

[1]
PARTHENOPE. / AN / OPERA. / [Price One Shilling.]

[2]
PARTHENOPE. / AN / OPERA. / As it is Perform'd at the / KING'S THEATRE / IN THE / HAY-
MARKET. [Printer's mark] LONDON : / Printed by T. WOOD, in Little Britain, / MDCCXXX.

[5]
The Argument.
PARTHENOPE, *the Daughter of Eumelius, King of Phera in Thessaly, departed from Calcis, in the Isle of Eubœa, now call'd Negropont, to follow the Augury of a Dove, and upon the Shore of the Tyrrhene Sea, founded the City Parthenope, now call'd Naples. This is mention'd in the Eleventh Chapter of the first Book of the History of the City and Kingdom of Naples, by Gio. Antonio Sumonte. The rest of the Drama is fictitious.*

[6]

Personæ Dramatis

PARTHENOPE, <i>Queen of the City Parthenope, now Naples, in Love with Arsaces,</i>	<i>Signora Anna Strada del Pò.</i>
EMILIUS, <i>Prince of Cuma, in Love with Parthenope</i>	<i>Signor Annibali¹ Pio Fabri.</i>
ARMINDO, <i>Prince of Rhodes, in Love with Parthenope</i>	<i>Signora Francesca Bertolli.</i>
ORMONTES, <i>Captain of Parthenope's Guards,</i>	<i>Sig. Goffredo Giovanni Riemschnieder.²</i>
ROSMIRA, <i>Princess of Cyprus, in Love with Arsaces, and promis'd to him, but afterwards forsaken by him, in an Armenian Habit, assuming the Name of Eurimenes.</i>	<i>Signora Antonio³ Merighi.</i>
ARSACES, <i>Prince of Corinth, formerly in Love with Rosmira, and afterwards with Parthenope.</i>	<i>Signor Antonio Bernacchi.</i>

[1]
PARTHENOPE.

1. Overture

2. Presto

ACT I. SCENE I

Part of a City near the Sea, adorned with great Solemnity ; in the Middle an Altar, with the Statue of *Apollo*.
Priests and Nymphs with Basons in their Hands full of Laurel Leaves.

PARTHENOPE on a Throne, ARSACES and ARMINDO.

3a. Recitativo

Parthenope
*Thou to the lofty Walls that guard around
This great majestick City rais'd by me,*

¹*sic pour Annibale*

²*sic pour Riemschneider (cf. Edition Walsh 1730)*

³*sic pour Antonia*

*Bright beaming God of Day, be now propitious.
From the pure Height of thy unclouded Sphere,
Shed thy ward Lustre in her fertile Bosom.
May Swans and Eagles nest in Splendors there,
And nam'd from me, with thy auspicious Aspect
Let tributary Kingdoms grace her Sway !*

[2]

3b. Coro

CHORUS

Oh live *Parthenope* ! live *Anges* o'er,
Bright as the radiant God you now adore ;
Thy Land with Plenty may the Day(spring crown,
And every Muse record thy great Renown.
[The Fire kindles suddenly on the Altar.

4a. Recitativo

Parthenope

*My Friends, Heaven views us with a Loo benign,
And now the Victims to the Delian God,
Array'd with Flowaers, with prompt Obedience offer,
And grateful Incense of selected Laurels.*

[They burn the Laurels.

SCENE II.

To them *ROSMIRA* in the Habit of an *ARMENIAN*.

4b. Recitativo

Armenian

Arsaces.

Arsaces

My Armindo

Armenian

They observe.

[Pointing to *Rosmira*.

Arsaces

(What Face is that presented to my view ?

[Aside.

Parthenope

Say who you are, and what you here would crave.

Rosmira

(I must dissemble now, ye Gods assist me!)

[Aside.

Generous Queen,

Armenia's Sovereign, Eurimenes offers

To you the duteous Tribute of his Homage.

[Kneels.

Parthenope

Rise, Sir, and freely with your Wish acquaint me.

Rosmira

(Arsaces here ? then Fame's Report is faithful.)

[Aside.

*On the wide Main, with twice an hundred Ships,
I made my spacious course, but soon a Tempest
Tremendous rose, and the relentless Ocean deep,
O'erwhelm'd each Vessel with his Waves but mine.
Me on this hospitable Shore it cast,
And here your Virtue's Fame conducts me now.*

Parthenope

Name you Request.

Rosmira

Compassionate my Woe.

*For all my far fam'd costly Stores, for Traffick
Are swallow'd by the wild insatiate Sea.*

[5]

Parthenope

*Prince (for no less you noble Port proclaims you)
Your Loss affects me with a true Compassion,
And here, your Merit I engage to grace
With some fit Station in our friendly Court.*

Rosmira

All Thanks I pay that Gratitude can offer.

SCENE III

To them ORMONTES, who introduces a Messenger.

4c. Recitativo

Ormontes

Great Queen !

*Cuma's bold People, in assembled Bands,
Possess the neighbouring Mountain and the Plain.*

[Parthenope seems pensive.

Arsaces

(Where will this end ?)

Armino

(Ah, what is this I hear!)

Parthenope

[To Ormontes.

And I have you gain'd no Tidings ?

Ormontes

None but this,

*That their chief Prince and Leader call'd Emilius,
Asks your Permission to confer with you,
And from his Camp this Messenger dispatch'd.*

[Parthenope still seems thoughtful.

Armino

What Thoughts employ you ?

Arsaces
Fear not.

Rosmira
An remember,
That Eurimenes *is arriv'd to aid you.*

Parthenope
Let then Emilius come - he ne'er shall cause
[To the Messenger, who retires.
The least Confusion in my Heart's Repose.
Ormontes *follow me, and you Arsaces.*

5. Aria

In my Defence to combat now,
Both Love and Fate shall meet ;
A radiant Crown shall bind my Brow,
And not a Chain my Feet.
[Exeunt *Parthenope* and *Ormontes*, with *Arsaces*, who as he retires, looks at *Rosmira* and says,

[6]

6. Aria

Arsaces
Or *Eurimenes* has *Rosmira's* Air,
Or she the Name of *Eurimenes* feigns ;
The longer I survey each Feature there,
The more are my Perplexities and Pains.

SCENE IV

ARMINDO and ROSMIRA.

7. Recitativo

Rosmira
Sir, if the Gogs have not inclin'd your Thoughts
To choose Concealment, tell me who you are.

Armindo
I'm call'd Armindo, and am Prince of Rhodes.

Rosmira
Your Countenance appears to me o'er-cast
With Sorrow's Gloom, can Eurimenes serve you ?

Armindo
My Pains, alas ! allow of no Relief.

Rosmira
Love is the Pain perhaps that you lament.

Arminio
'Tis Love.

Rosmira
From secret Sympathy of Soul
I feel, believe me, all the Woes you bear.

Armindo

*I find the same kind Sympathy for you,
Which prompts me to intrust you with my Secrets :
Parthenope's the Goddess I adore.*

Rosmira
And is she sensible of soft Compassion ?

Armindo
She's unacquainted with my Flame, or feigns.

Rosmira
And have you ne'er reveal'd it ?

Armindo
Where's the Reason ?

Rosmira
Where ?

Armindo
*To Arsaces she has fondly sworn
Fidelity for ever.*

Rosmira
And Arsaces ?

Armindo
In Torment dies Parthenope's Adorer.

Rosmira
*(Ah Traitor!) speak, be resolute Armindo.
If with unheeded Tears your Eyes o'er-flow,
Why those Complaints of her, and Love, and Heaven ?*

[9]

8. Aria

[Rosmira]

If then you fear to speak,
Condemn yourself alone ;
For if Repose you seek,
The Means must be your own.
If then, &c.

