

WIGMORE HALL 125

Tuesday 28 October 2025
7.30pm

Valeria La Grotta soprano
Arianna Vendittelli soprano
Valentino Buzza tenor
Modo Antiquo

Federico Maria Sardelli conductor
Gregorio Carraro oboe
Giuseppe Falciglia oboe
Alessandro Nasello bassoon
Umberto Jiron horn
Gianni Calonaci horn

Federico Guglielmo violin
Raffaele Tiseo violin
Paolo Cantamessa violin
Stefano Bruni violin
Matteo Saccà violin
Rossella Pugliano violin

Alessandro Lanaro viola
Bettina Hoffmann cello
Daniele Rosi double bass
Lorenzo Feder organ

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

Serenata a tre 'Mio cor, povero cor' RV690

The interval will be after Part One



UNDER 35S

Supported by the AKO Foundation
Media partner Classic FM



Help us raise £125,000
for 125 years of music

To find out more visit wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate



Join & Support
Donations

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](https://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

Among Antonio Vivaldi's longer secular vocal works are eight serenatas, the name commonly given in the 18th Century to dramatic cantatas for upwards of two solo voices and orchestra. Most serenatas were given on private premises before an invited audience, were not staged (although singers sometimes wore costume and/or performed against a scenic background), were performed in the late evening – the word is derived from Italian *sereno*, a clear sky at night – and celebrated an event, as when an important visitor was present, a wedding took place or a peace treaty was signed. The singers always assume named roles, which can be those of historical or mythological persons or else personifications of attributes. The musical idiom and the forms used (for instance, recitative and *da capo* aria) are recognisably operatic, but the dimensions are smaller: whereas operas of the time usually had at least three acts, serenatas were usually divided into two parts, the interval separating them providing a suitable opportunity for serving refreshments to the guests.

Vivaldi's three-voice serenata identified in the standard catalogue of his works as RV690 is untitled except for its generic description as a *serenata a tre* in its sole extant source, an autograph score preserved in what was originally the composer's working collection today housed in the National Library in Turin. No separate printed or even manuscript libretto survives. The three Arcadian characters are the shepherd Alcindo (tenor), the shepherdess Eurilla (soprano) and her confidant Nice (also soprano). The plot boils down to a simple incompatibility of intentions. Nice wants Alcindo to love her exclusively, but he prefers to remain in a state of untrammelled bachelorhood: the keyword here is liberty (*libertà*), which in 18th-century eyes has overtones of libertinage. Alcindo is willing to feign love for the sake of social conformity but not to feel it genuinely. By the end of the serenata Eurilla is so exasperated that she calls on her fellow nymphs and shepherds to rain down blows on Alcindo as punishment for his obduracy.

The serenata's title page identifies the commissioner of the work – or is it instead the subject? – as 'Monsieur le Marquis du Toureil'. In 1982 I concluded that this person was Jean de Turreil, a French propagandist for the heresy of Jansenism (the doctrine favouring predestination over free will) on the basis of some seemingly allegorical elements present in the plot, such as Alcindo's travels into foreign parts, his imprisonment and his willingness to pay lip-service to orthodoxy but refusal to alter his fundamental belief. This view was widely accepted until 2019, when the musicologist Aurelia Ambrosiano dropped a bombshell by identifying the mysterious marquis as the commissioner rather than the subject of the work. He was Anne-Marc Goislard du Toureil, a music-loving French nobleman (but not quite a marquis) who visited Italy in 1714–5 in the company of the French composer JB Senaillé and settled in Italy in 1716, initially in Venice

but later on the mainland. He became close enough to Vivaldi to act as godfather to the latter's nephew Daniele Mauro in 1717.

Ambrosiano also identified the librettist of the serenata convincingly as Antonio Maria Luchini, who was a member of an operatic company led by Antonio Lotti that briefly worked in Dresden. The tell-tale clue was the paraphrase of an aria text in the serenata that saw use in Lotti's opera *Giove in Argo* (Dresden, 1717). It was probably Lucchini, too, who, after completion of the libretto in its original form, also wrote the texts for one replacement aria and two additional ones for Eurilla, perhaps at the behest of the soprano herself or her patron, thereby infringing a convention in serenatas that the singers should receive an equal share of the arias. Aureliano's cautious identification of 1718 as the year when the serenata was performed, which takes account of the fact that Vivaldi adapted two of its arias for his Mantuan operas of the 1719 carnival season, is probably correct. What is less certain, however, is the occasion for which it was written. Her suggestion that it is connected to Toureil's wedding in December 1718 seems improbable, if only because the serenata's text makes no allusion to that event. There is much still to find out about this work's context.

