AIDA.
[The Ethiopian Slave.]

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS.

Composed by

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

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SKETCH OF THE PLOT.

AIDA, daughter of AMONASRO, King of Ethiopia, has been led into captivity by the Egyptians. While in bondage, she conceives a tender passion for RADAMES, a young Egyptian warrior, who warmly responds to her affection. The opening incidents of the opera disclose these facts, and set forth, besides, the choice of Radames as leader of an expedition against the invading forces of Ethiopia, and the love, still unrevealed, of AMNERIS, daughter of Egypt's sovereign, for the fortune-favored chieftain. Amneris suspects the existence of a rival, but does not learn the truth until Radames returns victorious. The second act commences with a scene between the Princess and the slave. Amneris wrests from Aida the secret she longs and yet dreads to fathom, and direhate at once possesses her. Radames comes back, laden with spoils. Among his prisoners—his rank being unknown to his captors—is Amonasro, father of Aida. Radames asks of his Sovereign that the captives be freed. The King consents to releasing all of them except Aida and Amonasro. The Monarch then bestows upon the unwilling Radames the hand of Amneris, and, amid songs of jubilation, the act terminates. In the Third Act, the marriage of Amneris and Radames is on the eve of celebration. Radames, however, is devotedly attached to Aida, and the maiden, urged thereunto by Amonasro, seeks to persuade the soldier to flee to Ethiopia and turn his sword against his native land. Without resolving upon the act of treachery, Radames lends an ear to her supplications. The party is about to take to flight, when the High Priest, RAMPHIS, and Amneris, both of whom have overheard the lovers, appear. Aida and Amonasro, on the advice of Radames, escape. Radames remains to await his fate. This is speedily decided. Radames, in Act the Fourth, is tried on a charge of treason. Amneris, repentant, vainly endeavors to save his life, for the lover of Aida scorn's to renounce her, and is deaf to the entreaties of the daughter of the King, whose jealousy, as Amneris herself is aware, has brought about his downfall. The denouement is not long delayed. The final picture shows the interior of the Temple of Vulcan. On high is the hall of worship; below, the vault in which Radames, doomed to die, is interred alive by the priests. As the stone is sealed over his head, Aida, who has awaited Radames in the tomb, rises before him. The lovers are locked in a last embrace as Amneris, heart-broken, kneels in prayer on the marble which parts from the living the couple now united in death.

AIDA was written at the request of the Khedive of Egypt, and first performed at Cairo in 1870. Its production in America, before its performance in either London or Paris, is creditable to the enterprise and liberality of Mr. Strakosch. Below, we give the cast of the Opera at the Academy of Music, N. Y., November 26th, 1873.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

AIDA, an Ethiopian Slave, Soprano, Mlle Torriani.
AMNERIS, daughter of the King of Egypt, Contralto, Miss Annie Louise Cary.
AMONASRO, King of Ethiopia, father of Aida, Baritone, M. Victor Maurel.
RADAMES, Captain of the Guard, Tenor, Sig. Itallo Campanini.
RAMPHIS, High Priest, Bass, Sig. Nannetti.
KING OF EGYPT, Bass, Sig. Scolara.
MESSENGER, Tenor, Sig. Boy.

CHORUS.
Priests, Soldiers, Ethiopian Slaves and Prisoners, Egyptians, etc.

SCENE.
Memphis and Thebes, during the epoch of the Pharaohs.
AIDA.
(THE ETHIOPIAN SLAVE.)

ACT FIRST:
SCENE FIRST.

Hall in the Palace of the King at Memphis.

To the right and left a colonnade with statues and flowering shrubs. At the back a grand gate, from which may be seen the temples and palaces of Memphis, and the Pyramids. Radames and Ramphis

RAMPHIS. Yes, a report runs that the Ethiopian dares
Again defy us, and the valley of the Nile
And Thebes to threaten.—A messenger shortly
Will bring the truth.

RADAMES. The sacred Isis
Didst thou consult?

RAMPHIS. She has named
Of the Egyptian phalanxes
The supreme leader.

RADAMES. Oh! happy man!

RAMPHIS. (with meaning, gazing at RADAMES.)
Young and brave is he. Now to the King
I convey the decrees of the goddess. [Exit.

RADAMES. (alone.) If that warrior
I were! If my dream
Should be verified! An army of brave men
Led by me—victory—the applause
Of all Memphis!—And to thee, my sweet Aida,
To return, crowned with laurels!
To say to thee: for thee I have fought, and for
thee conquered!

Celestial Aida, divine form,
Mystic garland of light and flowers:
Of my thoughts thou art the queen,
Of my life thou art the splendor.
I would give back to thee thy beautiful heaven,
The sweet breezes of thy native land;
A regal chaplet on thy tresses I would place,
And erect for thee a throne near the sun.

[Enter Amneris.

AMNERIS. What unwonted fire in thy glance!
With what noble pride glows thy face!
Worthy of envy—oh, how much—
Would be the woman whose beloved aspect
Should awaken in thee this light of joy!

