

# WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 29 October 2024  
7.30pm

David Bates director, harpsichord

## La Nuova Musica

Jane Gordon violin I

James Toll violin I

Kirra Thomas violin I

Davina Clarke violin II

George Clifford violin II

Jane Rogers viola

Alexander Rolton cello

Kinga Gaborjani cello

Judith Evans double bass

Leo Duarte oboe, recorder

Sarah Humphreys oboe, recorder

Inga Maria Klaucke bassoon

Paul Sharp trumpet

Matthew Wells trumpet

Oliver Wass harp

Kristiina Watt theorbo

David Gerrard harpsichord, organ

Lucy Crowe soprano (as Aci)

Fleur Barron mezzo-soprano (as Galatea)

Luigi De Donato bass (as Polifemo)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Overture from *Rinaldo* HWV7 (1711, rev. 1717-31)

Aci, Galatea e Polifemo HWV72 (1708) (Part 1)

*Interval*

Suite from *Il pastor fido* HWV8 (1712)

*I. Overture • II. Largo • III. Allegro • IV. Adagio •  
V. Allegro*

Aci, Galatea e Polifemo (Part 2)



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Given how much we know of Handel's later life, there is surprisingly little to be found in relation to his younger years. Even anecdotal accounts are much sparser in this period – a ragbag of evidence amounting to the *Memoirs of the Life of the Late George Frederic Handel* published anonymously by John Mainwaring in 1760 and the assortment of paperwork left in the places he visited during the years he spent travelling before settling in London in 1712.

Mainwaring says that 'the Prince of Tuscany' had invited Handel to visit Florence on repeated occasions during a visit he made to Hamburg in 1705. He had shown Handel examples of the latest fashions in Italian music and pestered him to return as his guest, but the independently-minded Handel refused, preferring to go 'on his own bottom, as soon as he could make a purse for that occasion'.

That occasion came in the winter of 1706, when Handel set off over the snowbound Alps for Italy. When he left, he was a young-but-respected virtuoso performer and composer of promise. By the time he returned to Germany in 1709, though, cardinals were fighting over who should be his main patron in Rome, he had spent time as guest of the last, eccentric Medici grand dukes in Florence, had appeared at Venetian carnivals, and had been assimilated into the most exclusive cultural salons of all those places, finally finding himself revered by the ultimate arbiters of Italian style, Corelli and Domenico Scarlatti.

Although Handel's heart lay in musical drama and spectacle long before he got to Rome, at 22 he was already a professional that knew his strengths and his audience. Therefore, he started giving virtuoso organ performances at prominent churches as soon as he arrived, and introduced himself to its musical scene as a composer of sacred music. In the summer of 1707, the first performance of his oratorio *Il trionfo del tempo e del disinganno*, with a libretto by his first important clerical contact Cardinal Benedetto Pamphili, led directly to Handel's introduction to the then-Marquis Francesco Ruspoli. The two years Handel lived with Ruspoli as a result unlocked the door to the Marquis's most exclusive endeavour: the *Accademia dell'Arcadia*. The *Arcadia* was a coterie of Roman elites, who met and mingled, using pseudonyms inspired by pastoral literature, in search of a golden age by the commissioning of related art, poetry and music.

It was here that Ruspoli's alter-ego 'Olinto' introduced Handel to 'Lucinda', a Neapolitan noblewoman of particular intellectual refinement named Aurora Sanseverino, to whom Handel's combined interests in drama, sacred music and public spectacle were very attractive. In the spring of 1708, Sanseverino commissioned him to write a piece for the wedding of her niece Beatrice to the Duke of Alvitto, and so in early May, when Ruspoli disappeared north to his country retreat at

Vignanello, Handel headed south for a 10-week stay at Sanseverino's estate in Naples to work.

*Acì, Galatea e Polifemo* took a form that was relatively new and fluid at the time. Scored for three voices and an orchestra of strings, oboe and recorder, it was labelled *serenata*, with characteristics sitting somewhere between 'dramatic cantata' and 'mini-opera'. Although the term was derived from 'serenade' and not 'sera' (Italian for 'evening'), it was nevertheless intended for performance outside during the wedding's evening celebrations and was perfectly suited to Handel's interest in sacred music forms and experience of pleasing a broad public audience, and to his instinct for drama.

This new work was to be based on the 13th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with a libretto provided by Sanseverino's private secretary, Nicola Giuvo. The story is set on the coast of Sicily and concerns the jealous intrusion of a monstrous and brutal giant, Polyphemus (Polifemo), into the love between a beautiful nymph, Galatea, and shepherd, Acis (Acì). After Galatea repeatedly repels Polifemo's advances, he loses his temper and pulls a rock from the mountains that surround them, throwing it at Acì, who is crushed and killed. Heartbroken, Galatea begs her father, the sea-god Nereus, to turn Acì's blood into a river so he can flow to the sea to be reunited with her, which Nereus duly does. Although the subject matter is hardly the uplifting storytelling expected at a wedding, *Acì, Galatea e Polifemo* nevertheless reflects the ideals of love revered by the *Accademia dell'Arcadia* and the poetry of Sanseverino's beloved Petrarch.

