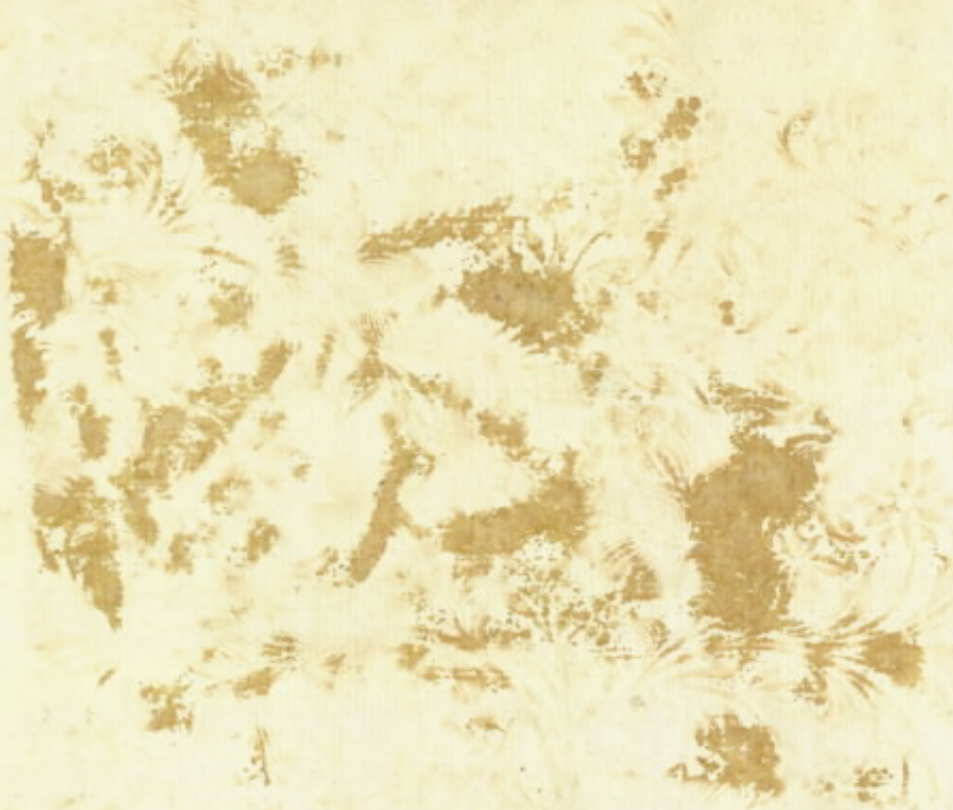
MONOPOLI

IL MEDONTE

BIBLIOTECA DEL R. CONSERVATORIO
DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI

Sala
Scaffale 98 Palco 6
N. di Scaffale (Volume) 16
N. dei Manoscritti in copia

N. di biblioteca



1808
29 / 24
IV. C. 16. 17. 18. Il lib. nel v. 3 lit. M

Il Medonte

Dramma in 3 atti. Autore Anonimo

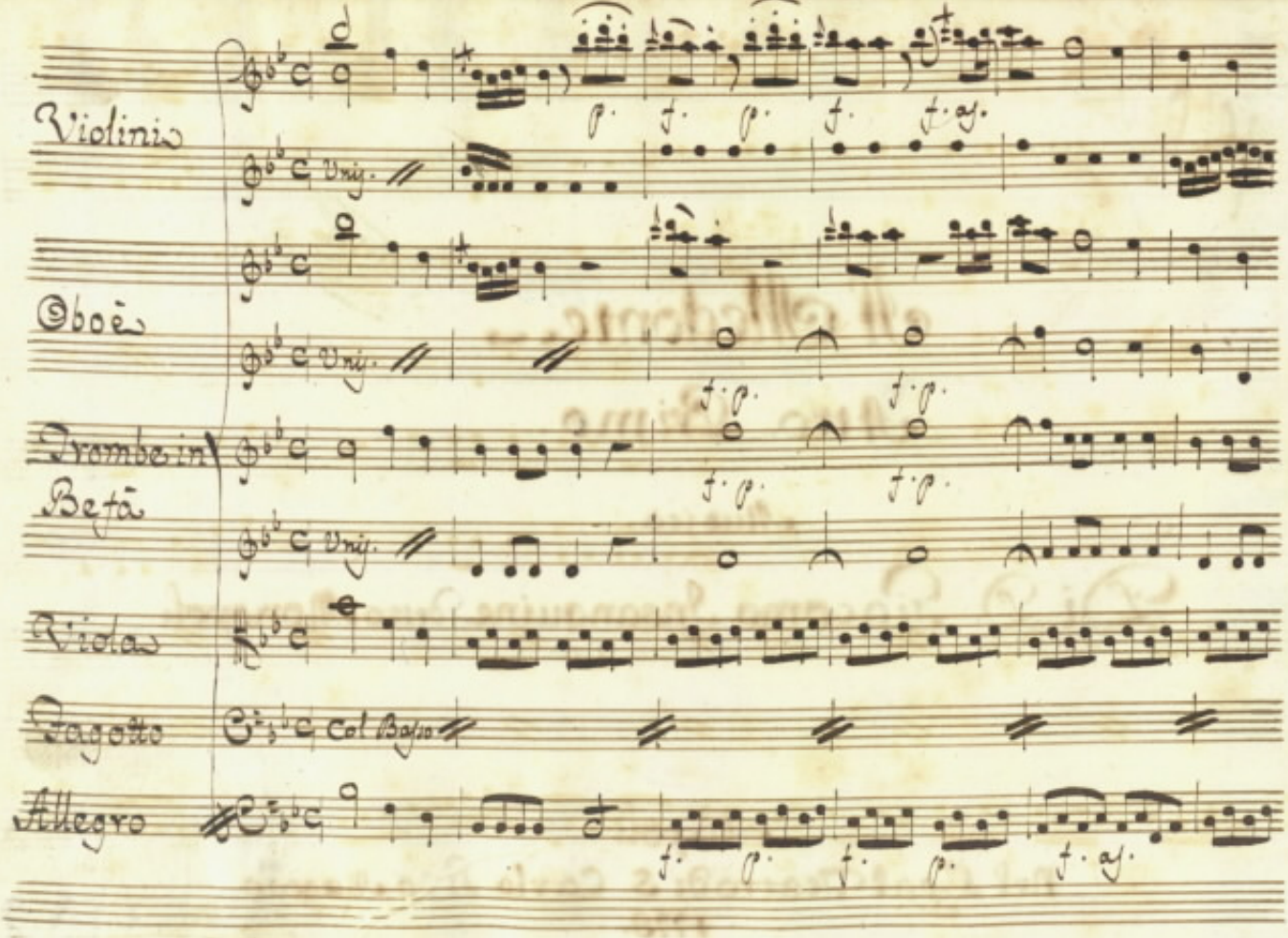
Atto Primo.

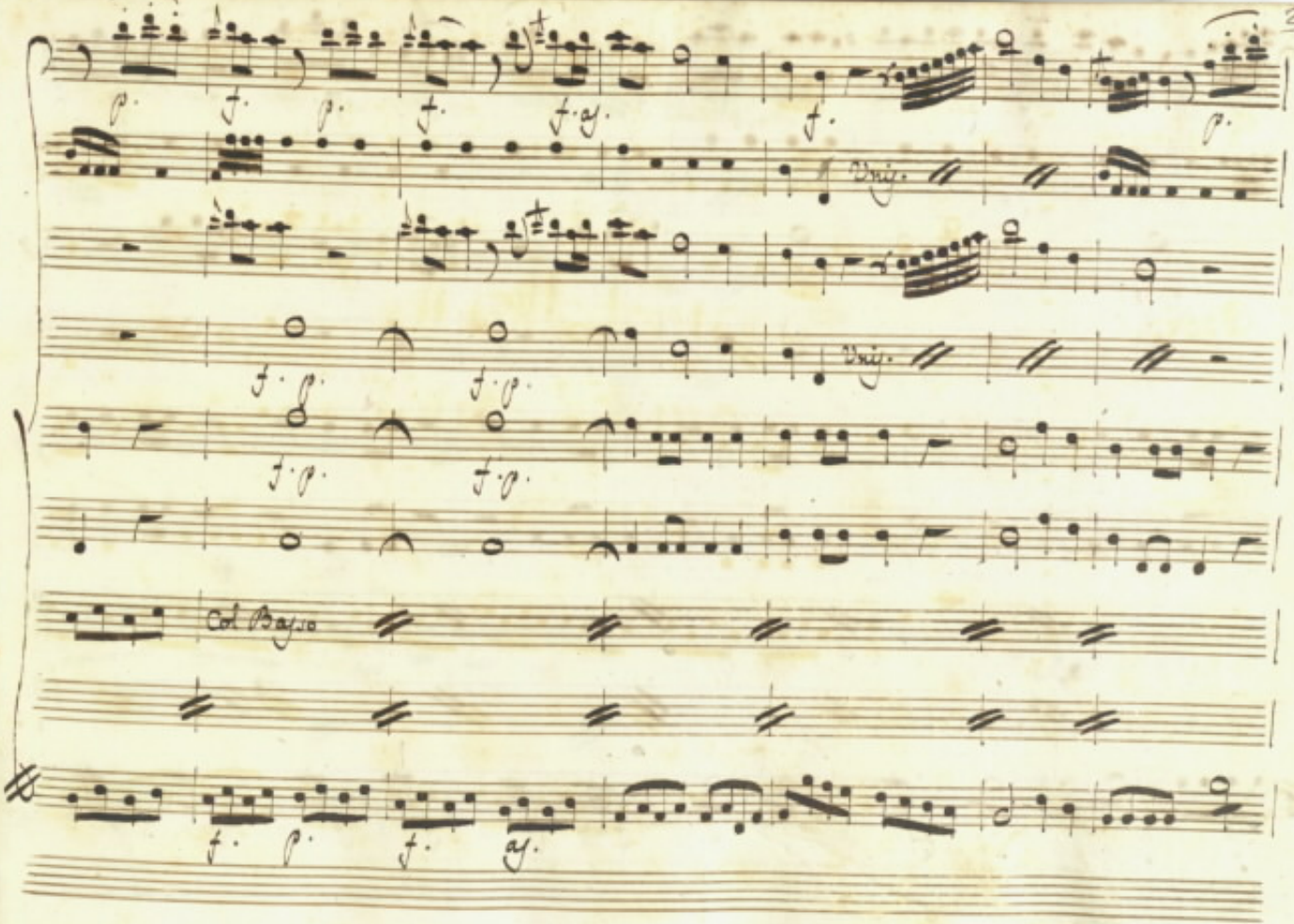
Musica

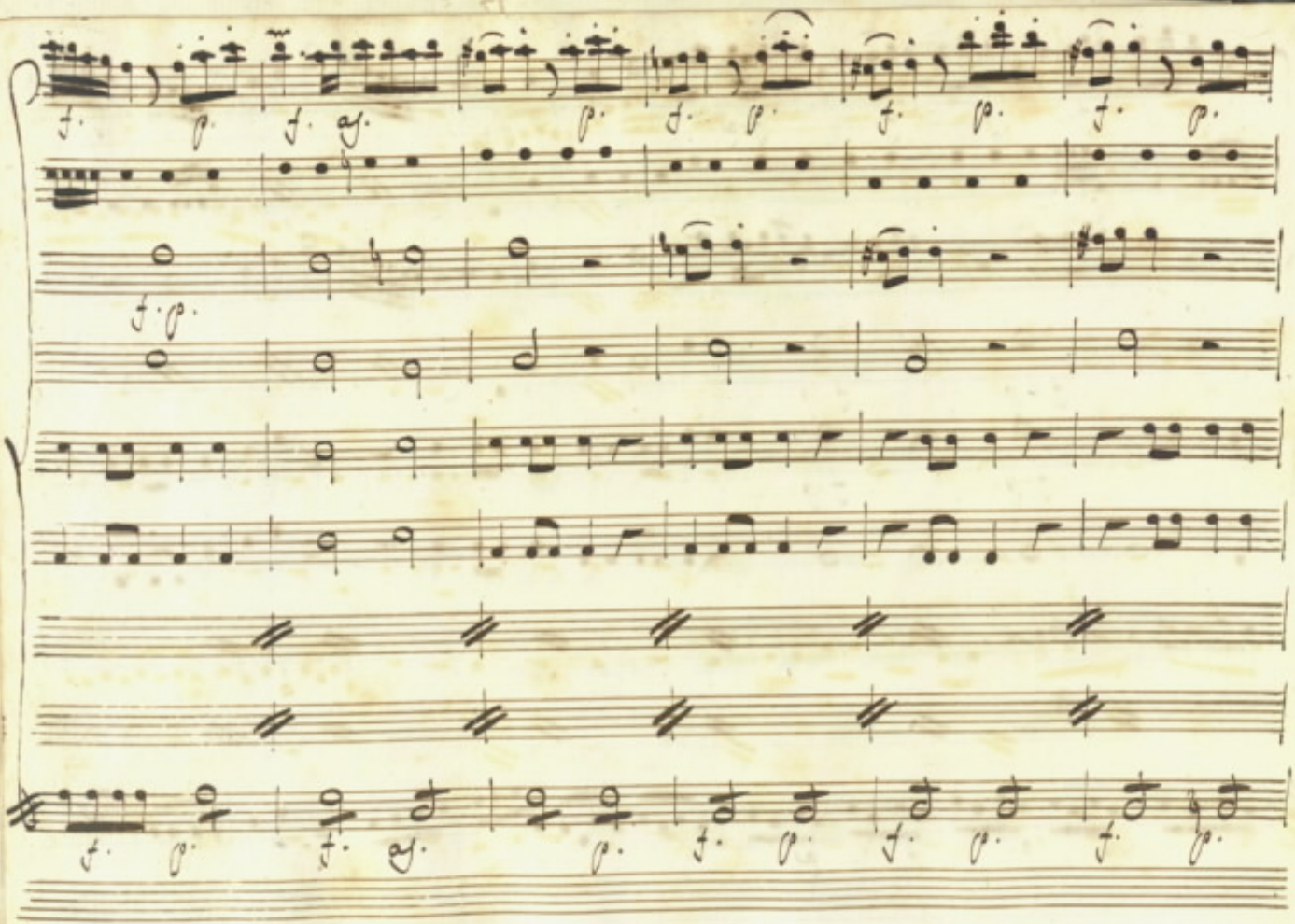
Di D. Giacomo Insanguine detto Monopoli

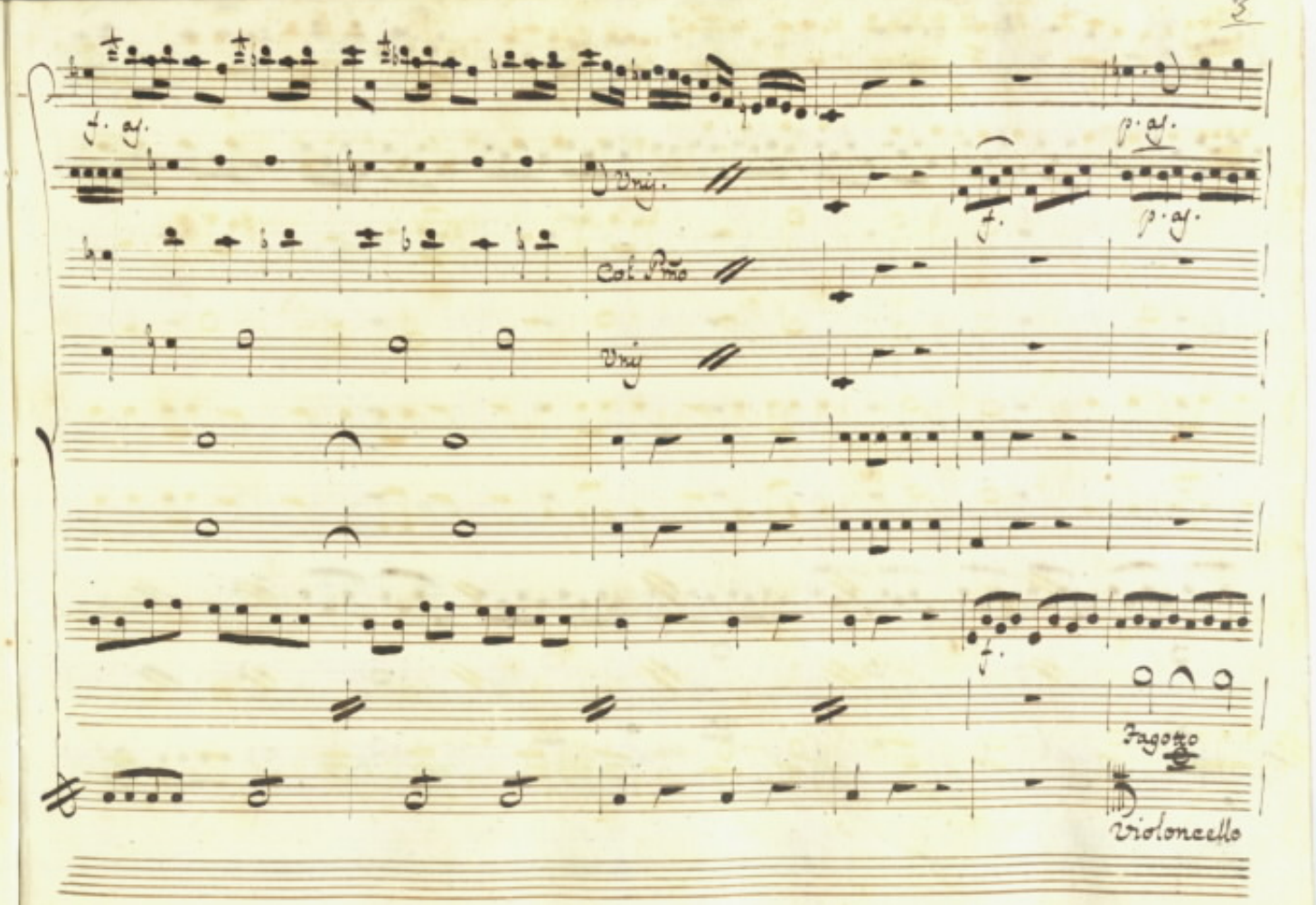
Napoli

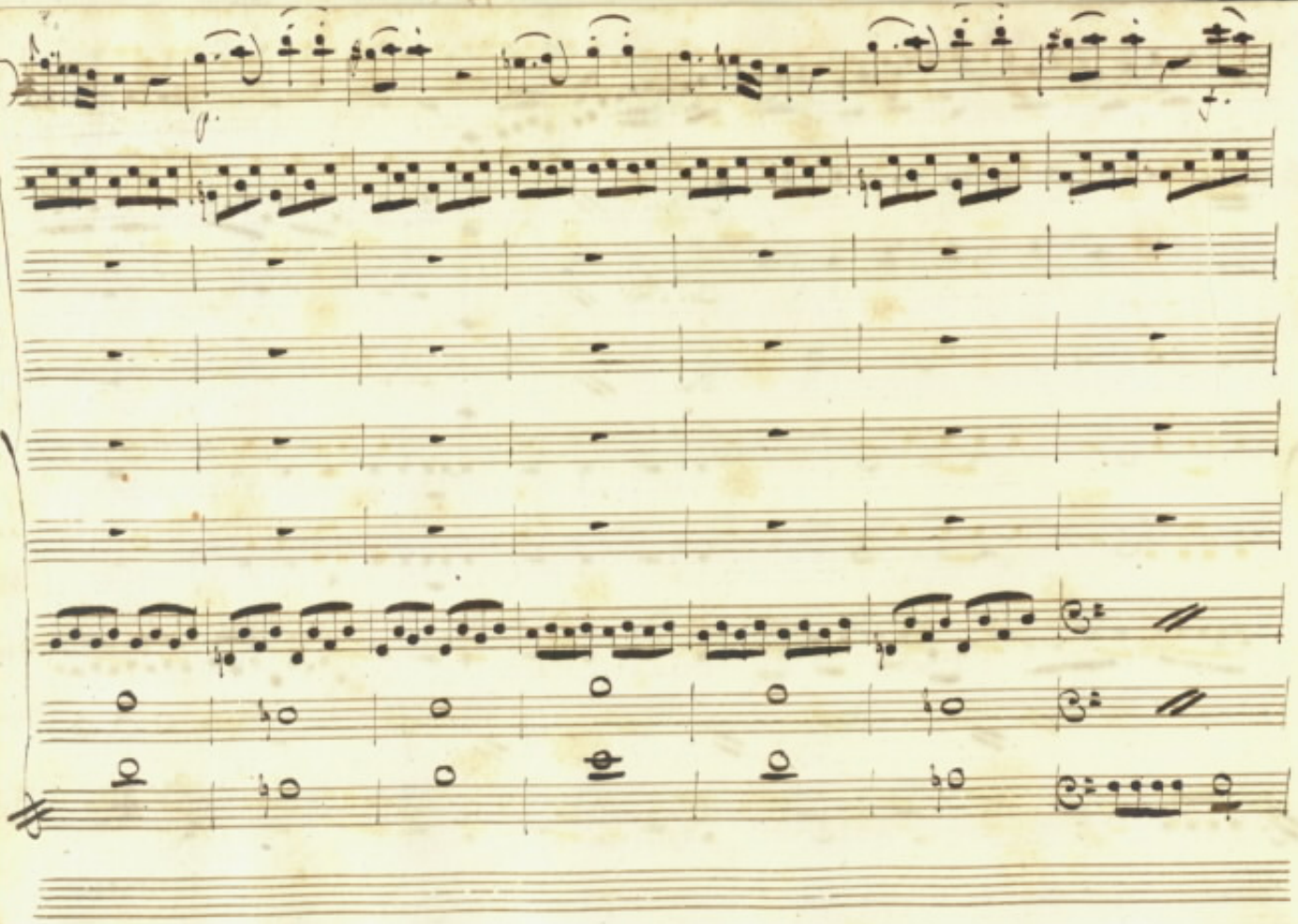
Nel Real Teatro di S. Carlo. Li 30 Maggio 1779.

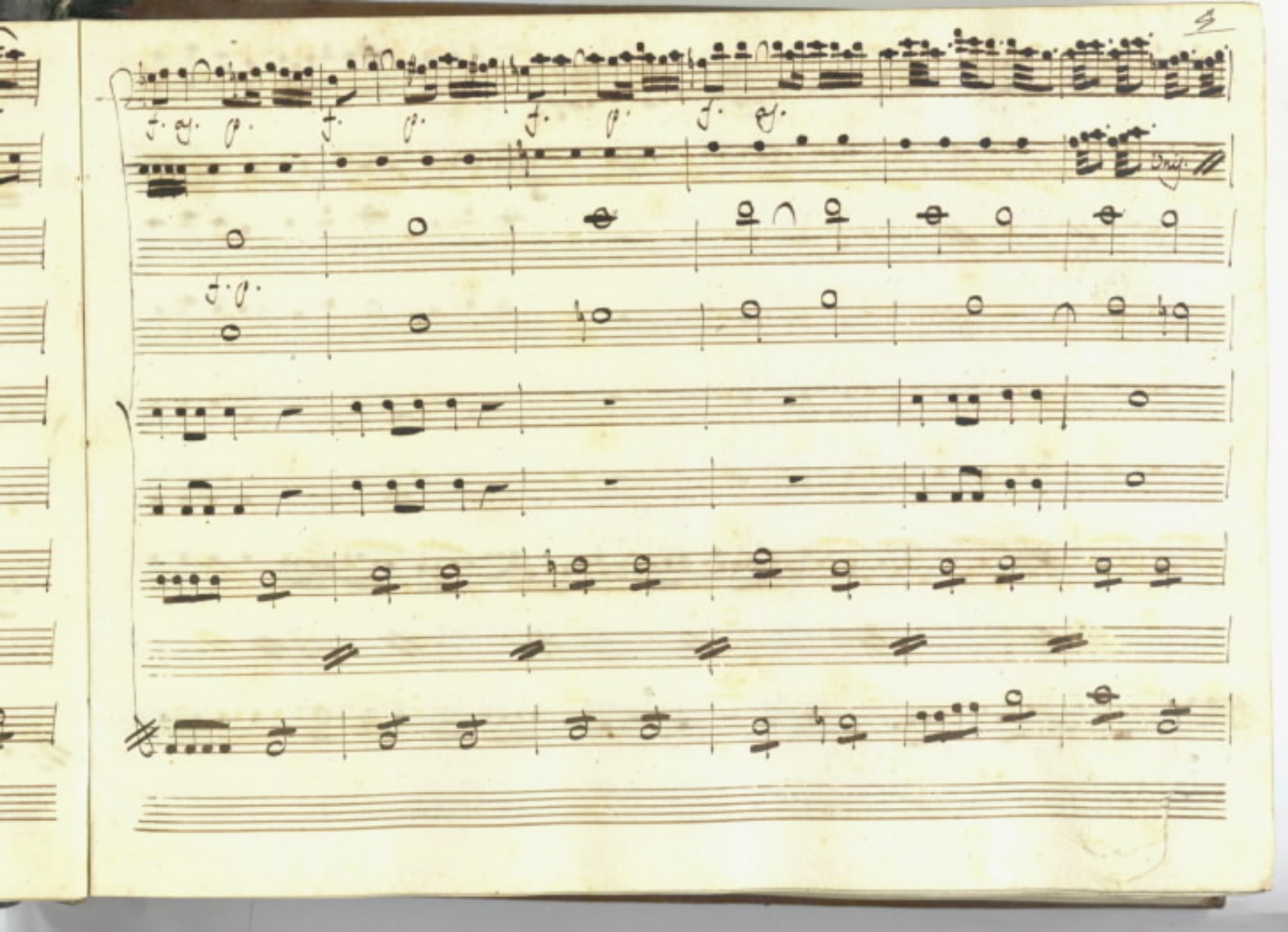

Violini
Oboè
Tromba in
Betà
Viola
Fagotto
Allegro
Unis.
Unis.
Unis.
Col Basso

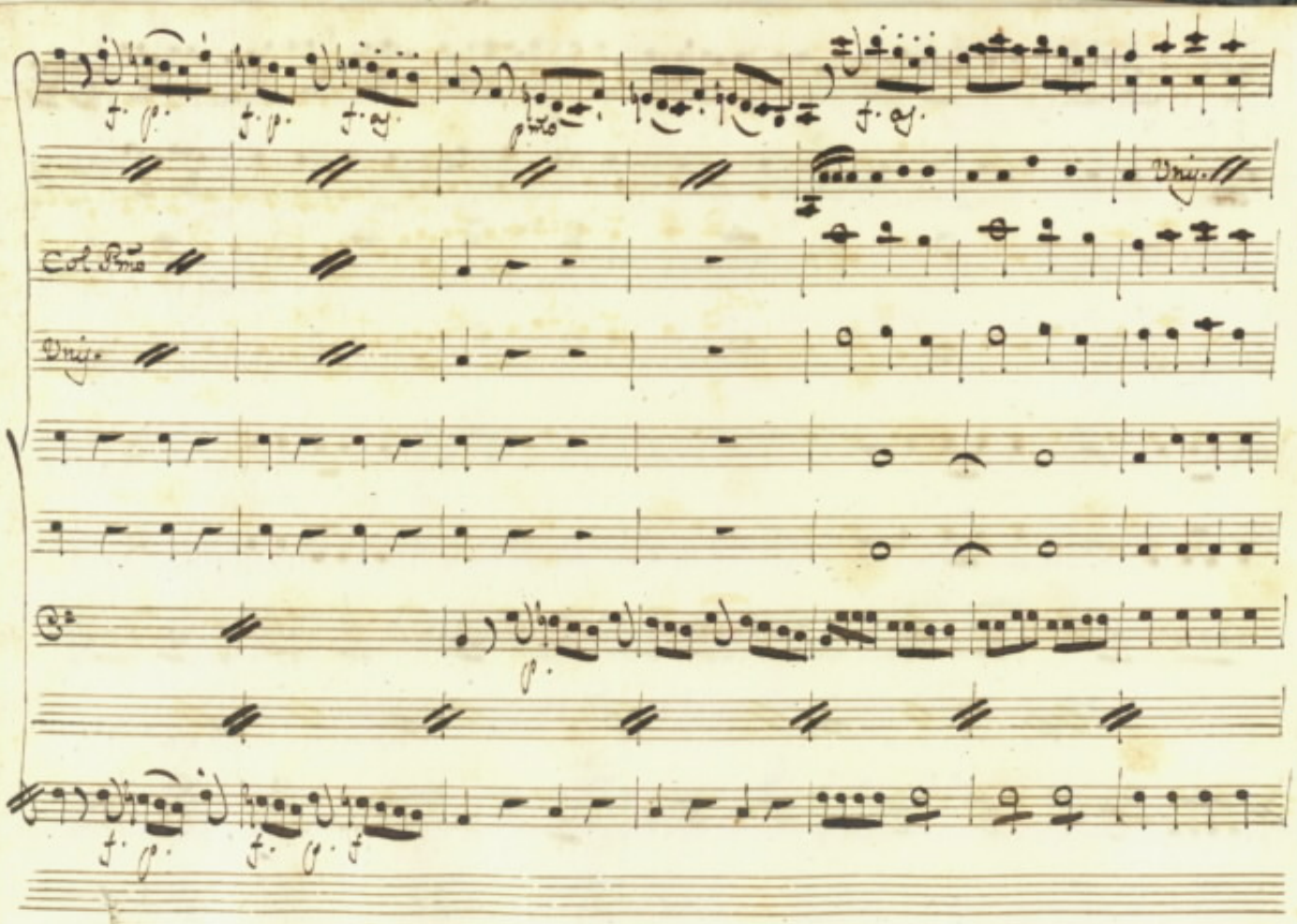

Viol.
Viol.
Col Basso

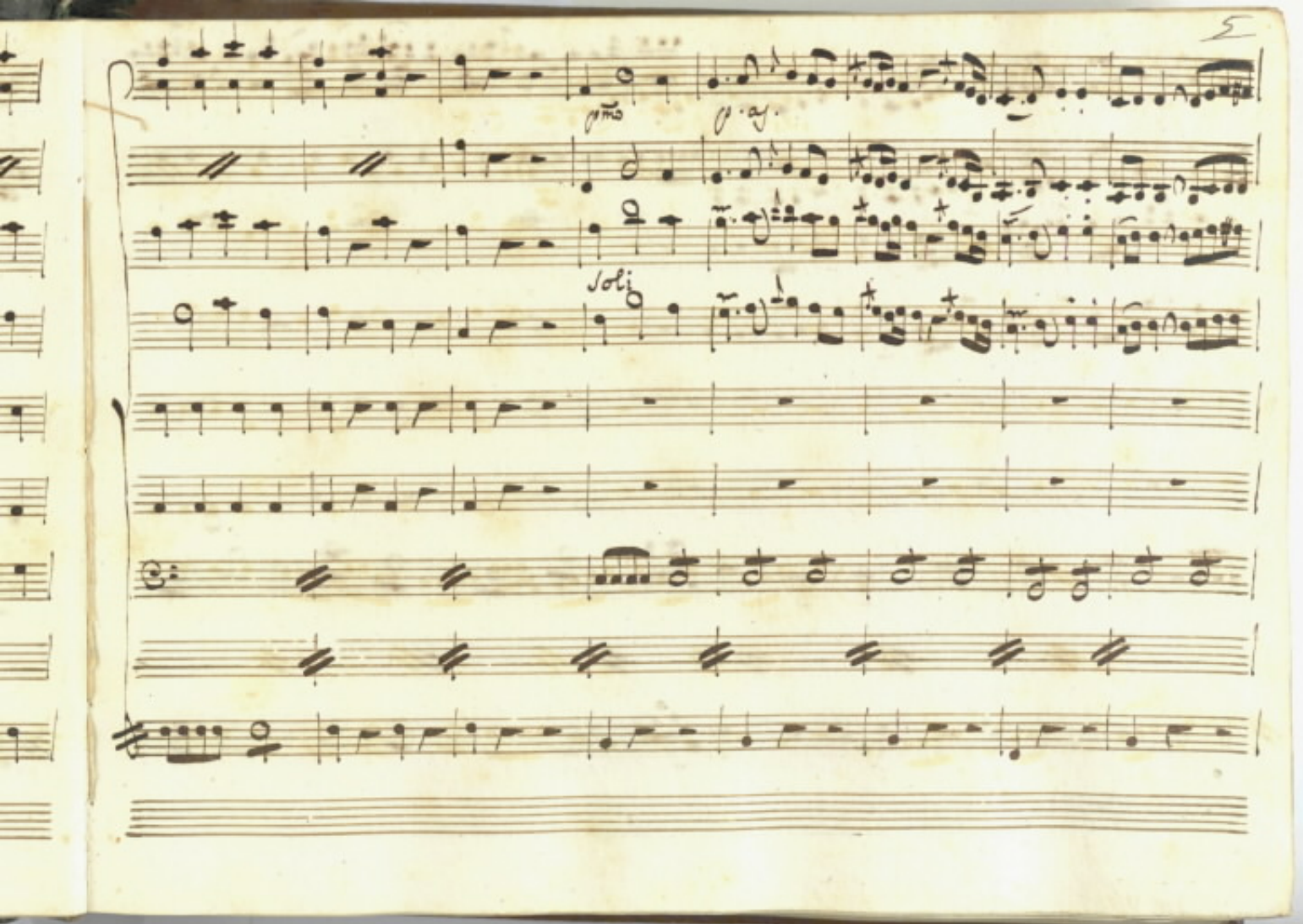


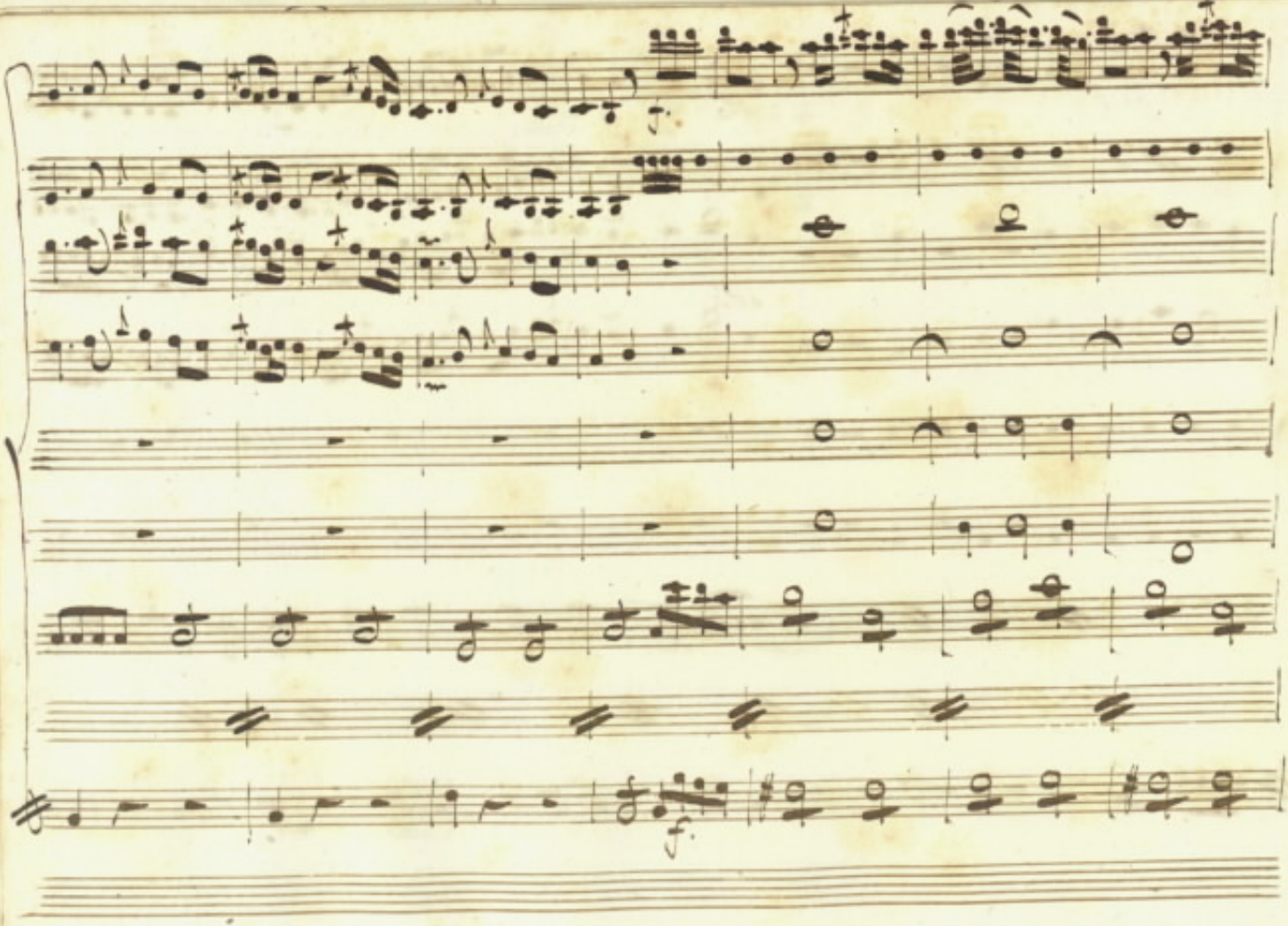

f. sf.
p. sf.
Vnj.
f.
p. sf.
Col Pmo
Vnj
f.
Fagotto
Violoncello

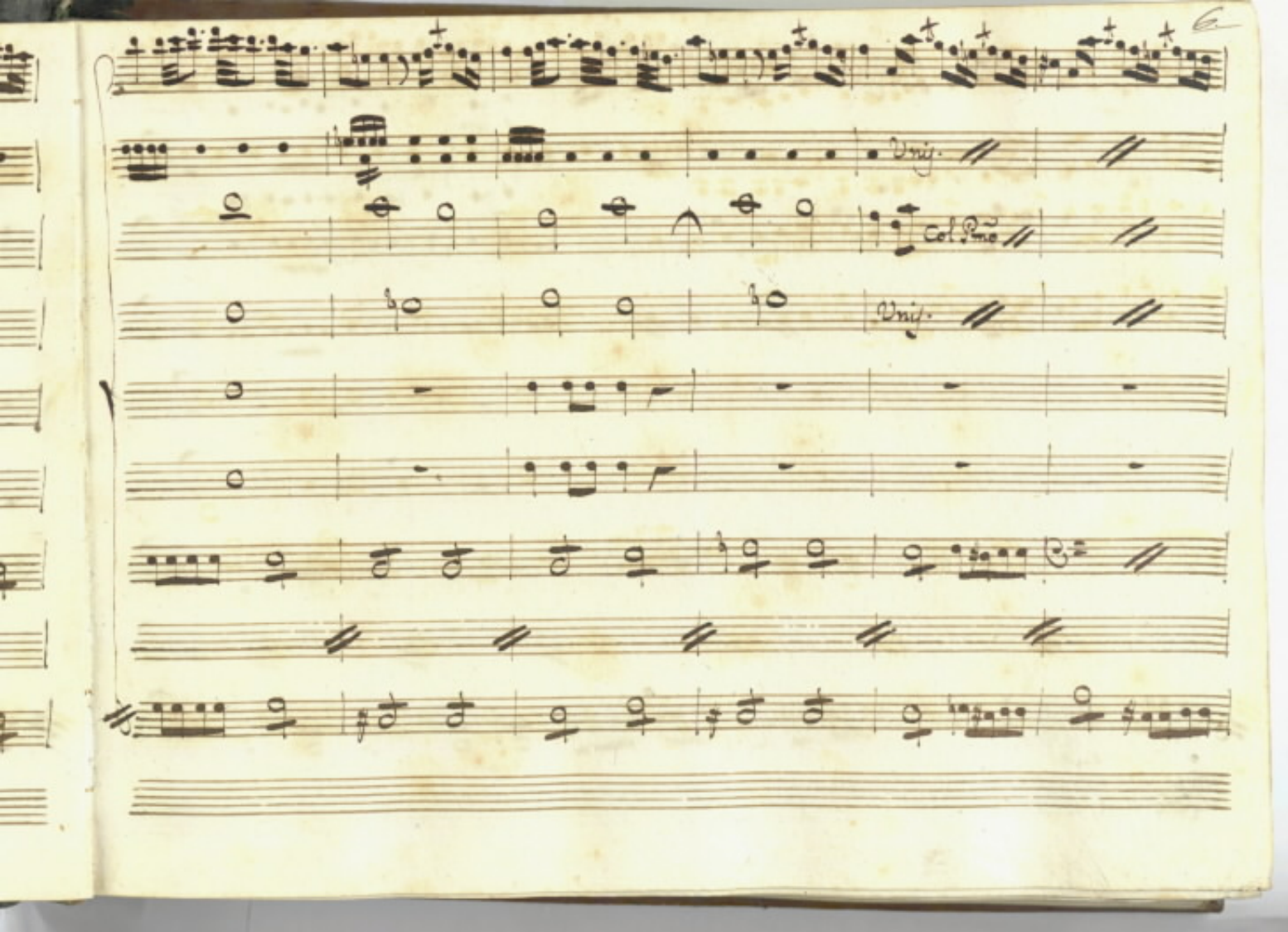


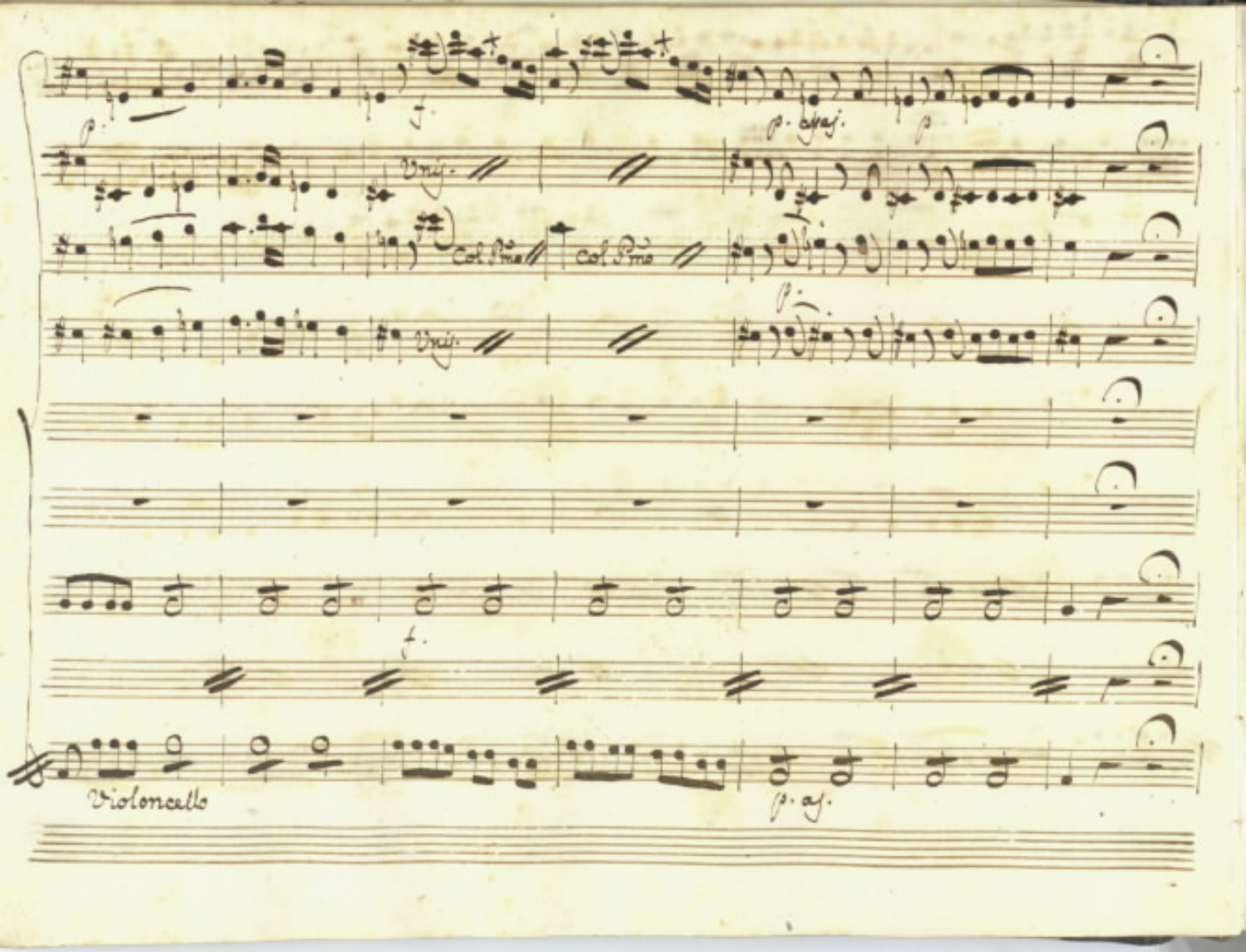


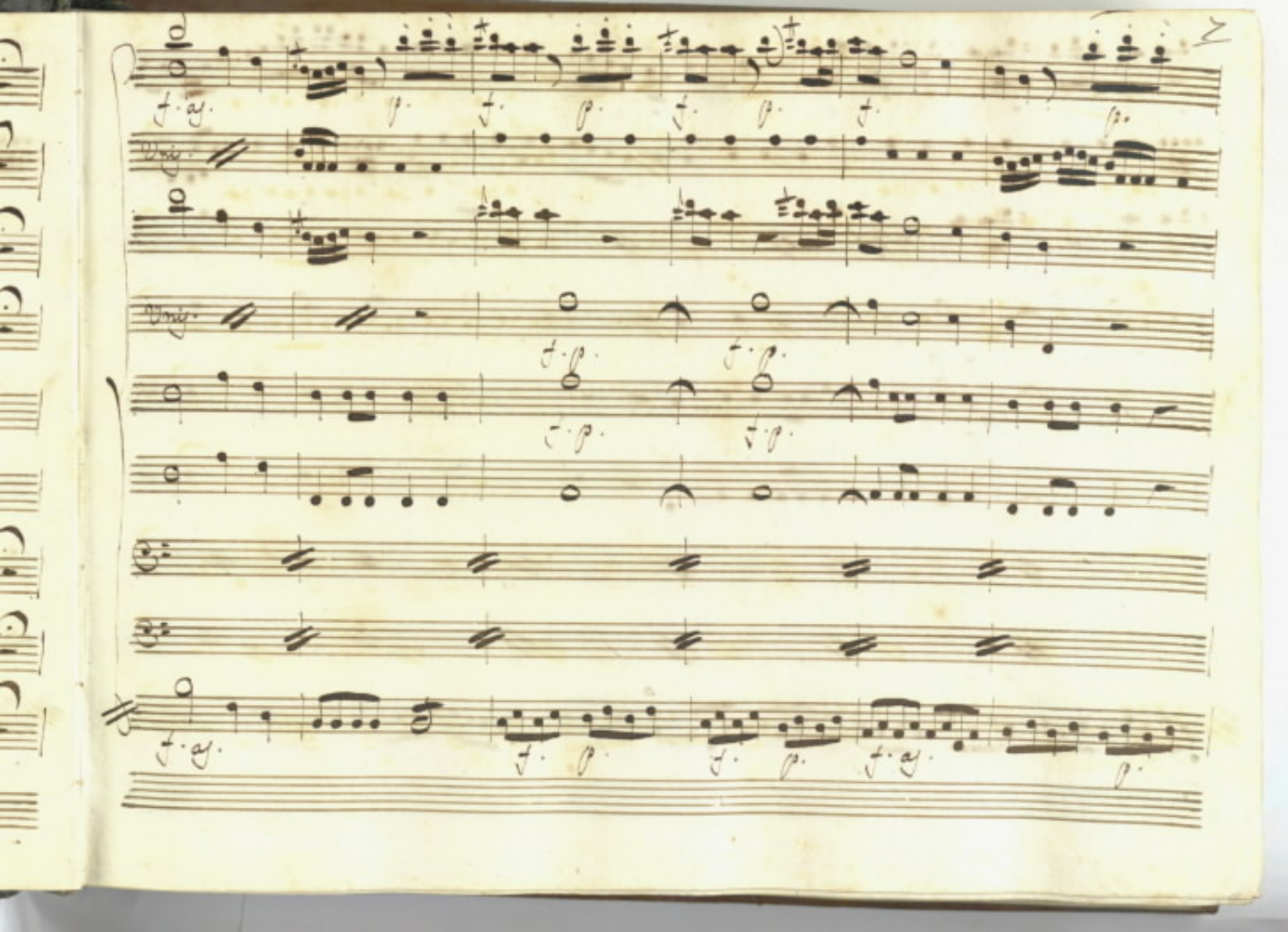


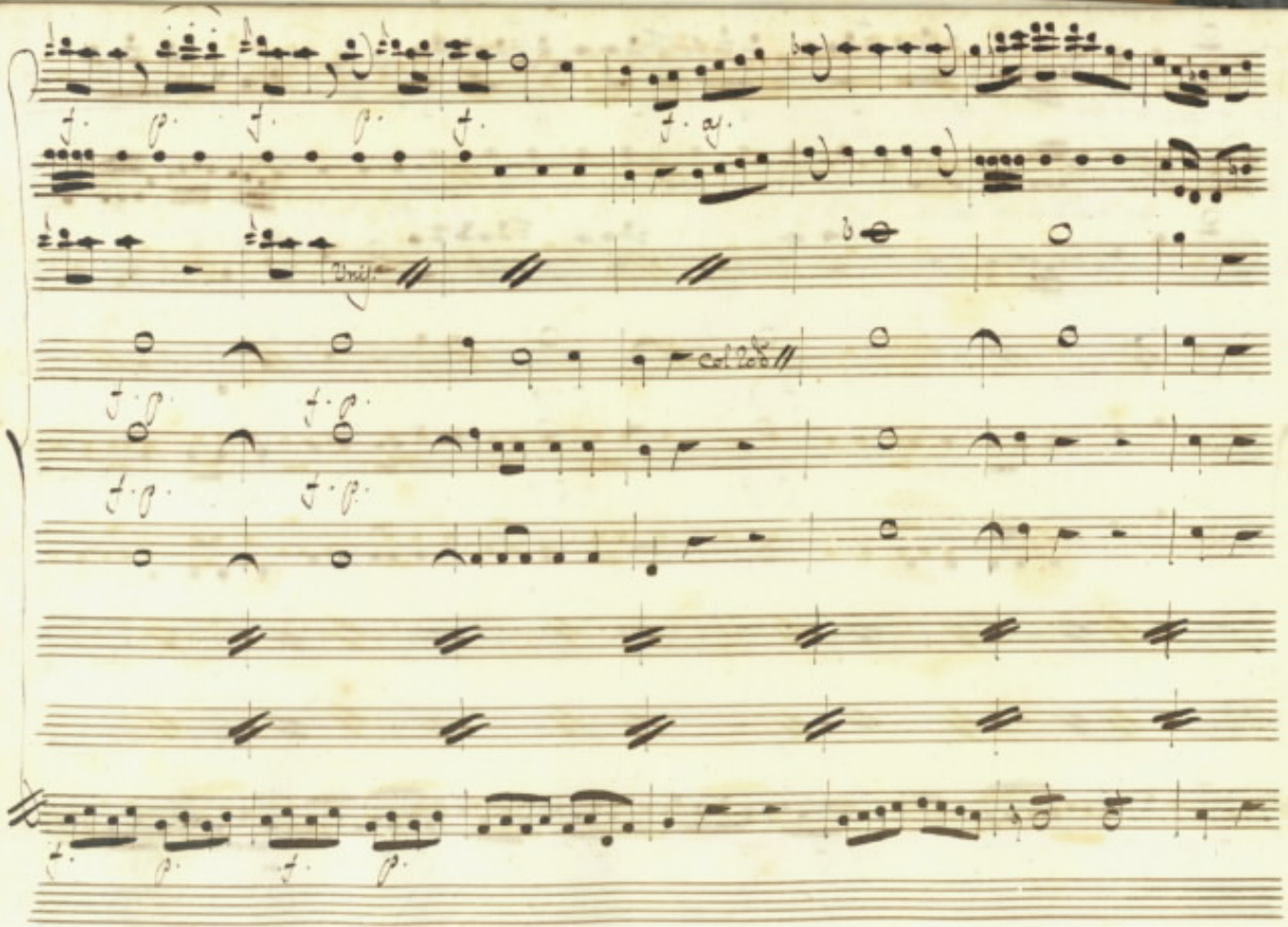

pmo
p. as.
Soli

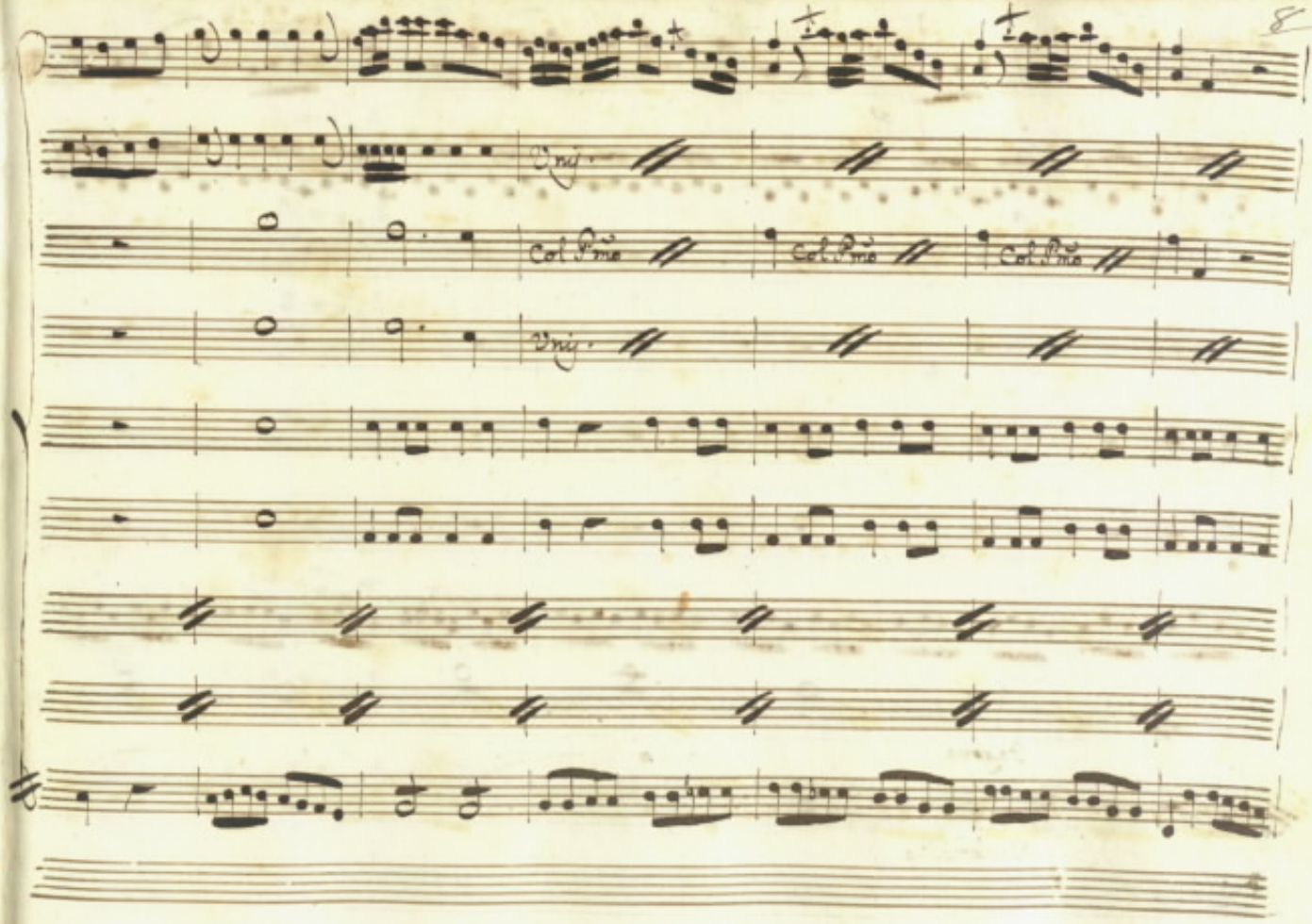


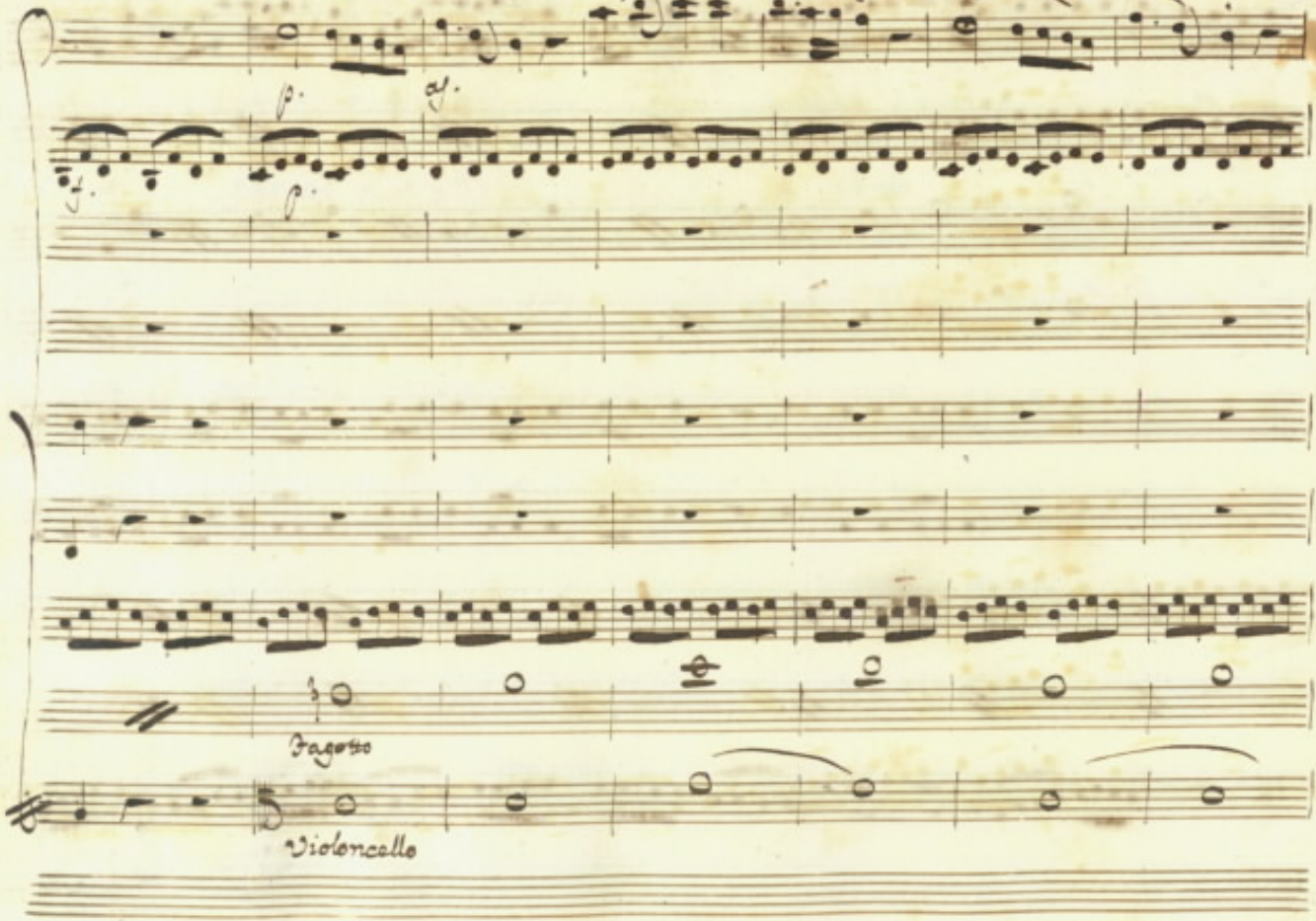

Unis.
Col Pno
Unis.

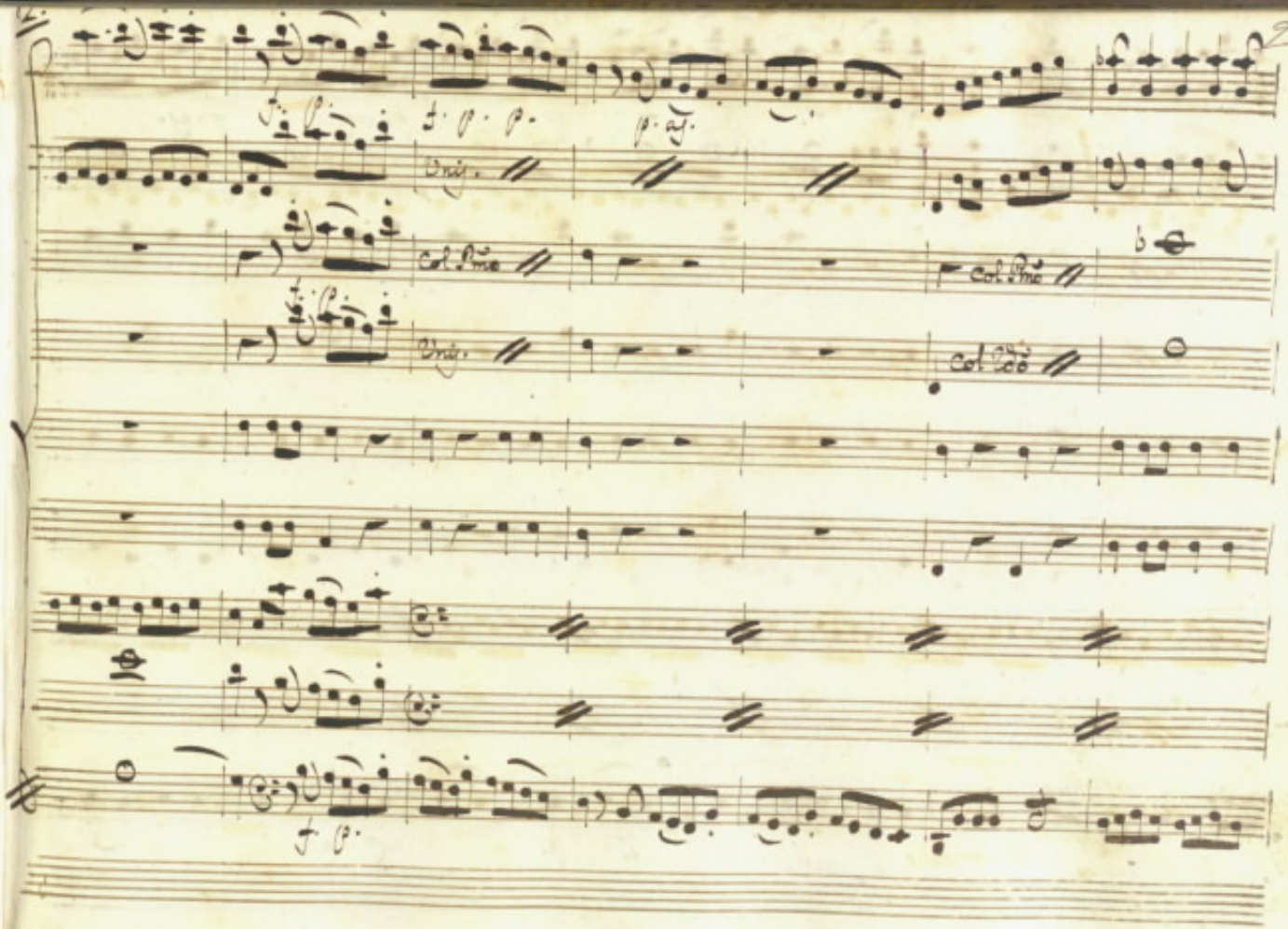

Violoncello

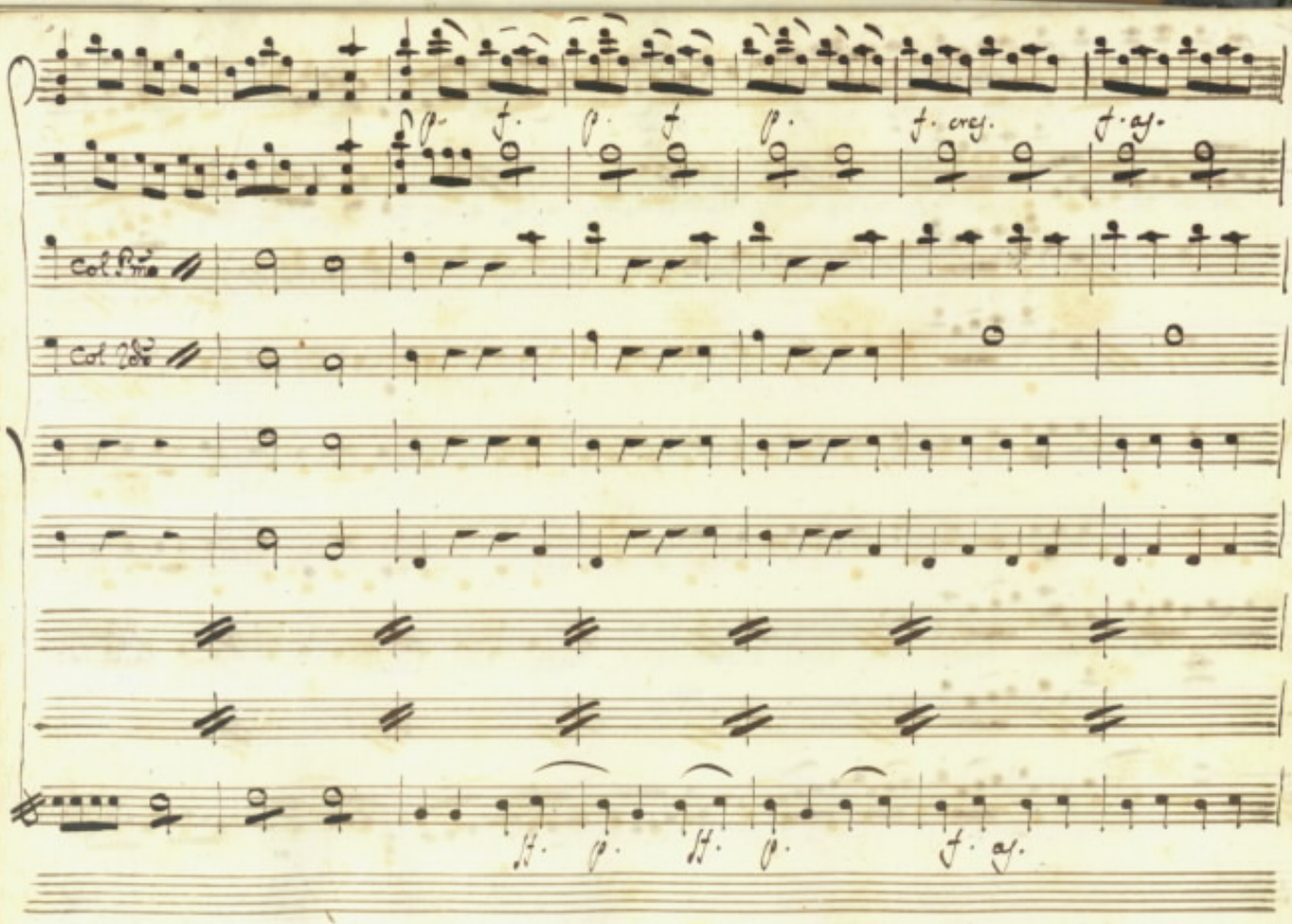


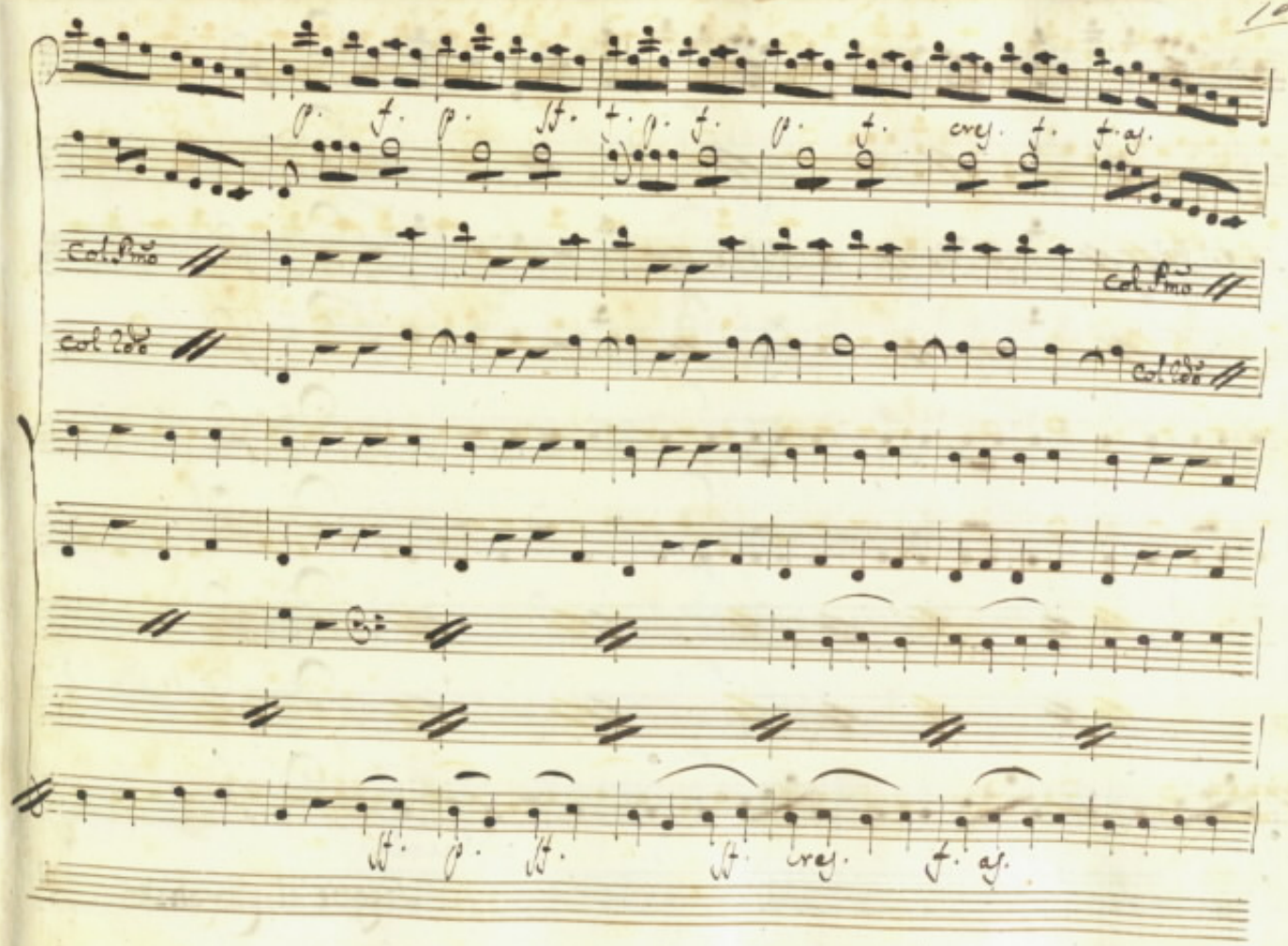


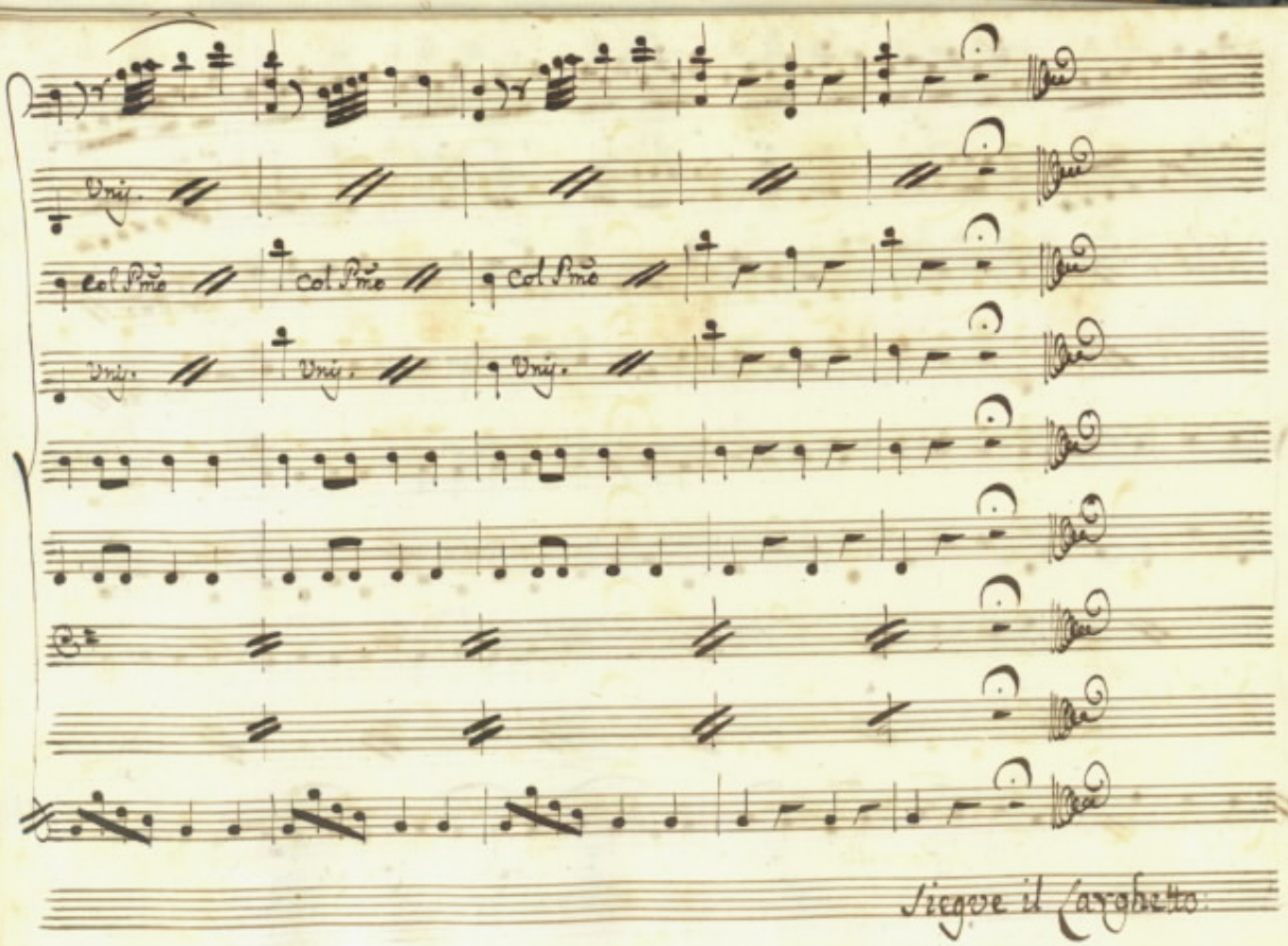

Vnij.
Col Pmo
Col Pmo
Col Pmo
Vnij.

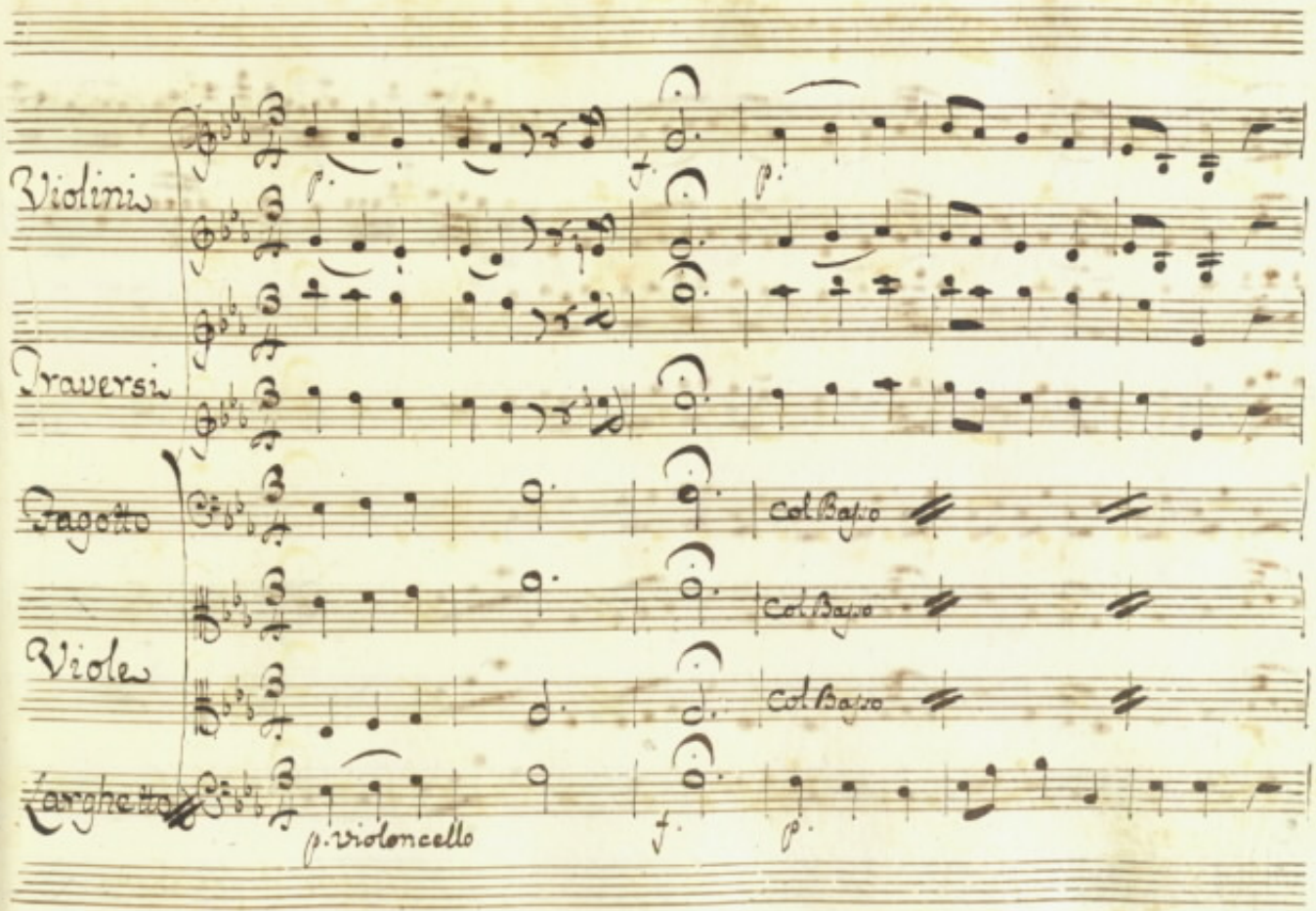

p.
sf.
p.
Fagotto
Violoncello

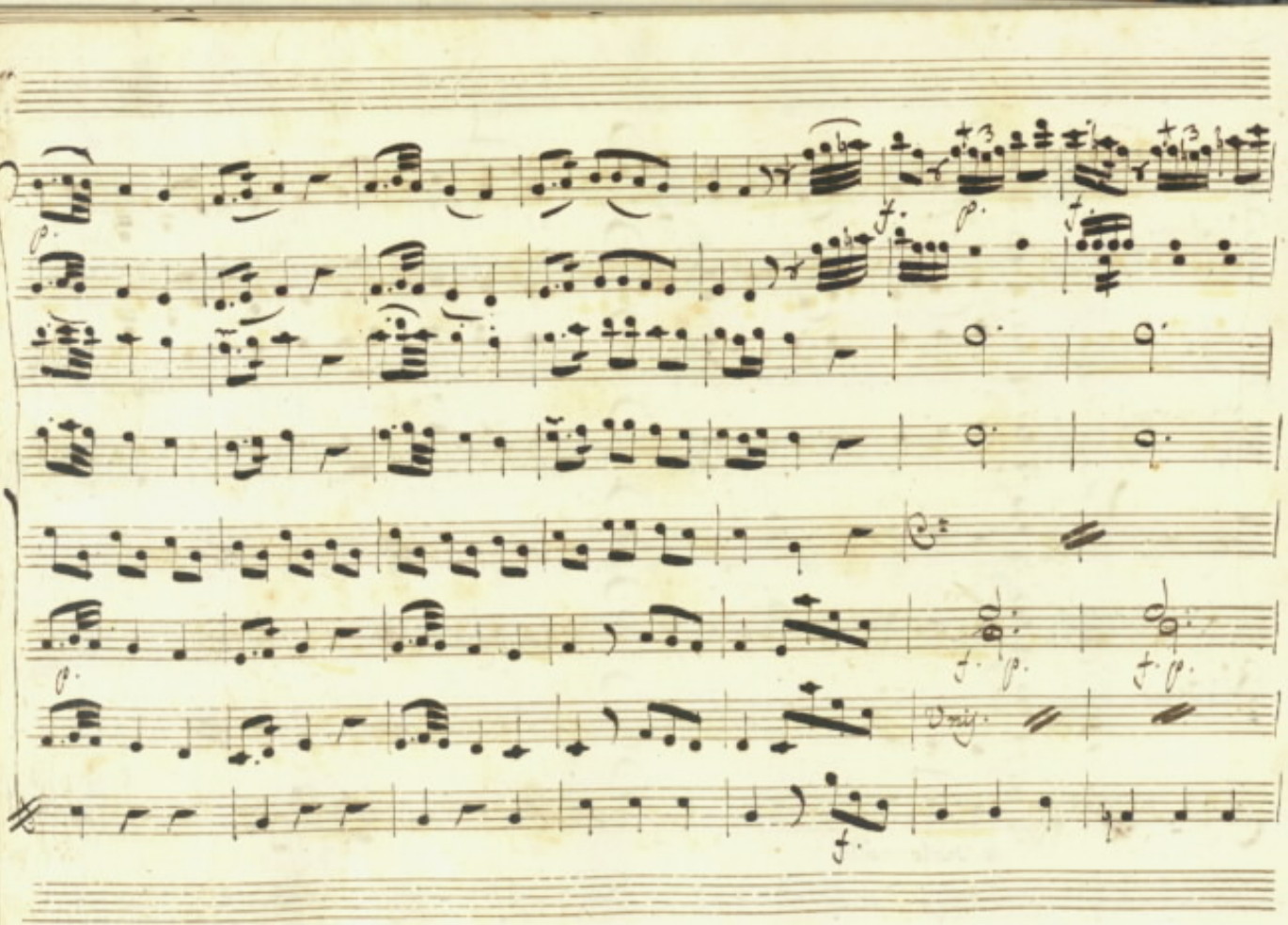

Unis.
Col Primo
Unis.
Col Primo
Col Primo

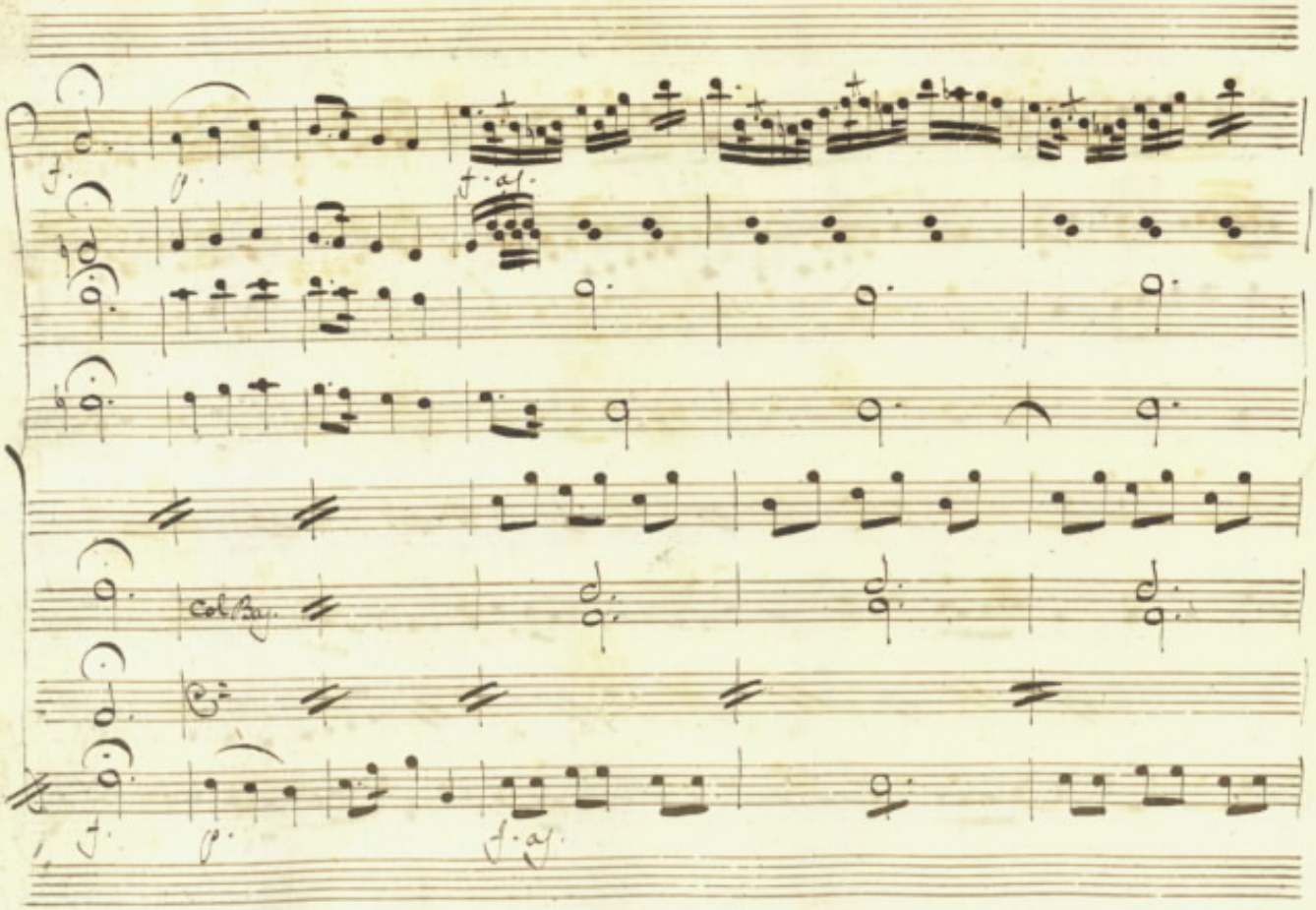

p. f. p. f p. f. cres. f. as.
Col Pmo
Col 2do
ff. p. ff. p. f. as.

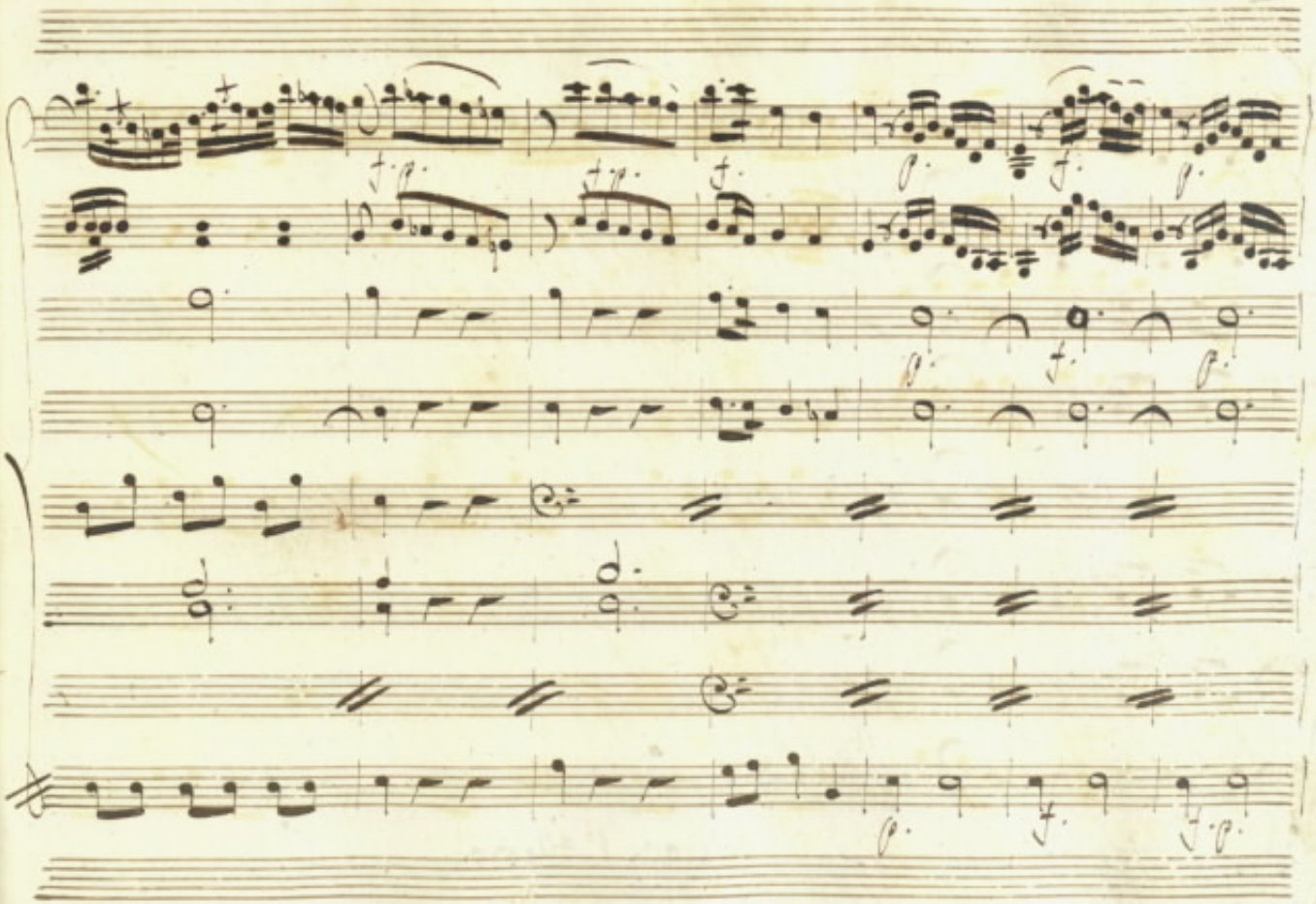

p. f. p. sf. f. p. f. p. f. cres. f. f. as.
Col Pmo
Col Pmo
Col 2do
Col 2do
sf. p. sf. sf. cres. f. as.

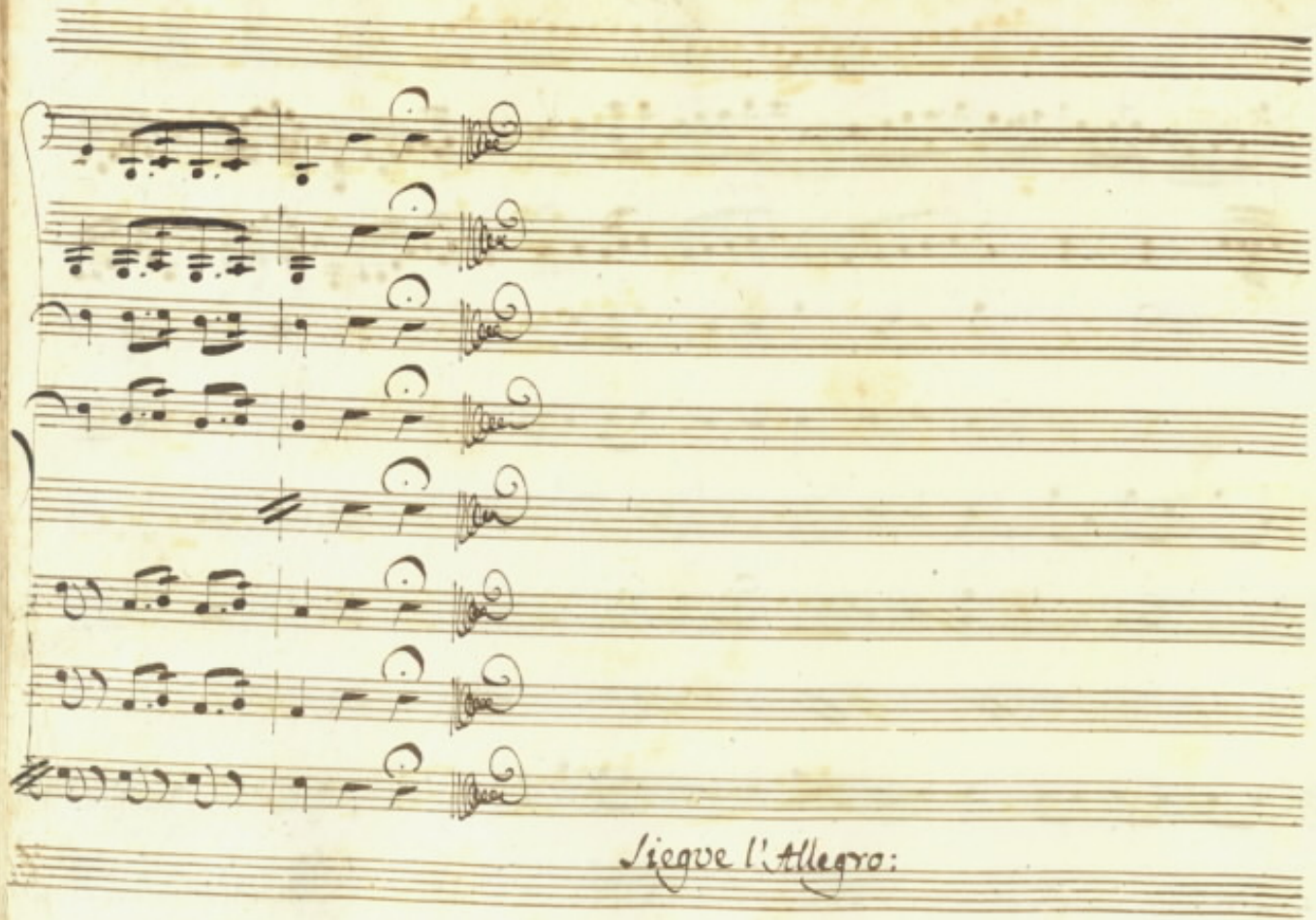

Vnj.
col Pmo
col Pmo
col Pmo
Vnj.
Vnj.
Vnj.
Siegue il Largheto.


Violini
Traversi
Fagotto
Viole
Violoncello
Col Basso
Col Basso
Col Basso
p. violoncello
f.
p.
f.
p.




f.
p.
f. a.
Col Bas.
f.
p.
f. a.

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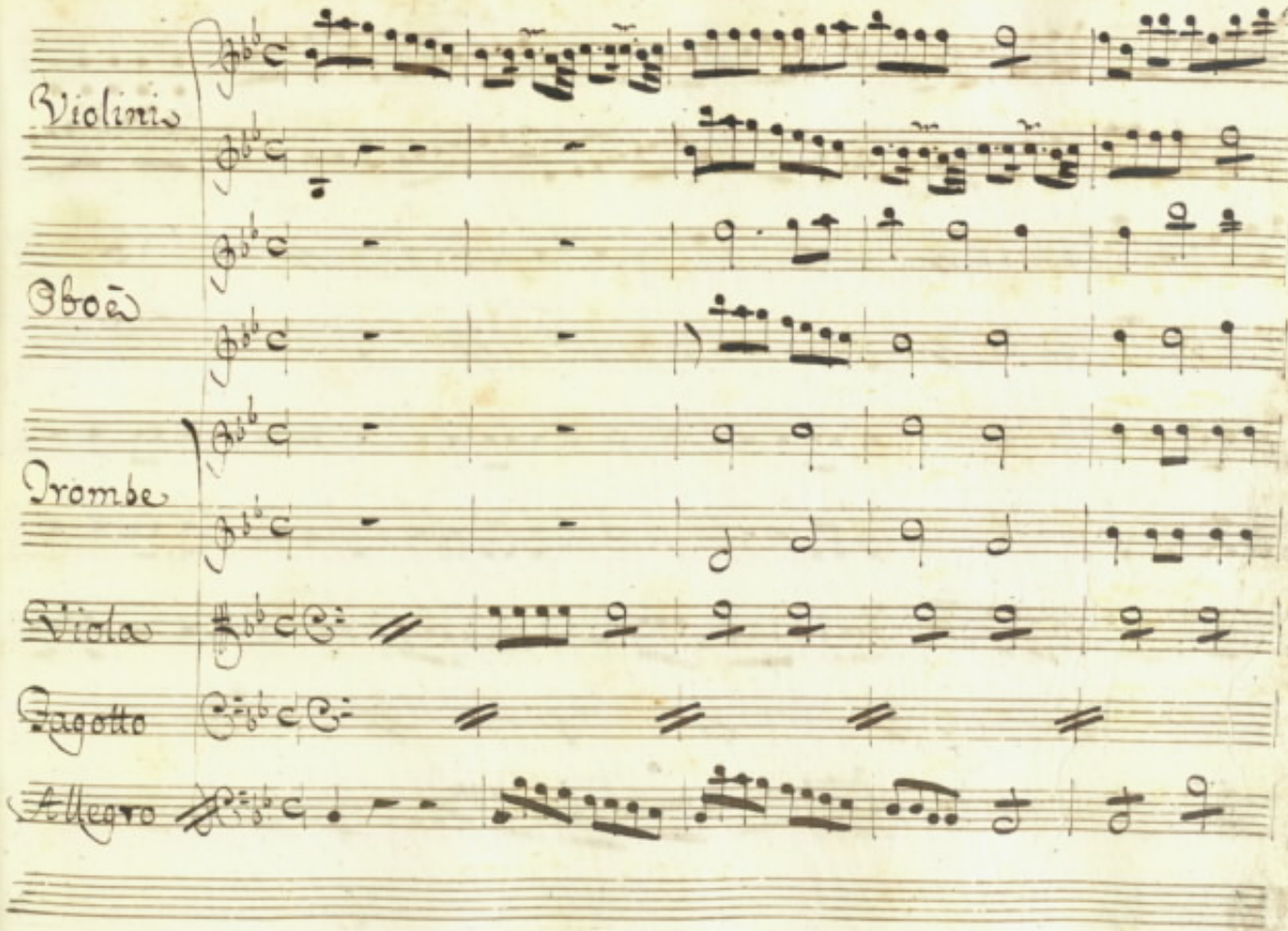
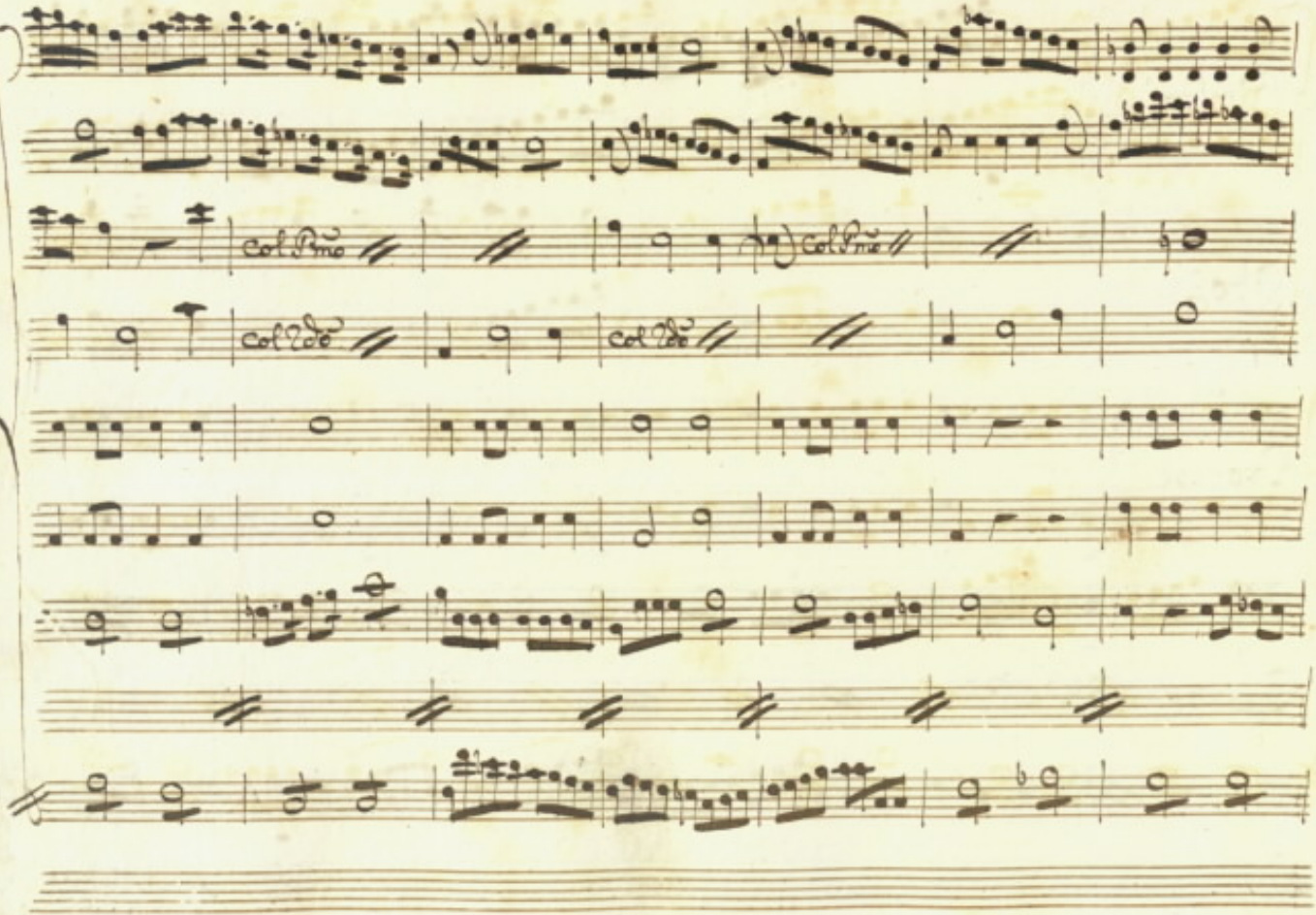
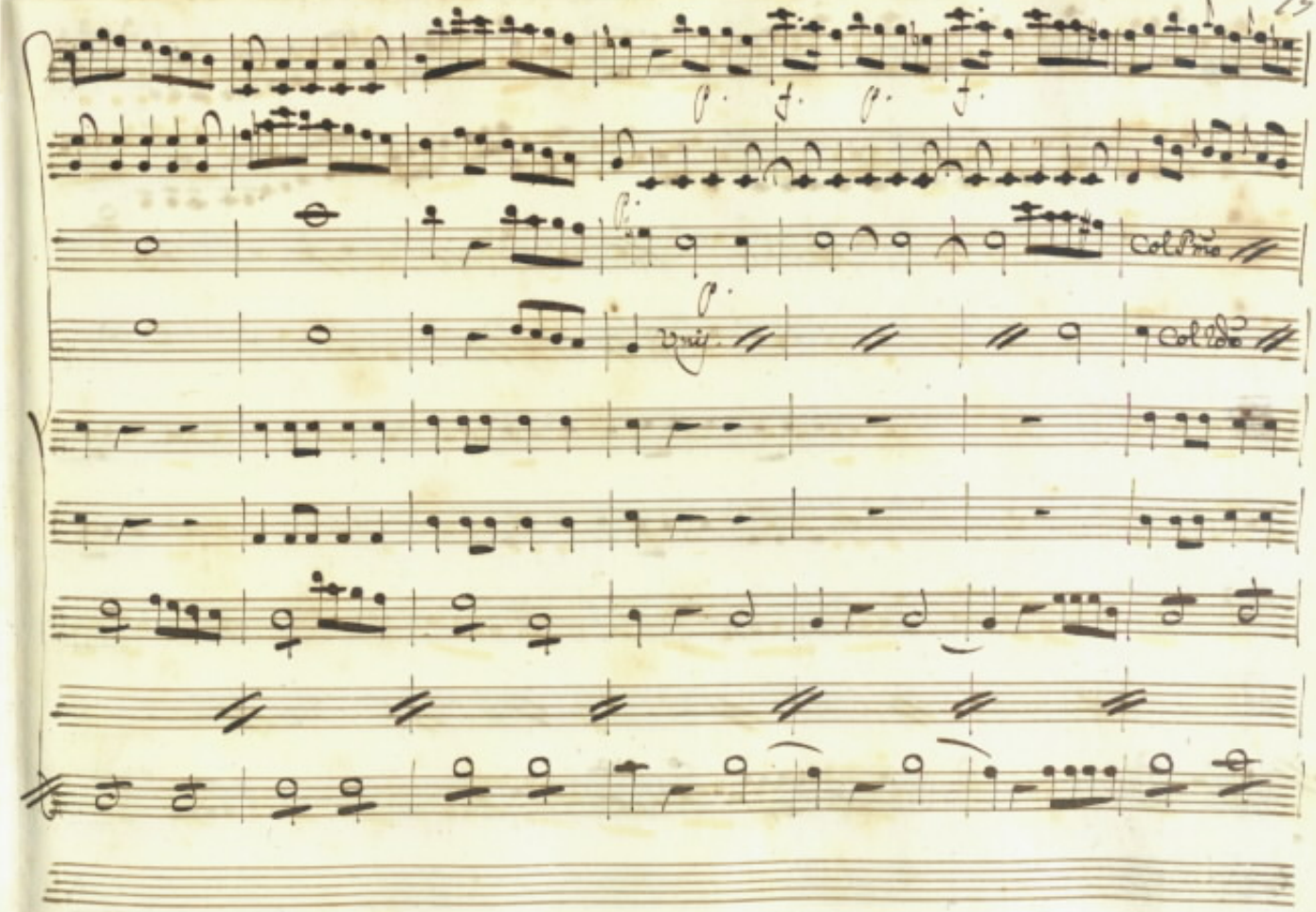
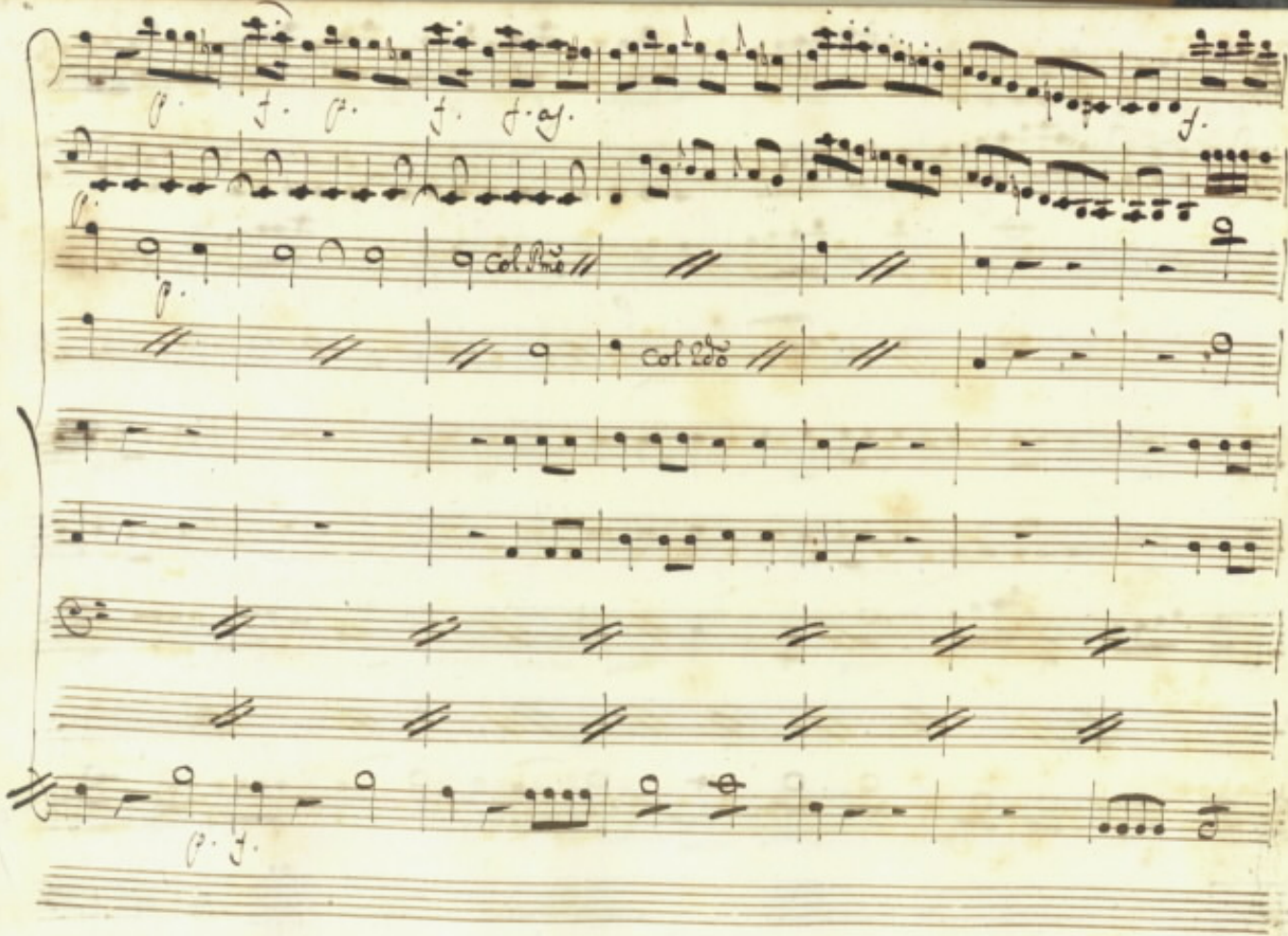
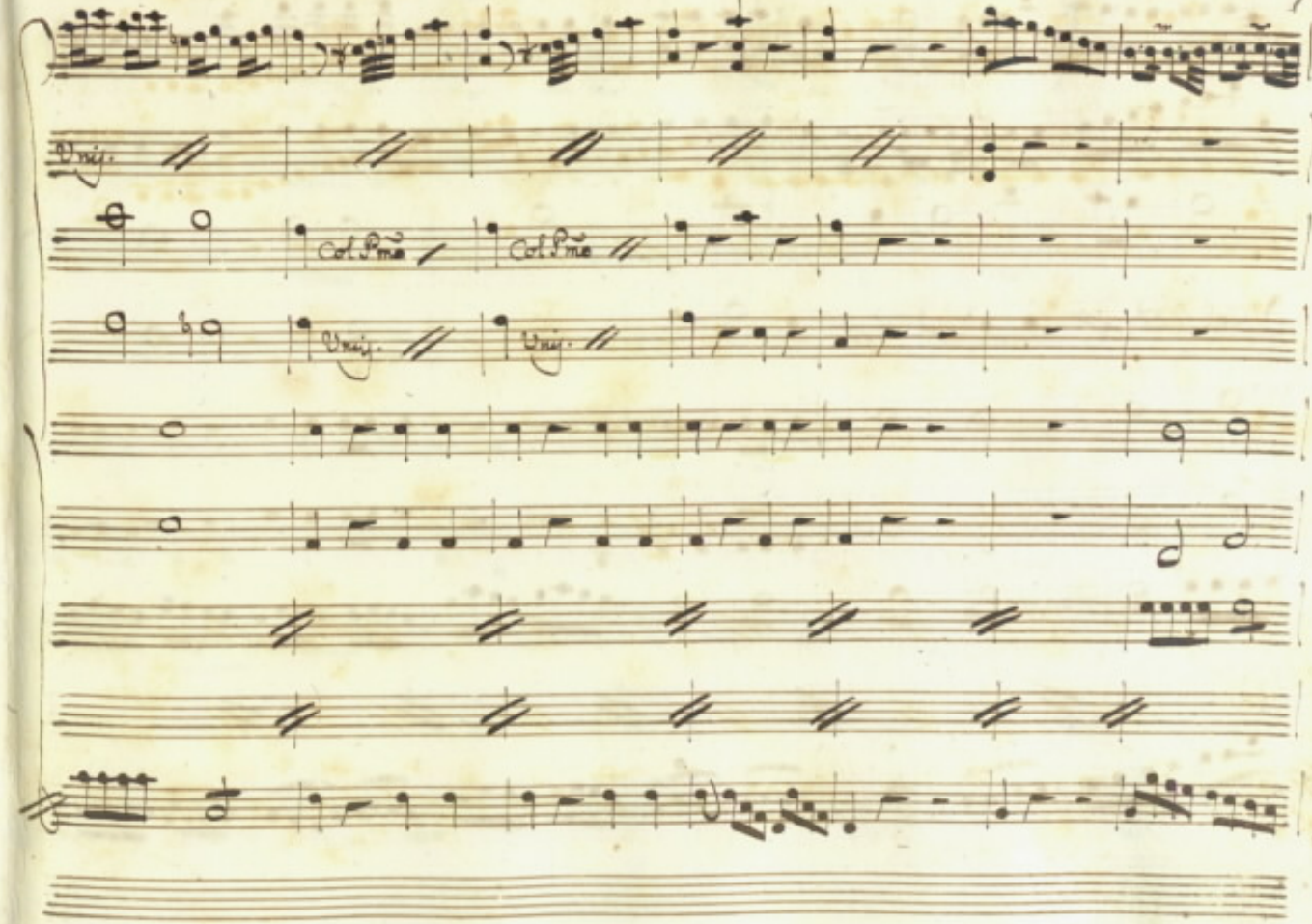
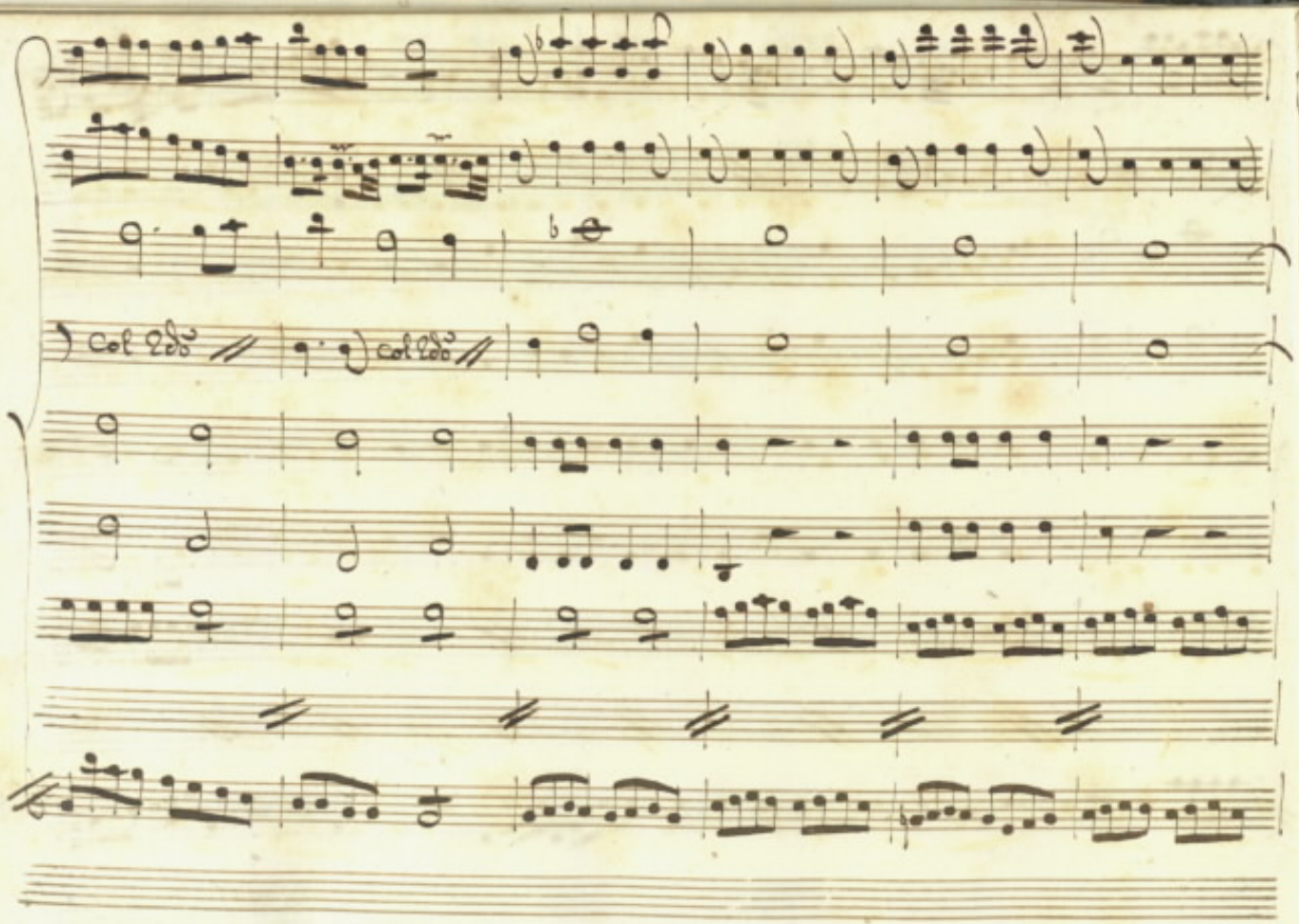

Violini
Oboè
Trombe
Viola
Fagotto
Allegro

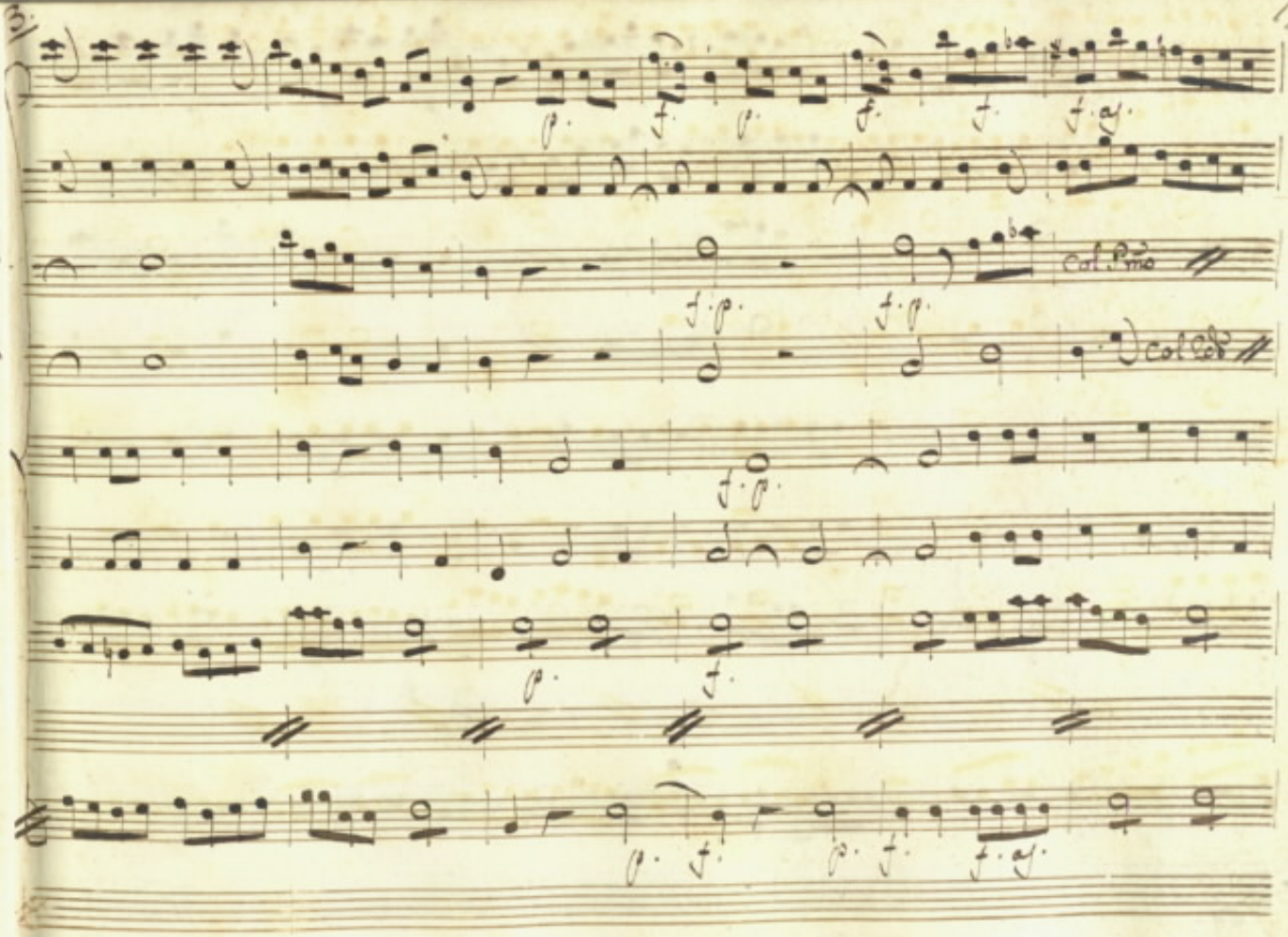

Col Pno
Col Pno
Col Pno
Col Pno

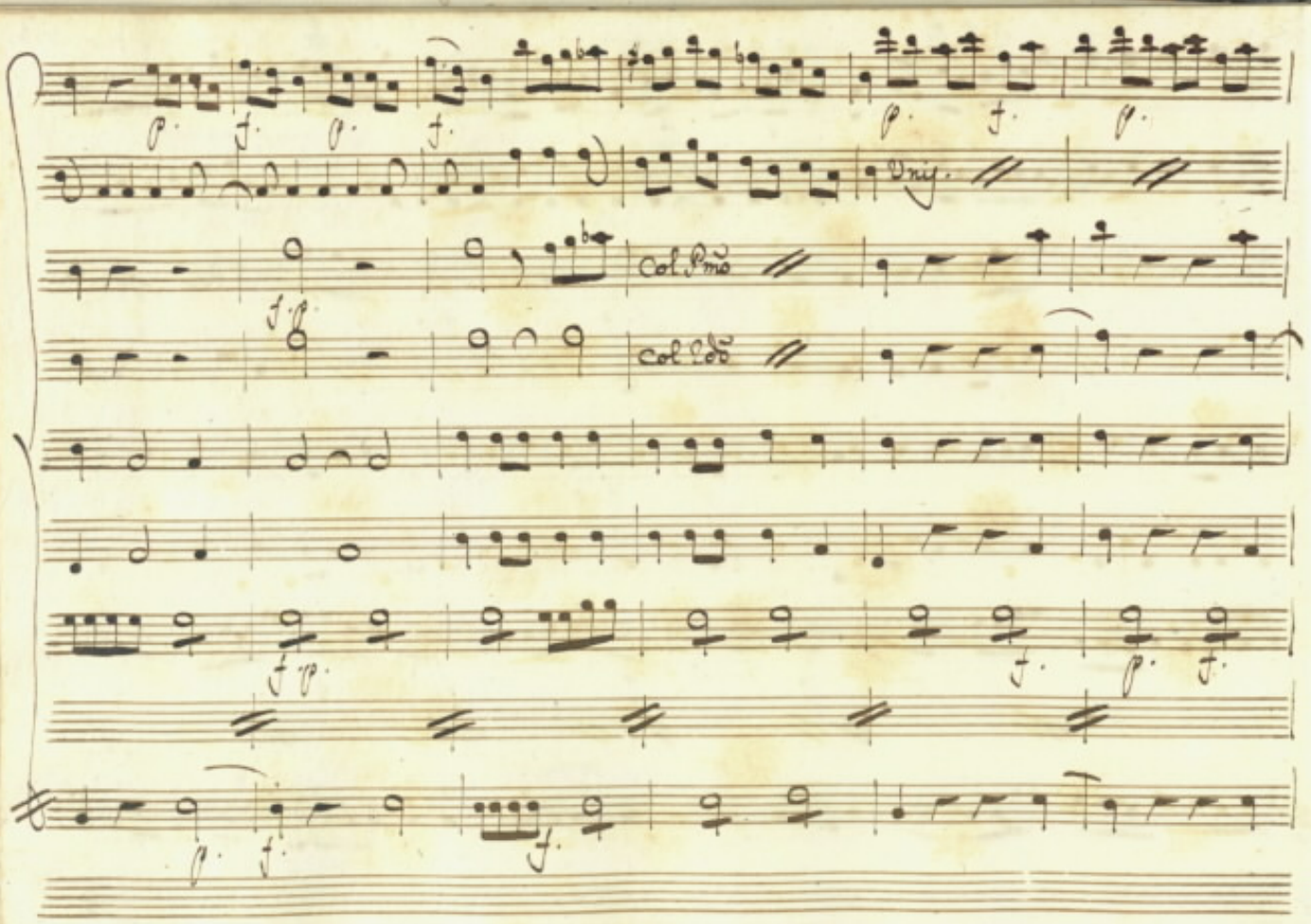

p.
f.
p.
f.
p.
Col Pmo
p.
Unis.
Col Edo


Col Rmo
Col Edo


Unis.
Col Pno
Col Pno
Unis.
Unis.


