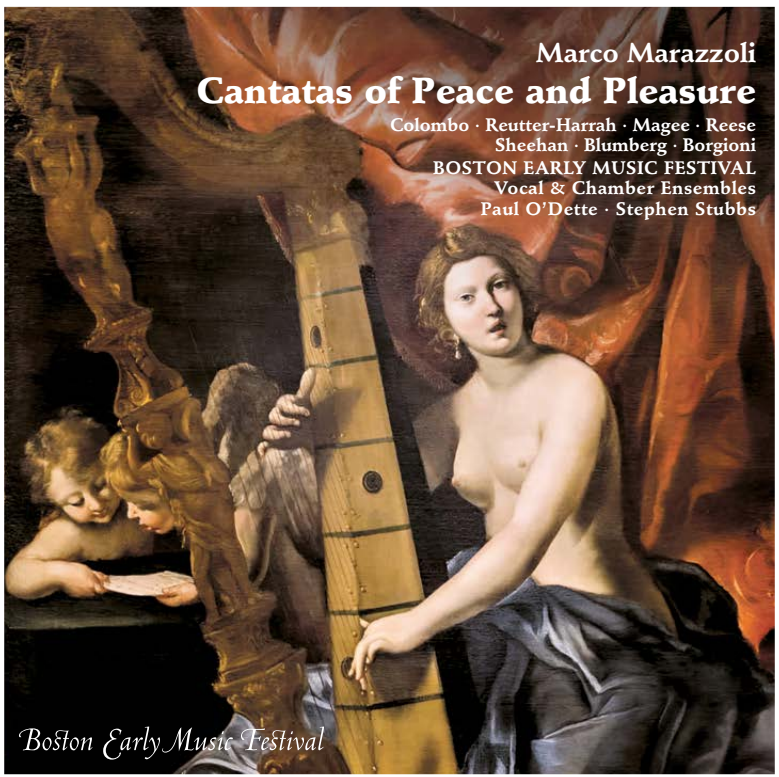


cpo

Marco Marazzoli
Cantatas of Peace and Pleasure

Colombo · Reutter-Harrah · Magee · Reese
Sheehan · Blumberg · Borgioni
BOSTON EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL
Vocal & Chamber Ensembles
Paul O'Dette · Stephen Stubbs



Boston Early Music Festival



Paul O'Dette and Stephen Stubbs

Marco Marazzoli

ca. 1602-1662

Cantatas of Peace and Pleasure

La Vendemmia

Text: Unknown author

Mauro Borgioni *Bacco*

Carlotta Colombo, Danielle Reutter-Harrah,
Alissa Magee, James Reese & Aaron Sheehan

La Zenobia

Text: Carlo Festini

Danielle Reutter-Harrah *Testo*

James Reese *Radamisto*

Carlotta Colombo *Zenobia*

Aaron Sheehan *Armeno 1* · Jesse Blumberg *Armeno 2*

Mauro Borgioni *Armeno 3*

Il Riposo

Text: Sebastiano Baldini

Jesse Blumberg *Il Riposo*

James Reese & Aaron Sheehan *I seguaci*

Mauro Borgioni *Il Lago*

Carlotta Colombo & Danielle Reutter-Harrah *Le Ninfe*

Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte

"per la pace tra Spagna e Francia dell'anno 1660"

Text: Giovanni Lotti

Danielle Reutter-Harrah, Carlotta Colombo, Alissa Magee,
Aaron Sheehan, Jesse Blumberg & Mauro Borgioni

La Guerra e la Pace
Text: Luc' Antonio Casini
Danielle Reutter-Harrah *La Guerra*
Carlotta Colombo *La Pace*
Alissa Magee, James Reese, Aaron Sheehan & Mauro Borgioni

BOSTON EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL
VOCAL & CHAMBER ENSEMBLES

Paul O'Dette & Stephen Stubbs *Musical Directors*
Kathleen Fay *Executive Producer*

Total time: 88'48

BOSTON EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL VOCAL ENSEMBLE
Carlotta Colombo, Danielle Reutter-Harrah & Alissa Magee *soprano*
James Reese & Aaron Sheehan *tenor*
Jesse Blumberg & Mauro Borgioni *baritone*

BOSTON EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL CHAMBER ENSEMBLE
Sarah Darling *violin I*
Jesse Irons *violin II*
Christel Thielmann *viola da gamba*
David Morris *viola da gamba & lirone*
Maxine Eilander *Baroque harp*
Paul O'Dette *chitarraone*
Stephen Stubbs *Baroque guitar*
Michael Sponseller *harpsichord & organ*

La Vendemmia

25'27

- | | | |
|---|--|------|
| 1 | Sinfonia – Al Tirso della mano (<i>Borgioni</i>) | 4'05 |
| 2 | Su prendete o miei ministri (<i>Borgioni, Chorus</i>) | 2'06 |
| 3 | Signor, già corre alla vendemmia usata
(<i>Colombo, Borgioni, Reutter-Harrah, Reese, Sheehan, Magee</i>) | 1'54 |
| 4 | Su, su, si corra all'opra (<i>Chorus, Reutter-Harrah, Reese, Colombo, Borgioni</i>) | 3'51 |
| 5 | O d'ambra o vermiglie (<i>Colombo, Reutter-Harrah, Reese, Borgioni</i>) | 2'35 |
| 6 | Un più lontano Autunno
(<i>Reese, Sheehan, Reutter-Harrah, Borgioni, Magee, Colombo</i>) | 3'09 |
| 7 | Su, su via da noi concordi
(<i>Chorus, Borgioni, Colombo, Reese, Sheehan, Reutter-Harrah</i>) | 4'49 |
| 8 | Questo, questo vogl'io che spuma e brilla
(<i>Borgioni, Colombo, Reese, Sheehan, Reutter-Harrah, Magee</i>) | 2'58 |

La Zenobia

15'03

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 9 | All'armi, all'armi (<i>Sheehan, Blumberg, Borgioni, Reutter-Harrah</i>) | 2'51 |
| 10 | Oimè, Zenobia (<i>Reese, Colombo, Reutter-Harrah</i>) | 3'10 |
| 11 | O mie pene troppo rigide catene (<i>Colombo, Reese</i>) | 4'23 |
| 12 | Si segua, si corra veloce
(<i>Blumberg, Sheehan, Borgioni, Reese, Colombo, Reutter-Harrah</i>) | 2'45 |
| 13 | Così in petto di Re
(<i>Reutter-Harrah, Reese, Blumberg, Colombo, Sheehan, Borgioni</i>) | 1'54 |

Il Riposo

27'22

- | | | |
|----|--|------|
| 14 | Ritornello – O suolo beato (<i>Blumberg, Reese, Sheehan</i>) | 3'36 |
| 15 | Così dicea sovra una prora aurata (<i>Reese, Borgioni, Colombo, Reutter-Harrah</i>) | 2'55 |
| 16 | Ritornello – Chi sei tu che gonfio d'ardire (<i>Borgioni, Colombo, Reutter-Harrah</i>) | 3'52 |
| 17 | Qual naufrago indegno (<i>Colombo, Reutter-Harrah, Borgioni, Blumberg</i>) | 4'26 |
| 18 | Cede un'ira insuperabile
(<i>Colombo, Reutter-Harrah, Borgioni, Blumberg, Sheehan, Reese</i>) | 3'37 |
| 19 | Questo Pin ch'è d'or pomposo (<i>Blumberg, Reese, Sheehan</i>) | 3'50 |
| 20 | Deh non t'affligger più (<i>Colombo, Reutter-Harrah, Borgioni</i>) | 3'12 |
| 21 | Ch'esser non può (<i>Reese, Reutter-Harrah, Colombo, Sheehan, Blumberg, Borgioni</i>) | 1'54 |

Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte

7'03

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 22 | Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte
(<i>Sheehan, Reutter-Harrah, Colombo, Magee, Blumberg, Borgioni</i>) | 3'24 |
| 23 | Voi tra nemi, e tra gl'horrori
(<i>Sheehan, Reutter-Harrah, Colombo, Blumberg, Borgioni, Magee</i>) | 3'39 |

La Guerra e la Pace

13'28

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 24 | Tornate o guerrieri (<i>Reutter-Harrah, Magee, Sheehan, Borgioni, Reese</i>) | 3'06 |
| 25 | Oimè, qual voce tanto feroce
(<i>Colombo, Reutter-Harrah, Magee, Sheehan, Borgioni, Reese</i>) | 5'35 |
| 26 | Eccomi pronta ancella d'Alessandro (<i>Reutter-Harrah, Colombo</i>) | 2'24 |
| 27 | Fuggite o perigli (<i>Magee, Reese, Sheehan, Borgioni, Reutter-Harrah, Colombo</i>) | 2'23 |

Acknowledgements

The Boston Early Music Festival and Executive Director Kathleen Fay wish to acknowledge the many generous Friends and supporters of BEMF's Baroque Opera Recording Project, an initiative started in 2004 to create a series of recordings to preserve our groundbreaking Baroque opera productions and attempt to fill the gaps in the current discography of Western opera. Please visit our website (BEMF.org) for a complete discography of BEMF recordings.

Special thanks to the Constellation Charitable Foundation for continued support of the Boston Early Music Festival, including the Baroque Opera Recording Project, this disc in particular, and the March 2024 modern premiere performances of this repertoire in Boston and New York City. Additionally, we would like to express our gratitude to Susan L. Robinson and to Michael and Marie-Pierre Ellmann for their support of this project.

Thanks also to the following individuals and organizations for their assistance with this recording: Paul O'Dette and Alissa Magee for deciphering the original manuscripts and creating the performing editions; Paul O'Dette, Stephen Stubbs, and Alessandro Quarta for their English translations of the Italian texts; Roger Freitas, Ellen Hargis, Federico Ercoli, and Ian D'Agata, for their assistance on the English translations of the Italian texts; Paul O'Dette for his essay titled *Marco Marazzoli: Cantatas of Peace and Pleasure*; Karola Parry, Siegbert Ernst, and Jan Stahlmann, for providing engineering, supervision, and digital editing; Elisabeth Champollion and the staff at The Sendesaal, Bremen, Germany, for being gracious hosts to our project, and for the use of their Flemish double-manual harpsi-

chord by Eckehart Merzdorf (1984) after Johannes Dulcken; Joachim Held for the use of his liuto attiorbato by Marcus Wesche (2017); Frauke Hess for the loan of her lirone; Andrew Sigel, for his editorial assistance; Angela and Eckhardt van den Hoogen, for their editorial and translation assistance; Burkhard Schmilgun and our colleagues at **cpo**/classic production osnabrück, for our ongoing recording partnership; BEMF Vocal Ensemble members Teresa Wakim and John Taylor Ward, who performed in BEMF's March 2024 modern premiere performances in Boston and New York City; Andrew Sigel, for his leadership support of BEMF's March 2024 performances; and BEMF staff members Maria van Kalken, Carla Chrisfield, Perry Emerson, Elizabeth Hardy, Brian Stuart, Corey King, and Esme Hurlburt for their untiring help in ways too numerous to list here.



Kathleen Fay

Marco Marazzoli: Cantatas of Peace and Pleasure

Our received notion of music history presents Venice and Florence as the two major musical centers in seventeenth-century Italy, with Mantua receiving mention as well, due to the residency of Monteverdi in that city from 1590 until 1613. Solo song was invented in Florence; Giulio Caccini's manifesto about "the new music," which ushered in the whole Baroque period, was published there, and it was there that the first operas were performed. Venice boasted the presence of such musical luminaries as Claudio Monteverdi (starting in 1613), Giovanni Gabrieli, Francesco Cavalli, Dario Castello, and Barbara Strozzi; it was the place where public opera was first established and where instrumental sonatas were first published.

