

GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL (1685–1759)

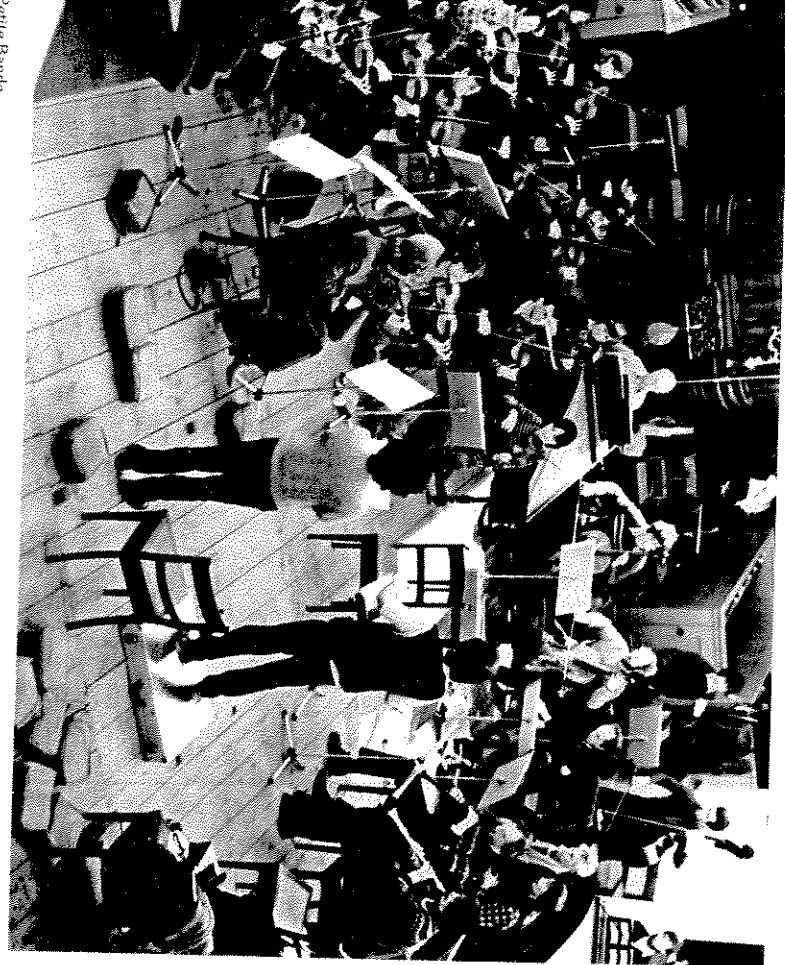
**ALESSANDRO**

Oper in drei Akten · Opera in three acts · Opéra en trois actes  
 Libretto  
 Paolo Antonio Rolli

<b>ALESSANDRO</b>	.....	René Jacobs
<b>ROSSANE</b>	.....	Sophie Boulin
<b>LISAURA</b>	.....	Isabelle Poulenard
<b>TASSILE</b>	.....	Jean Nitouet
<b>CLITO</b>	.....	Stephen Varcoe
<b>LEONATO</b>	.....	Guy de Mey
<b>CLEONE</b>	.....	Ria Bollen

**LA PETITE BANDE**  
 Leitung/directed by/Direction:  
**SIGISWALD KUJIKEN**

<i>Violine/violin/violon 1</i>	<b>MARY UTIGER</b>
<b>ALDA STUURROP</b>	Norditalienisch um/North Italian ca./de l'Italie du Nord
<b>FRANÇOIS FERNANDEZ</b>	vers 1720
<b>DAVID RUBBO, Duns Tew 1982, nach/after/d'après</b>	<b>ANTOINETTE VAN DEN HOMBERGH</b>
<b>Amati</b>	Franciscus Gobetti, Venezia 1711
<b>DIRK VERELST</b>	<b>ENRICO GATTI</b>
<b>Ludovicus Coeck, Milano 1983, nach/after/d'après</b>	Laurentius Stortoni, Cremona 1789
<b>Giovanni Maria Pfaff</b>	<b>MARIEITTE HOLTRÖP</b>
<b>NATSUMI WAKAMATSU</b>	Jean Baptiste Deshayes Salomon, Paris 1740
<b>Petrus Antonius Malvoigt, Firenze 1709</b>	<b>MYRIAM GEVERS</b>
<b>MARINETTE TROOST</b>	Pierre Izquier, Paris 1982
<b>Johannes Hasert, Eisenach 1736</b>	<i>Viola/violo</i>
<b>JANNIE RUBINLICHT</b>	<b>RUTH HESSELLING</b>
<b>Domenico Busan, Venezia, Mitte 18. Jahrh./</b>	Symperius Niggell, Füssen 1752
<b>middle of the 18th cent./milieu du 18<sup>e</sup> siècle</b>	<b>NICOLETTE MOONEN</b>
<i>Violine/violin/violon 2</i>	Anon., Südtirol 18. Jahrh./South Tyrol 18th cent./
<b>STAA SWEERSTRA</b>	du Tyrol du Sud, 18 <sup>e</sup> siècle
<b>Arturo Montenegro, Venezia 18. Jahrh./18th cent./</b>	<b>GHISLAINE WAUTERS</b>
<b>18<sup>e</sup> siècle</b>	Carlo Ferdinando Landolphi, Milano 1747



2. Petite Bande

**RICHTER VAN DER MEER**  
 Jacques Boquay, Paris 1719

**RAINER ZIPPERLING**  
 Alessandro Barolo, Torino 1726

**JAAP TER LINDEN**  
*Theorie/theorbo/liegorte*  
 Giovanni Battista Guadaagnini, Piacenza 1749

**NICHOLAS PAP**  
 Flamisch, 1. Hälfte des 18. Jahrh./Flemish, 1st part of the 18th cent./flamand, 1<sup>re</sup> moitié du 18<sup>e</sup> siècle

**JEAN MICHEL FORESTI**  
 Bugleri 1982, nach ital. Vorbildern/after Italian models of the 18th cent./d'après modèles italiens du 18<sup>e</sup> siècle

*Flute/flute/flute*  
**RICARDO KANJLI**  
 Frederick Moran, nach/after/d'après Debey

**KOEN DIJLTTENS**  
 Anton Devijlder, Antwerpen/Anvers 1983, nach/after/d'après Bressan

*Shoe/shoebots*  
**ROL DOMBRECHT**  
 Joffer, nach/after/d'après Thomas Stansby Jun.

**YAKA KITAZATO**  
 Iaka Kitazato nach/after/d'après Jacob Demner

**MICHEL HENRY**  
 Joffer, nach/after/d'après Thomas Stansby Sen.

**MARCEL PONSEELE**, nach/after/d'après Thomas Stansby Jun.

*Viol/violassoon/viasson*  
**DANNY BOND** · DONNA HARRY AGRELL  
 Jhet de Koningh, nach/after/d'après Prudent

*Form/cor*  
**JET DOMBRECHT**  
 Joutrois, Paris Ende des 18. Jahrh./end of the 18th cent./fin du 18<sup>e</sup> siècle

**LAUDE MAURY**  
 Helmüt Finke, Herford 1972

*Tompete/trompete/frompte*  
**RIEDEMANN IMMER** · KAY IMMER  
 Helmüt Finke, Herford 1978

*Temballo/harpischord/clavecin*  
**JOBERT KOHONEN**

William Dowd, Paris 1974, nach/after/d'après Taskin

**HERMANN STINDERS**  
 William Dowd, Paris 1983, nach/after/d'après L. Couchet, 1679

*Theorie/theorbo/liegorte*  
**KONRAD JUNGHANEL**  
 Jacob van de Geert, 1974, nach/after/d'après Joh. Christian Hofmann

*Pauken/limpans/limbans*  
**PIERRE DE BOECK**  
 Wien, 2. Viertel des 18. Jahrh./Vienna, 2nd quarter of the 18th cent./2<sup>e</sup> quartier du 18<sup>e</sup> siècle

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*Portrait of the young Handel (c. 1710), Miniature by Christoph Plutzer, a South German historical and miniature painter of the first half of the 18th century. The miniature was in possession of the Handelhaus in Halle until the end of World War II; its present whereabouts is unknown.*

Portrait de jeunesse de Haendel (vers 1710), Miniature de Christoph Plutzer, peintre d'histoire et de miniatures de la première moitié du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle. Jusqu'à la fin de la guerre, cette miniature était en possession de la Maison de Haendel, à Halle; son emplacement actuel est inconnu.

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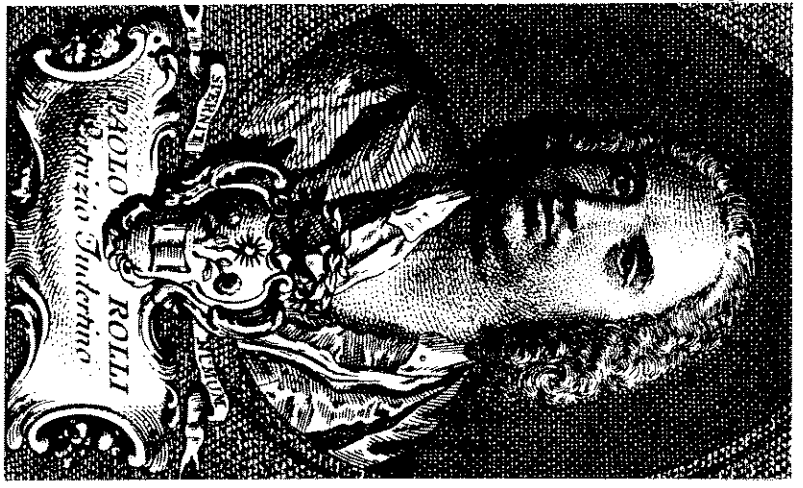
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## GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL ALESSANDRO

Die Partitur des „Alessandro“ wurde am 11. April 1726 von Händel vollendet – am 5. Mai desselben Jahres folgte schon die Uraufführung. Diese kurze Vorbereitungszeit war damals nichts Außergewöhnliches; man muß bedenken, daß die verschiedenen Arten oft sofort nach ihrer Vollendung (was manchmal doch ein paar Wochen früher gewesen sein mag) den Sängern zugestellt und vorbereitend im Hause des Komponisten durchgeprobt oder sogar in Privatkonzerten schon am Cembalo vorgesungen wurden. Diese beschränkte Probenzeit war damals ausreichend, hauptsächlich deswegen, weil in der Aufführungspraxis der Oper (wie auch im Theater) „eingebaut“ war, daß ein Sänger (oder Schauspieler) meist auch sein eigener „Regisseur“ war.

Die italienische Oper der Zeit Händels war eine Folge von Rezitativen und Arien. Während der *Recitativo* wurde die Handlung vorangetrieben, die in der Regel ziemlich minimal war (obgleich jede Oper wohl ihre paar „Aufregungsmomente“ hatte: eine Schlacht oder ein Duell, vielleicht eine unerwartete Wiedererkennungsszene oder sonstige Kunststücke, die häufig von Instrumental-Sinfonien umrahmt waren). Die Arien standen, mit wenigen Ausnahmen, außerhalb der Aktion, waren also Vortragsstücke, die von den Sängern gestaltet wurden, auch in den Bewegungen. Die Bewegungslehre (denn diese gab es) war genauso konventionell festgelegt, wie die musikalische Aufführungspraxis es war; sie bedarf also keines zusätzlichen „Regisseurs“. Sie bestand darin, daß jeder Affekt oder Affekt-

wechsel durch eine passende Haltung und durch die Gestik gestützt wurde, wie man es z. B. auf Barockbildern sehen kann; es gab einen allgemeinen akzeptierten „Code“ dieser Positionen und Bewegungen, die vom Publikum unmittelbar empfunden und bewundert wurden – ja manchmal war diese Kunst des Agierens viel eindrücklicher als der Text oder die Musik, so „daß sogar ein Tauber hätte verstehen können, worum es sich handelte, und alle Passionen mit erleben“, wie man in Beschreibungen berühmter Schauspieler oder Sänger liest. (Heute ist leider diese Bewegungslehre vielen unserer bekanntesten Regisseure so fremd, daß sie oft merkwürdige Aktionen erfinden, um die Arien zu „beleben“, dabei aber völlig gegen den Inhalt der Arie handeln). Es ist völlig klar, daß die Sänger, dazu erzogen, sich nicht nur die Noten der Arie zu eigen zu machen, sondern auch den Textinhalt in einer höchst expressiven Weise ins Visuelle zu übertragen, keine tagelangen Regieproben brauchen, zumal die Arien wohl vier Fünftel einer Oper einnehmen konnten. Hinzu kommt, daß schon vorhandene Dekorationen oft wiederholt gebraucht wurden (das Theater „hatte“ eine Tempeldekoration, einen lieblichen Gartenpavillon, eventuell eine Meeresansicht mit Haken, eine Stadtmauer usw.). London, wo sich Händels ganze Opernkarrriere vollzog, war ein Musterbeispiel dieser Umstände.

Schon um ca. 1710/11 (Händels „Rinaldo“) und noch früher hatte man dort italienische Opern aufgeführt, wobei offenbar die Hauptsache war, die besten (damit auch die teuersten) Sänger der Welt zu verpflichten, so daß an große Ausstattung nicht mehr in erster Linie zu denken war (umgekehrt also als bei der französischen

## Zweiter Akt

Alexander zögert immer noch, für welche der beiden Prinzessinnen, die ihn mit ihrer Liebe verfolgen, er sich entscheiden soll. Sobald er einer der beiden begegnet, dann scheint er ihr Hoffnungen zu machen; doch die Prinzessinnen durchschauen ihn. Roxane, die schöne persische Gattin, ermahnt ihn an seinen Ruhm und seinen Großmut und bitter ihn, sie frei zu geben. Vielleicht kann sie ihn so für sich gewinnen. Alexander fürchtet, Roxane zu verlieren, und schenkt ihr nur widerwillig die Freiheit. – Der Feldherr Leonatus und seine Freunde sind empört über den maßlosen Hochmut Alexanders. Sie wollen den Tyrannen besänftigen. – In seiner Behausung verkündet Alexander den versammelten Feldherrn, daß er alle eroberten Länder unter sie verteilen will. Er selbst, der Sohn des Jupiter, wird sich mit seinem unsterblichen Ruhm begnügen. Wieder stellt sich der mutige Klyteus Alexander entgegen. Mit heftigen Worten zweifelt er an der göttlichen Abkunft des Größenwahnsinnigen. Wüstenbrannt will Alexander den Verwegenen mit seinem Speer durchbohren. Da stürzt auf ein verärgertes Zeichen der Verschwörer das Haus zusammen. Alle bleiben unverletzt, auch Alexander, der überzeugt ist, daß sein Vater Jupiter – die Vorsehung! – ihn vor dem sicheren Tode bewahrt hat. Dem Schmeichler Cleon befiehlt er, Klyteus als Gefangenen abzuführen. – Roxane hat von dem Anschlag auf Alexander gehört. Verzweifelt beweint sie den vermeintlich toten Geliebten. Alexander, der ihre Klage belauscht hat, ist gerührt; er erkennt ihre große Liebe und entschleidet sich für Roxane. Atemlos stürzt der Verschwörer Leonatus herbei und gibt vor, die

unterworfenen Völker haben sich erhoben.

Alexander will zu seinem Heer und muß Roxane in neuer Ungewißheit zurücklassen.

## Dritter Akt

Leonatus gelingt es, den ehrlichen Klyteus zu befreien und Cleon, den Kerkermeister, festzusetzen, der aber von seinen Leuten wieder aus dem Gewahrsam geholt wird. Mit den ihnen ergebenden Mazedoniern wollen die Verschwörer nun Alexander in offener Feldschlacht vernichten. – Noch einmal trifft Alexander mit Lisaura zusammen. Nicht ohne Schlaubeit und mit schmeichelnden Worten versteht er es, ihr zu beteuern, daß er auf ihre Liebe verzichten muß und Taxiles, dem indischen König und treuesten Freund, der die skythische Prinzessin liebt, nicht im Wege stehen kann. Taxiles ist glücklich über Alexanders Entschluß. – Inzwischen haben sich die Verschwörer versammelt, um gegen Alexander zu kämpfen. Taxiles steht mit seinen Hilfstruppen an Alexanders Seite. Die Verschwörer werden geschlagen. Alle bitten den großen Alexander um Gnade, die er ihnen großmütig gewährt.

