



# GIASONE

FRANCESCO CAVALLI

ONE MAN. TWO WOMEN. THREE TIMES THE TROUBLE.

PINCHGUT OPERA

# ORLANDO

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IN ASSOCIATION WITH GLIMMERGLASS FESTIVAL, NEW YORK

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# GIASONE

PINCHGUT OPERA

## MUSIC

Francesco Cavalli

## LIBRETTO

Giacinto Andrea Cicognini

## CAST

### Giasone

David Hansen

### Medea

Celeste Lazarenko

### Isifile

Miriam Allan

### Demo

Christopher Saunders

### Oreste

David Greco

### Egeo

Andrew Goodwin

### Delfa

Adrian McEniery

### Ercole

Nicholas Dinopoulos

### Alinda

Alexandra Oomens

### Argonauts

Chris Childs-Maidment, Nicholas Gell, David Herrero,  
William Koutsoukis, Harold Lander

Orchestra of the Antipodes

## CONDUCTOR

Erin Helyard

## DIRECTOR

Chas Rader-Shieber

## DESIGNERS

Chas Rader-Shieber & Katren Wood

## LIGHTING DESIGNER

Bernie Tan-Hayes

5, 7, 8 and 9 December 2013  
City Recital Hall Angel Place

There will be one interval of 20 minutes at the conclusion of Part 1.

The performance will finish at approximately 10.10 pm on  
Thursday, Saturday and Monday, and at 7.40 pm on Sunday.

*Giasone* was first performed at the Teatro San Cassiano in Venice  
on 5 January 1649.

*Giasone* is being recorded live for CD release on the Pinchgut  
LIVE label, and is being broadcast on ABC Classic FM on Sunday  
8 December at 7 pm. Any microphones you observe are for  
recording and not amplification.

Edition by Erin Helyard.

## SPONSORS



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## ERIN HELYARD

*Conductor*

Praised as a virtuosic and eloquent soloist as well as an inspired and versatile conductor, Erin Helyard is at the forefront of a new generation of young musicians who combine the latest musicological and historical enquiry with live performance in contemporary culture.

Erin graduated in harpsichord performance from the Sydney Conservatorium of Music with first-class honours and the University Medal. He completed his Masters in fortepiano performance in 2005, studying with Tom Beghin at the Schulich School of Music, McGill University, Montreal. Pursuing a passion for the music and culture

of the 18th century and the ideals of the Enlightenment, he completed a PhD in musicology at the same institution in 2011.

Erin was named the Westfield Concert Scholar on fortepiano for 2009–10, an initiative of the John Ernest Foundation; a highlight of his solo concert tour was a recital on historical instruments in the collection of the Smithsonian Museum. From 2003 to 2011 Erin was a central member of the award-winning Montreal-based Ensemble Caprice. In Sydney, Erin is a Co-Artistic Director and founder of Pinchgut Opera.

He has directed acclaimed performances of Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* (Montreal Baroque Festival), Cavalli's *L'Ormindo*, Purcell's *Dioclesian* and Vivaldi's *Griselda* (Pinchgut), and Handel's *Acis and Galatea* (NZ Opera). He is currently Lecturer in Historical Performance Practice at the New Zealand School of Music and is Music Director of the newly inaugurated Tasmanian music festival, Hobart Baroque.

*Erin Helyard appears courtesy of Te Kōki, New Zealand School of Music.*



## CHAS RADER-SHIEBER

*Director & Co-Designer*

Stage director Chas Rader-Shieber's recent work includes new productions of Lehár's *The Merry Widow* for Staatstheater Darmstadt, Handel's *Tolomeo* for Glimmerglass Opera, *Tamerlano* for Washington National Opera and Los Angeles Opera, *Rinaldo* for Portland Opera, *The Abduction from the Seraglio* for Lyric Opera of Chicago and San Francisco Opera, and Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers* for Opera Philadelphia. His work has been seen at the opera companies of Houston, St Louis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Minnesota, Vancouver and Santa Fe, New York City Opera and the Spoleto Festival, among others.

Having made a specialty of 17th- and 18th-century operas, he has directed Mozart's *Idomeneo*, *La clemenza di Tito*, *The Magic Flute*, *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Il re pastore*, and *Così fan tutte*, and Handel's *Rinaldo*, *Julius Caesar*, *Semele*, *Ariodante*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Imeneo*, *Alcina*, *Xerxes*, *Partenope*, *Tolomeo* and *Flavio*, as well as works of Monteverdi, Cavalli, Purcell, Charpentier and Gluck.

Upcoming are new productions of *The Abduction from the Seraglio* for Utah Opera, *La traviata* for Boston Lyric Opera, and a revival of his production of *Orlando* for Hobart Baroque.



## DAVID HANSEN

*Giasone*

Born in Sydney, David Hansen studied singing with Andrew Dalton at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, furthering his studies with James Bowman and David Harper. In 2004, he made his European debut for the Aix-en-Provence Festival in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*.

Other operatic roles include Bertarido in *Rodelinda* (Teatro Arriaga, Bilbao), Trinculo in Thomas Adès' *The Tempest* (Santa Fe Opera), Handel's *Julius Caesar* (Theater an der Wien, Norwegian National Opera, Teatro de la Maestranza in Seville, and Victorian Opera), *L'Orfeo* (Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin), Athamas in *Semele* (Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, Brussels), Nerone in *The Coronation of Poppea* (Victorian Opera and in Spain at Teatro Calderón, Valladolid) and Ottone in Vivaldi's *Griselda* (Pinchgut Opera).

Concert highlights have included *Carmina burana* with the Berlin Philharmonic, *Solomon* with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and Britten's *Canticles* in the Konzerthaus, Vienna.

David's recordings include *Purcell: Music for Queen Mary* with the Academy of Ancient Music and the Choir of King's College Cambridge (EMI Classics) and Vivaldi's *Griselda*, recorded on the Pinchgut LIVE label. His debut solo recording, *Rivals*, was released by Sony in August this year.

Recent engagements have included a recital for the Hobart Baroque Festival in Tasmania; Cherubino in *The Marriage of Figaro* at the Teatro Verdi in Sassari, Italy; the title role in Hasse's *Piramo e Tisbe* for the Potsdam Sanssouci Music Festival; the title role in Bontempi's *Il Paride* for the Innsbruck Festival of Early Music; Fernando in Vivaldi's *Montezuma* under Federico Maria Sardelli; Nerone in *The Coronation of Poppea* for Teatro Villamarta in Cadiz; Prince Go-Go in Ligeti's *Le Grand Macabre* for Norwegian National Opera; concerts with Nathalie Stutzmann, Roy Goodman, the Brodsky Quartet and Le Concert d'Astrée; and *Messiah* with the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra under Paul Agnew.



## CELESTE LAZARENKO

*Medea*

Australian soprano Celeste Lazarenko is a graduate of the Sydney Conservatorium Opera School and of the Opera Course of London's Guildhall School of Music and Drama, with Masters degrees in performance from both colleges, as well as a Bachelor of Visual Arts, majoring in painting, from The University of Sydney. She was a finalist in the 2005 Kathleen Ferrier Competition.

Her roles at Guildhall included The Governess in Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*, Barbarina in the English première of Jonathan Dove's *The Little Green Swallow*, Susanna (*The Marriage of Figaro*), Rosina (*La finta semplice*) and Nanetta (*Falstaff*). She also worked with Glyndebourne Chorus, and with Opera North, where she sang the role of Ninfa in *L'Orfeo*.

She has since appeared as Morgana (*Alcina*) for English Touring Opera, Sandrina (*La finta giardiniera*) for Opéra de Baugé, Celia (*Lucio Silla*) with Angers-Nantes Opéra and Opéra de Rennes, Mary (Vaughan Williams' *Hugh the Drover*) for East Sussex Opera Company and as the principal soprano in Phillip Glass's *Hydrogen Jukebox* (Angers-Nantes Opéra), as well as performing in *The Seasons* for Opéra de Dijon.

Since returning to Australia in 2011, Celeste's engagements have included *Téléaire* (*Castor et Pollux*) with Pinchgut Opera, Pamina (*The Magic Flute*) for Pacific Opera, Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 (Willoughby Symphony Orchestra), Mendelssohn's *St Paul* (Sydney University Graduate Choir), Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (Melbourne Symphony Orchestra), and *Messiah* with both the MSO and Sydney Philharmonia Choirs. This year, she sang the role of Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*) for Opera Australia's OzOpera, appeared in the Verdi Requiem with Sydney University Graduate Choir and in Brahms' *A German Requiem* for Sydney Philharmonia Choirs, presented recitals for ArtSong NSW, and performed excerpts from Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* for the Australian Ballet's Sydney season of *Vanguard*.



### MIRIAM ALLAN

*Isifile*

Born in Newcastle, NSW, Miriam Allan has been based in England since 2003. She has been a soloist with leading orchestral and choral organisations all over the world: the Monteverdi Choir and English Baroque Soloists, London Baroque, Les Arts Florissants, Auckland Philharmonia, Concerto Copenhagen, Il Fondamento, Gewandhaus Kammerchor, Leipzig Kammerorchester, Concerto Köln, ChorWerk Ruhr, Sydney Philharmonia Choirs and the Australian Chamber Orchestra. She has been fortunate to work with many fine directors, including Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Lars Ulrik Mortensen, Laurence Cummings, William Christie and Roy Goodman.

Recent highlights have included a concert tour of Australia with period-instrument ensemble Ironwood for Musica Viva; Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* with Glyndebourne Festival Opera, including tours to Paris, Caen and New York; *Israel in Egypt* with the Hanoverian Court Orchestra in Germany; several concerts of Monteverdi madrigals with Les Arts Florissants; and the role of Costanza in Pinchgut Opera's production of Vivaldi's *Griselda* (now available on CD on the Pinchgut LIVE label). She made her debut with the Bach Collegium Japan in 2011, and appeared with Emmanuelle Haïm and Le Concert d'Astrée earlier this year. Miriam has appeared in Handel's *Messiah* with the Queensland and Melbourne Symphony Orchestras, and performed music by Bach, Dowland and Rutter in The Netherlands, Switzerland and the United Kingdom. Later this month she will be appearing in performances of *Messiah* with Sydney Philharmonia Choirs and Collegium Musicum, Perth.

She appears on numerous recordings, including *The Wonders of the World* with Echo du Danube, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Leipzig Kammerorchester, and for ABC Classics, Handel's *Silente Venti* and Purcell songs, and Pinchgut Opera's *The Fairy Queen* and *Dardanus*.



### CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS

*Demo*

Christopher Saunders is a graduate of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, where he studied with Vera Roza. He was also a Samling Scholar, studying with Thomas Allen and Malcolm Martineau.

His opera repertoire is large and diverse, ranging from Mozart (Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* and Ferrando in *Così fan tutte*) and Handel (Jupiter in *Semele*) through to Britten (Flute in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) and Sondheim (Tobias in *Sweeney Todd*). He has performed leading roles for Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Opera North, English

National Opera, The Classical Opera Company and the Covent Garden Festival. He has appeared as Acis in Handel's *Acis and Galatea* at Wigmore Hall, and sung Britten's *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings* at the Barbican. Other UK engagements have included the role of Frederic in *The Pirates of Penzance* for the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and appearing as tenor soloist before the Prince of Wales at Gloucester Cathedral; he has also been broadcast on the BBC on numerous occasions, in opera and in concert.

Since returning to Australia, he has performed with the Victorian Opera, Opera Queensland, Sydney Philharmonia Choirs, the Royal Melbourne Philharmonic and the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra. He appeared as Gualtiero in Pinchgut Opera's production of *Griselda*.

With a special interest in lieder and art song, the next few years will see Christopher dedicate more time to performing and recording repertoire such as Schubert and Ivor Gurney. Already released are *Liederabend*, with pianist Berta Brozgul, and *Dark Wind Blowing – Songs of Love and Loss* with Stefan Cassomenos, which was ABC Classic FM's CD of the Week in September 2012.



### DAVID GRECO

*Oreste*

David Greco first appeared as a soloist with Emma Kirkby on her 2006 Australian tour; in the same season, he sang the role of Perichaud in Puccini's *La rondine* in a concert performance with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, performed Monteverdi madrigals with Christina Pluhar, and was the bass soloist in Mozart's Mass in C minor with the Australian Chamber Orchestra. He then spent the next two years (2007–08) as a company member of Opera Australia.

Specialising in the works of the late Italian and German Baroque masters, his opera roles include Pallante in Handel's *Agrippina* (Modena, Italy) and The Oracle (*Alceste*) with the Freiburg Barockorchester at the Aix-en-Provence Festival. For Pinchgut Opera, he has performed roles in *Dardanus*, *David et Jonathas*, *L'Orfeo* and *Idomeneo*.

Further training saw him based in Europe, where he completed studies in opera and early music with Diane Forlano, Peter Kooij and Michael Chance at the Royal Conservatoire in The Hague, The Netherlands. Recent highlights have included the title role in Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and a tour of Bach's *St John Passion* with Ton Koopman and the Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra & Choir; a Monteverdi recital with the ensemble Le Nuove Musiche in the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; and tours of Bach's *St John* and *St Matthew Passions* throughout Germany and The Netherlands with the Lutheran Bach Ensemble, Groningen.

For the last two years, David has been based in the UK, deputising as a Lay Vicar at Westminster Abbey and appearing with Glyndebourne Festival Opera in *The Fairy Queen* and *La bohème*. He recently prepared the title role in Handel's *Saul* under Richard Egarr at the Britten-Pears Aldeburgh Young Artist Program.

This production of *Giasone* marks David's return to Australia.



### ANDREW GOODWIN

*Egeo*

Born in Sydney, Andrew Goodwin moved to Russia in 1999 where he studied voice at the St Petersburg Conservatory under Lev Morozov, graduating with a Bachelor of Music degree in 2005.

While based in Russia, he was a regular soloist with the St Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra, and appeared with the Bolshoi Opera as Tamino (*The Magic Flute*), Alfredo (*Die Fledermaus*) and, at the Ljubljana Music Festival in Slovenia, La Scala in Milan and the Teatro Real in Madrid, as well as in Moscow, as Lensky in *Eugene Onegin*.

Andrew's opera engagements have also included the role of Avvakum in the world premiere of Rodion Shchedrin's *Boyarina Morozova* at the Moscow State Conservatory; Fenton (*Falstaff*), Belmonte (*The Abduction from the Seraglio*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*), Novice (*Billy Budd*) and Janek (*The Makropulos Affair*) for Opera Australia; Silvio in Martín y Soler's *L'arbore di Diana* at the Liceu, Barcelona; Gomat (Mozart's *Zaide*) with The Classical Opera Company, and Orpheus in Haydn's *L'anima del filosofo* for Pinchgut Opera.

Concert highlights have included Beethoven's *Missa solennis* (Sydney Symphony Orchestra), Handel's *Messiah*, Bach's *St John Passion* and Britten's *Saint Nicolas* (Sydney Philharmonia Choirs), Britten's *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings* (Adelaide Symphony Orchestra), the title role in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* (Auckland Philharmonia) and Bach's B minor Mass (The Song Company). He performs regularly in recital with pianist Daniel de Borah, with whom he has also recorded Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* for ABC Classic FM, and has appeared at the Coriole Music Festival, Port Fairy Spring Festival, the Australian String Quartet's Dunkeld Weekend of Music, Canberra International Music Festival and Musica Viva's Huntington Festival.



**ADRIAN McENIERY**

*Delfa*

Adrian McEniery is a graduate of the Queensland Conservatorium of Music. He has been a member of the Young Artist Program at Victoria State Opera, where he appeared in the title role of *Faust* and as Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*.

Adrian has been a regular principal artist for Opera Australia, in roles including Edmondo in *Manon Lescaut*, Pang in *Turandot*, Andres in Berg's *Wozzeck*, The Major-Domo in *Der Rosenkavalier* and Gregor in *The Makropulos Affair*.

He has also appeared for West Australian Opera in the suite of tenor roles Nathanaël, Andrès, Cochenille, Frantz and Pitichinaccio (*The Tales of Hoffmann*), and for Opera Queensland as Goro in *Madama Butterfly*, The Beadle in *Sweeney Todd*, in the title role of Mozart's *Lucio Silla*, and, for OzOpera, as The Duke and Borsa in *Rigoletto* and as Tom Rakewell in *The Rake's Progress*. For Victorian Opera he has appeared as The First Soldier in *The Coronation of Poppea* and The Dancing Master in *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

Concert engagements have included Britten's *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings* with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, *Messiah* with the Queensland and Adelaide Symphony Orchestras, *Messiah* and The Evangelist in Bach's *St John Passion* with Sydney Philharmonia Choirs, and Ned Rorem's *Evidence of Things Not Seen* in the 2004 Melbourne International Arts Festival.



