

Zenobia and Radamisto

“Dramma in Musica”¹ in Three Acts

Music by Giovanni Legrenzi

Libretto by Ippolito Bentivoglio

Ferrara, 1665

Characters

Tiridate: king of Assyria²

Radamisto: king of Iberia and defeated king of Armenia

Zenobia: queen, wife of Radamisto

Doriclea: also under the name Ismene, princess of the Parthian Empire³

Radamisto: disguised under the name of Creonte

Casperio: Tiridate’s general

Egisto: Doriclea’s squire

Oreste: Tiridate’s captain of the guard

Fidalba: Zenobia’s handmaiden

Alceste: an Armenian sheppard

Ombra⁴ d’Armeno: Armenian wizard

Lico: court jester

Turpino: eunuch

Fama: Fame (appears only in the final Dedication of the Opera)

Desiderio: Desire (appears only in the final Dedication of the Opera)

Genio: Genius (appears only in the final Dedication of the Opera)

Captains

Chorus of soldiers, or chorus of victims of the “mina volante”⁵

Scene Changes

- 1.) Army’s campsite outside the city in the distance
- 2.) Escape from the rooms of the royal palace

¹ Most common term for Italian opera seria created and performed from the 17th-19th centuries.

² Region of Ancient Mesopotamia bordering Armenia, circa 2000 BC- 612 AD.

³ Ancient Persia, also known as the Arsacid Empire, 247 BC- 224 AD.

⁴ Also meaning shadow.

⁵ A launched explosive.

- 3.) Tragic scene in the city of Artaxata⁶
- 4.) Fields of the rapidly flowing Aras River⁷
- 5.) Deserted fields where Shepherds have built huts
- 6.) Outdoor collection of monuments Forest of monuments including a large tower, seemingly like a horrible and ancient prison
- 7.) Maritime cliffs and fields and a cavern in the distance
- 8.) Guard Corps at barricades and arcades
- 9.) Royal Room

First Act

Scene 1

Casperio, Captains, Chorus of soldiers, and Lico

Casperio: To arms, to arms,
 my loyal warriors,
 I want you haughtier, proud,
 More daring.

5 May faith in victory give you strength
 May the walls fall
 May marble crack
 To arms, to arms.

 The seize is already near

10 Artaxata is falling,
 the defenses are slow
 King Radamisto is without hope.
 The Iberian and his sons of valor

15 will be tried by eternal massacre.
 May your every impulse inspire fury and rage
 for the acquisition of a new kingdom for Tiridate.
 The sweat that will water your hands, and your king's laurels,
 will be worthwhile.

20 May lazy fear not disarm your breasts:

⁶ Ancient Armenian city.

⁷ River in the region of Caucasus.

Cowardice has no refuge in noble hearts.

To arms, to arms etc...

Lico: I can't take it anymore!
Such a peculiar feeling in my heart,
25 delay without dying
 seems like co, co, co, co, co, co, co cowardice.

Scene II

Tiridate, Casperio, Oreste, Captains, Lico, and the Chorus of Soldiers

Tiridate: My fortunate friends
 the world already rumbles with your power;
 may the swords of avengers
30 no longer trouble Artaxata,
 for adorning hostile weapons with Armenian blood
 to weaken those wicked vile ones
 is too risky a solution.
 Deep mines in undergrounds passages
 will bring the enemy's land to ruins
 with their flames;

 And may I soon see
 the rebel army perish in the womb of fire;

 And like those ominous ruins
 unworthy Icarus's⁸ will fall
40 from their flights.

Casperio: Oh undefeated Tiridate
 Since you restrain your arm
 from the cruel conflict,
 every other soldier controls his anger and fury.

45 Wage war as you may.

⁸ Greek mythology. Icarus fell to the sea when his wax wings melted because he attempted to fly too close to the sun.

Lico: If one must use fire and sp, sp, sp, sp, sp, sparks
dear friends,
I cannot stay here anymore;

 May he who is sick with the modern disease go far away.

50 Oreste: A little flame brings light
to the underground tomb, Sire.

Tiridate: Therefore, may all the audacious Iberians
experience death:
Torches are not swords, and in this place
55 fire will act blindly to cause them harm.
The earth already rumbles.

 Help, help, oh my. (Chorus of victims of the explosion)
Oh heavens, oh fate, oh gods, here is the tomb.

Tiridate: Haughty flames, rise up
60 to bring war to the stars
and bury the rebellious souls of the enemy
in the tombs.

 Still, I adore you,
 agents of massacres that last but briefly.

65

 You, brilliant sparks,
 always scream when enclosed,
but are friends of tranquility
when let loose and free to wander.

 Still, I admire you,
70 agents of small victories in small turns.

70

 The wall has fallen.
Triumph is guaranteed.
May each warrior report to his tent.

 Here is the wide path
75 that will show us the way
without posing risk to our lives:

75

so that the Iberian will see:

How much a fake inferno is worth..

Lico:
80 Hell is on er, er, er, er, er, er, earth
in the guise of war
and there is no escape.
Now where to hi, hi hi, hi, hi, hide myself?
The ground shakes,
my foot bounces.
85 Oh Pluto⁹, I come to you,
and almost de, de, de, de, dead,
I seek a passage to hell.

Scene III
Radamisto, Zenobia

Radamisto:
90 Beautiful rays,
no longer close
your eyes
to tranquillity;
the gods are too proud,
meanwhile the enemies are capable
of making your sleep this day eternal.
95 You are in the comfort of rest,
now that death opens wide the doors of this palace,
my throne is already trembling,
and the cruel Parca¹⁰
steals the royal scepter from a monarch.
100 Everywhere I look
Artaxata sighs
with fear, horror, terror, death, and grief:

Abandon your sleep, my dear, give me your advice.

⁹ Roman Mythology: God of the underworld.

¹⁰ Roman goddesses of fate

Zenobia: Alas, alas, what am I hearing?
105 Does Radamisto wake me, or rather my own torment?

Radamisto: The enemy of Armenia
runs through this city with hostile steps,
certain of its prized conquest .
Now may Zenobia and Radamisto
110 ponder their impending misery .

Zenobia: Royalty is born to deplore ruins.

Radamisto: But if a soul is royal
will it lose its life so quickly
from a fatal blow?
115 He who is born a king still dies a king.
With sword in hand
I will sell my death at a very high price.
I will open a passageway for my beloved
through the collapsed wall.

120 Zenobia: I will faithfully follow
your pain, your suffering.

Z&R: What are we waiting for, then?

Zenobia: A horrid death?

Radamisto: Adverse fate...

125 Z&R: is hastily approaching me and you.

Zenobia: Unjust heaven.

Radamisto: Unworthy fate.

Zenobia: So limited...

R&Z: is the boundary of a great kingdom,
130 when the royal diadem is extinguished in a moment.

Radamisto: May disasters arrive at this ground.
For I despise fate,
since a baby in a royal cradle is nothing but pain.

135 Zenobia: I cast crowns and scepters to the ground
so they may experience their misery,
For it is appropriate and reasonable
for a fleeting foot to trample crowns.

Z&R: To the escape, to safety.

140 Radamisto: Our cowardly troops have already yielded
their valor to the Assyrians.

Both: To the escape, to safety.

Radamisto: May our feet hasten.

Zenobia: I follow you faithfully.

145 Radamisto: Farewell court.

Zenobia: Farewell palace.

Both: In you alone
does death move about
with a harsh glance.

150 Zenobia: Farewell court.

Radamisto: Farewell empire.

Both: Farewell empire.

Scene IV
Turpino alone

Turpino: Oh unhappy Turpino,

oh wretched eunuch.
155 Is today's destiny deprived of pity?
Where to run, where to flee, where to hide myself
but in the depths of the abyss?
If I am neither man nor woman, perfidious Charon¹¹
will not want me to cross over to the shore of the underworld.
160 I swore that this court and this place
were to remain an escape from the fire of war to this day.
The pages and tyrannical courtiers
know that I foresaw this grief.
What do I fear, what do I dread?
165 May bravura help me
even if only as a formality.

One is very fortunate to be born talented:
A warrior in court
170 finds as much fortune as I.
I consecrate my trust
in the temple of peace, and to peace I am a slave.

There is great dignity in being a soldier.
He who gives advice
175 knows well
how to avoid danger:
Walking into a room fully armed
is a pleasant sight and projects a sense of safety.

But in order to stay alive
180 the best thing to do
is to fly off down fleeting paths.

Many warriors do exactly this nowadays.

I shall leave the city
and find refuge in the thickest forest.

185 A good warrior is one who lives long.

¹¹ Greek mythology, God who transports dead bodies across the Acheron River

Scene V

Ismene, Egisto

Ismene: My heart,
you do not understand
that which you ask of the perfidious archer
if you believe you will be satisfied.

190 Any hope in goodness
is a fleeting lightning bolt,
a fire that destroys
every soul
that it ignites.

195 My heart, what do you ask?

My heart, you act frivolously
if you hope to rejoice,
you celebrate in pain
and languishing is sweet to you.
200 Perfidious Cupid
dispatches affliction
but composes its laws
so they bring solace.
My breast, you act frivolously.

205 Destiny and my harsh fate want it to be so.

Egisto: Oh Doriclea.

Ismene: Let me die.
My soul is burning.

Egisto: Oh Doriclea.

Ismene: A voice too fastidious.

210 Egisto: Blame yourself, but do not scold Fortune.

Ismene: A soul pierced by the amorous dart,

disdains the gods and scorns heaven.
I want, as I told you, and yearn
215 for you to call me Ismene, not Doriclea,
so I may embrace the punishment of destiny.

Egisto: Among the armed troops
I disguised your sex and called you Ismene:
220 I alone was the kind fate
of your good and evil,
since no one here or anywhere
knows the truth .

Ismene: Unfortunately, Egisto, in court
225 even the marble can hear and talk.
You are aware, oh loyal one,
and even more aware are the Parthians,
that I left the vast empire,
I falsified my name and clothing,
230 cold scissors chopped my hair,
and my modest soul covered its sins with rugged armor.
And my past afflictions
confuse my heart in an eternal hell.

235 I am Doriclea, yet Doriclea I do not recognize.

I left the shores of my homeland
for perfidus Tiridate.
And I consecrated his heart
before he shot bold iron-feathered arrows to the Armenian:
240 And now he extinguishes his memories of Doriclea
and takes satisfaction in confining me to oblivion.
Therefore fate requires
245 that today, deprived of a throne,
I may adore suffering and fear not the worst.