On the other hand, the music of seventeenth-century Rome was mostly flown under the radar, due in part to the lack of a vibrant music-publishing enterprise, leaving most of the glorious music composed in Rome to languish in manuscripts, some of which are barely legible. But between 1620 and 1660, Rome was home to the largest number of supremely gifted composers of vocal music anywhere in Europe. The cantatas, oratorios, and motets of dozens of these composers, most notably Luigi Rossi, Domenico and Virgilio Mazzocchi, Giacomo Carissimi, Stefano Landi, Orazio Michi, Carlo Caprioli, Girolamo Frescobaldi, and Marco Marazzoli, the composer featured on this recording, represent the pinnacle of early *seicento* vocal music, which had a profound influence not only on the cantatas of Venetian composers, but especially on French music of the period. The cantatas of Rossi, Carissimi, and Marazzoli were particularly popu-

lar in France in the second half of the seventeenth century, circulating in numerous manuscripts commissioned by Cardinal Mazarin, chief minister of France. But due to the lack of modern editions of this repertoire, and the scholarly bias in favor of Florence and Venice, these works are still largely unknown except to a handful of specialists. The present recording focusses on a special subset of the repertoire, Marazzoli's cantatas for six voices, two violins, and basso continuo. A total of seven of these works survive, five of which we were able to fit on this CD.

Marco Marazzoli (ca. 1602–1662) was a harpist, tenor, and composer who wrote more than 380 cantatas for one to six voices in addition to operas, oratorios, motets, and liturgical works. Marazzoli began working for Cardinal Antonio Barberini at the Palazzo Barberini around 1626, and continued serving the papal family for the rest of his life. He frequently traveled with the Cardinal to Urbino, Bologna, and Ferrara along with others from the Cardinal's musical establishment, including Stefano Landi and Filippo Vitali. In 1642, Marazzoli went to Venice to present his opera, *Gli amori di Giasone e d'Isifile* in the Teatro SS Giovanni e Paolo, the same theater where Monteverdi's last two operas were performed, *Le nozze d'Enea con Lavinia* the year before, and *L'incoronazione di Poppea* the year after. In 1643, the Cardinal facilitated an invitation from Cardinal Mazarin for Marazzoli to go Paris, where his works were enthusiastically received. The Queen was reportedly moved to tears upon hearing them, and she commissioned additional chamber cantatas from Marazzoli for the next two years. He returned to Rome in 1645, only to discover the Barberini family had been forced into exile by the new Pope Innocent X upon the death of the Barberini Pope Ur-

ban VIII. Deprived of his Barberini patronage during this period (1645–1653), Marazzoli began composing oratorios for the Oratorio del Santissimo Crocifisso, the venue for which Carissimi's *Jephthe* was written, along with many other important *seicento* oratorios. Upon the reconciliation of Pope Innocent's family (the Pamphili) with the Barberini in 1653, Cardinal Antonio Barberini commissioned Marazzoli to compose an opera, *Dal male il bene*, in celebration of the wedding between the Pope's niece and the son of Antonio's brother Taddeo. The success of this production inspired Antonio to commission a new opera each year from Marazzoli, including *Le armi e gli amori* in 1655, and *La Vita humana* in 1656 in celebration of the arrival and conversion to Catholicism of Queen Christina of Sweden. Unfortunately, the plague that hit Rome in that year curtailed these operatic endeavors, and Marazzoli began working for the new Pope, Alexander VII, composing numerous cantatas for multiple voices and strings, including those heard on this recording.

The six-voice cantatas of Marazzoli were composed late in his career, commissioned by Pope Alexander VII and designed for performance at the Vatican, the Palazzo Quirinale, and the papal retreat at Castel Gandolfo. While most of Marazzoli's cantatas were written for solo voice and continuo, sometimes with the addition of strings, he also experimented with more extended cantatas involving four, five, and six voices, featuring Sinfonias, Ritornelli, recitatives, arias, duets, trios, choruses, etc., perhaps to compensate for the lack of opera productions. These large-scale cantatas nevertheless show Marazzoli's operatic ambitions, as they resemble miniature operas designed for performance by a chamber ensemble in music rooms of palaces. It is assumed that Marazzoli performed

in these cantatas himself as a tenor as well as a harpist. He commissioned a spectacular triple harp, which survives in the Musical Instrument Museum in Rome, as well as in a painting of that exact instrument by Giovanni Lanfranco, which hangs in the Palazzo Barberini today, and is reproduced on the cover of this CD.

Shortly after these cantatas were composed, Marazzoli was injured during Mass at the Sistine Chapel on January 25, 1662, and died the following day.

The cantatas survive in nearly illegible autograph composing scores in the Vatican archives which are full of crossed out passages, rewritten parts, wrong notes, impossible to read bars, undecipherable texts, missing bars in the continuo part, and other challenges which confront anyone wishing to create a modern performing edition. This is undoubtedly the main reason these works have not been performed in modern times, despite the extraordinary quality of the music itself. Marazzoli's musical style is quite personal with a strong focus on the shape of each polyphonic line, resulting in numerous clashes not found in the music of his contemporaries. This results in some searing dissonances, which one might be tempted to correct, but which we have opted to embrace.

The Cantatas

La Vendemmia

(text author unknown)

This cantata is a celebration of the harvest, inspiring each character in turn to praise their favorite Italian wines. The dizzying array of wines extolled seems to have been designed to flatter the vinous expertise of the papal audience. While some of the references are straightforward, others are quite ob-

scure and require knowledge of wines commonly consumed in different regions of Italy in the seventeenth century. I am grateful to Ian D'Agata, the world's leading authority on Italian native grapes, for his assistance in refining my initial identifications.

La Zenobia

(text by Carlo Festini)

The story of Radamisto and Zenobia, based on Tacitus's *Annals of Ancient Rome*, was featured in numerous Baroque operas, including Handel's well-known *Radamisto* of 1720, but Festini's poem set by Marazzoli presents a more historically straightforward version of events. Radamisto, the son of Pharasmanes I of Iberia, had killed his uncle, Mitrirate, the King of Armenia, a few years prior to the events in the cantata, taking the Armenian throne himself, but he is now being deposed by Tiridates (of Parthia) with Armenian assistance. Radamisto and his wife Zenobia are pursued by an onrushing Armenian mob, and Zenobia insists they flee, convincing Radamisto, who initially feels it would be unbecoming of a monarch to do so. Zenobia, her flight slowed by pregnancy and realizing they are about to be captured, asks her husband to kill her since that would be more honorable than to be killed by the barbaric enemy. Radamisto protests that he is incapable of killing the one he loves, but Zenobia is adamant and he finally stabs her just before the Armenians arrive, throwing her body into the river so they cannot find her. As fate would have it, she survived, and was rescued by shepherds. The moral of the story, "Love shall be sacrificed so that honor prevails," probably refers to a topical situation which has not yet been identified. The manuscript from which this cantata is taken is devoted to subjects of war and peace, with *La Zenobia*, the

first cantata in the manuscript, representing war, the second cantata, *Il Riposo*, promoting peace, and *Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte*, the resolution of war and peace as consummated in the Treaty of the Pyrenees.

Il Riposo

(text by Sebastiano Baldini)

This story of peace and serenity takes place on the shores of Lake Albano, where the papal retreat, Castel Gandolfo, is located. *Il Riposo* (Repose), represents the Pope (Alexander VIII), who escapes the noise and tumult of Rome and the conflicts throughout the world to enjoy the beauty and tranquility of Lago Albano. Relaxing in his boat, enjoying the restorative Lake and its magical surroundings, the Pope is confronted by the angry Lake, who objects to his calm waters being disturbed by the waves and turbulence caused by the boat. The Lake enlists the support of two nymphs who confront *Il Riposo* and his followers. Eventually *Riposo* is able to persuade the Lake that they are both working to promote peace. "Where a God rests" (the Pope was considered God on earth) is "Paradise." The snippy aside in the final chorus, commanding the Greek gods to be silent, promotes the promise of Heaven, attained by following a true God (the Pope), to counter the Baroque infatuation with the secular Greek gods and goddesses.

Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte

(text by Giovanni Lotti)

Lotti's text is in celebration of the Treaty of the Pyrenees, signed in November 1659, which ended the war between France and Spain, thanks to the mediation of Pope Alexander VII. This treaty, in addition to establishing the border between the two

countries at the Pyrenees, also stipulated the marriage of Louis XIV and Maria Teresa of Spain, an event celebrated in Paris in 1662 with Cavalli's opera *Ercole amante*. The references in the text to the Seine (in Paris) and the Ebro (in Spain) are obvious, while the "Austrian semigods" refers to the Habsburgs (Holy Roman Emperors) who ruled Spain during this period.

La Guerra e la Pace

(text by Luc' Antonio Casini)

This piece is from a different manuscript than the previous three cantatas, but in many ways it provides the final chapter in the celebration of Pope Alexander's role in facilitating the Treaty of the Pyrenees. The Pope is represented by *Pace* (Peace) who works to convince *Guerra* (War) to lay down her arms and join the side of Peace. While Asia may still be at war, Europe is now at peace thanks to him. Asia may soon be at peace as well due to his influence. A new hero, Pope Alexander VII, is the new Alexander the Great in Asia, and the new Augustus in Europe.

Our deepest gratitude to Alissa Magee and Alessandro Quarta for their assistance in helping to puzzle out the many difficult passages of notes and rhythms in these works, Ian D'Agata for his assistance in identifying the wines referenced in *La Vendemmia*, and Stephen Stubbs, Roger Freitas, Ellen Hargis, and Federico Ercoli for their help with the translations.

– Paul O'Dette



Paul O'Dette



Stephen Stubbs

Paul O'Dette has been described as “the clearest case of genius ever to touch his instrument” (*Toronto Globe and Mail*). He appears regularly at major festivals throughout the world performing lute recitals and in chamber music programs.

Mr. O'Dette has made more than 155 recordings, winning two Grammy Awards and receiving eight Grammy nominations and numerous international awards. *The Bachelor's Delight: Lute Music of Daniel Bachelier* was nominated for a Grammy in 2006.

Paul O'Dette is also active as a conductor of Baroque opera, winning a Best Opera Recording Grammy in 2015 with Stephen Stubbs as conductors for Charpentier's *La Descente d'Orphée aux Enfers*.

Paul O'Dette is an avid researcher and co-authored the John Dowland entry in the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. He is Professor of Lute and Director of Early Music at the Eastman School of Music and Artistic Co-Director of the Boston Early Music Festival.

Stephen Stubbs, who won the Grammy Award as conductor for Best Opera Recording in 2015, returned to his native Seattle in 2006 after thirty years in Europe as one of the world's most respected lutenists, conductors, and Baroque opera specialists. He established Pacific MusicWorks there; its performances of the Monteverdi *Vespers* were described in the press as “utterly thrilling” and “of a quality you are unlikely to encounter anywhere else in the world.” Pacific MusicWorks is now a touring ensemble.

Stephen Stubbs is also the Boston Early Music Festival's Artistic Co-Director along with Paul O'Dette. They are the musical directors of all BEMF operas, recordings of which were nominated for six

Grammy awards, including one Grammy winner. Stephen Stubbs has also conducted many operas throughout North America and in Europe.

His extensive discography as conductor and solo lutenist includes well over 100 CDs, many of which have received international acclaim and awards.

For more than three decades, **Kathleen Fay** has served as Executive Director of the Boston Early Music Festival. She is responsible for all administrative, development, financial, and artistic departments of the organization, as well as the management of biennial Festivals, the annual concert seasons and Chamber Opera Series in Boston and in New York City, and the Festival's award-winning Baroque Opera Recording Project.

In November 2001, Ms. Fay was named *Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres* by the French Minister of Culture as a result of her significant contribution to furthering the arts in France and throughout the world. Early Music America named the *Boston Early Music Festival, Kathleen Fay, Executive Director*, as the 2011 recipient of the Howard Mayer Brown Award, for lifetime achievement in the field of early music. She holds graduate degrees in Piano Performance and Music Teaching from the Oberlin College Conservatory of Music.

The **Boston Early Music Festival Vocal Ensemble**, now in its seventeenth year, is a collection of fine young singers dedicated to presenting choice operatic and other treasures as both soloists and members of the chorus, under the leadership of BEMF Artistic Directors Paul O'Dette and Stephen Stubbs.

