

Parallel London (1705) and Bologna (1677) Librettos of *Arsinoe*  
Supplement to Thomas McGeary, ‘Thomas Clayton’s *Arsinoe* (1705) Reconsidered:  
An English Opera in the Italian Manner’  
*from*  
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*Ormondo*, General of the Queen of Cyprus’s Army. His true Name is  
*Pelops*, Prince of *Athens*. He was first in Love with *Dorisbe*, and after  
with *Arsinoe*.

*Feraspe*, Captain of the Queen’s Guards, in Love with *Dorisbe*.

*Delbo*, Servant to *Ormondo*, a Buffoon.

*Arsinoe*, Queen of *Cyprus*, in Love with *Ormondo*.

*Dorisbe*, A Princess of the Blood, and a Pretender to the Crown of *Cyprus*,  
in Love with *Ormondo*.

*Nerina*, An Old Woman, formerly Nurse to *Dorisbe*.

ARSINOE Queen of Cyprus

DORISBE Princess of the blood

PELOPS Under the name of Ormondo, Prince of Athens

FERASPE Captain of the Royal Guard

ERMILLO Page of *Arsinoe*

NERINA Nurse of *Dorisbe*

DELBO Servant of Ormondo

Act I

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Arsinoe Sleeping in a Garden. The Time Night, the Moon shining.*  
*Enter Ormondo and Delbo.*

SCENE I.

*Night*  
*With the moon shining in the sky.*

Gardens

*Arsinoe, sleeping, Ormondo, and then Delbo*

*Ormondo*. Queen of Darkness,  
Sable Night,  
Ease a wandering Lover’s Pain!  
Guide me,  
Lead me,  
Where the Nymph whom I adore,  
Sleeping,  
Dreaming,

*Orm*. O Queen of Darkness,  
Night, friend of Love, oh, guide me  
Where my Idol rests and sleeps:  
Already its horror, so deep.  
I alone have no peace, and the world is asleep.  
Never may a loving heart rest  
The wave rests in the river’s womb;  
The sea rests among its foam;

Thinks of Love and me no more.  
*Guide me, Lead me, &c.*

*Delbo.* The farther I walk  
I stumble the more,  
I grope out my Way  
And tremble with Fear.

*(Stumbling.)*

Alone I am afflicted and weep.  
Never, etc.  
*Del.* The more I go amid  
*Making the motions of worry.*  
These flowery paths,  
I am full of so much fear,  
That I feel myself shaking like a branch.  
*Orm.* This breast never has peace:  
Peace has the shade, and peace has the wind.  
Every element enjoys some peace;  
The sun shines with all consuming heat.  
This, etc.  
*Del.* Miserable one, where do I stumble? Ah, *Delbo*, be quiet.  
In the court [yard] all the paths have troubles.  
*He bumps [into something] and falls over.*  
*Orm.* From Greece to the billowy cape,  
Rich in booty, and laden with triumphs,  
Now, now, forsake the conquering spar [of the ship].  
Love blinds the wing,  
Prepared my swift feet,  
Only in order to pass unknown, or at least hidden,  
From the rocks of the sea, to those of a gulf.  
*Del.* Sir, sir. *dreaming*  
*Orm.* What do you want?  
*Del.* I wouldn't dream of anything.  
*Orm.* Oh, be quiet there fool, and while I leave  
To find among the shade the sun what I adore,  
Stay here and watch, that I may return  
To enjoy the splendid radiance of *Dorisbe*.  
Be faithful, vigilant, observe, and listen around here.  
Light up, friendly stars,  
Not rebellious,  
My joy.  
Let now your bright rays descend  
In order to give peace  
To my sighs.  
Light up, etc.  
Sparkle, happy stars,  
Always friends  
Of my joy.  
Descend now merciful light  
That gives rest  
To my thoughts.  
Sparkle, etc. *exits*

SCENE II.

*Delbo alone*

Ormondo goes and leaves me  
Here alone in the dark,  
Amid dreadfulness and fright:  
He heads toward joy, I remain among suffering.  
He searches for company, and I remain alone.

To love and to serve  
Is just to go crazy  
For uncertain beauty.  
As for me, what shall I do.  
Weigh [the coins], 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, awakens, and continues.*

Oh, let me sing, unwelcome sleep,

I do not wish to sleep, for I haven't eaten.

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.

*Ormondo returns, having seen Arsinoe as she sleeps.*

*Orm.* Ye Gods, what Heavenly Fair  
What more than Mortal here  
Do I behold?  
Two Radiant Stars  
On *Phoebus* Face  
So shrow'd their Light.  
Milky Hands,  
And Purple Cheeks,  
Lips of Coral,  
Breasts of Snow.  
Lillies, Roses, Pearly Dew  
Yield in Beauty all to you!  
*Lillies, Roses, &c.*

(Ormondo finds Arsinoe sleeping.)

O Heavens, O Gods. What do I see!  
O Divine sight!  
O forms, charming and beautiful!  
Before a sun, sleep two stars.  
Beautiful hands, gracious cheeks,  
Dear lips and unsullied breasts,  
All these united in you.

Lilies, roses, pearls, and milk,  
White brow, wild hair,  
Happy lashes, and dear eyes,  
To you I give the prize.  
The Dawn, the Sun, the Sky, and the Sea.

SCENE II.

*Enter one Masqu'd, with Bow and Arrows ready  
to shoot at Arsinoe, and sings.*

*[Masked man]* Now Tyrant take thy Doom,  
Thy Time is come,  
Dye Tyrant, dye.  
*Orm.* Hold Traytor, first  
Thy Salvage Blood  
I'll Sacrifice.

*(He shoots and misses.  
(The Masquer lets fall his Bow.  
Ormondo pursues him. Arsinoe  
wakes, Delbo falls on the Ground.)*

*Ars.* Help me Gods,  
Assist my Flight.

*(Arsinoe flies off the  
Stage in a fright.)*

SCENE IV.

*A masked man, armed with a bow, and the above.*

*Masked man.* Behold the opportune time,  
Die, die tyrant! *and he shoots*

*Orm.* You shall fall first madman!  
Prey of my fury!

*Ormondo lunges toward 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 relieve the heat of the summer sky,  
As if dead before 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 fighting from within.*

SCENE V.

*Delbo awakens in a state of shock.*

Oh my! I can see Pluto,  
Ghosts, dreams, and phantoms. Help, help!  
*The scenery shakes.*

Who is here? Who is there?

*The masked man runs on stage, and slaps  
Delbo with [the side] of his sword.*

Lord. Oh my, mercy. *on the ground*

SCENE III.

*Delbo on the Ground.*

*Del.* Am I wounded, or am I dead?  
My fault'ring Tongue  
Can utter no more,  
I find I am dead.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Arsinoe with Ormondo, his Sword drawn, and  
Delbo on the Ground.*

*Orm.* As Roses show  
More pale with Dew,  
So suits this sudden Fright  
My Charming Fair with you!  
Detain me not,  
I will pursue the Foe.

*Ars.* Hold, hold,  
Ye Powers Divine!  
How ev'ry Word  
Melts down my Soul. *(Aside, as fainting.)*

*Orm.* Gods! do you bleed?  
*Ars.* Yes, in my Heart, *(Aside.)*  
And owe my Life to you)

*Orm.* Who can this be?  
She walks and speaks a deity! *(Aside.)*

*Ars.* Who can this be?  
Who Life and Death bestows on me ! *(Aside.)*

*Orm.* Heavens! O what Anguish !  
*Ars.* Gods! how I languish?  
*Orm./Ars.* Leave me/Relieve me blind God of Love.  
*Orm./Ars.* Ease me/Release me blind God of Love.

*Ars.* Ha! then you know me.  
*Orm.* We may adore  
A Deity unknown.

*Ars.* He seems *Ormondo*;  
It cannot be,  
*Ormondo's* at the War.  
*Orm./Ars.* So sweet an Air/ So high a Mean was never seen. *(Both.)*

SCENE VI.

*Delbo, lying down*

Am I dead, or am I just injured?  
Ah, how without comfort  
I will speak no more; I am dead!  
*He hears someone, and pretends to be dead.*

SCENE VII.

*Ormondo, Arsinoe, and Delbo on the ground.*

*Orm.* Let go, let go! Let me follow  
This burning, reckless man's fleeing tracks.  
*He goes to pursue the Masked Man with his sword.*

*Ars.* No. Stay, help, and be silent.  
*Orm.* I run to cut d/own the scoundrel.  
*Ars.* O heavens. O God?

*Orm.* Beautiful one, are you injured?  
*Ars.* Within my heart, and to you I owe my life.

*Orm.* Who could have done this, O God?  
The Nocturnal Deity will be able to tell. *aside*

*Ars.* Who could have done this, oh fate?  
Who first gave me life and now death. *aside.*

*Ars.* I am injured.  
*Orm.* I am wounded.  
A 2 Give aid to my heart. / O blessed God.  
*Ars.* To my heart.  
*Orm.* To my breast.  
A 2 I am injured / I am wounded. O blind God.

*Ars.* Do you recognize me, by chance?  
*Orm.* I offer my heart.  
I devote my vows to a secret beauty.  
*Ars.* These things from Ormondo? Ah, no. For he is far away  
At the command of the army:  
At court formerly he did not seem to me  
A knight so steadfast.

*Ars.* Ye Gods! who can this be?  
*Orm.* A Lover.  
*Ars.* Then depart.  
*Orm.* I go,  
And leave my Heart.  
*Ars.* O Stay,  
Resolve not quite so soon!

*(Is going.)*

Take this, and know  
I owe my Life to you:  
If not enough,  
I owe my Heart and Crown.

*(She gives him a Scarf.)*

*(Aside.)*

*(She goes out.)*

SCENE V.

*Delbo on the Ground.*

*Del.* For thy Ferry-Boat, Charon,  
I thank thee,  
But thrust me not out  
Tho' I bring you no News,  
For I came in a hurry.  
*Orm.* *Delbo.*  
*Del.* My Lord.  
*Orm.* Asleep?  
*Del.* I shall never wake more,  
I am dead.  
*Orm.* Thou dreaming Sot,  
Where art thou?  
*Del.* In the World below,  
I seek a new Master.  
*Orm.* Rise, Slave ;  
No more:

*(Delbo rises.)*

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 am obedient.  
*Ars.* You are very resolute.  
*Orm.* But why should I delay?  
*Ars.* I am injured. O God!  
*Orm.* I am bleeding .  
*Ars.* And how?  
*Orm.* From my right side drips  
Blood, my life, in warm waves.  
*Ars.* *(Here, stop trembling, my foot.)* *aside*  
Take this scarf as a sign  
That I owe you my life, my heart, my kingdom. *exit*

SCENE VIII.

*Ormondo and Delbo on the ground.*

*Orm.* Scarf, blindfold of Love  
You shall bind the wounds to my heart.  
Injuries, cuts,  
Beauties adored,  
As much as possible.  
With such a beautiful scarf  
The pain and the wound  
Of your heart I will heal.  
*Del.* I thank you, O Charon;  
But if I do not bring you news from the world,  
Forgive me, for now I have just arrived.  
*Orm.* *Delbo?*  
*Del.* Sir?  
*Orm.* What are you doing? Are you keeping 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.* Sir, 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.

And you *Dorisbe*,  
Now forgive me,  
Charming Fair, adieu:  
A greater Power  
Controuls my Soul;  
It boils, and reigns  
Within my Veins;  
    Adieu! adieu !  
Dorisbe, Charming Fair adieu!  
    Old Laws must yield to new.  
    Adieu, adieu!  
Old Laws must yield to new;  
Dorisbe, *Charming Fair adieu, &c.*

*(They go out.)*

SCENE VI.

*Dorisbe's Apartment. Enter Feraspe.*

*Feraspe.* Happy he who void of Love,  
No Beauty prizes,  
Or despises;  
Never fearing,  
Or despairing.  
Not aspiring,  
Or desiring,  
Happy living, void of Love.  
*Never fearing, &c.*

But you, *Dorisbe*, my Idol, forgive me,  
If my heart has reasons to abandon you.  
    Forgive me, O light of love,  
    If I leave you for another beauty:  
    Thus Love of the soul disposes,  
    Thus it wishes, who makes me a servant.  
    Forgive me, etc.  
Have pity on me, O eyes most dear,  
If my heart is no longer yours.  
You want that it burns with another spark;  
You want it to save its fidelity for another.  
Have pity, etc.

SCENE IX.

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 dejected,  
Who roams around at the base of these walls,  
And sighs on account of his cruel wound.

SCENE X.

*Feraspe and Nerina.*

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.

*Enter Nerina.*

*Fer. Nerina?*

*Ner. My Lord.*

*Fer. Where is Dorisbe?*

*Ner. In her Apartment.*

But how came you here?

*Fer. Nerina, kind Nerina,  
You alone*

Can help to ease my Pain.

*Ner. My tender Heart  
Ev'n melts with Grief,  
What can I do?*

*Fer. Show me Dorisbe,  
Let me see*

The Charming Fair:

I perish in a Storm of Love,  
Am sinking in Despair.

