



BOSTON
BAROQUE

MARTIN PEARLMAN

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

IL RITORNO D'ULISSE
IN PATRIA

Fernando Guimarães *as Ulisse*

Jennifer Rivera *as Penelope*

New performing version by Martin Pearlman

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

IL RITORNO D'ULISSE IN PATRIA

Opera in a prologue and three acts · Libretto by **Giacomo Badoaro (1602–1654)**

A new performing version by **Martin Pearlman**

① Prologue: *L'Humana Fragilità, Il Tempo, La Fortuna, Amore*. 8:41

Act I

② Scene 1: *Penelope, Ericlea*. Di misera Regina 10:03

③ Scene 2: *Melanto, Eurimaco*. Duri e penosi 10:09

Scene 3: Missing in score

④ Scene 4: Sinfonia (the sleeping Ulisse carried on shore) 0:14

⑤ Scene 5: *Nettuno, Giove*. Superbo è l'huom 6:08

⑥ Scene 6: *Coro di Feaci, Nettuno*. In questo basso mondo 2:02

⑦ Scene 7: *Ulisse*. Dormo ancora 4:38

⑧ Scene 8: *Minerva, Ulisse*. Cara e lieta gioventù 11:48

⑨ Scene 9: *Minerva, Ulisse*. Tu, d'Aretusa al fonte 2:09

⑩ Scene 10: *Penelope, Melanto*. Donata un giorno 8:33

⑪ Scene 11: *Eumete*. Oh come mal si salva 1:40

⑫ Scene 12: *Iro, Eumete*. Pastor d'armenti può 1:44

⑬ Scene 13: *Eumete, Ulisse*. Ulisse generoso! 3:18

Act II

⑭	Scene 1: <i>Telemaco, Minerva</i> . Lieto cammino	2:34
⑮	Scene 2: <i>Eumete, Ulisse</i> . O gran figlio d'Ulisse	5:06
⑯	Scene 3: <i>Telemaco, Ulisse</i> . Che veggio, ohimè, che miro?	7:33
⑰	Scene 4: <i>Melanto, Eurimaco</i> . Eurimaco, la donna insomma	3:02
⑱	Scene 5: <i>Antinoo, Anfinomo, Pisandro, Penelope</i> . Sono l'altre Regine	7:50
	Scene 6: No music in score	
⑲	Scene 7: <i>Eumete, Penelope</i> . Apportator d'alte novelle	1:06
⑳	Scene 8: <i>Antinoo, Anfinomo, Pisandro, Eurimaco</i> . Compagni, udiste	6:34
㉑	Scene 9: <i>Ulisse, Minerva</i> . Perir non può	3:36
㉒	Scene 10: <i>Eumete, Ulisse</i> . Io vidi, o pellegrin	1:56
㉓	Scene 11: <i>Telemaco, Penelope</i> . Del mio lungo viaggio	5:16
㉔	Scene 12: <i>Antinoo, Eumete, Iro, Ulisse, Telemaco</i> . Sempre villano Eumete	4:55
㉕	Scene 12 cont.:	
	<i>Antinoo, Penelope, Pisandro, Anfinomo, Telemaco</i> . Tu vincitor	7:12
㉖	Scene 12 cont.:	
	<i>Penelope, Pisandro, Anfinomo, Antinoo, Ulisse</i> . Ecco l'arco d'Ulisse	10:11

Act III

㉗	Scene 1: <i>Iro</i> . O dolor, o martir	6:14
	Scene 2: Missing in score	
㉘	Scene 3: <i>Melanto, Penelope</i> . E quai nuovi rumori	2:11
㉙	Scene 4: <i>Eumete, Penelope</i> . Forza d'occulto affetto	2:29
㉚	Scene 5: <i>Telemaco, Penelope, Eumete</i> . È saggio Eumete	2:41
㉛	Scene 6: <i>Minerva, Giunone</i> . Fiamma è l'ira, o gran Dea	3:32
㉜	Scene 7: <i>Giunone, Giove, Nettuno, Minerva, Coro in cielo, Coro marittimo</i> . Gran Giove	6:40
㉝	Scene 8: <i>Ericlea</i> . Ericlea, che vuoi far	3:30
㉞	Scene 9: <i>Penelope, Telemaco, Eumete</i> . Ogni nostra ragion	0:47
㉟	Scene 10: <i>Ulisse, Penelope, Ericlea</i> . O delle mie fatiche	10:08

Total Running Time: 176 minutes

This recording is part of the Norma Jean Calderwood recording series.

Hear musical director Martin Pearlman discuss this new performing version
at <http://lin.mn/BBUlisse>

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PROLOGUE

L'Humana Fragilità (Human Frailty)	Christopher Lowrey
Il Tempo (Time)	João Fernandes
La Fortuna (Fortune)	Sonja DuToit Tengblad
Amore (Cupid)	Sara Heaton

DRAMA

Ulisse (Ulysses)	Fernando Guimarães
Penelope, wife of Ulysses	Jennifer Rivera
Telemaco (Telemachus), son of Ulysses	Aaron Sheehan
Minerva	Leah Wool
Nettuno (Neptune)	João Fernandes
Giove (Jupiter)	Owen McIntosh
Giunone (Juno)	Sonja DuToit Tengblad
Ericlea (Eurycleia), Penelope's old nurse	Krista River
Melanto (Melantho), Penelope's young maid	Abigail Nims
Eurimaco (Eurymachus), Melantho's lover	Daniel Shirley
Eumete (Eumaeus), a loyal swineherd	Daniel Auchincloss
Iro (Irus), a parasite	Marc Molomot
Anfinomo (Amphinomus)	Jonas Budris
Pisandro (Peisander)	Owen McIntosh
Antinoò (Antinous)	Ulysses Thomas
Phaeacian sailors	Jonas Budris, Christopher Lowrey, Ulysses Thomas
Coro in Cielo (Choir in Heaven)	Sara Heaton, Sonja DuToit Tengblad, Marc Molomot, Daniel Shirley
Coro Marittimo (Choir of the Sea)	Christopher Lowrey, Jonas Budris, Daniel Auchincloss, Ulysses Thomas

BOSTON BAROQUE

playing on period instruments

Martin Pearlman *music director*

CONTINUO

Theorbo

Michael Leopold
David Walker

Guitar

Michael Leopold

Cello

Jennifer Morsches

Harpichord

Martin Pearlman
Peter Sykes

Organ

Peter Sykes

ENSEMBLE

1st Violin

Christina Day Martinson
Jesse Irons
Lena Wong

2nd Violin

Julia McKenzie
Guiomar Turgeon
Laura Gulley

Viola

Laura Jeppesen
Barbara Wright

Violoncello

Sarah Freiberg
Jennifer Morsches

Violone

Douglas Balliett

Viola da gamba

Laura Jeppesen
Adrienne Hartzell

Recorder

Aldo Abreu
Roy Sansom

Cornetto

Michael Collver
Paul Perfetti

IL RITORNO D'ULISSE IN PATRIA

Only three operas by Claudio Monteverdi have come down to us. *L'Orfeo* (1607), his very first, is generally acknowledged to be the earliest great opera. Then, after a gap of 33 years, during which Monteverdi wrote operas that are tragically now lost, we have two masterpieces from near the end of his life: *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse* (1640) and *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* (1642).

Il Ritorno d'Ulisse is based on the story told in books 13–23 of Homer's *Odyssey*, in which Ulysses returns home from the Trojan War after an absence of 20 years and slays his wife's suitors, who have taken over his palace. The 73-year-old Monteverdi's setting of Giacomo Badoaro's libretto was premiered in 1640 during the carnival season in Venice, to such acclaim that it was revived the following season, an unusual distinction for an opera of the time. The first performances took place at one of the city's new public opera houses, where, not only were production budgets severely limited, but where writing for a broader public

affected the kinds of stories that were set to music. The story of Ulysses was familiar to the audience, and its abundance of blood and gore was a far cry from the nymphs and shepherds in the earlier *Orfeo*, which had been written for the Mantuan court. Not long after the premiere, *Ulisse* dropped from view until late in the nineteenth century, when a manuscript was rediscovered in Vienna, which appears to be a copy made for a later revival in that city. Initially there were doubts as to whether the newly discovered work was a genuine lost opera of Monteverdi. But by the mid-twentieth century, further documents were found which removed any doubts about the work's authenticity.

Il Ritorno d'Ulisse is certainly the least well known and least performed of the three surviving operas, and that may have something to do with its relatively recent discovery and even more recent authentication. But another reason perhaps lies in the libretto itself, which some have suggested makes the work more difficult to

put across than Monteverdi's other late opera. Whereas *Poppea* is filled with brilliant dialogue between fascinating and deeply flawed historical characters, *Ulisse* is of necessity somewhat more formal in its portrayal of gods and heroes. The final act, which is largely devoted to the convincing of a reluctant Penelope that her husband has truly returned home, has been called anticlimactic by some critics; and some scenes digress, such as the one in Act II (often cut) where Telemachus tells his mother about the beauty of Helen, whom he has seen in his travels. But Monteverdi's music transcends these difficulties, and of course later composers would conjure great works from less than perfect librettos. *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse* is unquestionably one of the three pillars that place Monteverdi among the greatest of opera composers.

Our performing version

But perhaps the greatest reason that *Ulisse* is not heard more often has to do with the difficulties presented by the surviving material. The music survives in only one manuscript, although a number of manuscript copies of the libretto have been found. There is nothing in Monteverdi's own hand, and the copyist's score that does survive is hastily and

sometimes carelessly written, probably after the composer's death. It lacks many details (some of which may have been explained to the performers in rehearsal), it is incomplete in places and it has numerous small errors. This was clearly a rough working copy made for a particular production. Several scenes from the libretto are missing: either lost, cut from the production in question, or perhaps never set to music in the first place. A performance therefore requires many decisions to fill in the gaps in what the manuscript tells us.

For Boston Baroque's production, I have checked every note and word of the surviving manuscript, a process that led to countless small adjustments – plus a few major ones – to what we find in modern editions. In many places, the manuscript is incomplete or unclear and a variety of interpretative decisions must be made. In Scene 4 of Act I, for example, there is a written instruction that the orchestra play a brief *sinfonia* while the sleeping Ulysses is carried in. We are instructed that 'So as not to wake him', the *sinfonia* should be played quietly and be limited to only one chord (i.e. one unchanging harmony). However, no music is provided, only a bass C to tell us what the unchanging harmony should be. We must therefore create

a brief introduction, or *sinfonia*, on a C major chord to lead into the scene with Neptune that follows. In its static harmony, this number is reminiscent of the opening *sinfonia* of *Orfeo*, which is a fanfare on one chord.

In other places, only a bass line is given for an instrumental piece, and one must devise upper parts. An unusual example of this occurs at the end of Act II Scene 5. The scene concludes with a celebratory trio for the three suitors ('*All' allegrezze*'), after which the score has just seven quick bass notes and the word '*ritornello*'. We have taken these notes as a phrase for repetition: we play them four times and add instrumental upper parts to round out the suitors' trio and the scene.

One important revelation in the manuscript occurs at the point where Ulysses slays the suitors (end of Act II Scene 12). Just where the instrumental ensemble begins to build momentum for that climactic moment, most editions and performances have Ulysses interrupt with a prayer to Minerva in recitative before the rhythmic music resumes. The effect is always to weaken the drama, but a look at the manuscript reveals that this extra line of music is a footnote at the bottom of the page; it appears to have been added later and is probably not

original. Our performance therefore omits the insertion, so that the rhythmic momentum continues to build to the end of the scene.

Instrumentation

The score does not specify the instruments that should be used. The five-part *ritornelli*, or musical interludes, are almost certainly intended for strings, although a few other instruments may be added at times for colour. For most of the opera, however, the music is on just two staves: a vocal line plus instrumental bass. It is left to the performers to decide how to harmonize the bass line and to decide which instruments should play it. The use of a variety of continuo instruments, allows the palette to be varied according to the dramatic situation.

Probably the greatest difference among performing versions of *Ullisse* is in the matter of orchestral accompaniments. In the original score, the orchestra plays very little, mostly just extremely short instrumental interludes (some as brief as ten seconds). Beyond that, it accompanies singers in just three places: in the brief fight between Irus and Ulysses (middle of Act II Scene 12), at the moment when Ulysses slays the suitors (end of Act II Scene 12) and in Penelope's song of joy in

the final scene of the opera. All of this comes to less than 15 minutes out of a full-length opera, the rest of the score has the singers accompanied only by a continuo bass line.

The question then is whether the manuscript score is complete, or whether instruments were meant to accompany singers in passages where there is no music specified for them. Every production must address this issue. Some composers – notably Dallapiccola and Henze – have orchestrated the work throughout, giving it something closer to a nineteenth-century operatic sound. In skilled hands, this can be attractive, to some tastes; but it changes the basic character of Monteverdi's work, making it impossible for the singers to be rhythmically free in declaiming their text. It also restricts the ability of the continuo players to improvise and to interact with the singers as they are meant to do in this music. At the other extreme are performances that limit themselves strictly to the written notes, so that the orchestra plays very little and almost never accompanies singers. To me, this last choice seems unnecessarily austere, of questionable authenticity and perhaps even somewhat timid: to have the ensemble sit silent for over 90% of the opera would have

been as artistically and financially wasteful in the seventeenth century as it is in the twenty-first. Other performances, of course, fall somewhere between these two extremes.

My version for Boston Baroque occupies that middle ground, my approach being somewhat conservative as to how much instrumental music was to be added. I have composed orchestral parts to accompany the singers at certain moments of heightened drama, where a character breaks out of recitative into song. For the most part, these are simple accompaniments, designed not to interfere with the singers, although sometimes the instruments interact contrapuntally with the voice. Certainly there are plenty of hints to support this approach. Some other operas of the time offer models in the form of written-out parts for instruments to accompany singers. There are even some operas that give instructions for an aria to be played 'with violins' or 'with all the instruments', even though no instrumental parts are shown in the score. In the manuscript of *Ullisse*, we find a few interpolated notes that appear to be cues for instruments to play, even though there is no music written for them. In Melanthon's little song in Act I Scene 10, 'Ama dunque', there are melodic notes

written between her phrases, which implies instrumental accompaniment throughout the song. I have supplied music for four solo string instruments here, their parts incorporating the inserted notes in those bars where they appear in the score.

Overall, the sound of this opera is striking for its concentration of voices in the middle range: Monteverdi uses a remarkable assortment of various types of tenor and mezzo. The sonority of the accompanying parts I have supplied varies according to the dramatic context. Only low strings are heard in Penelope's lament in the opening scene of Act I and in some of the music for the suitors. Bright solo violins accompany Fortune's aria in the Prologue, and solo violins lend a transparent accompaniment to the beautiful 'Dolce speme' duet of Eumaeus and Ulysses in Act II Scene 2, as well as to Ulysses' 'Vanne alle madre' at the end of Act II Scene 3. In a number of places, the full five-part string ensemble is used. Perhaps the densest instance of this is the accompaniment I have given to the great aria with which Eumaeus opens Scene 2 of Act II ('O gran figlio'). Occasionally I have also added recorders or cornetti to brighten the sonority, while cornetti alone accompany the gods in Act III Scene 7.

