

Lasciatemi morire!

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Let me die!

Let me die!

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a melody line with notes and rests.

E chi volete voi che mi conforte in cosi dura sorte, in cosi gran martire?

And whom would you have comfort me in such a hard fate, in such misery?

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef and a melody line with notes and rests.

Lasciatemi morire!

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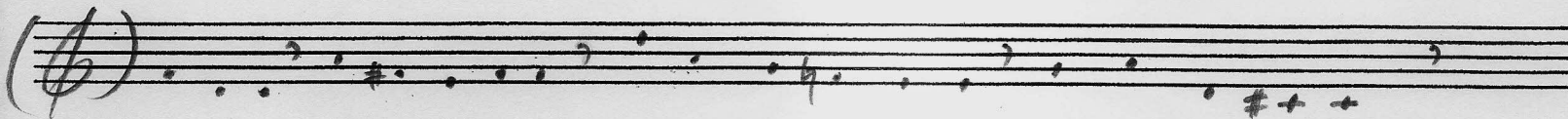
Let me die!

Let me die!

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a melody line with notes and rests.

O Teseo, o Teseo mio, sì che mio ti vo'dir, che mio pur sei,

Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus, yes I still call you mine, as mine you are,



benchè t'in voli, ahì, crudo, a gli occhi miei. Volgiti Teseo mio!

though you flee, how cruel, far from my eyes. Look back, my Theseus!



Volgiti Teseo, o Dio! Volgiti indietro a rimirar colei

Look back Theseus, oh God! Turn around and face her



che lasciato ha per te la patria e'l regno, e in queste arenè ancora,

she who for you has left her fatherland and kingdom, who on these shores yet,

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a melody line with notes and rests.

cibo di fere dispietate e crude, lascerà l'ossa ignude. O Teseo, o Teseo mio,

prey to beasts merciless & cruel, will leave bare bones. Oh Theseus, oh my
Theseus,

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a melody line with notes and rests.

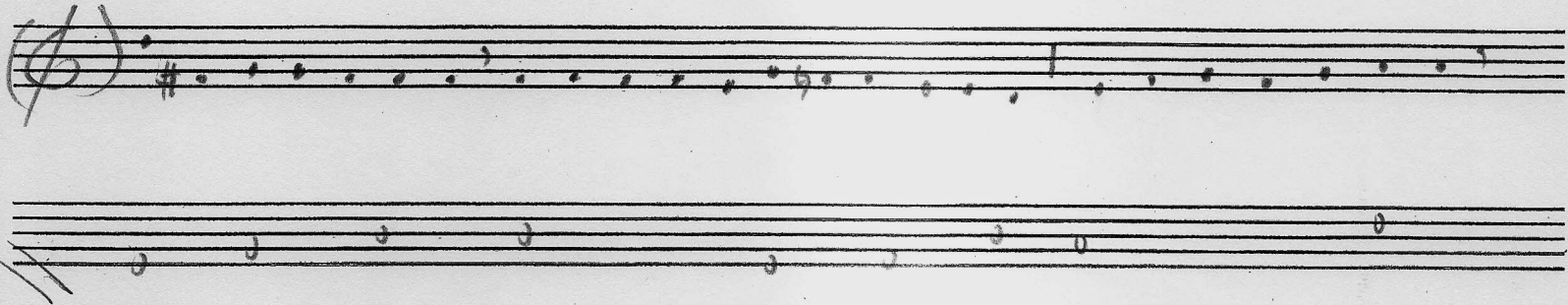
se tu sapessi o Dio! Se tu sapessi, oimè, come s'affana la povera Arianna,

if you knew, oh God! If you knew, oh, how frightened is poor Ariadne,

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a melody line with notes and rests.

