SALA

MEROPE

BIBLIOTECA DEL R. CONSERVATORIO
DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI

Sala
Scaffale 31 Pluteo 4
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N. dei Manoscritti in copia

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MEROPE

Musica

Del Sig.r Niccola Sala

Atto II.

Napoli per li 17. Agosto 1769. Nel R. T. di S. Carlo

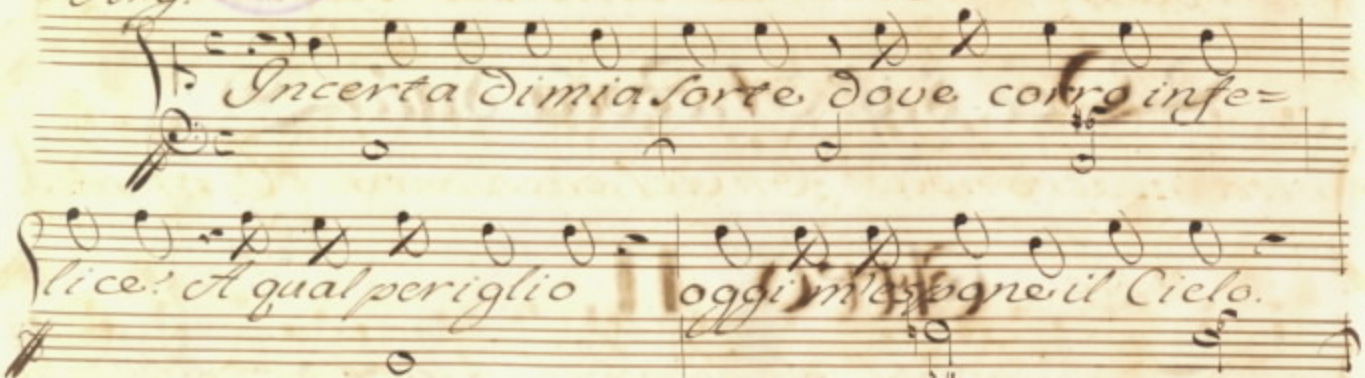
R. CONSERVATORIO DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI • BIBLIOTECA •

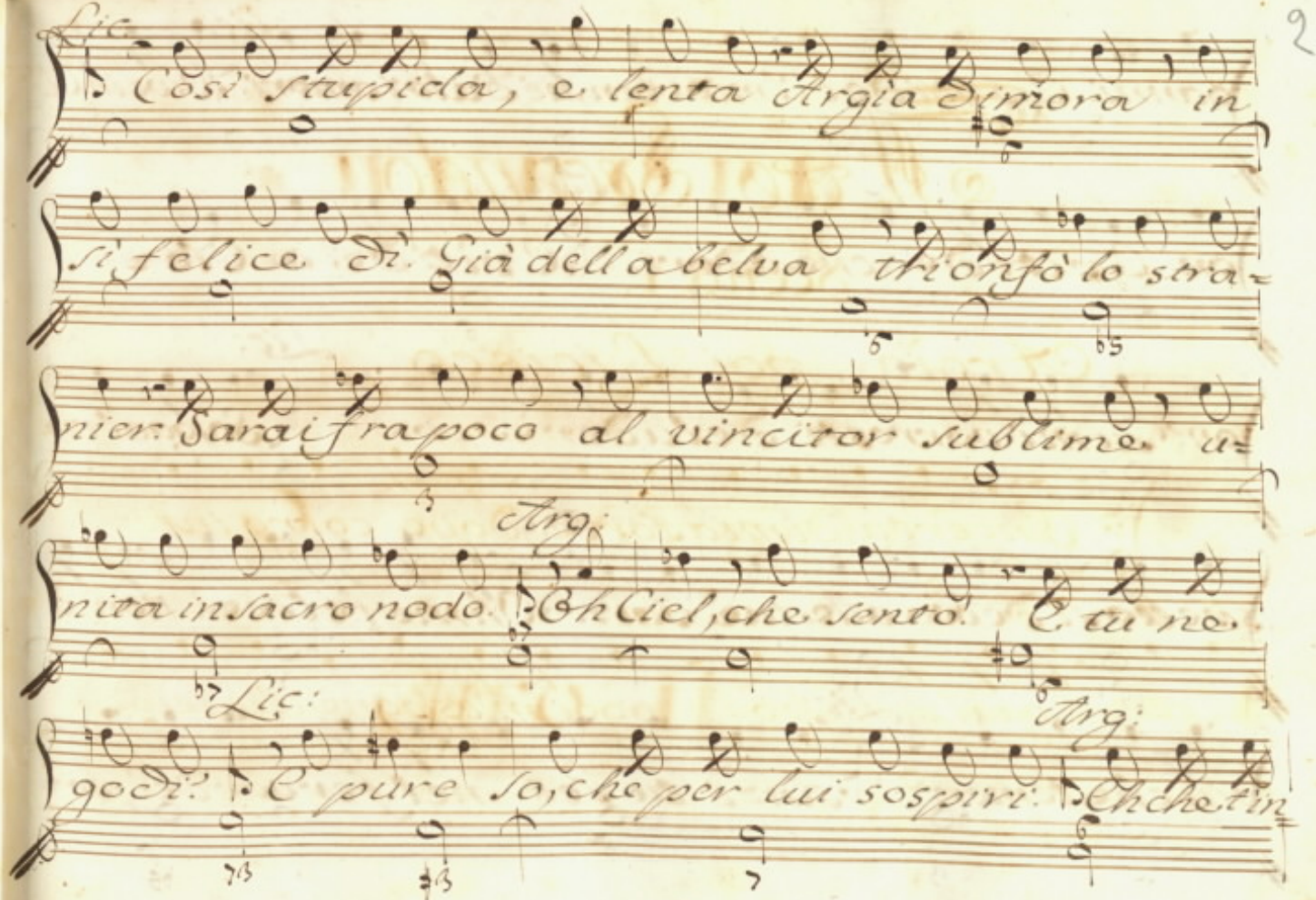
Atto Secondo.

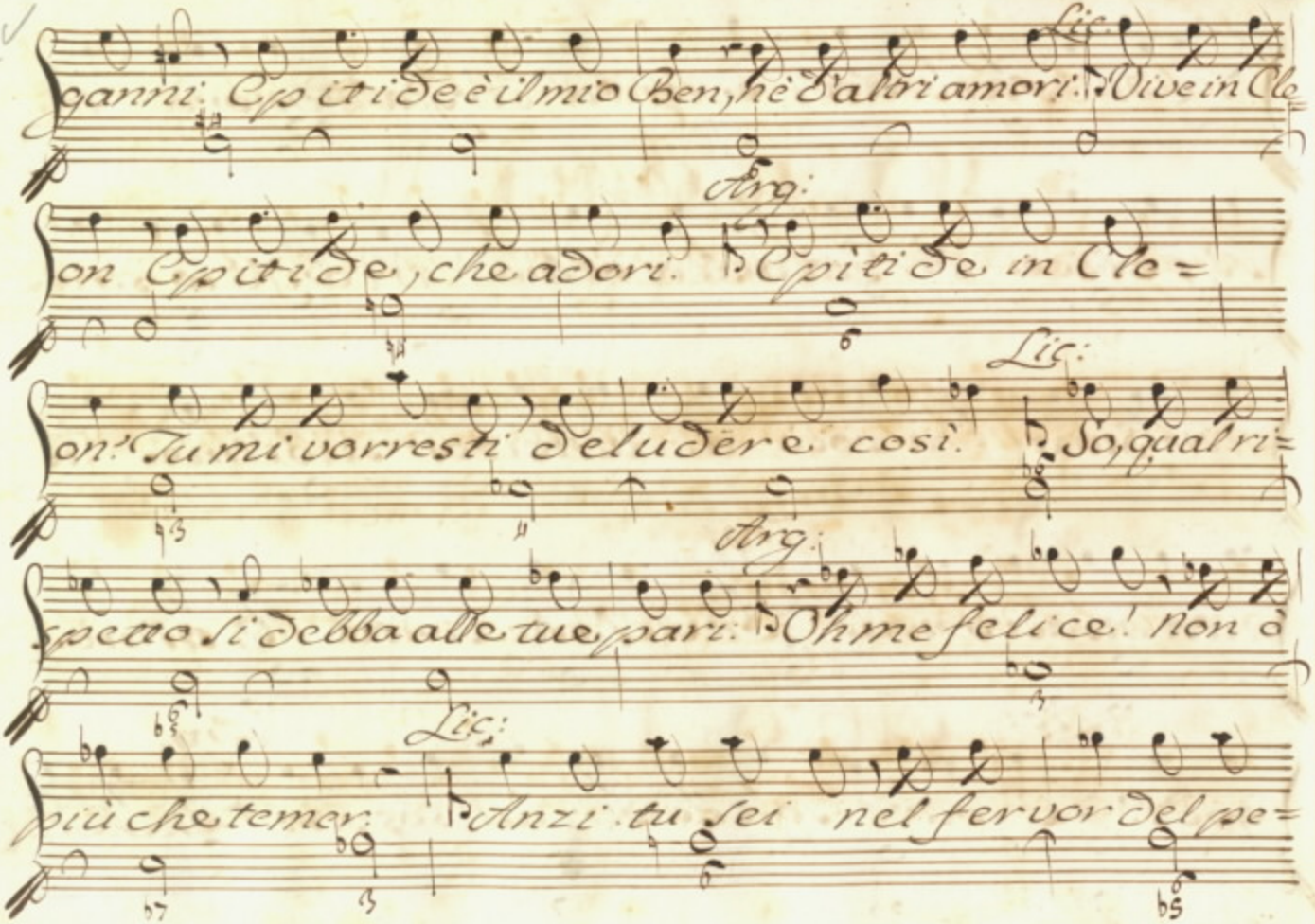
Scena 1.

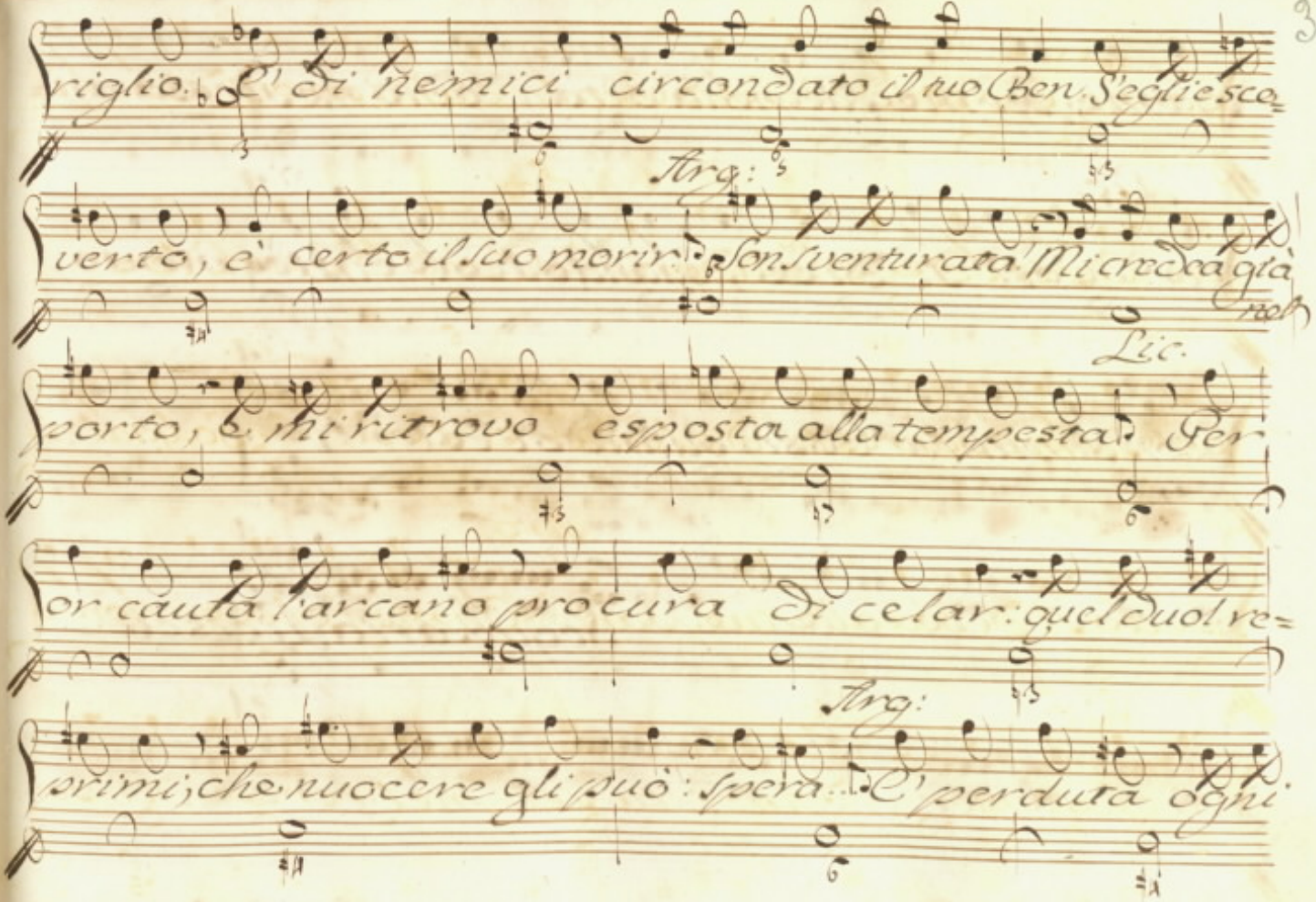
Argia, poi Licisco.

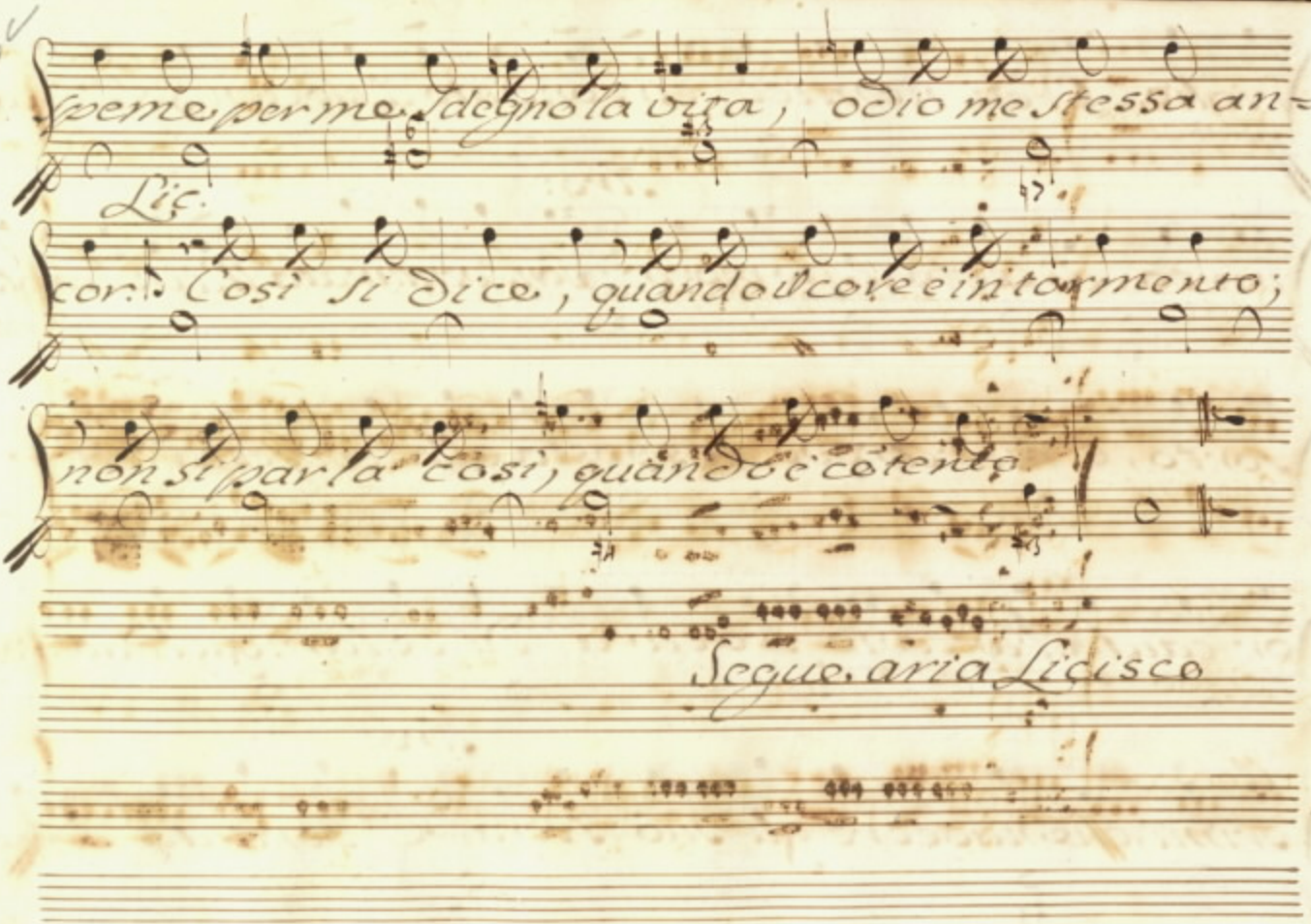
Arg:




Lic:
Così stupida, e lenta Argia dimora in
sì felice di. Già della belva trionfò lo stra-
nier: Sarai fra poco al vincitor sublime u-
nita in sacro nodo. Argi: Oh Ciel, che sento. E tu ne-
Lic: Argi:
gochi? E pure so, che per lui sospiri. Oh che tin


Lic.
ganni. Cpitride è il mio Ben, hè d'altri amori. Vive in Cle
Arg.
on Cpitride, che adori. Cpitride in Cle=
Lic:
on? Tu mi vorresti deludere così. So, qual ri=
Arg:
spetto si debba alle tue pari. Oh me felice! non à
Lic:
più che temer. Anzi tu sei nel fervor del pe=


riglio. E' di nemici circondato il tuo Ben. S'egli esce
Arg:
verto, è certo il suo morir. Son sventurata! Mi credea già
Lic.
porto, e mi ritrovo esposta alla tempesta. Per
or cauta l'arcano procura di celar: quel duol re=
Arg:
primi; che nuocere gli può: spera... E' perdura ogni



speme per me sdegno la vita, odio me stessa an=

Lic.

cor. Così si dice, quando il core è in tormento;

non si parla così, quando è cotento.

Segue aria Licisco

Trombe in Delasolrè

Oboe

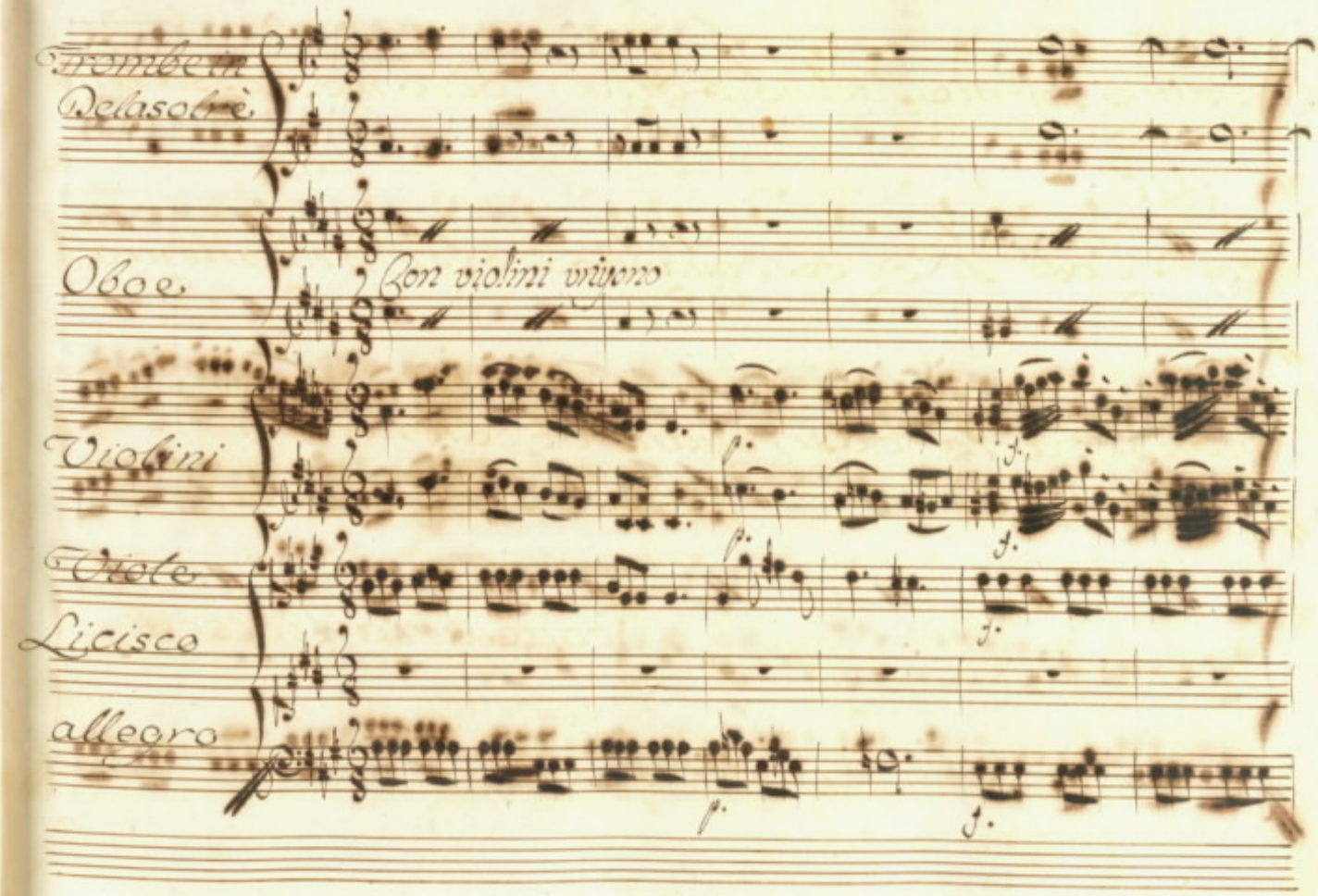
Con violini vnijono

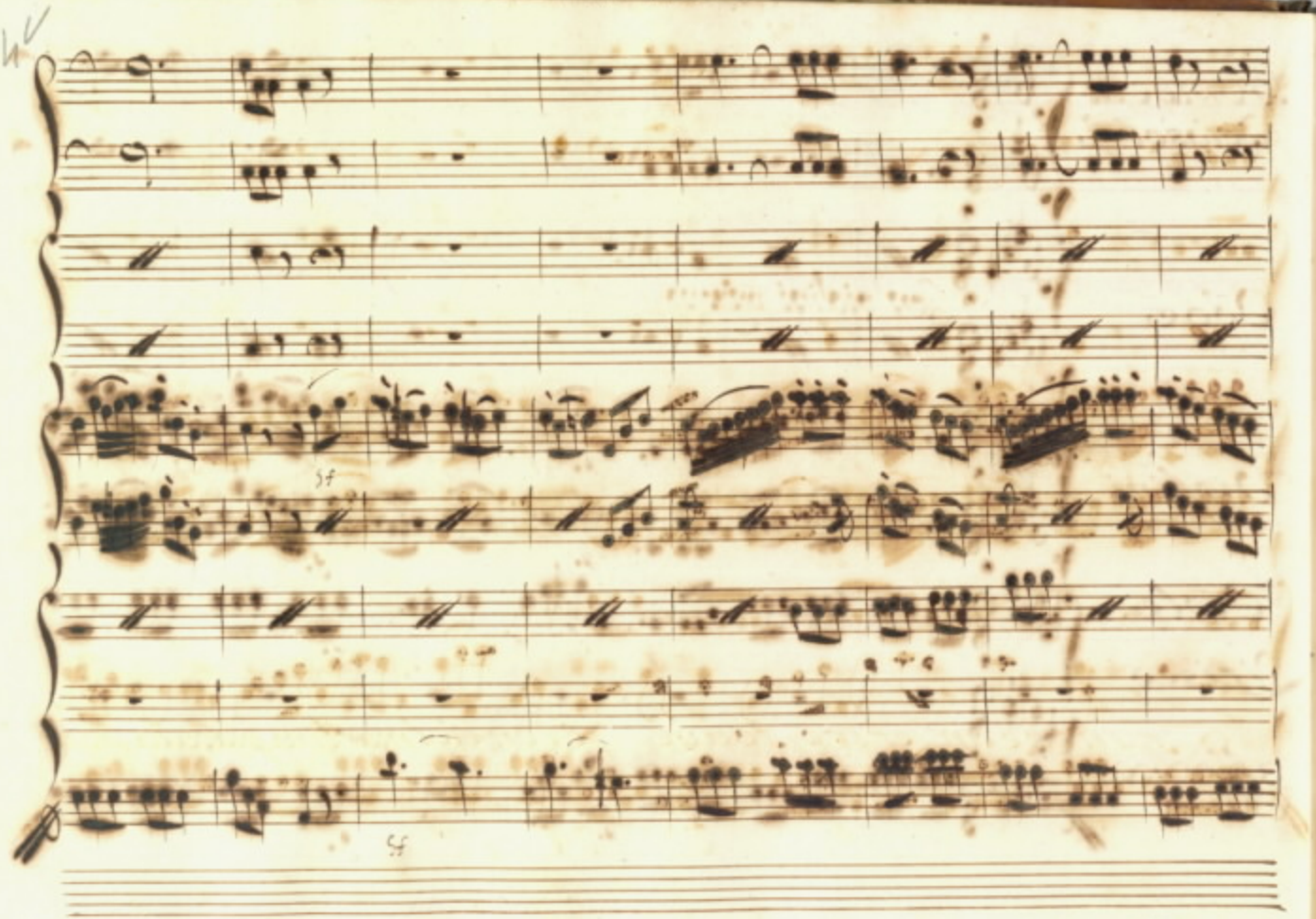
Violini

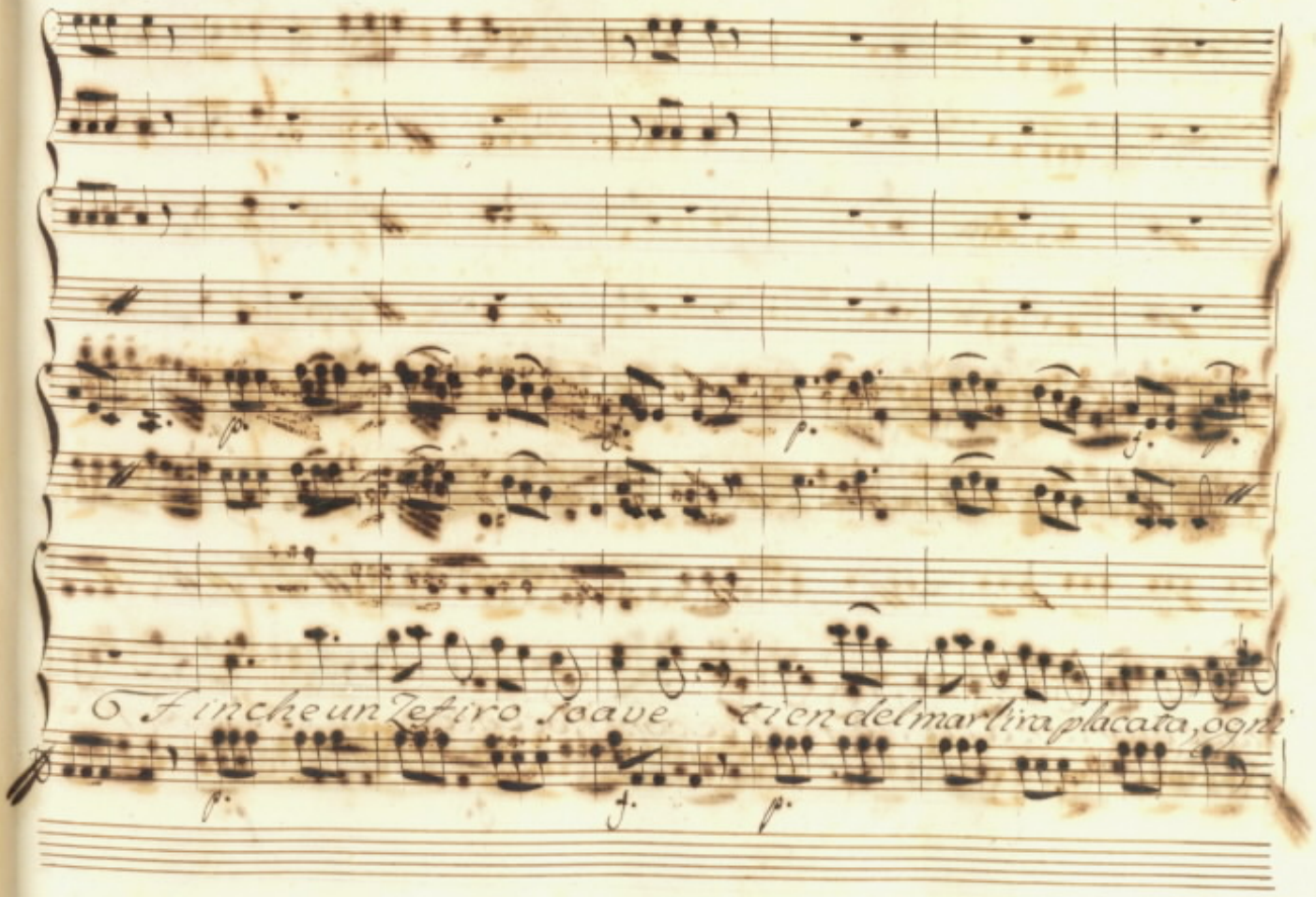
Viole

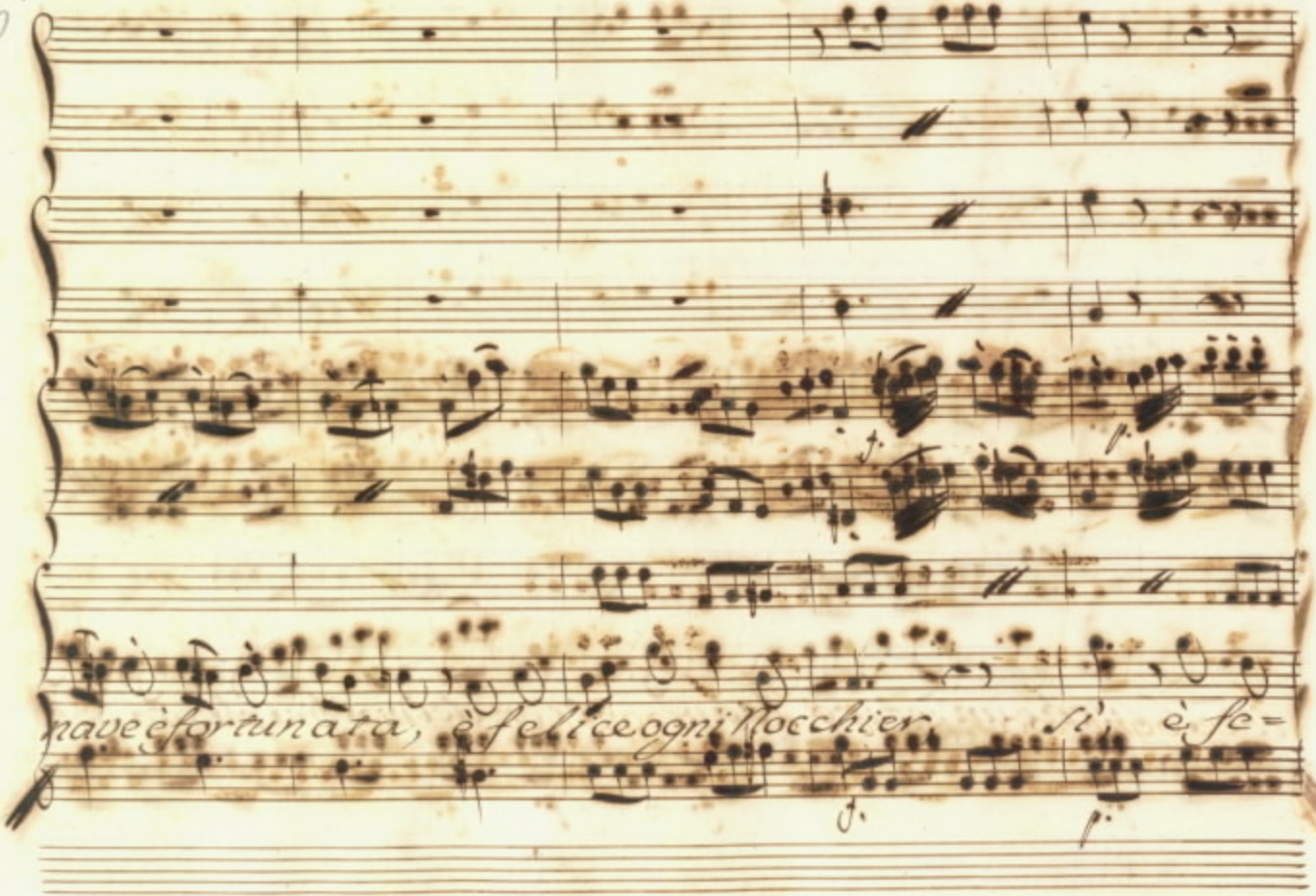
Licisco

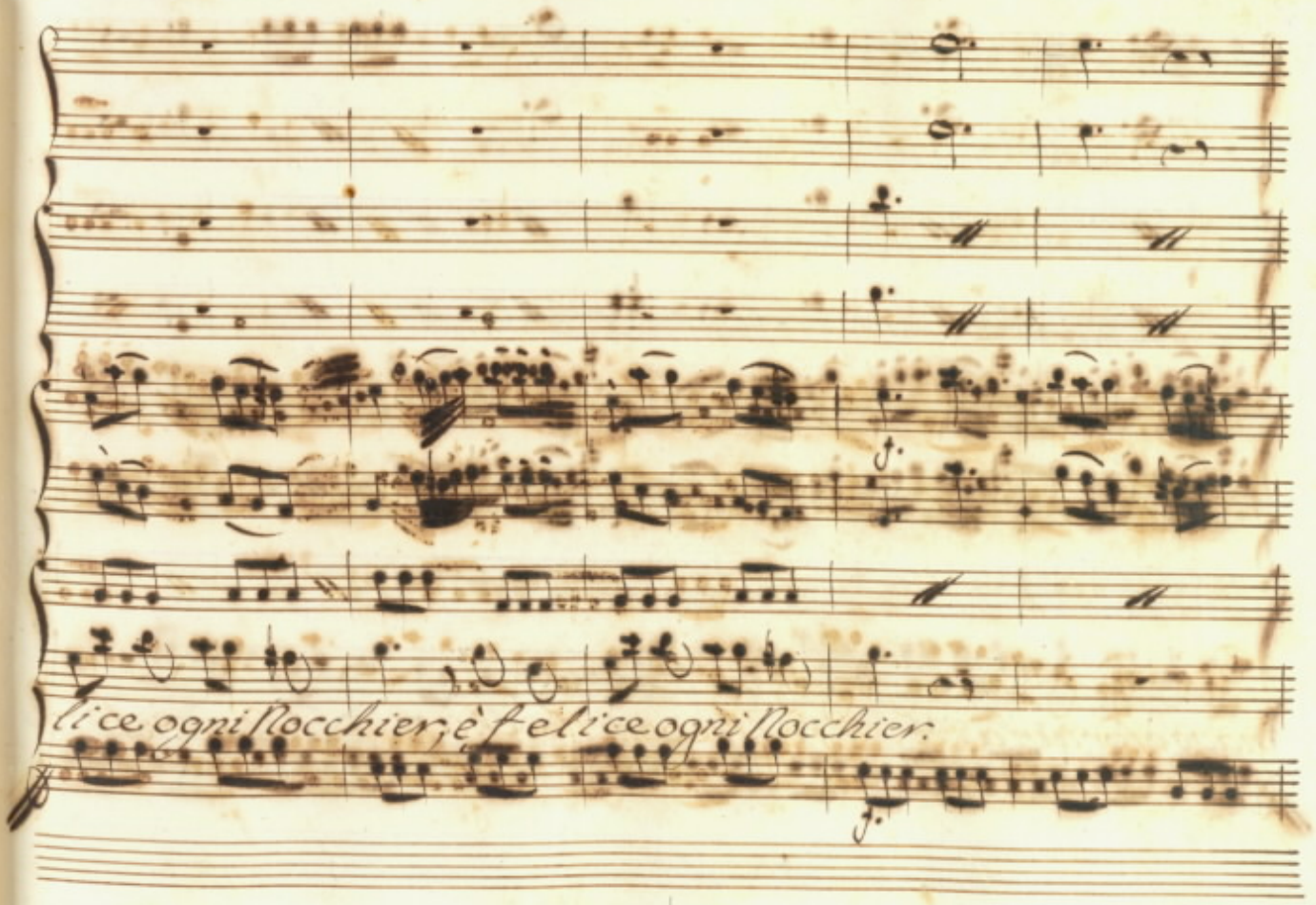
allegro

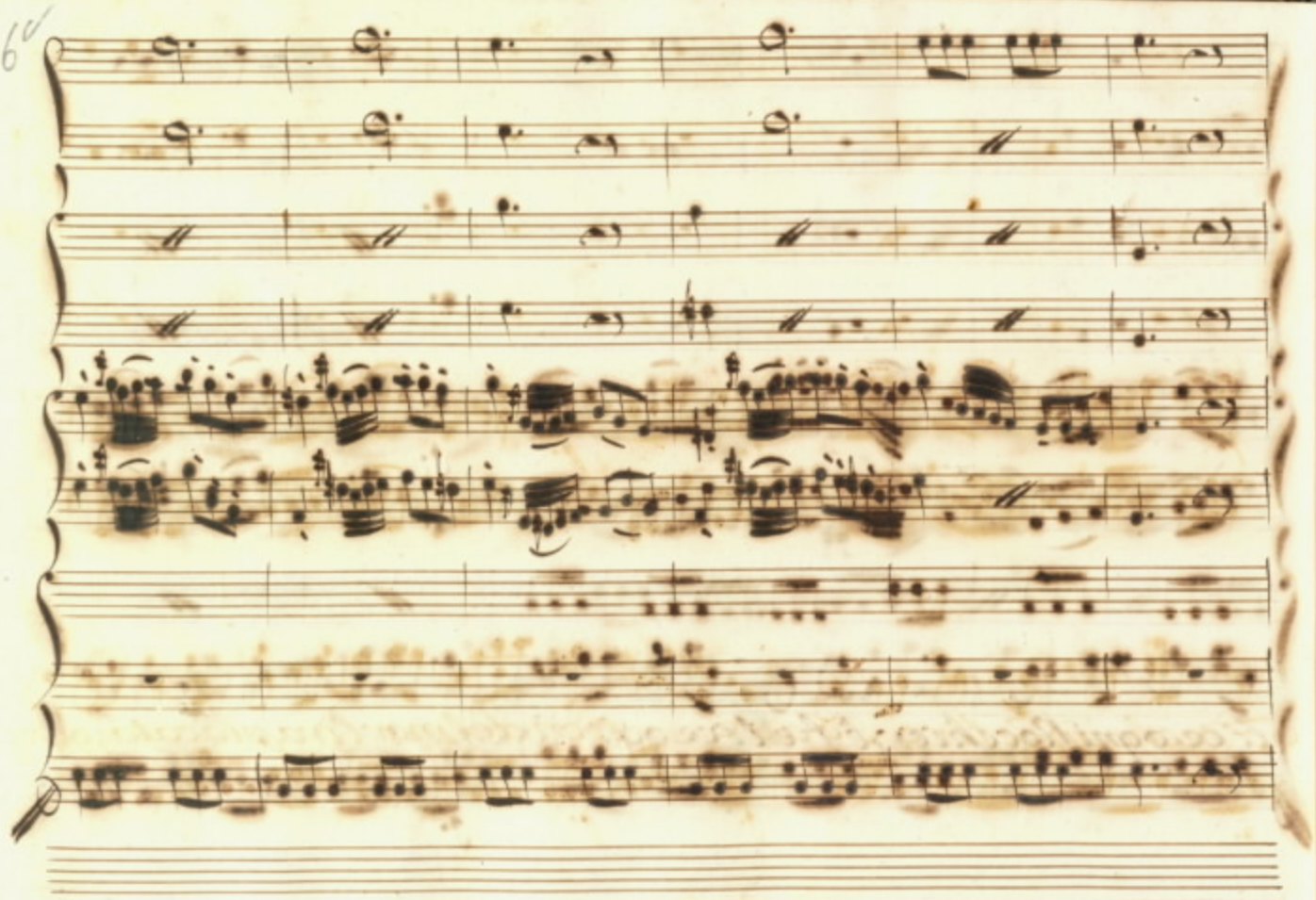


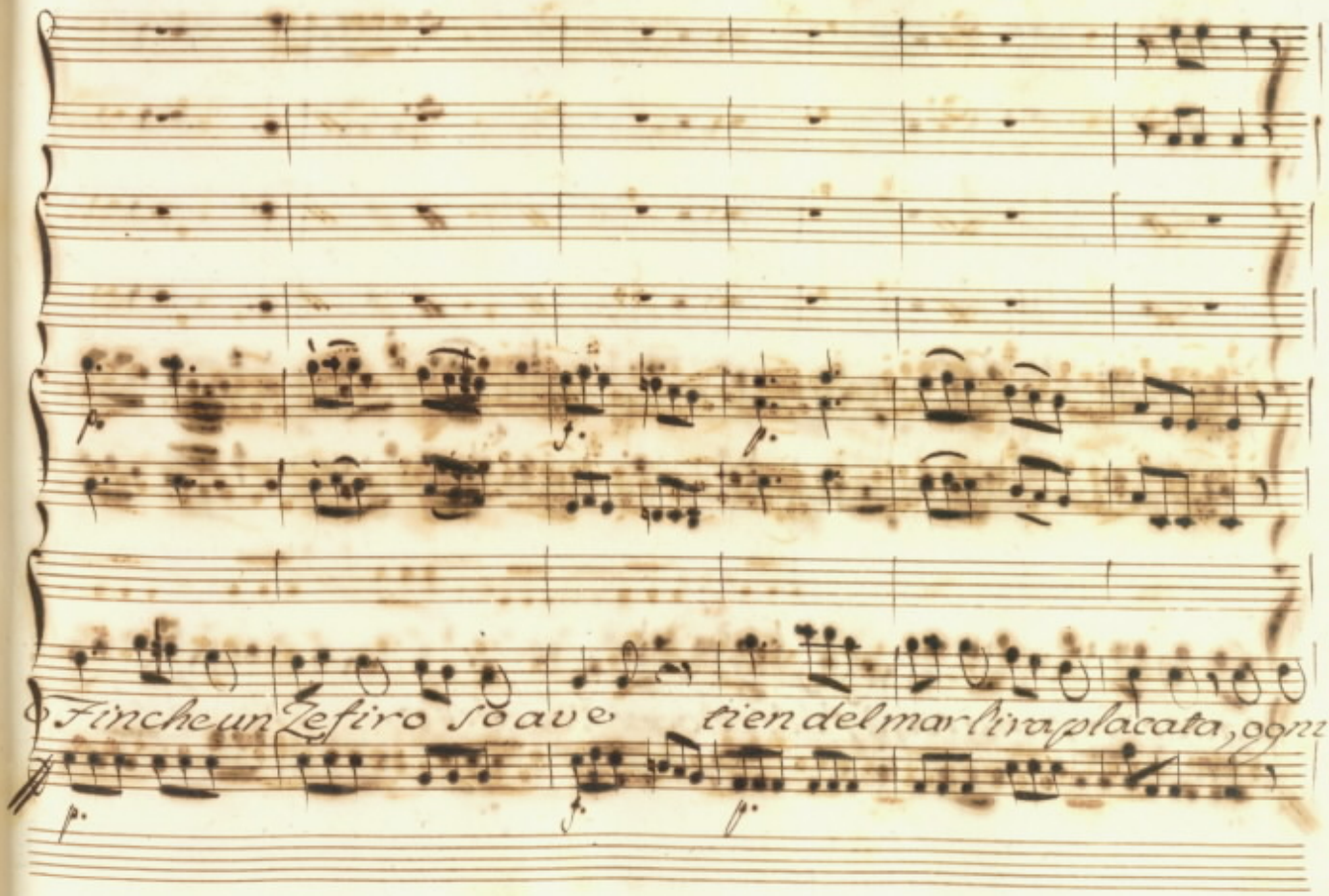


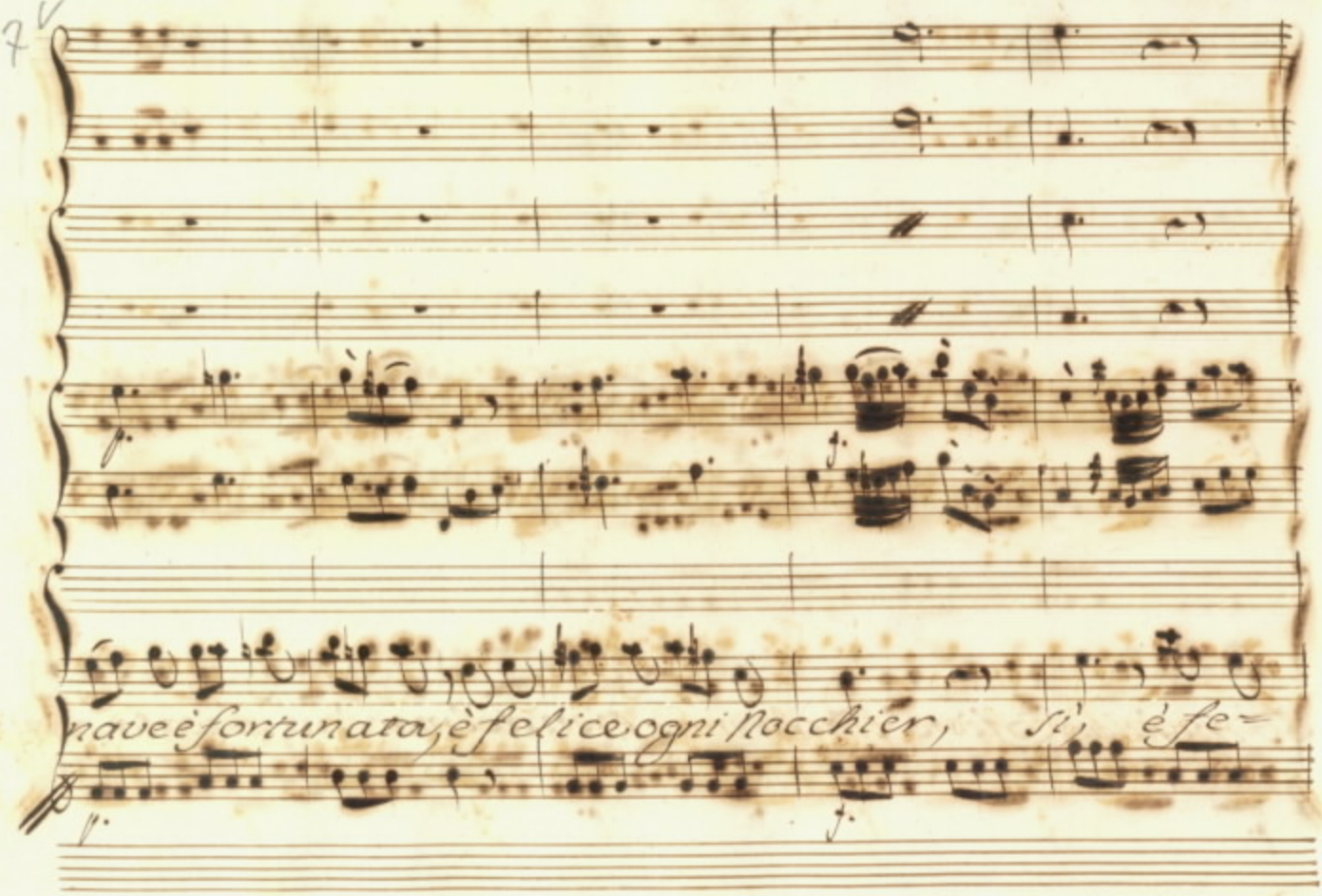

p.
p.
f.
Finche un Zefiro soave
p.
f.
p.

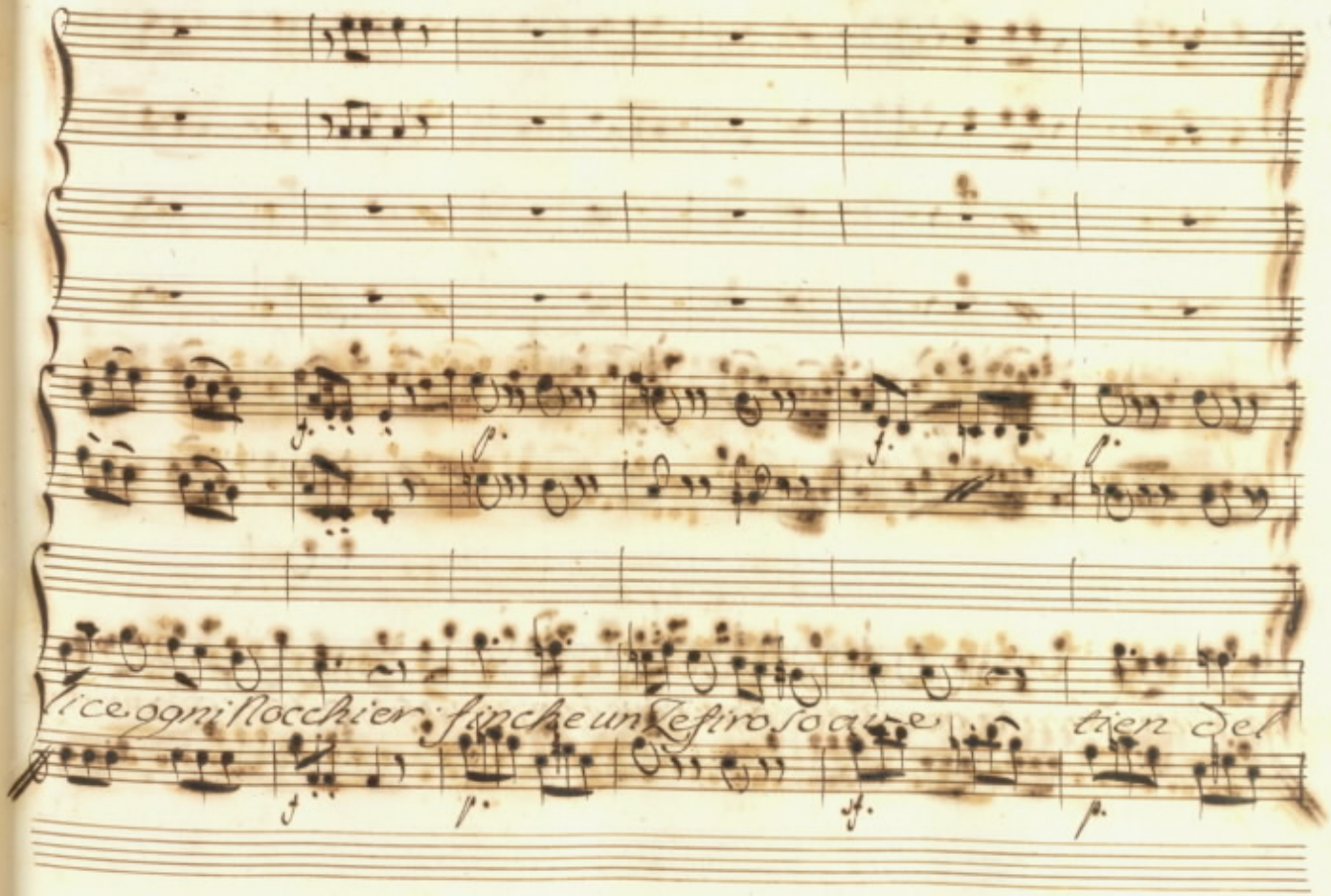

nave è fortunata, è felice ogni Nocchier si è fe=

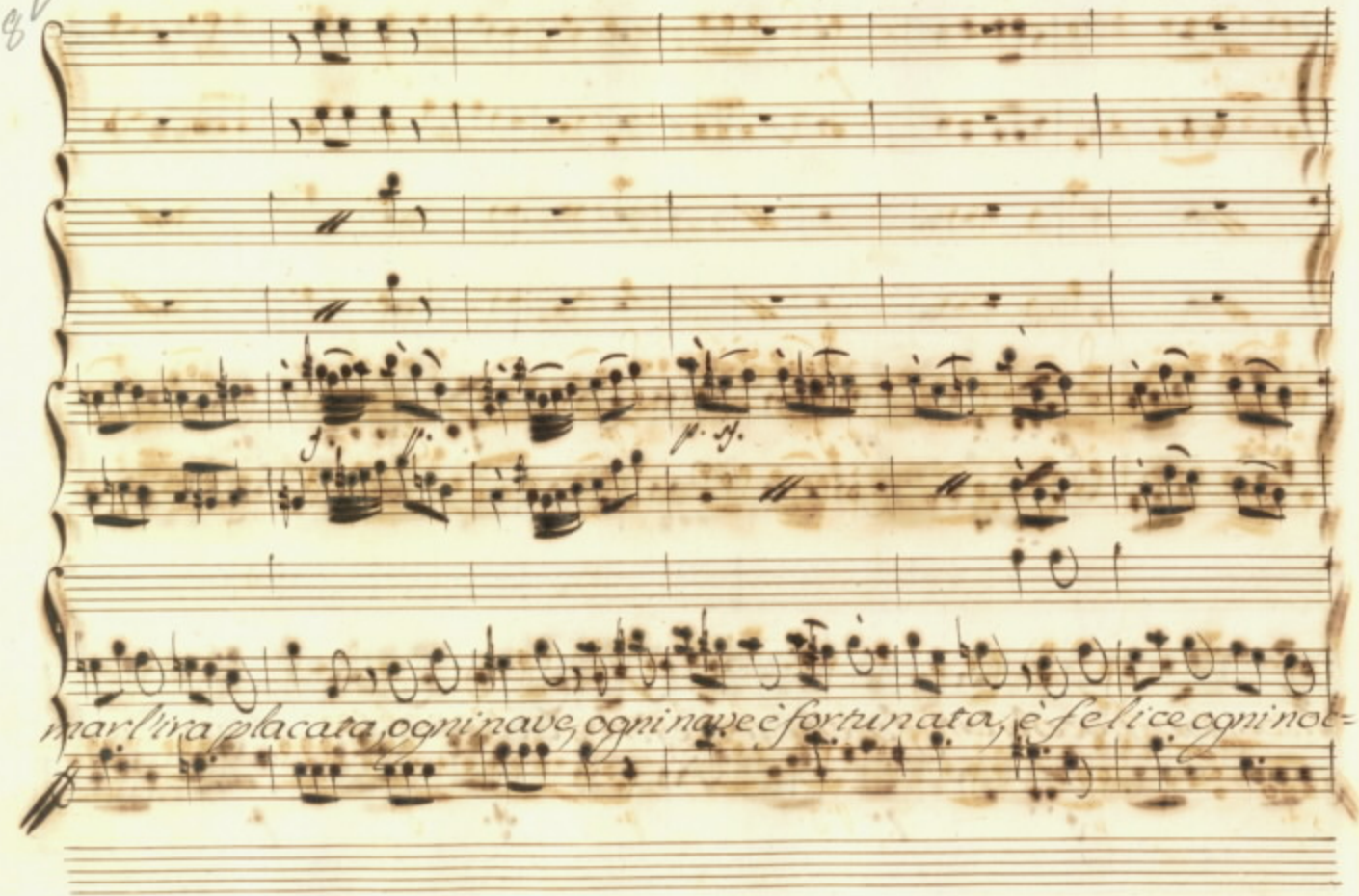

f.
li ce ogni Nocchier; è f el ice ogni Nocchier.
f.

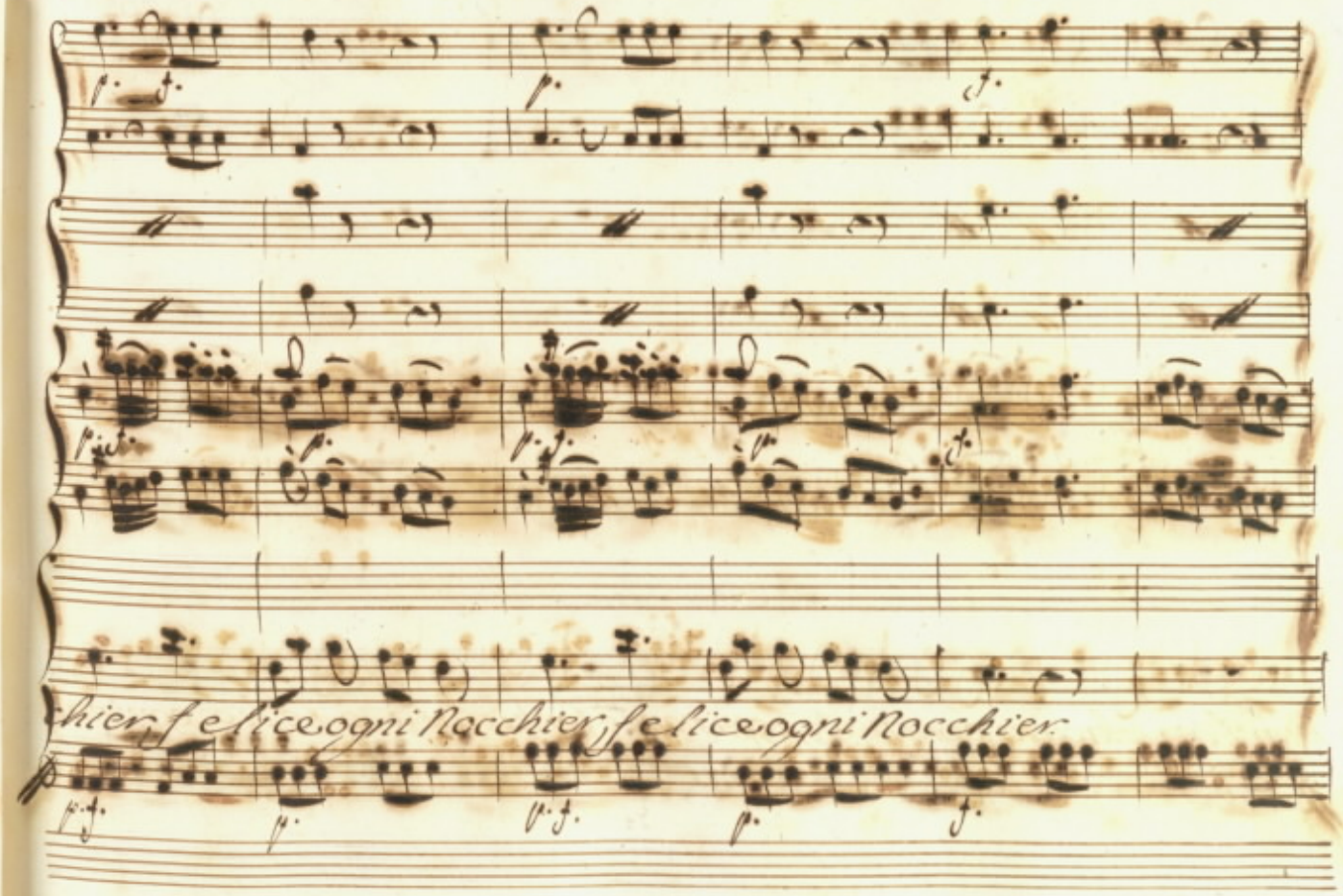


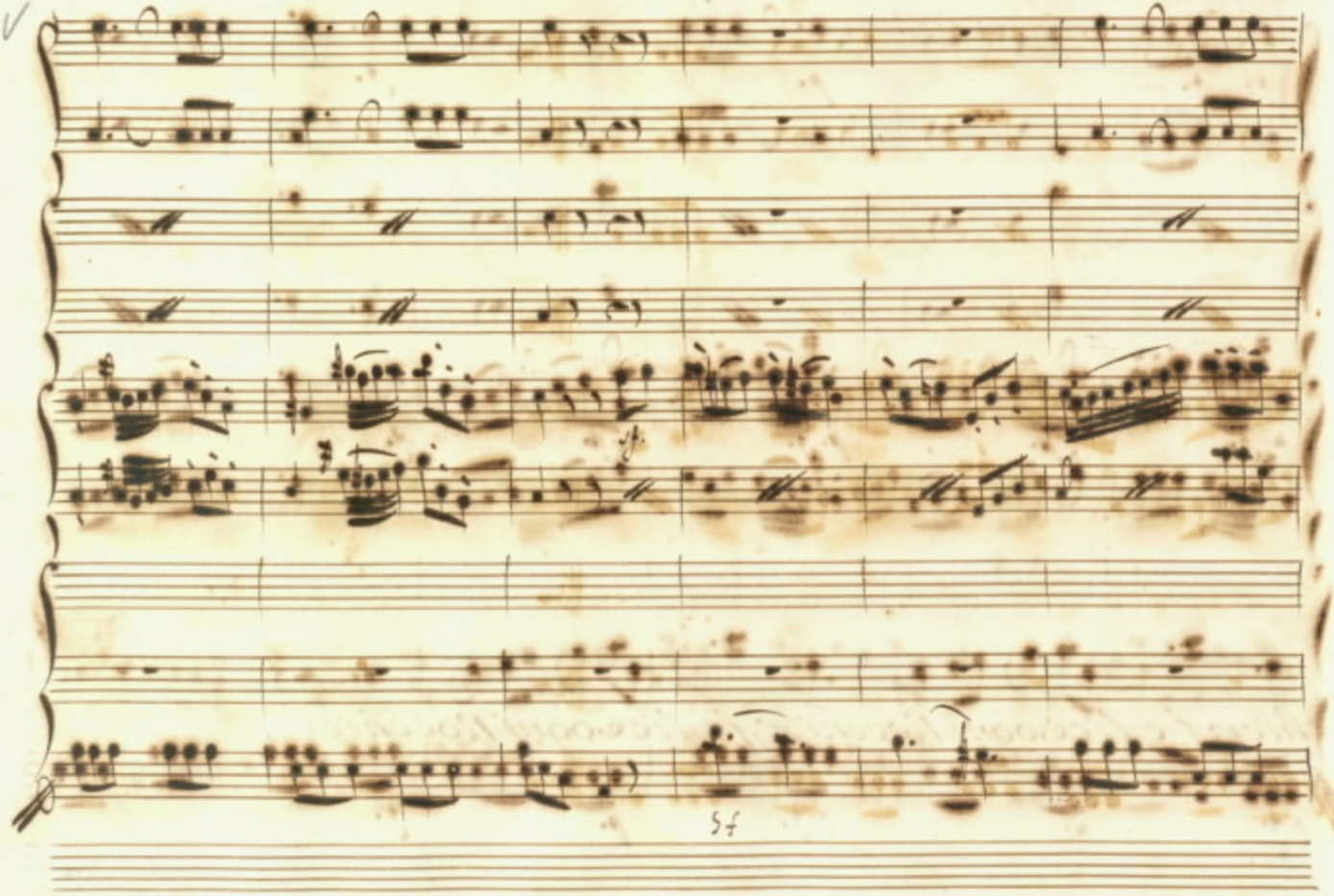

Finche un Zefiro soave
tien del mar l'ira placata, ogni

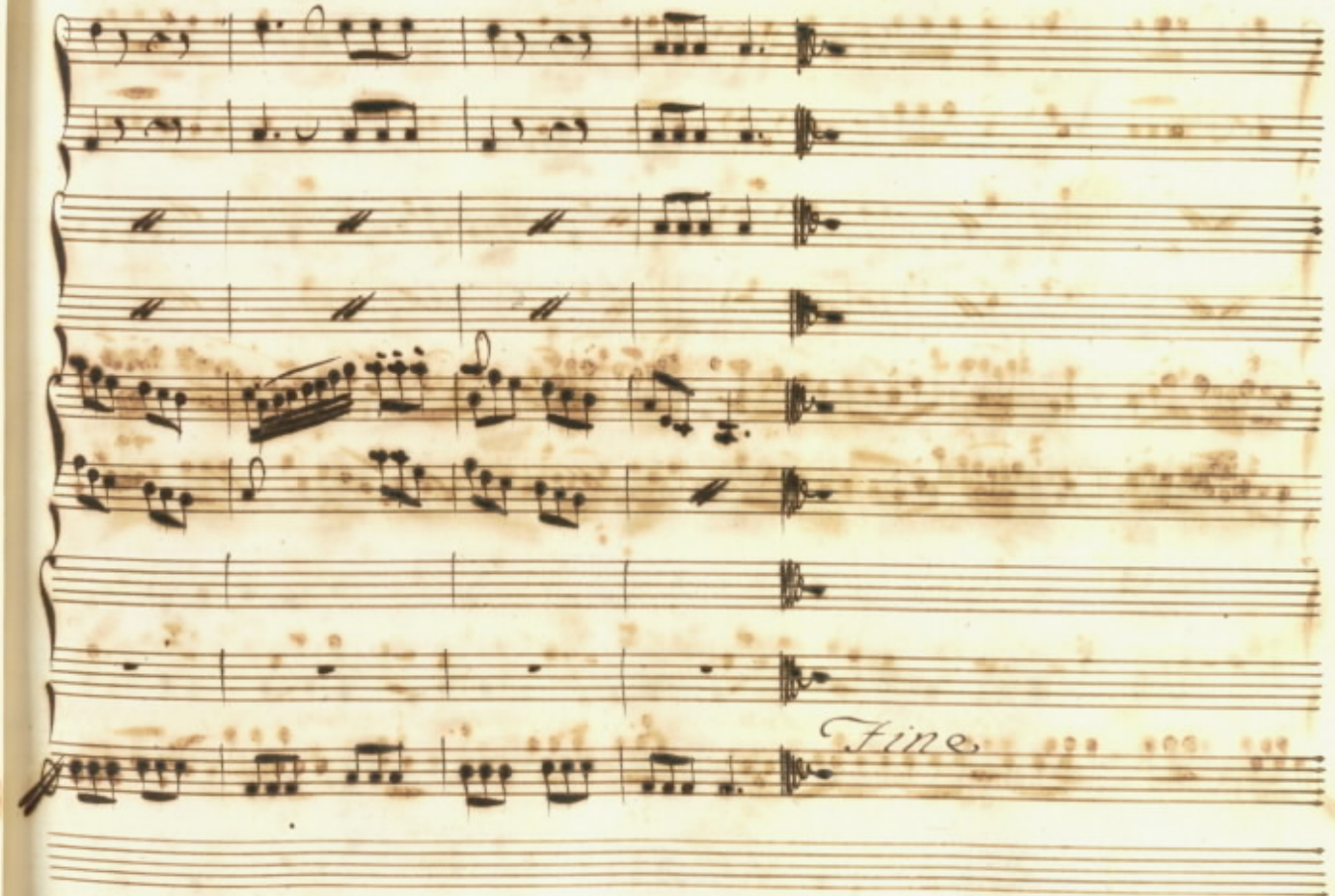

p.
f.
nave è fortunata, è felice ogni nocchier, sì, è fe=
p.
f.

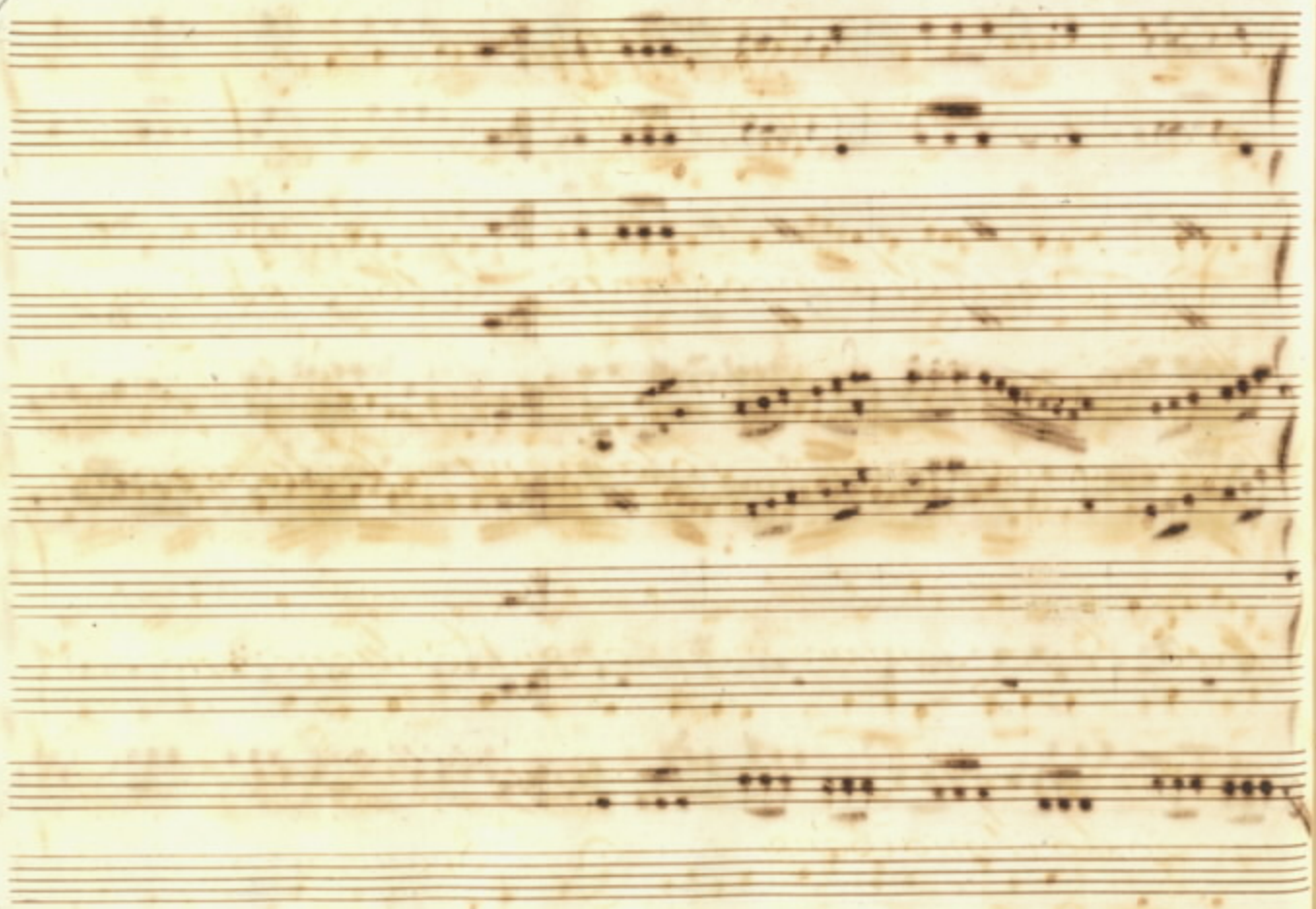

lice ogni Nocchier finche un Zefiro soave tien del


f.
ff.
p. ff.
mar l'ira placata, ogni nave, ogni nave è fortunata, è felice ogni not=


chier, felice ogni Nocchier, felice ogni Nocchier.




Fine

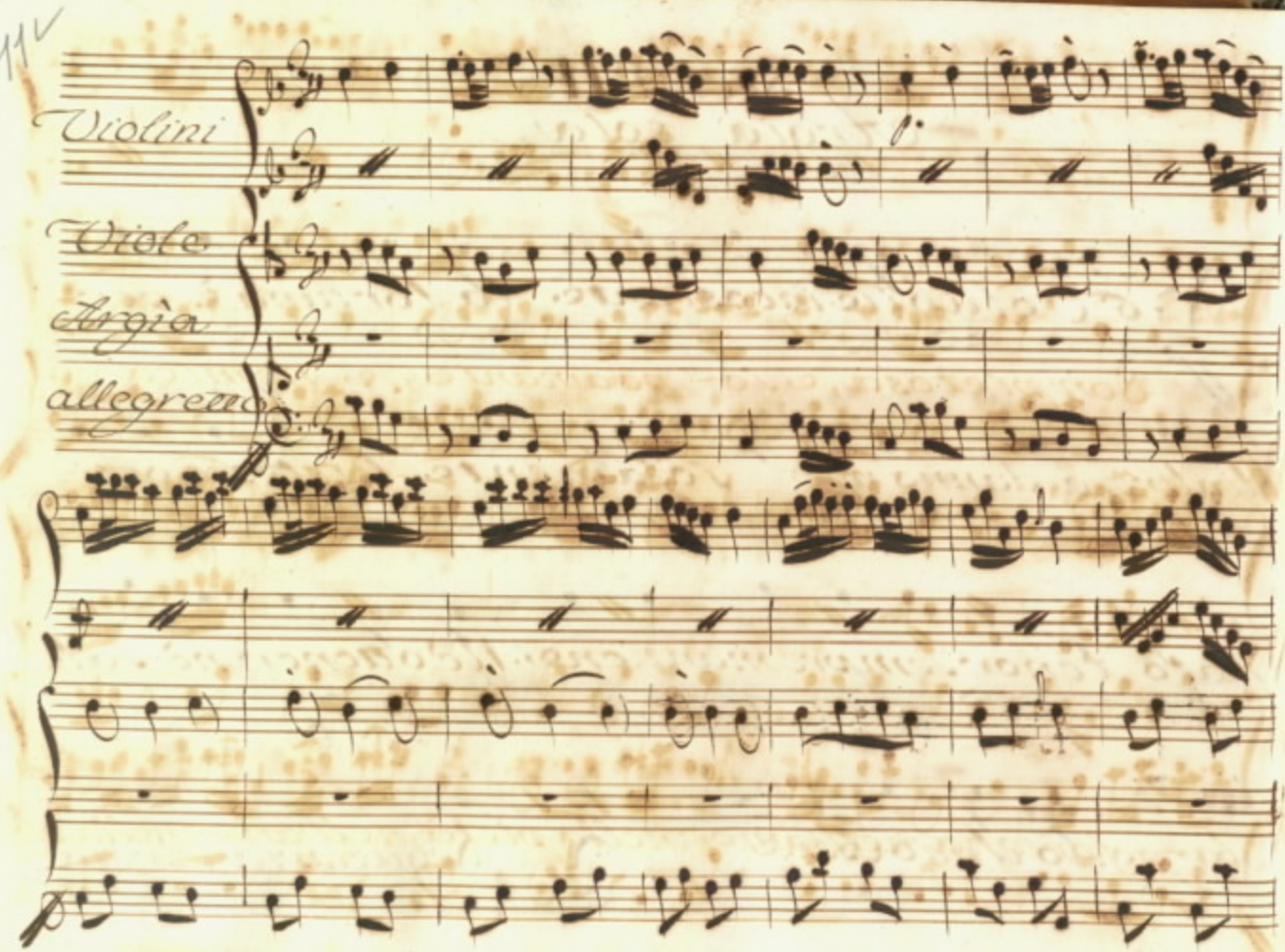


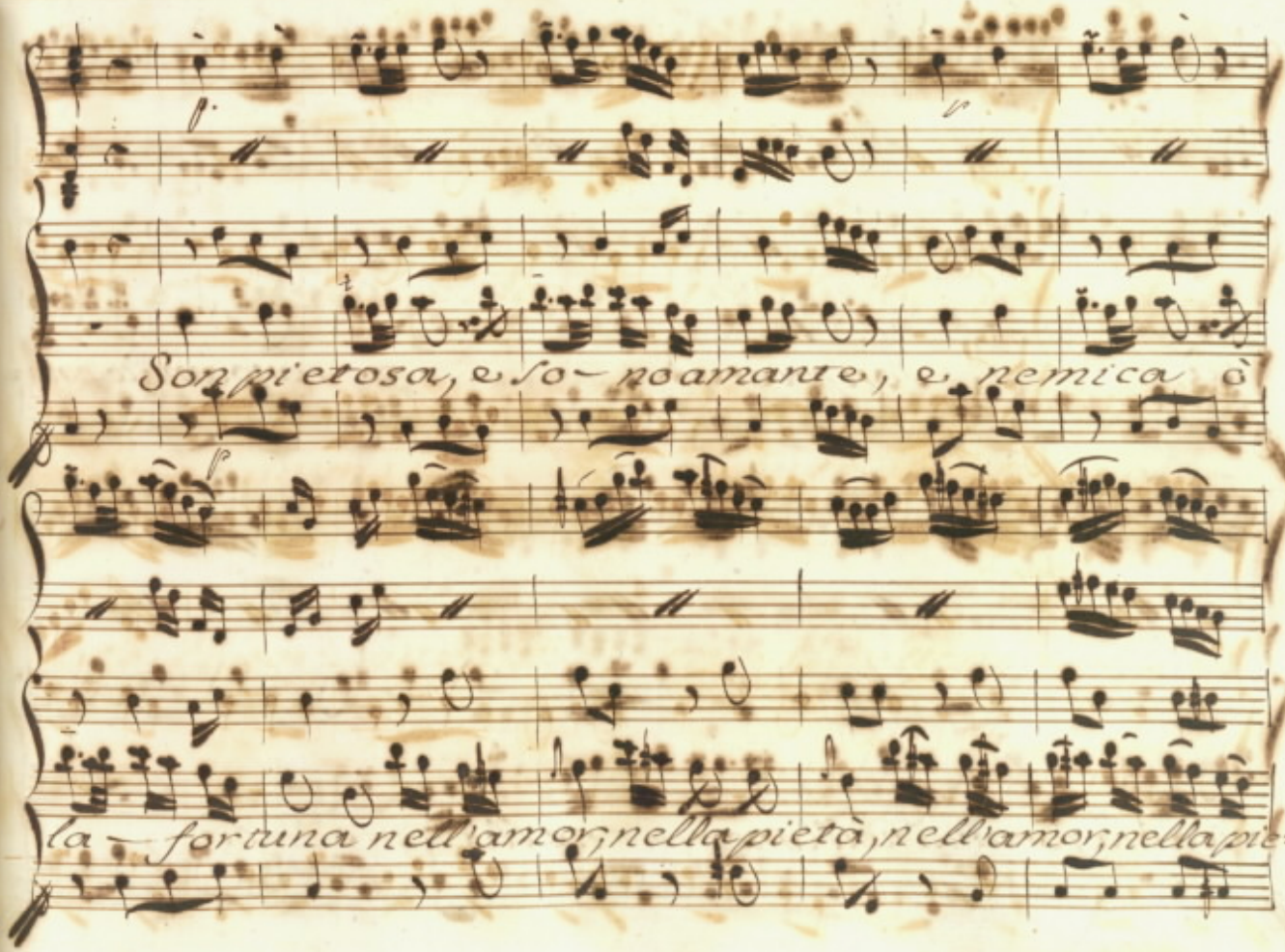
Scena II.

Argia sola.

Volubile incostante la fortuna è per
gli altri; a danno mio solamente l'istesso osti=
nato tenor sempre mantiene. Nè ottener, nè sal=
var posso il mio Bene.

Segue aria Argia


Violini
Viole
Organo
allegreto


Son pietosa, e so~no amante, e, nemica ò
la~fortuna nell'amor, nella pietà, nell'amor, nella pie=

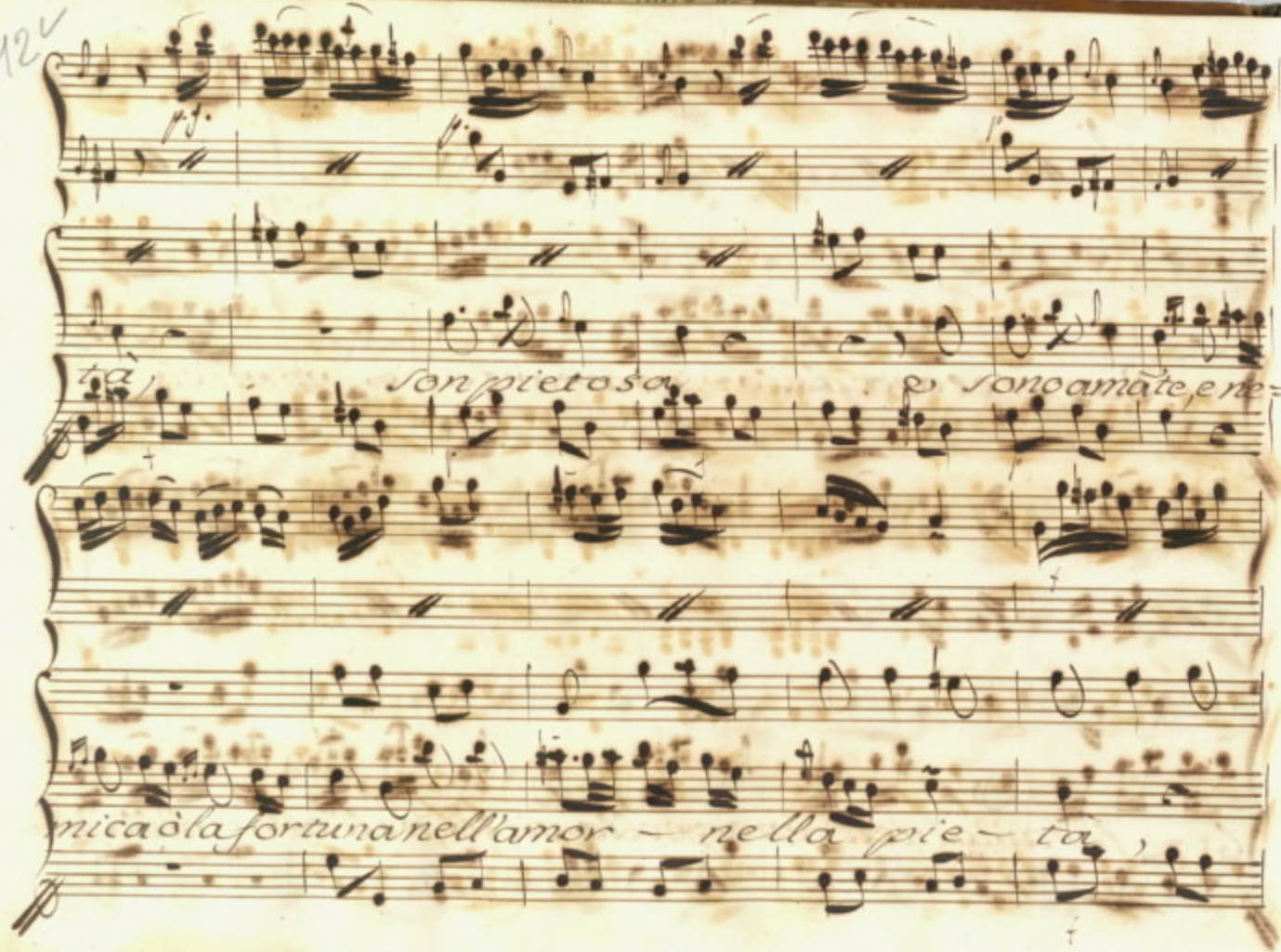
p.f.

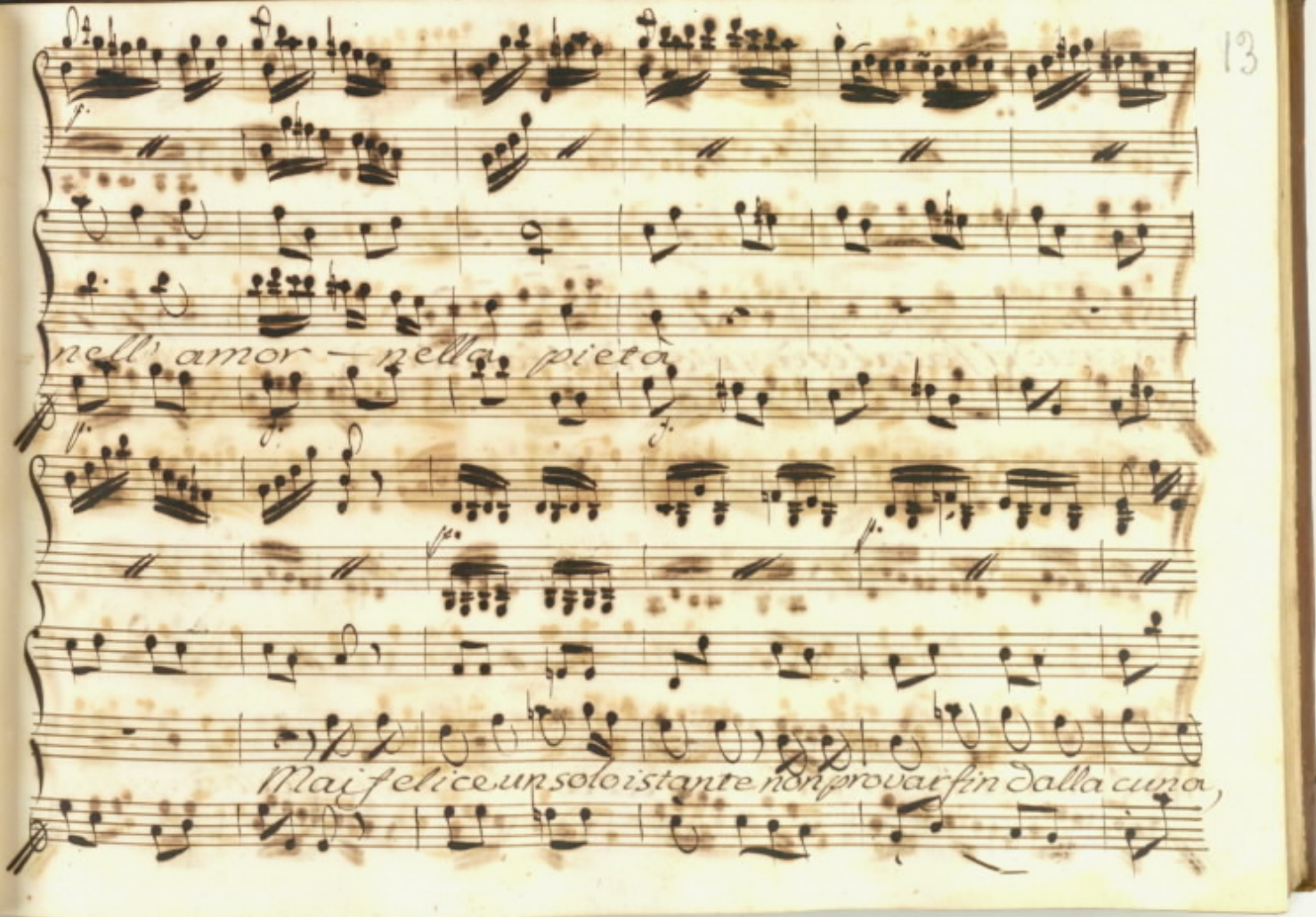
p.

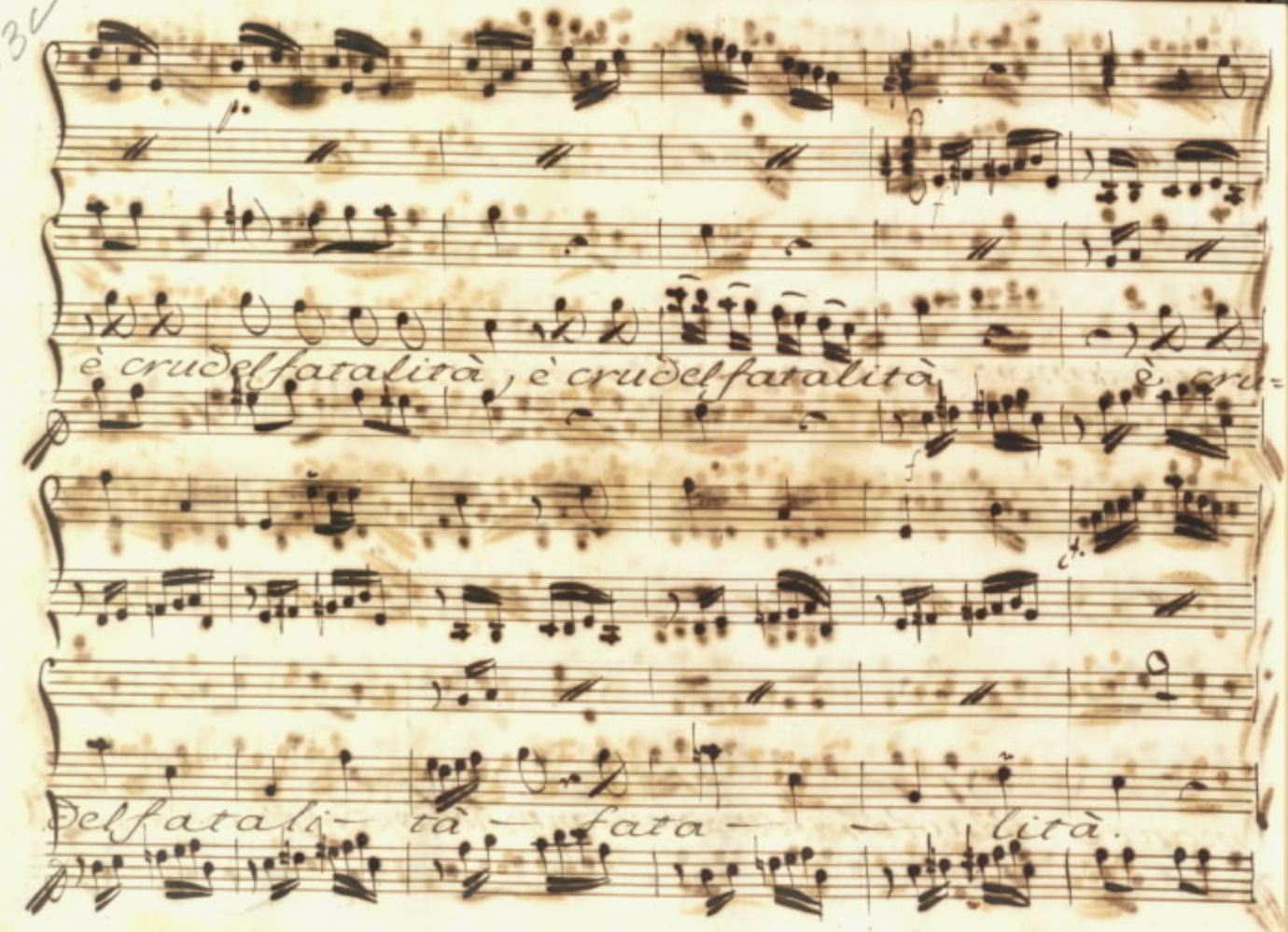
p

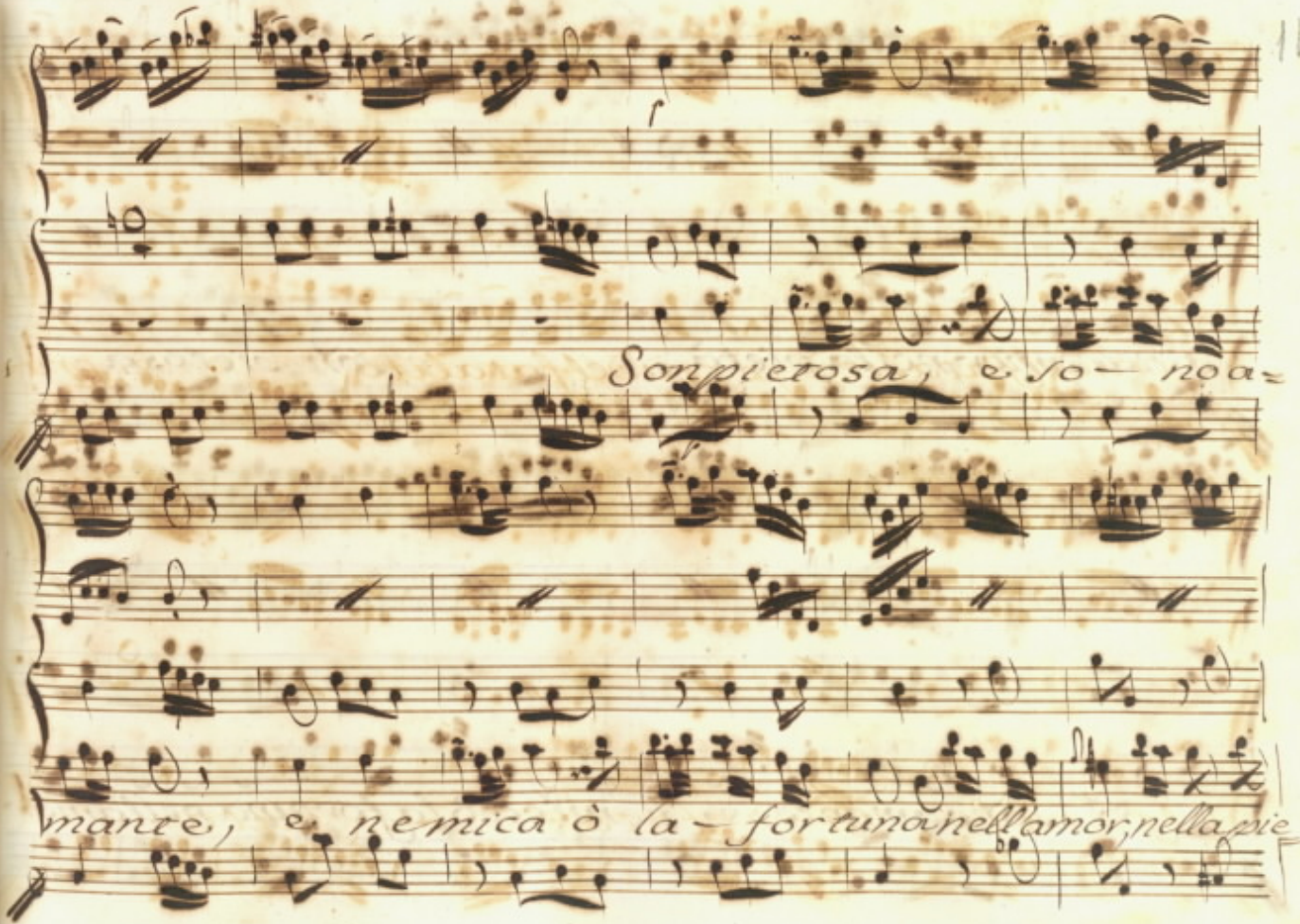
tà, son pietosa, e sono amate, e ne=

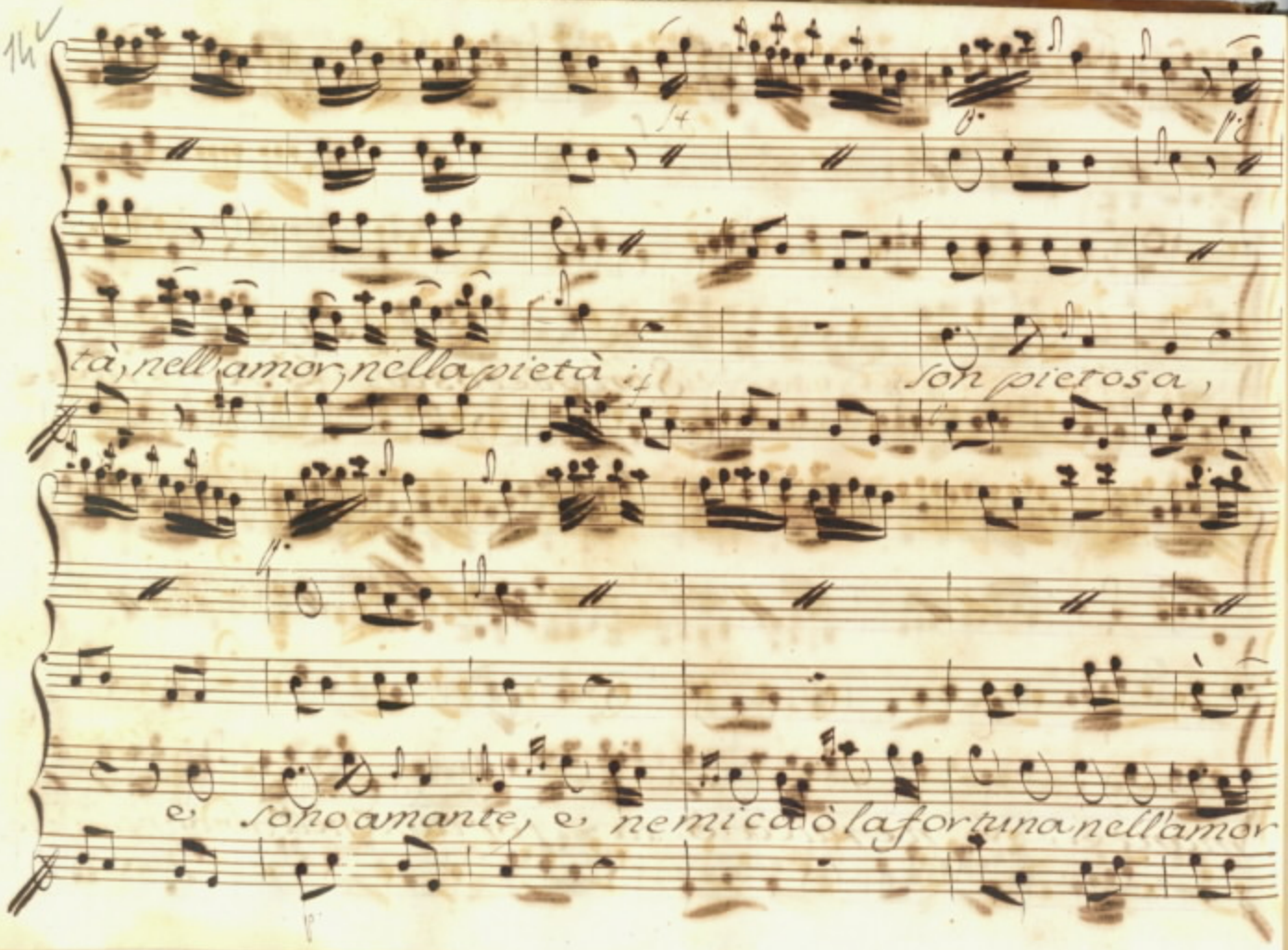
mica ò la fortuna nell'amor — nella pie — tà,

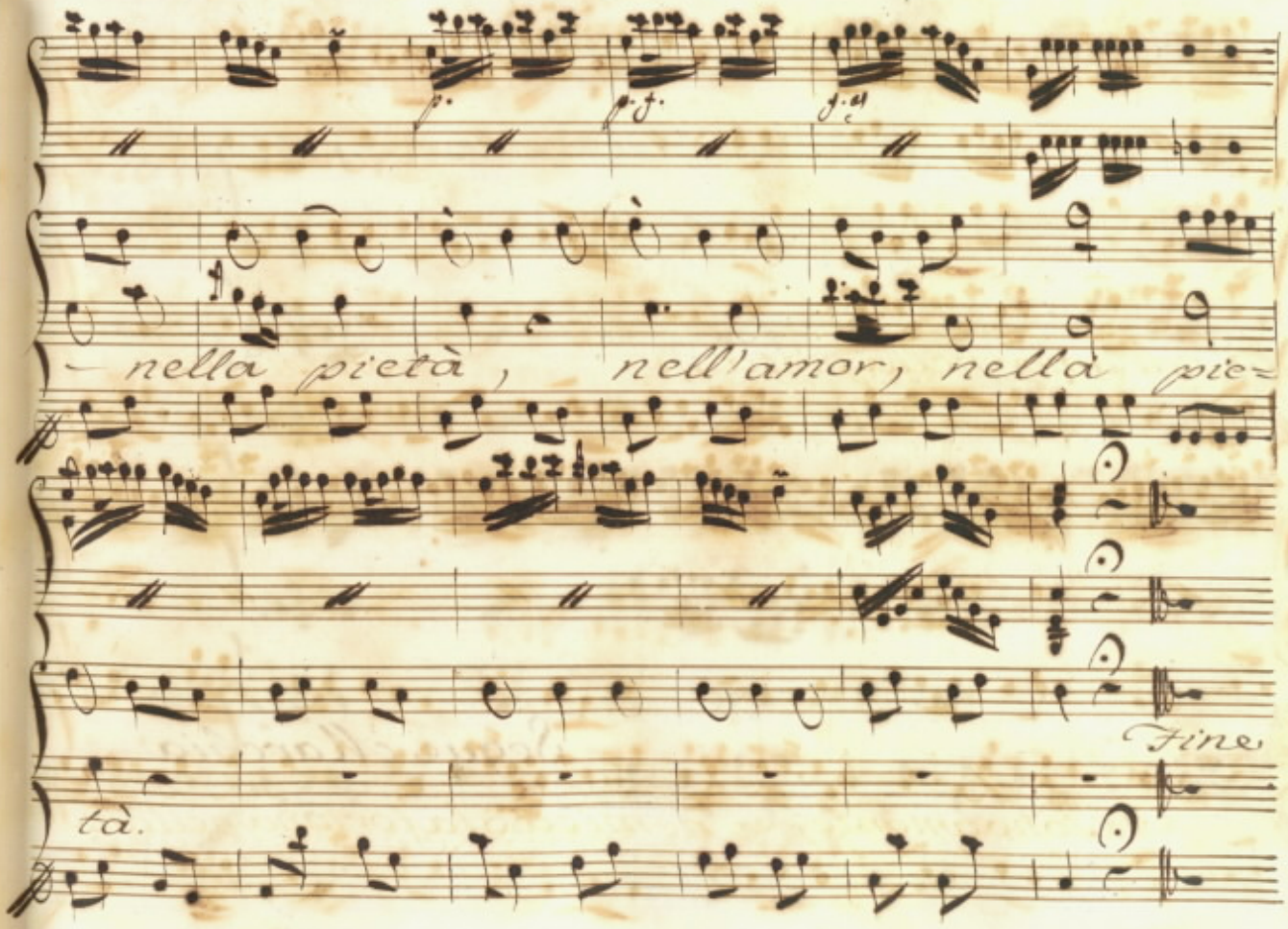


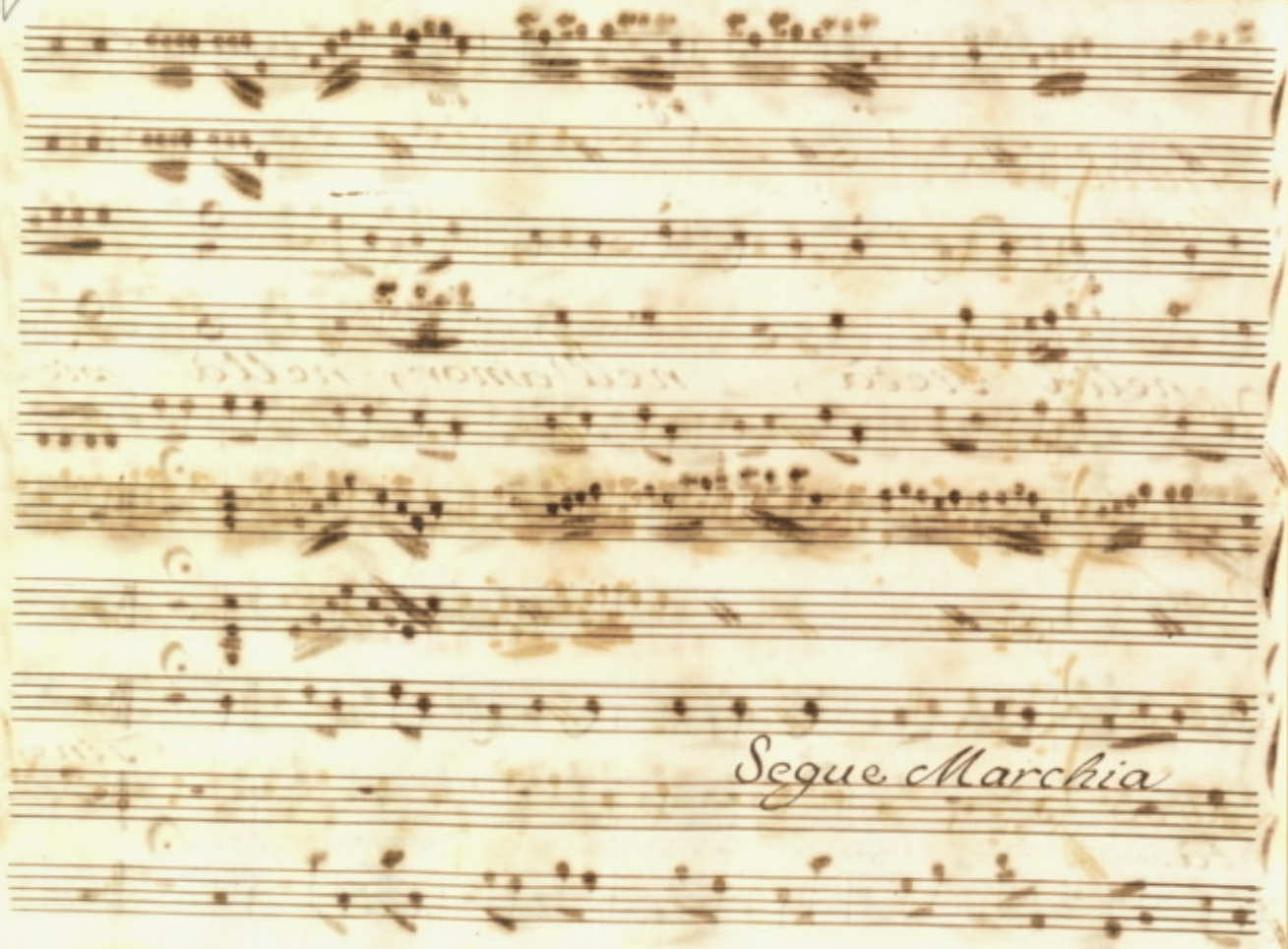

nell' amor — nella pietà
Mai felice un solo istante non provar fin dalla cuna,


è crudel fatalità, è crudel fatalità è cru=
del fatali= tà — fata— — lità.

