an auspicious début recording of intelligence, finesse and quality."*

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*"Conductor, instrumentalists and singers alike make sound the servant of the sense, with stylish, eloquent and dramatic music-making of the highest order."*

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**Opera**



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