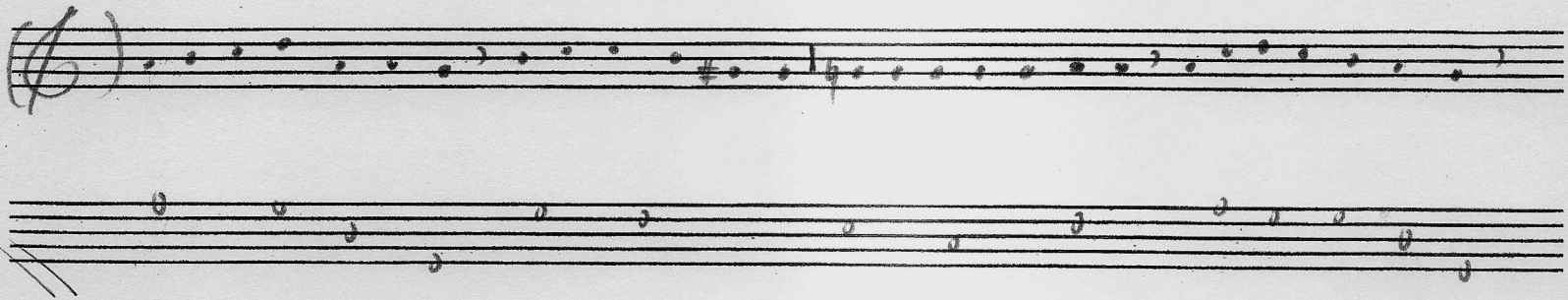
forse pentito, rivolgere sti ancor la prora al lito. Ma, con l'aure serene

perhaps repentant, you would turn your prow ashore. But lo, with serene wind



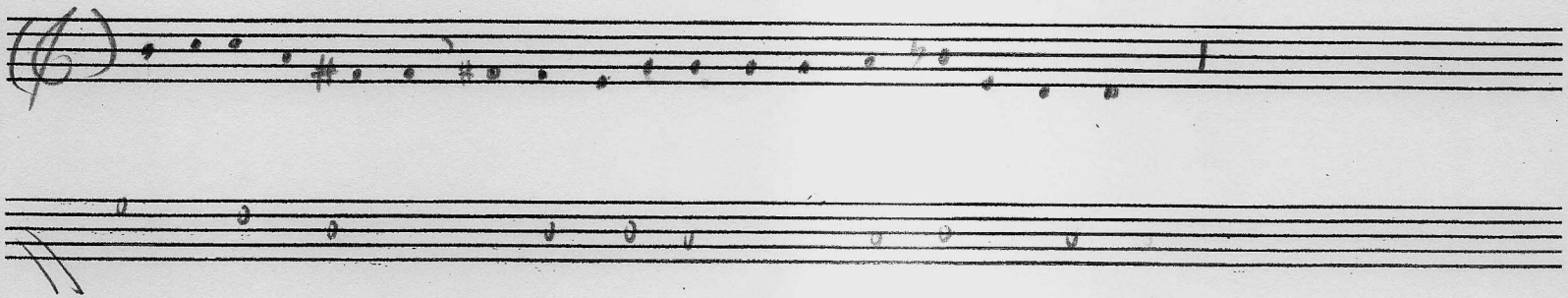
tu te ne vai felice, et io qui piango. A te prepara Atene, liete pompe superbe,

you go on happily, and I'm here weeping. Athens prepares to welcome you with joyful pomp,



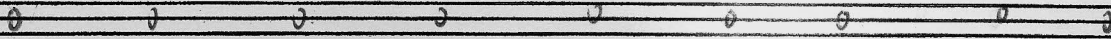
Ed io rimango, cibo di fere in solitarie arene.

And I remain, prey to beasts on this solitary shore.



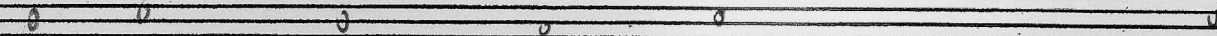
Son queste le corone, onde m'adorn'il crine? Questi gli scettri sono?

