



# Mid·Ohio CIVICO OPERA Viva, Verdi!



**Saturday, August 20th, 2022 8 pm**  
**The Mansfield Art Center pavilion and lawn.**

“Stride la vampa”  
From *Il Trovatore*

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

Megan Potter, Mezzo-Soprano  
Sharon Grimes, Piano

“Il lacerato spirito”  
From *Simon Boccanegra*

Andrew Potter, Bass  
Ms. Grimes

“Ingemisco”  
From *Requiem*

Daniel Juárez, Tenor  
Ms. Grimes

“Re dell'abisso affrettati”  
From *Un Ballo in Maschera*

Ms. Potter  
Ms. Grimes

Dio, che nell'alma infondere  
From *Don Carlo*

Mr. Juárez & Mr. Potter  
Ms. Grimes

**INTERMISSION**

“Bella figlia dell’amore”  
From *Rigoletto*

Heidi Kirschenheiter Vega, Soprano  
Ms. Potter,  
Mr. Juárez  
Mr. Potter  
Ms. Grimes

“Che mai vegg’io... Infelice! E tuo credevi”  
From *Ernani*

Mr. Potter  
Ms. Grimes

“Ai nostri monti”  
From *Il Trovatore*

Ms. Potter  
Mr. Juárez  
Ms. Grimes

“La vita è inferno all’infelice”  
From *La Forza del Destino*

Mr. Juárez  
Ms. Grimes

“L’abborrita rivale a me sfuggia”  
From *Aida*

Ms. Potter  
Mr. Juarez  
Mr. Potter  
Ms. Grimes



Check our Facebook, Instagram, and [www.midohiocivicopera.org](http://www.midohiocivicopera.org)  
for upcoming shows!

December 16 & 17 - Amahl and the Night Visitors (Location TBA)  
December 27 - Sing Along Handel’s Messiah (Location TBA)



Mid-Ohio Civic Opera would like to thank the staff of The Mansfield Art Center for their  
hospitality and work.



We would also like to thank the St. Peter’s Music Series and Bill Johnson for their support.

*Il Trovatore* (eel troh-vuh-TORE-ay), like many other musical and literary works of the 19th century, describes a fantastic, even dangerous band of wanderers known as “gypsies.” (Bizet’s *Carmen*, for instance, is all about gypsies). In the Act I aria “Abbieta zingara” for instance (which has been performed by none other than our own Andrew Potter), a gypsy woman is accused of witchcraft and blamed for causing a child’s illness. These fictional gypsies perpetuate an unfortunate stereotype of the real-life gypsies, also known as the Romani people, or Roma—a nomadic ethnic minority living primarily in the nations of Europe.

“Stride la vampa” is the very first piece Azucena (ah-zoo-CHAY-nuh) sings in the opera *Il Trovatore*. In this piece, Azucena describes the night she saw her mother (a gypsy just like Azucena) burned at the stake for the supposed casting of a spell on the Count’s infant brother.

*Later in the opera*, Azucena tells the story of how she, in a vengeful rage, kidnapped the Count’s infant brother after her mother had been burned at the stake, and threw what she thought was the Count’s brother into the flames to die. Unfortunately, Azucena was blind with vengeance, and threw her own baby into the fire. Unable to bring herself to murder another child, Azucena raises the Count’s brother as her own.

*Opera Fun Facts:*

- This opera was based on a play by Antonio Garcia Gutiérrez called *El trovador*.
- It was an instant hit when it premiered in Rome on January 19, 1853!

Stride la vampa!  
From *Il Trovatore*

Stride la vampa! La folla indomita corre a quel fuoco lieta in sembianza;  Urli di gioia	The crackling flame fizzles! The unyielding crowd runs to that fire happy in countenance;  Shouts of joy
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intorno echeggiano: cinta di sgherri donna s'avanza!	echo all around; Surrounded by killers A woman comes forward!
Sinistra splende sui volti orribili la tetra fiamma che s'alza al ciel!	Sinister shines on those terrible faces the ghastly flame that reaches up to the sky!
Stride la vampa! giunge la vittima nero vestita, discinta e scalza!	The crackling flame fizzles! The victim arrives, clad in black disheveled and barefoot!
Grido feroce di morte levasi; l'eco il ripete di balza in balza!	A ferocious cry of death rises; the echo repeats it all along the cliffs!
Sinistra splende sui volti orribili la tetra fiamma che s'alza al ciel!	Sinister shines on those terrible faces the ghastly flame that reaches up to the sky!

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Sung by some of the greats in the past such as Luciano Pavarotti and Leontyne Price, the Verdi Requiem is a piece for the ages. This is one of Verdi's largest and most involved works that is not an opera. "Ingemisco" (een-gem-EES-coh) is a part of the *Dies Irae* (dee-ehs ee-ray) which is the section of the mass that describes the last judgement and a trumpet summoning of souls before the throne of God where the saved will be delivered and the unsaved cast into eternal flames. This piece ("Ingemisco") is a supplication for mercy – asking God to place them at the right hand with the sheep and not at his left hand with the goats.