It is unlikely Handel had time to stay for the wedding itself. By then, the Marquis had returned to Rome and, judging by the sudden spike in Villa Ruspoli's food bill in the middle of July, Handel had been required to meet him there. Although his trip south had been a great success and the music well received, he did not rush to publish his miniature 'Neapolitan opera'. The reasons for this, when he was so clearly proud of it, have been turned over many times in the centuries since, and it is possible that he felt it was simply too personal and private, given the intimate subject matter. Whatever the case, Handel's cantata-opera hybrid stayed in his mind for 30 years, providing more ideas for later works than any other from which he borrowed during his career, appearing in various guises in *Il Pastor Fido* (1712), *Teseo* (1713), *Sosarme* (1732), *Deborah* (1733), *Atalanta* (1736) and *Joshua* (1748).

Above all, although the manuscript is missing an overture, its operatic spirit undoubtedly inspired Handel's first staged success in London, *Rinaldo*, and can be sensed in its own overture, making out of *Acì, Galatea e Polifemo* a living entity just like Ovid's river: always changing and regenerating into something entirely original while staying resolutely the same – true to its deeply personal source.

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# George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

## Overture from *Rinaldo* HWV7

(1711, rev. 1717-31)

*Giacomo Rossi and Aaron Hill*

## *Aci, Galatea e Polifemo* HWV72 (1708)

*Nicola Giuvo*

(Part 1)

*Sinfonia*

*Sinfonia*

*Duetto*

*Duet*

*Aci*

*Acis*

Sorge il dì e  
tranquillo  
Par che brilli  
ancor il ciel.

The day breaks, and the  
sky  
seems yet more peaceful  
than before.

*Galatea*

*Galatea*

Spunta l'aurora, e  
più sereno  
Par che brilli ancor  
il ciel.

Dawn unfolds, and the  
sky  
seems yet more peaceful  
than before.

*Aci*

*Acis*

Scherza l'aura in  
braccio a Flora,  
E sol pena il cor  
fedel.

In the arms of Flora the  
breeze frolics,  
and alone sorrows the  
heart of a true lover.

*Galatea*

*Galatea*

Ride il fiore  
al prato in  
seno  
E sol pena il  
cor fedel.

Upon the meadow's  
breast the flowers  
smile,  
and alone the heart of a  
true lover sorrows.

*Recitativo*

*Recitative*

*Aci*

*Acis*

Vanti, o cara,  
il ruscello  
Di fremer gorgogliando,  
Rotto fra  
sterpi e sassi  
Finché poi mormorando  
Con l'argentei suoi passi  
Arrivi a ribacciar  
del mar  
l'arene,  
Ché sol da te,  
mio bene,  
Quando lontan son io,  
Misero al par  
di quello,  
Provo nel fido  
sen duolo  
più rio.

See, beloved, how the  
brook swaggers in its  
rushing and gurgling  
as it crashes through  
branches and rocks  
until, murmuring  
from its silvery passage,  
it comes to reach the  
sands of the sea with its  
lips.  
For me alone, my  
beloved,  
when I am far from you,  
I am as wretched as that  
brook,  
feeling in this faithful  
heart a yet greater  
anguish.

*Galatea*

Se di perle un Tesoro  
Vedi, bell'idol mio,  
Sparso di Flora ad arricchire  
il manto,  
Tu rugiada lo credi,  
ed è mio  
pianto.

*Galatea*

If you see a treasure  
of pearls, my hero,  
laid out to enrich Flora's  
mantle,  
you will think of  
dewdrops, but they are  
my tears.

*Aria*

*Aria*

*Galatea*

*Galatea*

Sforzano a  
piangere  
Con più dolor,  
L'astri che arrisero  
Al tuo martir;  
E in petto frangere  
Mi sento il cor,  
Perché più misero  
Dovrai languir.

The stars that once  
smiled  
on your suffering  
now are compelled  
to weep yet more bitterly;  
and in my breast I feel  
my heart breaking,  
since you must suffer  
greater misery.

*Recitativo*

*Recitative*

*Aci*

*Acis*

E qual nova sventura  
Con violenza ria  
Ti sforza a lagrimar?

And what new misfortune  
is provoking you  
to such harsh tears?

*Galatea*

*Galatea*

Anima mia, di  
Polifemo irato  
Mi costringe a penar  
l'empio furore;  
Armato di rigore  
Serba meco  
sdegnato  
D'atro velen l'immonde  
labbra infette;  
Meditando  
vendetta  
Vibra da' lumi suoi lampi  
di foco,  
Tuona la voce  
orrenda,  
E tende in ogni  
loco,  
Con empietà tremenda  
Insidie a fulminar la mia  
costanza.

My beloved, the wrathful  
Polyphemus  
is forcing me to suffer by  
his vicious rage.  
Fortified by his cruelty,  
he reserves for my  
indignation  
his dread lips suffused  
with a black poison;  
in dwelling upon his  
revenge,  
his eye projects lightning  
flashes,  
his vile voice thunders  
forth,  
and he sets traps  
everywhere,  
with awful wickedness,  
to rail at my  
constancy.

*Aci*

*Acis*

Ahi, questo è duol,  
Che ogn'altro duolo  
avanza.

Ah! This is a grief  
which surpasses all  
others!

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

*Aria*  
*Aci*  
 Che non può la gelosia  
 Quando un core  
 Arde d'amore,  
 E per gioco amar non sa.  
 Lo può dir l'anima mia,  
 Ché un momento  
 Di  
 contento  
 Non sa quando aver potrà.

