

# WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 18 October 2023  
7.30pm

## The English Concert

Harry Bicket director, harpsichord

Nadja Zwiener violin I	Jonathan Byers violoncello
Miki Takahashi violin I	Samuel Ng violoncello
Thérèse Timoney violin I	Alexander Jones double bass
Anna Curzon violin II	Clara Espinosa Encinas oboe
Kinga Ujszázsi violin II	Sarah Humphreys oboe, recorder
Sara Deborah Struntz violin II	Katrin Lazar bassoon, recorder
Alfonso Leal del Ojo viola	Sergio Bucheli theorbo
Louise Hogan viola	Tom Foster harpsichord

Ailish Tynan soprano (as Clori)

Joëlle Harvey soprano (as Tirsi)

Iestyn Davies countertenor (as Fileno)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Clori, Tirsi e Fileno HWV96 (1707)

The edition of *Clori, Tirsi e Fileno* used in this performance is published by Bärenreiter-Verlag, Kassel.



Our Audience Fund provides essential unrestricted support for our artistic and learning programmes, connecting thousands of people with music locally, nationally, and internationally. We rely on the generosity of our audience to raise £150,000 each year to support this work. Your gifts are, and continue to be, indispensable.

To donate, please visit <https://wigmore-hall.org.uk/support-us/wigmore-hall-audience-fund>

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management.

In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.

Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141.

Wigmore Hall is equipped with a 'Loop' to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838  
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • [Wigmore-hall.org.uk](http://Wigmore-hall.org.uk) • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG  
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

Department  
for Culture  
Media & Sport

LOTTERY FUNDED

Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**

Registered with  
**FUNDRAISING  
REGULATOR**

### ***Speri l'amante cor: the cantata's hopeful heart***

The cantata emerged in the late 16th Century, at around the same time as opera. At its inception it was relatively brief and simple, but by the later 17th Century it usually took the form of recitative–aria–recitative–aria – just long enough to allow the semi-dramatic exposition of a single character's emotional turmoil. Like opera, the demand for verisimilitude (truth to life or nature) meant that the cantata needed some justification for having characters converse or soliloquise in song. For both, the answer was to focus on emotional catharsis, featuring intensely dramatic stories or events. But while opera gravitated towards complex mythological or historical narratives, the cantata emphasised briefer scenes of pastoral love. (Both myth and the pastoral represented idealised societies, where people could be imagined to converse in song.)

While the cantata flourished in the late-17th to mid-18th centuries, being by far the most common form of vocal chamber music of the period and particularly associated with aristocratic courts, it has subsequently been overshadowed by its operatic cousin. This is true even for such a figure as Handel, whose cantatas have received little scholarly attention. No doubt this is partly due to circumstance. The cantata was the only genre Handel never published, perhaps because they are almost entirely the product of his early Italian period, from 1706-10, before he moved to Hanover and on to London. Because public record of their performance is lacking, little was known about when or why Handel's 80+ cantatas were written until 50 years ago, when it was discovered that many of these pieces were composed for Roman patrons. This, in itself, is unsurprising: Rome was the centre of cantata creation throughout this period simply because opera was frequently banned in the Papal state, and so Rome's many princely households cultivated the cantata as an alternative dramatic platform. During the period 1706-10, the young Handel relied particularly on aristocratic support, from the Medici court to the Roman aristocracy – cardinals Benedetto Pamphili, Carlo Colonna, and (probably) Pietro Ottoboni, and the Marchese (later Prince) Ruspoli – and then the Hanoverian elector. After his 1710 arrival in London, too, Handel initially relied on the generosity of patrons. Only in 1723 did Handel move into the house in Brook Street that was to be his home for the rest of his life – and essentially stop composing these courtly domestic pieces. In the case of *Clori, Tirsi e Fileno*, we know that it was written for Marchese Ruspoli in 1707, because there is a copyist's bill for the work, but there is no record of a performance. Indeed, until 1960 the work was only known from a fragmentary manuscript copy held in the British Library; in that year, however, a complete version was discovered in Münster, and it is this version which has been the basis for subsequent performances.