Orchestral accompaniments like these can heighten moments of true song. But the core of this music resides in the freer speech patterns of continuo-accompanied recitative. For the human characters, these speech patterns tend to be relatively simple and straightforward. But the speech of the gods is often full of florid ornamentation, an unnatural speech that lends an aura of the superhuman.

The libretto vs. the musical score

There are many places in the opera where the libretto differs from the surviving musical score. Most notably, the book divides the drama into five acts while the score has three; and they have entirely different Prologues. Sometimes the words differ between libretto and score, sometimes an entire scene in the libretto is missing in the musical manuscript. One must decide whether to follow the libretto as a guide to what the score was meant to be, or whether to follow the score as we have it. For the 'missing' scenes, have we lost music, or did Monteverdi never set them to music in the first place?

I have chosen to follow the musical score wherever possible. Librettos of the time did not always reflect the finished opera: authors often considered their work to be independent

poems and sometimes retained their original material, even after a composer had altered or omitted some of it in his opera. A libretto can sometimes help clarify details, but following the score means that we are using the one source that was actually designed to be used in performance. Monteverdi may well never have set to music the 'missing' choruses of nereids, sirens, underworld shades, etc. His main interest, as he wrote in his letters, was to portray the gamut of emotions, and he may well have felt that scenes such as these would have been a distraction from his purpose. There was, too, a possible practical consideration, since choruses were not a common feature in the cash-strapped public opera houses of Venice at the time.

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SYNOPSIS

Prologue

① In an allegorical prologue, Human Frailty is subject to the heartless taunts of Time, Fortune and Cupid.

Act I

The setting is Ithaca, an island in the Ionian Sea.

② Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, laments the absence of her husband, who left for the Trojan War twenty years earlier and has not returned. Her nurse Eurycleia tries to console her. ③ Meanwhile, Penelope's young maid Melanthis and Eurymachus sing of their love. They are in league with the suitors and hope to convince Penelope to take a lover.

④ In another part of the island, Phaeacian sailors bring the sleeping Ulysses to the shore of Ithaca, his homeland. ⑤ Neptune, angry that Ulysses blinded his son, the Cyclops Polyphemus, had kept the hero from his homeland for ten years, but now Jupiter convinces him to allow Ulysses' return.

⑥ Neptune satisfies himself by turning the Phaeacians and their ship to stone, and leaves Ulysses in peace. ⑦ Ulysses awakes abandoned and confused; ⑧ the goddess Minerva, disguised as a shepherd boy, tells him that he has landed in Ithaca. She then reveals herself as the goddess and offers him guidance. He is to be disguised as an old beggar and go to his palace, where he will find Penelope beleaguered by her suitors. ⑨ But first he is to wait for Minerva in the company of his faithful swineherd Eumaeus. ⑩ At the palace, Melanthis unsuccessfully to convince Penelope to give up her mourning and marry one of the suitors. ⑪ In the countryside, the swineherd Eumaeus is enjoying the pastoral life when ⑫ he is pestered by the boorish glutton Irus, a toady of the suitors. As he chases Irus off, ⑬ he encounters Ulysses disguised as an old beggar. The 'beggar' informs Eumaeus that his master will soon return from the war.

Act II

⑭ Guided by Minerva, Ulysses' son Telemachus returns from a voyage in search of his father. ⑮ Eumaeus rejoices at his safe homecoming and relates the beggar's prophecy that his father will soon return. Eumaeus then departs to tell the news to Penelope. Left alone with the beggar, Telemachus sees the earth suddenly swallow him up; he views it as an omen that his father has died. ⑯ However, Ulysses soon reappears in his true form, and father and son are joyfully reunited. Ulysses sends Telemachus to Penelope and will resume his disguise. ⑰ In the palace, Melanthe complains to Eurymachus that Penelope is inflexible and refuses to accept any suitor. They then sing of their love for each other. ⑱ The three suitors, Amphinomus, Peisander and Antinous, court Penelope but cannot break down her resistance. To cheer her up, they decide to entertain her with song and dance. ⑲ Eumaeus tells Penelope that her son has returned and that her husband is alive and will also soon return, but she is sceptical. ⑳ The suitors hear of the return of Telemachus and of Ulysses' imminent return,

and they are fearful. They plan to murder Telemachus and to offer gifts to Penelope to hurry her decision, but an eagle flies overhead, a sign that the gods disapprove.

㉑ In the forest, Minerva promises Ulysses her protection: she will influence Penelope to propose a contest that will give Ulysses the opportunity to destroy the suitors. ㉒ Eumaeus reports to Ulysses that the suitors are terrified at the prospect of his return. ㉓ Telemachus tells his mother about the divinely beautiful Helen, whom he visited on his travels, and of Helen's prophecy that Ulysses would return home and slay the suitors. ㉔ The suitors rebuke Eumaeus for bringing the beggar into the palace. The obnoxious Irus provokes the beggar to a wrestling match but loses to the old man. ㉕ Penelope, taking pity on the beggar, offers him her hospitality. Each of the suitors in turn courts Penelope, offering her his treasures. Finally, Penelope appears to soften and, under the invisible influence of Minerva, proposes a contest in which whoever can most easily string Ulysses' bow will win both her hand and the kingdom. ㉖ Each of the brash suitors attempts to string the bow but cannot bend it. Then the old beggar comes forward, asking not for the prize but for a

chance to try the bow. To the amazement of everyone, he easily strings it; he then shoots the suitors dead.

Act III

⑳ Irus is in despair. The suitors have been slain, and there is no one to feed him and provide for his needs. He wants to kill himself.

㉑ As Melantho bemoans the loss of the suitors, a dispirited Penelope feels that every love for her is fatal. ㉒ ㉓ Eumaeus and Telemachus try to convince her that the old man who slew the suitors was in reality Ulysses, but she does not believe it and considers them merely gullible. ㉔ At the sea, Minerva asks Juno to intercede with Jupiter to allow Ulysses to live in peace. ㉕ Jupiter persuades his brother Neptune to end his persecution, and, as Neptune agrees, we hear a choir from heaven and a choir from the sea extolling the mercy of the gods. Jupiter then asks Minerva to quell the uprising of the Achaeans, who are angered at the death of the suitors, their rulers. ㉖ The nurse Eurycleia has recognized Ulysses, but he has bidden her keep the secret. She does not know whether to tell or be silent.

㉗ Eumaeus and Telemachus are still unable to convince Penelope that Ulysses has returned. ㉘ Ulysses enters in his true form, but others have also claimed to be the hero, and she is worried that sorcery could make him look like Ulysses. Even when Eurycleia reveals that she has seen his old scar, Penelope still doubts. But when Ulysses describes the silken cover that used to be on their bed, something which no one else has seen, those doubts are laid to rest. She sings an aria of rejoicing, and husband and wife are at last reunited.

LIBRETTO

① PROLOGUE

L'Humana Fragilità

Mortal cosa son io, fattura humana:
tutto mi turba, un soffio sol m'abbatte;

il tempo che mi crea, quel mi combatte.

Il Tempo

Salvo è niente
dal mio dente.

Ei rode,
ei gode.

Non fuggite o mortali,
che se ben zoppo ho l'ali.

L'Humana Fragilità

Mortal cosa son io, fattura humana:
senza periglio invan ricerco loco,
che frale vita è di fortuna un gioco.

Human Frailty

I am mortal, created in human form:
everything distresses me, a puff of wind alone
can destroy me;
time who created me also fights against me.

Time

Nothing is safe
from my tooth.

It gnaws
and enjoys.

Flee not, mortals!
I limp, but I have wings.

Human Frailty

I am mortal, created in human form:
in vain do I seek a place safe from dangers,
for frail life is a plaything of fortune.

La Fortuna

Mia vita son voglie,
le gioie, le doglie.
Son cieca, son sorda,
non vedo, non odo;
ricchezze, grandezze
dispenso a mio modo.

L'Humana Fragilità

Mortal cosa son io, fattura humana:
al tiranno d'amor serva sen piace
la mia fiorita età verde e fugace.

Amore

Dio, de' Dei feritor
mi dice il mondo Amor.
Cieco saettator alato ignudo,
contro il mio stral non val difesa o scudo.

L'Humana Fragilità

Misera son ben io, fattura humana:
credere a ciechi e zoppi è cosa vana.

Il Tempo, La Fortuna, Amore

Per me fragile quest'huom sarà.
Per me misero quest'huom sarà.
Per me torbido quest'huom sarà.
Il Tempo ch'affretta pietate non ha.
Fortuna ch'alletta pietate non ha.

Fortune

Wishes are my life,
the joys, the sorrows.
I'm blind, I'm deaf,
I see not, I hear not;
riches and greatness
I distribute according to my fancy.

Human Frailty

I am mortal, created in human form:
to the tyrant love are sacrificed
my green and fleeting years of flowering.

Cupid

God, thou wounder of gods,
the world calls me, Cupid.
A blind, winged, nude marksman,
no defence or shield is of any avail against my arrow.

Human Frailty

Wretched I am indeed, created in human form:
to believe the blind and the lame is a vain thing.

Time, Fortune, Cupid

Through me, this man will be frail.
Through me, this man will be wretched.
Through me, this man will be distressed.
Time, who hurries away, has no pity.
Fortune, who entices, has no pity.

Amor che saette pietate non ha.
Fragile, misero, torbido quest'huom sarà.

Cupid, who shoots his arrows, has no pity.
Frail, wretched, distressed will this man be.

ACT I

② SCENE 1

Reggia

Penelope

Di misera Regina non terminati mai dolenti affanni!
L'aspettato non giunge e pur fuggono gli anni;
la serie del penar è lunga ahi troppo,
a chi vive in angosce il tempo è zoppo.
Fallacissima speme, speranze non più verdi
ma canute,
all'invecchiato male non promettete più pace
o salute.

Scorsero quattro lustri dal memorabil giorno
in cui con sue rapine
il superbo Trojano chiamò l'alta sua patria
alle rovine.

A ragion arse Troja,
poichè l'Amor impuro, ch'è un delitto di foco,
si purga con le fiamme;
ma ben contro ragione
per l'altrui fallo condannata innocente
dall'altrui colpe io sono l'afflitta penitente.
Ulisse accorto e saggio,
tu che punir gli adulteri ti vanti,

The palace

Penelope

Sorrow and trouble never end for me, miserable queen!
The awaited one does not return, and the years pass by;
the time of torment is, alas, too long;
time is lame for whoever lives in anguish.
Most false hope, hope no longer green but hoary,
you no longer promise peace nor healing to the old pain.

Two decades have passed since the day
when, through the abduction,
the proud Trojan plunged his illustrious
homeland into ruin.
Troy burned justly,
for impure love, which is a crime of fire,
is purged by fire;
but most unjustly,
while innocent, I am condemned
to suffer the punishment of others.
Shrewd, wise Ulysses,
who boasts of punishing adultery,

aguzzi l'armi e susciti le fiamme
per vendicar gli errori d'una profuga greca,
e 'n tanto lasci la tua casta consorte;
fra nemici rivali
in dubbio De l'honor, in forse a morte.
Ogni partenza attende desiato ritorno,
tu sol del tuo tornar perdesti il giorno.

Ericlea

Infelice Ericlea, nutrice sconsolata,
compiangi il duol della Regina amata.

Penelope

Non è dunque per me varia la sorte?
Cangiò forse Fortuna la volubile ruota
in stabil seggio? E la sua pronta vela
ch'ogni human caso porta
fra l'incostanza a volo,
sol per me non raccoglie un fiato solo?
Cangian per altri pur aspetto in cielo
le stelle erranti e fisse.
Torna, deh torna, Ulisse!

Deh torna Ulisse, Penelope t'aspetta,
l'innocenta sospira,
piange l'offesa e contro il tenace offensore
nè pur s'adira:
all'anima affannata
porto le tue discolpe

you sharpen your weapons and fan the flames
to avenge the misdeeds of a faithless Greek woman,
and at the same time leave your chaste wife
among hostile rivals,
her honour, perhaps her life, at stake.
Every departure longingly awaits a return,
you alone have lost your day of returning.

Eurycleia

Unhappy Eurycleia, inconsolable nurse,
you share the grief of your beloved queen.

Penelope

Is there then no alteration in my fate?
Did Fortune perhaps change the ever turning wheel
for a stationary one? And her quick sail
that bears every human cause
through continual changes,
gathers no breath of wind for me?
Yet for others the pattern in the sky
of the wandering and fixed stars changes.
Return, oh return, Ulysses!

Oh, return, Ulysses, Penelope awaits you
the innocent one sighs,
the offended one weeps, and yet harbours no
anger against the stubborn offender:
the distressed soul
I pardon

acciò non resti di crudeltà macchiato,
ma falso de' miei danni incolpo il fato.
Così per tua difesa col destino, col cielo
fomento guerre e stabilisco risse;
torna, deh torna, Ulisse!

Ericlea

Partir senza ritorno non può stella influir,
non è partir, ahì, che non è partir.

Penelope

Torna il tranquillo al mare,
torna il zeffiro al prato,
l'aurora mentre al sol fa dolce invito
è un ritorno del dì ch'è pria partito.
Tornan le brine in terra,
tornano al centro i sassi,
e con lubrici passi
torna all'oceano il rivo.

L'huomo qua giù ch'è vivo
lunge da' suoi principi
porta un'alma celeste e un corpo frale;
tosto more il mortale
e torna l'alma in cielo
e torna il corpo in polve
dopo breve soggiorno;
tu sol del tuo tornar perdesti il giorno.
Torna, che mentre porti empie dimore

and do not call cruel,
but cruel I call fate.
Thus in your defence
I take issue with destiny, with heaven;
return, oh return, Ulysses!

Eurycleia

Parting without returning cannot be the will of the stars;
alas, this is not parting.

Penelope

Calm returns over the sea,
the zephyr returns over the meadow,
the dawn meanwhile sweetly invites the sun
to a return of the day which had departed.
The waters return to the earth,
the stones return to the centre,
and with gliding steps
the river returns to the ocean.

Man, who lives down here
far away from his origins,
bears a celestial soul and a frail body;
soon the mortal dies
and the soul returns to heaven
and the body returns to dust
after a brief sojourn;
you alone have missed the day of our return.
Return, for while you

al mio fiero dolore,
veggo del morir mio l'hore prefisse.
Torna, deh torna, Ulisse!

③ SCENE 2

Melanto

Duri e penosi
son gli amorosi
fieri desir;
ma alfin son cari,
se prima amari,
gli aspri martir;
che s'arde un core
d'allegrezza è il foco,
nè mai perde in amor
chi compie il gioco.

Chi pria s'accende
procelle attende
da un bianco sen,
ma corseggiando
trova in amando
porto seren.

Si piange pria,
ma alfin la gioia ha loco,
nè mai perde in amor
chi compie il gioco.

cause me cruel grief,
I see the preordained hour of my death.
Return, oh return, Ulysses!