**NICHOLAS DINOPOULOS**

*Ercole*

Nicholas Dinopoulos studied at The University of Melbourne with Meryl Quaife, and furthered his training at The Opera Studio Melbourne. A prolific concert artist and recitalist, he is frequently heard in live-to-air broadcasts on ABC Classic FM and 3MBS FM and is a core member of Songmakers Australia.

His operatic roles include Caronte / Plutone (*L'Orfeo*), Bartolo / Antonio (*The Marriage of Figaro*), Leporello (*Don Giovanni*), Martino (Rossini's *L'occasione fa il ladro*), The Apparition / The Doctor (*Macbeth*), Mars (*Orpheus in the Underworld*), The Goldsmith (Philip

Glass' *The Juniper Tree*) and the title role in Cimarosa's *Il maestro di cappella*. He recently created the role of The Poet in the world première performances of Constantine Koukias' *The Barbarians* for IHOS Opera / MONA FOMA 2012.

Nicholas' extensive concert repertoire includes Puccini's *Messa di Gloria*, the *Stabat Mater* settings of Dvořák and Rossini, the Fauré Requiem, Haydn's *Nelson Mass*, the Mozart Requiem and C minor Mass, several oratorios by Handel, and the *St John* and *St Matthew Passions*, Mass in B minor and Magnificat of J.S. Bach. He has also given the world première performances of several new Australian works.

Recent engagements include the roles of El Cantor (Piazzolla's *María de Buenos Aires*, for Victorian Opera) and Keeper of the Madhouse (*The Rake's Progress*, for Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra), Grainger's *Tribute to Foster* with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra (also recorded for Chandos Records), Schubert's *Schwanengesang* for Art Song Canberra, Buxtehude's *Membra Jesu nostri* for the Melbourne Festival, a third consecutive invitation to the Peninsula Summer Musical Festival, and recitals with Songmakers Australia at the Art Gallery of NSW and Melbourne Recital Centre.



**ALEXANDRA OOMENS**

*Alinda*

Alexandra Oomens is currently in the honours program of a Bachelors degree in Music Performance at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, where she holds the Patricia Lucas Music Achievement Scholarship; she has also studied with Louise Callinan in Paris. She has represented the Conservatorium in a masterclass with Håkan Hagegård at the International Congress of Voice Teachers in Brisbane, and at a workshop conducted by Lauris Elms for ArtSong NSW.

Engagements this year have included Mozart's *Exsultate, jubilate* with the Ryde-Hunters Hill Symphony Orchestra, a recital of Handel and Purcell as part of the City of Sydney's 'Late Night Library' series, and the role of Thisbe in the Renaissance mock opera *Pyramus and Thisbe*, presented by Pinchgut Opera at its fundraising dinner in September. She was the winner of the Intermediate (under 25 years) Oratorio division in this year's City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and the youngest finalist in the Intermediate division of the Joan Sutherland Memorial Vocal Scholarship.

Alexandra sang with Sydney Children's Choir for ten years, and joined the national children's choir Gondwana Voices at the age of 11; in 2008 she was selected as the child soloist for Gianluigi Gelmetti's *Cantata della Vita*, performed with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. She is now a member of the professional chamber choir Cantillation.

Alexandra can be heard as the voice on the award-winning commercial *Tasmania – Go behind the scenery*.



**KATREN WOOD**

*Co-Designer*

Katren Wood graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from Monash University in 2009. In 2010 she was accepted into the Design course at the National Institute of Dramatic Art (NIDA), where she received the William Fletcher Foundation Award for the development of young designers.

Since graduating from NIDA in 2013, Katren's theatre credits have included *Girl in Tan Boots* and *Uncanny Valley* (Griffin Theatre), and *Owen Wingrave* (Sydney Chamber Opera). She is currently designing *His Music Burns* (György Kurtág's *...pas à pas – nulle part...* and George Benjamin's *Into the Little Hill*) for Sydney Chamber Opera, in conjunction with Sydney Festival 2014.



**BERNIE TAN-HAYES**

*Lighting Designer*

After a two-year hiatus, Bernie Tan-Hayes is very proud this year to be lighting his tenth Pinchgut opera, after nine previous attempts to tame the City Recital Hall, with *Semele*, *The Fairy Queen*, *L'Orfeo*, *Dardanus*, *Idomeneo*, *Juditha Triumphans*, *David et Jonathas*, *L'Ormino* and *L'anima del filosofo*.

During his two-year absence, Bernie became Director of the architectural lighting and audiovisual practice Point of View Design. In this role he has been responsible for designs across Australia and around the globe in multiple sectors.

Bernie's other opera credits include: *Miracle in Brisbane* (Brisbane Festival), *La bohème* and *Eugene Onegin* (New Zealand Opera), *Die Fledermaus*, *Dialogues of the Carmelites* and *The Pirates of Penzance* (Sydney Conservatorium of Music) and, for Opera Australia, the Opening Ceremony of the Meet in Beijing Arts Festival, Opera in the Bowl, and the Indigenous community event *Yarrabah! The Musical*.

His many theatre credits include *Quack*, *Strange Attractor*, *October*, *King Tide*, *Modern International Dead* and *Tiger Country* (Griffin Theatre Company); *Macbeth* and *Travesties* (Sydney Theatre Company); *God of Carnage* (Queensland Theatre Company); *Are You There?*, *Brooklyn Boy*, *Ninety*, *The Busy World is Hushed*, *Derrida in Love* and *The Little Dog Laughed and the Cow Jumped over the Moon* (Ensemble Theatre Company); *Amigos* (La Boite, Queensland); *Mr BBQ* and *The Flood* (NORPA); *Bob Cats Dancing* and *Charters Towers – The Musical* (Queensland Music Festival); *The Nargun and the Stars* and *Gondwana* (Erth Visual and Physical); and *Steel Magnolias* (Black Bird Productions).

**ORCHESTRA OF THE ANTIPODES**

**Erin Helyard** *Music Director*  
**Antony Walker** *Founding Music Director*  
**Alison Johnston** *Manager*

Orchestra of the Antipodes has played for Pinchgut for every production since *L'Orfeo* in 2004, and this year celebrates its tenth Pinchgut production. Its members have played in many acclaimed and admired ensembles in Australia and world wide, including Les Arts Florissants, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Academy of Ancient Music, Florilegium, Concerto Copenhagen, Australian Chamber Orchestra, Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra, The English Concert, the Sydney, Melbourne and Tasmanian Symphony orchestras, Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, Il Giardino Armonico, Les Talens Lyriques and the Venice Baroque Orchestra.

The Orchestra's debut CD and DVD, Handel's *Messiah*, drew widespread critical acclaim; a subsequent disc of *Bach Arias and Duets* with Sara Macliver and Sally-Anne Russell quickly became a best seller, and was nominated for an ARIA Award in 2004. The Orchestra's most recent releases on the ABC Classics label are the complete *Brandenburg Concertos* (nominated for an ARIA Award in 2012), Mozart's Requiem, *Magnificat* with Emma Kirkby, and a disc of Baroque choruses performed with Cantillation, *Hallelujah!*. Rameau's *Castor & Pollux* and Vivaldi's *Griselda* are available on Pinchgut LIVE.

Recent projects have included Haydn's *Isola disabitata* with the Royal Opera House Covent Garden for Hobart Baroque, a recital with David Hansen, also for Hobart Baroque, and *Dido and Aeneas* and *Acis and Galatea* for Opera Australia.

In 2014 Orchestra of the Antipodes will be returning to Hobart Baroque for Handel's *Samson* and a recital with countertenor Xavier Sabata, and taking part in the World Harp Congress in Sydney, as well as joining Pinchgut for performances of Salieri's *The Chimney Sweep* and Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*.

**Violins**

Julia Fredersdorff  
*Lorenzo Storioni, Cremona, Italy, 1789*

Matthew Greco  
*David Christian Hopf, Quittenbach, Germany, 1760*

**Violas**

John Ma  
*Simon Brown, Sydney, Australia, 2001*

James Eccles  
*Warren J. Nolan-Fordham, Melbourne, Australia, 2013, after Gasparo da Salò, Italy, 16th century*

**Cello**

Anthea Cottee  
*Peter Walmsley, London, England, 1735*

**Gamba / Lirone**

Laura Vaughan  
*Bass viola da gamba by Henner Harders, Mansfeld, Germany, 2007, after Michel Colichon, Paris, France, 1691*  
*Lira da gamba by Ian Watchorn, Melbourne, Australia, 2009, after Giovanni Maria da Brescia, Italy, 16th century*

**Violone**

Kirsty McCahon  
*Ernest Francis Lant, Sevenoaks, Kent, UK, 1969, after Giovanni Paolo Maggini, Italy, 17th century*

**Theorbo / Guitar**

Simon Martyn-Ellis  
*Theorbo by Jiří Čepelák, Prague, Czech Republic, 2004*  
*Baroque guitar by Marcus Wesche, Bremen, Germany, 2011*

James Holland  
*Theorbo by Klaus Jacobsen, London, UK, 2000, after Italian models*

**Recorders**

Kamala Bain  
*Ganassi in C by David Coomber, New Zealand, c.1980*  
*Ganassi in G by Monika Musch, Freiburg, Germany, c.2000*

**Keyboards**

Erin Helyard  
*Continuo organ by Henk Klop, Garderen, The Netherlands, 2007 (courtesy of ABC Classics, Cantillation & Pinchgut Opera)*  
*Regal by Henk Klop, Garderen, The Netherlands, 2007*

Neal Peres Da Costa  
*Italian harpsichord by Carey Beebe, Sydney, Australia, 1990, after Carlo Grimaldi, Messina, Italy, 1697*

Donald Nicolson  
*Neapolitan harpsichord by Carey Beebe, Sydney, Australia, 2002, after Giovanni Natale Boccalari, Naples, Italy, 1685*

**Percussion**

Brian Nixon  
*Lefima Baroque-styled belt-driven calfskin-headed copper timpani, Germany, 1999*  
*Tenor drum, 14" x 10", copy of a French provincial drum*  
*Small calfskin bass drum, anonymous, England, 1960s*  
*Lefima calfskin-headed tambourine*  
*Turkish cymbals*

*Early keyboards prepared by Carey Beebe*

**Pitch**

A440

**Temperament**

1/4 comma meantone

Pinchgut Opera was set up by accident. One day in early 2000, Alison Johnston, Anna Cerneaz, Erin Helyard, Anna McDonald and Liz and Ken Nielsen were talking, over coffee, about music. This was not unusual. We often did that. Someone wondered if there was a different way of doing opera. A way of putting the music first and having the other elements – sets, costumes, production – support the music but not get in its way. By the second cup of coffee we had agreed to set up an opera company.

City Recital Hall Angel Place had recently opened and we thought it would be perfect – a fairly small space, where the audience would feel close to the musicians, and with a lovely acoustic for voice. Antony Walker, the already well-known conductor, came on board, so we reckoned we had all of the artistic and business skills needed to produce and sell an opera.

We had no strategic plan, just a rough budget for the first production. No government grants, just confidence that we would find enough people who wanted to help us.

We wanted to give audiences the chance to hear Australia's young singers and musicians, many of whom live overseas but are happy to return here to perform. It was not intended that we would concentrate on Baroque opera; we started with Handel's *Semele* in 2002 because we had some musicians who were very experienced in playing on period instruments in Baroque style.

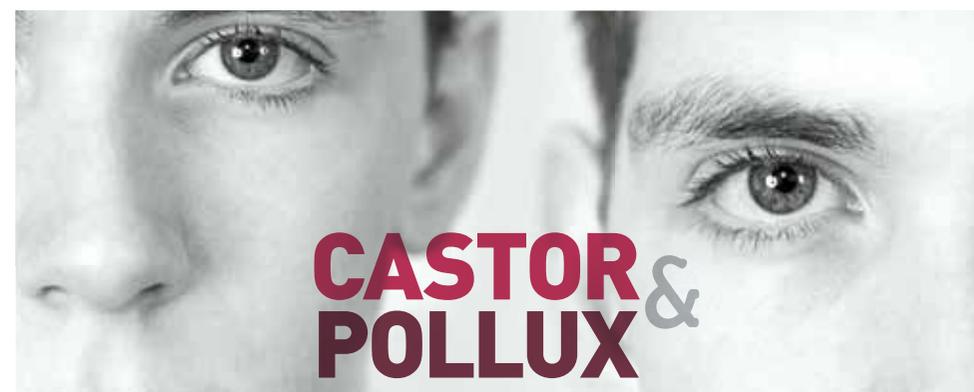
That was followed by Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* (2003), Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* (2004), Rameau's *Dardanus* (2005), Mozart's *Idomeneo* (2006), Vivaldi's *Juditha Triumphans* (2007), Charpentier's *David et Jonathas* (2008), Cavalli's *L'Ormindo* (2009), Haydn's *L'anima del filosofo* (2010), Vivaldi's *Griselda* (2011) and Rameau's *Castor & Pollux* (2012). All our productions have been broadcast by ABC Classic FM and all but one recorded for CD – originally by ABC Classics but recently on our own label Pinchgut LIVE.

More operas were composed before 1750 than after. Except perhaps for a few by Handel, very few are performed these days. We think there is a huge treasure trove of marvellous works that Australian audiences have not seen. Cavalli, Vivaldi, Monteverdi, Rameau and Charpentier are almost unheard of, as opera composers, in this country. Other companies do the more familiar operas excellently; we want to help audiences discover something new. Perhaps in the future we will take the Pinchgut approach to works from the 20th or 21st century.

Our aims have not changed much since the beginning. We've been joined along the way by Andrew Johnston, John Pitman, Genevieve Lang Huppert and Norman Gillespie. Some of our number have moved on to other pastures: Anna Cerneaz, who left us last year, is now Managing Director of WotOpera. Ken Nielsen, who has this year decided to step down from Pinchgut's Board, will be devoting more time to his recording label Vexations840, supporting new music and living composers, dreaming about his next cycling trip, and keeping ahead of the curve with all things technological. The time, energy, ideas and support he has given Pinchgut over the past 12 years are truly extraordinary and we offer him our heartfelt thanks.

We know that artistically we are working in a very fertile area and achieving very worthwhile things. We continue to be extremely grateful to our audience who buy tickets, to all those who very generously donate both time and money, and to our sponsors, who have helped us out enormously.

Would you like to become a part of the Pinchgut family and follow the evolution of each year's productions? To find out more, contact Genevieve Lang Huppert: 0412 559 320 or genevieve@pinchgutopera.com.au.



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**PINCHGUT LIVE**

# GIASONE

## ABOUT THE OPERA

### SYNOPSIS

The story so far: Giasone (Jason) has been sent by his brother Pelias, King of Thessaly, to the island of Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece. With Ercole and other warriors, he sets sail in the Argo. On the way, he stops on the island of Lemnos, where he seduces its queen, Isifile, with promises of marriage; she bears him twin sons but he abandons her and continues on his quest. The citizens of Lemnos rise up against Isifile and she flees the island.

When Giasone reaches Colchis, its queen, Medea, is instantly smitten by his beauty, and throws off her former lover Egeo, king of Athens. However, she refuses to reveal her identity to Giasone. He, enthralled by his mysterious new love, forgets his quest and remains idle for a whole year.

Isifile meanwhile hears a rumour that Giasone has reached Colchis, and sends her confidant Oreste to track him down and bring her news of him.

### PART ONE

Ercole worries that Giasone has grown soft; Giasone sings of the delights of love, but Ercole reminds him of his duty: today is the day when Giasone had sworn he would steal the Golden Fleece. Egeo confronts Medea who admits she no longer loves him; in despair, he begs her to kill him, but she refuses. Oreste arrives in Colchis and meets Demo, Egeo's stuttering servant, who agrees to give him information later on. Medea's nurse Delfa muses on the power of love, which she cannot renounce even at her advanced age. Medea reveals herself as Giasone's mystery lover and the couple pledge themselves to each other.

In the countryside Isifile waits, broken-hearted, for news of Giasone. Her companion Alinda tries to cheer her up. Oreste, who secretly is in love with Isifile, returns to find her asleep; he is tempted to take advantage of her but she wakes. He tells her of Giasone's new lover, and points out that once Giasone has the fleece, he will have to pass by this very spot on his way home, so Isifile might be able to confront him then.