*Ner. If you are Wise,  
You'll take Advice,  
And live as others do;  
'Tis the Fashion,  
Without Passion,  
To make Love, and not be true.  
'Tis the Fashion, &c.*

*Fer. Behold she comes.*

*Ner. I'm lost, undone.*

*Fer. Peace, I'll abscond.*

*Ner. There in the Closet.*

Bolt the Door,  
If she perceives,  
I am undone.

*(He retires, and harkens.)*

*(Goes out.)*

SCENE VII.

Dorisbe, Ormondo.

Nerina?

*Ner. My Lord?*

*Fer. Where is Dorisbe?*

*Ner. She entered her own rooms,*

All happy and laughing.

*Fer. Oh, heavens. She is joyful, and 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 pity's sake. Guide me to port.

*Ner. If you do as I tell you,  
You will stop grieving.*

It is common 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 will hide.*

*Ner. In these rooms,*

Enter and close the door.

If Dorisbe notices you, oh, God, I'll die.

*withdraws  
exits*

SCENE XI.

*Dorisbe, and Ormondo*

A 2 If I love you, and I adore,  
O light serene,  
Love knows it.  
I am consumed, and I die;  
I must languish.



*Dor.* Ormondo, now the Time is come,  
And we alone.  
I will impart  
A Secret.

*Orm.* You may rely  
On my Fidelity,  
I can be secret  
Tho' I cannot love.

(*Aside.*)

*Dor.* You know *Arsinoe*,  
Whole haughty Pride  
Has robb'd my Father of his Life,  
And shed my Brother's Blood.

*Orm.* Inhuman Deed!  
What would you do?

*Dor.* Revenge, revenge,  
With impious Blood appease  
Their angry Ghosts.

*Orm.* Ye Gods!

*Dor.* But yesterday I sent  
To give her Death,  
And know not how  
She 'scap'd the Blow.

*Orm.* Ha! 'twas the Queen  
Whom I reliev'd !

*Dor.* Ormondo, you are brave,  
Espouse my Quarrel,  
And revenge my Cause.

*Orm.* My Honour withstands.

*Dor.* *Dorisbe* Commands.

*Orm./Dor.* But Pity/Entreaty shou'd move you. (Both.)

A 2 For dear / another beauty. *aside*

*Dor.* Luckily, I return.

My suffering is ending.

My life, my heart, and my soul.

*Orm.* Every moment spent away from you, my love,  
Is like a century 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 a secret, and not to  
Others apart from you,  
That your zealous fidelity is my grief.

*Orm.* Of my fidelity, a paragon example,  
I will keep most secret (no matter who is the beloved.) *aside*

*Dor.* Already you know, that proud *Arsinoe*,  
Through jealousy of the kingdom,  
Bled dry my great father,  
And that in such an evil river,  
The son died after the father.

*Orm.* O inhuman deed!

*Dor.* To avenge the death of the father  
And of the brother at one time.  
I swear to Nemesis with steady daring;  
Either to kill this impious woman or to die.

*Orm.* A lamentable outcome.

*Dor.* Therefore, to one of my faithful, I opened the entrance  
Of the royal garden, the night having fallen.  
He found her asleep.  
But, O God, I know not how  
Cruel fortune foiled the attack;  
She was defended by an unknown knight.

*Orm.* (Ah, that. How the Queen  
Was succored!) *aside*

*Dor.* Now she still lives,  
To the disgrace of the stars and of gods.  
It is expected, Ormondo,  
For your offended lady, to vow a great 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.

*Orm.* Gods, I must feign  
My Love, I will obey.

*(Aside.*

SCENE VIII.

*A Table. Ormondo feigns to write.*

*Dor.* Foul Offspring of eternal Night,  
Hells darling Plague,  
*Alecto*\* rise,  
Rejoyce and fee  
With me,  
The Fall of Proud *Arsinoe*.  
    *Alecto rise, &c.*

*Orm.* The Paper's seal'd,  
Dispatch it to the King of *Thrace*.

*Dor.* First let me know  
What it contains.

*Orm.* I ask for Arms,  
And Succour in your Name.

*Feraspe apart.* Heavens! they conspire.

*Dor.* 'Tis well, 'tis well,  
'Tis now resolv'd

*Arsinoe* shall die.

*Fer.* Rebels, is this the Love  
And Faith you show

*(He comes boldly out.*

*Dor.* Of your fidelity, this attack  
Will be a symbol.

*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 your heart fierce.

*Orm.* (Come now, I must feign)

*[aside]*

To the King of *Thrace* I shall write.

*Dor.* In the end, my prayers shall conquer a heart of stone.

SCENE XII.

*Feraspe aside, Ormondo, who is writing,  
and Dorisbe.*

*Dor.* Away with thinking. To arms, to arms.  
What is delayed, what is awaited,  
Vengeance, is already near.  
I wish to die, or to avenge myself.  
In thought, &c.

*Orm.* The paper is now sealed.

Now a messenger must depart,

And take this letter to the King of *Thrace*.

*Dor.* And what thoughts

Are inside?

*Orm.* I implore for my succor, arms, and soldiers.

*Fer.* (Oh, heavens, what do I hear.)

*hidden to the side*

*Orm.* (Oh, sorrow!

Today, I must either feign or die.)

*aside*

*Dor.* Oh, because without wings,

And not so swift

As an arrow is the messenger with the letter.

With her fierce grief

*Arsinoe* shall die.

*Fer.* (Stars, what do I hear?)

*hidden to the side*

*Orm.* (Oh, torment, kill me not?)

*aside*

*Dor.* Yes, yes, the unworthy woman shall fall.

*Fer.* Here they think to betray the ruler?

*He leaves resolute.*

The perfidious rebels.

Is this the love, the fidelity, that is given to the king?

To Queen *Arsinoe* ?

(*Ormondo drops the Letter.*)

*Orm./Dor.* Betray'd/Dismay'd I am undone

(*Aside. Both*)

*Orm.* I am betrayed.

*aside*

*Dor.* I am dead

*aside*

*Fer.* *Arsinoe* shall live  
And be reveng'd  
Of both her Foes.

*Fer.* *Arsinoe* will live in her kingdom,

And she shall arm her righteous vengeance with a weapon.

*Dor.* (Oh, unhappy *Dorisbe*!)

*aside*

*Orm.* Oh, unfaithful one.

*toward Dorisbe*

*Fer.* Oh, cruel one.

A 2 This is how you deceive me?

*Dor.* O God, why do I not die amid so much grief!

*Orm.* You concealed a rival.

*Fer.* You found a traitor.

*Orm.* A witness conjured.

*Fer.* An unjust executioner.

A 2 Oh, the death of *Arsinoe*.

*Orm.* How cruel!

*Fer.* How proud!

*Dor.* *Arsinoe* does not die, *Dorisbe* perishes.

*Orm.* Oh, you proud one!

*Fer.* Oh, you inhuman one!

*Orm.* The iron challenges;

*Fer.* The steel bears itself

A 2 To your angry voice.

*Putting their hands on their swords.*

This is how I shall respond.

*Dor.* Lords, stop!

This royal house

Is not a battlefield.

*Orm.* Let us leave.

*Fer.* Let us go.

*Dor.* Elsewhere,

Your valor shall be seen.

*Orm./Fer.* A 2 We take this path to the contest.

*exit Feraspe*

*Orm./Fer.* Ungrateful!/ Unfaithful! So to deceive me

(*Both to Dorisbe.*)

*Orm.* Combin'd with a Rival  
Your Witness employ.

*Fer.* Design'd by a Villain  
The Queen to destroy.

*Dor.* Then 'tis decreed )  
*Arsinoe* must live >  
*Dorisbe* bleed. )

(*She weeps.*)

*Orm./Fer.* And thou, bold Slave!/ Bold Traytor thou! draw. (*Both.*)

*Dor.* Soldiers forbear,  
This Royal Place  
Is not for War.

*Orm./Fer.* Prepare, prepare/To meet elsewhere to thy Disgrace.

[*Dorisbe and Ormondo go off seperately.*]

SCENE XIII.

*Dorisbe detains Ormondo.*

*Dor.* Oh, halt, *Ormondo*.

*Orm.* Oh, disloyal, ingrate.

*Dor.* I am innocent.

*Orm.* In the same rooms unknown

You sheltered a lover, unfaithful, unworthy.

*Dor.* Listen, stop, wait, my Idol!

*Orm.* Let go of me!

*Making an effort to leave.*

*Del.* For pity's sake!

*Orm.* Good bye, perfidious woman!

*exit*

SCENE XIV.

*Dorisbe alone.*

*Dor.* Ormondo, O stars, O heavens.

O enemies to my too cruel heart.

My hopes, go, go.

Since in my prison of pain,

You have abandoned your flight,

You will find yourself in despair.

My hopes, etc.

My thoughts, go, go.

I know that you must be found,

Despairing of hope,

Since among the shadows, you are tormented.

My, etc.

SCENE XV.

*Ermillo from one side and afterwards*

*Delbo the other.*

*Erm.* I want to laugh from my heart,

If one day I will return in freedom,

Working at court, and wasting time,

For those who are suffering from vanity.

I want, &c.

*Del.* I become angry, truly,

And finally I know that I shall go mad.

My master is carefree.

It is night, and I go searching.

I become angry, &c.

*Erm.* Here I do not find Dorisbe,

And Arsinoe awaits her.

*Del.* Here I search for my Master,

Whom I have now lost.

SCENE XVI.

*Feraspe hidden and the above.*

*Fer.* To Ormondo I concede.

The Queen yields to the contest,

And I return here for a moment

Because if the stars turn their anger toward me,

I want to look toward Dorisbe, and then die.

*Erm.* But that paper?

*Del.* That letter.

*Both trying to pick up the letter at the same time.*

A 2 Do I pick it up from the ground?

Er. Delbo.  
 Del. Ermillo,  
 A 2 Ah, let go.  
 Er. Let's see to whom it is addressed.  
 A 2 To the King of Thrace.  
 Fer. (To the King of Thrace.) *aside*  
 Del. And this  
     Is the seal of Ormondo.  
 Fer. (With the seal of Ormondo?) *aside*  
 Er. But what business does it contain.  
 Fer. Stop. What does it contain. *He takes the letter from him.*  
 Erm./Del. A 2 The fight is over.  
 Fer. Out of my sight, or go away.

SCENE IX.

*Feraspe going off takes up the Letter, and Sings alone.*

Fer. Directed to the King of Thrace,  
 So now 'tis plain  
 Ormondo has conspir'd:  
 I thank my Stars  
 And hasten to the Queen;  
 My Rival dies,  
 Dorisbe shall be mine. *(Goes off.*

SCENE X.

*The Queen s Apartment. Arsinoe alone upon a Couch.*

Ars. Wounded I,  
 And Sighing lie,  
 Yet know not whom I love.  
     'Twixt Hope and Fear  
 So nigh Despair,

SCENE XVII.

*Feraspe reads the superscription.*

To the King of Thrace. Friend!  
 Behold. Everything is apparent.  
 Now the betrayal is certain.  
 The conspiracy is revealed.  
 Now still sealed  
 I will give it to Arsinoe, my life. and thus it may be  
 The death of a rival.  
     Happy is the one who hopes  
     To rejoice in love;  
     Cowardly is the heart  
     That loving despairs.  
     Happy, &c.  
 Blessed is the one who rejoices  
     In the midst of anguish;  
     I will join my beloved  
     With art and deceit.  
     Blessed, &c.

SCENE XVIII.

Royal Hall

*Arsinoe alone.*

I am a lover, and I am wounded,  
 And the object of my love is he who wounded me.  
 I cannot say who it is.  
 I neither hope nor fear.  
 At the same time, I hold death and life.

I cannot hence remove.  
*'Twixt Hope and Fear, &c.*  
Still I feel the raging Pain:  
Alas too soon,  
Alas too soon,  
I am undone.  
My Freedom to regain.  
*Alas too soon, &c.*

Ye Gods, could I  
The Scarf but see,  
I should my Lover know!  
*(She rises.)*

SCENE XI.

*Enter Ormondo kneeling with a Wreath of Lawrel in his Hand,  
as from the Battel. The Scarf upon his Arm.*

*Orm.* Behold, O Royal Fair,  
The Conquest you have gain'd;  
Trophies, which below you are,  
Beneath your Feet are laid.  
*(Presents the Lawrel kneeling.)*

*Ars.* Ye Gods, behold the Scarf!  
*(Aside.)*

*Ormondo* you have conquer'd.  
Conquer'd me.  
*(Aside.)*

*Orm.* She sees the Scarf  
And changes pale.  
*(Speaks aside kneeling.)*

I burn, I burn,  
Am bound with Chains,  
And would not now be free.  
*(Aside all.)*

*Ars.* Rise brave *Ormondo*,  
Who like you,  
In Peace and War,  
Triumphing are,  
May all subdue.  
*(He rises.)*

*Orm.* Great Queen, your mighty Foe  
The *Persian* King  
Is overthrown,  
Dispose of Kingdoms and a Crown,  
Which to you Obedience own.