Melantho

Bitter are the torments
that the lover suffers
in his desire;
but at last, the harsh sufferings,
though bitter at first,
are cherished;
if a heart is burning
it is a fire of joy,
and he never loses
who plays the game of love.

Whoever is first inflamed
by a white bosom
can expect storms,
but riding them out
he finds in loving
a serene harbour.

First, there is weeping,
but at last joy takes its place,
he never loses
who plays the game of love.

Eurimaco

Bella Melanto mia, graziosa Melanto,
il tuo canto è un incanto
il tuo volto è magia.
Bella Melanto mia!
È tutto laccio in te ciò ch'altri ammaga,
ciò che laccio non è fa tutto piaga.

Melanto

Vezzoso garruletto,
o come ben tu sai
ingemmar le bellezze,
illustrar a tuo pro
d'un volto i rai.
Lieta vezzeggia pur
con glorie mie
le tue dolci bugie.

Eurimaco

Bugia sarebbe
s'io lodando non t'amassi,
che il negar d'adorar
confessata deità
è bugia d'empietà.

Melanto, Eurimaco

De' nostri amor concordii
sia pur la fiamma accesa,
che amato il non amando arreca offesa

Eurymachus

My beautiful Melantho, delightful Melantho,
your song is enchantment,
your face is magic.
My beautiful Melantho!
Everything in you is captivating
and holds him slave whom you inflame.

Melantho

Loquacious flatterer,
oh how well you know
how to sing of beauty,
to describe to your own advantage
the radiance of a face.
Yet your gentle lies
sweetly flatter me
with my glories.

Eurymachus

It would be lies
if I, praising, did not love you,
for refusing to adore
an acknowledged deity
is an impious lie.

Melantho, Eurymachus

May the flame of our mutual love
rise upward;
for lovers not to love is an offense,

ch'amato il non amar arreca offesa,
né con ragion s'offende
colui che per offese amor ti rende.

Melanto

S'io non t'amo, cor mio, che sia di gelo l'alma
ch'ho in sen a' tuoi begli occhi avante.

Eurimaco

Se in adorarti cor non ho costante,
non mi sia stanza il mondo o tetto il cielo.

Melanto, Eurimaco

Dolce mia vita sei,
lieto mio ben sarai,
nodo sí bel non si disciolga mai.

Melanto

Come, oh, come il desio m'invoglia,
Eurimaco, mia vita,
senza fren, senza morso
dar nel tuo sen alle mie gioie il corso!

Eurimaco

Come, oh, come volentieri
cangerei questa in un deserto
ove occhio curioso a veder
non giungesse i nostri errori.

love not returned is an offense,
but it is not fitting
to reward love with offences.

Melantho

If I do not love you, my heart, my soul
shall turn to ice before your eyes.

Eurymachus

If my heart is not constant in its devotion,
the world shall no longer be a place or the sky a roof for me.

Melantho, Eurymachus

You are the sweetness of my life,
happy shall you be, my love,
may such a beautiful knot never be dissolved.

Melantho

Oh, how the wish inspires me,
Eurymachus, my life,
to fulfil without any regret or restraint
my dream of love with you!

Eurymachus

Oh how gladly I would exchange
this place for a desert,
where curious eyes
could not pursue us.

Melanto, Eurimaco

Che ad un focoso petto
il rispetto è dispetto.

Eurimaco

Tu dunque t'affatica,
suscita in lei la fiamma!

Melanto

Ritenterò quell'alma pertinace ostinata,
ritoccherò quel core
ch'indiamanta l'honore.

Melanto, Eurimaco

Dolce mia vita sei,
lieto mio ben sarai,
nodo sí bel non si disciolga mai.

Melantho, Eurymachus

For a fiery bosom
despises every obstacle.

Eurymachus

So try again now
to kindle her fire of love!

Melantho

I will tempt again that obstinate soul,
touch again that heart
which is a temple of chastity.

Melantho, Eurymachus

You are my sweet life,
you will be my greatest happiness,
may such a beautiful knot never be loosened.

[SCENE 3 *Maritime scene with nereids and sirens, missing in score.*]

④ SCENE 4

*Qui esce la barca de' Feaci che conduce Ulisse
che dorme e perchè non si desti si fa la
segunte sinfonia toccata souvemente sempre
su una corda.*

*Here the boat of the Phaeacians appears bearing
the sleeping Ulysses, and, so as not to wake him,
the following sinfonia is played always softly and
on one chord.*

⑤ SCENE 5

Nettuno sorge dal mare

Nettuno

Superbo è l'huom ed è del suo peccato
cagion, benchè lontana: il ciel cortese
facile è ahi troppo in perdonar l'offese.
Fa guerra col destin, pugna col fato,
tutt'osa, tutto ardisce l'humana libertate,
indomita si rende,
e l'arbitrio de l'huom col ciel contende.
Ma se Giove benigno
i trascorsi de l'huom troppo perdona,
tenga egli a voglia sua nella gran destra
il fulmine ozioso. Tengalo invindicato,
ma non soffra Nettuno
col proprio dishonor l'human peccato!

Giove

Gran Dio de' salsi flutti,
che mormori e vaneggi
contro l'alta bontà del Dio sovrano?
Mi stabili per Giove
la mente mia pietosa
più ch'armata la mano.
Questo fulmine atterra,
la pietà persuade,
fa adorar la pietade;
ma non adora più che cade a terra.

Neptune rises from the sea

Neptune

Man is proud, and is the cause of his own guilt
though remotely; kind heaven
is only too willing to pardon the offence.
Human freedom wages war against Destiny,
fights with fate, dares all, risks all,
makes itself indomitable,
and the will of man struggles against heaven.
But if benign Jupiter
pardons too readily the transgressions of man,
he holds at his will the idle lightning
in his mighty right hand. Unavenged he holds it,
but Neptune does not suffer
his honour to be stained by human guilt.

Jupiter

Great god of the salty billows,
what murmurings and vanities
against the sublime bounty of the sovereign god?
As Jupiter I show
my merciful spirit
rather than arm my hand.
This thunderbolt terrifies,
pity persuades,
and lets mercy be worshipped;
but it no longer worships what falls to the ground.

Ma qual giusto desio d'aspra vendetta
furioso ti move
ad accusar l'alta bontà di Giove?

Nettuno

Hanno i Feaci arditì
contro l'alto voler del mio decreto
han Ulisse condotto in Itaca sua patria,
onde rimane da l'human ardimento
de l'offesa Deitate ingannato l'intento.
Vergogna e non pietade,
comanda il perdonar fatti sì rei.
Così di nome solo
son divini gli Dei.

Giove

Non fien discare al ciel le tue vendette,
che comune ragion ci tiene uniti.
Puoi da te stesso castigar gli arditì.

Nettuno

Hor già che non dissente il tuo divin volere,
darò castigo al temerario orgoglio:
la nave loro andante farò immobile scoglio.

Giove

Facciasi il tuo comando,
veggansi l'alte prove,
abbian l'onde il suo Giove;

But what just desire for harsh vengeance
furiously moves you
to accuse the sublime bounty of Jupiter?

Neptune

The daring Phaeacians have,
against the high will of my decree,
led Ulysses to his homeland Ithaca,
whereby human boldness
intended to offend the gods by deceit.
Shame, not pride,
commands the pardoning of such guilty deeds.
Thus in name alone
are the gods divine.

Jupiter

Your vengeance will not be rejected by heaven,
for common reasoning will keep us united.
You can punish the bold ones yourself.

Neptune

Now that your divine will does not dissent,
I shall castigate their shameless pride:
their moving ship I shall turn into an immobile rock.

Jupiter

Your command be executed,
may your power be felt,
the waves have their Jupiter;

e chi andando peccò
pera restando.

⑥ SCENE 6

Coro di Feaci

In questo basso mondo
l'huomo puol quanto vuol.
Tutto fa, tutto fa,
che 'l ciel del nostro oprar
pensier non ha.

Nettuno

Ricche d'un nuovo scoglio
sien quest'onde fugaci.

(Doppo mutata la nave.)

Imperino i Faeci in questo giorno
che l'humano viaggio
quand'ha contrario il ciel non ha ritorno.

⑦ SCENE 7

Ulisse

Dormo ancora o son desto?
Che contrade rimito?
Qual aria vi respiro?
E che terren calpesto?

and he who sinned in moving
be punished in immobility.

Chorus of Phaeacians

In this base world
man can do as much as he wants.
He does everything, he does everything,
for heaven has no thought
for our activity.

Neptune

Richer by a new rock
be these fleeting waters.

(After transforming the ship into a rock.)

May the Phaeacians learn on this day
that the human journey,
when made against the will of heaven, has no return.

Ulysses

Am I still asleep, or am I awake?
What countryside surrounds me?
What air do I breathe?
On what soil do I tread?

Dormo ancora o son desto?
Chi fece in me
il sempre dolce e lusinghevol sonno
ministro de' tormenti,
chi cangiò il mio riposo in ria sventura?
Qual deità de' dormienti ha cura?
O sonno, o mortal sonno!
Fratello della morte altri ti chiama.
Solingo trasportato, deluso et ingannato,
ti conosco ben io, padre d'errori,
pur degli errori miei son io la colpa!
Che se l'ombra è del sonno
sorella o pur campagna;
chi si confida all'ombra
perduto alfin contro ragion si lagna.
O Dei sempre sdegnati,
Numi non mai placati,
contro Ulisse che dorme anco severi,
vostri divini imperi
contro l'human voler sien fermi e forti,
ma non tolgano ohimè la pace ai morti.
Feaci ingannatori!
Voi pur mi prometteste
di ricondirmi salvo in Itaca mia patria
con le ricchezze miei, co' miei tesori.
Feaci mancatori!
Hor non so com'ingrati mi lasciate
in questa riva asperta,
su spiaggia erma e deserta,

Am I still asleep, or am I awake?
Who has changed
ever sweet and enticing sleep
into a tormentor in me,
who has changed my repose into misadventure?
What deity of sleepers was responsible?
Oh sleep, oh mortal sleep!
Others call you the brother of death.
Lonely, deserted, deluded and deceived,
I know you well, father of errors,
though for my errors I am guilty!
For the shadow is
the sister or the partner of sleep;
he who confides in the shadow
complains without reason if he is ultimately lost.
Oh, ever angry gods,
never placated gods,
severe even to the sleeping Ulysses,
let your divine decrees
be firm and strong against human will,
but alas, let the dead have their peace.
Deceitful Phaeacians!
You promised me
you would take me safely back to my country Ithaca
with my spoils, with my treasures.
Phaeacians, you breakers of promises!
Why have you now left me
on this exposed shore,
on this wild, empty coast,

misero, abbandonato;
e vi porta fastosi e l'aure e per l'onde
così enorme peccato!
Se puniti non son sì gravi errori,
lascia, Giove, deh lascia de' fulmini la cura,
che la legge del caso è più sicura.
Sia delle vostre vele,
falsissimi Feaci,
sempre Borea inimico;
e sian qual piuma al vento o scoglio in mare
le vostre infide navi:
leggere agli Aquiloni, all'aure gravidi!

⑧ SCENE 8

Minerva (in abito da pastorello)

Cara e lieta gioventù
che disprezza empio desir,
non dà a lei noia o martir
ciò che viene e ciò che fu.
Cara e lieta gioventù.

Ulisse (fra sè parla e dice)

Sempre l'human bisogno il ciel soccorre.
Quel giovinetto tenero negli anni,
mal pratico d'inganni,
forse che'l mio pensier farà contento:
che non ha frode in seno
chi non ha pelo al mento.

disconsolate and abandoned?
And you travel carefree through the breezes and waves
burdened with such cruel guilt!
If such grave crimes go unpunished,
leave, Jupiter, your charge of the lightning,
for the law of chance is surer.
To your sails,
you most base Phaeacians,
may the wind be hostile;
and like a feather in the wind or a rock in the sea
be your faithless ships:
light in the storm, and heavy on the breeze!

Minerva (in the guise of a shepherd boy)

Dear and joyful time of youth
that despises impious desire,
what is to come and what has been
cannot be vexing or tormenting.
Dear and joyful time of youth.

Ulysses (aside)

Heaven always succours human need.
That youth of tender years,
inexperienced in deceit,
can perhaps put my mind at rest:
for he can have no dishonesty in his heart
who has no hair on his chin.

Minerva

Giovanezza è un bel tesor
che fa ricco in gioia un sen.
Per lei zoppo il tempo vien,
per lei vola alato Amor.
Giovanezza è un bel tesor.

Ulisse

Vezzoso pastorello,
deh sovieni un perduto
di consiglio e d'aiuto,
e dimmi, dimmi pria
di questa spiaggia e questo porto il nome.

Minerva

Itaca è questa in sen di questo mare,
porto famoso e spiaggia felice avventurata.
Faccia gioconda e grata
a sí bel nome fai.
Ma tu come venisti e dove vai?

Ulisse

Io greco sono et hor di Creta io vengo
per fuggir il castigo d'homicidio eseguito;
m'alccosero i Feaci e m'han promesso
in Elide condurmi,
ma dal cruccioso mar dal vento infido
fummo a forza cacciati in questo lido.
Sin qui, pastor, hebbi nemico il caso.

Minerva

Youth is a lovely treasure
that makes a breast rich in joy.
Time only limps in youth,
winged Cupid flies around it.
Youth is a lovely treasure.

Ulysses

Gentle shepherd boy,
oh help one who is lost
with counsel and with aid,
and tell me, tell me first of all
the name of this coast and this harbour.

Minerva

This is Ithaca, in the bosom of this sea,
famous harbour and shore of happy fortunes.
You make a smiling and grateful face
at such a fair name.
But how did you come here and whither go you?

Ulysses

I am a Greek and have come from Crete
to flee the punishment of a murder I committed;
the Phaeacians received me and promised
to take me to Elis,
but we were dashed with force by the angry sea
and the faithless wind on to this shore.
Fate, shepherd, has been hostile to me.

Ma sbarcato al riposo,
per veder quieto il mar secondi i venti,
colà m'addormentai sí dolcemente,
ch'io non udii nè vidi
de' Feaci crudeli la furtiva partenza,
ond'io rimasi con le mie spoglie
in su l'arena ignuda isconosciuto e solo,
e'l sonno che partì lasciòmi il duolo.

Minerva

Ben lungamente addormentato fosti
ch'ancor ombre racconti e sogni narri.
È ben accorto Ulisse, ma più saggia è Minerva.
Tu dunque, Ulisse, i miei precetti osserva!

Ulisse

Chi crederebbe mai!
Le deità vestite in human velo!
Chi crederebbe mai!
Si fanno queste mascherate in cielo?
Grazie ti rendo, o protettrice Dea:
ben so che per tuo amore
furon senza periglio i miei pensieri.
Hor consolato seguò i tuoi saggi consigli.

Minerva

Incognito sarai, non conosciuto andrai
sinchè tu vegga dei Proci tuoi rivali
la sfacciata baldanza.

When I disembarked to rest,
to see the sea calming itself after the wind,
I fell asleep so sweetly
that I neither saw nor heard
the furtive departure of the cruel Phaeacians,
and I remained with my spoils
upon the bare sand, unknown and alone,
and the sleep that has departed has left me with grief.

