SALA

MEROPE

BIBLIOTECA DEL R. CONSERVATORIO
DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI

Sala

Scaffale 31 *Pluteo* 4

N. di Scaffale (Volume) 32

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MEROPE

Dramma in 3 atti di Apostolo Zeno

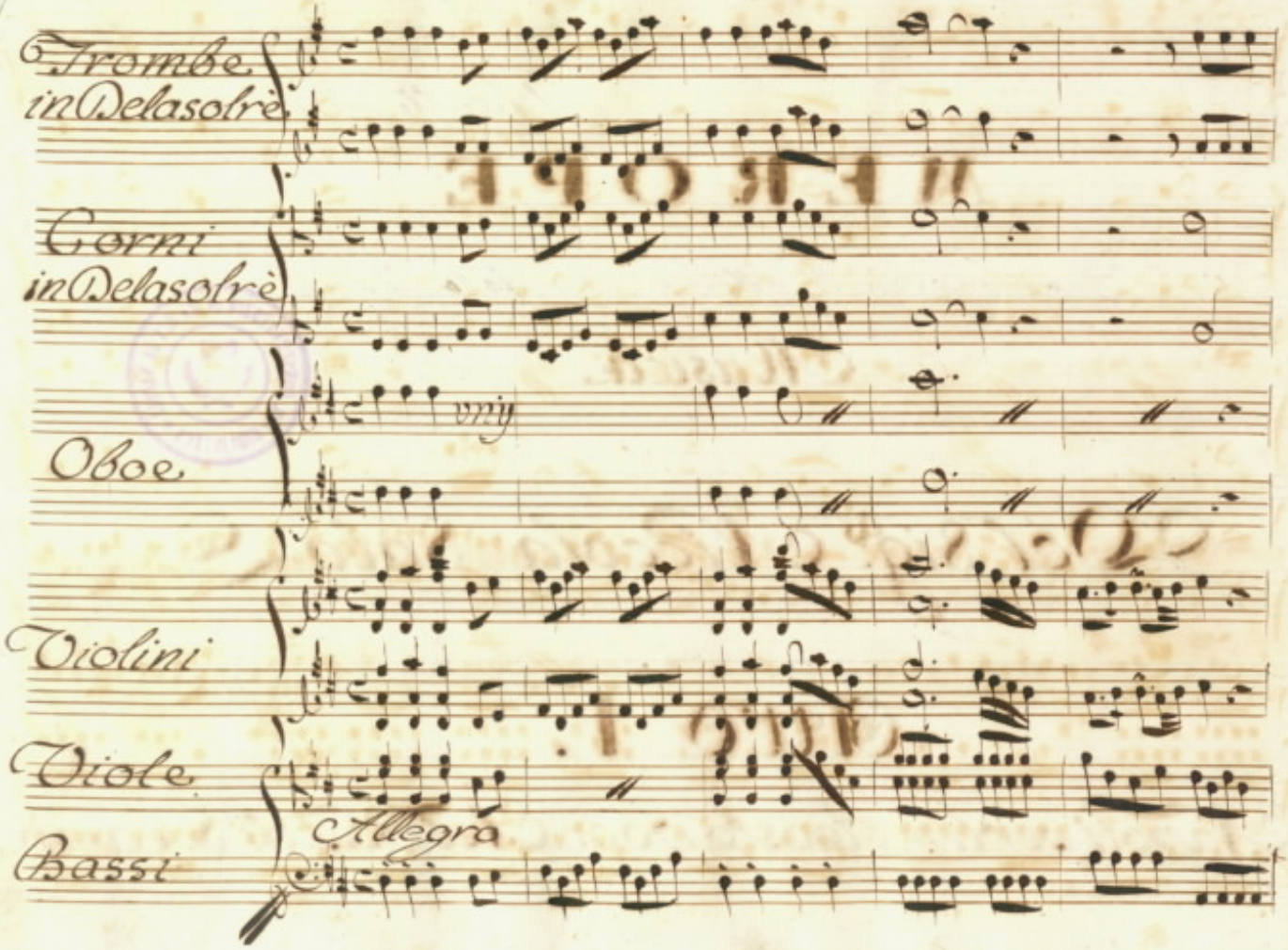
Musica

R. CONSERVATORIO DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI BIBLIOTECA

Del Sig.r Niccola Sala

Atto I.

Napoli per li 1 Agosto 1769. Nel R. T. di S. Carlo.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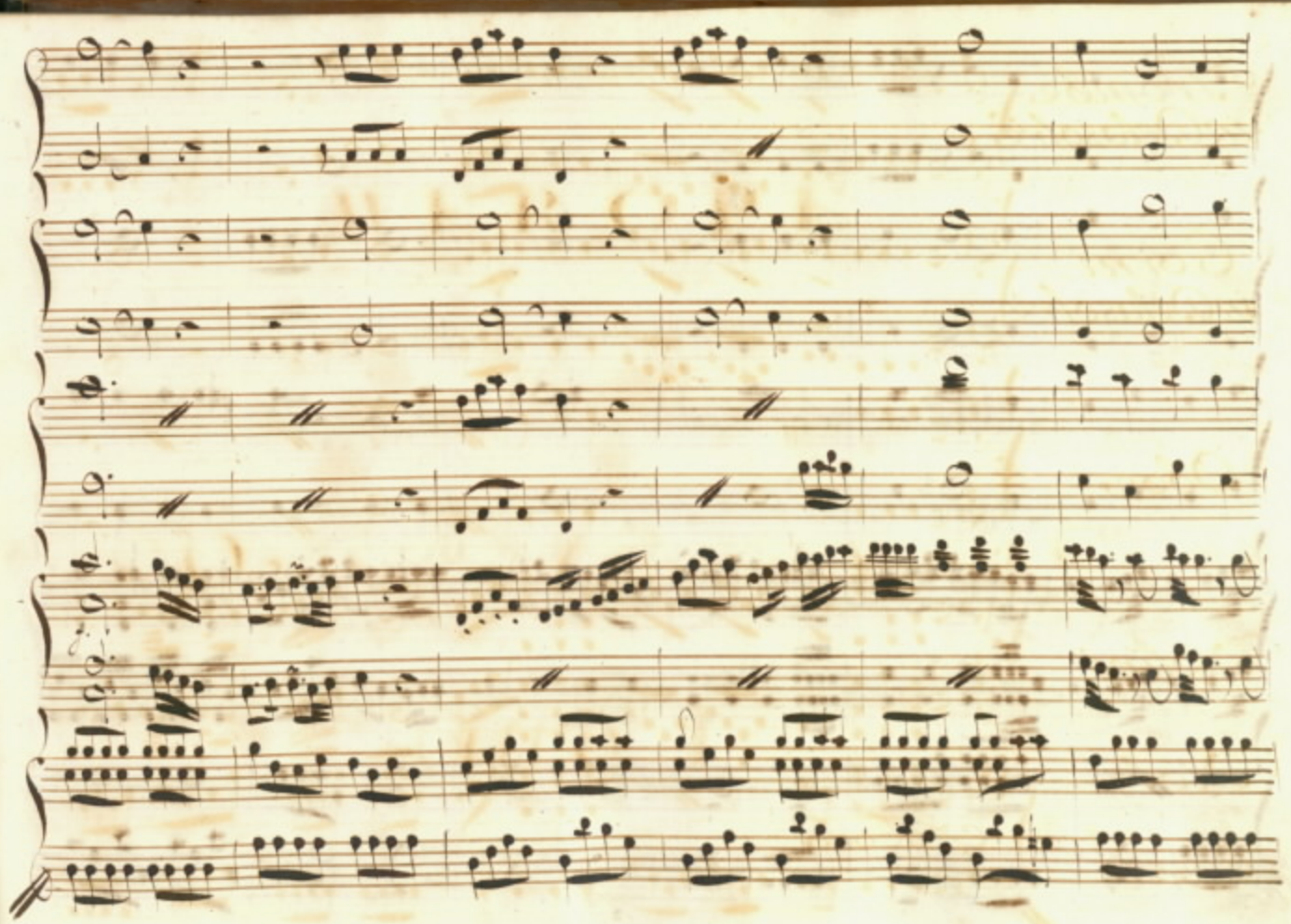

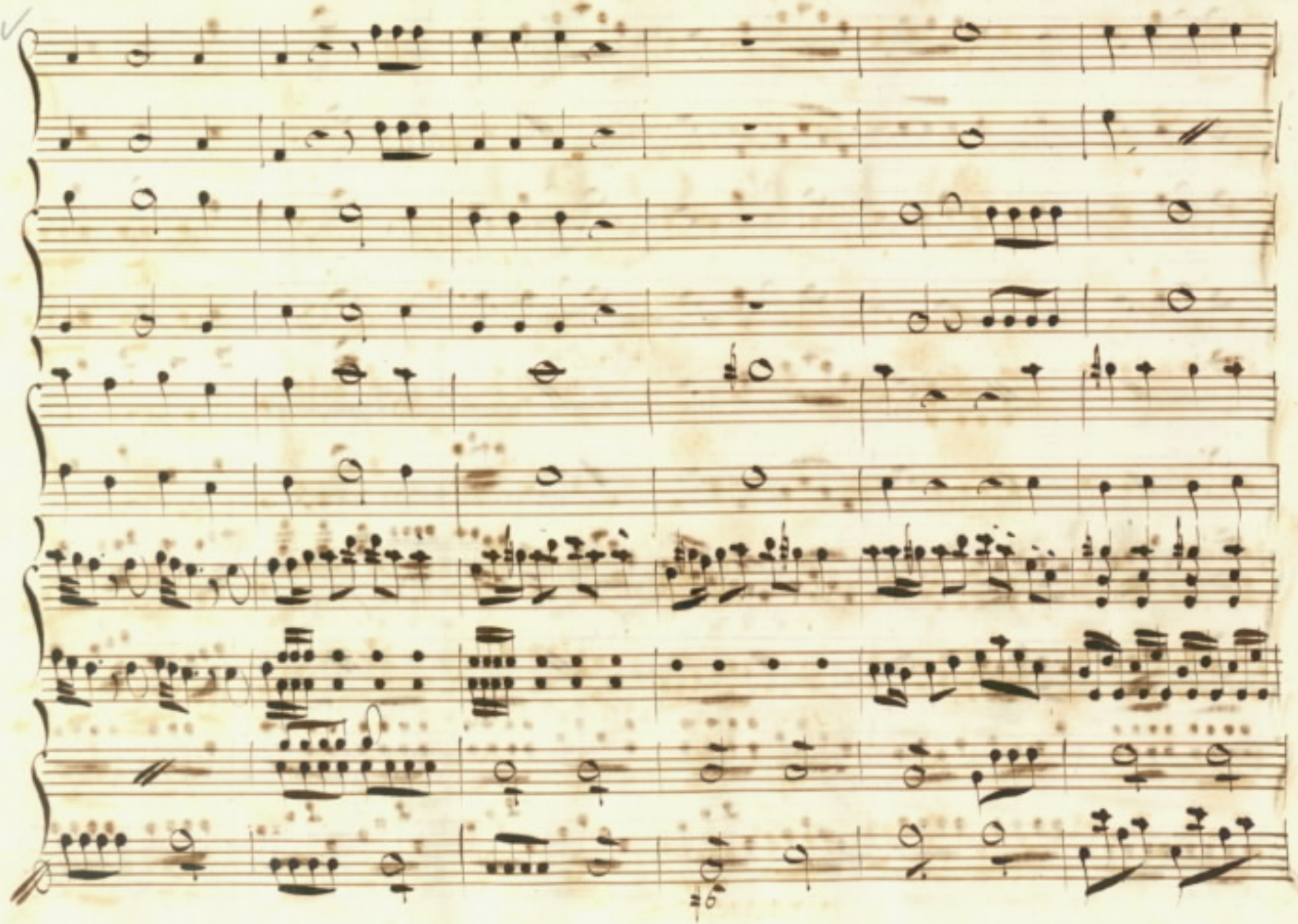

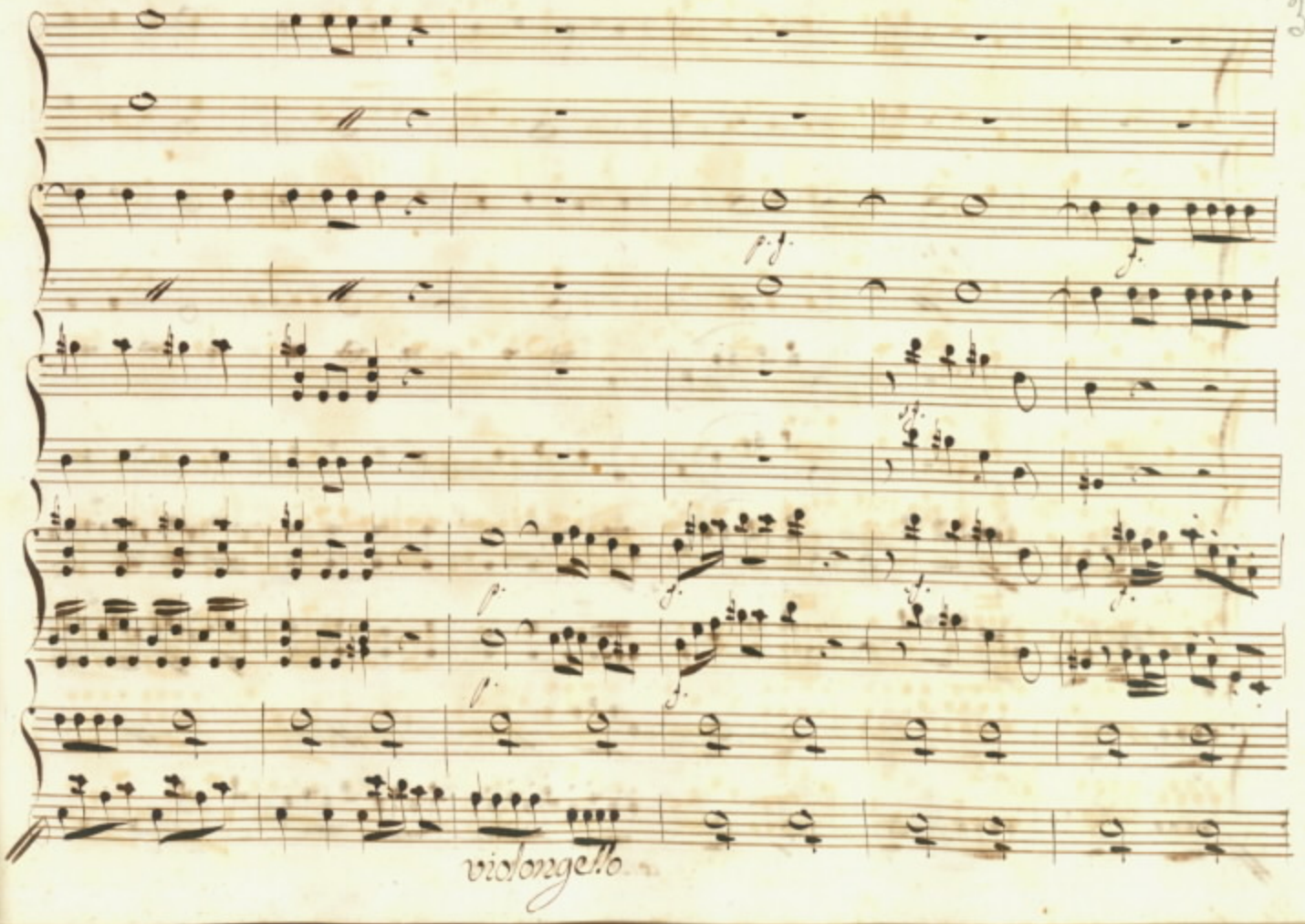
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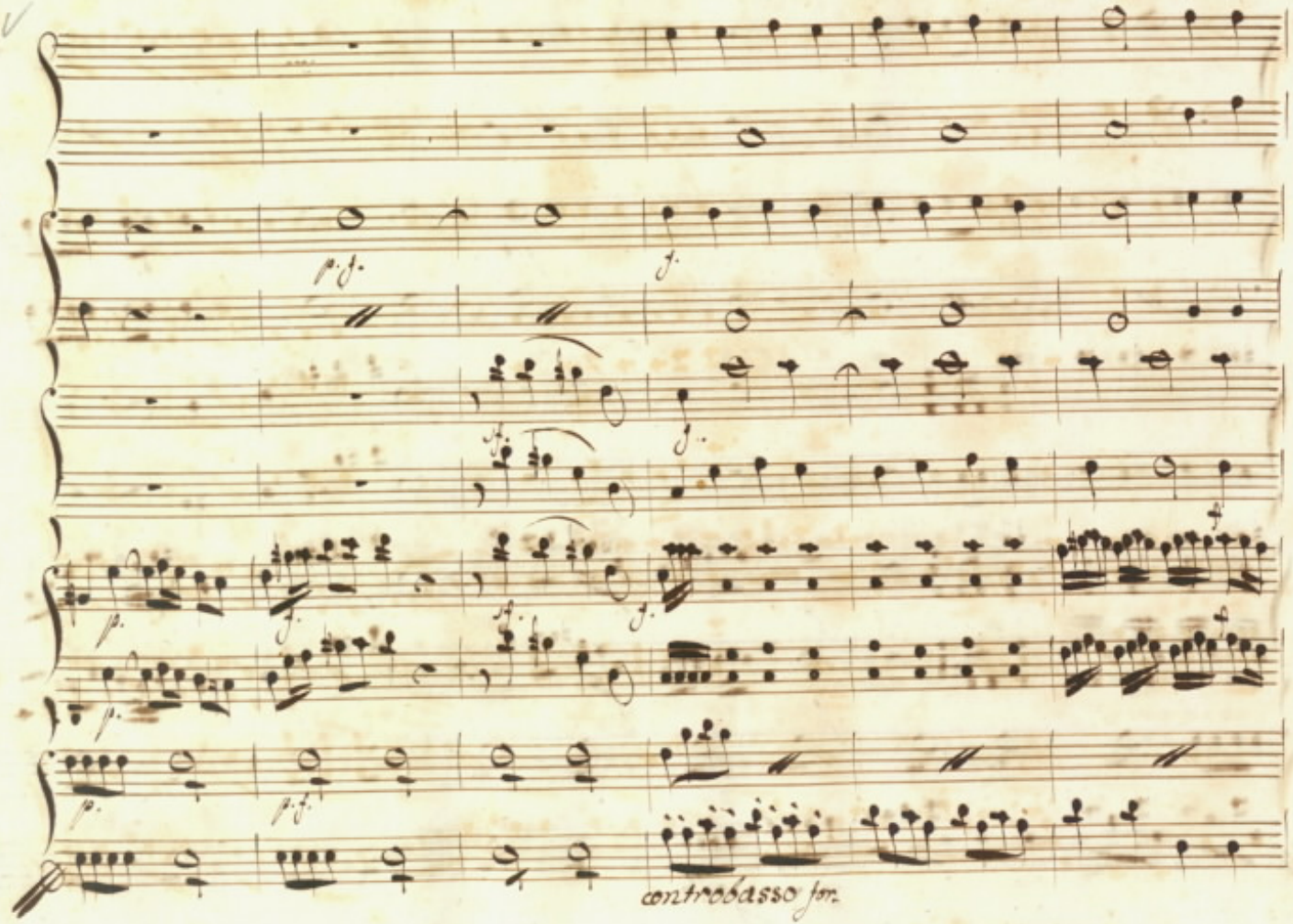
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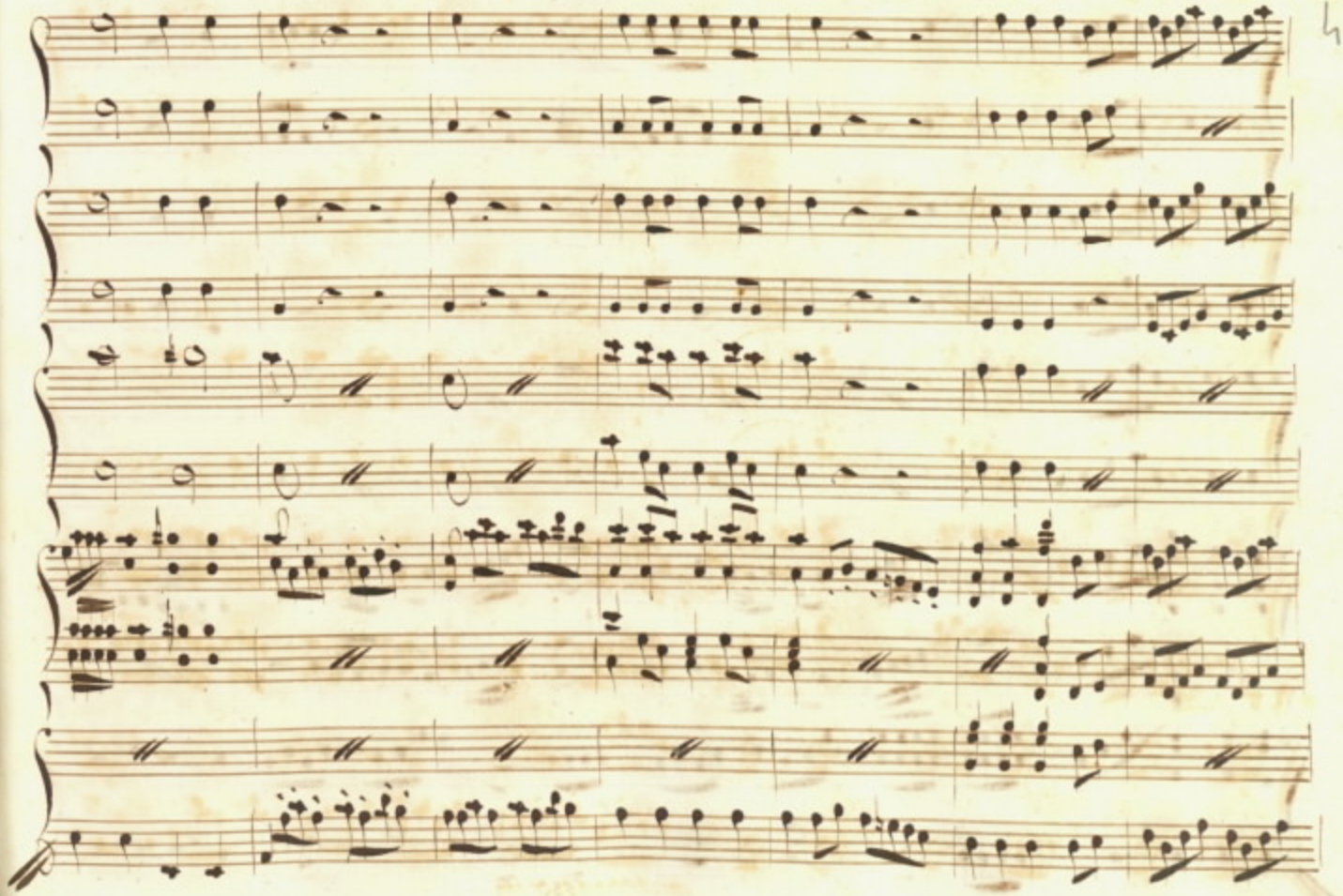
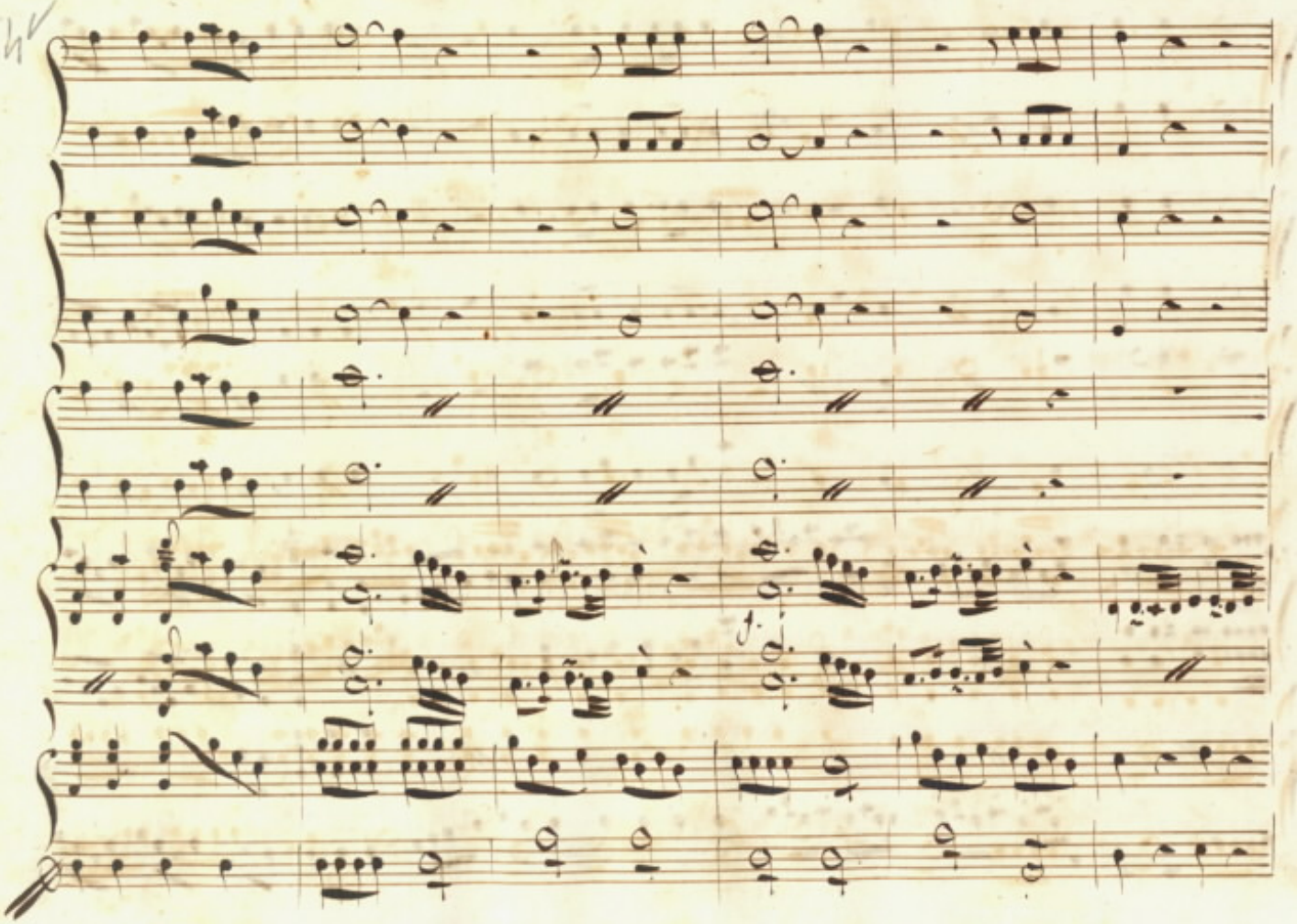
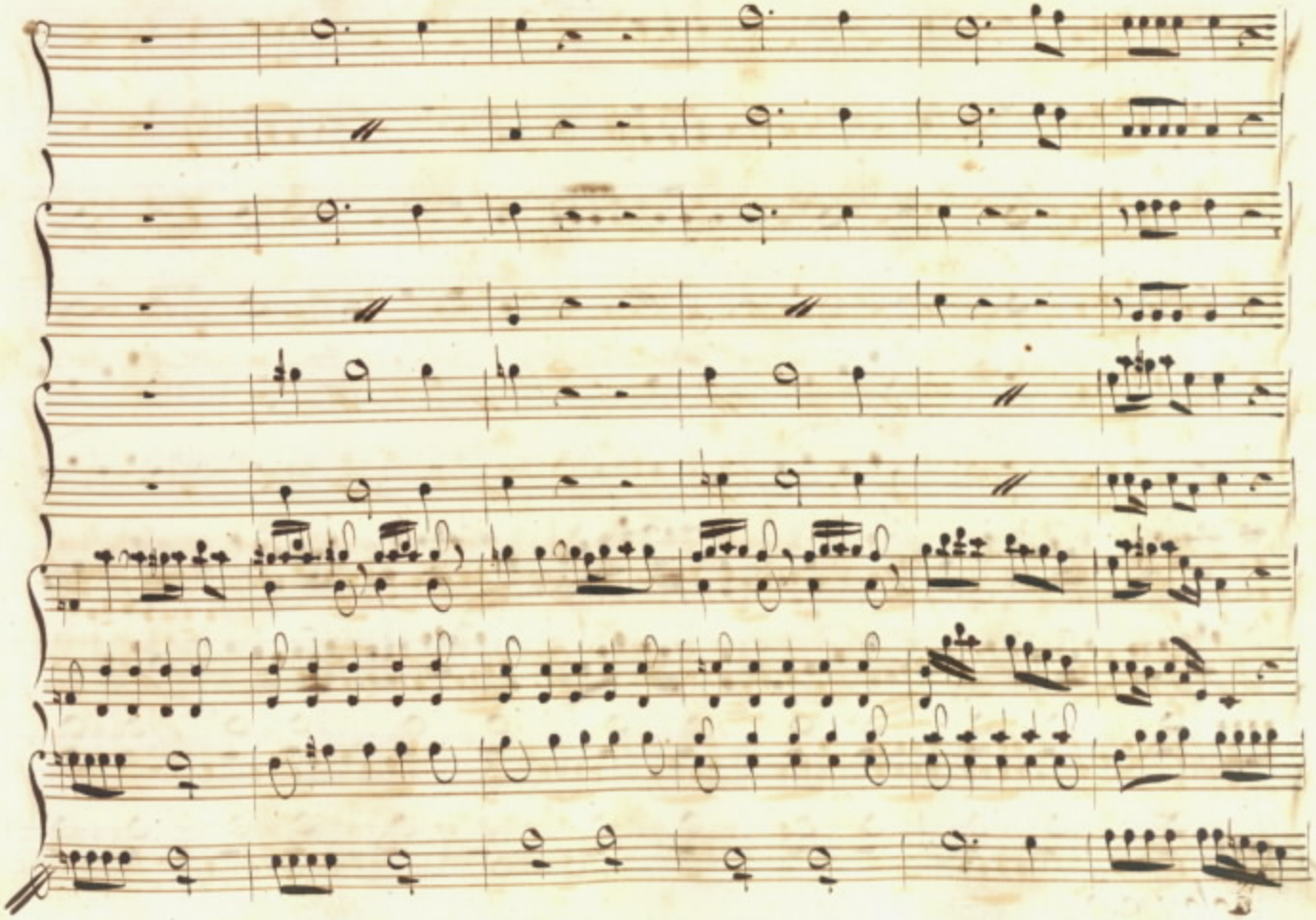
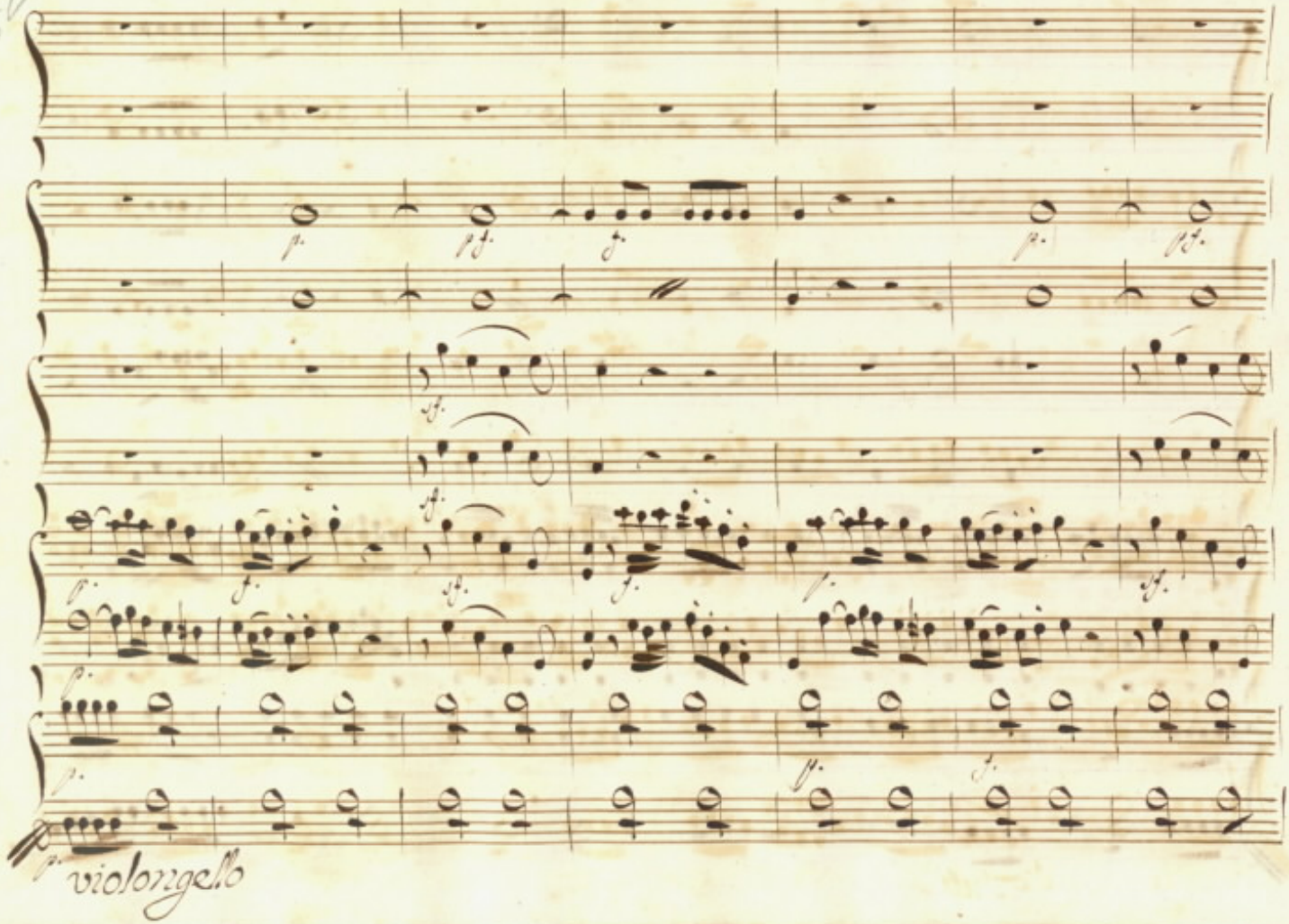
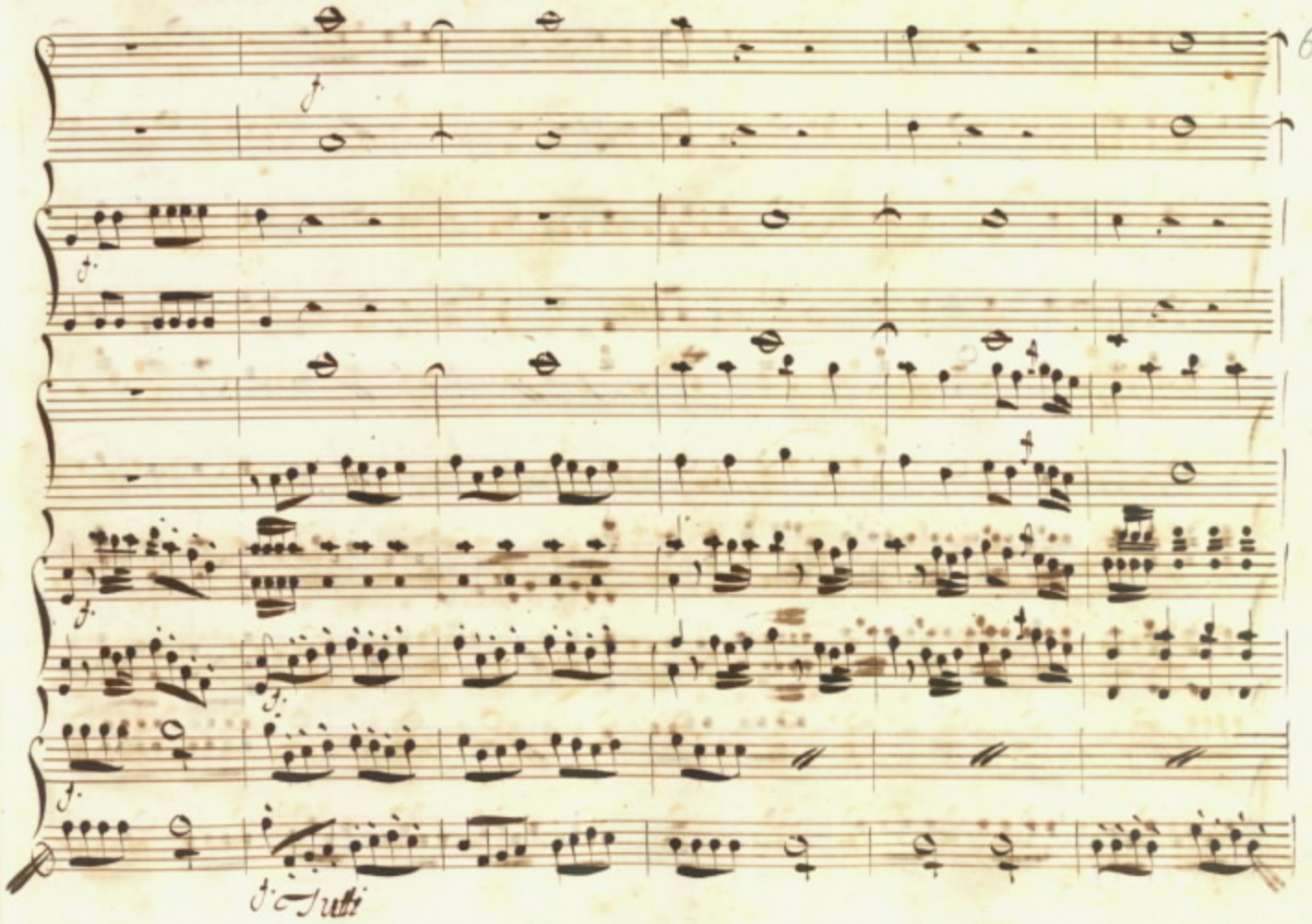
contrabasso for.








violoncello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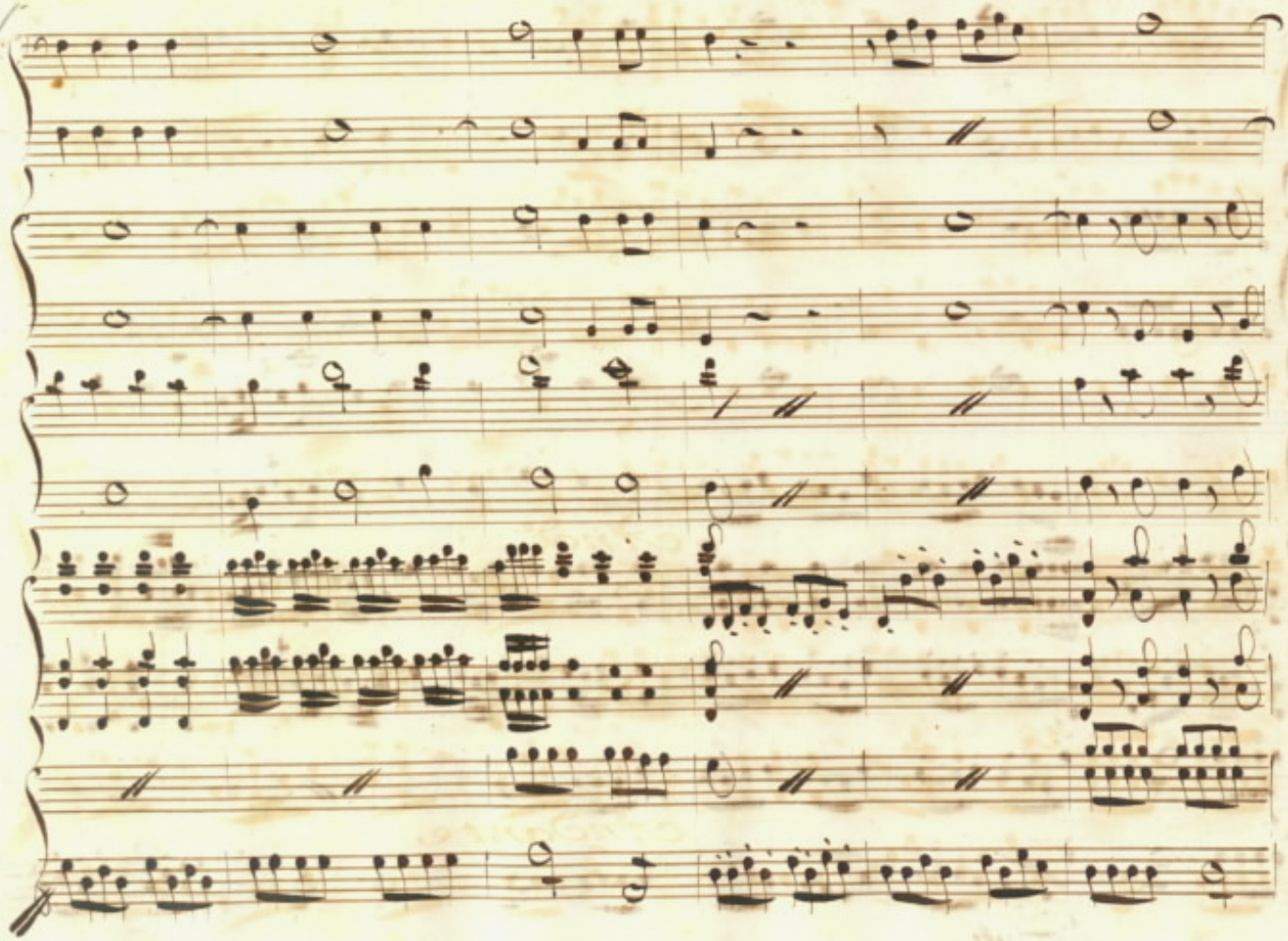

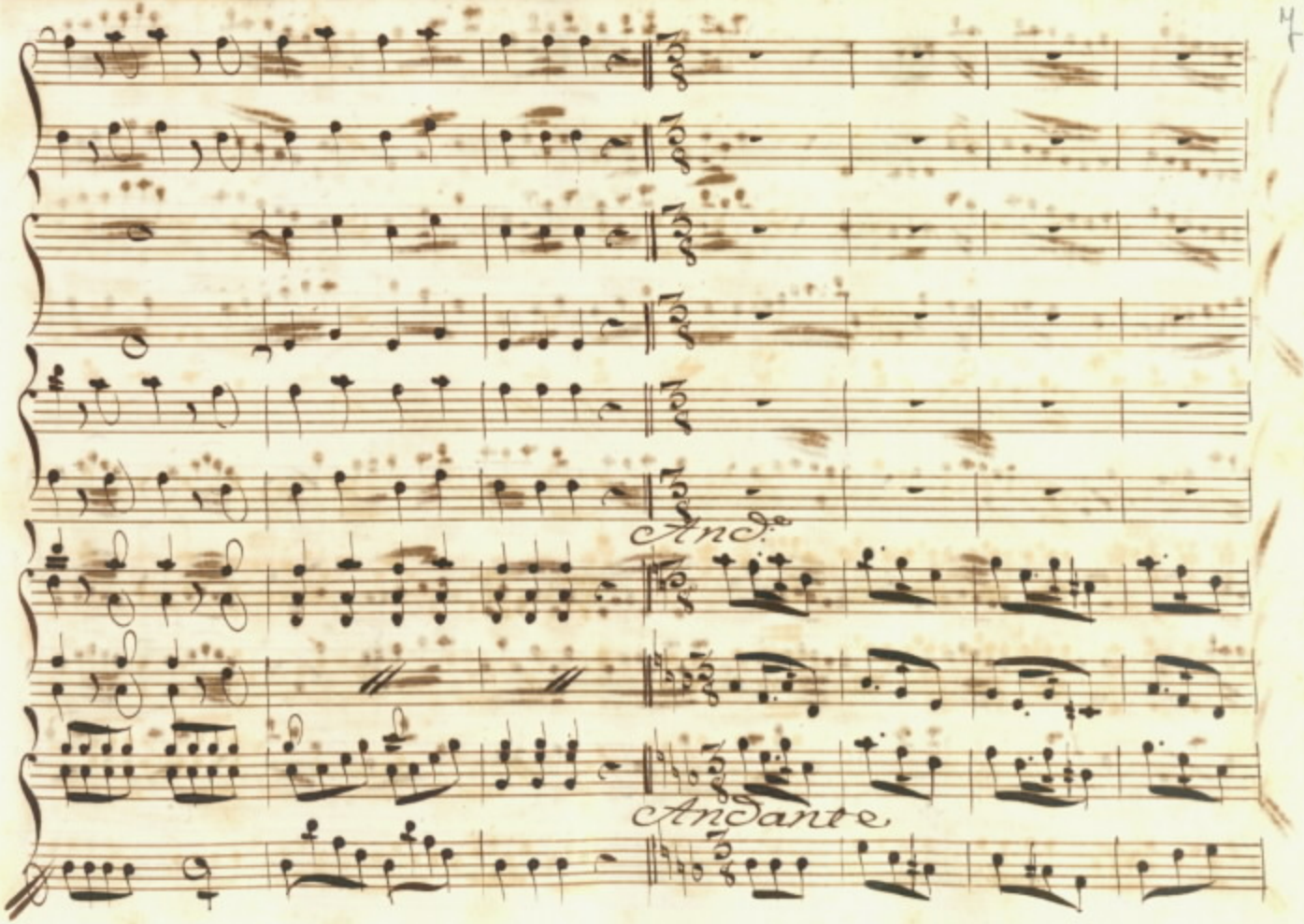
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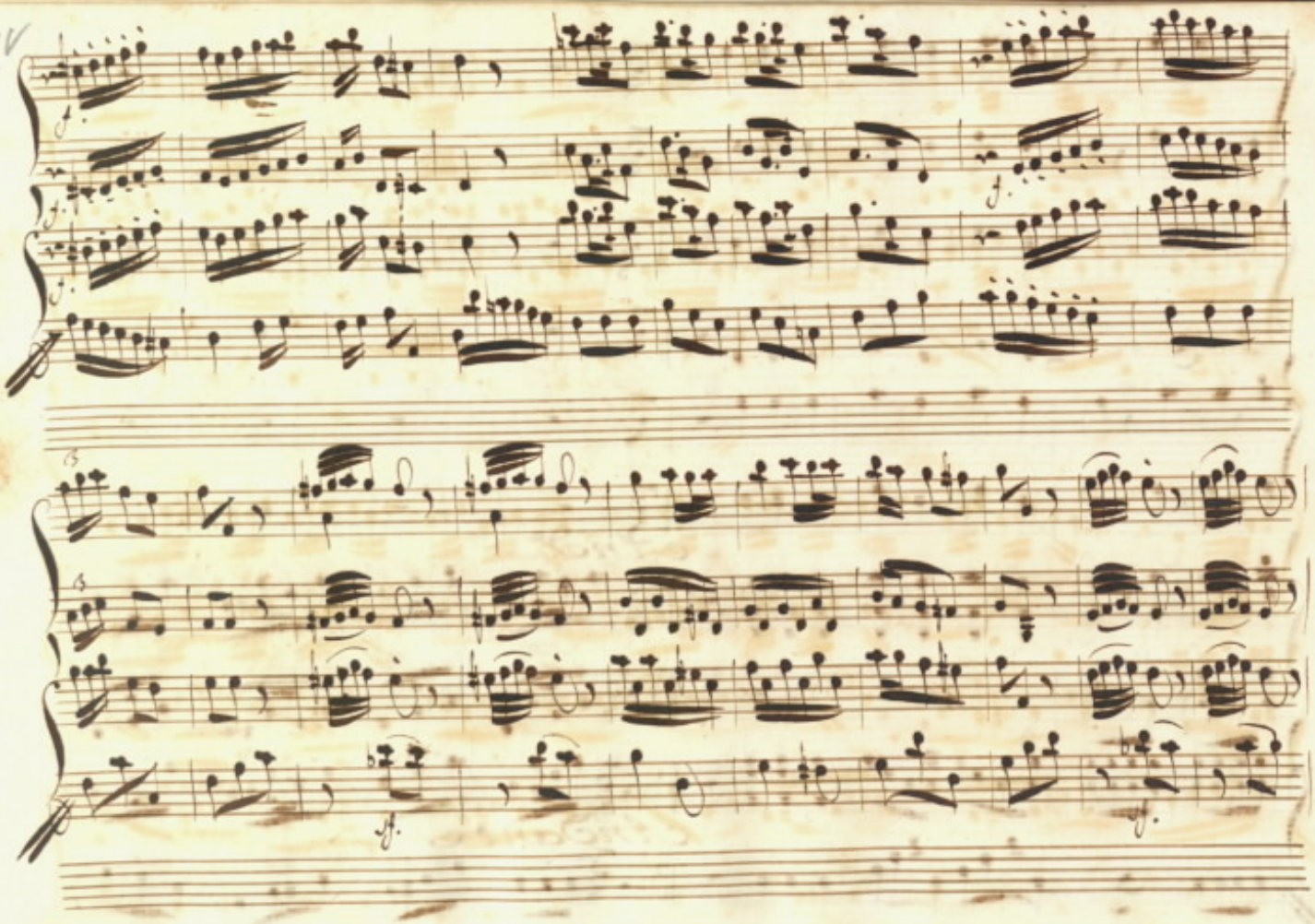
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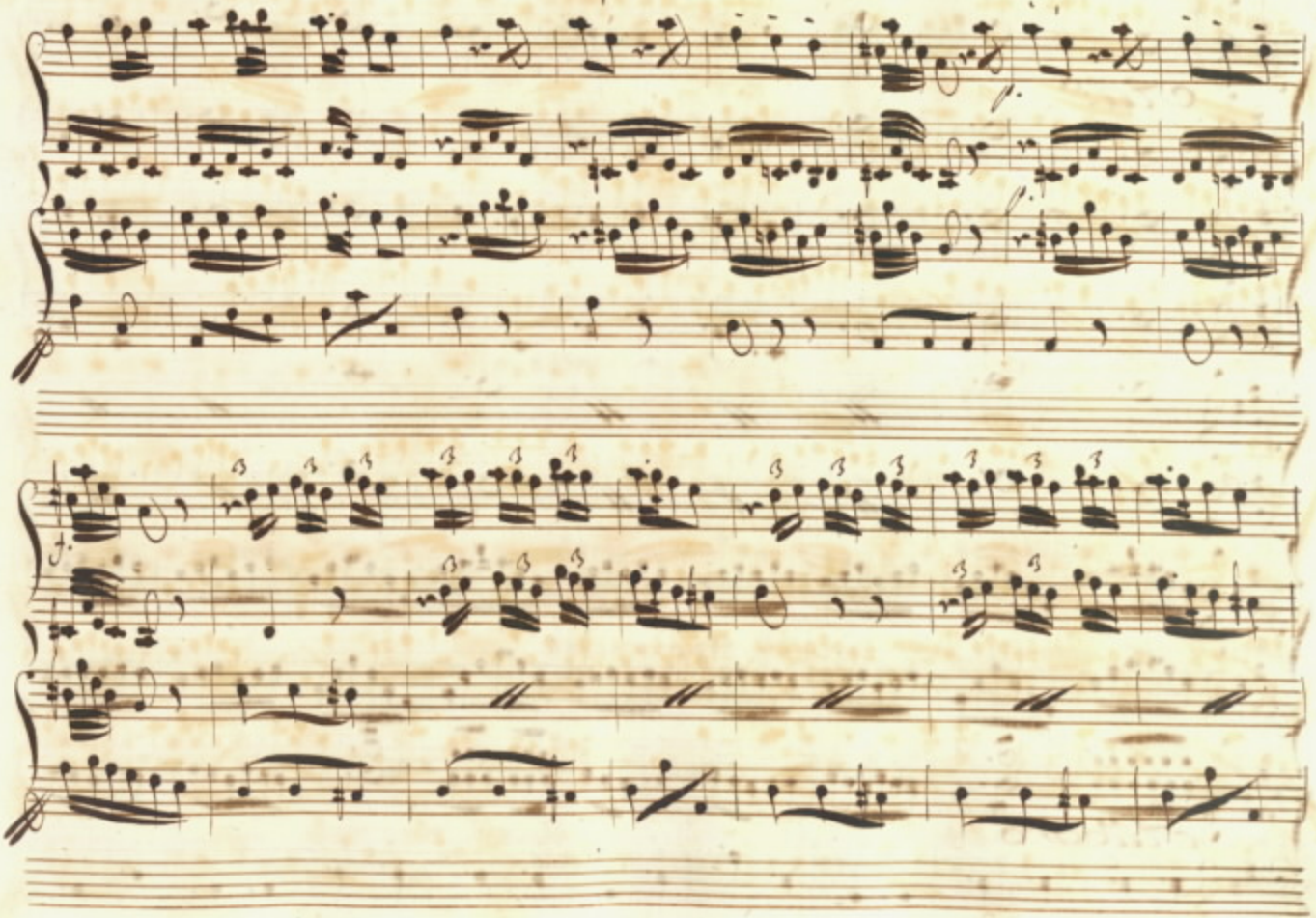

