

***Arsinoe* by Petronio Franceschini**
Venetian and Bolognese Editions Combined with Commentary
Libretto Translation by Matthew Maddox

Argument (p. 6)

Persons Represented (p. 7)

Arsinoe: Queen of Cyprus

Dorisbe: Princess of the Blood

Pelope: under the name of Ormondo, Prince of Athens, Arsinoe's General

Creonte: Arsinoe's tutor

Feraspe: Captain of the Royal Guard

[Ermillo: Arsinoe's page](#)

Nerina: Dorisbe's nurse

Delbo: Ormondo's servant

Chorus: Ambassadors,
Arsinoe's ladies-in-waiting,
Pages with Dorisbe,
Soldiers with Ormondo,
Soldiers with Feraspe.

The Shade (ghost) of Eraspe.

Venus with Love in a Machine.

Matthew Maddox 9/12/2015 3:45 PM

Comment [1]: The argument is word-for-word the same in both editions.

Scenes (p. 8)

First Act: Temple of Venus with delightful rose arches.

Dorisbe's apartments.

Loggias.

Second Act: Gardens
Galleries
Royal Park

Third Act: Courtyard
Horrible prison
Royal Hall

First Dance: Of the Armenians, who bring tribute to Arsinoe.

Second Dance: Of the Todeschi of the Royal Guard.

The scene is represented in Cyprus.

Matthew Maddox 10/23/2015 4:07 PM

Comment [2]: Differences between the Bolognese edition (BE) and the Venetian edition (VE) will be noted in blue font. Where further explanation is needed, it will be provided as a comment. This character, Ermillio, is not present in the VE. The BE is also missing the following: Chorus, the Shade of Eraspe, Venus.

Changes of Scene

In the First Act

1. Royal Garden
2. Hall with Dorisbe's apartments
3. Royal Hall

In the Second Act

4. Royal Courtyard
5. Palace
6. Garden

In the Third Act

7. Royal Hall
8. Prisions
9. Galleries

The scene is represented in Cyprus.

Act I

Scene i. (p. 9)

Temple of Venus with rose arches in the solemn function of the possesion of the kingdom by Arsinoe.

Arsinoe, Creonte, Feraspe.

Ars. Now that I am called to the throne (she vaunts.)
Of the empire, which holding on earth
The great goddess Amatunta, and of Citera
by her vague sphere
would that an eternal ray descend,
how peaceful, and joyful
it gives peace to the kingdom, and enchant the world
 Beautiful goddess, who at the rising of the sun
 by your roses your decorate the cradle
 and at the hour, when the day grows dark
 you unwrap your light in the west;
 oh on this day you bedeck
 my hair adorned with garlands.

At the sound of an unclear symphony of instruments Arsinoe ascends the throne, and Creonte offers her the crown of roses, and then the crown of jeweled gold.

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Comment [3]: Scenes i and ii are missing in the BE, which starts at what is Act I, Scene iii in the VE.

Cre. Encircle the rose diadem high ruler
by the foot of Citerea made scarlet
and together the garland of gold, the one of the son.

Ars. Crown me by the hair
I shall be queen
in the name of Venus;
The bandaged, winged archer
of every soul the empire
destined to me.

Fer. Under the adoring people
already offered to Queen Arsinoe
employ the ceremonies of humble obedience.

Scene ii. (p. 10)

The shade of Eraspe appears, which detains the ambassadors with its menacing appearance.

Shad. Halt, oh halt there!

Ars. Ah, what do I behold!

Fera. Oh heavens what a sight!

Shad. To the damaging of your peace
I come as a shade to raise war;
And from the kingdoms of the underworld
drunk with scorn, I bring with me,
blood, massacre, and battle, to the kingdom of Cyprus.

Now you proud one,
who with my blood reddened the cloak,
You rejoice just as you rejoice the boasting.
On seeing me here as a shade at the sheet around you
who will see well that day,
which at my revenge, which at my great anger,
will rain on your head ruin and death.

Here sparkles a ray around the semblance of Venus who descends from heaven in a machine upon a carriage drawn by a swan accompanied by Love.

Ven. And what lost shade
from the kingdom of Acheron
arrives to contaminate the glories of Cyprus?
Fall to the Stygian doorsteps,
and meanwhile grow there
Anger to anger, shame to shame, and tears to tears.

The earth opens and the Shade of Eraspe falls in.

Fer. Rejoice o Queen, now cede how much I discern
to the powerful, immortal force of Avernus.

Ars. With more solemn model

on a more delightful day
the pomps are reserved for splendour at the temple.

She ascends the throne.

Yea, since from a friendly star
 the ray shall shine
 an impious shade, and reddish
 my heart shall not fear.

Arsinoe exits with her court.

Ven. I pass by the paths of Polus
 upon my white winged one in flight, in flight
Be happy and rejoice
 happy my heart
the falsities of the kingdom
of oblivion are conquered.
 Rejoice!

Scene iii (p. 11)/Scene i (p. 1)

Night with the moon shining in the sky.

Delights in the royal palace of Arsinoe.

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Comment [4]: The scenery in the BE is
gardens.

Ormondo

Orm. Oh queen of darkness (he pleads)
 Night, friend of Love, oh guide
 where my Idol rests, and sleeps
 already its horror, so deep
 I alone do not lay down, and the world is asleep
 never may a loving heart rest
 the wave rests in the river's womb;
 the sea rests amongst its foam
 Alone I am afflicted and weeping.
 Never, etc.

EXTRA DIALOGUE BETWEEN DELBO AND ORMONDO in BE

Del. More than involved, the tears

Making the motions of worry

Along these flowery roads,
I am kneep deep amongst so much fear,
that I feel myself shaking like a branch.

Or. This breast never has peace:

Peace has the shade and peace has the wind,
every element enjoys some peace;
the sun shines with insatiable heat.
This, etc.

Scene iv. (p. 12)

Delbo comes on the stage stumbling.

Del. Miserable where intemperate! Oh Delbo be quiet
Probe the court and learn all the lies.

He bumps into something and falls over.

Or. From Cyprus (Greece) to the wavy cape
rich in booty and laden with triumphs
Now now let go the conquering antennae,
Blind love the feathers
prepared at the furtive foot,
only because you pass unknown, or at least hidden
from the rocks of the sea to those of a breast.

Del. Sir, sir...

Orm. What do you want?

Del. I wouldn't dream of anything.

Orm. Oh be quiet there fool.

Heavenly lights, what do I see!
Oh divine semblance,
Oh form vague and beautiful;
It seems to me that in front of the sun shine two stars.

EXPANDED DIALOGUE FOR ORMONDO IN BOLOGNESE EDITION (BE)

Orm. (O là folle ammuaeisci), and while I leave
to find the sun amongst the shade the sun which I adore
Stay here and watch out. So that I may come back
to enjoy the splendid rays of Dorisbe.
Observe and listen, vigilant faith around here.

Light up, friendly stars,
not reddish,
my day.

Let now your vivacious rays descend
in order to give peace
to my sighing.

Light up, etc.

Sparkle, happy stars,
always friends
of my joy.

Descend now merciful light
that gives rest
to my thoughts.

Sparke, etc. *and he departs*

Scene i ends here in BE

Scene ii (BE, p. 3)

Delbo alone

Ormondo goes and leaves me
here alone in the dark
amidst dreadfulness and fright;
He heads toward joys and I remain among suffering,
He searches for company and I remain alone.

To love and to serve
it is just to go crazy
for uncertain beauty.

As for me what shall I do
weight, pay, and go with God
without so much vanity.

To love, etc.

The one who is faithful is constant.

He sleeps a little and then continues.

Oh this one is beautiful, Ormondo.

He tells me to wait and listen

If indeed I cannot have dinner I might as well fall asleep.

He who is faithful is constant
the virtue of a simple lover
is given.

He goes back to sleep, then wakes up and continues.

Oh let me sing, unwelcome sleep,

I do not wish to sleep, for I am ignorant.

Being there at night and still during the day
always around the lady
is folly, not fidelity.

To love and to serve-- *he falls asleep.*

Scene iii (BE, p. 4)

Ormondo returns, having observed Arsinoe as she sleeps.

Oh heavens, Numi, that I see!
Oh Divine sight!
Oh vague and beautiful forms!
Stars in front of a sun sleep two
bella man guancie gradite,
With their qualities joined together in you
lilies, roses, pearls, and milk.
White forehead, wandering hair,
happy eyelashes and dear lights,

to you I cede their boasts
the Dawn, the Sun, the Sky, and the Sea.

Scene v. (p. 13)/Scene iv (BE, p. 5)

*Arsinoe, who going on a walk, comes under attack by someone armed with a visor.
A masked person, armed with a bow, and the abovementioned.*

Per. Behold the opportune time
die, die tyrant!

Orm. You shall fall first madman!
Arsinoe is defended by Ormando.
Prey of my fury!

Ormondo launches towards the attacker, who seeing his unsheathed sword flees and lets fall his bow.

Ars. Oh God! Who comes to my aid?

Orm. My valour.

Ars. Here to temper the heat of the summer sky,
As if dead first the cold extinguishes me.

*And here Arsinoe flees from one side of the stage,
and Ormondo on the other pursuing the masked person,
thence is heard the sound of arms from within.*

End of scene iv

Scene v. (BE, p. 5)

Delbo awakens in a state of shock

Oh my! I can see Pluto
Ghosts, dreams, and phantasms, help, help!

The scenery shakes.

Who is here? Who is there?

A masked man runs on stage, and with his sword he swings at Delbo.

Oh Lord! Oh my! Mercy! *on the ground*

Scene vi. (BE, p. 6)

Delbo, laying down

Am I dead or am I just injured?
ah how without comfort
I shall no longer speak; I am dead!
He hears someone and he pretends to be dead.

Scene vii. (BE, p. 6)

Ormondo, Arsinoe, and Delbo on the ground

Or. Let go, let go! Let me follow
this burning, reckless man, and his fleeing tracks.

He goes to pursue the Masked man with his sword.

Ar. No: stay, help, and be silent.

Or. I run to cut down the scoundrel.

Or. Oh heavens, oh god?

Or. Oh beautiful, are you injured?

Ars. In the middle of my heart, and I owe you my life, |
I am injured.

Orm. Who could have done this, oh God?

The Nocturnal Deity will be able to tell. *aside*

Ars. Who could have done this, oh fate?

which gave me first life and now death.

aside.

Orm. I am wounded

give me aid.

Both. Oh God, bandaged

Ars. My heart

Orm. My chest

Ars. I am injured

Orm. I am bent.

Ars. Do you recognize me, by chance?