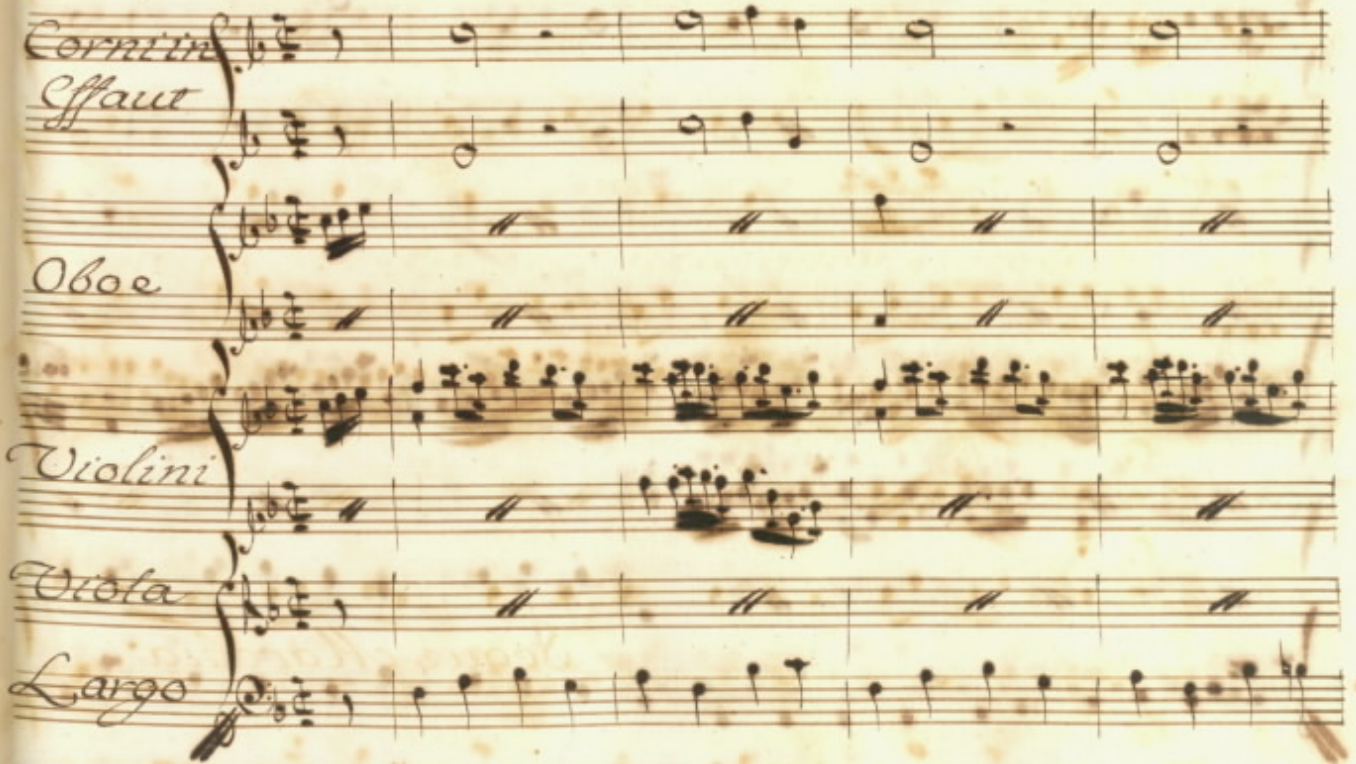

Sonpietosa, e so— no a=
mante, e nemica ò la— fortuna nell'amor, nella pie

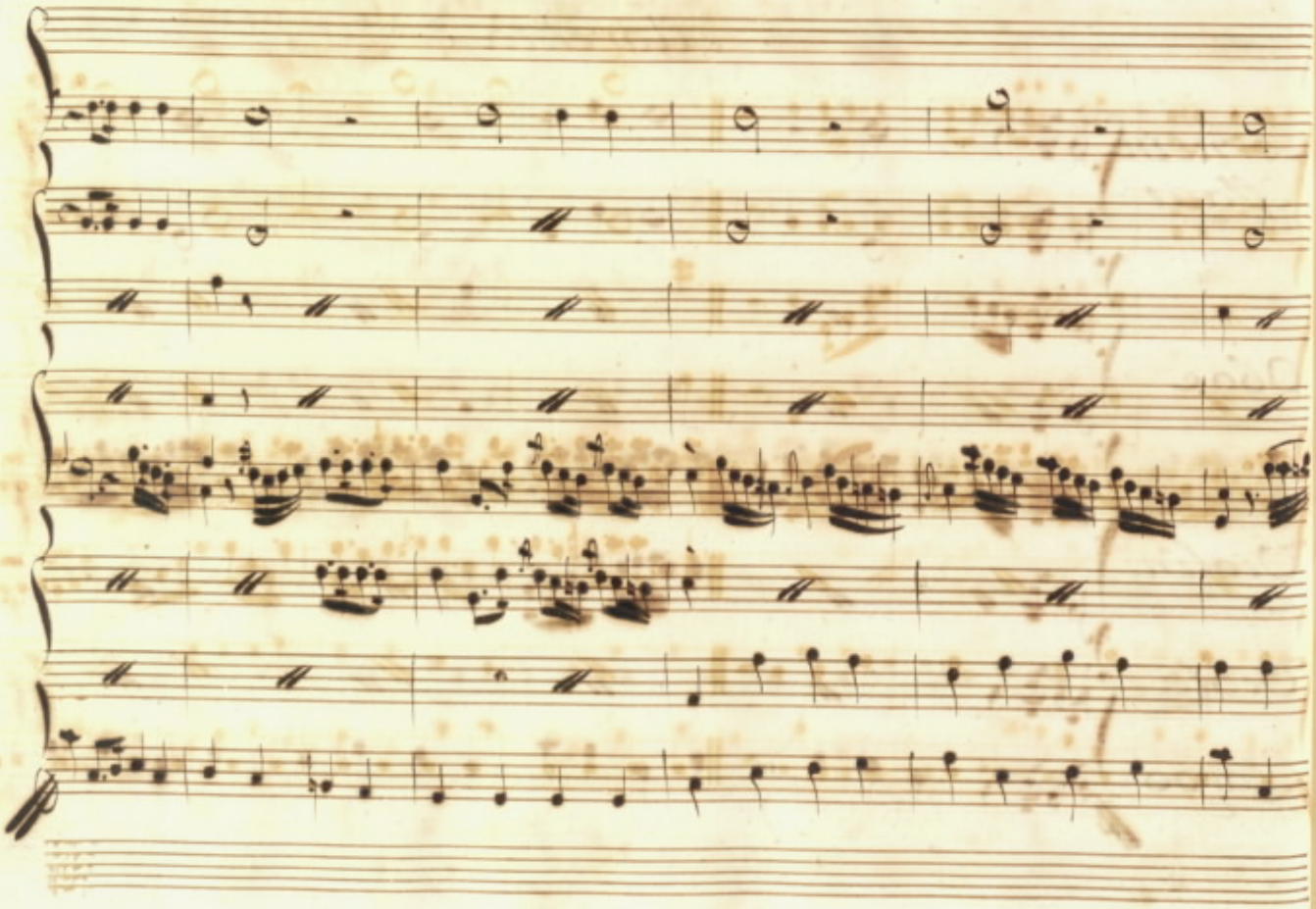

tà, nell'amor, nella pietà
son pietosa,
e sono amante, e nemica ò la fortuna nell'amor

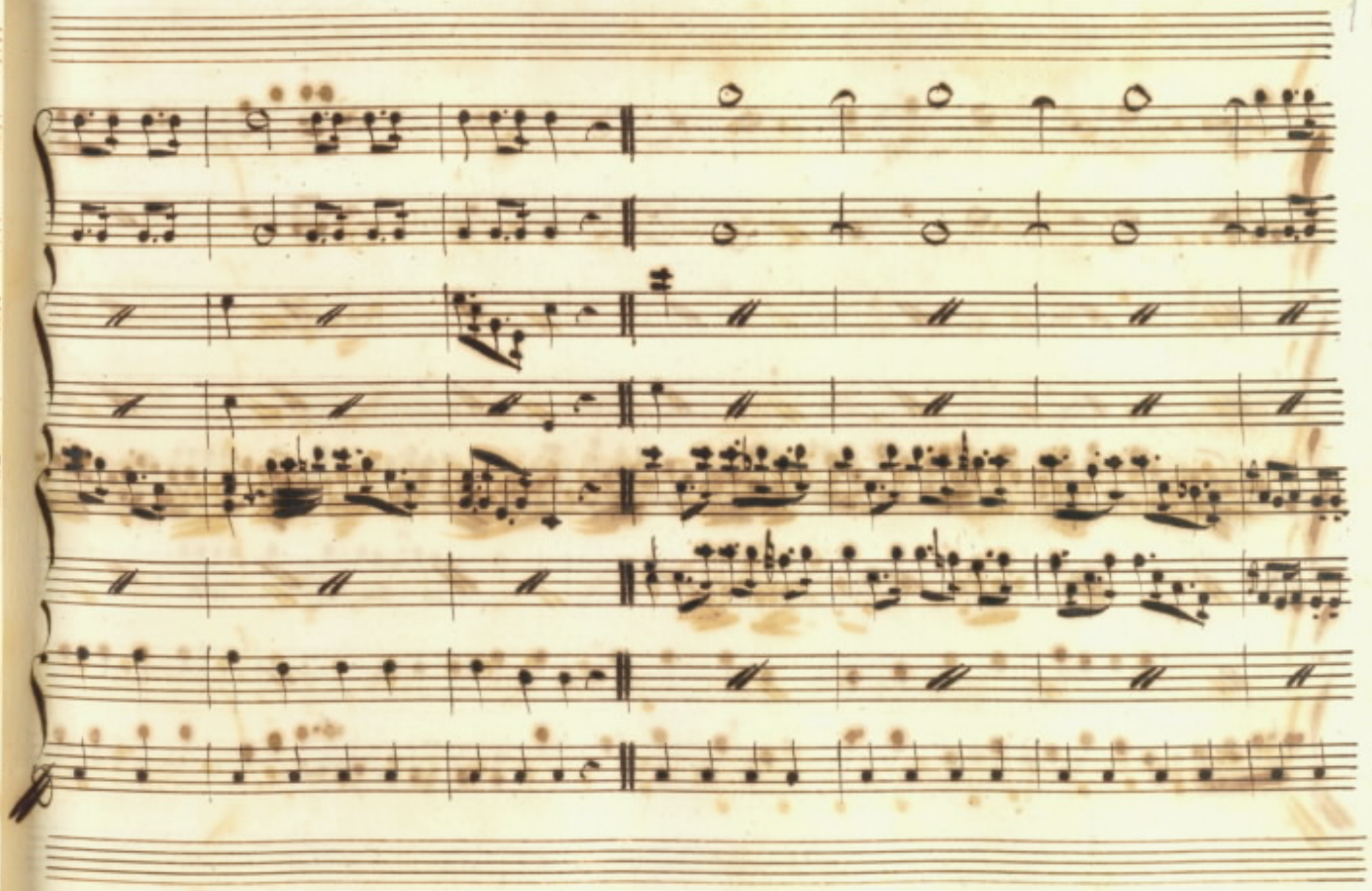

p.
p.f.
f.
nella pietà, nell'amor, nella pie=
tà.
Fine

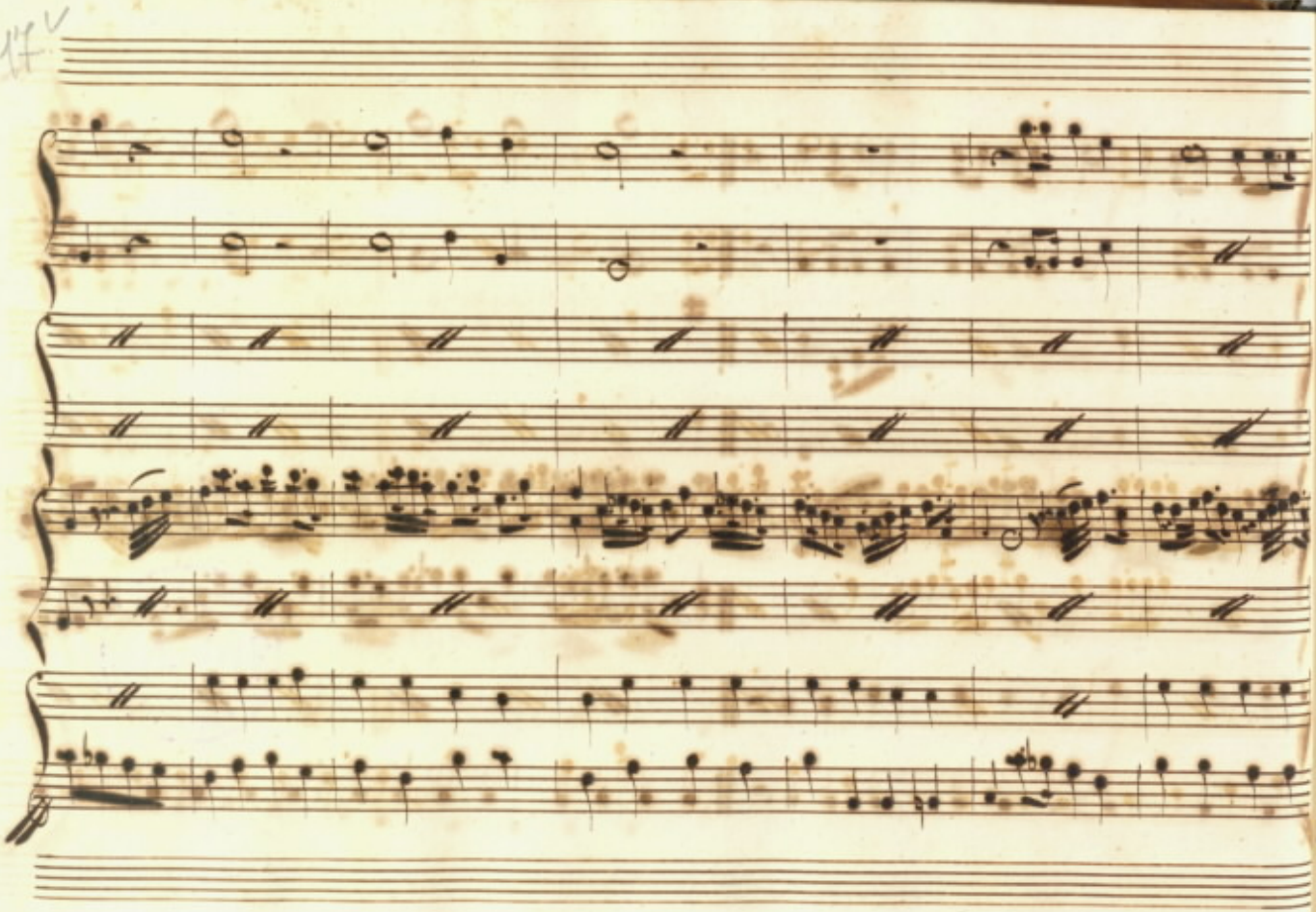

Segue Marchia

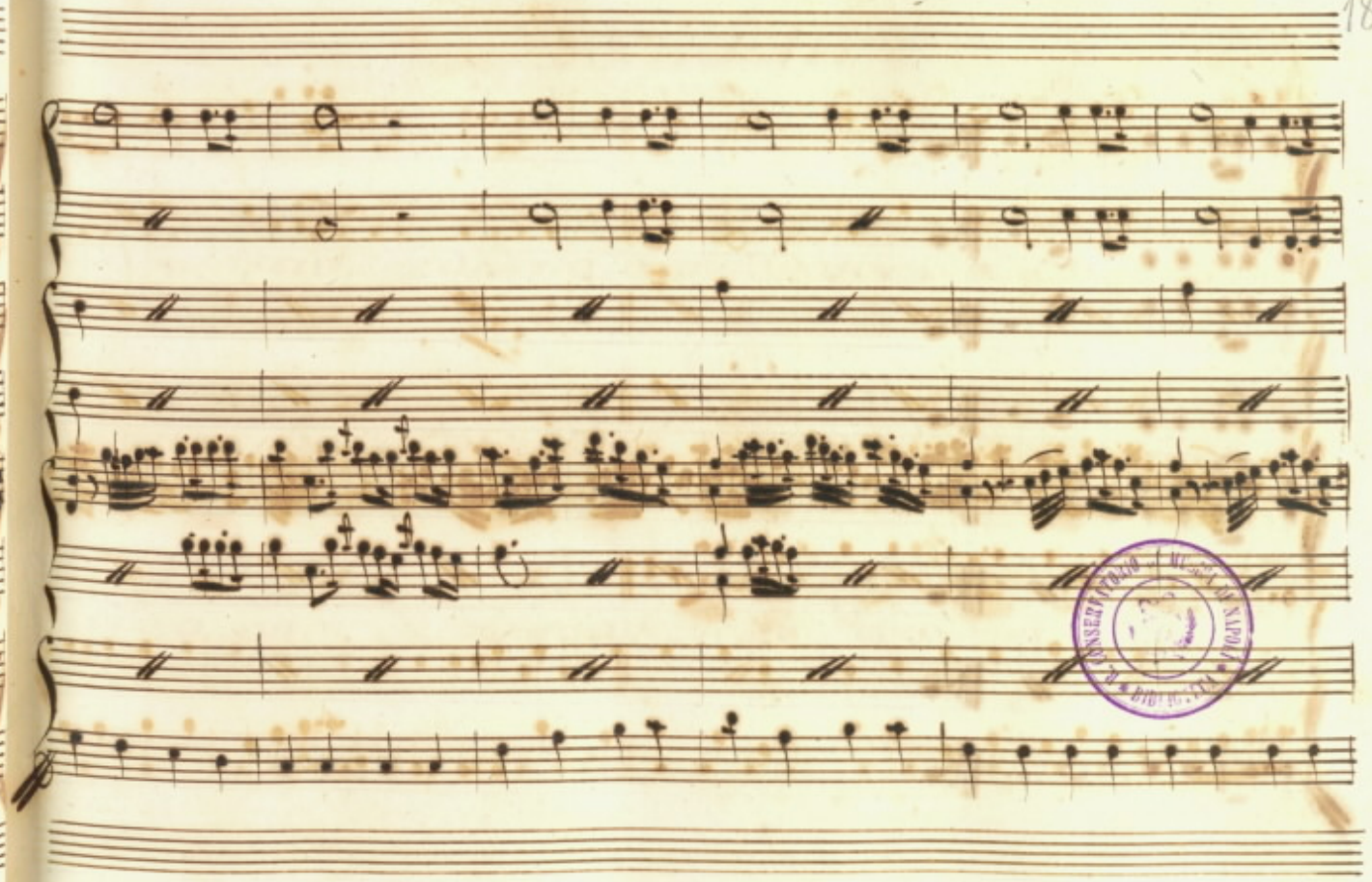
Marchia

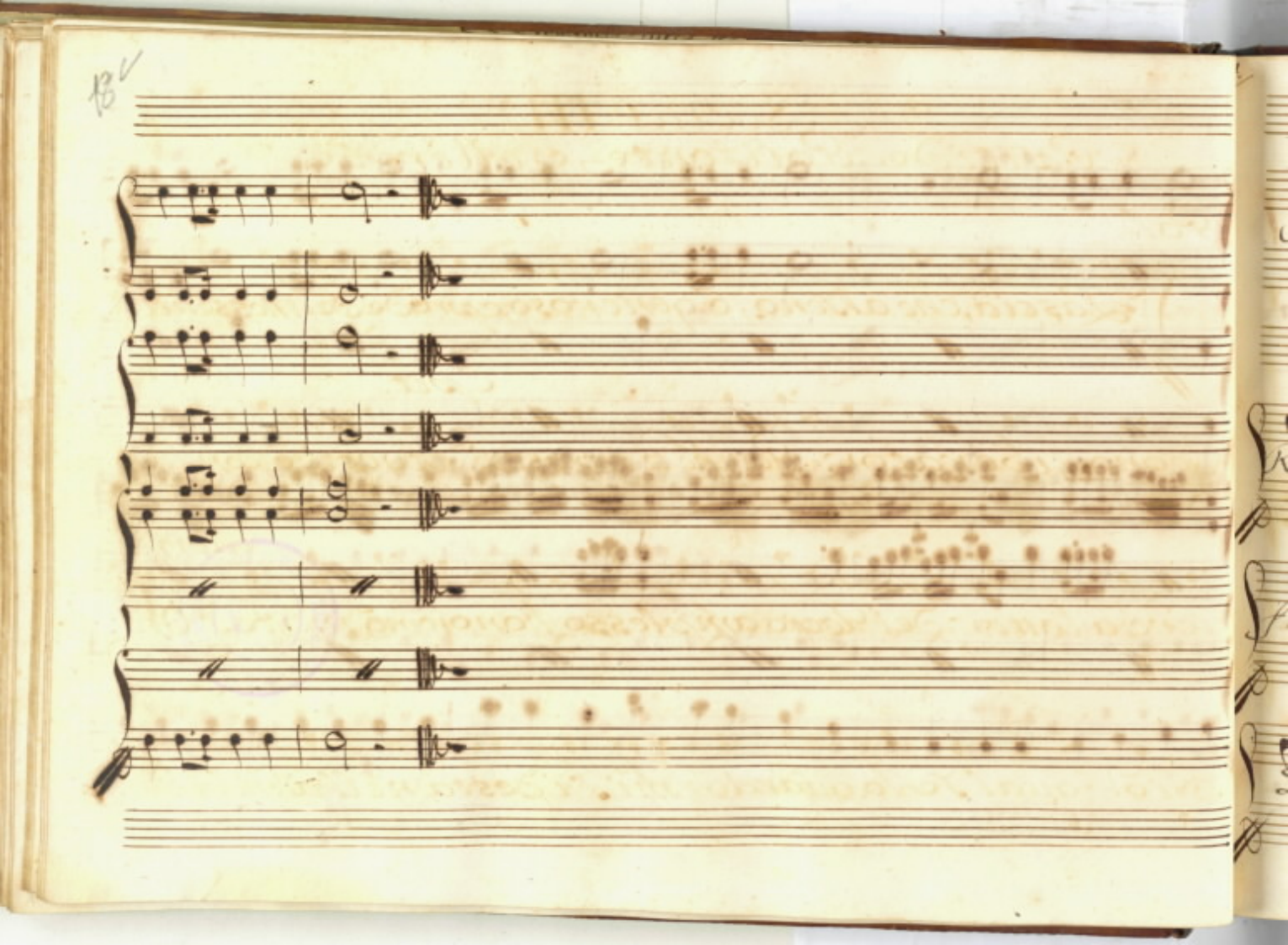






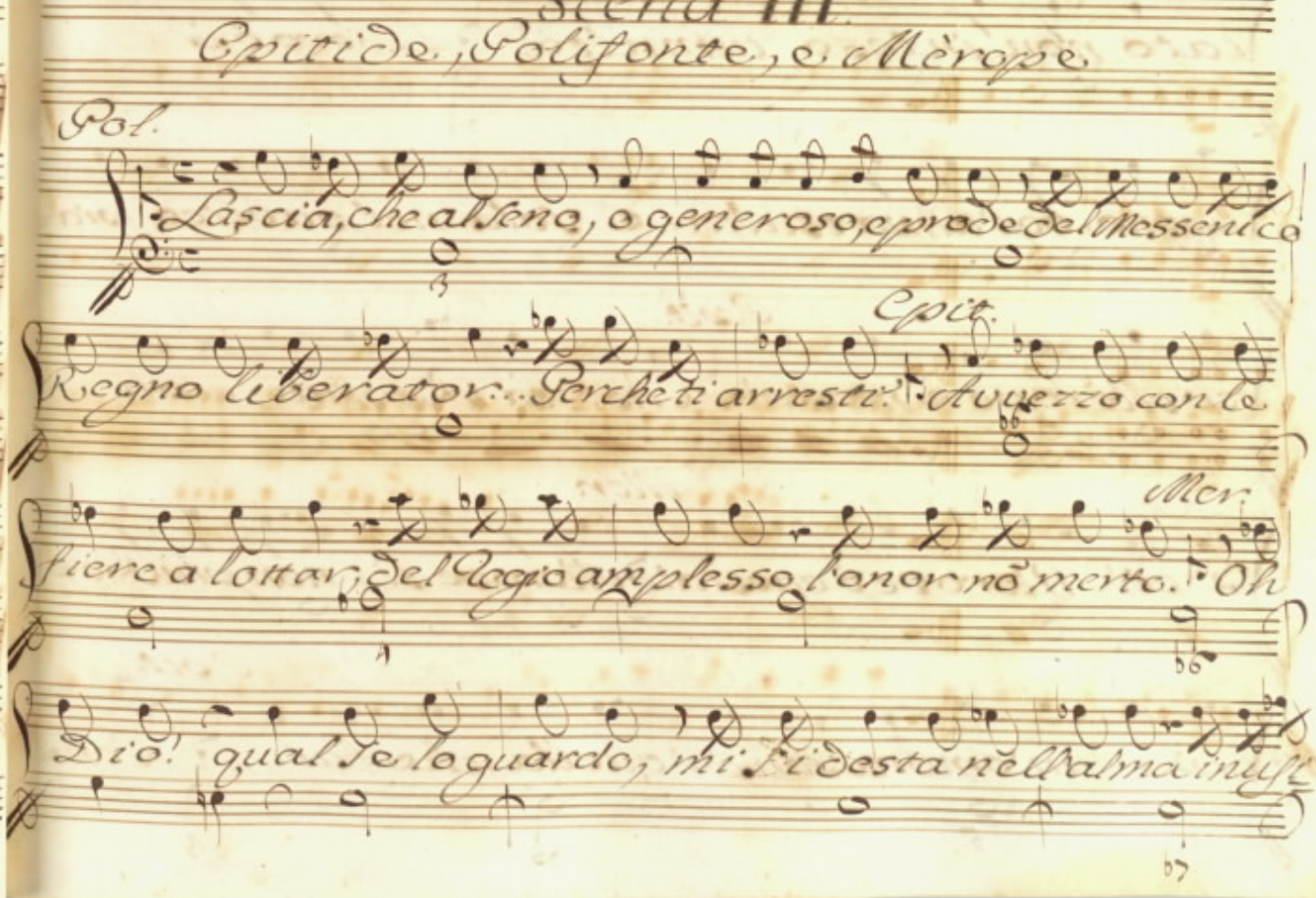




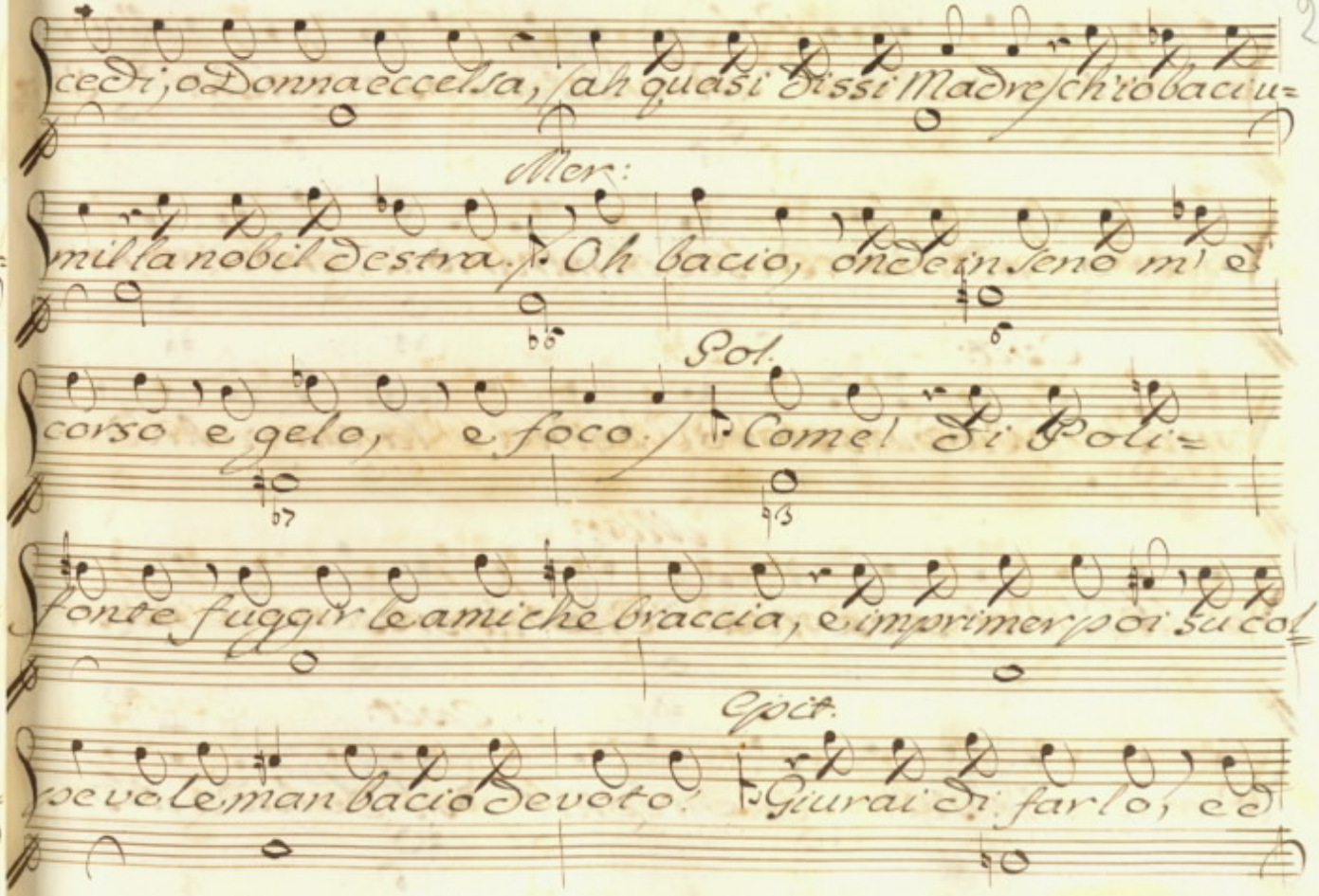


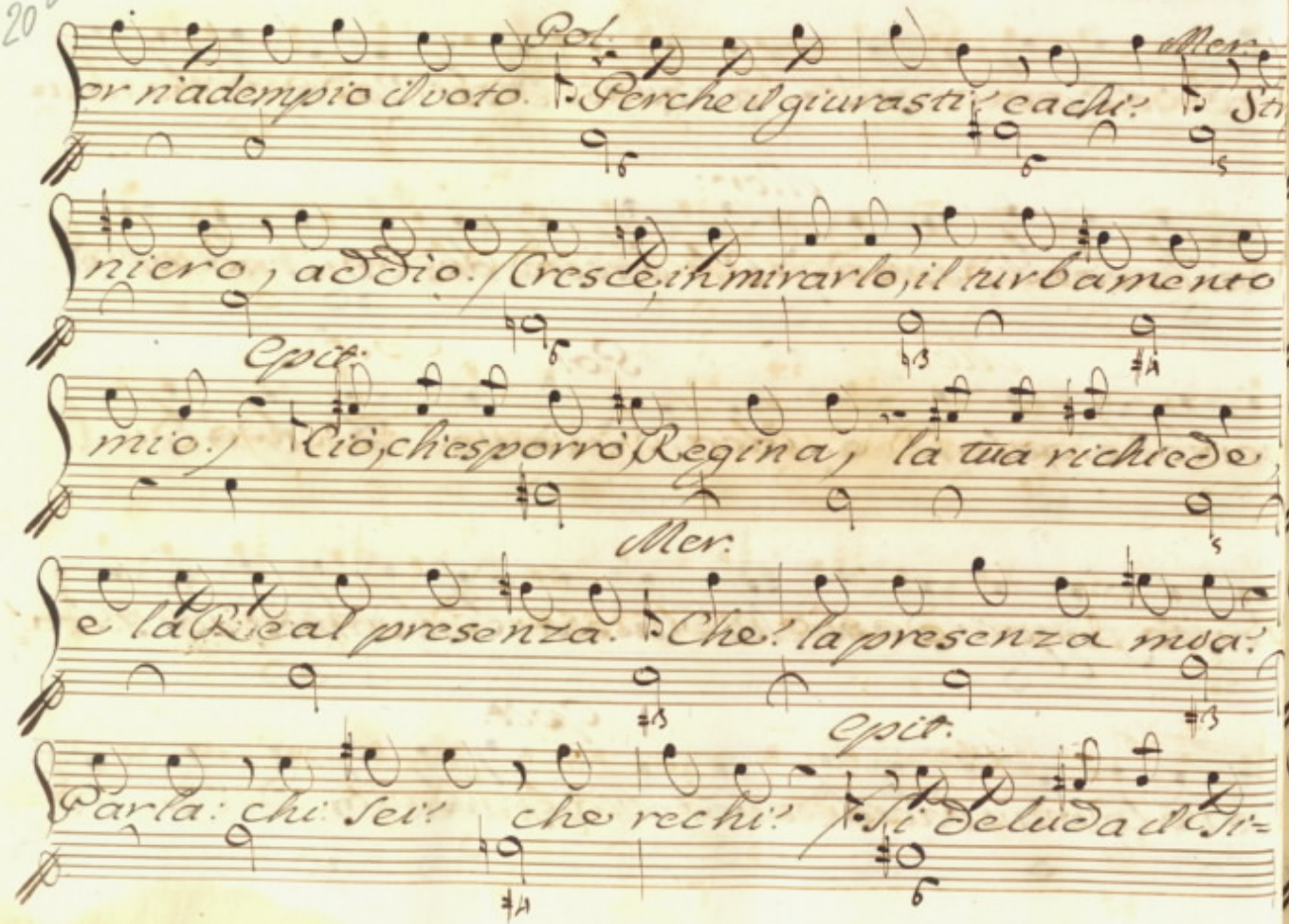
Scena III

Cpitide, Polifonte, e Mèrope.



Pol.
tato non inteso tumulto! Libero è il
Regno, ogn'alma esulta, e sola nel publico pia=
Cpol.
cer Merope è mesta! Che! la Regina, oh
Mer.
Dei! Merope è questa! Merope sì, non più Re=
Cpol.
gina: un'ombra son di quella, che fui. Con=


cedi; o Donna eccelsa, ah quasi dissi Madre; ch'io baciu=
Mer:
milla nobil destra. Oh bacio, onde in seno mi
Pol.
corso e gelo, e foco. Come! Di Poli=
fonte fuggir le amiche braccia, e imprimer poi su col
Epit.
pe vole man bacio devoto! Giurai di farlo, e


Pol.
Mer.
Epit.
Mer.
Epit.

ranno. Etolo io son: hè Calidonj Boschi

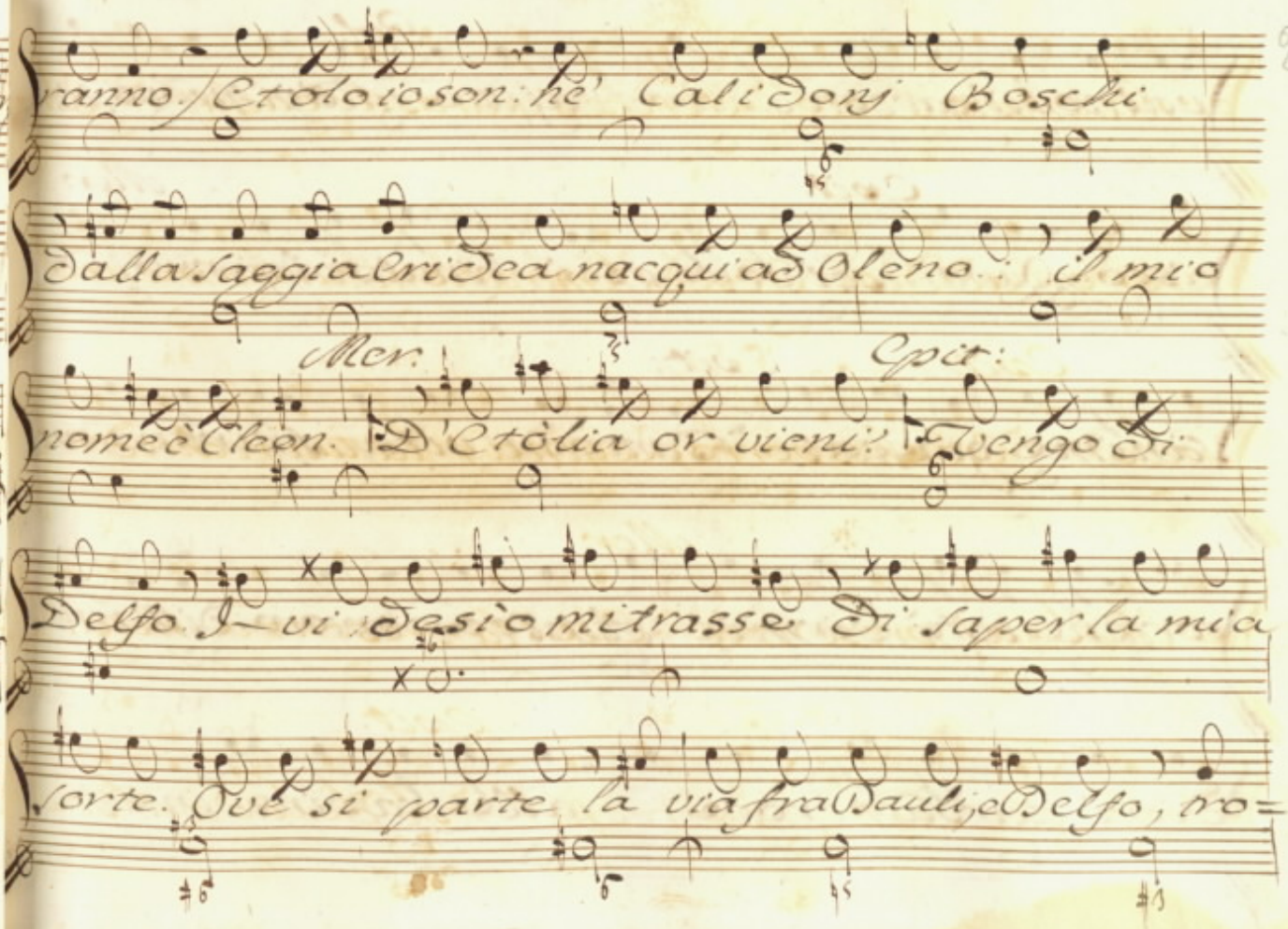
dalla saggia Eridea nacqui ad Oleno: il mio

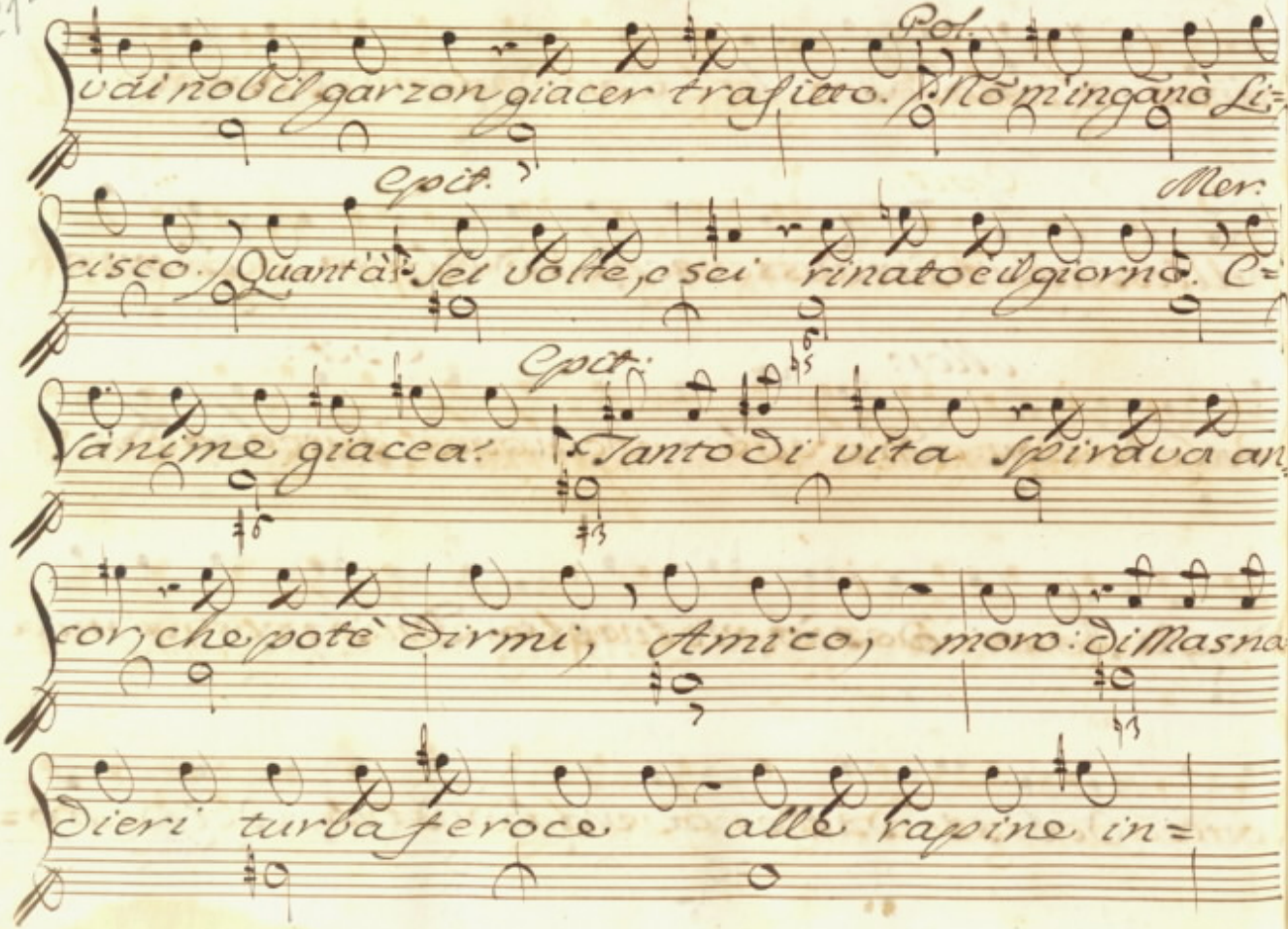
Mer. Epit:

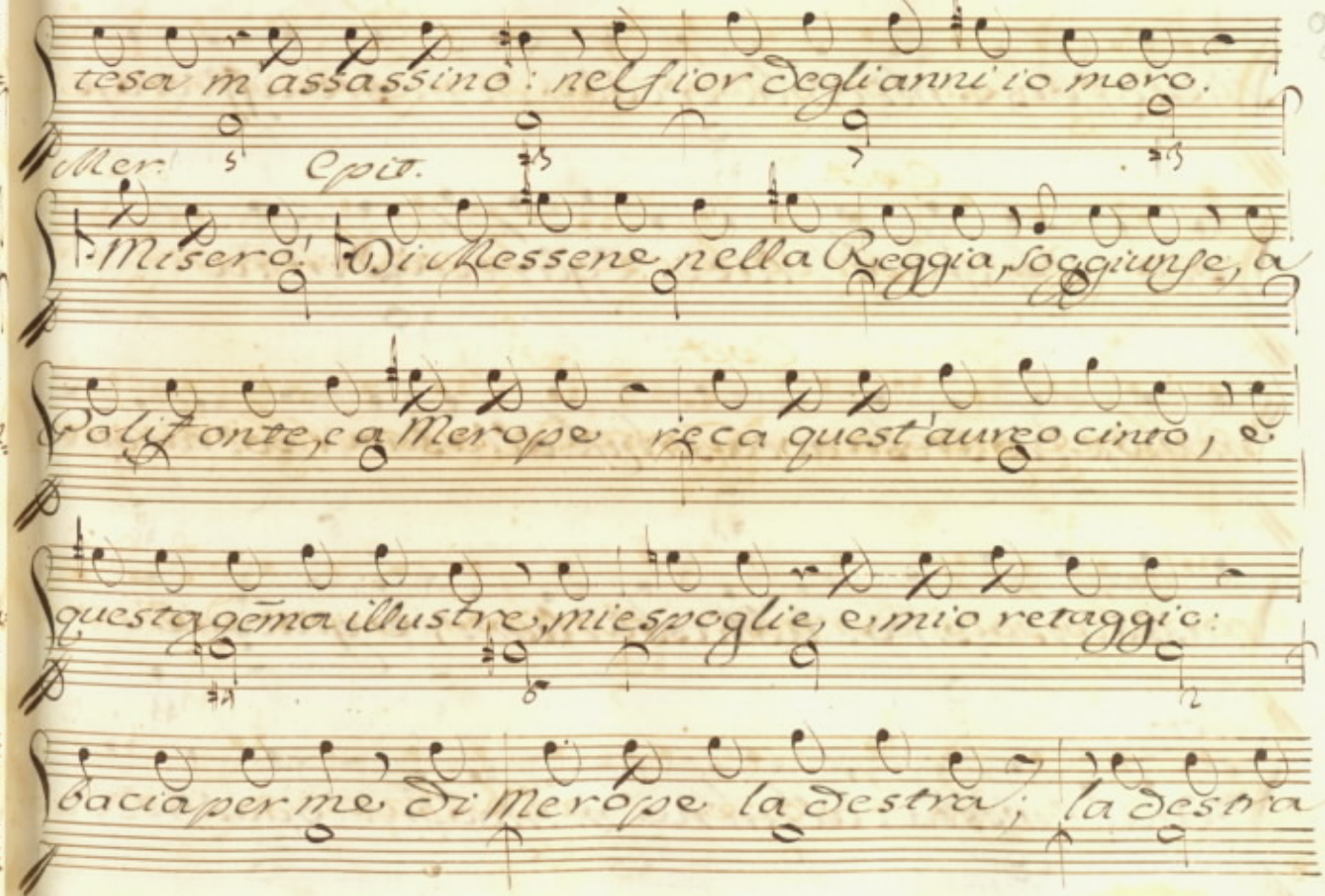
nome è Cleon. D'Etòlia or vieni? Vengo di

Delfo. I-vi desio mi trasse di saper la mia

sorte. Ove si parte la via fra Dauli, e Delfo, tro=




Pol.
vdi nobil garzon giacer trafitto. Nõ m'ingannò Li=
Epit.
Mer.
cisco. Quant'ài sei volte, e sei rinato e'l giorno. C=
Epit.
vanime giacea: Tanto di vita spirava an
cor, che potè dirmi, Amico, moro: di Masna
dieri turba feroce alle rapine in=


tesa m'assassinò: nel fior degli anni io moro.
Mer. Epit.
Misero! Di Messene nella Reggia, soggiunse, a
Polifonte, e a Merope reca quest'aureo cinto, e
questa gemma illustre, mie spoglie, e mio retaggio:
bacia per me di Merope la destra; la destra

si, che forse mi chiuderebbe in mesto ufficio, e

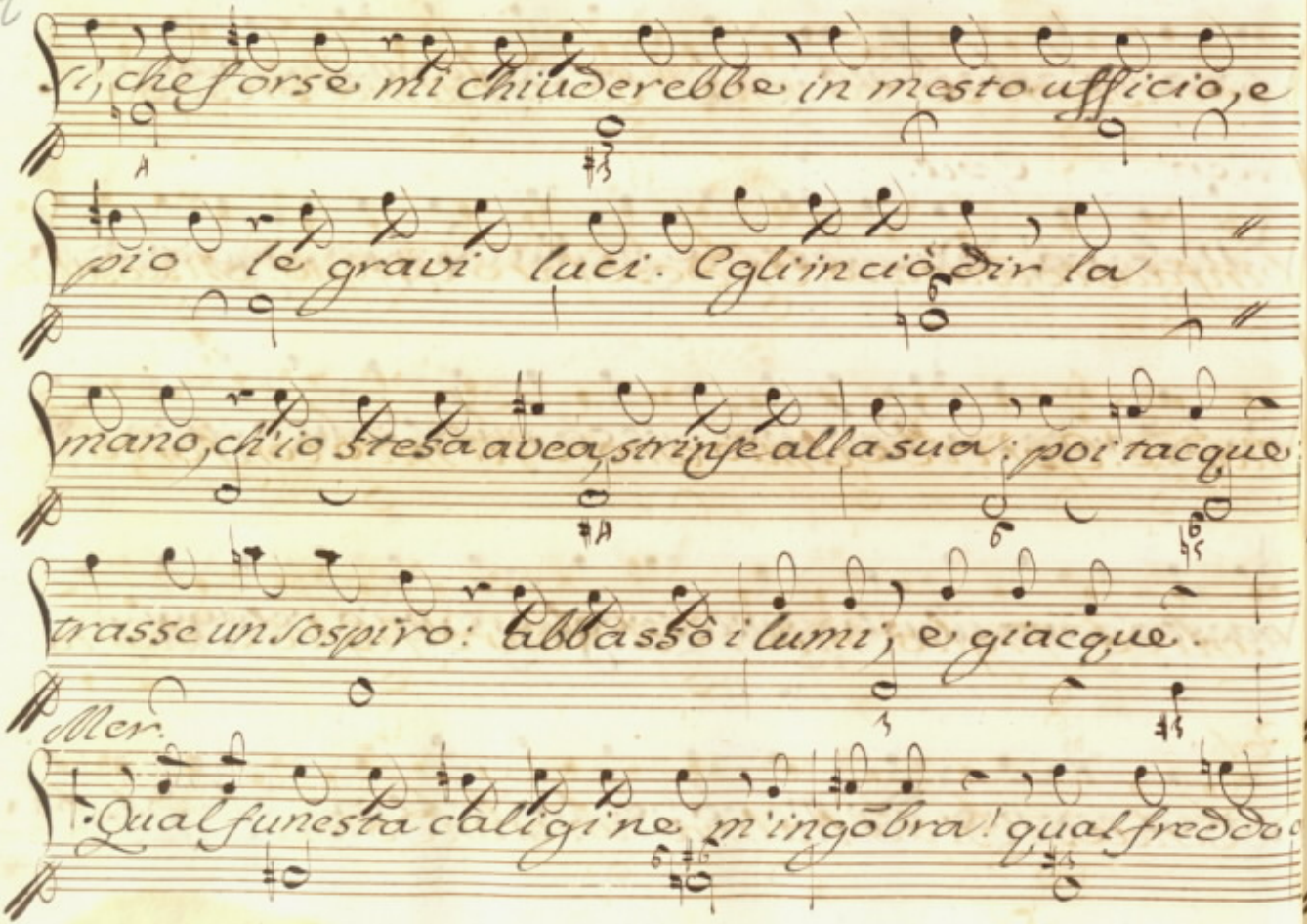
pio le gravi luci. Egli inciò dir la

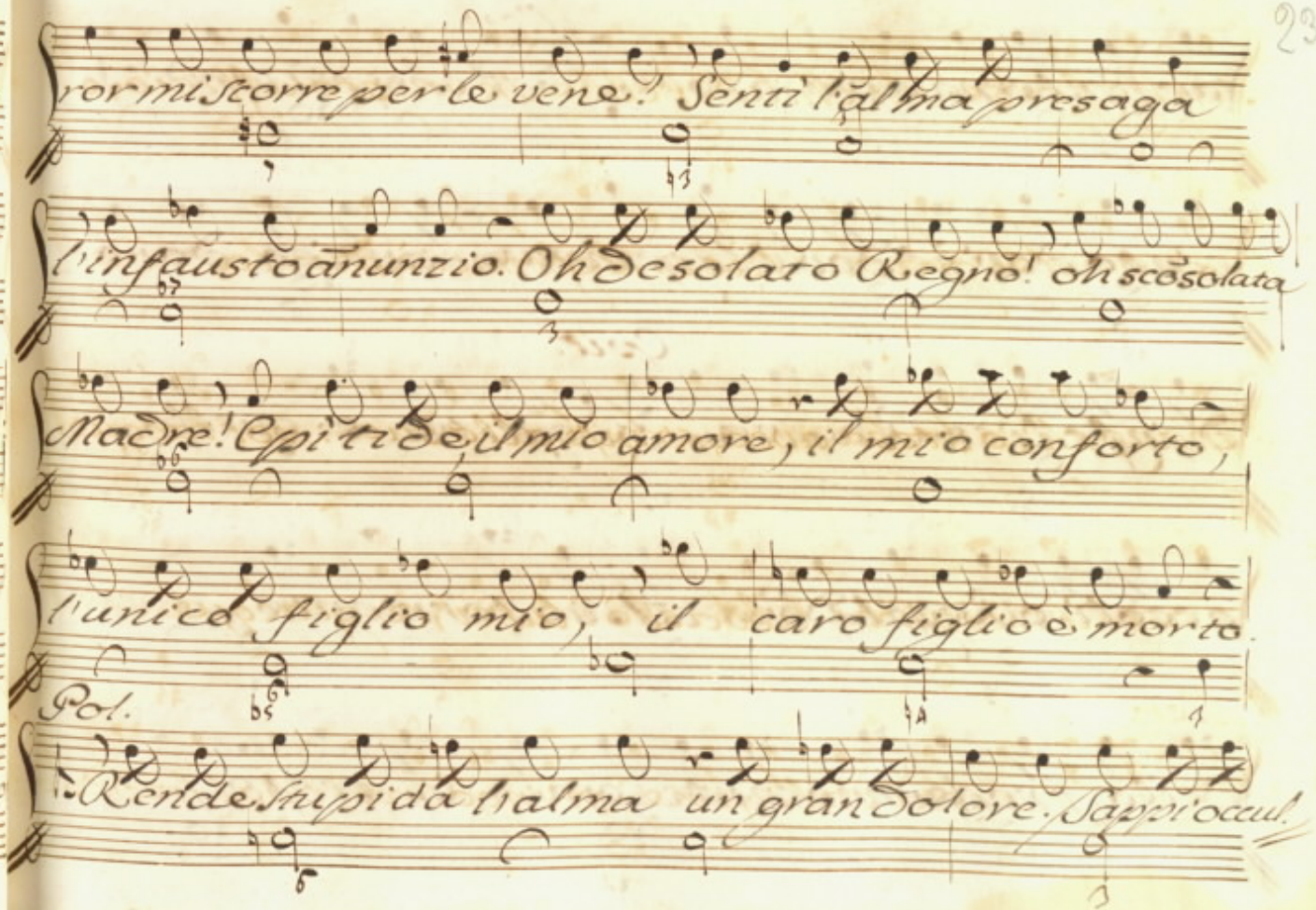
mano, ch'io stesa avea, strinse alla sua: poi tacque:

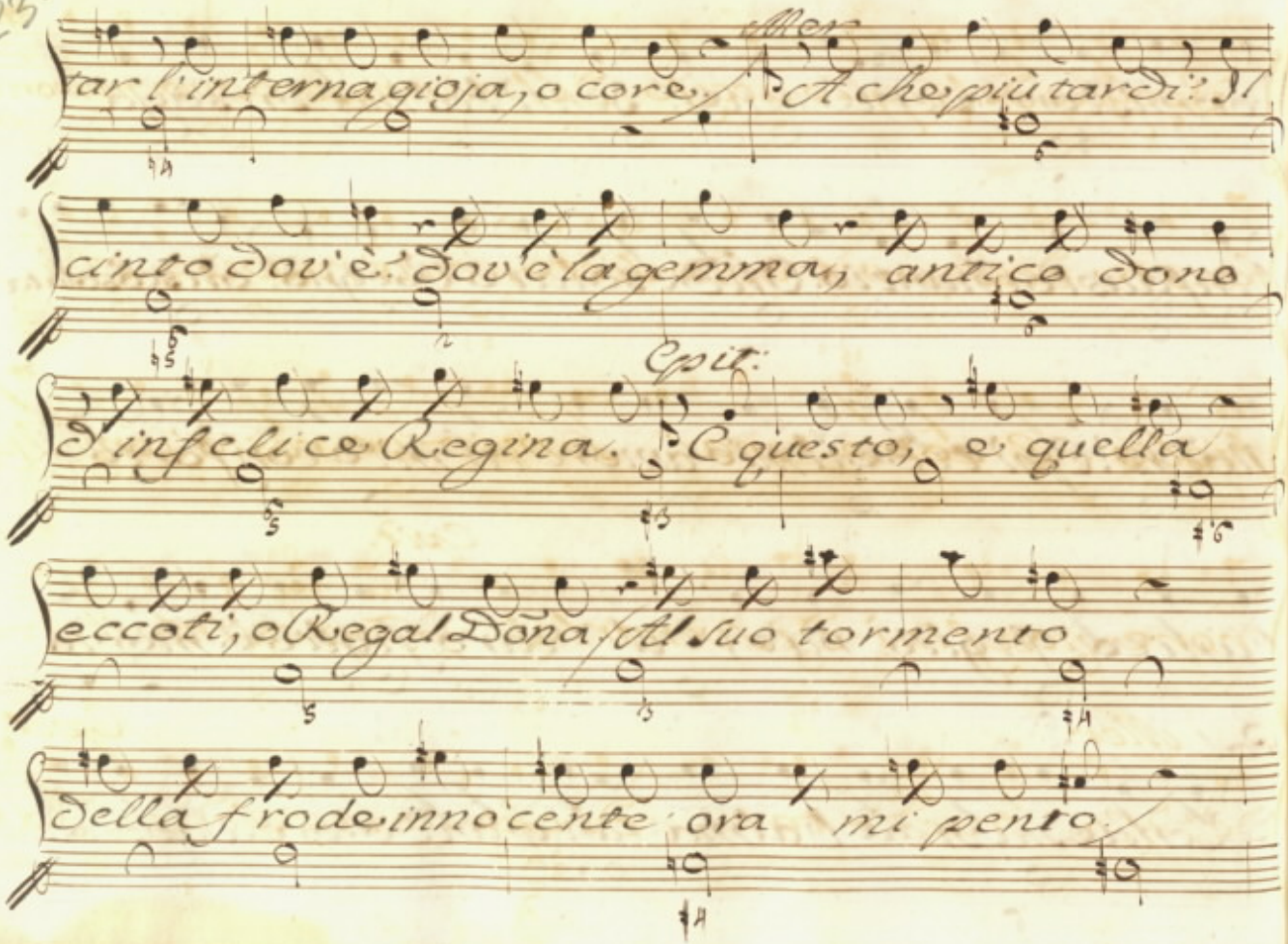
trasse un sospiro: abbassò i lumi, e giacque.

Mer.

Qual funesta caligine m'ingõbra! qual freddo




rormi scorre per le vene! Senti l'alma presaga
l'infausto annunzio. Oh Desolato Regno! oh scosolata
Madre! Cpi tu de il mio amore, il mio conforto,
l'unico figlio mio, il caro figlio è morto.
Pol.
Rende stupida l'alma un gran dolore. Sappi occul.


tar l'interna gioja, o core! A che più tardi? Il
cinto dov'è? Dov'è la gemma, antico dono
Epit.
D'infelice Regina. E questo, e quella
eccoti, o Regal Dona! Il suo tormento
della frode innocente ora mi pento!

Mer.

Spoglie del figlio ucciso, del mio misero amor memorie in

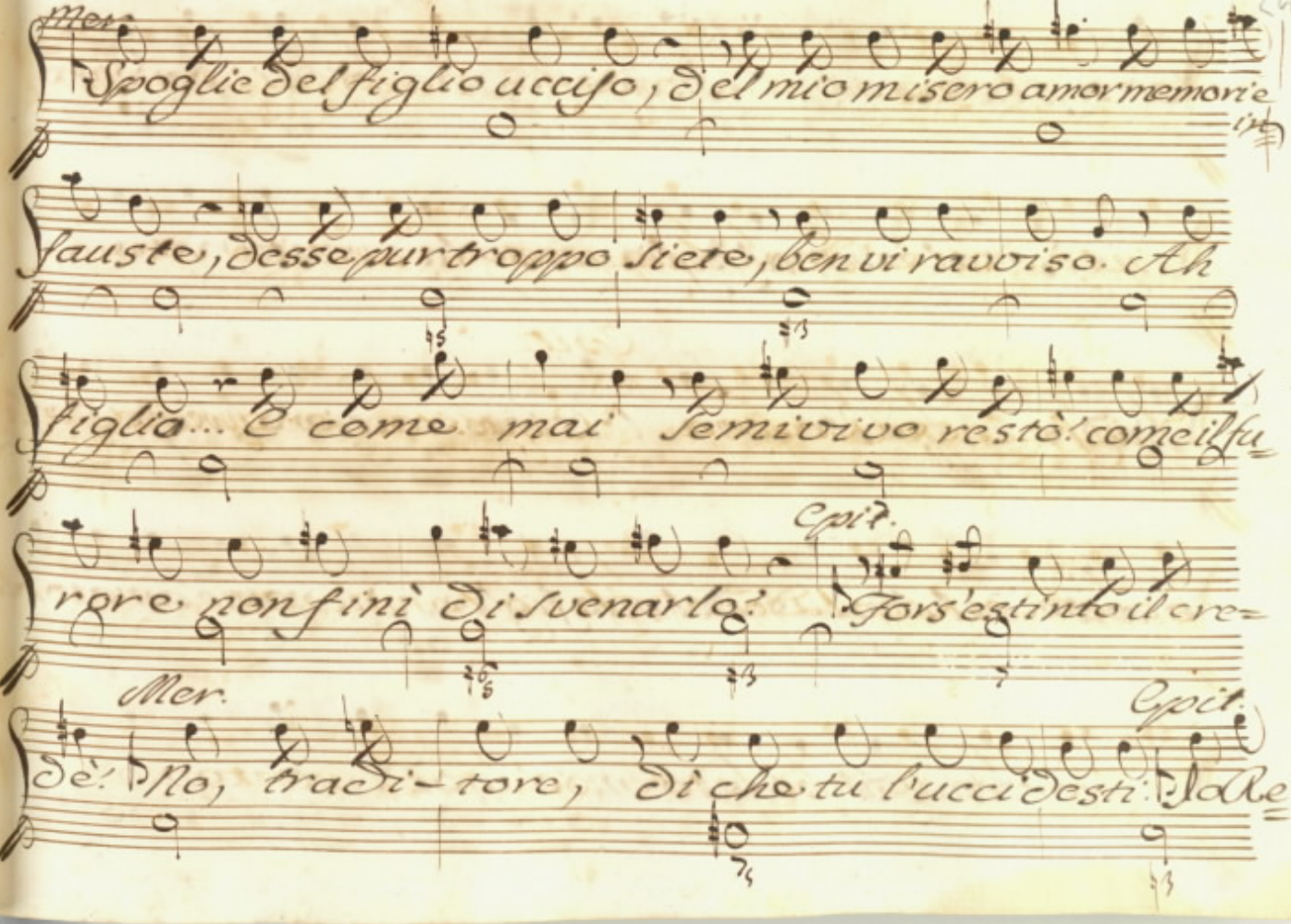
fauste, desse pur troppo siete, ben vi ravviso. Ah

figlio... E come mai semivivo restò! come il fu=

rore non finì di svenarlo? Epit. Fors'estinto il cre=

Mer. Epit.

dè! No, tradi-tore, di che tu l'uccidesti! Io Re=



Mer.

gina, l'uccisi: Indegno, ah vieni, barbaro,

unisci almeno al figlio ucciso la sventurata

Madre: in questo seno l'istesso acciaro imergi a corf

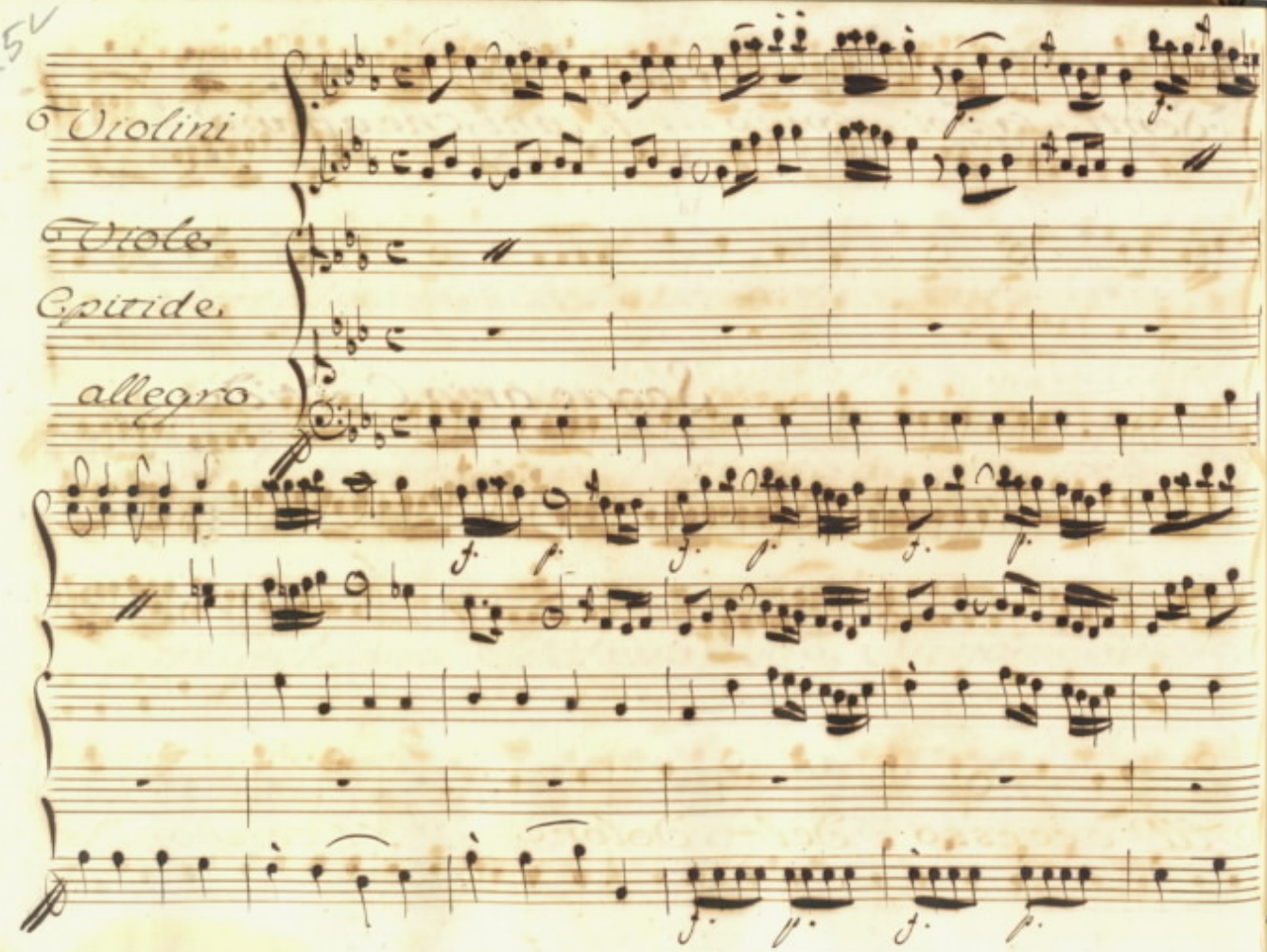
mante del sangue del mio figlio. Oh nome amato, o

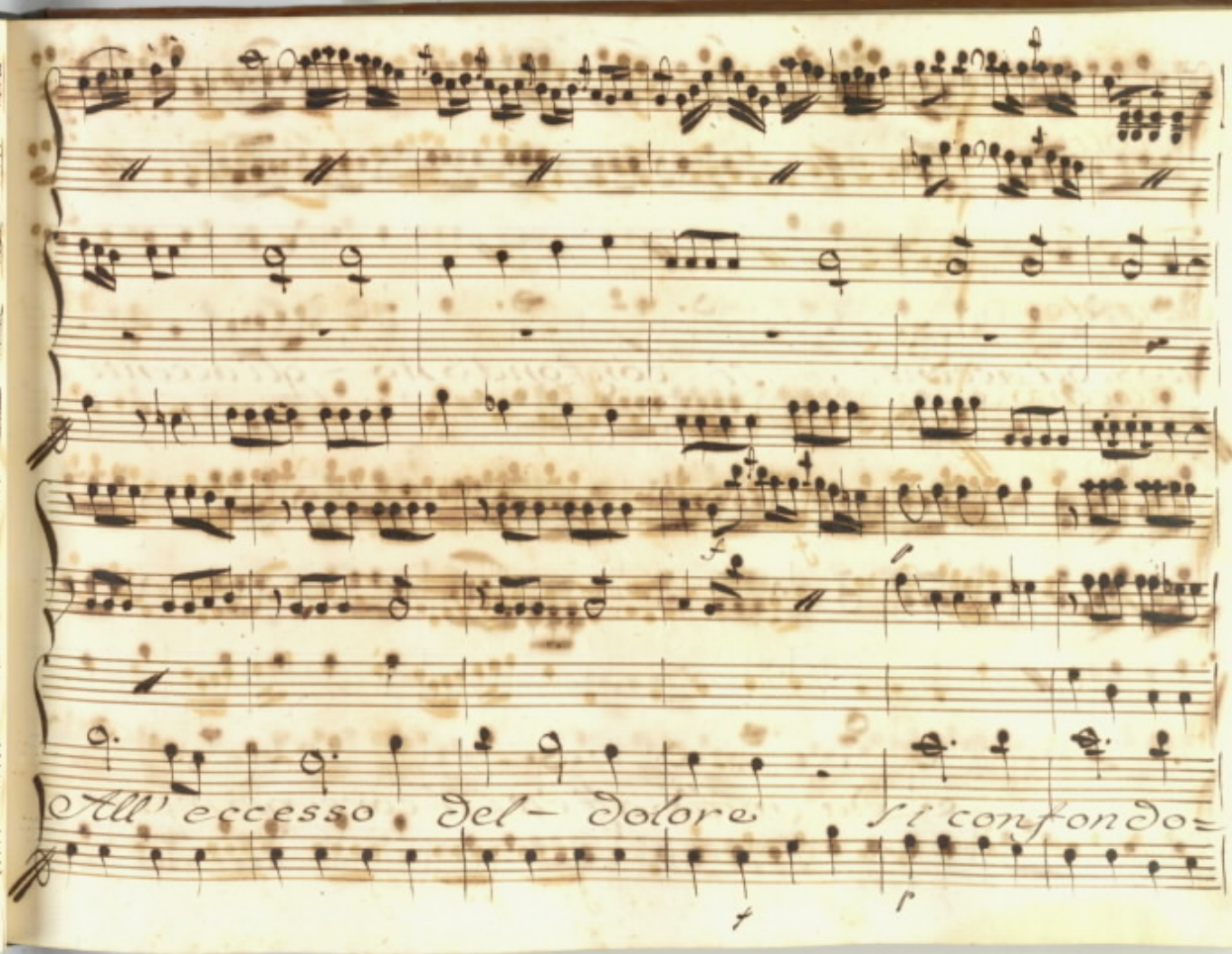
morte! Al pianto mio, godi, tiranno.

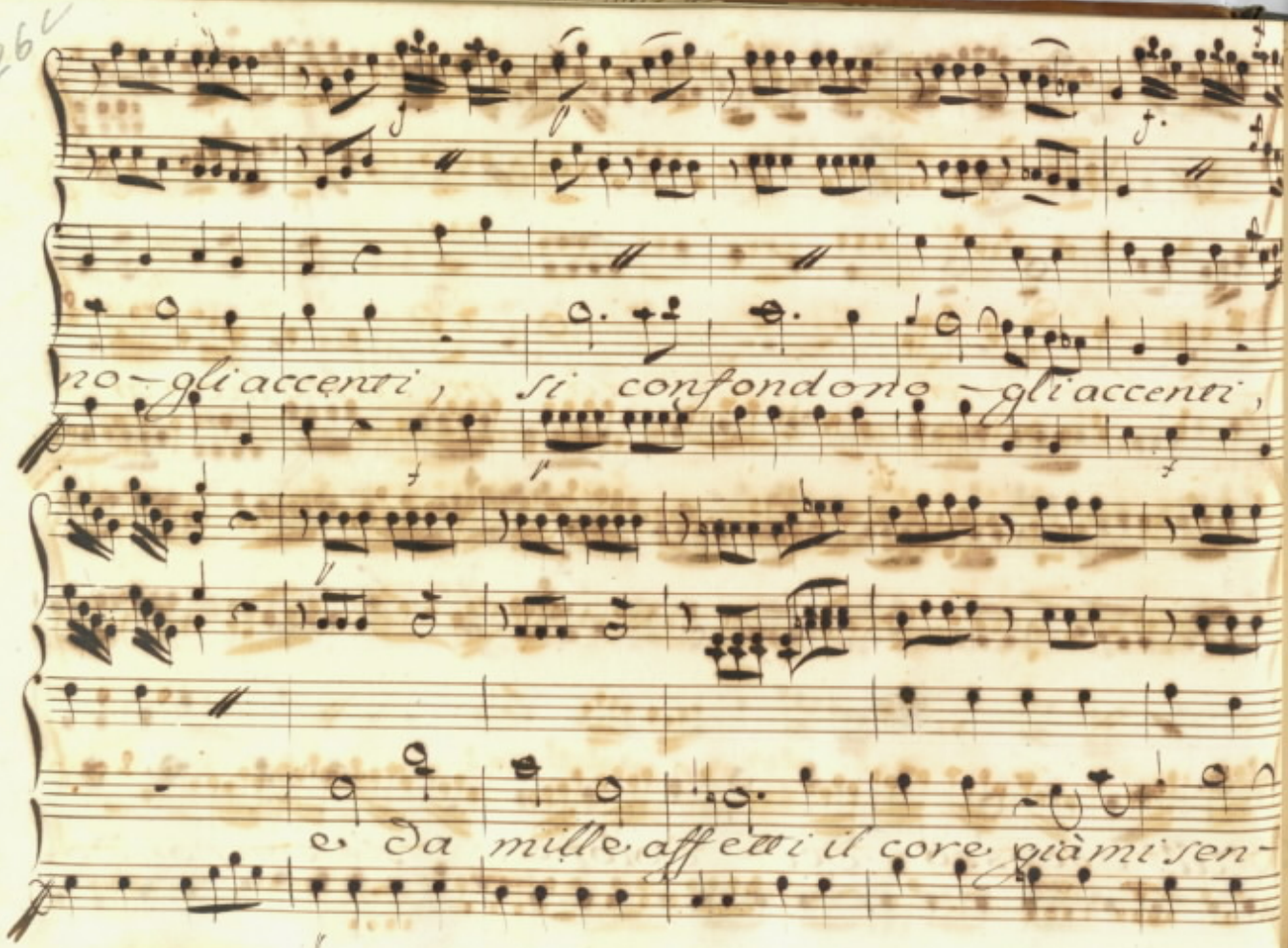
Epit.

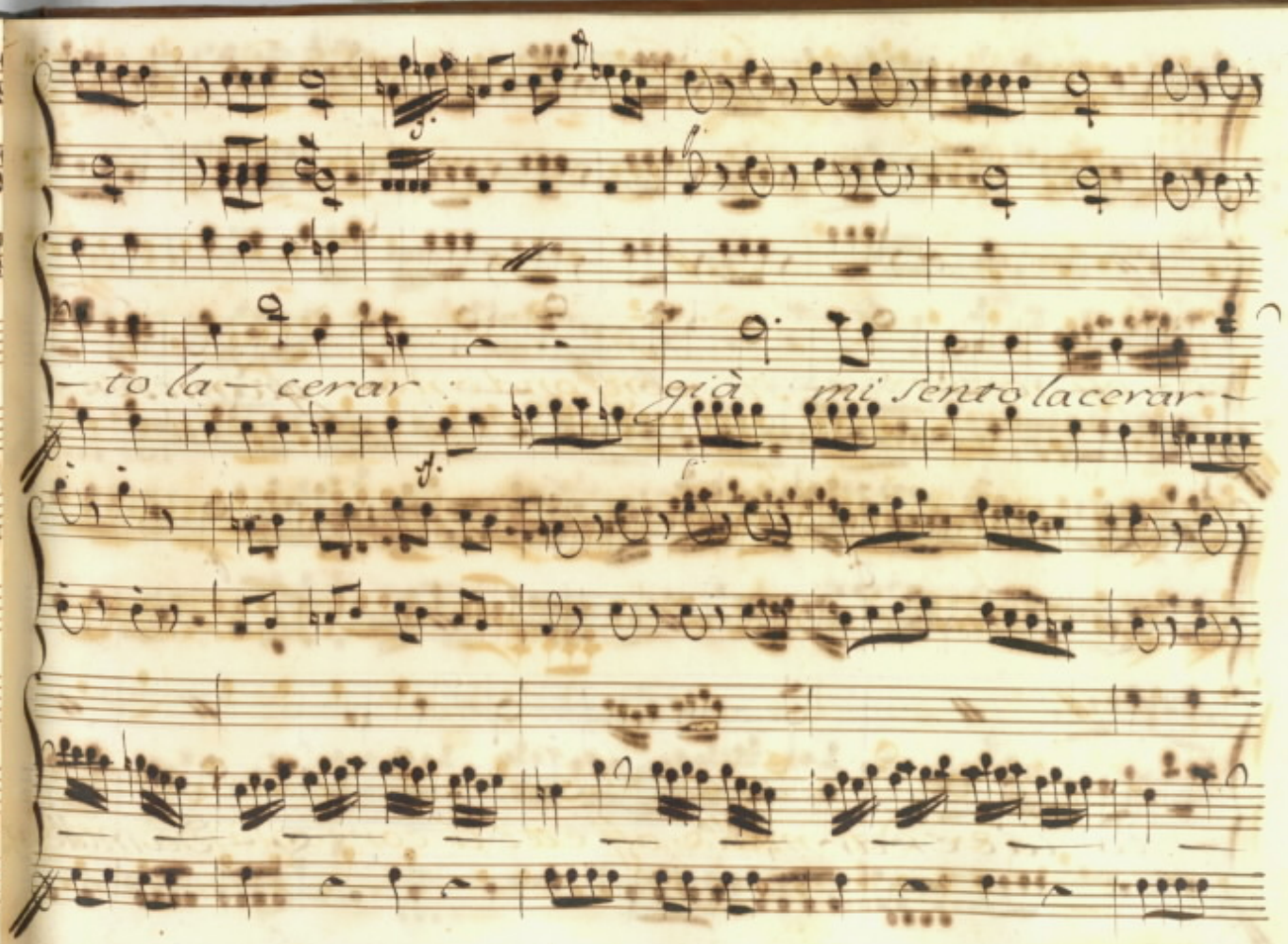
Senti... sappi... son io... Numi, che affano!

Segue aria Epitide.


6 Violini
Viole
Epitride.
allegro


All' eccesso del- dolore si confondo=


no - gli accenti, si confondono - gli accenti,
e Da mille affetti il core già mi sen -


to la – cerar
già mi sento lacerar –

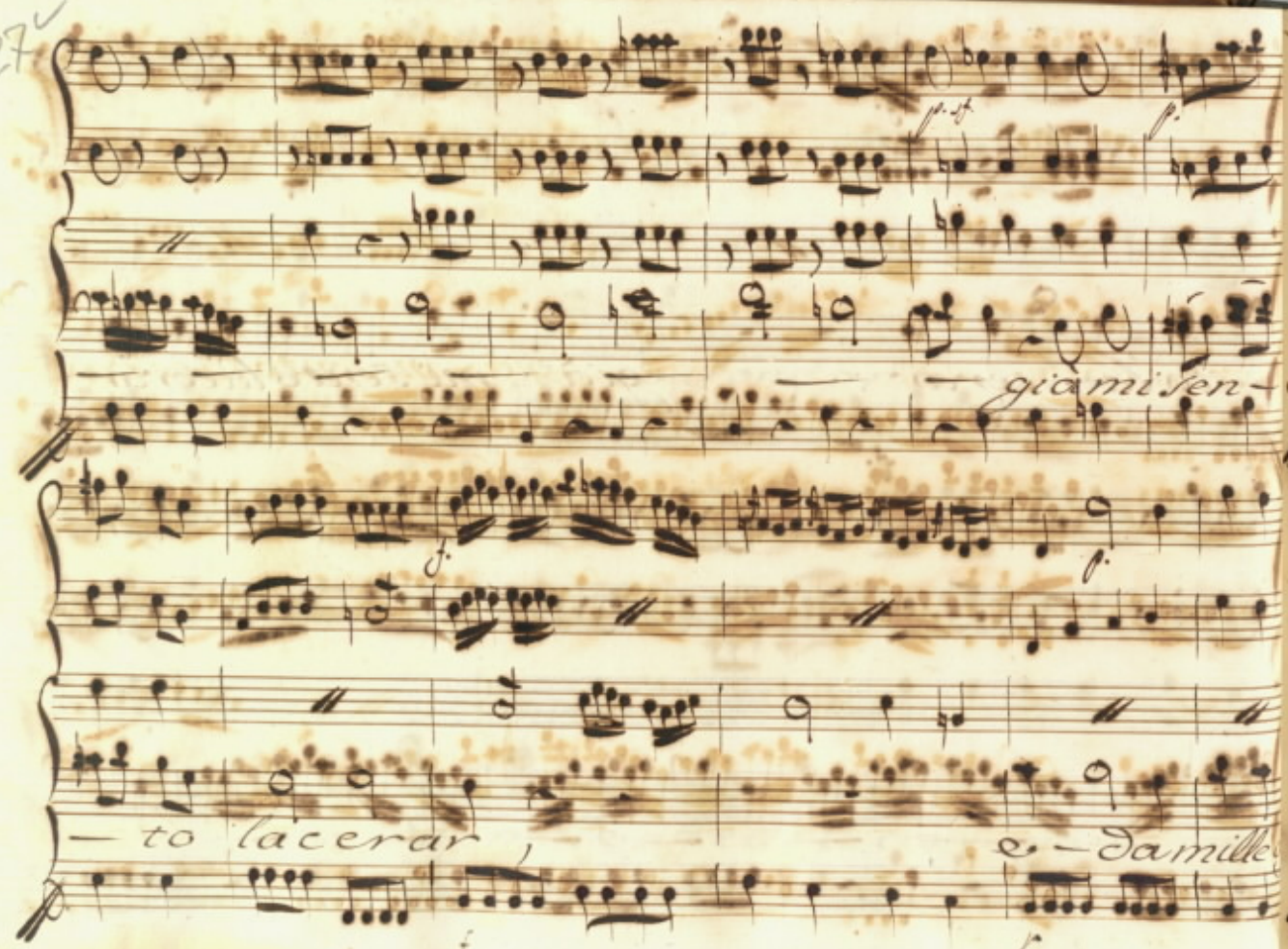
p. sf. p.

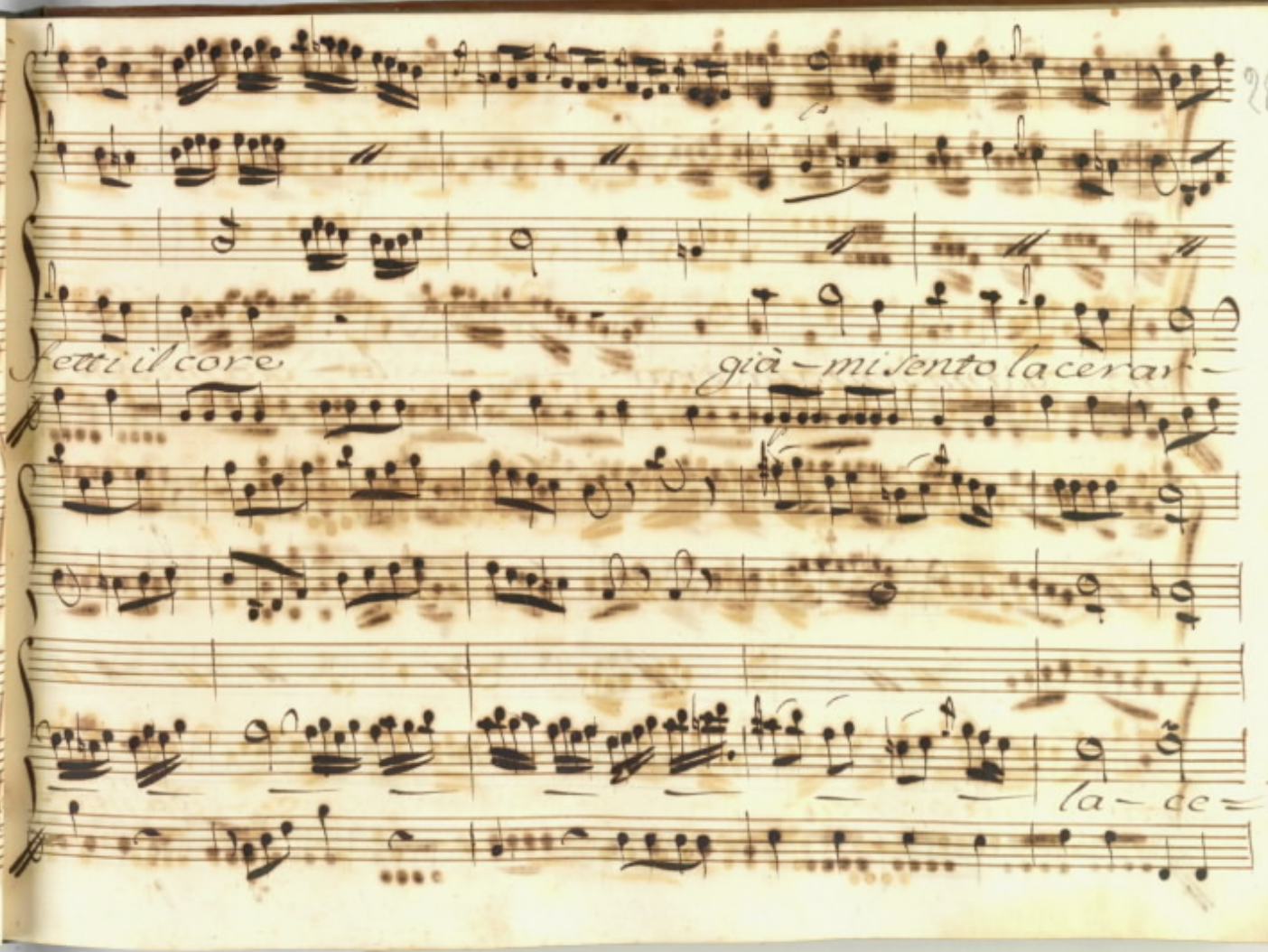
giami sen-

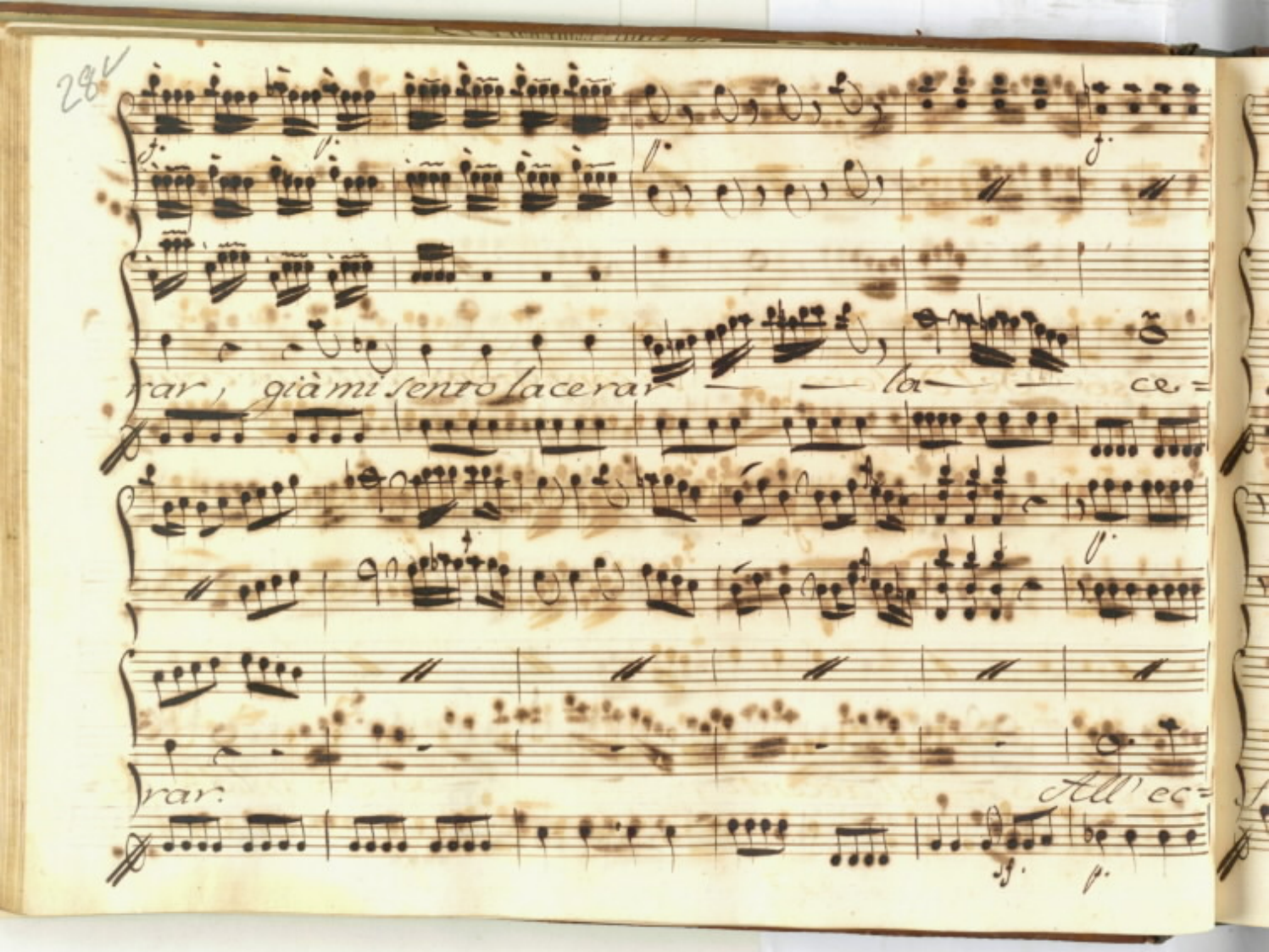
f. p.