Minerva

You have indeed slept long
that you still speak of shadows and narrate dreams.
Shrewd indeed is Ulysses, but wiser is Minerva.
So you, Ulysses, follow my commandments!

Ulysses

Whoever would have believed it!
The deity clothed in human garb!
Whoever would have believed it!
Are there such masquerades in heaven?
I give you thanks, O protecting goddess:
I well know that through your love
my thoughts have been free from danger.
Now, being comforted, I follow your wise counsels.

Minerva

You will be unrecognized, will pass unknown,
until you see the shameless pride
of your rivals.

Ulisse

O fortunato Ulisse!

Minerva

Di Penelope casta l'immutabil costanza.

Ulisse

O fortunato Ulisse!

Minerva

Hor t'adacqua la fronte
nella vicina fonte,
ch'anderai sconosciuto
in sembiante canuto.

Ulisse

Ad obbedirti vado, indi ritorno.

Minerva

Io vidi per vendetta
incenerisi Troja;
hora mi resta
Ulisse ricondur in patria in regno:
d'un'oltraggiata Dea questo è lo sdegno.
Quinci imparate voi stolti mortali
al litigio divin non poner bocca:
il giudizio del ciel a voi non tocca,
che son di terra i vostri tribunali.

Ulysses

Oh fortunate Ulysses!

Minerva

The unchanging constancy of chaste Penelope.

Ulysses

Oh fortunate Ulysses!

Minerva

Now wet your brow
at the nearby spring,
so that you will be unknown to others
in the hoary guise of an old man.

Ulysses

I shall obey you, and then return.

Minerva

I saw Troy
burning as vengeance;
it now remains for me
to lead Ulysses back to his homeland, to his kingdom;
this is the anger of an offended goddess.
Learn here, you foolish mortals,
not to interfere in divine disputes:
it is not fitting for you to judge heaven,
for your courts are of the earth.

Ulisse

Eccomi, saggia Dea.
Questi peli che guardi
sono di mia vecchiaia
testimoni bugiardi.

Minerva

Hor poniamo in sicuro
queste tue spoglie amate
entro quell'antro oscuro
delle Najadi, Ninfe al ciel sacrate.

Minerva, Ulisse

Ninfe serbate le gemme e gl' ori,
spoglie e tesori, tutto serbate,
Ninfe secrate.

⑨ SCENE 9**Minerva**

Tu d'Aretusa al fonte intanto vanne
ove il pastor Eumete, tuo fido antico servo,
custodisce la gregge. Ivi m'attendi
in sin che pria di Sparta
io ti conduca Telemaco tuo figlio;
poi d' eseguir t' appresta il mio consiglio.

Ulysses

Here I am, wise goddess.
These hairs that you see
are lying testimony
to my old age.

Minerva

Now we shall bring to safety
these beloved spoils of yours
within that dark cave
of the nereids, nymphs consecrated to heaven.

Minerva, Ulysses

Nymphs, guard the gems and the gold,
spoils and treasure, guard all,
consecrated nymphs.

Minerva

Go you meanwhile to the spring of Arethusa
where the shepherd Eumaeus, your faithful old servant,
watches over the herds. Wait for me there
until I first bring to you from Sparta
your son, Telemachus;
then, carry out my advice.

Ulisse

O fortunato Ulisse!
Fuggi del tuo dolor l'antico error.
Lascia il pianto, dolce canto
del tuo cor lieto disserra.
Non si disperì più mortale in terra!
O fortunato Ulisse!
Cara vicenda si può soffrir
hor diletto hor martir,
hor pace hor guerra.
Non si disperì più mortale in terra!

10 SCENE 10

Reggia

Penelope

Donata un giorno, o Dei,
contento a' desir miei.

Melanto

Cara amata Regina,
avveduta e prudente
per tuo sol danno sei:
men saggia io ti vorrei.
A che sprezi gli ardori
de' viventi amatori
per attender conforti
dal cenere de' morti?
Non fa torto chi gode a chi è sepolto.

Ulysses

Oh fortunate Ulysses!
The grief from your old misdeeds flies away.
Weep no more; let the sweet song
of your heart make you happy.
No more shall mortals despair on earth!
Oh fortunate Ulysses!
Happy fate, inconstant sufferings,
now delight, now torment,
now peace, now war.
No more shall mortals despair on earth!

The palace

Penelope

Give one day, O gods,
satisfaction to my desire.

Melantho

Dear beloved queen,
wisdom and prudence
are only hurting you:
I would see you less wise.
Why do you disdain the fire
of living lovers
in order to expect comfort
from the ashes of the dead?
Whoever enjoys herself does no wrong to him who is buried.

L'ossa del tuo marito
estinto, incenerito,
del tuo dolor non san poco né molto;
e chi attende pietà da' morti è stolto.
La fede e la costanza
son preclare virtù;
le stima amante vivo
e non l'apprezza, perchè de' sensi privo,
un huom che fu.

D'una memoria grata
s'appagano i defunti,
stanno i vivi coi vivi
in un congiunti.

Un bel viso fa guerra,
il guerriero costume al morto spiace,
che con cercan gli estinti altro che pace.
Langue sotto i rigori
de' tuoi sciapiti amori
la più fiorita età,
ma vedova beltà
de te si duole,
che dentro ai lunghi pianti
mostrì sempre in acquario un sí bel sole.

Ama dunque, che d'Amore
dolce amica è la beltà.
Dal piacer il tuo dolore
saettato caderà.

The bones of your husband
who is dead, turned to ashes,
know neither little nor much of your grief;
and whoever expects pity from a dead man is foolish.
Faith and constancy
are sublime virtues;
a living lover esteems them
and, deprived of his senses,
a man who is dead does not appreciate them.

The dead are honoured
by a grateful memory,
but the living remain
united with the living.
A face marked by inner struggle
displeases the dead,
for those who have expired seek only peace.
Under the rigours
of your renunciation
the time of your greatest bloom languishes;
your beauty
suffers in widowhood,
for through continual weeping,
you show a lovely sun behind a veil of water.

So love; for Cupid's
sweet companion is beauty.
In pleasure will your grief
fall before his arrows.

Penelope

Amor è un idol vano,
Amor è un vagabondo Nume,
Amor all'incostanze sue non mancan piume,
del suo dolce sereno
è misura il baleno.
Un giorno solo cangia
il piacer in duolo.
Sono i casi amorosi
di Tesei e di Giasoni ohimè son pieni.
Incostanza e rigore,
pene e morte e dolore.
Dell'amoroso ciel splendori fissi
san cangiar in Giason anche gli Uliissi.

Melanto

Perchè Aquilone infido
turbi una volta il mar
distaccarsi dal lido
animoso nocchier non dee lasciar?
Sempre non guarda in ciel torva una stella,
ha calma ogni procella.

Ama dunque, che d'Amore
dolce amica è la beltà.
Dal piacer il tuo dolore
saettato caderà.

Penelope

Cupid is a vain idol,
Cupid is a vagabond god,
Cupid, whose inconstancy is known,
whose times of sweetness
last only as long as the lightning.
One single day can
turn joy into grief.
Love stories are often
like those of Theseus and Jason:
inconstancy and punishment,
torment and death and grief.
The splendours of an amorous heaven
could even transform a Ulysses into a Jason.

Melantho

Just because the winds treacherously
disturb the sea at times,
should the bold seaman
never again leave harbour?
Not always will he see a menacing star in the sky;
every storm is calmed.

So love; for Cupid's
sweet companion is beauty;
in pleasure will your grief
fall before his arrows.

Penelope

Non dee di nuovo amar
chi misera penò:
torna stolta a penar
chi prima errò.

Ⓜ SCENE 11

Boschereccia

Eumete

Oh come mal si salva un Regio amante
da sventure e da mali!
Meglio i scettri regali
che i dardi de' pastor imperla il pianto.
Seta vestano ed ori
i travagli maggiori.
È vita più sicura
della ricca et illustre
la povera et oscura.
Colli, campagne e bosci,
se stato human felicità contiene,
in voi s'annida il sospirato bene.
Herbosi prati, in voi nasce il fior del diletto,
frutto di libertade in voi si coglie,
son delizie dell'huom le vostre foglie.

Penelope

Never again can anyone love
who has suffered so bitterly:
a fool returns to suffering
after having once erred.

A woody grove

Eumaeus

Oh how badly can a loving king save himself
from misadventure and evil!
Tears sooner bedew royal sceptres
than the staffs of the shepherds.
Silk and gold
clothe the greatest troubles.
And more secure
than the rich and illustrious life
is the poor and obscure one.
Hills, fields and woods,
if the human state contains happiness,
it is in you that it makes its nest.
Grassy meadows, in you the flower of delight is born,
the fruit of liberty is gathered in you,
your leaves are the delight of man.

⑩ SCENE 12

Iro

Pastor d'armenti può prati e boschi lodar,
avvezzo mandre a conversar.
Quest'erbe che tu nomini
sono cibo di bestie, pastor, e non degli huomini.
Colà tra Regi io sto,
tu fra gli armenti qui.
Tu godi e tu conversi tutto il di
amicizie selvatiche,
io mangio i tuoi compagni, pastor, e le tue pratiche!

Eumete

Iro, gran mangiatore,
Iro, divoratore
Iro, loquace!
Mio pace non perturbar.
Corri a mangiar! a crepar!

⑪ SCENE 13

Eumete

Ulisse generoso! Fu nobile intrapresa
lo spopolar, l'incenerir cittadi;
ma forse il ciel irato nella caduta de
Trojano regno,
volle la vita tua per vittima al suo sdegno.

Irus

A keeper of cattle can well praise meadows and woods,
for he is used to talking to the herds.
These grasses you have mentioned
are fodder for the cattle, and not for man.
I live there among kings,
you here among the cattle.
You cultivate and converse in woodland
friendships the whole day,
I eat your companions, herdsman, and your work!

Eumaeus

Irus, you big eater,
Irus, you glutton,
Irus, you windbag!
Do not disturb my peace.
Run away to eat! To die!

Eumaeus

Generous Ulysses! You undertook noble deeds
depopulating and burning down cities;
but perhaps heaven, enraged at the fall of the
Trojan kingdom
demands your life as a sacrifice for its anger.

Ulisse (in sembianza di vecchio)

Se del nomato Ulisse tu vegga in questo giorno
desiato il ritorno,
accogli questo vecchio povero
ch'ha perduto ogni mortal aiuto
nella cadente età, nell'aspra sorte;
le sia la tua pietà scorta alla morte.

Eumete

Hospite mio sarai,
cortese albergo avrai.
Sono i mendici
favoriti del ciel, di Giove amici.

Ulisse

Ulisses è vivo! La patria lo vedrà,
Penelope l'havrà;
che il fato non fu mai d'affetto privo,
maturano il destin le sue dimore;
credilo a me pastore!

Eumete

Come lieto t'accoglio, mendica deità!
Il mio lungo cordoglio da te vinto cadrà.
Seguimi amico pur,
riposo havrai sicur.

Ulysses (in the guise of an old man)

If today you wish
the return of the said Ulysses,
receive this poor old man
who has lost all mortal aid
in the age of decline, in bitter fortune;
may your pity escort him to his death.

Eumaeus

You will be my guest,
you will have a courteous lodging.
The beggars are
favourites of heaven, friends of Jupiter.

Ulysses

Ulysses is alive! His fatherland will see him,
Penelope will embrace him;
for fate was never without feeling,
and time can change much;
believe me this, shepherd!

Eumaeus

How happily I welcome you, mendicant deity!
My long sorrow falls vanquished by you.
Now follow me, friend;
you will rest in safety.

ACT II

14 SCENE 1

In Minerva's chariot

Telemaco

Lieto cammino,
dolce viaggio,
passa il carro divino
come che fosse un raggio.

Minerva, Telemaco

Gli Dei possenti
navigan l'aure, solcano i venti.

Minerva

Eccoti giunto alle paterne ville,
Telemaco prudente.
Non ti scordar già mai de' miei consigli,
che se dal buon sentier travia la mente
incontrerai perigli.

Telemaco

Periglio invan mi sgrida
se tua bontà m'affida.

Telemachus

Delightful passage,
sweet journey,
the divine chariot passes
as if it were a ray of light.

Minerva, Telemachus

The mighty gods
sail on the breezes, plow the winds.

Minerva

Here you are, united with your father's domains,
wise Telemachus.
Never forget my counsels,
when your mind errs from the right path
you will meet with dangers.

Telemachus

Danger will try in vain to oppress me
if you grant me your bounty.

15 SCENE 2

Boschereccia

Eumete

O gran figlio d'Ulisse,
è pur ver che tu torni
a serenar della tua madre i giorni.
O gran figlio d'Ulisse,
è pur sei giunto alfine
di tua casa cadente
a riparar l'altissime ruine.
Fugga il cordoglio e cessi il pianto.
Facciamo, o peregrino,
all'allagrezze nostre honor col canto.

Eumete, Ulisse

Verdi spiagge al lieto giorno,
rabbellite herbette e fiori!
Scherzin l'aure con gli amori,
ride il ciel al bel ritorno.

Telemaco

Vostri cortesi auspici a me son grati.
Manchevole piacer però m'alletta,
ch'esser paga non puote alma ch'aspetta.

Eumete

Questo che tu qui miri
sovra gli homeri stanchi portar gran peso d'anni

A woody grove

Eumaeus

O great son of Ulysses,
you have indeed returned
to render happy your mother's days.
O great son of Ulysses,
you are indeed united at last
with your fallen house,
to repair the noble ruins.
Sorrow flees and lament comes to an end.
Let us, O wanderer,
do honour to our happiness in song.

Eumaeus, Ulysses

Green coasts on the happy day,
readorned grasses and flowers!
The breezes play with the cupids,
heaven smiles at the joyful return.

Telemachus

Your auspicious friendliness makes me grateful.
But it is an incomplete pleasure that charms me,
for a soul that is waiting cannot be satisfied.

Eumaeus

This man whom you see here,
bearing a great weight of years on his weary shoulders,

e mal involto da ben laceri panni,
egli m'accerta che d'Ulisse il ritorno
fia di poco lontan da questo giorno.

Ulisse

Pastor, se nol fia ver, ch'al tardo passo
si trasformi in sepolcro il primo sasso,
e la morte che meco amoreggia d'intorno
hora porti ai miei di l'ultimo giorno.

Eumete, Ulisse

Dolce speme i cor lusinga,
lieto annuzio ogni alma alletta,
s'esser paga non pote
alma ch'aspetta.

Telemaco

Vanne pur tu veloce,
vanne, Eumete, alla reggia
e del mio arrivo fa ch'avvisata sia
la genitrice mia.

16 SCENE 3

*Scende dal cielo un raggio de fuoco,
sopra il capo d'Ulisse, s'apre la terra
e Ulisse si profonda.*

Telemaco

Che veggio, ohimè, che miro?

and poorly clad in torn garments,
he has assured me that the return of Ulysses
is not distant on this day.