*Clori, Tirsi e Fileno* treads a fine line between cantata and opera structurally, but takes a more comic line than was typical for the latter. It offers a simple pastoral narrative for three characters: the fickle Clori toys with her two lovers, Tirsi and Fileno, who go through all the permutations of desire, hope and despair before they eventually abandon her when they discover her duplicity. The pastoral nature of the work permeates the musical design, from Clori's first aria 'Va col canto lusingando', which deploys the analogy of the nightingale, to Fileno's 'Come la rondinella dall'Egitto' (the final solo aria), which uses the sparrow's migration to signal his faithful heart. But there is more to the writing than the preordained pastoral style of the cantata. We do not know for whom Handel wrote the parts, but Tirsi seems to have a more forceful, virtuosic persona, as seen, for example, in his *aria di furore*, 'Tra le fere la fera più cruda'. Fileno's gentler demeanour seems to be indicated in musical style and accompanying instruments; for example, 'Povera fedeltà' features an obbligato cello, while 'Come la rondinella' is accompanied by solo lute. This stylistic contrast is also present in the central two duets, as at the end of the first part, Fileno and Clori express their gentle love for each other in consanguinous thirds, immediately followed at the beginning of the second part by angry sparring as Tirsi confronts Clori, where their musical differences signal their emotional distance. Clori covers the gamut of style and emotion, as she both threatens and flatters: 'Barbaro! Tu non credi' allows her to display her fiery nature in response to Tirsi, while 'Conosco che mi piaci' and 'Amo Tirsi' offer lilting charm. Handel initially ended the work with a duet for the disenchanted Tirsi and Fileno, in which they repudiate fickle womanhood. Tonight's version – probably prepared for wedding festivities for which Handel travelled to Naples – has Clori reappear for a more generous final trio.

As with many other of his cantatas, Handel was adept at extracting and reusing much of this attractive music: the aria 'Un sospiretto' appeared both in *Rodrigo*, prepared for Florence that same year, and then in the expanded 1732 version of *Acis and Galatea*, in which work he also used 'Come la rondinella'. More circuitously, Handel used the opening music for 'Amo Tirsi' to new words in *Agrippina* (1709), as 'Se vuoi pace', doing the same thing in the 1718 *Acis and Galatea*, when it became 'As when the dove', and the first two bars of 'Va col canto lusingando' became the opening of 'Hush, ye pretty warbling choir'. The central two duets reappeared in Handel's first London opera, *Rinaldo* (1711). Finally, the overture was reused both in Handel's 1720 harpsichord suites (it became the first movement of the G minor suite) and in the 1734 *pasticcio* opera, *Oreste*.

© Suzanne Aspden 2023

*Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.*

## George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

### Clori, Tirsi e Fileno HWV96 (1707)

*Anonymous*

#### Parte Prima

#### Part One

##### *Overtura*

##### *Overture*

##### *Tirsi*

##### *Thyrsis*

Cor fedele, in vano  
speri  
Di trovar nel sen di Clori  
Fede eguale alla tua fé.  
Tien per vili i suoi  
pensieri  
Donna bella che  
gl'amori  
D'un sol vago accoglie in sen.

My faithful heart, you  
hope in vain  
to find in Chloris's heart  
fidelity equal to yours.  
She regards as worthless  
the thoughts  
of a fair woman who holds  
in her heart  
the devotions of just one  
lover.

Povero Tirsi, quanto  
soffristi  
Di dolor, quanto di  
pena,  
Perché dolce catena  
T'unisse a quella che paventi  
infida.  
Ed or tu soffrirai  
Ch'ella ad altri si doni e di te  
rida?  
Ma che far ci poss'io,  
Se allor che il labbro mio  
Vuol contro l'infedel porger  
l'accusa,  
Si pente il core e il  
tradimento scusa?

Poor Thyrsis, how much  
grief  
have you suffered, how  
much pain,  
so that a sweet chain  
may bind you to her you  
fear unfaithful.  
And now will you allow her  
to give herself to others,  
and laugh at you?  
But what can I do about it  
if, when my lips  
would accuse the  
faithless girl,  
my heart repents, and  
excuses the betrayal?

Quell'erbetta che smalta le  
sponde  
D'un rivo e coll'onde  
Baciando si sta:  
Che dice? Che  
fa?  
Con più lingue di verde  
speranza  
La bella costanza  
Spiegando mi va.

That grass which  
enamels the banks  
of a river and is kissed  
by the ripples:  
what does it say, what  
does it do?  
With its many tongues of  
green hope  
it shows me  
fair constancy.