## Requiem Fun Facts:

- Verdi conducted the first performance on May 22, 1874, in the church of St. Marco, Milan.
- “It was an impulse, or, to put it better, a need from my heart, to honor, as best I could, this great man whom I held in such esteem as a writer, and venerated as a man, and as a model of virtue and patriotism.” – Giuseppe Verdi’s letter to the mayor of Milan about the composer’s proposal to write a Requiem Mass to honor the memory of Italian writer, poet, and patriot Alessandro Manzoni.

“Ingemisco...”

From *Messa da Requiem*

Ingemisco tamquam reus, culpa rubet vultus meus; supplicanti, supplicanti, parce, Deus.	I sigh, like the guilty one, guilt reddens my face; spare the supplicating one, O God.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,  et latronem exaudisti, mihi quoque spem dedisti mihi quoque spem dedisti.	You who absolved Mary Magdalene, and heard the thief, have given me hope also have given me hope also.
Preces meae non sunt digne, sed tu, bonus, fac benigne, ne perenni cremer igne.	My prayers are not worthy, but in your goodness, graciously grant that I do not burn in everlasting fire.
Inter oves locum praesta, et ab haedis me sequestra, Inter oves locum praesta, et ab haedis me sequestra, statuens, statuens in parte dextra.	Among the sheep grant me a place, take me out from among the goats. Among the sheep grant me a place, take me out from among the goats, set me, set me at your right hand.
Et ab haedis me sequestra,	take me out from among the goats,

Statuens in parte dextra.	Set me at your right hand.
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The Prologue of Verdi's opera, *Simon Boccanegra* (see-MOHN boh-ka-NEH-grah) opens with a grief-stricken king—Fiesco—exiting the palace stairs. His daughter has passed away after being sequestered in her room to keep her from her lover, Simon, the political rival of Fiesco, himself. In his grief and rage, he curses the Virgin Mary for not keeping his daughter safe. Upon realizing what he has done, he recoils from his outburst and asks for forgiveness and prayers from the Virgin Mary for his blasphemous exclamation.

#### Opera Fun Facts:

- Based on the play *Simón Bocanegra* (1843) by Antonio García Gutiérrez, whose play *El trovador* had been the basis for Verdi's 1853 opera, *Il trovatore*.
- Popular with critics but not with the public, the opera was revised by Verdi in 1881 and is the most performed version today.

#### Il lacerato spirito

From *Simon Boccanegra*

A te l'estremo addio, palagio altero, freddo sepolcro dell'angiolo mio!...	A final farewell to you, haughty palace, Cold sepulcher that holds my angel!
Né a proteggerti io valsi!... Oh maledetto!... Oh vile seduttore E tu, vergin, soffristi rapita a lei la verginal corona?...	Nor could I at least protect you! Oh accursed man! Oh vile seducer! And did you suffer, oh blessed Virgin, To see her womanhood robbed?

<p>Ma che dissi!... deliro!... ah mi perdona!</p> <p>Il lacerato spirito del mesto genitore era serbato a strazio d'infamia e di dolore.</p> <p>Il serto a lei de' martiri pietoso il cielo diè... Resa al fulgor degli angeli, prega, Maria, per me.</p>	<p>Ah! What am I saying... I'm raving! Ah! Forgive me!</p> <p>The shredded spirit of the heartbroken parent Has been preserved in the agony Of infamy and grief.</p> <p>Heaven has adorned her with the Merciful wreath of martyrs... May she surrender to the Radiance of the angels: pray, Maria, for me</p>
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Called the cursed opera, many people who perform the opera have died including the famous baritone Leonard Warren who, on March 4, 1960, while performing as Don Carlo in Verdi's La Forza del Destino, collapsed onstage during the second act after completing the aria, "Urna fatale." Confusion ensued, the curtain was brought down, and Warren was pronounced dead backstage after attempts to administer oxygen and other forms of first aid failed; the apparent cause of his death was pronounced a cerebral hemorrhage.

Understandably, this opera is very rarely performed and it is considered bad luck to say the name of the opera out loud.

In this aria, Alvaro bemoans his fate, recounting the time when his life was suddenly changed and his beloved Leonora was his. In a fateful night, Leonora's father was killed by accident and the blame fell to Alvaro and Leonora. Both fled and were separated by accident. Now Alvaro is in the

military and wishes he could die but asks for his Leonora to save him even from afar.

Opera fun facts:

- The overture (to the revised version of the opera) is part of the standard repertoire for orchestras, often played as the opening piece at concerts.
- The opera was first performed in the Bolshoi Kamenny Theatre of Saint Petersburg, Russia.

