

#### THE ARGUMENT.

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

Sections of Text in Red are present in the Italian libretto and its English version, but were not set by Handel.

Asides in the English text are shown in brackets (the usual convention) but sometimes are also marked by a rubric – "aside" – at the end of the relevant line.

# ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Part of a City near the Sea, adorned with great Solemnity ;  
in the Middle an Altar, with the Statue of Apollo.*

*Priests and Nymphs with Basons in their Hands full of Laurel Leaves.*

*Parthenope on a Throne, Arsaces and Armindo.*

PARTHENOPE

Thou to the lofty Walls that guard around  
This great majestick City rais'd by me,  
Bright beaming God of Day, be now propitious.  
From the pure Height of thy unclouded Sphere,  
Shed thy warm Lustre in her fertile Bosom.  
May Swans and Eagles nest in Splendors there,  
And nam'd from me, with thy auspicious Aspect  
Let tributary Kingdoms grace her Sway !

CHORUS.

Oh live Parthenope ! live Ages o'er,  
Bright as the radiant God you now adore ;  
Thy Land with Plenty may the Day-spring crown,  
And every Muse record thy great Renown.

*[The Fire kindles suddenly on the Altar.]*

PARTHENOPE

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

*[They burn the Laurels.]*

## SCENE II.

*To them Rosmira in the Habit of an Armenian.*

ARMINDO     Arsaces.

ARSACES     My Armindo.

ARMINDO     There observe. — *[Pointing to Rosmira.]*

ARSACES     (What Face is that presented to my View?) *[Aside.]*

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

ROSMIRA     (I must dissemble now, ye Gods assist me !) *[Aside.]*  
Generous Queen,  
Armenia's Sovereign, Eurimenes offers  
To you the duteous Tribute of his Homage. *[Kneels.]*

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

ROSMIRA     (Arsaces here? then Fame's Report is faithful.)  
*[Aside.]*

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

PARTHENOPE   Name your Request.

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

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

ROSMIRA     All Thanks I pay that Gratitude can offer.

### SCENE III.

*To them Ormontes, who introduces a Messenger.*

ORMONTES   Great Queen !  
Cuma's bold People, in assembled Bands,  
Possess the neighbouring Mountain and the Plain.

*[Parthenope seems pensive.]*

ARSACES     (Where will this end?)

ARMINDO     (Ah, what is this I hear !)

PARTHENOPE   And have you gain'd no Tidings ? *[To Ormontes.]*

ORMONTES   None but this,  
That their chief Prince and Leader call'd Emilius,  
Asks your Permission to confer with you,  
And from his Camp this Messenger dispatch'd.

*[Parthenope still seems thoughtful.]*

ARMINDO     What Thoughts employ you?

ARSACES     Fear not.

ROSMIRA     And remember,  
That Eurimenes is arriv'd to aid you.

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

[ARIA]

In my Defence to combat now,  
Both Love and Fate shall meet ;  
A radiant Crown shall bind my Brow,  
And not a Chain my Feet.     [In my, &c.]

*[Exeunt Parthenope and Ormontes, with Arsaces,  
who as he retires, looks at Rosmira and says,*

ARSACES   [ARIOSO]

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

*[Exit.]*

### SCENE IV.

*Armindo and Rosmira.*

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

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

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

ARMINDO My Pains, alas ! allow of no Relief.

ROSMIRA Love is the Pain perhaps that you lament.

ARMINDO 'Tis Love.

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

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

ROSMIRA And is she sensible of soft Compassion ?

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

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

ARMINDO Where's the Reason?

ROSMIRA Where ?

ARMINDO To Arsaces she has fondly sworn  
Fidelity for ever.

ROSMIRA And Arsaces?

ARMINDO In Torment dies Parthenope's Adorer.

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

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

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

[ARIA]  
Now to my lovely Fair I'll fly,  
And tell her I despair and die,  
And tender Pity crave.  
I'll say my Heart can only move,  
By the soft Laws of Faith and Love,  
And is her Beauty's Slave.  
Now, &c.

[Exit.]

## SCENE V.

*A Royal Hall.*

*Arsaces, and to him Rosmira.*

ARSACES     What Pangs I suffer from a fatal Face !  
Behold now ——

ROSMIRA     (Ah Perfidious !)

