

Vicino a un rivoletto

Recitativo

Vicino a un rivoletto
ove conuta e onda increpata dall'aure
con vago zeffir la sponda ingemma,
stava l'afflito e sconcolato amante
Coriolano fedel principe errante.
Attendeva amoroso Cleopatra la diletta
nobile e vezzosetta,
e chiedendo ristor dall'Aura e Venti,
sciolsè la lingua in questi dolci accenti.

Aria

Zeffirotto amorosetto
che scherzando vai vezzoso
con l'augello
col fiore e col rio,
vanne, vola al bel idol mio,
digli, o caro ch'io l'amo fedel.
Augelletto garruletto
che volando vai pietoso
e per monti e verdi colli,
va e vi trova il mio tesoro,
digli almeno ch'io l'adoro
se ben fiero e a me crudel.
Zeffiretto amorosetto, ecc.

Recitativo

Ma, o ciel, che infin le piante
e l'erbe, i fiori e i sassi,
gli augelli, i venti e l'onde
si mostrano crudeli a miei martiri,
Ah, Nume cieco alato
cupido del mio fato,
tu almeno abbi pietade.
Me feristi, crudele!
Mi colpisti nel seno,
né vale dir ch'io peno
se la perfida ingrata
per piu dar crucio al core
favellando mi va d'antico amore.

Aria

aime, sento il mio core
che sviene dal dolore
per te, vago mio bene,
languendo ogn'ora sta.
Tu sola, mio tesoro,
spegner puoi quell'ardor
che con tormento atroce
in petto acceso v'ha.
Aime, sento il mio core, ecc.

Recitative

Near by a little stream
where waves fuffed by the air
along with gentle breeze adorn the bank,
stood the afflicted and disconsolate lover,
Coriolanus, faithful, wandering prince.
In love, he awaited his beloved Cleopatra,
the noble and captivating lady,
and seeking comfort from Air and Winds.
loosened his tongue in these tender accents.

Aria

Lovely little breeze
who go your gracefully playful way
with the little bird
with the flower and the stream,
go, fly to my beautiful idol,
tell her, dear friend, that I love her faithfully.
Chirping little bird
who, compassionate, go your way
through mountains and green hills,
go and seek out my treasure,
tell her at least that I adore her,
even if she is harsh and cruel to me.
Lovely little breeze, etc.

Recitative

But, oh heavens, even the plants
and grasses, the flowers and rocks,
the birds, winds and waves
show themselves cruel to my torments.
Ah, blind, winged God,
jealous of my fate,
at least have pity.
You have struck me , cruel one,
struck me in the breast,
and it matters not to say that I suffer
if that faithless ingrate
just to increase my heart's torture
continues telling me of our former love.

Aria

Alas, I feel my heart,
which faints from pain
over you, my pretty love,
is always pining away.
You alone, my treasure,
can extinguish that fire
which with terrible torment
has inflamed my breast.
Alas, I feel my heart, etc.

Nel dolce tempo (Naples, 1708)

Recitativo

Nel dolce tempo,
In cui ritorna a noi,
Di novello colore
Adorna e piena,
La bella eta fiorita,
Che a diletta d'amor
Ne chiama e invita,
Leggiadra Ninfa e vaga,
Al bel Volturmo in riva,
La dove un alto pin l'erba copriva,
Vidi da lunge starsi,
E di rose e viole il petto orgarsi
Onde ratto ivi giunto, O Dio! mirai

Due luni, un labbro, un seno, crin si vago,
hair so
Che n'arsi a un tratto e del mio ardor son
contented pago.
Quindi volto a colei ch'ho sempre al core.
always have
Dissi cosi, pieta chiedendo e amore:

Two eyes, a mouth, a breast, and
lovely,
That I suddenly caught fire and am
with my ardor.
Therefore I turned to her whom I
in my heart.
And I spoke thus, asking for mercy and love:

Aria

*Pastorella, coi bei lumi,
Erbe e fiori anch'innamori,
Pastorella del mio cor.
E quest'aure, e questi fiumi,
Sussurando, mormorando,
Per te sol parlan d'amor.*

Recitative

Di pallido color,
La Ninfa intanto
Copri il bel viso,

Ed ostro poscia il tinse,
Qual chi, temendo
E vergognando,
Suole mostrare in volto
Or rose ed or viole.
Pur sorridendo alfine onestamente,
A me rivolta disse:
Pastor, tua nobil alma,
Tue costume gentil,
Tuo vago viso,
Dolce fiamma d'amor
Destano al core,
Ma dell'amore
E l'onesta maggiore!
Ond'io risposi allora:
Piacemi, bella, il tuo leggiadro aspetto,

Ma piu dell'alma ancor la virtu rara.