La vita è inferno all'infelice... O tu che in seno agli angeli -  
From *La Forza del Destino*

<p>La vita è inferno all'infelice. Invano morte desio! Siviglia! Leonora! Oh, rimembranza! Oh, notte ch'ogni ben mi rapisti! Sarò infelice eternamente, è scritto.</p> <p>Della natal sua terra il padre volle spezzar l'estraneo giogo, E coll'unirsi all'ultima dell'Incas la corona cingere confidò.</p> <p>Fu vana impresa. In un carcere nacqui; M'educava il deserto; Sol vivo perche è ignota è mia regale stirpe!</p> <p>I miei parenti Sognaro un trono, e li destò la scure!</p> <p>O quando fine avran le mie</p>	<p>Life is a hell to the unfortunate. In vain do I long for death. Seville! Leonora! Oh, memories! Oh, night that robbed me of all joy! I shall be unhappy forever - so it is written.</p> <p>My father wished to shatter the foreign yoke on his native land, and by uniting himself with the last of the Incas, thought to assume the crown.</p> <p>The attempt was in vain! I was born in prison, Educated in the desert, I live only because my royal birth is known to none!</p> <p>My parents dreamed of a throne; the axe awakened them!</p> <p>Oh, when will my misfortunes end?</p>
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sventure?

O tu che seno  
agli angeli Eternamente pura,

Salisti bella, incolume  
Dalla mortal jattura,

O tu che seno  
agli angeli  
Salisti bella e pura

Non iscordar di volgere  
Lo sguardo a me  
tapino,  
Che senza nome ed esule,  
In odio del destin,  
Che senza nome ed esule,  
In odio del destino,  
Chiedo anelando ahi misero,  
chiedo anelando ahi misero,  
La morte d'incontrar.

Leonora mia, soccorrimi,  
Leonora mia, soccorrimi,  
pietà, pietà  
pietà del mio penar!  
Leonora, soccorrimi,  
pietà del mio penar!  
Leonora mia, pietà  
pietà del mio penar!  
soccorrimi,  
Pietà di me!

Oh, you who dwell in the bosom of  
the angels, forever pure,

You left lovely and untouched  
by mortal sorrow,

Oh, you who dwell in the bosom of  
the angels,  
You left beautiful and pure.

do not forget to turn  
your gaze upon on me, unhappy  
wretch,  
who, nameless and exiled,  
the prey of fate,  
who, nameless and exiled,  
the prey of fate,  
I ask longingly, in misery,  
I ask longingly, in misery,  
To encounter my death.

My Leonora, save me  
My Leonora, save me  
Have pity, have pity  
have pity on my anguish!  
Leonora, save me,  
Have pity on my anguish!  
My Leonora, have pity,  
Have pity on my anguish!  
Save me,  
Have pity on me!

You may recognize this piece from when Mid-Ohio Civic Opera performed the opera *Un Ballo in Maschera* at Kingwood Gardens several years ago. In this piece, Ulrica (ool-REE-kuh) casts a spell to summon the King of the Abyss in order to see the future. In the first half of this aria, Ulrica cast her spell, and in the second half Ulrica exclaims in excitement that the King of the Abyss is here, happy with her spell, and is ready to help her see the future.

### Opera Fun Facts

- Inspired by an actual political assassination, the murder of Sweden's King Gustave III at a masked ball.
- The opera received its U.S. premiere in a seven-performance run, beginning Feb. 11, 1861, at the Academy of Music in New York City. In the audience on Feb. 20: Abraham Lincoln, president-elect, who would take office on March 4. This opera is reportedly Lincoln's first opera (and he went on to see 30 operas as president).

Re dell'abisso affrettati  
From *Un Ballo in Maschera*

<p>Re dell'abisso, affrettati, Precipita per l'etra, Senza libar la folgore Il tetto mio penètra. Omai tre volte l'upupa Dall'alto sospirò; La salamandra ignivora Tre volte sibilò . . . E delle tombe il gemito Tre volte a me parlò.</p> <p>È lui, è lui! ne' palpiti Come risento adesso La voluttà riardere Del suo tremendo amplesso! La face del futuro Nella sinistra egli ha.</p>	<p>King of the Abyss, make haste, Plunge down through the skies, Without releasing the thunderbolt, Penetrate my roof. Now three times, the owl Breathed on high; The fire breathing salamander Hissed three times... And the groaning of the tombs Spoke to me three times.</p> <p>It's him, it's him! Now I feel The palpitations again. The pleasure to burn again In his awful embrace! The light of the future He holds in his left hand.</p>
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M'arrise al mio scongiuro, Rifolgorar la fa: Nulla, più nulla ascondersi Al guardo mio potrà!	He was pleased with my spell He blazes once again: Nothing, nothing more will be hidden From my gaze!
(Chorus: Evviva la maga! Evviva la maga!)	(Long live the witch! Long live the witch!)
Silenzio! Silenzio!	Silence! Silence!

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Don Carlos is a grand opera composed by Giuseppe Verdi on the dramatic play Don Carlos, Infant von Spanien (Don Carlos, Infante of Spain) by Friedrich Schiller. Originally set with a French five-act libretto, The opera is most often performed in a four-act Italian translation, usually under the title Don Carlo.