*Aria*  
*Acis*  
 What can jealousy do,  
 when a heart  
 burning with love,  
 cannot love lightly?  
 My soul can utter this,  
 for it does not know  
 when it will have a  
 moment  
 of contentment.

*Accompagnato*  
*Galatea*  
 Ma qual orrido suono  
 Mi ferisce l'udito?

*Accompagnato*  
*Galatea*  
 But what frightful sound  
 is wounding my hearing?

*Aci*  
 Spaventevol muggito  
 Mi circonda di  
 orrore,  
 Anzi parmi che intorno  
 Faccia tremar  
 de' monti  
 Tutte le spaziose atre  
 caverne.

*Acis*  
 A dread roaring  
 is surrounding me in  
 horror,  
 it seems as if all around  
 it is causing all the deep  
 and sombre caves  
 of the mountains to  
 tremble.

*Galatea*  
 Ah! che  
 dall'ombre eterne  
 Quasi uscisse alla luce,  
 Sarà l'empio  
 gigante.  
 Già il mostruoso  
 amante,  
 Punto da gelosia,  
 Dell'antro oscuro  
 Fa che il cardine  
 strida,  
 E mentre  
 acceso  
 sgrida,  
 Il mio cor, mal sicuro  
 All'incontro crudel di sue  
 pupille,  
 Par che senta  
 latrar voraci  
 Scille.

*Galatea*  
 Ah! It is as if from the  
 eternal shadows  
 this grave giant  
 is arising towards the  
 light.  
 Already the monstrous  
 lover,  
 in the grip of jealousy,  
 is making the gates  
 of his gloomy haunt  
 grate,  
 and while he aims his  
 impassioned cries at  
 me,  
 my heart, precarious  
 before his cruel  
 glance,  
 seems to hear the  
 howling of the  
 insatiable Scylla.

*Aci*  
 Già viene.

*Acis*  
 He is approaching!

*Galatea*  
 Oh Dio, t'invola  
 Al suo barbaro sdegno, e ti  
 consola.

*Galatea*  
 Oh heavens! Flee  
 his barbarous anger, and  
 find shelter.

*Aria*  
*Polifemo*

*Aria*  
*Polyphemus*

Sibilar l'angui  
 d'Aletto  
 E latrar voraci  
 Scille  
 Parmi udir  
 dintorno a me.  
 Rio velen mi  
 serpe in petto,  
 Perché a' rai di due  
 pupille  
 Arde il cor  
 senza mercé.

All around me seems to  
 be full  
 of the hissing of Alecto's  
 snakes  
 and the howling of the  
 insatiable Scylla.  
 A foul poison is slithering  
 in my breast,  
 for the sight of those two  
 eyes  
 makes my heart burn  
 without mercy.

*Recitativo*  
*Galatea*  
 Deh lascia, o Polifemo,  
 Di languir  
 sospirando,  
 Miserabil trofeo del  
 cieco Dio.

*Recitative*  
*Galatea*  
 Cease, oh Polyphemus,  
 your languishing and  
 sighing,  
 miserable prize of the  
 blind God.

*Polifemo*  
 Se schernito son io,  
 Mentre di sdegno fremo,  
 De la viperea  
 sferza  
 Prive render saprò le furie  
 ultrici,  
 E a rendere infelici  
 L'ore di vita al mio  
 crudel rivale,  
 Luttuosa e  
 ferale  
 La scuoterò  
 dintorno,  
 E forse in questo giorno  
 Chiamerò a  
 vendicarmi  
 Arpie, sfingi,  
 chimere e gerioni,  
 E spargerà sdegnato  
 il cielo  
 Ancor fulmini,  
 lampi e tuoni.

*Polyphemus*  
 If I am ridiculed,  
 as I tremble with anger,  
 I will deprive the vengeful  
 furies  
 of their viperous  
 lash,  
 and will poison  
 the living hours of my  
 cruel rival.  
 I shall make crack all  
 around  
 that deathly and doleful  
 whip,  
 and perhaps even today  
 I shall call on for my  
 vengeance  
 harpies, sphinxes,  
 chimeras and geryons;  
 and offended heaven will  
 send out  
 thunderbolts, lightning  
 and yet more thunder.

*Aria*  
*Galatea*  
 Benché tuoni e l'etra  
 avvampi  
 Pur di folgori e di  
 lampi  
 Non paventa il  
 sacro alloro.  
 Come quello anch'io pur  
 sono,  
 Ché non cedo e  
 m'abbandono  
 A timor di rio  
 martoro.

*Aria*  
*Galatea*  
 The thunder may clap  
 and the heavens  
 be set ablaze with  
 flashes,  
 they will not frighten the  
 sacred laurel tree.  
 I am just like that  
 laurel.  
 I will not give in, nor  
 abandon myself  
 to the fear of a vicious  
 torment.

*Recitativo*  
*Polifemo*

*Recitative*  
*Polyphemus*

Cadrai depressa e vinta	You will fall and accept defeat
Al mio temuto piede;	at my dread feet;
Anzi quella mercede	and that same mercy
Che mi nieghi,	which you deny me with
superba,	your haughtiness,
Crudel, con pena	cruel one, will you beg for
acerba,	from me,
Piangendo e sospirando,	in your repentance,
Pentita	in bitter pain, with
chiederai.	weeping and sighing.