I want to languish; then I do not want to.  
Oh, unhappy one, oh, raging one.  
I wish to love and then not to 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, O God, in my suffering  
To know by the scarf my new love.

SCENE XIX.

*Ormondo and the above.*

*Orm.* Esteemed laurels,  
I, Ormondo, place upon my brow  
At your great god, the victor bows.  
Generous Queen,  
I come to lay down at your revered feet  
Palms, crowns, vassalage, and fidelity.  
*Ars.* (Oh, heaven. Behold the scarf, *aside*  
Trophy of the victor)  
*Ormondo* has conquered (and at the same time has won love.) *aside*

*Orm.* (She sees the scarf, and the face of the Queen *aside*  
Has become pale. Oh, how the heart is consumed.  
It is glorious to languish for such excessive ardor.)

*Ars.* Oh, arise Ormondo. Oh, god,  
For it is not right to observe prostrate upon the ground  
He who conquers in peace and triumphs in war.

*Orm.* Queen, we have conquered:  
To my right armed hand  
Is joined your royal strength.  
Now, I carry the palms to you.

*Ars.* (Or rather death.) *aside*  
*Orm.* Now Artaserse is defeated.

*Ars. Ormondo, I applaud  
What you have done.  
But are you hurt?  
I see you bound.*

*Orm. Ye Gods!  
I'm hurt, and bound by you.*

*Ars. You Sigh.*

*Orm. If Sighing would do!*

*Ars. Oh! then you love?*

*Orm. Where Love is due.*

*Ars. Are you requited?*

*Orm. If not slighted,*

*Ars. You hope?*

*Orm. I Fear.*

*Ars. Ormondo, dare  
Be bold and dare,*

*Altho' a Queen ——  
Ye Gods, what have I said?*

*Orm. Altho' a Queen!  
I comprehend.  
She hides Disdain  
In Pity of my Pain.*

*Ars. You may implore  
Whom you admire.*

*Orm. I'll die, I'll die,  
And say no more.*

*Ars. Altho' a Queen your Love inspire,  
To Queens Ormondo may aspire.*

*Orm. I'll die, I'll die,  
And say no more.*

*Ars. He does not understand.  
Speak timerous Soul,  
Thy Pardon's sign'd;  
Here's Love and Majesty combin'd.  
Whom do you love?*

*(Sighing.)  
(Aside.)*

*(Aside.)*

*(Aside.)*

Every province conquered by the enemy king  
We have won.

*Ars. But (how I lose myself.)*

*aside*

*Orm. I make the neighboring*

Regions tributaries, and these are the glories  
Of your triumphs, and of my victories.

*Ars. I applaud the unvanquished Ormondo.*

To your valour, and to your steadfast fidelity;  
But what a bright scarf

Is around your right arm?

*Orm. Oh, heavens. Oh, God!*

*Ars. Perhaps your hand was injured?*

Why do I sigh?

*Orm. Ah, it is no use sighing.*

*Ars. Are you the lover?*

*Orm. I don't know.*

*Ars. Is it reciprocated?*

*Orm. I don't deserve it.*

*Ars. Do you hope?*

*Orm. More immediately, I fear.*

*Ars. Ormondo, have courage,*

Even if I were Queen (oh my, what am I saying?) *aside*

*Orm. (Even if I were Queen? I understand; I feel.)* *aside*  
Sharp torment mixed with sweet hope.)

*Ars. Be merciful, ask for pity;*

Such events are harsh in themselves.

*Orm. I want to be silent and to die.*

*Ars. (He does not understand me.)*

*aside*

Speak, timid heart.

Majesty and love are one.

*Orm. I want to be silent, and to die.*

*Ars. (He does not understand.)*

*aside*

What respect stops you?

I have now already told you, if I were Queen.

Silence does not matter.

*Orm.* She bids me tell,  
I can no longer hold,  
I'll speak, and die ——  
It is —— *Arsinoe* ——

*Ars.* No more,  
I faint.

*(Aside.)*

*Orm.* Your Pity I implore.  
*Ars.* Audacious Wretch!  
*Orm.* O, forgive me!  
*Ars.* Proud Slave! no more.

Take this, and part  
But that I know ——  
——You understand ——  
I'd have thy Heart.

*(Gives her Picture.)*

*Orm.* I've said too much,  
And take my Doom  
In this sweet Martyrdom.

*(Goes off.)*

SCENE XII.

*Arsinoe alone.*

*Ars.* O Love, O Love,  
O Love, I have gain'd,  
My Power maintain'd,  
Concealing the Chains I endure!  
O Love, O Love,  
O Love, I have gain'd  
A Victory sure.  
Joy allures me,  
Hope assures me,  
Both secure me!  
    How sweet are the Pains  
    Of Love-sick Wounds  
    When once we obtain?  
O Love, O Love,  
O Love, I have gain'd  
A Victory sure!

*The End of the First Act.*

Whom do you love?  
*Orm.* (She trusts me,  
I wish to die:) and *Arsinoe* ——  
*Ars.* What? (I die.)

*aside*

*aside*

*Orm.* I ask for pity.  
*Ars.* How dare you!  
*Orm.* Oh, please forgive me.  
*Ars.* Proud one,  
If it weren't for . . . , that's enough. You understand me.  
Now get up, be silent, and leave.

*Giving the picture.*

If it wasn't for . . . , I would want to bleed you dry.

*Orm.* Oh, such a great martyr!  
Because I spoke too much, I go to my death.  
*Exits*

SCENE XX.

*Arsinoe alone.*

Finally, I have conquered love;  
Supported my majesty;

Concealing its chains in a conquered heart.  
I have conquered love. I have conquered.

Rejoice, hopes.  
My heart celebrates  
How sweet the pain  
Of so many injuries.  
Rejoice hopes, etc.  
Rejoice, feelings.  
That after the martyrdom  
The sea of joys  
Will return in peace.  
Rejoice feelings.

*End of the First Act*



Act II

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Great Hall looking into a Garden.*

*Ormondo with the Picture in his Hand, and Delbo.*

*Orm.* Charming Creature,  
Every Feature  
Of the Goddess I adore!  
So sweet a Face,  
With such a Grace,  
Sure no Mortal Hand could frame;  
    Ah now I know  
    The God of Love,  
    'Twas he, 'twas he,  
    His Fiery Dart  
    (No human Art)  
This lovely Form inspir'd!  
    *Ah, now I know, &c.*  
Eyes that kill'd me with Disdain,  
Here with Pity seem to move;  
'Tis he, 'tis he, the God of Love,  
'Tis he who gave the Wound.  
    But Repenting  
    And Relenting,  
Chuses here to ease my Pain.  
    *Eyes that kill'd me, &c.*

ACT TWO.  
SCENE ONE.

Royal Courtyard

*Ormondo, carrying a portrait, and Delbo.*

Dear effigy and beautiful image  
Of my radiant and charming sun,  
Who was it that formed you?  
Ah, I know,  
With his arrow and with his passion

    The God of Love painted you.  
Cruel lips, fierce eyes,  
Here merciful, and later not.  
And who could have drawn you?  
Ah, I know,  
In order to give my pain a rest,  
The blinded god painted you.

*Del.* Lord, if you knew  
Of Feraspe's injuries,  
You would go up to the Furies.

*Orm.* Beloved Queen, *without noticing [Delbo]*  
Why when I was discovered, as a servant and a lover,  
Did your baccant fury *to himself*  
Condemn me to die, and then, being merciful,  
You give me this effige, lovely shadow.

*Del.* Feraspe

*Orm.* (My fate)

*to himself*

*Del.* Seized the letter from me.

*Orm.* (Is kind and unexpected.)  
*Del.* Now that I find you,  
*Orm.* (To pain and to joy at once it invites me.)  
*Del.* You understand everything.  
*Orm.* (To be chained and free.  
 I know not how to manage my soul,  
 And I also don't know if she fears or want to endure pain.  
*Del.* Oh, what a strange response!  
*Orm.* Ho there! Who speaks?  
*Del.* I'll be quiet  
 Because Feraspe is coming.  
*Orm.* Why is it important?  
*Del.* To return the letter to you.  
*Comes close to [his] ear and speaks softly.*  
*Orm.* The letter? How? When?  
*Del.* Nothing, nothing, lord, I kindly suggest.  
*Orm.* Stop. Hear me.  
*Del.* Oh, lord, Feraspe is coming.  
*Shaking in fear*  
*Orm.* Let him come, that perhaps the daring reckless one  
 Will pay with death, and you here await,  
 An example of offense and of vengeance.

SCENE II.

*Enter Feraspe.*

*Fer.* Stand, Rebel, stand,  
 Receive thy Doom;  
 'Tis fit this Court should see  
 The Giant fall,  
 Who dares aspire so high.

*Orm.* Inglorious Villain,  
 Words from thee  
 Move not a gen'rous Mind.  
 My Soul disdains so base a Foe:  
 But, since thou dost presume,  
 I scorn Advantage.  
*Delbo,* Take this.

*(Gives him his Dagger.)*

*Del.* If I dare approach it.  
*Orm.* This Scarf too.

*(Gives him the Scarf.)*

SCENE II.

*Feraspe and the above.*

*[Fer.]* I have caught you, O proud one, where a blind scorn  
 Guides me, driven by a thousand furies.  
 To punish an unworthy one,  
 This avenging sword will join  
 The bright sword of Orion\*.  
 Now die. For indeed is it just that in this kingdom,  
 We want to see lightning-struck Typhon\* burn.  
*Orm.* This steel, through use and virtue,  
 Accustomed to battles and victories,  
 Of an iron so worthless, disappointing in splendor,  
 Behold me in arms and in the field  
 To demonstrate that you are lacking in honor,  
 An unworthy knight and a traitor.  
*Delbo,* take the dagger; I desire  
 No advantage in arms — *aside*  
*He gives him the dagger.*  
*Del.* Give it to me, lord, you could move a little away from me.  
*Orm.* Yet save this scarf,

And if I fall.

*(Speaks to him in his Ear.)*

And if I die on the ground

Listen —

*he speaks into [his] ear.*

*Del.* I'll do't, Sir.

*Del.* I shall do as you say.

*Fer.* Now I want shown to me.

To whom I have the honor.

*Orm.* Feraspe.

*Fer.* Ormondo.

A 2 To arms;

*with weapons*

*Orm.* And do you never yield?

*Fer.* And you still resist?

*Orm.* I want first to slaughter you.

*Fer.* On the contrary, you shall bleed out on the ground.

Your soul shall expire.

*Orm.* It gives me triumph.

*Fer.* While you look back at justice.

*Orm.* Ah, what a loss I think it is to conquer late.

Yield, Feraspe. The scarf goes to the victor.

*He drops his sword.*

*Fer.* 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.

*Orm.* Get up, Feraspe. I refuse

*He lifts up the sword.*

To give death to one unworthy of life.

*Del.* Kill him, Lord, while he is on the ground,

Just stick it through his heart.

*Fer.* Slay me and I forgive you,

*Orm.* Because in hatred, you have life. I give it to you.

Leave.

*Fer.* And the sword?

*Orm.* Perfect.

I shall take it to Dorisbe,

And there you can recover it.

*Fer.* Oh, God!

What pain is this?

*Orm.* And how happy I am.

*Fer.* Take my life,

If in you, mercy rules, supreme gods.

I am the subject of unfair fate.

Even impious death is refused me,

And in such infinite misery,

Can I not extinguish the light of my life?

Take my, etc.

*Orm./Fer. Feraspe./ Ormondo,* fall on.

*(Both)*

*Fer.* The Justice of my Cause take Place.

*Orm.* No more:

We lose our Time.

*Orm./ Fer.* A hated Strife, /And Rebel's Life, this soon will end. *(Both)*

*(They engage, Ormondo disarms him.)*

*Orm.* Deliver up thy Sword,

Thy Life is at my Mercy.

*Fer.* I'll die first like a Man of Honour,  
Though Fortune prove my Enemy,  
I'll yield to none but Death.

*Orm. Feraspe,* rise;  
That Burden of a Life  
I freely give, thee.

*Del.* Stick him, Sir, stick him;  
Now he's on the Ground  
Secure him there.

*Fer.* O rather let me die,  
Or, with my Life,  
Restore my Sword.

*Orm.* I'll give it to *Dorisbe,*  
Receive it from her.

*Fer.* Ye Gods, I only wish to die;  
Pity then, and take a Life  
Scorn'd by Fortune,  
Shun'd by Death:  
In Pity ease me! O, in Pity,  
Ease me of a useless Breath.

*Pity then, &c.*

*(Goes off.)*

SCENE III.

*Dorisbe alone.*

Soul betrayed,  
What are you going to do?  
You have no more hope.  
You have no flash of fortune.  
My suffering will be eternal.  
Soul betrayed.  
What are you going to do?  
Either die or do not love.  
Soul mocked,  
What more do you want to hope for?  
Everything happy is finished.  
I do not attempt another, but I worry,  
And I can only whisper.  
Soul mocked,  
What more do you want to hope for?  
Either die or do not love.  
With such a heart, with such a soul,  
Ormondo will be able to gaze upon me? Impious Feraspe,  
Author of all my pains,  
Model of cruelty,  
Heaven won't suffer you, nor a wicked thunderbolt.  
Oh, if in hatred, you have my love,  
Ormondo, I go to my death! Farewell, Ormondo!