Egisto: You are of royal origin,
daughter,
the fear of suffering is unbecoming of you.
250 Leave melancholy thoughts behind.

A royal soul delights in tragedy.

Ismene: My afflicted heart
never finds peace,
if in the ardor of the horrid fire of love
255 it melts away with torment
and I see my happiness
only in the shadows.

260 She who is born to suffer
can not experience joy.
In the kingdom of love
one is destined to languish from pain,
if goodness is no more than a color
painted in a dream.

Scene VI

Army's campsite outside the city in the distance
Zenobia, Radamisto

Zenobia: Stop running, my king,
265 for I can no longer follow
your swift footsteps, oh God;
The growing ardor of my pregnant womb
forbids me to move, and my motionless foot
is a symbol of my fleeting life.
270 Suffering enchains me
and my steps are prisoner of
of painful torment.
Close to death,
I search hard-earned solace from this rock.

275 Radamisto: Cursed destiny.
Follow, oh beautiful one, your faithful one.
The nearby sea displays sails and the shore, and
just one more step can give end to fear and purpose to pain.

Zenobia: This predicament

280 is a remora¹² to my internal torment.
My heart listens to you, but my foot does not understand.
I already feel the bitter pain
of labor.

I fall, embraced by the ground, and grass.

285 Radamisto: Perfidious heaven,
I watch on the dry shores above the sea,
far from every danger,
a dying mother and her unborn son.
Oh my woes.

Zenobia: Oh my pain.

290 Your affection calls me
yet the ground holds me down.

Radamisto: With great steps
the enemy forges ahead,
following my fleeing footsteps in haste.
295 May my beloved arrive
to the shores of the friendly Aras¹³,
scorned by rage,
with royal blood to redden the shores.

300 Wild abysses
that ever turbulent
run to the sea;
Woe! burry me
in the fragile caverns
before I witness
such a miserable spectacle.

305 Offer me death,
for death I desire.

¹² A fish that clings to the prow of a ship and thwarts its course

¹³ River in Armenia.

Zenobia: At least give me death,
my spouse,

Radamisto: My arm,
310 restrained by sweet pity
languishes without knowing how to.

Zenobia: It does not know
that honor is the fruit of death.

Radamisto: It knows well that love
315 is the son of life.

Radamisto: May my arm be slow
in carrying out this monstrous, foreboding deed.

Zenobia: May your hand dare
to break my breast.
320 Oh husband
at least give me death.

Radamisto: My honor

Zenobia: My faith

Z&R: Yearns for it, asks for it.

325 Radamisto: But my heart does not permit
such a harsh revenge.

Zenobia: But would you, my delight,
want to abandon your wife
to the lustful warriors,
330 who, made more arrogant by their freedom,
will give way to their lust
and violate the royal blood of your dead spouse
during the conquest of Artaxata?
But rather, if the purity of my faith
335 must be stained with precious blood

let it be my blood, so that the world
will forever salute Zenobia, who dies
so as not to die unfaithful.

340 Radamisto: Could it be that deep in my gut I find the capacity
 to wield my cruel sword to kill my own son?
My heart abhors it, my entire being combats it.

Zenobia: Ah, you nurture in your breast
345 merciful yearnings for a promised burial.
Tell me, what do you hold in higher esteem,
an honored spouse or an unworthy king?

This is the path that I point you down:
Save my honor and do not worry about my life.

Radamisto: Therefore you seek death?

350 Zenobia: To die faithful to you.

Radamisto: Fidelity is too cruel.

Zenobia: Charge that sword
 against my weak breast already,
the stars will look favorably upon your brave feat.

355 Radamisto: It is surely by necessity that such a gentle soul
 must fall by the rigor of my sword.
May blind love flee from the eyes of Argus¹⁴
since a king made beggar has no kingdom
360 other than his own honor.
My heart,
what more are you waiting for?
Why do you hesitate?
Meanwhile I see my beloved beauty
365 stabbed by the fatal Parcae¹⁵.
To be merciful when bringing upon death is wickedness,

¹⁴ Greek Mythology: Hero with hundreds of eyes, a watchman for the Gods

¹⁵ Roman Goddesses of fate.

May this inhuman blow steal your life.

Zenobia: Dear me.

Radamisto: Life is my torment.

Zenobia: I die.

Radamisto: Since this corpse,
370 rich with a golden virtue,
does not succumb to the grip of prey,
may a fleeting wave give her a silver tomb.

Scene VII

Casperio, Tiridate, Ismene, Oreste, Lico and bands of soldiers.

Casperio: May you direct your foot, sir
375 through sweltering paths and barren slopes
when the victorious palms
encircle your head and when I see
Armenia tremble and the Iberian turn pale.

Tiridate: Reckless is that monarch
380 who in utter disregard of the Parcae
unites plebeian heads through his glories
with a servile chain,

sleeps with the coward, and dreams of trophies.

385 But my yearning heart
before putting its feet to rest,
requests as a generous sign
of its triumph:
The king held prisoner and the desolate kingdom.

Casperio: Radamisto fled
390 so as not to face his misdeeds
nor to attribute royal afflictions
to his foot.

Tiridate: Return to the field, Casperio,
for the strike of your shining sword
395 is a great defense
 against the coward enemy.
 But what dismembered corpses
 is fate bringing under my eyes, oh God?
400 Will the gods bring solace to my soul
 as I look at the effigy in the precious ground?
 This is the portrait of Zenobia, the appearance of her face,
 although the colors are muted, it betrays her to me.

 I am forced to admit it,
 beautiful woman, I adore you, although you are the enemy.

405 Cupid you have won.
 On top of a hill
 you extended the danger of Mars¹⁶
 to a warrior.
 Neither was
410 the arrow
 insincere
 just because it was born of a face depicted
 Cupid, you have won.

415 The snares of a hair
 bind to the foot
 like tight chains,
 uniting
 a vow of fidelity
 to a devoted god,
420 to a painted idol.
 Cupid, you have won.

 Who helps me adore the sun
 if I am enveloped by clouds?

¹⁶ Roman God of war.

Ismene: O Doriclea, what is this you hear?
425 What jealous torments, and what rigor
kill your soul and poison your heart,
My king?

Tiridate: What do you want?

Ismene: Remember the fidelity
that you have sworn to Doriclea.

Tiridate: I loved her when I saw her and that was enough.
430 look, oh look Ismene,
how beautiful my beloved is,
how proudly she shines
she reigns over me even with a painted glance.

Lico: Sir, leave the portrait,
435 paintings nowadays
are of li, li, li, li, li, li, li, little esteem or value;

The original is more pleasing.

Ismene: Don't trust the complimentary eye,
as mendacious appeals
440 falsify the truth, even in a painting.
Perhaps in this portrait they were not
truthful and trustworthy.

Tiridate: I have seen others, others I have looked at
and my eye is satisfied;
445 She may be even more beautiful in person than in her portrait.

Ismene: How so?

Tiridate: What do you mean to say?

Ismene: Anguished pain.
She too adored you.

Tiridate: And a king reciprocated her love. That is all I know.

450 Ismene: And if she still loved you?

Tiridate: I would say,

Ismene: What would you say?

Tiridate: That sun set to this dawn.
In the palace of the Parthian Empire
you once served her and
455 rejoiced to be her faithful one, thanks to the ear
and the unjust murmur of its pains.
And if you did not falsify the truth,
long ago you told me,
that Doriclea, already defeated by her rage,
460 abandoned the empire:
fame made her desperate and dead,
hence I tore the ancient yearning from my heart.
I left my soul to repose,
465 so that a generous heart
does may neither suffer, nor bear
to search for a buried spirit amidst cold marble.

Ismene: Fame dilutes the truth in her flights
470 and sometimes a mind believes what it desires,
and in the precinct of curiosity
the lip of falsehood sends out lies.
I, far from that shore,
475 was perhaps tricked by a false cry,
and perhaps I acted imprudently.

Tiridate: My ear suffered too much and I heard too much .
I steadfastly resolve,
to follow Zenobia, and declare myself her lover.
But what will Armenia say,
480 upon realizing that a blind boy determines his goals
by her glorious foot?
Oreste?

Oreste: Oh sire.

Tiridate: Listen.
On the most deserted beach,
through the harsh forests,
485 in the caverns of beasts,
seek out my beloved,
Queen Zenobia whom I am so taken to.

Ismene: Oh, deplorable verdict.

Tiridate: I desire Zenobia alive or dead.
490 May this portrait be your trustworthy guide.

Oreste: I leave, and may this face
be for me a faithful stone,
under this boulder
in order to find out where the sun¹⁷ hides itself.

495 Tiridate: Fly, my thoughts,
follow that foot
that searches for mercy
in order to extend help
500 to a wounded soul,
who experienced the hardship
of far away dwellings
and stern looks.
Fly, my thoughts.

Scene VIII

Radamisto alone (then the Armenian Ghost)

Radamisto: Heaven, I do not yearn for your pity,
505 if a cruel and severe destiny
happily extends liberty to me
in the guise of death.

¹⁷ Zenobia.

510 Proud gods, I abhor the favor
that you offered a king when he was born
if this soul falls to a fatal destiny,
the hapless victim of your rigor.

515 May rulers learn:
Here proudly appears
a royal shadow that points
the life of a king to the throne of pain.
A wicked fortune summons these disasters
to bejeweled crowns:
and one trouble after another,
kingdoms are shadows and kings are delusions.

520 Hard rocks and cold tombs,
that enclose cadavers,
take this corpse,
fly it away from earthly punishment.

525 Ample stones and ancient urns
where death rejoices
teach me how to die,
befriend my pain.

530 I lost my wife, my child, and my kingdom,
what more could you do to me heaven?
Give me death, I do not disdain it.
I deprived my arms
of royal emblems
and arrived at my final days,
I abhor life.
535 And let it be a welcomed fate
that the king, who no longer has his dwelling,
may perish with his own kingdom.
May this sword,
that adorns my hip in vain
540 not sleep idly,
and by giving me death,

let it bring peace to my heart, life to my soul, repose to my breast.
Die then Radamisto,
give up the scepter that is not yours.
545 Fate gave it to you and heaven yearns for it: it is his.

May this sword hasten me
to a death most proud,
to most pitiful laments.

Armenian Ghost rises.

550 Armenian Ghost: Stop, stop what you are doing.

Radamisto: Which gratifying voice
wants my right hand to be merciful rather than ferocious?
What soot obstructs my eyes, my mind, my senses?
A ghost calls me to life and to more suffering;
555 Who sprinkles the poisonous river
with sweetness?