<i>Galatea</i>	<i>Galatea</i>
Ma dimmi il quando?	But, tell me when?

<i>Polifemo</i>	<i>Polyphemos</i>
Quando già disperata,	When, desperate
Lacerando le chiome,	and tearing your hair,
Col rival non	you no longer take
godrai.	pleasure in my rival.

<i>Galatea</i>	<i>Galatea</i>
Ma dimmi il come?	But, tell me how?

<i>Aria</i>	<i>Aria</i>
<i>Polifemo</i>	<i>Polyphemos</i>
Non sempre, no,	No, you will not always
crudele,	speak
Mi parlerai così.	to me thus, cruel one.
Tiranna, un cor	Tyrant, you are jesting
Fedele	and playing
Si prende a scherzo, a gioco;	with a faithful heart;
Pentita a	but I trust in seeing your
poco a poco	repentance come,
Spero vederti un dì.	little by little, one day.

<i>Recitativo</i>	<i>Recitative</i>
<i>Galatea</i>	<i>Galatea</i>
Folle, quanto mi rido	Madman! How I laugh
Di tua vana	in the face of your shallow
speranza.	hope!

<i>Polifemo</i>	<i>Polyphemos</i>
Con orrida sembianza	Do you then wish me,
Dunque vuoi che ruotando	with foul expression, to
irato il ciglio,	furrow my brow,
Renda maggior la tema	so that I deepen the fear
Del tuo grave	that surrounds your
periglio?	grave peril?
Inerme e tu non sei?	Are you not defenceless?
E non son io che posso usar	And am I not the one
la forza,	capable of using force,
E non trattar	to ignore your entreaties?
preghiere?	
Oh chi mai	Oh, who then might
dalle fiere	defend you
Furie del cor geloso	from the violent furies
Difenderti potrà?	of my jealous heart?

<i>Aci</i>	<i>Acis</i>
Io che non	It is me whom, unable to
posso,	defend her,
Io che stimo	am yet ready, without any
assai poco	compunction
Per l'amato	to shed all the blood in
mio bene	my veins
Tutto il sangue versar dalle	for my
mie vene.	beloved.

<i>Aria</i>	<i>Aria</i>
Dell'aquila l'artigli	If the eagle's talons
Se non paventa	hold no fear for the snake,
un angue,	
De' miseri	the nest cradling the poor
suoi figli	young ones
Può il nido insanguinar.	can be bloodied.
Ma se ritorna poi,	But if the eagle returns
Prova gli sdegni suoi,	it will risk its wrath
E della prole il	and set itself to wreak
sangue	vengeance
Attende a	for the blood of its
vendicar.	progeny spilled.

<i>Recitativo</i>	<i>Recitative</i>
<i>Polifemo</i>	<i>Polyphemos</i>
Meglio spiega	Explain better the sense
i tuoi sensi.	of your words.

<i>Aci</i>	<i>Acis</i>
Invan, invan	In vain, in vain you
pretendi	endeavour
Vincer la sua	to conquer her
costanza,	constancy,
Che, generosa	she, who generous and
e franca,	frank,
Fa languida mancar la tua	makes your weak hope
speranza;	crash;
Ché se mai, lassa	but if that happens that,
e stanca,	wearied and dejected,
Per me fia che vacilli un sol	she appears to falter even
momento,	for a moment,
Io sol, che non pavento,	I alone, who feel no fear,
Come l'aquila	will, like a vanquishing
invitto	eagle,
Difenderò quel core,	defend that heart,
Quel fido cor	that faithful heart which is
ch'è mio,	mine,
Dall'aspe rio del tuo	from the bitterness of
lascivo amore.	your wanton love.

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

*Aria*  
*Polifemo*  
 Precipitoso  
 Nel mar che freme  
 Più corre il fiume  
 Che  
 stretto fu.  
 Ho per costume,  
 Privo di speme,  
 Anch'io sdegnoso  
 Rendermi più.

*Aria*  
*Polyphemus*  
 The more the brook  
 was narrow,  
 the more it hastened  
 towards the boiling  
 waters of the sea.  
 I am in the habit,  
 when deprived of hope,  
 to also become yet more  
 uncontrolled in my anger.

*Recitativo*  
*Galatea*  
 Sì, t'intendo,  
 inumano,  
 Pensi macchiar,  
 crudele,  
 Dell'innocenza mia l'alto  
 candore.  
 A tue meste querele,  
 Quanto più divien  
 sordo il fido  
 core;  
 Ma tal pensiero invano  
 Sveglia nella tua mente  
 Mal fondate speranze,  
 Ché d'altro amore  
 accesa,  
 Più coraggiosa e  
 forte,  
 Prima d'amarti  
 incontrerò la morte.

*Recitative*  
*Galatea*  
 Well do I understand you,  
 inhuman one,  
 you intend, cruel one, to  
 stain  
 the shining whiteness of  
 my innocence.  
 Your woeful protests  
 succeed only in making  
 my faithful heart the  
 more deaf!  
 But such a vain  
 and ill-founded thought,  
 rises in your mind,  
 for, inflamed with another  
 love,  
 I am so courageous and  
 strong,  
 that before loving you I  
 will go to my death.