The BEMF Vocal Ensemble has mounted successful tours of its chamber opera productions, including a four-city North American Tour of Acis

and *Galatea* in early 2011 that included the American Handel Festival in Seattle, and a 2014 North American Tour of the Charpentier opera double bill of *La Descente d'Orphée aux Enfers* and *La Couronne de Fleurs*, celebrating the release of a recording that later won the Grammy Award in 2015 for Best Opera Recording and the 2015 Echo Klassik Opera Recording of the Year (17th/18th Century Opera). A subsequent Charpentier opera recording was nominated for a Grammy in 2019.

The **Boston Early Music Festival Chamber Ensemble** was established in October of 2008, and delighted the public a month later at the inauguration of the Boston Early Music Festival Chamber Opera Series, which debuted in Boston with a production of John Blow's *Venus and Adonis* and Marc-Antoine Charpentier's *Actéon*.

The ensemble has performed onstage in a dozen original chamber opera productions and on numerous opera and concert tours, including one with famed countertenor Philippe Jaroussky, and released ten CDs, winning a Grammy Award and many other honors.

The BEMF Chamber Ensemble is an intimate subset of the BEMF Orchestra. Depending upon the size and scale of a project, the BEMF Chamber Ensemble is led by one or both of BEMF's Artistic Directors, Paul O'Dette and Stephen Stubbs, or by BEMF's Orchestra Director Robert Mealy, and features the best Baroque instrumentalists from around the world.

The **Boston Early Music Festival (BEMF)** is universally recognized as a leader in the field of early music. Since its founding in 1980 by leading practitioners of historical performance in the United States

and abroad, BEMF has promoted early music through a variety of diverse programs and activities. BEMF is currently producing its 36th annual concert season, lauded for presenting early music's brightest stars on the Boston and New York concert stages, and in June 2027 will hold its 24th biennial weeklong Festival and Exhibition, hailed as "the world's leading festival of early music" (*The Times*, London). Through these programs and more, BEMF has earned its place as North America's premier presenting organization for music of the Medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque periods and has secured Boston's reputation as "America's early music capital" (*Boston Globe*).

BEMF regularly presents its own Baroque opera productions to great acclaim, from full-length centerpieces of its biennial Festivals to more intimate presentations during the year as part of its Chamber Opera Series. BEMF's recordings of these operas have won the Grammy Award, the Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik, two Echo Klassik awards, the Diapason d'Or de l'Année, and many other accolades. BEMF also tours and presents concerts featuring the BEMF Orchestra and the BEMF Vocal and Chamber Ensembles, which in 2025 included summer chamber opera performances at Confidencien in Stockholm, Sweden, and at Oldenburgisches Staatstheater in Oldenburg, Germany, as part of Musikfest Bremen.

Marco Marazzoli: Kantaten des Friedens und der Freude

Unserem gewohnten musikhistorischen Verständnis zufolge waren Venedig und Florenz die zwei wichtigsten italienischen Musikzentren des 17. Jahrhunderts. Ferner wird auch Mantua genannt, weil Claudio Monteverdi dort von 1590 bis 1613 lebte. In Florenz wurde der Sologesang erfunden; hier veröffentlichte Giulio Caccini sein Manifest über die »neue Musik«, und hier wurden die ersten Opern aufgeführt. Venedig konnte sich musikalischer Größen wie Claudio Monteverdi (ab 1613), Giovanni Gabrieli, Francesco Cavalli, Dario Castello und Barbara Strozzi rühmen; hier wurde das erste öffentliche Opernhaus gegründet, und hier erschienen die ersten Instrumentalsonaten im Druck.

Die römische Musik des 17. Jahrhunderts hingegen ist weitgehend unbeachtet geblieben, was zum Teil darauf zurückzuführen ist, dass es der Stadt an einem lebendigen Musikverlagswesen mangelte, weshalb die meisten der großartigen Werke, die hier entstanden, in bisweilen kaum mehr lesbaren Handschriften schlummern. Zwischen 1620 und 1660 lebten in Rom jedoch mehr hochbegabte Vokalkomponisten als in ganz Europa. Dutzende von Komponisten wie Luigi Rossi, Domenico und Virgilio Mazzocchi, Giacomo Carissimi, Stefano Landi, Orazio Michi, Carlo Caprioli, Girolamo Frescobaldi und der in der vorliegenden Produktion vorgestellte Marco Marazzoli erreichten mit ihren Kantaten, Oratorien und Motetten den vokalen Gipfel des frühen *seicento* und übten nicht nur auf die Kantaten der venezianischen Kollegen, sondern vor allem auch auf die französische Musik ihrer Zeit einen tiefgreifenden Einfluss aus. In der zweiten Hälfte des 17. Jahrhunderts erfreuten sich die Kantaten von

Rossi, Carissimi und Marazzoli in Frankreich einer besonderen Beliebtheit. Sie kursierten in zahlreichen Manuskripten, die Kardinal Mazarin, der erste Minister des Landes, in Auftrag gegeben hatte. Weil es von diesem Repertoire kaum moderne Editionen gibt und überdies Florenz und Venedig von der Wissenschaft mit Vorzug behandelt werden, sind diese Werke jedoch nur einigen wenigen Spezialisten bekannt. Die vorliegende Aufnahme widmet sich einem besonderen Bereich des Repertoires – den Kantaten für sechs Stimmen, zwei Violinen und Bass continuo von Marco Marazzoli. Insgesamt sind sieben dieser Werke erhalten, von denen wir fünf in dieser Produktion unterbringen konnten.

Der Harfenist, Tenor und Komponist Marco Marazzoli (ca. 1602–1662) verfasste neben Opern, Oratorien, Motetten und liturgischen Werken mehr als 380 Kantaten für ein bis sechs Stimmen. Um 1626 trat er im Palazzo Barberini in die Dienste des Kardinals Antonio Barberini, und er arbeitete für die päpstliche Familie bis zum Ende seines Lebens. Gemeinsam mit Stefano Landi, Filippo Vitali und anderen Musikern begleitete Marazzoli seinen Dienstherrn häufig nach Urbino, Bologna und Ferrara. 1642 kam er nach Venedig, um seine Oper *Gli amori di Giasone e d'Isifile* aufzuführen, und zwar in demselben Teatro SS Giovanni e Paolo, in dem Monteverdi seine zwei letzten Bühnenwerke herausbrachte – *Le nozze d'Enea con Lavinia* im Vorjahr und *L'incoronazione di Poppea* im Jahr danach.

Durch Barberinis Vermittlung erhielt Marazzoli im Jahre 1643 eine Einladung des Kardinals Mazarin nach Paris, wo seine Werke begeistert aufgenommen wurden. Dem Vernehmen nach soll die Königin von der Musik zu Tränen gerührt gewesen sein und dem Komponisten für die nächsten zwei Jahre weitere Kammerkantaten in Auftrag gegeben haben.

Als Marazzoli 1645 nach Rom zurückkehrte, musste er feststellen, dass die Familie Barberini nach dem Tode des Papstes Urban VIII. (einem Barberini) von dem neuen Papst Innozenz X. in die Verbannung geschickt worden war. Also in diesen Jahren (1645–1653) seiner Förderung durch die Barberinis beraubt, begann Marazzoli mit der Komposition von Oratorien für dasselbe Oratorio del Santissimo Crocifisso, für das Carissimis *Jephte* und viele andere Oratorien des *seicento* entstanden waren.

Nachdem sich die Pamphili des Papstes Innozenz im Jahre 1653 mit den Barberini ausgesöhnt hatten, erhielt Marazzoli von Kardinal Antonio Barberini den Auftrag zu der Oper *Dal male il bene*. Anlass waren die Feierlichkeiten zur Vermählung der päpstlichen Nichte mit dem Neffen des Kardinals und Sohn seines Bruders Taddeo. Der Erfolg dieser Produktion veranlasste Antonio Barberini, bei Marazzoli alljährlich eine neue Oper zu bestellen – darunter *Le armi e gli amori* (1655) und *La Vita humana* (1656), mit denen die Ankunft der schwedischen Königin Christina und ihr Übertritt zum Katholizismus gefeiert werden sollten. Leider brachte die Pest, die Rom in diesem Jahr heimsuchte, die Pläne zum Erliegen. Infolgedessen komponierte Marazzoli im Auftrage des neuen Papstes Alexander VII. zahlreiche Kantaten für mehrere Stimmen und Streicher – darunter auch die fünf in dieser Aufnahme eingespielten Werke.

Diese späten sechsstimmigen Kantaten waren zur Aufführung im Vatikan, im Palazzo Quirinale und in der päpstlichen Sommerresidenz in Castel Gandolfo bestimmt. Während sich Marazzoli in den meisten seiner Kantaten auf Solostimme und Continuo mit gelegentlicher Streicherbegleitung beschränkte, experimentierte er auch mit umfangreicheren Kantaten zu vier, fünf und sechs Stimmen, in denen Sin-

fonien, Ritornelle, Rezitative, Arien, Duette, Trios, Chöre und so weiter vorkommen – möglicherweise, um damit den Mangel an Opernproduktionen auszugleichen. In jedem Fall zeugen diese groß angelegten Kantaten von Marazzolis Opernambitionen, da sie wie miniaturistische Kammeroperen anmuten, die zur Aufführung in den Musikzimmern der Paläste gedacht waren. Man nimmt an, dass Marazzoli in diesen Kantaten selbst als Tenor und Harfenist auftrat. Er bestellte eine spektakuläre Dreifachharfe, die im römischen Musikinstrumentenmuseum aufbewahrt wird und auch auf dem Gemälde von Giovanni Lanfranco zu sehen ist, das heute im Palazzo Barberini hängt und uns das Cover der vorliegenden CD lieferte.

Kurz nach der Komposition dieser Kantaten wurde Marazzoli am 25. Januar 1662 während einer Messe in der Sixtinischen Kapelle verletzt. Er starb am folgenden Tag.

Die Kantaten sind in den vatikanischen Archiven erhalten. Ihre beinahe unleserlichen Autographen sind voll von durchgestrichenen Passagen, ungeschriebenen Stimmen, falschen Noten, unlesbaren Takten, nicht zu entziffernden Texten, fehlenden Takten in der Continuo-Stimme und anderen Herausforderungen – eine schwierige Aufgabe für jeden, der modernes Aufführungsmaterial herstellen will. Das ist zweifellos der wichtigste Grund dafür, dass diese Werke trotz der außergewöhnlichen Qualität der Musik selbst in der Neuzeit nicht aufgeführt wurden. Marazzolis Stil ist sehr persönlich; er legt großen Wert auf die Gestalt einer jeden polyphonen Linie, wodurch zahlreiche Klangkollisionen entstehen, die man in der Musik seiner Zeitgenossen nicht findet. Infolgedessen kommt es zu einigen schrillen Dissonanzen, die man vielleicht berichtigen möchte, die wir aber bewusst erhalten haben.

Die Kantaten

La Vendemmia

(Textverfasser unbekannt)

Diese Kantate ist eine Feier der Weinlese und fordert jeden der Charaktere zum Lob seiner italienischen Lieblingstrauhe auf. Die schwindelerregende Menge empfehlenswerter Weine soll anscheinend der Sachkenntnis des päpstlichen Publikums schmeicheln. Während man einige Anspielungen leicht versteht, sind andere recht obskur. Hier muss man sich in den Weinen auskennen, die im 17. Jahrhundert in verschiedenen Gegenden Italiens getrunken wurden. Ich bin lan D'Agata, dem weltweit führenden Kenner italienischer Rebsorten, für seine Hilfe bei der Veredlung meiner ersten Identifizierungen sehr dankbar.

