



METAMORPHOSES Erasmus + KA2



ORFEO ENTANGLED

Orpheus and the khthónios Journey

7 JUNE 2024

MALAGA, LA CAJA BLANCA

7 PM

Concept & Director **Carla Zanin**

Conductor **Federico Bardazzi**

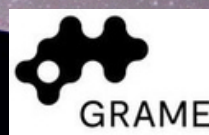
Orfeo **Leonardo De Lisi**

Virtual Scenographies **Alessio Bianciardi**

Sound Engineer **Guido Paolo Longo**

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI
L'ORFEO

with interludes by Timoteo Guido Carbone, Simonetta Sargenti



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FRIDAY 7 JUNE - 7 pm

L'Orfeo

Claudio Monteverdi

with interludes by Timoteo Guido Carbone, Simonetta Sargenti

Characters and Singers

Orfeo Leonardo De Lisi *tenor*

La Musica Mira Dozio *soprano*

Pastore I Mira Dozio *alto*

Pastore II Philip Dennis Modinos *tenor*

Pastore III Sandro Degl'Innocenti *tenor*

Una Ninfa Mira Dozio *soprano*

Euridice Lucie Escalier *soprano*

Silvia, la Messaggera Despina Anagnou *soprano*

La Speranza Despina Anagnou *soprano*

Caronte Dimosthenis Stavrianos *bass*

Proserpina Mira Dozio *soprano*

Plutone Richard Rittelman *bass*

Tre spiriti infernali *tenor I* Philip Dennis Modinos, Sandro Degl'Innocenti
tenor II, Dimosthenis Stavrianos *bass*

Eco Sandro Degl'Innocenti *tenor*

Apollo Richard Rittelman *tenor*

Performer Foteini Kostakou

Dancers

Alba Clas

Jesus Gomez Clas

Instruments

Flute Elodie Colombier

Recorder 1, EWI Marco Di Manno

Recorder 2 Olga Musiał Kurzawska

Harp Dimitri Betti

Theorbo Maciej Kończak

Keyboard Andrea Bareggi

Organ Cecilia Iannandrea

Cello, double bass Eugenio Milazzo

Harpsichord Urszula Stawicka

Monteverdi's opera "L'Orfeo", one of the first form of "melodrama", the closest one we know today.

The staging foresees intersections among singers, instrumentalists, dancers and video projections with avatar 2D.

Orpheus makes the journey into the underworld which is a physical and virtual journey since by walking the streets of Hades at the same time he immerses himself in his own soul where pain resides which can be transformed into creative energy and new inspiration.

"The world was created by death, which sings the song of creative death, which solidifies into stone and flesh. From the original stillness or death, desire arise, hunger or craving like the breaking of an egg, the creature."

Elémire Zolla

From the booklet of the première staging in Florence, June 2021

The myth of Orpheus

The Orpheus of this performance completes the chthonic journey, that is a journey within the Self to eternalize the pathos, and it represents not only a myth, but an archetype capable of activating the deep energy that vibrates in the depths of the Universal Soul, an entity that embodies the principle and the very essence of art: therefore the singer does not only embody the poet, the musician that is the artist, but at the same time he himself becomes a creative act, inspired creation and quintessence of the Art itself as a supreme expression.

As such, being the personification of music itself, he places himself "at the service" of the Gods and becomes their devoted instrument, a pure divine channel through which art flows to nourish the souls of humans; and precisely in his compliant self-consecration we recognize him as an emblematic figure of the act of offering himself to sacrifice (in the etymological sense from latin "*sacrum facere*" that means do the sacred), through which the "pathos" fire must constantly burn and never extinguish, in an eternity of infinite present. On a universal level, the chthonic Journey becomes an immersion in the depths of the Soul, a necessary process to encounter one's demons which are nothing but images of fear and horror, those which are daily driven back to the depths of our unconscious, which go to form stratifications of resistance to love and which ask, sometimes with unheard cries, to be contacted, listened to and brought to light; in the light these terrifying images can finally express their message of death which is Love, i.e. death understood as continuous rebirth: therefore an opportunity to be able to face all the pain and to give impetus to the necessary and incessant transformation, which is evolution towards the sky and the stars. The ultimate goal is not to overcome physical death, i.e. the extinction of the body, but to overcome the fear of death while still alive. Life becomes a worthy and sublime existence only if lived indulging in the circular movement of creation/destruction/resurrection. In the same way as Christ offers himself in sacrifice to the Father out of Love, so Orpheus devotes himself to his sacrifice.