Col 8va
Col 8va


Col Pmo
Col Cb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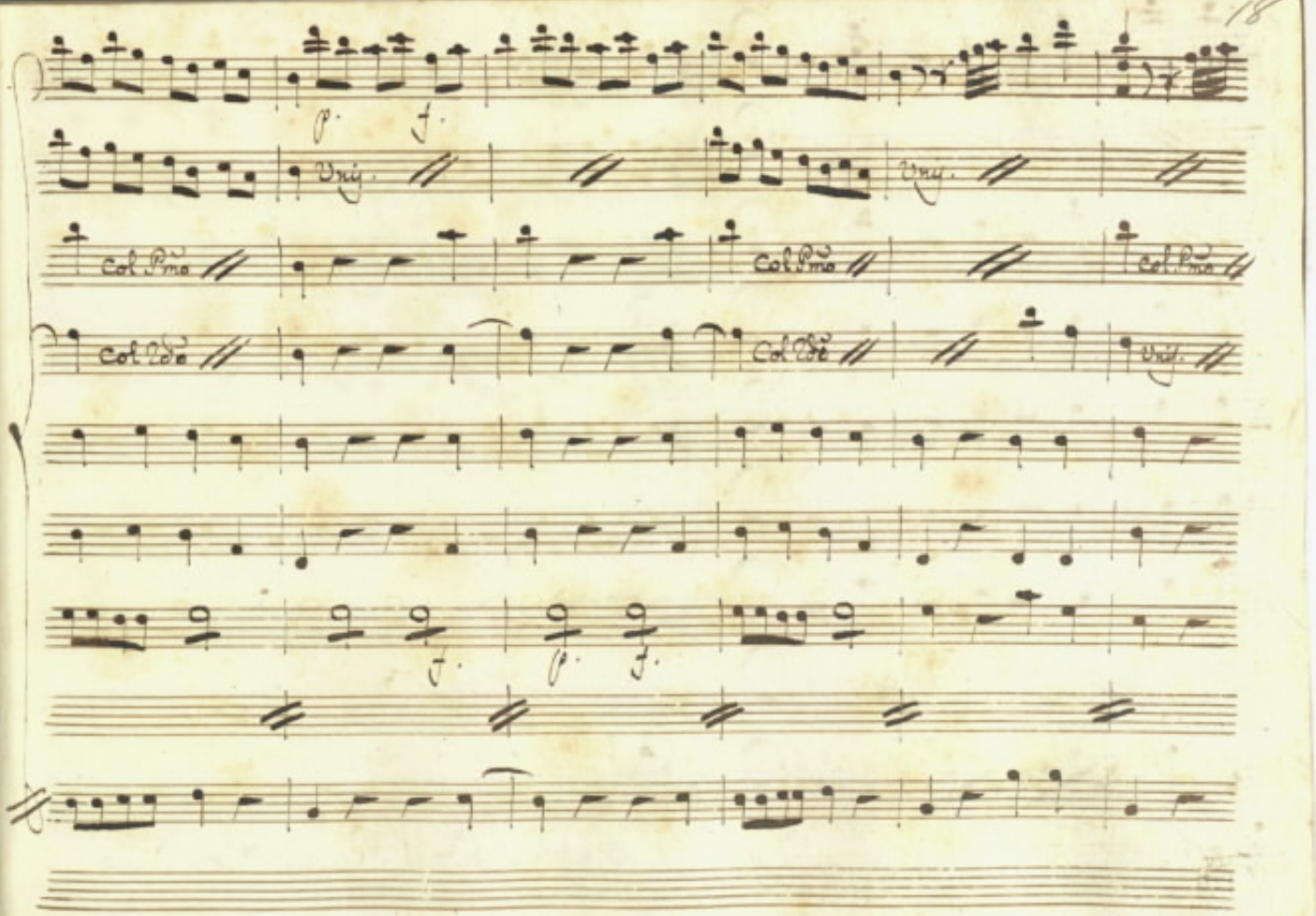
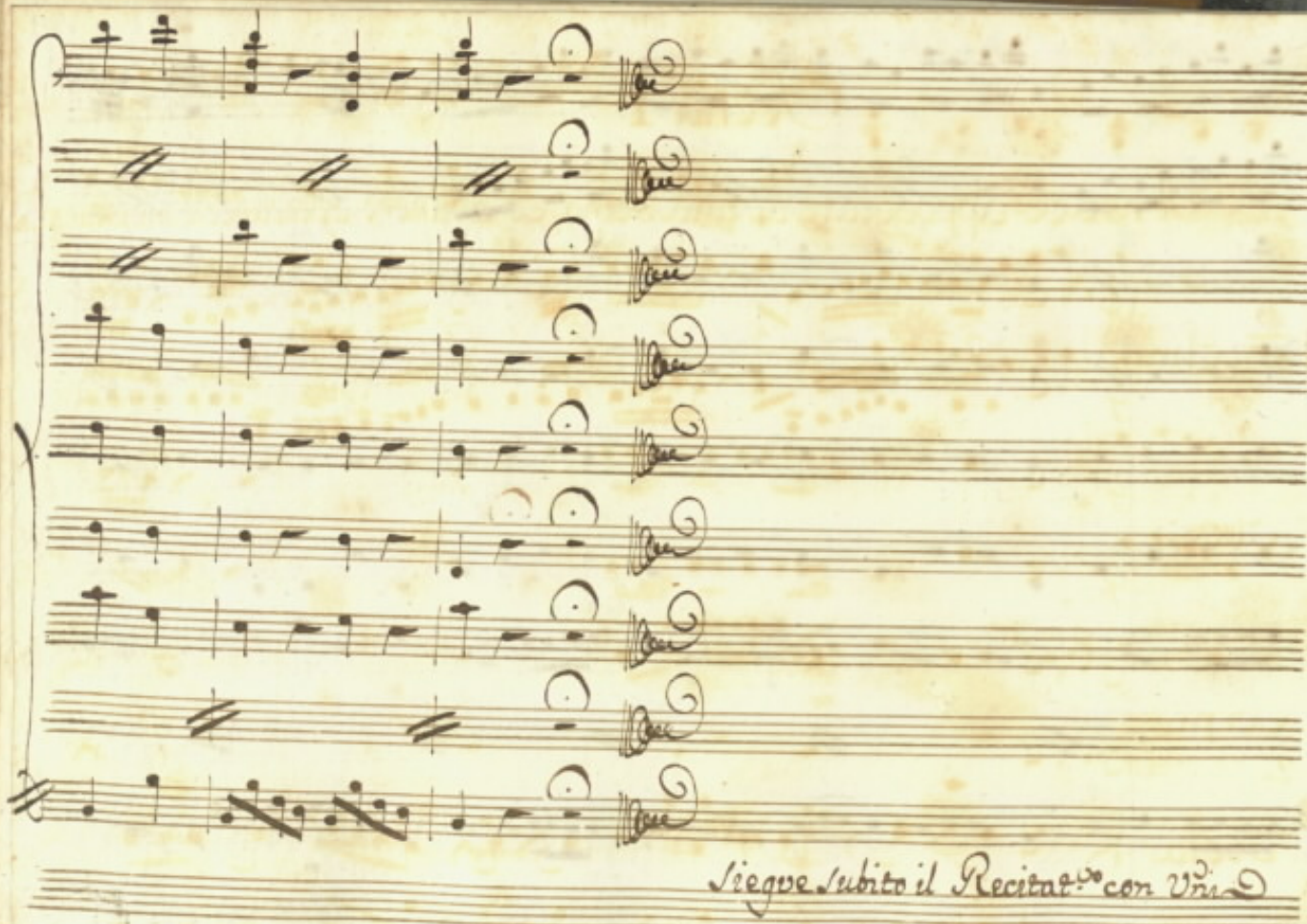
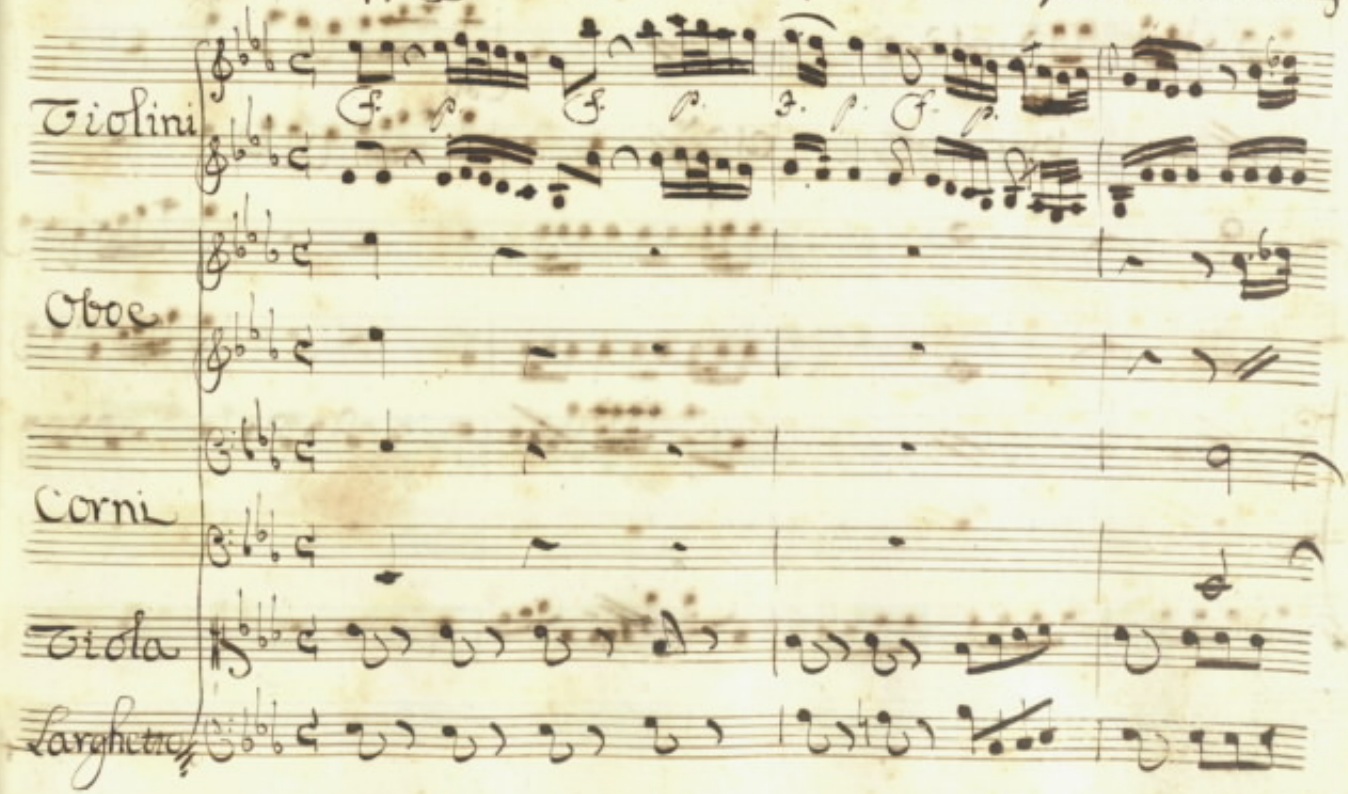
Col Pmo
Col 2do

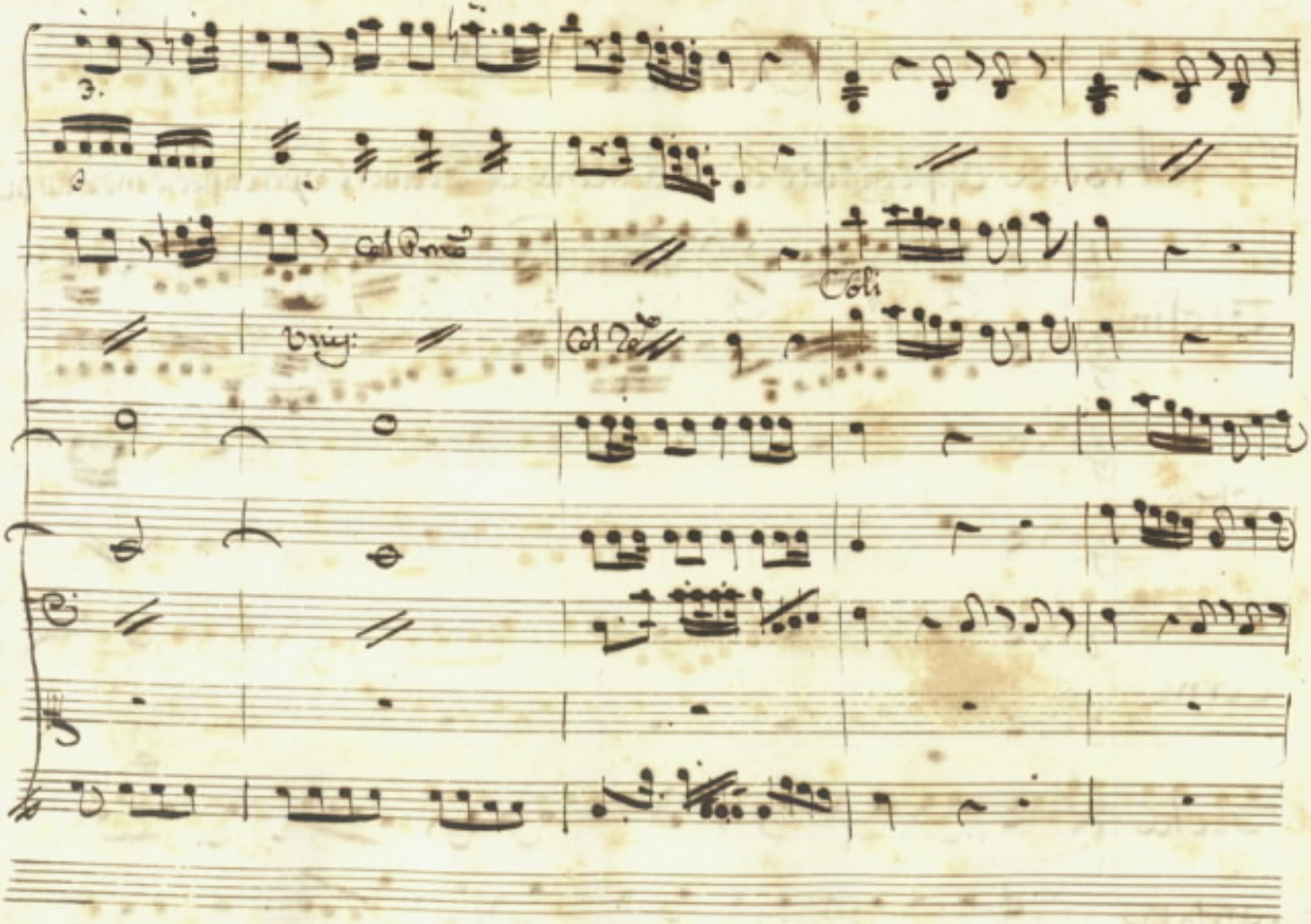

p.
f.
Unis.
Unis.
Col Pno
Col Pno
Col Pno
Col Vle
Col Vle
Unis.
f.
p.
f.


Siegue subito il Recitat.vo con Vni

Scena I

Arsace appoggiato ad una scena, ed Evandro osservandolo in distanza

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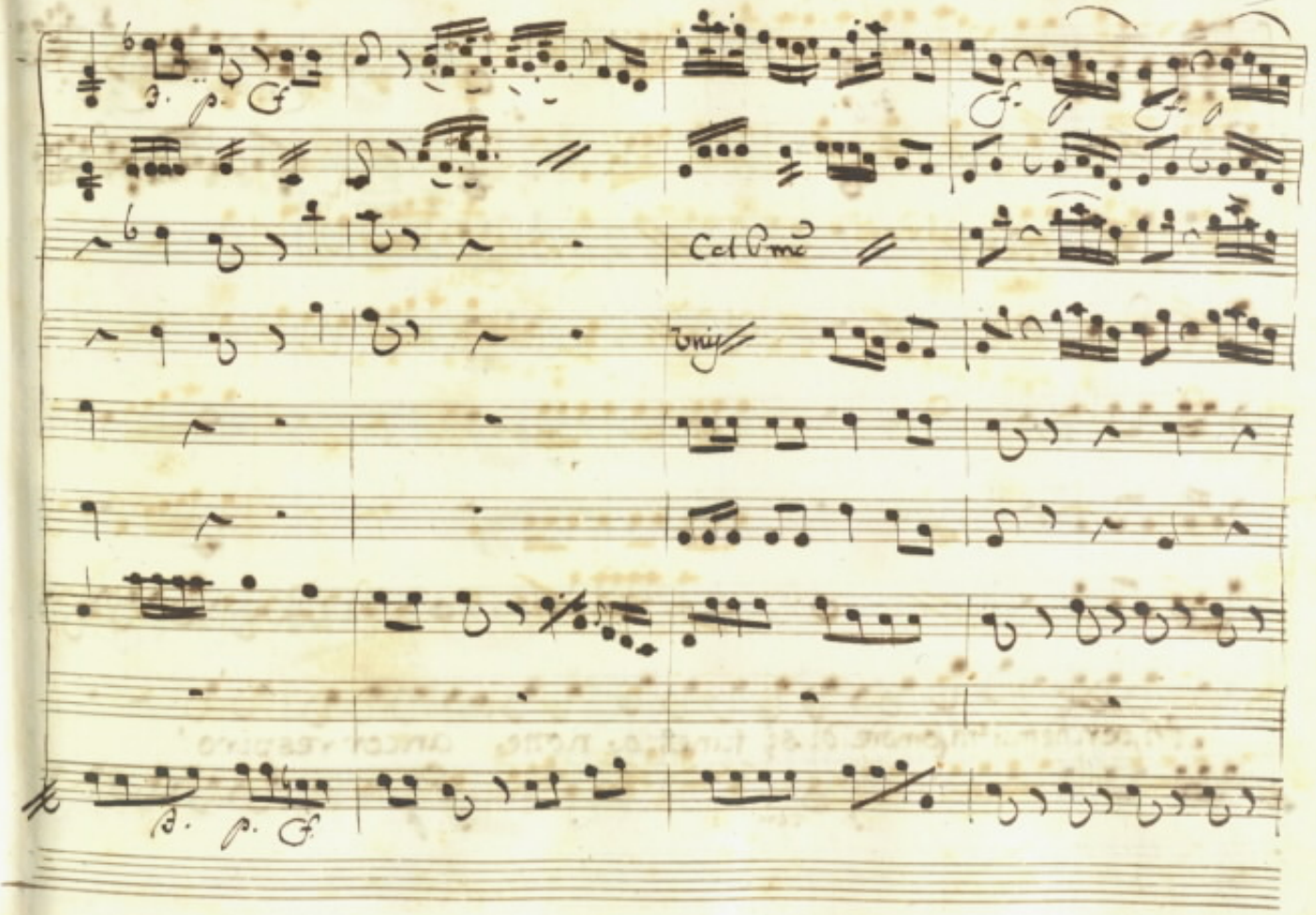
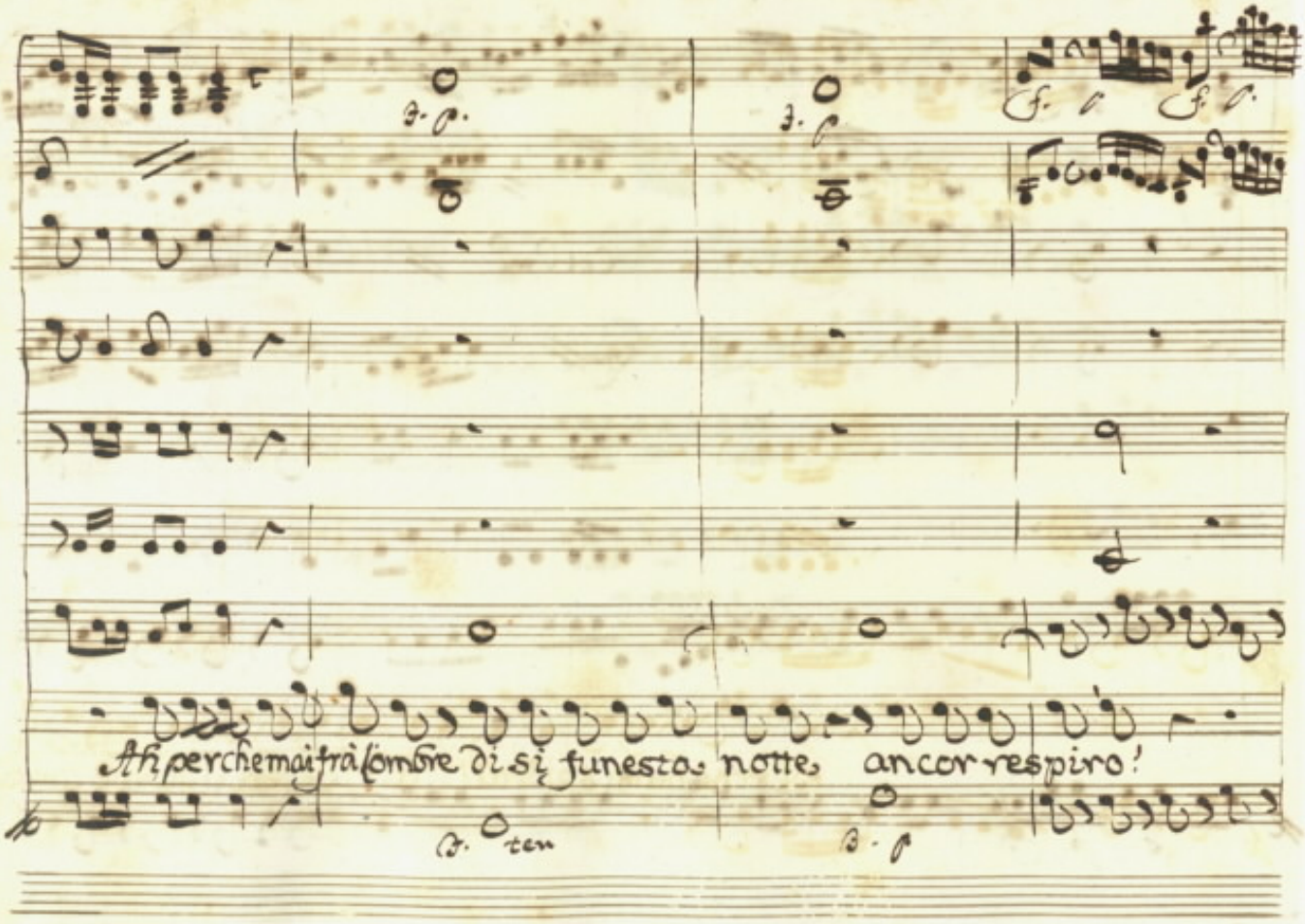
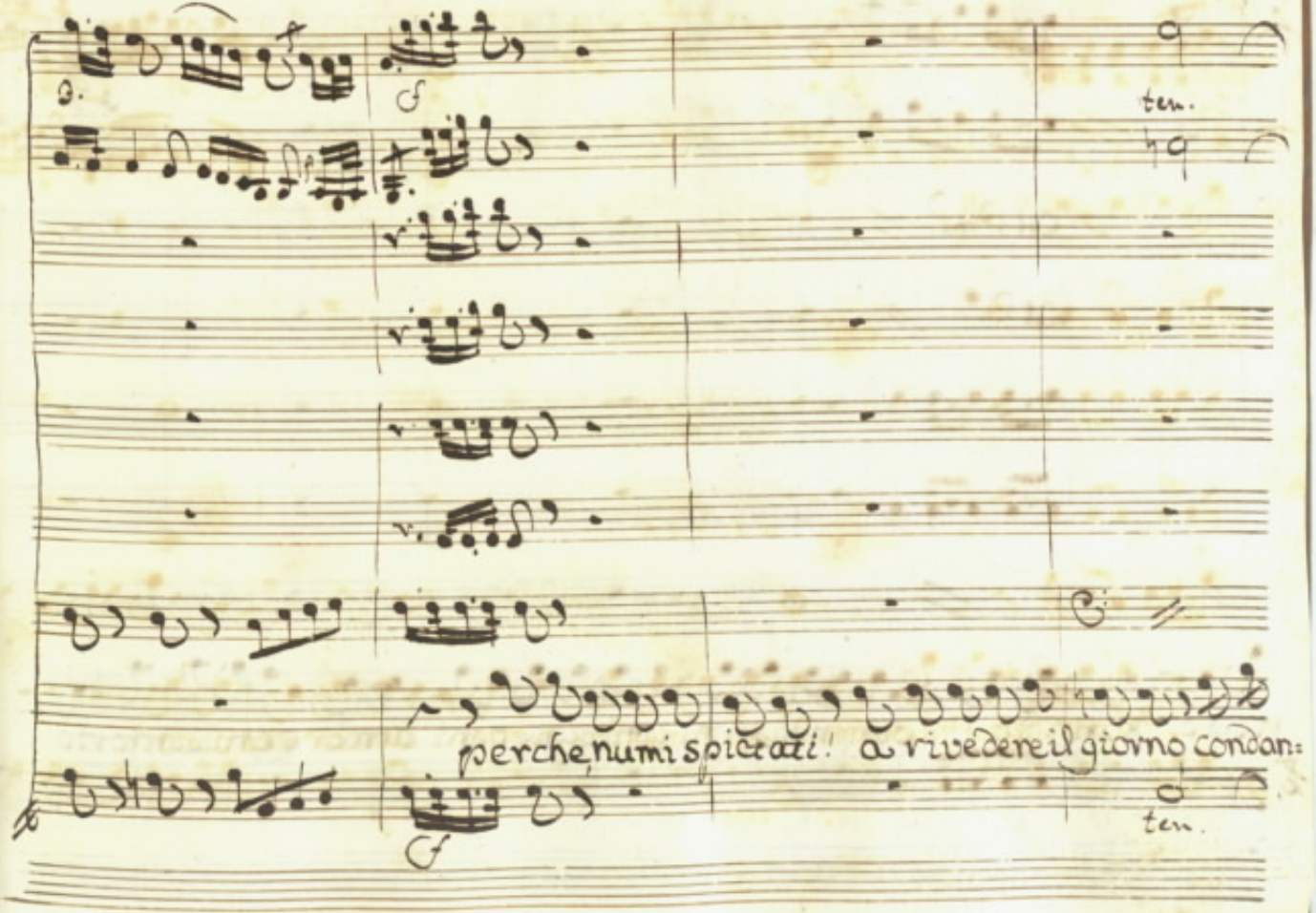
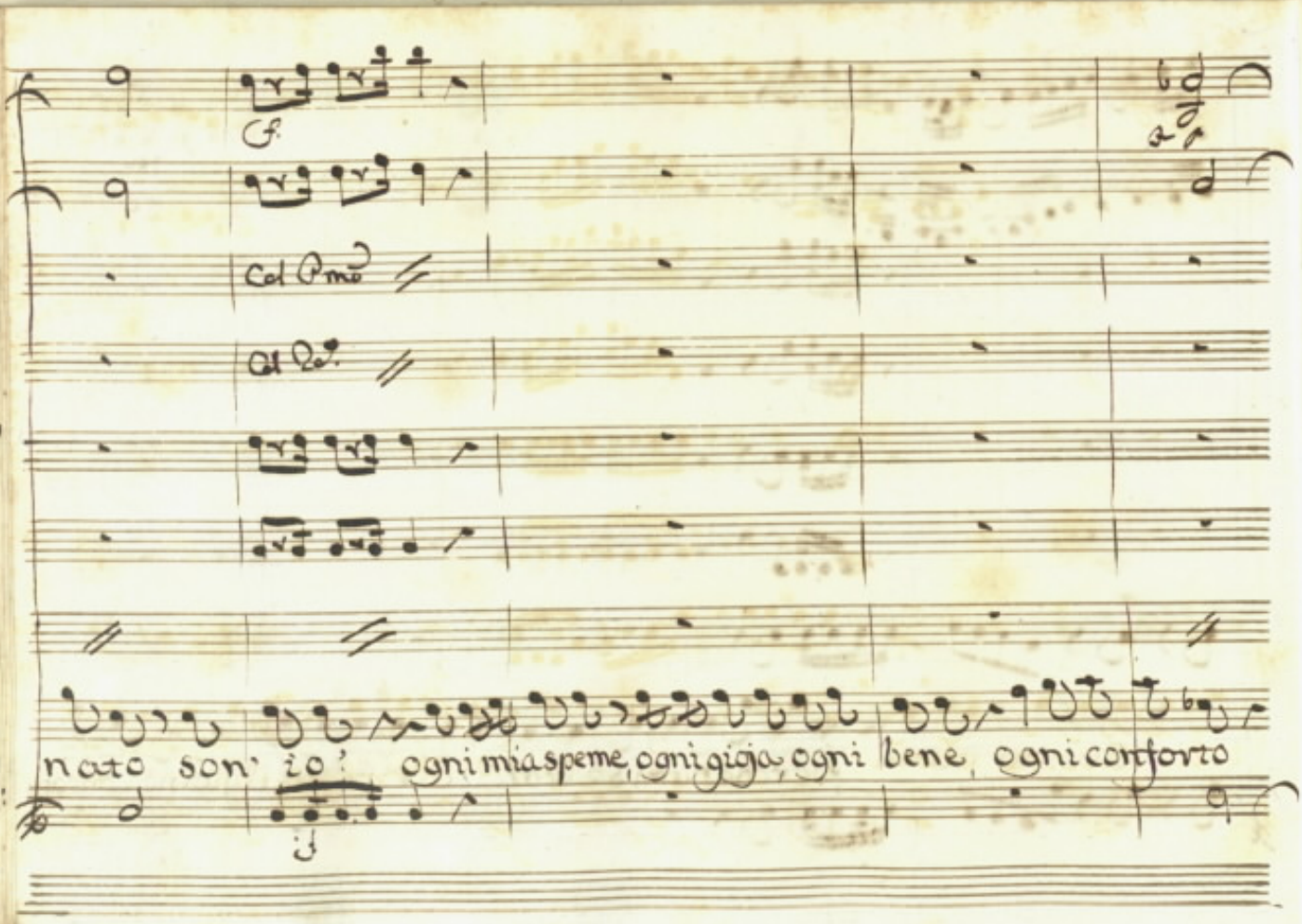
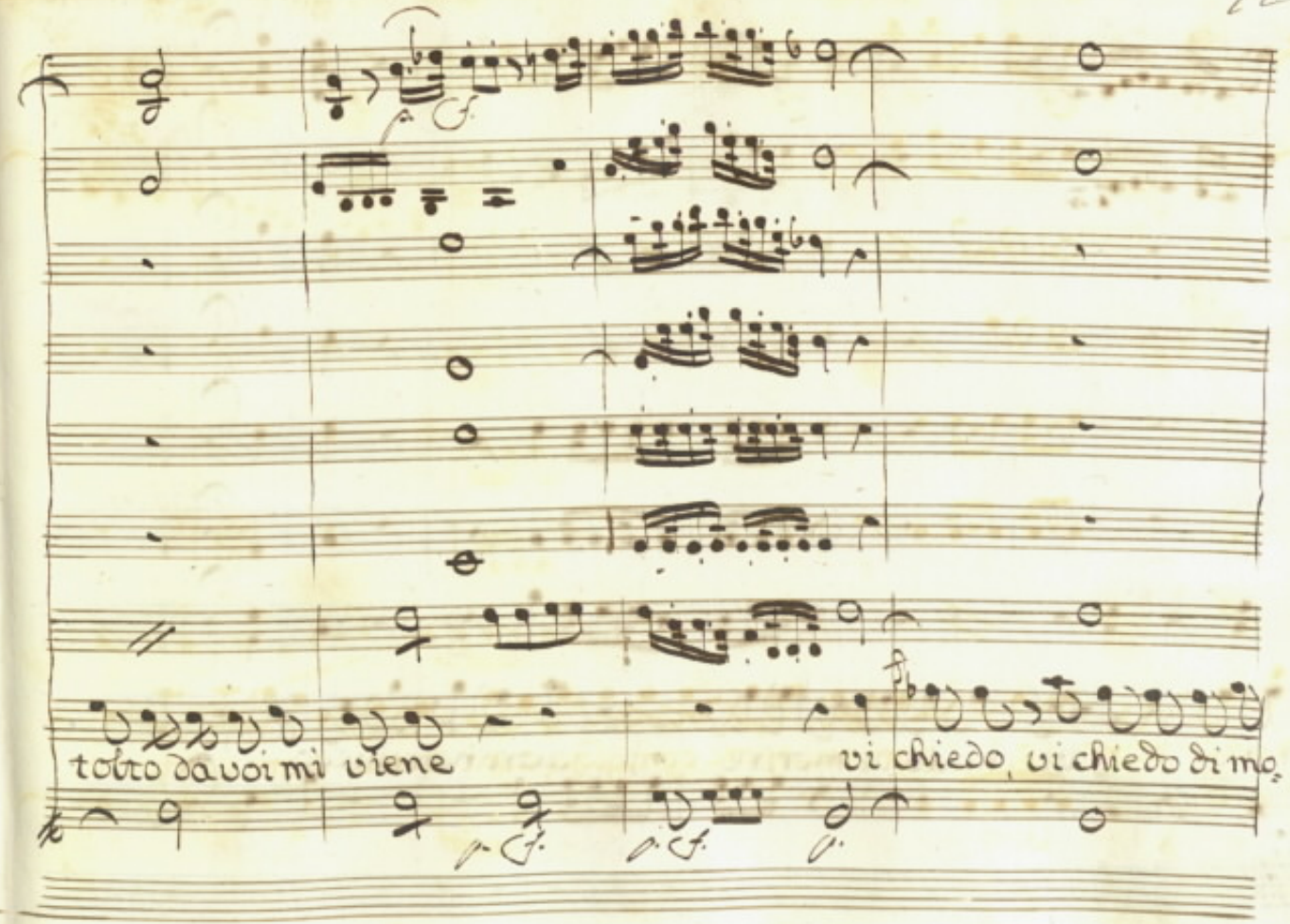
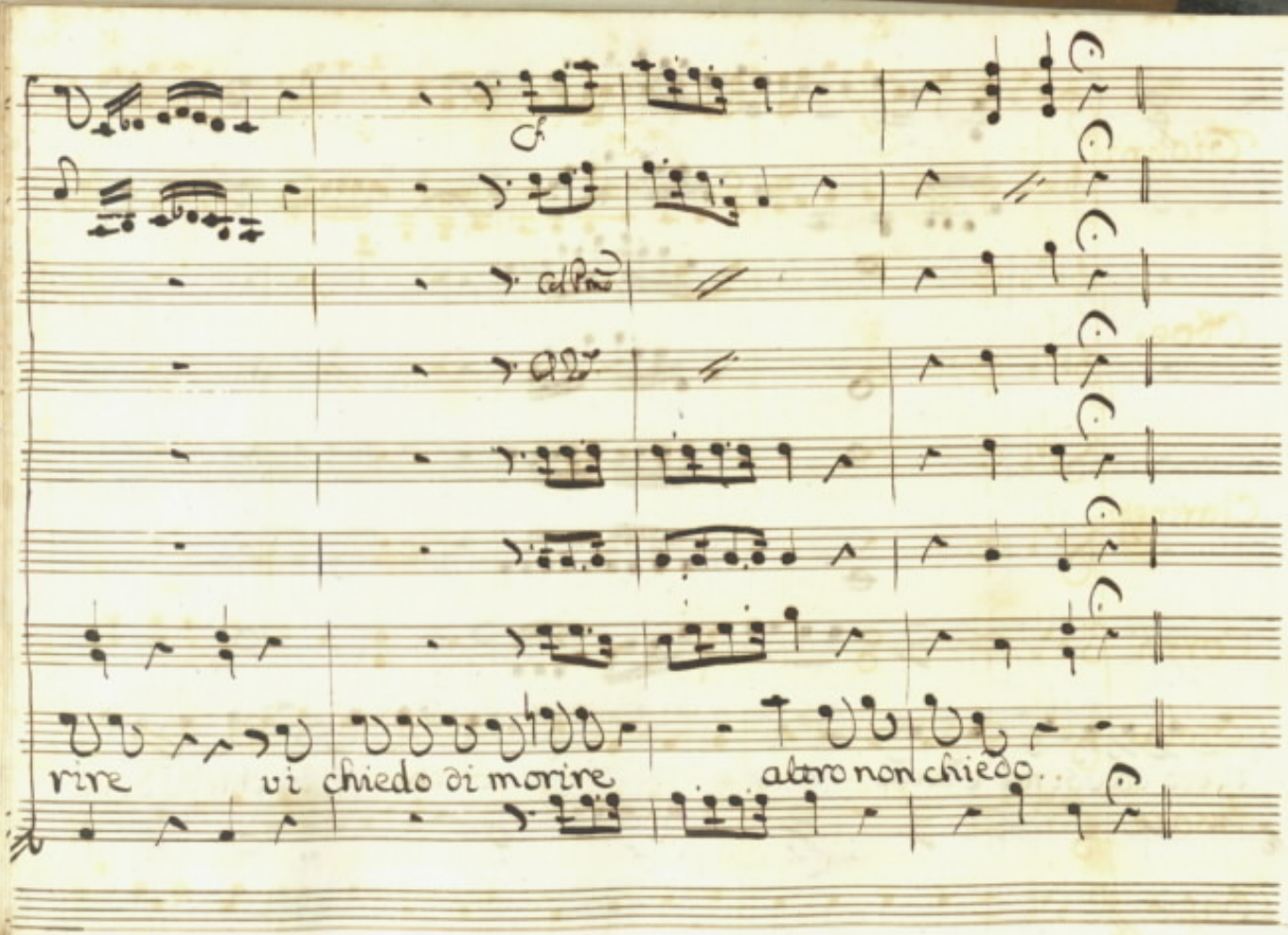

Col Pmo

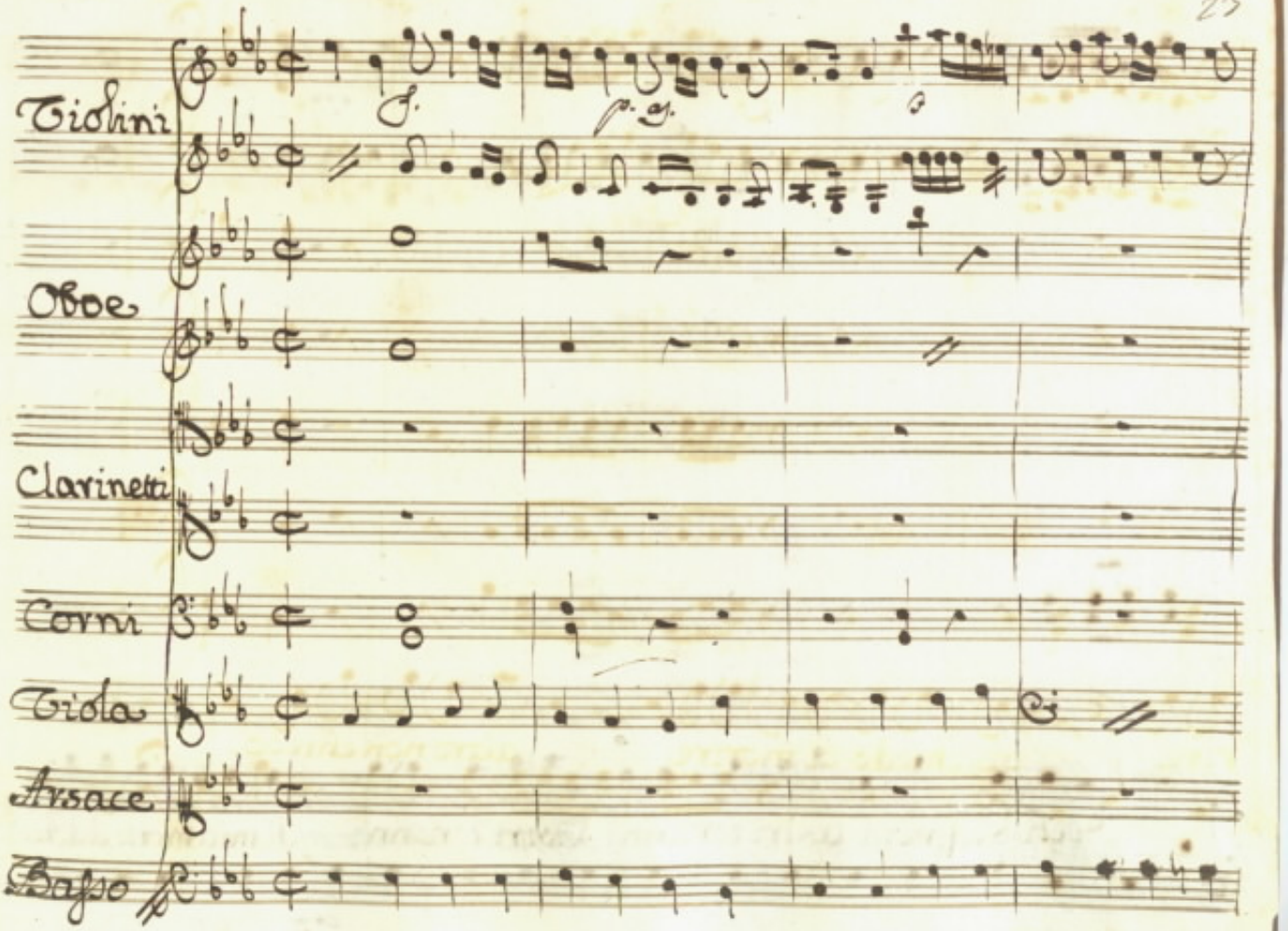

Ah perchemai fra l'ombre di sì funesta notte, ancor respiro!

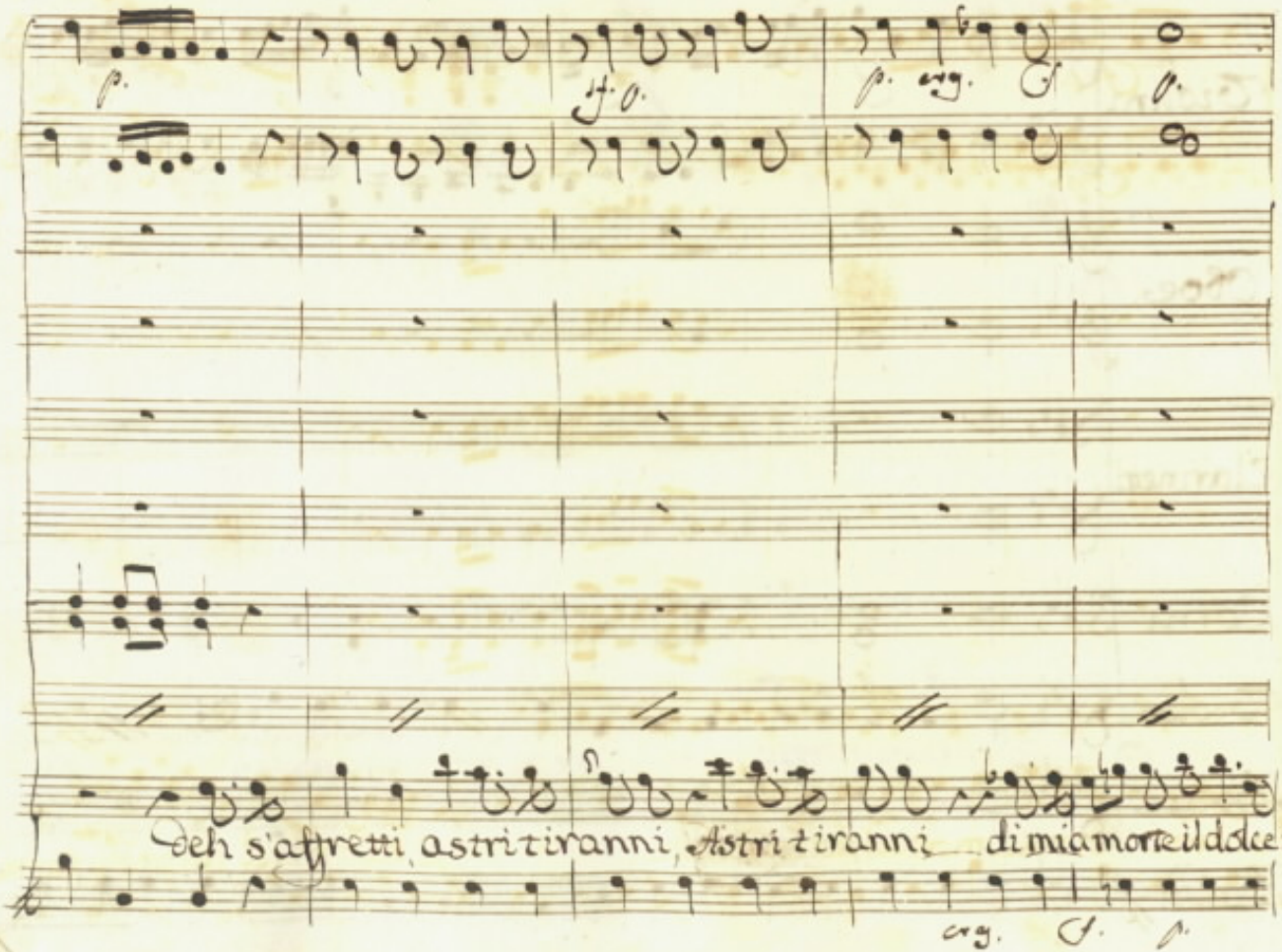

B.
ten.
ten.
perche numi spietati! a rivedere il giorno condan:

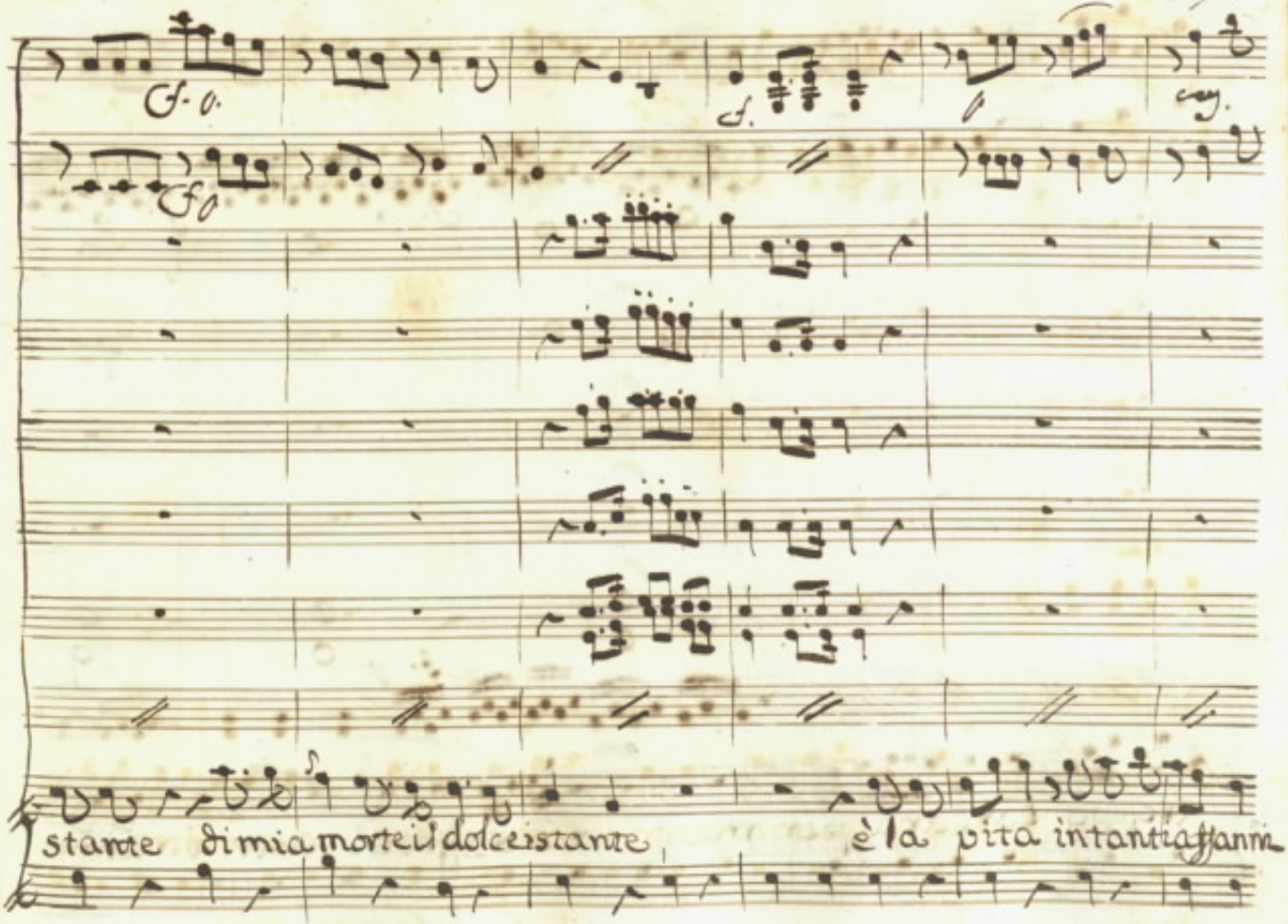

Col Pmo
Col Ro.
nato son' io! ogni mia speme, ogni gioja, ogni bene, ogni conforto

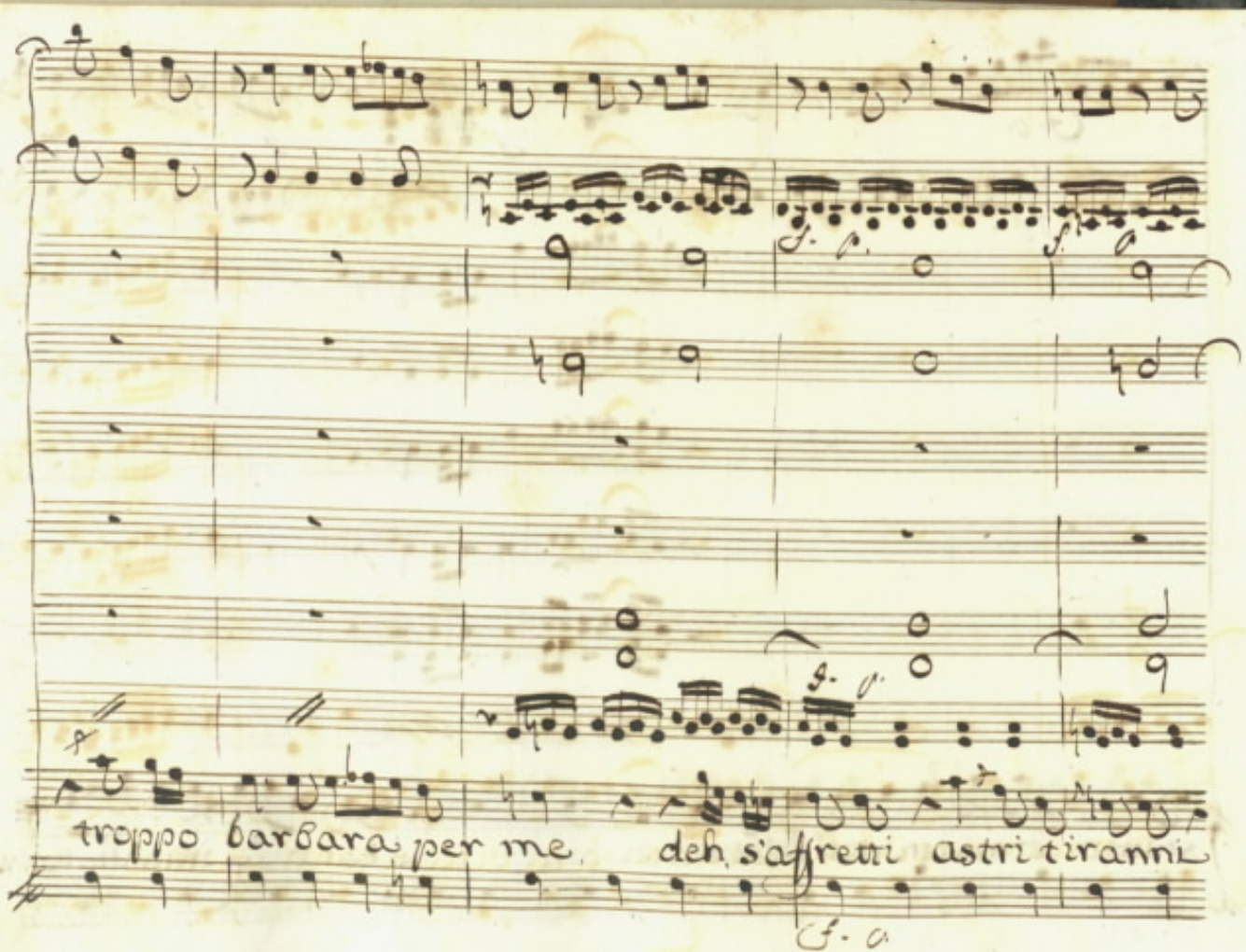

tolto da voi mi viene
vi chiedo, vi chiedo di mo.

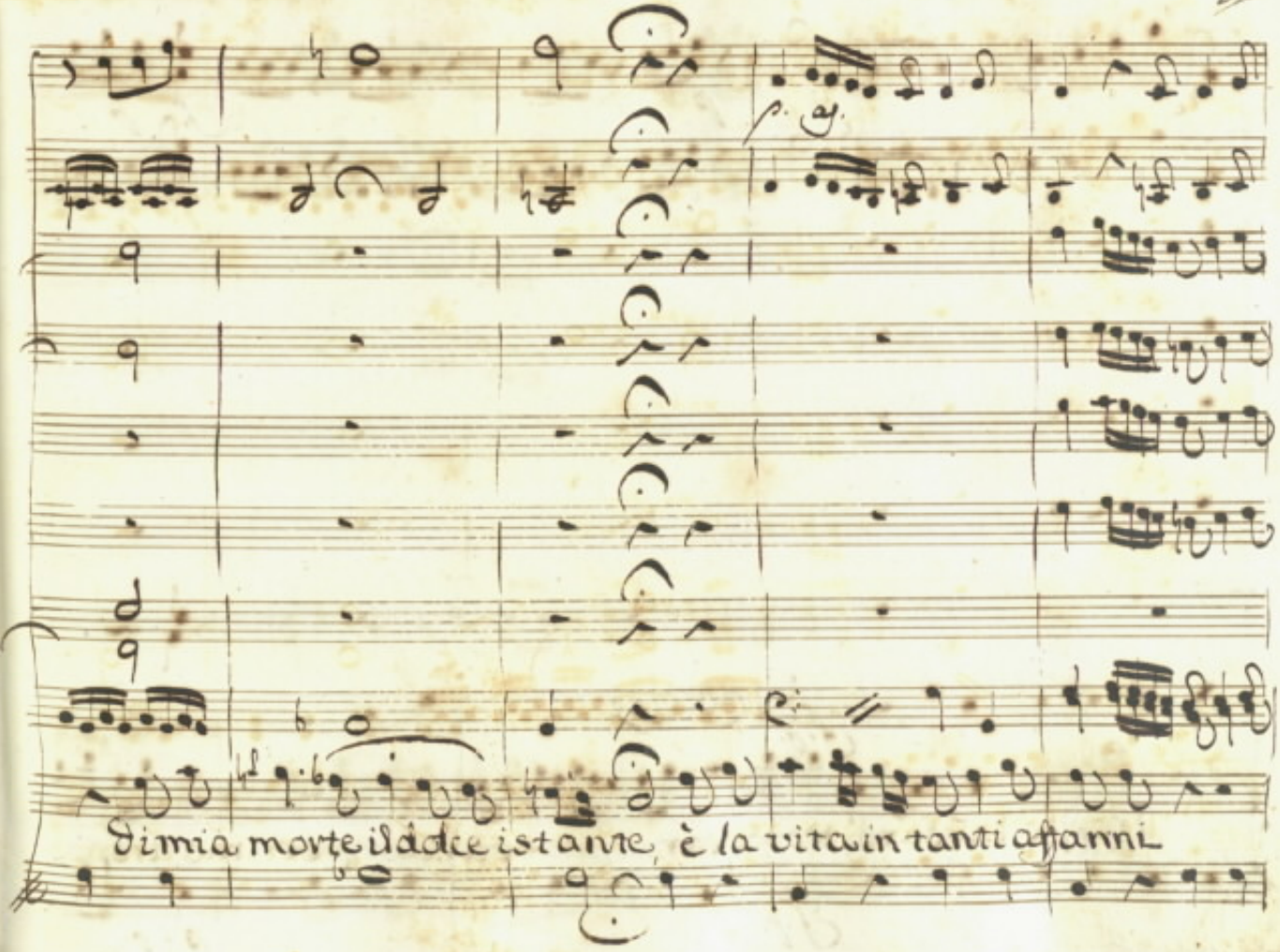

rire
vi chiedo di morire
altro non chiedo.

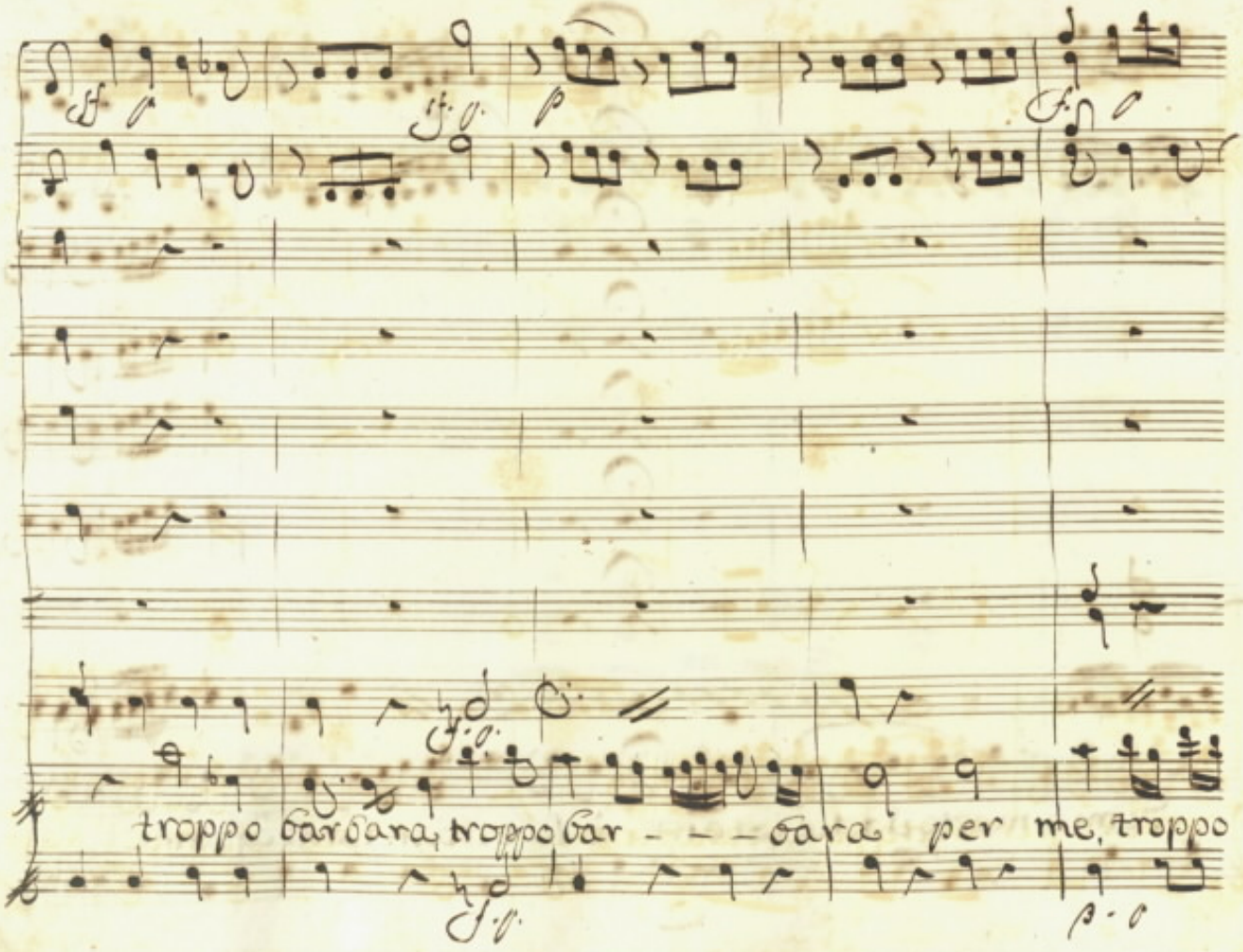

Violini
Oboe
Clarinetti
Corni
Viola
Arsace
Basso

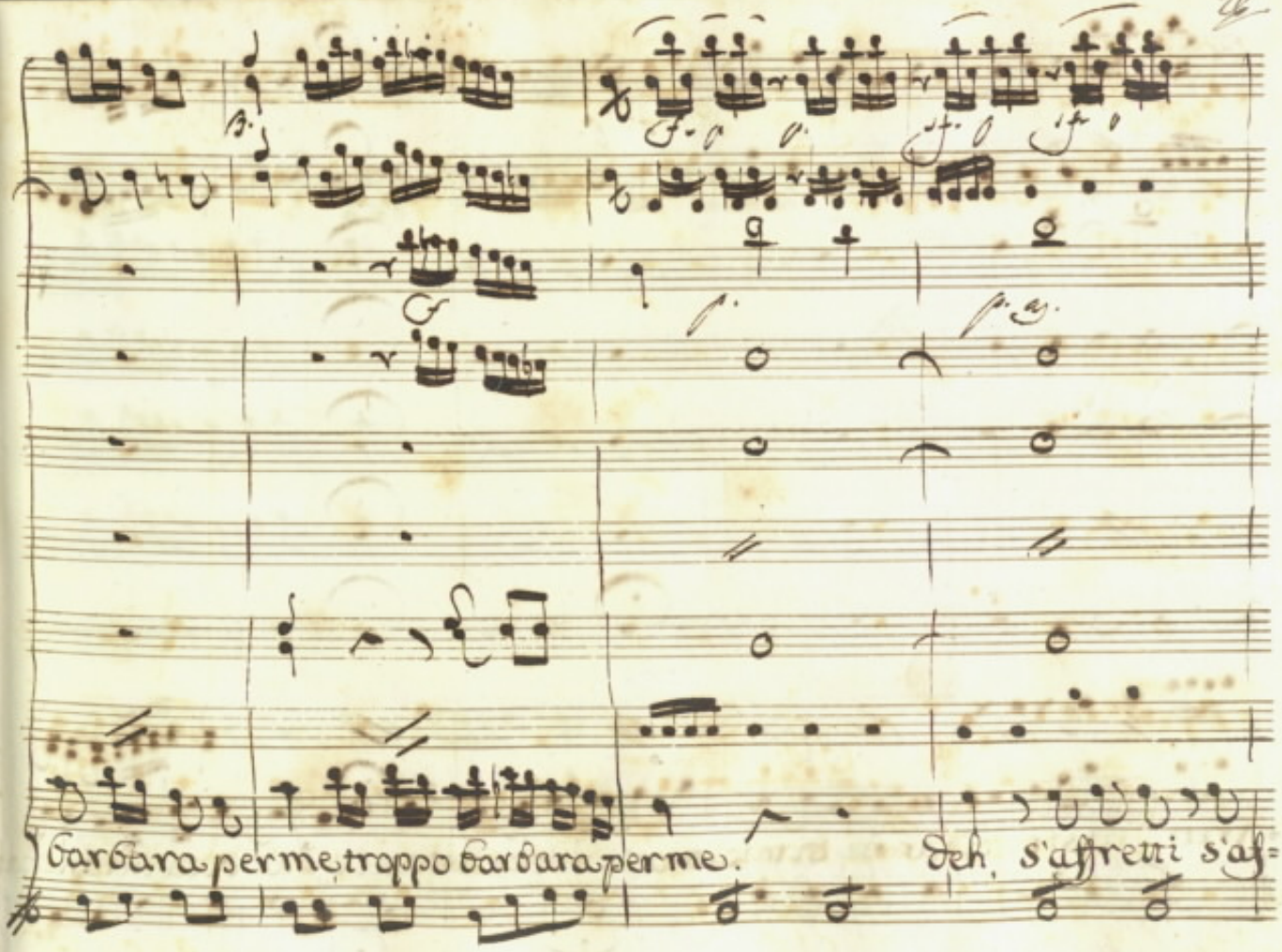

Deh s'affretti, a stri tiranni, A stri tiranni di mia morte il dolce i:

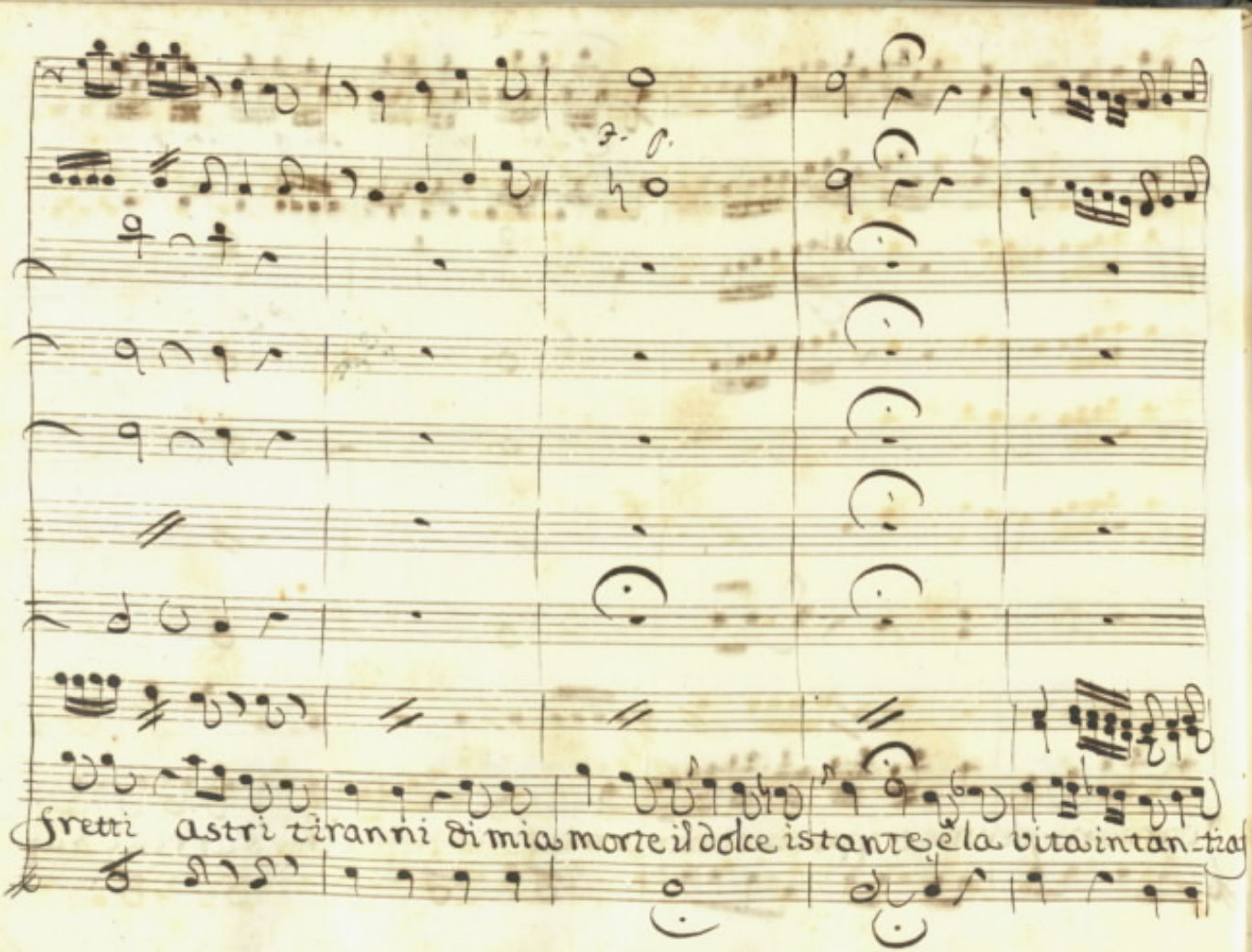

stante di mia morte il dolce istante, è la vita in tanti affanni

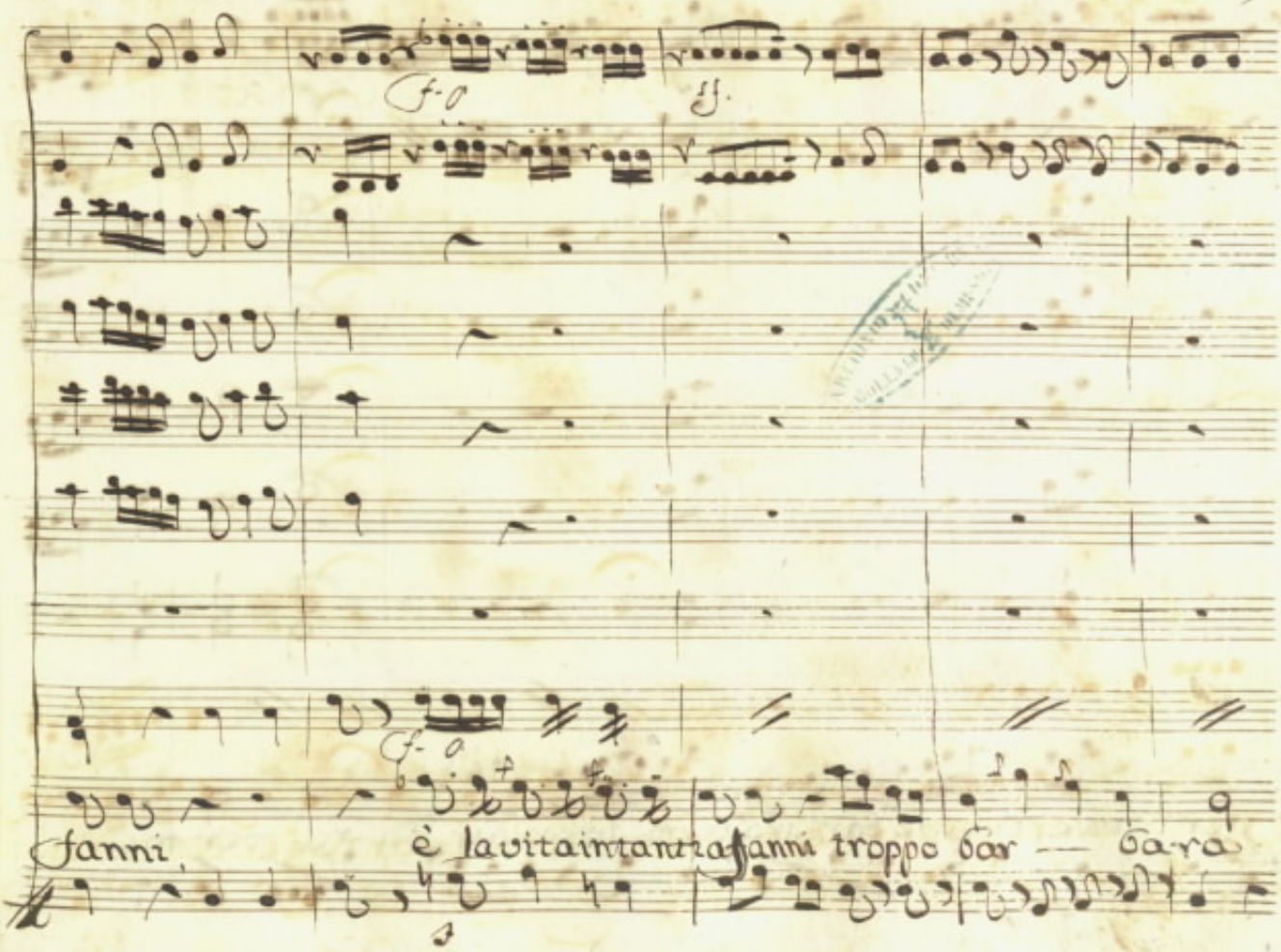

troppo barbara per me deh s'affretti astri tiranni

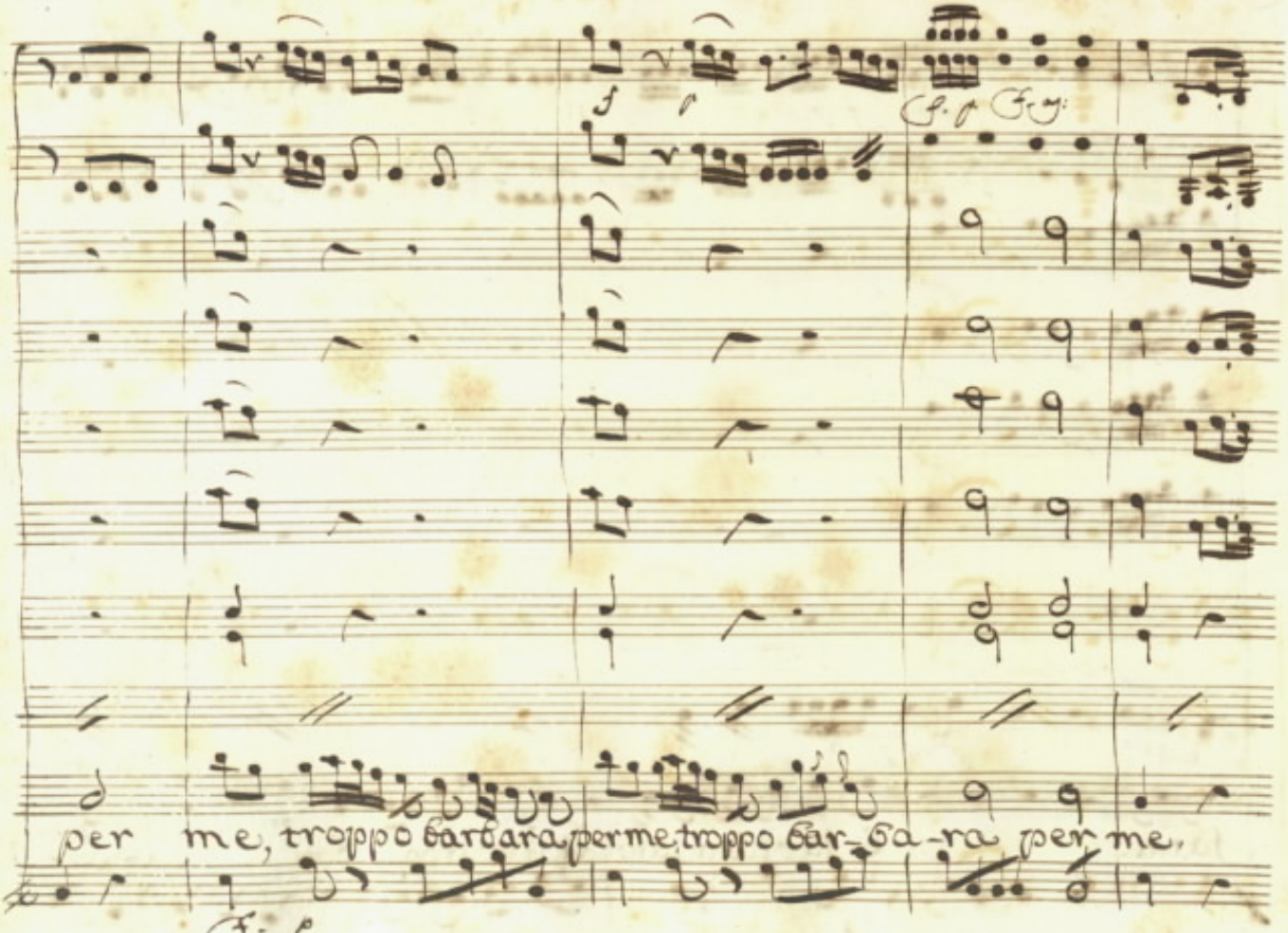

di mia morte il dolce istante, è la vita in tanti affanni

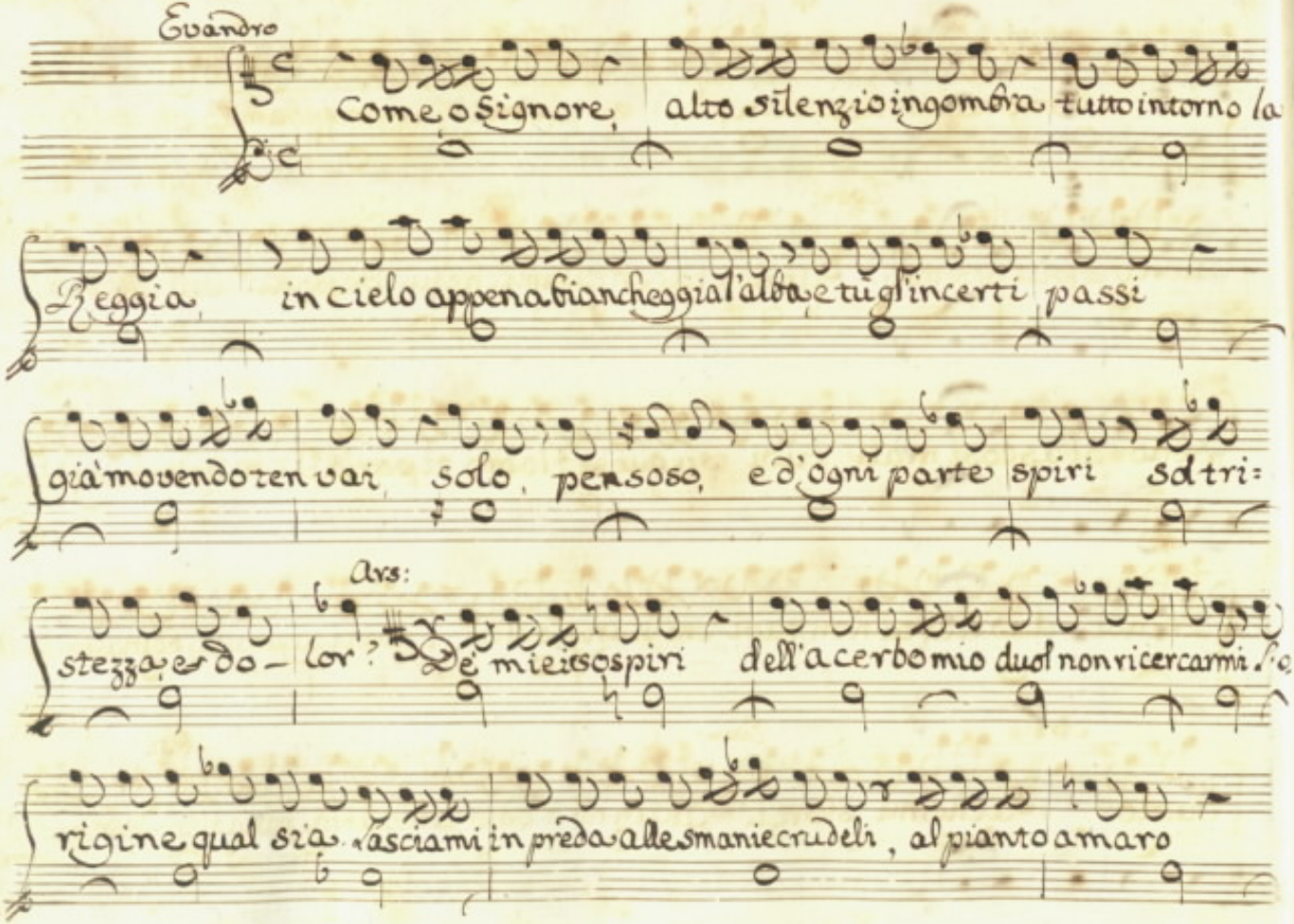

troppo barbara, troppo bar - - - bara per me, troppo


barbara per me, troppo barbara per me.
Deh, s'affretti s'af=


fretti astri tiranni di mia morte il dolce istante è la vita intan-tia


f. o
ff.
f. o
fanni
è la vita in tanti affanni troppo bar — ba-ra


per me, troppo barbara per me troppo bar-ba-ra per me.



Evandro

Come o Signore, alto silenzio ingombra tutto intorno la

Reggia, in cielo appena biancheggia l'alba, e tu gl'incerti passi

già movendo ten vai, solo, pensoso, e d'ogni parte spiri sol tri:

Ars:

stezza, e do- lor? De' miei sospiri dell'acerbo mio duol non ricercarmi. Lo

rigine qual sia. Lasciami in preda alle smanie crudeli, al pianto amaro

fra cui l'anima oppressa anela, e geme: pur troppo amico, oh Dio!

Evan:

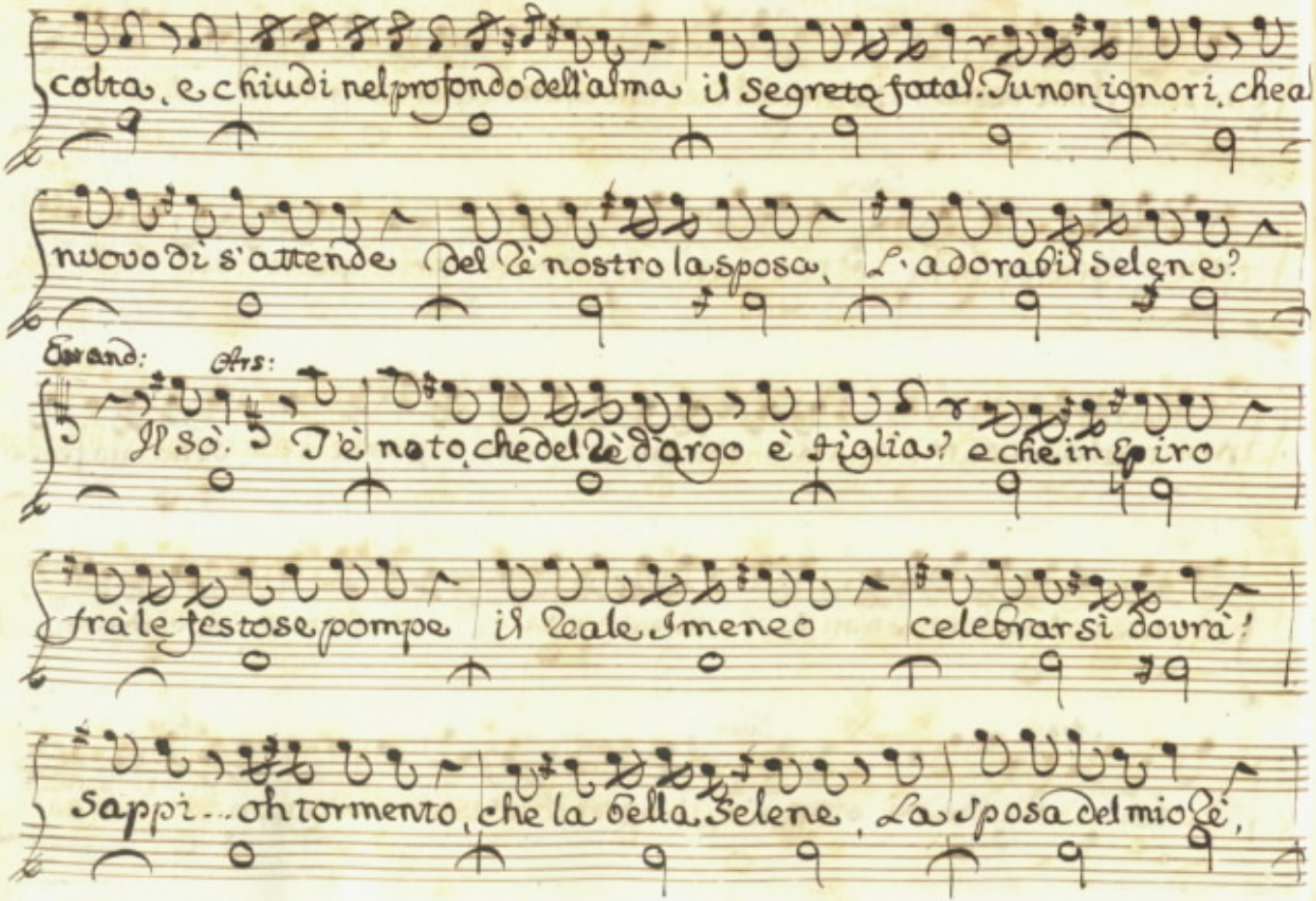
non v'è più speme. Ah non tacer, dimmi che fù: deponi dell'amistade in

seno gl'ascosi mali tuoi su questo labro ti parla il cor, della mia fede, o

Prence dubitar tù non puoi, chi piange solo i mali aggrava, e dinasprisce il

Ars: Evan: Ars:

duolo. A che mi sforzi? alcun nõ c'ode. ah parla, parla, ò Sig.: dunq; m'as-


cobra, e chiudi nel profondo dell'alma il segreto fatal. Tu non ignori, che al
nuovo dì s'attende del Rè nostro la sposa, L'adorabil Selene?
Evand: Ars:
Il sò. Tè noto, che del Rè d'Argo è figlia? e che in giro
frà le festose pompe il Reale Imeneo celebrarsi dovrà?
Sappi... oh tormento, che la bella Selene, La sposa del mio Rè,

Evan: Ars:

Sappi, è il mio bene. Numi del Ciel, che sento! Allor, che in argo nella mia pma e=

tade vissi giorni felici, un pari ardore dolcemente ciuni, crebbe ogn'

anni poscia la fiamma, e allora, che di tenera speme più nè pasceva amor, ch'ogni dol-

cezza gustava il cor in quei amati rai, il destin nè divise

Evan:

io la lasciai. Signor, comprendo adesso La cagion del tuo duol: ma di co=

stanza armati per pietà, virtù raffreni quell'acerbo dolor

Clorisca

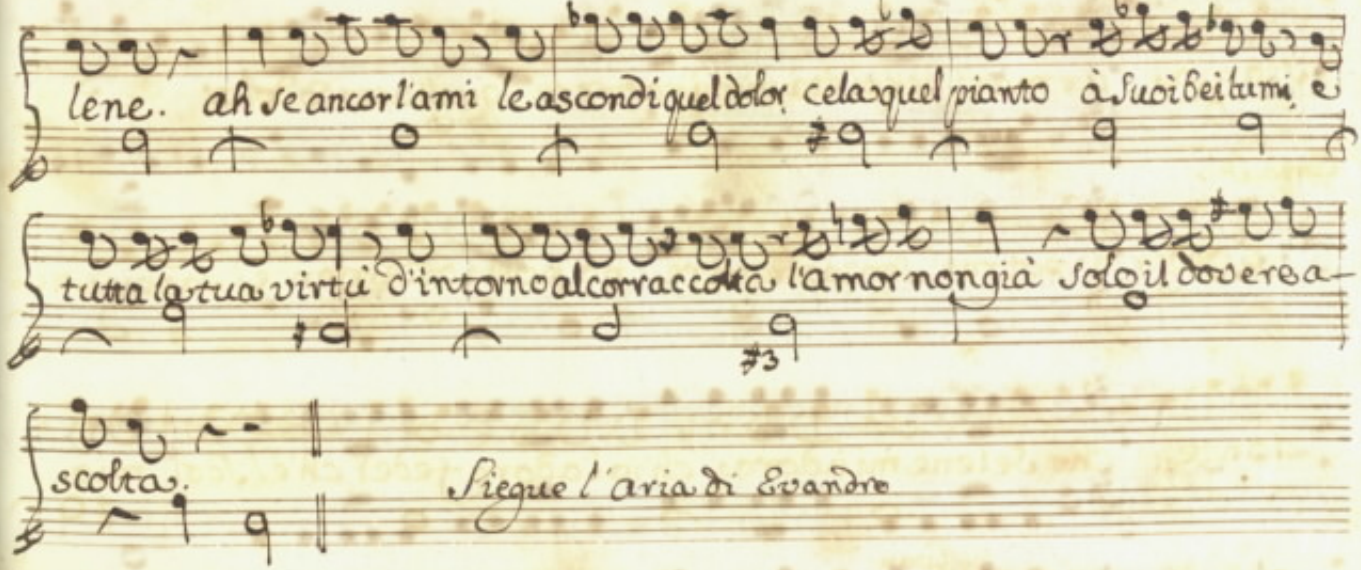
E veder la potrei senza morire? nò, possibile non è: sappia me-

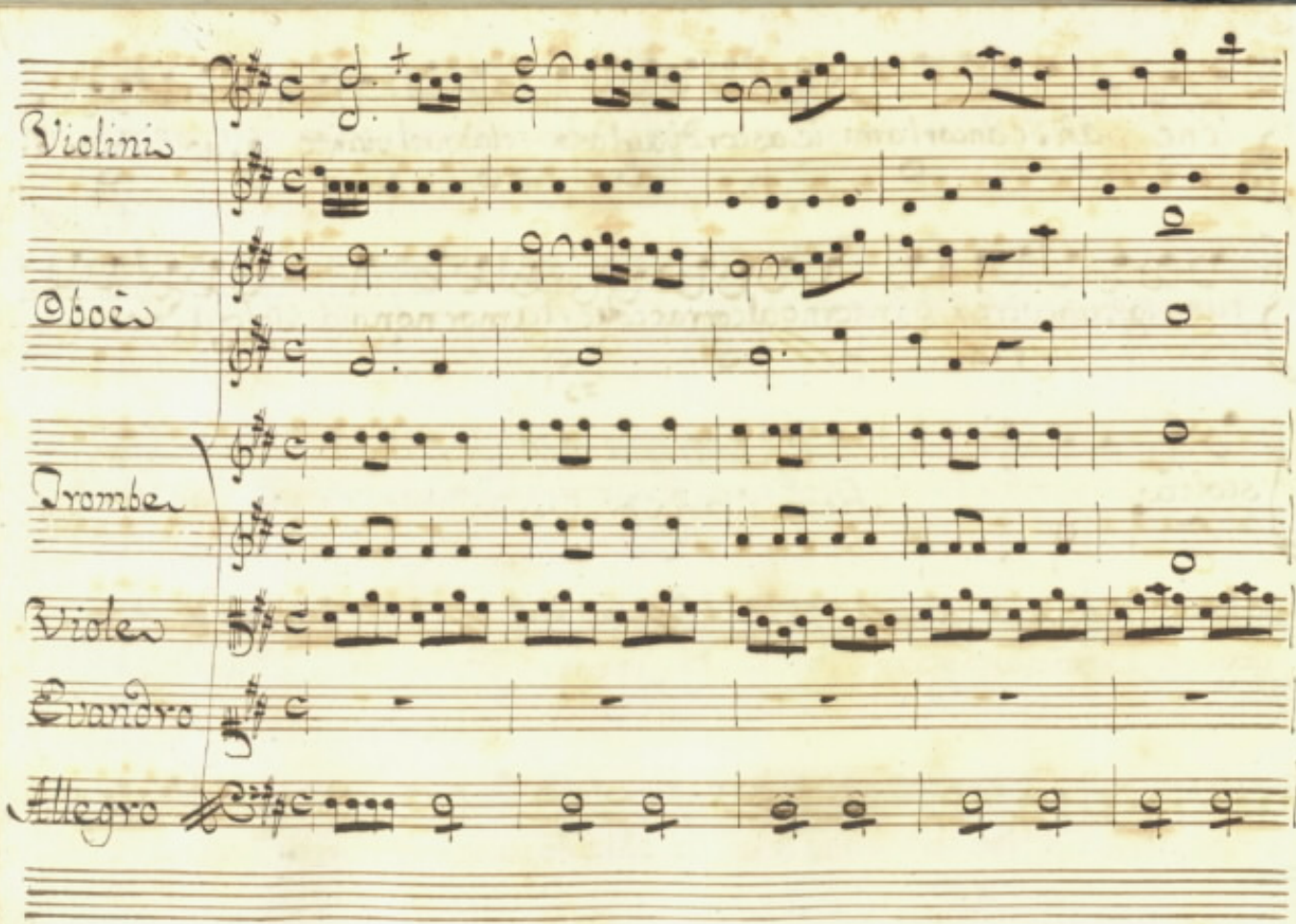
donte, che Selene mi adora, ch'io l'adoro fedel, ch'è l'Idol mio.

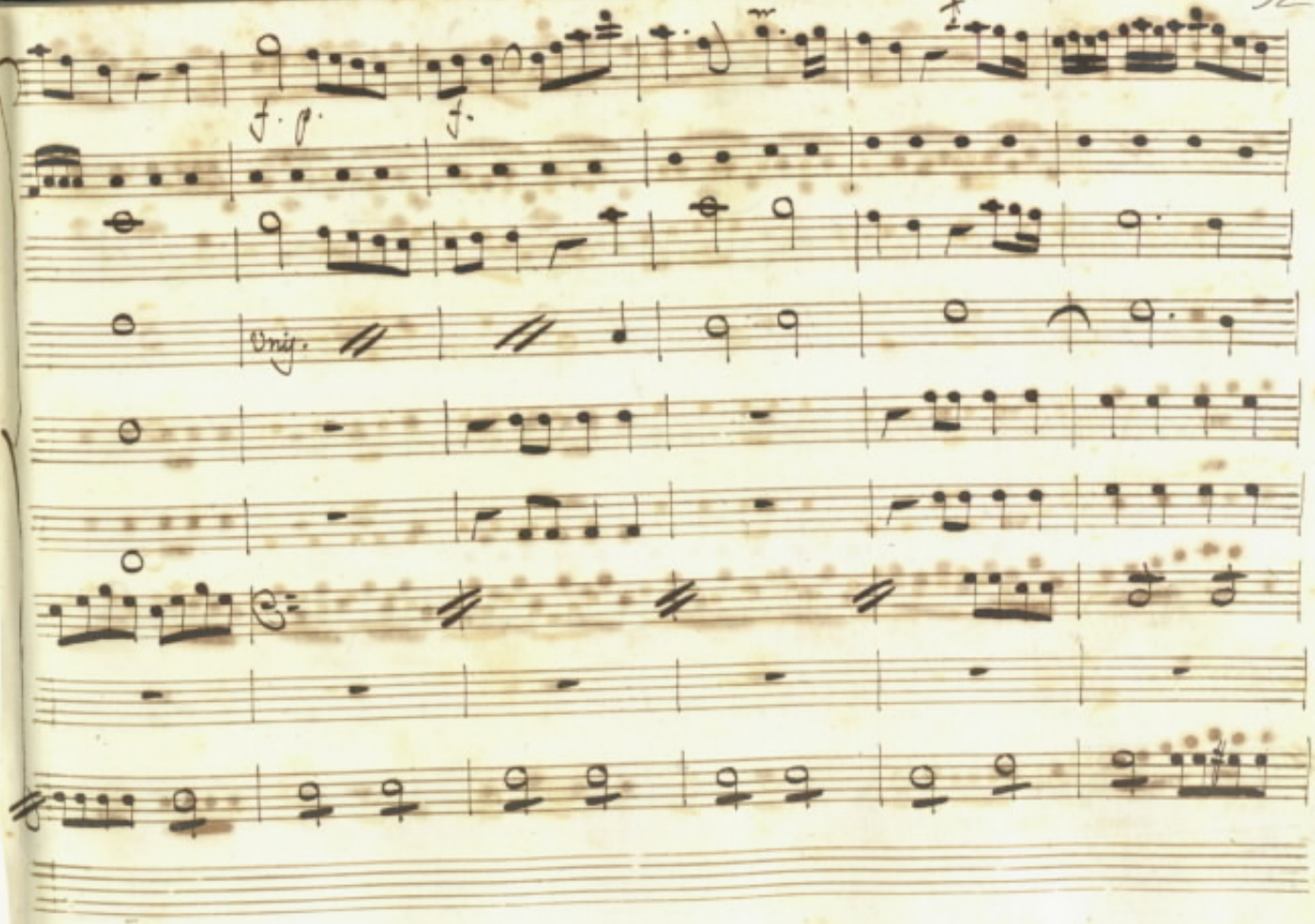
Evan:

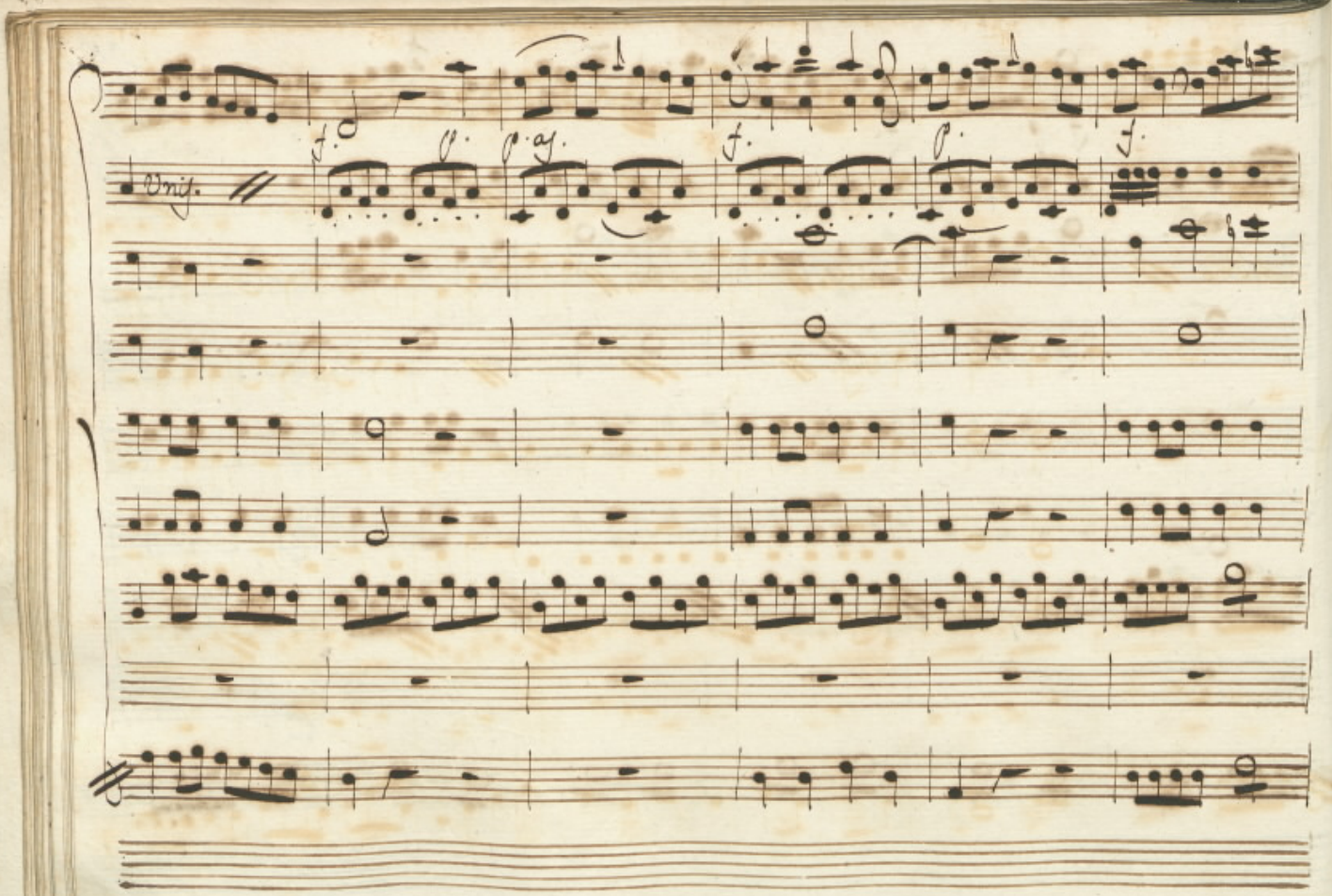
ah, vadasi à lui. Fermati, oh Dio! dove incauto ti guida

un eccesso d'amor! non pensi, oh stelle! a qual periglio esponi, e te stesso, e Se-


lene. ah se ancor l'ami le ascondi quel dolor cela quel pianto à suoi beitumi e
tutta la tua virtù d'intorno al corraccolta l'amor non già solo il dovere a-
scolta.
Siegue l'aria di Evandro


Violinis
Oboes
Trombe
Viole
Guandro
Allegro


f. p.
f.
Orig.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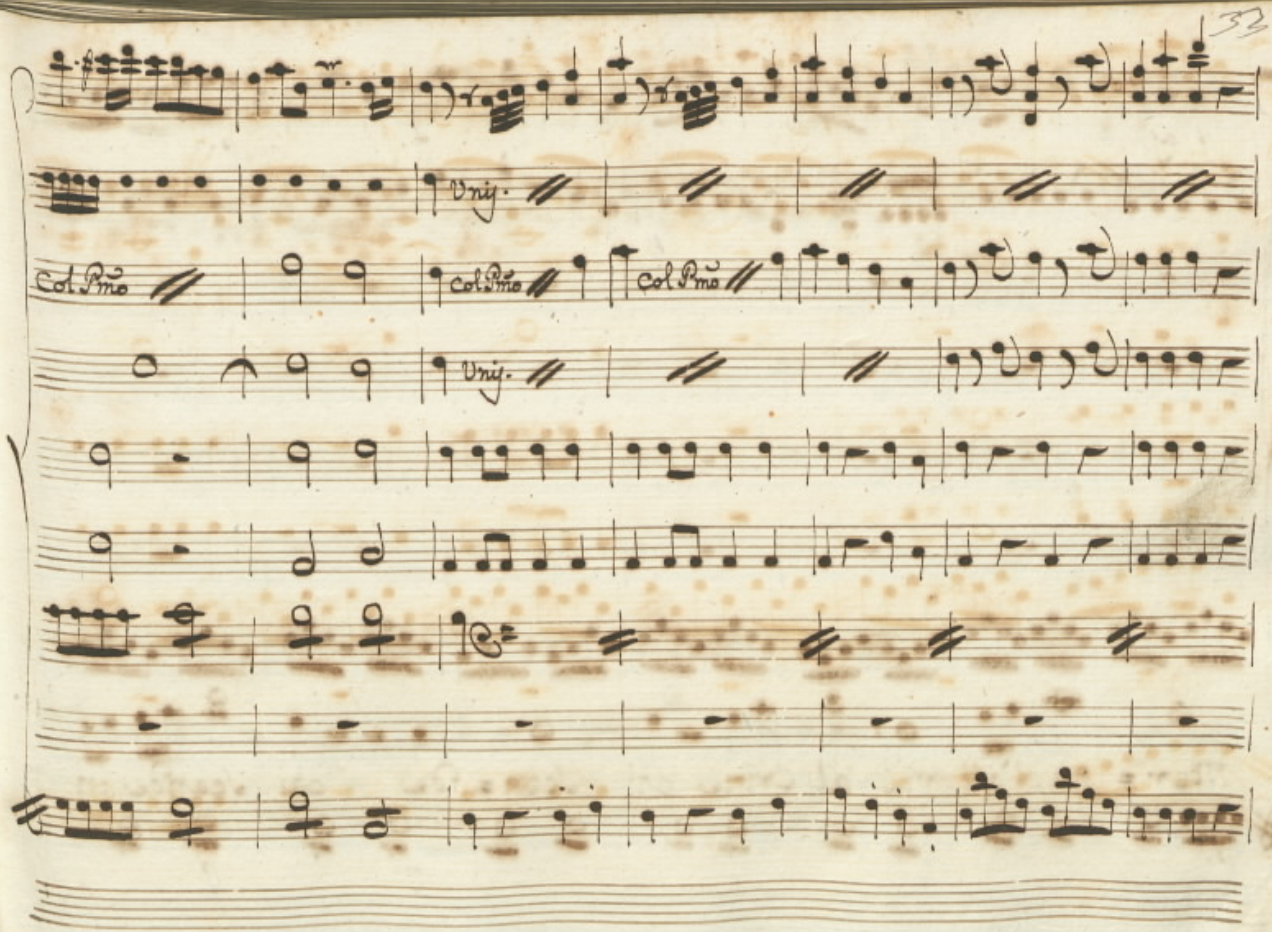
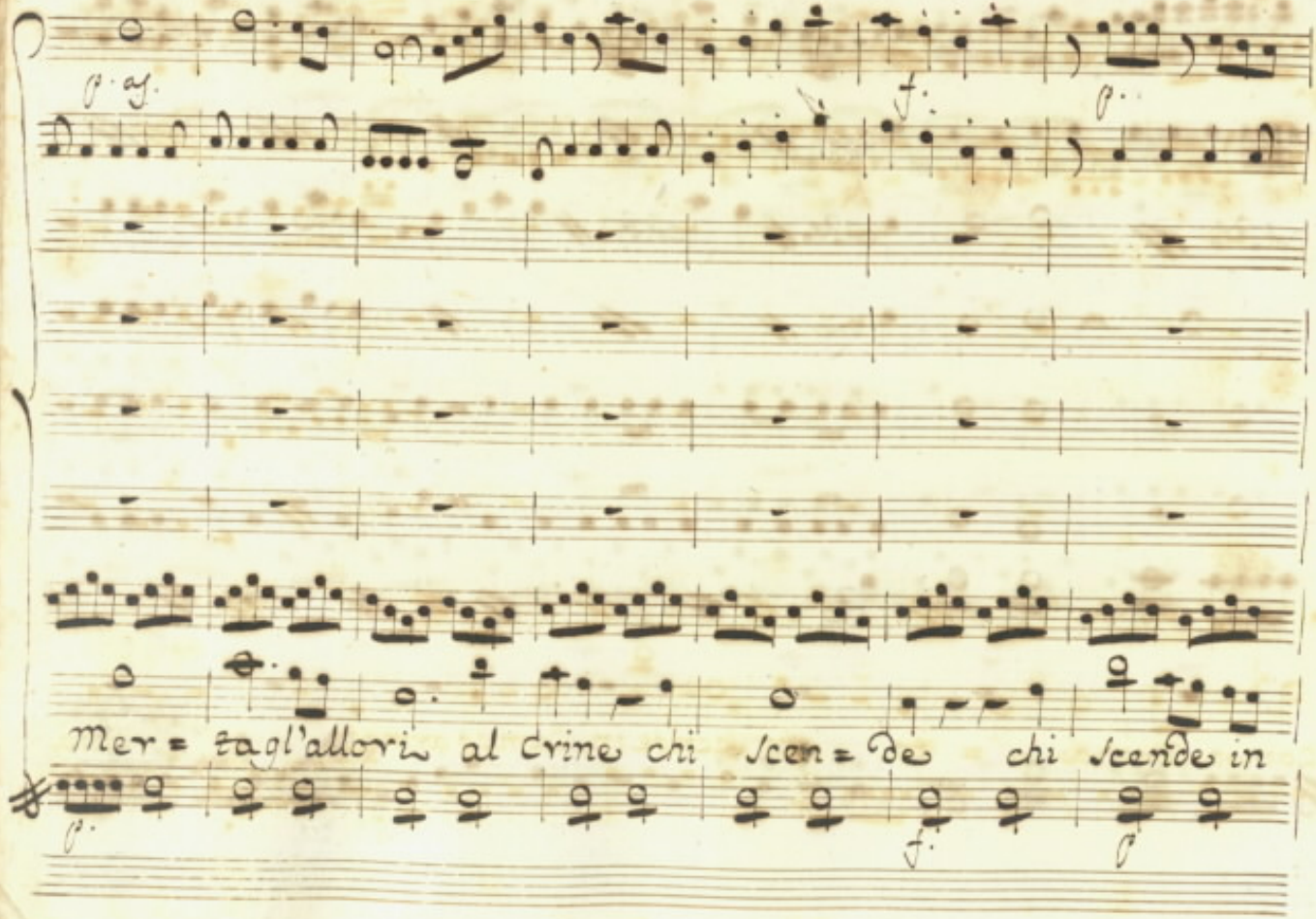

Vnij.
Col Pmo
col Pmo
Col Pmo
Vnij.


p. af.
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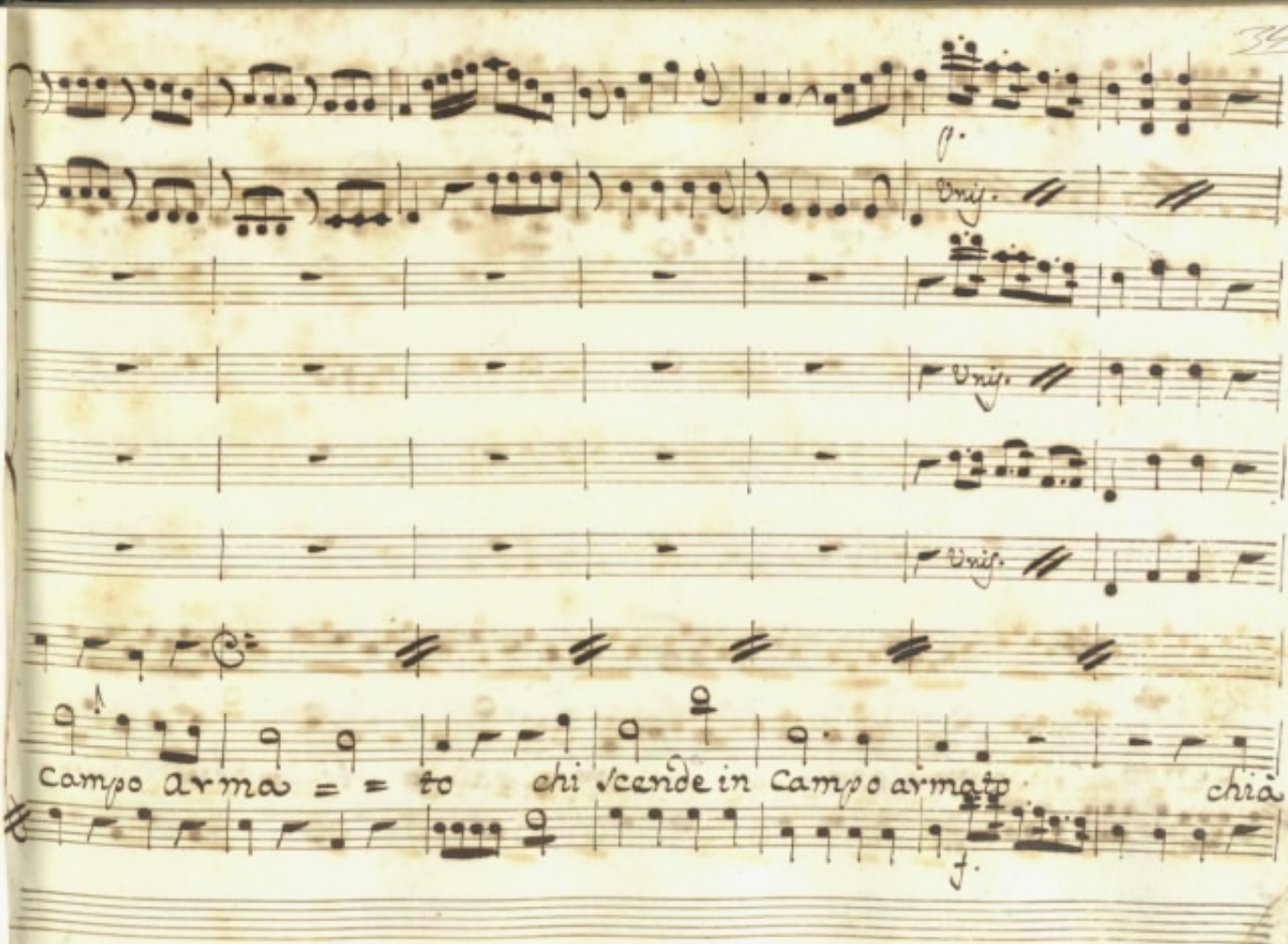
p.
Mer = ta gl'allori al crine chi scen = de chi scende in
p.
f.
p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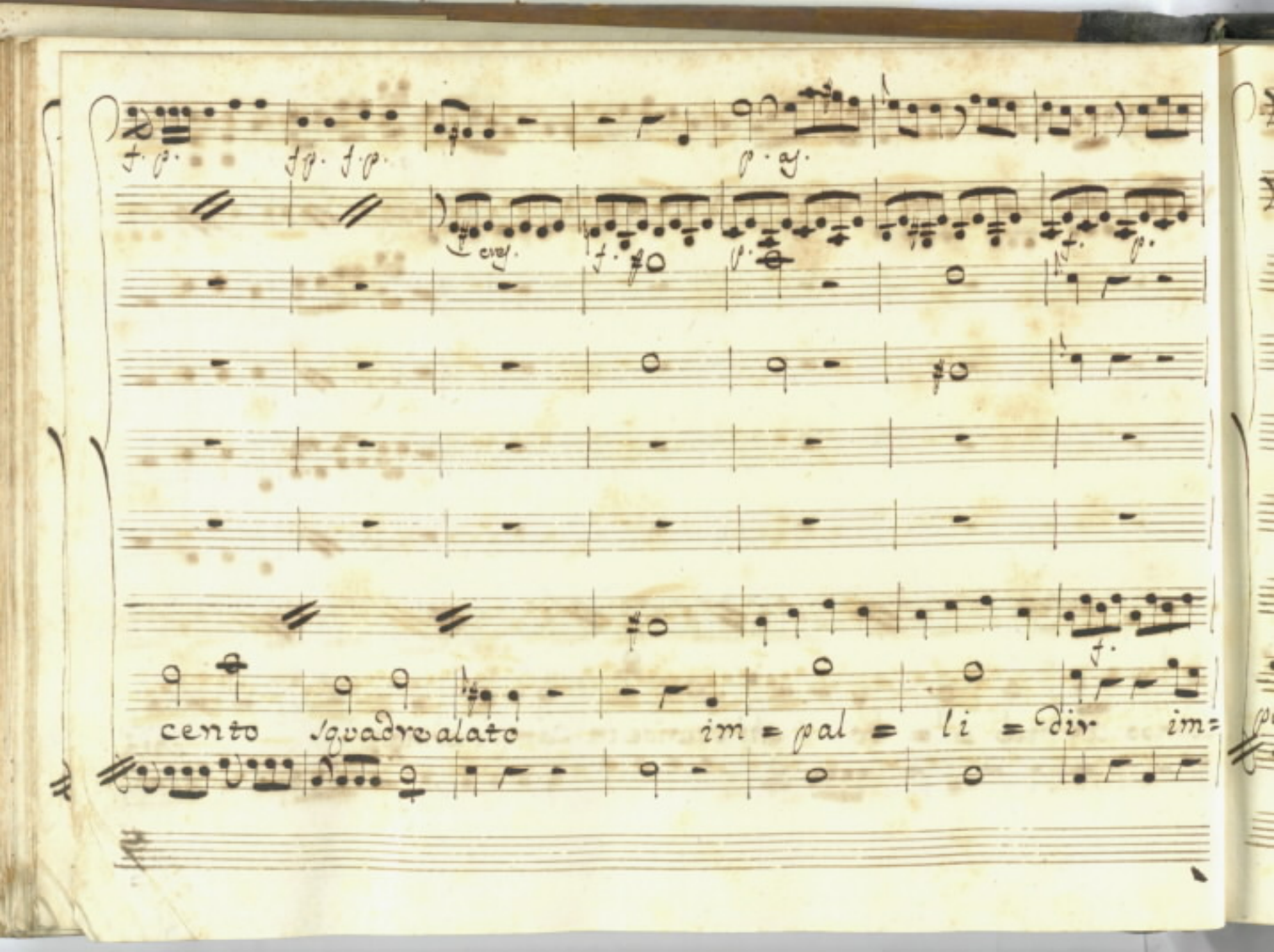
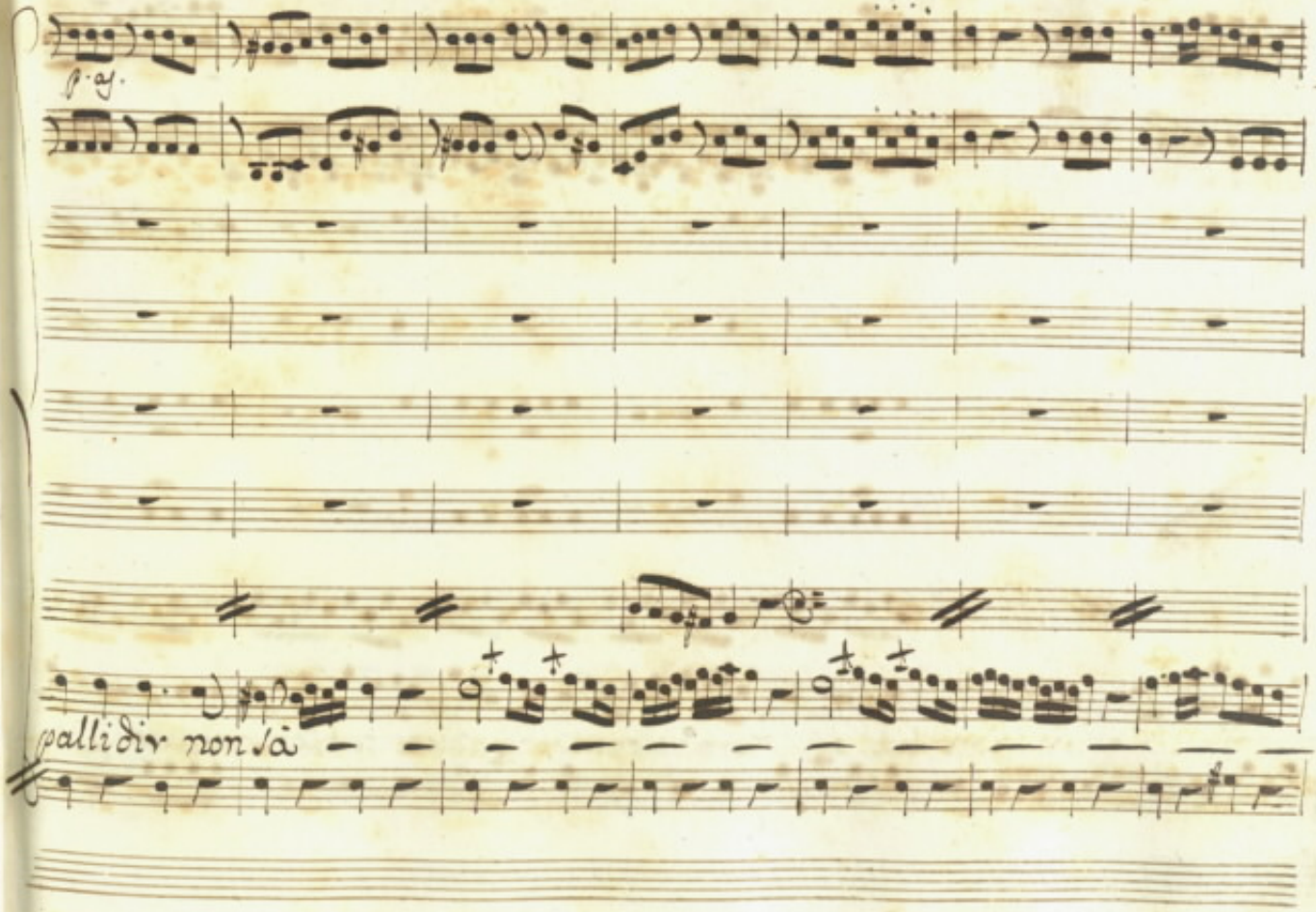
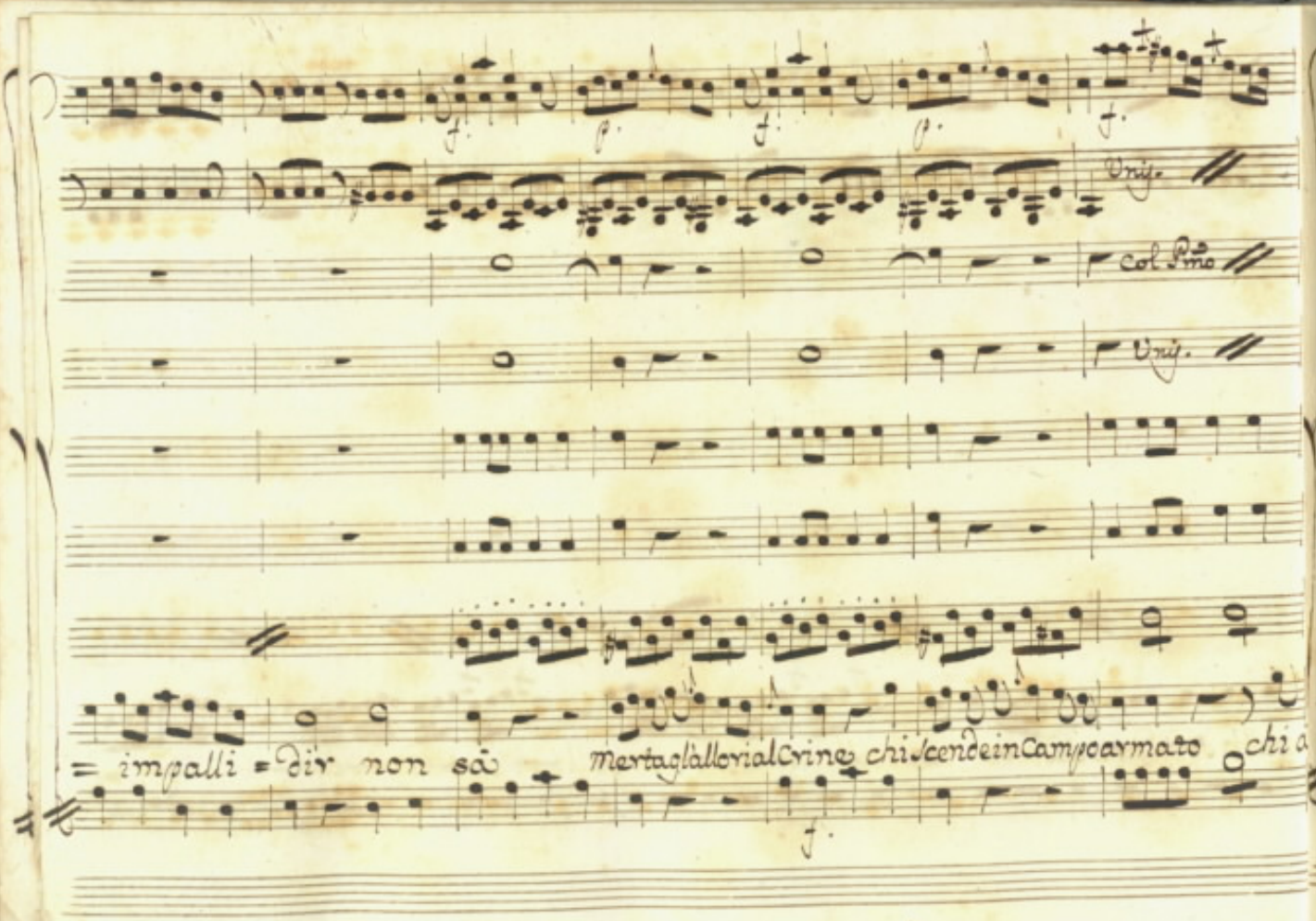
Campo armato = = to chi scende in Campo armato chiù
f.


cento quadrealato im = pal = li = dir im=


p. g.
im=
pallidir non sà



f. p. f. p. f.