The manuscript of the serenata does not preface it in the usual manner by an overture (*sinfonia*) occupying a separate bibliographic unit (to make it easily transferable from one work to another, a common practice of Vivaldi among others). There is a good possibility, however, that it was originally performed with one, and for tonight's performance a Vivaldi *sinfonia* in C major from the same period, RV112, has been chosen to serve as an introduction. The serenata's first part contains eight arias partnered by six recitatives; the second part, seven arias partnered by seven recitatives plus a final ensemble where the characters sing the identical melodic line in the appropriate octave. Vivaldi's soloistic use of wind instruments in certain arias is masterly not only in terms of the delicious tone colour it produces but also for the way in which it expresses the content of the words. Most notably, the penultimate aria in Part I, 'Alla caccia d'un core spietato' ('To hunt a pitiless heart'), which employs a timeless metaphor to describe amorous pursuit, is made more evocative by its whooping horns. Similarly, in Alcindo's earlier aria 'Mi sento in petto l'allegro core parlarmi solo di libertà' ('I feel the happy heart in my breast speak to me only of liberty') the perkiness of the oboes in unison matches well this character's self-assurance bordering on insolence. And there are several other instances of felicitous word-painting in this exquisitely wrought work.

© Michael Talbot 2025

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

Serenata a tre 'Mio cor, povero cor' RV690

Anonymous

PRIMA PARTE	PART ONE
<i>Aria</i> Eurilla Mio cor, povero cor, Sì, sí, t'intendo, Tu senti un non so che, Non distingui cos'è, Ma ti dà pena. La libertà, cor mio, Non ti contendo; Ma sei, credilo à me, Tu stesso il fabro à te Di tua catena.	<i>Aria</i> Eurilla My heart, my poor heart! Yes, yes, I hear you: You feel a certain something, you do not know what it is, but it causes you pain. Your freedom, my heart, I do not challenge; but, believe you me, it is you yourself who have forged your own chain.
<i>Recitativo</i> Ben, che ti sembra, ò Nice, Di quel gentil Pastore, Che dà gl'occhi vivaci Ad ogni Ninfa in sen getta le faci?	<i>Recitative</i> Well, what do you think, Nice, of that charming shepherd who with his blazing eyes lights a torch in every nymph's chest?
Nice È bello, è vago, io tel confesso Eurilla, Ma un gran difetto egl'hà.	Nice He is handsome, he is graceful, I admit it Eurilla but he has one great fault.
Eurilla L'attento sguardo Che ben l'esaminò no 'l vede ancora.	Eurilla My attentive gaze, which has examined him carefully, does not see it yet.
Nice Pur troppo lo vedrai: non s'inahora.	Nice Alas, you will see it: he does not fall in love.
Eurilla Tu m'uccidesti, o Nice! È apena nato il fior di mie speranze, Con man troppo crudel tu schianti, e svelli.	Eurilla You have slain me, Nice! No sooner is the flower of my hopes born than with too cruel a hand you crush and uproot it!
Nice Così sente il mio cor. Prova, e vedrai.	Nice That is how my heart feels: try, and you will see.
Eurilla Sì bello, e sì crudel nol credo mai.	Eurilla I cannot believe him so handsome, yet so cruel.