The opera's story is based on the sometimes tumultuous life of Carlos, Prince of Asturias (1545–1568). Though he was betrothed to Elisabeth of Valois, the terms of the peace treaty ending the Italian War of 1551–59 between the Houses of Habsburg and Valois demanded that she be married instead to his father Philip II of Spain.

One of the most well-known numbers in this opera is the duet between Carlos and Rodrigo, "Dio, che nell'alma infondere amor", which occurs near the beginning of the opera. In this scene Don Carlos bemoans his fate, as his father King Philip II has married Elisabeth, the object of Don Carlos' longing. Carlos' friend Rodrigo, the Marquis of Posa, wants to recruit Carlos to join the fight for freedom being waged by the Flemish, who are suffering under Philippe's rule. The scene intensifies until their voices are almost entirely parallel. They sing in a third interval, and thus harmoniously sing the same melody line. But they are not singing in unison: Both are bound

by friendship, with one driven by disappointed love and the other by political idealism.

Opera fun facts:

- The story of Don Carlo is largely fictional, and explores the conflicts between love, friendship, idealism, and duty. But the characters — Don Carlos, King Philip of Spain, Princess Eboli — are actual historical figures.
- Verdi included a ballet in Don Carlo, though the ballet is hardly ever performed. It tells the story of a famous gemstone, a pearl called La Peregrina, which belonged to the queen of Spain. More recently, La Peregrina was owned by Elizabeth Taylor, who almost lost it when her dog started chewing on it.

Dio, che nell'alma infondere  
From *Don Carlo*

RODRIGO (odesi il suono d'una campana) Ascolta! Le porte dell'asil s'apron già; qui verranno Filippo e la Regina.	RODRIGO (The sound of a bell is heard) Listen! The sanctuary doors are opening already; Philip and the Queen will soon arrive.
DON CARLO Elisabetta!	DON CARLO Elizabeth!
RODRIGO Rinfranca accanto a me lo spirito che vacilla! Serena ancor tua stella in alto brilla. Domanda al ciel dei forti la virtù!	RODRIGO By my side, let your wavering spirits find strength! Your star will shine serenely in the heavens! Ask heaven for the virtue of strength!
DON CARLO E RODRIGO Dio che nell'alma infondere	DON CARLO AND RODRIGO God, who within our souls instills

amor volesti e speme,  
desio nel core accendere  
tu dêi di libertà.  
desio... accendere, accender nel  
cor tu dêi di libertà.

Giuriam insiem di vivere  
E di morire insieme;

RODRIGO  
In terra, in ciel

DON CARLO E RODRIGO  
Congiungere ci può la tua bontà.

Ah! Dio che nell'alma infondere  
amor volesti e speme,  
desio nel core accendere  
tu dêi di libertà,  
desio... accendere, accender nel  
cor tu dêi di libertà.

RODRIGO  
Vivremo insiem

CARLO  
Vivremo in siem

RODRIGO  
e morremo insiem!

CARLO  
E morremo insiem!

DON CARLO E RODRIGO  
Sarà l'estremo anelito,  
sarà.... un grido, un grido: Libertà!

RODRIGO  
Vivremo insiem

By your will, love and hope,  
Kindle in our hears  
the desire for liberty  
Desire... kindle, kindle in our  
hearts the desire for liberty.

We swear to live together  
And to die together;

RODRIGO  
On earth, and in heaven

DON CARLO E RODRIGO  
Unite us by your goodness.

Ah! God, who within our souls  
instills by your will, love and hope,  
Kindle in our hears the desire  
For liberty,  
Desire... kindle, kindle in our hearts  
The desire for liberty.

RODRIGO  
Together in life!

CARLO  
Together in life

RODRIGO  
And together in death!

CARLO  
And together in death!

DON CARLO and RODRIGO  
With our last breath,  
Our cry, our cry will be: Liberty!

RODRIGO  
Together in life

CARLO Vivremo in siem	CARLO Together in life
RODRIGO e morremo insiem!	RODRIGO And together in death!
CARLO e morremo insiem!	CARLO And together in death!
RODRIGO grido estremo sarà	RODRIGO Our final cry shall be:
CARLO grido estremo sarà	CARLO Our final cry shall be:
DON CARLO e RODRIGO Libertà!	DON CARLO and RODRIGO Liberty!

## INTERMISSION

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One of the most famous and recognizable quartets in all of operatic repertoire, this piece showcases the Duke who is constantly looking for the next woman he can take into his bedroom. Here, Rigoletto, Gilda's father, is trying to show his daughter that the Duke truly is a rake. Maddalena knows the Duke's tricks, but even though she knows his reputation, Maddalena finds herself being seduced by the charming Duke. Gilda, heartbroken, cannot believe what she is seeing and will choose to love the Duke and even give her life for him at the end of the opera.