Armenian Ghost: I am the Armenian Ghost
I left the throne of hell
to protect you from the suffering
560 to which the heavens, makers of afflictions, destin you.
A limpid and clear font
flows not far from here.
Wash your forehead in those pure silver waters,
and in an instant you will see
565 your appearance change into a new one.
With my smoke, in that water
I experienced the delights of Proteus,¹⁸ and I liked to joke.
And having changed your appearance,
go to the brave Assyrian.
570 If not out of affection than for information:
Change your name to Creonte,

¹⁸ Greek mythology- Old man of the sea and shepherd of sea flocks- transformed self into different forms in order to escape captors

and unknown to his court
you will see the ancient Lares¹⁹
bestow their clear eyes to your courage:
575 reveal neither your intention,
nor your false name,
until your right hand takes, in peace,
the audacious sword
from the enemy king:
580 Then you will see your hair enriched by a golden crown,
thrones brought to your foot, and glories to your accomplishments.
In the meantime, Radamisto
I leave and return to the caverns.
Armeno leaves you with his advice.

585 Radamisto: Oh unthinkable wonder.
Do I believe what I see or what I hear?
The thought is unfit.
Who reveals the truth to me?
I flee from arms,
590 and find pity in the ghosts enshrined in tombs.
May your advice be fulfilled, Armeno.
Perhaps the day has arrived
that the passing of the years
will put suffering to rest, and bring peace to afflictions.
595 May my wishes come true.
Let the river be found,
let my look be transformed,
and may I disguise myself
under an unknown name
600 and false identity

May this soul be a servant to a delighted king.

Scene IX
Egisto, Ismene.

¹⁹ Worshiped by the ancient Romans as spirits of one's dead ancestors. Roman homes contained statues of the Lares to which offerings would regularly be made

Egisto: You are always crying, Ismene;
 to your weak sex
 swords are pain and crying is a defense,
605 a deplorable form of boasting.

Ismene: I fear that Oreste,
 through deserted forests,
 will not bring Zenobia back to these lands.

Egisto: May your pain be disbanded,
610 royalty is used to constant betrayal.
 New flames consume ancient love.

Ismene: Your words offend me.

Egisto: Hate takes hold against he who speaks the truth.

Ismene: My soul is afraid, and does not know why.

615 Cupid predicts my fear
 and the heart consents.
 I was born unhappy
 and a new incident
 is not far.
620 My soul is afraid and does not know why.

 Unyielding thought
 and jealous suspicion
 disturb my peace,
 and faithful is the object
625 of he who is unfaithful.
 My soul is afraid and does not know why.

Egisto: All of you, women,
 are crazy,
 ugly and beautiful alike,
630 if you think
 that a man will be in chains for you like a slave;
 if staying beside you for just an hour is a great burden.

Cursed

635 fantasy
that is subject
to jealousy
always brings torment to the man who believes in it,
and when women appear to be jealous it is a compliment.

Scene X

Turpino and Egisto

Turpino: Hunger is a great pain
640 as he who has been tested by it knows well,
not even the forests take pity
on my withered belly.

645 It is great a torment to be hungry
and not to find an exit for your suffering.
So extinguishes every mortal
who still has life and yearnings.

Unjust and perverse fate,
you mock me.

Egisto: His clothing and his appearance
650 make him appear to be Iberian
And the poor wanderer,
already afflicted by hunger,
wants to surrender to the one who gives him food.

Turpino: At the sight of Mars
655 at the blood of Enyo.²⁰

Egisto: He raises his cards to fate and heaven sings
with a spiteful voice.
Hey there, soldier!

²⁰ Roman goddess of war

Turpino: I would eat him if he weren't armed.

660 Egisto: Let's see, if you so desire,
if you are as easily deceived
as the tongue in a mouth, with a sword in hand.

Turpino: I admire your boldness.
You are of Assyrian blood,
665 but I don't want to fight you,
and lose my honor and dishearten my sword in doing so.

Egisto: Oh low born traitor.

Turpino: You speak without reason.
Be quiet, so I may console you;
670 know that Turpino
has never used his sword against just one man;

Egisto: My heart is unfit
to suffer this unworthy one.
To arms, to battle.

675 Turpino: Tell me, are you a warrior?

Egisto: I was born one.

Turpino: Act like a soldier then.
Do you want this endeavor to be without any advantage?

Egisto: Here are two swords for each of us.

Turpino: Our arms, heart, and bravura are equal,

680 but I lack a soul by nature.

Egisto: By the strength of my sword
I call you prisoner.

Turpino: Here I kneel.

685 Egisto: Oh what a noble acquisition.

Scene XI

Fidalba, Egisto, Turpino

Fidalba: Oh Egisto, my delight,
out of the love that you bring me,
help the living and do not increase the number of the dead.

Egisto: Fidalba, you come at the right time.
690 Here I present to you
this wretched eunuch,
victim of my rage and strewn on the ground.

Fidalba: I will not accept
such an inadequate token,
695 as this half man you deliver to my desire.

Turpino: A half man I am. Beautiful one, what more do you yearn for
since every virtue resides in in gray areas?

Egisto: Are you going to turn your steps toward the enemy troop,
alone and untrained in the art of war?

700 Fidalba: I lost Zenobia and found that I myself had become a warrior.
You wounded my breast,
and I gave you affection.
For you this soul is conquered,
and if you turn your foot
705 far, far from me
you will see Fidalba extinguished.

Love dispenses great sweetness.
He who thinks about it banishes pride,
and the lucky one who follows a blindfolded god
experiences joy without loving
710 and, a master of love myself, I am still learning.

Egisto: I will follow you with constancy,
a faithful heliotrope to your beauty.

Turpino: What precious liberty,
715 what carefree living!

To satisfy women nowadays
it takes a world wide war.

Fidalba: May Mars ignite
his torch of passion.

720 Egisto: May peace be born again
from arms and rage,

F&E: in a breast
that consecrates the soul
and donates the heart to delight.
725 May peace, etc.

Turpino: I bear witness.
The sun passes through Gemini²¹, goodbye Virgo²².

Scene XII
Lico alone

Lico: Now believe
730 if you c, c, c, c, c, c, can
how today's damsels behave.
If this is what women who aren't even astute do;
imagine what the others are capable of!

735 Dandys,
who serve women
of quality:
Tell Lico
how things are going

²¹ Gemini constellation associated with the myth of the Castor and Pollux

²² Constellation, associated with the myth of Dike, Greek goddess of justice

740 when the woman is without fidelity,
 meanwhile she promises to be very faithful
 to whomever believes her.

 May every lover
 follow my advice:
 If the woman is to the west, go east.

Scene XIII
Alceste alone

Alceste: I still raise my eyebrows in astonishment.
745 I tremble thinking of the grave peril
 where I saw the downtrodden,
 unhappy queen:
 a victim of cosmic forces
 is the fall of royalty
 and the ruin of thrones.
750 You, Alceste, saw
 she whose blonde hair,
 was turned to pure silver
 by to the alchemy of age;
755 you have truly seen, it was not a trick, the sight of royalty
 in the throes of death
 a regal countenance, half-alive and being taken
 to the shores by a wavy current.
 And you saw the birth of the sun
 in the womb of the waves.

760 The sky full of big clouds
 displays such horrible such
 and threatens these forests
 with the most deadly lightning.

765 She would have fallen, lifeless,
 in the embrace of death,
 if my hand
 had not come to the rescue.

770 When I was still a boy I learned,
from the great shepherd Menandro, how to heal all illnesses
with the little known power of living herbs,
with which I rushed in, and with a perfect concoction,
gave life to the half-alive heart.
Then with white linen
775 I tied the soul of the unhappy one to her heart,
the soul came out from the shadow with more than one mouth,
while she languished as the time of child delivery approached.
She, who was hardly alive
gave life to a child
780 in a poor hut on the deserted ground.
And the defeated newborn child
cried its death, before seeing the sun.
Here she comes,
785 the beauty defeated by her own disasters,
having become the joke of the stars.
As soon as she dries her eyes
and the clouds clear up
she appears like a shadow of her past grandeur.

Scene XIV

Zenobia, Alceste

Zenobia:
790 Oh fate, go ahead and laugh
at my torment,
do enjoy
the harsh tragedies
that I feel in my breast.
Oh fate, go ahead and laugh at my torment.
795
 In spite
of life,
more desired
and more sweet
will be the hour of my death,
that moment will be all the more sweet.
800 Oh fate, laugh at my torment.

Oh unhappy Zenobia,
you alone crossed the rivers
of the merciless Dis Pater²³
you alone closed your eyes,
805 never to see the lively dawn again.
And yet you live and you see,
immortalized today in the cradle of death.
Strange wonders.
You hurt me, oh my husband,
810 but in the height of torments
death gave me life.
The ambitious mortal
in the dawn of his youth
would be too proud
815 of his royal splendor and his merit
if he did not see
kingdoms fall and kings beg.

Alceste: Stop the crying, oh queen,
of your coarse eyes,
820 and make your royal grandeur
shine in your eyes today.

An undefeated soul despises all pain.

Flee from these lands,
since the enemy's swords
825 committed the greatest crimes
against killed-off flocks and oppressed shepherds.
Leave and go to the deep ocean;
ride those waves happily,
because the world is a kingdom to a royal soul.

830 Zenobia: Overwrought, I will depart
from the pain that distresses me,
and in the waves
I will search

²³ Roman Mythology: God of the underworlds

with the vengeance of the Iberian throne; I am Creonte.
I ask for mercy in vain.
To rescue Zenobia
from the fury of Mars
895 I armed my right hand with fidelity, my Lord.

Tiridate: If I am a victor,
the glory of my arm is also forgiveness.

Creonte: A repented Creonte
offers his soldier's heart to you,
900 a victim of truth, I pronounce that I am your enemy.

Tiridate: Does Zenobia live,
or has troublesome and audacious Clotho²⁴
taken life from her and peace from me?

Creonte: Together she and Radamisto
905 abandoned the kingdom
and quickly the losing soul fled.
He, with courage
fell fighting
and fate paid for his life with a hundred dead.

910 Tiridate: Follow Tiridate, then,
and you will not have a scarce crop of honors.
I know how to win people over, even my enemies.

Creonte (to himself): Through your fictitious appearance,
may you ponder, Radamisto,
915 what the other has acquired from your losses.

May heaven spin its spheres
imbued with rigor,
I have a royal heart in my breast,
fit to overcome grief.

