

Our glances raise we;
 Thank we our gods and praise we,
 On this triumphant day.

THE KING.—Savior brave of thy country,
 Egypt salutes thee!
 Hither now advance and on thy head
 My daughter will place the crown of
 triumph.

(RADAMÉS bends before AMNERIS,
 who hands him the crown.)

What boon thou askest, freely I'll
 grant it.
 Naught can be denied thee on such a
 day,
 I swear it by the crown I am wear-
 ing,
 By heav'n above us!

RADAMÉS.—First deign to order that the
 captives
 Be before you brought.

(Enter Ethiopian prisoners sur-
 rounded by guards, AMONASRO
 last in the dress of an officer.)

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Thank we our
 gods!

AIDA.—What see I? He here? My
 father?

ALL.—Her father!

AMNERIS.—And in our power!

AIDA (embracing her father).—Thou!
 captive made!

AMONASRO (whispering to AIDA).—Tell
 not my rank!

THE KING (to AMONASRO).—Come for-
 ward—
 So then, thou art?

AMONASRO.—Her father. I, too, have
 fought,
 And we are conquer'd; death I vainly
 sought.

(Pointing to the uniform he is wear-
 ing.)

This my garment has told you already
 That I fought to defend King and
 country;
 Adverse fortune against us ran steady,
 Vainly sought we the fates to defy.
 At my feet in the dust lay extended
 Our King; countless wounds had
 transpierc'd him;
 If to fight for the country that nurs'd
 him
 Make one guilty, we're ready to die!

But, oh King, in thy power transcend-
 ent
 Spare the lives on thy mercy depend-
 ent;
 By fates though to-day overtaken,
 Ah! say, who can to-morrow's event
 descry?

AIDA.—But, O King, in thy power trans-
 cendent, etc.

SLAVE-PRISONERS.—We, on whom heav-
 en's anger is falling;
 Thee implore, on thy clemency calling;
 May you ne'er be by fortune forsaken,
 Nor thus in captivity lie!

RAMPHIS AND PRIESTS.—Death, oh King,
 be their just destination;
 Close thy heart to all vain supplica-
 tion,
 By the heavens they doom'd are to
 perish,
 We the heavens are bound to obey.

PEOPLE.—Holy priests, calm your anger
 exceeding,
 Lend an ear to the conquer'd foe,
 pleading,
 Mighty King, thou whose power we
 cherish,
 In thy bosom let mercy have sway.

RADAMÉS (fixing his eyes on AIDA).—
 See her cheek wan with weeping and
 sorrow,
 From affliction new charm seems to
 borrow;
 In my bosom love's flame seems new
 lighted
 By each tear-drop that flows from her
 eyes.

AMNERIS.—With what glances on her he
 is gazing!
 Glowing passion within them is blaz-
 ing!
 She is lov'd, and my passion is
 slighted!
 Stern revenge in my breast loudly
 cries!

THE KING.—High in triumph since our
 banners now are soaring,
 Let us spare those our mercy implor-
 ing:
 By the gods mercy, aye, is requited,
 And of princes it strengthens the
 sway.

RADAMÉS.—O King! by heav'n above us,