Unis.

Col Pmo

Unis.

= impalli = dir non sà Mertaglallorialcrine chiscendeincampoarmato chi a cer

f.

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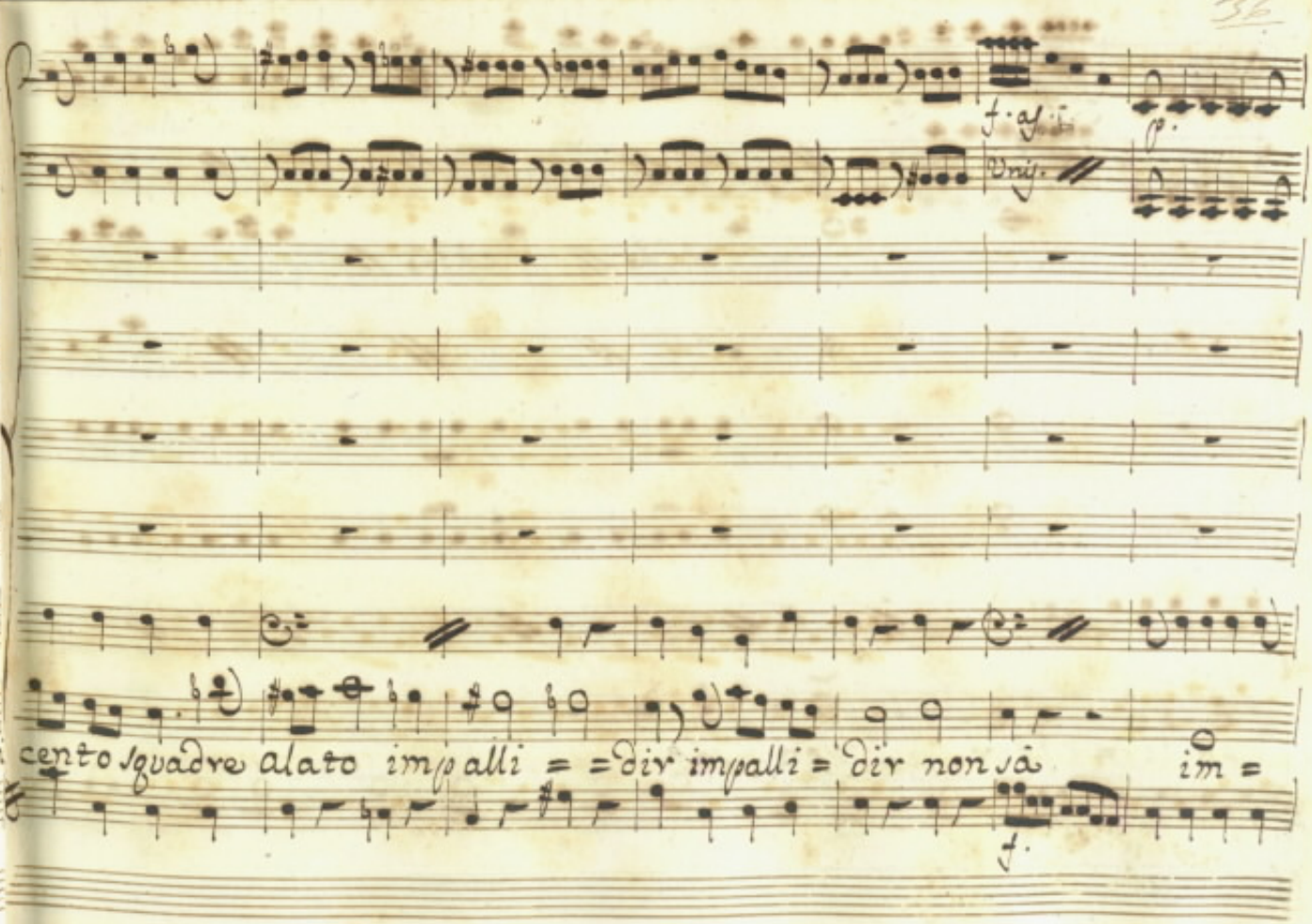
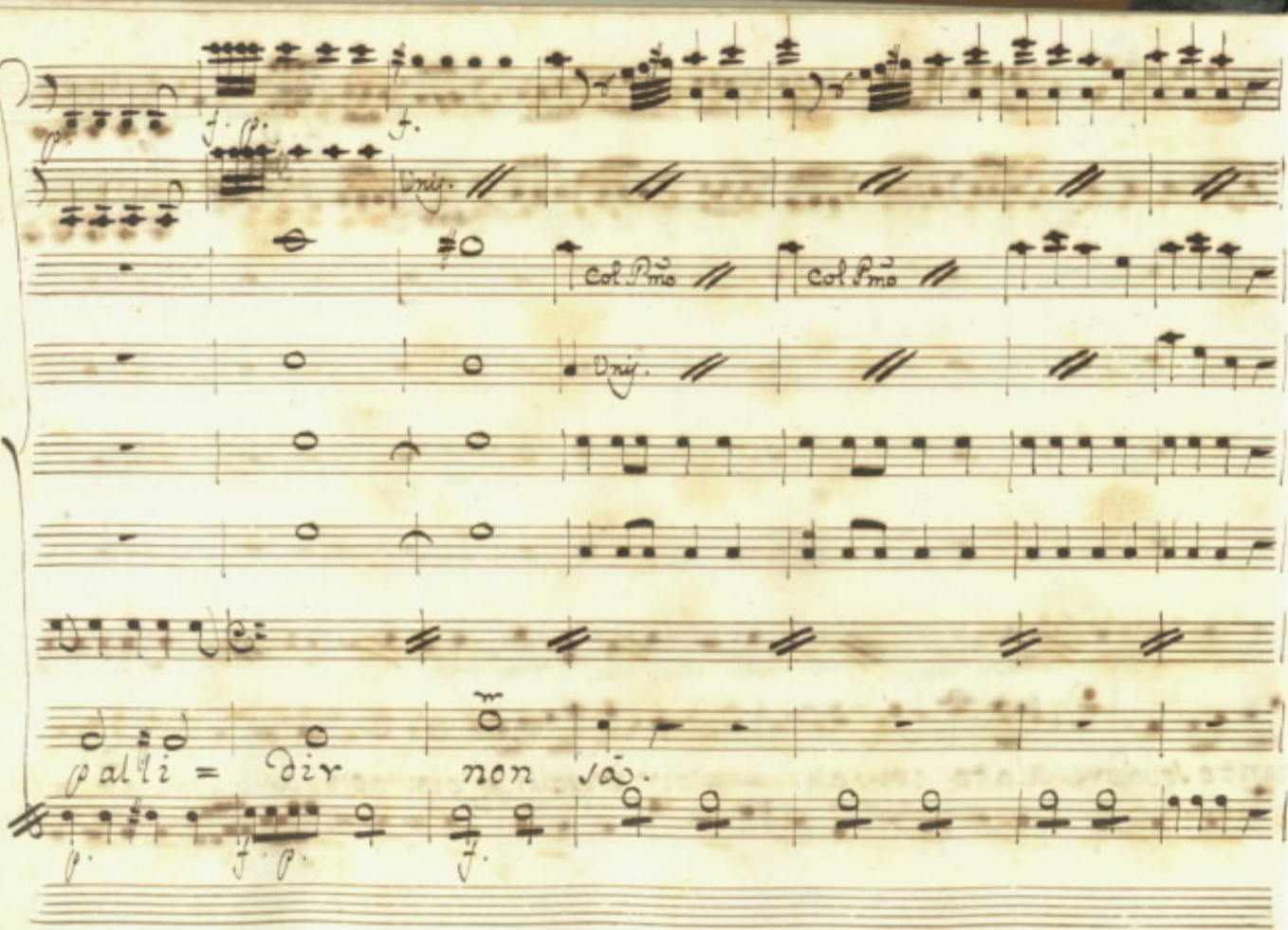
chi a cento squadre alato impalli = = dir impalli = dir non sà im =

f.




Unis.
Col Pmo
Col Pmo
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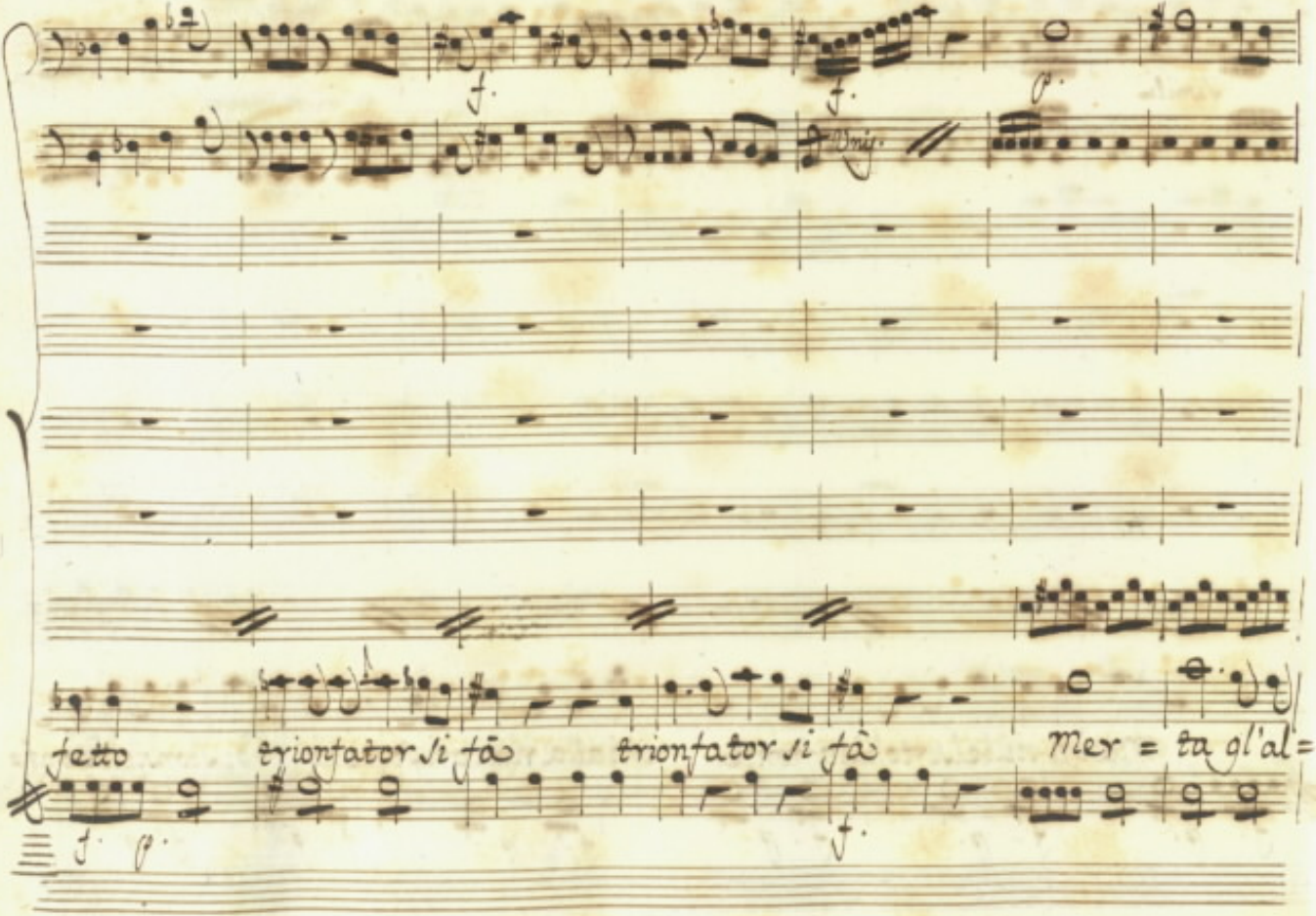
palli = dir non sà.

Simili

Ma vn più bel serto hà in fronte chi alla ragion soggetto di sconsigliato af=

f. p. f. p. f. p. f. p. f. p. f. p.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Mer = ta gl'al =
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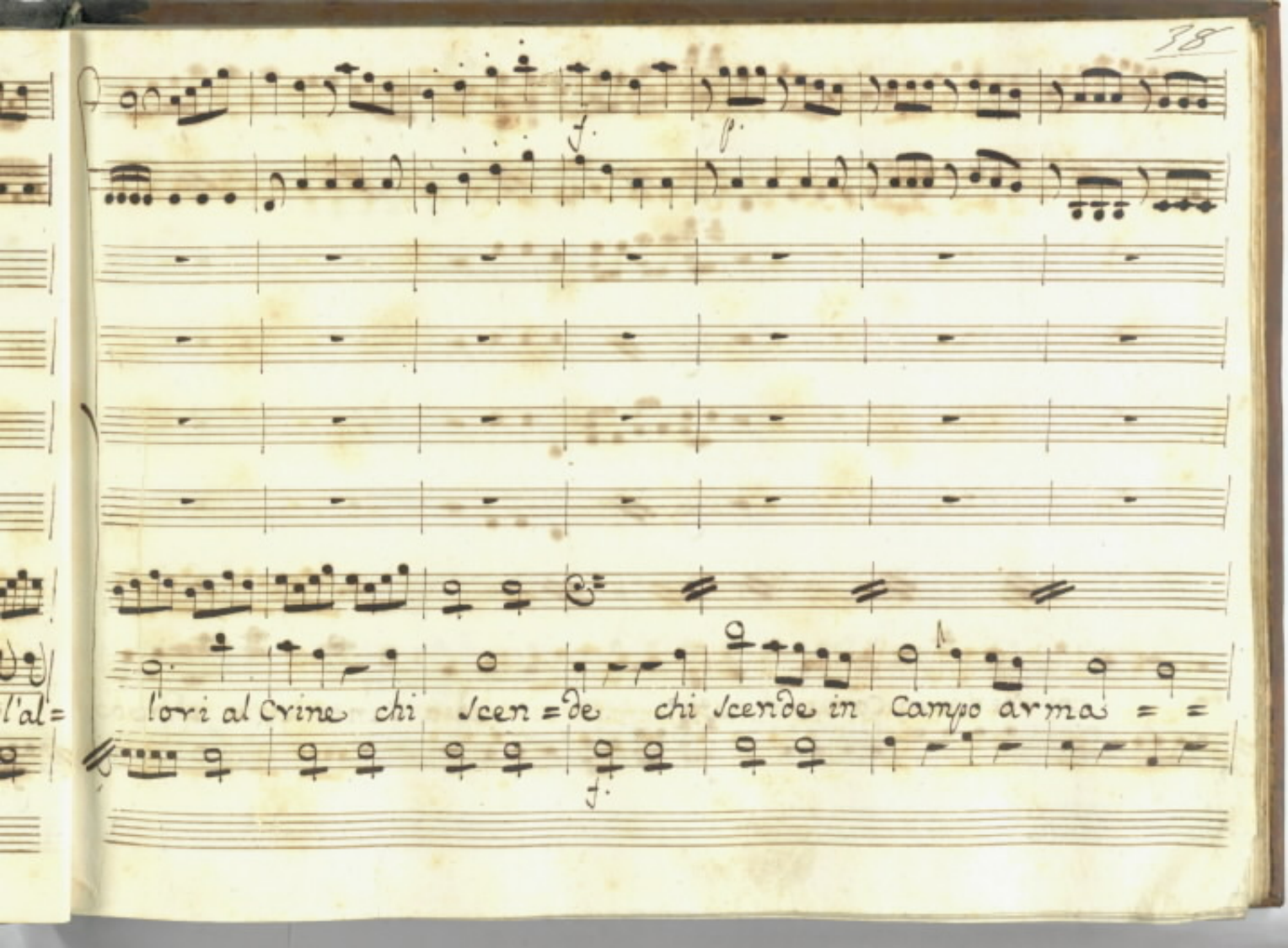
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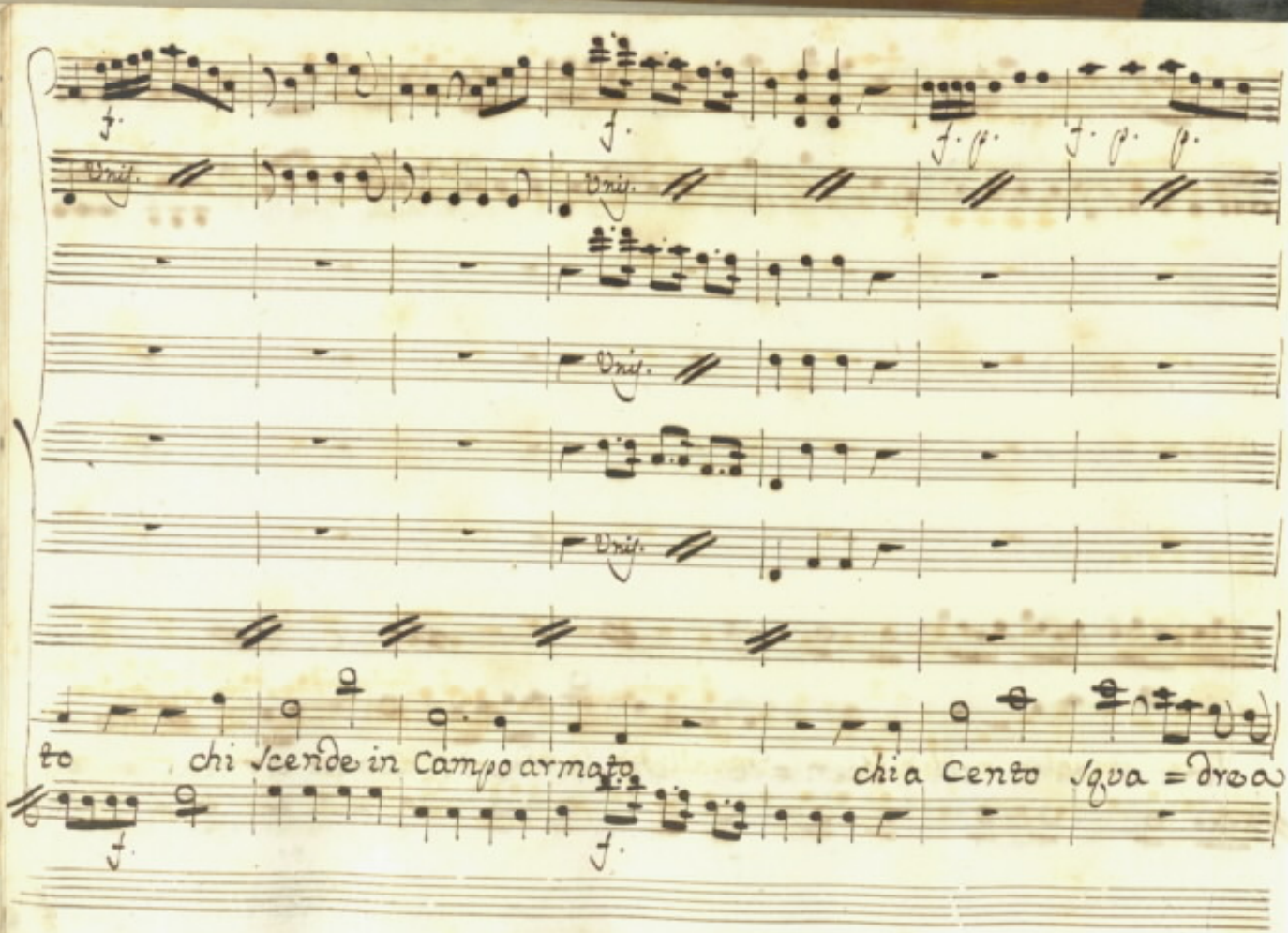
l'ori al Crine chi Scen = de chi Scende in Campo arma = =
f.


f.
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to
chi Scende in Campo armato
chia Cento Squa = dre a
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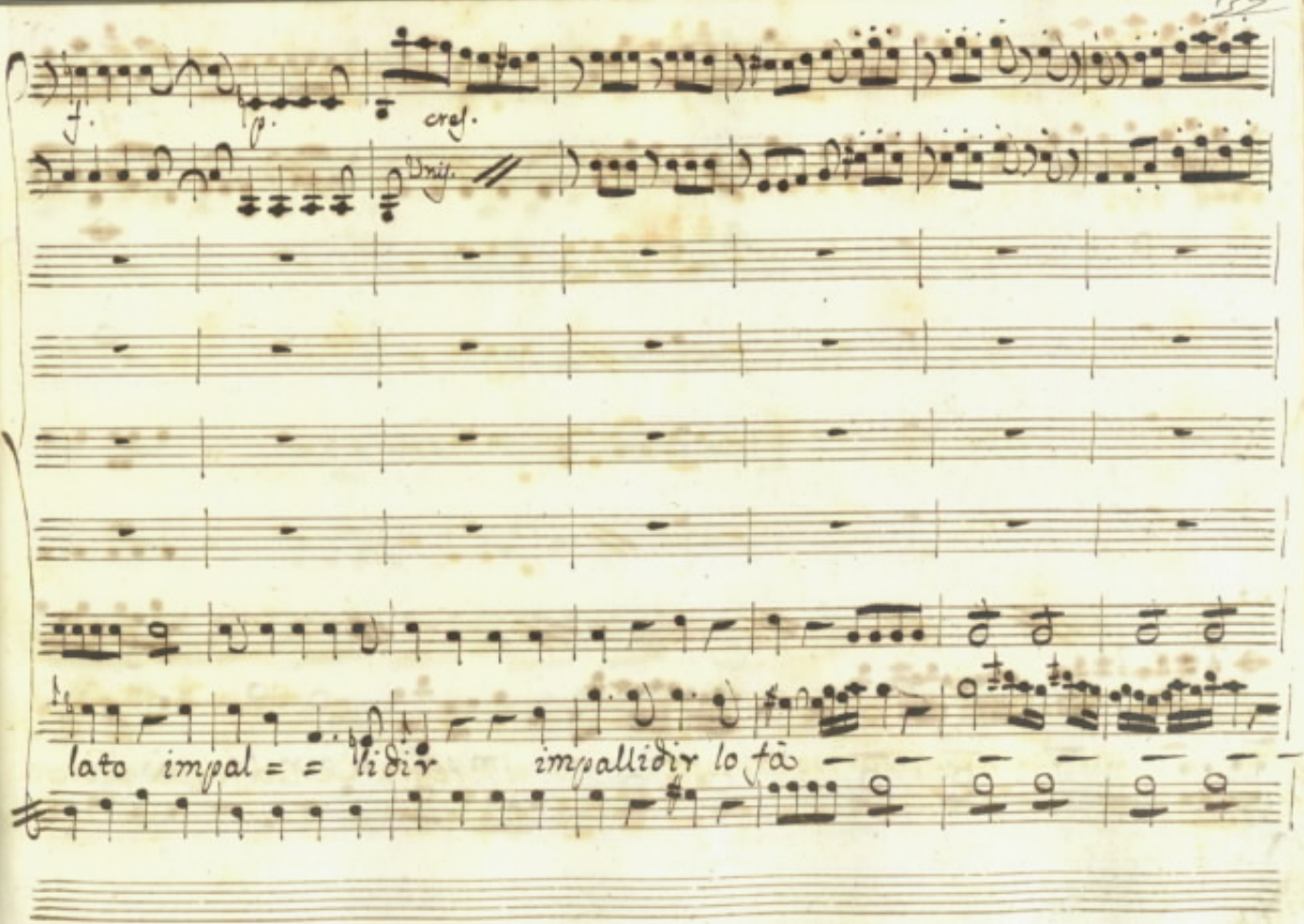
f.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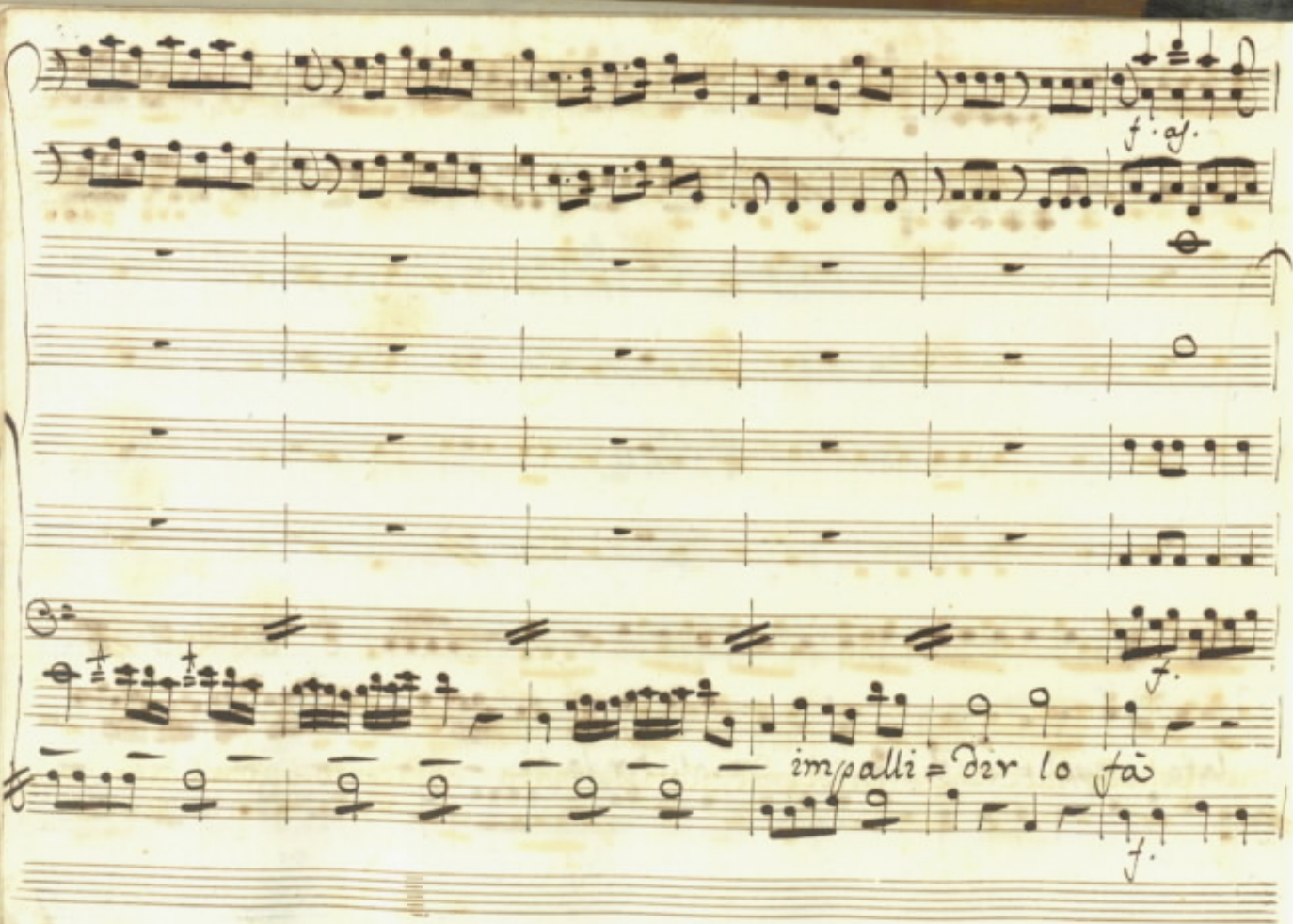
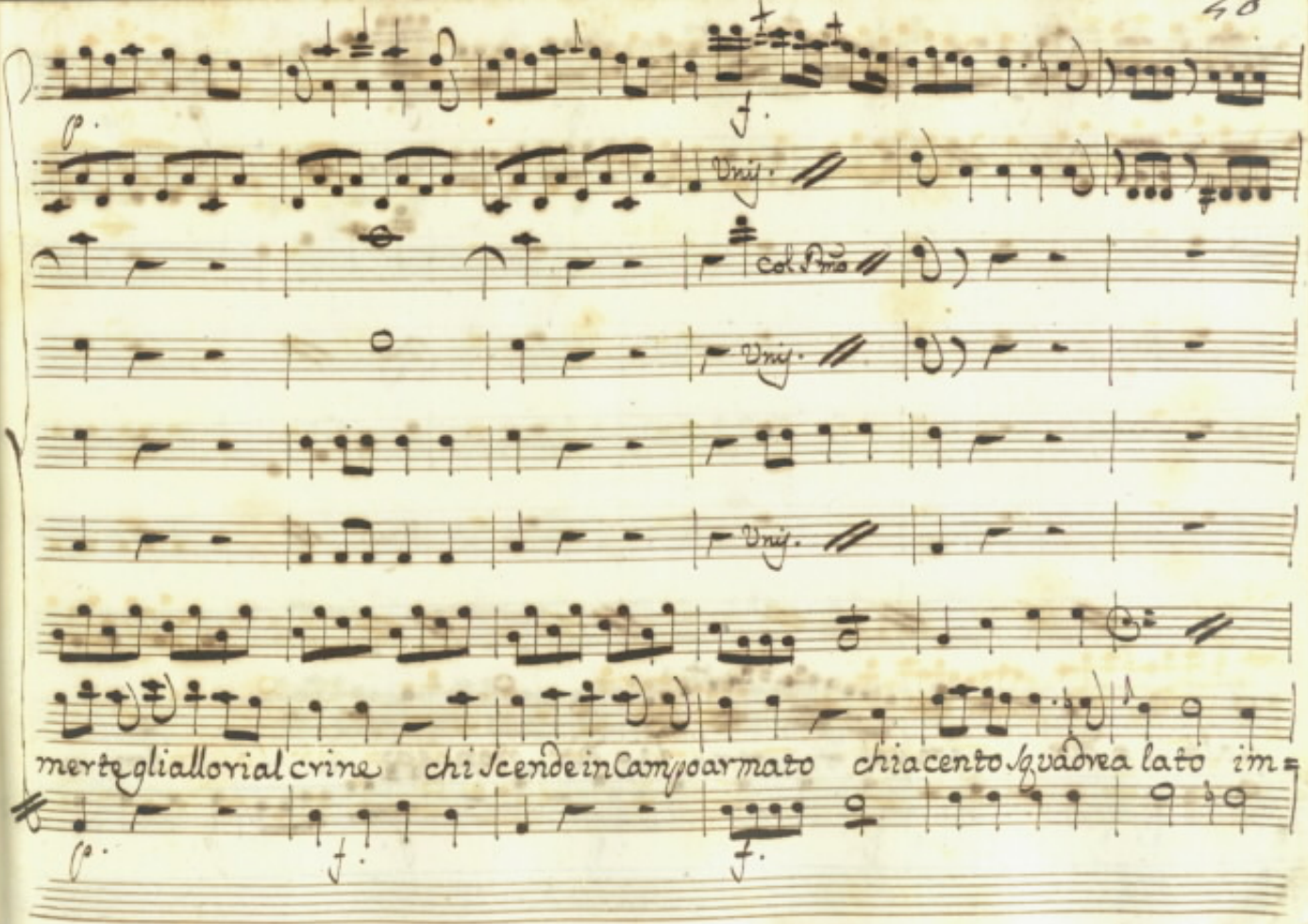
lato impal = = lidir impallidir lo fà


f. af.
f.
impalli = dir lo fà
f.


p.
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merte gli allori al crine chi scende in Campo armato chia cento squadre a lato im=
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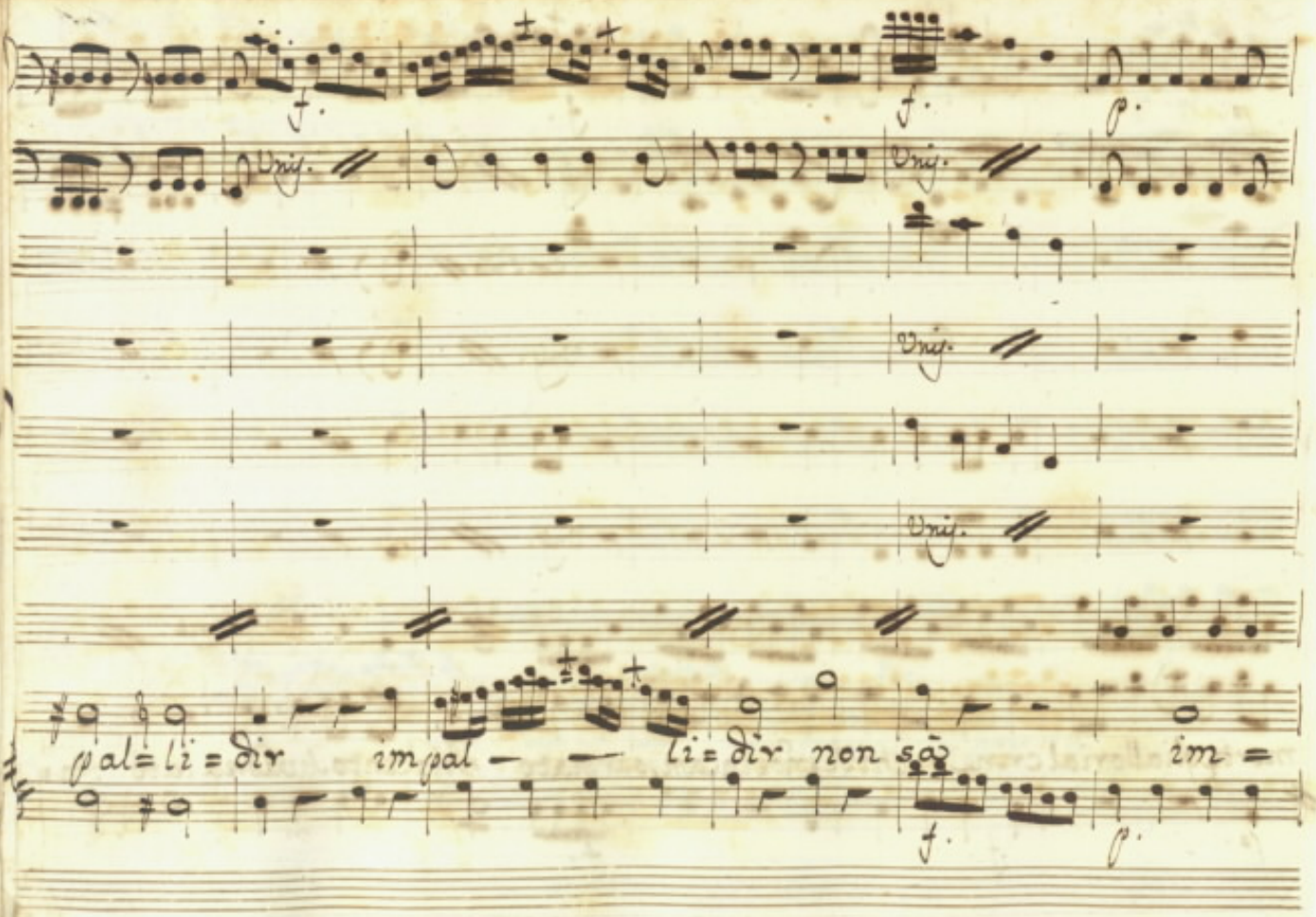
f.
f.


f.
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pal = li = dir
im pal —
— li = dir
non sõ
im =
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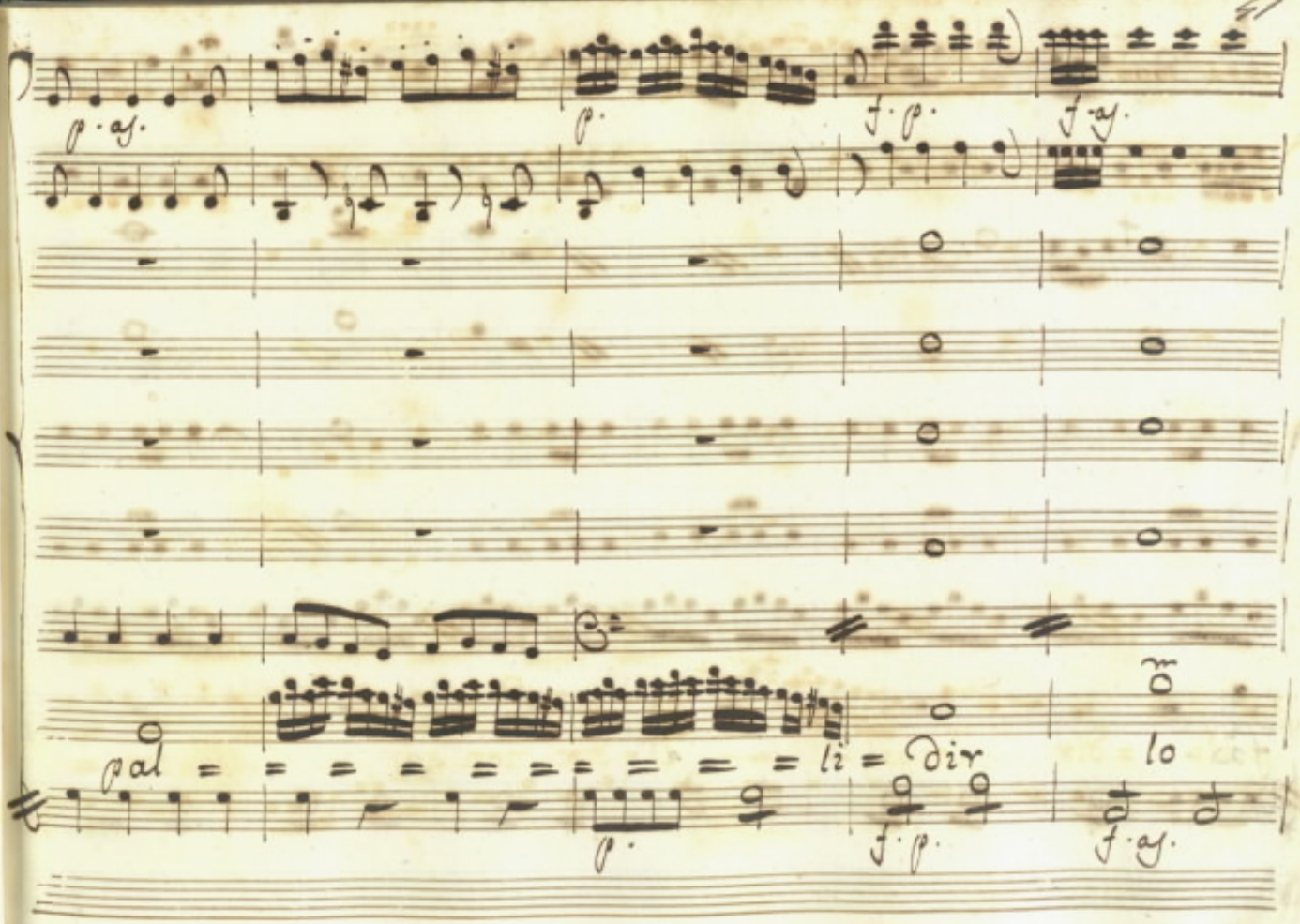
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lo
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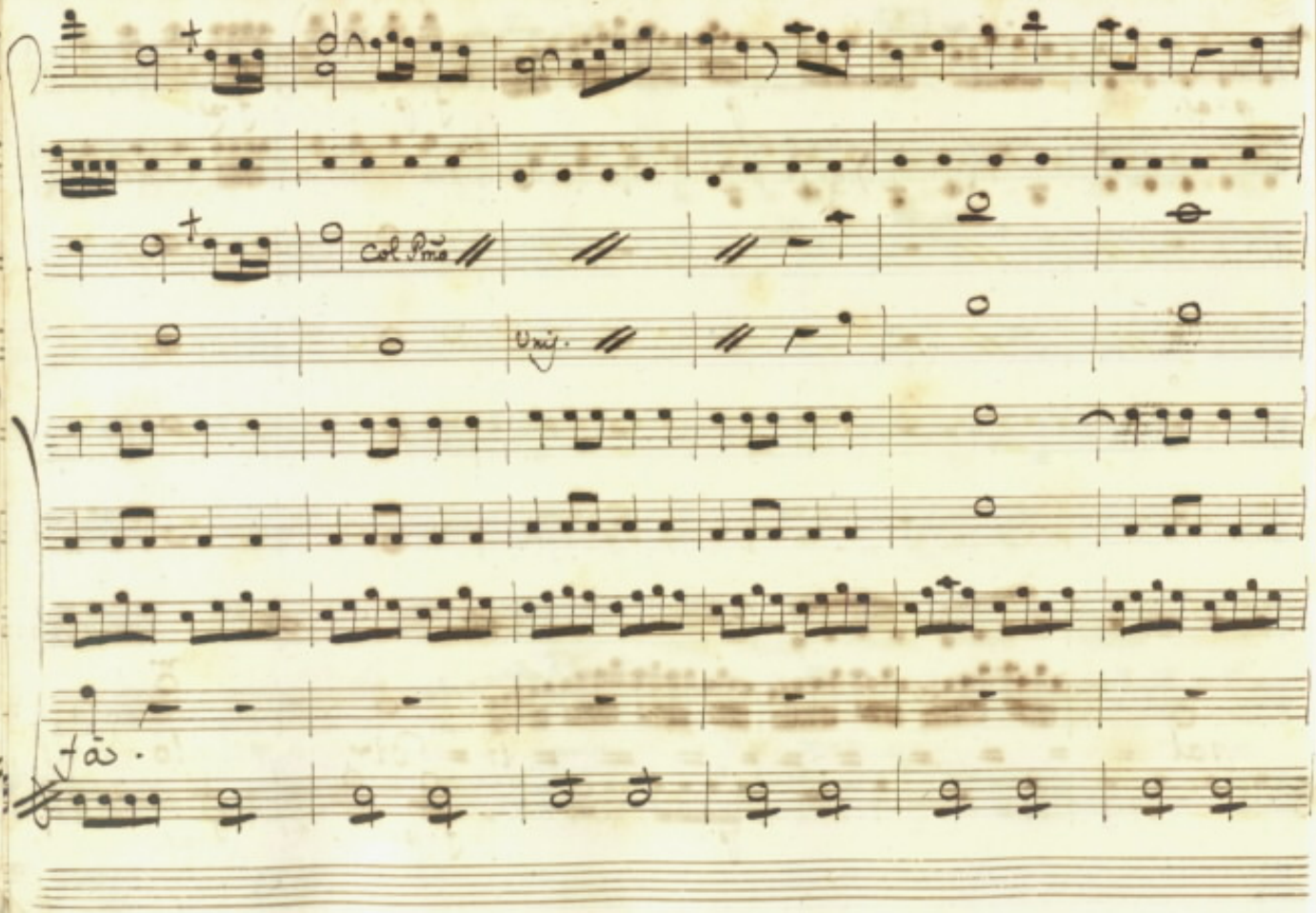
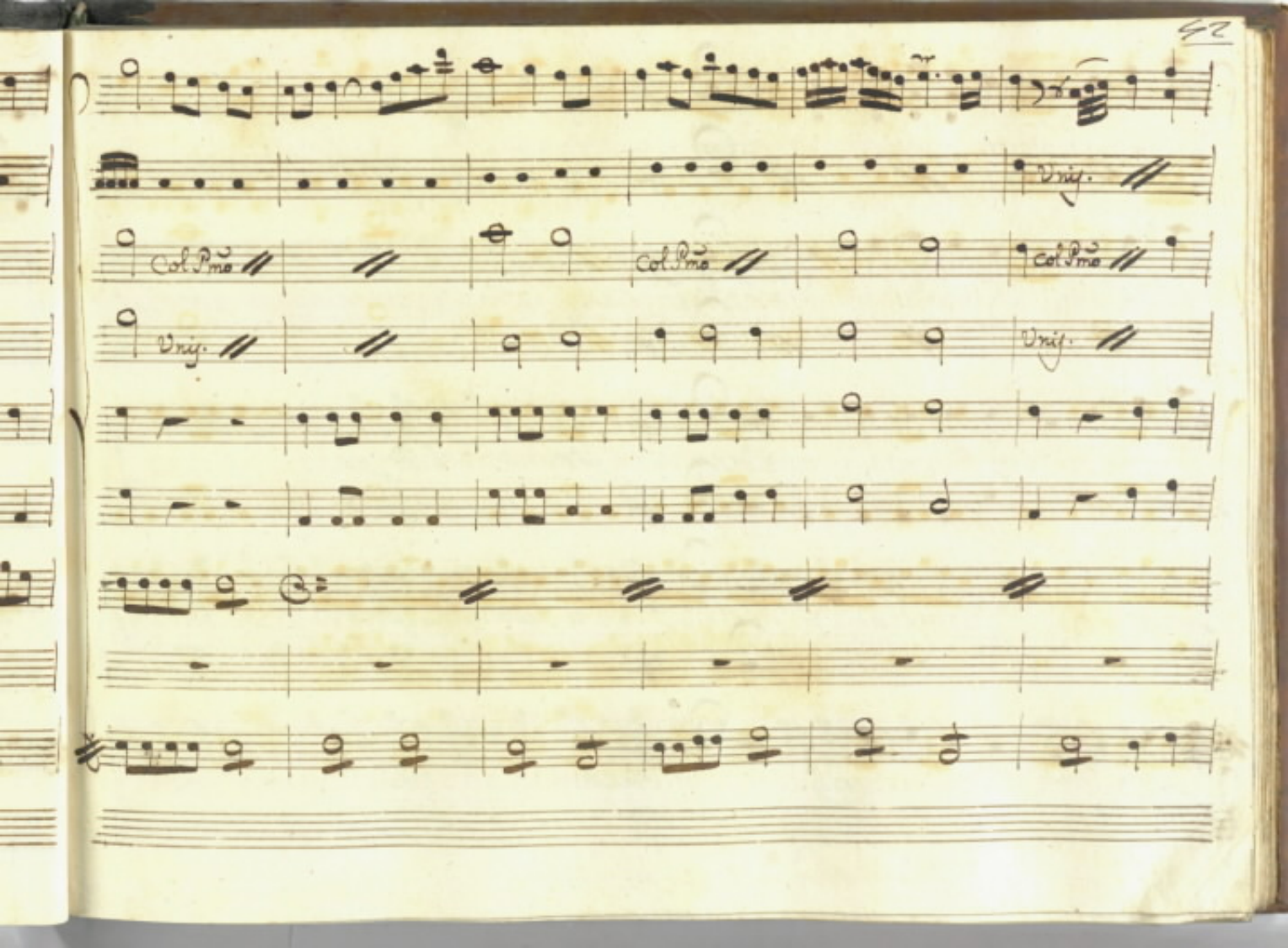
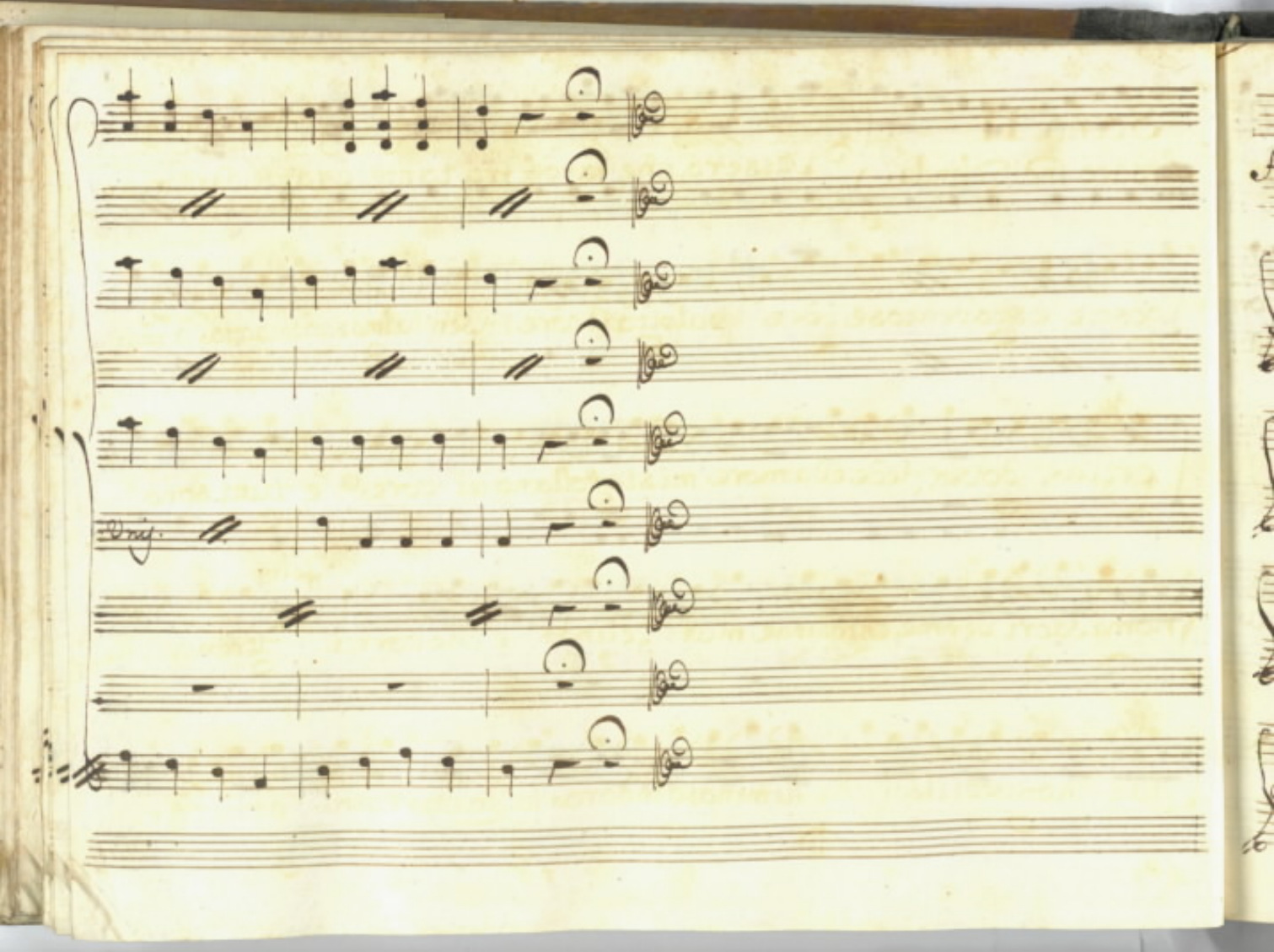

Col Pmo
Unis.
fà.


Vnis.
Col Pmo
Col Pmo
Col Pmo
Vnis.
Vnis.



Ars:

Scena II

Arsace, indi Zelinda

Misero, che farò? frà tante, e tante barbarean-

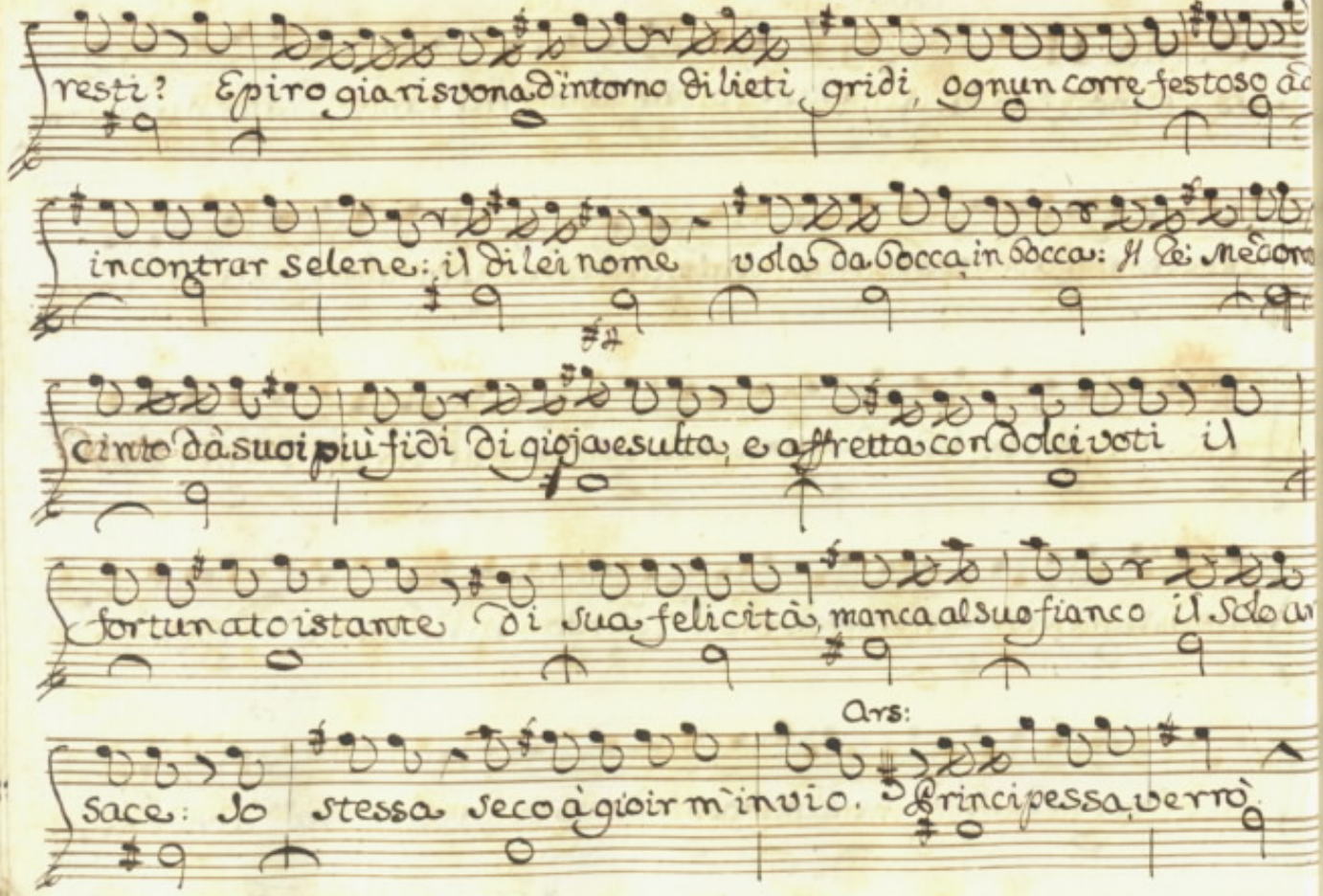
gosce, e spaventose idee palpita il core in sen, l'alma s'agghiaccia, a mi-

cizia, dover, fede, e amore mi sia affollano al core, e tutti sono

Zelin:

nomi sacri per me, chi giunge mai? Zelindo! e che vorrà? Frence, che

fai? non vedi il sol, che luminoso indora la Reggia tutta! a che t'ar-



resti? Epiro gia risvona d'intorno di lieti gridi, ognun corre festoso ad

incontrar selene: il di lei nome vola da bocca in bocca: Il Re Medon

cinto dà suoi più fidi di gioja esulta, e affretta con dolci voti il

fortunato istante di sua felicità, manca al suo fianco il solo ar

Ars:

sace: Io stessa seco à gioir m'invio. Principessa, verrò

Felin: Ars: Felin:

(che dir poss' io!) vanne.... Più non tardar. ti sieguo... (io moro...) che av-

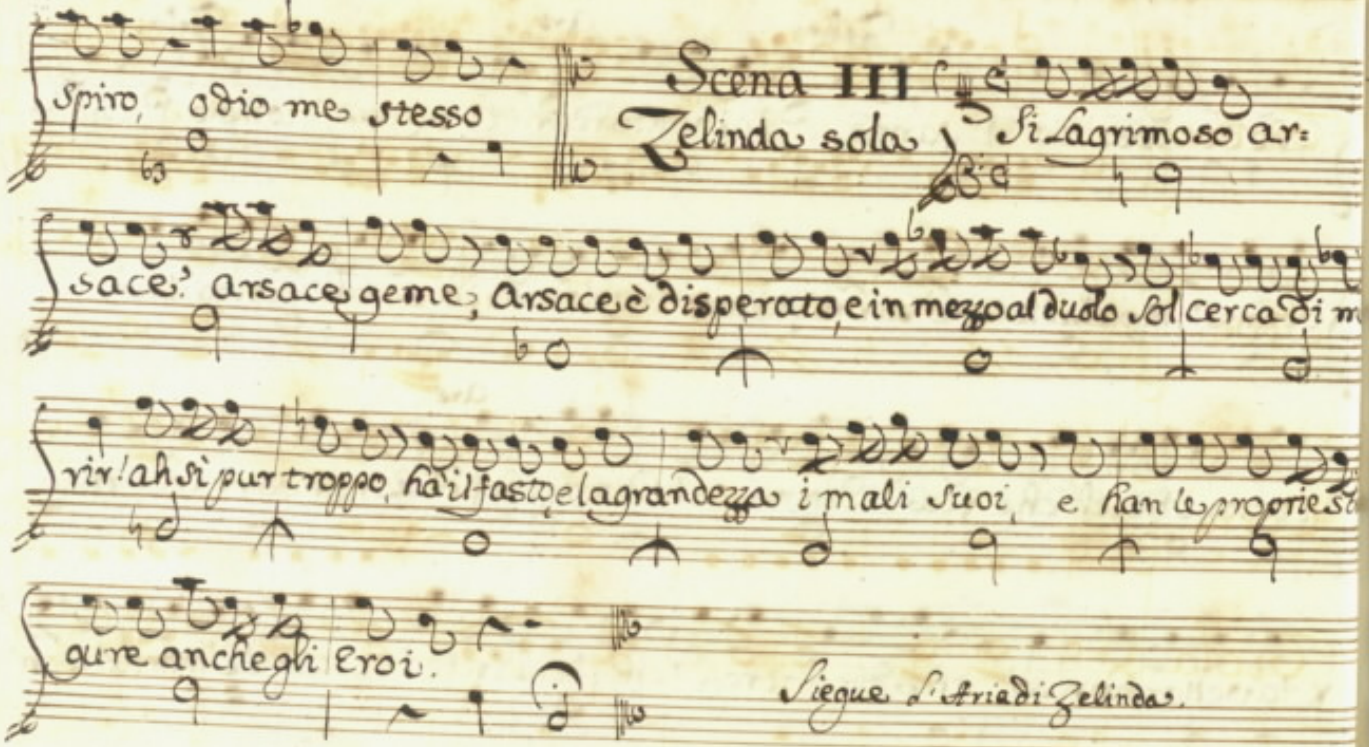
venne! impallidisci, o pur m'inganno! involontario pianto ti riga il cor.

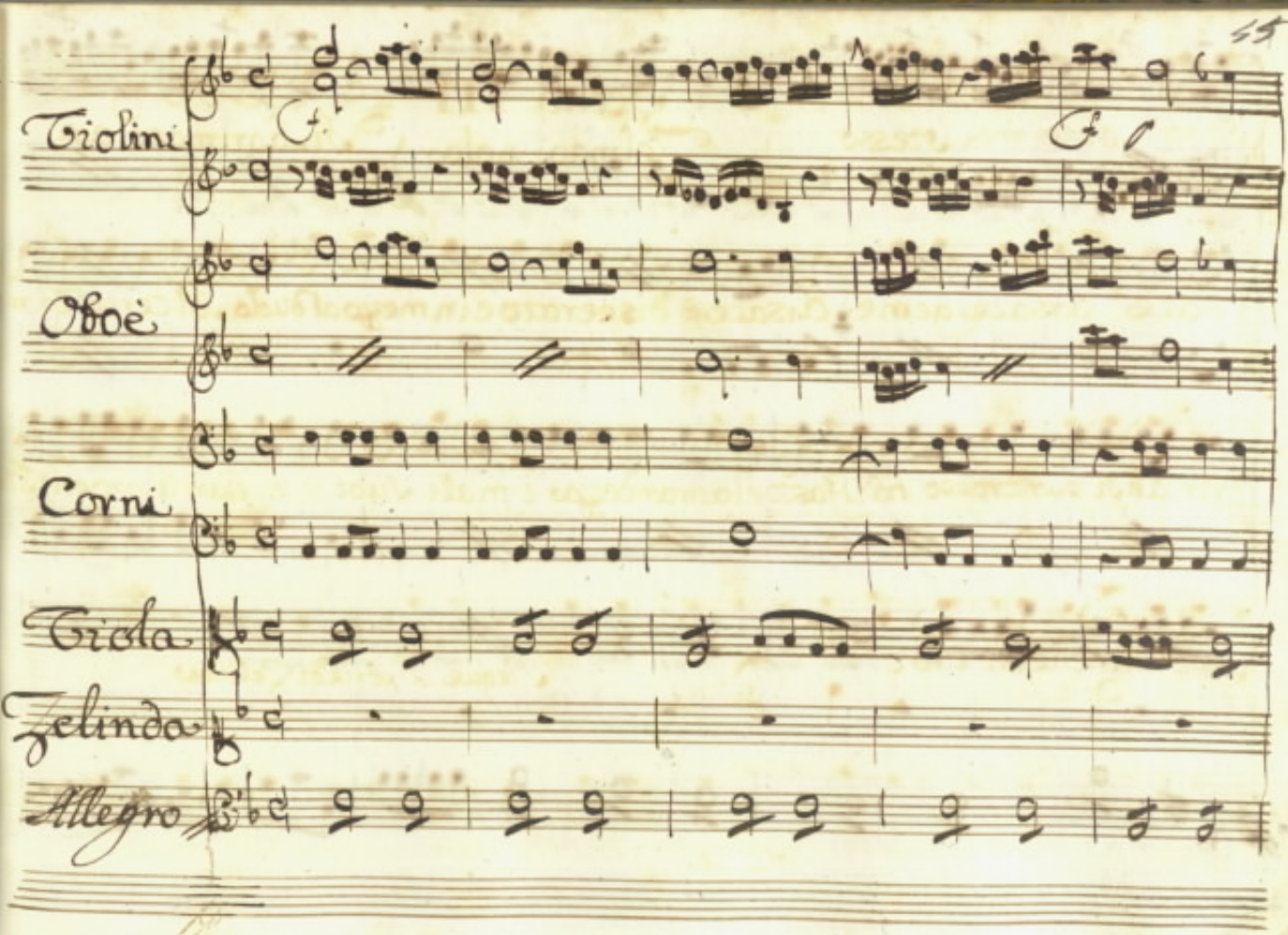
Ars:

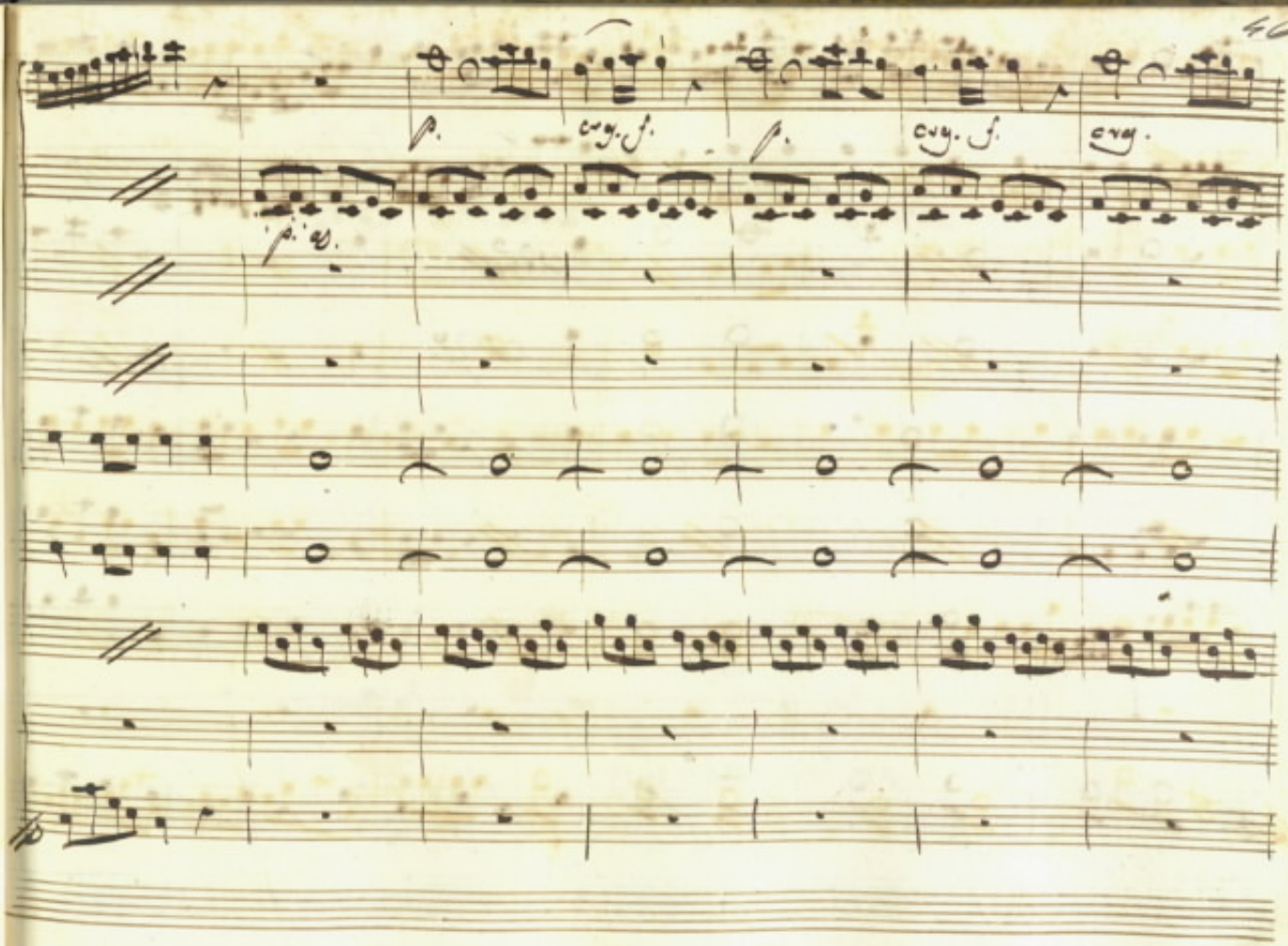
tremi, oh ciel! che fia! dimmi, ah dimmi, che fu? Parlar vorria, ma

favellar non sò, che dir potrei! che il più infelice dè mortali son'

io, dirò, che avvolto in mille angoscie, e dà miei mali oppresso odio l'aure che


spiro, odio me stesso
Scena III
Zelinda sola
Si Lagrimoso ar:
sace? arsace geme; arsace è disperato, e in mezzo al duolo sol cerca di m
rir! ah sì pur troppo, ha il fasto, e la grandezza i mali suoi, e han le proprie sv
gure anche gli Eroi.
Siegue l'Aria di Zelinda.


Violini
Oboè
Corni
Viola
Zelinda
Allegro


p.
cresc. f.
p.
cresc. f.
cresc.
p. cresc.

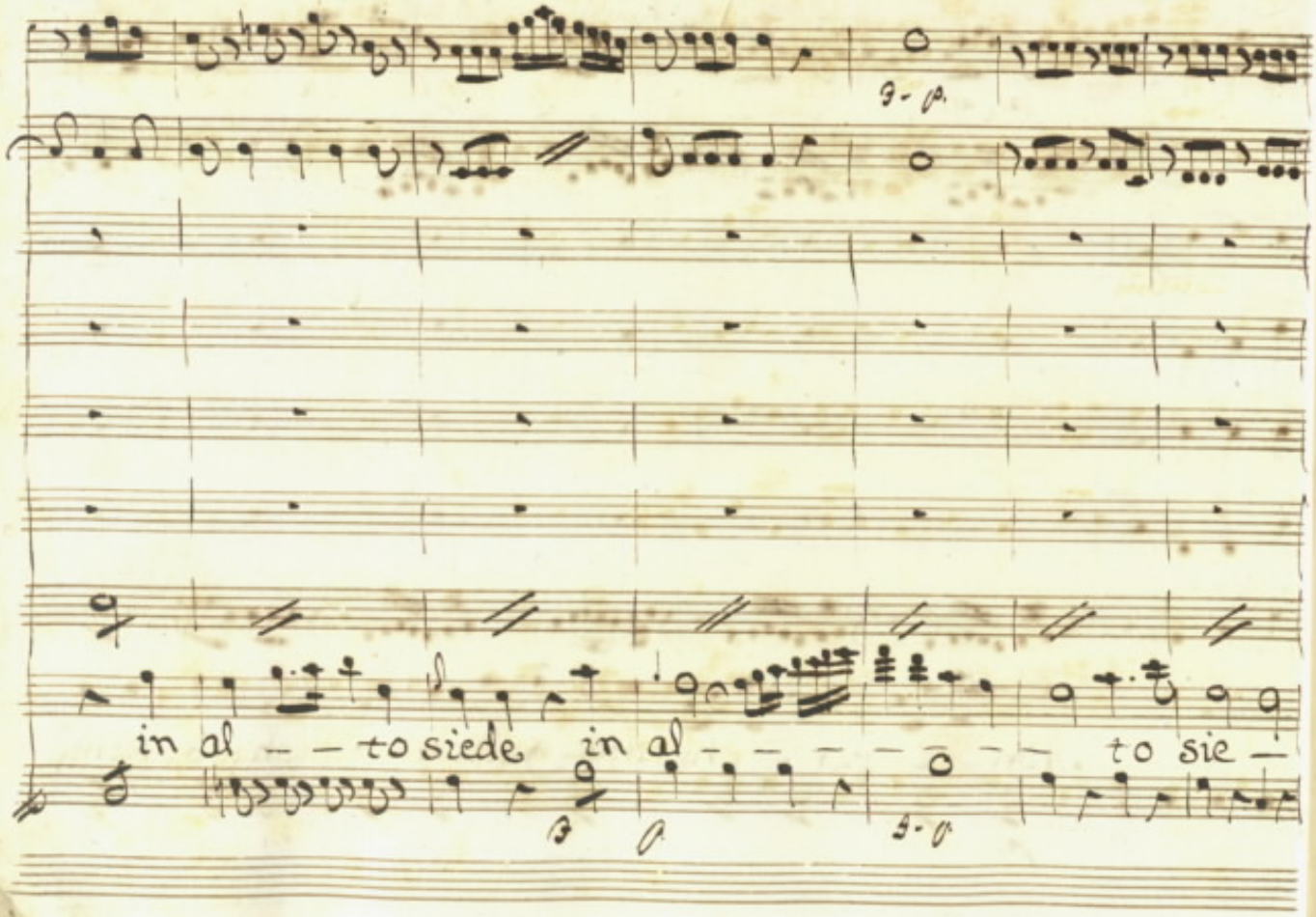
p. ag.

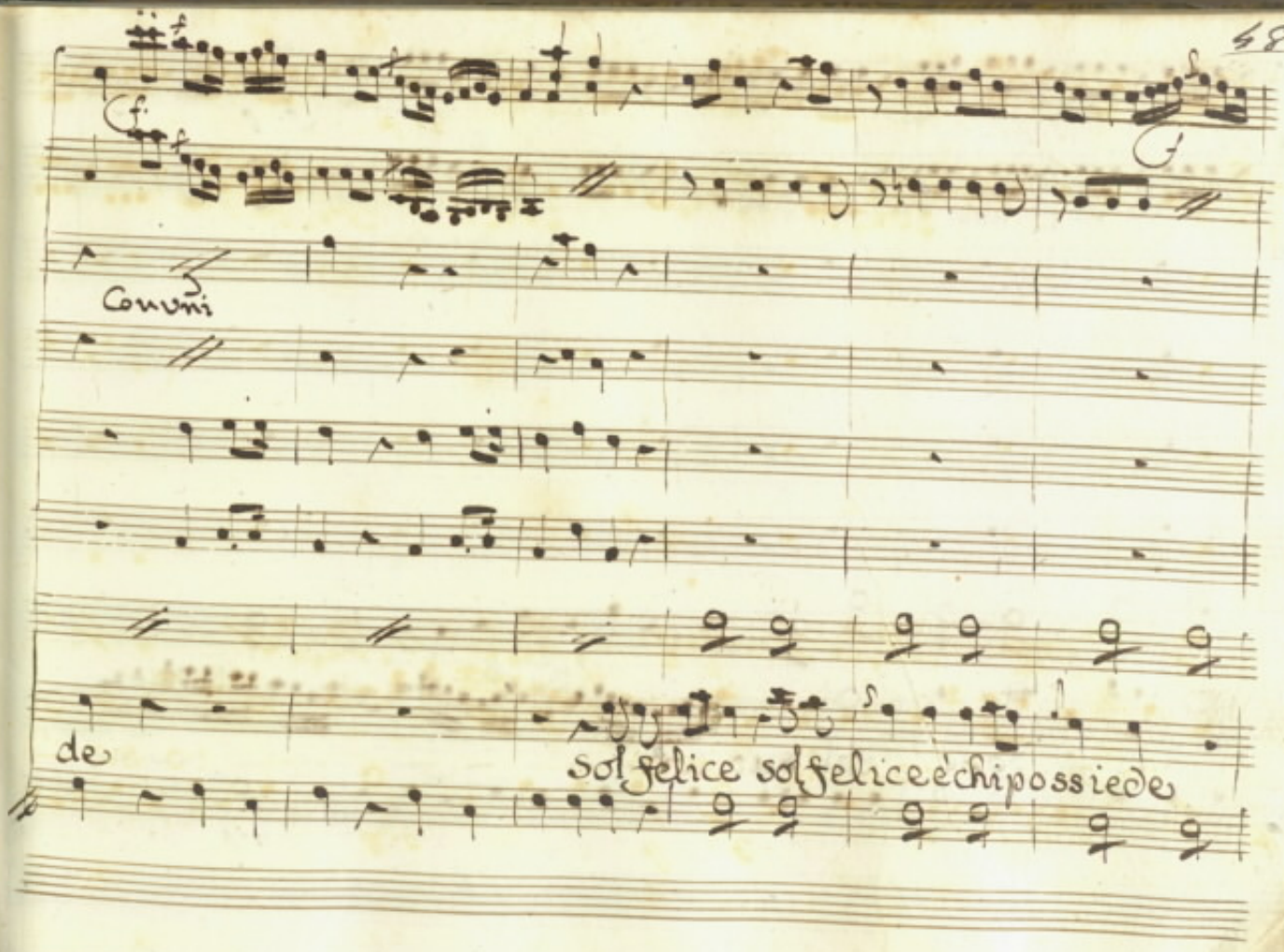
f.

p

Non- è ver - che sia- felice chi sublime

p.


in al — — to siede in al — — — — — — to sie —


Conuni
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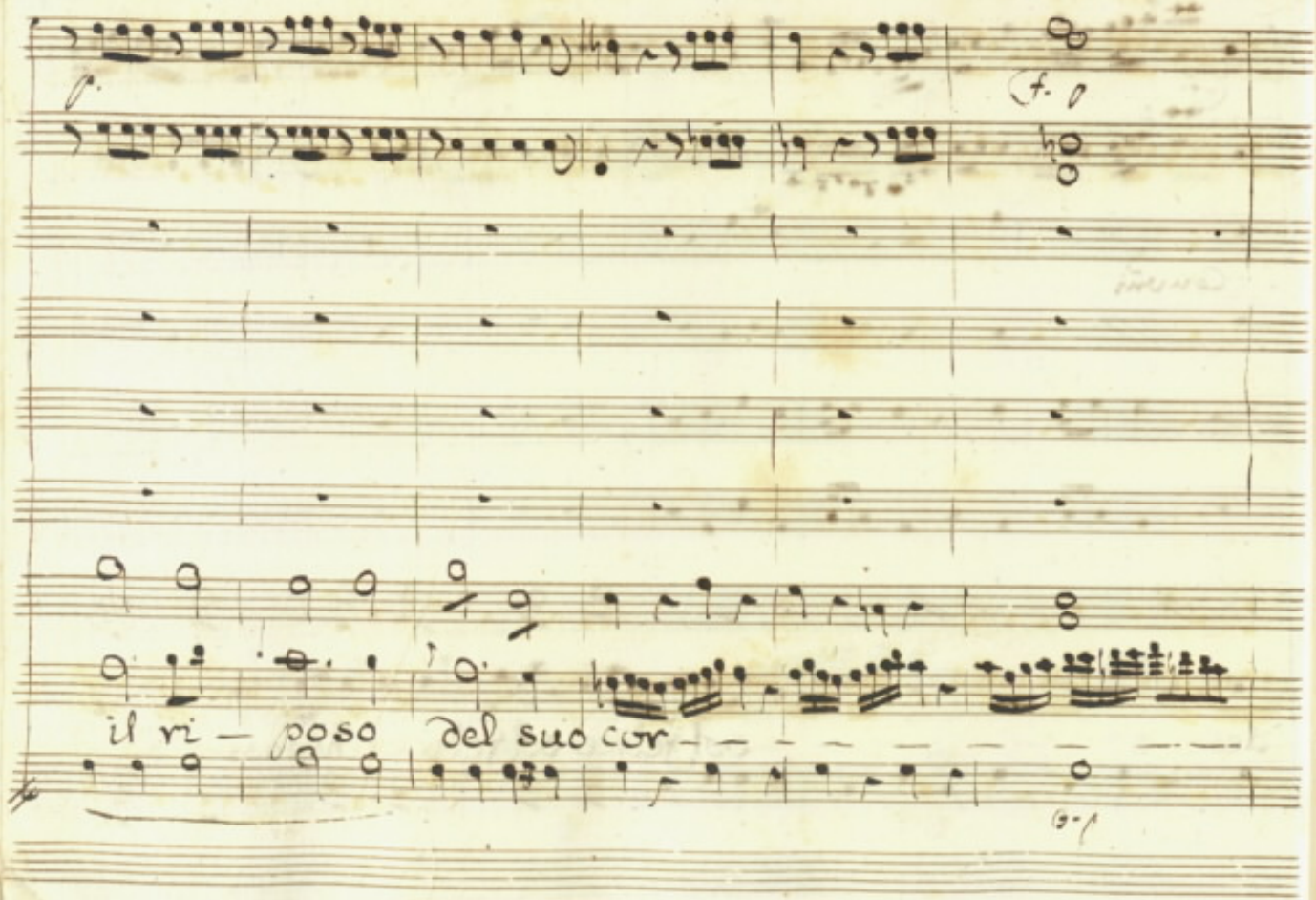
p.
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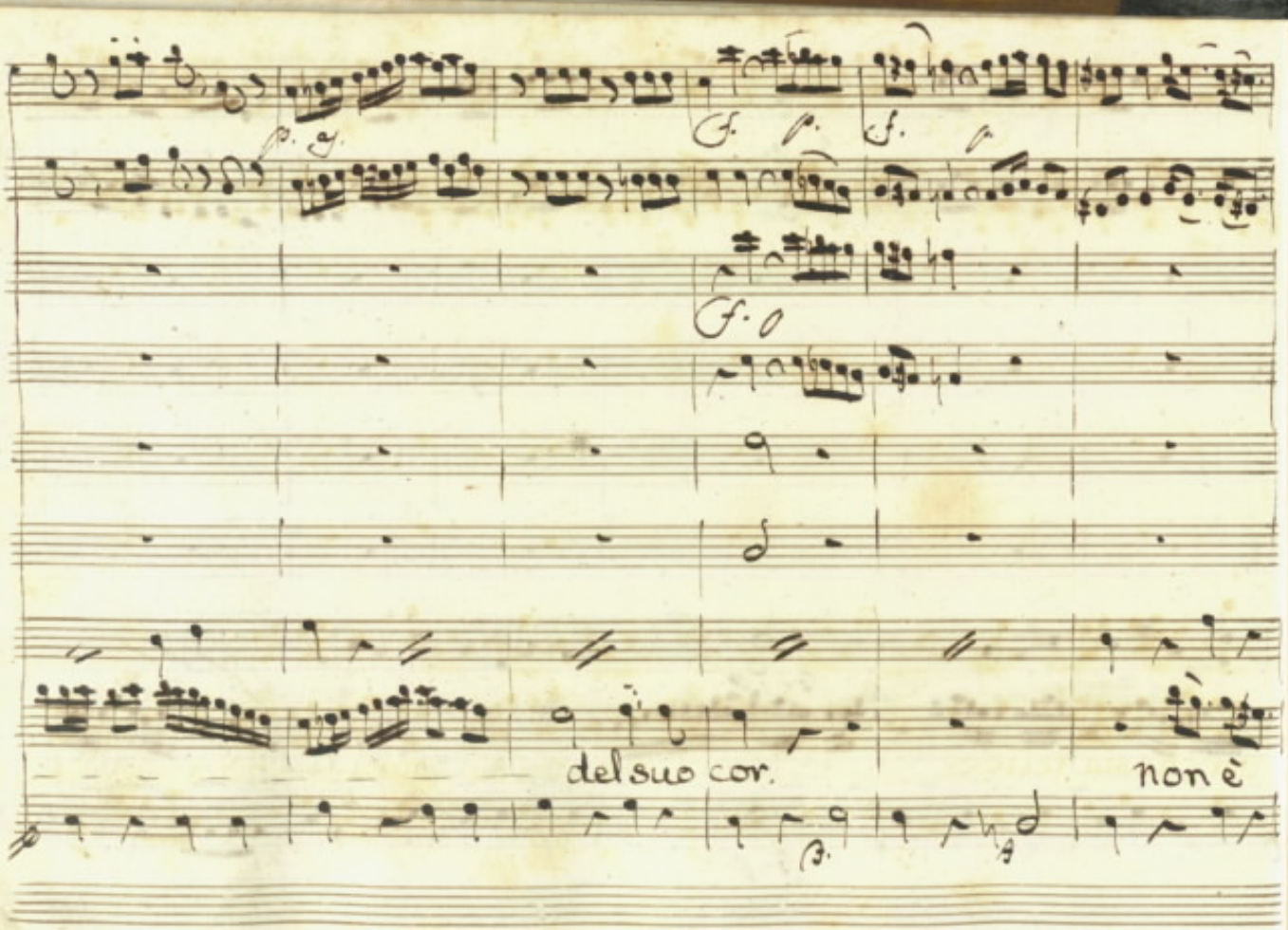
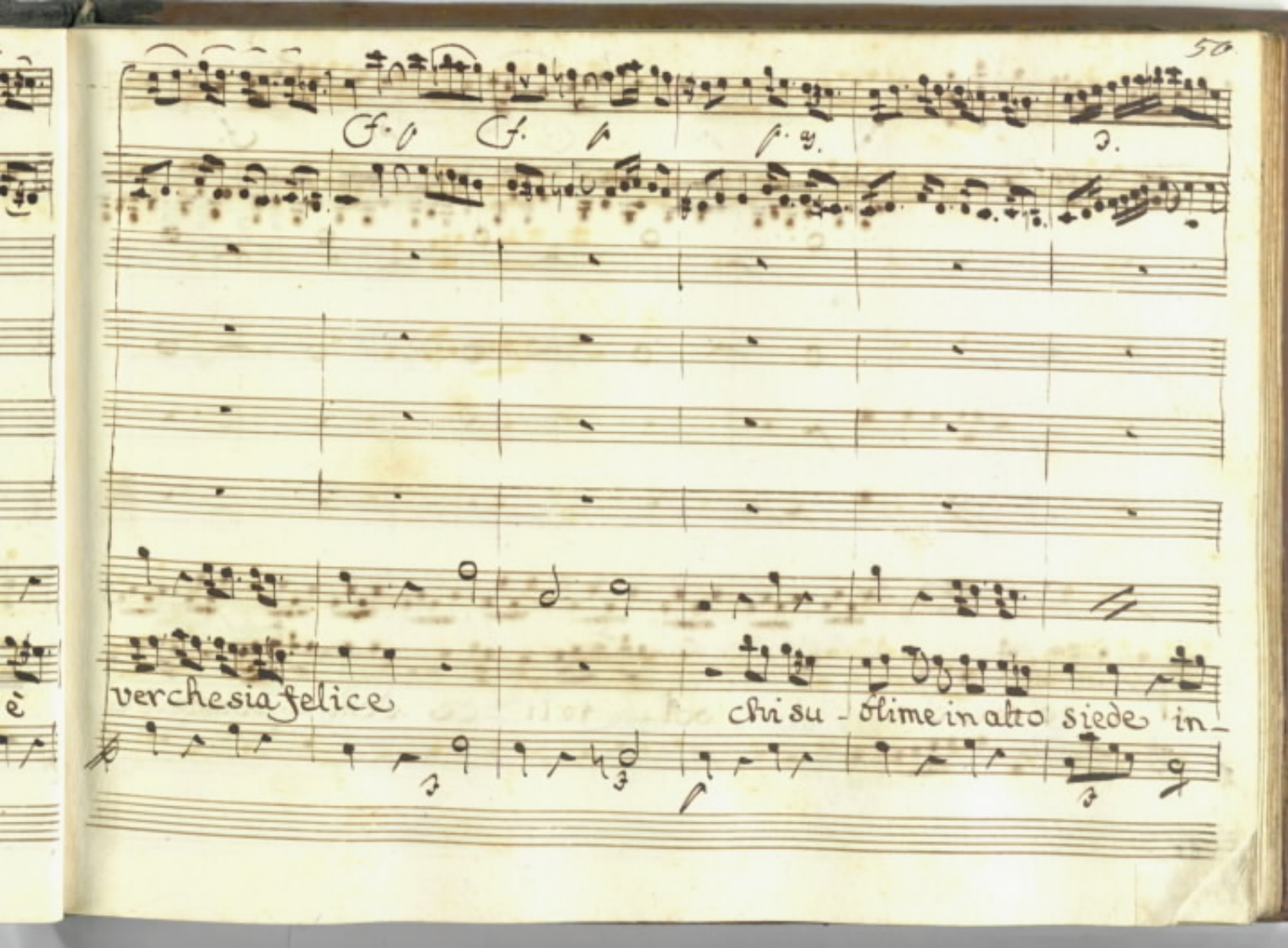
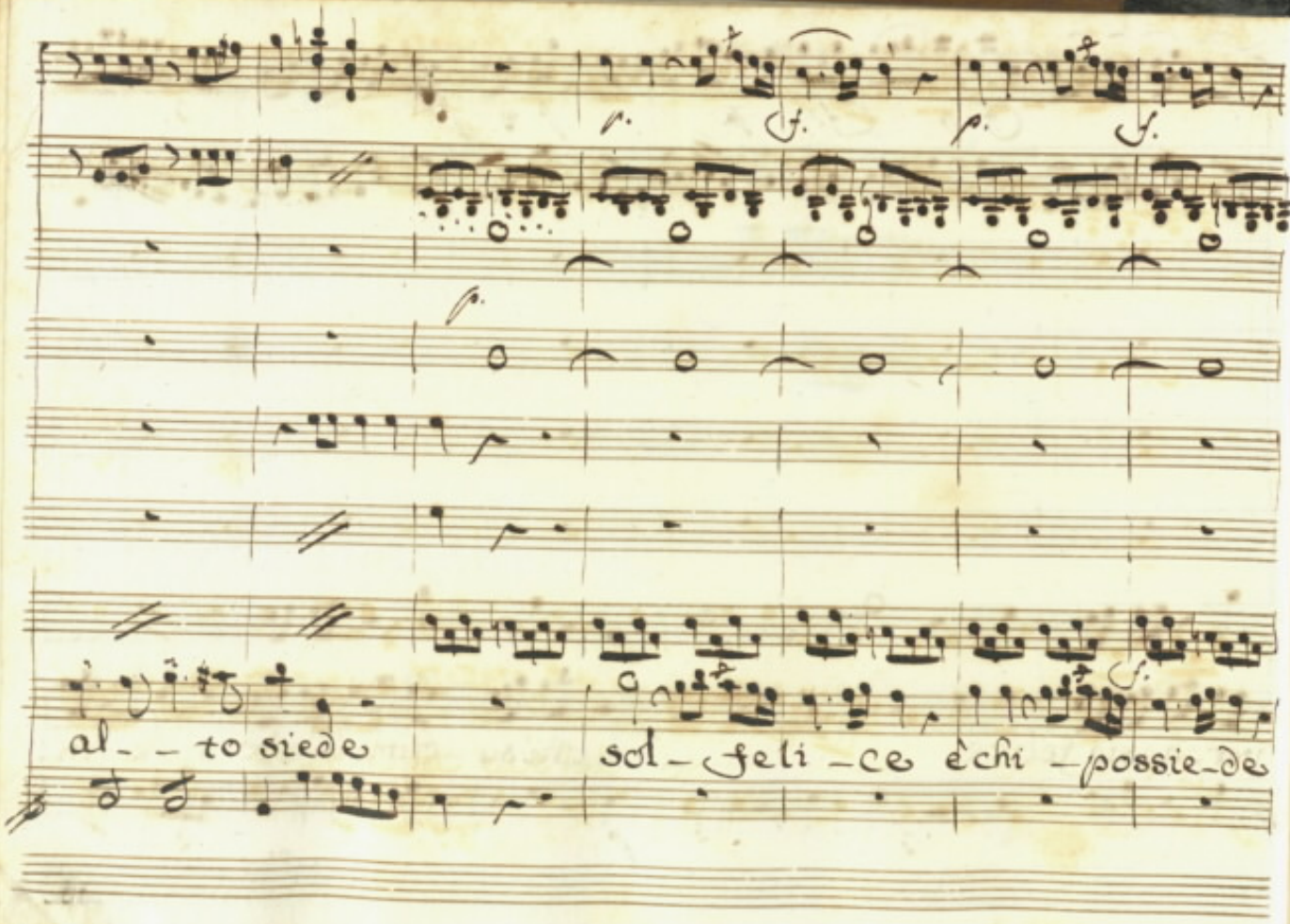
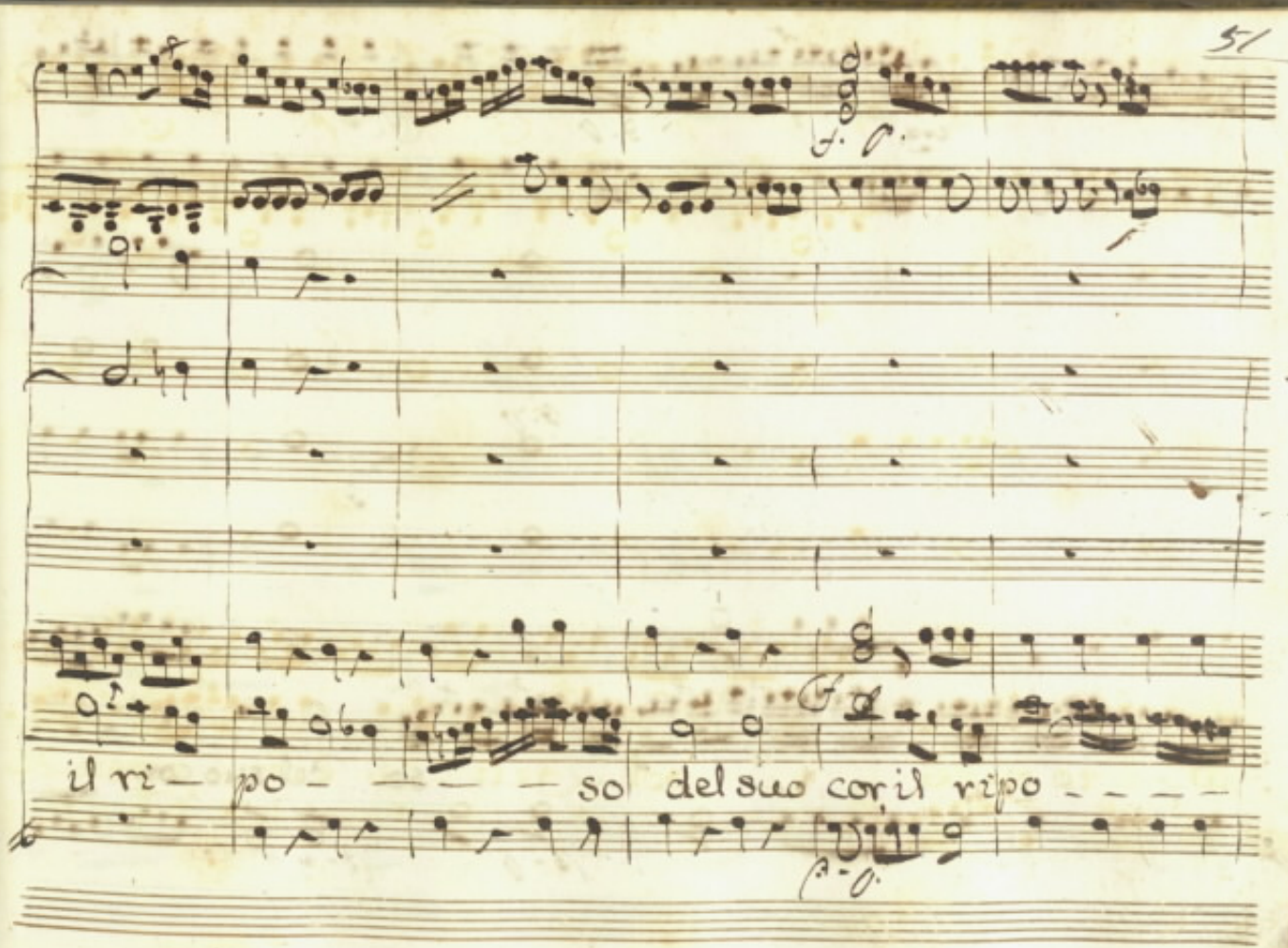
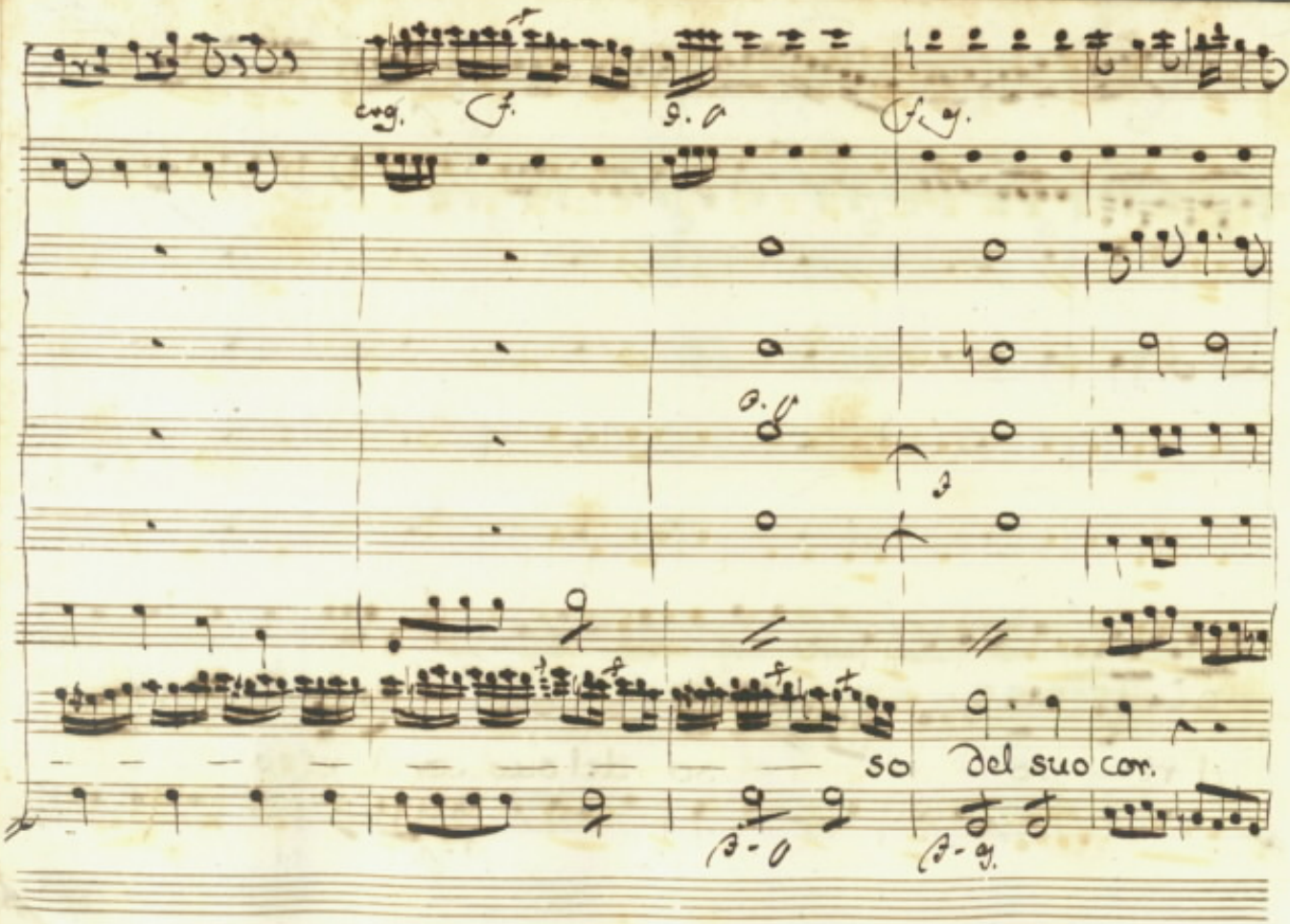
il ri — poso del suo cor — — — — — — — — —
p

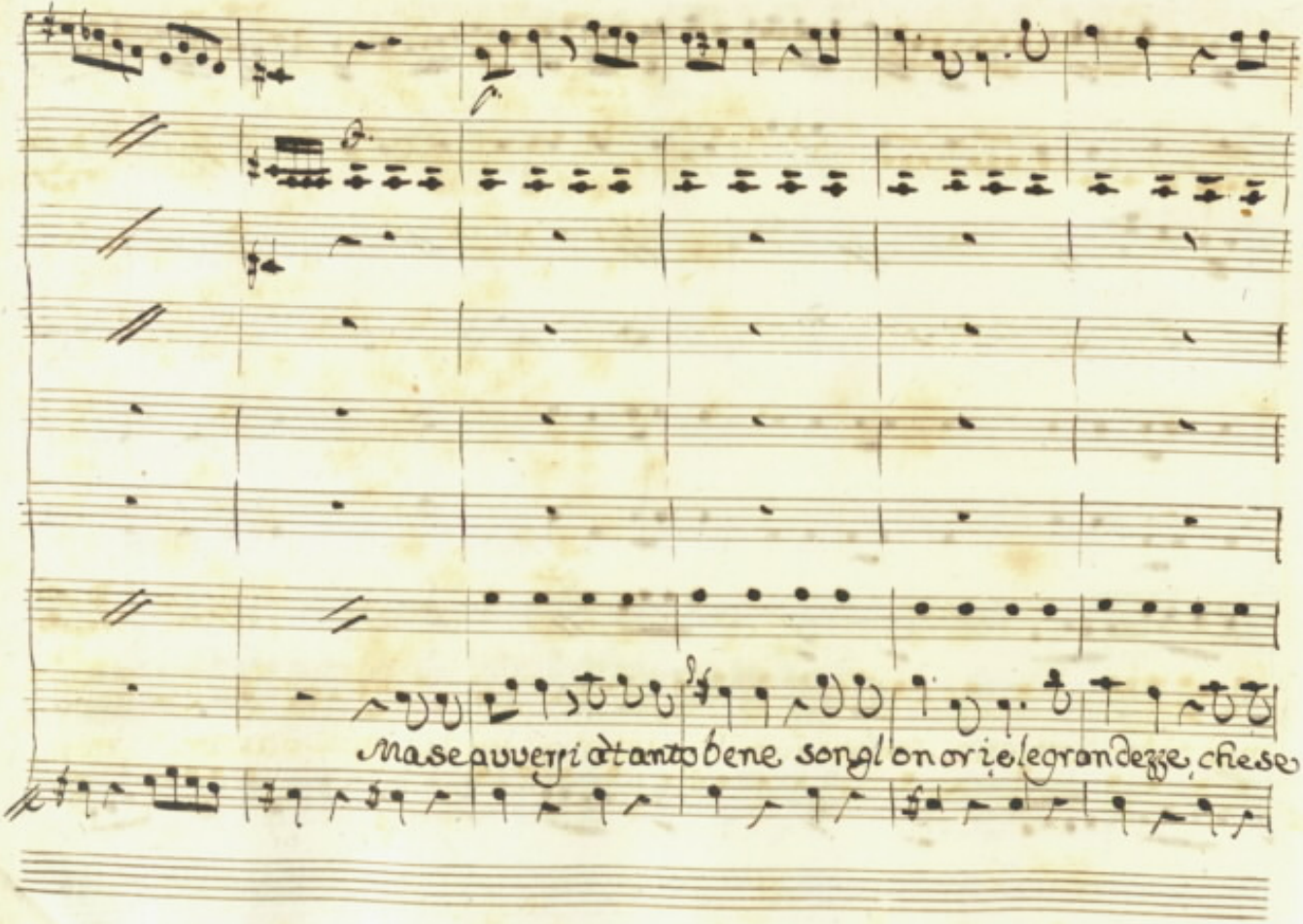

del suo cor.
non è


verchesia felice
chi su - blime in alto siede in -


al- - to siede
sol- feli -ce èchi -possie-de


il ri — po — — — — so del suo cor il ripo — — — —

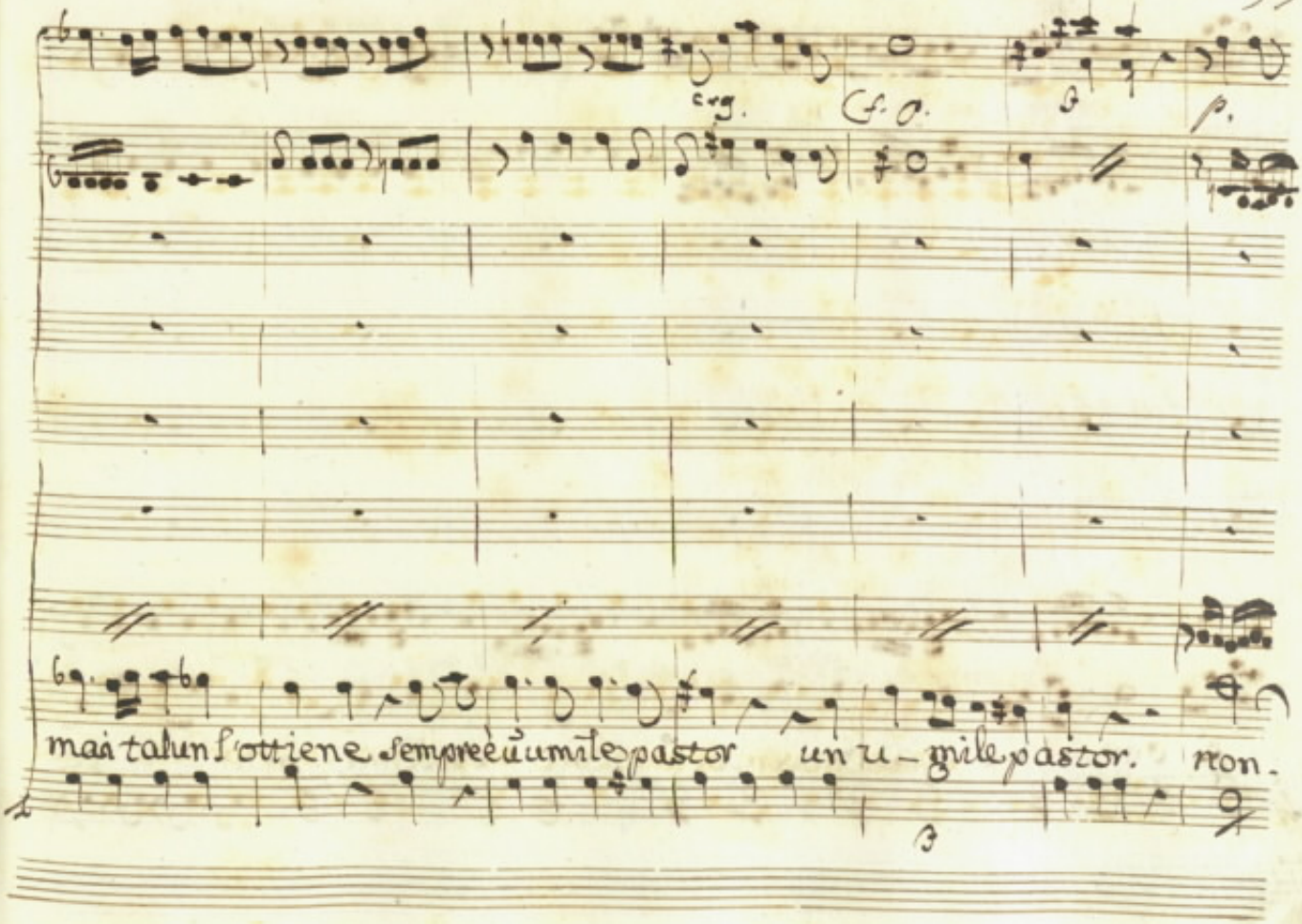

cvg.
so del suo cor.

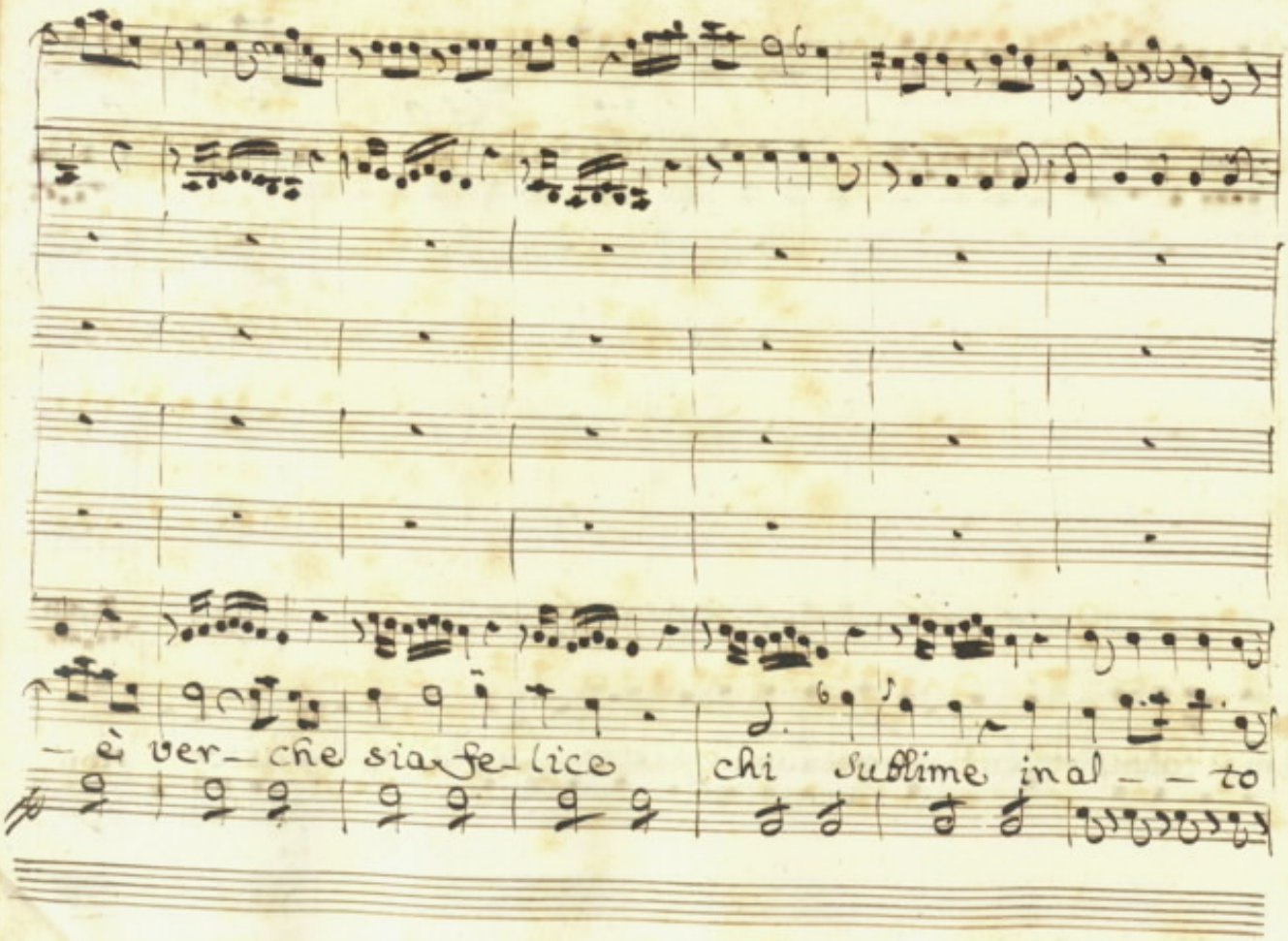


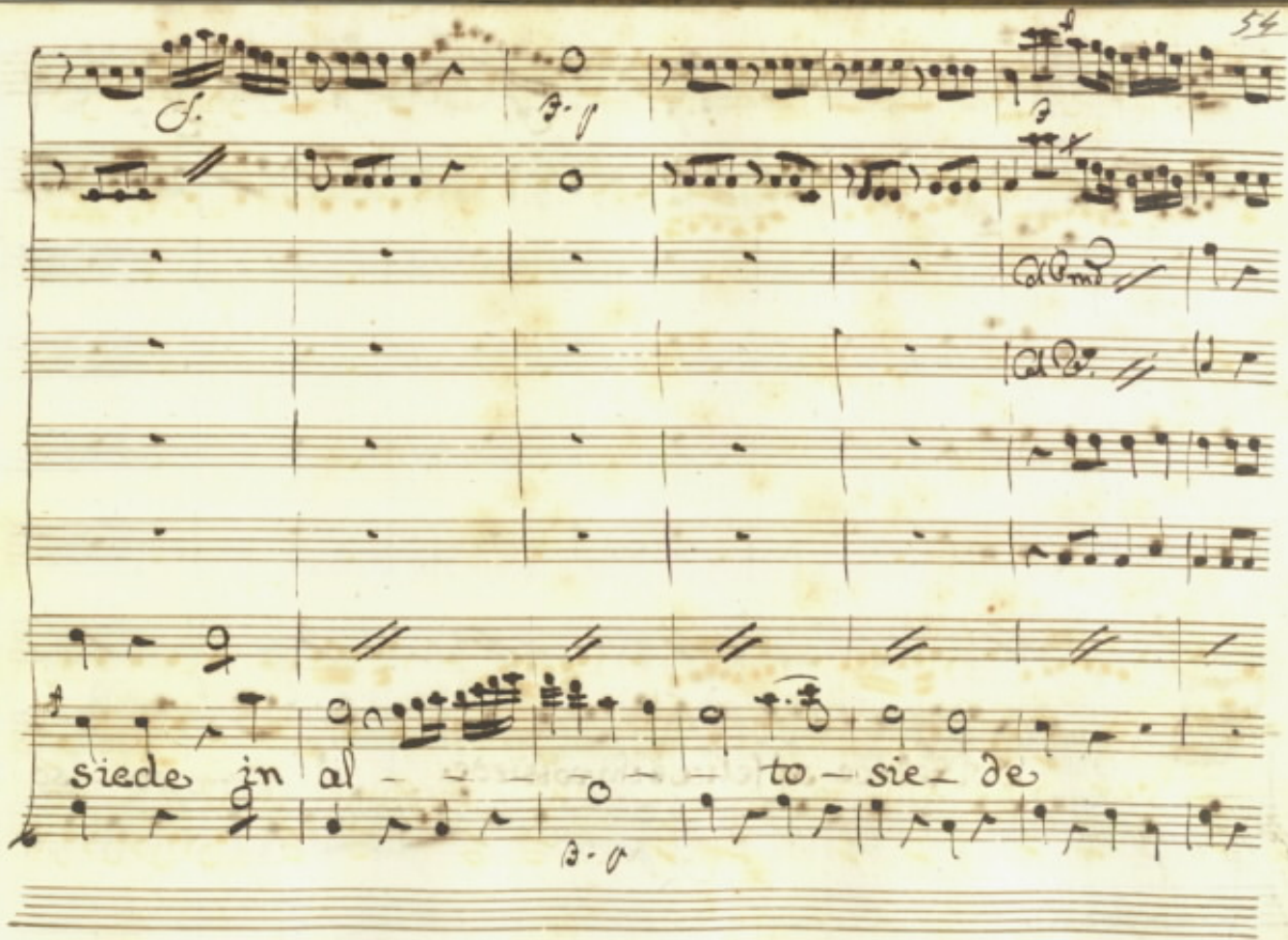
Ma se avvergi à tanto bene son gl'onori e le grandezze, che se

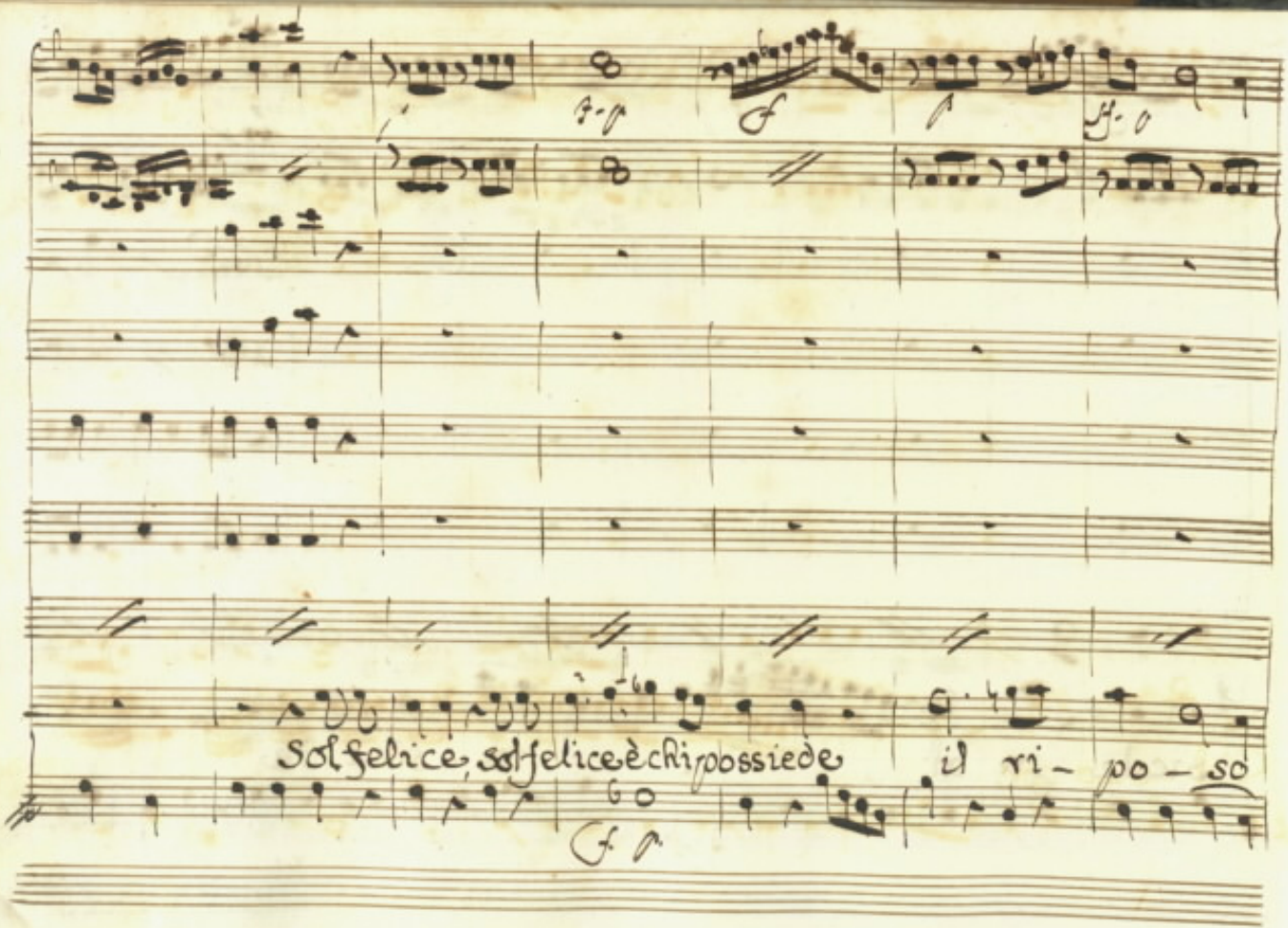
cres. Cf. p. p.

