

Scintillating baroque..



.. Serious **fun**



Director from the Continuo
Andrew Lawrence-King
Early Harps & Research

www.TheHarpConsort.com

Early Opera &
Historical Productions



Action! Action! Action!

Stefano Landi *La Morte d'Orfeo* Libretto Translation for Performers

ACT ONE

101 Teti Teti, Queen of the Sea, with a silver conch-shell in the golden waves, ploughs the liquid treasure of the river Ebro. How every shore listens to how the singing semi-god attracts them there – heaven, earth and the sea – with his lyre.

Ah, this – alas! What does my prophetic mind see? – is the last hour of the lyre and of the singing, and Orfeo will have to die. Not bitten on the foot like Euridice, but by the insane fury of women ripped to pieces.

Ah, will you suffer, woods, such a cruel spectacle, and one so fierce? Will you see it, heaven? Will you see it, Father Archer? [Apollo]. Will you see it, animals? Is there no escape from the hand of cruel Fate for Orfeo, loved by heaven to no avail.

I certainly don't want to suffer this. I will land on the earth and convey him in the breast of my royal rocks to the Tyrrhenian sea.

102 Fato Go back, Teti, to the sea. Don't touch the land. For as a prophetic goddess today you are confused and wrong. Don't you know that unchanging destiny wants Orfeo to die today? Now be silent, go back; and he will die. For I see the command and these stars right now.

103 Teti I go, alas! But you celebrate meanwhile, unlucky lyre-player, your birthday. And the cruel Parcae (Fates) will cut the thread of destiny, so that crying comes to the party, the singing, and the laughter. Now who will not weep and go pale in the face?

104 Hebro Leave, Diana, already the wandering stars, leave the nocturnal dances; already every glimmer has disappeared from heaven. You, shining and beautiful, walk alone along the ethereal streets. And you [Aurora], what are you doing? Aren't you getting up - oh! – aren't you getting up yet, Mother and Daughter of the Sun, new Dawn? Ah, sleepy lights, get up already from the triumphal bed, from the soft lilies and tender roses. Don't you remember, don't you remember about Orfeo? Today is his birthday. To honour the illustrious semi-god, heaven sends its gods, the earth is gilded with heavenly lights. So sleepy girl, get up already! Open already the Gates for the newborn day, for the lucky rays. Look, she is opening them! O what a happy, joyful destiny!

105 Euretti Up, up! From the East, all the little winds together, let's go outside to make the flowers happy again, for already close by is heard the neighing of Elio (mythical horse) and the noisy foot-stamping of Pireo (Trojan captain).

106 Aurora Between waking up and still asleep, it seems that I hear the murmuring of golden waves of singing Hebro, complaining that I'm getting up too late.

107 Primo Euretto Don't you see there, don't you see? That he fixes the lights for us, and it seems that he gilds your rays, their beautiful colours?

108 Aurora Let's go down then, and carry heavenly flowers down to earth in a cloud. Let's just fill our aprons full of them, for the birthday of a mortal god is worthy of superhuman honours.

109 Terzo Euretto We do not carry flowers, no, but white pearls, even more sweet to the taste than pure-white to look at. Let's carry to earth a noble imperial gift.

110 Euretti Have fun, mortals, and forget meanwhile, amongst our sweet singing and our sweetness, all your troubles.

111 Ebro Just descend, goddess, and let the day remain happy, as Orfeo sees his Father's shining squadrons of beautiful rays. And now that day needs to be celebrated most happily by the air, heaven, the earth and the sea. Only we're waiting for the sign to be given by beautiful Aurora from the flowery kingdom.

112 Aurora Here I am ready to come out from the East. Because of me, all the delays are taken away. Let the hours pass happily, and you, my children, go singing and prepare the way for the Sun. Go, my little winds, wake up the silent birds. And let the heaven remain without any stain of a cloud and without a veil.