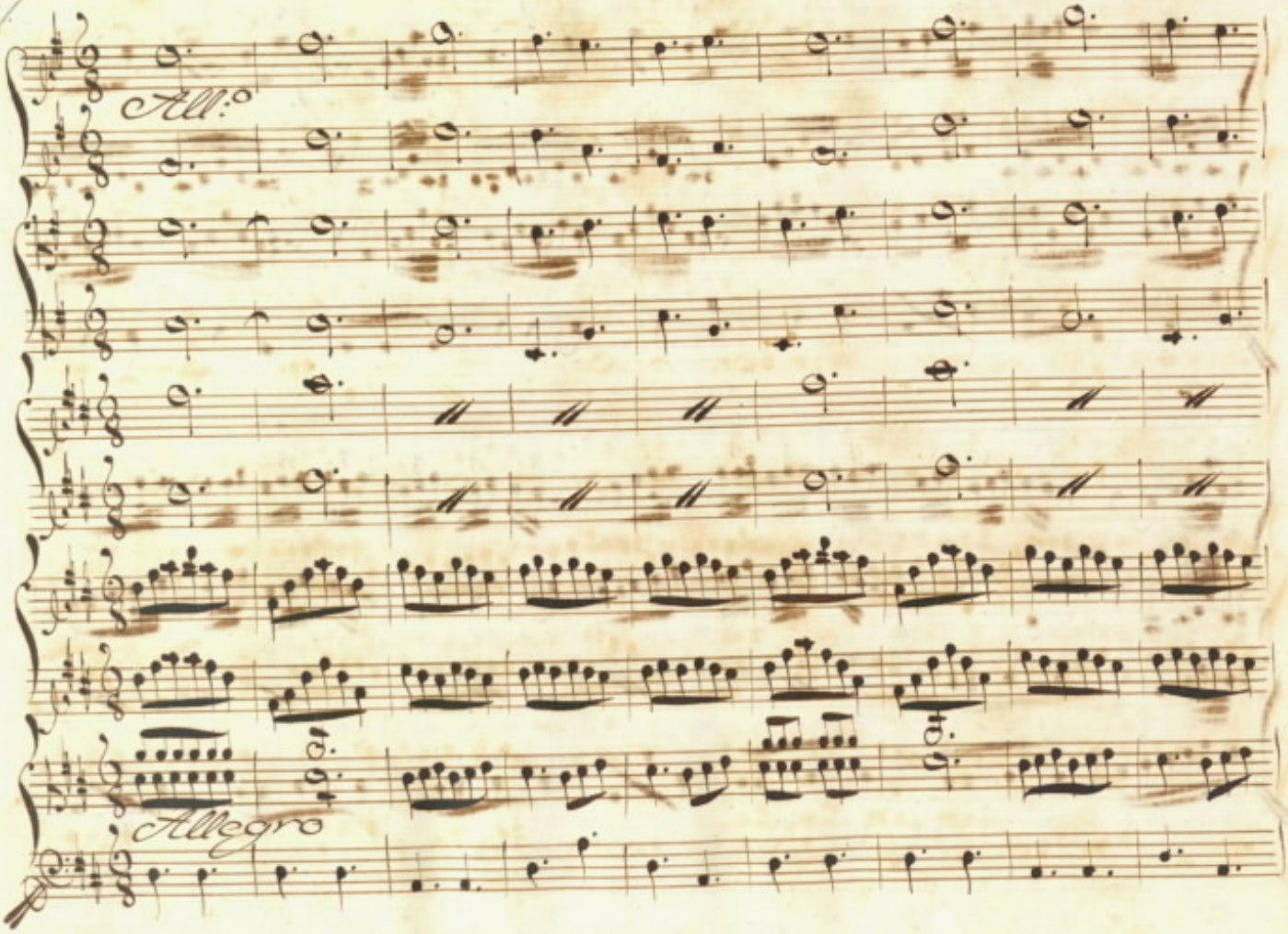
All.o
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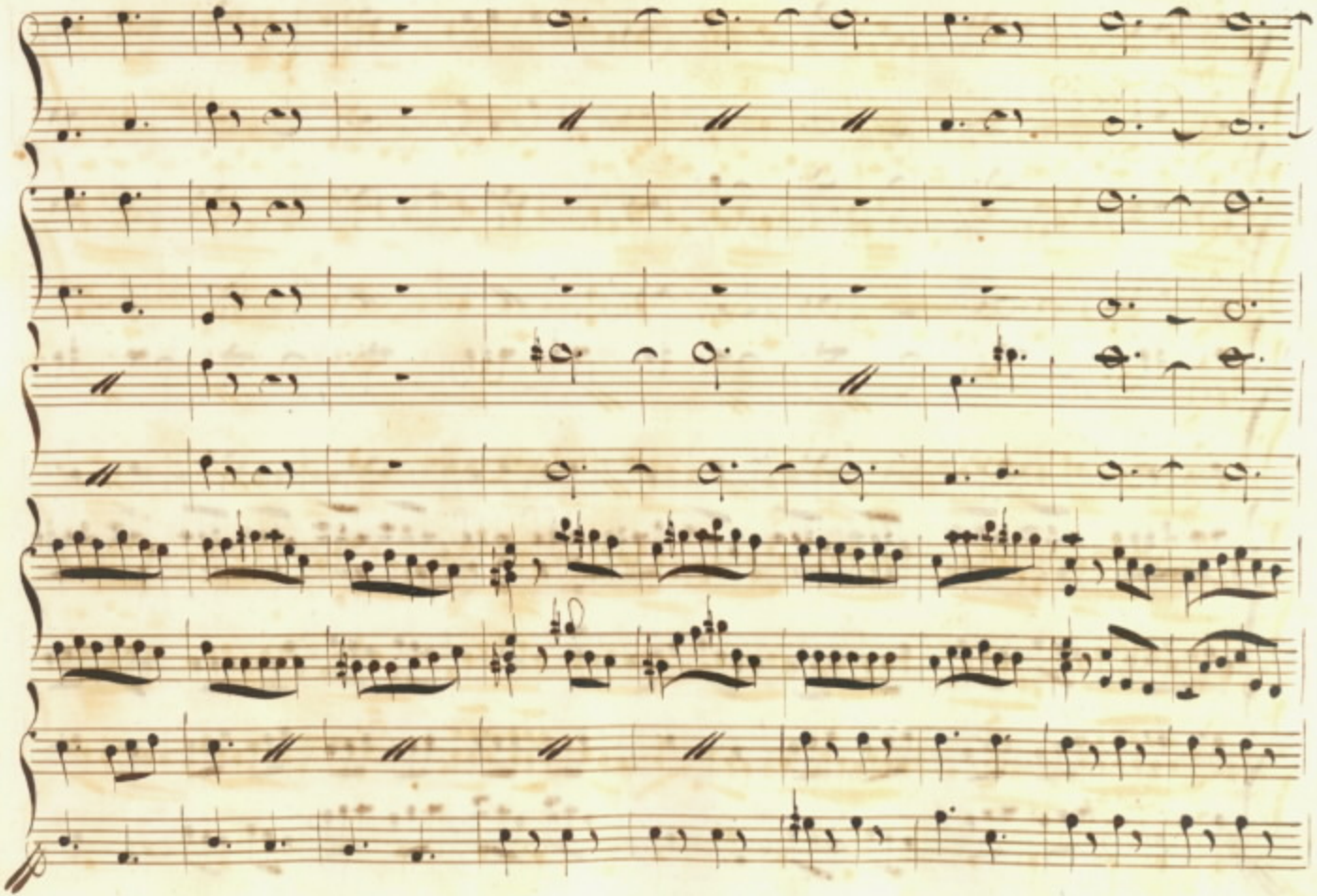
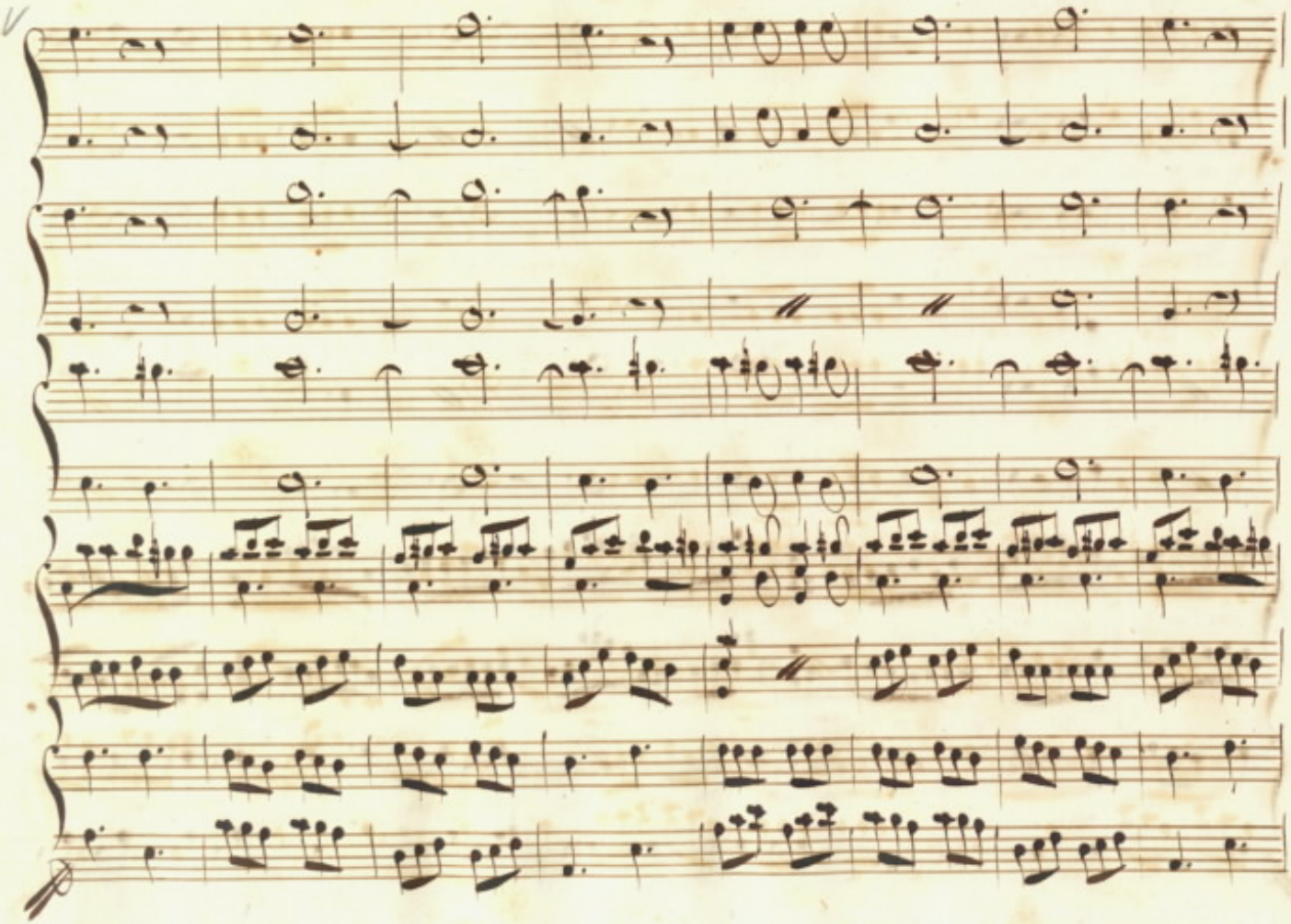
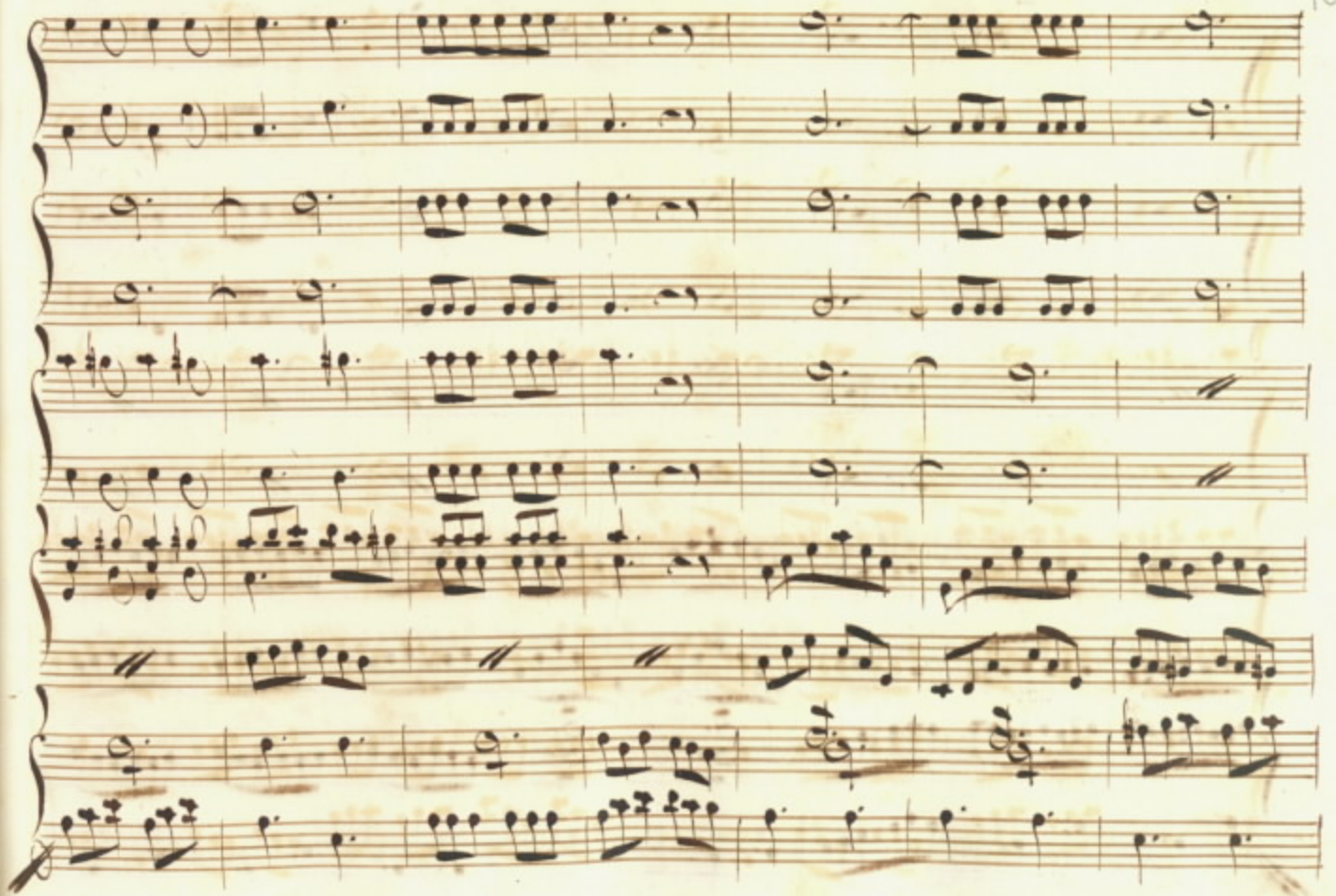
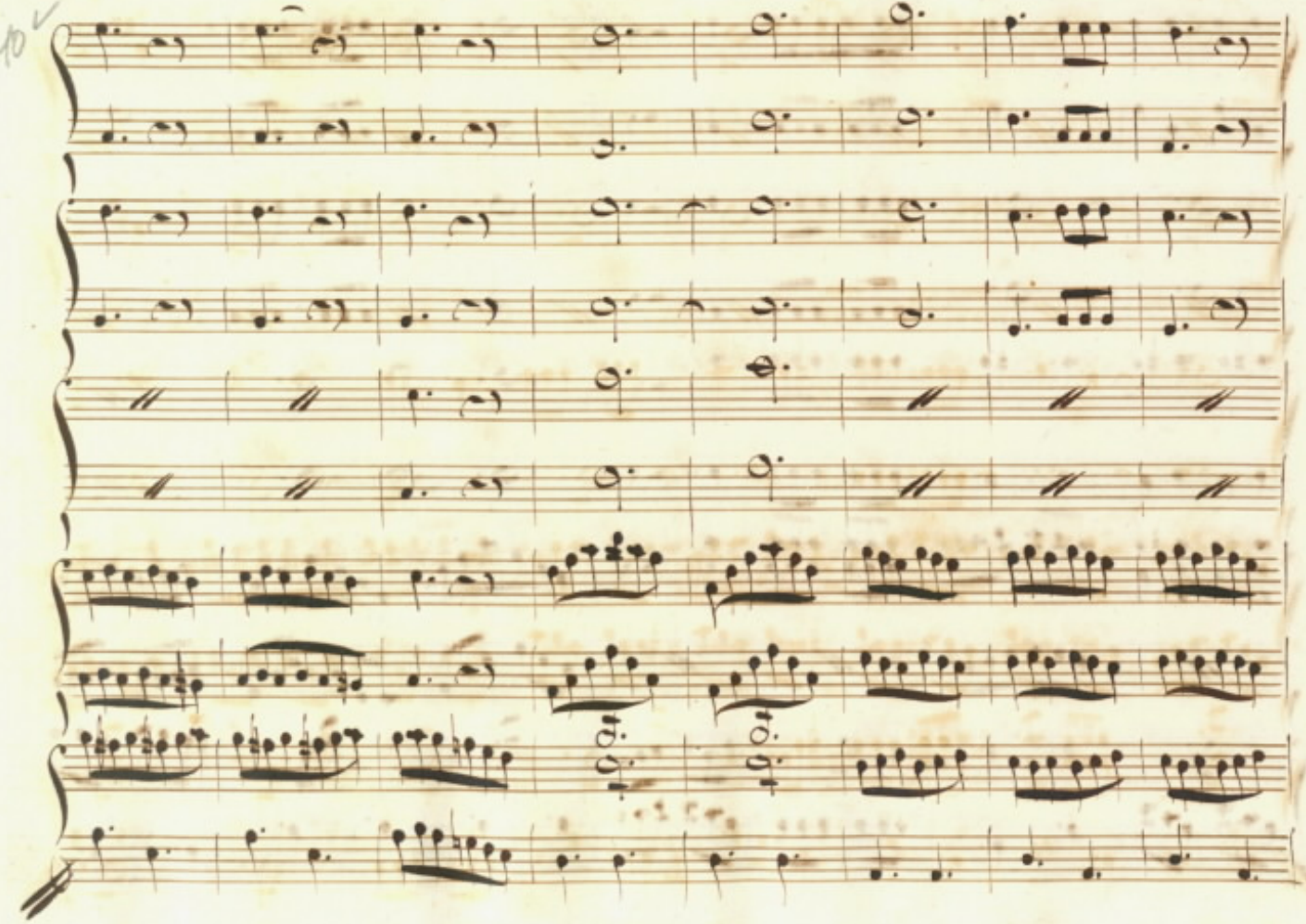
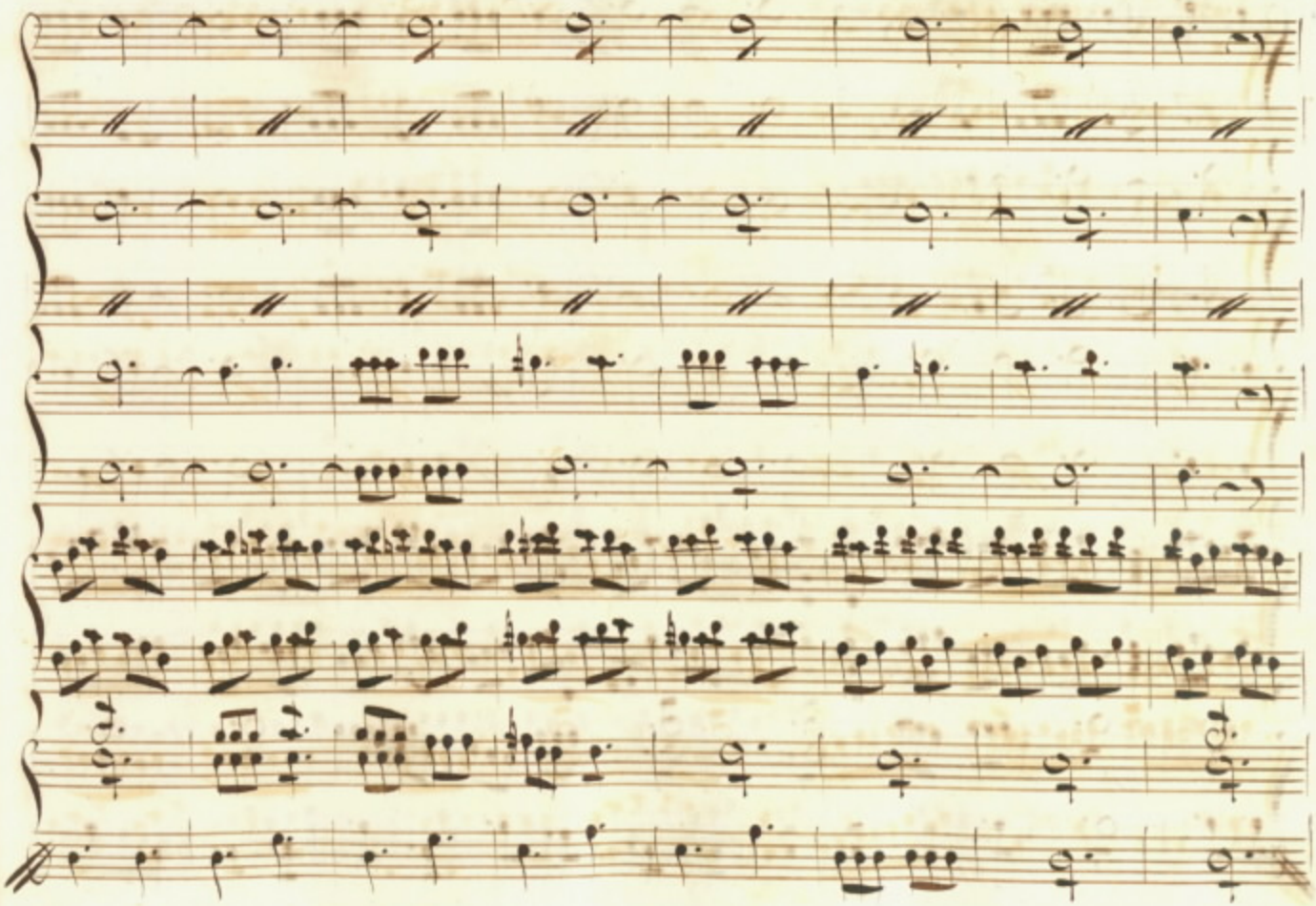
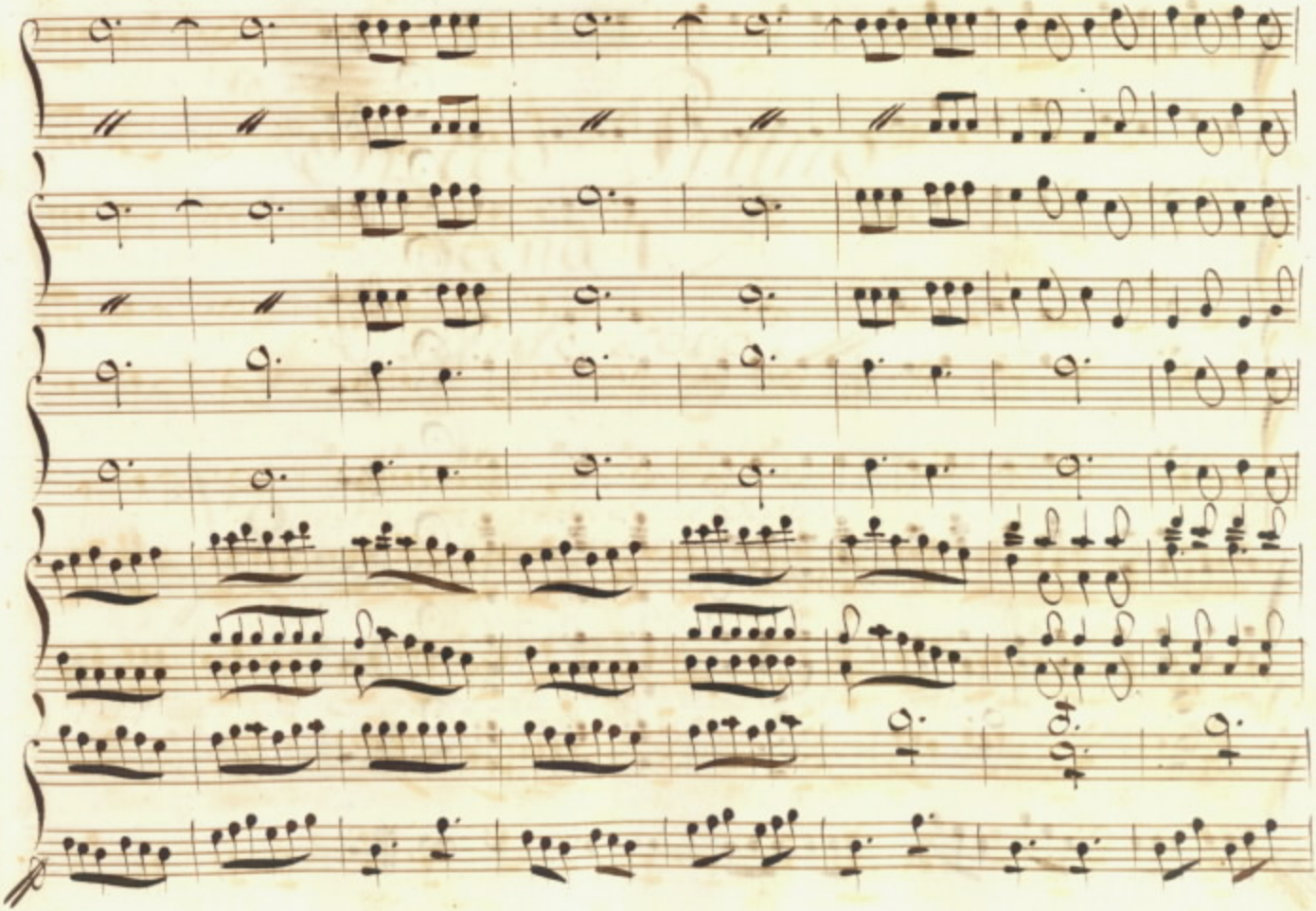


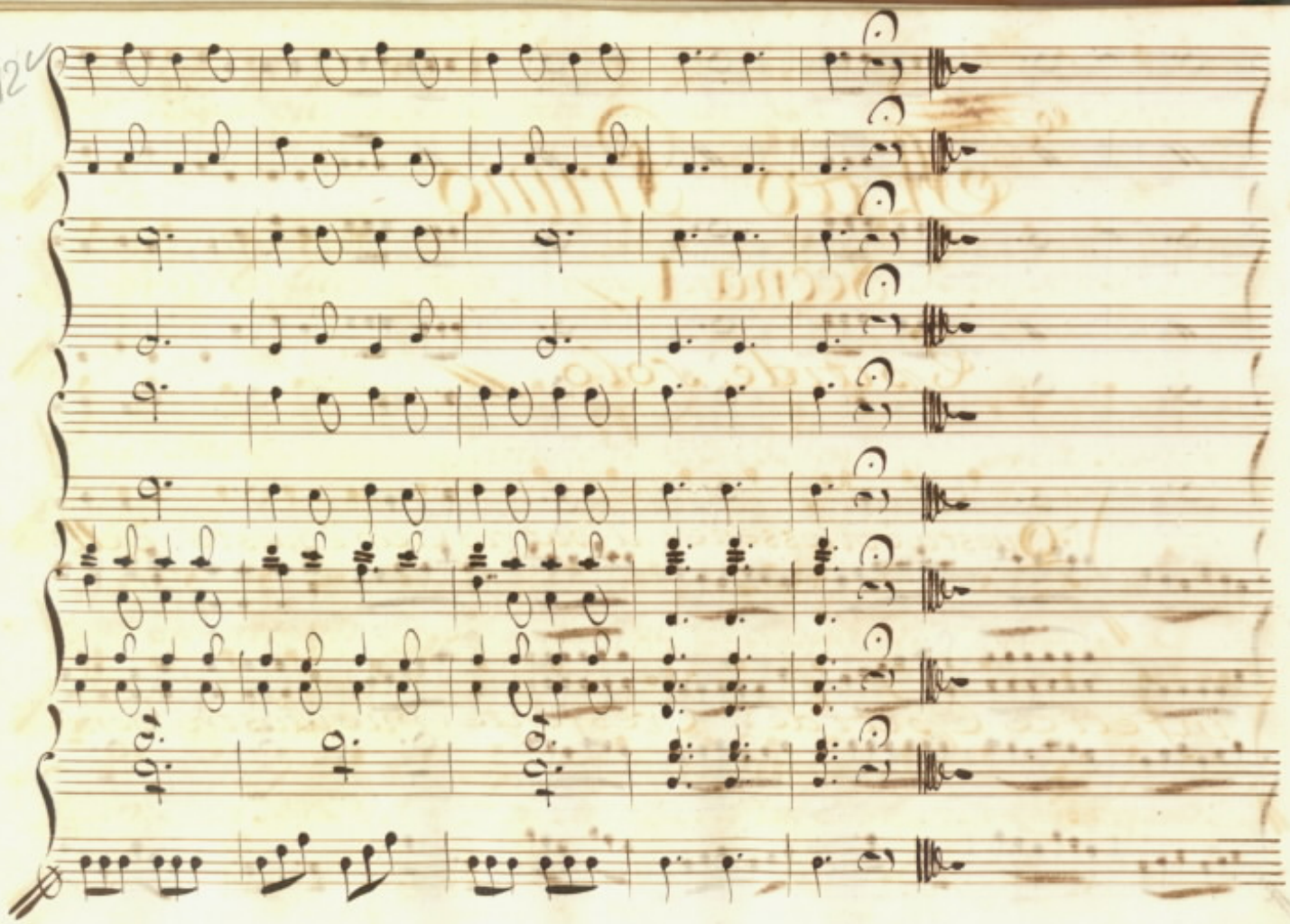








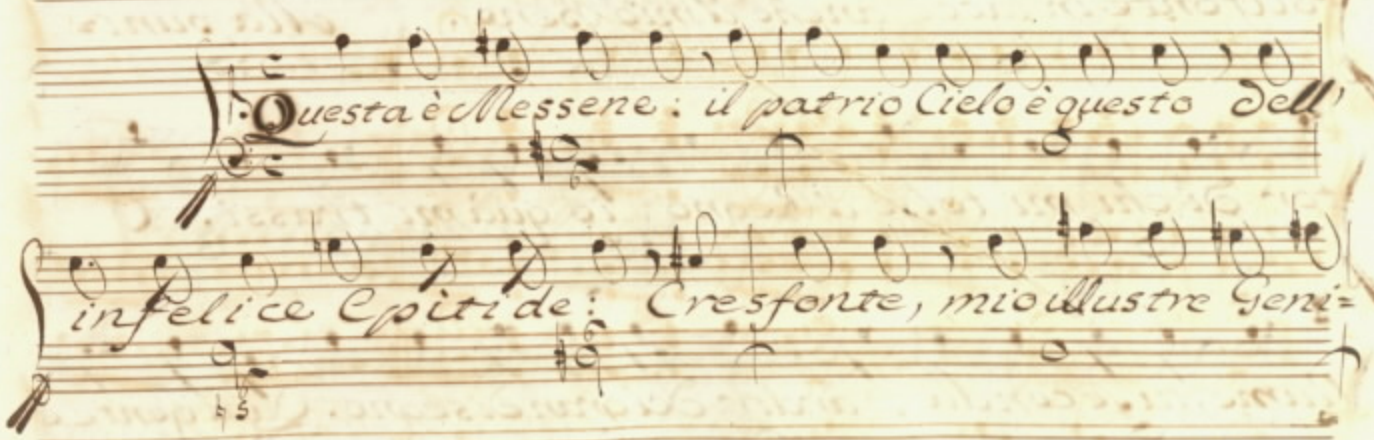




Atto Primo

Scena I.

Epitide solo.



tor, leggi qui diede: qui nacqui Re. Questa è mia

Reggia, e quivi Argia fremo in pensar, qui vive in pene di

Polifonte in lacci anche il mio Bene. Ma puni-

tor di chi mi tolse il Regno, io quà mi trassi. O

Nume, tu seconda l'ardir del gran disegno. Qual gente è

questa, e con qual rito io miro cingere il sacro al-

tare?

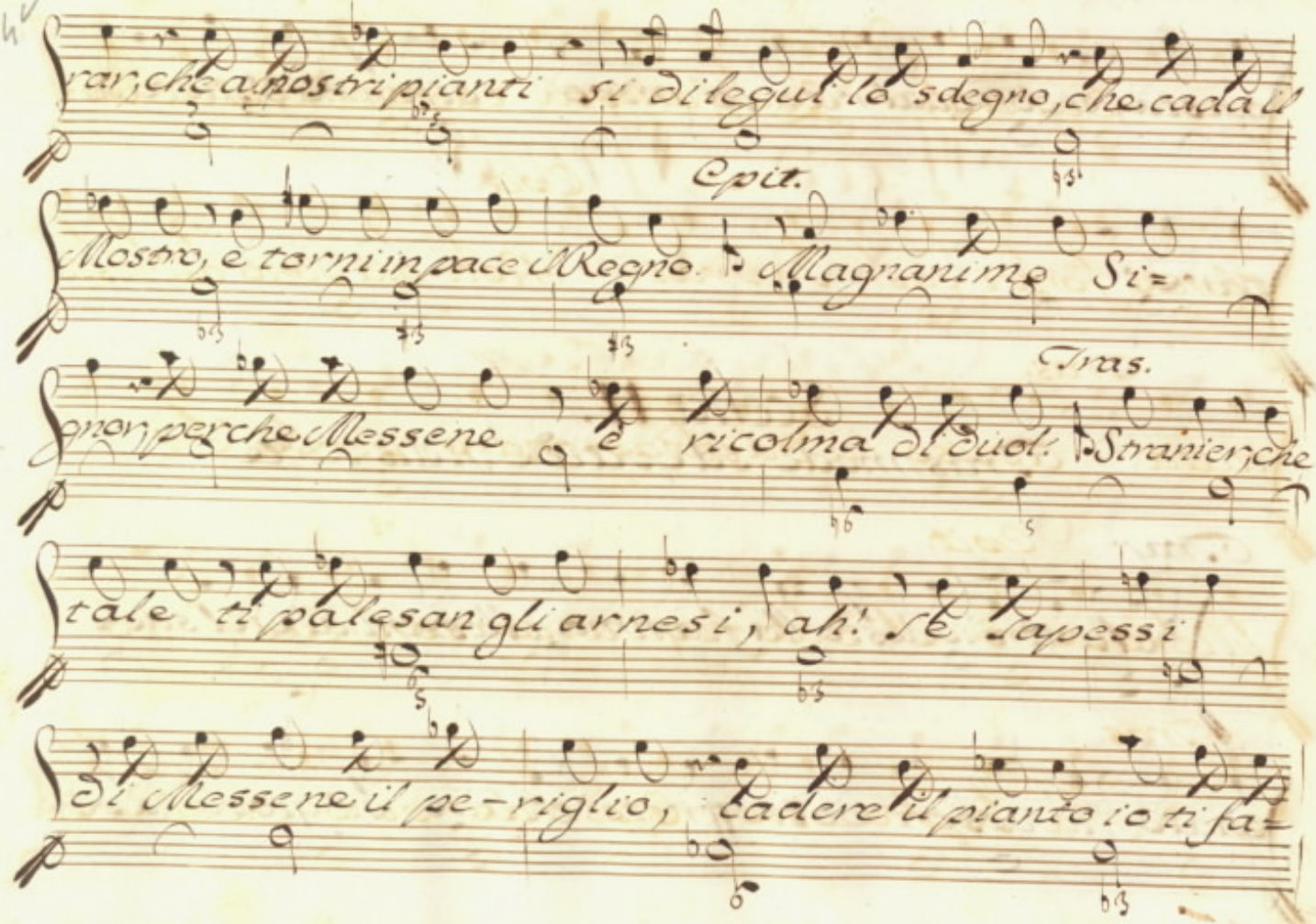
Scena II.

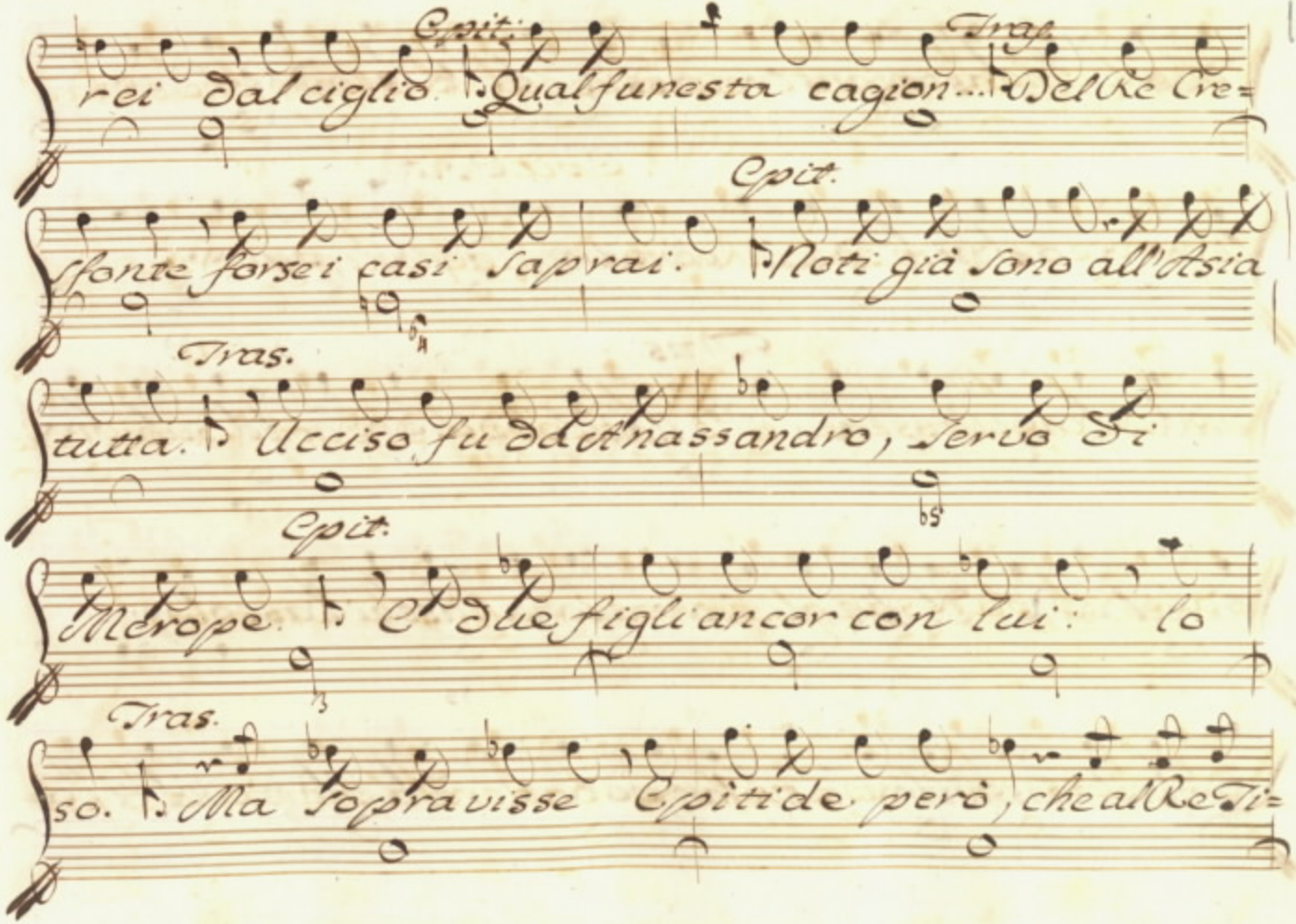
Trasimede, ed Ipitide in disparte

Tras:

Mentre io desto la fiamma, Messeni, al Ciel sde-

gnato i vostri voti offrite. Alfin ci giova spe-


rar, che a nostri pianti si dilegui lo sdegno, che cada il
Epit.
Mostro, e torni in pace il Regno. Magnanime Si=
Tras.
gnor, perche Messene è ricolma di duol: Straniere, che
tale ti palesan gli arnesi, ah! se sapessi
di Messene il pe-riglio, cadere il pianto io ti fa=


Epit.
rei dal ciglio. Qual funesta cagion... Del Re Cre=
Tras.
Epit.
sfonte forse i casi saprai. Noti già sono all'Asia
Tras.
tutta. Ucciso fu da Alessandro, servo di
Epit.
Merope. E due figli ancor con lui: lo
Tras.
so. Ma sopravisse Epitide, però, che al Re Ti=

deo in ostaggio trovossi; e custodito co=

Cpia.

là per opera della Madre. E pure

Tras:

ella è creduta rea. Mail suo dolore, la sua vir=

tù nel core, di chi meglio ragiona, assai l'assolve.

L'empio Anassandro che svelar volea, da chi n'ebbe il co=

mando, a noi si tolse per timor della pena. Poli=

fonte ora siede sul soglio, e al vero Crede lo

Cpit. Tras.

verba. /Anzi l'usurpa./ A questi antichi nuovo af=

fanno s'aggiunge: I nostri campi son da una belva or=

Cpit.

ribil le distrutti, e riparo non v'è. Contro ũ sol

Ires.
Mostro. Che può mai contro i Numi il poter nostro!

Ma già s'apre il gran Tempio. Messeni, il Re s'ap=

Epit.
pressa. Fra la turba m'ascondo. Un grand'ardire

la mia memoria onori. Epit. Ide, coraggio: o

regna, o mori.

Scena III.

Polifonte, Trasimede, ed Epitide

Pol.

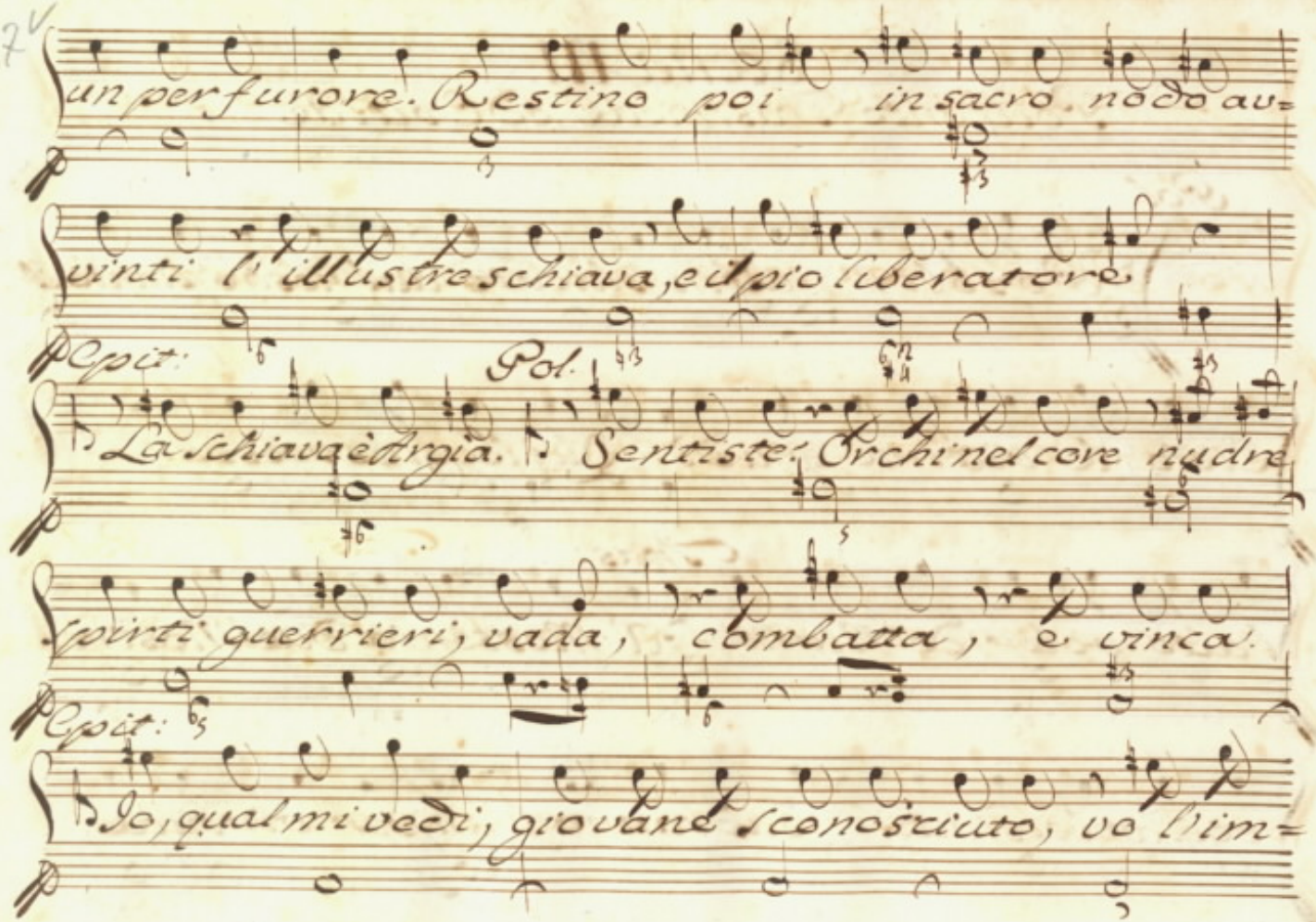
Popoli, alfin placato dal nostro pianto il

Cielo, le vittime gradì. Qui leggi espresso

Tras:

l'alto voler de' Numi. A Messènia due Mostri

oggi amboestinti cadranno, un per virtude,


un perfurore. Restino poi in sacro nodo au=
vinti l'illustre schiava, e il pio liberatore
Cpit. Pol.
La schiava è d'Argia. Sentiste? Orchi nel core nudre
spirti guerrieri; vada, combatta, e vinca.
Cpit:
Io, qual mi vedi, giovane sconosciuto, vo l'im=

Pol. Epi:

presa tentare. E tu chi sei? Greco son

io. Più dir non posso. Basta, se a quell'ardir, che ò in

seno, l'evento corrisponde, saprai, chi

Tras: Pol.

sia, perche ne venni, e donde. Che bell'ardir! Cu=

stodi, olà: si guidi questo prode alla

Reggia. Che se al vanto corrisponde il coraggio, oltre d'ha=

gia, che fia tua Sposa; attendi altri premi da

Spir.

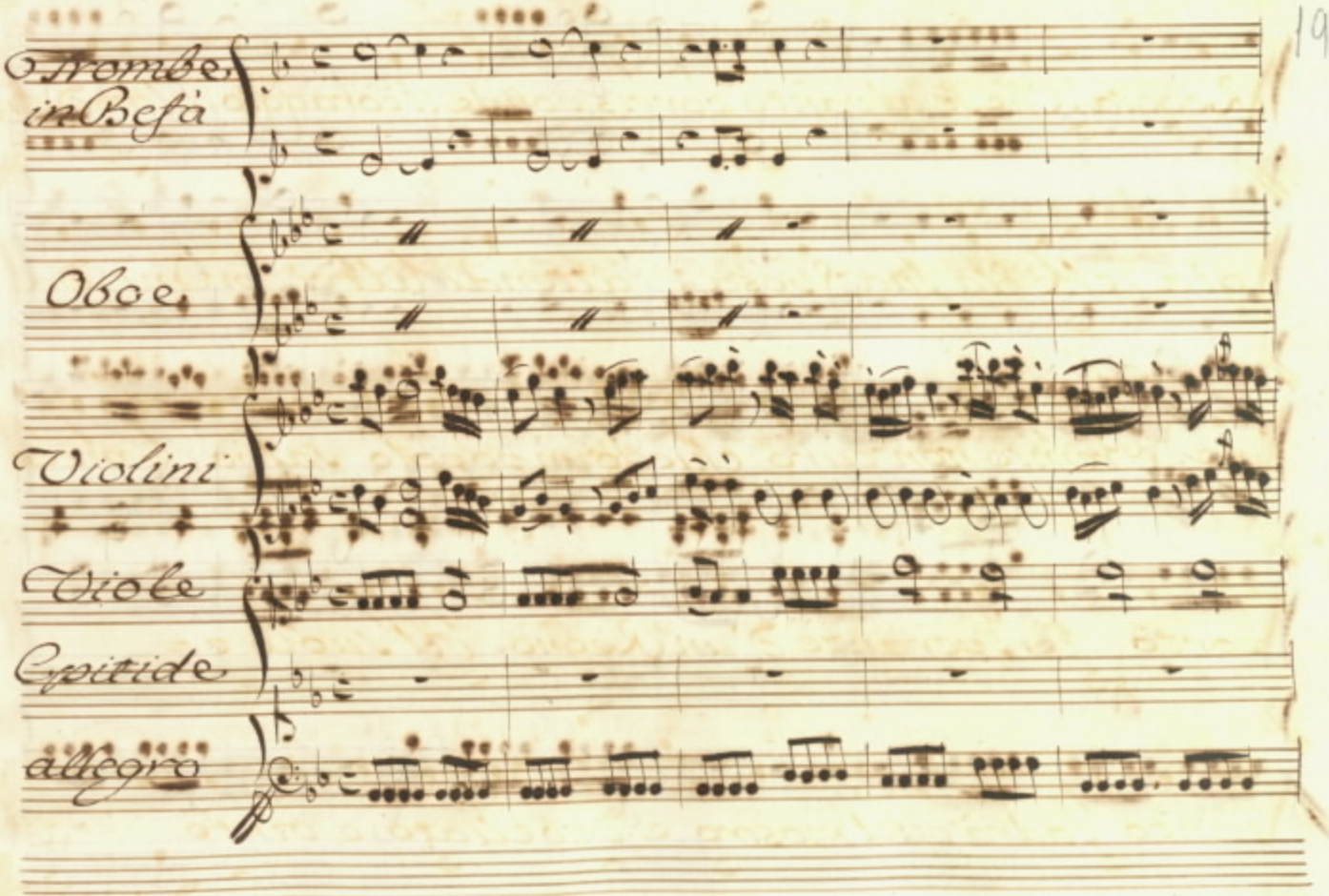
me. Premio non curo: chiedo un popolo salvo, e meco

porto le speranze d'un Regno. Al suolo e=

stinto cadrà quel mostro e debellato, e vinto

segue

aria di Spirito


Trombe
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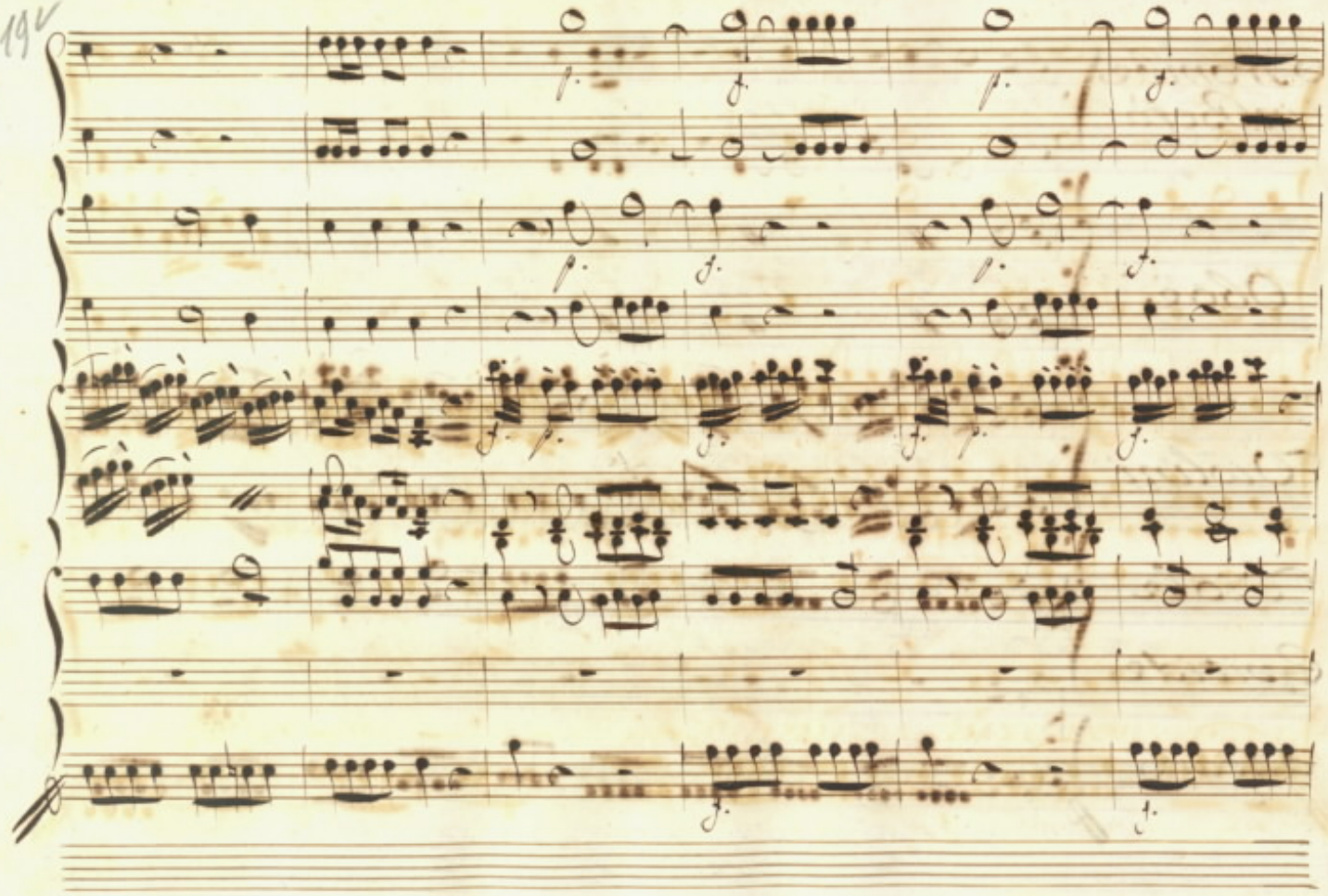
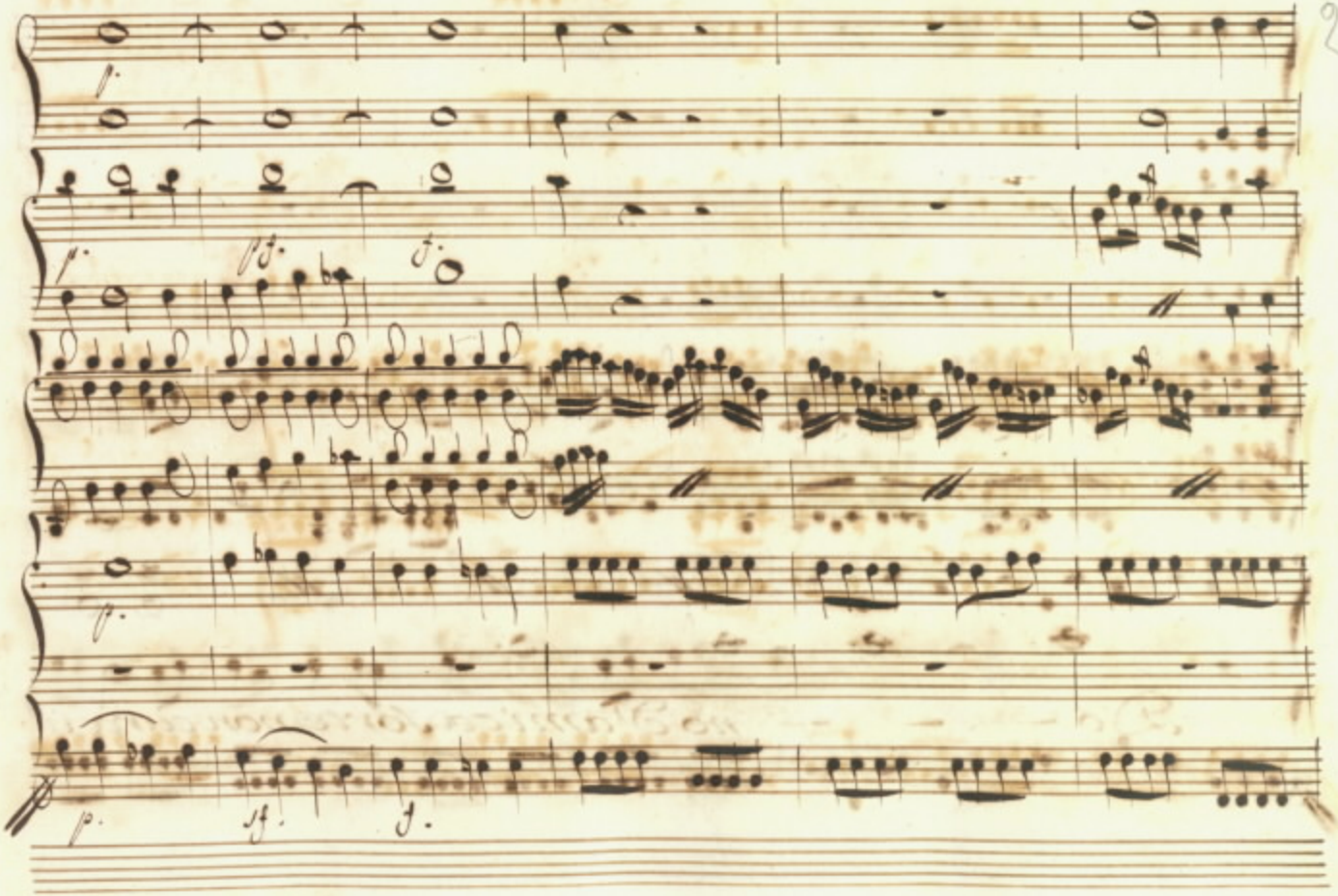
allegro

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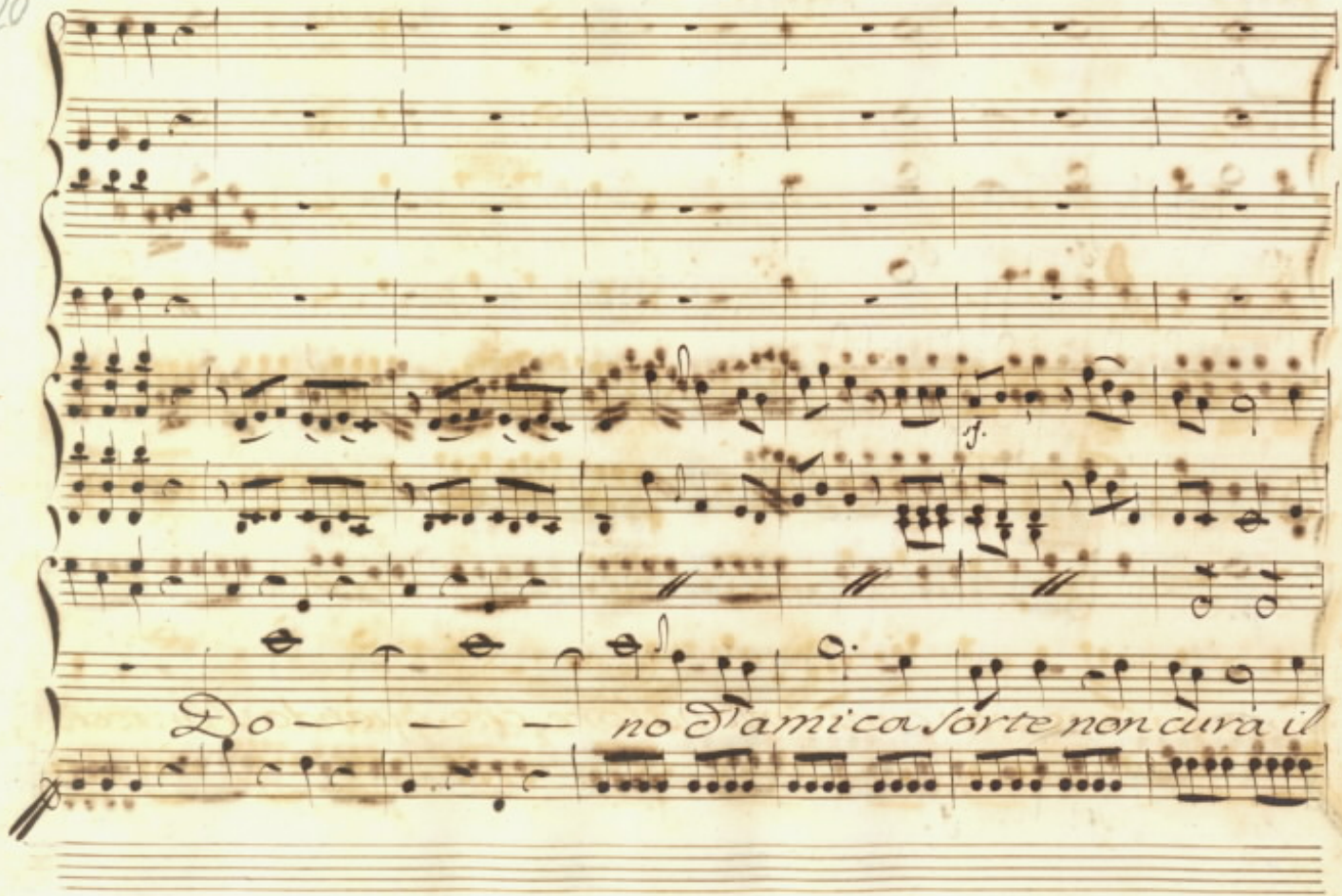
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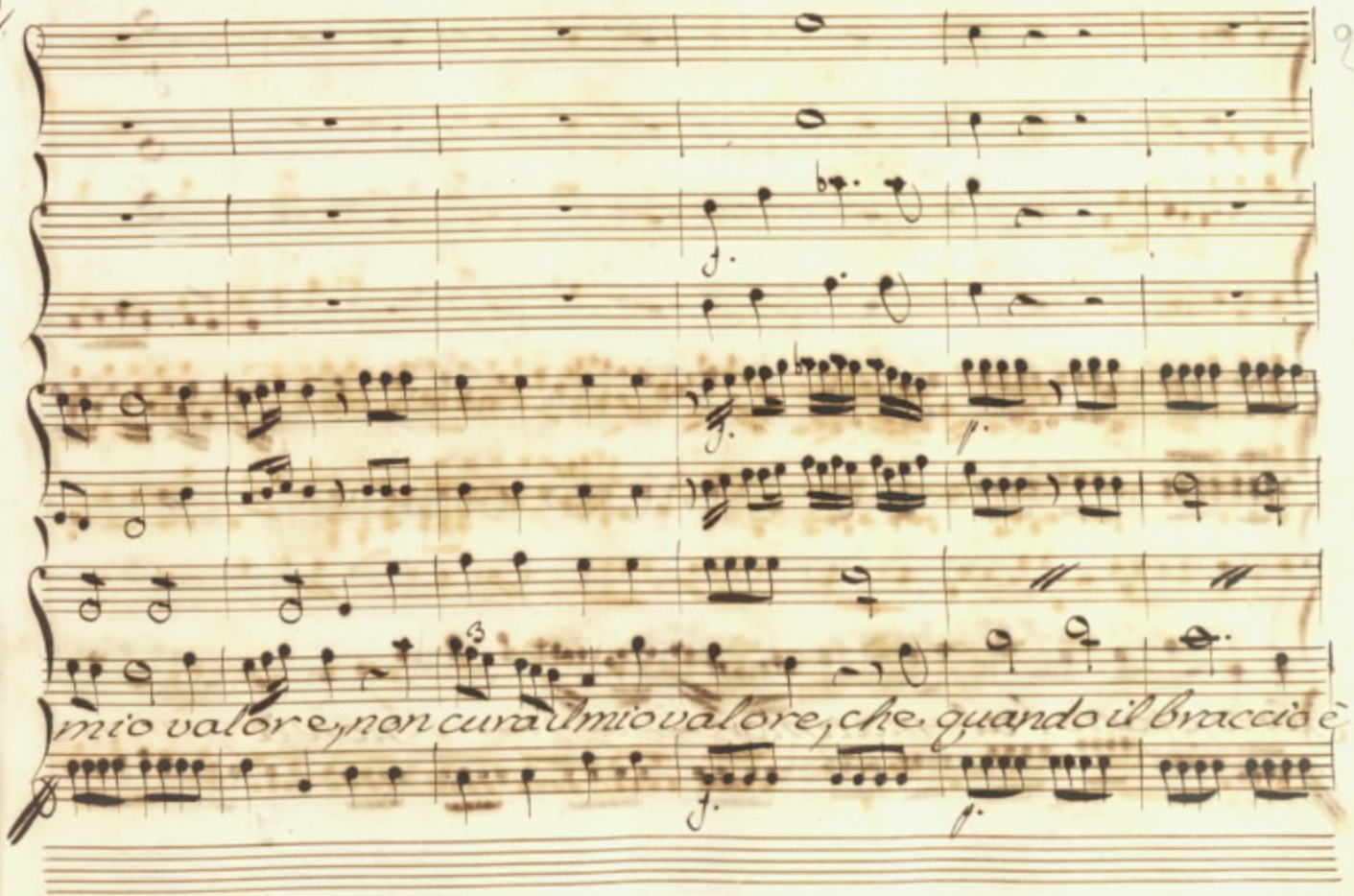
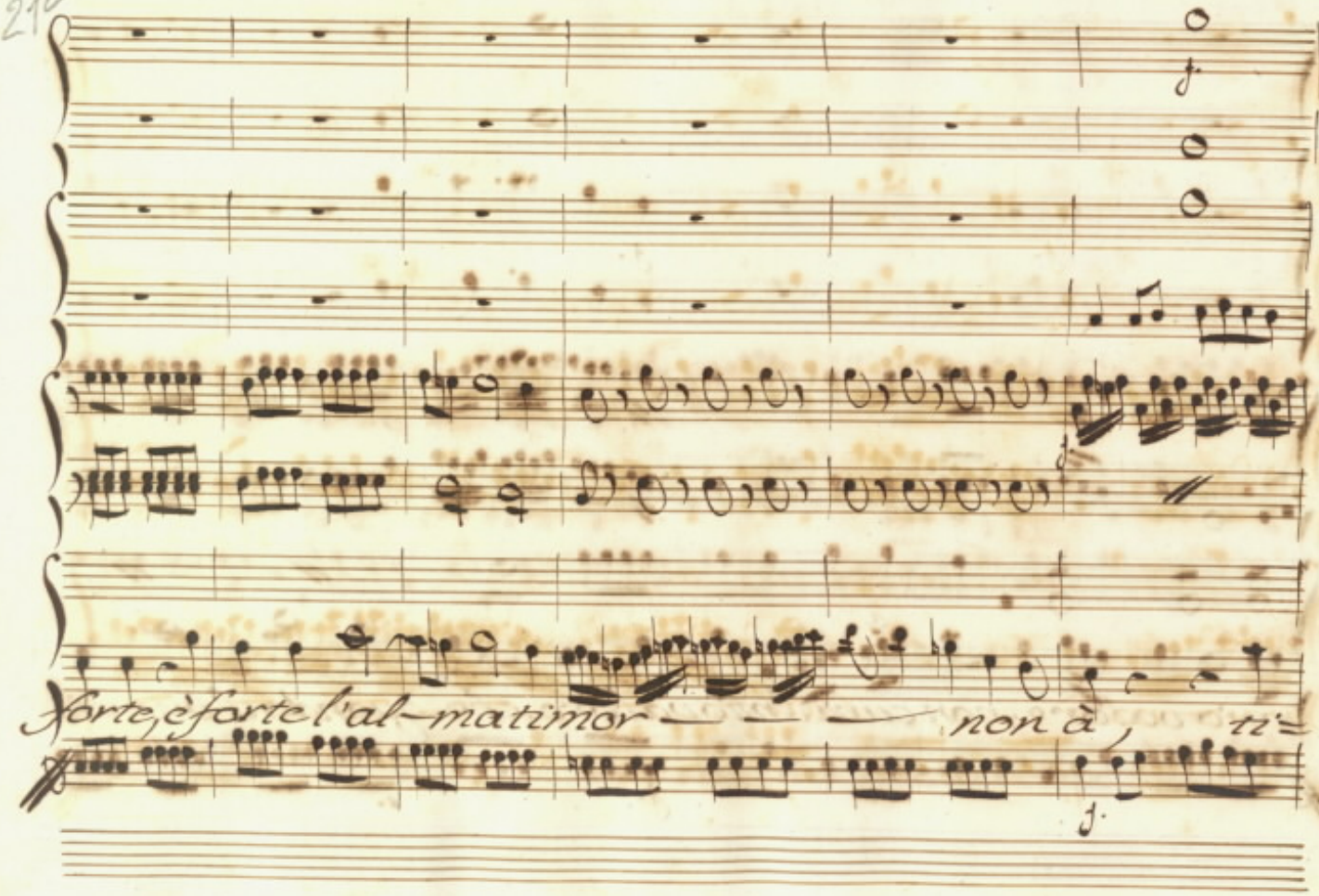
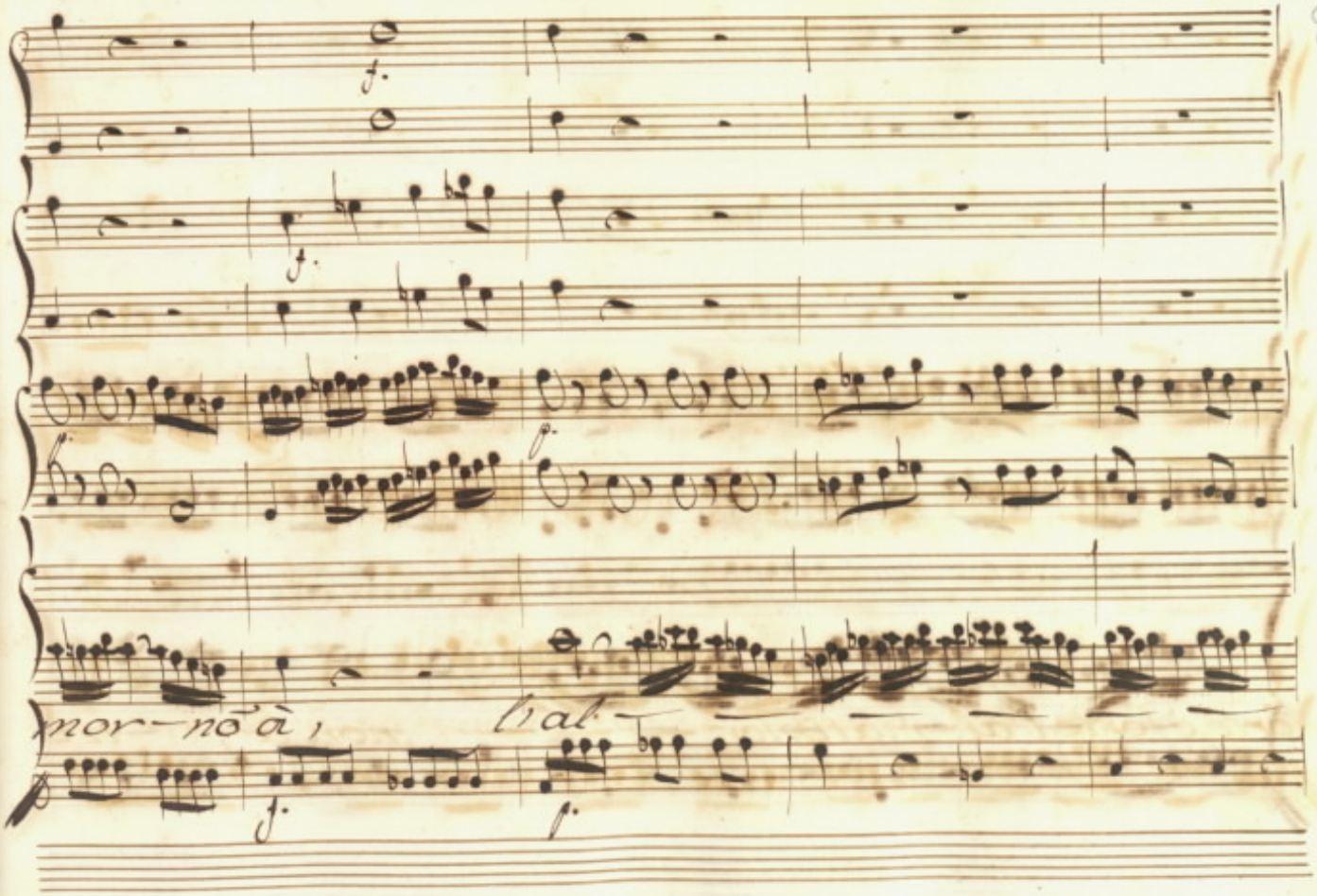
Do — — — no D'amica sorte non cura il


