Clistene: Daughter, on your brow

I plant a kiss of affection and celebration.

Agarista: Why such joy, Father?

Fi-glia, sù la tua fron-te ba-cio d'affet-t-o e d'ale-grez-za im-pri-mo. Pa-dre e qual

makes her face turn pale. Clistene: If within the confines of the royal palace

I kept you, until now, because out of jealousy, pal-li-di re il vol- to. Se tra l'an-gus-tie del re-a-le al-ber-go ti cu-sto-di si-n'or ge-lo-sa, or-

now I leave you at liberty. Agarista: Although it makes my prison even more confining,


First, I... Clistene: Ah, do not trouble me with your vain sorrow. Agarista: If Armidoro is not mine, I want no other. Pri-ma... Ah non tur-ba-mi col tuo va-no cor-do-glio. Se mi-o non è Ar-mi-do-ro al-tri non
Brenno: Do not worry. The ladies carry on that way: first they say no, then they say yes. Clistene: Know that your husband is Demetrio, high prince of Athens, of strong limb and singular beauty. Brenno: She is mad if she rejects him. Agarista: No matter who he is, I hate him, I reject him. If you... Clistene: Think, Agarista, that the passage is sweeter and more loving from the embraces of the father to those of the spouse. A: To the offer of a husband your heart will finally yield, your heart will finally yield. [Fine. Goes to the ritornello after the second time.]
In the good name of a husband you refuse the sweet invitation to a pleasure that has no equal,

Nel bel nome di marito tu rifiuti il dolce invito d'un piacere che par non ha,

you refuse the sweet invitation to a pleasure that has no equal.

tu rifiuti il dolce invito d'un piacere che par non ha, d'un piacere che par non ha.

da Capo

Ritor:

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Basso continuo
Scena 7:a
Agarista, Alceste e Brenno

Agarista: Have mercy, Alceste. If ever you are wounded in the breast by the arrows of a glance. Alceste: But from what eye issued the ray that wounded you? Who is your lover? Agarista: He is too lowborn. Alceste: He could be less than your servant.


Agarista: A servant who, however, commands my soul. Brenno: Who knows? Maybe she loves me. Alceste: (She surely loves Sifalce.)

Servo ma che co-man-da a l’al-ma mi-a. Chi sa ch’el-la non m’ami? A-ma cer-to Si-fal-ce.

Oh, jealousy!) What are you ashamed of? If you look to heaven you will see Jove himself long for lowborn objects.

Ser-vi per bas-si og-get-ti. Se scuo-prò il bel che a-do-ro fe mi giu-ri? Ed a-

help you. Agarista: I love Armidoro. Brenno: (I missed the target.) Alceste: (A-rmidoro, the painter?) Agarista: (His paint brush

i-ta. A-mo Ar-mi-do-ro. (Non ho col-pi-to al se-gno.) (A-rmi-do-ro il Pit-tor?) (Fu il suo pen-
Agarista: Heaven forbid that he ever know of my vileness. Alceste: And perhaps he, too, sighs for you.

Alceste: You would suffer in peace. Your desire is too sweet to be adored by the one you adore.

Brenno: If you love him, you should let him love you, too.

Agarista: Useless advice, now that my father is forcing me into an imminent marriage.

Alceste: Hide for a while. Do not wait for mishaps. 

Agarista: Love help me! Be silent, Brenno, about what you hear. 

Brenno: Certainly.
On my faith, your love is secure. Agarista: If Armidoro is not mine, I care not for another.

Su la mia fe' de l'amor tuo sicuro. Se mio non è Armidoro altro non curo.

I do not see why, why, why, Non vedo perché, perché, perché,

I do not see why you hope, my heart, I non vedo perché tu spero, cor mi o, non
Alceste: If you now not hope, what should I do?

Brenno: What are you doing? What do you think, Alceste?

Se sperar tu non vuoi che far deg'io? Che fai? Che pensi, Alceste?

Alceste: How much deeper are my wounds than yours.

Brenno: Oppressed by sorrow, he does not respond. Alceste: Your torments are near to their relief.

Mine despair of it. Brenno: I want to console you.

Quante son le mie pia- ghe de le tue più pro- fon- de. Oppres- so dal do- lor non mi ri-
Alceste: Here you are!  Brenno: But consider if you are pained because Agarista has turned her thoughts to another;
that fate is not for you.  That place is taken.

get- to hab- bia il pen- sier ri- vol- to non è per te la sor- te; il po- sto è tol- to.

Ritor:

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Basso continuo
Alceste:  

Aria

Sometimes I tell cruel fate,
therefore I will always feel
In that case

I hear the winged god
respond, "Only I know it,"

sponse io so-lo il so,

respond, "Only I know it,"

da Capo