RADAMES. With an adventurous dream
My heart was blessed. To day the goddess
Declared the name of the warrior who to the field
The Egyptian troops shall lead—If I were
To such honor destined!

AMNERIS. Has not another dream
More gentle—more sweet
Spoken to thy heart? Hast thou not in Mem-
phis,
Desires—hopes?

RADAMES. I!—(What a question!
Perhaps—the hidden love
Which burns my heart, she has discovered—
The name of her slave
She reads in my thoughts!)

AMNERIS. (Oh! woe, if another love
Should burn in his heart—
Woe, if my search should penetrate
This fatal mystery!

[Enter Aida.

RADAMES, (seeing Aida.) She!

AMNERIS. (He is moved! And what
A glance he turns to her!
Aida! My rival—
Perhaps is she?)

(after a short silence turning to AIDA)
Come, sweet one, approach!
Slave nor servant art thou
Here where in sweet bond
I have called thee sister—
Weepst thou? Of thy tears
Reveal to me the secret.

AIDA. Oh me! I hear rage
The horrid cry of war—
For the unhappy country,
For myself—for you I am in fear.

AMNERIS. Speakest thou the truth? Does not
A graver care agitate thee?

(AIDA casts down her eyes and tries to hide her emotion.)

AMNERIS, (regarding AIDA.) (Tremble, O wretch-
ed slave, ah! tremble
Lest I should descend into your heart!
Tremble, lest those tears and that blush
Should teach me the truth.)
AIDA. (No, for the afflicted country alone
The heart groans not;
The tear which I shed
Is for an unhappy love.)

RADAMES, (regarding AMNERIS.) (In her face
flashes
Anger and suspicion—
Woe if she reads
The hidden love in our hearts!)

(Enter the King, preceded by his guards, and fol-
lowed by RAMPHIS, his Ministers, Priests,
Captains, etc. An officer of the Palace, and
afterwards a Messenger.)

THE KING. Great cause summons you,
O faithful Egyptians, around your King.
From the confines of Ethiopia a Messenger
Just now arrived—grave news he brings.
Be pleased to hear him.

(To an officer) Let the Messenger come forward!

MESSENGER. The sacred soil of Egypt is invaded
By the barbarous Ethiopians—Our fields
Are devastated—the crops burned—
And emboldened by the easy victory the depre-
dators
Already march on Thebes.

ALL. They dare so much!

MESSENGER. A warrior indomitable and fierce
Conducts them—Amonasro.

ALL. The King!

AIDA. (My father.)

MESSENGER. Already Thebes is in arms, and from
the hundred gates
Breaks forth upon the invading barbarian,
Carrying war and death.

THE KING. Yes, be war and death our cry.

ALL. War! War!

THE KING. Tremendous, inexorable.

(addressing RADAMES)

Of our unconquered legions
Venerated Isis
Has already designated the supreme leader—
Radames.

ALL. Radames!

RADAMES. Thanks be to the Gods!
My prayers are answered.

AMNERIS. (He leader!)

AIDA. (I tremble).

THE KING. Now move, O warrior.
To the temple of Vulcan.—Gird thee
With the sacred arms and fly to victory.
Up! To the sacred bank of the Nile
Hasten, Egyptian heroes;
From every heart let burst the cry,
War and death to the foreigner!

RAMPHIS and Priests. Glory to the Gods! Re-
member all,
That they rule events—

That in the power of the gods alone
Lies the fate of warriors.

MINISTERS and CAPTAINS. Up! Of the Nile's
sacred shore
Be our breasts the barrier;
Let but one cry resound:
War and death to the foreigner!

RADAMES. Holy rage of glory
Fills all my soul—
Up! Let us rush to victory
War and death to the foreigner!

AMNERIS. (Bringing a banner and consigning it to
RADAMES). From my hand receive, O leader,
The glorious standard:
Be it thy guide, be it thy light
On the path of glory.

AIDA. (For whom do I weep? For whom pray?
What power binds me to him?
I must love him—And this man
Is an enemy—an alien!)

ALL. War! War! extermination to the invader!
Go Radames, return conqueror!

[Exeunt all but AIDA.]
SCENE SECOND.

Interior of the Temple of Vulcan at Memphis.

A mysterious light descends from above. A long row of columns, one behind another, is lost in the darkness. Statues of various deities. In the middle of the scene, above a platform covered with carpet, rises the altar, surmounted by sacred emblems. From golden tripods rises the smoke of incense. Priests and Priestesses. Ramphis at the foot of the altar. Afterwards Radames. The song of the Priestesses accompanied by harps is heard from the interior.

Priestesses, (in the interior.) Infinite Pthah, of the world
Animating spirit,
We invoke thee!
Infinite Pthah, of the world
The fructifying spirit,
We invoke thee!
Fire uncreate, eternal,
Whence the sun has light,
We invoke thee!