[Exit.

9a. Recitativo

Armindo

*Be resolute Armindo, and attempt,
Undaunted, to confess yourself a Lover.
Fortune is oft propitious to the Bold.*

9b. Aria

[Armindo]

Now to my lovely Fair I'll fly,
And tell her I despair and die,
And tender Pity crave.

I'll say my Heart can only move,

By the soft Laws of Faith and Love,
And is her Beauty's Slave.
Now, &c.

SCENE V

A Royal Hall.

ARSACES, and to him ROSMIRA.

10. Recitativo

Arsaces

*What Pangs I suffer from a fatal Face !
Behold now -*

Rosmira

(Ah Perfidious!)

Arsaces

Do I dream ?

*You wear Rosmira's Mien, alas ! my Friend,
As I lov'd her I now love Eurimenes.*

Rosmira

*And yet I would not bebetray'd by you,
Like the forlorn Rosmira -
[Arsaces seems confus'd.*

Arsaces

How is this ?

Rosmira⁴

*And art thou then so soon confus'd, Arsaces ?
Think, that to follow thee I all abandon,
And now at last we meet. Yes, I'm Rosmira.*

Arsaces

My fair one -

Rosmira

*Ah ! my fair one canst thou call me ?
Thou who art lost to all Fidelity.
Thou who didst never poor Rosmira love.*

[10]

Arsaces

I love thee -

Rosmira

*'Tis impossible that he,
Whose Soul aspires to the alluring Crown
Of Queen Parthenope, should love Rosmira.
Ah Traitor and Ingrate !*

Arsaces

*Be calm, my Fairest,
I'm all Repentance, and my own Accuser,*

⁴Art. au lieu de Rosmira

I own my Trespass to obtain your Pardon.
[Rosmira, after a short Suspense, assumes a resolute Air.

Rosmira
*I will not now, forsaken and disdain'd,
Reproach you with your broken Vows and Faith ;
I ask one only Favour, and a small one.*

Arsaces
Give me to know your Will.

Rosmira
*E'er I obtain
What I may ask, first promise me, and swear.*

Arsaces
I swear by Love, by Heaven, and all the Gods.

Rosmira
*Ah me ! refrain that sacrilegious Tongue.
With what Veracity now hast thou sworn ?
Swear not on thine, but my Fidelity.
'Tis this Rosmira calls for.*

Arsaces
On the Faith -

Rosmira
My Faith.

Arsaces
I swear to act as you command.

Rosmira
*Forbear to publish then that I'm a Woman,
A that I am Rosmira – Can you promise ?*

Arsaces
With all Fidelity I promise this.
[Exit.

II. Aria

Rosmira
You promis'd, Faithless, one before,
That you would love me, nay you swore,
But did your Oath despise.

That you did thus one guilty Day
Thy poor *Rosmira's* Heart betray,
Ah cruel ! may suffice.
You promis'd, &c.

12a. Recitativo

Arsaces
Rosmira, *Oh ye Gods ! the fair Rosmira,
Hid in Disguise, pursues my wandering Course,*
[13]

*And follows here her faithless Fugitive,
Renews my Sorrows, and enjoins me Silence.*

12b. Aria

[Arsaces]

Love unrelenting, with a varied Dart,
Less pleasing than the first, has pierc'd my Heart.
Amidst the Languish or each Glance I find
My Soul more fondly to the first inclin'd.

SCENE VI.

PARTHENOPE and ORMONTES.

13a. Recitativo

Parthenope

Are my brave Warriours now prepar'd for Battel ?

Ormontes

*Each pants with Ardour for the promis'd Fight,
Fir'd for you Fame alone, and your Defence.*

Parthenope

If War Emilius wills, let War ensue.

Ormontes

*Perhaps his Motive is less criminal,
And only for his State he forms a Camp.*

Parthenope

*Then be it so, and I'm determin'd too,
That for my State my Camp shall shine in Arms.*

13b. Aria

Ormontes

Or Love perhaps may bid you arm,
Love, that soft Joy and soothing Charm
That fills with Transport ev'ry Breast,
Prepar'd with Beauty to the blest.

SCENE VII.

ARMINDO and PARTHENOPE.

14. Recitativo

Armindo

My Queen.

Parthenope

*And is Armindo ever thus
In sighing Sorrow lost ? Say what afflicts thee.*

Armindo

*Now I'm compell'd indeed to tell my Pain,
And if Compassion dwells within that Breast,
Have Pity on my Anguish, and attend.*

Parthenope

I will be gentle.

Armindo
*(Ah, what have I said?)
I'll speak no more.*

Parthenope
*'Tis only to relieve you,
That I demand the Cause of your distress.*

[14]Armindo
'Tis not my Duty to disclose it.

Parthenope
Why ?

Armindo
I fear your just Displeasure at my Grief.

Parthenope
Speak, and if you offend me, I forgive you.

Armindo
*My Soul's inflam'd with Sovereign Beauty's Charms.
[Looks tenderly at her.*

Parthenope
Declare the Object.

Armindo
'Tis too much ; farewell.

Parthenope
*How's this, Armindo ? Come, you must disclose it,
If ever you expect your lost Repose.*

Armindo
*Ah never ! O Pa[r]thenope ! farewell ;
Arsaces comes.*

Parthenope
You seem enrag'd against him.

Armindo
He is my happy Rival.

Parthenope
*Is it I then
That cause your constant Sighs ?*

Armindo
My Queen, farewell.

SCENE VIII.
ARSACES and PARTHENOPE.

15a. Recitativo
Arsaces

And in what fatal Act have I offended ?

Parthenope

*In that you make my conquer'd Heart you Slave :
For me Armindo languishes and dies.*

Arsaces

Armindo !

Parthenope

*And you surely must be conscious
How much I love him, yet am only yours.*

Arsaces

When I behold thee (I forget Rosmira) [Aside.

15b. Duetto e Recitativo

Arsaces

For thee the Pangs of Death I prove.

Parthenope

I feel for thee the same, my Love.

Arsaces

Bright Jewel, which I'll ever prize.

Parthenope

Thou dearest Object of my Eyes.

Arsaces

Enough, my Fairest, O forbear.

Parthenope

Ah, why ?

Arsaces

See *Eurimenes* there.

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SCENE IX.

To them ROSMIRA.

15c. Recitativo

Parthenope

And what tho' Eurimenes now approaches ?

Arsaces

Would you a Stranger should behold our Loves ?

Parthenope

*It is the Glory of a lawful Flame.
See Eurimenes, see my dearest Lord.*

Rosmira

And are you in your Turn belov'd ?

Parthenope

I am.

Arsaces
(Ah me!) [Aside.]

Parthenope
And mutual Constancy we've sworn.

Rosmira
Relentless Fate. [Offers to retire.]

Parthenope
Where, Eurimenes, where ?

Rosmira
To mourn my sad Calamity in Secret.

Parthenope
And what Calamity ?

Arsaces
(My Guilt's discover'd.)

Rosmira
*Then hear it – I beheld that perfect Form ;
And in it saw you fair celestial Soul :
I lov'd you, but alas ! you're now another's ;
But Rest, I hope, Death's gentle Gift approaches :
Thou sure wert born, Arsaces, to torment me.*

Arsaces
(My Heart revives)

Parthenope⁵
*With such a worthy Passion.
Prince, if you lov'd me, I am not displeas'd.*

Rosmira
Poor Restitution.