Orm. I offer, I devote, my heart in vows
to beauty recognized.

Ars. For these things Ormondo: ah no for he is far away
at the command of the army,
in court formerly he did not seem to me
a knight so steadfast
O heaven who can it be! Who are you?

Orm. I am a lover.

Ars. You are a lover? Oh how you look it.

Orm. I obey.

Ars. You are very resolute.

Orm. But why should I delay?

Ars. I am injured, oh God!

Orm. I am bloody.

Ars. And how?

Orm. From my right side it drips
Blood with life in tepid waves.

Ars. (Here it is not allowed to stop the trembling foot)
Oh take this band as a sign

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Comment [5]: These lines absent in BE

that I owe you my life, my heart, my kingdom.

Scene vii ends here

Lady Arsinoe hands to Ormando a band to bind the wound on his hand.

But if fulminating iron
absorbs the blood of an innocent
the wounds
vanish
healed in an instant
Yet I still carry my heart wounded
its wound of Love I cannot heal.

Scene vi. (p. 14)/Scene viii (BE, p. 7) with expanded dialogue from both Ormondo and Delbo

Matthew Maddox 9/12/2015 5:02 PM

Comment [6]: These lines missing in BE.

Ormando

Ormondo, and Delbo on the ground.

Orm. Band, band of Love
you shall knit together the wounds that I carry in my heart.
Injuries, cuts,
beauties pierced,
as much as possible.
With a bandage it wanders
the pain and the wound
shall heal in the heart.

Del. I thank you again, oh Charon;
but if I do not bring you news from the world,
please forgive me, for now I am joined to the unexpected.

Orm. Delbo?

Del. Sir?

Orm. What are you doing? Are you keeping watchful vigil?

Del. I'm finished keeping vigil since I am now dead.

Orm. Where are you? Perhaps you are sunken
in a profound lethargy?

Del. Master, I now search for the other world.

Orm. Get up and follow me somewhere else;
You can search for destiny later.

Del. My lord, let me stay here; I'm afraid.

Orm. Not here, not any longer. Obey me.

(Orm.) But you, Dorisbe, my idol, forgive,
if my heart, oh dear, reasons to let go of you.
I aim at, I long for, and I adore,
an eyelash, a lip, and a strand of hair.
And I pray, I invoke, I implore,
Love, strength, and destiny.
But it seems, I think and I believe at my own danger
a cord the hair, a **strale** the lip, and a bow the eyelash.

Matthew Maddox 9/26/2015 2:38 PM

Comment [7]: Ormondo's lines continue here in the VE. In the BE there is the interspersed dialogue given here in blue between Delbo and Ormondo.

I follow, I wish for, and I love
a look, a laugh, and a breast.
I hope, I wait, and I yearn,
pleasure, peace, and serenity
but I glimpse, I try, and I offer in a beautiful visage
rest the breast, fire the look, and lightning the laugh.
Forgive me, oh light of love
if I leave you for another beauty:
Thus Love disposes of the soul,
Thus it wishes, who makes me a servant.
Forgive me, etc.
Have pity on me, oh eyes most dear
if my heart is no longer yours,
You want that it burn with another spark,
You want, that it save its faith for another.
Forgive me, etc.

Matthew Maddox 9/26/2015 2:49 PM

Comment [8]: These lines absent in BE.

Scene vii. (p. 15)

Delbo revived.

Del. O unlucky Delbo!
Your pitiless luck
condemns you to languish everywhere
on land, on sea, and perhaps even in the fire
and a martyr
the fervor
Some genii and some humors
that today search for war
and tomorrow follow their loves
thus among sorrows and woe
through war and love I never rest.

Scene ix. (BE, p. 9)

Daytime

Hall with Dorisbe's apartments

Nerina

I am indeed old, but I am beautiful,
and I indeed know how to tell what love is:
every young lady is inexperienced;
she knows not how to delight a heart.
I am indeed, etc.

Even though I am a bit elderly,
I have seen them madly in love.
At a sigh and at a glimpse
more than one heart I know how to make happy.
Even though, etc.

Behold Feraspe in pain and mixed up,
who roams about the bottom of these walls,
and sighs on account of his cruel wound.

Scene viii. (p. 15)

Dorisbe's apartments.
Feraspe, Nerina, who arrive unexpectedly.

Scene x. (p. 9) starts here in BE

Fer. Oh happy he who does not love;

Beauty
it **has no price**
kind or severe
it does not fear, it does not hope
it does not care, it does not yearn

Oh happy, etc.

Ner. Behold Feraspe, grieving and melancholy,
who wanders around at the bottom of these walls;
and through his cruel wound My Lord yearns.

Fer. Nerina, where is Dorisbe?

Ner. She entered her own rooms
all happy and laughing.

Fer. O heavens, she is joyful, I am suffering.

Ner. But how in this house?

Fer. Ah be quiet and listen.

If on the sea of Love
You do not wish to see me shipwrecked and dead.
Guide me for piety's sake, guide me to port.

Ner. If you do as I tell you
You will leave off grieving;
**If use now
to change often**
to have much and to love no one.
If, etc.

Fer. Behold Dorisbe, I burn!

Ner. Oh wretched me, what do I see

Fer. Come now, be quiet; I'm hiding.

Ner. In these rooms (*Feraspe withdraws*)

Enter and close the door;
I will know where to hide you, I am old and shrewd.

Matthew Maddox 9/12/2015 5:16 PM

Comment [9]: This line missing in scene x
in BE

I am very old, but I am beautiful,
And I know how to say what is Love
Every girl is inexperienced,
She knows not how to rejoice a heart.

I am, etc.

And though I am indeed old
I have a view of him in agony
at a smile, and at a glance
I know how to please more than a heart.

And though, etc.

Scene ix. (p. 16)/**Scene xi (BE, p. 10)**

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Comment [10]: These lines are in scene ix in BE

Dorisbe and Ormondo

Both. If I love you and I adore

O light serene

Love knows it

Ars. I am consumed and I die

Orm. I must languish

for (dear) beauty *(aside)*

for (another) beauty *(aside)*

Dor. Lucky I return

through which my life,
my hear and my soul forget the pain.

Orm. Every moment spent away from you, my love,

is like a hundred years in the flames

(I don't speak of Dorisbe; Love understands me.) aside

Dor. Now that we are here alone, beloved Ormondo

I wish to reveal to you a secret, and here I do not want

others aside from this one,

that your zealous faith is my grief.

Orm. Of my faith to the constant paragon

more secret I shall make (perhaps, how loving) (aside)

Dor. Already you make, that Arsinoe alters

through jealousy of the kingdom

my great Creator yields bled-dry;

and in such a dangerous river

near the Father falls the Son extinguished.

Orm. O inhuman decree!

Dor. To vindicate the death of the father

and of the brother at a single time

I swear to Nemesis with steady daring;

either to kill this impious woman or to die.

Orm. A tearful outcome?

Dor. Therefore to one of my faithful I open the entrance

of the royal garden, the night having advanced.

Matthew Maddox 7/14/2015 4:23 PM

Comment [11]: The manuscript has Arsinoe here, but I think it's an error. The scene only calls for Dorisbe and Ormondo. This is likely Dorisbe speaking.

But oh god I know not how
cruel Fortune bore away the attack;
she was defended by an unknown knight.
Orm. (Ah that one, how the Queen was succoured!)
Dor. Now she still lives
to the disgrace of the stars and of the gods
She waits for you Ormondo;
make of your offended lady a high vengeance.
Orm. What do I hear?
Dor. You do not lack
sense, valor, and arms.
Orm. I am a knight of honor;
Dor. And I am a lady offended.
Orm. I am faithful.
Dor. Of your faith a symbol
this attack shall make.
Orm. But a shameful attack.
Dor. Yet you resolve to do it.
Orm. (Oh how I am confused) *(aside)*
Dor. And Love is not
enough to make fierce your heart;
Orm. Come now I must feign;
to the King of Thrace I shall write.
Fer. Oh Ormando agrees. Alas!
Dor. In the end my prayers shall conquer a heart of stone.

Matthew Maddox 9/12/2015 5:20 PM
Comment [12]: This line missing in BE.

Scene x. (p. 18)/Scene xii (BE, p. 13)

Feraspe aside. Ormondo, who is writing. Dorisbe.

Dor. In thought to arms, to arms
what is delayed, what is awaited
Vengeance is already near
I wish to die, or to avenge myself
In thought.
Or. The sheet is now sealed.
It is necessary for a messenger to depart;
and bring now to the King of Thrace this letter.
Dor. And what thoughts
rest inside there?
Or. I implore for my succour arms and soldiers
Fer. (O heavens, what do I hear?)
Or. Oh sorrow!
Today I must either feign or die.
Dor. Oh because it has not wings,
and becaus mor quickly

it is not by an arrow that the News flies, and the
sheet of paper?

Ar. With her fierce grief

Arsinoe shall die.

Fer. Oh stars, what do I hear?

Or. Oh torment, kill me not!

Dor. Yes yes the unworthy woman shall fall.

Fer. Here they think to betray so who rules?

He leaves resolute.

The treacherous rebels?

Is this the love, the faith, that is brought to the king?

Or. (I am betrayed)

Dor. (I am dead)

Fer. Arsinoe will live in the kingdom,

and she shall arm her righteous vengeance with a missile/**cloth**.

Dor. (Oh unhappy Dorisbe!)

Orm. Oh unfaithful

Fer. Oh cruel

Orm./Fer. This is how you deceive me?

Dor. Oh God, why do I not die amidst so much grief?

Orm. You concealed a rival.

Fer. You found a felon.

Orm. A witness conjured.

Fer. An unjust executor.

Orm./Fer. Oh the death of Arisinoe.

Orm. How cruel!

Fer. How mad!

Dor. Arisinoe does not die, Dorisbe perishes.

Orm. Oh you proud one!

Fer. Oh you inhuman one!

Orm. The iron challenges;

Fer. The steel bears itself

Orm./Fer. At your irate voices.

They put their hands on their swords.

This is how I shall reply.

Dor. Lords stop!

This royal house
is not a battle-field.

Orm. Let's leave.

Fer. Let's go.

Elsewhere, elsewhere
your valor shall be seen.

Or./Fe. This is the path, where we go to the contest.

Matthew Maddox 9/12/2015 5:24 PM

Comment [13]: Same as above. Again, this scene does not call for Arsinoe. It's probably Dorisbe speaking. In the BE this line is given to Dorisbe.

Scene xi. (p. 19)/**Scene xiii** (BE, p. 15)

Dorisbe detains Ormondo.

Dor. Oh halt Ormondo!

Orm. Oh disloyal ingrate!