113 Ebro We'll go to Orfeo, for already I'm drawn by the graceful power of his sweet harmony.

114 Euretti While we are singing, far away go the unhealthy clouds. And let's not see around us any dark veil on such a happy day. And you, pretty little birds, in competition, sing throat-ornaments, chirping and singing the birthday of Orfeo, the glory of the singing semi-god.

115 Primo Euretto I see a little cloud, insidious and proud, which obstinately and disrespectfully hangs around, and no-one gets angry about it. Now let's renew our singing, so that the dangerous cloud hides.

116 Euretti Now let's renew our singing, so that the dangerous cloud hides.

117 Secondo Euretto Now pure in every part the heaven shows itself, and it's gilded in a purple veil. From its heavenly stalk, all pompous to be admired, out comes the rose. And so that they can be more joyful in the tender south, let's return to our song.

118 Euretti And so that they can be more joyful in the tender South, let's return to our song.

119 Euretti While we are singing, night returns to the infernal caves. And the nocturnal monsters hide away quickly before heaven gilds itself. And you, pretty little birds, in competition, sing throat-ornaments; chirping sing the birthday of Orfeo, the glory of the singing semi-god.

120 Pastori Look, from the horizon the rays are coming out in bursts, to strike beautifully the most proud mountains. And when, horrible and black, the clouds shake with lightning and thunder, it's always the highest peaks that take this fury's first assaults,

121 Bassi To the deep valley the sun arrives later, later the ice melts and the water runs. But when as usual there is thunder from angry Giove or tempest from Juno, there is no fear of anger and outrage in the steep valleys for the secure beech-tree.

122 Pastori That's like our life – the more Fortune raises it up above the others in a glorious show, the more easily it can be made to wobble, and when struck, it cruelly falls. He who enjoys a humble destiny doesn't fear wounds or the threat of death.

ACT TWO

201 Orfeo Rejoice for my birthday, golden-haired stars; rejoice, moon and sun; rejoice mountains, woods and beautiful rivers, and you, noisy millpond of salt waves and liquid crystals. Rejoice peaks and valleys!

Dance to my singing wild beasts, dance through the woods, through bushy thickets, open shores; dance happy animals; and to the rough sound of marine cymbals, dance orcas and dolphins!

Sing for my joy, running waves; sing, rivers and fountains; sing leafy, sad holme-oaks; and you, the high mountains' beautiful birds; and you answer me, Echo, from your singing cave!

Today the first lovely splendours take from this sun, take today the first breaths, the first fire; today, all in circle-dances step happily and it's started already, take today the first rays!

202 Hebro You happily sing, Orfeo, and time flies. Up, up! From heaven we call everyone who wants to enjoy themselves, today in a happy party the gods will sit in this pleasant beach.

203 Orfeo Let Giove and Mars come. Let Apollo come and wear as adornment his golden hair of the most serene rays, just let the heavenly people come. Bacco no, I don't want him. Bacco no, I won't invite him; because at happy parties, desire and pride, and often even fury, are all that he excites in the heart.

204 Hebro Fauns, Silenius, Satyrs and forest-folk, all of you come and rejoice with me in the green bushy den!

205 Orfeo Let the Shepherds come also for my joy, but you women, go far away from my joys and my desire! Just go away, unclean women, plague of the world, and poisonous flowers; meadows of pretty colours, but in you is the viper's nest, and with delight you poison the hearts of mortals.

206 Mercurio Heaven has heard, oh singing youth, your courteous invitation, and will come all together to honour you with the Celestial Choir. Only Giove will remain in heaven's furthest floor: he hates parties, he looks sick, and his heart is full of sadness.

207 Orfeo What's the matter that makes him sad?

208 Mercurio A conjunction of stars has wounded his blood with a horrible vision. But he sends tokens of immense love, instead of hateful and useless wine, these cups of divine nectar.