Are these the crowns with which you adorn my hair? Are these the scepters?



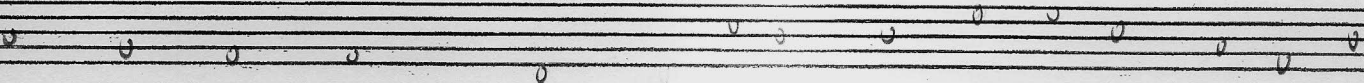
Queste le gemme e gl'ori? Lasciarmi in abbandono, a fera che mi strazi e mi divori?

Are these the gems and gold? Abandoning me to be torn apart and devoured by beasts?



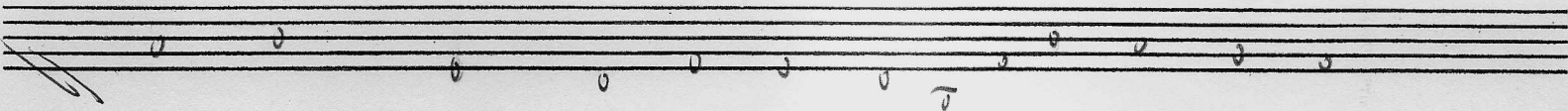
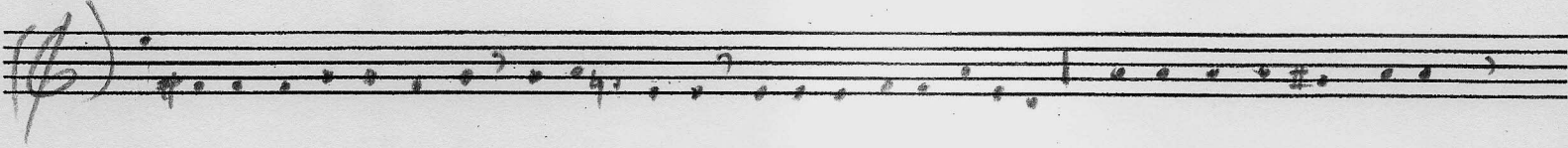
Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio! Lascierai tu morire invan piangendo, invan grindand'aita.

Ah Theseus, my Theseus! Leave me for dead weeping in vain, crying out for aid,



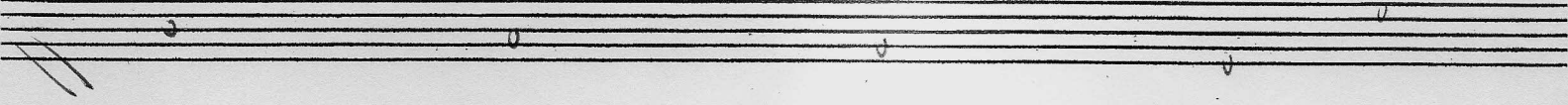
rispondi,
la misera Arianna, ch'a te fidossi e ti dié gloria e vita? Ahi, che non pur

miserable Ariadne, who trusted you and gave you glory and life? Ah, you don't
even answer,



sommergetelo voi
ahi, che più d'aspe è sordò a miei lamenti! O nemi, o turbi, o venti