²⁴ Ancient Greek goddess: Clotho is one of the three Fates. She spins threads representing human life. The length of the thread determines how long a life will be

loses life indeed, but not her honor.

Turpino: Free yourself of such delusions.

Among the great, honor is but a shadow these days.

945 Creonte: I throw every word of yours to the wind;
your stupidity is my torment.

Turpino: Wretched is honor,
he who invented it
was the enemy of love
950 and with him rage triumphed.
Enjoy, go on, enjoy
without malice or fraud.
This is how everyone behaves.

Scene XVIII (Last)

Oreste, Creonte, Tiridate, Ismene, Zenobia, Casperio, Egisto, Turpino, Lico.

Oreste: Here is Zenobia, humble and frightened,
955 who fearful, in pastoral robes
covers her royal countenance..

Lico: Signor, a ne, ne, ne, ne, ne, w development:
Oreste has arrived
and he leads you to a queen.

960 Creonte: Oh, God. I see, is it she? I am truly not mistaken.
The wave and the sword were enemies to my misfortune.

Tiridate: Revered queen,
although you are deprived of your kingdom
calling you queen is just and worthy.
965 If Tiridate reigns
you are queen of a heart, not prisoner
and my feared sword
exalts only for its glory,
to make forgiveness equal to victory.

Tiridate: *(I cannot, oh God,
turn away from her
despite her pride.)*

1000 Listen, beautiful and angry one,
You are already at the mercy of pain.
Since you despise the scepter
you want Artaxata to see
how much I adore your merit,
In order to punish you benignly
1005 wrap your arms around a royal robe.
And may Ismene's pride
be ready to serve your desires.
Let Creonte too be your kind guardian:
Now take this, ungrateful woman, as a symbol of my fidelity.

1010 I would give the whole kingdom for just one of your glances.

Zenobia: My heart can defend itself.
If you despised it when armed,
do not fear its kindness.

1015 Ismene: Must I serve she who steals my heart?
I ask for pity, oh heaven, justice, oh love.

Creonte: Perfidious Gods, I am still betrayed,
I am to be the guardian of Zenobia, not her husband.

Casperio: The enemy woman carries fire in her heart;
My king has been won, and the God of War is neglected.

1020 Oreste: May Mars yield to the light weight of love;

If a woman fights, the world is defeated.

Egisto: For he who wants to learn, this is a lucky circumstance.
Today the court is a school of mad people.

1025 Turpino: I am sorry not to have what I once had
to defeat these women;

I would duel with her.
But just between you and me, my most important part
is missing.

Lico: The fire of love
is made master
of the che, che, che, che, chest of the king.
Let the bell toll.
He who has the flames of love in his breast, has a useless brain.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

SECOND ACT

Scene I

Tiridate alone.

Tiridate

 Leave me, you stately soldiers.
1035 My heart
no longer enjoys victory
if hard chains
of flames and pain
bind my foot.

1040 You stately soldiers etc.

 I seek peace
amidst painful war
and feel peace refuted,
if I subject my soul
1045 to being held hostage by fidelity.
 You stately soldiers etc.

Scene II

Creonte and Tiridate.

Creonte: Is the king suffering so?

Tiridate: Creonte, you are in luck,

1050 thanks to your captain .
There on the Fields of Mars²⁶
are sons²⁷ of my power, rather than skill;
meanwhile you offer help to a king
who languishes, a lifeless victim
of the mockery of pain.

Creonte: Wicked is your every word
1055 that slays my breast with a wicked tongue.
Sire, see how much this right hand of mine
that is masterfully trustworthy,
is dedicated to your immortal divine status
as much as it can be.
What do you impose?

Tiridate: I love, oh Creonte.

Creonte: It is valor, not cowardice;
It is not pain, it is solace.

Tiridate: On the contrary I adore one hard as stone,
made of cruel beastliness.

1065 Creonte: All is lawful to he who rules.

Tiridate: Born a king, but unhappy.

Creonte: Could you reveal, oh Sire, your inmost thoughts?

Tiridate: It is an amorous inferno.

Creonte: Royal valor considers even the furies to be a joke.

1070 Tiridate: False furies, yes, but not those of fire.

Creonte: Hope is your guide.

²⁶ Area of Ancient Rome where the Altar of Mars stood and where the Pantheon still stands.

²⁷ "Figlie," or daughters, is in the original. Since Tiridate is referring to his soldiers I suspect that there might be a typo

Tiridate: Every hope is dead.

Creonte: You are king, you are wise.

Tiridate: I am both conquered and defeated.

1075 Creonte: You are a throned ruler.

Tiridate: Subjected to grief.

Creonte: Confide in Creonte.

Tiridate: Zenobia is too untrustworthy.
You can understand my pain:
1080 She is nothing but vigilant.
 May my prayers and complaints
 scatter to the beautiful unfaithful one
 to make her trofee of a king
 who dies eclipsed by the rays of her splendor.
1085 Look at her royal face.
 I remind you, oh Creonte,
 that to you I have revealed my innermost desires,
 that the royal secrets
 are the guiding stars of heaven's messengers of destiny.

1090 Creonte: They are the guiding stars of heaven's messengers of destiny?
 Cursed be the remarks
 that you, the Armenian, whispered
 in order to torment a heart with new rebuke.
 You (*Creonte*) changed your appearance
1095 so that in the end,
 a ruinous giant,
 made of my own ruins,
 wins the constant fortress of my honor.
 I can already foresee my misfortune.

1100 I will work, I will attempt,
 such a painful undertaking.
 Your husband assails you;

my origins and name
would have to be too deceiving.

My appearance is dishonest, but I have an honest heart.

1335 This armor is not intended
to fully reveal
unfortunate predictions to you.
Royal roofs have the eyes of Argus.
I am Doriclea, it is true;
I neither believe nor regard myself to be a soldier on the inside .
1140 This is known to heaven, because heaven alone sees through me.

Zenobia: From here we shall depart, Ismene.

Ismene: I follow you in adoration,
I am happy although in pain.

Zenobia: Heaven proclaims
1145 that I will live blessed.

Ismene, Zenobia: Two souls are united in one breast
to crush the fate
of harsh death.

Zenobia: Console yourself during such disasters. I too console myself.

Scene IV
Radamisto

1150 Radamisto: Two souls united in one breast?
Is it true that I live
to see the disloyal one again?
And is it true that pain does not descend
from heaven out of shame without killing me?
1155 In the hand of a vile man
I see her full of joy.
And is it true that I live?
You, Zenobia, disdain a suppliant king

1160 only for Ismene, with just a breath,
to fly in on graceful wings
as you disregard and break your sworn fidelity.
If only I had
an obscured and dusky glance
so as not to see, oh God,
1165 that the fidelity of your sex is a fragile glass.
I do not have a heart fit to suffer contempt and disgrace.
I abhor you, oh spouse,
I hate you as Creonte.
You are the coming of the waves,
1170 the sea has disgraced you and the shore abhors you.

 You Cupid,
who, so untrustworthy,
knots the soul
into a vile chain.
1175 Laugh and enjoy
my pain
or rather leave me, prey of jealousy;
if Zenobia, because of Ismene, is no longer mine.

 Bald goddess,²⁸
1180 who is so regal,
wind your hair
and change what I see.
Make end
to my pain
1185 or leave me as prey of jealousy,
if Zenobia, because of Ismene, is no longer mine.

Scene V
Casperio alone

Casperio: Arrogant and powerless woman.

²⁸ Reference to Venere Calva, or Bald Venus: a representation of Venus in which she appears bald. Scholars suspect she may have one been depicted as bald at one point in Roman history when women shaved their heads as protection from transmitting disease. Others believe that the Venere Calva may have been the symbol of a cult of an androgynous Venus who represented nuptials.

Creonte and Zenobia

1215 Creonte: Of the great Assyrian monarch,
of defeater of the Armenian,
you are prisoner,
who, in a sudden flash,
strikes kings down and raises up plebeians.

1220 And still, you, vile one, disgrace him
and drift in an ocean of misfortune.

 Go on and love Tiridate:
You will become the wife
of a king who has chained fate
1225 by its hair.

 You will soon return to the throne.
This is my advice. Love the Assyrian.

Zenobia: Close your wicked mouth.
 well do I know your inmost thoughts
1230 about the king of Styx³³ and comforter of the Inferno.

Creonte: I am Perillo,³⁴
 novice to my own miseries, both captain and laborer.

Zenobia: Close your wicked mouth.
 I, Tiridate's wife?
1235 The lightening of the sky does not strike you down with such tales?
Perhaps you do not know
of the wicked one,
whose barbarous ways serve the infernal abyss?
He who sucked the milk and adopted the mannerisms
1240 of a Persian tiger,
and who drank rivers of human blood?
He, who binds his scarlet temples
with bejeweled, haughty fesses.
Born of an African river, son of a monster.

³³ Greek Mythology: River in the underworld.

³⁴ Mythology: Perillio built a metal bull in which the Tyrant Falaride would enclose his enemies so that their groans would be disguised as the groans of a bull.

1245 And must I pursue
the customary guiles of tyrannical ardor?
I, Tiridate's wife?

Creonte: He who transforms heaven changes guise again
and she loves he who she despised.

1250 I am Perillo,
novice to my own miseries, both captain and laborer.

Zenobia: Close your wicked mouth;
Even if he were birthed from hard flint
frozen by the Caucasus Mountains³⁵
1255 still the flame of glory would never ignite
to transform his state.
He was born predator of Armenia,
for our suffering
and he will die a tyrant.

1260 Must my royal breast
forget its ancient esteem
and past glory?
I, Tiridate's wife?

Creonte: This widow deprived of her kingdom and husband,
1265 will be the captive of a despised king.

Zenobia: Deprived of Radamisto
every endeared honor will be a worthless asset.
If heaven, too unworthy,
took my royalty from me, what is left of my kingdom?
1270 Return, lowborn felon,
to the tyrant of Assyria
and there say to him:
oh God, so free from snares is my desire.
Before I become his happy wife,
1275 the wicked one will see, oh yes, he will see...
Pronubus³⁶ to nuptials, the tomb, and death.

³⁵ Region and mountain chain between the Black Sea and Caspian Sea, bordering modern day Armenia.

³⁶ Assistant to the groom in ancient Rome.

Creonte: Another more worthy than I
will take your hand with its requests.
May she refute the king and return her soul to me.

1280 Zenobia: It is not the time, my thoughts,
to explain the daring flight
that so aided you in becoming less haughty
that you fell to the ground.