Priests. Thou who from nothing hast made
The waters, the earth and the heavens,
We invoke thee!
God, who of thy spirit
Art son and father,
We invoke thee!
Life of the universe
Gift of eternal love
We invoke thee!

Radames enters unarmed. While he goes to the altar the Priestesses execute the sacred dance. On the head of Radames is placed a silver veil.

Ramphis. Mortal, beloved of the gods, to thee
Is confided the fate of Egypt—Let the holy sword
Tempered by the gods, in thy hand become
To the enemy terror, a thunderbolt, death.
Turning himself to the god,
God, guardian and avenger
Of this sacred land,
Spread thy hand
Over the Egyptian soil.

Radames. God, who art leader and arbiter
Of every human war
Protect thou and defend
The sacred soil of Egypt.

(While Radames is being invested with the consecrated armor the Priests and Priestesses resume the religious hymn and mystic dance.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.

A hall in the apartments of Amneris.

Amneris surrounded by female Slaves who are adorning her for the triumphant festival. From tripods arise aromatic perfumes. Moorish slave boys dance.

Slave Girls. Thou who amidst hymns and
Raisest thy flight in glory [plaudits
Terrible even as a god!
Effulgent as the sun,
Come, on thy tresses rain
Laurels and flowers interwoven;
Let the songs of glory sound
With the songs of Love.
Amneris. (Come, my love, intoxicate me—
Make my heart blessed!)

Slave Girls. Now where are the barbarian
Hordes of the foreigner?
Like a mist they scatter
At the breath of the warrior.
Come: gather the reward
Of glory, O conqueror;
Victory smiled upon thee—
Love shall smile upon thee.

Amneris. (Come my love, revive me
Again with thy dear voice!) Silence! Aida approaches us—
Daughter of the vanquished, her grief to me is sacred.

(At a sign from Amneris all withdraw to a distance
In seeing her again, the fearful doubt
Awakens itself within me—
Let the fatal mystery be at last rent.

(Enter Aida.)

Amneris. (to Aida, with feigned affection) The
fate of arms was deadly to thy people!
Poor Aida!—the grief
Which weighs down thy heart I share with thee.
I am thy friend—
Thou shalt have all from me—thou shalt live happy!
AIDA. Can I be happy
Far from my native land—here where unknown
To me is the fate of father and brothers?

AMNERIS. Deeply do I pity thee! Nevertheless
The ills of this world have an end, Time will heal
The anguish of thy heart.
And more than time—a powerful god—love.

AIDA. (Much moved) (Love! love! joy—torture—
Sweet madness—cruel pang!
In thy pangs—I feel life
One smile of thine—discloses heaven).

AMNERIS, (Looking fixedly at AIDA.) (Ah that
pallor—that disorder
Reveal the mystery—fear of love.
To question her, I am almost afraid—
I share the anguish of her terror).

(A Fixing her eyes on AIDA)
Well! what new passion
Assails thee, gentle Aida?
Thy secrets reveal to me,
Trust thee to my love—
Among the brave men who fought
To the injury of thy country
Some one—a gentle grief
Perhaps—has awakened in thy heart?

AIDA. Of what speakest thou?

AMNERIS. To all
Fate does not show herself cruel—
If on the field the intrepid leader
Falls wounded to death.

AIDA. What sakest thou! ah misery!

AMNERIS. Yes—Radames by thy people
Was slain—And canst thou weep?

AIDA. For ever I shall weep!

AMNERIS. The gods have avenged thee—

AIDA. The gods were ever adverse to me—

AMNERIS, (breaking forth with anger.) Ah! trem-
ble! I read thy heart—
Thou lovest him!

AIDA. I!

AMNERIS. Lie not!
Yet one word, and I shall know the truth!
Look me in the face—
I deceive thee—Radames lives!

AIDA, (with exaltation falling on her knees.) He
lives!
Thanks be to the gods!

AMNERIS. And hopest thou still to deceive me!
Yes—thou lovest him—But I love him—
(with increasing fury.)
I also—comprehendest thou?—I am thy rival—
A daughter of the Pharaohs—

AIDA. (with pride, raising herself.) My rival!
It may well be—Also I—
I am such—
(restraining herself.)

What am I saying?—pity—pardon!
Take pity on my grief.
It is true. I love him with a great love
Thou art happy, thou art powerful,
I live only for his love.

AMNERIS. Tremble, O vile slave! Let thy heart
break!
This love may point thy death!
Of thy destiny I am the arbiter,
The demons of hatred and revenge I have in my
heart. (sounds within.)

Ah, the pomp which approaches!
With me, O slave, thou shalt assist;
Thou prostrate in the dust,
I on the throne beside the King.
Come. Follow me. And thou shalt learn
If thou canst contend with me.

AIDA. Ah! pity! What more remains to me?
My life is a desert;
Live and reign, thy rage
I will quickly appease.
This love which angers thee
In the tomb I will extinguish.