Dor. I am innocent!

Orm. In the same rooms unknown

 you enclosed a lover, unfaithful, unworthy!

Dor. Listen, stop, wait my idol!

Orm. Let go of me!

He makes an effort to leave.

Del. For pity's sake!

Orm. Good bye, wicked woman!

Orm. Cruel, tyrant, ingrate!

 unfaithful spiteful!

 I no longer wish to love you;

 If you cry a single moment,

 It is sweet that torment!

 Your suffering is sweet to me

 I no longer, etc.

(He leaves mocking her)

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Comment [14]: These lines missing in BE.

Scene xii. (p. 20)/**Scene xiv** (BE, p. 15)

Dorisbe

Dor. Ormondo! Oh stars, o heavens!

 Oh enemies to my too cruel heart!

 My hopes, come, come.

 Since in the prison of pain

 you dissolve your flight

 give up being found.

 My hopes, etc.

 My thoughts, come, come.

 I know, that you must be found

 with hope to be despaired of

 since among the shadows you are tormented.

 My thoughts, etc.

Scene xv. (BE, p. 16)

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Ermillo gives a part and afterwards Delbo the other.

Comment [15]: This is essentially the same as scene xiii in VE, but in the BE, Ermillo delivers the line given to Nerina in the VE.

Scene xiii. (p 20)

Nerina then Delbo

Ner. In my heart I want to laugh
if I find a lover,
intercessor of my love;
I shall not make a disciple.
I want.

Del. **Truly it comes to me**
and finally I know, that I shall go mad.
The master without a job
It is night. I go searching.
It comes.

Ner. Here I do not find Dorisbe
and Arsinoe awaits her.

Del. Here I search for my master,
whom I have now lost.

Scene xiv. (p. 21)/**Scene xvi.** (BE, p. 16)

Feraspe aside.

The above mentioned.

Fer. To Ormondo I concede.
The Queen bows before the contest;
And I turn here a moment
because if the others turn their anger to me,
I want to look towards Dorisbe, and then to die.

Ner. But that paper!

Del. That letter!

Both. Pick it up from the ground!

Ner. Delbo.

Del. Nerina, **let go.**

Ner. Let's see to whom it is addressed.

Both. To the king of Thrace!

Del. And this is the seal of Ormondo.

Fer. With the seal of Ormondo!

Ner. But what business does it contain?

Fer. Ho there, what does it contain?

Feraspe lifts the letter from Nerina's hand.

Ner./Del. The fight is over.

Fer. Take it out of my sight, or go over there.

Scene xv. (p. 22)/**Scene xvi.** (BE, p. 17)

Feraspe reads the heading.

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Comment [16]: Both this and the previous scene are labelled as number 16 in the BE.

Fer. *To the King of Thrace, Friend;*

Look! Everything is uncovered,
Now the betrayal is certain,
The conspiracy is revealed;
Now thus sealed
I will give it to Arsinoe, and thus it may be
the death of a rival, my life.

Happy the one who hopes
to rejoice in love;
Cowardly is the heart
that loving despairs.
Happy.

Blessed the one who rejoices
In the midst of anguish,
I arrive at my good
with art, and fraud.
Blessed.

Scene xviii. (BE, p. 18)

Royal Hall

Arsinoe alone.

I am a lover and I am wounded,
and the object of my love is that which wounded me.
I cannot say that it hurt me:
neither hope nor fear
in a point I hold death and life.
I want to languish and then I do not want it.
Oh unhappy, oh ranting.
I wish to love and then I do not love and I am
a lover.
Happy I weep, and confused I laugh,
and in the weeping and in the laughing
My heart is given pleasure.
Now healed, now anxious,
now constant, and now unfaithful.
It is trapped and it is free.
Oh unhappy, etc.
At least allow me, oh God, in my suffering
to know by the band my new love.

Scene xvi. (p. 22)

Royal loggia.

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Comment [17]: This scene missing in BE.

Arsinoe, Creonte.

Cre. Queen it is nearly time
to speed up the nuptials of a royal husband.
The famous Tydeus, who rules at Argus,
offers you through a wedding
sceptre, diadem, and faith.
Now by chance we may make you more serene,
Straighten up your hair, **and slow your wheel.**

Ar. And what do I care about a sceptre,
a spouse, and a diadem;
Supreme authority,
without having other fortunes of comfort
sceptre, crown, and freedom yield to me.
That I by love am subjected to anger;
before dying,
the loving eye shall see me.
I only love freedom.

Orm. But if I, a lover, see you;

Ars. First the spheres shall fall, (ah how I rave.)

Orm. And the royal successor of Cyprus, and Gnidus;

Ars. Fortune declares (and also Cupid)

that I suffer from the pangs of love.

You are mistaken

And you feign vanity.

I love only, etc.

Scene xvii. (p. 23)/Scene xix. (BE, p. 19)

Ormondo and the aforementioned.

Ormondo found by Arsinoe

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 10:26 AM

Comment [18]: These scenes are fairly close; there's some different lines of dialogue.

Orm. Obsequious laurels
I, Ormondo, attach to the forehead.
At your great name the victor bows;
Generous Queen
I come to lay down at the reverend foot
palms, crowns, vassalage, and faith.

Ar. Oh rise Ormondo, oh God!
You need not aspire prostrate on the ground,
He who conquers in peace, and triumphs in war.

Cre. (Arsinoe is a lover, if my thoughts do not err)

Ar. O heaven! Behold the band,
Trophy of the victor;
Ormondo has won, (and with you love has won)

Or. She observes the band, and the face of the Queen

has become pale; oh how the heart is consumed,
It is glorious to languish for such excessive ardor.

Cre. Oh Queen, oh Queen, what do I behold?

Or. Queen, we have won, at my right
the fight joined to your royal strength;

Now I carry the palms to you,

Ars. (Or rather death)

Or. Now Artaserse is defeated
by the enemy king every province is oppressed;
we have won.

Ar. (But how I lose myself)

Cre. (There is no doubt, Arsinoe's heart is being pulled upon)

Ar. I applaud the unconquered Ormondo
to your valour and to your steadfast faith;
But what new band
is attached to your right hand?

Or. O heavens, oh God!

Ar. Perhaps your hand was found to be injured?
Why do I sigh?

Or. Ah it is no use sighing.

Ar. Are you the lover?

Or. I don't know.

Or. Corresponded?

Ar. He didn't earn it.

Ar. Do you hope?

Or. More immediately I fear.

Ar. Ormondo, you grow warm,
If even the queen... (oh my, what am I saying)

Orm./Cre. If even the queen...
And yet this!

Ars. Mercy, it implores piety;
such harsh fortunes in themselves;

Orm. I wish to be quiet and to die.

Ars. He does not hear me;
What respect holds you back?
I told you if even the queen...
It does not matter if you are silent.
Who do you love?

Orm. She trusts me;
Now I wish to die, and Arsinoe

Ars. Ho there! (I am dead) (aside)

Orm. I ask for piety.

Ars. How dare you!

Or. Oh please forgive me.

Ar. Proud one,
if it weren't for...that's enough, you understand me.

Now pick up, be silent, and leave.
If it wasn't for...I would want to bleed you dry.

Or. Oh now how great a martyr!

Because I spoke too much I go to my death.
Oh my goodness, if weeping were enough (*to Arsinoe*)
to quench your scorn;
I shall weep however much you wish;
In the end I shall weep so much,
that through the eyes my heart shall dissolve;
if my weeping is enough, I shall weep forever.

Scene xx. (BE, p. 21)

Arsinoe alone.

Finally I have conquered love,
I supported the majesty
concealing its chains in a bound heart.
I have conquered love, I have conquered.
Rejoice hope,
My heart celebrates,
how sweet is the pain
of so many injuries.
Rejoice hope, etc.
Rejoice affection
that the martyr later
arrives at the sea of
joy in calm.
Rejoice affection.

End of the First Act (p. 22)

Scene xviii. (p. 25)

Arsinoe alone.

Matthew Maddox 9/12/2015 5:48 PM

Comment [19]: This scene missing in BE.

Ars. Take comfort my heart,
that gratifying hope
appear, that you go saying, hope, hope.
I am in love and I am wounded,
and the object is what wounded me,
I know well to say who wounded me,
in hope and in fear
I wish to languish, and then I do not wish it.
Oh unhappy, oh mad,

I want to love, but I do not love, and I am in love.
I am, etc.
Happy I weep, and sad I laugh,
and in the weeping, and the laughing
My heart is given pleasure
Now healed, and now anxious
now steadfast, and now treacherous
he is in snares and he is free
Oh unhappy, etc.

Scene xix. (p. 26)

Creonte alone.

Cre. How rigid and fierce
is Cupid's rule; a queen
scorned by a king at night, and then consenting
to a private hero, the soul and the mind.
God of love, most fierce *numen* (divine will)
You are a Fury, not a deity;
You are a most perfidious tyrant,
You are a monster of cruelty.
God, etc.
Blind god, terrible *numen*,
You rule in Dis (the underworld), not in heaven.
Your fire is too horrible
Too rigid is your cold.
Blind god, etc.

The dance of the Armeni follows.

End of the First Act.

Act II.--Translation completed by Matthew Maddox on 7/25/15

Scene i. (p. 27)/**Scene i.** (p. 23)

Gardens
Royal Courtyard

Ormondo with Arsinoe's portrait in his hand, and Delbo, arriving unexpectedly.
Ormondo with a portrait in his hand, and Delbo.

Orm. Dear image of my good
which never was, he formed you, the blind god
in order to give respite to my pain,
and he painted you;

that cruel one designed you.
Cruel lips, fierce eyes,
here merciful, and later not,
and could've have put you together?
Ah I know,
in order to give my pain a rest,
the blind god designed you.

Del. Lord, if you knew

of Feraspe's injuries
you would go up to the Furies.

Orm. Oh beloved Queen (without noticing Delbo)

Why when I was discovered, as a servant and a lover,
did your baccant fury condemn me to die, and then, being merciful
you give me this image, lovely shade.

Del. Feraspe...

Orm. My fate...

Del. ...seized the paper from me.

Orm. ...is kind and irksome,

Del. Now that I find you,

Orm. To pain and to joy at once it invites me

Del. Do you understand everything?

Orm. It is chained up and loosed

I know not how to render this soul,

I know not whether it is afraid or, daring, will have the palm.

Del. Oh what a strange response!

Orm. Ho there! Who speaks?

Del. I'll be quiet

because Feraspe is coming

to return the paper to you.

Orm. The paper? How? When?

Del. Lord, to nothing, nothing, do I entrust myself.

Orm. Feel secure.