Parthenope
*You can hope no more,
For I'll ne'er prove perfidious to his Love.*

Rosmira
*Parthenope, if you had sworn to him,
My Heart had kindled with no second Flame.
But if Arsaces is so true, I know not.*

Arsaces
*You're much deceiv'd ; I know 'tis most inhumane
To rove, perfidious, to a second Passion ;
And, Eurimenes, I shall well preserve
A pure Fidelity thro' all my Conduct.*

⁵*Pars. au lieu de Part.*

Rosmira

*Excuse me, if I think I have discover'd
I know not what peculiar in your Face,*

[18]

*That intimates but small Fidelity :
And had I been a Woman, I should then
Have dreaded Falshood from your Disposition.*

Parthenope

*I pardon you those false, unkind suspicions,
Tho' they are all injurious to my Love.
But as my Soul for ever lives in thee,
My Hero thou shalt be, and I thy Queen.*

16. Aria

[Parthenope]

To Arsaces.]

*Thou art my Joy, in thee I'm blest,
My Soul's soft Wish, my gentle Rest :
To thee my Constancy shall prove
Thy steady Hope, thy Food of Love.*

Thou art, &c.

[Exit.

17a. Recitativo

Rosmira

*I've heard my self your new concerted Passion,
And, faithless Wretch, deny it if you can.*

Arsaces

Have Pity, Oh Rosmira, on my Woes.

Rosmira

I'm Eurimenes, and no more Rosmira.

Arsaces

Resolve not, O my Fair ! - my Life!be calm.

Rosmira

My Rage for ever shall be levell'd at thee.

[Exit disdainfully.

17b. Aria

Arsaces

*Tell me, ye gracious Povers, that rule the Sky,
From which fair Creature must I, faitless, fly ?
If to the first I now renew my Flame,
The last will call me Traitor, and exclaim :*

*Should I to this, my future Vows prepare,
I hear soft Sorrows, ah Ingrate, she cries,
I was the first dear Object of you Eyes.*

Tell me,&c.

[21]

SCENE X.

A Royal Apartment.

ORMONTES and EMILIUS on the one Part, and PARTHENOPE, ARSACES, ARMINDO and ROSMIRA on the other.

18a. Recitativo

Ormontes

Behold Emilius

Emilius

*By your Grief, my Queen,
Mine seems a Foe's Approach, and not a Lover's.*

Parthenope

*He seems no Lover that approaches me
Surrounded with a Guard of arm'd Batallions.*

Emilius

My martial Subjects may be your:

Parthenope

As how ?

Emilius

*Deign me the Honour of your Throne and Love,
And you shall reign the Queen of all my People.*

Armindo

(Ah me ! what a Demand!) [Aside.

Rosmira

And heard you that ? [Aside to Arsaces.

Armindo

*'Twould give me no Displeasure to behold her
Espous'd to this Emilius.*

Rosmira

Poor Arsaces !

Parthenope

*Acquaint me Prince, I pray you, with the Time
The Love you mention first declar'd for me,*

Emilius

*'Twas from your first Arrival on these Coasts,
When I alas ! unknown, ador'd your Charms.*

Armindo

If she complies, my Death's inevitable.

Rosmira

And dost thou sigh too ? [To Arsaces.

Arsaces

I ? — Believe me, no.

Rosmira

I share thy Sufferings.

Parthenope
*And to gain my Love,
You have determin'd on this hostile Method ?
But your Arrival here is most untimely.*

Armino
Ah dear Displeasure !

Rosmira
Now revive Arsaces.

Arsaces
O wound my Soul no more.

Rosmira
'Tis not sufficient.

Emilius
*I ne'er sollicit'd the Troops of Cuma
To Enmity with you, 'twas my Design
To calm their Rage, when I became their Leader :*

[22]
*Unknown to them I now attend you here,
And fortunate indeed they'll think their Fate,
If by your Nuptials, which I count so glorious,
They'll see their Prince's Grandeur so exalted.*

Parthenope
I ne'er will lose my Heart to purchase Peace.

Emilius
*And can I think to war against the fair One,
My Soul adores with such unequal Love?*

Parthenope
Arm, if you please, I dread not the Event.

Emilius
*War I disclaim, and by your radiant Eyes
Confess I'm conquer'd, and my Camp abandon.
[Kneels, and lays his Sword at Parthenope's Feet.*

Parthenope
*Rise, for your Conduct is contemptible;
Go arm, go govern and defend your People.*

18b. Aria

Emilius
Now War shall all my Thoughts engage,
By Valour arm'd, and not by Rage;
By Conquest I'll attempt to prove
I'm worthy of your Royal Love.
Now War, &c.

SCENE XI.

PARTHENOPE, ARSACES, ROSMIRA, ARMINDO, and ORMONTES.

19a. Recitativo

Parthenope

*To you, Arsaces, as my General,
The Conduct of my Forces I commit.*

Armindo

Am I less equal to the Tas than he?

Rosmira

And I perhaps am thought less capable.

Arsaces

I swear to execute my Trut with Honour.

Rosmira

*What Honour can you boast of, when you know
I see your flagrant Falshood in your Face?*

Parthenope

Your Boldness, Eurimenes, is too daring.

Armindo

(And can Arsaces bear this proud Affront?)

[Aside.

Ormontes

(Can he be silent at this Provocation?) [Aside.

Parthenope

This Insolence before Parthenope?

Arsaces

*Ah! cease your kind Resentment, and forgive
The rash Presumption of this thoughtless Youth.*

[25]

Parthenope

No more, 'tis my Command that all obey
The great Arsaces as my General

Armindo

And is my Name then? –

Ormontes

And my well known Valour? –

Rosmira

Shall I obscurely weild the Sword and Spear ?

Armindo

'Tis destitute of Reason.

Rosmira

'Tis unjust

Parthenope

*No more, but cease the noble Emulation:
Hear me, my Friends, that, well divided Honour
May urge you all to Actions of Renown ;
I'll be your Amazon, be you my Champions.*

19b. Aria

[Parthenope]

*To Arsaces.] Your Power in Arms I now controul,
But not your Empire o'ver my Soul.
Love ne'er can make me seem unjust,
Since my soft Heart with you I trust.
Your Power, &c.*

SCENE XII.

ARSACES, ROSMIRA, ARMINDO.

20a. Recitativo

Arsaces

*Forbear, let me entreat you, Prince, forbear
This Enterprize of Hazard.*

Rosmira

*Sure you speak,
Stung with low Envy of my blooming Glory.*

Arsaces

*Ah no! I only labour to perswade you,
Because I see you Ardour for the Battle.
(But Silence surely would become me best.)* [Aside.

Rosmira

*Love prompts me to pursue Renown, since I
Confess my self Parthenope's Adorer.
And well you know, that to the Royal Fair
I, in your Presence, have disclos'd my Passion.*

Armindo

How then ? has Cupid conquer'd you for her ?

Rosmira

He has, I'll not deny it.

Armindo

(Faithless Friend!) [Aside.

Arsaces

*You trust the flow'ry Season of your Youth
Will render you immortal, but I fear it.*

Rosmira

Bid the pale-trembling Coward fear his Fate.

[26]

20b. Aria

Arsaces

The Fears my throbbing Heart express,

From Love and Pity grew ;
Nor can it better now confess
It's tender Care of you.

SCENE XIII.
ARMINDO and ROSMIRA.

21a. Recitativo

Armindo
*Ah Prince! with Reason I reproach your Conduct,
You was the Confident of all my Woe ;
And you –*

Rosmira
*I'm not the Rival you suspect ;
'Tis for your Sake that I dissemble Love
To fair Parthenope, and to restore
The lost, the frail Arsaces to himself.*

Armindo
*But if you Passion, and your Person please,
How will you act ?*

Rosmira
To you I'll then resign her.

