

[2] Aria "Du i hvars oskuldsfulla blick" (VB 30)

Text: Nils Birger Sparrschöld (1763–1830)
from the play *De Mexikanske Systrarna* (The Mexican Sisters)

Du i hvars oskuldsfulla blick
Jag laser glädjen fri från smärta;
Du tändar med förnyadt skick
Förnyadt ömhet i mitt hjerta.

You, in whose innocent glance
I read happiness free from pain.
With renewed ardour you ignite
Renewed tenderness in my heart.

[3] Aria "Ma tu tremi" (VB 63)

Text: Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782), from the cantata *La Tempesta*

Ma tu tremi, o mio tesoro!
Ma tu palpiti, cor mio!
Non tremar; con te son io,
ne d'amor ti parlerò.
Mentre folgori, mentre baleni
sarò teco, amata
Quando il ciel si rassereni,
Nice ingrata! io partirò.

Are you afraid, my beloved?
Do you tremble, my dearest?
Fear not, I am with you,
Beloved Nysa, and while
Thunder and lighten threaten you,
Nice! I shall not speak of love.
When the sky has cleared,
Ungrateful Nysa, then I shall go!

[4] Aria "Ch'io mai vi possa" (VB 59)

Text: Pietro Metastasio, from *Siroë*

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,
non lo credete, pupille care;
nemmen per gioco v'ingannerò.
Voi foste e siete le mie faville,
e voi sarete, care pupille,
il mio bel foco, fin ch'io vivrò.

Think not, beloved eyes,
That I could ever stop loving you;
Not even in jest shall I deceive you.
You were and are my sparks,
And you always will be, beloved eyes,
My beautiful fire, as long as I live.

[6] Sacred Aria "Parvum quando cerno Deum" (VB 5)

Text: *Repertorium Hymnologicum* from the 12th century

Parvum quando cerno Deum
Matris inter brachia,
Colliquescit pectus meum
Inter mille gaudia.
Gestit puer, gestit videns
Tua mater viscera.
Qualis puro in lucenti
Sol renitet aethere,
Talis puer in lactanti
Matris ubere.

When I see the tiny God
In the arms of his mother,
My heart melts
Amid a thousand joys.
The babe rejoices, your mother rejoices
When she looks upon the fruit of her womb.
As the sun shines clearly
In the radiant sky
So the babe too on the milky breast
Of his mother.

[8] Aria "Du temps, qui détruit tout" (VB 58)

Text: Anonymous

Du temps, qui détruit tout,
il craint peu les outrages,
chéri de la postérité.
On citera ses vertus,
on citera ses ouvrages.
Bienfaiteur de l'humanité,
déjà Gustave a mérité
le souvenir de tous les âges.

Of time, which destroys all,
He little fears the ravages.
He will be cherished by posterity,
His virtues exalted,
His deeds extolled.
A benefactor of all mankind
Gustav already deserves
To be remembered throughout the ages.

[9] Recitative and Aria "Sentimi, non partir! – Al mio bene" (VB 55)

Text: Gaetano Cappaforte (fl. mid-18th century), from *Antigona*

Sentimi, non partir!
Per tutto ciò
ch'hai di più sacro in cielo
o di più caro in terra,
per quell'istesso tenero amor
che ci legò, t'arresta.
Perdona al padre o almeno,
se brami una vendetta,
aprimi il seno.
Fra noi chi a ciglio asciutto

Listen to me, do not go!
By all that you hold
Most sacred in heaven
Or most dear on earth,
By that same tender love
That bound us, please stay.
Forgive my father, or else,
If you must have vengeance,
Pierce my breast instead.
Who among us could

potria veder estinta
 cader vergine pura a pie' dell'ara?
 E qual barbaro cuore
 non si trova commosso a tanto orrore?

Sposa Antigona,
 ah meglio ti consiglia col ciel,
 la bianca destra
 non imbrattar nel sangue
 e d'un sangue innocente.
 Ah ch'io vorrei ... ti sdegni ...
 Ahimé, voi m'assistete, o dèi.

Al mio bene, a lei che adoro
 vo chiedendo invan pietà.
 Eppure so che il mio tesoro
 sì crudele il cor non ha.
 Gira i lumi perturbato
 e risolversi non sa,
 a quest'alma abbandonata
 perché mai tal crudeltà?
 Sposa Antigona,
 ben mio, mio tesoro,
 pur io so che il ben che adoro
 sì crudele il cor non ha.

[11] Aria "Hör mina ömma suckar klaga" (VB 26)

Text: Karl Ristell (1744–1829),
 from the play *Visittimman* [The Visiting Hour]
 after *Le Cercle* by Antoine-Alexandre-Henri Poinciset (1735–1769)

Hör mina ömma suckar klaga
 Och du hvars skönhet fångslat mig;
 Hur svårt det är att dig behaga,
 Men ack hur lätt att älska dig.
 När dina blickar tändt min låga,
 De också tändt ett ljufligt hopp,
 Säg om jag än skall nära våga
 Den gnista sjelf du lifvat opp.
 Sig kärlek hälst bland liljer döljer,
 Han fläcktar om din täcka arm,
 Ack lycklig den som dristigt följer,
 Och finner honom i din barm.

Watch a pure virgin slain at the altar
 Without shedding a tear?
 And what heart is so barbarous that
 It would not be moved by such horror?

O Antigone, my bride,
 Ah, take wiser counsel from heaven
 And stain not
 Your fair hand with blood,
 With innocent blood.
 Ah, I wish ... you are angry ...
 Alas, o gods, you must help me.

In vain do I ask my beloved,
 The one I adore, to show mercy.
 And yet I know my love's heart
 Is incapable of such cruelty.
 She rolls her eyes, seems troubled
 And cannot resolve to act.
 Why must this abandoned soul
 Endure such torment?
 O Antigone, my bride,
 My beloved, my love,
 I know the heart of the one I adore
 Is incapable of such cruelty.

Hear my tender sighs' lament
 For you whose beauty has captivated me;
 How hard it is to please them
 But oh how easy to love you.
 When I had my torch ignited by your glances
 It also ignited a sweet hope.
 Tell me if I dare nourish
 The spark that you yourself have brought to life.
 Love itself would rather hide among the lilies.
 It flutters about your dainty arm
 Oh, happy is he who boldly follows it
 And finds it in your embrace.