SCENE SECOND.

An entrance to the City of Thebom.

In front a group of palms. To the right the temple of Ammon, to the left a throne surmounted by a
purple canopy. At the back a triumphal gate. The scene is crowded with people.

Enter the King followed by Ministers, Priests, Captains, fan-bearers, ensign-bearers, etc., etc. After-
wards Amneris, with Aida, and slaves. The King seats himself on the throne. Amneris places
herself to the left of the King.

PEOPLE. Glory to Egypt, and to Isis
Who the sacred soil protects;
To the king who rules the Delta,
Festal hymns let us raise!
Come, O champion warrior,
Come to rejoice with us;
In the path of the heroes
Laurels and flowers let us strew.

WOMEN. Weave the lotus with the laurel

In the hair of the conqueror.
Let us dance, daughters of Egypt,
The mystic dances,
As around the sun
Dance the stars of heaven!

PRIESTS. To the supreme arbiters of victory
Raise your eyes;
Render thanks to the gods
For this happy day.
Thus for us with glory
May the future be marked,
Nor may that fate seize us
That struck the barbarians.
(The Egyptian troops, preceded by trumpets,
defile before the King. The chariots of war follow the ensigns, the sacred vases and the statues of the gods—A troop of dancing girls who carry the treasures of the defeated. And lastly, Radames, under a canopy borne by twelve Officers.

The King, who descends from the throne to embrace Radames.) Saviour of thy country I salute thee,
Come, and let my daughter with her own hand
Place upon you the triumphant crown.

(Radames bowes before Amneris, who places the crown upon him.)

The King, (to Radames.) Now ask of me
What thou most wishest. Nothing denied to thee
On such a day shall be—I swear it
By my crown, by the sacred gods!

Radames. Deign first to let the prisoners be drawn up before thee.

(Enter between guards the Ethiopian prisoners, Amonasro last, dressed as an officer.)

Aida. What do I see! He?—my father!
All. Her father!

Amneris. In our power!
Aida. Thou prisoner?
Amonasro, (softly to Aida.) Betray me not!

The King, (to Amonasro.) Draw thou near—
Then—thou art?

Amonasro. Her father.—I also fought—Was conquered, and death I sought in vain.
(Pointing to the uniform in which he is dressed)
This livery that I wear may tell you
That I have defended my king and my country.
Fate was hostile to our arms—
Vain was the courage of the brave—
At my feet in the dust extended
Lay the King, transfixed by many wounds;
If the love of country is a crime
We are all criminals, all ready to die!

(Turning to the King, with a supplicating accent)
But thou, O King, thou puissant lord,
Be merciful to those men—
To-day we are stricken by fate,
To-morrow fate may smile upon us.

Aida, Prisoners and Female Slaves. Yes: by the gods we are stricken;
Thy pity, thy mercy we implore;
Ah! May you never have to suffer
What is now given to us to suffer!

Ramphis, Priests. Destroy, O King, these savage hordes!
Close your heart to their perfidious voices!
By the gods they were doomed to death,
Let the will of the gods be accomplished!

People. Priests your anger soften.
The humble prayer of the conquered hear;
And thou O King, powerful and strong
Open thy thoughts to mercy.

Radames, (fixing his eyes on Aida.) The sorrow which speaks in that face
Renders it more beautiful to my sight,
Every drop of the beloved tears
Reanimates love in my breast.

Amneris. (What glances on her he turns!
With what flame their faces flash!
To such a fate as this am I destined?
Revenge groans in my heart.)

King. Now that events smile favorably upon us
To these people let us show ourselves merciful;
Pity ascends grateful to the gods
And confirms the power of princes.

Radames, (to the King.) O King! by the sacred gods,
By the splendor of thy crown,
Thou warest to fulfill thy vow—

The King. I swore.

Radames. Well: of thee for the Ethiopian prisoners,
Life I demand and liberty.

Amneris. (For all?)

Priests. Death to the enemies of the country!

People. Grace for the unhappy!

Ramphis. Listen, O King!
(To Radames.) Even thou
Young hero, listen to wise counsel:
They are enemies, and they are warriors—
They have revenge in their hearts.
Emboldened by the pardon
They will run to arms again.

Radames. Amonasro the warrior King slain,
No hope remains to the vanquished.

Ramphis. At least
As an earnest of peace and security, among us
With her father let Aida remain—
Let the rest be free—

The King. To thy counsel I yield.
Of security and peace a better pledge
I will now give.—Radames, the country
Owes all to thee—The hand of Amneris
Be thy reward. Over Egypt some day
With her shalt thou reign.

Amneris. Now let the slave come [dares]!
Let her come to take my love from me—if she

The King. Glory to Egypt, and to Isis
Who the sacred soil defends!
Weave the lotus with the laurel
In the hair of the victors!

Priests. Hymns let us raise to Isis
Who the sacred soil defends;
Let us pray that the fates may ever smile
Propitious on our country.