Eduard Gröninger

## GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL ALESSANDRO

Handel completed the score of "Alessandro" on April 11, 1726, and the opera premiered on May 5th of the same year. It was not uncommon in those days to devote so little time to preparing an opera production. Often, the music for the arias was given to the soloists as soon as it had been completed (which was sometimes a few weeks earlier) and was rehearsed in the composer's home or even performed, with harpsichord accompaniment, in private concerts. The limited time allotted for rehearsals proved to be sufficient, due principally to the practice, common at that time in the opera (and in the theatre), of allowing the singers (or actors) to be their own "stage directors". The Italian opera of Handel's day was a succession of recitatives and arias. The plot of the opera, which was usually rather meagre (although every opera had its "exciting" moments: a battle or a duel, perhaps a scene of unexpected recognition, or some other theatrical device, often accompanied by an instrumental sinfonia), progressed during the recitatives, whereas, with few exceptions, the arias stood apart from the action: they were more like recital pieces, the interpretation of which, including the movements, was in the hands of the soloists themselves. The "doctrine of movements" (for there was such a thing at that time) was just as much fixed by convention as were the practices of performing music; there was, therefore, no need of a "director". The doctrine in question dictated that each "affect" or change of "affect" be underlined

by appropriate postures and gestures, such as one can observe, for example, in Baroque paintings; there was a generally accepted "codex" of such postures and movements, which the audience could immediately comprehend and admire. Indeed, this art of movements was often much more expressive than either the text or the music, so that "even a deaf person could understand what was going on and experience all of the passions involved", as one reads in descriptions of famous actors and singers. (Nowadays, unfortunately, many of our best-known directors have so little knowledge of this doctrine of movements that they often invent peculiar actions, aimed at "enlivening" an aria, but in fact completely at odds with the contents of the piece.) Obviously, the singers, who had been trained not only to sing the notes of an aria but also to render a highly expressive visual translation of the textual message, did not require days of rehearsals – especially in view of the fact that the arias might comprise as much as four-fifths of an opera. Furthermore, it was common to use the same stage sets over and over (the theatre "had" a temple decor, a charming garden pavilion, perhaps a panorama of the sea with a harbour, a city wall, etc.). London, the scene of Handel's entire operatic career, provided an outstanding example of such circumstances. As early as 1710/11 (Handel's "Rinaldo") – and indeed even prior to that – there had been productions of Italian operas in London. The principal concern in that city seems to have been obtaining the best (and thus the most expensive) singers in the world, so that it was impossible to give prominent attention to magnificent stage settings (in contradistinction

to French opera, which attracted the utmost importance to the total effect – the acting, decorations, machinery, ballet, etc.). In 1719 Handel and the poet Paolo Antonio Rolli (the author of "Alessandro") had succeeded in founding a "Royal Academy of Music" with Handel as its artistic director. At first, this venture was so successful that it was possible to engage the great prima donna Francesca Cuzzoni in 1722/23 – in addition to the castrato Francesco Bernardi (called "Senesino", i.e. coming from Siena), who was already present. By 1725/26, however, it once again became necessary to induce the public to fill the coffers, and to this end the Academy engaged the "great lady" Faustina Bordoni (later the wife of the opera composer Johann Adolf Hesse) to appear together with Cuzzoni; the rôle of Alessandro was of course given to Senesino. The opera was performed more than thirteen times in that season, often as frequently as three times in a single week, thanks to the new "star". By the next season, however, it had become apparent that it was not feasible to have two primadonnas who could not bear one another constantly singing together in the same production; at one point – during a performance of Bononcini's opera "Ashtanatte" – the two went so far as to exchange blows on stage. In the spring of 1728 this (first) Academy of Music expired; a demise not due solely to the rivalry of the primadonnas... Handel would be struggling with vicissitudes and rivalries of this sort up to the very end of his operatic career.

In his article on the way Handel's operas were staged in London during his own time ("Die szenische Darstellung der Opern Handels auf

der Londoner Bühne seiner Zeit", Wollenbüttele/Berlin 1940) Joachim Eiseschmidt paints a vivid picture of the social context of these productions: "What was exceptional in Handel's operas? In the first place they were a social event, here as elsewhere, where "society" met, people of "high standing" and all those who could afford the high price of admission". The efforts to which these people went to obtain the most expensive singers and the best composers and to make their high fees known to an astonished Europe bear witness to a certain ostentatiousness in cultural matters; and the intrigues pro and contra particular singers or composers, resulting in deafening noise in the theatre, indicate that even here the audience was not prepared to forgo the sort of excitement to be found at the racetrack, the cockfights or

\* For the less well-to-do there was only the "five-shilling gallery", above which was a gallery for the servants. The latter were admitted free of charge, for they – like the Venetian gondoliers – were supposed to talk their masters into visiting the theatre and help to augment the applause. In Handel's day there were frequent threats to shut down this "Footman's Gallery", for the servants were altogether too rowdy. Since the regular seats were not numbered in London and it was the domestics' duty to reserve places for their employers, it occasionally transpired that members of the finest society found themselves sitting next to servants for several acts, until the latter's employers finally arrived. And at the end of the performance the footmen waited in the vestibule with torches, in order to light the way to the coaches and sedan-chairs.

the fencing matches – forms of entertainment to which they were every bit as partial as the man in the street. The opera seems to have been merely a way to introduce, via this sensationalism, some substance into the idle, genteel lives of the audience, whose daily routine has been described thus by Count Pöllnitz: After rising late in the day, one went walking in the park with one's walking-stick but not one's sword, returning home to change clothes and proceed to a café. At one o'clock it was time to go to court "and watch the King get dressed", then at three one left to have lunch and a stroll and, "in winter, to make calls until it is time to go... to the opera"; afterwards, one went to parties, eating again around midnight and parting from one another towards dawn. – And indeed, if one peruses the correspondence of such people as Egmont, Hervey, Cowper, Wentworth or Handel's friend Mary Granville, one will find that the opera did not produce any very lasting impressions in its audience. The writer merely records having been there, and with whom – appending, at most, a brief judgement."

To put it briefly: one enjoyed passing one's time agreeably and not pondering large questions of "culture"; a story, hardly worthy of a moment's consideration the next day (much like our modern television entertainment...); it is all the more gratifying to discover so many enchanting moments of beauty and inspiration in these operas, so many exemplary marks of a great genius – embedded in a magnificent "routine" which can scarcely be too highly esteemed. Several descriptions and estimations of the world-famous singers active on the stage in Handel's day have survived, e.g. that of Johann

Joachim Quantz, who heard the composer's "Admeto" in London in 1727 (a year after "Alessandro"), performed by the same soloists. Of Senesino he wrote: "Senesino had an agreeable deep soprano voice (mezzosoprano), penetrating, bright and steady, with a pure intonation and a lovely tremolo. It seldom went above f". His singing was masterly and his interpretation left nothing to be desired. He refrained from overloading the adagio with too many arbitrary embellishments, while at the same time rendering the indispensable ornamentation with the greatest refinement. He sang the allegro with a good deal of fire, executing the runs at considerable speed, using his chest. His appearance is well-suited to the theatre and his movements are natural. The rôle of the hero fits him better than that of the lover." Regarding Francesca Cuzzoni: "Cuzzoni had a very pleasant, bright soprano voice, with pure intonation and a beautiful tremolo. The range of her voice was from c' to c". She sang in an innocent and moving way. Due to the light and pretty manner of her presentation, her embellishments did not sound artificial; indeed, the gentleness with which she imbued her interpretation captivated all her listeners. Her allegro passage work was not of the very highest quality, but she executed it quite ably, in a pretty and pleasing manner. Her acting was a bit lifeless, and her figure is not especially well-suited to the theatre."

Finally, as regards Faustina Bordoni: "Faustina had a mezzosoprano voice which was not very bright but was quite penetrating and which ranged at that time [i.e. at the time of "Admeto"] from b-flat to not much above g"; later, however,

she was able to extend the lower end of her range by a few tones. She sang expressively and brilliantly (un *cantar granito*). She had a glib tongue, capable of singing at once rapidly and clearly, a very skilled throat and a lovely and very well-developed tremolo, which she could employ with the greatest of ease; however, and wherever she wanted. She was capable of executing the passage work – be it runs, jumps, or several rapid repetitions of a single tone – as skillfully as if it had been played on an instrument. Indeed, she is indisputably the first vocalist who has been able to sing such repetitions, and that quite successfully. She sang her *adagio* with considerable emotion and expressivity – as long as such passages were not dominated by an all too sorrowful mood, to express which one has to hold the notes or constantly sustain the voice. She had a good memory in respect of the optional changes and incisive powers of judgement in giving the words, which she pronounced very clearly, the right emphasis. Her acting abilities were especially impressive; and since she was good at portraying characters and could assume any mien she chose, she was capable of playing serious, love-stricken and gentle roles. In a word: she is the born singer and actress.”

All the other roles in “Alessandro” were sung by Italians: *Fassile* was Antonio Baldi (an alto castrato); *Cleone* was Anna Dotti (alto), *Leonato* was sung by Luigi Anthoni (tenor), and *Clito* by the bass Giuseppe Maria Boschi, who had also performed in “Rinaldo” in London in 1710 and whom Handel had once again engaged for his “Academy” in 1719. Although the principal role in “Alessandro” is that of Alexander the Great,

the Greek emperor who built up a world empire, the work is not an heroic opera; it would more aptly be termed an heroic-comic or a comic-heroic opera. First and foremost, Alessandro is in amorous danger; only at a second, and less important level is he in political danger (Clito wants to depose him, partly because Alessandro makes too much of his being the son of Zeus and wants to be revered as such). Rossane, a beautiful slave-girl who becomes Alessandro’s wife in the end, and Clito are historical figures; the rest were invented for dramatical reasons. The two women, Rossane and Lisaura, vie for Alessandro’s love. Although he shows a slight preference for Rossane throughout, one gets the impression that he would really like to have both of them at his side, but is compelled to decide on one or the other, because they’ll give him no peace until he does. Rossane wins this little game, while Lisaura gets King Fassile, who has been courting her favour since the beginning of the opera. – The positive and noble side of Alessandro appears in his treatment of Clito: he generously forgives him and his helper Leonato, after his appearance on the scene has sufficed to reduce the two rebels to silence. The libretto for “Alessandro” was written for Handel by Paolo Antonio Rolli, following Ortenso Mauro’s libretto “La Superbia d’Alessandro”, which Agostino Steffani had set to music for Hanover in 1690. He was very careful to allot each of the primadonnas equal shares of arias and virtuosity. In our production of the opera we have tried to stay as close as possible to the original production. When in doubt, we generally followed Handel’s autograph (which differs, however, from the original production at some

points). Furthermore, for reasons of musical taste we have incorporated a few small emendations which were later made, simply because we found them more colourful and interesting; they were taken from Handel’s conducting score (in the Hamburg Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek), which was the principal source for the version published by Chrysander in the old Complete Edition of Handel’s works. The Italian libretto of the London premiere was also of great help. In accordance with Handel’s intentions, as evidenced by the autograph, the choir parts – which are rare – are sung in common by the soloists: a very economical solution, which shows, on the other hand, the way unimportant parts were ruthlessly cut in order to save money, even when it led to such absurdities as that in the last scene of the opera, where Alessandro/Senesino – behind the set – has to sing in the choir of Clito’s soldiers (who are opposing Alessandro). Handel repeated his opera “Alessandro” in December of 1727 and in 1732 (in a revised version). The work was also performed in London in the years 1743/44 and 1748, without Handel’s collaboration. “Alessandro” was produced in Hamburg as early as 1726 using Steffani’s recitatives of 1690, translated into German, and Handel’s arias in Italian. Finally, “Alessandro” was also performed in Braunschweig (Brunswick).

Stigswald Kujiken

Alessandro was the first of the five operas Handel composed for the two greatest prima donnas of the age, Francesca Cuzzoni and Faustina Bordoni. Cuzzoni had been a member

of the Royal Academy company in London for three years; she and the alto castrato Senesino played the leading roles in a whole series of Handel’s greatest operas – *Orone*, *Flavio*, *Giulio Cesare*, *Tamerlano* and *Rodelinda* – between January 1723 and June 1725. In the summer of 1725 the directors of the Academy negotiated with Faustina as well. The London press was full of rumours, declaring that she had been offered as much as £ 2,500 for the season. Her salary was probably £ 1,500; but whether because she haggled over this or for other reasons she took an unconscionable time coming, Handel may have begun Alessandro in the autumn, the part of Leonato, sung by the tenor Anthoni, who reached London in November, was written for an alto as far as the *coro* in I v (Handel then wrote “Leonato in tenor” in the autograph). When Faustina still failed to arrive, he hurriedly composed Scipione as a stopgap and produced it on 12 March 1726. Much of Alessandro must have been written by them: to save time Handel lifted a substantial *sinfonia* from its second act (II v), after Smith had copied it for the performing score, and used it to begin Act II of Scipione. He replaced it with the four-bar *Grove* on page 87 of Chrysander’s edition. Faustina presumably arrived in April. After making many changes in the autograph Handel dated it II April 1726. The first performance took place at the King’s Theatre in the Haymarket on 5 May, with Senesino as Alessandro, Cuzzoni as Lisaura, Faustina as Rossane, Antonio Baldi (alto castrato) as Fassile, Anthoni as Leonato, Anna Dotti (contralto) as Cleone, and Giuseppe Boschi (high bass) as Clito. There was no chorus. Handel’s autograph and the performing score

make clear that the *coro* 'D'un fiero tiranno' in III vi (Chrysander printed an unauthentic text) was sung by Leonato and Clito on stage and Baldi, Dotti and Senesino in the wings: they could not appear, since they were supporting the wrong team. The arias 'Si dolce lusingar' (HG 107) and 'L'armi implora' (HG 133), neither of which is in the printed libretto, were published in August as additions for Faustina. It is most unlikely that Handel would have unbalanced the parts; not to mention Cuzzoni's temper, by giving two extra arias to her rival. They were almost certainly replacements during the season, perhaps requested by Faustina, for pieces composed before Handel had heard her voice. Both are in the autograph as insertions: 'Si dolce lusingar' after the recitative at the bottom of HG 109, where the key fits but Rossane is not on stage; 'L'armi implora' at the end with Handel's marks for modification to Chrysander's B version. This last aria probably replaced 'Lusinghe piu care' in I iv (HG 20). Chrysander printed 'Si dolce lusingar' as an alternative to 'Brilla nell'alma' in III iii because one version comes at this point in the performing score; but the previous recitative cadence is not modified, and 'Brilla nell'alma' is not the sort of aria that Faustina or Handel would have sacrificed. A possible place for 'Si dolce lusingar' is at the end of Act II instead of 'Dica il falso'.

The opera was very successful, with thirteen performances in a month; another was cancelled owing to Senesino's indisposition. Handel revived it on 26 December 1727 (the number of performances, perhaps as many as ten, is unknown) and again for six performances on 25 November 1732. In 1727 the leading five parts were sung by the original cast: Leonato and Cleone may have been cut, as they certainly were in 1732, when only Senesino remained from the first production. Rossane was then sung by Anna Strada, Lisaura by Celeste Giamondi (both sopranos), Tassile by the contralto Francesca Bertolli, a specialist in male roles, and Clito by Antonio Montagnana (bass). Tassile's part, which now included 'Si dolce lusingar', was transposed up for Bertolli, as was at least one of Faustina's arias for Strada. As usual at this period Handel drastically abridged the recitatives, distributing what little remained of Leonato's and Cleone's among the other characters. He also made some damaging cuts: the accompanied recitative 'Vilipesse bellezze' (I vi), the arias 'Preggi son' (HG 45), 'Risolvio abbandonar' (II v), 'Si, me caro' and 'Brilla nell'alma' (both III v), the *coro* in III vi, and both duets at the start of the finale all disappeared. Alessandro was staged at Hamburg as early as November 1726 and at Brunswick in August 1728. At Hamburg as usual the arias were sung in Italian, the recitatives in German. C. G. Wendt, who arranged the score, apparently used recitatives from Steffani's opera (the source of Handel's libretto, described below); he added ballets and an aria from Scipione, but omitted three arias, including the exquisite 'Che tiranna d'amor', perhaps because he could not fit them into Steffani's recitatives. There were also two London revivals under the title *Rossane* after Handel had retired from the opera house, in November 1743 and February 1748. He was not personally involved, but probably agreed to lend his performing score. It is sometimes said that the 1743 *Rossane* was a pastiche or even a new

opera by Lampugnani. This is not correct. Although Lampugnani no doubt arranged the score, which contained arias from other Handel operas and a version of 'Return, O God of Hosts' from *Samson*, it was essentially Alessandro with the part of Cleone (but not Leonato) restored. Alessandro enjoyed more than fifty performances during Handel's life – a greater number than several acknowledged masterpieces – but has seldom been heard since. Only two modern stage productions are known, at the Dresden Staatsoper in 1959 and by Opera 70 at Chichester in July 1981. There was a concert performance at Oxford in 1966.