La Zenobia

(Text von Carlo Festini)

Die auf den *Annalen* des Tacitus fußende Geschichte von Radamisto und Zenobia wurde in zahlreichen Barockopern wie etwa Händels berühmtem *Radamisto* (1720) benutzt. Das von Marazzoli vertonte Gedichte Festinis bietet jedoch eine historisch korrektere Fassung der Geschehnisse. Radamisto, der Sohn Pharasmanes' I. von Iberien, hatte einige Jahre vor den Ereignissen, die die Kantate beschreibt, seinen Onkel, den armenischen König Mitridate, getötet und selbst dessen Thron bestiegen. Jetzt wird er mit Hilfe der Armenier durch den Parther Tiridates gestürzt. Radamisto und seine Gemahlin Zenobia werden von einer ihnen nachstürmenden armenischen Meute verfolgt; Zenobia will das Weite suchen und überzeugt auch ihren Gatten, den dieser Ausweg anfangs als eines Monarchen unwürdig dünkt. Durch ihre Schwan-

gerschaft behindert Zenobia die Flucht; als sie erkennt, dass ihre Gefangenschaft unmittelbar bevorsteht, bittet sie ihren Mann, sie zu töten, da das ehrenhafter sei als der Tod durch die Hand barbarischer Feinde. Radamisto weigert sich: Er sei nicht fähig, die Frau zu töten, die er liebt; Zenobia indes bleibt standhaft, so dass er sie schließlich ersticht, bevor die Armenier sie eingeholt haben. Ihre Leiche wirft er in den Fluss, damit sie nicht entdeckt wird. Wie es das Schicksal will, überlebt Zenobia und wird von Hirten gerettet.

Die Moral von der Geschichte – »Die Liebe muss geopfert werden, damit die Ehre siegt« – bezieht sich wahrscheinlich auf eine aktuelle, bislang noch nicht identifizierte Situation. Die Handschrift, aus der diese Kantate stammt, ist den Themen des Krieges und des Friedens gewidmet; dabei repräsentiert *La Zenobia* den Krieg; die zweite Kantate *Il Riposo* wirbt für den Frieden, und *Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte*, spricht von der Beendigung des Krieges und dem Frieden, wie er am 7. November 1759 im »Pyrenäenfrieden« beschlossen wurde.

Il Riposo

(Text von Sebastiano Baldini)

Diese Geschichte von Frieden und heiterer Gelassenheit spielt am Ufer des Albaner Sees, an dem die päpstliche Sommerresidenz Castel Gandolfo liegt. *Il Riposo* steht für den Papst (Alexander VII.), der dem Lärm und Tumult von Rom und den weltweiten Konflikten entflieht, um sich an der Schönheit und der Ruhe des Albaner Sees zu erfreuen. Während er sich in seinem Boot entspannt und das erholsame Gewässer samt seiner zauberhaften Umgebung genießt, sieht sich seine Heiligkeit mit dem erzürnten See konfrontiert, der sich dagegen wehrt, dass man seine ruhige Fläche durch die Wellen und

Turbulenzen des Bootes stört. Der See findet die Unterstützung zweier Nymphen, die sich *Il Riposo* und sein Gefolge entgegenstellen. Schließlich vermag *Il Riposo* den See davon zu überzeugen, dass sie beide für den Frieden arbeiten. »Wo ein Gott ruht« (der Papst galt als Gott auf Erden), dort ist das »Paradies«. Die kurze Bemerkung, die den griechischen Göttern Schweigen gebietet, wirbt für den Himmel, den man dadurch erlangt, dass man dem wahren Gott (dem Papst) nachfolgt – womit der barocken Schwärmerei für die weltlichen Götter Griechenlands entgegengewirkt werden soll.

Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte

(Text von Giovanni Lotti)

Lottis Text feiert den Pyrenäenfrieden, der im November 1659 durch die Vermittlung des Papstes Alexander VII. besiegelt wurde und den Krieg zwischen Frankreich und Spanien beendete. Dieser Vertrag legte nicht nur die Grenze zwischen den beiden Ländern in den Pyrenäen fest, sondern sah auch die Hochzeit von Ludwig XIV. und Maria Theresia von Spanien vor, die 1662 in Paris mit Cavallis Oper *Ercole amante* gefeiert wurde. Die Hinweise im Text auf die Seine (in Paris) und den Ebro (in Spanien) sind offensichtlich, während die »österreichischen Halbgötter« auf die Habsburger Kaiser des Heiligen Römischen Reiches anspielen, die zu dieser Zeit über Spanien herrschten.

La Guerra e la Pace

(Text von Luc' Antonio Casini)

Dieses Stück stammt aus einem anderen Manuskript als die drei vorherigen Kantaten, bildet jedoch in vielerlei Hinsicht den Abschluss der Feierlichkeiten zu Ehren des Papstes Alexander, der den Pyrenäenvertrag ermöglicht hatte. Der Papst

wird durch *La Pace* (den Frieden) dargestellt, der *La Guerra* (den Krieg) davon überzeugen will, die Waffen niederzulegen und sich auf die Seite des Friedens zu stellen. Während in Asien noch Krieg herrscht, ist Europa dank seiner nunmehr befriedet, und Asien könnte auf Grund seines Einflusses bald den Frieden finden. Ein neuer Held, Papst Alexander VII., ist in Asien der neue Große Alexander und in Europa der neue Augustus.

Unser herzlichster Dank gilt Alissa Magee und Alessandro Quarta, die bei der Entschlüsselung der vielen schwierigen Noten und Rhythmen geholfen haben; Ian D'Agata für seine Hilfe bei der Identifizierung der in *La Vendemmia* erwähnten Weine sowie Stephen Stubbs, Roger Freitas, Ellen Hargis und Federico Ercoli für ihre Hilfe bei den Übersetzungen.

– Paul O'Dette

Nach den Worten des *Toronto Globe and Mail* ist **Paul O'Dette** »das größte Genie, das je sein Instrument berührt hat«. Der Künstler besucht regelmäßig die großen internationalen Festivals, um Lautenrecitals zu geben und Kammermusik zu spielen.

O'Dette hat über 155 Aufnahmen gemacht, die ihm zwei *Grammy Awards*, acht *Grammy*-Nominierungen und zahlreiche internationale Preise eingebracht haben. *The Bachelor's Delight: Lute Music of Daniel Bachele*r wurde 2006 für einen *Grammy* nominiert.

Paul O'Dette wirkt auch als Dirigent barocker Opern. 2015 erhielten er und Stephen Stubbs für Marc-Antoine Charpentiers *La Descente d'Orphée aux Enfers* einen *Grammy* für die »Beste Operaaufnahme«. Er ist überdies ein passionierter Forscher und Co-Autor des Artikels »John Dowland« im *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Er ist Professor für Laute und Direktor für Alte Musik an der *Eastman School of Music* und einer der künstlerischen Leiter des Boston Early Music Festival.

Drei Jahrzehnte seiner Karriere hat **Stephen Stubbs**, der 2015 als Dirigent der Besten Operaaufnahme mit einem *Grammy* ausgezeichnet wurde, in Europa zugebracht. Im Jahre 2006 kehrte er als einer der meistgeachteten Lautenisten, Dirigenten und Barockopern-Spezialisten in seine Heimatstadt Seattle zurück.

Dort gründete er die Pacific MusicWorks (PMW), deren Interpretation von Monteverdis Marienvesper nach Ansicht der Presse »äußerst faszinierend« und »von einer Qualität war, wie man sie anderswo auf der Welt kaum finden dürfte«. Inzwischen sind die PMW ein Tournee-Ensemble.

Zusammen mit seinem langjährigen Kollegen Paul O'Dette hat Stephen Stubbs die künstlerische Lei-

tung des Boston Early Music Festival inne. Die beiden Künstler sind überdies für sämtliche Opera-produktionen des BEMF verantwortlich, von denen eine mit einem *Grammy* ausgezeichnet wurde. Stephen Stubbs hat zudem viele Opern in Nordamerika und Europa dirigiert.

Seine umfangreiche Diskographie als Dirigent und Lautenist enthält mehr als einhundert CDs, von denen viele internationale Erfolge und Preise errungen haben.

Kathleen Fay ist seit über drei Jahrzehnten als General Manager des BEMF tätig. Sie ist für die administrativen, entwicklungstechnischen, finanziellen und künstlerischen Belange der Institution verantwortlich – und nicht nur das: Sie organisiert auch die Biennale sowie die Jahreskonzerte und die Kammeropern für Boston und New York City sowie die preisgekrönten Aufnahmeprojekte aus dem Reich der barocken Oper.

Im November 2001 wurde Kathleen Fay vom französischen Kulturminister zum *Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres* ernannt. Im Juni 2011 belehnte Early Music America Kathleen Fay, die Geschäftsführerin des BEMF, für ihr Lebenswerk auf dem Gebiet der Alten Musik mit dem Howard Mayer Brown Award.

Sie ist diplomierte Pianistin und Musiklehrerin des Oberlin College Conservatory of Music.

Das nunmehr seit 17 Jahren bestehende **Boston Early Music Festival Vocal Ensemble** ist eine Formation hervorragender junger Sänger, die sich unter der Leitung der künstlerischen Direktoren Paul O'Dette und Stephen Stubbs solistisch oder chorisch für ausgewählte Schätze der Opernliteratur einsetzen.

Das BEMF Vocal Ensemble hat bereits erfolgreiche Tourneen mit seinen Kammeropern unternommen. Anfang 2011 etwa wurde *Acis and Galatea* in vier nordamerikanischen Städten aufgeführt (unter anderem beim *American Handel Festival* in Seattle), bevor im Jahre 2014 bei einer weiteren Nordamerika-Tournee *La Descente d'Orphée aux Enfers* und *La Couronne de Fleurs* von Marc-Antoine Charpentier auf dem Programm standen. Die Aufnahme beider Werke wurde 2015 als »Beste Opernaufnahme« mit dem *Grammy Award* und dem ECHO Klassik als »Beste Aufnahme einer Oper des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts« ausgezeichnet. Eine weitere Oper von Charpentier wurde 2019 für einen *Grammy* nominiert.

Boston Early Music Festival Chamber Ensemble

wurde im Oktober 2008 gegründet und unterhielt das Publikum bereits einen Monat später mit der Debüt-Produktion, John Blows *Venus and Adonis* und Marc-Antoine Charpentiers *Actéon*, mit der die Kammeropern-Serie des BEMF ihren Anfang nahm. Das Ensemble hat bislang an der Bühnenauführung von zwölf originalen Kammeropern sowie an zahlreichen Opern- und Konzerttourneen mitgewirkt – darunter einer solchen mit dem berühmten Countertenor Philippe Jaroussky. Dazu kommen bislang zehn vielfach preisgekrönte CDs, von denen eine mit einem *Grammy* ausgezeichnet wurde.

Das BEMF Chamber Ensemble ist die intime »Splittergruppe« des Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra. Ob das Ensemble, das sich aus den weltbesten Spezialisten für Alte Musik zusammensetzt, von einem oder beiden künstlerischen Direktoren des BEMF, mithin von Paul O'Dette und/oder Stephen Stubbs, oder von Robert Mealy, dem Direktor des BEMF Orchestra, geleitet wird, richtet

sich nach der Größe und dem Umfang des jeweiligen Projektes.

Das **Boston Early Music Festival** (BEMF) gilt allgemein als führende Kraft auf dem Gebiet der Alten Musik. Es wurde 1980 durch herausragende amerikanische und ausländische Experten für historische Aufführungspraxis gegründet. Mit vielen und vielfältigen Veranstaltungen und Programmen widmet sich BEMF seither der Verbreitung Alter Musik: Dazu gehören eine Konzertserie, die seit 36 Jahren die größten Stars der Szene auf die Podien von Boston und New York bringt, sowie die einwöchige Biennale mit Ausstellung, die mit den Worten der *London Times* als »weltweit führendes Festival für Alte Musik« gilt. Mit diesen und anderen Programmen hat sich das BEMF den Platz als wichtigstes nordamerikanisches Forum für die Musik des Mittelalters, der Renaissance und des Barock errungen und Boston zur »amerikanischen Hauptstadt der Alten Musik« gemacht, wie der *Boston Globe* schrieb.