<i>Aria</i> Con i vezzi lusinghieri Mi consola la speranza, E mi dice al cor che spero L'amorosa mia costanza.	<i>Aria</i> With her flattering charms hope consoles me. And tells my heart that my loving constancy may still hope.
<i>Recitativo</i> Nice Eccolo, che con passo Sciolto così come hà disciolto il core Verso noi s'incamina.	<i>Recitative</i> Nice Here he comes, with footsteps as free and easy as his heart is; he is coming towards us.
Eurilla Osserva, o Nice, La maestà che le balena in volto.	Eurilla Observe, Nice, the majesty that flashes in his eyes.
Nice Bene, mà vedo ancora La libertà, che le difende il core.	Nice Indeed so; but I also see the freedom that defends his heart.
Eurilla Deh che dar non si può cor senza amore.	Eurilla Ah, but a heart cannot give itself without love.
Nice Ti lascio dunque in braccio à pensier tuoi.	Nice So, I leave you in the arms of your fancies.
Eurilla Và Nice amata, ci riverdremo poi.	Eurilla Go, beloved Nice, we will meet again later.
<i>Aria</i> Nice Digli, che miri almeno Il tuo bel volto, e 'l seno, E al tuo bel seno, al volto, Resister non potrà. Forse vedrai men fiero Quel cor cotanto altero D'amor tra lacci colto Perder la libertà.	<i>Aria</i> Nice Tell him at least to look upon your lovely face and your bosom, and your lovely bosom and your face will prove irresistible to him. Perhaps you will see that haughty heart become less proud, caught in the snares of love, and lose its freedom.

Work continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Aria

Alcindo

Mi sento in petto
L'allegro core
Parlarmi solo
Di libertà.
Non hò diletto
D'un vano amore,
Ch'uguale al duolo
Gioia non hà.

Recitativo

Bella Ninfa, ti serbi
sempre propitio il
Cielo
Oro al Crin, latte al
Seno, e rose al
Volto.

Eurilla

Addio Pastor
gentile,
Del tuo florido Aprile
La vezzosa stagion mai si
consumi,
E in te le grazie
tutte,
Che ben degno ne sei,
piovano i numi.

Alcindo

Non può negar il Cielo
L'onor delle sue gratie a sì
bei voti;
Lo prego ben
ch'imprima
Gratitudine eguale alla mia
stima.

Eurilla

Alcindo, or che
disciolto
Dal custode rigor, che pria
teneva
Fermo il tuo piè nella natia
capanna,
Dimmi, come ti
piace
Il libero goder di questa
vita?

Alcindo

Assai mi piace,
e piacerebbe
più,
Se non sentissi un rimorso
cru dele.
D'aver con troppa fretta
Posti al publico sguardo i
miei difetti.

Aria

Alcindo

I feel in my breast
my blithe heart
speaking to me only
of freedom.
I take no delight
in a vain love,
for it brings no joys
compared to its sorrows.

Recitative

Beautiful nymph, may
propitious heaven for
ever preserve
your golden hair, your
milk white breast, your
rosy cheeks.

Eurilla

Fare you well, gentle
shepherd;
of your flowering April,
may the lovely season
never come to an end,
and may the gods shower
every favour upon you,
for you are indeed worthy
of them.

Alcindo

Heaven cannot deny
the honour of its favours
to such fair vows;
I pray that it may impart
to you
gratitude equal to my
esteem.

Eurilla

Alcindo, now that you are
freed
from the strict gaoler who
hitherto held you
captive in your native
hut,
tell me, how does it
please you
you to enjoy this life as
you will?

Alcindo

It pleases me very much,
and would please me
still more,
did I not feel cruel
remorse
at having all too hastily
exposed my faults to the
public gaze.

Eurilla

Ah modestia crudel tu mi
saetti!
Qual delle nostre Ninfe e poi
distinta
Dal sospirato onor de' tuoi
riflessi?

Alcindo

Con ossequio devoto
Venero in fronte a tutte
Fra quelle trecchie d'oro
Quell'eccelsa beltà, che
splende in loro.

Eurilla

Venerar nò, non basta
Ma adorar, ed amar, indi in
tributo
Offrirle il cuor.

Alcindo

Sdegnà cotesta
offerta
La libertà, ch'all'alme il cielo
imprese.

Eurilla

Non è viltà un tributo
Che ridonda in
piacer.
Provalo, e poi,
condanna se potrai, cotanti
eroi.

Aria

No, che non è viltà
A'rai d'una beltà,
Offrir ogn'or fedele
L'alma e il cuore.
È troppo il bel piacer
Sperar e poi goder
La soave mercè
D'un vero amore.