One reason for this neglect is undoubtedly Paolo Rolli's inept libretto. Of the two librettists who worked for Handel during the Royal Academy period, Nicola Haym was by far the more competent. Rolli, one of whose epigrams reveals his cynical attitude to what he regarded as cheap hackwork, seldom failed to make a thorough mess of his job. In this instance his source was Ottensio Mauro's *La superbia d'Alessandro*, set by Steffani for Hanover in 1690 and revived the following year as *Il zelo di Leonato*. It is a good libretto, similar in outline to that of Handel's opera and much clearer in motivation. Alessandro is as vain, touchy and unsympathetic, but his behaviour is at least consistent. (It is difficult to believe that the subject was chosen to honour George I, even though George was notorious for distributing his favours between two mistresses.) The motive for his advances to Lisaura is purely political: he needs the friendship of the Scythians. It is Clito, not Cleone, who also loves Rossane, and Leonato, not Clito, who is knocked down for refusing to worship Alessandro as a god. Cleone is a Sicilian favourite of Alessandro's who antagonises the Macedonian generals by flattering and fawning on him. The leader of the conspiracy is Ermelao, a member of Alessandro's bodyguard, who tactlessly asks for the most beautiful slave in Ossitracia when Alessandro is in a foul temper and receives a whipping for his pains. Ermelao enlists Clito and others repelled by Alessandro's overweening behaviour, and they prepare a trap: on a given signal their men will bring down a staircase (damaged in the battle) on the tyrant's head. Alessandro in seizing a spear to strike Clito for not acknowledging him as the son of Jupiter unwittingly gives the signal and escapes the crash of masonry. His arrogance induces Leonato to join the conspiracy. In Act III Tassile traps the conspirators by pretending to take their side. His men lure them on to a bridge which they then cut, and all except Leonato, who is pulled out by Tassile against his will, are drowned in the Ganges.

In adapting this for Handel Rolli presumably had three objectives: to reduce the number of characters by one for the singers available, to expand the parts of the two princesses, and to make room for this by contracting those of the other characters, all skillfully drawn by Mauro. Almost every change he made was for the worse. Instead of dropping Cleone, whom he reduced to a cipher, he chose to leave out Ermelao, the leader of the conspiracy, and made that important segment of the story incomprehensible. In the crucial scene a canopy suddenly falls down 'per Cospirazione' – the first we have heard of a plot – and Alessandro jumps to the conclusion that Clito is responsible. The revolt does not develop



III Act III, and Alessandro quells it with a word. Rolli's ruthless compression of the minor characters was not balanced by any skill in dealing with the princesses. He brought them on and off stage at random, usually without any attempt to supply a dramatic reason. The two most impressive episodes in the opera, Alessandro's rash assault on Osidraeca and his rescue by the Macedonians (I i and II) and the garden scene in which he makes advances to the princesses in turn, only for each to answer him ironically with the words he addressed to the other (II i and II), come almost unchanged from Mauro. The words of 'Fà le stregi' and 'Vano amore' (slightly modified) in the latter are Mauro's. Otherwise the only texts Rolli retained, apart from some lines of secco recitative, are the double accompanied recitative 'Che vidi?' for Lisaura and Rossane in I iii and the *coro* in which Alessandro sings his own praises (I v). His single happy stroke was the insertion of the duets for Alessandro with each princess in turn at the start of the finale. But the credit here is Handel's: Rolli printed the words as recitative. The most arresting feature of the score, as one might expect, is the brilliance of the vocal writing for the three central characters. For once Handel seems to have been thinking of the singers rather than the characters of the dramatic conflict, which except in the first and last scenes and the magnificent first half of Act II is less gripping than usual. Whereas Senesino had eight arias, and Faustina and Cuzzoni seven, and each took part in two duets, the other four characters received only five arias and one short *arioso* between them. This threatens to

unbalance the opera, both musically and dramatically. The majority of the arias are spectacular show pieces in which the singers compete in agility with unison violins. Most exceptionally for Handel, though there are several slow *ariosos*, notably at the beginning of the last two acts, the entire opera contains only one aria slower than *Andante* (apart from the substituted 'L'armi implora'). It is however a superb one: Lisaura's 'Che tirannia d'amor' in Act II is even richer than most of Handel's siciliana in subtleties of harmony and texture. The duty to supply two exacting *prima donnas* with parts equivalent in length, content and difficulty imposed a certain constraint on Handel: he obviously devoted much care to it. Cuzzoni's abilities were familiar to him. Two points illustrate his attention to Faustina. The note A was known to be particularly powerful in her voice; he gave her two arias and a duet in which it is the tonic and another in which it is the dominant. She had been singing in Venice in operas by Vinci and Orlandini, as Handel knew when he borrowed many arias from them for his pasticcio *Elpidia* in the previous year. (He gave Cuzzoni five of Faustina's arias; a risk he might not have taken later.) *Brilla nell'alma* is one of the earliest arias in which he showed a complete mastery of the new style, with its drum basses, choral accompaniment and absence of counterpoint, of which Vinci in particular was an exponent. Handel introduced the two princesses in the unusual form of a duet-recitative with orchestra, writing Rossane's part on the stave above Lisaura's although Faustina's regular *testitura* was about a tone lower, and gave them two more in the final scene. If one had a brilliant

the other received its equivalent soon after. *libretto* was doubtless bent to this end). Faustina fared the better in accompanied recitatives; 'Vilipesse bellezze' in I vii and 'Solitudini amate' in II i are among the glories of the opera. Each heroine must have a duet with Alessandro at the end, though only one could marry him. Here Handel achieved a triumphant *de force* by linking the two duets, a trio with Alessandro and the regulation *coro* in a single finale bound together by thematic connection and varied by cumulative scoring: unison violins in Lisaura's duet, different combinations of thirds for recorders and violins in Rossane's, oboes and violins in the trio, and a full panoply with horns and trumpets in the *coro*. He had experimented with a composite finale, including three duets and two dances on the same material, in the unpublished first version of *Radamisto* (April 1720), and was to extend this practice in many different ways in later operas. On the whole the full arias in *Alessandro* are less interesting than the accompanied recitatives and *ariosos*, which are often associated with Handel greatly enlarged the scope of *opera seria*. The first scene combines both types of recitative and two *sinfonias* on the same material, the second an expansion of the first (its B section was an afterthought). The last scene of Act I has a similar flexibility, again with two *sinfonias*, and is shortly followed by a duet for the princesses not in *da capo* form. They were never given another in the operas that Handel subsequently wrote or revised for them; it may have been unwise to put two such tigrisses in the same cage. Garden and sleep scenes always brought

the best out of Handel, both in invention and in originality of plan, as he showed in *Agrippina*,<sup>\*</sup> *Scipione*, *Tolomeo*, *Serse* and other operas. Act II of *Alessandro* begins with one of the most beautiful, a marvellously rich introduction in ten parts (two recorders, two oboes, bassoons, three violins, viola and bass) leading to an accompanied recitative and a languorous *arioso* on the same material, after which Rossane goes to sleep on the dominant, leaving the strings to bring the music gently back to the tonic. The witty scene that follows, a masterpiece of compound irony, culminates in the finest of Alessandro's arias, 'Vano amore', an intensely emotional piece with varied scoring, palpitations from low violins and violas and a B section that changes metre and tempo (*Presto* after *Andante*) and starts in an unexpected key (C minor after G minor when we expect B flat). The placing of the act's first *da capo* aria after a symphonic introduction, accompanied recitative and no fewer than five *ariosos* (including repeats) redoubles its impact. It is followed at once by another dramatic key change, A minor after G minor, and an exquisite little four-bar *arioso* for Lisaura, 'Tiranna passion', whose unexpected return on an interrupted recitative cadence produces a novel *da capo* design in miniature. There are many other subtleties of detail. In II v Alessandro resolves to abandon love after both ladies have made him look foolish. When Lisaura tries to tempt him back on a half-close in

\* Whether consciously or not his mind went back to the garden scene in this opera, he quoted it, with the same scoring for recorders, in Tassile's 'Sempre fido'.

A major, he cries 'No!' on an F natural (this was a refinement of Handel's – the word is not in the libretto), which launches the aria in F major. The ritornello of Rossini's 'Tempesta e calma' begins as it were in mid-sentence, and it is some bars before the ear is sure of the tonic. In 'Che tiranna d'amor' the ritornello cadences in the dominant, so that the voice's entry in the tonic adds a touch of surprise. Felicities of this kind abound in Handel's operas, even those that hardly rank as masterpieces. It is a matter for astonishment, in an age when repertory pieces are recorded over and over again, that so few of them are available in tolerable performances and some of the finest have never been recorded at all.

Winton Dean

## PLOT OF THE OPERA

### First Act

During his triumphal Asian campaign, Alexander the Great suddenly finds himself in dire danger in the city of Sidrach, which he is the first enemy general ever to invade; he is rescued by his supporters, the most prominent of which is the general Cleus, a Macedonian prince. – Back at Alexander's camp two women fear for the hero's life: Lisaura, a princess of Scythia, and the Persian princess Roxana, who is Alexander's prisoner. They are rivals: both of them love Alexander and are plagued by jealousy, for Alexander, who is affectionate to both of them, does not yet seem to have made up his mind as to which of the two he will choose. The Indian king, Taxiles, who owes Alexander both his throne and his life, reports that Alexander has escaped the danger unharmed. Both of the

princesses are overjoyed at this news, much to Taxiles's dismay, for he is in love with the Princess Lisaura. – Alexander's fame as an invincible world conqueror has gone to his head. He allows himself to be worshipped in Jupiter's temple as the son of the divine Father. The only one who dares stand up to him is the upright Cleus; but at the entreaties of all the others, Alexander is appeased.

### Second Act

Alexander is still incapable of choosing between the two princesses, who pursue him with their love. Whenever he meets one of them, he seems to nourish her hopes, but the two see through him. Roxana, his beautiful Persian captive, reminds him of his fame and his generosity, and begs him to grant her her freedom. Perhaps she can win him in this way. Alexander fears that he will lose Roxana and only consents with misgivings to her freedom. – General Leonatus and his friends are appalled at Alexander's inordinate arrogance. They resolve to remove the tyrant. – In his quarters, Alexander announces to his assembled generals that he intends to divide all of the conquered territories among them. He, the son of Jupiter, is content with his own immortal glory. Once again, the courageous Cleus confronts Alexander. He vehemently disputes the divine origins of the megalomaniac. Enraged, Alexander is on the verge of killing Cleus with his spear, when suddenly, at a pre-arranged sign of the conspirators, the house caves in. No one is injured, including Alexander, who is convinced that his Father Jupiter – divine Providence! – has saved him from a certain death. He orders the flatterer Cleon to lead Cleus off to captivity. – Roxana has learned of

the attempt on Alexander's life. In despair, she weeps for her lover, whom she presumes dead. Alexander overhears her mourning and is deeply moved; he realises how much she loves him and makes up his mind for her. The conspirator Leonatus rushes in breathless, purporting to have learned that the vanquished peoples are staging an uprising. Alexander wants to return to his army and is forced to leave Roxana behind in a state of renewed uncertainty.

### Third Act

Leonatus succeeds in freeing the honourable Cleus and imprisoning his jailer Cleon; however, the latter is once again liberated by his followers. The conspirators now intend to defeat Alexander in open battle, with the help of Macedonians who are loyal to them. – Alexander has yet another interview with Lisaura. By means of flattery and no lack of ingenuity, he explains to her that he must renounce her love to clear the way for the Indian king Taxiles, his dearest friend, who is himself enamoured of the Scythian princess. Taxiles is delighted at Alexander's decision. – In the meanwhile, the conspirators have assembled their forces for battle. Taxiles, with his troops, supports Alexander, and the conspirators are defeated. They all plead with the great Alexander for mercy, which is magnanimously granted.

G. B.

## GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL ALESSANDRO

La partition de «Alessandro» fut achevée par Haendel le 11 avril 1726, et le 5 mai de la même année suivit déjà la première représentation de l'œuvre. Ce temps restreint de préparation n'était pas à l'époque quelque chose d'anormal; il ne faut pas oublier que souvent les différents airs étaient donnés aux chanteurs immédiatement après leur achèvement (ce qui quelquefois, bien sûr, pouvait se passer quelques semaines plus tôt), et, en guise de préparation, étaient répétés dans la maison même du compositeur, et souvent même étaient présentés accompagnés au clavecin dans le cadre de concerts privés. Ce temps limité de préparation était à l'époque suffisant, et cela spécialement dû au fait que dans la pratique de représentation de l'opéra (comme dans celle du théâtre), il était prévu qu'un chanteur (aussi bien qu'un acteur), fat aussi, la plupart du temps, son propre «metteur en scène».

L'opéra italien de l'époque de Haendel se composait d'une suite de récitatifs et d'airs. Les récitatifs avaient pour rôle de développer l'action qui de règle générale était d'un contenu minimal (bien qu'en général chaque opéra avait ses quelques moments de «suspens», une bataille ou un duel, peut-être aussi une scène inattendue de retrouvailles ou encore quelques autres effets d'artifice qui souvent étaient encadrés par des symphonies instrumentales). Les airs étaient à quelques exceptions près en dehors de l'action; ils étaient des morceaux de présentation que les chanteurs interprétaient eux-mêmes et cela même dans les mouvements. Les règles du mouvement (car cela existait)

## LA PETITE BANDE KONZERTMEISTER SIGISWALD KUIJKEN

Das Ensemble *La Petite Bande* entstand in den Jahren 1972–76, ursprünglich auf Anregung der deutschen Harmonia mundi, mit dem Ziel, ein Orchester für die Musik des ausgehenden 17. und des beginnenden 18. Jahrhunderts zu bilden. Es arbeitete von Anfang an unter seinem jetzigen Konzertmeister Sigiswald Kuijken und in engem Kontakt zu Gustav Leonhardt, der das Ensemble in zahlreichen Aufführungen und Aufnahmen auch geleitet hat. Von der Konzeption her ist *La Petite Bande* international zusammengesetzt, wobei der Kern des Ensembles zunächst belgisch-niederländisch war, dem sich inzwischen deutsche, französische und englische Musiker anschlossen. Benannt wurde die *Petite Bande* nach dem Orchester von Lully in Versailles unter Ludwig XIV.

Themen der *Petite Bande* waren anfänglich vor allem französische Opernmusik der Zeit von Lully und Campra, für die dieses Ensemble einen unverwechselbaren Stil gefunden hat, ferner Konzerte und Suiten von Corelli und Muffat. Seit 1977 arbeitet die *Petite Bande* besonders eng mit dem Westdeutschen Rundfunk Köln zusammen. Aus den gemeinsamen Überlegungen ging bisher eine ganze Reihe von Aufnahmen hervor, die auf Schallplatten erschienen. An Opern entstanden so „Zais“, „Pygmalion“ und „Zoroastre“ von Jean-Philippe Rameau, „Partenope“ und „Alessandro“ von Georg Friedrich Händel und Ausschnitte aus „Le Jugement de Midas“ von André-Ernest-Modeste Grétry; an Orchestermusik waren die Violin-

konzerter und die vier Orchestersuiten von Johann Sebastian Bach ein Schwerpunkt, Sinfonien von Joseph Haydn ein anderer. Aufnahmen mit Orchestermusik umfassen ferner Kompositionen von Gemmiann, Lully und Purcell.

KLN

## LA PETITE BANDE CONCERTMASTER SIGISWALD KUIJKEN

The ensemble *La Petite Bande* came into existence in the years 1972–76, originally at the suggestion of the German branch of harmonia mundi. The goal of this undertaking was to create an orchestra for the music of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. From the very beginning the ensemble has been under the direction of its present concertmaster Sigiswald Kuijken and has worked closely with Gustav Leonhardt, who has also often conducted the group both in concert and for recordings. *La Petite Bande* was conceived as an international group; while the core of the ensemble consisted of Belgian and Dutch musicians, it was later augmented by members from Germany, France and England. The *Petite Bande* was named after Lully's orchestra at the court of Louis XIV in Versailles.

Originally, the *Petite Bande* concentrated especially on the French opera at the time of Lully and Campra (for which they have developed their own unmistakable style), as well as the concerti and suites of Corelli and Muffat. Since

1977 the *Petite Bande* has collaborated particularly closely with the Westdeutscher Rundfunk (West Germany Radio) in Cologne. This common effort has resulted in a number of commercially available recordings of both operatic and orchestral music. Among these are the operas „Zais“, „Pygmalion“ and „Zoroastre“ by Jean-Philippe Rameau, „Partenope“ and „Alessandro“ by George Frideric Handel and excerpts from „Le Jugement de Midas“ by André-Ernest-Modeste Grétry. In the realm of orchestral music one of their emphases lay on the violin concerti and the four orchestral suites by Johann Sebastian Bach and another on the symphonies of Joseph Haydn. Other recordings of orchestra music included compositions by Gemmiann, Lully and Purcell.