Del. Oh Lord, Feraspe is coming.

Orm. Let him come, that perhaps the daring wreckless one

will pay with death, and you here await

an example of offense, and of vengeance.

Take this Delbo, I don't want

any advantage in arms;

Hold onto this band,

and if here I am left defeated and dead

deliver this faithful sign back to the Queen.

Del. I shall do as you say.

Orm. Now I go to find him

to fight him, and to injure him, and to slaughter him.

Vengeance, yes, yes, yes.

You shall collapse and be killed

by a scornful murderer,
that barbarous heart
that betrayed a soul.
Vengeance, etc.

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 10:46 AM

Comment [20]: These lines missing in BE.

Scene ii. (p. 25)

Feraspe and the abovementioned.

I have caught you, oh proud one, where a blind scorn
guides me driven by a thousand furies.

To punish an unworthy one
the avenging sword will be joined to this brand
of Orion's light.

Now die, for indeed is it just that in this kingdom
a lightning struck Typoeus is seen to burn.

Or. This steel, through use and through virtue
accustomed to battles and to victories
of an iron so low betrays the light;
Behold me in arms and in the field
to support, that you are lacking in honor
an unworthy knight and a traitor:
Delbo, take; I desire
not advantage in arms--

He gives him the sword.

Del. Hand it here, Lord, you could move away from me.

Or. Yet save this band,
and if I rest here tested on the ground
Listen- *He speaks into his ears.*

Del. I shall do as you say.

Fe. Now I want shown to me
what is my prey.

Or. Feraspe.

Fe. Ormondo,

Both. To arms! *with weapons*

Or. And do you never yield?

Fe. And you still resist?

Or. I want first to slaughter you.

Fe. On the contrary, you shall bleed out on the ground
Your soul shall expire.

Or. Meanwhile it gives me triumph.

Fe. While you look back at justice.

Or. Ah how lost I think it is to conquer late,
Yield Feraspe, the brand goes to the victor.

He drops his the sword.

Fe. I'd rather die first, I am a knight, I have
a heart: *on the ground*
If indeed I am lacking in strength
I shall never yield to another, but to death.

Or. Get up Feraspe, I refuse
He lifts up the sword.
to give death to one unworthy of life.

Del. Kill him Lord, while he's on the ground,
just stick it through his heart.

Fe. Slay me and I forgive you,
Or. Because in hatred you have life, I give it to you.
Leave.

Fe. And the sword?
Or. I shall take it to Dorisbe
and there you can recover it.

Fe. Oh god!
What pain is this?

Or. And how happy am I.

Fe. Take my life
if in you mercy rules, supreme Numi.
I am the derision of unfair fate,
I am refused and impious death,
And in such infinite misery
can I not close the lights (of my life)?
Take me, etc.

Scene ii. (p. 29)

Delbo

Del. Let them go, that I who remain here
and do not abandon any art,
I wish high fortune for your valor.
To Love and to serve
is truly to go mad
for vague beauty.
You ignite in the fire
and tighten yourself in the noose,
and you go always searching
lost liberty.
To love, etc.

Matthew Maddox 10/3/2015 3:40 PM

Comment [21]: The scene absent in BE.

Scene iii. (p. 29)/Scene iii (p. 27)

Dorisbe alone.

Dor. Soul betrayed,
what are you going to do!
You have no more hope,
You have no flash of fortune,
eternally rendered is my suffering.
Soul betrayed,
what are you going to do!
Either die or do not live.
Soul mocked,
What more do you want to hope for?
Everything happy is finished,
I do not attempt another, but I worry,
I do nothing but grieve.
Soul betrayed, etc.
With that heart, with that heart
Ormando will be able to gaze upon me; wicked Feraspe,
Author of all my pains,
Model of cruelty,
Heaven suffers you and not a wicked thunderbolt.
oh if in hatred you come to my love;
Ormondo, I go to my death! Goodbye Ormondo!

Scene iv. (p. 30)/Scene iv. (p. 28)

Ormondo arrives unexpectedly and Delbo, and the aforementioned (Dorisbe).

Orm. Stop, cease your weeping,
perfidious discourtesies.
Do. O heavens!
An innocent, in what are you offended?
Or. Oh deciever, oh unfaithful,
yes, yes, with your Feraspe,
whom you hid unknown in your rooms.
You rejoice with new affections, and other loves;
But they shall be your punishment and my rigors.
Do. Ormondo, I am faithful.
Or. Poor faith!
Do. My heart, my good, if ever...
Or. Be quiet, disloyal woman!
Do. Oh god!
Or. Do not irritate the *Numi* (divine will)!
Do. You hate at least,

Or. Unworthy!
I have discovered your betrayals.

Do. I am innocent, my idol.

Or. You lie.
(Such a kind pretext
I wish greatly to abandon Dorisbe)
But do you see this sword?
And of Feraspe, and of those to whom you give
so little life as a gift;
Now you are able with these

Do. (Ah fatal sentence)

Or. Make a loyal act of a true lover,
Yield her to one who can take away this impious, inconstant woman.

The unfaithful bond is broken,
which enthralled me head and foot.
I now scorn, and I now laugh at
your love and your faith.

The unfaithful bond, etc. |

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 10:49 AM
Comment [22]: These lines missing in BE.

Scene v. (p. 31)/Scene v. (p. 29)

Dorisbe, and Delbo who arrives unexpectedly.
Dorisbe, and Delbo, who stays to observe her, speechless.

Dor. Beautiful light,
but rebellious,
why so harsh?
To make one die
who adores you
by so little of your ardour?
Why do you search
so ruthlessly
to give death to a faithful heart?
Beautiful lights, etc.

Del. Dorisbe weeps, and Ormondo speeds up the pace,
he has no heart; for him it is made of stone.

Do. At least listen to my voice.
If you refuse to look at me, I too hate
to see that angry eyelash.
Oh unworthy, oh traitor, oh unfaithful, oh ingrate;
Delbo thinks she is talking to him.

Del. Oh my lady, I have erred!
Do. This the faith you give, perjured soul?

Del. I may be poor, but my conscience is pure.
Do. *And do you thus condemn my innocence?*
Del. Ah Dorisbe, you are wrong.
Do. The iron that you threw down,
 take up up off the ground.
 He picks up the sword.
Del. *No, no, my lady.*
Do. I will bleed that impious man dry,
 that barbarous, inhumane man;
 I do not aspire to vengeance in vain.
 She sees Delbo, who immediately hides the band.
 Delbo, what are you doing?
Del. Uh, nothing.
Do. Where is Ormondo?
Del. I don't know.
Do. What are you hiding?
 A band, and a pen?
 She takes the band and the knife.
 The one, and the other is Ormondo's, true?
Del. M'lady, this looks pretty sharp to me.
 Oh damned luck!
Do. *Here you can read Ormondo's name carved;*
 Resolve now, oh Dorisbe, a high vendetta.
 Thus I shall from an unworthy lover
 take the life and from the queen the kingdom.
 Lend me, oh furies of Erebus,
 flames, scorn, vengeance and fury.
 At my signal run to my aid,
 make licit barbarous bloodshed!
 May your severity be implacable!
 Lend me, etc.
Dorisbe takes the band and the pen from Delbo.

Scene vi. (p. 31)

Delbo, Nerina who arrives.

My band and my pen,
oh give to me Dorisbe. Ah I hear
the Master under the furies, oh what dread!
 They disperse.
I no longer wish to serve
Ormondo in peace or in arms.
Even he if he wanted to purchase me
for all the gold in Peru.
I no longer wish, etc.

Never more do I wish to serve
a furious Genius
for all the gold in the world.
I shall no longer work.
Never more, etc.

Ne. Young ones, one your feet--
Del. Oh Nerina, oh Dorisbe,
 My band, my pen; just now, just now,
 Now will I be punished without process?
Ne. Why do you weep?
Del. Because I have finished with laughter.
Ne. Take comfort.
Del. I'm trembling.
Ne. To joy, to joy!
Del. To the oars, to the oars.

Scene vii. (p. 32)

Nerina, Ermillo

Young ones, on your feet,
Say yes for temperament.
 Good is dubious, pain is certain.
 The years comes and the gods go,
 Young ones, etc.

Young ones, be firm,
 and never say no.
 Time comes and love goes,
 even if one wished, one could not.
 Young ones, etc.

Er. Unconstant Irene,
 Let her speak thus to seduce the lover.

Ne. Ermillo? What can I pay for
 just one kiss?
 Give you colorful and dear lips.

Er. I do not have yearnings so greedy.

Ne. Rather, with such refusal
 you scorn the gifts, and you cure not my love.

Er. Such secure affections
 A love could not have,
 How much is love is an age always constant.
 The inconstancy in the heart of a woman
 is given only in youth:
 but if with years the love of a woman
 strong virtue has its own arrow.
 And it knows well who wants to enjoy,

for in its afternoon heat the sun is
more scorching.

Ne. I enjoy, my dear Ermillo,
your wise concepts.
Give me now bliss and happiness,
a single kiss, for I will give you a hundred.

Er. Go, I shall follow you, my dear, elsewhere,
And I want to make you happy.

Ne. The heart of a woman is always unstable
with lovers of a young age:
For one is only made loveable
with time and beauty;
I from the fruit I can discern well,
that the season is closer to summer.

Scene viii. (p. 33)

Ermillo alone.

Go now Nerina, to the seductive accents,
and she knows no bad cut,
that a blind age crumbling and unfaithful
escorts.
Love and pretend,
oh young lovers,
for today is used.
You will live more happily
with inconstant women,
doing thus.
Love, etc.
Laugh and play,
concealing your desire,
if you like love.
With fraud so grateful
with similar deceit
the woman suffered.
Laugh, etc.

Scene ix. (p. 34)

Royal Hall

Arsinoe and Ormondo

Ar. I do not know what you desire,
dubious heart, so wait.

Your thoughts are fallacious,
if at one point you love, you love not.

Or. I do not know what it expects,
the dubious heart, your constancy,
if waiting in hope,
you are rendered more desperate.

Ar. And how welcome and graceful
Ormondo my image joins you unconquered?

Or. Once again, oh god, I remain transfixed.

Ar. And yet you breathe?

Or. I weep, I breath, and perhaps in the end,
I die.

Ar. Live, and hope in Love.

Or. Oh the fear kills me.

Ar. Fortune shall afflict you.

Or. It is too fierce and importunate with me.

Ar. And are you appreciated?

Or. To obtain such a thing is not permitted
by heaven, by fate, or by my affects.

Ar. To dare

Or. Is not enough.

Ar. What do you fear?

Or. To die.