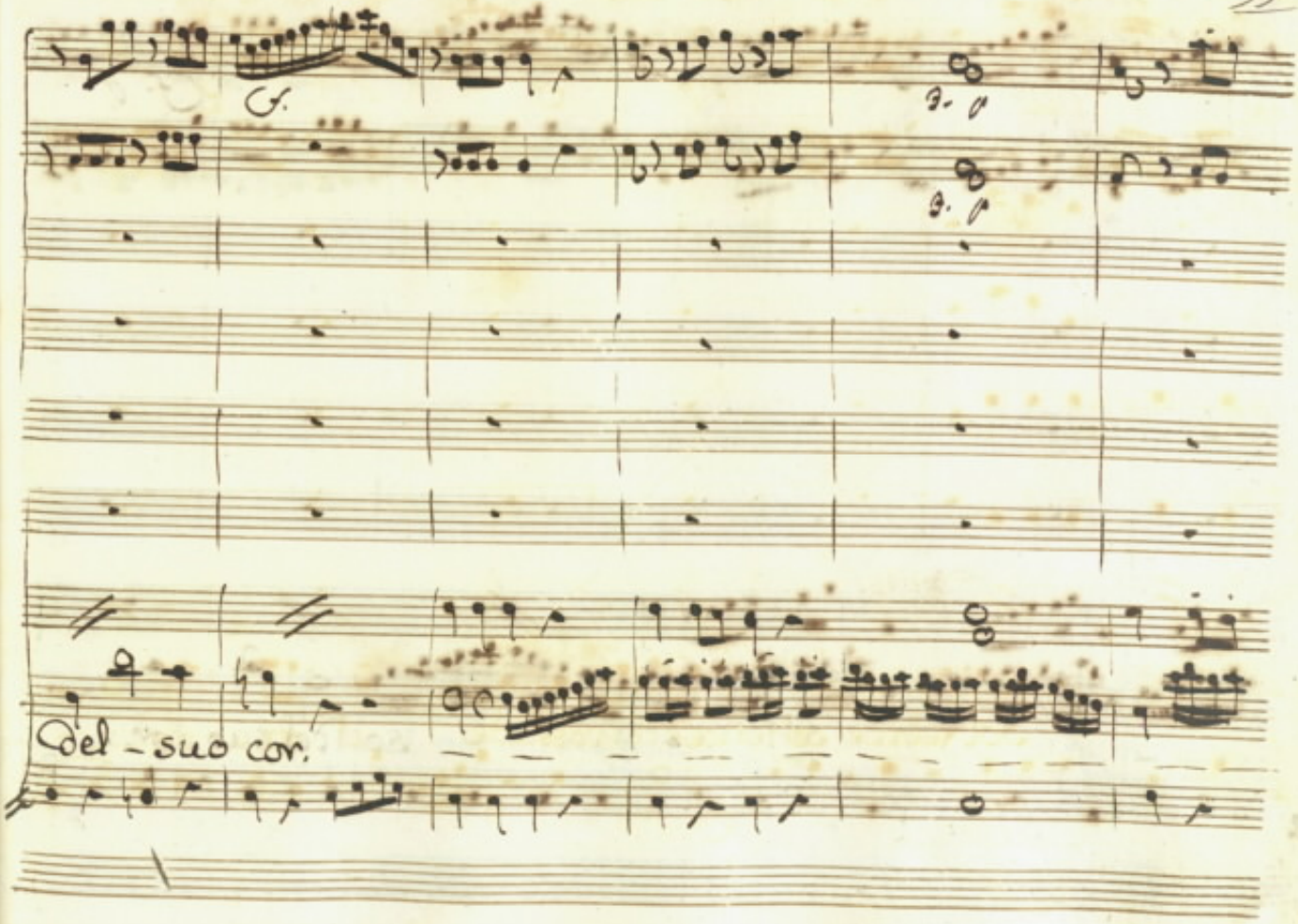
mai talun l'ottiene sempre è un umile pastor un u-mile pastor. non.

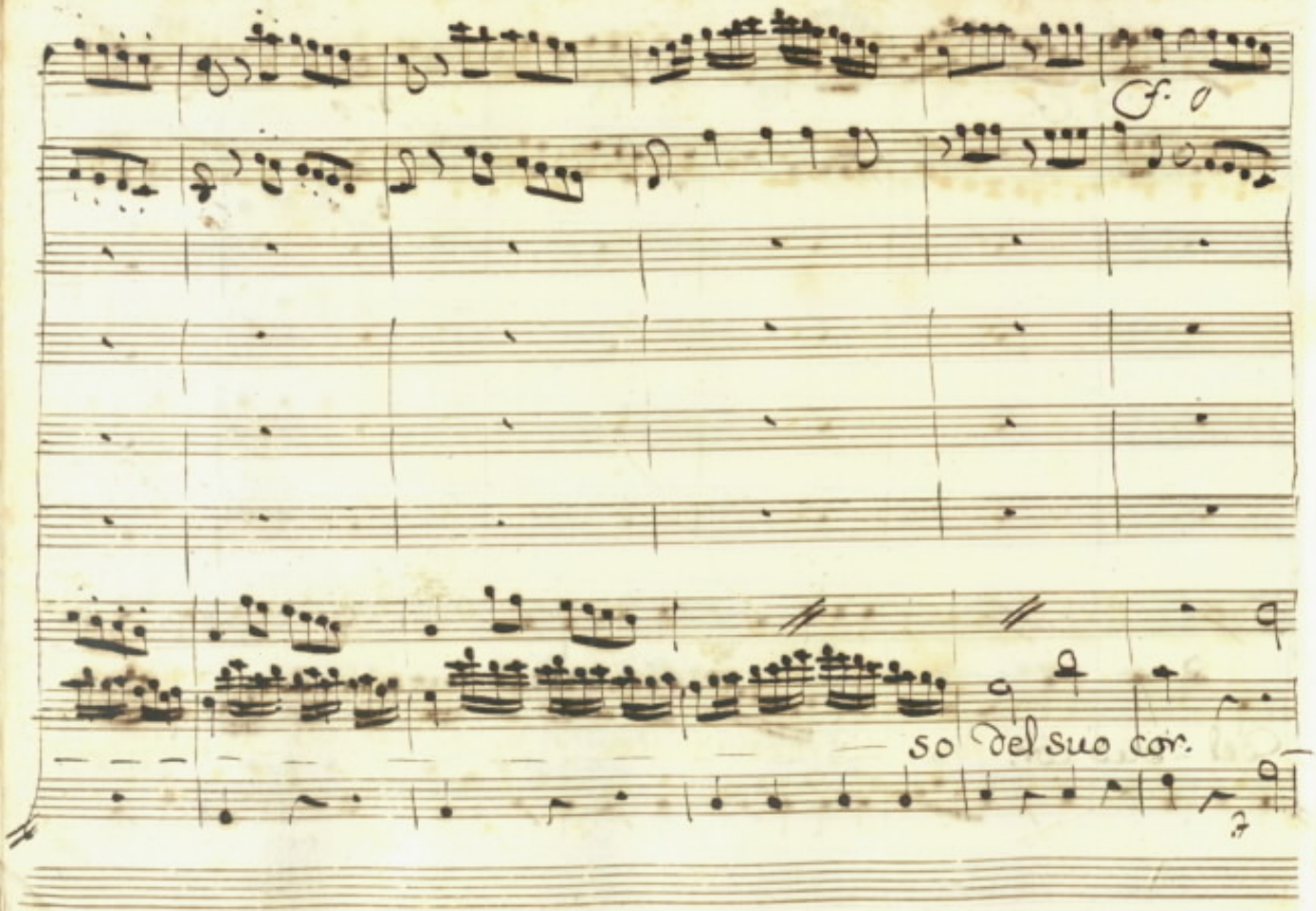


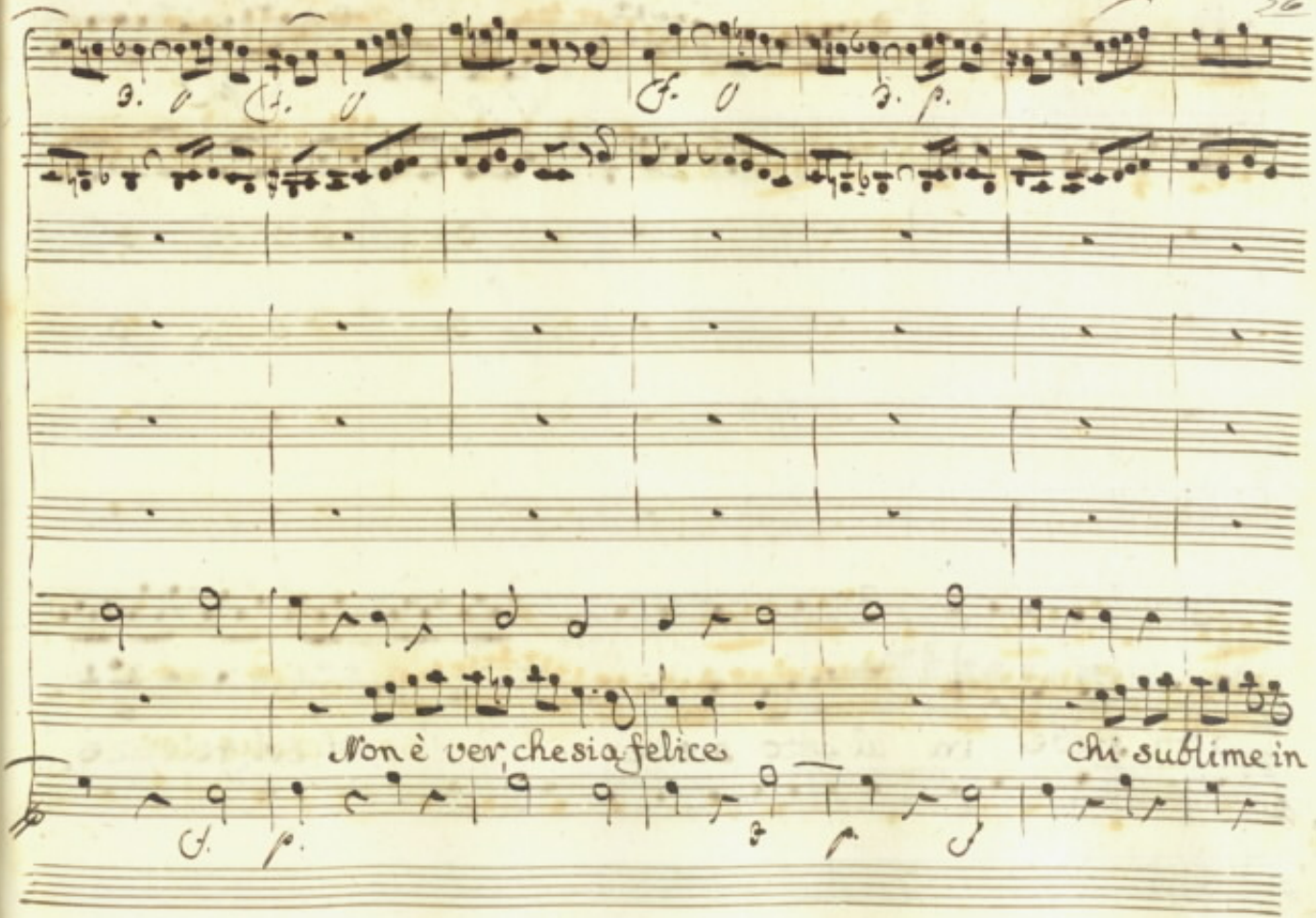

– è ver– che sia fe–lice
chi sublime in al– – to

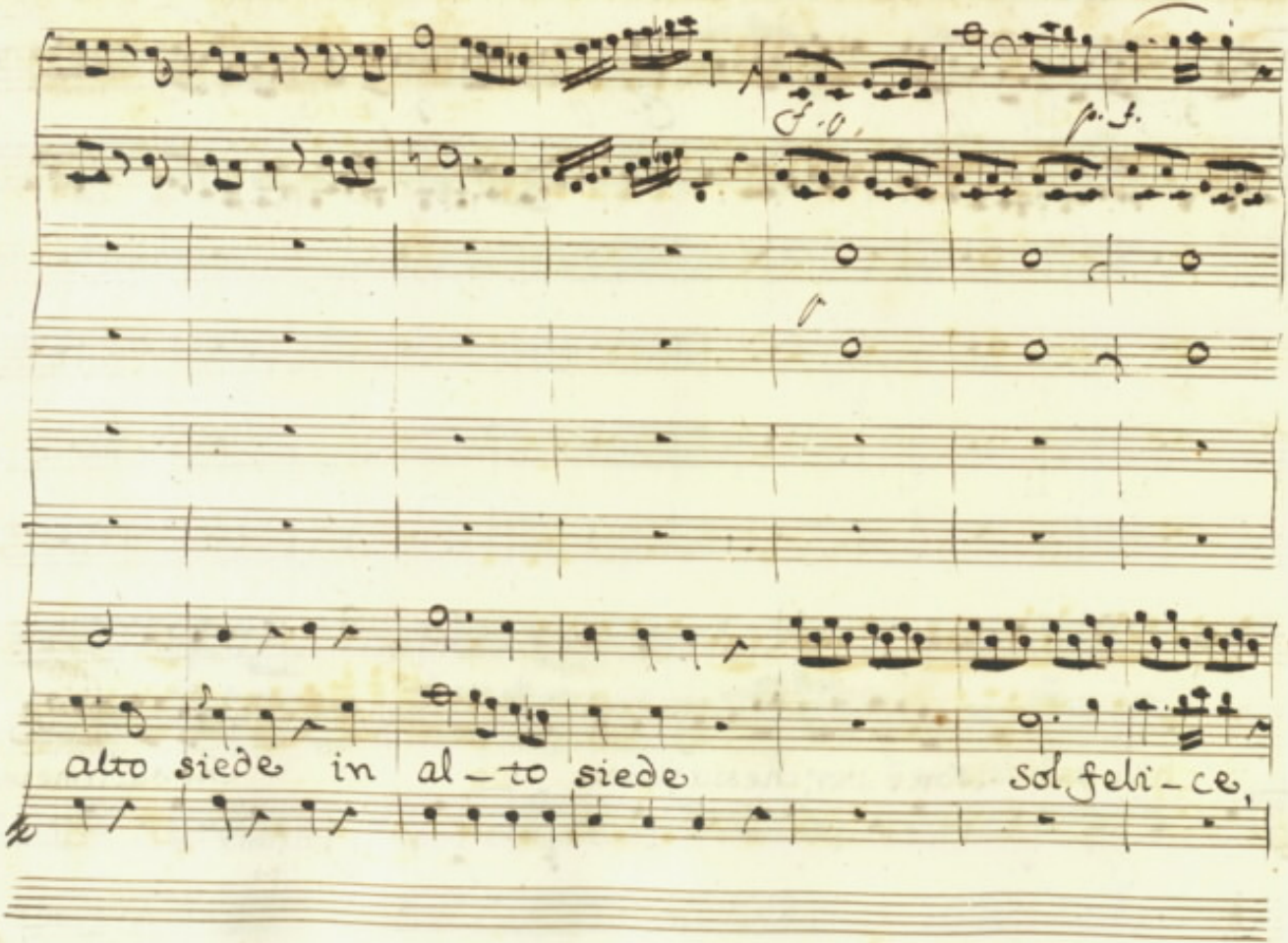

siede in al - - - - - to - sie - de


Sol felice, sol felice è chi possiede
il ri - po - so

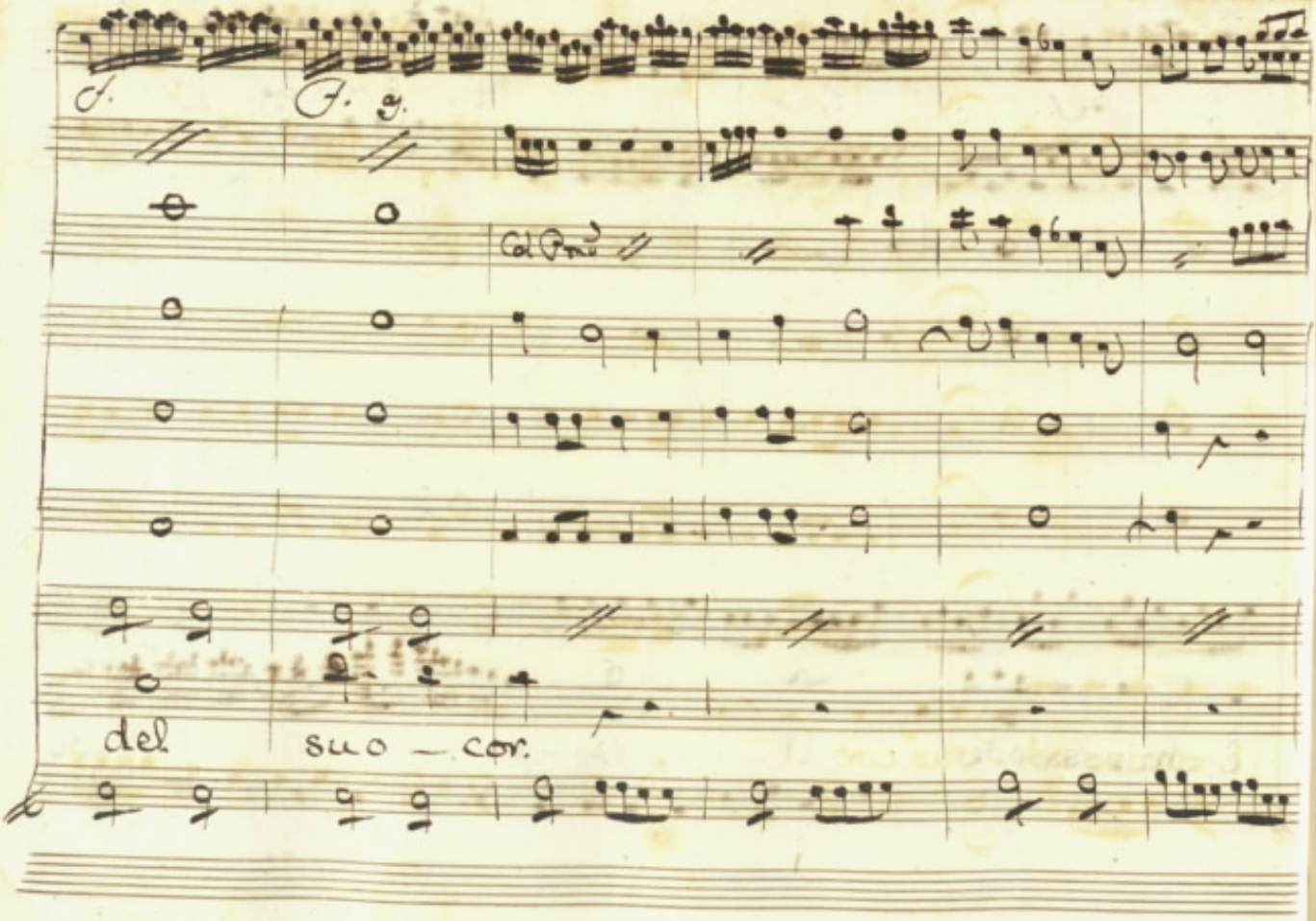

Del - suo cor.

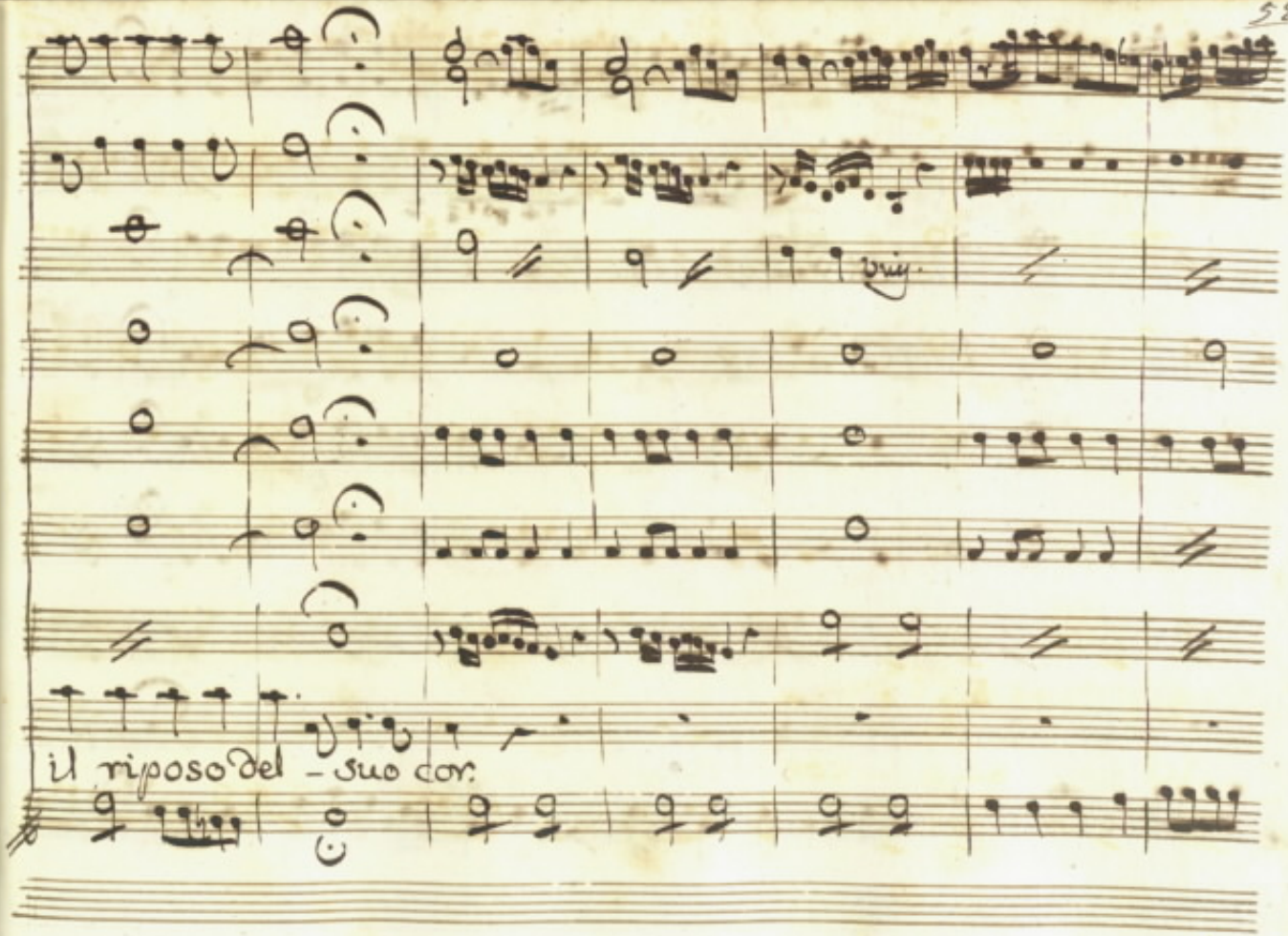

f. o
so del suo cor.

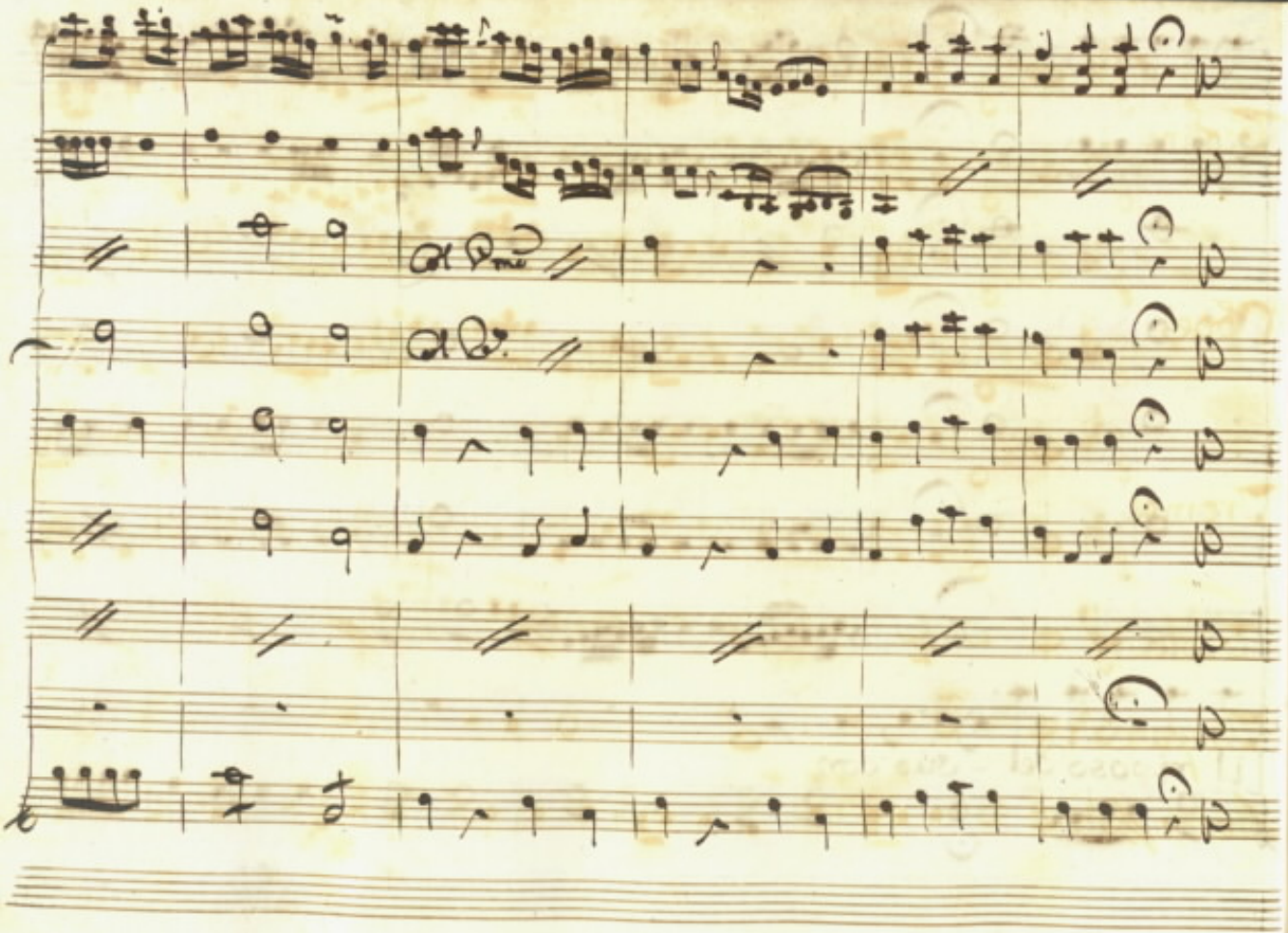

Non è ver, che sia felice
chi sublime in

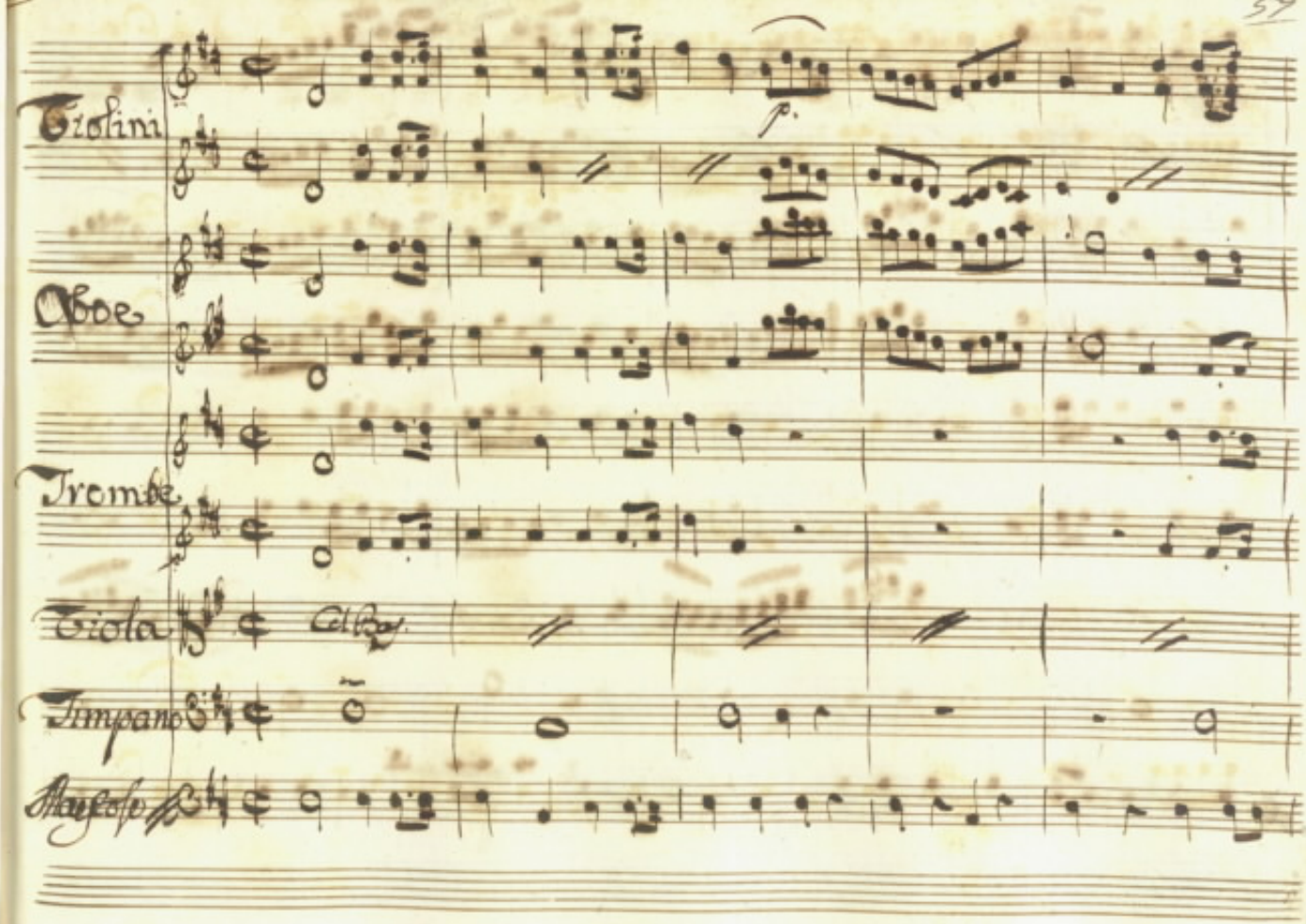

alto siede in al-to siede sol feli-ce,

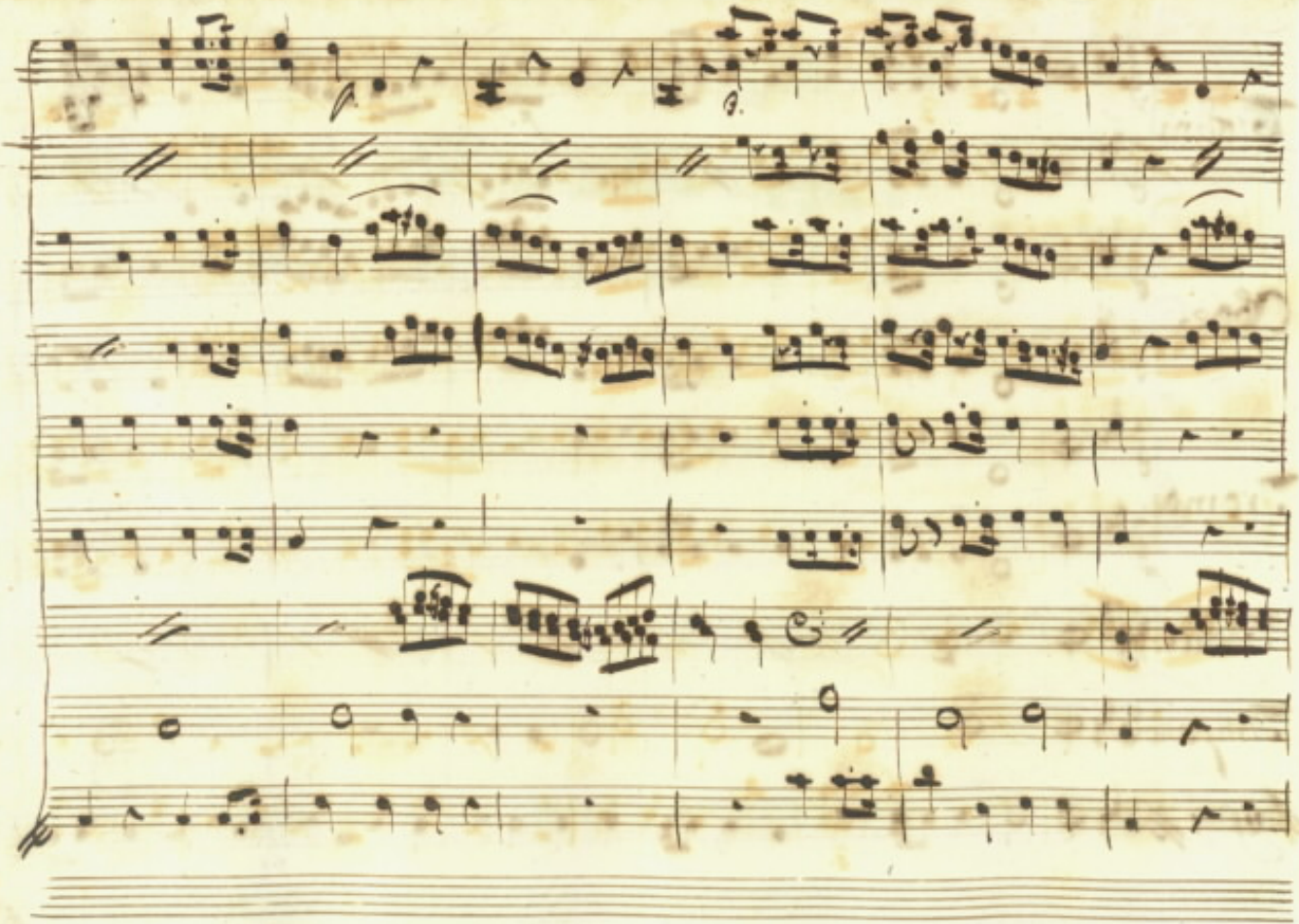
è chi possiede il ri--po — — — — — so

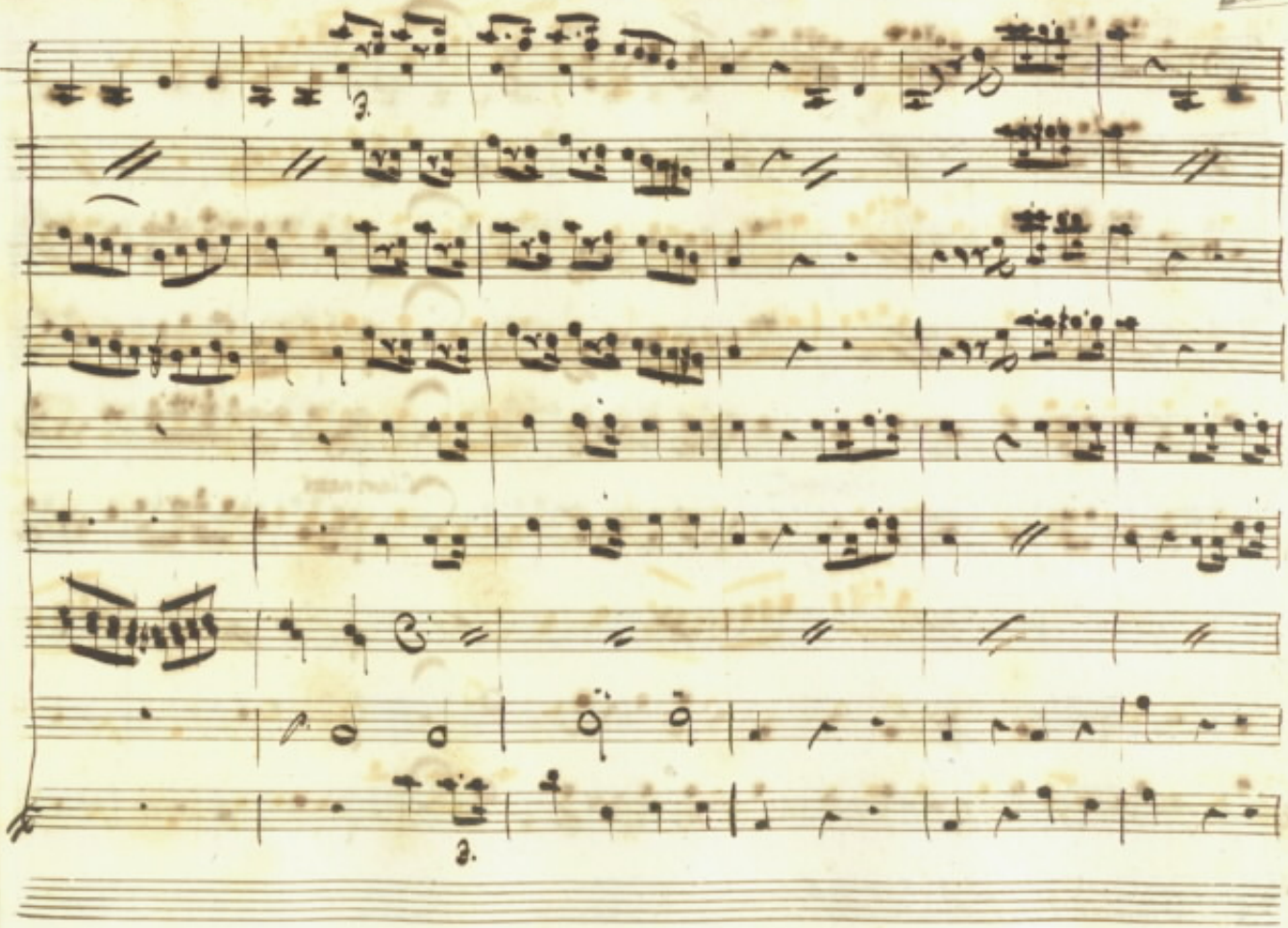

del
suo — cor.


il riposo del - suo cor:



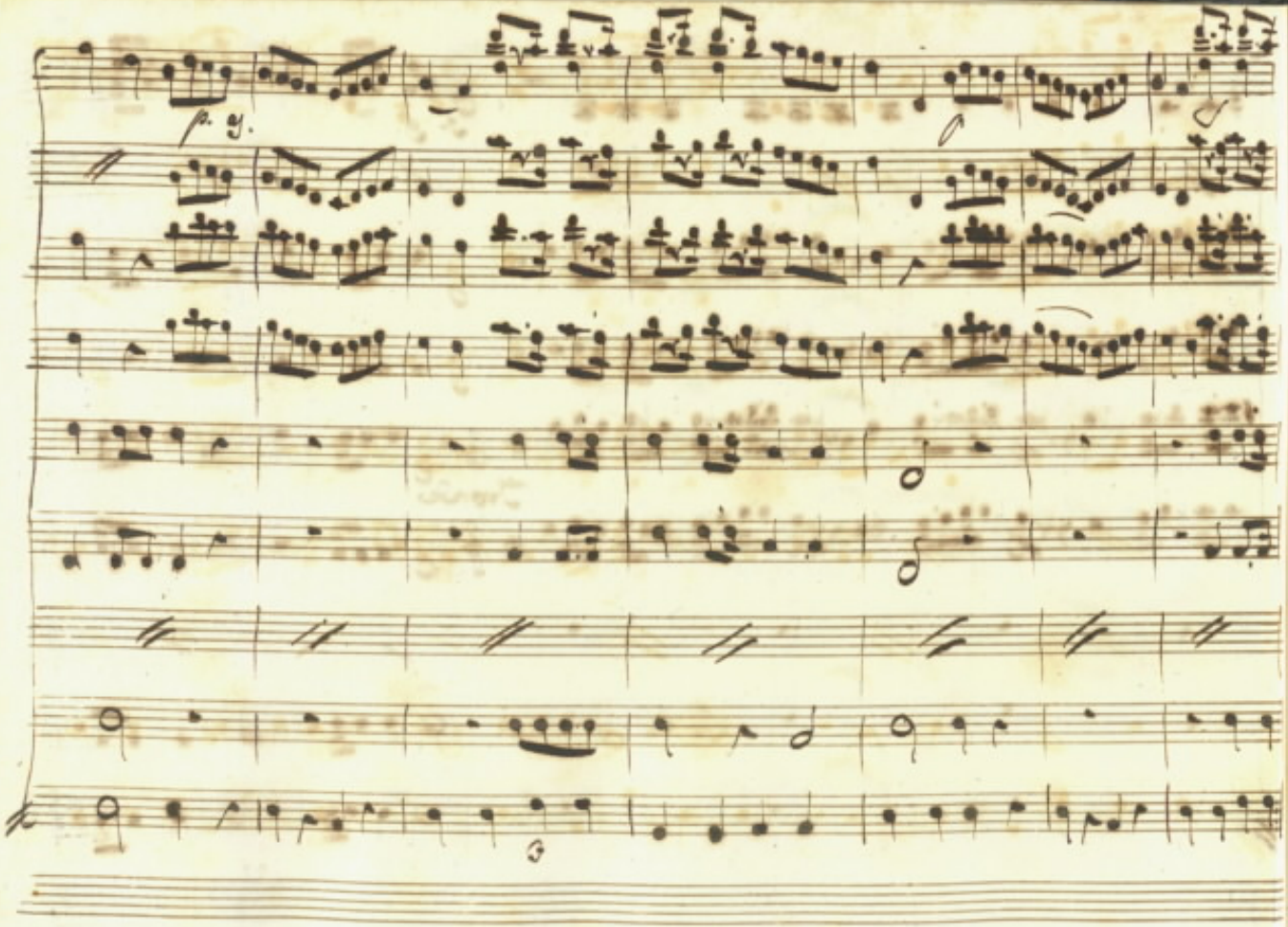

Violini
Oboe
Trombe
Viola
Timpani
Fagotto




3.
3.

Clarinetes

Trombe


p. y.

Medonte

Questo, che vedi, o sposa, è il Regno tuo. Quanti d'intorno or miri ebri di

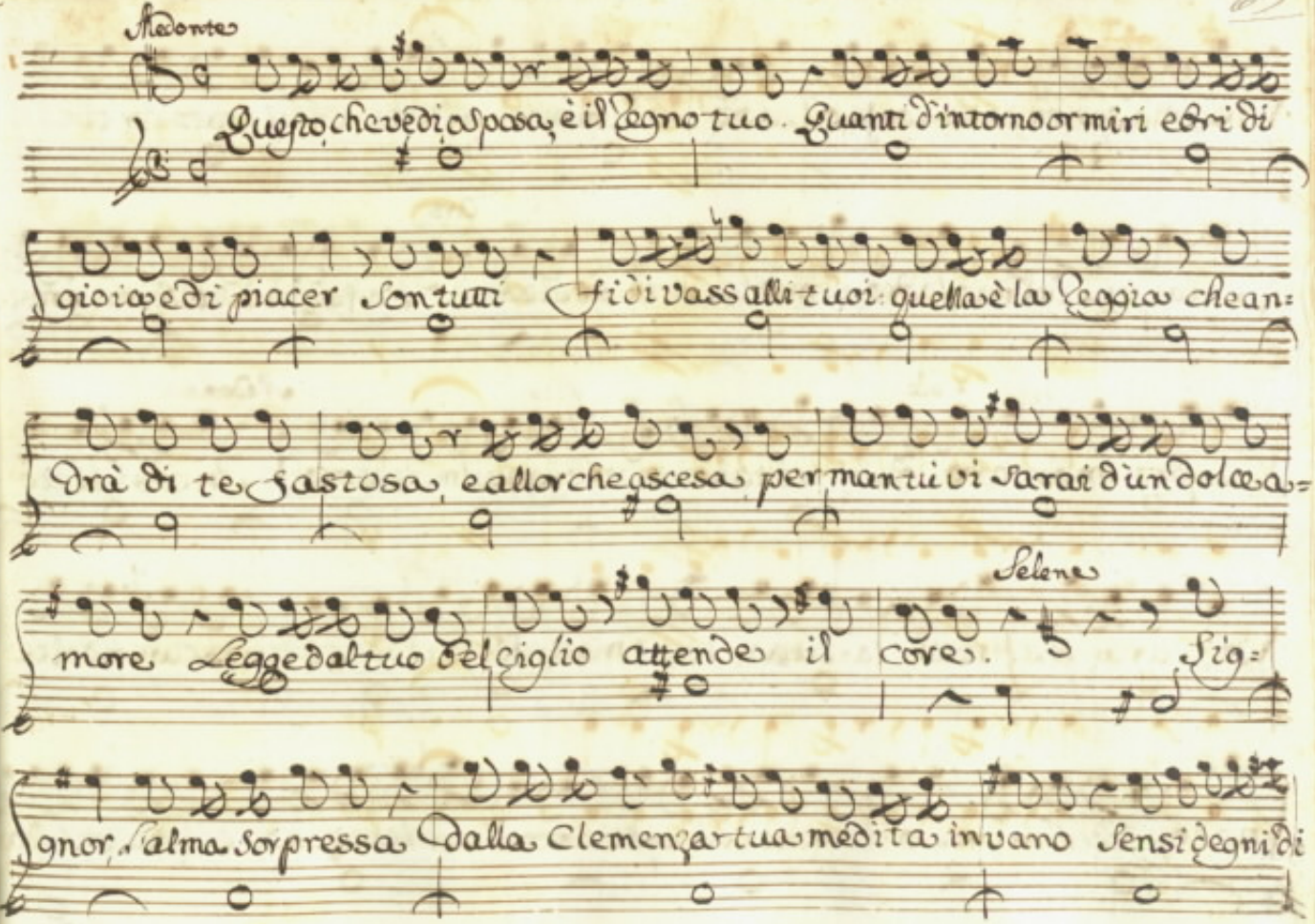
gioia e di piacer son tutti fidi vassalli tuoi: quella è la Reggia che an=

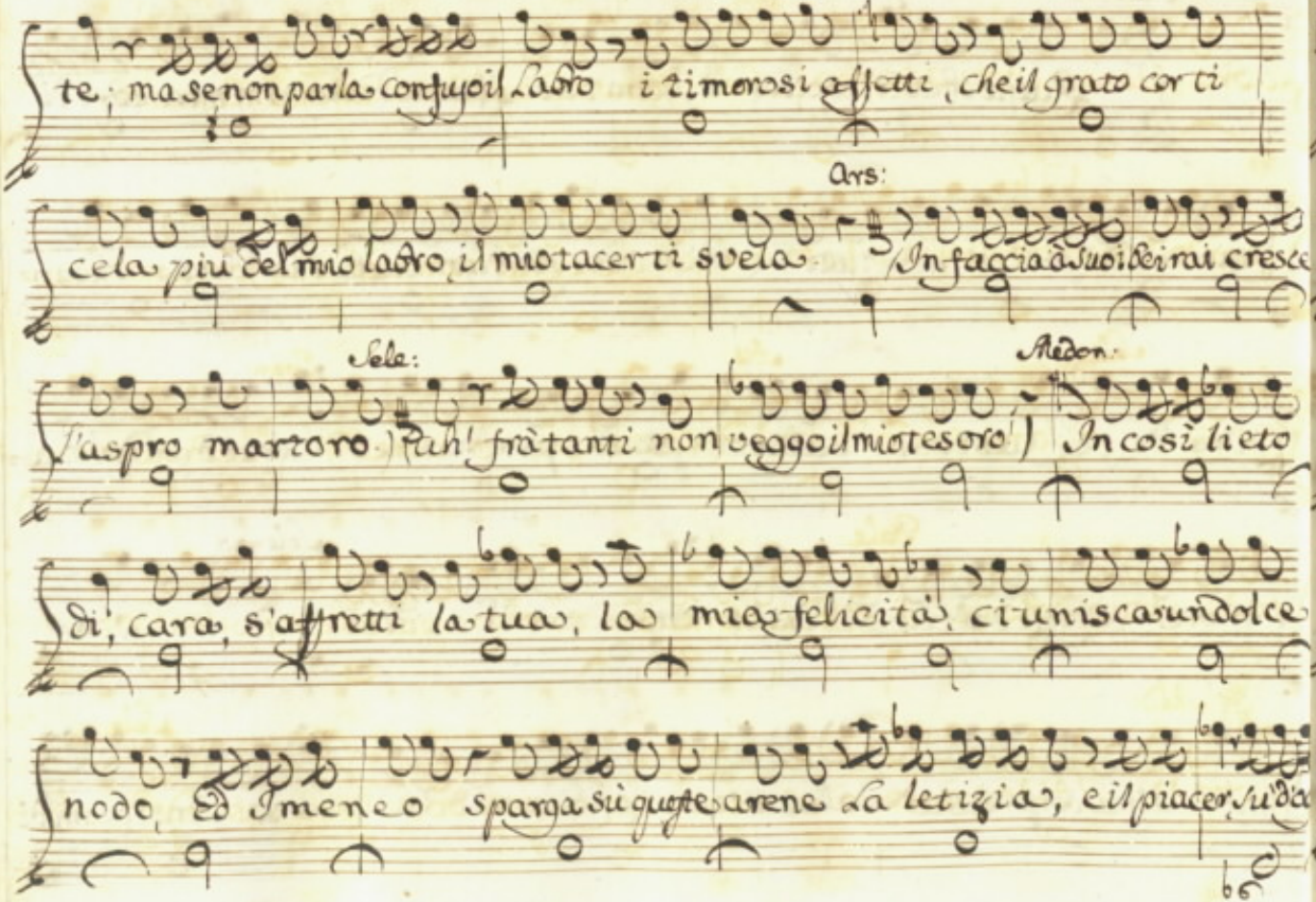
drà di te fastosa, e allor che ascesa per mantu vi sarai d'un dolce a=

Selene

more Legge dal tuo bel ciglio attende il core. Sig=

gnor, l'alma sorpressa dalla Clemenza tua medita invano sensi degni di




te; ma se non parla con tuo il labro i timorosi effetti, che il grato cor ti
Ars:
cela più del mio labro, il mio tacerti svela. In faccia à suoi rai cresce
Sele:
l'aspro martoro. Ah! frà tanti non veggo il mio tesoro! Medon:
In così lieto
di, cara, s'affretti la tua, la mia felicità, ci unisca un dolce
nodo, ed Imeneo sparga su queste arene la letizia, e il piacer
66

Labro suonare i voti ascolta, che ti fan strada al trono. ah, che un regnante

quando il chiameno al Soglio i fati amici, sperar non può più fortunati ai-

Sele: Ars: Evan:

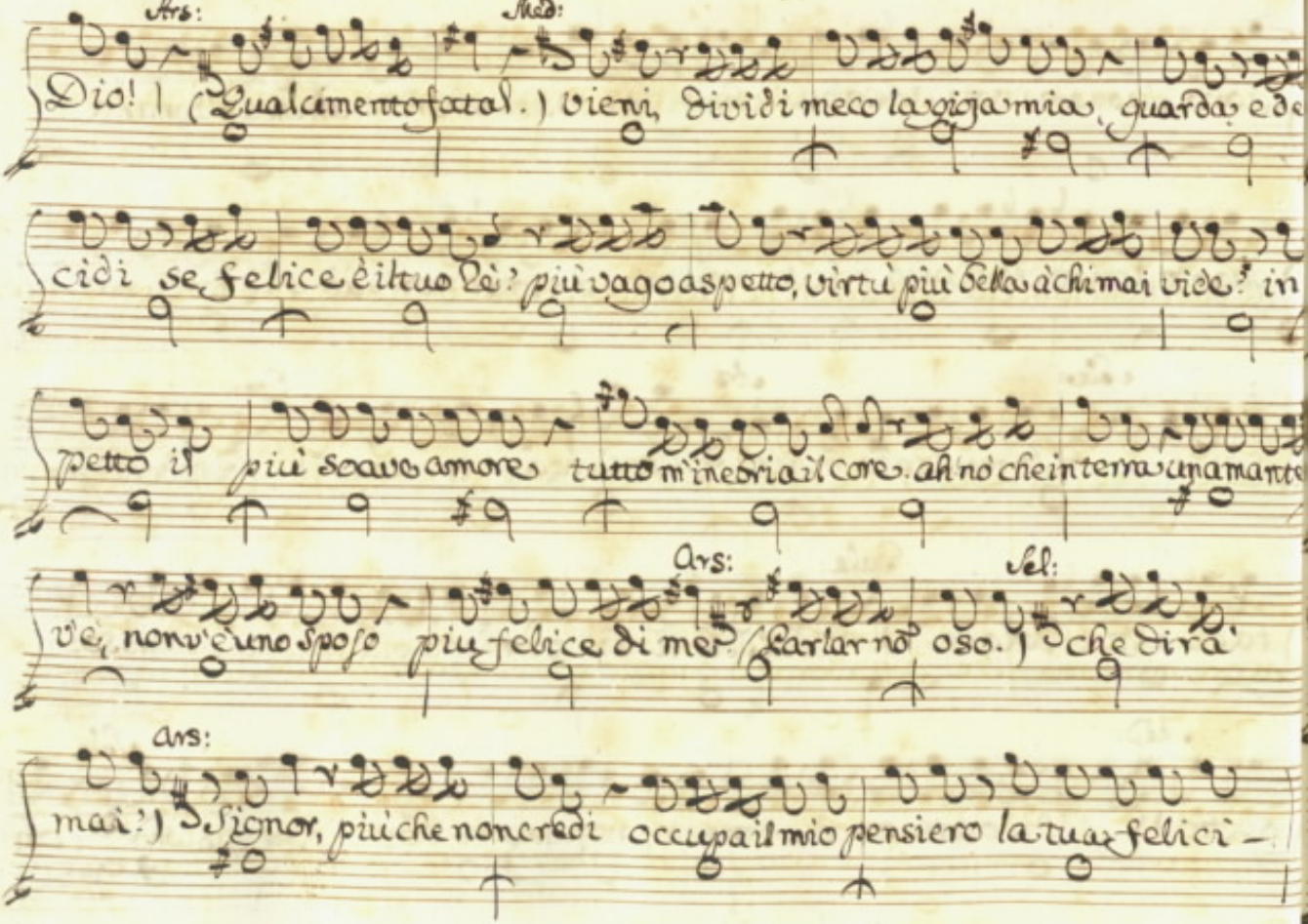
spicij. (Io mi sento morir.) (costanza, o core.) (Andera per vie

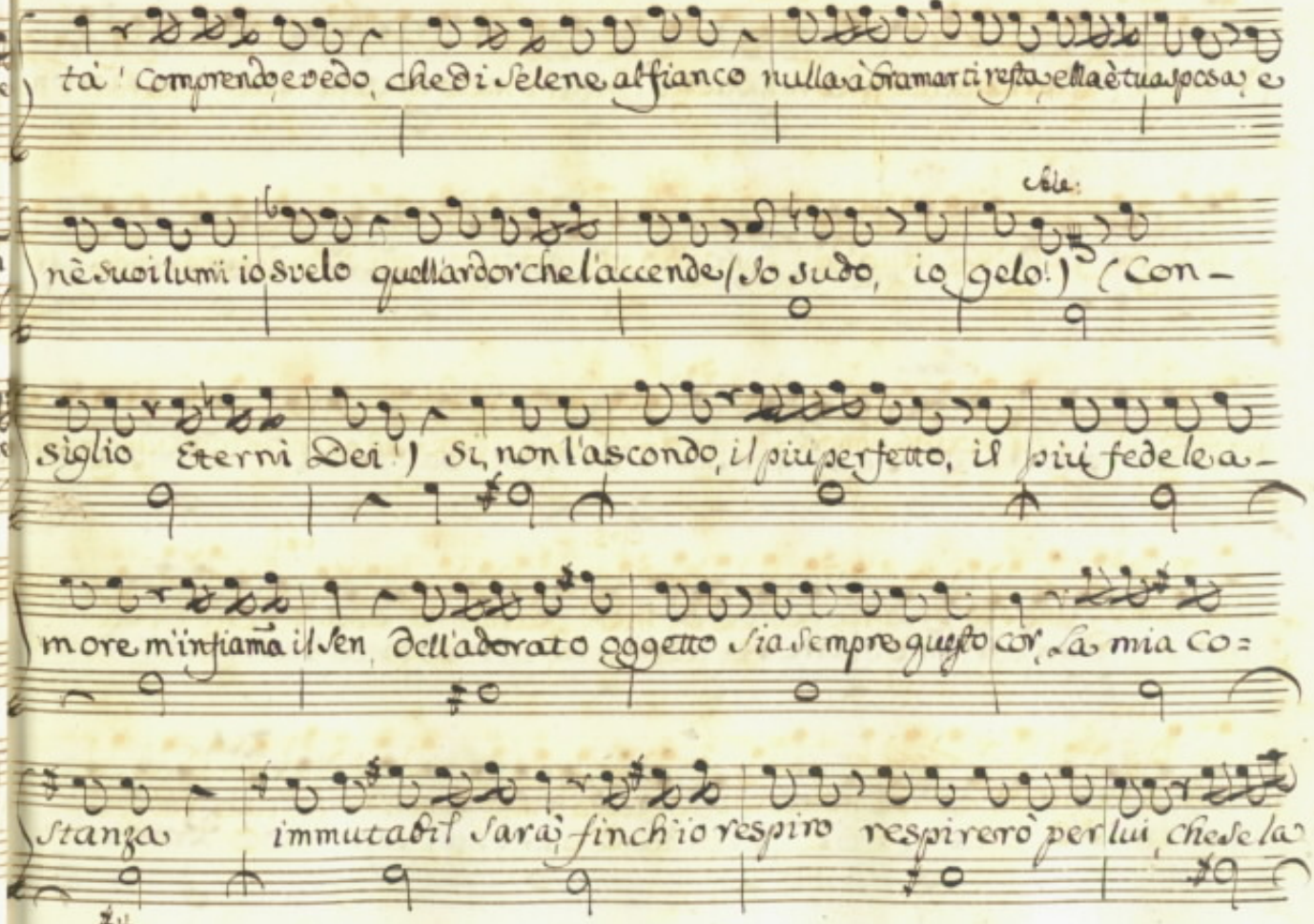
Dale:

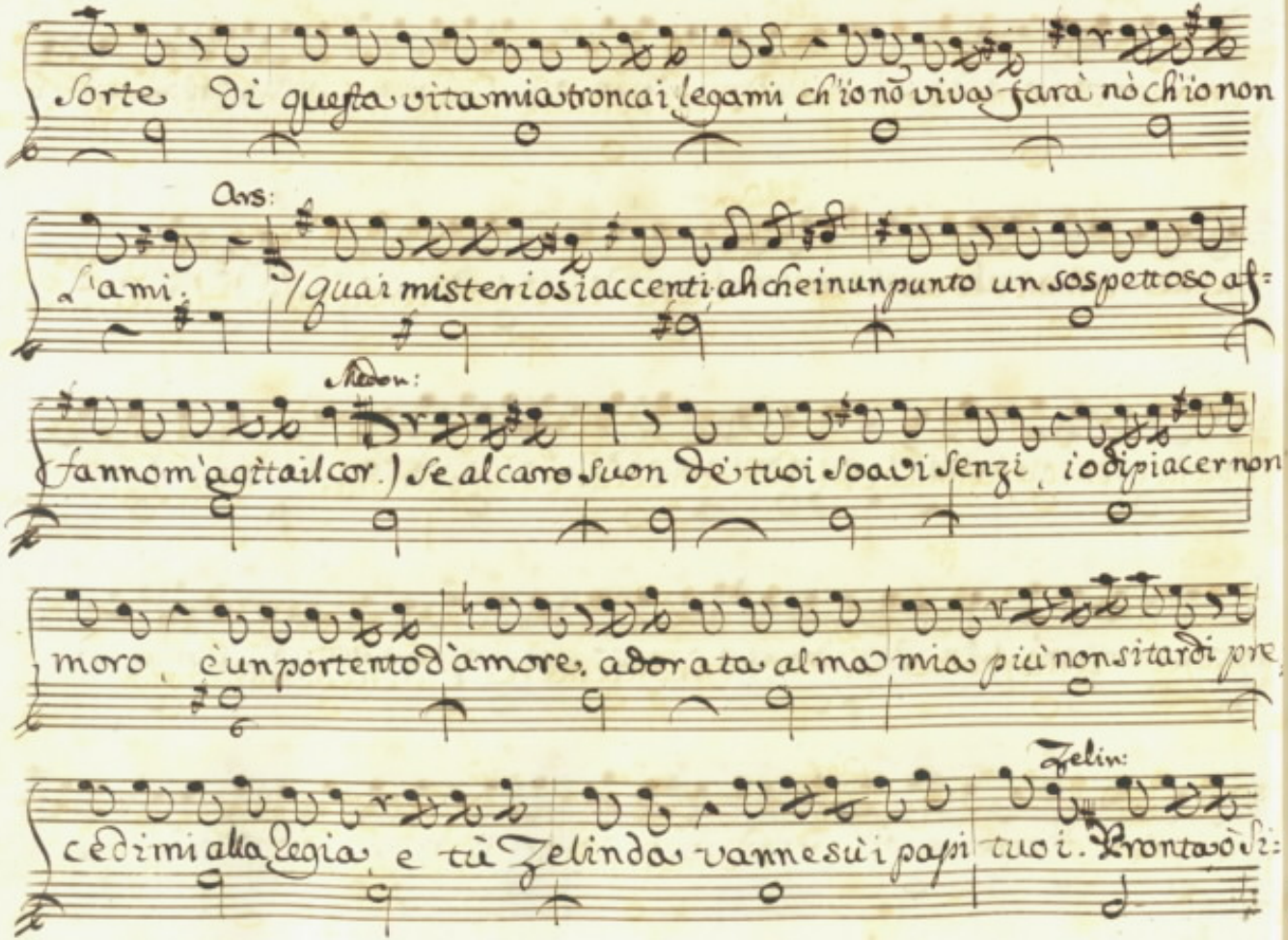
tade il tuo dolore.) (Più Velene si turba, e più s'accreyce il mio so-

Med: Sele:

spetto.)) Il Rido arsace, ò Amici, non giunge, dov'è? che s'asconde? (oh


Ars:
Med:
Dio! (Qual cimento fatal.) vieni, dividi meco la gioja mia, guarda, e de
cidi se felice è il tuo dì? più vago aspetto, virtù più bella à chi mai vide? in
petto il più soave amore tutto m'inebria il core. ah nò che in terra una mante
Ars:
Sel:
vè, non v'è uno sposo più felice di me. (Parlar nò oso.) che dirà
Ars:
mai?) Signor, più che non credi occupa il mio pensiero la tua felici-


tà! Comprendo, e vedo, che di Selene al fianco nulla à bramar ti resta, ella è tua sposa, e
Sele:
nè suoi lumi io svelo quell'ardor che l'accende (Io sudo, io gelo!) (Con-
siglio Eterni Dei!) Sì, non l'ascondo, il più perfetto, il più fedele a-
more m'infiamma il sen, dell'adorato oggetto sia sempre questo cor, la mia co-
stanza immutabil sarà, finch'io respiro respirerò per lui, che se la



Sorte di questa vita mia troncai legami ch'io nō viva farà nò ch'io non

Ars:

l'ami. (quai misteriosi accenti ah che in un punto un sospettoso af=

Medon:

fanno m'agita il cor.) Se al caro suon de' tuoi soavi senzi, io di piacer non

moro, è un portento d'amore, adorata alma mia più non si tardi pre=

Zelin:

cedimi alla Regia, e tù Zelinda vanne sù i passi tuoi. Pronta ò si=

Ars: Sele:

gnore il cenno eseguirò. Stelle spietate a che mai mi serbaste Ei smania

Medon:

geme, ah mi vedesse il cor. Cara tu sembri pensierosa, e dolente in uno i=

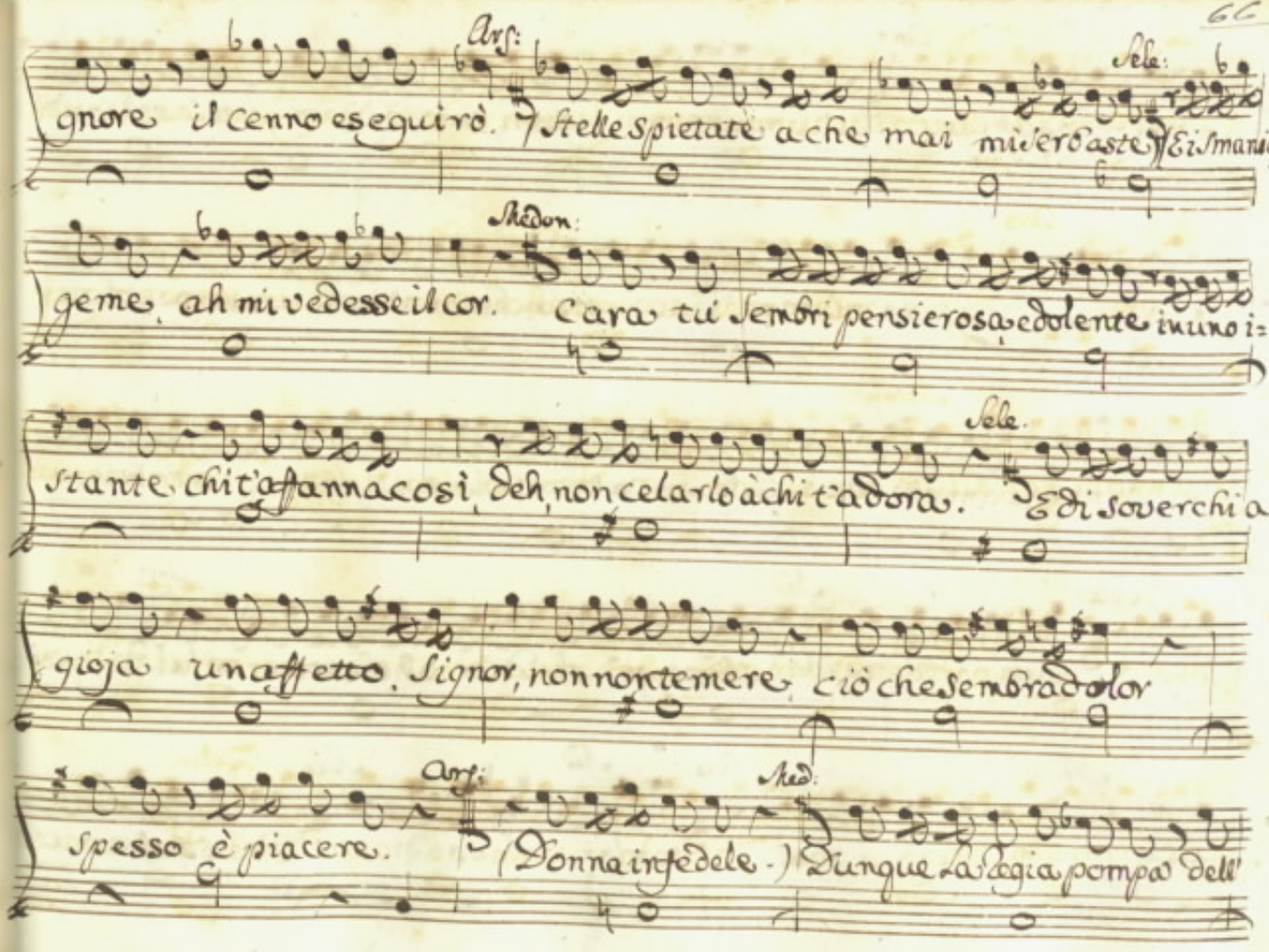
Sele.

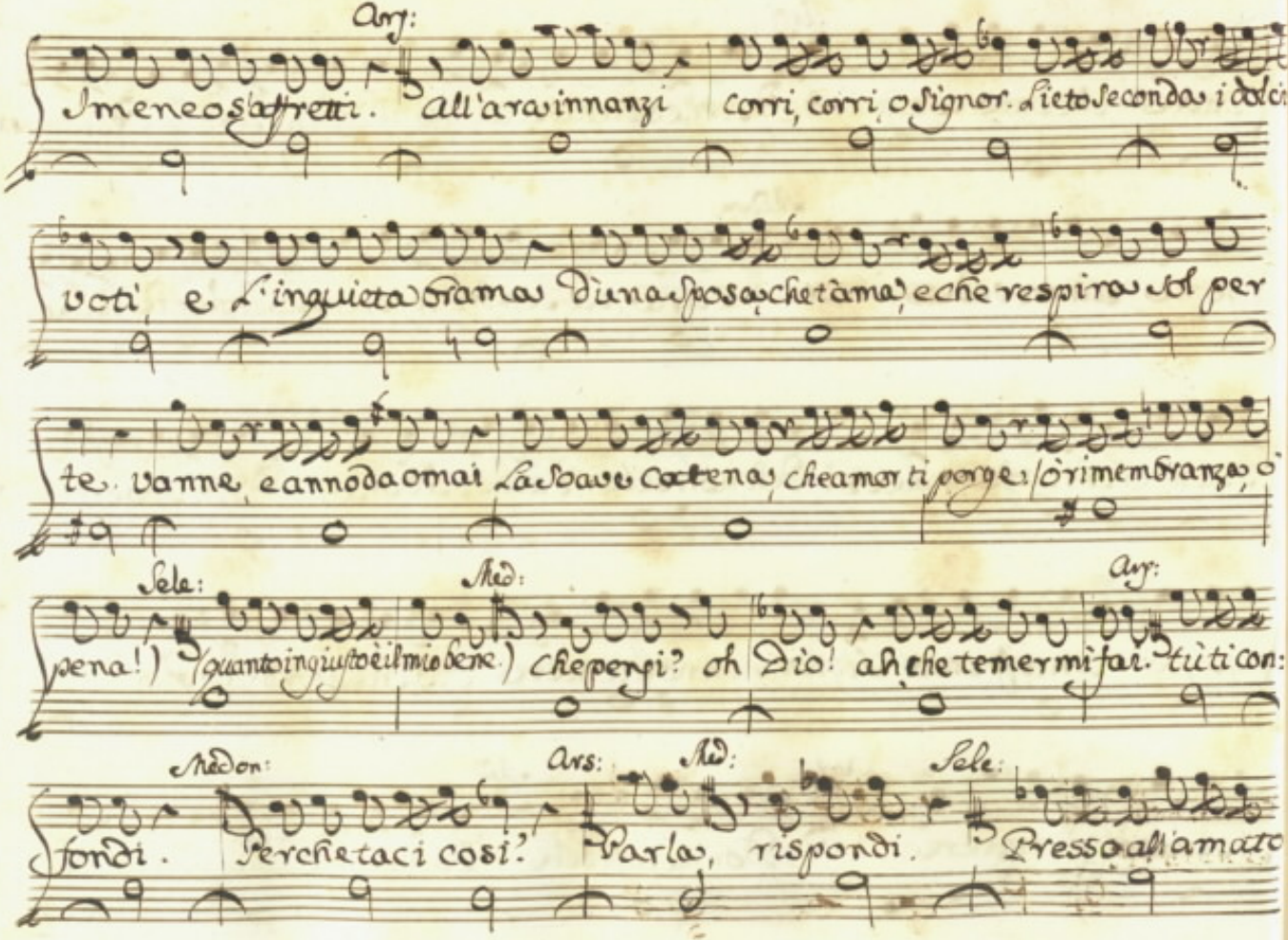
stante, chi t'affanna così, deh, non celarlo à chi t'adora. E di soverchia

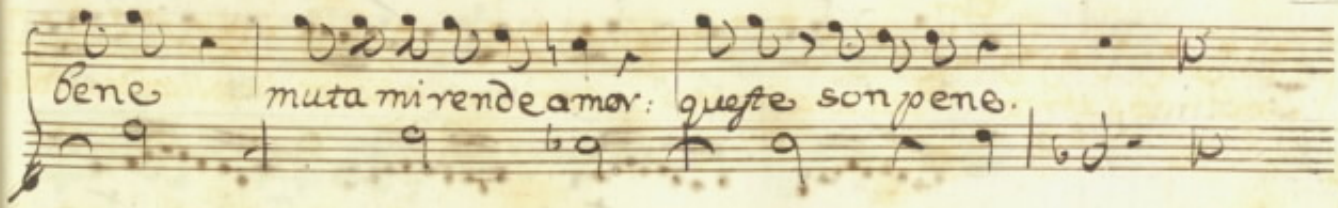
gioja un affetto. Signor, non non temere, ciò che sembra dolor

Ars: Med:

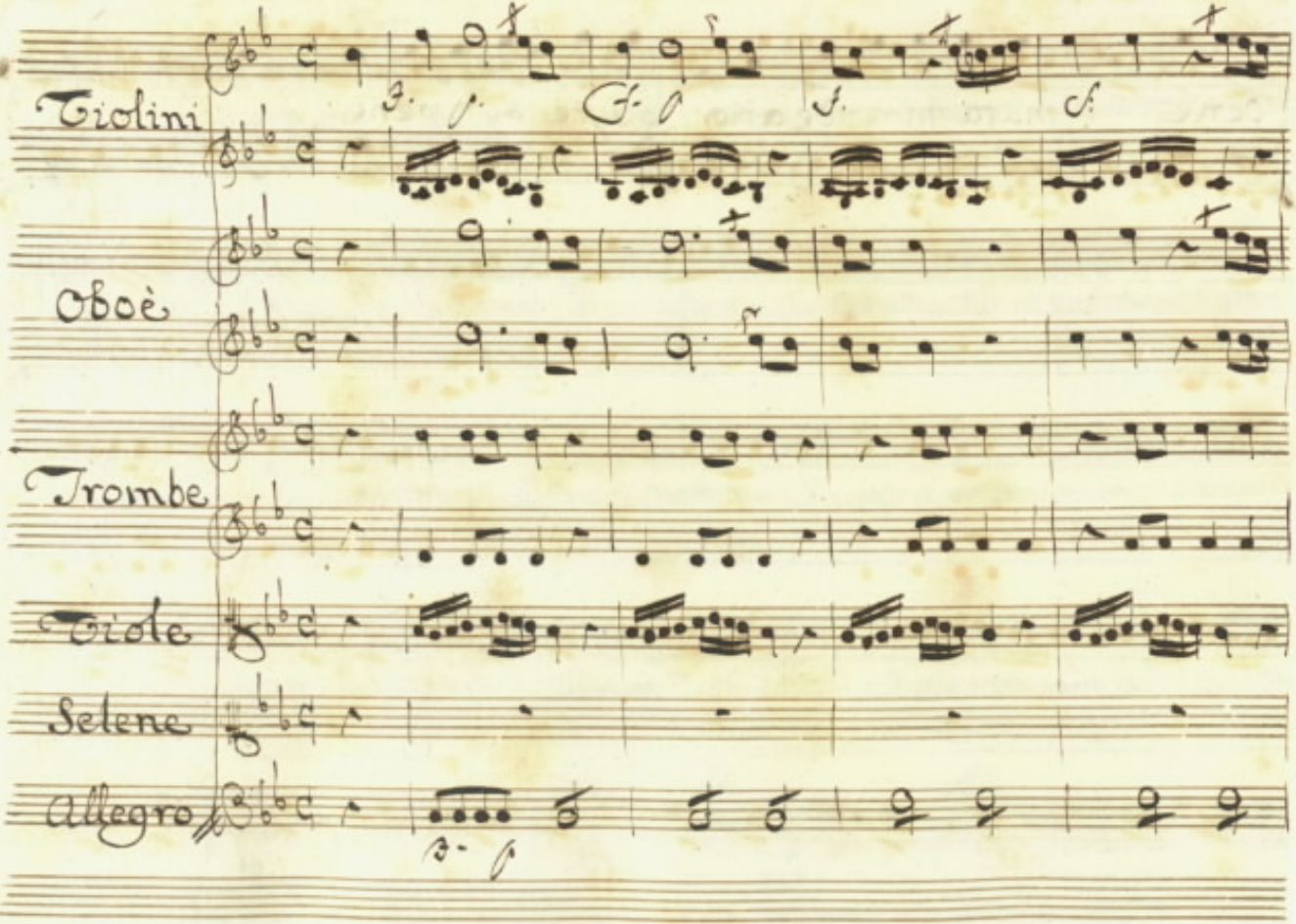
spesso è piacere. (Donna infedele.) Dunque la regia pompa dell'

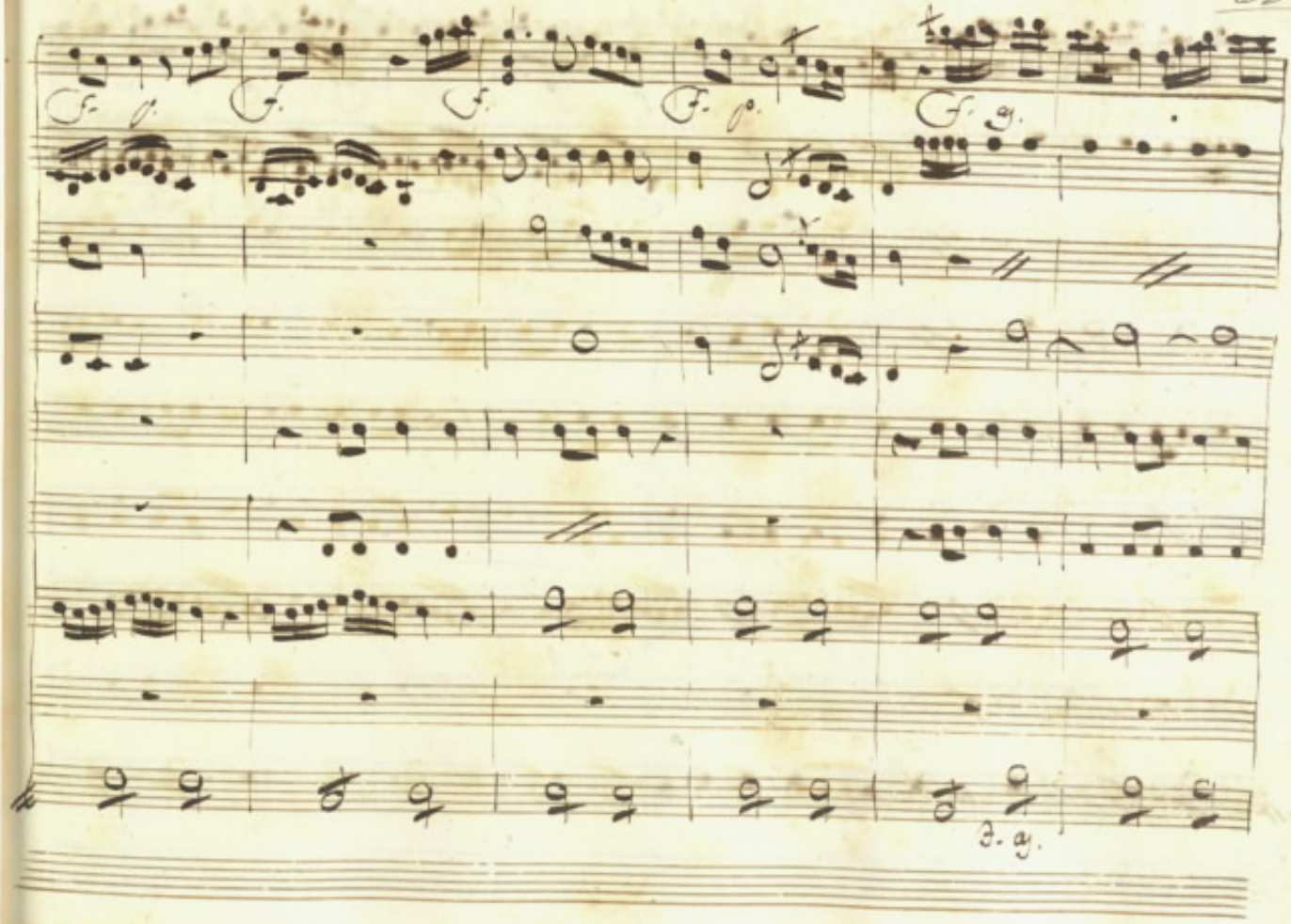


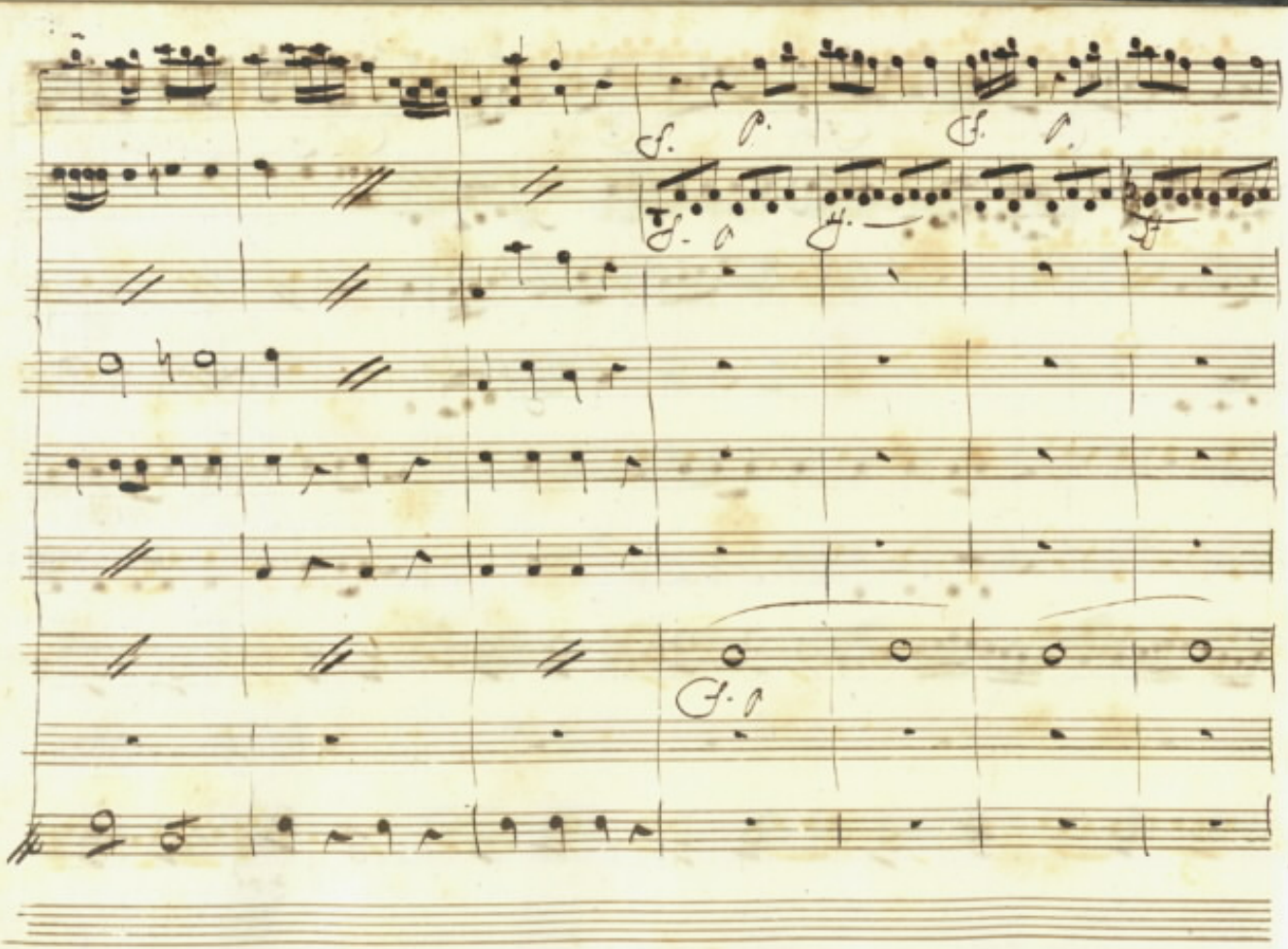

Arg:
Imeneo s'affretti. All'ara innanzi corri, corri, o Signor. Lieto secondi i dolci
voti, e l'inquieta brama d'una sposa, che t'ama, e che respira sol per
te. Vanne, e annoda omai la soave catena, che amor ti porge: ò rimembranza, ò
Sele:
pena!)
Med:
(quanto ingiusto è il mio sdegno!)
Arg:
che pergi? oh Dio! ah che temer mi fai. tù ti con:
Medon:
fondi. Perche taci così?
Ars:
Parla, rispondi.
Med:
Sele:
Presso all'amato

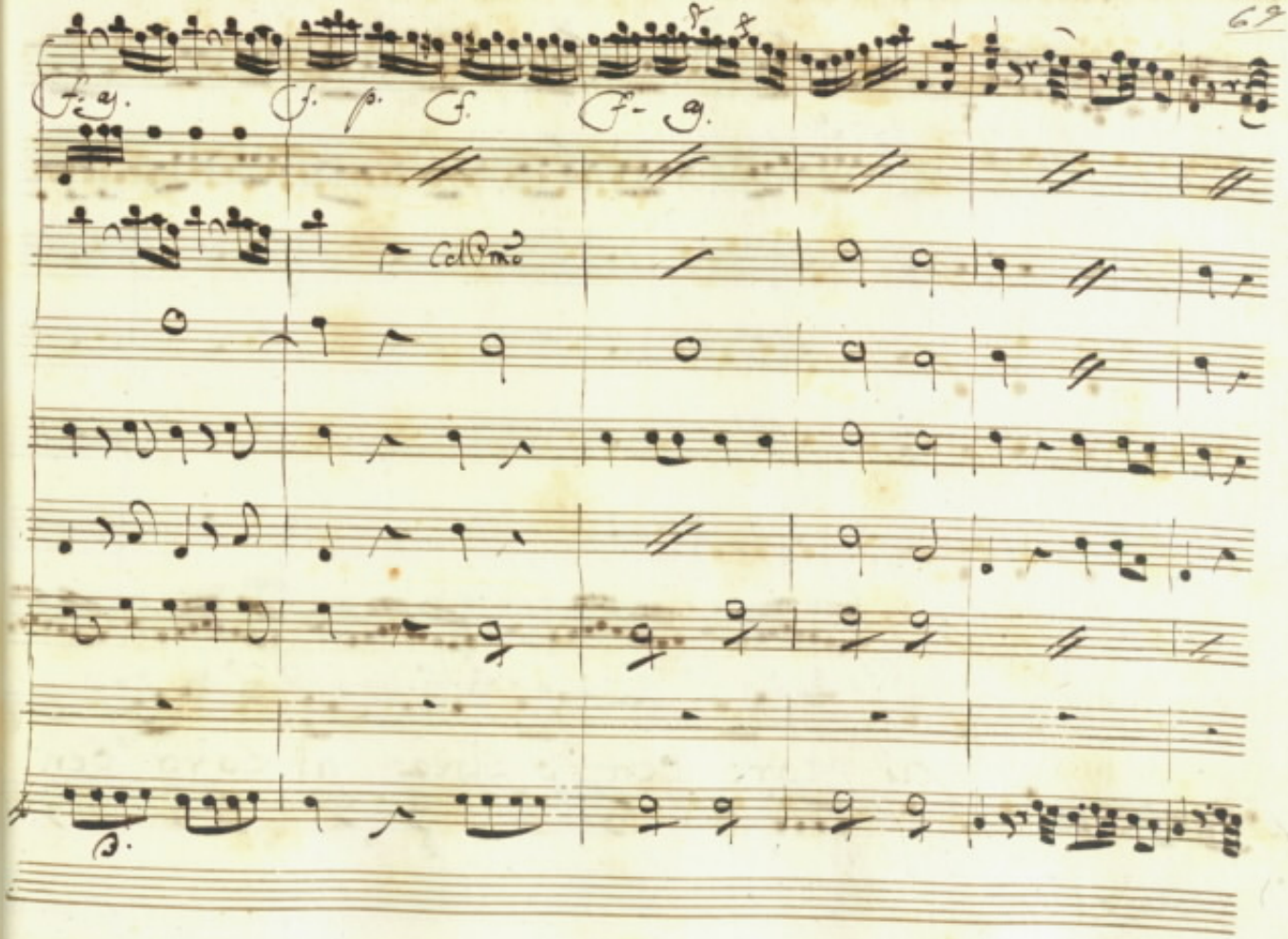


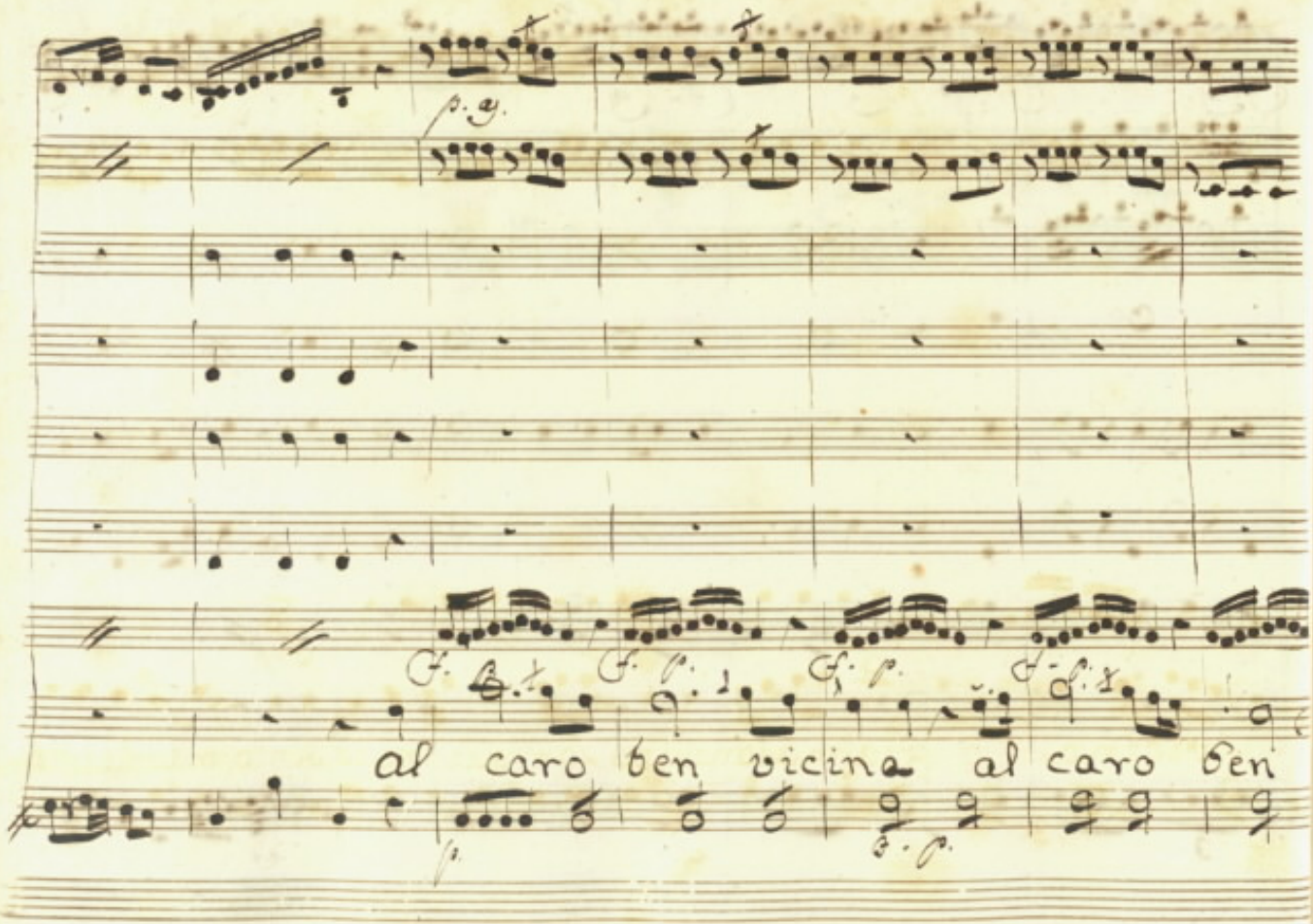
Siegue l'aria

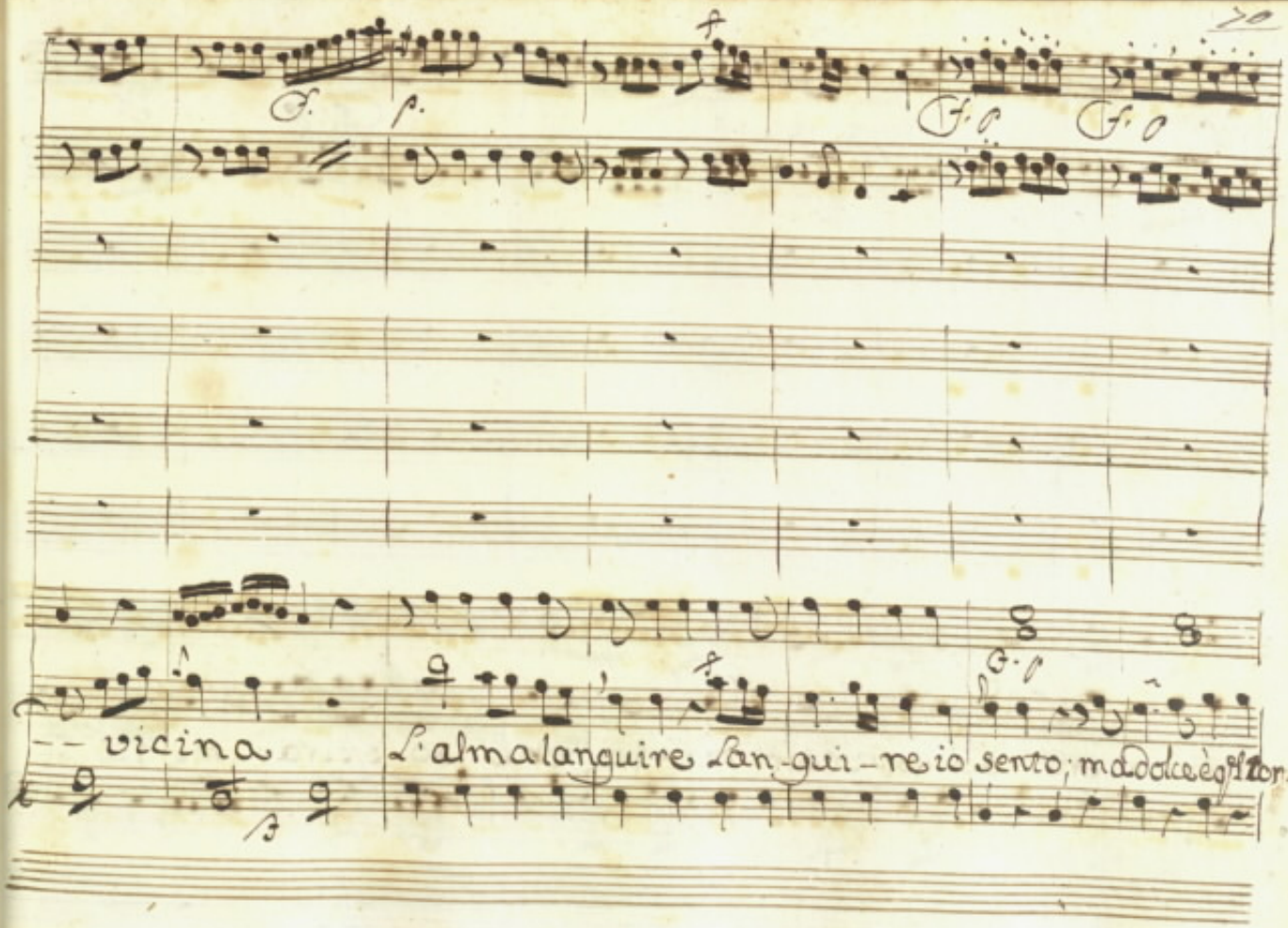

Violini
Oboè
Trombe
Viole
Selene
Allegro

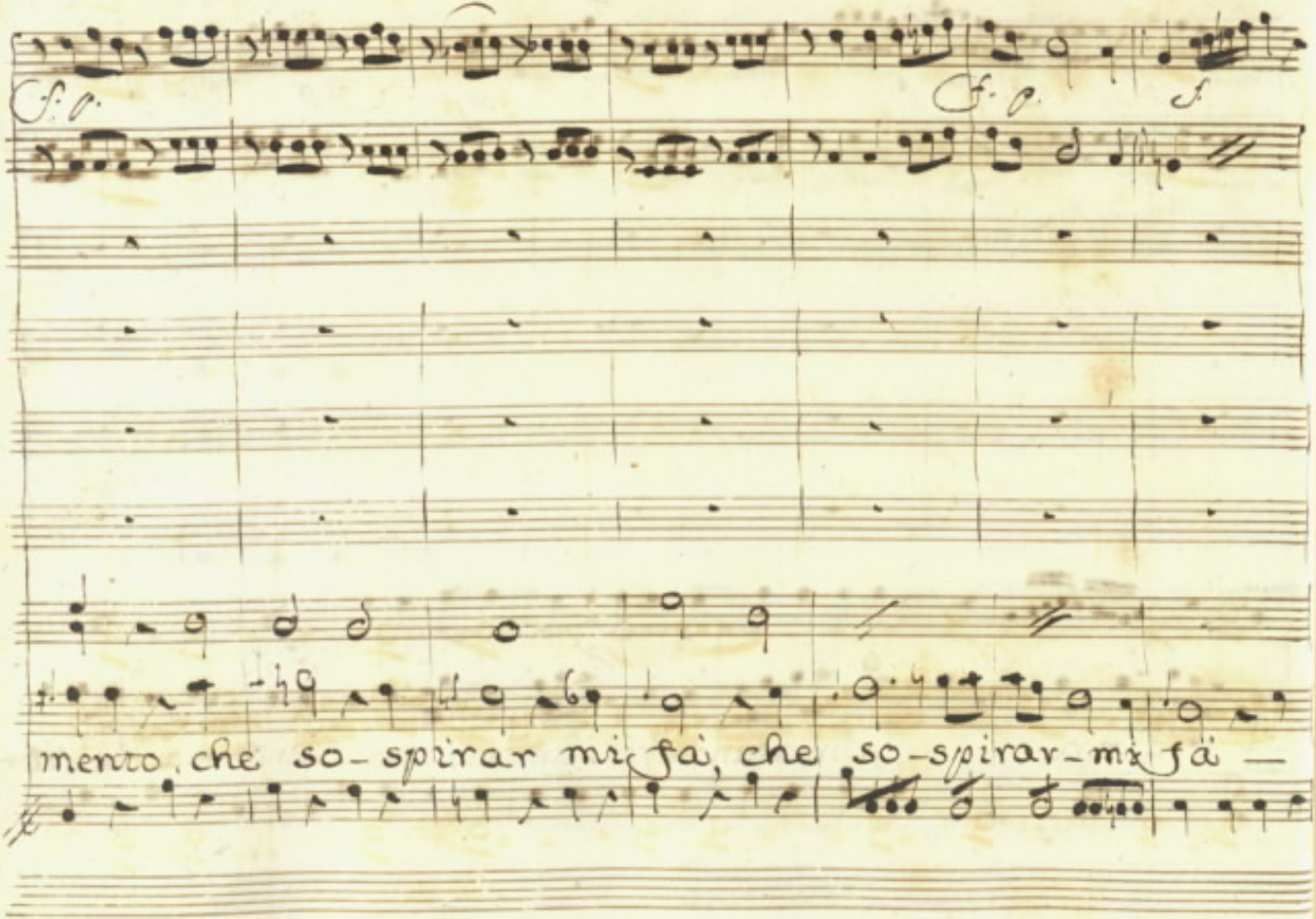


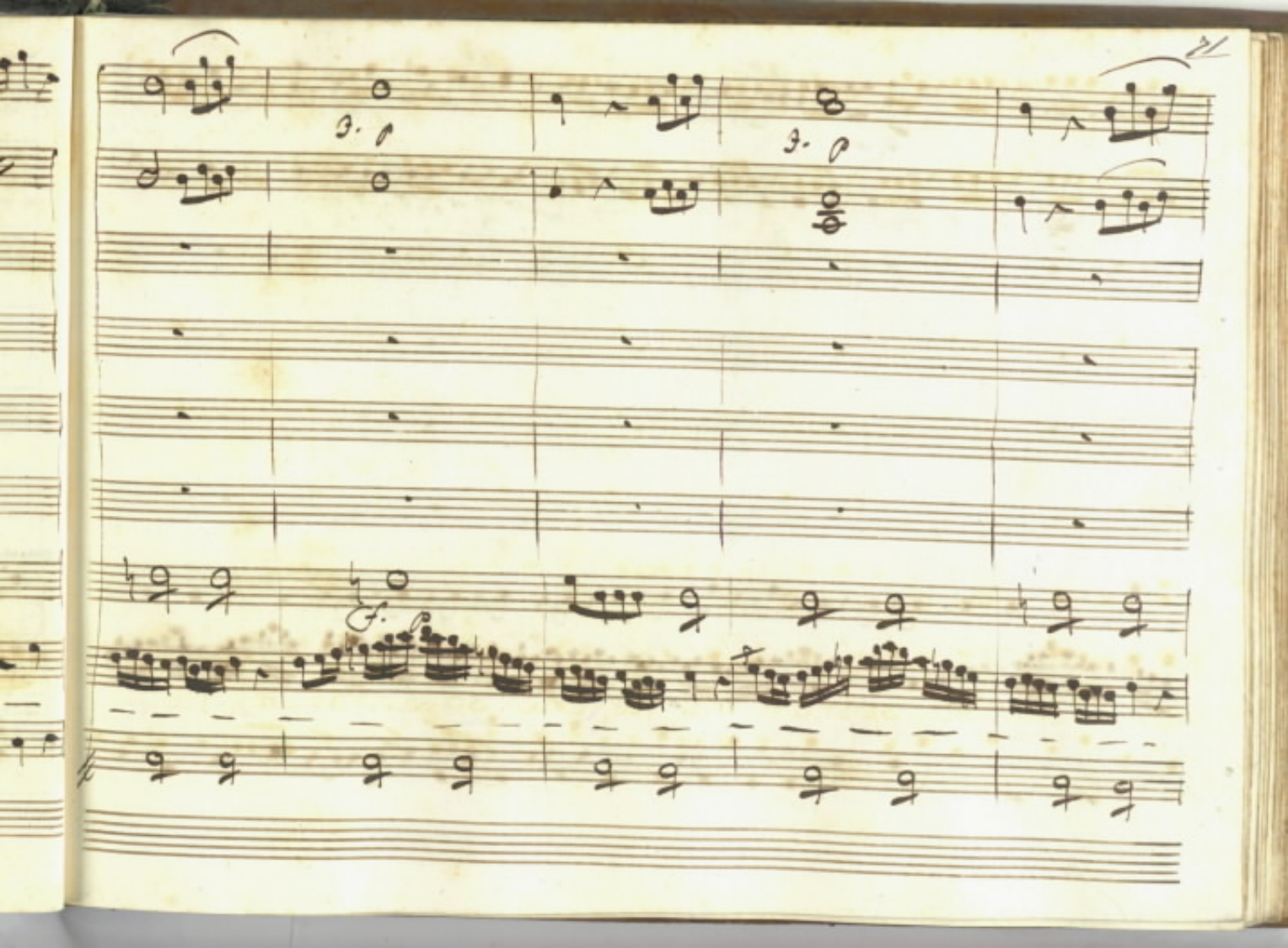


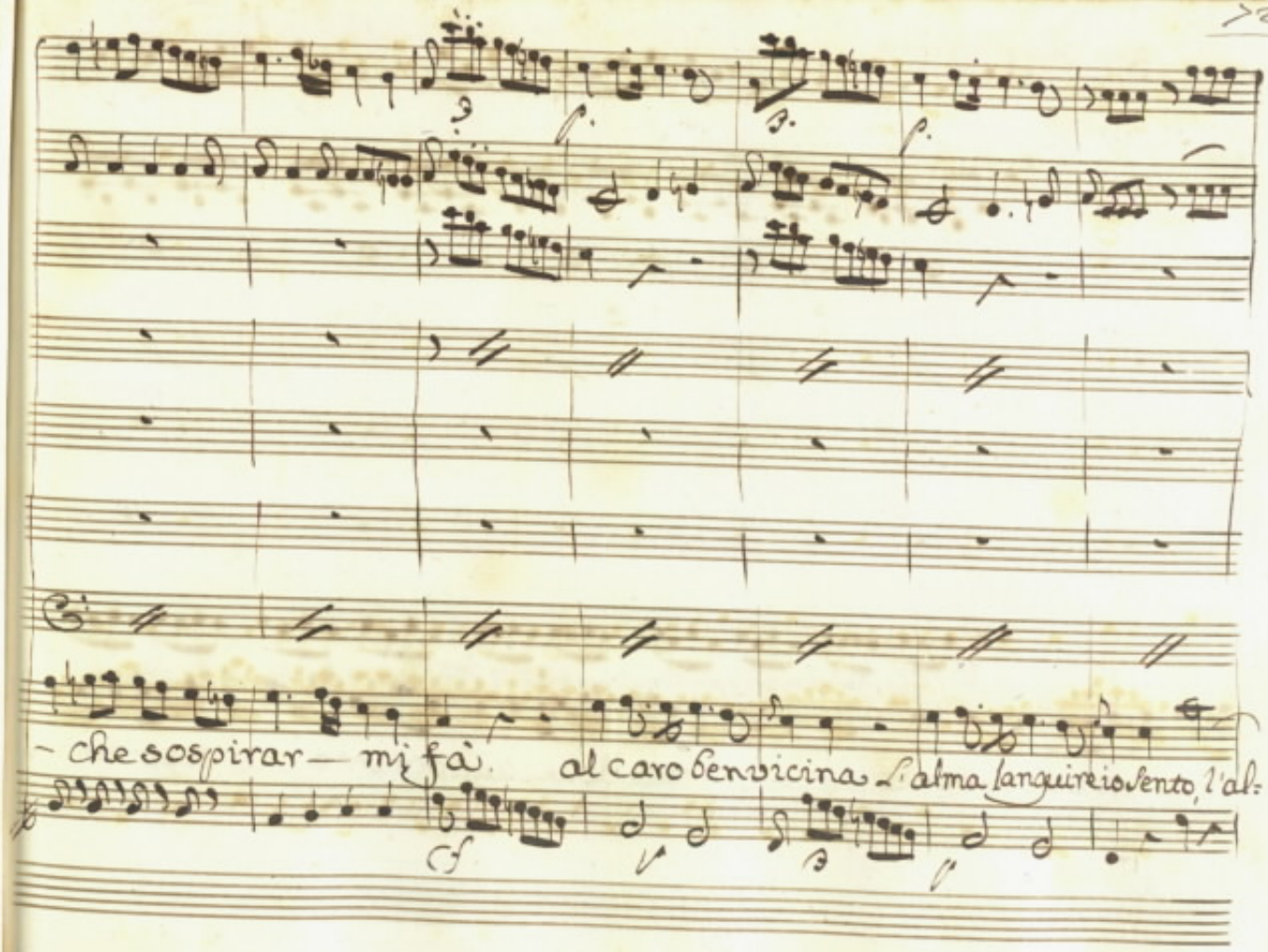

F. g.
C. p. C.
F. g.
Col Bmo
B.

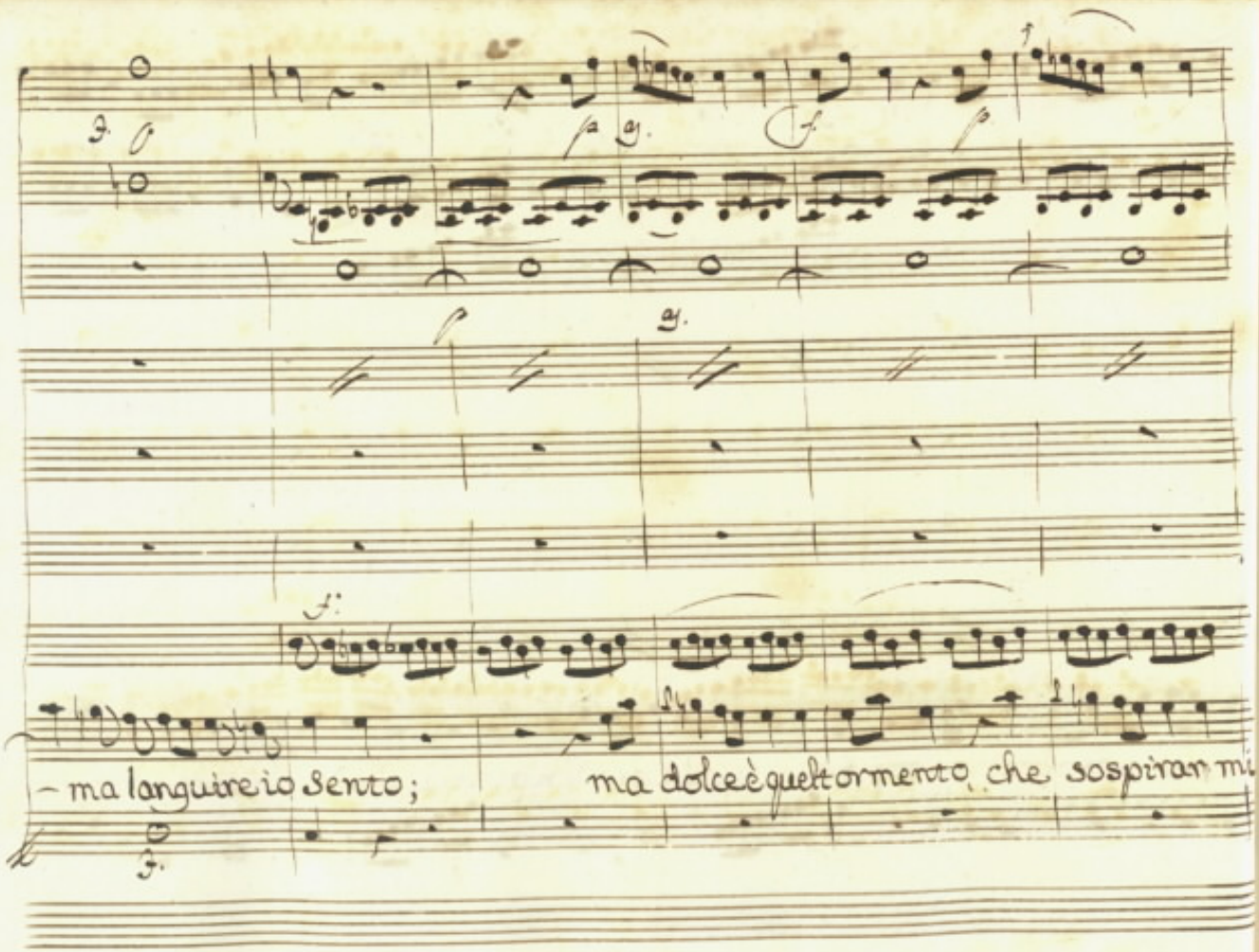

al caro ben vicina al caro ben


-- vicina
L'alma languire Lan-gui-re io sento; ma dolce è'l mor-


f. p.
f. p.
f
mento, che so-spirar mi fai, che so-spirar-mi fai —




-che sospirar — mi fà. al caro ben vicina L'alma languire io sento, l'al=


– ma languire io sento;
ma dolce è quel tormento, che sospirar mi

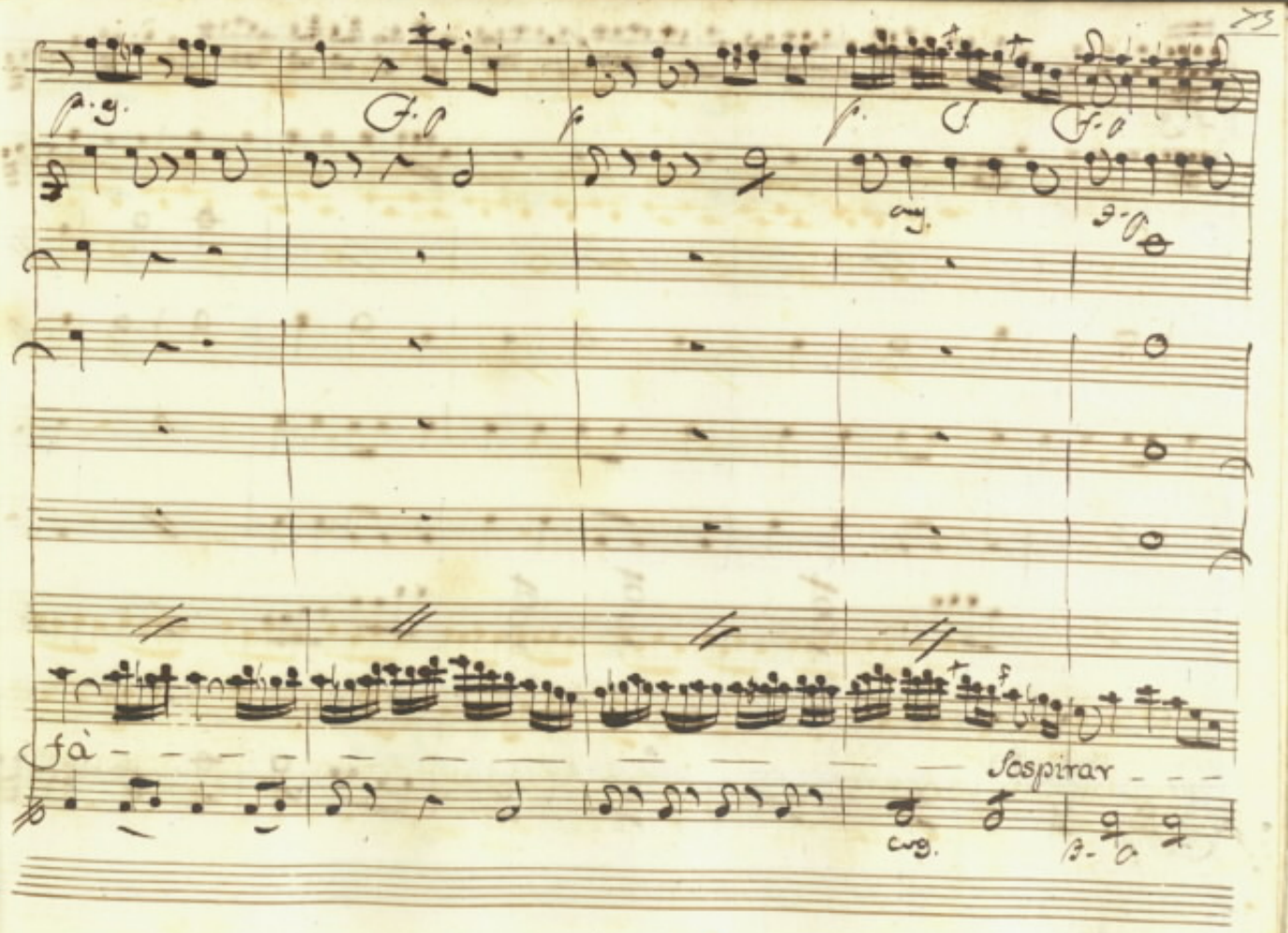
p. g. F. p. p. p. F. F. p.