## LA PETITE BANDE CHEF D'ORCHESTRE SIGISWALD KUIJKEN

L'ensemble «*La Petite Bande*» fut créé dans les années 1972–1976, et cela à l'origine sur une proposition de la section allemande de HARMONIA MUNDI, avec le but de constituer un orchestre spécialisé pour les musiques composées à la fin du XVIIIe et au début du XVIIIe siècle. Depuis sa création, l'ensemble travaille sous la direction de son chef d'orchestre actuel Sigiswald Kuijken tout en étant parallèlement en contact étroit avec Gustav Leonhardt qui a, lui aussi, dirigé cet ensemble à l'occasion d'un bon nombre de représentations

et d'enregistrements. Dans sa conception, «*La Petite Bande*» est composée d'adhérents recrutés au niveau international; le noyau de l'ensemble cependant était au départ constitué d'un groupe belge-néerlandais auquel se sont joints entre temps des musiciens allemands, anglais et français. «*La Petite Bande*» doit son nom à celui de l'orchestre que Lully dirigeait à Versailles à l'époque de Louis XIV.

Les sujets retenus au départ par «*La Petite Bande*» étaient avant tout tirés de la musique d'opéra du temps de Lully et de Campra pour laquelle cet ensemble trouva un style particulièrement typique; à cela s'ajoutent des concertos et des suites de Corelli et de Muffat. Depuis 1977, «*La Petite Bande*» travaille en collaboration spécialement étroite avec le «*Westdeutscher Rundfunk*» (Radio Ouest Allemagne) de Cologne. Suite à maintes réflexions communes, il fut possible jusqu'à présent de réaliser une série d'enregistrements qui furent publiés en disques. Pour ce qui est des opéras, furent ainsi publiés «*Zais*», «*Pygmalion*» et «*Zoroastre*» de Jean-Philippe Rameau, «*Partenope*» et «*Alessandro*» de Georg Friedrich Haendel ainsi que des extraits de l'opéra de André-Ernest-Modeste Grétry, «*Le Jugement de Midas*»; en ce qui concerne la musique d'orchestre, les concertos pour violon et les quatre suites pour orchestre de Johann Sebastian Bach prirent d'une part une place essentielle dans ces enregistrements; d'un autre côté, ce furent les symphonies de Joseph Haydn. D'autres enregistrements avec des morceaux pour orchestre furent réalisés avec des compositions de Gemmiann, de Lully et de Purcell.

# ALESSANDRO. ARGOMENTO.

## DRAMA.

Da Rappresentarsi

### NEL REGIO TEATRO

di *HAY-MARKET*;

PER

*La Reale Accademia di Musica.*



L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold at the King's Theatre  
in the Hay-Market. M. DCC. XXVI.

**L**A Prefa d' Olfidraa Cittain India, dal cui Mu-  
ro *Alessandro* gittossi dentro : La cometa fra *Chio*  
ed *Alessandro*, per la quale il primo fu ucciso dal te-  
condo, morte cagionata in parte dalla derisione di  
*Chio* sopra la pretesione d' *Alessandro* d' esser egli  
Figlio di Giove : L' Estremo Amore d' *Alessandro*  
verto la bellissima *Rossana* ; sono Fatti istorici. Gli  
Amori di *Lisaura* Principessa di Scithia verto *Alessandro*,  
e di *Tassile* Re Indiano verto *Lisaura*, ed il Rimanente,  
sono Fatti d' Invenzione.

### The Argument.

**T**H E taking of *Oxidraa*, a City in India, from the  
*Walls* of which, *Alexander* unadvisedly flung himself  
into the Town : The fatal Contest between *Cleus* and *A-*  
*lexander*, in which the first is unhappily slain, for his  
having derided the latter, upon his pretending to be imme-  
diately descended from *Jupiter* ; and the passionate Love  
that *Alexander* bore to the beautiful *Roxana*, are Fatti  
deduced from the History of those Times. But the Amours  
of *Lisaura* Scythian Princess with *Alexander*, as well as  
those of *Taxillus* the Indian King with *Lisaura*, and the  
rest, are entirely fabulous.

### Personaggi.

### Dramatis Personae.

ALESSANDRO	Magno,	Signor <i>Senefino</i> .	ALEXANDER	the Great,	Signor <i>Senefino</i> .	
TASSILE	Re Indiano,	Signor <i>Baldi</i> .	TAXILLIS	King of India,	Signor <i>Baldi</i> .	
CITTO,	} Duci Ma- } cedoni.	} Signor <i>Boschi</i> . } Signora <i>Dotti</i> . } Signor <i>Antioni</i> .	CLEUS,	} Macedoni- } in Captains.	} Signor <i>Giuseppe Boschi</i> . } Signora <i>Anna Dotti</i> . } Signor <i>Antioni</i> .	
CLEFON,			ROSSANA,			ROXANA,
LEONATO,			Signora <i>Faustina Bordon</i> .			Signora <i>Faustina Bordon</i> .
LI SAU RA,	Signora <i>Francesca Guzzoni</i> .	LI SAU RA,	Signora <i>Francesca Guzzoni</i> .			

La Musica è del Signor *Giorgio Federico Handel*. The Music is compos'd by Mr. *Handel*.

La Scena è in *Olfidraa*.

The Scene is in *Oxidraa*.

ATTO I. SCENA I. ACT I SCENE I.

ALESSANDRO che sopra una Machina murale offerisce  
*fu'l Muro d'Offidracca.*



Tanto ancor s'indugia  
 A superar quello vil Muro? Io stesso  
 Scorta vi fo con onorato esempio.  
*All' arrivo d' Alessandro i difensori  
 fuggono.*

Offidracca superba,  
 Contra l'ira del Cielo in van contralli.  
 Son Prole del Tonante, e tanto batti.  
*[Si getta al didietro del Muro: I Difensori vi ritorna-  
 tonano e ne respingono gli Assaltatori e la Ma-  
 china.]*

SCENE II.

LEONATO con altri Soldati e con un' Arriere per far di-  
*scorrere il Muro.*

Leon. Oh finitaro ardire!  
 Pronto loccorato al Re si porga: E cada  
 Cada il muro atterrato.  
*[Il muro cade: e vedesi Alessandro con alcuni her-  
 miti morti attorno, discenderli dagli altri, che ven-  
 gono fuggiti da Leonato e da' suoi Macedoni.]*

Leon. Grazie all'eterno Giove,  
 Sire, fei falto: Ma la tua grand' Alma  
 Tioppo t'è cipofo, per privata Palma.  
 Sai pur ch'è sempre unita

ALEXANDER, who, by the Means of a Scaling En-  
 gine, mounts the Walls of Oxidracca.



ND need there still Delays to overcome  
 This one poor Rumpie? I myself, your  
 Conroy,  
 I'll, with a noble Pattern lead you on.  
*[The Belegged fly at the Ap-  
 proach of Alexander.]*

Proud Oxidracca! against angry Heav'n,  
 In vain your insignificant Strength you'd prove,  
 And I'm the Offspring of the Thunder's voice.  
 He throws himself within the Wall: The Be-  
 leged rally thither again, and repulse the Be-  
 fiegcs back with their Scaling-Machine.

SCENA II.

LEONATUS with other Soldiers, and with a Barricade  
*Ran to demolish the Wall.*

Leon. O unexempl'd Darling!  
*I've haply Success for the King be found,  
 And but the Wall demolish'd to the Ground.*  
 [The Wall tumbling; and Alexander is seen a-  
 mong a Heap of laughter'd Enemies, and de-  
 tending himself against others, who are all  
 put to flight by Leonatus, and his Macedo-  
 nians.]

Leon. Thanks to eternal Jove, my Sire, you're safe:  
 Too far your noble Ards have you on,  
 Single to fight, and gain the palm alone.  
 You know that with your precious Life is join'd

La publica falvezza alla tua vita.  
 Che governan l'Alia e la Persia vince,  
 L'India e la Terra tutta,  
 Se ti perdiam?

Al. non m'acculale o cari,  
 D'amar troppo il periglio.  
 Qui v'era d'uppo ardir piu che configio.  
 Di comandare all'immortai falange  
 Indegno io parerei,  
 Se riparmar volessi i giorni miei.  
 Purchè s'acquilli Onor, vivasi meno.  
 Sempre felice more,  
 Chi muor pugnando alla Vittoria in leno.

Fra le Stragi e fra le Morti  
 S'immortalano gli Eroi.  
 La fortuna ajura i Forti  
 Giove afflicte i Figli luoi.  
*Frate, &c.*  
*[Tutti parlano rientrando per la Breccia]*

SCENA III. Accampamento.

ROSSANE e LISAVRA, uscendo ciascuna dal suo Pa-  
*glione, a vista del Muro atterrato.*

Lif. Che vidi! Ros. Che mirai!  
 Lif. Gloria precipitosa!  
 Ros. Ambizion perverfa!  
 a 2. } Se Alessandro perit } Lisaura } è perfa.  
 Lif. Rossane fen' affligge.  
 Ros. La mia Rival si duole.

a 2. } Così l' alme discordi  
 Ne' temuti Informanti, Amore accordi

The public safety of Jabbul'd Mankind  
 What, though we conquer'd Asia, Persia too?  
 What with the vanquish'd Indies shall we do?  
 What's the World's worth, if we're approv'd of you?  
 Al. Accuse me not, my Friends!

If Love of Danger carried me too far,  
 This was no Time to counsel, but to dare.  
 I to myself should seem unworthy  
 To lead th' immortal Spunsons that obey,  
 If I had of Life I grudg'd one added Day:  
 Where Honour's gain'd, a Life, tho' short, is best:  
 He happy falls to honourable Rest,  
 Who, fighting falls, with Conquest in his Breast.

Amidst the slaughter'd Heaps of Dead,  
 Immortal Fame have Heroes won;  
 Fortune does all the Valiant aid,  
 But Jove himself afflicts his Sons.  
*Amidst, &c.*  
*[Exeunt all re-entering thro' the Breach.]*

SCENE III. An Encampment.

ROXANA and LISAVRA, issuing forth, each from  
 her Pavilion, within Sight of the ruin'd Wall.

Lif. What have I seen! Rox. Oh, what have I beheld!  
 Lif. Precipitate State of Glory!  
 Rox. O perverse Ambition!  
 For 2. } If Alexander fell } Lisaura } is undone.  
 Lif. Roxana seems afflicted.  
 Rox. And my fair Rival too appears to mourn.

For 2. } Thus Souls discord'g, if in Love they be,  
 Dread like Misfortunes, and in Fears agree.

13 *Lif.* Ecco *Tassile* il Re degl' Indi. *Rof.* Ei torna  
Con lieto volto. *Taf.* E *Omidraca* cispagnata

E il Re fuor di Periglio,  
*Raldicena* o *Roffane* il mello *Ciglio*.

*Rof.* Grazie a voi dello campo o fommi *Dei*.

*Lif.* E di sì gran facecchio,  
*Tassile*, a me non parli? forte credi  
Ch'io m'interessi in ciò men di *Coffei*?

*Taf.* Credetlo ben vorrei:

Par troppo fo quanto vi prendi parte.

*Lif.* Di sì lieta ventura  
Il giubilo riletto:

(Ma quel della *Rival* mi dà tormento.)

14 Quanto dolce *Amor* faria,  
Se non fosse *Gelosia*  
Co'l gelato suo *Velen*.  
Quel che opera la *Collanza*,  
E promette la *Spertanza*,  
Rende amaro al mello *fen*.

Questo, &c. [*Parte*]

15 *Rof.* Ne' trofei d' *Aliffandra*.  
Trionfa ancor quell' *Alma*:  
Ma *lanella Liffaura* ogni mia *Palma*.

Pur temerò tutte l' *Amor* le vie,  
Perchè allertato il *Vincitore* amante,  
Infillo altrui, sia solo a me *Collante*.

16 *Lufinghe* più *Care*  
D' *Amor* veri dardi,  
Vezzoie volare  
Su l' labbro, ne i *Guardi*,  
E turra involare

*Lif.* Se *Taxilis* the *Monarch* of the *Indians*.

*Rox.* *He, full of joyful Looks, returns again.*

*Tax.* *Oxidraca is forc'd, and the King safe;*  
*Do you up those Tears, Roxana; clear thy Brow.*

*Rox.* *I thank ye, ye mighty Gods, for this Escape.*  
*Lif.* *And does not Taxilis afford us Word*  
*Of this so great Success to me? — Perhaps,*  
*You think me less concern'd in it than he.*

*Tax.* *I gladly would believe it;*  
*Too much I know what Part you share in it.*

*Lif.* *For this so happy Turn of Fortune*  
*I feel my Soul with highest Joy possess —*  
*(But then my Rival's Pleasure racks my Breast.)*

How sweet the Hours of Love would be  
If it from Jealously was free,  
That poisons all its Joys.

What Constancy with Hope, Desires,  
And all the Bliſs, that Hope inspires,  
It fow'rs and quite destroys.

How, &c.

*Rox.* *In Alexander's Trophies,*  
*My lifted soul does triumph once again.*  
*Liffaura only damps my rising Joy.*

*Taf.* *I try all the tenderest Ways of Love,*  
*All Arts, that may this am'rous Victor move;*  
*Till false to all blyſs, and true to me he'll prove.*

O ye dearth choiceſt *Charms*,  
Love's true *Darts*, secureſt *Arms*,  
Tempting and alluring *By*  
On the *Lips*, and in the *Eye*;  
Rob all others of their *Reſt*,

L' altrui *liberta*.

*Diletti* con *pene*,  
Fra *gioie* e *torment*  
*Momenti* di *pene*,  
Voi l'armi farce

Di *vaga* *Bella*.  
*Lufinghe*, &c.

[*Parte*]

17 *Taf.* Sventurato ch'io Sono!

Se penso ad *Aliffandro*,  
Come *Beneſattore* amar lo devo,Come *Rival*; non posso.

Dalla sua No'ano lo riconosco il *Trono*,  
Ma perchè ama *Liffaura*;

La *Gelosia* Corrompe un sì bel *Dono*,  
E ribatter mi fa con alpre *doglie*.

Che se un *Regno* mi rete; il *Cor* mi toglie.

18 *Vibra* *Correte* *Amor*  
Un' altro *Strale*  
Del mio *Rivale* al *Cor*,  
E sol l' accendi allor d' altra *Bellezza*.

*Bramata* sol da me,  
Per *Alma* tutta *Fe*  
L' *Ingrata* non avrà  
*L'anta* *Fierrezza*.

*Bramata*, &c.

## SCENA A. V. La Breccia.

ALESSANDRO, TASSILE, LEONATO, CLEONE,  
e CLITTO, con Seguito di Soldati.

19 *Al.* Fra le *Guerre* e le *Vittorie*  
Fama eterna il *Ciel* mi dà.

steal their freedom from their Breach.

Doubtful *Losses*, hopeful *Gains*,  
Pleasures strangely mix'd with *Pains*,  
Moments upon *Hope* depending,  
Between *Joy*s and *Grief*s suspending  
You, O! you must be the *Arms*,  
By which *Beauty*'s Force alarms.

O ye, &c.

*Tax.* *How do I stand involv'd in fatal Ill!*

*If I would Alexander turn my Thought,*  
*I'm, as a Baneful Error, bound to love him,*  
*But, as a Rival, can't.*

*I, by his Hand, refused receive a Throne:*  
*Why should he court Liffaura? — That foils all —*

*And Gratitude by Jealously's wand'ring —*  
*That makes me still reject, with tort'ring Smart;*  
*Who grieves me Kingdoms, rob's me of my Heart.*

Oh! mighty *Love*, thy *Aid* impart,  
And kindly let my *With* succeed;  
Which *Arrows* pierce my *Rival*'s *Heart*,  
And let it for another bleed.

Only truly lov'd by me,  
Sure, the fair *Ingrate* can't be;  
Cannot fierce and cruel prove  
To a *Soul* so true to love.

Only, &c.

## SCENE V. The Breach.

ALEXANDER, TAXILIS, LEONATUS, CLEONES,  
and CLITUS, with a Train of Soldiers.

20 *Al.* While *Wars* and *Conquests* shine in *Story*,  
Me, endless *Fame*, the *Gods* bestow

a. 4. } Chi t' agguagli in tante glorie  
} E' l' Universo ancor non è.  
Al. Lauri e Palme  
a. 4. Fregi lon delle grand' Alme.

a. 4. Stari e Regni  
Premi lon de i Cor più degni.  
Al. L' ampia Terra, il Mar profondo  
a. 4. Tutto cede al tuo valor.  
Al. Oh vi fosse un' altro Mondo !  
a. 4. Sarà poco al tuo gran Cor.

Al. Apprestati, oh Cleone, i sacrifici a Giove, che si del figlio secondo le proverà?  
Cleo. Tutto è già pronto. Il tuo gran Padre Ammonne Paglia il Secondo Onore  
Paglia a te, Nume tremendo in guerra.  
Ei Monarca e del Ciel, Tu della Terra.

S C E N A VI.  
LISAURA, ROSSANE, e detti.