Das BEMF präsentiert regelmäßig und mit großem Erfolg seine eigenen Barockopernproduktionen – von den abendfüllenden Hauptstücken ihrer alle zwei Jahre stattfindenden Festivals bis hin zu intimen Aufführungen im Rahmen ihrer Kammeropernreihe. Die Einspielungen dieser Opern wurden mit dem *Grammy Award*, dem Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik, zwei Echo Klassik, dem *Diapason d'Or de l'Année* und vielen anderen Preisen ausgezeichnet. Das BEMF geht auch auf Tournee und veranstaltet Konzerte mit dem BEMF-Orchester und den BEMF-Vokal- und Kammerensembles, zu denen im Sommer 2025 auch Kammeropernaufführungen in Confidencen (Stockholm) sowie (im Rahmen des Musikfestes Bremen) am Oldenburgischen Staatstheater gehörten.



Carlotta Colombo



Alissa Magee



Danielle Reutter-Harrah



James Reese

La Vendemmia

1 Sinfonia

Bacco

Al Tirso della mano, al verde pampano
Che mi circonda il crin misto co'l Edere,
A queste gote, che vermiglie avvampano
Voi che Bacco son' io potete credere.

Son quel io che adora il Gange
Che per voi, vo' tutto in sangue
Io vigor d'alma che languie
Io consolo un cor che piange
Tra l'esequie hebbi i natali
E tra i fulmini e i baleni,
pur recando i di sereni,
Sono al mondo oblio de' mali
Son' quel che mentre nasco acerbo prole
Giove ancor genitrice essermi vuole.

A voi piagge e d'alba antica
Vengo a te, colle sublime,
a goder su le tue cime
nuovi rai di stella amica.
So che l'Eroe che in Vatican s'adora
Le mie vendemmie in questi poggi honora.

2 Su prendete o miei ministri
Agatirsi e Coribanti
E voi Menadi e Baccanti
A sonar crotali e sistri
Rimbombando evòè ogni eco
Il vostro piè vada girando intorno
dei colli di Gandolfo al bel soggiorno.

La Vendemmia (The Harvest)

1 Sinfonia

Bacchus

With my staff in my hand, with the green vine
That – mixed with ivy – encircles my hair,
and with these cheeks that blaze with vermillion,
you can believe that I am Bacchus.

I am he, whom the Ganges worships,
Who, for you, enters into your blood;
I invigorate the soul that languishes,
I console a heart that weeps.
My double birth came amongst the funeral rites
and amidst the thunder and lightning.
Yet, with the return of serene days,
I allow the world to forget its troubles;
I am he whom, though born premature,
Jupiter still wanted to father.

To you slopes of ancient Alba,
To you lofty hills I come
to enjoy on your summits
the new rays of the friendly star.
I know that the hero revered in the Vatican [the
Pope] honors my harvest in these [Roman] hills.

2 Come, O my followers,
the Agathyrsi and Corybantes,
and you Maenads and Bacchantes:
play the crotales and sistra;
let every echo resound with "Evoèè!"
Walk around the hills of [Caste]
Gandolfo for a pleasant sojourn.

A 6

Rimbombando evòè ogni eco
 Il vostro piè vada girando intorno
 dei colli di Gandolfo al bel soggiorno.

Sinfonia**3 Soprano 1**

Signor, già corre alla vendemmia usata
 Del paese la rustica brigata

Bacco

In sì belle pendici
 Chiedono aita a voi gli hospiti amici

Soprano 2

O primo domator de flutti eoi.

Alto

O delizia del mondo

A 4

Dolce nume giocondo
 Ecco tutti siam pronti a cenni tuoi

Bacco

Io da viticchi opachi
 A sveller prendo i grappoli fecondi

Soprano 1

Et io distinguerò de raspi i vachi
 Da i più negri i più biondi.

Alto

Io su la testa mia voglio ben presto
 Colma d'uva portar fescina, o cesto.

A 6

Let every echo resound with "Evoè!"
 Walk around the hills of
 Gandolfo for a pleasant sojourn.

Sinfonia**3 Soprano 1**

Lord, the rustic company is already running
 from the village to the customary harvest.

Bacchus

On such lovely hills, the friendly guests
 are asking you for help.

Soprano 2

O first conqueror of the eastern waves,

Alto

O delight of the world,

A 4

Sweet happy god:
 here we all are, ready for your orders!

Bacchus

From dark vines
 I pull the fertile clusters.

Soprano 1

And I will sort the grapes from the stems,
 the lighter ones from the darker.

Alto

I soon want to carry on my head
 a tub, or basket full of grapes.

Tenor

Io, la madre del vino
 Con nudo piè sviscererò nel fino.

Bacco

Et io, che buono ad altro esser non voglio
 Farò ch'il ventre mio serva per doglio.

4 A 5

Su, su, si corra all'opra
 Ciascun nel suo mestier pronto si scopra.

Soprano 2

Ma in sì lungo viaggio
 Io che le fauci ho sordide di polve...

Alto

Io cui del sole il raggio
 Tutto in sudor risolve.

Soprano 1 & Soprano 2

Noi giovanetti insoliti al digiuno
 Senza riposo alcuno
 Senza pieno ristoro
 Troppo saremo inabili al lavoro

Bacco

Ecco in più vetri immersi entro del ghiaccio
 Vario liquor imprigionato gela
 Onde da man reale a noi si svela
 Un Autunno spumante al verno in braccio.
 E dover si godete
 I doni di colui,
 Che sempre a pro d'altrui
 Benefico vedete.

Tenor

I will crush the mother of the wine
 with bare feet until smooth.

Bacchus

And I, who does not want to do anything better,
 will make my belly serve as the barrel.

4 A 5

Hurry up, quickly get to work;
 let's all show ourselves ready in our craft.

Soprano 2

But on such a long journey
 I whose mouth is grimy with dust...

Alto

I whom the sun's rays
 totally melt into sweat...

Soprano 1 & Soprano 2

We youths, unused to going without eating,
 without any rest at all,
 without a real refreshment,
 will be entirely unable to work.

Bacchus

Behold, in many bottles immersed in ice
 various imprisoned liquids freeze,
 by which a royal hand reveals to us
 a sparkling Autunno [Rosé] in the arms of winter.
 And you must enjoy
 the gifts of him
 who, always for the good of others,
 you see as beneficial.

Soprano 1 & A 5

Non sia cor sì villano,
Che col calice in mano
Nieghi render le gratie a lui dovute
S'annuntii al gran Pastor vita e salute.

Sinfonia

5 A 3

O d'ambra o vermiglie
Rugiade novelle
Più dolci di quelle
Che all'Alba son figlie
Sia d'ambrosia sì soave
Ogni nappo adorno è grave.

Bacco

Quel che a voi più fa pro
O fumoso, o gentile, o d'oro, o d'ostro
È pronto al piacer vostro
Quello che aggrada più scegliere si può.

Soprano 1

Voglio quel di musco ripieno
Che Falisco monte ne manda
O de' colli di Trasimeno
Odorifera la bevanda.

6 Alto

Un più lontano Autunno
Io sol cerco, e desio
Che da gli scogli fertili
Di Scio suol peregrino
A noi portar Hetunno.

Tenor

Falerno a diluvio,

Soprano 1 & A 5

Let there be no heart so uncouth,
that with chalice in hand
fails to give the thanks owed to him. Let life
and health be predicted for the great shepherd.

Sinfonia

5 A 3

Either amber or vermilion,
the new Rugiade [blush wine],
is sweeter than those
that are the daughters of Alba [Frascati],
Whether it be of such sweet ambrosia,
every ornate goblet is heavy.

Bacchus

Whichever avails you most –
the smoky, the delicate, the golden, the purple –
is ready for your pleasure.
You can choose the one that most pleases you.

Soprano 1

I want the very musky one
that comes from Montefiascone [Malvasia]
or the perfumed drink from the hills around
Lake Trasimeno [Vernaccia di Cannara].

6 Alto

I seek and desire only
a distant autumnal [wine],
which from the fertile cliffs
of Chios [a Greek Island], the pilgrim
Hetunno usually brings us.

Tenor

I want a flood of Falerno [from Monte Massimo]

chè pieno d'orgoglio
O pur del Vesuvio
Le lacrime io voglio.

Soprano 2

Del mio grado sì la gratia
Che ha l'odor della viola
Più mordace, più consola
Più si bee manco ne satia.

Bacco

O del sol chiaro assai più
Quasi manna a noi stillato
Madre in terra, Alba ti fu
Ma nel ciel, par che sei nato.

Soprano 1 & Soprano 3

Voi pendici
genitrici
Di sì nobile tributo
Voi mariti
delle viti
D'oro gravide saluto.

7 A 5

Su, su via da noi concordì
Mentre il vento arride in poppa
T'avvicini ai labri ingordi
Pria che naufraghi la coppa.

Viva Alessandro e regni
E perché sian di Belo
Sommersi nell'Eufrate idoli indegni
Arrida ai voti suoi propitio il cielo.

Bacco & A 6

Hor senza intervallo

which is full of arrogance,
or the "Lacryma Christi di Vesuvio"
[Tears of Christ from Vesuvius].

Soprano 2

Much to my taste is Gratia [Sangiovese or
Nebbiolo], which smells like violets;
the more pungent it is, the more it cheers you up;
the more you drink, the less you are quenched.

Bacchus

O much brighter than the shining sun,
[you are] dripped to us as if manna;
Albano was your mother on earth,
but it seems you were born in heaven [Frascati].

Soprano 1 & Soprano 3

I hail you hills,
mothers
of such a noble tribute
[and] your husbands
of the vines
full of gold.

7 A 5

Come quickly with us who agree:
while the wind is favorable to the ship
may you get near the greedy lips
before the goblet is shipwrecked.

Long live [Pope] Alexander and long may he reign,
and because the shameful idols of Baul
are submerged in the Euphrates,
may propitious heaven grant his prayers.

Bacchus & A 6

Now without rest,

Con labra mordaci
Di nuovo si baci
L'amato cristallo.

Sinfonia

Soprano 1

Beve nettare la mia bocca
Che a noi verde vien dall'Etruria
O l'amabile di Liguria
Dal mio calice sol trabocca

Alto

Nel mio vaso cristallino
al rubino
Mosto eguale ondeggia e bolle
Le vendemmie più sanguigne
Delle vigne
manda a noi d'Etruria un colle.

Tenor

Manda il Rodano un suo figlio
Spiritoso ma gentile
Perché chiaro è il suo vermiglio
Serba ancor nome simile.

Soprano 2

Questo io bevo e giorno, e notte
Porporino e generoso
E pur nato e nelle grotte
Habita ascoso.

8 Bacco

Questo, questo vogl'io che spuma e brilla
Del color delle fiamme
Che del bel Citinal in regia villa
Della lupa toscana offron le mamme.

with hungry lips,
let's kiss again
the beloved goblet.

Sinfonia

Soprano 1

My mouth drinks nectar
that comes green from Tuscany,
or the sweet one of Liguria [Sciacchetrà]
which overflows from my glass.

Alto

In my crystal vessel,
like a ruby,
the must both ripples and churns;
the most blood-red harvest
of grape vines
sends us a hill from Tuscany [Chianti].

Tenor

The Rhone sends one of its children,
spirited but delicate;
because its vermilion is bright,
it retains a similar name [Beaujolais].

Soprano 2

This one I drink night and day,
purple and generous;
and yet born in the caves,
it lives hidden.

8 Bacchus

This one, I want this one that fizzes and sparkles
with the color of flames,
which the teats of the Etruscan she-wolf
offer in the royal villa of lovely Cetinale.

A 6

Il cielo accresca a voi
 O gloria degli eroi
 Perché regni la pace e la virtute
 Allegrezze trionfi anni e salute.