Ar. Trust in love

Or. Destiny oppresses me;

Both: oh child Nume
oh hunger rejoice.

Ar. To dare

Or. Is not enough.

Ar. What do you fear?

Or. To die.

Ar. What do you resolve, what do you think?
(Oh god how you make me languish) *aside*

Or. I want to be silent, I want to suffer, and I want to die.

Ar. (Ah my heart you are lost
the other lovers are blind and this one
is mute) *aside*
But what do I see? Dorisbe
has tied Ormondo band round her hips?

Or. The light of scorn shakes Arsinoe, I have failed. *aside*

Ar. And by this one; Love, help,
jealousy, you kill me, and I am betrayed.

Scene vi. (p. 32)

Nerina and Dorisbe

Ner. Fly m'Lady, to wherever you wish, and wait
Arisinoe the queen;
Toward the Royal Hall
take up your wings upon quick feet.
Do. Yes, yes, to Arisinoe I fly, oh soul you feel
the fraud, the deceit, and the betrayal.
Prepare for me the fury of Erebus (the underworld).
I despise the flames, vengeance, and furor;
to my **waves/signs** run quickly,
you thirst for licit barbarous slaughter,
your severity is unquenchable.

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:00 AM

Comment [23]: These versions of scenes vi to xi are unique to the VE. The two versions are discordant from here until VE scene xi/BE scene x.

Scene vii. (p. 32)

Nerina alone.

Ner. Dorisbe, you leave, yet all the furies
tempt my aspect.
I sympathize with every affect,
oh dear young ones,
because your craft is not to love.
O make love
rash ladies
with rebellious people
of first furor.
If they come just as
you have in your heart
bitter misfortunes.
 Oh make.
Dare, suffer
for similiar lovers
and in tears and in sorrows
pass the days,
so that you realize
that you always choose
the worst things for you.
 Oh make.

Scene viii (p. 33)

Galleries

Creonte.

Cre. So free and transient
pleasure deploys flight,
that turns less around the pole;
Golden the wheels, daring the time;
So free and transient,
human happiness seems to me;
born, grown, and dead in a moment.
So fast and quick,
pleasure hastens the goings,
as the king shakes off the years
during the most ferocious moments;
so fast and quick
that to have for wandering joy
dawn, midday, and dusk in an instant.
But dolorous and painful
behold Arsinoe, prey of unhappy love,
who divides within herself, what she thinks and what she says.

Scene viii. (p. 34)

Arsinoe and Creonte

Ars. I yearn not for any respite
in my barbarous martyrdom,
who dying can say!
Even these beautiful eyes I adore.
I, etc.

Cre. Oh queen no longer young
to me to hide from the royal as if the arcane,
Love, sovereign Nume,
I know that a maiden yields to you, alone you inform
what you are, what you were born, and what...

Ar. Creonte,
with what rigid accents
an interpreter of affection you hook the heart;
Restrain your raving and your dreams and to my danger
hand opportune help, and not counsel.

Cre. As the royal tutor I reveal my feelings.

Ars. They are my immense crosses.

Cre. And what pain?

Ars. A bitter thought.
Cre. With pure love
 the queen loves indeed, but what of royalty
 the great souls burn.
Ars. Burning so much,
Cre. She loves the king of the Persi...
Ars. Oh how proud
 the fearless voices, I am the ruler
 and you are the subject, leave off weeping.

Scene x. (p. 35)

Arsinoe, then Ormondo.

Ars. Do you know where, dear pupils,
 my searching heart goes.
 Oh temper the pains of loving
 to a ray of your beauty.
Or. Bright sunlight, whom I adore,
 I dedicate to you my shining faith.
 I restore sweet and gentle peace,
 may there be mercy from the thankful soul.
Ars. And how do you arrive welcome and thankful
 my image Ormondo the unconquered?
Or. (Oh god how I am stabbed another time)
Ars. And you still breath?
Or. I weep, I groan, and perhaps in the end I shall die.
Ars. Less burning, fortune
 can blow away your beauty.
 You see as long as love assembles you
 it never knows how much joy to give.
Or. I have more fear, what hope
 of finding some mercy,
 if of the merit of constancy
 my faith is decorated in vain.
 What do I resolve to do?
Ar. What are you thinking?
 Oh god you make me languish;
Or. Oh wish to be silent, to suffer, and to die.
Ar. Oh my heart you are lost,
 the other lovers are blind and this one is mute.
 But what do I see? Dorisbe
 has strapped Ormondo's band to her side!
Orm. (Arsinoe casts her lightning of scorn, I die)
Ars. And that woman, beatiful love
 (Oh jealousy you kill me, ah I am betrayed.)

Scene xi. (p. 36)/Scene x. (p. 35)

Dorisbe and the aforementioned.

Do. To your royal tears
obedient maiden
by royal command I bow, and I pray;
Or. Take the band, Dorisbe, my beautiful symbol;
(Ah Delbo, ah how I know who it was)
Ars. (Oh god, may these torments kill me no longer)
Do. Every single sign I adore,
Orm. If Arsinoe does not desire it, oh heavens I die)
Ars. With faithful servitude
Ars. Oh god, may these torments kill me no longer
Numi Arsinoe, Ormondo
Ars. What obedience, what faith,
what a vile lady you are
the band is not yours;
Angry, she takes the band.
Do. Oh god help!
Ars. Ormondo, you despise
my royal gifts, and you proud woman
even in the presence of royalty
you behave thus? unworthy people,
by my great pains
you are my enemy, you are a traitor.
Or. I am innocent;
Ars. You are guilty,
Dor. My queen,
Ar. Your fury,
Or. What is my sin?
Ar. Betrayal.
Dor. If only,
Ar. You could be killed,
Or. The guilt,
Ar. Is now evident,
Dor. Oh have pity,
Ar. I am a viper,
Or. I beg you,
Ar. I have a heart of stone,
Dor. (What pain!
Or. (What torment! *aside*
Ar. And what grief?
Or. Oh fatal violence,
Dor. I understand that the queen is my rival, *aside*

Ar. I shall make you regret it immediately,
Or. Hope is lost,
Dor. Contemptuous ardor,
Ar. And both shall cease, life and death.
 Meanwhile by you is extinguished
 an ardor so bothersome,
 I leave angry.
Or. I am desperate.
Dor. I remain.

Scene xii. (p. 37)/Scene xi. (p. 37)

Dorisbe alone.

I stay, but oh God where
 I stay, but what do I remain?
 A target of Fate.

Arsinoe.

Refusal of death, I stay, I weep;
 and with infinite pain,
 for many more times to die I rest in life.
You stars, take me
The sun gives light, which I adore,
What do you desire, what do you want,
to allow me some relief?
Increase, both suffering and pain,
but leave to me my good.
You heavens, that tempt me
the beauty serene of my light,
what do you want, what do you desire
to return it to this breast?
All peace is may be taken from me,
but leave me my sun.

Under the power
 of the rigid Archer
 My heart is no longer a servant;
 His arrow
 was always fatal
 to that soul which hopes for mercy.
 Under the power, etc.

At the destiny
 of the will of a child
 My breast is made an enemy;
 Its face
 was always fallacious

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:03 AM

Comment [24]: This might be an error in the VE version. In the BE version, only Dorisbe is speaking. Both versions say that this scene is comprised of Dorisbe alone.

to the breast which desires pity.
At the destiny, etc.

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:05 AM

Comment [25]: These lines missing in BE.

Scene xiii. (p. 38)/Scene xii. (p. 38)

Feraspe, Dorisbe in desperation.

Feraspe, agitated, and the abovementioned.

If amongst the monsters of the abyss
I shall carry my fury, oh god most worthy
to reign in hell.
There amidst the reddish shades
that tread above the golden heaven the stars
Do. Feraspe, where him I scorn
more blind transports you?
Fer. Nothing, I do not care
about the tremendous lightning, the tone, and the stone.
Either the precipice, or escape,
either vengeance or the ruin of a soul.
I scorn heaven, I hate fate, I love death.

Fer. Why give to a lonely heart
so much anxiety, oh avaricious heavens?
Even the sailors have prows
for the many contrary bumps at sea.

Do. Feraspe, where is the scorn
reason has hid from me?
Fer. Why are you disposed to make for me
so many offenses, starry tyrant
If the old oaks by the Euri (east winds)
have not so many buffets to the ground.

Do. Friend, come back to your senses.
Fer. Oh my, Dorisbe!

She observes my misery.

Do. What are you thinking, arrogant soul?
Ormondo is a traitor, and yet you adore him,
Our love is the height of perfidy.
Feraspe, upon your faith
I consider supporting a great task,

Fer. Just say it, whatever it is to do shall never be completely discovered.

Do. If you promise, and swear to me
to give death.

Fer. What death do you impose upon me?
Oh Arsinoe!

Do. On the contrary, to Ormondo.

Fer. To Ormondo. Yes, yes, the sinner shall die;

Do. And with a firm promise

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:07 AM

Comment [26]: The BE has slightly
different dialogue here.

Matthew Maddox 10/3/2015 5:01 PM

Comment [27]: The dialogue is the same
here at this point in both versions.

in exchange I shall give you my very self.
Fer. Iron, oh lethal poison,
 shall take an enemy from you, and from me a rival.
Do. Will you kill him?
Fer. I swear to you that I shall make a cruel massacre of him,
 if even unto the underworld;
Do. Ah you are impious
Fer. I am impious?
Do. I speak of Ormondo; oh stars, oh fate,
 Ormondo dies,
Fer. I will be fury and scourge
 because it serves as an example
 to the faith of a lover.
Dor. Ah your are impious.
 Stop; I told Ormondo, o stars, o fate
 Ormondo dies.
Fer. He shall die.
Dor. I go to death.
Fer. Vengeance, yes, yes.
 It slaughters, it kills
 it gives homicidal disdain
 that barbarous heart, that a soul...(the text is unclear here)
 Vengeance, etc.
 To arms, to arms!
 Torments and plagues
 of reddish affect
 let my anger be strengthened, delay no further.
 To arms, etc.

Fer. He shall be death's prey.
Do. May he put on flattering arms
 May he send down into the field the beauty
 of his unclear light, the archer.
 May he spread his light, luminous
 and charming
 which does not give to me injured heart.

Matthew Maddox 10/4/2015 9:34 AM

Comment [28]: In the PDF of the BE that you sent me there are two pages 39. So disregard the second one.

Scene xiii. (p. 40)

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:09 AM

Comment [29]: Missing in BE.

Nerina, who has kep Ermillo.

Ne. And what do you earn,
 cruel lips, from me?
 To deny being kissed
 is a great injury.
 And what, etc.
Er. And perhaps you believe

you will find mercy this way?