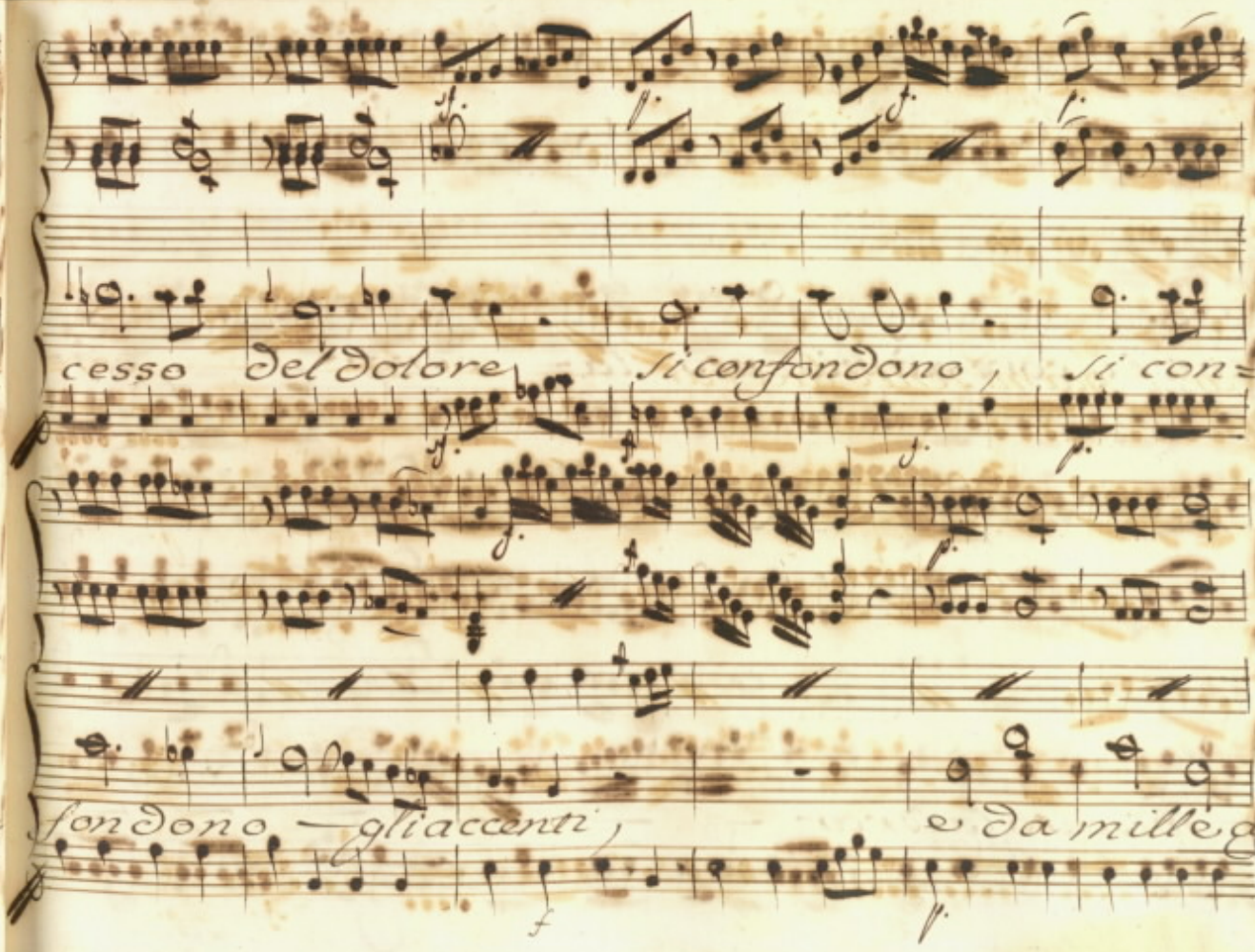
-to lacerar, e-da mille

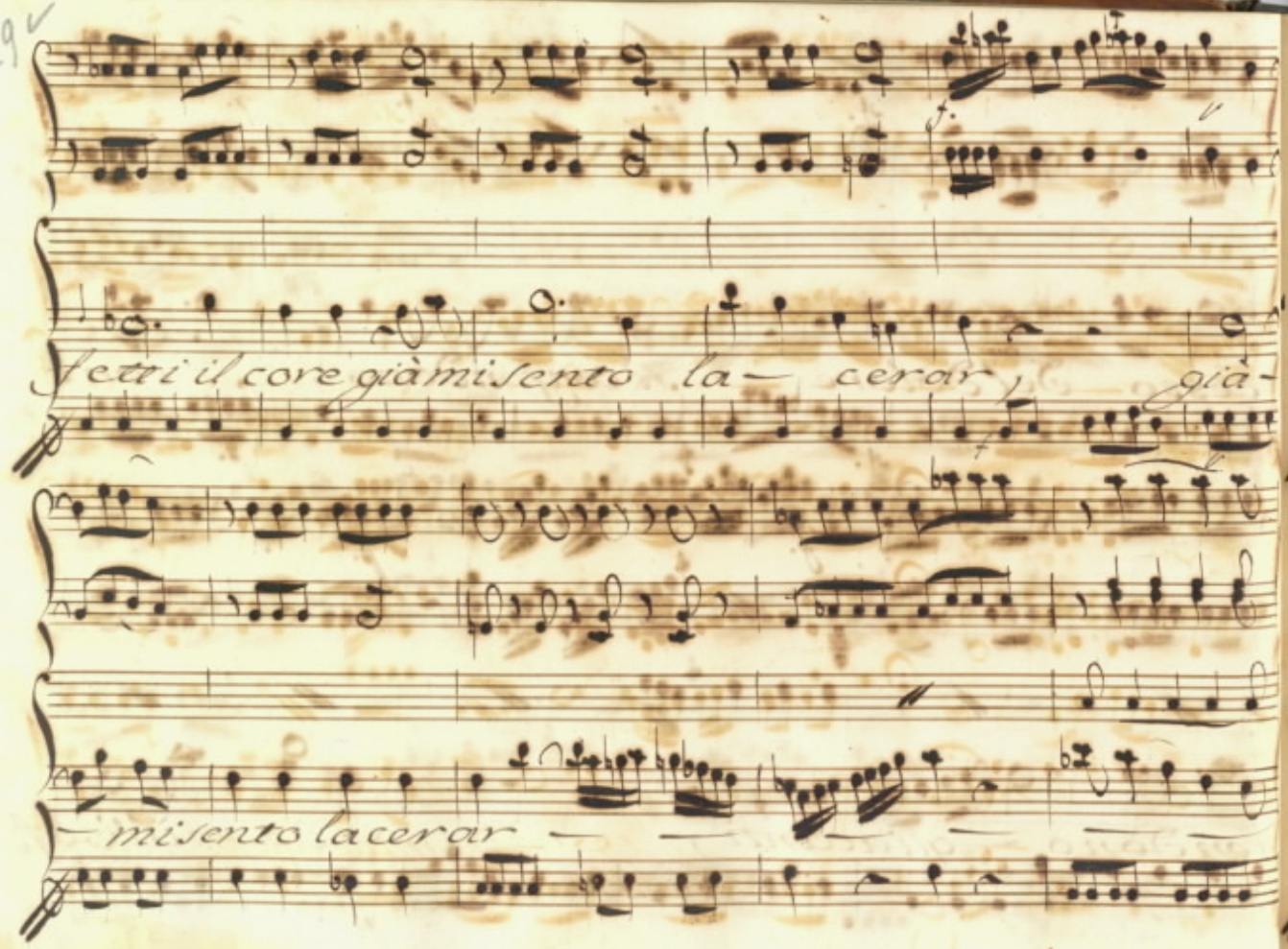
f p

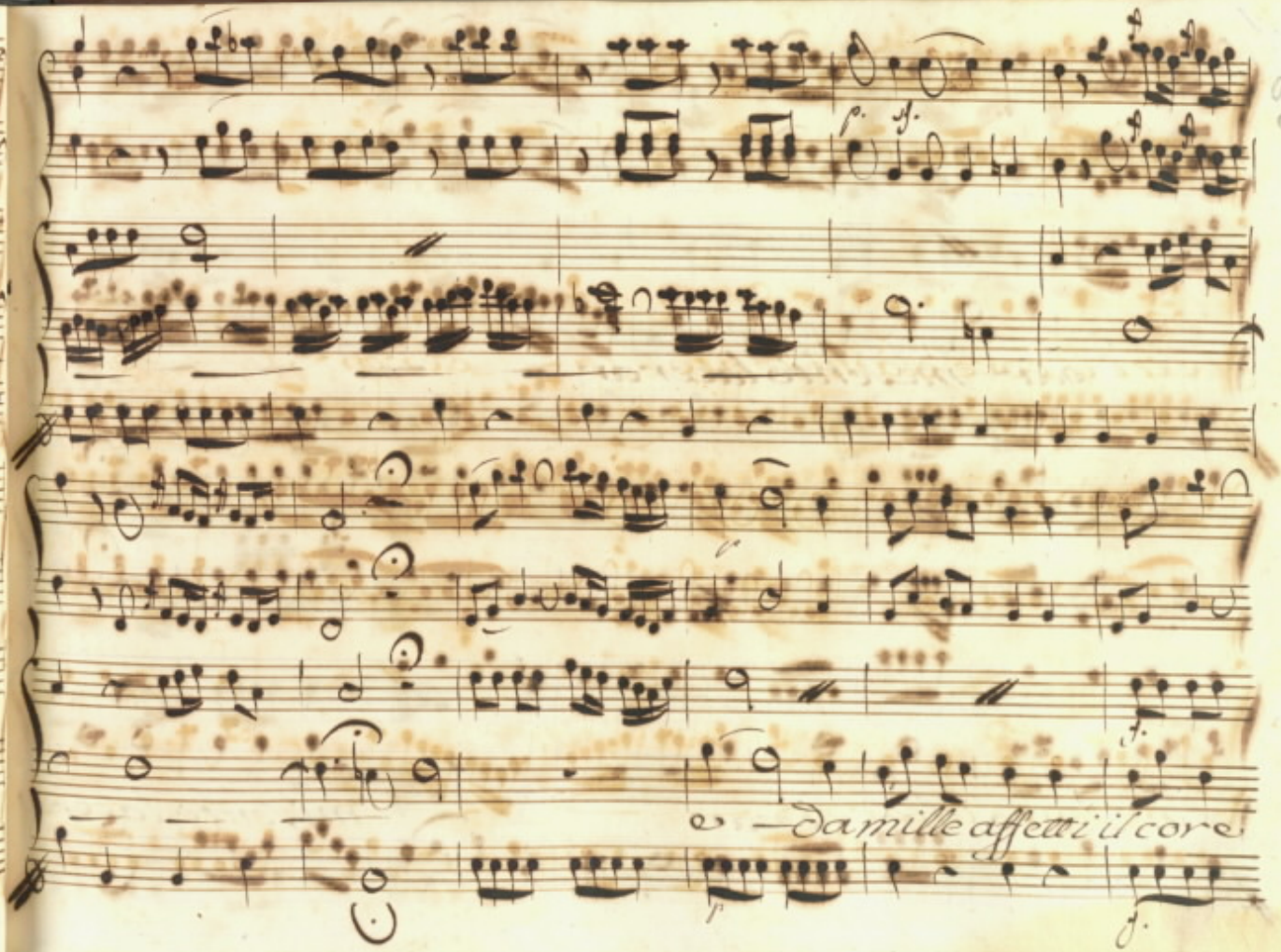


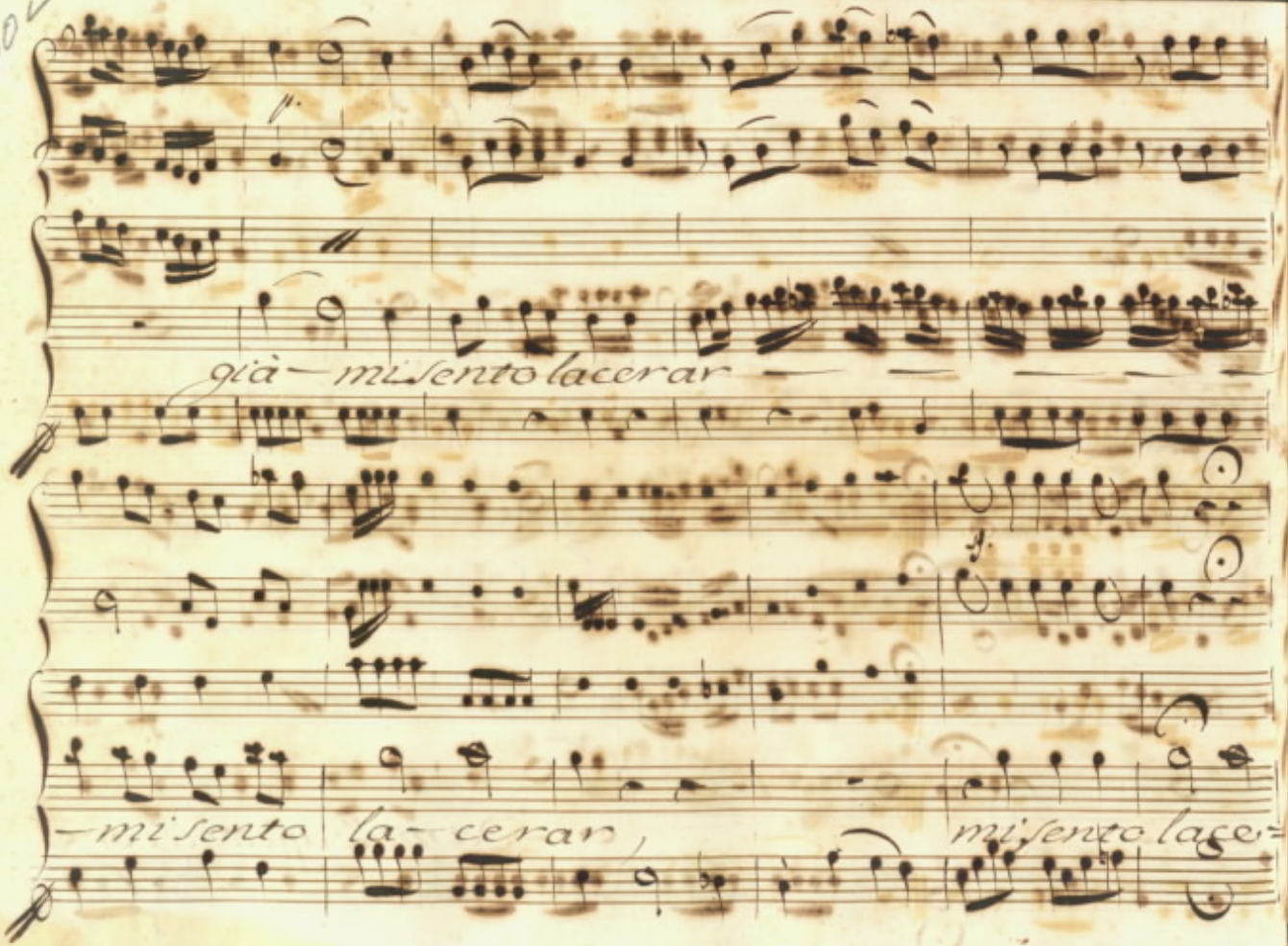

fetti il core
già – mi sento lacerar –
la – ce –

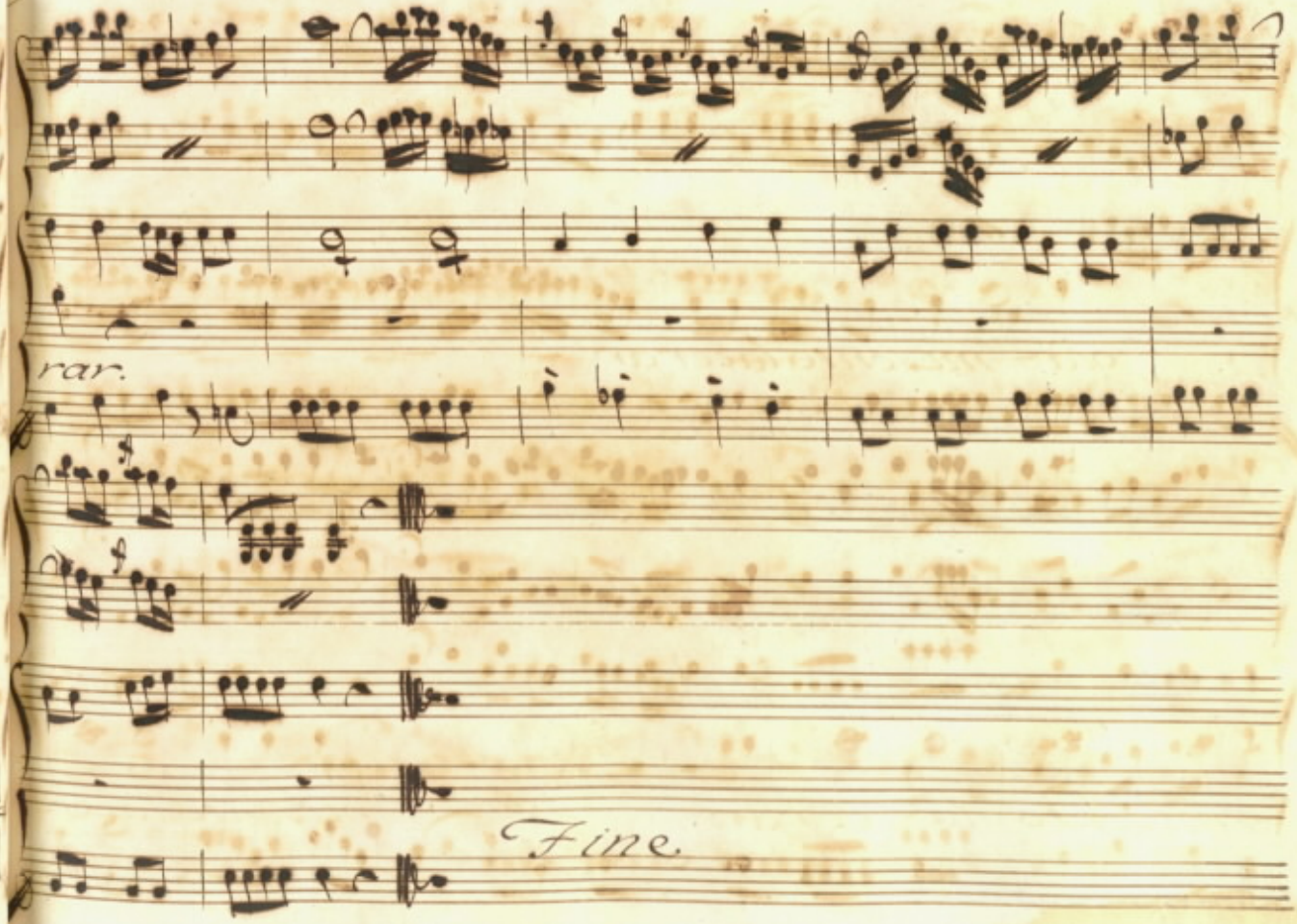

rar, già mi sento lacerar — — la — ce=
rar.
All' ec=

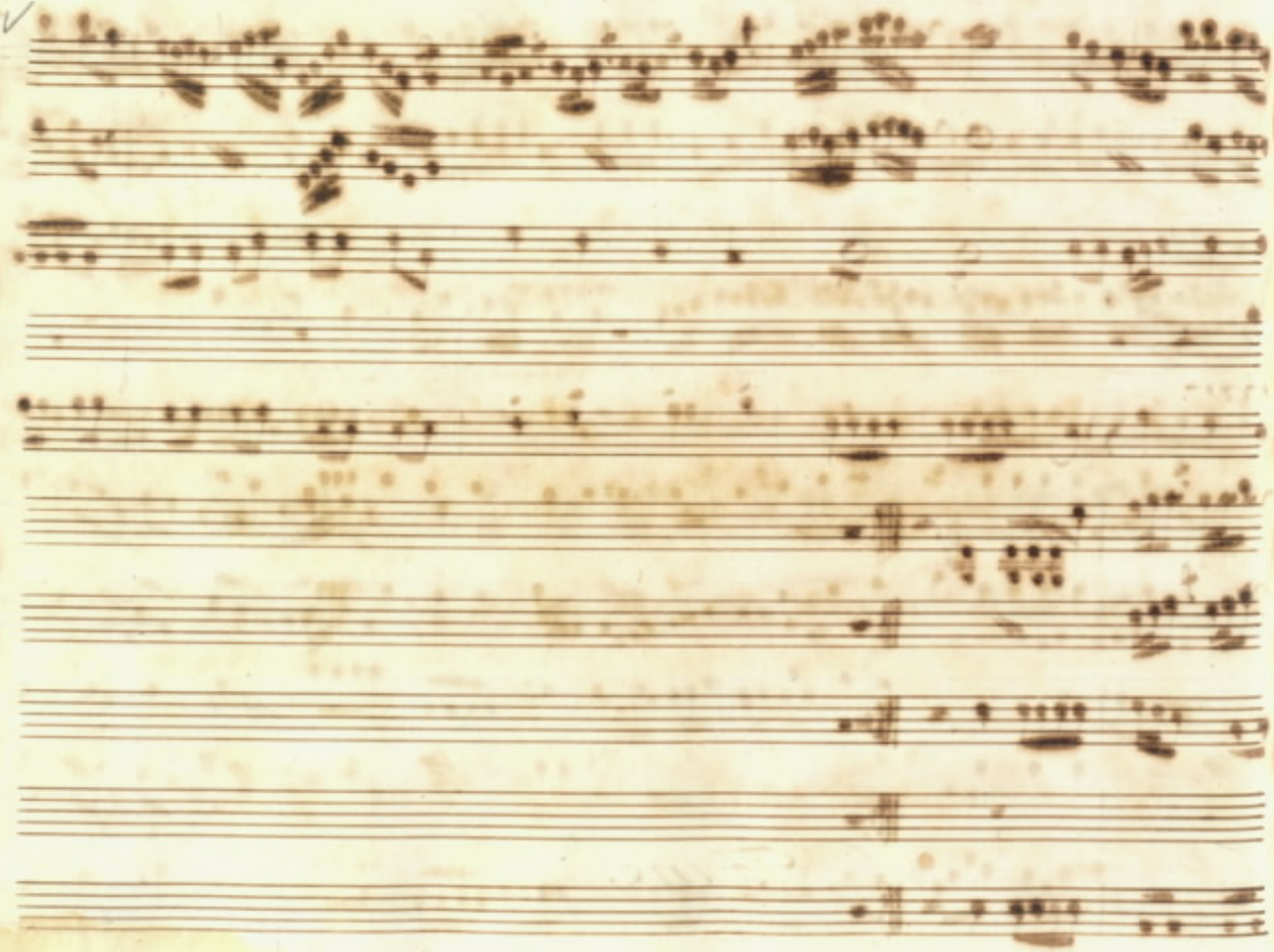

cesso del dolore si confondono, si con=
fondono gli accenti, e da mille di=

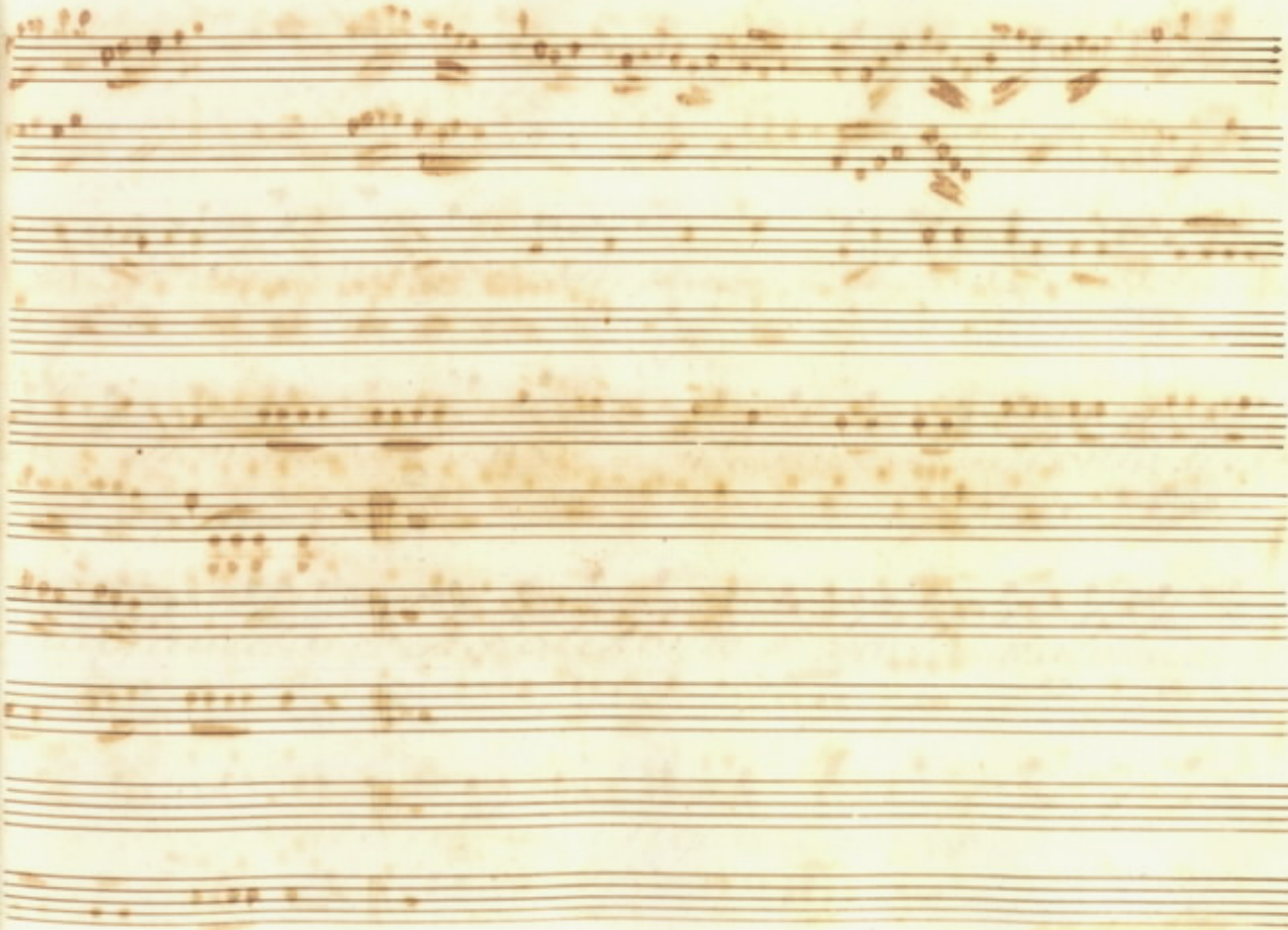

fetti il core già mi sento la — cerar, già-
— mi sento la cerar —

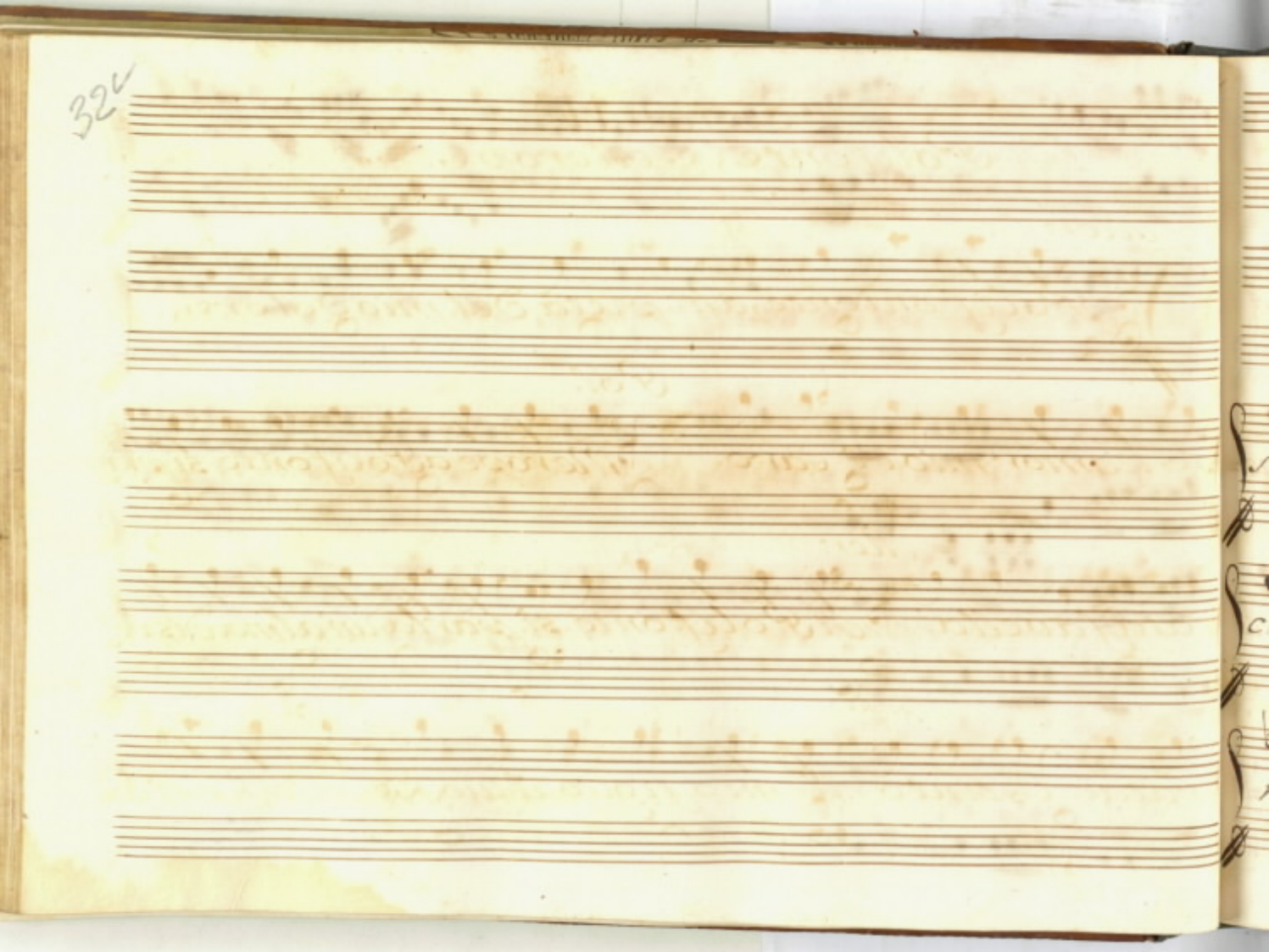

da mille affetti il cor


già — mi sento lacerar —
— mi sento la — cerar,
mi sento lace-


var.
Fine.







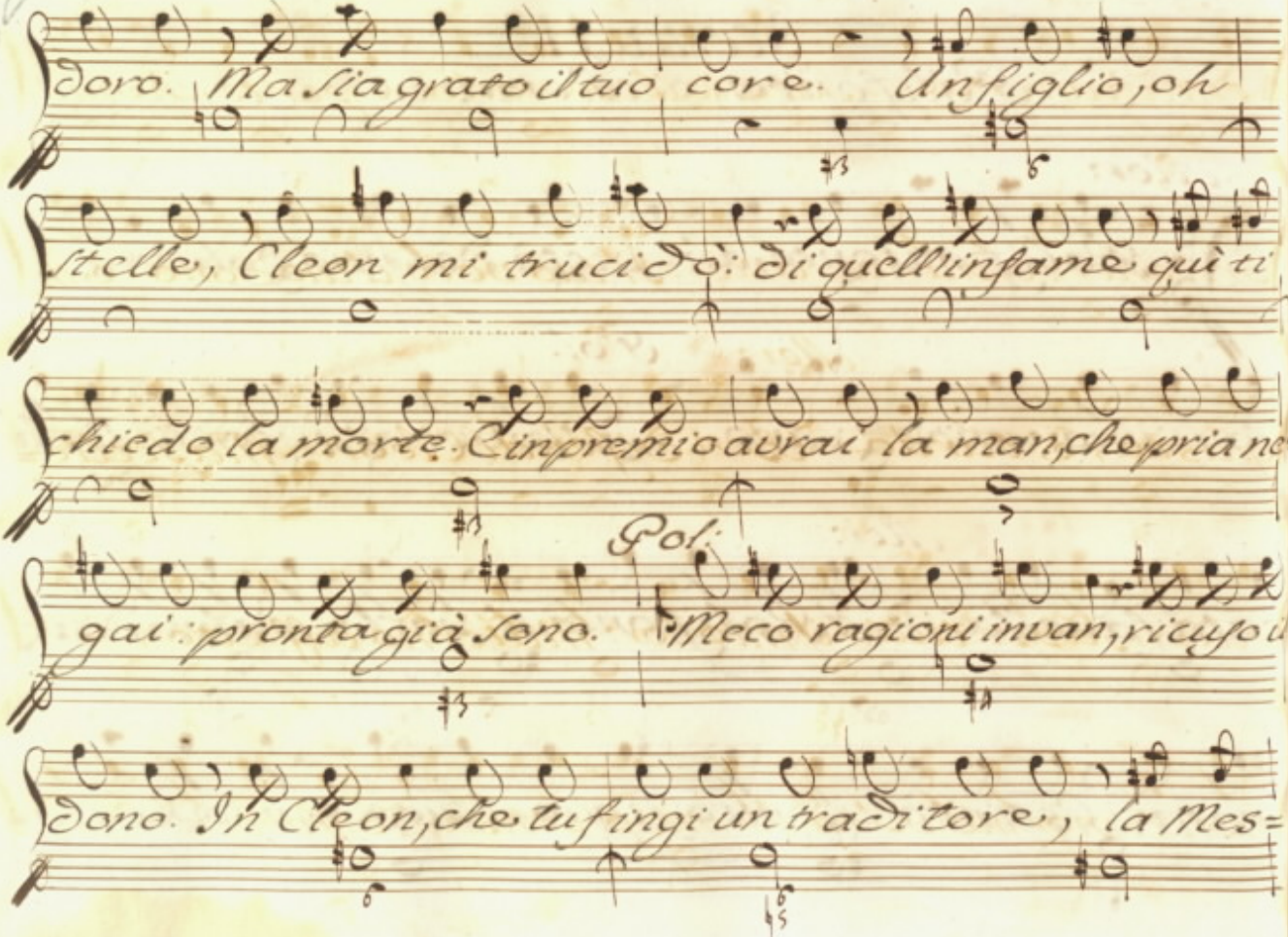
Scena IV.

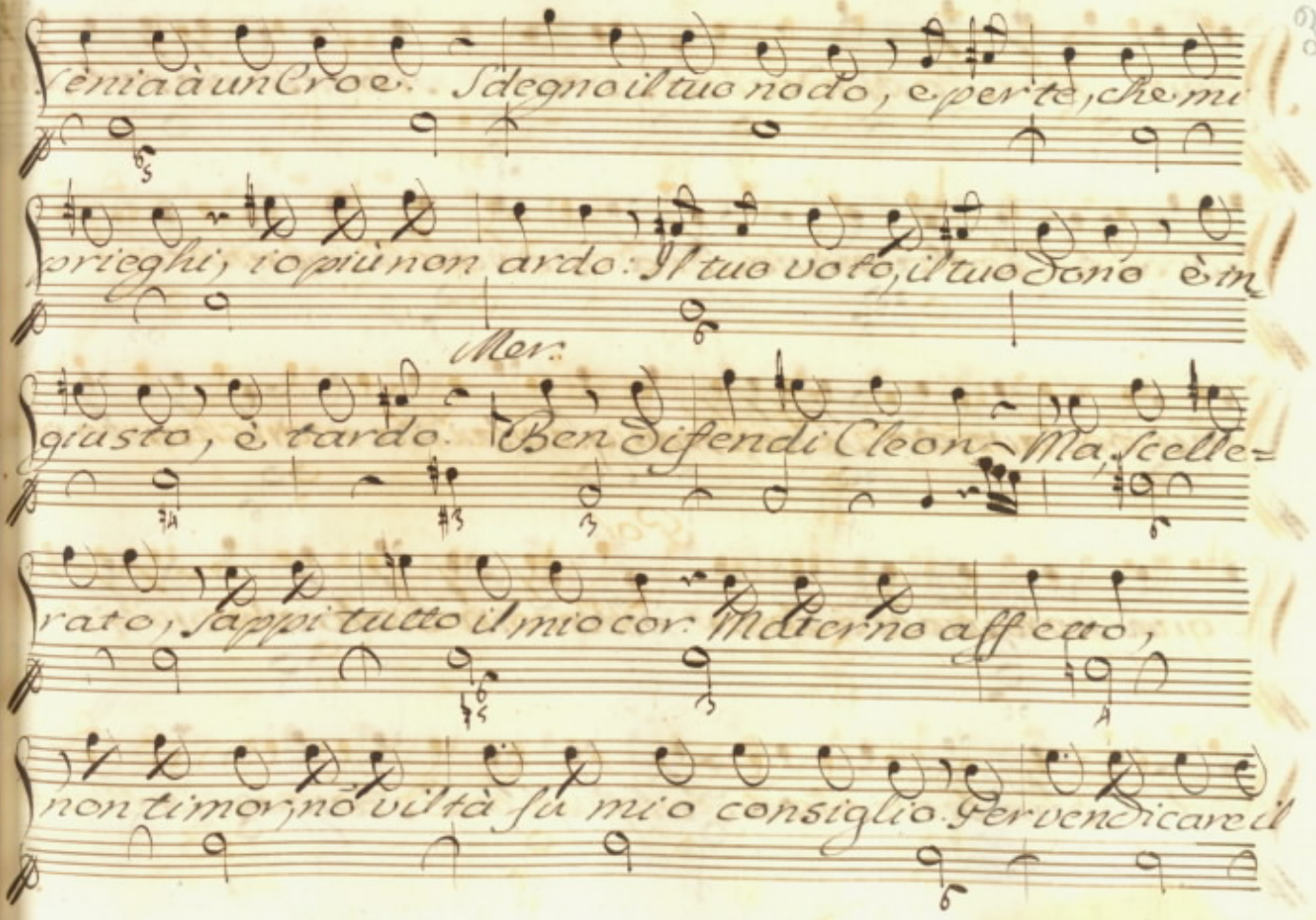
Polifonte, e Merope.

Mer. Polifonte ah, pietà del mio dolore,

Pol. se l'amor mio t'è caro. Merope a Polifonte si pla

Mer. cata favella. A Polifonte si parla un'alma disperata. Estinto il mio figlio, il tuo Re, mio Re fia=


doro. Ma sia grato il tuo core. Un figlio, oh
stelle, Cleon mi trucidò: di quell'infame quì ti
chiedo la morte. Cinpremio avrai la man, che pria no
Pol.
gai: pronta già sono. Meco ragioni invan, ricuso il
dono. In Cleon, che tu fingi un traditore, la Mes=



senia à un Eroe. Sdegno il tuo nodo, e per te, che mi

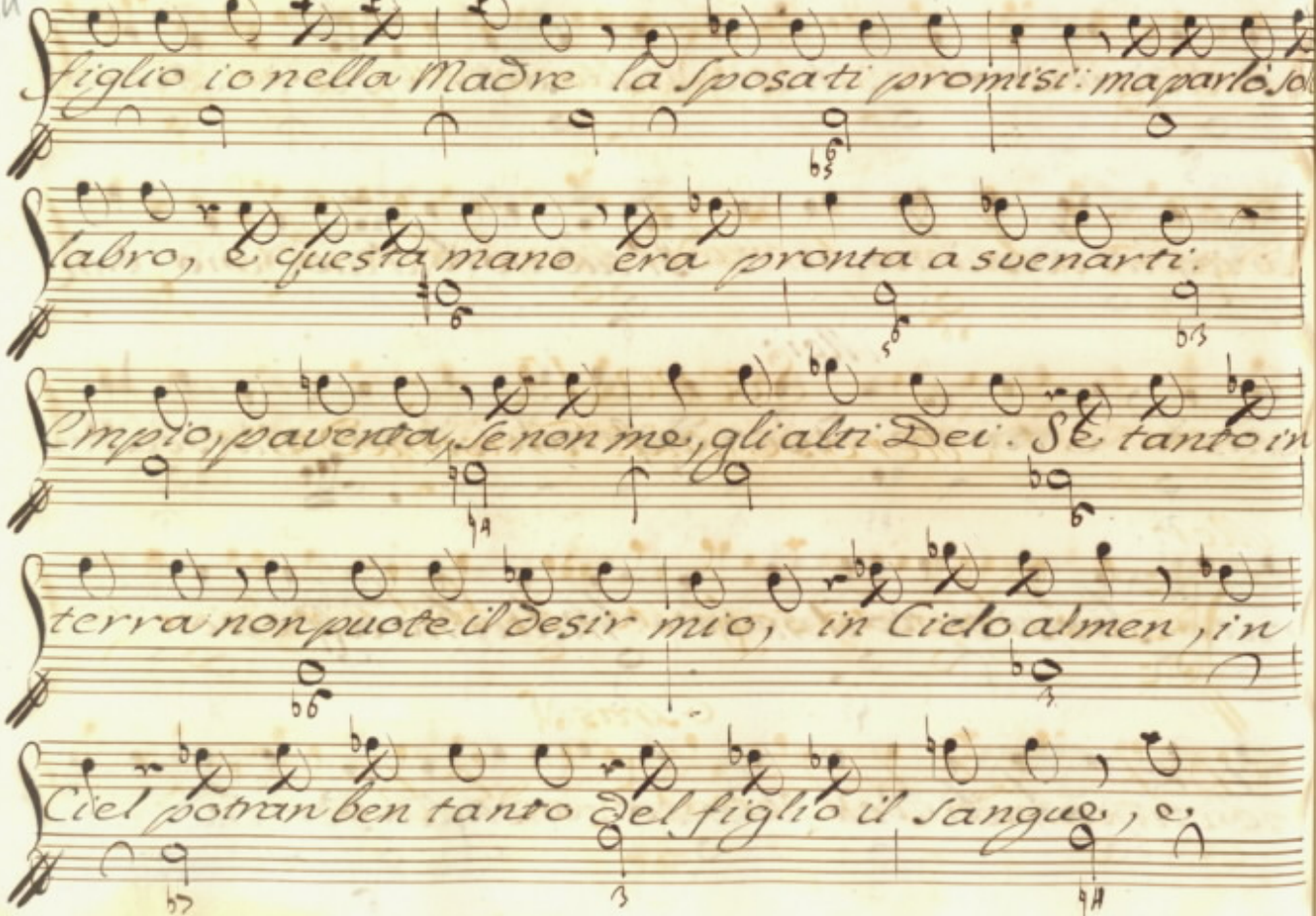
prieghi, io più non ardo: Il tuo voto, il tuo dono è in

Mer.

giusto, è tardo. Ben difendi Cleon. Ma, scelle=

rato, sappi tutto il mio cor. Materno affetto,

non timor, nò viltà fu mio consiglio. Per vendicare il


figlio io nella Madre la Sposa ti promisi: ma parlò sol
labro, e questa mano era pronta a svenarti.
Empio, paventa, se non me, gli altri Dei. Se tanto in
terra non puote il desir mio, in Cielo almen, in
Ciel potran ben tanto del figlio il sangue, e

Pol.
della Madre il pianto? Quel tuo pianto ingannar nō può gli

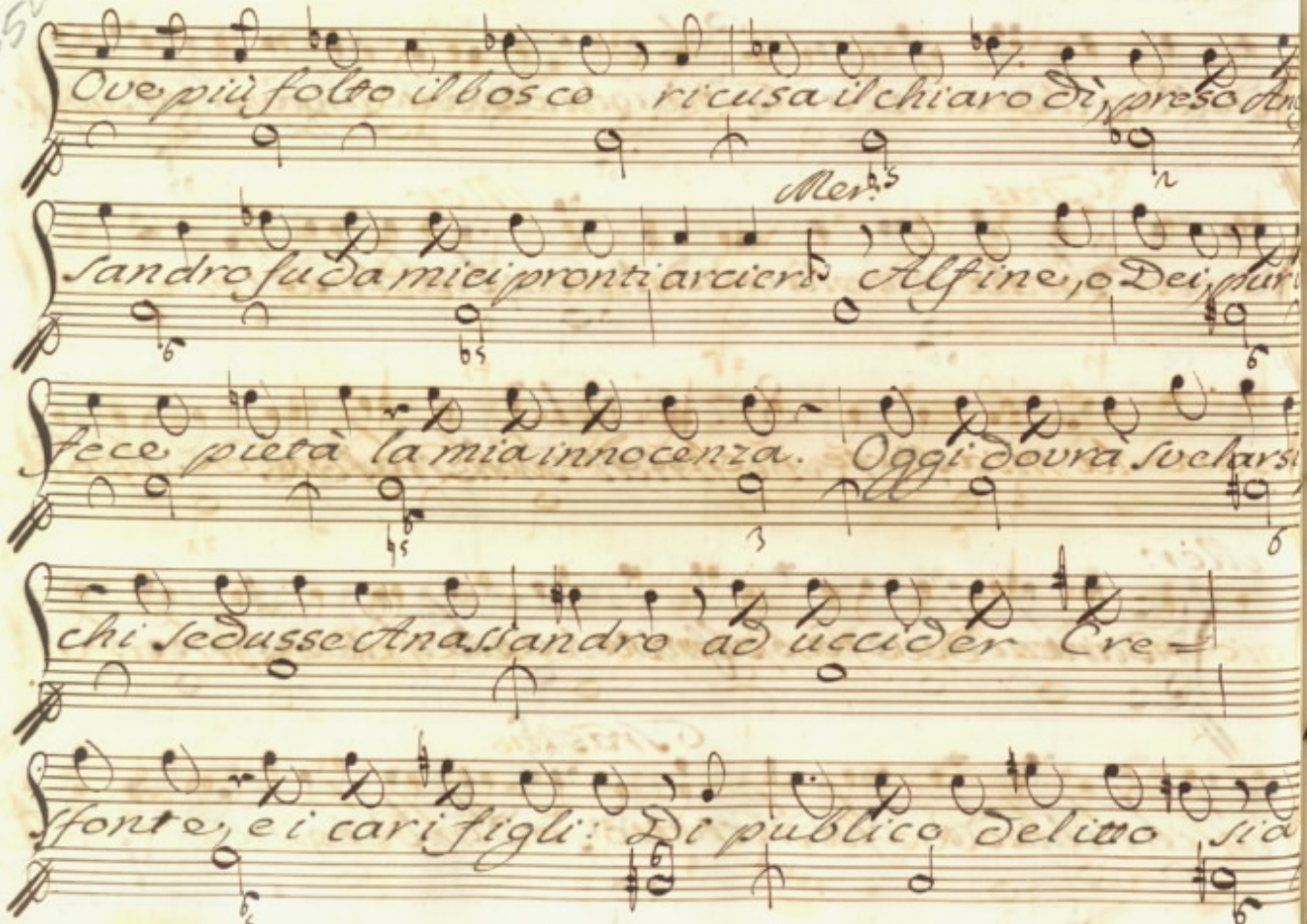
Dei. Tu la rea, la crudel, l'empia tu sei.

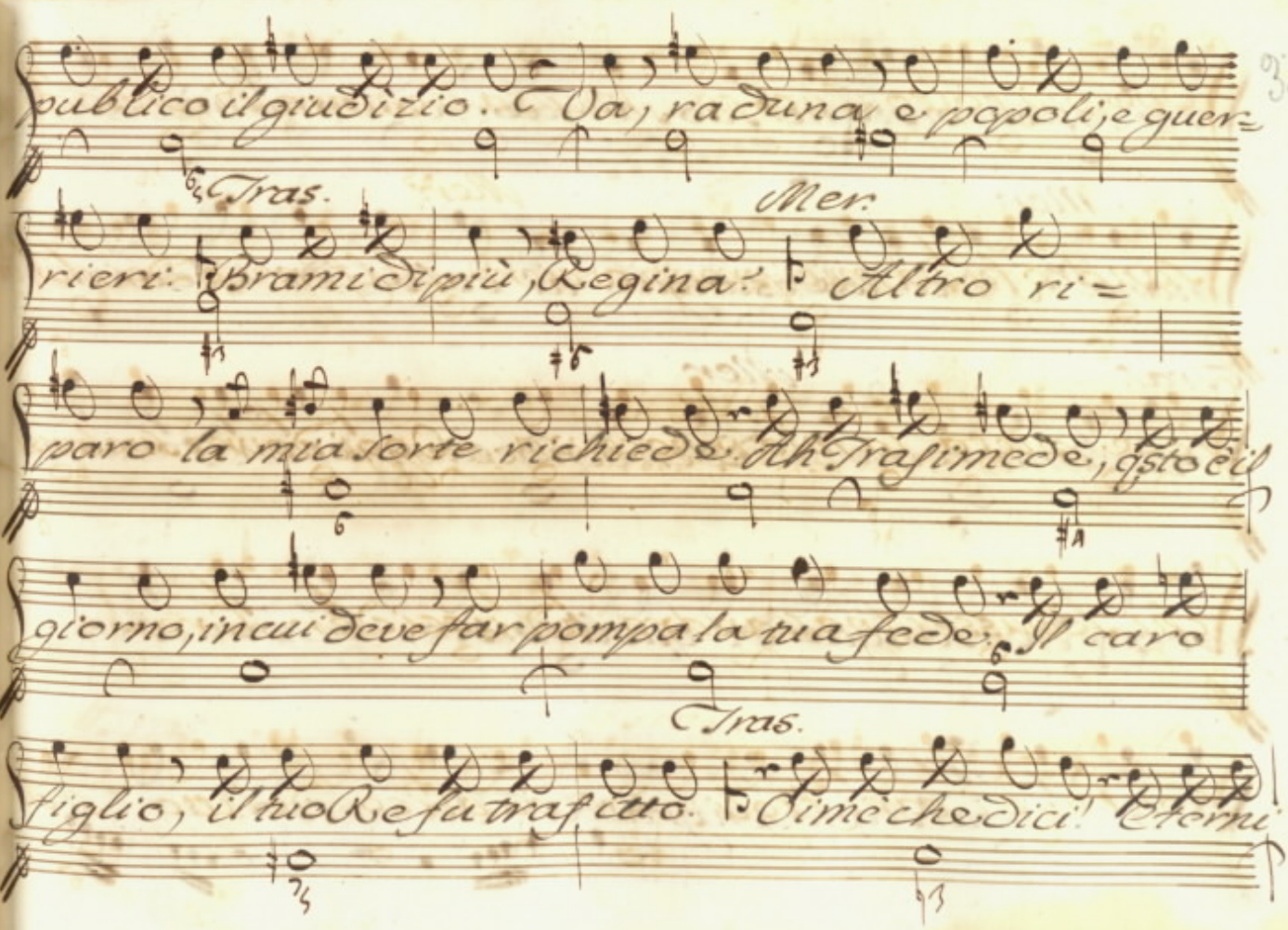
Scena V.

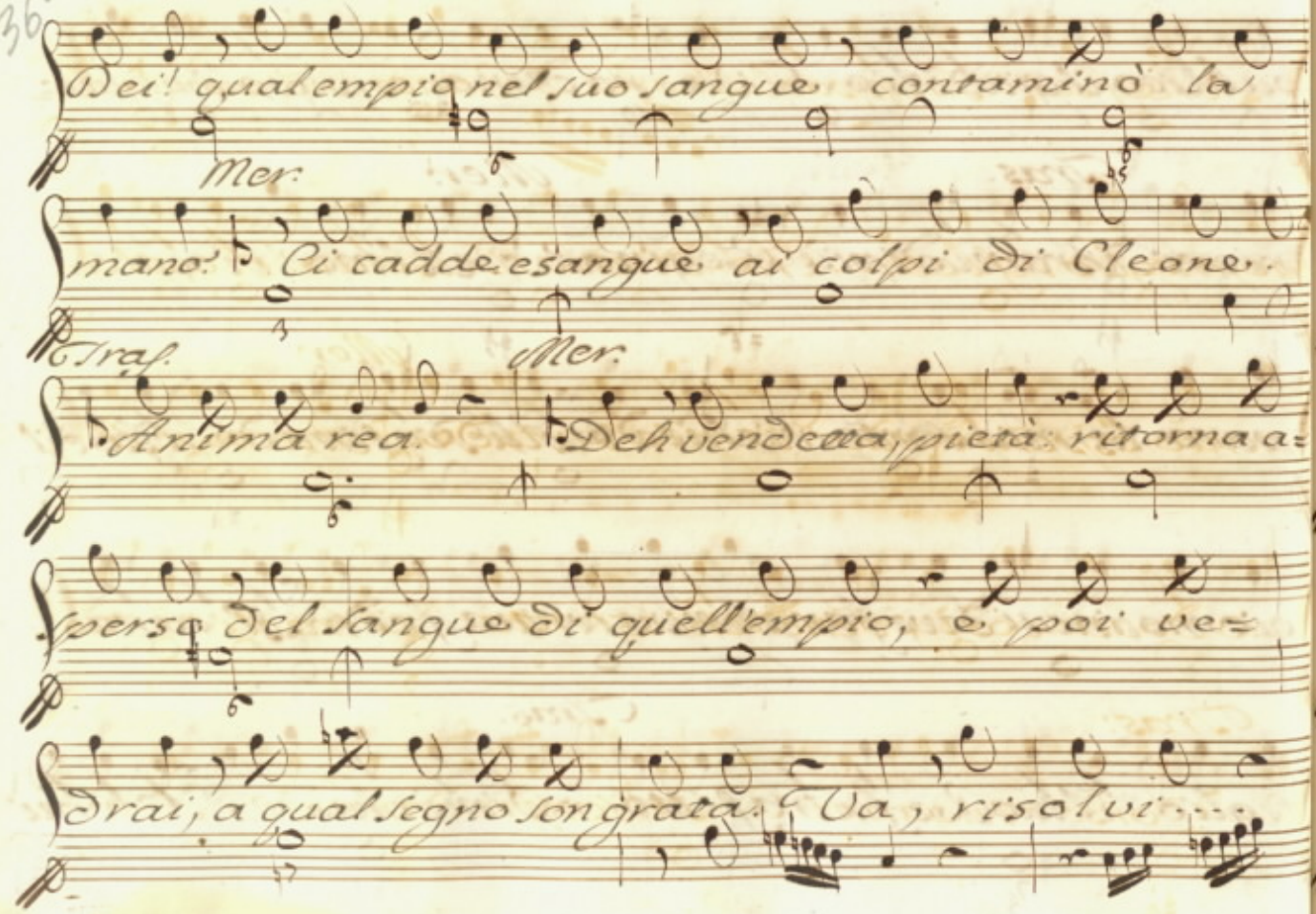
Merope, indi Trasimede.

Mer.
Tanta empietà soffrite, astri tiranni?

Tras.
A chi chiedo vendetta? Godi, Regina.


Ove più folto il bosco ricusa il chiaro dì, preso da
Mer.
sandro fu da miei pronti arcieri. Alfine, o Dei, pur
fece pietà la mia innocenza. Oggi dovrà sucharsi
chi sedusse Anassandro ad uccider Cre-
sfonte, e i cari figli: Di publico delitto sia


publico il giudizio. Va, raduna e popoli, e guer=
Tras.
Mer.
rieri: Brami di più, Regina? Altro ri=
paro la mia sorte richiedo. Ah Trasimede, questo è il
giorno, in cui deve far pompa la tua fede. Il caro
Tras.
figlio, il tuo Re fu trafitto. Dimmi che dici? Ermi


Dei! qual empio nel suo sangue contaminò la
Mer.
mano! Ci cadde esangue ai colpi di Cleone.
Traf.
Mer.
Anima rea. Deh vendetta, pietà: ritorna a=
spersa del sangue di quell'empio, e poi ve=
drai, a qual segno songrata. Va, risolvi ....

che fai? Strappagli il core... E ancor nõ parti? Ah

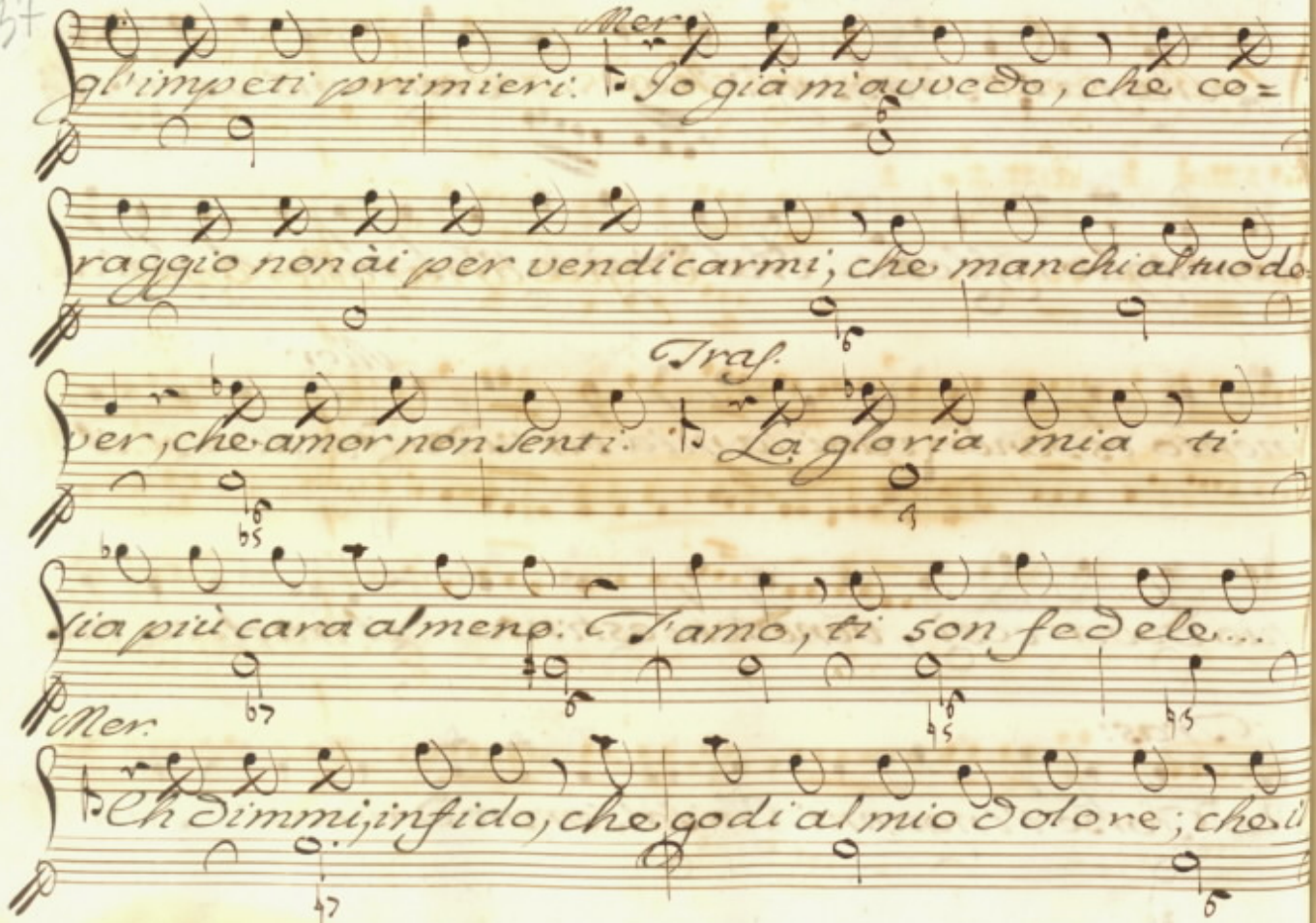
no, meglio rifletti... Che dirà la Messenia? A qual ci=

mento esponer vuoi la mia virtude. Mer. Adempi il

tuo dover così, vendichi estinto il tradito tuo

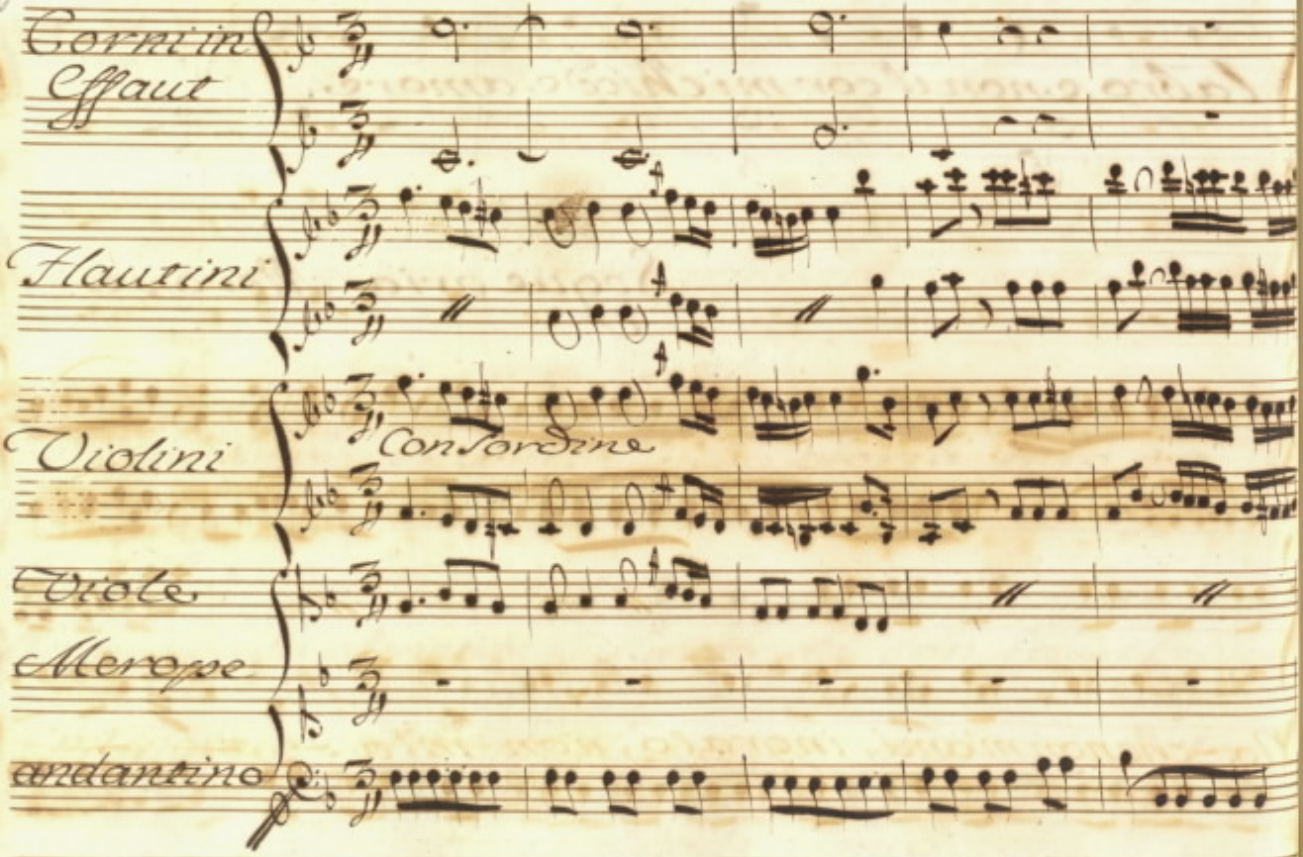
Tras:

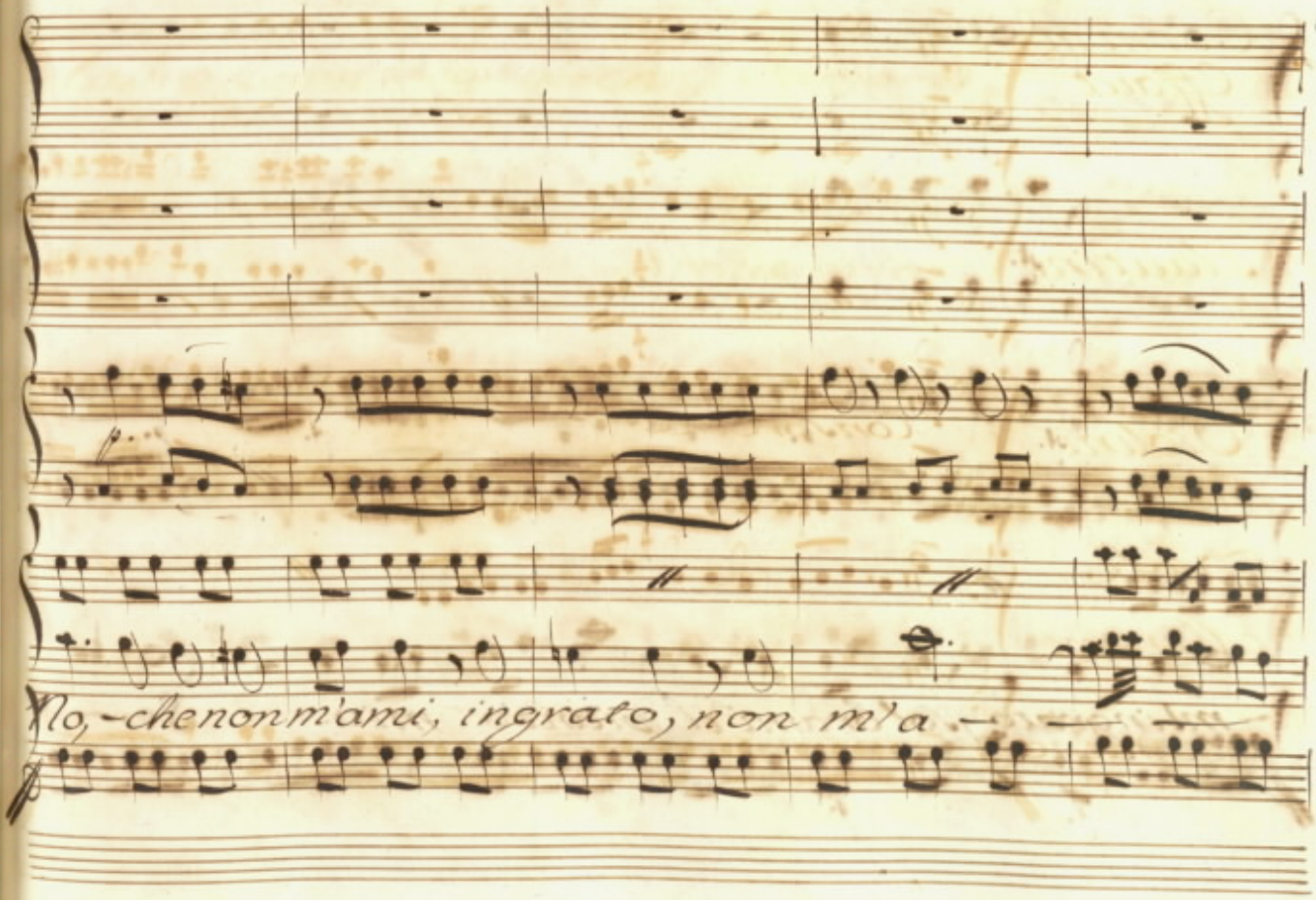
Re. Forse t'inganni. Chi sa! sempre dannosi son

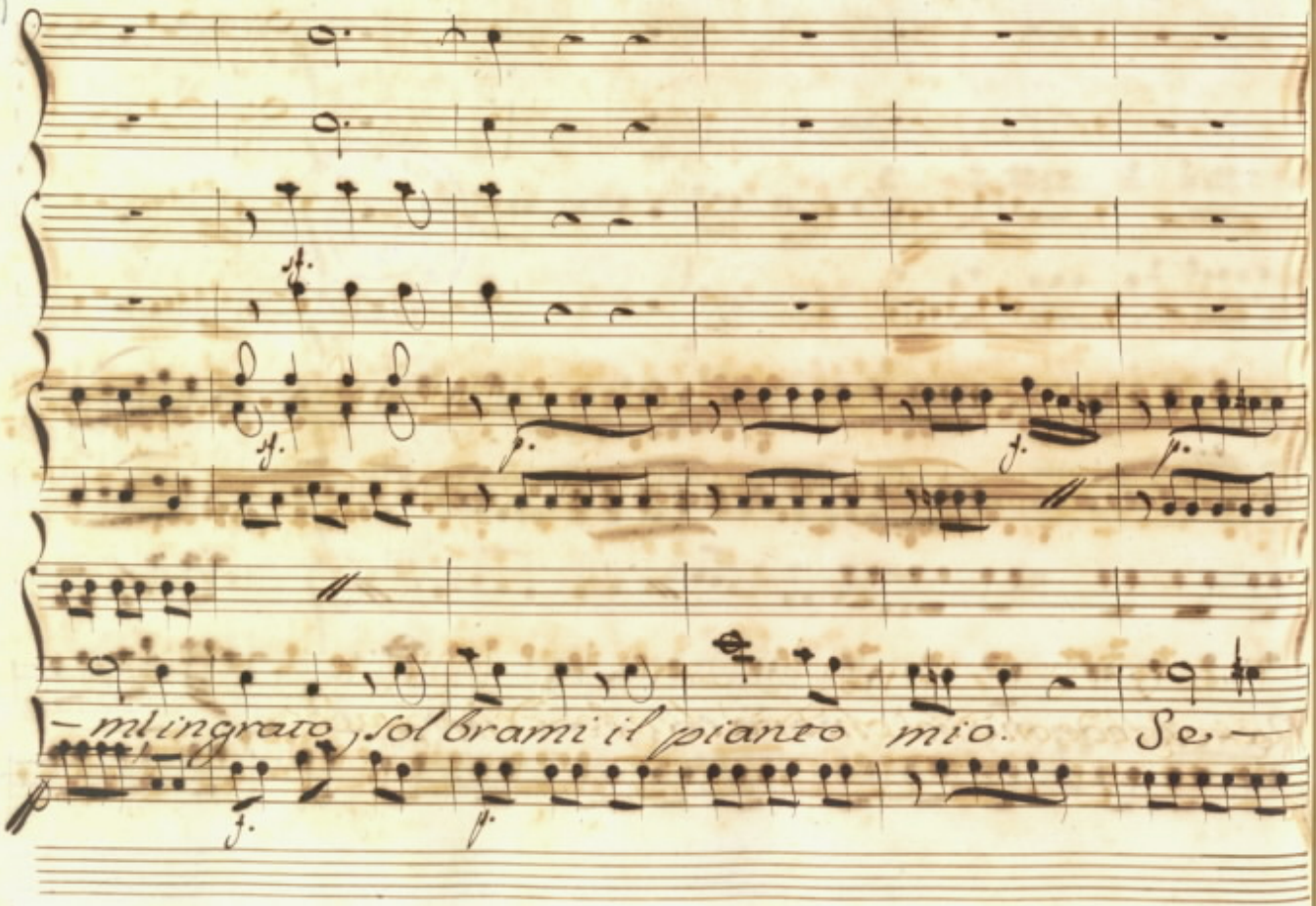

Mer.
gl'impeti primieri. Io già m'avvedo, che co=
raggio non ài per vendicarmi; che manchi al tuo do=
Traf.
ver, che amor non senti. La gloria mia ti
sia più cara almeno. T'amo, ti son fedele...
Mer.
Ch'dimmi, infido, che godi al mio dolore; che il

labro, e non il cor mi chiede amore.

Segue aria Merope


Corni in
Effaut
Flautini
Violini
con sordine
Viole
Merope
andantino


No, - che non m'ami, ingrato, non m'a -


-mi ingrato, sol brami il pianto mio. Se-

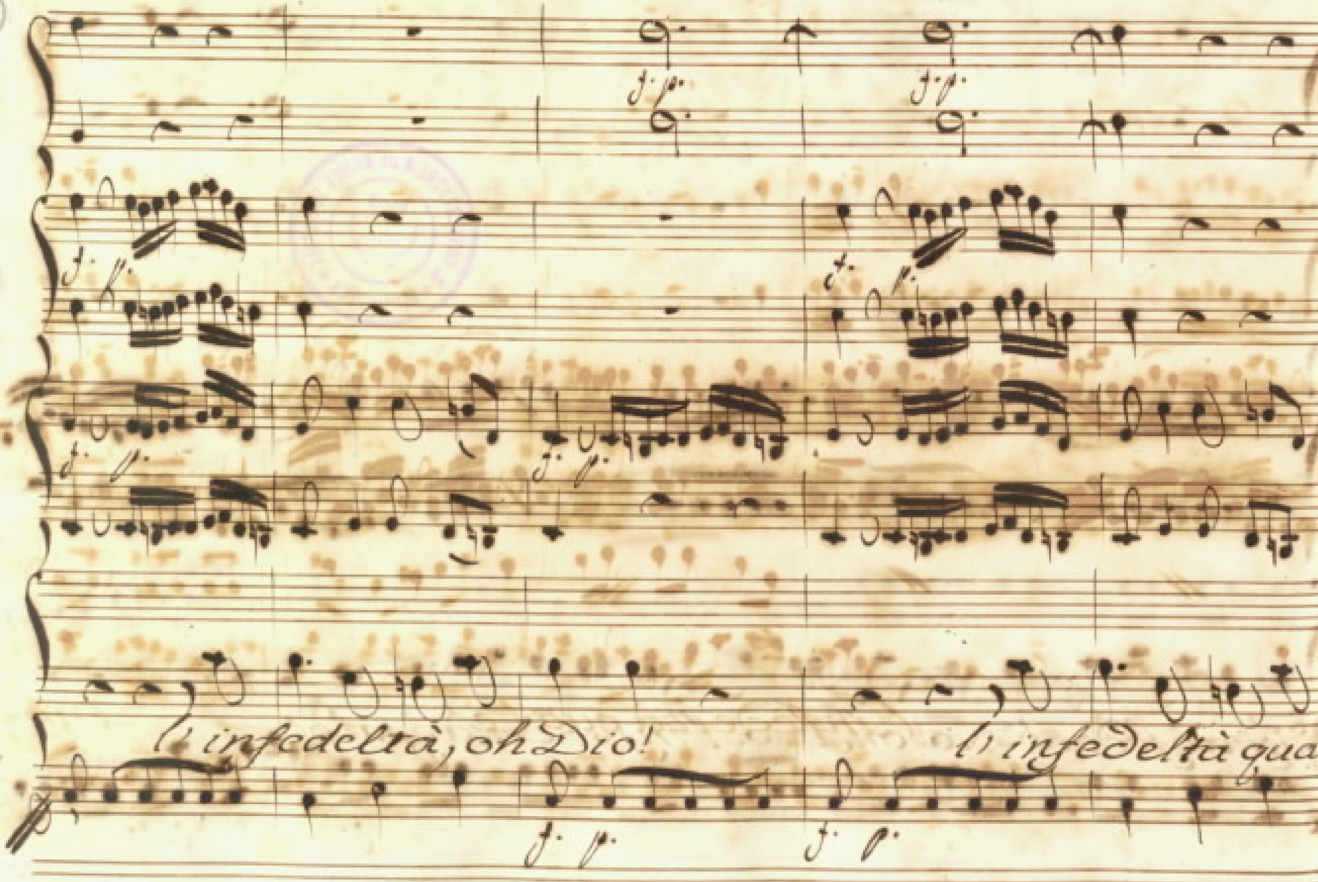
R. CONSERVATORIO DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI

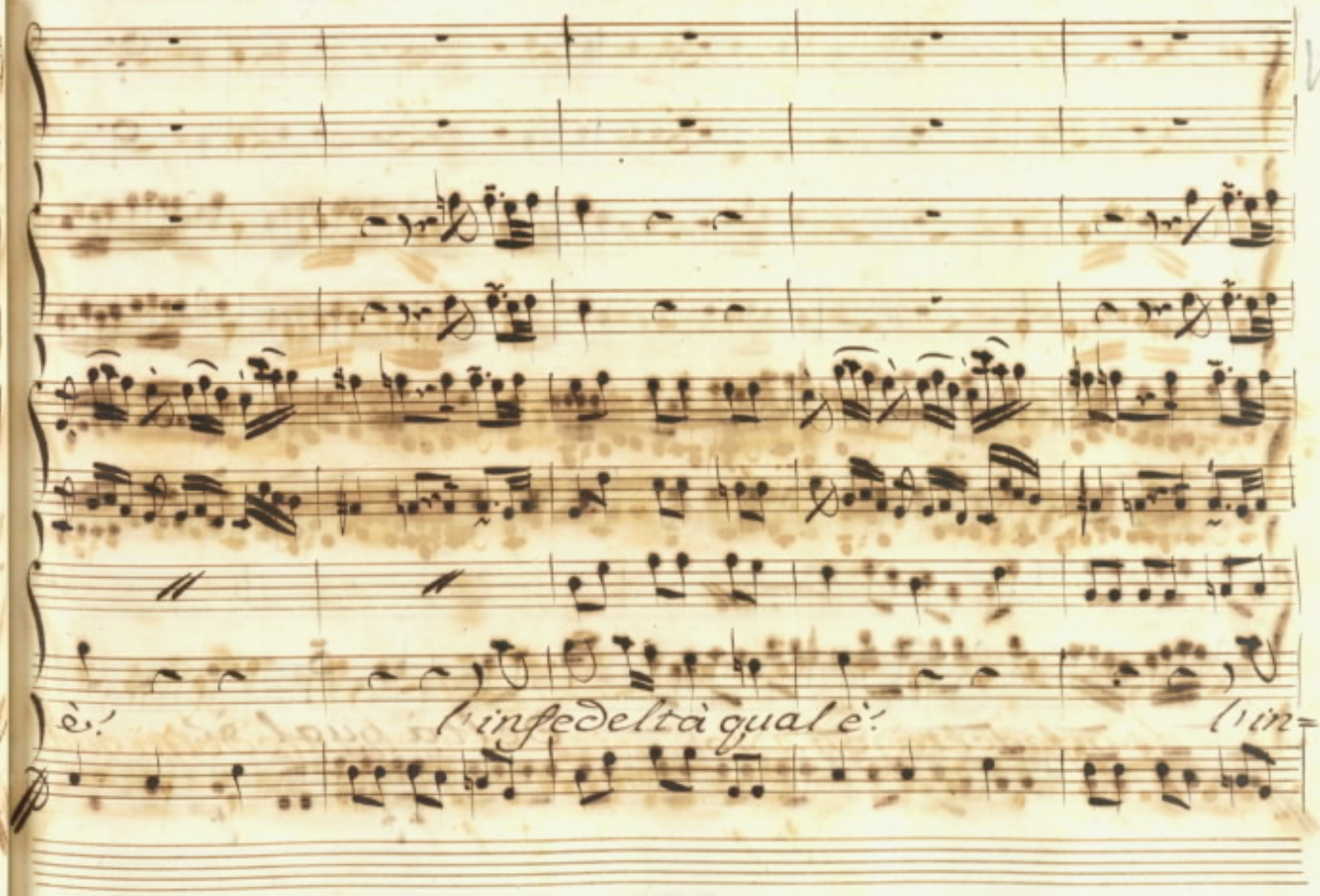
f. f. p.

questa è fede, oh Dio! oh Dio! l'infe-delità qual'è.

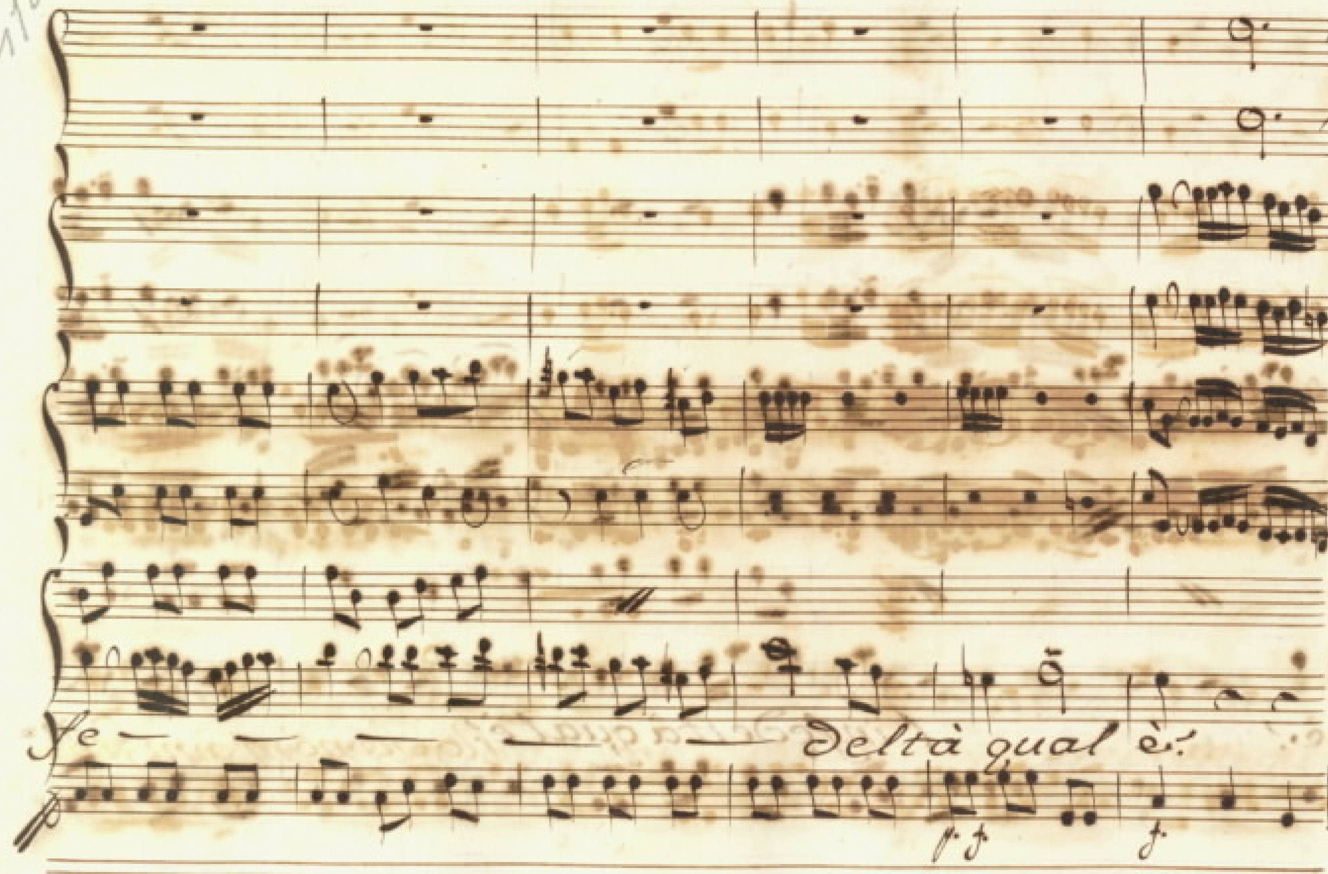
f. f. p.

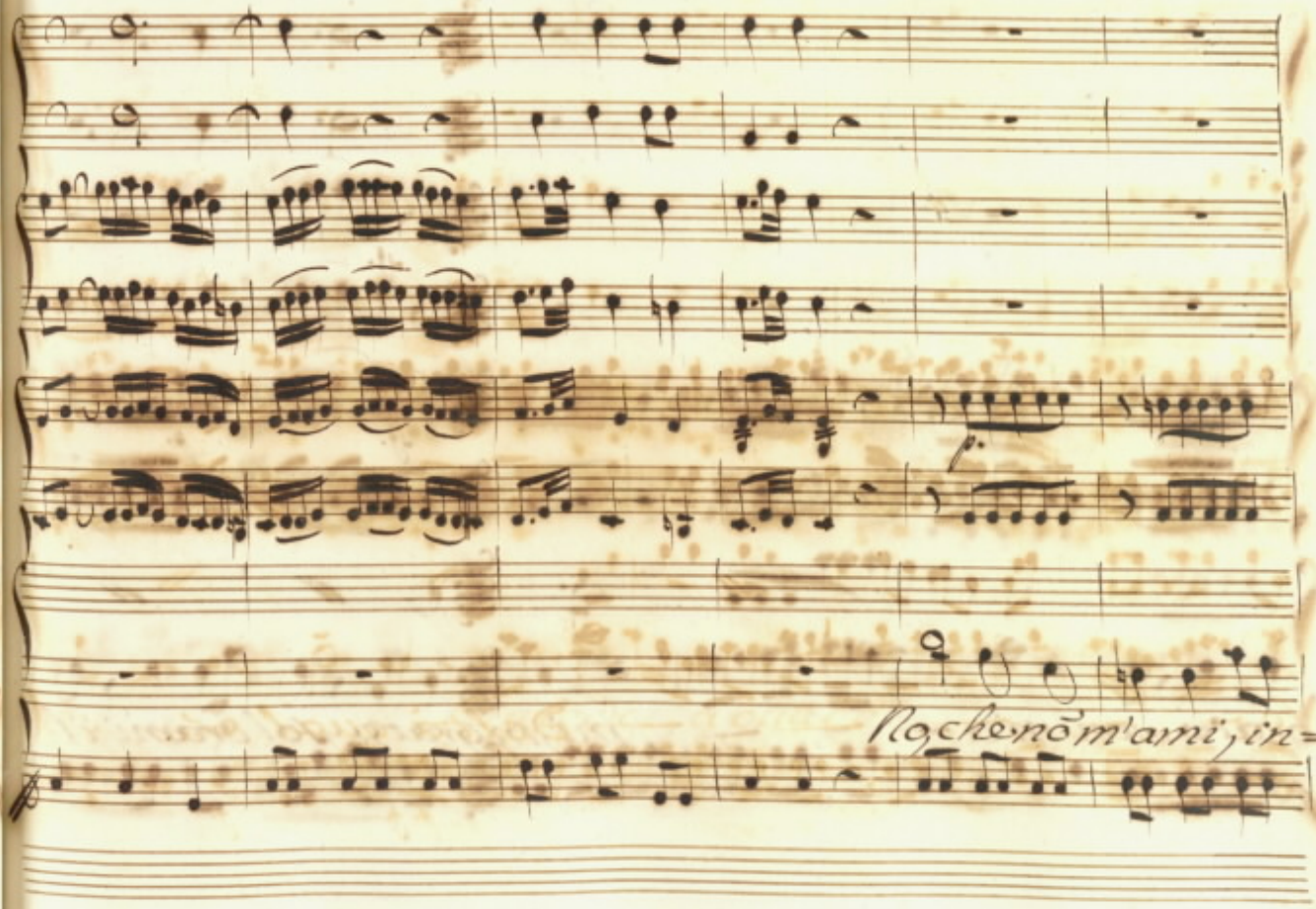
40

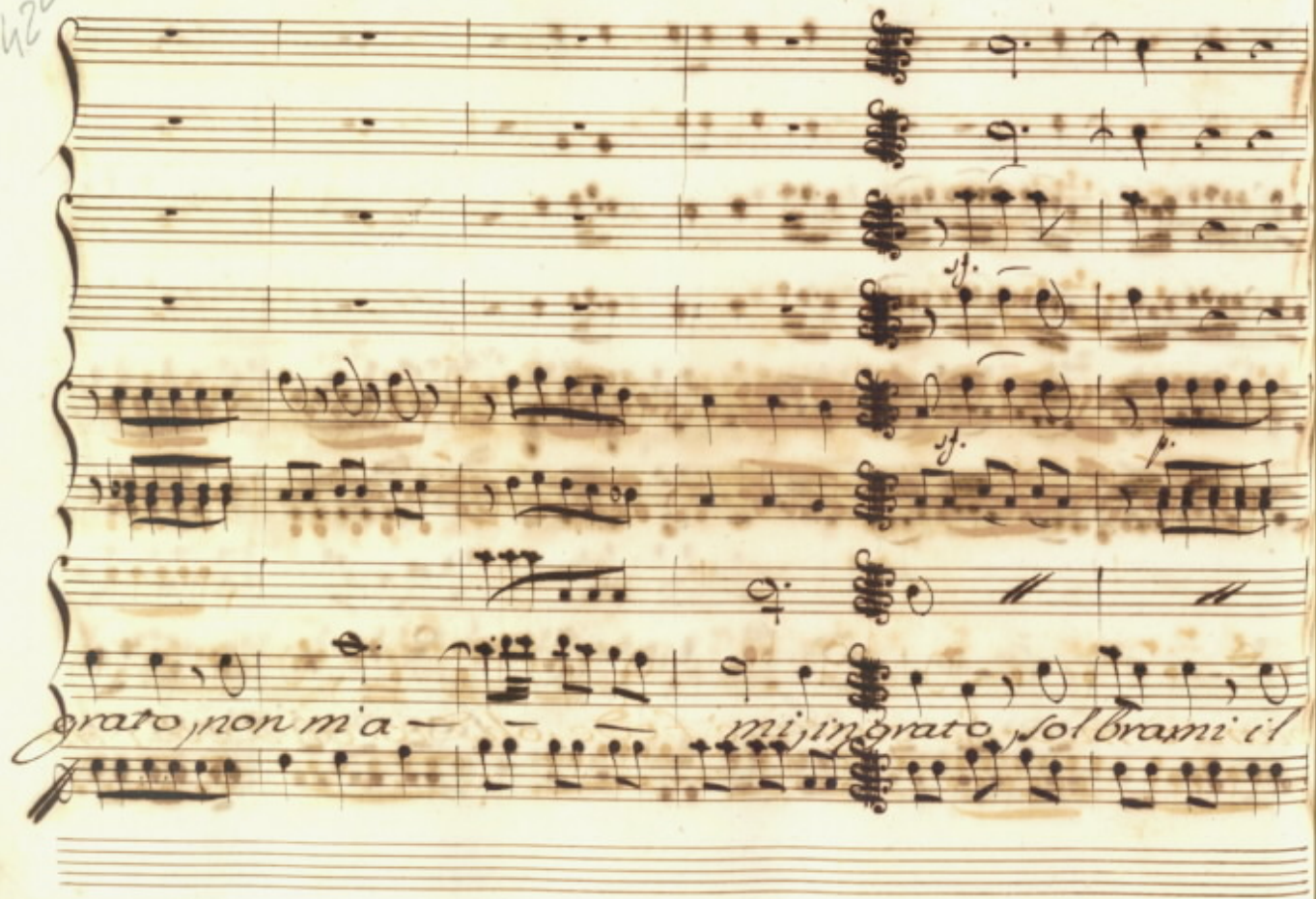


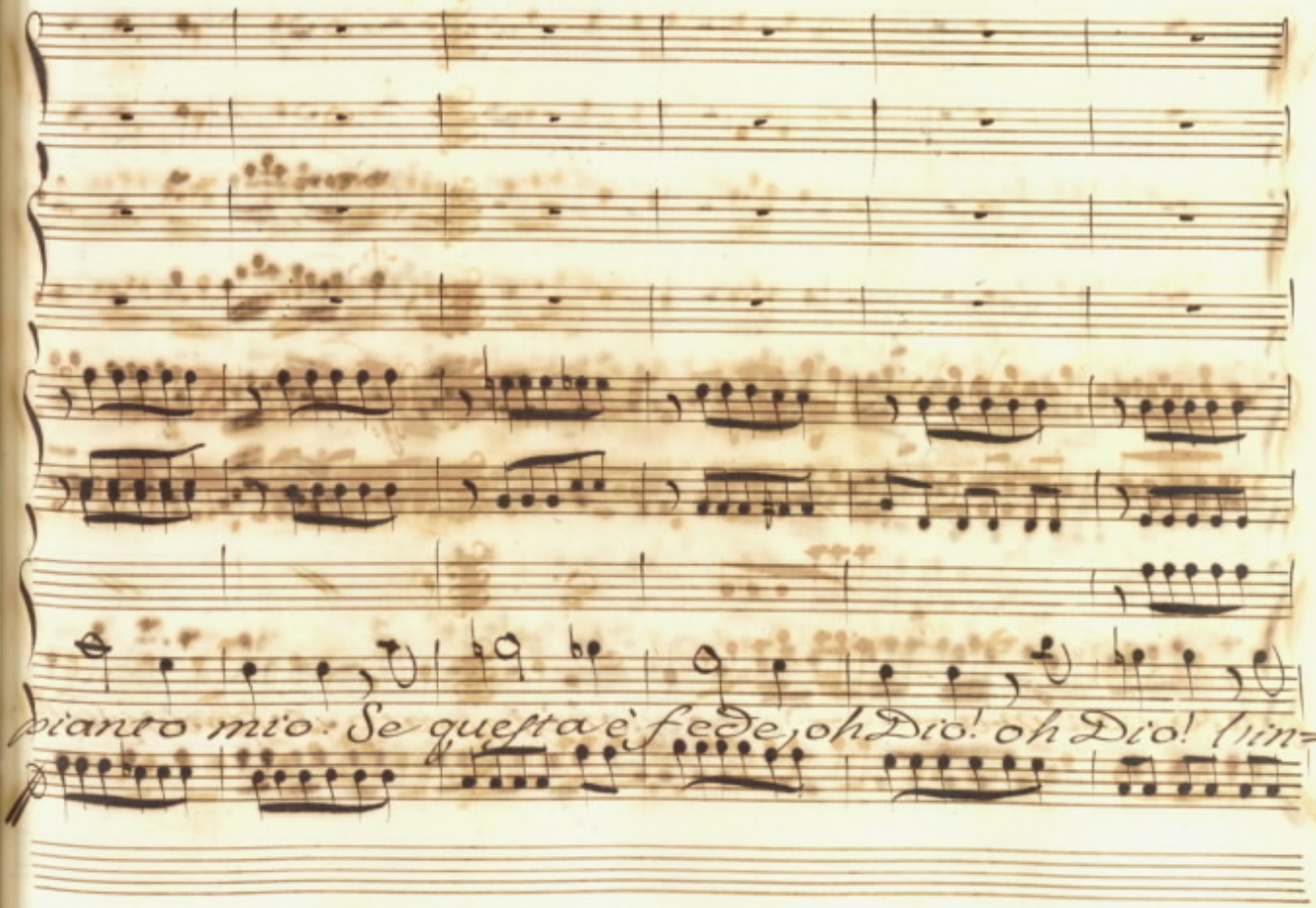

è!
l'infedeltà qual è!
l'in=

41v

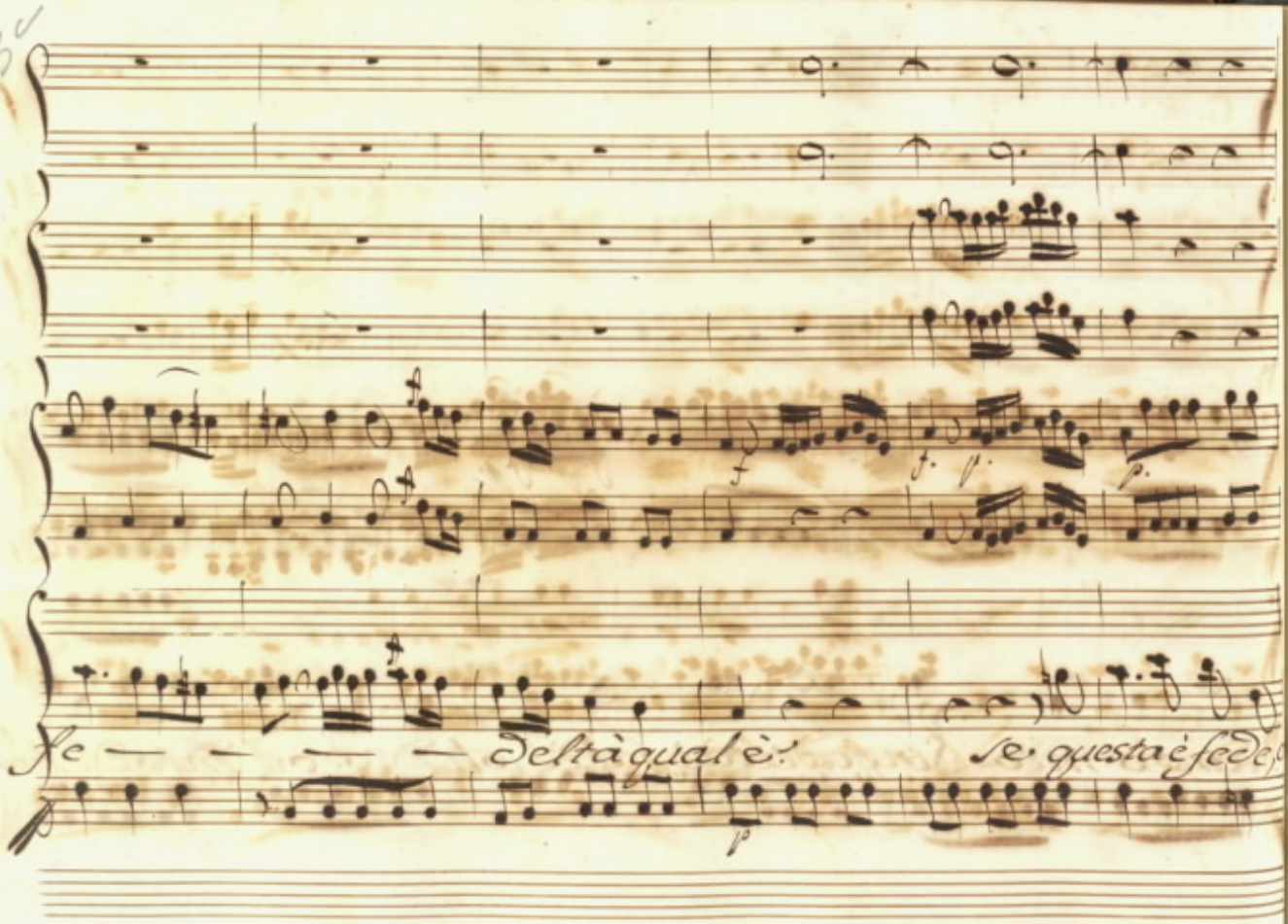


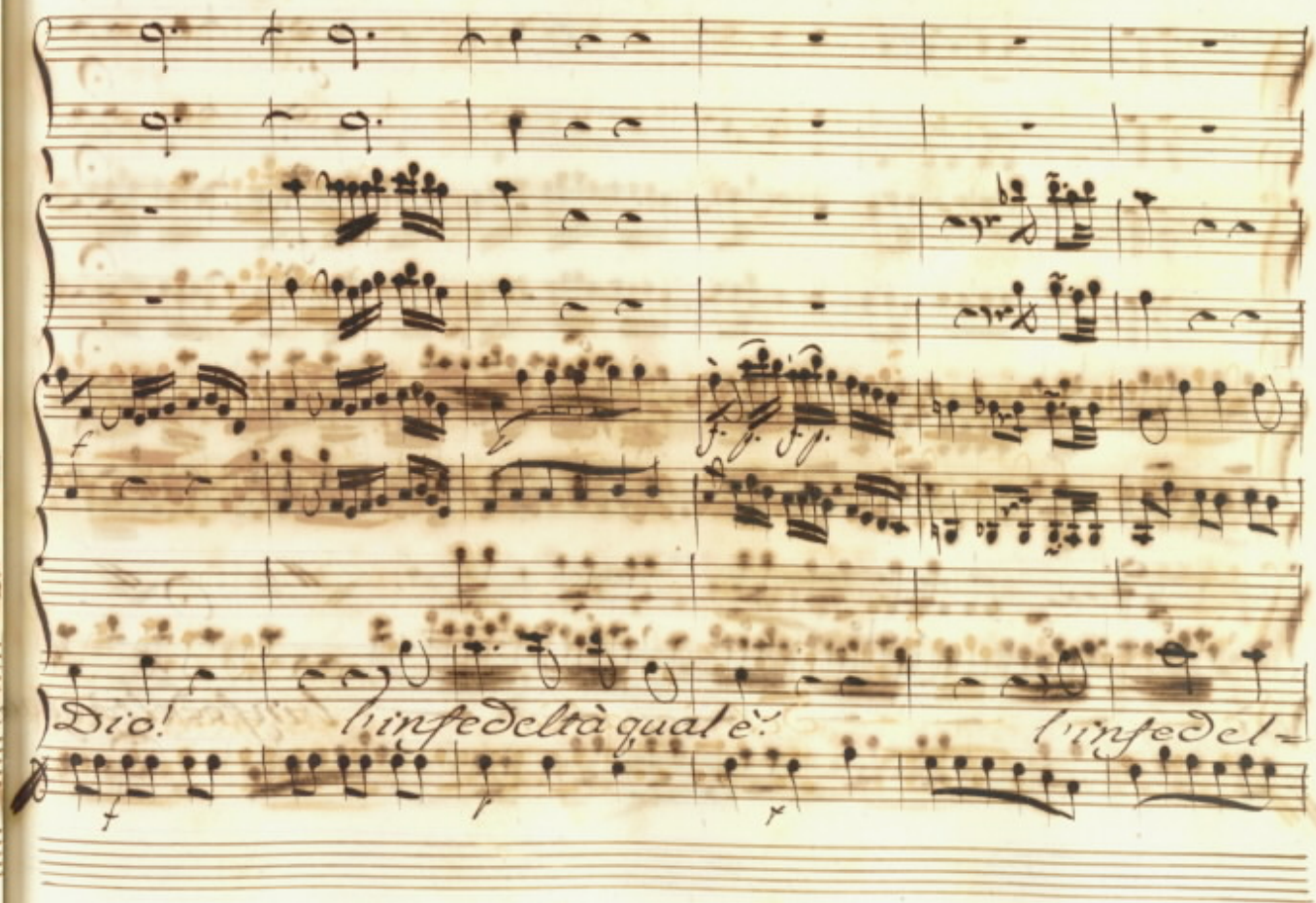

Nochenõm'ami, in=

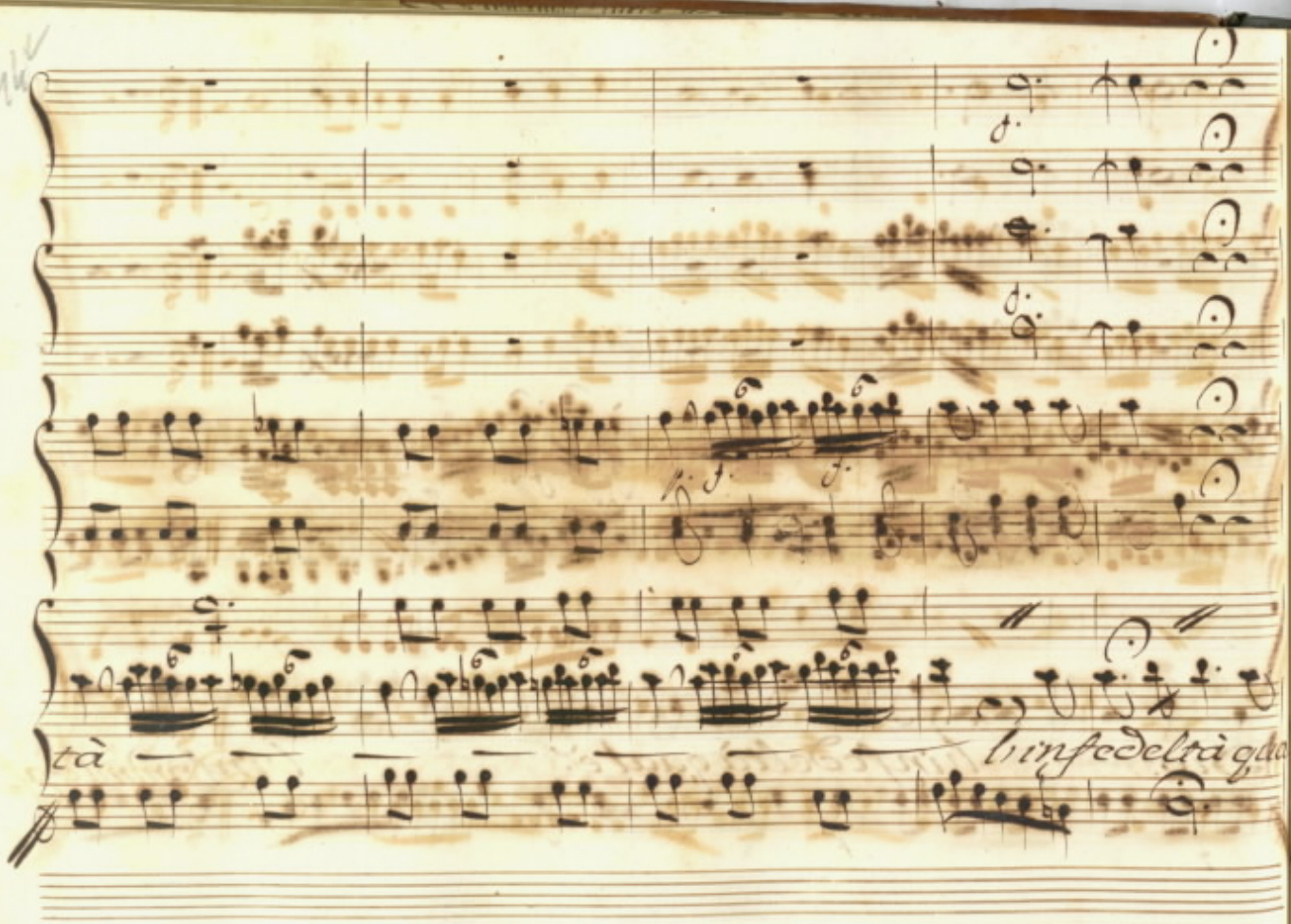

grato non m'a — — — mi ingrato sol brami il

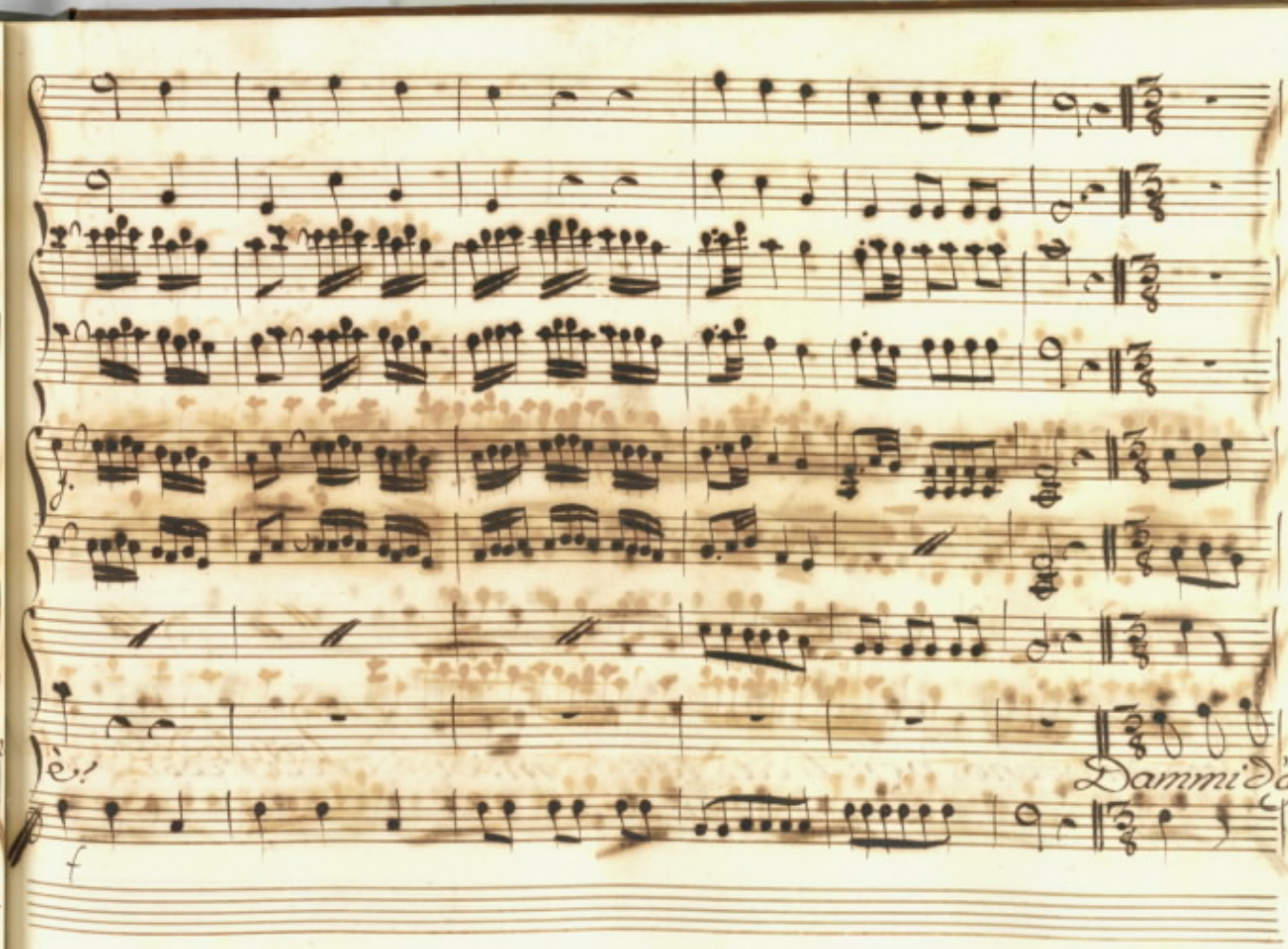

pianto mio. Se questa è fede, oh Dio! oh Dio! lim=

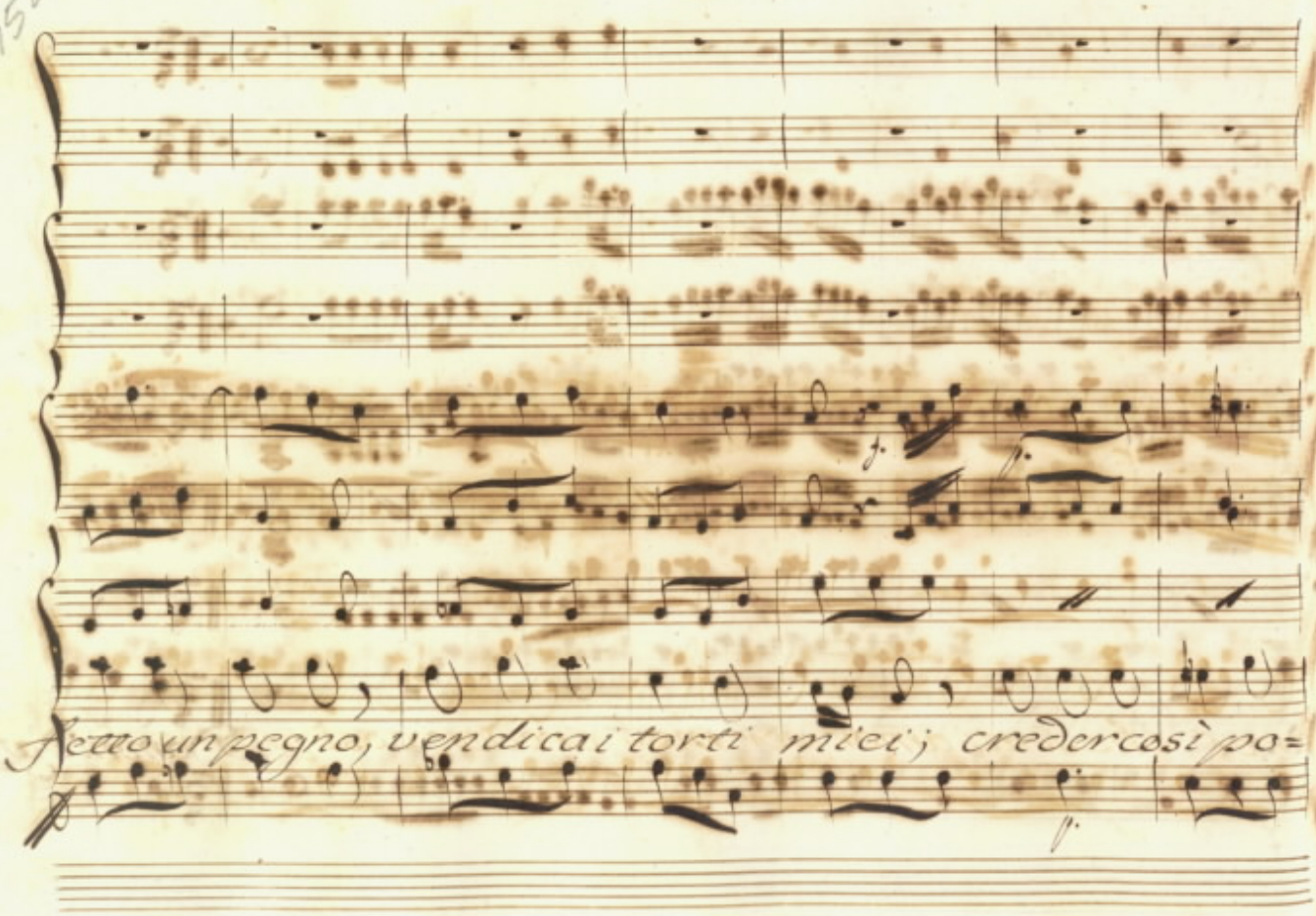
fe — — — — deltà qual è: se questa è fede,