*Aria*  
*Galatea*  
 S'agita in mezzo all'onde,  
 Lontano dalle sponde,  
 Nel tempestoso mar  
 La  
 navicella.  
 Scherzo  
 di vento  
 infido  
 Corre da lido  
 in lido,  
 Né la fa naufragar  
 Forza di stella.

*Aria*  
*Galatea*  
 Among the waves,  
 far from the coastline,  
 the little ship  
 tosses about in the  
 stormy sea.  
 Rushing hither and  
 thither at the orders of  
 the wind,  
 it is hurled from one side  
 to the other,  
 yet the power of the stars  
 is not able to wreck it.

*Recitativo*  
*Polifemo*  
 So che le  
 cinsure  
 Che ti chiamano in porto  
 De' lumi del tuo ben son le  
 due stelle;  
 Ma non so qual  
 conforto  
 In mezzo alle  
 procelle  
 Sperar potrai dal tuo gradito  
 amante,

*Recitative*  
*Polyphemus*  
 I know that the guiding  
 cynosures  
 which bring you into port  
 are the two stars of your  
 beloved's eyes;  
 yet I do not know what  
 comfort  
 you can hope for from  
 your chosen lover  
 in the midst of  
 storms

Quando destarle sa fiero  
 gigante.

aroused by a fierce  
 giant.

*Aci*  
 Senti, quando  
 adempire  
 Brami le tue  
 vendette,  
 Fa che del ciel  
 saette  
 Vibri contro di me Giove  
 Tonante;  
 Fa che lacero, esangue,  
 Cada il mio sen  
 costante;  
 Esca di augel rapace  
 Rendi pur, se ti  
 piace,  
 Le viscere infelici;  
 E biancheggiar disciolte  
 Per quest'erme pendici  
 Fa che miri il pastor  
 l'ossa insepolte;  
 Prendi di me la  
 palma;  
 Ma non turbar de l'idol  
 mio la calma.

*Acis*  
 Listen to me: when you  
 wish  
 to carry out your  
 vengeance,  
 may Jupiter the  
 Thunderer  
 hurl down his arrows from  
 heaven;  
 let my constant heart,  
 lacerated and bloodless,  
 fall;  
 may my unlucky entrails  
 serve as bait, for a bird of  
 prey,  
 if it so pleases you;  
 let the shepherds see  
 my unburied bones  
 scattered and bleaching  
 on this lonely terrain;  
 take your victory from  
 me;  
 disturb not the calm of  
 my beloved.

*Terzetto*  
*Polifemo*  
 Proverà lo sdegno  
 mio  
 Chi da me non chiede  
 amor.

*Trio*  
*Polyphemus*  
 She will come to know my  
 contempt  
 who fails to accept my  
 love.

*Galatea*  
 Perché, fiero? Perché, oh Dio,  
 Contro me tanto  
 rigor?

*Galatea*  
 Why so savage? Why, oh  
 God,  
 such bitterness against  
 me?

*Aci*  
 Idol mio, deh, non  
 temer.

*Acis*  
 My beloved, be not afraid!

*Polifemo*  
 Se disprezzi un cor  
 fedele,  
 Gioir voglio al tuo  
 martir.

*Polyphemus*  
 If you despise a faithful  
 heart,  
 I shall glory in your  
 suffering.

*Galatea*  
 Empio, barbaro,  
 crudele,  
 Ti saprò sempre schernir.

*Galatea*  
 Immoral, barbarous,  
 cruel,  
 I will scorn you always.

*Aci*  
 Soffri e spera di  
 goder,  
 Idol mio, non  
 temer.

*Acis*  
 You suffer now, but hope  
 for joy,  
 My beloved, be not afraid.

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## Interval

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### Suite from *Il pastor fido* HWV8 (1712)

#### I. Overture

#### II. Largo

#### III. Allegro

#### IV. Adagio

#### V. Allegro

### Aci, Galatea e Polifemo

(Part 2)

*Recitativo*

*Polifemo*

Ingrata, se  
mi nieghi

Ciò che sperar potrei  
come tuo dono,

lo che schernito  
sono

Ottener lo saprò come  
rapina.

*Galatea*

Poiché il ciel già  
destina

Che ti lasci, o  
mio bene,

Corro in braccio  
a Nereo.

*Polifemo*

Dolci catene

Ti faran queste braccia.

*Aci*

Empio, t'arresta!

*Galatea*

Tormentosa, e  
funesta

*Recitative*

*Polyphemos*

Ingrate, as you have  
refused me

what I might have hoped  
for as a gift from you,  
and considering myself  
scorned,

I know how to obtain it by  
stealth.

*Galatea*

Since heaven has already  
ordained

that I should leave you,  
beloved,

I now throw myself into  
the arms of Nereus.

*Polyphemos*

Sweet chains

will these arms be!

*Acis*

Halt, foul creature!

*Galatea*

Tormented and mournful,

Pria m'accolga  
la Parca.

*Polifemo*

Ecco al mio seno  
ti stringo.

*Galatea*

Ah genitore, col tuo  
duro tridente

Corri e svena il tiranno,  
il traditore.

*Aci*

Non ti smarrir, mia vita.

*Galatea*

In libertà gradita

Ecco alfin che già sono.

*Polifemo*

Ah, crudo fato!

Tu pur fuggi, oh  
crudel!