Armindo
But if she still should languish for your Love ?

Rosmira
*My Heart is all devoted to another.
I fly with Caution from the Wilds of Love,
And to Diana dedicate my Vows.*

21b. Aria

[Rosmira]
My Genius leads me to the Glades,
The lonely Lawns, and silent Shades,
To see my swift unerring Spear
O'ertake the fearful flying Deer.
The fatal Paths of Love I fly,
And wifely know the Reason why ;
For *Cupid's* unrelenting Mind
Is ever cruel to our Kind ;
But at my Feet, my conquer'd Prize,
The humble wounded Savage dies.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

A Camp with the Army of *Emilius* drawn up in Battalia, to which with their Squadrons advance
PARTHENOPE, ARSACES, ROSMIRA, ARMINDO, and ORMONTES.

22. Sinfonia

23a. Recitativo

Emilius

*My martial Troops, to the approaching Combat
Should I attempt to animate you now,
I should offend your unsuspected Valour.
If Glory has invited you to Arms,
I know you'll combat, and you'll conquer too.*

[*Parthenope* advances, attended as aforesaid, and halts with her Army, fronting the Troops of *Emilius*.

23b. Marche

23c. Recitativo

*But ah! does then Parthenope conduct
The hostile Squadrons? O! let none presume
His Sword in that fair Bosom to discolour.*

Parthenope

*Let's face the Forces of the proud Emilius,
Free from the Chill of pale Timidity;
For Conquest will adorn my Fame and yours.*

24. Coro

Emilius

With a victorious Hand —

Parthenope

The Troops of Cuma —

Emilius

The fair Parthenope's assembled Heroes —

Parthenope

Let each with unrelenting Rage confound.

Emilius

Assault unanimous —

All

To Arms! to Arms!

[The Battle ensues, and *Parthenope* retreats from one Quater, pursu'd by the Enemy, at which Time *Armino* arrives to her Relief.

25a. Recitativo

Parthenope

Assist me —

Armino

See Armino flies to aid you.

[30] Parthenope

*Save me, Armindo; to your timely Presence
I owe my Liberty, I owe my Life*

Armindo
Let Slaughter rage unlimited.

Parthenope
Disarm.

Armindo
The fearful flying Foe.

Armindo
To Arms

Parthenope
To Arms.

[Exeunt.

[An Engagement follows, and *Rosmira* is attack'd, and almost overvom by *Emilius*; but *Arsaces* arriving with his Soldiers, delivers her, and takes *Emilius* Prisoner.

25b. Sinfonia

26. Recitativo

Emilius
Yield, or you die —

Arsaces
*'Tis you must yeild [sic yield], Emilius,
You're now my conquer'd Captive.*

Emilius
*Yes, I yeild;
Not to your Valour, no, but to my Fate.*

Rosmira
*Arsaces, hasten to the timely Aid
Of those that want your Succours more than me;
Conquest attends my unassisted Sword.*

Emilius
*Young pluming Warriour, moderate your Pride.
[Parthenope and Arsaces return with several of their Soldiers.*

Parthenope
*Success is ours, my Friends — and thou shalt be
[To Emilius.
The Pomp and Ornament of all my Trophies.
But let me now who claims the conquer'd Prize;*

Arsaces
*It seems our equal Property
[Looking at Rosmira.*

Rosmira
'Tis mine.

Emilius

*Those Locks of waving Gold have conquer'd me,
And not the boasted Vigour of their Arms.*

Parthenope

*To chain thee now to my triumphal Car,
Is not the Glory my Ambition claims;
Let him be only guarded —*

[To the Guards.

Emilius

I submit.

My Fate, fair Queen, is fix'd by your Commands.

[The Guards conduct *Emilius* away.

[33]

Ormontes

The conquer'd Squadrons are your humble Vassals.

Parthenope

*Fallen is Emilius, and from you, my Heroes,
Flows all the Glory of a Palm so noble.*

27. Coro

May Laurel grace your Brows sublime.

Arsaces

May you be fam'd from Clime to Clime.

Arindo

Your shining State may this proclaim.

Rosmira

Each Shore re-echo to your Name.

Ormontes

Your Honours let the Trumpets sound.

All

Live bright *Parthenope*, O live renown'd.

[*Exeunt to the Sound of Military Instruments.*

SCENE II.

A Street in the City, corresponding to one of the Gates.

EMILIUS guarded by Soldiers.

28. Accompagnato

Emilius

*And can such scorn pursue my purest Passion;
Oh un auspicious Stars! why have ye suffer'd
False wayward Fortune to desert my Squadrons!
Ah Lover most forlorn! ah hapless Warrior!
When I expected Fame and soft Compassion,
Love was averse, and Destiny my Foe.*

29. Aria

[Emilius]

Yes, Fate, I feel thy cruel Doom,
My Hopes are blasted in their Bloom.
Ah! poor un prospered Love!

In adverse Stars, my Passions Foes,
I see a thousand Scorns and Woes
Are brooding now above.
Yes, &c.

[34]

SCENE III.

Parthenope, with a numerous Retinue bearing Trophies. ARSACES, ROSMIRA, ARMINDO, ORMONTES, and EMILIUS.

30. Aria

Parthenope

Ye pleasing Walls, that claim my constant Care,
To you, returning in a Day so fair,
My laurel'd Honours I triumphant bear.

31. Recitativo

[Parthenope]

Emilius!

Emilius

Mighty Queen!

Parthenope

My Victory

*Suffices all my Wish; nor do I mean
My Chains shall bind your Feet.*

Emilius

But ah! you domm

My conquer'd Heart to wear them.

Parthenope

Cease Emilius,

Your Love's fond Importunities are vain.

Rosmira

Permit me, fair Parthenope, to ask,

If to the Valour of the great Armindo

You owe your Safety from surrounding Dangers?

Parthenope

'Tis surely true.

Rosmira

I saw the Valour of the bold Ormontes:

By me Emilius too became your Captive.

But what great Action have you done Arsaces?

Emilius

But for the Valour of the great Arsaces

My conquering Arm had made you soon my Captive.

Parthenope
How then? —

Arsaces
Permit my Glory to be his.

Rosmira
*'Tis not with you, Emilius, I'm offended;
I pity your sad Fate ——— but you Imperious ——— [To Arsaces.
Dispose of Glory, not your own but mine.*

Ormontes
(Is Eurimenes then become so daring!) [Aside.

Armando
(And bears Arsaces this Affront with Silence?) [Aside.

[37]
Parthenope
What to my Face this proud Temerity? [Disdainfully.

Rosmira
*Great Queen, your Anger I entreat you calm,
Mine was the Triumph, and I here disdain
The vain Competitor : To single Combat
I now with Scorn defy thee to thy Face [To Arsaces.*

Parthenope
*And this Presumption — Seize him instantly,
The Fury that inflames you is unjust — [To Rosmira*

Arsaces
A necessary Silence seals my lips — [Aside.

Parthenope
Be silent and retire — [Rosmira retires aside.

Emilius
No single Sword could e'er confound my Valour.

Rosmira
And yet my Sword suffic'd ———

Parthenope
I say be silent.

Emilius
By thee I ne'er was conquer'd in the Combat.

Parthenope
His Conduct shews his despicable Birth. [To Arsaces.

Rosmira
No, my Extraction tours as high as his.

Parthenope

And wilt thou speak presumptuous?

Rosmira

'Tis for you [Aside to *Armando*

Armando

Whate'er you utter will avail me nothing.