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

ROSMIRA     And yet I would not be betray'd by you,  
Like the forlorn Rosmira ——

*[Arsaces seems confus'd.*

ARSACES     How is this ?

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

ARSACE     My fair one ——

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

ARSACES     I love thee ——

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

ARSACES     Be calm, my Fairest,  
I'm all Repentance, and my own Accuser,  
I own my Trespass to obtain your Pardon.

*[Rosmira, after a short Suspense, assumes a resolute Air.*

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

ARSACES     Give me to know your Will.

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

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

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

ARSACES     On the Faith ——

ROSMIRA     My Faith.

ARSACES     I swear to act as you command.

ROSMIRA     Forbear to publish then that I'm a Woman,  
And that I am Rosmira — Can you promise ?

ARSACES     With all Fidelity I promise this.     *Exit.*

ROSMIRA [ARIA]

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

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

ARSACES

Rosmira, Oh ye Gods ! the fair Rosmira,  
Hid in Disguise, pursues my wandring Course,  
And follows here her faithless Fugitive,  
Renews my Sorrows, and enjoins me Silence.

[ARIA] Love unrelenting, with a varied Dart,  
Less pleasing than the first, has pierc'd my Heart.  
Amidst the Languish of each Glance I find  
My Soul more fondly to the first inclin'd.  
Love, &c. [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*Parthenope and Ormontes.*

PARTHENOPE Are my brave Warriours now prepar'd for Battel?

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

PARTHENOPE If War Emilius wills, let War ensue.

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

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

ORMONTES [ARIA]

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

[Or Love, &c.] [Exit.

## SCENE VII.

*Armindo and Parthenope.*

ARMINDO My Queen.

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

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

PARTHENOPE I will be gentle.

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

PARTHENOPE 'Tis only to relieve you,  
That I demand the Cause of your Distress.

ARMINDO 'Tis not my Duty to disclose it.  
 PARTHENOPE Why ?  
 ARMINDO I fear your just Displeasure at my Grief.  
 PARTHENOPE Speak, and if you offend me, I forgive you.  
 ARMINDO My Soul's inflam'd with Sovereign Beauty's Charms.

*[Looks tenderly at her.]*

PARTHENOPE Declare the Object.  
 ARMINDO 'Tis too much ; farewell.  
 PARTHENOPE How's this, Armindo ? Come, you must disclose it,  
 If ever you expect your lost Repose.  
 ARMINDO Ah never ! O Parthenope farewell ;  
 Arsaces comes.  
 PARTHENOPE You seem enrag'd against him.  
 ARMINDO He is my happy Rival.  
 PARTHENOPE Is it I then  
 That cause your constant Sighs ?  
 ARMINDO My Queen, farewell. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE VIII.

*Arsaces and Parthenope.*

ARSACES And in what fatal Act have I offended ?  
 PARTHENOPE In that you make my conquer'd Heart your Slave :  
 For me Armindo languishes and dies.  
 ARSACES Armindo !  
 PARTHENOPE And you surely must be conscious  
 How much I love him, yet am only yours.  
 ARSACES When I behold thee (I forget Rosmira.) *[Aside.]*

*[ARIO SO A 2]*

ARSACES For thee the Pangs of Death I prove.  
 PARTHENOPE I feel for thee the same, my Love.  
 ARSACES Bright Jewel, which I'll ever prize.  
 PARTHENOPE Thou dearest Object of my Eyes.  
 ARSACES Enough, my Fairest, O forbear.  
 PARTHENOPE Ah, why ?  
 ARSACES See Eurimenes there.

## SCENE IX.

*To them Rosmira.*

PARTHENOPE And what tho' Eurimenes now approaches ?  
 ARSACES Would you a Stranger should behold our Loves ?  
 PARTHENOPE It is the Glory of a lawful Flame.  
 See Eurimenes, see my dearest Lord.  
 ROSMIRA And are you in your Turn belov'd ?  
 PARTHENOPE I am.  
 ARSACES (Ah me!) *[Aside.]*

PARTHENOPE And mutual Constancy we've sworn.