Medea performs an incantation to Pluto, asking him to protect Giasone on his quest. A chorus of spirits respond and give her a magic ring which allows Giasone to defeat the monster guarding the fleece. The deed done, Ercole advises Giasone and Medea to get away quickly; Demo sees them boarding the Argo and tells Egeo, who decides to give chase, taking Demo with him.

### PART TWO

Egeo's boat has come to grief in a storm; he is lost, but Demo is washed up onto shore, where he meets Oreste and tells him of Giasone's flight; Oreste runs to tell Isifile of Giasone's imminent arrival.

Giasone and Medea, safely on terra firma, rejoice in their love. Alinda meets Ercole and flirts with him. Oreste tells Giasone that Isifile wants to speak to him; Giasone reluctantly agrees, explaining to Medea that Isifile is just a harmless madwoman, and once Medea has heard her 'ravings', she agrees.

Giasone and Medea stop in a garden to rest, and fall asleep in each other's arms. Isifile catches up with them; she wakes Giasone, and he, terrified that her noisy protestations will awaken Medea, plays along with her, pretending that he is planning to come back to her. Medea, overhearing this, is furious; she pretends to graciously surrender Giasone to Isifile, but secretly forces him to promise that he will kill Isifile before he ever sleeps with her again.

Giasone delegates the murder to Ercole, telling him to expect a messenger who will ask him if he has carried out Giasone's orders; on this signal, Ercole is to throw the messenger, whomever it may be, into the sea. Giasone then sends Isifile off with that message, but meanwhile Medea, growing impatient at the delay, has gone to Ercole herself. When she asks him if Giasone's order has been carried out, he obediently seizes Medea and hurls her over the cliff. When Isifile arrives soon after and asks the same question, Ercole angrily sends her back to Giasone to tell him that he only kills one queen per day.

Waiting in a cave at the foot of the cliff, however, is Egeo, who did not perish in the storm after all. He rescues Medea, and she, in gratitude, agrees to take him back as her lover – if he will avenge her by killing Giasone. But his attempt is thwarted by Isifile, who snatches the knife from his hand; in the ensuing uproar and confusion, Egeo escapes and Isifile is caught holding the knife. Giasone is astounded to see her still alive, and accuses Ercole of treachery, but Medea steps forward with Egeo and explains what happened. Isifile, in despair, asks Giasone to kill her, but her self-abasing lament moves him to tears. Acknowledging the error of his ways, he embraces Isifile as his wife, and the opera ends in a celebration of the power of love.

### ARCADIANS V. ARGONAUTS

At the dawn of the 18th century, a group of opera-loving intellectuals in Rome decided to gather informally to discuss the future of the genre. They called themselves the 'Arcadians' and sought a return – as with all operatic reforms – to classical simplicity. Squarely in their sights for critique was the 17th century's most performed opera, Cicognini's *Giasone*, set to music by Francesco Cavalli.

To the Arcadians, *Giasone* was their worst nightmare. Their spokesperson, Crescimbeni, allowed graciously that 'it was [the] first and most perfect drama in existence' but then went on to outline all the abuses committed by composer and librettist. Crescimbeni deplored the mixture of classes, as well as the impure combination of comedy and tragedy. Just as in Shakespeare – who was similarly criticised at the time – Cavalli's *Giasone* placed 'side by side, with a monstrosity never heard before, kings, heroes and other illustrious characters, and buffoons, servants and folk of the lowest extraction.'

The Arcadians felt that operas like *Giasone* epitomised everything that they wanted to expunge from the operatic tradition: strong female leads, men in drag, and improvised slapstick; even the aria itself, which they felt contributed to the overall decay of verisimilitude, was earmarked for expulsion. In fact, the Arcadians wanted to get rid of everything that had contributed to *Giasone*'s success.

*Giasone* was so popular in its day that it inspired a play which existed independently of the opera – a very rare phenomenon indeed. From its premiere in 1649, *Giasone* enjoyed unprecedented revivals all over Italy for 40 years. Why was it so popular? Seventeenth-century opera expert Ellen Rosand believes it was because *Giasone* represented an ideal meeting of music and drama. Gone was the stuffy literary atmosphere of earlier Venetian operas – in its place Cicognini developed a new kind of comic fluidity to complement the fast-paced (and complex!) action, all the while making sure to draw the serious characters and situations out with virtuosic lyric poetry.

Cavalli responded to Cicognini with equal skill and imagination. For the first time in the history of opera, librettist and composer seemed equally responsive to each other. In *Giasone*, writes Rosand, 'the definitive separation of aria and recitative was finally achieved; formal distinctions were clarified by dramatic function, with recitative reserved primarily for action and commentary, and arias for formal songs or moments of intense, reflective feeling.' Certainly the variegated audience in Venice at the time – the tourists, aristocrats, merchants, prostitutes, servants and intellectuals – felt that this recipe was a success, and that Cicognini and Cavalli had created a new and enduring kind of theatrical experience that could be enjoyed by anyone willing to buy a ticket. *Giasone* is the opera that began it all.

Cavalli began his illustrious career as a talented boy soprano. His sweet singing attracted the ear and patronage of the Venetian governor of Crema, Federico Cavalli, from whom the talented young musician (then Caletti) later took his last name in gratitude. Under the governor's protection, Cavalli entered the famed cappella of San Marco in Venice, then under the direction of Monteverdi. Whether the two had a formal pedagogical relationship is unknown, but doubtless the two composer/performers had a close association. Traces of Cavalli's hand can be found in several of Monteverdi's works, and Cavalli probably edited Monteverdi's posthumously published *Messa a 4 voci et salmi* (Venice, 1650). Cavalli won the post of second organist at San Marco in 1639 and his organ playing won high praise; foreigners compared him favourably with the great Frescobaldi. Indeed, in 1655 the chronicler Ziotti observed that 'truly in Italy [Cavalli] has no equal' as vocalist, organist and composer.

Cavalli's debut as an opera composer occurred in the same year he won his post at San Marco. At first, he was an impresario and administrator as well as a composer. At Venice's first opera house, the Teatro San Cassiano, Cavalli formed a company with a librettist, singer and dancing-master. Despite some initial financial problems, Cavalli's troupe began to dominate the nascent opera industry. In the 1640s, Cavalli began working with a series of great librettists including Giovanni Francesco Busenello, then a member of the highly influential Accademia degli Incogniti, and his long-time collaborator, the brilliant Giovanni Faustini. Cavalli's *Egisto* (1643) was the first of a series of runaway successes, being performed north of the Alps as well as all over the Italian peninsula. More spectacularly successful still was his setting of Cicognini's *Giasone*, with performances in almost every opera house in Europe.

Cavalli's fame and success led him in the 1660s to Louis XV's court in Paris, where his work had a lasting influence on Lully. He died wealthy and lauded, his vast collection of scores bequeathed to his best student Caliri – luckily still extant today.

Erin Helyard © 2013

### DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Cavalli and Cicognini's *Giasone* is essentially a story about fidelity and the resilience of the human spirit. But it is in the telling of that story that the composer makes the most remarkable choices about how to guide the audience through the startling variety of emotional journeys that take place therein.

Cavalli and his librettist have managed to mix the lighter, more romantic-comic side of the adventure (a conniving Medea and an oversexed Giasone) with the melancholy elements of Isifile's story (an abandoned woman, on the verge of madness over her lost husband). The opera becomes by turns a charming and slightly risqué romantic adventure, that holds a bittersweet drama in its very loving embrace. There's a special kind of electricity and theatricality to the juxtaposition of the drama (and its associated element of danger), and the sweetest comedy.

Nestled within the charm of Cavalli's opera is a genuineness of emotion; a searching for dignity from all of the characters. The royals struggle with love and lust, and how power fades in the throes of thrilling emotion. The world of military structure and honour seems to fall into chaos when beautiful women are within sight. Even those who serve the elite (the assistants, ladies-in-waiting and young sailors) can't resist the allure of the heart (and the flesh!).

Cavalli has created a fascinating and theatrical world of magical battles and well-timed reconciliations, but in a more moving way, it is the battles and reconciliations of the heart that remind us that what we see and hear on stage is not a 'far away adventure', but rather an effective and accurate reflection of how we live, behave and love today.

Chas Rader-Shieber © 2013

# GIASONE

## TEXT & TRANSLATION

Unlike in *Cavalli's day*, it is now the custom for the house lights to be turned down during dramatic performances. This libretto is provided for future reference.

### PART ONE

#### SCENE I

**Ercole** Dal'Oriente porge  
l'alba ai mortali il suo dorato lume,  
e tra lascive piume  
avvilito Giasone ancor non sorge?  
Come potrà costui,  
disanimato dai notturni amplessi,  
animarsi agl'assalti, alle battaglie?  
Donne, coi vostri vezzi che non potete voi?  
Fabricate nei crini  
labyrinthi agl'Eroi;  
solo una lacrimetta,  
che da magiche stelle esca di fuore,  
fassi un Egeo crucciato,  
che sommerge l'ardir, l'alma e'l valore,  
e'l vento d'un sospiro,  
esalato da labbri ingannatori,  
dai campi della gloria  
spiantò le palme e disseccò gl'allori.  
Sotto vario ascendente  
nasce l'huomo mortale,  
e perciò trà gl'humani evvi il pazzo, il prudente,  
il prodigo, l'avarò e'l liberale:  
Giasone è bello, ha senza pel la guancia,  
è bizzarro e robusto,  
di donar non si stanca;  
onde per possederlo  
ogni dama le porte apre, e spalanca!  
Bellezza, gioventù, oro, occasione?  
Come può contro tanti fortissimi guerrieri  
contrastar il voler, ò la ragione?  
Nò, nò, nò,  
non a fè,  
resister non si può,  
credilo à mè!

From the East, the dawn  
brings its golden light to mortals –  
and is Jason still hiding his shame  
among the feather cushions of his lustful bed?  
With his strength spent from nocturnal  
embraces, how is he going to be able to rouse  
himself for battle and attack?  
Ladies, is there nothing immune to your  
charms?  
With your tresses, you weave  
mazes to ensnare heroes;  
Just one little tear  
escaped from the enchanted stars of your eyes  
turns into an Aegean Sea of troubles  
that drowns all courage, spirit and valour.  
And the breeze of a sigh  
coming from your deceitful lips  
is enough to uproot the palms  
and tear apart the laurels of the fields of glory.  
Mortal man may be born  
under many a different star;  
which is why one man is foolish, another wise;  
one is lavish, one niggardly, another generous.  
Jason is handsome, his cheeks are smooth,  
he is amusing and strong,  
he never tires of giving;  
and so in order to possess him,  
every lady throws her doors wide open!  
Beauty, youth, gold, opportunity –  
how can willpower or reason hold out  
against such mighty warriors?  
No, no, no,  
no, truly I say,  
it's impossible to resist,  
believe me!

#### SCENE II

**Giasone** Delizie e contenti che l'alme beate,  
fermate, fermate.  
Sù questo mio core,  
deh più, non stillate  
le gioie d'Amore.  
Delizie mie care,  
fermatevi qui.  
Non so che bramare,  
mi basta così.

In grembo agl'amori  
fra dolci catene  
morir mi conviene;  
dolcezza omicida  
a morte mi guida  
in braccio al mio bene.  
Dolcezza mie care  
fermatevi qui:  
non so più bramare,  
mi basta così.

**Ercole** E così ti prepari alla pugna, Giasone?  
Nè temi à far passaggio dall'amoroso al marzial  
agone?

**Giasone** Ercole, Amore è un Dio  
che à noi mortali ed ai divin sovrasta.  
M'accoglie è mi vezzeggia  
il mio terreno sole.  
Al mio venir festeggia,  
e lagrimosa, al mio partir si duole.  
Quelle feste, quel pianto  
son di questo mio cor soave incanto.

**Ercole** Ti si scoperse ancor quella tua diva?

**Giasone** Ancor non sò chi sia,  
basta che tutta e mia.

**Ercole** Così senza vedere  
le toccate bellezze  
ti convien per godere  
spender il tempo in brancolar fattezze?  
O Giasone, Giasone,  
o gran figlio d'Esone,  
alto nipote à Pelia,  
al Rè che la Tessaglia affrena.  
Non ti bastava in Lenno  
di Toante la figlia alta  
Regina Isifile donzella  
di te gravida e madre  
haver già resa di gemella prole,  
se ancor in Colco divenuto amante  
di beltà non veduta,  
non davi un nuovo segno  
di troppo molle effeminato ingegno?  
Quest'è il giorno prefisso, oggi tu devi  
affrontar, assalir gl'orridi mostri,  
e per rapire il custodito vello,  
del munito castello  
sbarrar le porte e penetrar i chiostrì.

You delights and pleasures that bring bliss to  
the soul: stop, stop!  
Ah, let not a single drop more  
of the joys of Love  
fall on my heart!  
Beloved delights,  
stop right there!  
I can't ask for anything more,  
this is enough for me.

In the sweet chains  
of love's embrace,  
I would be happy to die;  
a murderous sweetness  
leads me to my death  
in the arms of my love.  
Dear, sweet pleasures,  
stop right there!  
I can't ask for anything more,  
this is enough for me.

Is this how you prepare for battle, Jason?  
Doesn't it worry you to go straight from the  
contests of love to the clash of war?

Hercules, Love is a god far greater than us  
mortals, greater even than the gods.  
She takes me in and caresses me,  
my earthly sun.  
She rejoices when I come  
and weeps with grief when I go.  
Such rejoicing, such grief –  
these are a sweet enchantment to my heart.

Has your goddess revealed herself to you yet?

I still don't know who she is;  
it's enough to know she is all mine.

So you have not seen  
the beauty you have touched!  
Is that what you call a good time,  
trying to decipher her features by braille?  
O Jason, Jason!  
Great son of Aeson,  
noble nephew of Pelias,  
the king who holds all Thessaly in check.  
Wasn't it enough for you on Lemnos  
to get the noble daughter of Thoas,  
the virgin Queen Hypsipile, with child,  
and make her the mother  
of your twin sons?  
And now here in Colchis you've become  
the lover of a fair lady you haven't even seen –  
doesn't that just prove again  
how weak and womanish your wits are?  
This is the appointed day: today you must  
face the hideous monsters and attack them,  
break down the castle fortifications  
and get all the way through to its inmost  
chambers to steal the fleece.

Dimmi, dimme come t'affidi,  
snervato dai piaceri,  
pensieroso di donna,  
di poter adoprare l'armi e il coraggio?  
Posa, posa l'armi, Giasone, vesti la gonna,  
o per far di guerrier divien più saggio.

**Giasone** Dolor, ah non m'uccidere;  
così l'alma dal seno, oh Dio, dovrò dividere?  
Non sò per me se meglio sia,  
ò la vittoria, ò la caduta mia.

Tell me, tell me how someone like you,  
with strength sapped by pleasure  
and mind fixated on women,  
can be expected to bravely take up arms?  
Put the weapons away, Jason, and put on a skirt,  
or, if you want to be a warrior, show a little more  
wisdom.

Ah, I could die from this pain!  
God, must I tear my heart from my breast?  
I don't know which would be better for me:  
victory, or death.

#### SCENE III

**Medea** Se dardo pungente  
d'un guardo lucente  
il sen mi ferì,  
se in gioia d'amore  
si strugge il mio core  
la notte ed il dì;  
se un volto divino  
quest'alma rubò,  
s'amare è destino,  
resista chi può.

Se allor ch'io vi vidi,  
begl'occhi omicidi,  
io persi il vigor,  
se v'amo e v'adoro,  
s'io manco, s'io moro  
per nobil ardor,  
se Amor il mio bene  
in ciel stabili,  
amar mi conviene:  
e forza così.

Mà nella regia sala  
ecco Egeo l'importuno,  
che pur mi segue,  
ed io l'abborro e scaccio.  
Partirò, fuggirò l'usato impaccio.

If the sharp arrow  
of a shining glance  
strikes my breast;  
if the joys of love  
melt my heart  
night and day;  
if a face of heavenly beauty  
steals my heart;  
if love is my destiny,  
how can I resist?

If whenever I see you,  
fair, murderous eyes,  
I lose my strength;  
if I love you and adore you,  
if I faint, if I die  
of exalted passion;  
if Love sets my dear one  
in heaven,  
I have to love,  
that's just how it is.

But here is that annoying Aegeus  
coming into the royal hall:  
he keeps following me, though I loathe him and  
drive him away. I must go, to avoid another one  
of those embarrassing scenes.

#### SCENE IV

**Egeo** Ferma, Medea, deh ferma  
le fuggitive piante.  
Senti, adorata mia, l'ultime voci  
d'un disperato e moribondo amante.