Opera Fun Facts

- Verdi originally hoped to give his opera the same name as Victor Hugo's play, *The King Amuses Himself*. When this title was rejected, he suggested *La Maledizione* (The Curse), before finally deciding to name the opera after its quasi-protagonist.
- The story is based on a play by Victor Hugo. He is better known for his other masterpieces: *Les Misérables* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Bella figlia dell'amore  
From *Rigoletto*

<p>DUCA Bella figlia dell'amore, Schiavo son dei vezzi tuoi; Con un detto sol tu puoi Le mie pene consolar. Vieni e senti del mio core Il frequente palpar.</p>	<p>DUKE Fairest daughter of love, I am a slave to your charms; with but a single word you could relieve my every pain. Come, touch my breast and feel how my heart is racing.</p>
<p>MADDALENA Ah! ah! rido ben di core, Che tai baie costan poco Quanto valga il vostro gioco, Mel credete, so apprezzar. Son avvezza, bel signore, Ad un simile scherzar.</p>	<p>MADDALENA Ah! Ah! That really makes me laugh; talk like that is cheap enough. Believe me, I know exactly what such play-acting is worth! I, my fine sir, am quite accustomed to foolish jokes like this.</p>
<p>GILDA Ah, così parlar d'amore A me pur intame ho udito! Infelice cor tradito, Per angoscia non scoppiar.</p>	<p>GILDA Ah, these are the loving words the scoundrel spoke once to me! O wretched heart betrayed do not break for sorrow.</p>
<p>RIGOLETTO Taci, il piangere non vale... Ch'ei mentiva sei sicura. Taci, e mia sarà la cura La vendetta d'affrettar.</p>	<p>RIGOLETTO (to Gilda) Hush weeping can do no good... You are now convinced he was lying. Hush, and leave it up to me to hasten our revenge.</p>

Sì, pronta fia, sarà fatale, Io saprollo fulminar.	It will be quick, it will be deadly, I know how to deal with him.
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Just prior to Silva's aria, we find Elvira, caught in a love triangle, who waits and grieves in her chamber. The King, Carlos, wants her love, yet she is betrothed to Sliva; and her true love lies still, with Ernani. King Carlos, disguised as a peasant, enters the chamber, but Elvira recognizes him and rejects the love that he offers her. As he attempts to use force, she grasps a dagger, but Ernani suddenly arrives and stops Carlos. Carlos recognizes Ernani as the leader of the bandits. Ernani replies that Carlos robbed him of his lands and forced him into a life of banditry. As he invites Carlos to fight, Silva appears, making the wrong assumptions about what he sees, and grieves the infidelity of this beloved; then vows vengeance upon Ernani.

Opera fun facts:

- Based on the 1830 play Hernani by Victor Hugo.
- One of Verdi's most popular operas and revived countless times. It was Verdi's most popular opera until it was superseded by // *Trovatore* after 1853.
- In 1903 it became the first opera to ever be recorded completely.

Che mai vegg'io...Infelice! E tuo credevi  
From *Ernani*

Che mai vegg'io! Nel penetral piu scuro Di mia magione, presso a lei che sposa Due seduttori io scorga?	What do I see here? In the most private part of my house, With the one who was to be my bride, Two seducers I find.
Entrate, ola miei fidi cavalieri,	My faithful courtiers, come see!

<p>Sia ognuno testimon del disonore, Dell'onta che si reca al suo signore</p> <p>Infelice!... e tuo credevi sì bel giglio immacolato!... Del tuo crine fra le nevi piomba invece il disonor. Ah! perché l'etade in seno giovin core m'ha serbato! Mi dovevan gli anni almeno far di gelo ancora il cor.</p>	<p>Let each of you witness the dishonor, The shame that has befallen your lord.</p> <p>Poor fool! You believed Her to be pure as a lily! As snowy white falls on your hair, So falls dishonor upon your head. Oh why, oh why, at my age Must I retain a youthful heart? Would that my years could have Turned my heart to ice.</p>
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Back to *Il Trovatore* again, but now we are much later in the opera. Here, Azucena has been captured and beaten for supposedly killing the Count's brother. Azucena is tired and slowly dying from her wounds and seeing visions from the past of her mother burning at the stake. Her son Manrico (who is actually the Count's brother and not her biological son), tries to calm her (she has just sung about seeing her mother's eyes hanging from her sockets after all...). Manrico is able to calm his mother, so Azucena begins to sing of the beauty of returning to the mountains of her home and her son playing his lute as she falls asleep.

We feel truly blessed to have a duet from this opera performed at this concert because it is one of the most difficult operas in the repertoire. Here is the secret to performing "Il Trovatore" according to legendary tenor Enrico Caruso: it's simple; all you need is "the four greatest singers in the world." The greatest tenor, soprano, baritone, and mezzo-soprano.

Opera Fun Facts:

- Legend has it that when Verdi was finishing up his opera 'Il Trovatore', a famous critic stopped by. Verdi sat at the piano and played a few excerpts for him.
  - "What do you think?" Verdi asked.
  - "That's terrible," the critic replied.
  - "Well, what about this?" Verdi asked as he played another fragment.
  - "Rubbish" came the response.
  - "And this?" At which point Verdi played the now-famous "Di quella pira"
  - "Absolutely horrible!" said the great critic as he covered his ears.
  - Verdi jumped up from the piano and thanked the critic, saying, "I've been writing an opera for the people of Italy not for purists like you. If you hate it, that means the whole world will whistle and play it all over Italy!"