Al. Dalla vittoria alla Bellezza in Braccio  
Passa un felice Victor. Mia bella,  
Mia verzosa Rossane al fen ti Attingo.  
Cleo. (Mileri affetti miei!) Lisi (Sdegnò m' infam-  
(ma.)  
Rof. Mia vera gioia è il rivederti Salvo  
Tonar da tante perigliose Impre.  
Al. Non temo di mortal braccio le offese.  
Cleo. Ed a Lisaura, o Sire,  
Non ti rivolgi ancor? Al. Lisaura vega,  
Lieto non men ritorno a te. Rof. (Delusa  
Così rimango. Oh Gelosia crudele!)  
Tof. (E non troncherò io d' amore i detti  
Fra Lisaura e Alessandrie?) e non t' accorgei  
Che Rossane fidegnata altrove è volta?

For 4. } One to equal thee in glory  
} Nor the Universe can show.  
Al. Crowns of Palms and Laurel Boughs  
For 4. Adorn great Souls, and wreath their  
(Brows.  
Al. Mighty Kingdoms, mighty States,  
For 4. Crown worthy Hearts and warlike Fears.  
Al. The ample Earth, the Sea profound,  
For 4. Do all before your Valour fall !  
Al. O were another World but found !  
For 4. 'Twere for your mighty Soul too small.

Cleo. All is prepar'd.—To your great Father Ammon,  
Let them their former Adorations pay ;  
Tours are the second Honours of the Day :  
O Deity, tremendous in the Heav'n,  
He is King of Heav'n, but, King of Earth, you art,

S C E N E VI.  
LISAURA, ROSSANA, and the forefaid.

Al. From Conquest's Arms the Conqueror dost remove  
Brist' d to the Arms of Beauty, and of Love :  
Clife to my Breast I strain the fair Roxana.  
Cleo. (Hazard Passion !) Lili. (O I burn with Rage !)  
Rox. 'Tis real Joy to see you thus return  
Safe from such perilous Exploits, and here.  
Al. I fear no Wounds that mortal Hands can give.  
Cleo. And now once more, O Sire, bow'd to your Lisaura ?  
Al. I'm, fair Lisaura, not less joy'd to see you.  
Rox. (Thus still deluded ! cruel Steadfast !)  
Tax. (And shall not I see soon thyse arms from Spectacles  
That pass, twice Alexander and Lisaura ?)  
And do you not perceive  
Elsewhere her Steps th' emrag'd Roxana bend ?

Al. (An : non na mai) della Rossane, alcolita. [Parte.  
Tof. Ei Rossane seguit : Or ti consola,  
E rella in tanto abbandonata e sola.  
Lisi Ah! Lisaura tradita !  
Del pari che l' Amor, vano è il tuo fidegno.  
Risolviti non soffrir quell' atto indegno.

No, più soffrir non voglio.  
E' troppo infedeltà.  
Inhabile qual' onda,  
Più mobile che fronda  
E' l' Incolante.  
Non lo vorria l' Origgilio,  
Se lo volette Amor.  
No' l' voglio più soffrir  
D' un' altra Amante.  
No, &c.

S C E N A VII. Appartamento.  
ROSSANE e poi ALESSANDRO.

Rof. Vilipete Bellezze,  
Lusinghe disprezzate  
Ami inutili fete  
Per vincer l' Incolanza :  
Voi mi dalle speranza  
D' incantar solo per me quel Cor,  
Vana speranza ! Oh Dei ! Voi mi mancate  
Vilipete Bellezze  
Lusinghe disprezzate.  
Al. Pur ti raggiungo. E perchè mai partiti ?  
Vaga Rossane ? il mio verace Amore  
A te sola è rivolto.  
Appressi dal tuo Volto  
La sicura Vittoria.  
Tu farai la Mercede

Al. (I have miss me by) Roxana, hear, attend. [Exit.  
Tax. He seeks Roxana—Seek thou Comfort's Aid.  
A Jollity, left, abandon'd Maid.  
Lisi. Oh poor hero's d Lisaura !  
Just alike vain thy Love and Raging are :  
But this false Art I cannot, will not bear.

No, I'll no longer bear it, no ;  
'Tis too great Wrong to undergo ;  
Unstable as the Sea green Waves,  
More moving than the Wind shook Leaves,  
Does this Inconstant grow,  
Pride would not suffer it, I'm sure,  
Tho' Love itself would much endure :  
No, Love too bids me never bear  
The Man that loves another Fair.  
No, &c.

S C E N E VII.  
ROSSANA, and afterwards ALEXANDER.

Rox. Beauties slighted and neglected,  
Charm'd de pit'd and ill-respected,  
Ushers Arms you art, nor can  
Conquer this unconstant Asian.  
You gave me Hopes his Heart to chain ;  
But all the Hopes, you gave, are vain.  
Charm'd, you've fail'd me. Charm's neglect'd,  
Beauties slighted and rejected.  
Al. I have at last stricken you — but why  
Why did, at all, my fair Roxana fly ?  
To you alone my Love stands fix'd and true,  
From your own Face your Triumph sure you knew.  
You shall reward my Deeds of toilsome War ;  
You are my Prize, and you my Glory are :

Delle gran Geste, e tu farai mia Gloria.  
Ma turbato è il seren degli occhi belli?  
E quel dolce sorriso  
Onde trapare il tuo bel Cor, m'alcondi?  
Non mi degni d' un guardo? e non rispondi?  
Rof. Sia quel labbro sol mio, sol mio quel Core;  
O in van da me spero o risposta o guardo  
Amami sola; o non parlar d' amore.

Al. Men fedele, men costante  
Finge il labbro, non il Cor,  
Ma son vinto, sono amante  
D' un' amabile Betta,  
Una sol quest' Alma adora,  
Ma teoprit noi' deggio ancor.  
La Crudel che m' innamorò,  
Non lo dice, e pur lo fa.  
Men, &c. [Parte.

Rof. Si lusingando ei parla, e par che m' ami,  
Ma le Lusinga vede;  
Subito a lei rivolge l' Alma e il piede.  
Che deggio fare? ah si, credetelo infido.  
Forse m' ama? lo spero, e non mi fido.

Un lusinghiero  
Doice pensiero  
Dice che m' ama:  
Altro infelice  
Penfer mi dice,  
No, non ti brama:  
E l' Alma stabile,  
Temendo,  
Sperando,  
Chi dica il vero  
Ancor non fa.

But Clouds o'erspread thy Eye that w'd to blaze?  
Where's the sweet Smile that w'd those Cheeks to grace,  
And show your Soul transparent thro' your Face?  
All this, from me, you've meane, you've shew to hide,  
Now have you deign'd one Look, nor once reply'd?  
Rox. Mine might thy Heart, thy Lips, mine only be,  
Or hope no Answer, and no Look from me;  
Thy Passion I, and I alone must prove,  
Or cease for evermore to talk of Love.

Al. Let's true, let's constant, than I am,  
Me, my Lips, nor Heart, does frame:  
With various Confid's long I rove,  
But own at last the Power of Love.  
One my Soul adores alone,  
Tho' I must not that discover;  
Cruel Fair, she does not own,  
Yet she knows her Captive Lover.  
Let's true, &c.

Rox. *Let her cease to charm—and seems to love me;*  
But, if he sees Lisaura,  
How suddenly his Soul and Feet turn toward her?  
What must I do? — why, I must think him false.  
And yet, perhaps, he loves me.  
I'll hope the best, — but not put all my Trust in't.

Flirting and pleasing,  
Thoughts my Mind eating;  
Tell me that his Heart is mine:  
Then Thoughts displeasing,  
And my Heart tearing.  
Cry— He'll ne'er to thee incline.  
Thus unfix'd my weary'd Soul,  
Hopes appearing  
First, then fearing  
Maz'd and puzzled what to do,  
Knows not which is false or true.

Si fra due venti  
Frondofo Ramo  
Sempre è agitato,  
Sinché sfondato  
A Cader va.

SCENA VIII.

CITTO, CLEONE, e LEONATO.

Ch. Tu che Rossane adori, e come mai  
Con sì tranquillo volto,  
Creare il tuo Rival soffrendo hai?

Clea. Non può forza mortale opposti ai Numi;  
Ma l'avventura è fatale.  
Là nel tempio di Giove  
Oggi egli avrà vittime innocenti Altari.  
Sì, son Numi nel Mondo Eroi si Chiari.  
Cle. Amico Leonato, e vuoi l' esempio  
Seguir di quello Adulator? Leon. M' offendi  
A domandare sol. Seguito ò sempre  
L' onore tue forte;  
E in Cambio d' amicitia fedel vuò reco  
Correr pur sempre una medesima forte.

Pregi son d' un Alma grande  
L' amicizia ed il Valor:  
Senza questi, in van si spende  
Ogni titolo d' Onor.  
Pregi, &c. [Parte.

Ch. Sempre del suo Valor, fido seguace  
Sarò, come già fui,  
Prodigo di mia Vita  
Al suo comando et al suo scampo. Ma  
Esser non voglio adulator fallace.

So two Winds, that crossly blow,  
Toss some trembling leafy Bough:  
Long it wavers to each Blast,  
Till naked, leafless, it does grow:  
Then drops, with things, down at last.

SCENE VIII.

CITTO, CLEON, and LEONATUS.

Cit. *Tu, that adore Roxana, how can you  
Stand with so calm a Look, and easy heart,  
My Cleon, such a powerful Rival near?*  
Cleon. *No mortal strength can vie against the Gods:  
My Sorrow has no Cure; the Work of Fate.  
This Day, within the Temple of great Jupiter,  
He'll have his Victims and his blazing Altar.  
Yes, such bright Heroes are all Gods on Earth.*  
Cit. *And will you follow, my Friend Leonatus,  
The vile Example of this fluting Wretch?*  
Leon. *Indeed 'tis most unkind to ask the Question:  
I ever follow'd yet your honour'd Footsteps:  
And, in Exchange of a most faithful Friendship,  
I'd share in every Lot of Lye with you.*

Fearless Valour, Friendships dear  
Are the Pride of noble Minds;  
Void of them, like empty Winds,  
Van all Honour's Titles are.  
Fearless, &c. [Exit.

Cit. *I ever will be, as I've ever been,  
The faithful Follower, where his Valour leads;  
Still prodigal of Life I will obey,  
At his Command, or Safety point the Way:  
But I'll ne'er flatter him in mephitic Deeds,*



L'adorin gli altri pur : S'egli l pretende  
Da Chio ancor ; troppo chi l' ama, offende.

*Let others worship : Should he e'er pretend  
That Chios should ; he wrongs too great a Friend.*

28 A Sprone, a Fren leggitto  
Un nobile Delfinico  
Contento ubiditi :  
Se pungo troppo il fero  
Fiero, superbo, irato,  
Il pelo (aqueterà.

With gentle Spurr, and flacken'd Rein,  
The gen'rous Steed will run amain,  
And ride apace the Road :  
But if too much you gall his Side,  
Hell's plunge with Fierceness, Anger, Pride,  
And from his Shoulders shake the Load.  
With, &c.

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SCENA IX.

SCENE IX.

Tempio di GIOVE AMMONÈ; con le Statue  
di GIOVE, d' ERCOLE, ed' ALESSAN-  
DRO.

The Temple of JUPITER AMMON; with  
the Statues of JOVE, HERCULES, and  
ALEXANDER.

CLEONE alla testa de' Sacerdoti, e poi ALESSAN-  
DRO, ROSSANE, LISAVRA, TASSILE e  
CITTO.

CLEON at the Head of the Sacrificers, and after-  
wards ALEXANDER, ROSSANA, LISAVRA,  
TANILIS, and CITTUS.

29 Cle. Al Magnanimo, al Forte, al Vincitore,  
Al Figlio del Tonante,  
Ad Alessandro il Magno  
S'accendati l' Arc, e come a gli altri Numi  
Se gli offra il grato odor d' Arabi funi.

Cle. To the Mighty, to the brave Chief, the Conqueror,  
To the Son of the high Thunderer,  
To Alexander let our Altars blaze,  
Let's burn to him, like other Gods, Perfumes  
Made of sweet Odors and Arabian Gums.

30 Al Primo Motor delle Supreme Siete,  
Pace Nato Alessandro umil t' adora  
Come lor pregio che da te deriva  
Rendono gli altri Dei ;  
Eh! ti rende ancora  
Tanto l' illustre Onor de' tuoi Trofei.

Al. Thine, first great Mover of supernal Spheres,  
Thy Son, thy Alexander humbly worships ;  
As other Gods, whom all Mankind reveres,  
Offer the Glories they derive from thee,  
He pays the Trophies of his Victory.

31 Tadi. Figlio del Re degli immortali Numi,  
A Giove e a Te porto dell' India i Voti.  
Cle. Nato di Giove, sovrumano Monarca,

Tax. Son to the King of the immortal Gods,  
To Jove and thee I bring all India's Prayers.  
Cle. O, born of Jove, chief Monarch of the Earth,

Inviato. Angusto, Pio, Sommo, Divino,  
Con l' Universo a Giove e a Te m' inchino.  
Cle. (Fremendo di rabbia) Io, sol m' inchino a Giove.  
Tu per sangue e Valor, Re nostro sei.  
Ti badi cio : non insultar gli Dei.

Pious, August, Incomble, Divine,  
To Jove and thee, thus, bowing World incline.  
Cle. ( I burn with Rage ) I bow alone to Jove :  
Thou art our King in Valor, and by Blood ;  
Let that suffice thee ; nor insult the Gods.

Al. Empio, a i Numi negar senti il rispetto ?  
Cadi, prostrati, adora a tuo dispetto.

Al. Would'st, impious, join Respect to Gods to pay ?  
Fall, prostrate, worship, and by Force obey.

Cle. E ad un' antico tuo Fedel, tal fai  
Violenza ed ingiuria ?  
Al. Empio, superbo, va altrove ad insultar.

Cle. To one grown old in Loyalty, do you  
Offer such Violence and such Injustice ?  
Al. Thou haughty, impious Wretch ; go, rage else-  
where.

Cle. Ti pentisti.  
Rof. Piaci a sdegno, e rasserena il Ciglio.

Cle. Must certain you'll repent it.  
Rox. I pray you, calm your Rage, and smooth your

Rof. Perdona il fallo al suo Valor feroce.  
Al. Piacermi o belle Dee no non poss' Io :  
Offede il vostro Nume e non il mio.

Lif. Pardon this Fault to his fierce ill bred Courage.  
Alex. Fair Goddesses, I cannot be appeas'd,  
Your Gods I worship, and not my own deities.

Rof. Piaci l' Alma,  
Quiera il petto,  
Pace, Calma  
Vuole Amor.  
La dolcezza  
Spira affetto :  
La fierezza  
Da timor.

Rox. Bid thy Soul rest,  
And still thy Breast ;  
For Calms and Peace  
True Love does please.  
Sweetness does move  
The Soul to Love,  
Which Furies fright,  
And put to Flight.

Lif. Son d' Amore  
Nella Face  
Calma, Pace,  
Non furor :  
Quando allerta,  
Aide il Seno ;  
Ma dietera  
Con l' ardor.  
Lif. Sdegno il Core  
Non t' offenda.

Lif. Let thy Heart  
All Wrath disown.

Rof. Ma l' Amore

Sol' l' accenda

Lij. Torna in Calma.

Rof. Placa l' Alma.

a. 2. Breve è l'idegno

In nobil Cor.

Rof. Placa l' Alma

Lij. Quita il petto.

Rof. Pacer. Lij. Calma

a. 2. Vuole Amor

Lij. Pel Diletto

Rof. Caro affetto

a. 2. No non nasce dal Rigor.

Placa, &c.

[Tartarus.

Rox. Love alone

Should fire that Parr.

Lij. Be at Rest.

Rox. Calm thy Breath.

For 2 } Short Wrath soon Parts

From noble Hearts.

Rox. Be at Rest,

Lij. Calm thy Breath.

Rox. Quiet. Lij. Peace,

For 2. Love does please:

Rof. Sweet Dilection,

Rox. Dear Affection,

For 2. Never yet did Rigour raise.

Bid thy, &c.

[Exit.

Alex. Thus amongst Men, and ev'n amongst the Gods,

Louded with Victories, and full of Honour,

'Tis fitting now to take some short Repose,

And tuffe the fruitful Secrets of pleading Love.

Then, then, let Glory's Course begin a new,

By which, if possible, my Fame and Power

Beyond the Confines of the sun shall tow'r.

In short Fits of Love reposing,

Sweetly dreaming, gently dozing,

Warring Lovers, when they wake,

Bolder Paths of Fame will take;

Braver to their Arms will turn,

And with fiercer Glory burn.

If already in War

The whole Earth did declare

It yielded to me, — tho' I yielded to Love,

My Honour, for that, nor the finalter will prove.

In, &c.

Da, &c.

Fine dell' Atto Primo.

The End of the First Act.

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## ATTO II. SCENA I.

Ritiro Ombrojo nel Giardino.

ROSSANE e poi ALESSANDRO.