mio valore, non cura il mio valore, che quando il braccio è

forte, è forte l'al-ma timor — — — non à, ti=

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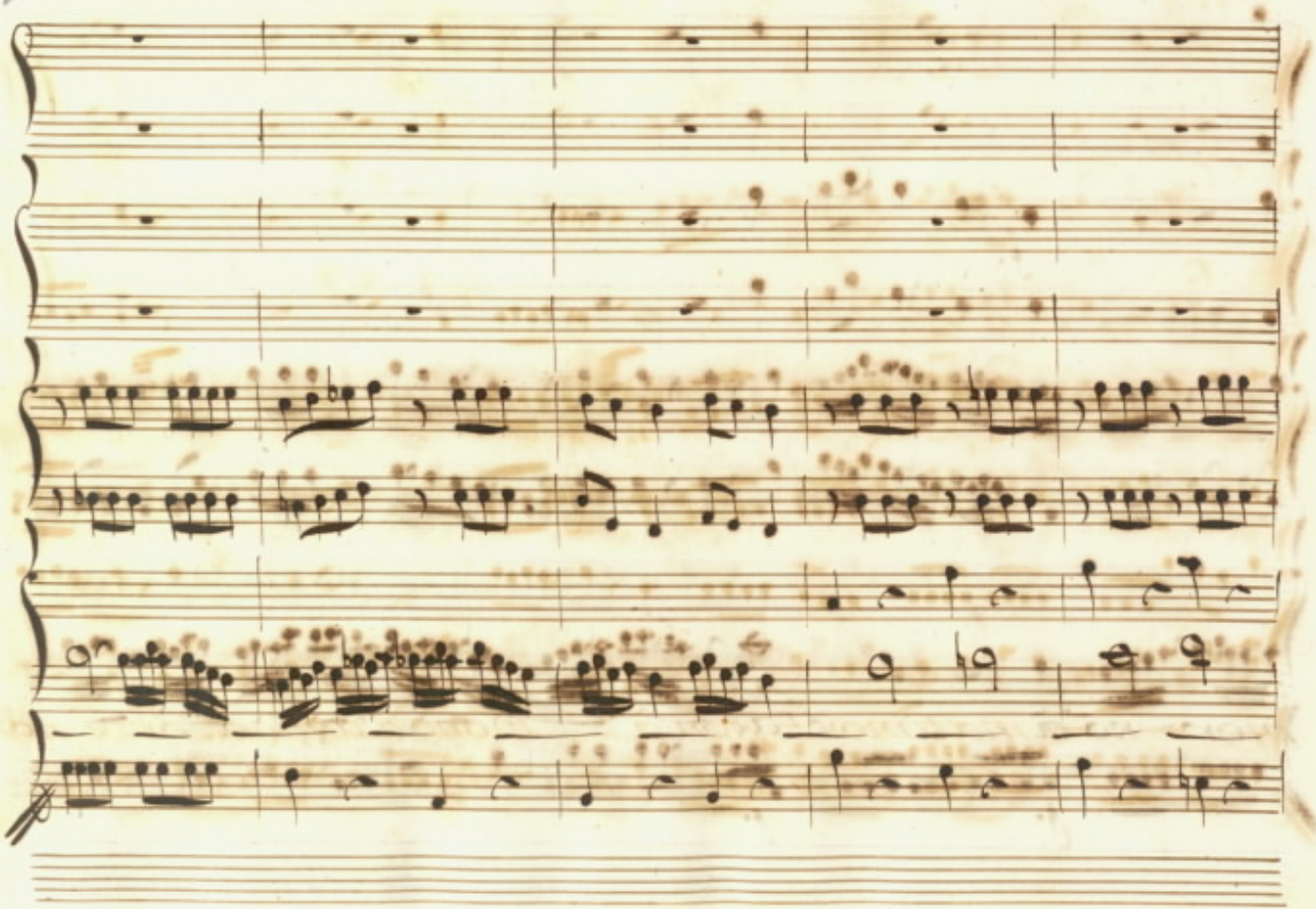
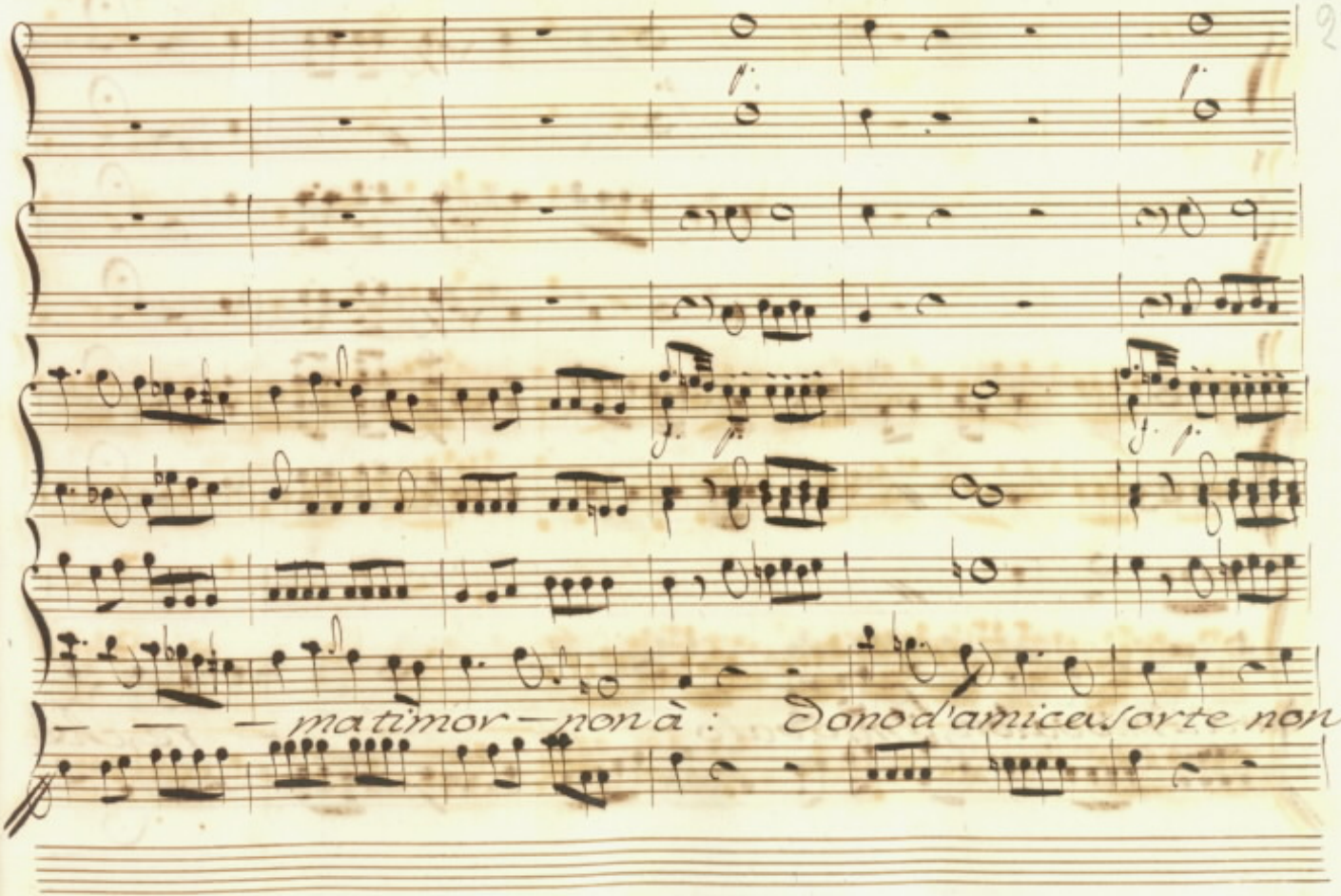
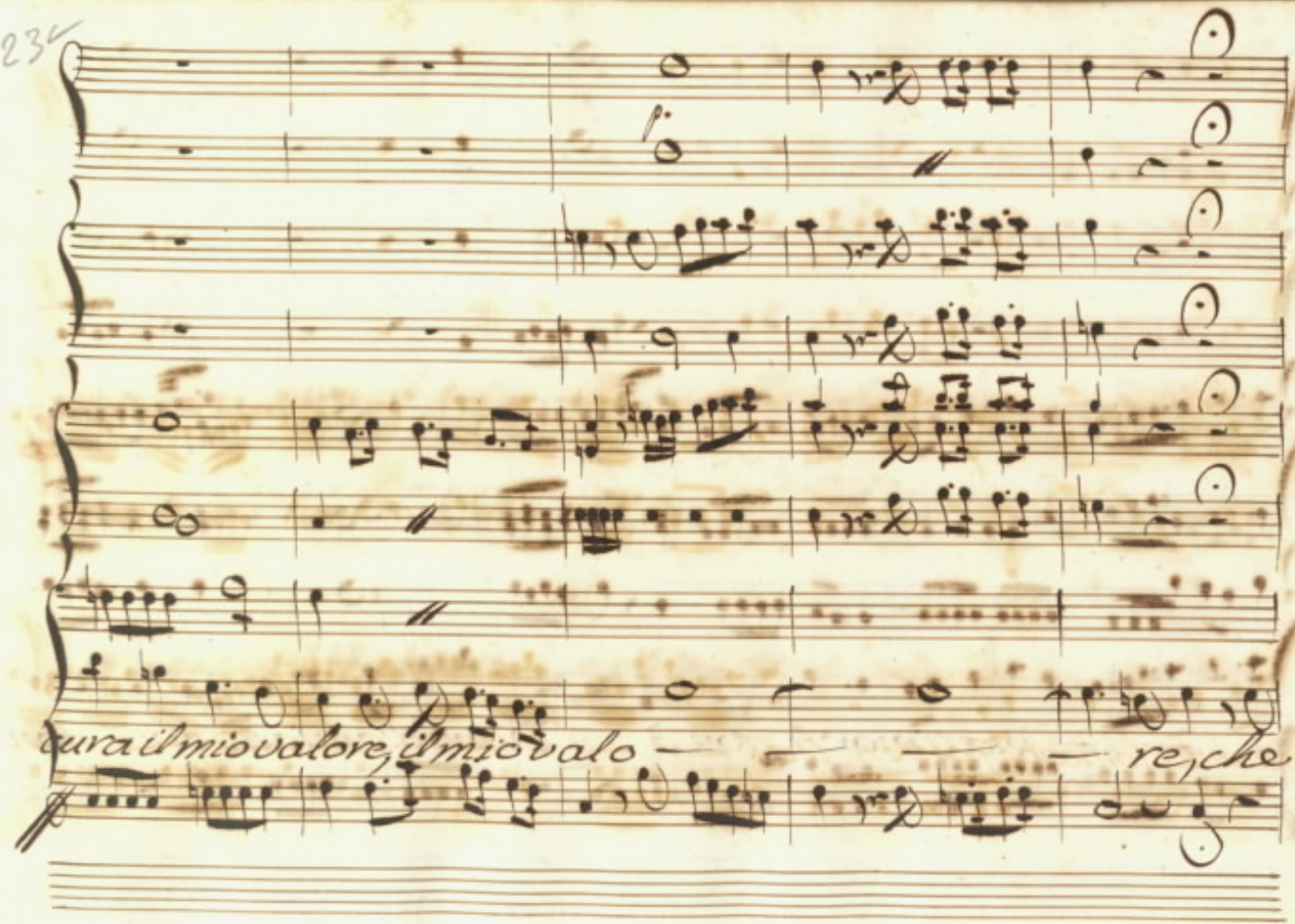
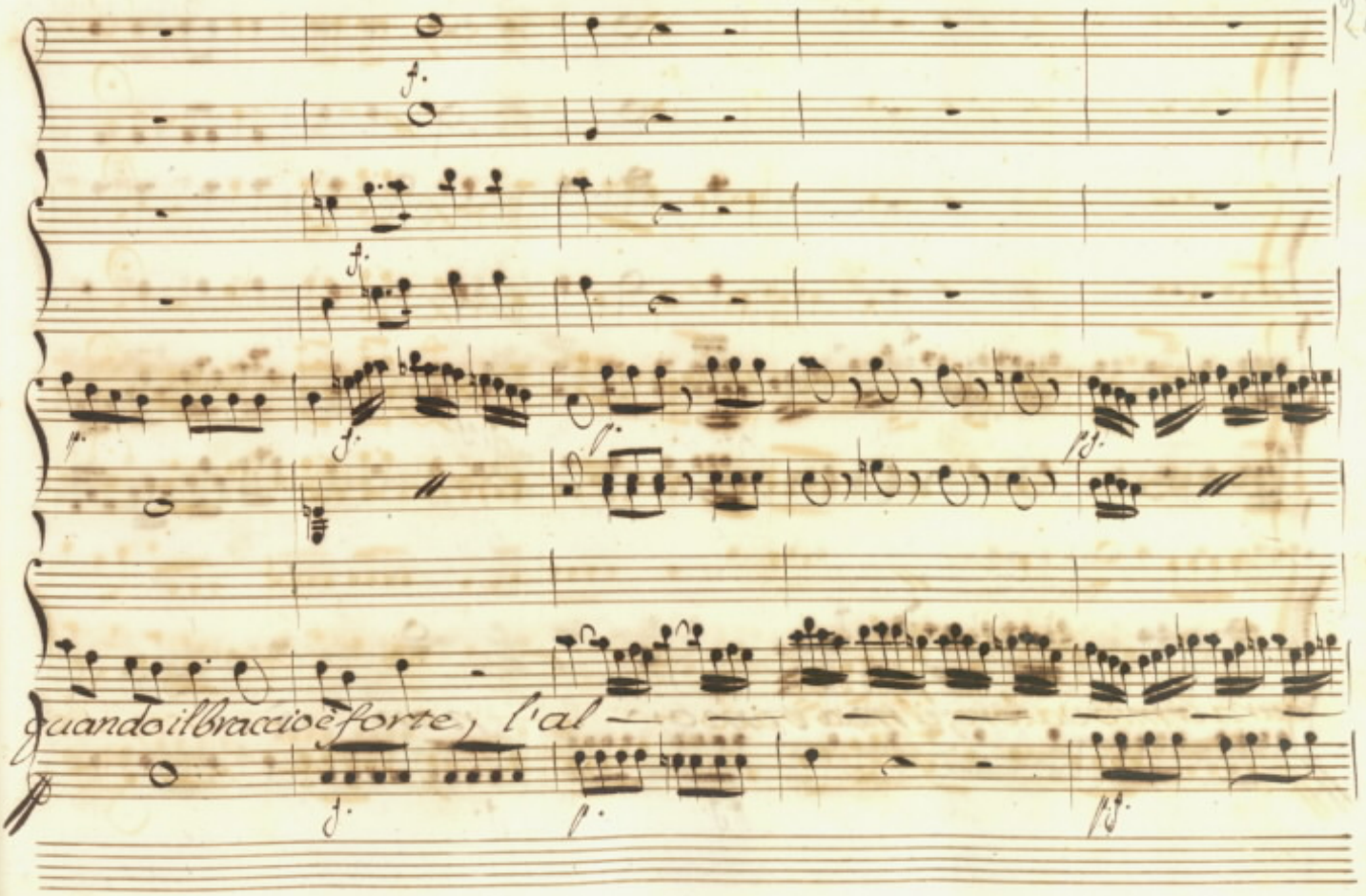



— — — ma timor — non à : Dono d'amica sorte non


qura il mio valore, il mio valo — re, che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quando il braccio è forte, l'al —
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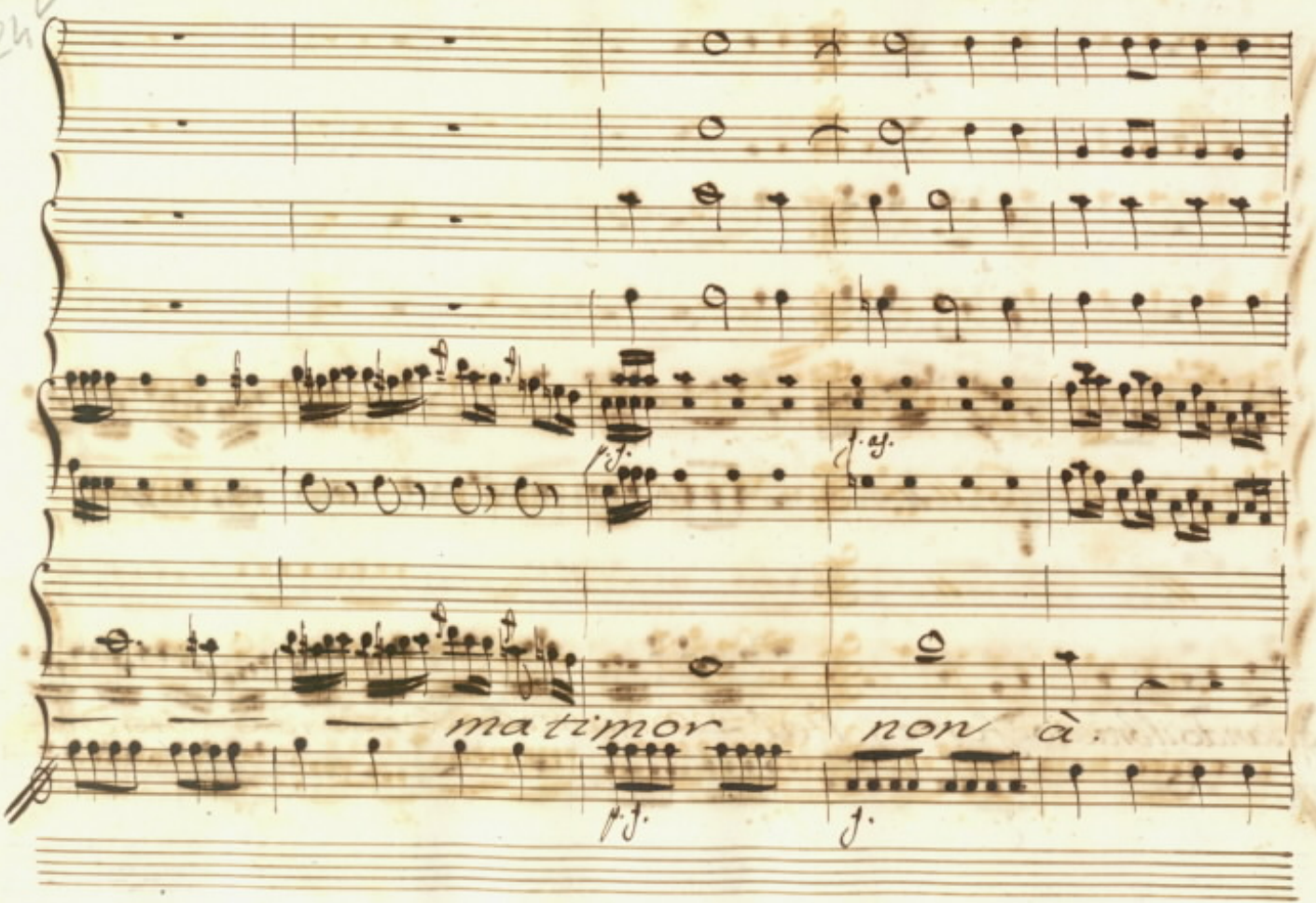
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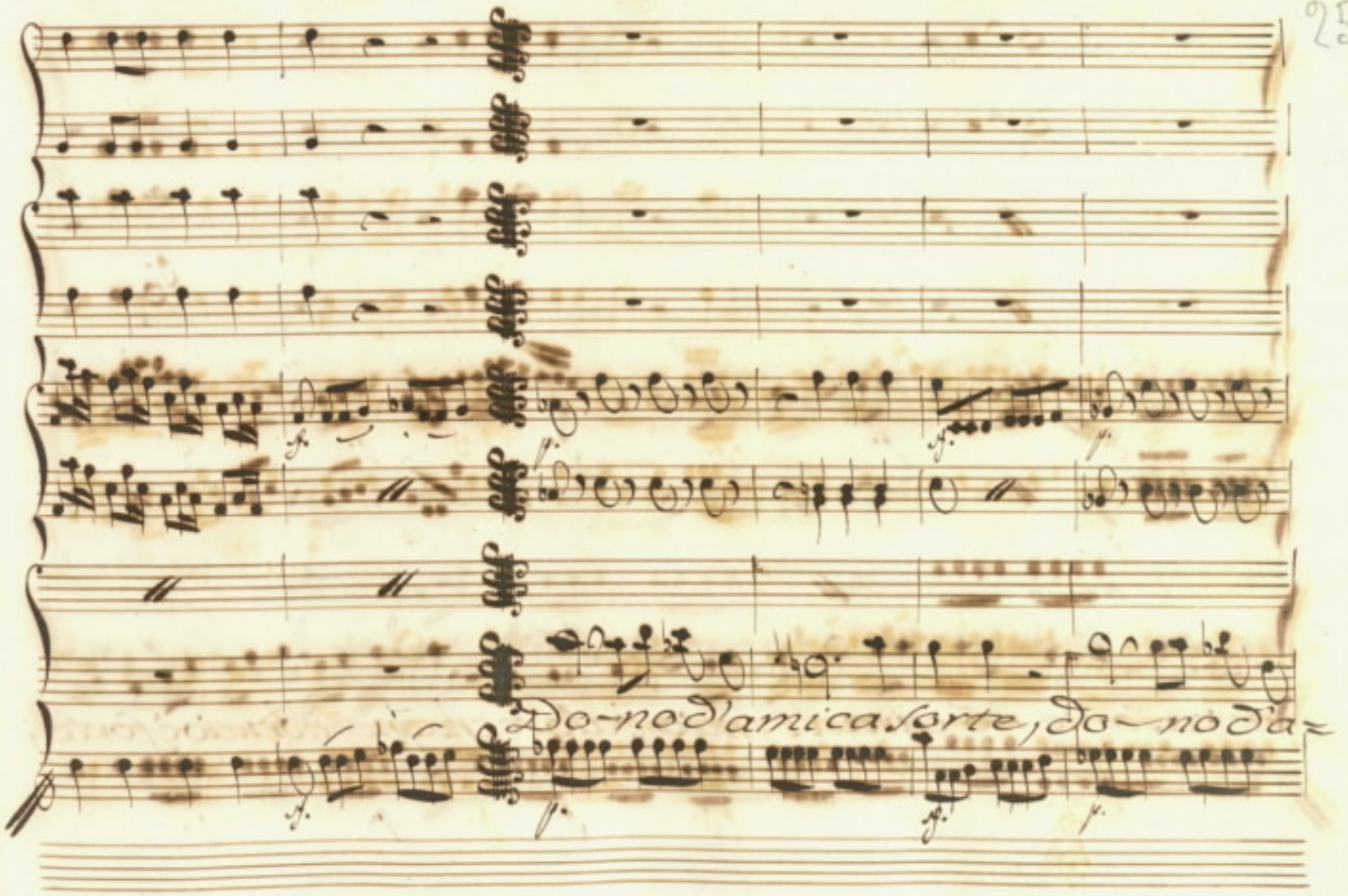
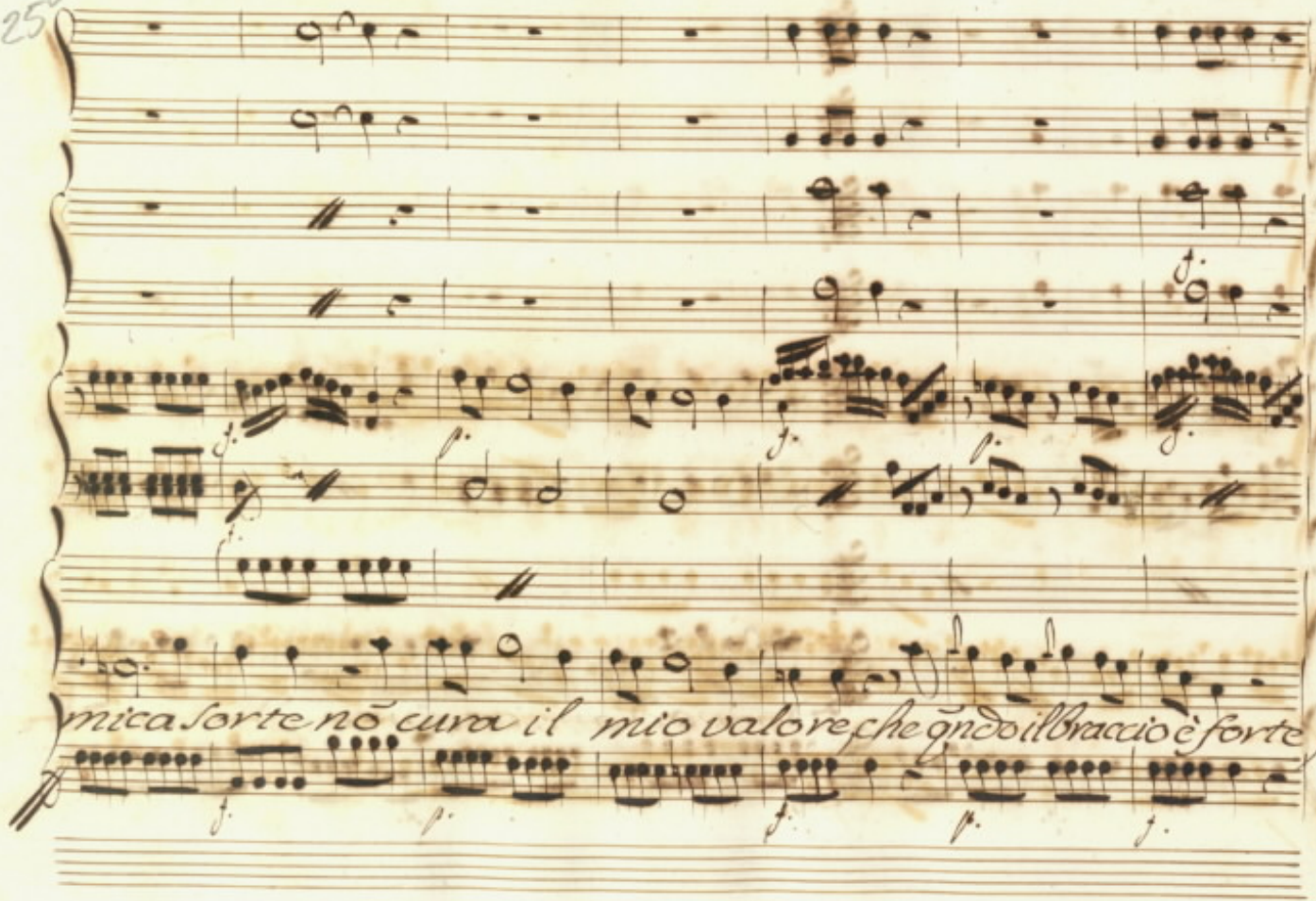
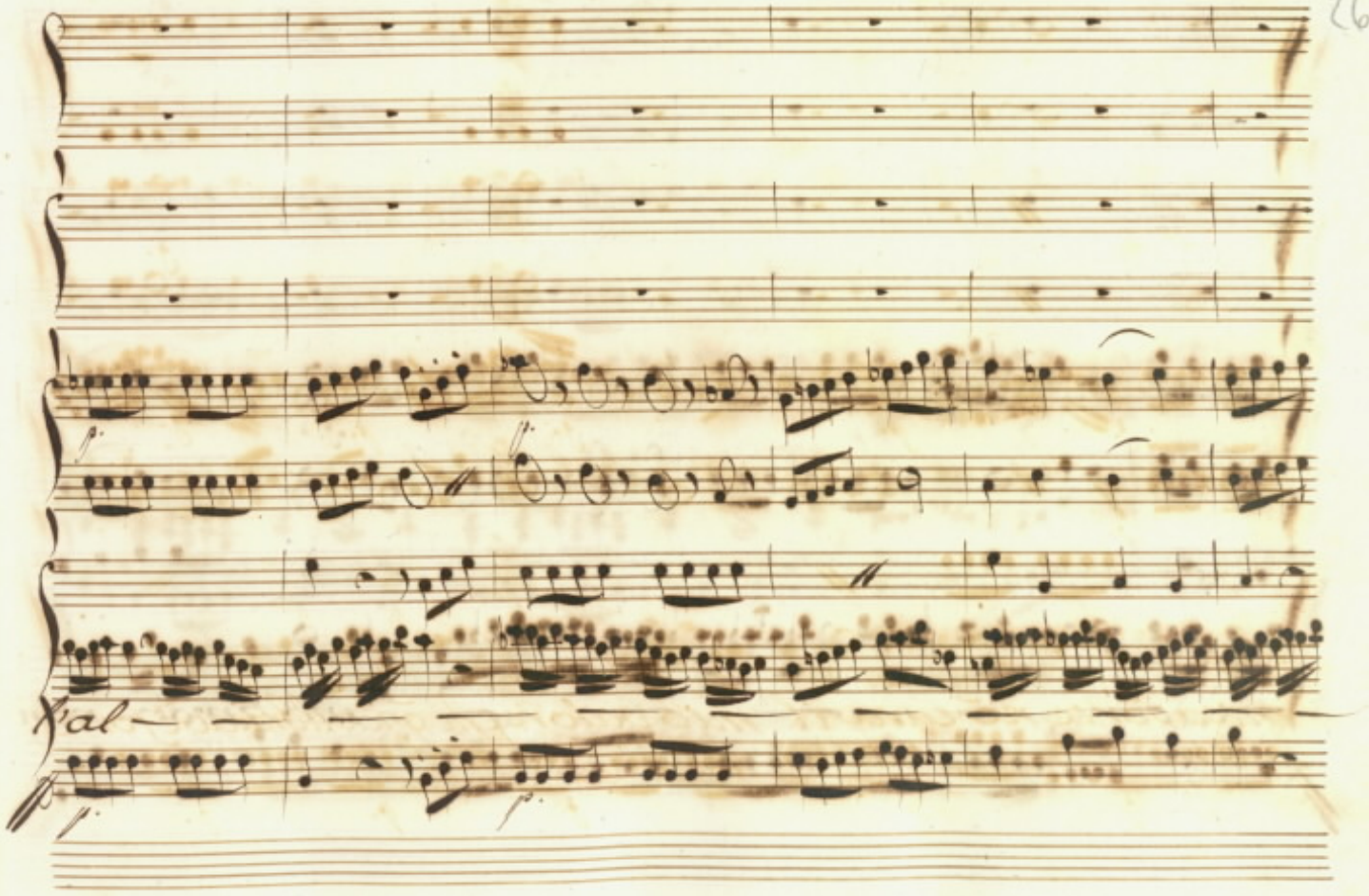

Do-no d'amica sorte, do-no d'a=


mica sorte nõ cura il mio valore che ḡndo il Braccio è forte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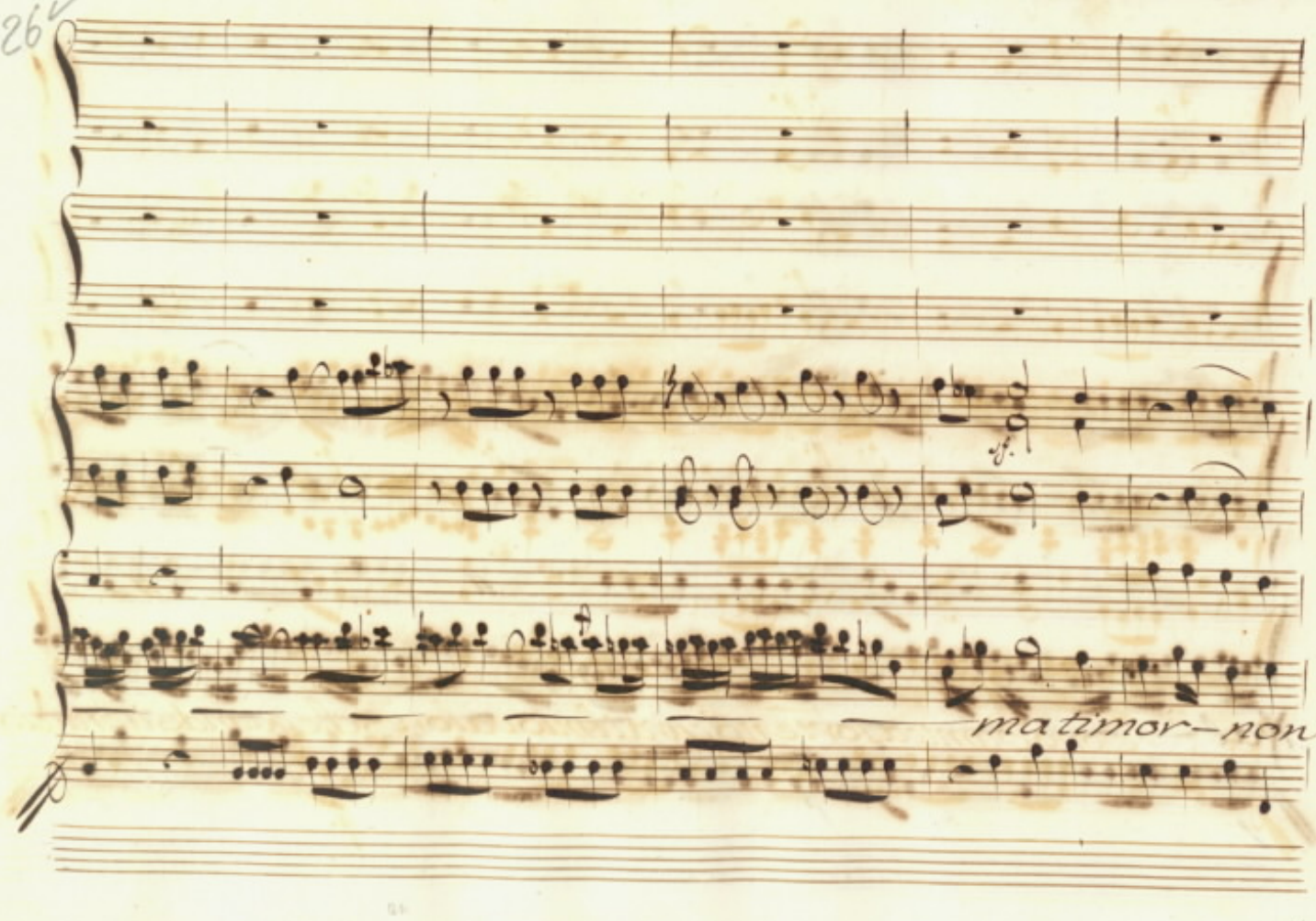
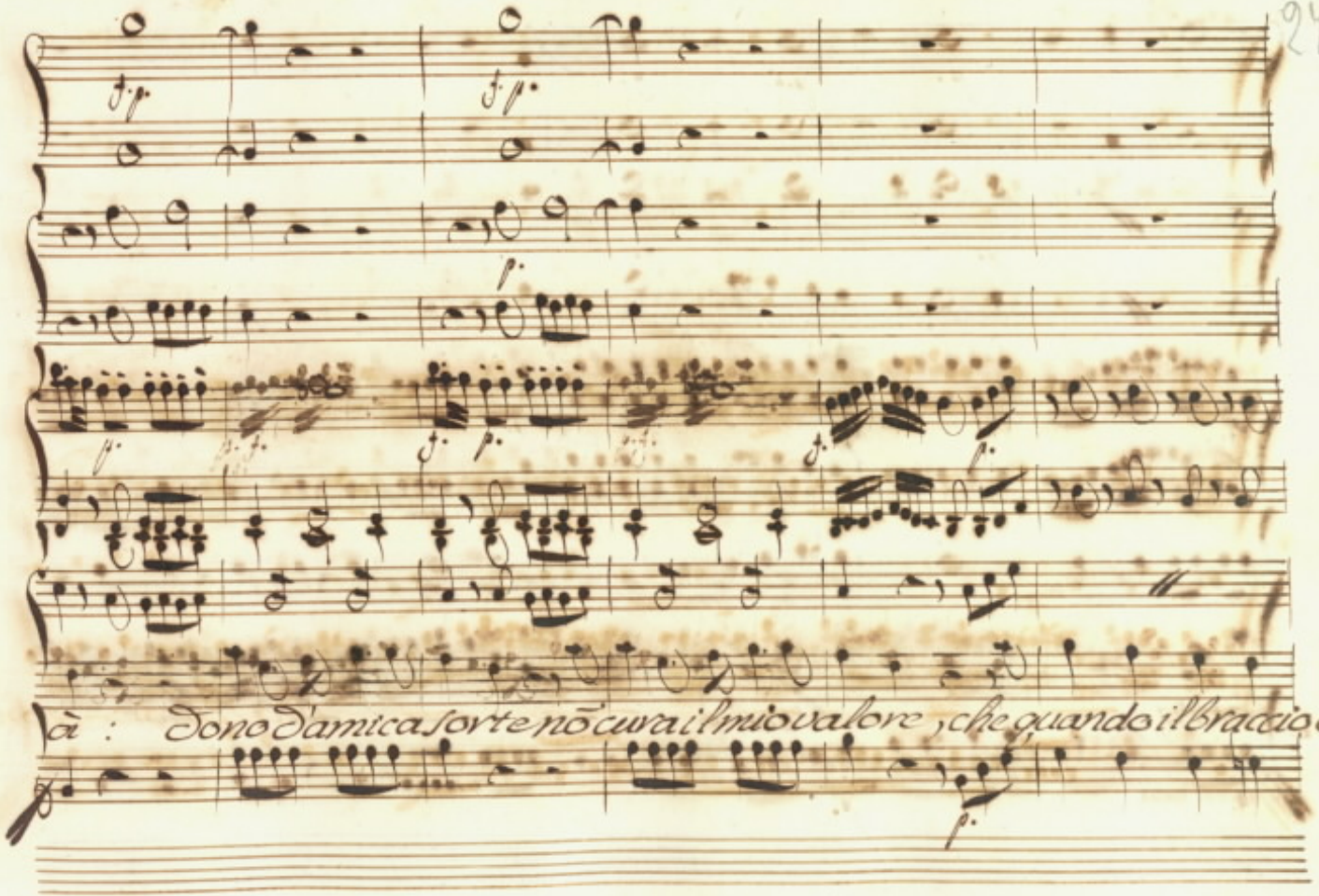
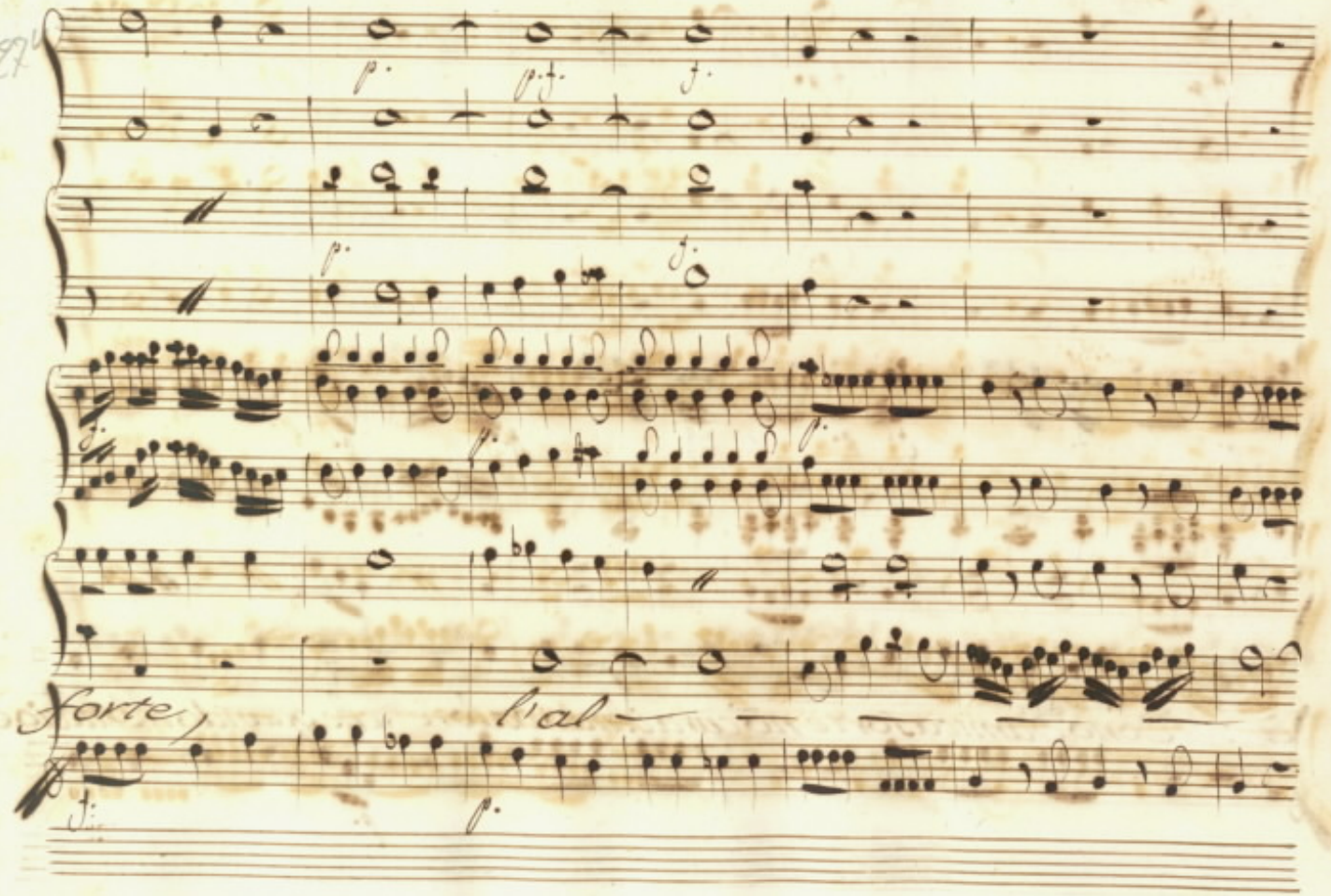
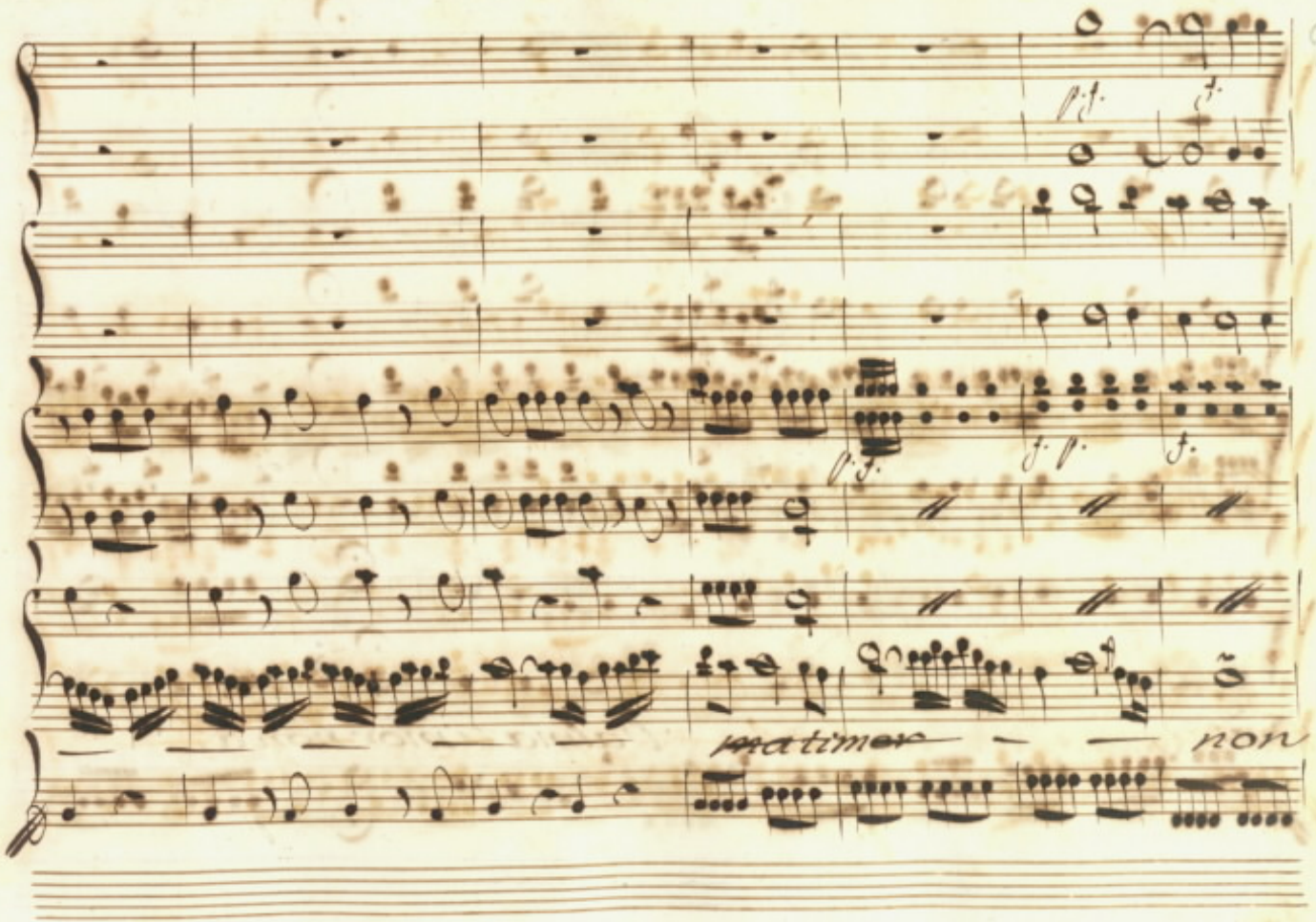

ma timor – non


à : dono d'amica sorte nõ cura il mio valore, che quando il braccio è


p.
p.f.
f.
p.
f.
f.
p.
p.
forte,
l'al
f.
p.


p.f.
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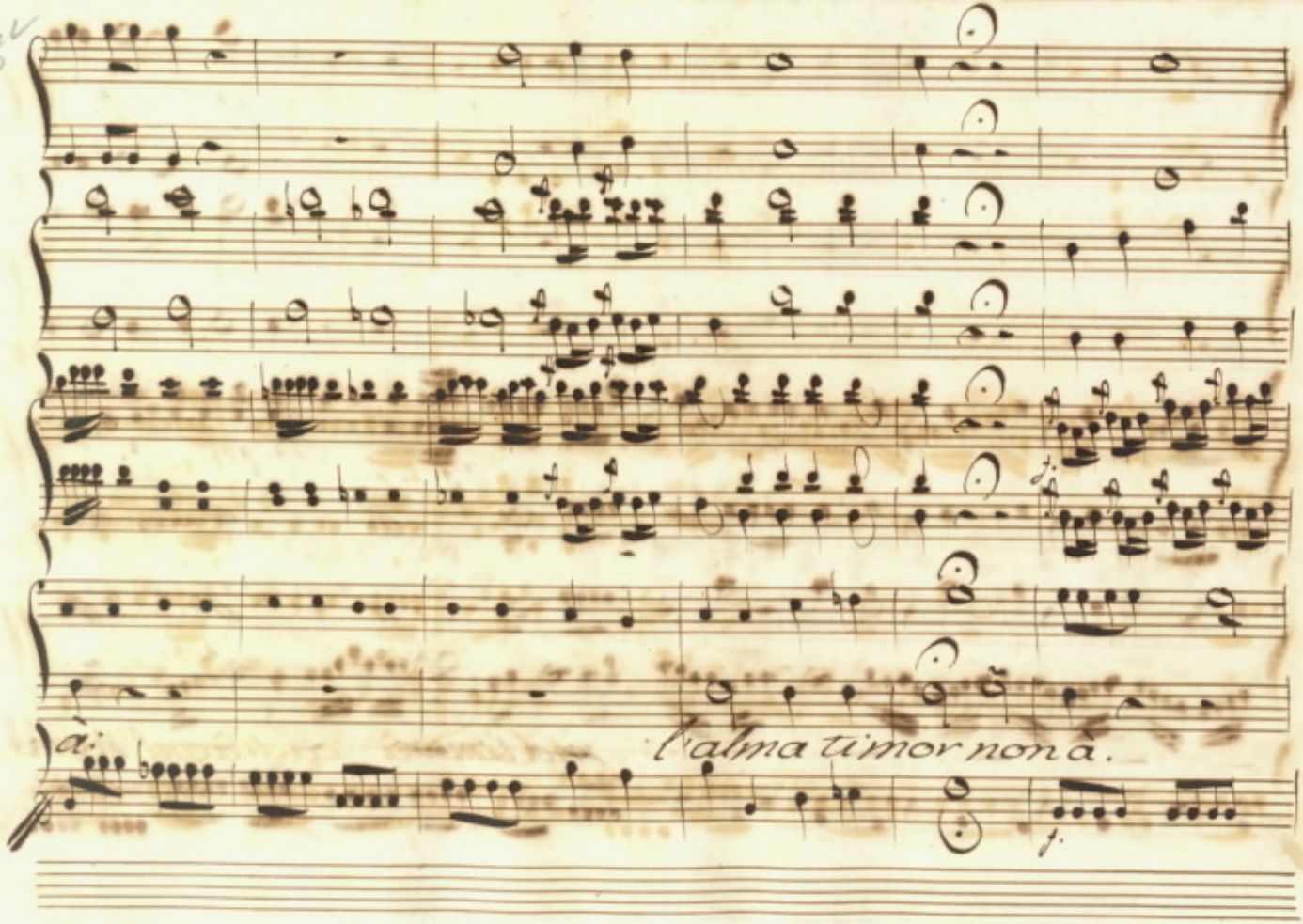
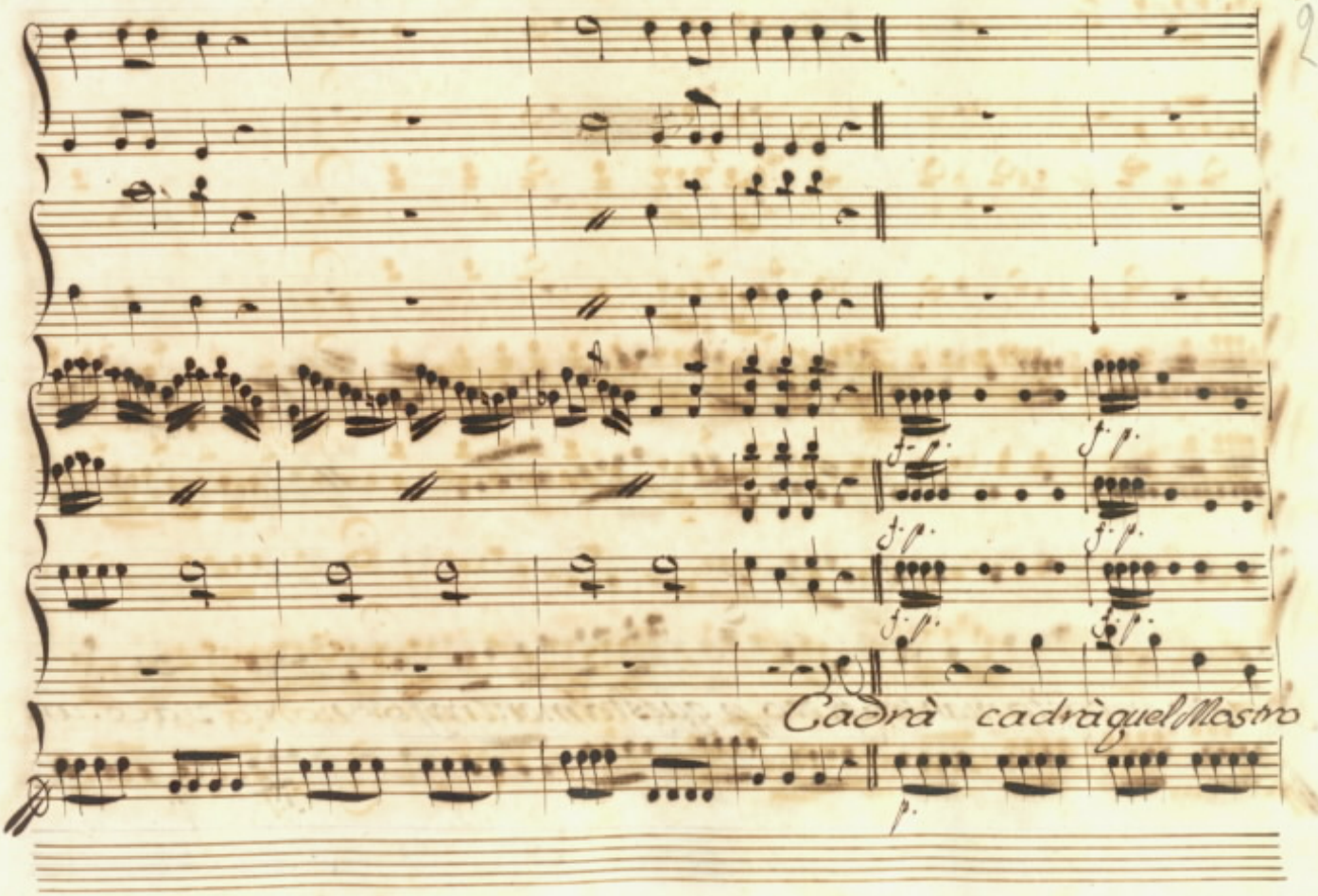
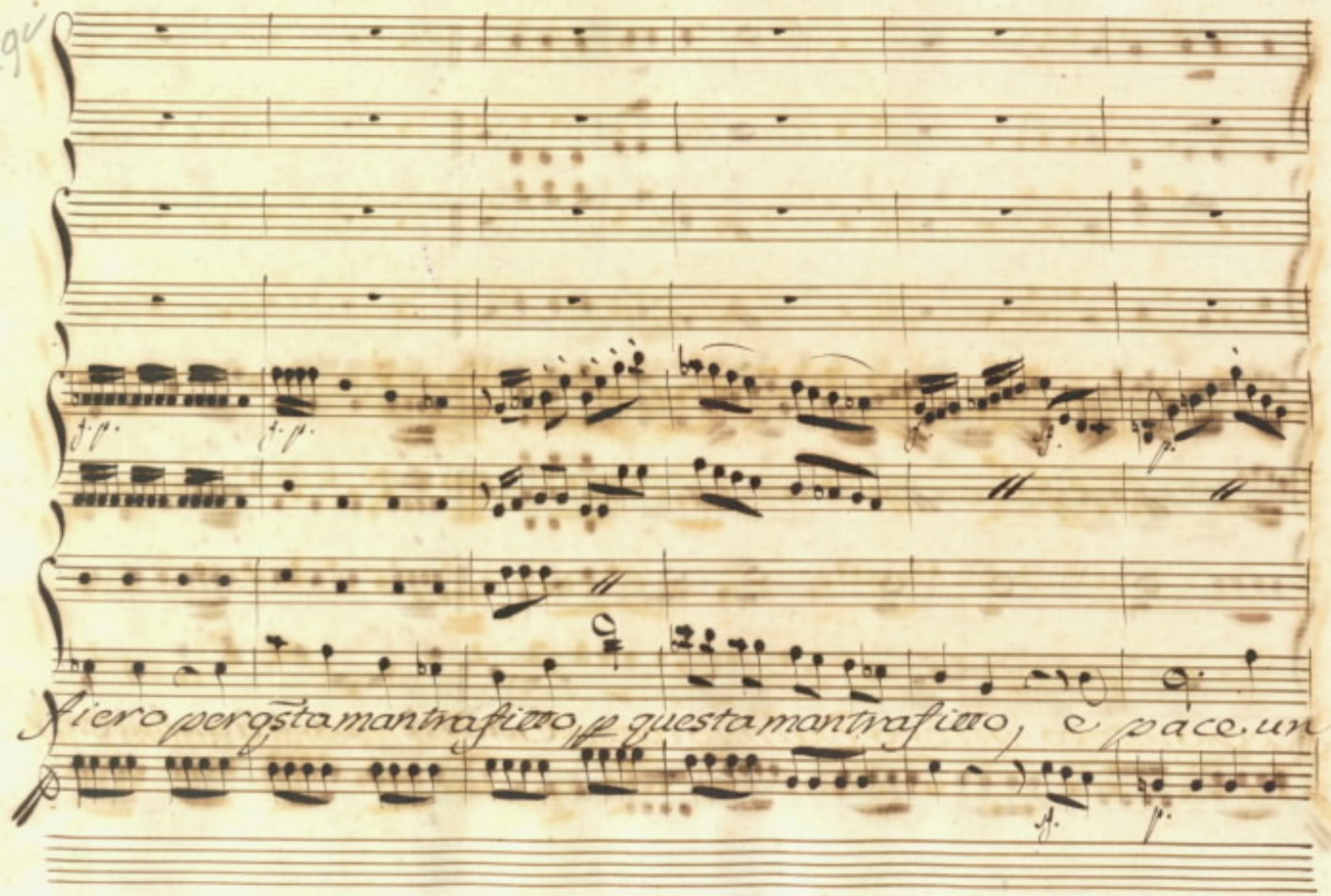
p.f.
f.p.
f.
matimer
non


à.
l'alma ti mor non à.
f.


f. p.
f. p.
f. p.
f. p.
f. p.
f. p.
Cadrà cadrà quel Mostro
p.


f. p.
f. p.
f.
f.
p.
fiero per qsta man tra fitto, p questa man tra fitto, e pace un
p
f.
p.