Ai nostri monti  
From *Il Trovatore*

<p>MANRICO Se m'ami ancor, se voce di figlio ha possa d'una madre in seno, ai terrori dell'alma oblio cerca nel sonno, e posa e calma.</p>	<p>MANRICO If you love me still, if a son's voice has power in a mother's breast, seek oblivion in sleep from the spirit's terrors, and rest and calm.</p>
<p>AZUCENA Sì, la stanchezza m'opprime, o figlio... Alla quiete io chiudo il ciglio, ma se del rogo arder si veda l'orrida fiamma, destami allor.</p>	<p>AZUCENA Yes, weariness overcomes me, my son... I'll close my eyes in peace, but if you see burning the stake's horrid flames, then waken me.</p>
<p>MANRICO Riposa, o madre, Iddio conceda</p>	<p>MANRICO Rest now, mother, and may God</p>

men tristi immagini al tuo sopor.	grant less grievous images to your sleep.
AZUCENA Ai nostri monti ritorneremo, l'antica pace ivi godremo! Tu canterai... sul tuo liuto, in sonno placido io dormirò.	AZUCENA We'll go back to our mountains, and there enjoy our former peace! You'll sing... with your lute, and I'll sleep serenely.
MANRICO Riposa, o madre, io prono e muto la mente al cielo rivolgerò.	MANRICO Rest, mother. Silent and alert, I'll turn my thoughts to Heaven.
AZUCENA Tu canterai...	AZUCENA You'll sing...

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Aida is based in Egypt during the reign of the pharaohs. At this point in the opera, Amneris, a princess, is in love with the general Radamès, and her father has promised her in marriage to Radamès, but Radamès doesn't love Amneris. He is in love with Aida, Amneris' Ethiopian slave. Radamès, just prior to this scene agreed to flee with Aida so that they can live out happily the rest of their lives. In agreeing to flee with her, Radamès inadvertently gives away the secret of the army to the Ethiopian King who was hiding and thought to be dead. In this scene, Amneris wishes to have Radames pardoned if he agrees to love her and renounce Aida. Unwilling to do go without Aida, Radamès refuses to defend himself since he feels he's done nothing wrong in his accidental telling of the army's location. In the end, Radamès chooses silence and is sentenced to being entombed (buried alive). Unknown to all, Aida has hidden herself in the tomb to die with her love.

Opera fun facts:

- In 1870, Verdi received a prestigious commission from the Khedive of Egypt – to compose a new opera for the opening of the Khedivial Opera House (what would become *Aida*). However, Verdi failed to deliver in time for the scheduled opening night in February 1871 due to scenery and costumes being stuck in Paris because of the Siege of Paris (1870-1871). Instead, *Aida* was first performed at the Khedivial Opera House in Cairo on Christmas Eve, 1871,
- Verdi did not attend the premiere in Cairo and was most dissatisfied with the fact that no members of the general public were invited. He, therefore, considered the Italian (and European) premiere – held at La Scala, Milan on 8 February 1872 – to be its real premiere.

L'abborrita rivale a me sfuggia  
From *Aida*

<p>AMNERIS L'abborrita rivale a me sfuggia. Dai sacerdoti Radamès attende Dei traditor la pena. Traditor Egli non è. Pur rivelò di guerra L'alto segreto. Egli fuggir volea,  Con lei fuggire! Traditori tutti! A morte! A morte!  Oh! che mai parlo?  Io l'amo, io l'amo sempre. Disperato, insano È quest'amor che la mia vita strugge. Oh! s'ei potesse amarmi! Vorrei salvarlo. E come? Si tenti! Guardie, Radamès qui venga.</p>	<p>AMNERIS My hated rival has escaped. From the hands of the priests Radamès awaits the traitor's punishment. But he is not a traitor, even if he revealed the secret plan.  He meant to flee – with her! Traitors all! Death to them – death!  Oh, what am I saying?  I love him, I still love him, with a mad, a desperate love, which is killing me. Oh! if only he might love me! I should like to save him. How? I shall try! Guards, bring Radamès to me.</p>
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Già i sacerdoti  
adunansi,  
Arbitri del tuo fato,  
Pur dell'accusa orribile  
Scolparti ancor  
t'è dato;  
Ti scolpa e la tua grazia  
lo pregherò dal trono,  
E nunzia di perdono,  
Di vita a te sarò.

RADAMÈS

Di mie discolpe i giudici  
Mai non udran l'accento;  
Dinanzi ai numi, agl'uomini  
Né vi!, né reo mi sento.

Profferse il labbro incauto  
Fatal segreto, è vero,  
Ma puro il mio pensiero  
E l'onor mio restò.

AMNERIS

Salvati dunque e scolpati.