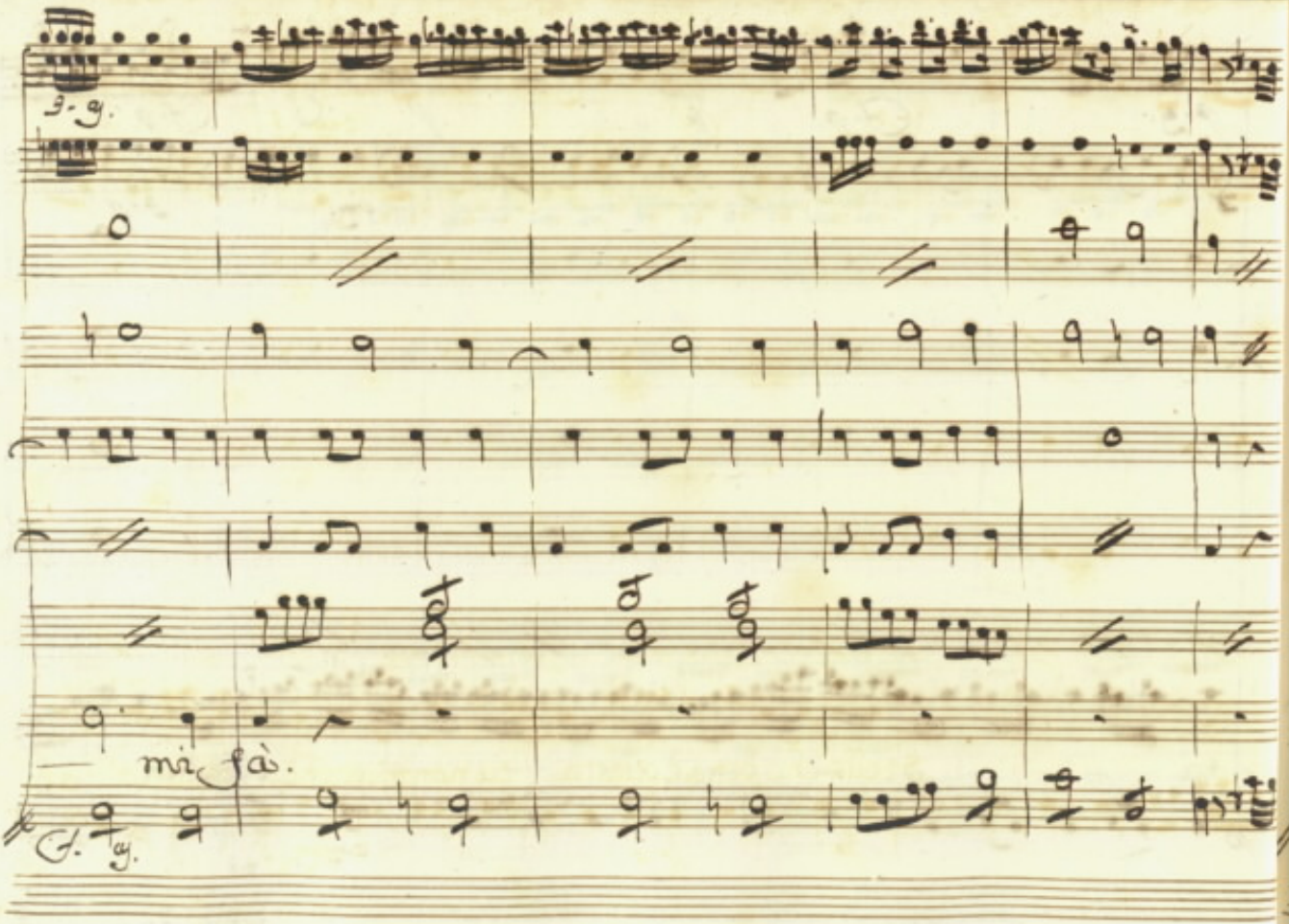
cog. 3. p.

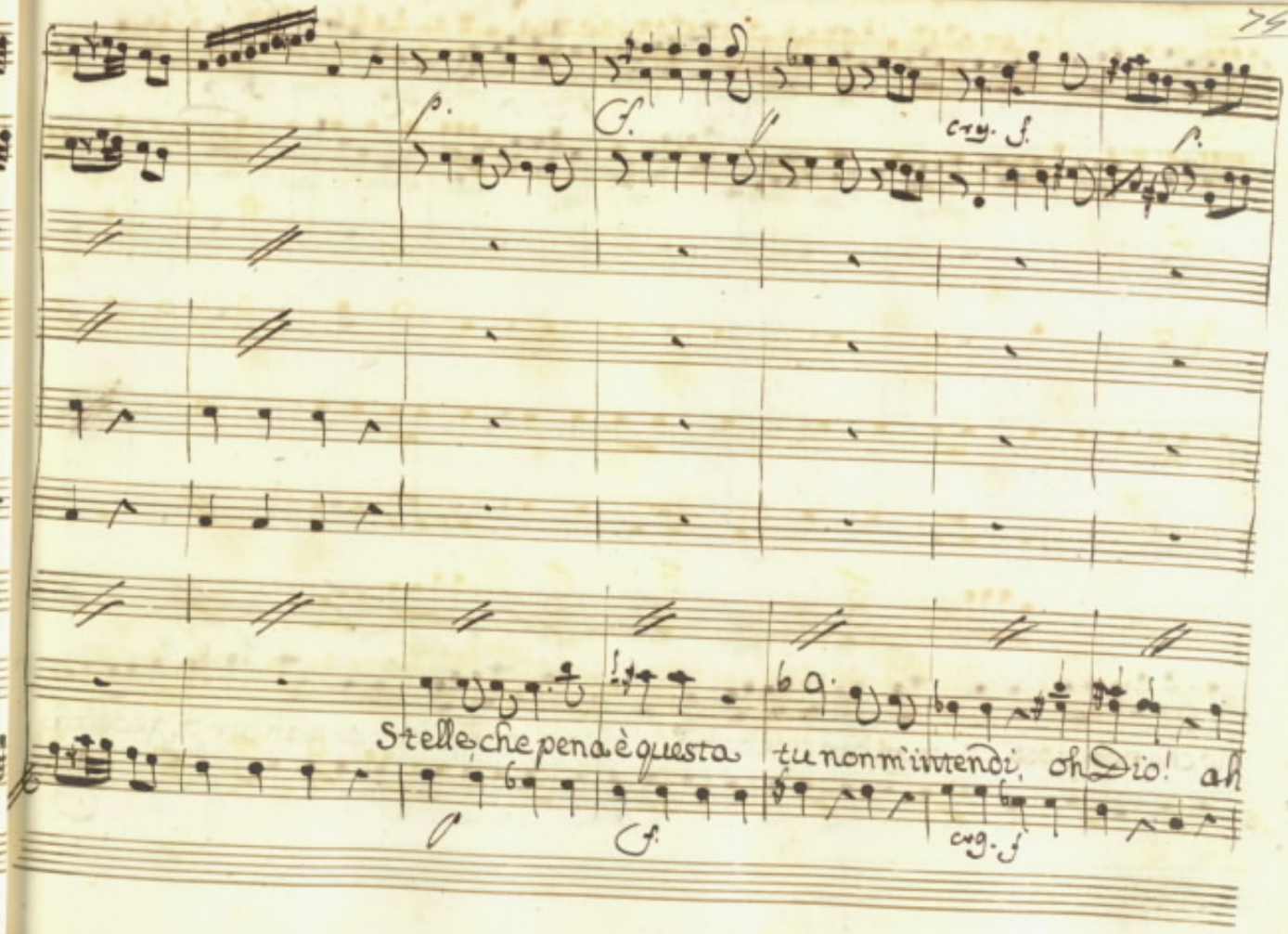
fà

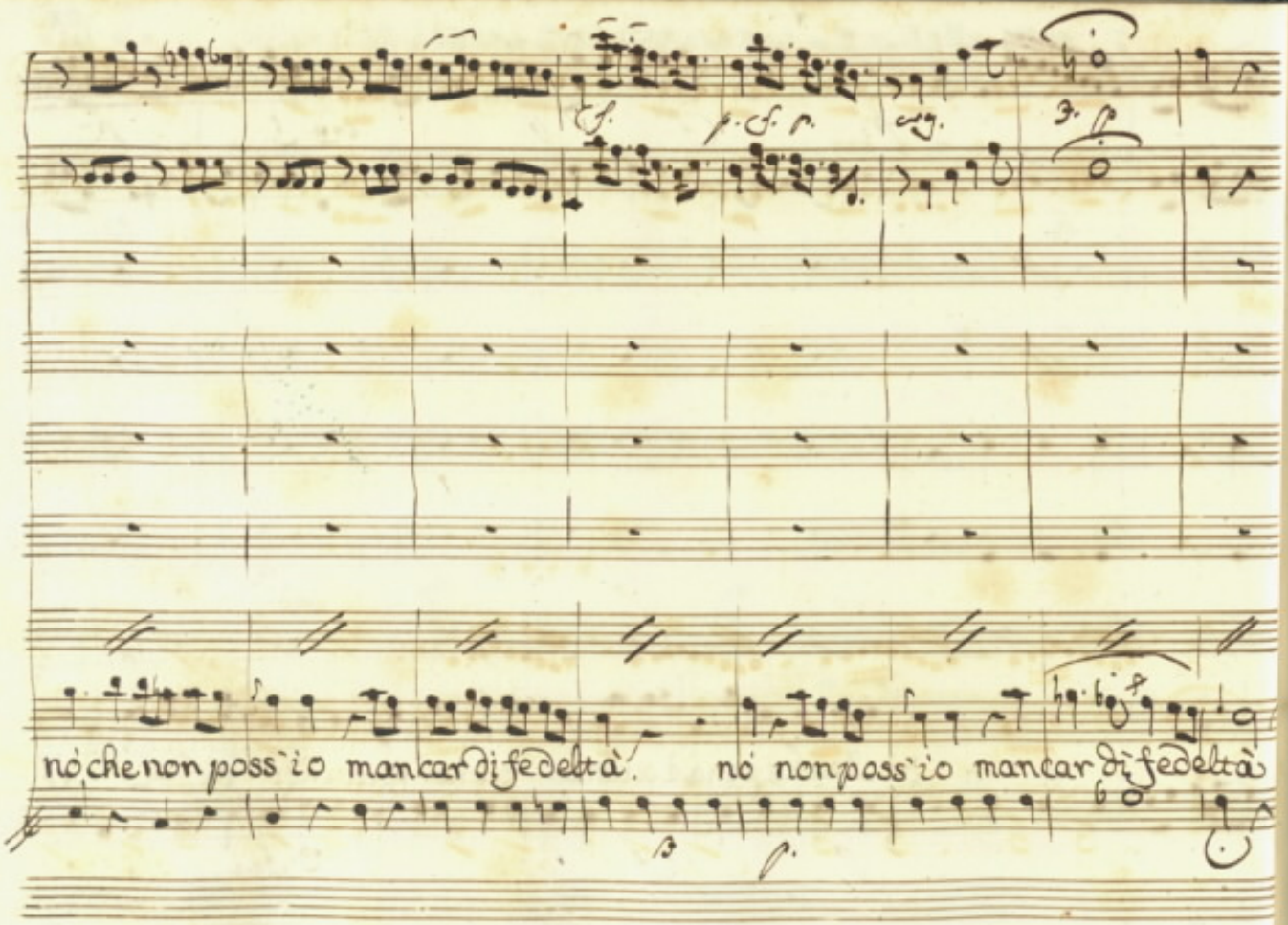
Sospirar

cog. 3. p.




mi fà.


Stelle, che pena è questa
tu non m'intendi,
oh Dio!
ah

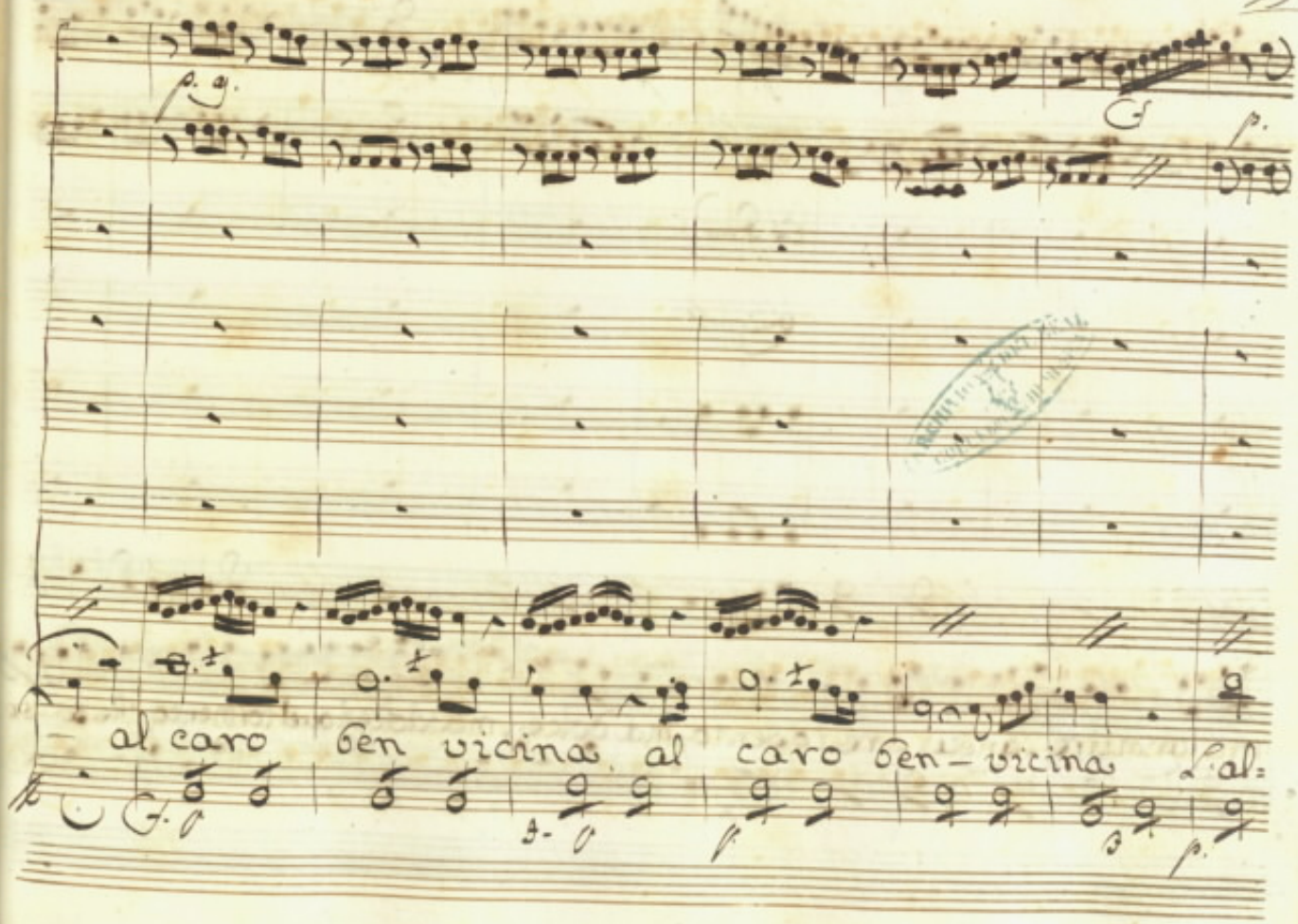

nò che non poss'io mancar di fedeltà. nò non poss'io mancar di fedeltà

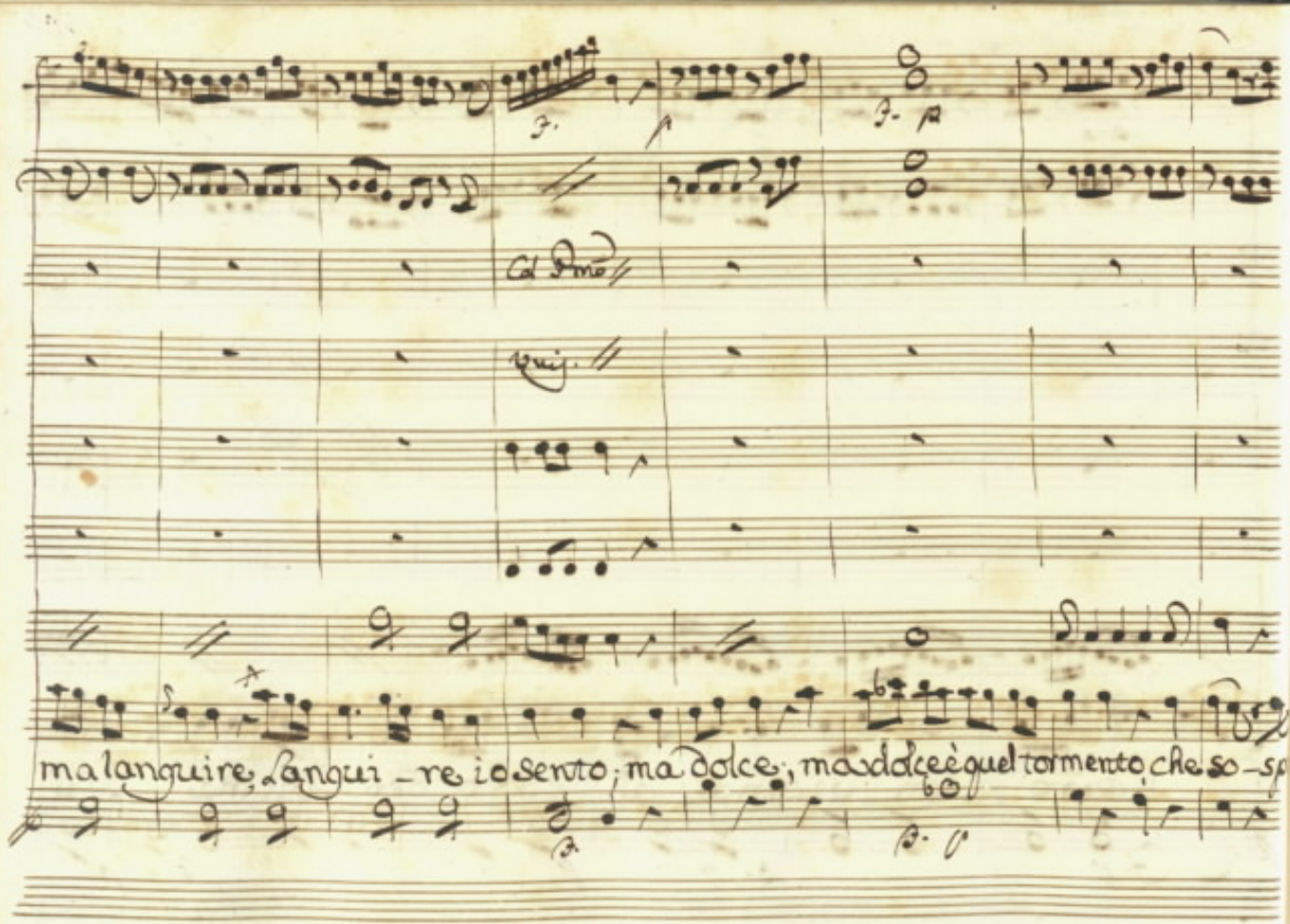
p. g.

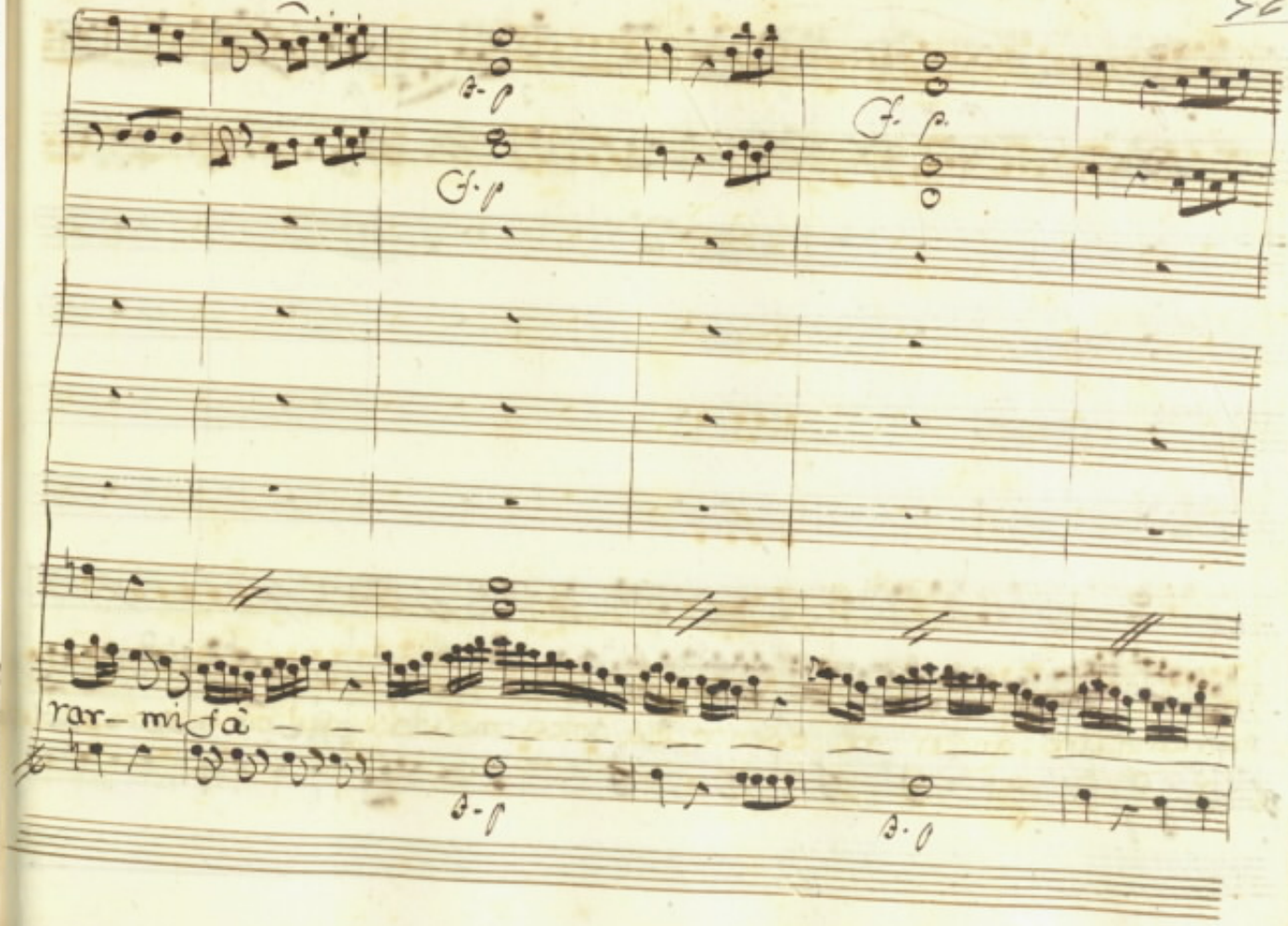
p.

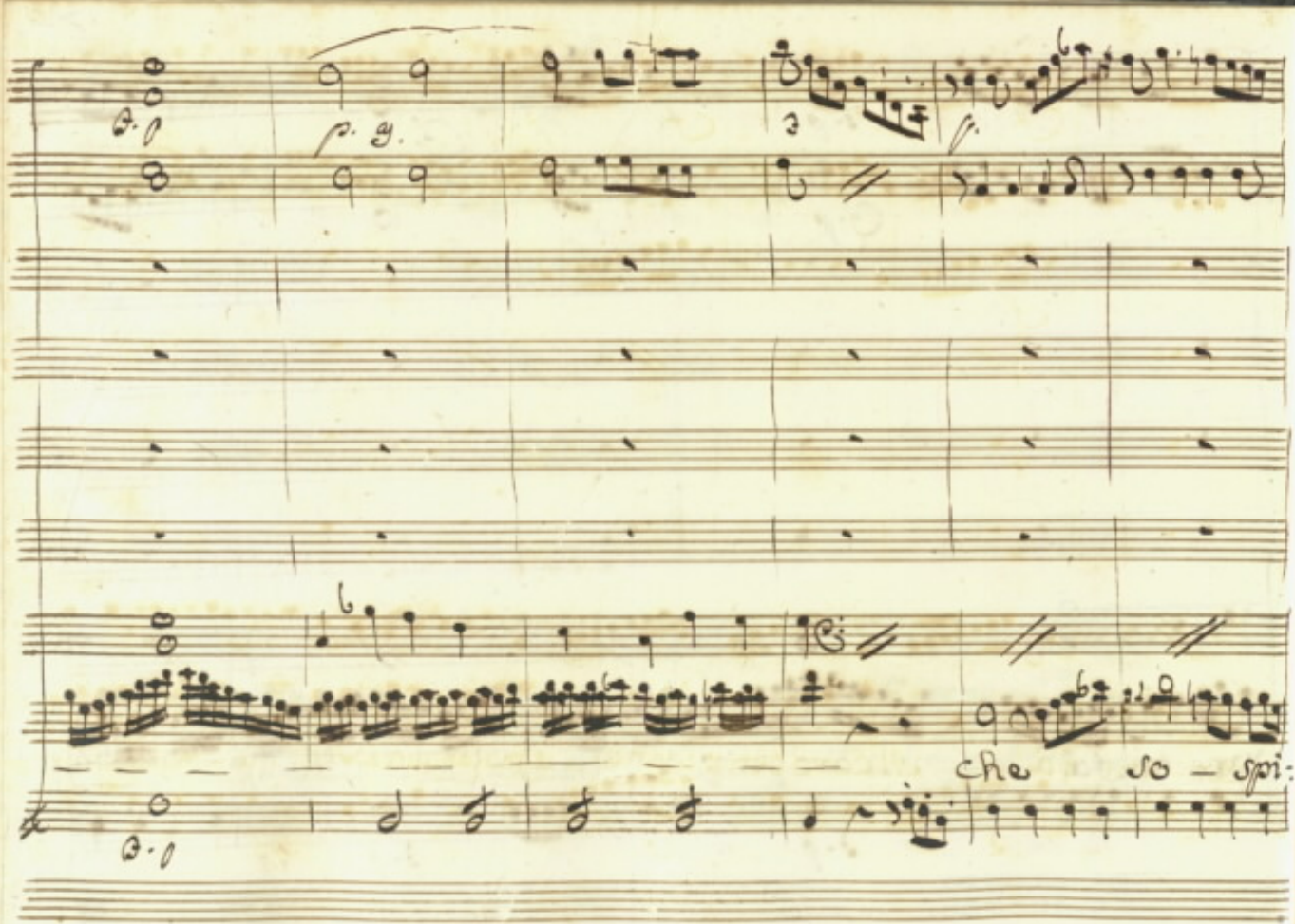
al caro ben vicina al caro ben-vicina L'al=

p.

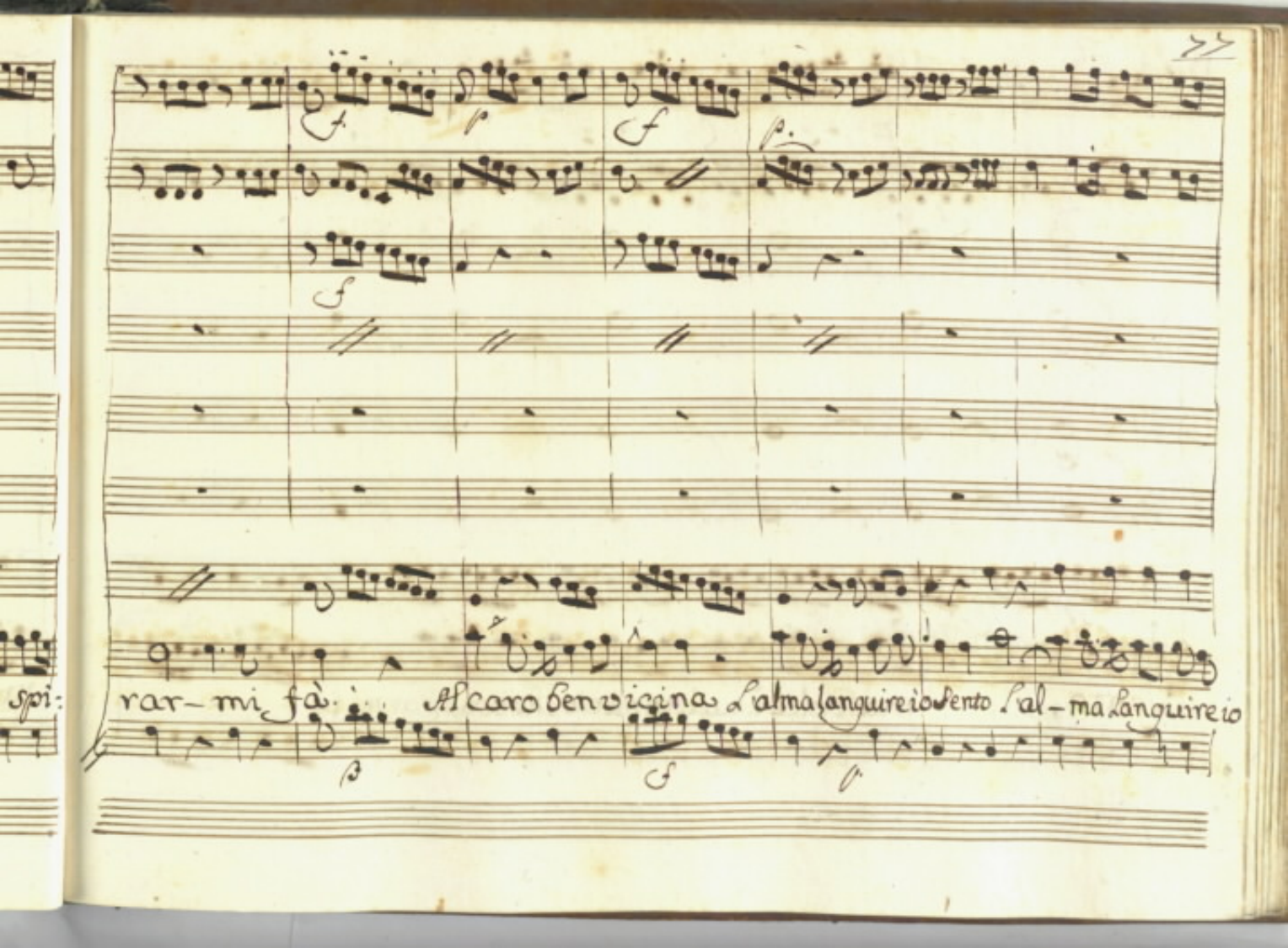


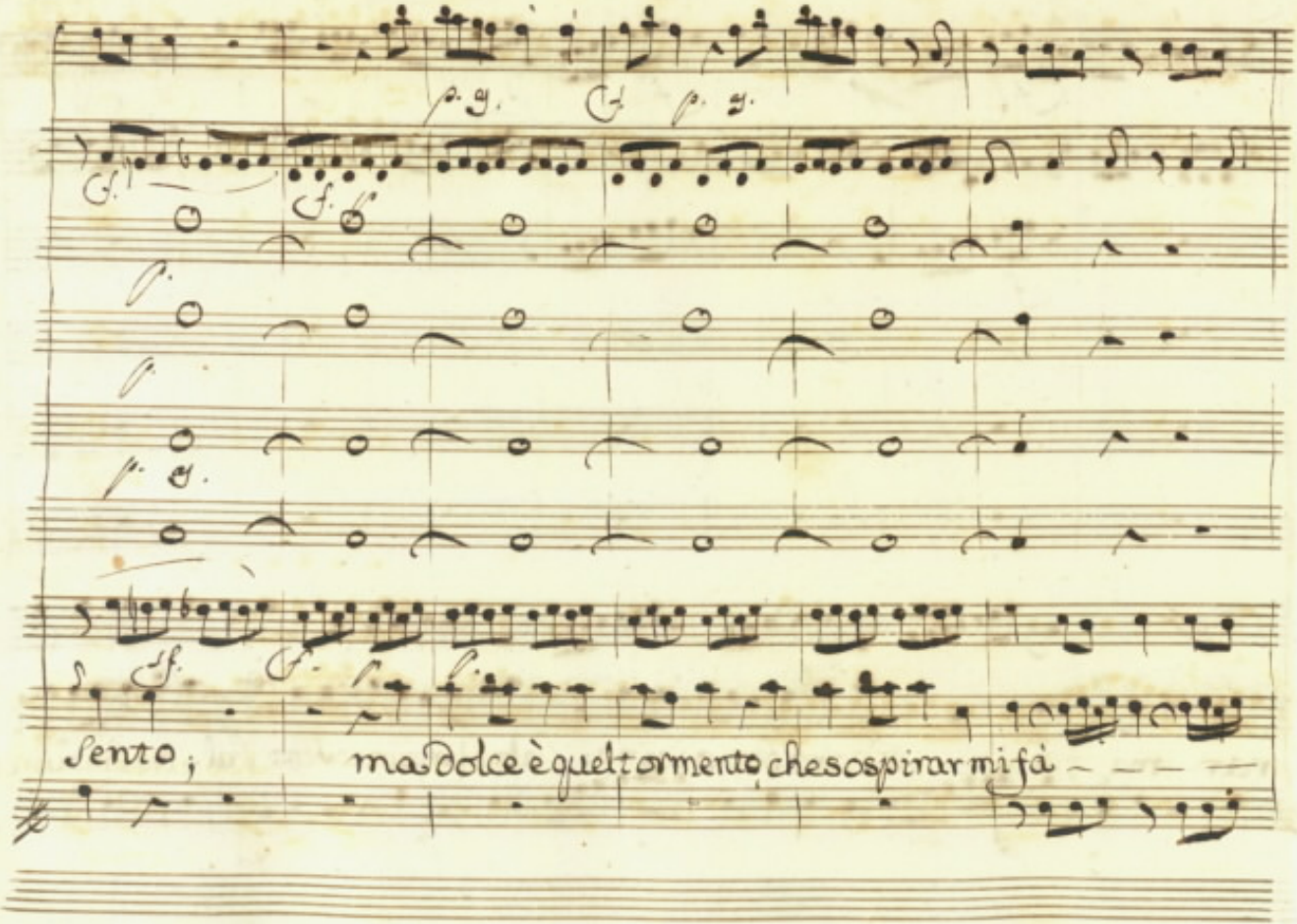

Col Pmo
Quij.
ma languire, Langui - re io sento; ma dolce, ma dolce è quel tormento che so - sp


rar- mi fà


p. g.
f.
che
so — spi:

rar-mi fà. Al caro ben vicina L'alma languire io sento l'al-ma languire io





p. g. p. g.

f. f. p.

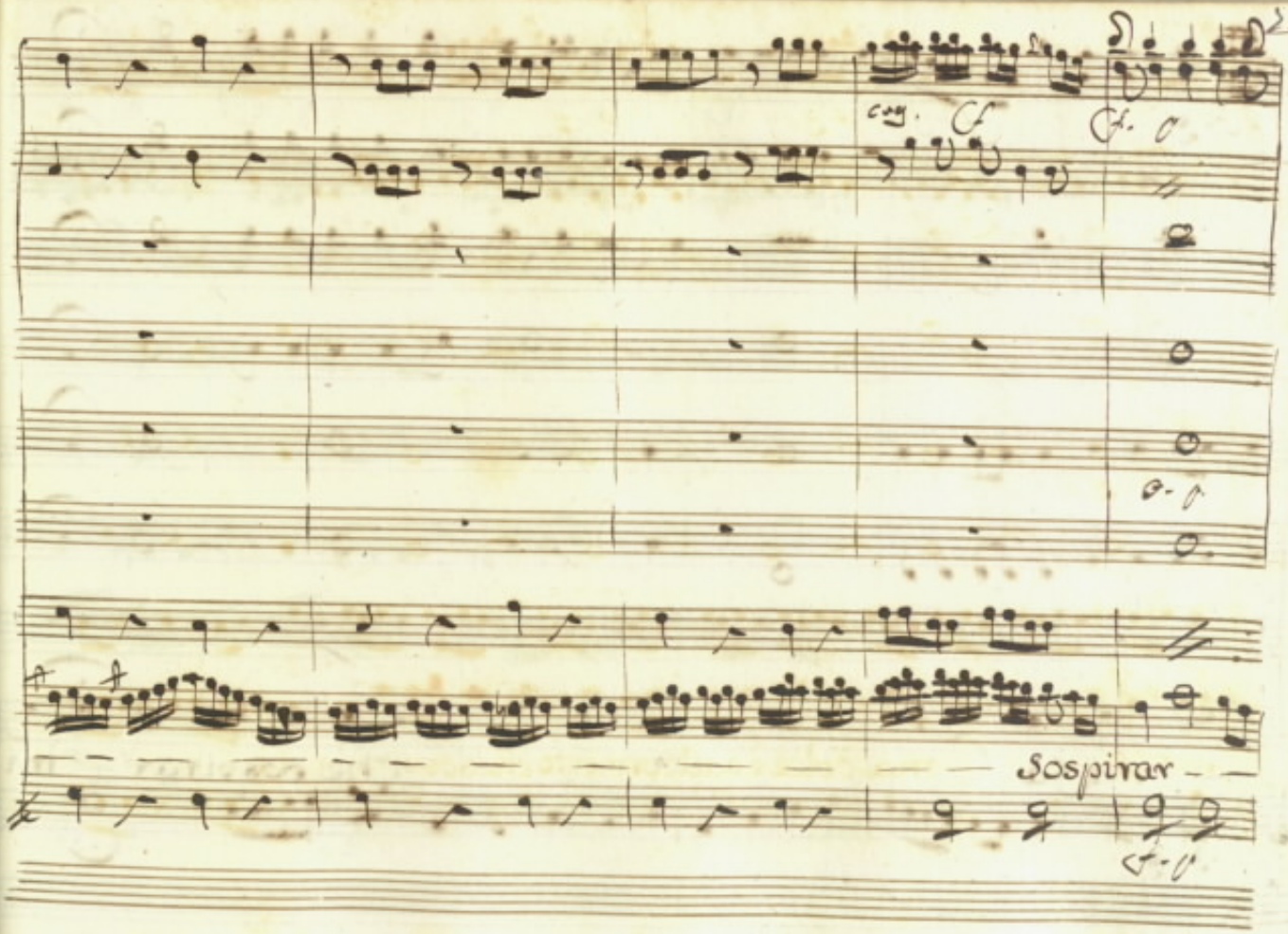
p.

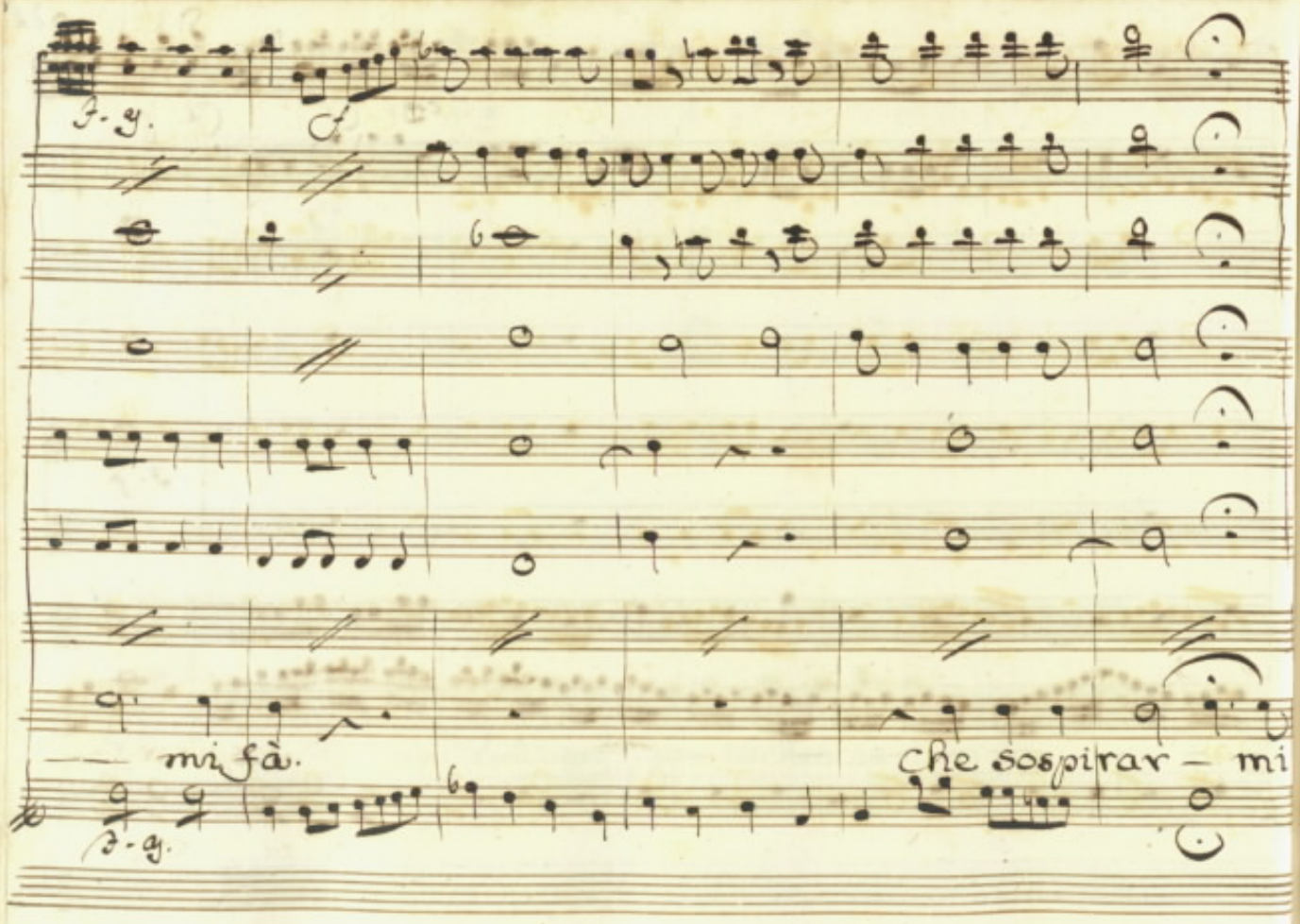
p.

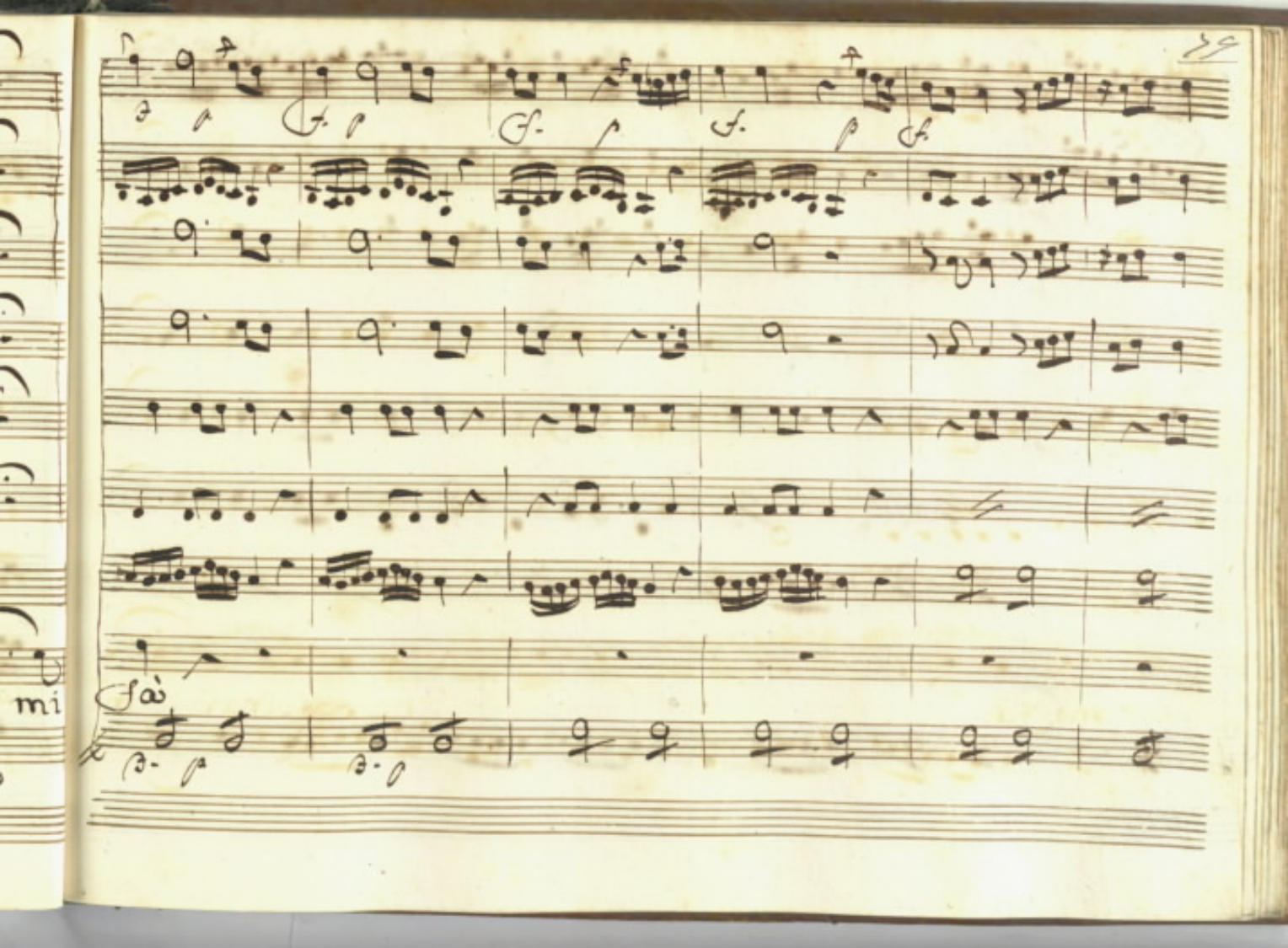
p. g.

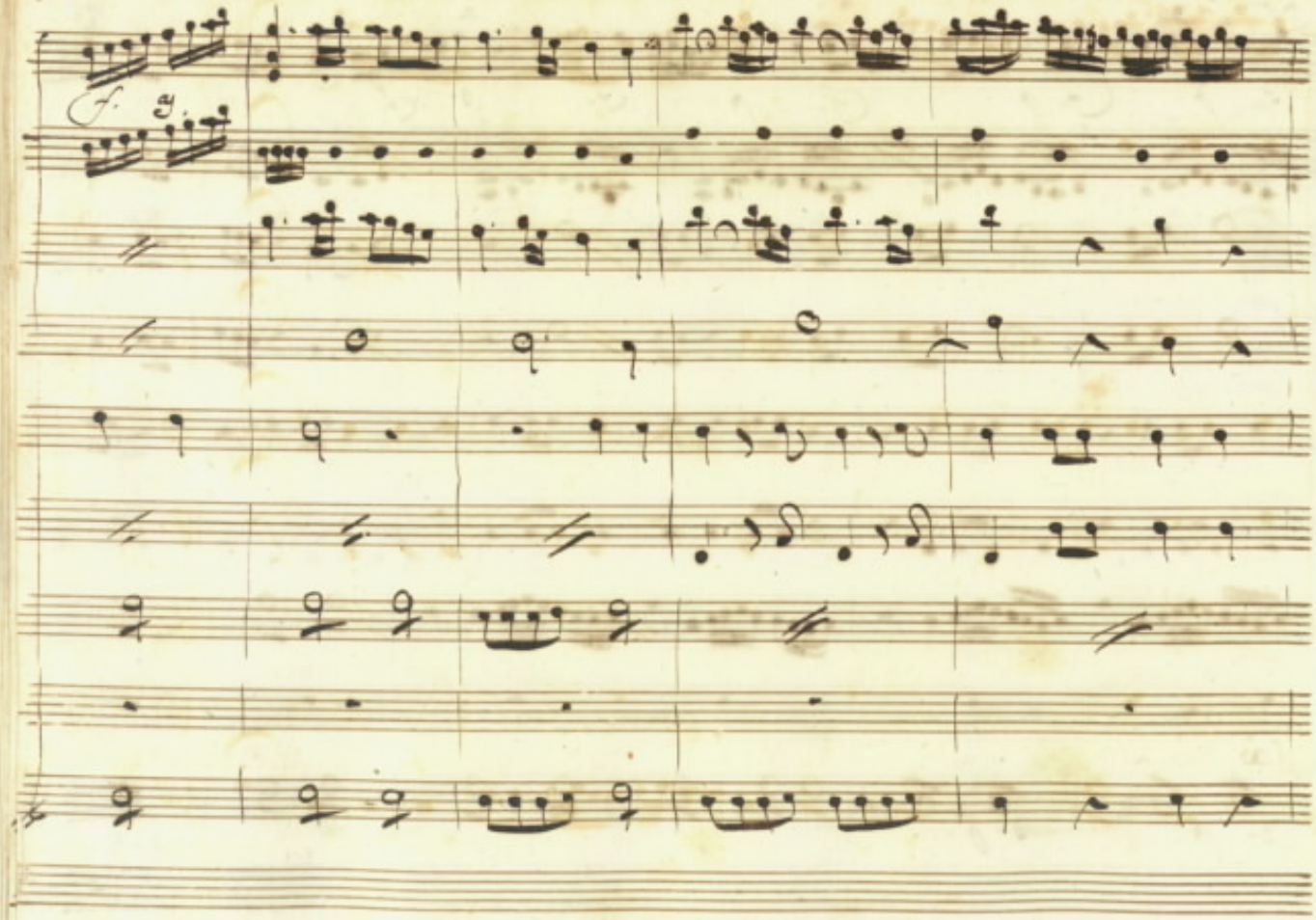
sf. f. p. p.

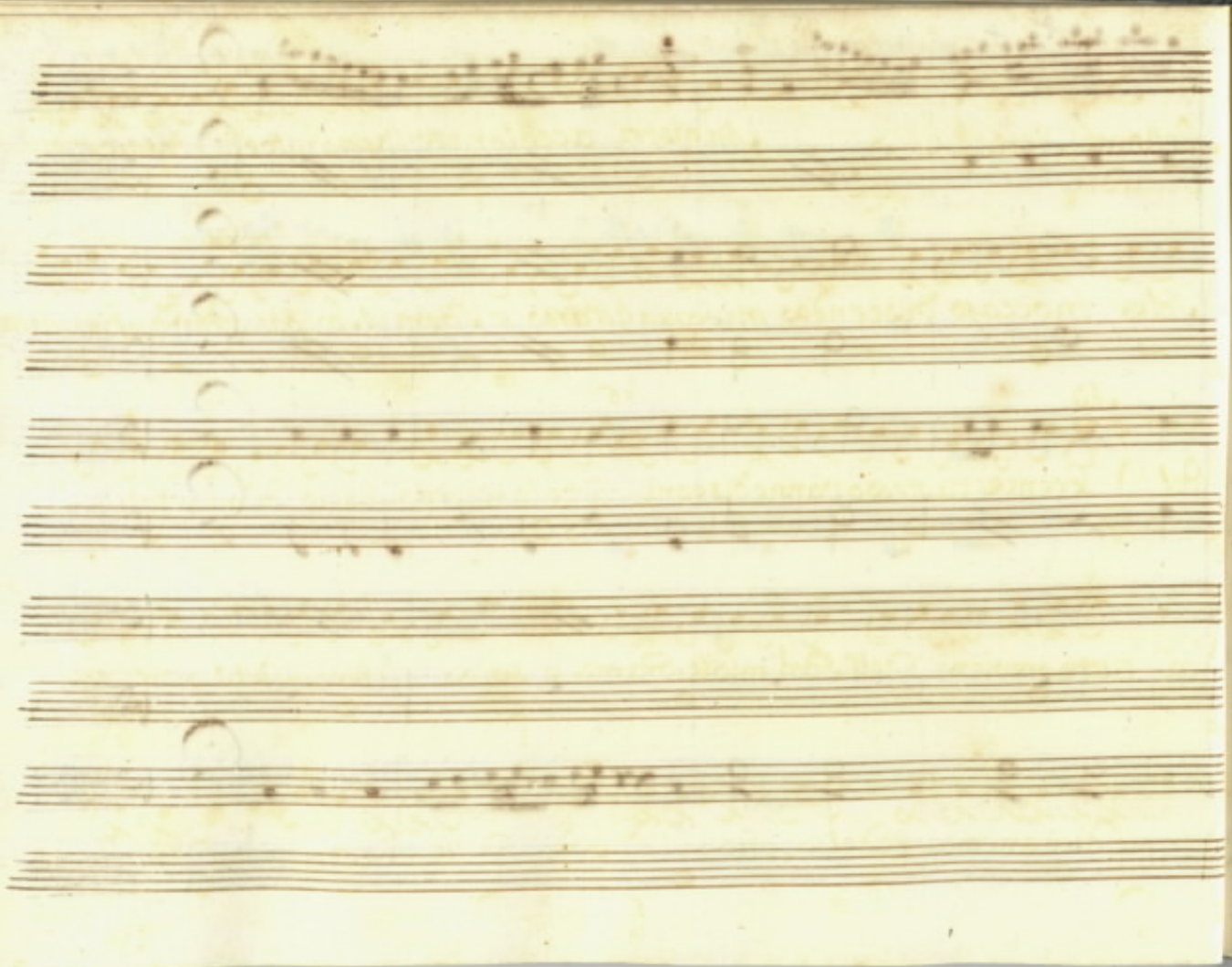
Sento; ma dolce è quel tormento, che sospirar mi fà — — — —


Sospirar


3. 9.
— mi fà.
che sospirar — mi
3. 9.


fa


f.



Scena V.

Medonte, Arsace, e Guardie

Med:

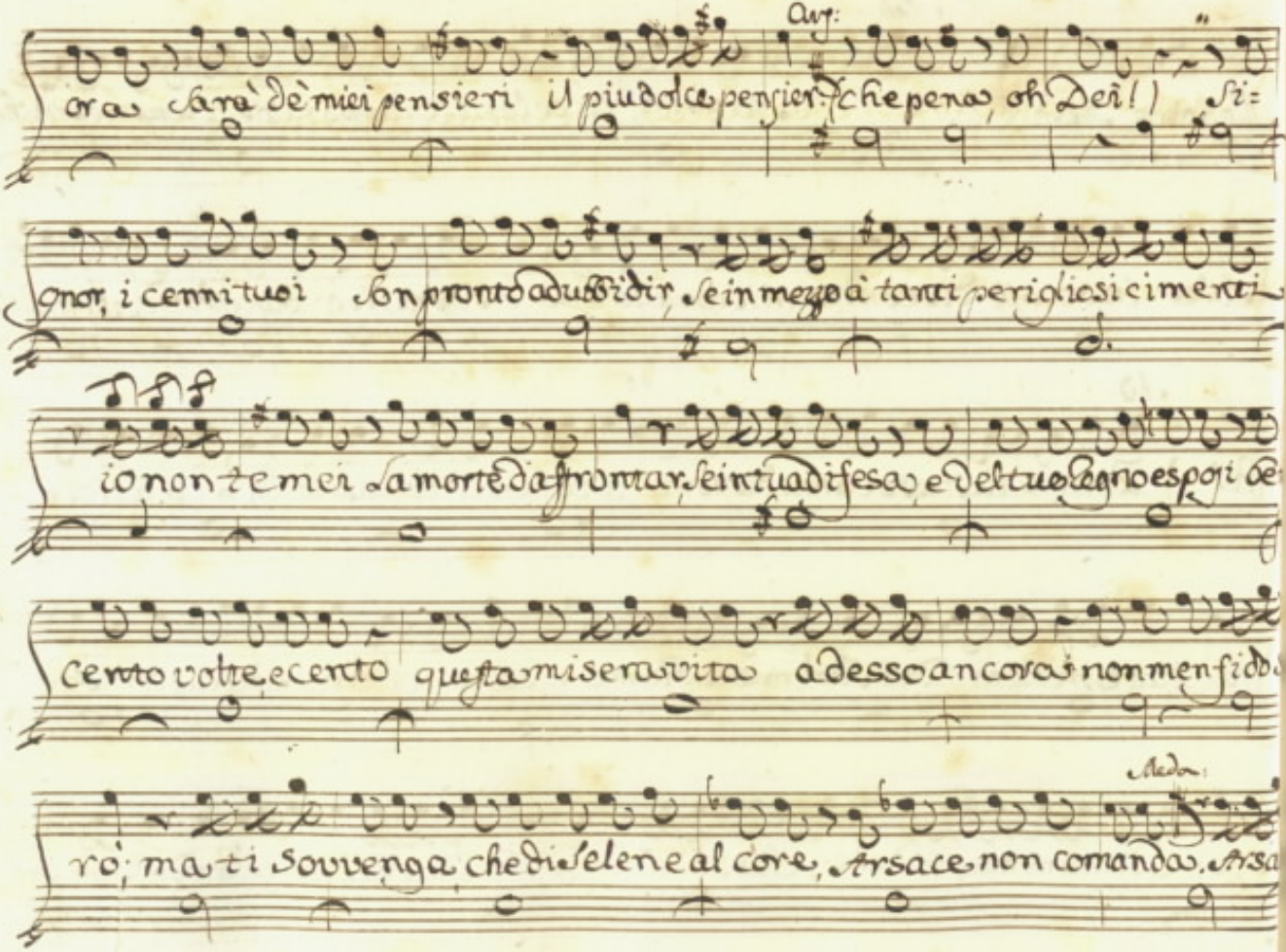
Ministri, accelerate l'apparato, e la pompa, e pria che il Sole in occaso discenda mi segua all'ara, e sopra il soglio ascenda

Ars:

qual angustia tra=del!

Med:

Prence, tu stesso vanne disponi, à te la cura lascio di mia felici=tà tutte previeni dell'Idol mio le brame, e spia gli arcani del suo cor, se teme d'un anima fedele, che si l'adora, dille, che teme invan, dille, che ogn'



Arg:

ora sarà dè miei pensieri il piu dolce pensier: (che pena, oh Dei!) Si=

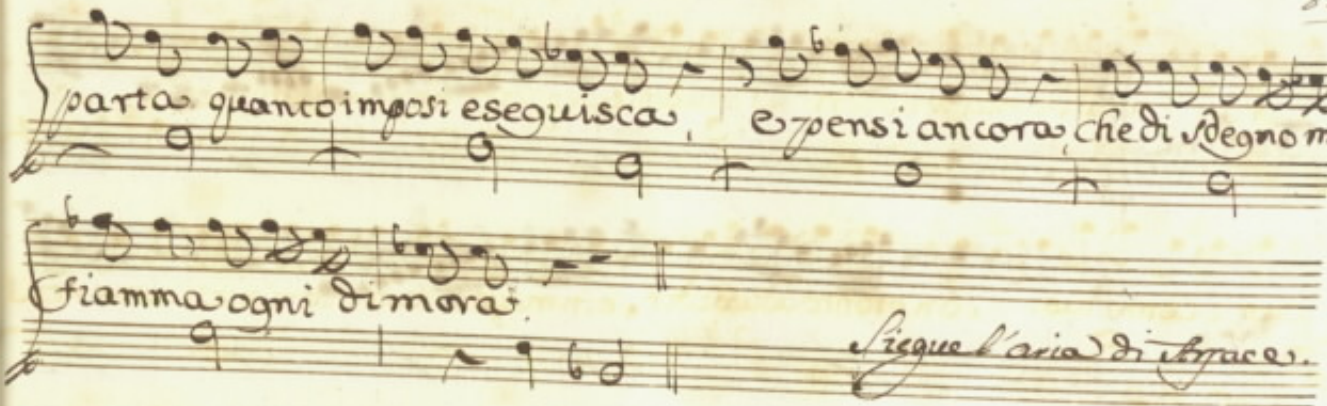
gnor, i cenni tuoi son pronto ad ubbidir, se in mezzo à tanti perigliosi cimenti

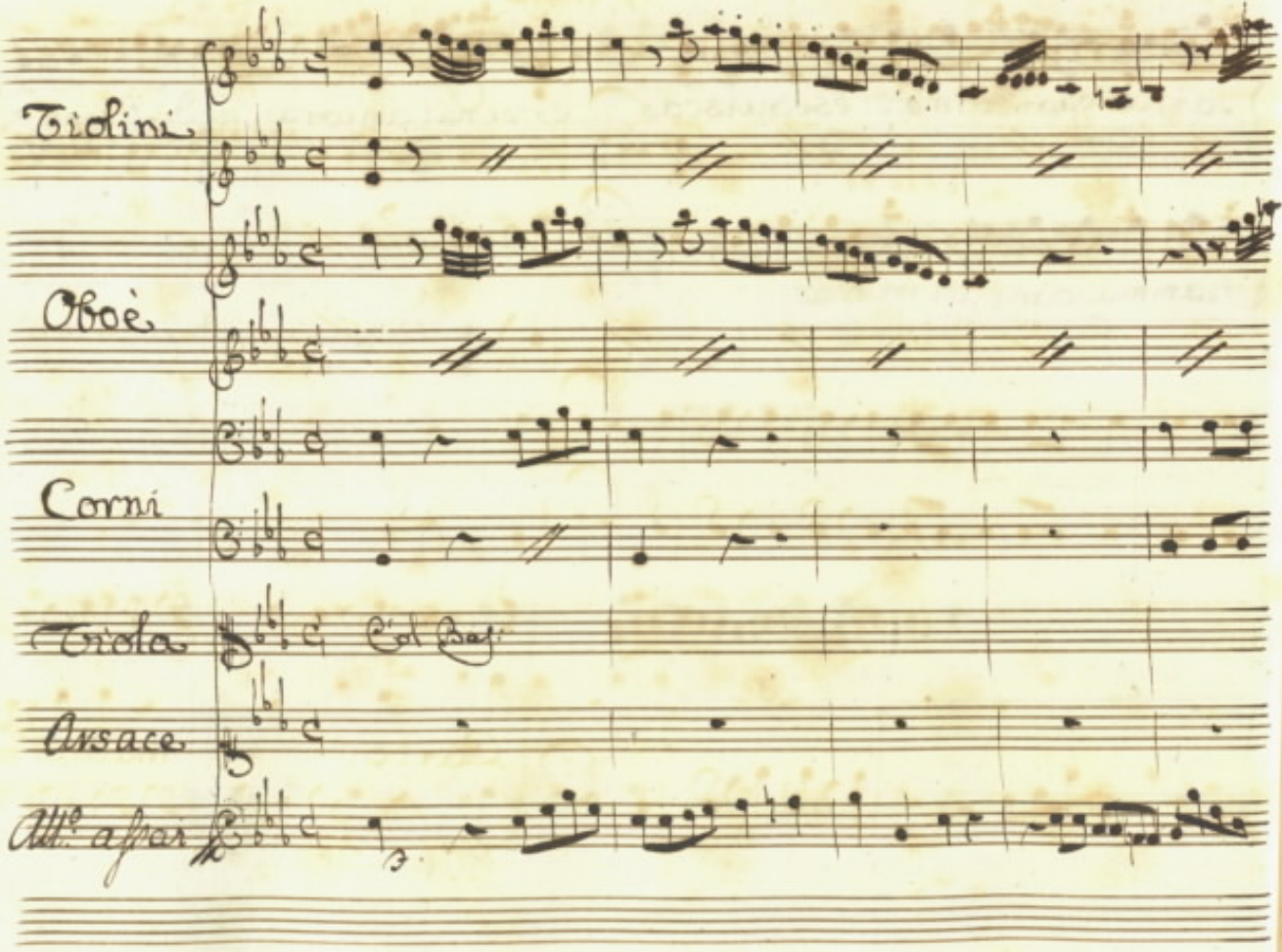
io non temei la morte d'affrontar, se in tua difesa, e del tuo Regno esposi de=

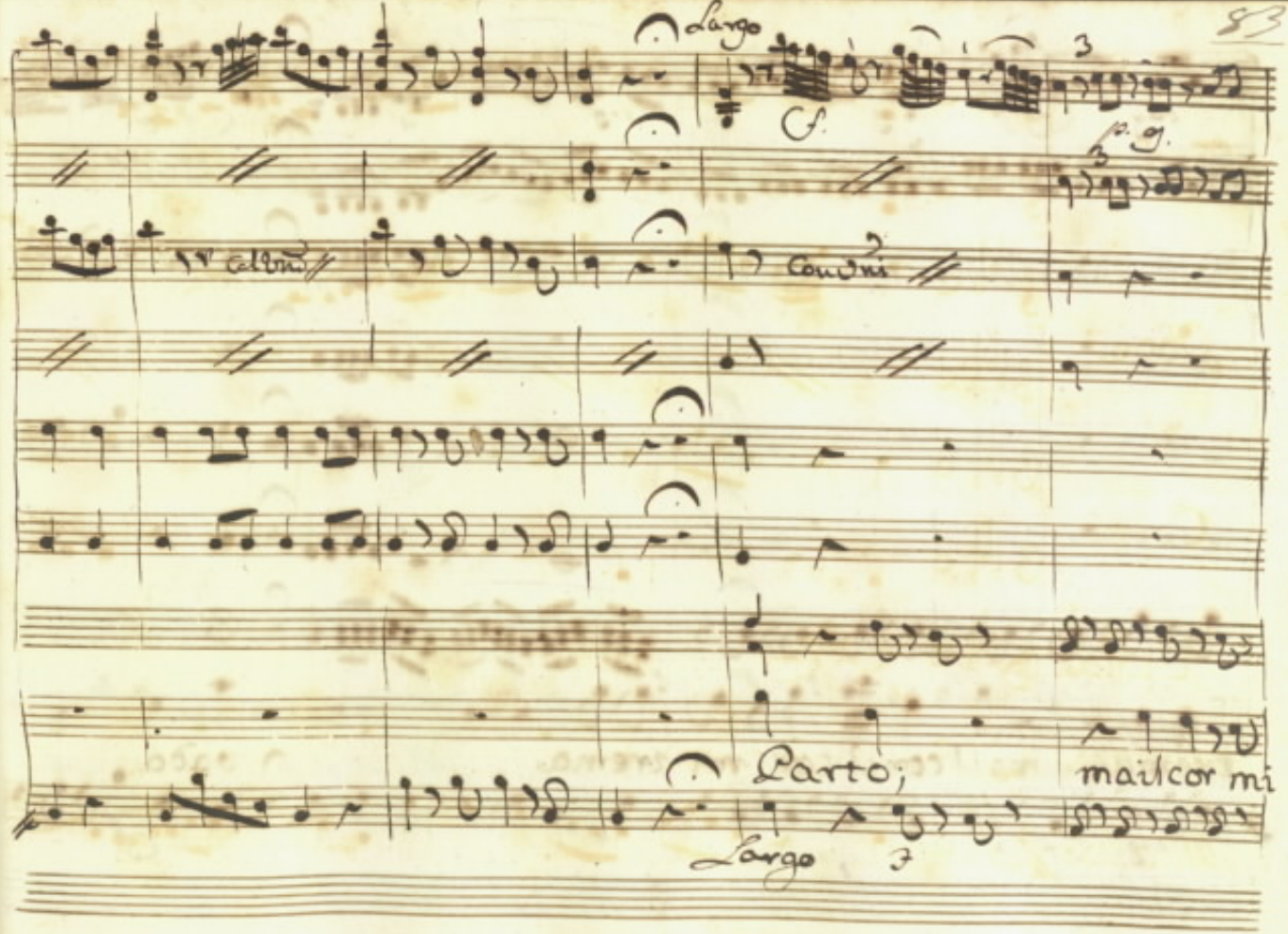
cento volte e cento questa misera vita adesso ancora non men fido

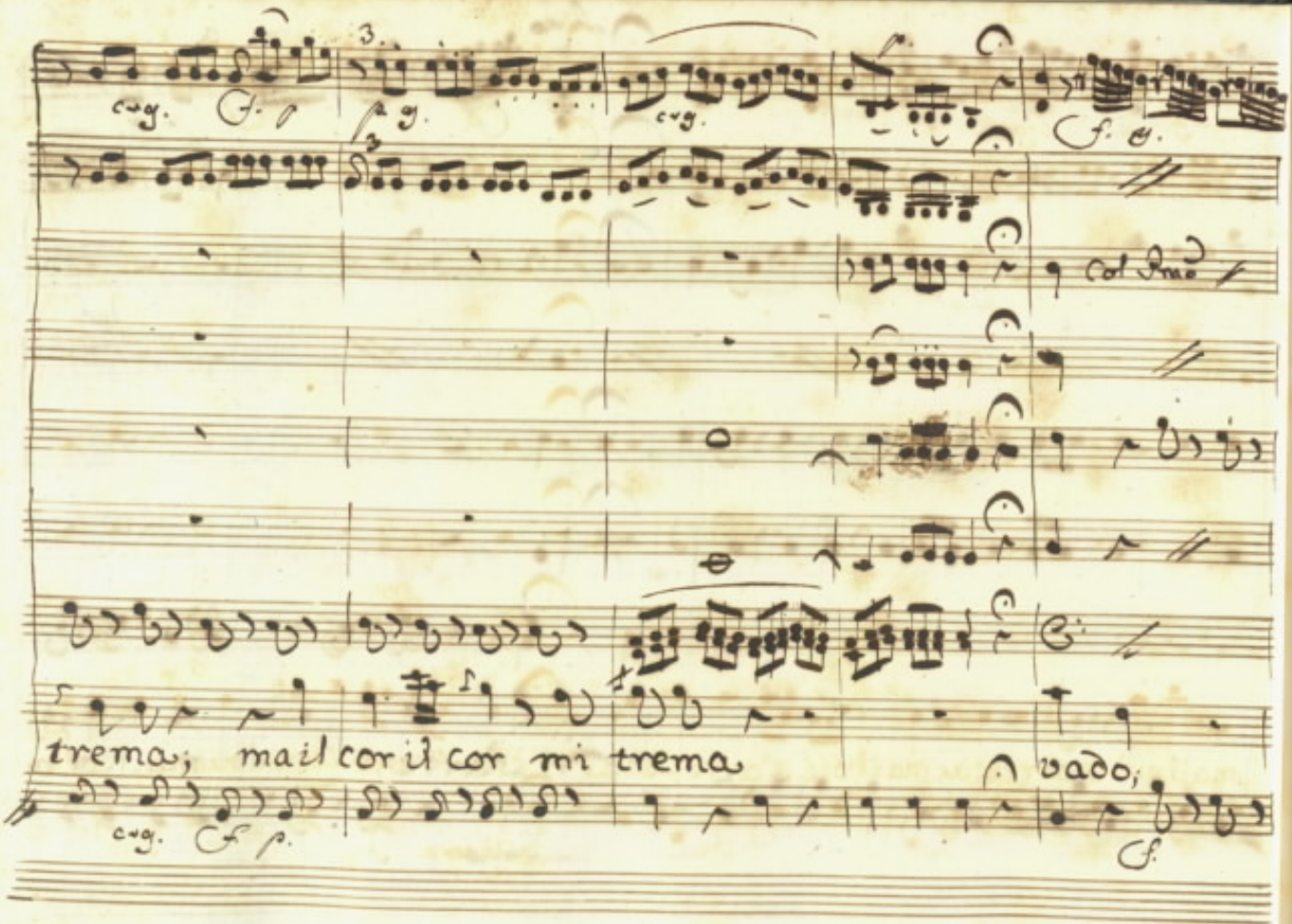
Meda:

rò; ma ti sovvenga che di Selene al core, Arsace non comanda. Arsa


parta quanto imposi eseguisca, e pensi ancora, che di sdegno m'in-
fiamma ogni dimora.
Segue l'aria di Lucrezia.


Violini
Oboè
Corni
Viola
Basso
All.o assai


Largo
f. g.
Parto;
mailcor mi
Largo

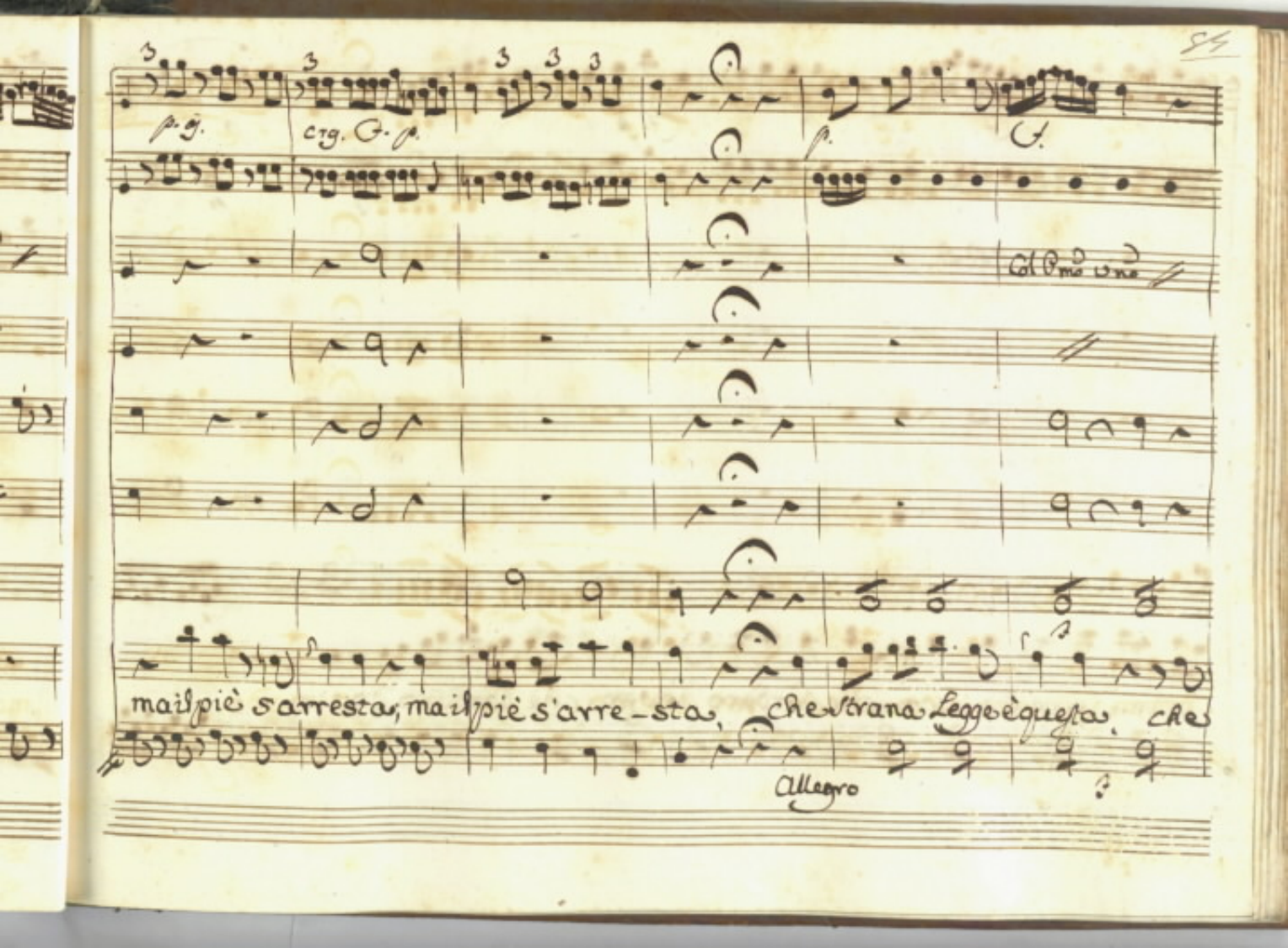

trema; ma il cor il cor mi trema
vado;

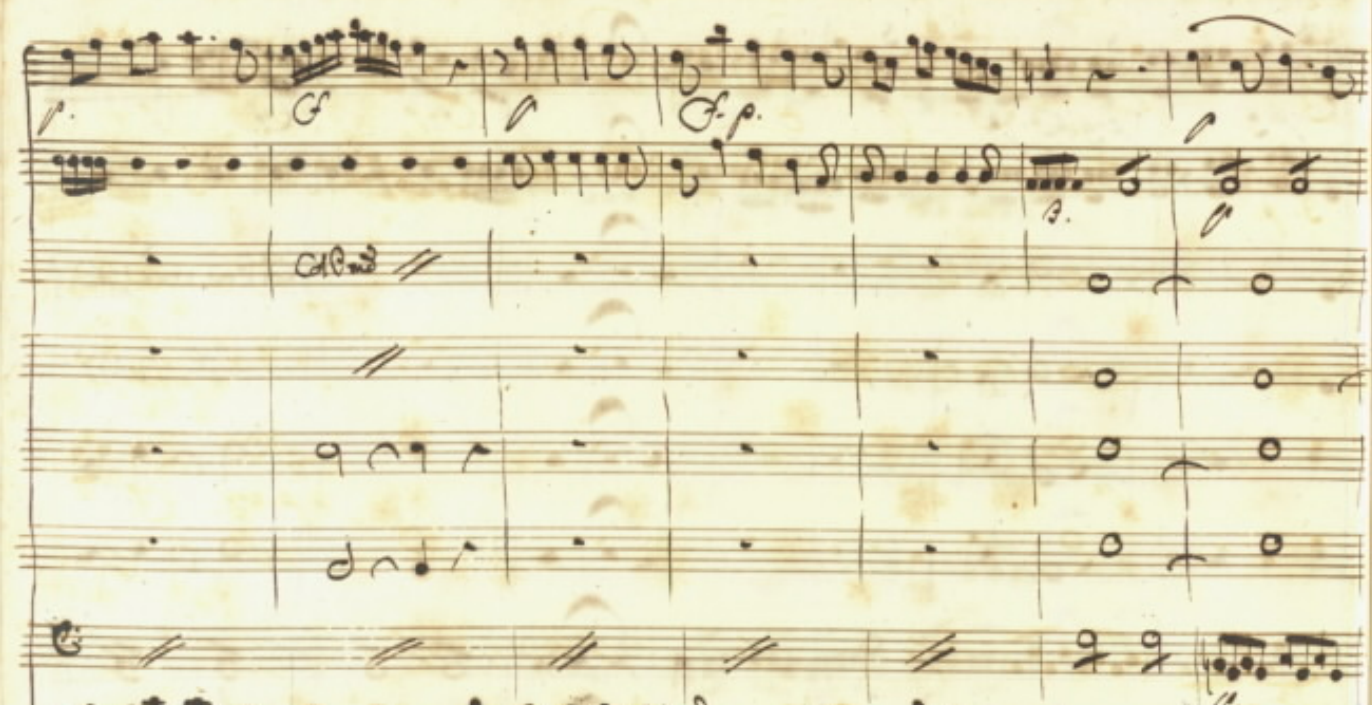
p. g. cre. G. p. p. G.

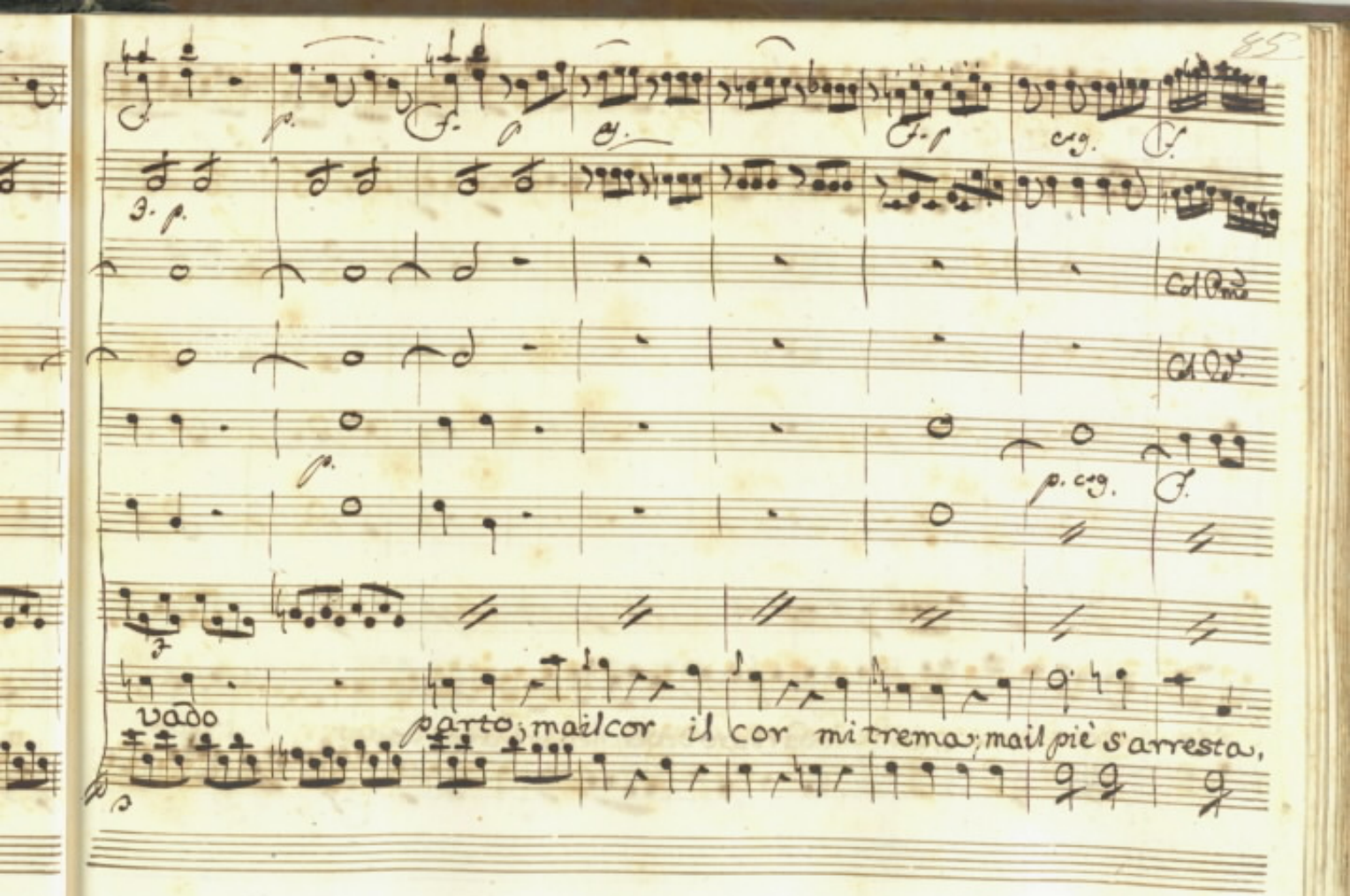
Col Pmo uno

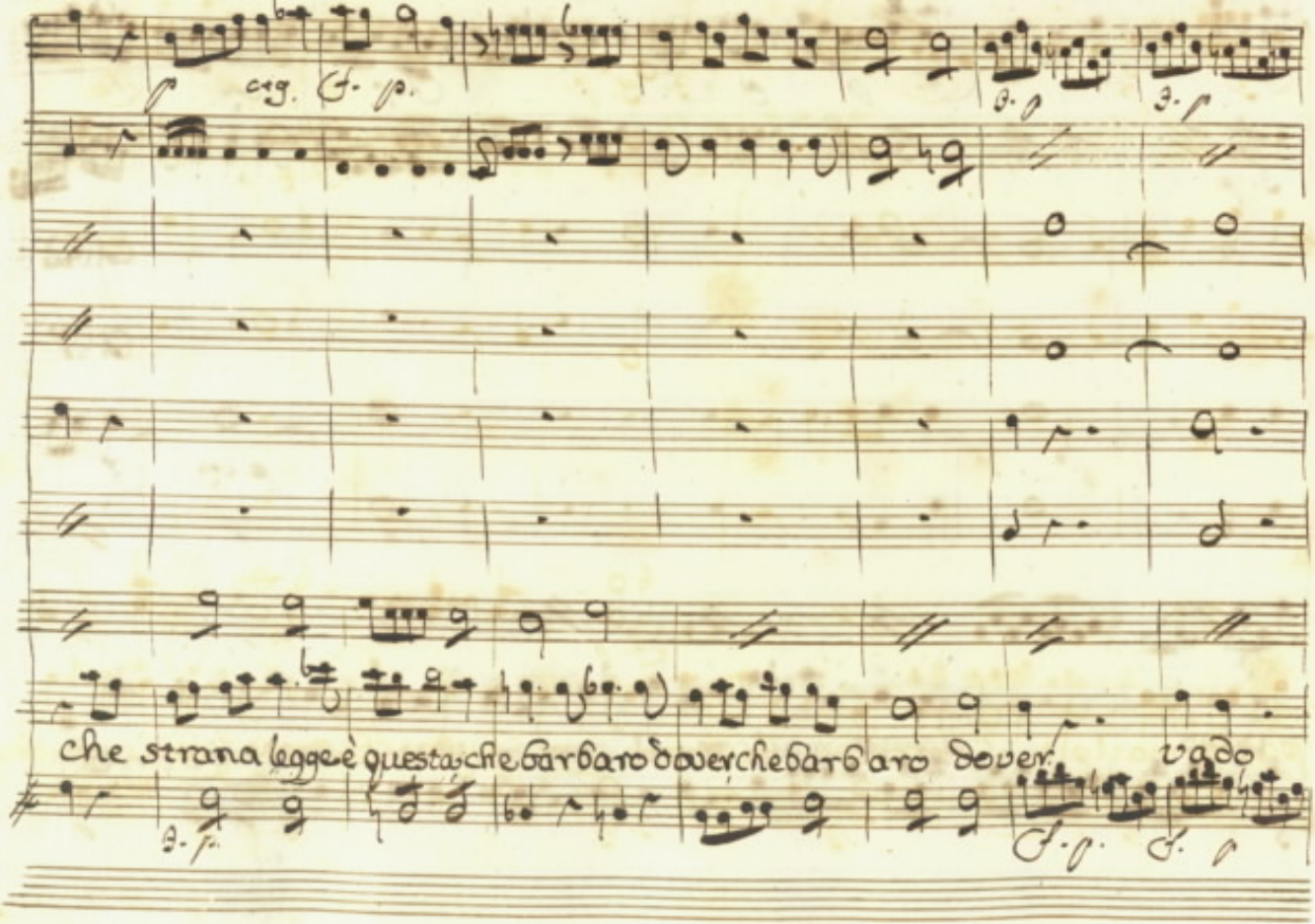
mai il piè s'arresta, mai il piè s'arre-sta, che strana Legge è questa, che

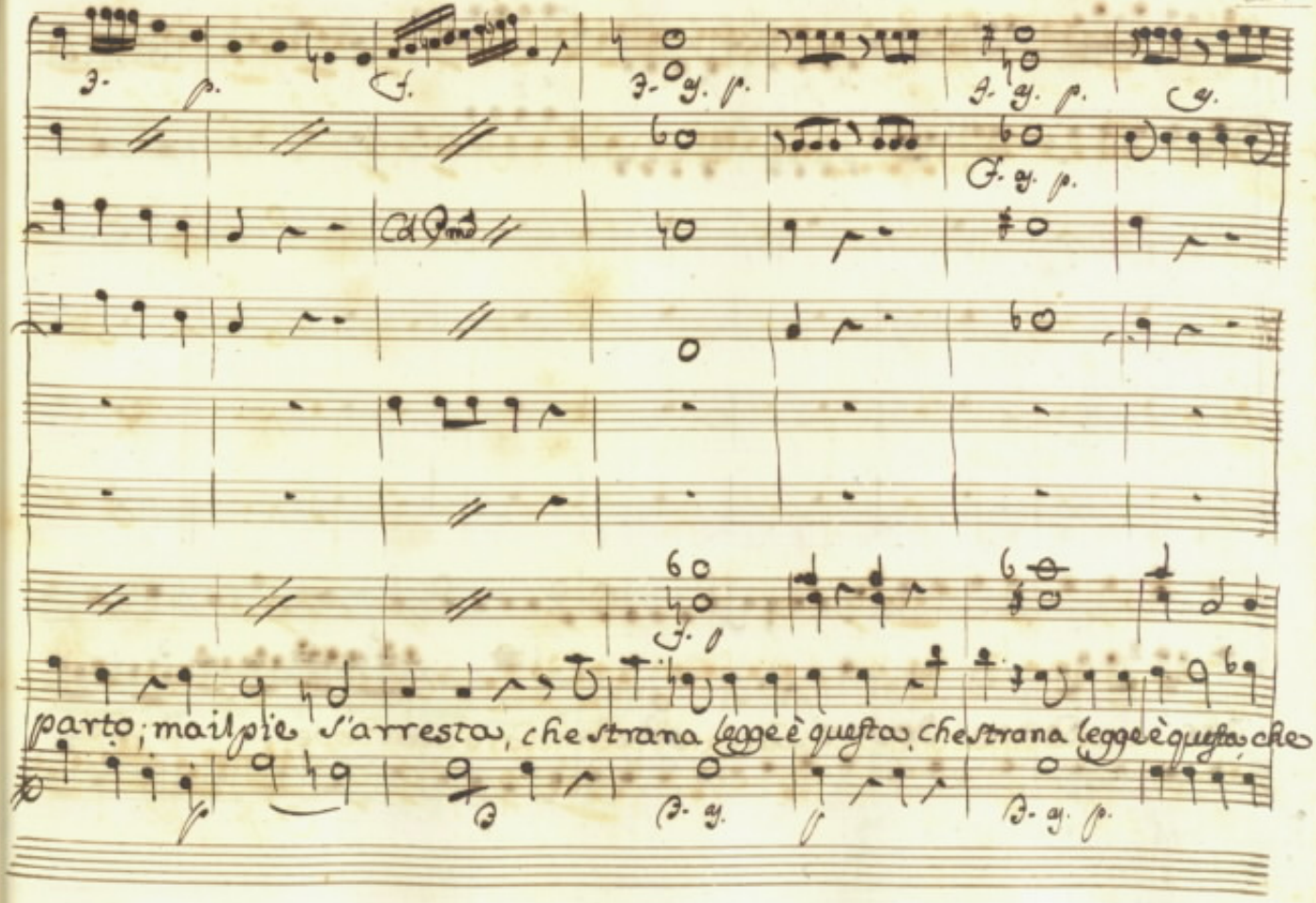
Allegro

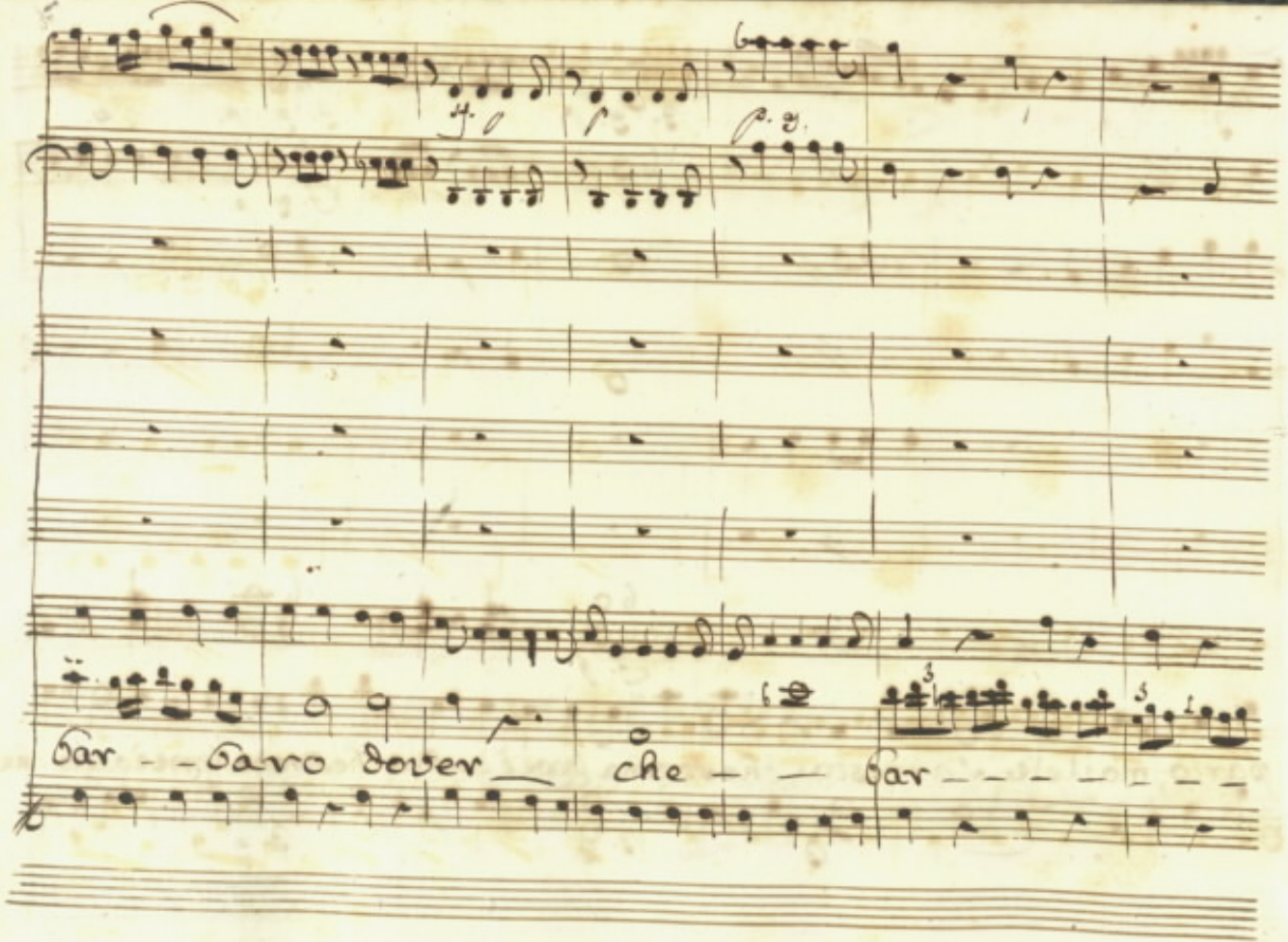


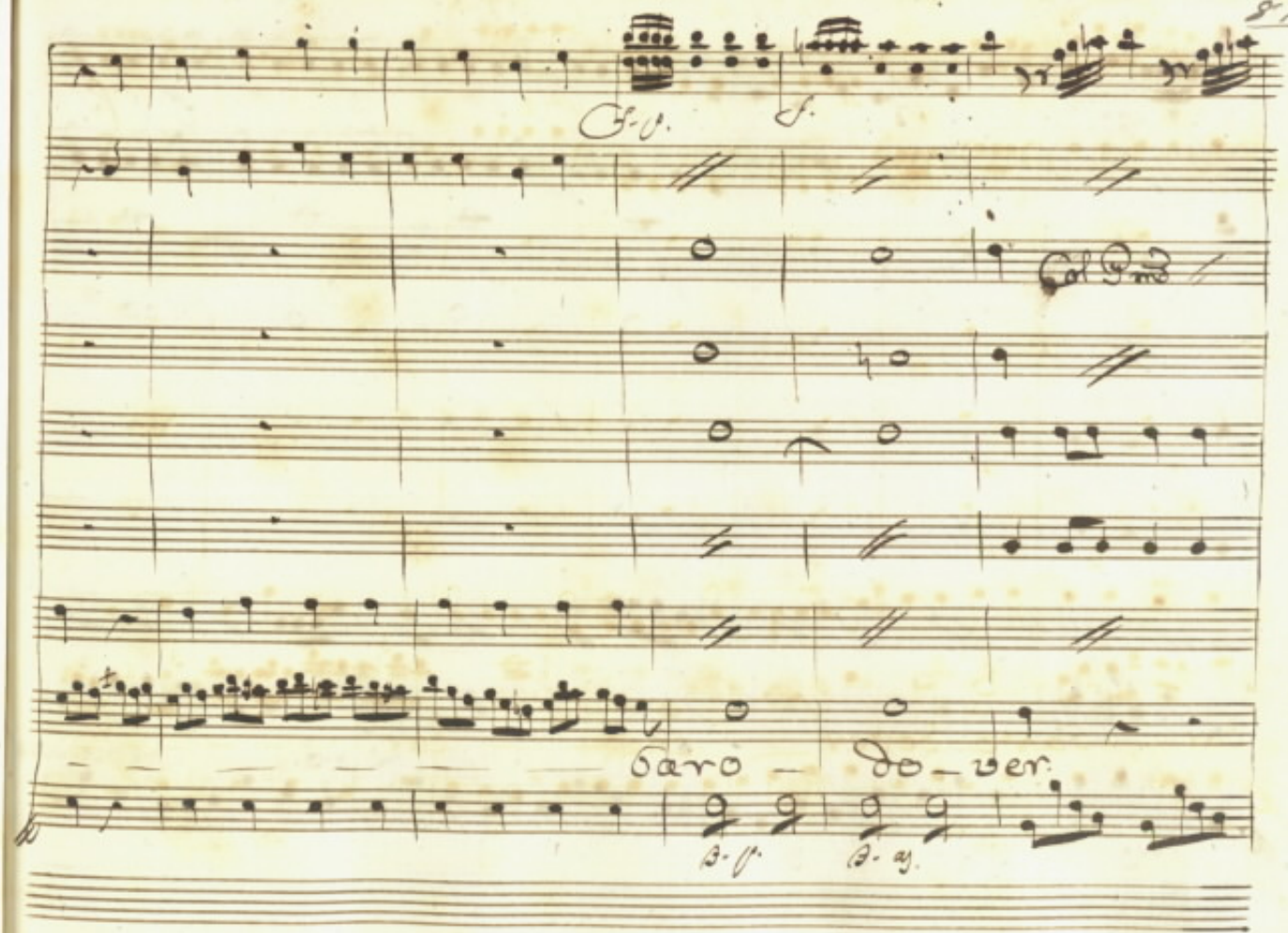

Strana Legge è questa, che barbaro dover, che barbaro dover.

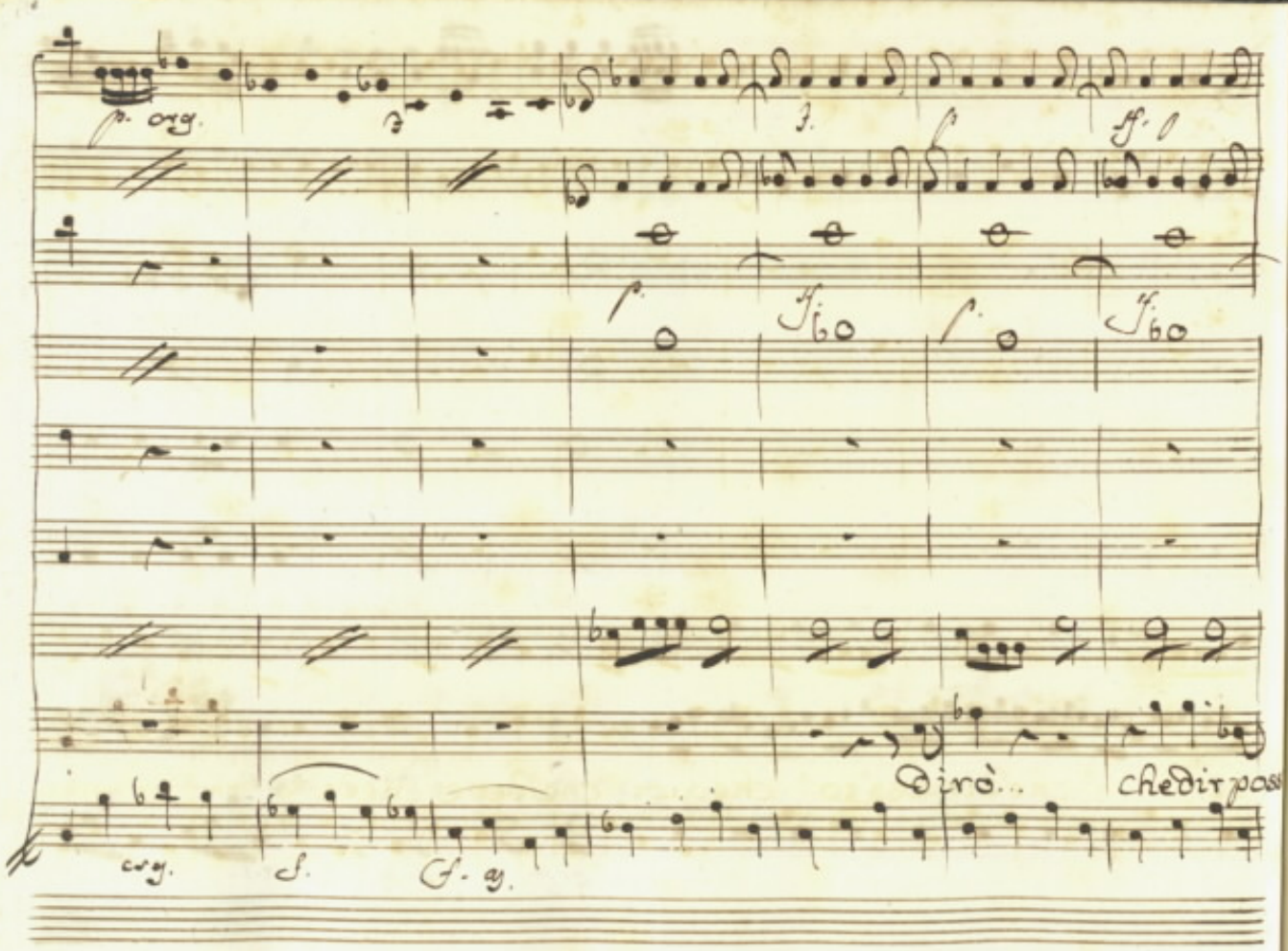

vado
parto; mail cor il cor mi trema; mail piè s'arresta,


che strana legge è questa, che barbaro dover, che barbaro dover. vado


parto; mail pie s'arresta, che strana legge è questa, che strana legge è questa, che


bar - - baro dover che - - bar - - - - - - -


Col Pmo
baro — do — ver.



p. org.

f.

p

ff.

p.

ff.

p.

ff.

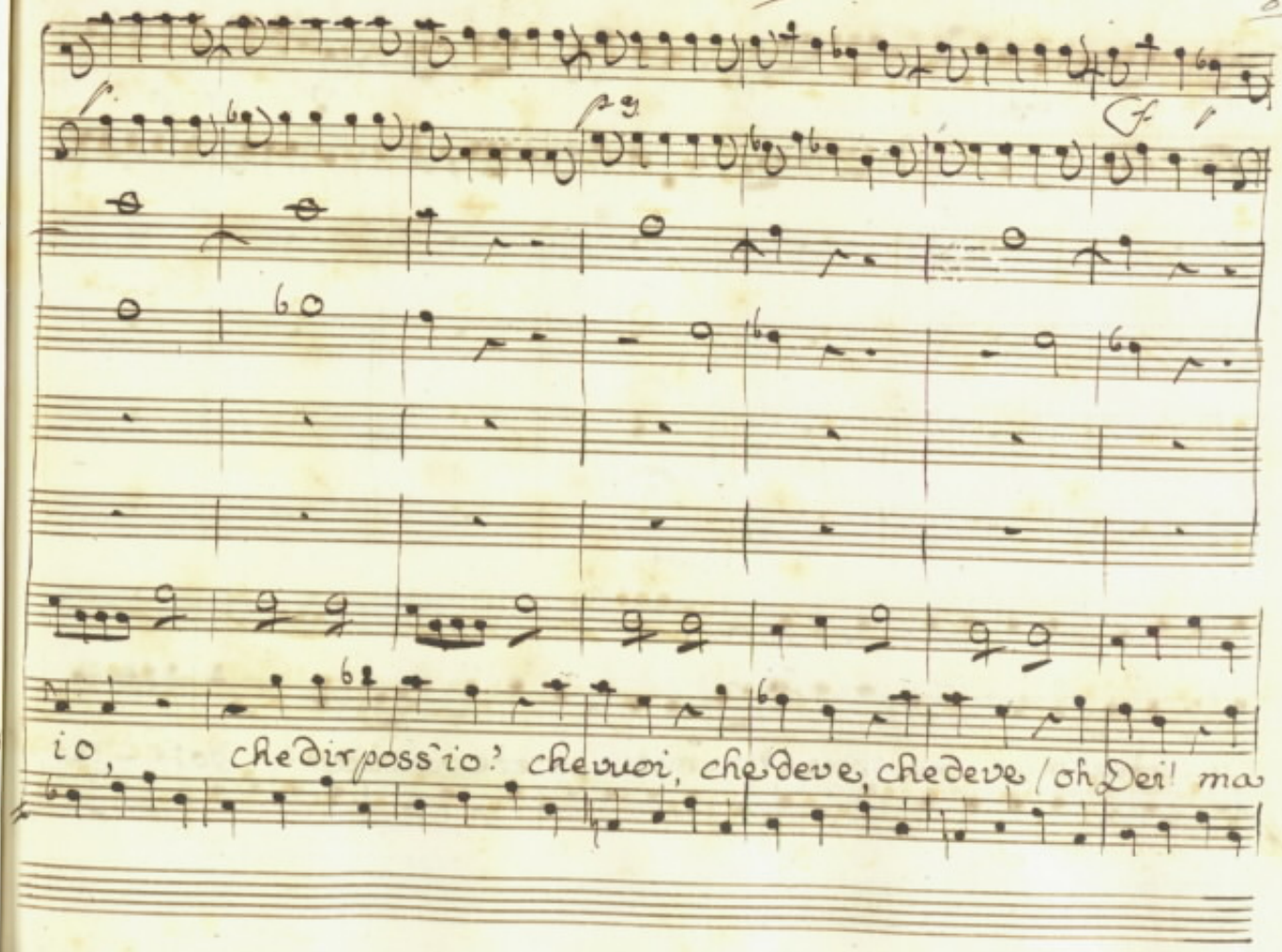
Dirò...

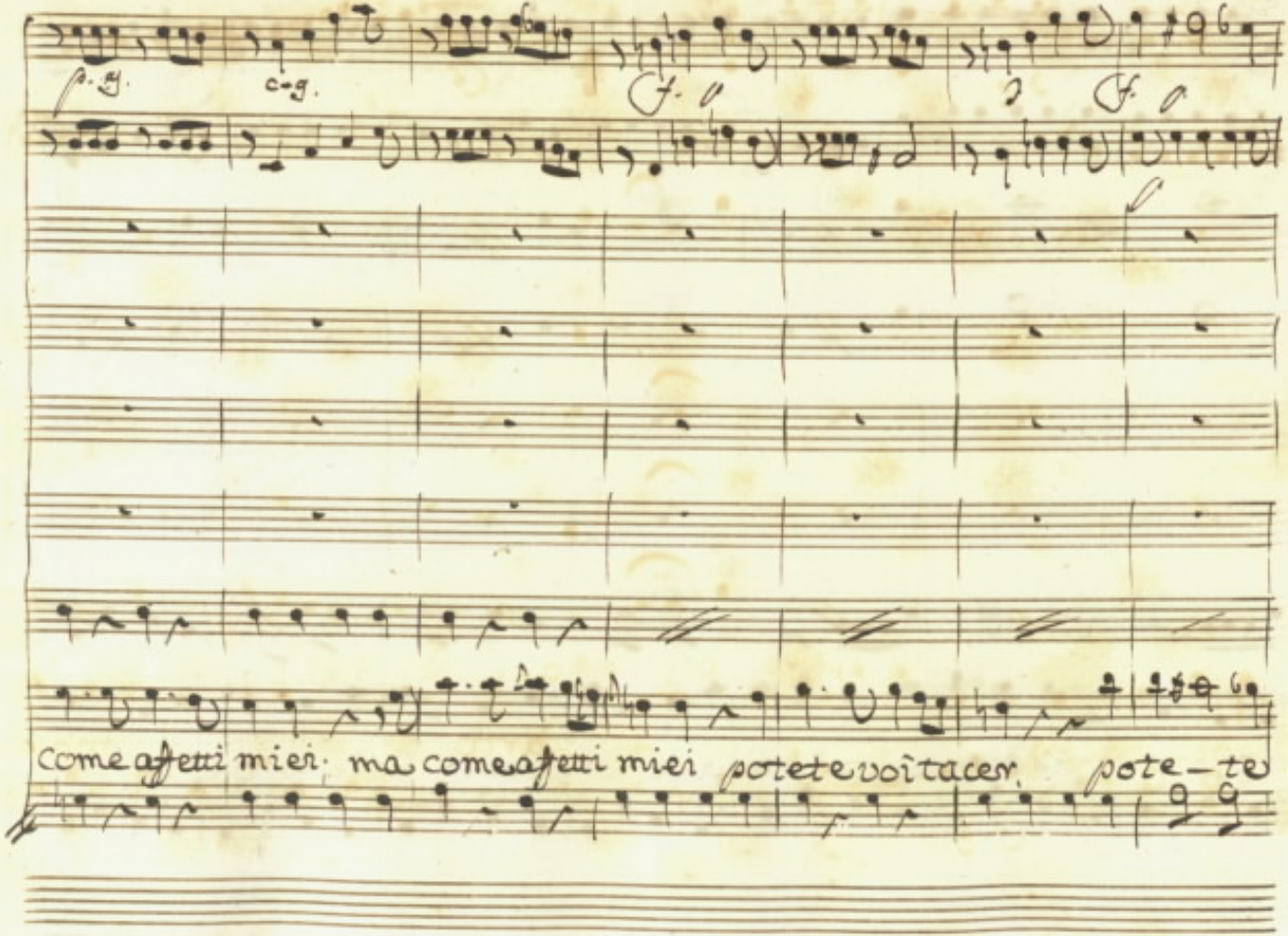
Che dir poss

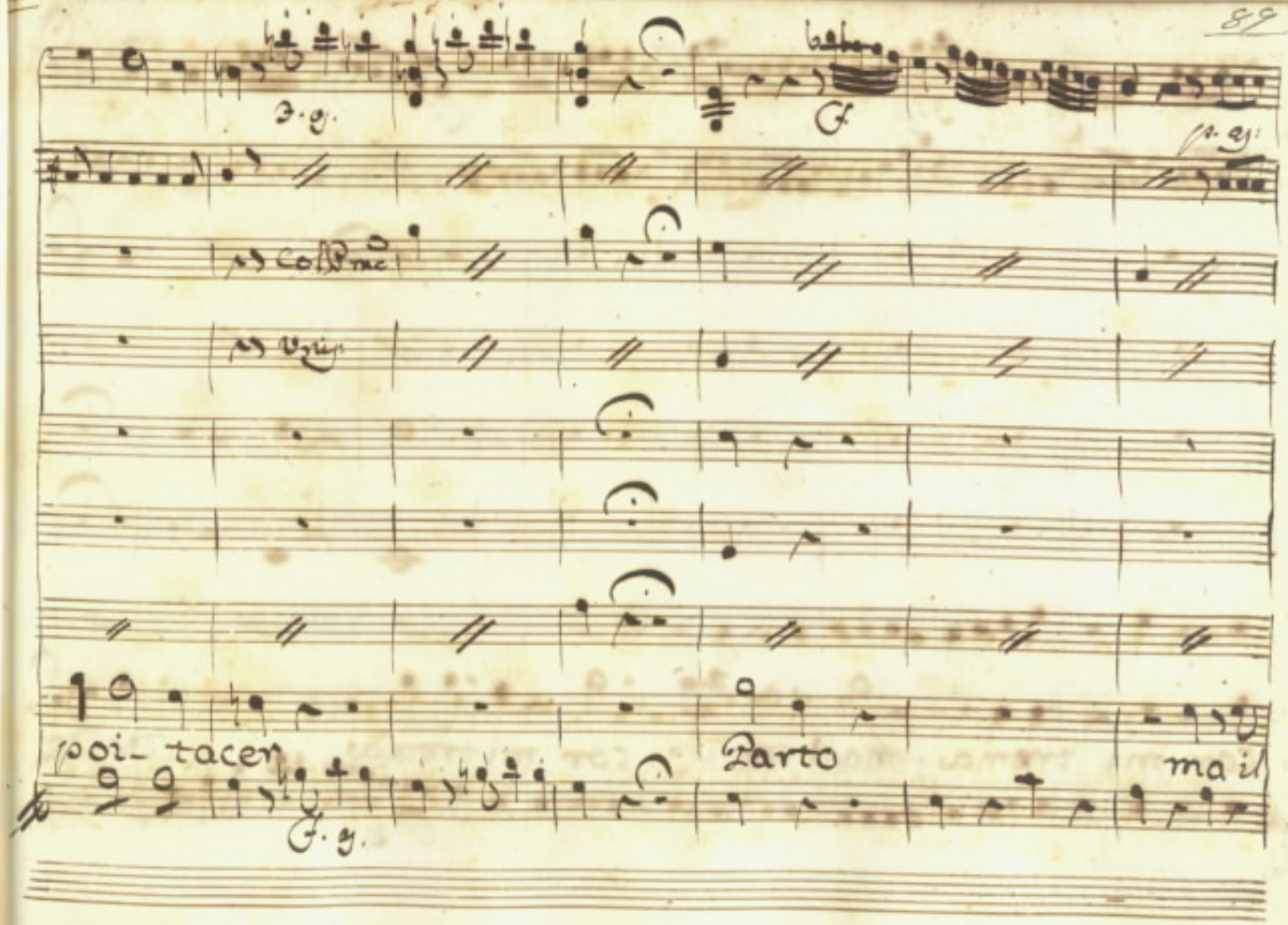
org.

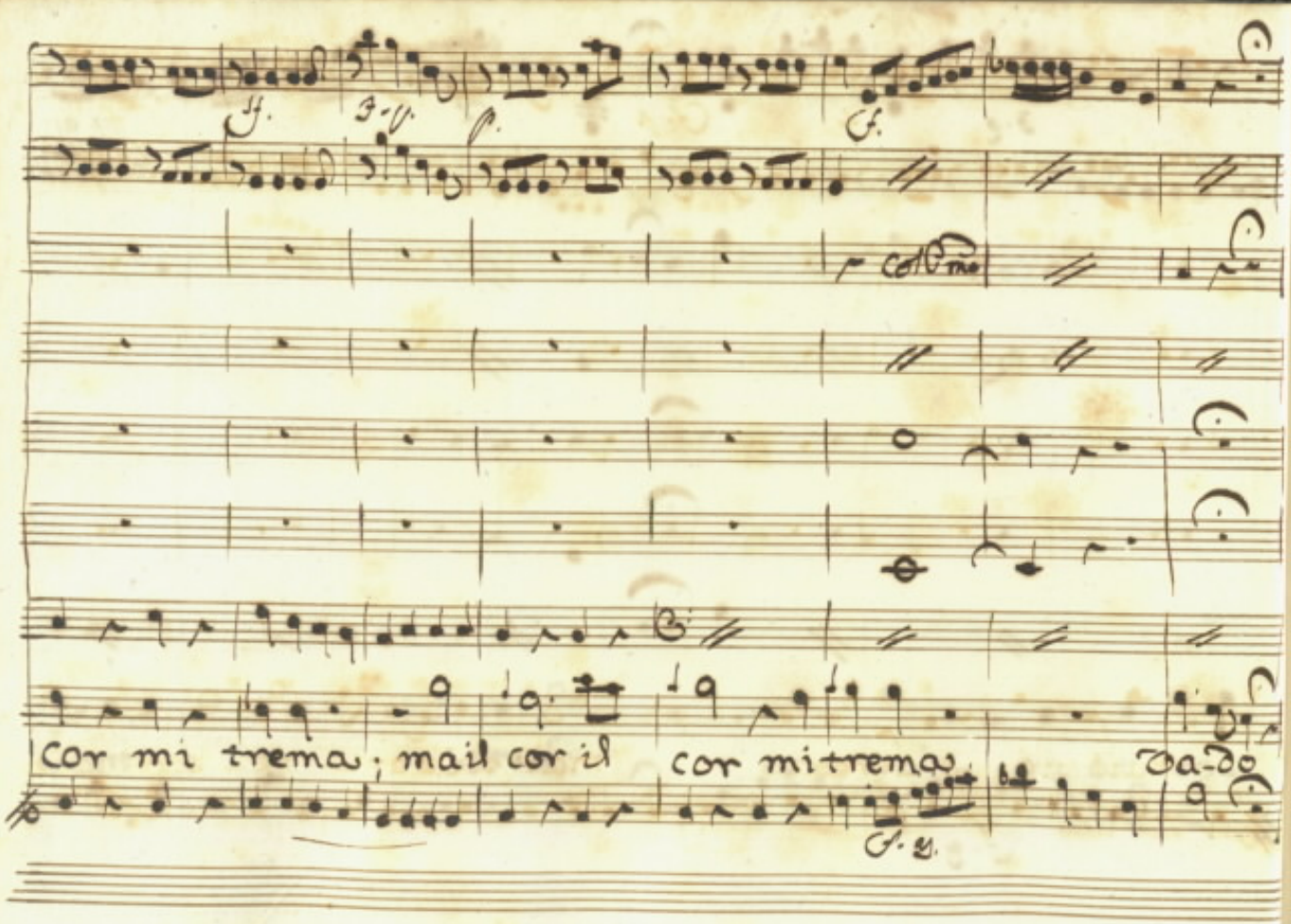
f.

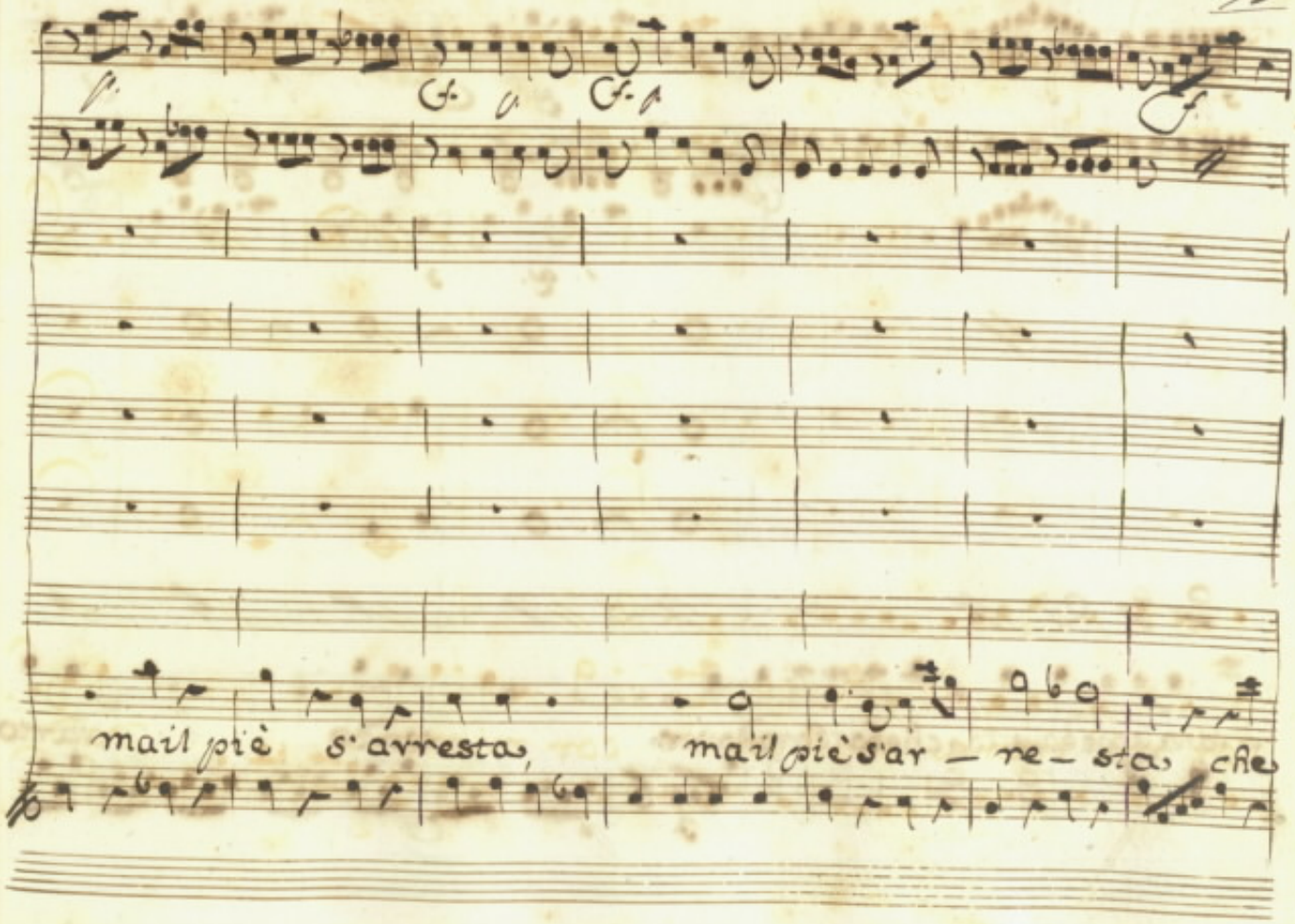
f. ag.