209 Orfeo I appreciate the gift, and even more than the gift, the heart [the thought]. Go, Hebro, and put this precious rich liquor safely amongst the remote stones.

210 Hebro Wherever you indicate, promptly I move my feet.

211 Mercurio I will banish from the world blind Fury, who is now lodging in these hills. I'll fix it that his feet from the cave of hell don't move today until the time that the celebrations finish and tears return.

212 Orfeo O gracious god, this is a mercy that I need more than any other. Get away, Fury, far away; and abide only in female hearts, which are beds more sordid than hell itself!

213 Apollo Look, here I am as you wanted, oh beloved son, all happy and joyful. There is no golden hair of rays more prized, no diamond crown more splendid, no clothing a more beautiful mantle, when I most want the pride of beauty. But alas! In the midst of all my delight, a bitter thought transfixes my heart.

214 Orfeo Oh, don't be disturbed in your soul by an annoying thought, oh luminous Lord of the Day, oh my Father!

215 Apollo I know that cruel destiny with the sweet, strong and deceitful hands of beautiful women will overcome you, oh my son. Oh, follow my advice: a sweet delight which perishes in a moment – flee from it, and follow the path of Virtue.

216 Orfeo Do not fear, Father, do not fear, for Love does not reign any more as it used to in my tender heart.

217 Apollo Just flee, just flee from women and their delights, so that perhaps to death you will not come, following faithless guides.

218 Orfeo I rather hate than do not love Woman, who baits with sweetness the hook.

219 Apollo Then let's go to make a happy start to the songs, music and dances. Look, it's resounding from the hidden valleys. And let no bad feelings disturb our joy.

220 Satyrs Oh friends, come on, come on! Let no-one complain, come on everyone!

221 Satyrs Troubling cares, go away from you, in the forest. Let us have fun in a beautiful party, in the flowery heart, out of the waters, amongst beautiful nymphs.

222 Satyrs This wonderful, absolutely fragrant, absolutely divine smell of wine, will banish thirst and desire on our lips for the future.

223 Satyrs Oh friends, come on, come on! Let no-one complain, come on everyone!

224 Satyrs Oh, if only I could find amongst these stones that sweet liquid which makes the heart happy, those tender sweet rubies, the calamity of our life.

225 Satyrs Let it be that the heart feels the odour, the more drops there are, the more they strike lightning, giving energy to every vein, giving the heart sweet delight.

226 Satyrs Oh friends, come on, come on! Let no-one complain, come on everyone!

ACT THREE

301 Bacco Scorned and outraged, the Father Liberator! Where? By whom? By the son of Calliope. By the turbulent waters of Hebro, from his mud is made gold, a god from a little shepherd. Oh how I am inflamed with anger in my heart! Where is Fury hanging around?

302 Nisa In the infernal caves, where according to Giove's orders, Mercury* wants him to remain confined all day. (*the winged messenger of the heavens)

303 Bacco Perhaps so that he won't disturb the beautiful party, the celebrations and the happiness which the others have with Orfeo, and he has with my shame. I'll disturb it! I'll spill blood everywhere!

304 Nisa Oh, hold back your disdain! It doesn't suit a god to have so much fury.

305 Bacco It suits to bring death to someone who despises love.

306 Nisa A god is still peaceful, even when angry.

307 Bacco Bacco breathes either sweetness, or blood and death.

308 Nisa Your happy clothes and face promise love.

309 Bacco The thyrsus and my tigers rather revenge.

310 Nisa Oh, for my love, forgive!

311 Bacco For your enemy?

312 Nisa For the common good, and for the singing that is a friend to everyone

313 Bacco Don't you know, Nisa, how you are scorned? Know it from your companions; look how they run weeping through the countryside. I myself will fly up to heaven, and then to hell, to persuade Giove to send Fury where it helps me.

314 Maenads Where do you send us, oh sweet Orfeo, far away, far from the sweet song; and who will gather - alas! - sighs and tears?