Ulysses

Shepherd, should this not be true, let the first
stone be turned into a tomb for my slow steps,
and death, who is courting me within,
now bring my life its last day.

Eumæus, Ulysses

Sweet hope flatters the heart,
happy news charms every soul,
yet contentment is impossible
for a soul that is waiting.

Telemachus

Then go you quickly,
go, Eumæus, to the palace,
and see that my arrival is made known
to my mother.

*A ray of fire comes down from the sky,
over the head of Ulysses; the earth opens,
and Ulysses disappears into it.*

Telemachus

What do I see, alas, what do I behold?

Questa terra vorace i vivi inghiotte,
apre bocche e caverne d'humano sangue ingorde,
e più non soffre del viator il passo,
ma la carne dell'huom tranghiotte il sasso.
Che prodigi son questi?
Dunque, Patria, apprendesti
a divorar le genti?
Così dunque Minerva alla patria mi doni,
questa è patria comune se di questo ragioni?
Ma se presta ho la lingua ho la memoria pigra.
Quel pelegrin ch'or hora
per dar fede a menzogne
chiamò sepolcri et invitò la morte
dal giusto ciel punito
restò qui seppellito.
Ah caro padre! Dunque in modo sì strano
m'avvisa il tuo morire il ciel di propria mano?
Ahi che per farmi guerra
fa stupori e miracoli la terra!

(Qui risorge Ulisse in sua propria forma.)

Ma che nuovi portenti oihmé rimiro?
Fa cambio, fa permuta con la morte la vita!
Non sia più che chiami questa caduta amara,
se col morir ringiovanir s'impara.

This voracious earth devours the living,
it opens mouths and caverns, greedy for human blood,
and no longer suffers the step of the wayfarer,
but the stone swallows the flesh of man.
What wonders are these?
Did you then learn, O fatherland,
to devour people?
Do you then deliver me, Minerva, to my fatherland,
this common fatherland, for reasons like this?
But if I have a quick tongue, my memory is dull.
This wanderer who just now,
to give credibility to lies,
invoked tombs and invited death,
is now punished by a just heaven
and lies buried here.
Ah, beloved father! Thus, in such a strange manner,
does heaven itself advise me of your death?
Ah, in order to fight against me
earth performs wonders and miracles!

(Here Ulysses rises again in his true form.)

But what new portents, alas, do I behold again?
Death is exchanged with, transformed into life!
No more shall this fall be called bitter,
if in dying one can be rejuvenated.

Ulisse

Telemaco,
convienti congiar le meraviglie in allegrezze,
che se perdi il mendico il padre acquisti.

Telemaco

Benchè Ulisse si vanti
di prosapia celeste
trasformarsi non puote huomo mortale;
tanto Ulisse non vale.
O scherzano gli Dei,
o pur mago tu sei!

Ulisse

Ulisse sono! Testimonio è Minerva,
quella che te portò per l'aria a volo.
La forma cangiò a me come le aggrada
perchè sicuro e sconosciuto vada.

Telemaco, Ulisse

O padre sospirato!
O figlio desiato!
Genitore glorioso!
Pegno dolce amoroso!
T'inchino. Ti stringo.
O mio diletto!
Figliale dolcezza a lagrimar mi sforza.
Paterna tenerezza il pianto in me rinforza.
Mortal tutto confida e tutto spera,

Ulysses

Telemachus,
it is fitting that your wonder changes to joy,
for he who has lost a beggar has found a father.

Telemachus

Although Ulysses boasted
of heavenly prescience,
mortal man is unable to transform himself;
Ulysses is not so powerful.
Either the gods are playing tricks,
or you are a magician!

Ulysses

I am Ulysses! The witness is Minerva,
she who carried you, flying, through the air.
She changed my form as she pleased
that I might go safe and unrecognized.

Telemachus, Ulysses

O father whom I have sighed for!
O son whom I have longed for!
Glorious parent!
Sweet pledge of love!
I bow before you. I press you to me.
Oh my joy!
Filial tenderness brings me to tears.
Paternal tenderness makes me weep.
A mortal trusts all and hopes all,

che quando il ciel protegge
natura non ha legge;
l'impossibile ancor spesso s'avverra.

Ulisse

Vanne alle madre, va!
Porta alla reggia il piè!
Sarò tosto con te,
ma pria canuto il piè ritornerà.

⑩ SCENE 4

Reggia

Melanto

Eurimaco, la donna insomma ha un cor di sasso.
Parola non la muove;
priego invan la combatte;
dentro del mal d'amore
sempre tenace ha l'alma;
o di fede o d'orgoglio
in ogni modo è scoglio.
Nemica o pur amante
non ha di cera il cor
ma di diamante.

Eurimaco

E pur udii sovente la poetica schiera
cantar donna volubile e leggiara.

for when heaven protects you,
nature has no jurisdiction;
the impossible can still often come true.

Ulysses

Go to your mother, go!
Make haste to the royal palace!
I will soon be with you,
but first I must become an old man again.

The palace

Melantho

Eurymachus, the lady has a heart of stone.
Words do not move her;
imploing with her is in vain;
within her lovesickness
she has an ever tenacious soul;
whether through faithfulness or through pride
she is like a rock in every way.
As an enemy or as a lover
she has a heart not of wax
but of diamond.

Eurymachus

And yet countless poets are often heard
singing of changeable and flighty woman.

Melanto

Ho speso invan parole, indarno prieghi
per condur la Regina a nuovi amori.
L'impresa è disperata:
odia non che l'amor l'esser amata.

Eurimaco

Peni chi brama, stenti chi vuol,
goda fra l'ombre chi ha in odio il sol.

Melanto

Penelope trionfa nella doglia e nel pianto,
fra martiri è contenta.
Vive lieta Melanto.
Ella in pene si nutre,
io fra diletti amando mi giocondo;
fra si vari pensier più bello è il mondo.

Melanto, Eurimaco

Godendo, ridendo si lacera il duol.
Amiamo, godiamo e dica chi vuol.

18 SCENE 5**Antinoo**

Sono l'altre Regine
coronate di servi e tu d'amanti.
Tributan questi Regi
al mar di tua bellezza un mar di pianti.

Melantho

In vain I have spent words, uttered prayers
to guide the queen to new loves.
The case is hopeless:
she now hates love and being loved.

Eurymachus

Pains that are longed for, troubles wished for,
those who hate the sun enjoy the shadows.

Melantho

Penelope triumphs in grief and weeping,
is contented with her martyrdom.
Melantho lives happily.
She nourishes herself with pain,
I amuse myself in the delights of love
among such thoughts the world is more beautiful.

Melantho, Eurymachus

Enjoying, laughing, sorrow is destroyed.
Let us love, let us enjoy, whatever others say.

Antinous

Other queens are
surrounded by servants and you by lovers.
These kings pay tribute
to the sea of your beauty with a sea of tears.

Antinoo, Pisandro, Anfinomo

Ama dunque, sì, sì, dunque riam a un di.

Penelope

Non voglio amar, no,
ch'amando penerò.

Antinoo, Pisandro, Anfinomo

Ama dunque, sì, sì, dunque riam a un di.

Penelope

Cari tanto mi siete
quanto più ardenti ardete;
ma non m'appresso all'amoroso gioco,
che lunge è bel più che vicino il foco.
Non voglio amar, no,
ch'amando penerò.

Pisandro

La pampinosa vite, se non s'abbraccia al faggio,
l'autun non frutta e non fiorisce il maggio,
e se fiorir non resta
ogni mano la coglie,
ogni piè la calpesta.

Anfinomo

Il bel cedro odoroso
vive, se non s'incalma,
senza frutto, spinoso;

Antinous, Peisander, Amphinomus

Love then, yes, yes, love again one day.

Penelope

I do not want to love, no,
for love is torment.

Antinous, Peisander, Amphinomus

Love then, yes, yes, love again one day.

Penelope

You are as dear to me
as you ardently burn;
but do not approach me in the game of love,
for the fire is more beautiful when distant than when near.
I do not want to love, no,
for love is torment.

Peisander

The leafy vine, if it does not embrace the tree,
will not bear fruit in autumn or flower in May,
and if it no longer flowers
every hand will gather it,
every foot will trample it.

Amphinomus

The beautiful, fragrant cedar
is, if not grafted,
barren and thorny;

ma se s'innesta poi
figliano frutti e fior gli spini suoi.

Antinoo

L'edera che verdeggia ad onta anco del verno
d'un bel smeraldo eterno
se non s'appoggia perde
fra l'herbose rovine il suo bel verde.

Antinoo, Pisandro, Anfinomo

Ama dunque, sì, sì, dunque riamo un dì!

Penelope

Non voglio amar, non voglio!
Come sta in dubbio un ferro
se fra due calamite
da due parti diverse egli è chiamato,
così sta in forse il core
nel tripartito amore.
Ma non può amar
chi non sa, chi non può
che pianger e penar.
Mestizia e dolor
son crudeli nemici d'amor.

Antinoo, Pisandro, Anfinomo

All'allegrezze dunque, al ballo, al canto!
Rallegram la Regina.
Lieto cor ad amar tosto s'inchina.

but when grafted
its thorns bring forth fruit and flowers.

Antinous

The ivy that is green even in winter
with a beautiful, eternal emerald green,
if not supported, will lose
its beautiful green amidst the grassy ruins.

Antinous, Peisander, Amphinomus

Love then, yes, yes, love again one day!

Penelope

I will not love any more, no!
Like a piece of iron
which, between two magnets,
inclines itself and is attracted,
my heart cannot decide
among three lovers.
But nobody can love
who knows nothing
but anxiety and sorrow.
Affliction and grief
are the worst enemies of love.

Antinous, Peisander, Amphinomus

Then to enjoyment, to the dance, to song!
Let us make the queen happy again.
A gay heart falls in love easily.



[SCENE 6 *Ballet of Moors, missing in score.*]

19 SCENE 7

Eumete

Apportator d'alte novelle vengo:

È gionto, o gran Regina, Telemaco tuo figlio

e forse non fia vana la speme ch'io t'arreo:
Ulisse, il nostro Rege, il tuo consorte, è vivo,
e speriam non lontano il suo bramato arrivo!

Penelope

Per sí dubbie novelle

o si addoppia il mio male

o si cangia il tenor delle mie stelle.

20 SCENE 8

Antinoo

Compagni, udiste: il vostro vicin rischio mortale
vi chiama a grandi e risolute imprese.

Telemaco ritorna, e forse Ulisse.

Questa reggia da voi violata e offesa
dal suo signor aspetta

tarda bensì, ma prossima vendetta.

Chi d'oltraggiar fu ardito

neghittoso non resti

in compir il delitto.

Eumaeus

I come as bearer of important tidings:

Telemachus your son, great queen, has just
returned home,

and perhaps it is no empty hope that I announce:
Ulysses our king, your husband, is alive,
and his longed-for return is not far off!

Penelope

Such uncertain tidings

will either make my grief stronger

or change the course of my stars.

Antinous

Friends, listen: your impending mortal danger
must spur you to great and decisive deeds!

Telemachus is coming home and perhaps Ulysses himself.

This palace, violated and mistreated by you,
expects from its lord

a vengeance, delayed but imminent.

He who was eager to offend

will now not hesitate

to complete the crime.

In sin ad hora fu il peccato dolcezza;
hora il vostro peccar fia sicurezza,
che lo sperar favori è gran pazzia
da chi s'offese pria.

Anfinomo, Pisandro

Han fatto l'opre nostre
inimici d'Ulisse.
L'oltraggiar l'inimico
unqua disdisse.

Antinoo

Dunque l'ardir s'accresca,
e pria ch' Ulisse arrivi
Telemaco vicin togliam dai vivi!

Anfinomo, Pisandro, Antinoo

Sì, sì, de' grandi amori
sono figli i gran sdegni,
quel fere i cori
e quest'abbatte i regni.

(Qui vola sopra il capo dei proci un'aquila.)

Eurimaco

Chi dall'alto n'ascolta
hor ne risponde, amici!
Mute lingue del ciel son gli auspici.
Mirate, ohimè mirate

Up to now the sin was sweet;
now your sinning must save you,
for it is great foolishness to hope for favour
from one who has been offended.

Amphinomus, Peisander

Our deeds have made us
enemies of Ulysses.
Offence to the enemy
cannot be undone.

Antinous

Then let our daring increase,
and before Ulysses arrives
let us kill the approaching Telemachus!

Amphinomus, Peisander, Antinous

Yes, yes, great loves
engender great anger,
the former wound the heart,
the latter destroys kingdoms.

(Here an eagle flies over the suitors' heads.)

Eurymachus

He who hears it from on high
now gives answer, friends!
The omens are mute messages of heaven.
Behold, alas, behold

del gran Giove l'augello,
ne predice rovine, ne promette flagello!
Muova al delitto il piede
chi giusto il ciel non crede.

Anfinomo, Pisandro, Antinoo

Crediam al minacciar del ciel irato,
che chi non teme il cielo
raddoppia il suo peccato.

Antinoo

Dunque prima che gionga il filial soccorso,
per abbatter quel core
facciam ai doni almen grato ricorso,
perchè ha la punta d'or lo stral d'Amore.

Eurimaco

L'oro sol sia
l'amorosa magia.
Ogni cor femminil se fosse pietà
tocco dall'or si spetra.

Anfinomo, Pisandro, Antinoo

Amor è un'armonia,
sono canti i sospiri,
ma non si canta ben se l'or non suona:
non ama chi non dona.

the eagle of great Jupiter,
it predicts ruin, it promises punishment!
Turn your steps towards crime
only if you do not believe that heaven is just.

Amphinomus, Peisander, Antinous

We believe the threats of irate heaven,
for whoever does not fear heaven
doubles his sin.

Antinous

Therefore, before her son arrives to help her,
let us, in order to win this heart,
at least appeal to her with gifts,
for the arrow of Cupid has a tip of gold.

Eurymachus

Let gold alone be
the magic of love.
Every woman's heart, even of stone,
melts when touched by gold.

Amphinomus, Peisander, Antinous

Love is a harmony,
sighs are the melody,
but one does not sing well if gold does not resound:
he does not love who does not give presents.

② SCENE 9

Boschereccia

Ulisse

Perir non può chi tien per scorta il cielo,
chi ha per compagno un Dio.
A grand'impresè, è ver, volto son io.
Ma fa peccato grave
chi difeso dal ciel il mondo pave.

Minerva

O coraggioso Ulisse,
lo farò che proponga
la tua casta consorte giuoco
che a te fia gloria
e sicurezza vittoria
e a' Proci morte.
Allor che l'arco tuo ti giunge in mano
e strepitoso tuon fiero t'invita,
saetta pur, che la tua destra ardità
tutti conficcherà gli estinti al piano.
Io starò teco e con celeste lampo
atterrerò l'umanità soggetto:
cadran vittime tutti alla vendetta,
che i flagelli del ciel non hanno scampo!

Ulisse

Sempre è cieco il mortale,
ma all'or si dee più cieco

A woody grove

Ulysses

He cannot perish who is guided by heaven,
who has a god as his companion.
I am indeed chosen for great things.
But he commits a grave sin who,
when defended by heaven, fears the world.