ROSMIRA Relentless Fate. *[Offers to retire.]*

PARTHENOPE Where, Eurimenes, where ? —

ROSMIRA To mourn my sad Calamity in Secret.

PARTHENOPE And what Calamity ?

ARSACES (My Guilt's discover'd.)

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

ARSACES (My Heart revives)

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

ROSMIRA **Poor Restitution.**

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

ROSMIRA **Parthenope, if you had sworn to me,  
As, to my Sorrow, you have sworn to him,  
My Heart had kindled with no second Flame.  
But if Arsaces is so true, I know not.**

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

ROSMIRA Excuse me, if I think I have discover'd  
I know not what peculiar in your Face,  
That intimates but small Fidelity :  
And had I been a Woman, I should then  
Have dreaded Falshood from your Disposition.

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

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

*[Exit.]*

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

ARSACES Have Pity, Oh Rosmira, on my Woes.

ROSMIRA I'm Eurimenes, and no more Rosmira.

ARSACES Resolve not, O my Fair ! — my Life ! be calm.

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

*[Exit disdainfully.]*



## ARSACES [ARIA]

Tell me, ye gracious Powers, that rule the Sky,  
From which fair Creature must I, faithless, fly?  
If to the first I now renew my Flame,  
The last will call me Traitor, and exclaim :  
Should I to this, my future Vows prepare,  
I hear the Anguish of my former Fair :  
In her soft Sorrows, ah Ingrate, she cries,  
I was the first dear Object of your Eyes.  
Tell me, &c. [Exit.]

## SCENE X.

### *A Royal Apartment.*

*Ormontes and Emilius on the one Part,  
and Parthenope, Arsaces, Armindo and Rosmira on the other.*

ORMONTES Behold Emilius.

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

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

EMILIUS My martial Subjects may be yours.

PARTHENOPE As how ?

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

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

ROSMIRA And heard you that ? [Aside to Arsaces.

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

ROSMIRA Poor Arsaces!

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

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

ARMINDO If she complies, my Death's inevitable.

ROSMIRA And dost thou sigh too ? [To Arsaces.

ARSACES I ? — Believe me, no.

ROSMIRA I share thy Sufferings.

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

ARMINDO Ah dear Displeasure !

ROSMIRA Now revive Arsaces.

ARSACES O wound my Soul no more.

ROSMIRA 'Tis not sufficient.

EMILIUS        I ne'er solicited the Troops of Cuma  
                  To Enmity with you, 'twas my Design  
                  To calm their Rage, when I became their Leader :  
                  Unknown to them I now attend you here,  
                  And fortunate indeed they'll think their Fate,  
                  If by your Nuptials, which I count so glorious,  
                  They see their Prince's Grandeur so exalted.

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

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

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

EMILIUS        War I disclaim, and by your radiant Eyes  
                  Confess I'm conquer'd, and my Camp abandon.

*[Kneels, and lays his Sword at Parthenope's Feet.]*

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

EMILIUS        [ARIA]

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

Now War, &c.                      *Exit.*

## SCENE XI.

*Parthenope, Arsaces, Rosmira, Armindo, and Ormontes.*

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

ARMINDO        Am I less equal to the Task than he ?

ROSMIRA        And I perhaps am thought less capable.

ARSACES        I swear to execute my Trust with Honour.

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

PARTHENOPE   Your Boldness, Eurimenes, is too daring.

ARMINDO        (And can Arsaces bear this proud Affront ?) *[Aside]*

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

PARTHENOPE   This Insolence before Parthenope ?    *[in a rage]*

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

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

ARMINDO        And is my Name then? —

ORMONTES       And my well known Valour? —

ROSMIRA        Shall I obscurely wield the Sword and Spear ?

ARMINDO        'Tis destitute of Reason.

ROSMIRA        'Tis unjust.

**PARTHENOPE**

**No more, but cease the noble Emulation :**

Hear me, my Friends, that, well divided Honour  
May urge you all to Actions of Renown;  
I'll be your Amazon, be you my Champions.