Rof. **S** Oltredini amate

In cui sognarmi lice

Una fiamma infelice,

Voi le venture mie del consolare.

Amo il grande Alessandro, ei sol mi fembra

Degno dell' Amor mio,

Ma in quel Core infedel non regno sola.

Chi mi Configlia, ohimè! chi mi consola!

Aure, &c.

[S' addormenta.

Aure Fonti Ombre gradite

Che mi dire?

Che farò?

Languro. Spererò?

Amorò le mie ferite,

Purchè vengano guarite,

Dalla Man che m' impiagò.

Aure, &c.

ènto il sonno che vela

Le fianche Luci mie con l' ali placide.

Aure fonti ombre gradite! 1

Al fin dolce riposo,

Cedo agl' inviti tuoi.

Ombre gradite

Che mi dire.

Aure, &c.

[S' addormenta.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

A Shady Retreat in a Garden.

ROXANA, and to her ALEXANDER.

Rox. **B** Eleased Solander!

In which 'tis giv'n me to sooth and soften

A hapless Flame; I pray be kind, and shew

Some Gleams of Comfort to surrounding War.

I love the mighty Alexander — He alone

Seems worthy of my Love;

But not alone in his false Heart I reign:

Will he give me Counsel; who will ease my Pain!

Breeces, Fountains, Shades that please,

What, say, what will give me Ease?

What shall I do to cure my Anguish?

May I hope? or must I languish?

I will love each wounding Blow,

Till well again each Wound shall grow,

By the Hand that caus'd my Anguish.

Breeces, &c.

Soft Sleep steals gently on my wearied Eyes,

And fans my winking Lids with downy Wings.

Breeces, Fountains, Shades that please,

While kindly you invite, I close

My Eyes, at length, in sweet Repose:

Charming Shades that sweetly please,

Whisper what will give me Ease.

Breeces, &c.

[She empovers herself to Sleep.

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SCENA II.

ALESSANDRO, e detta, e poi LISAVRA.

Al. Eccoli in preda al liono, ingiurco all' erbe :  
C. In faccia che bel viso !

Lif. (Riforme donne, et Alessandro è detto ;  
Veggio overvarie il reho.)

Al. Permettete ch' io vi baci  
Bei Rubini, Oñri vivaci.

Lif. (Poi non vuol Gelofia ch' io mi ritiri ;  
... ch' Deo, l'aba Lisaura i miei defiri.)

Al. Lisaura vien  
D' un meglio Come a consolar gli armani.

Rof. (Che veggio ! Il Re la mia Rival vezzeggia !  
Furò ancor dominante.)

Al. Abbi qualche pietà del mio marite :  
In faccia Lisaura

Dati' Occhio all' Aurora  
Turto mi cede, e tu resti ancora ?

Superbete Luci amate  
Piu languir non mi lasciate.

Concedi tu ridi, e taci ?  
Lif. Permettete ch' io ti baci  
Bei Rubini, oñri vivaci.

[Parte.]

Al. Lasciandomi qui foj, presso a Rossane ;  
Favore e non difpetto ;  
Fece partendo al mio verace affetto.

Al fin vi miro aperte  
Care, luci ferente,

Deh porgete sollievo alle mie penè.

Rof. Superbete Luci amate,  
Piu languir non mi lasciate.

[Parte.]

SCENE II.

ALEXANDER, the astrofaisid, and to them LISAVRA.

Al. See the rich Pery the God of Sleep has caught  
Stretch'd on her grassy Bed — How shining white  
Thou Neck, that Face, shines thro' the verdant Hair-hog !

Lif. ( Roxana sleep ! and Alexander winks !  
Due Observation of this Scene I'll take.)

Al. Blaming Beauties form'd for Bliss,  
Living Rubies let me kiss !

Lif. ( New Jealousy forbids me to retire. )  
Al. ( Lisaura here to cost me fond Desires ! )  
Come, beautiful Lisaura, come and comfort  
The fainting Senses of a forrowing Heart.

Rox. ( What is't I see ! The King, my Rival, smiling ;  
I'd best pretend myself asleep again )

Al. O take some Pity of a Lover's Pain :  
Invisible Lisaura !  
E'er from the rising to the setting Sun,  
All yield to me ; — Will you resist alone ?

Sparkling Fair thy Pride give o'er,  
Let thy Love lament no more ;  
Why blame, why doth thou smite at this ?  
Lif. Blaming Beauties form'd for Bliss,  
Living Rubies let me kiss.

[Exit.]

Al. Thou leaving me alone with my Roxana,  
She rather sits with Favour than Displeas'd,  
And parting leaves me to my true Delight.  
Her opening Eyes rekindle their Light again ;  
O dart your Beams of Joy, and banish Pain !

Rox. Sparkling Fair thy Pride give o'er,  
Let thy Love lament no more.

[Exit.]

Al. Che onor si rende al Vincitor del Mondo !  
Di due Donne ritroto  
Fatto e fcherzo Alessandro !  
E quel che più m' aggrava ;  
Barbara e l' una d' ede, e l' altra e Schiava.  
Son amante, si e ver ; ma son Monarcha.  
Quando l' Amor vollesse  
Lasciarsi andar inulti ;  
Non dee la Macehà soffrir gl' insulti.

Vano Amore, Lusinga, Diçetto,  
Cedere al Difpetto  
Che m' agita il Cor.  
Se m' offende, vilpende  
D' altera Bellezza  
L' ilabile Umor ;  
In Odio ed aprezza  
Degenere Amor.

Vano, &c.  
[Parte.]

SCENA III.

LISAVRA e poi TASSIE.

Al. Tiranna Passion lasciami in pace :  
Vedi che ad altro Oggetto  
Volge Alessandro ! incoñtante affetto :  
E un par vuoi ch' io ti ami,  
Ch' io lo Siegua e lo brami ?  
E intanto Gelofia  
La duna Vita mia consuma e sfice.  
Tiranna Passion, lasciami in pace.

Taf. Deh, Lisaura Crudele,  
Ti muovino a pietate i miei sospiri.  
Lif. Alessandro fa guerra a' tuoi defiri.  
Taf. Ei, Sol Rossane adora, e finge amarti ;  
Lif. Dalla tua Gelofia conofco l' Arti.  
Taf. Credi a chi t' ama, il vero.

Al. How much the Conquer of the World is honour'd !  
Two cost and thankless Women treat me wily —  
And Alexander's made their Tool, their Sport !  
But that, which aggravates my Shame the most,  
Is, that the One of them is but a Slave,  
The other a Babylonian — True, I'm a Lover  
But tho' a Lover, I'm a Monarch too ;  
And tho' unpunish'd, Love would let them go,  
Yet Majesty's strong can't undergo.

Vain Love, and flaring Delight,  
Give Room to Rage, and Way to Spite  
That adures my Heart :  
When Beauty's Pride cannot be born,  
Bey her Haughtines with Scorn,  
That plays th' unconstant Part.  
Love that does once degenerate,  
Turns to Contempt, and fources to Hate.

Vain, &c.  
[Parte.]

SCENE III.

LISAVRA, and afterwards TASSIE.

Lif. Thou Tyrant Passion, leave my Breast in Peace,  
Thou'st left the Love-oh'er Beauty prize,  
And in fresh Objects sell thy roving Eyes :  
Tis wouldst thou prompt me still to feed Loves Fires,  
And add fresh Fuel to a false Desire ?  
Mean while false Jealousy consumes opiate  
The Bloom of Life, and does each Joy debase.  
Thou Tyrant Passion, leave my Breast in Peace.

Taf. Cruel Lisaura,  
O let unnumber'd Sighs thy Pity move.  
Lif. 'Tis Alexander wars against thy Love.  
Taf. He but feigns Love, — Roxana has his Heart.  
Lif. You wouldst saw Stalwarts — I know your Art.  
Taf. Believe a Lover, whom most true thou'st find.

② Sempre fido e disprezzato  
 Infelice abbandonato  
 T' amero, bella Tiranna:  
 T' amero, ma poi tormenti  
 Che povera ne i tormenti  
 La Collanza non inganna.  
 Sempre, &c. [Parte.]

③ *Il.* Pur troppo veggio d' *Alfandro* il Core  
 Alla Rivale rivolto.  
 E tanto all' Alma mia  
 Ha c'attorno tormento  
 Van' speranza e acceba Golofia.

④ Che tirannia d' Amor!  
 Fuggir chi fiegue et ama!  
 Amar chi non mi brama!  
 Miteza fedelita' vana speranza!  
 Ellingualti l' ardor.  
 Ritrovi non amar.  
 Ah! che no' posso far  
 E forza del Destin la mia Collanza.  
 Che, &c.

SCENA IV. Camera.

ROSSANE e poi ALESSANDRO.

⑤ *Rof.* Qui alpetto l' Incoltante.  
 Fel gran forza a me stessa,  
 In fargli dir che qui l' alpetto: e voglio  
 Farmi ancor maggior forza  
 In ortener mia libertade, e poi  
 Abbandonar l' Infido,  
 Lasciarlo alla Rivale — Mio Core, e puoi?  
 Lasciar si degno Oggero  
 E di Lede e d' Amor? Sì, sì, lasciarlo.  
 Amar chi non è Amante?

Ever faithful, tho' rejected,  
 Sad, abandon'd, and neglected,  
 I will still love thee, Tyrant fair,  
 Still I'll love; but keep in Mind  
 That I'm constant — and be kind;  
 Nor mock the Torments that I bear.  
 Ever, &c. [Exit.]

*Lil.* Too plain I see that Alexander turns  
 His Heart elsewhere, and for my Rival burns.  
 And, while I do  
 Van Hoppe, by Turns, and bitter Jealousie's  
 Give a continual Torment to my Soul.

How does Love, with Tyranny,  
 Thine, that fondly follow, fly!  
 'Tis love, what loves not us again!  
 O how wretched! and how vain!  
 I'll give all my Wishes over,  
 And no longer be her Lover:  
 That alas, I cannot do,  
 For 'd and fated to be true.  
 How, &c.

SCENE IV. A Chamber.

ROXANA, and afterwards ALEXANDER.

*Rox.* Here I expecting wait the inconflant Man,  
 And commit Violence upon myself,  
 By giving him to know, that I expect him:  
 Yet more I'll get the Master of myself,  
 And say soft Things, till I've obtain'd my Freedom;  
 Then leave this faithless Man — Yes, to a Rival  
 Leave him — Canst thou do that, my Heart?  
 Canst thou desert an Object so deserving  
 Thy Praise and Love? — Yes, yes, I will desert him.  
 What shall I love the Man that loves not me,

On leggiero e incostante  
 T' ama un momento, e poi —  
 Ma vien. Caro Infedel! Mio Cor, non puoi.

*Al.* Veloce foura l' alti del Desio  
 Vengo all' idolo mio che qui m' aspetta.  
 Credi. Il voler fa legge, o mia Diletta.

*Rof.* Ami la Gloria? *Al.* Al parche t' amo o Bella.  
*Rof.* Ed ami ancor Rossane? *Al.* Al par che quella.  
*Rof.* La Cara Libertà dunque mi rendi.  
 Così a ragion dirai:

Ami Rossane, e la mia Gloria ami.  
*Al.* Ah funesta domanda!  
 Renderti libertà, perchè mi lasci?  
*Rof.* Fallace Vincitore!  
 M' ami, son prigioniera, e questo è Amore?  
*Al.* A qual periglio or deve espor se stesso  
 Il mio verace affetto!  
 Al sol pensar che abbandonarmi puoi;  
 Sento passarmi al Core  
 Lo sconosciuto ancor Gel del timore.  
 Ah! pur troppo tu fai  
 Che adoro sola Te, se sola bramo  
 Se alla Prova maggior, Crudel, mi sforzi.  
 Già pens' abbandonarmi,  
 Ingiata a tanto Amor. Sapermi Dei,  
 Che farà del Cor mio? — Libera sei.

⑥ *Rof.* Alla sua Gabbia d' Oro  
 Snol ritornar rator  
 Quell' Angelin canoro  
 Che rapido fugel:  
 Sai perchè torna ancor donde partì?  
 La sua Prigion gli è Cara  
 Più della Libertà.  
 Ma la Prigione d' oro  
 Sai perchè piace allor

That's full of Lightness and Inconstancy,  
 Looks me out Moments, and the next pretends —  
 But here he comes, lovely in Falseness!  
 And my Heart's bewild'ed Raptur'd end.

*Al.* Swift on the Wings of soft Desire I fly,  
 To find th' expecting Fair, that charms my Eye.  
 Claim what you please, with a commanding Air;  
 Your Will shall be my Pleasure, and my Law.

*Rox.* Dost Glory love? *Al.* Like thee I prize my Heart.  
*Rox.* Roxana love? *Al.* She bears an equal Part.  
*Rox.* Then me my much-lov'd Liberty restore;  
 So you'll with Reason say, and truly prove,  
 You love Roxana, and bright Glory love.

*Al.* That is indeed a very hard Demand —  
 Give you your Freedom, and then desert me?  
*Rox.* Fudge Chud, you love me much! You do, you say;  
 Then chain me up — Is that a Lover's way?  
*Al.* O to what Dangers might my true Affection  
 Expose itself! — When I but only think  
 You mean to leave me: at that single Thought,  
 I feel my thro' ring Heart pierc'd through and through  
 With freezing Kind of Rears unknown till now.  
 Yes, I you see; yes, you too plainly see,  
 I still you urge me to forever Proof  
 Adore thee only, wish for only thee.  
 And then, Unguards, mean to cost me off,  
 Great Gods! how hard my Heart's, poor Fate will be,  
 How hard indeed! — But, yes, my Fair be free.

*Rox.* To her little Cage of Gold  
 Of some Singing-Bird, that flies  
 Fleer to find its native Skies,  
 We returning back behold:  
 Would you know the Reason why  
 I will return, from whence 'twill fly?  
 'Tis, that she her Prison dear  
 Does to Liberty prefer.  
 Would you next the Reason know,

All' Angelin Canoro ?  
Pia Caro al suo Signor  
Sa ben che tomorà.

Alla, &c. [Parte.

Why such Prisons pleasing grow ?  
The warbler knows, returning, the  
Shall her Lord's dear Fav'rite be.  
To her, &c.

Al. Vintè al fin la Belia. Cangiaro ò forte  
Con la vezzola Prigioniera. Avvinto  
Or son io ne' suoi Lacci: Ella è dificiola  
Fingere a danti miei no più non devo  
Con *Lisaura*. Risolvo —

Al. Beauty, at length, her *Vilior* has overcome,  
And changing Lots, her Captive I'm become :  
I, who at Freedom, her beautiful Fair,  
Her Fetters, bound myself, am forc'd to bear.  
I, to my Grief, no longer will pretend  
Love to Lisaura — Here that Love shall end.

SCENA V.

LISAVRA e detto.

SCENE V.

LISAVRA, and the atortaid.

Lib. Vincitor generoso,  
La Libertà data a *Roffano* è un vero  
Di magnanimo Cor segno più espresso  
Che vince altrui, ma vince più se stesso.  
Al fuol nativo ritornar s' appressa  
La vaga Principessa, e di tue todi  
Farà di nuovo rifonar quei Regni.

Al. Quello è lo scopo degli Eroi più degni.  
A nuove illustri Imprese  
Volto è il pensiero. Su miei novi Acquisti  
Presto farò ritorno

L' alma Luce del Giorno. *Lib.* E non vorrai  
Nel gran Sentir d' Onore  
Aver qualche Riposo  
In Compagnia d' Amore ?

Al. Riolvo abbandonar  
La Bella che mi Sprezza.  
Son pene Amor, Bellezza :  
La Gioia è una Carena.  
No più non voglio amar.  
Amare è tirano affetto :

Lib. Brave Chief, Roxana's Freedom is a Sign  
Of Godlike Greatness, and a Mind Divine,  
That others much, but more myself command.  
The beautiful Princess, now to her native Land,  
For'd, her Return, does, with all haste, prepare,  
And to new Kingdoms will your Praise declare.

Al. Such the best Aim of great Heroes are.  
My Thoughts too great new Undertakings turn ;  
The Sun, that next with Light renew'd shall burn :  
When first his blazing Lamp refines the Day,  
Shall my still Conquests with fresh Pride renew.  
Lib. And while you're waking on in Honour's Way,  
Will you not Leave for your Companion's sake,  
Some mending Minutes spend in soft Repose ?

Al. I fully am resolv'd to leave  
The Fair, that seems me like a Slave ;  
Love and Beauty Torments are ;  
Who seek their joys, their Chains must bear :  
No, I'll leave off loving quite,  
'Tis a Passion strangely vain ;

E' poco il suo Diletto :  
E troppa la sua Pena.

Risolvo, &c. [Parte.

Small and trivial its Delight,  
But tormenting is its Pain.

I fully, &c. [Exit.