SCENE III.

*Dorisbe enters, sees Ormondo and is going.*

*Orm.* Stop, stop, perfidious, and ungrateful Fair!

*Dor.* Perfidious!

Oh Heav'ns, in what have I offended?

*Orm.* Unfaithful, did you not conceal

*Feraspe* in your Closet?

Farewel, I'll never see you more.

Blind God, from your Chains I am free;

My slighted Love,

Thy broken Vows,

Have set my Heart at Liberty.

*Blind God, from your Chains I am free, &c.*

*Dor.* Ormondo, I am faithful.

*Orm.* What Faith can be in you?

*Dor.* My Heart! my Life! if ever ——

*Orm.* Peace, Disloyal.

SCENE IV.

*Ormondo arrives unexpectedly, and Delbo, and the above.*

*Orm.* Stop. Cease your weeping,

Perfidious wrongs.

*Dor.* Oh, heavens! An innocent. In what are you offended?

*Orm.* Oh, deceiver. Oh, unfaithful.

Yes, yes, with your Feraspe,

Whom you secretly hid in your rooms.

You rejoice with new affections and other loves.

But they shall be your punishment and my penance.

It is destroyed and the treacherous knot

That enthralled my heart and my foot.

I am now angry, and now I laugh

At your love and your fidelity.

It is destroyed, &c.

*Dor.* Ormondo, I am faithful —

*Orm.* Poor destiny!

*Dor.* My heart, my goodness, if ever —

*Orm.* Be quiet, disloyal woman!

*Dor.* Ye Gods!  
*Orm.* Tempt them no more.  
*Dor.* Hear me, at least.  
*Orm.* What, can you think  
I have forgot your Treachery?  
*Dor.* O Idol of my Love, I'm Innocent!  
*Orm.* 'Tis false.

At least I'm pleas'd with this Pretence.  
Here, take this Sword,  
Restore it to *Feraspe*, with your Love.

*(Aside.)*  
*(Gives her Feraspe's Sword.)*  
*(Throws it on the Ground.)*

As you desire this will an Action be  
Of Love to him, Inconstancy to me.

#### SCENE IV.

*Dorisbe, and Delbo who stays to observe her.*

*Dor.* Conqu'ring, O! but cruel Eyes,  
Why with Rigour will you kill  
Her, who adores you,  
And implores you?  
Can you wish to triumph more?  
Cease to sparkle with Disdain  
More to wound a bleeding Heart.  
The Conquest sure,  
Your Slave secure,  
What Pleasure to encrease the Smart!  
*Can you wish to triumph more? &c.*

*Del.* *Ormondo's* gone  
And leaves *Dorisbe* weeping;  
Sure his Heart is made of Marble.

Poor Lady, how you are mistaken ?

*(Delbo harkens.)*

*Dor.* Go, perjur'd Man!  
Are these your plighted Vows?  
*Del.* Thank my Stars,  
I am an honest Fellow, tho' a poor one,  
*Dor.* And am I innocent?  
Condemn'd and innocent!

*Dor.* Oh, God!  
*Orm.* Do not irritate the Gods.  
*Dor.* You hate at least —  
*Orm.* Unworthy!

I have discovered your betrayals.  
*Dor.* I am innocent, my idol.  
*Orm.* You lie.

*(Such a kind pretext,*  
I wish greatly to abandon *Dorisbe*.)  
But do you see this sword?  
It is *Feraspe's* life as a gift.  
So little.

*aside*

Now you are able with this  
*Dor.* *(Ah, fatal sentence.)*

*aside*

*Orm.* To make a loyal act of a true lover.

Impious, inconstant woman, yield the sword to the one who has taken it. [*exit*]

#### SCENE V.

*Dorisbe, and Delbo, who stays to observe hidden.*

[*Dor.*] Beautiful lights,  
But rebellious.  
Why so harsh?  
To make one die  
Who adores you  
By so little of your ardor.  
Why do you search  
So ruthlessly  
To give death to a faithful heart?  
Beautiful lights, etc.

*Del.* *Dorisbe* weeps, and *Ormondo* hastens away.  
He has no heart; for his is made of stone.

*Dor.* At least listen to my voice.

If you refuse to look at me, I too hate  
See that angry brow.

Oh, unworthy one. Oh, traitor. Oh, unfaithful one. Oh ingrate.

*Del.* Oh, my lady, you were wrong.

*Dor.* This is the fidelity you give, perjured soul?

*Del.* I may be poor, but my conscience is pure.

*Dor.* And do you thus condemn my innocence?

*Del.* Ah, *Dorisbe*, you are wrong.

*Dor.* The iron [sword] that you threw down,

I'll take this Sword,  
And with it——

*Del.* O Madam, by no means; forbear.

*Dor.* —— I'll kill that barb'rous Villain!  
When Justice sues for Punishment,  
It goes not unreveng'd.

*Delbo* what's that you do?

*(Sees Delbo endeavouring to hide the Scarf in a great Fright.)*

*Del.* Nothing, nothing.

*Dor.* Where's *Ormondo*?

*Del.* I cannot tell.

*(Still endeavours to hide it.)*

*Dor.* What is't you hide?  
A Scarf and Dagger;

*Ormondo*'s, are they not?  
Speak ——

*(Takes the Scarf and Dagger from him.)*

*Del.* Madam!

*Dor.* 'Tis his; *Ormondo*'s Name,  
Behold it carv'd upon the Steel.  
Revenge, Revenge!  
'Tis now resolv'd  
Th'usurping Queen shall lose her Crown,  
And he his Life.

Assist ye Furies from the Deep,  
Revenge, Revenge prepare!  
Let not Rage and Murder sleep,  
Revenge be all my Care.  
*Assist, &c.*

*(Takes up the Sword.)*  
*(Offers to stab her self.)*

Take up from the ground.

*Picking up the sword.*

*Del.* No, no, my lady.

*Dor.* 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 scarf.*

*Delbo*, what are you doing?

*Del.* Uh, nothing.

*Dor.* Where is *Ormondo*?

*Del.* I don't know.

*tries to hide [the scarf and dagger]*

*Do.* What are you hiding?  
A scarf and a dagger?

*She takes the scarf and dagger.*

These are *Ormondo*'s. True?

*Del.* My lady,

This looks pretty sharp to me.  
Oh, damned luck!

*Dor.* Here you can read *Ormondo*'s name incised;  
Resolve now, oh *Dorisbe*, a great vendetta.  
Thus I shall take from an unworthy lover  
His life, and from the Queen, the kingdom.

Lend me, O furies of Erebus\*,  
Flames, scorn, vengeance, and fury.  
At my signal, run to my aid.  
Make possible barbarous bloodshed!  
May your severity be implacable!  
Lend me, etc.

*exit*

#### SCENE VI.

*Delbo, Nerina who arrives.*

[*Del.*] My scarf and my dagger?

Oh, give [them] to me, *Dorisbe*. Ah, I am feeling ill.  
My master ruled by the furies, oh how dreadful!

*In despair*

I no longer wish to serve  
*Ormondo* in peace or in war.  
Even he if he wanted to buy 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.  
*Ner.* Young ladies, be cautious —  
*Del.* Oh, Nerina. Oh, Dorisbe.  
My scarf, my dagger. Just now, just now,  
Now will I be punished without trial?  
*Ner.* Why do you weep?  
*Del.* Because I am done with laughter.  
*Ner.* Take comfort.  
*Del.* I'm trembling.  
*Ner.* To joy, to joy.  
*Del.* Away! Away! [exit]

SCENE VII.

*Nerina, Ermillo*

[*Ner.*] Young ladies, be careful.  
Always say yes.  
Goodness is dubious; pain is certain.  
The years come, and the days go.  
Young ladies, etc.  
Young ladies, be firm,  
And never say no.  
Time comes, and love goes,  
Even if one wished, one could not.  
Young ones, etc.  
*Erm.* Irene,\* the unconstant,  
Thus speaks to seduce the lover.  
*Ner.* Ermillo? What can I pay for  
Just one kiss.  
From your dear and colorful lips.  
*Erm.* I do not have yearnings so greedy.  
*Ner.* Rather, with such refusal  
You scorn the gifts, and you cure not my love.  
*Erm.* Such secure affections  
A love could not have.  
How bitter is a love that remains constant.  
The inconstancy in the heart of a woman,  
Being alone in youth.  
But if during the years,  
Love sows its seeds in the heart of a woman,  
Strong virtue has its own arrow,  
And it [love] knows well who wants to be pleased.  
For in its afternoon heat, the sun is more scorching.  
*Ner.* I enjoy, my dear Ermillo,  
Your wise thoughts.  
Give me now bliss and happiness,  
A single kiss, for I will give you a hundred.  
*Erm.* Go. I shall follow you, my dear, elsewhere,  
And I want to make you happy.  
*Ner.* The heart of a woman is always unstable  
With lovers of a young age:  
For one is only made loveable

With time and beauty;  
From the fruits, I can discern well,  
That the season is closer to winter.

[*exit Delbo and Nerina*]

SCENE VIII.

*Ermillo alone.*

Go now, Nerina, to the seductive feelings.  
She is not aware,  
What a blind age, crumbling and unfaithful, brings back.  
Love and dissemble,  
Oh, young boys in love.  
For as is custom today,  
You will live more happily  
With inconstant women,  
Doing thus.  
Love, etc.  
Laugh and play,  
Concealing your desire.  
If Love strikes you.  
With fraud so grateful  
With similar deceit  
The woman suffered.  
Laugh, etc.

SCENE V.

*A Palace Hall. Arsinoe and Ormondo.*

*Ars.* Doubtful Heart, O tell me why,  
Why you love, and not comply?  
If to Love you will not bend,  
Whither do thy Wishes tend?  
*Orm.* Fearful Heart, I know not why  
(Since you love, and constant are)  
Her Pity you forbear to try;  
Since Pity you must find, or die.

*Ars.* Ormondo, did my Picture please you?

*Orm.* Gods! how her Eyes dart through my Soul?  
Each Word's a Wound,  
Each single Look is Death!

*Ars.* All love is blind, I know,  
But this is dumb.

(*Aside.*)

SCENE IX.

Royal Hall

*Arsinoe and Ormondo*

*Ars.* I do not know what you desire,  
Dubious heart, so wait.  
Your thoughts are confused,  
If at one point you love and distain.  
*Orm.* I do not know what it expects,  
My dubious heart, your constancy,  
If, waiting in hope,  
You are rendered more desperate.

*Ars.* And how did my image, welcome and grateful,  
Come to you, invincible Ormondo?

*Orm.* Once again, O God, I remain transfixed.

*Ars.* And yet you breathe?

*Orm.* I weep. I breath. And perhaps in the end, I die.

*Ars.* Live and hope in love.

*Orm.* Oh, the fear kills me.

*Ars.* Fortune shall afflict you.

*Orm.* It is too fierce and importunate with me.



Ormondo, did my Picture please you?

[Ormondo sees Dorisbe enter with the Scarf about her.]

Orm. Gifts so rare,  
Above us are;  
Permit me to retire:  
I want some little space  
To bear so great a Grace.

(Arsinoe sees Dorisbe with the Scarf.)

Ars. No, no, Ormondo, you must stay.

Orm. Dorisbe with the Scarf?

Then I am lost:

Ars. My Hopes are past.

Orm. Was ever Fate;

Ars. Was ever State

So hard as mine?

Ars. To be despis'd,

Orm. To be surpriz'd,

By this Design.

(Aside.)

(Aside.)

(Aside.)

(Both.)

(Looking at Ormondo.)

Looking on Dorisbe.

(Both.)

Dor. Permit me, Madam, at your Feet to show  
The Faith and Loyalty I owe.

(Kneeling.)

Ars. And are you grateful?

Orm. To obtain such a thing is not permitted  
By heaven, by fate, or by my love.

Ars. To desire.

Orm. Is not enough.

Ars. What do you fear?

Orm. To die.

Ars. Trust in love

Orm. Destiny oppresses me.

A2 O child god! / O let me feel joy.

Ars. To desire.

Orm. Is not enough.

Ars. What do you fear?

Orm. To die.

Ars. What do you resolve, what do you think?

(O God, how you make me languish!) *aside*

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

Ars. (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's scarf round his arm.

Orm. Arsinoe has eyes shining in anger. I have failed. *aside*

Ars. That one scarf; Love, help.

Jealousy, you kill me, and I am betrayed.

## SCENA X.

*Dorisbe with the scarf, and the above.*

Dor. At your royal feet

I am obedient, maid;

By royal command I bow, and I pray.

Orm. (Take the scarf, Dorisbe, my beautiful symbol) *aside*

(Ah, Delbo. Ah, now, I know who it was.)