The Song of Orpheus becomes the language of the Soul that dares to express the inexpressible.

An initiatory journey into the lower world that is Psychè, to regenerate the divine spark of inspiration of which the human being is only an instrument; therefore an initiatory journey, into the depths of the soul to return to the divine, experiencing the shadow which is an essential condition for seeing the light and is itself part of the light.

"The world was created by death, which sings the song of creative death, which solidifies into stone and flesh. From the stillness or original death, the desire, the hunger and the longing arise, as the creature does when an egg breaks." (Elémire Zolla)

Unrevealed visions and horizons for a new live scene

The crisis turns into an extraordinary opportunity for change and innovation for the research and experimentation of performative methods of great impact and sensory involvement. The traditional staging of the opera is subverted through the creation of a "meta-virtual stage" where the singers in presence perform off-screen, while the corresponding characters arise from virtual suggestions, holograms, avatars and dancers/actors. The vicissitudes of the work will be symbolically represented through the four elements earth, air, water, and fire, which distinguish the most emblematic scenes: the idyllic pastoral world linked to Mother Earth to which the mortal asp also belongs; the air of the celestial gods, from which Apollo descended to take Orpheus with him; the waters, Charon's domain, which trace the nether path and which turn into ice like the state of the soul in its eternal night; the fire, emblem of burning human passions but also of creative inspiration.

The musical rendition masterfully combines the philological approach, which has always distinguished the interpretations of the Ensemble San Felice, with the development of innovative technological solutions capable of enhancing the sublime expressiveness of Monteverdi's masterpiece in a contemporary key. An instrumental nucleus (bass figure and some "colla parte" instruments) and the main vocal soloists will perform live, dialoguing with pre-recorded sections, sampled sounds, delays, sound and acoustic effects.

The prerogative of this show is the production flexibility that allows to identify different musical and set-up solutions and to modulate them according to the space and the variables deriving from the contingent emergency.

Dante and Orpheus

The 700th anniversary of Dante Alighieri's death in 2021 provided the opportunity to celebrate the great poet in an unprecedented guise by staging Orpheus, mythical singer of poetry and emblem of Music, who, like Dante, undertakes an *itinerarium salvationis* driven by sublime Love, and returns to Earth after having explored the otherworldly realm.

In this show the figure of Dante will interact on stage to mark the events of the work; the poet/seer returns to the archaic underworld from which he drew inspiration for his *Inferno* as a "guide" of Orpheus, as Virgil was for himself. The journey through the worlds unfolds in a circular and non-linear vision of time, where everything is subject to constant return as it is inscribed in a single large "imago" whose language of the soul resides in an eternal present. In the Comedy the presence of affinities between the author and Orpheus is noteworthy, starting from the brief direct quotation - in the "castle of the great spirits" of limbo (*Inf.* IV 139) where Dante sees Orpheus together with other characters and heroes of antiquity: " *e vidi Orfeo, Tulio e Lino e Seneca morale*". The affinity is widely expressed throughout the work, in the imprint that the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice has left as an archetype in Dante's journey in search of his beloved Beatrice. Both are poets who make an initiatory journey that will lead them to immortalize poetic creation and to be glorified as the highest expression thereof.

The central theme of Orpheus – Pluto's command not to turn around – is clearly present in the IX canto of Purgatory, when on the threshold, as soon as he has left Hell, the guardian angel addresses Dante: "out of here who looks behind."

Striggio himself does his utmost to intertwine the lives of the two poets; in fact, the imagery with which the entire representation of the underworld in Monteverdi's work is imbued with Dantesque motives, not only in the more explicit quotations such as, for example, «abandon all hope, o you who enter» or in the figure of Charon clearly derived from Dante. In Striggio's finale the figure of Apollo is called to celebrate the singer Orpheus in a triumphant apotheosis; similarly, Dante addresses Apollo in Paradise, Canto I «invoking poetic science, that is Appollo», urging God to support him and trusting in the fact of be crowned with laurel to celebrate his Great Work in progress:

«O buono Appollo, a l'ultimo lavoro
fammi del tuo valor sì fatto vaso,
come dimandi a dar l'amato alloro.