Recitativo

Alcindo

Sì folle non son io,
Da tanti ogn'or
intesi
Che a sospirar
condanna
La superba beltà sempre
tiranna.

Eurilla

Ah, cruel modesty, you
strike me with your darts!
Which of our nymphs, then,
have you distinguished
with the coveted honour
of your thoughts?

Alcindo

With devoted reverence
I venerate in them all,
amid those tresses of gold,
the lofty beauty which
glows in them.

Eurilla

To venerate does not suffice
but to adore and to love,
and then in tribute
to offer them your heart.

Alcindo

Such an offering is
disdained
by the freedom heaven has
engraved upon our souls.

Eurilla

But a tribute is no base act
that brings abundant
pleasures.
Try it, and then condemn, if
you can, the heroes who
have done likewise.

Aria

No, it is not cowardice
to you, of such beauty,
to offer your faithful
soul and heart.
It is too great a pleasure
to hope for and then enjoy
the sweet mercy
of true love.

Recitative

Alcindo

I am not so foolish:
I have always heard so
many say
that a proud beauty, ever
tyrannical,
condemns us to
sigh.

Aria
Ne'l suo carcere ristretto,
Non d'affetto
L'usignuol cantando và.
Col soave dolce
canto
Piange intanto
La perdita libertà.

Recitativo
Eurilla
O quanto folle egl'è, se
andar si crede
Della sua libertà, sempre
fastoso.
Ma già cauta l'attendo
Sul vicin colle ove si porge
amica
La cristallina fonte,
e suol ridursi

Delle belve la
caccia.
Così del cuor
d'Alcindo,
Esperta cacciatrice io vado
in traccia.

Aria
Alla caccia d'un cuore
spietato
Teso ho l'arco nel riso, nel
vezzo.
Quando poi sarà preda
l'ingrato
Vuò punirlo con odio, con
sprezzo.

Recitativo
Nice
Amica Eurilla, dimmi:
Come Alcindo rispose
Agl'inviti d'amor?

Eurilla
Nice diletta,
Nel mio d'uopo maggior
giugni opportuna.

Nice
E che?
Di vaga Ninfa stancar forse
pretende i prieghi
ancora?

Eurilla
Anzi ostenta con fasto
Un seno impenetrabile ai
possenti
Dardi d'Amor.

Aria
Confined in his prison,
It is not of love
that the nightingale sings.
With his sweet and gentle
song
he weeps the while
over his lost freedom.

Recitative
Eurilla
Ah, how foolish he is if
believes
he can always boast of his
freedom!
But already I lie in wait
for him on the nearby hill
whence springs the kindly
crystalline fountain, and
where the hunt
assembles
assembles to chase the
wild beasts.
I will go in pursuit of
Alcindo's heart,
there, a skilled
huntress.

Aria
To hunt an obdurate
heart,
my tautened bow is my
face, my charms.
When the ingrate is at my
mercy.
I will punish him with
hatred and scorn.

Recitative
Nice
Eurilla, my friend, tell me:
how did Alcindo reply
to the invitations of love?

Eurilla
Dearest Nice,
you come here just when
I need you most.

Nice
What?
Does he still dare weary a
charming nymph with
his pleas?

Eurilla
On the contrary;
he arrogantly flaunts a
breast impenetrable
to the mighty darts of love.

Nice
Ah non temer amica
Egli s'arrenderà.
Pur l'Opra mia tutta per
consolarti dar vorrei,
Che le perdite tue son danni
miei.

Aria
Ad infiammar quel seno,
Vedrai, che in un baleno
Amore porgerà
L'accesa face.
Così resa
amorosa
Quel Palma ora ritrosa
Il tuo core goderà
la cara pace.

Nice
Fear not, friend,
he will yield.
I will make every effort to
console you,
for your sorrows are mine
too.

Aria
To inflame that breast
you will see that, in a flash,
Love will bring
his burning torch.
Thus, when it has been
induced to love you,
that now reluctant soul,
your heart will enjoy the
peace so dear to you to
inflame that breast.