*Aci*

Res-  
-piro.

*Galatea*

Addio;

Precipito nell'onde,  
idolo mio!

*Aria*

*Polifemo*

Fra l'ombre e gli  
orrori

Farfalla confusa,

Già spenta

la face,

Non sa mai goder.

Così fra timori

Quest'alma  
delusa

Non trova mai pace

Né spera piacer.

I beseech the Parcae to  
welcome me.

*Polyphemos*

See how I grasp you to  
my chest.

*Galatea*

Ah, my father, with your  
sturdy trident,

rush at this tyrant and  
slaughter this traitor!

*Acis*

Do not despair, my love.

*Galatea*

In happy freedom,

here at last!

*Polyphemos*

Ah, harsh fate!

still you fly from me,  
heartless one.

*Acis*

Once more I breathe  
freely.

*Galatea*

Farewell;

I throw myself into the  
waves, my beloved.

*Aria*

*Polyphemos*

In the shadows and the  
horrors,

the bewildered moth,

with the flame already

extinguished,

will never know pleasure.

Likewise amid its fears,

this disappointed spirit of  
mine

will never find peace

nor hope for pleasure.

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

*Recitativo*  
*Polifemo*  
 Ma che? Non andrà  
 inulta  
 La schernita mia fiamma.  
 lo vilipeso,  
 La schernita mia fiamma. lo  
 vilipeso,  
 Saprò ben vendicarmi,  
 E del rivale in  
 petto  
 Svenar saprò di Galatea  
 l'affetto.

*Recitative*  
*Polyphemus*  
 But what? My scorned  
 passion  
 will be avenged. Me, the  
 one despised,  
 me ablaze with noxious  
 anger,  
 I will take my revenge,  
 and I will clean out from  
 my rival's bosom  
 his blood, and his love for  
 Galatea.

*Acì*  
 Purché l'amato  
 bene  
 Sol per me non soggiaccia a  
 rio tormento,  
 Squarciami ancor il sen, ch'io  
 son contento.  
 Ma già parte  
 l'ingrato,  
 E solo e disperato  
 lo qui rimango. Ah  
 stelle!  
 Meco troppo  
 rubelle,  
 Se il mio cor  
 tanto adora,  
 Fate che un'altra volta  
 Miri l'idolo mio,  
 e poi ch'io  
 mora.

*Acis*  
 Provided that my beloved  
 suffers not foul torments  
 for my sake,  
 render my heart asunder,  
 I will be happy.  
 But, the ingrate has  
 departed;  
 alone and despairing  
 I remain here. Ah, you  
 stars,  
 who have opposed me  
 too much,  
 since my heart adores her  
 too much,  
 allow me one more time  
 to gaze upon my beloved,  
 and then will I die.

*Aria*  
*Acì*  
 Qui l'augel da pianta in  
 pianta,  
 Lieto vola, dolce  
 canta  
 Cor che langue  
 a lusingar.  
 Ma si fa cagion  
 di duolo  
 Sol per me che,  
 afflitto e solo,  
 Pace, oh Dio, non  
 so trovar.

*Aria*  
*Acis*  
 Here the bird flits  
 happily  
 from branch to branch,  
 sweetly singing,  
 to charm the languishing  
 heart.  
 But it becomes a cause of  
 grief to me,  
 who alone and  
 afflicted,  
 knows not, O God, where  
 to find peace.

*Recitativo*  
*Galatea*  
 Giunsi alfin,  
 mio tesoro,  
 Nelle cupe e profonde  
 Procellose voragini  
 del mare;  
 Pensai, caro mio bene,  
 Render, per non  
 penare,

*Recitative*  
*Galatea*  
 I have finally reached, my  
 treasure,  
 the darkness, the depths  
 and the turbulence of the  
 abysses of the sea;  
 I thought, my beloved,  
 so as to avoid further  
 suffering,

E l'orche  
 e le  
 balene  
 Vendicatrici del mio  
 grave affanno,  
 Ma vuol destin  
 tiranno  
 Che non speri pietà del  
 mio languire.

to ask of the whales and  
 monsters of the depths,  
 to be the avengers of my  
 great torment,  
 but tyrannous fate  
 cares not  
 for me to wait for any pity  
 in my misery.

*Acì*  
 Ahi, che rende più atroce  
 La tua barbara pena il  
 mio martire.

*Acis*  
 Ah, your cruel suffering  
 makes my torment yet  
 harsher still.

*Aria*  
*Galatea*  
 Se m'ami, o caro,  
 Se mi sei fido,  
 Lasciami sola  
 A sospirar.  
 Nel duolo amaro  
 Così consola  
 Chi fa Cupido  
 Per te penar.

*Aria*  
*Galatea*  
 If you love me, dearest,  
 if you are faithful to me,  
 leave me  
 to grieve alone.  
 In a bitter sorrow  
 console her  
 who Cupid makes  
 suffer for you.

*Recitativo*  
*Polifemo*  
 Qui sull'alto del  
 monte  
 Attenderò l'empio  
 rivale al varco.

*Recitative*  
*Polyphemus*  
 Here on the mountain  
 summit  
 I will keep a watch out for  
 my despicable rival.