Parthenope

*Tell me the Reason why this Insolent
Presumes each Moment to affront you thus?* [To *Arsaces*.

Rosmira

'Tis for the Passion he declares for you.

Parthenope

*And wilt thou not be silent? — Tell me now,
Didst thou not love, yet what has he to hope?* [To *Arsaces*.

Rosmira

*To live in soft Tranquillity and Bliss:
'Tis for you Happiness alone I speak —* [To *Armando*.

Armando

You talk but to the Winds.

Parthenope

*Had'st thou ne'er lov'd me,
Yet what could he presume? Believe me nothing.* [To *Arsaces*.

Rosmira

Yes, that your Passion then might cease for him.

Parthenope

Silence becomes you better.

Rosmira

I'm Obedience.

[38]

32. Aria

Parthenope

*'Till Death divides me from my Love,
My dearest Blessing he shall prove,
To Torture thee the more.* [To *Rosmira*.

*I'll clasp him to my panting Breast,
With Loy to rob thee of the Rest,
And all my Peace restore.*

[Exit. *Parthenope* with *Ormontes* and Attendants, leaving the Soldiers that guard *Rosmira*.

SCENE IV.

ARSACES, ROSMIRA, ARMINDO and EMILIUS.

33a. Recitativo

Arsaces

My Soulf is fond of thee, my Friend, and cannot

Move me to Combat with the Man I love.

Emilius
(*What servile Baseness!*) [Aside.

Armido
(*What unmanly Fears!*) [Aside.

Rosmira
*Thou seek'st with Art to sooth my Rage, but I
Impatient, pant for the demanded Combat.*

Armindo
(*What Prodigy of Valour!*) [Aside.

Emilius
(*How undaunted!*) [Aside.

Arsaces
Lay all this Anger in Oblivion's Grave.

Rosmira
Never! 'Tis Vengeance that my Soul pursues.

Arsaces
Hear me a Moment.

Rosmira
Talk of Peace no more.

33b. Duetto

Arsaces
And will that unrelenting Mind,
To stormy Passions all resin'd,
Pursue me with eternal Hate?

Rosmira
(Ah Wretch, perfidious and ingrate! [Aside to him.

Arsaces
And can such brooding Vengeance nest
In the soft Mansion of that Breast!
(*Rosmira!* oh *Rosmira* say) [Aside to her.

Rosmira
Oh basely! skilful to betray) [Softly.

[41]
Arsaces
Oh! turn on me these lovely Eyes,
And do not all my Prayers despise,
(*Rosmira!* oh *Rosmira* fair!) [Aside to her.

Rosmira
Thou faithless Cause of all my Care! [Aside to him.
[Exit *Arsaces*.

SCENE V.

ROSMIRA, ARMINDO and EMILIUS.

34a. Recitativo

Emilius

No Breast did ever sure contain before —

Armindo

As yet I Ne'er beheld in any Mortal —

Emilius

More abject meanness.

Armindo

Or more Coward Fears.

Rosmira

*With such alternate Speeches to defame
The well known Valour of a noble Hero
Much misbecomes the Man that boasts of Honour.*

Armindo

*In you 'tis prudent Eurimenes now,
For your own Glory to exalt your Foe.*

Rosmira

*Excuse me then if I acquaint you both,
Arsaces is the Master of a Soul
Equal to yours at least, perhaps superior:
Learn then to mention him with more Regard,
For I'll defend him if you prove injurious.*

Armindo

(I'm quite astonished) [Aside.

Emilius

(This is most mysterious) [Aside.

Armindo

Why was he dumb at all your Provocations?

Emilius

Why did he tremble at your late Defiance?

Rosmira

*As the gaunt Lion, who in frequent Combat
Crimson'd his Teeth in Blood, retreats with Terror,
From some illumin'd Taper's radiant Blaze,
(Nature's majestick Mysteries are such)
Even thus Arsaces, whose victorious Sword
Has been ennobled by a thousand Conquests,
View'd unobserv'd by you a sevret Flame
Gleaming in me, which made the Hero shudder.*

Armindo, Emilius

*No other Flame I know, nor other Lustre
Than that which daz[z]les in my fair One's Charms.*

[Exeunt.

[42]

34b. Recitativo

Rosmira

*Ah what a Tumult of tempestuous Passions
Distract my Soul! Love, Rage, and Jealousy
Rend with uncheck'd Equality my Breast.*

35. Aria

[Rosmira]

Revenge and Rage and jealous Pain,
The Tyrants of my Bosom reign;
Such glowing Flame, and chilling Cold,
One Heart's too little sure to hold.
Revenge, &c.

SCENE VI.

A Garden

PARTHENOPE and ARSACES.

36a. Recitativo

Parthenope

*And how can you imploy these friendly Prayers
In Favour of the Man that brav'd you so?*

Arsaces

Remember that he boldly fought for you.

Parthenope

*But Eurimenes, with imprudent Hazards
Was in his Actions and his Words too rash.*

Arsaces

*May all the Glories that around you wait,
Unite to grace this memorable Day.*

Parthenope

*And what strange Motives, tell me my Arsaces,
Prompt you to favour Eurimenes so?*

Arsaces

*Some secret Impulse that I can't explain;
I feel th'Impression, but I know not why.*

Parthenope

*I'll gratify your Goodness, —— 'tis my Will
That Eurimenes be releas'd this Moment,
On this Condition, that he ne'er presumes
Hereafter to approach my Presence more.
Away, and execute what I command ——
[To one of the Guards, who withdraws.*

Arsaces

Ah! much I owe you ——

Parthenope

*Now, my dearest Lord,
Change to Tranquillity your clouded Brow.*

Arsaces
Oh! that exceeds my Power.

Parthenope
Say, what's the Cause?

Arsaces
I feel a strange Emotion in my Heart.

[45]
Parthenope
'Tis but a vain and needless Apprehension.

Arsaces
*Sad and confus'd it flutters in my Breast;
'Tis some ill-boding Symptom of Misfortune.*

36b. Aria

[Arsaces]

*I wish, believe me, to impart
The painful Angush of my Heart,
But 'tis to me obscure.*

*The hidden Source of all my Woes
Leaves me unable to disclose
The Torture I endure.
I wish, &c. [Exit.*

SCENE VII.
ARMINDO and PARTHENOPE.

37a. Recitativo

Armindo
My Queen

Parthenope
*'Tis my Desire, Armindo, that you tell me
The fair One's Name for whom you sigh in secret.
('Tis surely I, that ask it.) [Aside.*

Armindo
*One illustrious
By her high Birth, and matchless in her Charms.*

Parthenope
*You so exalt her, that perhaps her Beauty
May seem so exquisite to none but you.*

Armindo
*Oh! I should bless the dear Felicity,
Were she but lovely in my Eyes alone.*

Parthenope
And some detested Rival now torments you;

Give me to know the Person.

Armindo
'Tis Arsaces.

Parthenope
Is he then false to me?

Armindo
Ah! no, too constant.

Parthenope
What may this mean?

Armindo
*One unresisted Flame
Shot through our Breasts, and kindled both our Souls.*

Parthenope
'Tis all a Riddle still (and yet too plain.) [Aside.

Armindo
And can you think my Meaning now mysterious?

[46]
Parthenope
Am I the Cause of all your plaintive Sighs?

Armindo
Disdain me not, my Queen, if I adore you.

Parthenope
A Passion so respectful claims my Favour,

Armindo
With a fond Wish my Bosom labours. — —

Parthenope
Name it.