*To Arsaces]*     **[ARIA]**

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

Your Power, &c.     *Exit.*

**SCENE XII.**

*Arsaces, Rosmira, Armindo,*

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

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

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

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

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

**ROSMIRA**     He has, I'll not deny it.

**ARMINDO**     (Faithless Friend! )     *[Aside.*

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

**ROSMIRA**     Bid the pale trembling Coward fear his Fate.

**ARSACES**     **[ARIA]**

The Fears my throbbing Heart express,  
From Love and Pity grew ;  
Nor can it better now confess  
It's tender Care of you.  
[The Fears, &c.]

*[Exit.*

## SCENE XIII.

*Armindo and Rosmira.*

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

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

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

ROSMIRA     To you I'll then resign her.

ARMINDO     But if she still should languish for your Love?

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

[ARIA]

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

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*A Camp with the Army of Emilius drawn up in Battalia,*

*to which with their Squadrons advance Parthenope, Arsaces, Rosmira, Armindo, and Ormontes.*

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

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

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

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

[CHORUS AND SYMPHONY]

EMILIUS        With a victorious Hand ——  
PARTHENOPE    The Troops of Cuma ——  
EMILIUS        The fair Parthenope's assembled Heroes ——  
PARTHENOPE    Let each with unrelenting Rage confound.  
EMILIUS        Assault unanimous ——  
ALL.            To Arms ! to Arms !

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

PARTHENOPE    Assist me ——

ARMINDO        See Armindo flies to aid you.

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

ARMINDO        Let Slaughter rage unlimited.

PARTHENOPE    Disarm.

ARMINDO        The fearful flying Foe.

ARMINDO        To Arms.

PARTHENOPE    To Arms.        *[Exeunt.*

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

EMILIUS        Yield, or you die ——

ARSACES        'Tis you must yield, Emilius,  
You're now my conquer'd Captive.

EMILIUS        Yes, I yield;  
Not to your Valour, no, but to my Fate.

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

EMILIUS        Young pluming Warriour, moderate your Pride.

*[Parthenope and Arsaces  
return with several of their Soldiers.*

PARTHENOPE Success is ours, my Friends —— and thou shalt be  
[To Emilius.

The Pomp and Ornament of all my Trophies.  
But let me know who claims the conquer'd Prize ;

ARSACES It seems our equal Property [Looking at Rosmira.

ROSMIRA 'Tis mine.

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

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

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

[The Guards conduct Emilius away.

ORMONTES The conquer'd Squadrons are your humble Vassals.

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

[CHORUS]

PARTHENOPE May Laurel grace your Brows sublime.

ARSACES May you be fam'd from Clime to Clime.

ARMINDO Your shining State may this proclaim.

ROSMIRA Each Shore re-echo to your Name.

ORMONTES Your Honours let the Trumpets sound.

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

[Exeunt to the Sound of Military Instruments.

## SCENE II.

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

*Emilius guarded by Soldiers.*

EMILIUS [ACCOMPAGNATO]

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

[ARIA]

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

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

### SCENE III.

*Parthenope, with a numerous Retinue bearing Trophies.  
Arsaces, Rosmira, Armino, Ormontes, and Emilius,*

PARTHENOPE [CAVATINA]

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

*Emilius !*

EMILIUS *Mighty Queen !*

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

EMILIUS *But ah ! you doom  
My conquered Heart to wear them.*

PARTHENOPE *Cease Emilius,  
Your Love's fond Importunities are vain.*

ROSMIRA Permit me, fair Parthenope, to ask,  
If to the Valour of the great Armino  
You owe your Safety from surrounding Dangers ?

PARTHENOPE 'Tis surely true.

ROSMIRA I saw the Valour of the bold Ormontes :  
By me Emilius too became your Captive.  
But what great Action have you done Arsaces ?

EMILIUS *But for the Valour of the great Arsaces  
My conquering Arm had made you soon my Captive.*

PARTHENOPE *How then ? —*

ARSACES *Permit my Glory to be his.*

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

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

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

PARTHENOPE What to my Face this proud Temerity ? *[Disdainfully.*

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

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

ARSACES A necessary Silence seals my Lips — *[Aside*

ROSMIRA If he declines the Challenge he's a Dastard.

