



MUSIC  
DAVIS

University of California, Davis  
The Department of Music  
presents

# LA LIBERAZIONE DI RUGGIERO DALL'ISOLA DI ALCINA

(The liberation of Ruggiero  
from the island of Alcina)

Florence, 1625

music by Francesca Caccini (1587-ca. 1640)

libretto by Ferdinando Saracinelli

## EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

David Nutter, director

stage direction by Alan Stambusky

THURSDAY JUNE 2, 1983

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1983

8:15 P.M.

MAIN THEATRE

ADMISSION FREE

The University of California, Davis  
Department of Music  
presents  
THE UNIVERSITY EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE  
DAVID NUTTER, director  
stage direction by ALAN STAMBUSKY  
in a performance of the opera-ballet

Concerts  
Conducted  
25

LA LIBERAZIONE DI RUGGIERO DALL'ISOLA DI ALCINA  
(The liberation of Ruggiero from the island of Alcina)

music by FRANCESCA CACCINI  
libretto by FERDINANDO SARACINELLI  
engravings from the original performance by ALFONSO PARIGI  
at the Medici villa of POGGIO IMPERIALE, FLORENCE, 1625

CAST (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

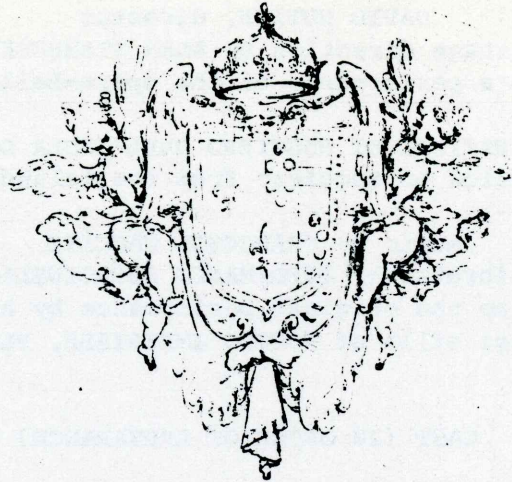
|                   |                                                                                                 |
|-------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| NETTUNO           | Robert Crummey                                                                                  |
| VISTULA           | Thomas Estes                                                                                    |
| NUMI DELL'ACQUE   | Gerry Prody, Elizabeth Morris<br>Helen Nutter, Gail Simmons<br>Eric Greve, Grey Brothers        |
| MELISSA           | Elizabeth Martin                                                                                |
| DAMIGELLE         | Gerry Prody, Sandy Lipsman,<br>Sherry Kowallis, Gail Simmons,<br>Helen Nutter, Elizabeth Morris |
| RUGGIERO          | Richard Brunner                                                                                 |
| ALCINA            | Christine Moore                                                                                 |
| PASTORE           | Grey Brothers                                                                                   |
| SIRENA            | Sandy Lipsman                                                                                   |
| PIANTE INCANTATE  | Thomas Estes, Elizabeth Morris,<br>Grey Brothers                                                |
| NUNZIA            | Sandy Lipsman                                                                                   |
| UNA DAMIGELLA     | Sherry Kowallis                                                                                 |
| ALTRA DAMIGELLA   | Gerry Prody                                                                                     |
| MOSTRI            | Stephen Kirkland, Gail Simmons                                                                  |
| ASTOLFO           | Steven Law                                                                                      |
| DAMA DISINCANTATA | Gerry Prody                                                                                     |

Thursday, June 2, 1983  
Saturday, June 4, 1983

8:15 p.m.

Main Theatre

THE UNIVERSITY EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE  
DAVID NUTTER, DIRECTOR



CHORUS

SOPRANO: Sherry Kowallis, Sandy Lipsman, Christine Moore,  
Helen Nutter, Gerry Prody

ALTO: Elizabeth Martin, Elizabeth Morris, Gail Simmons

TENOR: Grey Brothers, Richard Brunner, Eric Greve, Steven Law

BASS: Robert Crummey, Tom Estes, Stephen Kirkland

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Sarah Brosier: recorder, viol

Don Chakerian: sackbut

Carrie Crompton: viol

Wade Dowdell: recorder

Tom Kaiser: organ

Carrie Kramer: harpsichord

Jeanette Leifson: harpsichord

Luisa Pellon: viol

Ciro Scotto: viol

Fred Weyman: recorder

Ushers for this evening's concert are provided by the  
Impresario Society.

The use of cameras or any recording equipment is prohibited.

## SYNOPSIS

Concerts  
Conducted  
25

EME  
Program  
Notes  
10

This is an opera superficially about the age-old conflict between good (Melissa), evil (Alcina) and their pawn in destiny, Ruggiero. But what really constitutes either extreme is left in abeyance, remaining a surface abstraction against which the character of the protagonists is drawn. Who is betrayed by whom? Ariosto depicts Alcina as a cruel and wicked enchantress. Saracini's Alcina is altogether more sympathetic, and her actions and seemingly heartfelt emotions invite our sympathies as well. In the end she is a woman in love betrayed by a wily Melissa, an oafish lover and by the inexorable forces of destiny which even her magic powers cannot arrest. Like Ariadne abandoned by Theseus, she submits to fate unwillingly. Clinging to the last to hope, she rages helplessly against a power greater than her own. As opera moved away from the representational and allegorical to explore more fully the psychology of the individual, this Alcina, modelled on the great tragic heroines of antiquity such as Ariadne and Dido, elevates the portrayal of human emotions to a higher plane of verisimilitude. With Alcina's defeat the play is over. Melissa's triumphal peroration following Alcina's downfall is a lofty and somewhat gratuitous speech on the model of the Greek tragic chorus. From there on it is the ladies-in-waiting of the Tuscan court who reenact in the fashion of the French balletic entr e the liberation of their own Ruggieros, much no doubt to the amusement of everyone present.

PROLOGUE: The prologue serves to introduce the action and to pay flowery homage to the princely patrons in the audience. Neptune and his attendant Marine Deities arise from the sea (thus linking the prologue to the ensuing action on Alcina's island). Neptune calls upon the river Vistula (Poland) and together they invoke Apollo to sing the praises of the visiting Prince of Poland, Wladislaw Sigismund.

SCENE I (part one): Melissa declares her intent to rescue Ruggiero. She dons the disguise of Atlante, an aged sorcerer who had raised Ruggiero as a youth in an enchanted castle. Bradamante, Ruggiero's true love has sent her. Alcina's Damsels arrive, waking the sleeping lovers. Alcina and Ruggiero declare their love. Alcina and Damsels depart, leaving Ruggiero to enjoy (part two) on the island's enchanted shores the song of a love-sick Shepherd. A Siren appears and enjoins Ruggiero to 'follow love'. He nods off, only to be awakened by the appearance of Atlante (part three). He chides him for wasting his time with Alcina. He shows no resistance and angrily casts down Alcina's gifts. As they are about to depart, a forest of enchanted plants (Alcina's ex-lovers) entreat Atlante to save them. Atlante agrees, but first they must set off to regain the hero's arms. (part four) Alcina and Damsels return looking for Ruggiero. She discovers the gifts she had given him, suspecting the worst. Her fears are confirmed by the Messenger, who relates how she had seen Atlante reveal himself to be Melissa in disguise. Ruggiero arrives, fully armed and emboldened by his rekindled passion for Bradamante. Alcina attempts to change his mind: she rages, pleads and threatens but to no avail as Ruggiero remains adamant. Alcina calls upon the monsters of Hell to close all paths of escape. Ruggiero, undaunted, vows to free with Melissa's help the enchanted Astolfo (a relative of Bradamante's) and the other enchanted plants.

SCENE II: Alcina and her Monsters threaten Ruggiero with death. Astolfo voices his fears but Melissa, whose powers are greater than Alcina's, forces her and her monsters to flee.

SCENE III: Melissa moralizes on how Alcina's kingdom was but a terrible dream. Alcina's now 'disenchanted' Damsels appear demanding the release of their imprisoned lovers. Melissa consents and the Damsels and Knights dance and sing of their recovered joy.