O lips, you are wrong,

and the kiss shall vanish.

And perhaps, etc.

Ne. Oh never resign

that contemptuous time, o vague Ermillo,
and may your eyelash laugh happily and be tranquil.

Er. Now thus you please me

while you are far from me

and you shine more dear in my eyes.

Ne. And why do this satisfy you,

Er. Distance in love heals every wound.

Ne. Ah that my only cross

with which it is pulled close makes happy the pain.

Er. The more you implore me

the more I shall refuse.

From me you shall hear

nothing again, except a "no."

The more, etc.

Ne. The more you will not make of me

the more I fall in love.

I know that you will regret it,

always telling me no.

The more, etc.

Scene xiv. (p. 40)

Nerina alone.

Matthew Maddox 10/4/2015 11:13 AM

Comment [30]: Absent in BE.

Ner. Oh young ones you stand alert,

you forever say yes,

good is dubious, pain is certain

the years come and the days go.

Here the queen reproach

turns the unexpected foot,

I fly to Dorisbe to bring warning.

Scene xv. (p. 40)/Scene xiv. (p. 41)

Royal Park

Garden

Arsinoe.

Arsinoe alone.

Ar. To battle, thoughts, to battle

I want to challenge in armed field
the jealous enemy,
I want to give to that criminal
a desperate assault,
Already the trumpet sounds with disdain,
And in my breast resounds
a war-like echo,
let the other woman be killed,
Let me bleed her dry, let her be assailed.

To battle, etc.

Dorisbe, Ormondo, you both
against my soul
conjured Cupid and jealousy.
Arsinoe, but what do you say, to a queen.
To one who rules a people,
A blind person, a child, today gives laws!
And what never induces you, proud thought,
oh royal heart, to yearn for a servant?

Dark delights and solitary sufferings.

My peace and my senses I consign to you:
I am the queen, it's true, but I am a lover,
and with love I have already divided the kingdom.
I do not seek scepters; it is only that beauty that I desire,
that is my heart, my good, my idol.

She rests with her head to the right in act act of thought.

She freezes, in the act of thought.

Rest, suffering eyes,
from the murmuring in the ear
so that the blind God in my breast
may be put to sleep.

Scene xvi. (p. 41)/Scene xv. (p. 42)

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:13 AM

Comment [31]: Missing in BE.

Dorisbe attacks Arsinoe with Ormondo's pen, who arrives unexpectedly and detains her.

Dorisbe and Arsinoe.

Ars. Behold the wicked woman, who sleeps
with Ormondo's pen in the middle of her heart.
Here comes the arrow of new love.

Scene xvi. (p. 43)

Ormondo, who detains Dorisbe and tries to take her knife.

Or. Stop!

Do. Let go!

Ar. What are you doing?

Do. Ah yes.

Or. I don't want.

Ars. What do I hear?

Dor. It's aid for you.

Ormondo takes the pen out of the hand of Dorisbe, who flees.

She flees. The knife remains in Ormondo's hand.

Or. Wicked woman.

Ars. I am betrayed,

 Oh the solders

 who come to my aid.

Or. It's my valor.

Ars. You lie, this time you are a traitor!

Feraspe leaves with soldiers.

Or. I am innocent,

Ars. Ormondo,

 oh God, who comforts me!

 In order to vindicate Dorsibe he desires my death.

Or. Beautiful, wrongly you are angry.

Ars. Against your queen

 against the one who loves you, with the steel in hand,
 in order to vindicate Dorisbe, ah how inhumane!

Or. This heart of mine is run through,
 the love, the faith of a servant.

Ars. Be quiet, unworthy!

 Oh how with criminal speech
 to uncover the felonies of a rebellious soul.

 It was Dorisbe, it is clear
 who it was, who spurred you on to abhorrent excess.

Or. I shall say no more, first I will hand myself over.

Ar. Is the pen yours?

Or. It is mine.

Ar. Oh perfidious fate, he is guilty.

 Against me you ventured?

Or. No.

Ar. Who then would be the offender?

Or. I do not know.

Ar. Amongst sufferings most atrocious

 that not even Colco or Agrigento could invent,
 I shall make the name to be revealed, and the betrayal
 Feraspe.

Scene xvii. (p. 42)/Scene xvii. (p. 44)

Feraspe and the abovementioned

Fer. Your highness.

Ars. Ormondo the duke

Matthew Maddox 10/4/2015 8:24 PM

Comment [32]: BE and VE agree from this point through the rest of the scene. The BE is inconsistent as to whether the instrument involved is a *pugnale*, "knife/dagger," or a *stilo*, "pen." The VE only has pen.

To your care I entrust the prisoner.
(On account of his innocence I shall give up my rule)
since the beauty lives whom I adore,
sceptre, and kingdom I shall give up;
if he does not live, I too die,
if he dies, I shall die.

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:18 AM

Comment [33]: These lines missing in BE.

Scene xviii. (p. 45)

Feraspe and Ormondo between the guards.

Fer. To the royal tower
lead him oh faithful ones
and conceal the traitor;
behind frozen marble his shame.
Or. *Arsinoe, I go to my death,*
but if I am able to see you prior to
any torments, oh God, I shall die happy!
Or. Oh you desire my death
to please your royal beauty!
I shall die when I want to,
I shall die like all martyrs,
for a single glance comforts me,
you want me to die, I run to death.
He comes led by soldiers.

Matthew Maddox 10/4/2015 8:27 PM

Comment [34]: These lines missing in BE.

Scene xviii. (p. 43)/Scene xix. (p. 45)

Feraspe

I shall bring to the queen
the sealed paper,
that I took to Delbo, and shall himself make a point
the traitor, and the betrayal expressed.

You laugh, oh hope, at the serene beauty;
what shines love's heaven,
in my breast,
and in my heart
the delight never advances;
at the peace of love you laugh, oh hope.

You laugh;

In sweet calm you laugh, hope,
that Nume the archer assist you;
more in soul
and in thought
unmarried melancholy does not weep;
you do not abide in love's calm, o my hope.

There follows the dance of the Todeschi of the Guard.

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:20 AM

Comment [35]: No mention of this dance
in the BE.

End of Second Act.

Act III

Scene i. (p. 44)/**Scene i. (p. 47)**

Courtyard
Royal Hall

Arsinoe alone.

Leave me, o greatness, in
the grip of death:

Since ruling
I haven't a single moment,
that could be called worthy
of life.

Now crying
I feel I am dying
from an infinite pain to an
even stronger dolor.

Leave me, etc.

Arsinoe, for you it is necessary,
that in order to be happy,
everything be good, everthing allowed to a heart, that
rules.

Now that Ormondo is condemned
my heart feels oppressed;
but if I absolve him it would be to condemn myself.
What do I think, what do I resolve, whither do I take
an unresolved decree, oh unhappy fate?

Leave me, or greatness, in the grip of
death. *She weeps.*

Ar. The sun is rising, and in the newborn rays
Tetis plays and Flora laughs,
at the turning of the burning light
the world shines, the heavens become gilded;
But, what use is it? Its beauty
rises quickly, and quickly falls.
And the rose of the morning,
the goddess Nume wanders in the meadow;
Ruby vegetation,
lucid flower, sweet-smelling star.

But what use is it? Its splendor
is born quickly, and quickly it dies.
Unfortunate Ormondo,
like a flower your life is by now overshadowed
and like the sun it flies away into the west;
If I condemn you, oh god, how I feel weighed down;
and if I absolve you it is like condemning myself.

Matthew Maddox 10/13/2015 4:41 PM

Comment [36]: These lines not in BE.

Scene ii. (p. 45)/Scene ii. (p. 48)

*Feraspe with the letter written by Ormondo, and Arsinoe.
Feraspe with a sheet of paper in his hand and Arsinoe
with a linen on her eyes.*

Fer. My reverend queen,

Ar. Feraspe.

Fer. In this letter

is Ormondo's betrayal;
so that you are convinced, behold what it describes.

Fer./Ars. Ah, once again my heart, you are stabbed through.

She reads.

To the King of Thrace

To an enemy king he writes!

And this is the handwriting of the impious,
easily discerned in the light.

The error is evident, and the betrayal is certain.

There is no means of saving him.

The royal soul

pronounces by firm decree
the guilty criminal be punished.

And if my heart learns what I am able to do
Do you hear, Feraspe? At the end of the day,
convicted of a crime,
struck I shall make him fall
under the avenging sword--oh God I cannot!

Fer. Oh how by atrocious disdain

the driven voice cannot articulate;

Ar. Hear Feraspe, and even the entire world

at the end of the day

(The sun sets which this breast adores) *aside*

Fer. On the contrary, Arsinoe's breast

appears moved by mercy.

Make that you remain slaughtered

the one who is barbarous and cruel--Oh god, I cannot. *to himself*

Fer. Ormondo, indeed you are understood.

Ar. What's that? You dare, oh unworthy one,

Matthew Maddox 7/25/2015 4:34 PM

Comment [37]: I think this is mislabeled in
the manuscript. It's probably supposed to
be Arsinoe's line.

to investigated the hidden things of a ruler?
Run away from my scorn
flee from my presence.

He walks off and speaks to himself.

Fe. (For an imbellished woman,
oh stars, what sufferings?)

Ar. Where, where do you pass
delirious soul?
This effect of love you feel, Feraspe,
before the new dawn.
Under the avenging sword Ormondo dies.

Fer. I am about to execute
your signs any moment now.

Ar. No, no. Feraspe, listen.

Fe. (What unresolved affect?) *aside.*

Ar. (Ah how you suffer and you keep silent,
insatiable soul,
let the unworthy body fall, Ormondo
shall die.)

Fe. I shall obey, my Lady.

Ar. Oh executing Furies!

you still turn to my view? You still breath?
By the heavens and in this kingdom leave
already (oh how I rave?), Ormondo shall die.

Fe. Would that the unhappy man suffer!

First, you retract everything, hurry up the pace. *aside*

Scene iii. (p. 46)/Scene iii. (p. 50)

Arsinoe alone.

Ar. Under the avenging sword Ormondo dies!
And what in my own breast
I shut away, murder.
Soul of the tiger, or of the asp!
Be strong Feraspe.
Oh how at my words
the barbarian is tempted.

Arsinoe consoles you.

But how and when? Ormondo,
it's true, is a traitor, but yet I love him.
He should die but if he does not live, I will die.
Oh my merciless heart,
You do not love, oh you do not feel
my pain, and my torment,

or my weeping, or my grief.
You are a rock of cruelty.
Oh my heart, etc.

But let the letter be opened, in this...