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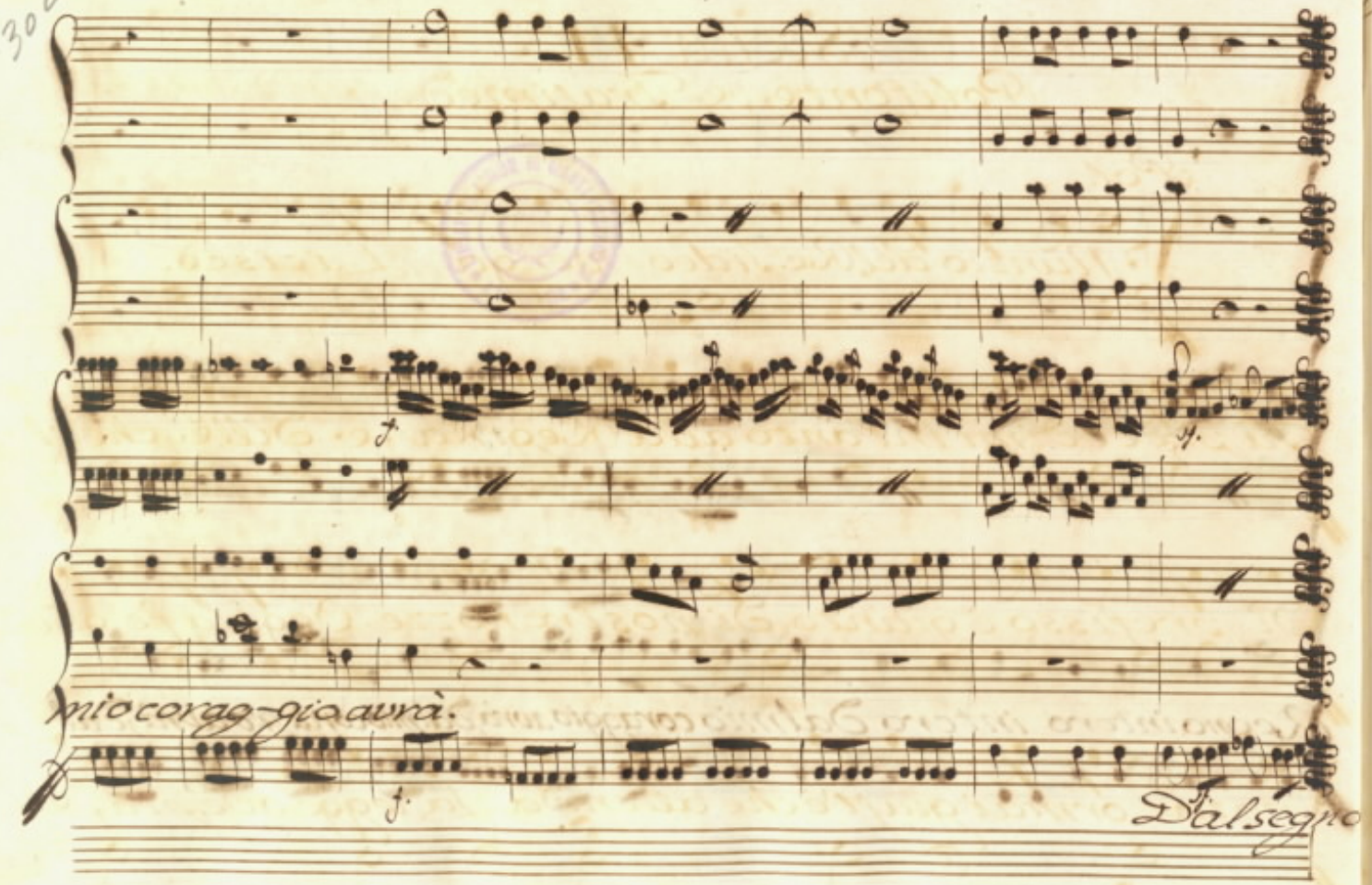
Regno intero intero Dal mio coraggio avrà, dal mio coraggio avrà, dal


f.
f.
mio corag-gio avrà.
f.
Dal segno

Scena IV.

Polifonte, e Trasimede

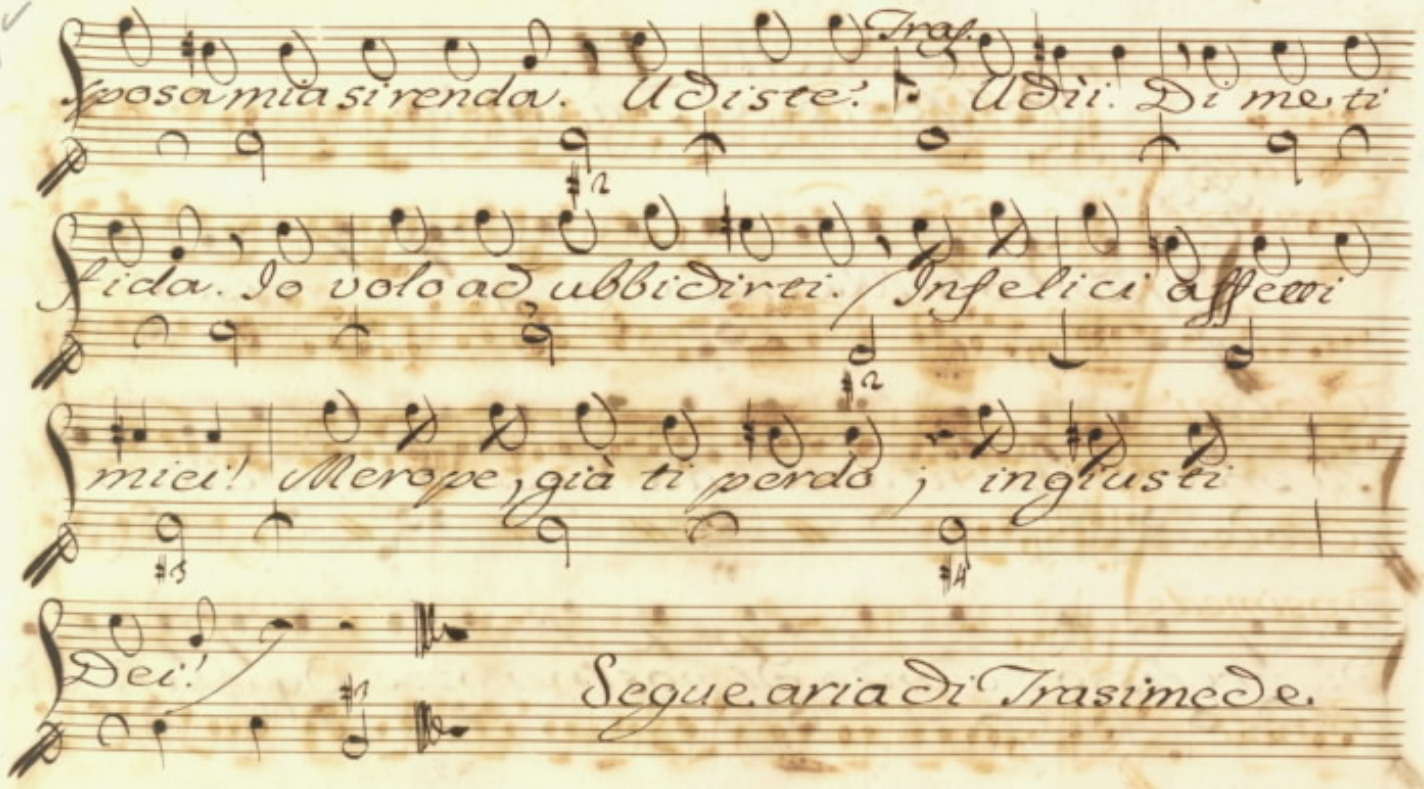
Pol.

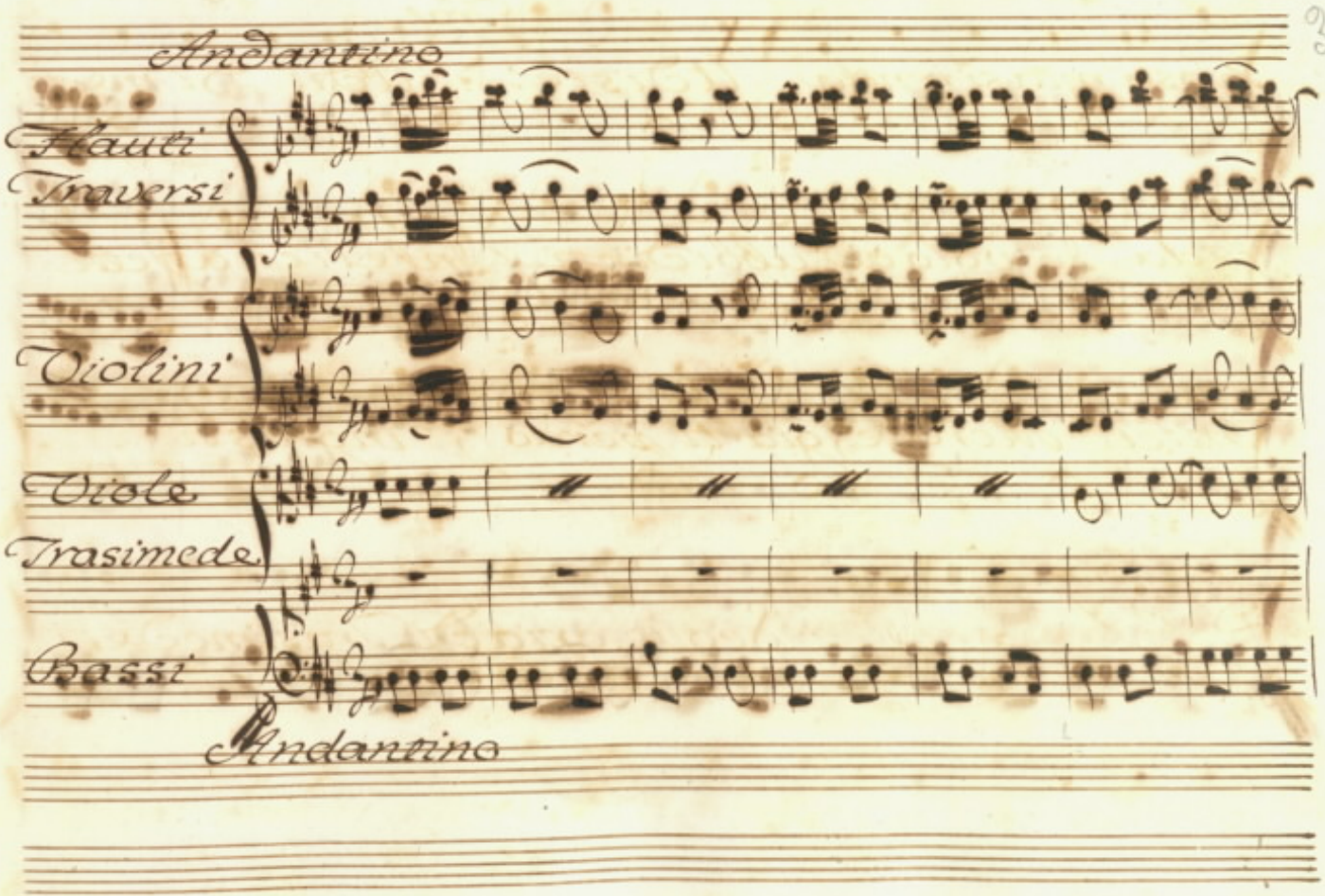
Nuntio del Re Tideo venga Licisco.

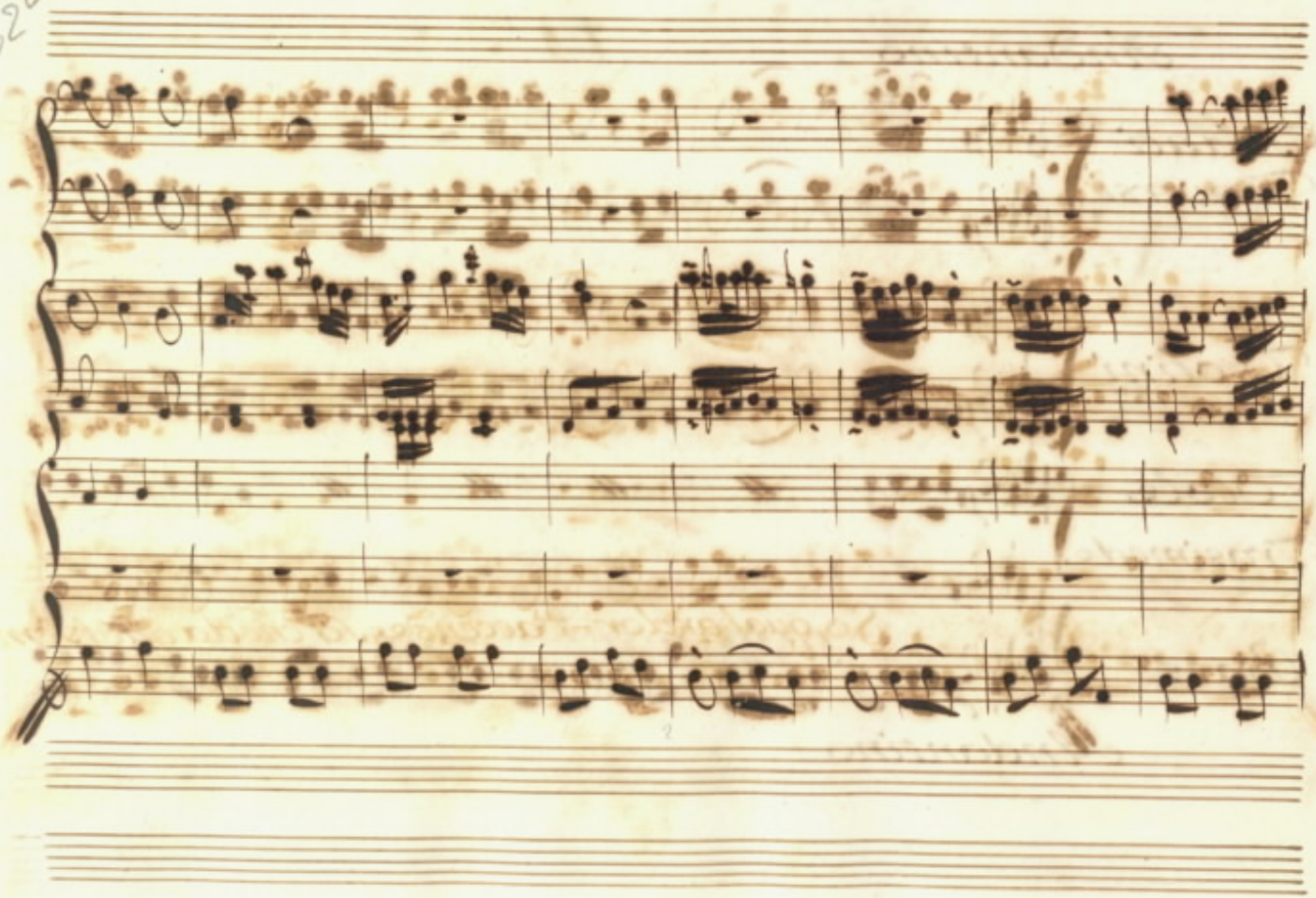
Tu precedimi intanto alla Regina, e. Dille, che il

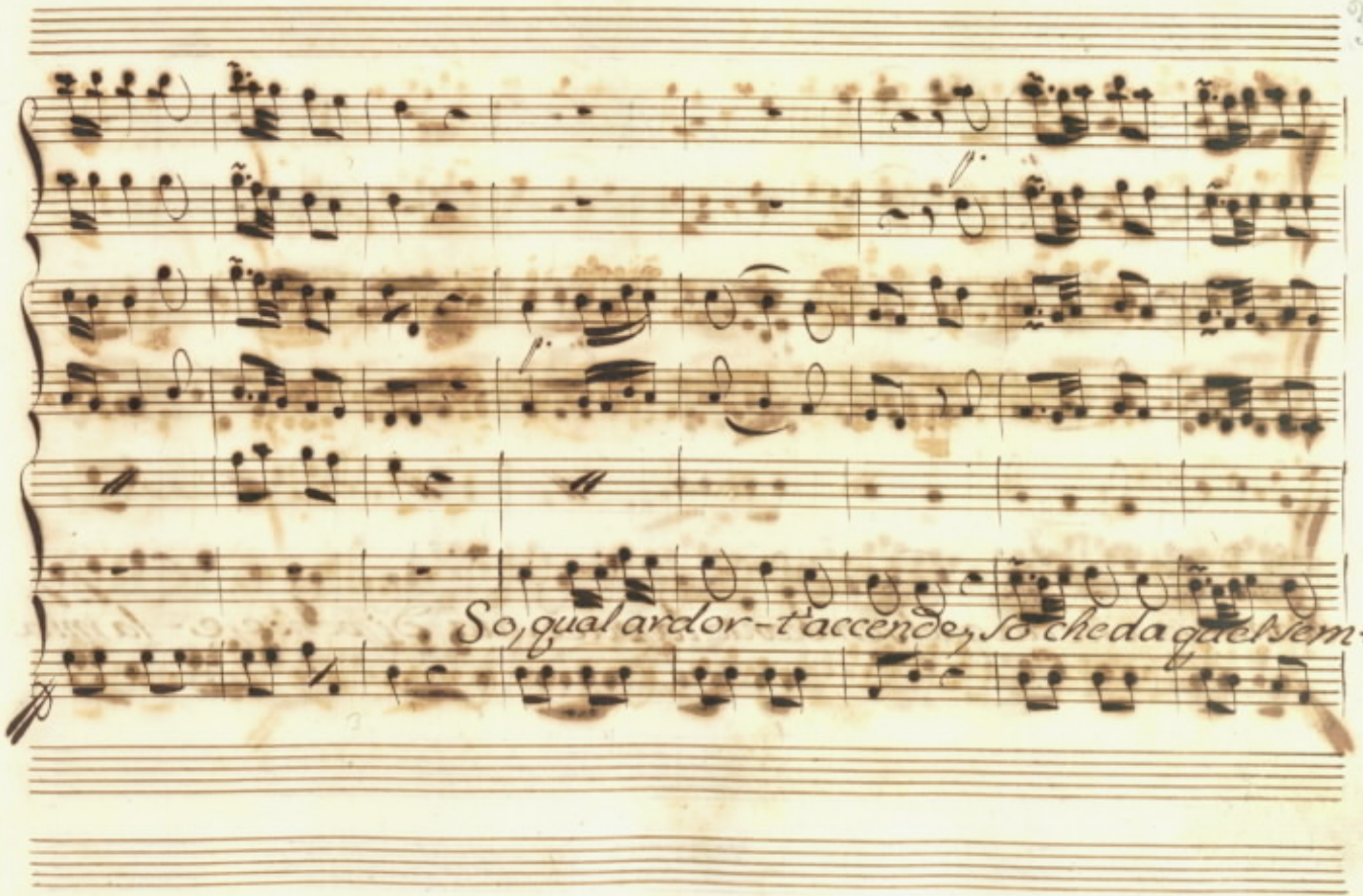
di prefisso è giunto di nostre nozze. Oggi la fe giu=

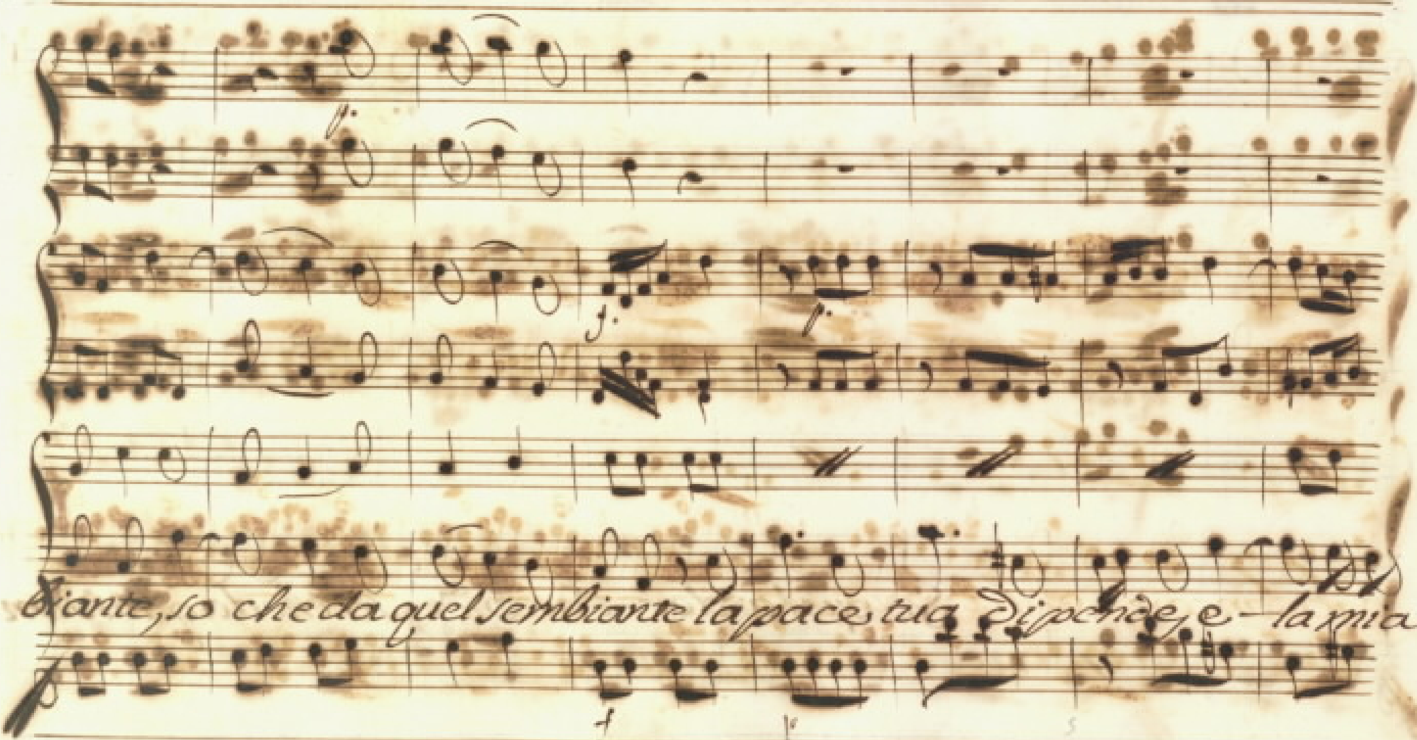
rata ormai giust è che attenda. La legge adempia, e

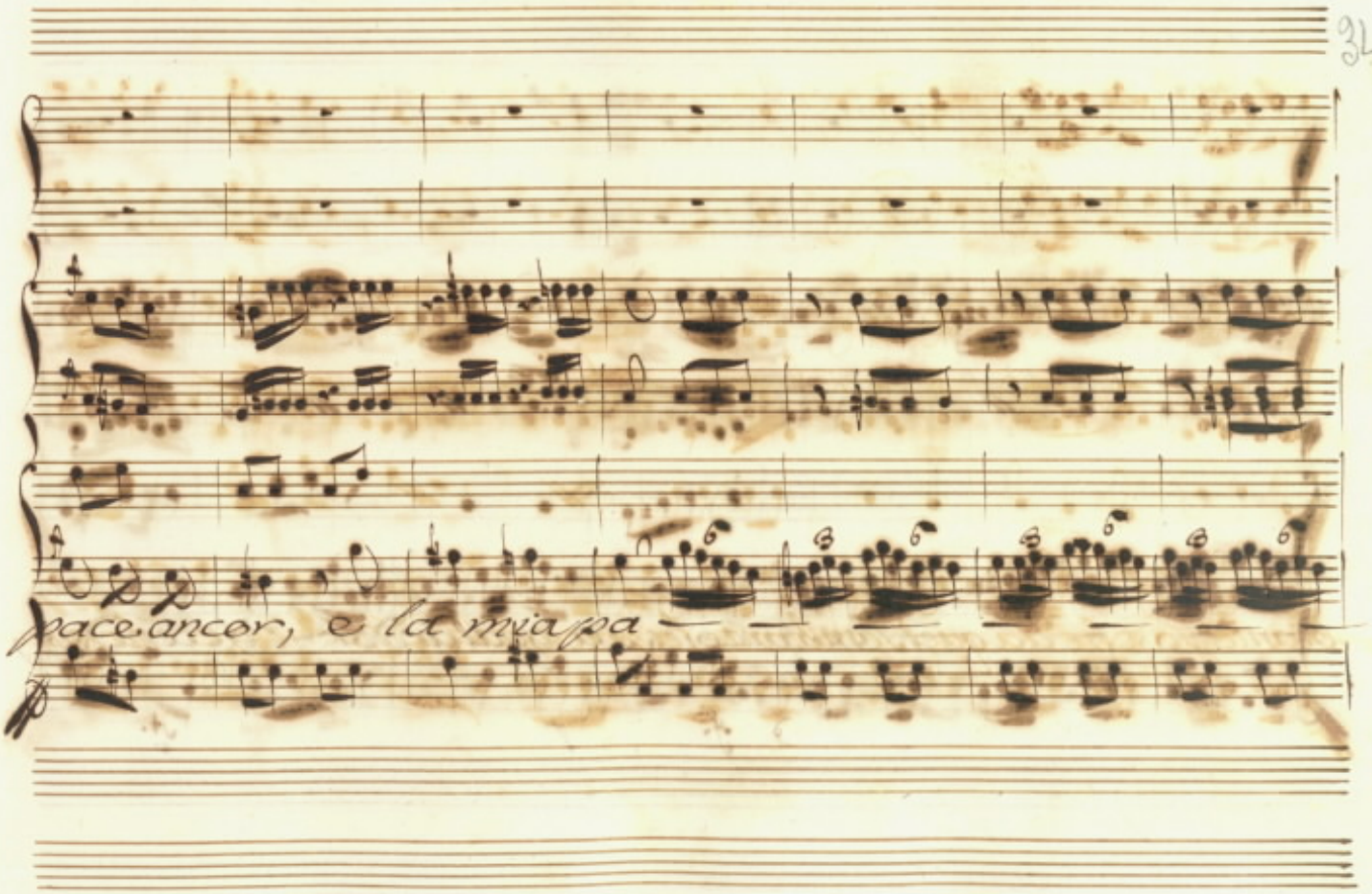

Trasi.
sposa mia si renda. Udiste? Udii. Di me ti
fida. Io volo ad ubbidirei. Infelici affetti
miei! Merope, già ti perdo; ingiusti
Dei!
Segue aria di Trasimede.

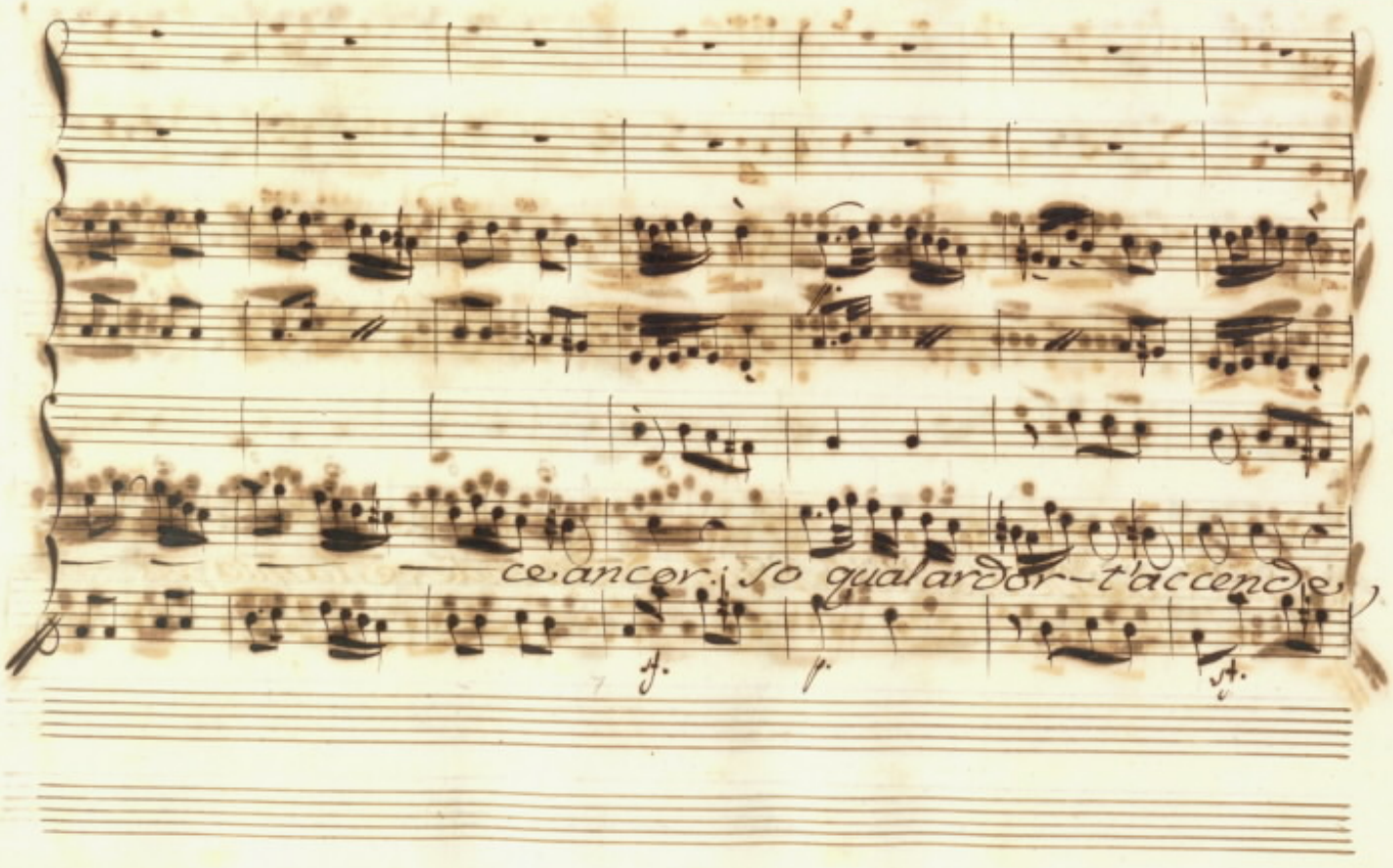

Andantino
Flauti Traversi
Violini
Viole
Trasimede
Bassi
Andantino

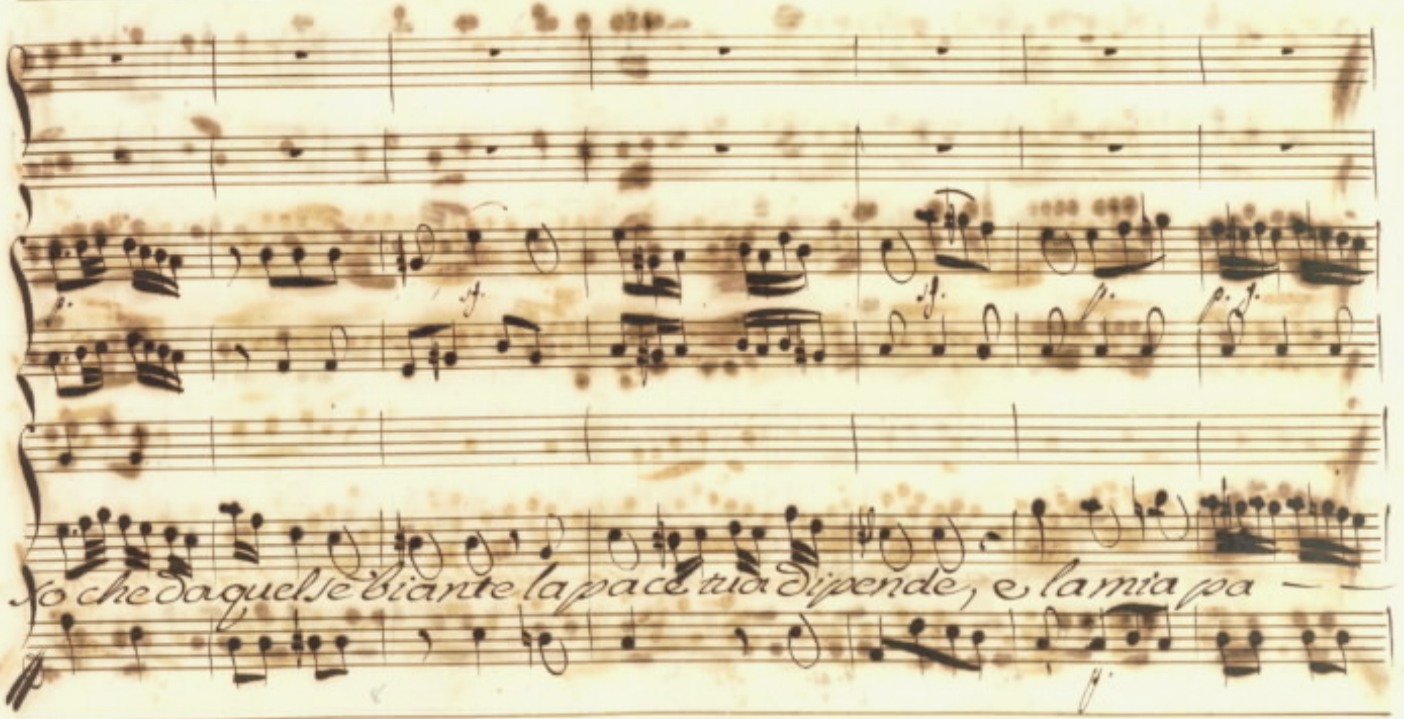


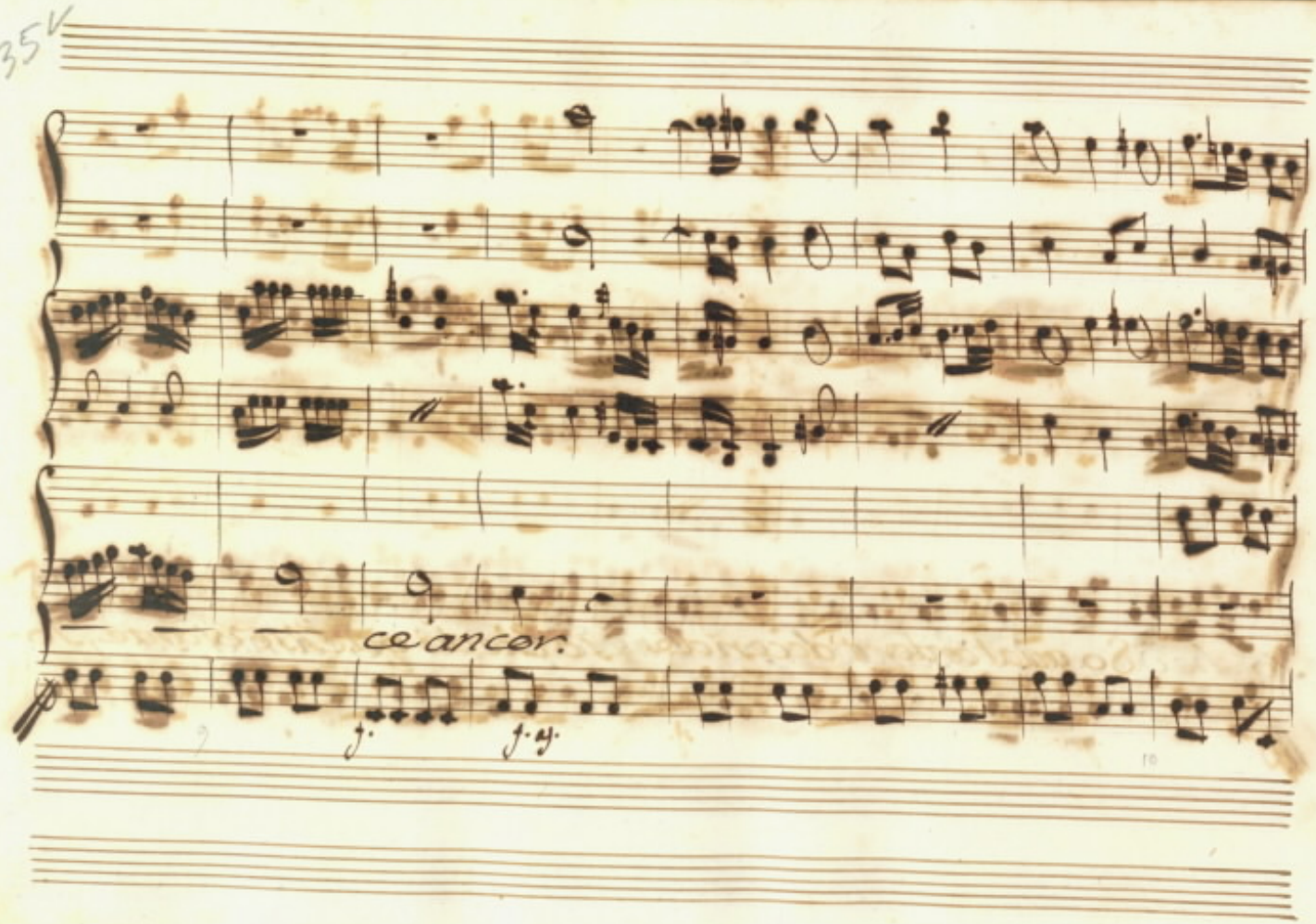

So, qual ardor - t'accende, so che da quel sem =

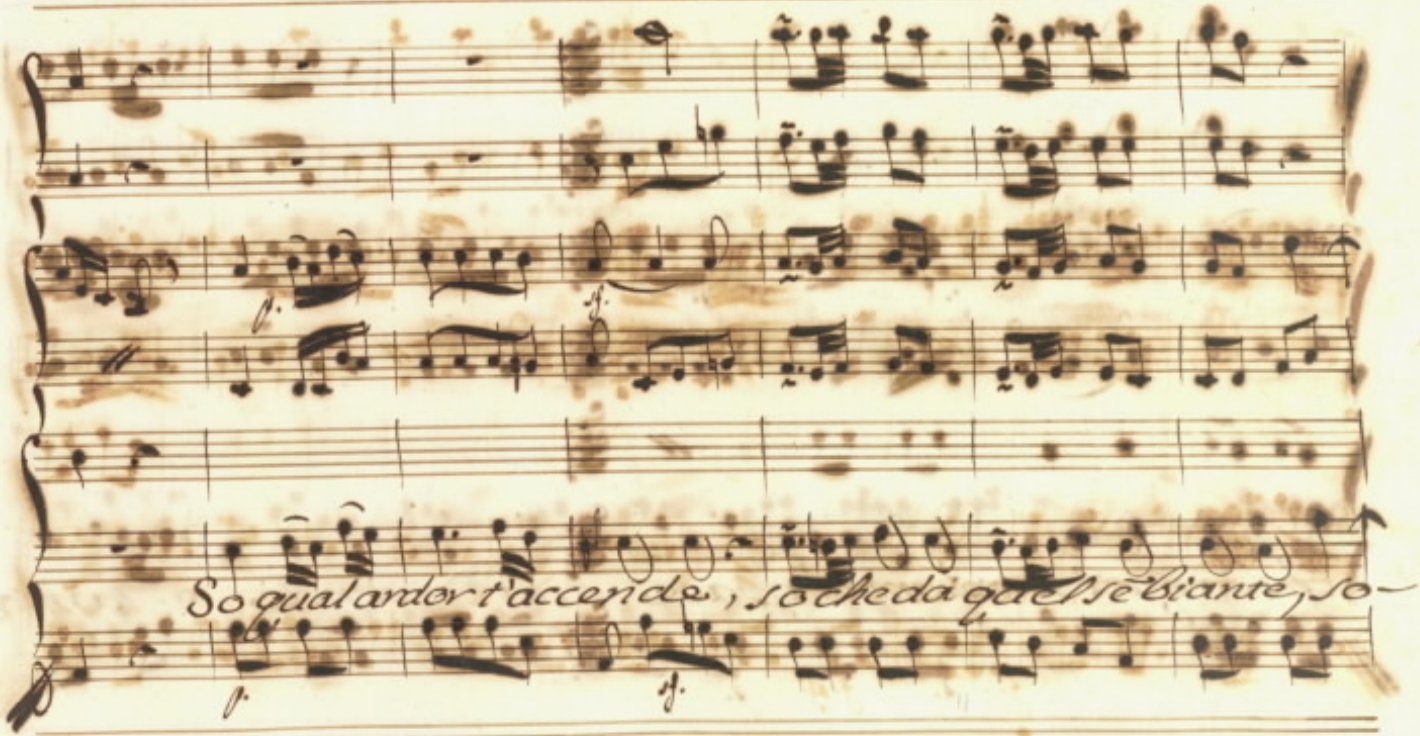

biante, so che da quel sembiante la pace tua dipende, e - la mia

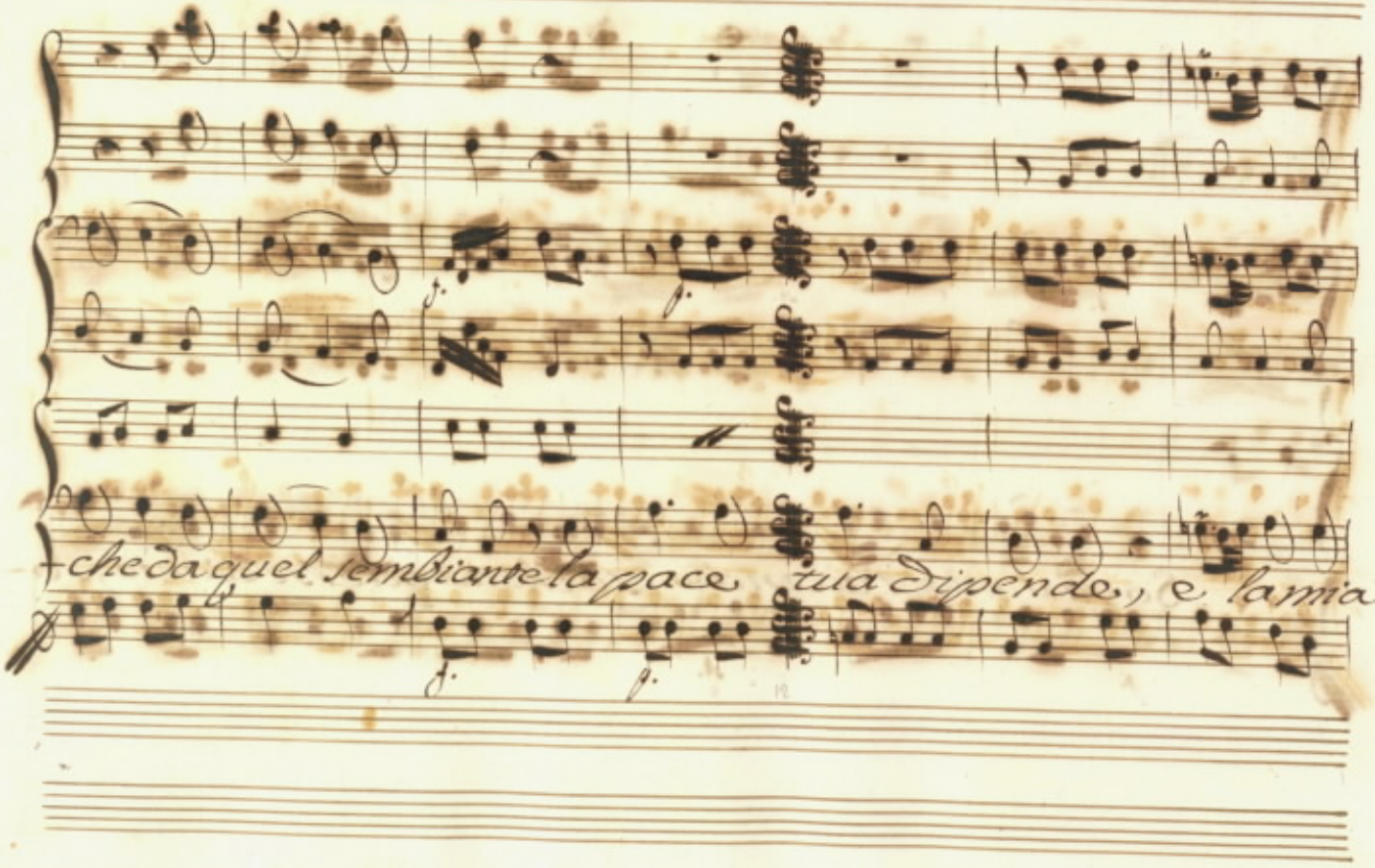

pace ancor, e la mia pa

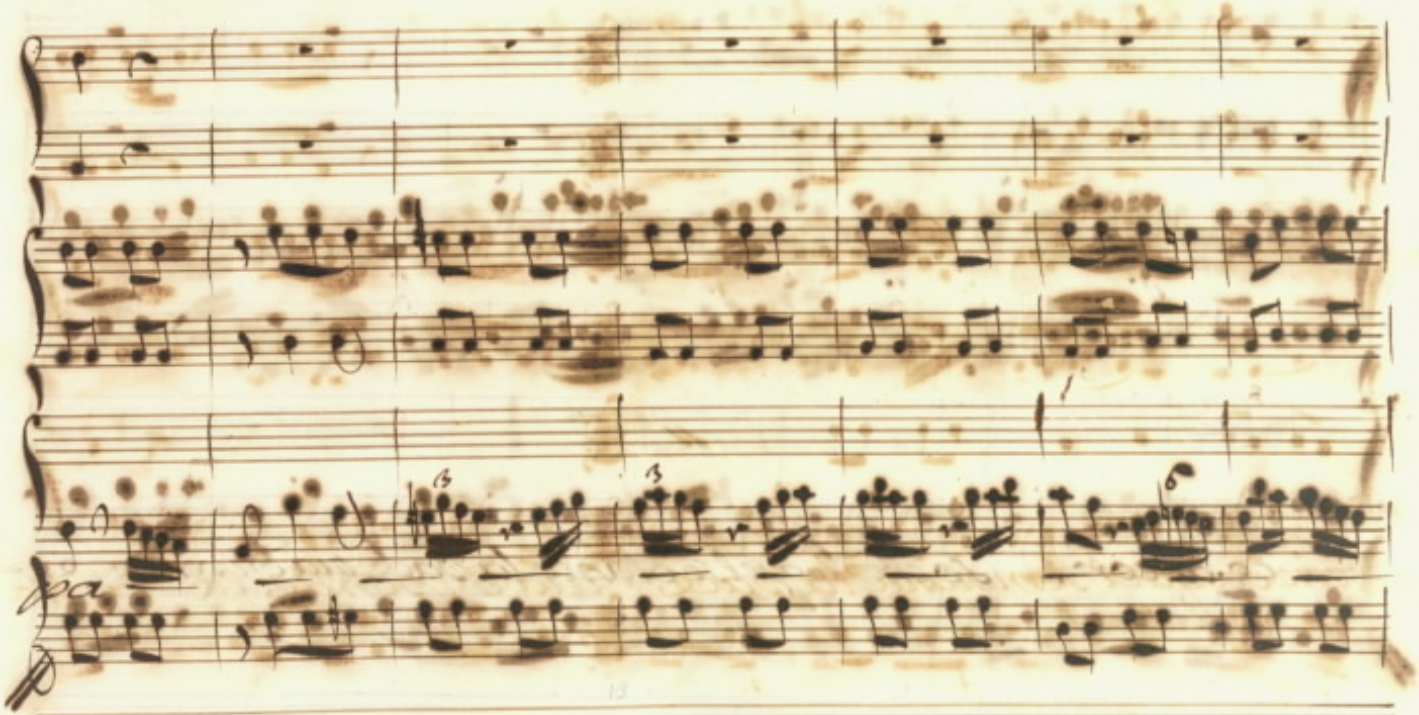

ce ancor: so qual ardor-t'accende

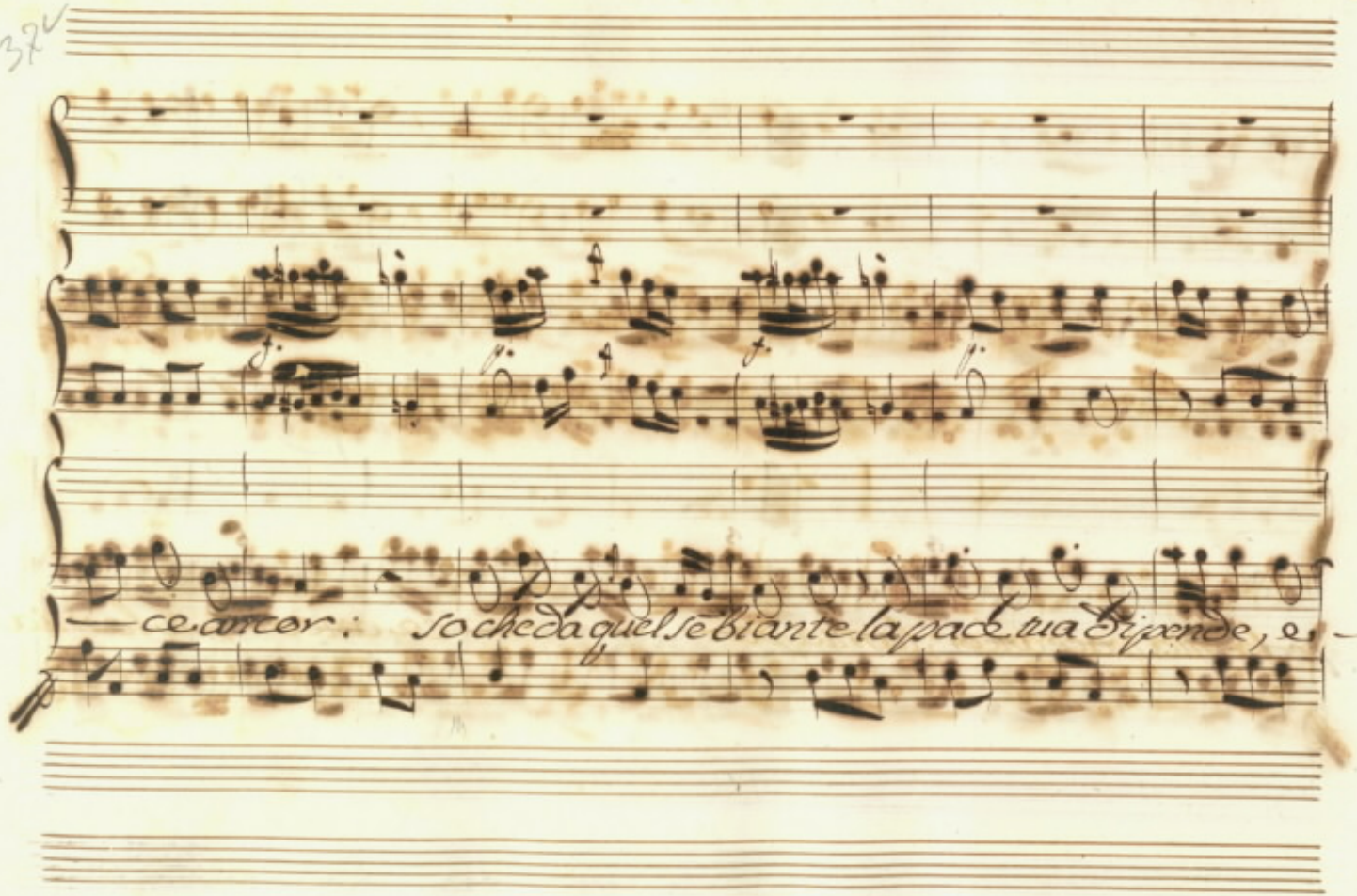

Io che da quel sembiante la pace tua dipende, e la mia pa —

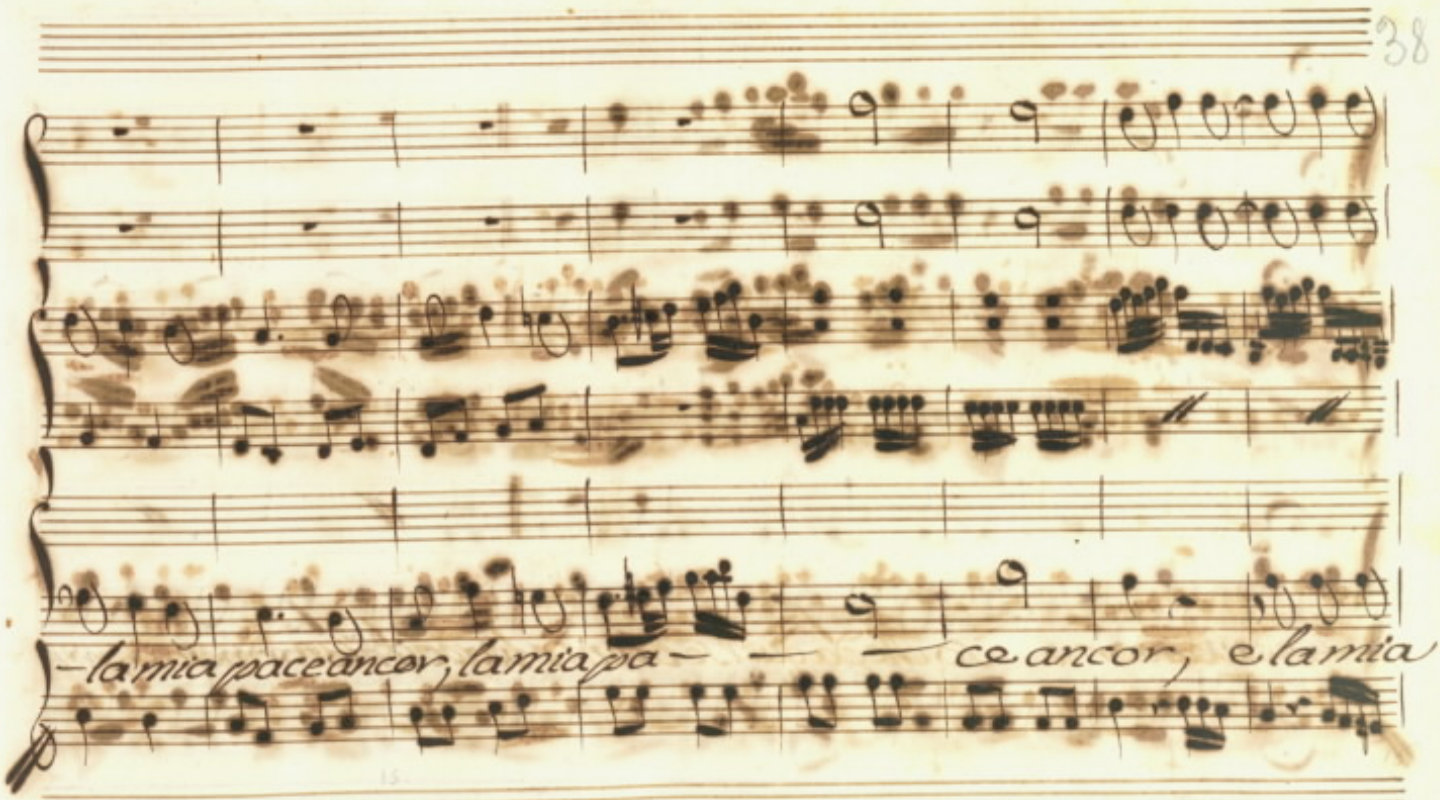

ce ancor.

