

(PRIESTS.) CHORUS. (PRIESTESSES.)—
Aid us, thy portal who seek,
Aid us who seek thy portal.
Parent of deathless love,
O aid us, thy portal who seek.

(AIDA enters cautiously veiled.)

AIDA.—He will ere long be here! What
would he tell me?

I tremble! Ah! if thou comest to bid
me,

Harsh man, farewell forever,
Then Nilus, thy dark and rushing
stream

Shall soon o'erwhelm me; peace shall
I find there,

And a long oblivion.

My native land no more, no more shall
I behold!

O sky of azure hue, breezes softly
blowing,

Whose smiling glances saw my young
life unfold,

Fair verdant hillsides, oh streamlets
gently flowing,

Thee, oh, my country, no more shall I
behold!

Yes, fragrant valleys, your sheltering
bowers,

Once 'twas my dream, should love's
abode hang o'er;

Perish'd those dreams now like win-
ter-blighted flowers,

Land of my fathers, ne'er shall I see
thee more!

(Enter AMONASRO.)

Heav'n! my father!

AMONASRO.—Grave cause leads me to
seek thee here. Aida.

Naught escapes my attention.

For Radamés thou'rt dying of love;

He loves thee, thou await'st him.

A daughter of the Pharaohs is thy
rival,

Race accursed, race detested, to us
aye fatal!

AIDA.—And I am in her grasp!

I, Amonasro's daughter!

AMONASRO.—In her power thou! No!
if thou wishest,

Thy all-powerful rival thou shalt van-
quish,

Thy country, thy scepter, thy love,
shall all be thine.

Once again shalt thou on our balmy
forests,

Our verdant valleys, our golden tem-
ples gaze!

AIDA.—Once again I shall on our balmy
forests,

Our verdant valleys, our golden tem-
ples gaze!

AMONASRO.—The happy bride of thy
heart's dearest treasure,

Delight unbounded there shalt thou
enjoy.

AIDA (*with transport*).—One day alone
of such enchanting pleasure,

Nay, but an hour of bliss so sweet,
then let me die!

AMONASRO.—Yet recall how Egyptian
hordes descended

On our homes, our temples, our altars
dar'd profane!

Cast in bonds sisters, daughters unde-
fended,

Mothers, graybeards, and helpless
children slain.

AIDA.—Too well remember'd are those
days of mourning!

All the keen anguish my poor heart
that pierc'd!

Gods! grant in mercy, peace once
more returning,

Once more the dawn soon of glad days
may burst.

AMONASRO.—Remember! Lose not a
moment.

Our people arm'd are panting

For the signal when to strike the blow.
Success is sure, only one thing is want-

ing:

That we know by what path will
march the foe.

AIDA.—Who that path will discover?
Canst tell?

AMONASRO.—Thyself will!

AIDA.—I?

AMONASRO.—Radamés knows thou art
waiting,

He loves thee, he commands the Egyp-
tians.

Dost hear me?

AIDA.—O horror! What wilt thou that
I do?

No! Nevermore!