Then with our hair loose and wild, waving and flirting with the wind, jokes with the breezes, is that what our laments are?

And you, what are you doing? In the thorny hand, the flower's head-crown remains broken and dry in the forest.

315 Nisa So Orfeo has abandoned us? Now where shall we go, unhappy? Beloved woods, oh, you answer, you guide us, for we already despair. (Let's hope. I love) Let's hope that I really do love, and that sometime Orfeo will fall in love with our sweetness (love, dies) If love dies in him, how shall we live? Oh, noble Echo, tell our misfortune to this cruel man. (Tell. Shame) Tell the shame of Orfeo. But what shall we sick and cowardly women do? Thus once again the soul despairs. (He dies. He was). He was the lover, now he dies. Let no-one weep anymore, no more sighs. (Breath. Anger) Anger inspires each one to revenge! What

more are we waiting for? Everyone run in fury (Fury. Bitter) The bitter Furies of Hell will come first to incite the heart, then we will kill him without delay.

Maenads Die! Die! Die! (Die! Now!)

316 Ireno Ah, unhappy Ireno. Ah, tearful eyes which saw a spectacle so wild, how can you not close in eternal sleep! Ah, beautiful swan! Ah, sad fate that you have as prize for your singing harsh death!

317 Lincastro Isn't this man, whose bitter-sweet crying resounds from the wood, our Ireno? Ah, yes; oh, why so much, dear shepherd, do you complain? Oh, why do you bathe your face with bitter rain, make this pleasant shore grieve with your grief, make the winds weep with your deep laments?

318 Ireno Surely you have seen, Lincastro, this pet swan, and how sweetly it would sing on the river of this flowing gold of his native water?

319 Lincastro More than a hundred times, it's always living amongst the shepherds.

320 Ireno Now, while it was happily singing and making joyful the gods' beautiful party, look! there comes from woods an angry gang – who would believe it – of cowardly and envious birds, who put the singing swan to a cruel death. And so great was their fury that when its limbs had been– alas! – ripped apart, each one took away what it had cut off.

321 Lincastro Ah, these are omens of impending doom, dark signs. Rather, what do I see? Alas! Let's run away, Ireno!

Here various monsters appear on the stage.

322 Ireno They are wolves, they are monsters, quivering with rage. Let's save our sheep!

323 Bacco If ever for our love, my angry minister, you made war with weapons, today make it so that I crown your head with a palm even more worthy.

324 Furore Here I am as the champion of every other time, prompt at your signal, to execute revenge, to launch darts, to inflame arrows.

325 Bacco Poison your face, and hate shall be the poison, at which every heart will instantly be undone. Inflamm the hearts and breasts of my Maenads, let them run spiteful and cruel to dismember Orfeo, and let the shores be covered in his blood, and his limbs ripped piece from piece.

326 Furore Now, now, Bacco, you will see your revenge come to life, and Orfeo lacerated from shore to shore.

327 Bacco Look there, above the mountain, they are calling the evil god with sacrifices, each armed with thyrsus and ready to receive in their hearts your flames and the poison of hell!

328 Furore I'll fly, then.

329 Bacco And breathe hate wherever you pass, fire and anger!

330 Pastori Oh, how many screams, oh how much is heard in these woods sighs, laments and crying. Wild monsters and blood-thirsty beasts.

Hebro, who has golden waves, pales at heart and weeps. Dried up and destroyed are the beautiful flowers he has on the furthestmost beaches.

Some grave ruin has overcome these banks. Oh sudden flames, oh enemy hand, oh unfaithful hearts!

ACT FOUR

401 Mercurio Senators of heaven, sovereign gods, for non-trivial reasons of celestial government, Giove expects you at the eternal parliament.

402 Uno Therefore, be happy, illustrious semi-god.

All the Gods together, whilst the cloud rises that carries them into heaven

403 Gods Therefore, be happy, illustrious semi-god. Already, staying here for us is no longer allowed: therefore, be happy.