Infino a qui l'un giogo di Parnaso
assai mi fu; ma or con amendue
m'è uopo intrar ne l'aringo rimaso.

Entra nel petto mio, e spira tue
sì come quando Marsia traesti
de la vagina de le membra sue.

O divina virtù, se mi ti presti
tanto che l'ombra del beato regno
segnata nel mio capo io manifesti,

vedra'mi al piè del tuo diletto legno
venire, e coronarmi de le foglie
che la materia e tu mi farai degno»

And again, in the last bars of the opera, where Apollo addresses Orpheus in response to his last soft lament for the loss of Eurydice: «in the sun and in the stars you will see his beautiful appearance» that is, you will see his eternal love transfigured in the contemplation of the divine – just as Dante concludes the Comedy with the immortal verses describing his ecstatic rapture at the vision of God:

[...]
«se non che la mia mente fu percossa
da un fulgore in che sua voglia venne.

A l'alta fantasia qui mancò possa;
ma già volgeva il mio disio e 'l velle,
sì come rota ch'igualmente è mossa,

l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle»

Also in the Convivio (Cv II I 3) Orpheus is quoted by Dante to illustrate the "allegorical sense": Orpheus with his lyre is like the wise man who, through his voice, could make those who do not have an intellectual life meek [...] yes as when Ovid says that Orpheus made the wild beasts gentle, and the trees and the stones move by himself with the harp; which means that the wise man with the instrument of his voice makes cruel hearts tame and humbled, and makes those who do not have a life of science and art move to his will: and those who have no reasonable life are almost like stones.

Carla Zanin

Idilia and Inferi for Entangled Orpheus Project

Intervening on a work as important to the musical tradition as *Orfeo* by Monteverdi was a very complex work, made up of interpretive and strong dramaturgy. Together with Ensemble San Felice, a narrative path was taken that explores the figure deep and enigmatic figure of Eurydice, her path within the chthonic journey, her changes.



Two opposing and complementary moments were framed in this key, one sees Eurydice in an idyllic state, the other in an underground state. I imagined Eurydice's existence structured according to the typical fractal forms of nature, which is why for the creation of the videos and simulations that will be presented within *Orpheus Entangled* I made use of the research of Phil Wilkes, a researcher in the Department of Geography at the University of London (UCL).

Wilkes' research includes surveying via LIDAR scans of ancient trees, especially for the project I used a very high detail scan of a 36.48 m tall specimen of *Quercus castaneifolia* (chestnut leaf oak) located in Kew Gardens, London. In the two scenes, *Idilia* and *Underworld*, which feed into the dramaturgy of *Orpheus*, the forms and structures move in a constant flux following the articulation of the compositions that I wrote.

Idilia, performed by Malaga's Promusica string orchestra, presents the harmonic foundations that will be overturned in the underground scene of *Inferi*. In *Inferi*, the string orchestra is repropounded through a process of granular sound synthesis, which breaks down sound into small splinters; in this sound environment, Eurydice's voice rises, far from her home of nature, transforming into an abstract sign perhaps of remembrance.

In the key of digital exploration that characterizes the European project *Orpheus Entangled*, I present as attached elements two 3d simulations of the scenes I composed. These simulations allow the audience to freely explore the scenes surrounding the compositions, in an experiment of different listening, of active imagination that avails itself of the features of the digital world. These scenes are accessible via .exe executables, compatible with operating system windows, explorable via arrow keys and mouse.

Timoteo Carbone

The pieces I composed for Orfeo Entangled are inspired by the figure of the ancient singer, and at the same time by a possible new Orpheus. Orpheus is a mythological character therefore, outside the historical time. It becomes also in my pieces a current person of our time. Both of these figures are present in my music.

In the first piece we are in the underworld, sound and colours are dark. In the second piece Orpheus returns to earth without Euridice. Here the music takes up the clear timbres and the flute remind us of the world of ancient myth. Next to the ancient landscape we meet the new Orpheus in the world of current technology and the noises of the present time.