Lib. Finto Sereno è d' *Alessandro* in Volto,  
E finta libertà ne detti suoi.  
Ma pur chi fa ? la Libertà richiesta,  
La Libertà concessa,  
E i robbi pensati  
Segni non son di corripofio Amore.  
Voi godetvi liberate e più la stima  
Chi dura servitù provato à prima.

Lib. There's a feign'd Calm in Alexander's Face,  
And a feign'd Freedom ; Lays in ev'ry Phrase.  
But yet, who know's ? the Liberty requir'd  
And granted to her, just as she desir'd ;  
And Thoughts, that like the troubled Ocean, move ;  
Are no less mighty Marks of mutual Love.  
She will enjoy her Freedom, prize it more.  
For the Land Slavery she still before.

La Cervetta ne i lacci avvolta  
Se per forte scamparà,  
No non torna un' altra volta  
A quel Bolco ingannator.  
Dolci Briame abbandonate  
A quell Alma ritornate :  
La speranza lusinghiera  
Più che mai v' allietta ancor.

If a Doe, that's in the Toils,  
Should, by Chance, her Freedom gain,  
She'll ne'er turn, nor trust again  
To the Woods deceitful Wiles.  
Dear Delires, late foresworn,  
To this opening Breach return :  
Flattering Hopes fetter Brow,  
More, than ever, tempt's ye now.

COMPACT DISC 3 (6830)

SCENA VI.

ALESSANDRO *alfo in Trono*, TASSILE, CLITTO,  
LEONATO, CLEONE, e *Seguito*.

SCENE VI.

ALEXANDER seated on a Throne, TASSILE,  
CLITUS, LEONATUS, CLEON, and Followers.

Al. Dopo il sublime Onor delle gran Gelle  
Seguit de il Premio alle Fatiche Illustri.  
Filippo imperi à *Millegesi*, e *Pirro*  
Regni fu i *Barrinini*.  
*Antipano* Nuova Governi : e fia  
*Buceladonia* di *Belone* *Chio*  
Saran tue tutte l' Indiche Conquiste.  
Potervi Compentar mi fa giocondo.  
Turco s'acquisti, e fia  
La Gloria sola mia, ma vostro il Mondo

After high Honours of each warlike Deed  
Should prizes, due to illustrious Toils, succeed :  
O'er M'Alger let Philip bear the Swag,  
And Pyrrus shall the Bactrian Realm obey.  
Nicaea to Antipater,  
Bucephalonia to Belon I consign ;  
The conquests of Indies, brave Cleus, all are thine ;  
I gladly reward your Fidelity.  
When all is gain'd, let mine the Glory be,  
Take you the conquests of Glabe — The Son of Jove

Così il Figlio di Giove  
Nel mostrarsi ben vago,  
Da del Genio del Padre eccelle Prove.

Ch. Dal Figlio di Filippo

Grazie & Onori aspetto,

Ma del Figlio di Giove io nulla accetto.

Al. Coste le Grazie mie tu vilipendi ?

Ch. Così ? tuo Padre offendi ?

Al. Figlio son del Toranate,

Ch. Di Marcno Pudor non fei Zelante.

Al. Troppo m' infideli : e più soffrir non posso.

[Dici di piglio ad un asta d' un soldato  
e va a ferir Chio. Tassile la ri-  
vittiene.]

Taf. Sire t' arretha : e tu che il tutto vinci,  
Te licito vinci ancor.

Al. Perfidio, Idegno,  
[Cade per Colpazione la Cop-  
tura del Trono.]

Cle. Numi deh n' affittete. Taf. Oh Ciel ! che fia !  
Al. Qual radimento ! Taf. Al solo tuo periglio

Prescipro la ruuola mole.

Al. Giove per tutto fa feudo a sua Prole.

Ma ti vegghi all' altri Perfidia rea

Che cospira a miei Danni, allor ch' io penso

A Generosi Benefici. Vanne

Taffile, e t' afficura

Dei ? Indiane schiere. E tu Cleone

Mi rispondi di Chio : è tuo Prigione.

Ch. Eccoli frivo di difesa il petto :

V' immergi pur quelli alla :

Recidimi pur l' oggetto

Dell' Ira tua, non de' sospetti tuoi.

Chio che g' à due volte

Tolle alla man di Morie

La tua vita fra l' armi :

Chio che per Filippo il tuo gran Padre

Will, thro' that Globe, for gen'you Ath, be known,  
And, like his Father's Geniis, prove his own.

Ch. From Phillip's Son

I expect all Honour, and Love :

But know no Proffer from the Son of Love.

Al. That do you form the Gifts that I bestow ?

Ch. Your Father's Honour do you call so low ?

Al. The Son of the great Thunderer I am

Ch. You're little proud of your Mother's Name.

Al. Nay, now you push the vile Affront too far,

Nor will I move, nor can I longer bear.

[He snatches a Spear from one of the  
Soldiers, and is going to smite  
Citius, but is prevented by Tassili.]

Tax. Oh hold ! my Lord—Now swear what you can do,

And having all sabb'd, your self sabb'd.

Al. Perfidious Timon, I disclaim thee.

[The Canopy over the Throne is by  
Conspiracy made to fall.]

Cle. Ye Deities, assist him !

Tax. What now, ye Heav'n !

Al. What Treason's here ! Tax. The tumbling Ruins

These only have endanger'd by their Fall.

Al. When Ruins seek his Son, I've ward of all.

But other's, vigilant in guilty Treason,

While get your Gifts I study to bestow,

Conspire to lay their Benefactor low.

Go, Tassili, thy Indian Troops prepare ;

Tiwa Cleon, to Confinement Citius bear.

Cit. See this bare breath, here speach the painted flesh,

Let me thy Rage, and thy Suspensions feel.

Citius, who tender thy Foe fierce Fury brand'd,

And from surrounding Death thy Person sav'd ;

Citius, who fell by thy great Father's hand,

Then, spite, for thee, in lifted Plains, his Blood,

Now as the Venge of his declining Years,

E poi per te, già quasi tutto à sparso  
Il tuo sangue ; al Confinè omai degli Anni  
Spesi per te fra Aragi e morti ; Chio  
Tu accusi ? tu condanni ? Ah non ha vero.  
Taffigi : eccoti l' em. Al. Va prigioniero.  
Cle. Seguimi o Duce, e cedi ora al suo fdegno.  
S' appagherà dell' Imocenza. Ch. Oh Giove  
Chiamoti in testimon del fatto indegno.

Ch. e Cleo, partono.

Taf. Vado a raccor fatto le lor bandiere

Pronte al tuo cenno l' Indiane schiere.

[Parte.]

## SCENA VII.

ROSSANE e ALESSANDRO.

Rof. Oh Dei ! che insauia nuova !

Per, affissando, il solo mio Conforto,

L' adorato mio Bene. Oh Ciel ! che veggio !

Sorto quelle Ruine

L' Alma grande spirito. Numi, Ritoro.

Io manco, io moro.

[Soviene.]

Al. Soccorrete il mio Bene. Amor, che miro !

Oh gradito periglio !

Che la difficili tanto e tanto elcura

In amor verità, fecopi al mio Ciglio.

Rof. Ah ! chi richiama all' odiosa vita

L' Anima affitta ? Ma

Immunno sognando, o della veggio

Le tembianze adorare ?

Al. Sì vedi il Caro Amante

Dopo il suo scampo fortunato a pieno

Porci e t' accoglie in seno. Rof. Ai villo al fine

Tutta t' Anima mia. Che più mi giova

Celarne i moti !

Al. Oh solo mio Conforto !

Tis'd in Death's Toils, and seem in wassful Wars ;  
Thus Citius do you now accuse ? Punish ? condemn ?  
O let not ever this with Truth be said ;  
In this bare Breath, just, plunge thy barb'rous Blade.

Al. Part her, away.

Cle. Go with me, Chief, and give his Wrath its Way :

He'll soon be fairly'd of your Innocence :

Ch. O Jove, I call the Winds

Of this unworthy Action.

Exeunt Citius and Cleon.

Tax. I go to gather, underneath their Banners,

The Indian Squadrons ready for your Orders.

[Exit.]

## SCENA VII.

ROSSANA, and the Afore said.

Rox. Te Gods ! What fatal News !

The only Comfort of my Soul is gone.

My Alexander, my ador'd Deight,

Is perish'd— Oh, the lamentable Sight !

Beneath thos' Ruins here the breath'd his last.

Restore ye Deities, my Life, my Lord :

Alas ! I faint, I die.

Al. Help, help the fainting Beauty I adore.

O welcome Danger ! that so well dost prove

Her, whom I false suspected, true to Love.

[Pains away.]

Rox. Alas ! who calls back my afflicted Soul

To odious Life ? But hold, or do I dream,

Or do I waking see my worshipp'd Lord ?

Al. Yes, 'tis the Man that loves you to his Soul,

That, after his Escape, is fully happy :

Since he can fold thee panting to his Bosom.

Rox. At length you've got a View of all my Heart,

Why longer should I strive to hide its Motions ?

Al. My only Joy and Comfort !

Leo. Sire, il popol già vinto.

Al. All' armi, all' armi. A danni miei Cospiti  
Con le furie d' Abisso il Mondo intero.

Miriam *Risponde*,  
E nulla temo più, nulla più spero.  
Con nuovi Lauri in fronte  
Alperami Cor mio. *Rof. Vittorioso*  
Torna, ma più fedel, ma più amoroso.

Al. Il Cor mio ch' è già per te  
Turco Amore e tutto Fe,  
Con più gloria tornerà,  
Ma non già  
Più amoroso e più fedel.  
Per mercede e per onor  
Dell' affetto e del Valor  
Spera sol che' tua Belà  
Gli farà  
Men ritorsa e men crudel!

Il Cor, *Ch'.*  
[Parte.

Rof. Stanisci o reo timore  
Di tormentosa Gelosia. Risolvo  
O riamata o no, di sempre amarlo.  
Qual mai più degno oggetto  
Puosti trovar d' ammirazion, d' affetto?

Dica il falso, dica il vero  
Quel bel labbro lusinghiero  
Più mi alletta, il voglio amar:  
Sì ben finge, tanto piace;

Leo. O Sire, — The People lately overcome.

Al. To Arms, to Arms, for, Sire, the World intire,  
With all Hell's Furies join'd, my Fall configure;  
*Ter. fince my lov'd Roxana loves again,*  
*No justice Fears, or Hopes, I entertain.*  
*Expect, to please thy Eyes, fair Beauty, now*  
*Esch Lauris shall adorn thy Lover's Brow.*

Al. My Heart already is to thee  
All Love, and all Fidelity.  
'Twill with more of Glory burn,  
'Twill enobled more return;  
But can ne'er more am'rous be.  
For the Honour and the Prize  
Of my Love and Victories,  
All my Hope is from those Eyes.  
All my Hope is then to find  
Thec let's cruel, thee more kind.  
My, *Ch'.*

Rox. *Whilst ye guilty Fears, and fly,*  
*Bred by tormenting Jealousy,*  
*In Herber I'm lov'd, or am not lov'd again,*  
*I will for ever love this glorious Man:*  
*Since no more worthy Object can arise,*  
*To move our Love, our Wonder, and Surprise.*

Speak he false, or speak he true;  
Words from his Lips, like Honey-dew,  
Drop on my Heart, and Love I will  
So well he feigns, speaks so Divine,

Che sentito un div' grazie  
Fa quest' anima sperar.  
Dica, *Ch'.*

That, ah! to have him, one Day, mine,  
My Soul does hope with Rapture fill.

Fine dell' Atto Secondo.

The End of the Second Act.

ATTO III. SCENA I.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Torre dev'è rinchiuso CLITTO sotto la guardia di CLEONE.

A Tower, in which CLITUS is confin'd, under the Guard of CLEON.

Ch. Fortunato è il mio valore,  
E per ch'è? per troppo Onore  
E per troppa Fedeltà.

Ch. With Ills surrounded does my Valour lie,  
And why am I surrounded thus, for why?  
For too much Honour and Fidelity.  
With, *Ch'.*

L' Adulator s' apprezza. Cleo. E in qual maniera  
Penfi O Chio appagar l' Alma fdegnata  
Dell' effetto Sovrano? E non vorrai  
Umiliarci a chi s' umilia il Mondo?  
Fido to ti credo sì; ma troppo audace  
Folli contra il tuo Re. Ch. Non ti rispondo.

The flattering Sycophant approaches. Cleo. Clitus, How  
Dost thou think to calm the irritated Soul  
Of thy offended Sovereign? Will'st thou humble  
Thy self to him, who humbles all the Globe?  
Faithful thou art, I do believe thee so;  
But so thy King too bold. Ch. I scorn to answer thee.

S C E N A II.

S C E N E II.

LEONATO con Armati e detti.

LEONATUS, with armed Men, and the afore said.

Leo. Renditi, o muori. Cleo. E quale ardir? Leo.  
(combatte.)  
Ch. Amico fido. Cleo. E contro a tanti? Leo. s' apra.  
Quella Prigione insame, e tuor il traggia  
L' Amico mio fedele. Cleo. & Alessandro?

Leo. Or yield, or die. Cleo. What Boldness thir? Leo.  
(Then fight.)  
Ch. My true Friend, Cleo. Against so many? L. Open then  
The Gates of this vile Prison, that our Friends,  
Our faithful friends, may be enlarg'd. Cleo. But Alexander?

Leo. Et Alessandro impari

A imprigionar chi di tal forte è degno.

Entraci tu che sei

Di liberarte, anzi di vita indegno.

[Cito esce dalla Torre, e Cleone v'è ritornato.]

Leo. T' abbraccio in libertà ; ben riconosci

I Macedoni Duci : Ecco i pronti

Tecoa fortarati al fin del giorno vile

Di furiosa Tirannia. Chi. Sì voglio

In Campo aperto vendicar l' Offesa,

O riformar tanto sfermato orgoglio.

Di viltate incapaci

I Macedoni son : Con voi fortarmi

Vuò da gioio si vile.

Cor. All' Armi, All' Armi.

Cleo. Tradito e prigioniero

Non ò chi mi foccora. Ove fuggisse

Timidi miei seguaci

Abbatterete le porte

Dell' infauzia Prigione.

[I soldati le abbattano.]

Alessandro irritato

Nel punire i Ribelli infami e rei,

Co' suoi vendicherà gli oltraggi miei.

Sarò qual vento

Che nell' Incendio spira

E l' tra infiammerò ;

E così spento

Ogni nemico orgoglio ;

Tutto il favor del foglio

Io sol godrò.

Sarò, &c.

Leo. why then, let Alexander learn the next

To imprison such, as shall deserve a Prison.

Be thou to Dangers doom'd ; 'Tis due to thee,

By the Life deliver'd not, much less Liberty.

[Citus goes out of the Tower, and Cleon is confin'd there by the Followers of Leonatus.]

Leo. Let me embrace thee in thy State of Freedom ;

Will dost thou know the Macedonians Chiefs ;

With thee they all stand ready to shake off

The yoking Yoke of furious Tyranny.

Chi. Yes, in the open Field I am resolv'd

To vindicate these wrongs, and to reform

Unbribed Pride.—The Macedonians are,

As he shall find, incapable of Repulse :

Yes, we, my Friends, will shake off this vile Yoke

Cleo. I'm betray'd, and made Prisoner—I have none

To succour me—Alas, my faithful Followers,

Where are ye Cowards fled ?

[Cleon's Soldiers return.

Break down the Gates

Of this un lucky Prison.

[The Soldiers demolish it.

The mighty Alexander, now d to Rage,

Shall, under Pain, but surely Rebel's groans,

And with his Outrages engage my own

I like some Wind would be, whole Blaft

Cleo's Fines break out would make them last,

And better burn ; I'll do the same.

And blow his Fury to a Flame.

Thus setting Enemies afire,

And quiet contumacious all their Pride :

I then with by myself alone,

Engrofs the Favour of the Throne.

SCENA III. Giardino.

LISAVRA e ROSSANA.

La tela liberrà, dunque o Rossana,

A Lasciarne r' allerta ?

E chi c'adara abbandonar potrai ?

Rof. Lasciam Lisvra omai

Le Gelosie l' Invidie e gli Arrifici,

Amiam del pari il Vincitor del Mondo.

Sia d' Alessandro il Core

Conquilla di chi avrà di noi più forte

In Costanza amorosa e in vero Amore.

Lis. In generoso vanto

Vincermi tenti in vano.

Sì l' Eroo virtuoso amiam del pari,

Sia più felice uno de' nostri Affetti,

Ma han' ambo egualmente illustri e rari.

Si m' è caro imitar quel bel fore

Che del sol si rivolge al fulgore,

E s' appaga in mirar sua Belsà.

Pur divertir da fore si bello,

Vuò seguir chi mi stringe ; ma quello

Siegue solo chi vita gli dà.

[Parte.

Rof. Sento un' interna inuffata gioia.

Tutta occuparmi l' Alma,

E tranquillar la mente.