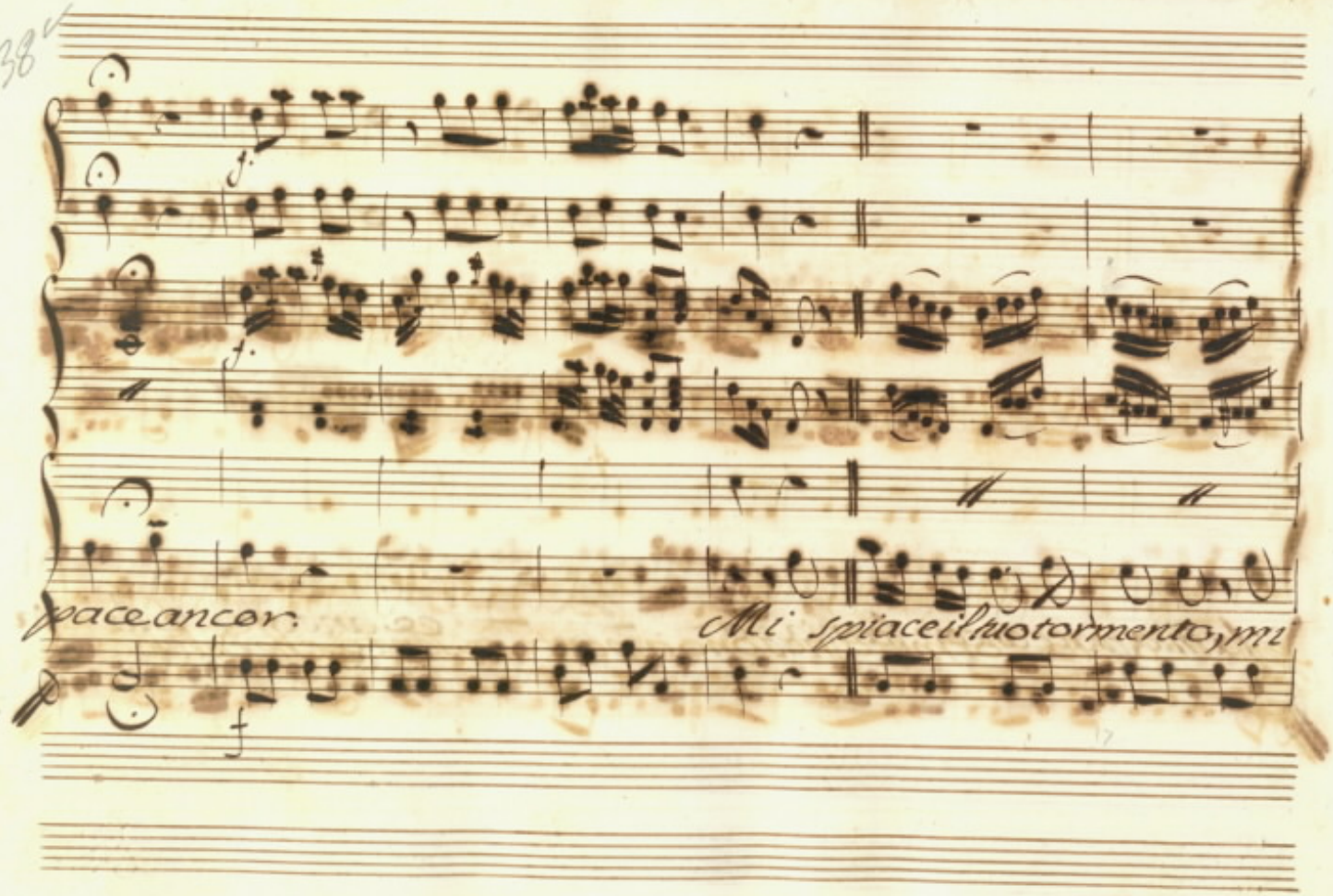

So qual ardor t'accende, so che dà quell'sebbiante, so-

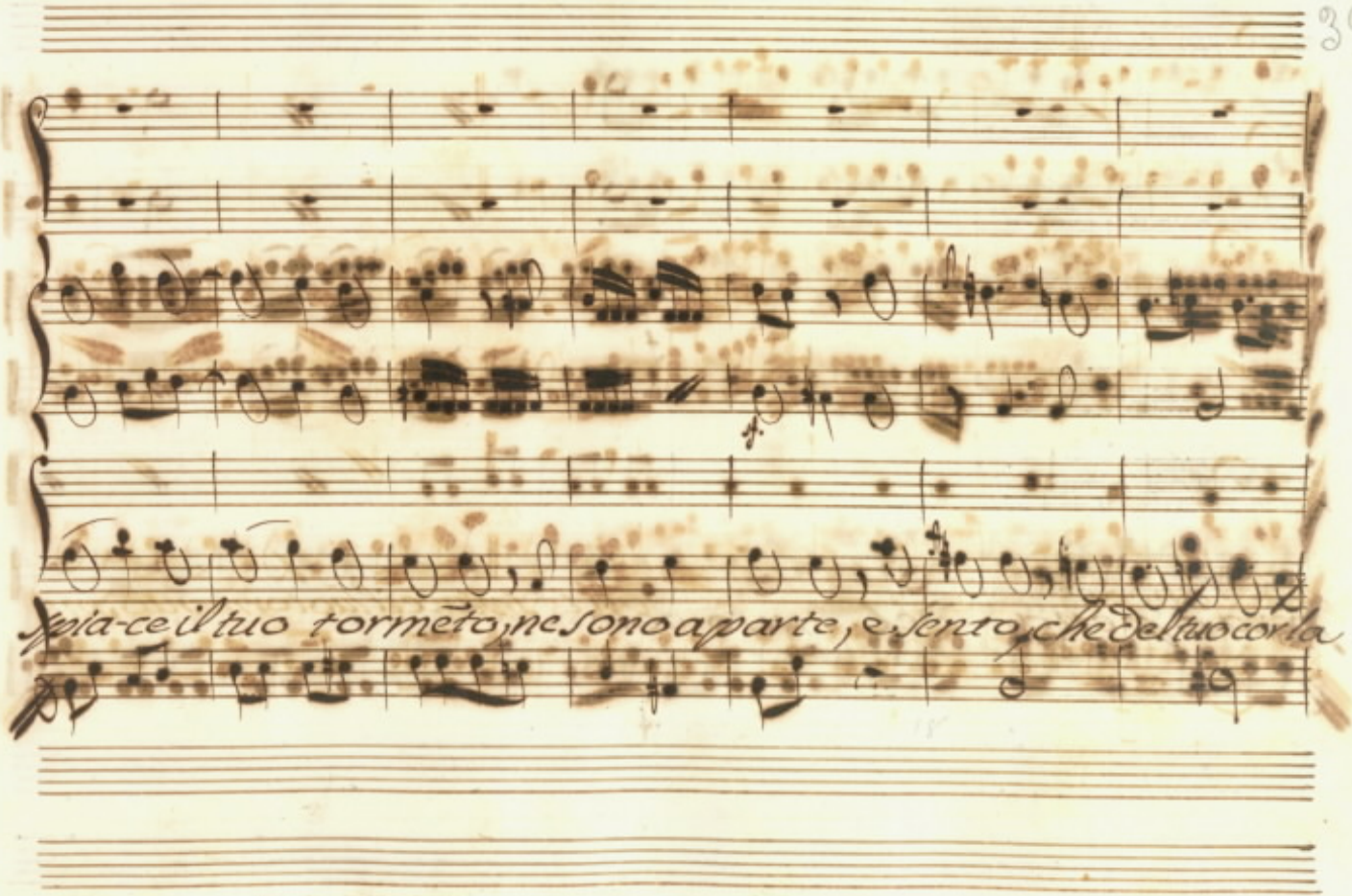

f.
p.
+che da quel sembiante la pace tua dipende, e la mia
f.
p.

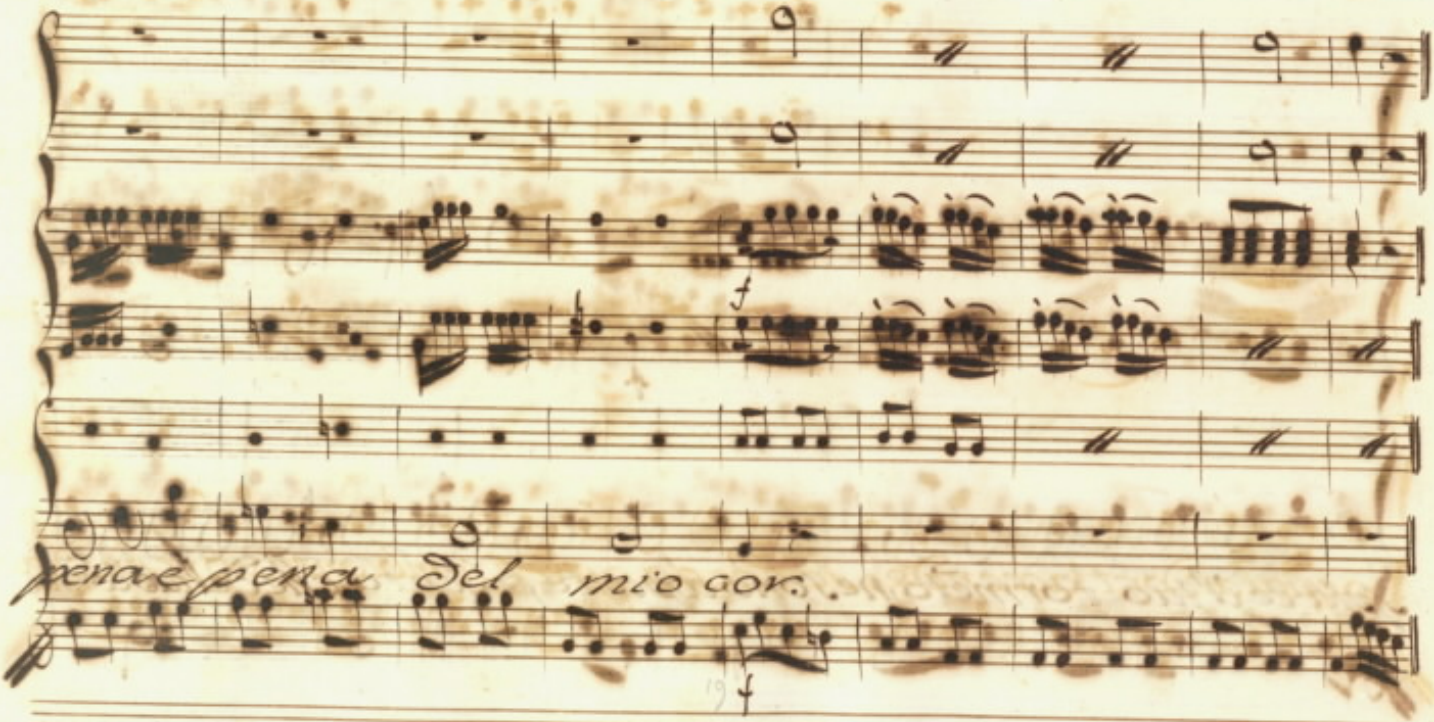

pa

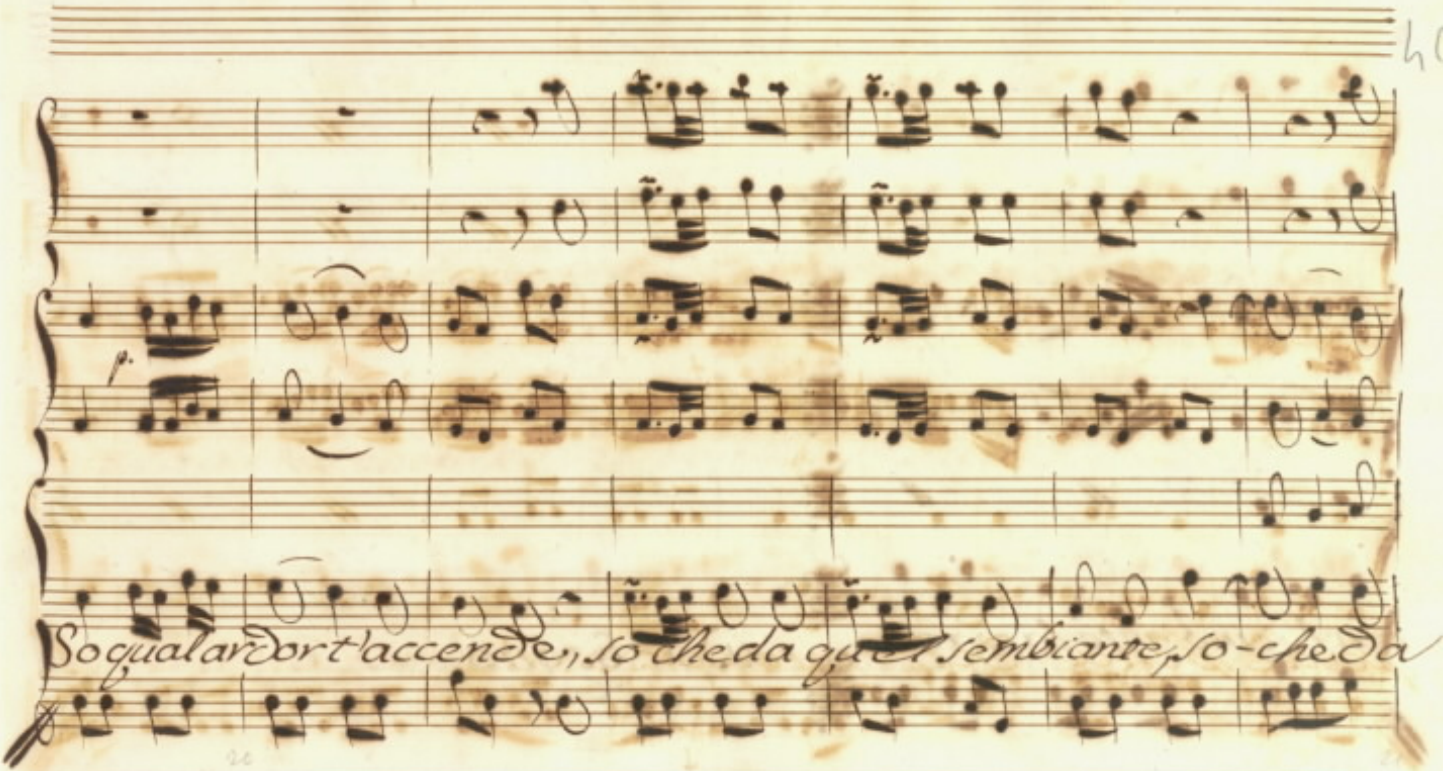

ce ancor: so che da quel se biante la pace tua dipende, e-

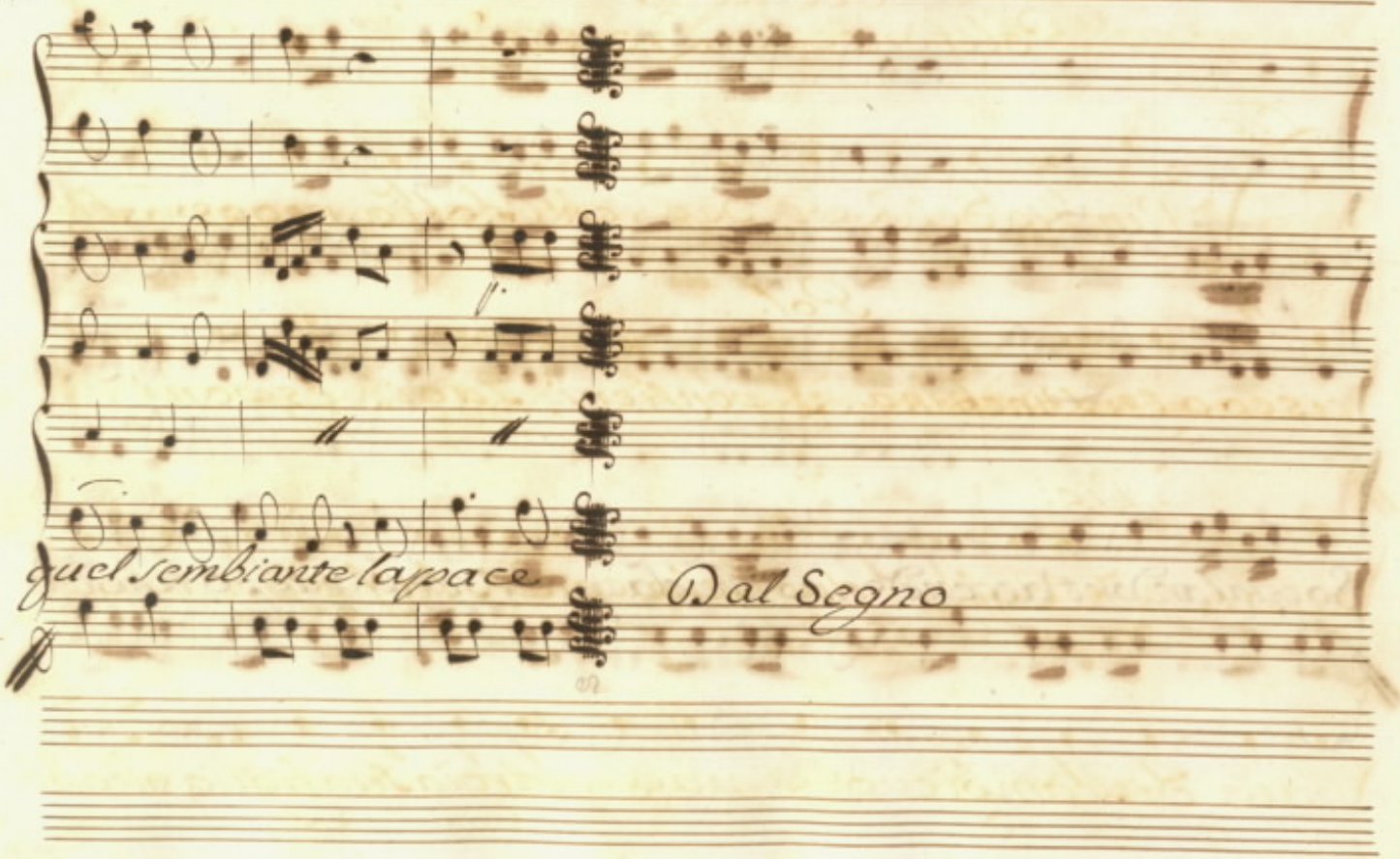

la mia pace ancor, la mia pa-
ce ancor, e la mia


pace ancor.
Mi spiace il tuo tormento, mi


spia-ce il tuo tormẽto, ne sono a parte, e sento, che del tuo cor la


f
pena è pena del mio cor.
f

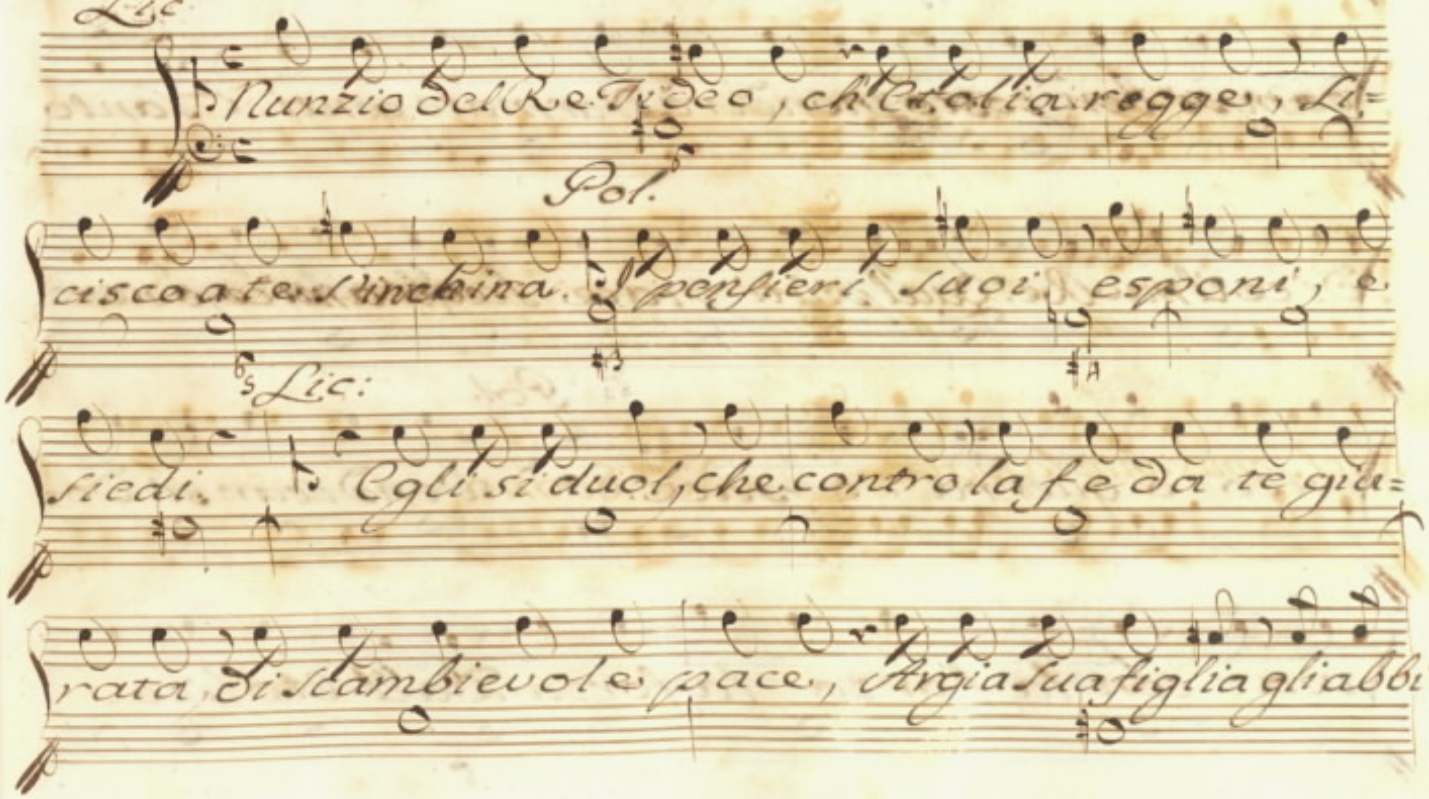

So qual ardor t'accende, so che da quel sembiante, so-che da

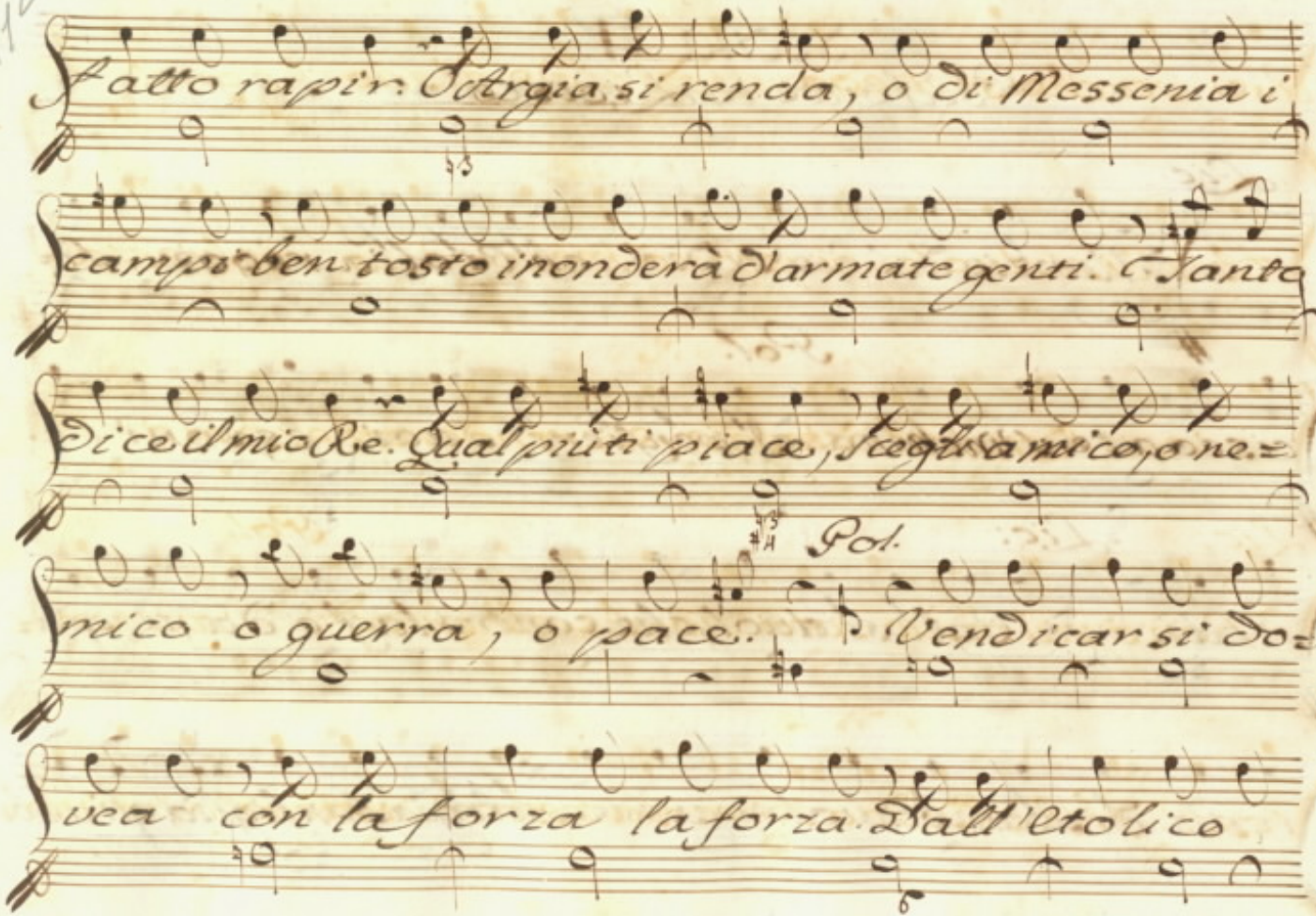

quel sembiante la pace
Dal Segno

Scena IV.

Polifonte, e Licisco.

Lic




fatto rapir: Argia si renda, o di Messenia i
campi ben tosto inonderà d'armate genti. Tanto
dice il mio Re. Qual più ti piace, scegli amico, o ne-
mico o guerra, o pace. Pol.
Vendicar si do-
vea con la forza la forza Dall'Etolico

Re perche si niega Epitide al suo Regno!

Ah, s'ei si duole, giusta nõ meno è la richiesta

mia: Renda l'ostaggio, e renderemo Argia.

Lic: Non è più in suo poter ciò, che gli chiedi.

Pol. Vani pre=

testi: Il Re Tideo se pensa tesserci inganno, o intimo=

rirci; eglierra. Scelga qual più gli piace, o

Lic:

pace, o guerra. Come! oh Dio! quì nò giunse

Pol. Lic.

dunque l'infausto avviso? E qual? L'infausta

Pol.

morte dell'infelice Epitide? Che narri! e=

Lic:

stinto? e dove? e come? Nella Facide ap=

punto, Cō si ardita mensogna a Epitide si

Pol.

giovi: Stelle! chi mai versò sangue sì illustre?

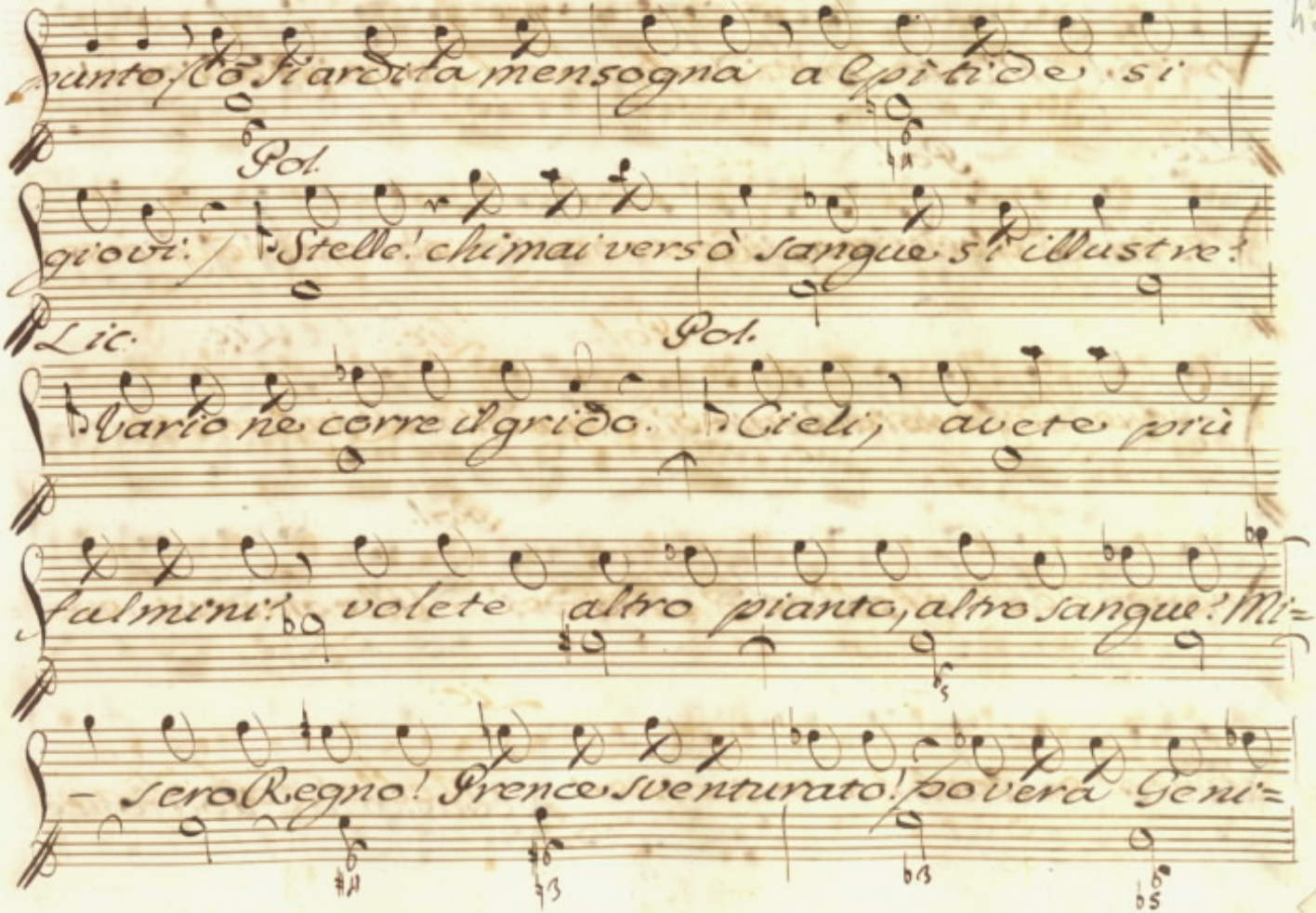
Lic.

Pol.

Vario ne corre il grido. Cieli, avete più

fulmini? volete altro pianto, altro sangue? Mi=

- sero Regno! Prence sventurato! povera Geni=



trice! (Ma se Epitide è morto, io son felice!)

Lic. Pol.

Finto dolor. Sino a più certo avviso tacciasi il fiero

Lic.

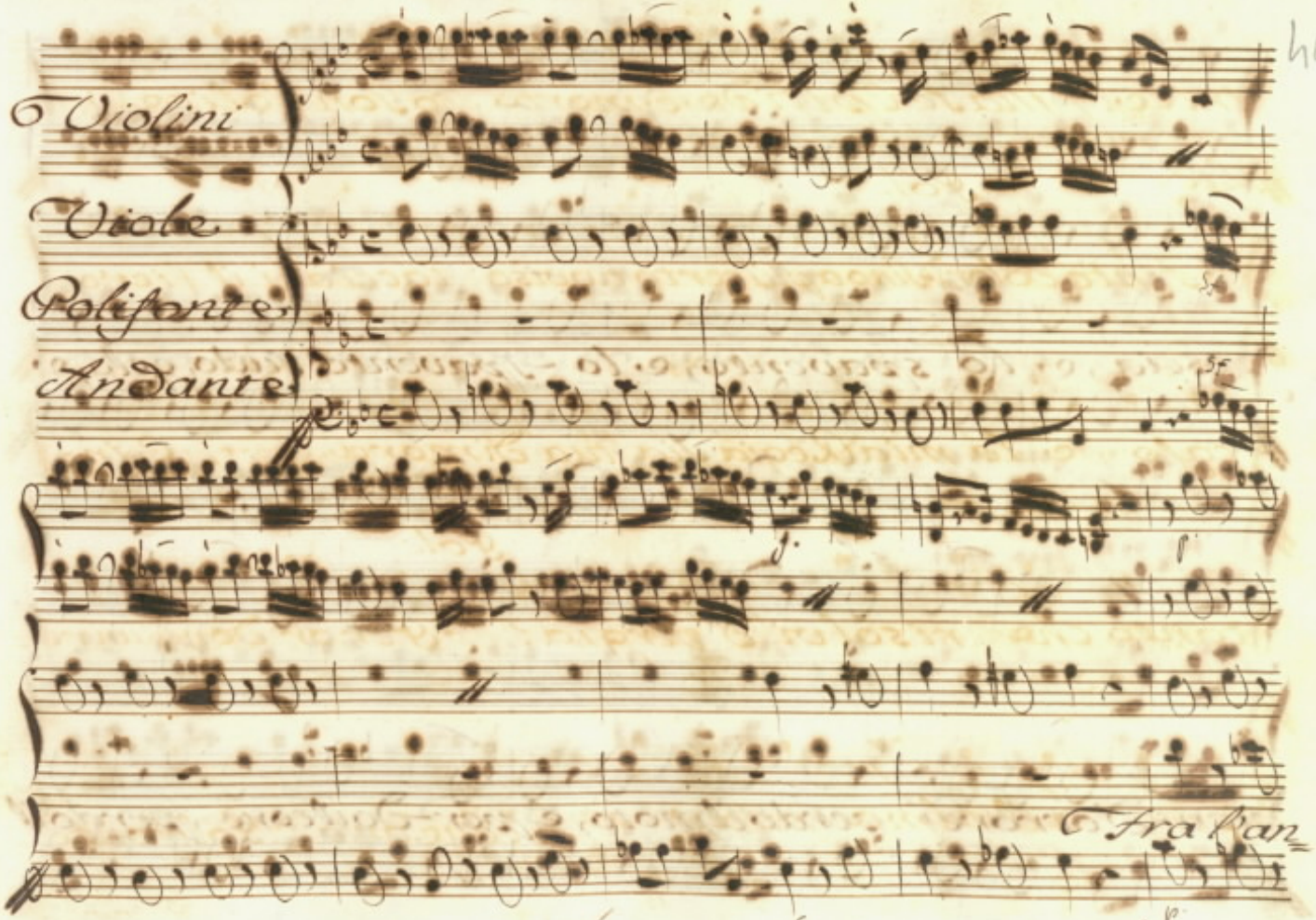
caso, e la mia Regia sia tua dimora. E in=

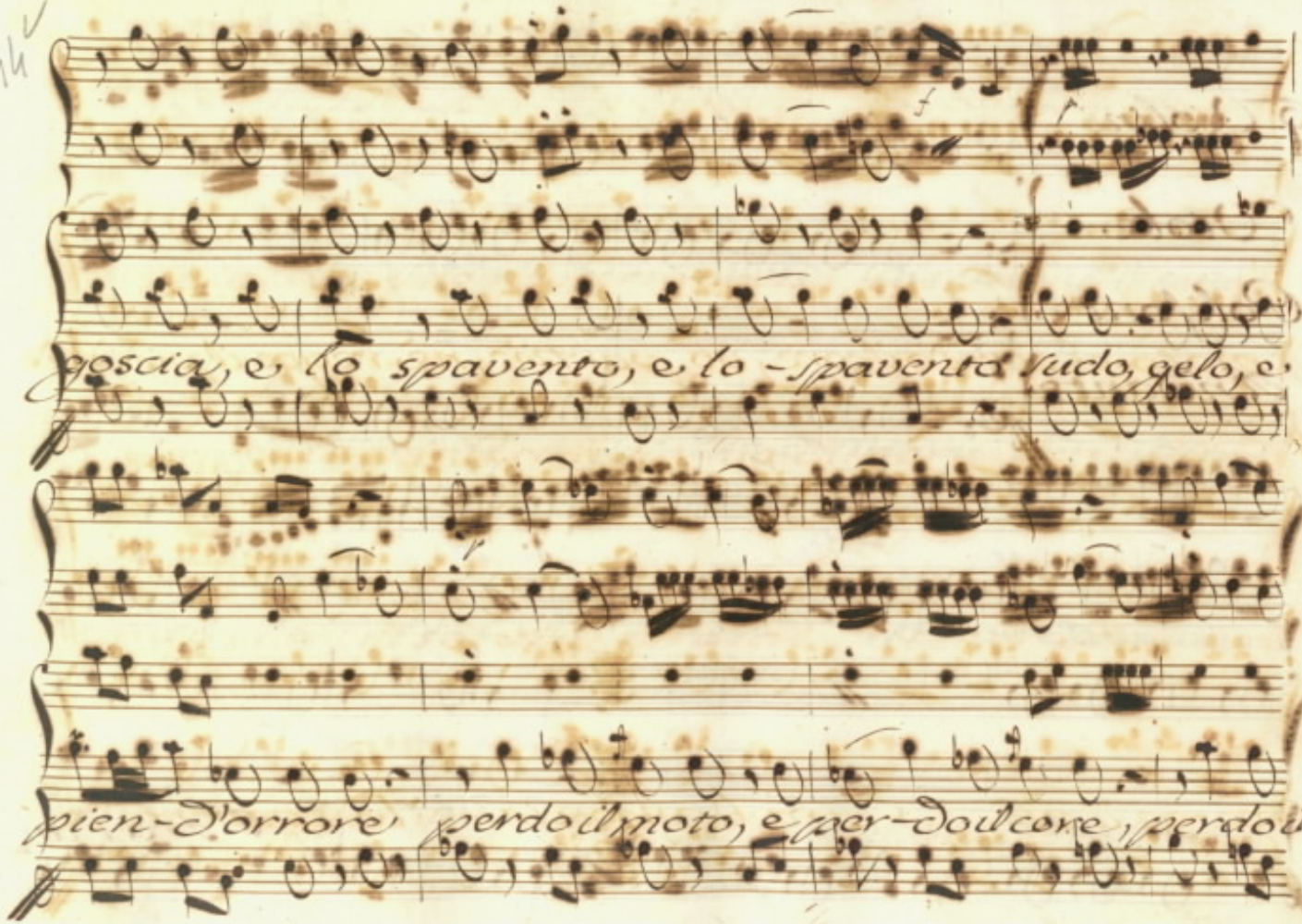
Pol.

tanto che risolvi d'Argia? Per or dona un re=

spiro all'alma mia.

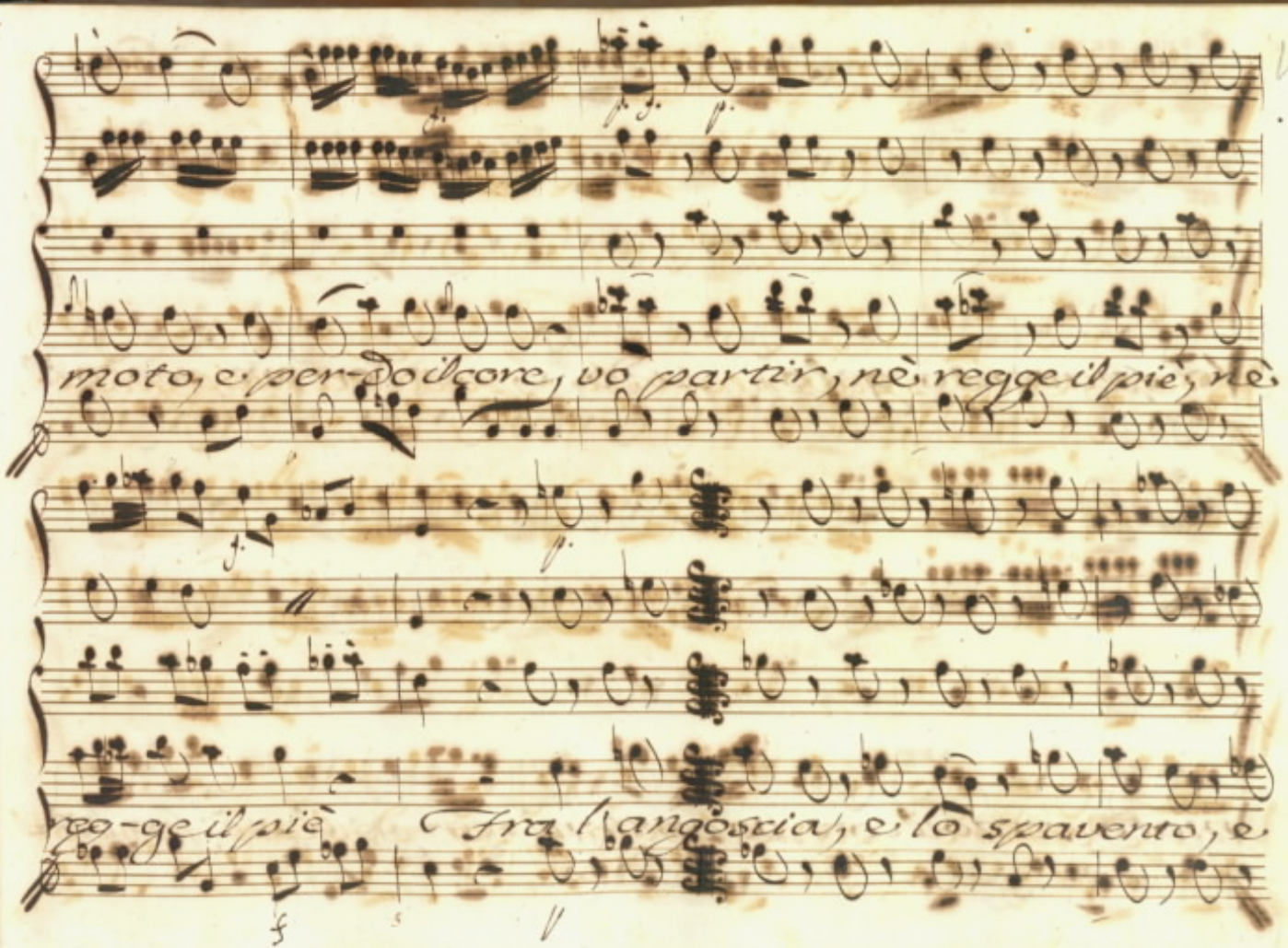
Segue aria di Polifonte

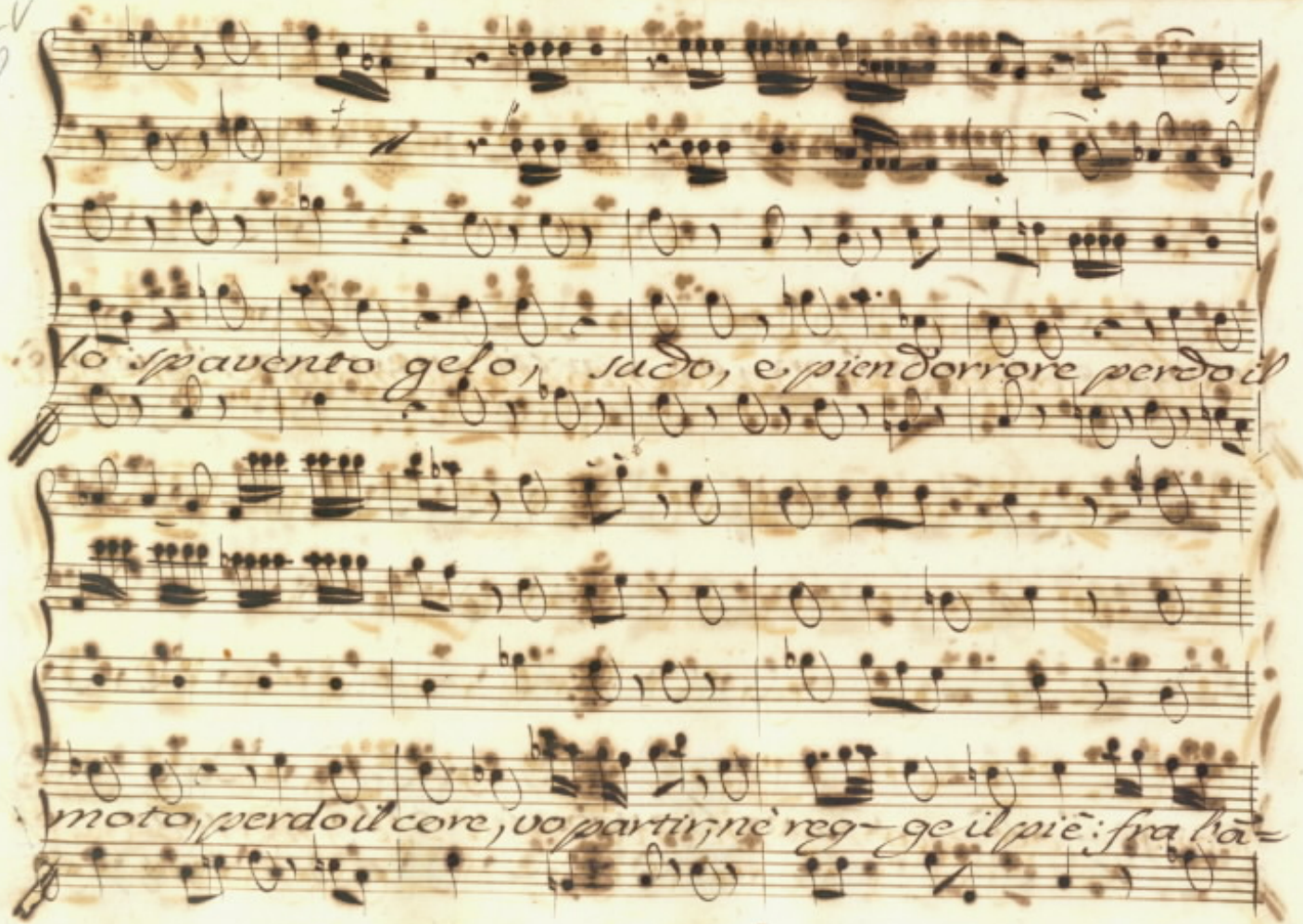

Violini
Viole
Polifonte
Andante
Fra l'an

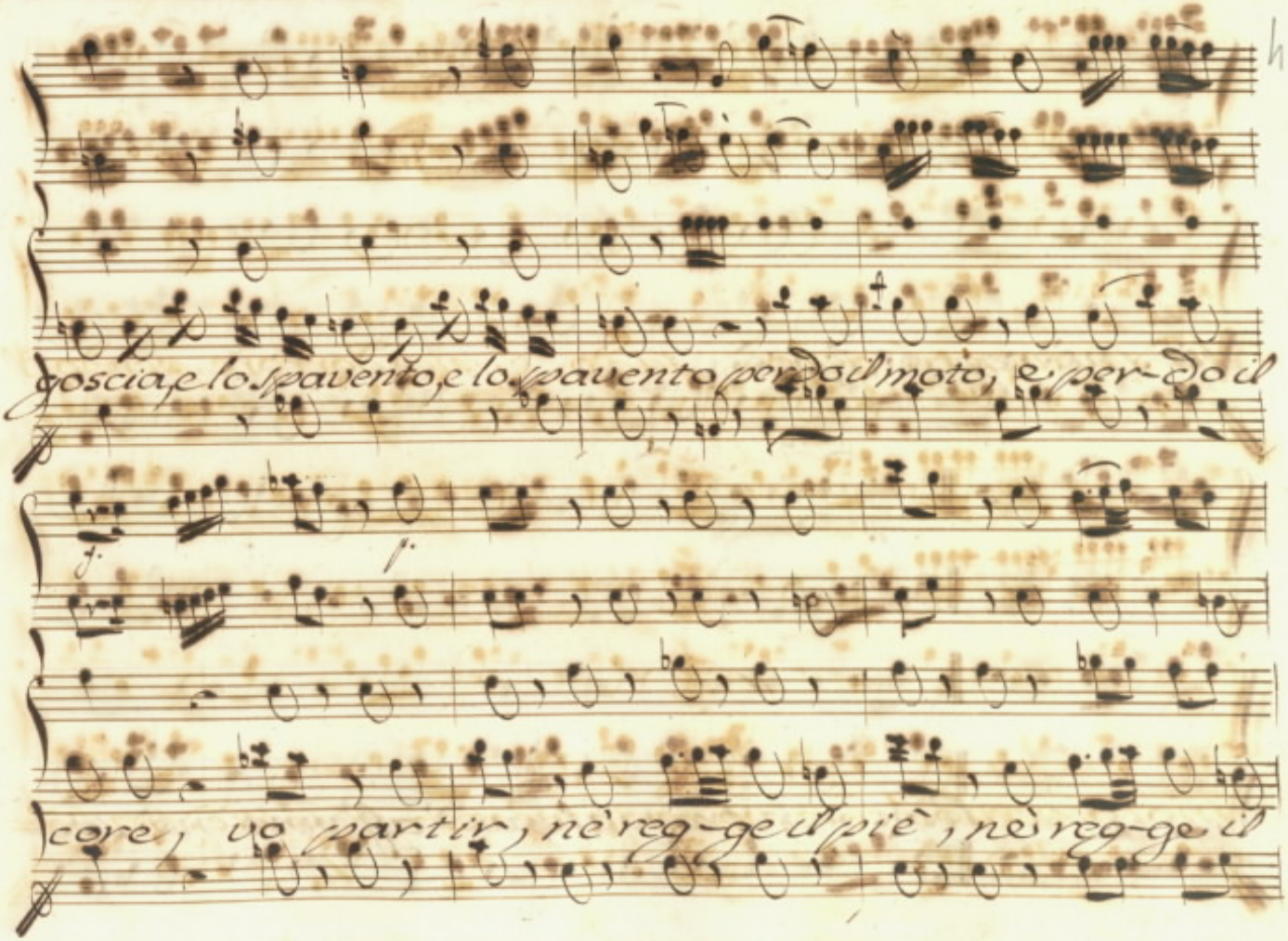

f
f
goscia, e lo spavento, e lo - spavento rudo, gelo, e
p
pien-d'orrore perdo il moto, e per-do il core, perdo il

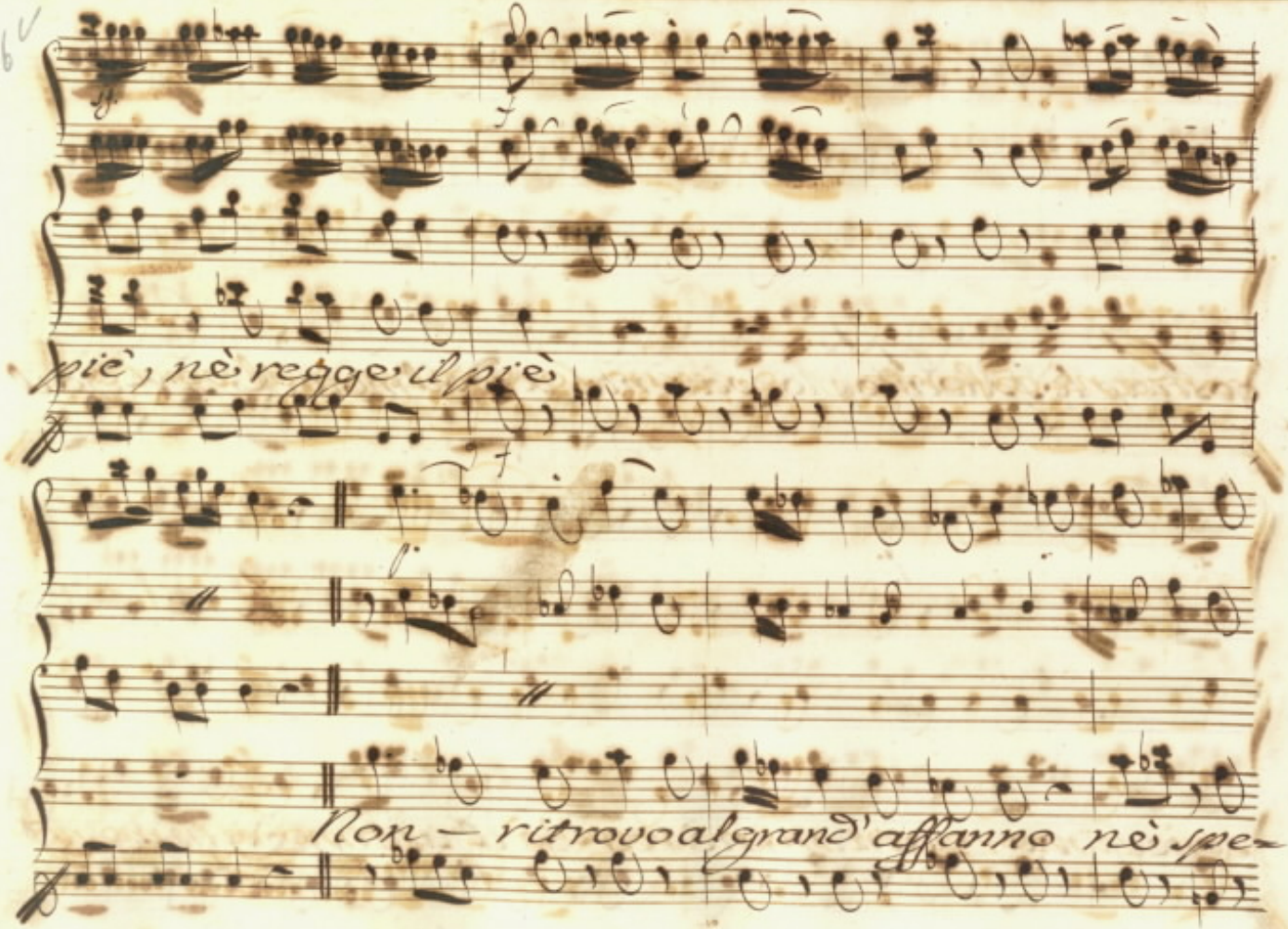
moto, e per-do il core, vo partir, nè regge il piè, nè

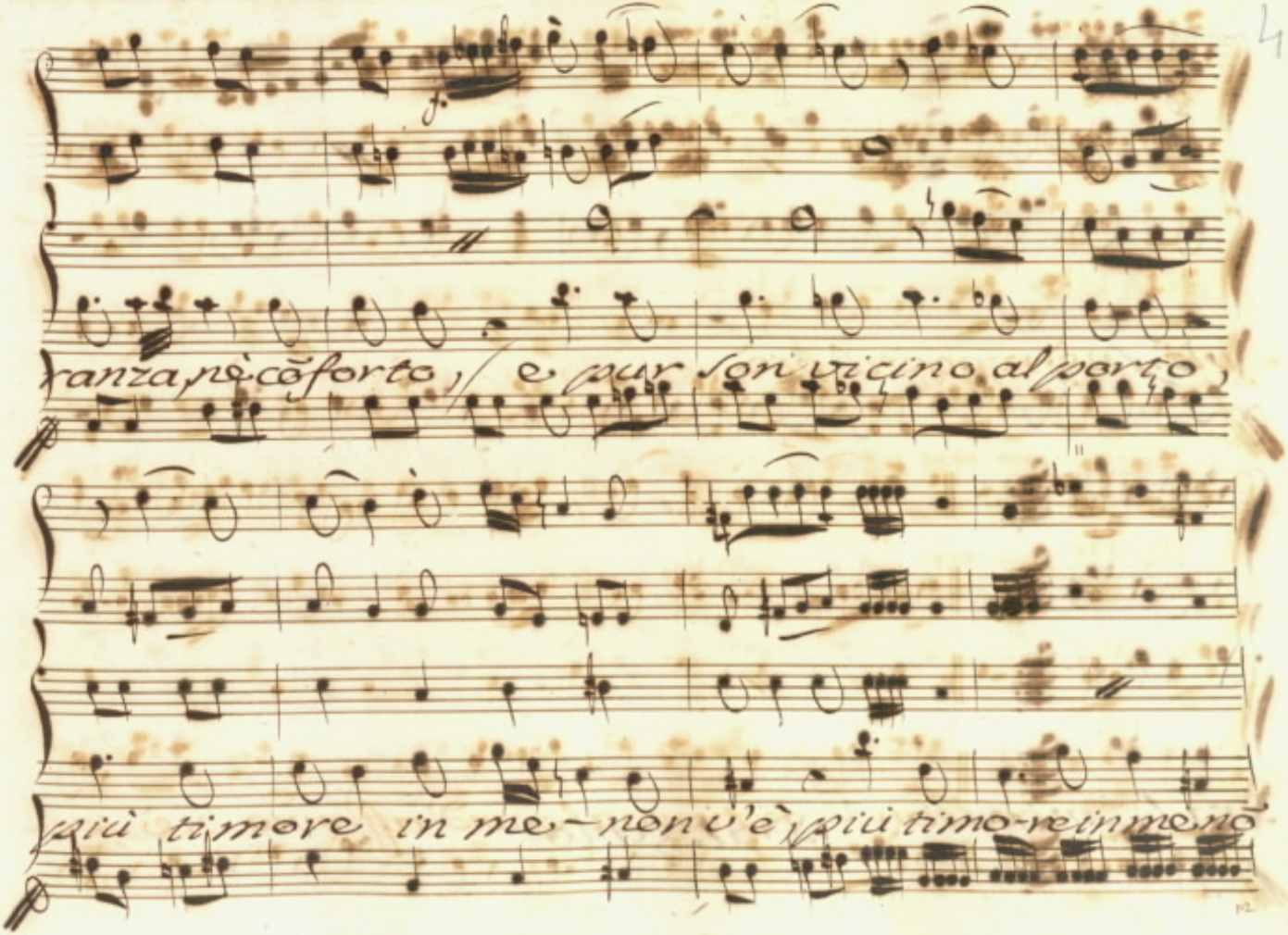
reg-ge il piè Fra l'angoscia, e lo spavento, e

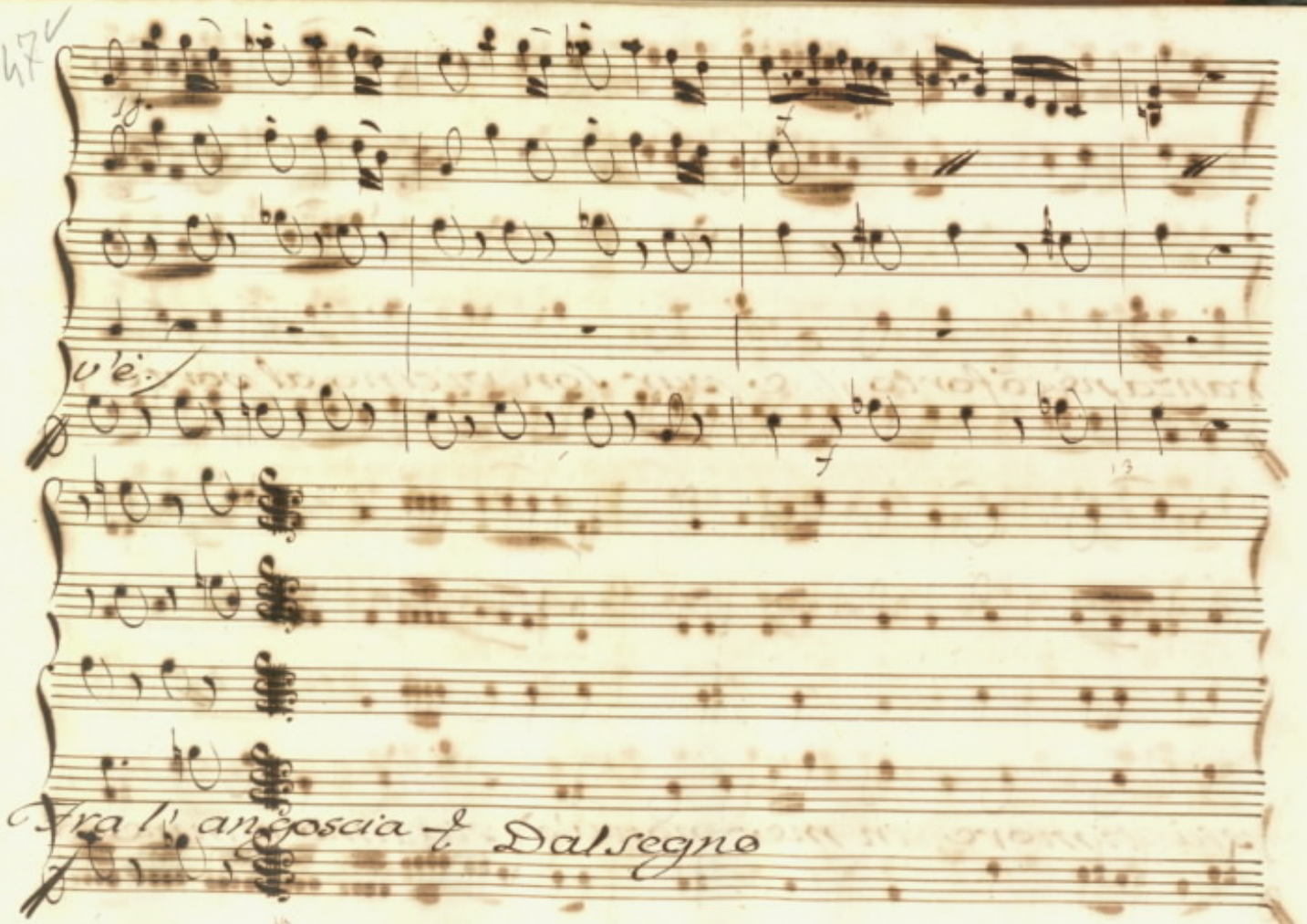


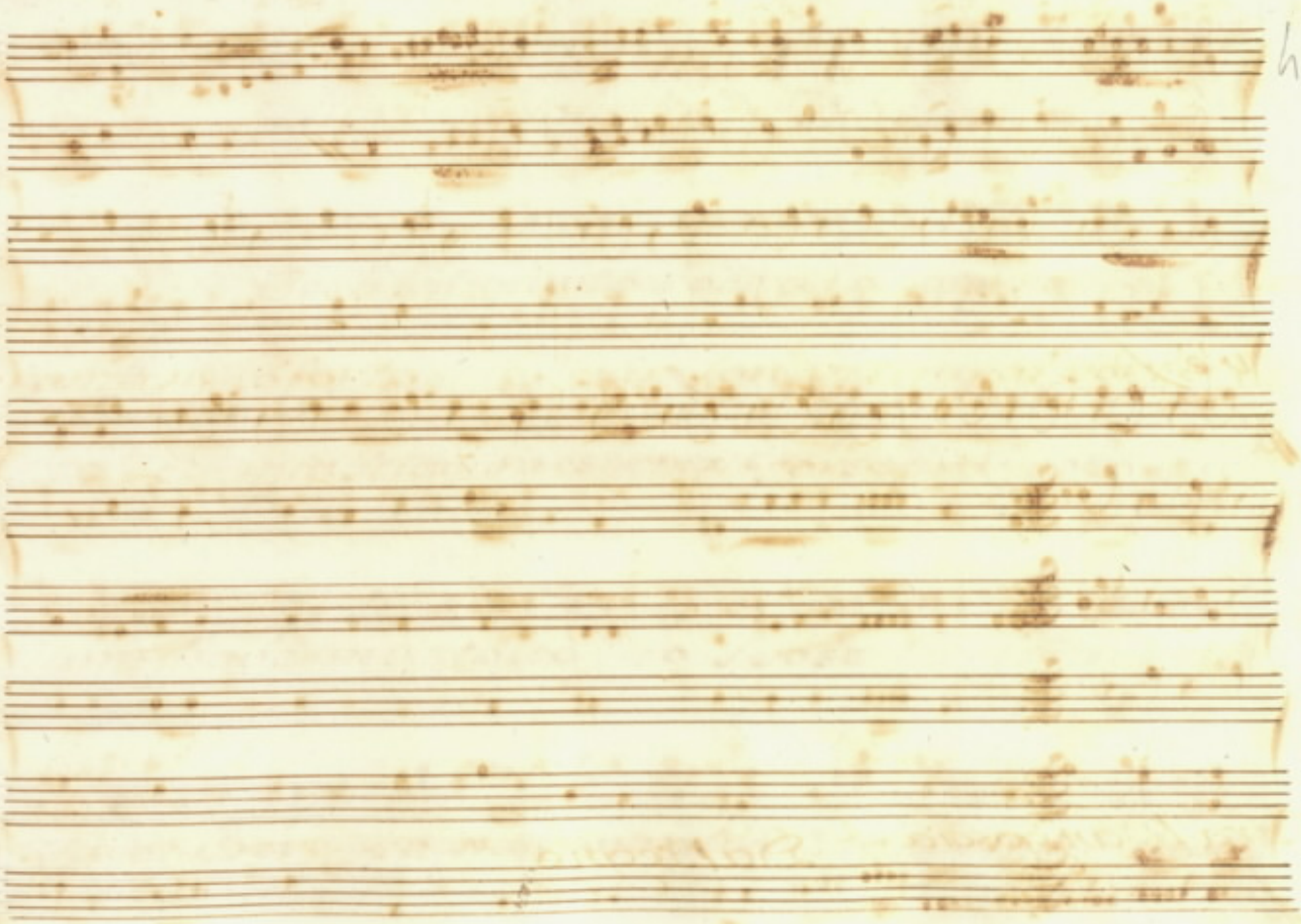

vo spaventa gelo, sudo, e pien d'orrore perdo il
moto, perdo il core, vo partir; nè reg- ge il piè: fra hà-