Minerva

O brave Ulysses,
I shall arrange that
your chaste consort proposes the game
which will bring you glory
and sure victory
and the death of the suitors.
When you take your bow in hand
and a loud, fierce thunder invites you,
then shoot, so that your bold right hand
pins all the dead to the ground.
I will remain with you and, with celestial lightning,
will vanquish subject humanity:
they will all fall victim to your vengeance
for they have not escaped the wrath of heaven!

Ulysses

The mortal is always blind,
but now he is obliged to be more blind

chi'l precetto divin devoto osserva.
Io ti seguo, Minerva!

📍 SCENE 10

Eumete

Io vidi, o pellegrin, de' Proci amanti
l'ardir infermarsì,
l'ardore gelar negli occhi tremanti,
il cor palpitare:
il nome sol d'Ulisse
quest'alme ree trafisse.

Ulisse

Godo anch'io, nè so,
come rido, nè so perchè.
Tutto gioisco,
ringiovanisco
ben lieto affè.

Eumete

Tosto ch'avrem con povera sostanza
i corpi invigoriti, andrem veloci.
Vedrai di quei feroci
fieri i costumi, i gesti
impudente, inonesti.

Ulisse

Non vive eterna l'arroganza in terra,

that he may devoutly observe divine precepts.
I follow you, Minerva!

Eumaeus

I saw, O wanderer, the amorous suitors
losing their boldness,
the ardour freezing in their trembling eyes,
their hearts palpitating:
alone the name of Ulysses
transfixed these guilty souls.

Ulysses

I too rejoice to know it;
how I laugh, not knowing why.
I am quite overjoyed,
rejuvenated
by such happiness.

Eumaeus

As soon as we have fortified
our bodies with a frugal meal, we shall make haste.
You will see the impudent, corrupt
morals and behaviour
of those fierce, ferocious suitors.

Ulysses

Arrogance will not live forever on earth;

la superbia mortal tosto s'abbatte,
che il fulmine del ciel gli Olimpi atterra.

② SCENE 11

Reggia

Telemaco

Del mio lungo viaggio i torti errori
già vi narrai, Regina.
Hora tacer non posso della veduta Greca
la bellezza divina.
M'accolse Helena bella;
io mirando stupii, dentro a quei raggi immerso
che di Paridi pieno non fosse l'universo;
alla figlia di Leda
un sol Paride, dissi, è poca preda.
Povere fur le stragi,
furon lievi gli incendi a tanto foco,
che se non arde un mondo il resto è poco.
Io vidi in que' begl'occhi
dell'incendio Trojano le nascenti scintille,
le bambine favile;
e ben pria potea astrologo amoroso
da quei giri di foco
profetar fiamme e indovinar ardori
da incenerir città non men che cori.
Paride, è ver, morì,
Paride ancor gioì.

mortal pride is soon struck down
by the thunderbolts of the Olympians in heaven.

The palace

Telemachus

The tortuous wanderings of my long journey
I have already told you, O queen.
Now I can no longer be silent
about the divine beauty of the Greek woman I saw.
Beautiful Helen received me;
I gazed at her wondering, as I was immersed in those eyes,
that the whole universe was not full of Parises;
one Paris alone, I said,
is but little prey for Leda's daughter.
Poor was the havoc,
mild was the burning with so much fire;
unless the whole world burns for her, the rest is too little.
I saw in those beautiful eyes
the nascent sparks of burning Troy,
the kindling flames;
and long ago, an astrologer, enamoured
of those orbs of fire,
prophesied flames and foresaw heat
that would burn cities, as well as hearts.
Paris died, it is true,
yet Paris knew joy.

Con la vita pagar convenne l'onta,
ma così gran piacere una morte non sconta.
Si perdoni a quell'anima il grave fallo:
la bella Greca porta nel suo volto beato
tutte le scuse del Trojan peccato.

Penelope

Beltà troppo funesta, ardor iniquo
di rimembranze indegno,
ti seminò lo sdegno
non tra i fiori d'un volto,
ma fra i strisci d'un angue;
che mostro è quel'amor che nuota in sangue.
Memoria così trista disperda pur l'oblio,
vaneggia la tua mente, folleggia il tuo desio!

Telemaco

Non per vana follia Helena ti nomai,
ma perchè essendo nella famosa Sparta
circondato improvviso
dal volo d'un augel destro e felice,
Helena ch'è maestra
dell'indovine scienze e degli auguri
tutt'allegra mi disse
ch'era vicino Ulisse
e che dovea dar morte ai Proci
e stabilirsi il regno.

With his life he fittingly paid for the shame,
but such great pleasure is not paid for by one death alone.
Let that soul be pardoned its grave offence:
the beautiful Greek woman carries in her blissful face
all the excuses for the Trojan crime.

Penelope

Too fatal beauty, iniquitous passion
unworthy of remembrance,
anger sowed you
not among the flowers of a face,
but among the coils of a serpent;
what a monster is that love which swims in blood.
Let such a tragic memory be dispelled by oblivion,
your mind speaks vanities, your emotions are folly!

Telemachus

Not for vain folly did I mention Helen to you,
but because, while in famous Sparta,
there flew circling above
a propitious bird;
Helen, who is well versed
in occult science and in omens,
told me rejoicing
that Ulysses was near
and that he would bring death to the suitors
and restore his kingdom.

29 SCENE 12

Antinoo

Sempre villano Eumete, sempre t'ingegni
di perturbar la pace, d'intorbidir la gioia,
oggetto di dolore, ritrovator di noia,
hai qui condotto un infesto mendico,
un noioso importuno
che con sue voglie ingorde
non farà che guastar le mente liete.

Eumete

L'ha condotto Fortuna
alle case d'Ulisse ove pietà s'aduna.

Antinoo

Rimanga ei teco a custodir la gregge
e qui non venga
dove civile nobilità comanda e regge.

Eumete

Civile nobilità non è crudele,
nè puote anima grande sdegnar pietà
che nasce de' Regi tra le fasce.

Antinoo

Arrogante plebeo! Insegnar opre eccelse
a te vil huom non tocca,
nè dee parlar di re villana bocca.

Antinoo

Ever villainous Eumaeus, you always seek
to disturb our peace, to spoil our pleasure,
miserable object, troublemaker,
you have brought here an infested beggar,
an annoying importuner
who, with his greedy desires,
will do nothing but ruin our happy mood.

Eumaeus

Fortune has led him
to the house of Ulysses, where he can receive compassion.

Antinoo

Let him remain with you to guard the herds
and not come here,
where civilized nobility rules.

Eumaeus

Civilized nobility is not cruel;
a great soul cannot scorn compassion,
with which kings are born.

Antinoo

Arrogant plebeian! To teach of noble deeds
is not for a base man like you;
a peasant's mouth should not talk of kings.

E tu, povero indegno,
fuggi da questo regno!

Iro

Partiti, partiti, movi il piè!
Se sei qui per mangiar
son pria di te.

Ulisse

Huomo di grosso taglio,
di larga prospettiva,
benchè canuto et invecchiato sia
non è vile però l'anima mia.
Se tanto mi concede l'alta bontà regale
trarrò il corpaccio tuo sotto il mio piede,
mostruoso animale!

Iro

E che sì, rimbambito guerriero,
vecchio importuno, e che sì,
che ti strappo i peli della barba ad uno ad uno!

Ulisse

Voglio perder la vita
se di forza e di vaglia
io non ti vinco or sacco di paglia!

And you, unworthy pauper,
depart from this kingdom!

Irus

Leave, leave, move your feet!
If you are here in order to eat,
I was here before you.

Ulysses

O man of the big waist,
of large bulk,
although hoary and aged
my soul is yet not base.
If high royal goodness allows me,
I shall trample your gross body under my feet,
you monstrous animal!

Irus

And you, warrior in your dotage,
old troublemaker, what if
I pluck out the hairs of your beard one by one!

Ulysses

I shall give up my life
if in strength and valour
I do not defeat you now, you sack of straw!

Antinoo

Vediam, Regina, in questa bella coppia
d'una lotta di braccia stravagante duello.

Telemaco

Il campo io t'assicuro,
pelegrin sconosciuto.

Iro

Anch'io ti dò franchigia,
combattitor barbuto.

Ulisse

La gran disfida accetto, cavaliere panciuto!

Iro

(Che fa alla lotta.)

Su dunque! Su, su!
Alla ciuffa, alla lotta!

(Segue la lotta.)

Son vinto, ohimè!

Antinous

We shall see, O queen, in this handsome couple
a grotesque wrestling match.

Telemachus

The field I shall leave open to you,
unknown wanderer.

Irus

And I give you leave,
bearded fighter.

Ulysses

I accept the great challenge, knight of the paunch!

Irus

(Preparing to wrestle.)

Now then!
To the fight, let's wrestle!

(The fight ensues.)

I am beaten, alas!

🎭 SCENE 12, CONTINUED

Antinoo

Tu vincitor perdona
a chi si chiama vinto.
Iro puoi ben mangiar,
ma non lottar.

Penelope

Valoroso mendico,
in corte resta
honorato e sicuro.
Che non è sempre vile
chi veste manto povero et oscuro.

Pisandro

Generosa Regina,
Pisandro a te s'inchina,
e ciò che diede larga e prodiga sorte
dona a te, per te aduna sua novella fortuna.
Questa regal corona che di comando è segno
ti lascia in testimon di ciò che dona.
Dopo il dono del core
non ha dono maggiore.

Penelope

Anima generosa, prodigo cavaliere,
ben sei d'impero degno,
che non merita men chi dona un regno.

Antinoo

Victor, be kind
to the vanquished.
Irus, you are a mighty eater,
but not a fighter.

Penelope

Oh, brave beggar,
remain at the court
in honour and safety.
A man is not always a coward
who is clad in tattered clothes and humble.

Peisander

Sublime queen,
Peisander bows before you,
and what generous, lavish fate has given me
I give to you to join a new fortune to yours.
This royal crown, symbol of sovereignty,
I give you as a token of all my gifts.
After the gift of my heart
I have no greater possession!

Penelope

Generous soul, liberal nobleman,
you indeed deserve a kingdom,
for he who gives a kingdom deserves no less.

Anfinomo

Se t'invoglia il desio
d'accettar regni in dono
ben so donar anch'io
et anch'io Rege sono.
Queste pompose spoglie,
questi regali ammantati
confessano superbi
i miei ossequi i tuoi canti.

Penelope

Nobil contesa e generosa gara
ove amator discreto
l'arte del ben amar donando impara.

Antinoo

Il mio cor che t'adora
non ti vuol sua Regina;
l'anima che s'inchina ad adorarti
deità vuol chiamarti,
e come Dea t'incensa coi sospiri,
fa vittime i desiri
e con quest'ori
t'offre voti ed honori.

Penelope

Non andran senza premio
opre cotanto eccelse,
che donna quando dona

Amphinomus

If at last you are inclined
to accept a kingdom as a gift,
then I too can give
for I also am a king.
These splendid robes,
this regal jewelry,
bear witness to you
of my adoration.

Penelope

A noble contest, an honest competition arises
from which prudent admirers
can learn the art of love in giving gifts.

Antinous

My heart, that adores you,
does not want you as its queen;
the soul which bows to worship you
would call you a deity
and, as to a goddess, offers incense with sighs
and desires as a sacrifice,
and with this gold
offers you vows and honours.

Penelope

They will not be unrewarded,
such excellent offerings,
for when a woman is given presents

se non è prima accesa allor s'accende,
e donna quando toglie
se non è prima resa al cor s'arrende.
Hor t'affretta Melanto e qui m'arrec
l'arco del forte Ulisse e la faretra:
e chi sarà di voi
con l'arco poderoso
saettator più fiero
avrà d'Ulisse e la moglie e l'impero.

Telemaco

Ulisse, e dove sei?
Che fai che non ripari le tue perdite
e in un gli affanni miei?

Penelope

Ma che promise bocca facile
ahi troppo discordante dal core?
Numi, numi del cielo! S'io 'l diss
snodaste voi la lingua, apriste i detti,
saran tutti del cielo e delle stelle
prodigiosi effetti.

Anfinomo, Pisandro, Antinoo

Lieta, soave gloria,
grata e dolce vittoria!
Cari pianti degli amanti,
cor fedele, costante sen
cangia il torbido in seren.

if not at first in love, she comes to love;
and when a woman accepts a gift,
her heart yields, even if she resists at first.
Now hurry, Melanthis and bring here
the bow and quiver of the mighty Ulysses.
And whoever of you
can most proudly shoot an arrow
with the powerful bow
will win Ulysses' wife and kingdom.

Telemachus

Ulysses, where are you?
What are you doing, that you do not repair your losses,
and at the same time my distress?

Penelope

But why does the mouth lightly promise
that which is, alas, so at odds with the heart?
Gods, gods of heaven! If I said it,
it was you released my tongue, formed the words,
they are all wondrous effects
of heaven and the stars.

Amphinomus, Peisander, Antinous

Happy, sweet glory,
gracious and pleasant victory!
The dear tears of lovers,
a faithful heart, a constant breast
change trouble to peace.

26 SCENE 12, CONTINUED

Penelope

Ecco l'arco d'Ulisse,
anzi l'arco d'Amor
che dee passarmi il cor.
Pisandro, a te lo porgo:
chi fu il primo a donar
sia il primo a saettar.

Pisandro

Amor, se fosti arciero in saettarmi
hor dà forza a quest'armi,
che vincendo dirò:
s'un arco mi ferì
un arco mi sanò.

*(Pisandro s'apparecchia di caricar l'arco
e non può.)*

Il braccio non vi giunge,
il polso non v'arriva.
Ceda la vinta forza,
col non poter anche il desio s'ammorza.

Anfinomo

Amor, picciolo nume
non sa di saettar:
se trafigge i mortali

Penelope

This is Ulysses' bow,
or rather the bow of Cupid
that must pierce my heart.
Peisander, I hand it to you:
he who was the first to give
shall be the first to shoot.

Peisander

Cupid, if you were the archer who pierced me,
now give strength to this arm
that I may say in conquering:
if one bow has wounded me,
another will heal me.

*(Peisander braces himself to bend the bow
but cannot do it.)*

My arm cannot do it,
my wrist cannot handle it.
My strength fails me;
with my weakness, even my desire fades.

Amphinomus

Cupid, the little god,
knows not how to shoot:
when he pierces mortals,

son le saette sue
sguardi, non strali,
ch'a nume pargoletto
negano d'obbedir l'arme di Marte.
Tu, fiero Dio, le mie vittorie affretta,
il trionfo di Marte a te s'aspetta!

(Qui finge di caricar l'arco, e non può.)

Com'intrattabile, com'indomabile
l'arco si fa!
Quel petto frigido
protervo e rigido
per me sarà.

Antinoo

Ceda Marte et Amore
ove impera beltà.
Chi non vince in honor non vincerà.
Penelope, m'accingo
in virtù del tuo bello all'alta prova,
virtù, valor non giova.

(S'affatica caricare l'arco e non può.)

what he shoots
are only glances, not arrows.
The weapons of Mars refuse
to obey a little child.
You, fierce god, hasten my victory;
the triumph of Mars will be yours!

