No. 88. QUASI RECIT.—"HOW PURE A LIGHT."

Andante.  Ob.  P"
Orpheus.

How pure a light!
Che puro ciel!
the sun is
che chiaro

clear!
sol!
So bright
che nuovo
his
Ray ne'er have I seen! How rich the harmonies I hear,

- poured by a chorus angelic, Through all the ambient air.

Prospero

The breeze full-scented dell' aurea sera
The brooklet softly
murmur,
And every sight and sound of
peace eternal tells.
Yet though peaceful is all around me,
Mia la quiete che qui tanto regna,
Peace of mind never more res,
non mai da la felice.
Thee, thee alone, Euridice, can all the sorrow from my stricken soul be
banished: no!
voice, tender and endearing,

thy look of affection,

thy smile of kindness,

These can alone with joy inspire me.