37b. Aria

Armindo
Dear charming Eyes that pierc'd my Heart,
I ask you not to ease the Smart,
But glory in the Wound you gave,
And the soft Anguish fondly crave.
Ye beamy Stars repeat my Pain,
And give me all my Woes again.
Dear charming, &c. [Exit.

38a. Recitativo

Parthenope
*I own his Merit, and confess, that none
Might claim so fair a Title to my Love:
But if my Heart's devoted to Arsaces,
Armindo must forgive, I've chose the other.*

38b. Aria

[Parthenope]

Like the poor Wanton in the Night,
I flutter round the fatal Light;
And there my *Cupid* soon consumes
The painted Beauty of his Plumes.
The sprightly Youth my Love allures,
Because his Faith my Heart secures;
And constant in my Turn I'll prove,
Excell'd by none in softest Love.
Like thee, &c.

SCENE VIII.

ARMINDO and ROSMIRA.

39. Recitativo

Armindo

*How do I joy to see my Eurimenes
Restor'd to Liberty!*

Rosmira

I'm still in Chains.

[49]

Armindo

What Beauty charms you to?

Rosmira

*The Time approaches,
When you shall know it all — but now inform me,
If to Parthenope you've told your Love.*

Armindo

I have.

Rosmira

And did you crave Compassion?

Armindo

No.

Rosmira

And what unmanly Diffidence is this?

Armindo

Ah me! I know that all my Prayers are vain.

Rosmira

*Armindo, I'm determin'd you shall soon
Reap the rich Harvest of your worthy Love;
Haste to the Palace, and acquaint the Queen,
That I've a Secret to disclose of Moment.
Obtain me but an Audience, I engage
She'll crown your Passion, and despise Arsaces.*

Armindo

I doubt it — but I'll act as you desire.

Rosmira
Go, Prince, with Certainty of sudden Transport.
[Exit Armino.]

SCENE IX.
ARSACES and ROSMIRA.

40a. Recitativo

Arsaces
O my Rosmira! my Soul's better Part.

Rosmira
I'm Eurimenes, and no more Rosmira.

Arsaces
*Still does your Vengeance, with repeated Rigour;
Fond of my Pain, repulse my Passion so?
Enough I suffer to atone my Crime.*

Rosmira
'Tis much too little.

Arsaces
*I renew my Vows;
And swear to love thee with eternal Truth.*

Rosmira
I'll not believe thee, thou dissembling Traitor. [Exit.

Arsaces
*Shame, Honour, Duty, Love and soft Compassion
Now combat with mix'd Tumult in my Heart.*

40b. Aria

[Arsaces]
The furious Blast resistless flies;
At once confounding Earth and Skies:
Such Tumults in my Soul I bear,
Sprung from the Torture of Despair.

The End of the Second Act.

[50]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Garden.

ARSACES, PARTHENOPE, ARMINDO and EMILIUS.

41. Sinfonia

42a. Recitativo

Armindo

*Is it your Will, great Queen, that Eurimenes
Approach your Presence to impart his Secret?
'Tis of such Moment, it deserves Attention.*

Parthenope

*Your Merit only makes me condescend
To grant him Audience; let him then be sent for.*

Arsaces

(See new Disasters gath'ring all around me) [Aside.

Parthenope

What discomposes you Arsaces thus?

Arsaces

Calamity, my Queen, seems hast'ning to me.

Parthenope

Fear not.

Armindo

Ah! were my Heart distress'd like yours.

Emilius

Mine would with Joy be doom'd to that Condition.

Arsaces

Unwary Inclination (to Emilius) blind Desire. [To Armindo.

42b. Quartetto

Armindo

I harbour no uncautious Thought.

Emilius

Nor is my Wish by Folly taught.

Both

A dearer Bliss could ne'er be wrought.

Arsaces

*See you not Fortune's frowning Brow,
An how she glooms upon me now?*

Parthenope

You're pensive at imagin'd Woes.

Arsaces

Ah! might I now my Soul disclose!

[53]

SCENE II.

To them ROSMIRA.

42c. Recitativo

Rosmira

To you, Parthenope, see Eurimenes

Approaches, grac'd with your permissive Goodness.

Parthenope

Acquaint me with the Secret you're possess'd of.

Rosmira

I will.

Parthenope

But first let all attending leave us.

Rosmira

*I'm not unwilling, if 'tis your Permission,
That all here present hear th'important Secret,
Nor hear me with Resentment, but with Candour:
'Tis just Arsaces be compell'd to answer
My late Defiance.*

Parthenope

This Presumption still?

Rosmira

*Calm your Displeasure, for the just Desire
Of this demanded Combat is not mine,
But fires the Breast of an illustrious Lady.*

Parthenope

*And who this Outrage to my Soul's dear Lord
Presumes to offer? — Answer.*

Rosmira

'Tis Rosmira.

Parthenope

Rosmira!

Rosmira

*Yes, the much offended Princess
Of far fam'd Cyprus, for this Enterprize
Selected me.*

Arsaces

(Oh, had I Power to speak!) [Aside.

Parthenope

*What do I hear? But why does she attempt
With such Barbarity against his Life?*

Rosmira

Because he has betray'd her.

Parthenope
Did he love her?

Rosmira
Dear as his Life, let the Deluder speak.

Parthenope
Declare it then.

Arsaces
I do indeed confess it.

Rosmira
Nay, and he swore to be for ever true.

Armindo, Emilius
Ah, what Confusion!

[54]
Parthenope
Tell me, is it true?

Arsaces
Too surely, I must own it.

Parthenope
Ah! thou Traitor!

Rosmira
*But his Excesses still are more egregious,
Hear me — —*

Parthenope
I do.

Arsaces
(Ah! had I Power to speak!) [Aside.

Rosmira
He promis'd her his nuptial Love.

Parthenope
And then?

Arsaces
Fir'd with your Charms — —

Rosmira
Contemptibly forsook her,

42d. Aria

[Rosmira]

This was *Arsaces'* guilty Part,
He thus betray'd the Fair:
First stole her soft believing Heart,

Then left her to despair.
This was, &c.

43a. Recitativo

Parthenope
*What Power has undeceiv'd me, and unchain'd
My captive Heart? I here forget Arsaces,
And now resign him to his former Passion.*

Emilius
(*Hope the Emilius.*) [Aside.

Armindo
(*Now my Soul revives.*) [Aside.

Parthenope
*Let fair Rosmira's Will be now accomplish'd;
For I my self, in the demanded Field,
Mean to be present at the mortal Combat.*

43b. Aria

[*Parthenope*]
*To Armindo.] Joys attend my dearest Treasure,
Thou art my serenest Pleasure.
To Arsaces.] Torments, Traitor, be thy Fate.
To Armindo.] Sphere of all my Inclination,
To Arsaces.] Object of my Detestation;
To Armindo.] Form alluring — Base Ingrate.
To Arsaces.] Joys alluring, &c.*

[57]

SCENE III.

ARSACES, ROSMIRA, ARMINDO, and EMILIUS.

44a. Recitativo

Emilius
Now Prince, be resolute. [Aside to *Arsaces.*

Armindo
How much I owe you! [Aside to *Rosmira.*

Emilius
Still fearful and dejected. [Aside to *Arsaces.*

Rosmira
Thee I claim [To *Armindo.*
As my Associate.

Emilius
To be thine, I wish. [To *Arsaces.*
Away, and shew thou hast a Soul undaunted.

Arsaces
Those Words would not be thine, wert thou Arsaces.

Emilius
What Apprehension can perplex you thus?

Arsaces
Oh! could I utter what I feel!

Rosmira
*(I here
Completely act the Tyrant)* [Aside.