Anonimo

La Zenobia**9 Coro d'Armeni**

All'armi, all'armi,
 S'impigli, s'uccida.
 Radamisto homicida,
 Spergiuro, tiranno,
 Con motti ed inganno
 A morte tradi
 Mitridate, il buon Re.
 Sì, sì, s'impigli, s'ancida.
 Dal furor niun si risparmi.
 All'armi, all'armi!

Testo

Gli inferociti Armeni,
 Di sanguinosi insulti,
 Del tiranico impero,
 Con stragi e con tumulti,
 Ad esclamare si diero.
 La Regia intorno cinge
 Numerosa falange;
 Chi l'alte porte spinge
 Chi l'incende, chi frange,
 Con strepiti di tromba
 Per tutto rimbomba,
 Di voci, di ululati un suono misto.

A 6

May heaven give you long life, [Pope Alexander,]
 O glory of heroes,
 so that peace and virtue reign
 [and] gladness and health triumph for years.

Unknown author

La Zenobia**9 Chorus of Armenians**

To arms, to arms!
 Wound him, kill him,
 The murderous Radamisto!
 Liar! Tyrant!
 With taunts and tricks
 He betrayed good King Mitridate
 To his death!
 Yes, yes, wound him, kill him,
 No one shall be spared from our fury!
 To arms, to arms!

Narrator

The enraged Armenians
 Began to shout bloody insults
 Against the tyrannical empire,
 Together with mass slaughter
 And insurrection.
 Numerous phalanxes
 Surrounded the palace;
 Some pushed the doors,
 Some set them on fire, some broke them,
 And everywhere resounded
 The blasts of the trumpet
 Mixed with the sounds of howling.

Coro d'Armeni

Muora, pera, Radamisto!
L'impietà di Re si crudo,
E qual scudo salvarà?
Mora, pera, estinto cada.
Se un empio uccide,
E' sempre giusta spada.

10 Radamisto

Oimè, Zenobia, oimè,
Noi siam perduti.
Il popolo adirato, Oh Dio,
Morti ci vuò.
Ma a chi mi volgerò
Per impetrarne aiuti?
Zenobia, siam perduti.

Zenobia

O mio Signor, mio Re,
Per mio consiglio,
Si fugga il periglio!
Ah, tempo non è,
Se non haver scampo
Da rapido piè,
Fuggiam, fuggiam mio Re!

Radamisto

Offende, o Dio, la Maestà reale
Se il Prence è fuggitivo.

Zenobia

Ma più se lascia a plebe che l'assale
D'esser di vita privo.

Radamisto

Si resta?

Chorus of Armenians

Die, perish, Radamisto!
What shield would defend
The faithlessness of such a cruel King?
Die, perish, and fall extinguished.
A sword is always justified
In killing evil!

10 Radamisto

Alas, Zenobia, alas
We are lost!
The enraged people, O God,
Want to kill us.
And who can I turn to
To beg for help?
Zenobia, we are lost!

Zenobia

O my lord, my King
If you ask my advice,
We must flee this danger!
There is no time
To escape
The rapidly advancing feet,
Let us flee, my King!

Radamisto

Oh god! It would offend the royal honor
If a Prince were seen to flee.

Zenobia

But even worse if you were to allow
The people who assail you to deprive you of life!

Radamisto

Should we stay?

Zenobia

No, no, si fugga, si, sì.

Radamisto

Se iniqua la sorte
 Il regno mi toglie,
 Mi lasci la moglie,
 E il resto si porte.

Radamisto & Zenobia

Il destino vuol così,
 Si fugga, si fugga, si!

Testo

Con volanti corsieri
 Per le sponde d'Arasse
 Seco fuggendo il Re, Zenobia trasse.
 Ella il gravido seno
 Agitando dal corso
 Del destrier che la porta
 Languida ne vien meno,
 E vinta dal dolor, grida:

Zenobia

Son morta.

[11] O mie pene
 Troppo rigide catene
 Dal fuggir mi trattenete,
 Se hor stringete,
 Con dolor le membra mie,
 Non so se più importune,
 O se più rie.

Radamisto

Zenobia, oh Dio, che sento?
 Soffri, segui il camino,
 Vedi l'hoste vicino,

Zenobia

No, no, we must flee!

Radamisto

If fate is so unjust
 As to take my kingdom,
 At least leave me my wife
 And take the rest.

Radamisto & Zenobia

Fate wants it thus,
 Let us flee!

Narrator

With flying charioteers
 Through the shores of Araxes
 Zenobia is drawn, fleeing with the King.
 Her pregnant belly
 Shaken by the journey
 Of the swift steed that has carried her,
 Exhausted, she can come no further,
 And vanquished with grief, cries out:

Zenobia

I am dead.

[11] Oh, my afflictions,
 Like too rigid chains
 Preventing me from escaping,
 If you now squeeze
 My limbs with pain,
 I don't know whether you are more ill-timed,
 Or more wicked.

Radamisto

Zenobia, oh God, what do I hear?
 Please endure, follow the path,
 We see the crowd nearing us,

Come irato ci incalza.
Su, su, dal suol t'inalza,
E del ratto corsiero al corso ai salti,
Fuggiam veloci gl'inimici assalti.

Zenobia

Son sì acute le doglie,
Che mi si toglie
Di levarmi di qui!
Non di mia servitù,
Ma del tuo honor
Più temo che l'offenda
Fiamma impura di malnato ribelle.
Con giusta pietà,
In questo punto estremo,
Levami, o Re, la vita.
Così farem sicura
Dal tuo giusto rigore
A me la libertade, a te l'honore.

Radamisto

Che dal mio brando mai
Esca colpo sì crudele,
Che per le tue querele
Possa scordarsi il cor quanto t'amò.
O questo, questo, no!

Zenobia

Non più mi regge il piede,
Incerta miro,
E la mia man vacilla.
Né a' suoi uffici alcun
De' sensi riede.
Se in te pietà sfavilla,
Uccidimi cortese,
E un colpo solo
Levi me da miserie, e te di duolo.

How angrily they pursue us.
Up, up, raise yourself from the ground,
And with the charioteers, leap to the road,
And quickly flee the enemies' attack!

Zenobia

The pangs are so acute
That they impede
My escape from here!
It is not for my servitude
But for your honor
That I fear more the offense
Of the impure ardor of the damned rebels.
In righteous mercy,
In this moment of extreme need,
O King, take my life!
Thus you will assure,
By this justified severity,
My freedom, and your honor!

Radamisto

May my sword never
Give such a such a cruel blow
As you ask, nor is it possible
For my heart to forget how much I loved you.
Oh this, no!

Zenobia

I can no longer move my feet,
My gaze is uncertain,
And my hand shakes.
Nor will my senses revive
And resume their function.
If there is a spark of pity in you,
Please kill me!
And with a single blow
Take away my misery, and your pain.

Radamisto

Non ho mano sì ardità
 Che ferisca in Zenobia, la mia vita.
 Si fugga, si voli,
 Lontano di qua,
 Al fato c'invola
 Amica pietà.

12 Coro d'Armeni

Si segua, si corra veloce,
 Si giungano da noi,
 Si prendano o morti o vivi,
 Con pena atroce.

Radamisto

Ecco arrivano' gli armeni,
 E dove fia ti meni
 Per conservarti illesa?
 E qual difesa
 Posso in tanta strettezza
 Tentar per tua salvezza?

Zenobia

Uccidimi, che fia
 Men crudo il mio dolor, la pena mia,
 Se per man del consorte,
 Non da ribelli ho morte.
 Eccoci sopraggiunti.
 Neghittoso, che pensi?
 E chi ti lega i sensi?

Testo

Pugnaro in Radamisto
 L'Amore, l'honore
 In cimento sì tristo.
 Alfin stringe la spada,
 E su le prime nel di lei seno

Radamisto

I don't have a hand so violent
 That could wound Zenobia, my life.
 Let us flee, let us fly
 Far from here,
 To steal from fate
 This friendly duty.

12 Chorus of Armenians

We'll follow, and swiftly run,
 You will come with us,
 Whether we take you dead or alive,
 In horrible pain.

Radamisto

The Armenians are arriving!
 Where can I send you
 To keep you unharmed?
 And what defense
 Can I attempt to save you
 In such dire straits?

Zenobia

Kill me! It will make
 My pain and sorrow less cruel
 If I am killed by the hand of my husband
 And not by rebels.
 They arrive!
 Negligent one, what are you thinking?
 And who prevents you from acting?

Narrator

Within Radamisto
 Love and honor fought with each other
 In such a lamentable battle.
 Finally he grasped the sword
 And into her breast

Un' alta piaga imprime.
Ne perché resti de' ribelli a gioco
L'adorata cagion del suo bel foco
Del vicin fiume all'onfonde
Ratto la getta,
Et in vendetta
Del suo crudel amor piangendo,
Fugge, ma non dal duol'
Che interno il cor gli strugge.
Così in petto di Re
Ben con ragion si de',
Che concorsi in battaglia,
Amor sia vinto e che l'honor prevaglia.

13 Tutti

Così in petto di Re
Ben con ragion si de',
Che concorsi in battaglia,
Amor sia vinto e che l'honor prevaglia.

Carlo Festini

Il Riposo

"Una barca con dentro il Riposo e coro di Seguaci. Il Lago di Castel Gandolfo e coro di Ninfe"

14 Ritornello

Riposo e suoi seguaci

O suolo beato
O stanca fortuna
Il cielo placato
Pur giovani e s'aduna.
E' cessato il timor noi siam risorti
Ecco sponde, ecco i lidi, ed ecco i porti

Imprinted a mortal wound,
And so that the adored object of his love
Would not remain as the rebels' plaything,
Into the waves of the nearby river
He threw her body,
And, weeping for the punishment
His cruel love had inflicted,
He fled the place, but not the pain
That gripped his heart.
Thus, in the King's heart,
This truth was made clear:
When they compete in battle,
Love shall be sacrificed so that honor prevails.

13 Tutti

Thus, in the King's heart,
This truth was made clear:
When they compete in battle,
Love shall be sacrificed so that honor prevails.

Il Riposo

"A boat with Repose and his followers in it. The Lake of Gandolfo Castle and a chorus of nymphs."

14 Ritornello

Repose and his followers

O blessed land,
O weary fortune,
Heaven, placated,
Is now benevolent and welcoming.
Fear has ceased, we live again!
Here are the banks, the shores, and the ports.

Ritornello

In rive sì belle
Non s'odono i carmi
Di trombe rubelle
Che gridano all'armi
Son cessati gl'insulti havrem la palma
Pago è il cor lieto è il sen contenta è l'alma.

15 Un Seguace del riposo

Così dicea sovra una prora aurata
Che solcava di un lago i molli argenti
Co' suoi seguaci il pelegrin Riposo:
Quando il Lago sdegnoso
In questi fieri e minacciosi accenti
Sciolse contro di lor la lingua irata:

Lago

Chi de laghi i riposi
Non sazio ancor di tormentar più mari
Con nuove antenne a conturbar sen viene
Dentro i miei flutti algosi
Chi temerario fia chi si prepari
A sforzar l'aure a flagellar le arene?

El mio furor sostiene
Che un novello nochier cotanto audace
Per entro il regno mio turbi la pace?
Ninfe ninfe correte
Meco a spiar qual Argo i lini scioglie
O qual sia quell'abete
Ch'osa di profanar le nostre soglie
E in pena dell'ardir rotto e disperso
Ad esempio d'altrui resti sommerso.

Ritornello

On shores so beautiful,
We do not hear
The sounds of warlike trumpets
Shouting "to arms!" Affronts have ceased;
we will have the rewards. The heart is sated,
the spirit happy, and the soul content.

15 A follower of Repose

Thus, upon the golden prow
Which cleaves the silver waves,
The pilgrim Repose with his followers, says:
"When the scornful Lake,
In these fierce and menacing verses,
Unleashes his angry tongue against them:"

Lake of Gandolfo (Lago Albano)

Who, still not satisfied with tormenting more seas,
Comes to disturb the lakes' repose
With new masts?
Within my waves of seaweed,
Who is so reckless, who prepares himself
To force the winds to whip these sands?