Ars. O god. May these torments kill me no longer.

*Not taking the scarf*

*Ars.* What Loyalty, what Faith?  
Base Woman, as thou art,  
This Scarf was never thine.

*(Tears the Scarf from her, and Dorisbe rises.*

*Dor.* Help, Heav'n!  
*Ars.* And you, *Ormondo*, to despise.  
My Royal Gift;  
I'll punish both:  
You are a Traytor, she my Enemy.

*Orm.* I am innocent ——

*Ars.* Thou art guilty.

*Dor.* My Queen! ——

*Ars.* Thy Fury !

*Orm.* In what have I offended?

*Ars.* In Treachery.

*Dor.* At least——

*Ars.* At least with Death I'll punish thee.

*Orm.* The Crime! ——

*Ars.* It is too evident.

*Dor./ Orm./ Ars.* What Torment/Anguish/Depair is mine? *(All three.*

*Dor.* I understand  
The Queen's my Rival.

*(Aside.*

*Ars.* Thou vile, rash Man! ——

*Orm.* Not so, my Fair *Arsinoe*.

*Ars.* Base, aspiring Woman!

*Dor.* I am Loyal and True.

*Ars.* Your Love and Lives  
At once shall end ——  
The rest decide between your selves

*(Exit.*

*Do.* Every single sign of yours I adore ——

*Orm.* If *Arsinoe* does not desire it, oh heavens, I die.

*Dor.* With faithful servitude ——

*Ars.* O god. May these torments kill me no longer.

*Dor.* Gods. *Arsinoe*. *Ormondo*.

*to herself*

*Ars.* What obedience, what fidelity?

What a vile lady you are.

The scarf is not yours.

*Angry, she unwinds the scarf [from her arm].*

*Dor.* O gods, 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.

*Orm.* I am innocent ——

*Ars.* You are guilty.

*Dor.* My Queen?

*Ars.* Your fury [am I].

*Orm.* What is my sin?

*Ars.* Betrayal.

*Dor.* If only ——

*Ars.* You could be killed.

*Orm.* The guilt ——

*Ars.* Listen to me.

*Dor.* Oh, have pity ——

*Ars.* I am a viper.

*Orm.* I beg you ——

*Ars.* I have a heart of stone.

*Dor.* (What pain.)

*Orm.* (What torment!)

*Ars.* (What grief.)

*Orm.* (Oh, fatal violence.)

*Dor.* (I understand. The Queen is my rival?)

*aside*

*Ars.* Audacious one ——

*Orm.* No, my love.

*Ars.* Too proud.

*Dor.* I am faithful.

*Ars.* I shall soon make you sorry.

*Orm.* Is hope lost?

*Dor.* Contemptuous ardor.

*Ars.* And both shall cease, life and love.

Meanwhile by you is extinguished

An ardor so tormented.

*Orm.* Thus sinking Mariners,  
In sight of Land are lost;  
Dash'd on the Rocks,  
And cannot reach the Coast.

*(Exit.*

SCENE VI.

*Dorisbe alone.*

*Dor.* Ye Gods, I stay; but how?  
The Scoff of Fortune and of Love.  
I live,  
But live in wishing Death!

I.

Ye Stars that rul'd my Birth,  
The Man I love restore!  
Pity my Grief;  
This one Relief  
But grant, I ask no more.

II.

Restore the Jewel of my Heart.  
All other Losses I can bear!  
Tho' he flies me,  
And denies me,  
He alone is worth my Care.

I leave angry.  
*Orm.* I am desperate.

*runs off*  
*runs off*

*Dor.* I remain.

SCENE XI.

*Dorisbe alone.*

I stay, O God, but where?  
I stay, but what do I remain?  
A target of Fate.  
Refused death, I remain, I weep,  
And with infinite pain,  
For to die many more times, I remain living.  
You stars take from  
The light of the sun, he whom I adore,  
What do you desire, what do you want,  
To grant me some relief?  
Increase both suffering and pain,

But return to me my beloved.  
You heavens, that tempt me,  
My beautiful light, my beautiful serenity.  
What do you want, what do you desire,  
To return it [serenity] to my breast?  
All peace is denied me,  
But leave me my sun.

SCENE XII.

*Feraspe, agitated, and the above.*

If, among the monsters of the abyss, *to himself*  
I shall carry my fury, O God most worthy,  
To reign in hell,  
Where amid the rebellious shades  
The stars move across the golden sky.  
*Do.* Feraspe, where is he whom I scorn?  
How your blindness transports you?  
*Fer.* I care for nothing. *to himself*  
After the tremendous lightning and roar of the thunder,  
Either the precipice or escape;  
Either vengeance or the ruin of a soul.  
I scorn heaven. I hate fate. I love death.  
*Do.* Friend, come back to your senses.

*Fer.* (Oh, my Dorisbe!  
 She observes my misery.) *aside*  
*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 fidelity,  
 I consider supporting a great undertaking  
*Fer.* Say it. Whatever will be completely discovered.  
*Do.* If you promise, and swear to me  
 To murder —  
*Fer.* What death do you impose upon me?  
*Dor.* O god. If you promise  
 To murder —  
*Fer.* A Queen?  
*Dor.* Another revenge, my strong destiny.  
*Der.* Against whose breast?  
*Dor.* O stars, what do I reply?  
 To render death —  
*Fer.* To Arsinoe?  
*Do.* On the contrary, to Ormondo.  
*Fer.* Ormondo. Yes, yes. The wicked one shall die.  
*Do.* And with a resolute promise,  
 In exchange, I shall give myself to you.  
*Fer.* Iron, O lethal poison,  
 Shall take an enemy from you, and from me a rival.  
*Do.* You will kill him?  
*Fer.* I swear to you that I shall cruelly massacre him,  
 Even if in the underworld.  
*Do.* Ah, you are impious.  
*Fer.* I am impious?  
*Do.* I'll speak with Ormondo.  
*Fer.* I will be furious and a scourge.  
 Because it serves as an example  
 Of the fidelity of a lover.  
*Dor.* Ah, you are impious.  
 Hold. I spoke against Ormondo. O stars, O fate.  
 Ormondo dies.  
*Fer.* He shall die.  
*Dor.* I go to death. *aside*  
*Fer.* Vengeance. Yes, yes.  
 It slaughters. It kills.  
 It gives homicidal disdain  
 What a barbarous heart. What a [word obscured] soul.  
 Vengeance, etc.  
 To arms. Quick, quick.  
 Torments and scourges  
 Of rebellious emotions,  
 Let my anger be strengthened. Delay no further.  
 To arms, etc.

SCENE VII.

*Enter Nerina and Delbo.*

*Ner.* Delbo, if thou wilt not Woe me,

SCENE XIII.

*Nerina, who has restrained Ermillo*

*Ner.* And what do you expect,

Prithee spare a single Kiss,  
Good Faith, it is a Wrong you do me,  
To deny so small a Bliss.

*Del.* And you, perhaps, believ'd  
So easie to find Pity;  
O Lips you are deceiv'd,  
You are not yet so pretty.

*Ner.* Prithee knit no more thy Brows,  
Frowns disgrace  
A charming Face,  
And but make us Pastime lose:  
Put on a little dimpling Smile;  
Pleasing Looks the Heart beguile.

*Del.* The more you intreat;  
The more 'twill be so:  
I shall ever repeat,  
No, no, no, no.

SCENE VIII.

*Arsinoe alone. A Garden.*

*Ars.* To War, my Thoughts! to War!  
My Passions rage,  
And Jealousie I call to Fright;  
To Jealousie I'll give a total Rout.  
The Trumpet sounds:  
An Eccho rebounds,  
Let her die, let her die; let Jealousie die.

Cruel lips, from me?  
To deny being kissed  
Is a great injury.  
And what, etc.

*Erm.* And perhaps you believe  
You will find pity this way?  
O lips, you are wrong,  
And the kiss shall vanish.  
And perhaps, etc.

*Ner.* Oh, never resign  
That contemptuous time, O dear Ermillo.  
And may your brow laugh happily and be confident.

*Erm.* Now thus you please me,  
While you are far from me  
And you shine more dear in my eyes.

*Ner.* And why does this satisfy you?

*Erm.* Distance in love heals every wound.

*Ner.* Ah, my only cross,  
Only when my torment comes near, does my pain diminish.

*Erm.* The more you implore me,  
The more I shall refuse.  
From me you shall hear  
Nothing again, except a "no."  
The more, etc.

*Ner.* The more you will treat me badly,  
The more I fall in love.  
I know that you will regret it,  
Always telling me "no."  
The more, etc.

SCENE XIV.

A Royal Garden

*Arsinoe alone.*

*Ars.* To battle, thoughts, to battle.  
I want to challenge on the battlefield  
The jealous enemy;  
I want to give that criminal  
A desperate assault.  
Already the trumpet sounds,  
And in my breast resounds

*Dorische* and *Ormondo* both conspire  
To rob my Soul of Rest:  
I die, I die  
A Sacrifice, to Love and Jealousie!  
*Arsinoe* repose,  
And ponder thy Misfortune now:

*(Sits down, and Reposes on her Arm.)*

Must I, who am a Queen,  
The Laws of Love receive?  
Share with the trifling Boy my Crown?  
Oh! what a vast Command I have,  
At once a Monarch and a Slave?

*Enter Dorisbe.*

*Dor.* Behold, the Tyrant sleeps!

*(Comes up to Arsinoe with the Dagger in her Hand.)*

Death, seal her Eyes;  
She sleeps her last:  
I'll write my Wrongs in Blood;  
At once pierce hers, and cure my bleeding Heart.

#### SCENE IX.

*Enter Ormondo on a sudden, who holds Dorisbe.*

*Orm.* Hold, hold your Hand!  
*Dor.* I am in haste, let go.

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? *(Now sit down)*

*She sits*

And speak) To a Queen,  
To one who rules a people  
A blind person, a child, today gives laws!  
And what never induces you, proud thought,  
O royal heart, to yearn for a servant?  
Dark delights and solitary sufferings,  
My peace and my feelings, 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; I only desire my beloved,  
Who is my heart, my goodness, my idol.

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

#### SCENE XV.

*Dorisbe* and *Arsinoe*

*Dor.* Behold the impious one, who sleeps  
With the dagger of *Ormondo* [held] at her breast.  
I will face the pains of a new love

*Uncovers the dagger in order to attack Arsinoe*

#### SCENE XVI.

*Ormondo, who restrains Dorisbe and tries to take her dagger.*

*Orm.* Stop!  
*Do.* Let go!

*Orm.* What would you do?  
*Dor.* Ah let me!  
*Orm.* Forbear.  
*Ars.* What do I hear?  
*Dor.* She wakes, help, help!  
(*She runs off, leaving the Dagger in Ormondo's Hand.*)

*Orm.* Vilest of all thy Sex,  
Wicked *Dorisbe!*  
*Ars.* Treason, Treason!  
Who comes to succour me?  
(*She rises up.*)  
*Orm.* My Valour and Fidelity.  
*Ars.* Traytor, thou ly'st.

*Orm.* My Queen, you do me Wrong.  
*Ars.* Villain, what Wrong?  
Did you not hold a Dagger at my Breast?  
*Orm.* I swear by all that's good,  
My Life, my Love! —

*Ars.* O talk no more of Love,  
Thou perjur'd Wretch!  
Reveal the Plot:  
Who spurr'd you on to this Design?  
*Dorisbe,* was it not?

*Orm.* I'll never tell.  
(*Aside.*)  
I'll first endure —

*Ars.* This Dagger, is it yours ?  
*Orm.* 'Tis mine.  
*Ars.* Perfidious Destiny!  
(*Aside.*)

Then you design'd to murder me!  
*Orm.* No.  
*Ars.* Who then is guilty?

*Orm.* I cannot tell.  
*Ars.* Thou shalt discover all,  
If Tortures can produce Confession.

*Feraspe!* (*She calls aloud.*)

*Enter Feraspe.*

*Fer.* My Sovereign!

*Ars.* What are you doing?  
*Do.* Ah, yes.  
*Orm.* I won't.  
*Ars.* What do I hear?  
*Dor.* It is help for you. *she flees.*  
*She hands the dagger to Ormondo.*

*Orm.* Wicked woman.  
*Ars.* I am betrayed,  
Oh, the soldiers  
Who come to my aid?  
*Orm.* It is my valor.  
*Ars.* You lie. This time you are a traitor.  
*Orm.* I am innocent.  
*Ars.* Ormondo,  
(O God. Who comforts me?) *aside*

For revenge *Dorsibe* wants my death.  
*Orm.* My beloved, you are wrong.  
*Ars.* Against your Queen,  
Against the one who loves you, with the iron in hand  
To revenge *Dorisbe.* Oh, how inhumane!  
*Orm.* My heart is pierced,  
The love, the fidelity of a servant —  
*Ars.* Be quiet, worthless one.  
By your speech  
You reveal the villainies of a rebellious soul.  
It was *Dorisbe,* tell me,  
Who spurred you on to the impious act.  
*Orm.* (I will never tell because I don't want to betray myself.) *aside*

*Ars.* Is this dagger yours?  
*Orm.* It is mine.  
*Ars.* (Perfidious fate. He is guilty.) *aside*  
Against me you ventured?  
*Orm.* No.  
*Ars.* Who then  
Who is the offender?  
*Orm.* I do not know.  
*Ars.* In such tremendous pain,  
That not even *Colchis\** or *Agrigento\** can endure,  
I will extract the name and the plot.  
*Feraspe!*

*Ars. Seize Ormondo.*

Let him a Pris'ner be!