Armindo
*Now behold him
Sunk and confounded with the Fears that haunt him.*

Rosmira
Dishonour not Arsaces [Aside to Armindo

Armindo
*I'll will obey you.
Prince, I commend you to be the Gods Protection.* [Exit Armindo.

Rosmira
*Rouse from the Lethargy that has so long
Hung heavy on your Soul, and answer me.* [To Arsaces.

Arsaces
(Ah me! my Faculty of Speech forsakes me.) [Aside

Rosmira
At some small Distance I'll observe his Conduct.
[Seems to retire, but stops a little aside.

Arsaces
*Gone then is Eurimenes (ah, how fierce,
How dreadful is the Anguish I sustain!)*

Emilius
*Armindo's Fate, and this Man's Insolence,
Urge me to aid you in th'approaching Combat.*

[58]

44b. Aria

May pleasing Hope your Cares controul,
And kindly brighten all your Soul:
Each Fear be banish'd from your Brow;
For Honour's Charms invite you now.

A noble Comfort we may claim,
When Love derides our hopeless Flame:
If we with Fortitude are blest,
That Source of Pleasure in our Breast.

SCENE IV.

ARSACES, and to him ROSMIRA.

45a. Recitativo

Arsaces
*Where, my Rosmira, does thy Tyrant Rage?
Where does thy blinded Scorn conduct thee now?*

Where, my Rosmira, where is thy Retreat? [Rosmira appears.

Rosmira
Behold me here before you.

Arsaces
*And as yet
Art thou not satiated with all my Torments?*

Rosmira
Something, as yet I know not, still remains.

Arsaces
*'Twould be but Justice to relent at last,
Since in the Anguish of my Soul I now
Implore your Pardon.*

Rosmira
Hence, away, Arsaces [Disdainfully.

Arsaces
Be not inflam'd against me thus — — farewell.

Rosmira
(How strange am I become!) I chase him from me. [Retires slowly.
And yet he dwells uninjur'd in my Heart.

Arsaces
Sure she at least might have recall'd me once

Rosmira
Return, Arsaces. [He returns hastily.

Arsaces
*At that Voice behold me.
(Oh, what a Heaven of Charms around her shines!)*

Rosmira
And what would you request of me?

Arsaces
Compassion.

Rosmira
Be gone — my Thoughts have no such Disposition.

Arsaces
Perhaps the Love you bless'd me with is chang'd.

Rosmira
It is, believe me, (but I now dissemble) [Aside.

[61]
Arsaces
Ah me, most wretched! fatal, fatal Tidings!

Rosmira

*Thus with the light-wing'd Innocent it fares;
A while she plays around the pointed Flame,
But when she views the faded Blaze expiring,
I a new Fire she burns her little Plumes.*

Arsaces
View the extinguish'd Flame reviv'd in me.

Rosmira
She's dear already in another Flame.

Arsaces
Hear me, my Fairest, such is now my Heart —

Rosmira
Thou art the Cause of all thy Woes — depart.

45b. Aria

Arsaces
And must I, cruel Maid, depart?
I go, n but leave with you my Heart:
For now, within my faithful Breast,
Its Place is by my Grief possess'd.
And must, &c. [Exit.

46a. Recitativo

Rosmira
*Oh Heavens! methinks I feel my struggling Heart
Start from my Bosom to attend Arsaces;
And yet my Constancy, that he betray'd,
Pleas'd with the Vengeance of its Wrongs, remains
Yet unassur'd of his Fidelity.*

46b. Aria

His lovely Fame my Fancy charms,
But, ah! his Heart my Fear alarms;
His fickle, faithless Heart I fear,
That lately cost my Soul so dear.

I feel my Love, that ne'er can cease,
Importunately plead for Peace;
But then Disdain and glowing Rage
'Tis not so easy to assuage.

SCENE V.
A Champaign Country.
PARTHENOPE, ARMINDO, ORMONTES.

47a. Recitativo

Parthenope
Ormontes, you I constitute the Judge
Of this Day's Combat.

[62]

Ormontes
With all Reverence

I here receive the Honour you bestow.

Armindo

To Eurimenes I devote my Arm.

Ormontes

And his, Emilius, to Arsaces offer'd.

Parthenope

*I'm satisfy'd, and now with quick Dispatch
Bring forth the Weapons, and prepare the Field.*

Ormontes

With Care I execute what you command. [Ex[it].

Parthenope

*Your glowing Sighs have by their constant Ardours
Warm'd my cold Breast, and kindled all my Soul.
Hope then; for soon you shall be mine for ever.* [To Armindo

Armindo

My Soul's all Transport.

Parthenope

I'll retire —

Armindo

Ah, stay!

Parthenope

Thou dearest Author of my pleasing Anguish. [Exit.

47b. Aria

A noble Heart that fondly loves
The Graces of its Fame improves,
If not to change inclin'd:

For Constancy's a Charm so great,
That 'tis its never-failing Fate
The rich Reward to find.
A nove, &c.

SCENE VI.

ARSACES.

48a. Recitativo

[Arsaces]

I ask ye not, ye Woes I bear,
To leave me long in pleasing Peace;
Some Moments only from his Care
Arsaces' sighing Soul release.

Come sweet Oblivion, haste away,
Restore my weary wounded Breast;
My Anguish for a while delay,
And Marble make my Bed of Rest.
[A melancholy Symphony is heard.

[65]

48b. Aria

[Arsaces]

What Notes that mourn in such a solemn Sound,
So melancholy moving Breath around?

Ah! 'tis the Murmur that my Cares have chose
To lull their weary Clamours to Repose.

I ask, &c. *[Sleeps.*

SCENE VII

ARSACES asleep, to him ROSMIRA.

50a. Recitativo

Rosmira

Heavens! what do I behold! my Soul's Delight.

Arsaces sleeps abandon'd, and alone.

Thou irresistible enchanting Form,

Hadst thou at least been faithful, how each Grace

My Eyes had dazzled with redoubled Lustre?

Thou call'st me cruel, but I still adore thee.

Oh unpropitious Dream, and Shades ill boding,

Prove not pernicious to my darling Lord.

SCENE VIII.

To them PARTHENOPE.

Rosmira

(Parthenope approaches, I must feign)

Sleep'st thou Arsaces?

[Aside.

[Parthenope retires aside.

Parthenope

(What do I behold!)

Rosmira

Now from thy Breast, with this avenging Sword,

I could dislodge thy Soul; but Eurimenes

Is all incapable of Acts so base.

Parthenope

(How gallant is this Knight!)

[Aside.

Rosmira

Awake, Arsaces.

Arsaces

Rosmira —

Rosmira

All in vain you call her now.

Arsaces

Rosmira —

Rosmira

Thou infatuated Wretch,

Rosmira is far distant, and thy Voice

She hears no more.

Arsaces

My Life! my All that's dear!

Rosmira

Sure thou art still asleep? I'm Eurimenes.

Arsaces

Ah Eurimenes! ah Rosmira!

[66]

Rosmira

Cease.

Parthenope

(He raves.) [Aside.

Arsaces

To you my Sword I now surrender.

Rosmira

My Sword's sufficient, and I want not thine.

Arsaces

*Ah! proscute no more this Enterprise,
But yield to my Request.*

Rosmira

*Rosmira's Orders
Urge me to combat.*

Parthenope

And I will the same
[Parthenope come hastily from the Place of her Concealment.

Rosmira

And heard'st thou this, great Queen?

Parthenope

I heard it all.

Arsaces

(A new Misfortune!)