1285 Victorious blindfolds,
do not cast a shadow over royal eyes,
these pompous traitors
are sparks, not a fire.

Scene VII
Tiridate

Tiridate: Gratifying hope
1290 guided me to a sea of pride,
but a storm too proud
tore sails and pushed me back to the cliffs.

1295 Icarus's amorous desire
exposed his wings to the winds,
but by the ardor of my torments,
melted my courage and I fell to the ground.

Scene VIII
Creonte and Tiridate.

Creonte: My devoted heart bows to you
oh revered Sire.
May that which I am about to tell you be noteworthy:
At the flash,
1300 of the bright light of Zenobia's royal honor's,
I tried to convince her marry you and dazzle her eyes.
When I saw her devoured by the furies
and watchful menacing ones,

I made them tremble with fear.

Tiridate: I am dead.

1305 Creonte: But she was not afraid.

Tiridate: My heart, what will I do?

Creonte: I greeted her and the fallen ones;
she greeted them with a joyful glance.

Tiridate: I am no longer king, I am a living inferno.

1310 Creonte: Your delightful wife,
I pronounced;
she with dreadful eyes
disgraced your marriage and called you a tyrant.

Tiridate: I condemn myself for having loved her too much.

1315 Creonte: In the end that bold soul
did not demonstrate the smallest sign of love.

Tiridate: She who does not want my love may have my scorn.

Scene IX

Fidalba, Egisto, Turpino aside

Fidalba: How foolish Tiridate has become.

Egisto: In those who are great, love is notable craziness.

1320 Cupids are without luck
in the shadow of odiferous hair
love finds no repose
and the grieving soul starves:
and, if their paths cast in vain
1325 their foot grown tired from bows, their hand begins to work.

If I have nothing else to offer, may my desire be enough for you.

Egisto: Fidalba, my heart yearns for you to be my wife.

Turpino: This is a big sign that he loves her.
Leave the unwise one alone
1355 to become a husband;
if such a thought has invaded your mind
take hold of the fire that comes along with having a wife in your house.

Egisto: I turn my back to you.

Fidalba: And I turn mine away from an unwise one.

1360 Turpino: I can't do anything, small or large, to solve such confrontations.
Nor does anger remedy itself.

Nor did fidelity make Ganymede⁴¹ spite Jupiter.

Scene X

Tiridate, Casperio, Ismene aside.

Tiridate: Too proud are the golden pillows
1365 destined for the repose
of a royal cheek,
they nurture feathers of oblivion
and banish quiet from my eyes.
With pain I darken the lights
of dear haze
1370 so that mean ghosts
present me with Zenobia, haughty and cruel,
a rebel armed against me.
And, not satisfied by my pain,
she robs me of my throne and chains my feet;
1375 and still I gave her my heart's pledge of fidelity.

⁴¹ Roman Mythology: Ganymede was captured by Zeus to serve as the cupbearer of the Gods. Ganymede became a companion of Jupiter, who inducted him into Olympus as the constellation Aquila.

It seems that she flees quickly
and that she flies me through the lights of night and harsh suns.

Ismene: Wicked traitor.
She cannot flee, if you have her in your heart.

1380 Tiridate: Jupiter has professed
that the abyss of my soul suffers night and day.
I therefore aspire to my death,
and my life and death so depend on your breath.

Casperio: Past victories,
do not darken my king
1385 with mournful memories.
One can only win an armed throne with the sword alone,
nor has dreamed pride ever acquired kingdoms.

Tiridate: In my extreme pain
1390 I do not seek to cure my dreams, no: yet I fear her while awake.
Go to Zenobia and tell her
the latest words of my ardent heart,
expound my torments with songs of pride,
that I bow flowers and kingdoms to her feet;
1395 by these tributary symbols
I will no longer be the rigorous enemy,
I will disband the ancient hate,
I will squander treasures
in order to wholly fulfill her desires,
1400 so that she will be the wife of Tiridate.

 But if she, a traitor,
 refuses to couple herself with my fidelity,
 she will catch a glimpse, of a vengeful hand
 and of how enraged a king can be.

1405 Tell her that tormenting me is unlawful,
that I was born a king only to die happy.

Casperio: There in the caverns of Cocytus⁴²
 an eternal flame never burned,
1410 without pity
 as it does now.
 In a heart that is won over
 burns the lethal flame of the amorous inferno.

Scene XI
Ismene.

Ismene: I will be silent.
 I will suffer.
1415 torment
 shame.

 My revenge against an audacious monster
 is ready;
 Does my heart sleep in senseless peace?
1420 Perhaps the courage I once felt in my breast is extinct?
 I will be silent.
 I will suffer.

 There are new assaults against Zenobia
 and new persuasions to love.
1425 And what will happen?
 She will lose.
 She will fall.
 Say it, oh stars.
 The heart of a weak woman in not a wicked one.

1430 Doriclea, may you tarry, and think
 about the war before your senses:
 Even one who is armed and courageous
 has a betrayed heart:
 Jealousy hastens even those who are just
1435 to torture, death, and revenge.

⁴² Greek Mythology: One of the four rivers of the underworld, the river of laments.

Go wherever liberty allures you.
Go to the restful slumber of laurels
and learn from its fons.

Hope is always dear to lovers.

1505 Zenobia: Pity is a sweet charm.

Casperio: My heart remains prisoner.

Zenobia: My foot is not ensnared,
you have banished every rigor.

Casperio: You make ardor grow in me.

1510 Zenobia: I ask no other favor
than to enjoy liberty.

Casperio: I yearn for no other favor
than to admire your beauty.

Zenobia, Casperio: Pity is a sweet charm.

Scene XIII

Ismene, Egisto.

1515 Ismene: It is now the hour
when shadows of the hushed night
lay down silently in sleepy peace,
may my fleeting foot
follow the path that leads it to the sea,
and may I be far from the sun that I loved so much
1520 before the light of the sky discovers its happy rays.

Egisto: This is a difficult endeavor.
The troops will contest your leaving.

Ismene: I will return to the shore of my homeland,
1525 I will love my faithful people

1555 will unexpectedly wreck havoc
on Tiridate's camp.
And great vengeance will be made
by the Armenian blood of a neglected woman.

Egisto: You know, the enemy camp
is opposed to strides and closes every path,
1560 and in order to follow reckless footprints
Mars dreams of escapes and never sleeps.

Zenobia: Folly fear, do not slow your pace
our passageway cannot be forestalled;
Casperio promised this to me, and I promise it to you:
1565 Depart there to the thick bitter brush
of the pleasant forest
when the horror of shadows
covers the tedious world.
I will follow you swiftly
under the stars until morning,
1570 a guide to the fearful voice in flight.

Ismene: I obey your words.

Zenobia and Ismene: May silence reign and my the foot hasten.

Scene XV
Creonte and Zenobia

Creonte: Oh wicked queen.

Zenobia: Oh haughty Creonte.

1575 Creonte: You disgrace the king.

Zenobia: I flee from he who is unfaithful.

Creonte: Yet you follow Ismene.

Zenobia: He is a companion to my suffering.

Creonte: You love servitude.

1580 Zenobia: He once was nobel.

Creonte: And is now unworthy.

Zenobia: I want him to be without a kingdom and without a scepter.

Creonte: You don't remember the royal life...

Zenobia: On the contrary, I adore it.

1585 Creonte: Yet you have forgotten the honor of King Radamisto?

Zenobia: I have it in my heart, along with Ismene's right hand.

Creonte: If I were Tiridate
I would close your doors to life.

Zenobia: I would abhor you until death.

1590 Creonte: You rant and rave with passion.

Zenobia: A royal breast is not subjected to such delusions.

Creonte: May you love be not eternal.

Zenobia: Flee, monster of Avernus⁴³

Creonte: Pain kills me and jealousy makes my heart grieve.

1595 Zenobia: The new dawn will give end to my misfortune.

Scene XVI
Tiridate and Lico.

⁴³ Lake in Campania, Italy, considered by the ancient Romans to be an entrance to the underworld.

Tiridate: Esteemed horrors
errant stars,
friends
to lovers:

1600 Alas, come
and cover my pains
with dark, mournful robes.
 Esteemed horrors etc.

1605 And if I am unable to admire
the splendid rays of my sun,
I wish for the eternal night of my torments.

Lico: Oh my Sire, you are
too co, co, co, co, co...

Tiridate: Constant, I know.

Lico: No, no too co, co, co, co, co...

Tiridate: Cowardly, I understand.

Lico: No.

Tiridate: I don't understand you.

1615 Lico: Too co, co, co, co, co, co...
to consumed
by your soul inside the prisons of pain,
pain that takes life
from a noble soul.

1620 You are servant to Cupid;
I no longer esteem you as king and laugh at you.

Tiridate: Even a man as vile as he
finds me
unworthy of a warlike empire.

1625 How severe the vulgar one is

against he who commands.

Scene XVII

Oreste, Tiridate, Casperio, and Creonte.

Oreste: I would like to be less guilty
of the accidents that my king objects to.

Tiridate: My heart that vigilantly dreamt of sorrow
already makes grim predictions.
Speak!

Oreste: Zenobia has fled to sandy shores
with bold Ismene.

Tiridate: Wake up,
1635 my austere furies.
I have the inferno in my breast,
poison in my soul;
no longer tarry.
Wake up,
1640 my austere furies.

Follow them, my faithful companions,
to the destined pillars of Calpe⁴⁴,
both are guilty of death.
Go Casperio,
1645 fly Creonte
to vindicate the reckless disgraces
and incorrupt fidelity
put spurs on your hips and wings on your feet.

Casperio: Our feet will fly
1650 along the destined path.

If you are wounded I too suffer.

⁴⁴ Mythology: Gibraltar, pillar of Hercules. Hercules broke the rock into pieces which he later positioned at the extreme ends of the earth.

1675 the whole court is dressed in mourning garments.

Turpino: And yet the woman, she too,
makes people die more times a day
than the scorn of the great Thunderer
with her flatteries and guile,
1680 and there are a hundred ways for this death to occur.

Lico: I am ashamed to say it,
but I have no lu, lu, lu, lu luck with love,
If I serve a woman out of love
I acquire nothing from serving her.
1685 I am ashamed to say it.

I want to charge at Zenobia's heels
and make her the faithful servant to my t, t, t

Turpino: To your Melampo⁴⁵.

Lico: t, t, t, t.

1690 Turpino: To your, Corisca⁴⁶.

Lico: t, t, t, t.