Simonetta Sargenti





Carla Zanin
(rehearsing Orpheus & Lwanda, Nairobi 15 February 2023)



Federico Bardazzi



Leonardo De Lisi



LIBRETTO

PROLOGUE

Music

From my beloved Permessus I come to you, Glorious Heroes, noble bloodline of Rulers, Of whom Fame relates high praise
Without quite attaining the truth, as it is too high a mark.
I am Music, who in sweet accents,
Can make peaceful every troubled heart, And so with noble anger, and so with love, Can I inflame the coldest minds.
Singing with my golden Lyre, I like To charm, now and then, mortal ears, And in such a fashion that I make their souls aspire more For the resounding harmony of the lyre of Heaven.
Hence desire spurs me to tell you of ORFEO: Of ORFEO who tamed wild beasts with his song And made Hades answer his prayers,
To the immortal glory of Pindus and Helicon.
While I vary my songs, now happy, now sad, No small bird shall move among these bushes, Nor on these banks a sounding wave be heard, And every breeze shall stay its wanderings.

ACT I

Shepherd

On this happy and auspicious day Which ends the amorous torments
Of our Demigod, let us sing, Shepherds, With sweet accents,
May our singing be worthy of ORFEO.
Today has made merciful The formerly disdainful soul Of fair EURIDICE.
Today has made happy
ORFEO in the bosom of her for whom he once Sighed and wept throughout these woods.
Thus on such a happy and auspicious day Which ends the amorous torments
Of our Demigod, let us sing, Shepherds, With sweet accents,
May our singing be worthy of ORFEO.

Chorus

Come, Hymen, do come, And may your ardent torch Be like a rising sun
That brings these lovers peaceful days And forever banish
The horrors and shadows of torments and grief.

Nymph

Muses, honor of Parnassus, love of Heaven, Gentle comfort to the disconsolate heart, The music of your lyres
Tears apart the dark veil of every cloud: And while today, to favor our ORFEO, We call to Hymen
On well-tempered strings,
Let our music tune with your song.

ENTANGLED INTERLUDE Idilia by Timoteo Carbone

Chorus

Leave the mountains, Leave the fountains, Lovely and joyful Nymphs. And in these meadows
To the traditional dances Let your fair feet rejoice.
Here the sun beholds Your dancing,
More lovely than
When, for the moon In the dark night,
The stars themselves dance in Heaven.
Leave the mountains, Leave the fountains, Lovely and joyful Nymphs. And in these meadows
To the traditional dances Let your fair feet rejoice.
Then with fine flowers Be ready to honor These lovers' heads, That after suffering They may happily
Enjoy their desires at last.

Shepherd

But you, gentle singer, whose laments Once made these fields weep,
Why not now, to the sound of your famous lyre, Make the valleys and hills rejoice?
Let the witness of your heart be Some happy song inspired by Love.

Orfeo

Rose of heaven, life of the world, and worthy Heir of him who holds the Universe in sway: O
Sun, who encircles all and sees all
From your starry orbits, Tell me, have you ever seen
A happier and more fortunate lover than I? So happy was the day,
My love, when first I saw you, And happier the hour
When I sighed for you, Because at my sighs you sighed:
Happiest the moment When your white hand,
Pledge of pure faith, you gave to me. If I had as many Hearts
As eternal Heaven has eyes and as these Lovely Hills in green May have leaves,
They would all be brimming and overflowing With that pleasure that today makes me content.

Euridice

I will not say that
In your joy, ORFEO, is my joy,
For no longer do I possess my own heart. It is with you in the company of Love; Ask of it, then, if
you want to know
How happily it rejoices, and how much it loves you.

Chorus

Leave the mountains, Leave the fountains, Lovely and joyful Nymphs. And in these meadows
To the traditional dances Let your fair feet rejoice.
Here the sun beholds Your dancing,
More lovely than When, for the moon In the dark night,
The stars themselves dance in Heaven.

Chorus

Come, Hymen, do come, And may your ardent torch Be like a rising sun
That brings these lovers peaceful days And forever banish
The horrors and shadows of torments and grief.

Shepherd

But if our joy derives from Heaven,
As from Heaven comes all that happens down here, It is right and fair that we should devoutly
Offer incense and prayers.
So to the Temple let us turn our steps
To pray to him in whose right hand is the World, That he may long keep us well.