Parthenope

*If thou hast betray'd her,
Why dost thou call upon her now so often?*

Rosmira

Thou faithless Wretch! her Name no more remember.

50b. Terzetto

Parthenope

*Avenging Justice should pursue
The Heart whose Love was never true.*

Arsaces

(Ah, how I faint with cruel Pains!
Death shivers in my frozen Veins.)

Rosmira

The Guilt of an ungrateful Breast
Each Mortal should with Scorn detest.

Arsaces

(Your Cruelty is too severe;
Ah, could I utter what I bear!)

Parthenope, Rosmira

What has the Heart, inclin'd to rove,
To hope for in the Realms of Love?

Arsaces

(What Tortures do that Bosom fill
That suffers, and is silent still?) [Exeunt Parthenope and Rosmira.]

51a. Recitativo

Arsaces

*From Grief to Grief I make my fatal Progress,
Charg'd with the Anguish of unnumber'd Pains,
And have but one poor Heart, alas! to bear them.*

[69]

51b. Aria

[*Arsaces*]

Tyrannick Love is justly made
A God of the Infernal Shade,
Black Horror all, and cruel Smart.

Ye Stars! my unrelenting Foes,
Grant me some Respite from my Woes,
Or give me more than one poor Heart.
Tyrannick Love, &c.

SCENE IX

ARMINDO and EMILIUS.

52a. Recitativo

Emilius

I'm all impatient to defend Arsaces.

Armindo

*And I have Reason to espouse the Cause
Of gallant Eurimenes.*

Emilius

*Your Condition,
Alas! I envy.*

Armindo

*And I pity yours;
Yet hope: For Heaven will not be always angry* [Exit. Armindo.]

52b. Aria

Emilius

True Glory in a gallant Breast
Can calm the Sould to gentle Rest,
And **sweat** Content create.

vérifier si cette orthographe est recevable

'Tis for a Moment only, there,
That Love is able to impair
Felicity so great.
True Glory, &c.

[70]

The last SCENE.

An Inclosure with Scaffolds erected for the Combat; PARTHENOPE on a Throne on the one Side, and ORMONTES on the other, with a Table before him, and two drawn Swords upon it, and a Paper containing the Challenge. To them ROSMIRA, ARMINDO, ARSACES, and EMILIUS.

Ormontes

Great Queen, [Reads the Challenge.
In these appointed Lifts, Prince Eurimenes,
The constituted Champion of Rosmira,
Demands the Field to combat with Arsaces
For his unfaithful Conduct to the Princess.

Parthenope

Let Eurimenes and Arsaces here
Now enter for the Combat; I'm content
[The Trumpets flourish, and Drums beat;
enter *Rosmira* and *Armino* on the one
Side, *Arsaces* and *Emilius* on the other.

53b. Sinfonia

53c. Recitativo

Emilius

Courage, Arsaces, why dejected thus?

Rosmira

This is the Hour appointed for the Fight. [Sprightly.

Armino

Prince, I intreat you not to be so daring. [To *Rosmira*.

Rosmira

I seem already in my Thoughts to triumph.

Parthenope

Let them begin.

Ormontes

Armino and Emilius.

Armino and Emilius

Ormontes?

Ormontes

For the Fight this Field is chosen,

*These the selected Swords, and now depart,
And each present a Weapon to his Foe.* [Gives them the Swords.

[73]

Rosmira
(Barbarian that I am!) [Aside.

Arsaces

I must be silent.

[*Armindo* presents a Sword to *Arsaces*, and
Emilius another to *Rosmira*; after which
Armindo retires to *Rosmira*, and *Emilius*
to *Arsaces*.

Armindo

Take this, Arsaces.

Arsaces

Ah, disastrous Fate!

Emilius

And Eurimenes this for you.

Rosmira

I grasp it

With an impatient Ardour for the Conflict.

To Action now.

Emilius

Your Fortitude awaken. [To *Arsaces*.

Rosmira

How long, Arsaces, shall the Combat linger?

Ormontes

(Heavens! how he stands confounded) [Aside.

Emilius

Who dismays you? [To *Arsaces*.

Rosmira

What means this long inglorious Hesitation?

Armindo

Trust no so much your animating Valour.

Rosmira

Conquest is mine already.

Emilius

To the Combat. [To *Arsaces*.

Arsaces

Ah! with what Heart?

Emilius

And what confounds you thus?

Ormontes
(What strange Irresolution he discovers!)

Rosmira
And why this Pause, and what do you determine?

Parthenope
Delay no longer.

Emilius
Call up all the Heroe. [To Arsaces.

Armando
Be rul'd by Reason [To Rosmira.

Rosmira
Still irresolute?

Arsaces
*I'm now my self, away with every Thought,
I'll combat, but my Bosom shall be bare.*

Rosmira
*And doubts he then some Inequality,
And fears I wear impenetrable Mail?*

Ormontes
It is but Reason that you should comply.

Rosmira
Shall I then fight with an uncover'd Breast?

[74]
Armando, Emilius
You must conform to what his Will precribes.

Rosmira
*Shall I disclose my Bosom (who supply'd him
With this evasive Thought?) (Aside.) -- Must I conform?*

Parthenope
Tis indispensable -- you must comply
[Rosmira seems pensive and confused, as Arsaces was before.

Arsaces
*I grasp my Sword impatient for the Conflict,
To Action now, but with your Breast uncover'd,
How long, declare now, must the Combat linger?*

Emilius
I fear some Treason is intended me.

Arsaces
And what inglorious Hesitation's this?

Armando

Where's your Impatience all inflam'd with Glory?

Arsaces

And why this Pause? on what do you determine? [To Rosmira.

Armino and Emilius

Pale and confounded. [Looking at Rosmira.

Arsaces

Still irresolute?

Parthenope

Your Conduct clears him of our late Suspicions.

Rosmira

Shall I appear with an uncever'd Breast

Before a Nation of Spectators here?

Ah Queen! I cannot, for I am Rosmira.

Parthenope

Thou Rosmira! [Parthenope descends from the Throne.

Rosmira

At your Royal Feet [Kneels.

Behold Rosmira dutifully low;

Love and Arsaces know, that I'm Rosmira.

Emilius

What do I hear!

Ormontes

What wondrous Words are these!

Armino

Oh, unforeseen, astonishing Event!

Parthenope

Rise, Fair One, rise (to Parthenope) And why was you so silent? [To Arsaces.

[77]

Arsaces

It was a Silence her Commands impos'd.

Rosmira

It but proceeded from my Inclination,

To make this Proof of his Fidelity.

Armino and Emilius

This is the Light then, unobserv'd by me,

That gleam'd in you, and made Arsaces shudder.

53d. Aria

Parthenope

Love wantons with a double Flame,

Now War will raise, now Peace proclaim,

And give alternate to the Heart

Reviving Joy and killing Smart.

Content in Love did never reign,
Without an intermingled Pain:
Did not the Heart some Anguish taste,
The gentle Flame would quickly waste.
Love, &c.

54a. Recitativo

Parthenope
Armindo, *I receive you for my Spouse.*

Armindo
Oh happy Fate!

Parthenope
And thine be fair Rosmira.

Arsaces
At last with Transport I may call thee mine.

Rosmira
Betray me then no more my dearest Lord.

Parthenope
You have Permission to depart in Freedom, [To Emilius.
And reign secure in Cuma's fertile Plains,
Tho' not my Lover; yet my Friend I wish you.

54b. Coro

CHORUS.

May *Hymen's* lovely Taper blaze,
And grace this Day with all his Rays.
Smiling Content returns at last,
And each long Anguish now is past.

The End of the Third Act.