She opens just the superscript.
...in this is contained
the sorrowful incident:
Oh unhappy, the letter is blank,
Yes yes, Ormondo, my life,
The candor of your faith is appealed to there:

Now I am sending myself to the prison,
at the doors in freedom, my idol.
Sweet breeze, how peaceful and welcome.

Fly,
Breathe
with serene breath.
Carry this soul
in your arms to its good.

Light breeze, that moves wings
It is content.
Run
to the zephyrs on the breast,
see this soul
in your arms to its good.

Scene iv. (p. 51)

Nerina and Delbo

Ne. I have learned today at my expense,
what youth does.
Oh it is always more
inconstant, more discourteous
with whom it loves.
I have, etc.

Del. If I should have fortune in love
I shall make every lover faithful;
if its time grows dark afterwards,
I love no more and I leave.
If in love, etc.

Both. O dear yearning
O happy yearning.

Ne. You are my...

Del. I am your...

Both: ...knight.

Ne. I am your...

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:34 AM

Comment [38]: Here the two versions diverge for a few scenes. They meet back up in scene x (VE)/scene xi (BE).

Del. You are my...
Both. ...Lady.

Scene v. (p. 52)

Ermillo and the abovementioned

Flee Delbo, oh flee!
It has been ordered
by the Court at Cyprus to arrest you
oh flee, leave.

Del. And why?

Ne. The reason?

Er. With Ormondo as a prisoner
the queen wants you.
Be silent, flee from here, speak no longer.

Ne. Delbo,

Del. My dear,

Both. What will you do?

Ne. I will weep.

Del. I will cry out.

Er. (Indeed the deceit is going well, how much
can I laugh?) *aside*

Del. I leave you, my treasure,

Ne. Ah but kiss me once,

Del. I am leaving.

Ne. I am dying.

Er. Finish your compliments,

behold people are coming for you Delbo.

Del. Ah Nerina, ah my beauty, *frightened*

Behold the court, help.

Save Delbo your heart, my sweet life.

Ne. Ah quiet, I don't see anyone.

Del. If I flee it is bad, but if I remain it is
even worse.

Er. (If they truly believe here *aside*
in the end to deceiver her is a good task)

Del. Who shall hide me, unhappy,

who shall assist me to safety.

At the thunder of the court, I am lightning.

He flees.

Scene vi. (p. 53)

Nerinia, Ermillo.

Ne. You leave, oh my Delbo,
without even saying goodbye.

Er. Be angry,
take offense,
be tormented
however much you want;
I have done thus to whom knows well how to feign.

Ne. How you have feigned
that the queen alone, for unknown ends
wants Delbo in prison?

Er. You figured it out.

Ne. Is there anything else?

Er. Listen Nerina.
You resemble to me indeed
in a manner now exclusive
one that was once beautiful and now is no longer used.

Ne. Is now no longer so? O how cruel,
to relish the anguish
of a faithful soul
how the lovers are now with blind tears.
It is no use to love anymore,
nor even to console
one who is in anguish and in pain:
Love is nude of mercy, more than of
clothing. *she leaves*

Scene vii. (p. 54)

Ermillo alone.

How the demented senile
would like to heal the wound, and quickly.
Love, which goes about nude,
flees the frost
of the white hair,
given by time.
Love, who goes about armed,
is makes a joke of
impotent and fragile age. *He leaves.*

Scene viii. (p. 55)

Dorisbe alone.

If you wait,
you are deceived,
I now tell you, oh my thoughts,
my good
is behind bars.
My peace
is held in contempt
by affects most severe.
If you wait,
you are deceived,
I tell you again, oh my thoughts.
Too hard
is fortune;
too irate
with me is fate,
and the more I desire, the more I despair.
If you wait
you are deceived,
I shall say always, oh my thoughts.

Scene ix. (p. 55)

Feraspe, and the abovementioned.

Fe. I arrive to you, my Lady,
the bearer of strange tidings; Ormondo
has been condemned to the mortal
sentence of death.

Do. Ah how wicked!

Fe. Of whom do you speak?

Do. (Of Ormondo, oh god,
and may he see that you die, my Idol?)

Fe. I have been made the executor
of the royal decree, and at my
formidable signal I administer that
upon that hated head
shall fall the labrys (axe).

Do. Ah wicked!

Fe. You speak of Ormondo,
but you aim at me your angry eyes.

Do. What do you want to say? Perhaps
you doubt my faith? Listen to me, oh Duke;

In the dark prison
where the rebellious traitor is bound
I wish to enter unknown, and there
with sharp contempt,
with atrocious reproach,
I want to mock and offend him,
and I want, if that should not suffice, even to kill him.
(In order to save the innocent, I now speak thus). *aside*

Fe. (There does not lack another entire vendetta,
that severe Dorisbe
now with harsh whips
of this impious, you call him a traitor) *aside*
No more! with this key, of faithful Aegippus,
will I escort this beauty
to the royal prison.
Let it remind you, my dear, in these horrors,
that Feraspe is yet a prisoner of love.

Do. Oh how much I owe you,
Stay my love.

Fe. Go, oh my life.

Both. Goodbye.

Scene x. (p. 57)

Feraspe alone.

My heart foretells
unintended suffering.
I do not know if I should
keep breathing, o Numi, or by hoping.
Tell me, of god of fortune,
If loving I shall enjoy?
You tell me yes
and love adds no.
Tell me, etc.
Oh god, why thus
with one who is chained up?
Strength intended a yes,
as I intend you a no.
Oh god, etc.

Scene iv. (p. 46)

Creonte and Arsinoe

Cre. Behold Arsinoe, and she is alone.

Matthew Maddox 10/22/2015 4:43 PM
Comment [39]: Scenes vi to ix of the VE
missing from the BE.

Queen in unhappy warning
Having conspired your damage
the people, and the Senate
in order to demolish you, the paper grips the weapons.

Ar. Oh heavens, everyone conspires to shoot me dead,
And what moves such anger and such disdain?

Cre. There runs the rumour, that to the kingdom
comes another affair,
a wandering foreigner
a more than sweet lover;
the world did not want him and fate did not concede him.

Ar. What would fate and the world say
if within a few moments
it shall see him extinguished and dead?

Cre. Good heavens!

Ar. Feraspe the captain
of the Royal Guard
should execute the sentence immediately.

Scene v. (p. 47)

Delbo, and the abovementioned.

Tumultuous people
run through the roads of Cyprus; unexpected by you
I rush to bring warning, oh Queen.

Cre. Stay, oh beautiful, with the paper;
I go to calm the stirred up pride.

Ar. Go, my faith. I will open the paper, and in this...

She opens the letter

...perhaps the fatal mishap
will be contained.
Woe is me! The paper is blank!
Yes, yes, Ormondo my life,
the candor of your faith is there exposed.
Now to the prison I send myself
to the doors in freedom, my Idol.
Sweet air, how peaceful, and grateful
Blow
Breath
with peaceful breath;
carry this soul
into the arms of my love.
Soft air, you move upon wings
and soft
you run

upon zephyrs to the breast.
See this soul
to the arms of my love.

Scene vi. (p. 48)

Dorisbe alone.

Dor. Break, love, the bow, and the pen.
Prove, peace, this heart.
The suffering is always fatal,
The soul is not able
to abide in calm,
For its rigor is so fierce.
Prove, peace, the heart.

Scene vii. (p. 48)

Feraspe and the aforementioned

Fer. As a messenger welcomed by you, m'lady,
I arrive with a strange warning; a high sentence.
To death has been condemned
Ormondo the prisoner.
Do. Ah how evil!
Fer. Whom are to talking about?
Do. About Ormondo, oh god!
And let it be true, that you die, oh my Idol! *aside*
Hear me, oh sweet, listen
in the dark prison,
where the rebellious traitor has been enclosed
I wish to enter, unknown,
and there with bitter scorn
with hateful reproach
I want to mock him and insult him
and I want, if that does not suffice, to slash his veins.
(I speak now in order to save the innocent.)
Fer. Another does not lack the whole vengeance,
that severe Dorisbe
now with harsh whips
(You hate the imious one and you call him a traitor;)
No longer with this key, oh faithful *Egippo*,
will I escort this beautiful woman
to the royal prison;
Now remember, oh dear, in that horror,
that Feraspe is still a prisoner of love.

Dor. Oh how much I owe you,
go my love.
Fer. Stay here, my life. Both. Goodbye!

Scene viii. (p. 49)

Nerina, who surprises Dorisbe.

Ner. My daughter, oh how much it never is,
that I follow you, and I yearn for you;
and now, that I join you, I call myself happy.
Ormondo----

Dor. Yes, yes, you are understood;
Now you flatter Feraspe,
and it is fortuitous to me to enchant an asp.
At the serenity of a laughing face
and how sweet the enchantment of love,
at the turn of a shining look
is the peace of a miserable heart.
At the sparkling of two shining stars
the souls enchant superb beauty;
Dark lights but shining and beautiful,
they are two furies, and they are without pity.

Scene ix. (p. 50)

Nerina.

Ner. Happy is Dorisbe, now with intent to follow her
Though time may be slow, I am not.
I feel sorry for you,
 Poor lovers,
 with your tears
 I too languish.
 I feel sorry for you.
I am old, it's true;
 but I feel in my heart
 the itching;
 I blush at it.
 I feel sorry for you.

Scene x. (p. 50)/Scene xi. (p. 57)

Horrible Prison
Prison

Ormondo in chains.

Orm. Cruel marble, if you weren't
harder than my strength
if happier you want
to see me arrive in death's womb.
Show me my love, ruthless marble.
But one is not allowed to beg
fortune so longed-for
for an unlucky and unhappy soul.
Oh you die, already you die,
the guilt should breath,
oh innocence betrayed.
Meanwhile I shall write to my father, *he writes*
Because if one is found in extreme calamity
the soul of an oppressed innocent, that moans;
the paper is already outlined, oh sad lights;
Now the sound comes to you from immense suffering
and finally renders my feelings prisoners. *he falls asleep*

Scene xi. (p. 51)/Scene xii. (p. 59)

Arsinoe, Ormondo asleep.

Ars. Arsinoe, halt your steps.
Behold, in graceful form
Your idol sleeps behind a rock.
 Sleep, sleep,
 beautiful suffering eyes;
 Sooth your torment
 in placid oblivion.
Because for you, love, fate watches over, as do I...
Settle, settle
murderous eyes,
more grace and more faith
you shall see in desire
 Because for you, love, fate watches over, as do I...

Or. My queen?

Speaking in his sleep.

Ar. I am here my love; speak in dreams;

Or. And me, am I dead?