**Medea** Se per l'ultima volta  
dovrò sentirti, Egeo,  
oh come volentier Medea t'ascolta.

**Egeo** Così l'alma m'invola  
mia tiranna beltà,  
oh Dio così consoli  
un ch'adorasti già.  
Dimmi almen per pietà,  
O bell'idolo mio,  
In che t'offesi mai, che t'ho fatt'io?

**Medea** Egeo, sei Rè, sei grande,  
sei vezzoso, sei vago,  
hai bellezze ammirande,  
adorato, adorante  
m'amasti, io pur t'amai,  
fido, saldo e costante  
mi chiamasti il tuo bene,  
ma se amor da me spari,  
s'io non posso amarti più,  
che far poss'io, che ci faresti tu?

**Egeo** Con questo acuto stile,  
che protrato a' tuoi piedi  
a te presento baldanzoso, umile,  
vieni, bella pietosa, aprimi il petto,  
ch'io di tua man svenato  
di morte ancora adorerò l'aspetto.

**Medea** Ah tu sei matto.

**Egeo** Sì parte e mi deride?  
Sì parte e non m'uccide?  
O promesse tradite,  
o fera, o empia, o ria,  
dammi le mie ferite,  
dammi la morte mia.

Wait, Medea, wait,  
don't run away from me!  
My beloved, hear the last words  
of a desperate, dying lover.

If this is the last time  
I have to hear you, Aegeus,  
I will listen with such pleasure!

Thus you steal my heart away,  
my cruel beauty;  
ah, God, is this how you console  
a man whom once you loved?  
Tell me at least, for pity's sake,  
my fair idol, how have I offended you,  
what wrong have I done you?

Aegeus, you are a king, you are a great man,  
you are charming, you are handsome,  
you have beauties worthy of admiration.  
Adored and adoring  
you loved me, and I loved you.  
Faithful, steadfast and true  
you called me your beloved.  
But if love has died in me,  
if I cannot love you any more,  
what can I do? What would you do?

With this sharp dagger  
that I make bold to offer you,  
prostrate at your feet, in humility:  
come, merciful beauty, lay open my breast!  
Thus, slain by your hand,  
I shall adore even the face of death.

Ah, you're mad. [Leaves.]

Off she goes, laughing at me!  
Off she goes, without killing me!  
Ah, promises betrayed!  
Cruel, pitiless, evil woman,  
give me my wounds,  
give me my death!

#### SCENE V

**Oreste** Fiero amor l'alma tormenta,  
gran martir di gelosia.  
L'appetito mi spaventa,  
e la sete acerba e ria.  
Ma più duro e più pesante  
è servire à donna amante.  
Per Isifile bella,  
a questa reggia esplorator men venni.  
Qui di Giasone vorrei  
haver ragguglio e penetrar novella.  
Sospettoso è'l paese,  
e chi de' grandi ricercò gl'affari,  
la vita arrischia a perigliose imprese.  
Son solo e forestiero  
mi palesa l'effigie è questo addobbo.  
Pria che servir à donne  
vorrei divenir guercio e zoppo e gobbo

Cruel love torments the heart,  
jealousy is torture.  
I fear hunger,  
and thirst is bitter.  
But it is a harsher and heavier burden  
to serve a woman in love.  
For the sake of the fair Hypsipile  
I have come to this kingdom  
hunting for news of Jason,  
searching for information.  
It's a suspicious land:  
enquiring about the doings of important people  
is a perilous, sometimes deadly activity.  
I'm alone and a stranger –  
my face and clothes give it away.  
Rather than serve a woman,  
I'd prefer to be cross-eyed, lame and  
hunchbacked.

SCENE VI

<b>Demo</b>	Son gobbo, son Demo, son bravo, il mondo m'è schiavo, il diavol non temo. Son vago, gratioso, lascivo, amoroso. S'io ballo, s'io canto, s'io suono la lira, ogni dama per me arde e so – so – so –	I'm good old Demo the Hunchback, the world is my slave, I have no fear of the devil. I'm graceful and charming, lustful and loving. If I dance or sing or play on the lyre, every lady burns for me and dissolves into s – s – s –
<b>Oreste</b>	E sospira!	Into sighs!
<b>Demo</b>	Sospira.	– into sighs.
<b>Oreste</b>	Linguaggio curioso.	What a strange language.
<b>Demo</b>	Sei troppo, troppo frettoloso, e se farai del mio parlar strapazzo la mia forte bravura saprà tirar il ca – il ca –	Don't be so hasty. If you insult my speech, I'm strong and brave enough to sh – sh – sh –
<b>Oreste</b>	Ahibò, ahibò.	For shame!
<b>Demo</b>	Il capo in queste mure.	– shove your head against that wall.
<b>Oreste</b>	Cosi si tratta un forestiero in Colco?	Is that how strangers are treated in Colchis?
<b>Demo</b>	Che fo – fo – forestiero?	What do you mean, stra – stra – strangers?
<b>Oreste</b>	Conosci tu Giasone?	Do you know Jason?
<b>Demo</b>	Che pretendi da – da – da lui?	What's your b – b – business with him?
<b>Oreste</b>	Bramo saper se si ritrova in Colco.	I want to know if he's here in Colchis.
<b>Demo</b>	Chi ti manda?	Who sent you?
<b>Oreste</b>	Il mio zelo à me fù sprone.	I was spurred on by my own zeal.
<b>Demo</b>	Vuol ch'io ti dica?	Do you want me to tell you?
<b>Oreste</b>	Di!	Yes, tell me!
<b>Demo</b>	T'hò per spi – spiripi – spiripi – per spione.	I reckon you're a sp – sp – sp.
<b>Oreste</b>	Questo è troppo. Tu menti, tu menti.	Now you've gone too far. You're lying!
<b>Demo</b>	Puh! hò tanto furore?	Pff! Getting a little angry, are we?
<b>Oreste</b>	Fuori ti rivedrò.	I'll see you outside.
<b>Demo</b>	Fermati, senti.	Wait, listen.
<b>Oreste</b>	Che vorrai dir?	What have you got to say?
<b>Demo</b>	Tropp' iracon – co – con – co – con –	You're too qu – qu – qu –
<b>Oreste</b>	Troppo indiscreto sei.	You're too indiscreet.
<b>Demo</b>	Iracondo sei. Pa – pa – pa – parlai scherzando	– quick-tempered. I was only j – j – joking...
<b>Oreste</b>	Parlai sul saldo e tù –	I was being serious and you –
<b>Demo</b>	E pe – pe – perdonarmi.	F – f – forgive me.
<b>Oreste</b>	E tu pentirti dei.	You should be ashamed of yourself.
<b>Demo</b>	Mi pento.	I'm sorry.
<b>Oreste</b>	Ti perdono.	I forgive you.
<b>Demo</b>	E di Giasone giuro na – na – na –	And I swear I'll te – te – te – te –
<b>Oreste</b>	Na – na – na –	Te – te – te –
<b>Demo</b>	Giuro narrar à te gl'avvisi interi. Io de qua parto, e tu per altra via, e t'aspetto a far pace, all'hò – all'hò – lo – lo –	– tell you the whole story. I'll head off this way, and you go another way, and I'll meet you for a friendly drink in the tav – tav – in the ta – ta – ta – the ta –
<b>Oreste</b>	Ohime, non più, t'ho inteso. Verrò, va pur, va via.	Oh for heaven's sake, that's enough, I get it! I'll see you there, just go now, go!
<b>Demo</b>	All'hosteria.	– in the tavern.

SCENE VII

<b>Delfa</b>	Voli il tempo, se sà, rotin gl'anni fugaci al corso loro. Mi rubi pur l'età i fior dal volto e dalle chiome l'oro. Sen vada a tramontar la mia bellezza in mar d'eterno oblio, ma che lasci d'amar, no'l farò, non à fè, non io.	Time flies, everyone knows it. The fleeting years turn in their course. Age has stolen the flower from my cheeks and the gold from my hair. Let my beauty set like a sun into the sea of eternal oblivion, but to cease to love – that I swear I shall never, ever do.
	Amor, amor! L'amor in gioventù è un prurito nascente e non ha possa, ma da i quaranta in giù nel cor s'incarna e penetrò nell'ossa; potrà scemarmi ogn'or il tempo avaro, la fierrezza e'l brio, ma ch'io rineghi amor, dica pur chi vuol dir, non io.	Ah, love! To the young, love is the beginning of an itch, and has no power; but after forty, it becomes part of your heart, it gets right into your bones. Greedy time may sap me of my pride and my vivaciousness, but to renounce love – tell me who would do that! Not I.
	Ma nelle reggie stanze già comparve Giason. Volo a Medea. Vieni, vieni signora, vieni diletta, qui parlar le potrai, il passo affretta.	But here's Giasone in the royal chambers. I must fly to Medea. Come, my lady, come, my dear, be quick, you'll be able to speak to him here.

SCENE VIII

<b>Giasone</b>	Regina, intendo, intendo. Leggiadro scherzo à fè, fà ciò che vuoi. Che son favori miei le scherzi tuoi.	My Queen, I understand. It was a little joke, indeed; you must do as you please. I count such jests as a token of your favour.
<b>Medea</b>	Che scherzi? Che favori?	What do you mean, jokes? Favour?
<b>Giasone</b>	Frena questi rigori. Io ben tra l'ombre nei giardini d'Amor colsi le rose, ma al tatto et all'odore le riconobbi intatte, e rugiadose. Delfa, di' tu che sai qual sia stata trà noi la modestia comune, di', di' se d'amor io ti richiedi mai.	There's no need to be so severe. It was in the shadows that I plucked the roses in the garden of love, but by the feel and the perfume I could tell they were untouched and fresh with dew. Delfa, you know the truth, say what has taken place between us: modesty on both sides. Tell me: did I ever ask you for love?
<b>Delfa</b>	Son svanite per me queste fortune.	No such happy fortune is left to me.
<b>Medea</b>	Eh Dio, negl'occhi miei fissa gli sguardi tuoi, fissati in questo volto, e scorgetai colei che nel seno real ti tenne accolto. Giason, Giason, anima, speme, idolo mio, la tua moglie, il tuo ben, quella son io. O mio core,	Ah, God, fix your gaze on my eyes, fix it on my face, and you will see the woman who welcomed you into her royal breast. Jason, Jason, my soul, my hope, my idol: Your wife, your beloved – I am she! O my heart,
<b>Giasone</b>	O mio amore!	O my love!
<b>Medea</b>	Ardi tù?	Are you aflame with love?
<b>Giasone</b>	S'io ardo, oh Dio.	Am I aflame – O God!
<b>Medea &amp; Giasone</b>	Ardi pur, ò mio ben, che ardo anch'io.	O my love, we burn with the same fire.
<b>Medea</b>	Gioie più fortunate,	Such blessed joys,
<b>Giasone</b>	Delizie più beate	Such blissful delights
<b>Medea &amp; Giasone</b>	non han di queste mie li dei la sù. Non più dolcezze amor, non più.	are beyond the reach of the gods above. No more sweet words, my love, no more!

SCENE IX

<b>Delfa</b>	Godi, godi bella coppia, che'l diletto tra quei nodi si raddoppia. Leggiadra usanza e nuova, per ritrovar marito le fanciulle oggidi si danno a prova. Economia graziosa, politici consigli, prima che far da sposa san far da madre ed allevar i figli. Troppo soavi i gusti amor promette e dà, in termin troppo angusti di donzella l'onor racchiuso stà. Speri dal mar spumante raccollier l'onde in sen, chi vuol tener a fren femmina amante.	Rejoice, be glad, handsome couple, for within that knot, delights are redoubled. It's a pretty custom, and a new one: to find a husband, the girls of today give themselves a test run. It's charmingly economical, and shrewd advice: before becoming wives, they find out what it's like to be a mother and look after sons. Too sweet are the pleasures that love promises and delivers. Too narrow are the terms that lock away a maiden's honour. Easier for a man to gather the foaming waves of the sea in his breast, than to rein in a woman in love.
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SCENE X

<b>Isifile</b>	Lassa, che far degg'io? Hò perduto il mio ben, l'idolo mio. Più sostenermi in vita la speranza non puote, hò perso il mio tesoro, infelice, e non moro?	Alas, what should I do? I have lost my beloved, my idol. Hope can no longer keep me alive, I have lost my beloved: how can I be this wretched and not die?
	Stillate ò fonti, ò rivi lacrime di cordoglio, al pianto mio. Spirate aure, e al suon de' miei sospiri accrescete i respiri, hò perso il mio tesoro, infelice, e non moro?	You springs and streams, weep tears of grief at my lament! Blow, your breezes: heave for breath at the sound of my sighs. I have lost my beloved: how can I be this wretched and not die?
	Ferma, ferma crudele, ritorno indietro, infido, approdare a quel lido, O fuggitive vele, quel che con voi portate è il mio cor, le mia vita, il mio desio, è Giason il mio ben lo sposo mio. Fermate, dico. Oh Dio, che vaneggio? A chi parlo, ove mi trovo? Son pur queste le spiagge su la foce d'lbero, è pur questo il sentiero che mi condusse al paglierecchio albergo della vecchia Gimena, che mi pietosa e i figli miei raccolse? Isifile infelice del bel trono di Lenno esule sventurata, regina senza regno, d'illegittima prole madre prima che sposa, sposa solo di nome, moglie senza marito,	Stop, stop, cruel one! Come back, faithless one! You runaway ships, cast your anchor on this shore! What you have carried away with you is my heart, my life, my desire: Jason, my beloved, my husband. Stop, I tell you! O God, what am I raving? Who am I talking to? Where am I? Aren't these just the shores at the mouth of the Ebro river, and isn't this the path that will lead me to the humble straw hut of old Jimena, who took pity on me and my sons and gave us shelter? Wretched Hypsipile, ill-starred exile from the fair throne of Lemnos, a queen without a kingdom, a mother of illegitimate offspring rather than a wife, married only in name, a wife with no husband,

martire di Fortuna,  
sconsolata vagante,  
priva d'ogni ristoro,  
serva, seguace amante  
di quel Giason  
ch'a mio dispetto adoro.  
Non può tardar il mi fedele Oreste  
a ritornar di Colco  
per dar mi, oh Dio, del mio tiranno amato  
o funesti rapporti o avviso grato.  
S'ei non torna, mi moro;  
s'ei ritorna, ohimè, s'inorridisce il core  
che d'infauste novelle  
lo teme apportatore.  
Così ad'un tempo stesso  
voglio, non voglio,  
bramo e pavento,  
e sempre accoglio  
maggior tormento  
pena più ria  
e solo intendo al fine  
ch'è l'istesso martir l'anima mia.

a martyr of Fortune,  
a dejected wanderer  
deprived of all relief,  
a servant, a loving disciple  
of that Jason  
whom I still adore, despite myself.  
It can't be long until my faithful Orestes  
returns from Colchis to bring me –  
O God – word of my beloved tyrant,  
be it welcome news or a tale of grief.  
If he does not return, I will die;  
if he does come back, alas, it will fill my heart  
with horror, for I fear he will be the bearer  
of unlucky tidings.  
And so, at the same time  
I both want and don't want him back,  
I long for and fear his return,  
and the torment in my heart  
grows ever greater,  
the pain more bitter,  
until in the end I come to understand  
that suffering is the very essence of my soul.

O che gentil discorsi!  
Ciascuno i suoi desiri  
scopre senza vergogna,  
né so se più deliri,  
o chi veglia o chi sogna.  
Vaghi labbri scoloriti,  
bella bocca pallidetta,  
che sei tutta vezzosetta  
e sognando ai baci inviti.

Son risoluto al fin,  
baciarla voglio.  
Chi lo potrà ridire?  
Hor va' ben destro, Oreste,  
Guarda, non la svelgiare.  
Caro volto divino...

Ah, such fair words!  
Each of us revealing our desires  
to the other quite openly  
and I don't know if this is still delirium,  
or which of us is dreaming and which awake!  
How utterly lovely  
are her fair, colourless lips,  
her mouth so pale and beautiful;  
as she lies dreaming, they invite my kisses.

I have made up my mind at last:  
I will kiss her.  
Who could object?  
But be careful, Orestes,  
make sure you don't wake her.  
Dear, heavenly face...

Where are you going, cruel one?

Good night, and happy new year.

I tell you, I'm burning with desire!

And the kiss has gone up in smoke!  
Can't you see me, Lady,  
don't you recognise me any more?

Orestes, is that you?  
Why didn't you wake me up?

Why did you wake up?

Tell me about Jason,  
is he alive or dead?  
Does he want me to wait here or leave?  
Will he reply in a letter, or send a messenger?