Chorus

Let none be victim of despair Or sorrow, though they assail us In strength and threaten our life.
For, after the sudden storm and great flood
At the heart of a black tempest that has terrified the World, The Sun more brightly displays its
luminous rays.
And after the harsh frost of naked Winter Spring clothes the meadows with flowers.
Here is ORFEO, for whom
Sighs had been food, and the tears drink. Today he is so happy
That there is nothing more for him to wish for.

End of the first Act

ACT II

Orfeo

Here I return to you,
Dear forests and beloved meadows, Blessed by that very Sun
Through whom alone my nights are day.

Shepherd

See, how here we are enticed by
The shade, ORFEO, of these beech trees, Now that Phoebus shoots his burning rays Down from
Heaven.
On these grassy banks Let us sit, and in various modes Each free his voice
To the murmuring of the waters.

Two Shepherds

In this flowery meadow Every woodland God Oftentimes, by custom, Makes his merry sojourn.
Here Pan, God of Shepherds, Is heard sometimes sorrowing Remembering sweetly
His unlucky loves.

Two Shepherds

Here charming wood Nymphs (Always adorned with flowers) With white fingers
Were seen picking roses.

Chorus

Then, ORFEO, honor With the sound of your lyre These fields where breathes The perfume of
Sheba.

Orfeo

Do you remember, O shady groves, My long and harsh torments, When, at my laments, the rocks
Were moved to pity?
Say, did I not seem to you More wretched than any other?
Now fortune has changed her course And has turned woes into joy.
I lived then in sadness and sorrow, Now I rejoice, and those torments That I suffered for so long
Make my present happiness much dearer.
Only for you, fair EURIDICE, I bless my torment;
After sorrow one is even more content, After woe, one is even happier.

Shepherd

See, ah see, ORFEO, how at every turn The woods laugh and the meadow laughs; Continue with
your plectrum of gold
To sweeten the air of such a blessed day.

Messenger

Ah bitter fate, ah wicked and cruel destiny, Ah hurtful stars, ah avaricious Heaven. Shepherd
What mournful sound disturbs the happy day?

Messenger

Alas, then must I,
While ORFEO with his music comforts heaven, With my words pierce his heart?

Shepherd

This one is gentle Silvia, Sweetest companion
Of fair EURIDICE: oh, how sad she looks: What has happened? Ah, Gods above,
Do not turn your kind eye away from us.

Messenger

Shepherds, leave your singing,
For all our good cheer is turned to pain.

Orfeo

Where do you come from? Where are you going? Nymph, what do you bring?

Messenger

To you I come, ORFEO, Unhappy messenger
With tidings more unhappy and more baleful. Your fair EURIDICE...

Orfeo

Alas, what do I hear?

Messenger

Your beloved spouse is dead.

Orfeo

Alas.

Messenger

In a flowery meadow
With her other companions She went picking flowers
To make a garland for her hair, When a deceitful snake
That was hidden in the grass,
Bit her foot with poisoned fangs. And immediately
Her fair face grew pale and in her eyes That light that outshone the Sun faded. Then we all,
appalled and sorrowed, Gathered around her, trying to call back The spirits that grew faint in
her,
With fresh water and with powerful charms, But to no avail, ah alas,
For she opened her failing eyes a little, And calling you, ORFEO,
After a deep sigh,
She died in these arms; and I was left, My heart filled with pity and horror.

Shepherd

Ah bitter fate, ah wicked and cruel destiny, Ah hurtful stars, ah avaricious Heaven.

Shepherd

At the bitter news
The unhappy man seems like a speechless statue Who with too much grief cannot grieve.

Shepherd

Ah, he would have the heart of a Tiger or a Bear Who did not feel pity at your misfortune,
Deprived of your beloved, wretched lover.

Orfeo

You are dead, my life, and I still breathe? You are gone from me
Never to return, and I should remain? No, for if verses can do anything,
I will go in safety to the deepest abysses,
And having softened the heart of the King of shades, I will bring you back with me to see the
stars again: Oh, if wicked destiny refuses me this,
I will stay with you, in the company of death. Farewell earth, farewell Heaven and Sun, farewell.

Chorus

Ah bitter fate, ah wicked and cruel destiny, Ah hurtful stars, ah avaricious Heaven.
Let no mortal man trust Fleeting and frail happiness, That soon vanishes, and often
After a great ascent a precipice is near.