404 Apollo This is your birthday's happy last hour; enjoy it joyfully, whilst the stars applaud our singing.

405 Orfeo Go to the sacred meeting of the government of the world, o great gods; and these shores and these beaches of mine, watch them sometimes with serene eyes. Alas! For at your departure, there departs from my heart all my joy, and my chest is encumbered with horror, fear and trouble. Up, sweetest lyre, make vanish this sudden sadness of mine. Up, with your singing entreat the earlier serenity to this dark heart! Ah, how my hand trembles... ah, the strings are mute... and I hear the unhappy disembodied ghost of Euridice who calls me. Where are you, my dear sweet wife? Where should I come? To the kingdom.... To the kingdom of dark death? I'm coming, I will follow you. Ah, wretched me! I can't open out one step, my feet are stuck. So I'm stuck in this dark bush, and I'll give myself shelter with the gentle shade of this fatherly laurel-tree.

406 Maenads Bacco of Mount Nysa, the Liberator; Bacco, Bacco of Nysa; Bacco, Bacco, No-Worries; Jacko Bacco, the Thyrsus-carrier.

407 Furore It has not yet really burst out, the fire, so it's really time now to devour the entrails: Out! Out, Fury! What are you doing? Stab, stab with the thyrsus and uncover the sword, for if I'm not mistaken, look, close by is Orfeo!

408 Maenads Bacco of Mount Nysa, the Liberator; Bacco, Bacco of Nysa; Bacco, Bacco, No-Worries; Jacko Bacco the Thyrsus-carrier.

409 Maenad Stand still, companions, for I see - and I'm not deceived - a fierce wolf.

410 Maenad Where has it gone to earth?

411 Maenad In the dark head of that thorn-bush

412 Maenad It's not a wolf, nor a beast, and it looks like a man, even like our enemy Orfeo.

413 Maenads Bacco of Mount Nysa, the Liberator; Bacco, Bacco of Nysa; Bacco, Bacco, No-Worries; Jacko Bacco the Thyrsus-carrier.

414 Maenad So let's kill him where he is hiding!

415 Maenad So, to revenge! Let's run quickly!

416 Maenads Bacco of Mount Nysa, the Liberator; Bacco, Bacco of Nysa; Bacco, Bacco, No-Worries; Jacko Bacco the Thyrsus-carrier.

417 Calliope The desire to see my beloved son, makes me leave the pleasant hills of Pindo and Pireno. But that turbulent – alas! – pale liquid pouring out from my Hebro, not like usually, urges me to tears, to vent the sorrow. For in the midst of sweetness, bitterness is born; and hardly born, still in swaddling clothes, it impinges on my heart, that expert female-archer of sadness. O sweet, soft breezes, you who so happily whispering around go around spending a good time with Orfeo; tell him, that he should fly to this river, in order that his charming lyre should console me, and my sadness should die.

418 Fileno Pour out - alas! – most bitter eyes, most bitter streams that, gurgling, seek pity from destiny.

419 Calliope Tell, Fileno, tell about your sadness.

420 Fileno Tear, oh Mother, your hair; dress in brown, oh earth, your little flowers; and cover with the golden waves unhappy Hebro's shining treasure.

421 Calliope Alas! What weak sound, with sharpest darts impinges on my heart! Ah, voice, no, but thunder, from which the black horror of lightening frightens the soul! Speak, cruel one, and do not kill me endlessly in such sad tones.

422 Fileno My sadness will speak, for I cannot. Tears and sighs will speak. These woods and these hills will speak, made loquacious at the sound of my suffering, and in the blood of Orfeo, (they are made) warm and soft.

423 Calliope So, my sweet son lies in his own blood, he is made blood-red; oh, tell whatever the misfortune may be, and the bitter pain for me.