Interval

SECONDA PARTE

PART TWO

Aria
Alcindo
Aque placide che correte
Dolce Imago a me
porgete
Di soave libertà.
E da voi ben solo apprendo
Girne sciolto ogn'or
fugendo
Quel dolor ch'amor ne
dà.

Recitativo
Tenta lo sò ma pur lo tenta
in vano,
D'incatenarmi il cuor la ninfa
Eurilla.

Eurilla
Or vedi Alcindo
In questo fiorito ameno colle
Tutto spirar amore.

Nice
Deh osserva, sì, ten priego,
Come quel Zefiretto
Fido bacciar quel fior, indi
quell'onda
Lambe costante ogn'or la
verde sponda

Aria
Alcindo
Calmly flowing waters,
you present me with a
sweet image
of delightful liberty.
And from you alone I learn
to free myself and
constantly to flee
from the pain that Love
inflicts on us.

Recitative
The nymph Eurilla tries, I
know,
but tries in vain to
enchain my heart.

Eurilla
Now behold, Alcindo:
on this pleasant flowery hill
everything breathes of love.

Nice
Observe, I pray you,
how that faithful little zephyr
kisses that flower, and
how that wave
constantly laps the green
bank.

*Work continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly
as possible.*

Aria
Come l'erba in vago prato
Se languisce o un mesto
fiore
Dal ruscello vita
prende,
Si d'Alcindo il volto amato
Della vaga Eurilla al core
Fiamma degna e spirito
accende.

Recitativo
Alcindo
A suo grado scherzar può
ben Eurilla,
Ma sò ben io, che à voli più
sublimi
Spiega l'ali amorose il suo
Cupido.

Eurilla
Ma timido nocchier non
giunge al lido.

Aria
Alcindo
Dell'alma superba
La fiamma riserba
Per chi può inalzarti
D'un soglio al fulgor.
Nè perder l'amore
Del grande tuo core
Con vile Pastor.

Recitativo
Eurilla
Alcindo, Alcindo, io t'apro il
sen, m'ascolta:
Ah, ch'importuno
giunge
A chiudermi nel labro
il più che
bramo,
Per altro io ti direi: Alcindo,
io t'amo.

Aria
La dolce aurette,
Che vezzosetta
Spirando, scherzando,
Tu vedi col fior
Ti dice ch'amor
Dovresti al mio sen.
Diletti affetti
Promette vezzosa
La fiamma amorosa,
Stringendo il suo ben.

Aria
Just as the grass
that languishes in the pretty
meadow, or a sad flower,
is restored to life by the
stream,
so Alcindo's beloved face
kindles a worthy flame
and spirit in fair Eurilla's
heart.

Recitative
Alcindo
Eurilla may trifle as she
likes,
but well I know that for
more sublime flights,
her Cupid spreads his
amorous wings.

Eurilla
But a timid helmsman does
not reach the shore.

Aria
Alcindo
Reserve the flame
of your proud soul
for one who can raise you up
to the splendour of a throne.
And do not waste the love
of your great heart
on a base shepherd.

Recitative
Eurilla
Alcindo, Alcindo! I open my
heart to you; listen to me:
Ah! what importunate
feeling
comes to imprison within
my lips that which I
most long for?
Yet I would say to you:
Alcindo, I love you.

Aria
The gentle,
gracious breeze
that you see bowing, playing
with the flowers,
tells you that you owe love
to my heart.
The amorous flame
enticingly promises
tender pleasures
in your beloved's arms.

Recitativo
Alcindo
Non dilleggiarmi più.
Già so ben io, che
à vasti amori
avvezza
Ad amar un pastor chinare
non puoi.
Lascia in pace il mio cuor,
ama gl'eroi.

Aria
Alcindo
L'altero bianco giglio
Non degna la viola,
Perché selvaggia, e sola,
Superbo di
baciare.
Bensi tal'or si
sposa
Con la purpurea Rosa,
Perché il vago vermiglio
Sol può così formar.

Recitativo
Nice
Dove, dimmi, o' indiscreto
Apprendesti il rigor,
che fai tuo
fasto?
Non regna tal
fierezza
Nella placida pace de'
Pastori,
Ov'hanno il nido i più soavi
amori.