My Kingdom I would lose

*(Aside.)*

To find him innocent.

*(She goes off slowly, looking at him.)*

*Fer. Guards! take him hence,*

Conduct him to the Tower.

*Orm. I go, Arsinoe, I go,*

Where you and Destiny command!

Grant me but one Look more,

To be more wretched than before:

*(Arsinoe stops and looks back at him, just going off.)*

Alas! too soon that Look is gone,

It's gone, and with it draws another on;

I must look once again,

And so be quite undone.

Farewel! since you will have it so.

*(Arsinoe goes off.)*

I go!

And part with Life more easie than with you.

## SCENE XVII

*Enter Feraspe.*

*Feraspe and the above*

*Fer. My Sovereign!*

*Ars. Seize Ormondo.*

Let him a Pris'ner be!

My Kingdom I would lose

*(Aside.)*

To find him innocent.

*(She goes off slowly, looking at him.)*

*Fer. Your highness.*

*Ars. Ormondo, the general,*

To your care I entrust the prisoner.

*(For his innocence, I would give up my rule.)*      *aside*

## SCENE XVIII

*Feraspe and Ormondo between the guards.*

*Fer. Guards! take him hence,*

Conduct him to the Tower.

*Orm. I go, Arsinoe, I go,*

Where you and Destiny command!

Grant me but one Look more,

To be more wretched than before:

*Fer. To the royal tower*

Lead him, O faithful ones,

And conceal the shame of the traitor

Behind frozen marble.

*Orm. Arsinoe, I go to my death.*

But if I can see you before

Any torments, O God, I shall die content.



(Arsinoe stops and looks back at him, just going off.)

Alas! too soon that Look is gone,  
It's gone, and with it draws another on;  
I must look once again,  
And so be quite undone.

Farewel! since you will have it so.

(Arsinoe goes off.)

I go!

And part with Life more easie than with you.

SCENE X.

*Feraspe alone.*

*Fer.* Now Fortune, stand my Friend.

And I have won the Prize:

*Ormondo's* on the Brink of Death:

This Letter will incense the Queen,

And push him headlong to his Fate.

Assist, ye Pow'rs above !

At last my shipwrack'd Mind

Some Ease will find:

Boiling Passions rage no more:

Hopes in gentle Gales arising,

Calm the troubled Seas of Love,

And repelling

Storms rebelling,

Smiling waft me to the Shore.

*Boiling Passions, &c.*

II.

Fav'ring Stars the Passage clearing,

Love at last has found the Way:

Clouds of Anguish disappearing,

Joy attends this happy Day.

*Fav'ring Stars, &c*

*The End of the Second Act.*

SCENE XIX.

*Feraspe*

I shall bring the sealed letter

To the Queen,

That I took to Delbo, and immediately

Shall be exposed in a few lines

The traitor and the treacherous plot.

You laugh, O hope, at the serene beauty

That shines in Love's heaven.

In my breast

And in my heart

The delight never advances.

At the peace of love, you laugh, O hope.

In sweet calm, you laugh, hope,

That the archer god, assist you.

More in soul

And in thought

Calm clouds, silent:

Not in the calmness of love do you abide, O my hope.

*End of the Second Act.*

Act III

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The QUEEN's Apartment.*

*Arsinoe alone, weeping.*

*Arsin.* Greatness, leave me,  
Undeceive me,  
State is but a Pomp of Woe:  
Never given,  
Under Heaven,  
To make happy, but undo.  
*Greatness, leave me,  
Undeceive me,  
State is but a Pomp of Woe, &c,*

*Enter Feraspe with a Letter.*

*Fer.* Hail, gracious Queen.  
*Ars.* *Feraspe!*  
*Fer.* Ormondo has betrayed your Life and Crown:  
Behold the Letter, and the Treason own.

*Ars.* Directed to the King of Thrace!  
I know the Hand:  
Ormondo has conspir'd.  
*Feraspe,* e'er the Day be done,

*(She reads the Superscription.)*

ACT THREE.  
SCENE ONE.

Royal Hall

*Arsinoe alone.*

Leave me, O greatness, in the grip of death:  
Since ruling,  
I have not 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 sadness.  
Leave me, etc.  
Arsinoe, for you it is necessary  
That to be happy,  
All that is good, all is allowed to a heart that rules.  
Now that Ormondo is condemned,  
My soul feels oppressed.  
But if I absolve him, it would be to condemn myself.  
What do I think, what do I resolve, where do I take  
A vacillating decree, oh, unhappy fate?  
Leave me, O greatness, in the grip of death. *she weeps.*

SCENE II

*Feraspe with a paper in his hand, and Arsinoe with  
a cloth to her eyes.*

*Fer.* My revered Queen?  
*Ars.* *Feraspe?*  
*Fer.* In this letter  
Is Ormondo's betrayal.  
So that you are convinced, behold what it describes.  
*Gives her the letter*  
*Ars.* (Ah, once again my heart, you are pierced.) *aside*  
*She reads.*

*To the King of Thrace.*  
To an enemy king he writes.  
And this is the handwriting of the impious,  
Easily discerned to my eyes.

Convinc'd of Treason, let the Rebel ——  
Gods! I can pronounce no more!  
*Fer.* Hate and Anger  
Have oppress'd her.

*(Aside.)*

*(Aside.)*

*Ars.* *Feraspe*, hear me;  
E'er the Day be done ——  
Shall that Sun ever set  
Which I adore?

*(Aside.)*

*Fer.* Her Woman's Heart  
Can ne'er resolve.

*(Aside.)*

*Ars.* Bring me the News  
That he is dead.

*Fer.* Madam, I understand,  
*Ormondo* you would say.

*Ars.* Audacious Slave,  
The Secrets of a Queen  
Dare you unfold?  
Haste from my Sight,  
My Rage avoid.

*Fer.* Ye Gods, how Passion rends,  
And Pity shakes her Soul?

*(To himself going off.)*

*Ars.* I rave, I rave, I rave, I rave;  
I am bewilder'd in a Maze of Grief.

Awake, *Arsinoe*, awake;  
These are but the Pangs of Love.

*Feraspe*, hold!  
Before the rising Sun  
*Ormondo* dies;  
Go, see it done.

*Fer.* Great Queen, I hasten to obey.

*Ars.* No, no, *Feraspe*, stay.

*Fer.* She changes like the Wind.

*(Aside.)*

*Ars.* Rebellious. Love, resist no more.

*(Aside.)*

Let false *Ormondo* die.

*(Feraspe hears the last Line.)*

*Fer.* Your Will shall be obey'd.

The offense is evident, and the betrayal is certain. *to herself*  
There is no means of saving him.

The royal soul  
Pronounces by firm decree  
The guilty villain be punished.  
And if my heart learns what I am able to do?

Hear, *Feraspe*: At the end of the day,  
Convicted of treachery,  
Striking [him] I shall make him fall *to herself*  
Under the avenging sword — O God, I cannot!

*Fer.* Oh how by atrocious disdain  
She cannot speak the words. *aside*

*Ars.* Listen, *Feraspe*, and even the entire world:  
At the end of the day *aside*  
(The sun sets which this breast adores).

*Fer.* (On the contrary, *Arsinoe*'s breast  
Appears moved by pity.) *aside*

Who is so barbarous and without pity,  
Let him remain bloodless — O God, I cannot! *to himself*

*Fer.* *Ormondo*, now I can understand you.

*Ars.* What? You dare, O unworthy one.  
Are you trying to reveal some secret of a ruler?  
Run from my scorn.  
Flee from my presence.

*He walks off and speaks to himself.*

*Fer.* (For a woman so cowardly,  
What suffering, oh stars?)

*Ars.* (Where, where do you pass,  
Delirious soul?

This effect of love.) Listen, *Feraspe*,  
Before the new dawn, *Feraspe returns*  
Under the avenging sword *Ormondo* dies.

*Fer.* I am about to execute  
Your command any moment now. *wants to depart*

*Ars.* No, no. *Feraspe*, listen.

*Fer.* (What unresolved feelings? ) *aside.*

*Ars.* (Ah, how you suffer, and you keep silent,  
Insatiable soul. *to herself*

Let the unworthy body fall. *Ormondo* shall die.) *having heard the last verse.*  
*Fer.* I shall obey, my lady.

*Ars.* Detested Fury,  
What, return'd again?  
Still in my Sight?  
I can no more ——  
Be gone, and let *Ormondo* die.

*(Feraspe goes off.)*

SCENE II

*Arsinoe alone.*

*Ars.* Must then *Ormondo* die?  
And die by me?  
What Tygress gave thee Birth, *Arsinoe*?  
*Feraspe!*  
Ah! *Feraspe*'s gone!  
Peace, my tumultuous Soul.

*(She calls out.)*

*(She walks considering.)*

*Ormondo* has conspir'd;  
'Tis true, 'tis true:  
But how can I  
Live, and let *Ormondo* die?  
    *But how can I, &c*  
Then shall the Traytor live?  
My Heart will harden when I Treason read.

*(Holding forth the Letter.)*

*(She opens the Letter, throws down the  
Superscription, and finds a blank Paper.)*

Ye Gods, what nothing here!  
*Ormondo*'s innocent.  
O Jealousie, thou raging Ill,  
Too late, too late, my Love, I see:  
'Tis I am guilty, thou art free.  
I'll make what Speed I can, I'll fly,  
To break thy Bonds, and give thee Liberty.  
    Wanton Zephyrs,  
    Softly blowing,  
        Watching,  
        Catching,  
    Whispers going,

*Ars.* O avenging Furies!  
You turn again to me? Breathing?  
By this heaven, and in this kingdom again.

*(Oh how I rave?) Leave. Ormondo shall die.*  
*Fer.* Would the unhappy man suffer!

Before everything changes, hurry up. *exits*

SCENE III.

*Arsinoe holding the letter.*

*Ars.* Under the avenging sword, *Ormondo* shall die!  
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 is true, is a traitor, but yet I love him.  
He should die. But if he does not live, I will die.  
    O 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.  
        O my merciless heart, etc.  
But let the letter be opened, in this

*She opens the letter.*

Is contained  
The sorrowful incident:  
Oh, misery. The sheet is blank.  
Yes, yes, *Ormondo*, my life,  
The candor of your fidelity is revealed.

Now I go to the prison,  
To open the doors of freedom, my idol.  
    Sweet breeze, how peaceful, and welcome.  
    Fly,  
    Breathe  
    With serene breath.  
    Carry this soul

Bear in Sighs my Soul away.  
Tell *Ormondo* what I bear;  
Tell him how his Chains I wear;  
Tell him all my Grief and Care:  
    Gently stealing,  
    And revealing  
More than Love and I can say.  
    Haste away,  
    And convey.  
More than Love and I can say.  
    *Wanton Zephyrs, &c.*  
*Bear in Sighs my Soul away.*

*(Goes off.)*

In the arms of your love.  
Light breeze, that moves wings  
Joyfully,  
Run  
To the zephyrs.  
See this soul  
In the arms of your beloved.

SCENE IV.

*Nerina and Delbo*

I have learned today at my expense  
What youth does.  
Oh, it is always more  
Inconstant, more un-courtly  
With whom it loves.  
I have, etc.

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

*Ner./Del. A 2* O dear/O happy yearning.

*Ner./Del. A 2.* You are my/ I am your knight.

*Ner./Del. A 2.* I am your/you are my Lady.

SCENE V.

*Ermillo, and the above*

[*Ner.*] Flee, Delbo. Oh flee!

It has been ordered

By the court at Cyprus to arrest you. Oh flee, leave.

*Del.* And why?

*Ner.* The reason?

*Erm.* With Ormondo as a prisoner

The Queen wants you.

Be silent. Flee from here. Speak no more.

*Ner.* Delbo,

*Del.* My dear,

A 2 What will you do?

*Ner.* I will weep.

*Del.* I will cry out.

*Emr.* (Indeed the deceit is going well. How much can I laugh?) *aside*

*Del.* I leave you, my treasure.

*Ner.* Ah but embrace me once.

*Del.* I am leaving.  
*Ner.* I am dying.  
*Emr.* Finish your farewells.  
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.  
*Ner.* Ah quiet. I don't see anyone.  
*Del.* If I flee, it is bad. But if I remain, it is even worse.  
*Emr.* (If they believe it true, *aside*  
In all, the deception is well done.)  
*Del.* Who shall hide the unhappy me?  
Who shall assist me to safety?  
At the thunder of the court, I flee like lightning. *he flees*

SCENE VI.