ARMINDO *(And bears he this?) [Aside.*

PARTHENOPE *Be silent and retire — [Rosmira retires aside.*

EMILIUS *No single Sword could e'er confound my Valour.*

ROSMIRA *And yet my Sword suffic'd —*

**PARTHENOPE** I say be Silent.  
**EMILIUS** By thee I ne'er was conquered in the Combat. *[To Rosmira]*  
**PARTHENOPE** His Conduct shews his despicable Birth — *[To Arsaces.]*  
**ROSMIRA** No, my Extraction tours as high as his.  
**PARTHENOPE** And wilt thou speak presumptuous ?  
**ROSMIRA** 'Tis for you — *[Aside to Armindo]*  
**ARMINDO** Whate'er you utter will avail me nothing.  
**PARTHENOPE** Tell me the Reason why this Insolent  
 Presumes each Moment to affront you thus? *[To Arsaces.]*  
**ROSMIRA** 'Tis for the Passion he declares for you.  
**PARTHENOPE** And wilt thou not be silent? — Tell me now,  
 Didst thou not love, yet what has he to hope ? *[To Arsaces]*  
**ROSMIRA** To live in soft Tranquillity and Bliss :  
 'Tis for your Happiness alone I speak — *[To Armindo]*  
**ARMINDO** You talk but to the Winds.  
**PARTHENOPE** Had'st thou ne'er lov'd me,  
 Yet what could he presume ? Believe me nothing.  
*[To Arsaces.]*  
**ROSMIRA** Yes, that your Passion then might cease for him.  
**PARTHENOPE** Silence becomes you better.  
**ROSMIRA** I'm Obedience.  
**PARTHENOPE** [ARIA]  
 'Till Death divides me from my Love,  
 My dearest Blessing he shall prove,  
 To Torture thee the more.  
*[To Rosmira.]*  
 I'll clasp him to my panting Breast,  
 With Joy to rob thee of thy Rest,  
 And all my Peace restore.  
 ['Till, &c.]  
*[Exit. Parthenope with Ormontes and Attendants,  
 leaving the Soldiers that guard Rosmira.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Arsaces, Rosmira, Armindo and Emilius.*

**ARSACES** My Soul is fond of thee, my Friend, and cannot *[To Rosmira.]*  
 Move me to Combat with the Man love.  
**EMILIUS** (What servile Baseness !) *[Aside.]*  
**ARMINDO** (What unmanly Fears !) *[Aside.]*  
**ROSMIRA** Thou seek'st with Art to sooth my Rage, but I  
 Impatient, pant for the demanded Combat.  
**ARMINDO** (What Prodigy of Valour !) *[Aside]*  
**EMILIUS** (How undaunted !) *[Aside.]*  
**ARSACES** Lay all this Anger in Oblivion's Grave.  
**ROSMIRA** Never ! 'Tis Vengeance that my Soul pursues.  
**ARSACES** Hear me a Moment.





ROSMIRA

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

[ARIA]

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

Revenge, &c. [Exit.]

## SCENE VI.

*A Garden.*

*Parthenope and Arsaces.*

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

ARSACES Remember that he boldly fought for you.

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

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

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

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

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

ARSACES Ah ! much I owe you —

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

ARSACES Oh! that exceeds my Power.

PARTHENOPE Say, what's the Cause?

ARSACES I feel a strange Emotion in my Heart.

PARTHENOPE 'Tis but a vain and needless Apprehension.

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

[ARIA]

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

The hidden Source of all my Woes  
Leaves me unable to disclose  
The Torture I endure.

I wish, &c. [Exit.]

## SCENE VII.

*Armindo and Parthenope.*

ARMINDO My Queen.

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

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

PARTHENOPE You so exalt her, that perhaps her Beauty  
May seen so exquisite to none but you.

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

PARTHENOPE And some detested Rival now torments you;  
Give me to know the Person.

ARMINDO 'Tis Arsaces.

PARTHENOPE Is he then false to me ?

ARMINDO Ah ! no, too constant.

PARTHENOPE What may this mean ?

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

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

ARMINDO And can you think my Meaning now mysterious?

PARTHENOPE Am I the Cause of all your plaintive Sighs ?

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

PARTHENOPE A Passion so respectful claims my Favour.

ARMINDO With a fond Wish my Bosom labours. —

PARTHENOPE Name it.