Aria
Di Cocito nell'orrido
Regno
Ha ricetta fierezza, e
rigor,
Ma ove spiega il piacer i suoi
vanti
Entro il sen
degli'amanti
Sol pietade v'alberga,
ed amor.

Recitativo
Eurilla
Almen fingi d'amarmi, e si
lusinghi
La mia povera fiamma.

Recitative
Alcindo
Mock me no more.
I know full well that,
accustomed to exalted
loves,
you cannot lower yourself
to love a shepherd:
Leave my heart in peace,
love heroes instead.

Aria
Alcindo
The haughty white lily
does not deign to kiss
the humble violet,
too wild and solitary for
its pride.
But rather it sometimes
unites
with the crimson rose
for only thus can it produce
a noble vermilion.

Recitative
Nice
Tell me, impertinent man,
where did you learn the
obduracy you
boastfully display?
Such arrogance does not
hold sway
amid the tranquil calm of
shepherds,
where the gentlest cupids
have built their nest.

Aria
In the dread kingdom of
Cocytus Pride
and hard-heartedness
have their refuge
but where pleasure
deploys her glories
in the tender breast of
lovers,
only kindness and love
reside in the dread
kingdom of Cocytus.

Recitative
Eurilla
At least pretend that you
love me and flatter
my poor flame.

Alcindo

E d'amar vuoi ch'io
finga?
Eccomi pronto per
compiacerti.
Incivile così poi non son
io.
Mio tesoro.

Eurilla

Mio diletto.

A due

Idolo mio!

Alcindo

Eurilla, oh Dio, da questi,
Benche mentiti
affetti,

Mi sceseun tal piacer furtivo
in seno,
Che mi costringe al fin ora
ad amarti.

Eurilla

Deh mi dilleggi Alcindo,
Se potesse il cuor prestarti
fedè
Pronta n'avresti ancor la
gran mercede.

Aria

Vorresti lusingarmi
Lo veggo, sì, per farmi
Trofeo di crudeltà.
Sì folle la speranza
In me già non s'avanza
Che in te sii fedeltà.

Recitativo**Alcindo**

No non fingo; di tua belta sù
l'ara
Giuro d'amarti, ed a
quest'ora io sento
Pietà chieder il cuor al suo
tormento.

Eurilla

Or senti qual mercede
Sì prepara al tuo amor.
Lunge, ò Superbo, vanne da
gl'occhi miei.
Preda d'amor io ti bramai al
fine
Di punir nel tuo sen tanta
alterigia.
Olà, ninfe,
pastori,
Nell'amorosa caccia

Alcindo

Would you have me feign
love?
I am ready to gratify your
wishes,
and not so discourteous
as to refuse
my treasure.

Eurilla

My beloved ...

Both

My idol!

Alcindo

Eurilla – O Heavens!
Feigned though these
protestations of
affection were,
they brought my heart
such secret pleasure
that now it compels me to
love you.

Eurilla

Ah, you mock me, Alcindo.
If my heart were to trust
you,
You would gain at once
another great reward.

Aria

You would flatter me,
I see that, to make me
me a trophy of your cruelty,
but my hope is not so foolish
as to make me believe
that you would be faithful.

Recitative**Alcindo**

No, I am not pretending on
the altar of your beauty
I swear to love you, and
now I feel
my heart imploring pity
for its torment.

Eurilla

Now hear the reward
that awaits your love:
Begone, O proud one, far
from my eyes!
I wished to make you a
prey to love,
in order to punish such
arrogance in your breast.
Ho there, nymphs and
shepherds!
In the hunt of love

Colsi la Fiera, onde co'
schermi vostri
Ad isbranarle il cuor pronti vi
chiamo.
Contro un altero
un gran rigor io
bramo.

Coro

Si punisca, si sbrani, s'uccida
Il superbo spietato suo
cuor.
Delle Ninfe nel sen non s'annida
Mai pietà con chi vanta
rigor.

I have caught the wild
beast, and I call on you
to rend his heart asunder
with your taunts:
against one so arrogant, I
crave the greatest
severity.

Chorus

Let us punish, tear apart,
slay this proud and
obstinate heart
in the breast of nymphs,
let there never lurk pity for
those who boast of their
obduracy.