*Nerina, Ermillo.*

*Ner.* You leave, oh, my Delbo,  
Without even saying goodbye to Nerina.  
*Er.* Be angry,  
Take offense,  
Be tormented,  
However much you want.  
I have done thus to one who knows well how to feign.  
*Ner.* How you have feigned  
That the Queen alone, for unknown ends,  
Wants Delbo in prison?  
*Er.* You have figured it out.  
*Ner.* Is there anything else?  
*Er.* Listen, Nerina.  
You seem to me indeed  
In a manner now old fashioned:  
That what was once beautiful and is now no longer.  
*Ner.* Is now no longer? Oh, how cruel,  
To relish the anguish  
Of a faithful soul  
That to tears the lovers are now blind.  
It is no longer common to love,  
Nor even to console,  
One who is in anguish and in pain:  
Nude love [Cupid] has less pity than the clothed [mortals]. *exits*

SCENE VII.

*Ermillo alone.*

How the demented senile  
Would like to heal the wound, and quickly.  
Love, who goes about nude,  
Flees the frost  
Of white hair,  
Given by time.  
Love, who goes about armed,  
Makes a joke

Of impotent  
And fragile age.

*exits*

SCENE VIII

*Dorisbe alone.*

If you hope,  
You are deceived.  
I now tell you, O my thoughts,  
My beloved  
Is in chains.  
My peace  
Is condemned  
By feelings most severe.  
If you hope,  
You are deceived.  
I tell you again, O my thoughts.  
Too hard  
Is fortune;  
Too angry  
With me is fate.  
And the more I desire, the more I despair.  
If you hope,  
You are deceived,  
I shall always say, O my thoughts.

SCENE IX.

*Feraspe, and the above.*

I arrive, my Lady,  
The bearer of strange news  
Ormondo, prisoner,  
Has been condemned to the mortal  
Sentence of death.  
*Dor.* Ah, such villainy.  
*Fer.* Of whom do you speak?  
*Dor.* (Of Ormondo, O God.  
And may he see that you die, my Idol?)  
*Fer.* I have been made the executor  
Of the royal decree. Only at my  
Formidable command, above  
That hated head  
Shall fall the double-headed axe.  
*Dor.* Ah, such villainy.  
*Fer.* You speak of Ormondo,  
But always turn your angry brow toward me.  
*Dor.* What do you want to say? Perhaps  
You doubt my fidelity? Listen to me, O general.  
In the dark prison  
Where the rebellious traitor is bound,  
I wish to enter unknown, and there  
With harsh contempt,  
With atrocious reproach,  
I want to mock and insult him.  
And I want, if that should not suffice, even to kill him.

(In order to save the innocent, I now speak thus.) *aside*  
*Fer.* (There is almost no complete revenge  
That severe Dorisbe,  
Now with harsh lashes,  
Sets on this impious one, whom you call a traitor.) *aside*  
No more! With this key, O faithful Aegyptius,\*  
I will escort this beauty  
To the royal prison.  
Let it remind you, my dear, in these horrors,  
That Feraspe is yet a prisoner of love.  
*Dor.* Oh, how much I owe you.  
A 2 Stay, my love/Go, Oh, my life. Farewell.

SCENE X.

*Feraspe alone.*

Ah, my heart foretells  
Unintended suffering.  
I do not know if I should  
Keep breathing, O Gods, or hoping?  
Tell me, fortune,  
If loving, I shall enjoy?  
You tell me 'yes,'  
And love adds 'no.'  
Tell me, etc.  
O God, why thus  
With one who is chained up?  
Strength intended a 'yes,'  
As I intend a 'no.'  
O God, etc.

SCENE III.

*A Prison. Ormondo in Chains, with a Letter in his Hand.*

*Orm.* Conscious Dungeon,  
Walls of Stone,  
You that echo to my Grief,  
If not harder than my Fate,  
Give, O give me some Relief.

II.

E'er in your hollow Womb  
Breathless *Ormondo* you entomb,  
Show me once the cruel Fair!  
Since her Eyes first gave me Doom,  
From her Lips 'twill easie come.

SCENE XI.

Prison

*Ormondo in chains.*

*Orm.* Cruel marbles, if you weren't  
Harder than my strength,  
If happier, you want  
To see me arrive in death's womb.  
Before I let go my last breath,  
Show me my love, ruthless marble.  
But one is not allowed to beg  
Fortune, so longed-for,  
For an unlucky and unhappy soul.  
You die, already you die.  
The guilty person should breathe.  
O innocence betrayed.  
And while welcome  
Is my death to two good shining lights.



A gentle Slumber steals upon my Eyes,  
Thank thee, kind Sleep:  
When I awake,  
This Letter to my Father.

*(Falls asleep.)*

SCENE IV.

*Arsinoe enters softly. Ormondo sleeping.*

*Ars.* Sleep, sleep, *Ormondo*, void of Fear,  
In pleasing Dreams forget thy Care;  
Fortune ready  
Waits to Crown thee,  
Love and I attending are.  
Sleep, sleep, Ormondo, void of Fear.

*Orm.* My Queen. *(He talks in his Sleep.)*

*Ars.* I am here, my Love.  
He dreams.

*Orm.* Did you command my Death?

*Ars.* I did;  
Thou art disloyal and unkind.

*Orm.* I am innocent.

*Ars.* Ah! how I wish thee so !  
Thy Letter, shows no Guilt,  
But 'twas perfidious to Assault my Life.

*Orm.* You will lament me dead.

Proud chains, be less weak.  
You are not enough for royal anger,  
If in these last moments  
I entrust my pain to you.  
Make known to my beloved  
My faithful innocence, impious chains.  
Meanwhile I shall write to my father,  
Where is to be found one in extreme calamity,  
The soul of an oppressed innocent who moans.  
The paper is already lined. O weak eyes,  
Sleep now come to you, from immense suffering,  
And finally render my feelings prisoners.

*He falls asleep*

SCENE XII.

*Arsinoe, Ormondo asleep.*

*Arsinoe*, halt your steps.  
Behold, in graceful form,  
Your idol sleeps behind a stone.  
Sleep, sleep,  
Beautiful suffering eyes;  
Soothe your torment  
In placid oblivion.  
Because for you, love, fate, watches over [you], as do I.  
Rest, rest,  
Murderous eyes.  
More grace and more faith  
You shall see in desire  
Because for you, love, fate watches over [you], as do I.

*Orm.* My Queen?

*Speaking in his sleep.*

*Ars.* I am here, my love. *(He speaks in his dreams.)*

*Orm.* And me, am I dead?

*Ars.* Yes, because you are unfaithful and unworthy.

You to whom I gave my life, my heart, and my reign.

*Orm.* I am innocent, and I die.

*Ars.* My idol,

Ah, the heavens would will it! On a blank sheet,  
I see well your faith, but previously ruthless  
Against my breast you acted cruelly. O ungrateful one.  
*Orm.* Yet now I shall weep with my wrists cut, and dead,  
That I may become a ghost and a spirit.

Ars. No, no, my Love,  
I cannot live to see thee dead.  
But see, a Letter in his Hand!  
Directed to the King of Athens !

*(She takes the Letter softly out of his Hand.  
Reads the Superscription*

Perhaps a new Conspiracy.

*(She opens it.*

The LETTER.

Father

*(She reads the Title.)*

*After a tedious Absence of Three Years,  
Your wan'dring Son dies innocent;  
Just at the Period of his Life  
He sends you this, his last Farewel.*

*Pelops, your Son.*

Ars. Pelops, Ormondo, Athens!  
I stand amaz'd !  
Ha! who comes here?  
I'll hear her Business, and retire.

*(She retires on one side to harken.)*

SCENE V.

*Enter Dorisbe veil'd, Ormondo still sleeping.*

Dor. Cruel Stars, who all conspire  
To blast my Love with hopeless Fire.  
Set my Ormondo free,  
Or let me share his Destiny:  
Two Lives in one  
The Fates have spun;  
I last but 'till his Race be done, &c.  
Ars. She talks of Love?  
I've found a Rival here.  
Dor. Two Lives in one  
The Fates have spun  
I last but 'till his Race be done.

Ars. No, my comfort.  
I would not want to suffer  
To see you bleed, and not be able to die;  
Dreaming he would lead me  
Though you have hidden the evil — O heaven, what is written?  
*takes the letter*

*To the King of Athens*  
Perhaps another conspiracy?

*Father,*  
And what? Ormondo is a prince. O Gods?  
*Your son has lost all his honor  
He dies innocent in Cyprus. (Ah, that it weren't true.) speaking to herself*  
*Now having reached his fatal peril  
He sends you his last goodbye.*  
*Pelops your son.*

Ars. Pelops. Ormondo. Athens.  
Ah, I am out of my mind, but who comes now  
Covered in a white veil?  
An unknown woman in such mourning?  
Here, I withdraw to observe everything.

SCENE XIII.

*Dorisbe covered in a white veil, Ormondo  
sleeping, and Arsinoe apart.*

O stars. You who for my suffering  
Are armed with cruelty,  
Give death to this heart,  
Or to my beloved, his freedom.

Ars. They appear to be the feelings of a lover.  
I hear another speaking.  
You stars, who in a flashing ray  
Give rise to cruelty,  
Give death to this breast,

*Orm.* What Voice disturbs my Rest?  
I dreamt *Arsinoe* revok'd my Doom,  
And, smiling, plac'd me on a Throne;  
Then how I grasp'd her Neck,  
And held her panting in my Arms.  
I dreamt it only,  
She is still unmov'd.

*Dorisbe unveils.*

*Dor.* If not *Arsinoe*, *Dorisbe* s here,  
To free, or suffer with Love's Prisoner.

*Orm.* Perhaps you are the Messenger of Fate;  
I am prepar'd.

*Dor.* No, no, my Love,  
I bring thee Life and Liberty.

*Orm.* But if my Life with Treason I must buy,  
Leave me, *Dorisbe*,  
I would rather die.

*Dor.* By all that's dear,  
By all our Loves,  
*Ormondo*, I beseech you hear.

*Orm.* Leave, O leave your black Revenge;  
Against the Queen no more Conspire:

When in the Garden you design'd her Death  
I brought her safely off;  
And when you held the Dagger at her Breast,  
Did not I ward the Blow,  
And wrest it from your Hand?  
And now, and now, for my Fidelity,  
To save your Life I sacrifice my own.

*Ars.* Ye Gods, what more, can I desire?  
My Dear *Ormondo*'s innocent?

*Orm.* False *Dorisbe*, one admir'd,  
Urge me no more,  
I'll save thy Life and die.

*Arsinoe discovers her self.*

*Ars.* No, no, you shall not die.

*(He wakes.)*

Or to my love, his freedom.

*Orm.* What makes me unhappy.  
An insistent voice in my sleep and rest?  
In a lovable appearance;  
It seems as if another *Arsinoe*  
Weeped at my languishing, no longer severe.

*Dor.* Come out, my beautiful sun, from among those horrors.  
Behold, an imprisoned soul bows.

*Lifts her veil*

*he wakes up*

*Orm.* From the *Parcae*\* near,  
Perhaps you come to me before my time?

*Dor.* No, no, serene eyes,  
I harbor another design.

*Orm.* But if you come here, O god,  
To conspire.

To order betrayal,  
Get away far from me.

*Dor.* No, my dear, listen —

*Orm.* Leave off, oh leave off now,  
From plotting revenge  
Against your Queen.  
Attacked in the garden,  
A nocturnal defender saved her.

*Ars.* (Things are now clear.)

*to herself*

*Orm.* Not long ago, still armed  
With a sharp dagger, O unworthy,  
You ventured against *Arsinoe*.  
I detained and disarmed you.  
Keep quiet your betrayals  
That have turned me into a criminal;  
I die, a trophy of both love and honor.

*Ars.* What more do I want? He is innocent.

*to herself*

*Orm.* Abandon,  
*Dorisbe*, whom I loved for a time,  
Your revenge and your scorn.

*Ars.* Ah, how pitiless.

*Orm.* Now I shall die —

*Ars* You shall not die.

*reveals herself*

Dor. Heav'ns, I'm undone!  
Ars. Guards!  
Who's there?

(Starting in a Fright.)

Dor. (I am dead.)

Ars. Who's there?

SCENE VI.

Enter Feraspe.

Fer. Great Queen!  
Ars. Feraspe, you too long detain  
The Prince of Athens Pris'ner.

(Pointing to Pelops.)  
(Feraspe sets him at Liberty.)

Haste, set him free:  
This Day shall crown  
My Love, and his Fidelity.  
Dor. What Hope for me remains?  
Ars. And let Dorisbe wait  
A Pris'ner in his Place,  
'Till with less Anger I resolve her Fate.

(Aside.)

Pel. Permit me, Royal Fair,  
To vent the Raptures of my Soul;  
I scarce know how to bear  
This mighty swelling Tide of Joy!  
Your Captive I so long have been,  
I must petition now to be so still.

(Kneling to Arsinoe.)