(DN)

Grateful acknowledgment is made to  
Marinka Phaff and Barbara Jackson (Davis Costume Guild)  
Professor Michael Reid (Environmental Horticulture)  
Stephen Kirkland (choreography)  
Susan Donahue (stage manager)

Francesca Caccini, the eldest daughter of the famed singer and composer Giulio Caccini, was born at Florence on 18 September, 1587. Like her sister Settimia and her brother Pompeo, she received her early musical education from her father. At the age of 13 'la Cecchina' (diminutive of Francesca) made her first appearance as a singer at the wedding of Maria de' Medici and Henri IV, King of France. For these festivities her father had composed most of the music for Chiabrera's pastoral drama *Il rapimento di Cefalo*. It was for this same occasion that Jacopo Peri wrote the 'first' opera, *L'Euridice*. In 1602 Caccini published *Le nuove musiche*, a collection of solo songs with figured bass, prefaced by a discourse on the background and techniques of composing and singing in the new monodic style. Francesca's own training was no doubt grounded along similar lines as propounded here, for the preface includes reference to how certain ornaments had been taught to her mother Lucia (recently deceased) and to her stepmother Margherita. In 1604 this remarkable family of musicians--*il concerto Caccini*--was invited to perform at the French court where Francesca in particular distinguished herself; she was invited to remain, but permission was refused her by the Tuscan court. About 1606 Francesca married the Florentine court musician Giovanni Battista Signorini and during the same period entered into correspondence Michelangelo Buonarroti the younger (she was reputed to have written poetry in Latin and Italian though none survives), and composed her earliest music, a pastoral eclogue, *Tirsi e Filli*. In the following years she sang regularly with the court virtuosos and instituted her own singing school. In 1615 she scored her first success as a composer, setting to music the *Ballo delle Zingane* written by the poet Ferdinando Saracinielli (only the libretto survives), and in 1618 she published a book of solo songs and duets, *Il primo libro delle musiche a una e due voci*. Following the death of her husband in 1626 she appears to have retired from the Florentine artistic scene. Her last years are obscure; it is claimed she remarried a senator from Lucca and died of throat cancer about 1640.

*La liberazione di Ruggiero dall'isola di Alcina*, to a libretto by Ferdinando Saracinielli adapted from the sixth canto of Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*, was first performed on the occasion of Prince Wladislaw Sigismund of Poland's visit to Florence in 1625. Francesca's opera is something of a historical curiosity: it was the first opera composed by a woman and was the first Italian opera to be performed outside of Italy (Warsaw, 1628). But far more than a mere footnote to history, the opera shows Francesca's skilled command of the art of composing theatre music in which every textual nuance receives its due musical illustration. The predominant style is that of the recitativo. Based on the concept of 'singing while acting' (recitar cantando) first invented by the preceding generation of Florentine composers (particularly Peri), it is variously swiftly declamatory, or aria-like. Following the example set by Monteverdi (*Orfeo*, 1607), the melodic anticipation of a succeeding chord, and modulatory sidislips to remote 'key' areas further intensify the delivery of key words and phrases. Also Monteverdian is the variety of forms: strophic-variation airs (the song of the Siren), duets and trios, lively choruses and instrumental preludes, postludes (*sinfonie*) and interludes (*ritornelli*).

Both score and libretto were printed at Florence in 1625, a distinction afforded few court entertainments. Lacking from the score is the ballet music with which the opera concludes. We have chosen here to insert dance music by Salamone Rossi, a contemporary and collaborator of Monteverdi's at the court of Mantua (*Sinfonia grave*; *Passaggio d'un balletto*; *Gagliarda*). From a description of the event left by the court diarist Cesare Tinghi, we know the opera was staged at the villa of Poggio Imperiale, recently purchased and refurbished by Maddalena of Austria, widow of Duke Cosimo II (d. 1621) and acting regent during the minority of her son Ferdinando II. The opera was staged in a loggia of the villa with sets by Alfonso Parigi (reproduced in the libretto) and concluded with a horse-back ballet in the courtyard below.

-DN

## PROLOGO

## SINFONIA

## NETTUNO

Non perchè congiurati Affrico, e Coro  
 Contro'l famoso Enea s'armin di sdegno:  
 Non perchè venga Giove al mio gran Regno,  
 Per Europa gentil cangiato in Toro,  
 RITORNELLO  
 Ma per mirare entro le tosche sponde,  
 Tra i bei Soli di Flora il chiaro Figlio  
 Del gran Sarmato Rege aprivo il ciglio,  
 Io Monarcha del mare esco dall'onde.  
 RITORNELLO  
 Meco venite, e con sonore voci,  
 Numi dell'acque reverite in pace,  
 Chi vinse in guerra il Moscovita e'l Trace,  
 E servi rese i Tartari feroci.  
 RITORNELLO  
 Del nobil regno irrigator sovrano,  
 Tributario a me fido a te convincasi  
 Vistola di cantare i preg'immensi,  
 Onde lieto festeggia il Re Toscano.

## VISTOLA FIUME

O degl'umidi Regni,  
 Reverito Signore, a dire i pregi  
 De' gloriosi Regi,  
 Non han trombe quest'acque;  
 Bonchè d'alto desio n'avvamp' il core,  
 Si tace o ne sospira.  
 Sol di Febo la lira  
 Di questo invito Marte,  
 Che l'universo ammira,  
 Può dir le glorie in parte,  
 E di fama immortale empier le carte,  
 Noi di quest'onde al suono  
 A lui chiederemo intanto,  
 Ch'appaghi i desir tuoi col suo bel canto.

## CORO DI NUMI DELL'ACQUE

Biondo Dio del bel Permesso,  
 Movi spesso  
 D'aure e corde un suon dolcissimo,  
 E concorde l'armonia sempre sia,  
 Al valor del Re fortissimo.

## DUO

Tra gl'ardori,  
 Tra i sudori  
 di Bellona,  
 Tessi al crin bella corona;  
 Fa sentire, o Nume amabile,  
 Di sua gloria il suon mirabile.

## PROLOGUE

## SINFONIA

## NEPTUNE

Not because the winds grew fierce  
 conspiring against the famous Aeneas;  
 not because Jove came to my wide kingdom,  
 changed into a bull for gentle Europa,  
 RITORNELLO  
 but to wonder on the Tuscan shore  
 at the bright son of the King of Poland  
 between the lovely Suns of Florence--for this  
 I monarch of the sea, rise from the waves.  
 RITORNELLO  
 Come with me, water spirits, and with  
 deep voices do reverence in peace before the  
 man that conquered Muscovy and Thrace in war,  
 and made the fierce Tartars slaves.  
 RITORNELLO  
 Mighty irrigator of that noble realm,  
 my tributary and your faithful Vistula is come  
 to sing your great praises, whence the  
 King of Tuscany rejoices and makes merry.

## RIVER VISTULA

O reverend lord  
 of the watery regions  
 my waters have no trumpets worthy  
 to speak the praises of these glorious lands;  
 though my heart is filled with great desire,  
 it is silent and sighs  
 that only Apollo's lyre  
 could tell even a part  
 of the glories of this  
 universally admired invincible Mars,  
 whose immortal fame covers history's slate;  
 By our music from this wave we ask  
 that Apollo may assuage your desires  
 with his beautiful song.

## CHORUS OF MARINE DEITIES

Fair Apollo from lovely Permessis,  
 send quickly  
 from breath and string your sweetest sound,  
 and let the music be ever harmonious  
 in praise of this great king's valor.

## DUET

Through the passions,  
 the sweats of War,  
 place a fair crown  
 on his hair;  
 o loving power, let the wondrous sound  
 of his glory be heard.

TERZO  
Fa non meno  
Dal bel seno  
Mentre tace  
Fiera tromba in lieta pace,  
Fa sentire, o Nume amabile,  
Di sua gloria il suon mirabile.