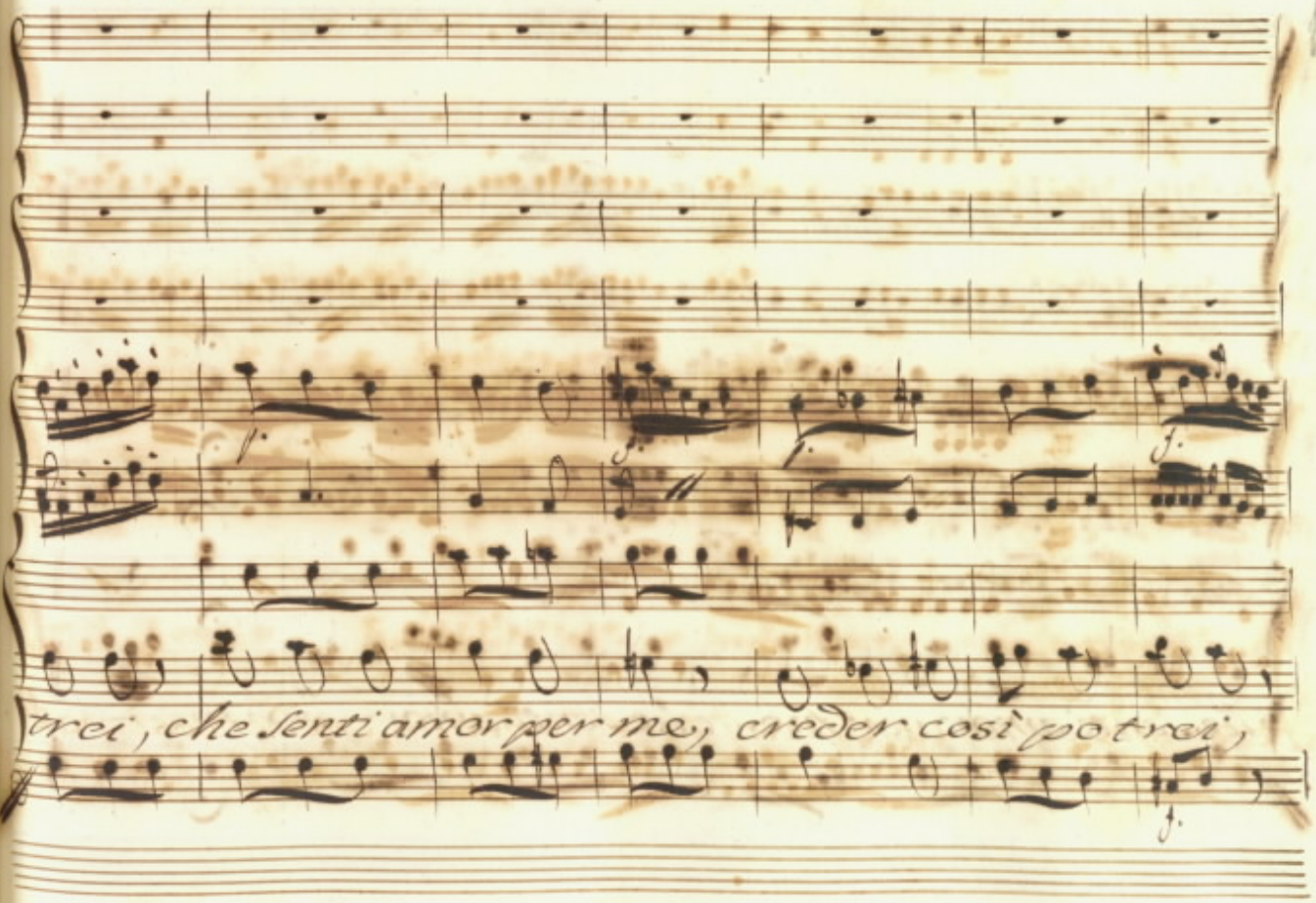


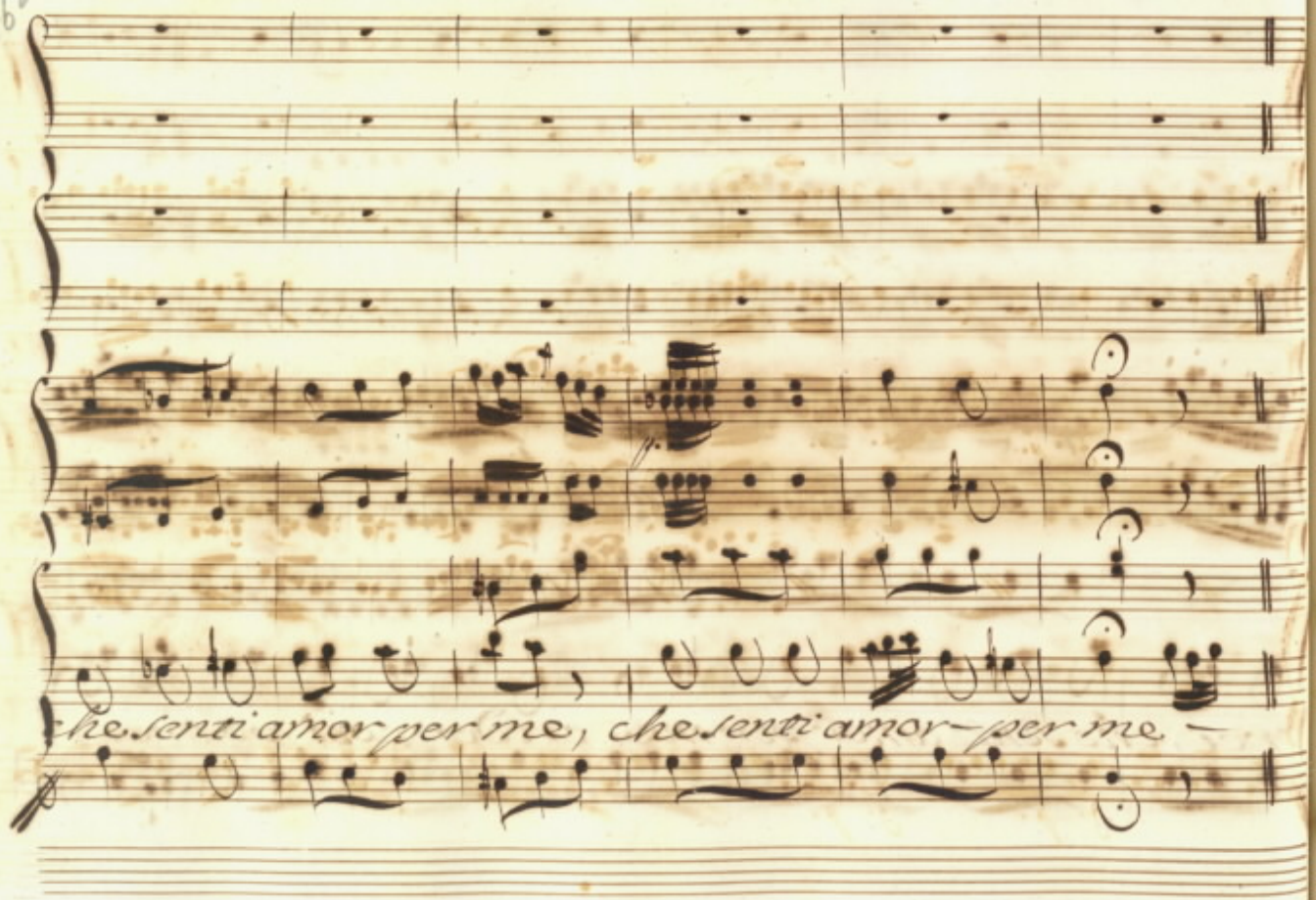

Dio!
l'infedeltà qual è!
l'infedel-

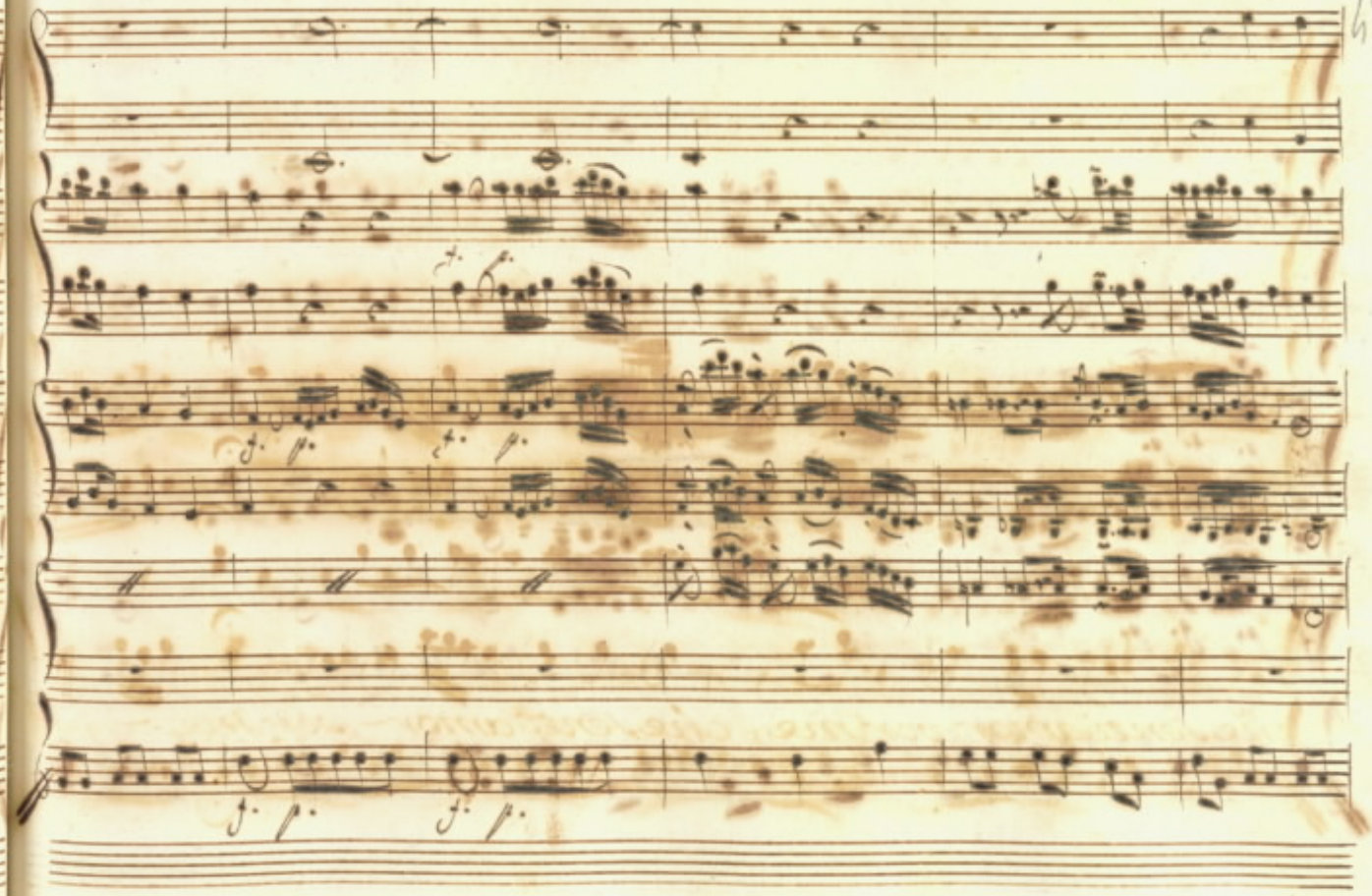

tà
l'infedeltà

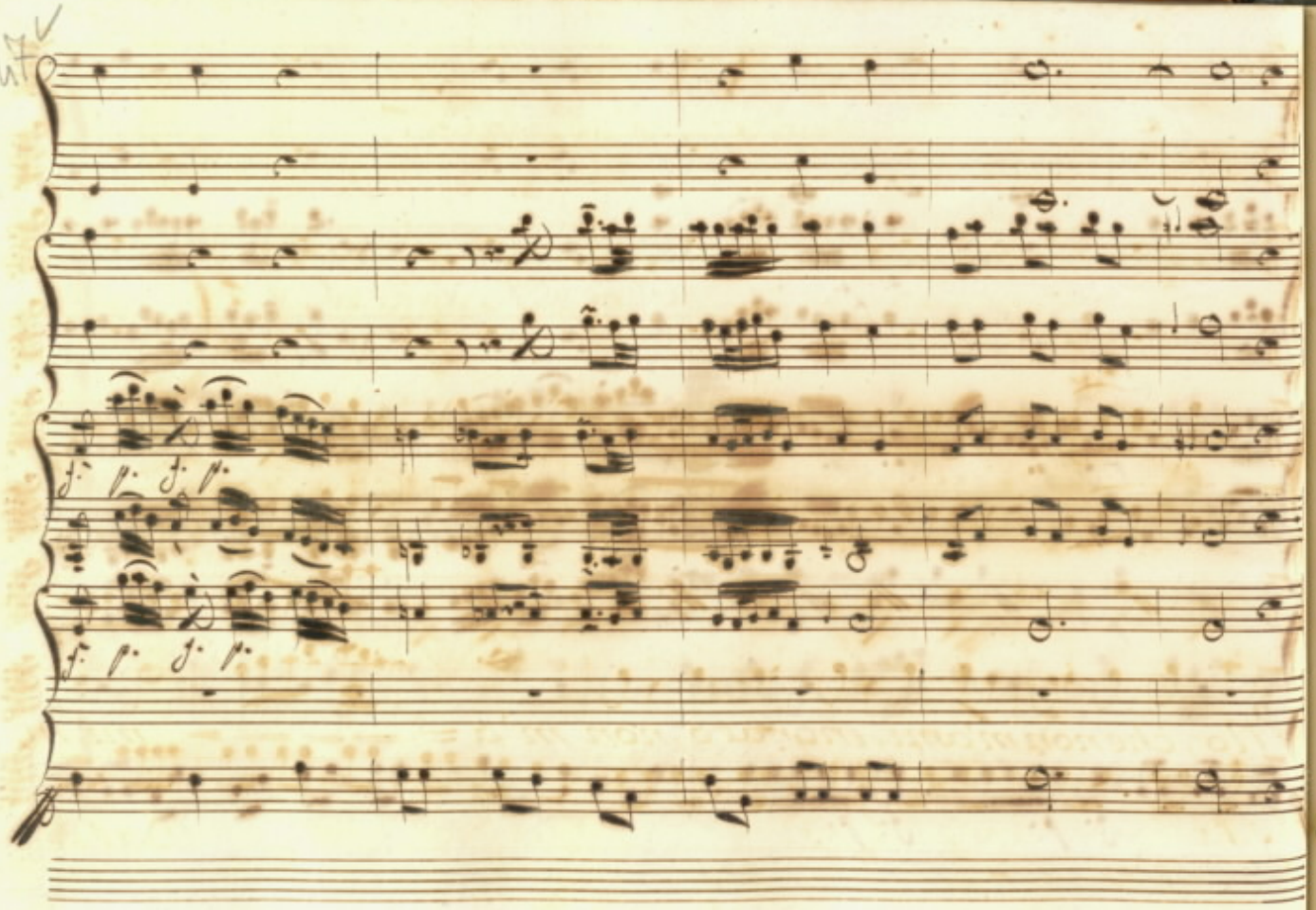

f.
è!
Dammi d'af
f

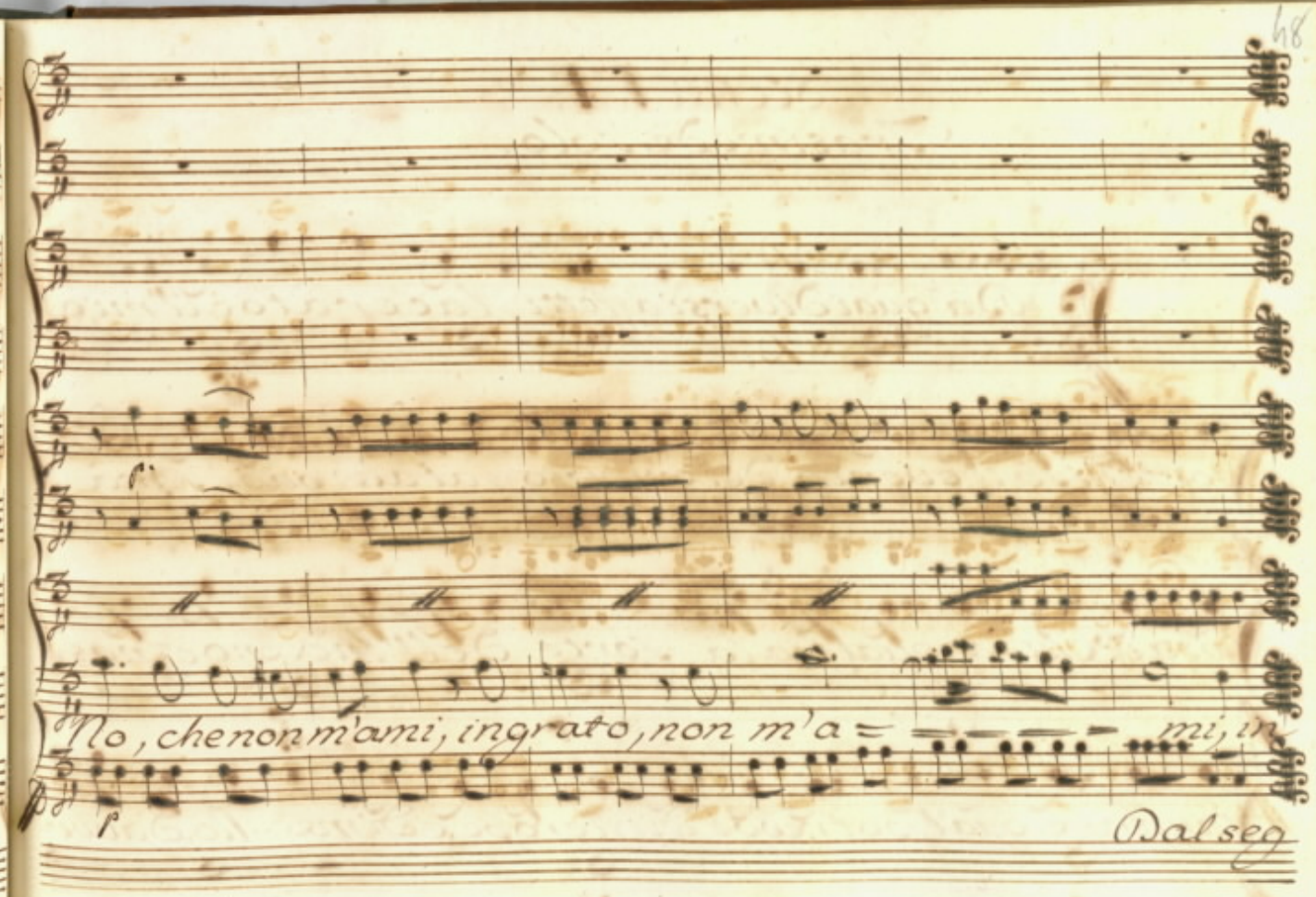

f.
p.
Retto un pegno, vendica i torti miei; credercosì po=
p.


trei, che sentì amor per me, creder così potrei,


che sentì amor per me, che sentì amor — per me —

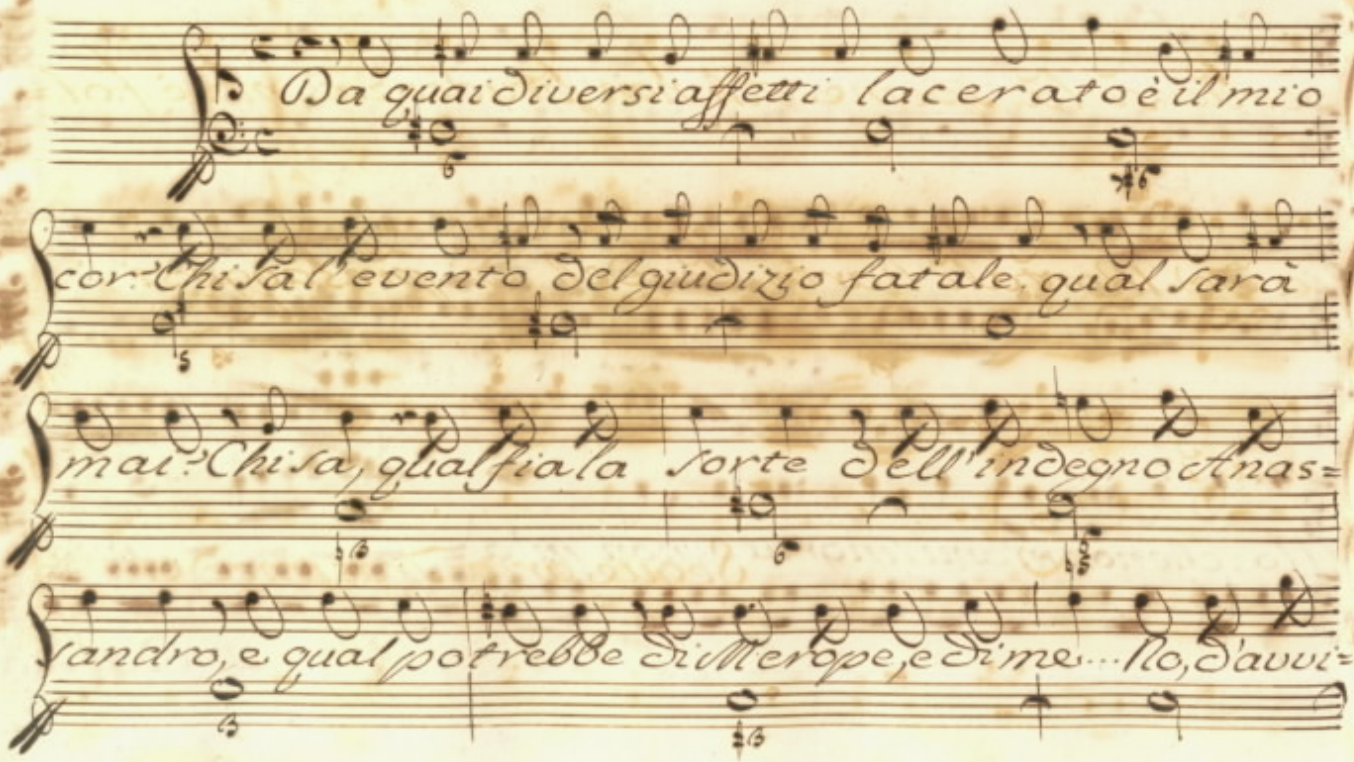

fz. fz.
fz. p. fz. p.
fz. p. fz. p.

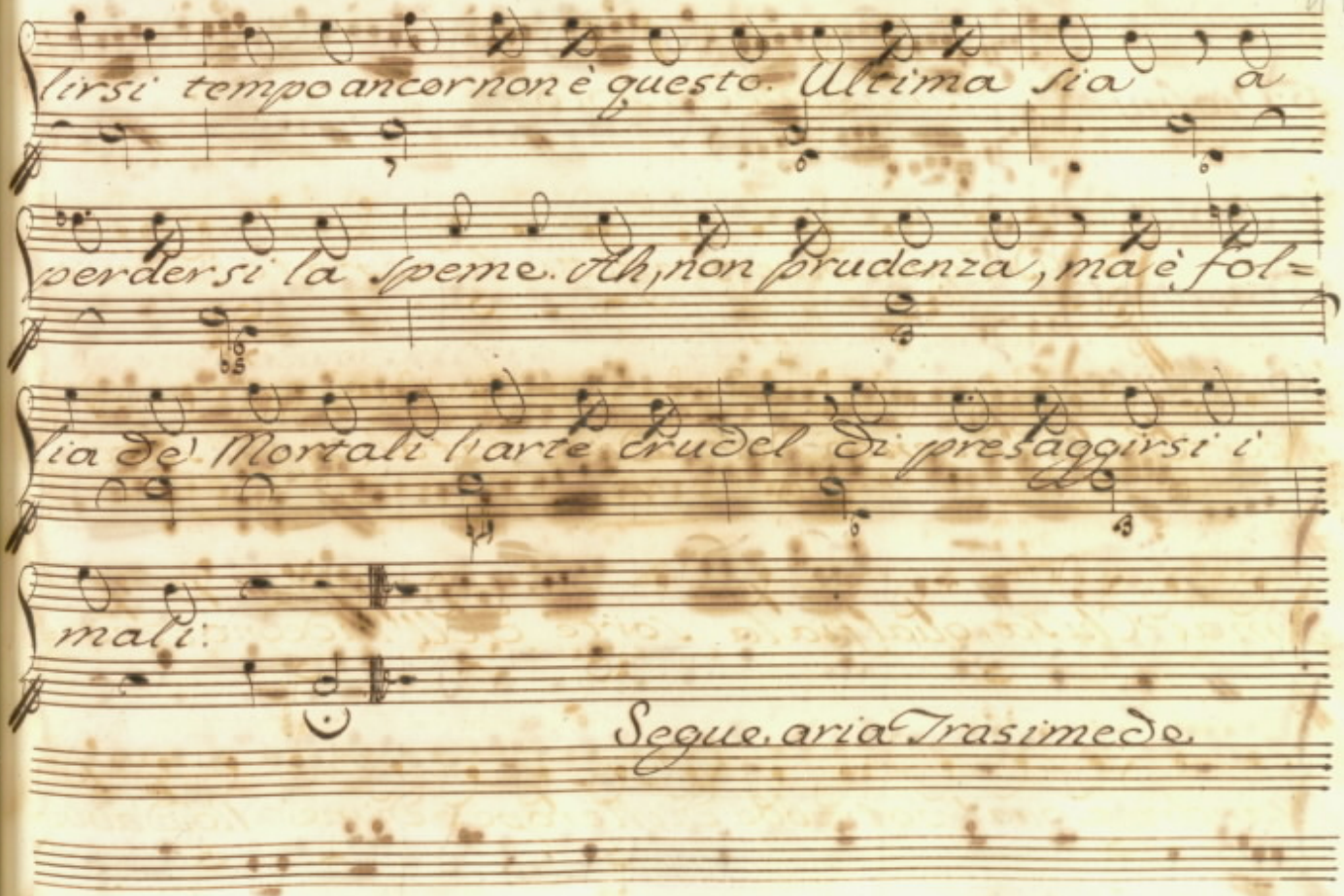


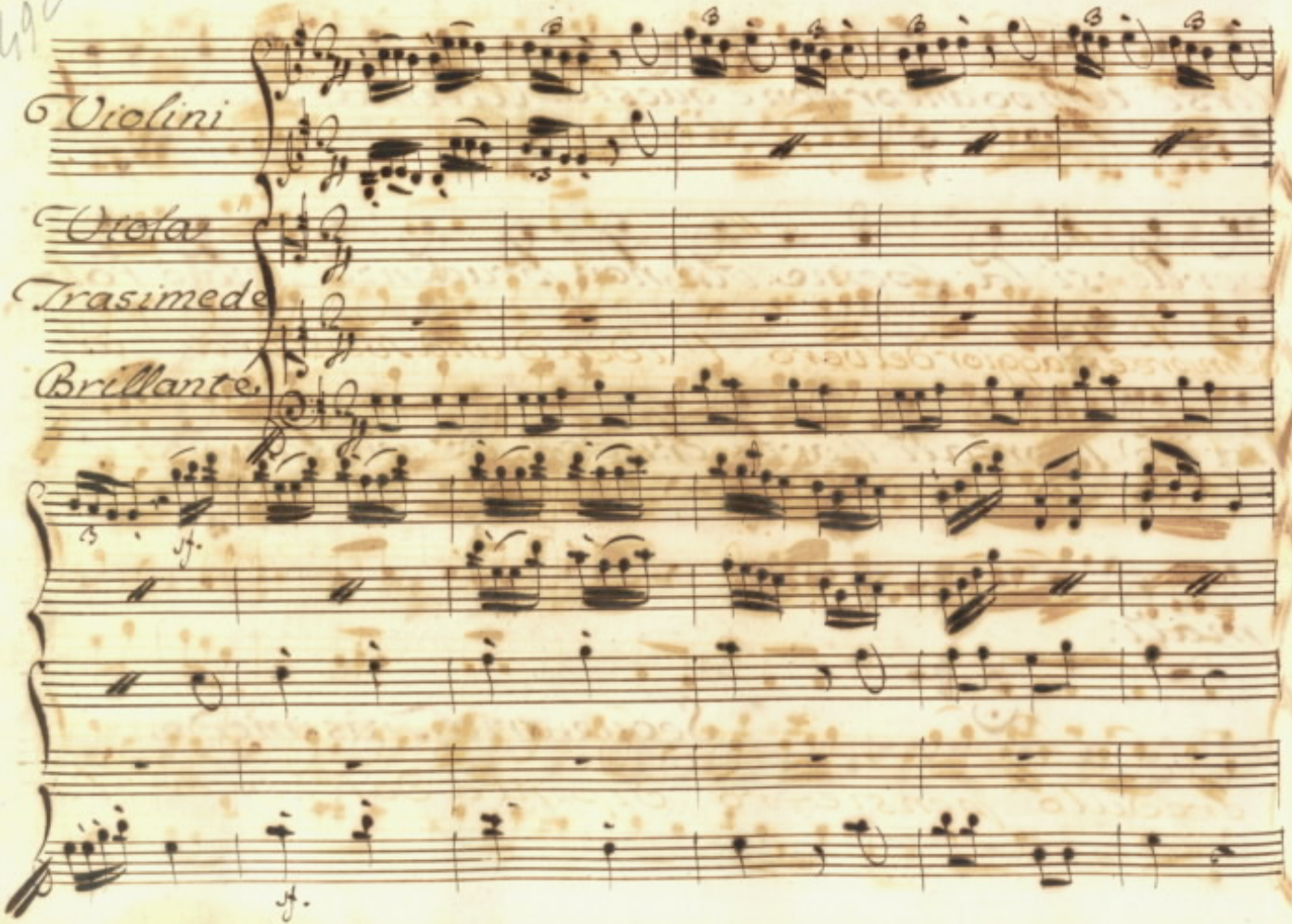

No, che non m'ami, ingrato, non m'a = mi, in
Dal seg

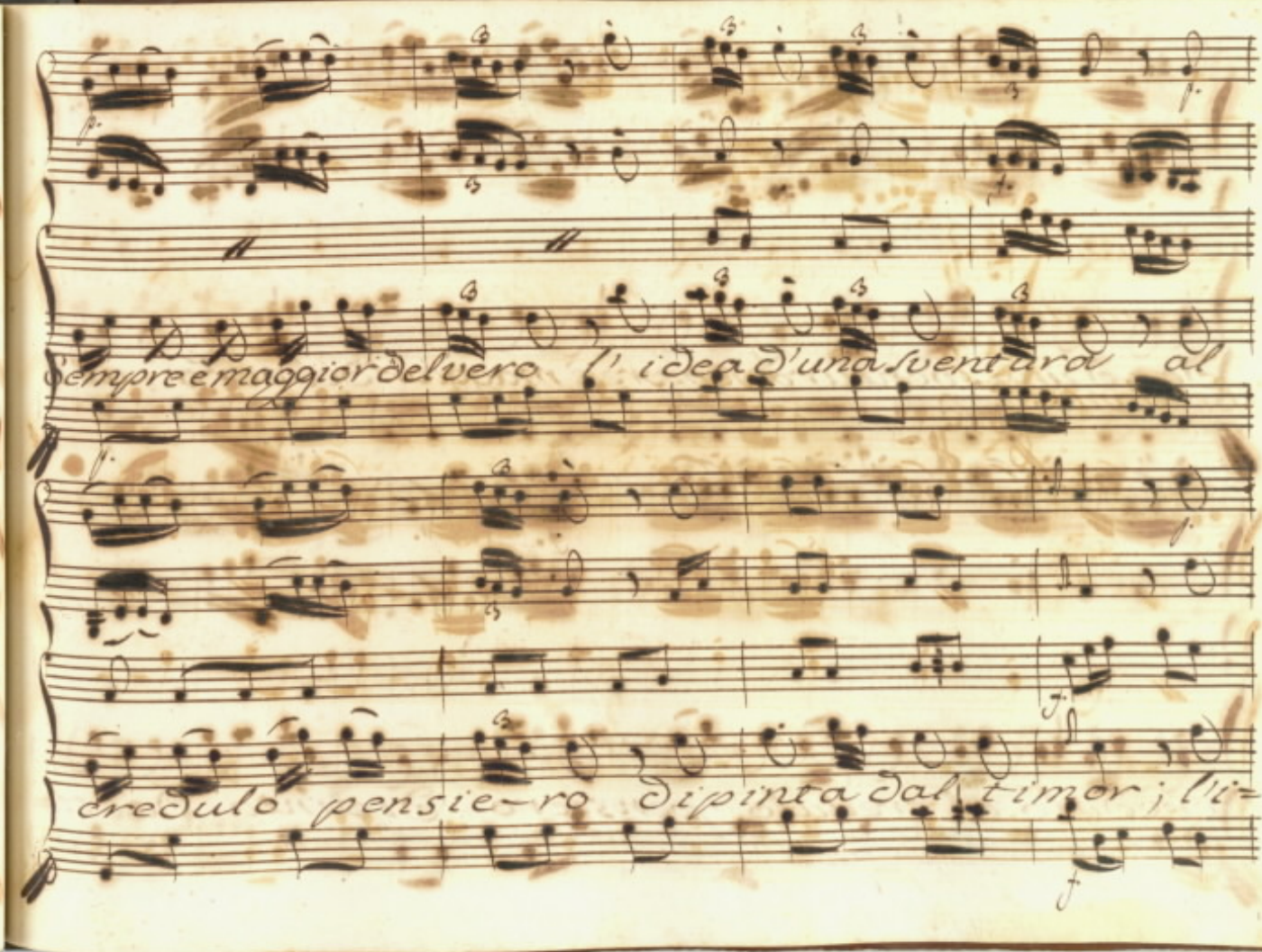
Scena VI.

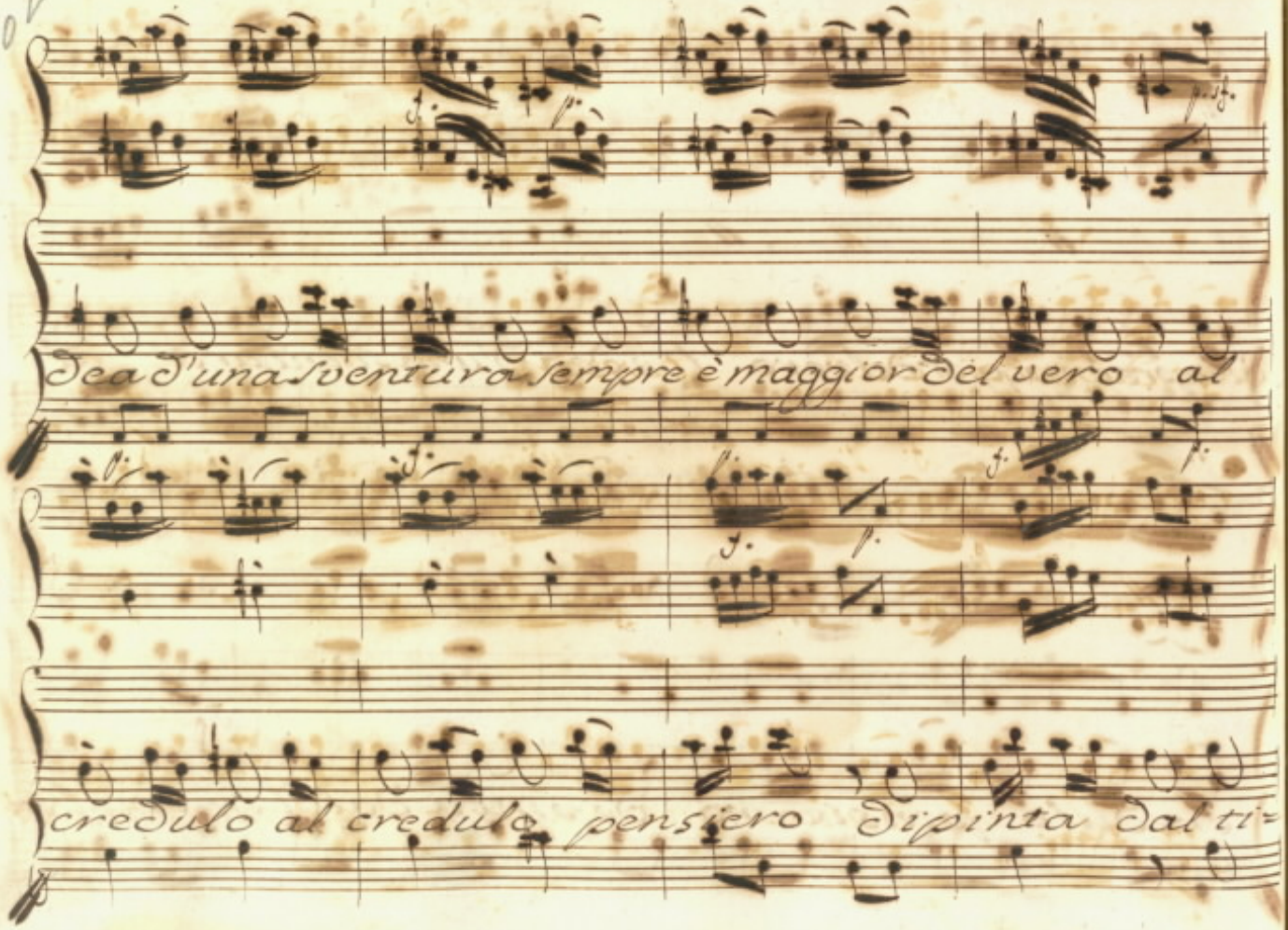
Trasimede solo.

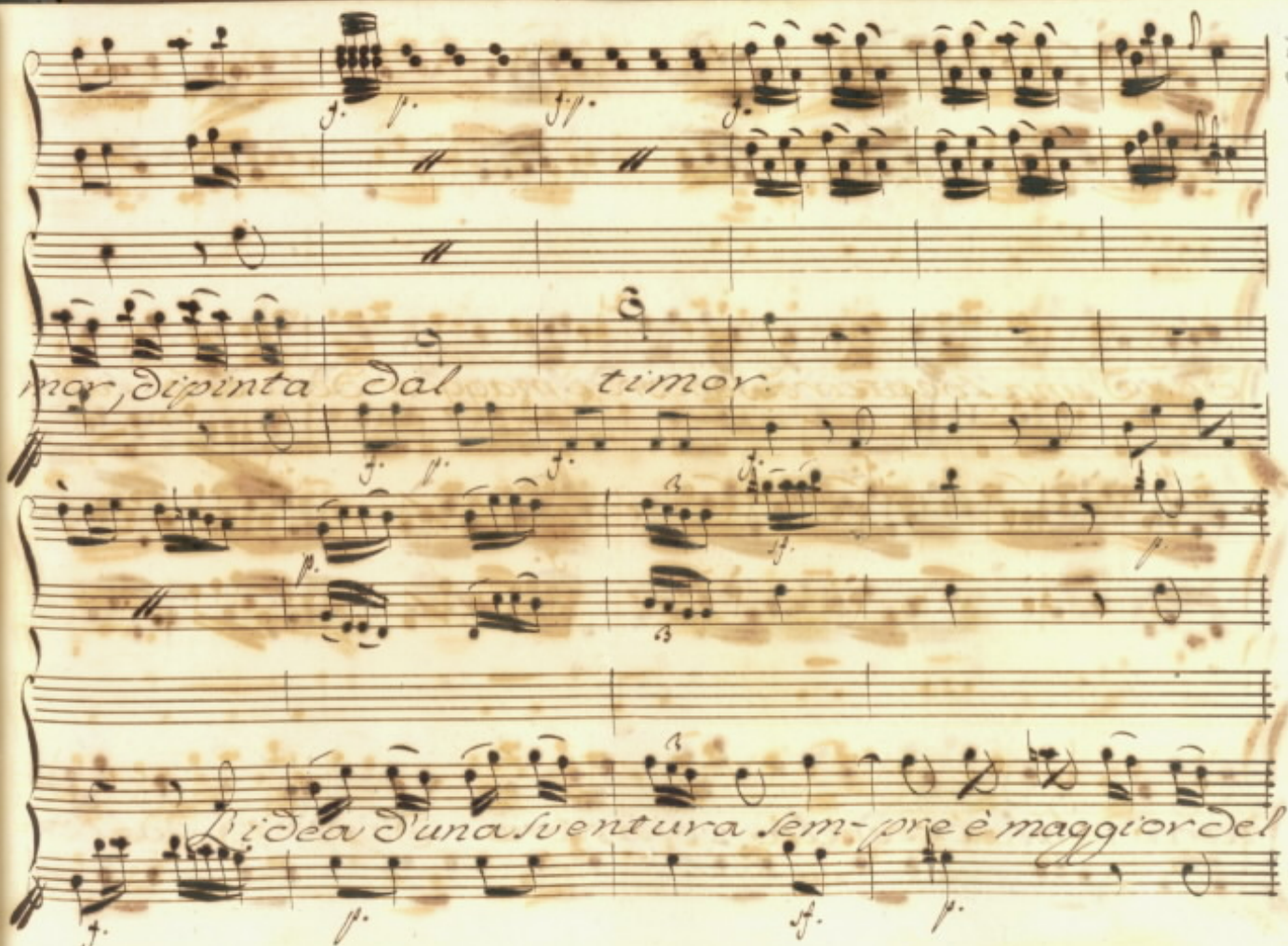


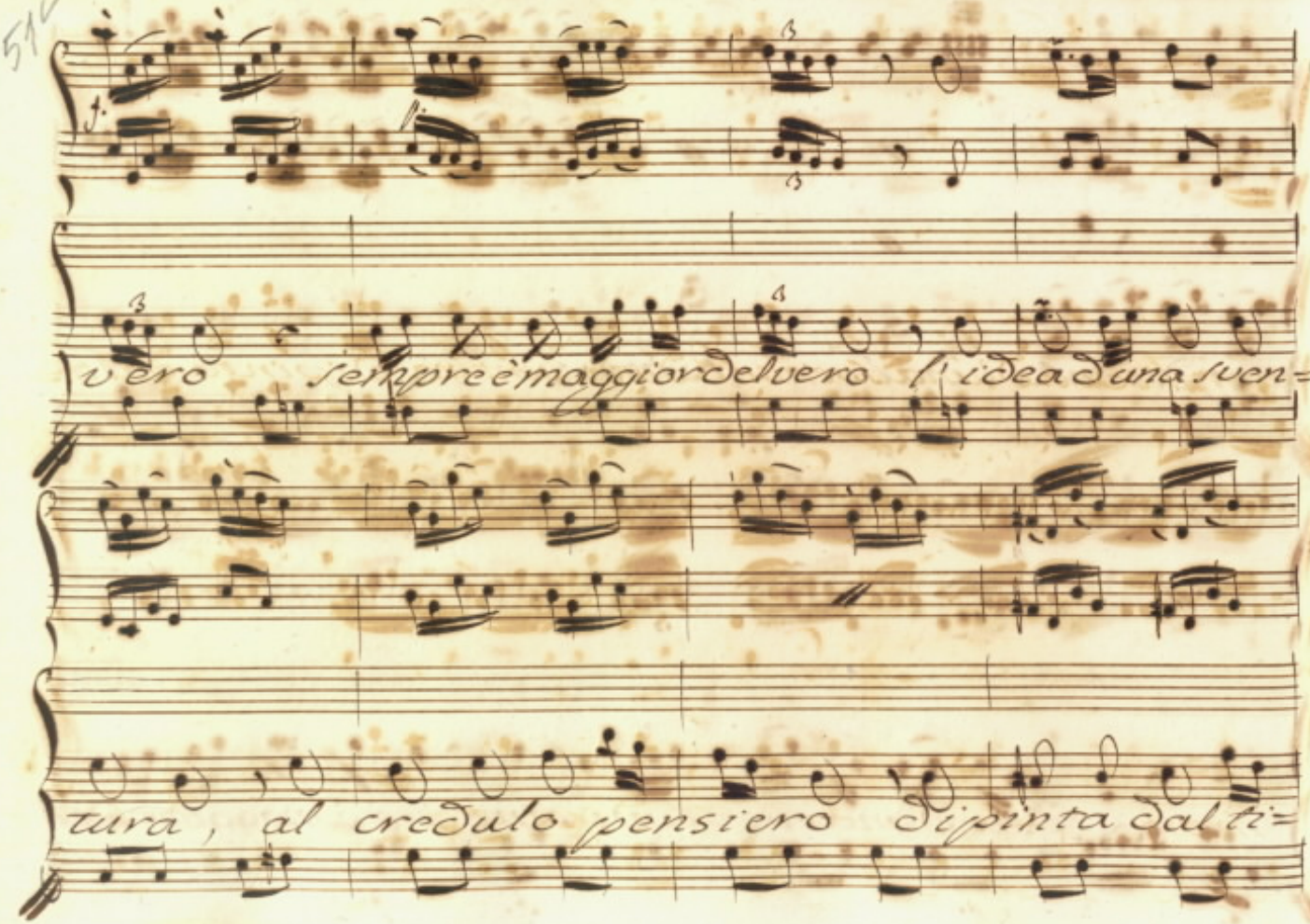

lirsi tempo ancor non è questo. Ultima sia a
perdersi la speme. Ah, non prudenza, ma è fol=
lia de' Mortali l'arte crudel di presaggirsi i'
mali:
Segue aria Trasimede


Violini
Viola
Trasimede
Brillante
ff.
ff.


sempre e maggior del vero l'idea d'una sventura al
credulo pensie-ro dipinta dal timor; li-

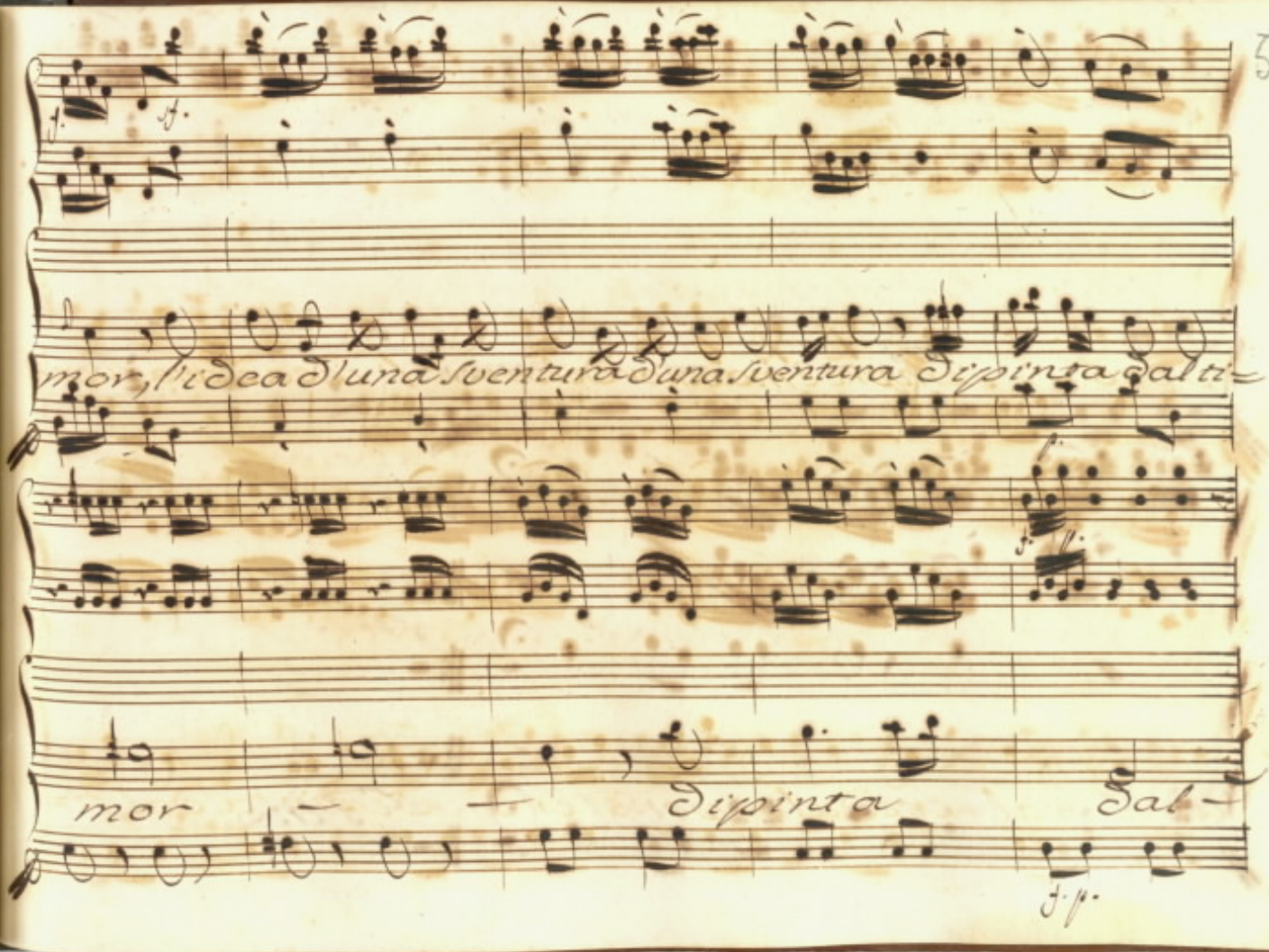

Idea d'una sventura sempre è maggior del vero al
credulo al credulo pensiero Dipinta dal ti=

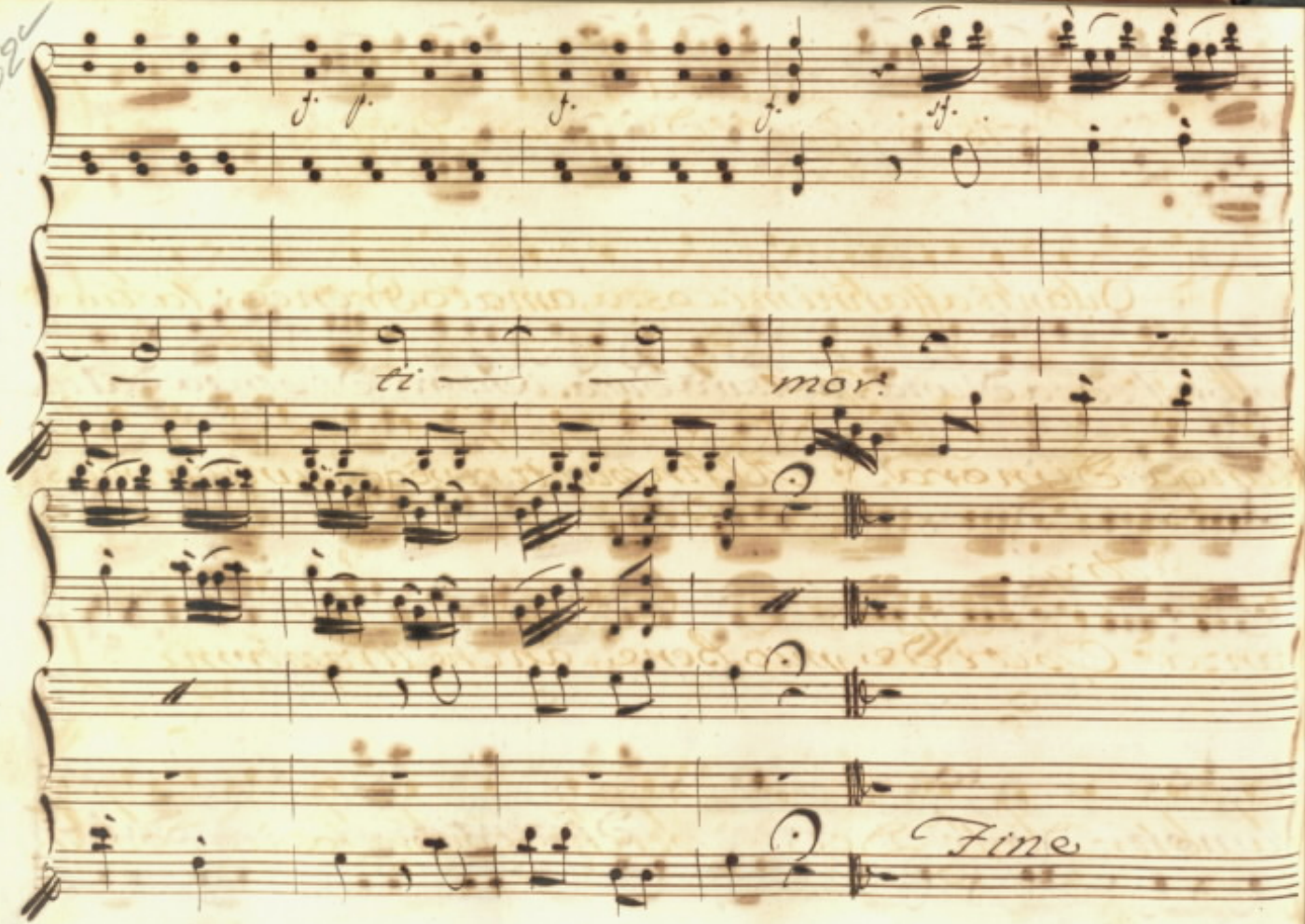

mar, dipinta dal timor.
L'idea d'una sventura sem- pre è maggior del


vero sempre è maggior del vero l'idea d'una sven=
tura, al credulo pensiero dipinta dal ti=

mor, l'idea d'una sventura d'una sventura dipinta dalti=

mor — — dipinta dal-

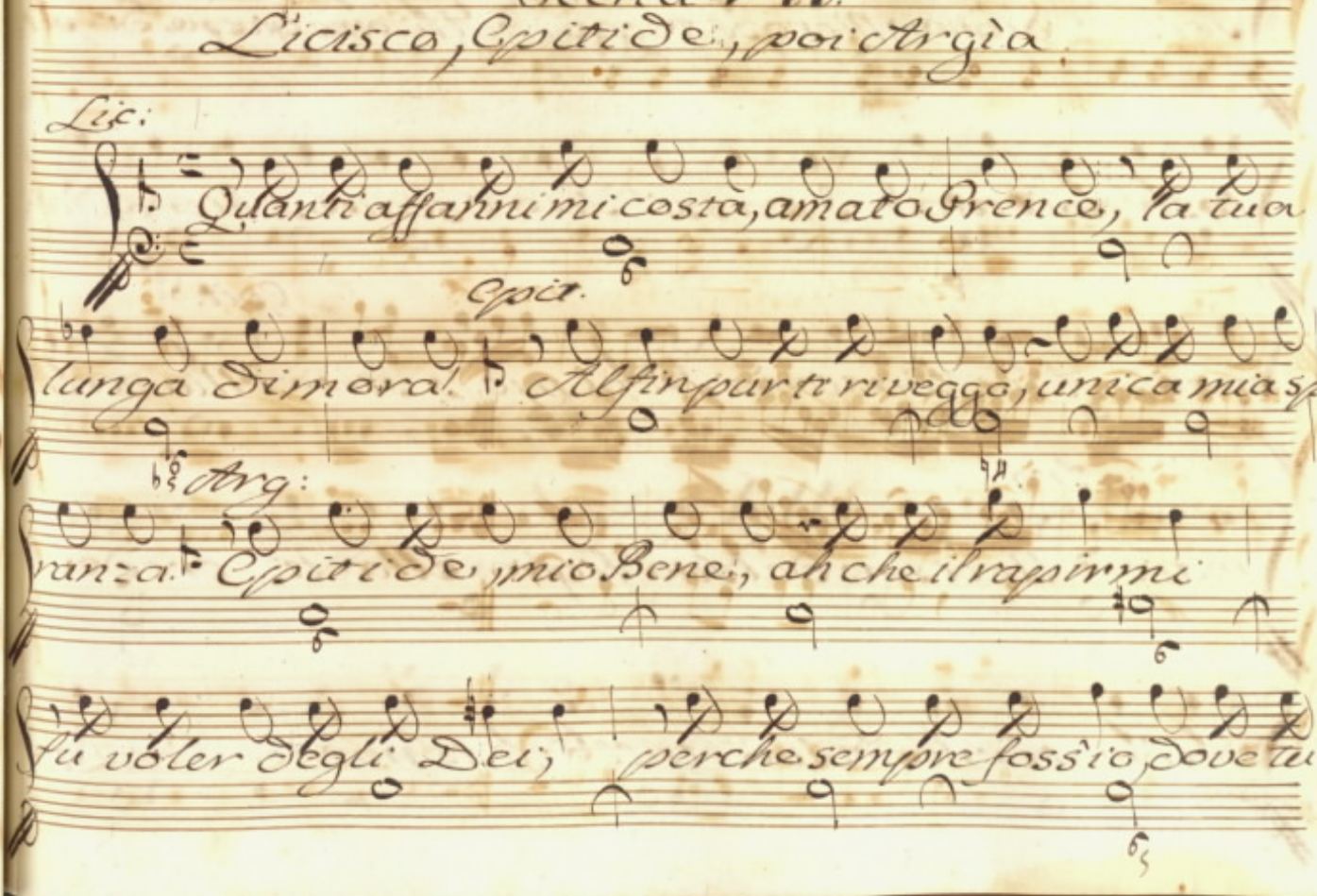



f. p.
f.
f.
ff.
ti
mor.
Fine

Scena VII.

Licisco, Spiriti de', poi Argia.

Lic:



Lic: Sei. Signor, Merope veggo. Ar: Ah come giugne dispet-

tosa agitata! I passi suoi segue schiera d'ar-

mati: A lei ti ascondi, I dol mio, p. pietà. Epit. Ma perche

Arg: mai! Uccisor del suo figlio ella ti crede.

Dal materno dolor tutto si tema. La-

sciatemi, partite. I suoi disegni io scoprirò... Ma

Cp.

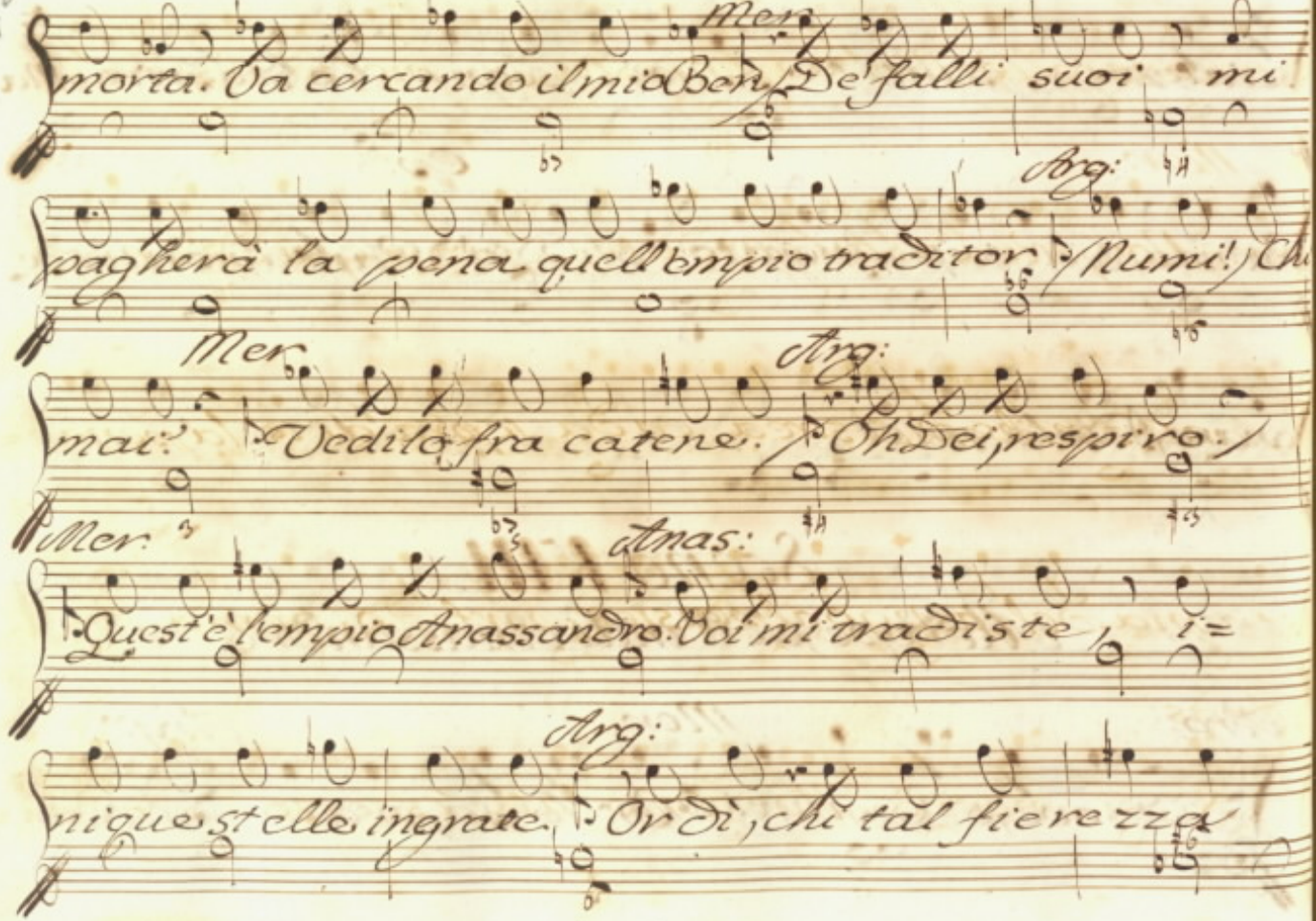
Prence, già viene... Ingrato... oh Dio! Parto, non ti sde-

gnare, Idolo mio.

Scena VIII.

Merope, e Detti indi Anassandro.

Arg: Dove, o Regina? Mer: Or lo saprai. Arg.o Son


Mer.
morta. Va cercando il mio Ben. De falli suoi mi
Arg:
pagherà la pena quell'empio traditor. (Numi!) Ch
Mer.
Arg:
mai? Vedilo fra catene. Oh Dei, respiro.
Mer.
Amas:
Quest'è l'empio Anassandro. Voi mi tradiste
Arg:
ni queste stelle ingrate. Or dì, chi tal fierezza

ti consiglio: Molto a dir resta, e molto resta a sa=

Mer.

per: Non più. Costui guidate ora a giudicio

suoi: Finche d'Astrea cada sopra di te la pena e=

strema, del castigo al pensier perfido, trema.

Anbas:

Sì, sì, morrò. Ma nel mio fato istesso altri ca=

drà con mio piacere oppresso. Vinto minacci an-

cor? Che mai più speri? Mancherà tant'ardir in faccia a

morte. Gli empirò sempre amica à anno la sorte.

Ana.

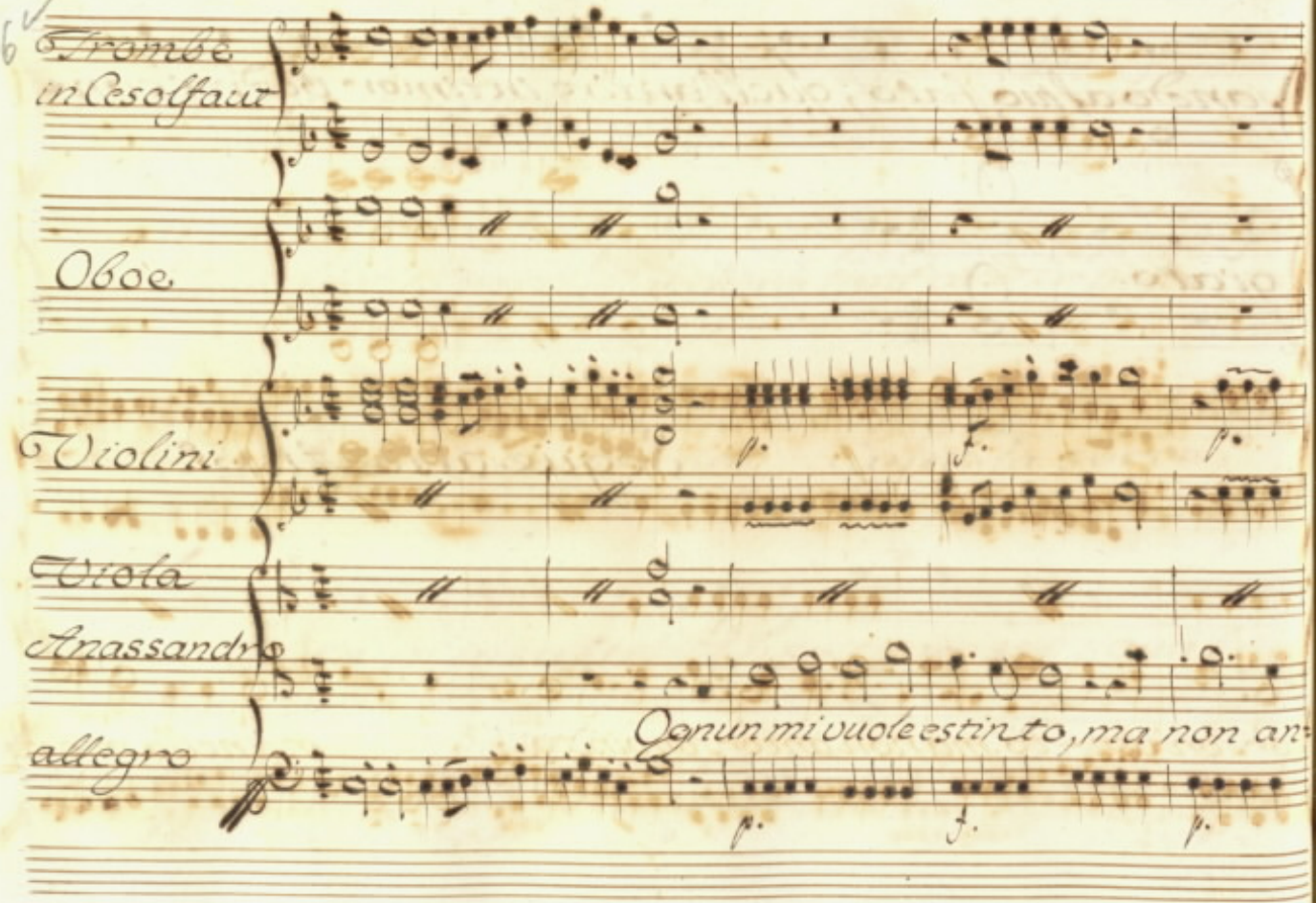
Merope, tu m'insulti! Ahse sapessi, qual

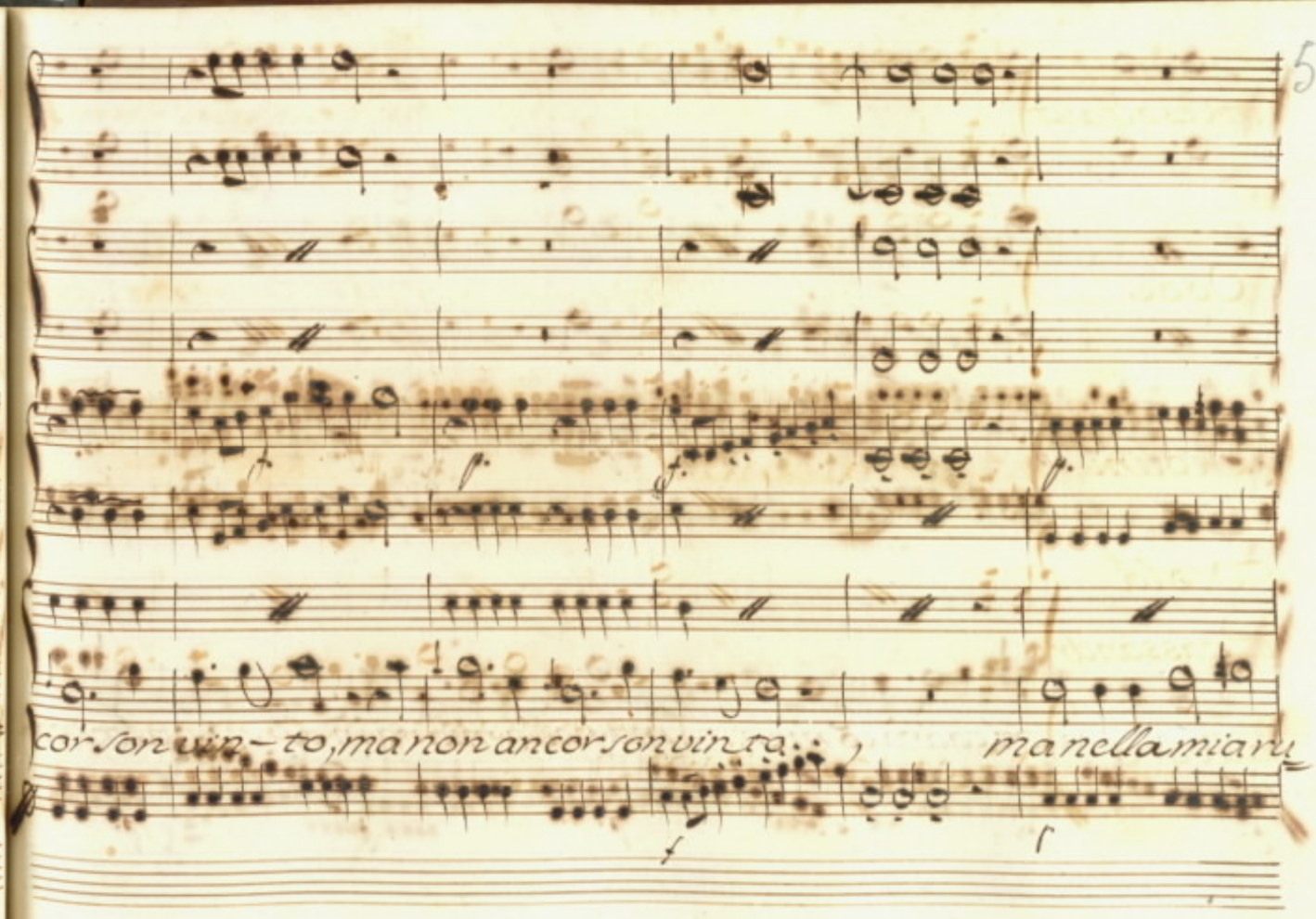
turbine di mali a te sovrasta, ripen-

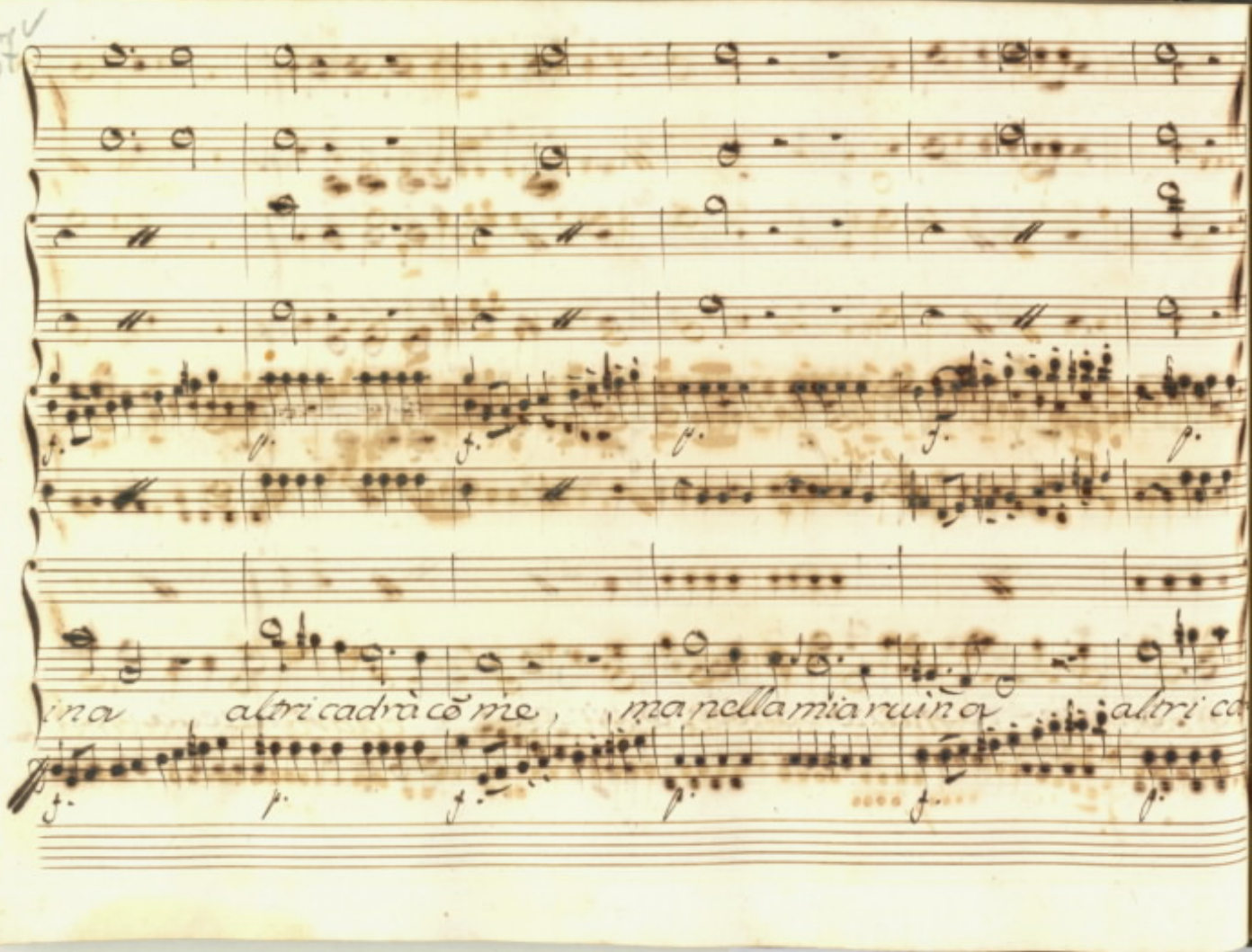
vando al mio fato, quell'ardire in timor vedrei can=

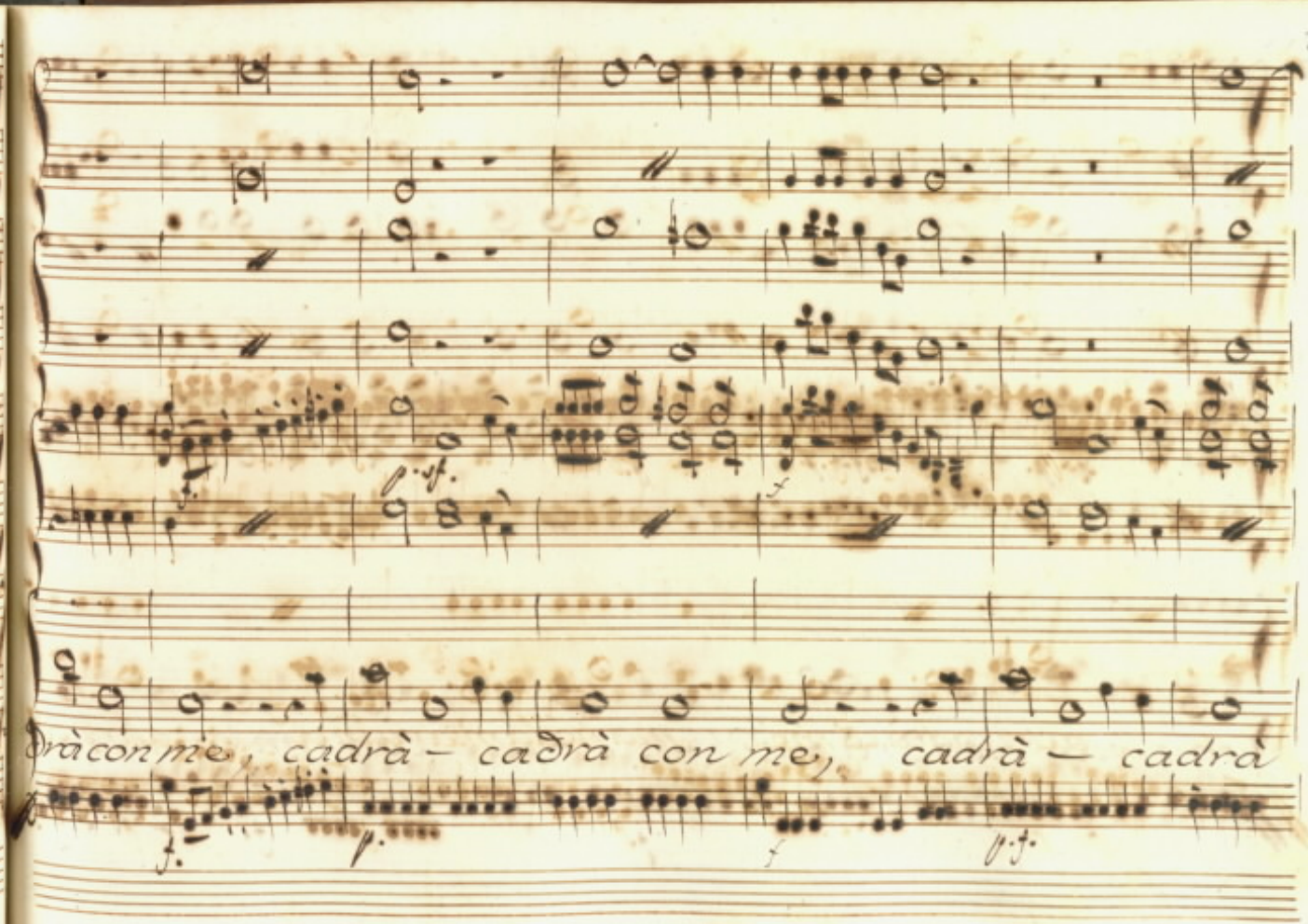
gi'ato.

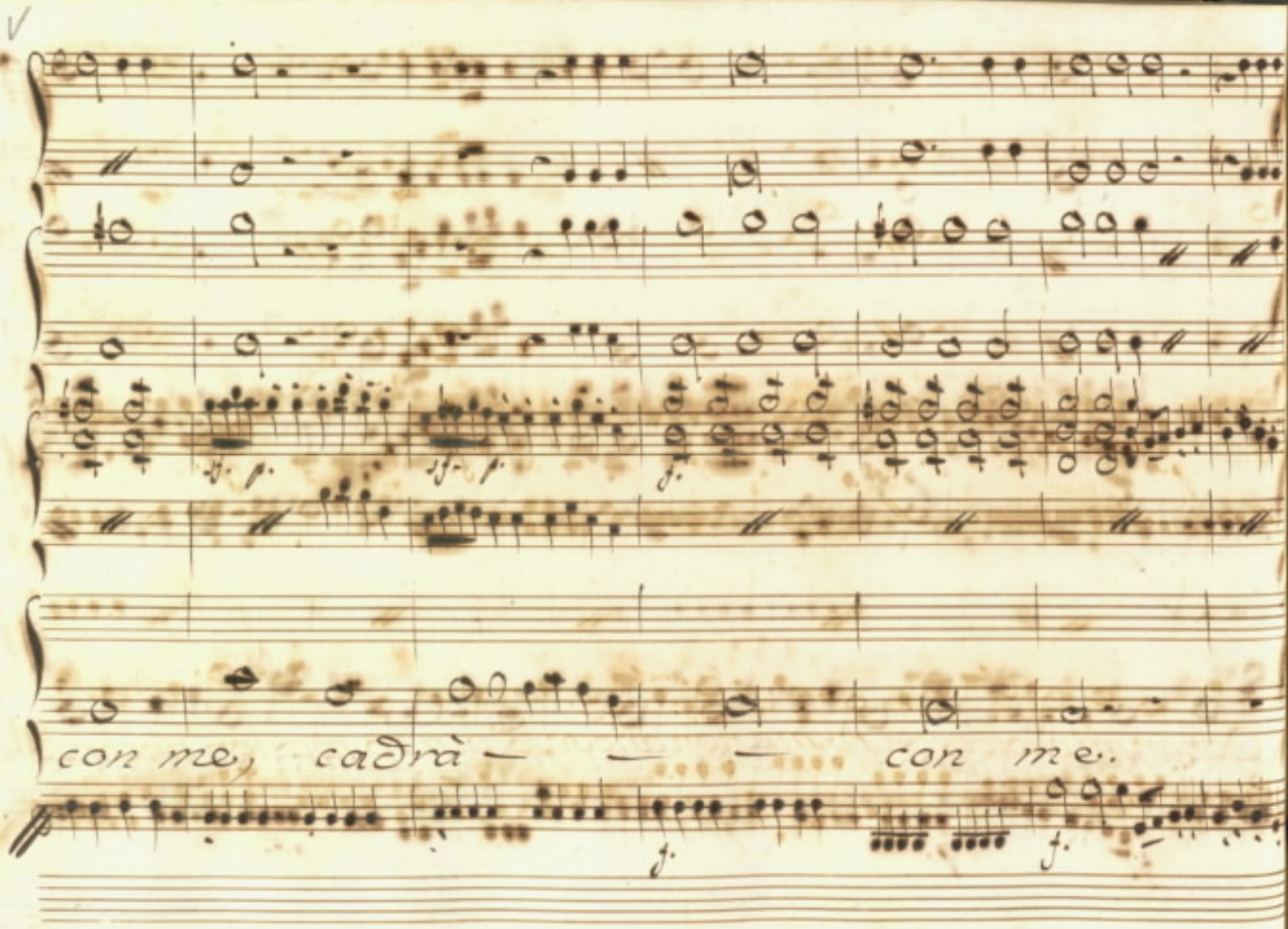
Segue aria d'Anass.


Trombe
in Cesolfaut
Oboe
Violini
Viola
Anassandro
allegro
Ognun mi vuole estinto, ma non an-
p.
f.
p.