So many questions!  
You'd need a gaggle of doctors  
to be able to answer them all.  
Let me put it simply and clearly:  
Resign yourself, my Lady:  
Jason doesn't love you any more.  
Almost as soon as he reached Colchis,  
Jason became the lover  
of a beautiful woman he has never seen,  
whose delights he enjoys only in darkness.

Is that all you have to tell me?

Isn't that enough for you?  
Listen, then:  
Urged on  
by the angry Argonauts,  
Jason chose this very day  
to undertake the deadly combat,  
and, if he wins the golden fleece,  
to reach Corinth,  
in a few hours his ship, the Argo,  
will have to pass by this delta.  
You'll be able to speak to him yourself;  
perhaps before nightfall you'll be able to open  
your heart to him right here – who knows?  
You can only hope, my lady.

O God, what hope can I have  
if within my breast  
my heart is faltering?  
Begone, hopes,  
fly far from me.  
My heart is already dead  
and cannot bear  
the comfort you offer.  
But what are these ravings, wretched woman?  
What's all this about hope and death,  
comfort and the heart?  
What sufferings, what ordeals  
can threaten to destroy  
a royal mind?  
Yes, I am in despair, but I am a Queen.  
Come, my faithful followers,  
let's bring the matter to a head.  
Borne on the wings of desire,  
hungry for revenge  
I go in fury  
to meet my enemy.  
The foam is on the sea,  
my ship will plough the waves.  
The traitor must die. To Colchis!

## SCENE XI

<b>Isifile</b>	Oreste ancor non giunge e pur ogni momento accresce'l mio tormento e'l cor mi punge. Vanne, mia fida ancella, vanne al porto vicino, richiedi ogni nocchier ch'ivi soggiorna, se ancor da Colco il fido Oreste torna; io tra'l solingo orrore compagna resterò del mio dolore.	Orestes is not yet returned and with every moment my torment grows worse and my heart smarts within me. My faithful servant: go to the port nearby and ask every helmsman you find there if my faithful Orestes has returned yet from Colchis; I shall remain here in my terrible solitude, with sorrow as my companion.
<b>Alinda</b>	Per prova sò che infonde Amor nell'alme aspro veleno ma il duol che m'accorò in breve io seppi licenziar dal seno, e con ingegno scaltro, s'io persi un vago, mi spassai con l'altro.	I know from experience that love fills hearts with bitter venom, but the suffering it inflicted on me, I was able to banish from my breast in short order. Using my sharp wits, if I lost one beau, I amused myself with another.
<b>Isifile</b>	Alinda troppo vana seconda il genio e la sua voglia insana. Ohimè, non posso più, perchè manchin li spirti, manca l'amina in seno, vacilla il piede, e a forza di stanchezza trabocco sul terreno.	Foolish Alinda indulges her whims and crazy desires. Alas, I can bear it no longer, my spirits fail, my heart falters in my breast, my foot stumbles, and from sheer exhaustion I tumble to the floor.

## SCENE XII

<b>Oreste</b>	Io pur ti tocco ò lido, io pur ti bacio ò terra, ne temo d'Austro infido orridi soffi, o procellosa guerra. Onde, vi riverisco, venti, mi raccomandando, Nettuno, à Deo, sta' sano, amici come prima, mà pero da lontano. In un regno incostante, sovr'un suolo ch'ondeggia, in casa che galleggia mai più Oreste poserà le piante. Ma temp'è ch'ad Isifile ritorni, nella capanna al certo. Ohimè, che veggio? Distesa sù quei mirti l'infelice mi sembra priva di moto e spirti. Morta or viva che sia, m'accosto alla sicura. Sento il core che batte, affannata respira, e tra l'amore e l'ira fantastica combatte.	At last I touch you, O shore, at last I kiss you, O earth! No longer need I fear the awful breath of the fickle south wind, or its stormy warfare. Waves, I bid you farewell; Winds, I take my leave of you. Neptune, God speed, keep well, let us be friends as we used to be, but from a distance. Never again shall Orestes set foot in a kingdom that does not stay still, on ground that moves up and down, or in a floating house. But it is time to return to Hypsipile; she will be in her hut. Alas, what am I seeing! There under the myrtle trees unhappy Hypsipile lies, still and silent. Be she dead or alive I will go to help her. I can feel her heart beating, her laboured breathing; in her dream she struggles between love and fury.
<b>Isifile</b>	Crudel, tu parti, o Dio?	O God, are you leaving, cruel one?
<b>Oreste</b>	Son qui da te, cor mio.	I am here by your side, my love.
<b>Isifile</b>	Da me?	By my side?
<b>Oreste</b>	Da te.	By your side.
<b>Isifile</b>	Mi lascerai?	Are you going to leave me?
<b>Oreste</b>	Mai, mai.	Never.
<b>Isifile</b>	Se tu mi lasci, io moro.	If you leave me, I'll die.
<b>Oreste</b>	Non dubitar, t'adoro.	Have no doubts – I adore you.
<b>Isifile</b>	Accostati se vuoi.	Come closer if you want to.
<b>Oreste</b>	Ma s'io ti bacio poi?	If I might kiss you?
<b>Isifile</b>	O quanto goderei.	Oh, how I would like that!
<b>Oreste</b>	Mi tenta pur costei.	How she tempts me!
<b>Isifile</b>	Tu torni al mar, crudele.	You are going back to sea, cruel one.
<b>Oreste</b>	Sì, sì gonfian le vele.	Yes, the sails are full.
<b>Isifile</b>	E l'honor mio, dov'è?	And what of my honour?
<b>Oreste</b>	Io no l'hebbi, alla fè.	I didn't touch it, I swear.
<b>Isifile</b>	Sì, sì, statti con me.	Yes, stay here with me.
<b>Oreste</b>	Torna a quietarsi.	She grows calm again.

## SCENE XIII

<b>Medea</b>	Dell'antro magico stridenti cardini, il varco apritemi, e fra le tenebre del negro ospizio lasciate mè.  Su l'ara orribile del lago stigio i fochi splendino, e insù ne mandino fumi, che turbino la luce al sol.  Dall'abbruciate glebe gran monarca dell'ombre intento ascoltami, e se dardi d'Amor giammai ti punsero, adempi, ò Re dei sotterranei populi,	You screeching hinges of the magic cave: open the path to me and let me pass among the shadows of the black abode.  On the hideous altar of the Stygian lake let the fires burn bright, sending up smoke to trouble the light of the sun.  From your scorched lands, great monarch of the shadows, heed me well, and if, O King of the underworld, you have ever been pierced by Cupid's darts, let the amorous
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	l'amoroso desio che'l cor mi stimola. E tutto Averno alla bell'opra uniscasi: i mostri formidabili del bel vello di Frisso sentinelle feroci infaticabili, per potenza d'abisso si rendono a Giason oggi domabili.	longings that excite my heart be fulfilled! All Avernus is united in the great work: may those fearsome monsters that guard Phrixus' fair fleece so fiercely and tirelessly today be rendered tame for Jason by the power of the abyss.	
	Dall'arsa Dite quante portate serpi alla fronte, Furie, venite, e di Pluto gli imperii à me svelate. Già questa verga io scuoto, già percuoto il suol col piè: horridi demoni, spiriti d'Erebo, volate à me. Così indarno vi chiamo? Quai strepiti, quai sibilli non lascian penetrar nel cieco baratro le mie voci terribili? Dalla sabbia di Cocito, tutta rabbia qua v'invito, al mio soglio quà vi voglio, a che si tarda più? Numi tartarei sù, sù, sù, sù.	From the burned city of Dis, come, Furies, all you whose brows are wreathed with serpents, and reveal to me Pluto's commands. I wave my wand I make the earth shake beneath my feet: hideous demons, spirits of Erebus, fly to me! Do I call to you in vain? Is this roaring and hissing preventing my terrible words from reaching into the blind abyss? From the sands of the Cocytus, in my fury I summon you here. I want you here before my throne: why do you tarry still? Spirits of Tartarus, arise!	
<b>Chorus*</b>	Le mura si squarcino, le pietre si spezzino, le moli si franghino, vacillino, cadano, e tosto si penetri ove Medea si stà.	Let the walls be torn asunder, the stones shattered, let the broken citadel teeter and fall, that we may soon enter the place where Medea waits.	
<b>Messenger Spirit**</b>	Del gran duce tartareo le tue voci o Medea gl'arbitri legano, e i numi inferni a cenni tuoi si piegano. Pluto le tue voci udi. In questo cerchio d'or si rachudi il valor che di Giason il cor armerà questo di.	Your words, O Medea, have met with the approval of the great ruler of Tartarus, and the infernal spirits bend to your will. Pluto has heard your voice. This golden ring holds within it the valour that will arm Jason's heart today.	
<b>Medea</b>	Sì, sì, vincerà il mio Rè, a suo pro deità di la giù pugnerà.	Yes, yes, my King will be victorious, the gods of the underworld will fight for him.	

#### SCENE XIV

<b>Medea</b>	Ecco il fatal castello, qui ti consegno l'incantato anello in cui stassi ristretto il guerriero folletto. Sia dell'aurato cerchio la man sinistra adorna, resta, affronta, combatti, uccidi, atterra, vinci, trionfa, e a questo sen ritorni. Ti lasso,	This is the deadly castle, here I give you the enchanted ring in which is confined the warrior sprite. With this gold circle on your left hand, may you stand, confront, combat, kill, cast down, defeat, triumph, and return to my embrace. I leave you now,	
<b>Giasone</b>	Mi lassi,	You are leaving me,	
<b>Medea &amp; Giasone</b>	Mia vita gradita, mio amor.	My darling, my love.	
<b>Giasone</b>	Ma parte con te questo spirito	But you take with you my spirit	
<b>Medea</b>	Ma resta con te quest'alma	But you keep with you my soul	
<b>Giasone &amp; Medea</b>	e questo cor.	And my heart.	
<b>Giasone</b>	Affetti singolari, favori senza pari. Queste nuove potenze da Medea riconosco: all'armi, all'armi. All'impresa m'accingo, e'l nome di Medea per Nume invoco. O dell'orrido cerchio del fatal laberinto mostri e belve, custodi del Tessalo Giason le voci udite. Queste ferrate porte al mio passaggio obediende aprite, o ch'io le sbarro e vi disfido a morte. Fuori, fuori, al cimento, vostri orriri non pavento.	What strange sensations! I have been granted favours beyond compare. These new powers come from Medea, I can tell: To arms, to arms! I set myself to the deed and invoke Medea to be my guardian spirit. O monsters and savage beasts who guard the hideous circle of the labyrinth: hear the voice of Jason of Thessaly! Open these iron gates at my command and grant me passage, or I shall tear them open and defy you to the death! Out! Out! Come and fight! I do not fear your horrors.	

#### SCENE XV

<b>Medea</b>	Sei ferito, mio ben?	Are you wounded, my beloved?	
<b>Giasone</b>	No, no, mia vita. Sotto gl'auspiti tuoi i mostri estinti, mi fei signor dell'aureo vello, e vinsi.	No, no, my love. Under your protection, I killed the monsters, took possession of the golden fleece and was victorious.	
<b>Ercole</b>	Giason, vincesti il vello, godo del tuo trionfo, ma già solleva il popular tumulto contro di te un invidioso grido. Non è tempo d'indugio, al lido.	Jason, you have won the fleece: I rejoice at your victory, but already there is a jealous uproar rising against you in the crowd. There is no time to hesitate: to the shore!	
<b>Giasone</b>	Medea?	Medea?	
<b>Medea</b>	Giasone?	Jason?	
<b>Giasone</b>	Io parto.	I must go.	
<b>Medea</b>	E dove?	Where?	
<b>Giasone</b>	A Corinto.	To Corinth.	
<b>Medea</b>	Ti seguo.	I will come with you.	
<b>Giasone</b>	E i nostri figli?	What about our children?	
<b>Medea</b>	Son custoditi a pieno.	They are well cared for.	
<b>Giasone</b>	Che dirà il genitor?	What will your father say?	
<b>Medea</b>	Son col marito.	I am with my husband.	
<b>Giasone</b>	La patria?	Your homeland?	
<b>Medea</b>	Non vi penso.	I don't give it a thought.	
<b>Giasone</b>	Il regno?	The kingdom?	
<b>Medea</b>	Non lo curo.	I don't care about it.	
<b>Giasone</b>	Vassalli?	Your subjects?	
<b>Medea</b>	Non li apprezzo.	I think nothing of them.	
<b>Giasone &amp; Medea</b>	O mio tesoro!	Oh, my treasure!	
<b>Medea</b>	E se non vengo, io moro.	And if I don't come with you, I will die.	
<b>Giasone</b>	Vieni, vieni e vivi, mia vita.	Come, my love, come and live!	
<b>Medea</b>	O felice partita.	Oh, happy departure!	
<b>Giasone</b>	Cara fuga soave.	Dear, sweet flight!	
<b>Giasone &amp; Medea</b>	Alla nave, alla nave!	To the ship!	

#### SCENE XVI

<b>Demo</b>	Alla nave, alla nave? Medea e Giason s'abbracciano? E per gir a Co – Co – a Corinto si partono, si fuggono, imbara – ba – bara – ba – s'imbarcano. O sventurato Egeo, povero mio signor, misero rè. Chi me l'insegna, ohimè, dov'è?	To the ship? Medea and Jason embracing? And leaving, fleeing, setting s – s – sail for Co – Co – Corinth. O unlucky Aegeus, my poor master, wretched king! Ah, someone tell me where he is!
<b>Egeo</b>	Mi chiami?	Were you calling me?
<b>Demo</b>	O signor, sì. Gran novelle, Signore, Fughe, assassinamenti, armi e rumore.	My lord! Yes: Big news, my lord: Runaways, murders, arms and uproar.
<b>Egeo</b>	Di' tosto, chi fuggi?	Tell me quickly, who has run away?
<b>Demo</b>	Medea, co – con –	Medea, w – with –
<b>Egeo</b>	Che?	What?
<b>Demo</b>	Medea co – con –	Medea, w – with –
<b>Egeo</b>	Segui, segui.	Go on, go on.
<b>Demo</b>	Medea co – con –	Medea, she's run away w – with –
<b>Egeo</b>	O Dio, con chi?	For God's sake, with whom?
<b>Demo</b>	Co – con – con Giason si fuggi.	W – w – with Jason.
<b>Egeo</b>	Ohimè.	Alas!
<b>Demo</b>	E con fuga soave van gridando abbracciati: Alla nave, alla nave.	And as they flee, locked in a sweet embrace, they cry: To the ship!
<b>Egeo</b>	E verso dove andranno?	And where are they headed?
<b>Demo</b>	S'imbarcano per Co – Co – per Co – Co –	They're taking ship for Co – Co – Co –
<b>Egeo</b>	Per Coimbra?	For Coimbra?
<b>Demo</b>	No! Per Co – Co – Co –	No! For Co – Co – Co –
<b>Egeo</b>	Per Coralto?	Coralto?
<b>Demo</b>	Ohibò, per Co – Co – Co –	Ah, no! Co – Co – Co –
<b>Egeo</b>	Per Cosandro?	Cosandra?
<b>Demo</b>	Né meno, per Co – Co – Co –	No, not there either, Co – Co – Co –
<b>Egeo</b>	Per Corinto?	Corinth?
<b>Demo</b>	Ah, ah, oh bene, bene, Mi cavasti di pene.	Ah, yes, phew! Thanks for getting me out of that one.
<b>Egeo</b>	Hor, ecco la cagione perché Medea m'abbore: ama Giasone. O Dio, son morto. Tu, segui i miei passi ed in picciola barca seguiamo i fuggitivi. Alto decreto eterno vuol ch'io segua Medea sin nell'Inferno.	So that's the reason Medea hates me: she's in love with Jason. O God, this is killing me! You, follow me and we'll get a little boat and go after the fugitives. Some high eternal decree demands that I follow Medea, even into Hell.