NETTUNO  
Poscia che'l Cielo e'l Mare oggi destina  
All'alto tuo valore eguale Impero;  
Piacciati d'ascoltar, come Ruggiero  
Gl'amorì abbandonò dell'empia Alcina.  
RITORNELLO  
Per arder di sua sposa al fido amore  
Sprezzò dell'empia Maya il vil semblante.  
Magnanima virtù di Regio amante  
Fia spettacolo giocondo al Regio core.

CORO DI NUMI DELL'ACQUE  
Biondo Dio...

SINFONIA

TRIO  
Do no less  
for his noble breast  
when the proud trumpet  
is silent in the joy of peace,  
o loving power, let the wondrous sound  
of his glory be heard.

NEPTUNE  
May Heaven and Ocean make it your destiny to  
rule an Empire equal to your great valour;  
may it please you to hear how Ruggiero  
escaped from the loves of the wicked Alcina.  
RITORNELLO  
Burning to return to his true love he rejects  
the wicked enchantress's vile form.  
May the noble virtues of a Royal lover  
be pleasant sport for a Royal heart.

CHORUS OF MARINE DEITIES  
Fair Apollo...

SINFONIA

SCENE I  
(part one)

MELISSA  
Così, perfida Alcina,  
Con mentita beltade  
D'un ingannevol volto,  
Credi tener sepolto  
Tra' tuoi nefandi ardori  
Quel fior d'ogni guerriero,  
Quell'invito Ruggiero,  
Eletto a riportassi chiari allori.  
Così terrà che vane  
Sian le premesse mie;  
L'alta donzella e della  
Stirpe gloriosa e bella  
Non usciranno i destinati eroi.  
No, no s'io son' Melissa  
Farò contenti a pieno,  
O fida Bradamante, i desir tuoi;  
Simulerò l'aspetto  
Dell'Africano Atlante,  
Della perfida amante,  
Farò nota a Ruggiero il volto e l'arte.  
Così l'indegne spoglie  
Di servitù lasciva a terra sparte,  
Farò ch'egli s'invoglie  
A seguir l'honorate opre di Marte;  
Preghe e sospir intanto,  
Sparga fiumi di Pianto:  
L'ingannatrice Maya, e omicida,  
Che da' raggi di gloria anima accesa,  
Indarno alletterà bellezza infida.

MELISSA  
Thus, deceitful Alcina,  
with the false beauty  
of a lying countenance,  
you think to hold buried  
in your evil passions  
this flower of all warriors,  
the unconquered Ruggiero,  
destined to carry off fair laurels.  
Thus it will be held that  
my predictions may be in vain;  
from that noble lady of  
beautiful and glorious lineage  
the destined heroes will not emerge.  
No, no, if I am Melissa,  
O faithful Bradamante,  
I will content your desires fully.  
I will disguise myself  
as the African sorcerer Atlante,  
and reveal to Ruggiero the appearance  
and the craft of his deceitful lover.  
Thus he will scatter on the ground the  
unworthy prizes of his sensual slavery.  
I will ensure that he follows  
the honorable occupation of War;  
let that scheming murderous witch  
pour forth prayers, and her sighs and  
streams of tears: her false  
beauty will allure in vain his spirit  
inflamed with the light of glory.

Alcina e Ruggiero  
con un Coro di sei Damigelle

CORO DI DAMIGELLE  
Qui si può dire  
Che del gioire  
Ponesse amor la sede;  
Il Dio del giorno  
Girando intorno  
Coppia simil non vede.  
RITORNELLO  
UNA DAMIGELLA  
Potente Alcina  
Di noi Regina  
D'amor trionfa, e godi.  
ALTRA DAMIGELLA  
Tra queste piante  
Tuo vago amante  
Stringi tra mille nodi.  
RITORNELLO  
DUE DAMIGELLE  
Gentil Ruggiero  
D'amor guerriero  
Ben ti puoi dir beato.  
TRE DAMIGELLE  
Servo d'amore,  
Trapassa l'ore  
Al tuo bel Sole allato.  
TUTTO 'L CORO  
Trapassa l'ore  
Al tuo bel Sole allato.

RUGGIERO  
Quanto per dolce è mia beata sorte!  
T'adoro, anima mia, tanto ti devo  
Bench'io viva per te ferito a morte.  
Ma tu, cor mio, non senti  
Quai pene e quai tormenti  
Da gl'occhi tuoi saetti  
Il vago Arciero ogni sguardo e ferita?  
Misera la mia vita  
Se le dilette e belle  
Lucidissime Stelle,  
Cagion del mio languire,  
Non sapessin sanar come ferire.

ALCINA  
Ah, non ti prender gioco,  
Gentilissimo Amante,  
Di chi per te si strugge in vivo foco;  
Non ha questo sembiante  
Parte che pure a sospirar t'alletti;  
Parli lo specchio mio la dove impressa  
D'ogni bellezza priva  
Ho per costume di mirar me stessa.

Alcina and Ruggiero  
with a chorus of six Damsels

CHORUS OF DAMSELS  
Here one might say  
that for pleasure  
Love has his reign;  
nor has the Sun God  
as he circles the earth  
ever seen such a couple.  
RITORNELLO  
ONE DAMSEL  
Powerful Alcina,  
our queen,  
you triumph over love and enjoy it.  
ANOTHER DAMSEL  
Among these trees  
you bind your wandering lover  
in a thousand knots.  
RITORNELLO  
TWO DAMSELS  
Noble Ruggiero,  
warrior in love,  
you may well call yourself blessed.  
THREE DAMSELS  
Servant of love,  
the time is passing  
beside your love.  
ALL THE CHORUS  
Time is passing  
beside your love.

RUGGIERO  
How sweet is my fate!  
My dear, I adore you; I owe you everything,  
even though you have wounded me mortally.  
But you, my love, do you not feel  
what pains and torment  
from your eyes the fickle Archer  
sends with his arrows at every glance?  
My life would be a misery  
if those lovely and beautiful  
shining stars,  
cause of my anguish,  
did not know how to cure as well as wound.

ALCINA  
Ah my noble love,  
do not make game  
of one who is on fire for you;  
this form of mine  
has no delights other than to make you sigh;  
There, as my mirror tells me,  
where I am wont to view myself,  
I am bereft of all beauty.

RUGGIERO  
Taci, che sol nel Cielo,  
Nel Sole e nelle Stelle,  
Puoi vagheggiar le tue sembianze belle.  
Ma se prendi diletto  
Di rimirar quaggiù quel che tu sei,  
Lascia il vetro mendace, aprimi'l petto;  
Diran gl'incendi miei,  
Dirà quivi'l tuo volto  
Ch'io porto in seno, un Paradiso accolto.

ALCINA  
Vinca Signor tua cortesia nativa,  
Com'io son grat'a te, son bell'ancora;  
Purchè d'amor la face  
Accesa regni nel tuo petto ognora,  
Purchè la fè, la pace  
Eternamente nel tuo cor si viva,  
Sarò qual più ti piace:  
O Stella, o Sole, o l'amorosa Diva.

RUGGIERO  
Cor mio, per tua bellezza  
Arderò mentre vivo,  
Nudo spirito arderò di vita privo.  
Cor mio, per tua bellezza  
Di fede esempio e di costante ardore,  
Ecco la destra, e nella destra il core.

ALCINA  
Dunque di pari foco eternamente  
Arda il nostro desio;  
Ch'esser non può dolente  
Chi serve amando il faretrato Dio.

DAMIGELLA  
Furon saggi, a tosto cedere  
Vostri cori  
Agli sguardi, che saettano.  
Godete or tra i mirti e l'edere  
Vostri amori,  
Mentre l'aura e'l rio v'allettano.

ALCINA  
Rimanti, O mio Signore  
Tra queste plagge amene,  
Mentr'io n'andrò,  
Se tu no'l prendi a sdegno,  
Alle cure del Regno.  
Havrai mille dilette:  
Qui di vaghi augelletti  
Son le campagne piene,  
Qui di Ninfe e Pastori  
S'odono i lieti amori,  
E di cigni e Sirene  
Dolci canti che ponno  
Argo sforzar al Sonno.