Bionda vite ch'all'olmo  
diletta  
Sì forte, sì stretta  
Catena formò:  
Che pensa? Che  
vuò?  
Fatto specchio d'ogn'alma  
costante,  
Di viver amante  
Al cor insegnò.

Pale vine which to the  
delight of the elm  
formed so strong and tight  
a chain around it:  
what does it think, what  
does it want?  
As a reflection of every  
constant soul  
it teaches the heart  
how to live in love.

Se il guardo non vaneggia,  
ecco Clori,  
Che appunto tutta gioia sen  
viene  
Per raddoppiarmi le nascenti  
pene.  
Dentro il vicino speco  
Nascondere mi voglio,  
Testimonio fedel del mio  
cordoglio.

If my sight does not deceive  
me, here is Chloris  
who full of joy now  
comes  
to redouble my  
increasing pains:  
in the nearby cave  
I will hide,  
to bear true witness of my  
grief.

##### *Clori*

##### *Chloris*

Va col canto  
lusingando  
La sua bella il rosignuolo.  
Ma poi quella tra le  
fronde  
Sospirandogli risponde,  
Perché teme affanno e duolo.

With his singing the  
nightingale  
charms his beloved.  
But in the branches she  
replies  
to him in sighs  
because she fears trouble  
and grief.

Dubbia così, oh  
Fileno,  
D'esser tradita, oh  
Dio;  
Risolvere non so di prestar fede  
All'amor tuo benché in  
amarmi eccede.

Oh Philenus, my fear of  
betrayal, alas,  
will not allow me to  
accept your love,  
even though I know  
it far exceeds my  
own.

##### *Fileno*

##### *Philenus*

Ah crudel pastorella,  
La cagion non è questa  
Onde ostinata  
sembrar mi vuoi  
rubella,  
Né questa è la cagione  
Che le serene tue vaghe  
pupille  
Volgi a me sì  
ritrose,  
Ma perché Tirsi tuo così  
t'impose.

Ah, cruel shepherdess,  
that is not the reason  
why you wish to seem  
hostile to me, stubborn  
girl,  
nor is it the reason  
why your serene and  
lovely eyes  
turn so reluctantly  
towards me,  
but it is because your  
Thyrsis so orders you.

Sai perché l'onda del  
fiume  
Nega ad altri le sue spume?  
Perché al mar le  
destinò.  
Così ancor il tuo bel seno  
Nega al misero Fileno  
La mercé ch'altrui donò.

You know that the waves  
of a river  
deny their spray to others  
because they are bound  
for the sea.  
So also your fair bosom  
denies to wretched Philenus  
the pity it gave to another.

*Clori*  
Vezzoso pastorello,  
Tanto incredulo più quanto,  
più bello,  
Non è quale ti fingi  
La cagion che raffrena  
L'anima alla  
catena  
Di cui la più soave il cor non ha;  
Ma quel dubbio timor che in  
sen mi sta.

*Chloris*  
Charming shepherd,  
the more you doubt me, the  
greater your beauty;  
the reason which holds  
my soul in chains,  
away from the sweetness  
of your love,  
is not what you suppose,  
but rather the doubt  
which lives within me.

Conosco che mi piaci,  
So che ti deggio amar,  
Ma poi se'l voglio far  
Son tutta affanni.  
Comprendo il caro  
ben  
Che l'amor tuo mi dà,  
Ma poi dico chi sa  
Che non m'inganni.

I know that you please me,  
I know I should love you  
but when I try to do so  
I am filled with worry.  
I understand what rare  
happiness  
your love can give me  
but then I wonder  
if I am deceived.

*Fileno*  
Dunque sperando in vano,  
Vivrò sempre infelice al  
duolo in seno?

*Philenus*  
Then, my hopes being vain,  
must I always live unhappily  
with grief in my heart?

*Clori*  
Consolati, Fileno,  
Che quest'anima mia,  
Mossa a pietà del vago tuo  
sembiante,  
Col nome di pietosa, è fatta  
amante.

*Chloris*  
Be consoled, Philenus,  
for my soul  
is moved to pity by your  
attractive appearance  
and in pity's name now  
turns to love.

*Fileno*  
Ah! Che questo non basta  
Per discacciare, o bella,  
Quell'intenso dolor che l'alma  
fiede.

*Philenus*  
Ah! but that is not enough  
to dispel, oh fair one,  
the intense grief that  
wounds my soul.

*Clori*  
Ma che brami di più?

*Chloris*  
What more do you want?