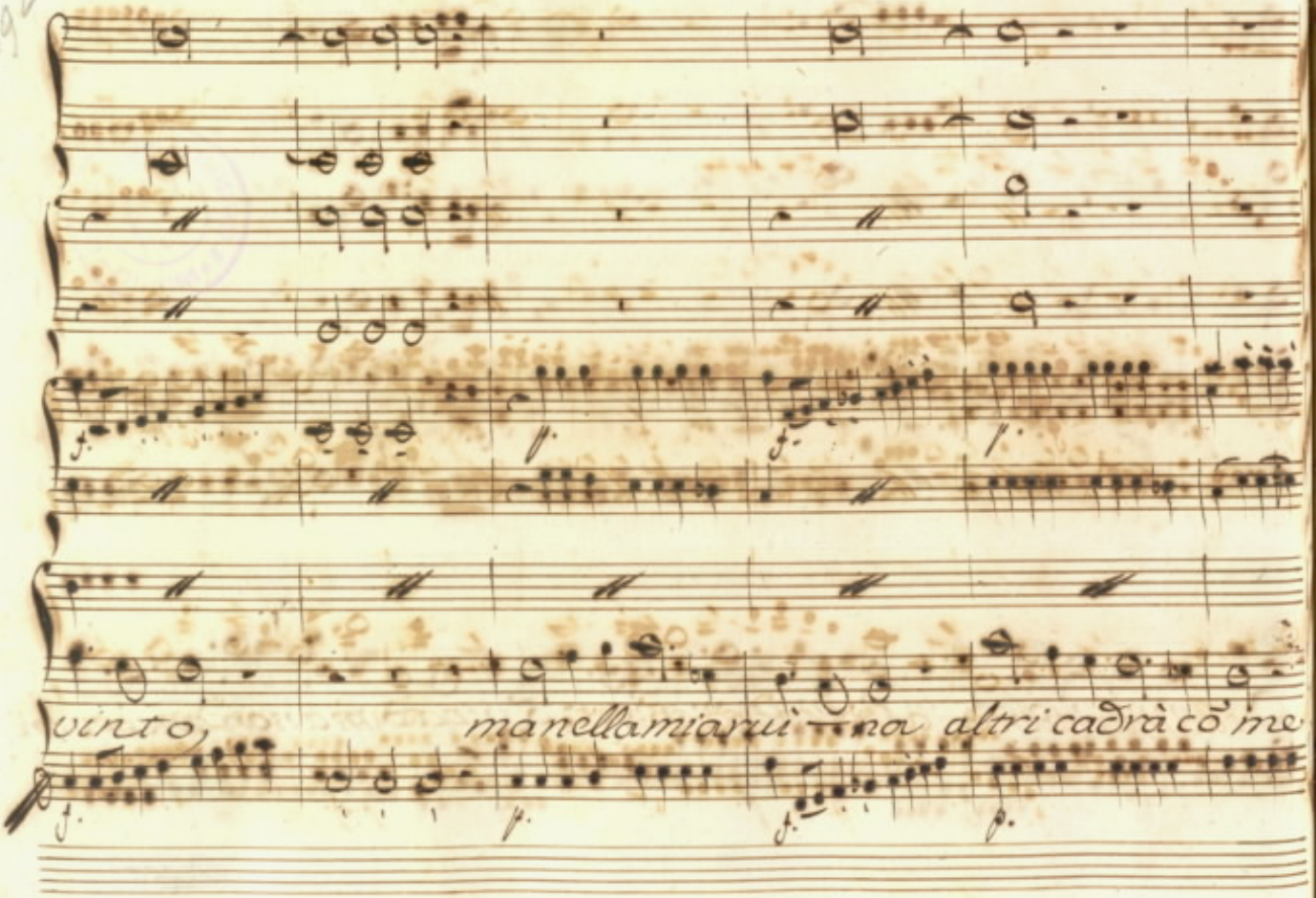

cor son vin- to, ma non ancor son vin to.. , ma nella mia ru

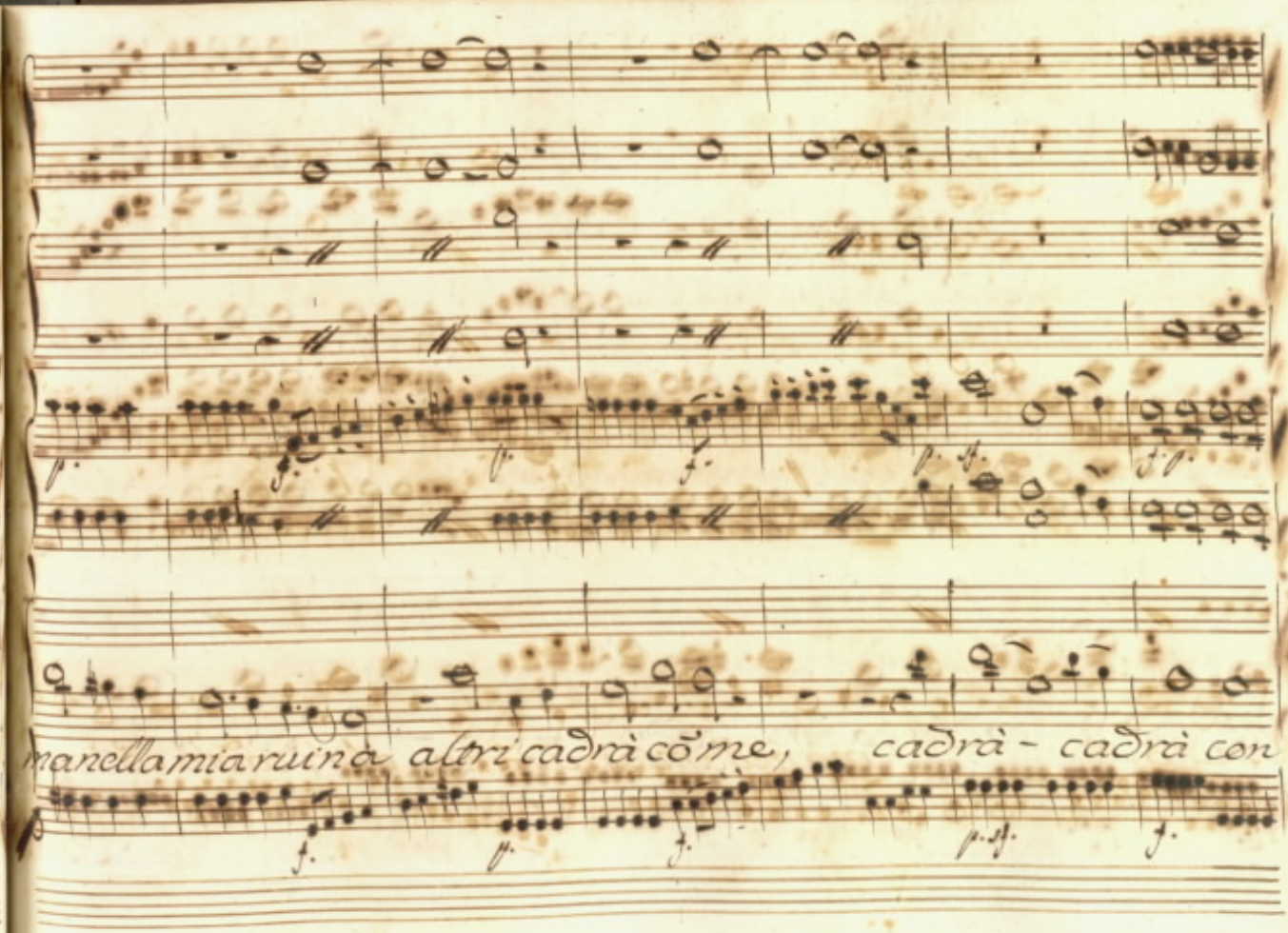

ina altri cadrà cõme, ma nella mia ruina altri cadrà

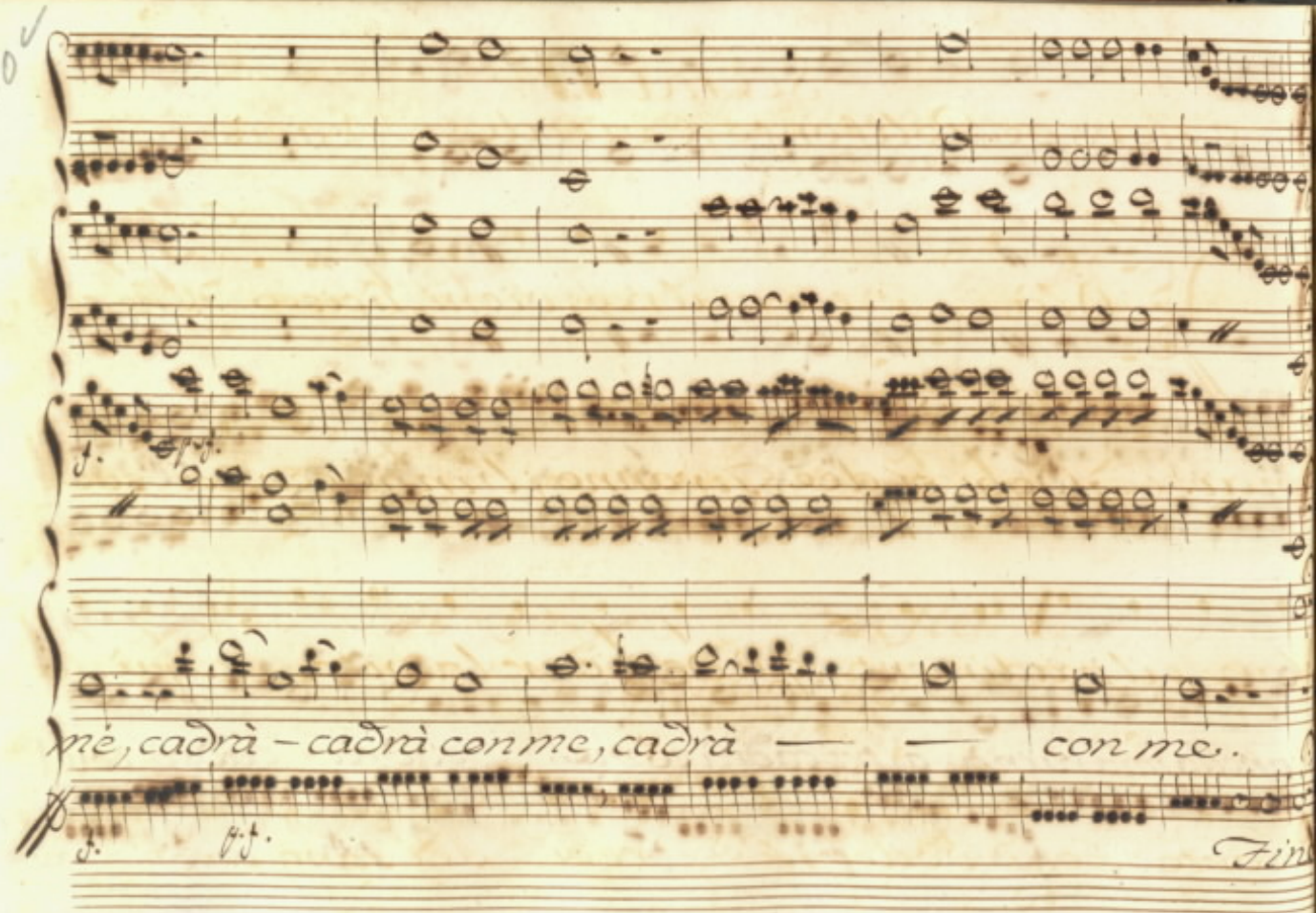

p. f.
f
drà con me, cadrà - cadrà con me, cadrà - cadrà
f.
p.
f
p. f.


con me, cadrà — — — con me.

Ognun mi vuol estinto, ma non ancor sō vinto, ma non ancor son

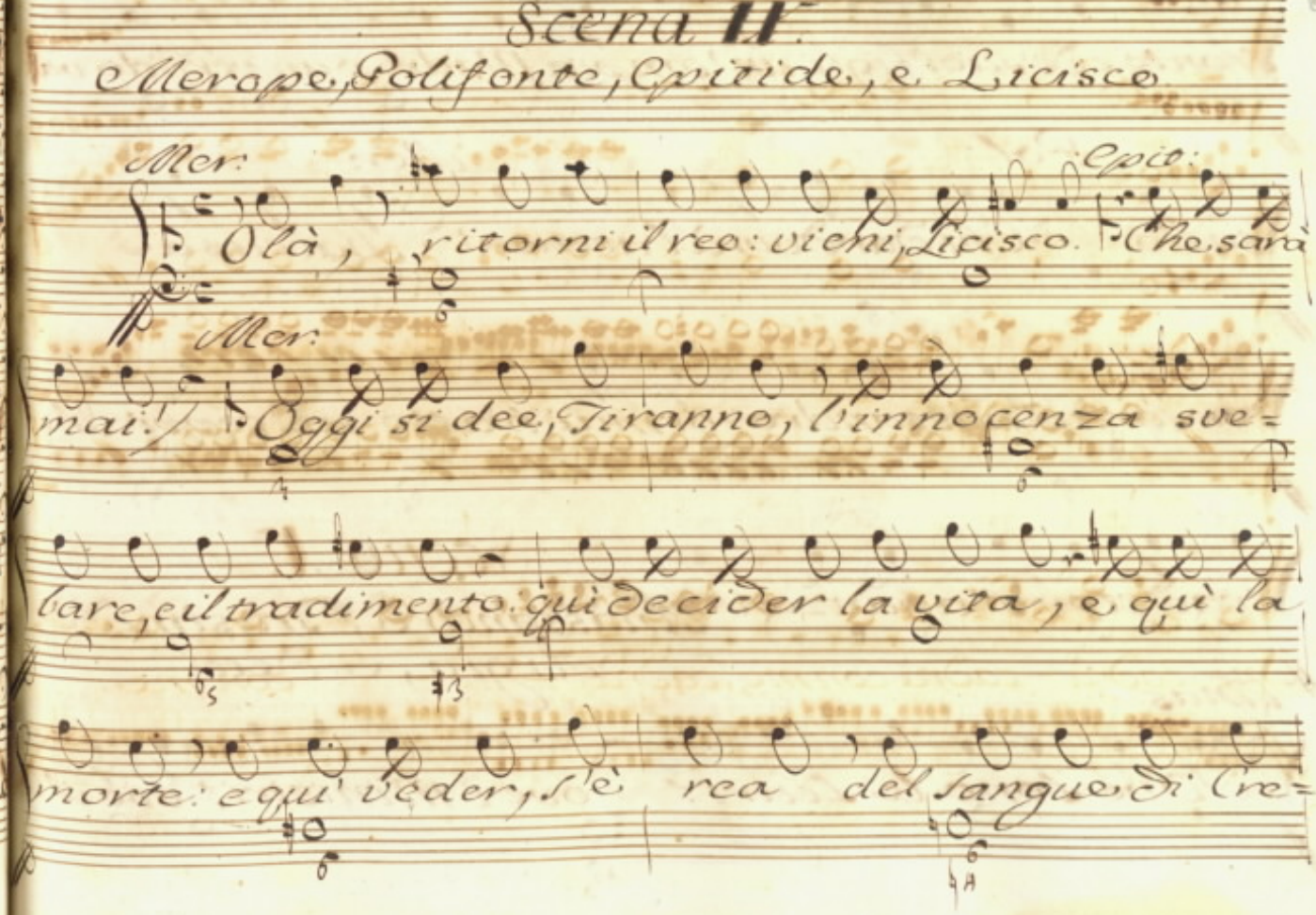

vinto,
ma nella mia ruina altri cadrà cō me


manella mia ruina altri cadrà cõme, cadrà - cadrà con


f.
p.f.
nè, cadrà – cadrà con me, cadrà — — con me.
f.
p.f.
Fin

Scena II.

Merope, Polifonte, Cpiride, e Licisco.



fonte, e de' suoi figli un'empia Madre, o un perfido vas-

Pol.

sallo. Chi dardo vorrà l'accusa? L'accusa-

Mer.

tor sarà Anassandro ormai tratto ne' ceppi. Il

Scena X.

traditor s'avanza. Anassandro, Trasimede, Argia, e detti

Anas.

Ove sono le Curi? ove i Ministri? ove il

palco di morte! Vile la meritai, l'attendo

Mer. Pol.

forte. L'avrai, fellon, l'avrai. Ma in più tor=

Ep. Anas:

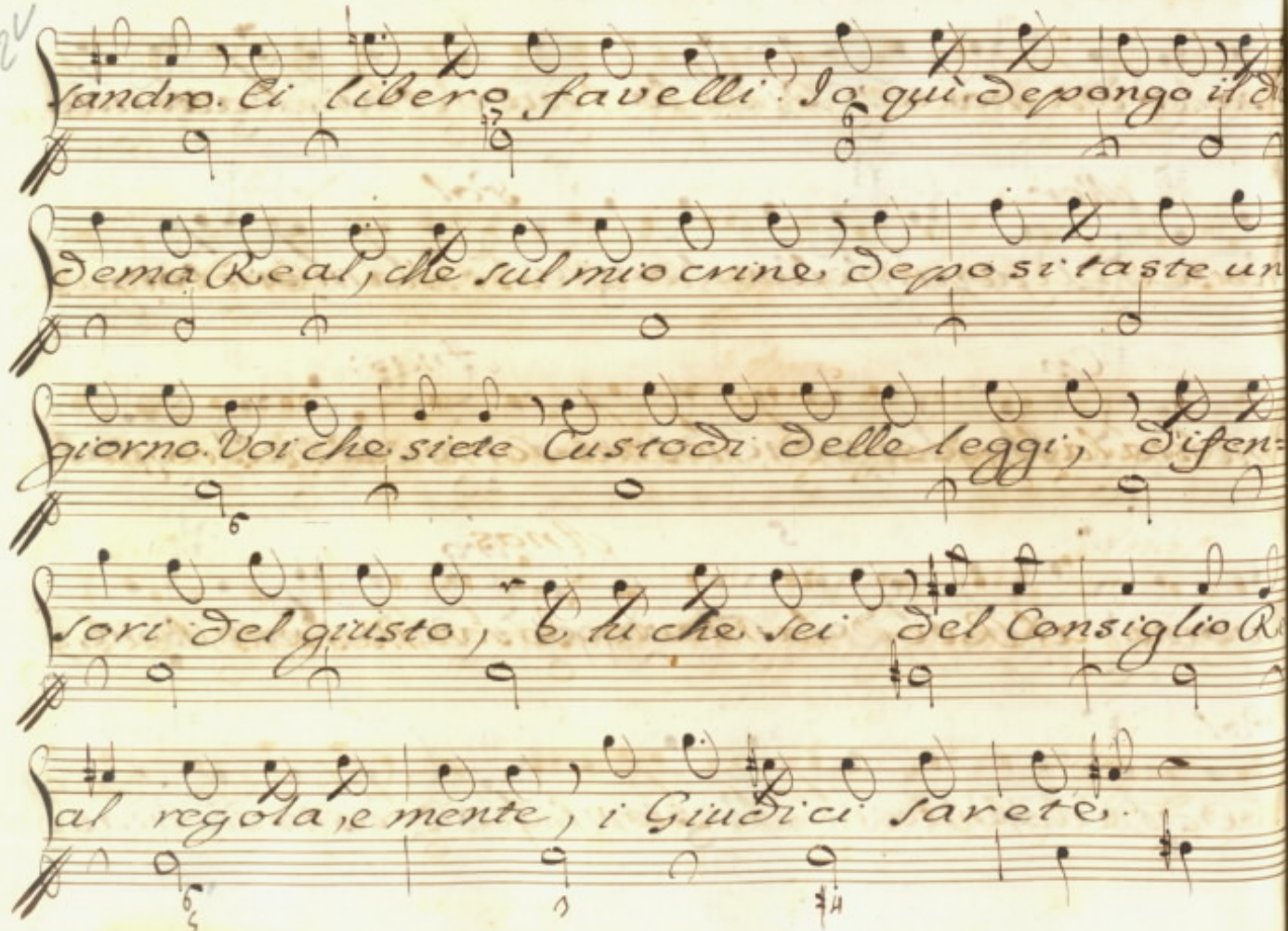
menti. In più pene divisa. Oh Dei! qual

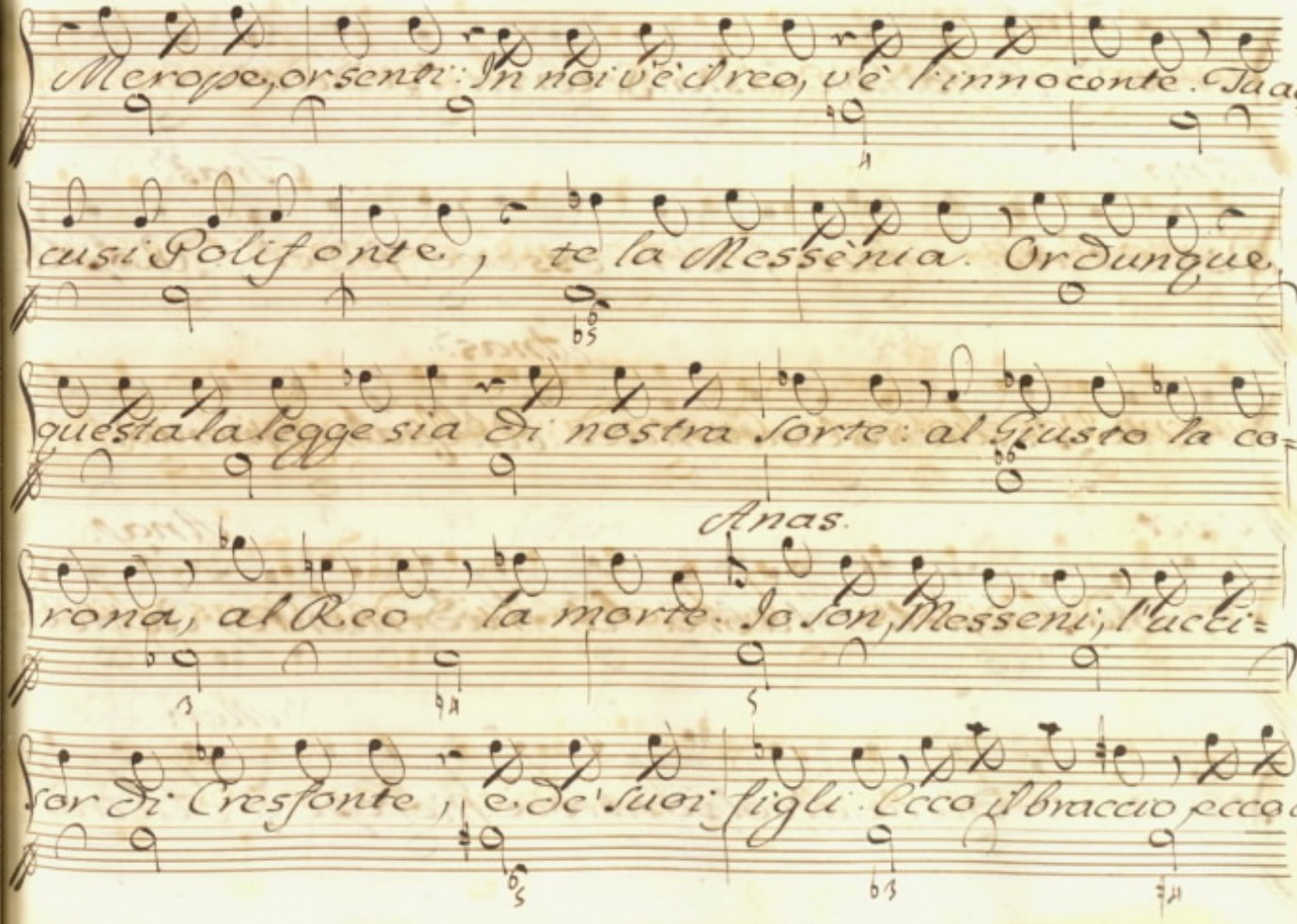
Arg.

volto! Epitide! Taveggo! Ecco il mio Bene.

Pol.

Opra è de' Dei, Messeni, l'arresto d'Anas=


sandro. Ci libero favelli. Io qui depongo il d
dema Real, che sul mio crine depo si taste un
giorno. Voi che siete Custodi delle leggi, difen=
sori del giusto, e tu che sei del Consiglio R
al regola, e mente, i Giudici sarete.


Merope, or senti: In noi v'è d'reo, v'è l'innocente. Tu ac=
cusi Polifonte, te la Messènia. Or dunque,
questa la legge sia di nostra sorte: al Giusto la co=
rona, al Reo la morte. Io son, Messeni, l'uccì=
sor di Cresfonte, e de' suoi figli. Ecco il braccio ecco il
Anas.

Tras.

ferro. A noi non basta. Si cerca il seduttore.

Anas.

Tras.

Dispietato fui, per essere fedel. Rōpi co:

Anas.

testo silenzio contumace. Ah qual momento!

Epit.

Anas.

Temo su quelle labra il tradimento, Cadde Cr

Mer.

sfonte, e diede al colpo atroce Merope... Ah trad:

tor, fermati, e pmà fissa in Merope un

guardo, riconoscimi, indegno, in quest'aspetto dell'

Pol.

innocenza mia vedi raccolta... Qui nò si dee par=

Mer.

lar. Siedi, ed ascolta. Che strano caso è il mio.

Anas.

Più riparo non v'è: Rimorsi, addio.

Cadde Cresfonte, e diede Merope il cenno, ed

Anas. Mer.

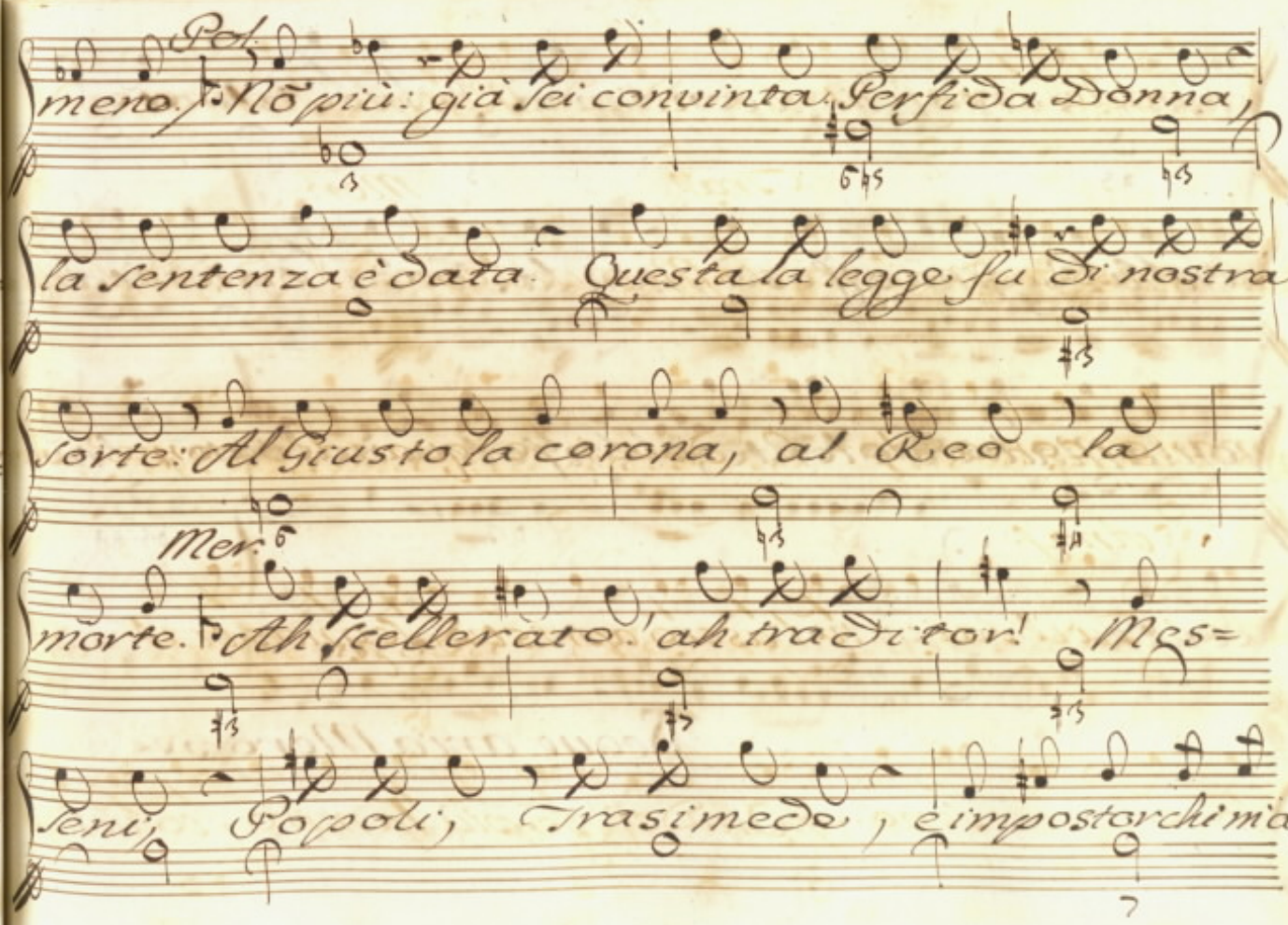
Anassandro il braccio Merope il cenno: Io diedi l'inu

mano comando? E dove? e quando? come? per

Anas.

che? Tu il sai: tu l'uscio apristi, segnasti il

loco, il seno... / Oh Dei! se più la miro, io vengo

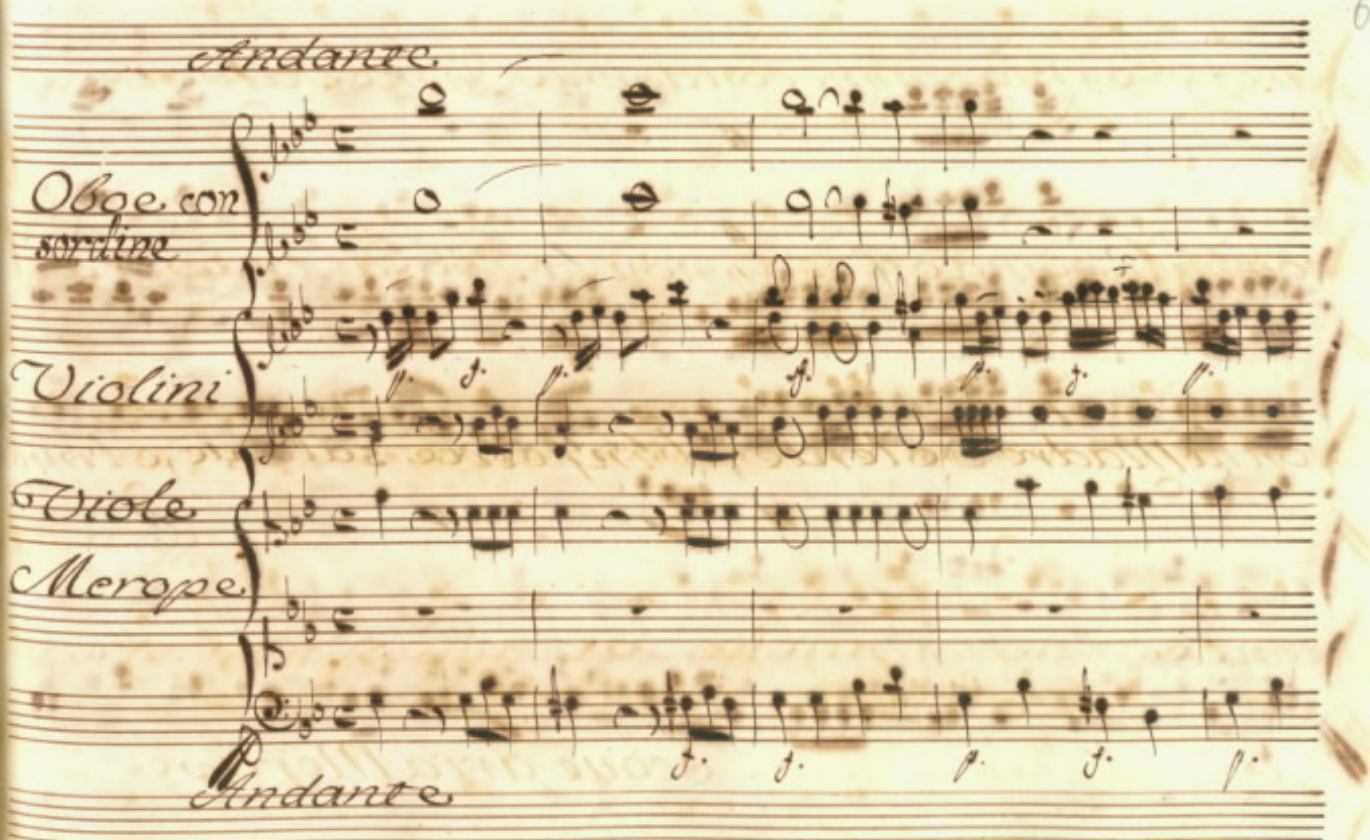

Pel.
mero. Nõ più: già sei convinta, Perfida Donna,
la sentenza è data. Questa la legge fu di nostra
sorte: Al Giusto la corona, al Reo la
Mer.
morte. Ah scellerato! ah traditor! Mes=
seni, Popoli, Trasimede, e impostor chi mi ac=

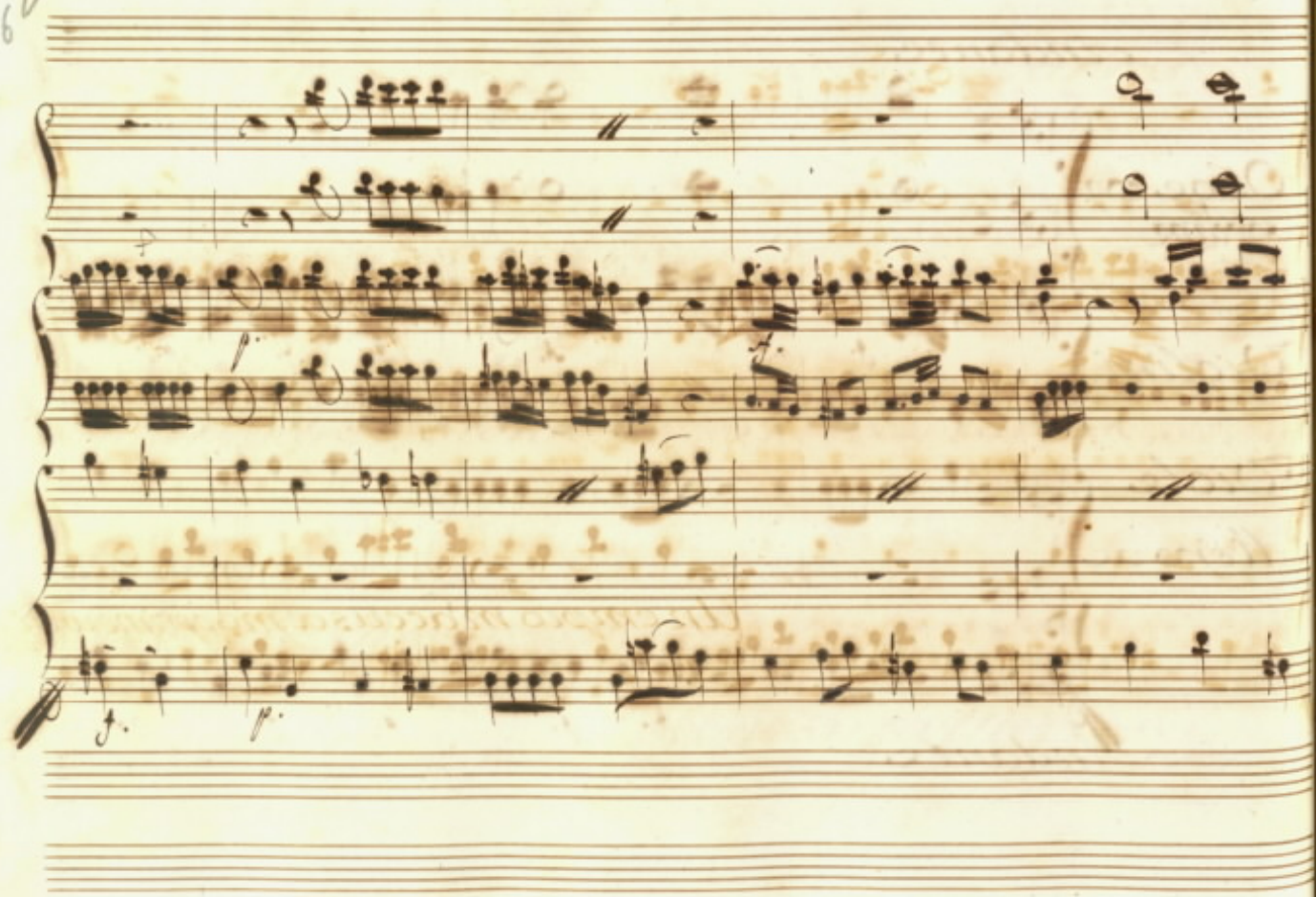
cusa, e reo chi mi condanna. In me salvate,

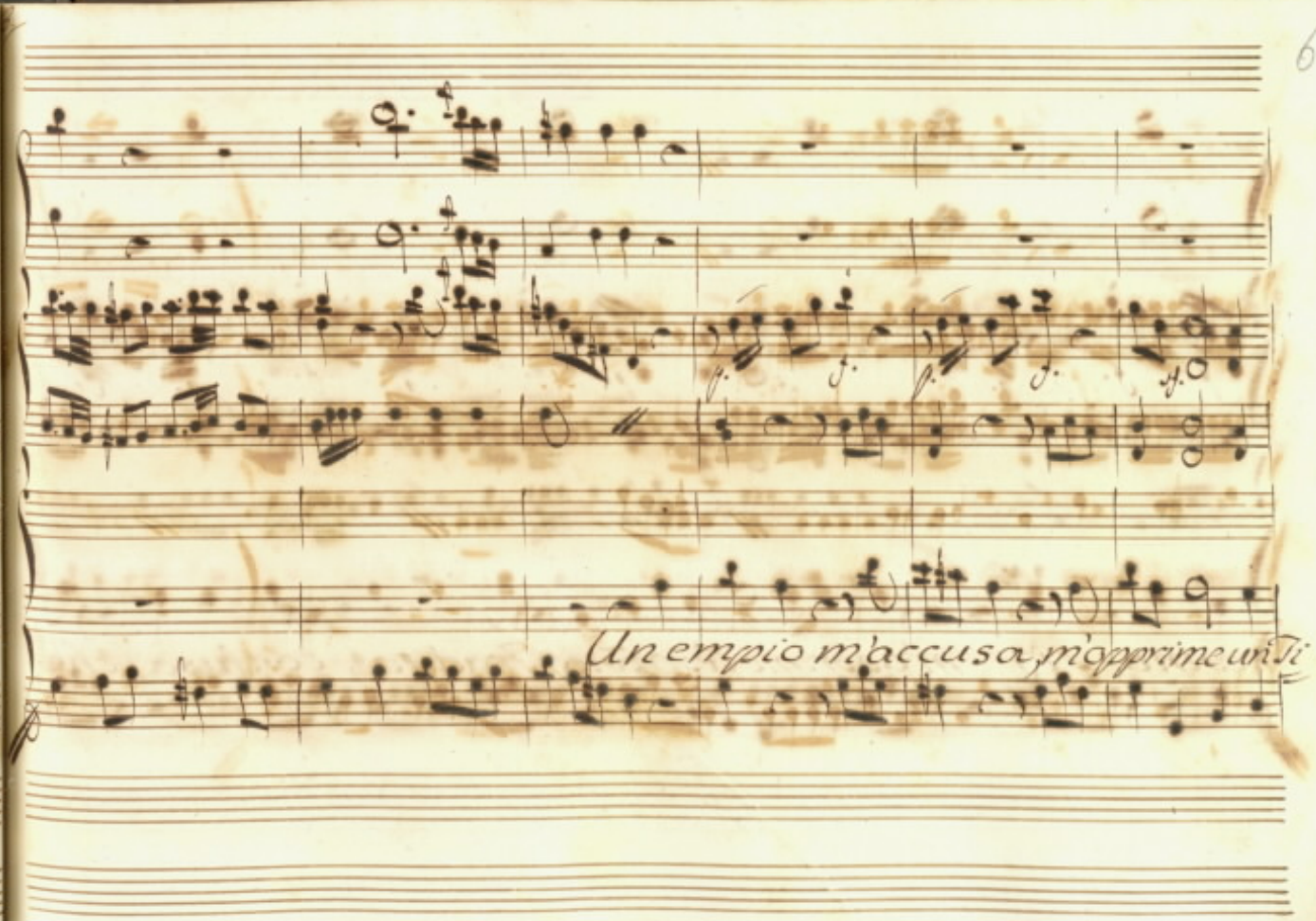
non la Regina offesa, non la sposa tradita,

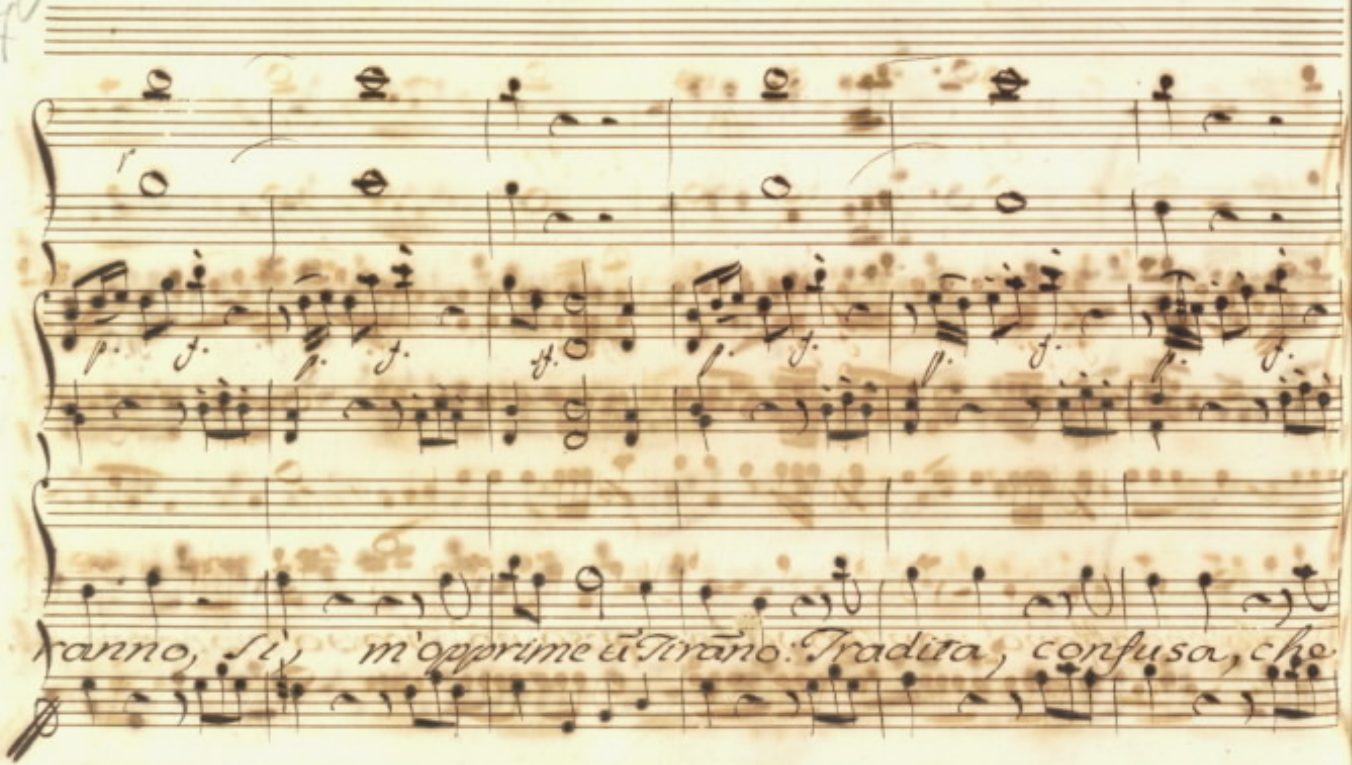
non la Madre dolente; l'infelice salvate, e l'innocente.

Segue aria Merope.


Andante
Oboe. con sordine
Violini
Viole
Merope
Andante


f.
p.
f.
p.

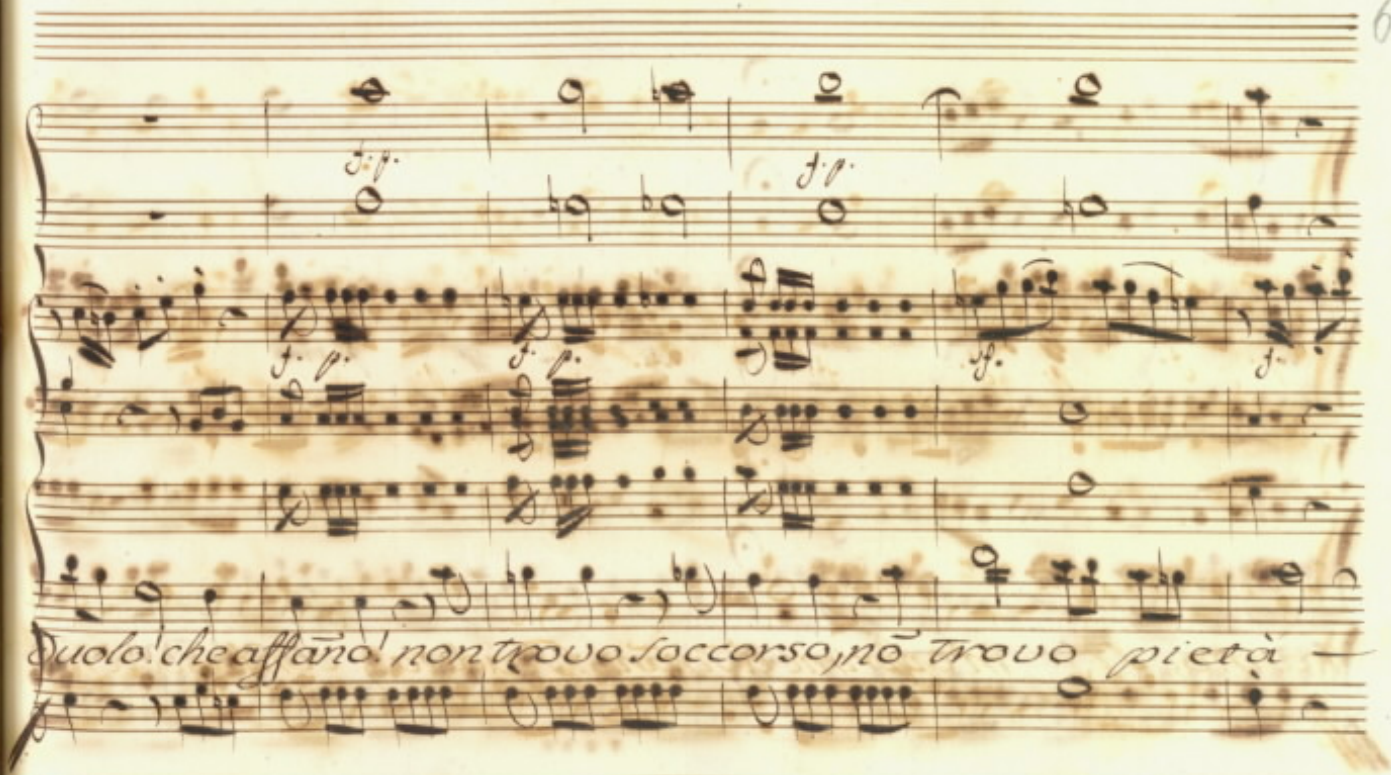

Un empio m'accusa, m'opprime un Ti

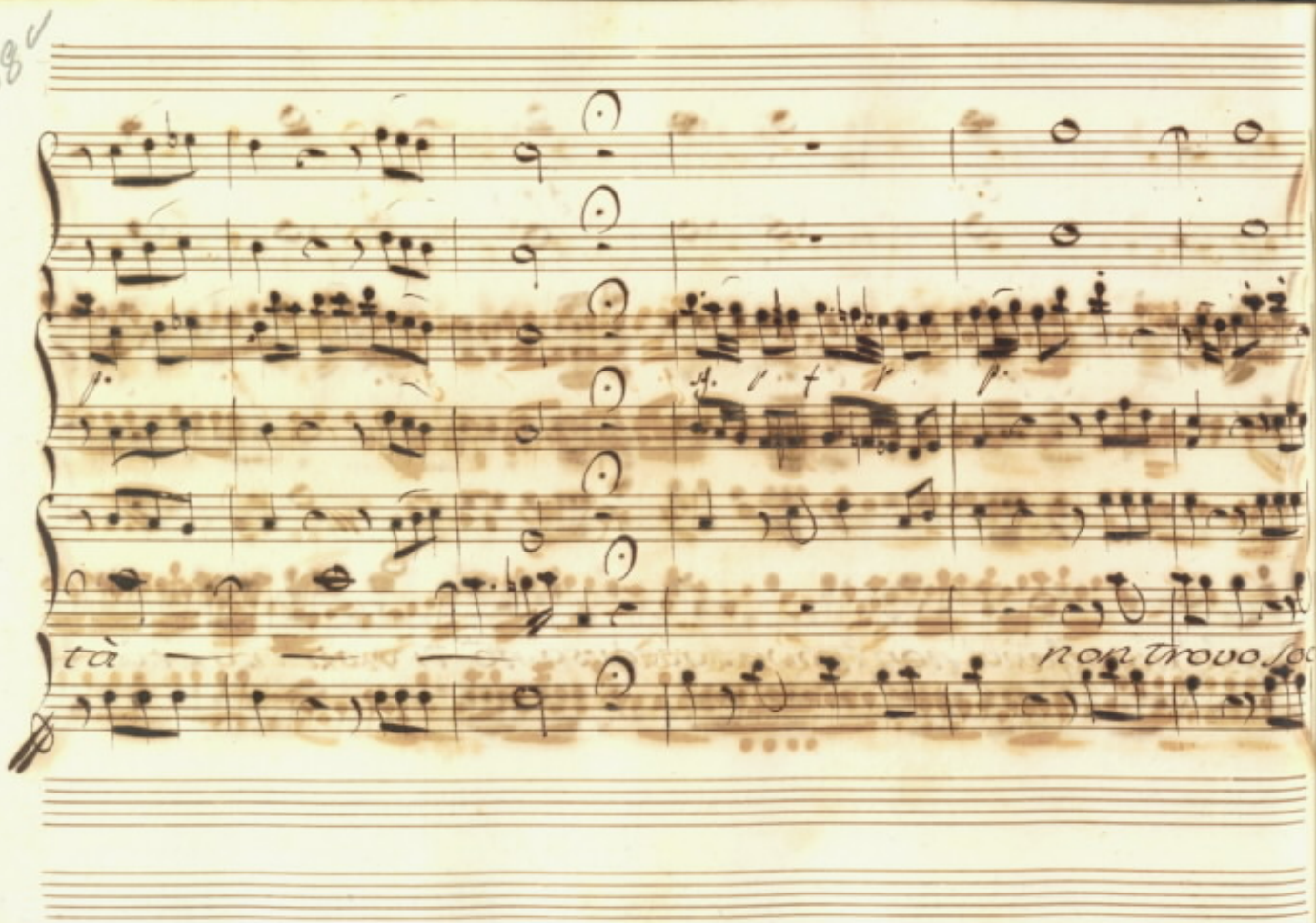

ranno, sì, m'opprime il Tiranno. Tradita, confusa, che

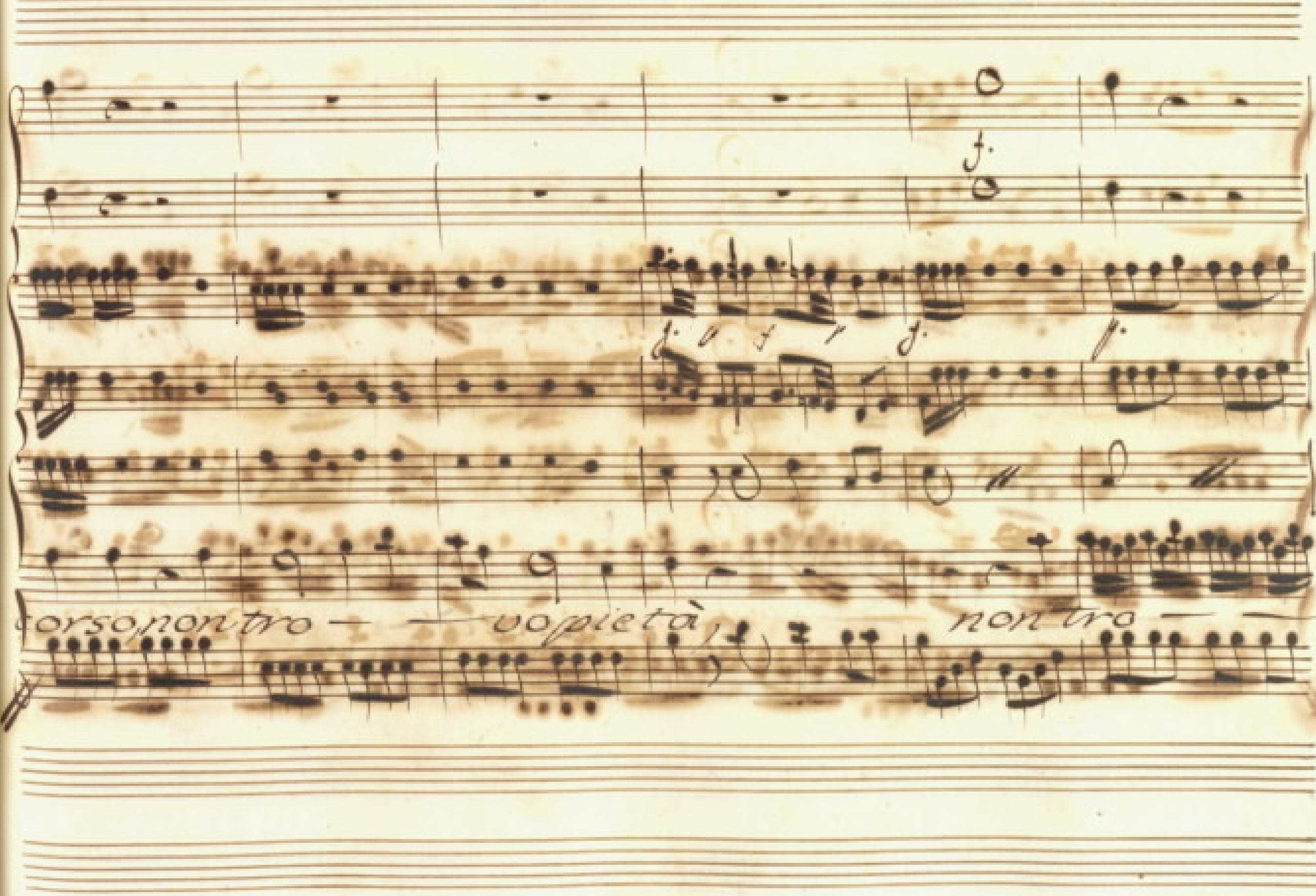
f. p. f. p.

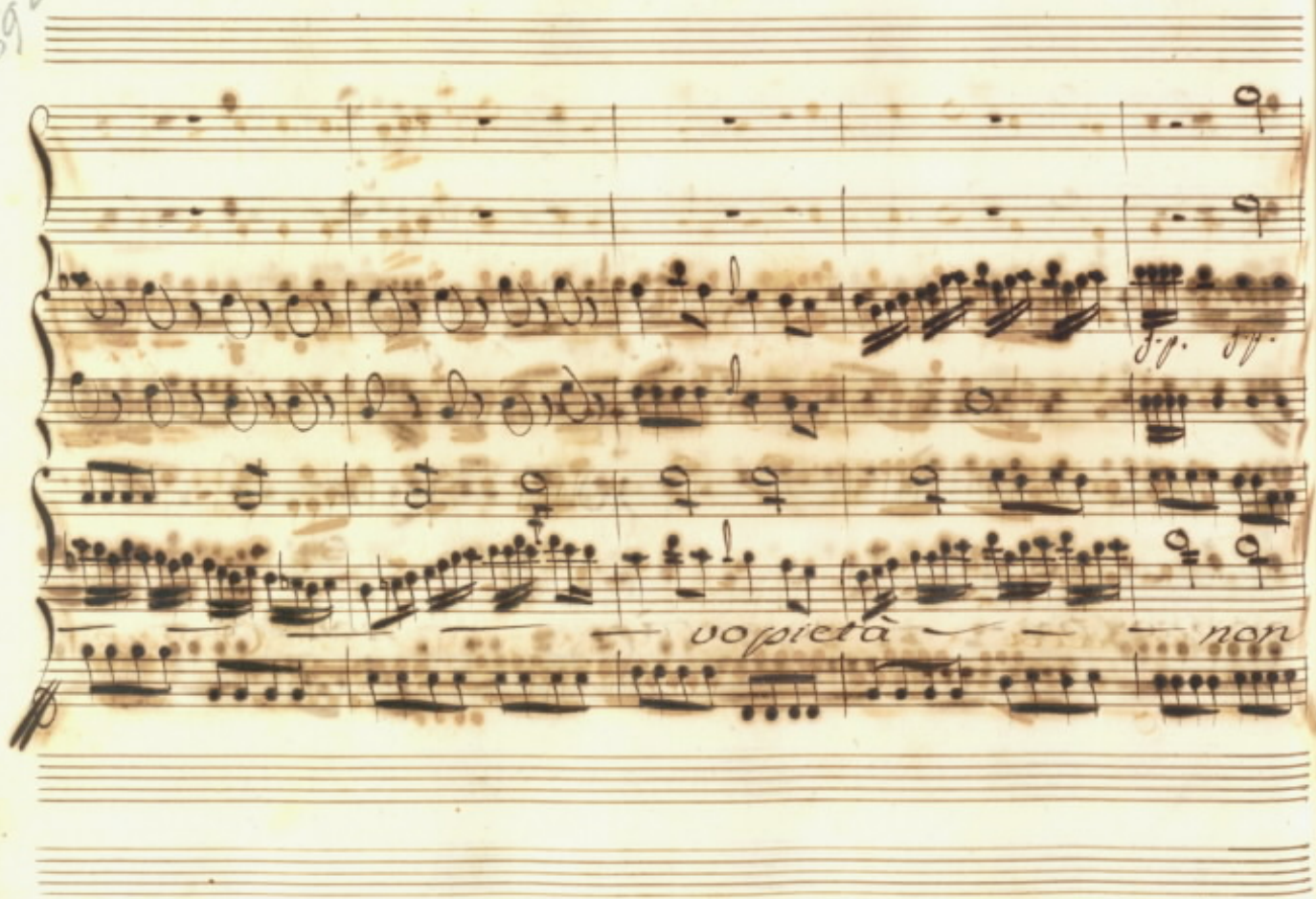
f. p. f. p. sf. f.

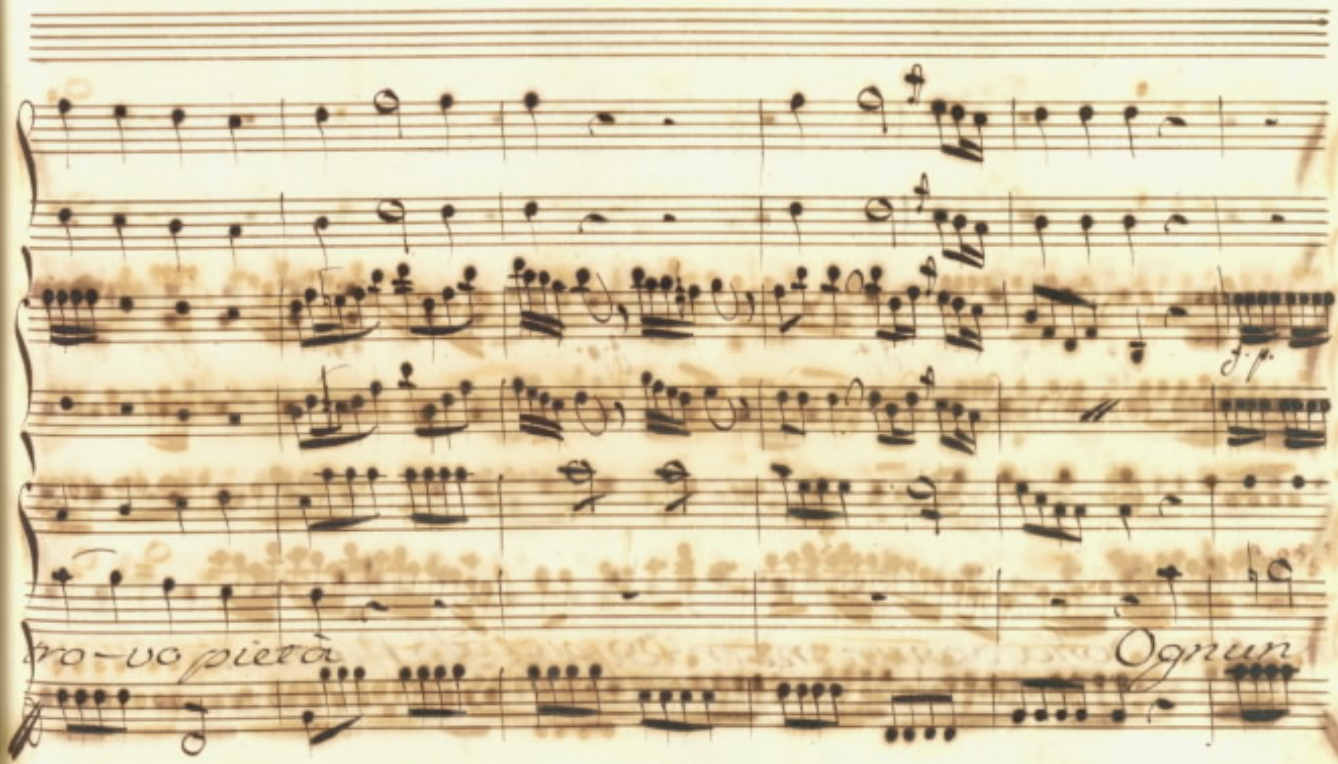
Duolo! che affaño! non trovo soccorso, nõ trovo pietà —

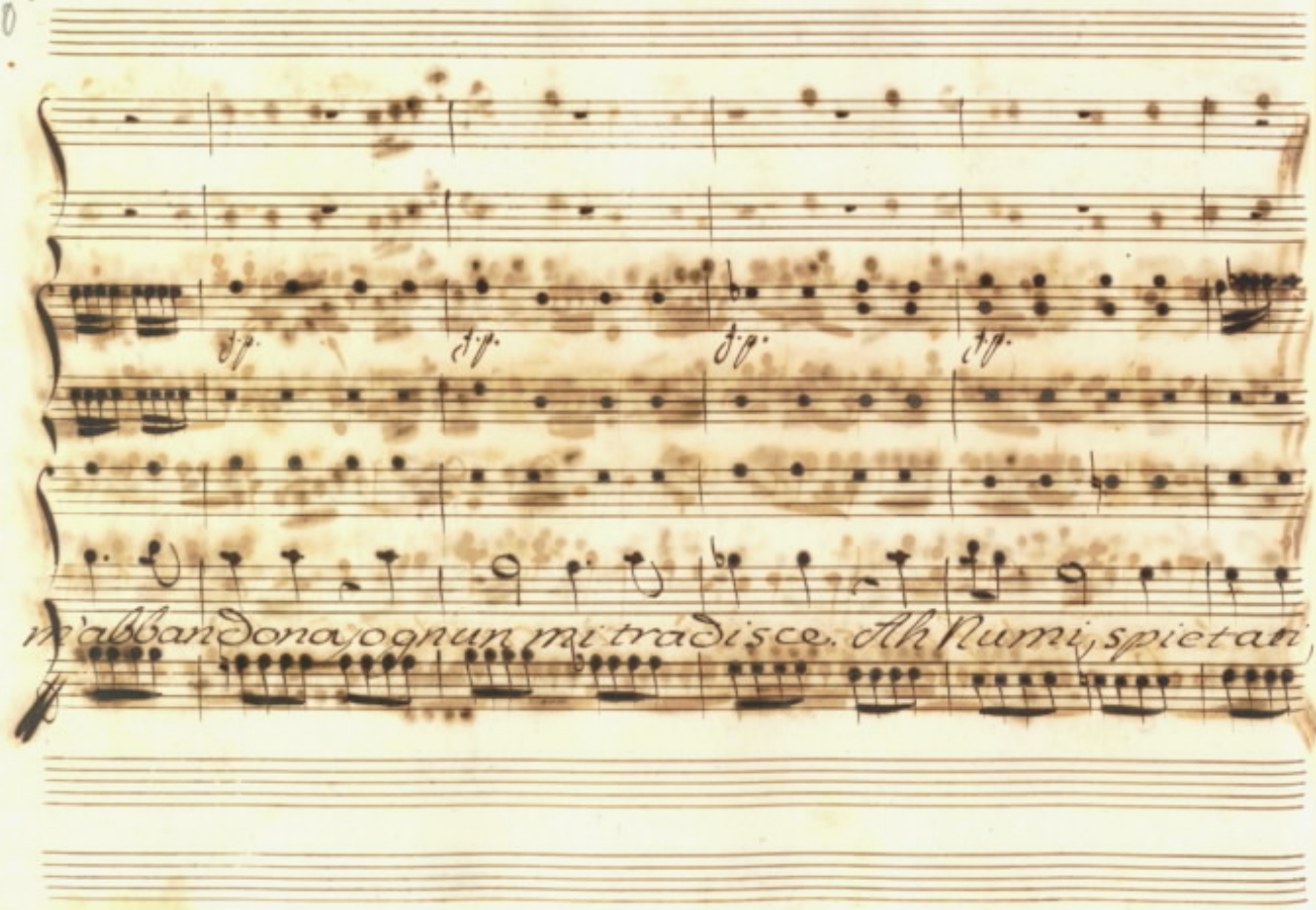


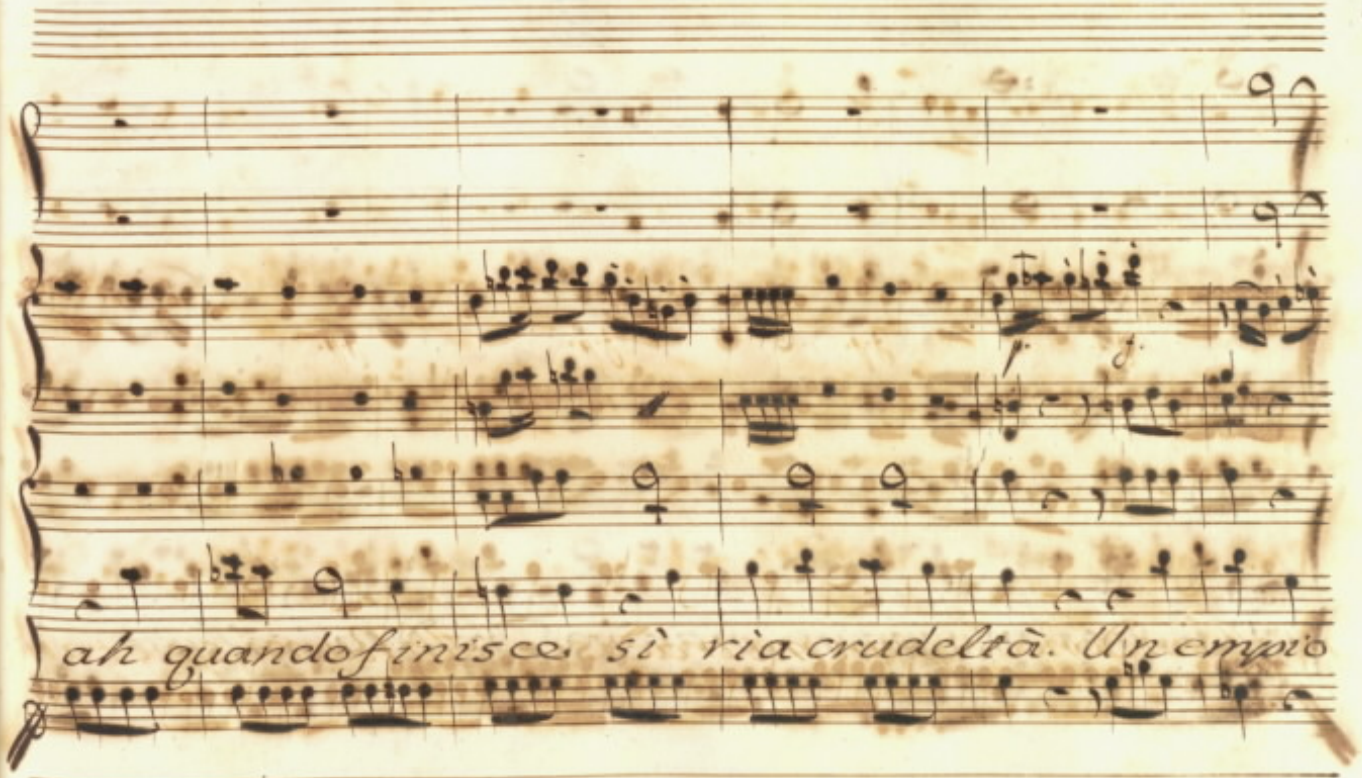

tà
non trovo

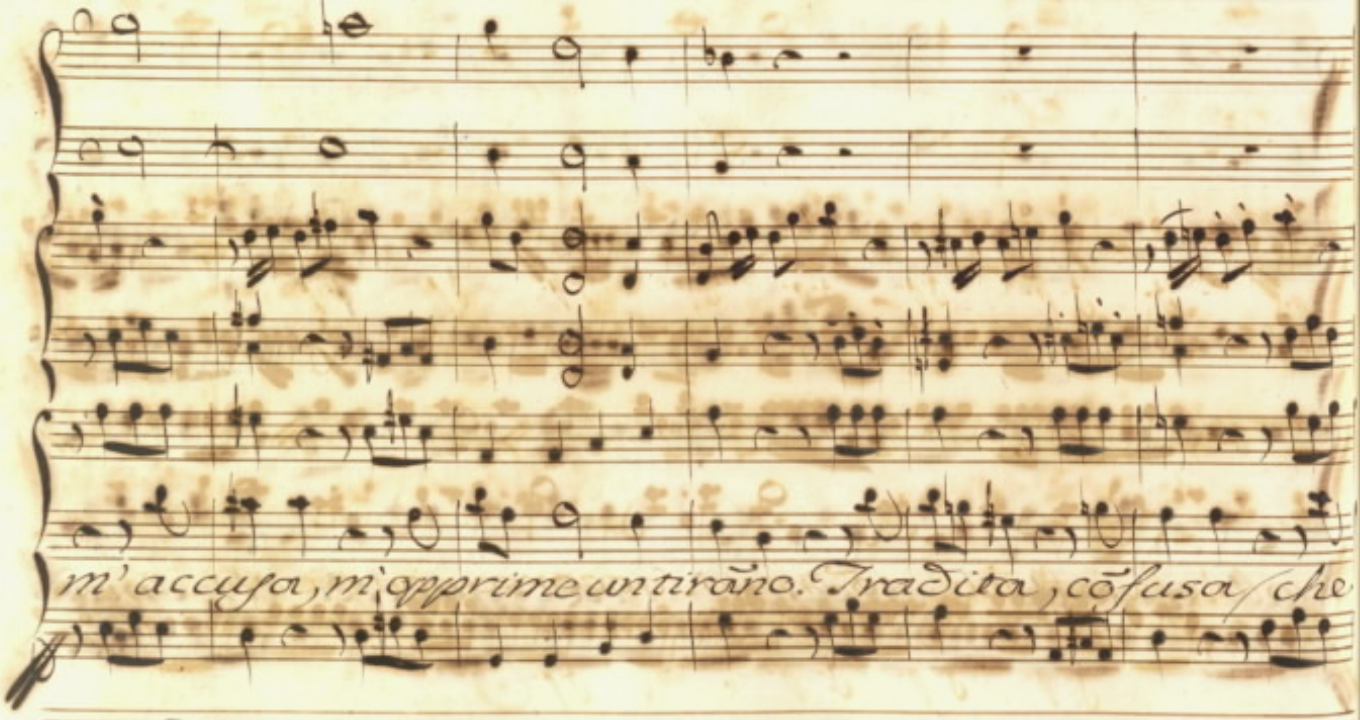

corso non tro — — vo pietà, non tro — —

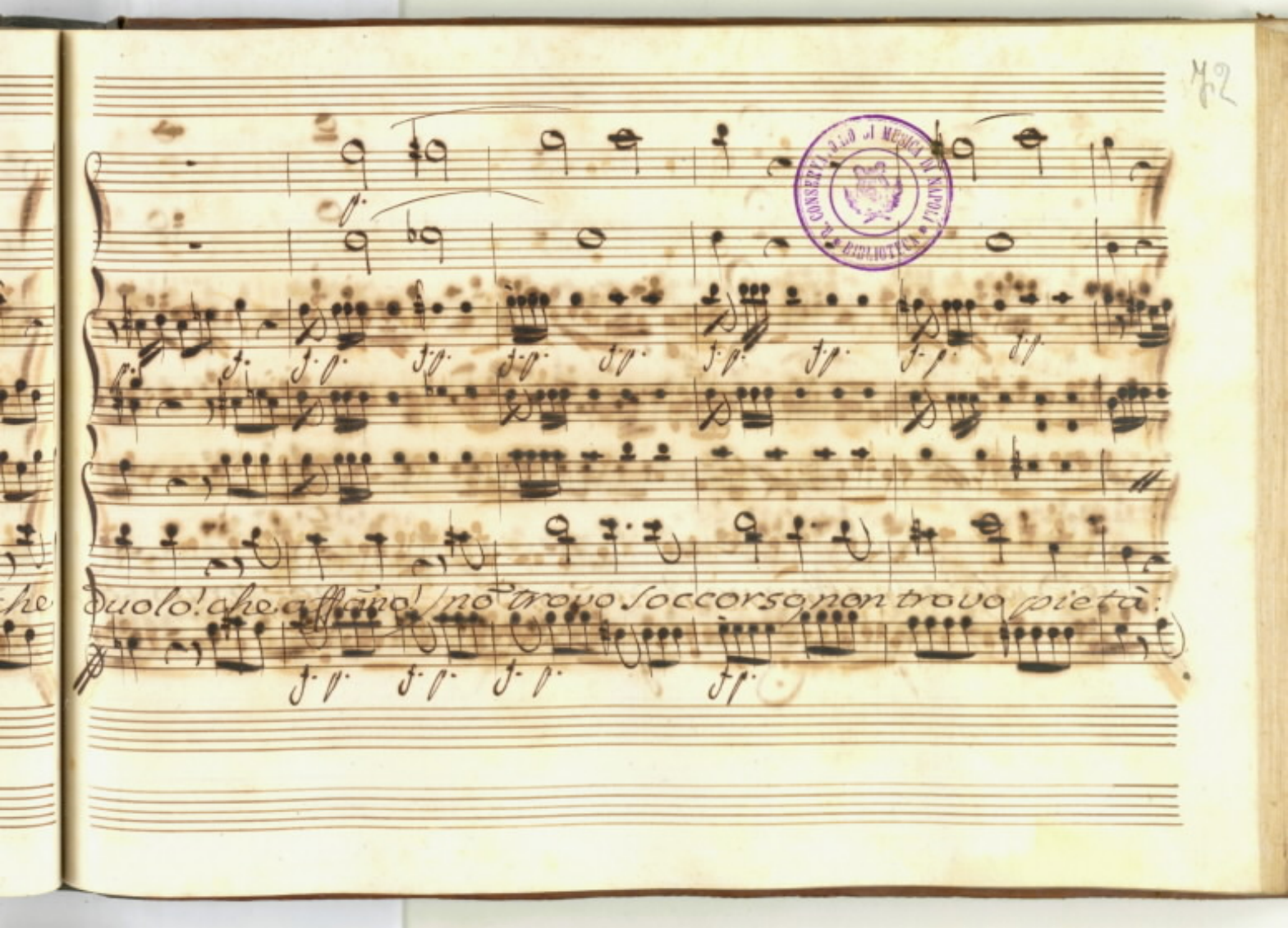

f.p. ff.
vo pietà
non

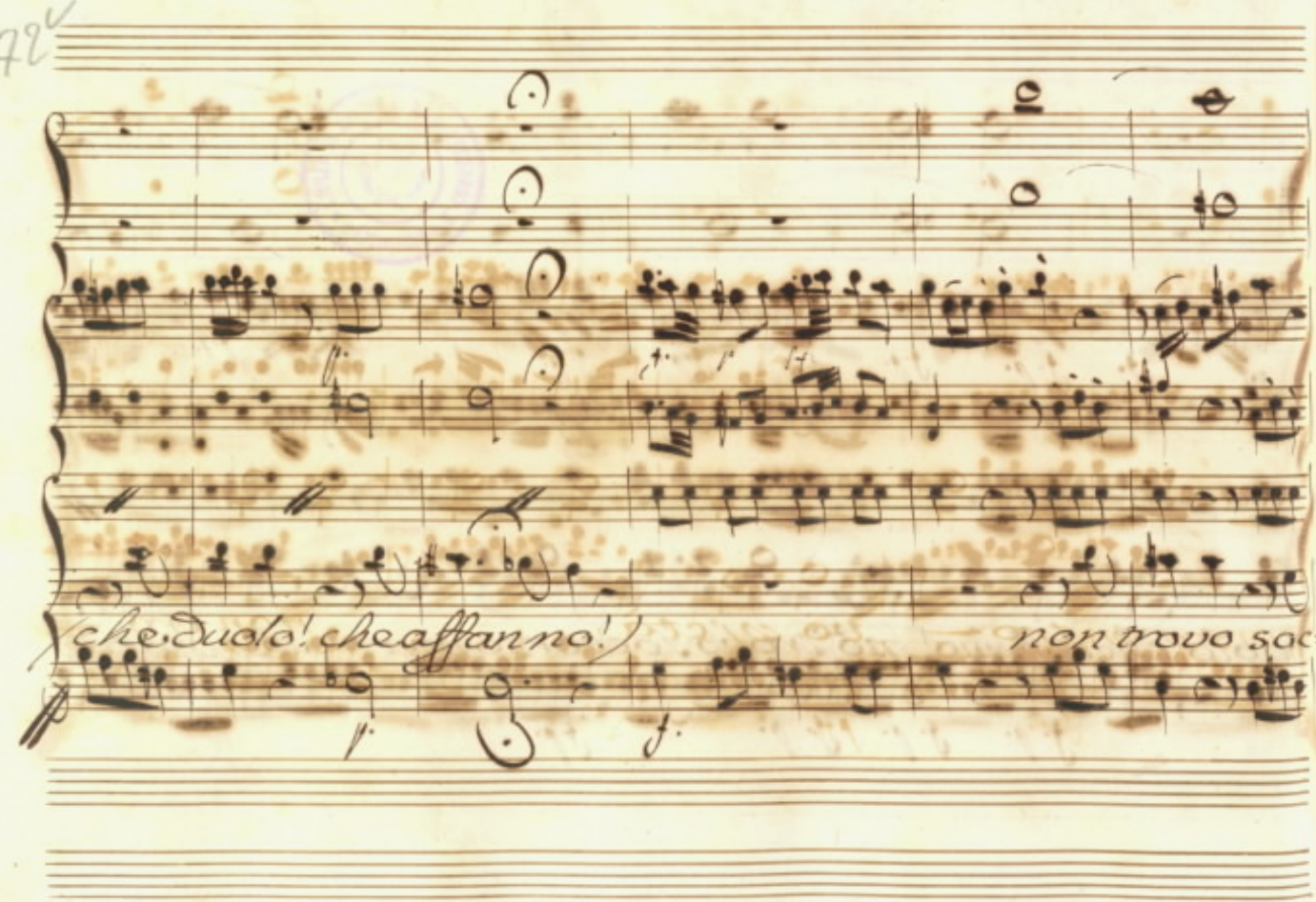

pro-vo pietà
Ognun

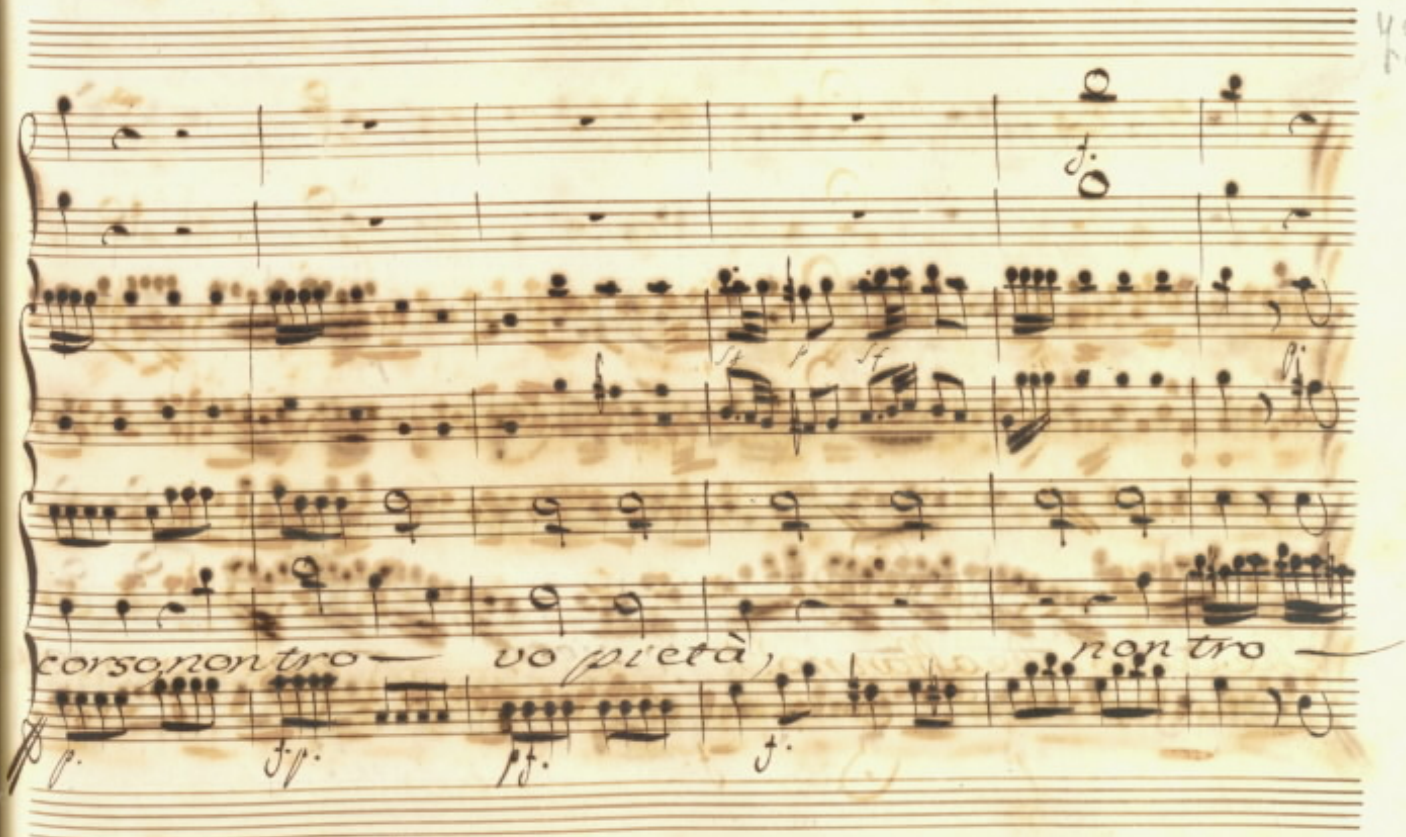

f.p.
f.p.
f.p.
f.p.
m'abbandona ognun mi tradisce. Ah Numi, spietati

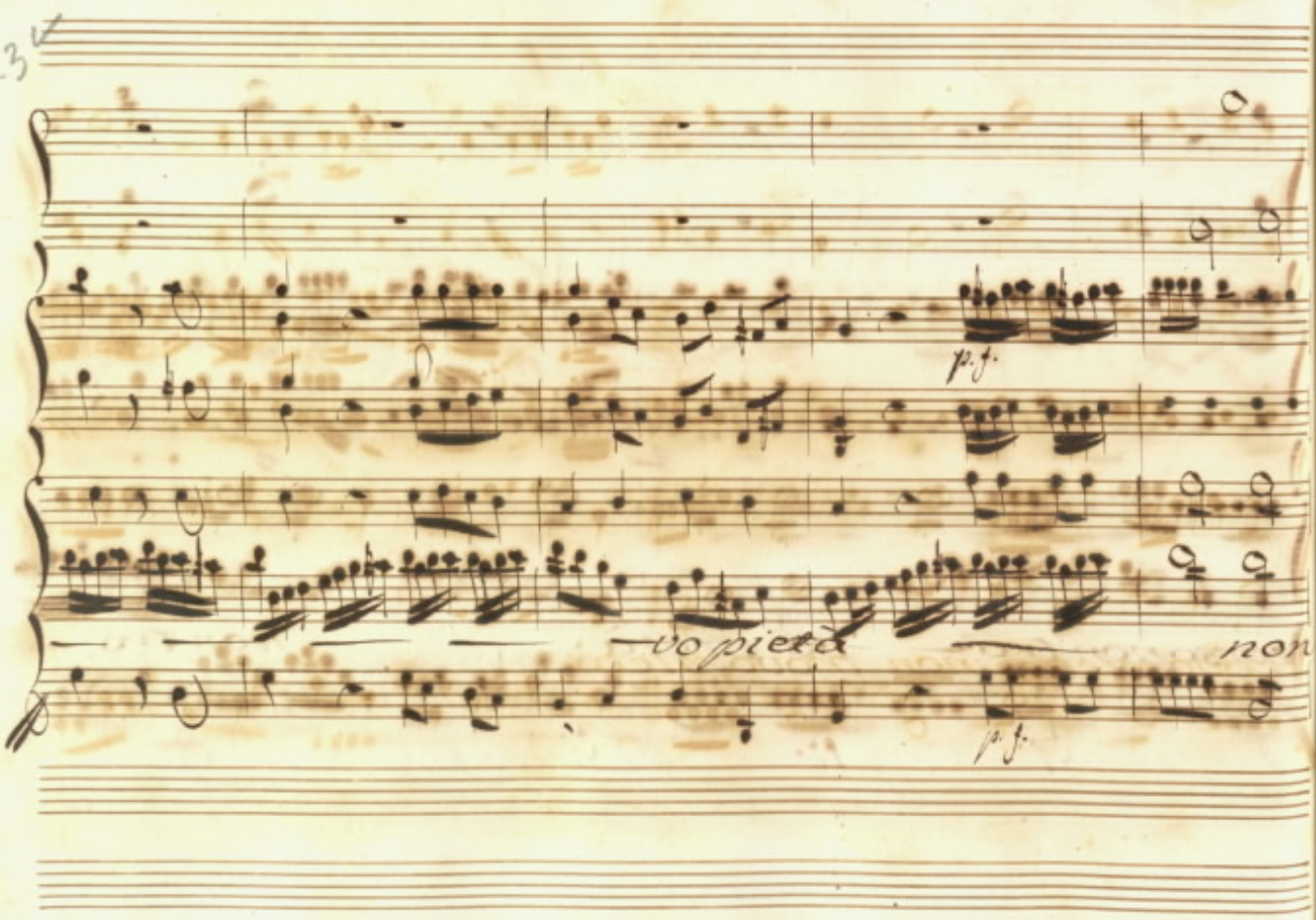

f.
ah quando finisce sì ria crudeltà. Un empio

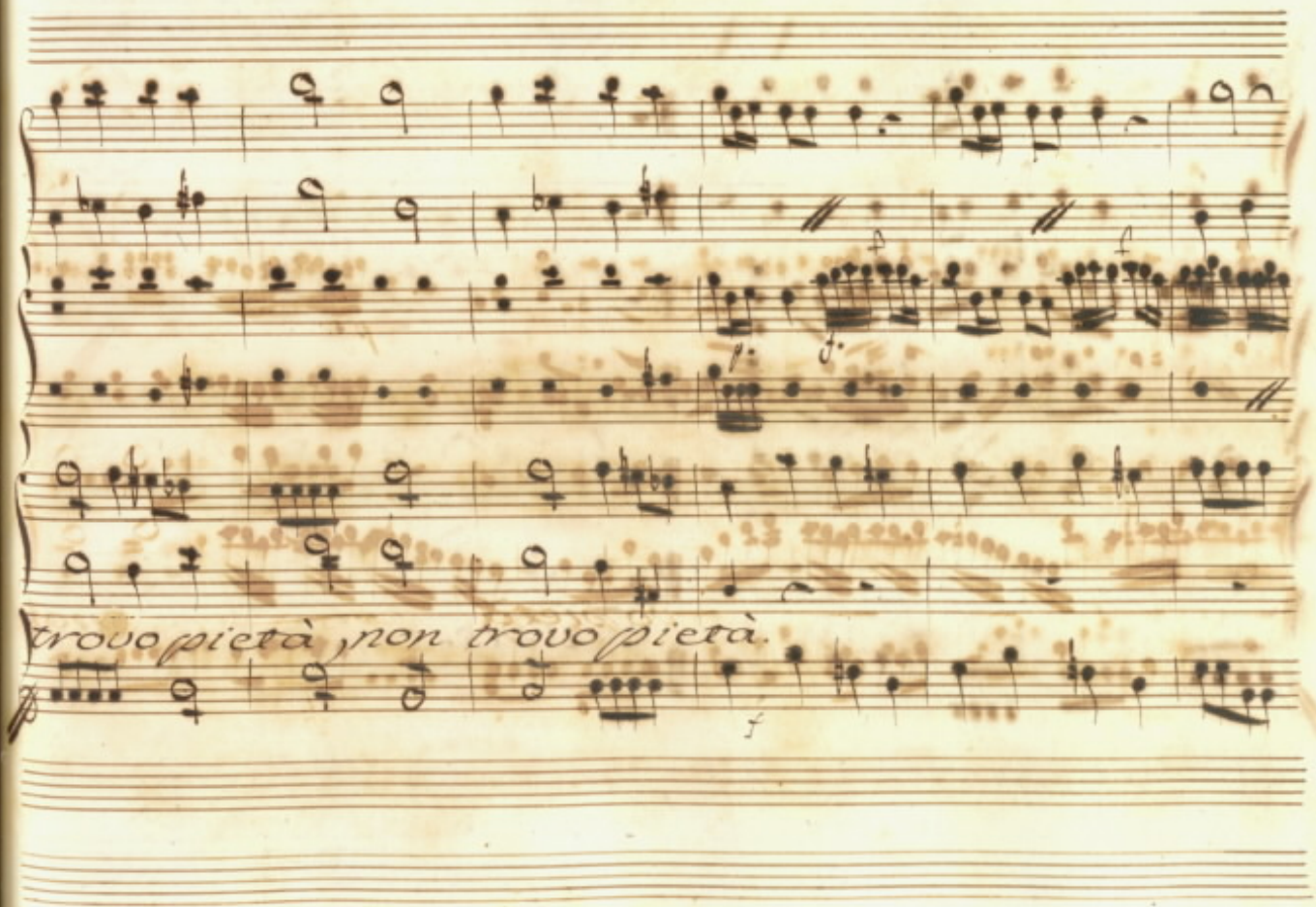

m' accuſa, m'oppprime un tiranno. Tradita, cõfusa, che

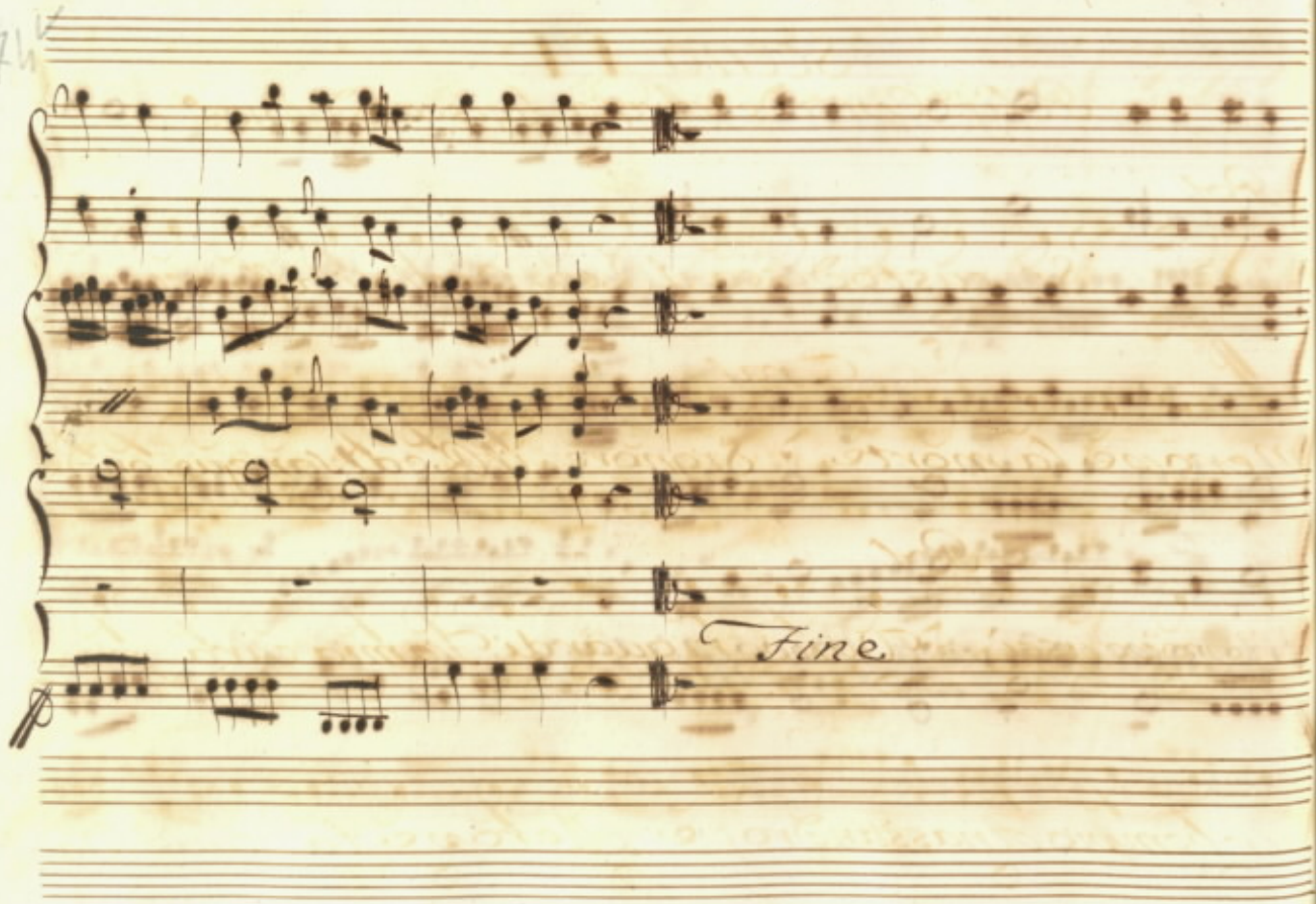

R. CONSERVATORIO DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI
BIBLIOTECA
duolo! che affanno! no trovo soccorso non trovo pietà:


(che duolo! che affanno!)
non trovo soc


corsonontro— vo pietà, nontro—


p. f.
vo pietà
non
p. f.


trovo pietà, non trovo pietà.


Fine.

Scena VI.

Polif.e Cpiteide, Argia, Licisco, ed Anas.o

Pol.

Si custodisca il Reo. Oggi s'affretti a

Traf.

Merope la morte. Signore, il Re di sangue, onde

Pol.

Merope uscì... Vani riguardi: Fia mia cura pu=

nir l'empio Anassandro, e Merope la tua. Va,

scrivi, e segna la sentenza di morte: e se pa-

venti d'esser Giudice suo, paventa ancora il tuo

Giudice in me Voglio, che mora.