RADAMÈS

No.

AMNERIS

Tu morrai.

RADAMÈS

La vita Aborro! d'ogni gaudio  
La fonte inaridita,  
Svanita ogni speranza,  
Sol bramo di morir.

The priests even now are in  
counsel,  
deciding your fate.  
in answer to the dread accusations,  
But you can still establish your  
innocence  
Clear yourself, and I shall ask  
pardon for you from the King.  
In that way, I can bring  
both pardon and life to you.

RADAMÈS

The judges shall never hear me  
try to defend myself.  
Before the gods and man  
I feel myself neither traitors nor  
guilty.

My incautious words  
revealed the secret, it is true.  
But both my thought  
and my honor remain unstained by  
guilt.

AMNERIS

Then defend yourself – save  
yourself.

RADAMÈS

No.

AMNERIS

You will die –

RADAMÈS

Life is hateful to me. The source  
of all joy is now dry,  
every hope is gone.  
I wish only to die.

AMNERIS

Morire! Ah, tu dêi vivere!  
Sì, all'amor mio vivrai;  
Per te le angosce orribili  
Di morte io già provai;  
T'amai, sofferai tanto,  
Vegliai le notti in pianto,  
E patria, e trono, e vita  
Tutto darei per te.

RADAMÈS

Per essa anch'io la patria  
E l'onor mio tradia...

AMNERIS

Di lei non più!

RADAMÈS

L'infamia  
Mi attende e vuoi ch'io viva?  
Misero appien mi  
festi,  
Aida a me togliești;  
Spenta l'hai forse, e in dono  
Offri la vita a me?

AMNERIS

Io, di sua morte origine!  
No, vive Aida!

RADAMÈS

Vive!

AMNERIS

Nei disperati aneliti  
Dell'orde fuggitive  
Sol cadde il padre.

RADAMÈS

AMNERIS

To die! Ah, you must live!  
Yes, you shall live in my love.  
For you, I have already felt  
the horrible anguish of death.  
I loved, I suffered,  
I passed the nights in tears.  
My country, my throne, my life –  
I should give up all for you.

RADAMÈS

For her, I too betrayed  
my country and my honor.

AMNERIS

Do not speak of her!

RADAMÈS

Infamy  
is my lot – and you ask me to live?  
You brought me to the depths of  
misery,  
you took Aida from me.  
Perhaps, because of you, she is  
dead –  
and you offer me my life?

AMNERIS

Aida dead, because of me?  
No, she is alive!

RADAMÈS

She is alive!

AMNERIS

In the desperate flight  
of the fleeing hordes  
only her father died.

RADAMÈS

Ed ella?

AMNERIS

Sparve, né più novella  
S'ebbe...

RADAMÈS

Gli dei l'adducano  
Salva alle patrie mura,  
E ignori la sventura  
Di chi per lei morrà!

AMNERIS

Or, s'io ti salvo, giurami  
Che più non la vedrai...

RADAMÈS

No! posso!

AMNERIS

A lei rinuncia  
Per sempre, e tu vivrai!

RADAMÈS

No! posso!

AMNERIS

Ancor una volta:  
A lei rinuncia.

RADAMÈS

È vano.

AMNERIS

Morir vuoi dunque, insano?

RADAMÈS

Pronto a morir son già.

AMNERIS

And she?

AMNERIS

She disappeared,  
nothing is known of her.

RADAMÈS

May the gods lead her  
safely to her home.  
May she never know the fate  
of the one who will die for her!

AMNERIS

If I save you, swear to me  
that you will never see her again.

RADAMÈS

I cannot!

AMNERIS

If you renounce her  
forever, you will live!

RADAMÈS

I cannot!

AMNERIS

Once more –  
renounce her.

RADAMÈS

It is in vain.

AMNERIS

Madman – you insist on dying?

RADAMÈS

I am ready to die!

AMNERIS

Chi ti salva, sciagurato,  
Dalla sorte che t'aspetta?  
In furor hai tu cangiato  
Un amor ch'egual non ha.  
De' miei pianti la vendetta  
Ora dal ciel si compirà, ecc.

RADAMÈS  
È la morte un ben supremo  
Se per lei morir m'è dato;  
Nel subir l'estremo fato  
Gaudii immensi il core avrà;  
L'ira umana più non temo,  
Temo sol la tua pietà, ecc.

AMNERIS  
Ah! chi ti salva?...  
De' miei pianti (etc)

RAMFIS e  
SACERDOTI (nel sotterraneo)  
Spirito del nume, sopra noi discendi!  
Ne avviva al raggio dell'eterna luce;  
Pel labbro nostro tua giustizia  
apprendi.

AMNERIS  
Numi, pietà del mio straziato  
core...  
Egli è innocente, lo salvate, o Numi!  
Disperato, tremendo è il mio dolore!

RAMFIS e  
SACERDOTI  
Spirito del Nume, ecc.

AMNERIS  
Oh, chi lo salva? Ohimè! Mi sento  
morir!