*Fileno*  
Giurami fede!

*Philenus*  
Swear to be true!

Son come quel nocchiero  
Che dopo la procella  
In questa parte, in quella  
Finché non bacia il lido,  
Sempre penando va.  
E benché men severo  
Mostra Nettun il ciglio,  
La vista di periglio,  
Finché non giunge al  
porto,  
Sempre timor gli dà.

I am like the sailor  
who after the storm,  
driven this way and that,  
is always anxious  
until he kisses the shore.  
And even if Neptune  
frowns less severely,  
the prospect of danger  
continues to make him  
afraid  
until he reaches harbour.

*Clori*  
S'altra pace non  
brami, altro  
conforto,  
Eterna fede il cor ti sacra e  
giura.

*Chloris*  
If you desire no other  
consolation, no other  
comfort,  
my heart vows and swears  
eternal faith to you.

*Tirsi*  
(Non voglio più ascoltarti,  
empia spergiura!)

*Thyrsis*  
(I'll hear no more, wicked,  
perjured woman!)

*Fileno*  
Eccomi giunto al  
lido, eccomi in  
porto!

*Philenus*  
See, I have reached the  
shore, and entered  
harbour!

*Clori*  
Resta sol che a  
vicenda  
Sian regolati i nostri fidi  
amori,  
E che, sempre costante,  
Amor Fileno corrisponda a  
Clori.

*Chloris*  
It only remains for us  
mutually  
to confirm our faithful  
devotion,  
and, constant forever,  
let Philenus pledge his  
love to Chloris.

*Fileno*  
Della pura costanza,  
Che scorterà in amarti ogni  
opra mia,  
Vuò che il tuo stesso cor  
giudice sia.

*Philenus*  
Of the untainted constancy  
which will accompany every  
proof of my love for you  
I want your own heart to  
be the judge.

*Clori*  
Scherzano sul tuo volto  
Le grazie vezzosette,  
A mille a mille.

*Chloris*  
Over your face  
charming graces  
play in the thousands.

*Fileno*  
Ridono sul tuo labbro  
I pargoletti amori  
A mille a mille.

*Philenus*  
On your lips  
little Cupids  
laugh in the thousands.

*Fileno e Clori*  
Da quegli ostri e quel cinabro

*Philenus and Chloris*  
In those rosy cheeks and  
red lips

Ch'hanno il bel del cielo  
accolto,  
Escono d'ogni stella  
Spuntan dai rai del sol  
Care faville, a mille a  
mille.

which have garnered the  
beauty of heaven,  
the dearest sparks  
issue from every star  
and break out from the  
sun's rays.

**Parte Seconda****Part Two**

*Clori*  
Fermati

*Tirsi*  
No, crudel!

*Clori*  
Son Clori, e son fedel!

*Tirsi*  
Sei Clori infida!  
Lasciami!

*Clori*  
Pria morir!

*Tirsi*  
Non posso più soffrir.

*Clori*  
Vuoi che m'uccida?

*Tirsi*  
Creder d'un angue al sibilo  
fatale,  
O dell'onda incostante al  
rauco suono,  
Empia, dimmi, che  
vale?  
O ver che giova, lo  
sguardo  
Volger di Medusa al volto,  
Se non perché abbia il  
core,  
Mortal periglio entro del  
seno accolto?  
Lascia che a soffrir vada  
Di mia tradita fé l'aspro  
tormento,  
Senza che più mi  
accori  
La vicina empietà d'infido  
accento.

Tra le fere la fera più  
cruda  
Di fé meno ignuda  
Per me non sarà.  
E quest'alma di Stige alla  
riva  
Più sfinge lasciva  
Trovar non  
potrà.

*Chloris*  
Wait!

*Thyrsis*  
No, cruel girl!

*Chloris*  
I am your faithful Chloris.

*Thyrsis*  
You are faithless Chloris!  
Leave me!

*Chloris*  
Sooner would I die!

*Thyrsis*  
I can endure no more.

*Chloris*  
Would you kill me?

*Thyrsis*  
To believe in the deadly  
hissing of a snake,  
or in the harsh roar of the  
inconstant sea -  
tell me, cruel girl, what  
use is that?  
Or what use is it to turn  
one's gaze  
on the face of Medusa  
except to allow some mortal  
danger to the heart  
to enter one's  
breast?  
Leave me alone to endure  
the bitter torment of my  
betrayed fidelity,  
without the wickedness  
of false words  
pressing hard upon  
me.