RUGGIERO  
Rush, only in the heavens,  
among the sun and the stars  
could wander the likeness of your beauty.  
But if it would please you  
to see here on earth what you are  
leave your lying mirror and look in my heart;  
my passions will tell,  
and your face, imprinted there,  
that I have embraced Paradise entire.

ALCINA  
My Lord, let native courtesy gain the victory;  
if I please you, I am made beautiful again;  
while Love's flaming torch  
may reign in your breast,  
while faith and peace  
may live forever in your heart,  
I shall ever be as you desire:  
Star, Sun, or Goddess of Love.

RUGGIERO  
My love, I shall burn with desire  
for your beauty while I live,  
and as a bodiless spirit, even in death.  
For your beauty, my love, as pledge of my  
faith, of my unchanging love,  
here is my right hand, and in it my heart.

ALCINA  
Then may our love burn with  
an equal fire forever;  
he who loving serves the God of Arrows  
cannot be sad.

DAMSEL  
Your hearts were  
wise to yield  
swiftly to these glances;  
now enjoy your loves  
among myrtles and ivy  
while enticed by brook and breeze.

ALCINA  
Remain, my lord,  
here on these pleasant shores  
while I take my leave,  
if it does not displease you,  
to care for my kingdom.  
Here you will have a thousand delights:  
here the fields  
are full of delightful birds,  
here one may hear of the joyous loves  
of Nymphs and Shepherds,  
and the sweet songs of  
swans and Sirens,  
such as lulled Argus to sleep.

RUGGIERO  
Vanne, vanne felice Regina degl'Amori  
Tra gl'odorati fiori  
Di questo ameno prato,  
Fia da me desiato il tuo ritorno,  
Qual fredda spiaggia suole  
I caldi rai del Sole.

DUE DAMIGELLE  
Aure volanti,  
Augei canori,  
Fonti stillanti,  
Grazie e amori  
Quinci d'intorno,  
Fate più chiar'il Sol,  
Più lieto il giorno.  
RITORNELLO  
TRE DAMIGELLE  
Antri gelati,  
Fulgido Sole,  
Erbosi Prati,  
Gigli e Viole  
Quinci d'intorno  
Fate più chiar il Sol  
Più lieto il giorno.

RUGGIERO  
O quanto è dolce amar beltà pietosa!  
Amor a suo talento,  
Altrui mova pur guerra,  
Non darà mai tormento,  
Se nell'amato ben pietà serra.  
Io ch'in rara beltade  
Trovai bella pietade  
Senza spine d'amor godo la rosa;  
O quanto è dolce amar beltà pietosa!

RITORNELLO, QUALE VA SONATO CON TRE FLAUTI

PASTORE  
Per la più vaga, e bella  
Terrena stella  
Ch'oggi oscuri di Febo i raggi d'oro,  
Mio core ardeva,  
Amor rideva,  
Vago di rimirare il mio martoro,  
RITORNELLO, DI FLAUTI COME SOPRA.  
Ma d'havermi schernito,  
Tosto pentito,  
Con la pietà di lei mi sana il petto,  
Ond'io fo fede  
A chi no'l crede,  
Ch'amore è solo il Dio d'ogni diletto.  
RITORNELLO

RUGGIERO  
Go then happy Queen of Cupids  
through the scented flowers  
of this pleasant meadow,  
while I long for your return,  
as the cold seashore does  
the warm rays of the sun.

TWO DAMSELS  
Breezes moving,  
singing birds,  
bubbling springs,  
Graces and Cupids  
all around us,  
make the sun brighter,  
the day more joyous.  
RITORNELLO  
THREE DAMSELS  
Frozen caves,  
warm sunshine,  
grassy fields,  
lilies and violets  
all around  
make the sun brighter,  
the day more joyous.

(Scene I, part two)

RUGGIERO  
O how sweet it is to love virtuous beauty!  
Love that to others  
brings strife,  
will cause no torment  
if your loved one is moved by virtue.  
I that in a woman's rare beauty  
have found the beauty of virtue  
enjoy the rose of love without the thorns;  
O how sweet it is to love virtuous beauty!

RITORNELLO TO BE PLAYED ON THREE FLUTES

SHEPHERD  
For the most merry,  
lovely star on earth,  
who today dims the golden rays of Phoebus,  
my heart was on fire,  
love laughed,  
happy to see my torment.  
RITORNELLO AS ABOVE  
But having despised me,  
soon she repented,  
she healed my heart with pity;  
thus I swear  
to the unbeliever  
that the only true god of pleasure is Cupid.  
RITORNELLO

RUGGIERO  
O felice Pastore  
Chi non sente al tuo canto  
Rinnovellare al sen fiamma d'amore  
Ben ha di ghiaccio e di macigno il Core.

SIRENA  
Chi nel fior di giovinezza  
Vuol gioir d'alma dolcezza  
Amor segua che dilegua  
Ogni noia, ogni dolore:  
Segu'amore, segu'amore,  
Chi nel fior di giovinezza  
Vuol gioir d'alma dolcezza.

RUGGIERO  
Deh, qual nelle belle onde,  
Dolcissima Sirena,  
Con armonia celeste i sensi affrena?  
O Monti, O Piaggie, O Selve,  
Augei volanti e belve,  
Udite i dolci accenti;  
Tacere fonti e voi, tacete, O Venti.

SIRENA  
Chi desia di vago riso  
Far giocondo, e lieto il viso  
Prenda gioco di quel foco,  
Che soave accende un core:  
Segu'amore, segu'amore,  
Chi desia di vago riso  
Far giocondo e lieto il viso.  
RITORNELLO  
SIRENA  
Chi nel corso di sua vita,  
Pace vuol sempre gradita,  
Goda e taccia, ne gli spiaccia  
Trarre amando i giorni e l'ore:  
Segu'amore, segu'amore,  
Chi nel corso di sua vita  
Pace vuol sempre gradita.  
RITORNELLO

(Scene I, part three)

MELISSA  
Ecco l'ora, ecco il punto  
Da trar di servitù l'alto guerriero;  
Ecco il giorno fatale, ch'è giunto:  
Sorgi, sorgi Ruggiero!

RUGGIERO  
Qual importuna voce  
Disturba i miei riposi?

RUGGIERO  
O happy shepherd,  
whoever does not feel the flame of love  
renewed in his breast by your song  
has a heart indeed of ice and stone.

SIREN  
Whoever in the flower of youth  
wishes to feel sweetness in his soul  
follows Love, that takes away  
all trouble, all grief:  
Follow Love, follow Love,  
whoever in the flower of youth  
wishes to feel sweetnes in his soul.

RUGGIERO  
O what sweet Siren  
on the beautiful waves  
catches my senses with heavenly harmony?  
O mountains, shores, woods,  
breezes and wild beasts,  
listen to her lovely singing;  
quiet fountains, and you, o winds, be still.

SIREN  
Whoever would make his expression  
cheerful and happy with becoming laughter  
let him take lightly that passion  
that so sweetly sets hearts on fire:  
Follow Love, follow Love,  
whoever would make his expression  
cheerful and happy with becoming laughter.  
RITORNELLO  
SIREN  
Whoever throughout his life  
wants peace ever pleasing,  
let him silently enjoy, nor let it displease  
to spend the hours and days in love:  
Follow Love, follow Love,  
whoever throughout his life  
wants peace ever pleasing.  
RITORNELLO

MELISSA  
The time is now come to bring  
this great warrior out of his slavery;  
now is the fatal day arrived:  
arise, arise, Ruggiero!

RUGGIERO  
What voice calls me,  
disturbing my sleep?