## PART TWO

### SCENE I

<b>Demo</b>	Soccorso, aiuto, ò là. Io moro, ohimè, piè – piè – piè – pietà. Ohimè, son morto, ohimè me me – me – meschino.	Help, help! I'm dying, alas, have p – p – pity on me! Alas, I'm dead, woe is m – m – me!
<b>Oreste</b>	E chi sei tû?	And who are you?
<b>Demo</b>	No! vedi? Son un morto che trema, un avanzo di pesci, ombra di Demo.	Can't you see? I'm a trembling dead man, leftovers from the fishes' dinner, the ghost of Demo.
<b>Oreste</b>	È Demo a fé. Non mi conosci?	Well, it is Demo! Don't you recognise me?
<b>Demo</b>	No!	No.
<b>Oreste</b>	Apri ben gl'occhi.	Try opening your eyes!
<b>Demo</b>	E come s'io non gl'hò? Un tonno, uno storione gli mangiaron poc'anzi a colazione. Ma sta – stacco le ciglia, e vedo il cielo e queste ville. Intatte hò le pu – pupille. Oreste? Oreste mio? Dove ti veggio?	How am I supposed to do that when I don't have any? A tunafish and a sturgeon just had them for breakfast. But now that I've opened m – my eyelids I can see the sky and those houses – My eyes are unharmed! Orestes? Orestes, my friend? What are you doing here?
<b>Oreste</b>	Ed io, come ti trovo? Come giungesti qua?	And how do I come to find you here? How did you get here?
<b>Demo</b>	Il re d'Atene, il mio padrone Egeo – che sia pur maledetto – per seguir d'Argo la famosa nave in picciolo legnetto meco si pose a' suoi deliri intento, il mar, la pioggia, la fo – fo – fo – for –	The king of Athens, my master Aegeus – a pox on him – wanted to follow that blasted ship the Argo so he put me in a tiny bunch of sticks to chase after his crazy dreams: the sea, the rain, f – f – f –
<b>Oreste</b>	E quando mai?	How long is this going to take!
<b>Demo</b>	La fortuna e'l vento Al fond'hor mi mandava ed hora insino al ciel mi sol – mi sol – mi sol –	Fate and the wind sent me to the bottom and now they have re – re – re
<b>Oreste</b>	La fa, la fa re mi fa. O che musica brava.	Doh re mi fa so la ti doh! What a lovely tune.
<b>Demo</b>	Ed hora insino al ciel mi sollevava. Io mi ridussi al fine inzu – zu – zu – zuppato nell'acque senza remo o timone; indi, come al ciel piacque, urtò l'angusta barca in un sco – sco – scoglione. Si ruppe, si spezzò, Egeo per l'onde andò, s'affondò, s'an – s'an – s'an –	– rescued me again. So there I was out at sea, soaked to the skin, with neither oar nor rudder, then, heaven saw fit to run the little boat onto an enormous r – r – rock. It broke up, it split apart, Aegeus went down into the waves, he sank, he d – d – d –
<b>Oreste</b>	S'annegò?	Drowned?
<b>Demo</b>	S'annegò. Io dall'onde sbattuto dopo averla be – la be – la be –	Drowned. And I, battered by the waves, having drunk to my f – f – f –
<b>Oreste</b>	La bella traditora	“To my false lady, heartless queen
<b>Demo &amp; Oreste</b>	che m'ha rubato il cor, Col guardo mi innamora, e mi fa star di fuor.	who stole my heart and my pride, With just one glance she took me in but still I wait outside.”
<b>Demo</b>	Dopo aver la be – be – be – bevuto lo spirito nel mar lasciai disciolto, poscia su queste arene il cadavere mio giunse insepolto.	Having drunk my f – f – fill of their salty brine, I gave up my spirit into the sea, and now here on the sand my mortal remains lie unburied.
<b>Oreste</b>	Dunque morto tu sei?	So you're dead?
<b>Demo</b>	Morte son io.	I am.
<b>Oreste</b>	Gentil humor, sarai sepolto. Hor dimmi, parti la nave d'Argo?	Very funny... We'll get you buried, don't worry. Now tell me, did the Argo sail away?
<b>Demo</b>	Partì con la mal'ora e Gia – Gia – Giason seco.	She did, curse her! and with J – J – Jason on board.
<b>Oreste</b>	Già vicina si scopre, e l'impeto dei venti quà la spinge a gran forza, già questo porto imbrocca, già vi giunge, lo tocca; del sospirato arrivo a Isifile men volo a dar novelle, tu meco vieni, e a ristorar tuoi danni ti darò foco e panni.	There she is, I can see her already: the rough winds are driving her towards us. she's already sailing into port, here she is already, she's docked; Hypsipile has been waiting eagerly for the boat, so I must fly to tell her it's arrived. You come with me. To make up for your ordeal I'll get you a fire and some dry clothes.

### SCENE II

<b>Giasone</b>	Scendi, o bella, Vieni al porto.	Come, my fair one, Come down to the harbour.
<b>Medea</b>	Cara stella quà n'ha scorto.	A kindly star has escorted us here.
<b>Giasone</b>	Non è molestia l'ira del mar.	There's nothing to trouble us in the sea's wrath.

<b>Medea</b>	Fiera tempesta placida appar.	A wild tempest is like calm seas.
<b>Giasone</b>	Il terreno tutto è ameno,	Everywhere the land is pleasant,
<b>Medea</b>	È divina la marina. Ove Giason i raggi suoi diffonde,	The view of the coast is heavenly. Wherever Jason's radiance shines,
<b>Giasone</b>	Ove Medea i suoi splendor diffonde,	Wherever Medea's splendour shines,
<b>Giasone &amp; Medea</b>	Vago è'l suol, ride il ciel, brillano l'onde.	The land is fair, the heavens laugh, the waves sparkle.

### SCENE III

<b>Alinda</b>	Quanti soldati, o quanti, allegrezza o donne amanti.	Look at all the soldiers! What a delight, for ladies inclined to love!
<b>Ercole</b>	Gradite tempeste, procelle adorate che quà ne spingeste le merce più grate, per vostra pietate mia gioia s'avanza, col vostro tempestar vien l'abbondanza. Quanti soldati...	Welcome storm, beloved tempest, you have driven here the most desired of goods! Your kindness increases my joy, Your raging brings such plenty! Look at all the soldiers!...
<b>Ercole</b>	Il tuo mestier, qual è?	So what's your trade?
<b>Alinda</b>	Soldato io sono.	I'm a soldier.
<b>Alinda</b>	Tu soldato? Ah, ah, ah, ah! Ohimè, questo tuo dir rider mi fà.	You, a soldier? Ha ha ha ha! Ah, you make me laugh, saying that!
<b>Ercole</b>	Perchè ridi così?	Why are you laughing like that?
<b>Alinda</b>	Tu soldato?	You, a soldier?
<b>Ercole</b>	Io sì.	Yes, I am!
<b>Alinda</b>	Dov'è il volto sfreggiato? Dov'hai manco un orecchio? Dov'è un fianco stroppiato? Dov'è una man recisa? Ohime non lo dir più, scoppio di risa.	Where are the scars on your face? Where's your missing ear? Where's your gammy leg? Where's the stump of your missing hand? Oh goodness, don't say it again, I'm laughing fit to burst.
<b>Ercole</b>	Dunque non ti rassembra soldato uno che intere habbia le membra?	So nobody who still has all his limbs looks like a soldier to you?
<b>Alinda</b>	Il bon soldato deve portar qualche notabil contrasegno. Almen un braccio in pezzi, un occhio di cristallo, o un piè di legno. Ma, dove vai?	A good soldier needs to have some visible mark. At least an arm cut to ribbons, a glass eye, or a wooden leg. Hey, where are you going?
<b>Ercole</b>	Già che così non pare ch'io sia stato alla guerra, vado a farmi stroppiare.	Since I don't look like I've been in the wars, I'm going off to make myself a cripple.
<b>Alinda</b>	Nò, già che tutto sei, tutto ti voglio, ma quanto più ti gradirebbe il core se tu fussi bon musico cantore.	No! since you're whole, I want you whole, but how much more you would please my heart if you were a fine singer and musician!
<b>Ercole</b>	Musico? l'arte mia è'l canto e l'armonia.	Musician? That's my art – singing and harmony!
<b>Alinda</b>	Tanto più mi sei grato, ma su qual voce canti, ed in qual tono?	Then I like you so much more! But what voice are you, what register do you sing in?
<b>Ercole</b>	Non mi senti parlar? Soprano io sono.	Can't you hear me speaking? I'm a soprano.
<b>Alinda</b>	Soprano?	A soprano?
<b>Ercole</b>	Sì, perché?	Yes, why?
<b>Alinda</b>	Non sei castrato già?	You're not a castrato?
<b>Ercole</b>	Non sono, a fé.	No, I swear!
<b>Alinda</b>	Non più guerra, non più furore. Due cori amanti tra vezzi e canti dispensino l'ore.	No more battles, no more fighting. Let two hearts in love pass the time in pleasure and singing.
<b>Alinda &amp; Ercole</b>	Non più guerra, trionfi Amore.	No more battles, love has triumphed.
<b>Ercole</b>	Non più tromba o tambur, non più rumore. In amorse paci al suono dei baci rallegrisi il core.	No more trumpets and drums, no more noise. Peaceful in love, to the sound of kisses let the heart rejoice.
<b>Alinda &amp; Ercole</b>	Non più tromba o tambur, Amore.	No more trumpets and drums, but Love!

### SCENE IV

<b>Oreste</b>	Isifile, Signor, quella che in Lenno...	My lord, you remember Hypsipile from Lemnos...
<b>Giasone</b>	Ohimè.	Oh no.
<b>Oreste</b>	(Tu ben m'intendi.) Ti ricerca, ti prega che tu l'ascolti, e quà s'invia.	(You have understood me well.) ...she is looking for you, and asks that you listen to her; she is coming here.
<b>Giasone</b>	Ho inteso; sì, sì, ci rivedremo, Oreste, addio. Andiam, mia vita.	I see; yes, yes, goodbye then, Orestes, farewell. Let's go, my love.

<b>Medea</b>	Altro non rispondi a costui?	Is that all you are going to say to him?
<b>Giasone</b>	(Che strano incontro.) Basta così. Partiam ti prego.	(What a strange encounter.) It's enough. Please, let's go.
<b>Oreste</b>	Ah, Sire, sentila per pietà.	Ah, sir, please listen to her.
<b>Giasone</b>	Sì, sì, la sentirò; partiam, regina.	Yes, yes, I'll listen to her. Let's go, my queen.
<b>Medea</b>	(Gelosia, non m'uccidere.) Giasone, se neghi d'ascoltar dama che prega, certo sarai di scortesia notato. Torna alla tua signora e dilli pur che qui Giason l'attende.	(Jealousy, don't kill me...) Jason, if you refuse to listen to a lady's pleading, you will get a reputation for rudeness. <i>[To Orestes:]</i> Go back to your lady and tell her Jason is waiting for her here.
<b>Oreste</b>	Vado, Signore?	Shall I go, my lord?
<b>Giasone</b>	Obedisci.	Do as she says.
<b>Oreste</b>	Volo.	I go with all speed.
<b>Medea</b>	(O Dio, son morta.) Deh, dimmi, chi è costei che così ardita messagier t'invia?	(O God, this is going to kill me.) So tell me, who is this lady who sends to you with such passion?
<b>Giasone</b>	(Convien prender partito.) È una matta leggiadra che nel passar a Colco in Lenno io vidi. Vigilante procura d'ogni donna che giunge a questi lidi intender i costumi ed i successi. Su quei fissa la mente, machina, e crede al fine, che gl'accidenti altrui, o buoni o rei, siano incontrati a lei. Ch'or s'allegra, hor si duole, hor ride, hor piange, hor s'umilia, hor s'adira, conforma alla cagion per cui delira.	(I'd better find an excuse.) She's just this crazy woman I saw in Lemnos on my way to Colchis. She keeps watch on every lady who reaches these shores, studying them closely, how they behave, the events of their lives. She thinks about it all obsessively: she plots and in the end believes that whatever has happened to them, good or bad, has happened to her. So whether she is happy or sad, laughing or weeping, grovelling or enraged, it just depends on what she's been fantasising about.
<b>Medea</b>	Gentil follia; vorrò vederne il vero.	A delightful folly! I'd like to see the truth of it.

## SCENE V

<b>Isifile</b>	Oh Dio, ecco Giasone con la beltà gradita. Spirti, non mi lasciate, simuliamo lo sdegno, Amore aita.	O God, here comes Jason, with the beauty who enjoys his favours. May my senses not desert me! Let's feign scorn. Love, come to my aid!
<b>Medea</b>	A te ne vien.	She's coming over to you.
<b>Giasone</b>	Vaghi discorsi attendi.	You can expect some pretty ravings.
<b>Isifile</b>	Se tra i mesti pallori del funesto semblante, simulacro di morte, non riconosci a piano la tua diletta amante, l'adorata consorte, in questo pianto almeno che versan gl'occhi in due dolenti fiumi, d'Isifile infelice che abbandonata langue, riconosci, o Giason, l'anima e'l sangue.	Perhaps with the sad pallor of my mournful face, the very mask of death, you don't quite recognise your dear beloved, your adored consort? At least in these tears that pour from my eyes in two rivers of pain, you might recognise, Jason, the soul and the blood of unhappy Hypsipile, who languishes here, abandoned.
<b>Giasone</b>	Secondiamo l'umore. Frena, bella languente, frena questi dolori, e nel mio seno torna a goder i sospirati amori.	(Let's play along with her mood.) Ah, suffering beauty, no more sorrows! In my embrace enjoy again the love for which you sigh.
<b>Isifile</b>	O delizie, o tesori. Lassa dunque costei? E tutto a me ti rendi, anima mia.	O precious sweetness! Then you will leave this woman, and give yourself wholly to me, my love?
<b>Medea</b>	Lussuriosa pazzia. Dimmi, amasti Giasone?	A lustful folly! Tell me, did you love Jason?
<b>Isifile</b>	Più dell'anima mia.	More than my own soul.
<b>Medea</b>	Ti corrispose?	Did he respond?
<b>Isifile</b>	M'adorò.	He adored me.
<b>Giasone</b>	Che ridere.	How amusing!
<b>Medea</b>	L'amor passò più oltre?	Did your love go further?
<b>Isifile</b>	Al letto giunse.	As far as the bed.
<b>Giasone</b>	Sopra gl'amori tuoi certo vaneggia.	She must be raving, with this talk of love.
<b>Medea</b>	Al fin godesti, amica?	And did he bring you to bliss, my friend?
<b>Isifile</b>	Giason che'l sa, te'l dica.	Jason knows, let him tell you.
<b>Medea</b>	Che rispondi, Giason?	What do you say to that, Jason?
<b>Giasone</b>	Ciò che gl'aggrada.	Whatever she likes.
<b>Isifile</b>	Forse vero non fù? Gravida mi lasciasti.	Oh, you think it might not be true? You left me pregnant.
<b>Giasone</b>	Sentirai di più bello.	You'll hear crazier than that!
<b>Medea</b>	E partoristi?	And did you have the baby?
<b>Isifile</b>	E quasi.	In a manner of speaking!
<b>Medea</b>	Come dire?	What do you mean?

<b>Isifile</b>	Maschia gemella prole in un sol parto alla luci io diedi.	I gave birth to twin boys.
<b>Medea</b>	Ed hor che pensi far?	And what are your plans now?
<b>Isifile</b>	Seguir Giasone.	To follow Jason.
<b>Medea</b>	E lascerai il tuo natio terreno?	You'll leave your native land?
<b>Isifile</b>	Quant'è ch'abbandonai la patria e'l regno.	I left my homeland and my throne long ago.
<b>Medea</b>	Dunque regina sei?	Then you are a queen?
<b>Isifile</b>	Odi novelle.	Breaking news.
<b>Medea</b>	Più che pazza è costei.	This one's more than mad.
<b>Giasone</b>	Io già te'l dissi.	I told you so!
<b>Medea</b>	Mi perdoni, la vostra Maestà: venga, Signora mia, passi di quà.	Forgive me, your majesty! Come, my lady, this way.
<b>Isifile</b>	Giason, son tua, sei mio. Lassa questa vagante, ritorna a questo sen, marito e amante.	Jason, I am yours, you are mine. Leave this wanderer, come back to my embrace, my husband and my lover!
<b>Medea</b>	Così bizzarra? Partiamo (ohimè che riso) o mio diletto.	How bizarre! (Ah, what a joke!) Let's go, my beloved.
<b>Isifile</b>	Partir, senza di me, coppia nemica? Indietro traditor, torna impudica.	What, are my enemies leaving without me? Out of the way, traitor! Come back, whore!
<b>Giasone</b>	Raffrenate colei. Partiamo, o cara.	Restrain her! Let's go, my darling.
<b>Isifile</b>	Ancor tentate, anime scellerate! non sol le vostre forze ma d'Erebo i legami spezzerò, svellerò. Chi non teme di morte sa da i Tartarei fondi sbarrar le mura e diroccar le porte.	Still trying to get away, you villains? Not only will I smash your strength, I will shatter the very chains of Erebus. One who does not fear death can tear apart the walls of deepest Tartarus and pull down its gates.