Recitative

In the sweet time,
When returns to us,
With new color
Adorned and full,
The beautiful flowery season,
Which to the delights of love
Calls and invites us,
A graceful and charming nymph,
On the bank of the Volturmo,
Where a tall pine tree shaded the grass
I saw seated from afar
With roses and violets adorning her breast,
So that I rushed there quickly, O God! and I
beheld.

Two eyes, a mouth, a breast, and
lovely,
That I suddenly caught fire and am
with my ardor.
Therefore I turned to her whom I
in my heart.
And I spoke thus, asking for mercy and love:

Aria

*Shepherdess, with you beautiful eyes,
You inflame even the grasses and flowers,
Shepherdess of my heart.
And these breezes and streams
Whispering, murmuring,
For you alone they speak of love.*

Recitative

A pallid color
Meanwhile covered
The Nymph's beautiful face,

And then crimson colored it,
Like one who, shy
And bashful,
Is accustomed to show in her face
Now roses, now violets.
Then at last smiling openly,
She turned to me and said:
Shepherd, your noble soul,
You gentle manner,
Your pleasing face,
Awaken a sweet flame
Of love in my heart,
But honesty is
Greater than love!
So I then responded:
Your charming appearance pleases me, lovely
one.
But still more the rare virtue of your soul.

Onesta t'amo piu, piu mi sei cara.

The more I love you because you are honest,
the more you are dear to me.

Se non favella,
Ma guarda e tace
E senza pace
Sospira ognor,
Laccio d'amor
Lo stringe.

If it does not utter,
But gazes and stays silent,
And constantly sighs
Without cease,
The snare of love
Holds it fast.

Aria

*Senti, di te, ben mio:
Cantar, dal basco al rio,
L'augelli ancora,
In questa spiaggia e in quella,
Lodar di te, mia bella,
I lumi, i labbri, il cor,
L'onesto e fido amor,
S'ascolta ognora.*

Aria

*Listen, my beloved:
The birds singing of you
From the wood to the stream,
On this bank and that,
Praising, my beautiful one,
Your eyes, your lips, your heart,
And your honest and faithful love,
One hears continually.*

Siedi, Amarilli

Siedi, Amarilli mia, siedi e m'ascolta.
Qui lungi io dal timor, tu dalla noia
De' rivali pastori,
Ragionar ben potrem de'nostri amori;
Non v'e chi n'oda, o chi favelli intorno,
Né chi di gelosia tinto ne guardi.
Siedi, Amarilli mia, siedi, che tardi?

Sit down, my Amaryllis, sit down and hear me.
Here I far from fears and you
From the annoyance of rival shepherds
Can talk at ease of our love;
There is no one to hear or to gossip around
Or to look on us tinged with jealousy.
Sit down, my Amaryllis. Sit here, why do you
hesitate?

Quest'erbe, questi fior, questi ruscelli
E quest'amene collinette apriche
Che fur gran tempo a' miei sospiri amiche
E pietose al mio pianto,
Sol mi vedranno a te sedere accanto.
Lascia ch'io parli almen solo una volta
Siedi, Amarilli mia, siedi e m'ascolta.

Only this grass, these flowers, these brooks
And these pleasant sunny hills,
That for long were kindly to my sighs
And compassionate to my complaints,
Will see me sitting close beside you.
Let me at least speak just for once.
Sit down, my Amaryllis, sit down and hear me.

Lo ti miro e poi sospiro,
Dir vorrei e dir non so,
Si confonde il labbro e il cor,
E smarrita l'alma aita
Chieder tenta e poi non puo.
Ahi che pena, ahi che dolor.

I look at you and then sigh,
Wanting to speak but knowing not how;
My lips and my heart become confused,
And my bewildered soul
Tries to seek aid and then cannot.
Ah, what pain, ah, what grief!

"Ah si, che i tuoi begl'occhi
Con silenzio loquace
Si favellano al cor se il labbro tace.
Parla Fileno mio, parla, che pensi?"

"Ah yes, for your handsome eyes
In eloquent silence
Speak to my heart even if your lips are mute.
Tell me, my Fileno, say, what are you
thinking?"

"Ah mia cara Amarilli,
Penso a parlar, ma del mio foco ascoso

"Ah my dear Amaryllis,
I am thinking of speaking, but I have so much
to tell you

Tanto t'ho a dir che incominciar non oso."

Of my hidden fire that I do not dare begin."

Se scherza e ride,
Se parla e dice
Quant'e infelice
Amondo un cor,
Non ama allor,
Ma finge.

If a loving heart
Jests and laughs,
If it speaks and says
How unhappy it is,
Then it does not love
But is feigning.