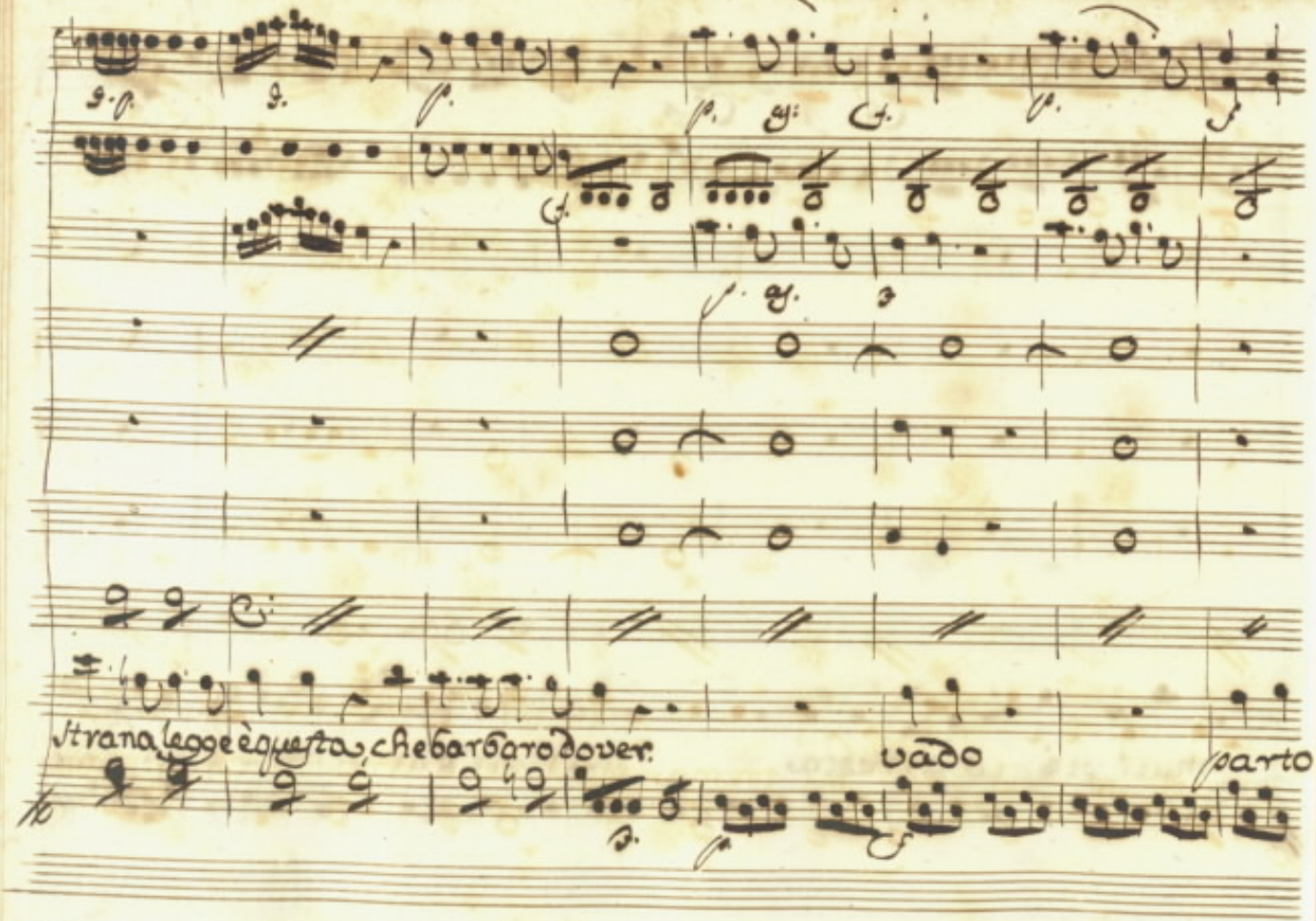

io, che dir poss'io? che vuoi, che deve, che deve / oh Dei! ma


p. g.
c-g.
f. o
f. o
come affetti miei. ma come affetti miei potete voi tacer pote-te


poi- tacer
Parto
ma il


cor mi trema, mail cor il cor mi trema,


mail piè s'arresta,
mail piè s'ar — re — sta, che

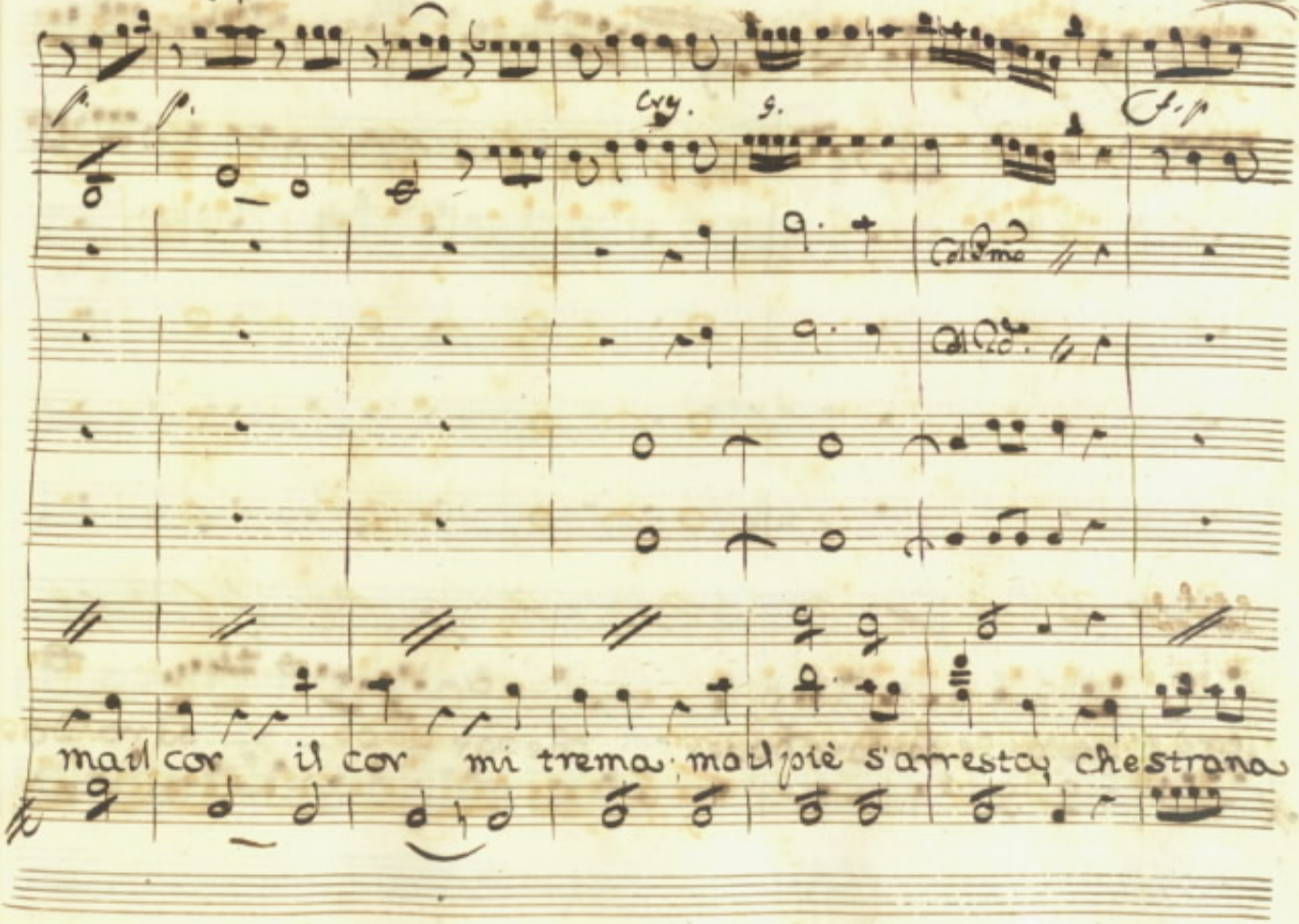

Strana legge è questa, che barbaro dover.
vado
parto

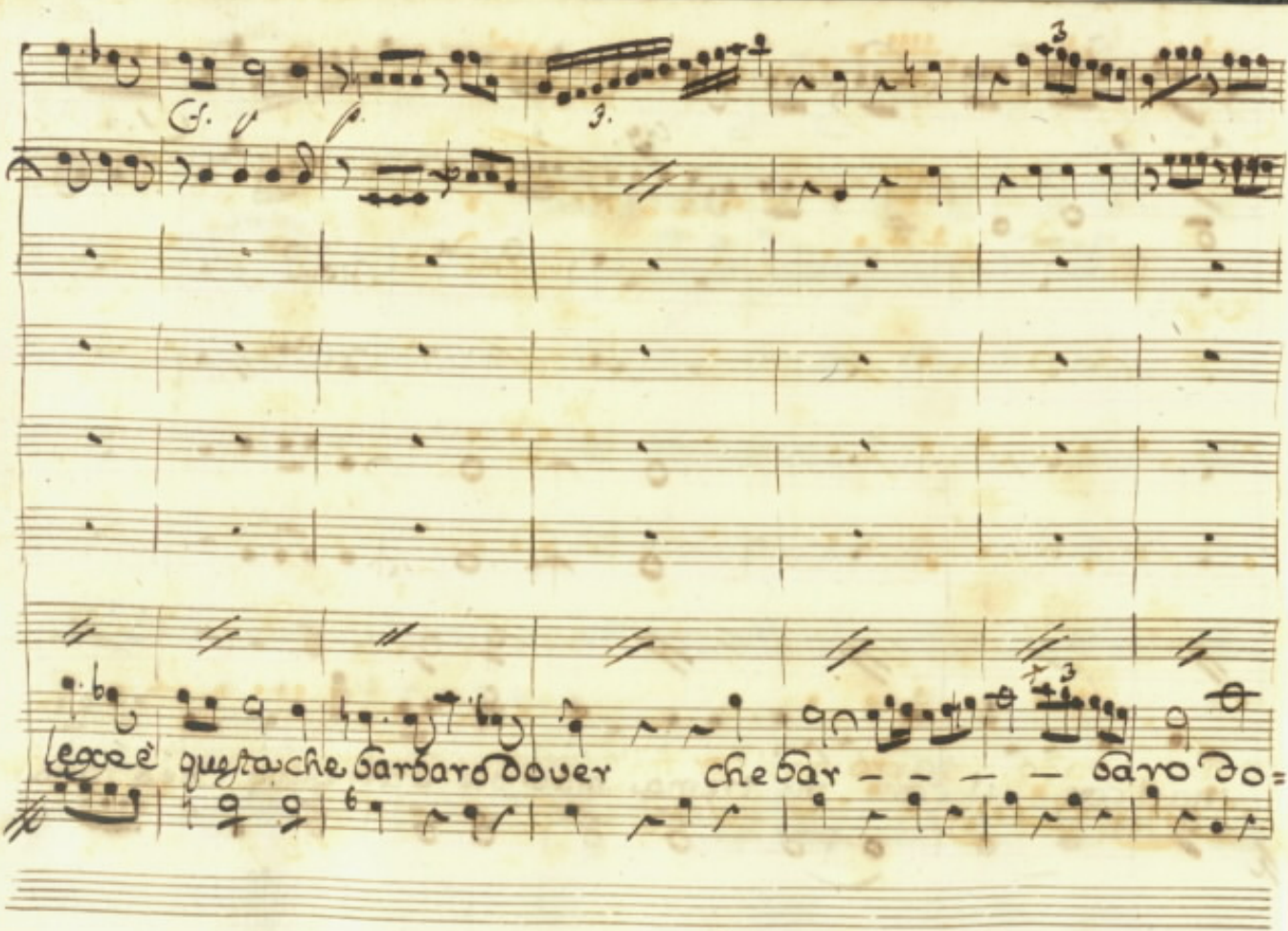
p. p. cres. g. f. p

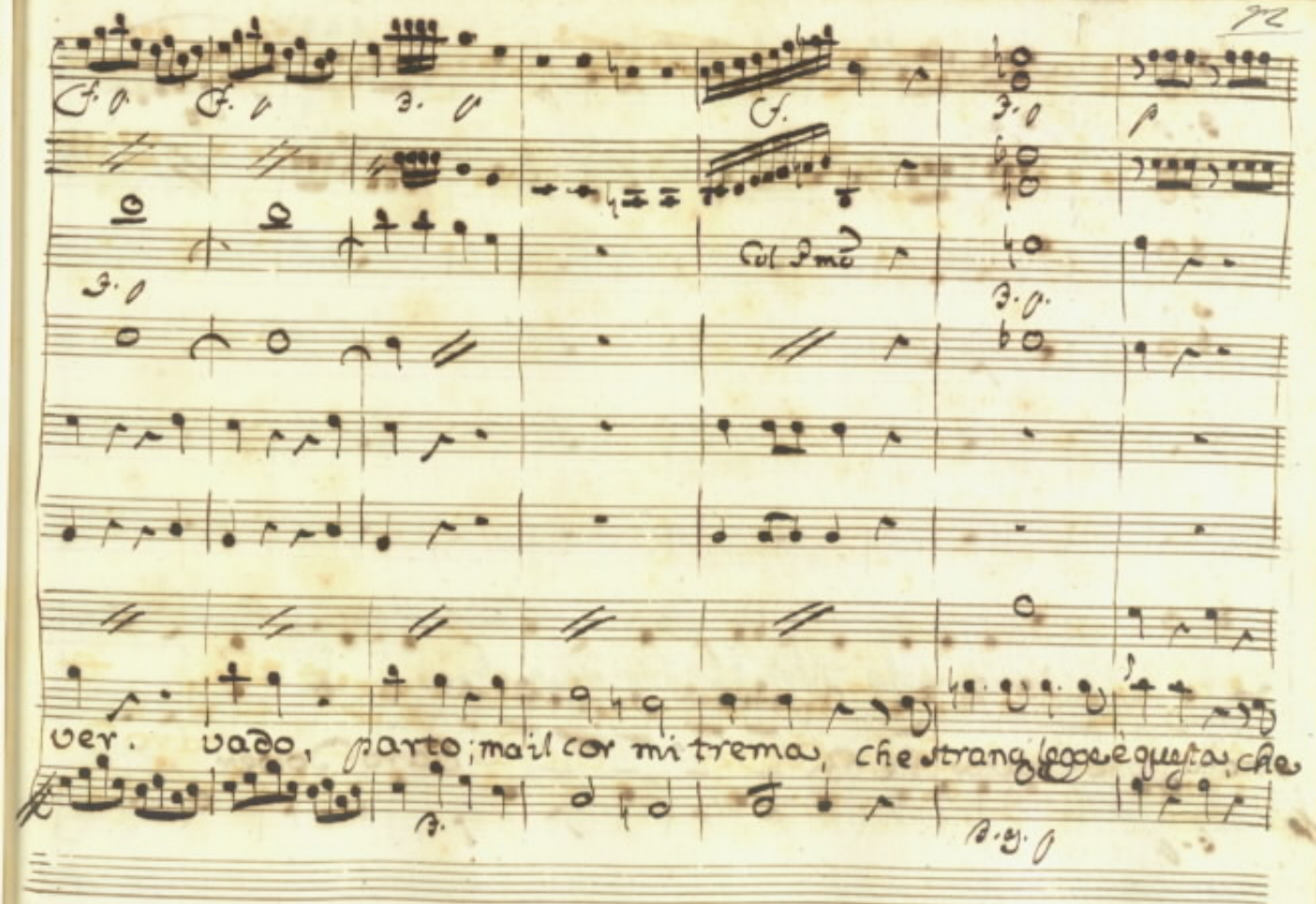
Col Pmo

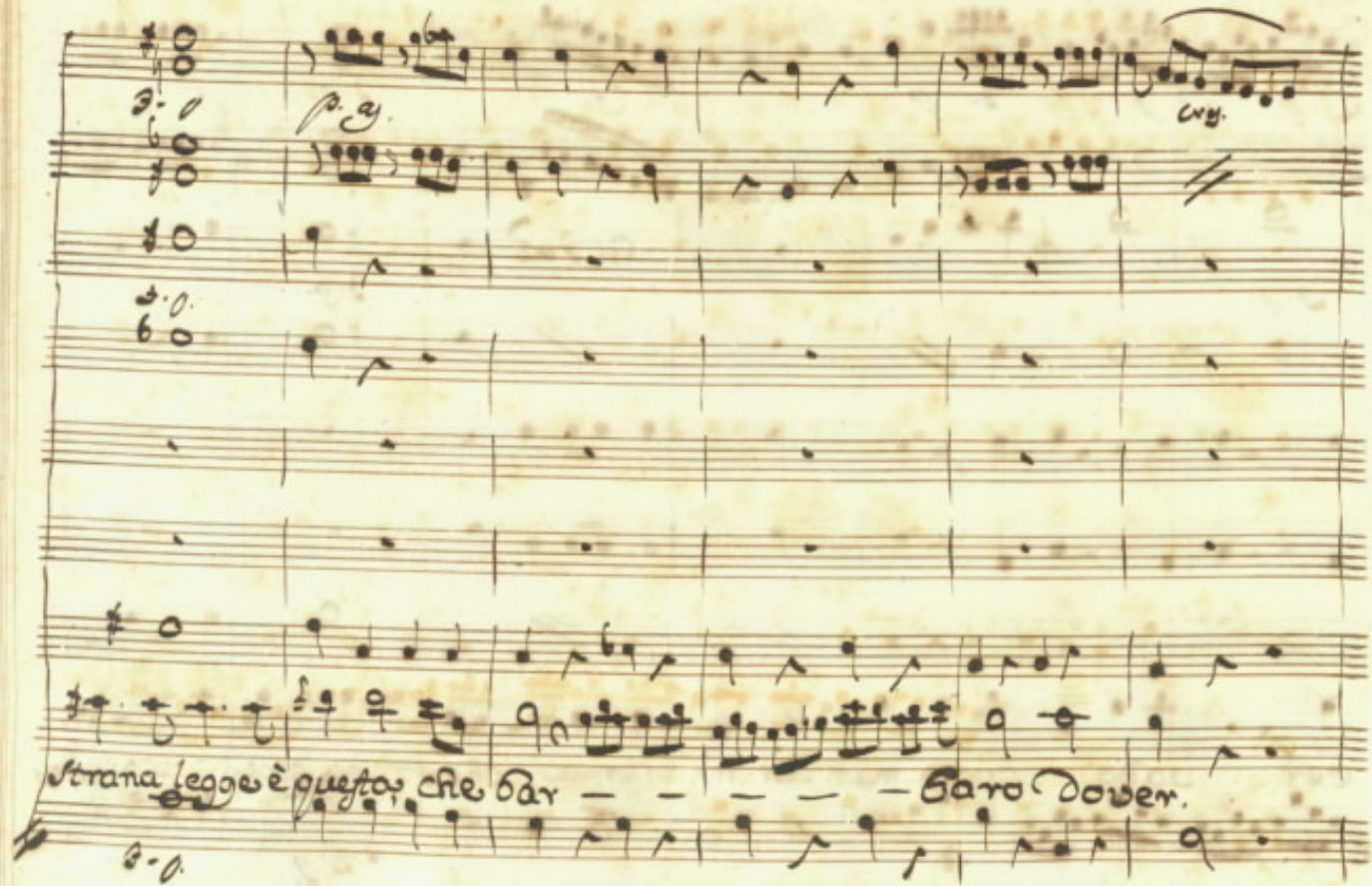
Col Ped.

mail cor il cor mi trema; mail piè s'arresta, che strana




Gs.
p
3.
legge è questa che barbaro dover che bar - - - - baro do=

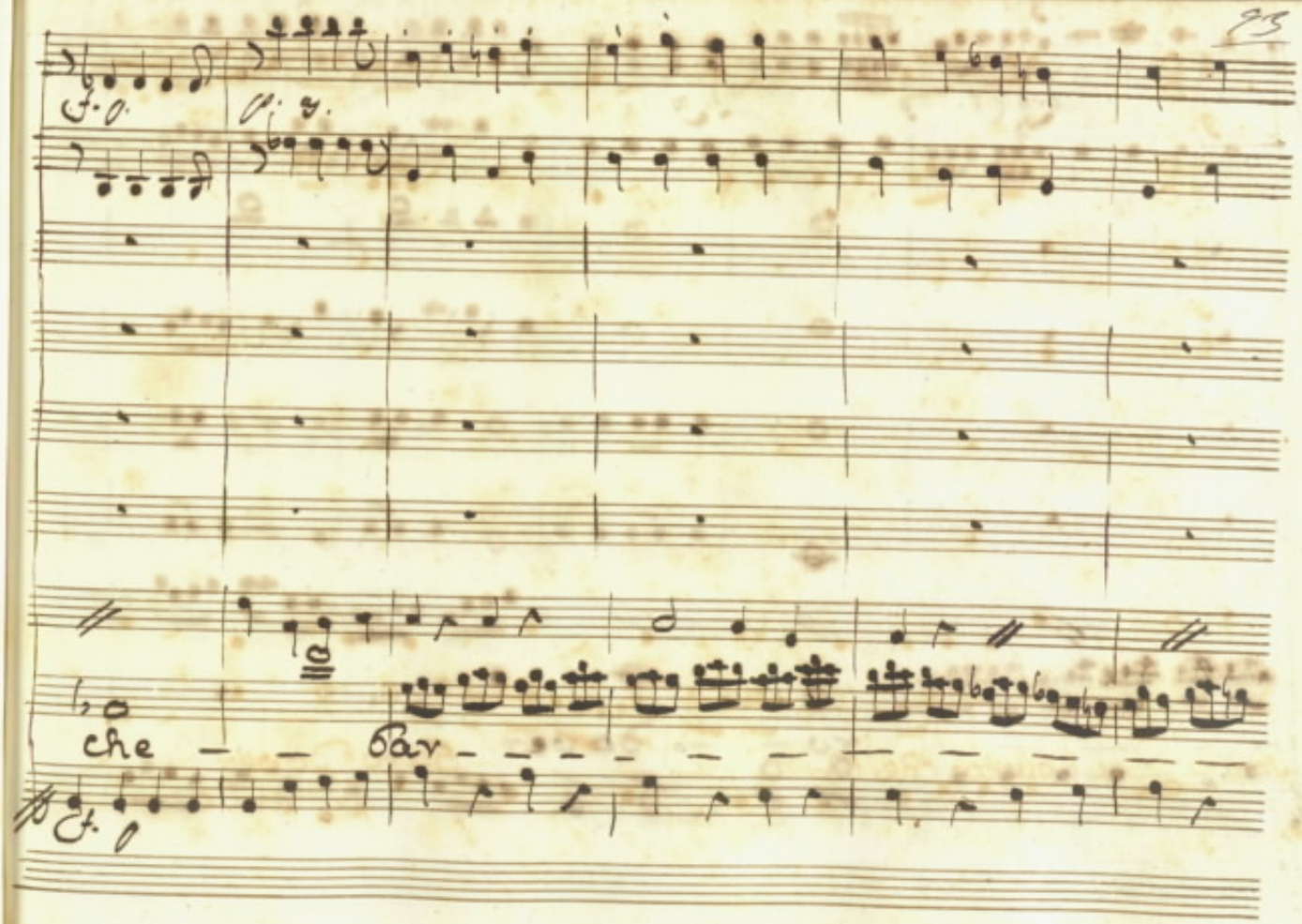

ver. vado, parto; ma il cor mi trema, che strana legge è questa, che

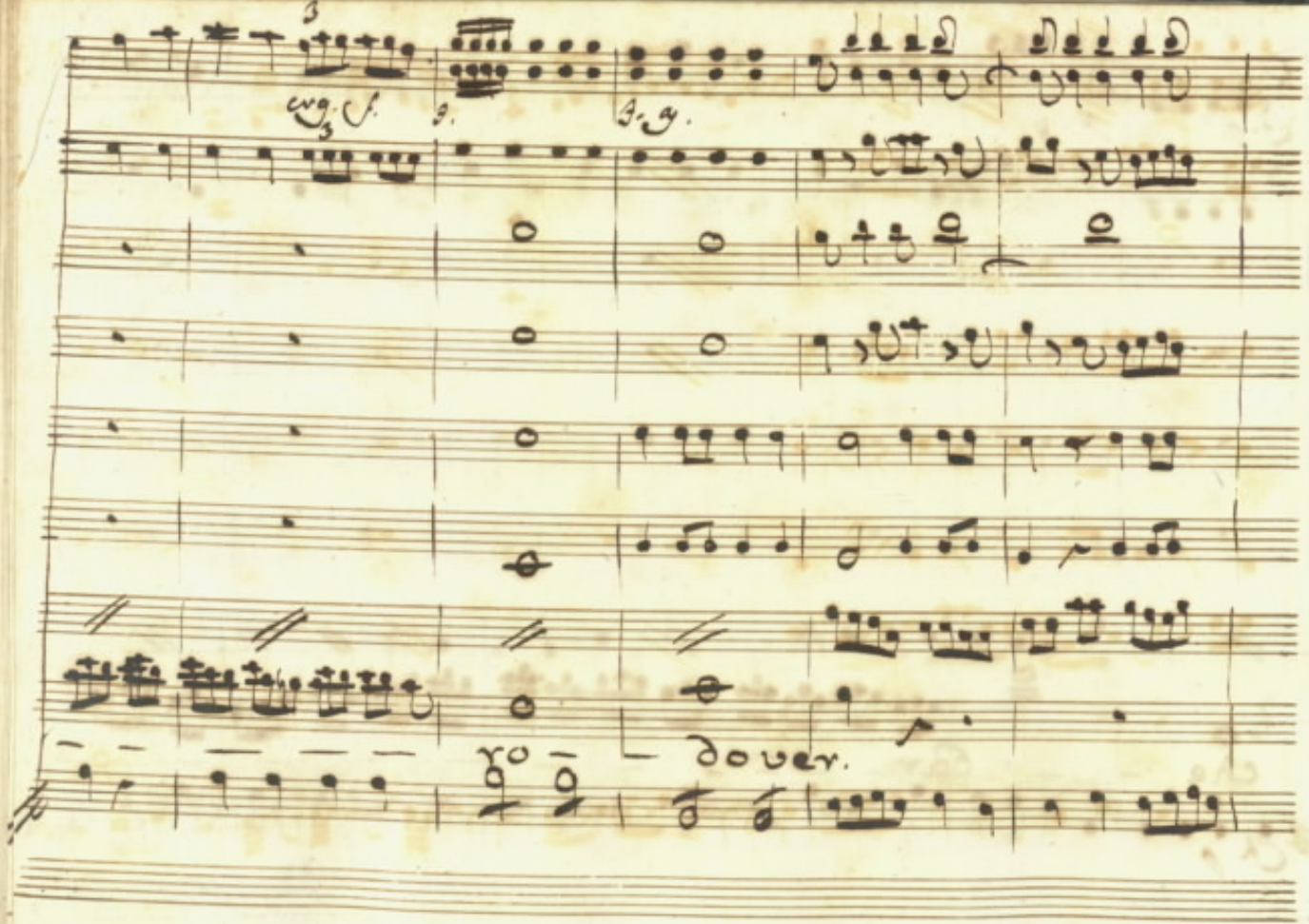


p. ag.

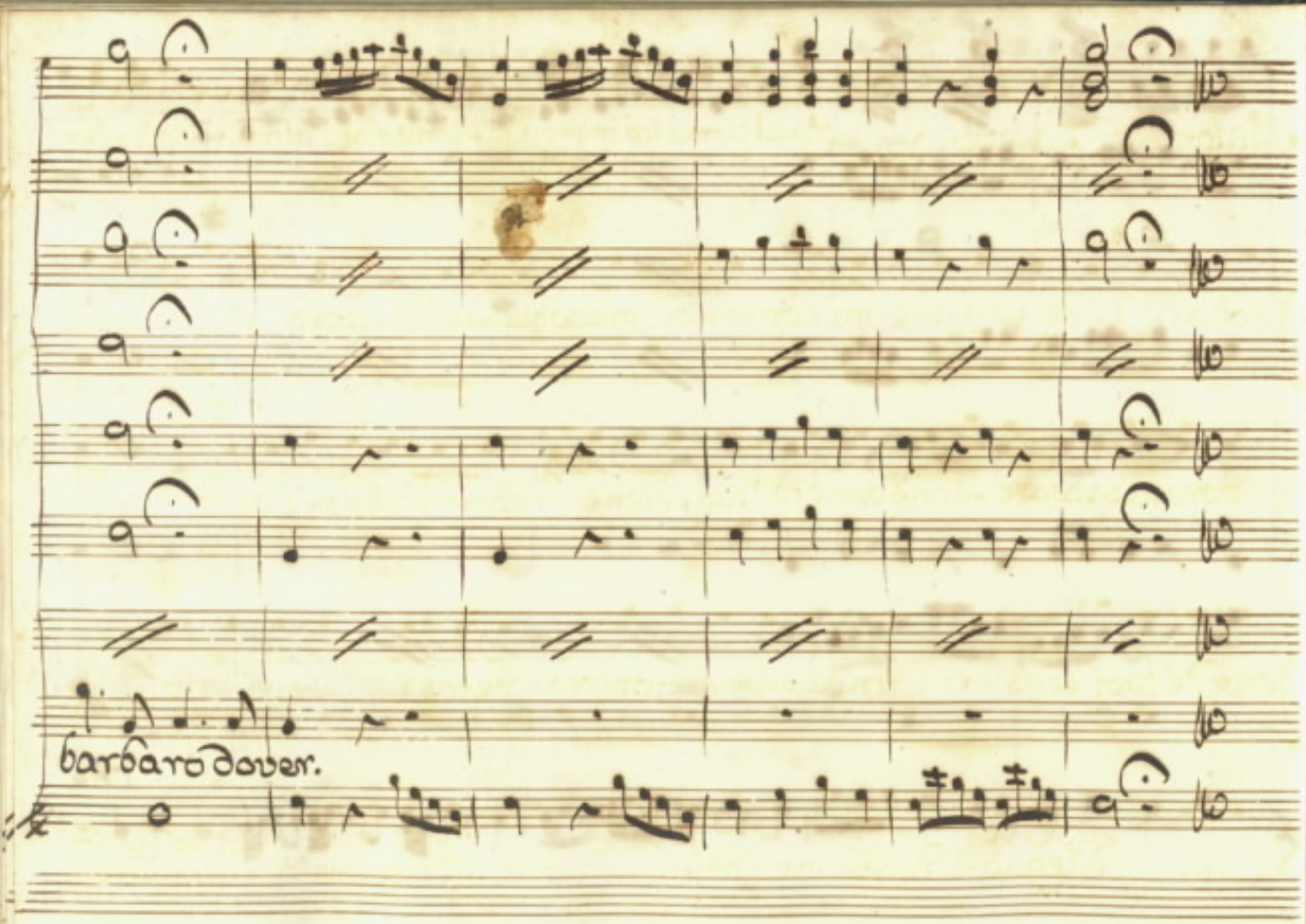
cres.

Strana legge è questa, che bar — — — — — baro dover.


che — — par — — — — — — — — — —


Dover.

cRe


barbaro dover.

Scena VI.

Medonte, e Talete

Medon:

Qual tumulto improviso sconvolge l'alma, e quale

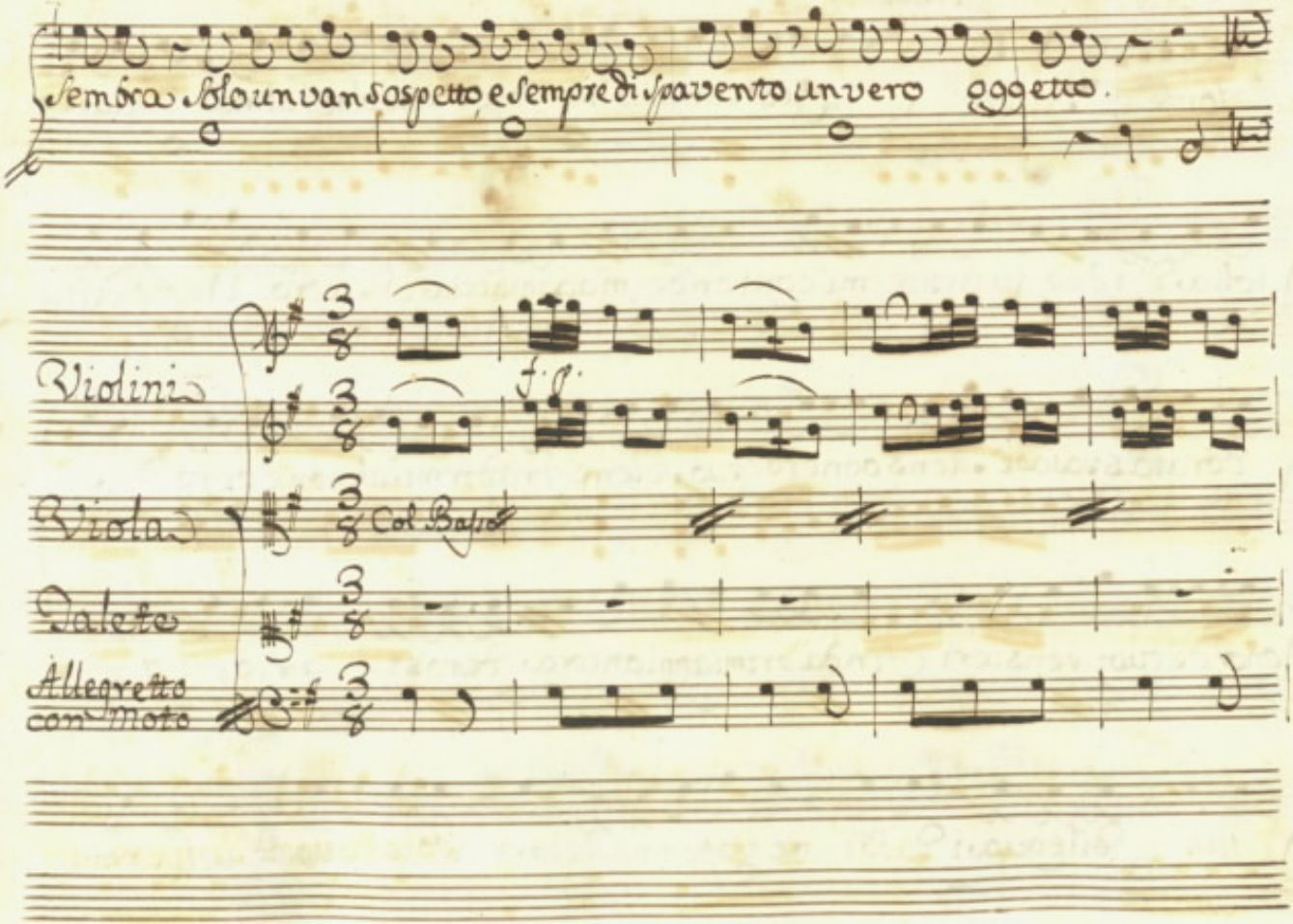
folla d'idee funeste mi confonde, m'agghiaccia il labro, il core dell'a-

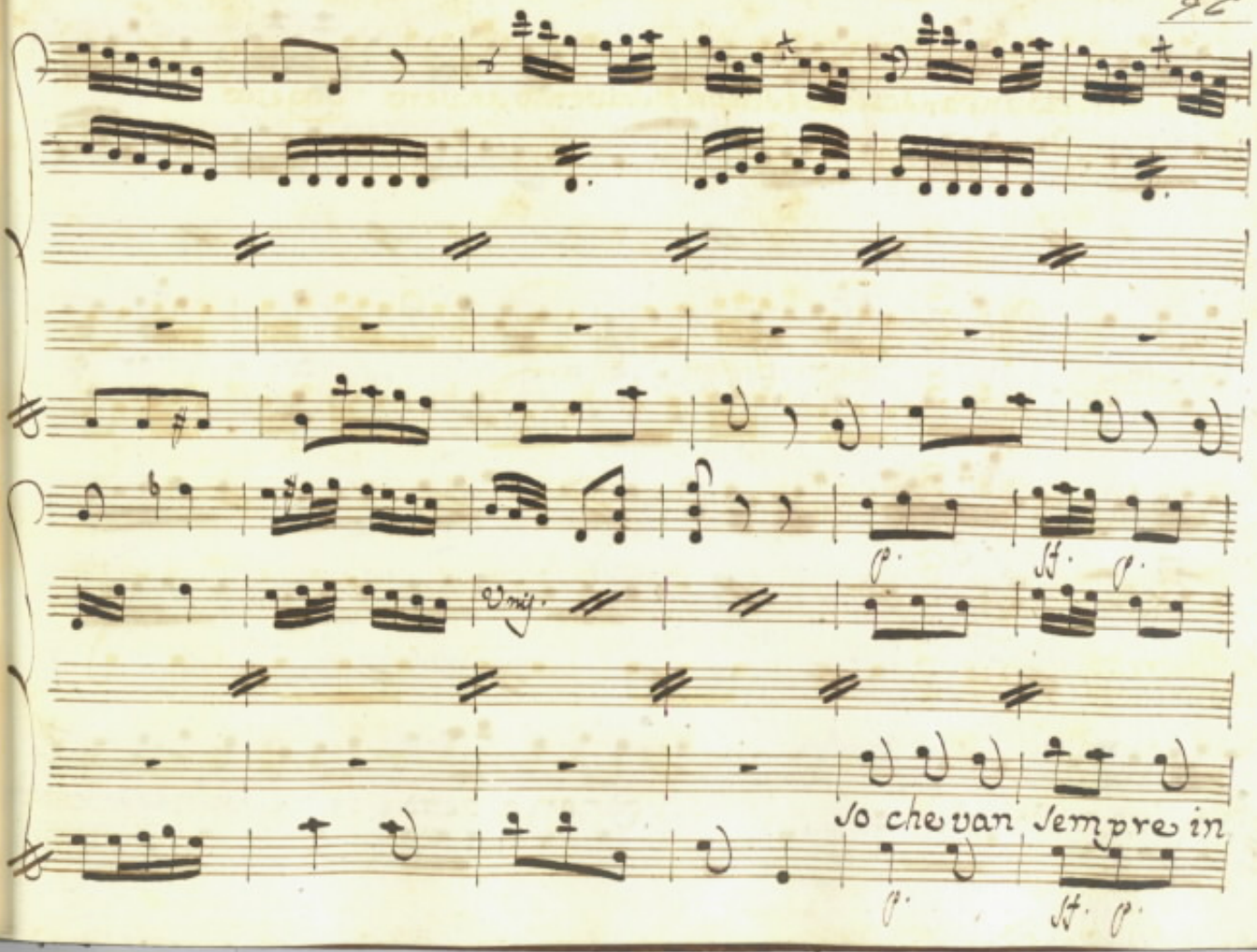
dorata sposa è Mensognero? può Selene tradirmi? ah non è vero. Si-

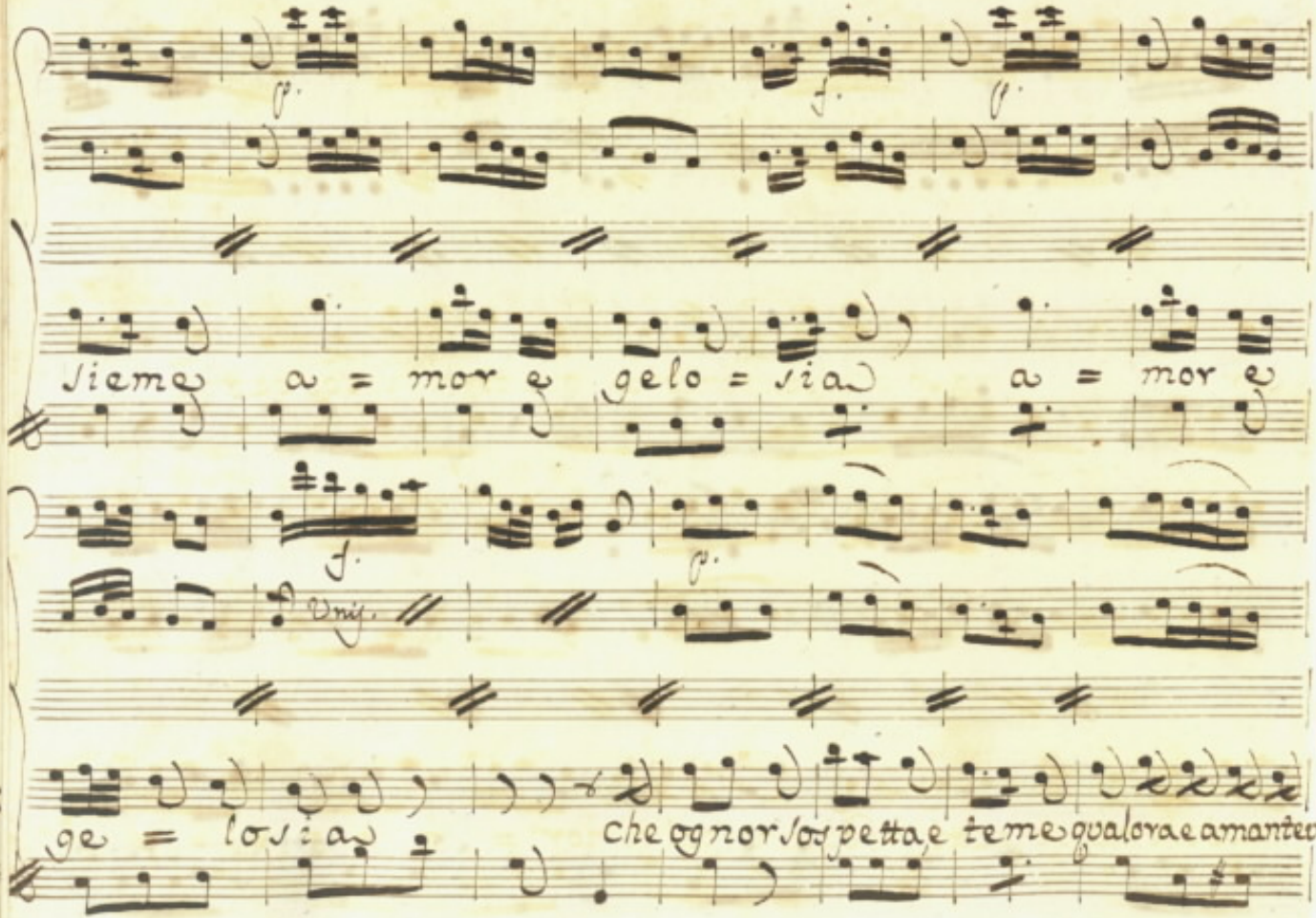
Tale:

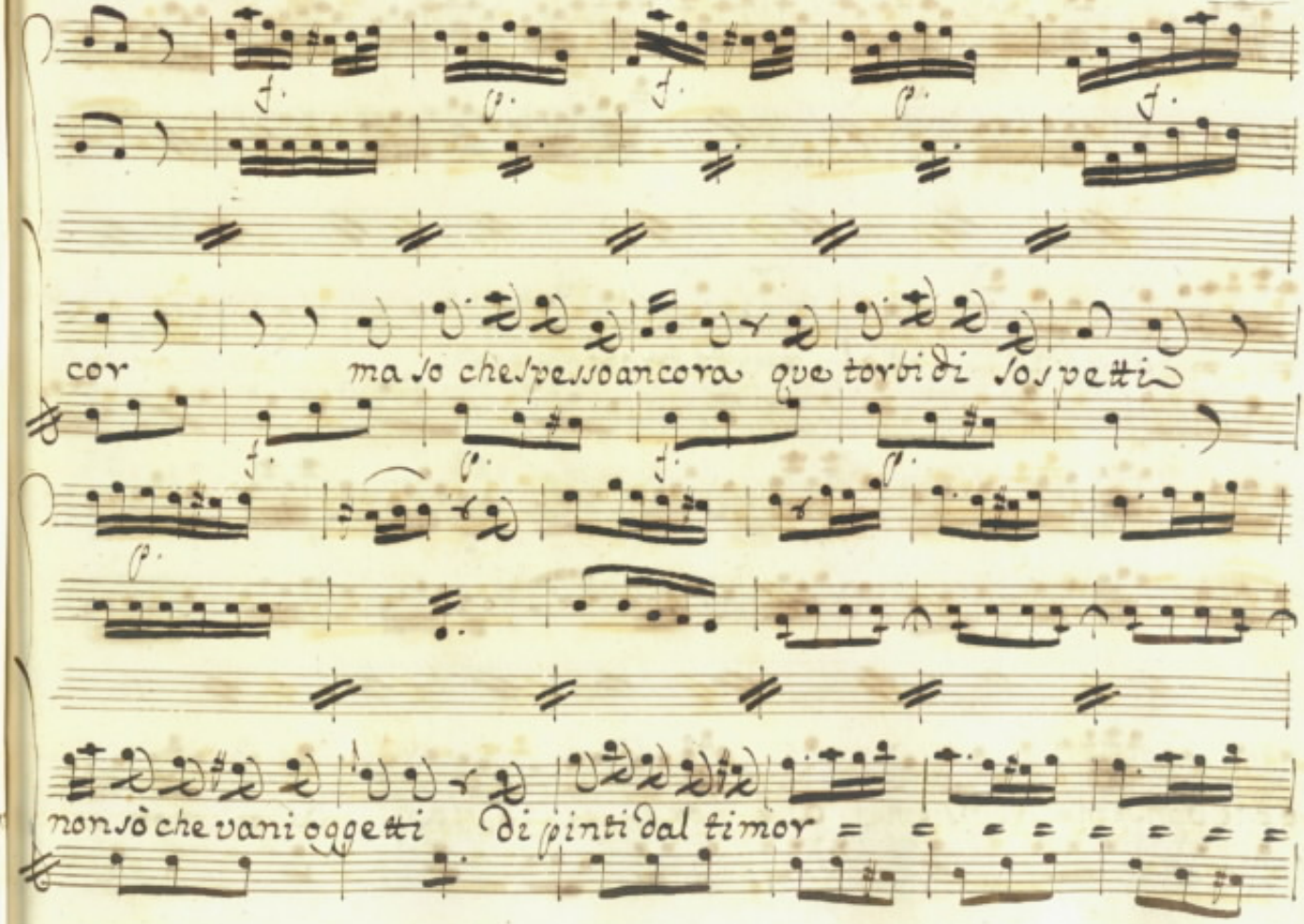
gnor, de' tuoi pensieri fin da' primi anni ancora deposi-tario io

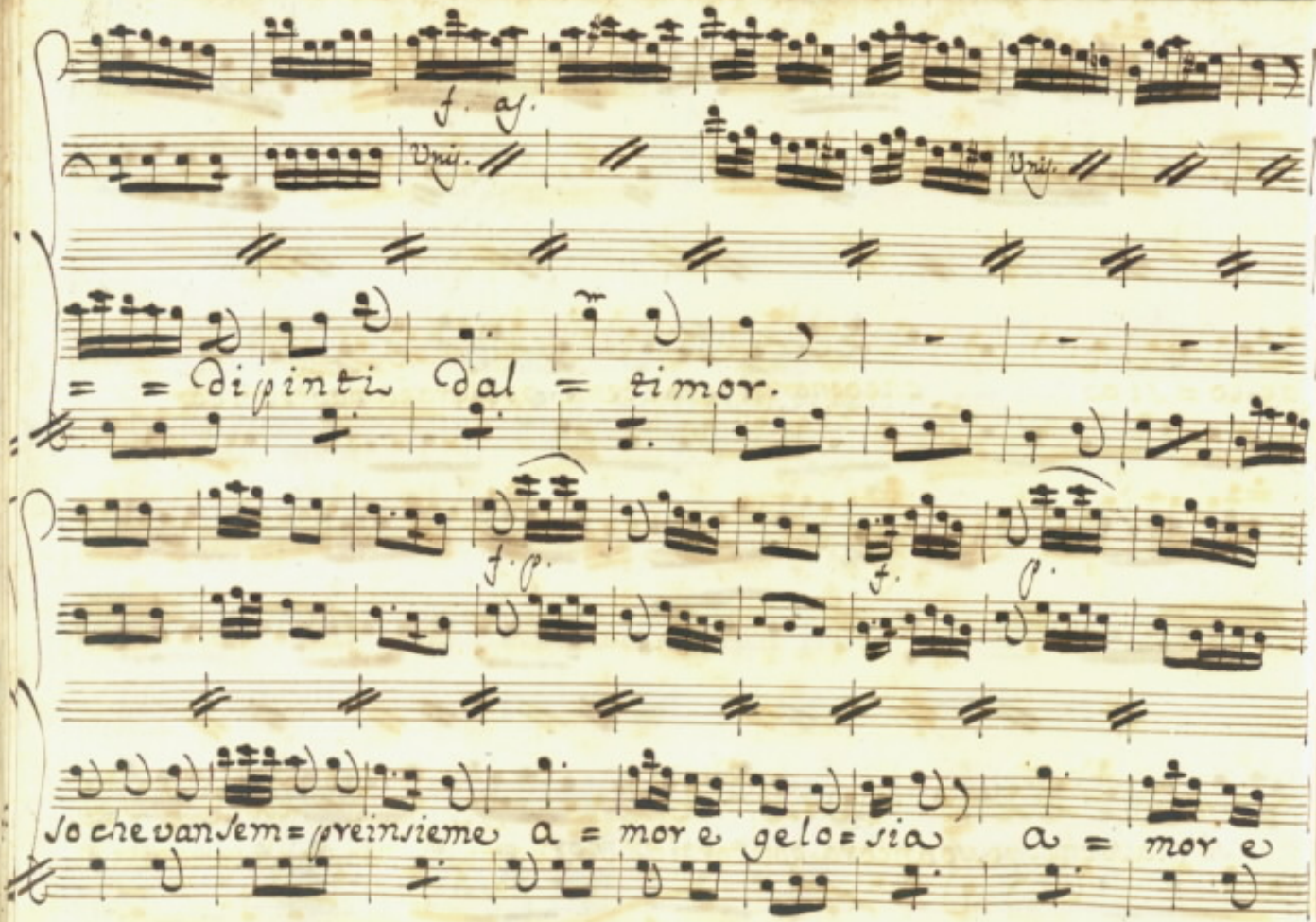
fui dilegua i dubbi ne t'affanna il timor, à un core amante quel ch'altrui

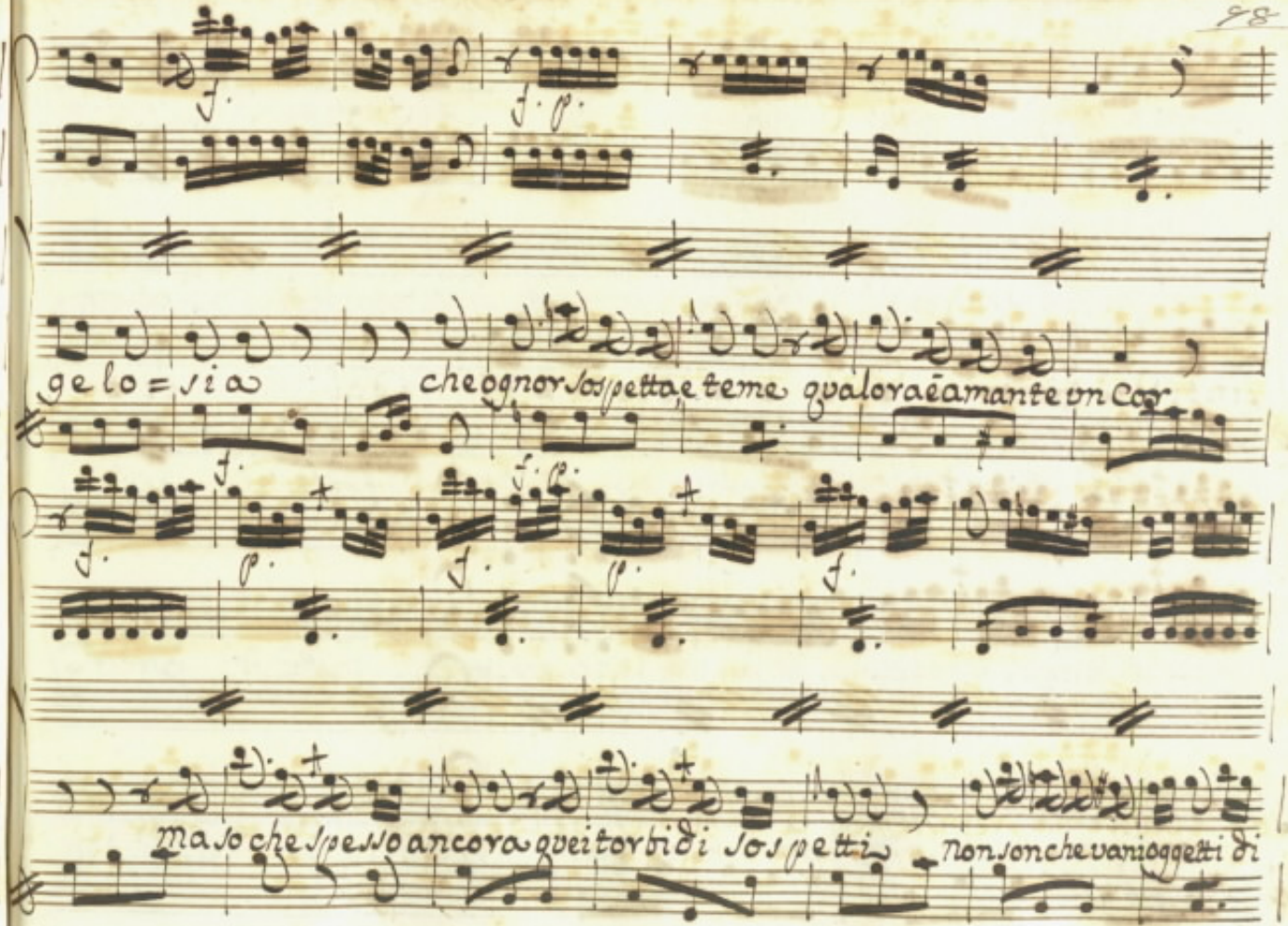

sembra solo un van sospetto e sempre di spavento un vero oggetto.
Violini
f. f.
Viola
Col Basso
Valete
Allegretto con Moto

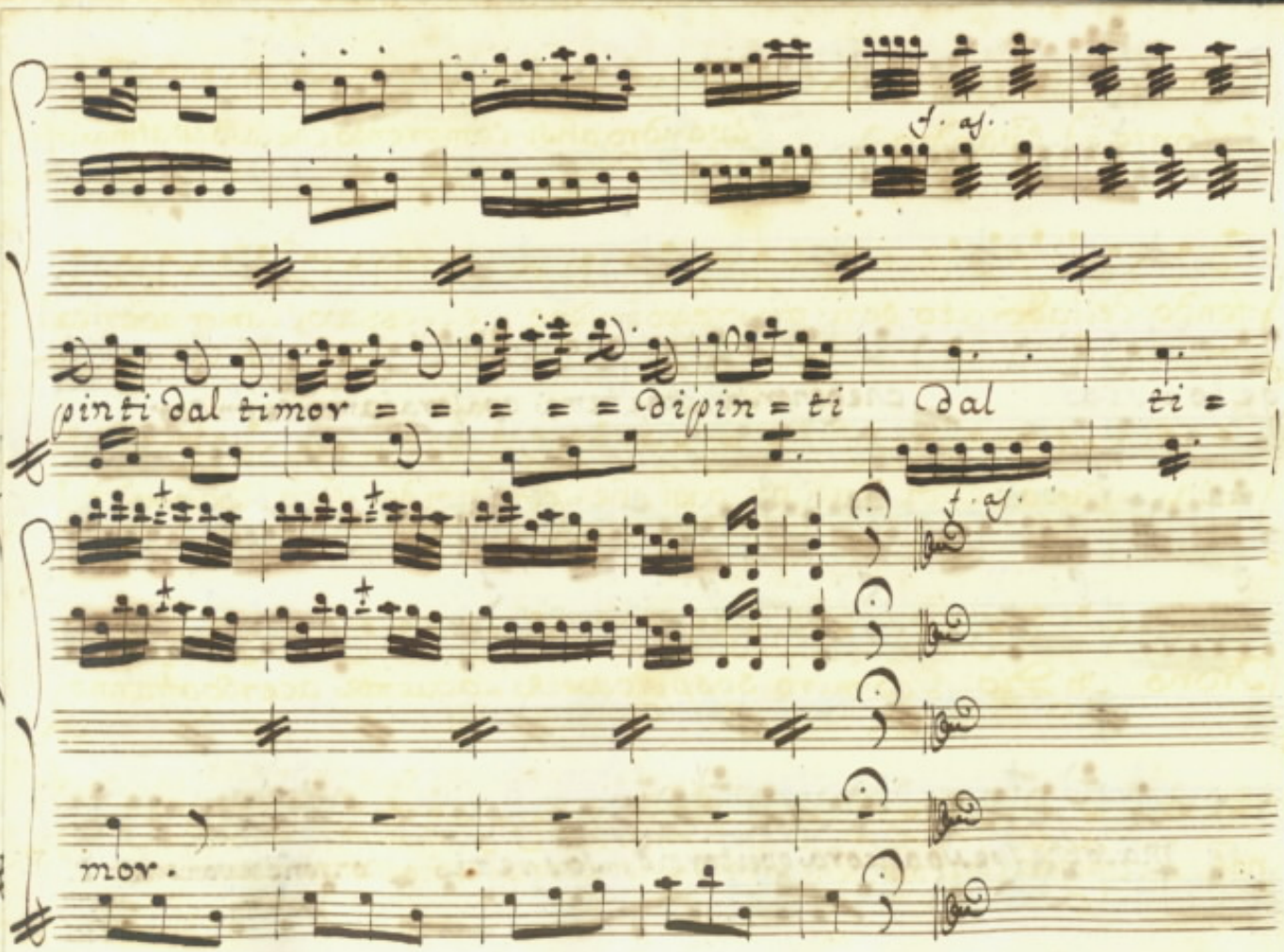

p. St. p.
Unis.
so che van sempre in
p. St. p.


p.
f.
p.
Siemo a = mor e gelo = sia a = mor e
f.
p.
Unis.
ge = losia
Che ogn or sospetta e teme qualora e amante


cor ma so che spesso ancora que torbi di sospetti
non sò che vani oggetti di pinti dal timor


f. as.
Unis.
Unis.
= = dipinti dal = timor.
f. p.
f.
p.
so che van sem = preinsieme a = mor e gelo = sia a = mor e


gelo=sia
che ognor sospetta, e teme qualora è amante un Cor
ma so che spesso ancora quei torbidi sospetti
non son che vani oggetti di


f. af.
pinti dal timor = = = = = Dipin = ti Dal ti =
f. af.
mor.

Scena VII

Medonte, ed Evandro

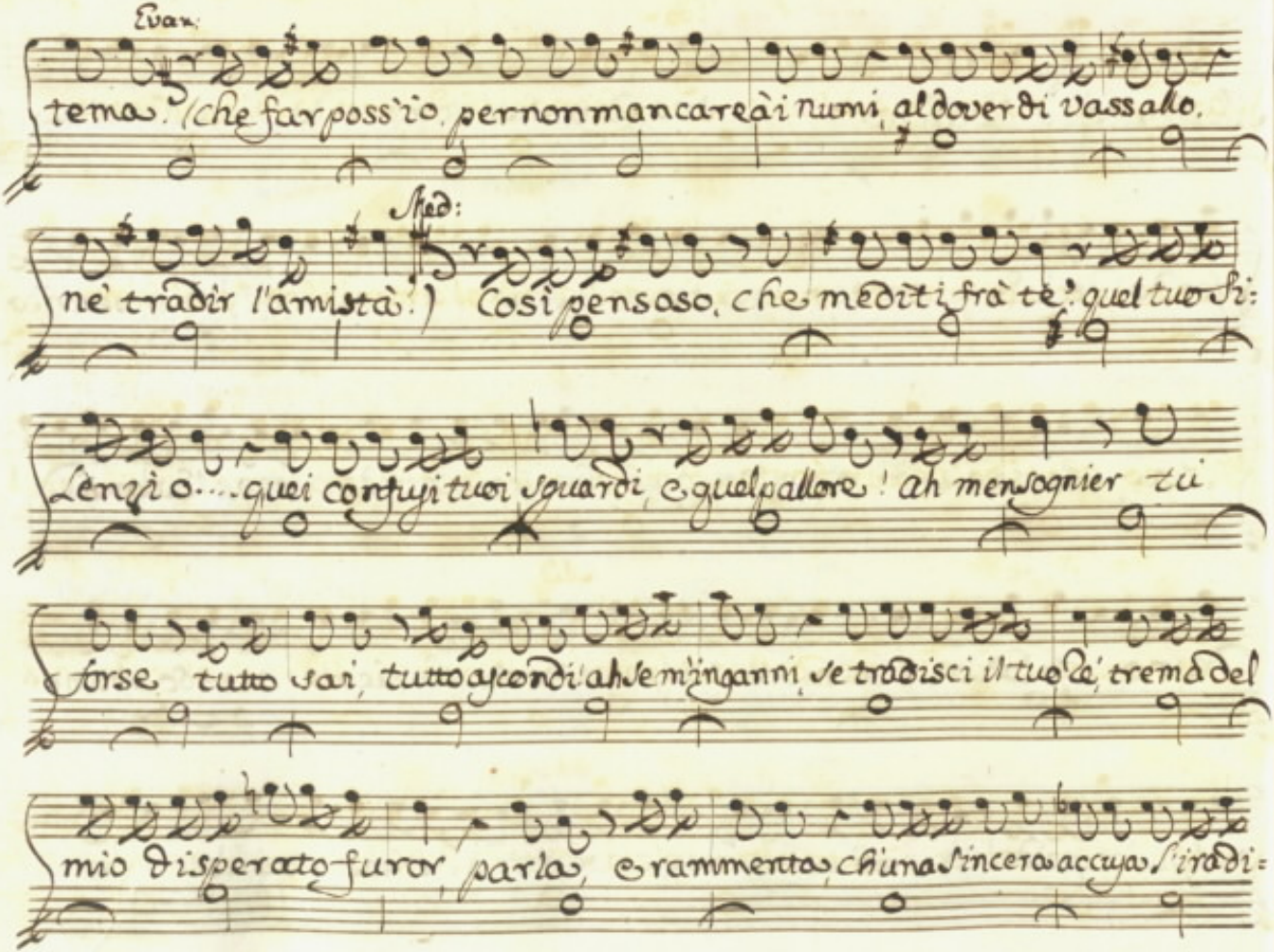
Evandro, ahsì comprendo, che la bell'alma of-

fendo dell'adorato ben; ma troppo in seno e eccessivo è l'amor, perch'egli

sia capace di ragion: oggi che spero di vider seco il Balamo, e il

Trono, oh Dio! La miro sospirosa, e laguente, acerbo affanno

nel più cupo del cor sembra che prema, e non vorrai ch'io si m'attristi e



Evan:

tema. (che far poss'io, per non mancare à i numi, al dover di vassallo,

Med:

nè tradir l'amistà.) Così pensoso, che mediti frà te? quel tuo si:

lenzio.... quei confusi tuoi sguardi, e quel pallore! ah men sognier tu

forse tutto sai, tutto ascondi! ah se m'inganni, se tradisci il tuo Re, trema del

mio disperato furor, parla, e rammenta, ch'una sincera accusa s'ira di=

Evan:

sarma e meritar può scusa. Signor, che dir poss'io, la Regia sposa

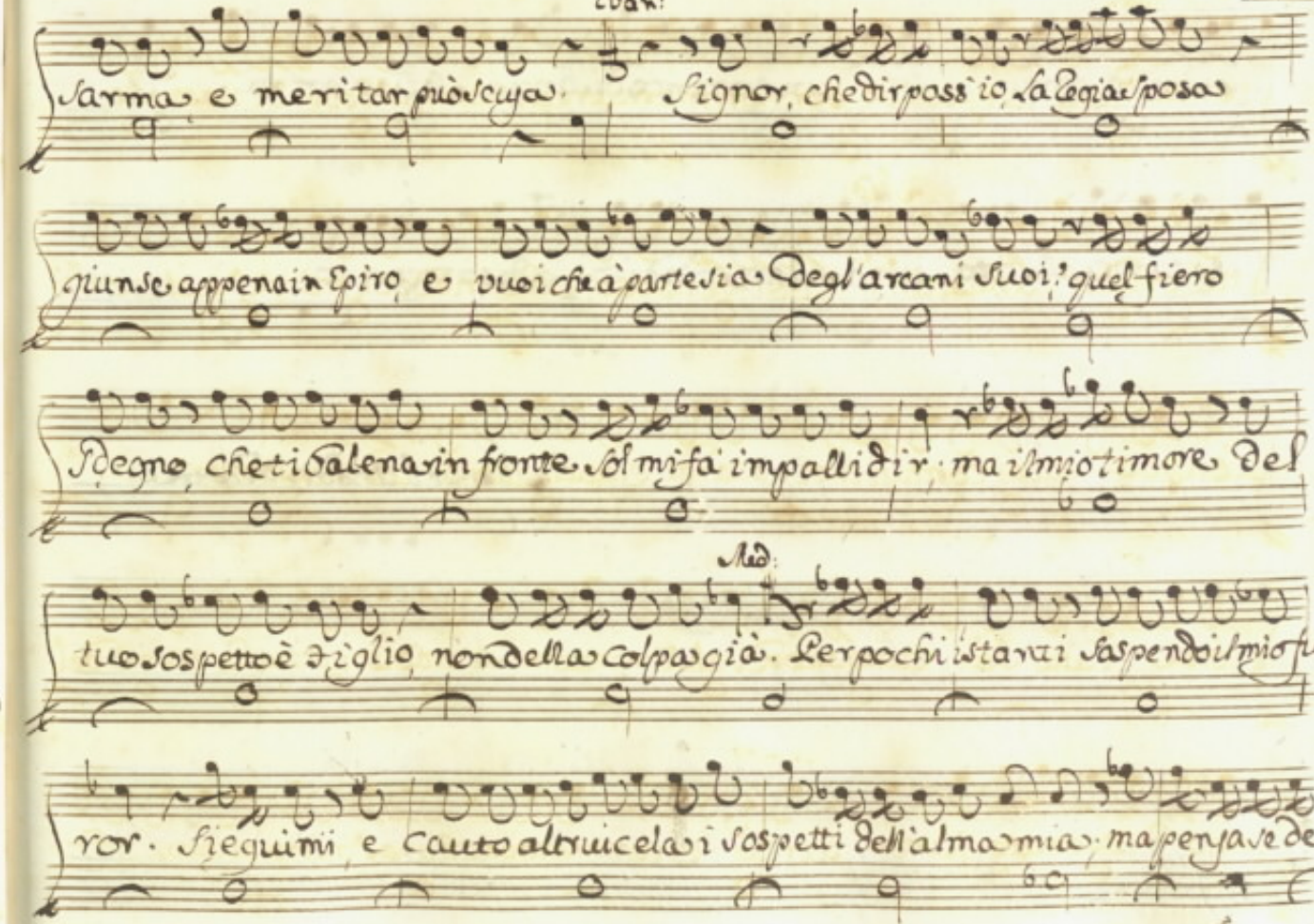
giunse appena in Epiro, e vuoi che à parte sia degl'arcani suoi; quel fiero

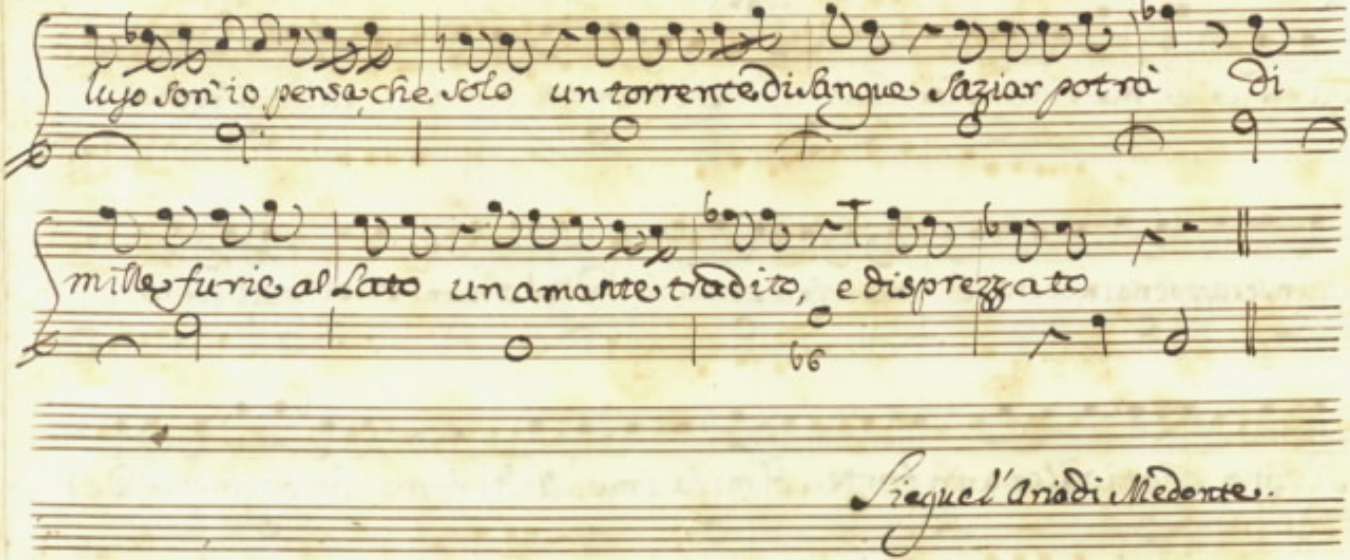
sdegno, che ti Galena in fronte sol mi fà impallidir; ma il mio timore del

Med:

tuo sospetto è figlio, non della colpa già. Per pochi istanti sospendo il mio fu-

ror. Sieguimi, e cauto altruicela i sospetti dell'alma mia; ma pensa se de=




luyo son'io pensa che solo un torrente di sangue saziar potrà di
mille furie al Lato un amante tradito, e disprezzato
Segue l'aria di Medonte.

Tvni

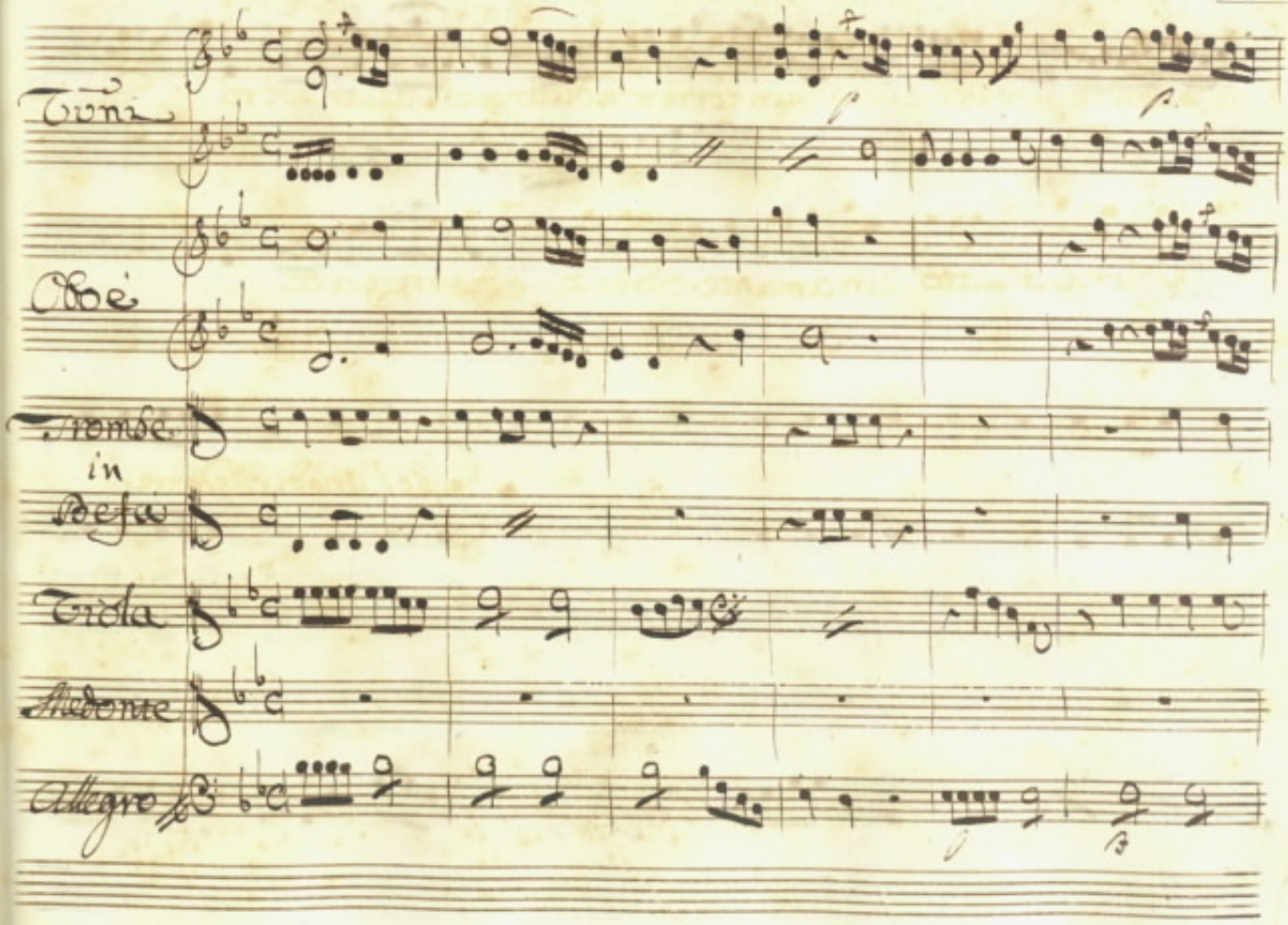
Oboé

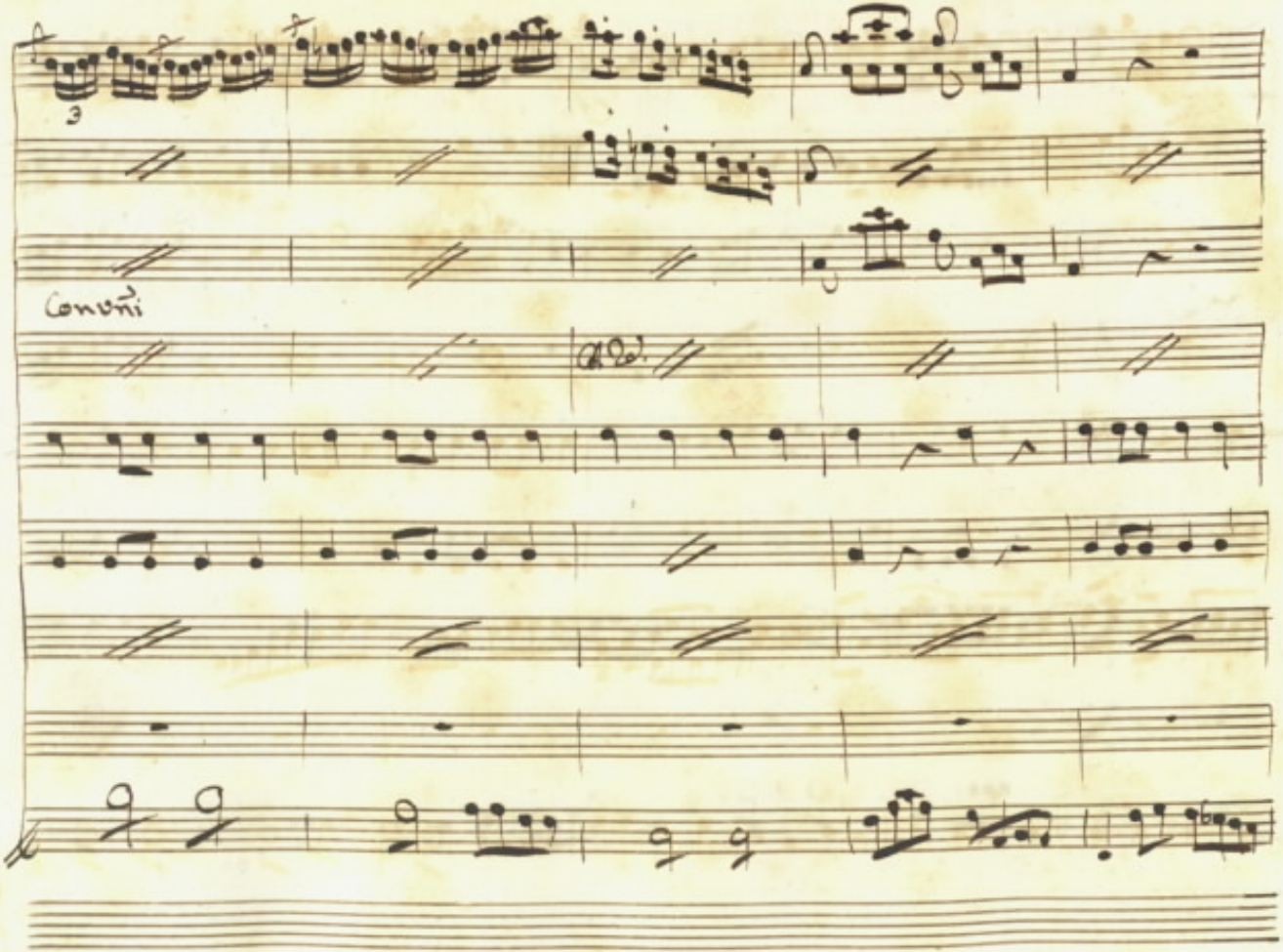
Trombe in Bessi

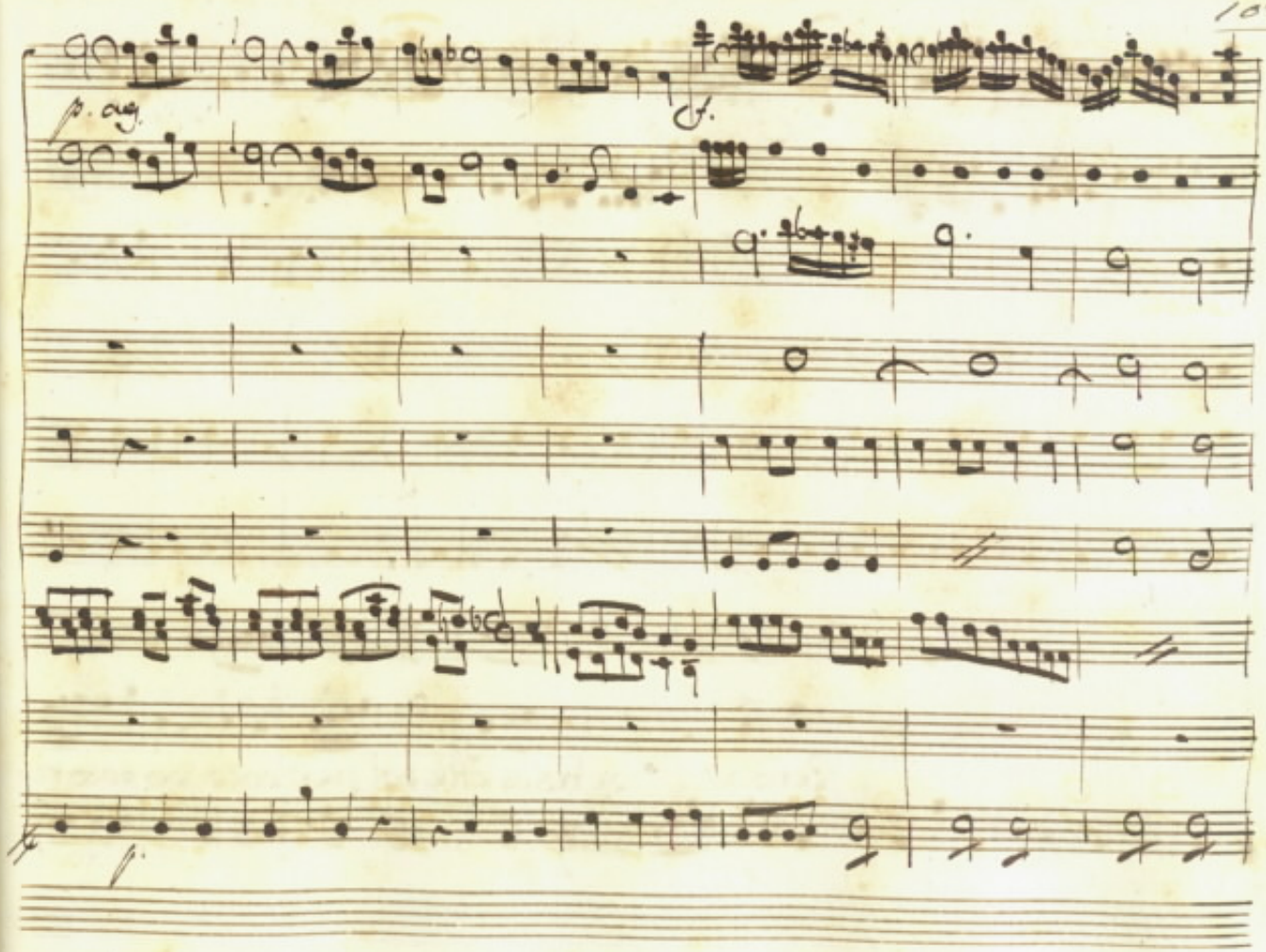
Viola

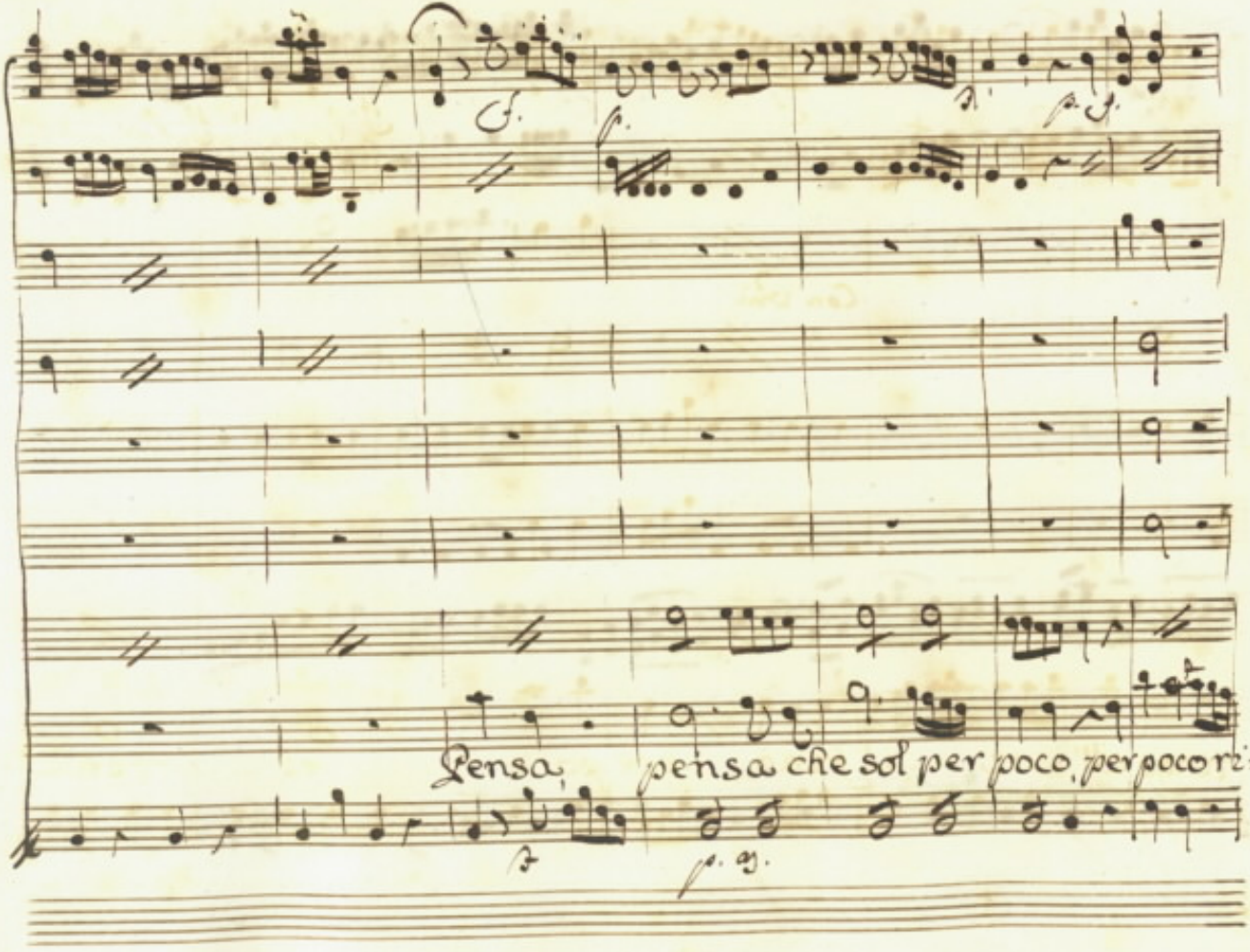
Medonte

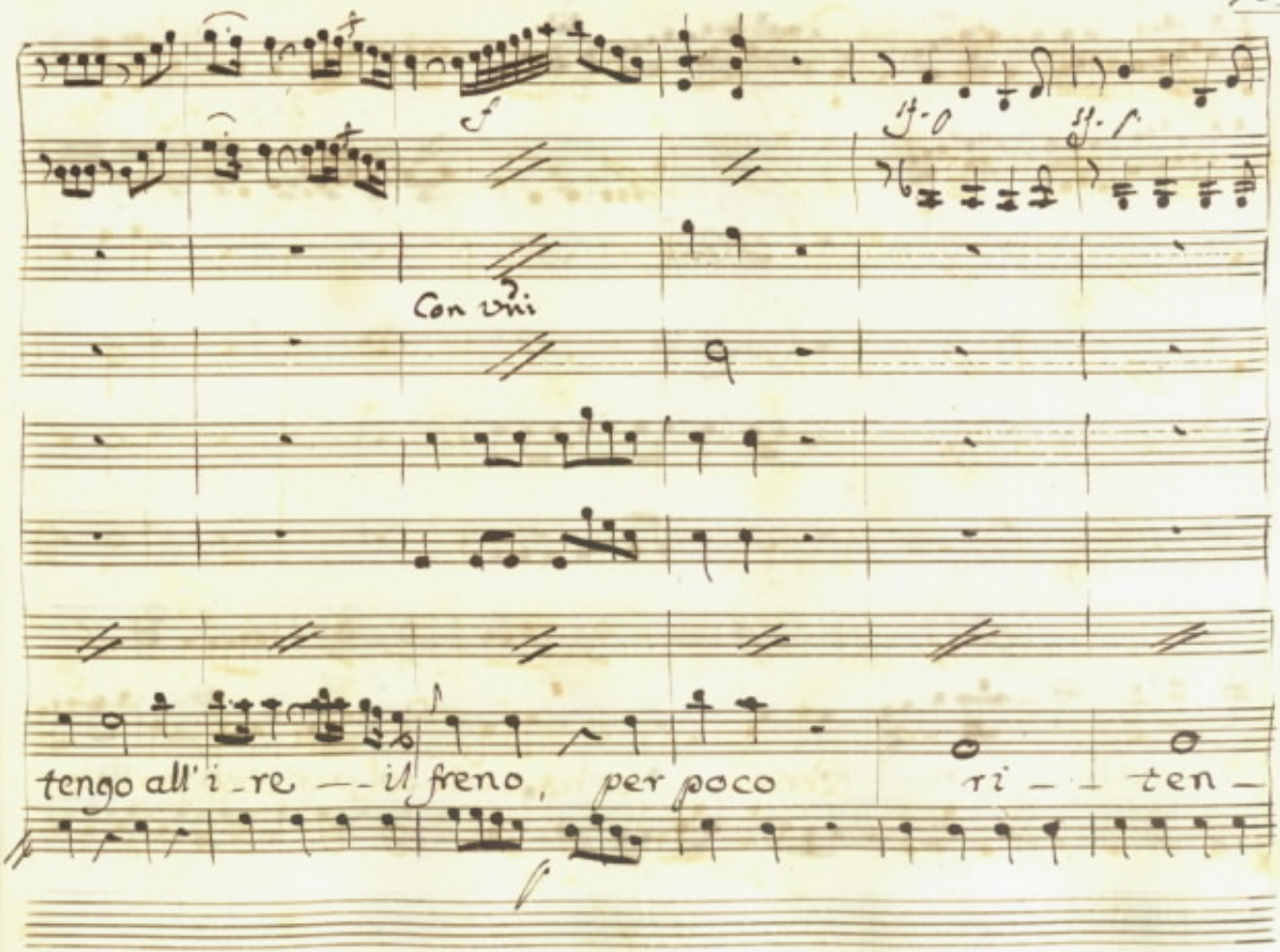
Allegro

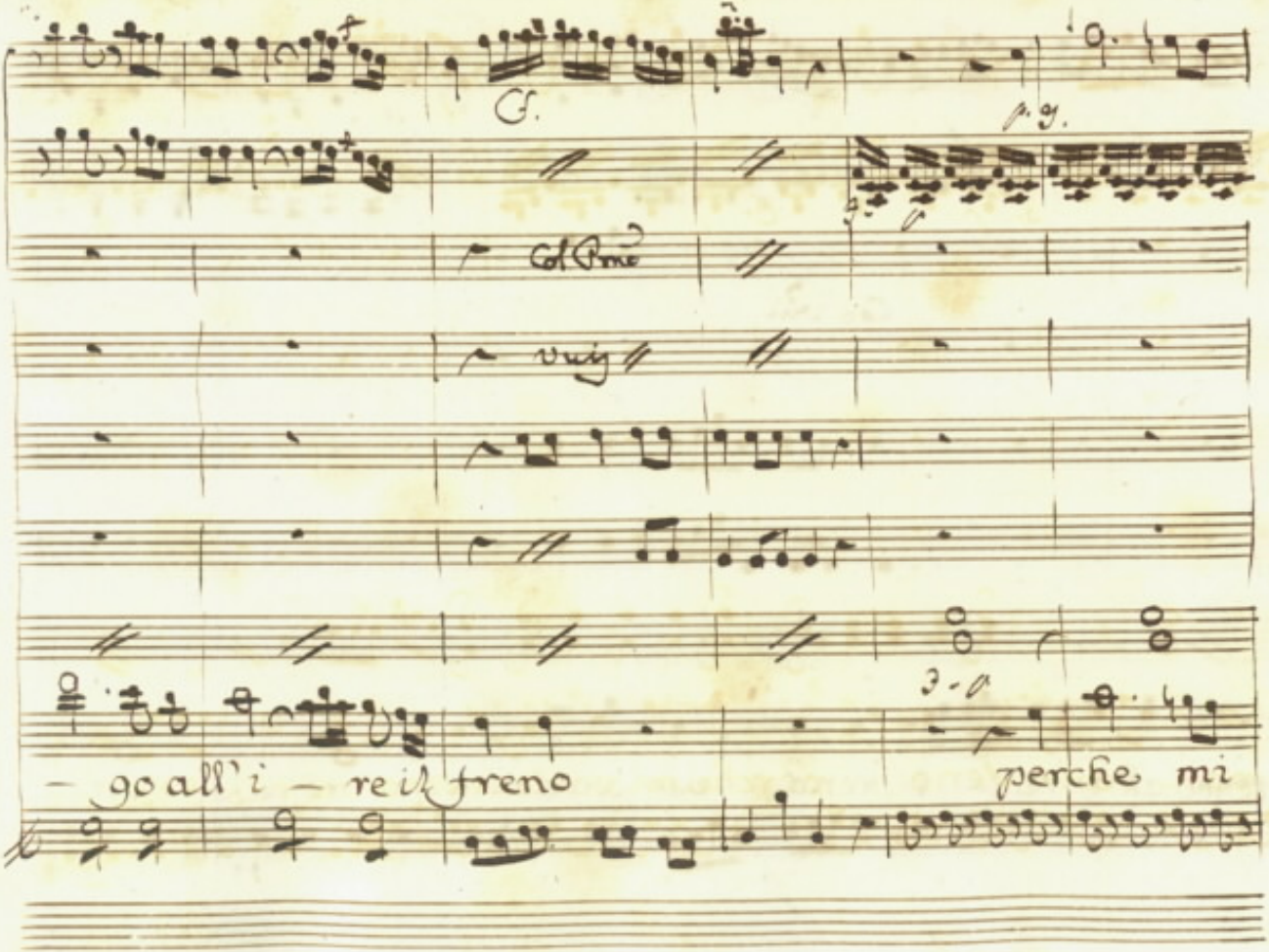



3
Convni


p. cresc.
f.
ff
f.


Pensa, pensa che sol per poco, per poco ri=


Con vni
tengo all'i_re __ il freno, per poco ri __ ten_



Cf.

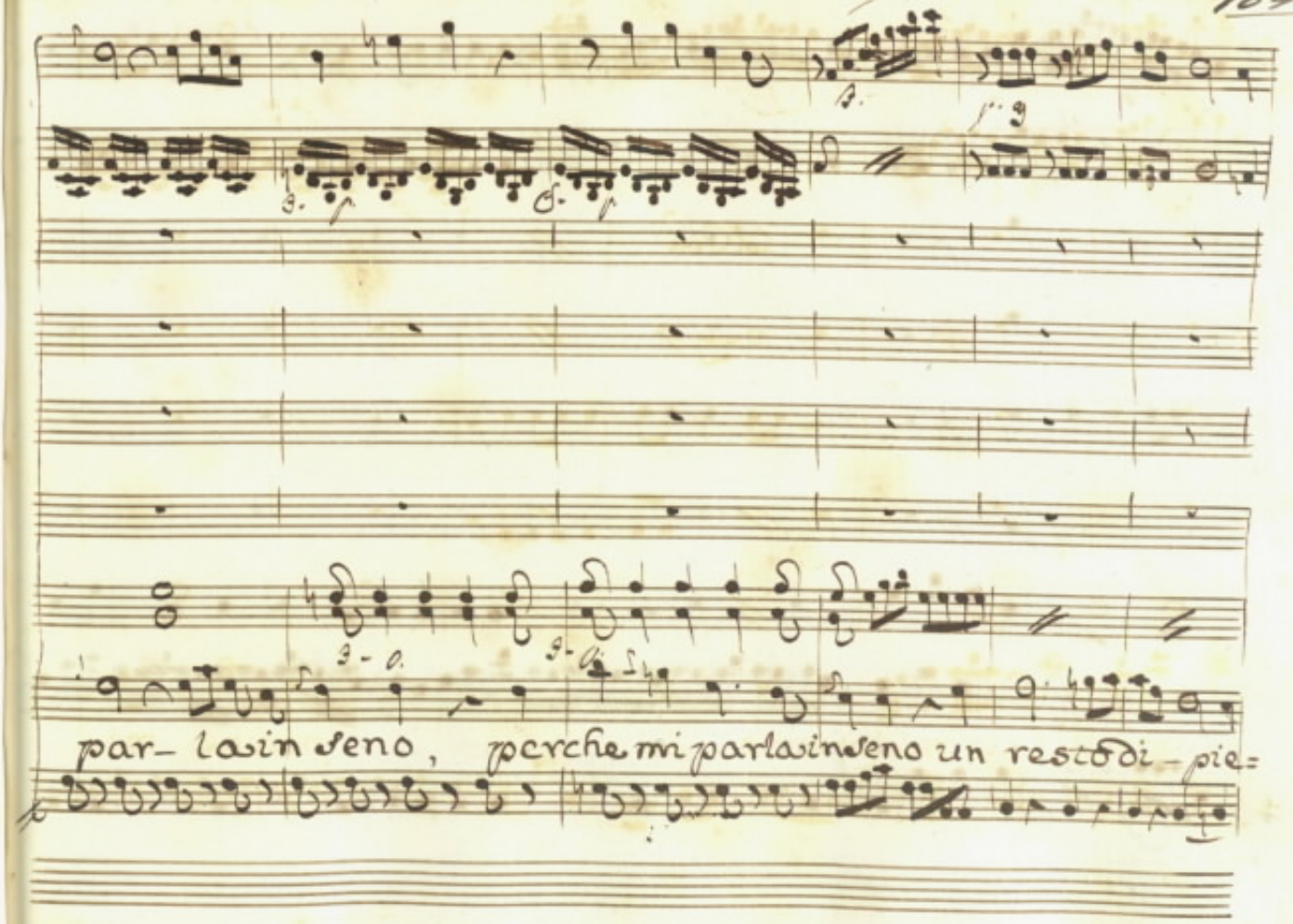
p. g.

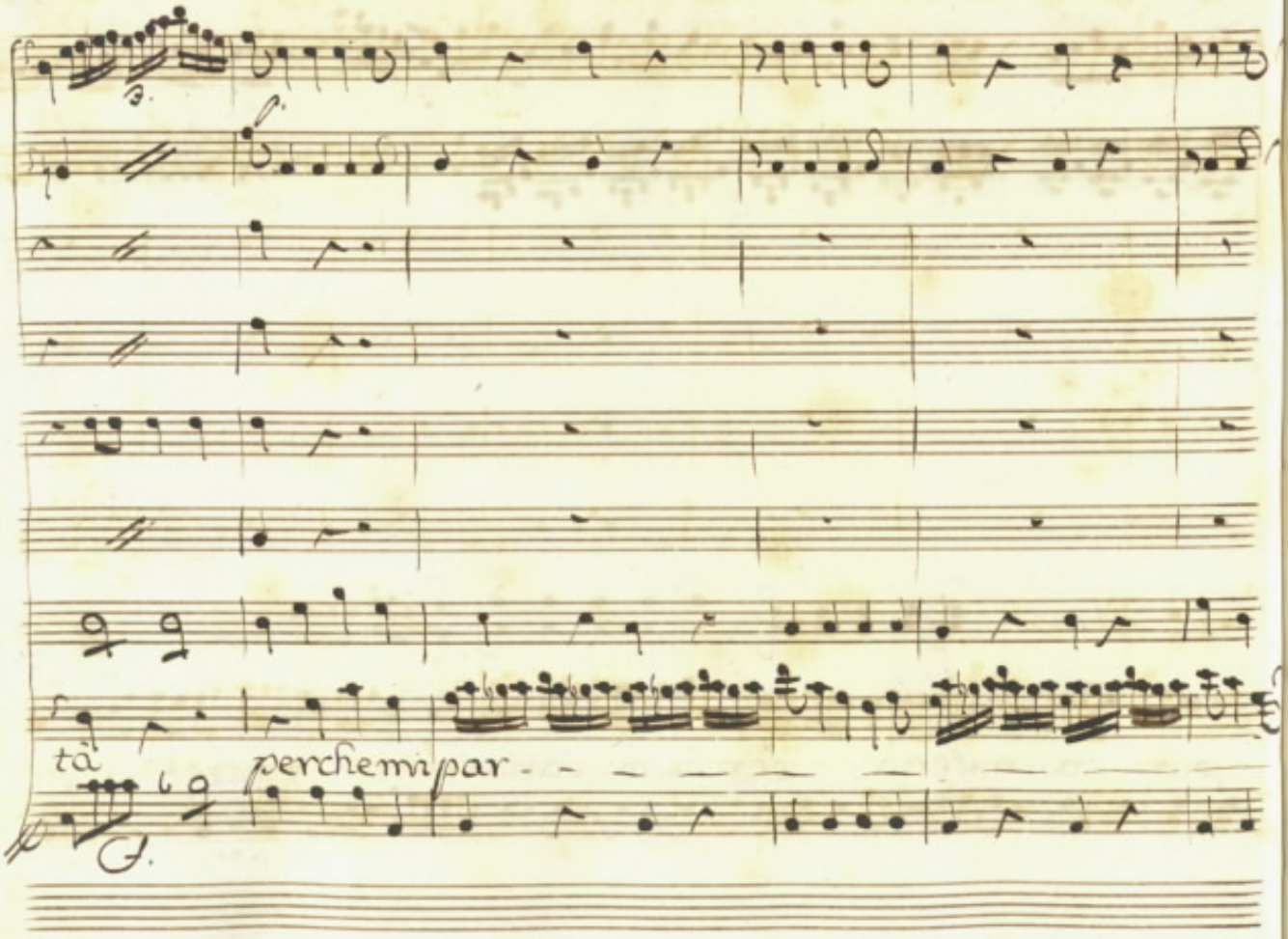
Col Pmo

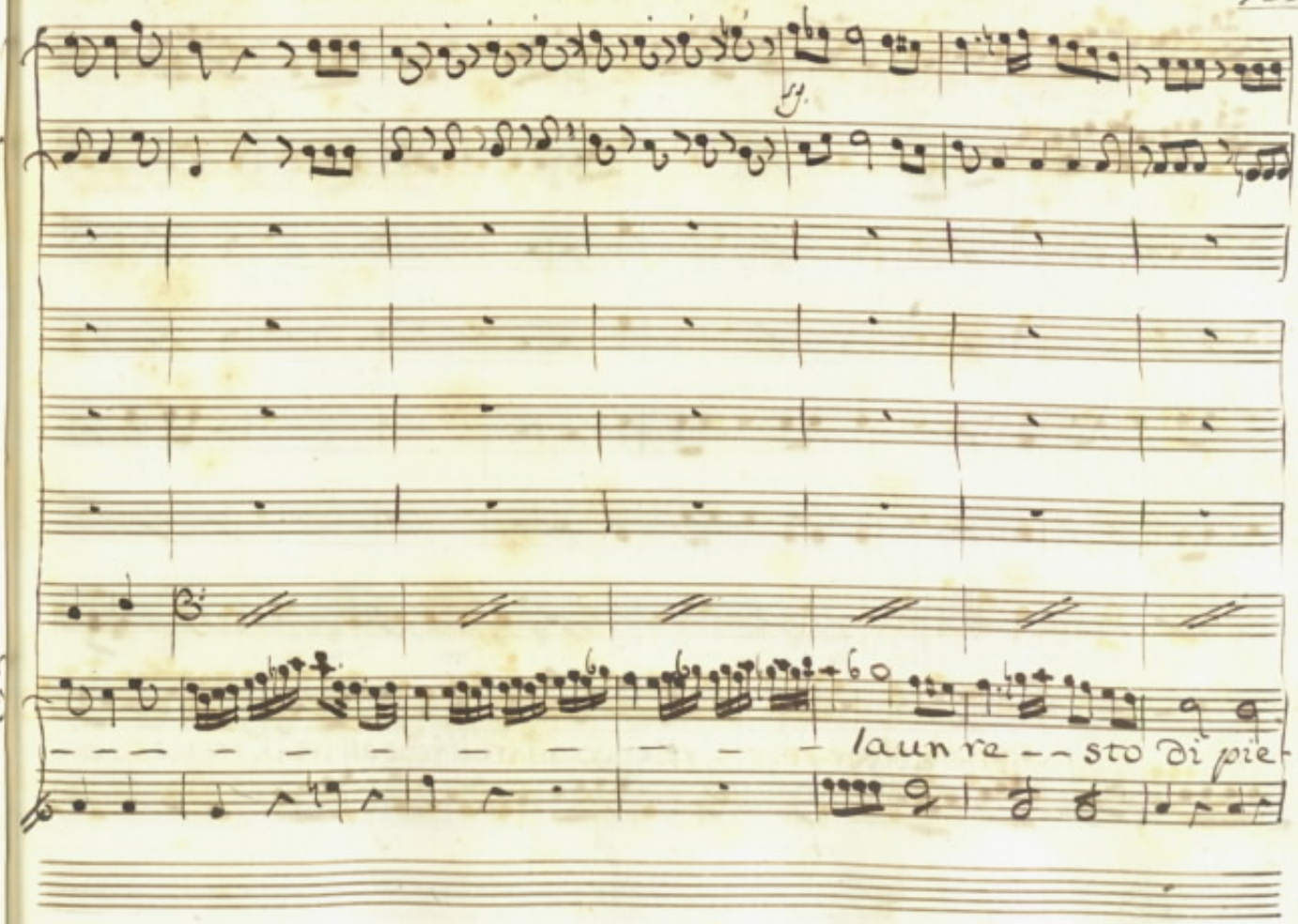
vuiz

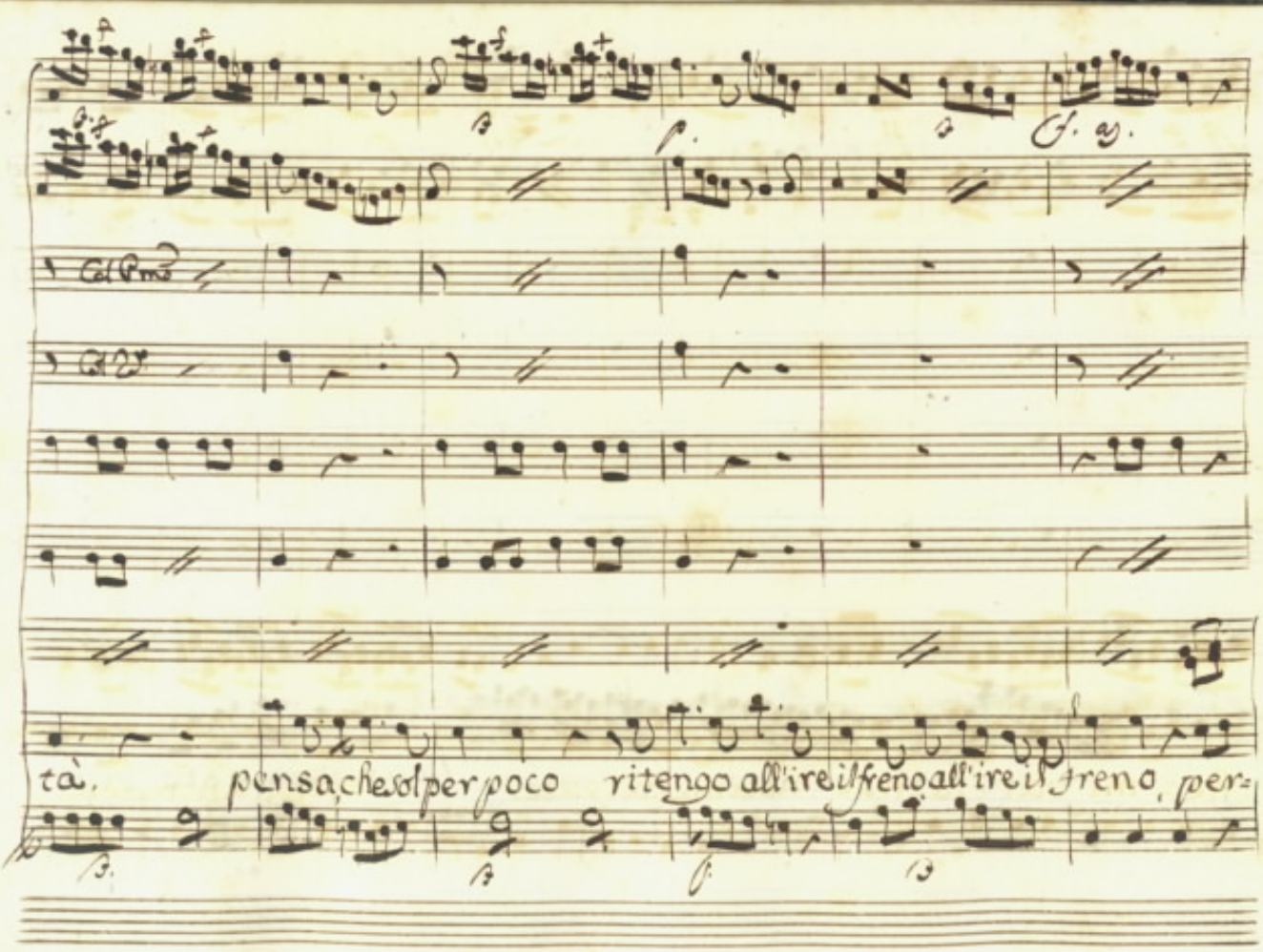
3-0

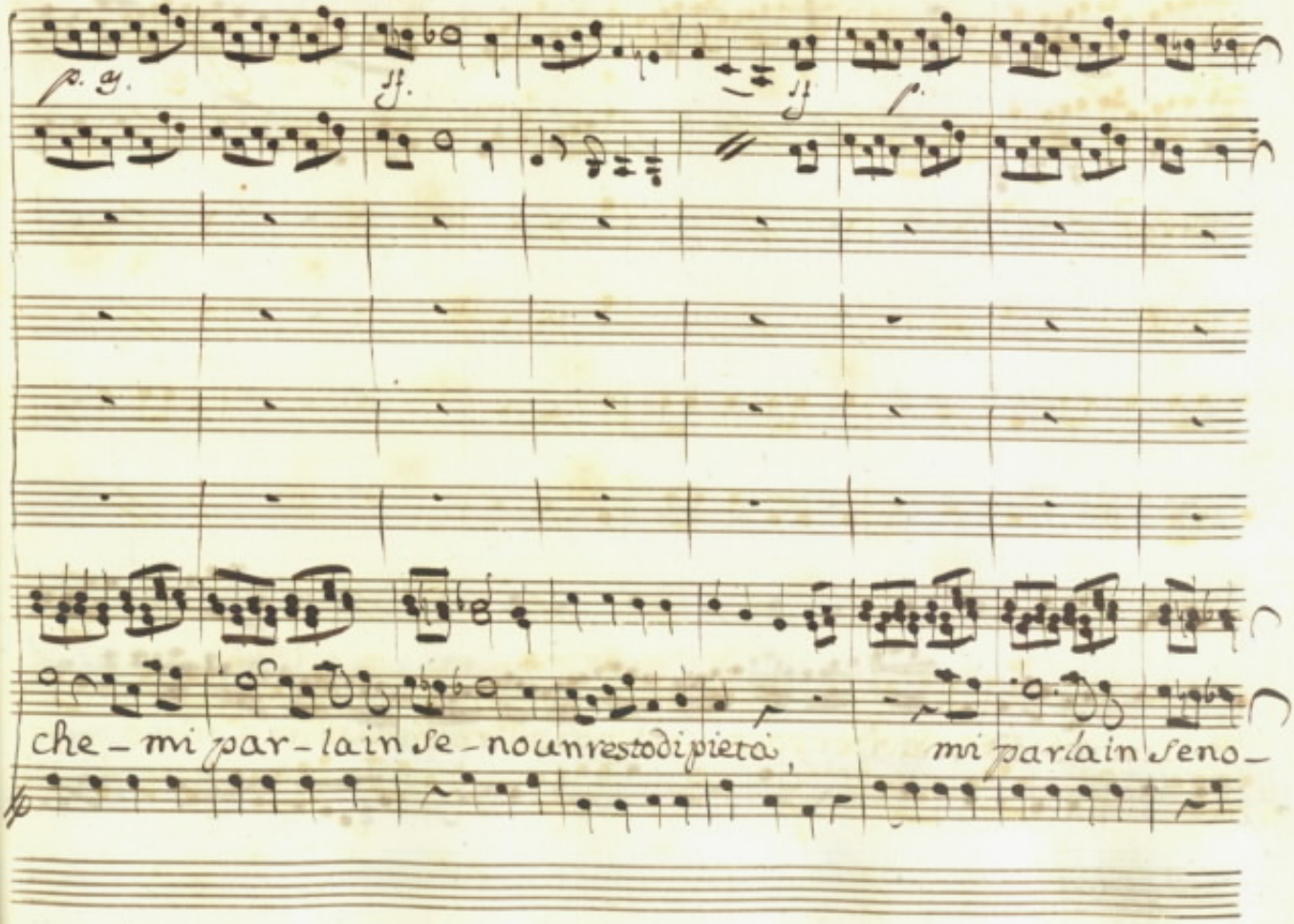
– go all'i – re il freno perche mi

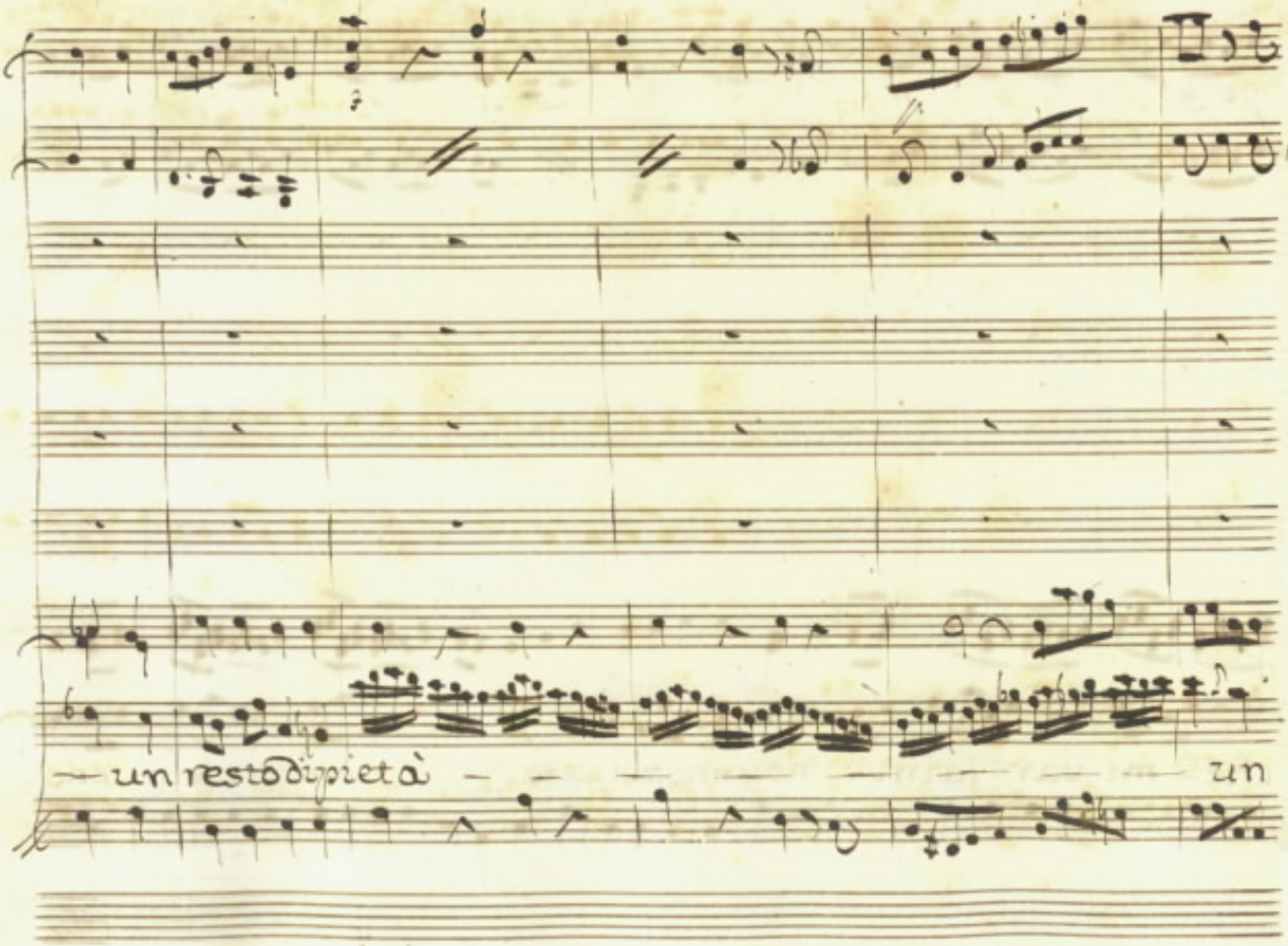

par- lavin seno, perche mi parlavin seno un resto di - pie=

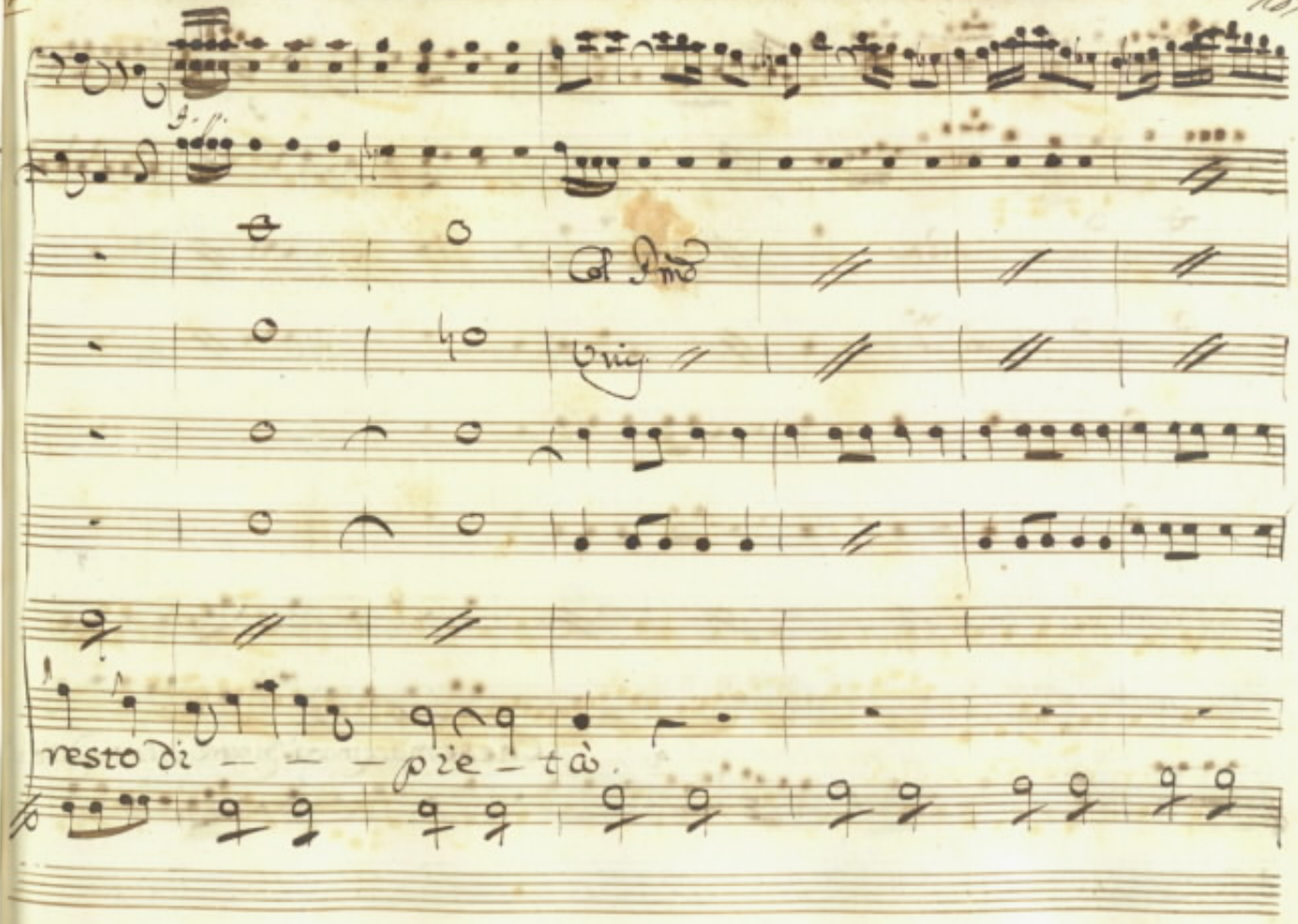

tä
perchemi par

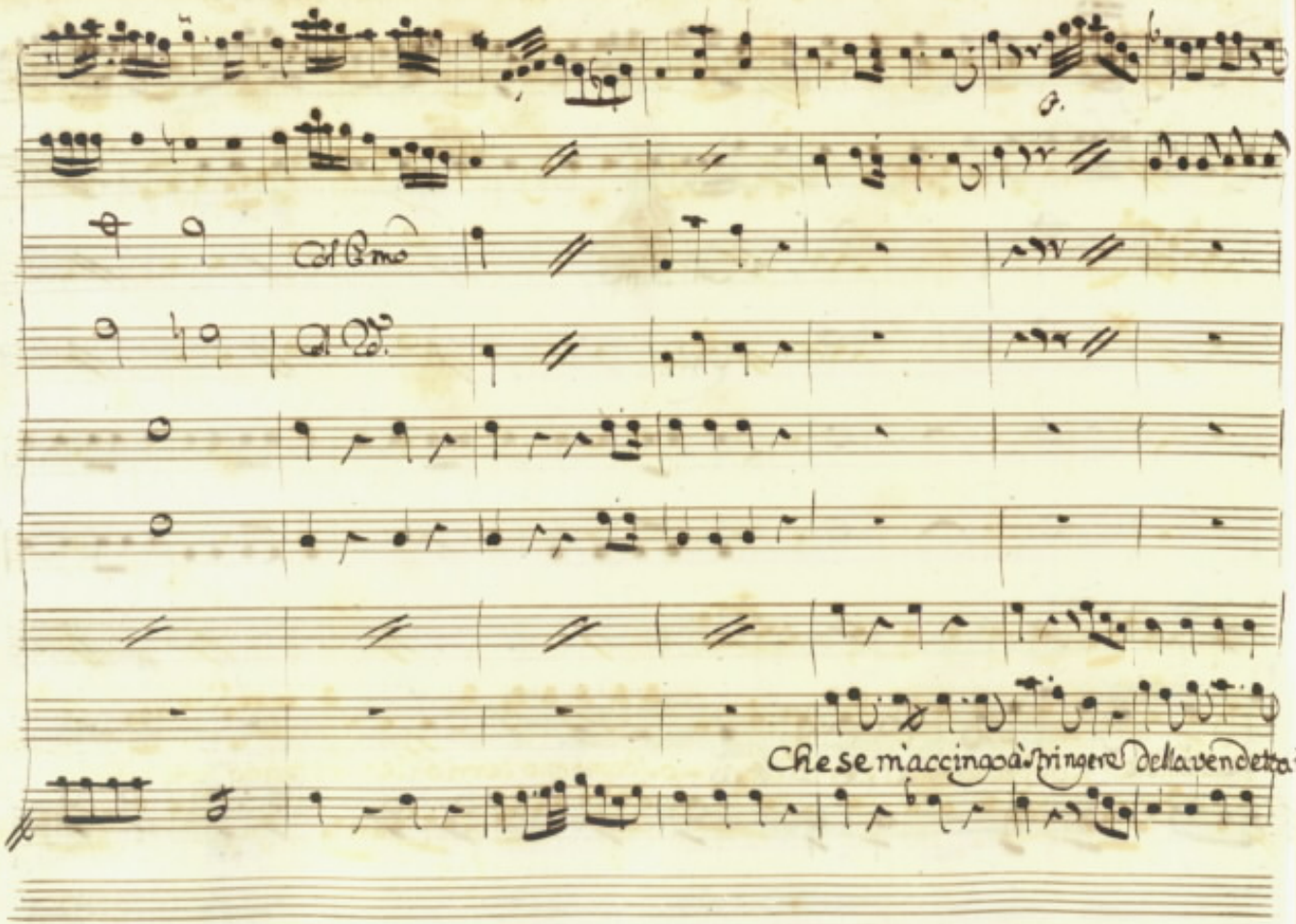

ff.
laun re -- sto di pie

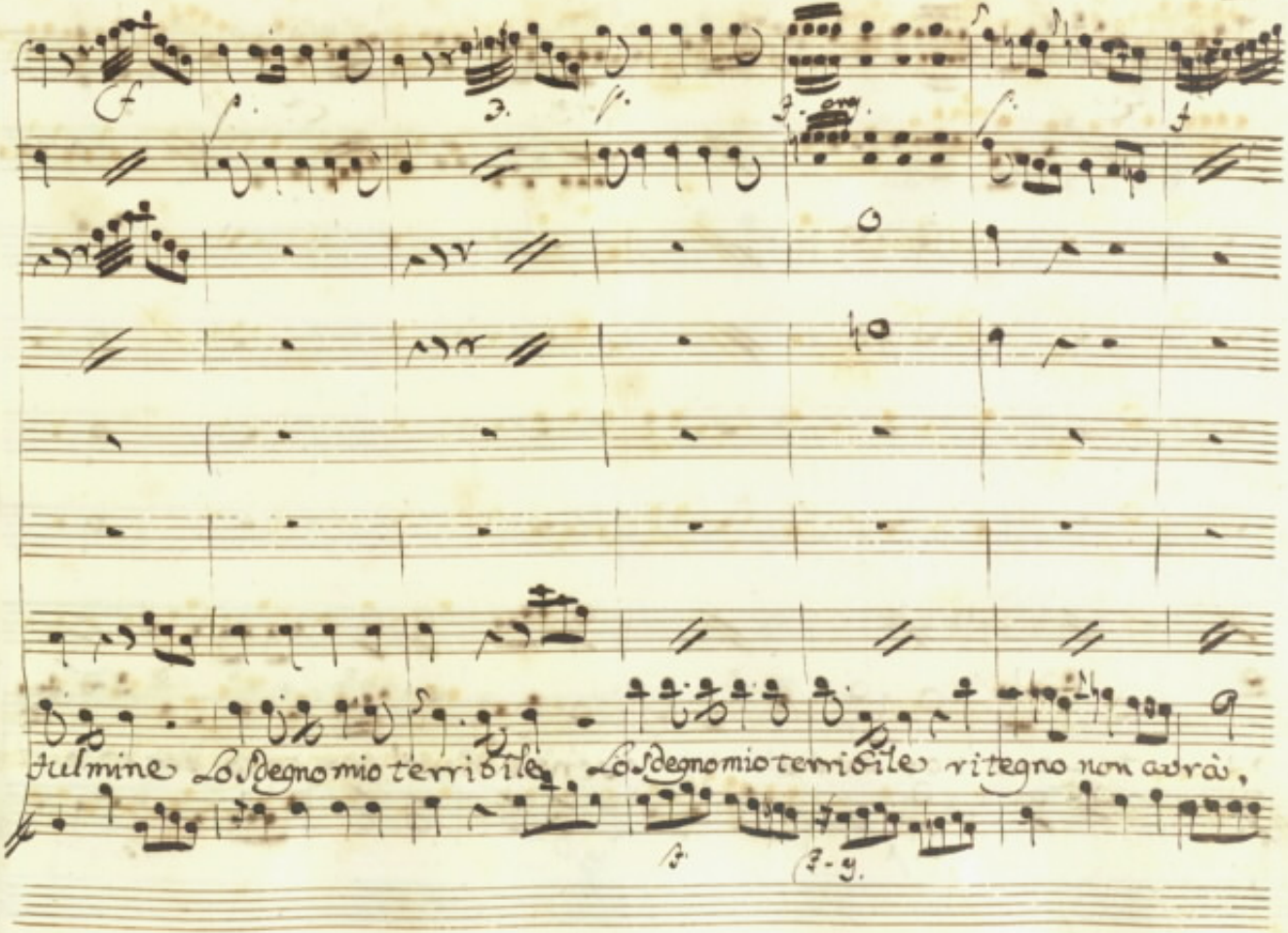

tà. pensa, che sol per poco ritengo all'ire il freno all'ire il freno, per-

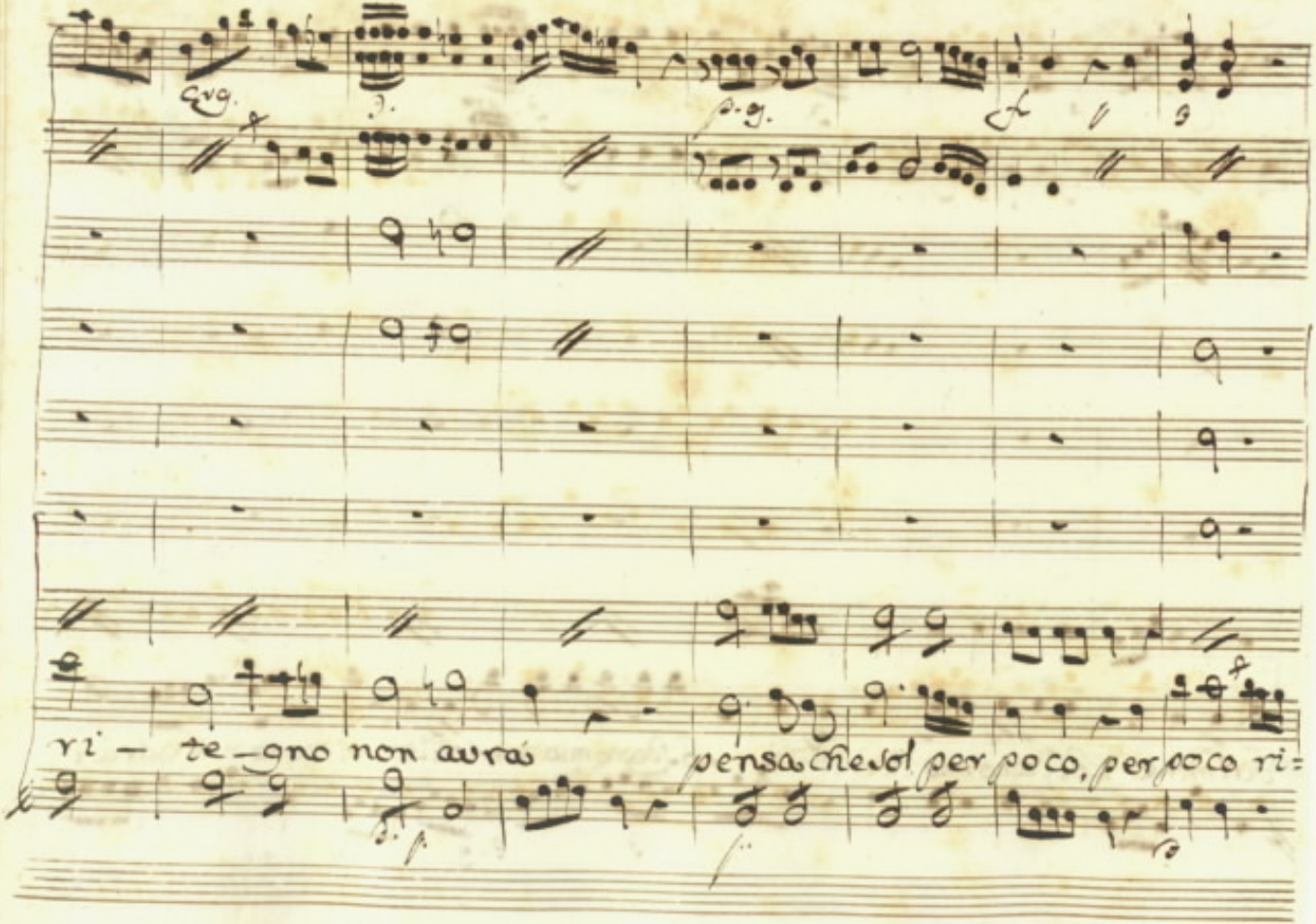

p. g.
ff.
ff.
f.
che – mi par – lain se – noun restodipietà,
mi parlain seno –


un resto di pietà
un


resto di — — — pie — tà.