Messenger

But I who with these words Have brought the knife
That has slain the loving soul of ORFEO, Hateful to the Shepherds and to the Nymphs, Hateful to
myself, where may I hide?
Like an ill-omened bat,
I will forever flee the Sun, and in a lonely cavern Will lead a life that matches my grief.

Chorus

Who will console us, ah, alas? Or rather, who will grant
In our eyes a living fountain That we may cry as we should On this most mournful day,
All the more mournful because once so happy? Today a cruel darkness
The two greater lights Of these our woods—
EURIDICE and ORFEO,
One bitten by a snake,
The other pierced by grief—ah, alas, has quenched.
Ah bitter fate, ah wicked and cruel destiny, Ah hurtful stars, ah avaricious Heaven.
But where, ah, where now are The wretched Nymph's Lovely, cold limbs,
Where is the worthy dwelling That her fair soul chose,
Who today has departed in the flower of her days? Let us go, Shepherds, let us go
With compassion to find her And with bitter tears
The rightful tribute
Shall at least be paid to her lifeless body.
Ah bitter fate, ah wicked and cruel destiny, Ah hurtful stars, ah avaricious Heaven.
Here the set is changed.

ENTANGLED INTERLUDE Ineri by Timoteo Carbone

End of the second Act.

PAUSE

ACT III

Orfeo

Escorted by you, my Deity, Hope, only solace
Given the afflicted mortals, now I have arrived At these mournful and dark realms
Where a Sun's ray can find no entrance. You, my companion and guide
On paths so unwonted and unknown Have directed my feeble, trembling steps, Where today I
still hope
To see once more those blessed eyes That alone can bring light to mine.

Hope

Here is the dark marsh, here the boatman Who ferries naked souls to the other bank, Where
Plutone rules his vast empire of shades. Beyond that black swamp, beyond that river, In those
fields of tears and sorrow,
Cruel destiny hides your beloved.
You now need to have a brave heart and a fair song. I have brought you here, but further I may
not Come with you, for harsh law forbids it,
A law written with iron on hard stone
At the dreaded entrance to the kingdom below, That in these words expresses its terrible
meaning: ABANDON ALL HOPE, YOU WHO ENTER.
Therefore, if your heart is determined To set foot in the City of grief,
I must flee from you and return To my accustomed adobe.

Orfeo

Where, ah, where are you going, Only sweet comfort of my heart? Now that, at last,
The destination of my long journey appears nearby, Why do you leave and abandon me, ah, alas,
On this perilous path?
What good now remains for me If you flee, sweetest Hope?

Caronte

O you who, before death, rashly come To these shores, halt your steps:
To cross these waves is not granted to mortal man, Nor can he who lives dwell with the dead.
What? Perhaps you, as enemy to my Lord,
Want to drag Cerberus from the Tartarean gates? Or wish to ravish his dear consort,
Your heart on fire with lewd desire?
Restrain your foolish audacity, for into my boat Shall a living body never again enter:
Of the ancient outrages still in my soul I keep bitter memory and just anger.

Orfeo

Powerful Spirit and fear-inspiring God,
Without whom to make passage to the other bank A soul, freed from the body, presumes in vain:

I do not live, no; since my dear bride

Was deprived of life, my heart is no longer with me, And without a heart how can it be that I live?

For her I have made my way through the blind air, Not yet to Hades, for wherever there is
Such beauty there is Paradise in her company. ORFEO am I, who follows EURIDICE's steps On these dark sands,

Where never mortal man has gone. O serene light of my eyes,

If one look of yours can return me to life, Ah, who denies comfort to my afflictions? You alone, noble God, can help me,

Nor should you fear, since on a golden Lyre My fingers are only armed with sweet strings,
Against which the merciless soul tries in vain to resist.

Caronte

Indeed you charm me, Appeasing my heart, Disconsolate Singer,
With your plaints and your song. But far, ah, far from this breast
Lies pity, an effect unworthy of my valor.

Orfeo

Alas, unhappy lover, Then may I not hope

That the Citizens of Avernus may hear my prayers? Then must I, like an errant shade
Of an unhappy, unburied body, Be reft of Heaven and of Hell? So does wicked fate desire That
in this horror of death, My heart, I should from afar Call your name in vain,

And praying and weeping wear myself away? Give me back what is mine, Gods of Tartarus.