And my rage is sustained
That a new helmsman so bold
Should enter my kingdom to disturb my peace.
Nymphs, nymphs run with me
To spy on that Argo which unfurls its sails.
Oh, what wooden boat is that? Who dares to
profane our threshold, to be broken and
shipwrecked, the punishment for such audacity,
Making an example of others already submerged.

Ninfe

Con piè volante
Ardito e pronto
In un'istante
Noi vendicherem l'ingiurie e l'onte.

Lago e Ninfe

Deh non si tardi più, che più s'aspetta
Cor che oltraggiato sia cerca vendetta.

16 Ritornello

Lago

Chi sei tu che gonfio d'ardire
Entri audace nel nostro soggiorno
E scorrendo le piagge d'intorno
Vai cercando le vie del morire
E pensi i corsi tuoi fermar qua giù?
Chi sei tu? chi sei tu?

Ninfa 1

Mal accordo nocchiero ove l'antenne?
Le vele ove dispiegai
In quali arene alfin l'ancore affondi?

Ninfa 2

Folle chi teco di venir sostenne
Salvar non ti potran promesse o prieghi
Se ben di gemme e di tesori abondi.

Ninfe à 2

Da fulmin crudele
Le antenne si frangono
Da gl'Austri rimangono
Squarciate le vele

Nymphs

With flying feet,
Daring and ready,
In one instant
We will avenge the wrongs and disgraces.

Lake and Nymphs

Oh, don't delay any longer, no longer hold off
An injured heart that seeks vengeance.

16 Ritornello

Lake

Who are you, who, puffed up with boldness
Audaciously enters our realm,
And passing through the surrounding beaches
Goes looking for the paths of death?
And do you think your paths can stop down here?
Who are you? who are you?

Nymph 1

Poorly oriented boatsman, where are your masts?
Where are the unfurled sails,
In what shoals do your anchors finally sink?

Nymph 2

It was a fool who encouraged you to come,
No promises or prayers will be able to save you
Even if you be laden with gems and treasures.

Nymphs 1 & 2

From cruel lightning
The masts will break,
From the austral winds
The remaining sails will tear.

No, no compatir non si può
Dov'è che sento
Sorger dal fondo a dissiparti il vento.

Ninfa 1

Era ancora innocente
Questo confin ne mai veduto havea
Scuotervi i remi e dispiegarsi i lini.
Né l'anchora pungente
In sì tranquillo golfo il sen fendea
Per aprire ad ogn'hor nuovi camini.
Malcauti pellegrini
E voi cotanto osar! Come vi piacque
Prender quest'aure et agitar quest'acque?

17 Ninfe e Lago

Qual naufrago indegno
Sì aggiri per l'ond'è corra alle sponde
Infranto ogni legno
Sì sì pria che tramonti il dì
Pin sì malvaggio
Trovì in grembo alle calme il suo naufrago.

Ritornello

Riposo

Vaghe Ninfe homai frenate

Ninfe

Che ninfe, che frenar!

Riposo

Ninfe frenate contro noi l'ingiurie e l'ire

Ninfe

Contro voi frenar l'ire?
Al vostro orgoglio

No, no one can pity you
Where the wind is heard,
Rising from the bottom of the sea, to scatter you.

Nymph 1

This place was still unspoiled,
Never having seen
The shaking of oars and unfurling of sails,
Nor the sharp anchor
In such a peaceful gulf, cleaving the soul
To always open new passages.
Careless pilgrims,
You would dare so much! How did it please you,
To take these breezes and agitate these waters?

17 Nymphs and Lake

What an unworthy castaway
Is whirled by the waves and runs into the shores,
Breaking every timber.
Yes, yes before sunset,
This impious boat
Will find its shipwreck at the bottom of the sea.

Ritornello

Repose

Beautiful nymphs, restrain yourselves!

Nymphs

What nymphs, what restraint?

Repose

Nymphs, restrain your assaults and wrath against us.

Nymphs

Restrain our wrath against you?
To your arrogance

Questa tranquillità serve di scoglio
Non si spera soccorso
Non si spera no no.

Riposo

Ah se bramate udir miseri sì?
Ma strani eventi
Una almen si contenti
Ch'io narri la cagion del nostro corso
E se non v'è ragion nieghi soccorso.

Lago

Curioso desio mi spinge ad ascoltarlo
Ho di, qual fato
Qual astro sventurato
T'ha condotto a usurpar l'albergo mio?

Riposo

Vago di ritrovar per l'universo
Un ricetta fedel mossi le piante:
Ma nel mondo vagante
Privo del patrio nido
Mi vidi sempre mai solo e disperso
Poi co i seguaci miei sperai sul lido
Divenuto nocchier di riposarmi
Ma gridò chi mi vide all'armi all'armi
Dell'affricana sabbia, dell'Asia io scorsi
I bellici confini
Per l'India e per l'Europa aprendo i lini
Provai torride zone, horridi verni
Ma non seppi incontrar che sdegno e rabbia,
Mart'e Bellona miei nemici eterni
Unir Popoli intieri a discacciarimi
E gridò chi mi vide all'armi all'armi
Onde muovere un piè quasi non oso
Ecco l'esul del mondo, ecco il Riposo.

This tranquility will serve as a cliff.
Don't hope for rescue,
No hope, no, no!

Repose

Ah, you yearn to hear of misery, yes?
But strange events
May at least assuage you.
Let me explain the cause for our journey,
And if there is no reason, then deny [us] help.

Lake

Curious desire persuades me to listen to him.
Tell me, what fate,
What unfortunate star
Leads you to encroach upon my dwelling?

Repose

Longing to find in the universe
A faithful companion, I went about:
But wandering throughout the world,
Deprived of my native home,
I saw myself always lost and alone;
Then with my followers on the shore I hoped
To become a sailor, to give myself respite,
But whoever saw me cried, "to arms, to arms."
I from the African sands, and from Asia
Glimpsed the warlike borders,
For India and for Europe I unfurled the sails,
I experienced torrid zones and horrid winters,
But I encountered nothing but scorn and rage.
Mars and Bellona, my eternal enemies,
United whole peoples to drive me away,
And whoever saw me screamed "to arms, to arms!"
Whence I almost dared not move a foot.
But here is the refuge from the world, here is Rest.

18 Ninfe e Lago

Cede un'ira insuperabile
 Alle voci di piet 
 E pu  solo un miserabile
 Disarmar la crudelt .

Riposo

Dunque vi chieggio

Ninfa 1

Taci e narra in prima
 Chi ti guid  sotto s  nobil clima

Riposo

Una stella che splende
 Sovra la cima del vicino monte
 Di reggi lampi inghirlandata il crine
 Dopo varii incendi
 Di timori, d'affanni e di rovine
 Ne scorse a s  pacifico orizzonte.
 E perch  di cercar pace a noi piacque
 Argonauti di pace erriam per l'acque.

Un Seguace del riposo

Se a questa Cinosura
 Rivolgesse le prore
 Nel pelago del mondo ogni naviglio
 Con antenna sicura
 Solcherebbe il nocchier l'ondoso orrore
 Sprezzator del marittimo periglio.

I due [Seguaci]

Con pi  sano consiglio
 Noi ribellati ad Elice
 Per guida prendiam, sin che vivrem,
 Stella s  fida.

18 Nymphs and Lake

May an uncontrollable anger cede
 To the voices of pity,
 And only a suffering soul
 May disarm cruelty.

Repose

And thus I ask you...

Nymph 1

Be quiet! and tell us first
 Who guided you to such a noble clime?

Repose

A star that shines
 Over the summit of the nearby mountain.
 The tresses were garlanded with lightning,
 After various fires
 Of fear, worry and ruin
 That passed over such a peaceful horizon.
 And because it pleases us to seek peace we
 wander through the waters, Argonauts of peace.

A Follower of Repose

If to this Ursa Minor [the Little Bear constellation]
 One were to turn the prows
 Of every ship in the sea of the world,
 With sturdy masts
 Every sailor would navigate marine horrors,
 A scorner of maritime danger.

The two Followers of Repose

With wise counsel we rebelled against Elice [the
 Great Bear]. Let us take as a guide, as long as we
 live, the faithful [brightest] star [atop the three
 rocks on the coat of arms of the Chigi, the Pope's
 family].

Ninfa 1

Un non so che d'impietosito affetto
Tenta occuparmi il core.

Lago

E' strano quell'effetto
Che addormenta nel seno ogni furore
Hor tu dimmi
E perché qui ti consumi
Se puoi ricco varcare e mari e fiumi?

[19] Riposo con istrumenti

Questo Pin ch'è d'or pomposo
Sdegna i fiumi e fugge i mari
Flutti rapidi et amari
Dar non possono un riposo.

Ritornello

Un Seguace del riposo

Questo suol che voi godete
Va cercando nostra nave
Sotto ciel così soave
Spero anch'io trovar quiete.

L'altro Seguace

Quivi i Zeffiri e le aurette
Mormorando increspan l'onda
E coronano la sponda
Pampinose collinette.

Un Seguace del riposo

Quivi ricca la vite
In cui le pompe tue Bacco dispiega
Di perle e di rubini i campi adorna
Tra ricchezze fiorite

Nymph 1

Some unfamiliar pitying affection
Tries to take over my heart

Lake

It is strange, that effect
Which puts all fury in the bosom to sleep.
Now tell me,
Why do you concern yourself here
If you can ferry profitably across seas and rivers?

[19] Repose with instruments

This boat, made sumptuous by gold
Eschews rivers and flees the seas,
Rough and spiteful waves
Cannot give rest.

Ritornello

A Follower of Repose

This place that you enjoy
Is searching for our ship;
Under a sky so serene
I also hope to find peace.

The other Follower

Here the Zephyrs and the little breezes
Murmuring, ruffle the waves
And crown the banks of the
Flowering hills.

A Follower of Repose

Here the vine is laden
On which Bacchus displays your treasures,
The fields are adorned with pearls and rubies.
Among flowery riches,

Che alle fertili piante il suol non nega
Con Pomona vertunno ecco soggiorna
E quivi al susurar di placid'hora
Splendon gl'Astri arde il sole esce l'Aurora.

Riposo

Signor qui se a te piace
Desio ne spinge a trar l'hore felici
E con serena pace
All'ombre ricovrar di tue pendici
Ch'esser non può tacciasi Creta o Delo
Ove un Nume riposa altro che un Cielo.

[20] Ninfe

Deh non t'affligger più
Son placate le furie
Non paventare ingiurie
Che il riposo tal hor anco è virtù
E mentre sei di questo ciel sì vago
Porto de' corsi tuoi diventi il Lago.

Lago

Cessino l'ire e a voi di pace amanti
Che godete nodrir sì bei pensieri
Vostri ricetti sien nostri sentieri
Queste del regno mio calme costanti
Ch'esser non può tacciasi Creta o Delo
Ove un Nume riposa altro che un Cielo.
Se sovra i colli miei sempre frondosi
Se per l'herbose vie di valli apriche
Trova il Grande Alessandro alle fatiche
Dell'incavo del mondo i suoi riposi
Ben a ragion voi ne veniste a volo
A riverirne ad adorarne il suolo.

The thriving plants are not denied sojourn here
With Pomona [Goddess of Orchards] and
Vertumnus [God of the Seasons]. And there
at the murmuring of the placid hour,
The stars shine, the sun burns, and Dawn appears.

Repose

My Lord, here, if you like,
Desire compels them to while away happy hours.
And with serene peace
In the shade that covers your slopes,
Where a God rests (be quiet Crete and Delos!)
Cannot be anything other than Paradise.

[20] Nymphs

Ah, don't worry anymore –
The furies are placated.
Do not fear wrongs,
For rest is now also a virtue.
And while you are beneath this beautiful sky,
The Lake will become a haven for your repose.