ah, more than deaf to my laments! Oh clouds, oh storms, oh winds submerge him



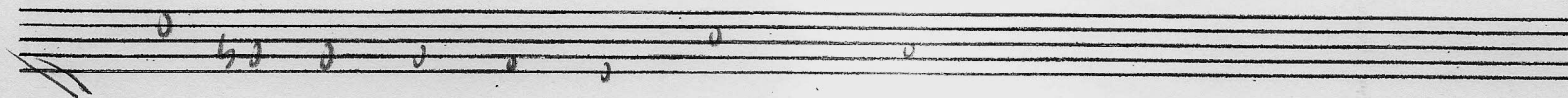
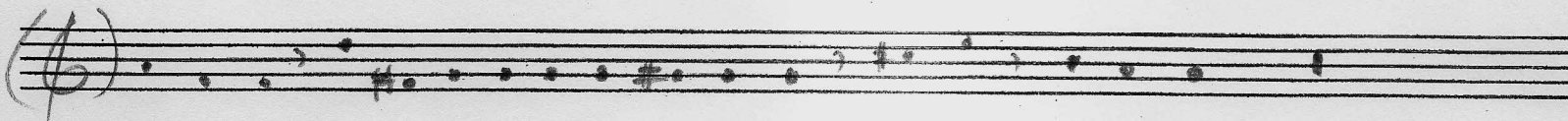
voragini profonde!
dentr'a quell'onde! Correte orche e balene, e nelle membra immonde empiete le

in those waves! Send orcas and whales, and fill these profound gulfs with his
deserting limbs!



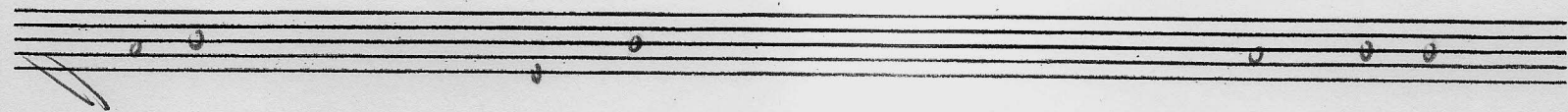
Che parlo, ah, che vaneggio? Misera, oimè, che veggio?

What am I saying? Ah, what ravings? Wretched me, what visions?



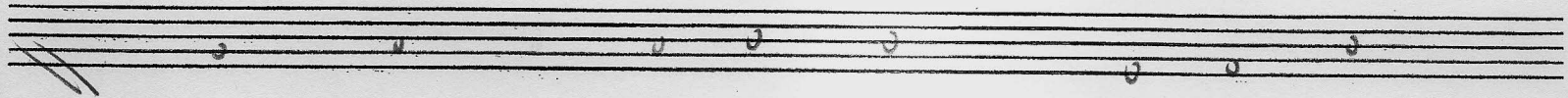
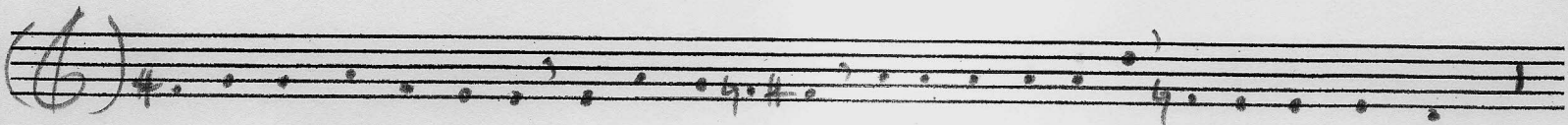
O Teseo, o Teseo mio, non son, non son quell'io, non son quell'io ch'ì ferì detti sciolse;

Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus, tis not, tis not I, not I who said those words;



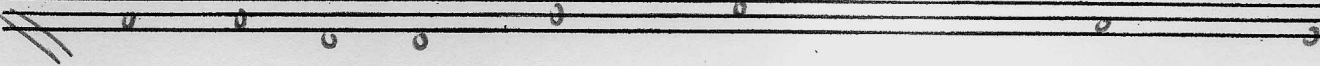
parlò l'affanno moi, parlò il dolore, parlò la lingua sì ma non già'l core.

my affliction spoke, pain spoke, my tongue spoke but not my heart.