Turpino: Call him a dog and he won't come.

Lico: te, te, te, te.

Turpino: And without saying anything, he left in good faith.
1695 What gracious humor.

Lico: of my t, t, t, terror.

Turpino: He who wants a woman,
must take her in peace.

⁴⁵ The name of Silvio's dog in *Pastor Fido* by Guarini.

⁴⁶ An Arcadian nymph in *Pastor Fido* by Guarini and in *Aminta* by Tasso.

Her torch
1700 always burns, like a fire:
neither is there a place
that does not feel her warmth:
she pines away at all hours
with ardor all too painful.
1705 He who wants a woman etc...

Scene XIX
Zenobia.

Zenobia: Heaven torments me without pity:
Fate is disastrous.
The stars are too proud.
They are too rebellious
1710 against a royal soul
that has no escape
Heaven etc..

My foot may flee
down useless paths,
but the austere stars
1715 do not bring peace
to a heart that has none.
Heaven etc..

I am far from the abhorred court
1720 and the delightful Doriclea
travels a swifter course,
meanwhile fear that hastens her
brought her laments to the sandy mouth of the river.
May the helmsman expedite my journey
1725 and change my fate under a new sky.
I suspend my flight among these rocks
and wait for the helmsman I so yearn for.
This austere cliff
is a deaf adder
1730 to my immense pains;
it calls me to sleep and takes away my senses.

Scene XX

Casperio.

Casperio: When the little dawns peep out
I search for Phoebus⁴⁷
and find shadows, ghosts, and horrors.
1735 Speak, oh heaven, has your sun
fled from the dawn with my beautiful sun?
But if my eyes are not mistaken
in this dubious light,
1740 I see Zenobia, asleep.
You who follow the footsteps
of my wandering foot,
leave, go on, leave.

Sleep, beautiful eyes.
1745 If closed
you shoot arrows to my heart.
What will you do when open?
You terrorize every soul
with you might.
1750 Sleep, beautiful eyes.

Since friendly fate
leads such a beautiful treasure
to rest on a wide-open cliff,
I would be crazy to beg for gold.
1755 She is prey of sleep,
far from the help of any human.
She will never be able to reveal who has betrayed her.
With this white linen cloth
I will blindfold her eyes,
1760 and swiftly violate her in this most remote place,
and she will be my joy, my silent joy.
I violate her and fly her away.
Who could tell me that I have sinned

⁴⁷ Greek Mythology: Also known as Apollo, had the power to communicate with mortals.

if when sinning I was alone?
1765 I do not fear the splendor of your shining appearance,
I have covered the brightness of your eyes.

Scene XXI

Creonte, Casperio, and Zenobia.

Creonte: Stop felon! What are you doing?

Casperio: I have lost my joy in one swift moment.
Make yourself courageous, my heart, learn to lie!

1770 Creonte: This is how you observe fidelity to your king.
You are no cavalier, you are a traitor.

Casperio: You unworthy and arrogant liar...

Zenobia: Heavens, who has betrayed me?

Casperio: You will pay for your audacity with pain and punishment.

1775 Creonte: In order to respond to you...

Zenobia: Oh God.

Creonte: my arm will have a tongue of steel.

Scene XXII (Last)

Ismene, Casperio, Zenobia, Creonte, and Oreste.

Ismene: I see new mishaps,
and aspire to vengeance.

Casperio: Put down the sword Ismene.

1780 Ismene: How will I discover for Zenobia's eyes
who is in the right?

Casperio: Stifle your ardor

and hear the treason that wicked Creonte has committed.
Here I arrived, I saw, and I looked at him,
1785 armed with rash thoughts
and extend his audacious hand,
lit by the ardor of an impure torch.
Had my foot only lingered a bit more
Zenobia would have lost her life and her honor
1790 while in the bosom of sleep.

Creonte: So you are capable of lying!
You cover up your faults and your most lustful ardor
with lies.
The soul is accustomed to failure
1795 you know all too well, that in an instant
I took her out of danger and took away your yearnings.

Ismene: May her tongue decide:
Condemn the wicked one, or smile upon the innocent.

Zenobia: Asked to unveil such an impure blow to heaven
1800 I must say that my eyes were blind and my mind obscured.
Neither do I trust myself to swear to know
who was the good warrior and who is the untrustworthy one.

Creonte: Fortune
still taunts me tiresomely.

1805 Casperio: Fate, still benign,
wants to make me happy.

Creonte: I breathe obediently from my heart;
I am innocent and know no error.

Zenobia: Remember, oh Creonte,
1810 that you were to Tiridate
the lustful guide to amorous ardors.
If he betrays every soul
you learned to fail from he who fails.

Casperio: The eye sees the truth even when closed,
1815 nor does great horror deceive it:
 Although blind, it absolves me and blind it condemns you.
 Oreste, take custody of Zenobia,
 Creonte, and Ismene;
 and from these inhospitable shores
1820 take them to camp and chain their feet,
 until my king
 gives a sentence of death, or of life.

Oreste: This disaster
 deserves neither pity nor loss.
1825 I carry out your orders and am ready.

Zenobia, Ismene, and Creonte

 Wicked fate, what more do you yearn for,
 these are the consequences of your hand...

Zenobia: Pain.

Creonte: Grief.

1830 Ismene: And servitude.

 Wicked fate, what more do you yearn for etc...

Ismene: Of what value is fidelity,

Zenobia: My honor,

Creonte: My strong right hand,

Zenobia, Ismene, Creonte

1835 If I fly innocently
 If I run unhappily > to the arm of death.
 If I go abhorred

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Scene 1

Tiridate.

Tiridate: Be off, Armenia, I abandon you.
 If my treasure fled,
 I have no solace in your heartland.
 Glories
1840 and victories
 are a fragile gift of fate.
 Be off etc...
 He who makes my heart fly from my chest
 gave refuge to pain.
1845 Ismene has deepened my pain.
 I flee my kingdom
 and dispise my throne.

Scene II

Casperio, Tiridate.

Casperio: Where the billowing Tethys⁴⁸
1850 with her silver lips
 sprays her mists amid devouring cliffs
 I saw a new marvel,
 and these eyes of mine were the the truthful witness of it.
 I found Zenobia in cavernous cliffs,
 Immersed in slumber,
1855 and to defend the honor of those eyes I was Argus.
 A hundred eyes
 saw the traitor Creonte,
 who, oblivious of loyalty,
 tried to take honor from Zenobia
1860 and from you, a wife
 in order to satisfy his desires.

Tiridate: Is Creonte really so perverse?

⁴⁸ Roman Mythology: Goddess of the Earth's source of fresh water.

Lico: Not without mystery,
 heaven provided the half tongue for me:
1895 Without wholesome speech
 it always shaves the hair on my tongue⁴⁹.

Turpino: You will find no defect in me.

Fidalba: You want me to bow my affection down to you,
 unwilling victim of he who castrates swine?⁵⁰
1900 I want Egisto.

Lico: Lico is here!

Fidalba: I do not yearn for you.

Turpino: Perhaps you yearn for me?

Fidalba: I do not call for you.

Lico At least say yes to me.
And Turpino:

Fidalba: My soul scorns you both:
 One of you lacks a tongue and the other...a you know what...

1905 Lico Cupid gathers only disgraces for me.
and Turpino: You are a lover but without l, l, l, l, luck.

Scene IV

Creonte, Ismene, and Zenobia.

Creonte: Who upset the earth?

Ismene: Who supported me in flight?

⁴⁹ Figure of speech, meaning that one is honest.

⁵⁰ Possibly antiquated for Norcino, or one who castrates swine.

1940 an opening that slowly recedes by the push of a hand.
 May you succeed in finding the entrance, and the false wall
 will give way to your attack, I assure you.

Ismene: Let us go bring revenge.

Zenobia May fate smile upon us.
And Ismene:

Zenobia: I will be your trustworthy escort.

Scene V
Egisto.

Egisto: Foolish god,
 he who follows you
 is without light.
 Your torch
1950 is always extinguished,
 and unlit.
 Your flame is too treacherous;
 a little blind boy⁵¹ is a guide to a precipice.

 I do not see the footsteps of Zenobia and Ismene,
1955 I searched the caves and forests,
 I ran again to the shore
 and then returned to where I began my search.
 Perhaps a new incident
 or unwelcome misfortune
1960 steals them from my eyes.
 I leave the forests and return to the court
 to give my helpless foot a little rest.

 Guide me, heavens,
 to death's breast.
1965 Hades⁵²,
 open your doors wide to me.

⁵¹ Cupid.

⁵² God of the Underworld and of death.

What peace will I find
on gloomy earth
if the world cannot give anything but war.

Scene VI

Creonte and Ombra d' Armeno.

1970 Creonte: To stay or to go,
 my breast is torn in two.
 Listen Artaxata,
 I seek my death in your graves.

Armeno: From the four corners of the world,
 from one pole to the other
 the ground trembled with fear
 the tower fell to the ground,
 all by the doing of my hand.
 In order to put an end to the pain that infests the soul;
1980 you have fulfilled the greater part, the lesser remains for you.
 Run at once to the garden
 where the hidden path begins,
 tread upon the dark path, already known to you;
 May your movement be swift
1985 so you arrive to delay the death.
 Your wife is the minister
 of the deadly action
 against wicked Tiridate
 May jealous grief flee from your heart:
1990 She who follows Zenobia
 is Doriclea of the Parthian Empire who pretends to be Ismene.
 I now leave you and close my last words
 in the eternal silence of the Inferno.

Creonte: I will tread upon that hated ground again
 in order to increase my pain.

 Barbarous Jupiter,
 do not look at this soul, urn of evils.
 Perhaps you have written my eternal sufferings

2000 into the annals.
Most ungrateful stars,
most wicked,
give but a few brief hours to my life.
My heart does not have peace if it does not have death.

Scene VII
Casperio.

Casperio: Unhappy Zenobia,
2005 I have betrayed you,
I have robbed life from you with my own life.
Now I understand
that a traitor always lives by dying.
I would ask for your pardon,
2010 but it would be in vain, oh God,
too weak of a penalty for my error.
Where to hide myself, oh heaven, where to fly?
The head of one man is worth the death of three.

2015 Cruel and inexorable Parcae,
cut short the flight of my breaths,
so that my soul, too firm,
may bring an end to its sufferings.

2020 Proud and terrible Dis Pater,
you constantly yearn for lost souls.
My heart seeks salvation
in your inextinguishable fire.

Scene VIII
Tiridate, Ismene, Zenobia, Creonte.