MELISSA  
Atlante a te se'n viene  
Per saper qual follia ti sforza  
Ad infamarti in queste arene  
Di miei lunghi sudori  
Questi frutti raccogli?  
Tra militari ardori  
Tutta avvampi la terra,  
Va tutta Libia, e tutta Europa in guerra  
Ogn'animo più forte  
Sprezza rischi di morte.  
E tu mal consigliato,  
Ami da sozza Maga esser'amato?  
Impudico Ruggiero  
Ov'è l'invitta spada,  
Ove il lucido acciaro,  
Che ti rendea sì chiaro?  
Rimira di quai fregi,  
Di quai Profani carmi  
Hai macchiate quell'armi?  
Ruggiero il vincitore,  
Sacra ad Alcina il cor, l'armi ad amore.  
Togli folle, che sei  
Alle braccia guerriere  
E al collo viril monili e vezzi;  
Lascia l'iniqua Maga,  
E muovi ad affrontar nemiche schiere  
Se la bell'alm'ancor di gloria è vaga.

RUGGIERO  
Lasso me, che pur troppo  
Conosco il mio fallire,  
Ma no'l vorrei mirar senza morire;  
Fierissimo dolore,  
Asprissimo tormento,  
Che quinci intorno al core  
La vergogna accrescete e'l pentimento;  
Fatemi guerra ogn'ora,  
Agitatemi voi tanto ch'io mora,  
Itene a terra sparte  
Vane pompe d'amore, al braccio torni  
Di nuovo il chiaro scudo,  
E'l fortissimo Unbergo il petto adorni,  
Perdona al fallo indegno,  
O mio Custode e Padre,  
Più non ardo d'amore, ardo di sdegno,  
E bramo d'assalir guerriere squadre.

MELISSA  
Andiam veloci all'armi,  
Ove a gloria si corre  
Un breve indugio, un grande onor può torre.

MELISSA  
Atlante is come to visit you,  
to learn what madness keeps you here  
on these shores disgracing yourself,  
reaping this harvest  
after my long labours to help you?  
All the world is inflamed  
with a passion for war;  
all Libya is at war, throughout Europe  
every bold spirit scorns  
the dangers of death.  
And you, ill-advised,  
love to be loved by that foul witch?  
For shame, Ruggiero,  
where is your unconquered sword,  
where the shining spear  
that made you so famous?  
Look at those ornaments  
the impious charms  
that defile your arms?  
Ruggiero the victorious consecrates  
his heart to Alcina, his arms to love.  
Madman, cast down these chains and  
necklaces from your manly neck  
so that these are warrior's arms again;  
leave the loathsome enchantress and go to  
confront the ranks of the enemy if your  
spirit still has any desire for glory.

RUGGIERO  
Alas, indeed  
I recognize my fault,  
but to recognize it would mean my death;  
proud grief,  
bitter torment,  
you add to the shame  
and regret in my heart;  
attack me at every minute,  
press me on if I delay,  
let these vain spoils  
of love be scattered on the ground  
and return to my arm the shining shield,  
and mighty hauberk to my breast;  
Pardon my unworthy fault,  
o my guide and father,  
no longer do I burn with love, but with fury,  
and I long to attack the ranks of my enemies.

MELISSA  
Let us go, to arm you quickly;  
when one seeks glory, a brief delay  
may place great honor in jeopardy.

UNA DELLE PIANTE INCANTATE  
Ruggier de' danni asprissimi  
Di queste piante flebili,  
Deh, senti al cor Pietà;  
Noi resterem mestissimi  
E d'ogni speme debili,  
Se tua virtù sen va.

CORO DELLE PIANTE INCANTATE  
O quanto merto, o quanto  
Di lode havrai s'augeti il nostro pianto.

RITORNELLO

RUGGIERO  
O miserabil vita,  
Se'l soffrire è virtute,  
Ben meritate voi lod'infinita.

UN ALTRA DELLE PIANTE INCANTATE  
Qual scempio miserabile  
Farà la fera orribile  
In questo infausto dì;  
Suo sdegno inesorabile  
Tutto cadrà terribile  
In noi miseri qui.

UN ALTRA DELLE PIANTE INCANTATE  
Fanne quinci rimuovere  
E'l piè, lasso, disciogliere,  
Da chi ti liberò;  
La scorza egli può muovere,  
E gl'aspri nodi sciogliere  
Ond'altri ne legò.

CORO DELLE PIANTE INCANTATE  
O quanto merto...

RITORNELLO

MELISSA  
Consolatevi O Piante,  
Chi più languisce o teme,  
Ravvivi hoggi del cor la morta speme,  
Per la salute vostra  
Contro l'iniqua Alcina,  
Oggi combatterà la virtù nostra.

CORO DELLE PIANTE INCANTATE  
Itene lieti  
Mentre noi qui,  
Solinghi e cheti,  
Trarremo il dì  
Pregand' ogn'ora  
Ch'arriui l'ora  
Di libertà.

AN ENCHANTED PLANT  
Ruggiero, have pity  
on the bitter sufferings  
of these weak plants;  
we shall be most miserable  
and bereft of all hope  
if your mighty spirit leaves.

CHORUS OF ENCHANTED PLANTS  
O what merit, o what praise  
if you may calm our laments.

RITORNELLO

RUGGIERO  
O unhappy life,  
if suffering is virtue,  
you well deserve infinite praise.

ANOTHER ENCHANTED PLANT  
What an example of misery  
that fearsome monster will make of us  
on this unlucky day;  
her inexorable rage  
will terribly all fall  
on us unfortunates still here.

ANOTHER ENCHANTED PLANT  
Make us move again  
and our feet, alas, unbind  
by him who has freed you;  
he can strip our bark  
and the bitter knots untie  
where others have us bound.

CHORUS OF ENCHANTED PLANTS  
O what merit...

RITORNELLO

MELISSA  
Take comfort, o plants,  
who fear and languish so much;  
today let the dead hope in your hearts revive,  
for we will fight  
with all our strength for your safety  
against the wicked Alcina.

CHORUS OF ENCHANTED PLANTS  
Go then in happiness  
while those of us here,  
quiet and lonely,  
drag out our days,  
continually praying  
that our hour of liberty  
soon may come.

RITORNELLO  
Sul vil terreno  
Movremo il piè,  
Ponendo il freno  
A chi ne'l dià  
Lieti cantando  
E disprezzando  
Chi ne tradì.

UNA DELLE PIANTE INCANTATE  
Lasso, qual vista atroce  
Si mostra a gl'occhi miei!  
Ecco la crud'e fera  
Dispietata Megera,  
Ecco colui che ne rende infelice;  
Meco tacote omai fedeli amici.

ALCINA CON IL SUO CORO DI DAMIGELLE

CORO DI DAMIGELLE  
O bei pensieri volate,  
Alla beltate,  
Che il Ciel innamora;  
La ve s'infiora più vaga l'erbetta  
Ivi n'aspetta.

Pronti desiri correte,  
Dite che liete  
Venghiamo cantando;  
La ve vagando tra dolci concenti  
Scherzano i venti.

ALCINA  
Qui lasciai la mia vita;  
Ma dove ora s'asconda?  
Chi di voi ramo o fronda,  
Chi di voi, vaghi fonti, a me l'addita?  
Deh, perchè veggio in terra  
Giacersi in abbandono,  
Sì caro al mio bel Sole ogni mio dono?  
Lassa, ch'in queste spoglie  
Scorgo l'altrui fallire  
Antivedo'l mio pianto e'l mio morire.

UNA DAMIGELLA  
Non ti lagnar Regina,  
Forse con sì bell'arte  
Quinci tra folti rami  
Vorrà far prova il tuo Ruggier se l'ami.  
Ma quale, Ohimè, veggio?  
Segno d'augurio rio venir a te:  
La tua fedele Oreste  
Con l'alma guancie scolorite e meste.

RITORNELLO  
We shall yet tread  
this vile earth underfoot,  
putting the brakes  
to her who gave it,  
happily singing,  
and scorning  
her who betrayed us.

AN ENCHANTED PLANT  
Alas, what a dreadful sight  
appears to my eyes!  
here is the cruel Fury,  
the merciless Megaera,  
behold she who makes us unhappy;  
be silent with me, o faithful friends.