## SCENE VI

<b>Medea</b>	Sotto il tremulo ciel di queste frondi, intorno a cui s'aggira d'aure soavi un odorato nembro, posa, mia vita, alla tua vita in grembo.	Beneath the fluttering heaven of these branches, where gentle breezes play, weaving a mist of sweet fragrance, rest, my love, in the bosom of your love.
<b>Giasone</b>	Mira, mio cor, deh mira come nel bel color di queste foglie speme d'amor s'accoglie.	Look, my darling, see how the fresh green of these leaves speaks of love's hopes.
<b>Medea</b>	Vedi, mio ben, deh vedi qual palesa il candor di questo fiore la fedeltà d'un core.	Look, my love, see how the pure whiteness of this flower mirrors a heart's faithfulness.
<b>Giasone &amp; Medea</b>	Dunque tra fiori e frondi simulacri di fede e della speme, Adorata Medea / Adorato Giason, posiamo insieme.	So here among the leaves and flowers, symbols of faith and hope, my beloved Medea / my beloved Jason, let's lie down together.
<b>Medea</b>	Dormi, stanco Giasone. E del mio cor, che gl'occhi tuoi rapiro, sian le palpebre tua cara prigionie.	Sleep, my weary Jason; your eyelids will lock away in a tender prison the heart that your eyes stole from me.
<b>Giasone</b>	Dormi ch'io dormo, o bella. E mentre i sensi miei consegno al sonno, oggi per te Giason vantar si puole d'aver l'alma tra l'ombre e in braccio il sole.	Sleep while I sleep, my beautiful love! And as I consign my senses to slumber, today I can boast that because of you, I have my heart in the shade and the sun in my arms.
<b>Medea</b>	Mio ben, che sognerai?	What will you dream of, my love?
<b>Giasone</b>	I tuoi celesti rai. E tu, mia vita?	Your heavenly eyes. And you, my darling?
<b>Medea</b>	Tua bellezza infinita.	Your infinite beauty.
<b>Medea &amp; Giasone</b>	Felicissimo sonno, che in grembo delle larve al ciel c'invia. Adoriamoci in sogno, anima mia.	Most blissful sleep, you carry us to heaven in the arms of your visions. Dearest, let us love one another in our dreams.

## SCENE VII

<b>Oreste</b>	'Adoriamoci in sogno, anima mia' – Gentil discorso è questo, ma pazzo è ben chi non intende il resto. Qual invidiosa guerra prova l'anima mia! Veder due soli addormentati in terra, ed io qui veglio, e senza compagnia. Almen per sfogare sì fiero desio addormentare mi potess'anch'io, che ben so quanto vaglia fantastica magia d'un sogno grato, a cacciar fuor lo spirito innamorato. Non è più bel piacer quanto in sogno goder chi si desia gioir in fantasia con l'adorata amica, risparmi a quel che sogna il peccato, la spesa, e la fatica.	'Dearest, let us love one another in our dreams' – They are pretty words, but you'd be mad not to understand what they leave unsaid! What envy rages in my heart! I see two suns asleep on the ground, while I remain awake, and alone. If only I too could sleep and find some relief for my fierce desire! Well do I know the power of sweet sleep and the magic of its dreams to drive away thoughts of love. There is no greater pleasure than to enjoy in dreams what you most desire! To fantasise of tasting love's delights with one's beloved spares the dreamer the sin, the expense and the hard work.
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SCENE VIII

<b>Isifile</b>	Ahimè, che veggio? Dormono i traditori. Non più dormir, non più! Risvegliati, sù, sù, Giasone.	Oh no, what's this I see? The traitors, asleep! No more sleeping! Wake up! Get up, Jason, get up.
<b>Giasone</b>	Chi, chi mi sveglia?	Who is it? Who's waking me up?
<b>Isifile</b>	Svegliati, svegliati, io così voglio.	Wake up! I want you to wake up!
<b>Giasone</b>	Con tanto orgoglio? E chi sei tu?	So arrogant? Who are you?
<b>Isifile</b>	Non mi conosci più?	Don't you recognise me any more?
<b>Giasone</b>	Isifile?	Hypsipile?
<b>Isifile</b>	Giason!	Jason!
<b>Giasone</b>	Deh taci, o cara.	Oh, quiet, darling!
<b>Isifile</b>	Io cara? e a chi?	'Darling'? Me? Whose darling?
<b>Giasone</b>	A me.	Mine.
<b>Isifile</b>	Menti, spergiuro.	You cheating liar!
<b>Giasone</b>	(Se si sveglia Medea, morto son io.)	(If Medea wakes up, I'm dead.)
<b>Medea</b>	(Con la matta Giasone?)	(Jason, with the madwoman?)
<b>Giasone</b>	Torna all'albergo, ivi m'attendi, e taci.	Go back to the tavern, wait for me there, and keep quiet!
<b>Isifile</b>	Né partir, né tacere, né fidarmi di te, perfido, io voglio. Dimmi, non sei tu quello...	I don't want to leave, or keep quiet, or trust you, you evil man. Tell me: weren't you the man...
<b>Giasone</b>	(O quant'io temo!)	(I'm scared stiff.)
<b>Isifile</b>	Ch'in Lenno m'adorasti.	...who loved me in Lemnos?
<b>Giasone</b>	Hor che del vello d'oro superata ho l'impresa, dopo breve ristoro a te sua sfera volerà il foco di quest'alma accesa, e dal core et dal petto ti giuro, o mia gradita, di licenziar ogni straniero affetto.	Now that I have conquered the golden fleece, after a brief rest, the fire of my burning heart will fly to you, its true home, and I swear to you, my dearest, that I will banish from my heart and my breast all other loves.
<b>Medea</b>	(E pur non sogno?)	(Am I dreaming?)
<b>Isifile</b>	Partirò se me dai...	I will leave, if you give me...
<b>Giasone</b>	E che?	What?
<b>Isifile</b>	D'amor un pegno.	A token of your love.
<b>Giasone</b>	E quale?	What will it be?
<b>Isifile</b>	Un casto abbracciamento maritale.	The chaste embrace of a husband.
<b>Giasone</b>	Giusta richiesta, or prendi.	A fair request! Here you are...
<b>Isifile</b>	O caro, o caro, o mio.	O my darling!
<b>Giasone</b>	Hormai t'acquieta.	Settle down now.
<b>Isifile</b>	E pur ti stringo, O dio.	I'm holding you in my arms, O God!
<b>Giasone</b>	Il pianto affrena.	Stop crying.
<b>Isifile</b>	Mia gioia sospirata.	The joy I longed for.
<b>Giasone</b>	Mia bellezza, mia bellezz' – Oh tu sei risvegliata?	My fair one, my fair – Oh, you're awake?
<b>Medea</b>	No vi turbate, no, coppia felice. Vezziaggiate pur lieti in grembo delle grazie e degl'amori, vostri affetti segreti. Così grati soggiorni conturbar non vorrò, se bramate ch'io torni a dormir, tornerò.	Oh, don't let me disturb the happy couple. Carry on cuddling, in the bosom of the Graces and the gods of love; enjoy your secret love. I would hate to disturb such a pleasant interlude. If you want me to go back to sleep, I will.
<b>Giasone</b>	Medea...	Medea...
<b>Medea</b>	Bando alli scherzi, troppo so, troppo intesi. Ascolta, traditor: regina, attendi. Trionfi omai, dopo angosciosa guerra di reggia dama il seppellito onore, e in unir destra a destra, e core a core, nodo ordito nel Ciel stringasi in terra.	No more jokes: I know too much, I understand too much. Hear me, traitor: and you, queen, listen well. The anguish of war is over: now let the buried honour of a noble lady triumph. Joined hand to hand and heart to heart, let the bond ordained by Heaven be tied on earth.
<b>Isifile</b>	O celesti favor, grazie divine.	O heavenly favour, divine graces!
<b>Giasone</b>	Dovrò dunque, o Medea?	Then Medea, shall I...?
<b>Medea</b>	Senti, e legge ti sia, traditor adorato, ogni mio detto. Fa' che a questi sponsali la morte di costei tosto succeda, prima che seco tu accomuni il letto.	My darling traitor, listen to my every word and take them as law. Straight after the wedding, you must make sure that she dies, before you share a bed with her.
<b>Isifile</b>	Certo parla a mio prò, quanto le devo!	She must be speaking on my behalf; how grateful I am!
<b>Giasone</b>	Dunque vuoi tu che io sia marito e micidiale?	So you want me to be husband and hitman?

	Non fia possibil mai, farò ch'altri l'uccida.	I could never do it; I'll get someone else to kill her.
<b>Medea</b>	Chi sarà l'omicida?	Who will the killer be?
<b>Giasone</b>	Ercole.	Hercules.
<b>Medea</b>	Ma quando?	But when?
<b>Giasone</b>	In questo notte.	Tonight.
<b>Medea</b>	E dove?	And where?
<b>Giasone</b>	Nella valle d'Orseno.	In the valley of Orseno.
<b>Medea</b>	Hor son contenta a pieno. Regina, ecco lo sposo che, sbanditi i rigori, lieto ritorna a' tuoi graditi amori.	You fill me with happiness. Queen, behold your husband: now that his ordeals are over, he returns joyfully to your welcome embrace.
<b>Isifile</b>	Se il tuo pietoso zelo mi rende al primo ardore, a te, nume per me sceso dal Cielo, devo gli spirti miei, l'anima e' core. Ma tu, così pensoso? Così dolente?	If in your mercy you have laboured to return my first love to me, then to you, O goddess come down from heaven, I owe my mind, my heart and my soul. But Jason, why so thoughtful? Why so sad?
<b>Giasone</b>	Anzi gioioso, anzi ridente. Ti pubblicherò moglie. Hor tu, prima ch'al mezzo giunga la notte che già copre il cielo, alla valle d'Orsen tacita andrai, ivi t'attenderà Ercole il mio fido, Ercole che meco già vedesti in Lenno, a lui per parte mia domanderai se ancora quant'impose Giason resti eseguito, attendi la risposta, e i suoi ragguagli per ritrovarmi ai passi tuoi dian legge.	On the contrary! I'm full of joy, I'm laughing. I will pronounce you my wife. But now, before the night which is already darkening the sky is even halfway gone, go secretly to the vally of Orseno. My loyal friend Hercules will be waiting for you there – Hercules, whom you saw with me in Lemnos. Ask him from me if the task Jason imposed on him has been carried out. Wait for his reply, and then command your steps to return to me with his report.
<b>Isifile</b>	Fortunato tormento, al fin si placa Amore, e nei campi del duol nasce il contento.	O happy torment! At last Love is appeased, and happiness is born from the fields of grief.

SCENE IX

<b>Giasone</b>	Ercole, hor tu queste mie voci osserva. Alla valle d'Orsen tosto n'andrai, ivi un messaggio attendi. Questi, per mio comando, in questo notte ti chiederà se di Giason gl'imperi son eseguiti. A sì fatta richiesta sai che risponder dei?	Hercules, listen closely. Go quickly to the valley of Orseno; wait there for a messenger, who, by my command, this night, will ask you if Jason's orders have been carried out. Do you know how you must answer?
<b>Ercole</b>	Se non m'avvisi, no.	Not unless you tell me, no.
<b>Giasone</b>	Gettalo in mare.	Throw the messenger into the sea.
<b>Ercole</b>	In mare?	Into the sea?
<b>Giasone</b>	In mare sì. Maschio o donna che sia, sia pur chi voglia, né stupor né pietade il cor t'assaglia, subito l'imprigiona e in mar la scaglia.	Yes, into the sea. Be it man or woman, anyone at all, don't let your heart be assailed by amazement or pity: seize them and throw them into the sea.

SCENE X

<b>Egeo</b>	Perch'io torni a penar, temprò l'ira del mar quel foco vorace ch'accolsi nel sen; e' l'cor ch'è ripien di doglia e spavento, gode al dispetto mio la libertà. Di me più scontento nel mondo non fù, non è, non sarà.	So that I can suffer yet more, the fury of the sea cooled the consuming fire that was raging in my breast; and my heart, full of grief and fear, enjoys its freedom in spite of me. There has never been an unhappier man than me, nor is there now, nor ever shall be.
<b>Demo</b>	Impietosito Oreste mi donò questa veste. Per queste alpestri grotte, mal sicura è la notte.	Orestes, taking pity on me, gave me these clothes. In these mountain caves it's not safe at night.
<b>Egeo</b>	Oh Dio!	Oh God!
<b>Demo</b>	Morto son io.	I'm dead!
<b>Egeo</b>	Chi parla qua? Chi sei Ch'osservi i detti miei?	Who's that speaking there? Who are you, spying on my words?
<b>Demo</b>	Io sono un innocente che con l'alma atterrita ti chie – ti chie – ti chieggio in elemosina la vita.	I'm an innocent man who with terror in his heart b – b – begs you for his life as alms.
<b>Egeo</b>	Volgiti in faccia il lume. Demo.	Turn your face to the light. Demo!
<b>Demo</b>	Chi ti diss'il mio nome?	Who told you my name?
<b>Egeo</b>	Non riconosci il tuo signore?	Don't you recognise your master?
<b>Demo</b>	Chi?	Who?
<b>Egeo</b>	Non riconosci Egeo?	Don't you recognise me, Aegeus?
<b>Demo</b>	Egeo appunto è lì. Lo sventurato fù da' pesci spolpato.	Actually Aegeus is over there. The poor chap was stripped to the bone by fish.
<b>Egeo</b>	Mira pur s'io son quello.	But look, it's me here.
<b>Demo</b>	Ohimè, indietro farefarello!	Oh no, get away from me, you evil spirit!

<b>Egeo</b>	Non son spirito, nò. Porgi la mano a me.	I'm not a spirit! Here, take my hand.
<b>Demo</b>	Non te la po – po – no te la porgo a fé!	N – n – no way!
<b>Egeo</b>	Porgila, dico!	Take it, I tell you!
<b>Demo</b>	Son pur nel brutto intrico!	Now I really am in a pickle.
<b>Egeo</b>	Di' pur che son Egeo, vivo e non morto. Tu già servo, hor compagno, meco ne vieni e porti pietoso al mio penar grato conforto.	I tell you, I am Aegeus, alive and not dead. Once you were my servant; now as my companion come with me; have pity, come and comfort me in my suffering.
<b>Demo</b>	Ch'Egeo tu sia non sò, spirto, non credo. Ma se spirto sei, sei di quelli alla moda, senza pel, senza corna e senza coda.	Whether you're Aegeus or not, I don't know... I don't think you're a spirit. Though if you are, you're one of those trendy ones without hair or horns or tail.

### SCENE XI

<b>Isifile</b>	Gioite, festosi, miei spirti amorosi. Al ciel di contenti quest'alma rapite. Di doglie e tormenti fugate, sbandite i nemi e gl'orrori. In questo mio core stillatevi tutte dal regno d'Amore dolcezze infinite. Miei spirti amorosi, gioite, gioite.	Be joyful and merry, my loving soul. Carry my heart away to the heights of happiness. Flee from sorrows and torments, banish storms and horrors. Here in my heart sprinkle all the infinite sweetness of the kingdom of Love. My loving soul, rejoice, rejoice!
	Ma tempo è ch'io precorra l'ora che m'assegnò l'idolo mio, e che d'Orseno, alla scoscesa valle per non trito sentiero omai trascorra.	But it's time for me to go; I must not be late for the task my love set for me. The Orseno valley is steep, and the path into it is seldom travelled.

### SCENE XII

<b>Medea</b>	Ercole qui non appare, ed io misera anelo dal impatienza flagellata e vinta saper se sia la mia rivale estinta.	Hercules isn't here yet, and I wait in my misery, lashed by impatience, breathless, overwhelmed with longing to know if my rival is dead.
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### SCENE XIII

<b>Delfa</b>	Perché sospiri, Medea gelosa, perché t'adiri, bella amorosa? Che importa a te se il tuo diletto ad altr'oggetto serbò già fé?	Why do you sigh, jealous Medea? why do you rage, amorous beauty? What do you care if your beloved now serves another?
	Qual hor su queste guancie fiorir le rose e'l brio, gl'amorosi liquor gustavo anch'io. E agl'orli ch'io succhiai, non m'importò giammai se le compagne mie bevero tutte. Mi bastò non restare a labbra asciutte. È follia fra gl'amori seminar la gelosia, per raccogliere al fin rabbie e rancori. Consolar sol si può quel ben che in sen ci stà. La gioia che passò in fumo, in ombra, in nulla sen' va. Chi vuol sbandir dal cor doglia e martello lasci amar, ami ogn'un, goda più bello.	When these cheeks still bloomed with roses and life, I too tasted the nectar of love. And it never mattered to me whether all my friends were also sipping from that cup. It was enough for me that my lips didn't go thirsty. It is stupid to sow jealousy among lovers, only to harvest anger and grudges. Only the lover we hold in our arms can comfort us. The joys of the past vanish into smoke, shadows, nothingness. Whoever wants to banish sorrow and hammer- blows from their heart, should let themselves be loved, love everyone, and enjoy all that is beautiful.