Zenobia: Come, come, courageously.

Ismene: He sleeps in peace.
My footsteps on the path cannot awaken him.
The nighttime vigils have turned to slumber.
2025 Here is the sword.

Zenobia: You lived a traitor.

Ismene: And he dies a traitor.

Creonte: Stop your disloyal hand.

Ismene: Hey there?

Zenobia: Who are you?

Creonte: Silence! Do you want me to kill you.

Zenobia: Creonte?

Ismene: Is it he?

Zenobia: I flee.

Ismene: Where to?

Zenobia: I don't know.

2030 My heart is oppressed by unthinkable torment.

Ismene: I will fly down the hidden path.

Creonte: They departed: There is no one else here.

Here I write a brief note,
and to save your life
2035 from the fury of two monsters,
strewn them with this ink,
so my hand may be with yours in the sweet eternal balm.
Here hangs the sword
that Armeno foretold to me, and I take it with me,
2040 and leaving swiftly,
I will give peace to myself with this hostile sword.
May you live a better life to come
and may you learn to sleep more cautiously.

Scene IX

Tiridate.

Tiridate: Who assailed
2045 and wounded me?
 All vapors vanished before my open eyes,
 were they shadows or chimeras?
 You austere ghosts,
 leave this place.
2050 All vapors vanished before my open eyes.

 Oh God, oh God, what do I see!
 The doors are surely closed.
 Does a little sword threaten me with death?
 Who wrote this note?
2055 Unthinkable catastrophes
 increase the grief in my mind.
 I read of unthinkable events in these horrible notes.
 BEWARE OF A WOMAN.
 Her name is unknown: my defender, clear.
2060 He who saved your life took the sword.
 Took the sword? How?
 Tiridate,
 does the royal crown tremble upon your head?
 Does such a haughty woman
 attempt and hope to take my life away?

Scene X

Oreste e Tiridate.

Oreste: Hear me, my king!

Tiridate: What do you want?

Oreste: Zenobia.

Tiridate: She is imprisoned,
 along with Ismene and Creonte;

Oreste: No! Your guards and vigils

2070 promptly arrested her,
 while she was escaping from the royal grounds.

Tiridate: Is Casperio's loyalty
 unbroken?

Oreste: In the armed tower
 that divides all of Armenia
2075 Casperio imprisoned her.
 These eyes saw him, Oreste has seen him.

Tiridate: New wonderment assails me.

Scene XI

Casperio, Tiridate, Zenobia, and Oreste.

Casperio: Zenobia returns here
2080 to your royal foot.

Tiridate: Mysterious message, I now understand you.
 Zenobia was the wicked one, now I comprehend.
 Tell me Casperio!
 Did you not lock the afflicted and melancholy Zenobia in fatal chains?

2085 Casperio: I imprisoned her! But she escaped!

Tiridate: And how?

Casperio: I don't know!
 Let Oreste say it, if you don't believe me!

Tiridate: Down which path did she flee?

Casperio: Ask her!
 I stationed guards throughout the grounds.

Tiridate: To torment me again

2090 Daedalus⁵³ aided the traitor in flight,
in her daring and imprudent desire to punish me.
Your errors are expressed in this letter
Now look at it and read.

Zenobia: He took the sword!
2095 These notes are yours
and this ink shows me the truth.
Does my thought not deceive itself?
Where are you Radamisto?
Now that I lose my life, I get yours in return.
2100 So much joy within me fills my senses that
my soul is without solace,
my spirit escapes me and I die.

Tiridate: Friends, take her away from my sight,
I see that you are wicked.
2105 Confused by your error, you disdain life.
These are the signs of your failure.
Pity makes no dwelling in my breast.
Royalty has been wronged, I want you dead.

Scene XII
Lico, Oreste and Egisto.

Lico: Listen Oreste, pl, pl, pl, pl, please?

2110 Oreste: What do you want from me?

Lico: Does Egisto know?

Egisto: If you are kind
tell me of the crimes of Zenobia and Ismene.

Oreste: Fleeting Ismene
2115 follower of Cupid, and not Mars,

⁵³ Greek Mythology: Daedalus was an inventor. Upon being imprisoned by king Minos he made wings with which he and his son Icarus could escape.

turned his foot toward a remote location.
I am not allowed to say what has become of Zenobia.

She was born miserable and will die unhappy.

Lico: If all of them behaved this way,
the world would be deprived of w, w, w, w, women, oh what a lucky fate!

2120 Egisto: Oh unfortunate daughter
of the great Parthian Empire.
Fate was so spiteful to you
that you experience, in an instant
the wavering fidelity of an austere tyrant.

2125 Lico: To whom are you speaking about the Parthians?

Egisto: I am speaking to the air;
my mind rages,
defeated by pain.

Lico: What noise, what ruckus
2130 of h, h h, h, hunting horns
one hears around here.

 It was the si, si, si, si, sigh of the king
and I believed it to be a horn.

Egisto: You are mad, are you lying?

2135 Lico: He desperately exhales his torments
from his mouth and h, h, h, h, heart.

 How terrible the pain of love is,
there is no do, do, do, do, doctor to cure those who are afflicted by it.
The remedies are strange
2140 and the afflicted wait so long for them:
only w, w, w, w, women know how to make them,
but they only give it away once the victim is dead.
How terrible etc..

Egisto: You and your tongue can go to Hell!

2145 Lico: The suffering of love would be beautiful
if it only lasted only an h, h, h, hour.

Egisto: Ismene, where are you?
I told you! It is not wise
for a young noble girl
2150 to leave the shore of her homeland
in order to give her fidelity to an unfaithful one.

2155 Tell me, beautiful one,
 why you follow after a tyrant
 who, always to your disadvantage,
 knew no fidelity.
 Tell me etc..

 Tell me, beautiful one,
 why do you leave your throne
 in order to seek out the grief
 of his wavering foot.
 Tell me etc..

Scene XIII

Turpino.

Turpino: Raise obelisks and columns
to women
to be their trophies
2165 just as you raise them to gods.

 They are instructed by Mars and Bellona.⁵⁴
Their angry sky
never throws lightning bolts, but it always rumbles!
Forgive them, great Jupiter,
2170 they seem meek but what you don't know

⁵⁴ Roman Mythology: Goddess of war, sister of Mars.

is that they are friends of death
and never kill.

Poor Tiridate,
you almost fell
by the hands of Zenobia.

2175 You dreamt of dying and then rose again.

I do not take hold of women
when they kill like this;

2180 I would die more times a day
thinking only of the danger.

With women etc...

I love all of them, all of them,
but I keep a distance from them in order to avoid death.

Scene XIV

Tiridate, Zenobia, Oreste and soldiers.

Tiridate: Renowned heros,
2185 hear of the daring of a queen,
made mean and austere
by Assyrian valor: she was so arrogant
that she attempted to take me away from earthly light,
a to the cruel regicide of your king.

2190 Anyone who audaciously extended a sword
against a royal body to make wicked his fate,
or even only dreams of it: deserves a wicked death.

2195 Oreste, bring the wicked one to the top of a high cliff,
and let her fall into the sea: this is what I want.

Oreste: With a thousand armed troops
I will quickly go towards the shore of Armenia
so that a stone
may separate such a cruel soul from its wicked breast.

2200 Zenobia: Listen, monster of Armenia, false king,
may every misfortune come from your hands.
He who was born king does not care about dying.

Tiridate: Be off wicked one,
 By your death you will give Armenia a new heiress.

Scene XV

Ismene and Tiridate.

2205 Ismene: Move no further Oreste;
 look, wicked Tyrant
 at the betrayed Doriclea;
 I am the one who is guilty of lèse majesté;
 She, whose hand I armed with valor and with virtue
2010 for your demise alone.
 Look wicked Tyrant.

Tiridate: Princess of the Parthian Empire,
 my adored beloved,
 you are Doriclea, not Ismene?

2215 Ismene: Did the course of three lusters
 make my figure and appearance disappear before you?
 It is of no surprise, while you wander about, a vain lover.
 Casperio imprisoned me
 along with Zenobia and Creonte,
2220 the earth trembled
 and the ancient tower fell and tumbled
 from the nearby mountain.
 At that point I courageously fled,
 and through a false wall
2225 I searched for death and plotted against your life:
 Creonte, to your advantage,
 withheld my hand, and restrained me;
 I committed a crime, it is true, but jealousy won me over.

Tiridate: I already prepare to apologize,
 I pull you to my breast, my delightful wife.
2230 When I went to your kingdom
 I said to you, I swore to you
 that fidelity is not dead within my heart.

If I erred for a short while,
It was because beautiful Zenobia tormented me.

2235 I loved her. I cruelly offended you. Now I repent.

Final Scene

Radamisto, Zenobia, Turpino, Casperio, Tiridate, Lio, Oreste, Egisto and Ismene.

Radamisto: Now that I have conquered your sword,
I am no longer Creonte, I am Radamisto.
In an eternal fountain, with waters of the Styx,
I changed my figure, I mutated my face.
2240 This enchanted sword
sprinkled with the froth
of the ferocious Alecto⁵⁵,
broke the spells, and changed me back into myself.

Turpino: Great ones are always changing their faces.
2245 They mutate the symmetry of their face,
but that they speak fantastically is unthinkable.

Zenobia: Oh gods, what do I see?

Casperio: Oh heaven what do I hear?

Tiridate: Yet another marvel.

Radamisto: It is I
2250 who raised the sharp sword from Doriclea,
and, though still your enemy, gave you life.
It is true that I wrote to you
to make my experiences known to the entire world.

Tiridate: Such a worthy act requires a reward.
2255 Your life, kingdom, and wife
will be the high recompense for your valor.

⁵⁵ One of the three furies.

And you, invincible Zenobia,
forgive this heart.

The guilt of love is worthy of forgiveness.

2260 Zenobia: Great soul, I admire you
 and live happily by your decrees.
 These were the foolish requests of a blind man.
 Even kings make mistakes out of love.

Lico: They complain about a blind man
2265 but have no light in their h, h, h, h, heads.
 Is it right to complain about one who does not see?

Zenobia: Revered husband.

Radamisto: My life, whom I have so desired.

Zenobia and Radamisto:
 Long awaited joy is sweeter yet.

2270 Casperio: Hear me, my king. You too Radamisto, listen.
 I strongly offended both of you
 when I fled
 to follow Zenobia's tracks;
 It was I who plotted against her honor.
2275 I blamed Radamisto
 but it was my own fault.
 Your beauty, oh Queen,
 made me a lover and unfaithful to my master:
 Cupid is even able to conquer the heart of a warrior.