Aida. (What hope more remains to me?)
To him glory and the throne—
To me oblivion—the tears
Of hopeless love.

Prisoners. Glory to the merciful Egyptian
Who has unloosed our fetters,
Who restores to us the free
Paths of our native land!

Radames. (The thunder of the adverse gods
On my head descends—
Ah! no! the throne of Egypt
Is not worth the heart of Aida.

AMNENIS. (By the unexpected joy
I am intoxicated;
All in one day are fulfilled
The dreams of my heart.)

AMONASRO. (to AIDA). Take heart, for thy country
Expect happy events;
For us the dawn of vengeance
Is already near.

PEOPLE. Glory to Egypt and to Isis
Who the sacred soil defends!
Weave the lotus with the laurel
In the hair of the victors!

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

The banks of the Nile.

Rocks of granite, among which grow palm-trees. On the top of the rocks the Temple of Isis half-concealed among the foliage. It is star-light and bright moonlight.

CHORUS, (in the Temple.) O thou, who art of Osiris
Mother immortal and spouse,
Goddess who awakenest the beatings
In the hearts of human creatures,
Come, piteous, to our help,
Mother of eternal love!

(From a boat which approaches the shore descends Amneris, Ramphis and some women closely veiled, and Guards.)

RAMPHIS, (to Amneris.) Come to the temple of Isis. On the eve
Of thy nuptials implore
The favor of the goddess. Isis rules
The heart of mortals—every mystery
Of mankind to her is known.

AMNENIS. Yes: I will pray that Radames may
give me
His whole heart, as mine to him
Is consecrated forever.

RAMPHIS. Let us enter.
Thou shalt pray till dawn—I shall be with thee.

[All enter the temple. The chorus repeats the sacred song.]

AIDA, (enters cautiously, covered with a veil.)
—Here Radames will come. What would he say to me?
I tremble—Ah! If thou comest
To give me, O cruel one, the last farewell,
The deep water of the Nile
Shall give me a tomb—and peace perhaps—and oblivion.
O azure heavens! O sweet breezes of my native land
Where the serene morning beam'd on me!
O green hills! O perfumed shores!
O my country, shall I ever see thee more?
O fresh valleys, O blessed abode of peace
Which once was promised by love!

ALAS! the dream of love is banished—
O my country, I shall never see thee again!

[Enter Amonasro.]

AIDA. Heavens! my father!

AMONASRO. Grave occasion
Leads me to thee Aida. Nothing escapes
My sight—thou art destroying thyself with love
For Radames—he loves thee—and here thou awaitest him.
The daughter of the Pharaohs is thy rival:
An infamous race, abhorred and fatal to us!

AIDA. And I am in her power—I, the daughter
Of Amonasro!

AMONASRO. In her power! No! If thou wilt,
This powerful rival thou shalt defeat,
And country, and throne, and love all shall be thine!
Thou shalt see again the balmy forest,
The fresh valleys, our temples of gold!

AIDA, (with transport.) I shall see again the balmy forests—
Our valleys—our temples of gold!

AMONASRO. Happy bride of him whom thou lovest so much,
Great rejoicings shall be thine!

AIDA. One day only of such sweet enchantment,
One hour of such joy—and then to die!

AMONASRO. Nevertheless thou rememberest that the merciless Egyptian
Profaned our houses, temples, and altars—
He drew in fetters the ravished virgins—
Mothers, old men and children he destroyed.

AIDA. Ah! well I remember those unhappy days;
I remember the grief that my heart suffered.
Ah! return to us, O gods,
The longed-for dawn of peaceful days.

AMONASRO. Delay not. In arms now are aroused
Our people—Every thing is ready—
Victory we shall have. It only remains for me to know
What path the enemy will follow.
AIDA. Who will be able to discover it?
AMONASRO. Thyself!
AIDA. I!
AMONASRO. Radames will come here soon—He loves thee—
He leads the Egyptians—Dost thou understand?
AIDA. Horror!
What dost thou counsel me? No! No! Never!
AMONASRO, (with savage fury.) Up, then! Rise Egyptian legions!
With fire destroy our cities—
Spread terror, carnage, and death—
To your fury there is no longer check.
AIDA. Oh father!
AMONASRO, (repulsing her.) My daughter
Dost thou call thyself?
AIDA, (terrified and suppliant.) Pity!
AMONASRO. Rivers of blood pour
On the cities of the vanquished—
Seest thou? From the black gulfs
The dead are raised—
To thee they point and cry:
For thee the country dies.
AIDA. Pity!
AMONASRO. A horrible ghost
From among the shadows approaches us!
Tremble! the fleshless arms
Over thy head are raised—
It is thy mother—recognise her—
She curses thee!
AIDA, (in the greatest terror.) Ah! no! Father.
AMONASRO, (repulsing her.) Go unworthy one!
thou art not my offspring,
Thou art the slave of the Pharaohs.
AIDA. Father, their slave I am not!
Reproach me not—curse me not—
Thy daughter again thou canst call me—
Of my country I will be worthy.
AMONASRO. Think that a people conquered, torn to pieces,
Through thee alone can arise.
AIDA. O my country,
O my country—
How much thou costest me!
AMONASRO. Courage! he comes—here I shall hear all—
(Conceals himself among the palm trees.)
[Enter Radames.]
RADAMES. I see thee again, my sweet Aida—
AIDA. Stop! begone—What hopest thou still?
RADAMES. Love guided me to thee.
AIDA. The rites of another love await thee—
Sposhe of Amneris—
RADAMES. What sayest thou?
Thee alone, Aida, must I love.
Hear me, gods!—thou shalt be mine—
AIDA. Stain not thyself with perjury.
Valiant I loved thee, forsworn I should not love thee.
RADAMES. Doubtest thou my love, Aida?