Col Bmo
Che se m'accingo à stringere della vendetta


fulmine Lo sdegno mio terribile, Lo sdegno mio terribile ritegno non avrà,


ri – te–gno non avrà
pensa che sol per poco, per poco ri=

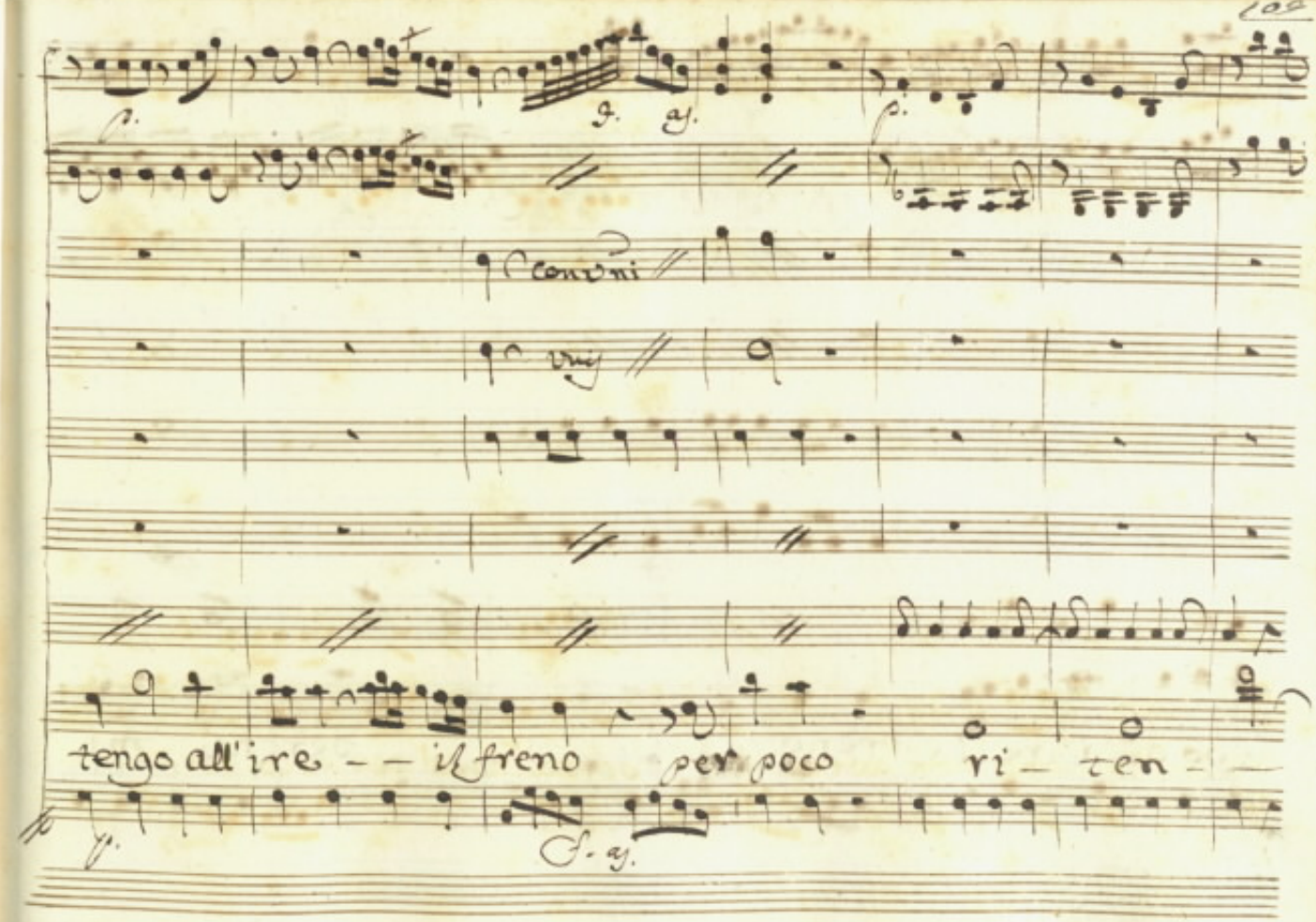
p. f. as. p.

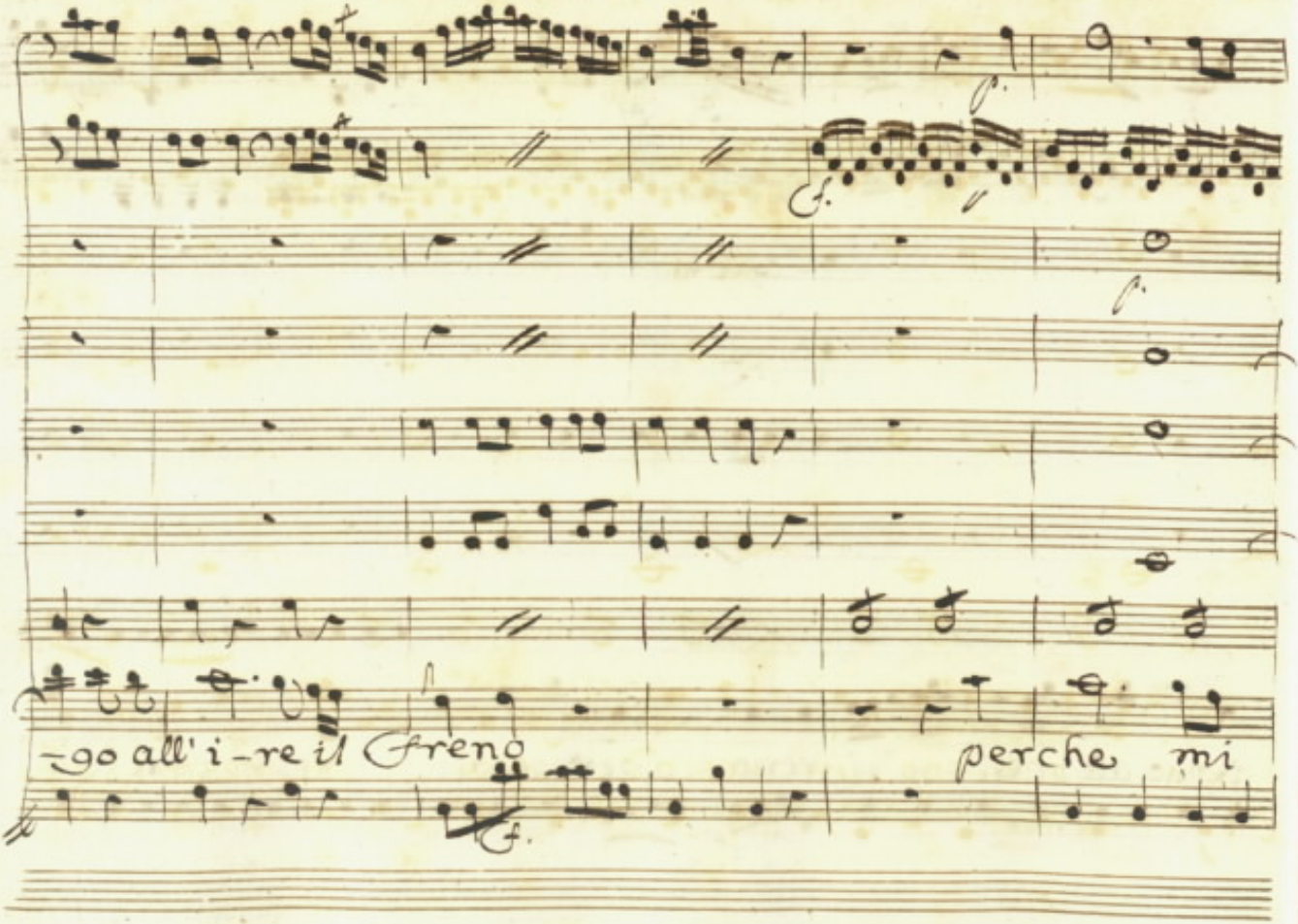
con vni

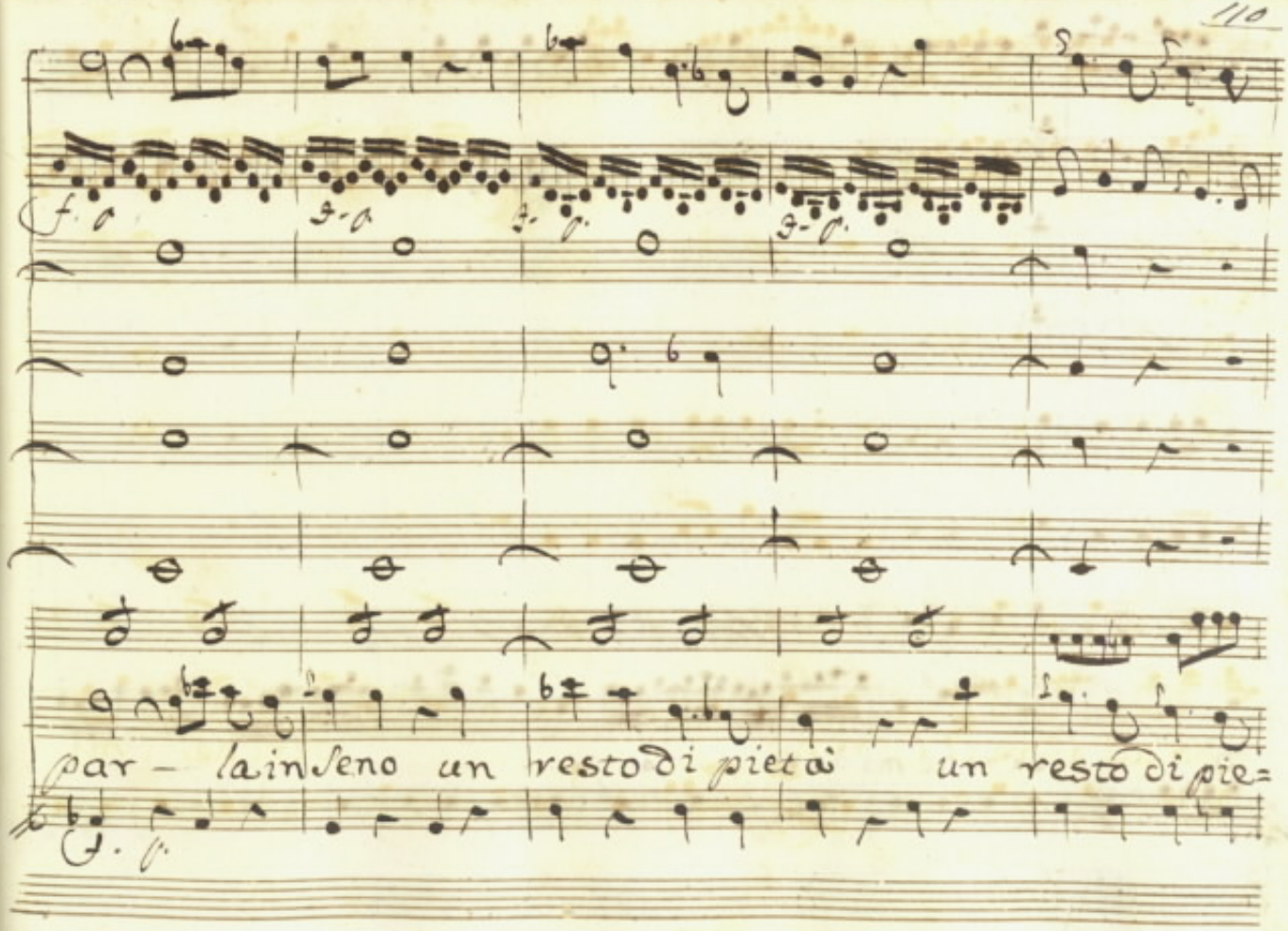
vnis

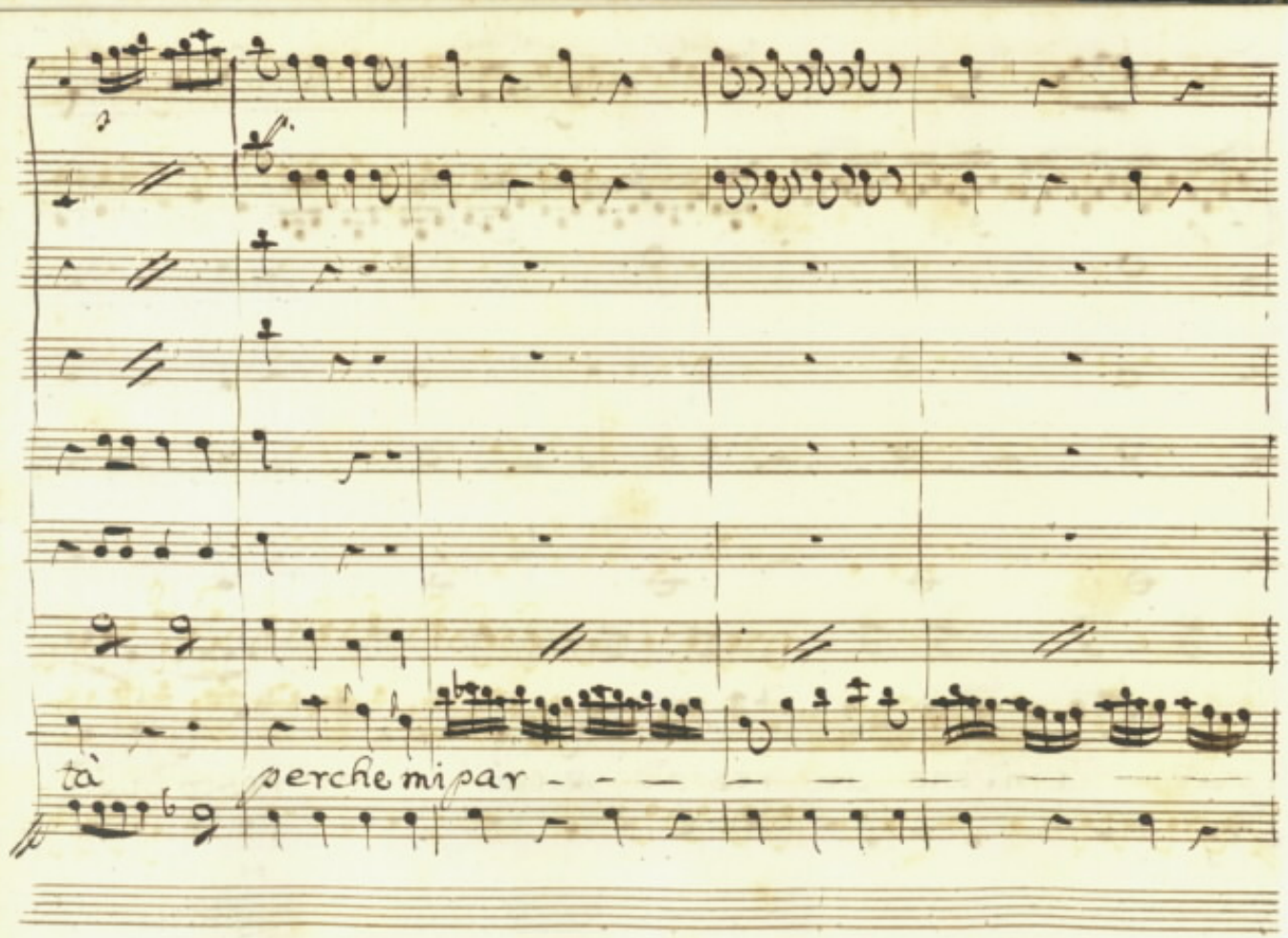
tengo all'ire -- il freno per poco ri- ten- -

p. f. as.

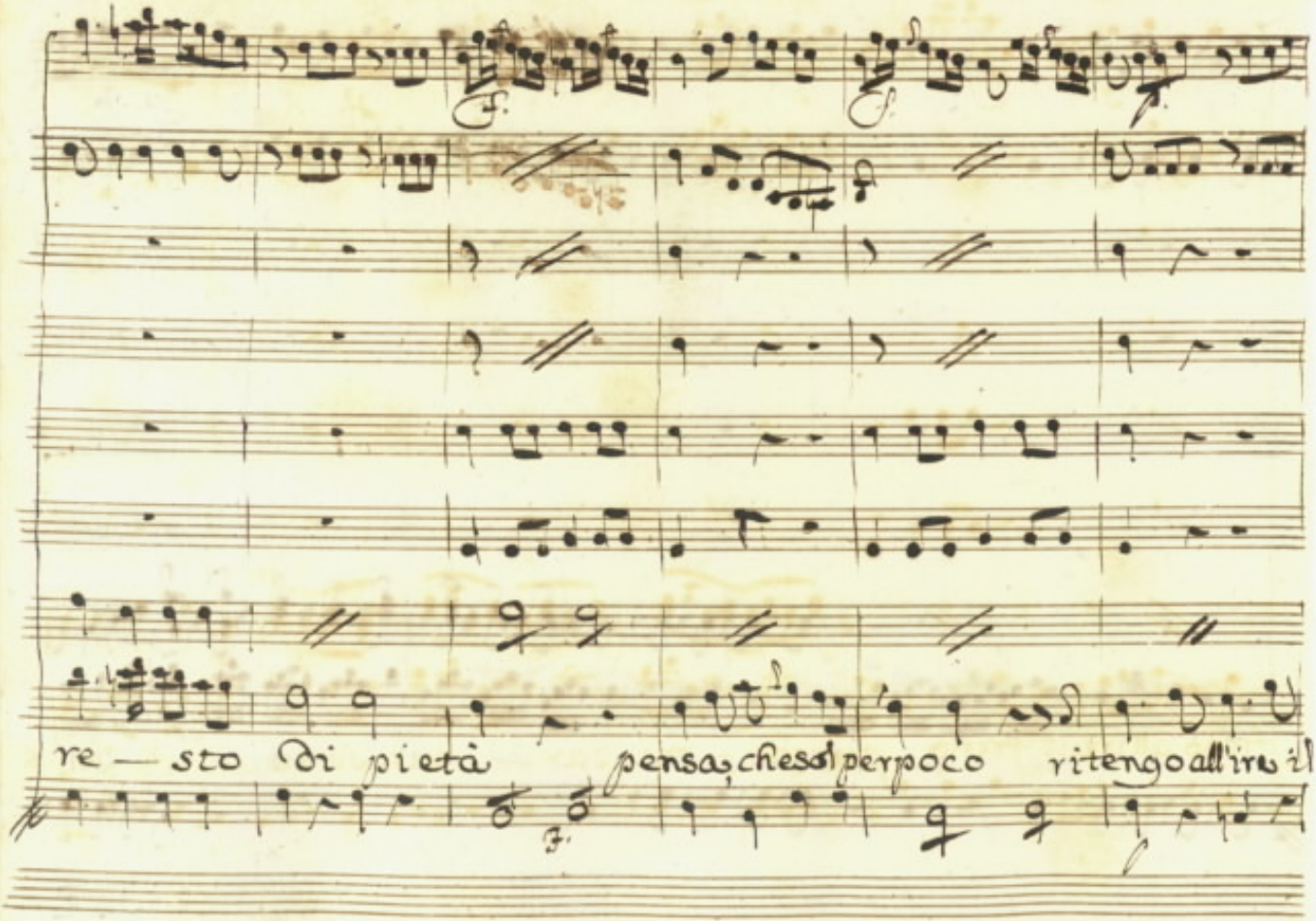



-go all'i-re il Freno
perche mi


par - la in seno un resto di pietà un resto di pie=

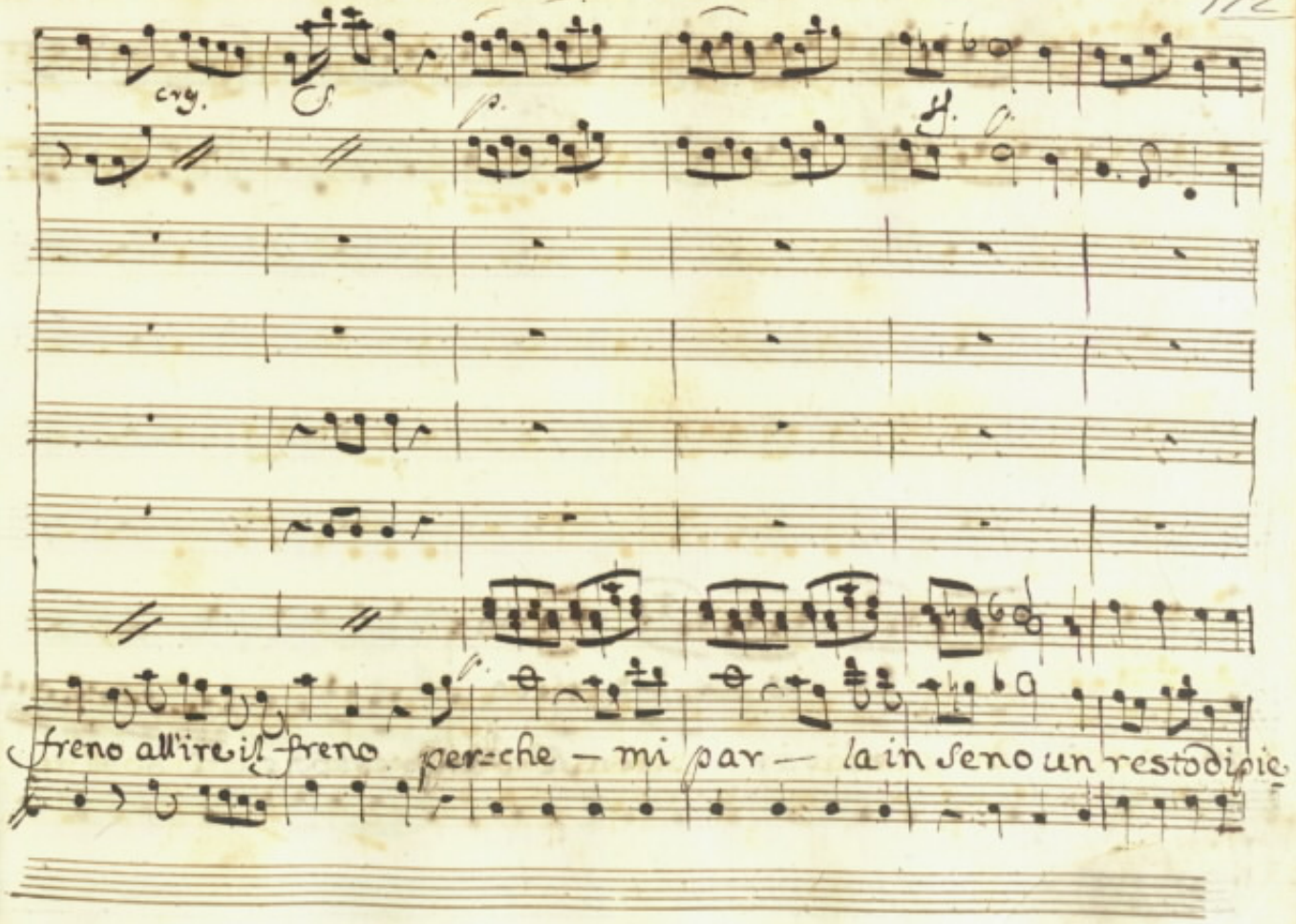

tà
perche mi par - - - - - - - -

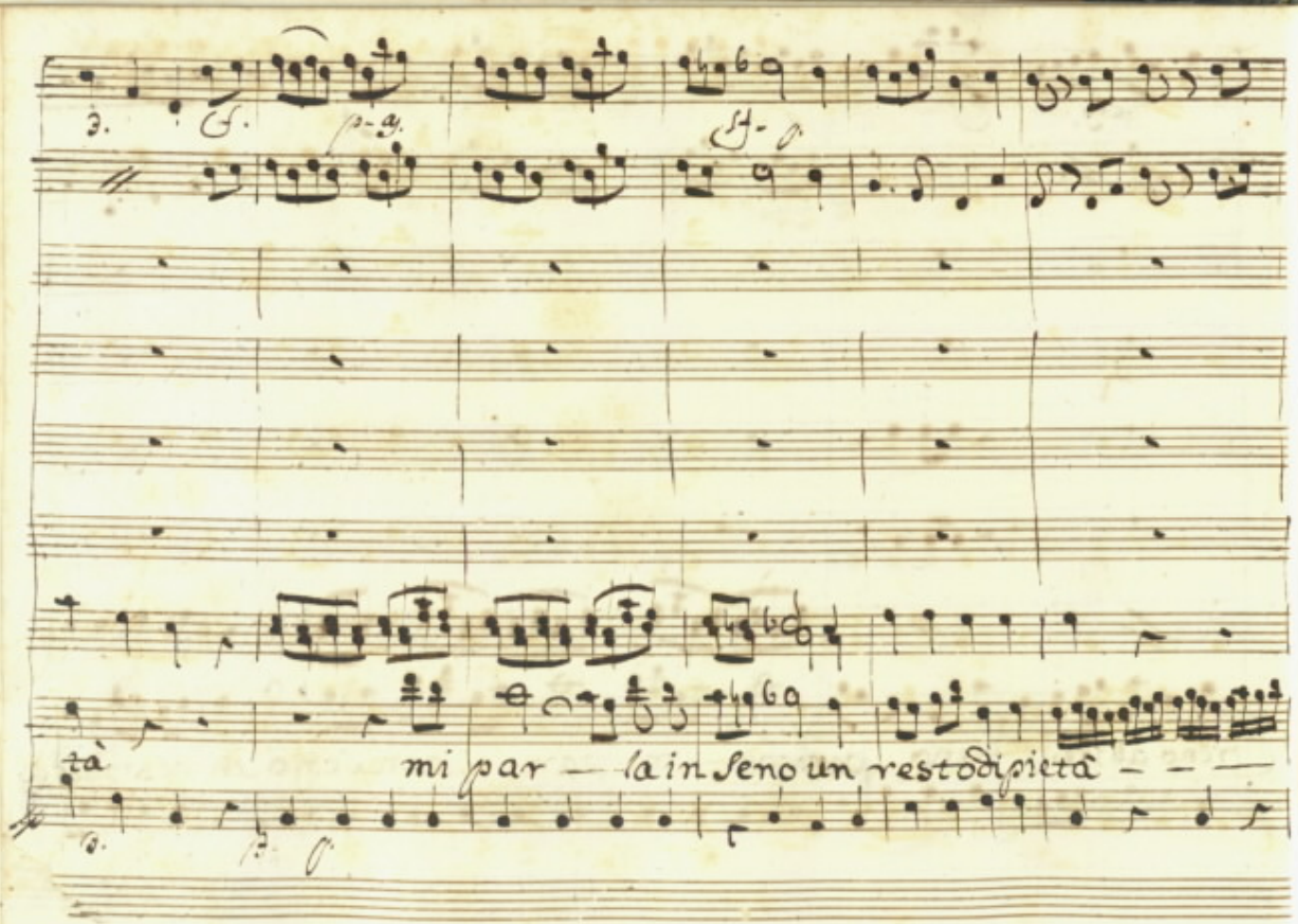
un

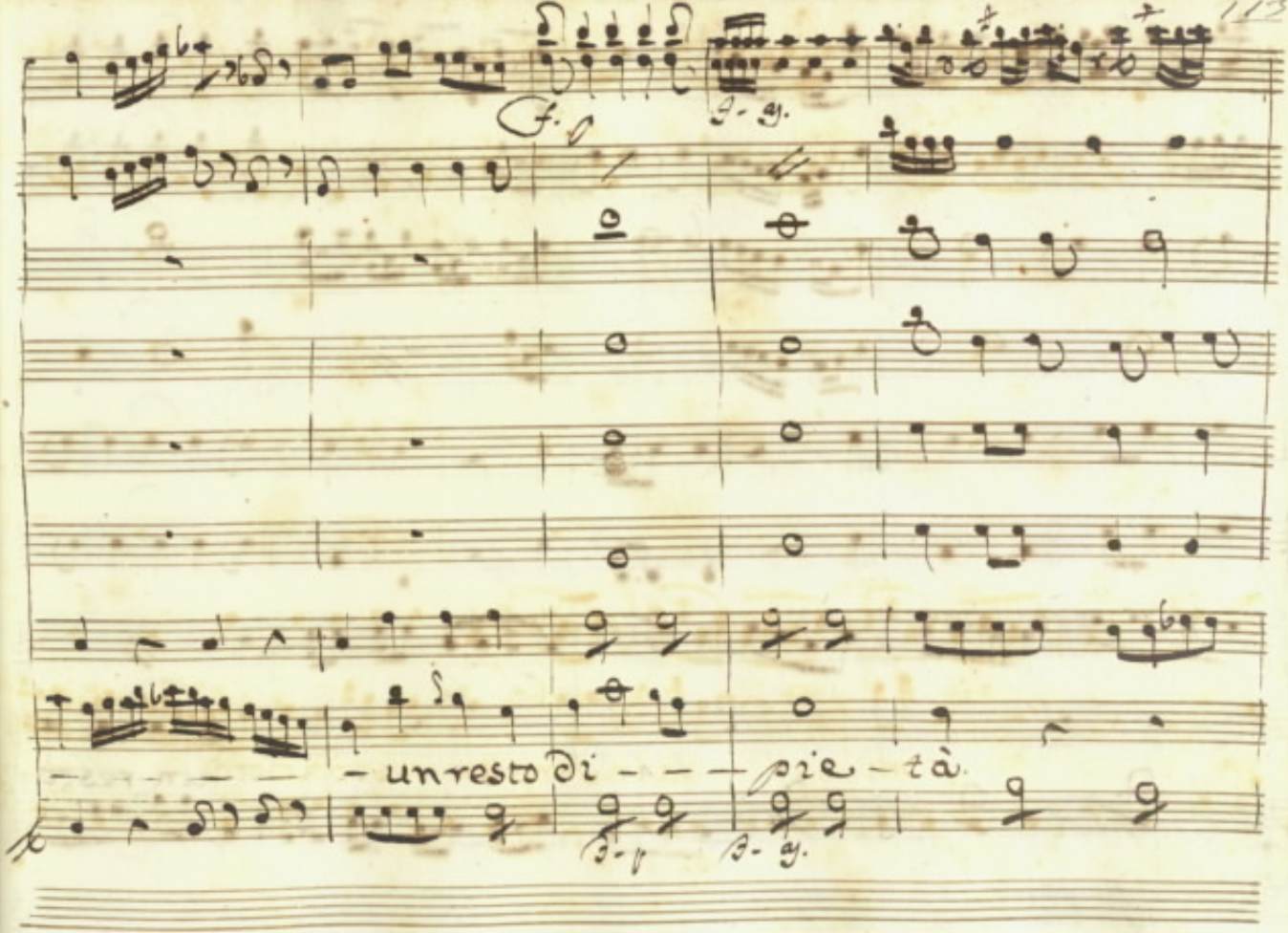

re — sto di pietà pensa, che sol per poco ritengo all'ire il

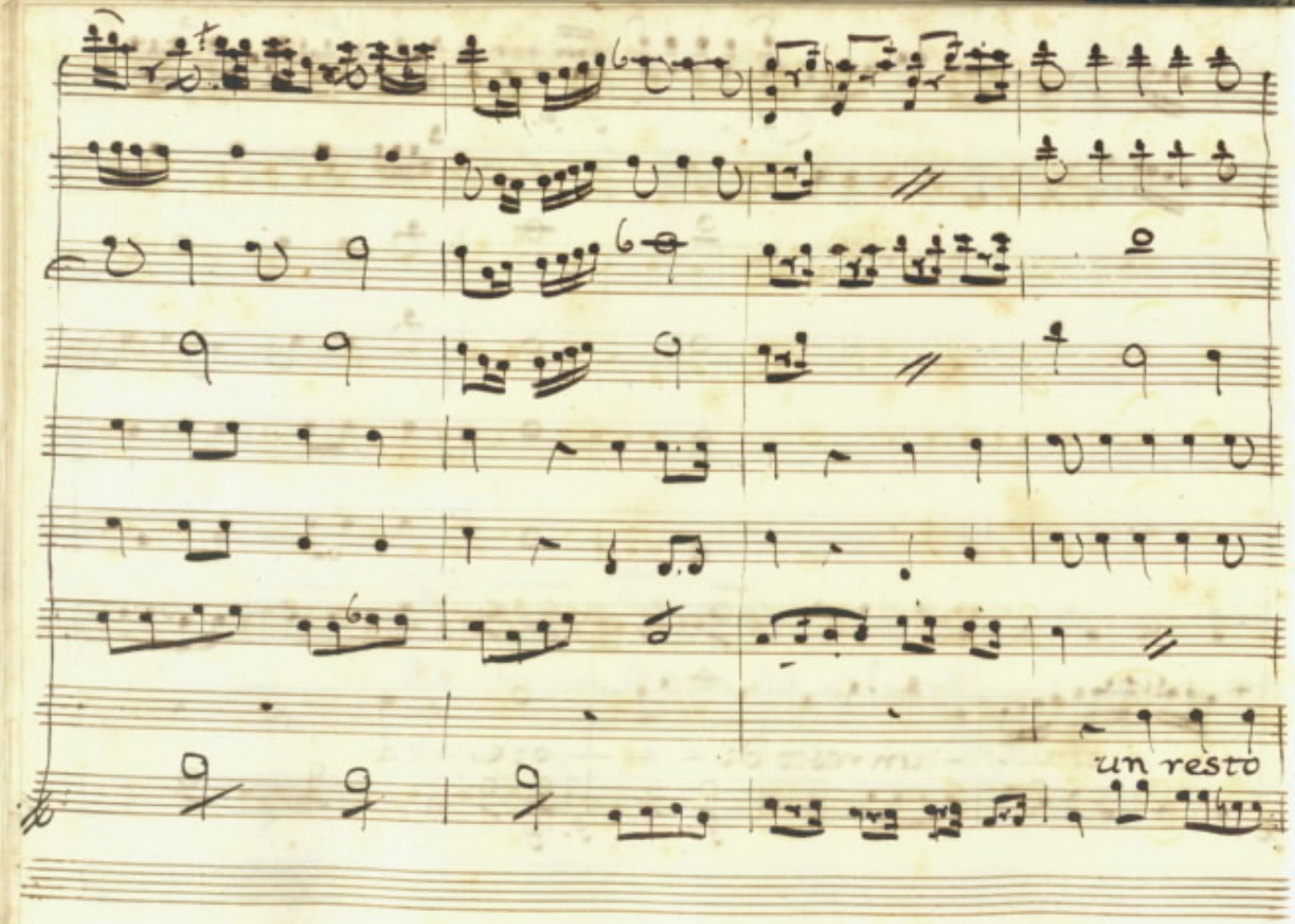
cres. p. ff. p.

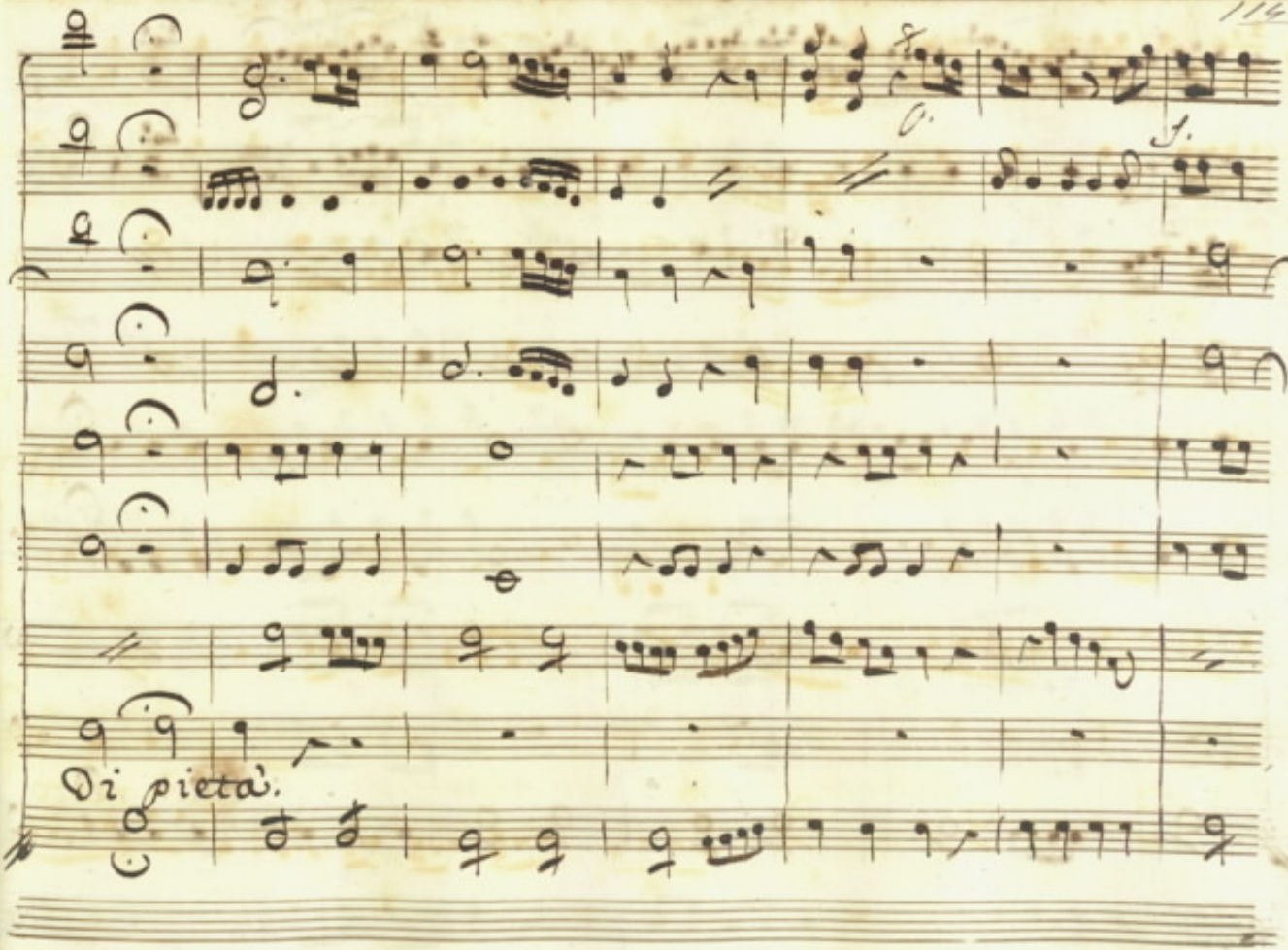
freno all'ire il freno per=che — mi par — la in seno un resto di pie




tà
mi par — la in seno un resto di pietà — — —


f.
B. g.
un resto di pie - tà.
B. p
B. g.


un resto


Di pietà.

Violini

Oboe

Clarinetti

Corni

Viola

Selene

Largo

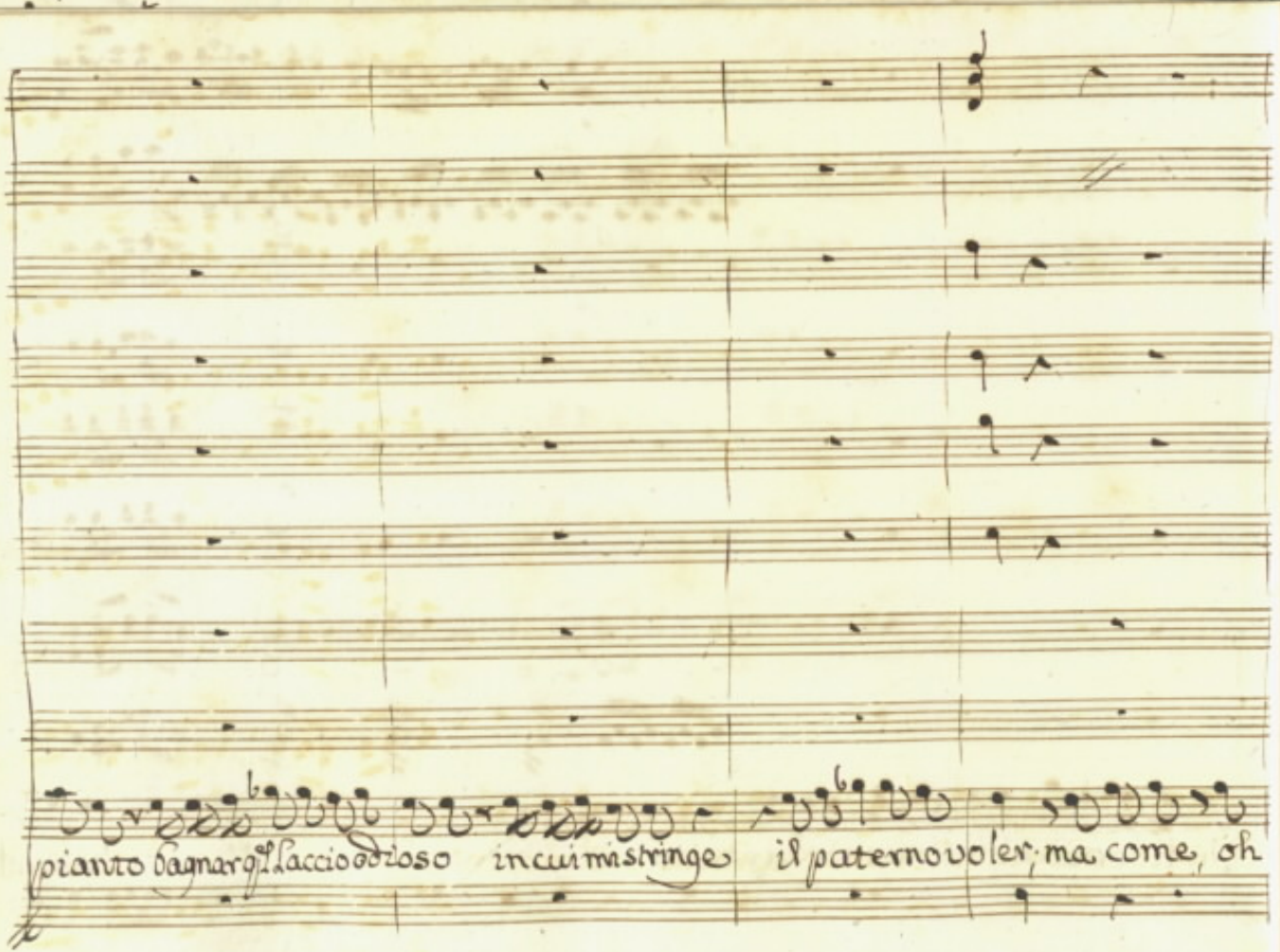
3.

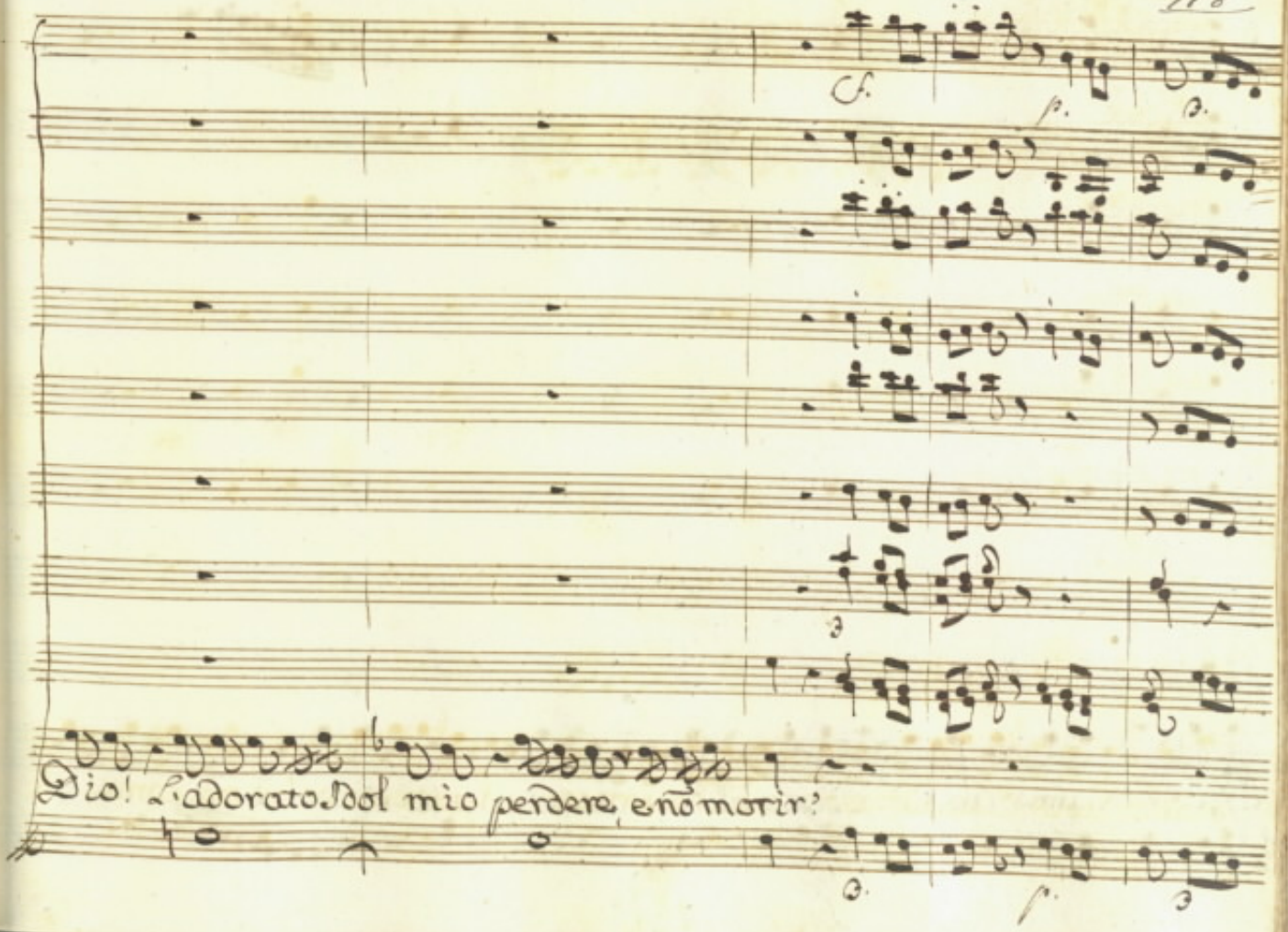
Staccato

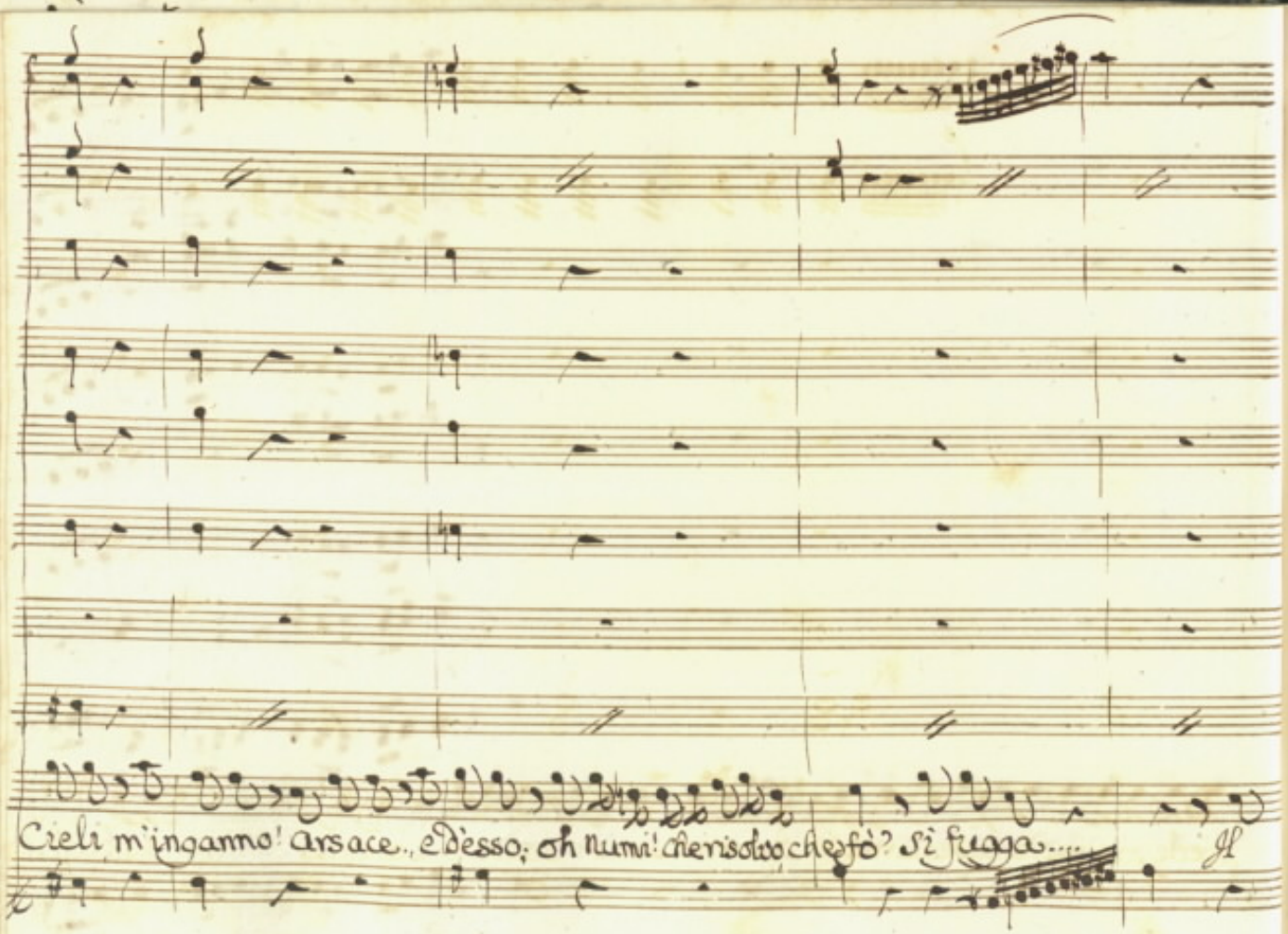
3.

In libertade alfine respirar qui poss'io!

Passo col

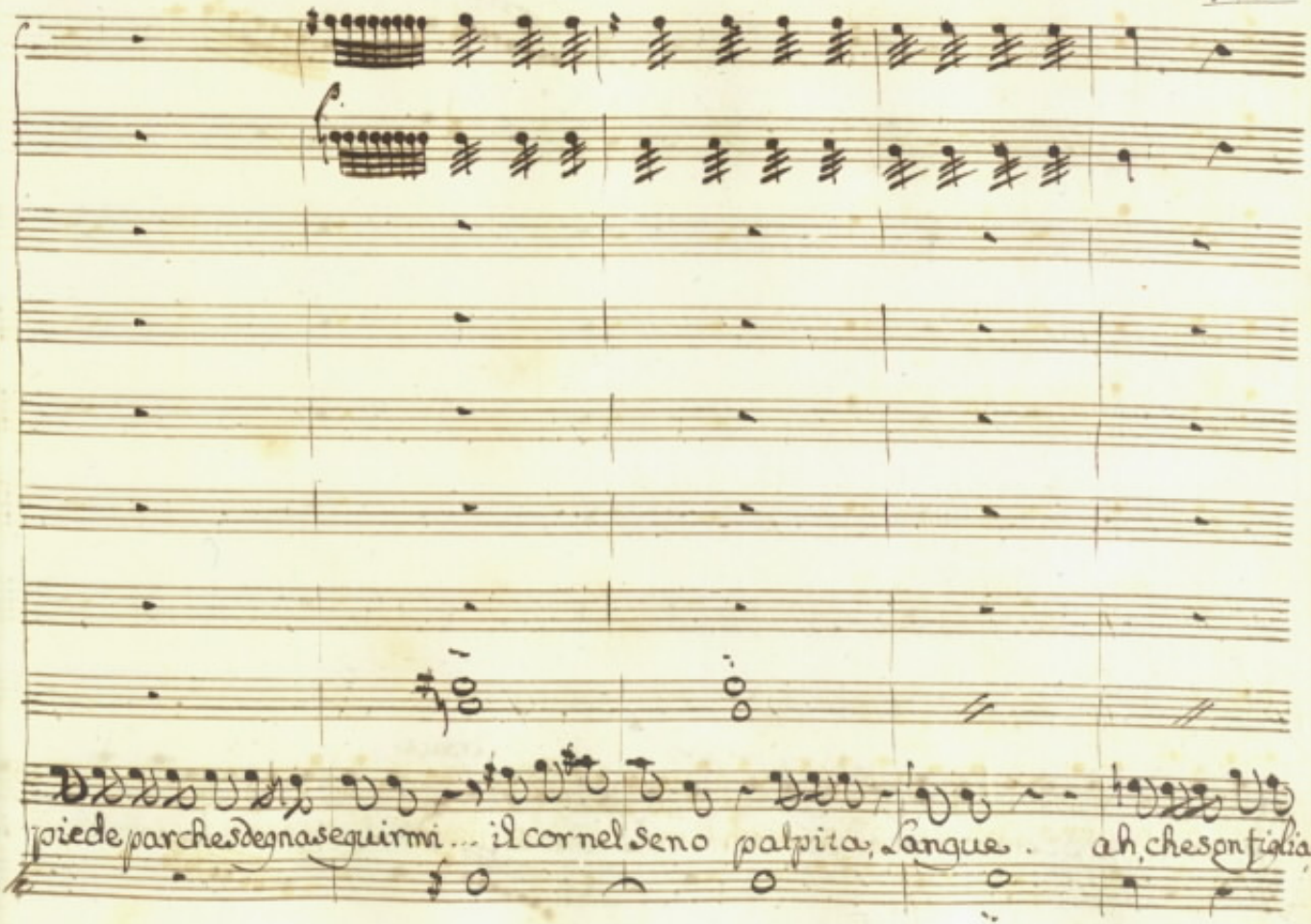

pianto bagnar
laccio odioso
in cui mi stringe
il paterno voler; ma come, oh

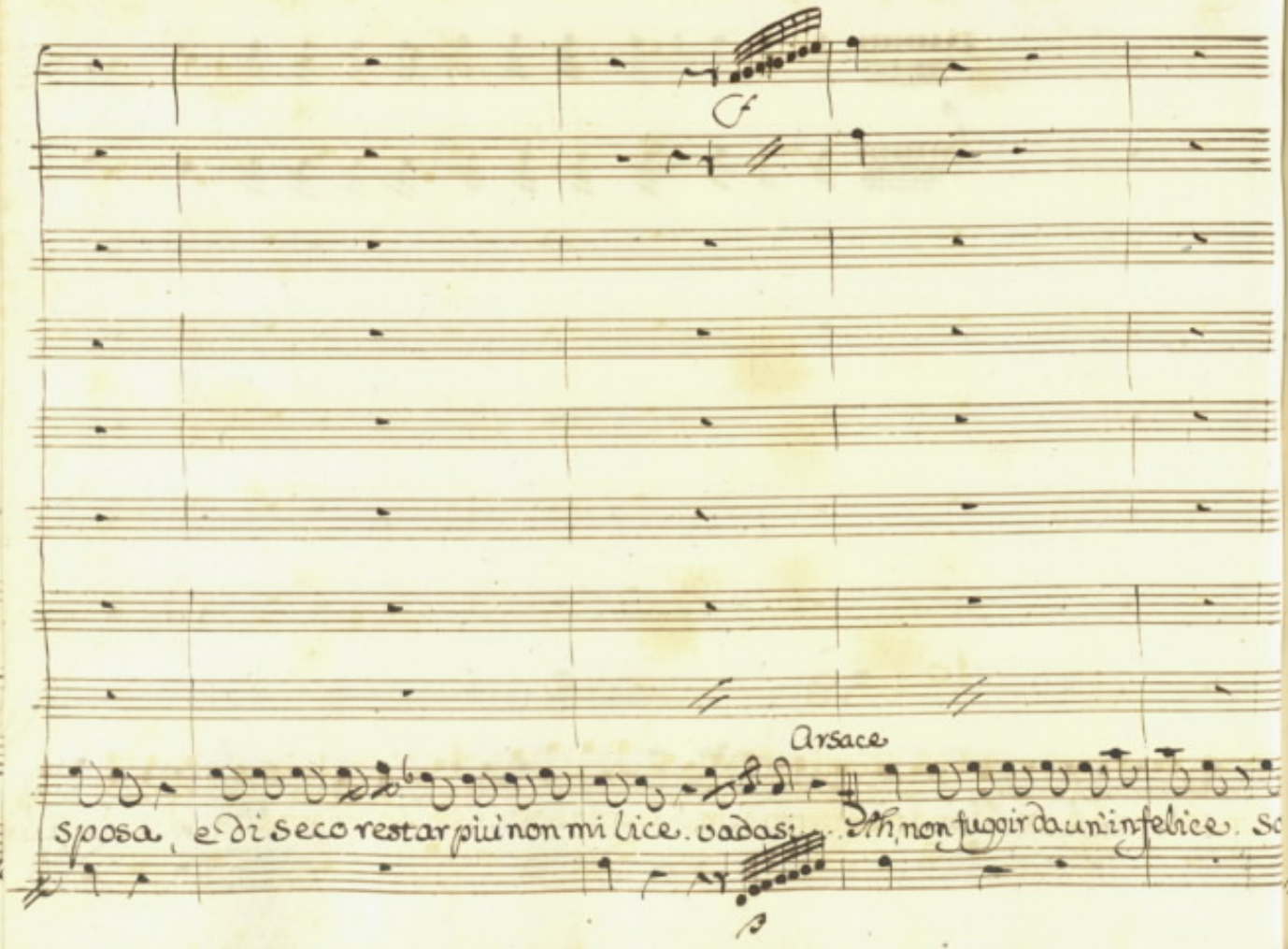

Dio! L'adorato Idol mio perdere, e non morir?

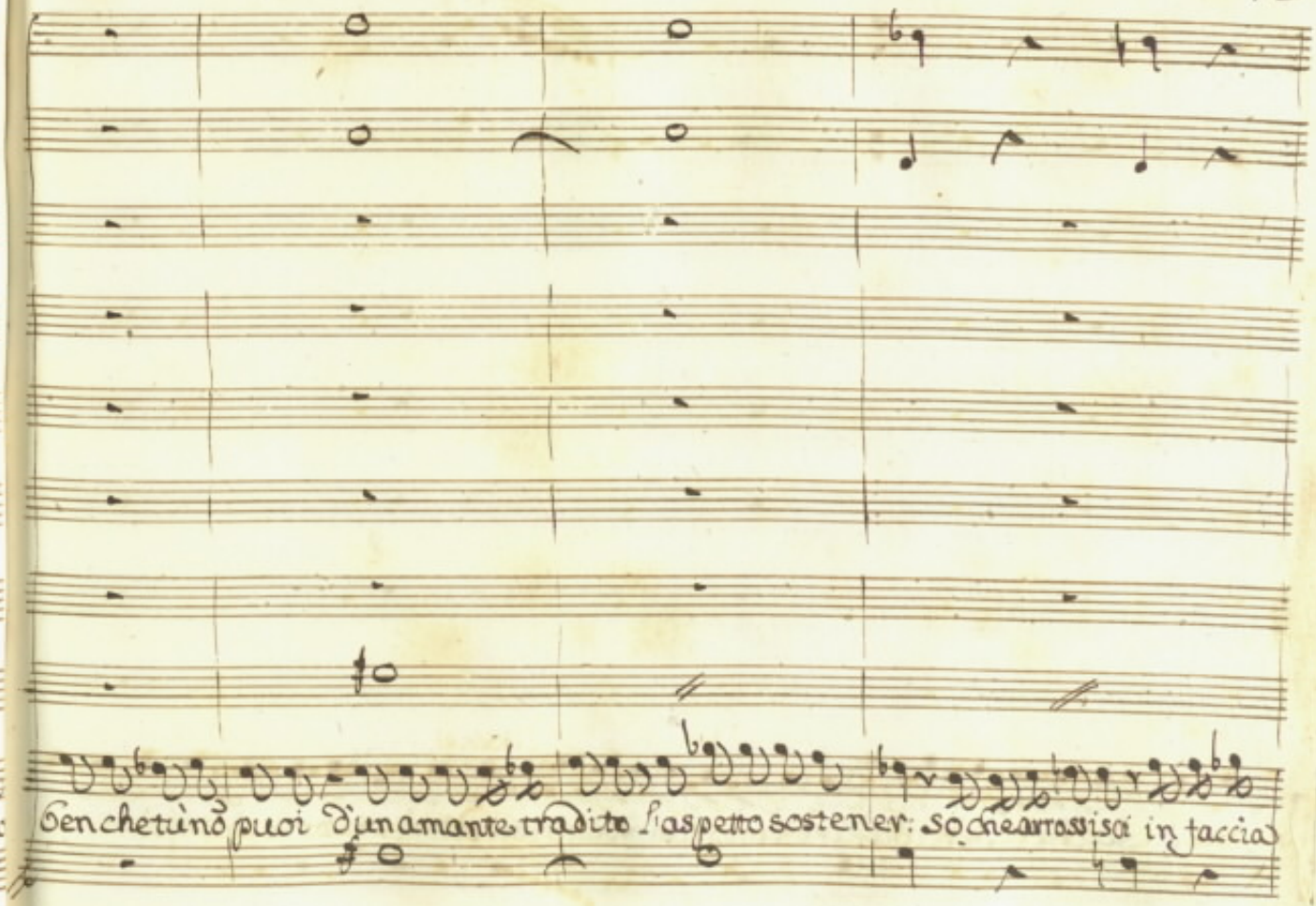


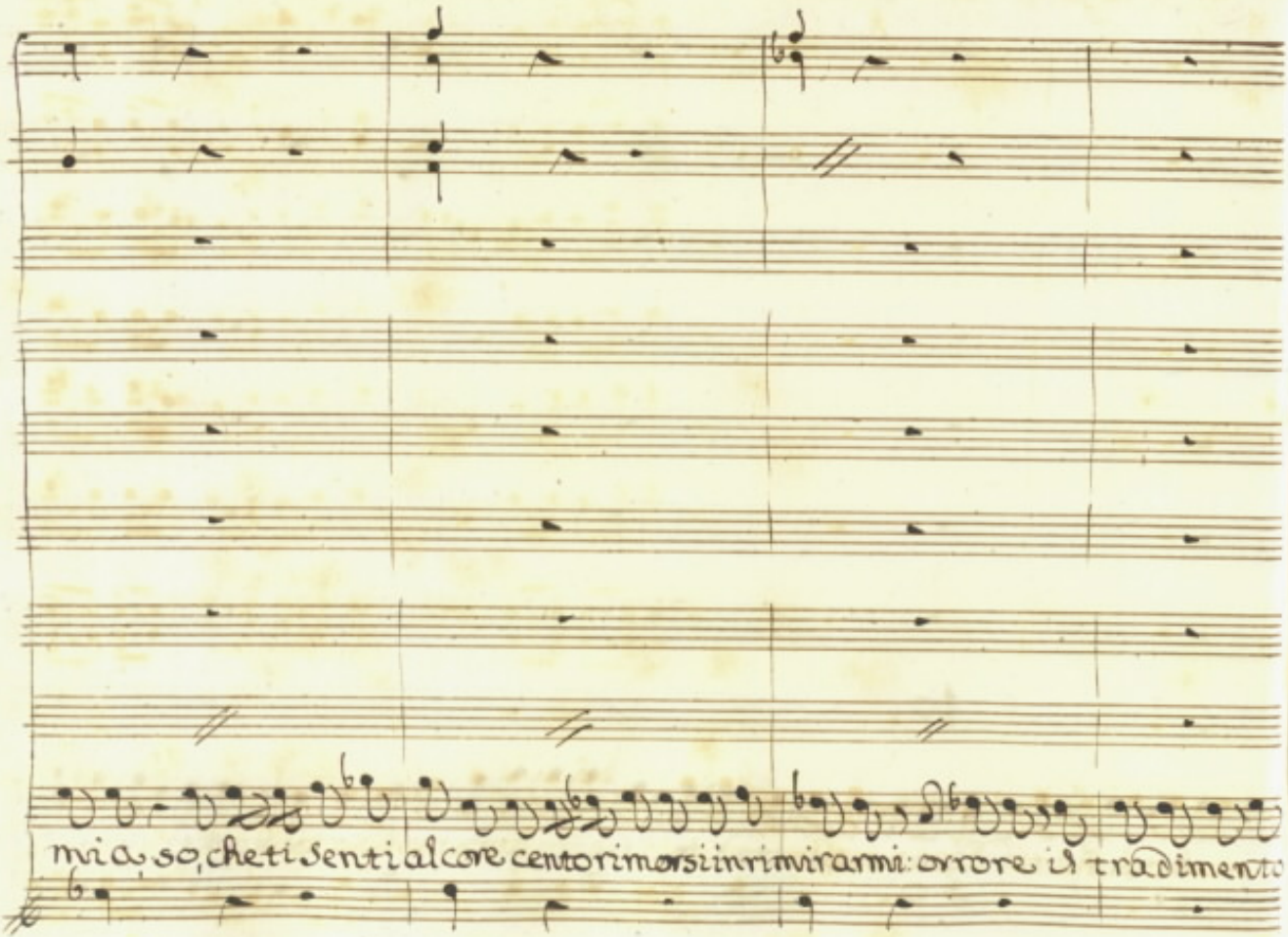
Cieli m'inganno! arsace.. e d'esso; oh numi! che risolvo che fò? si fugga....

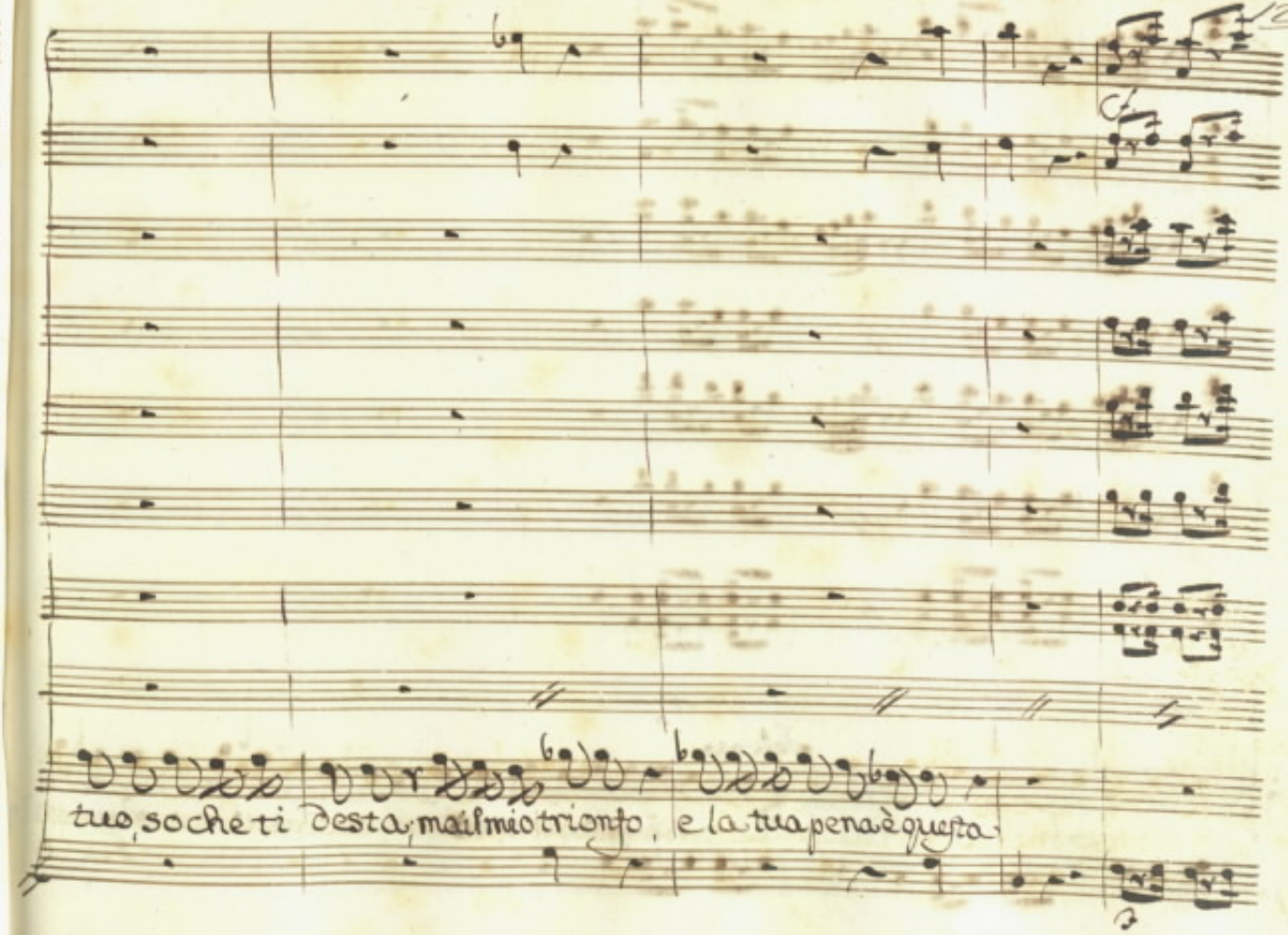
Il

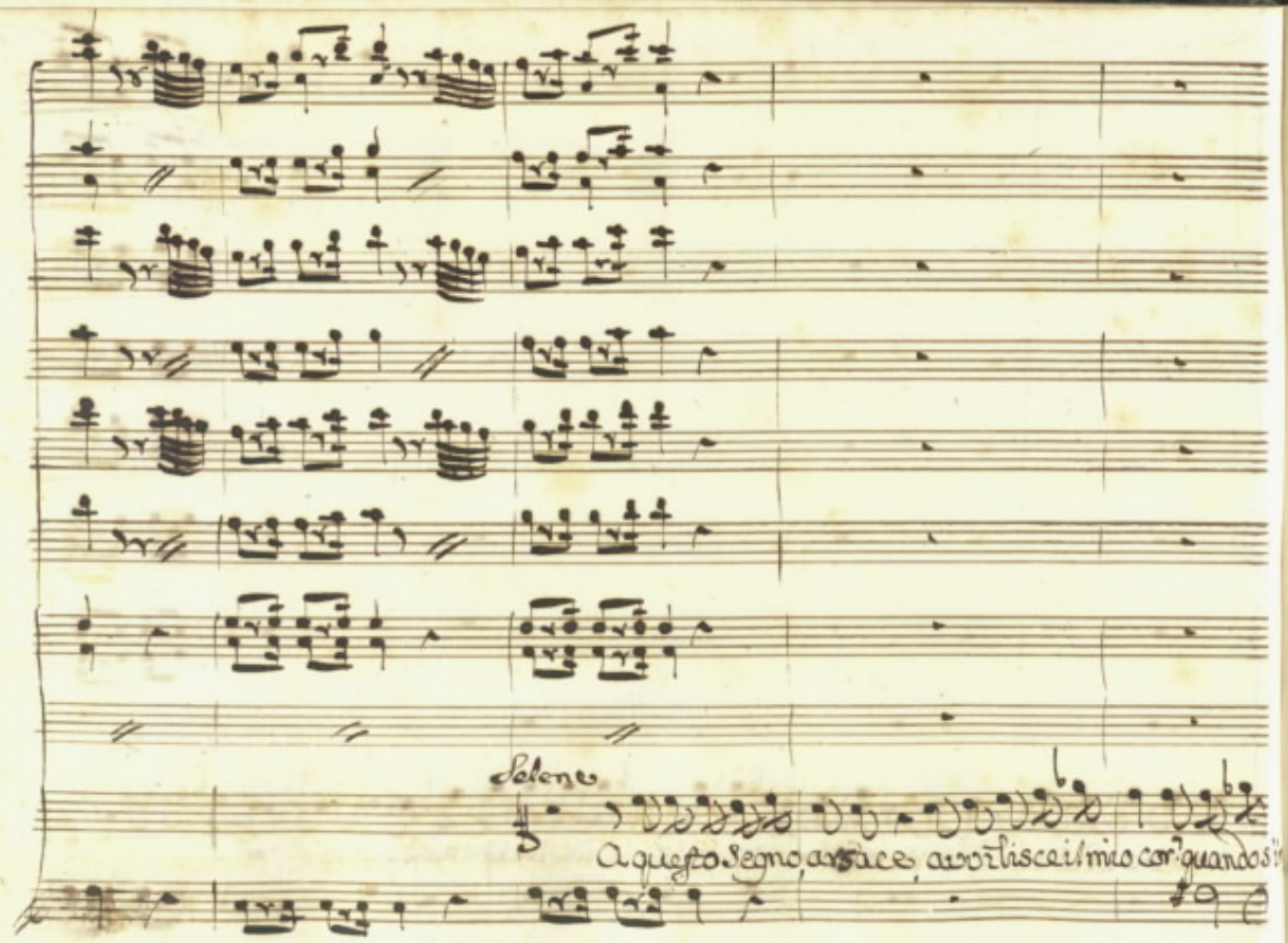

piede parche sdegnaseguirmi ... il cor nel seno palpita, langue. ah, che son figlia


Arsace
sposa, e di seco restar più non mi lice. vadasi. Ah, non fugir da un'infelice. so


Benchetù nõ puoi d'un amante tradito l'aspetto sostener: so che arrossisci in faccia

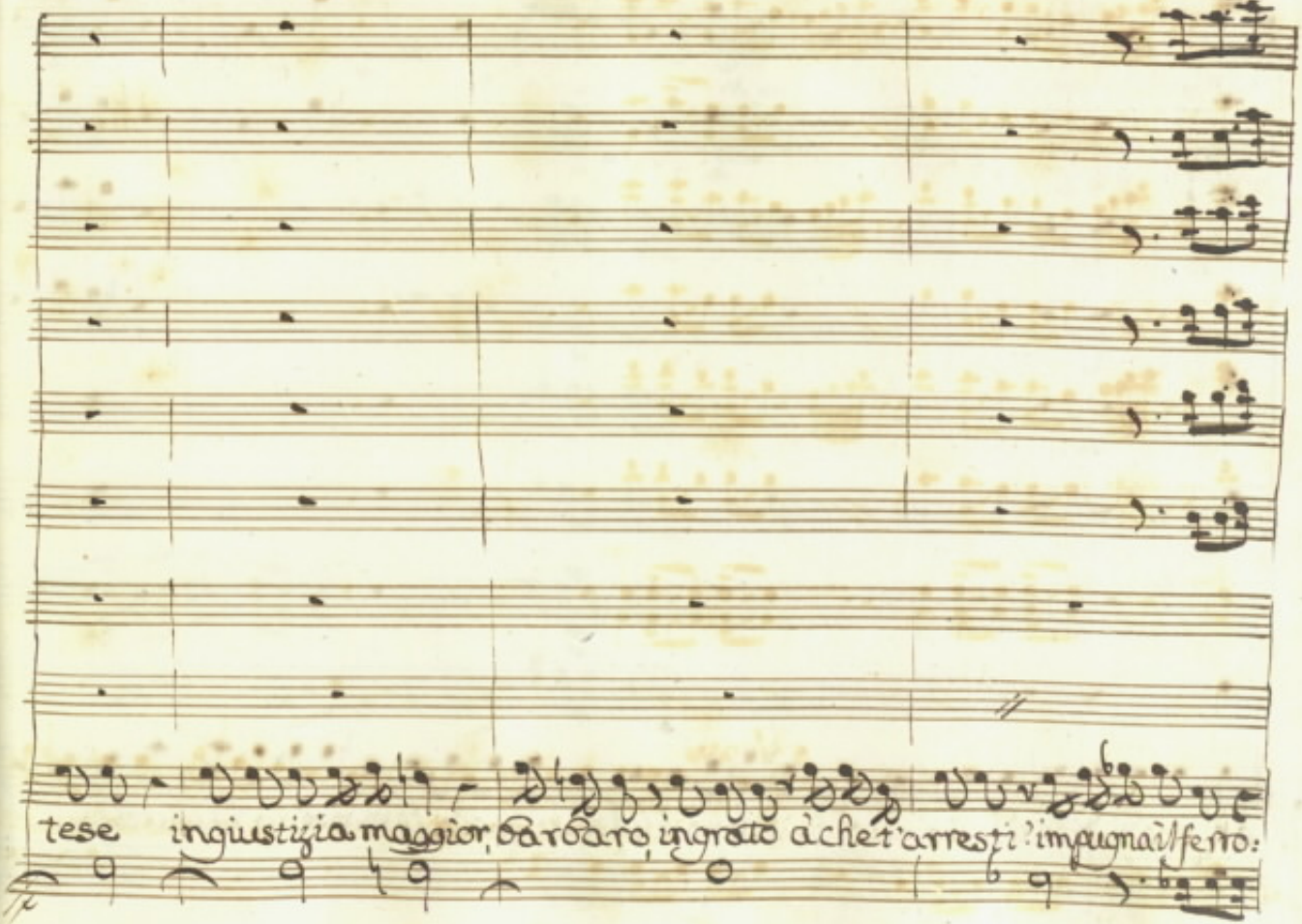

mia, so, che ti Senti al core cento rimorsi in rimirarmi: orrore il tradimento

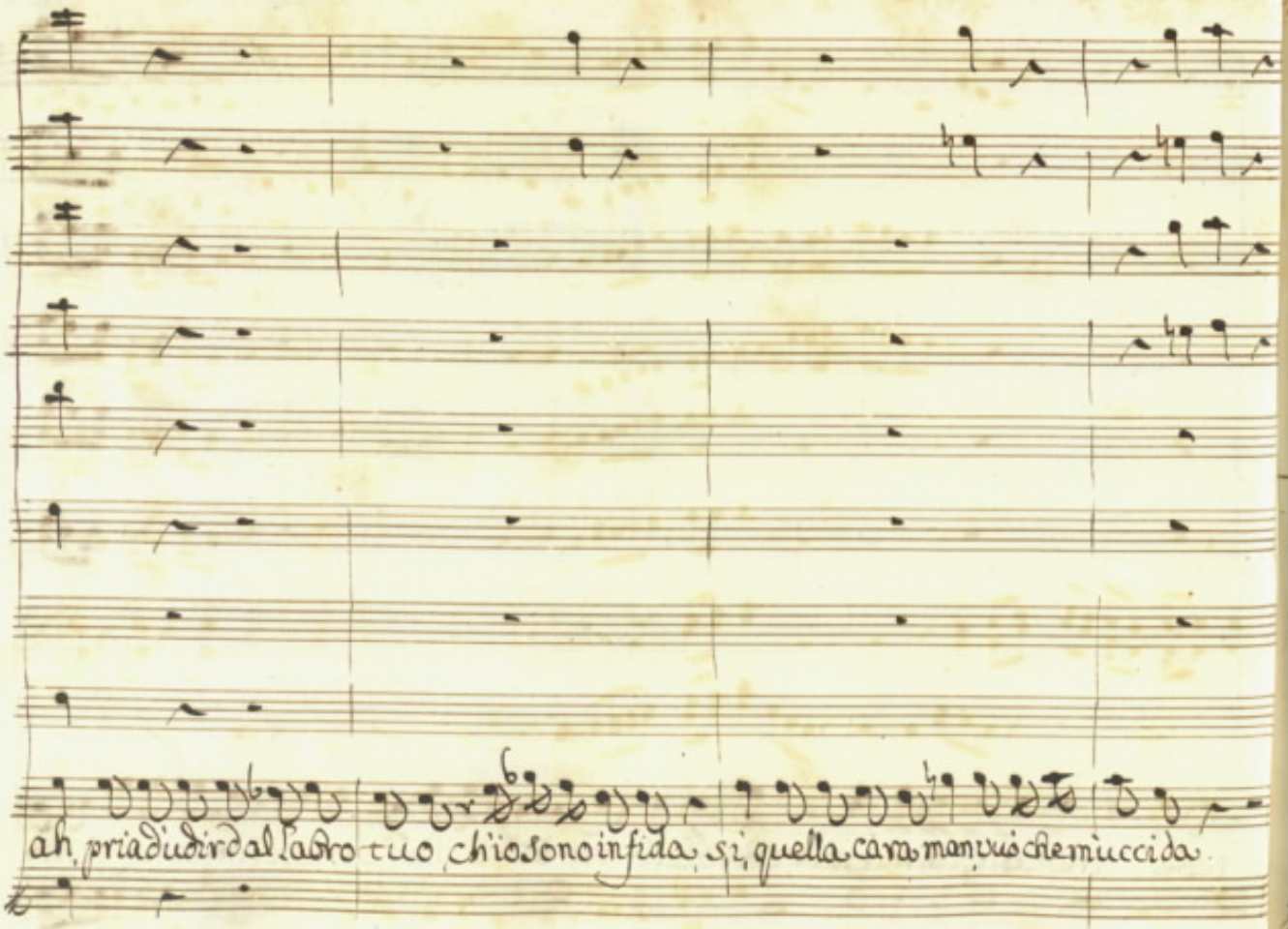

tuo, so che ti desta, mal mio trionfo, e la tua pena è questa

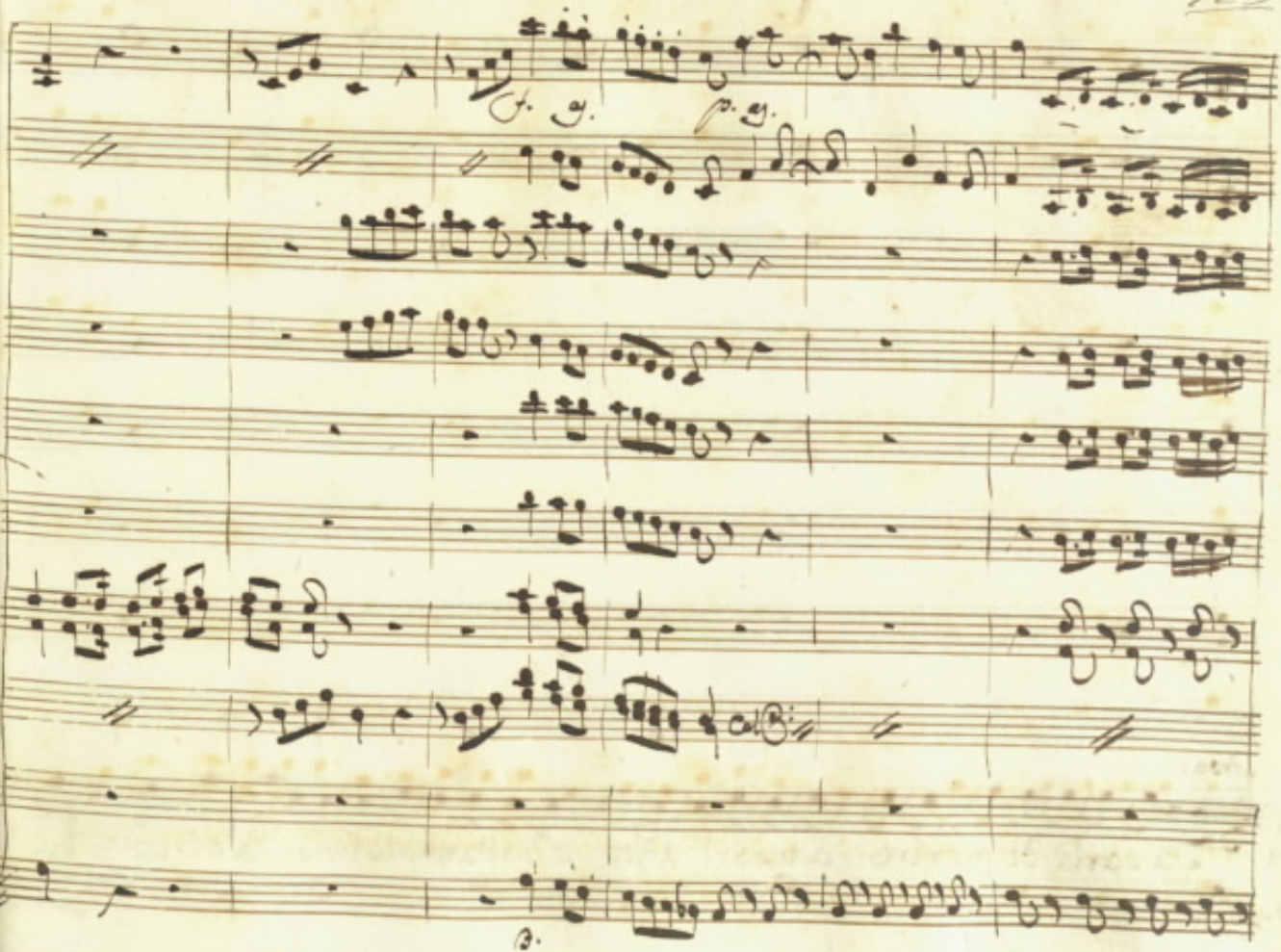


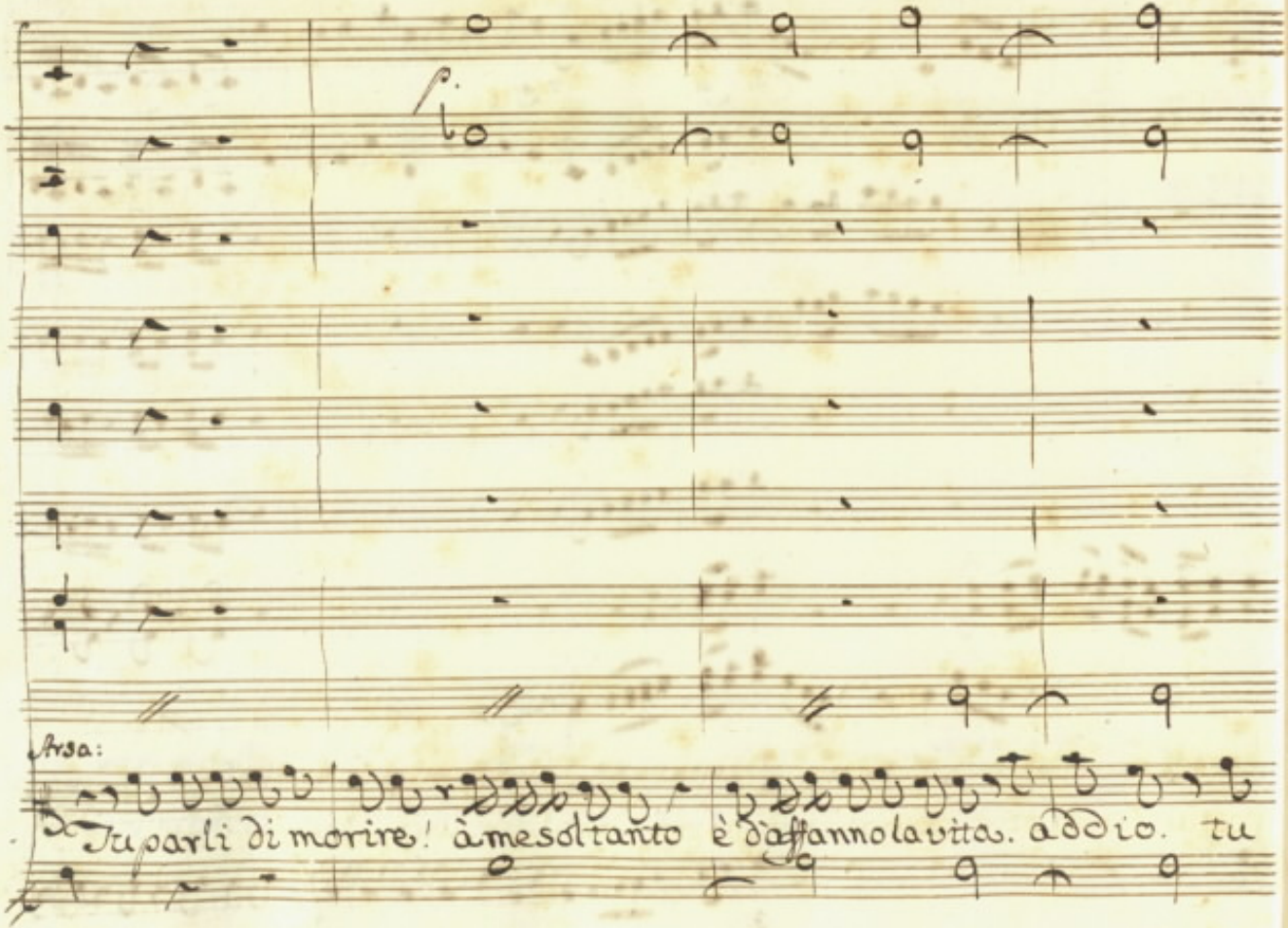
Selene

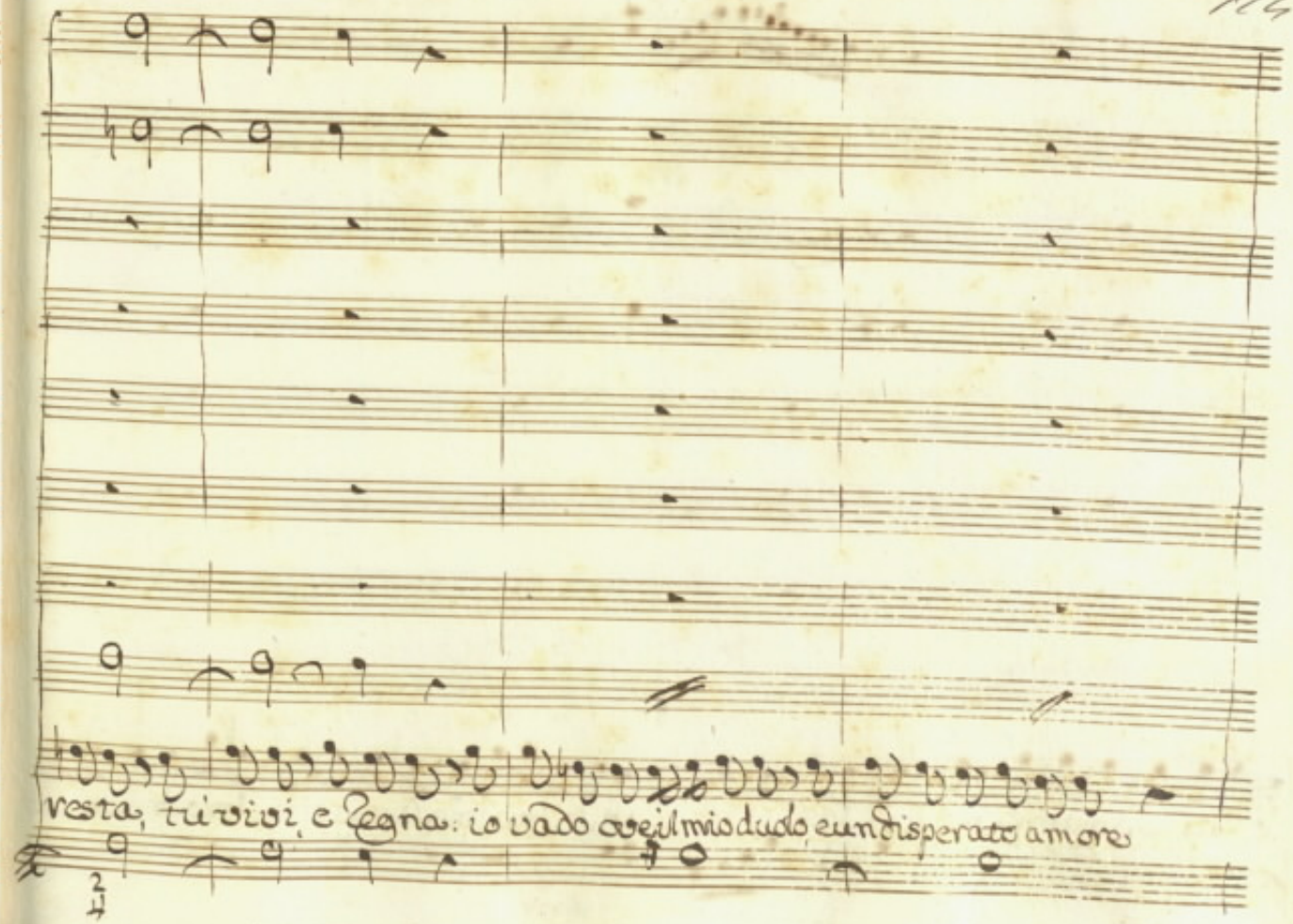
A questo Segno, arsace, avvilisce il mio cor' quando s'i

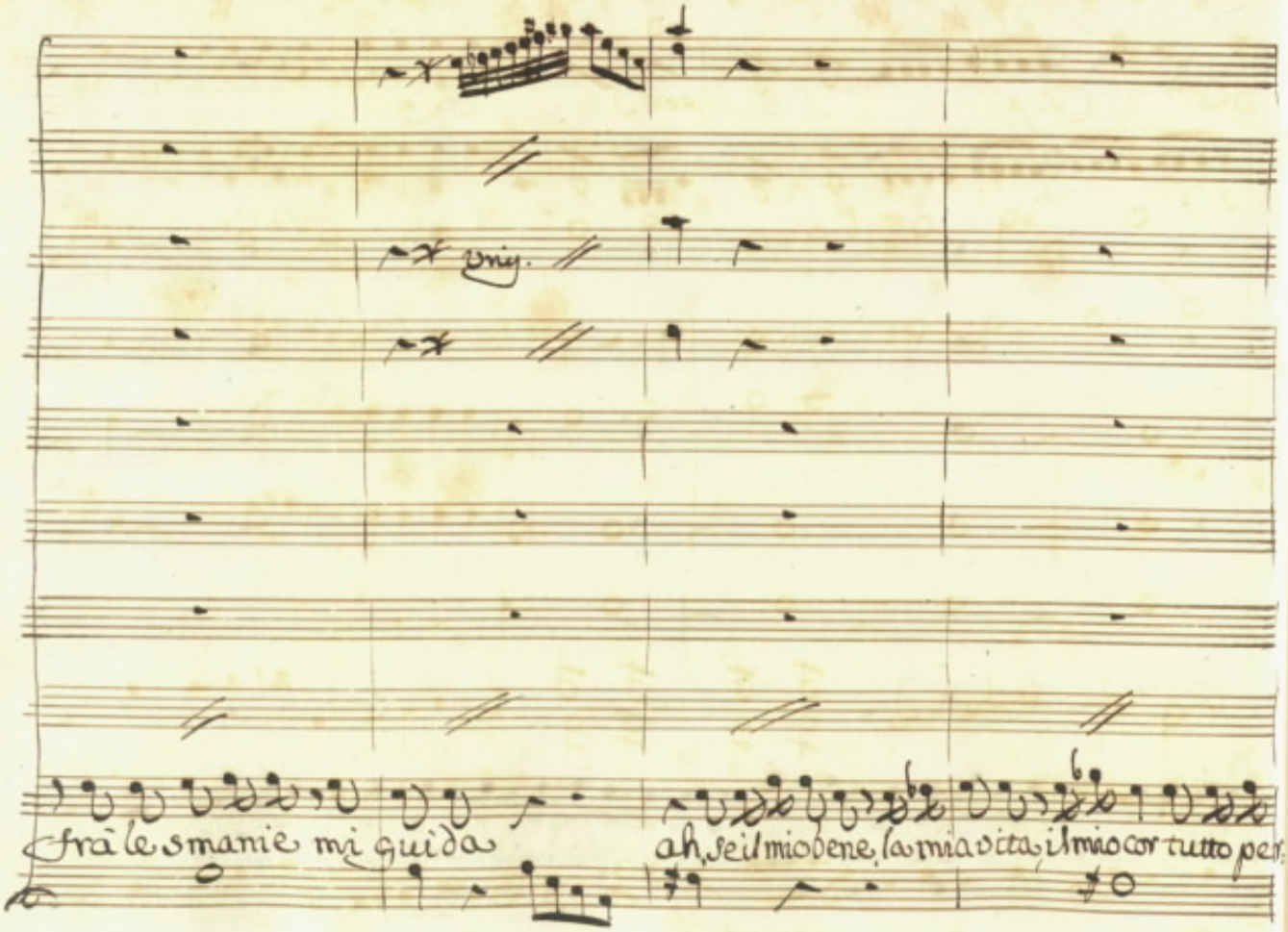

tese ingiustizia maggior, barbaro, ingrato à chet'arresti? impugnà l'ferro:

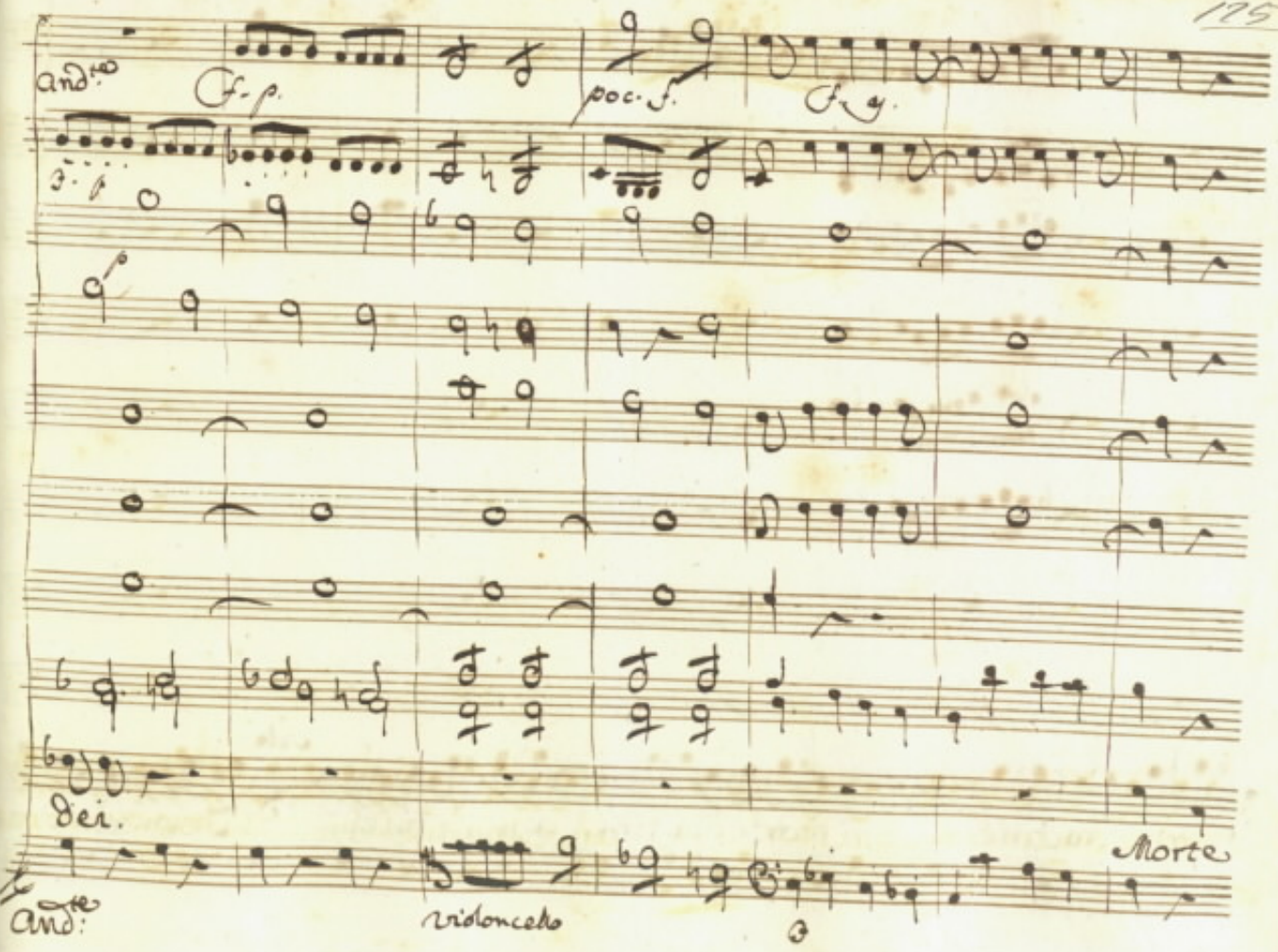

ah, pria d'udir dal labro tuo ch'io sono infida, sì, quella cara man vuò che m'uccida.