Segue aria Polifonte

Trombe in Cesolfaut

Oboe

Con violini

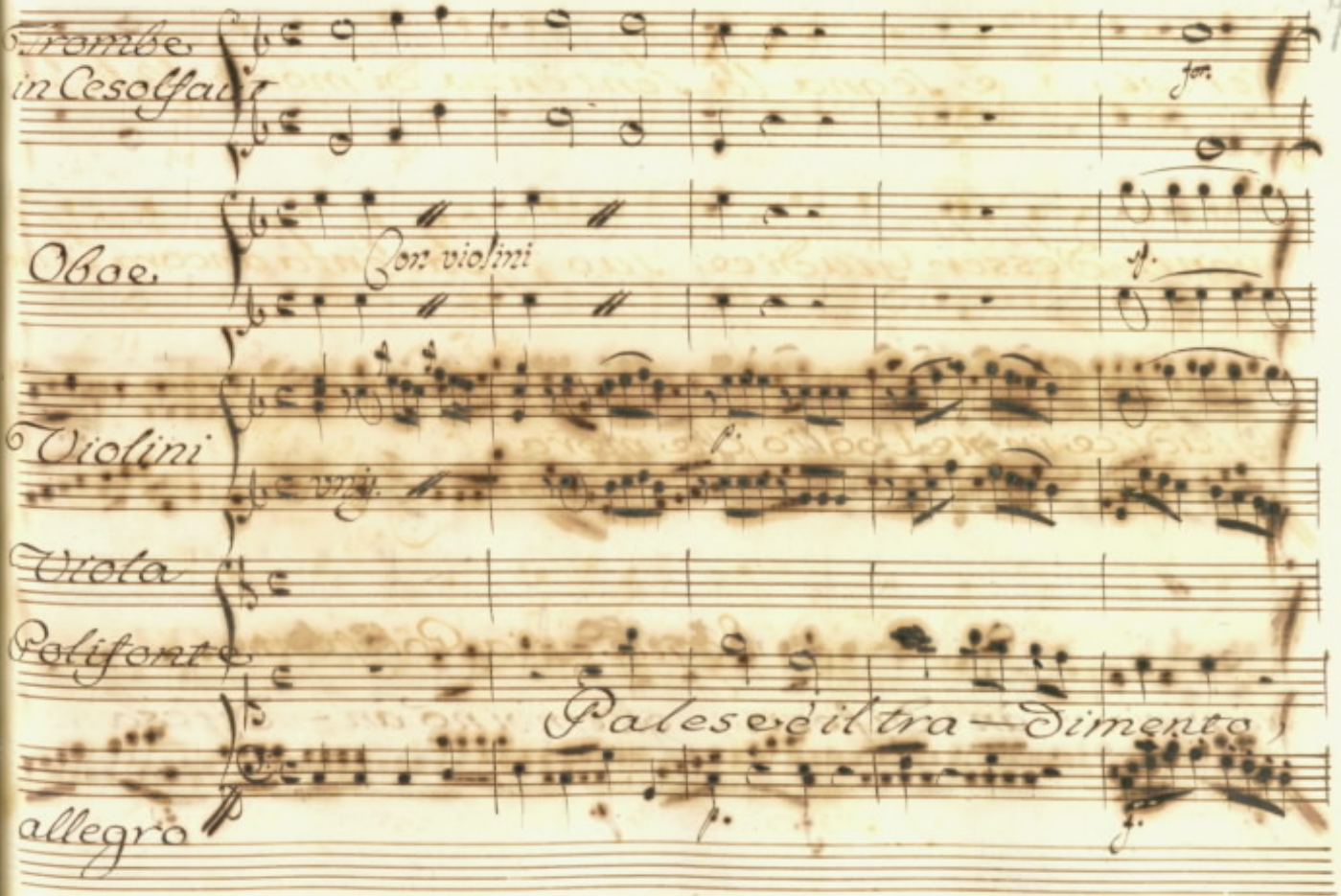
Violini

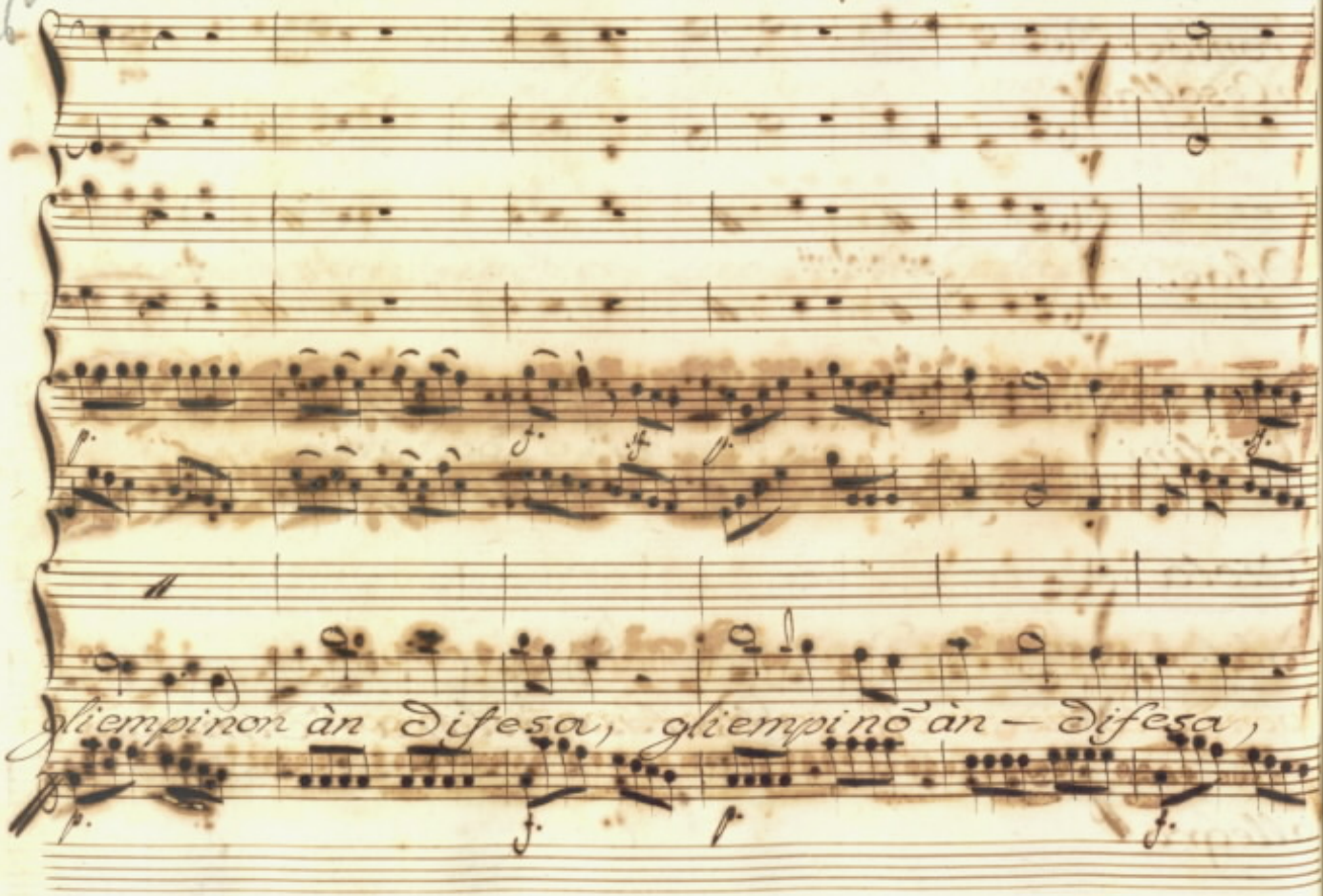
Viola

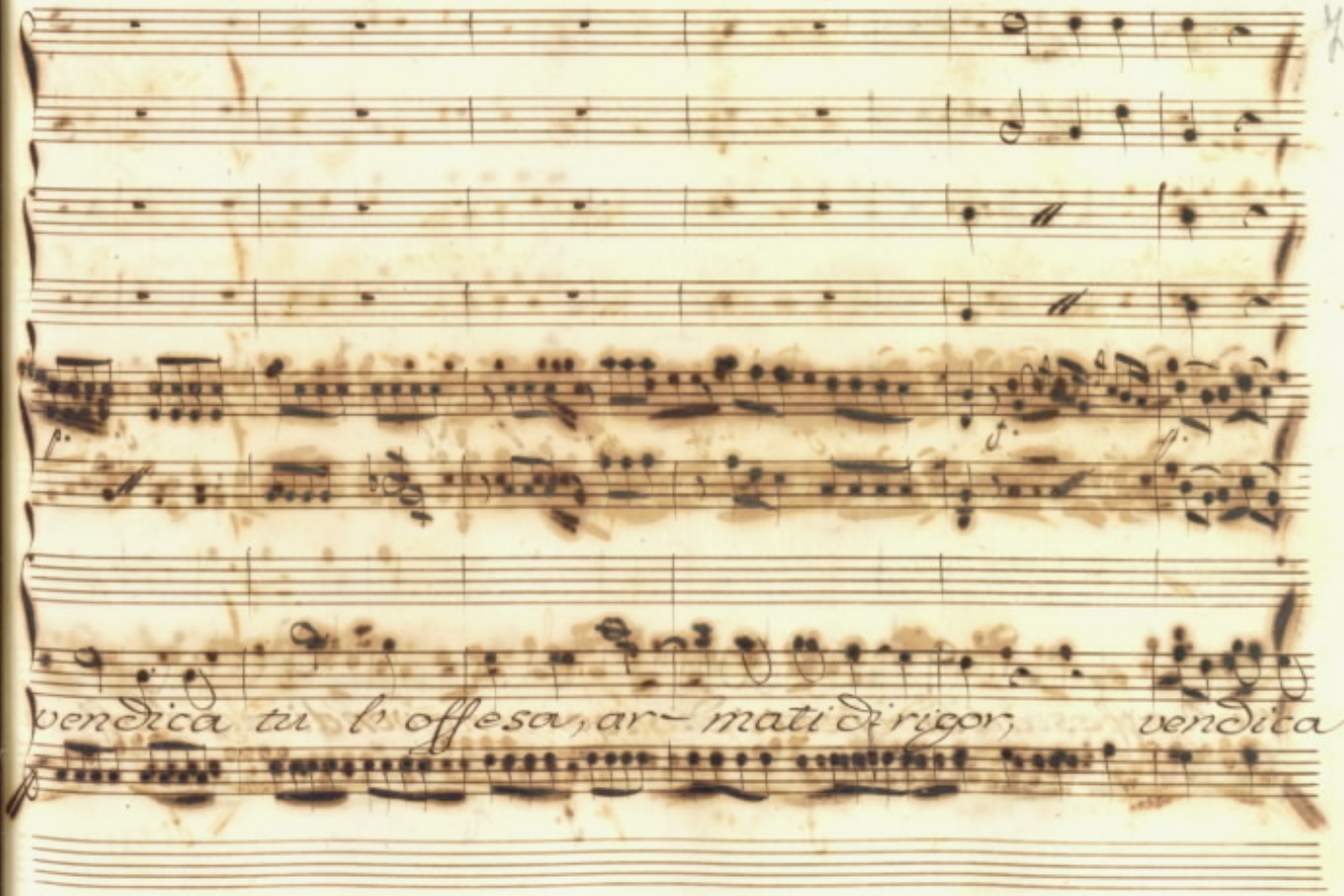
Polifonte

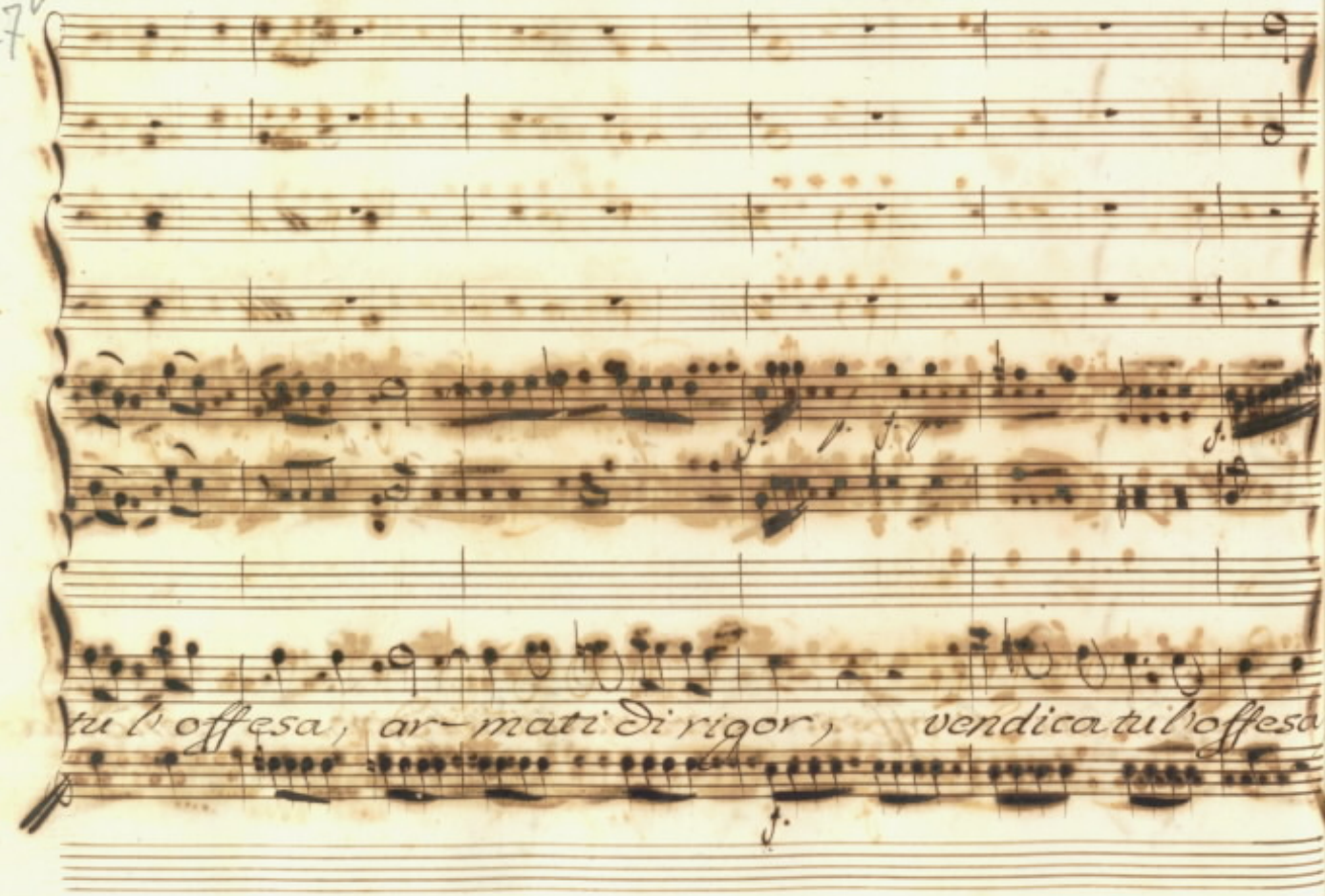
Palese è il tra-dimento

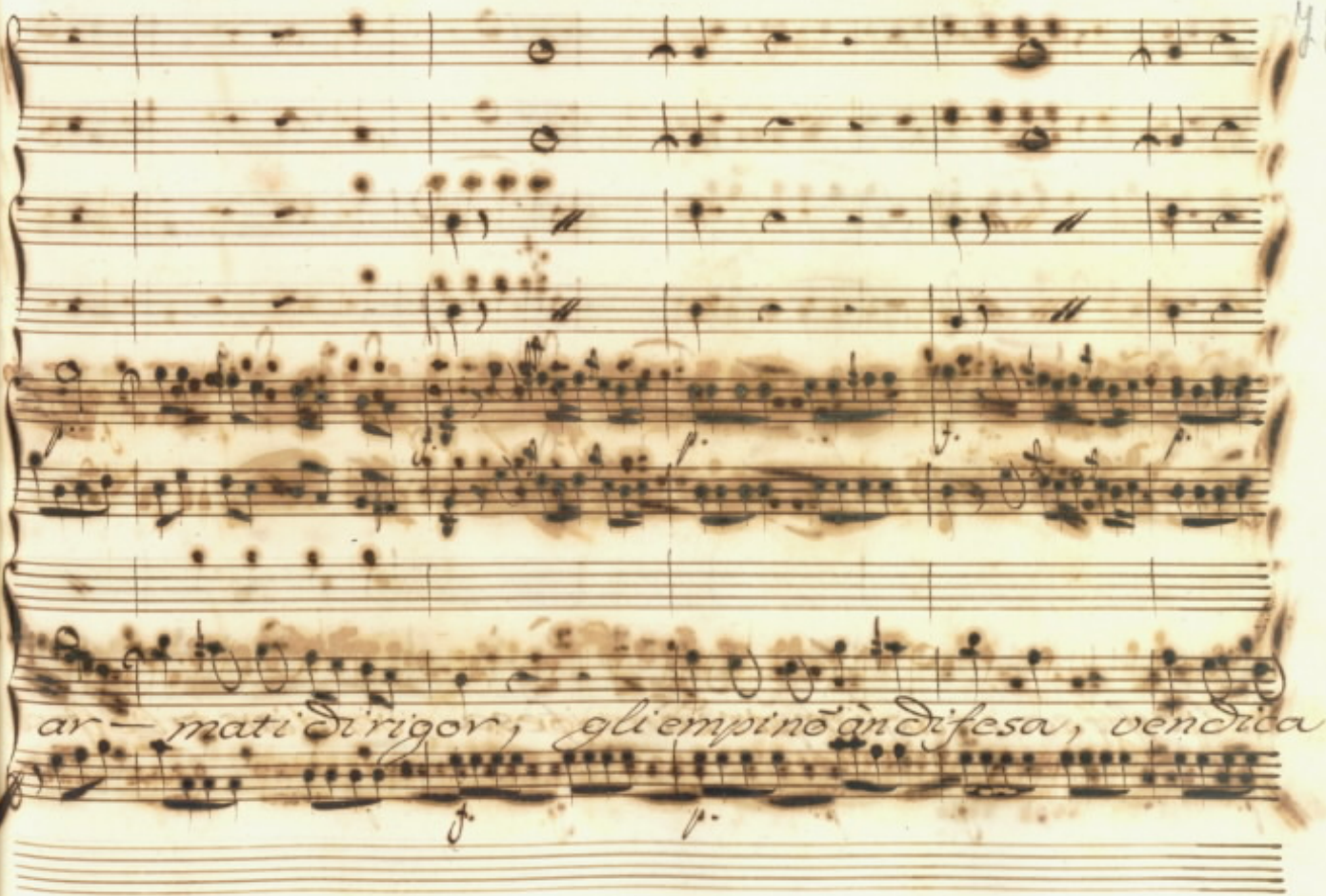
allegro

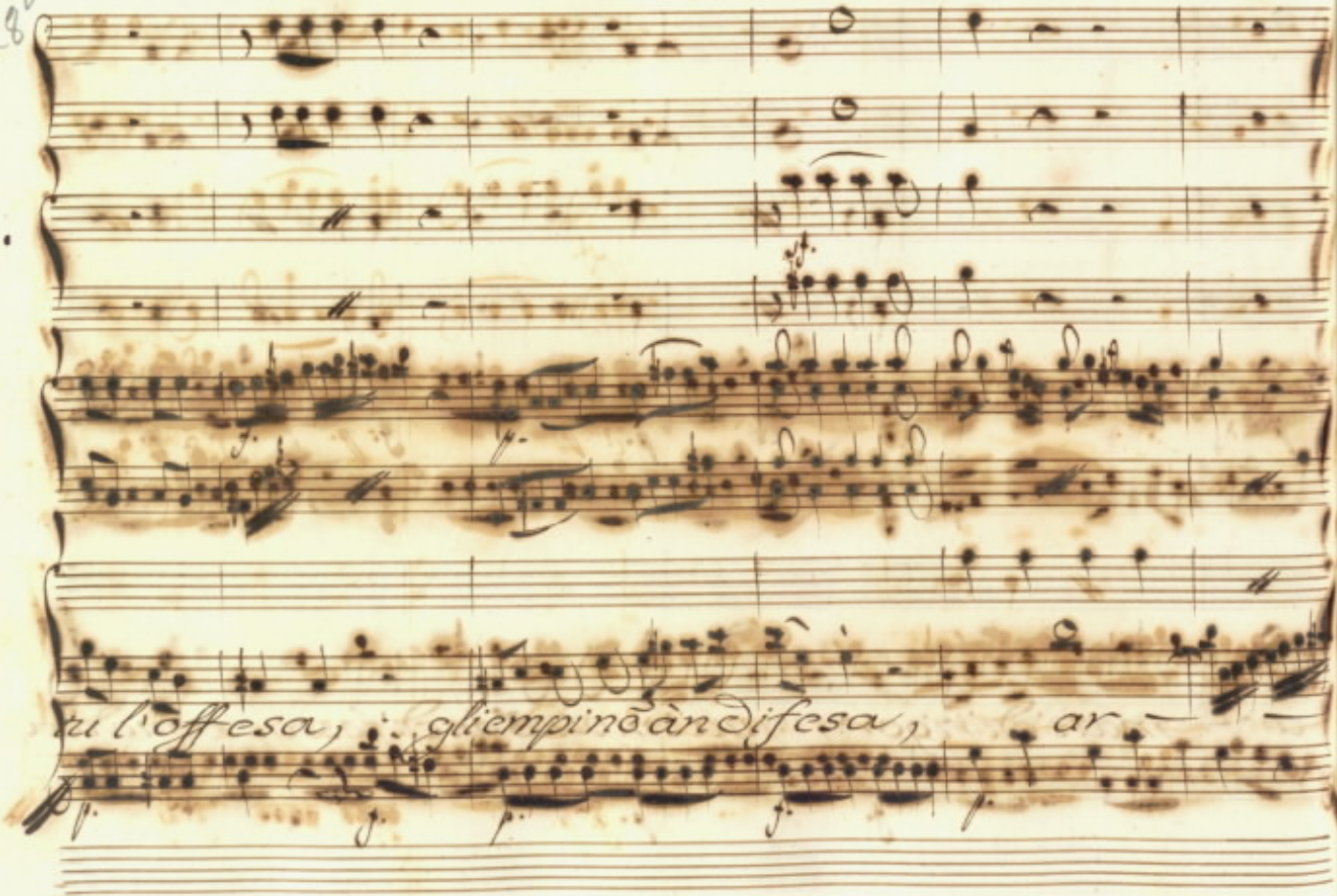


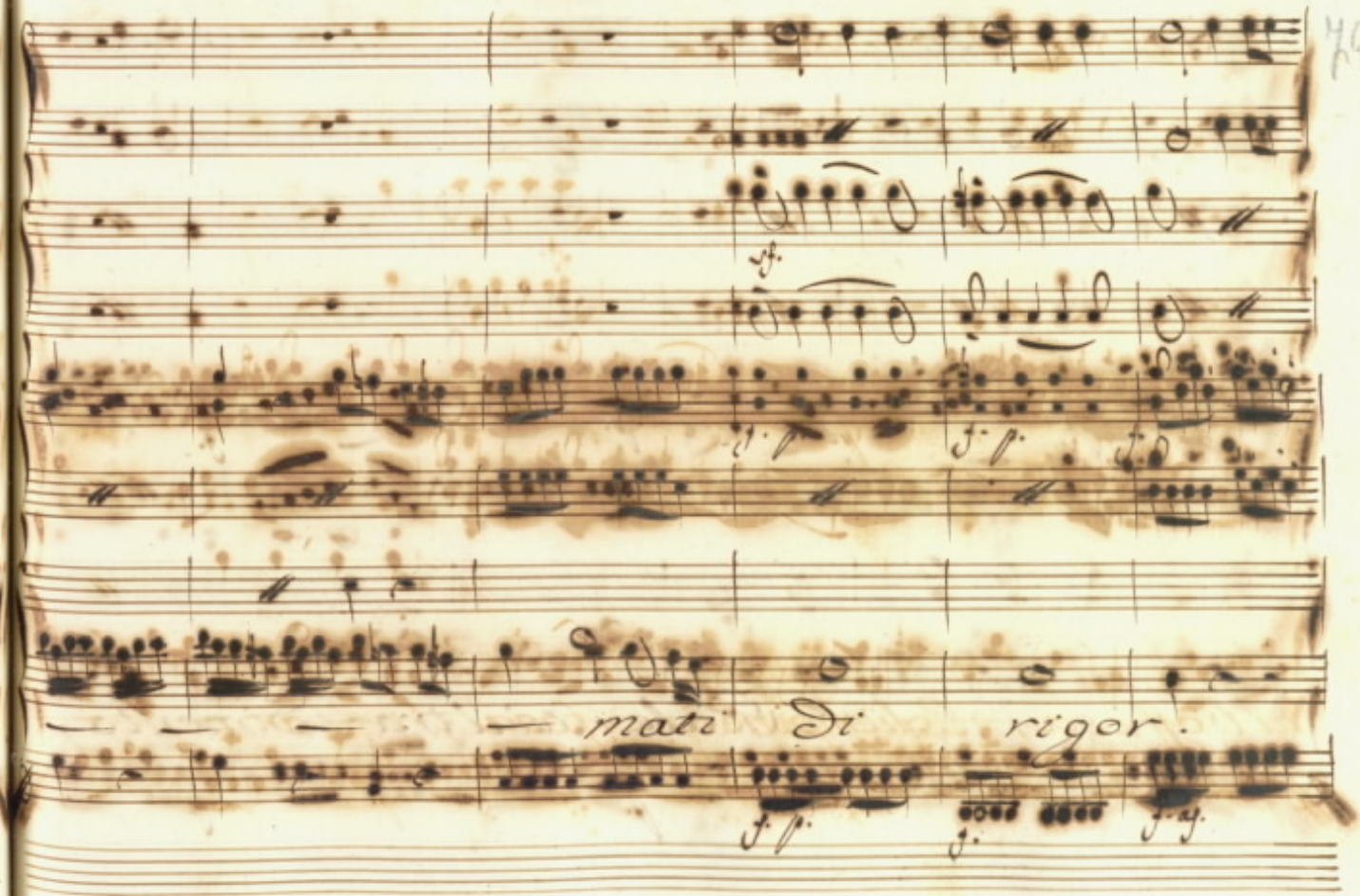

gliempinon àn difesa, gliempinò àn – difesa,

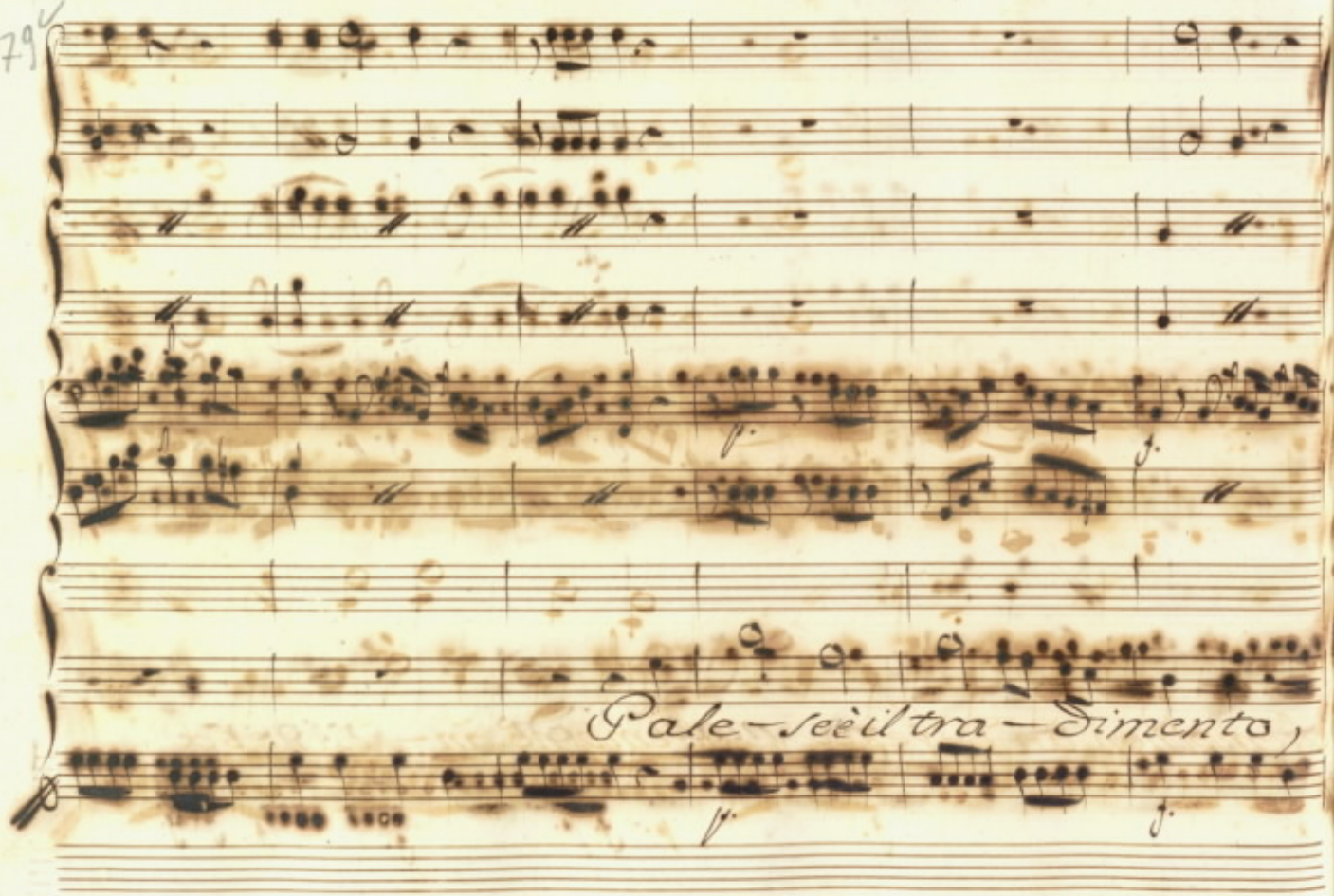

vendica tu l'offesa, ar- mati di rigor, vendita

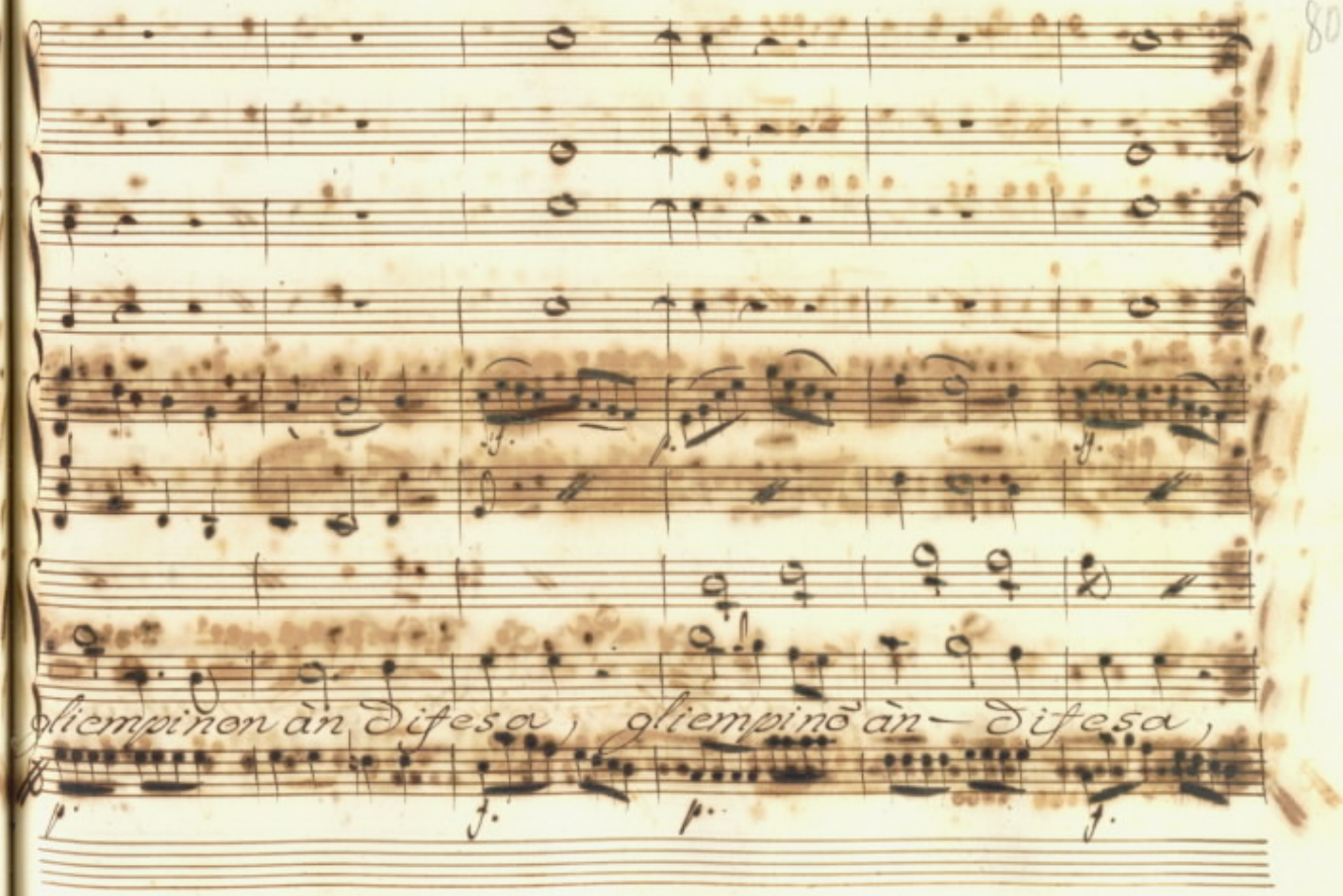

tu l'offesa, ar-mati di rigor, vendica tu l'offesa

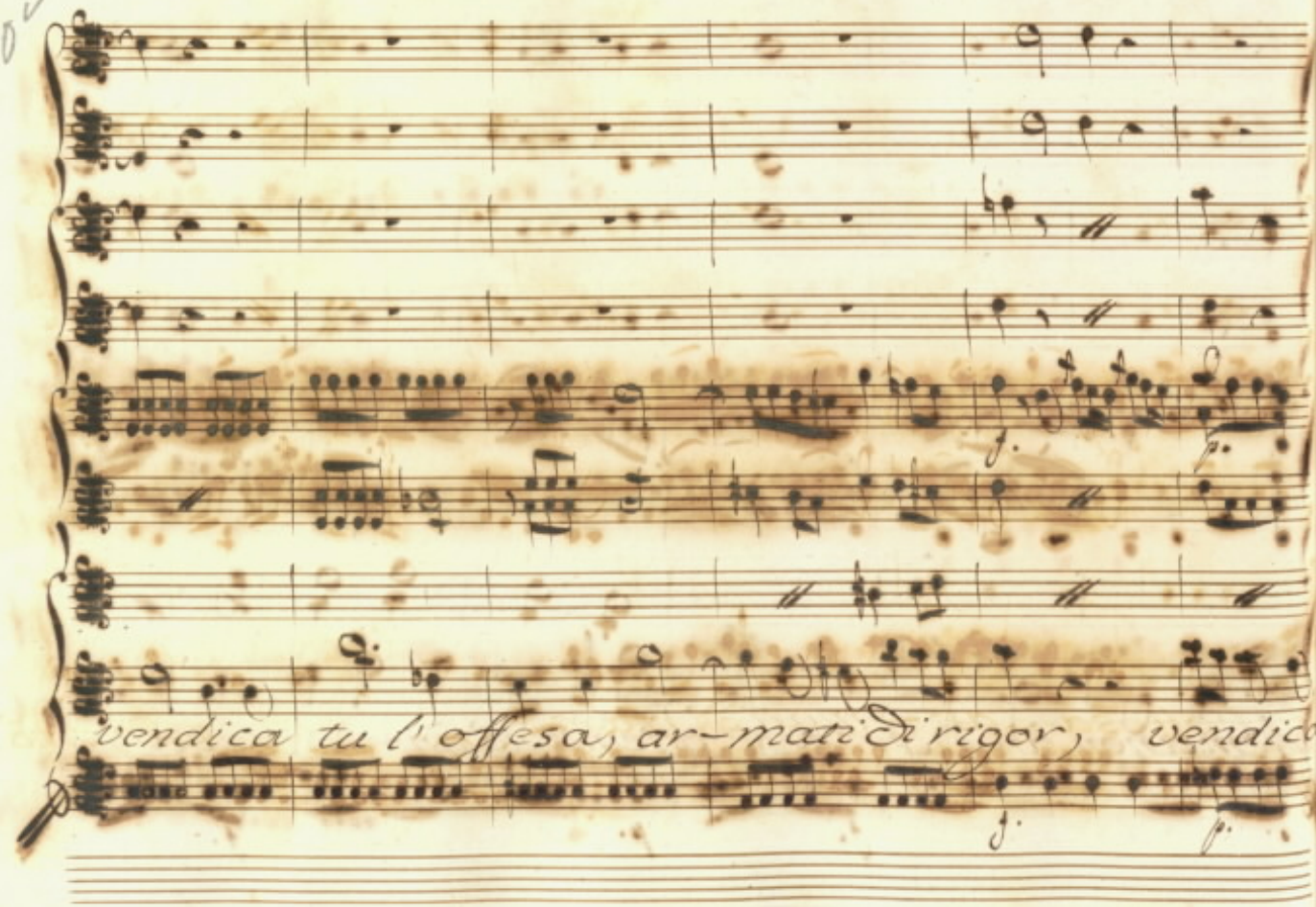

ar— mati di rigor, gli empinō ān di fesa, vendica

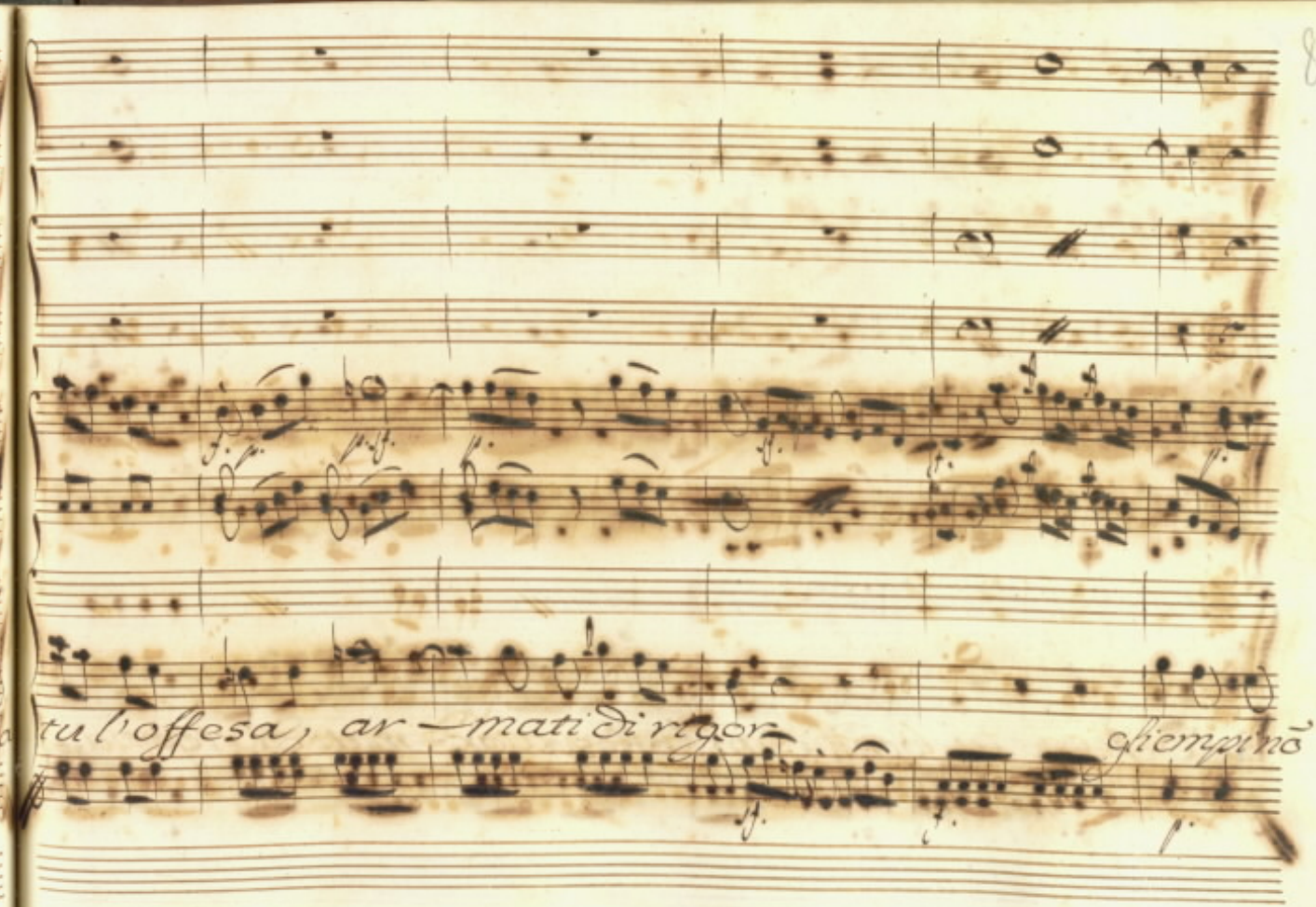

ri l'offesa, gli empino àn difesa, ar

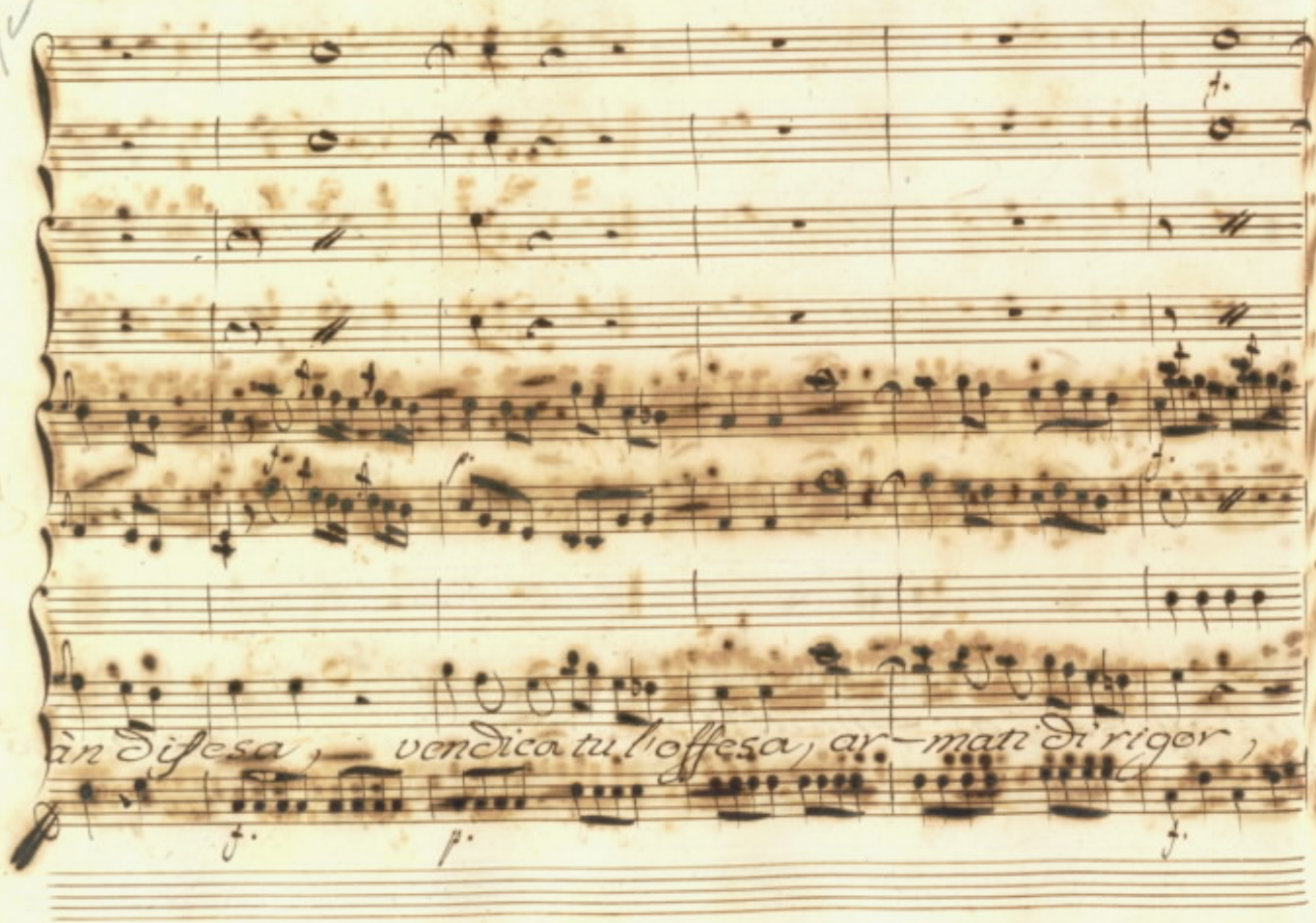

mati
Di
rigor.

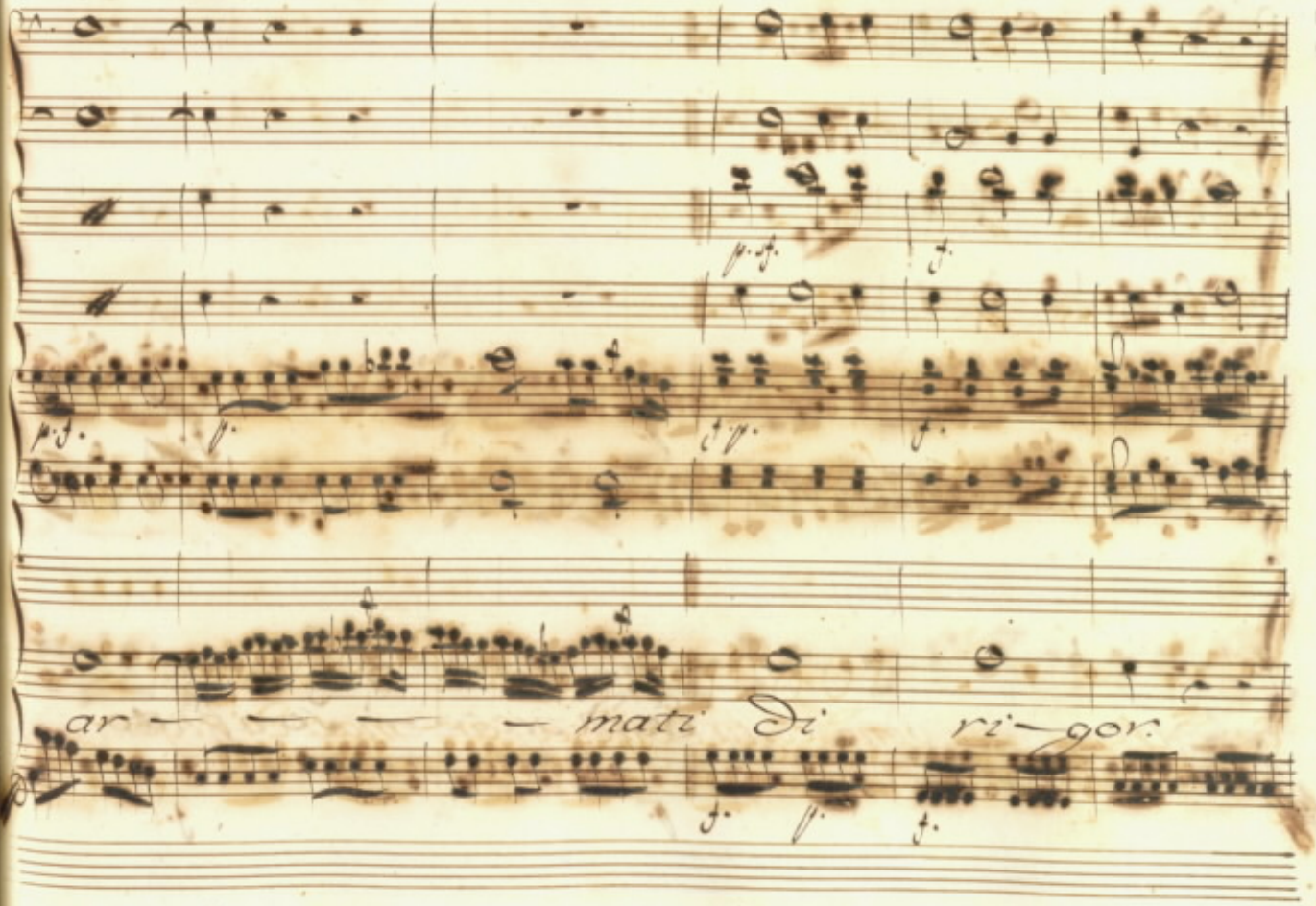

Pale-seè il tra-dimento,

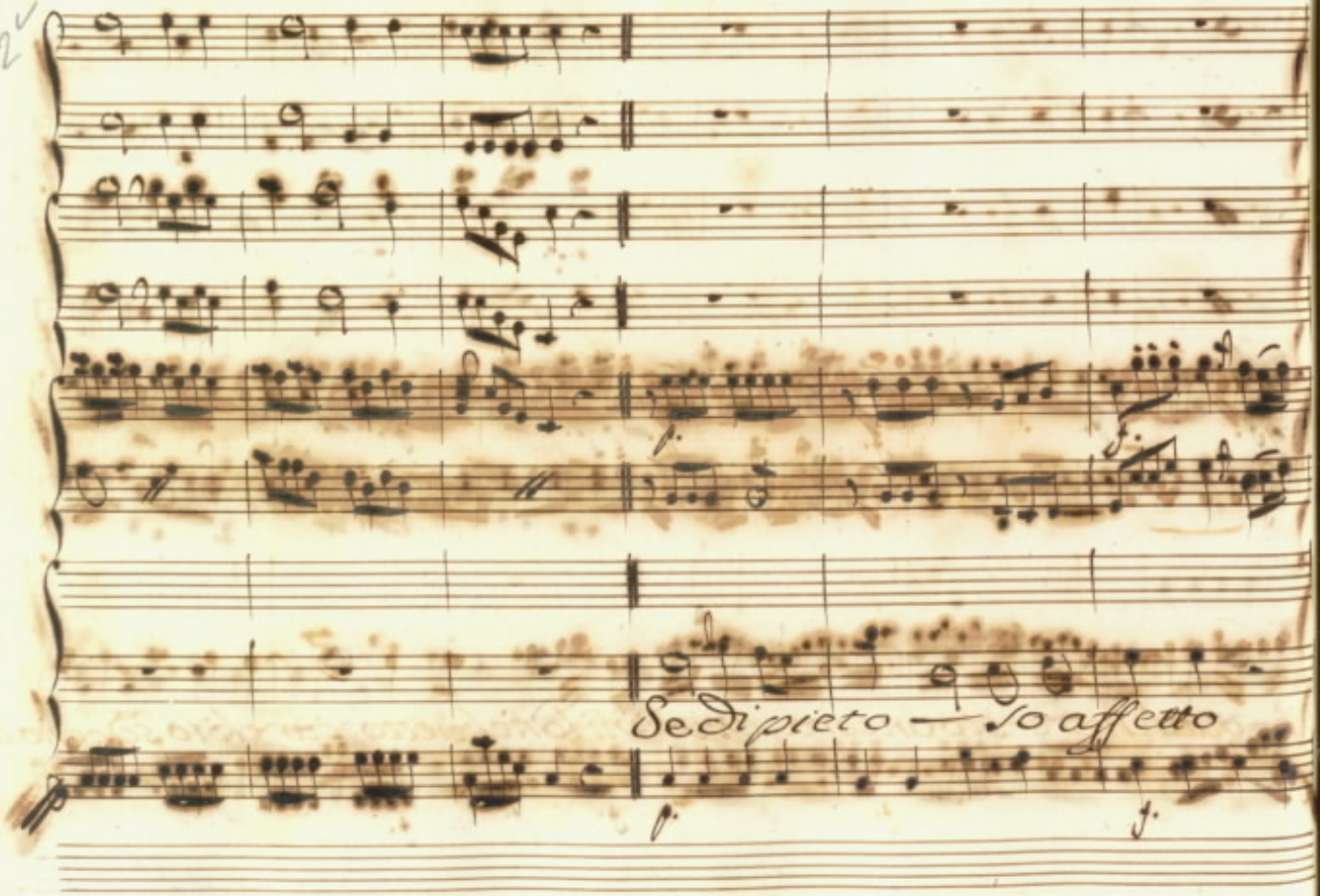

gliempinon àn difesa, gliempinō àn- difesa,

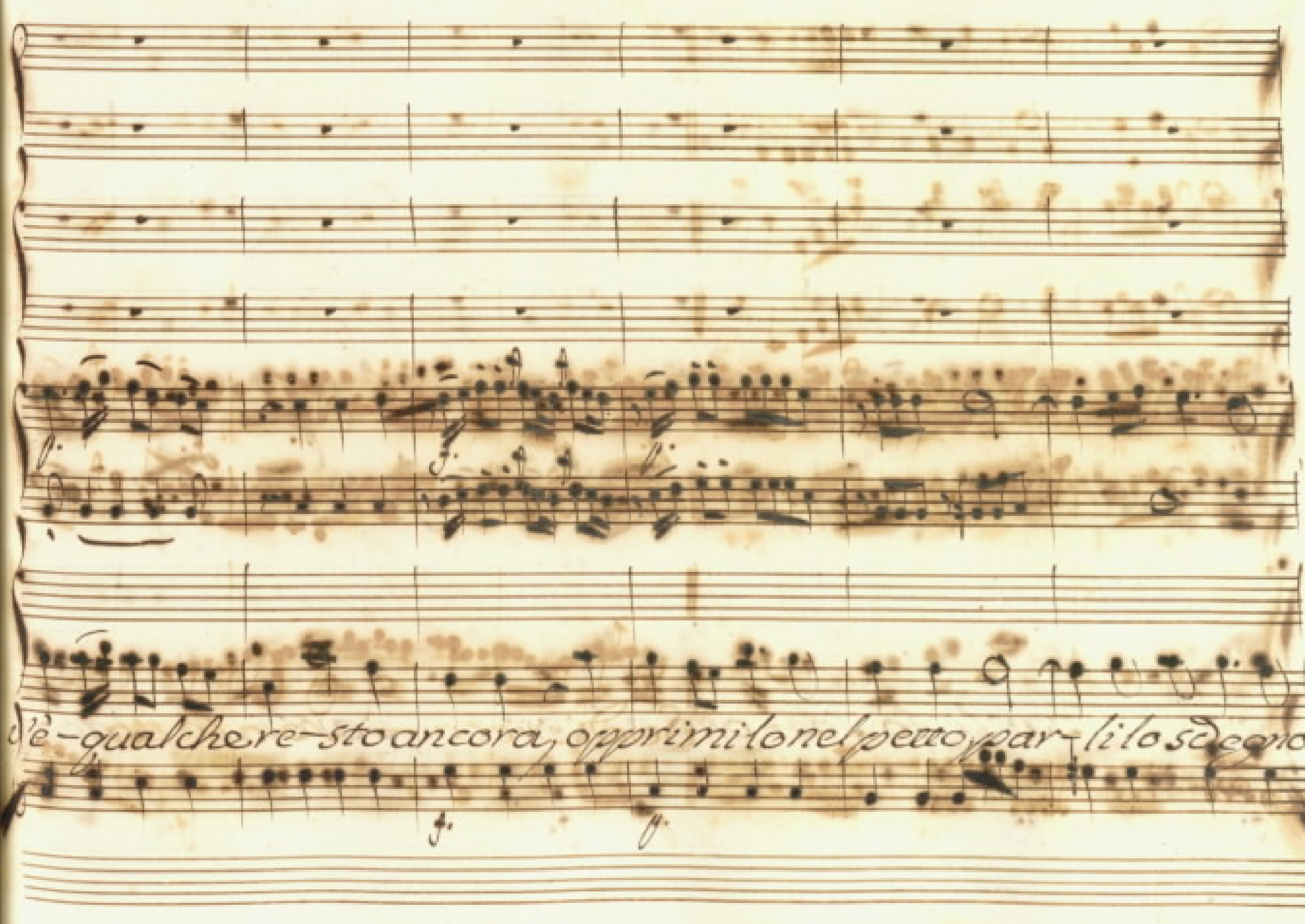

vendica tu l'offesa, ar-mati di rigor, vendica
f.
p.
f.
p.

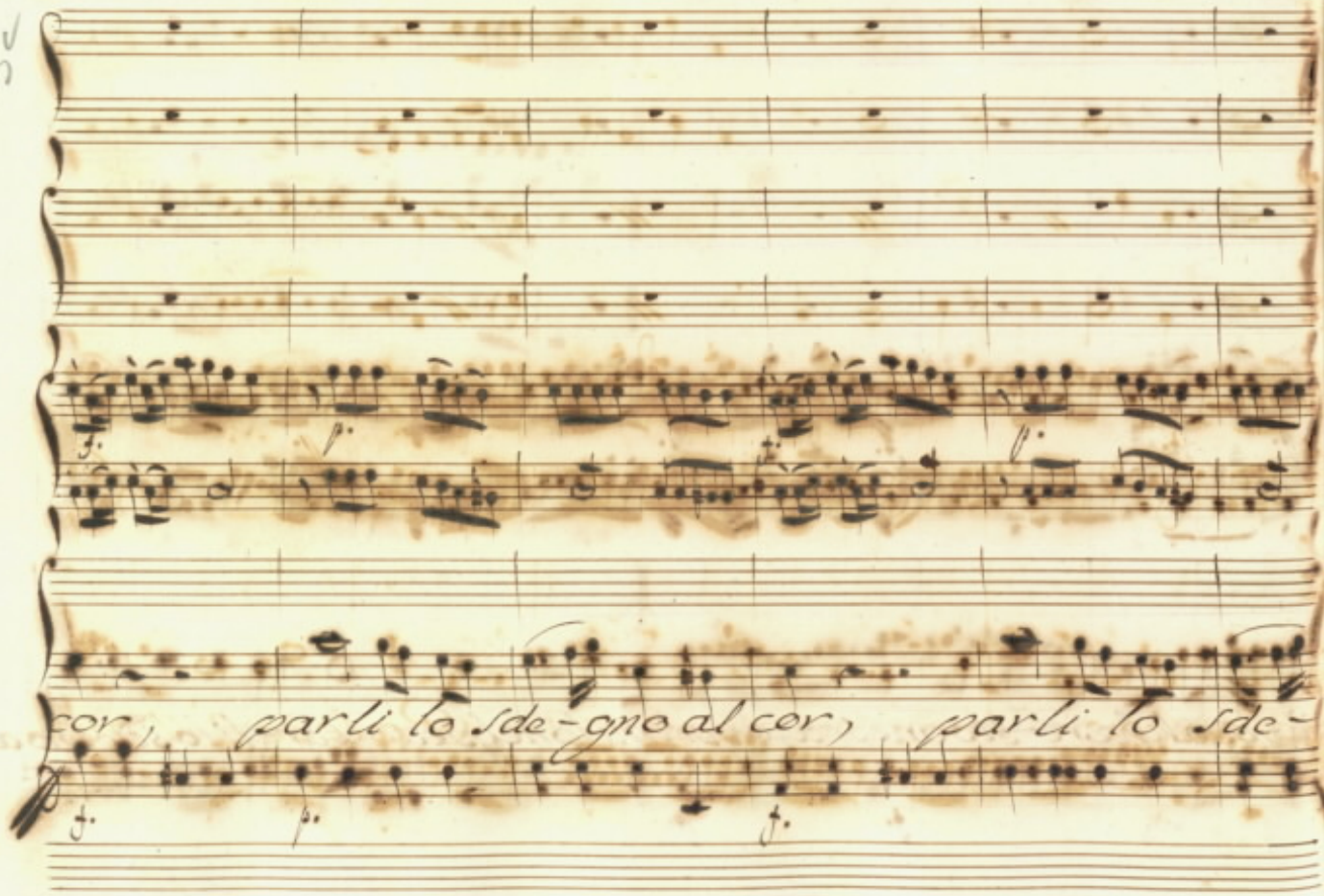

dica tu l'offesa, ar — mati di rigor
chiempinõ

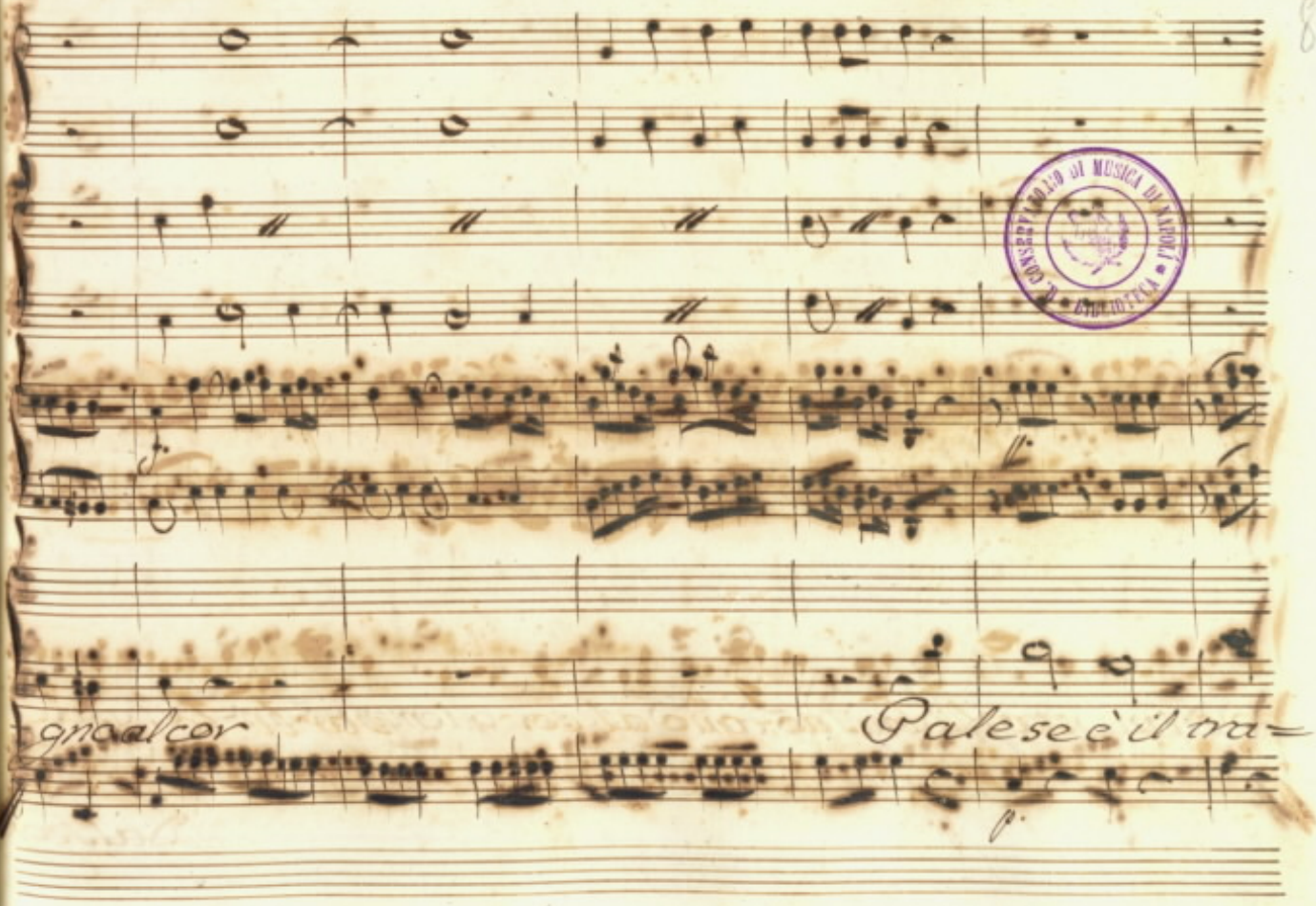

àn Difesa, vendica tu l'offesa, ar-mati di rigor,


p. f.
f.
f. p.
f.
ar — — — — mati Di ri — gor.
f.
f.
f.

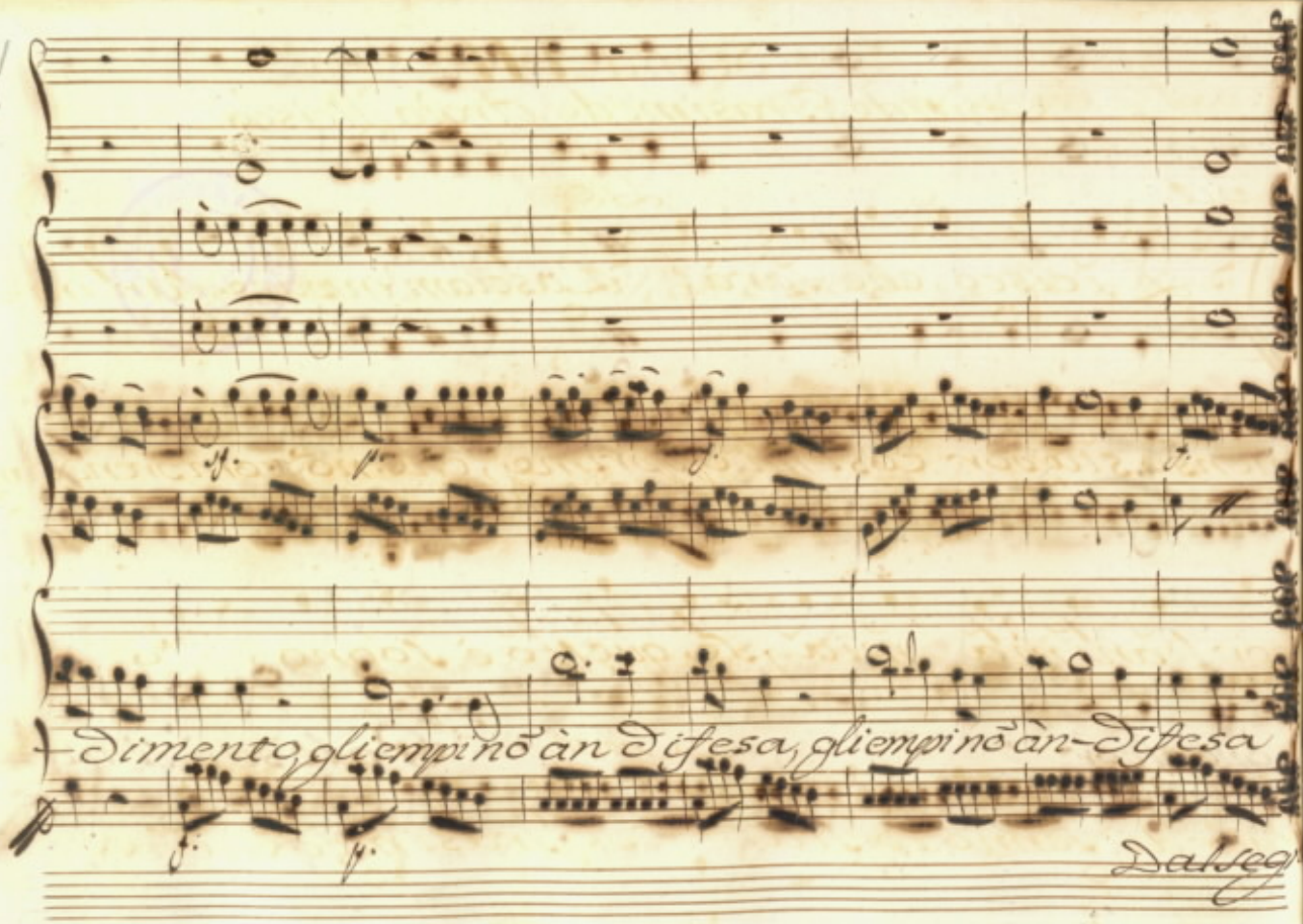

Se di pieto — so affetto


v'è-qualche re-sto ancora, opprimilo nel petto par-li lo sdegno al


f.
p.
f.
cor, parli lo sde-gno al cor, parli lo sde-
f.
p.
f.



R. CONSERVATORIO DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI
BIBLIOTECA


dimento gliempinò àn difesa, gliempinò àn-difesa
Dalsegn

Scena III

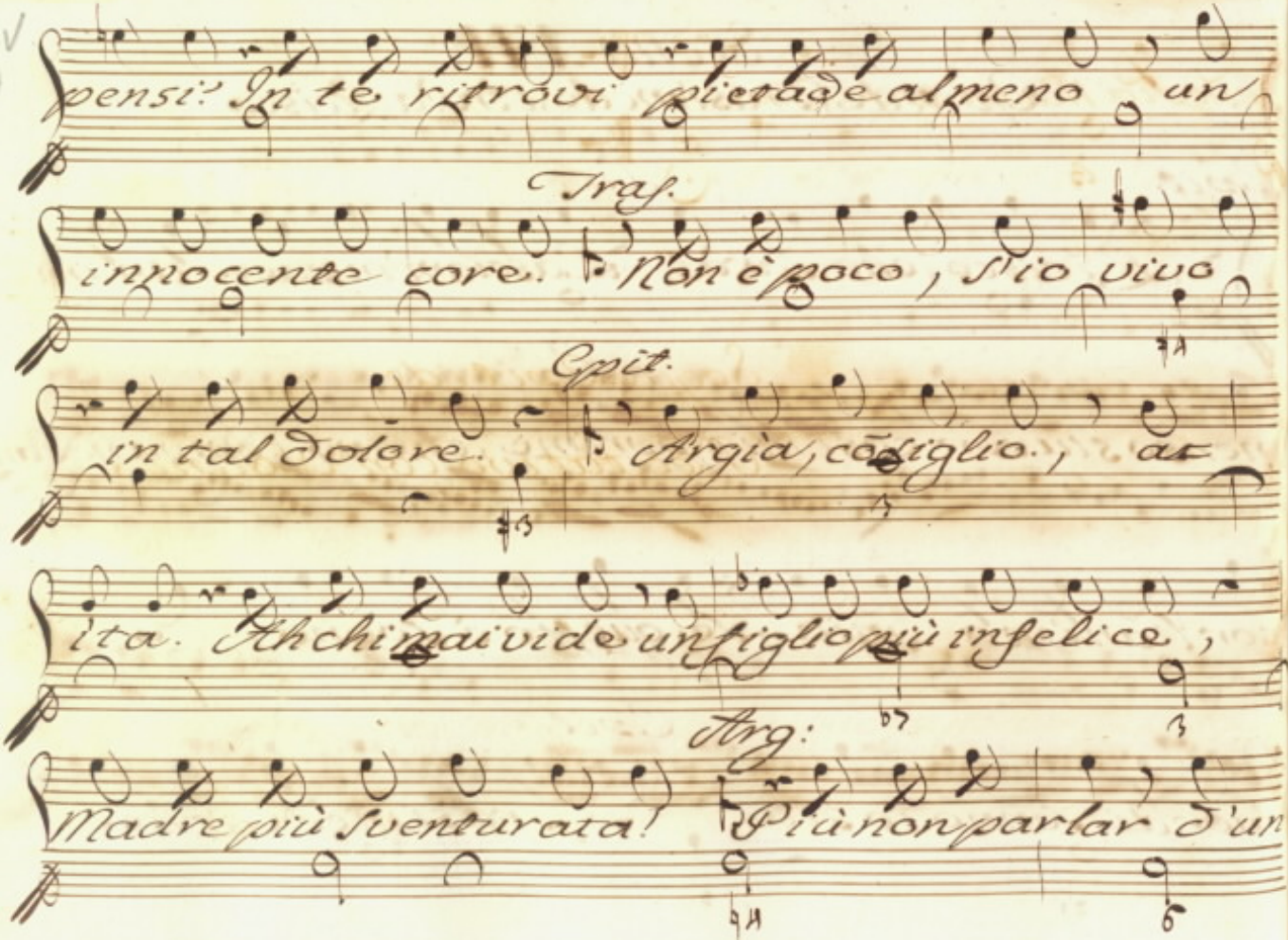
Cpitide, Trasimede, Argia, Licisco

Cpit. Licisco, che sarà? Lic: Lasciam'in pace. Un im-

menso stupor così mi opprime, che nõ comprende an-

cor l'anima mia, se questo è sogno,

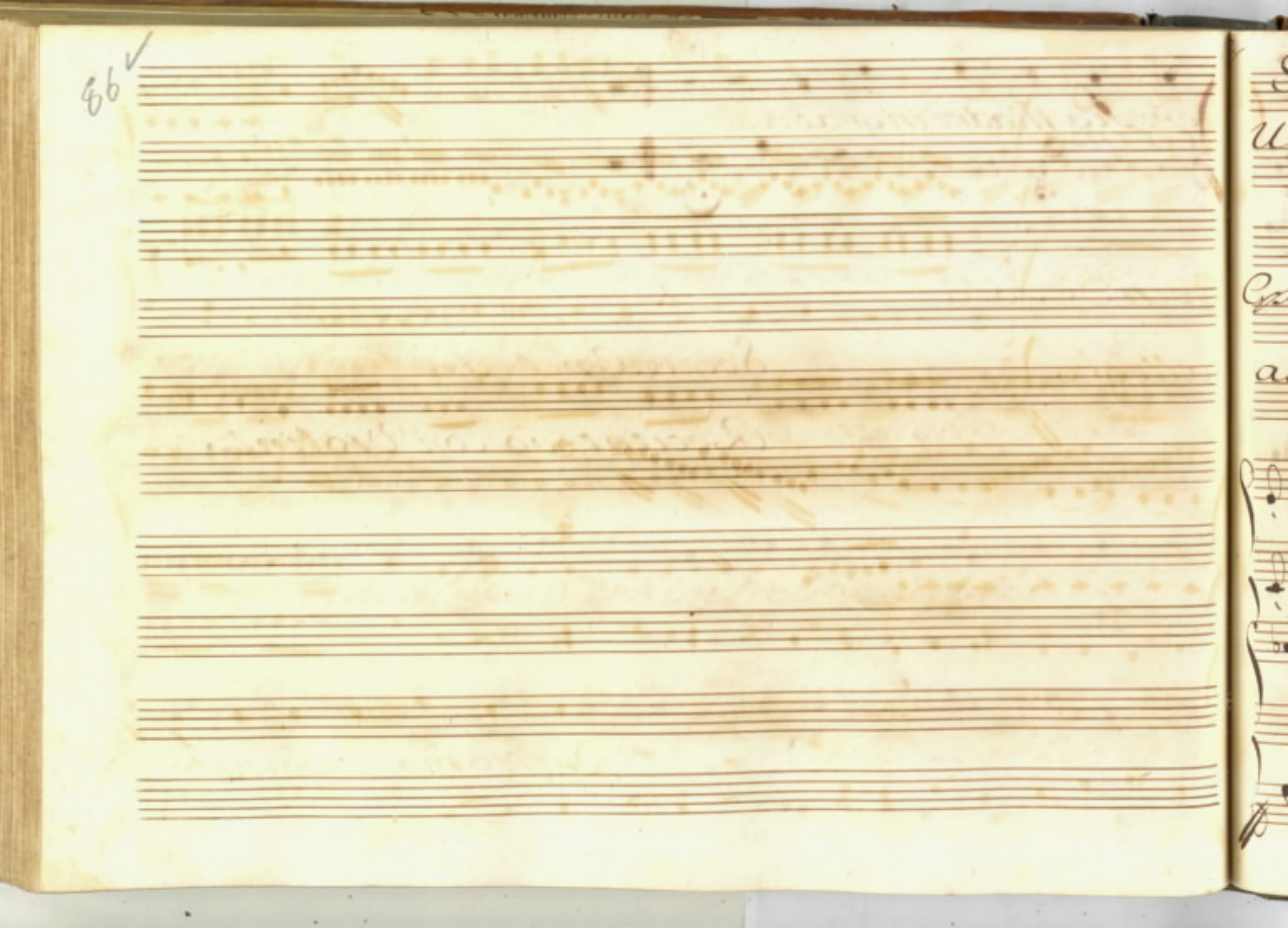
Cpit. fuor di senno io sia. Trasimede, che.


pensi? In te ritrovi pietà de almeno un
Traf.
innocente core. Non è poco, s'io vivo
Cpit.
in tal dolore. Argia, cõsiglio., aiu
ta. Ah chi mai vide un figlio più infelice,
Arg:
Madre più sventurata! Più non parlar d'un

empia Madre ingrata.

Segue Cpitide

Recitativo con Violini



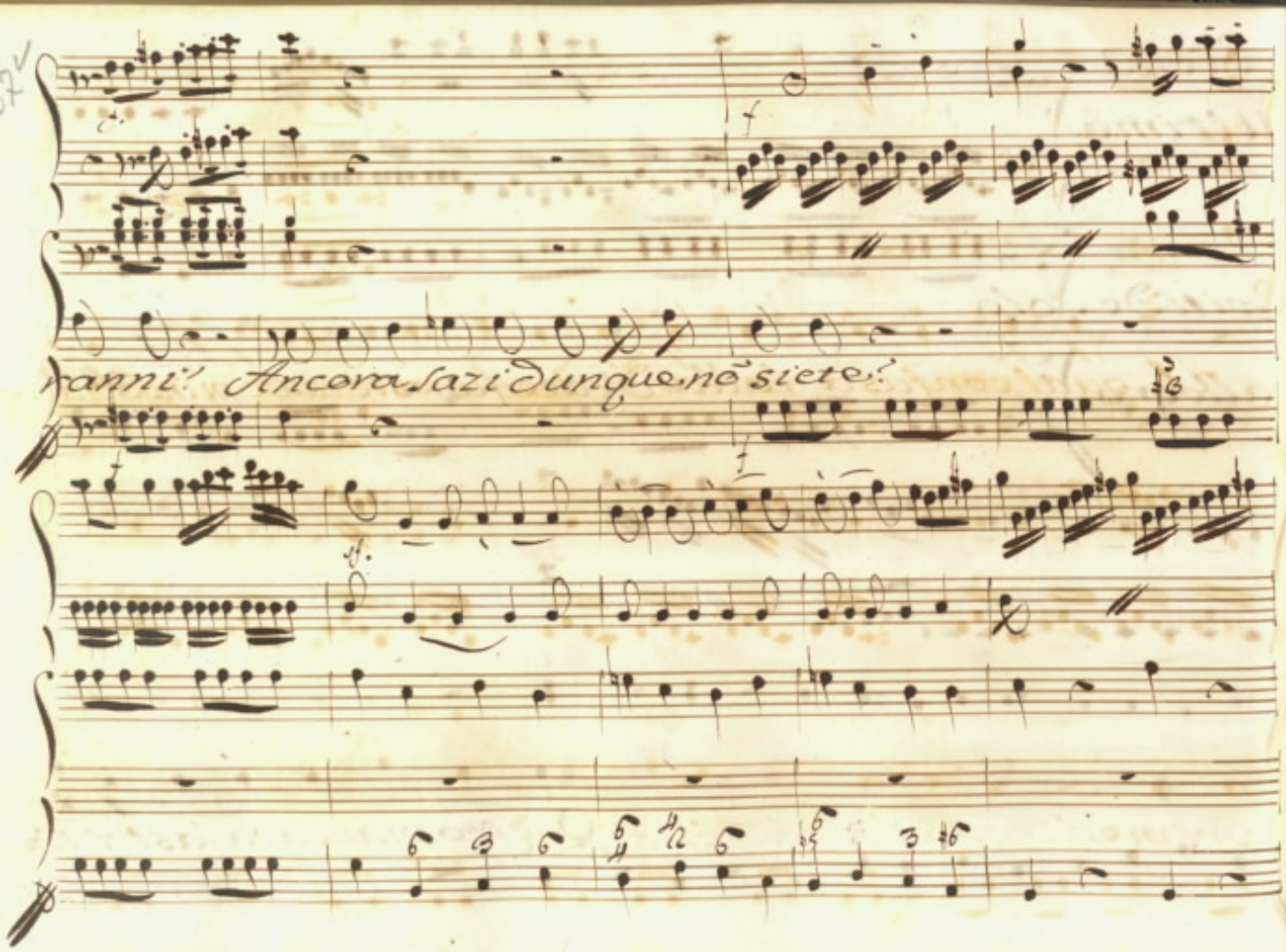
Scena Ultima

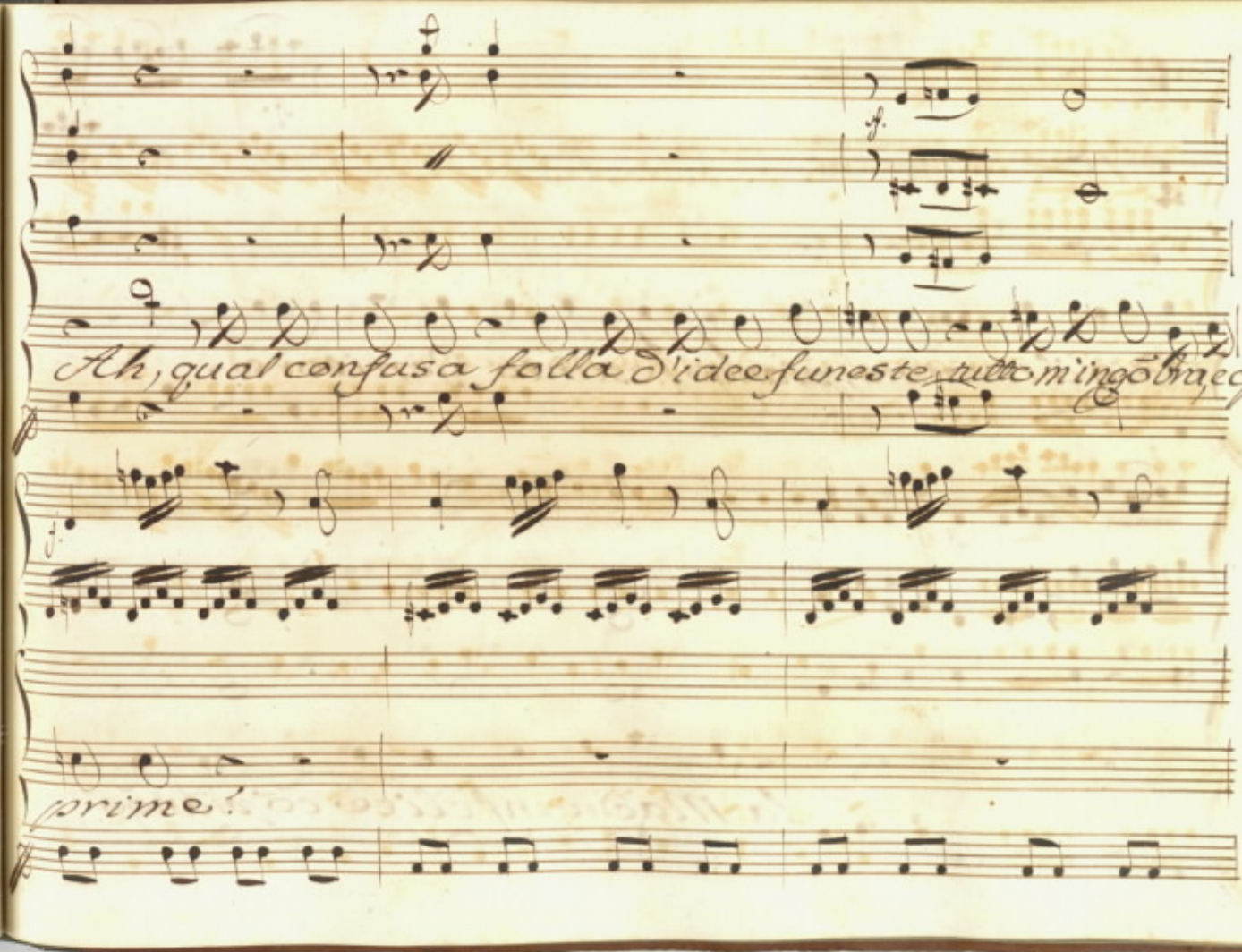
Spiti de solo

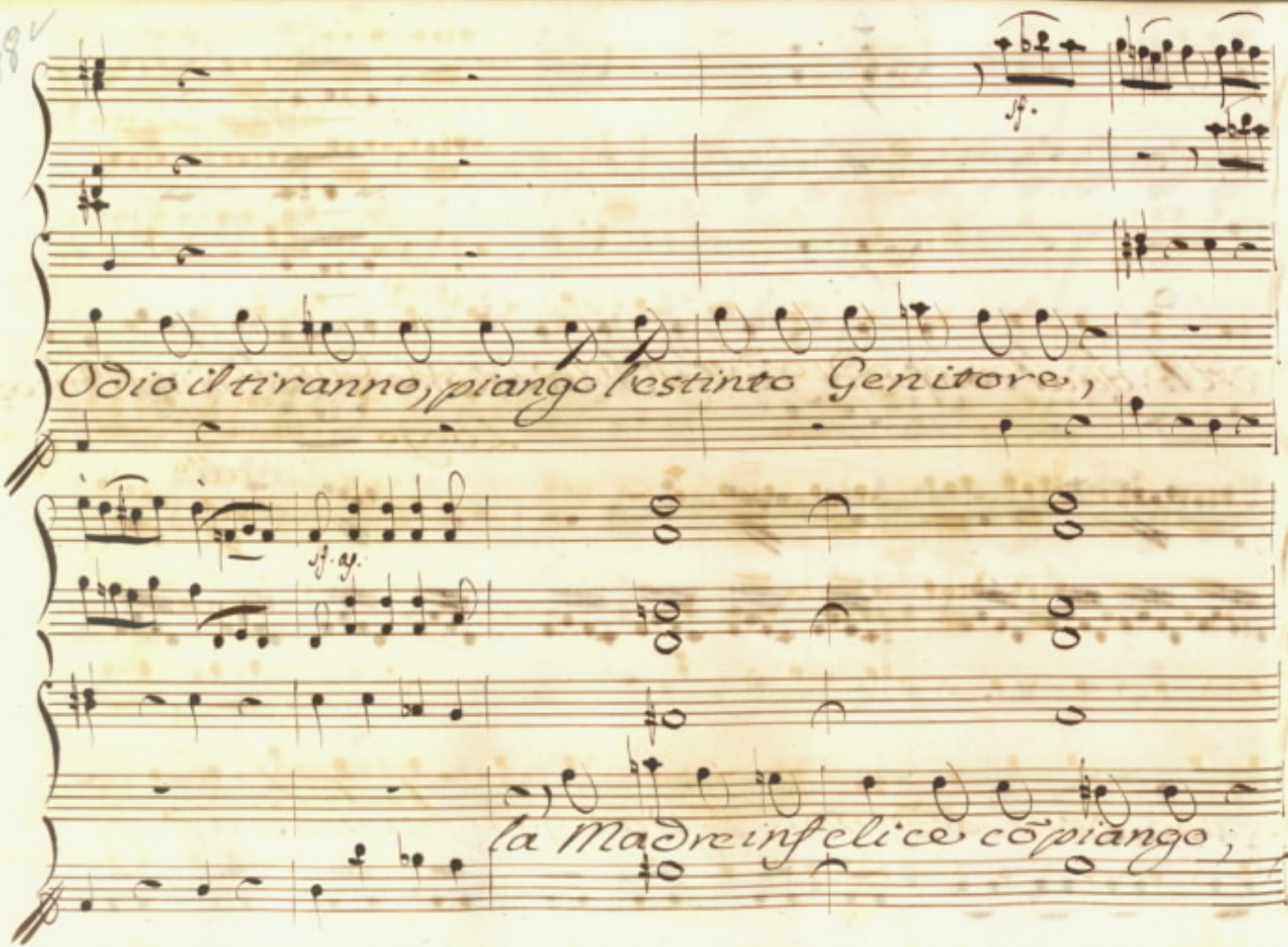
allegro

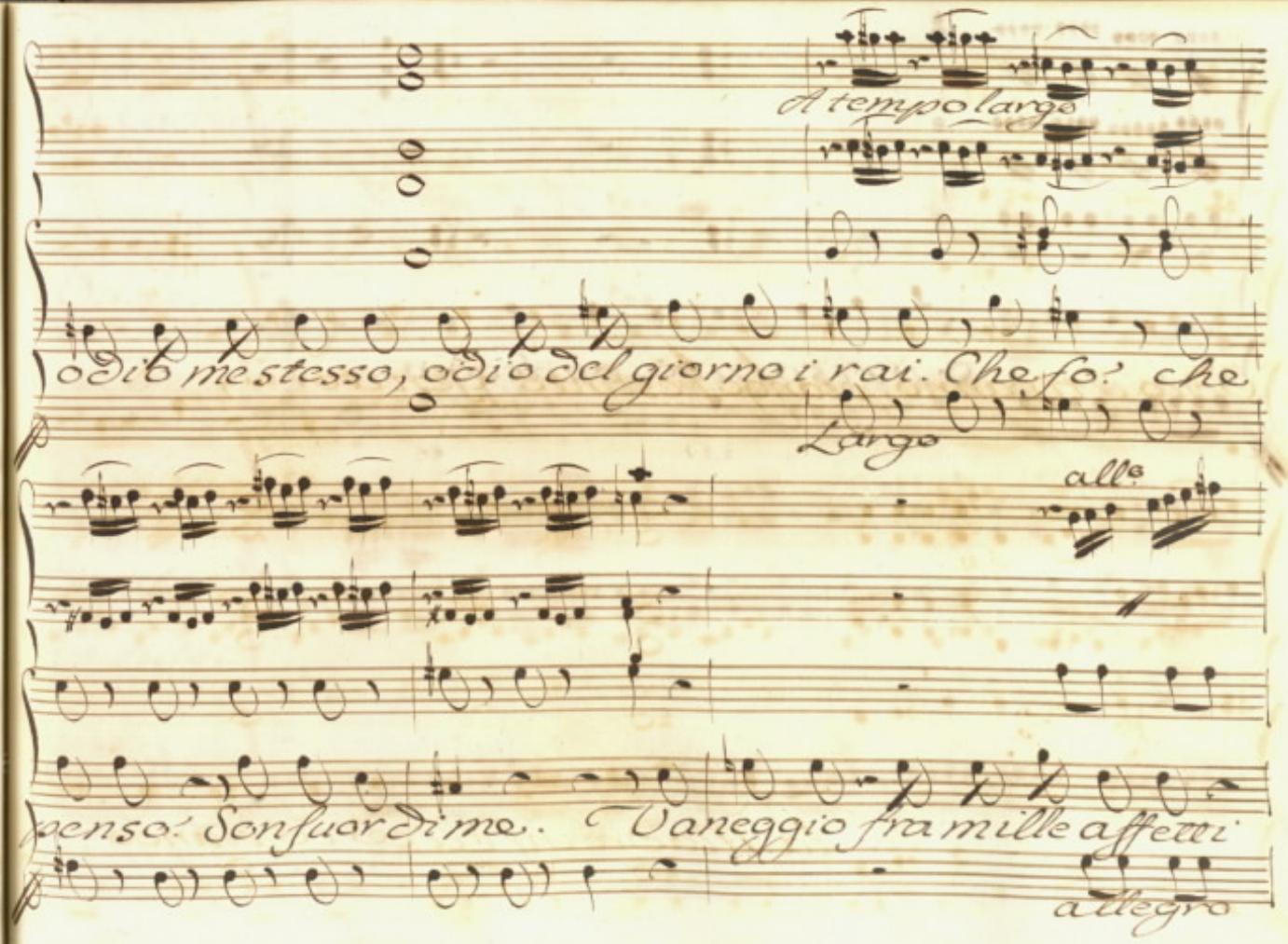
Questo mancava, astri ti

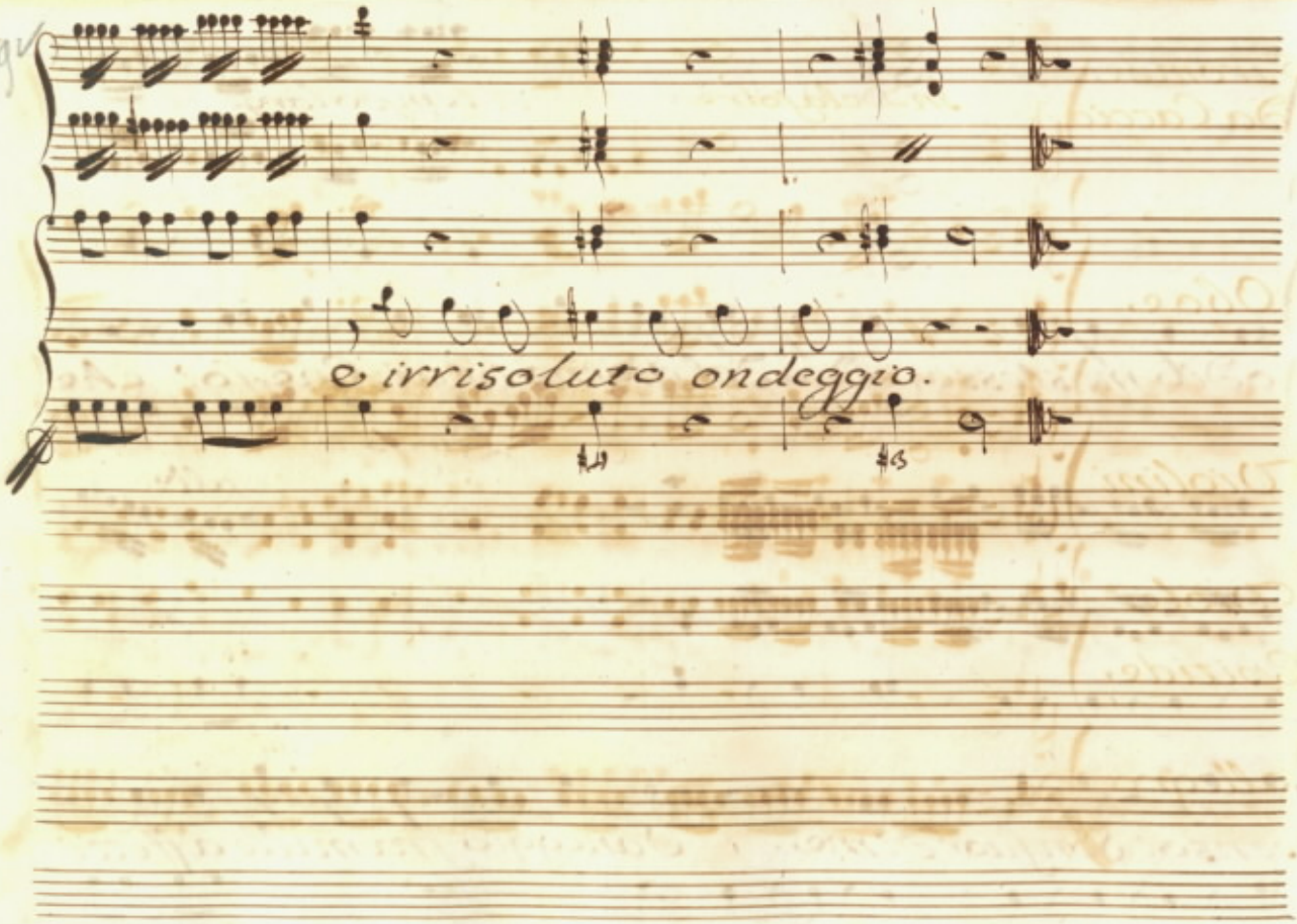
87

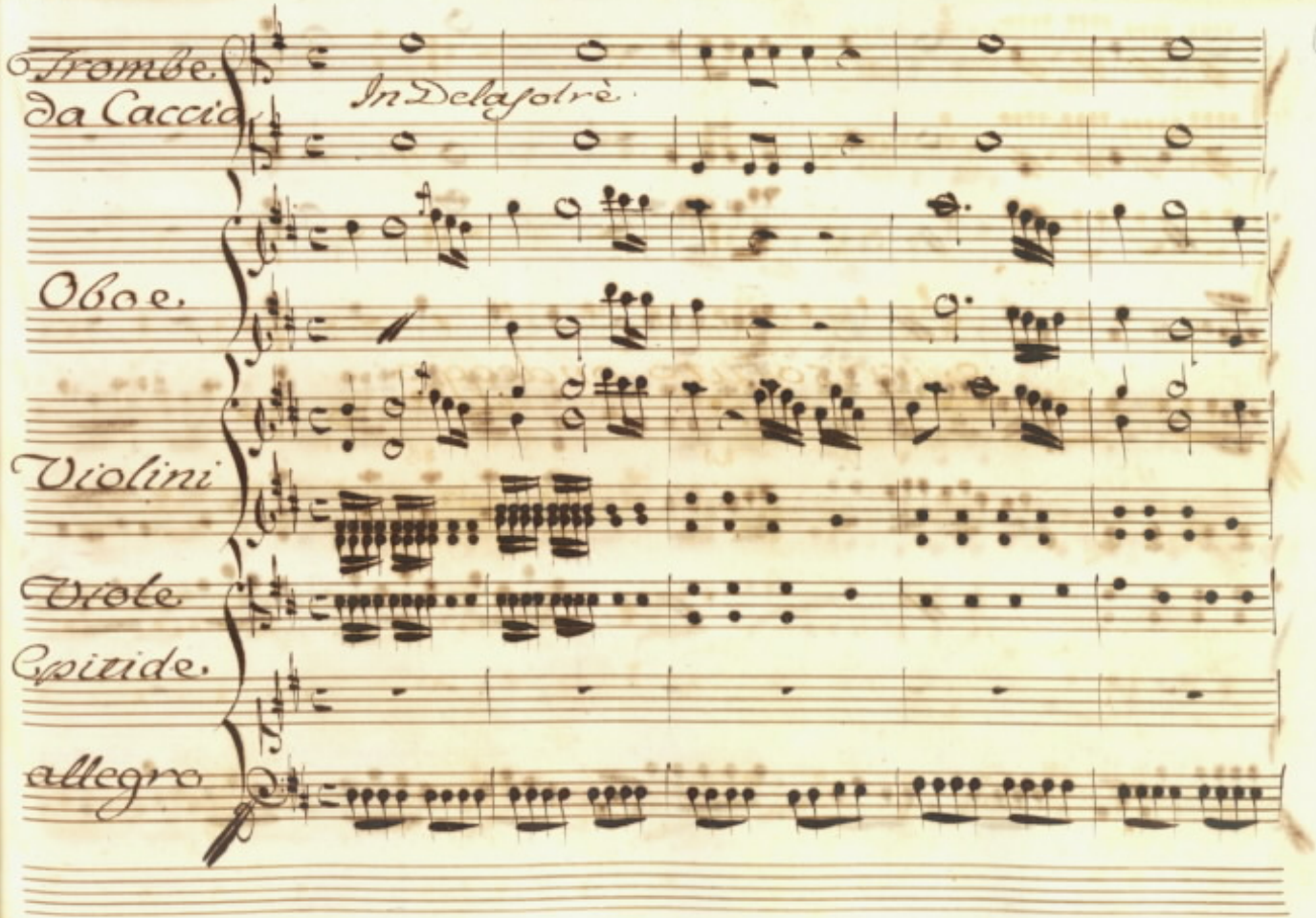


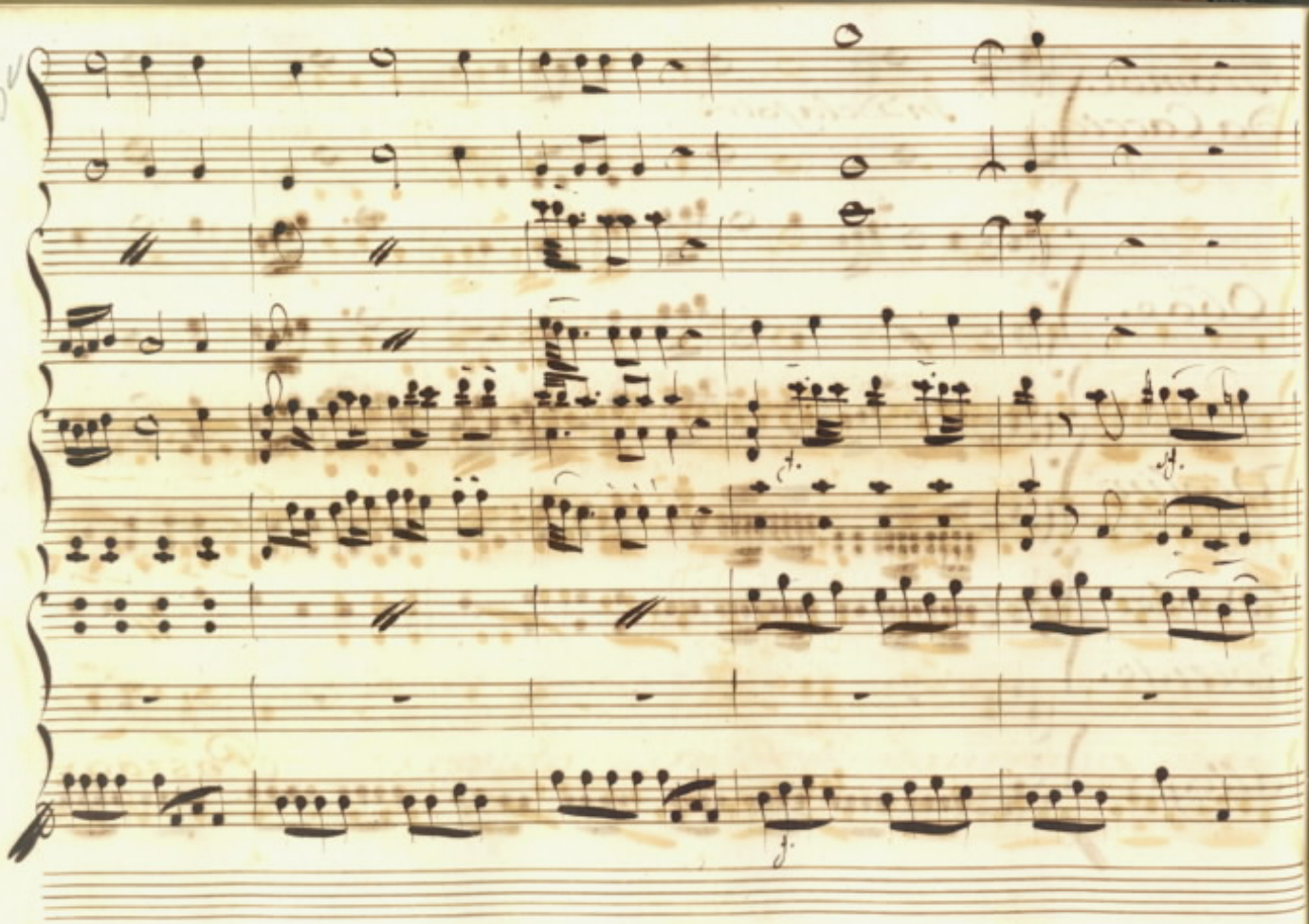

Ah, qual confusa folla d'idee funeste, tutto m'ingombra
prime!