424 Fileno I will tell, if sadness leaves my voice with any sound, any life in my heart.

Under the shade of a beautifully garlanded laurel tree, in the lap of green and lovely little grasses; close to a little stream, to the chirping song of running, trickling waters; Orfeo was taking most elegant rest, slowing the pains of his constricted heart, and he made soft and sad songs that hardened the waves, softened the marble.

There was the white column, the sun-tanned hand, for his rosy cheek a faithful support; he had his eyes turned upwards to heaven in vain, to heaven which is deaf to sighs and groans; the golden lyre made by insane grief to lie mute on the noisy beach, which Hebro bites into and bathes; and it seemed to say "Look at me, Orfeo, languishing at your languishing."

With soft tears and profound sighs he was remembering meanwhile, and cursed inexorable Fate, who took from the world his love (Euridice); and sighing, he said: "Cruel Fate, certainly you have cast me down to the bottom of a deep sea of unhappy tears." He just wanted to say this, but interrupting the song and sadness, came the confused wailing of an armed gang.

Orfeo turns his tearful eyes and sees coming towards him with thyrsus unsheathed the infuriated Maenads, and he really believes that he can placate the cruel hearts of these women. He takes the abandoned lyre and plucks the golden strings to bend the ears. But in vain his hand runs, the lyre sounds; for infuriated women have hearts of stone.

So whilst his hand was sweetly playing – Ah, pitiless and more than harsh passion! – whilst with the sound the singing warbled, and from it the woods and heaven took delight, there arrived Fury where Love had been, between the soft feathers of his sun-tanned chest; where with thousands of blows, the wicked women wounded him, so that his soul and his singing together departed.

425 Calliope Ah, grief, which kills me! Death, which with a dart that is easy to throw and slow to hold back, batters two lives and divides two souls.

426 Fileno Indeed, look, even Hebro, amongst his tears brings you, wrapped in linen, your child's face; and seems to say to the waves in doubtful sound: you sing, whilst I am mute.

427 Calliope Ah, what a sight! Ah, my son! Ah, heaven! Ah, gods! Ah, fate! You serve up to me life, to my son you give the most bitter death. Ah, my son! Who is killing you? Son, answer, oh son, that sun-tanned neck – ah! – who cut it?

428 Fileno In the breast – alas! – of harsh women where the heart passes in cruelty; there Fury is born and grows suddenly.

429 Calliope Harsh and ingrate women, certainly you will pay the penalty for your unjust sin, for my just grief. But who will return to me meanwhile the body and torso?

430 Fileno Ah, the evil murderers cut him completely piece by piece, and the dripping limbs they now go about spreading from mountain to plain.

431 Calliope I will go, then, before grief kills me; the innocent remains of my beloved I'll gather with sighs, tears and pains.

432 Pastori Oh, everyone gathered together from shores and from mountains, in the rivers and fountains, buried sighs, you come reducing in wet humour; you come increasing with hearts full of sadness.

433 Pastori He is dead – ah! – who weeps? He is dead – ah! – who cries? The heart that surrounds the hopes of Thrace. The lyre is mute, which drew the woods; which placated the furious wrath of beasts.

434 Pastori It is mute – ah! – the lyre which conquered hell, which to the kingdom of anger brought sweet government; with tremulous accents it already brought to a halt the fury of the winds, the pride of the sea.

435 Pastori Now lacerated and bloodless the child lies, that flower which languishes, cut by the sun; oh, spiteful sword! Oh, cruel hand! Oh how much you have poured out wormwood and gall!

ACT FIVE

Here it is to be noted that by Orfeo is meant the ghost of Orfeo, he being already dead.

501 Orfeo Gracious shades of Avernus, thanks to the blocking of the beautiful lights of gold, which in the eternal orbits entwine the sun with splendid work, now you welcome me into the heart of this beautiful, pleasant beach, where amongst myrtles and amorous ferns, Euridice mingles in sweet calm her sighs will the mute sound of the river Lethe.