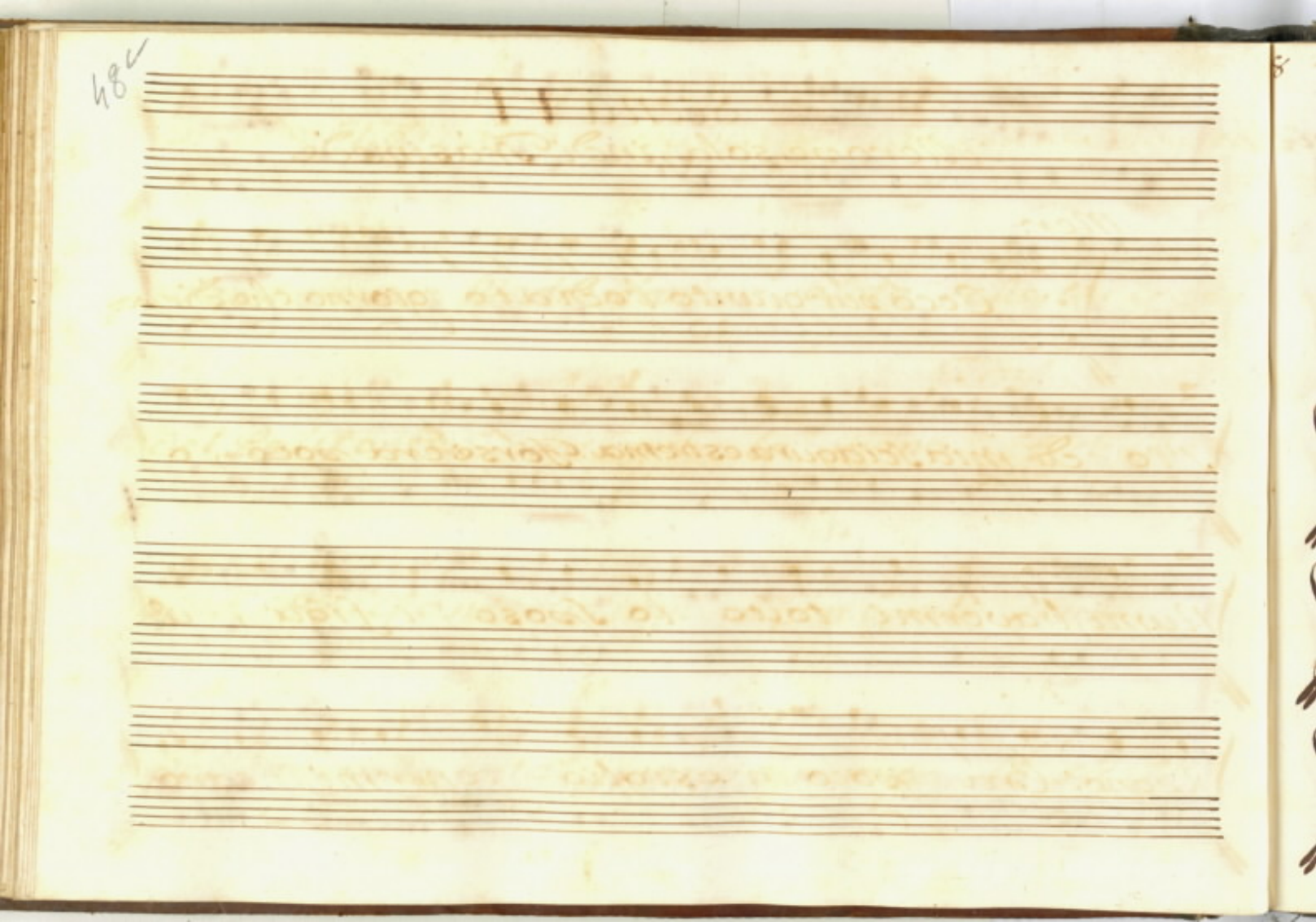

gosciaſe lo ſpaventoſe lo ſpauento perdo il moto, e per-do il
f.
f.
core, no partir, nè reg-ge il piè, nè reg-ge il


piè, nè regge il piè
Non – ritrovo al grand' affanno nè spe-


ranza, nè cõforto, e pur son vicino al porto,
più timore in me - non v'è, più timo-re in me nõ


v'è.
Fra l'angoscia & Dalsegno



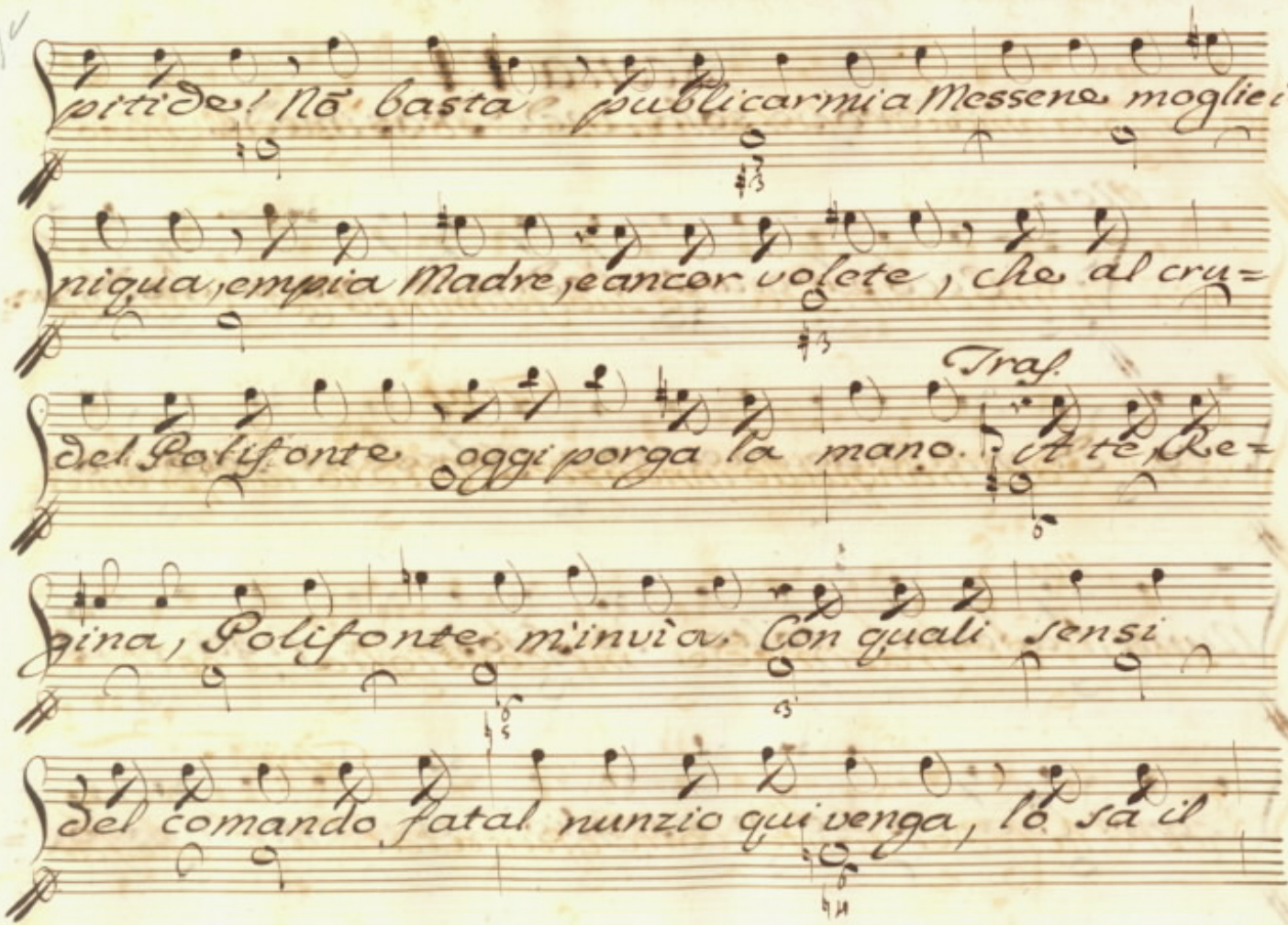


Scena VI.

Merope sola, indi Trasimede

Mer.

Ecco pur giunto l'odiato giorno, che dir pos=
s'io di mia sciagura estrema. Forse era poco, o
Numi, l'avermi tolto lo sposo, i figli, il
Regno? Era poco in esiglio tenermi il caro C=


pitide! Nō basta publicarmi a Messene moglie i=
niqua, empia Madre, e ancor volete, che al cru=
del Polifonte oggi porga la mano. Trasf. A te Re=
gina, Polifonte m'invia. Con quali sensi
del comando fatal nunzio qui venga, lo sa il

Mer.

Ciel! Cosa amor ti vuol sua sposa. Io sposa all'empio! Ah

pria m'incenerisca co' suoi fulmini il Ciel. E tu mi

Traf.

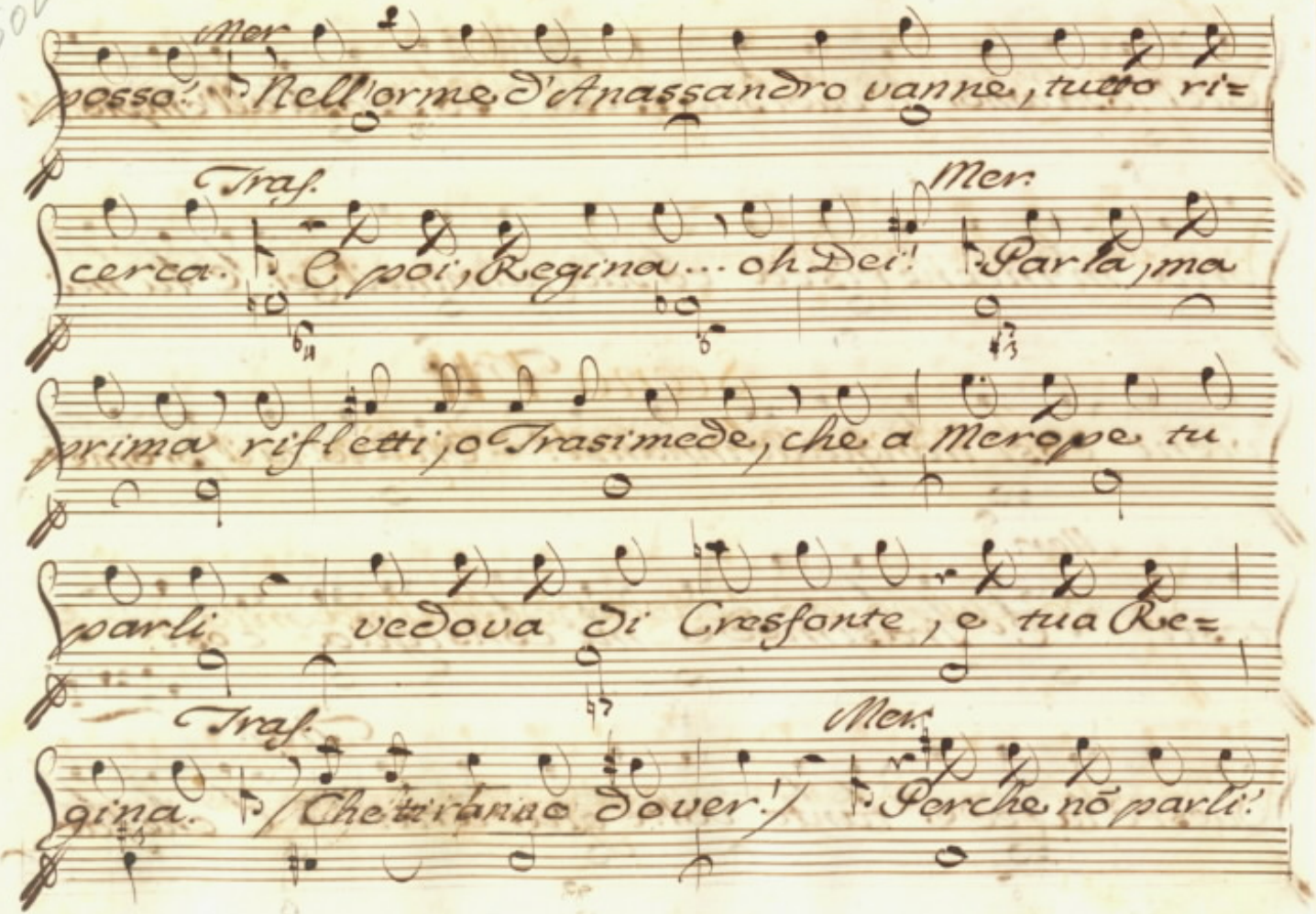
vieni così tranquillo innanzi? Oh Dio! tu il promet-

Mer.

testi? E Trasimede mi consiglia così?

Traf.

Questè la fede tante volte giurata? E che far


Mer.
posso? Nell'orme d'Anassandro vanne, tutto ri=
Traf.
cerca. E poi, Regina... oh Dei! Mer. Parla, ma
prima rifletti, o Trasimede, che a Merope tu
parli vedova di Cresfonte, e tua Re=
Traf.
gina. Che tirannо dover! Mer. Perche nō parli?

Trad.

Ah, che il rispetto mio... il tuo voler... non

più Regina, addio.

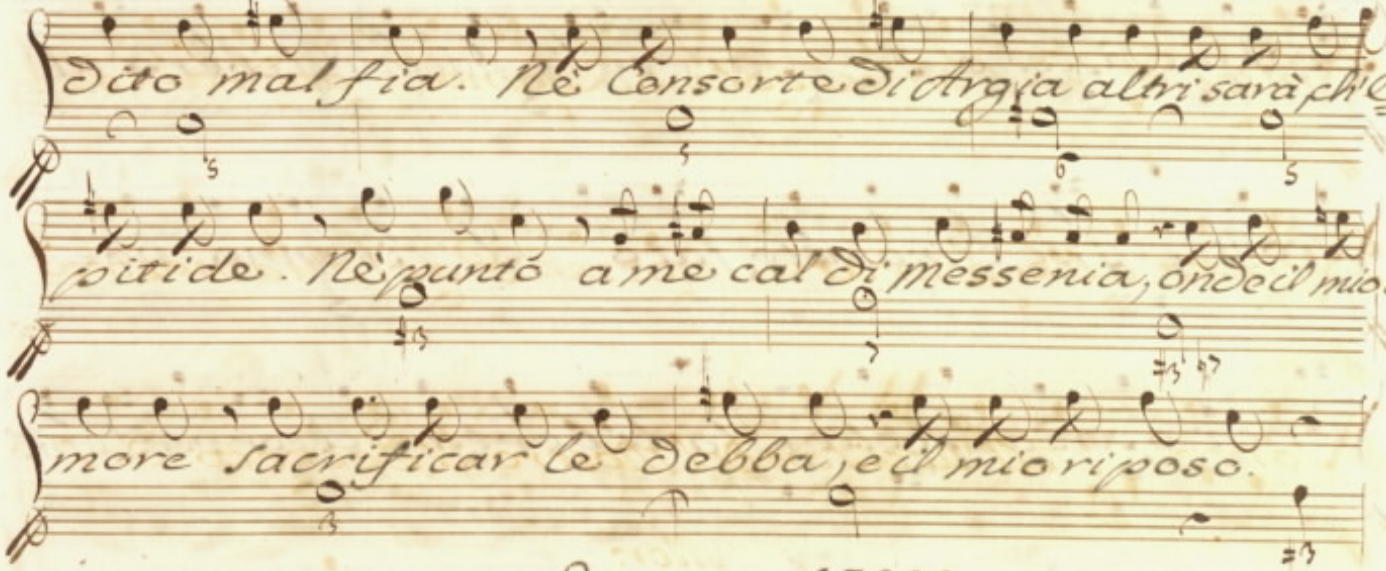
Scena VII.

Merope sola, indi Argìa.

Voi, cui noto è il candor dell'alma mia, al=

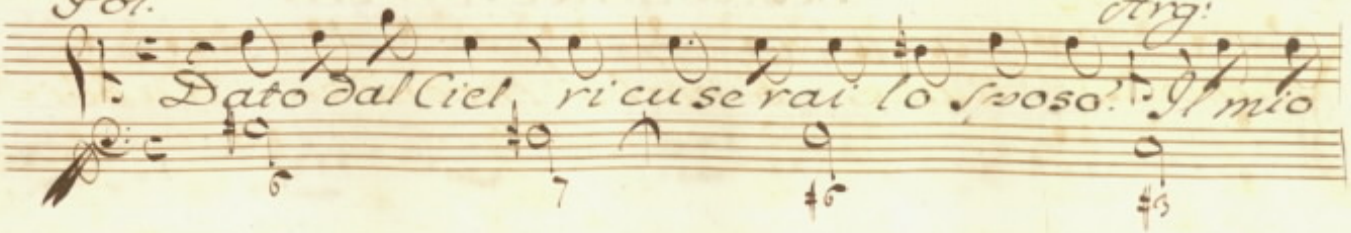
fine, eterni Dei, movètevi a pietà de' mali

Arg:
miei. Non più sola, o Regina, andrai co=
stretta alle giurate nozze. Pari è la nostra
sorte. All'uccisor del Mostro il Decreto del
Mer:
Ciel mi vuol Consorte. Fausto sarà ciò che comanda
Arg:
Nume. Il Nume o mal s'intende, dubbi=



Scena VIII

Polifonte, e. Dette.



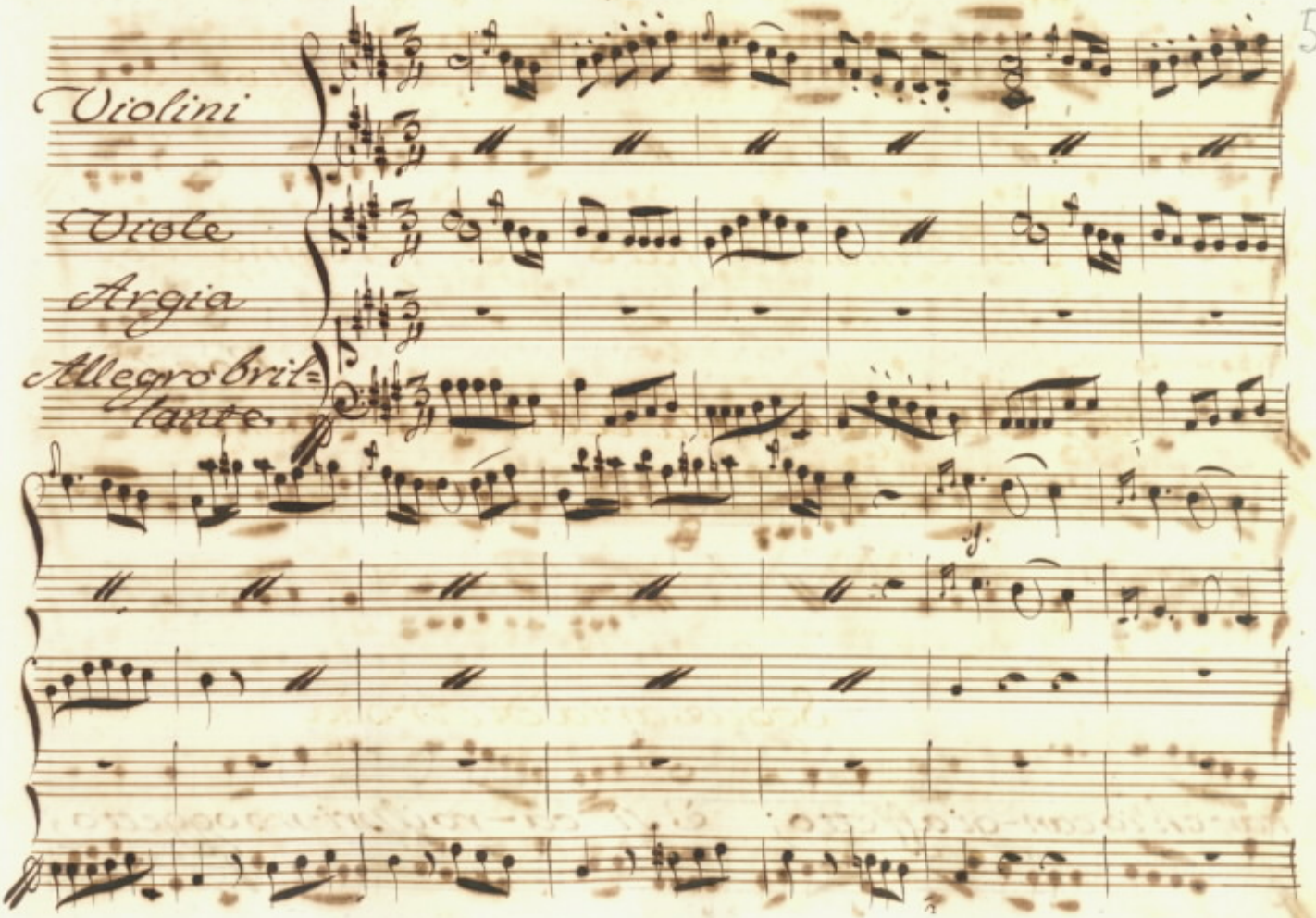
sposo è già scelto. Il sai, ch'io nacqui libera al

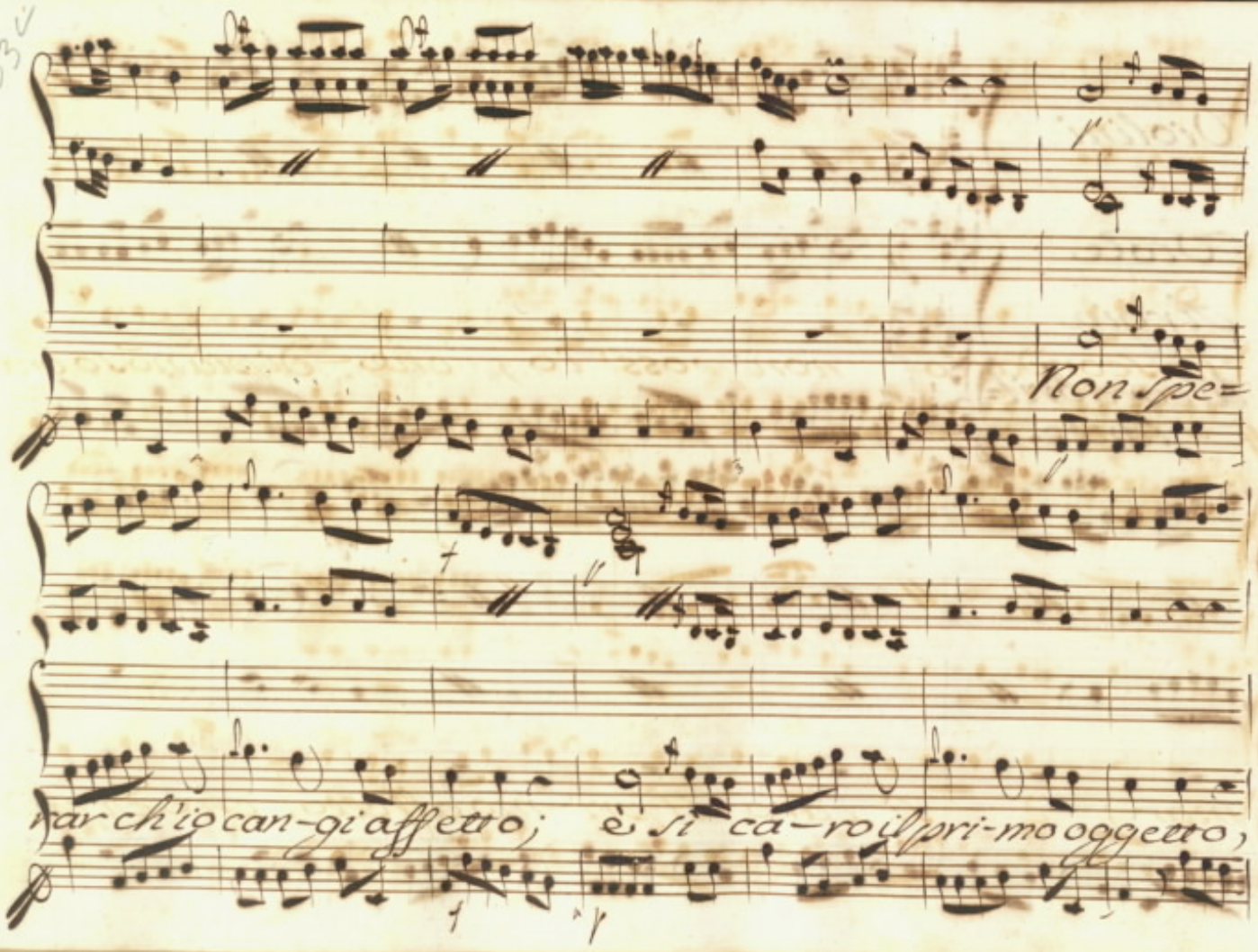
trono. Ah, se d'ingiusto fato è tiranno vo=

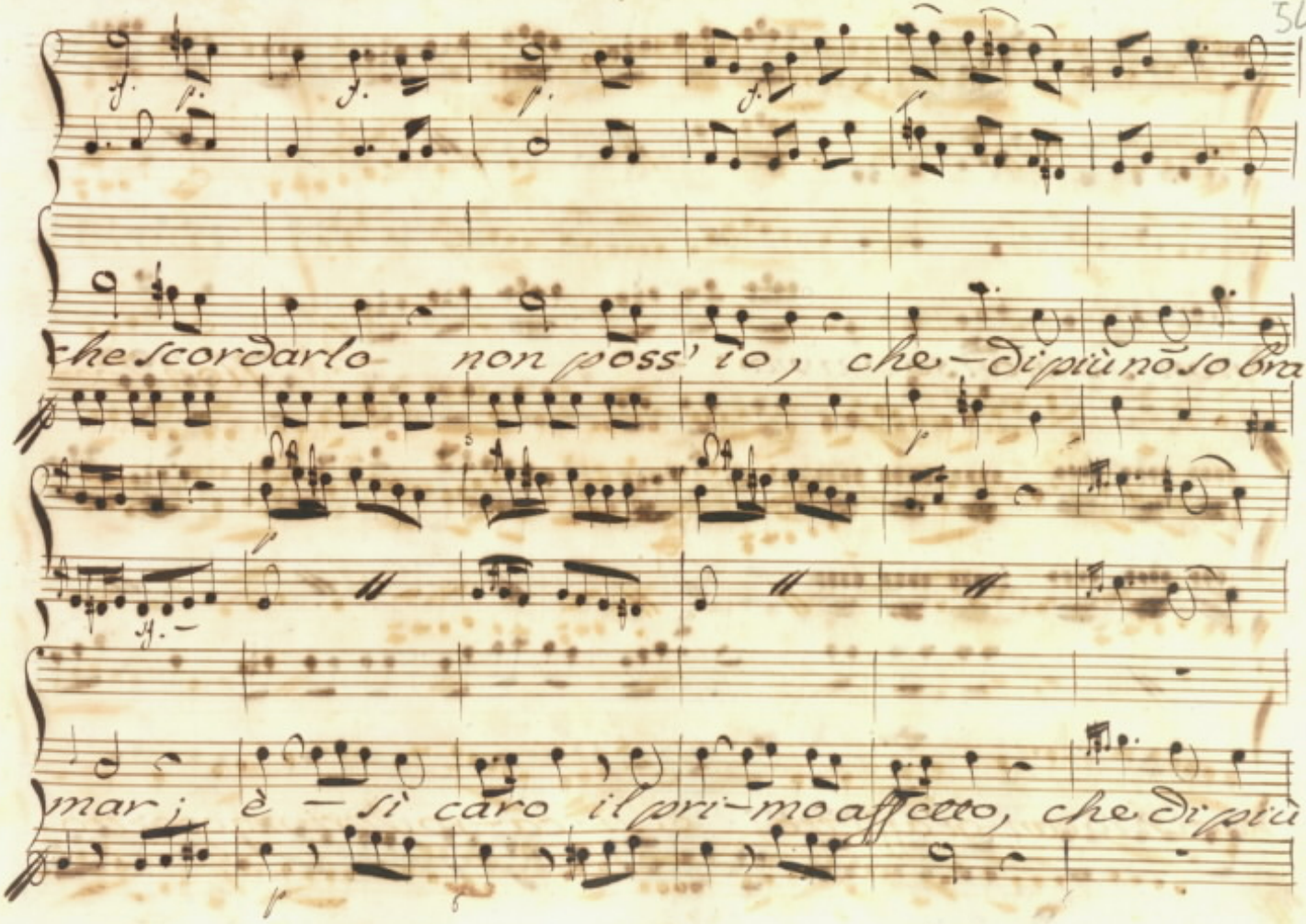
ler, ch'io perda il soglio, la libertà del cor perderò

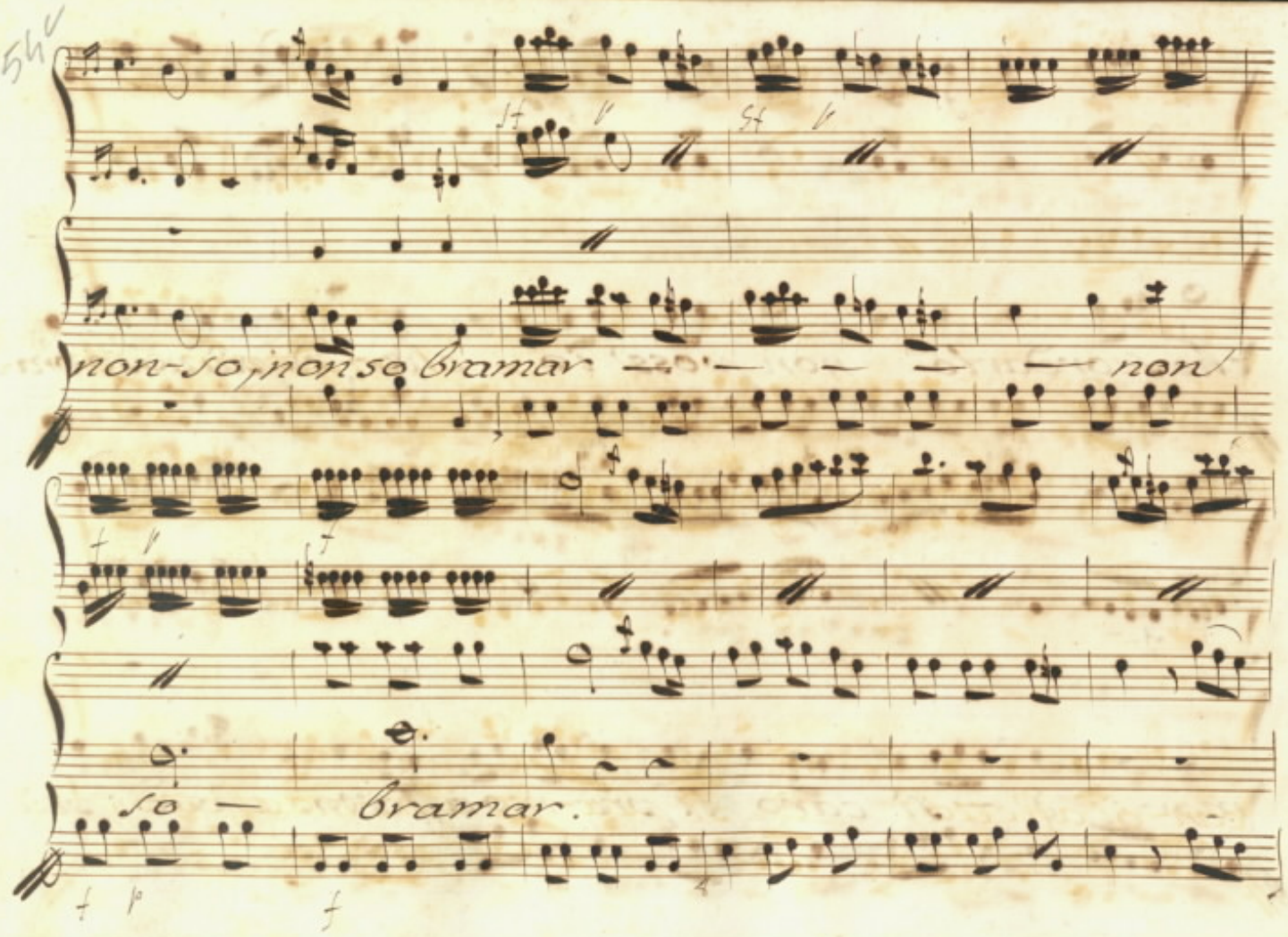
voglio.

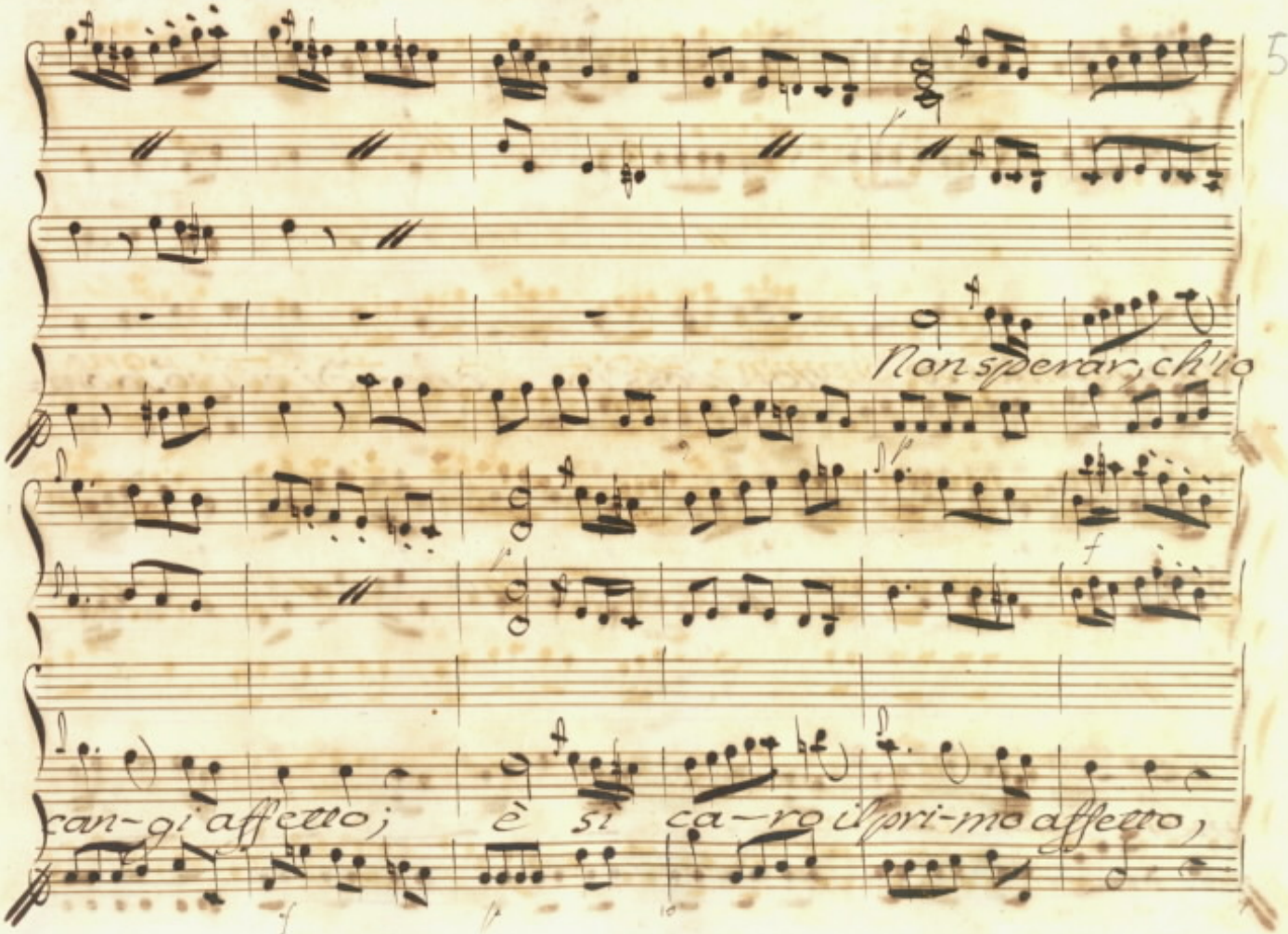
Segue aria di Argia

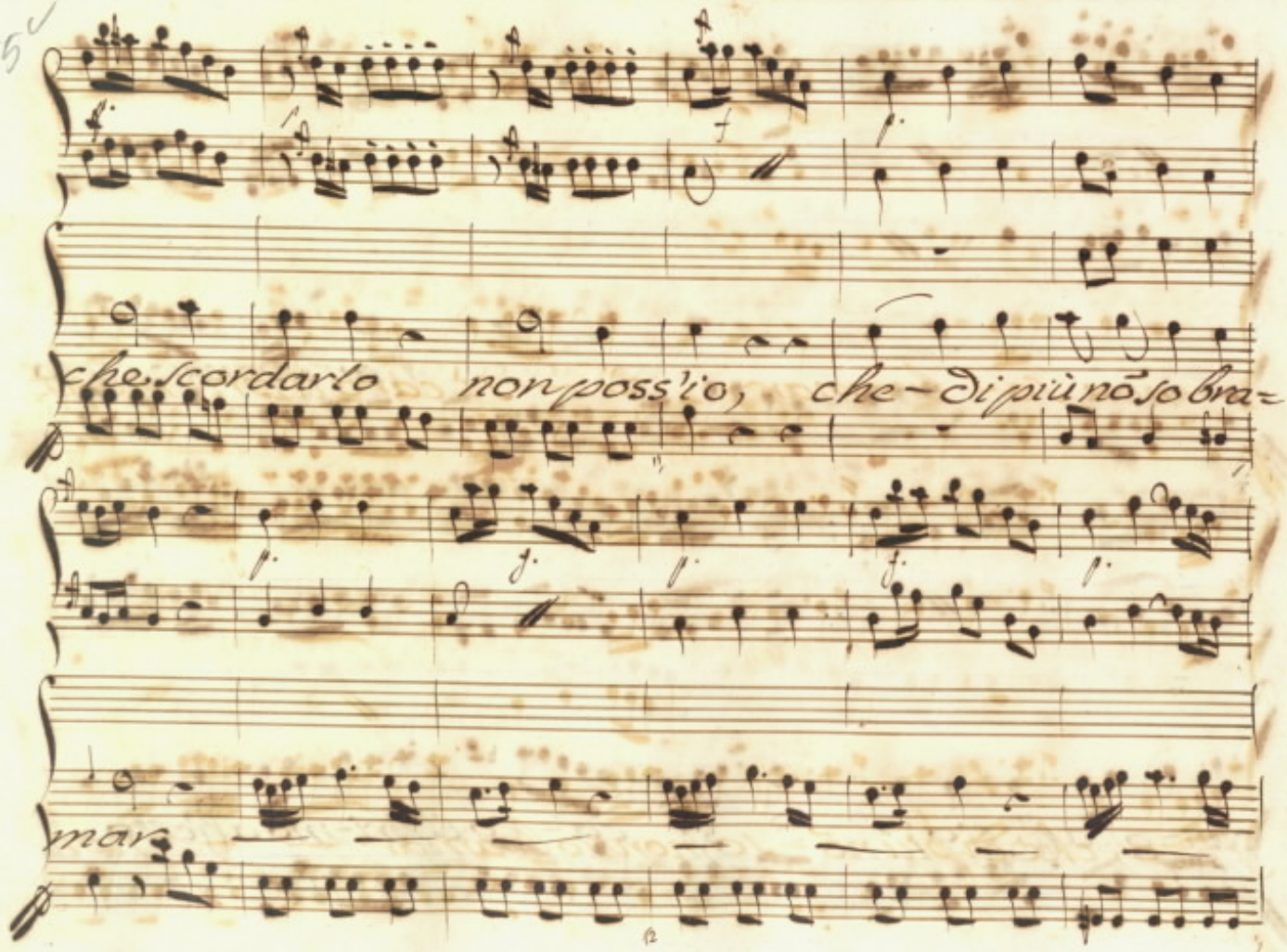

Violini
Viole
Argia
Allegro brillante
sf.

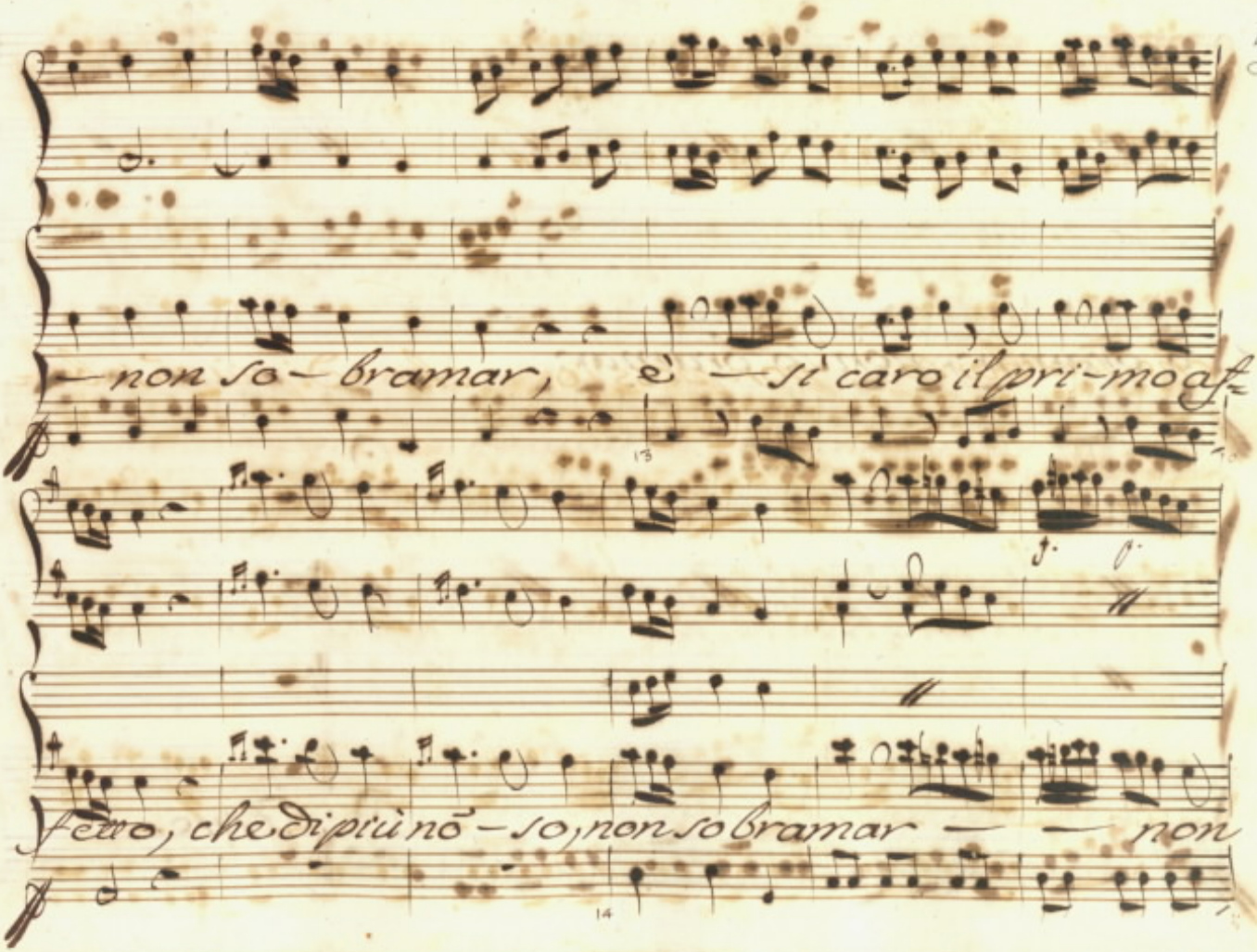

Non spe=
rar ch'io can-gi affetto; è si ca-ro il pri-mo oggetto,

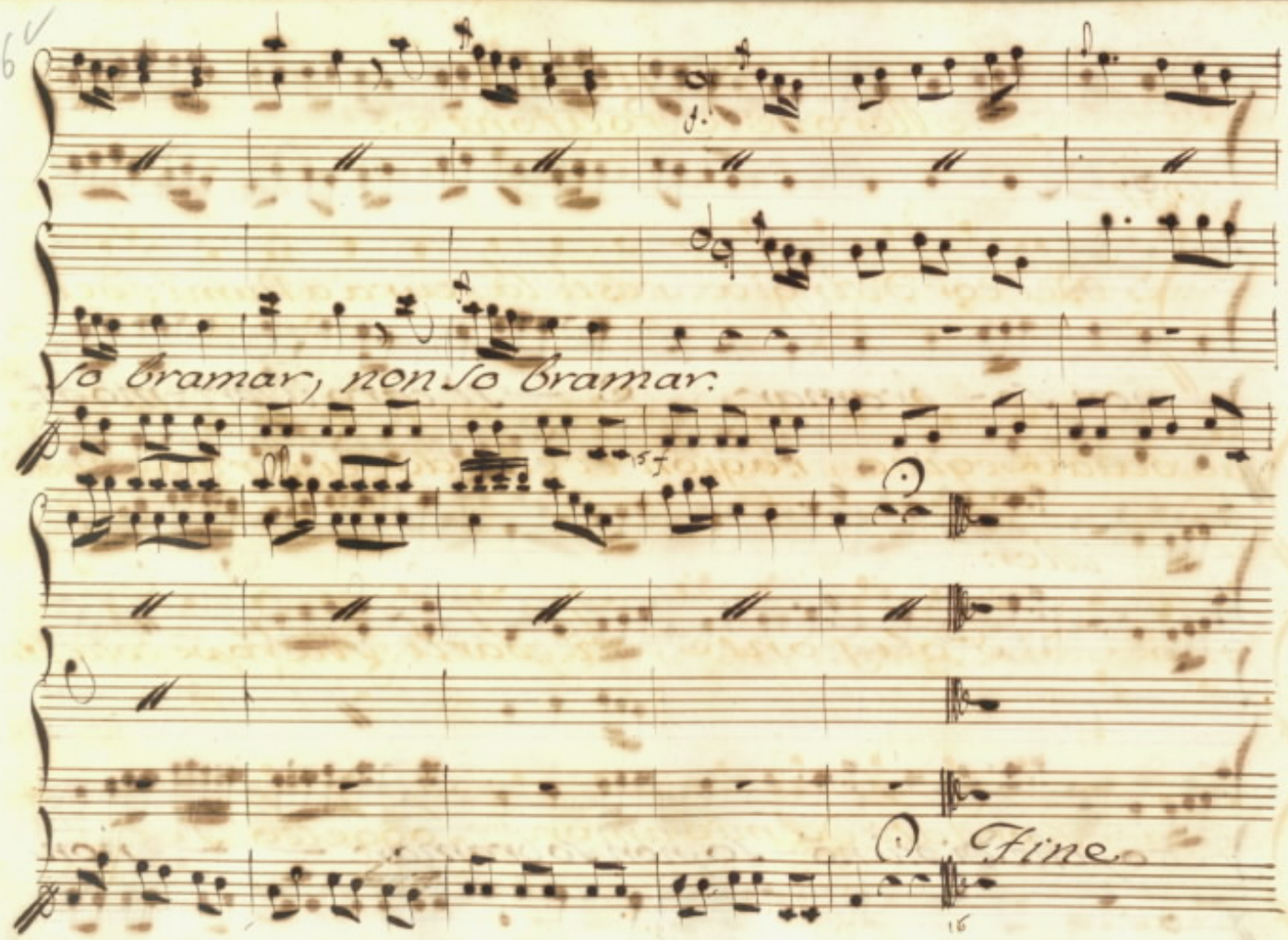

che scordarlo non poss' io, che di più non so bra-
mar; è — sì caro il pri-mo affetto, che di più


non-so, non so bramar — — — — non
so — bramar.


Non sperar, ch'io
can-gi affetto; è si ca-ro il pri-mo affetto,


che scordarlo non poss'io, che di più nō so bra-
mar


non so- bramar, è — sì caro il pri-mo af-
fetto, che di più nō - so, non so bramar — — non


So bramar, non so bramar.
Fine

Scena IX.

Merope, e Polifonte.

Pol.

Del cor d'Argia resti la cura a Numi; del

tuo, bella Regina, ragion ti chiedo: ei per tua colpa è

Mer.

mio. Polifonte, ti parli Merope più sin=

cera, scordati del mio amore: oggetto sei

Pol.

Sodio, d'ira, e spavento agli occhi miei. Merope a

Mer.

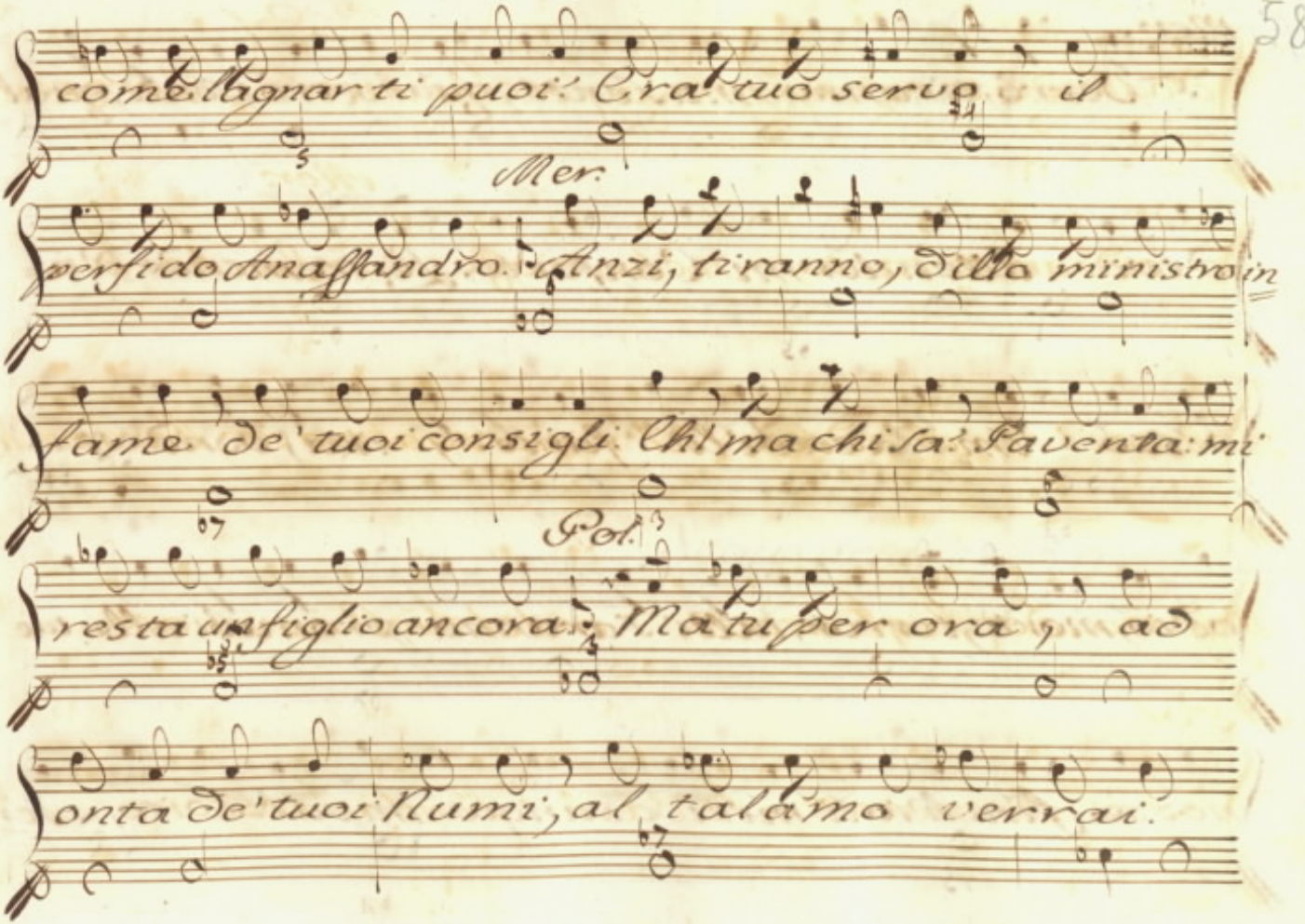
o di armi tanto? in che ti offesi? In che mi

chiedi? il dica il rimorso al tuo cor, barbaro in

grato, de' figli uccisi, e del tuo Rè svenato.

Pol.