*Acì*  
 Cara, poiché  
 dall'arco  
 Disciolse Amore alla saetta il  
 volo,  
 Poiché, ferito,  
 io solo  
 Son degl'affetti  
 tuoi l'unico  
 erede;  
 Come, oh Dio, come mai  
 Con esempio di fede,  
 Vagheggiando i tuoi rai,  
 Lieto posso  
 gioire,  
 Quando solo per  
 me dei tu  
 languire?

*Acis*  
 My dear, because from  
 his bow  
 Love has set in flight his  
 arrows,  
 because, wounded by  
 them,  
 I alone am the sole  
 beneficiary of your  
 affection,  
 how, O God, how then  
 can I ever rejoice  
 in the signs of devotion  
 that are sent to me from  
 your glorious eyes,  
 when it is solely for my  
 sake that you are  
 languishing?

*Polifemo*  
 Stelle! Numi! Che  
 ascolto?

*Polyphemus*  
 O stars! O Gods! What do I  
 hear?

*Galatea*  
 Dove più spesso  
 e folto  
 Il numero sarà de' miei  
 tormenti,  
 Mi sembrerà pur poco

*Galatea*  
 However many  
 and severe  
 may my  
 torments be,  
 it seems but little,



Passar, mio ben,  
per te. my beloved, to die for  
you.

*Aci*  
Si molli accenti  
Di costanza, e d'amor pegni  
veraci,  
Lascia, bocca gradita,  
Che riscuotano omai premio  
di baci. *Acis*  
With words so sweet  
in their constancy, true  
pledges of love,  
let your charming mouth  
receive its prize  
in kisses.

*Polifemo*  
Ah! prima il fil  
reciderò di vita. *Polyphemus*  
Ah! First, I will snap your  
thread of life.

*Terzetto*  
*Aci*  
Dolce amico  
amplesso  
Al mio seno  
Tu dai vita  
E fai goder.  
Tuo mi rendo, idol mio,  
Fedel ti sono,  
Teco voglio e vita  
e morte,  
Spera, o bella, e  
non temer. *Trio*  
*Acis*  
Sweet and loving  
embrace,  
you give life  
to my heart,  
and it rejoices in it.  
I become yours, my idol.  
I am faithful for you,  
I want to be with you in  
life and death,  
be hopeful, beautiful  
one, and be not afraid.

*Galatea*  
Caro amico  
amplesso,  
Al core oppresso  
Tu dai vita  
E fai goder.  
A te mi dono,  
Son per te costante  
e forte,  
Spera, o caro,  
e non temer. *Galatea*  
Sweet and loving  
embrace,  
you give life  
to my oppressed heart,  
and it rejoices in it.  
I give myself to you.  
I am constant and strong  
for you:  
be hopeful my beloved,  
and be not afraid.

*Polifemo*  
In seno  
dell'infida  
E chi un fulmine  
m'offre  
Acciò l'uccida?  
Né a far le mie vendette  
Tuona Giove immortale?  
Né del profondo  
Si sconvolge l'abisso?  
Né da' cardini  
suoi  
Si scuote il  
mondo?  
Né di  
Cocito  
l'onda  
Velenosa e funesta  
Toglie all'empio il respiro?  
Dal gorgone insassito *Polyphemus*  
He is in the arms of the  
ingrate,  
who will offer me a  
thunderbolt  
finally to kill him?  
Will not immortal Jupiter  
unleash his thunder  
to wreak my vengeance?  
Are not the abysses  
convulsed in their  
depths?  
Is not the earth shaken to  
its core?  
Do not the poisonous and  
deadly waters of  
Cocytus  
rob the contemptible one  
of his breath?  
Is he not yet turned

E ancor non resta? to stone by the Gorgon?

*Recitativo*  
*Polifemo*  
Or poiché sordi  
sono  
Del cielo e  
dell'abisso  
I paventati Numi,  
Perché non  
mi consumi,  
Precipiti e  
ruini  
Sopra il capo  
del reo  
Sasso sì grave.  
Del tenero e  
soave  
amplesso,  
Che il mio cor colmò di  
sdegno,  
Sia pena così ria premio  
condegno.  
Già va da  
balza in  
balza,  
Già la gravità aggiunge  
l'ali al corso,  
Già, già  
l'atterra. *Recitative*  
*Polyphemus*  
Since, then, the fearful  
Gods  
of the heaven and the  
abyss  
remain deaf,  
why do I not finish him  
myself,  
hurling down myself and  
destroying him,  
by casting down on the  
head of the wicked one  
a heavy rock?  
May such a cruel  
punishment be a just  
reward  
for that tender and sweet  
embrace  
which filled my heart with  
hatred.  
There, the rock is  
bouncing from crag to  
crag,  
there, its weight gives  
wings to its flight,  
and there, now it has  
landed.

*Aci*  
Oh Dio, mio ben, soccorso! *Acis*  
O God! My beloved! Help!

*Aria*  
*Aci*  
Verso già l'anima  
col sangue,  
Lento palpita il  
mio cor.  
Già la vita manca  
e langue  
Per trofeo  
d'empio rigor. *Aria*  
*Acis*  
My soul is departing me  
already, with my blood,  
my heart is beating but  
slowly.  
Now my life is ebbing and  
fading  
as a trophy for pitiless  
cruelty.