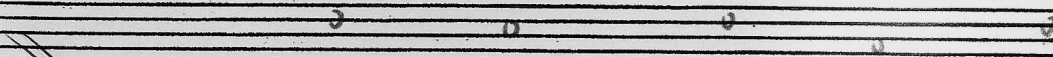
Misera, ancor d'ò loco a la tradita speme, e non si spegne fra tanto scherno ancor

Wretched, I still harbor my betrayed hope, and still do not snuff out despite
such scorn



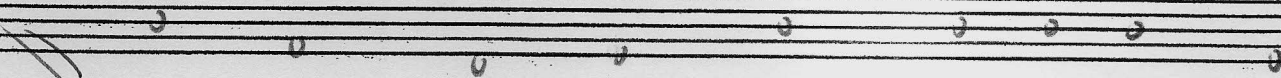
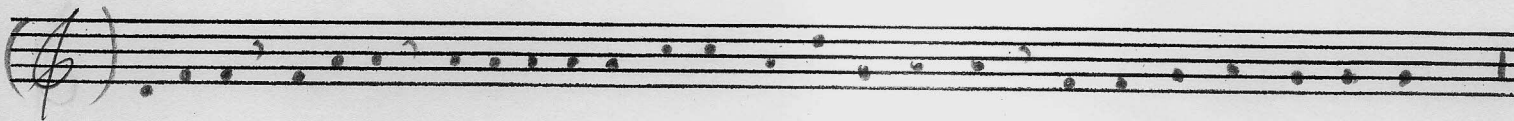
d'amor il foco. Spegna tu morte omai le fiamme indegne.

the fire of love. Death, snuff out these unworthy flames.



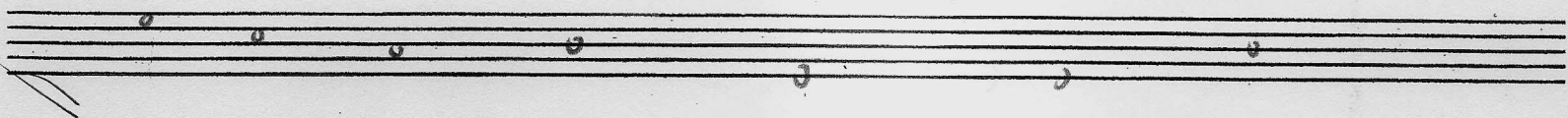
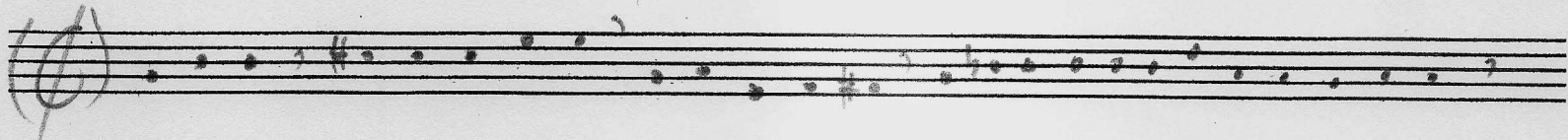
O madre, o padre, o de l'antico regno superbi alberghi, ov'ebbi d'or la cuna.

Oh mother, oh father, oh splendid houses of the old kingdom, my golden cradle.



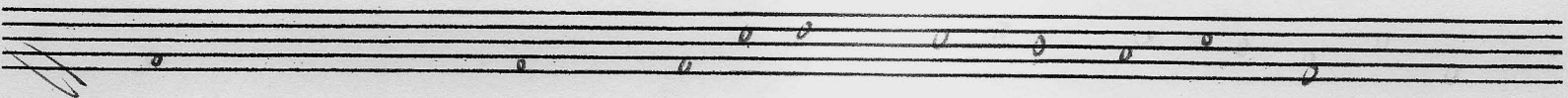
O servi, o fidi amici (ahi fato indegno) mirate ove m'ha scort'empia fortuna,

Oh servants, oh faithful friends (ah, unworthy fate) see where impious fortune
has led me,



mirate di che duol m'ha fatto herede l'amor mio, la mia fede, e l'altrui inganno.

see what sorrow is the inheritance of my love, my faith, and the other's
betrayal.



Così va chi tropp'ama etropo crede.

So it goes for she who loves too much and believes too much.