AIDA. And how
Hopenst thou to free thyself from the love of Amneris,
From the King's will, from the vows of thy people,
From the wrath of the priests?
RADAMES. Hear me, Aida.
To the fierce pant of a new war
The land of Ethiopia has re-awakened,—
Thy people already invade our country,
I shall be leader of the Egyptians.
Amid the flame, the applause of victory
I prostrate myself before the King, I unveil to him my heart—
Thou shalt be the reward of my glory
We shall live blessed by eternal love.
AIDA. Nor fearest thou the vindictive fury of Amneris?
Her revenge
Like a dreadful thunderbolt
Will fall on me, on my father, on all.
RADAMES. I protect thee.
AIDA. In vain! thou couldst not—
Still—if thou lovest me—again a way
Of escape opens to us—
RADAMES. Which?
AIDA. To fly—
RADAMES. To fly?
AIDA, (with greater enthusiasm.) Let us fly from
the inhospitable heirs
Of these barren plains;
A new country—
To our love is disclosed—
There, among virgin forests,
Perfumed flowers,
In unknown ecstasy
We will forget the world.
RADAMES. To a foreign land
With thee must I fly?
Abandon country,
The altars of our gods?
The land where I gathered
The first laurels of glory,
The heaven of our love,
How can we forget it?
AIDA. Under the heaven of my land more freely
Shall love to us be granted;
There in the same temple
The same gods we shall have.
RADAMES, (hesitating.) Aida!
AIDA. Thou lovest me not—Go!
RADAMES. I love thee not!
Never mortal nor god
Burnt with love so powerful as mine.
AIDA. Go—go—Amneris awaits thee
At the altar—
RADAMES. No, never!
AIDA. Never, saidst thou?
Then falls the axe
On me, on my father—
RADAMES. Ah! no! let us fly!
(With impassioned resolution.)
Yes: let us fly from these walls,
To the desert let us fly together;
Here misfortune reigns alone,
There opens to us a heaven of love.
The boundless deserts
Shall be our nuptial couch,
On us the stars will shine
With a more limpid effulgence.

AIDA. In the happy land
Of my fathers heaven awaits us;
There the air is perfumed,
There the ground is fragrant with flowers.
Fresh valleys and green fields
Shall be our nuptial couch.
On us the stars will shine
With a more limpid effulgence.

[AIDA and RADAMES. Come with me—together let
This land of grief.
Come with me—I love thee, I love thee!
Love shall be our leader.

(They go rapidly aside.)

AIDA, (stopping suddenly). But tell me by what road
Shall we avoid the armed hosts?

RADAMES. The path chosen by our troops
To fall on the enemy will be deserted
Until to morrow—

AIDA. And that path?

RADAMES. The pass
Of Napata.

(Enter AMONASRO.)

AMONASRO. The pass of Napata!
There shall be my people—

RADAMES. Oh! who hears us?—

AMONASRO. The father of Aida and King of the
Ethiopians.

RADAMES, (greatly agitated). Thou, Amonasro!
Thou the King! Gods! What said I?
No! It is not true!—I dream—this is delirium.

AIDA. Ah no! calm thyself—listen to me—
Trust thyself in my love.

AMONASRO. Aida's love shall raise thee
To a throne.

RADAMES. For thee to betray my country!
I am dishonored.

AMONASRO. No: thou art not guilty—
It was the will of fate—
Come: beyond the Nile await us
The brave men devoted to us;
There the vows of thy heart
Shall be crowned with love.

Enter Amneris, from the temple. Then Raphis,
Priests, and guards.

AMNERIS. Traitor!
AIDA. My rival!—

AMONASRO (rushing upon Amneris with a dagger.)—
Comest thou to destroy my work?

Die!—

RADAMES, (interposing himself.) Stop madman!—

AMONASRO. Oh! fury!

RAPHIS. Hither guards!

RADAMES, (to AIDA and AMONASRO.) Haste!—

fly!—

AMONASRO, (drawing Aida away.) Come, O
daughter!

RAPHIS, (to the guards.) Follow them!

RADAMES, (to Raphis.) Priest, I remain with thee.

