

Celeste Aïda

Michael Bolton

Celeste Aida, forma divina,
Mistico serto di luce e fior,
Del mio pensiero tu sei regina,
Tu di mia vita sei lo splendor.
Il tuo bel cielo vorrei ridarti,
Le dolci breeze del patrio suol;
Un regal serto sul crin posarti,
Ergerti un trono vicino al sol, ah!

The Ethiopians have been defeated in battle. Aida, their princess, has been enslaved by the victorious Egyptians, though her identity is not known to them. The Egyptian General Radames falls in love with the beautiful Aida and dreams of setting her upon a throne.