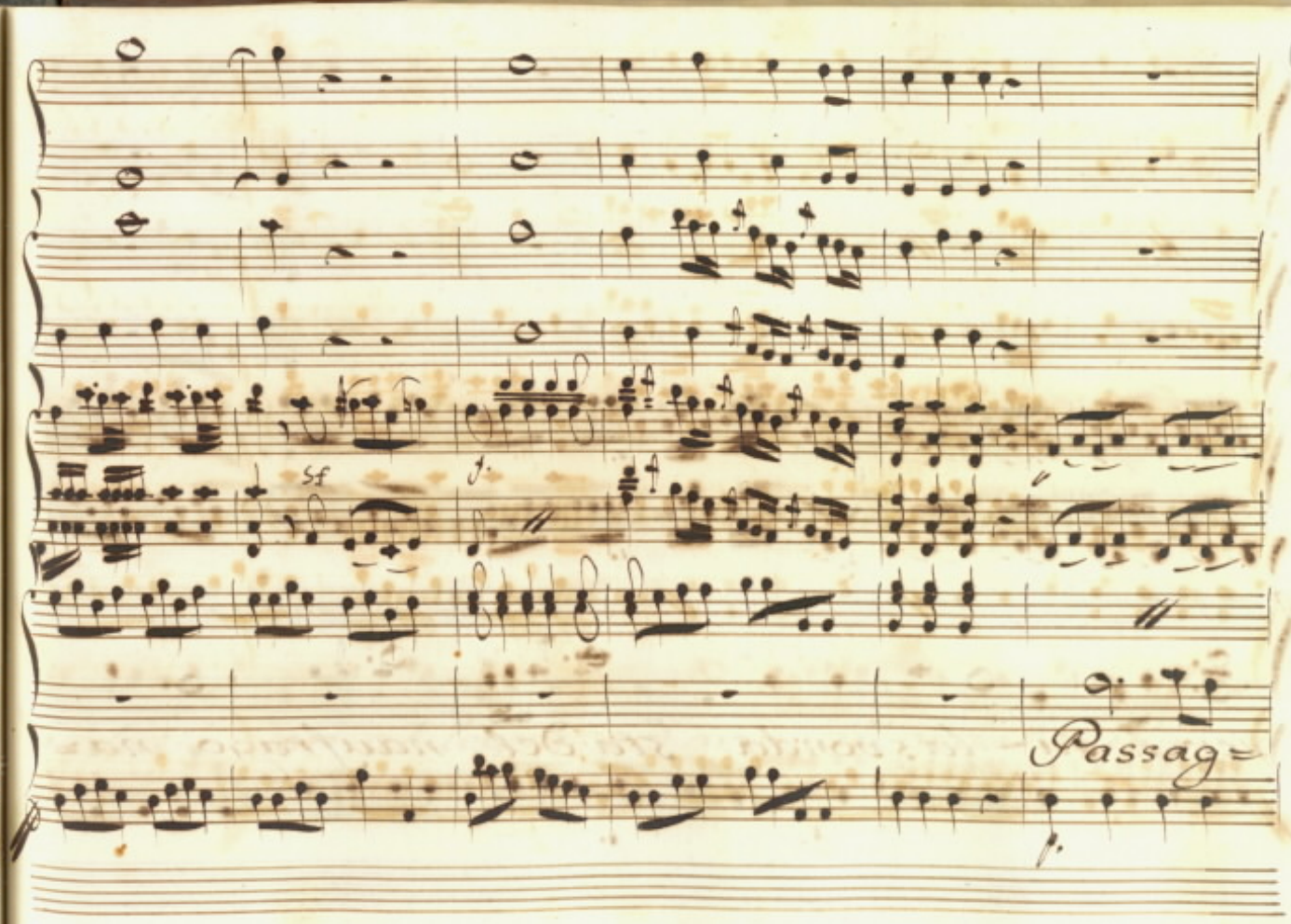

sf.
Odio il tiranno, piango l'estinto Genitore,
sf. sf.
la Madre infelice cõpiango;

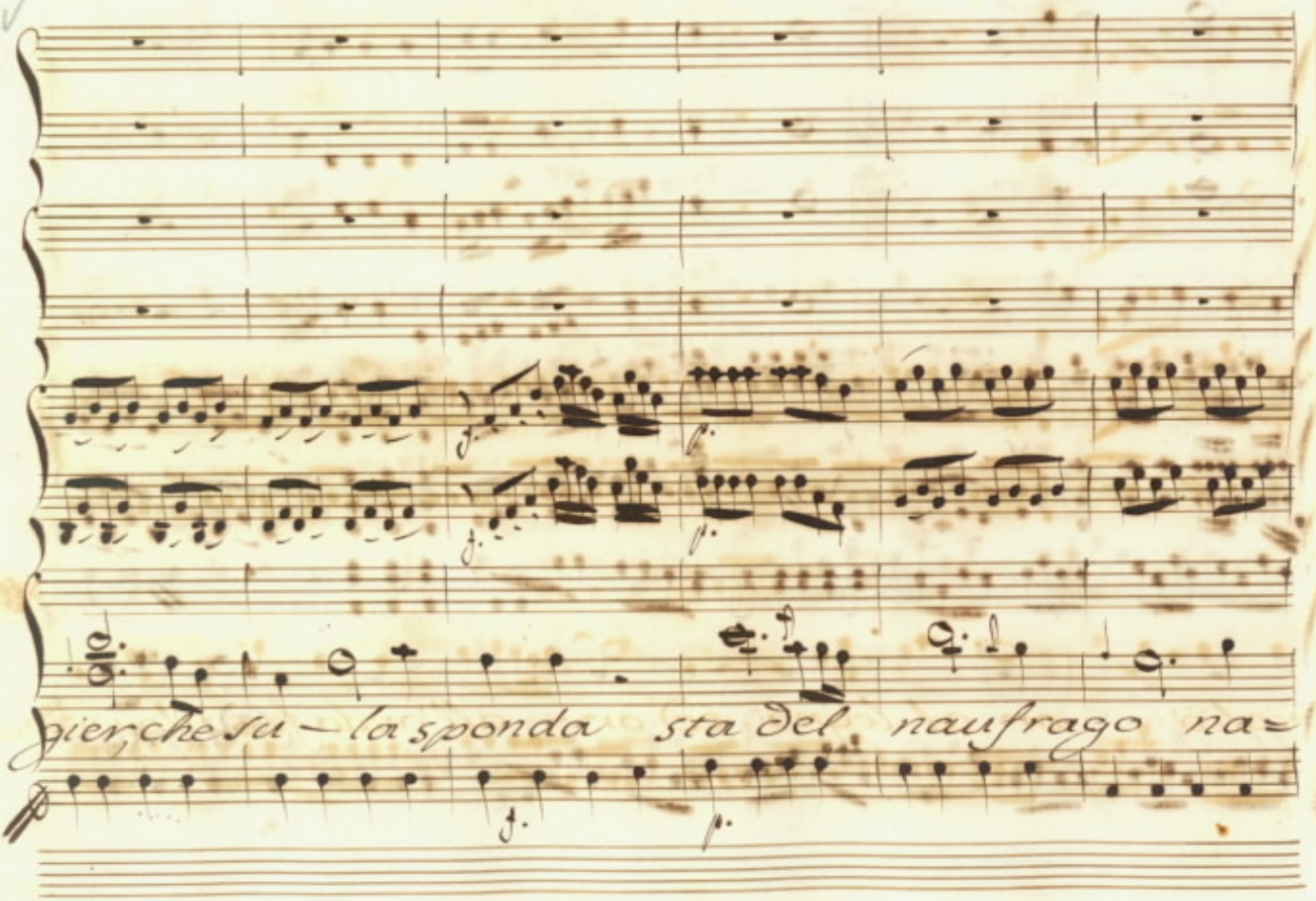

A tempo largo
odio me stesso, odio del giorno i rai. Che fo? che
Largo
all.o
penso? Son fuor di me. Vaneggio fra mille affetti
allegro

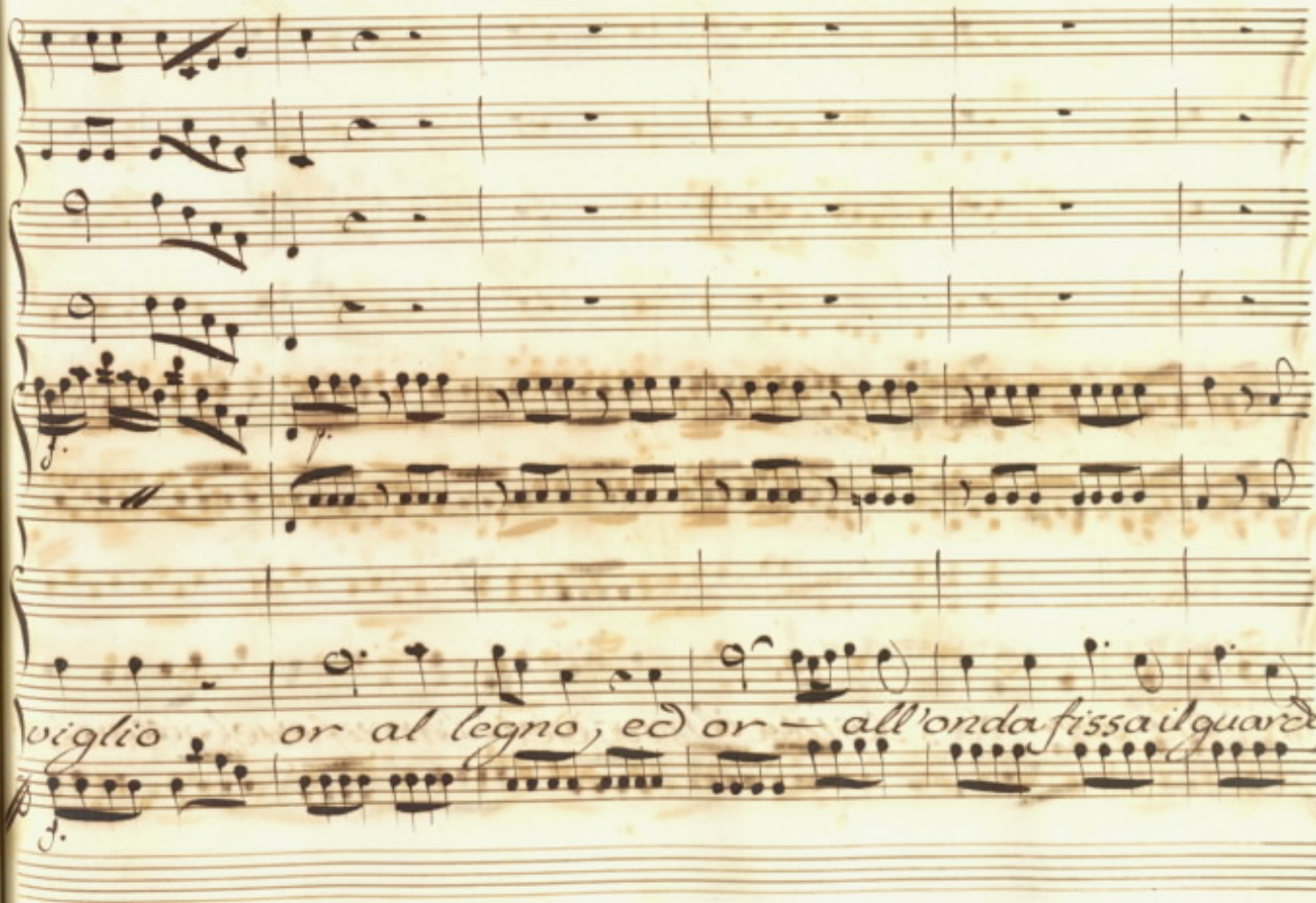

e irrisoluto ondeggio.

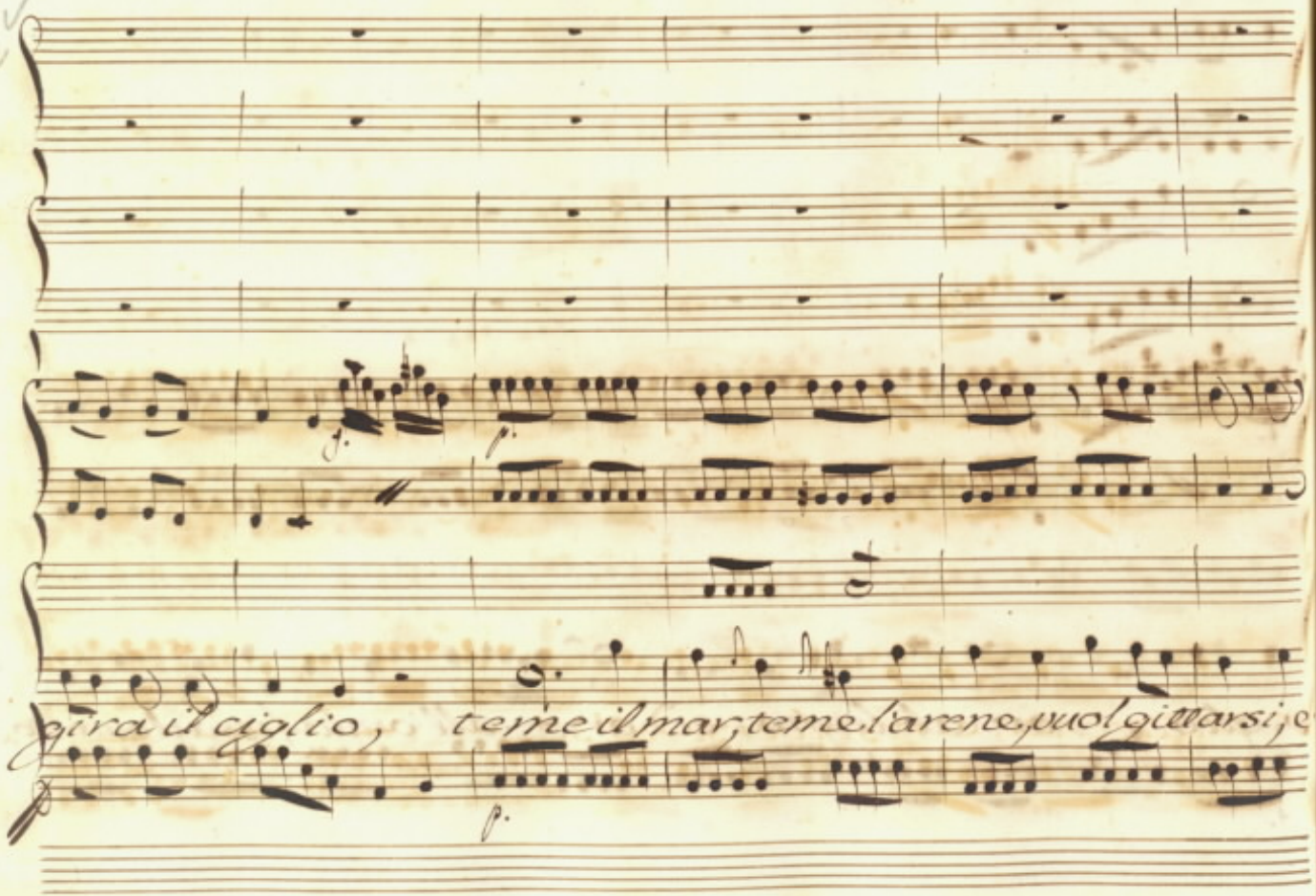

Trombe
da Caccia
In Delapotrè
Oboe.
Violini
Viole
Spiride.
allegro

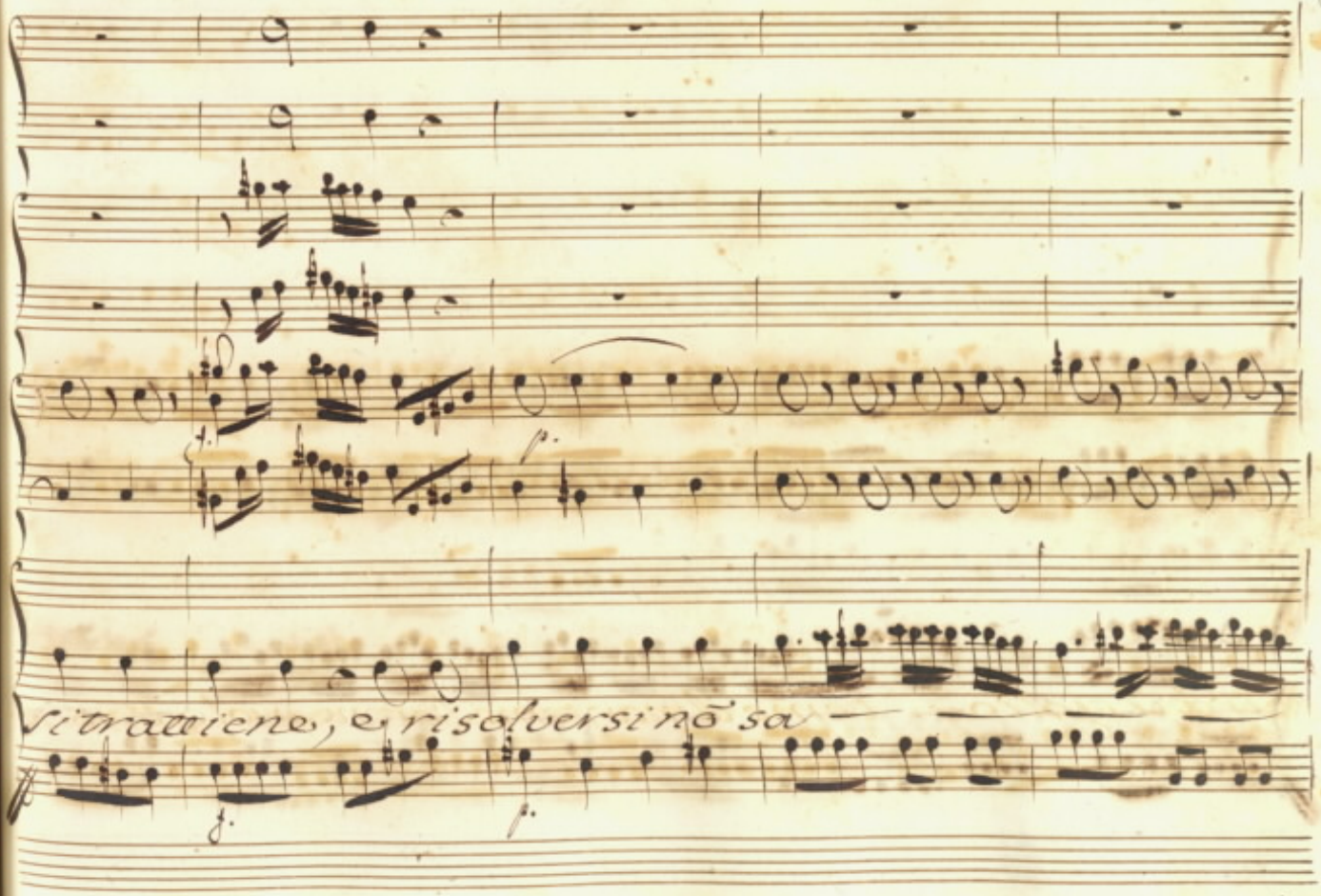

90

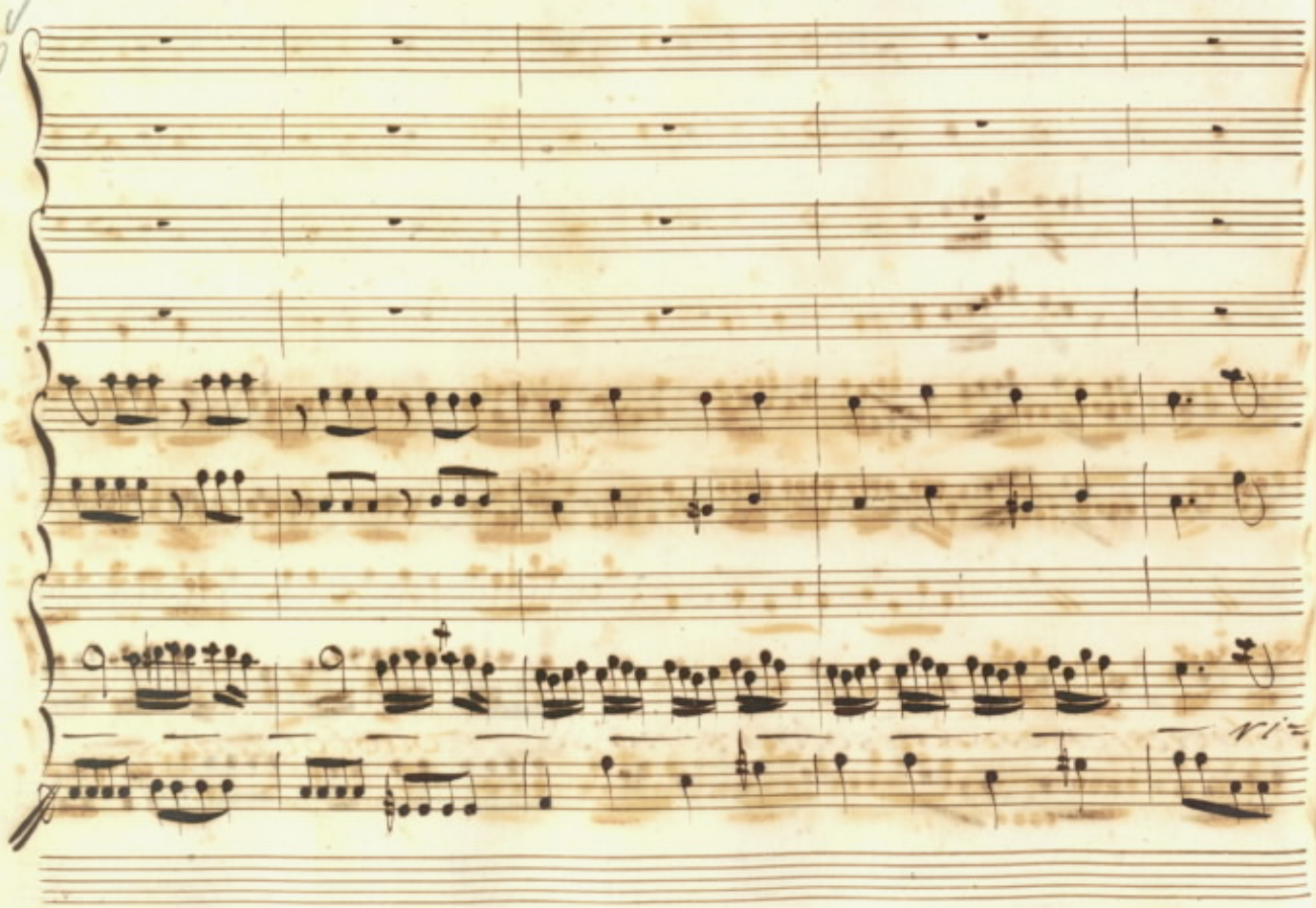

sf
f.
Passag=
f.

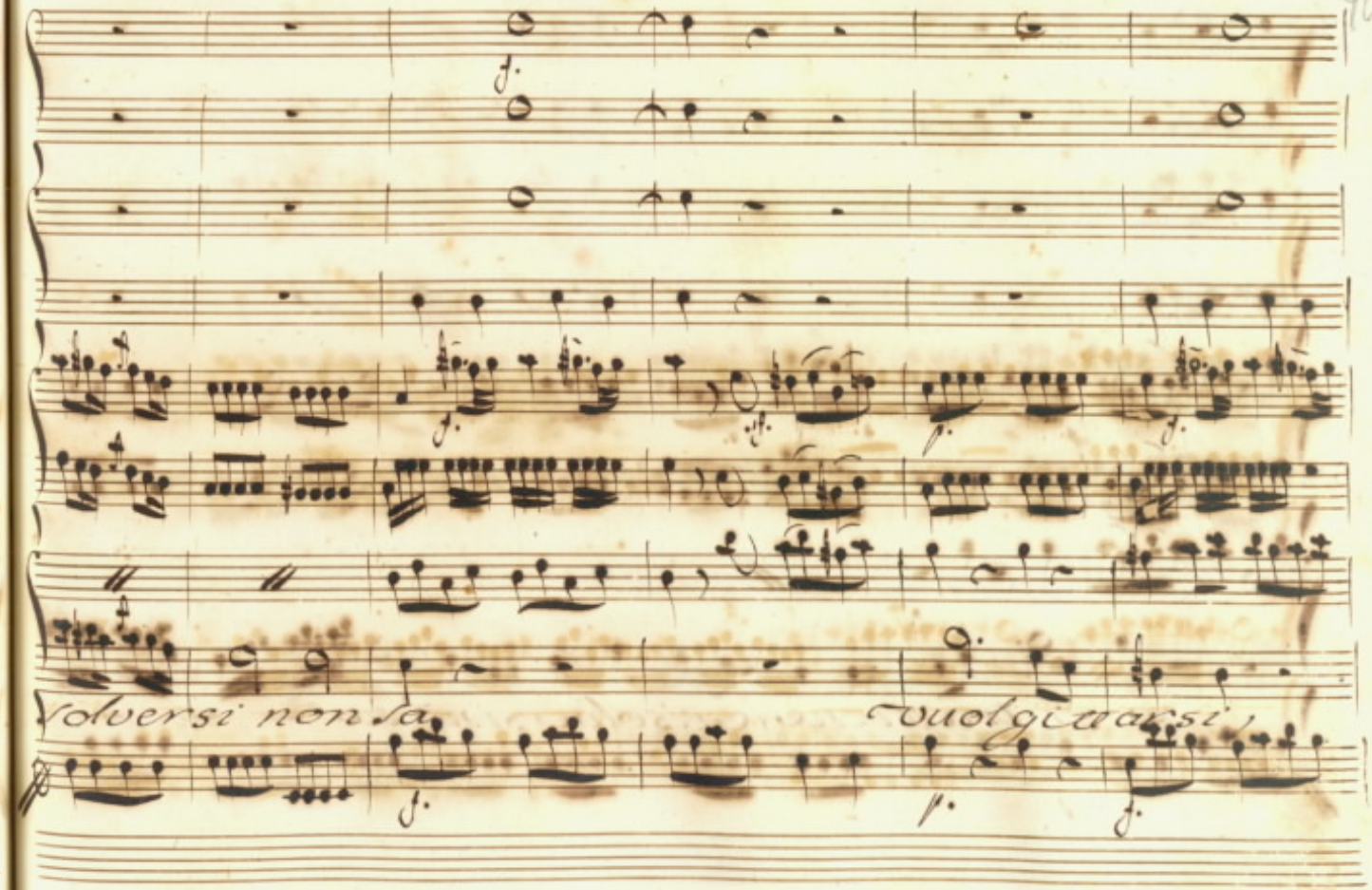

gier, che su – la sponda sta del naufrago na=

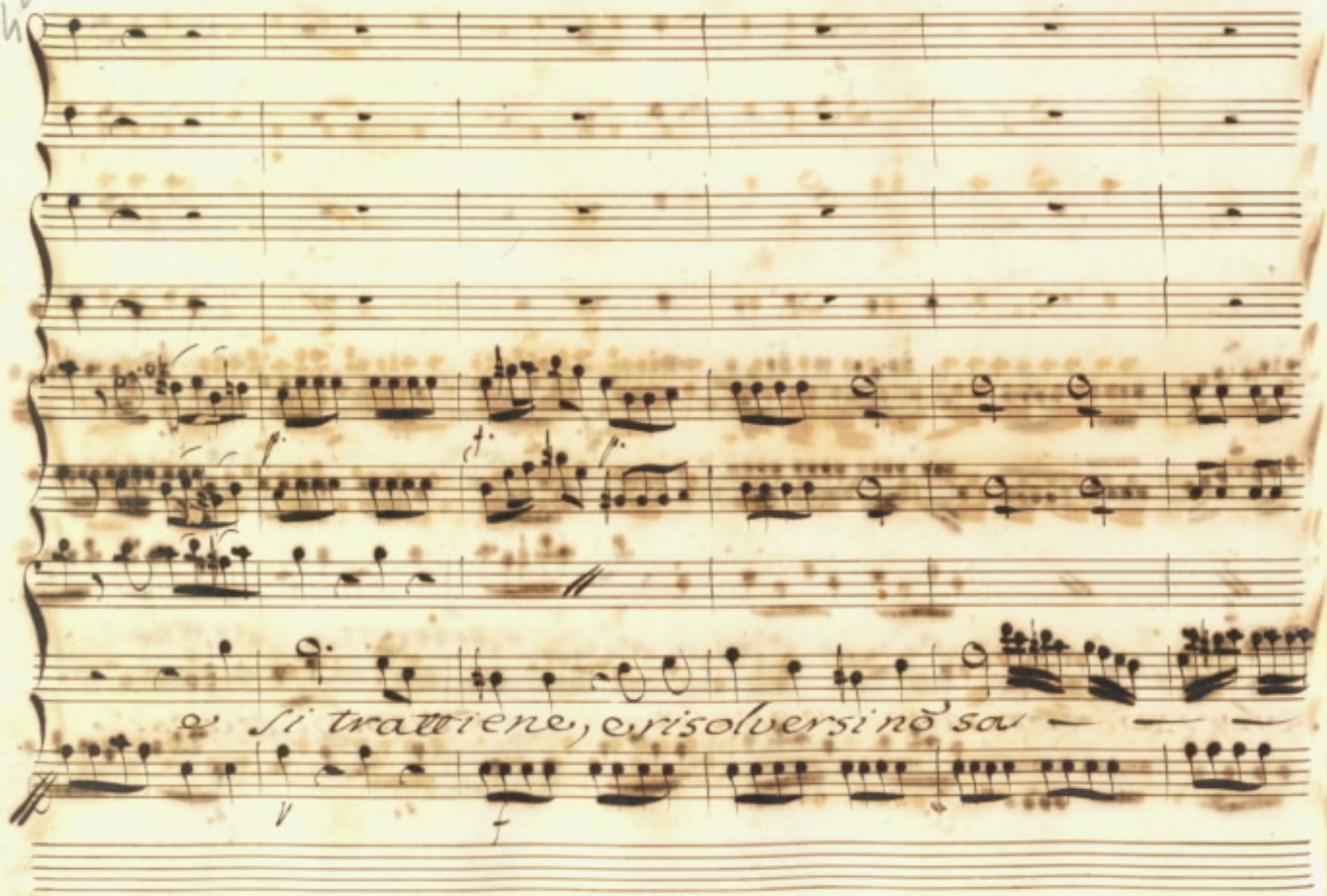

f.
p.
f.
viglio, or al legno, ed or — all'onda fissa il guardo, e

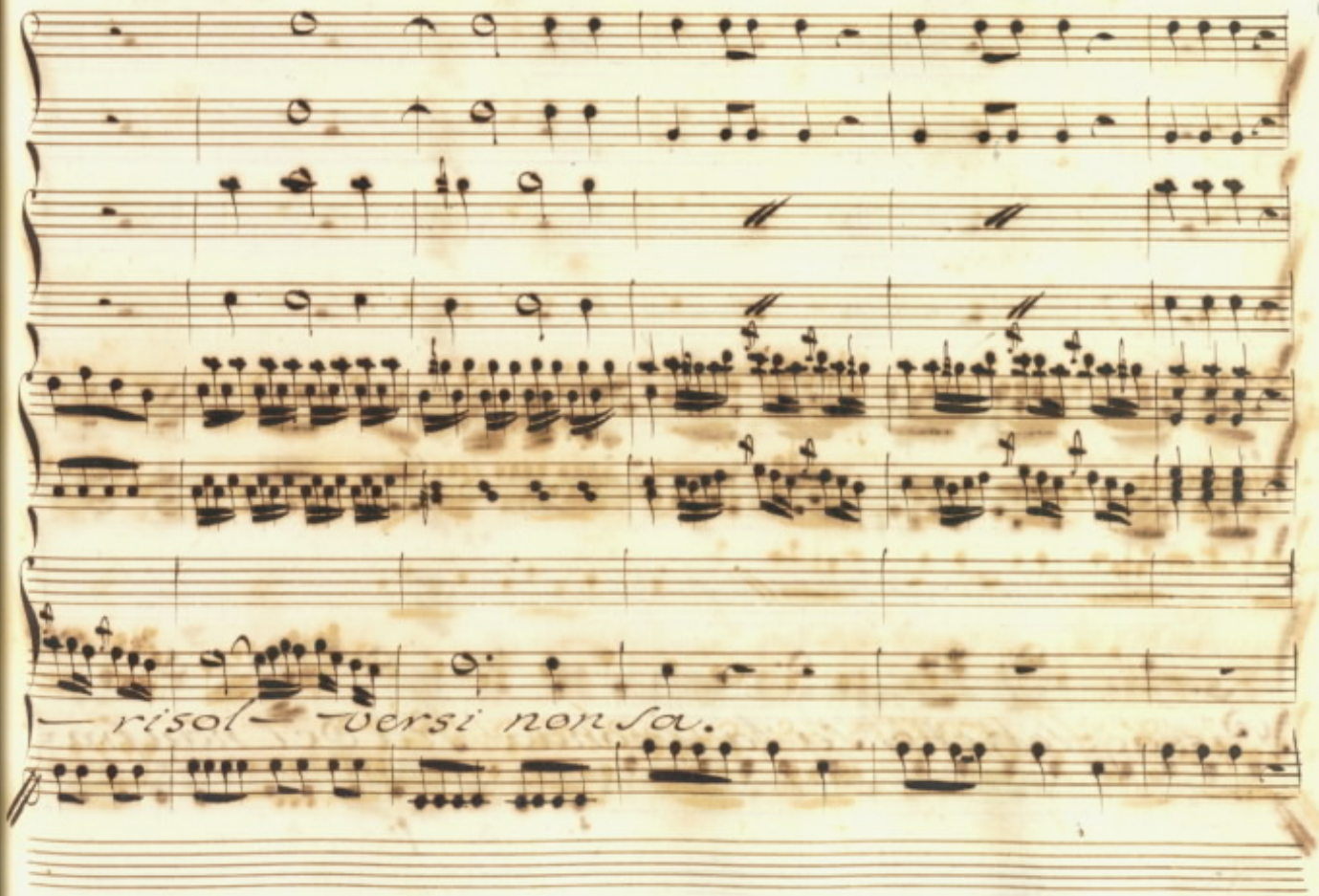

f.
p.
gira il ciglio, teme il mar, teme l'arene, vuol gittarsi,
p.

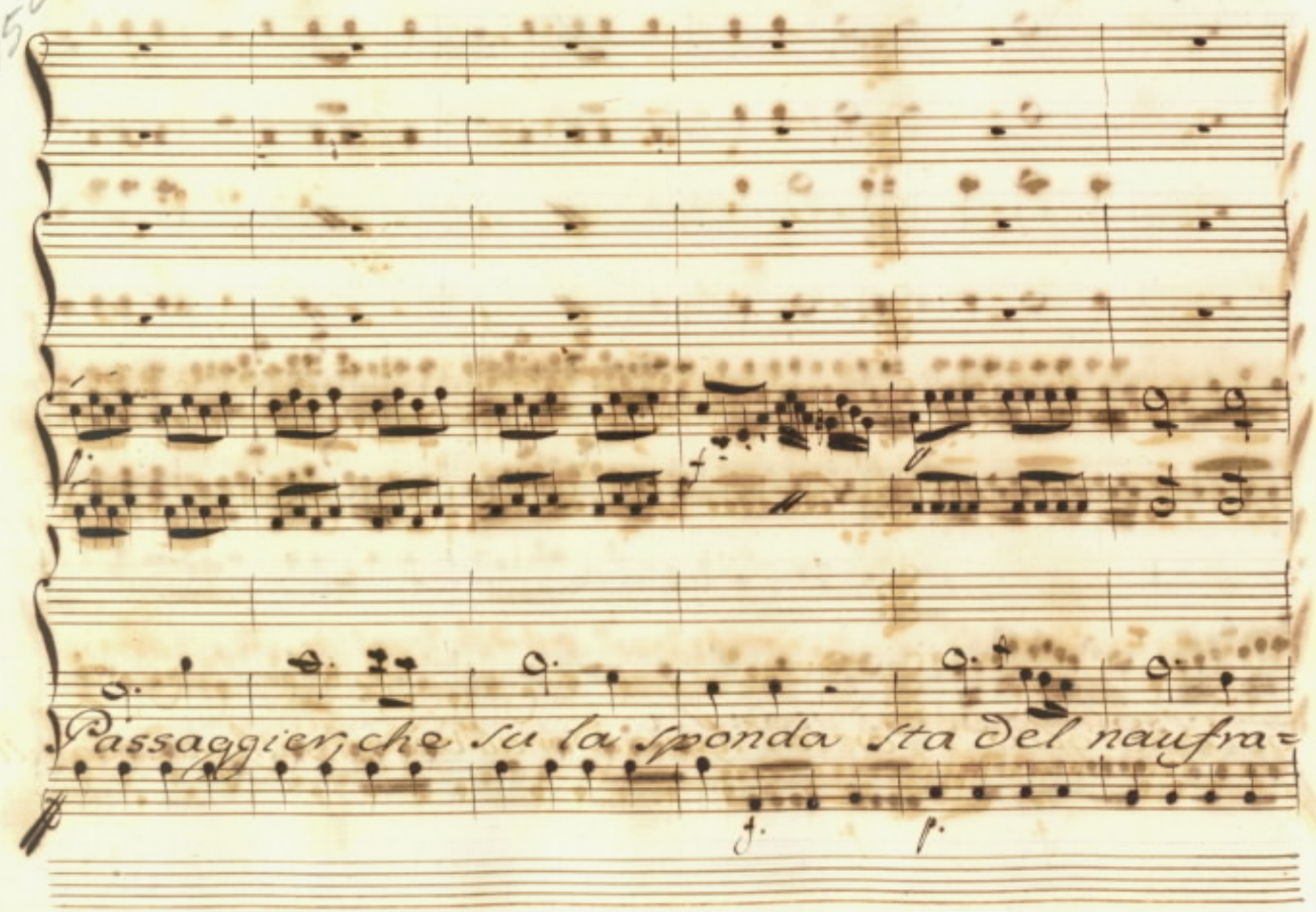

si tratt iene, e risolversi nõ sa

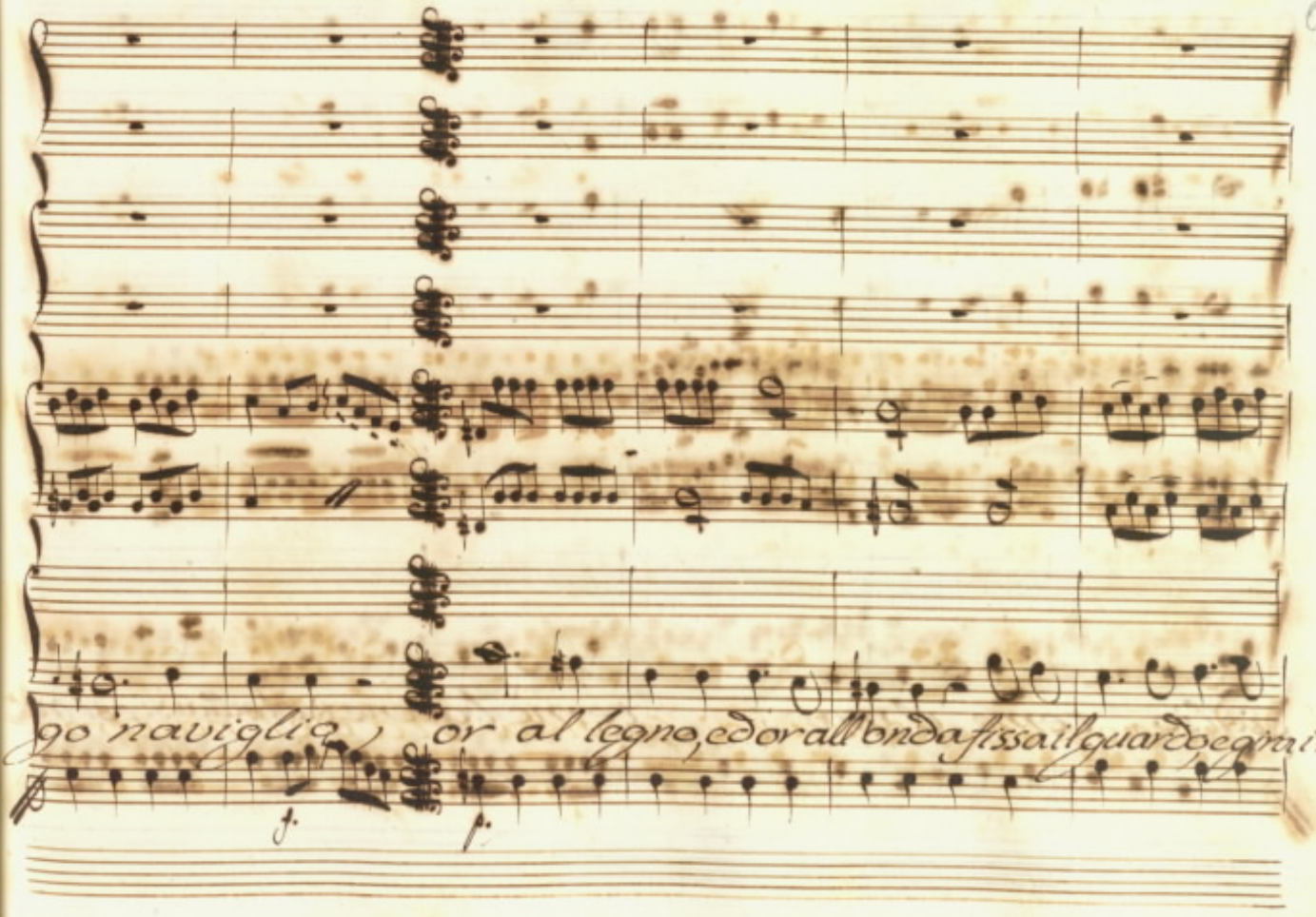


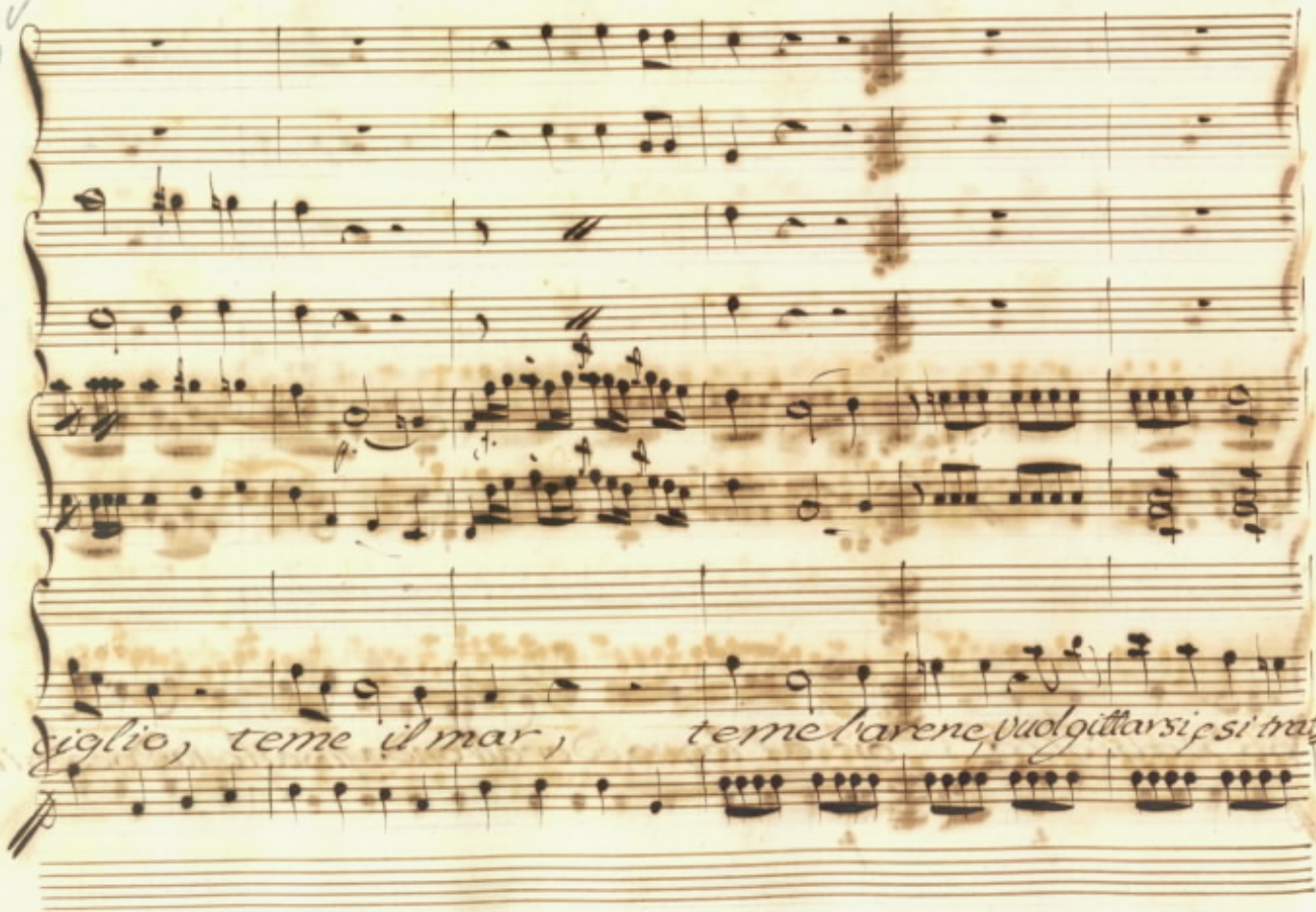

volversi non sa
vuolgirarsi

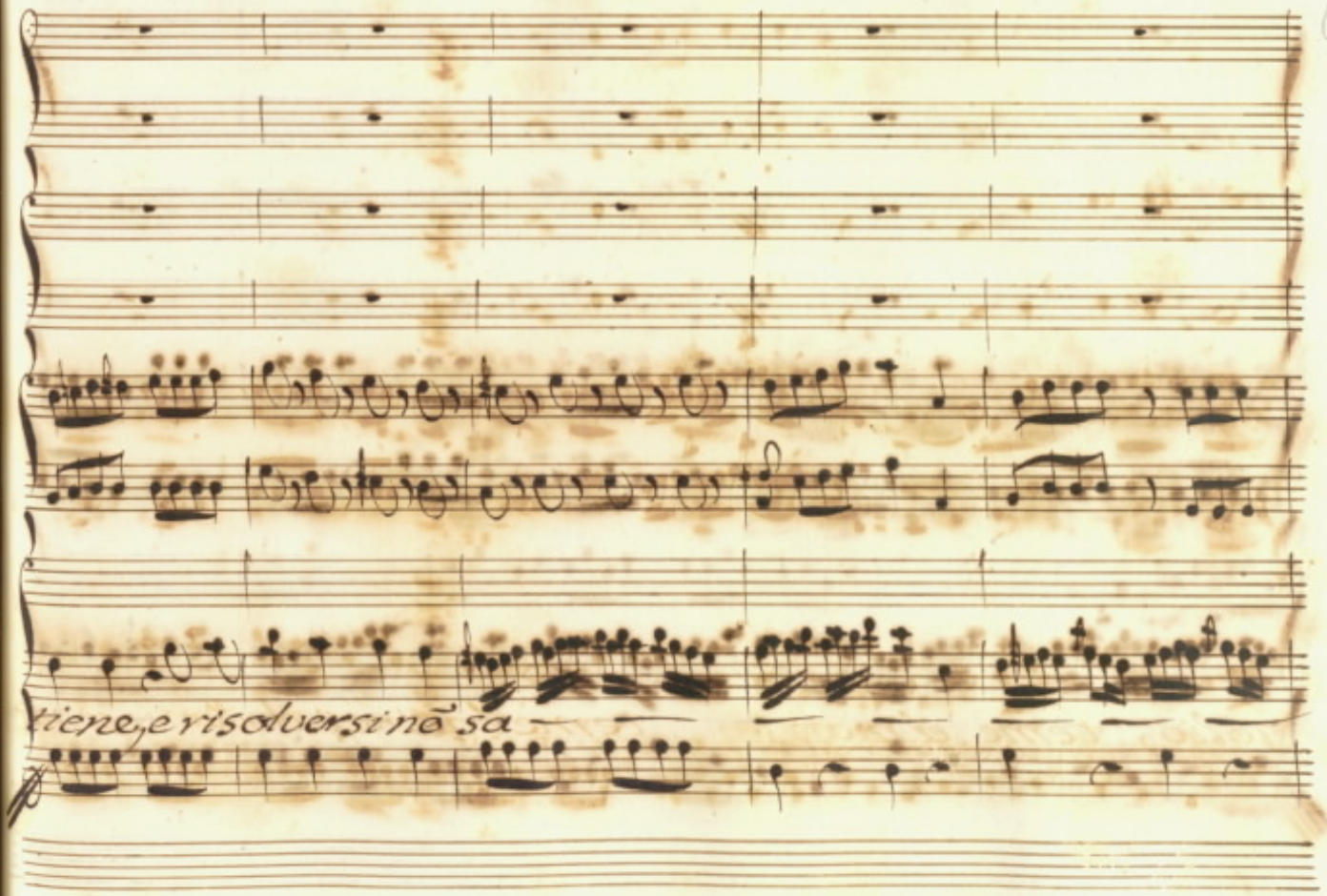

si trattiene, e risolversi nò sa

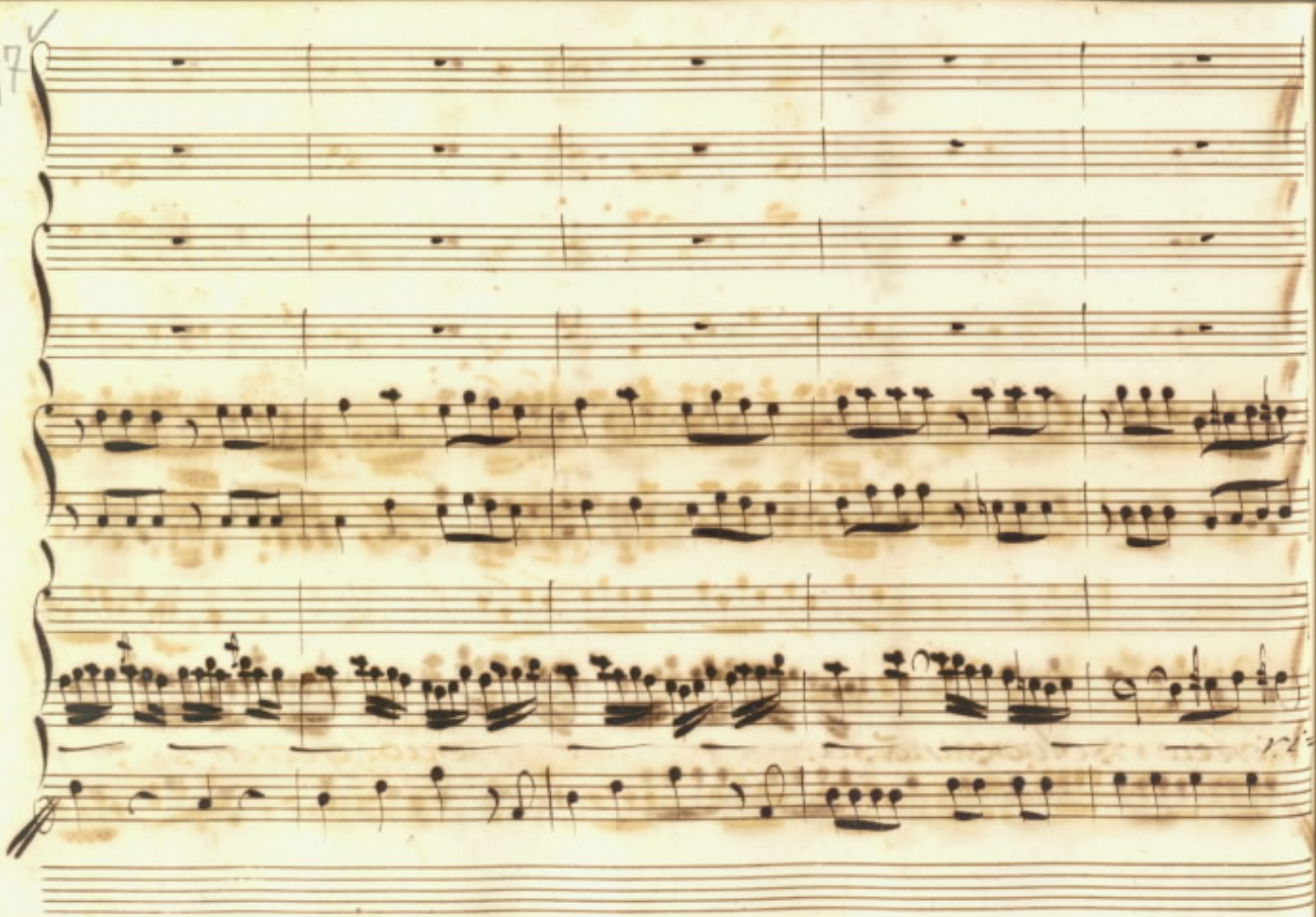

risol— versi non sa.

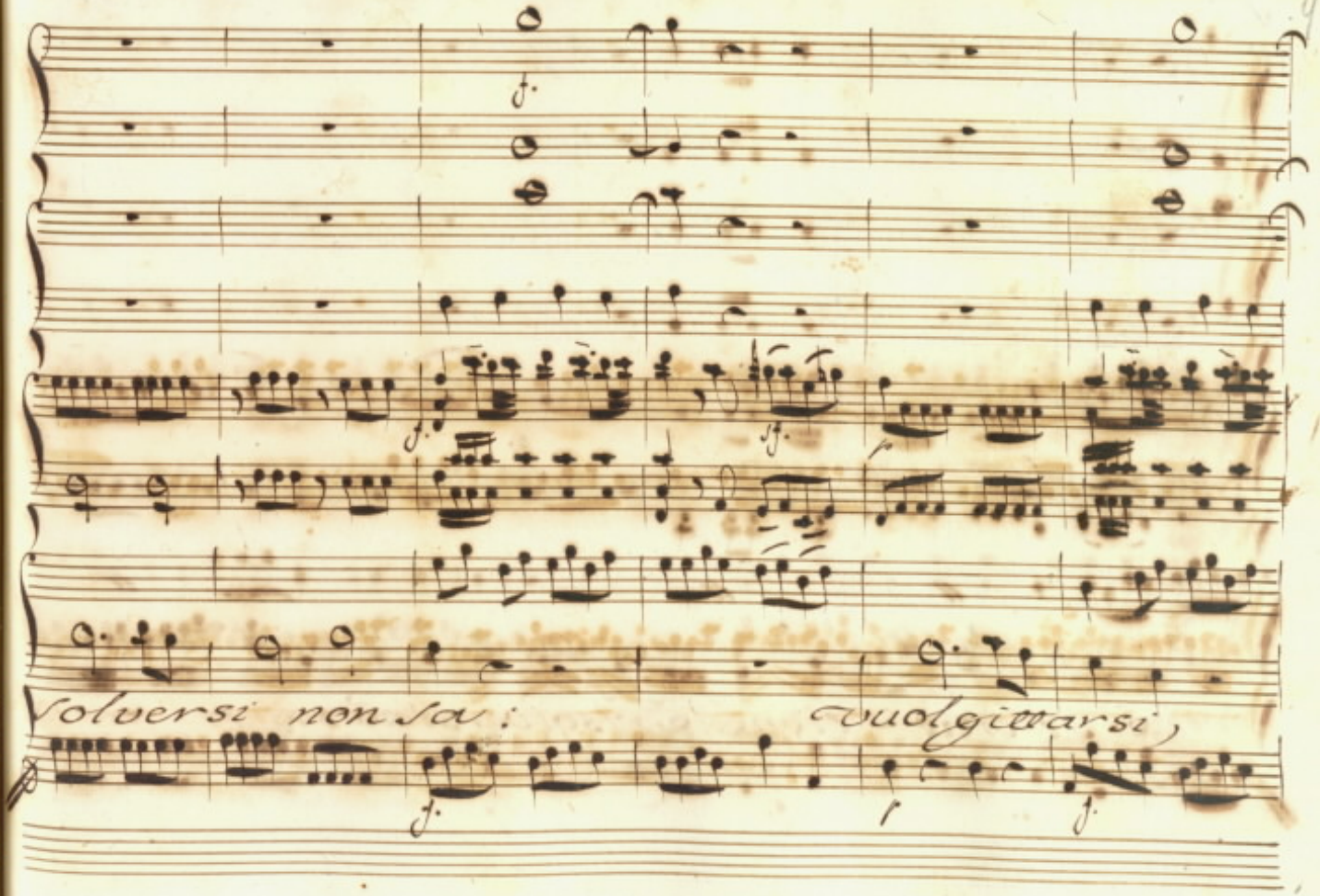

Passaggier che su la sponda sta del naufra=

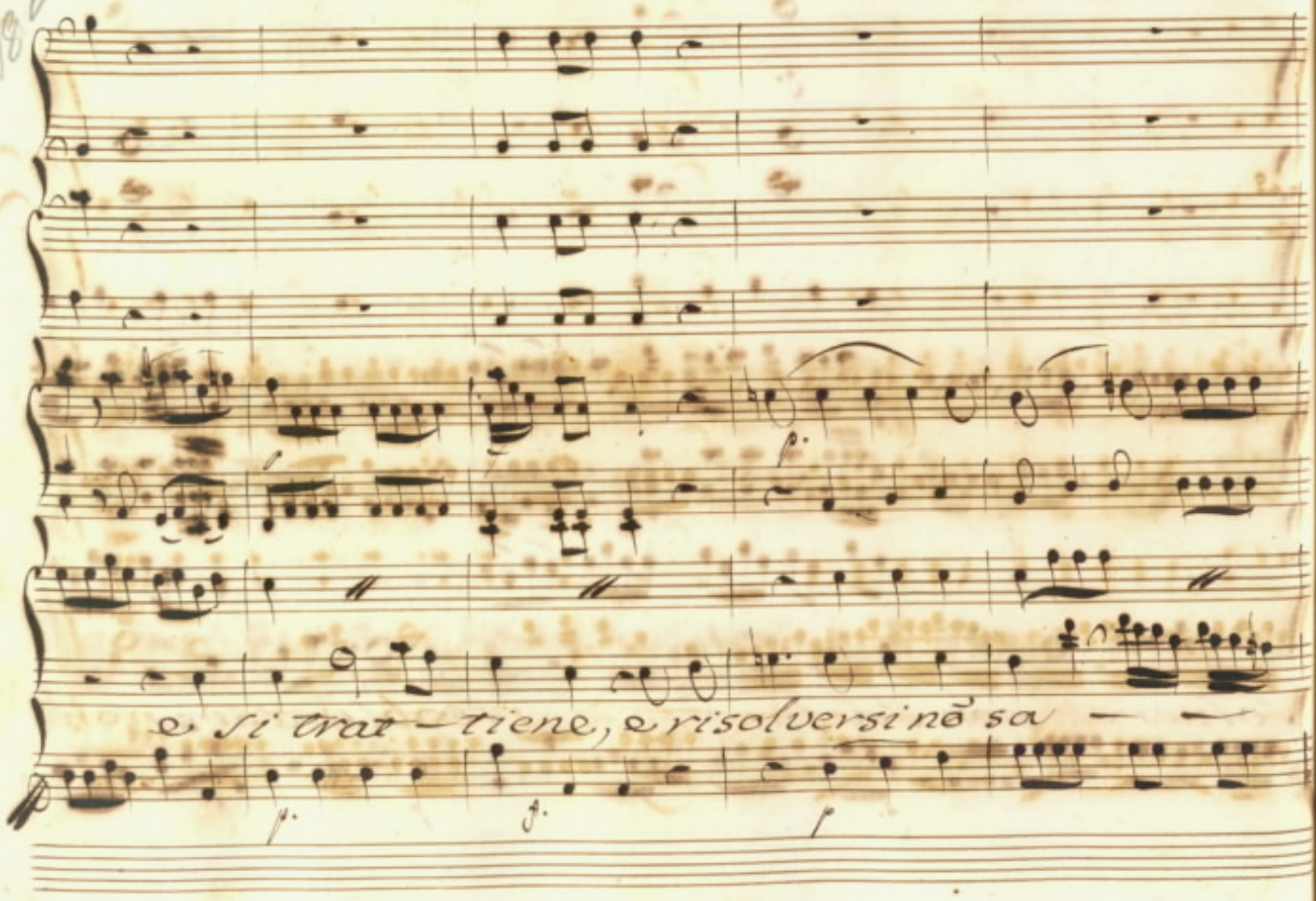

go naviglio, or al legno, ed or all'onda fissa il guardo, e gira il
f.
p.

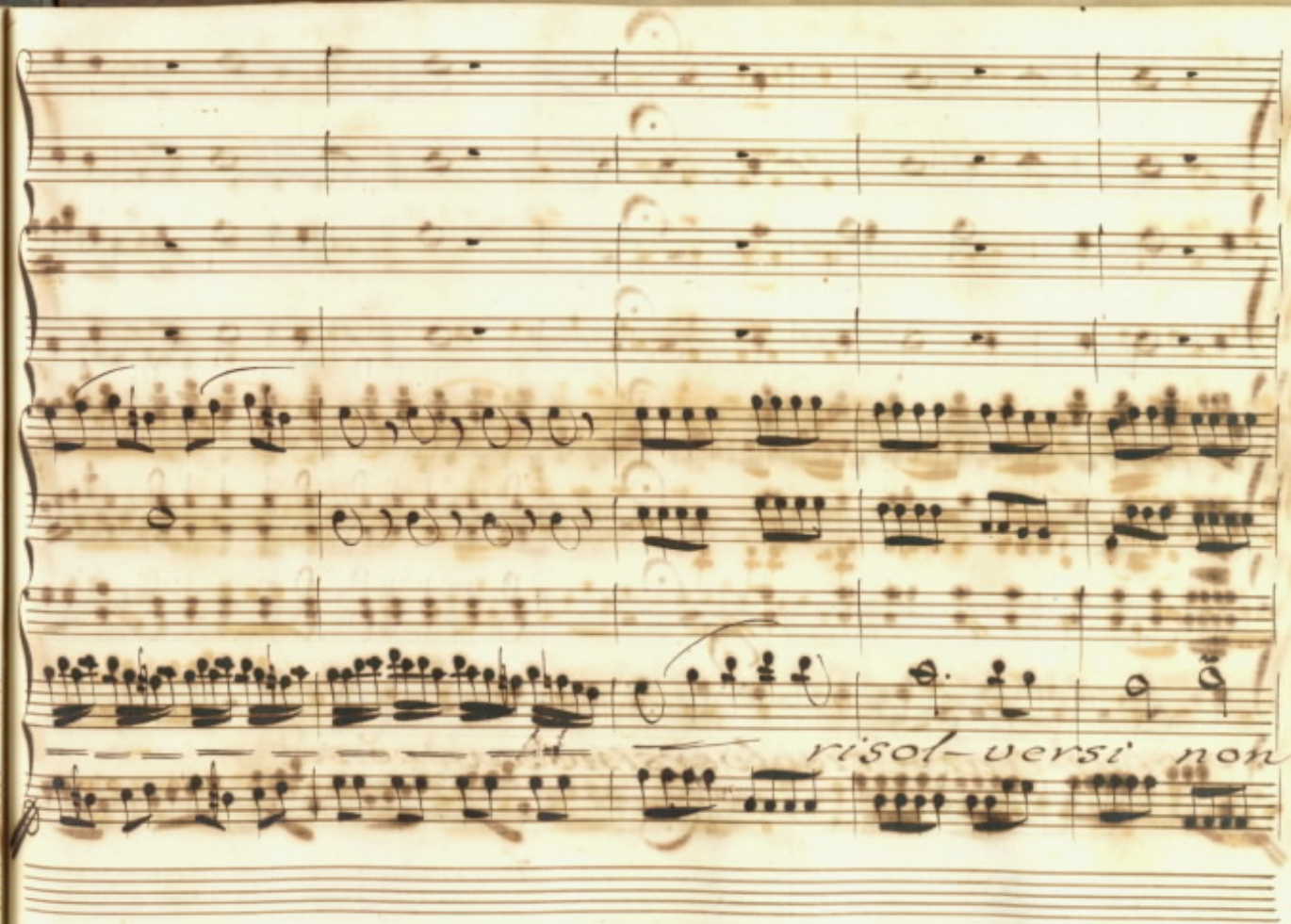

figlio, teme il mar, teme l'arene, vuol gittarsi, e si trat

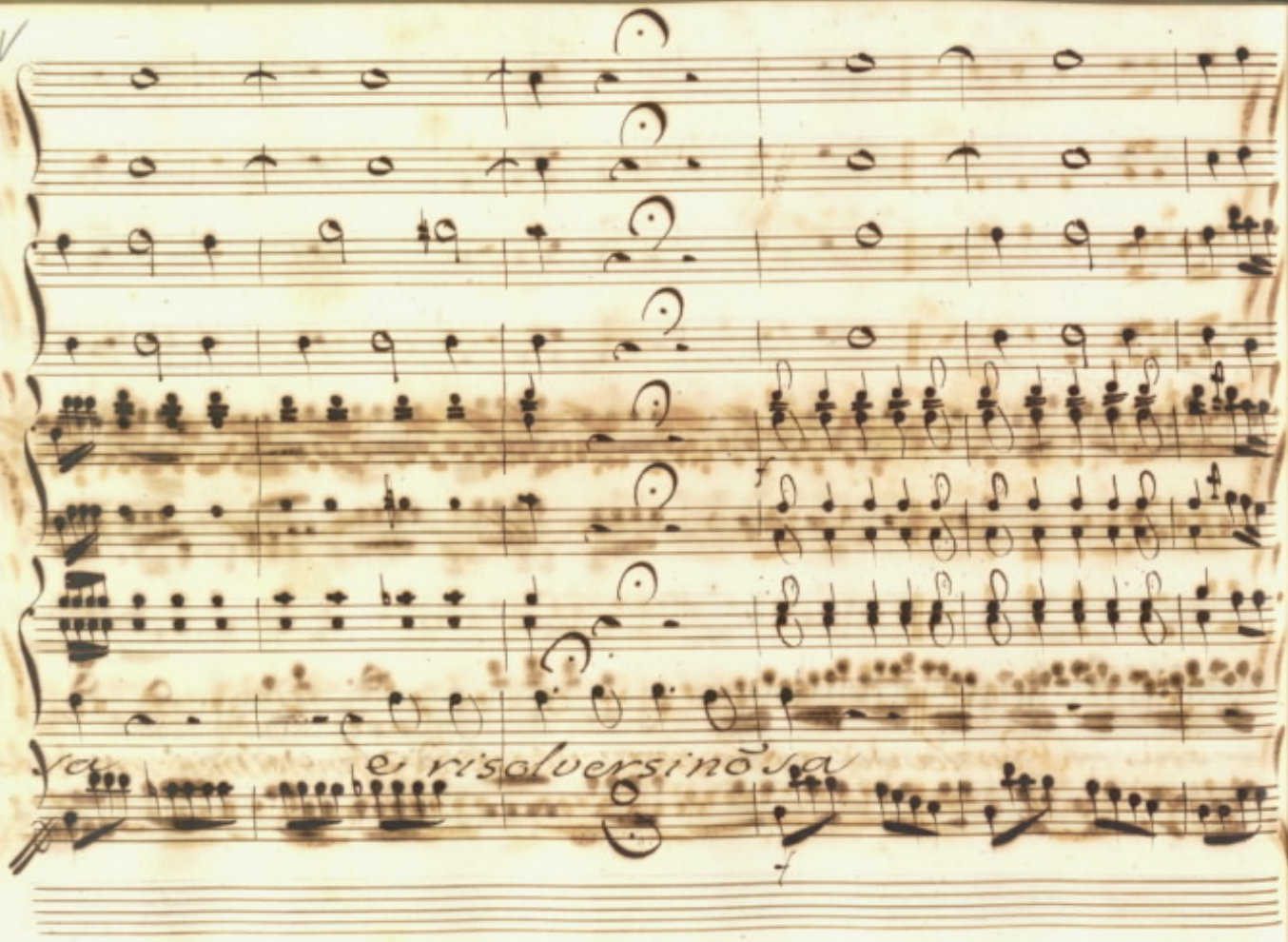

tiene, e risolversi nō sa

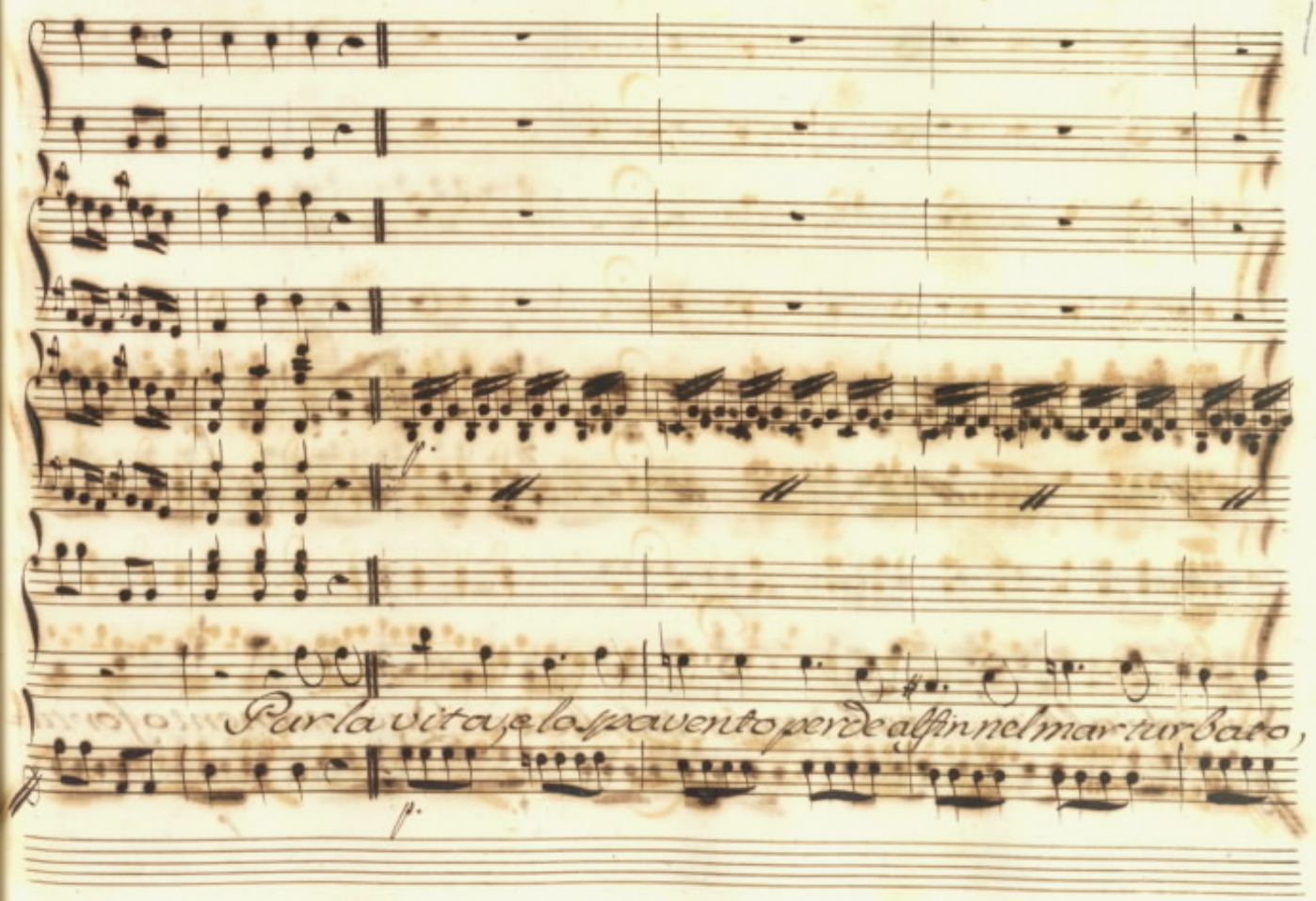


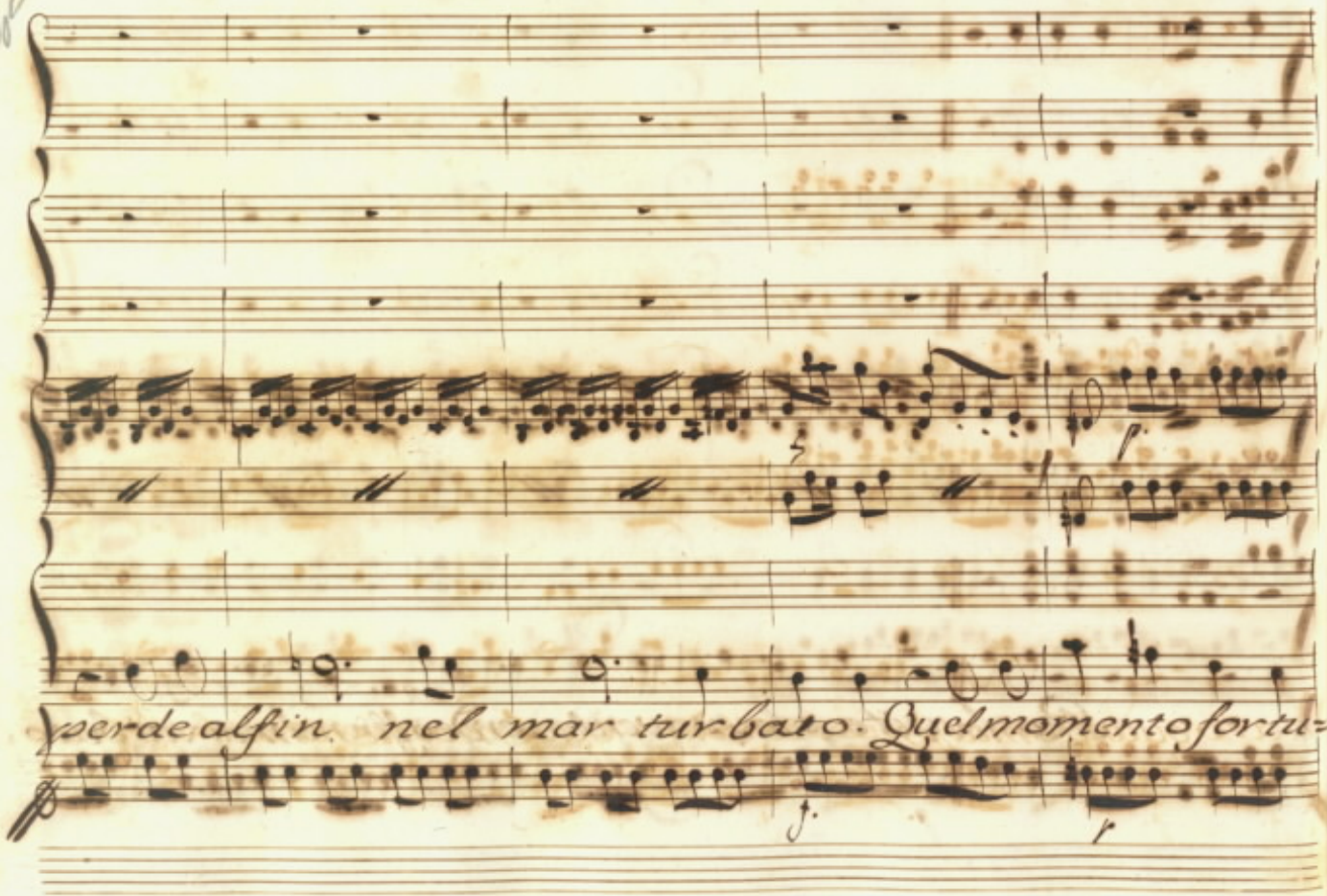

f.
f.
sf.
f
volversi non sa;
vuol girarsi,
f.
f
f.

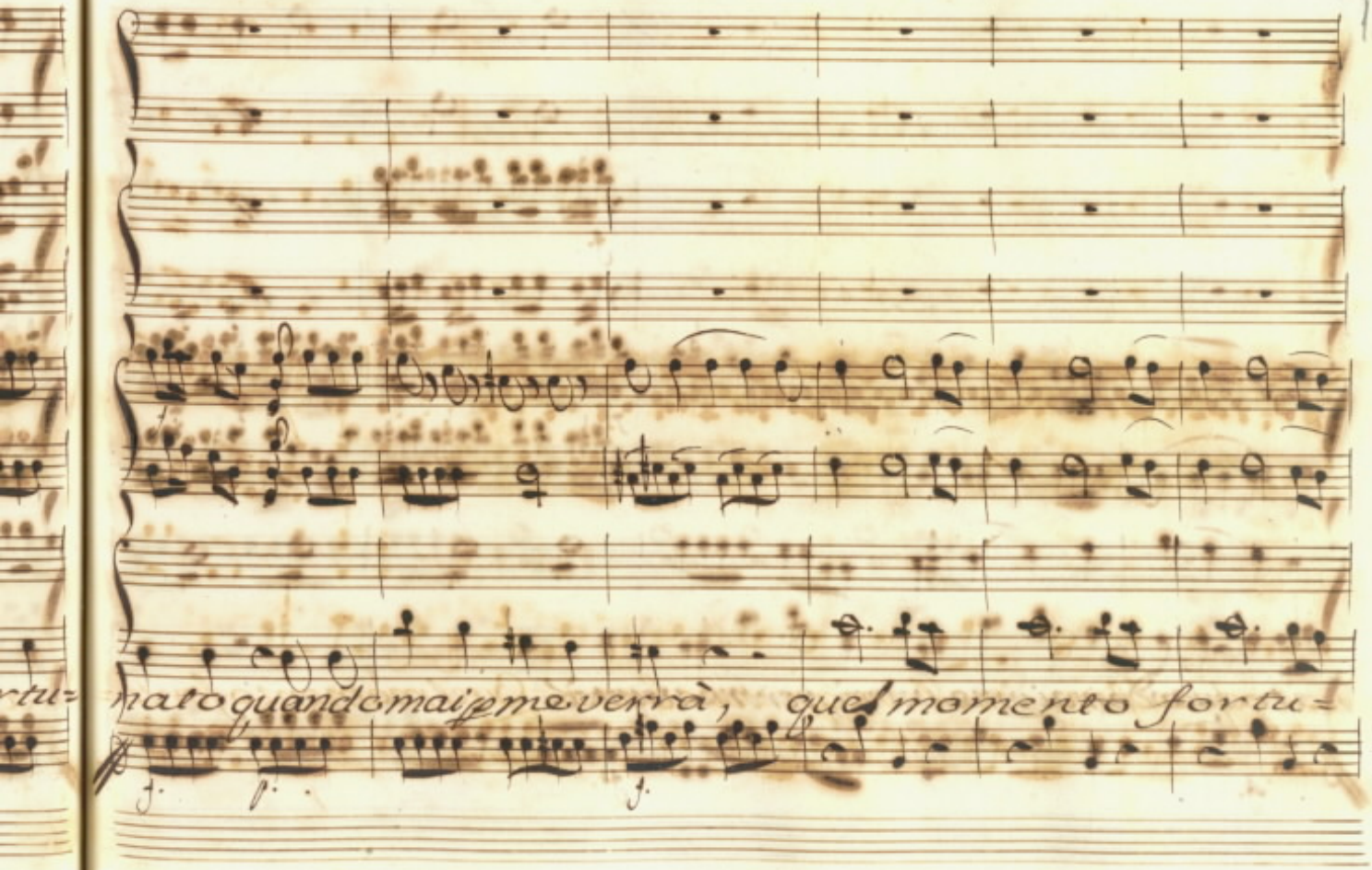

p.
e si trat – tiene, e risolversi nō sa —
p.
f.
f

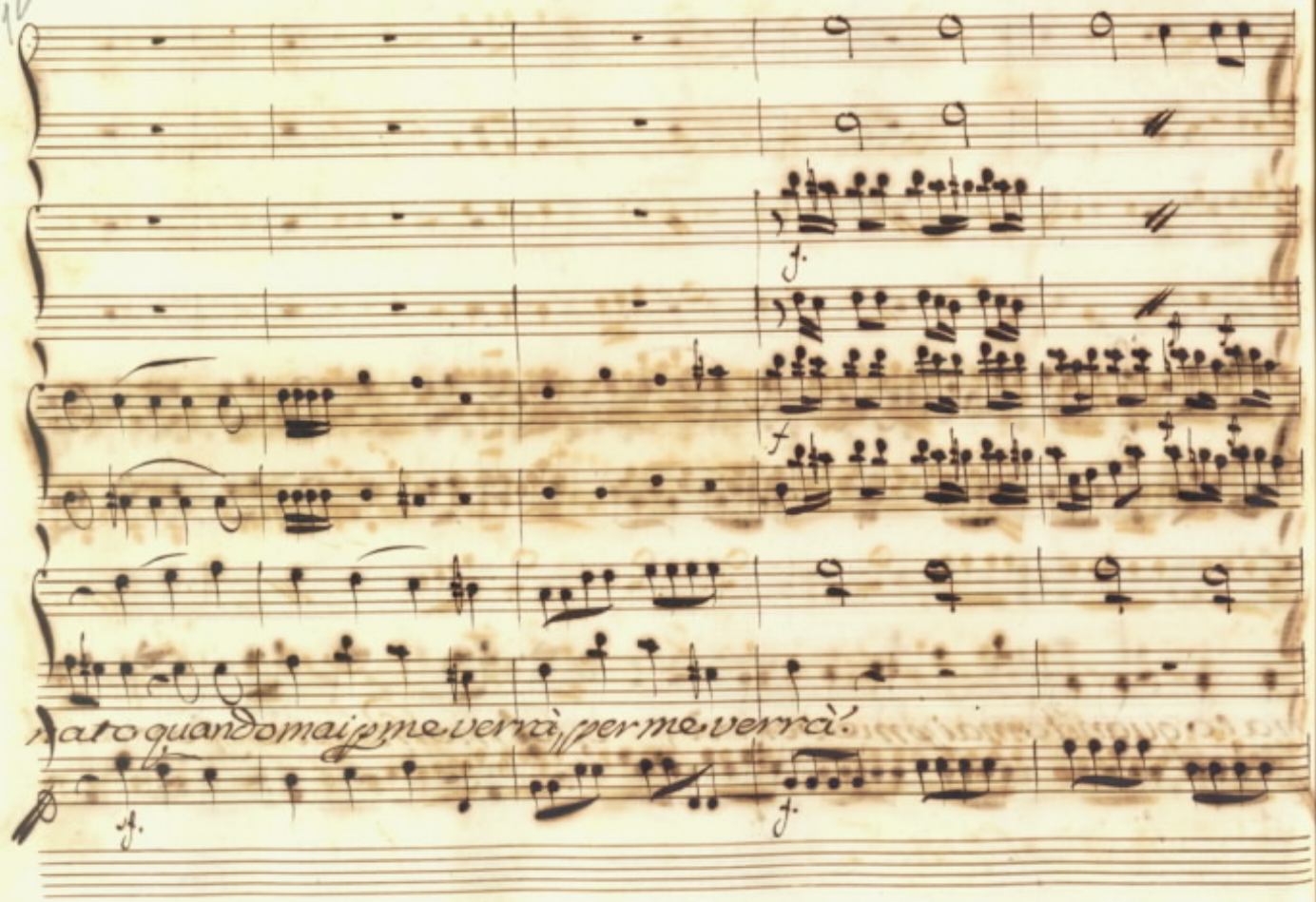

risol- versi non

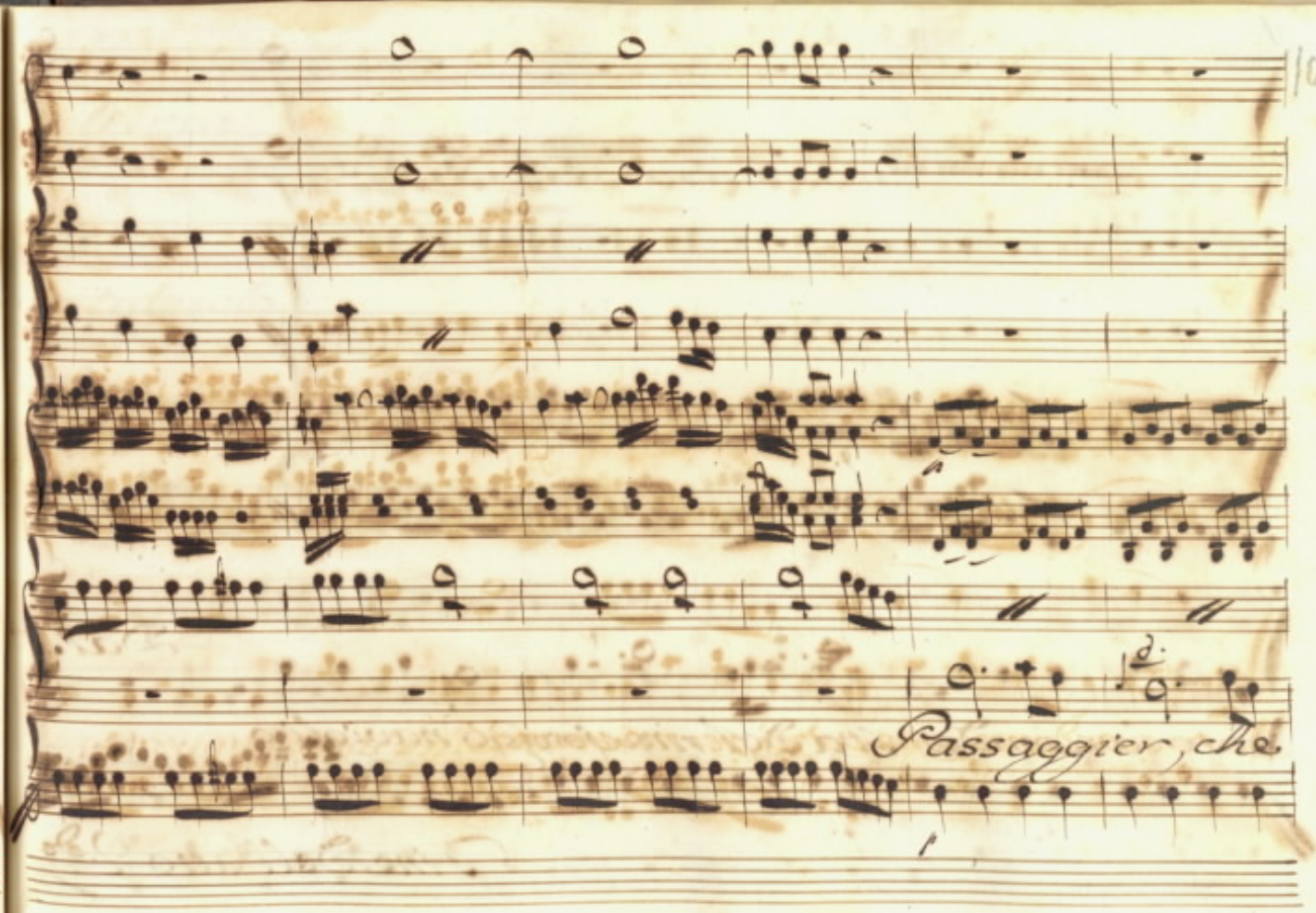

e risolversi nõsa

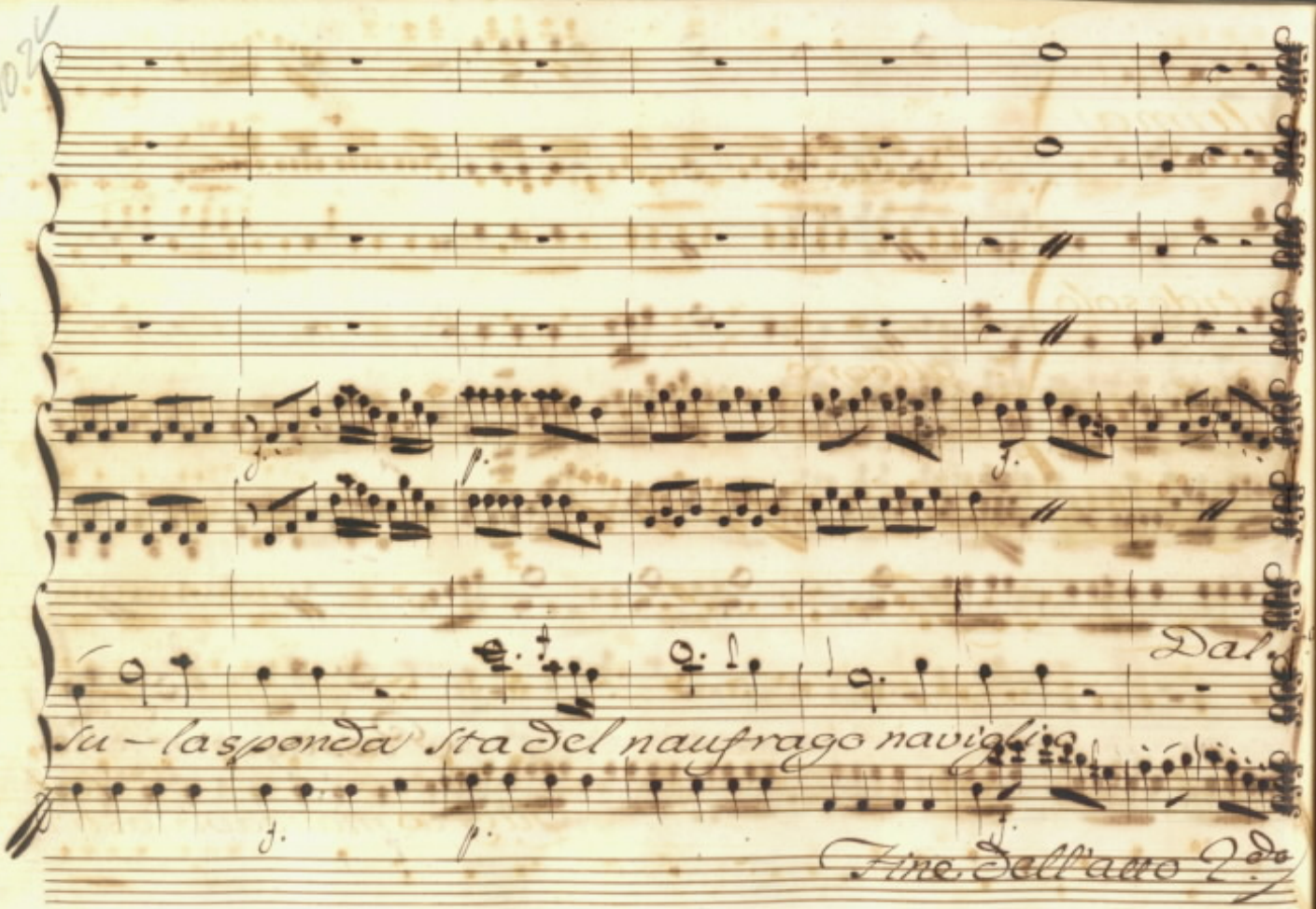

Per la vita se lo spavento perde alfin nel mar turbato,


per de alfin nel mar tur bato. Quel momento fortu-


rtu=
nato quando mai p me verrà, quel momento fortu=


nato quando mai p me verrà, per me verrà.


Passaggier, che


Dal
su – la sponda sta del naufrago naviglio
Fine dell'aria

Scena ultima

for.