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST.

Hall in the King's Palace.

To the left a grand gate which opens on the subterranean hall of judgment. Passage to the left which
conducts to the prison of RADAMES.

AMNERIS, (in a sad attitude before the gate of the
hall.) My abhorred rival escapes me—
Radames awaits from the priests
The punishment of a traitor—Traitor
He is not—though he revealed
The high secret of war—he wished to fly—
To fly with her—traitors all!
To death! To death! Oh! what did I say? I
love him—
I love him always—desperate, mad
Is this love which destroys my life.
Oh! if he could love me!—
I would save him—And how?
Let me try!—Guards! Radames comes.

AMNERIS, (Enter Radames guarded.)

AMNERIS. Already the priests assemble,
Arbiters of thy fate;
Of the horrible crime however
Still it is given thee to exculpate thyself,
Exculpate thyself, and grace for thee
I will beg from the throne;
And a messenger of pardon,
Of life, to thee I will be.

RADAMES. Of my exculpation the judges
Will never hear the sound.
Before gods and men
Neither vile nor guilty do I feel.
My incautious lips
Uttered the fatal secret, it is true,
But pure my thought
And my honor remained.

_**Amneris.** Then save and exculpate thyself._

_**Radames.** No._

_**Amneris.** Thou wilt die._

_**Radames.** Life I abhor: the font
Of every joy dried up,
Every hope vanished,
I wish only to die._

_**Amneris.** To die! Ah! thou shouldst live!
Yes, for my love thou shalt live;
For thee I have undergone
The dreadful anguish of death.
I love thee—I suffer so much—
I watch through the nights in tears—
Country and throne and life,
All I would give for thee._

_**Radames.** For her I have betrayed
My country and my honor._

_**Amneris.** Of her no more—
Radames. Infamy awaits me, and thou wishest
that I live?—
Utterly wretched thou makest me;
Aida thou hast taken from me,
Killed her perhaps—And for gift
Thou offerest life to me?_—

_**Amneris.** I—the cause of her death!
No!—Aida lives—

_**Radames.** Lives!_—

_**Amneris.** In the desperate struggle
Of the fugitive hordes
Fell her father alone—

_**Radames.** And she?—

_**Amneris.** She disappeared, nor more news
Have we._—

_**Radames.** May the gods lead her
Safe to her native walls,
And let her not know the unhappy fate
Of him who will die for her._

_**Amneris.** Now, if I save thee, swear to me
That thou wilt not see her more—

_**Radames.** I cannot do it!_—

_**Amneris.** Renounce her
For ever—and thou shalt live—

_**Radames.** I cannot do it!_—

_**Amneris.** Yet once more:
Renounce her—

_**Radames.** It is vain._—

_**Amneris.** Wouldst thou die, then, madman?

_**Radames.** I am ready to die._—

_**Amneris.** Who shall save thee, O wretch,
From the fate that awaits thee?
To fury hast thou changed
A love which had no equal,
Revenge for my tears
Heaven will now consummate._—

_**Radames.** Death is a supreme blessing,
If for her it is given to me to die;
In undergoing the last extremity.
My heart will feel great joy.
Human anger I fear no more;
I fear only thy pity._

_Exit Radames surrounded by guards._

_**Amneris.** (falling desolate on a seat.) Ah me! I
feel myself dying—Oh! who will save him?
And in their power
I myself threw him—Now I curse thee
Atrociou jealousy, that didst cause his death
And the eternal grief of my heart!
(Turns and sees the Priests who cross the stage
to enter the subterranean hall.)

_What do I see! Behold the fatal,
The merciless ministers of death—
Oh! that I might not see those white ghosts!_ (Covers her face with her hands.)

_**Priests.** (in the subterranean hall.) Spirit of the
gods descend upon us!
Awaken us to the ray of thy eternal light:
By our lips make thy justice known._

_**Amneris.** Gods, pity my torn heart—
He is innocent, save him, O gods!
Desperate, tremendous is my sorrow!_—

_**Radames.** (between guards, crosses the stage and
descends to the subterranean hall.) Amneris on
seeing him utters a cry._

_**Ramphis.** (in the subterranean hall.) Radames,
Radames; thou didst reveal
The country's secrets to the foreigner._

_**Priests.** Defend thyself!_—

_**Ramphis.** He is silent._—

_**All.** Traitor!_—

_**Ramphis.** Radames, Radames: thou didst desert
From the camp the day preceding the battle._

_**Priests.** Defend thyself!_—

_**Ramphis.** He is silent._—

_**All.** Traitor!_—

_**Ramphis.** Radames, Radames; thou hast broken
Forsworn thy country, King, and honor._

_**Priests.** Defend thyself!_—

_**Ramphis.** He is silent._—

_**All.** Traitor!_—

_**Ramphis.** Radames, thy fate is decided;
Thou shalt die the death of the infamous:
Under the altar of the angered god,
To thee alive be opened the tomb._

_**Amneris.** To him alive—the tomb—oh, the infernal
Never satisfied with blood—[mous wretches]
And they call themselves ministers of heaven!_ (Attacking the Priests, who issue from the subterranean hall.)