Sì: svenato? e da chi? senza rossore


come lagnar ti puoi? Era tuo servo il
Mer.
perfido Anassandro. Anzi, tiranno, dille ministro in
fame de' tuoi consigli. Chi ma chi sa? Paventa: mi
Pol.
resta un figlio ancora. Ma tu per ora, ad
onta de' tuoi Numi, al talamo verrai.

mer

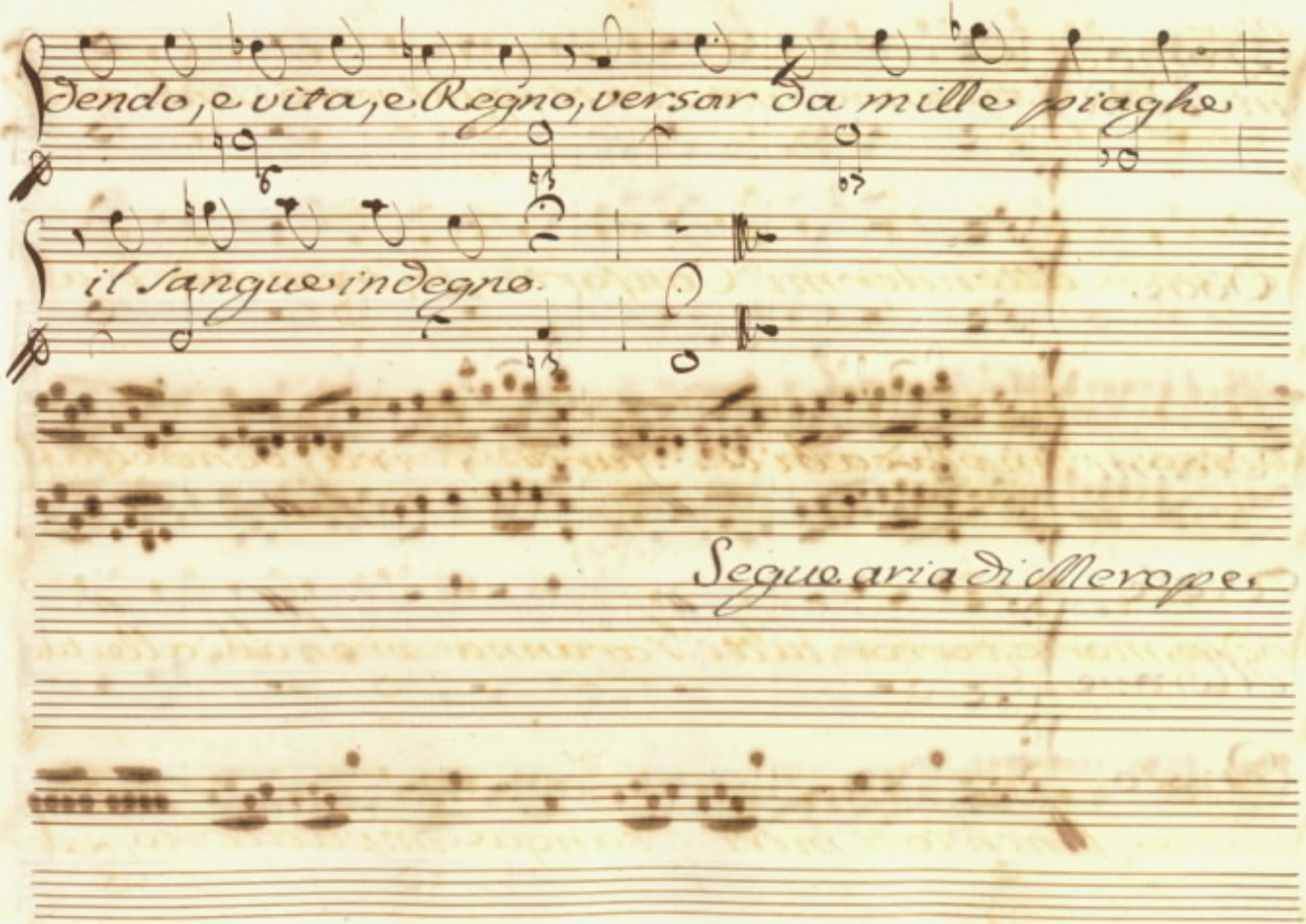
Verrò, tiranno, ma senti, qual verrò; senti, qual

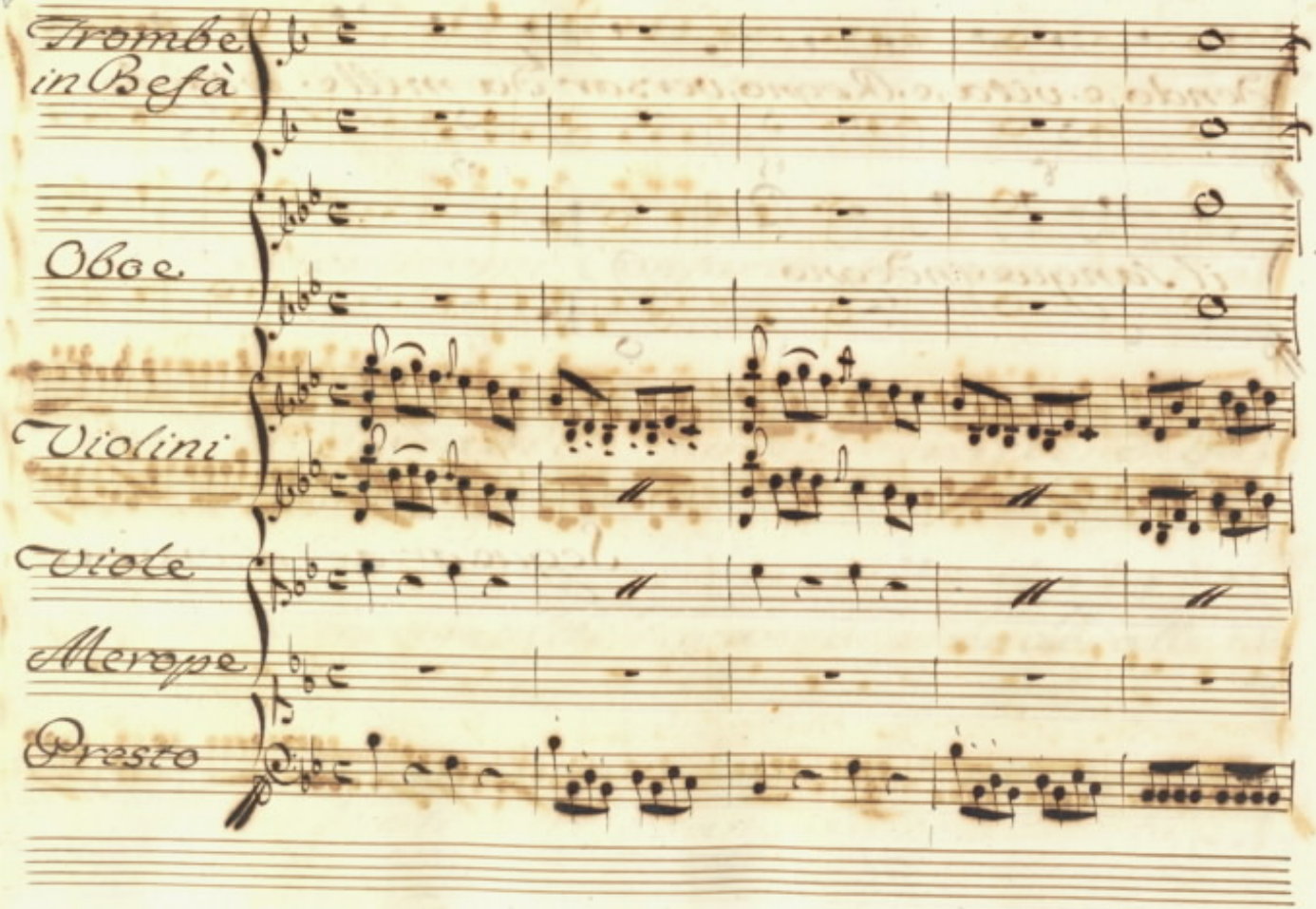
devi attendermi Conforte. Le tremende d'a-

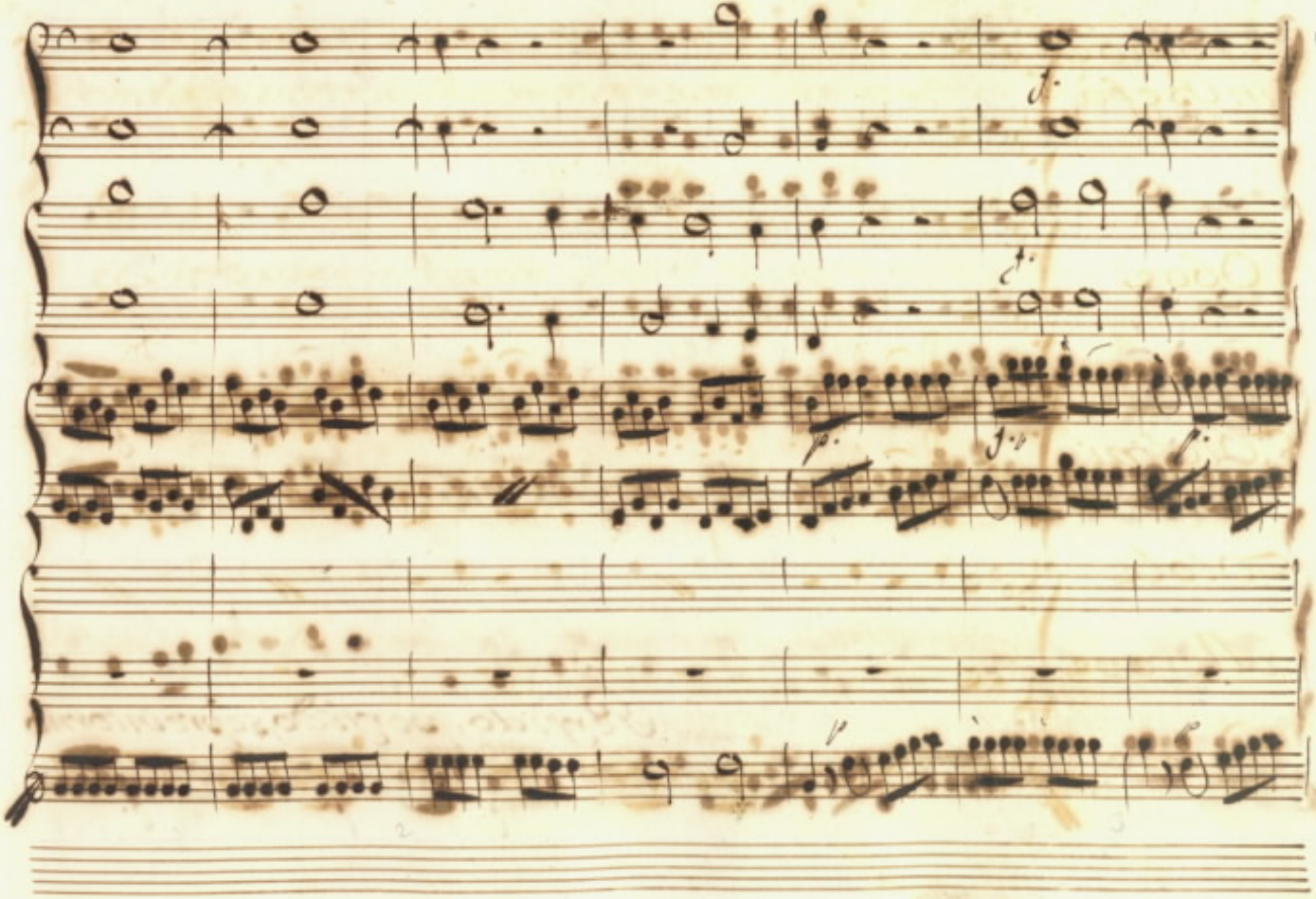
bisso implacabili furie, ira, vendetta,

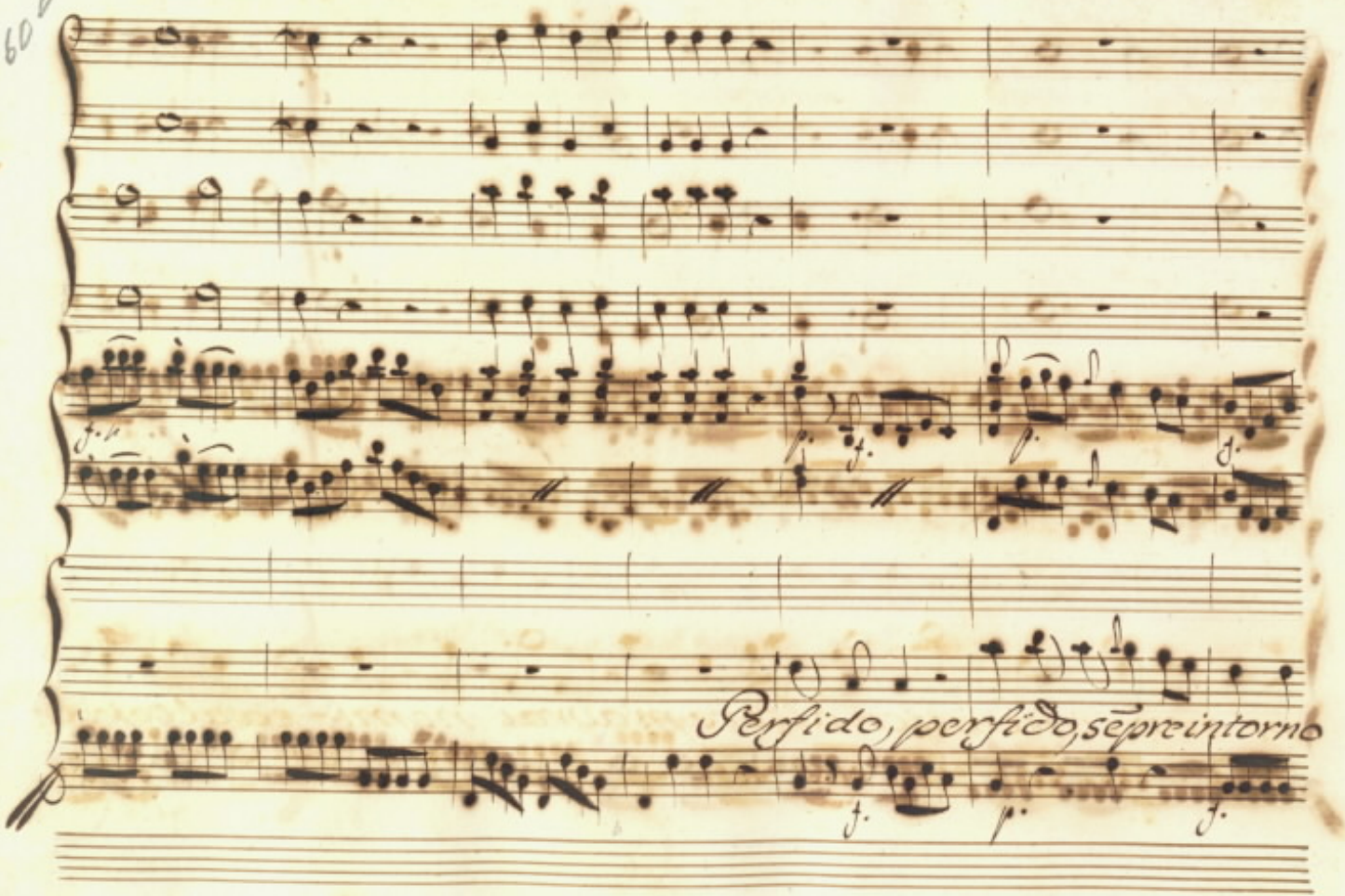
odio, morte, terror, tutti saranno pronubi alle tue

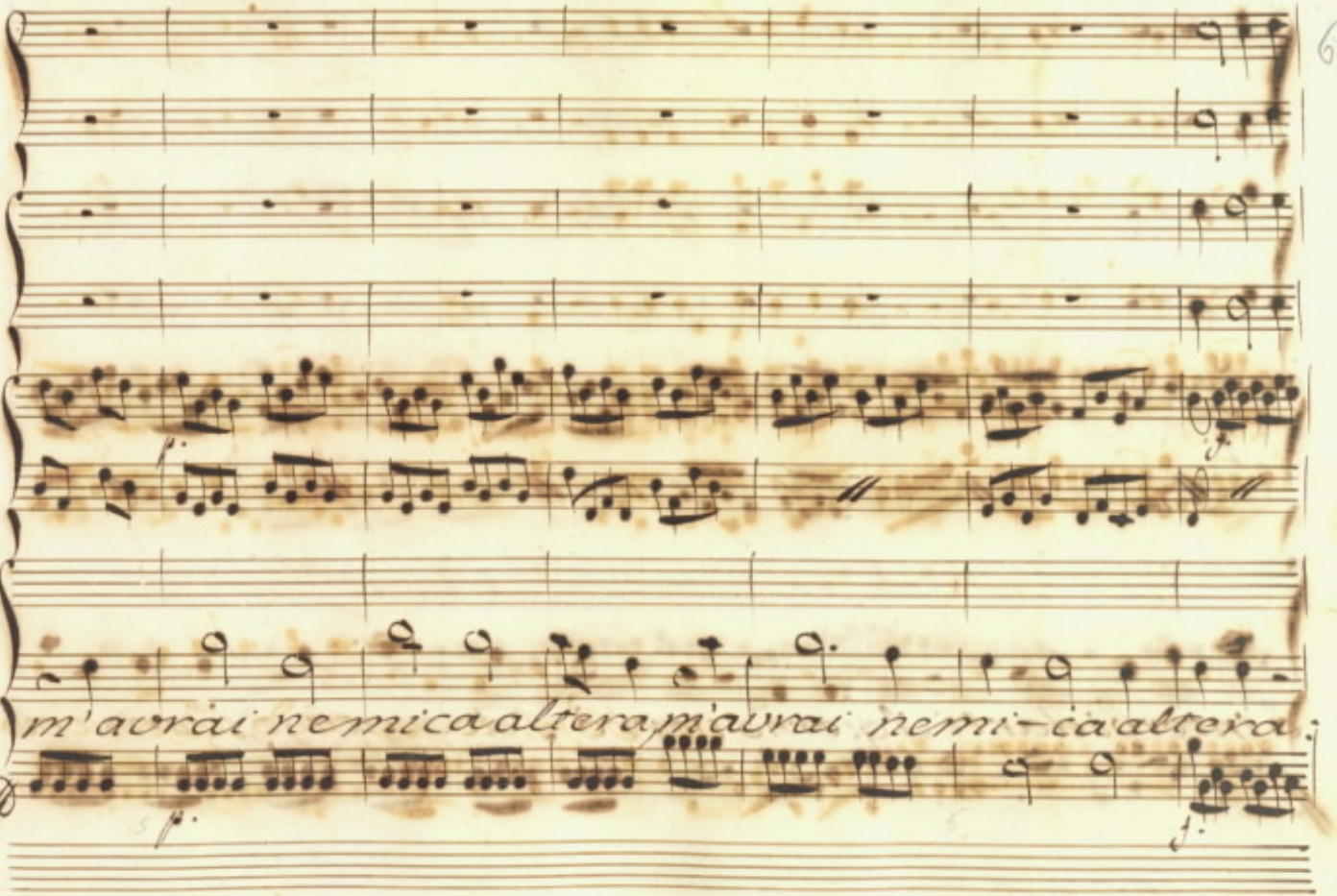
nozze, finch'io ti miri e sangue impallidito, per

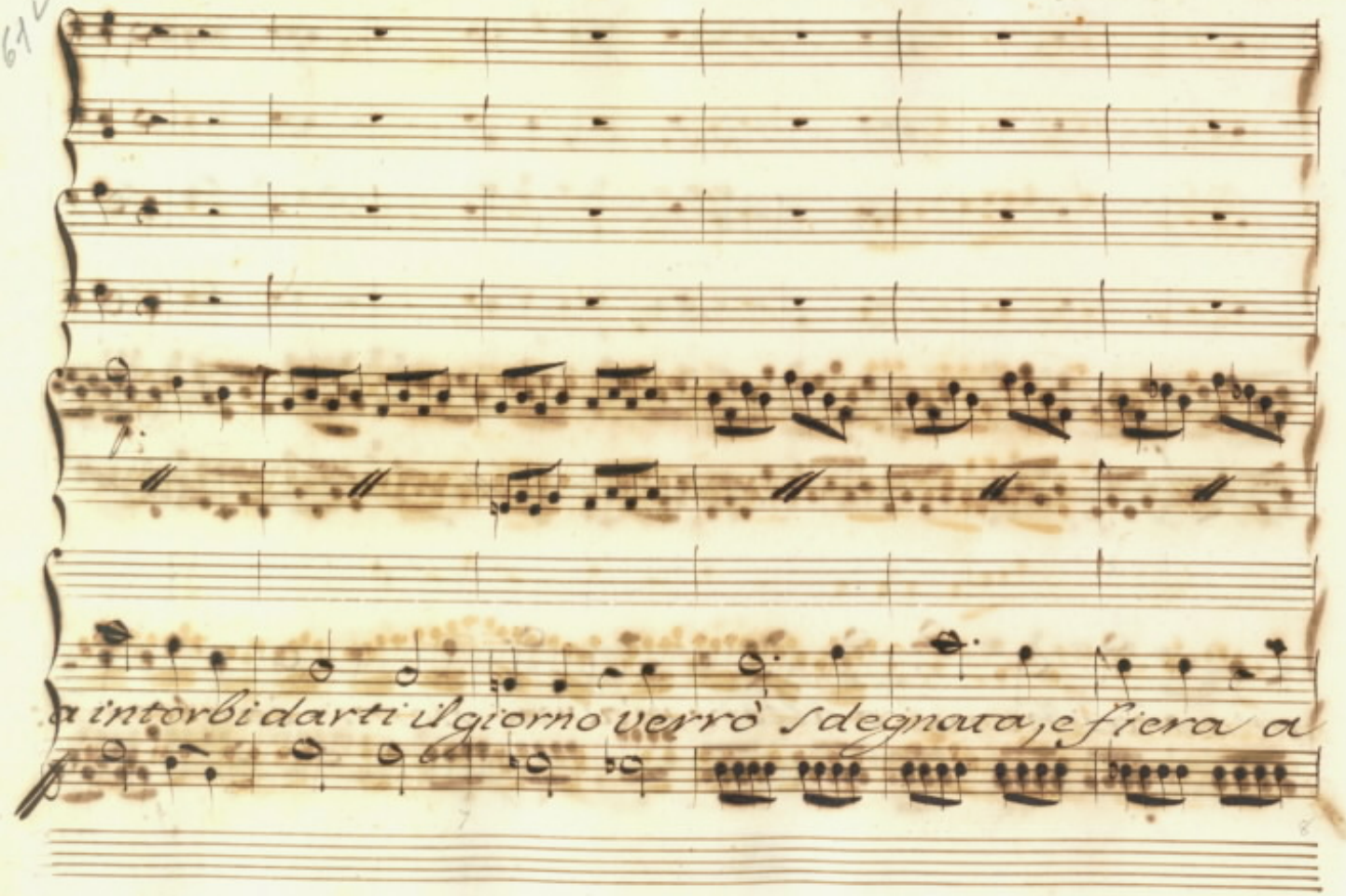

Dendo, e vita, e Regno, versar da mille piaghe
il sangue indegno.
Segue aria di Merope.


Trombe
in Befà
Oboe.
Violini
Viole
Merope
Presto

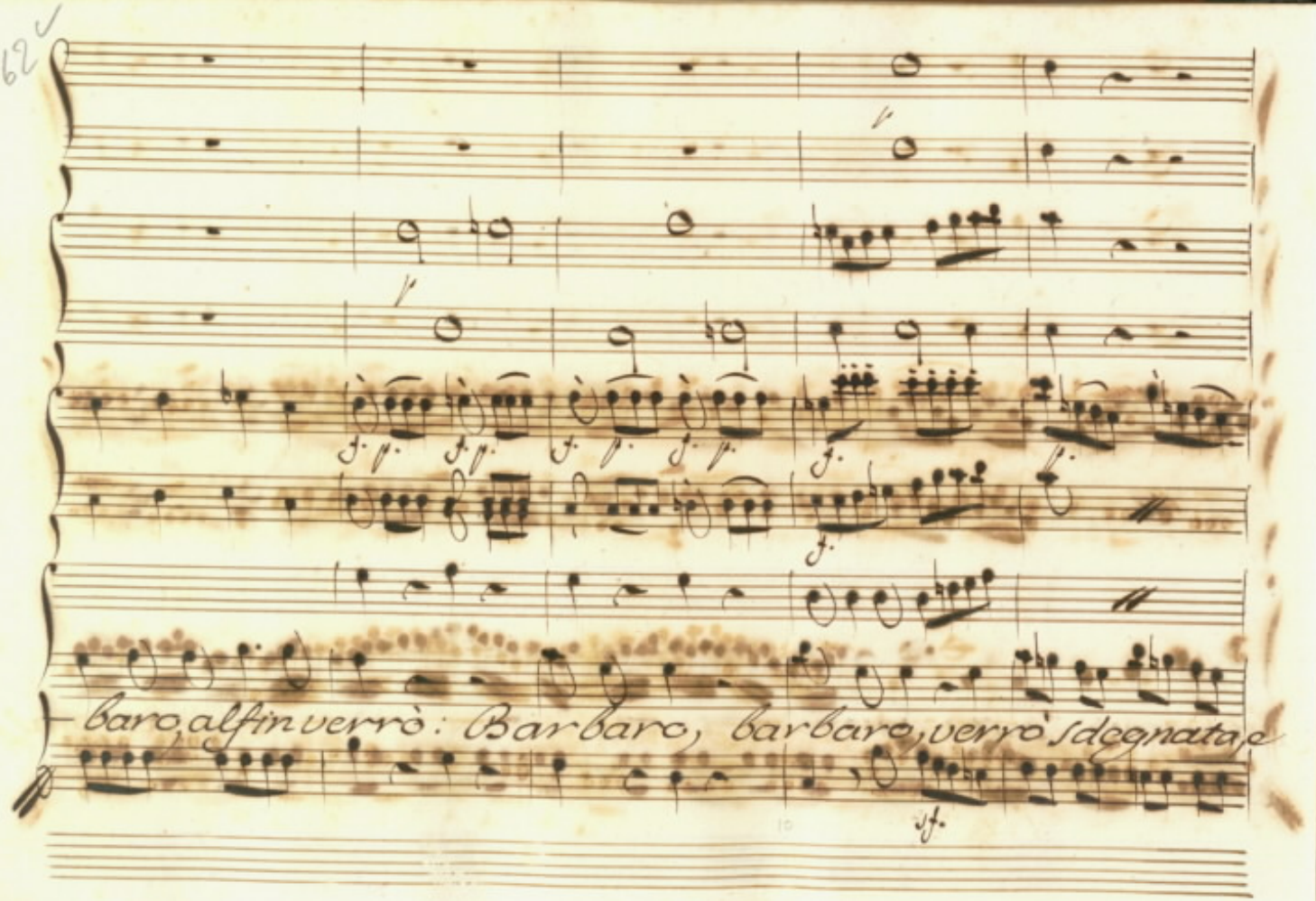

f.
f.
fp.
f.
f.

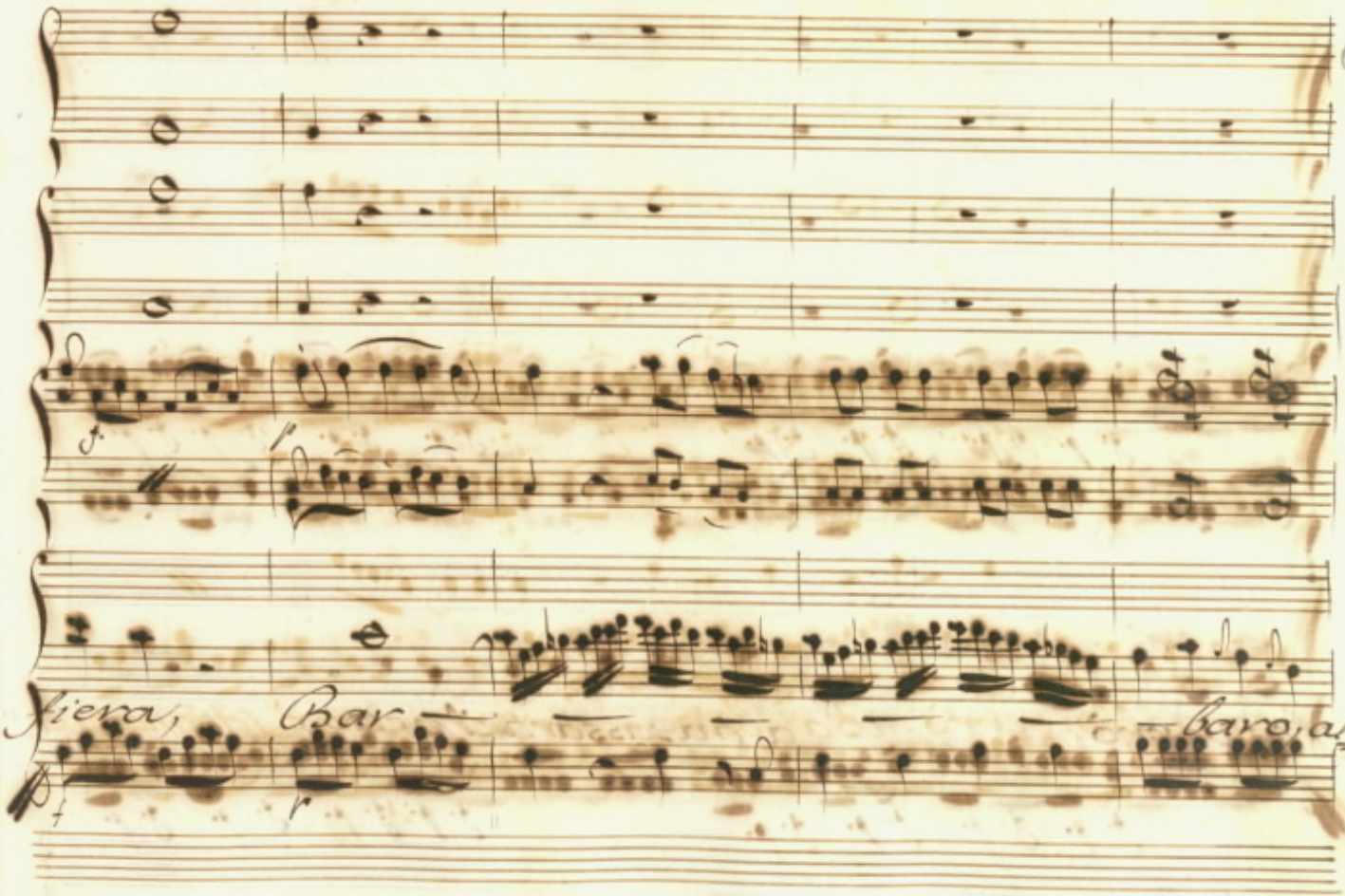

Perfido, perfido, sepreintorno

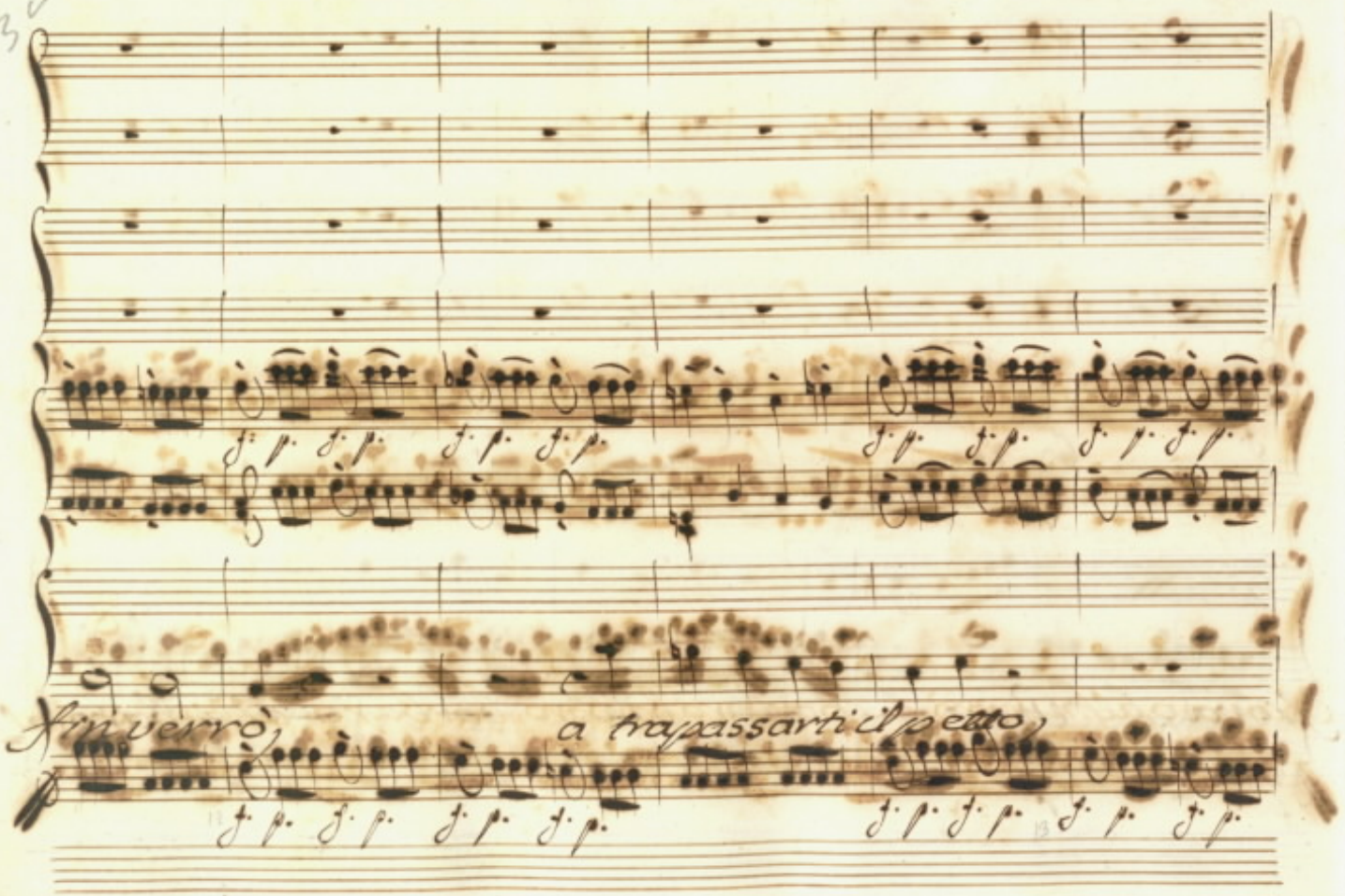

m'avrai nemica altera m'avrai nemi-ca altera

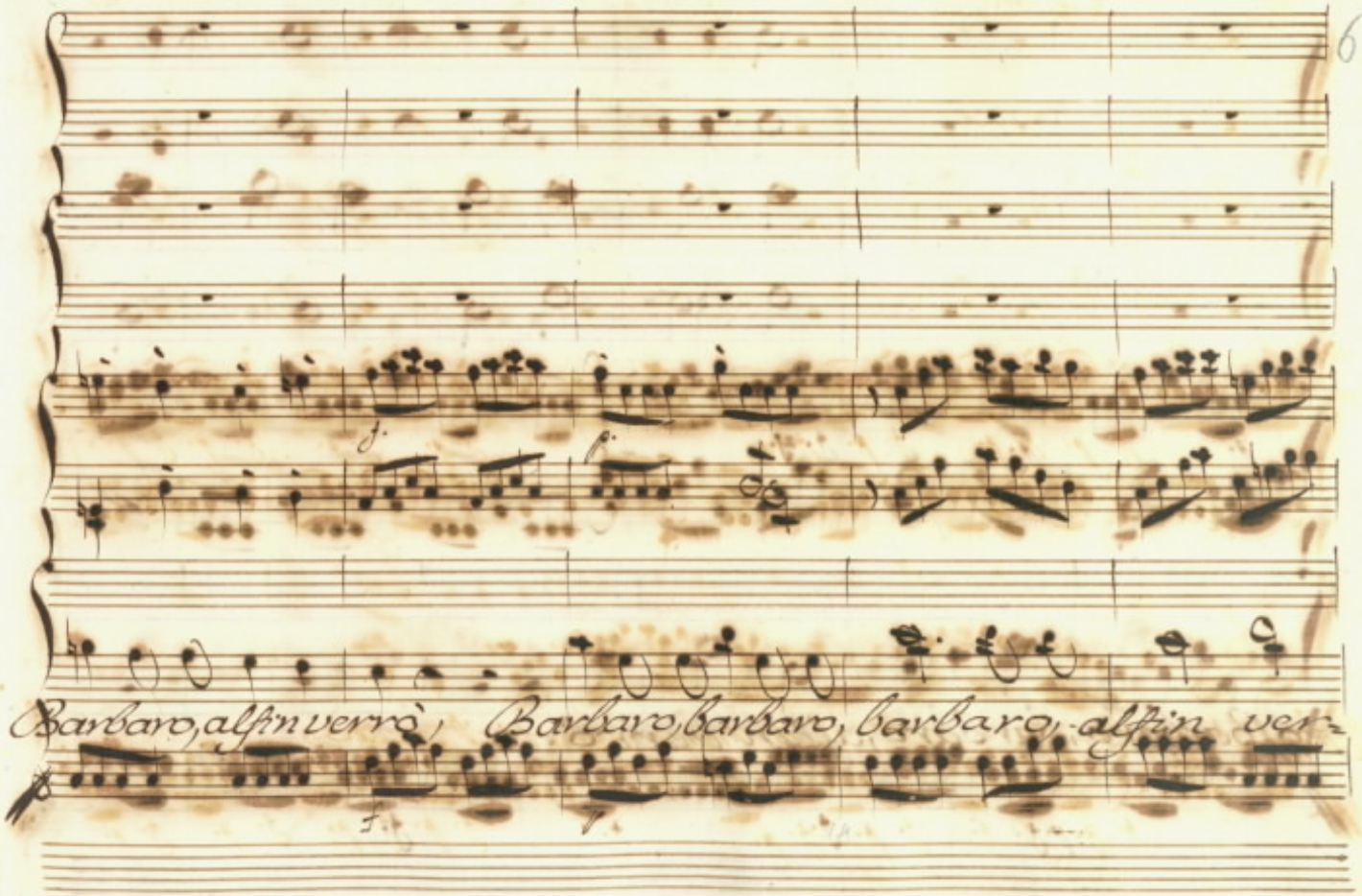

a intòrbi darti il giorno verrò sdegnata, e fiera a

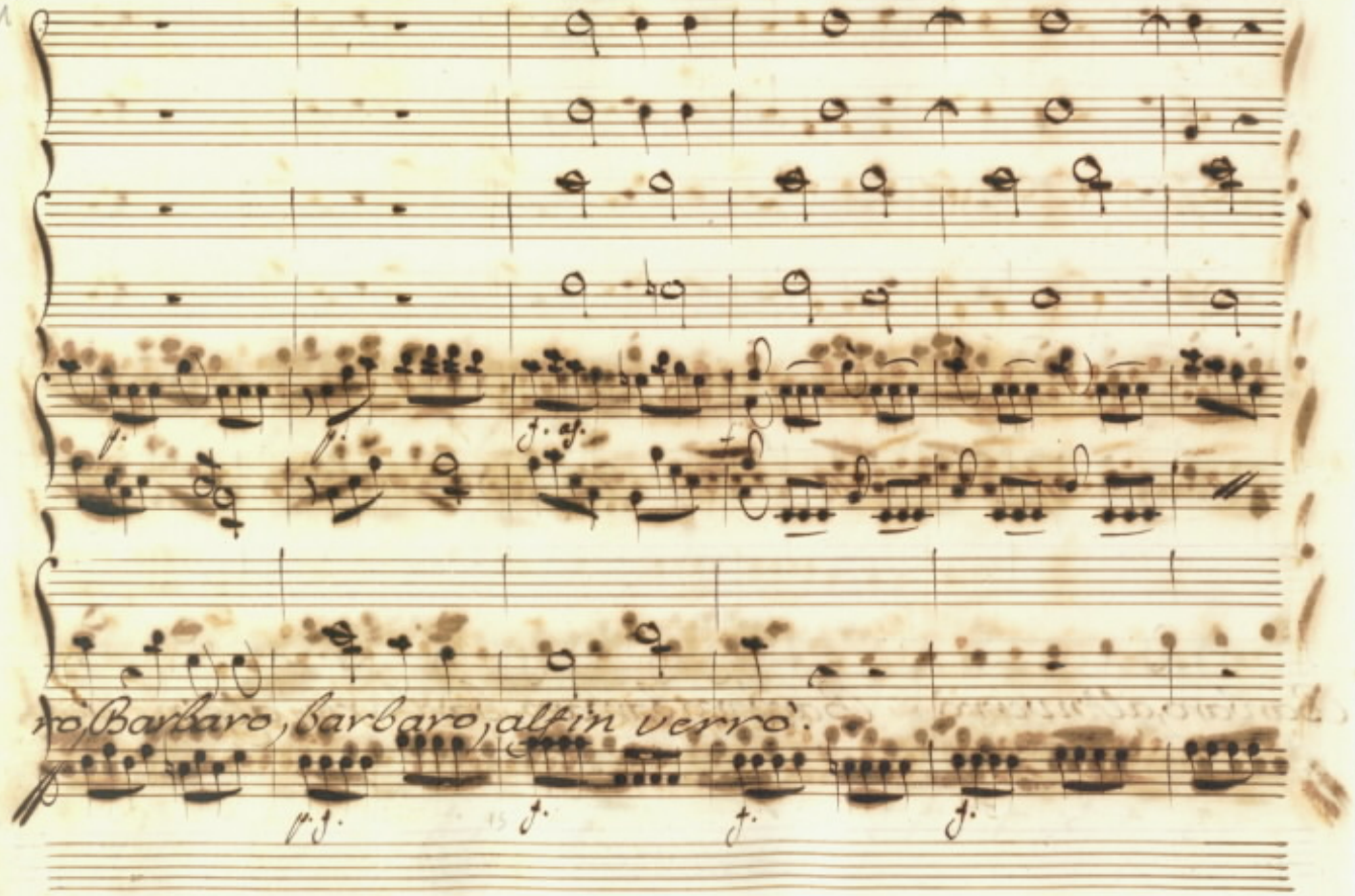
trapassarti il petto, bar-

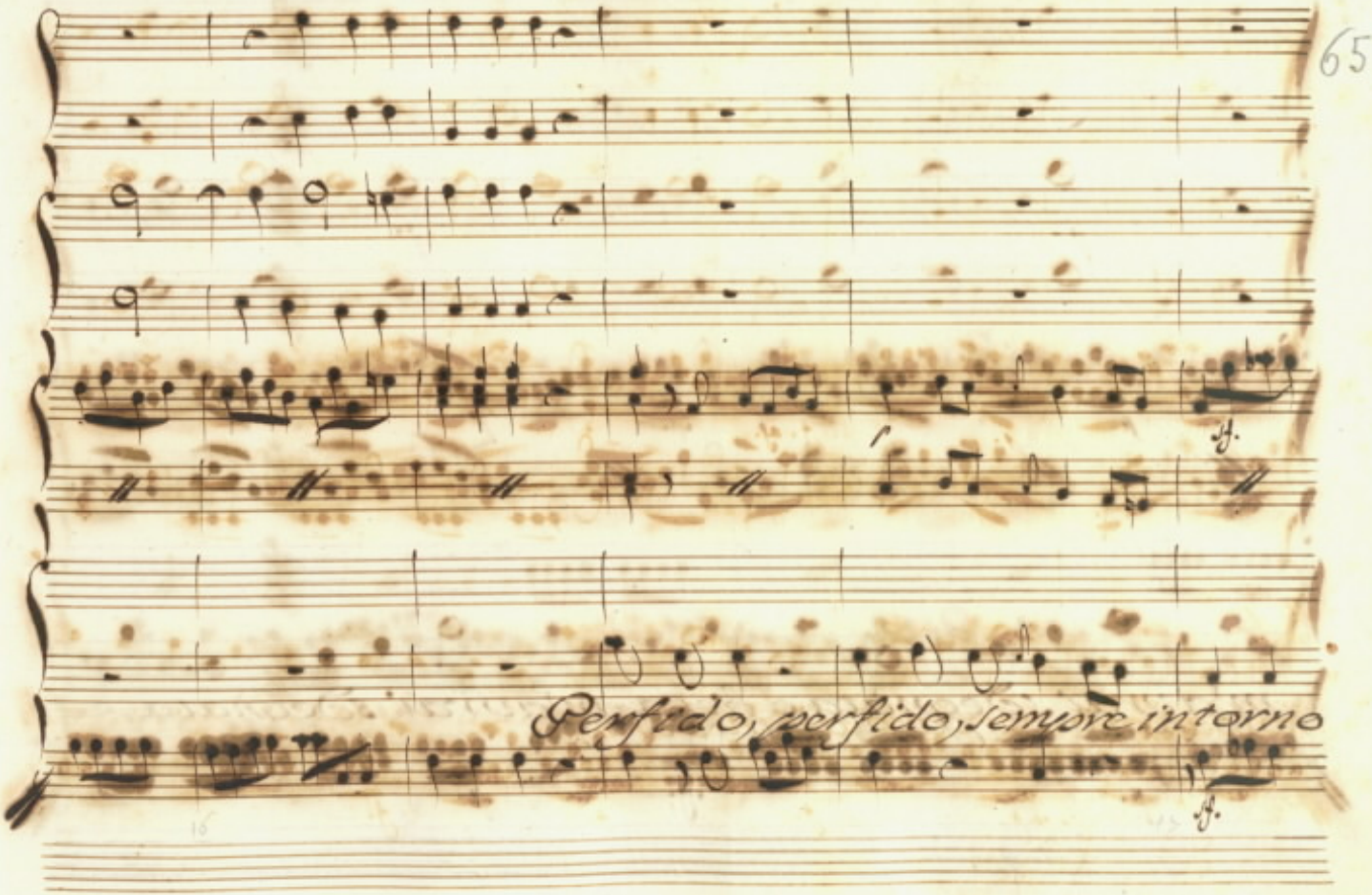

baro, alfin verrò: Barbaro, barbaro, verrò sdegnata e

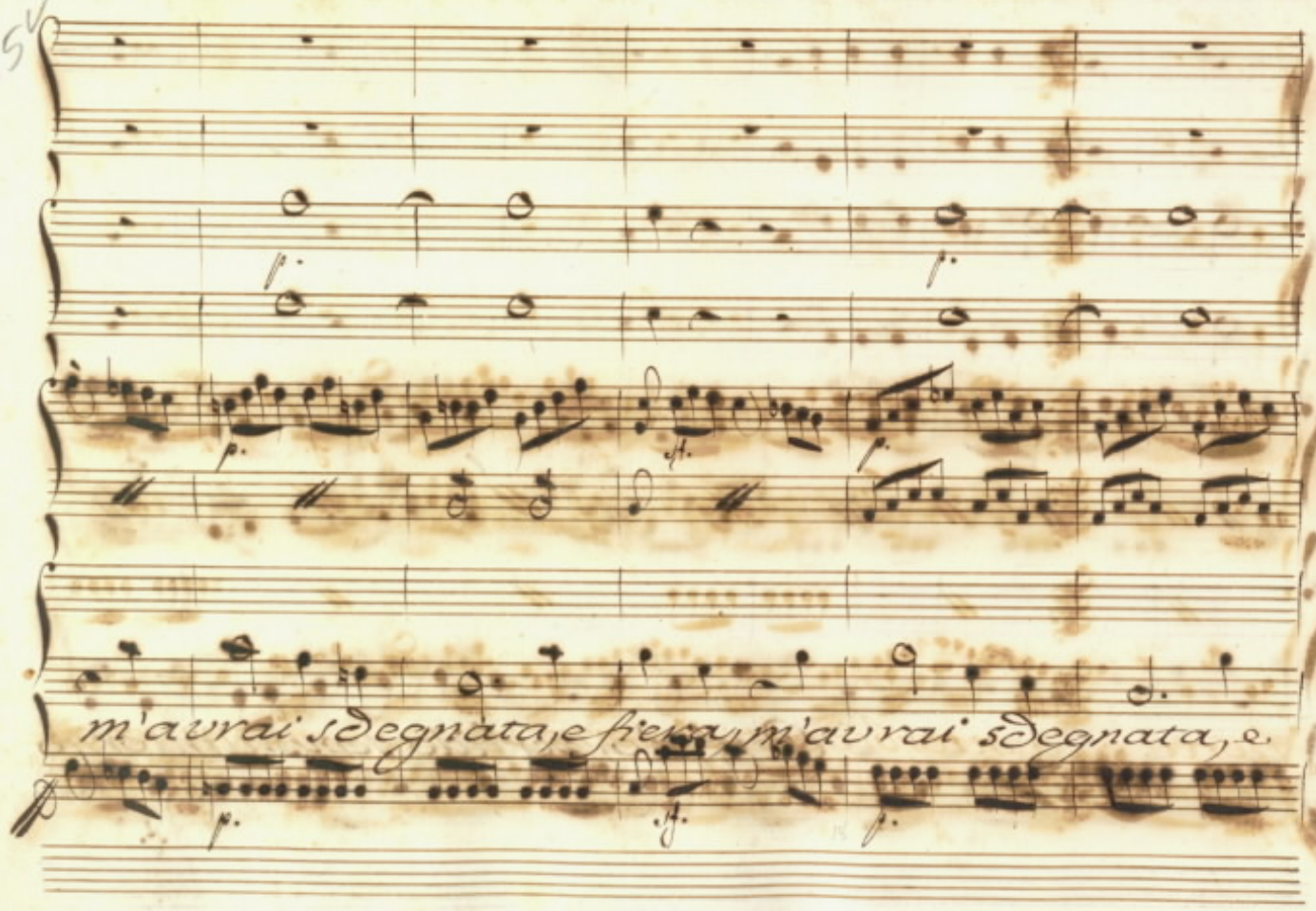

fiera, Bar — — — — baro, al=

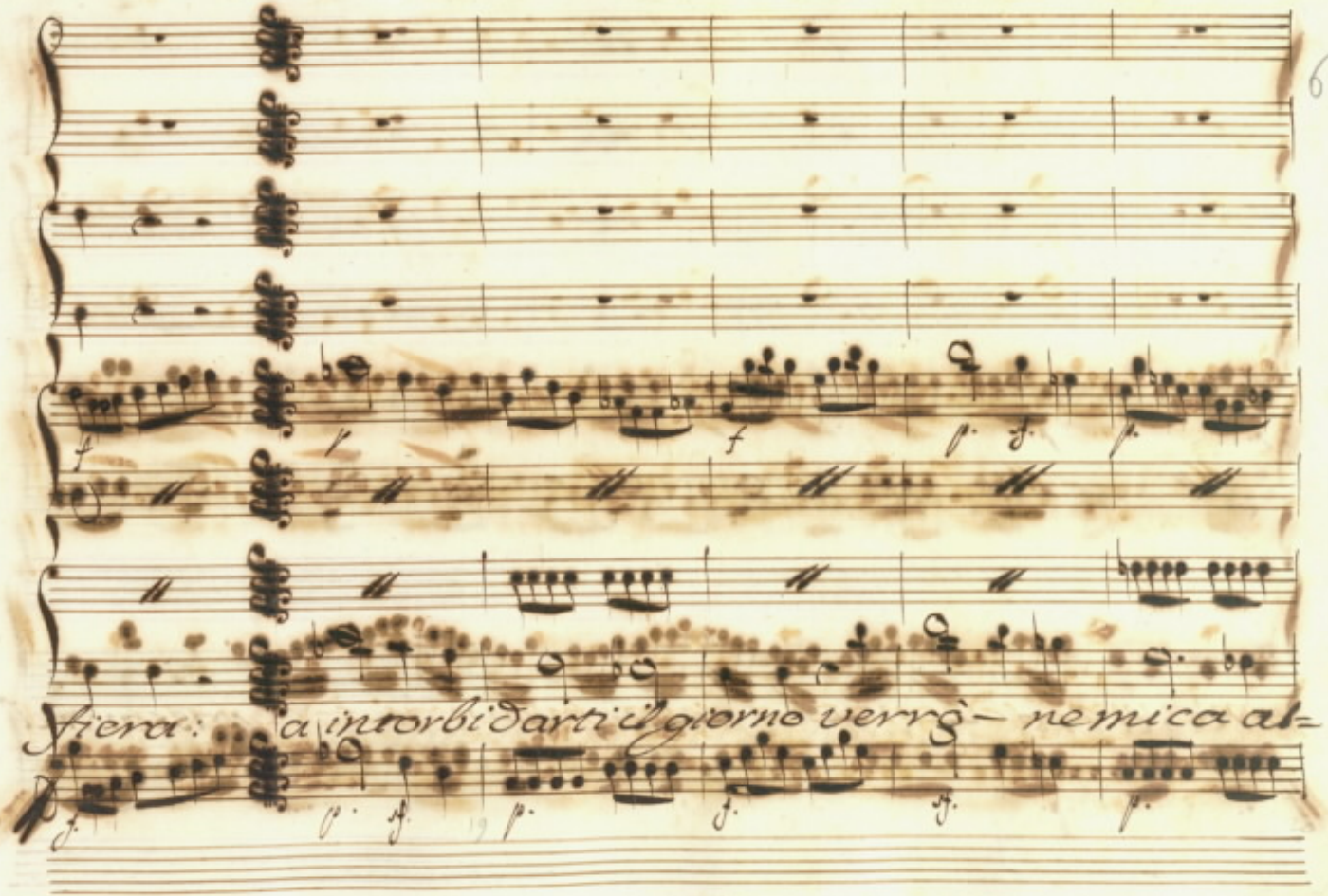

fin verrò,
a trapassarti il petto

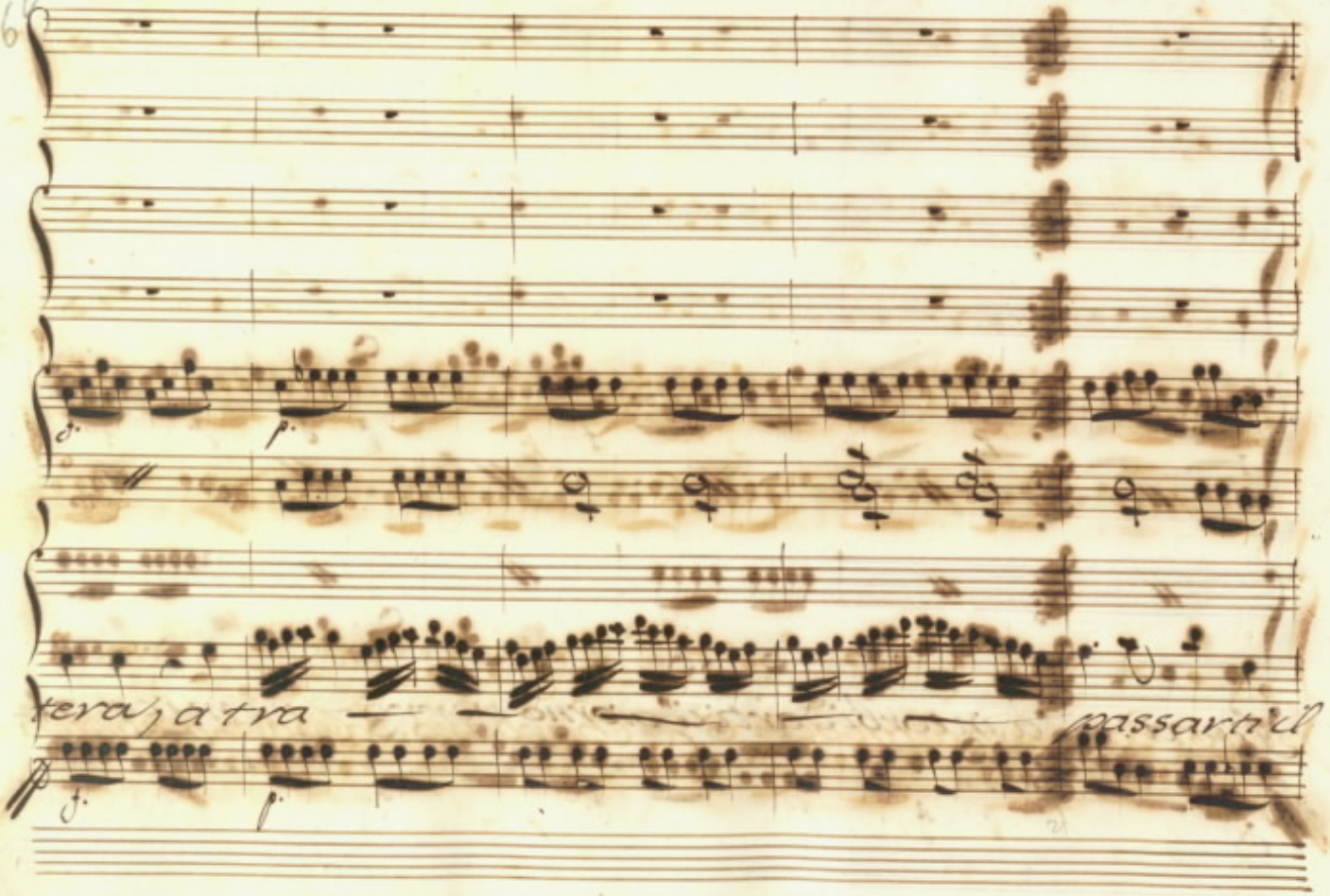

f.
p.
Barbaro, alfin verrò, Barbaro, barbaro, barbaro, alfin ver-
f.
p.


ro Barbaro, barbaro, alfin verrò.

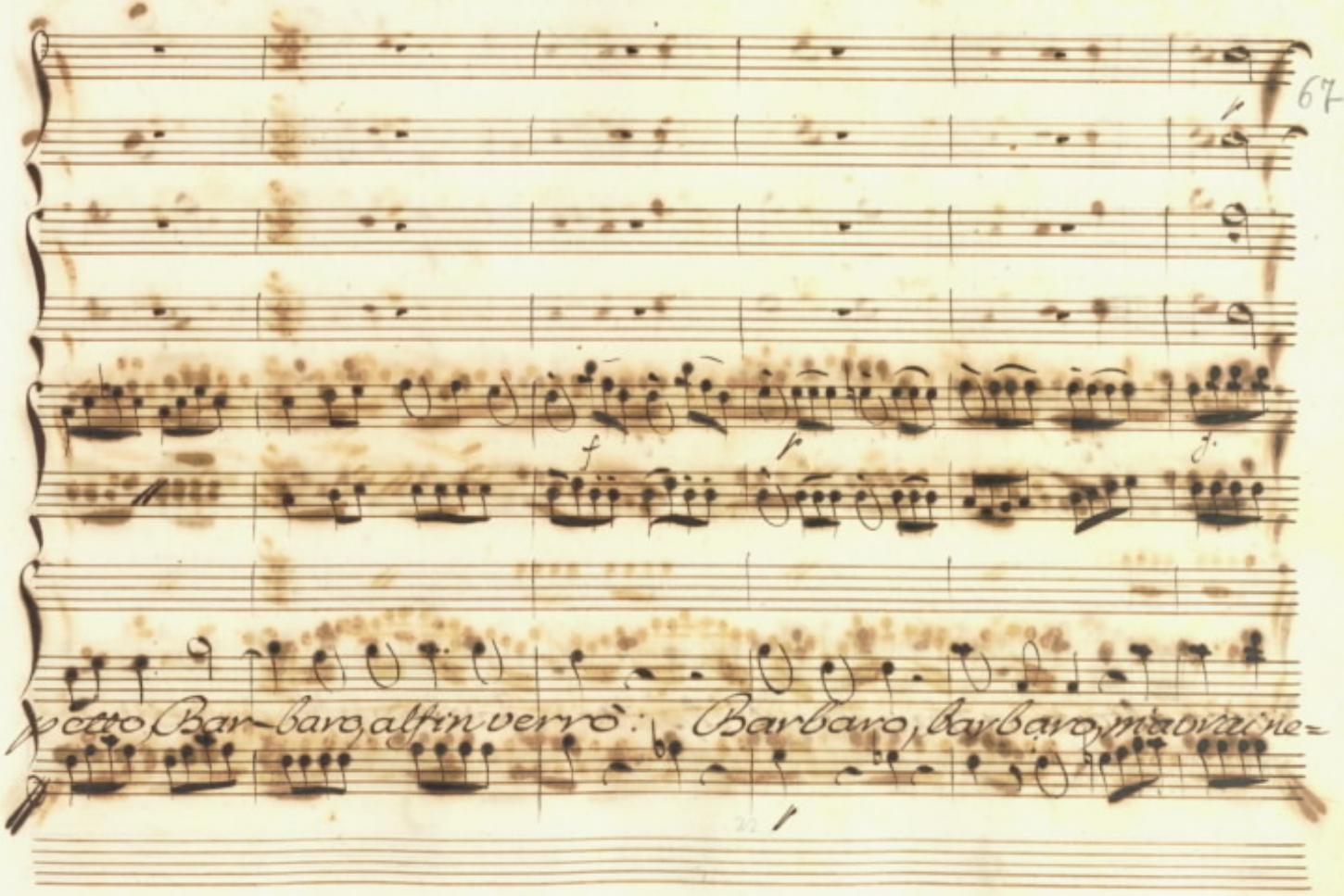

f.
Perfido, perfido, sempre intorno
f.

