love, art thou so near!

Allegro. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 120 \)

scioltte

Duke (aside with joy, coming forward).

Pos-se-n-te a-mor mi chia-ma, vo-
Now hope re-newed is glow-ing With-

lar io deg-gio a le-li, il ser-to mio da-
in my heart o'er-flo-wing, My throne and crown I'd
religion 

To call thee mine once more.

Ah! 

Throne and crown I'd give to call thee mine once more.

Now shall know who loves thee. While joy supreme unites us.

Less sweet love delights us, A king himself were poor.
Piu mosso.

Oh qual pensier o Pa-gi-ta, or Pa-gi-
Why doth he turn a-way from us, a-way from

Chorus. (amongst themselves) Oh qual pensier or Pa-gi-ta, or Pa-gi-
Why doth he turn a-way from us, a-way from

Più mosso (d - 132)
Pa-gi-ta? co-me can-giò d'un-mor! oh qual pensier o r Pa-gi-ta, qua-le pensier or way from us? he ne'er was thus be-fore! Why doth he turn a-way from us, why doth he turn a-

cresc.

Pa-gi-ta? co-me can-giò d'un-mor! oh qual pensier or Pa-gi-ta, qua-le pensier or way from us? he ne'er was thus be-fore! Why doth he turn a-way from us, why doth he turn a-
cresc.

Pa-gi-ta? co-me can-giò d'un-mor! oh qual pensier or Pa-gi-ta, qua-le pensier or way from us? he ne'er was thus be-fore! Why doth he turn a-way from us, why doth he turn a-
cresc.

Duke.

Ah, Ah,

Pa-gi-ta? co-me can-giò d'un-mor! co-me can-giò, co-me can-giò!
way from us? he ne'er was thus be-fore! he ne'er was thus, was thus be-fore!

Pa-gi-ta? co-me can-giò d'un-mor! co-me can-giò, co-me can-giò!
way from us? he ne'er was thus be-fore! he ne'er was thus, was thus be-fore!

Pa-gi-ta? co-me can-giò d'un-mor! co-me can-giò, co-me can-giò!
way from us? he ne'er was thus be-fore! he ne'er was thus, was thus be-fore!

Tempo I (c - 120)

deciso

Pos-sen-te amor mi chiama volar io deg-gio a le-
i;

Now hope renew'd is growing within my heart o'er flowing, My
ser-to mio da-rei, per con-so-lar quel cor,
throne and crown I'd give to call thee mine once more,

con forza

ser-to mio da-rei per con-so-lar quel cor.
Ah! throne and crown I'd give to call thee mine once more.
Thou

sap-pia al-fin chi l'a-ma, co-no-scio al-fin chi so-no, ap-
now shalt know who loves thee, While bliss supreme unites us,

con forza

prenda ch'an-co in tro-no ha degli schiavi. A-mor, ap-
less sweet love delights us A king himself were poor, un-

prenda ch'an-co in tro-no, ch'an-co in tro-no ha degli schiavi,
less love delights us, unless love delights us.
Più mosso.

ha degli schiavi A-mor,

Oh qual pen-sie-ro l'a-gi-ta, oh qual pen-sie-ro

Why doth he turn a-way from us, why doth he turn a

Oh qual pen-sie-ro l'a-gi-ta, oh qual pen-sie-ro

Why doth he turn a-way from us, why doth he turn a

Oh qual pen-sie-ro l'a-gi-ta, oh qual pen-sie-ro

Why doth he turn a-way from us, why doth he turn a

Chorus.

Più mosso (d-ma)
de - gli schia - vi A - mor,
king him self were poor.

giò d’u - mor! Oh qual pen-sie - ro l’a - gi - ta, oh qual pen-sie - ro
thus be - fore! Why doth he turn a - way from us, why doth he turn a -

giò d’u - mor! Oh qual pen-sie - ro l’a - gi - ta, oh qual pen-sie - ro
thus be - fore! Why doth he turn a - way from us, why doth he turn a -

giò d’u - mor! Oh qual pen-sie - ro l’a - gi - ta, oh qual pen-sie - ro
thus be - fore! Why doth he turn a - way from us, why doth he turn a -
D. de glì schia-vi A-mor, ha de glì schia-vi A-mor, ha de glì
king him-self were poor, Oh love, be mine then once more, oh love, be

M. gio d'umor co-me can gio, can gio d'umor co-me can gio, can gio d'umor co-me can gio,
thus be fore, he neer was thus, neer was thus be fore, he neer was thus,

C. gio d'umor co-me can gio, can gio d'umor co-me can gio,
thus be fore, he neer was thus, neer was thus be fore, he neer was thus,

D. schia-vi A-mor, A-mor!
mine then once more, once more.

M. can gio d'umor co-me can gio, can gio d'umor!
neer was thus be fore, he neer was thus, was thus be fore!

C. can gio d'umor co-me can gio, can gio d'umor!
neer was thus be fore, he neer was thus, was thus be fore!

(Exit the Duke hastily through the centre door)