Out of all the beasts, no  
beast  
could be more cruel to me,  
or less faithful!  
And on the shores of the  
Styx  
my soul could find  
no sphinx more wanton  
than you.

*Clori*  
Tirsi, mio caro Tirsi, ah! Se  
non vuoi  
Da ferro micidial vedermi  
estinta,  
Credimi, e sappi, che tu solo  
puoi  
Di quest'anima mia regger  
l'impero;  
Credimi ch'il pensiero non  
vanta fuor  
Di te pensier più  
degno;  
E se a me più non  
credi,  
Perché sdegno tu  
celi?  
Credilo a'miei  
sospiri,  
Alle lacrime, oh Dio! che  
spargo a torto,  
E ti diran  
fedeli  
Che Tirsi è la mia pace e il  
mio conforto.

Barbaro! Tu non  
credi,  
Crudel, tu non ti  
fidi,  
Squarcia col ferro il  
sen,  
E osserva il core!  
Che ancor che tu lo fiedi,  
E ancor che tu l'uccidi,  
Dirà che a Tirsi  
visse,  
A Tirsi muore.

*Tirsi*  
Pur cederti mi è forza anco a  
dispetto  
Della ragione offesa,  
Tanto arbitra si è  
resa  
Dell'alma mia la tua beltà  
fastosa,  
Che vuol per tuo trofeo  
E mio doppio tormento,  
Che oda, veggia e non creda  
il tradimento.

*Chloris*  
Thyrsis, my dear Thyrsis,  
ah! if you do not want  
to see me slain by a  
murderous dagger,  
believe me, and be sure,  
that only you  
have command over my  
soul,  
believe me, that my  
mind  
extolled none but you, with  
most worthy thoughts;  
and if you can no longer  
believe me,  
why do you conceal your  
scorn?  
Believe my sighs and my  
tears,  
which, alas, I shed  
unjustly,  
and faithfully they will tell  
you  
that Thyrsis is my peace  
and my comfort.

Hard man! Do you not  
believe?  
Cruel man, do you not  
have faith?  
Tear open this breast  
with your blade,  
and look in my heart!  
Even if you strike it  
and even if you kill it,  
it will say that it lived for  
Thyrsis  
and died for him.

*Thyrsis*  
Still I must yield to you  
despite  
the affront to my reason,  
so much power over my  
soul  
has your magnificent  
beauty  
that it will be your trophy,  
and it is my double torment  
that I hear, see, and I do not  
believe your treachery.

*Clori*  
T'inganni, ah! Sì,  
t'inganni;  
Quelle note amorose,  
Che poco anzi ascoltasti  
Sciogliere dal labbro mio  
Col pastorel Fileno,  
Furo sembianze ascose  
D'uno scherzo gentil che uscì  
dal seno.  
Così, mentre io già  
lieta  
Ritomo alle mie belle  
Candide pecorelle,  
Sappi, e serva di regola al tuo  
core,  
Che di donna l'amore  
È come un strai di dotta man  
scoccato,  
Che con destrezza vaga un  
seno addita,  
E un altro poi n'impiega.

*Chloris*  
You are deceived, ah yes,  
you are deceived,  
those amorous sounds  
which you heard just now  
coming from my lips  
to the shepherd Philenus  
were the deceitful aspects  
of a harmless joke which  
escaped from my heart.  
So now, while I happily  
return  
to my lovely  
white flocks,  
understand this and let it  
guide your heart,  
that a woman's love  
is like an arrow shot by an  
expert hand  
which with easy skill aims  
at one heart,  
and then wounds another.

Amo Tirsi, ed a  
Fileno  
Credere fo d'essergli amante.  
Quest'è gloria del mio seno  
Saper fingersi fedele  
A chi nega esser  
costante.

I love Thyrsis, and I make  
Philenus  
believe I am in love with him.  
This is my heart's boast,  
to know how to feign fidelity  
to him who refuses to be  
constant.

*Fileno*  
Va, fidati a  
promessa,  
A giuramenti, a voti  
Di semplice donzella!  
Or che faranno là,  
Nell'ampie cittadi,  
Quelle che,  
ammaestrate  
Dall'esempio e  
dall'arte,  
Hanno per uso  
Nel cor di fé digiuno  
Allettar mille e non amarne  
alcuno?