(Scene I, part four)

ALCINA WITH HER DAMSELS

CHORUS OF DAMSELS  
Happy thoughts fly  
to the beauty  
that Heaven adores;  
there where the meadows  
bloom it awaits.

Run, ready desires,  
say that we  
come singing;  
there where the breezes frolic  
in sweet harmony.

ALCINA  
I left my love here;  
now where is he hiding?  
Which branch or leaf,  
which graceful fountain hides him from me?  
Ah, why do I see here on the ground  
lying abandoned  
all my gifts, so dear to my Love?  
Alas, for in these castdown spoils  
I perceive the defection of another;  
I foresee my own grief and my own death.

A DAMSEL  
Do not despair, o Queen,  
for perhaps skilfully hidden  
here in the leafy branches  
your Ruggiero is making trial of your love.  
But alas, what do I see?  
a portent of weeping coming to you:  
your faithful Oreste, with her soft  
cheeks discolored and wet with tears.

# NUNZIA

Non so qual sia maggiore,  
Lo spavento o 'l dolore,  
Che per te, mia Regina,  
M'ingombra'l petto e mi trafigge il core.  
Odi strano successo:  
Io me ne già la dove  
Al fonte di Cipresso  
Pendean del tuo bel sol l'armi famose  
Tra quelle piante ombrose  
Viddi Ruggiero e seco  
Huom di canuto aspetto.  
Ch'armone il giovinetto,  
Indi poscia il consiglio  
Ad imprese magnanime e guerriere.  
Ma senti, O meraviglia,  
Io vid'in un instante,  
Quel severo semblante  
Trasfigurarsi in maestevol donna  
Che disse: 'Io son Melissa  
Ancor ch'a gl'occhi tuoi sembrasse Atlante,  
Qui volle Bradamante  
Ch'a te venissi a volo  
Per ricordati solo  
L'amor suo, la sua fede,  
E che non devi in vil piacer sommerso  
Quella sprezzar che'l proprio cor ti diede.'

# ALCINA

Che disse allor Ruggiero?  
Ahi che per mille prove so  
Quanto vario sia l'human pensiero.

# NUNZIA

Tutto lieto e ridente,  
Come a madre si deve,  
A lei pronto inchinossi e reverente.  
Poi con sì vivo affetto  
Di Bradamante sua chiese novella  
Che si vidde in quel petto  
Per quella vagha e bella  
Chiudersi 'n quell instante un mar di foco.  
Ma di te, che pur ora  
Eri'l suo proprio core e la sua vita,  
Altro quell'infedel non disse allora  
Se non che volea far da te partita.  
Io che trarami ascosa  
Non veduta da loro il tutto vidi;  
E quando lo vidd'intento  
A volersi fuggire  
Qua venni in un momento  
Acciocchè vietassi il suo partire.

# MESSENGER

I know not which is greater,  
the fear or sorrow,  
which fill my breast and transfix my heart  
for thee, my Queen.  
I heard a strange event:  
I was there  
at the cypress fountain where  
the famous arms of your love used to hang,  
I saw Ruggiero among those shady trees  
and with him  
a whitehaired man.  
As he armed himself, the youth  
asked his advice  
on honourable and warlike exploits;  
but listen, a wonderful thing happened;  
I saw that stern appearance  
change in a twinkling  
to that of a noble lady  
who said: 'I am Melissa;  
who seemed to you to be Atlante;  
Bradamante wished me to  
to fly here to you  
just to remind you  
of her love, her trust in you;  
that you should not sink in vile pleasure  
and reject her, who gave you her heart.'

# ALCINA

Then what did Ruggiero say?  
Alas, through experience I know  
how inconstant is the human mind.

# MESSENGER

Happy and smiling  
as to a mother,  
he immediately knelt down and bowed before her.  
Then eagerly he asked  
for news of his Bradamante,  
so that one could see  
his breast was consumed with a fiery passion  
for her charms and beauty.  
But of you, who were even now  
his own love and life,  
that faithless man said nothing  
except that he wished to depart from you.  
I was in hiding,  
and unseen by them, saw everything.  
And when I saw him  
resolved in his intent to flee,  
I quickly came here  
so that you might prevent his departure.

# ALCINA

Ahi Melissa, Melissa  
Sol da te riconosco'ogni mio male.  
Perfida! ancor sicura  
Da te non sono entro'l mio proprio albergho.  
Sempre proterva e dura,  
Il mio regno perturbi, e la mia pace;  
Ma non sempre trionfa animo audace:  
Andronne a ritrovar questo crudele,  
E con soavi note,  
E con l'humide gote,  
Ammollirò l'insuperbito core;  
Dai dolenti occhi miei manderò fuore  
Soavissime fiamme e vivi strali,  
Ch'al suo nuovo desio tronchino l'ali.

# UNA DAMIGELLA

Ecco Ruggiero a noi, bella Regina;  
Or vedrem quanto potete  
Con dolce lacrimar beltà Divina.

# ALCINA

Ferma, ferma crudele!  
Ove ne vai, spietato,  
Dove mi lasci, ingrato, in preda'l pianto?  
Raffrena almen cotanto  
La furia del partire,  
Che l'immenso dolor l'anim'ancida.  
Rimira'l pianto mio, senti le strida,  
Senti le mie giustissime querele.  
Ferma, ferma crudele;  
E questi lumi,  
Che pur ora chiamavi  
E Stelle e Soli,  
Mira qual son per te convers'in fiumi.  
Specchiati in questo viso,  
Ove la gioia e'l riso havean la sede,  
Vedrai la tua mancanza e la mia fede,  
E che tra pene e doglie  
Quant'ha di mesto il mondo ivi s'accoglie.

# RUGGIERO

Alcina il pianto affrena;  
E se dolerti dèi,  
Piangi i tuoi tradimenti  
E i falli miei.

# ALCINA

Ahi Melissa, Melissa, I recognise  
your hand in every evil that comes to me.  
Traitor! I am no longer safe  
from you in my own castle.  
Hard-headed and insolent,  
you disturb my rule and my peace;  
but audacity of spirit does not always triumph:  
I shall seek out this cruel man,  
and with soft speeches  
and wet cheeks,  
soften his heart swollen with pride;  
from my sorrowing eyes shall issue forth  
the sweetest of flames, and living arrows  
to clip the wings of his new passion.

# A DAMSEL

Here comes Ruggiero, lovely Queen;  
now we shall see the power  
of heavenly beauty, sweetly weeping.

# ALCINA

Stop, stop, cruel one!  
Where are you going, pitiless man;  
ingrate, would you leave me choked in tears?  
At least slow down somewhat  
the haste of your departure,  
lest this great grief slay my soul.  
See my grief, listen to my cries,  
hear my justified defense.  
Stop, stop, cruel one;  
these eyes,  
that even now you used to call  
Suns and Stars, behold  
how they are turned to rivers for your sake.  
Mirrored in this face,  
where once joy and laughter used to reign,  
your absence and my loyalty you will see,  
and that there, among these pains and griefs,  
are gathered all the sorrows of the world.

# RUGGIERO

Alcina, cease your complaining;  
and if you must lament,  
weep for your own betrayals  
and my errors.

# ALCINA

Deh, se non hai pietà del mio languire  
Muovati il tuo fallire;  
Sai pur qual macchia inestinguibil sia  
In nobil Cavaliero il tradimento.  
Ruggiero, anima mia,  
Troppo di te, troppo di me pavento  
Se tu mi neghi in tanti affanni aita.  
Ohimè, come da te senza mia colpa  
Ogni ombra di pietà veggio sparita.  
Vita della mia vita,  
Poscia che'l proprio honore,  
E del mio favellar, gl'intimi accenti  
Non ponno oprar, che'l tuo rigor s'arreste;  
*Almen, deh ti movvanga*  
Qual dolci abbracciamenti  
Nella pace d'amor meco godeste,  
E sì dolce memoria il piè ritenga.