He sleeps and my lyre, If it cannot engrave pity

In that hardened heart, at least

His eyes cannot escape slumber from my singing. So, then, why wait any longer?

It is time to approach the other bank, If there is no one to forbid it.

Let courage prevail as my prayers were in vain. A fleeting flower of Time is

The opportunity that must be picked on time.

Here he enters the boat and crosses over, singing

So long as these eyes pour out bitter streams of tears, Give me back what is mine, Gods of
Tartarus.

ENTANGLED INTERLUDE Come appaiono le forme del buio by Simonetta Sargenti

Chorus of Infernal Spirits

No undertaking by man is attempted in vain, Nor against him can Nature further arm herself.

And of the unstable plains

He has ploughed the wavy fields, and scattered the seeds Of his labors, whence he has gathered
golden harvests. Thus, as memory

Might live of his glory,

Fame, to speak of him, has loosened her tongue, He who restrained the sea while in a fragile
barque,

Who disdained the wrath of the South and North Winds.

End of the third Act.

ACT IV

Proserpina

Lord, that unfortunate man,
Who through these rugged fields of death Goes calling for EURIDICE,
Whom you have just heard So sweetly lamenting,
Has moved my heart to such pity That once more I turn to pray
That your spirit will yield to his pleading. Ah, if from these eyes
You have ever taken loving sweetness,
If the fairness of this brow has pleased you
That you call your Heaven, on which you swear to me Not to envy Jove his lot,
I beg you, by that fire With which Love kindled your great soul. Let EURIDICE return To enjoy
those days
Which she used to pass, living in festivities and in song, And console the weeping of wretched
ORFEO.

Plutone

Although severe and immutable fate Is against your desires, beloved wife, Nothing ever can be
refused
Such beauty, together with such prayers. His dear EURIDICE,
Against the command of fate, ORFEO may recover. But before he draws away from these
abysses
He must never turn his desirous eyes to see her, Since her eternal loss
Will be caused by a single glance.
So I do command. Now in my Kingdom, Officers, make known my will,
So that ORFEO may understand it And EURIDICE understand it,
Nor may anyone hope to change the decree.

Chorus of Infernal Spirits

For those dwellers in eternal shadows, Powerful King, let your order be law, Our thoughts must
not seek
Other inmost reasons for your will. While through these terrible caverns
ORFEO will lead his bride, he will use his judgment If he is not overcome by youthful desire,
Nor forgets your solemn imperial orders.

Proserpina

What thanks may I give you, Now that so noble a boon
You grant to my prayers, courteous lord? Blessed be the day that first I pleased you, Blessed my
abduction and the sweet trickery, Since, to my good fortune,
I won you, losing the Sun.

Plutone

Your sweet words Love's ancient wound Revives in my heart.
Let your soul no more long For heavenly delight,
Thus to abandon your marriage bed.

Chorus of Spirits

Pity today, and Love, Both triumph in Hades.

Spirit

Here is the gentle singer,
Who leads his bride to the Heaven above.

Orfeo

What honor is worthy of you, My all-powerful lyre,
For you have, in the Kingdom of Tartarus, Been able to make yield every hardened heart? A
place shall you have among the fairest Images of heaven,
Where at your sound the stars
Shall dance and twirl, now slowly, now quickly. I, through you, happy at last,
Shall see the beloved face, And in the white bosom
Of my Lady today I will rest.
But while I sing, alas, who can assure me
That she follows me? Alas, who hides from me The sweet light of her beloved eyes?
Perhaps, spurred on by envy, The Gods of Avernus,
So that I should not be happy here below, Prevent me looking at you,
Blessed and joyful eyes,
That only with a look can bless others? But what do you fear, my heart?
What Plutone forbids, Love commands. A mighty God
Who conquers men and Gods I must obey.
There is a noise behind the set.
But what do I hear, oh alas?
Perhaps arming themselves with fury, to my loss, Are the enamored furies,
To take from me what is mine, and I allow it?
Here he turns
O sweetest eyes, I see you now,
I see: But what Eclipse, alas, obscures you?

A Spirit

You have broken the law, and are unworthy of grace.

Euridice

Ah, too sweet and too bitter a vision:
So, through too much love, then, do you lose me? And I, wretched, lose
The power to enjoy more
Light and life, and with them lose You, dearer than all, O my Consort.