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

<i>Recitativo</i>	<i>Recitative</i>
<i>Galatea</i>	<i>Galatea</i>
Misera, e dove sono?	Wretched me, where am I?
In successo sì rio	In such a terrible situation,
La ragion m'abbandona,	reason abandons me,
Non ha lume la mente;	there is no light reaching into my mind;
E quel sangue innocente,	and while the earth drinks in
Sangue dell'idol mio,	that innocent blood,
Mentre beve la terra,	the blood of my beloved,
Torpida e semiviva io spargo intanto	I, numb and half-alive,
Caldi rivi di pianto;	shed warm rivers of tears;
Soffogano i sospiri	in this atrocious torment,
La tremante mia voce,	choking with my sighs,
E in tormento sì atroce	breathing with difficulty,
Con fievoli respire	the breath feeble,
Manca la lena,	drained of energy,
E l'anima, quasi giunta	my soul, as if on my very lips,
Sui labbri, afflitta esclama:	cries out in its affliction:
Così misero more	thus pitifully dies
Cuor che fedel non sa cangiar mai brama.	poor faithful heart that cannot change what it desires.

<i>Aria</i>	<i>Aria</i>
<i>Polifemo</i>	<i>Polyphemus</i>
Impara, ingrata, impara, Che fa l'esser tiranna	Learn, ingrate, learn, what it is to be a tyrant
Con chi ti chiede amor.	with one who entreats love from you.
Il tuo rigor condanna	Your own harshness condemns him,
E in pena così amara	so with such a bitter punishment
Lagnati del tuo cor.	lament your own heart's doings.

<i>Recitativo</i>	<i>Recitative</i>
<i>Galatea</i>	<i>Galatea</i>
Ah, tiranno inumano!	Ah, inhuman tyrant!
Da quel sangue adorato, Apprendi almen rossore	From this adored blood at least learn some shame
Del cieco tuo rigore, Ch'io con barbare tempre,	for your blind cruelty, for I, with enraged hardness,
Dal mio bene in vendetta	will avenge my beloved
Ti abborrirò, ti fuggirò per sempre.	by abhorring you and fleeing from you for ever.
E tu, mio genitore, Quell'infelice salma, Trofeo di cruda morte, Deh, fa che si converta in fresco rio;	And you, my father, take this luckless corpse, trophy of a cruel death, transform it into a cooling stream;
Ché quando al mar che freme,	may it reach the heaving ocean,

Con tenero d'amor dolce desio,	as tribute to the sweet desire
Fia che giunga in tributo, Poiché per mio dolore	of our tender love, so that I may embrace him
Sopra le nude arene estinto giacque,	and enjoy him in the waters,
Lo goderò, lo stringerò fra l'acque.	for in my grief, he lies lifeless on the bare sands.

<i>Polifemo</i>	<i>Polyphemus</i>
Né fia che a tuoi pensieri Passi a regnar la pace.	May peace never come to reign over your thoughts.

<i>Galatea</i>	<i>Galatea</i>
Invan lo speri.	You may hope so, but in vain.

<i>Aria</i>	<i>Aria</i>
<i>Galatea</i>	<i>Galatea</i>
Del mar fra l'onde Per non mirarti, Fiero tiranno, Mi spinge il duol. Ma in queste sponde Torno all'affanno Nel vagheggiarti, Spento mio sol.	Into the waves of the sea, so as to see you no longer, fierce tyrant, my grief drives me. But I shall return to these shores, I return to the grief when I gaze upon you, my extinguished sun.

<i>Recitativo</i>	<i>Recitative</i>
<i>Polifemo</i>	<i>Polyphemus</i>
Ferma, ma già nel mare Con l'algose sue braccia Nettun l'accoglie, e nel suo sen l'allaccia. Stupido, ma che veggio? Aci, disciolto in fiume, Siegue l'amato bene, e mormorando Così si va lagnando:	Stop, but already in the sea, with his arms draped with seaweed, Neptune welcomes her into the sea and takes her to his bosom. But, fool that I am! What do I see? Acis, now transformed into a river, follows his beloved, and murmurs thus his lament:

<i>Accompagnato</i>	<i>Accompagnato</i>
<i>Polifemo</i>	<i>Polyphemus</i>
'Vissi fedel, mia vita, E morto ancor t'adoro, E de' miei chiari argenti Col mormorio sonoro Non lascio di spiegare i miei tormenti. Or, dolce mio tesoro,	'I lived faithfully, my love, and even in death I adore you, and in my silvery currents with their sonorous murmuring I shall not cease to tell of my torments. Now, my sweet treasure,

Con labbro inargentato, Forse più fortunato, Ti bacerò del tuo Nereo fra l'onde; E l'arenose sponde Che imporporai col sangue, Mentre d'empio destin solo mi lagno, Co' miei puri cristalli e lavo e bagno.'	with my silvered lips, and perhaps with better fortune, I shall kiss you in the waves of your Nereus; at those sandy shores which I reddened with my blood, though lamenting my harsh fate I shall now wash and bathe you with my pure crystal.'
Ed io che tanto ascolto, Cieli, come non moro?	And I, who hear all this, heavens, how can I not die?

*Recitativo*

*Polifemo*

Ah, la costanza di chi  
ben ama

Un giorno non  
sa ne può

Mai variar  
sembianza.

*Recitative*

*Polyphemus*

Ah, the constancy of one  
who has loved

well for one day neither  
knows

nor is able to change its  
appearance.