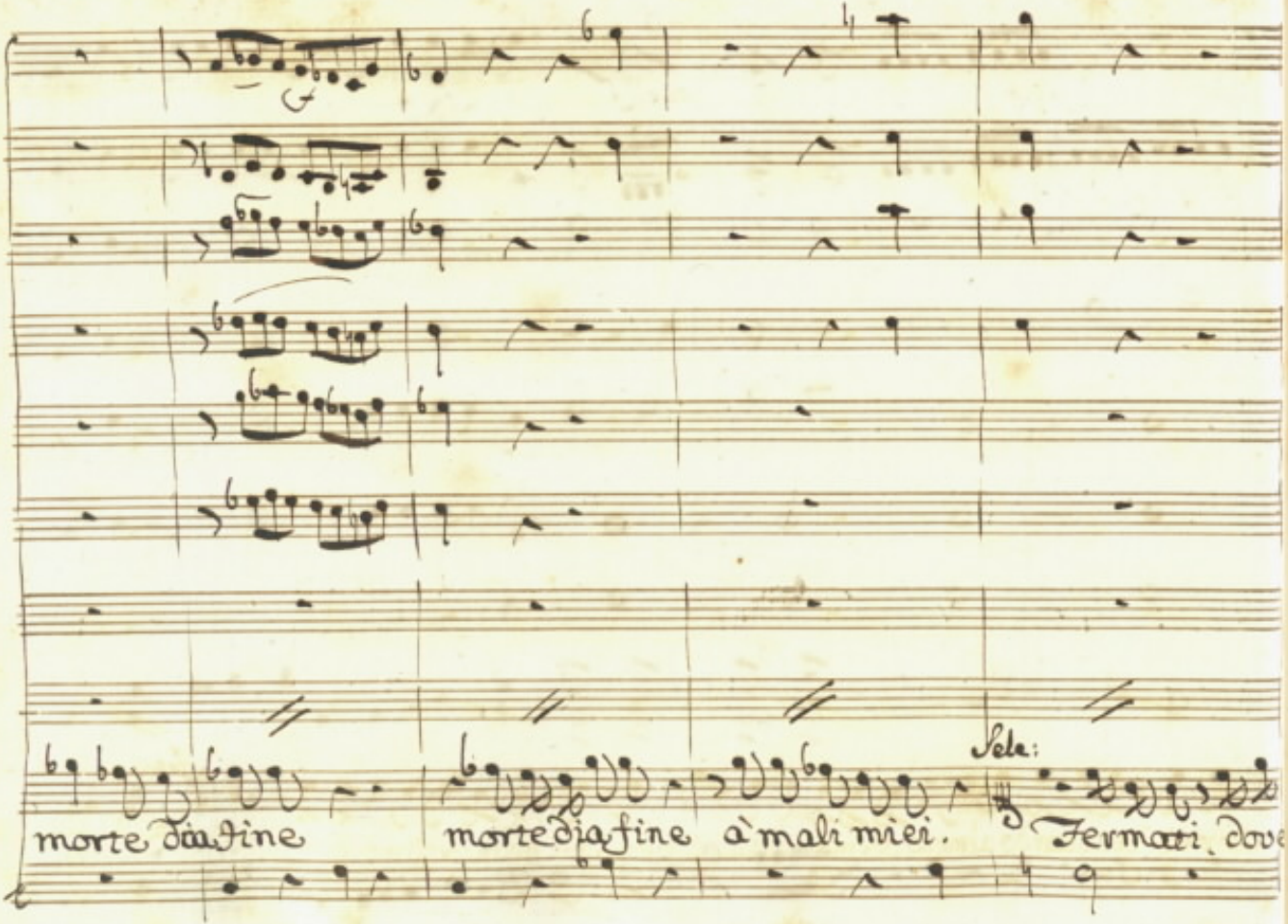


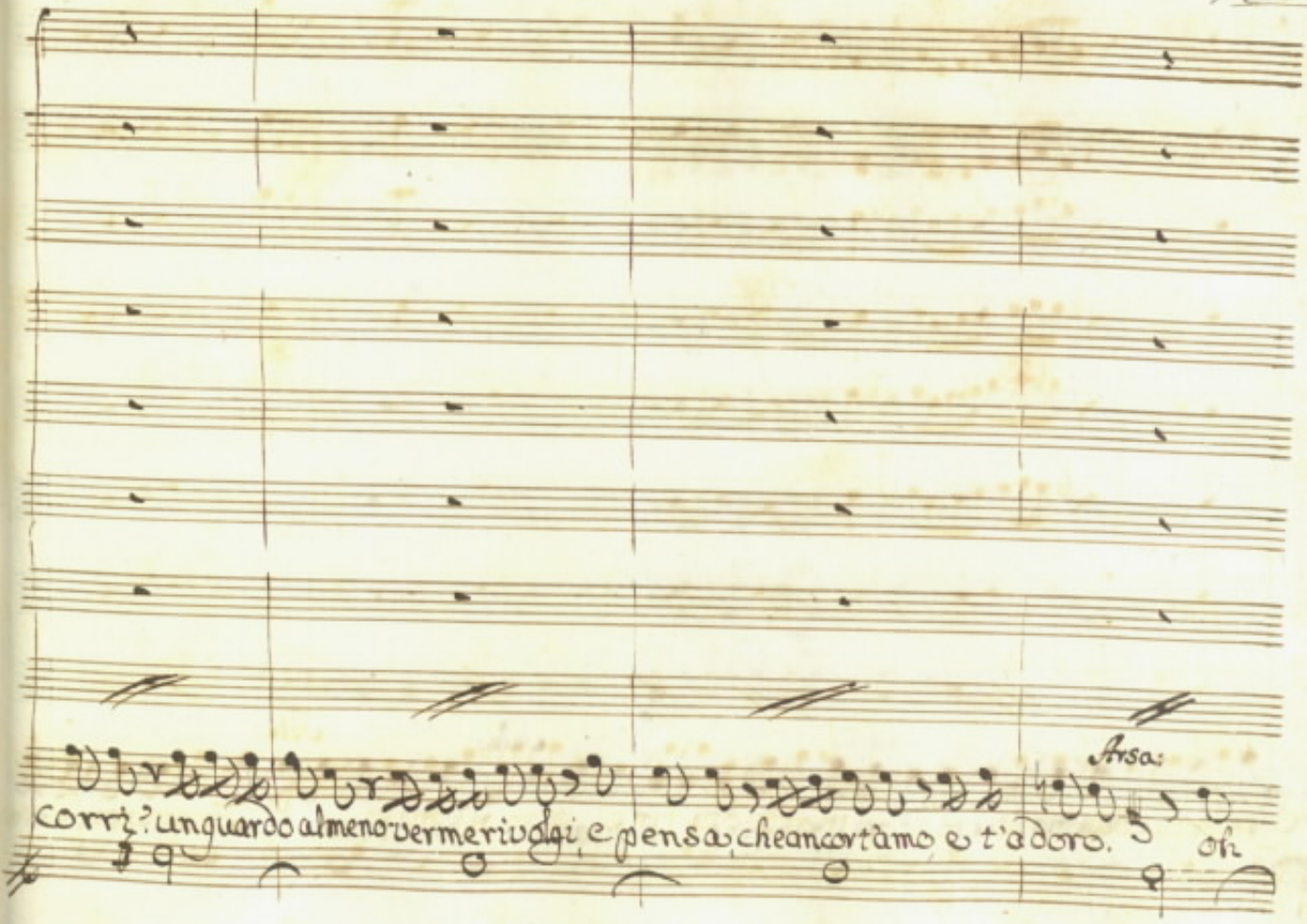

f.
Arsa:
Tu parli di morire! à mesoltanto è d'affanno la vita. addio. tu

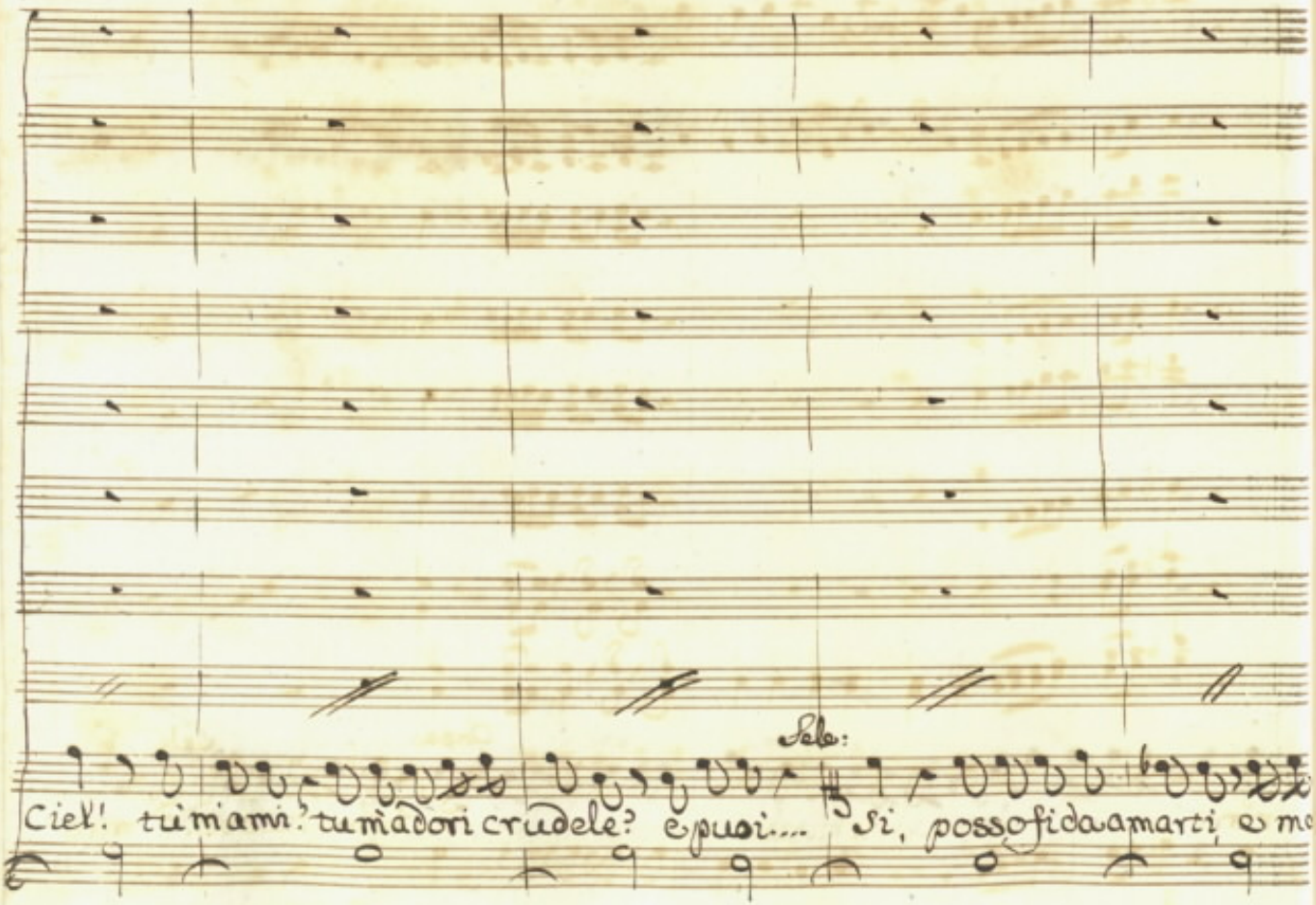

resta, ti vivi, e Regna: io vado ove il mio duolo, e un disperato amore


Frà le smanie mi guida
ah, se il mio bene, la mia vita, il mio cor tutto per


and.to
f. p.
poc. f.
f. p.
dei.
Morte
and.te
violoncello

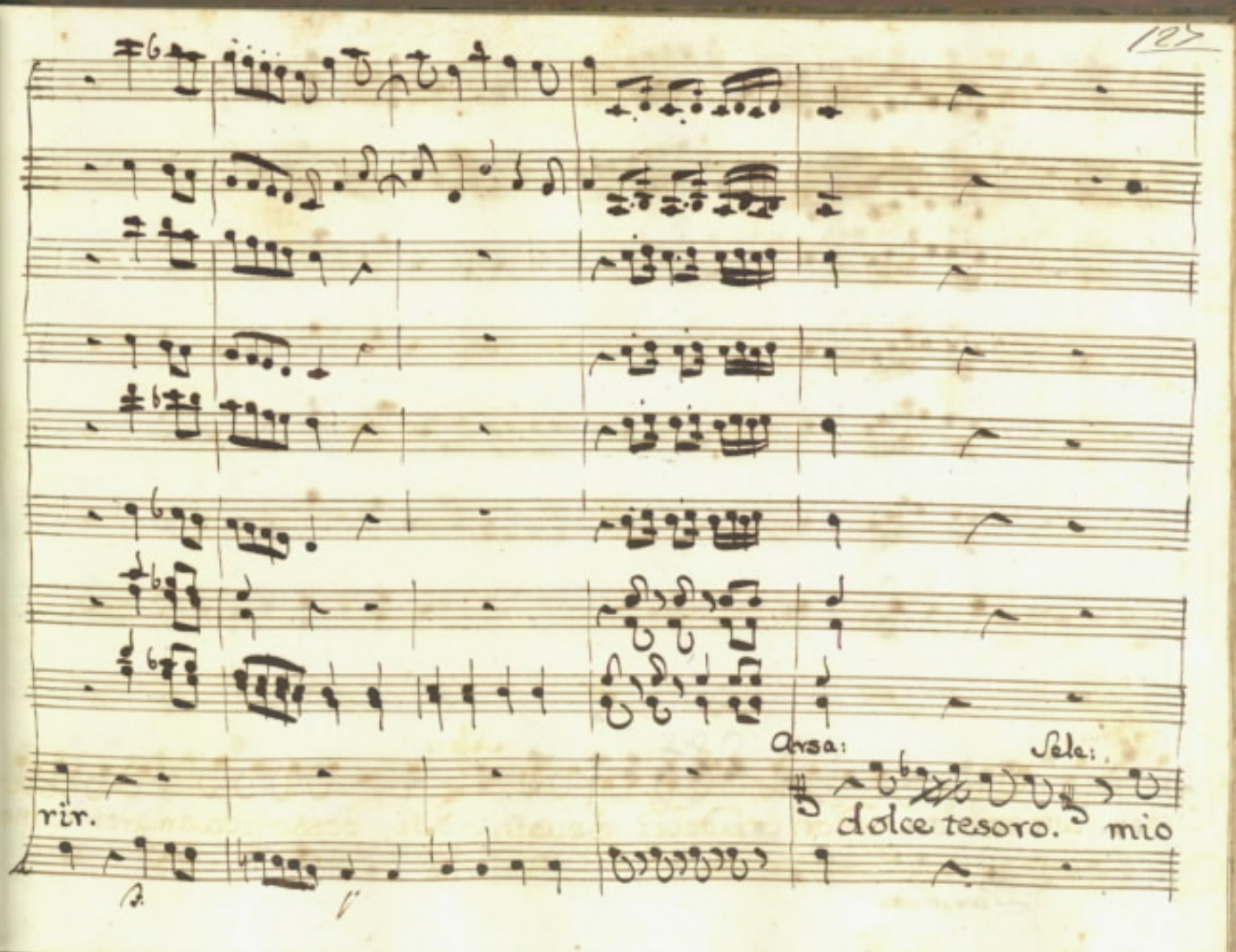

morte da fine
morte da fine
à mali miei.
Sola:
Fermati, dove

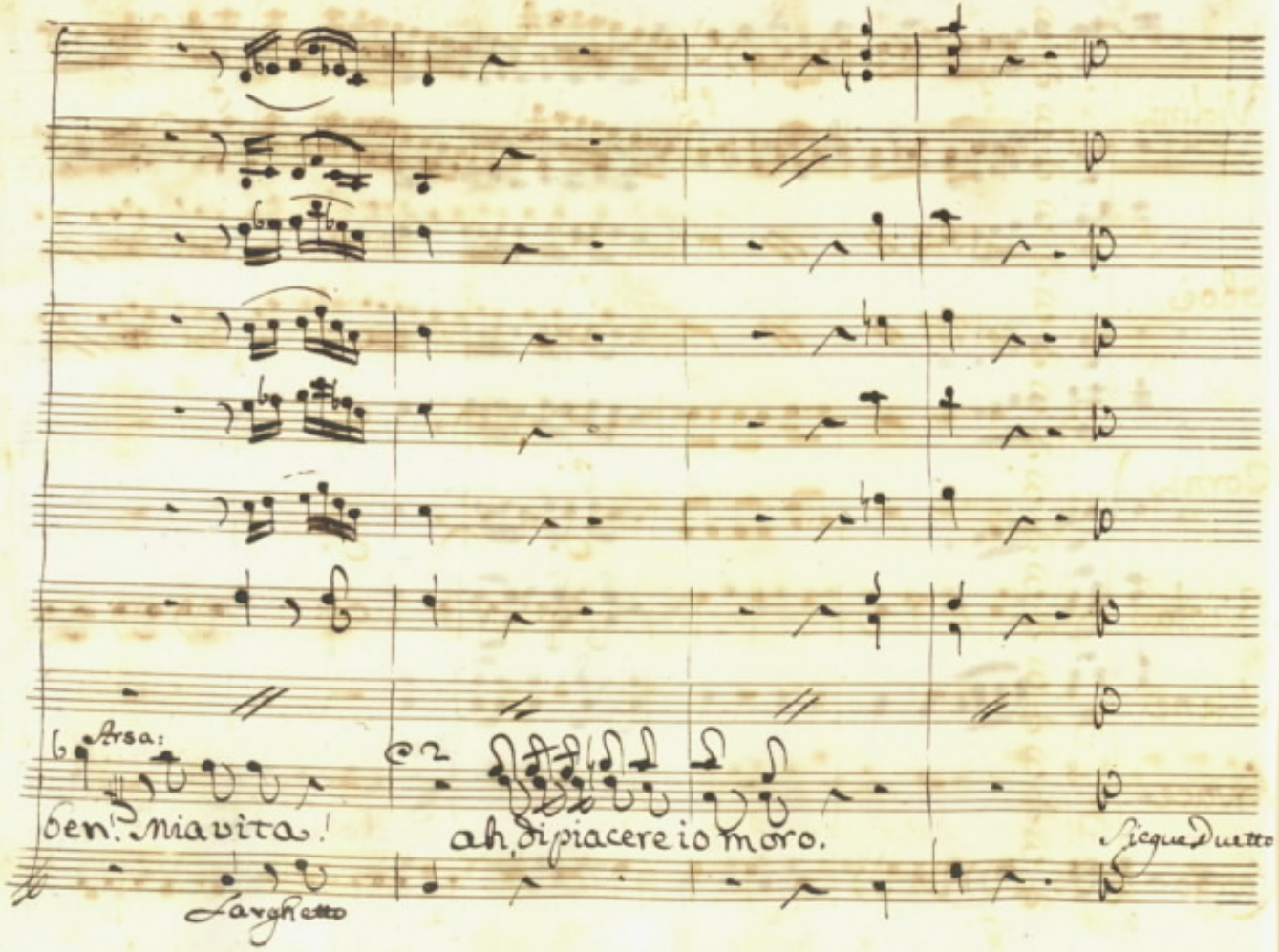

Arsa:
corri? un guardo almeno verme rivolgi, e pensa, che ancor t'amo e t'adoro.
oh



Sele:

Ciel! tu m'ami? tu m'adori crudele? e puoi.... Si, posso fida amarti, e mo


Orsa:
Sele:
dolce tesoro.
mio
rir.


Arsa:
ben! mia vita!
Larghetto
ah, di piacere io moro.
Segue Duetto

Violini

f. p. af. f.

Oboè

col Pmo col Pmo

p.

col 2do col 2do

Corni

p.

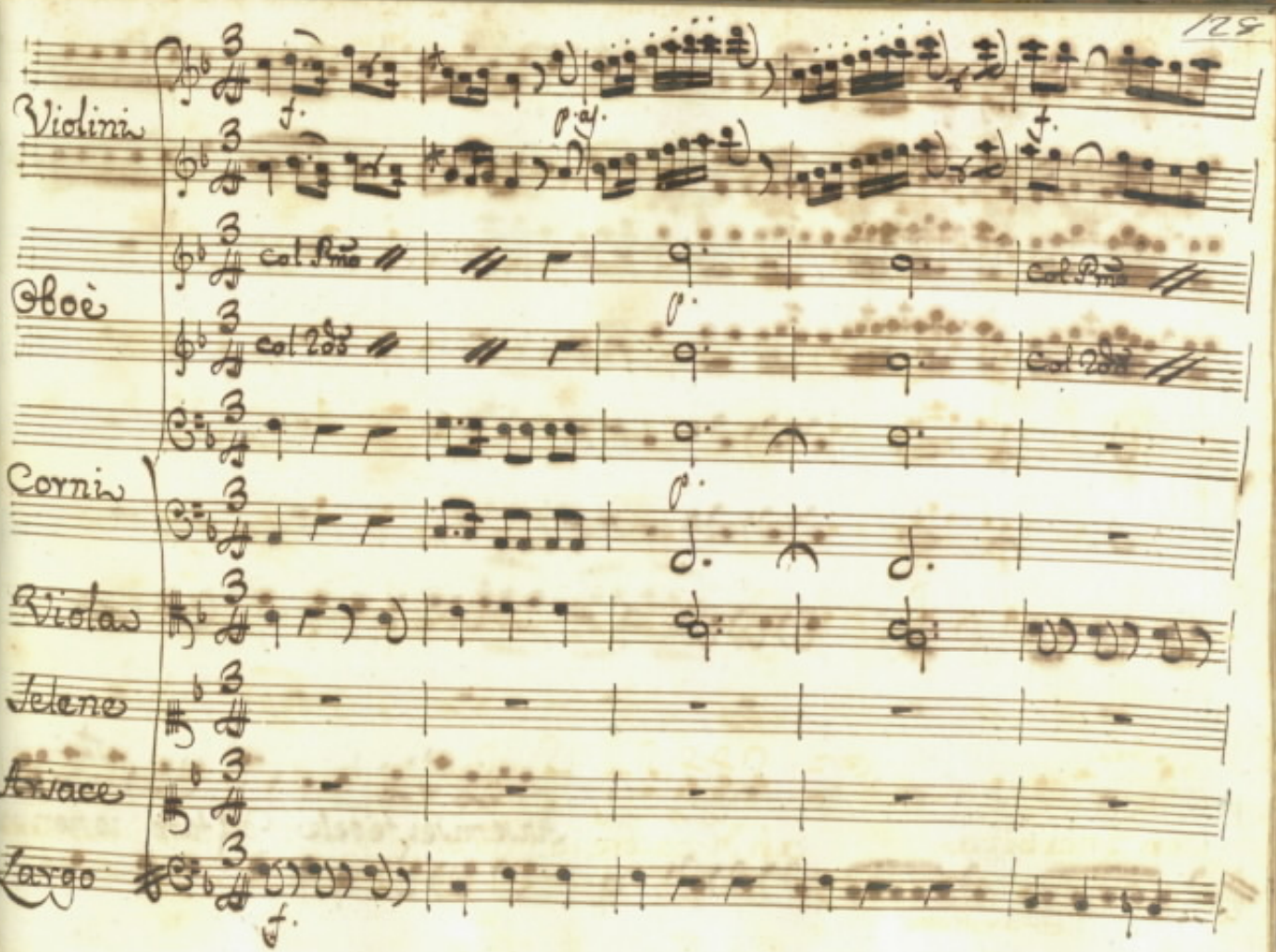
Viola

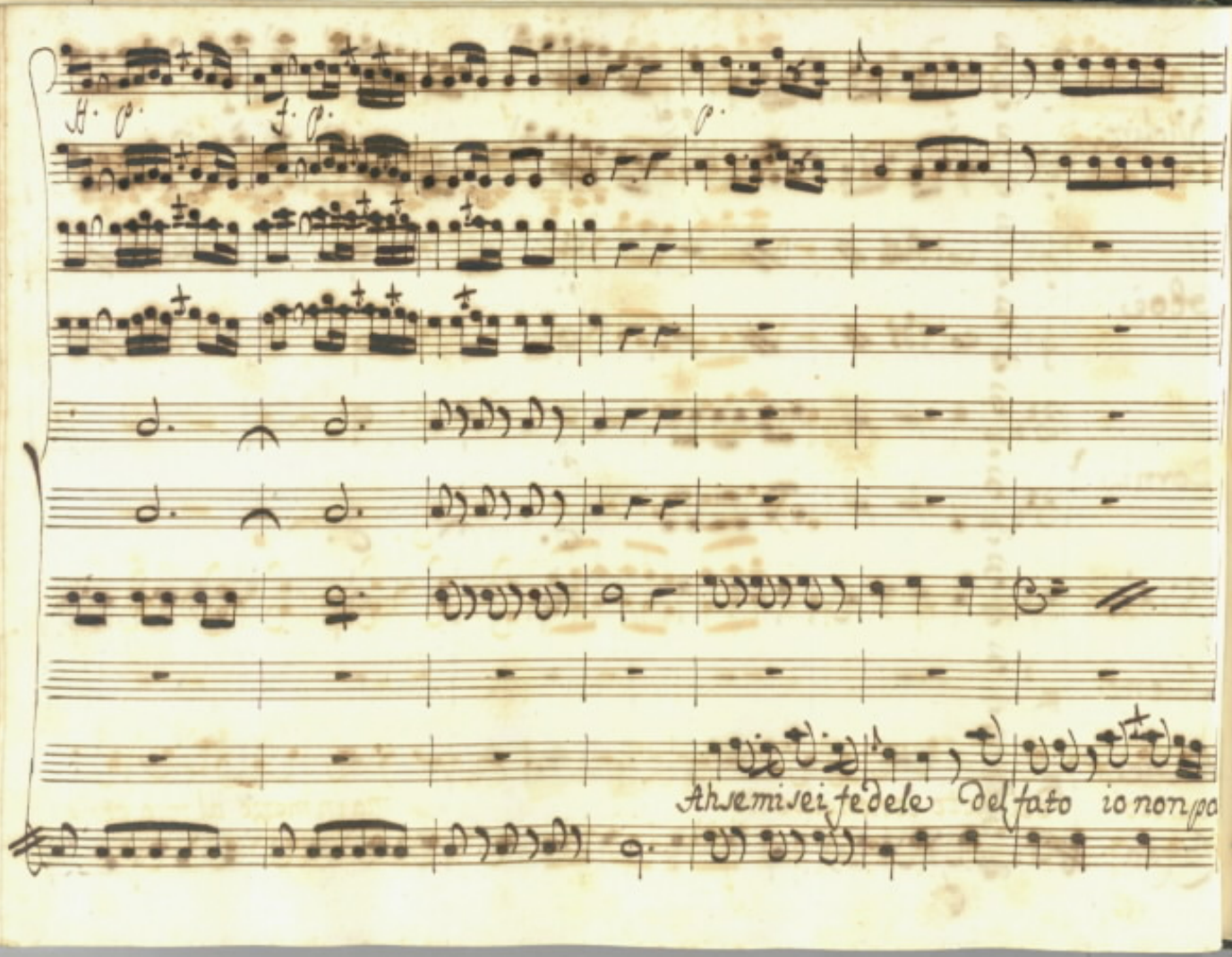
Selene

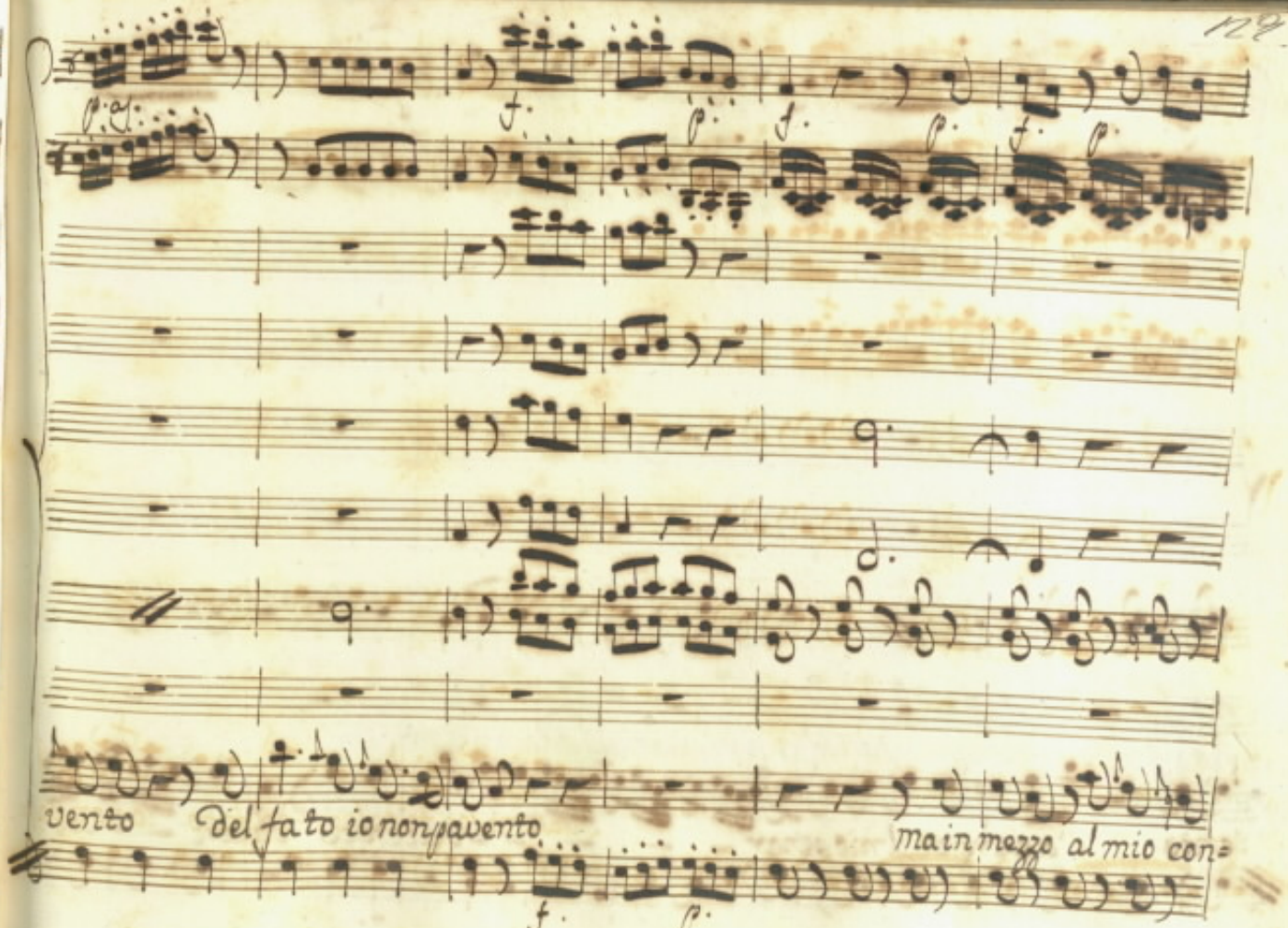
Arsace

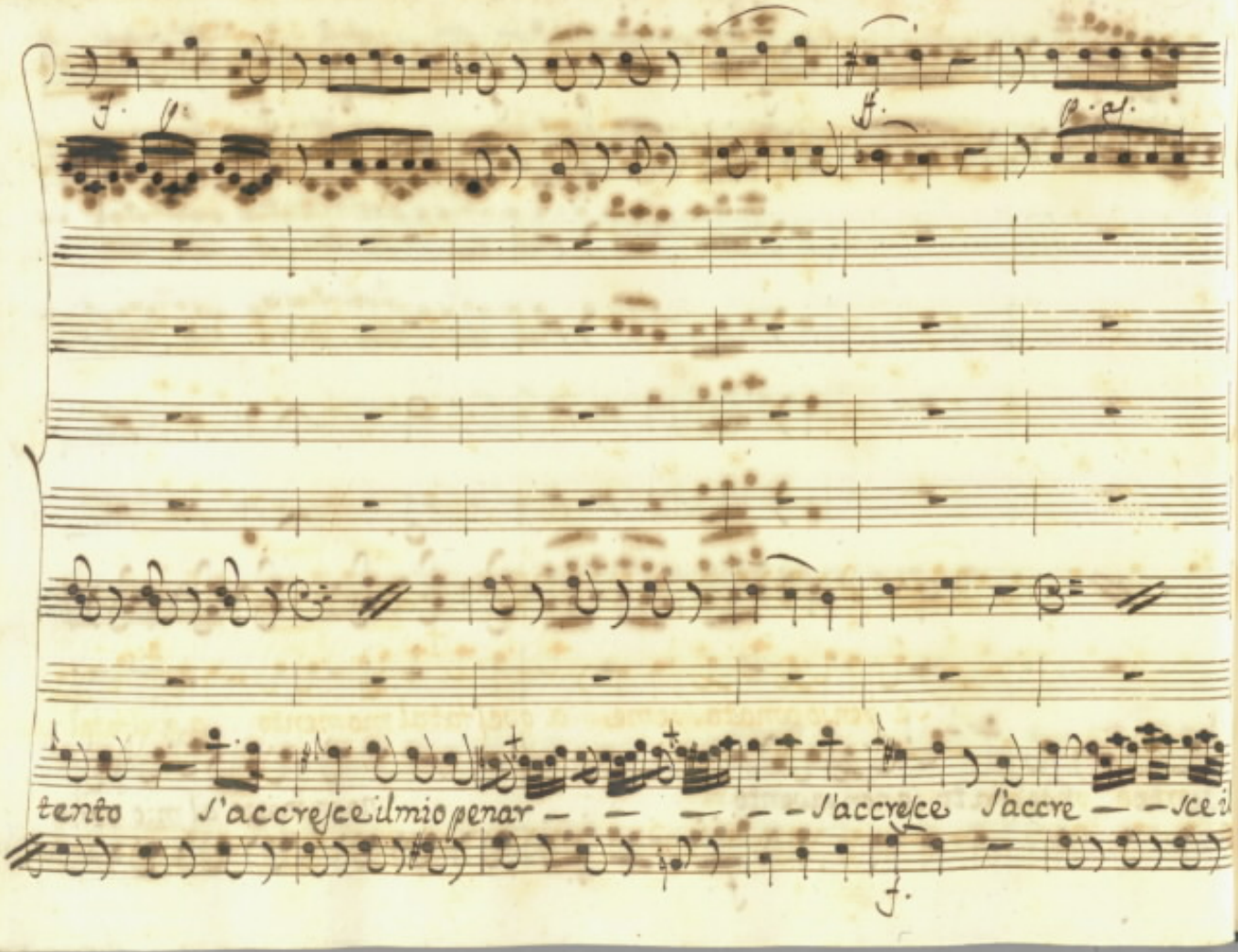
Largo

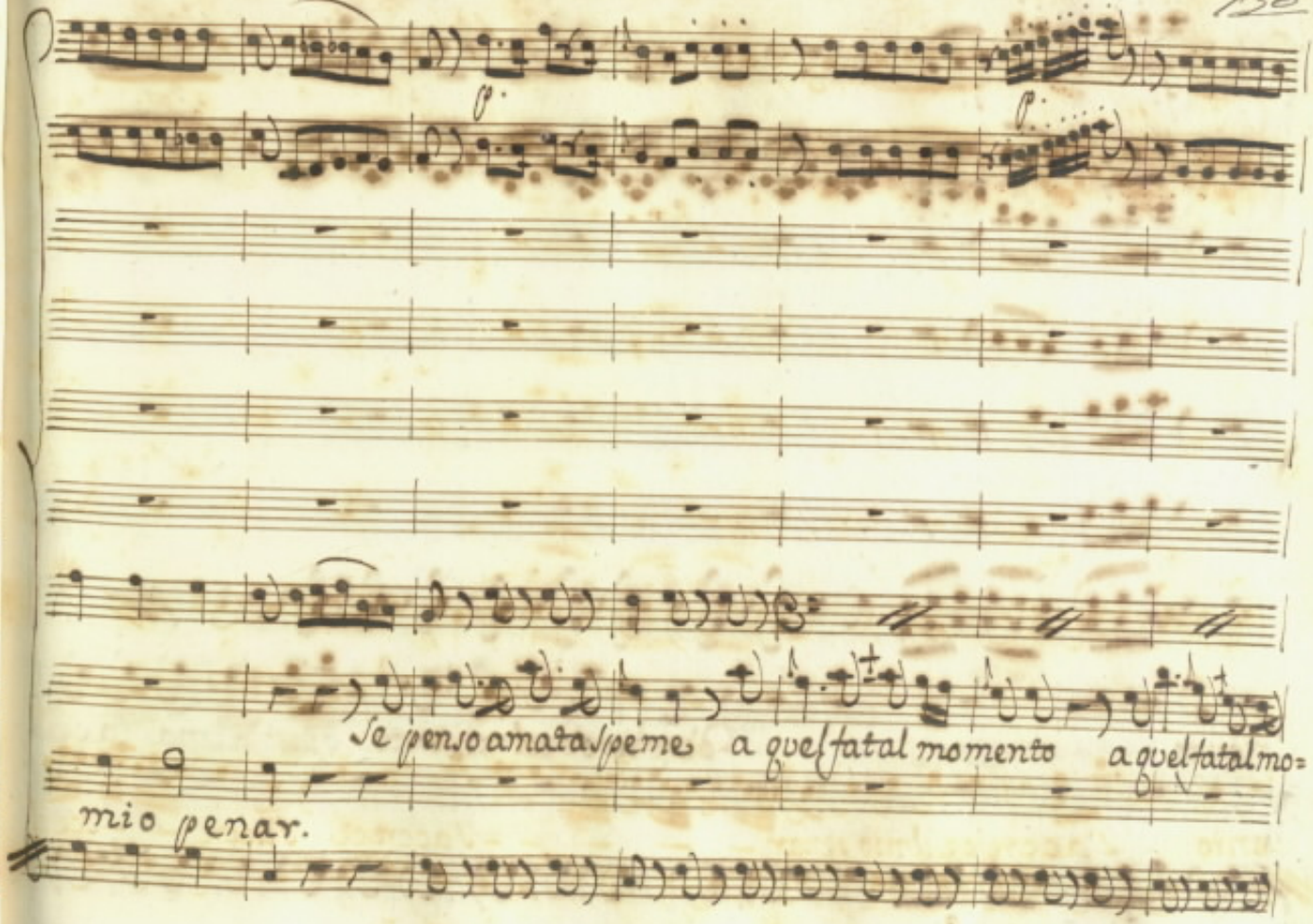
f.

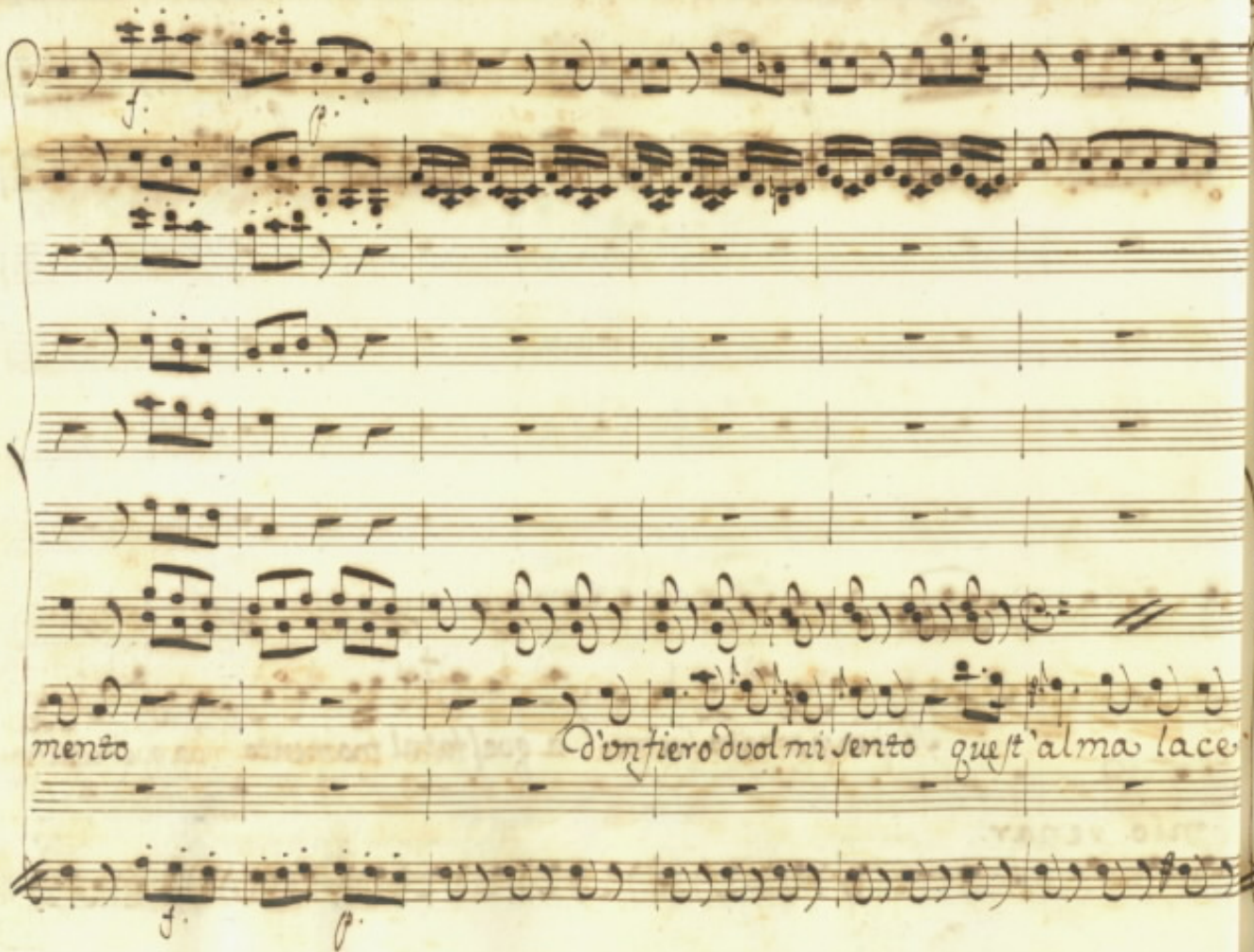


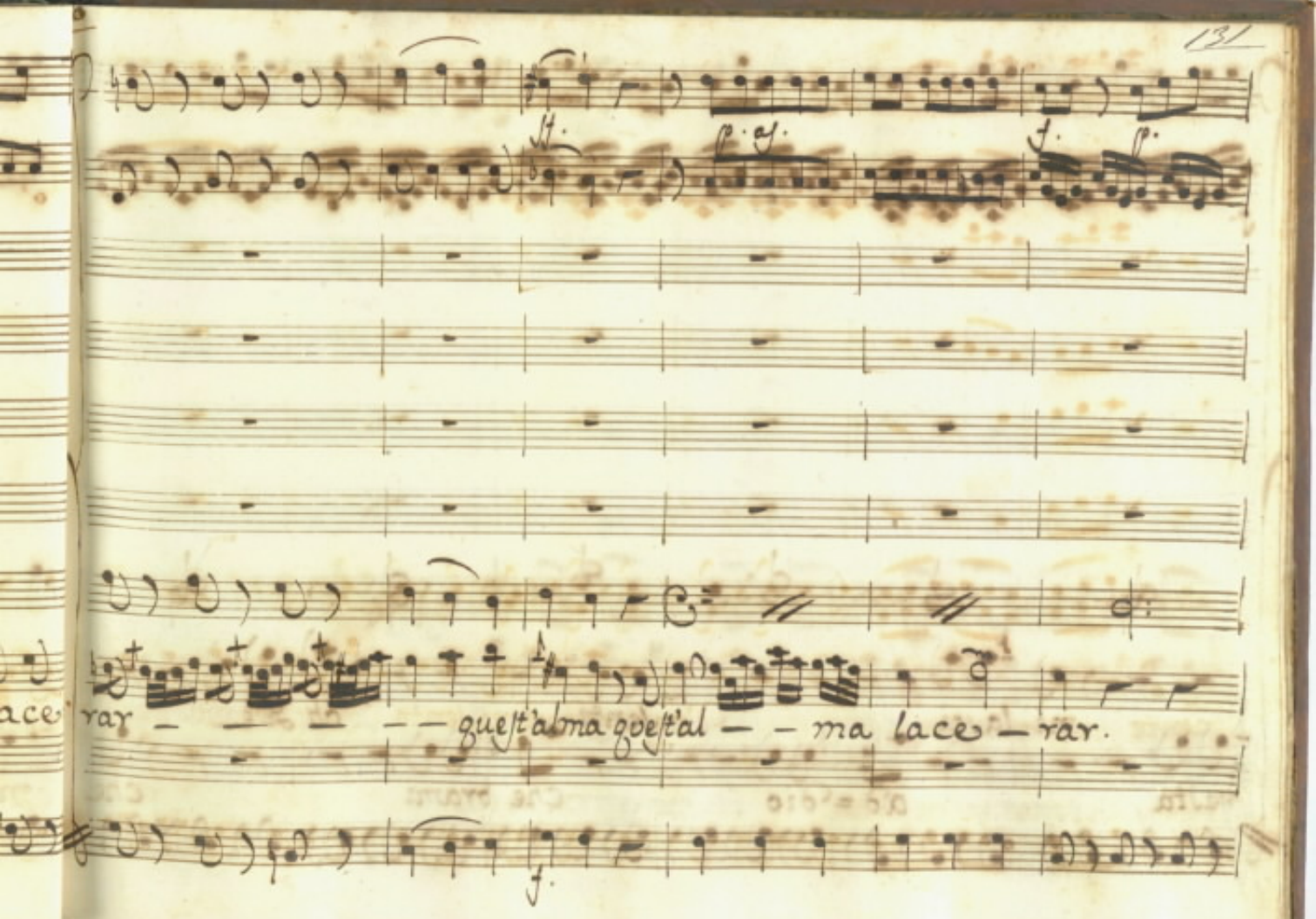

H. P.
f. P.
P.
Ah se mi sei fedele del fato io non po

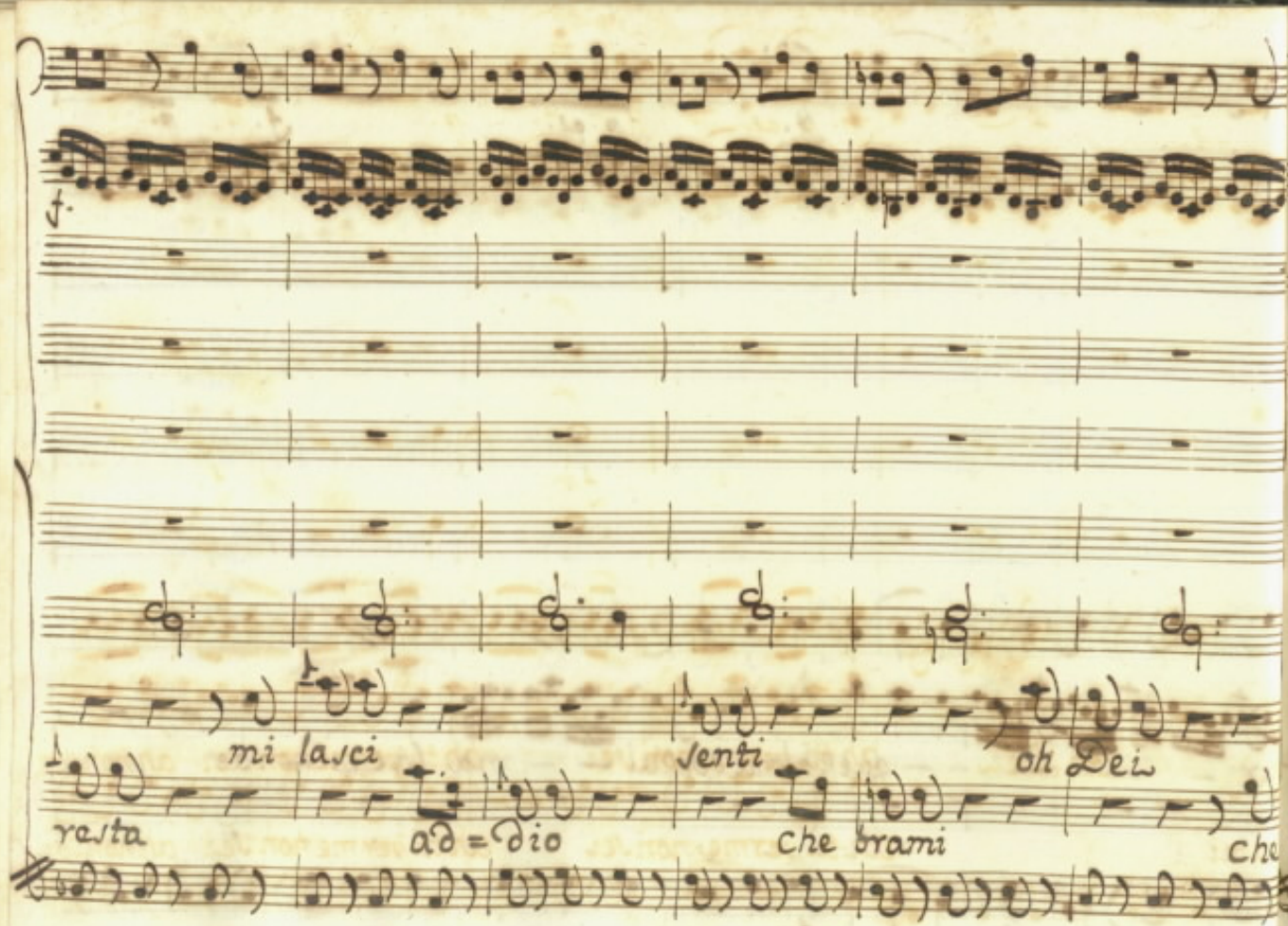

vento Del fato io non pavento
ma in mezzo al mio con=

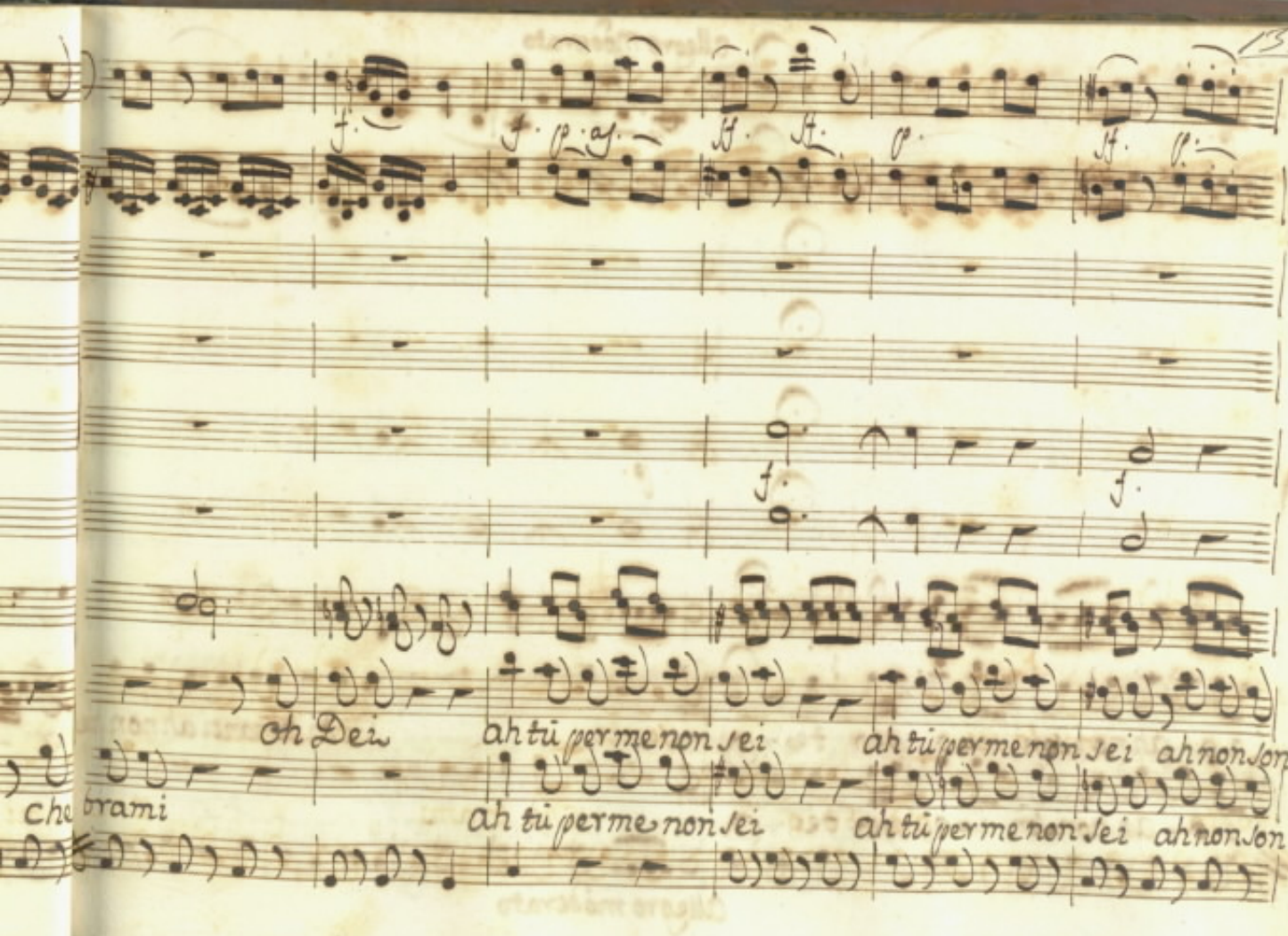

tento S'accresce il mio penar — — — — S'accresce S'accre — — sce

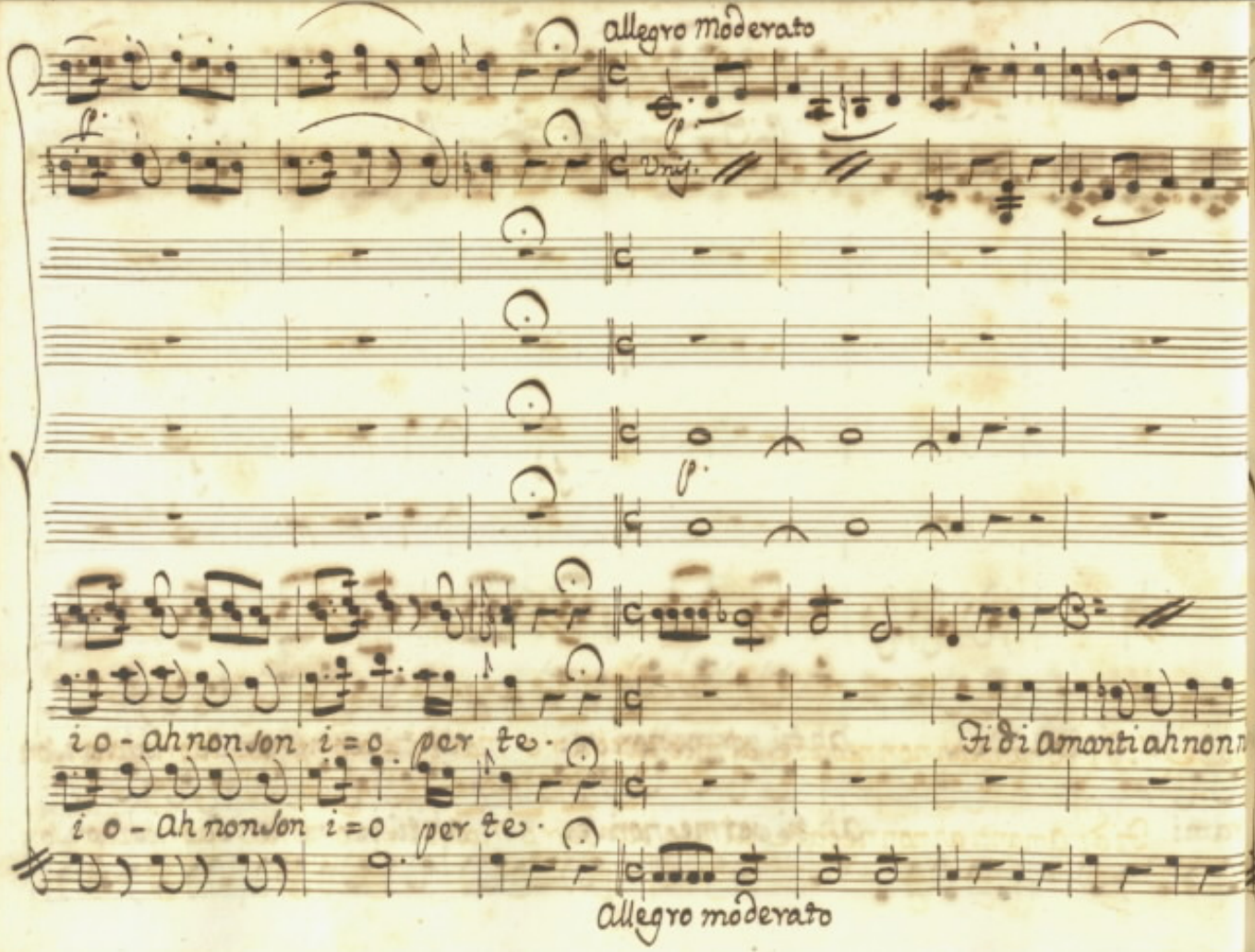

p.
p.
Se penso amata Speme a quel fatal momento a quel fatal mo=
mio penar.


f.
p.
mento
D'vn fiero duol mi sento quest'alma lace
f.
p.


rar — — — — quest'alma quest'al — — ma lace — rar.


mi lasci
senti
oh Dei
resta
ad = dio
che brami


f.
f. p. sf.
sf.
sf.
p.
sf.
p.
f.
f.
Oh Dei
ah tu per me non sei
ah tu per me non sei ah non son
Che brami
ah tu per me non sei
ah tu per me non sei ah non son



Allegro Moderato

Unis.

i o - ah non son i = o per te.

Fi di amanti ah non n

i o - ah non son i = o per te.

Allegro moderato

f. mancando

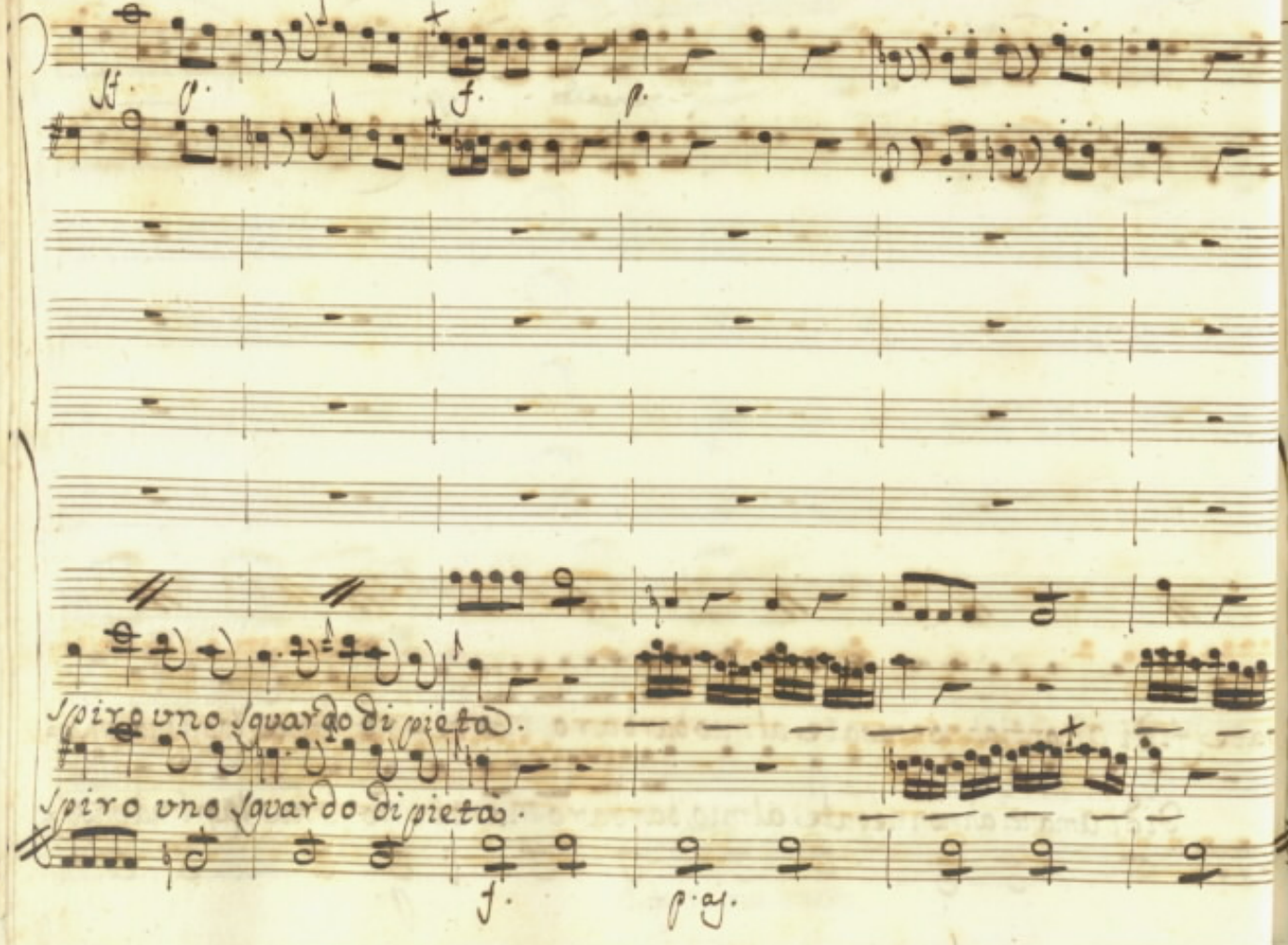
p.

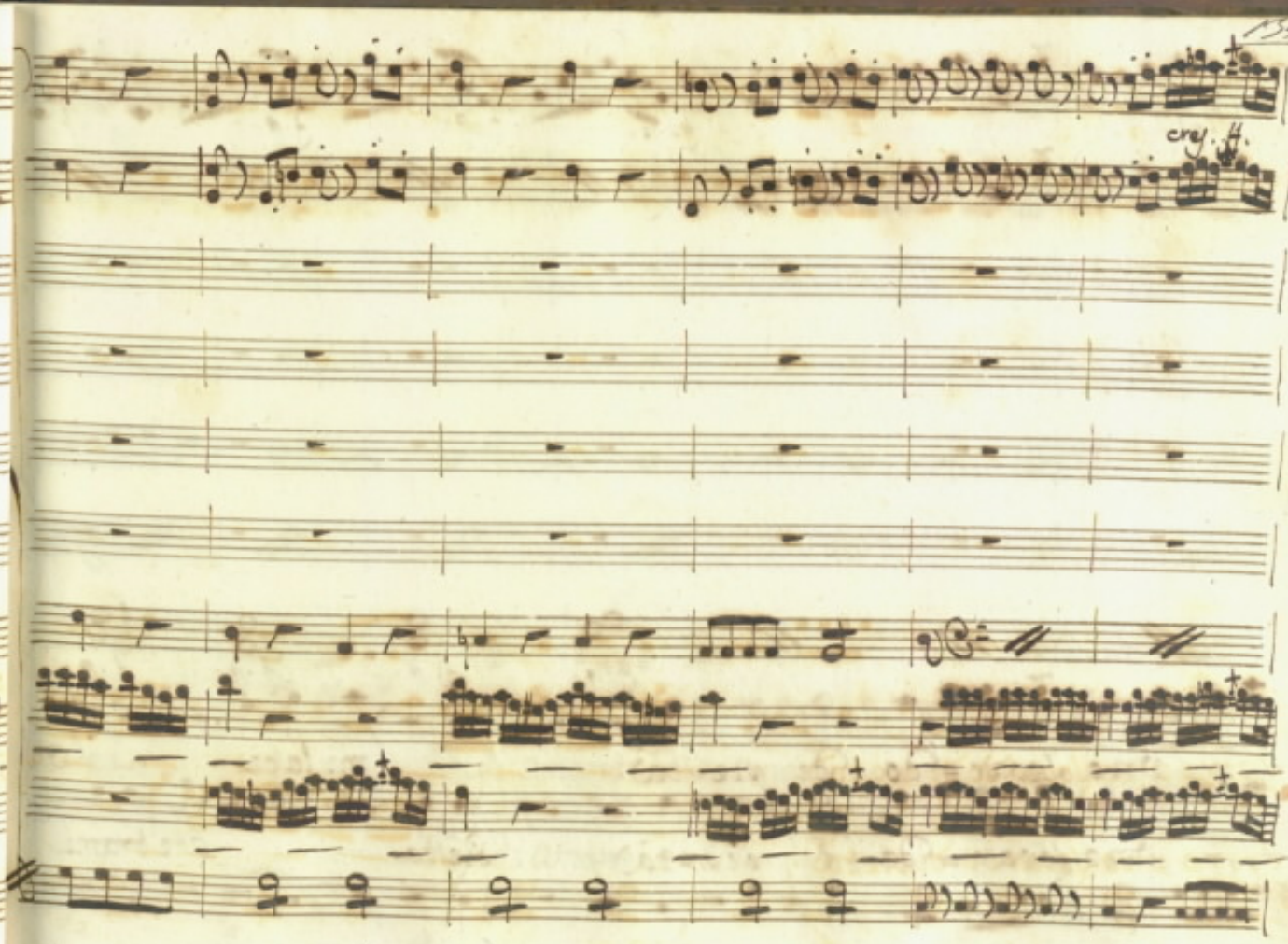
gate fidi amanti ah non negate al mio barbaro Marti = ro una lagrima un Jo =

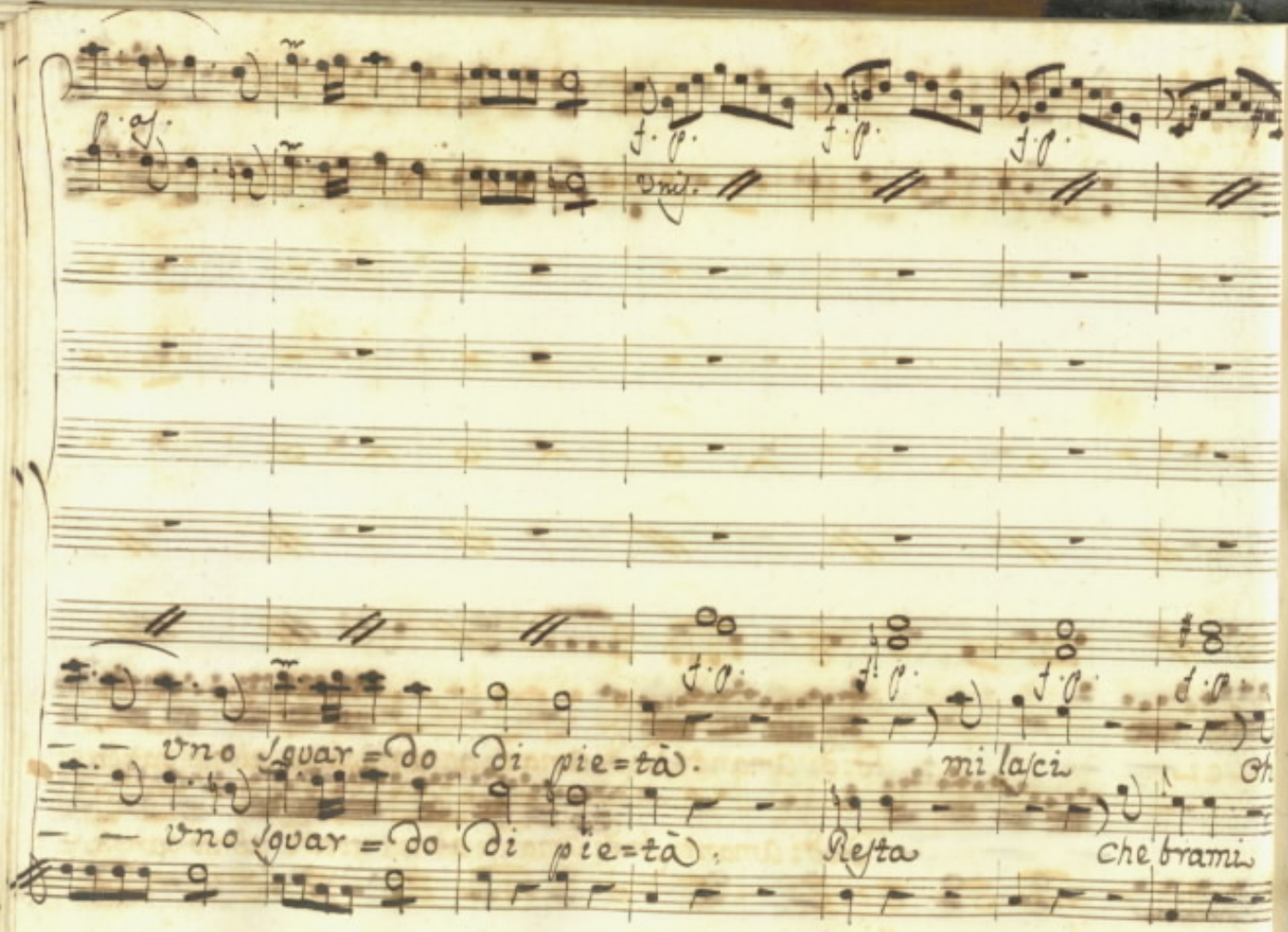
Fidi amanti ah non negate al mio barbaro Marti = ro una lagrima un Jo =

f.

p.


f.
p.
Spiro uno sguardo di pieta.
Spiro uno sguardo di pieta.
f.
p. cy.


cres.



p. as.

f. p.

f. p.

f. p.

Unis.

f. p.

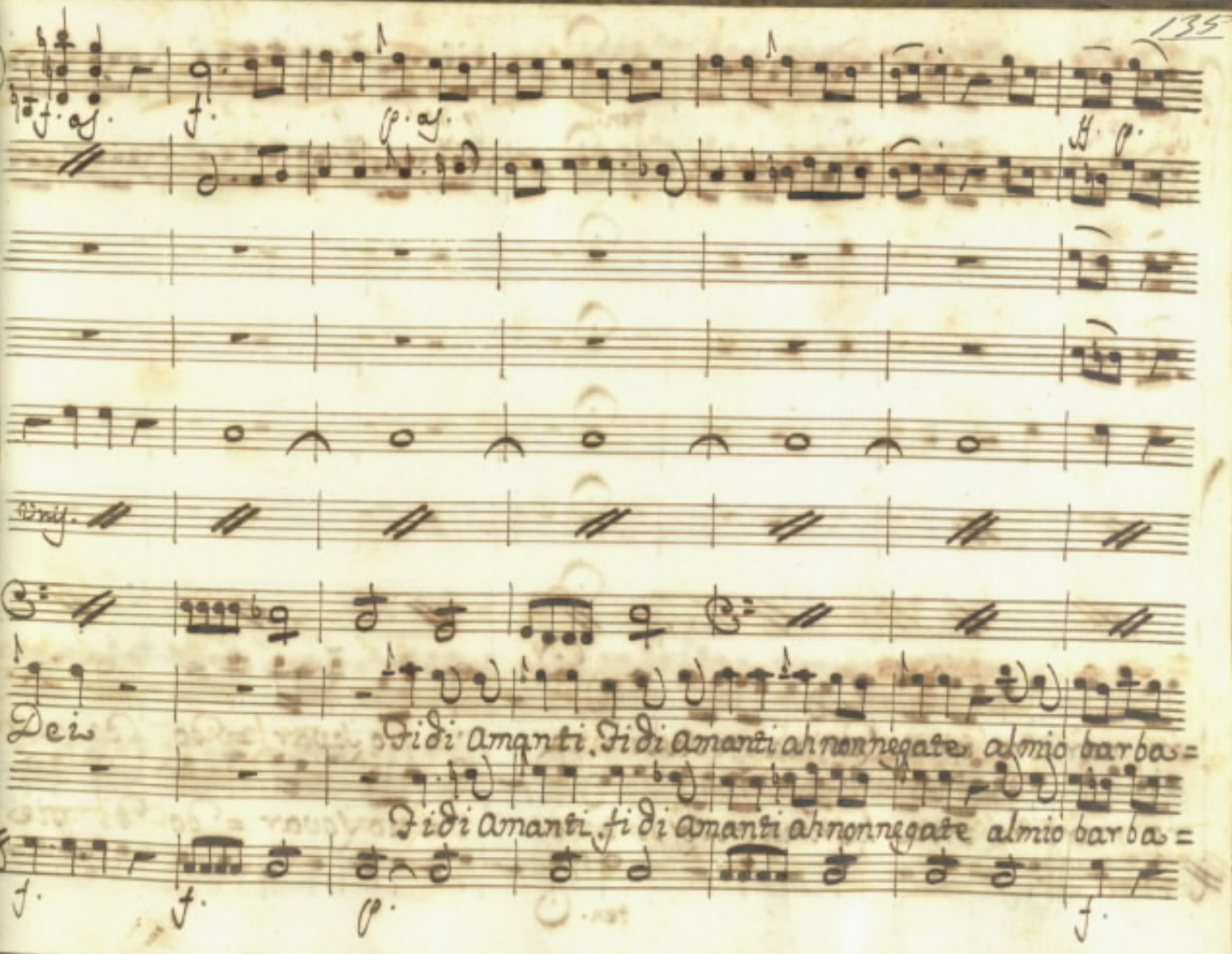
f. p.

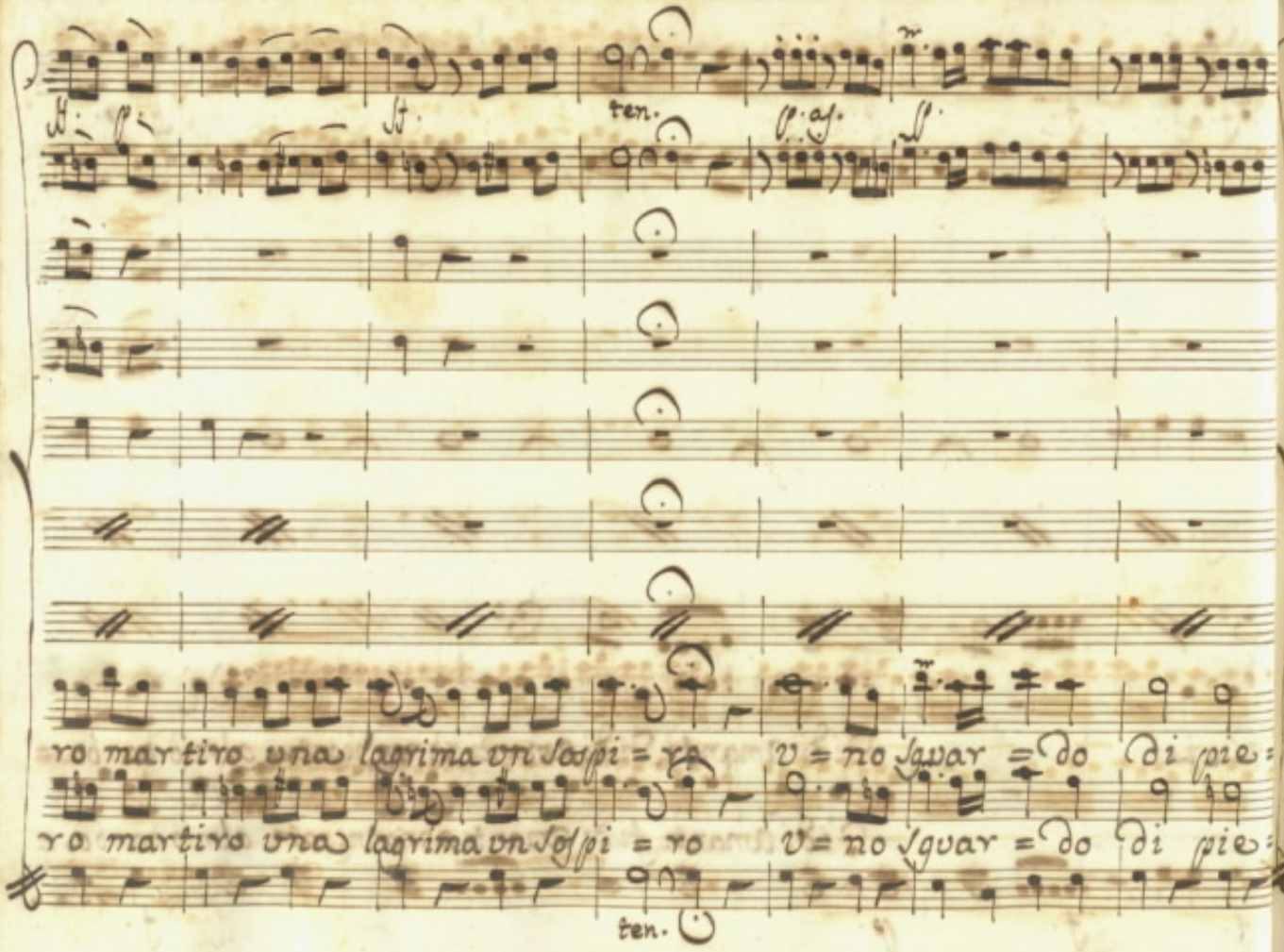
f. p.

f. p.

— — Uno sguar=do di pie=tà. mi lasci Oh

— — Uno sguar=do di pie=tà. Resta che brami


Dei
Fidi amanti. Fidi amanti ah non negate al mio barba=
Fidi amanti. fidi amanti ah non negate al mio barba=

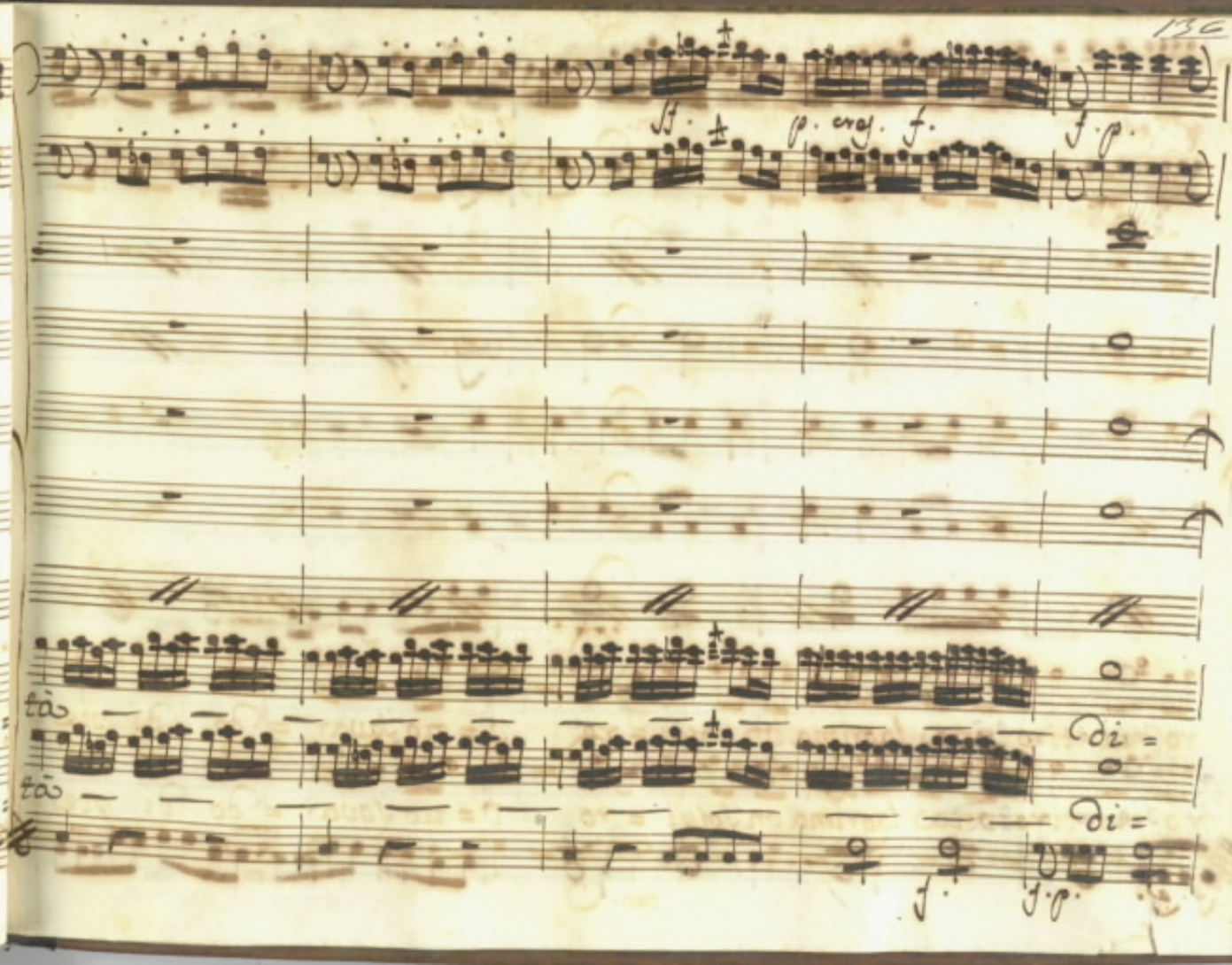


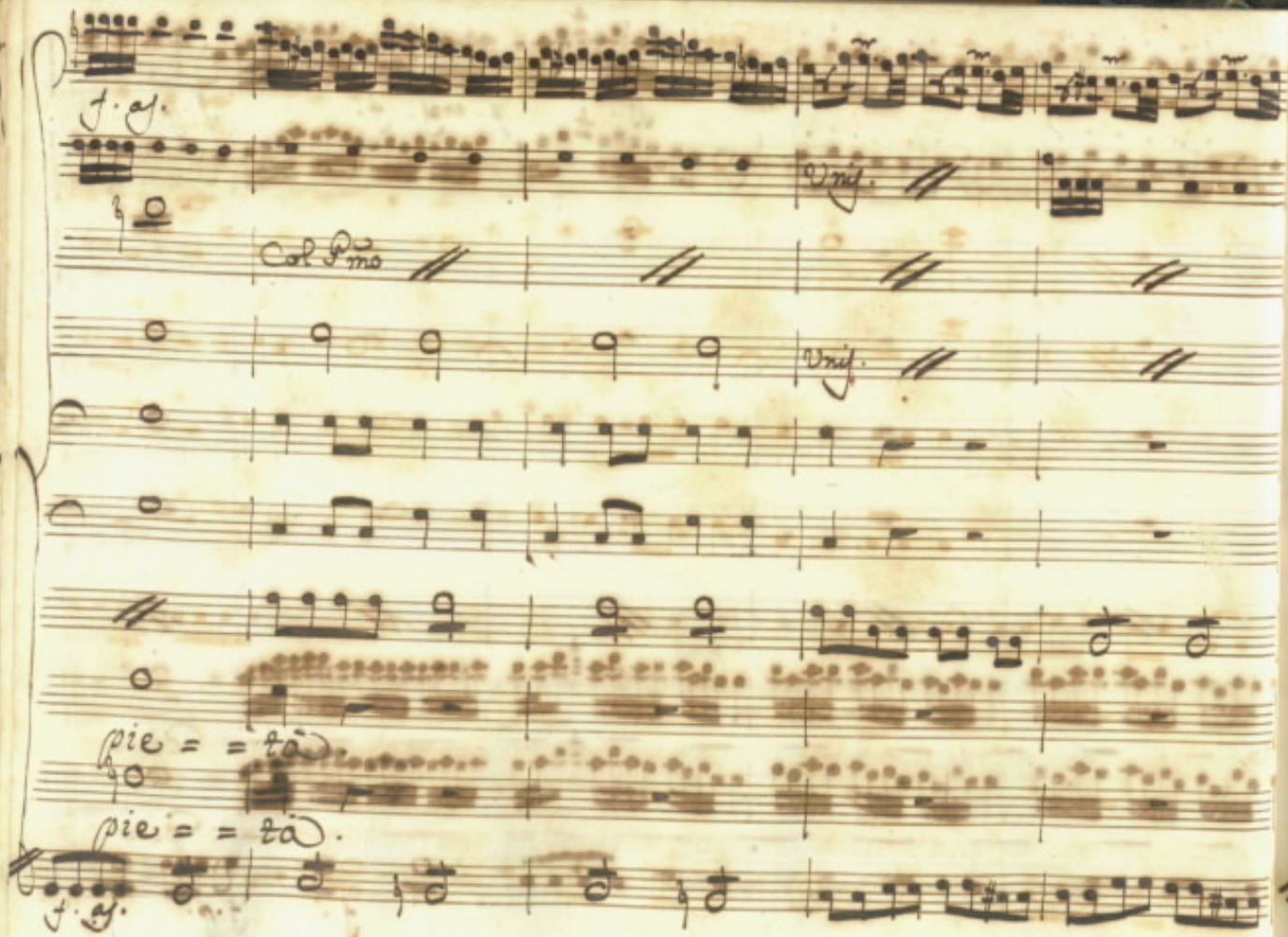
ff. p. ff. ten. p. as. ff.

ro martiro una lagrima un sospi = ro v = no squar = do di pie=

ro martiro una lagrima un sospi = ro v = no squar = do di pie=

ten.


p. cresc. f.
f. p.
tà
tà
di =
di =
f.
f. p.



f. as.

Unis.

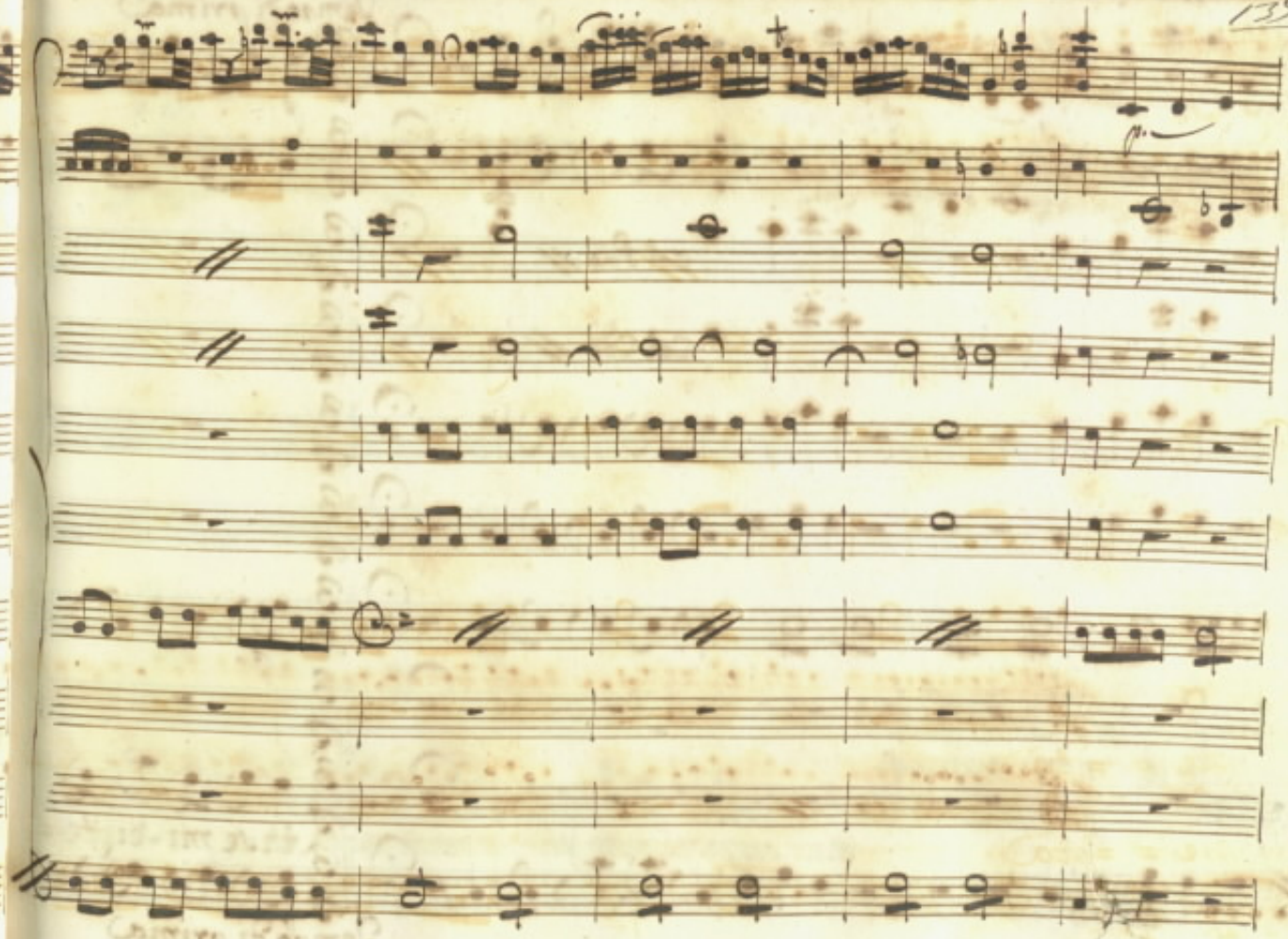
Col Pmo

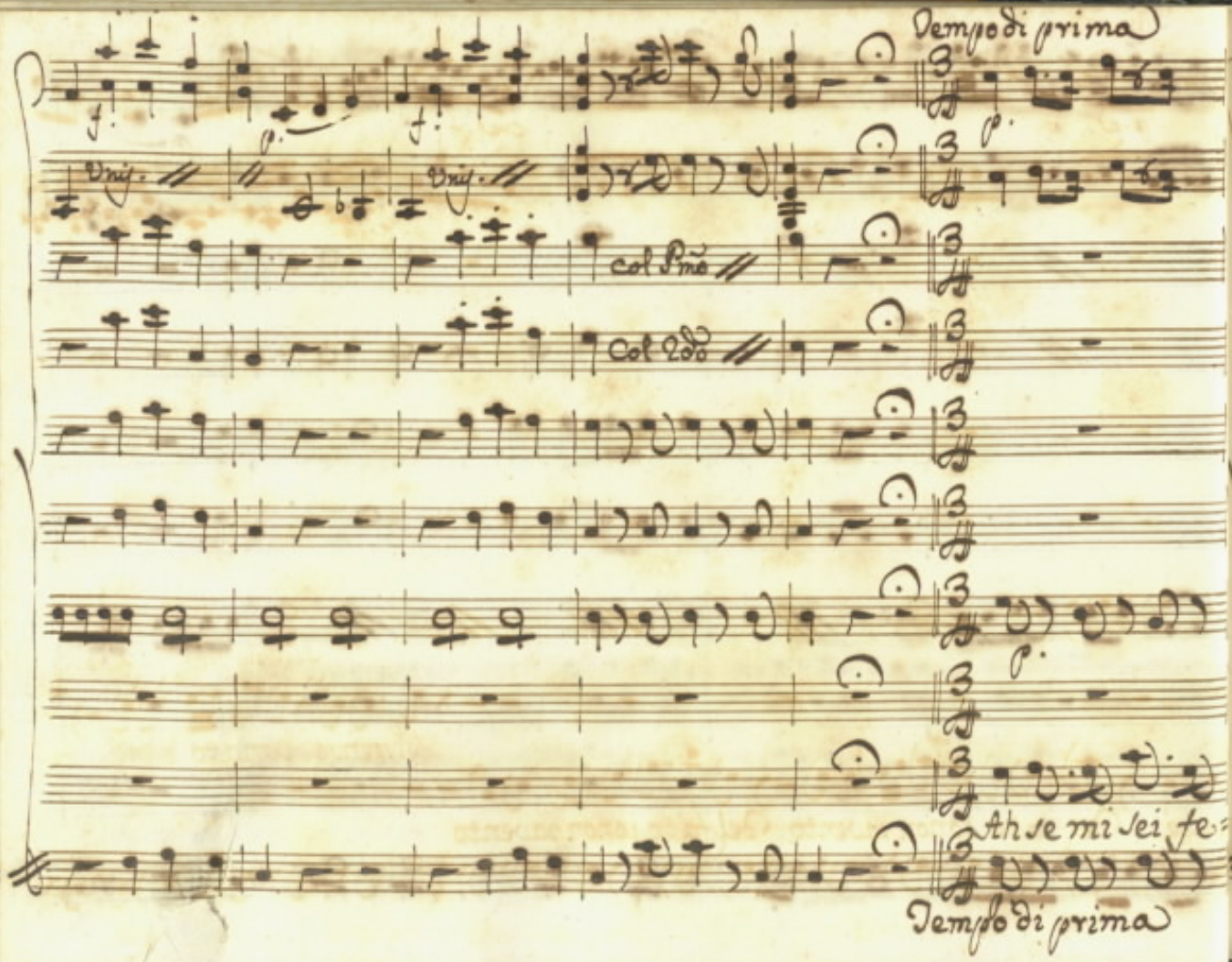
Unis.

pie = = tà.

pie = = tà.

f. as.





Tempo di prima

f. p. f. p.

Unis. Unis.

col Pmo

Col 2do

p.

Ah se mi sei fe=

Tempo di prima

p. as.

cres. f.

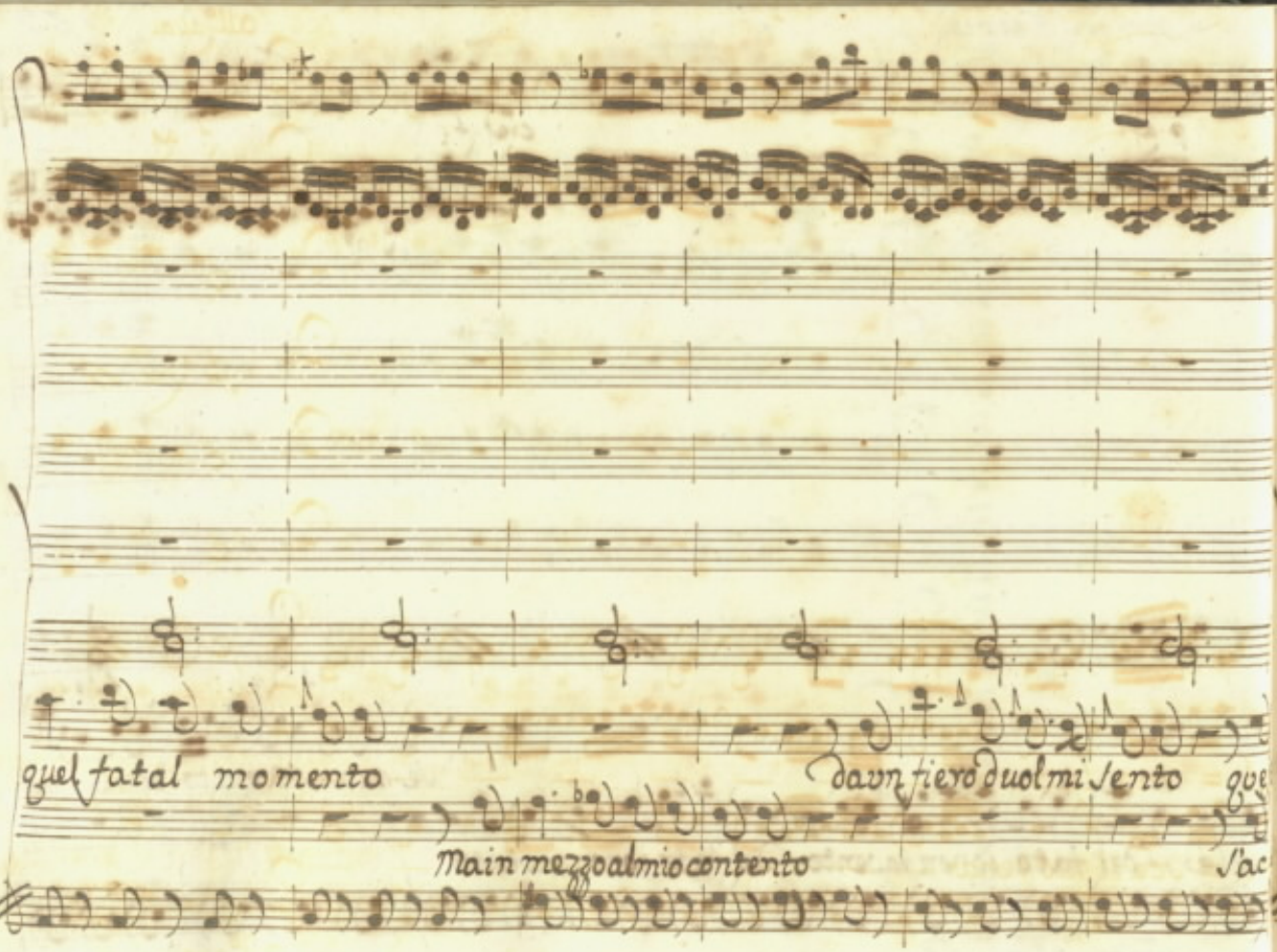
f. p.

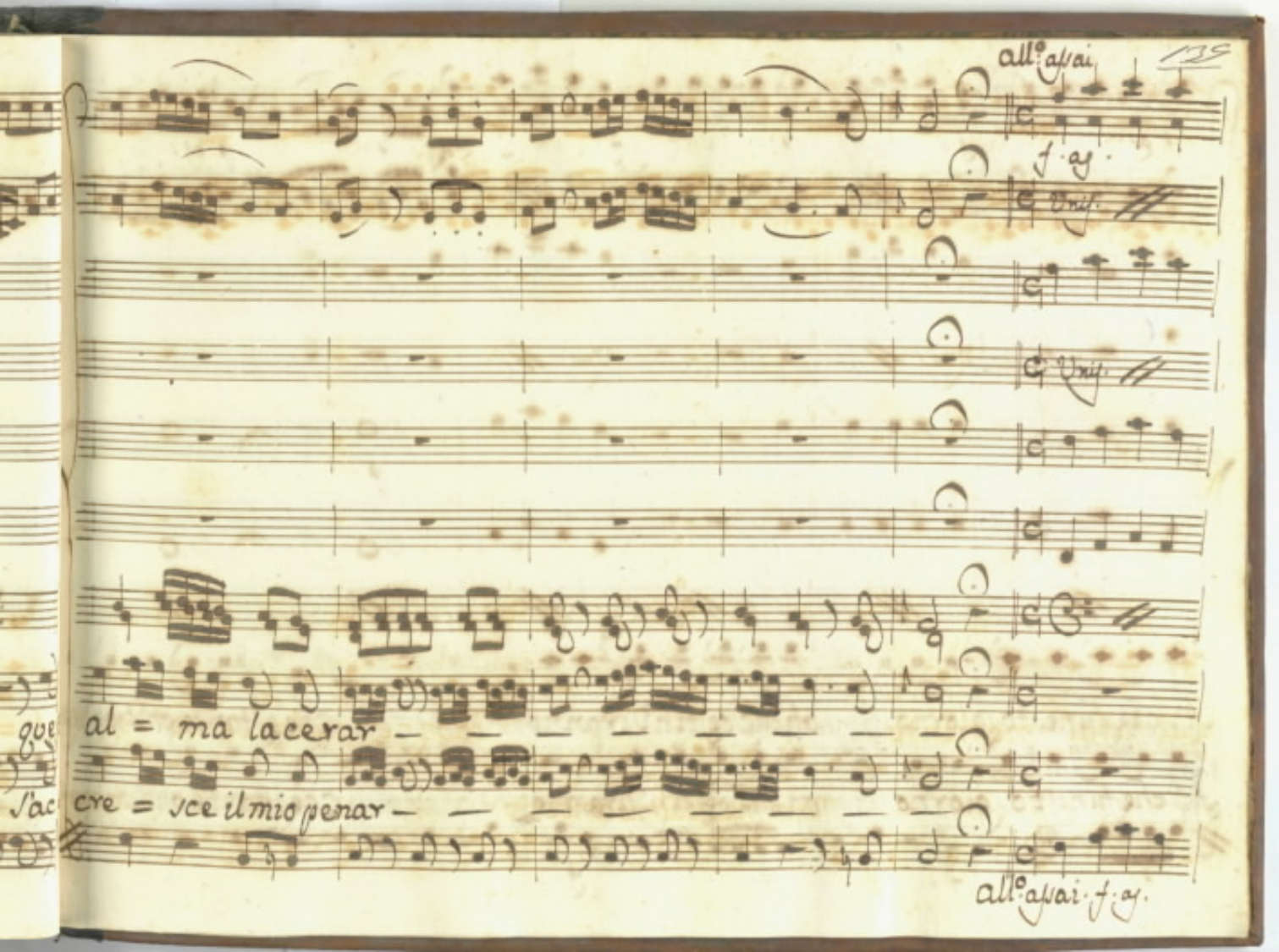
f. p.

f. p.

Se penso amato bene a

dele del fato io non pavento del fato io non pavento


quel fatal momento
Main mezzo al mio contento
d'un fiero duol mi sento



All.o assai

f. as.

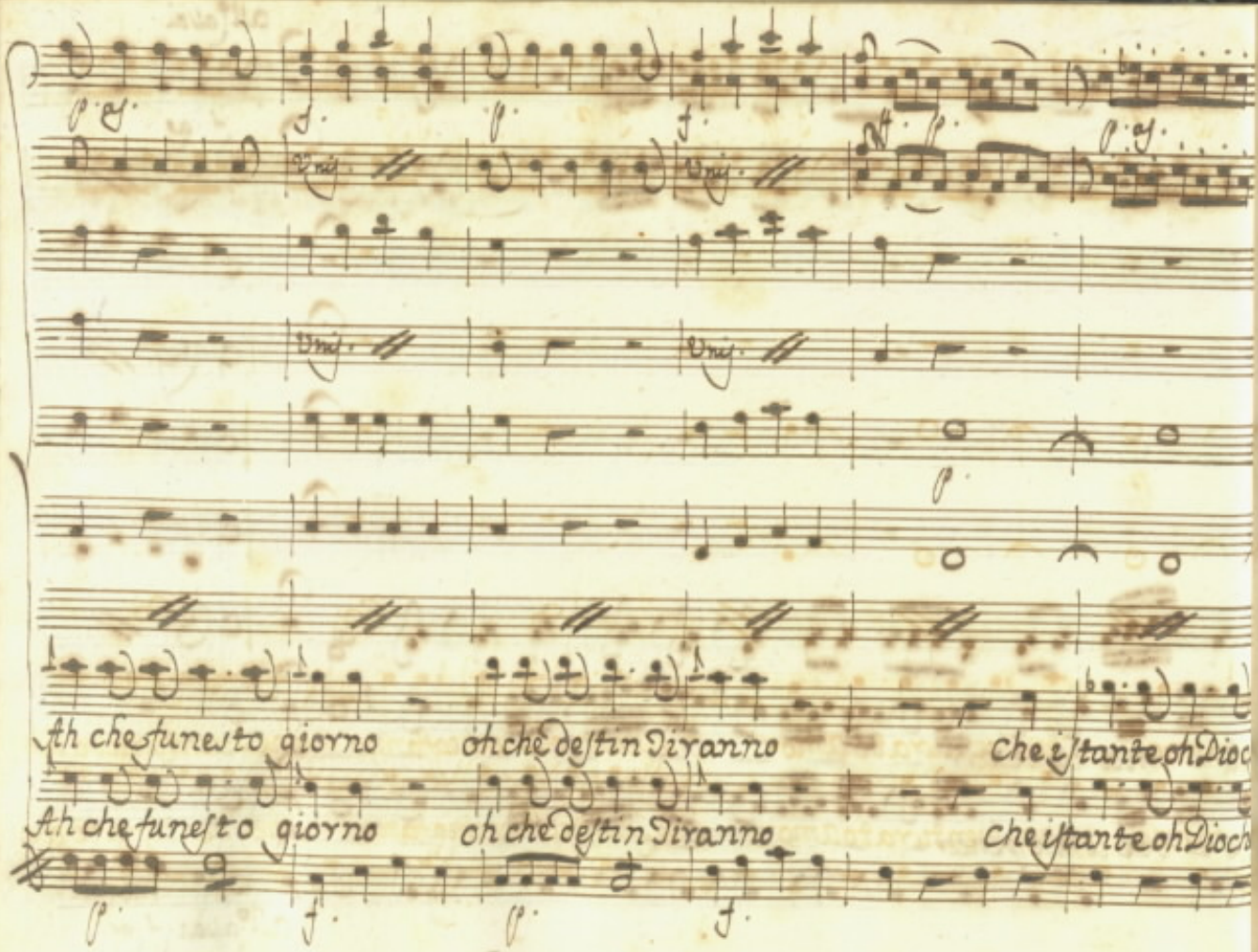
Unis.

Unis.

que al = ma lacerar

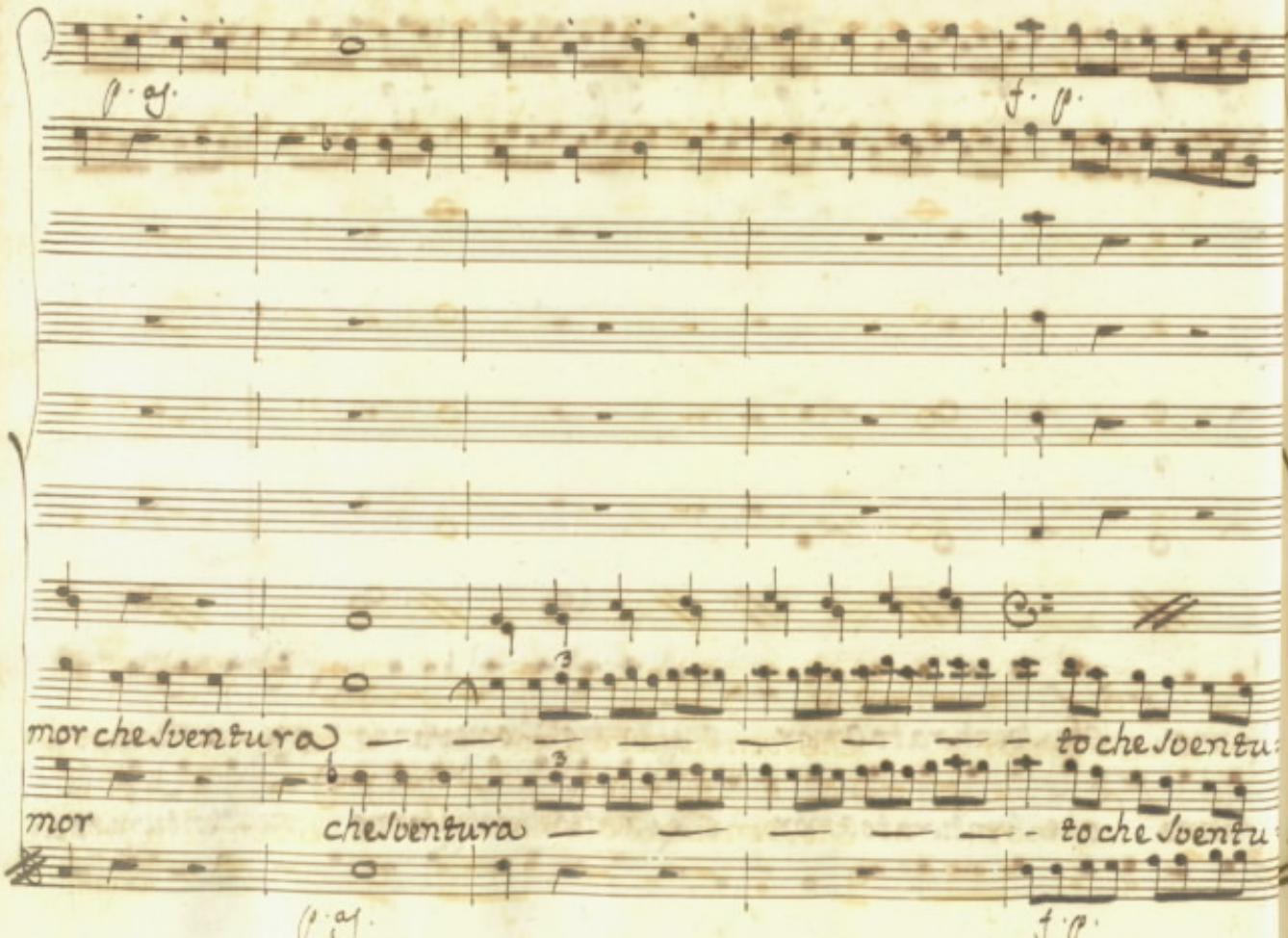
s'ac cre = sce il mio penar

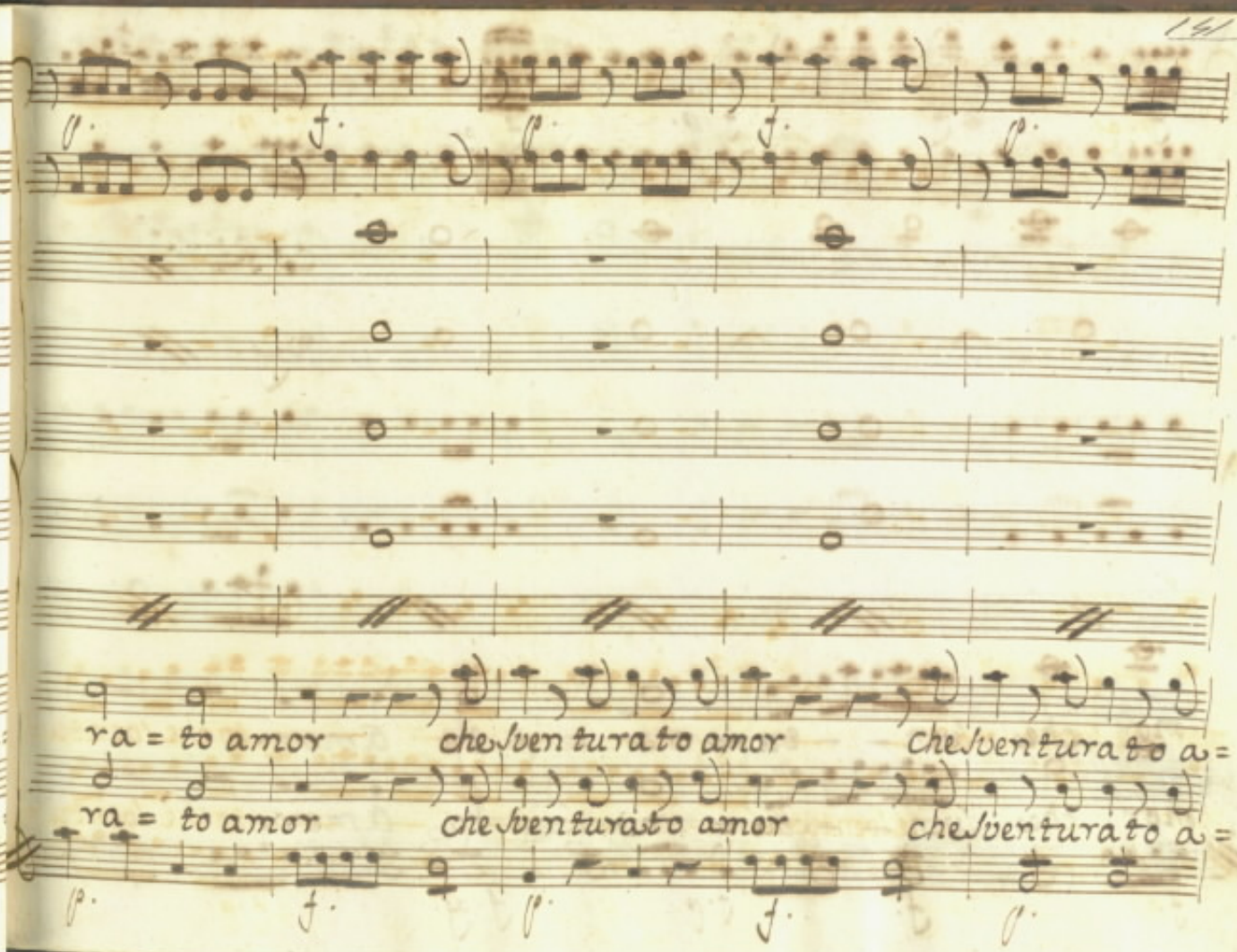
All.o assai. f. as.

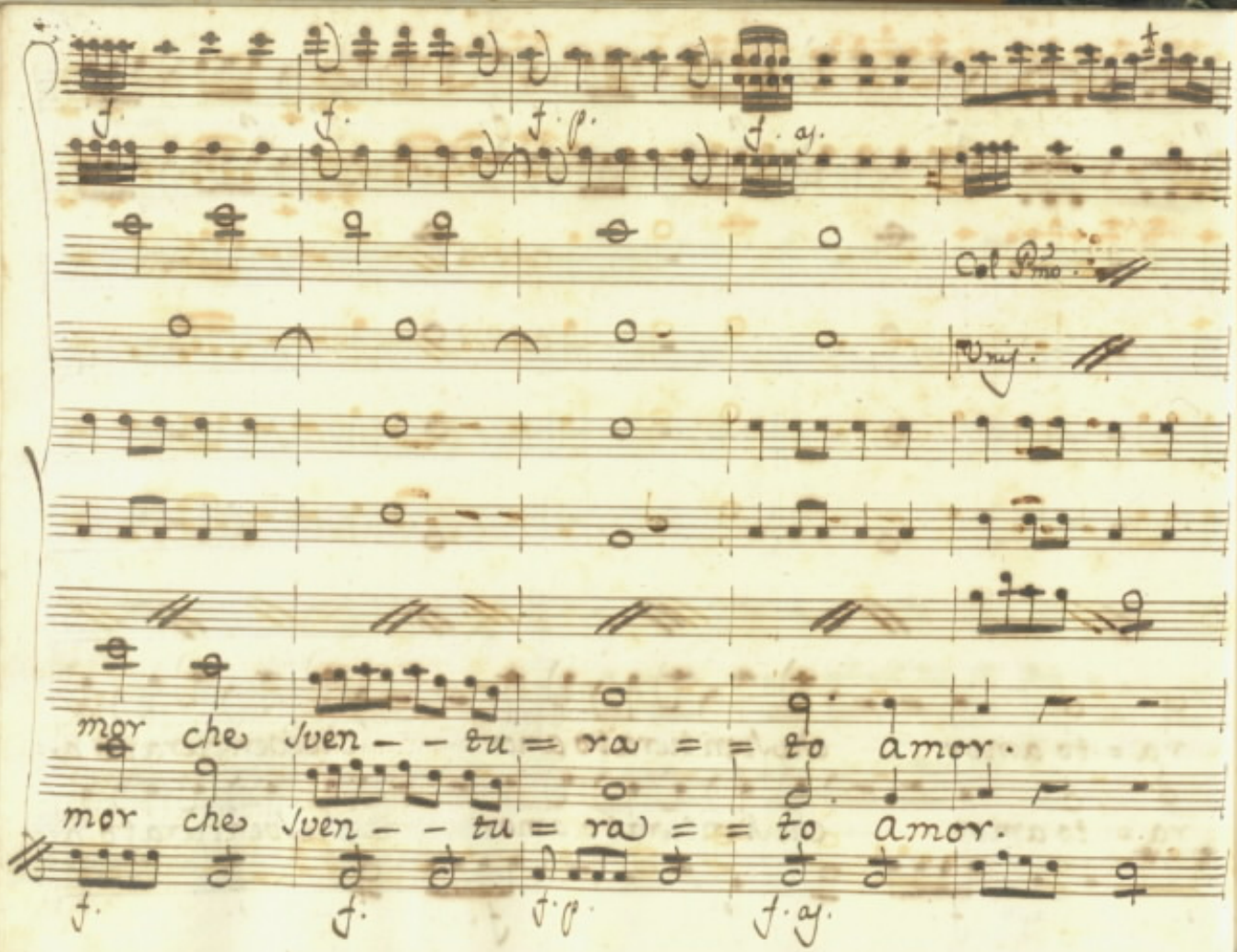

Ah che funesto giorno
oh chè destin Tiranno
che istante oh Dio
Ah che funesto giorno
oh chè destin Tiranno
che istante oh Dio

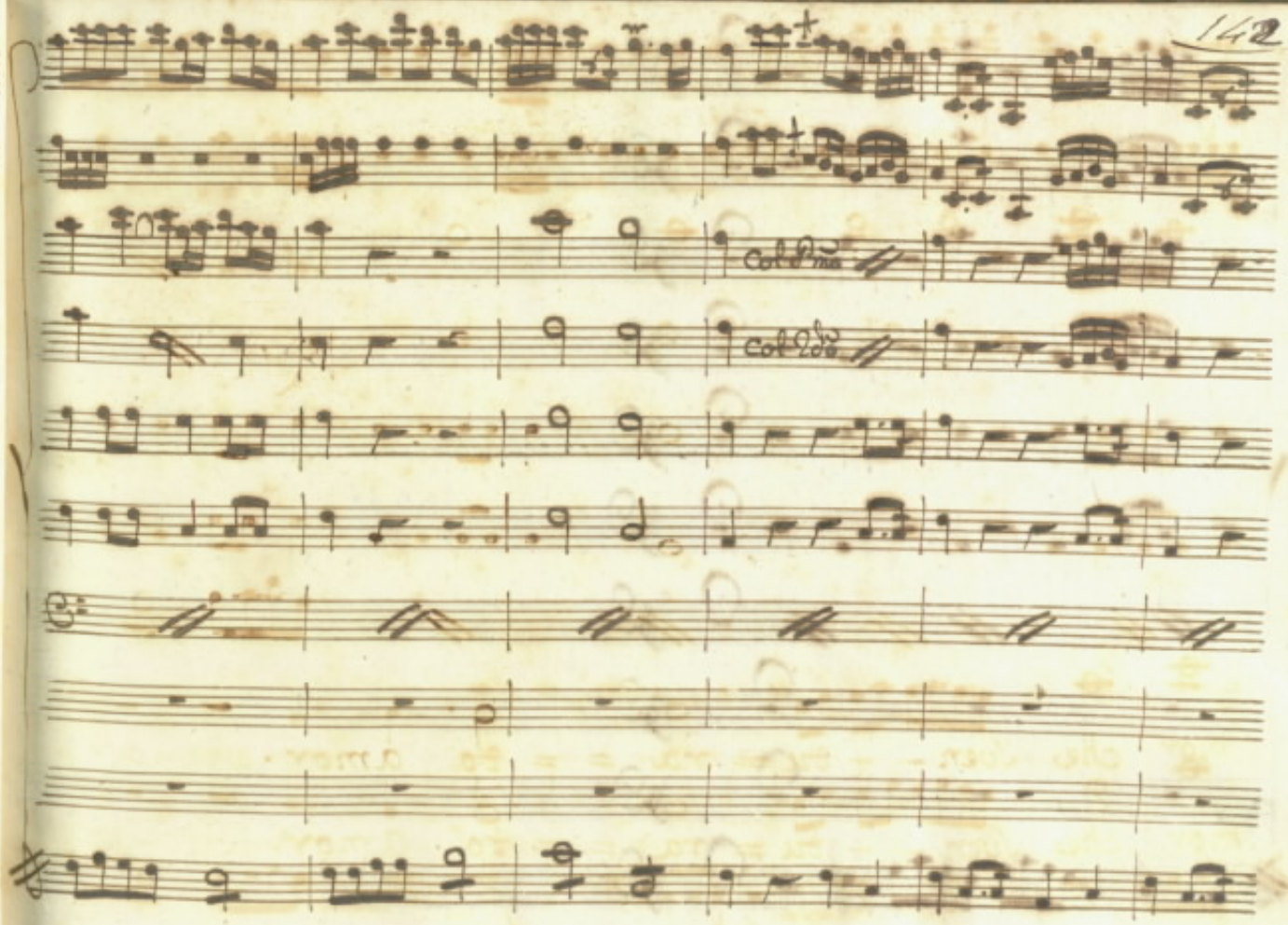
fanno che sventurato amor che istante oh Dio che affanno che sventurato a=

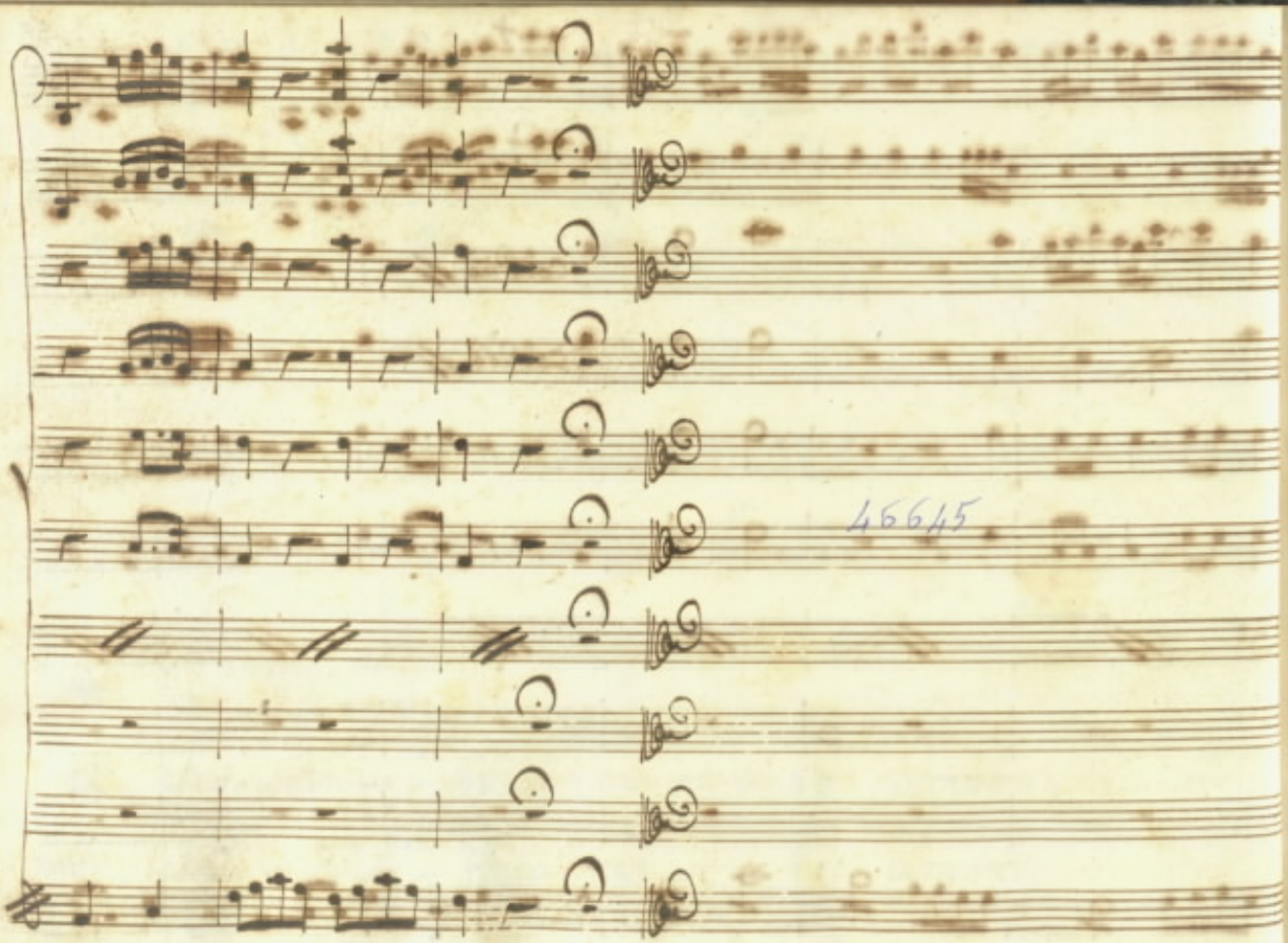
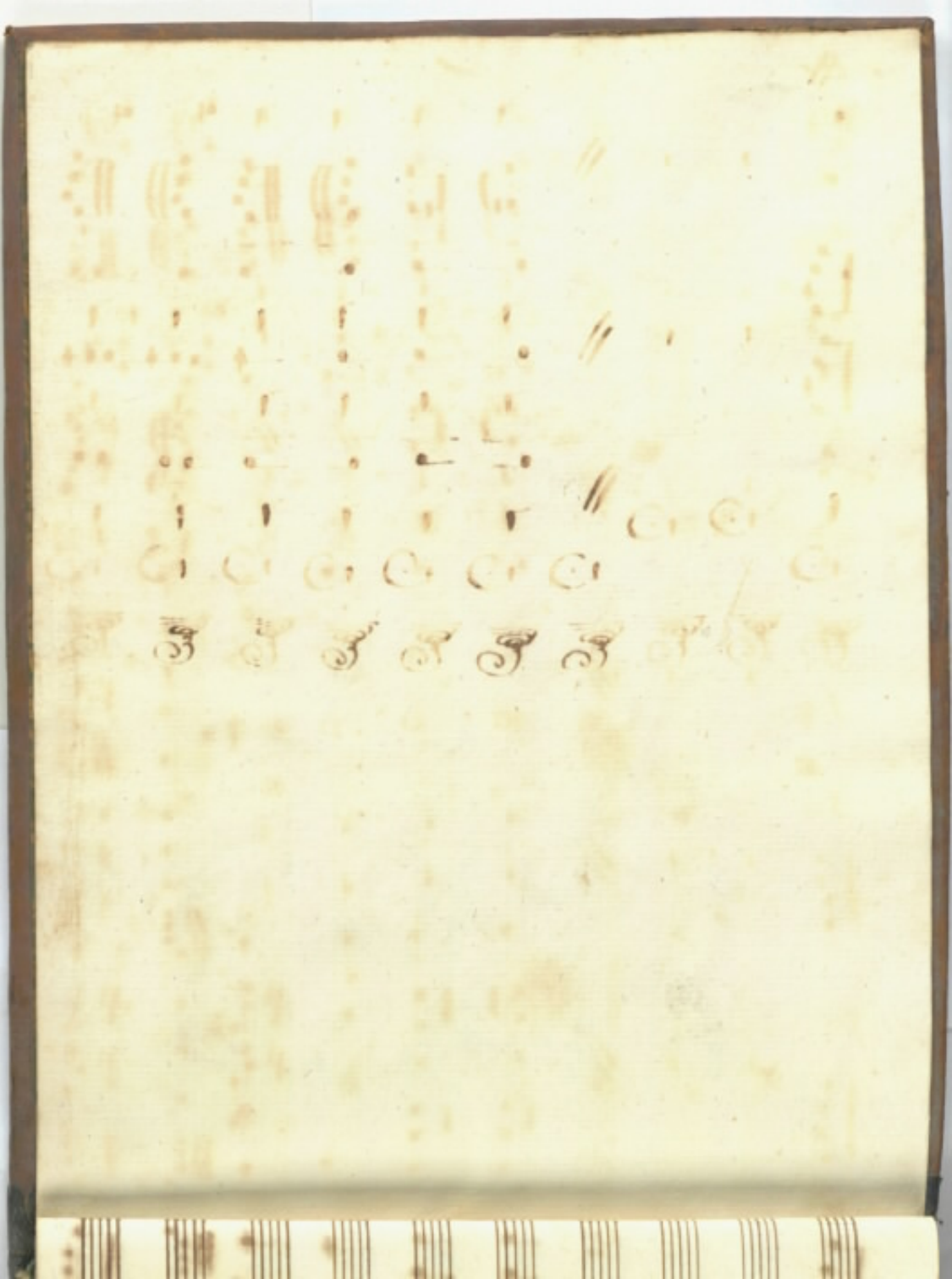
fanno che sventurato amor che istante oh Dio che affanno che sventurato a=


p. ef.
f. p.
mor che sventura
to che sventu
mor
che sventura
to che sventu
p. ef.
f. p.


ra = to amor
che sventurato amor
che sventurato a =
ra = to amor
che sventurato amor
che sventurato a =


f.
f.
f. p.
f. ag.
Col Pmo.
Unis.
mor che sven - - tu = ra = = to amor.
mor che sven - - tu = ra = = to amor.
f.
f.
f. p.
f. ag.


Col Voce
Col Voce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