_**Priests.** You have done a wicked deed;
Infamous tigers, thirsting for blood,
You outrage earth and gods—
You punish him who has done no wrong._

_**Priests.** He is a traitor! he shall die._

_**Amneris.** (to Ramphis.) Priest: this man whom
thou slayest,
Thou knowest it—was loved by me—
The curse of a broken heart
With his blood will recoil on thee!_—

_**Priests.** He is a traitor! he shall die._ (They withdraw slowly.)

_**Amneris.** Impious band! anathema! On you
The vengeance of heaven will fall!_ [Exit in despair.
SCENE SECOND.

The scene is divided into two floors.

The upper floor represents the interior of the temple of Vulcan resplendent with light and gold; the lower floor a subterranean hall. Long rows of arcades which are lost in the darkness. Colossal statues of Osiris with the hands crossed sustain the pilasters of the vault. Radames is in the subterranean hall on the steps of the staircase by which he has descended.—Above, two Priests, engaged in closing the stone over the subterranean entrance.

Radames. The fatal stone is closed above me—
Behold my tomb—The light of day
I shall see no more—I shall no more see Aida.
—Aida where art thou? May thou at least
Live happy, and my dreadful fate
Never know! What a groan! A Ghost—
A vision—No! It is a human shape—
Heavens! Aida!
Aida. It is I—
Radames. Thou—in this tomb?
Aida. My heart prophetic of thy sentence,
Into this tomb which opened itself for thee
I furtive made my way—
And here, afar from ever human glance
In thy arms I wish to die.

Radames. To die! So pure and beautiful!
To die for love of me—
In the flower of thy youth,
To fly from life!
Heaven created thee for love
And I kill thee by having loved thee!
No! thou shalt not die!
Too much I loved thee!—
Too beautiful art thou.

Aida. (raving.) Seest thou? the angel of death
Radiant to us approaches—
He takes us to eternal joys
Under his golden pinions.
Above us heaven has already opened;

There every grief ceases—
There begins the ecstacy
Of an immortal love.

Songs and dances of the Priestesses in the temple.

Aida. Sad song!—
Radames. The jubilee of the Priests—
Aida. 'Tis our hymn of death!
Radames. (trying to move the stone of the vault.)
My strong arms
Cannot move thee, O fatal stone!
Aida. It is vain—all is over
For us on earth.

Radames, (with despairing resignation.) It is true! It is true!
(Goes to Aida and supports her.)

Aida and Radames. O earth farewell, farewell,
Vale of tears—
Dream of joy which vanished in grief—
Heaven opens itself to us and our wandering souls
Fly to the rays of eternal day.
(Aida falls gently into the arms of Radames.)

Amneris, (in mourning robes, appearing in the temple and prostrating herself on the stone which closes the vault.)

Peace I pray for thee, O adored corpse;
Isis appeased, may she unclose heaven to thee!

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Dost Thou not Breathe.
On Distant Shores.

Lucia di Lammermoor. Donizetti.
To Earth I Bid a Last Farewell.

Lucrezia Borgia. Donizetti.
Holy Beauty.
Make Me no Gaudy Chaplet.

Linda di Chamounix. Donizetti.
Come Loved One, Smile.
My Soul in One Unbroke Sigh.

Masaniello. Auber.
Behold, the Morn is Breaking.

Maritana. Wallace.
It was a Knight. Romance.
'Tis the Harp in the Air.
Yes, Let Me like a Soldier Fall!
There is a Flower that Bloometh.

Martha. Flotow.
Like a Dream.

Mignon. Thomas.
Ah, Little Thought.
I'm Fair Titania.

Marriage of Figaro. Mozart.
Could'st Thou, Love.

Norma. Bellini.
Ah! Were My Love Requited.
Queen of Heaven.

Rigoletto. Verdi.
'Mid the Fair Thorn.

Roberto Devereux. Donizetti.
Like to an Angel from the Skies.

Robert le Diable. Meyerbeer.
Robert, My Beloved.
Once Swayed a Prince.

Semiramide. Rossini.
My Fond Thoughts.

Sonnambula. Bellini.
SOUNDS so Joyful.
Still so Gently O'er Me stealing.

Staidentella. Flotow.
Over Hills, Through Valleys.
Oh, Italy. My Native Land.

Stradella's Prayer.

Tanhauser. Wagner.
All Praise be Thine.

Traviata. Verdi.
Ah, Was it He Who Filled My Heart.

Trovatore. Verdi.
'Twas Night. and All Around.
To Tell of Love so Glowing.
Breeze of the Night.

Lonely I Wander.

Strike Down That Dread Pyrom.

William Tell. Rossini.

Deep Shaded Forest.

Come Love for Thee.

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