(He attempts to bend the bow but cannot.)

How unyielding, how hard to tame
is this bow!
That cold heart
will remain defiant
and unyielding to me.

Antinous

Mars and Cupid yield
where beauty reigns.
He who fails to win in honour does not win at all.
Penelope, I gird myself for the supreme test
with the virtue of your beauty;
virtue and bravery alone will be of no avail.

(He tries to bend the bow but cannot.)

Forse forza d'incanto
contende il dolce vanto.
Ah ch'egli è vero ch'ogni cosa
fedele ad Ulisse si rende,
e sin l'arco d'Ulisse
Ulisse attende!

Penelope

Son vani, oscuri pregi
i titoli de' Regi;
senza valor il sangue ornamento regale
illustri scettri a sostener non vale.
Chi simile ad Ulisse
virtute non possiede
de' tesori d'Ulisse
è indegno erede.

Ulisse

Gioventute superba
sempre valor non serba,
come vecchiezza humile
ad ogn'or non è vile.
Regina! In queste membra
tengo un'alma sì arditata
ch'alla prova m'inventa.
Il giusto non eccedo:
rinunzio il premio e la fatica io chiedo.

Perhaps the power of a spell
fights against the gentle boast.
Ah, it may be true that everything
proves faithful to Ulysses,
and even Ulysses' bow
waits for Ulysses!

Penelope

Vain and empty
are the titles of kings;
without valour, lineage and trappings of royalty
are of no avail in supporting illustrious sceptres.
He who does not possess
virtues like Ulysses
is an unworthy heir
to Ulysses' treasures.

Ulysses

Proud youthfulness
does not always store bravery,
just as humble old age
is not always base.
O queen! In these limbs
I keep a soul so bold
that it invites me to the contest.
I will not exceed what is legitimate:
I renounce the prize and I invoke the effort.

Penelope

Concedasi al mendico
la prova faticosa!
Contesa gloriosa contro petti virili
un fianco antico che tra rossori involti
darà 'l foco d'amor vergogna ai volti.

Ulisse

Questa mia destra humile
s'arma a tuo conto, o cielo!
Le vittorie apprestate, o sommi dei,
s'a voi son cari i sacrifici miei!

(Carica l'arco.)

Anfinomo, Pisandro, Antinoo

Meraviglie, stupori,
prodigi estremi!

Ulisse

Giove nel suo tuonar grida vendetta!
Cosí l'arco saetta.
Alle morti, alle stragi, alle ruine!

Penelope

Let the beggar be allowed
the strenuous trial!
A glorious contest of an aged frame
against virile hearts would
turn the fire of love into blushes of shame.

Ulysses

This, my humble right hand,
arms itself on your behalf, O heaven!
Prepare my victory, O mighty gods,
if my sacrifices are dear to you!

(Bends the bow.)

Amphinomus, Peisander, Antinous

Wonder, astonishment,
miraculous in the extreme!

Ulysses

Jupiter in his thunder cries for vengeance!
This is how the bow shoots.
To death, to havoc, to ruin!

ACT III

Ⓜ SCENE 1

Iro

O dolor, o martir che l'alma attrista!
O mesta rimembranza di dolorosa vista!
Io vidi i proci estinti:
i proci, i proci furo uccisi.
Ah, ch'io perdei le delizie del ventre e della gola!
Chi succorre il digiun, chi lo consola?
O flebile parola!
I proci, Iro, perdesti
i proci, i padri tuoi.
Sgorra pur quanto vuoi
lagrime amare e meste,
che padre è chi ti ciba e chi ti veste.
Chi più della tua fame
satollerà le brame?
Non troverai chi goda
empir del vasto ventre
l'affamate caverne;
non troverai chi rida
del ghiotto trionfar della tua gola.
Chi succorre il digiun, chi lo consola?
Infausto giorno a mie ruine armato:
poco dianzi mi vinse un vecchio arditò

Irus

Oh grief, oh torment that depresses the soul!
Oh woeful remembrance of a dismal sight!
I saw the suitors dead:
the suitors were slain.
Alas, I have lost the delights of the stomach and of the gullet!
Who will help the hungry one, who will console him?
Oh for a gentle word!
The suitors you have lost, Irus,
the suitors, your fathers.
Pour forth as much as you will,
bitter and woeful tears,
for your father is he who feeds and clothes you.
Who will ever again
satisfy your hunger?
You will not find anyone who enjoys
filling the hungry caverns
of a vast belly;
you will not find anyone who laughs
at the glorious gluttony of your gullet.
Who will aid the hungry one, who console him?
Unhappy day, bent on my ruin:
just now, a bold old man vanquished me,

hor m'abbatte la fame, dal cibo abbandonato.
L'hebbi già per nemica,
l'ho distrutta, l'ho vinta;
hor troppo fora vederla vincitrice.
Voglio uccider me stesso e non vo' mai
ch'ella porti di me trionfo e gloria!
Che si toglie al nemico è gran vittoria.
Coraggioso mio core,
vinci il dolore!
E pria ch'alla fame nemica egli soccomba
vada il mio corpo a disfamar la tomba!

and now, deprived of food, hunger lays me low.
It was already an enemy,
I destroyed it, I overcame it;
now it is too much to see it victorious.
I want to kill myself, and never allow it
to triumph over me!
For to escape from the enemy is a great victory.
Have courage, my heart;
overcome the pain!
And before it succumbs to hunger, the enemy,
may my body be swallowed by the tomb!

[SCENE 2 *A desert. Mercury informs the ghosts of the suitors that they deserved their fate, and they go down into hell; this scene was apparently not set.*]

28 SCENE 3

Reggia

Melanto

E quei nuovi rumori,
e che insolite stragi,
e che tragici amori!
Chi fu l'ardito che osò con nuova guerra
la pace intorbidar ch'hai tu negli occhi,
e trar disfatti a terra
quei tempî che ad amor furon eretti
in quei focosi petti?

The palace

Melantho

What new uproar,
what inconceivable carnage,
and what tragic loves!
Who was the bold man who dared
to disturb the tranquillity of your eyes with a new war,
and to demolish
the temples erected to love
in those ardent hearts?

Penelope

Vedova amata, vedova Regina,
nuove lagrime appresto:
insomma all'infelice
ogni amore è funesto.

Melanto

Così all'ombra de' scettri anco pur sono
malsicure le vite; vicine alle corone
son le destre esecrande
anco più ardite.

Penelope

Moriro i proci, e queste da lor chiamate stelle
furon di quelle morti assistenti facelle.

Melanto

Penelope!
Il castigo dell'importante fatto
non consigliar che con lo sdegno e l'ira,
che maestate offesa
esser giusta non può se non s'adira.

Penelope

Dell'occhio la pietate
si risente all'eccesso,
ma concitar il core
a sdegno et a dolore
non m'è concesso.

Penelope

Loved widow, widowed queen,
new tears are coming:
to the unfortunate,
every love is fatal.

Melantho

Thus even in the shadow of the sceptre
lives are insecure; near to the crown
accursed hands
are even bolder.

Penelope

The suitors died, and the stars they invoked
were indifferent witnesses to their deaths.

Melantho

Penelope!
The punishment for serious crimes
must be made only with scorn and anger,
for offended majesty
cannot be just if it is not enraged.

Penelope

The compassion of my eyes
is all too strong,
but to excite the heart
to anger and grief,
I have not the strength.



29 SCENE 4

Eumete

Forza d'occulto affetto
raddolcisce il tuo petto.
Chi con un arco solo
isconosciuto diede a cento morti il duolo,
quel forte e quel robusto
che domò l'arco e fe' volar gli strali,
colui che i proci insidiosi e felli
valoroso trafisse –
rallegrati, Regina –
egli era Ulisse!

Penelope

Sei buon pastor Eumete
se persuaso credi
contro quello che vedi.

Eumete

Il canuto, l'antico,
il povero, il mendico,
che coi proci superbi
coraggioso attaccò mortali risse –
rallegrati, Regina –
egli era Ulisse!

Eumaeus

May the power of deep feelings
calm your breast.
He who with a single bow,
unrecognized, brought grief to a hundred,
this strong, robust man
who bent the bow and let fly the arrows,
who bravely struck down
the treacherous and ruthless suitors –
rejoice, O queen –
he was Ulysses!

Penelope

You make a good shepherd, Eumaeus,
if you believe
against that which you see.

Eumaeus

The hoary man, the old man,
the pauper, the beggar,
who courageously attacked
the proud suitors in mortal combat –
rejoice, O queen –
he was Ulysses!

Penelope

Credulo il volgo e sciocco,
e la tromba mendace
della fama fallace.

Eumete

Ulisse io vidi, sì!
Ulisse è vivo, è qui!

Penelope

Relator importuno!
Consolator nocivo!

Eumete

Dico che Ulisse è qui!
Io stesso il vidi e' l' so.
Non contenda il tuo 'no' con il mio 'sì':
Ulisse è vivo, è qui!

Penelope

Io non contendo teco
perchè sei stolto e cieco.

📍 SCENE 5**Telemaco**

È saggio Eumete, è saggio!
È ver quel ch'ei racconta:
Ulisse, a te consorte et a me padre,

Penelope

The common man is credulous and gullible,
and deceitful the trumpet
of false renown.

Eumaeus

I saw Ulysses, yes!
Ulysses is alive, he is here!

Penelope

Importunate messenger!
Pernicious comforter!

Eumaeus

I tell you Ulysses is here!
I myself saw it and know it.
Your 'no' cannot argue with my 'yes':
Ulysses is alive, and here!

Penelope

I do not argue with you,
because you are foolish and blind.

Telemachus

Eumaeus is wise, he is wise!
What he tells is true:
Ulysses, your husband and my father,

ha tutte uccise le nemiche squadre.
Il comparir sotto mentito aspetto,
sotto vecchia sembianza,
arte fu di Minerva e fu suo dono.

Penelope

Troppo, egli è ver, che gli uomini qui in terra
servon di gioco agli immortali Dei.
Se ciò credi ancor tu lor gioco sei.

Telemaco

Vuole così Minerva
per ingannar con le sembianze finte
gli inimici d'Ulisse.

Penelope

Se d'ingannar gli Dei prendon diletto
chi far fede mi puote
che non sia mio l'inganno
se fu mio tutto il danno?

Telemaco

Protettrice de' Greci
è come sai Minerva
e più che gli altri Ulisse
a lei fu caro.

has killed all the forces of the enemy.
His appearance in disguise,
in the semblance of an old man,
was the art of Minerva and was her gift.

Penelope

Too often, indeed, must men here on earth
serve as playthings of the immortal gods.
If you believe that, you also are their toy.

Telemachus

Minerva willed this,
to deceive Ulysses' enemies
with a disguise.

Penelope

If the gods take pleasure in deceiving,
who can make me believe
that I am not the one deceived,
since my portion has been only suffering?

Telemachus

The protectress of the Greeks
is, as you know, Minerva,
and more than anyone else it is Ulysses
who enjoys her affection.

Penelope

Non han tanto pensiero
gli Dei lassù nel cielo,
delle cose mortali;
lasciano ch'arda il foco
e agghiaccia il gelo.
Figlian le cause lor piaceri e mali.

Telemaco

Togliti in pace il nero.

Eumete

Io lo dirò, ti seguirò.

① SCENE 6

Marittima

Minerva

Fiamma è l'ira, o gran Dea,
foco è lo sdegno.
Noi sdegnose et irate incenerito habbiam
di Troja il regno,
offese da un Trojan, ma vendicate.
Il più forte fra' Greci ancor contende
col destin, con il fato:
Ulisse addolorato.

Penelope

The gods have not much thought
for mortal things
up there in heaven;
they let the fire burn
and the ice freeze.
They cause pleasures and misery.

Telemachus

Cast off your black veil in peace.

Eumaeus

I shall tell him; I will follow you.

The sea

Minerva

The flame is anger, O great goddess,
fire is scorn.
We scornful and angry ones have burned down
the kingdom of Troy,
offended by a Trojan, but avenged.
The mightiest of the Greeks still struggles
with destiny, with fate:
the grief-stricken Ulysses.

Giunone

Per vendetta che piace
ogni prezzo è leggiero.
Vada il Trojano impero
anco in peggio di polvere fugace!

Minerva

Dalle nostre vendette
nacquero in lui gli errori,
delle stragi dilette
son figli i suoi dolori.
Convien al nostro nume
il vindice salvar, placar gli sdegni
del dio dei salsi regni.

Giunone

Procurerò la pace, ricercherò il riposo
d'Ulisse glorioso.

Minerva

Per te del sommo Giove
e sorella e consorte
s'aprono nove in ciel divine porte.

🗣️ SCENE 7**Giunone**

Gran Giove, alma de' Dei, Dio delle menti,
mente dell' universo,

Juno

For a satisfying vengeance
no price is too high.
May the Trojan empire
disappear as dust!

Minerva

His transgressions were
born of our vengeance;
his sufferings are the children
of the glorious massacres.
It befits our sovereign god
to save the avenger, to placate the anger
of the god of the salty realms.

Juno

I will procure peace, restore repose
for glorious Ulysses.

Minerva

For you,
sister and consort of exalted Jupiter,
the divine gates in heaven will open anew.

Juno

Great Jupiter, soul of the gods, god of spirits,
spirit of the universe,

tu che'l tutto governi e tutto sei,
inchina le tue grazie a' prieghi miei.
Ulisse troppo errò,
troppo, ah, troppo soffrì:
tornalo in pace un dì.
Fu divin il voler che lo destò,
Ulisse troppo errò.

Giove

Per me non avrà mai
vota preghiera Giuno,
ma placar pria conviensi
lo sdegnato Nettuno.
Odimi, Dio del mar!
Fu scritto qui, dove il destin s'accoglie,
dell'eccidio Trojano il fatal punto.
Hor ch'al suo fine il destinato è giunto
sdegno otioso un gentil petto invoglie.
E fu ministro del fato Ulisse:
il forte soffrì, vinse, pugnò
campion celeste.
Per lui mentre di cenere si veste
cittadina di Troja errò la morte.
Nettun, pace o Nettun!
Perdona il suo duolo al mortal ch'afflitto il rese.
Ecco scrive il destin le sue difese;
non è colpa dell'huom se il cielo tuona.

you who govern everything and know everything,
graciously hear my prayers.
Ulysses has wandered too long,
too long, ah, too long has he suffered:
let peace return to him one day.
It was a divine will that roused him,
Ulysses has wandered too much.

Jupiter

To me you will never
pray in vain, Juno,
but first the irate Neptune
must be placated.
Hear me, god of the sea!
Here, where fate is decreed,
the day of the Trojan massacre was written.
Now that the destined one has reached his goal,
let anger subside and kindness enter your breast.
Ulysses was a servant of fate:
the hero suffered, conquered, fought
as a champion of heaven.
Because of him, death
walked the streets of Troy clothed in ashes.
Neptune, peace O Neptune!
Pardon this mortal the grief that afflicts him.
Here destiny writes his defence;
it is not the fault of man if heaven thunders.