# ALTRA DAMIGELLA

O ferità di Tigre, o cor di Pietra!  
A supplichevol Donna, a Donn'amante  
La più fida e costante  
Che spargesse già mai sospiri o preghi,  
Ancor pietà tu neghi, e neghi pace.

# ALCINA

Ditemi, o Cieli voi, poi che egli tace,  
Dite, qual è maggiore,  
L'ostinata sua voglia o il mio dolore,  
Che null'amor, di quel crudele impetra?

# ALTRA DAMIGELLA

O ferità di Tigre, o cor di Pietra!

# ALCINA

Così condisci, ingrato,  
D'amarissimo fele ogni dolcezza,  
Ogni gioir passato?  
Per questa tua fedele  
Che'l cor ti diede, e'l regno,  
Non fai d'amore un segno,  
E neghi pace a che tanto rigore  
E tanto sdegno.  
Amor, tu vedi amore,  
Quanto sian vilipesi  
Gli atti cortesi,  
E l'immortal faretra.  
O ferità di Tigre, o cor di Pietra!

# ALCINA

Alas, if you have no pity on my sorrow,  
think of your own faults;  
you know what an inextinguishable blot  
betrayal would be on a noble knight.  
Ruggiero, my love,  
I fear too much for you and for me  
if you deny me help in such distress.  
Alas, I see all shadow of pity  
disappear from you though I am guiltless.  
Life of my life,  
may your own sense of honour,  
and the familiar sound of my voice  
as I speak soften your sternness;  
at least may it remind you  
of those sweet embraces  
that you enjoyed with me in the peace of love,  
and may that sweet memory delay you.

# ANOTHER DAMSEL

O tiger's cruelty, o heart of stone!  
To a woman supplicant to you, to a woman who  
loves you most faithfully and constantly,  
that never was accustomed to sighs and  
prayers, still you deny pity and peace.

# ALCINA

Speak, Heavens, since he is silent  
say which is greater,  
his obstinate will or my sorrow  
which wins no love for all my beseeching.

# ANOTHER DAMSEL

O tiger's cruelty, o heart of stone!

# ALCINA

Ungrateful one, is it thus you season  
with bitter bile every sweetness,  
every past joy?  
To me, who loved you faithfully,  
who gave you her heart, and her kingdom,  
you make not a sign of love,  
and refuse my overtures of peace with such  
coldness and pride.  
You see Love  
how contemptible  
is his courtly behaviour now,  
and that immortal Quiver.  
O tiger's cruelty, o heart of stone!

# RUGGIERO

Deh taci omai, troppo d'amore amica!  
Noiosa a gl'occhi miei più che la morte,  
Di fede, e di pietà cruda nemica,  
Su queste ignude arene  
Alle dovute pene,  
Ai meritati pianti  
Dolorosa per me sempre rimani.

# ALCINA

Lassa, ch'indarno io prego,  
Deh perchè non gli nego,  
Quinci il partirsi a sorte  
Deh perchè in dura scorza  
Omai non cangio il suo crudel sembiante?  
Furie che giù nella Città di Dite  
Ad ogni mio voler sempre disposi  
Ne' miei soliti alberghi a me venite;  
Per voi terribil'onde  
Ardino in vivo foco,  
E dall'atre voragini profonde  
Escano spaventose Orche e Balene  
Talchè di queste arene,  
Ogni sentier al dipartir si schiuda,  
Orsù, fuggiti omai, fuggi se puoi,  
Opri forza d'incanto  
Quel ch'indarno tentaro i preghi, e'l pianto.

# ALTRA DAMIGELLA

Ahi crudo, ahi discortese,  
Tanto ardir, tante offese  
Pagherai con la morte;  
Dilaterà le porte allo sdegno al furore,  
Odirà saprà quant'amar seppe il core.

# RUGGIERO

Pur quel noioso aspetto,  
Dagl'occhi miei, s'è tolto,  
Teco parlì il mio volto  
Poi ch'io non so ridire  
L'infinito gioire  
D'un cor libero, e sciolto.  
Teco parlì il mio volto,  
In cui disvela il core  
Desio di gloria, e di pudico amore.  
Ma tu, Madre cortese,  
Pria che dar libertade  
All'incantata qui misera gente,  
Muovi meco le piante  
In quella riva ove giace dolente  
Di sangue unito alla mia bella Diva  
Entro un mirto frondoso,  
Alto guerrier famoso.

# RUGGIERO

Be silent, o too great friend of Love!  
Now more hateful to my eyes than Death,  
of faith and pity cruel enemy,  
may you ever remain on these  
desolate shores  
suffering and lamenting  
as you deserve.

# ALCINA

Alas, I entreat in vain;  
shall I not then prevent  
his departure from here,  
and change his cruel form to  
tough tree-bark?  
Ye Furies that stand ready below in the  
City of Dis to do my every wish,  
come to me in these familiar halls;  
you can make dreadful waves  
burn with live fires, and summon  
from deep black whirlpools  
fearsome grampuses and whales  
so that from these shores  
every path of escape is closed;  
now flee, Ruggiero, flee if you can,  
may enchantment succeed where  
tears and prayers had failed.

# ANOTHER DAMSEL

Ah, cruel, ungracious one, such passion  
and such offence must be paid for  
with your death; she will open the doors  
to rage and fury, the force of her  
hatred is as strong as was that of her love.

# RUGGIERO

Now even that harmful sight  
of you is taken from my eyes,  
let what you see in my face speak to you  
since I know not how to say again  
my infinite joy in having  
my heart's freedom once more.  
Let what you see in my face speak to you,  
showing my heart's desire  
for glory, and for honourable love.  
But you, courteous Melissa,  
before freeing from enchantment  
these unhappy people,  
move with me these plants  
on that bank where unhappily lies  
within a leafy myrtle a lofty warrior  
of great fame, related  
by blood to my own Bradamante.

MELISSA  
Non solo il chiaro Astolfo,  
Ma quanti fur dell'empia Alcina amici  
Oggi saran felici,  
Felici ancor saran nobil Donzelle  
Che per dar libertade al caro amante  
Incantate restar tra queste Piante.

## SCENE II

ALCINA  
Qual temerario core,  
Alla vista di queste  
Ondeggianti di foco atre tempeste,  
Non sentirà di morte,  
Il gelido timore!  
Qual animo sì forte  
Potrà mirar d'Alcina  
L'adirato sembiante!  
Mal consigliato amante,  
Poichè di me sprezzasti il cor di Regno,  
Proverai quanto vaglia  
Di tradita beltà l'ira e lo sdegno!

CORO DI MOSTRI  
Proverà crudeltà  
Di cui maggior non fu,  
Nè mai sarà.

UNO DEI MOSTRI  
Fieri mostri dell'empia Dite,  
Assalite, dimostrate  
Come punire san le vostre ire  
Chi fè non ha.

CORO DI MOSTRI  
Proverà...

UNO DEI MOSTRI  
Fieri mostri a voi s'aspetta  
La vendetta; ancidete,  
A chi lo fede alta mercede  
Alcina dà.

CORO DI MOSTRI  
Proverà...

ASTOLFO  
E come, ohimè, dall'odioso Regno  
Uscirem' noi tra vive fiamme ardenti  
Con la Maga crudel Mostri e Portenti  
In guardia stan dell'incantate arene.

MELISSA  
Not only the noble Astolfo,  
but all cruel Alcina's lovers  
will be happy today,  
and happy too will be those noble ladies  
at the freedom of their lovers,  
held enchanted here among these plants.

ALCINA  
What courageous heart  
would not think of death  
and cold fear at the sight  
of this tempestuous storm  
of darkness and fire!  
What spirit is so strong  
as to see Alcina's  
angry face!  
Ill-advised lover,  
since you have rejected my heart and  
kingdom, you will now see the power of anger  
and pride in beauty betrayed!

CHORUS OF MONSTERS  
He will feel cruelty,  
greater than has ever been,  
or ever will be.

A MONSTER  
Proud monsters from dark Hades,  
arise, show  
how your anger  
punishes the faithless.