Now what milder and more pious breeze is there, amongst these horrible countries, which by the direct route can convey quickly my burning sighs, and give news of me to my sweet Star; and tell her that Orfeo, not alive anymore, a disembodied ghost but burning with the sweet rays, comes to her, and will never leave.

502 Caronte What ghost do I hear in these caves of Avernus resounding sweetly? Others lugubrious and sad descend down here, for it's heavy for them to leave heaven; this one rejoices! Now say, who are you? Ghost who sings to the sound of so many Alas!

503 Orfeo Don't you recognise Orfeo, Caronte? Look, I've arrived as a disembodied ghost, at the common port, where I already descended whilst alive. Now the prison is broken, I've got here dead; let me pass, please, to the other shore; and show me that field where, happy in the lap of thousands of flowers, Euridice rejoices.

504 Caronte Once again you are dreaming! Still, as a cold ghost, you carry in your heart amorous fire. Euridice is staying in a place impenetrable and hidden. Just throw away amongst these shadows all your hopes, widowed inhabitant of the cold deserts.

505 Orfeo Oh, don't disturb, Caronte, with such harsh answers my joy. Just get me across the river, so that soon I will see on its horizon the living Sun dead, at my death rise again.

506 Caronte Just go wandering around like a vagabond, desperate soul, to the other beach. There is no passage for you, no secure abode: until your lacerated and scattered body is re-united, buried and burnt.

507 Orfeo Ah, hard and bitter voice! Ah, delay, even more bitter than death!

508 Mercurio What are you complaining about, Orfeo? And your sad brow? You tread with malignant footsteps the beaches of hell? Heaven is waiting for you, and you amongst eternal crying attempt the passage of painful exile? Leave the fields of death and the crying ghosts of hell; amongst the heavenly heroes you will have a shining throne, and your golden hair will shine with gold and with the burning rays.

509 Orfeo Forgive me, Heaven's happy Messenger. I prefer to suffer in Averno with Euridice, rather than without her in heaven to rejoice eternally.

510 Mercurio Ah, you are dreaming, if you believe that Euridice still loves you and recognises you; amongst these smoky fields she drank a long forgetting of the ancient desire. Oh, with me to heaven, happy soul, come back!

511 Orfeo Oh, let me first see my delightful wife, for whom I formed so many sweet sighs, for whom it was dear, happy to die.

512 Mercurio You want her to disenchant your fury? Caronte, bring your boat alongside, now, now I will draw her out from Elysium.

513 Caronte But you will not land, perverse soul! Just go around somewhere else, and give up singing, and learn to make, wretched soul, cries. And if you really still have the desire to sing, count the pauses of my oar.

514 Orfeo Ah, unhappy Orfeo! Oh, spiteful fate! You hold me up as a horrible trophy, and give me death again, after death.

515 Mercurio Look, here is your Euridice, look at her, Orfeo!

516 Orfeo There is no more beautiful and lovely, whatever most lovely torches there may be in heaven. But really you are harsh, cruel, to keep my arms far away from my desire.

517 Euridice Mercurio, who is this lunatic, who in the ice of death burns with love?

518 Mercurio So, you don't recognise the man who died for you, and who praises your beauty above every other?

519 Orfeo Euridice, my love, here is Orfeo, who was already so dear (in former times) to your eyes; the famous semi-god.

520 Euridice Oh, you are dreaming. Oh, you are mad. I didn't know any Orfeo, never saw him ever, nor do I want to see him. I neither hate him nor love him. Remain in peace, I'm going back to the sweet rays of the happy Elysium, that's what I desire.

521 Orfeo Where are you fleeing to, cruel? Where do you leave me? Harsh, spiteful and wild, Euridice, Euridice!

522 Mercurio Now she is not what she was, your wife, wretched lover. But don't fear, drink safely the foaming liquid that I offer you, and you will see, made serene again in your mind, the rays.