Nettuno

Son ben quest'onde frigide,
son ben quest'onde gelide,
ma sentono l'ardor di tua pietà.
Nei fondi algosi et infimi,
nei cupi acquosi termini,
il decreto di Giove anco si sa.
Contro i Feaci arditi e temerarii,
mio sdegno si sfogò;
pagò il delitto pessimo
la nave che restò.
Viva felice pur,
viva Ulisse secur!

Coro in Cielo

Giove amoroso
fa il ciel pietoso
nel perdonar.

Coro Marittimo

Benchè abbia il gelo
non men del cielo
pietoso è il mar.

Cielo e Marittimo

Prega, mortal, deh prega,
che sdegnato e pregato
un Dio si piega.

Neptune

Well may these waves be frigid,
well may these waters be icy,
but they feel the warmth of your mercy.
In the infinite abysses of seaweed,
in the dark watery depths,
the decree of Jupiter is known.
Against the daring, rash Phaeacians,
I gave vent to my wrath;
the worst crime was paid for
by their petrified ship.
May he live happily,
may Ulysses live in safety!

Choir in Heaven

The loving Jupiter
makes heaven merciful
and forgiving.

Choir of the Sea

In spite of its coldness,
no less merciful
than heaven is the sea.

Both choirs

Pray, mortal, oh pray,
for an offended god
can be placated through prayer.

Giove

Minerva! Hor fia tua cura
d'acquetar i tumulti de' sollevati Achiri,
che per vendetta degli estinti Proci
pensano portar guerra
all'itacense terra.

Minerva

Rintuzzerò quei spiriti,
smorzerò quegli ardori,
comanderò la pace,
Giove, come a te piace.

⑩ SCENE 8

Reggia

Ericlea

Ericlea, che vuoi far,
vuoi tacer o parlar?
Se parli tu consoli,
obbedisci se taci.
Sei tenuta a servir
obbligata ad amar.
Vuoi tacer o parlar?
Ma ceda all'obbedienza la pietà:
non si de' sempre dir ciò che si sa.

Medicar chi languisce, o che diletto!
Ma che ingiurie e dispetto

Jupiter

Minerva, now be it your task
to quell the uprising of the Achaeans,
who, in vengeance for the death of the suitors,
intend waging war
against the land of the Ithacans.

Minerva

I shall calm these spirits,
I shall smother those flames,
I shall command peace,
Jupiter, as it pleases you.

The palace

Eurycleia

Eurycleia, what should you do,
will you be silent or speak?
If you speak, you bring comfort,
but silence is your duty.
You are bound in service,
yet pledged to love.
Will you be silent or speak?
But let pity yield to obedience:
one must not tell all one knows.

To heal one who suffers, oh what pleasure!
But what injury and outrage

scoprir l'altrui pensier;
bella cosa talvolta è un bel tacer.
È ferita crudele
il poter con parole
consolar chi si duole
e non lo far;
ma del pentirsi alfin
assai lunge è il tacer
più che'l parlar.

Bel segreto taciuto
tosto scoprir si può,
una sol volta detto
celarlo non potrò.
Ericlea, che farai, tacerai tu?
Insomma un bel tacer mai scritto fu.

99 SCENE 9

Penelope

Ogni nostra ragion
sen porta il vento.
Non ponno i nostri sogni
consolar le vigilie
dell'anima smarrita.
Le favole fan riso
e non dan vita.

to disclose the thoughts of others;
the best thing is sometimes silence.
It is cruel
to be able, with words,
to console one who is suffering
and not do it;
but regret lasts much longer
for silence
than it does for speech.

A beautiful secret
can soon be revealed,
but once it is told,
it can no longer be concealed.
Eurycleia, what will you do, will you keep silent?
After all, complete silence was never ordered.

Penelope

All our reason
is blown away by the wind.
Our dreams cannot
comfort the sleepless nights
of a lost soul.
Fables make us laugh,
but they do not give us life.

Telemaco

Troppo incredula!

Eumete

Incredula troppo!

Telemaco

Troppo ostinata!

Eumete

Ostinata troppo!

Telemaco

È più che vero.

Eumete

Di vero è più

che il vecchio arciero Ulisse fu.

Telemaco

Eccolo che sen viene

e la sua forma tiene.

Eumete

Ulisse egli è.

Telemaco

Eccolo affè!

Telemachus

Too incredulous!

Eumaeus

Too sceptical!

Telemachus

Too obstinate!

Eumaeus

Stubborn beyond measure!

Telemachus

It is indeed true.

Eumaeus

It is indeed the truth

that the aged archer was Ulysses.

Telemachus

Here he is, coming

in his true form.

Eumaeus

It is Ulysses.

Telemachus

He is here indeed!

SCENE 10

(Sopraggiunge Ulisse in sua forma.)

Ulisse

O delle mie fatiche
meta dolce e soave,
porto caro amoroso
dove corro al riposo!

Penelope

Fermati, cavaliere,
incantator o mago!
Di tue finte mutanze
io non m'appago.

Ulisse

Così del tuo consorte,
così dunque t'appressi
a lungamente sospirarti amplessi?

Penelope

Consorte io sono, ma del perduto Ulisse,
nè incantesimi o magie
perturberan la fe', le voglie mie.

(Ulysses enters unexpectedly in his true form.)

Ulysses

Oh sweet and gentle goal
of all my hardships,
dear harbour of love
to which I hasten for my repose!

Penelope

Hold your steps, knight,
enchanter or magician!
I shall not be misled
by your false disguises.

Ulysses

Will you thus
receive the embraces
of your husband, which he has long sighed for?

Penelope

I am a wife, but of the lost Ulysses,
neither spells nor magic
will shake my faith, my wishes.

Ulisse

In honor de' tuoi rai
l'eternità sprezzai,
volontario cangiando e stato e sorte.
Per serbarmi fedel son giunto a morte.

Penelope

Quel valor che ti rese
ad Ulisse simile
care mi fa le stragi
degli amanti malvagi.
Questo di tua bugia
il dolce frutto sia.

Ulisse

Quell'Ulisse son io
delle ceneri avanzo, residuo delle morti,
degli adulteri e ladri
fiero castigator e non seguace.

Penelope

Non sei tu 'l primo ingegno
che con nome mentito
tentasse di trovar comando o regno.

Eriaclea

Hor di parlar è tempo.
È questo Ulisse, casta e gran donna.
Io lo conobbi all'ora

Ulysses

For the sake of your eyes
I relinquished immortality,
willingly changing my state and my destiny.
To remain faithful I have made myself mortal.

Penelope

That valour which makes you
like Ulysses
makes me thankful for the slaughter
of the wicked suitors.
This shall be the sweet fruit
of your lie.

Ulysses

I am that Ulysses,
risen out of the ashes, survivor of the dead,
fierce castigator of adulterers and thieves
and not their companion.

Penelope

You are not the first clever person
who, with a false name,
has attempted to gain power or a kingdom.

Eurycleia

Now it is time to speak.
This is Ulysses, chaste and great lady.
I recognized him

Che nudo al bagno venne,
ove scopersi del feroce cinghiale
l'honorato segnale.

Ben ti chieggio perdon se troppo tacqui:
loquace feminil garrula lingua
per comando d'Ulisse
con fatica lo tacque e non lo disse.

Penelope

Creder ciò ch'è desio
m'insegna Amore;
serbar costante il sen
comanda honore.

Dubbio pensier, che fai?

La fe' negata ai prieghi
del buon custode Eumete,
di Telemaco il figlio,
alla vecchia nutrice anco si nieghi,
che il mio pudico letto
sol d'Ulisse è ricetta.

Ulisse

Del tuo casto pensiero io so 'l costume.
So che'l letto pudico,
che tranne Ulisse solo
altro non vide,
ogni notte da te s'adorna e copre
con un serico drappo
di tua mano contesto,

when he came naked to the bath,
where the scar was uncovered
that was caused by the ferocious wild boar.
I beg you fervently for pardon if I kept silent too long:
my talkative, female, gossiping tongue
kept silent through great effort
at the command of Ulysses and did not tell you.

Penelope

Love tells me to believe
what I wish for,
but honour commands
my breast to remain constant.
Doubting thoughts, what will you do?
My faith rejected the pleas
of the good shepherd Eumaeus,
of Telemachus, my son,
also of my old nurse,
for my chaste bed
is shared only by Ulysses.

Ulysses

I know the ways of your chaste thoughts.
I know that the chaste bed
which, apart from Ulysses himself,
nobody else has seen,
is adorned and covered by you every night
with a silken cloth
woven by your hand,

in cui si vede col virginal suo coro
Diana effigiata.
M'accompagnò mai sempre
memoria così grata.

Penelope

Hor sì ti riconosco,
hor sì ti credo,
antico possessore
del combattuto core.
Honestà mi perdoni!
Dono tutto ad Amor le sue ragioni.

Ulisse

Sciogli la lingua, deh sciogli
per allegrezza i nodi!
Sciogli un sospir, un *ohimè* la voce snodi.

Penelope

Illustratevi o cieli,
rinfioratevi o prati!
Aure gioite!
Gli augelletti cantando,
i rivi mormorando
hor si rallegriano!
Quell'herbe verdeggianti,
quell'onde sussurranti
hor si consolino.
Già che sorta felice
dal cenere Trojan la mia fenice.

in which is seen, with her virgin companions,
the figure of Diana.
I was always accompanied
by that memory so dear.

Penelope

Now, yes, I recognize you again,
now, yes, I believe you,
old possessor
of my contested heart.
Pardon me my scruples!
Place all the blame on Cupid.

Ulysses

Unloose the tongue, oh unloose
the bonds for joy!
Let loose a sigh; the voice release an alas.

Penelope

Shine, oh skies,
flower again, oh meadows!
Rejoice, you breezes!
The singing birds,
the murmuring brooks
now are gay again!
What green grasses,
what rippling waves
now bring cheer.
Now my phoenix arises
happy from the Trojan ashes.

Penelope, Ulisse

Sospirato mio sole!
Rinnovata mia luce!
Porto quieto e riposo!
Bramato sì, ma caro.

Penelope

Per te gli andati affanni
a benedir imparo.

Penelope, Ulisse

Non si rammenti
più de' tormenti.
Sì, vita, sì!
Tutto è piacere.
Sì, vita, sì!
Fuggan dai petti
dogliosi affetti!
Sì, core, sì!
Tutto è godere!
Del piacer, del goder
venuto è il dì.
Sì, sì, vita!
Sì, sì, core!
Sì, sì!

Penelope, Ulysses

My sun that I have sighed for!
My light renewed!
Calm, restful harbour!
Desired, yes, but loved.

Penelope

For you I learn to bless
the torments I have suffered.

Penelope, Ulysses

Do not recall
the torments any more.
Yes, my life, yes!
All is pleasure.
Yes, my life, yes!
Let sad feelings
fly from our hearts!
Yes, my heart, yes!
Everything is joy!
The day of delight,
of rejoicing has come.
Yes, yes, my life!
Yes, yes, my heart!
Yes, yes!





Photograph by Patrick O'Connor

MARTIN PEARLMAN

Martin Pearlman is one of America's leading interpreters of Baroque and Classical music on period and modern instruments. Hailed for his 'fresh, buoyant interpretations' and his 'vivid realizations teeming with life', Pearlman has been acclaimed for 40 years in the orchestral, choral and operatic repertoire from Monteverdi to Beethoven.

Pearlman founded Boston Baroque, North America's first period-instrument orchestra, in 1973 and has been the music director and conductor of both the orchestra and its chorus to the present day. Three-time Grammy®-nominated Boston Baroque is now widely regarded as being 'the standard setters for period practice in America', and 'some of the finest American interpreters of music of this era', according to *Fanfare* magazine.

Over its 40-year history, Pearlman has led Boston Baroque in an annual subscription concert series in Greater Boston and in tours of the United States and Europe; he has also produced 22 major recordings for Telarc Records. In 2012, the orchestra became the first American orchestra to record with the UK audiophile label Linn. Its initial release of Haydn's *Creation* on Linn has been called 'the finest ever', and the follow-up release of the 'Lord Nelson' Mass was hailed as 'another superb achievement' by *Fanfare*.

Highlights of Pearlman's work features the complete Monteverdi opera cycle including his own new performing editions of *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* and *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse*, the American premiere of Rameau's *Zoroastre*, the Boston premiere of Rameau's *Pigmalion*, the New England premieres of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* and *Alceste* and an exploration of all nine Beethoven symphonies on period instruments that was called 'revelatory' by the *Boston Globe*.

Pearlman is also known for his internationally acclaimed series of Handel operas including *Agrippina*, *Alcina*, *Giulio Cesare* and *Semele*, and for a series of Mozart operas including *The Abduction from the Seraglio*, *The Magic Flute*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Così fan tutte*,

The Impresario and *Don Giovanni*, the last of which was broadcast nationally on public radio. Pearlman's completion and orchestration of music from Mozart's *Lo Sposo Deluso*, his performing version of Purcell's *Comical History of Don Quixote* and his new orchestration of Cimarosa's *Il Maestro di cappella* were all premiered by Boston Baroque.

Pearlman is also a composer. His recent works have included his three-act *Finnegans Wake: an Operoar* based on James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, as well as chamber music, piano works and *The Creation According to Orpheus* for solo piano, harp and percussion with string orchestra. His music for three Samuel Beckett plays (*Words and Music*, *Cascando* and *...but the clouds...*) was commissioned by and premiered at the 92nd Street Y in New York City for the Beckett Centennial in 2006 and was produced again at Harvard University in Cambridge in 2007.

BOSTON BAROQUE

Boston Baroque is the first permanent Baroque orchestra to be established in North America and is widely regarded as 'one of the world's premier period-instrument bands' (*Fanfare*). The group's many milestones include the American premiere of Rameau's *Zoroastre*, a Mozart opera series including *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Così fan tutte*, and the American period-instrument premieres of *Don Giovanni* and *The Magic Flute*. The orchestra presented a series of all the Beethoven symphonies on period instruments that was called 'revelatory' by the *Boston Globe*, and in 1999 it gave the modern premiere of *Der Stein der Weisen* ('The Philosopher's Stone'), a Singspiel discovered to include music by Mozart which shed fresh light on his canon.

Boston Baroque has performed at major music centres across the United States, including Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles, New York's Carnegie Hall and Cathedral of St John the Divine, at Chicago's Ravinia Festival and the Tanglewood Festival. Boston Baroque was the first period-instrument orchestra to be invited to participate at the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico, and the ensemble made its European debut in 2003, performing Handel's *Messiah* at the Ludwig van Beethoven Easter Festival in Poland.

Boston Baroque's 25 acclaimed recordings – of which *Fanfare* wrote, 'each one is an incomparable gem' – are heard by millions on classical radio stations in North America and Europe. The orchestra's recordings have received three Grammy® nominations: for Handel's *Messiah* (1992), Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610* (1998) and Bach's *Mass in B minor* (2000). This is the ensemble's third recording with Linn.

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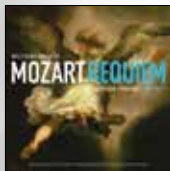
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