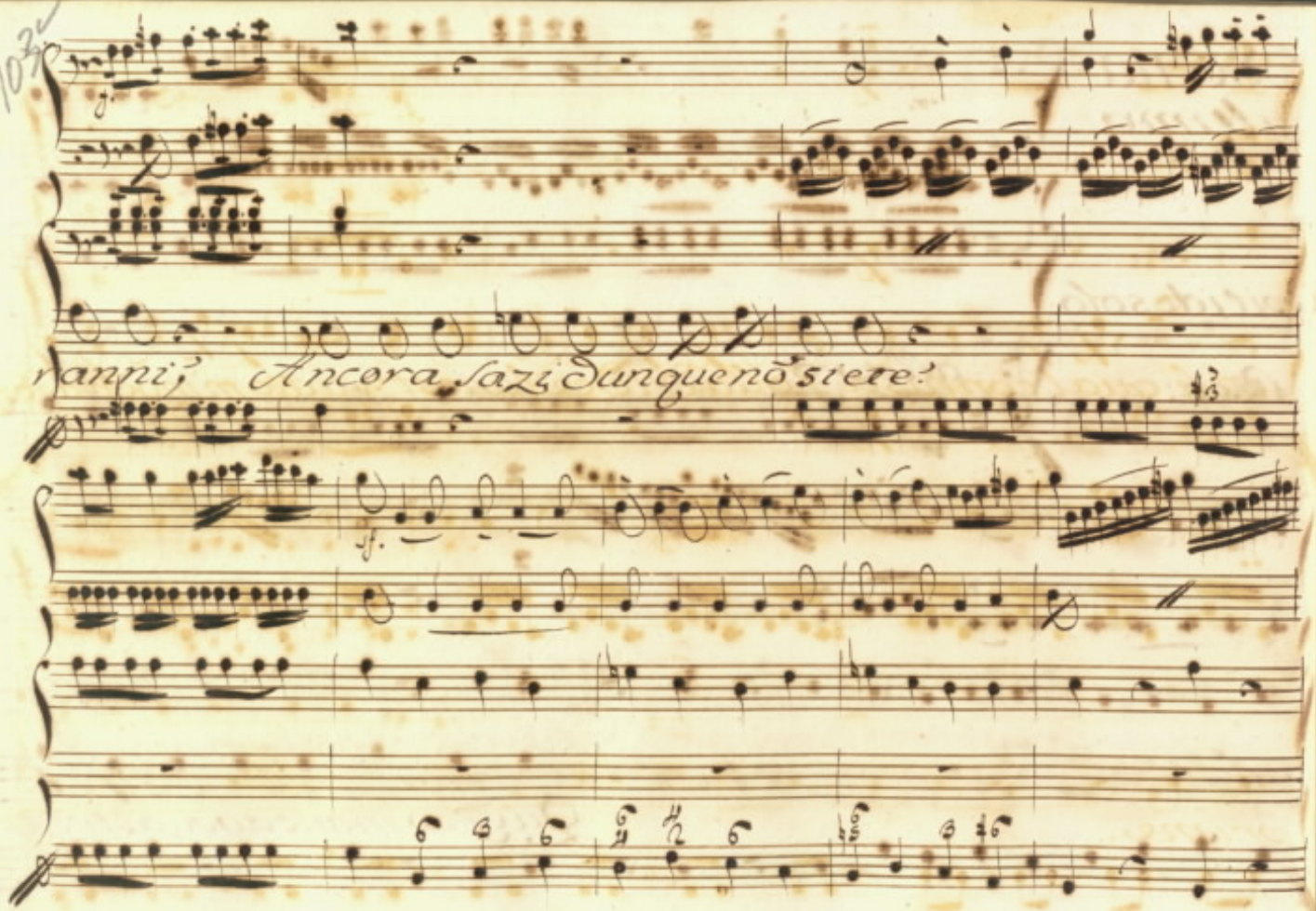
Capitidesolo

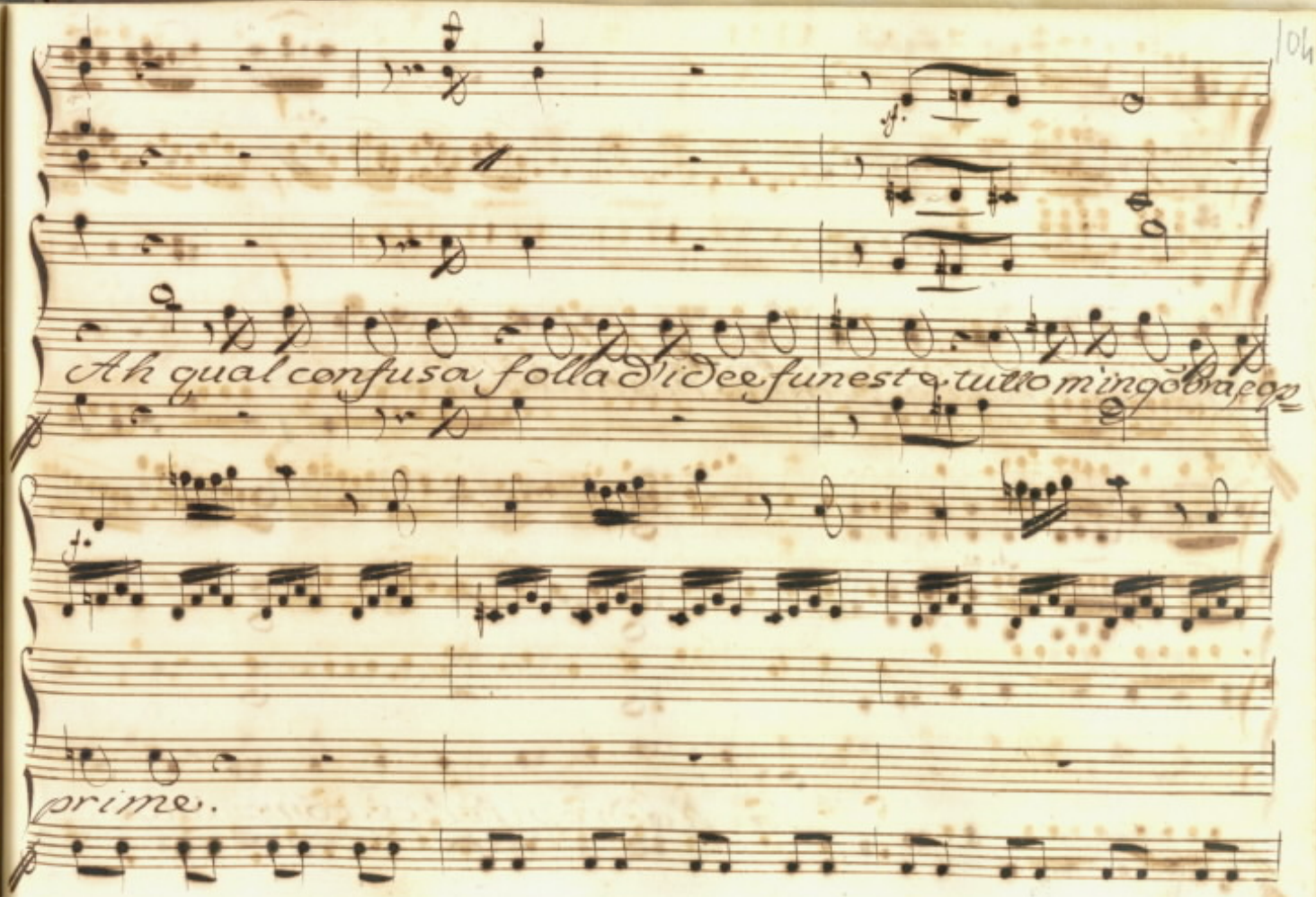
Rec:

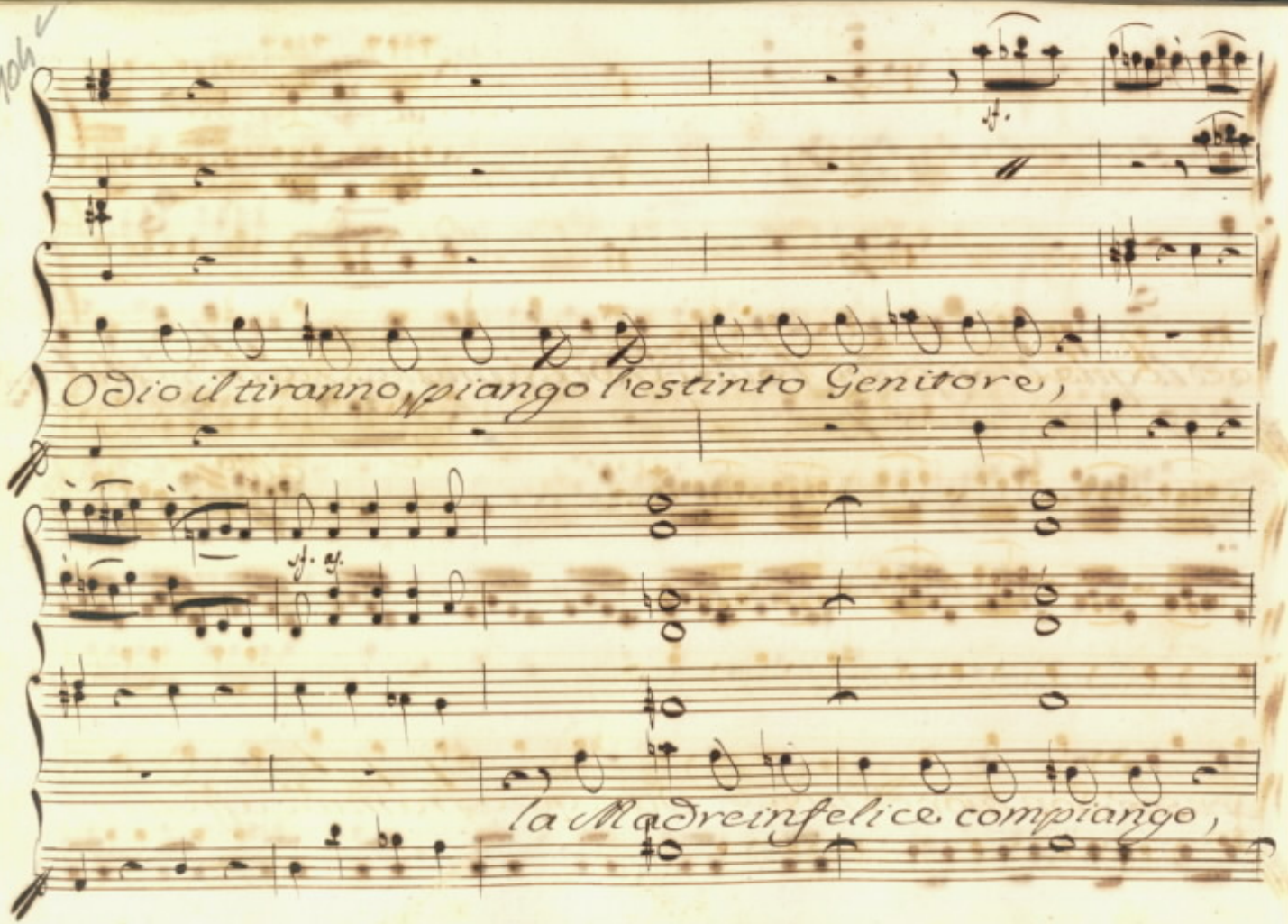
allegro

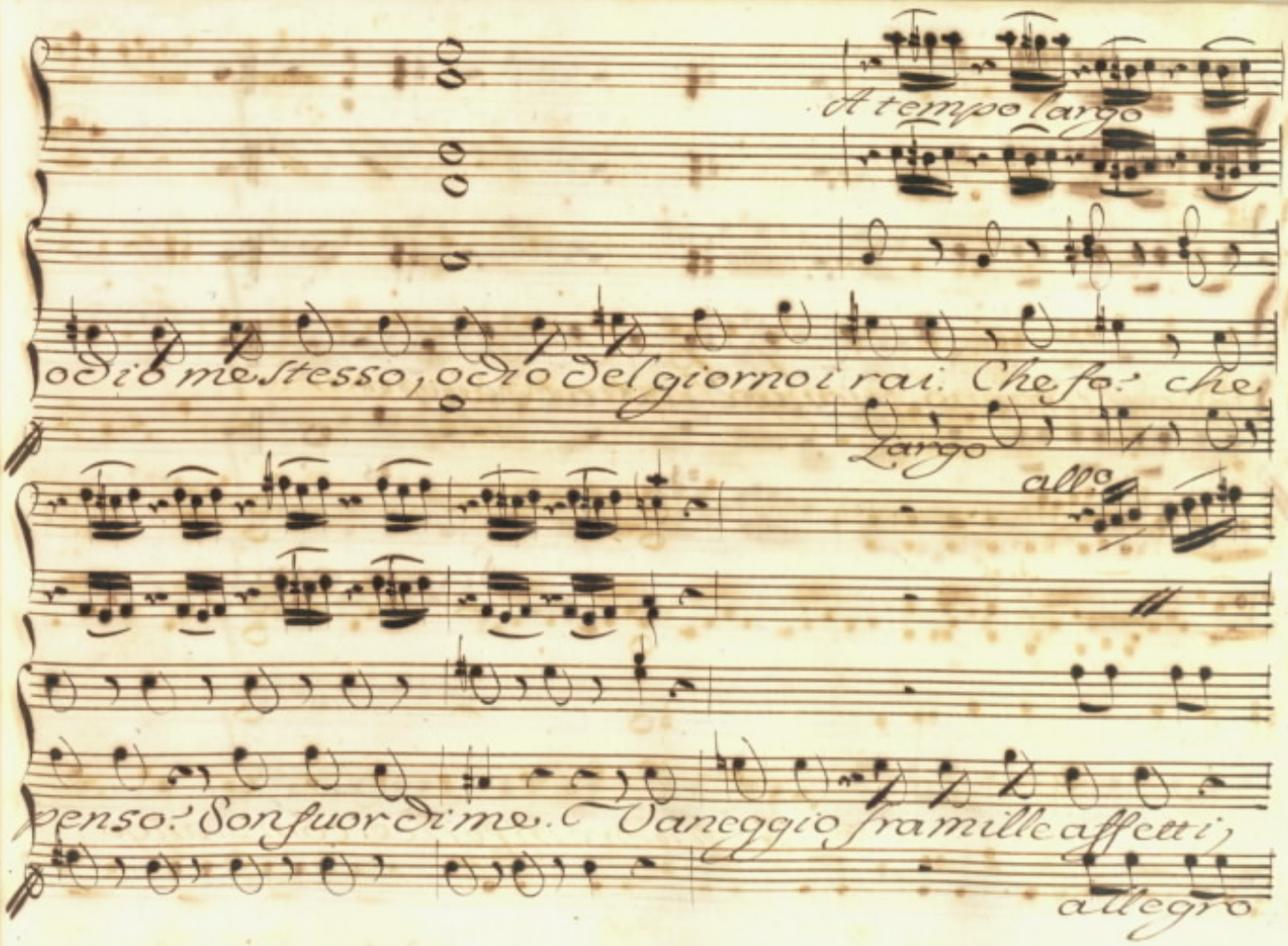
for.

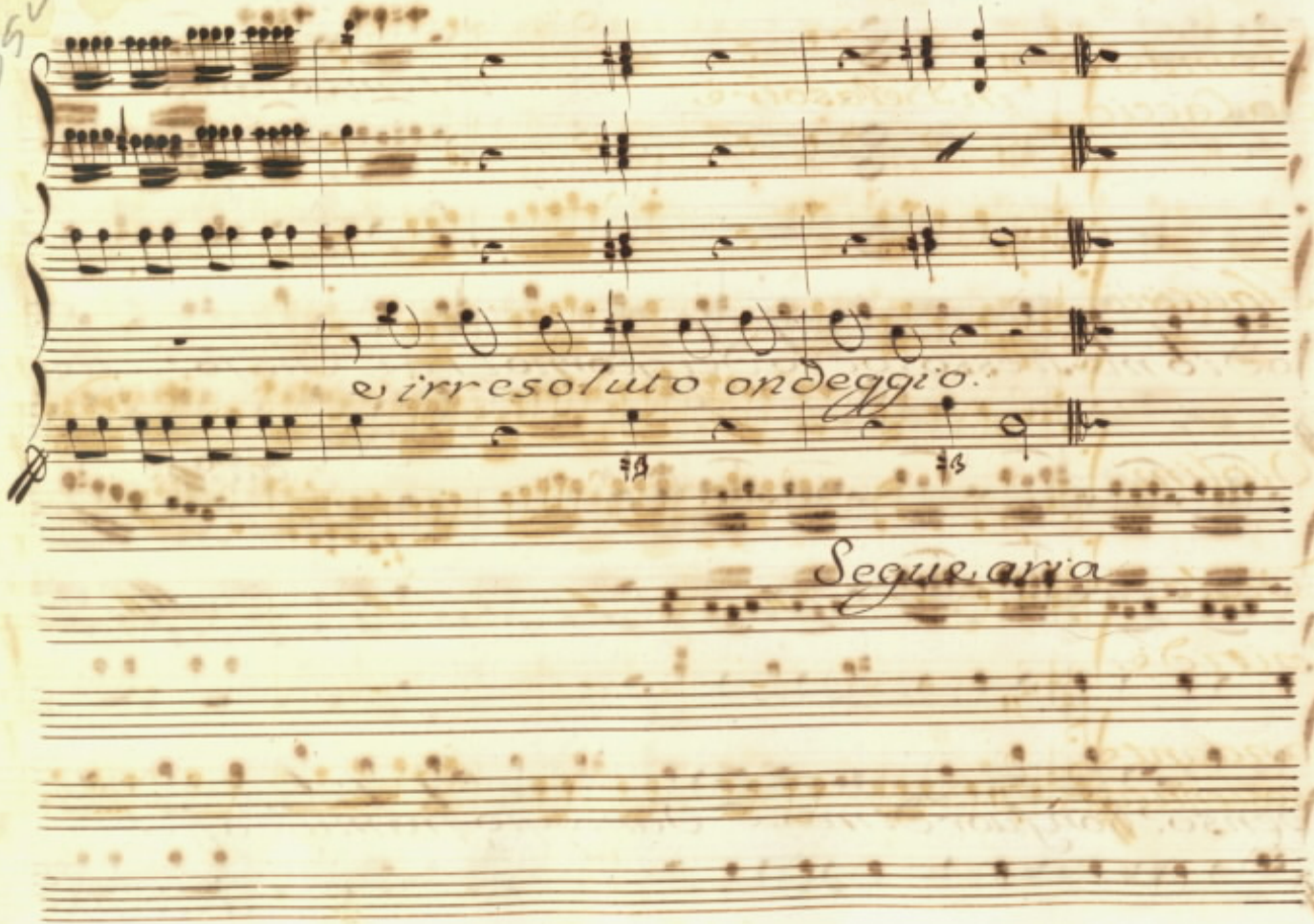
Questo mancava, astri'ti=

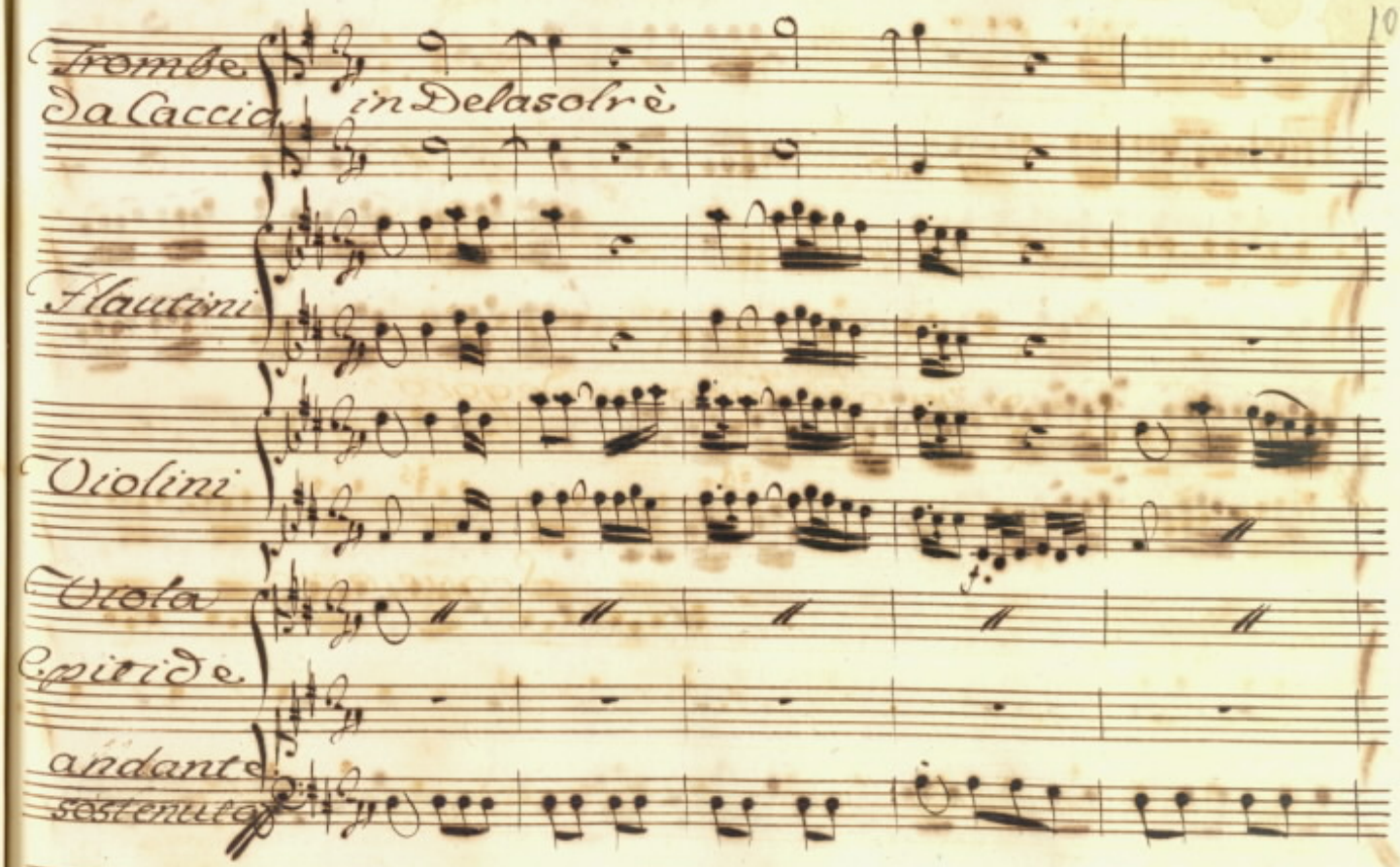

anni; Ancora sazi dunque non siete?
sf.

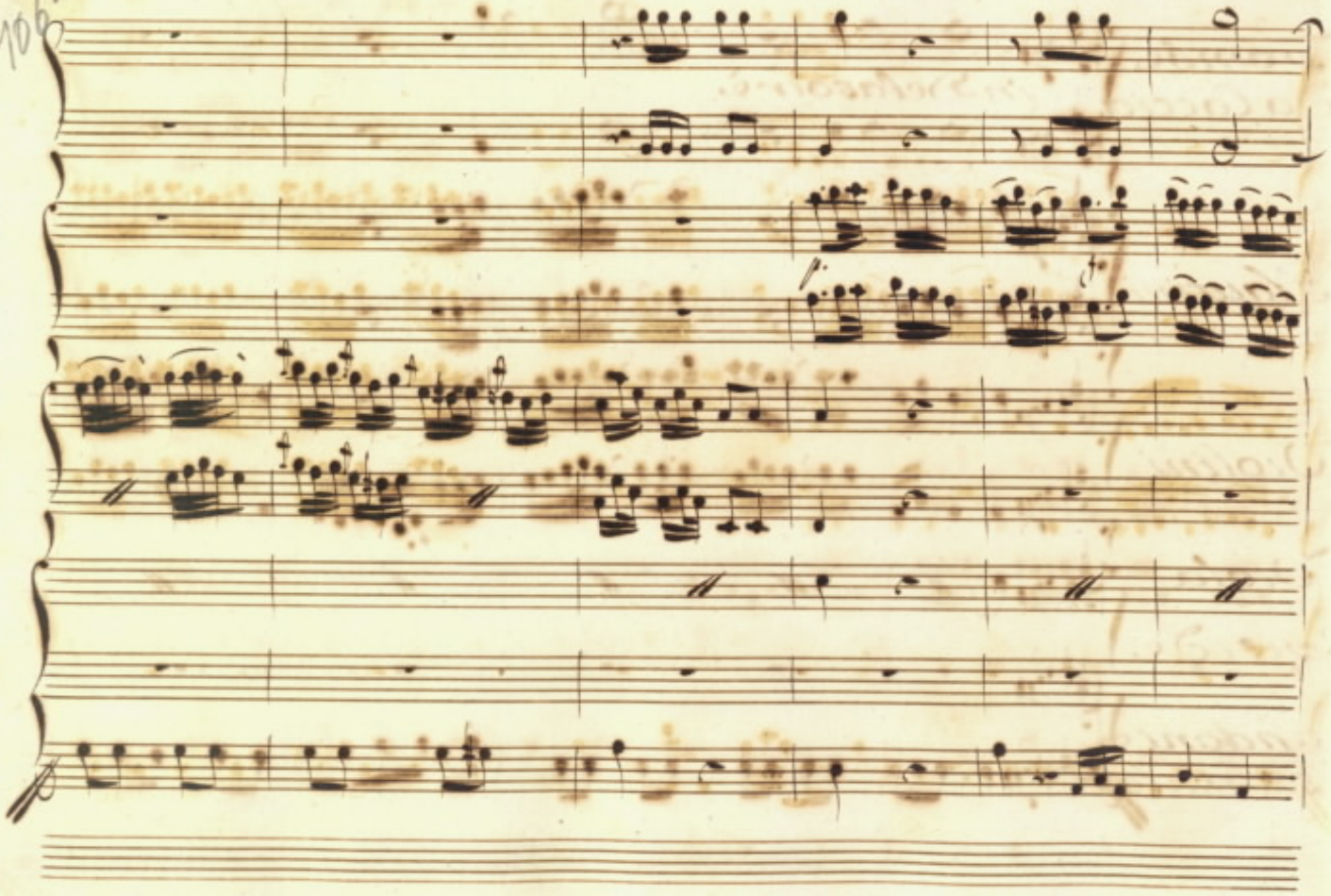

Ah qual confusa folla d'idee funeste tutto m'ingombra
prime.

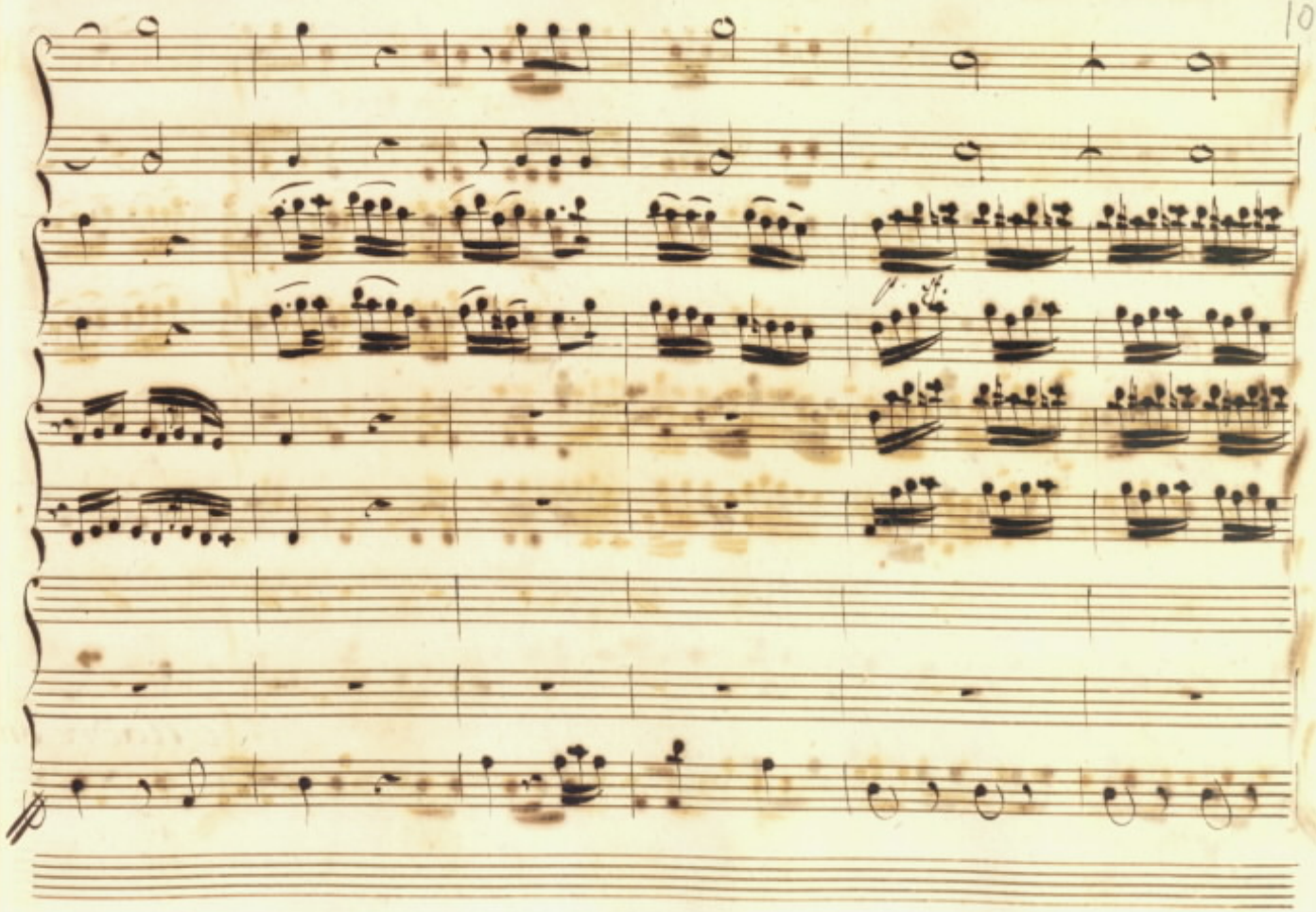

Odio il tiranno, piango l'estinto Genitore,
la Madre infelice compiango,

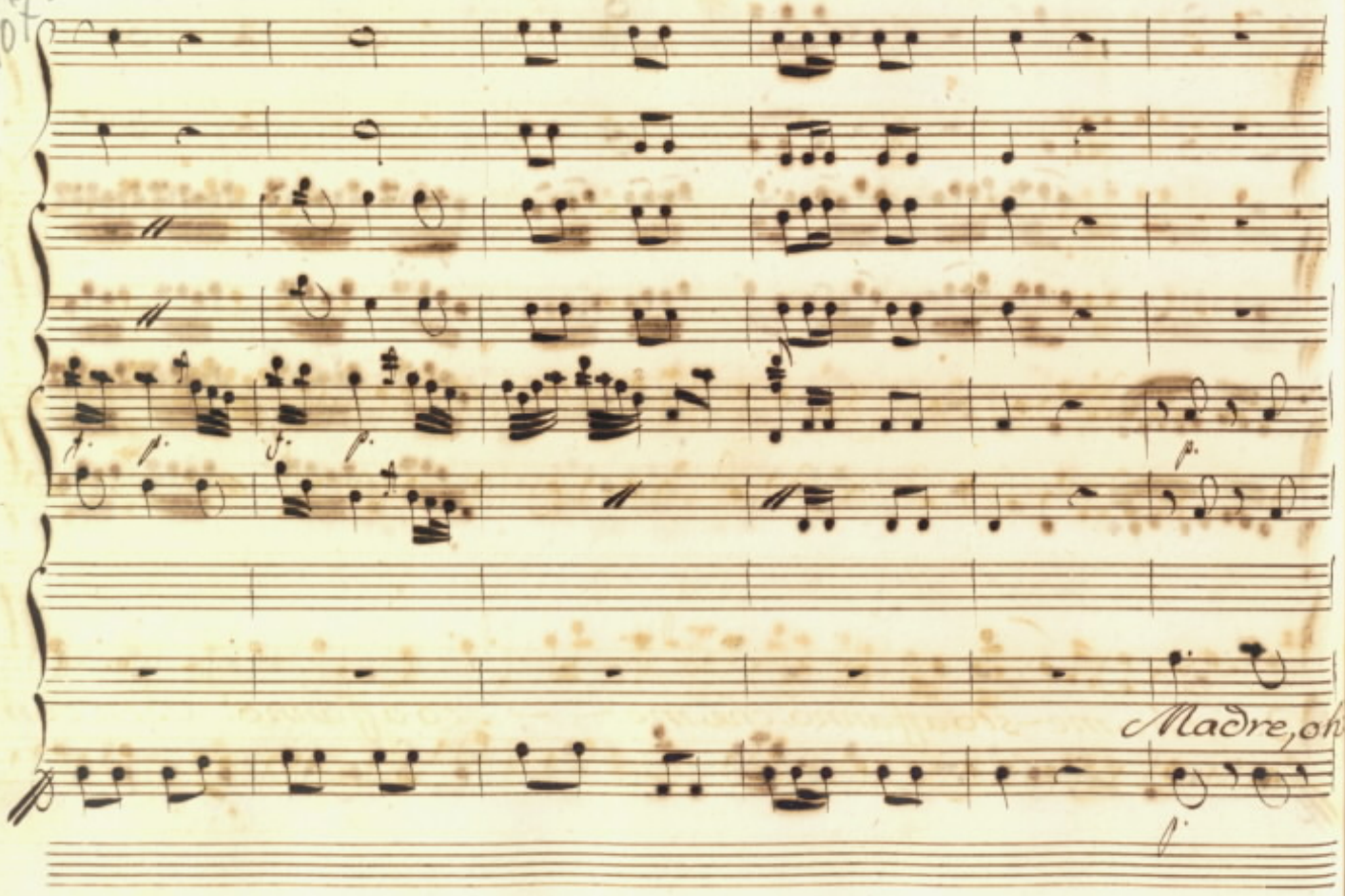

A tempo largo
odio me stesso, odio del giorno i rai. Che fo? che
Largo
all.o
penso? Son fuor di me. Vanneggio fra mille affetti;
allegro

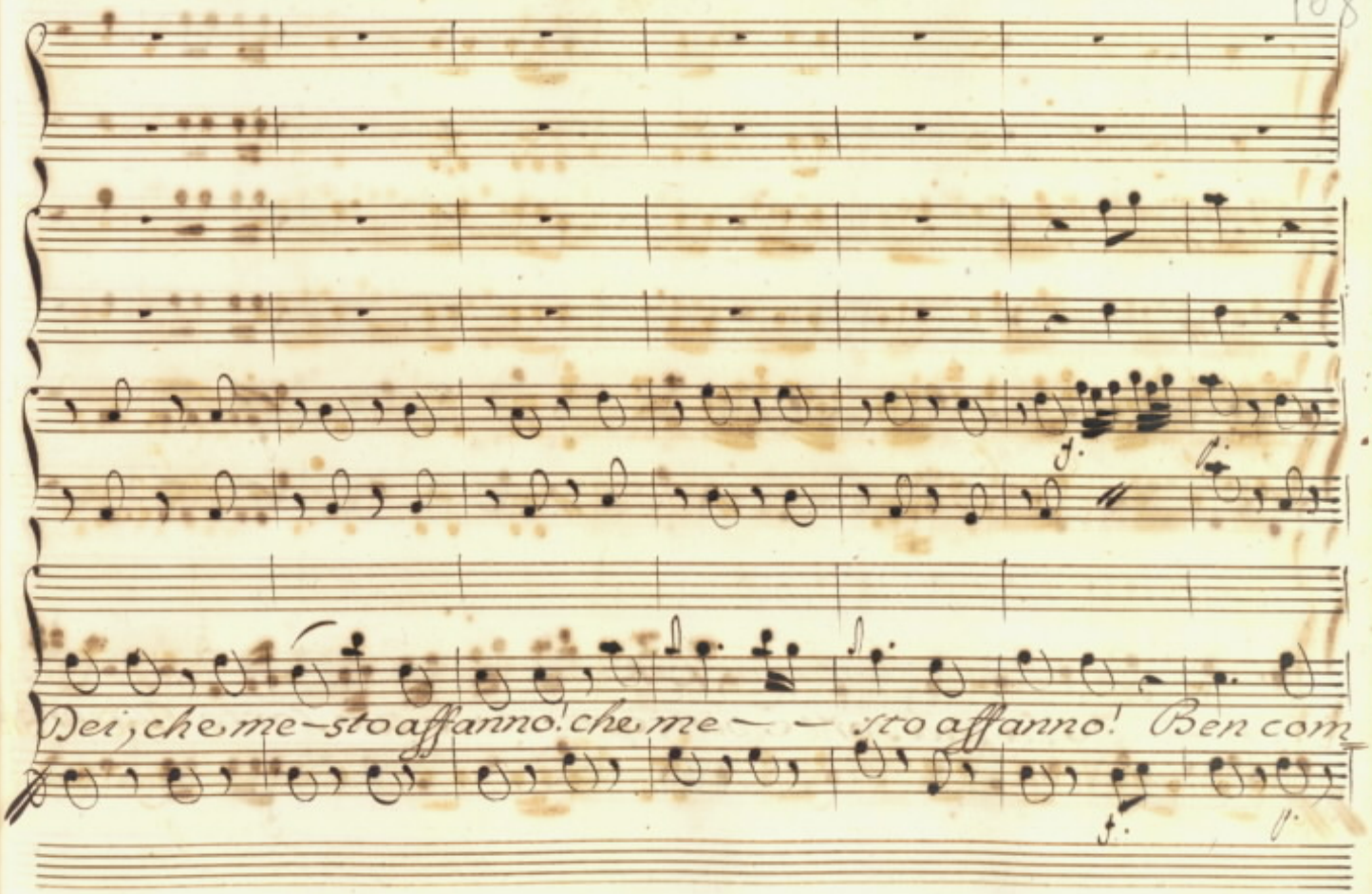

e irresoluto ondeggio.
Segue aria

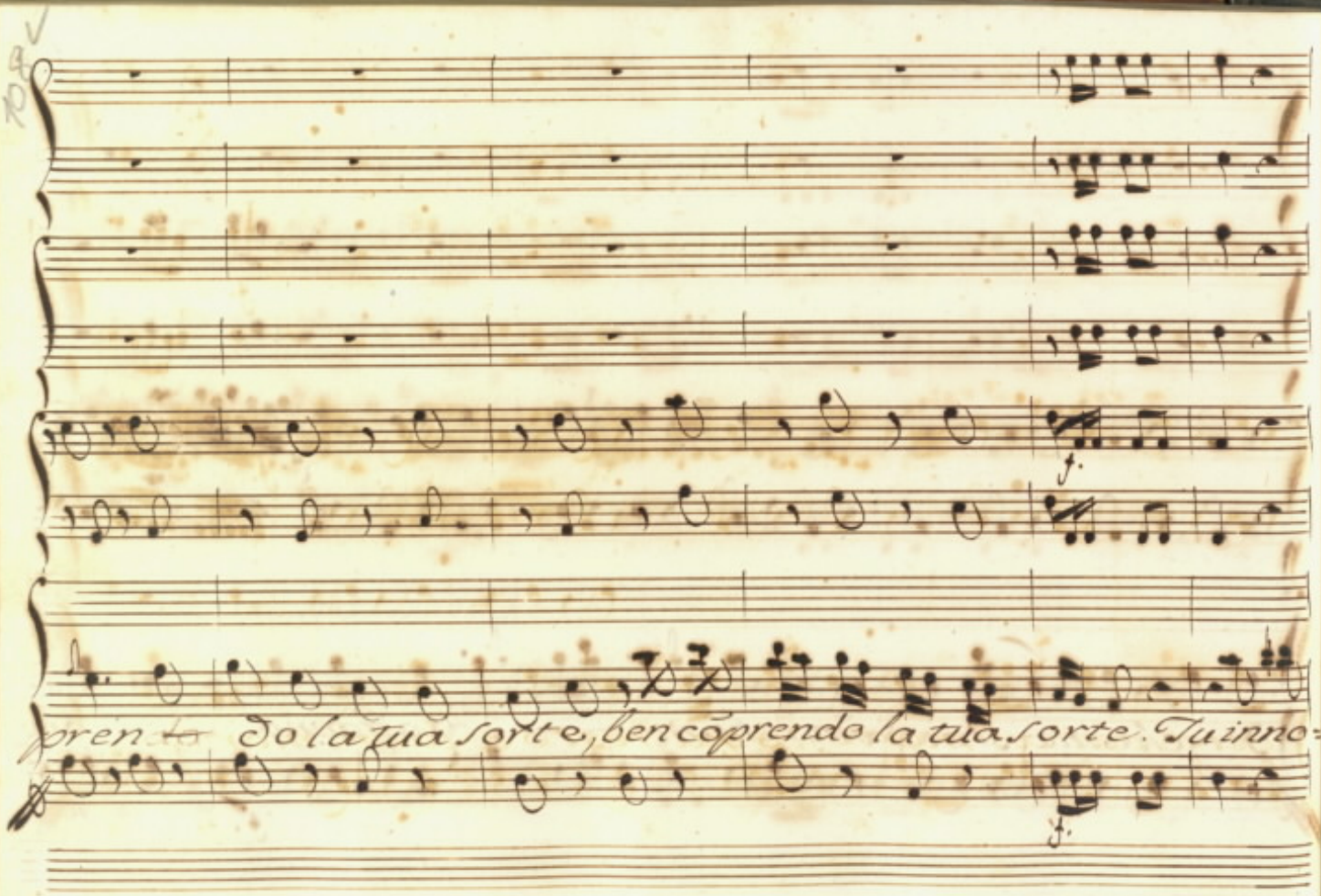

Trombe
da Caccia
in Delasolre
Flautini
Violini
Viola
e Basso
andante
sostenuto

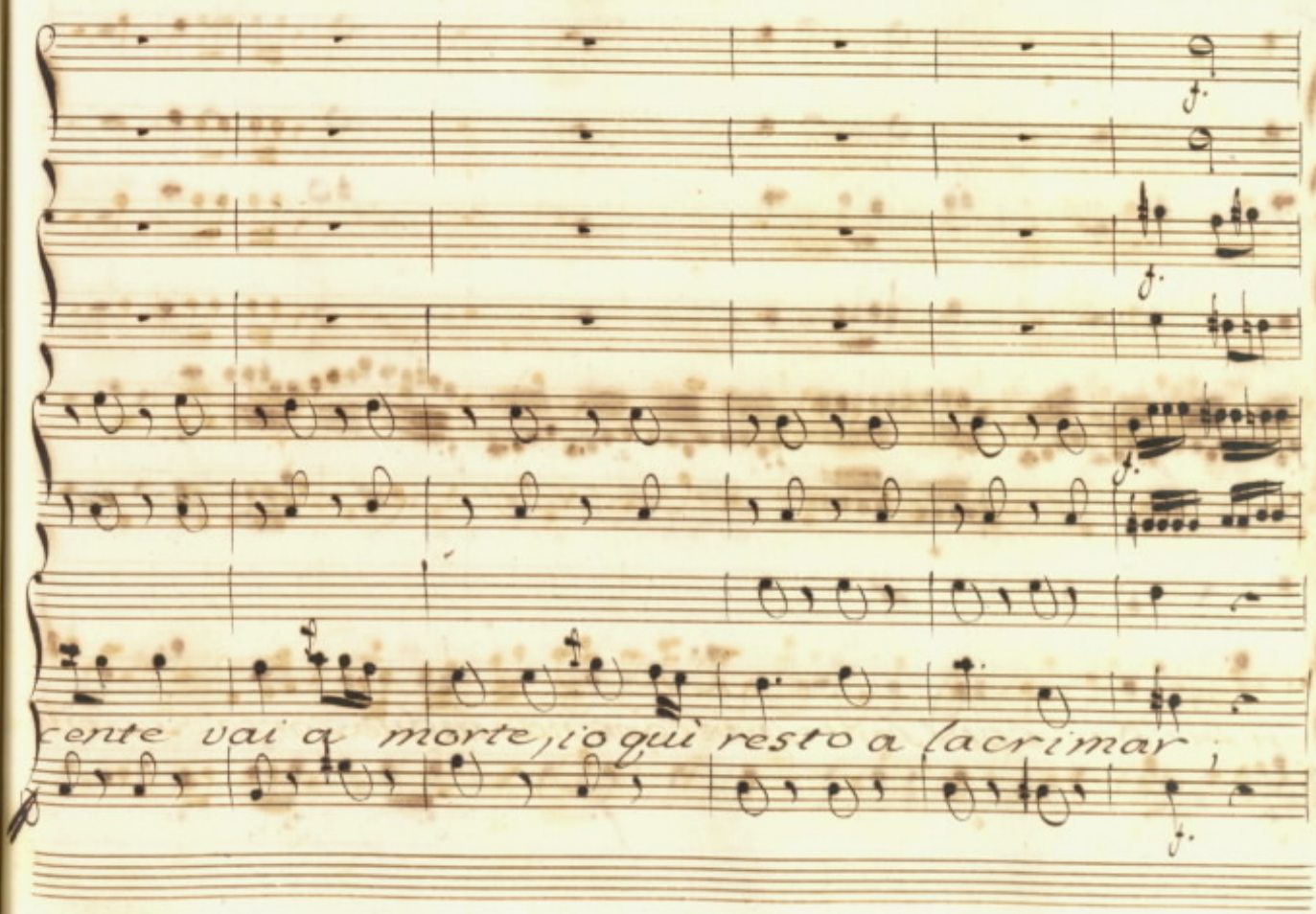


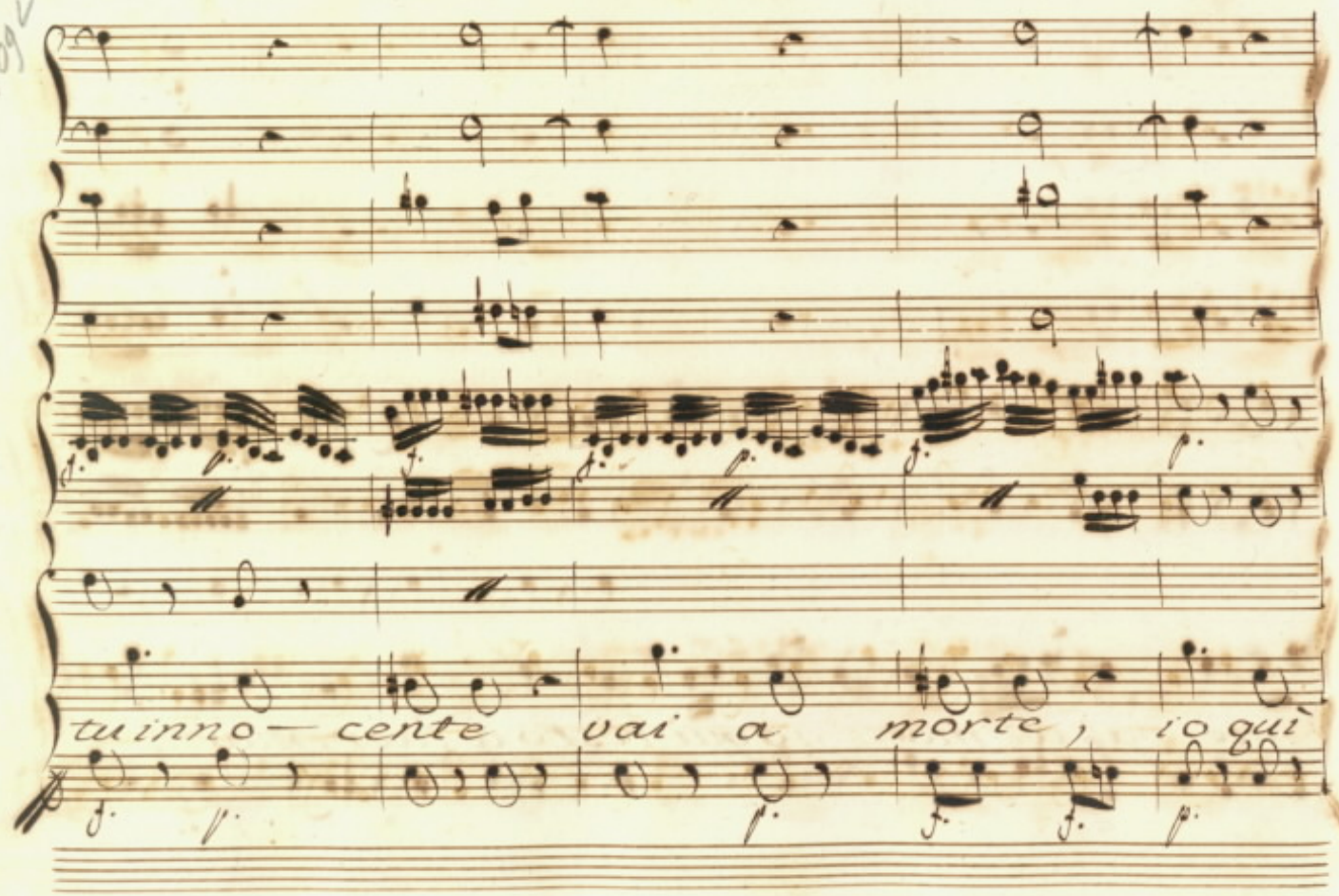


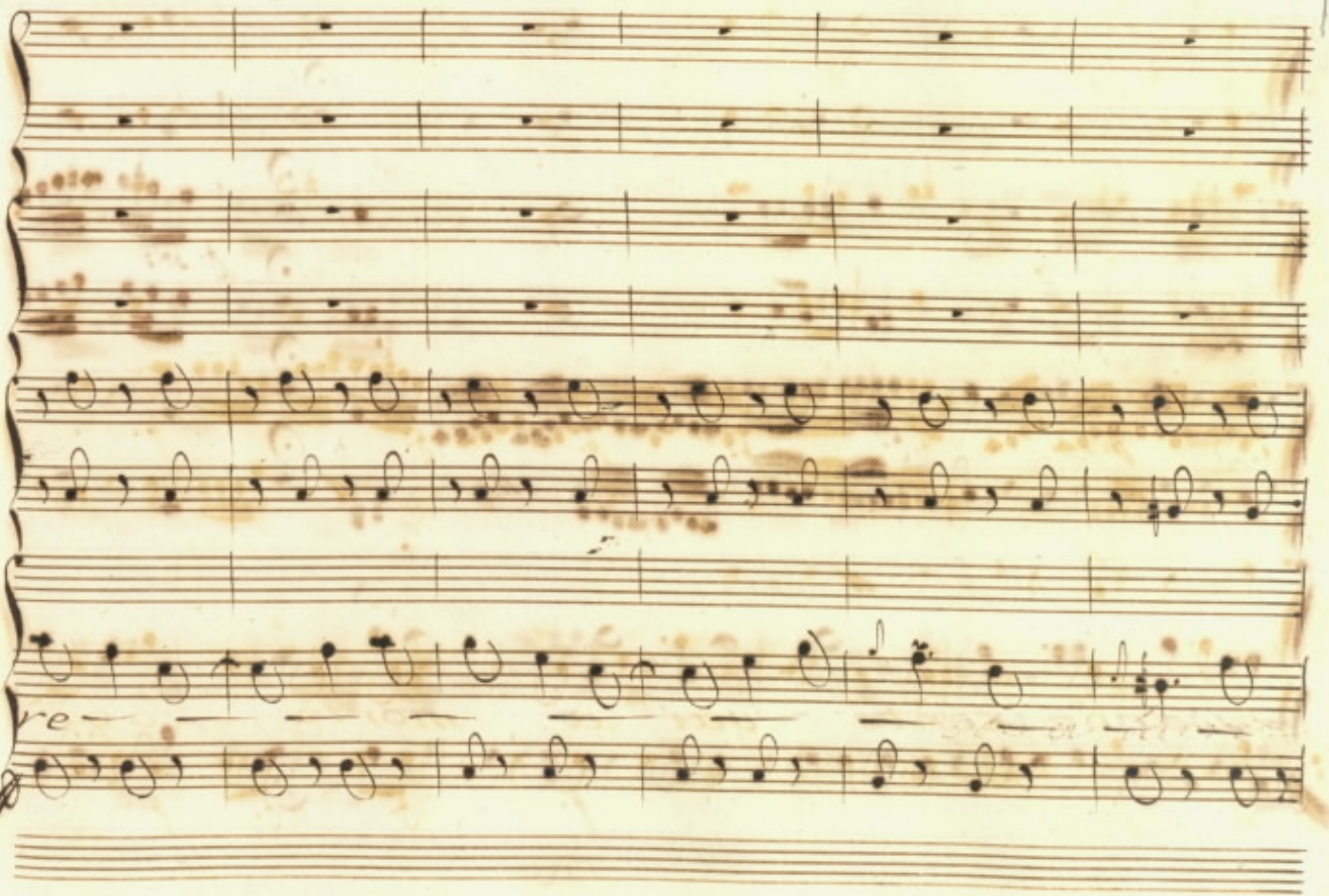

Madre, oh

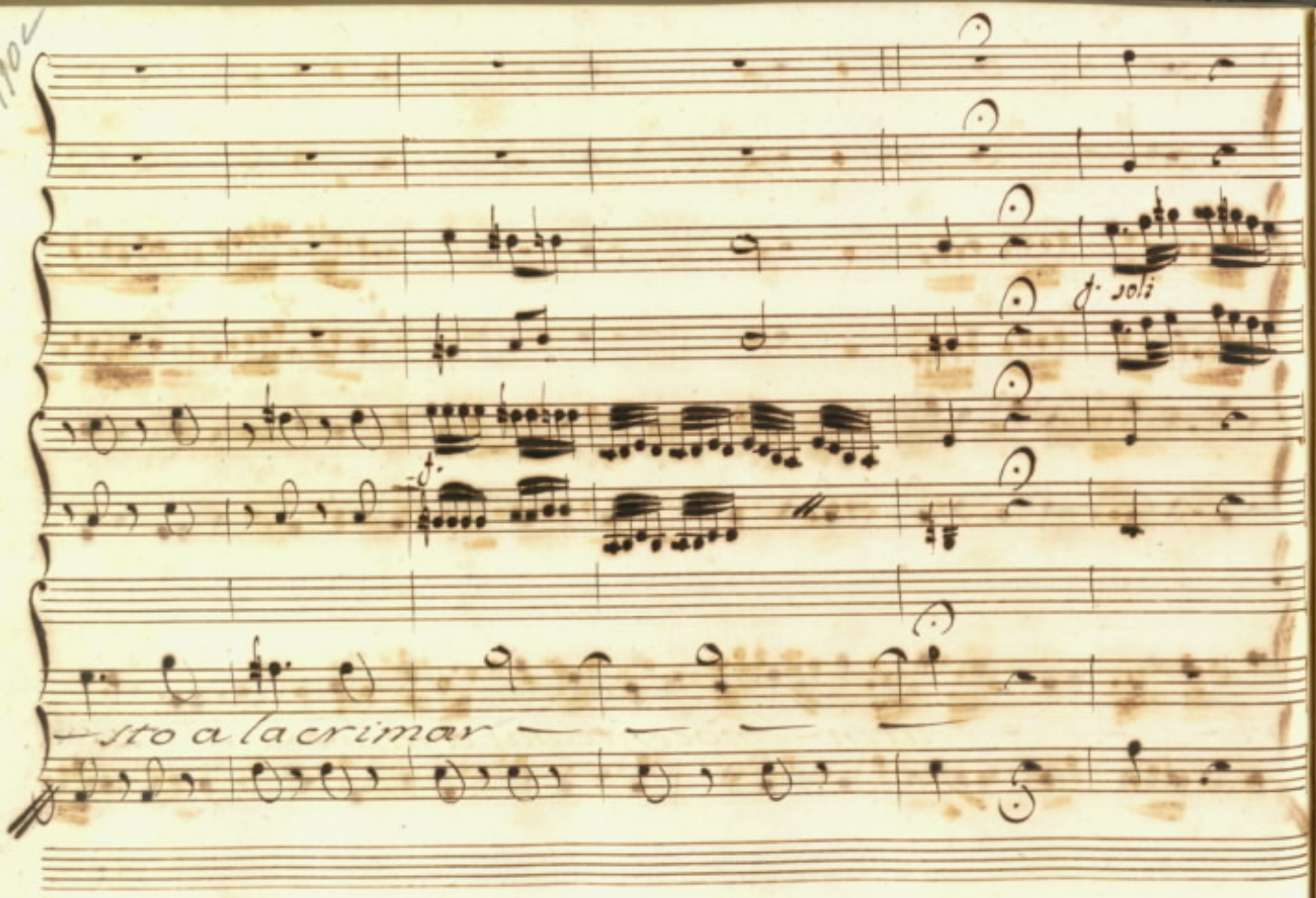

Dei, che me-sto affanno! che me- - sto affanno! Ben com

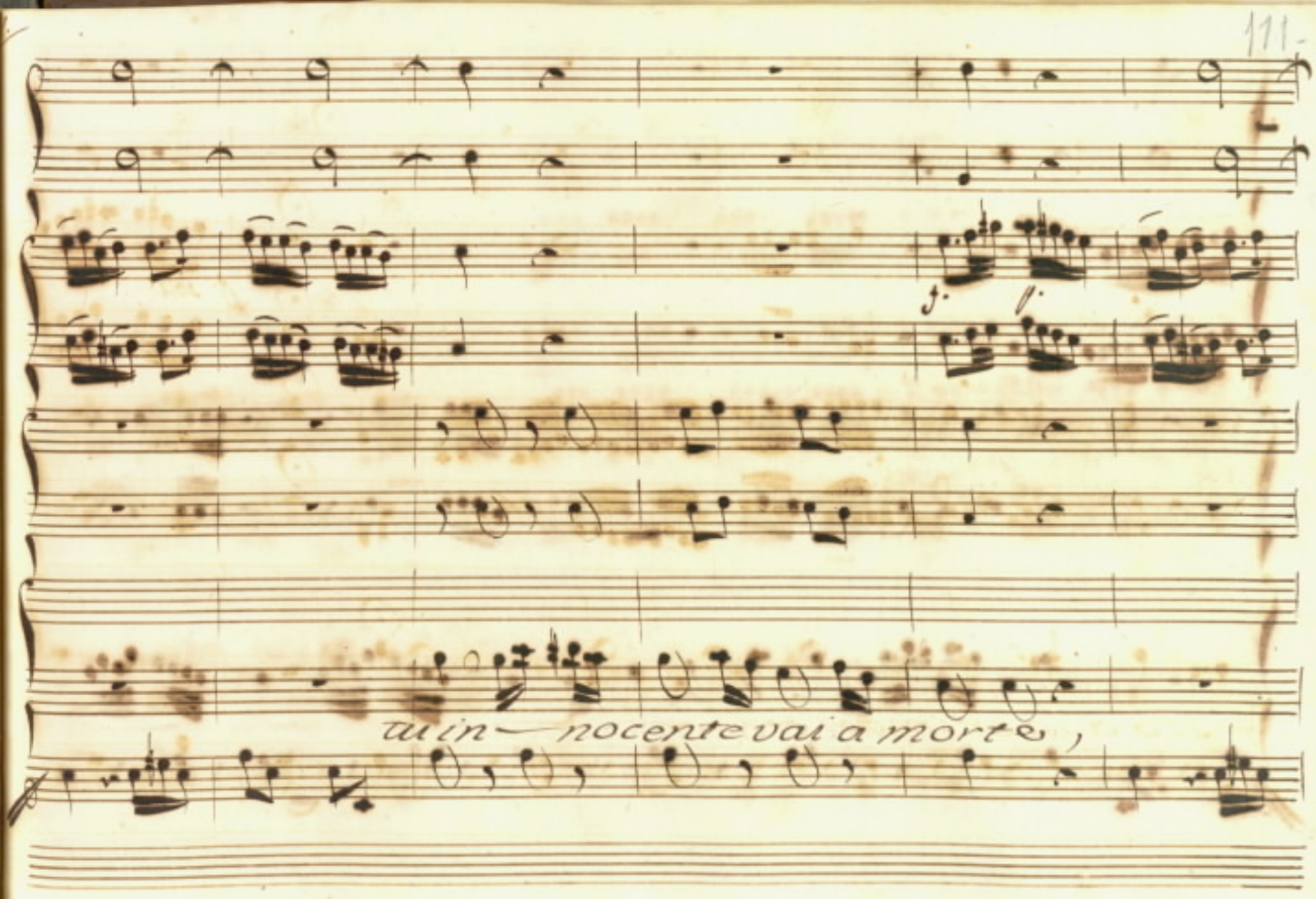

f.
pren- do la tua sorte, ben cōprendo la tua sorte. Tu inno-
f.

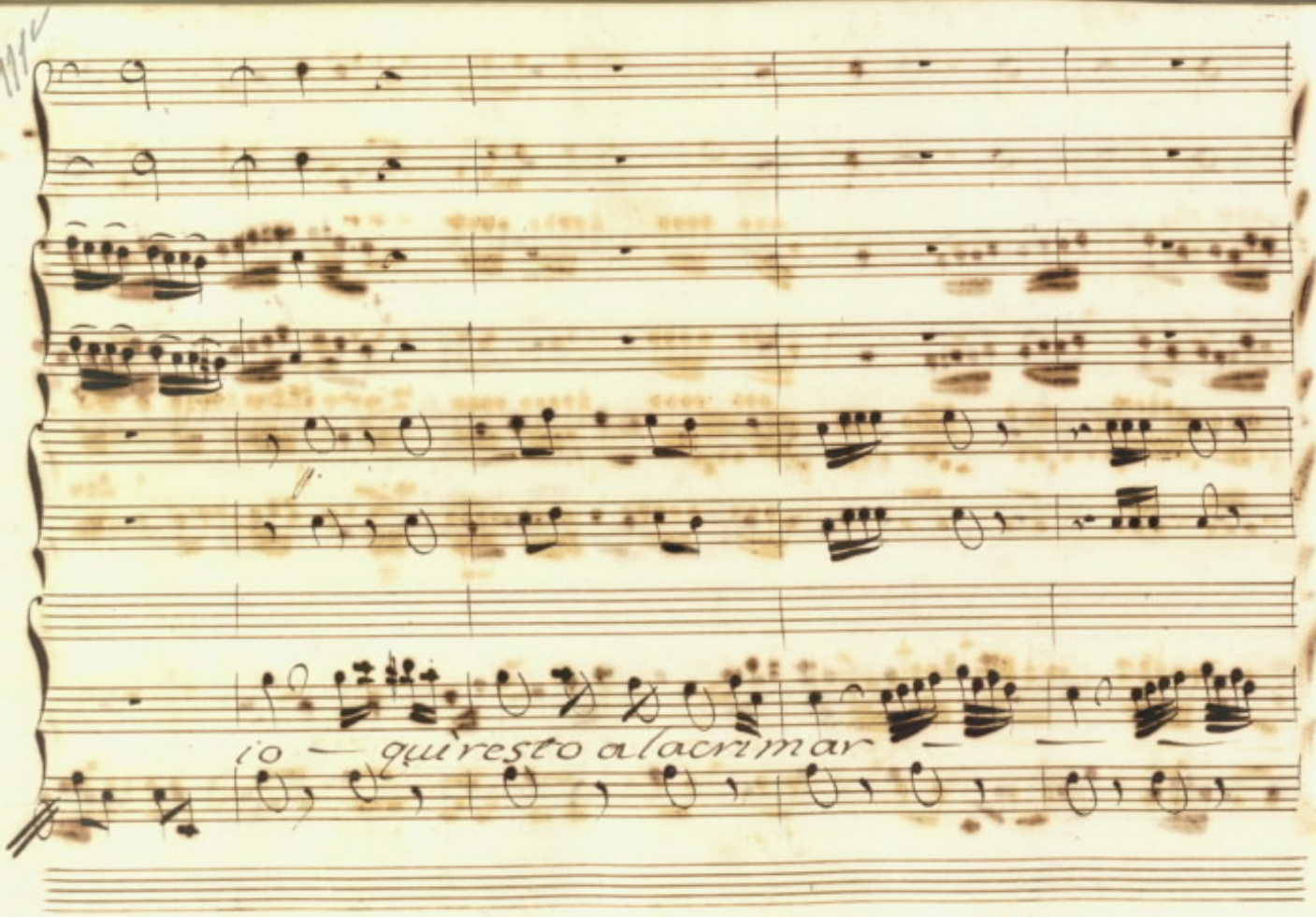

f.
f.
f.
f.
cente vai a morte, io qui resto a lacrimar.

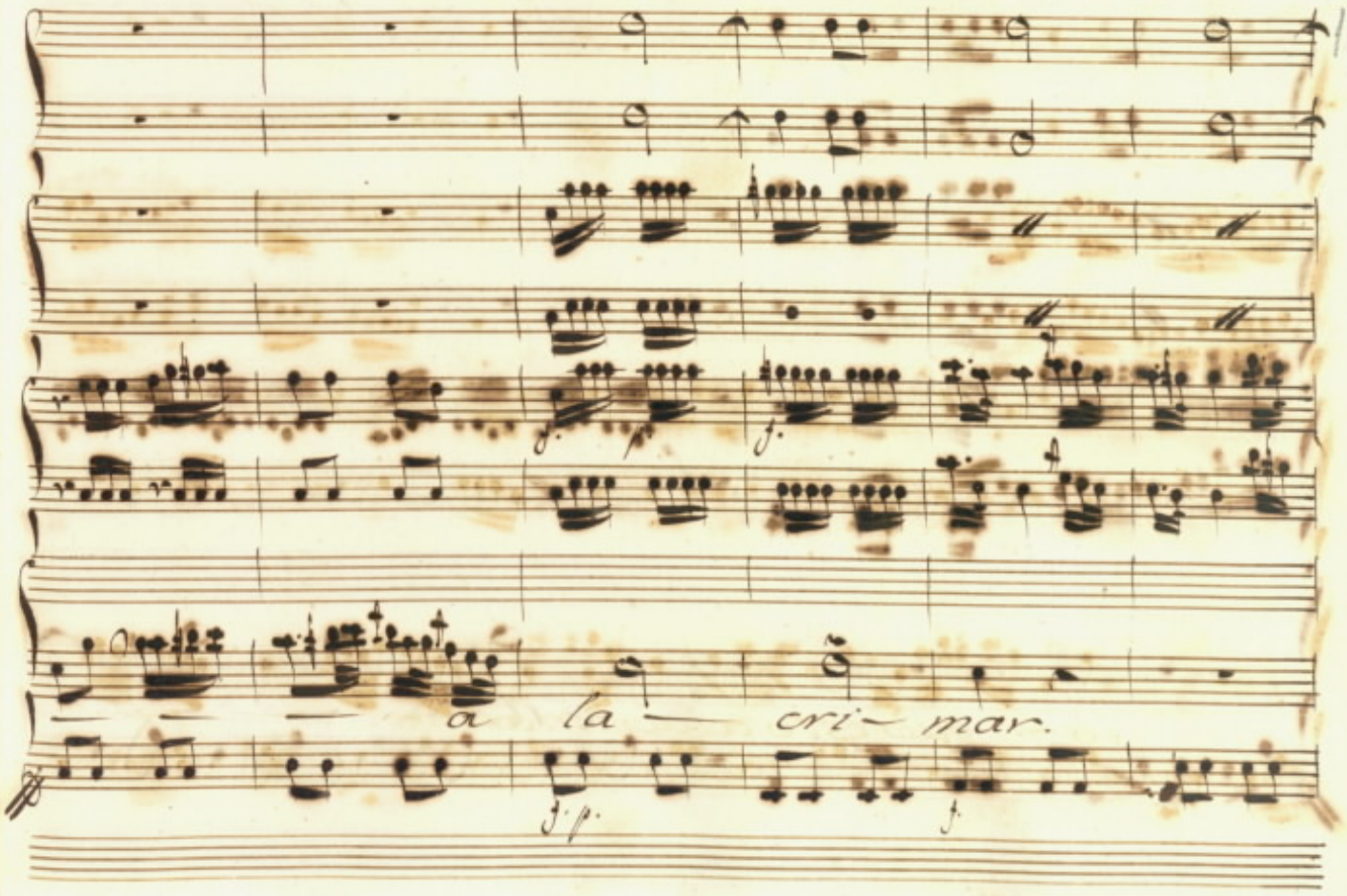

tu innocente vai a morte, io qui

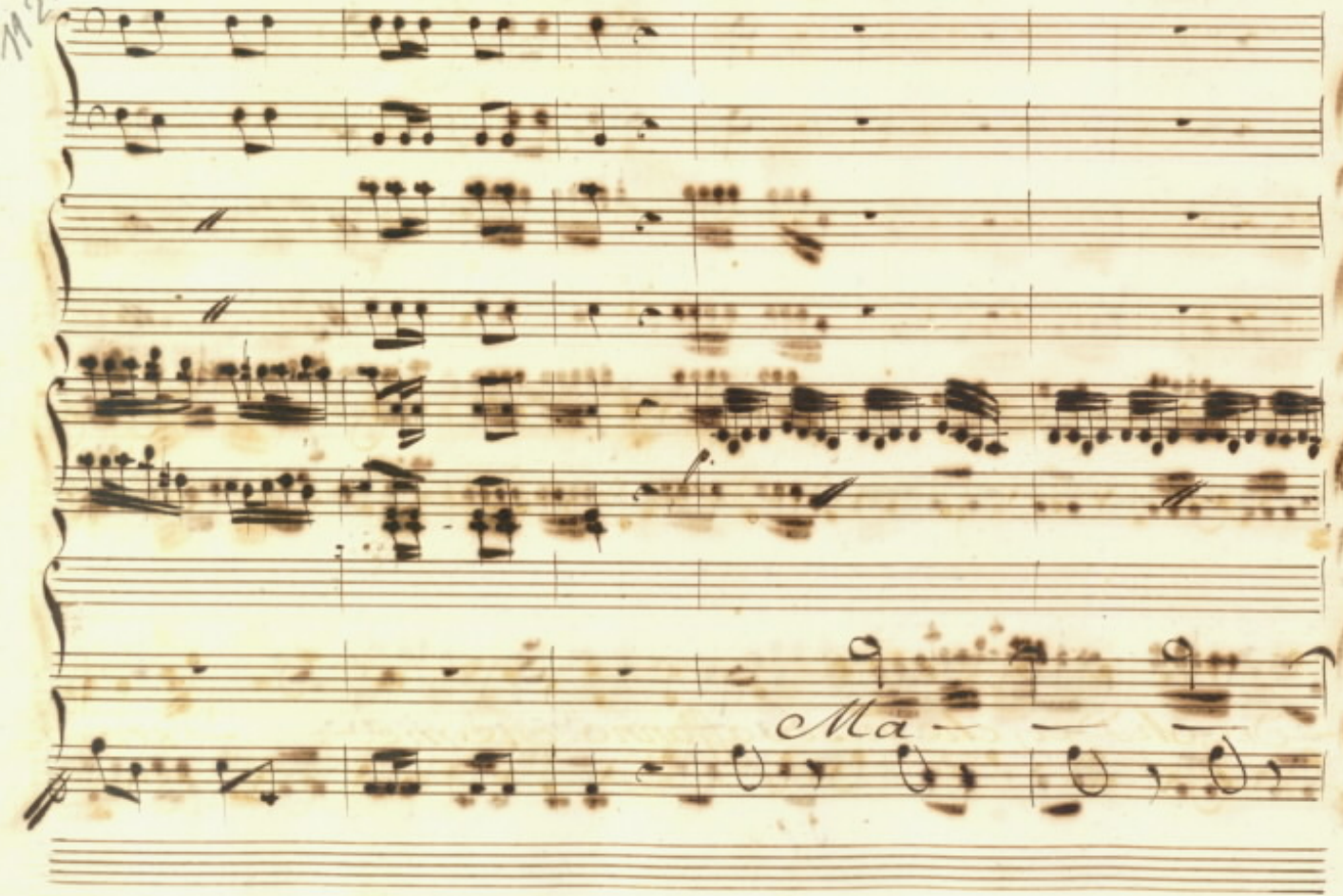

re

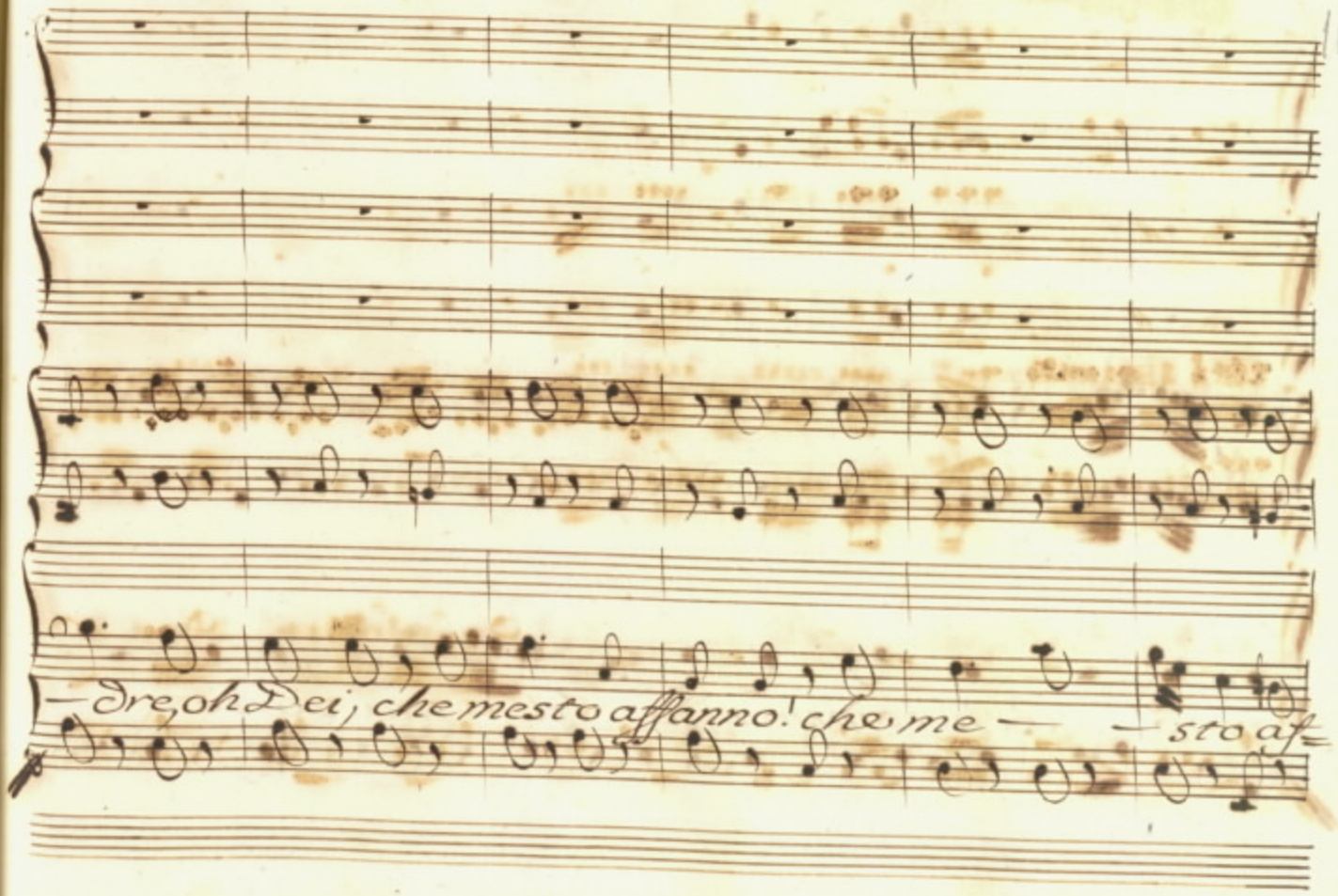

f. soli
f.
sto a lacrimar

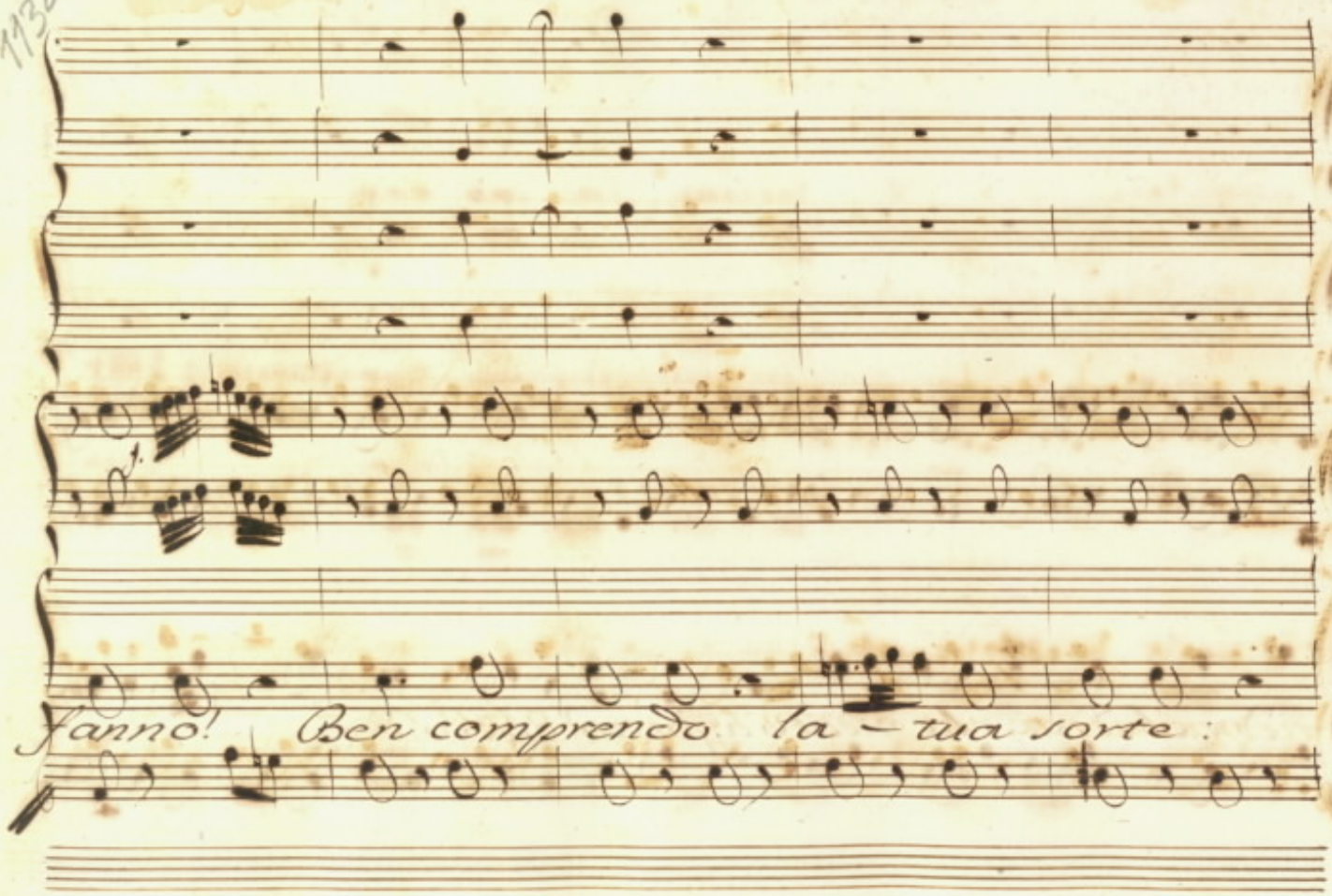

f.
f.
tu in — nocente vai a morte,

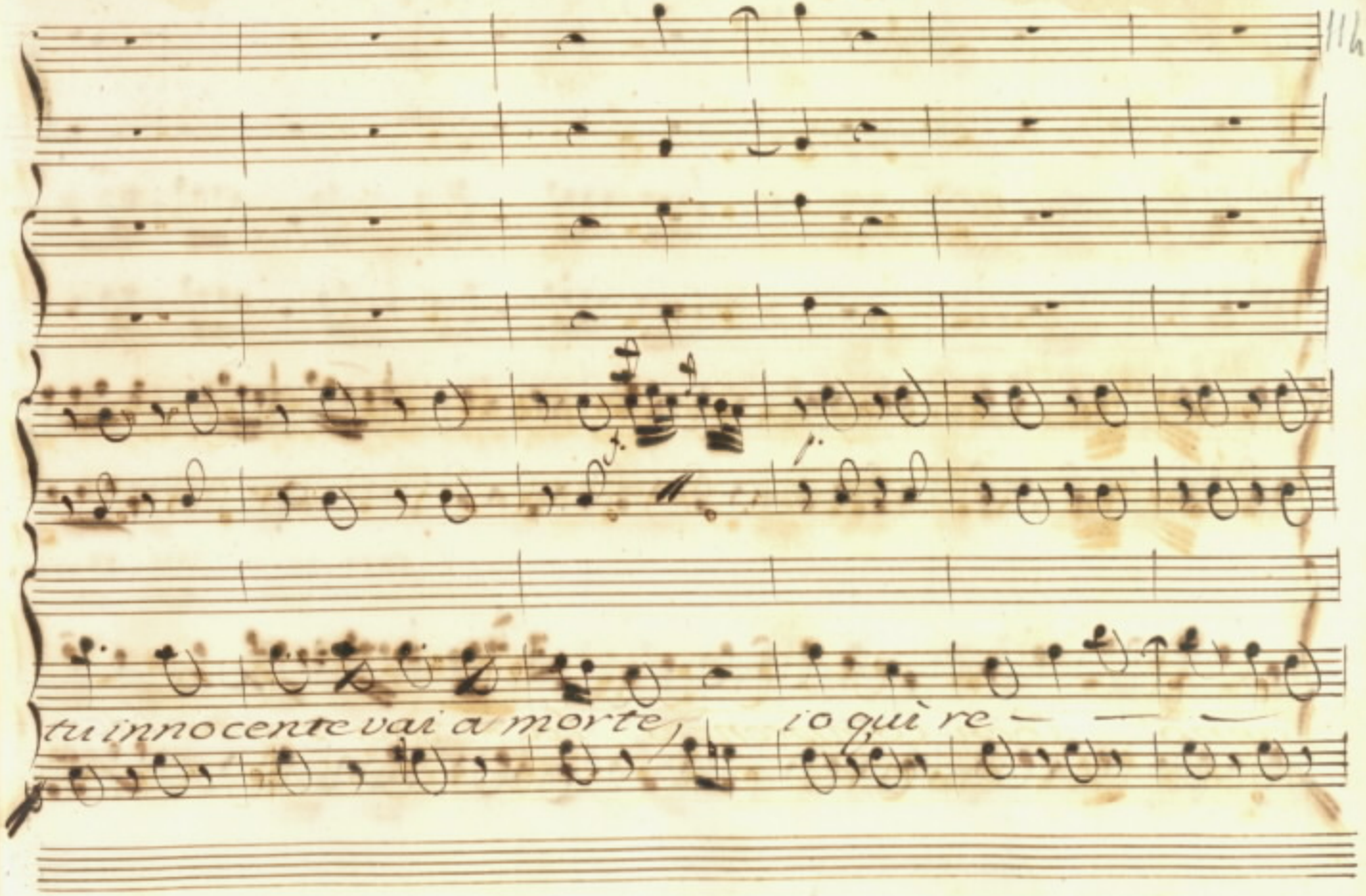

io — quì resto a lacrimar

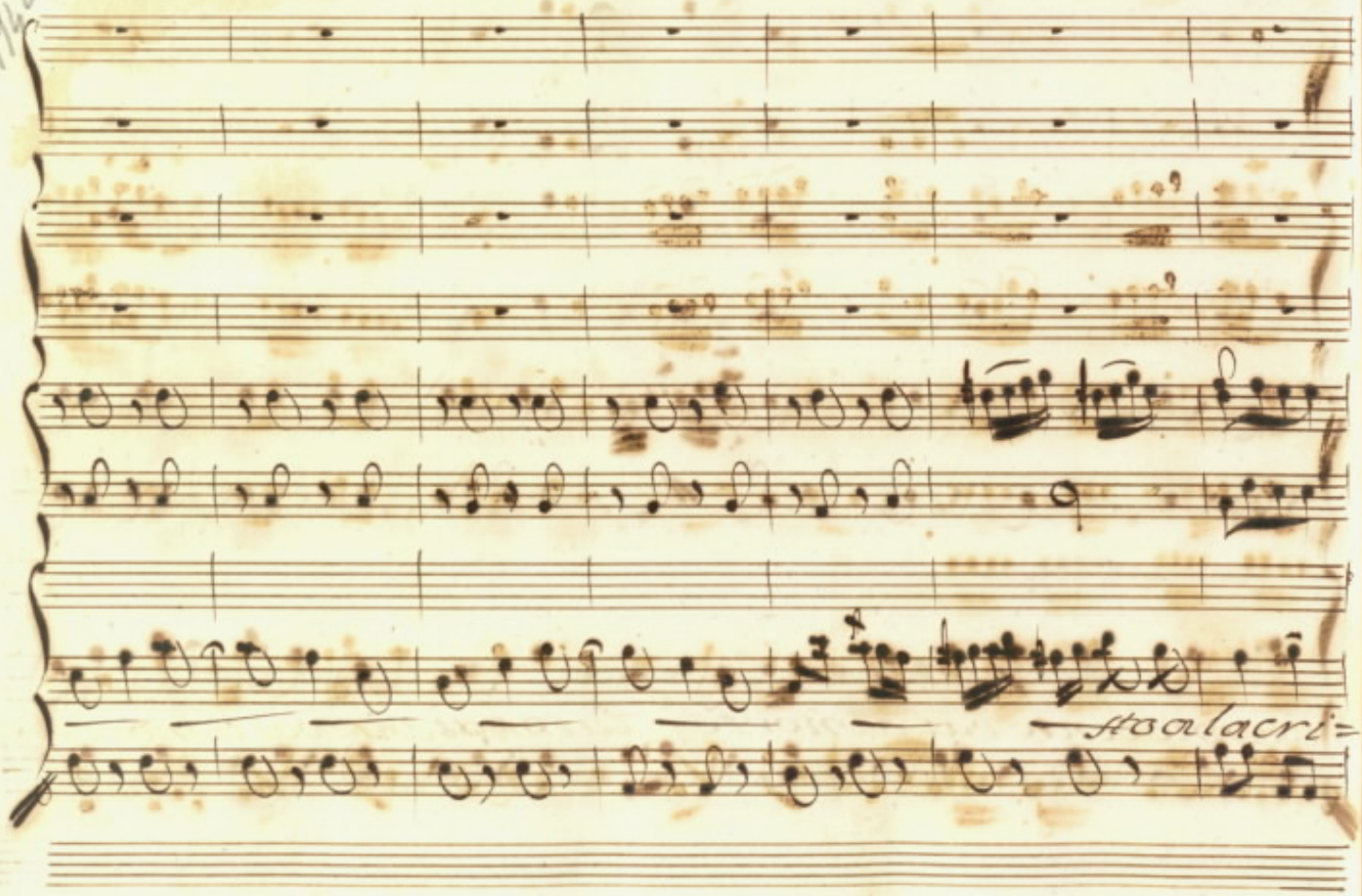

a la cri- mar.

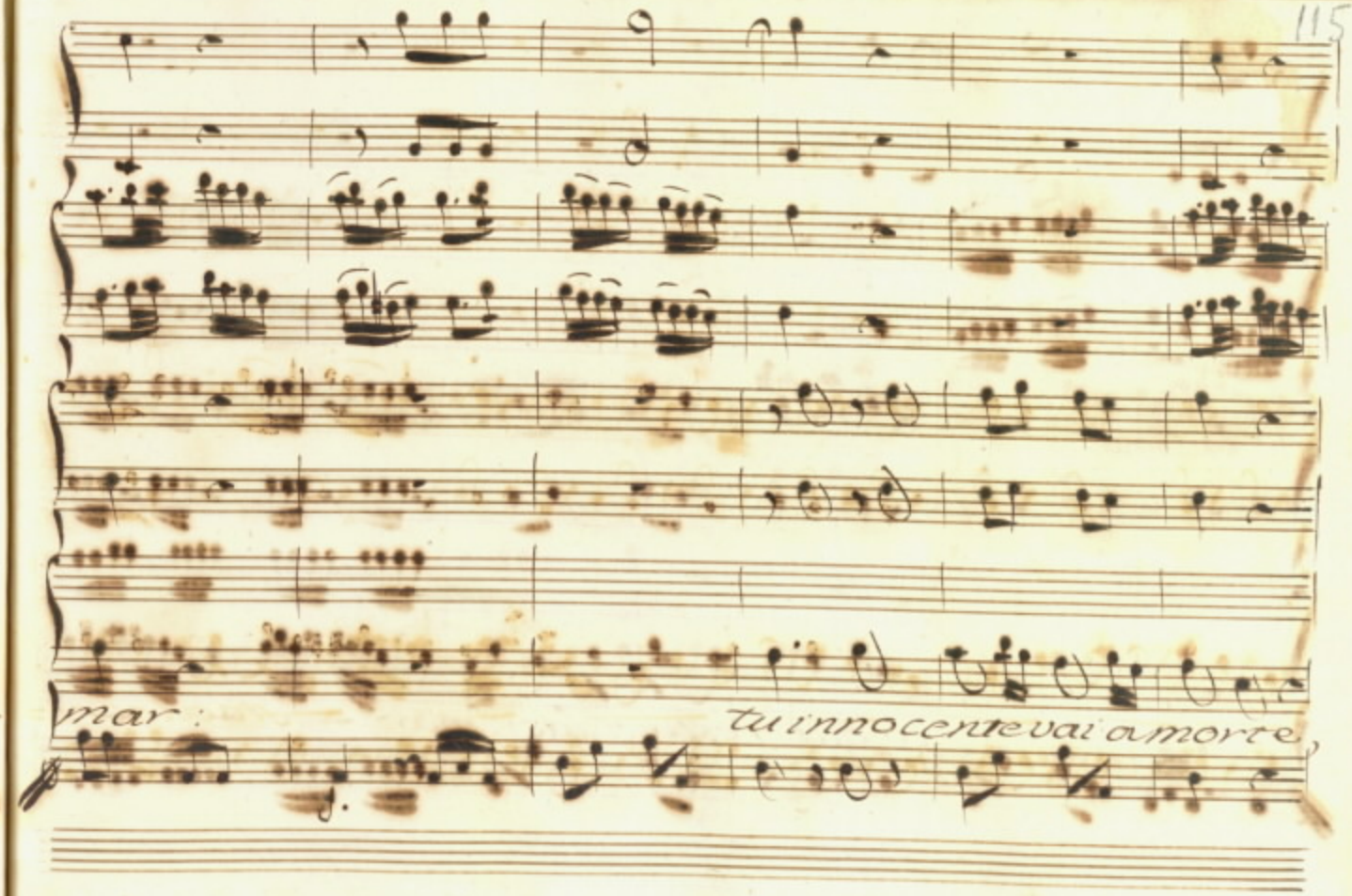

Ma

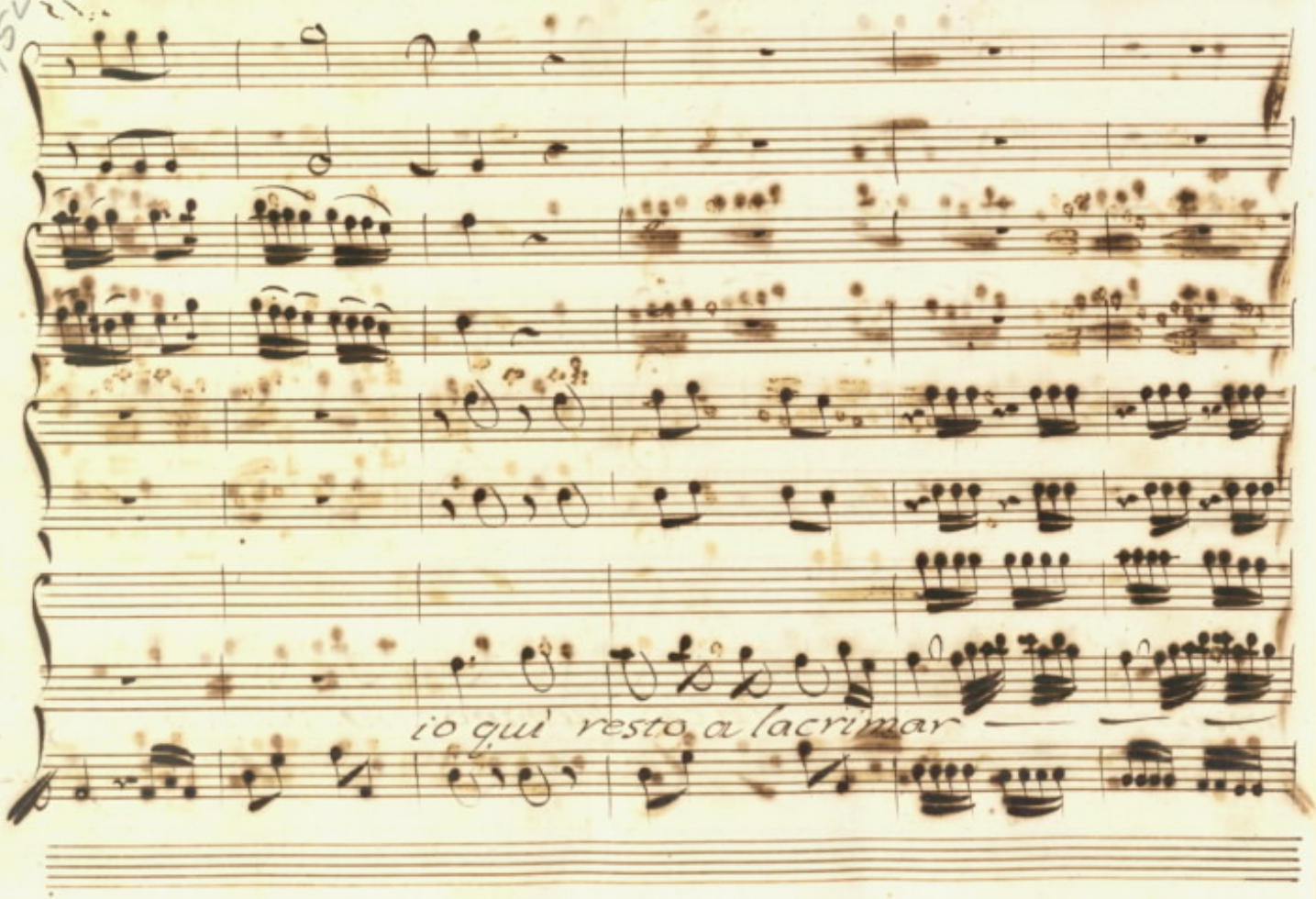

-dre, oh Dei, che mesto affanno! che me - - sto af-

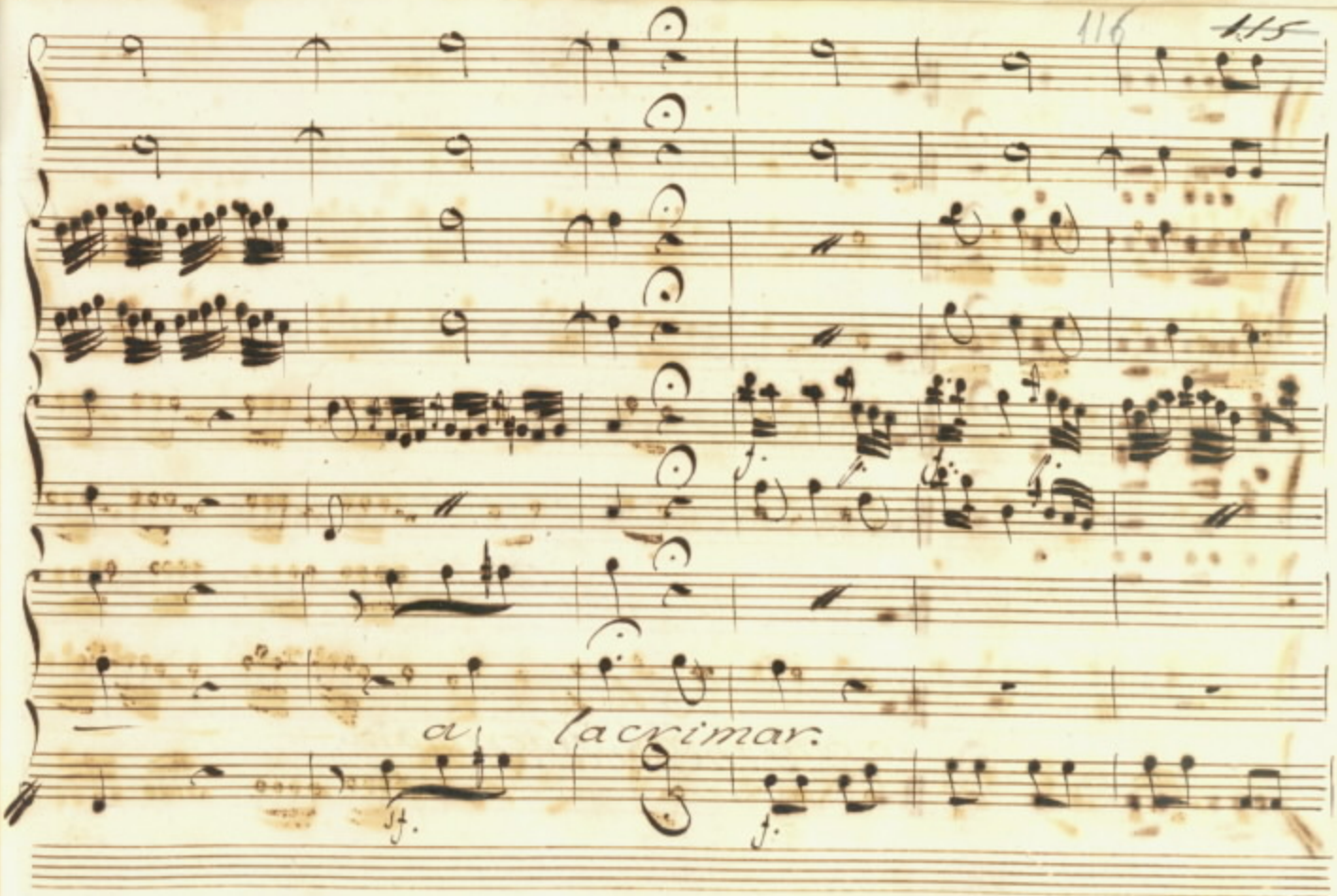

1.
Fanno! Ben comprendo la – tua sorte:

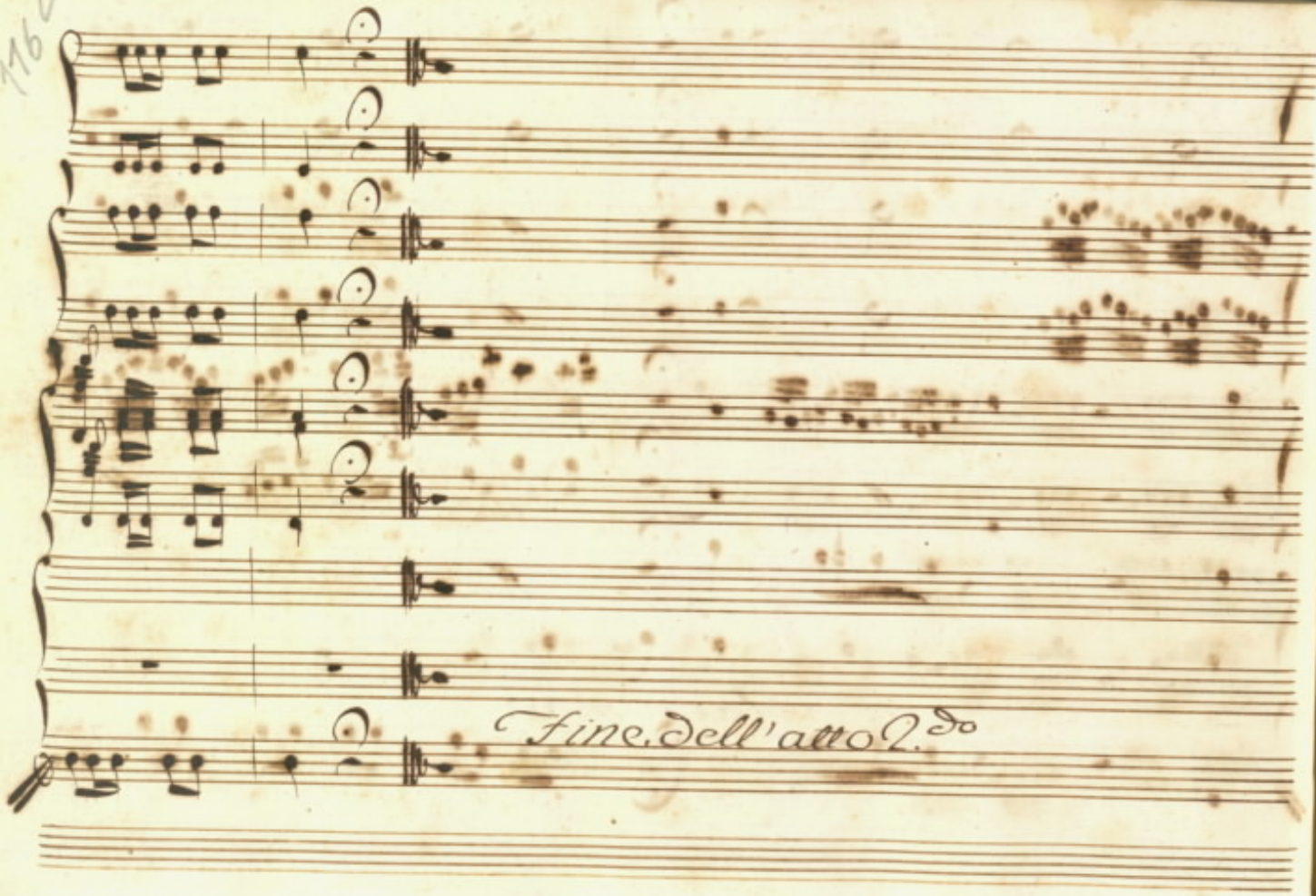
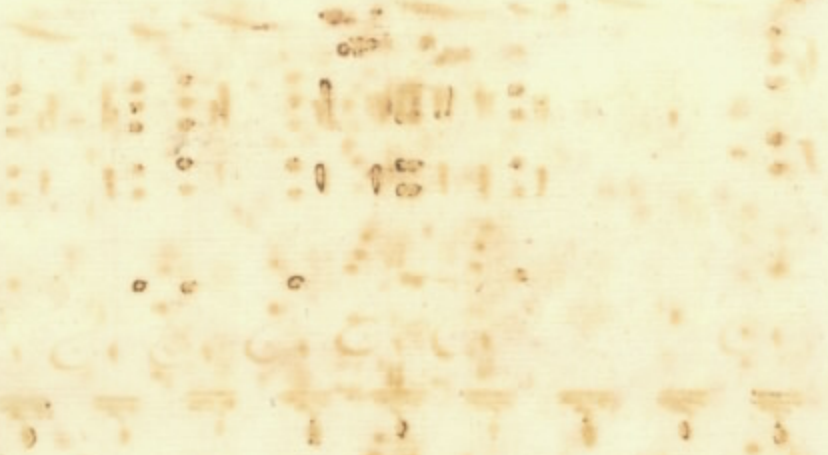

tu innocente vai a morte,
io quì re


Hoalacri=


mar:
tu innocente vai a morte,


io quì resto a lacrimar


a lacrimar.


Fine dell'atto 2.do