523 Caronte Drink, drink safely the foaming liquid, which from Lethe peacefully floods. Let everyone who is thirsty drink, the serene liquor of Lethe. No more death, no more destiny, free from sorrow, full of pleasure. Let everyone who is thirsty come and drink!

Drink, drink these crystals, which flow along through the valleys. Drink this silver, which will not make you suffer torment. No more death, no more destiny, free from sorrow, full of pleasure. Let everyone who is thirsty come and drink!

Drink, drink this liquor, whoever feels wounded in the heart. Let him drink, who wants from his heart amongst the troubles to feel delight. No more death, no more destiny, free from sorrow, full of pleasure. Let everyone who is thirsty come and drink!

524 Orfeo Oh how pure, serene, how sweet and clear light dawns on the soul! No cloud of sorrow, nor toxic anger, nor storm of fury any more moves around my heart, and I am not pressed by love's heavy load.

525 Mercurio Now, follow my flight, happy soul, to the sublime sphere. Now at last should be made to die that pleasure which gives life to your desire.

526 Caronte So many times in Hell, and you return, and you leave, soul that is fond of singing, and in singing an obstinate magician! Now leave once and for all, and don't return, neither to look, nor to sing. For if you return, for sure I promise you by the spirit of Aletto to chase you into a corner, made an immobile hulk with the stick.

527 Pastori Still fog clouds our minds; cease, cease – alas! – with long, bitter grief to disturb heaven's most serene rays. Orfeo is already not dead, but lives in heaven, as a celestial semi-god.

Two from the choir of Shepherds, whilst the heaven opens

528 Pastori Look, amongst the most beautiful divine flights of heaven, how now lightening and shining torches make orbit, flashing at the golden hair. And it seems that the Starry Lyre pacifies Giove's thundering and lightning anger.

529 Pastori No more, no more laments; no more, no more complaints! The rays are not extinguished, they have arrived in heaven as a lucky veil. Orfeo lives again, not on earth, but on the ethereal shores.

530 Giove There from the centre to the most luminous throne of heaven, amongst fortunate heroes, Orfeo, here you may rest, a new god for Thrace, for the beaches of Eoi. And already, incline your ears, and piously gather mortals' wishes and chase away their difficulties. In heaven, on earth meanwhile, let there be heard happy and festive and sweet song. Fosforo, you who in heaven are the first to announce the day, give a propitious start to the ornamented singing.

531 Fosforo Come, oh beautiful stars, shining servant-girls of the sun! Decorate blonde hair and golden tresses for our semi-god of the beautiful rubies.

532 Gods Orfeo is already not dead, but lives in heaven, as a celestial semi-god.

533 Fosforo You, rich Spring, treasure-holder of flowers, of crocus and buttercups, of white lilies and roses; weave for Orfeo a beautiful mantle.

534 Gods & Shepherds Oh glorious god, oh fortunate hero, happy semi-god!

535 Fosforo And you, Graces, who unburden heaven from the dark veil, with your eternal lights, make serene again the sight for our Orfeo, who burns above all other.

536 Shepherds Orfeo lives again, not on earth, but on the ethereal shores.

537 Fosforo But you, singing divas, not be too lazy to sing! With clear and sweet accents, make heard on earth resounding caves and chirping winds.

538 Gods & Shepherds Fortunate semi-god, as the prize for your singing you have in heaven a starry robe, eternal glory, an equal trophy. Fortunate semi-god!

539 Gods To heaven you ascend with singing wings, taking away from death, by dying, its passions. Now singing of heaven, ornamented with stars, you soften Fate, when he is harsh.

540 Gods & Shepherds Oh glorious god, oh fortunate hero, happy semi-god!
Fortunate semi-god, as the prize for your singing you have in heaven a starry robe, eternal
glory, an equal trophy. Fortunate semi-god!