### SCENE XIV

<b>Medea</b>	Per intender Giasone, se quanto ei comandò resti eseguito, in fretta a te mi manda.	Jason sent me to you in haste to find out if his orders have been carried out.
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### SCENE XV

<b>Egeo</b>	Qual incognita forza per questi orrori a raggirar mi sforza?	What unknown power drives me to wander in this place of horrors?
<b>Medea</b>	Così son mal trattata, Regina imprigionata?	Is this how I am to be treated? A queen, taken prisoner?
<b>Egeo</b>	Regina imprigionata?	A queen, taken prisoner?
<b>Medea</b>	Ditemi, scelerati, di qual colpa son rea, sventurata Medea?	Tell me, villains, of what crime is hapless Medea guilty?
<b>Egeo</b>	Medea? Medea?	Medea? Medea?
<b>Medea</b>	Alcun non mi risponde fra così ingiusti guai? Mi gettate nell'onde? O Giason traditor, ahi ahi.	Will none of you answer me in my distress? I am innocent! You're not going to throw me into the sea? Jason, you traitor! Nooo!

<b>Egeo</b>	Medea nell'onde, ah sorte: mi getto a darla vita a una crudel che mi nego la morte.	Medea in the sea? Ah, fate: I must dive in to save the life of the cruel women who would not let me die.
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### SCENE XVI

<b>Isifile</b>	Ercole, Ercole.	Hercules, Hercules!
<b>Ercole</b>	Chi mi chiama?	Who is it?
<b>Isifile</b>	Giason a te mi manda acciò gl'avvisi se fù eseguito ancor quant'ei t'impose.	Jason sent me to you to find out if the orders he gave you have been carried out.
<b>Ercole</b>	Tardi venisti; torna, che con quest'ambasciate altri per tua ventura ti prevenne. Torna a Giason e di' Ch'io solo uccido una regina al dì.	You're too late; go back: luckily for you, someone else got here first with your message. Go back to Jason and tell him that I only kill one queen per day.
<b>Isifile</b>	'Torna a Giason e di' Ch'io solo uccido una regina al dì?' Che linguaggi, che cifre mi passan per l'udito a spaventar l'idea? Ercole, Ercole! È sparito.	'Go back to Jason and tell him that I only kill one queen per day?' What are these cryptic words I am hearing, that fill my mind with fear? Hercules, Hercules! He's vanished.'

### SCENE XVII

<b>Giasone</b>	Ercole, che porti?	Hercules, what news?
<b>Ercole</b>	Il comandato scempio.	The murder you ordered.
<b>Giasone</b>	Venne?	Did she come?
<b>Ercole</b>	Ah, purtroppo venne.	Yes, alas, she came.
<b>Giasone</b>	Perché sospiri?	Why are you sighing?
<b>Ercole</b>	Una regina uccisi.	I killed a queen.
<b>Giasone</b>	Morì?	Is she dead?
<b>Ercole</b>	Morì.	She's dead.
<b>Giasone</b>	Che disse?	What did she say?
<b>Ercole</b>	Traditor mi chiamò, mi maledisse.	She called me a traitor, and cursed me.
<b>Giasone</b>	Altro?	Anything else?
<b>Ercole</b>	Che fusser dagl'imperii tuoi sue sventure prodotte tosto s'indovinò. Poi col tuo nome in bocca dallo scoglio nel mar precipitò.	She soon worked out that her ill-fortune was by your orders. Then with your name in her mouth, she fell from the cliff into the sea.
<b>Giasone</b>	Giudice appassionato non proferi giammai giusta sentenza, il carnefice io fui dell'innocenza.	A judge ruled by passion never issues a fair sentence. I have been the executioner of innocence.

### SCENE XVIII

<b>Medea</b>	Non m'affligger così, palesami chi sei. Voglio saper per chi l'avanzo viverò de' giorni miei.	Don't torment me like this, tell me who you are. I want to know: to whom do I owe the rest of my life?
<b>Egeo</b>	Medea, tesoro mio, chi ti ritolse all'onde è il disprezzato Egeo. Egeo son io. E se fato benigno, che tu viva per me mi diede in sorte, altra mercé non chiedo che di tua man la pattuita morte.	Medea, my treasure, it was Aegeus, whom you so despise, who drew you out of the waves. I am Aegeus. And if kind fate owes me a debt for having saved you, I ask no other reward than to die by your hand, as you promised.
<b>Medea</b>	Chi la vita mi diede è vita mia. E ch'io devo adorarti, costantissimo Egeo, serva e consorte, profetizò poc'anzi nel licenziarsi dal mio sen la morte.	The man who gives me life is my life. I shall adore you, most faithful Aegeus, as servant and consort: it was foretold just now, when death fled from my breast.
<b>Egeo</b>	Mio cor, mio cor, che senti? Io non invidia, o Dei, vostri contenti.	My love, my love, what am I hearing? I need not envy even the gods their happiness.
<b>Medea</b>	Ma se re tu nascesti, come potrai soffrir che resti in vita quel tiranno crudele, che mi fe' trar nell'onde, e m'ha tradita?	But if you were born a king, how can you allow it that the cruel tyrant who had me thrown into the sea, who betrayed me, should remain alive?
<b>Egeo</b>	Non più, bella, non più. Dimmi chi ti tradi, dimmi chi fù.	Enough, my beautiful one, enough: tell me who betrayed you, tell me who it was.
<b>Medea</b>	Giason morte mi diè.	It was Jason who ordered my death.
<b>Egeo</b>	O morirà Giasone, o non son re.	If Jason does not die, I am no longer king.
<b>Medea</b>	L'ucciderai?	Will you kill him?
<b>Egeo</b>	Te'l giuro. Questa notte sarà del Tessalo fellon l'ultimo dì.	I swear it. This night will be the Thessalonian traitor's last.

SCENE XIX

<b>Giasone</b>	<p>Ovunque il piè rivolgo          si spalanca un abisso,          e nell'abisso di mortal cordoglio          in estasi d'amor, l'anima scioglio.</p>	<p>Wherever I set my foot,          an abyss opens up beneath it,          and in the abyss of deadly grief          my heart dissolves in an ecstasy of love.</p>
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SCENE XX

<b>Egeo</b>	<p>Giason qui parla, è solo? Sì!          E qual miglior fortuna          per farli vomitar l'anima e'l sangue?          Mora il perfido ingrato.</p>	<p>I hear Jason's voice – is he alone? Yes!          What better opportunity          to make him vomit up his heart and his soul?          The ungrateful traitor shall die.</p>
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SCENE XXI

<b>Isifile</b>	Tu morrai, scelerato!	Die, you scoundrel!
<b>Giasone</b>	Io morirò? Ah, traditori.	Die? Ah, traitors!
<b>Egeo</b>	Ahi fato.	Alas, fate!
<b>Giasone</b>	Un con l'armi alla man, l'altro si fugge? Ercole, soldati, o là.	One with a dagger in his hand, and the other runs away? Hercules, soldiers, over here!

SCENE XXII

<b>Giasone</b>	Ferma quest'assassin, l'altro si segua.	Seize this assassin, and go after the other one.
<b>Ercole</b>	Volgiti a me, chi sei?	Turn around and look at me – who are you?
<b>Isifile</b>	Io non m'ascondo. Non mi conosci più?	I am not running away. Don't you recognise me?
<b>Ercole</b>	Mi sembra, ah sei pur tu, Isifile è costei.	I think – ah, but it's you! This is Hypsipile.
<b>Isifile</b>	Isifile son io, oggetto in fausto del destin più rio.	I am Hypsipile, caught in the jaws of the most evil fate.
<b>Giasone</b>	Ercole, Ercole fellone, hai tradito Giasone.	Hercules, Hercules you traitor: you have betrayed me.
<b>Ercole</b>	Io traditor?	Me, a traitor?

SCENE XXIII

<b>Isifile</b>	'Torna a Giasone e di' ch'io sol uccido una regina al di.'	'Go back to Jason and tell him that I only kill one queen per day.'
<b>Ercole</b>	Ecco svelato il tutto.	Now it's all clear.
<b>Giasone</b>	E Medea come vive se al mar la desti già?	And how is it that Medea is alive, if you threw her into the sea?
<b>Ercole</b>	Questa non saprei dir, ella il dirà.	I can't explain that; she can tell you herself.
<b>Medea</b>	La costanza infinita di mio sposo real tornommi in vita.	The infinite faithfulness of my royal husband brought me back to life.
<b>Giasone</b>	E lo sposo chi è?	And who is that husband?
<b>Medea</b>	Egeo, d'Atene il Re.	Aegeus, King of Athens.
<b>Giasone</b>	Tu, d'altri che di me?	What! Not me?
<b>Medea</b>	Giason, frena gli sdegni. Hor tu, se saggio sei, a regina sì bella, da cui spero ottener perdono e pace, l'antica fede e'l primo amor riserba.	That's enough scorn, Jason. If you're wise, you'll give back your faithfulness and your true love to the beautiful queen from whom I hope to obtain pardon and peace.
<b>Giasone</b>	Ch'io rivolga il pensiero a chi tento poc'anzi con qual ferro svenarmi? Ah non fia vero.	What, I should turn my affections back to the woman who just now tried to kill me with that knife? This can't be true.
<b>Isifile</b>	Io ti volsi svenare? Io che con destra ardita ritolsi al fuggitivo questo che ti doveva privar di vita?	Tried to kill you – me? When it was my bold hand that snatched away from the fugitive the knife that was going to take your life?
<b>Giasone</b>	Chi dunque venne a machinar mia morte?	Well then, who was it who came to kill me?

SCENE XXIV

<b>Egeo</b>	Io fui che con quel ferro di cui conserva la vagina in seno, o barbaro inumano, per ferirti a ragion stesi la mano.	It was I who took that blade – I have the sheath here still in my breast – and set my hand to strike you, and rightly so, you barbaric, inhuman creature.
<b>Giasone</b>	Tanto ardisce costui? E chi ti spinse al tradimento indegno?	Such fervour! And who pushed you to this unworthy betrayal?
<b>Medea</b>	Fermati. Io lo mandai per vendicar le mie supposte offese. Fumma ingannati, Egeo; senza colpa è Giason, per altro è reo.	Be silent. I sent him, to avenge the offences I thought you had done me. We were deceived, Aegeus; Jason did nothing to us; his guilt lies elsewhere.
<b>Isifile</b>	Infelice, ch'ascolto? Non t'affannar, Giasone,	Wretched me, what am I hearing? Don't worry, Jason:

che se la vita mia  
 fù, come ben intesi,  
 un aborto d'errori,  
 che produce il tuo duolo,  
 vengo a sacrificarla a' tuoi furori.  
 S'io perivo tra l'acque,  
 una morte sì breve  
 forse non appagava i tuoi rigori.  
 Or se viva son io,  
 rallegrati, o crudele,  
 giacché potrai con replicate morti  
 sfogar del fiero cor l'empio desio.  
 Sì, sì, tiranno mio,  
 ferisci a parte a parte  
 queste membra aborrisce,  
 sbranami a poco a poco  
 queste carni infelici,  
 anatomizza il seno,  
 straziami a tuo piacere,  
 martirizzami i sensi,  
 e'l mio lento morire  
 prolunghi a me il tormento, a te il gioire.

Regina, Egeo, amici,  
 supplicate per me questo crudele  
 che nel ferirmi ei lassi  
 queste mammelle dai suoi colpi intatte.  
 Acciò nutrisca almeno il figli miei  
 del morto sen materno un freddo latte.  
 Pregatelo pietosi  
 che quegl'angeli infanti  
 assistino ai martiri  
 della madre tradita,  
 e che ad ogni ferita  
 che imprimerà nel mio pudico petto  
 bevino quelli il sangue mio stillante,  
 acciò ch'ei trapassando  
 nelle lor pure vene in lor s'incarni,  
 onde il lor seno in qualche parte sia  
 tomba innocente all'innocenza mia.  
 Figli, v'attendo e moro,  
 e te, Giason, benché homicida, adoro.

**Giasone** Non ho più core in petto,  
 scoppia l'alma nel seno,  
 taci, Isifile, taci,  
 non mi confonder più,  
 vinto son io.  
 Figli, moglie, cor mio.

**Isifile** Mio smarrito tesoro,  
 s'io ti racquistò, o Dio,  
 non ho più che bramare,  
 e son le mie dolcezze,  
 quanto stentate più, tanto più care.

**Isifile & Giasone** Quante son le mie gioie,  
 tante stelle il Ciel non ha.  
 Mia dolcezza, mia bellezza,  
 nel tuo seno languire,  
 morire, mi sento già.  
 Che a tanto gioire  
 un'alma sola resister non sà.

**Alinda** Fortunati tormenti.

**Oreste** Impensate allegrezze.

**Delfa** Cari amorosi frutti.

**Demo** Acquietatevi tu – tu – tutti.  
 Io di queste venturi  
 fui la prima ca – ca – cagione,  
 io spinsi Egeo a seguitar  
 Gia – Gia – Gia –

**Delfa** Giasone!

**Demo** Gia – Gia – Gia –

**Alinda** Giasone!

**Demo** Gia – Gia – Gia –

**Ercole & Oreste** Giasone!

**Demo** A seguitar –

**All** Giasone!

**Medea** Godi, Isifile, godi.

**Isifile** Godi, Medea, godi.

**Medea** Stringa Amor con Giason suoi dolci nodi.

**Isifile** Stringa Amor con Egeo suoi dolci nodi.

**Medea, Isifile, Giasone & Egeo** E fra nodi tenaci  
 rimbombin queste valli al suon dei baci.

since my life  
 has been, as is now clear to me,  
 a miscarriage of errors  
 that has made you suffer,  
 I am ready to sacrifice it to your wrath.  
 If I had perished in the waves,  
 such a swift death  
 might not have satisfied your harsh nature.  
 Since I am now alive,  
 you can rejoice, cruel one, that you will be able  
 to quench the fury of your evil desire by killing  
 me again and again.  
 Yes, my tyrant,  
 slice off one by one  
 these limbs that you loathe,  
 tear from me piece by piece  
 this unhappy flesh,  
 dissect my breast,  
 torture me as you please,  
 torment my senses,  
 and may my slow death  
 prolong my torment, and your pleasure.

Queen, Aegeus, friends,  
 I ask you to plead with this cruel man,  
 that when he strikes me with his sword,  
 he should leave these breasts unharmed:  
 at least then my sons can have cold milk  
 as they suckle at their dead mother's breast.  
 Have pity, and ask him  
 to let those infant angels  
 be present at the torture  
 of their betrayed mother,  
 so that with every wound  
 he imprints on my chaste breast,  
 they may drink of the blood that wells up.  
 In this way, as it passes into their pure veins,  
 it may become part of their flesh,  
 and so their bosom may in some way become  
 an innocent tomb for my innocence.  
 My sons, I will wait for you. Now I die,  
 and Jason, though you are a murderer, I adore  
 you.

I have no heart left in my bosom,  
 it has burst in my breast.  
 Hush, Hypsipile, hush,  
 confound me no more,  
 you have defeated me.  
 My sons, my wife – my love.

My lost treasure,  
 now that I have found you again, O God,  
 I can ask for nothing more.  
 and this sweetness  
 is all the more precious for having cost so much.

My joys are more numerous  
 than the stars of heaven.  
 My sweet one, my beautiful one,  
 already I feel myself fainting,  
 dying in your bosom.  
 One heart alone cannot resist  
 so much joy.

Blessed torment!

Joys unforeseen!

Dear fruits of love!

Be qu – qu – quiet, all of you!  
 This whole adventure wouldn't have happened  
 without m – m – me:  
 it was me who pushed Aegeus  
 to chase after Ja – J – J –

Jason!

J – J – J –

Jason!

J – J – J –

Jason!

To chase after –

Jason!

Be happy, Hypsipile.

Be happy, Medea.

May Love bind Jason in his sweet knots.

May Love bind Aegeus in his sweet knots.

And with Love's strong bonds all around,  
 let these valleys echo with the sound of kisses.

# GIASONE

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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