2280 Zenobia: Casperio is worthy of pardon,
 because I see that he has repented:
 I present my prayers to you on his behalf:

Tiridate: That I will gift to you, revered queen.
 Today forgiveness is the fruit of your hand.

Tutti: So let the world learn in the meantime

2305 Zenobia, Fidalba, Ismene and Casperio:
 that the sun of our life

Tutti: is born with pain but does not set in tears.

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST ACT

DEDICATION OF THE OPERA

FAME

DESIRE

GENIUS⁵⁶

Final Scene

Fame, Desire, Genius.

Fame: Let the blaring trumpets
 resound in every age
 with eternal breaths
2310 and sonorous voices.

 Here where wondrous events call and summon
 tired Fame to open her wings and fly:
 Here at the tree of the BUONVISI⁵⁷ family
2315 I see a little branch
 worthy of singing the praises of the shores
 of the proud Eridanos⁵⁸, who pushes forward its waves:
 Emulator of the Ganges⁵⁹ and of Pactolus⁶⁰
 who, with quick and quiet movement,

⁵⁶ To the ancient Romans the deity Genius represented virility and capacity to procreate.

⁵⁷ Reference to Cardinal Buonvisi, uncle of the bride Maria Luisa Buonvisi, and musical patron.

⁵⁸ One of the three furies, or Erineys, symbolizing divine vengeance and known for their cruelty against man.

⁵⁹ Sacred river in India.

⁶⁰ Mythical river associated with Hell and later identified as the Po.

take their silvery waters to the breast of Tethys.
2320 Let the right hand of the thunderous Jupiter
sculpt the most august memories
of such a noble lineage.

Fame does not have the voice to tell of so many glories.

Desiderio: Enjoy, enjoy,
2325 oh happy spouses,
and noble heroes,
that which reverent desire
consecrates for you.
I deliver my praises to you with all the efforts of my heart.
2330 Alas, if you hear my voices.
Enjoy, enjoy.

Genius: Within the iron walls Ferrara
under the sweet protection of BUONVISI,
I enjoy a golden age.
2335 I predict great fortune on this soil;
I am the good friend of Ferrara's heaven.

Fame: Enjoy, Desire,
such worthy nuptials,
and you, Genius, arise
2340 from oblivion to my requests.
The dawn happily gives rise to a serene day.
Heroes have a resting place in your breast.

Genius: May eternal be the hours
of such a happy knot,
2345 I will live in good fortune
if that happy dawn will make lasting dwellings
on my ground,
making clouds of pain flee with its rays.

Desiderio: But if my effort
2350 was not equal to your great merit,
I hate my error and consecrate my heart to you in order to amend it.

Genio: Genius

Fame; Fame

Desire: And Desire

2355 All Three: Will sing the eternal praises of your name
with true and loyal sound
in the face of oblivion.

END OF THE DRAMMA.

Bibliografia

“Apelles.” *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 28 June 2013. <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/29427/Apelles>

“Apollo.” *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 15 July 2014. <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/29868/Apollo>

“Aras River.” *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 2014. <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/32145/Aras-River>

“Argos Panoptes.” *Theoi Project*. 2011. <http://www.theoi.com/Gigante/GiganteArgosPanoptes.html>

Atsma, Aaron J. “Enyo.” *Theoi Project*. 2011. <http://www.theoi.com/Daimon/Enyo.html>

Atsma, Aaron J. “Erinyes.” *Theoi Project*. 2011. <http://www.theoi.com/Khthonios/Erinyes.html>

Atsma, Aaron J. “Tethys.” *Theoi Project*. 2011. <http://www.theoi.com/Titan/TitanisTethys.html>

“Avernus, Lake.” *Merriam Webster Dictionary*. 2014. <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/avernus,%20lake>

Banti, Luisa. “Vulcano.” *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani*. 1937.

http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/vulcano_res-7f5e1de5-8bb8-11dc-8e9d-0016357eee51_%28Enciclopedia-Italiana%29/

“Bellona.” *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani*. 2014. <http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/bellona/>

Bonta, Stephen. Giovanni, Legrenzi. *Grove Music Online*. 2007.

http://www.oxfordmusiconline.com.proxy.lib.umich.edu/subscriber/article/grove/music/16314?q=legrenzi&se arch=quick&pos=1&_start=1#firsthit

“Calpe.” *Mythology Dictionary*. 2012. <http://www.mythologydictionary.com/calpe-mythology.html>

- “Campus Martius.” *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 2014.
<http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/91445/Campus-Martius>
- Cartwright, Mark. “Argos.” *Ancient History Encyclopedia*. 14 May 2012. <http://www.ancient.eu/argos/>
- “Caucasus.” *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 7 April 2014. <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/100270/Caucasus>
- “Daedalus.” *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 16 January 2014. <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/149560/Daedalus>
- “Dite.” *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani*. 2014. <http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/dite/>
- Eitrem, S. “Venus Clava and Venus Cloacina.” *The Classical Review*. Vol. 37, No. 1/2 (Feb. - Mar., 1923), pp. 14-16. Cambridge University Press.
<http://www.jstor.org/discover/10.2307/699528?uid=3739256&uid=2134&uid=2&uid=70&uid=4&sid=21104677997751>
- “Eridano.” *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani*. 2014. <http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/eridano/>
- Faglia, Stefano and Saini, Franca Maria. *Zenobia e Radamisto*. Critical Edition. Libreria Musicale Italiana. Lucca, Italy. 2013.
- “Falaride.” *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani*. 2014. <http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/falaride/>
- “Flora.” Dictionary. Classics, University of Pennsylvania.
<http://www.classics.upenn.edu/myth/php/tools/dictionary.php?regexp=FLORA&method=standard>
- Florio, John. Florio's 1611 Italian English Dictionary. Bradwood, Melch. London. 1611.
<http://www.pbm.com/~lindahl/florio/>
- Garcia, Brittany. “Venus.” *Ancient History Encyclopedia*. 27 August 2013. <http://www.ancient.eu/venus/>
- “Genio.” *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani*. 1932.
[http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/genio_res-5909bc71-8baf-11dc-8e9d-0016357eee51_\(Enciclopedia_Italiana\)/](http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/genio_res-5909bc71-8baf-11dc-8e9d-0016357eee51_(Enciclopedia_Italiana)/)
- Gibson, Mia. “Ganymede.” *Encyclopedia Mythica*. 12 February 2004.
<http://www.pantheon.org/articles/g/ganymede.html>
- Green, Liz. “Gemini Myth.” 2014. <http://songsdomain.tripod.com/geminimyth/index.html>
- “Hades.” *Theoi Project*. 2011. <http://www.theoi.com/Khthonios/Haides.html>
- Harry, Tim. “The River Cocytus in Greek Mythology.” *Classical Lit and Mythology*. 9 December 2013.
<http://www.humanities360.com/index.php/the-river-cocytus-in-greek-mythology-39615/>
- “Lessicografia della Crusca in Rete.” Accademia della Crusca. 2014. http://www.lessicografia.it/ricerca_libera.jsp

- Lindemans, Micha F. "Charon." *Encyclopedia Mythica*. 27 March 2002.
<http://www.pantheon.org/articles/c/charon.html>
- Lindemans, Micha F. "Jupiter." 26 May 1999. <http://www.pantheon.org/articles/j/jupiter.html>
- Lindemans, Micha F. "Mars." *Encyclopedia Mythica*. 5 December 1999. <http://www.pantheon.org/articles/m/mars.html>
- Lindemans, Micha F. "Parcae." *Encyclopedia Mythica*. 18 March 1997. <http://www.pantheon.org/articles/p/parcae.html>
- Lockwood, Lewis and Murray, Steib. Ferrara. Grove Music Online. 2012.
http://www.oxfordmusiconline.com.proxy.lib.umich.edu/subscriber/article/grove/music/09511?q=ferrara&search=quick&pos=1&_start=1#firsthit
- Lodrick, Deryck O. "Ganges River." 31 October 2014.
<http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/225359/Ganges-River>
- Mark, Joshua J. "Assyria." *Ancient History Encyclopedia*. 12 June 2014. <http://www.ancient.eu/assyria/>
- Mark, Joshua J. "Roman Household Spirits: Manes, Panes, and Lares." *Ancient History Encyclopedia*. 18 January 2012.
<http://www.ancient.eu/article/34/>
- Morelli, Arnaldo. "Legrenzi e i suo rapporti con Ippolito Bentivoglio e l'ambiente ferrarese. Nuovi documenti." *Legrenzi e la Cappella Ducale di San Marco. Quaderni della Rivista Italiana di Musicologia*. Tibergraph. Castello, Italia. 1994. Pg. 47-55).
- "Narcissus." *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 31 October 2014.
<http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/403458/Narcissus>
- "Norcino." *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani. Vocabolario on line*. <http://www.treccani.it/vocabolario/norcino/>
- "Palma." *Artefiori*. 2014. <http://www.artefiori.it/Magazine/leggi.asp?ID=825>
- "Parthian Empire." *Ancient History Encyclopedia*. 28 April 2011. http://www.ancient.eu/Parthian_Empire/
- "Pattolo." *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani*. 1935. <http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/tag/pattolo/>
- "Pronubo." *L'Enciclopedia Italiana Treccani. Vocabolario on line*. <http://www.treccani.it/vocabolario/pronubo/>
- "Proteus." *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 2014. <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/480043/Proteus>
- "Significato e Simbologia del Cipresso" *Eremon Edizioni Project*. 2014.
<http://www.mitiemisteri.it/esoterismo/alberi/cipresso.html>
- Strohm, Richard. "Dramma per Musica." Yale University Press. 2012.
<http://yalepress.yale.edu/yupbooks/book.asp?isbn=9780300064544>
- "Styx." Theoi Project. 2011. <http://www.theoi.com/Khthonios/PotamosStyx.html>

“Tethys.” Theoi Project. 2011. <http://www.theoi.com/Titan/TitanisTethys.html>

Thomas, Hillary. Clotho. *Encyclopedia Mythica*. 25 September 2006. <http://www.pantheon.org/articles/c/clotho.html>

“Tityus.” *Mythology Dictionary*. 2012. <http://www.mythologydictionary.com/tityus-mythology.html>

“Virgo Constellation.” *Constellation Guide*. 2014.

<http://www.constellation-guide.com/constellation-list/virgo-constellation/>