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

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

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

## SCENE VIII.

*Armindo and Rosmira.*

ARMINDO     How do I joy to see my Eurimenes  
               Restored to Liberty!

ROSMIRA     I'm still in Chains.

ARMINDO     What Beauty charms you so ?

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

ARMINDO     I have.

ROSMIRA     And did you crave Compassion ?

ARMINDO     No.

ROSMIRA     And what unmanly Diffidence is this ?

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

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

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

ROSMIRA     Go, Prince, with Certainty of sudden Transport.

*[Exit Armindo.]*

## SCENE IX.

*Arsaces and Rosmira.*

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

ROSMIRA     I'm Eurimenes, and no more Rosmira.

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

ROSMIRA     'Tis much too little.

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

ROSMIRA     I'll not believe thee, thou dissembling Traitor.     *[Exit.]*

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

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

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*A Garden.*

*Arsaces, Parthenope, Armino and Emilius.*

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

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

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

PARTHENOPE What discomposes you Arsaces thus ?

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

PARTHENOPE Fear not.

ARMINDO Ah! were my Heart distress'd like yours.

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

ARSACES Unwary inclination *[to Emilius* blind Desire. *[To Armino.*

[QUARTETTO]

ARMINDO	I harbour no uncautious Thought.	}
EMILIUS	Nor is my Wish by Folly taught.	
BOTH	A dearer Bliss could ne'er be wrought.	
ARSACES	See you not Fortune's frowning Brow, And how she glooms upon me now ?	
PARTHENOPE	You're pensive at imagin'd Woes.	
ARSACES	Ah might I now my Soul disclose!	

### SCENE II.

*To them Rosmira.*

ROSMIRA To you, Parthenope, see Eurimenes  
Approaches, grac'd with your permissive Goodness.

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

ROSMIRA I will.

PARTHENOPE But first let all attending leave us.

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

PARTHENOPE This Presumption still ?

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

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

ROSMIRA 'Tis Rosmira.

PARTHENOPE Rosmira !

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

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

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

**ROSMIRA** Because he has betray'd her.

**PARTHENOPE** Did he love her ?

**ROSMIRA** Dear as his Life, let the Deluder speak.

**PARTHENOPE** Declare it then.

**ARSACES** I do indeed confess it.

**ROSMIRA** Nay, and he swore to be for ever true.

**ARMINDO, EMILIUS A 2** Ah, what Confusion!

**PARTHENOPE** 'Tell me, is it true ? *[To Arsaces.*

**ARSACES** Too surely, I must own it.

**PARTHENOPE** Ah ! thou Traitor !

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

**PARTHENOPE** I do.

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

**ROSMIRA** He promis'd her his nuptial Love.

**PARTHENOPE** And then?

**ARSACES** Fir'd with your Charms —

**ROSMIRA** Contemptibly forsook her,  
 [CAVATINA] This was Arsaces' guilty Part,  
 He thus betray'd the Fair :  
 First stole her soft believing Heart,  
 Then left her to despair.  
 This was, &c.

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

**EMILIUS** (Hope then Emilius.) *[Aside.*

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

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

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

### SCENE III.

*Arsaces, Rosmira, Armindo, and Emilius.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

EMILIUS      What Apprehension can perplex you thus ?

ARSACES     Oh ! could I utter what I feel !

ROSMIRA     (I here  
Compleatly act the Tyrant)      *[Aside.*

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

ROSMIRA     Dishonour not Arsaces.              *[Aside to Armindo.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

[ARIA]        May pleasing Hope your Cares controul,  
And kindly brighten all your Soul :  
Each Fear be banish'd from your Brow ;  
For Honour's Charms invite you now.  
  
A noble Comfort we may claim,  
When Love derides our hopeless Flame :  
If we with Fortitude are blest,  
That Source of Pleasure in our Breast.  
[May pleasing, &c.]      *[Exit.]*

### SCENE IV.

*Arsaces, and to him Rosmira.*

ARSACES     Where, my Rosmira, does thy Tyrant Rage ?  
Where does thy blinded Scorn conduct thee now ?  
Where, my Rosmira, where is thy Retreat ?  
*[Rosmira appears.*

ROSMIRA     Behold me here before you.