Ar. Yes, because you are unfaithful, and unworthy.
You to whom I gave my life, my heart, and my rule;
Or. I am innocent, and I die.
Ar. My idol;
Ah the heavens would will it! On a white sheet
I see well your faith, but previously ruthless
against my breast you acted cruelly, oh ungrateful one.
Or. Yet now I shall weep with wrists cut, and dead,
that I may become a shade and a spirit.
Ar. No, my comfort,
I would not want to suffer
to see you bleed, and not be able to die;
dreaming he would lead me
even though you have hidden the arrows; oh heavens, he writes!
To the King of Athens *she reads*
Perhaps another conspiracy...
Father *she reads*
And what, Ormondo is a prince, o Numi!
Your son has lost all his glory
he dies innocent in Cyprus. (ah that it weren't true)
Now joined finally to this fatal peril
he sends you his last goodbye.
Pelope your son.
Pelope, Ormondo, Athens!
Ah, I am outside myself; but who comes now
wrapped in a white veil?
An unknown woman in this mourning;
Here I withdraw to observe everything.

Scene xii. (p. 52)/Scene xiii (p. 61)

Dorisbe covered in a white veil,
Ormondo sleeping, Arsinoe aside.

Dor. Oh stars, you who for my suffering
are armed with cruelty.
Give death to this heart,
or to my love, his freedom.
Ars. They appear the feelings of a lover;
I hear another speaking.
Dor. You stars, who in a flashing ray
influence cruelty,
Give death to this breast,
or to my love, his freedom.
Or. What takes me unhappy *he wakes up*
An irritating voice in my sleep and in rest?

in a loving appearance;
It seems as if another Arsinoe
weeped at my languishing, no longer severe.

Dor. Come out, my beautiful sun, from among those horrors.
An imprisoned soul, behold, it bends;

Or. From near Parca (the Fates)
perhaps an intermediately you come to me?

Do. No, no, serene lights,
I harbour another design;

Or. But if you come here, oh god,
to establish a conspiracy,
to order betrayal,
get away far from me.

Do. No, my dear, listen.

Or. Leave off, oh leave off now
from arranging revenge
against your queen,
attacked in the garden
a nocturnal defender saves her.

Ar. (Clear happenings)

Or. Not long ago still armed
with a sharp pen, oh unworthy,
you ventured against Arsinoe.
I detain and disarm you,
keep quiet your betrayals,
that have turned me into a criminal;
I die a trophy of both love and honor.

Ar. What more do I desire? He is innocent.

Or. Dorisbe, whom I loved for a time,
abandon your revenge and your scorn.

Ar. Ah how pitiless!

Or. Now I shall die, *she uncovers herself*
You shall not die.

Do. (I am dead)

Ar. Ho there!

Scene xiii. (p. 54)/**Scene xiv.** (p. 62)

Arsinoe, Ormondo, Dorisbe, and Feraspe

Fer. You highness,
Ars. This is the Prince of Athens;
let him loose of his shackles,
while love prepares for him other chains. *Ormondo is freed.*

Dor. (Thus it is best for me to die)

Ars. And to this unfaithful woman

who in her barbarous breast
nurses a criminal asp, bring the poison;
death later, let her be quick and neglected;
you shall give me that heart, that rests in your chest.

Fer. What?

Ars. I want her dead,

Fer. And I am dead.

Or. I am happy.

Ars. Let us go,

and to the most happy house we wish to take foot.

Both. Let's go, let's go,
from tortures and torments
to joy and happiness.

Or. How strong,

Ar. Is Cupid

Both. To a faithful soul
the street opened.

Both. Let's go, etc.

Scene xiv. (p. 55)/**Scene xv.** (p. 63)

Feraspe, Dorisbe.

Fer. I must kill you, oh god,
ah Dorisbe my heart, a wicked martyr.

Dor. Yes, yes, I wish to die;

Strike me down,
Shoot me through with arrows,
Barbarous numi, perfidious stars,
You are all armed for my misfortune,
With hard arrows
With red-hot firebrands
Strike me down.

Scene xv. (p. 55)/**Scene xvi.** (p. 64)

Delbo with the poison, and the aforementioned.

Ermillo with a cup of poison, and the aforementioned.

Del. Feraspe, Arsinoe, my lady,
sends me to you;
this vial I hand over to you,
do what royal scorn orders you.

Dorisbe takes the cup from Feraspe's hand, and follows.

Look Feraspe, how
in a single moment is finished

my love, my life, and my torment.

She tries to bring the cup to her lips, Feraspe stops her and throws the poison to the ground.

Fer. My soul be not so fierce;

They encircle me, the breast is always so hard,
That I might witness again so much misfortune!
Go scattered on the ground,
oh criminal poison,
More from Arsinoe than from an asp.

Do. Oh for so much pity, impious Feraspe.

Fer. Oh how much I resolve, welcome soul,
to preserve you in life;
In the nearby prison
you will shorten the skirts, and in the other remains
of these horrible sheets
with kind deceit you will draw the foot,
now for you, what more could my faith do.

Dor. Love's great duty,

Friend, oh god, it twists my heart.

Fer. Now, that the day grows dark

unknown you shall die with me;
Love renders me an Argo, and every other one blind;
Go and do as you said
for now I follow you.

Dor. Oh how much

the soul yields to your courtesy;

Hope, you flatter me;

Do not speak no any longer.

Now console me

when I shall sigh.

Hope, etc.

Hope, disanimate me;

And finally say yes.

Come to mind now

When that day does not come.

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:39 AM

Comment [40]: Missing in BE.

Scene xvi. (p. 57)/Scene xvii. (p. 65)

Feraspe.

Fer. Oh for you what more can my faith do?

Tell me, hope, tell me,
if loving I will rejoice.
You reply to me: yes
Love adds: no.

Now for you what more can my faith do?

The constancy of my breast
a star fixed in the sky of love.
It is not a lightning flash,
it is not a quick vapor.
The constancy, etc.

The firmness of my breast
is a stiff rock in the sea of love.
It does not have the happy aspect of a wave,
it is not a Protean liar.
The firmness, etc.

Scene xvii. (p. 57)/Scene xviii. (p. 66)

Royal Hall

Gallery

Delbo alone.

Del. Happiness, happiness,
the whole kingdom is at merrymaking and play;
Nuptials and love in every place
banish sadness;
Happiness, etc.
With majestic eyes
he arrives, oh how I rejoice;
Ormondo made king, husband of Arsinoe,
What jubilation I feel
what joy, and what sweetness,
Happiness, happiness,
Among delight and contentment
at such sweet and happy events
Cyprus now joins Athens.
Happiness.

Scene xviii. (p. 58)/

Pelope with Arsinoe in royal vestment by the hand.

Ars. Blessed chains
that clasp to my breast
you hold my soul
united to my love.

Pel. Happy sighs,
that exude from my heart,
you are love's

life-giving breath.
Happy.

Scene xix. (p. 67)

*Pelope and Arsinoe joined by hand, knights
ladies, and courtiers.*

Pe. Happy relief
that exudes from my heart,
you are the vital breath
of love.

Happy relief.

Ars. Blessed chains
that clasp to my breast
you hold my soul
united to my love.
Blessed chains.

Pe. It is not licit to interrupt
such a fortunate day with weeping;
For your mercy may you be praised
to pardon Dorisbe now hold back your anger.
Because even life to the criminal serves as pain.

Ar. Just to please you, I give
Dorisbe's life to my life;
(but the sentence shall now be executed.)
aside
Behold Feraspe.

Scene xix. (p. 58)

Creonte arrives, and the aforementioned.

Cre. In such a manner, oh queen,
you render extinguised and dead
a rebel, an unworthy?
I who have calmed the kingdom
I who have placated the court
I who have diminished the senate,
I come having disappointed each one, I make out that I am deceived.
People to arms, to arms!

Ar. Stop, Creonte, and listen to
unheard-of occurrences;
This is Pelope the prince,
son of the King of Athens, the first hero,
whose royal fame gives pride to the empire.

Cre. Heavens can it be true?
After so much threat and anger,
as the shade predicted.
But now, as heaven directs, I applaud
your bond, o Prince, and on your behalf, beautiful lady, I rejoice.

Pel. Wise Creonte, my friend,
I embrace you.

Cre. Prostrate before you
I consecrate my faith, oh Prince adored.

Pel. Such a fortunate day,
my beautiful lady, must not be made cloudy with weeping;
May your mercy be praised.
Pardon Dorisbe; now calm your anger.
For life as a criminal serves as punishment.

Ar. In order to please you, my life, I give
life to Dorisbe ;
but the sentence shall never be executed,
behold, Feraspe.

Scene xx. (p. 59)/Final Scene (p. 68)

Feraspe, and Dorisbe in the clothing of a squire, who carries a covered cup, and the abovementioned.

Feraspe, who carries a cup covered with a veil, and Dorisbe in the clothing of a squire, with Feraspe's soldiers and the aforementioned.

Fer. A victim of your scorn, high queen,
Dorisbe expired,
behold, of your infidelity
the most inconstant and cruel part.

Mr. And you, harsh minister,
you therefore wintered my vengeance
one who offered offense to my husband the king?

Fer. Does grateful pardon,
Arsinoe, concede to him,
And thus his heart may be seated in unhappiness?

Do. (So much love in two furies is seen today.)

Fer. What do you wish, oh ruler,
from a faithful subject deprived of life;
You do not desire Dorisbe, behold she is alive.

Do. I live only if I am welcome
to you, royal couple, is my life.

Ar. Oh what strange occurrences!

Pel. Today even death works miracles!

" Fer. Live Dorisbe. Love ever shrewd

Matthew Maddox 7/28/2015 1:01 PM

Comment [41]: I think this is supposed to be Arsinoe. The manuscript has "Mr."

Matthew Maddox 7/28/2015 3:44 PM

Comment [42]: The manuscript has quotation marks at this point; I'm not sure why.

" To keep her alive;
" The deception has been pointed out to me, the fire is clear,
" as one guilty of love I invoke pardon

Ar. Every guilt, every offense,
I leave as prey to oblivion;
And because heaven predicts to you thus;
I declare consolation to you both.

Do./Fer. O how happy I am!

DIFFERENT DIALOGUE

" Pel. The God of love dispenses
joys to every heart
that suffers and hopes,
and the fatal wound
that he makes with his golden arrow
is not severe.

The god of love dispenses, etc.

Pe. In the kingdom of love,
every soul,
every heart
celebrate, yes, yes;
And shus
rejoicing
laughing
and playing,
love's wounds are being healed.

The End of the Drama.

END.

Matthew Maddox 9/27/2015 11:47 AM

Comment [43]: Missing in BE.