A Spirit

Return to the shades of death, Unfortunate EURIDICE,
Nor can you hope to see again the Stars,
For from this moment Hades is deaf to your prayers.

Orfeo

Where are you going, my life? Lo, I follow you— But, who stops me, alas: do I dream or rave?
What hidden power of these horrors, Draws me from these beloved horrors Against my will, and
conducts me
To the hateful light?

Chorus of Spirits

Virtue is a ray
Of celestial beauty,
Prize of the soul, where alone it is valued: The ravages of Time
It does not fear, rather
In man do the years restore its greater splendor. ORFEO conquered Hades and then was
conquered By his emotions.
Worthy of eternal glory
Is the one who will have victory over himself.
Here the set changes again.

End of the fourth Act.

ACT V

Orfeo

These are the fields of Thrace, and this is the place where my heart was pierced
By grief at the bitter tidings. Since I have no further hope To recover through pleading,
Weeping and sighing,
My lost beloved,
What more can I do, if I turn not to you, Sweet woods, once
Comfort to my suffering, while it pleased heaven To make you languish with me in your
compassion At my languishing?
You grieved, O Mountains, and you cried, Rocks, at the leaving of our Sun,
And I will always weep with you
And always will yield myself to grief, like you have wept!

Echo

You have wept.

Orfeo

Gentle, loving Echo,
You who are disconsolate
And would console me in my grief, Although these my eyes
Through tears become two fountains, So grievous is my misfortune
I still have not tears enough.

Echo

Enough.

Orfeo

If I had the eyes of Argus,
And all poured out a Sea of weeping. Their grief would not match such woe.

Echo

Oh.

Orfeo

If you have compassion for my misfortune, I thank you for your benevolence.
But while I lament, Why do you answer me
Only with my last words?
Give me back all of my laments.
But you, my soul, if ever there should return Your cold shade to the friendly meadows, Take
from me these last praises,
Since now my lyre and song are sacred to you only, As on the altar of my heart
I offered you my ardent spirit in sacrifice. You were beautiful and wise, and in you Kind Heaven
rested all its graces,
While it was sparing in its gifts to every other woman. In every tongue every praise is due to you,
For in your fair body you sheltered a fairer soul, Lesser in pride, thus the more worthy of honor.
Now other Women are haughty and fickle, Pitiless and changeable to their adorers, Without
judgment and noble thoughts,
Whence rightly their behavior is not praised.
Therefore may it never be that, for a worthless woman, Love with his golden arrow pierces my
heart.

Apollo

(descending on a cloud, singing)

Why, a prey to anger and grief,

Do you so freely give yourself, O son? It is not, it is not the wisdom

Of a generous heart

To serve its own affliction. Since with blame and danger Already I see you overcome,

I come from heaven to give you aid.

Now listen to me and you shall have glory and life.

Orfeo

Kind father, you come when I am in need, When to a desperate end

With extreme grief

Anger and Love has already brought me. Here I am then, attentive to your counsels,

Heavenly father, now command me as you want.

Apollo

Too much, too much did you rejoice In your happy fate,

Now too much do you weep At your bitter, hard fortune. Do you still not know

How nothing that delights down here will last? Therefore, if you want to enjoy immortal life,

Come with me to Heaven, which invites you.

Orfeo

Shall I never again see

The sweet eyes of my beloved EURIDICE?

Apollo

In the sun and in the stars

You shall gaze at her fair image.

Orfeo

Of such a good Father I would not be a worthy son If I did not follow your trustworthy advice.

Apollo and Orfeo

(ascending to Heaven, singing)

Let us rise, singing, to Heaven, Where true virtue

Has the due reward of delight and peace.

End of fifth Act.

Chorus

Go, ORFEO, happy at last, To enjoy celestial honor Where good never lessens, Where there was never grief,

While altars, incenses and prayers We offer to you, happy and devoted.

So goes one who does not retreat At the call of the eternal light;

So he obtains grace in heaven Who down here has braved Hell And he who sows in sorrow

Reaps the fruit of all grace.



L'Orfeo Performance Chiostro Grande Santa Maria Novella 2021

Cd L'Orfeo Federico Bardazzi Ensemble San Felice
<https://open.spotify.com/album/49Jqe8ufb4qc3OHKtzipAlg>

booklet by Carla Zanin, Federico Bardazzi