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

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

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

ROSMIRA     Hence, away Arsaces.      *[Disdainfully.]*

ARSACES      Be not inflam'd against me thus — farewell.    *Retires slowly.*

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

ARSACES      Sure she at least might have recall'd me once.

ROSMIRA     Return, Arsaces.      *[He returns hastily.]*

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

ROSMIRA     And what would you request of me ?

ARSACES      Compassion.

ROSMIRA     Be gone — my Thoughts have no such Disposition.

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

ROSMIRA     It is, believe me, (but I now dissemble) *[Aside.]*

ARSACES      Ah me, most wretched ! fatal, fatal Tidings!

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

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

ROSMIRA     She's dead already in another Flame.

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

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

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

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

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

                 I feel my Love, that ne'er can cease,  
                  Importunately plead for Peace ;  
                  But then Disdain and glowing Rage  
                  'Tis not so easy to assuage.  
                  [His lovely, &c.]      *[Exit.]*



## SCENE V.

*A Champaign Country.*

*Parthenope, Armindo, Ormontes.*

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

**ORMONTES** With all Reverence  
I here receive the Honour you bestow.

**ARMINDO** To Eurimenes I devote my Arm.

**ORMONTES** And his, Emilius to Arsaces offer'd.

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

**ORMONTES** With Care I execute what you command. *[Exit.]*

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

**ARMINDO** My Soul's all Transport.

**PARTHENOPE** I'll retire —

**ARMINDO** Ah, stay !

**PARTHENOPE** Thou dearest Author of my pleasing Anguish.  
*[Exit.]*

**ARMINDO** [ARIA]

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

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

A noble, &c. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE VI.

*Arsaces solo*

**ARSACES**

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

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

*[A melancholy Symphony is heard.]*

[CAVATINA]

What Notes that mourn in such a solemn Sound,  
So melancholly moving Breath around ?  
Ah ! 'tis the Murmur that my Cares have chose  
To lull their weary Clamours to Repose.  
I ask, &c. *[Sleeps.]*

## SCENE VII.

*Arsaces asleep, to him Rosmira.*

ROSMIRA [ACCOMPAGNATO]

Heavens ! What do I behold ! my Soul's Delight,  
Arsaces sleeps abandon'd, and alone.  
Thou irresistible enchanting Form,  
Hadst thou at least been faithful, how each Grace  
My Eyes had dazzled with redoubled Lustre ?  
Thou call'st me cruel, but I still adore thee.  
Oh unpropitious Dream, and Shades ill boding,  
Prove not pernicious to my darling Lord.

## SCENE VIII.

*To them Parthenope.*

ROSMIRA (Parthenope approaches, I must feign) *[Aside.*  
Sleep'st thou Arsaces ? *[Parthenope retires aside.*

PARTHENOPE (What do I behold !)

ROSMIRA Now from thy Breast, with this avenging Sword,  
I could dislodge thy Soul ; but Eurimenes  
Is all incapable of Acts so base.

PARTHENOPE (How gallant is this Knight !) *[Aside.*

ROSMIRA Awake, Arsaces.

ARSACES Rosmira —

ROSMIRA All in vain you call her now.

ARSACES Rosmira —

ROSMIRA Thou infatuated Wretch,  
Rosmira is far distant, and thy Voice  
She hears no more.

ARSACES My Life ! my All that's dear !

ROSMIRA Sure thou art still asleep ? I'm Eurimenes.

ARSACES Ah Eurimenes ! ah Rosmira !

ROSMIRA Cease.

PARTHENOPE (He raves.) *[Aside.*

ARSACES To you my Sword I now surrender.

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

ARSACES Ah ! prosecute no more this Enterprise,  
But yield to my Request.

ROSMIRA Rosmira's Orders  
Urge me to combat.

PARTHENOPE And I will the same.  
*[Parthenope comes hastily from the Place of her Concealment.*

ROSMIRA And heard'st thou this, great Queen ?

PARTHENOPE I heard it all.

ARSACES (A new Misfortune !)

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

[TERZETTO]

[Exit.]