*Philenus*  
Away, those who trust in  
the promises,  
the oaths and the vows  
of a simple maiden!  
Now what will such girls do  
there, in the great cities,  
where, taught by example  
and art,  
they take advantage of  
hearts  
hungry for constancy,  
charming thousands  
but loving not one of  
them?

Povera fedeltà, quanto sei  
rara!  
Pur non v'è donna che  
dica  
Di tenerti per  
nemica,  
Non v'è amante che non  
chiam  
La sua fé candida e  
chiara.

Poor fidelity, how rare you  
are;  
yet there is no woman  
who says  
she regards you as an  
enemy,  
no lover who does not call  
his faithfulness pure and  
bright.

*Tirsi*  
Non ti stupir,  
Fileno,  
Che simile al tuo duolo è il  
duol mio;  
Sentii poco anzi anch'io  
Ciò che promise a te Clori  
infedele,  
Pure le sue querele,  
Le lagrime e i sospiri,  
I languidetti accenti,  
Han forza d'usurparsi  
La tirannia de'miseri  
viventi.

*Thyrsis*  
Do not be amazed,  
Philenus,  
for my grief is similar to  
yours;  
I also heard just now  
what faithless Chloris  
promised you,  
and yet her laments,  
her sighs, her tears,  
her faint words,  
have the power of assuming  
command over us  
wretched mortals.

Un sospiretto d'un labbro  
pallido,  
Un dolce sguardo di ciglio  
languido,  
Spesso incatenano gli Ercoli  
ancor.  
Un'aura flebile di bocca  
amabile,  
Un moto supplice di seno  
candido,  
Ammollir possono di selce  
un cor.

A little sigh, pale  
lips,  
a gentle glance from  
downcast eyes,  
have often enchained  
many a Hercules.  
A faint breath from a  
lovely mouth,  
an imploring gesture from a  
snow-white bosom,  
can soften a heart of  
stone.

*Fileno*  
Tirsi, amico e  
compagno,  
Già che tanto si  
avanza  
L'incostante desio del sesso  
imbelle,  
Scacciam da noi gelosa cura,  
e il cor  
Sia servo del capriccio e non  
d'amore.

*Philenus*  
Thyrsis, friend and  
companion,  
now that the fickle desires of  
the weaker sex  
are so  
common,  
let us rid ourselves of  
jealous anxiety  
and let our hearts be slaves  
to caprice, not love.

Come la rondinella  
dall'Egitto,  
Benché offesa, ritorna al nido  
antico,  
Così questo mio cor, benché  
trafitto,  
Torna di Clori bella al seno  
amico.

Just as the swallow,  
though injured,  
returns from Egypt to its  
old nest,  
so my heart, though  
wounded,  
returns to the welcoming  
breast of lovely Chloris.

*Clori*  
Così, felici e avventurosi  
amanti,  
Dal bel cielo d'amore  
Temer mai non potete  
Tempesta di sospir, nembo  
di pianti.

*Chloris*  
So, happy and fortunate  
lovers,  
in the fair heaven of love  
you need never fear  
storms of sighs or clouds  
of tears.

*Tirsi*

Gradita pastorella,  
Mentre la tua lusinga  
A suo piacere il nostro  
arbitrio regge,  
D'uopo è seguir necessità  
per legge.

*Fileno*

Pari consiglio ho nel mio core  
impresso,  
Perché oggi di Cupido  
Devesi far appunto  
Quel che si fa del vago sole  
adorno,  
Miracolo finché splende,  
E ci dà il giorno.

*Clori, Tirsi e  
Fileno*

Vivere e non amar,  
Amare e non languir,  
Languire e non penar,  
Possibile non è.  
Benché incostante ancor,  
Speri l'amante cor,  
Tradito dal  
pensier  
Di riportar mercé.

*Thyrsis*

Pleasing shepherdess,  
while your flattery  
rules our wills according  
to your pleasure,  
we must follow the laws  
of necessity.

*Philenus*

My heart has come to the  
same opinion,  
because today Cupid  
must take the credit  
for creating the glorious  
miracle of a lovely sun  
as it shines and brings  
daylight to us both.

*Chloris, Thyrsis and  
Philenus*

To love and not to love,  
to love and not to languish,  
to languish and not to suffer,  
is impossible.  
Even though inconstant,  
the loving heart may hope,  
when betrayed by a  
thought,  
to receive favour again.