Par che mi dica Amore,

Specta, lieta farai. Nume possente

L' ami della Bellezza

A conquistar chi vince il Mondo, aita.

Rendimi a pieno avventurosa, e in tanto

L' altre Fortune mie faran tuo vanto.

Brilla nell' Alma

Un non intero ancor dolce Contento,

E d' alta gioia il Cor, soave inonda.

SCENE III. A Garden.

LISAVRA and ROSSANA.

Don't then, ROSSANA, Liberty resign'd,

Think'st you to serve the Freedom-giving Lord ?

Can you quit him by whom you are admir'd ?

Rox. Let us, LISAVRA, lay aside those Cares

Corroding Jealousies, Love's Ais and Shares.

Alas we love the Conqueror of the World.

Let Alexander's Heart become her Conquest,

Wine, of us two, most prosperous shall prove

In Constancy, and Truth, and tender Love.

Lis. In such an open, brave, and generous Boast

In vain thou dost attempt to overcome me.

Yes, let us love alike the conqu'ring Heroe :

Though, of our Loves, one takes the happier Turn,

Yet shall they both with equal Glory burn.

Yes, I would imitate that beauteous Flow'r

That turns to view the Sun's bright Pow'r,

And glad, beholds its glorious Blaze.

But, quite unlike those Flowers am I :

I after what destroys me fly :

They following, live upon his Rays.

Rox. I feel an inward, and unequal Joy

Wholly possess and occupy my Soul,

And fill with calm Tranquillity my Mind.

It seems as Love now whisp'r'd in my Ear,

Hope, and thou shalt be happy—Pov'ryful God

That holds the Arms of Beauty, O Japp, s me

To subdue him, that has subdued the Earth.

O make me fully happy to my Mind,

Thine shall my Fortunes be, the Glory thine.

In my bright Soul do beamy Visions reign,

My Heart seems floating in a Sea of Bliss

And Joy, till now, untrass'd I possess :



Si nella Calma  
Azurro brilla il Mar fe splende il sole,  
E i Rai fan tremolar tranquilla l'Onda.

SCENA IV.

LISAURA e poi ALESSANDRO.

Qual tormento crudel soffrir non fanno  
A mio ah! ah! un Core!

Ambizione e Amore!

Ma il peccatore de' mali è l'Incertezza.

Scorgesti omai da tanti dubbi l'Alma.

L'ingrato viene a me. *Al. Lisaura bella!*

*Lis.* Perché bella mi chiami,

Grandi, se bella a gli occhi tuoi non sono?

Diffamolar non deve anima illustre.

Sveglia il tuo Cor, come ti svelo il mio.

Pria di mirarti io già t'amai per fama,

Ed aver Parte di tua Gloria, io venni

Con mie l'quadre a seguirti in alte imprese.

Nel tuo Valor più l'Amor mio s'accete.

Di corripoffo affetto

In Te mi infingai: toglimi al fine

D'affanno. Incertezza. *Al. Amar Lisaura*

Senza far torto ad un fedele Amico

Non potera *Affidarsi.* Al Re degl'Indi

Che sempre t'adoro, che per me sempre

Elipote e vita e Regno!

Come toglier potrei

Il caro oggetto d'un amor sì degno?

Ammiratore e Amico

Ti fui sempre è furo. Chiedi i miei Regni,

E faran tuoi. *Lis.* Svelato il cor ti vedo;

Ma d'Alma generosa io non ti cedo.

L'Amor, che per te sento,

Brama te fol contento:

So in deep Calms, when all the Sea's serene,  
The glittering Sun on the green Mirror plays,  
Just mov'd, with Pleasure, dance the trembling Rays.

SCENA IV.

LISAURA, and afterwards ALEXANDER.

What cruel Torment dost thou Hear me suffer,  
That feels at once the double force of Amis?

O Love, and of Ambition!

But of all this, I've tried, and the result.

O may my Soul yet find from all these Doubts:

I've negatived My approach.—*Al. Beauvoir Lisaura,*

*Lis.* Why, Beauvoir, call you me, O cruel Man,

If venemous I appear not in your Eyes?

Indistinct Souls ought never to distinguish?

Unact thy Heart as I reveal thee mine!

Ever I beheld my Eyes, by Fame I lov'd thee!

Come with my Squadrons, send to share thy Glories,

To follow thee in all thy high Attempts:

Still did thy Valour more exult me Love!

And still you Parted, I me, That our Affection

Have equal Love with mine, and answer'd it.

Ever me, at length, from just Uncertainty.

*Al. Love, fair Lisaura, Alexander could not,*

*Without much wronging a most faithful Friend.*

*How I am with Indis, King, that still ador'd thee,*

*I had still for me his Life and Kingdom expos'd,*

*How could I like, tear from his loving Arms,*

*The dear, dear Object, which his Love ador'd?*

*I ever was, and ever shall I be*

*Much your Admirer, and much your Friend:*

*Now, claim my Kingdoms, and I name them yours.*

*Lis.* Now do I see thy Heart confess'd, reveal'd;

*Ingen'rous Art, my Soul shall never yield.*

The Love I feel, still longing is

To see thee only taste the true Bliss:

A colto di mia pena,  
Godi, e m'appagherò.  
Sarà più fortunata  
L'Amante rimata,  
Ma più fedele, no.

L'Amor, &c.

[Parte.]

Al. Si generoso affetto  
Degno e d'amor, ma regna fol Rossiane  
Nel mio fincero innamorato petto.

SCENA V.

TASSILE e poi ROSSANE.

Qual fido pender sospende o Sire  
S' ecclesia mente? *Al. Di Lisaura. Taf.* Oh Dei!

Al. Non temer: di Lisaura il nobil Core

Emula e vince il mio: Ma tutto a forza

Tutto cede a Rossiane. Amico, spetra

D'esser meco felice.

Taf. Arridi o forte.

Rof. A che badi *Alessandro?*

S'adunan d'ogni parte i Congiurati.

Chio e Leonato alla loro tela an tutti

Sollevari i Macedoni. *Al. E Cleone?*

Rof. Leonato il forzò restar prigione

Di Chio in vece. *Al. Vengano i Feltoni:*

Qui ad affrontarli solo

*Alessandro* rimane.

Rof. Parti, e pensa al tuo scampo,

Confervari Signor, s'ami Rossiane.

Taf. Fra l'Indiane mie squadre guerriere

Vieni o Sire; moremo in tua difesa.

Vado, in battaglia a quadronar le Ichiere.

[Parte.]

Enjoy it, tho' it costs me Pain,  
I will be pleas'd, and ne'er complain.  
The Fair, that (loving) lov'd shall be,  
May have more Happiness than me,  
But can't have more Fidelity.

[Parte.]

Al. Such generous Affection well deserves  
Returns of worthy Love  
Not in my own, but in her Throats,  
Still may Roxana reign, and reign above.

SCENA V.

TAXILIS, and to him ROXANA and the aforesaid.

Tax. And what has d'ought you hold in such deep Suffering,  
O Sovereign, thy Mind. *Al. Lisaura Tax.* Good Heaven!

Al. Cease thou thy Fears: Lisaura's noble Heart

With Emulation for'd overcome my own:

But all, and every Thing of Course must yield

To the superior Power of my Roxana.

Hope to be bliss with me my much lov'd Friend,

Tax. Her kindly Aid may smiling Fortune lend.

Rox. In what does Alexander muse off Time?

On every Side Conspirators unite;

Citrus and Leonatus, at their Head,

Lead on the Macedonians they have rais'd.

Al. And where is Cleon?

Rox. Him, Leonatus made a Prisoner,

And shut him up, where Citrus was confin'd.

Al. Well, let the Rebels come — Here, to confront them,

Stand Alexander by his single fist.

Rox. Go; think of your Escape: And, O my Lord,

Preserve yourself, if ever you lov'd Roxana.

Tax. Among the warlike Squadrons of my Indians,

O Sire, remain; we'll dye in your Defence:

I'll go and martial all the Troops, and draw 'em up

Ready for Battle. — [Exit.]

Al. Bella *Rofana*, addio.  
Vado, e al folo apparir, render confido  
Tranquillitate all' Armi, e in un baleno  
Poi renderla al mio Cor nel tuo bel leno.

Pupille amate  
Voi m' indagate  
A Trionfar  
Pupille belle  
Se voi mi fete  
Due fide felle;  
In van piroccate  
Minaccia il Mar.  
Pupille, &c.

Ref. Numi eterni, e potete a un tradimento  
D' Eroè sì grande abbandonar la Vita?  
Proteggete, affittre  
La Virtude, il Coraggio.  
Deh la face elinguerete  
D' una Civile furibonda Guerra.  
La Virtù proteggete Eterni Numi  
Voltra più viva fomiglianza in Terra.

Tempella e Calma  
Sento nell' Alma:  
Impazienti  
Tutt i momenti  
Le danno timore,  
La fanno sperar.  
Qual fia l' Evento  
Del Caro Oggetto,  
Ogni momento  
Dubbioza alpetto.  
Che fiero dolore  
E' mai l' aspettar.

Al. Farewell, my beautiful Roxana, O farewell,  
I go, and my sole Prospects, I confide,  
Shall make them peaceful, lay their Arms aside;  
Then, wing'd with Lightning, to thy Arms I'll fly,  
And to my Heart repose its Peace and Joy.

Lovely, beautiful, sparkling Eyes,  
Teach me to gain Victories;  
Teach me how to win the Prize.  
Lovely Eyes that sparkle so,  
If like Stars, like which you glow,  
Leading Light you will bestow,  
I'll Life's Ocean pass; — in vain  
Storms on Storms shall threaten the Main.  
Lovely, &c.

Rox. And just is, Deities Supreme, your Glory,  
To leave so great a Hero's Life to Treachery?  
Prohibit him, your Assistance lend,  
For Virtue, Courage, Oh! I declare,  
And put, I pray a timely End  
To the fierce Furies of Civil War.  
Or retire, Aid ye Deities, below,  
The sweetest Image of yourselves bestow.

Tempells and Calms alternate roll,  
I feel them in my impatient Soul;  
In each Moment, live in Fear;  
Each new Moment Hopes appear:  
How, at length, th' Event may prove  
To the Object that I love;  
Good, this Moment, I expect  
Bad, next Moment, I suspect.  
Ah! what dismal Desolation  
Lies in ling'ring Expectation!  
Tempells, &c.

SCENA VI.  
CLITTO, LEONATO, e Coro di Soldati, poi ALESSANDRO, e TASSILE.

D' un fiero nel soglio  
Si domi l' orgoglio  
S' abbatta il furor.

Al. Chi ofera Traditore  
Affaire Alessandro?  
Leo. (Terror m' ingombra il petto)  
Chi. (M' affideran forpreta Orrore Rispetto)  
Taj. A fi nobil silenzio  
Più che al valor, travolto  
I Macedoni tuoi: Scoperti o Sire  
E da Carone avvinti  
Son gli Offitraci rei che ce giuraro  
Fatti perir sul Trono.

Chi. Or che del tradimento  
Tutto franito è l' offensor sospetto,  
Gettate l' armi a terra,  
Nostra fede e valor, grande Alessandro  
Impioran tua Clemenza; e per te sono  
Pronti a Vittoria o a Morte. Al. Io vi perdono.

Prove fono di Grandezza  
Perdonar l' Alme foggette,  
Le superbe debellar.  
Fa del Trono su l' Altezza  
Scintillar l' Alme perfette  
La Clemenza nel regnar.  
Prove, &c.

SCENE VI.  
CLITUS, LEONATUS, and CHORUS of Soldiers,  
ALEXANDER, and TASSILUS.

Now the Tyrant's haughty State,  
Now his Pride, and now his Hate,  
Now his Fury does abate.

Al. Who is the Man shall dare to be that Traitor,  
That offers an Assault to Alexander?  
Leo. (My very Thoughts are dark'nd o'er with Terror)  
Clit. (Horror, Surprise, Respect begets me sound).  
Tas. Move by this noble Silence thine their Valours,  
I see upon thine Macedonian thine.  
The great Reicks of Oxidracca,  
In his hand carry'd thy Despatch on the Throne,  
Are all discover'd, and fall bound in Chains.

Clit. Now the suspected Author of the Treachery  
Stand: clear'd of all Offence — Down with your Arms:  
Our Truth and Valour, mighty Alexander,  
Implore thy Clemency; and ready are  
I' embrace for thee, or Victory, or Death.  
Al. I a free Pardon to you all declare.

To pardon Men that are subdu'd,  
To raise the Humble, check the Proud,  
Proofs of trustful Grandeur are.  
Clement Acts in those that reign,  
When the fullest Pow'r they gain,  
Sparks of Heav'n-born Souls declare.  
To, &c.

ROSSANE, LISAURA, e poi TASSILE: ed in fine  
LESSANDRO e Ianni.

Rof. } a 2. Spagni o supremo Regnator de' Numi  
Dell'Orrida Civil Guerra la Face;  
E a chi Vittorie dai; rendi la Pace.  
Tof. Al primo sguardo, al primo detto; immobile  
T jacque Discordia: e fommiffione orrenne

Il perdon generolo. Rof. } a 2. O sommo Giove,  
Lif. }  
Mostrano il Giullo e il Prode

Che prospera Virtute è tua gran Lode:  
Al. Si felleggi il bel Giorno  
Di mia Tranquillità. Lifaura illustre

Da te sol Vinto in generola gara  
Qui mi patello, e d' amicitia in pegno  
T' offro, l' alma, e ti do la mano in pegno.  
Vaga Riffine dalle tue Bellezze  
Convulfo al fin mi rendo.

Rof. O mia Felicità! Mo sol conforto!  
Al. In generolo Onor  
Bella ti cede il Cor:  
Ma in gara d' amità  
Nonon ti cederà  
L' alma collante.

Lif. Amar m' è forza ognor  
Il nobil tuo valor,  
E sempre in me farà  
La bella Fedeltà  
Del primo Ilante.

Al. Cara, la tua Beltà  
In me sol regnerà:  
La calma del mio Cor

ROXANA, LISAURA, and afterwards TAXILIS,  
and, at last, ALEXANDER, and all the others.  
Rox. for 2. } O Supreme Ruler of the Gods above,  
Lif. }  
The horrid Flames of Civil War remove;  
Let Triumph, where you give them, Peace improve.

Tax. At the first Look, at the first Word of his,  
Amovable and silent Discord flood;  
And their Submission gain'd his generous Pardon.

Rox. for 2. } This Truth, O Jove, the Jests and Pris.  
Lif. }  
That profuse Virtue is thy greatest Praise.

Al. Thou, be my Day of Peace a Fugitive.  
Illustrious Lisaure: by thy only  
Ever overcome in Generosity:

My Soul's best Refuge! I to thee resign,  
And with the Hand I prize my Friendship share.  
But, fair Roxana, wedded to thy Charm,  
I render up thy Conquest to thy Arms,  
Rox. My Bliss, my Joy, my only Comfort's here

Al. In Honour's Acts of Generosity  
My Heart, O Jove, must yield to thee  
But not to thee my constant Soul shall yield  
Where ever true Friendship strives to win the Field.

Lif. Ever did and ever shall approve  
Thy noble Willour, which I'm bound to love.  
From the first Moment will for ever be  
In me the Atacks of true Fidelity.

Al. In my Heart, as on their Throne,  
My Dear, thy Beauties reign alone.  
Now my Heart is a perfect Peace,

An posta il Faro e Amor  
Nel tuo sembianze  
Rof. Se v' è Bellezza in me,  
Son bella solo a te:  
Oggetto del desio  
Briana te sol, Ben mio,  
Pede e Amante.

Al. Amico arida il Ciel  
Al nullo Amor' fedel.  
E quello ognor farà  
D' Amor' e Fedeltà  
Giorno festante.

C O R O.  
E quello ognor farà  
D' Amor' e Fedeltà.  
Giorno festante.

F I N E.

C O R O.

E quello ognor farà  
D' Amor' e Fedeltà.  
Giorno festante.

F I N E.

C O R O.

E quello ognor farà  
D' Amor' e Fedeltà.  
Giorno festante.

F I N E.

C O R O.

All its Love and Fate does place  
In the Features of thy Face.  
Rox. If there Beauty is in me  
That Beauty is alone for the:  
Dearest Object of Desire,  
Thee, I only thee require,  
Burning with Loves, faithful Fire.

Al. Rox. At length the smiling Heaven hath  
Crown'd our Love that's full of Faith.  
And this Day for ever shall  
Be by faithful Lovers all  
Kept a glorious Festival.

C H O R U S.  
And this Day for ever shall  
Be by faithful Lovers all  
Kept a glorious Festival.

The E N D.

C H O R U S.

And this Day for ever shall  
Be by faithful Lovers all  
Kept a glorious Festival.

The E N D.

C H O R U S.

And this Day for ever shall  
Be by faithful Lovers all  
Kept a glorious Festival.

The E N D.