Who will save you, wretch,  
from the fate which awaits you?  
You have changed into hatred  
a love which had no equal.  
Only heaven  
can now avenge my tears, etc.

RADAMÈS  
Death is the greatest good,  
if I may die for her;  
In going to meet my fate  
my heart will know great joy;  
I have no fear of mortal wrath,  
your pity is the only thing I fear, etc.

AMNERIS  
Ah, who will save him?...  
Only heaven, etc.

RAMFIS and  
PRIESTS (in the vault)  
Spirit of the gods, descend upon us!  
Let thy eternal ray enlighten us;  
let our lips pronounce thy justice.

AMNERIS  
O gods, take pity on my anguished  
heart!  
He is innocent – save him, O gods!  
My grief is desperate,  
overwhelming!

RAMFIS and  
PRIESTS  
Spirit of the gods, etc.

AMNERIS  
Oh, who will save him? I shall  
die!

RAMFIS (nel sotterraneo)  
Radamès, Radamès, Radamès:  
Tu rivelasti  
Della patria i segreti allo  
straniero!  
Discolpati!

RAMFIS  
Egli tace...  
Traitor!

AMNERIS  
Ah, pietà! Egli è innocente! Numi,  
pietà!

RAMFIS  
Radamès, Radamès, Radamès:  
Tu disertasti  
Dal campo il dì che precedea la  
pugna.  
Discolpati!

RAMFIS  
Egli tace...  
Traitor!

AMNERIS  
Ah, pietà! Ah, lo salvate! Numi,  
pietà!

RAMFIS  
Radamès, Radamès, Radamès:  
Tua fé violasti,  
Alla patria spergiuro, al Re,  
all'onore.  
Discolpati!

RAMFIS  
Egli tace...

RAMFIS (in the vault)  
Radamès! Radamès! Radamès!  
You revealed  
your country's secrets to the  
enemy!  
Defend yourself.

RAMFIS  
He is silent.  
Traitor!

AMNERIS  
Ah, pity! He is innocent! Pity! O  
gods!

RAMFIS  
Radamès! Radamès! Radamès!  
You deserted  
your command on the eve of battle.  
Defend yourself.

RAMFIS  
He is silent.  
Traitor!

AMNERIS  
Ah, pity! Ah, save him!  
Pity, O gods!

RAMFIS  
Radamès! Radamès! Radamès!  
You betrayed  
your country, your King,  
your honor.  
Defend yourself.

RAMFIS  
He is silent.

Traditor!

AMNERIS

Ah, pietà! Ah, lo salvate!  
Numi, pietà!

RAMFIS e  
SACERDOTI

Radamès, è deciso il tuo fato:  
Degl'infami la morte tu avrai;  
Sotto l'ara del Nume sdegnato  
A te vivo fia schiuso l'avel.

AMNERIS

A lui vivo, la tomba! Oh! gl'infami!  
Né di sangue son paghi  
giammai...  
E si chiaman  
ministri del ciel!

RAMFIS e  
SACERDOTI  
Traditor!

AMNERIS

Sacerdoti: compiste un  
delitto!  
Tigri infami di sangue assetate,  
Voi la terra ed i Numi oltraggiate,  
Voi punite chi colpa non ha.

RAMFIS e  
SACERDOTI  
È traditor! morrà!

AMNERIS (a Ramfis)  
Sacerdote: quest'uomo che  
uccidi,  
Tu lo sai, da me un giorno fu  
amato,

Traitor!

AMNERIS

Ah, pity! Ah, save him!  
Pity, O gods!

RAMFIS and  
PRIESTS

Radamès, your fate is decided;  
you shall die a traitor's death.  
Beneath the altar of the offended  
god, you, living, shall be entombed.

AMNERIS

Entombed alive! Oh, the villains!  
their thirst for blood is never  
appeased...  
yet they call themselves heaven's  
ministers!

RAMFIS and  
PRIESTS  
Traitor!

AMNERIS

Priests – you have committed a  
crime!  
Infamous, bloodthirsty beasts –  
you outrage the gods and man,  
punishing the innocent!

RAMFIS and  
PRIESTS  
He is a traitor! He shall die.

AMNERIS (to Ramfis)  
Priest, this man whom you send to  
death,  
you know well, I once  
loved.

<p>L'anatema d'un core straziato  Col suo sangue su te  ricadrà!  Voi la terra ed i numi, ecc.  Ah no, non è traditor...pietà,  ecc.</p> <p>RAMFIS e  SACERDOTI  È traditor! morrà!</p> <p>AMNERIS  Empia razza! anatema su voi!  La vendetta del ciel scenderà!</p>	<p>The curse of a broken heart,  together with his blood, will fall  upon you!  You outrage the gods, etc.  Ah, he is no traitor...have mercy,  etc.</p> <p>RAMFIS and  PRIESTS  He is a traitor! He shall die.</p> <p>AMNERIS  Impious brood! My curse upon you!  Heaven's vengeance will strike you!</p>
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End of concert.