Lake

May anger cease, and to you lovers of peace,
May you enjoy fostering such beautiful thoughts!
Your companions will be our guides
Of my calm and constant kingdom.
Where a God rests (be quiet Crete and Delos!)
Cannot be anything other than Paradise.
If, over my perpetually leafy hills,
If, through the grassy paths of the sunniest valleys,
The Great [Pope] Alexander seeks out his repose
From the toils of the hollow world,
With good reason you came in haste
To revere and adore its ground.

21 [Tutti]

Ch'esser non può tacciasi Creta o Delo
Ove un Nume riposa altro che un Cielo.

Sebastiano Baldini

Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte**22 Tenor**

Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte avvolti
Di turbini guerrieri
Condannaste ad ogn'or g'legri pensieri
A i più torbidi affanni, e gli occhi a i pianti,
Su su lieti e festanti
Bandite le pene,
Chiamate la spene
A libertà ridente
Spunta l'alba di pace in Occidente.

Coro

Su su lieti e festanti
Bandite le pene,
Chiamate la spene
A libertà ridente
Spunta l'alba di pace in Occidente.

Soprano 2

Alba, che cinta il crin di quei bei fiori,
Che son di Senna i più superbi honori,

Soprano 3 & Bass 1

Già dileguato il bellicoso Verno
Ne riporta serena un Maggio eterno.

Coro

Ne riporta serena un Maggio eterno.

21 Tutti

Where a God rests (be quiet Crete and Delos!)
Cannot be anything other than Paradise.

Mortali, o voi ch'in atra notte**22 Tenor**

Mortals, O ye, who in a dark night enveloped
By warlike whirlwinds
Condemn at all times ill thoughts
To the darkest afflictions, and eyes of tears.
Arise, happy and rejoicing.
Banish sorrow,
Awaken the hope;
To laughing freedom
The dawn of peace arises in the West.

Chorus

Arise, happy and rejoicing.
Banish sorrow,
Awaken the hope;
To laughing freedom
The dawn of peace arises in the West.

Soprano 2

Dawn, that binds the tresses of those fair flowers,
Which are the proudest honors of the Seine,

Soprano 3 & Bass 1

Already the bellicose Winter is thawed,
Bringing back the serenity of an eternal May.

Chorus

Bringing back the serenity of an eternal May.

23 A 3

Voi tra nemi, e tra gl'horrori
 Delle belliche tempeste,
 Un balen mai non vedeste,
 Ch'additasse il porto a i cori.

Bass 1

Mirate hor là quell'adorata Rocca,
 Ch'in riva all'Hebro impera,
 Rocca nido, e retaggio
 D'Austriaci Semidei,
 Da cui pendono ognor mille trofei,
 Quella per dare altrui fido riparo
 In sì fosche procelle,
 Fatta Torre del Faro
 Erge in tranquilla face
 Su le cime real lampi di pace.

Coro

Quel Leon, che nacque ai regni,
 Che spaventa in un rugito
 De la Terra il doppio lito,
 Cangia in vezzi i regii sdegni.
 E l'Aquila immortal, con dolce artiglio
 De li fulmini invece, impugna un Giglio.

Giovanni Lotti

La Guerra e la Pace**24 Guerra & Coro**

Tornate o guerrieri
 Più fieri in battaglia
 Nell'arte Travaglia
 Di Marte la terra
 All'armi alla Guerra.
 La tromba rimbomba per l'onde e sui lidi.

23 A 3

You, among the clouds, and among the horrors
 Of violent storms,
 A flash you never saw,
 That guided the choirs to the port.

Bass 1

Now look there at that beloved fortress,
 Which on the banks of the Ebro reigns,
 A nest and inheritance
 Of Austrian demigods,
 From which hang a thousand trophies,
 That one, to give others shelter
 In such dark storms,
 Made a tower of the lighthouse;
 It sparks flashes of peace
 In a quiet torch on the royal peaks.

Chorus

That lion, who was born to the kingdoms,
 Who terrifies with a roar
 Both worlds of the earth,
 Changes the royal disdain into dalliance.
 And the immortal Eagle, with a gentle claw,
 Instead of thunderbolts, clutches a Lily.

La Guerra e la Pace**24 War & Chorus**

Return, O warriors,
 Even more fierce in battle;
 The earth is toiling
 in the arts of Mars.
 To arms, to war!
 The trumpet resounds from the waves unto the

Si desta tempesta di bronzi homicidi.
Sono inviti i nitriti
De' più nobili destrieri

Tornate o guerrieri
Più fieri in battaglia
Nell'arte Travaglia
Di Marte la terra
All'armi alla Guerra.

Ritornello

Guerra

Ai trionfi alle vittorie
O del Lazio illustri Heroi
Sol potrà negare à voi,
Ozio vil' l'antiche glorie
Ravvivate le memorie
Di quelle anime più grandi,
Da voi prendino i comandi
Tutti sudditi gl'imperi.

Guerra & Coro

Tornate o guerrieri
Più fieri in battaglia
Nell'arte Travaglia
Di Marte la terra
All'armi alla Guerra.

25 Pace

Oimè, qual voce tanto feroce l'orecchie assorda.
Oh Dio, chi viene su queste arene di sangue lorda?
Chi serba superba nel sen tanto orgoglio?
Altera guerriera aspira al mio soglio?

shores, and awakens a storm of murderous swords.
The neighing of the noble horses
sound an invitation to war.

Return, O warriors,
Even more fierce in battle;
The earth is toiling
in the arts of Mars.
To arms, to war!

Ritornello

War

To triumphs, to victories,
O illustrious Heroes of Lazio.
Only cowardly laziness can prevent you
from achieving the ancient glories.
Revive the memories
Of those greater souls,
Let all the subdued empires
obey your commands.

War & Chorus

Return, O warriors,
Even more fierce in battle;
The earth is toiling
in the arts of Mars.
To arms, to war!

25 Peace

Alas, what fierce voice deafens our ears?
Alas, who comes to these shores stained with blood?
Who harbors such pride in their breast?
A haughty warrior desires my throne?

Guerra

Riconosci colei che dove posa il piede
Fa col sangue e'l sudor nascer trofei.

Pace

Sol horrore, e spavento in te si vede.

Guerra

Del mio nome per tutto echo risuona,
Son la nemica tua, sono Bellona.

Guerra & Coro

Tornate o guerrieri
Più fieri in battaglia
Nell'arte Travaglia
Di Marte la terra
All'armi alla Guerra.

Pace

Se non voli altrove audace
A portar risse e tumulti,
Vendicar saprò gl'insulti
Prenderà l'armi la pace.

Guerra

Sono mie queste sponde!
Io di palme e d'allori già le resi feconde.

Pace

Et io rendo i tuoi vanti hoggi maggiori
Ho Saputo inestar su queste rive
À quercie gloriose, eterne olive.

Guerra

Tu che pretendi il titolo di giusta
Non vedi, che è rapina
Se la città Latina

War

Recognize the one who produces trophies
made of blood and toil wherever she sets foot.

Peace

Only horror and fear are seen in you.

War

My name echoes everywhere,
I am your enemy, I am Bellona!

War & Chorus

Return, O warriors,
Even more fierce in battle;
The earth is toiling
in the arts of Mars.
To arms, to war!

Peace

If you do not fly elsewhere, O audacious one,
Taking quarrels and strife,
I will avenge the insults –
Peace herself will take the weapons.

War

These shores are mine!
I made them fertile with palms and laurels.

Peace

And today I can out-do your boasting:
On these shores I knew how to graft
eternal olives onto the glorious oaks.

War

You who claim the title of righteousness
Don't you see, it is robbery
if you steal from me

Usurpi a me che per me splende augusta;
Nacque e crebbe nel sangue
Pria d'Amulio trafitto e poi di Remo.
Il suo valor, che tua mercè si langue
Io portai fra le straggi al mondo estremo.

Pace

E le stragi e le morti
De campioni più forti
Innocenti holocausti offerti à Dio
Hanno qui stabilito il regno mio.
Torna dunque agli abissi,
Vomito dell'inferno.

Guerra

Nacqui ancor'io nel cielo, e al sole eterno
Credei portare ahi temeraria Eclissi
Quando sovra le stelle
Tentò di farsi al Creatore eguale
Lucifero infedele.

Pace

Torna ai seguaci tuoi peste mortale.
Non usciva il verbo infante
Da sen' vergine e fecondo,
Se non era in pace il mondo
Tanto in odio ha il tuo sembiante.

Guerra

E pur diedi al mondo esempi,
Che da Dio ministra eletta
Sono à prendere vendetta
Dei sacrileghi e de gl'empi.

that Latin city [Rome] that shines in glory because
of me? It was born and raised in the blood
of murdered Amulius and Remus.
Through battles, I brought its glory (when it would
otherwise have languished thanks to you) to the
far corners of the world.

Peace

And the massacres, and the deaths
Of the greatest Heroes,
burnt offerings of innocent souls offered to God,
made me establish my reign here.
Therefore, go back to the underworld,
you vomit of hell!

War

I too was born in heaven, and I believed,
oh reckless me, I could eclipse the Eternal Sun,
when beyond the stars,
I tried to make unfaithful Lucifer
equal to the Creator himself.

Peace

Go back to your followers, you deadly plague.
The Infant God [Verbo] would not have been born
from a virgin and fertile womb
if the world had not been at peace,
he hated your image so much.

War

And yet I gave the world examples too,
as a minister chosen by God
I have taken vengeance
upon sacrilegious and wicked people.

Pace

Vanne dunque ove dal Trace,
Si minaccia à noi la morte;
Qui del Tempio oggi la pace
E non Giano apre le porte
Per torre al predatore il nuovo acquisto
De la cuna di Giove, arma la mano;
Ma non lasciare al barbaro ottomano,
Che vergogna saria, l'urna di Christo:
Lo comanda colui, che il ciel disserra:
Habbia Europa la pace, Asia la guerra.

26 Guerra

Eccomi pronta ancella d'Alessandro
Al valor, alla fortuna.
Io della gloria sua sempre più bella farò
Che adori i rai la tracia Luna.

Guerra & Pace

Sia divisa tra noi dunque la terra.
Habbia Europa la pace, Asia la guerra.

Pace

Habbia l'Adria, habbia il Tirreno
Aure amiche, onde tranquille

Guerra

Dell'Eusin lo scita in seno
Non incontri altro che scille.

Guerra & Pace

Rotte di nuovo ad Acheloo le corna,
Rendin d'Asia i trofei l'Europa adorna.

Peace

Then go where Thracians
are threatening our lives;
Here today, the doors of the Temple will be
opened by Peace, and not by Janus [war divinity].
Arm your hand to take back from the predator
the newly conquered Crete [Jove's crib], but don't
leave Christ's tomb in the hands of the barbarous
Ottomans: this would be shameful.
So he that opens the skies commands:
let Europe have peace, Asia war.

26 War

Here I am, ready to serve Alexander's
valor and fortune.
I will make the Turkish moon
adore the rays of his glory, always more splendid.

War & Peace

Let the earth therefore be divided among us.
Let Europe have peace, Asia war.

Peace

Let the Adriatic and the Tyrrhenian Seas
enjoy friendly breezes and calm waves.

War

Let the Scythian people [Turks] in the Black Sea
encounter only tempests.

War & Peace

Achelous's horns are broken again,
let Asia's trophies adorn Europe.

Ritornello

27 Coro

Fuggite o perigli
Dai lidi del Tebro,
E restino i figli
Svenati del'Ebro,

Nel nuovo eroe, di mille pregi onusto,
Riveggia Asia Alessandro, Europa Augusto.

Luc' Antonio Casini

Ritornello

27 Chorus

Flee, you dangers,
from Tiber's shores,
and let the sons of Maritsa
remain vanquished.

In the new hero [the Pope], laden with a thousand
merits, let Asia see a new Alexander [the Great],
and Europe a new Emperor Augustus.



Aaron Sheehan



Jesse Blumberg

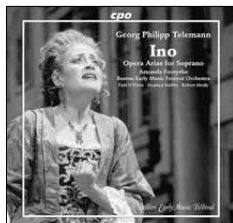


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