Ars. If Freedom you refuse.  
What is it I can give,  
Or you can chuse?  
Pel. While I do Homage to your Eyes,  
I still enjoy the Liberty I lose.  
Ars. Rise, generous Prince,  
If you by me  
Have lost your Liberty,  
I give my self to set you free.

(He rises and bows.)

Pel. Thus then I mark you, thus and thus,  
And thus I seal my own. (Kisses her Hand four times at each Thus. )

Ars. My Dear, my Joy!  
Pel. My Life, my Goddess!  
Ars. Yours for ever.

SCENE XIV.

Arsinoe, Ormondo, Dorisbe, and Feraspe

Fer. Your highness.  
Ars. This is the Prince of Athens.

Free him of his chains,  
While love prepares for him other chains.  
Dor. (Thus it is best for me to die.) *to herself*  
*Ormondo freed.*

Ars. And to this unfaithful woman,  
Who in her barbarous breast  
Nurses a criminal asp, bring the poison;  
That death may be quick and without heed;  
You shall give me her heart that lies in her breast.

Fer. What?  
Ars. I want her dead,  
Fer. (I have lost.)

Orm. I am happy.  
Ars. Let us depart,  
And to the happiest refuge go.  
A 2. Let us go, let us go,  
From tortures and torments  
To joy and happiness.

Orm. What fate,  
Ars. And Cupid  
A 2. To a faithful soul  
The path opens.  
A2. Let us go, etc.

*Pel.* True as ever;  
*Ars.* *Cupid!* ever  
May this happy Transport last.

*Both.*

*Ars.* Still desiring,  
*Pel.* Still expiring,  
*Ars.* Still repining,  
*Pel.* Still repining.

*Both* At each Minute that is past.

*Both.* Still desiring  
Still expiring  
Still repining  
Still Repining

At each Minute that is past.

*(They go off Hand in Hand.)*

SCENE VII.

*Feraspe and Dorisbe alone.*

*Fer.* Death, Hell and Furies,  
I am Thunder-struck!  
What have you done?

*Dor.* I have undone my self and thee:  
I hate us both:  
I rage, I burn  
With Anger and Despair.  
*Fury.)*

*(Walking up and down in a*

*Fer.* You have abus'd my Love;  
*Dor.* And thus I make you Recompence.

SCENE XV.

*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 [with arrows,]  
Barbarous gods, perfidious stars,  
You are all armed for my misfortune.  
With stiff arrows,  
With red-hot firebrands,  
Strike me down, &c.

SCENE XVI

*Ermillo with a cup of poison, and the above.*

*Feraspe, Arsinoe, my lady,*  
Sends me to you;  
This cup I hand over to you.  
Do what royal scorn orders you.

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

*Dor.* Look, Feraspe, how

In a single moment is ended  
My love, my life, and my torment.

*She tries to drink from the cup, and Feraspe stops her.*

*Fer.* What rash Attempt is this?

*(Draws a Dagger, offers to stab her self.)*

*Dor.* It is my Will and Pleasure;  
Let me strike.

*(Holds her Hands struggling with her.)*

*Fer.* O live, my fair *Dorisbe* live.  
Impute my Fierceness to my Love,  
And pardon my Offence.

*(He forces it out of her Hand, and kneels ).*

*Dor.* What, live to be reproach'd by thee?  
Live to be scorn'd by proud *Arsinoe*!  
I cannot, will not live.

*Fer.* Alas ! you know not how to die!  
Let me strike first,

I'll tell you when I try.

*(Holding the Dagger to his Breast.)*

*Dor.* Ye Gods ! Why this is kind;  
I must some Pity show.

*(She turns her Head and weeps.)*

*Feraspe*, you are innocent.

*Fer.* No longer than *Dorisbe* lives.

*Dor.* If I will die, what Blame in you?  
The Wound's my own, the Guilt's so too.

*Fer.* That Wound would kill us both;  
I act, what I permit in you.

*Dor.* Heavens! he obliges me too far!  
What shall I say?

*(Aside )*

You cannot save my Life.

*Fer.* Not save your Life!

*Dor.* The Queen will have me die.

*Fer.* She will not dare when I am by.

*Dor.* She's guarded by the Prince.

*Fer.* The Fort is mine for your Defence.

*Dor.* It will be taken before Night.

*Fer.* The Haven's open for our Flight.

*Dor.* A Thousand Thoughts remain behind.

*(Aside.)*

*Feraspe*, rise;

I must consult my Mind.

*Fer.* O make no longer Stay!

*(Takes her by the Hand.)*

*Dor.* The Sea is dangerous.

*Fer.* But Love guides our Way.

*(Leads her to the Door of the Fort, and opens it.)*

*Dor.* The Court will miss you.

*Fer.* Leave it to my Care.

*Fer.* My soul is not strong enough;  
Nor is my breast strong enough.  
So I might see so much misfortune!  
I will spill it on the ground.

*And throws the cup to the ground and spills the poison.*

O criminal poison,  
From *Arsinoe*, greater than from an asp.  
*Dor.* Oh, for so much pity, impious *Feraspe*.

*a*

*Fer.* Oh how much I resolve, welcome soul,  
To keep you alive.  
In the nearby prison,  
You will pull up [the bottom of] your gown, and in these clothes  
Through these horrible gates,  
With clever deception, you will step outside [the prison].  
Now for you, what more could my fidelity do.

*Dor.* Love's great duty,

Friend, O God, it weakens my heart.

*Fer.* Now that the day grows dark,

Unrecognized, you shall leave with me.

(Love renders me an Argonaut,\* and everyone else blind.) *to himself*

Go and do as I said.

Dor. I hear a Noise, let me step in.  
Farewel. *(She catches the Key and locks her self in. )*  
Fer. I am safe when you are there. *(He goes off.)*

I follow you.  
Dor. Oh, how much  
The soul yields to your chivalry! *exits*

SCENE XVII

*Feraspe.*

Now for you, what more can my fidelity 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,  
A strong rock in the sea of love.  
It is not soft as a wave.  
It is not a lying Proteus\*.  
The firmness, etc. *exits*

SCENE XVIII.

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 eyes majestic  
He arrives. Oh how I rejoice.  
Ormondo made king, husband of Arsinoe:  
What jubilation I hear.  
Such joy, and such sweetness,  
Happiness, happiness.  
Among delight and contentment,  
At such sweet and happy events  
Cyprus now joins Athens.  
Happiness, &c.

SCENE VIII.

*The SCENE opens and discovers Arsinoe and Pelops on a Throne. A Dance. After which an Epithalamium Song, as follows.*

First Voice.  
*Hail, happy, happy, happy Pair!*  
*Great Pelops and Arsinoe!*  
*For Love prepare,*  
*No Moments spare;*  
*One happy Moment equals long Despair.*

SCENE XIX

*Pelops, and Arsinoe, holding hands, knights, ladies, and courtiers.*

*Pel.* Happy sighs  
That escape from my heart,  
You are the vital breath  
Of love.  
Happy sighs.

(They dance again.)

Second Voice.  
*Bright Queen of Love ordain  
This Night no Lovers sigh in vain!  
Nymphs complying,  
Panting, dying,  
Mutual Pleasure bless each happy Swain.*

CHORUS.  
*Hail, happy, happy, happy Pair!  
Great Pelops and Arsinoe!  
For Love prepare,  
No Moments spare,  
One happy Moment equals long Despair.*

SCENE IX.

*Dorisbe looks out of a Balcony of the Castle with  
a Dagger in her Hand,*

*(They all rise.)  
(To Arsinoe.)*

*Dor.* Tyrant, look up, and see  
How much in Death I scorn thee!  
There, sate thy thirsty Soul.

*(She stabs her self, and throws over the Dagger.)*

*Pel.* Save, save, the Princess Life.  
*Ars.* Make haste, break up the Door.  
*Dor.* O feeble Arm!  
What must I live?

Give me the Dagger back:  
I'll strike again!  
*Fer.* Cruel *Dorisbe!*  
You mistook the Heart;  
I feel the Wound by which you bleed ;

*(He faints leaning on one of the Guards.)*

O fatal Sight!  
*Dorisbe is brought in by the Guards slightly wounded.*  
*Ars.* Princess, you are much to blame!  
*Pel.* You wrong our Clemency.  
*Ars.* I would have sav'd your Life.  
*Pel.* And I your Fame.  
*Dor.* Can you forgive me then?

*Ars.* Blessed chains  
That bind my breast,  
You hold my soul  
United to my beloved.  
Blessed chains.

*Pel.* Such a fortunate day, beautiful one,  
Must not be interrupted with weeping.  
For your mercy, may you be praised  
For pardoning Dorisbe. Now restrain your anger  
Because to the criminal even life serves as pain.

*Ars.* Just to please you, I give  
The life of Dorisbe to my life:  
(But the sentence is being carried out.) *aside*  
Behold *Feraspe*.

FINAL SCENE

*Feraspe, who carries a cup covered with a cloth and  
Dorisbe dressed as a squire, with Feraspe's soldiers, and the above.*

*Fer.* A victim of your wrath, your highness,  
Dorisbe has expired.  
Behold, the unfaithful person,  
The part most inconstant and cruel.

*Ars.* And you, harsh minister,  
You carried out my bloody vengeance on  
One who offended my husband, the king?

*Fer.* I did not misunderstand.

*Pel.* Does gracious pardon  
Arsinoe concede to her,  
And thus to the unhappy person, his heart seated in unhappiness?

*Dor.* (Such love in two Furies is seen today.) *aside*

*Fer.* What do you wish, O rulers,  
From a faithful subject deprived of life;  
You did not desire Dorisbe [to live]. Behold she is alive.

*Dor.* I live, only if my life is welcome.  
To you, royal couple.

*Ars.* Oh, what strange events!

*Pel.* Today even death works miracles.

*Fer.* More than love, anger  
Is the executioner. At the moment when  
Dorisbe should die, in another's clothes,  
Disguised, I brought her out of the prison.  
Now she walks with me,



*Ars.* I will, and can.

*Fer.* O name that Word again!

Name it a thousand times. *(He kneels to Arsinoe, who bids him rise.)*

*Dor.* Much to your Pity I, *Feraspe*, owe,

And out of Pity I can love you now.

*Fer.* But can you love, and live?

*Dor.* The Wound's not dangerous, I believe.

*Fer.* Immortal Gods!

What Joy, what. Bliss;

*Ars.* When Love does cure,

What we endure;

*All three.* And Wounds compleat our Happiness?

*Pel.* Then tell it in the Cyprian Groves,

Tell it all the laughing Loves:

*Ars.* While the tuneful Quire plays,

While the tripping Satyrs bound;

*Fer.* While they sooth us with their Lays,

While the Woods and Hills resound.

*Pel.* We envy not Jove

In Grandeur above;

Altho' we endure

Such Pain for a Cure,

Who live in the Realm of Love.

*A full CHORUS of all the Voices.*

*Then tell it in the Cyprian Groves,*

*Tell it all the laughing Loves,*

*While, the tuneful Quire plays,*

*While the tripping Satyrs bound;*

*While they sooth us with their Lays,*

*While the Woods and Hills resound.*

*We envy not Jove*

*In Grandeur above;*

*Altho' we endure*

*Such Pain for a Cure,*

To implore with such happy deceit  
Pardon for her sin, peace for what I have done.

I am here in front of your majesties

With the heart of a wild victim.

Everyone chastise me with fierce cruelty.

Dorisbe is alive. I reveal it to you.

I report the deception and, finally, implore forgiveness.

*Ars.* Every guilt, every offense,

I leave to oblivion.

And because heaven thus preaches,

I declare you both a royal couple.

*Dor./Fer.* A 2 Oh how happy I am!

*Pel.* In the kingdom of love,

Every soul,

Every heart

Celebrates. Yes, yes.

And thus

Rejoicing,

Laughing,

Playfully,

The wounds of love are healed.

*Who live in the Realm of LOVE.*

*FINIS.*

THE END

### Glossary

**Aegyptius:** Character in Greek mythology; son of Antheus, lover of the widow Timandre and victim of a plot to commit incest with his mother. All the participants were ultimately turned into birds.

**Agrigento** (Roman: Agrigentum; Greek: Acragas): City on the south-central coast of Sicily; famed for its wealth and large population.

**Alecto:** One of the Furies. Her task was punishing the moral crimes of humans against others.

**Argonaut:** One of the sailors who accompanied Jason on his quest for the Golden Fleece in his ship the *Argo*.

**Colchis (Colco):** A country in Asia on the east coast of the Black Sea; rich in natural resources and famous for its manufactures. Home of the Golden Fleece and destination of Jason and the Argonauts.

**Erebus:** Son of Chaos; personification of darkness; name refers to the dark and gloomy place beneath earth at entrance to Hades.

**Irene** (Roman: Pax): Goddess of peace; personification of peace.

**Orion:** A giant and hunter. After his death, he was placed among the stars as a giant with a girdle, sword, lion's skin, and club.

**Parcae** (Roman): The three Fates who directed the lives of humans and gods.

**Proteus:** The sea god who was able to change his shape and form at will.

**Typhon** (Typhoeus): A fearful serpentine monster of the primitive world.