## THE LAST SCENE.

*An Inclosure with Scaffolds erected for the Combat ;*

*Parthenope on a Throne on the one Side, and Ormontes on the other,  
with a Table before him, and two drawn Swords upon it, and a Paper containing the Challenge.  
To them Rosmira, Armindo, Arsaces, and Emilius.*

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

PARTHENOPE Let Eurimenes and Arsaces here  
Now enter for the Combat ; I'm content.

*The Trumpets flourish, and Drums beat ;  
enter Rosmira and Armindo on the one Side, Arsaces and Emilius on the other.*

EMILIUS Courage, Arsaces, why dejected thus ?

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

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

ROSMIRA I seem already in my Thoughts to triumph.

PARTHENOPE Let them begin.

ORMONTES Armindo and Emilius.

ARMINDO, EMILIUS A 2 Ormontes ?

ORMONTES For the Fight this Field is chosen,  
These the selected Swords, and now depart,  
And each present a Weapon to his Foe.

*[Gives them the Swords.*

ROSMIRA (Barbarian that I am !) *Aside.*

ARSACES I must be silent.

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

ARMINDO Take this Arsaces.

ARSACES Ah, disastrous Fate !

EMILIUS And Eurimenes this for you.

ROSMIRA I grasp it  
With an impatient Ardour for the Conflict.  
To Action now.

EMILIUS Your Fortitude awaken. *[To Arsaces.*

ROSMIRA How long, Arsaces, shall the Combat linger?

ORMONTES (Heavens ! how he stands confounded) *[Aside.*

EMILIUS Who dismays you ? *[To Arsaces.*

ROSMIRA What means this long inglorious Hesitation?

ARMINDO Trust not so much your animating Valour.

ROSMIRA Conquest is mine already.

EMILIUS To the Combat. *[To Arsaces.*

ARSACES Ah ! with what Heart ?

EMILIUS And what confounds you thus ?

ORMONTES (What strange Irresolution he discovers!)

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

PARTHENOPE Delay no longer.

EMILIUS Call up all the Heroe. *[To Arsaces.*

ARMINDO Be rul'd by Reason. *[To Rosmira.*

ROSMIRA Still irresolute ?

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

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

ORMONTES It is but Reason that you should comply.

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

ARMINDO, EMILIUS A 2  
You must conform to what his Will prescribes.

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

PARTHENOPE 'Tis indispensable — you must comply.  
*[Rosmira seems pensive and confused, as Arsaces was before.*

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

EMILIUS I fear some Treason is intended me.

ARSACES And what inglorious Hesitation's this ?

ARMINDO Where's your Impatience all inflam'd with Glory ? *[To Rosmira.*

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

ARMINDO AND EMILIUS A 2 Pale and confounded. *[Looking at Rosmira.*

ARSACES Still irresolute ?

PARTHENOPE Your Conduct clears him of our late Suspitions. *[To Rosmira*

ROSMIRA Shall I appear with an uncover'd Breast  
Before a Nation of Spectators here ?  
Ah Queen ! I cannot, for I am Rosmira.

PARTHENOPE Thou Rosmira !  
*[Parthenope descends from the Throne.*

ROSMIRA At your Royal Feet *[Kneels.*  
Behold Rosmira dutifully low ;  
Love and Arsaces know, that I'm Rosmira.

EMILIUS What do I hear !

ORMONTES What wondrous Words are these !

ARMINDO Oh, unforeseen, astonishing Event !

PARTHENOPE Rise, Fair One, rise *[to Rosmira*  
And why was you so silent ? *[To Arsaces.*

ARSACES It was a Silence her Commands impos'd.

ROSMIRA It but proceeded from my Inclination,  
To make this Proof of his Fidelity.

ARMINDO AND EMILIUS A 2

This is the Light then, unobserv'd by me,  
That gleam'd in you, and made Arsaces shudder.

PARTHENOPE [ARIA]

Love wantons with a double Flame,  
Now War will raise, now Peace proclaim,  
And gives alternate to the Heart  
Reviving Joy and killing Smart.

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

PARTHENOPE Armindo, I receive you for my Spouse.

ARMINDO Oh happy Fate !

PARTHENOPE And thine be fair Rosmira.

ARSACES At last with Transport I may call thee mine.

ROSMIRA Betray me then no more my dearest Lord.

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

CHORUS.

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

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.