CHORUS OF MONSTERS  
He will feel...

A MONSTER  
Proud monsters, revenge  
awaits you; kill,  
for Alcina gives great rewards  
to those who are loyal.

CHORUS OF MONSTERS  
He will feel...

ASTOLFO  
Alas, how shall we escape from this hateful  
realm through live fires burning, with the  
cruel enchantress, the monsters and wonders  
standing guard round the enchanted sands.

MELISSA  
Rasserenate i cori  
Alto voler del Cielo,  
E'l mio materno Zelo  
Liberivi trarran da questi orrori.  
Perfida, ancor hai fede  
Ne tuoi fallaci incanti,  
Nel tuo lascivo impero  
Tener il bel Ruggiero  
Ancor ti vanti.  
Cadrà l'alta tua sede  
Il Ciel non soffre lungamente un empio  
Troppo alla tua, la mia virtù precede;  
Cadrà l'alta tua sede.  
Infernal montri, itene a negri chiostrì,  
Fuggi, fuggite omai empia Sirena,  
Fuggi, e teco ne mena  
Odio, Sdegno e Furore,  
Compagni inseparabili del core.

ALCINA  
Fuggirò, fuggirò,  
Poi ch'al fato dispietato  
Contrastar non si può;  
Fuggirò, fuggirò.

## SCENE III

MELISSA  
O miseri mortali,  
Mirate in quanti affani,  
In quanti, in quanti mali  
Nel trapparar degl'anni,  
Core l'humana vita,  
Di chi ne' proprii petti  
Non sa frenare i troppo audaci affetti.  
Mira, forte Campione,  
Come le pompe egl'agi  
Dei superbi Palagi,  
Come i fonti più vaghi,  
I cristallini laghi,  
I verdeggianti Prati,  
I giardini odorati,  
Le Palme, i Scettri, i Regni e le Corone,  
Null'altro erano al fine  
Ch'antri, scogli e rovine.  
Quinci voi che traete  
Entro l'orride grotte  
Torbidi giorni in tenebrosa notte,  
A noi fate ritorno:  
Beate i cori, e serenate il giorno.

MELISSA  
Calm yourselves;  
the high design of heaven  
and my maternal zeal  
will bring you safely from these horrors.  
Wicked enchantress, you still trust  
in your false magic;  
your still boast  
that you can keep handsome Ruggiero  
in your island of pleasure.  
Your great throne will fall;  
Heaven does not long permit an evil  
such as yours; my virtue is more powerful.  
Your great throne will fall.  
Infernal monsters, return to your dark cloister  
flee, flee now, wicked Siren,  
flee and take with you  
hate, rage and anger  
as inescapable companions of your heart.

ALCINA  
I will go, I will go,  
since when Fate is unkind,  
opposition is useless.  
I will go, I will go.

MELISSA  
O unhappy mortals,  
see what troubles,  
what evils  
human lives  
may encounter as the years pass,  
for those who cannot control  
their own too bold passions.  
See, mighty Champion  
how the display she enacted  
of superb palaces  
how the most lovely fountains,  
the crystal lakes,  
the luscious meadows,  
the sweet-smelling gardens,  
the palms, sceptres, kingdoms and crowns,  
were finally nothing  
but caves, rocks and ruins.  
Thus, you who have spent  
in these dreadful caves  
troubled days in darkest night  
return to us:  
blessed be your hearts and calm the days.

QUI VIENE IL BALLO DI OTTO DAME  
DELLA SERENISS. ARCIDUCHESSA  
CON OTTO CAVALIERI PRINCIPALI,  
E FANNO UN BALLO NOBILISSIMO.

DAMA DISINCANTATA  
Versate occhi, versate  
Amarissimi pianti,  
Finchè 'l Ciel ne conceda.  
I desiati prigionieri amanti.  
S'altri 'impetrar mercede  
Nel canto soavissimo,  
Noi nel pianto mestissimo,  
Che per gl'occhi distilla amor e fede  
Forse ritroveremo un dì pietate.  
Occhi dunque versate,  
Versate amari pianti  
Finchè 'l Ciel ne concede i desiati  
Prigionieri amanti.

MELISSA  
Non più, non più lamenti  
Cessino i mesti pianti,  
E le querele,  
Fuggì l'empia e crudele  
E seco un Ocean d'aspri tormenti  
Non più, non più lamenti  
Rasserenate omai,  
Vaghe Donzelle,  
I lacrimosi rai.

SEGUE LA MEDESIMA DAMA DISINCANTATA  
Non ponno i nostri petti  
Capir gioie, e dilette  
Se pria non rende amore  
Ai nostri cori il core.

MELISSA  
Su dunque, alti guerrieri,  
Uscite a consolar le belle amate,  
Lieti seco danzate.  
Poi quanto tempo sia  
Al suon d'alta armonia  
Sovra i destri cavalli  
Rinnovellate i balli.

QUI SI LIBERANO I CAVALIERI,  
RICONOSCO LE DAME LORO  
E SEGUITONO IL BALLO

EIGHT LADIES OF THE MOST  
SERENE ARCHDUCHESS BEGIN THEIR DANCE  
WITH EIGHT KNIGHTS AND  
TOGETHER THEY PERFORM A NOBLE BALLET.

DISENCHANTED LADY  
Pour forth eyes, pour forth  
bitter laments,  
until Heaven gives us back  
the imprisoned lovers we long for.  
If others implore mercy  
with sweetest songs,  
we with our mournful laments,  
which in our eyes distill love and faith,  
will perhaps one day find grace;  
Pour forth eyes, pour forth  
bitter laments,  
until Heaven gives us back  
the imprisoned lovers we long for.

MELISSA  
No more, no more laments,  
let your sad cries  
and complaints cease,  
the cruel and evil witch is fled  
and with her a sea of bitter torments.  
No more, no more laments,  
Now calm,  
lovely ladies,  
your tearful gaze.

DISENCHANTED LADY  
We cannot acknowledge  
happiness and pleasure  
till Love has given our lovers  
back to our hearts.

MELISSA  
Up then, noble warriors,  
go forth to comfort your lovely ladies  
and gaily dance with them.  
Then with what time remains  
to the sound of noble harmony  
renew the dancing  
on your mighty steeds.

HERE THE KNIGHTS ARE FREED,  
THEY RECOGNIZE THEIR LADIES  
AND THE DANCE CONTINUES

CORO DI CAVALIERI LIBERATI,  
QUALE VA CANTATO SUBITO FINITO  
IL BALLO DELLE DAME E DE CAVALIERI

Ai dilette, al gioire!  
Chi mesto fu non dica più  
Del suo languire!  
Ai dilette, al gioire!

QUI SEGUE IL BALLO A CAVALLO

FINITO IL BALLO A CAVALLO SI CANTA  
IL SEGUENTE MADRIGALE PER FINE  
DI TUTTA LA FESTA.

Tosche del Sol più belle,  
Tosche, ch'ai mesti pianti  
Delle nobil Donzelle  
Inumidiste le serene Stelle,  
Ridete ora ai lor canti;  
E se la gioia raddoppiar volete  
All'alta fede lor, fede apprendete.

Libretto by Ferdinando Saracinelli

CHORUS OF LIBERATED KNIGHTS,  
WHICH IS TO BE SUNG AS SOON AS  
THE DANCE OF KNIGHTS AND LADIES IS FINISHED.

To pleasures and celebration let us fly!  
Whoever was unhappy, let him speak no more  
of his troubles!  
To pleasures and celebration set us fly!

HERE FOLLOWS THE HORSEBACK BALLET

WHEN THE HORSEBACK BALLET IS FINISHED THE  
FOLLOWING MADRIGAL IS SUNG TO CONCLUDE  
THE CELEBRATION.

Ladies of Tuscany, who outshine the Sun,  
Tuscans, who at the sad laments  
of these noble maidens  
made the Stars wet with your tears,  
now laugh with their songs;  
and if you wish to double your happiness,  
learn noble faith from theirs.

#### IL FINE

English translation by HTN and DN