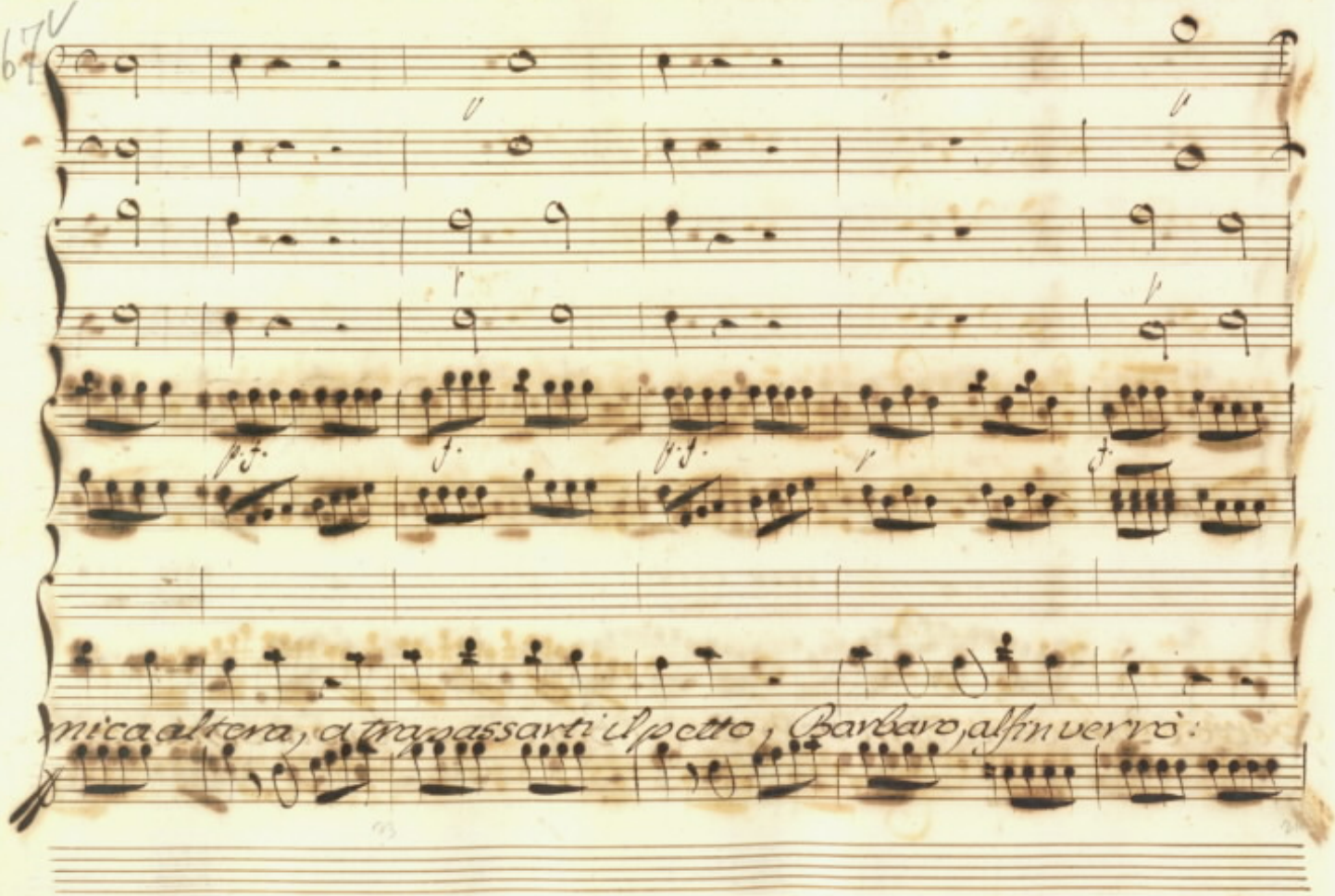

m'avrai sdegnata, e fier
m'avrai sdegnata, e

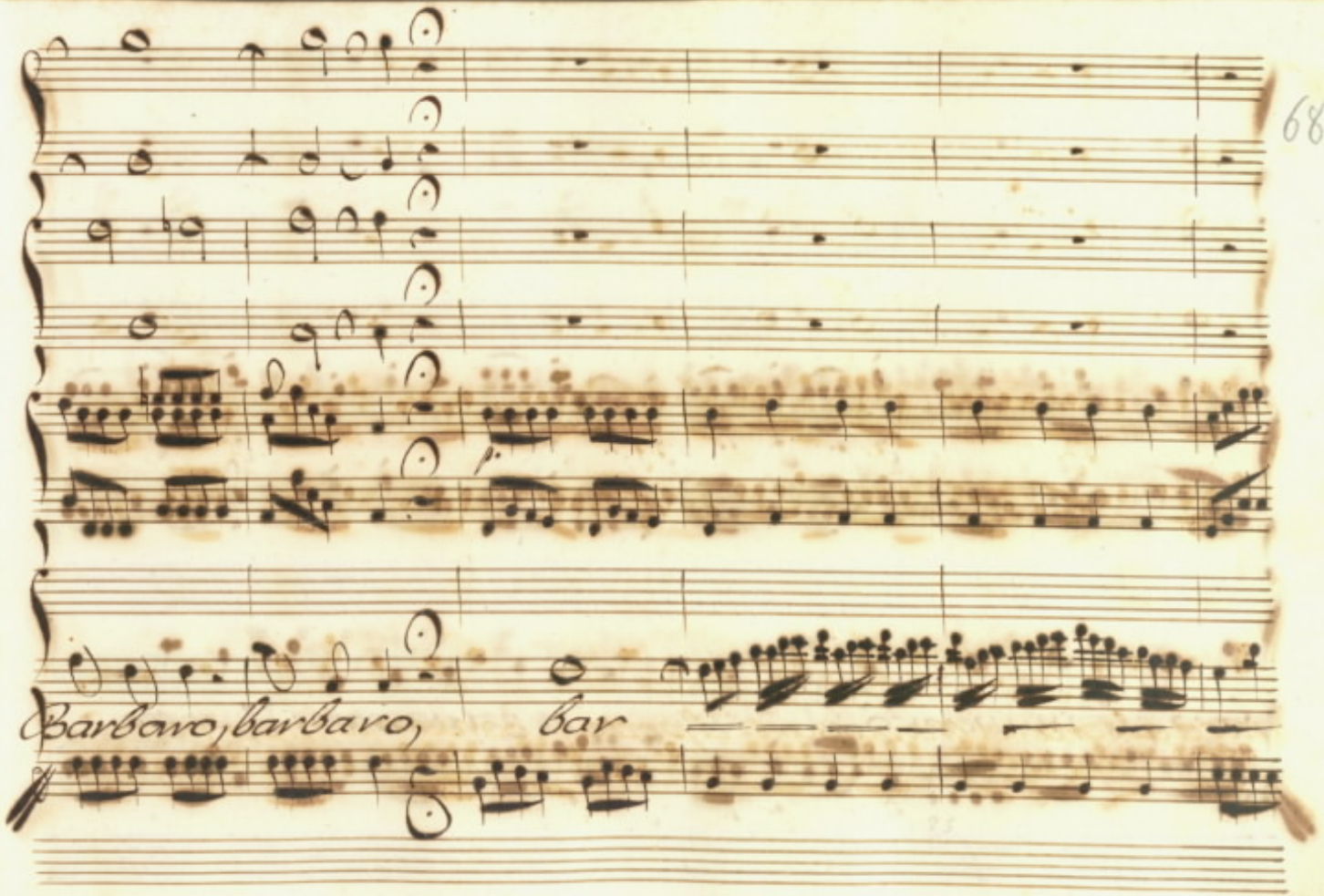

fiera: a intorbidarti il giorno verrò – nemica al=

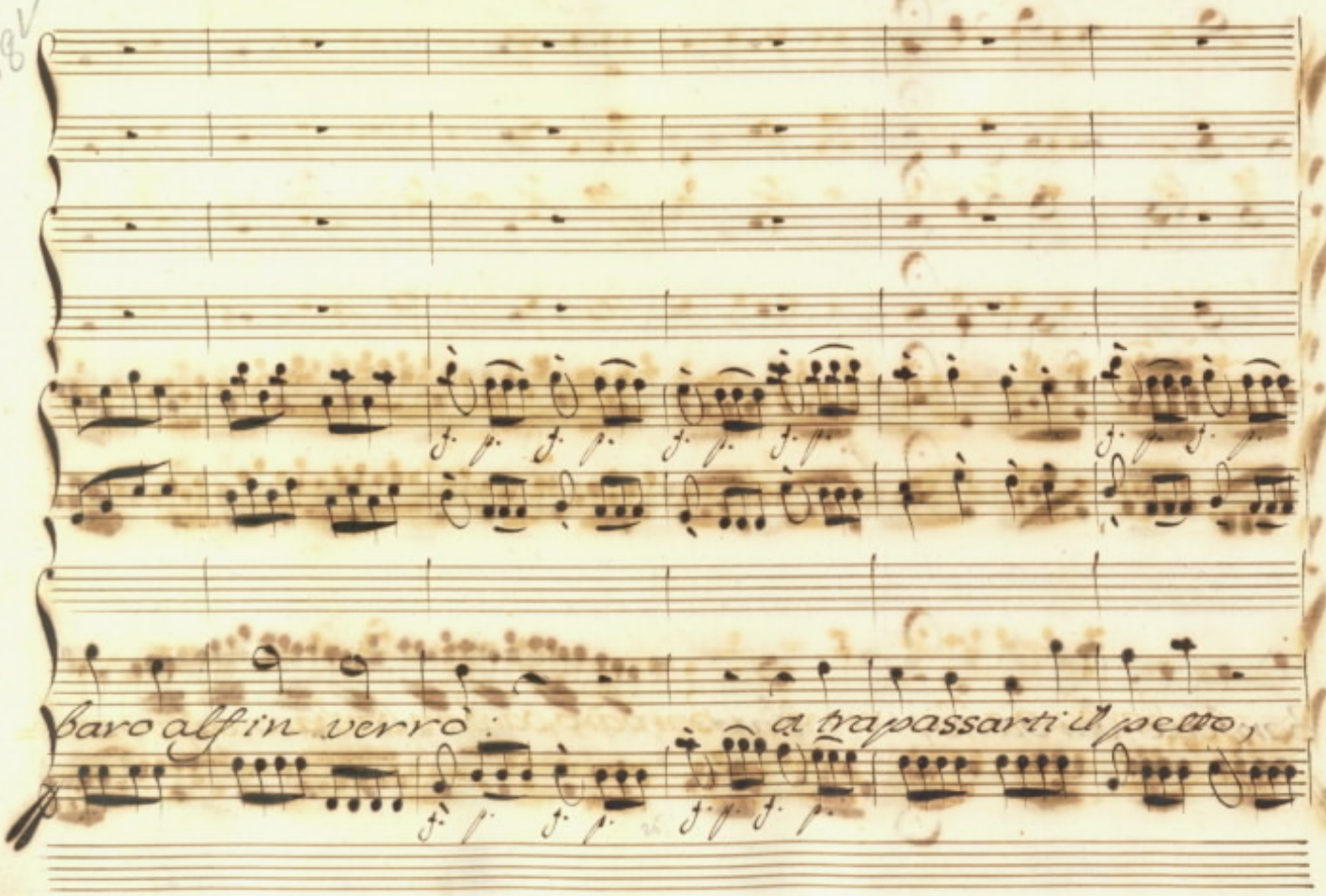

tera, a tra
passarti il

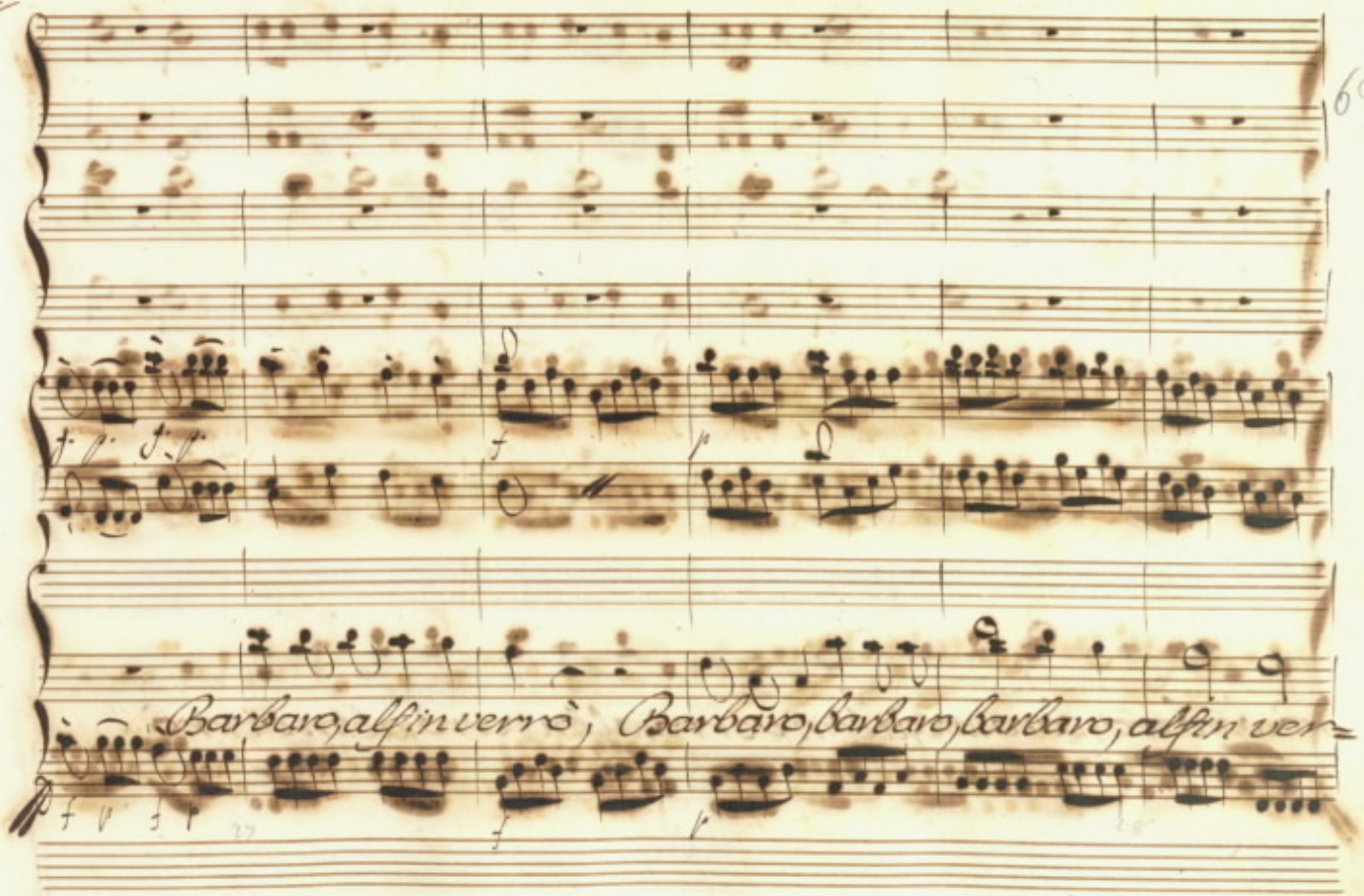
petto, Bar-baro, alfin verrò: Barbaro, barbaro, ma vrai ne=

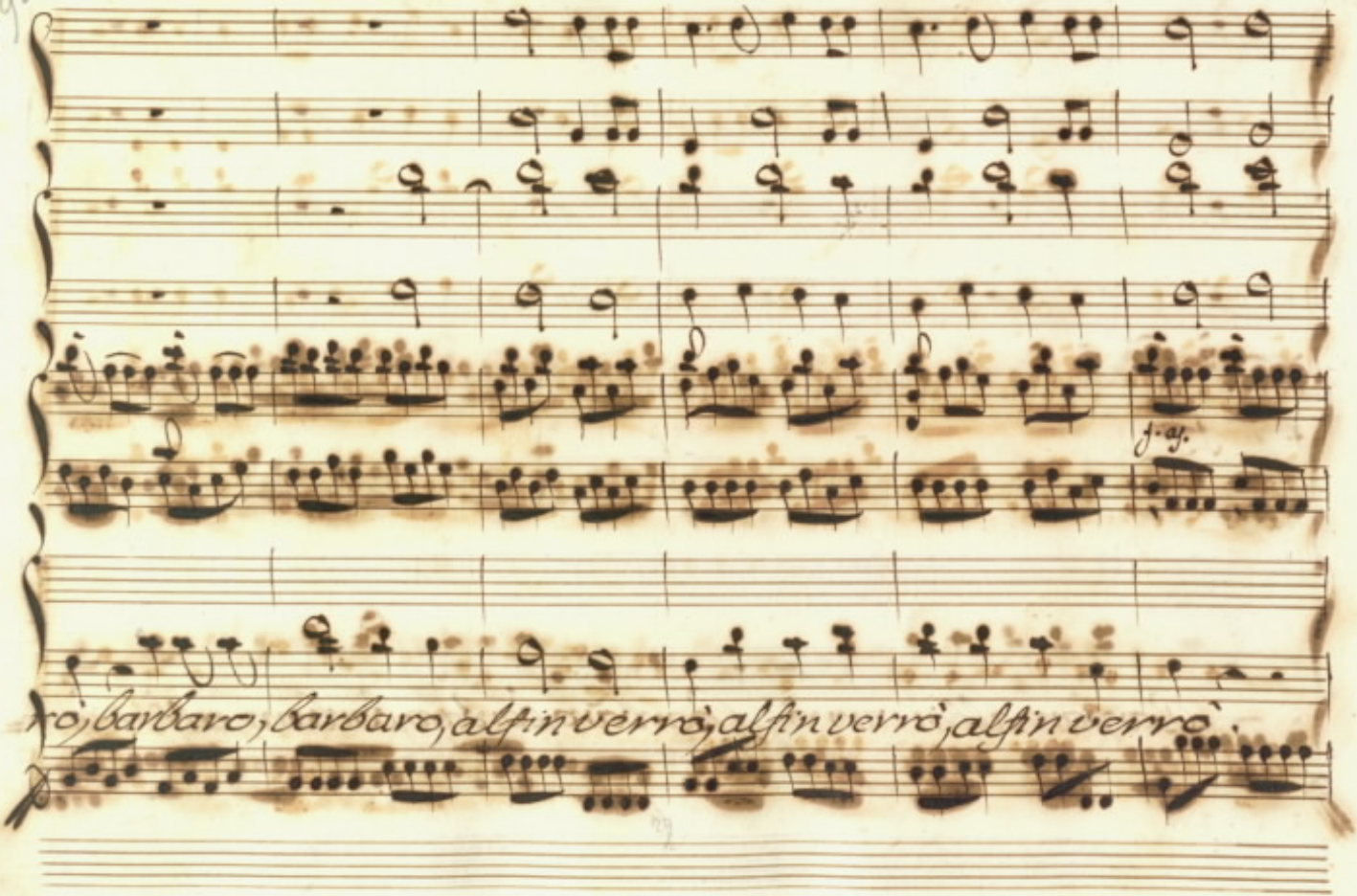


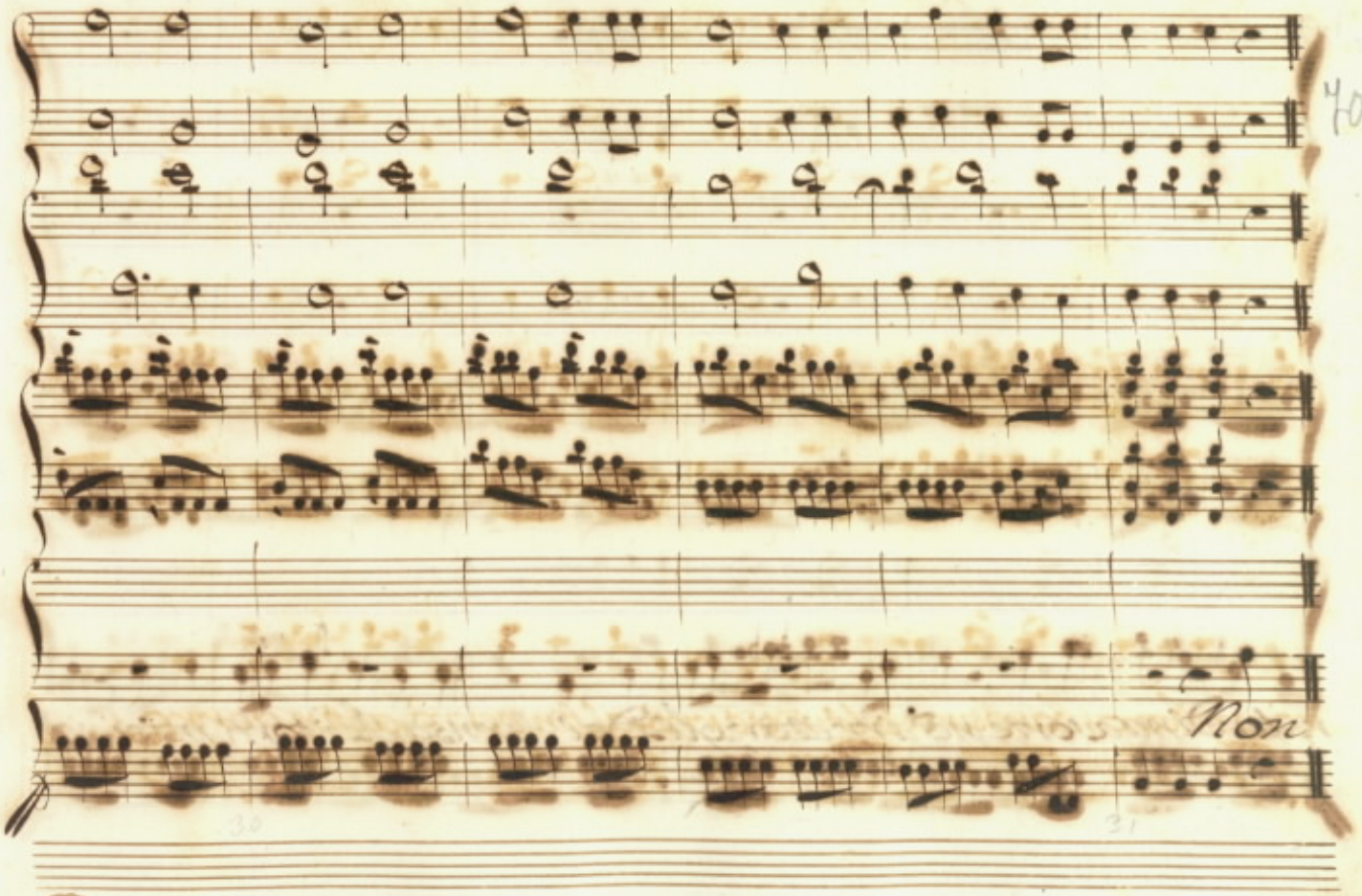

p.f.
f.
p.f.
f.
nica altera, a trapassarti il petto, Barbaro, alfin verrò:

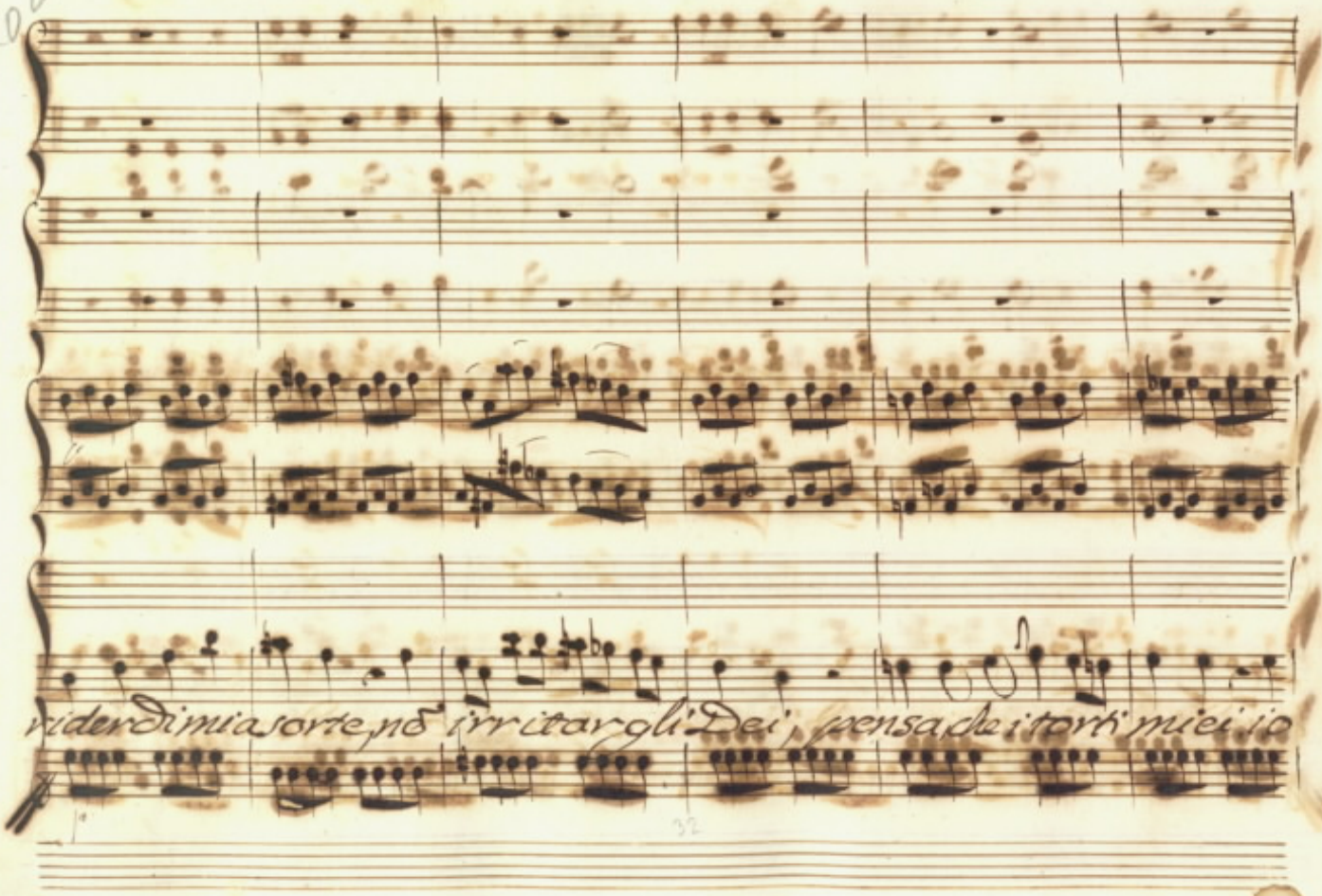

Barbaro, barbaro,
bar

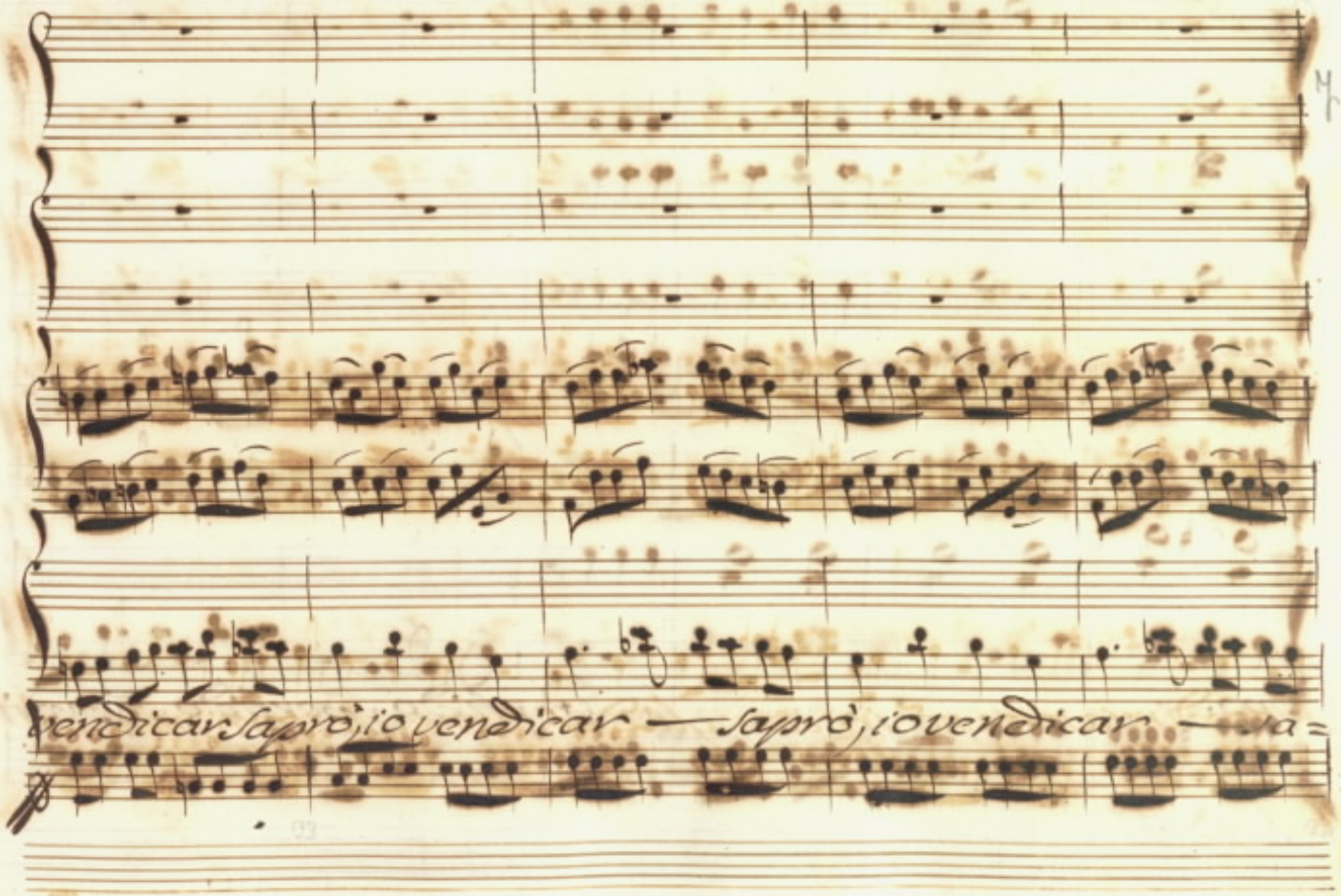

baro alfin verrò:
a trapassarti il petto,

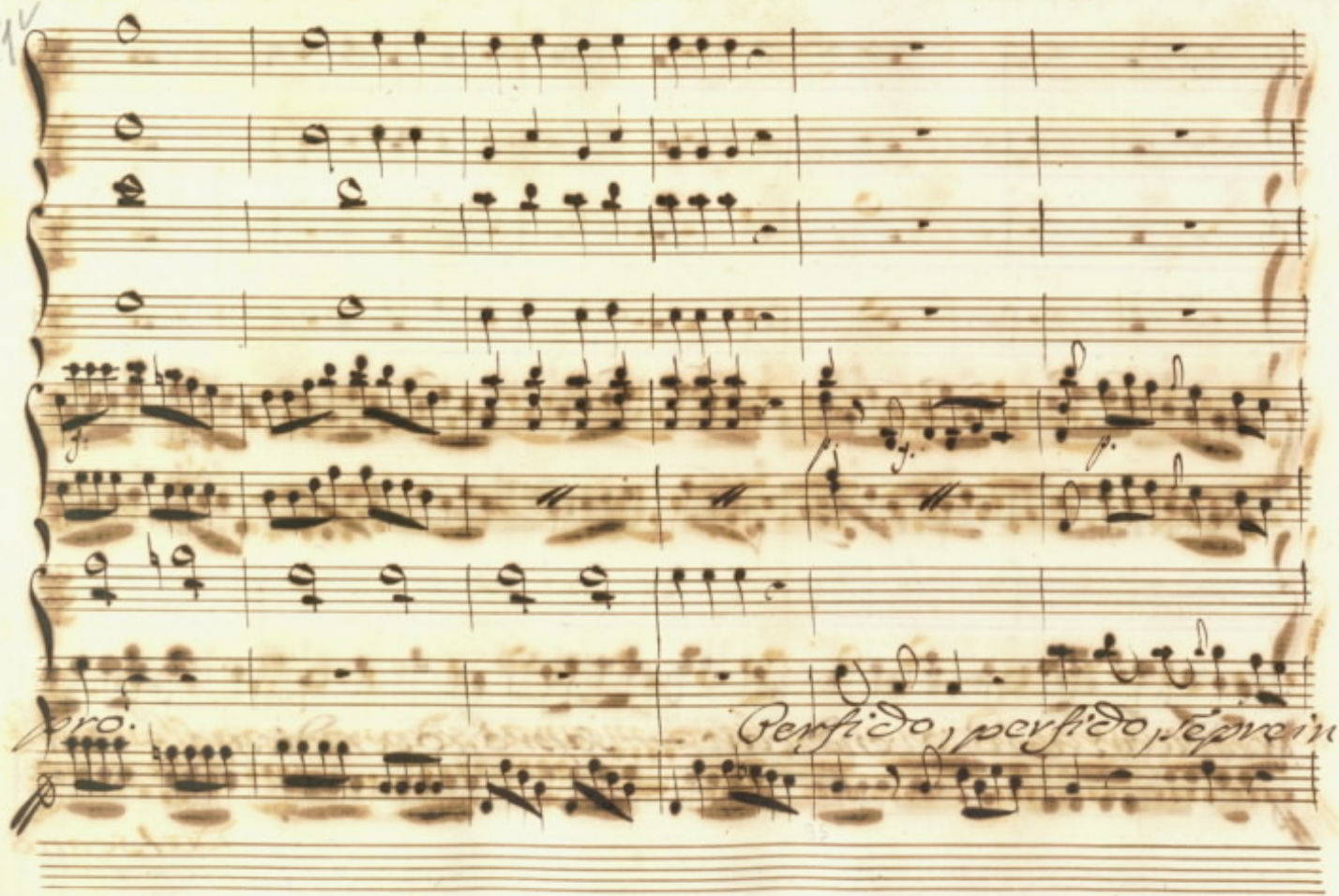

Barbaro, alfin verrò; Barbaro, barbaro, barbaro, alfin ver=

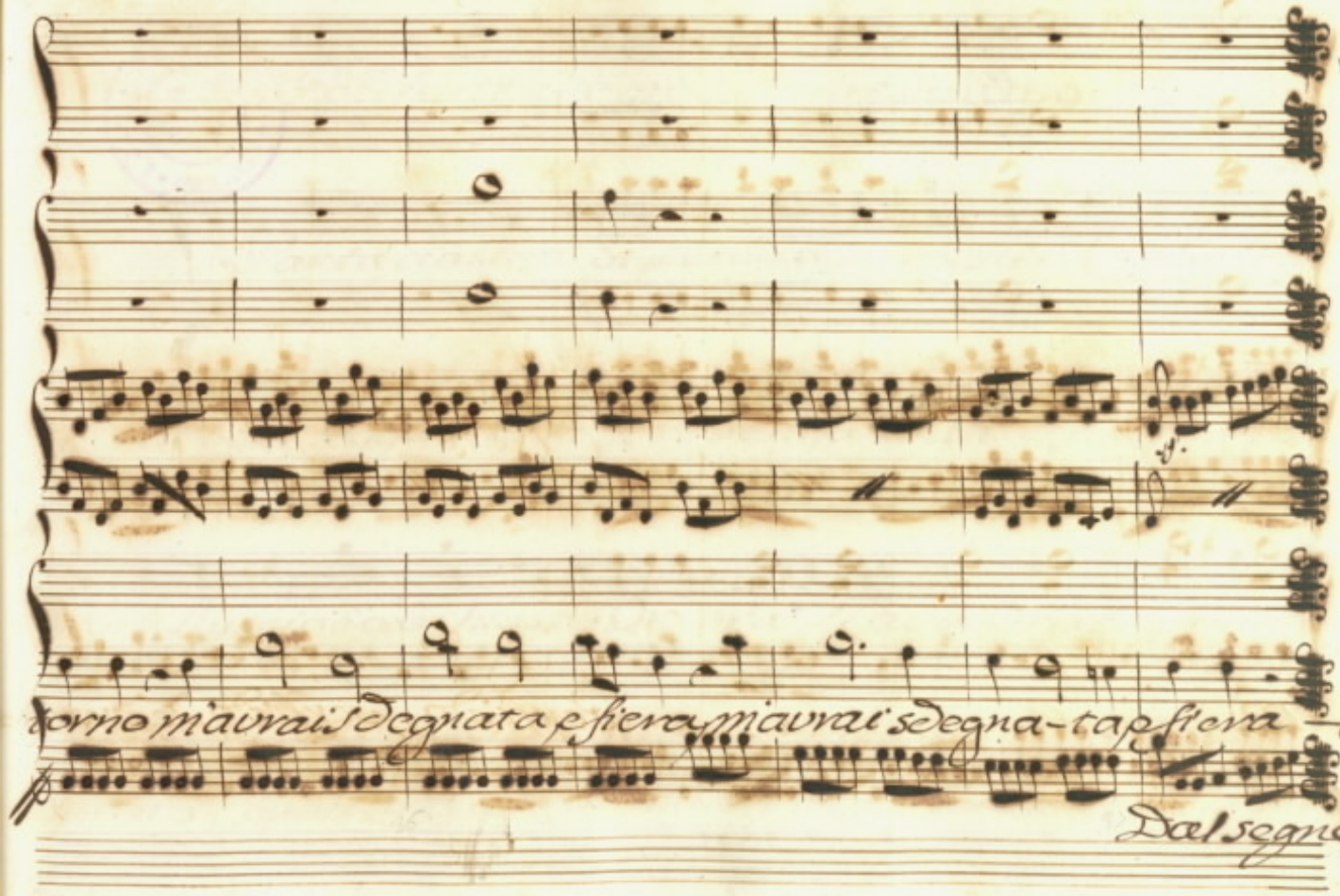

f. ay.
rò, barbaro, barbaro, alfin verrò, alfin verrò, alfin verrò.

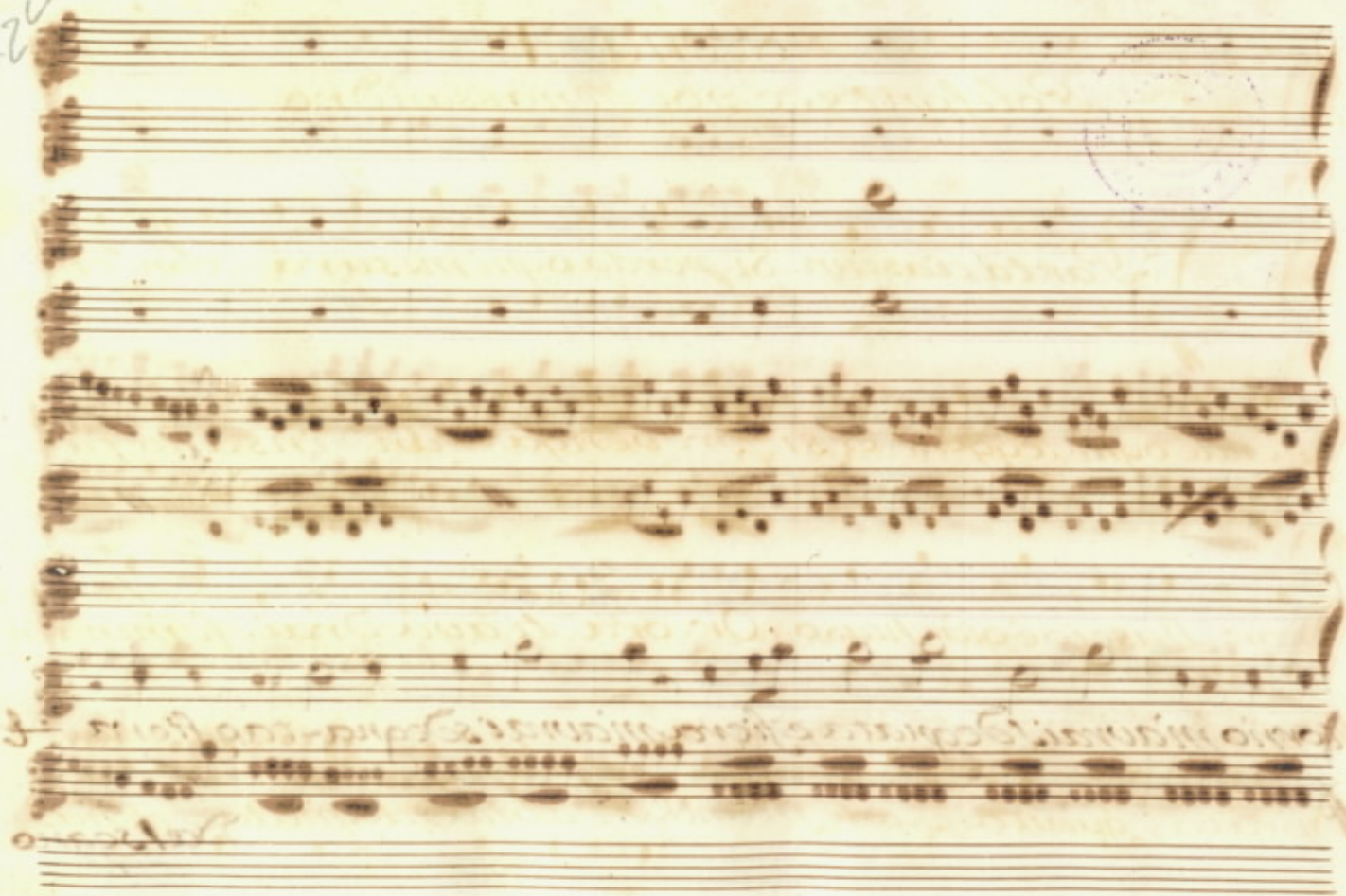

40
Non


riderdimiasorte, nõ irritargli Dei, pensa che i torti miei io


vendicar saprò, io vendicar — saprò, io vendicar — ra =


pro.
Perfido, perfido, se prein=


torno m'avrai sdegnata e fiera m'avrai sdegna-ta e fiera
Dal segno



R. CONSERVATORIO DI MUSICA DI NAPOLI

Scena X.

Polifonte, e poi Anassandro

Parta ciascun. Si perda ogni misura, con chi
perde ogni legge, e si prevenga un insano fu-
ror. L'uscio è già chiuso. Or ora ti avvedrai, femina in-
grata, quanto puote in un Re l'alma sdegnata. Anas-

Anaf. Pol.

sandro? Qual voce? chi mi chiama? Ah Signor! A trarmi

vengo da quel cieco soggiorno alle braccia Re-

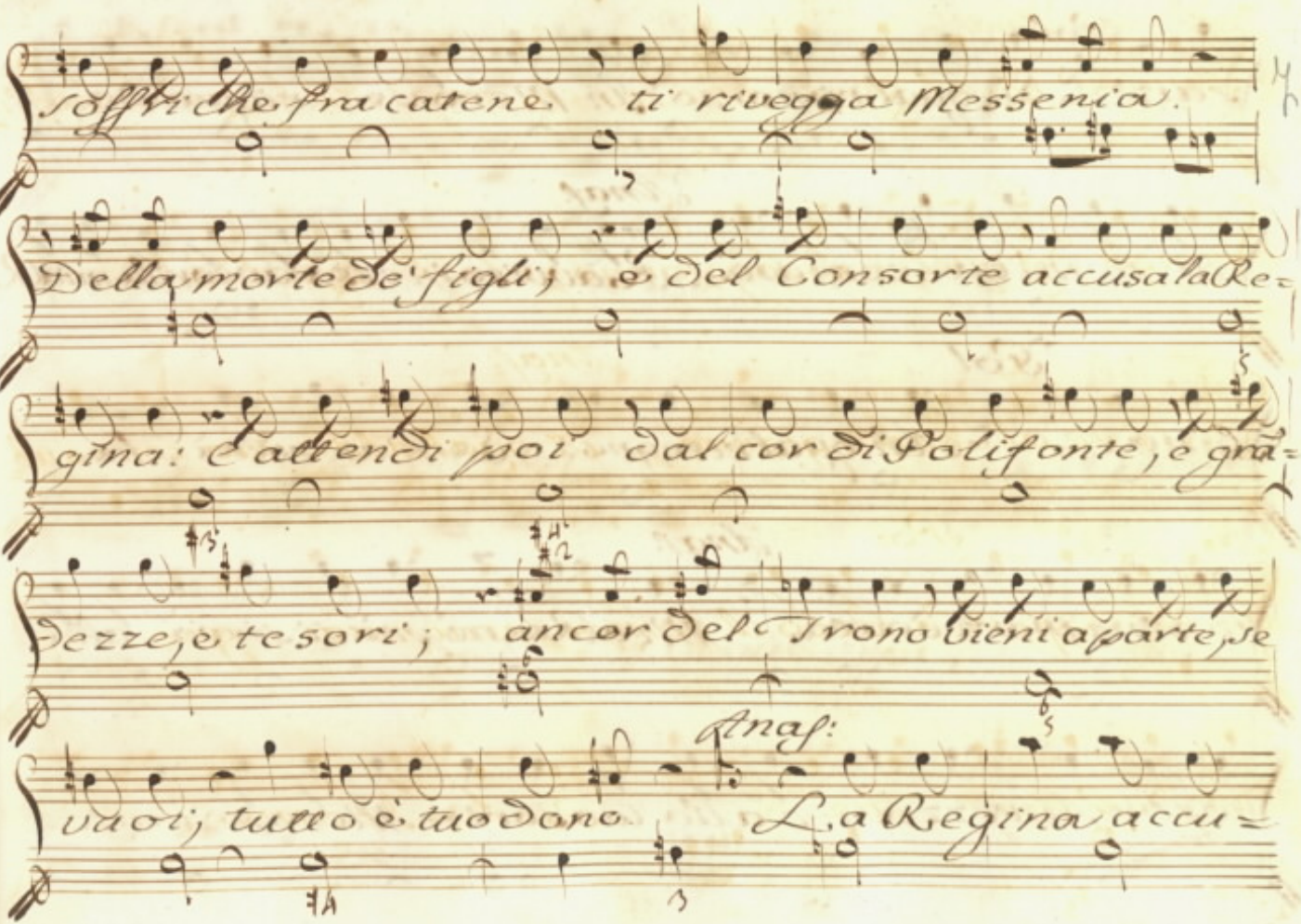
Anaf.

ali, e al chiaro giorno. A qual altro tuo cenno ub-

Pol.

bidir deggio? Ecco il tempo, in cui puoi go-

der delle opre tue. Esci in Rome,


soffri che fra catene ti rivegga Messenia.
Della morte de' figli; e del Consorte accusa la Re=
gina: E attendi poi dal cor di Polifonte, e gra=
dezze, e tesori; ancor del Trono vieni a parte, se
Anas:
vuoi; tutto è tuo dono La Regina accu=

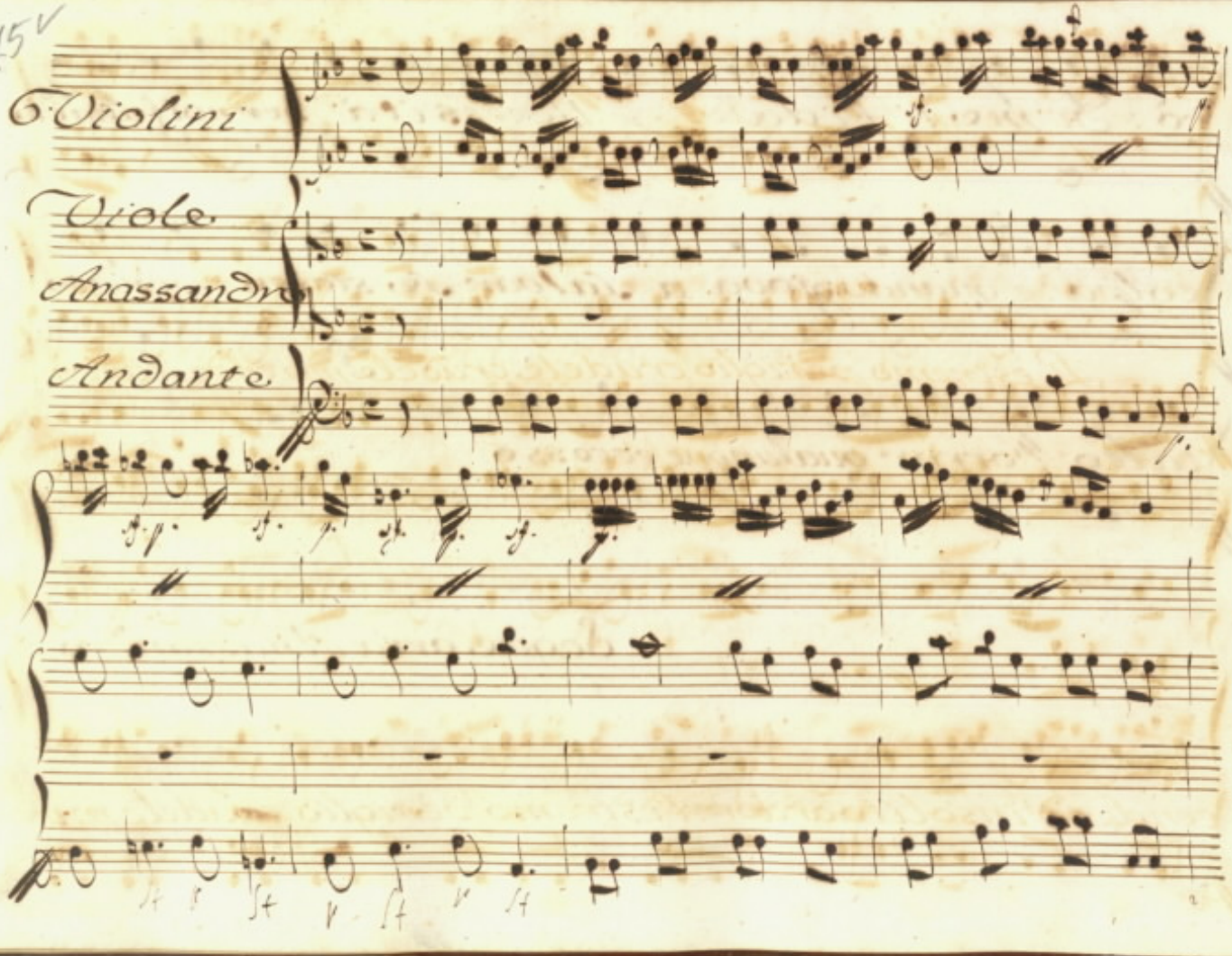
Pol.
sar? Sì, qual rimorso? In Merope riguarda
Anaf.
la nemica comun. Ravviso in essa ancor la mia Re-
Pol.
gina. Ah, qual ritegno? Sen'ai pietà, la
Anaf.
nostra morte è certa. Mio Re, nò più: si serva alla
nostra salvezza, e alla tua sorte. Merope accuse-

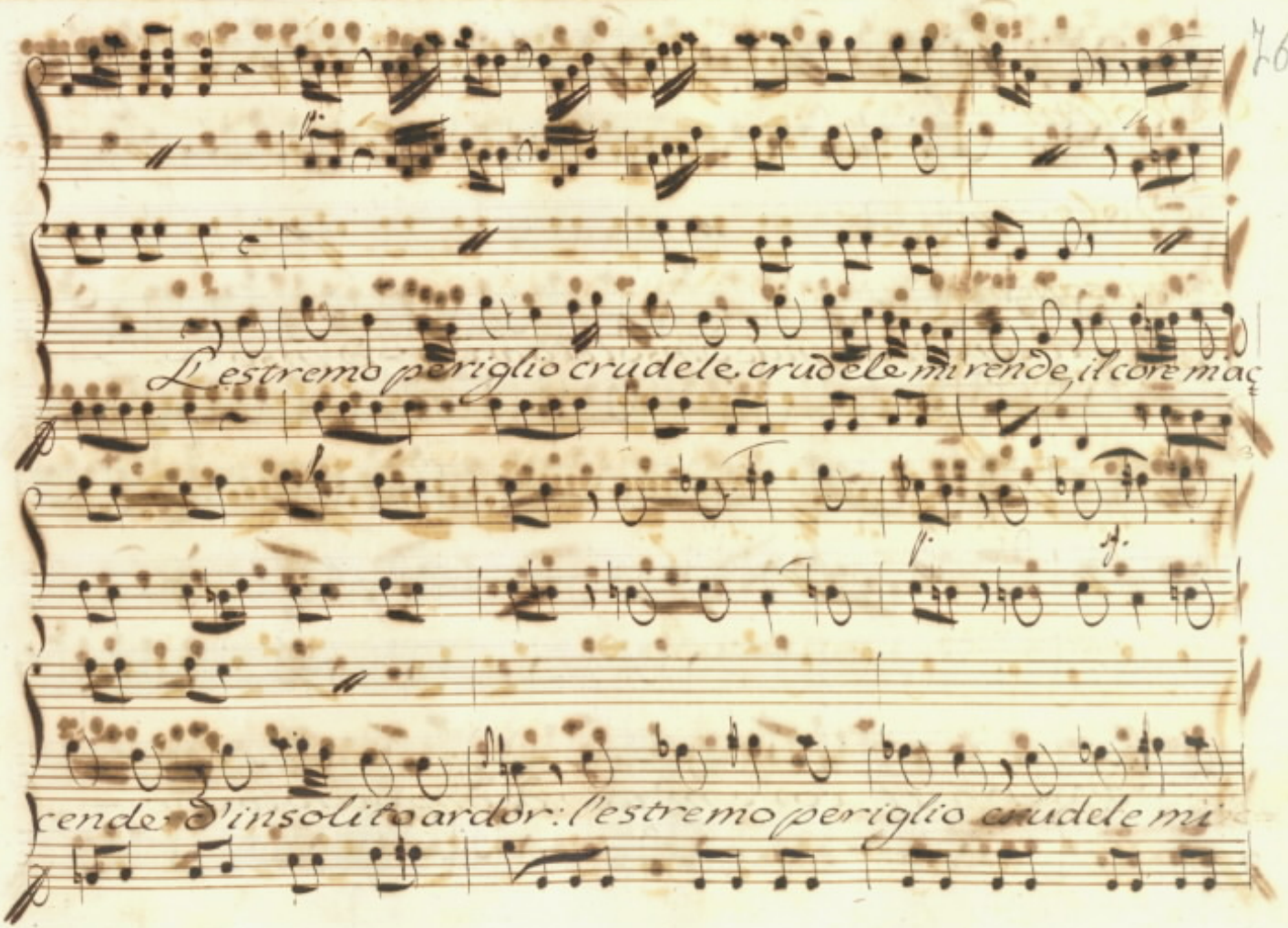
rò: Si me ti fida. Necessità per noi fallir è la

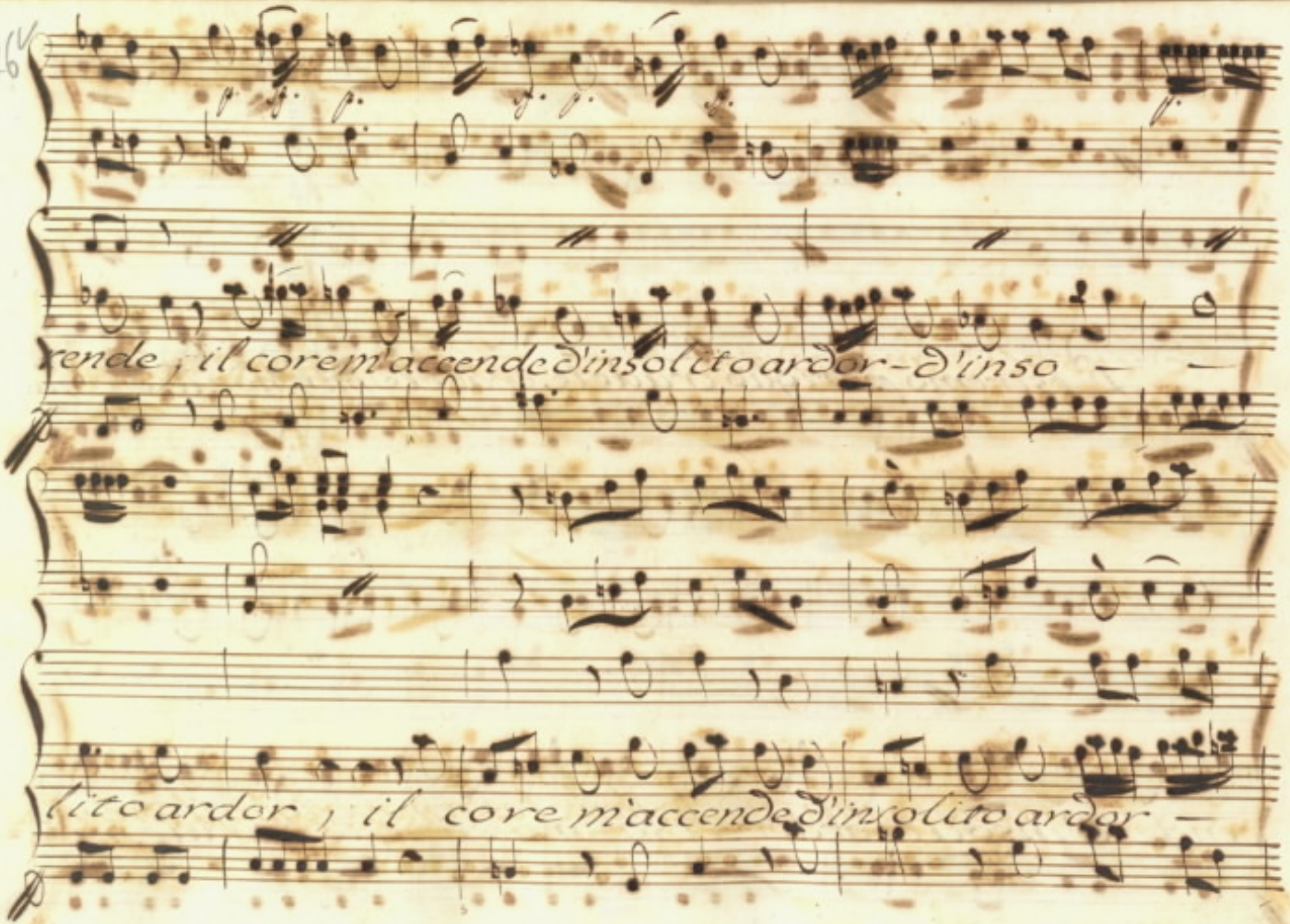
colpa: e quando giova a salvar se stesso, perde

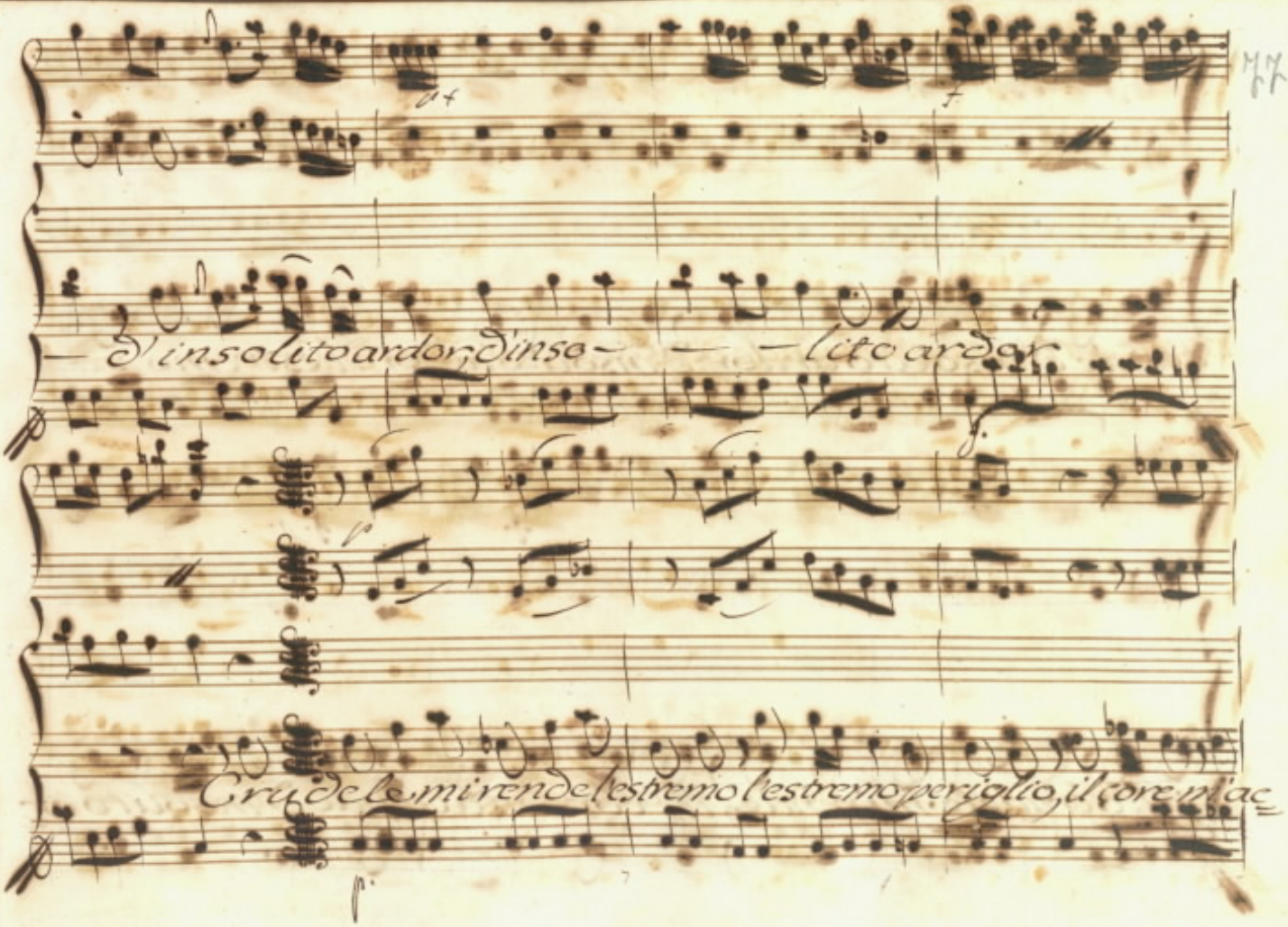
tutto l'orror qualunque eccesso.

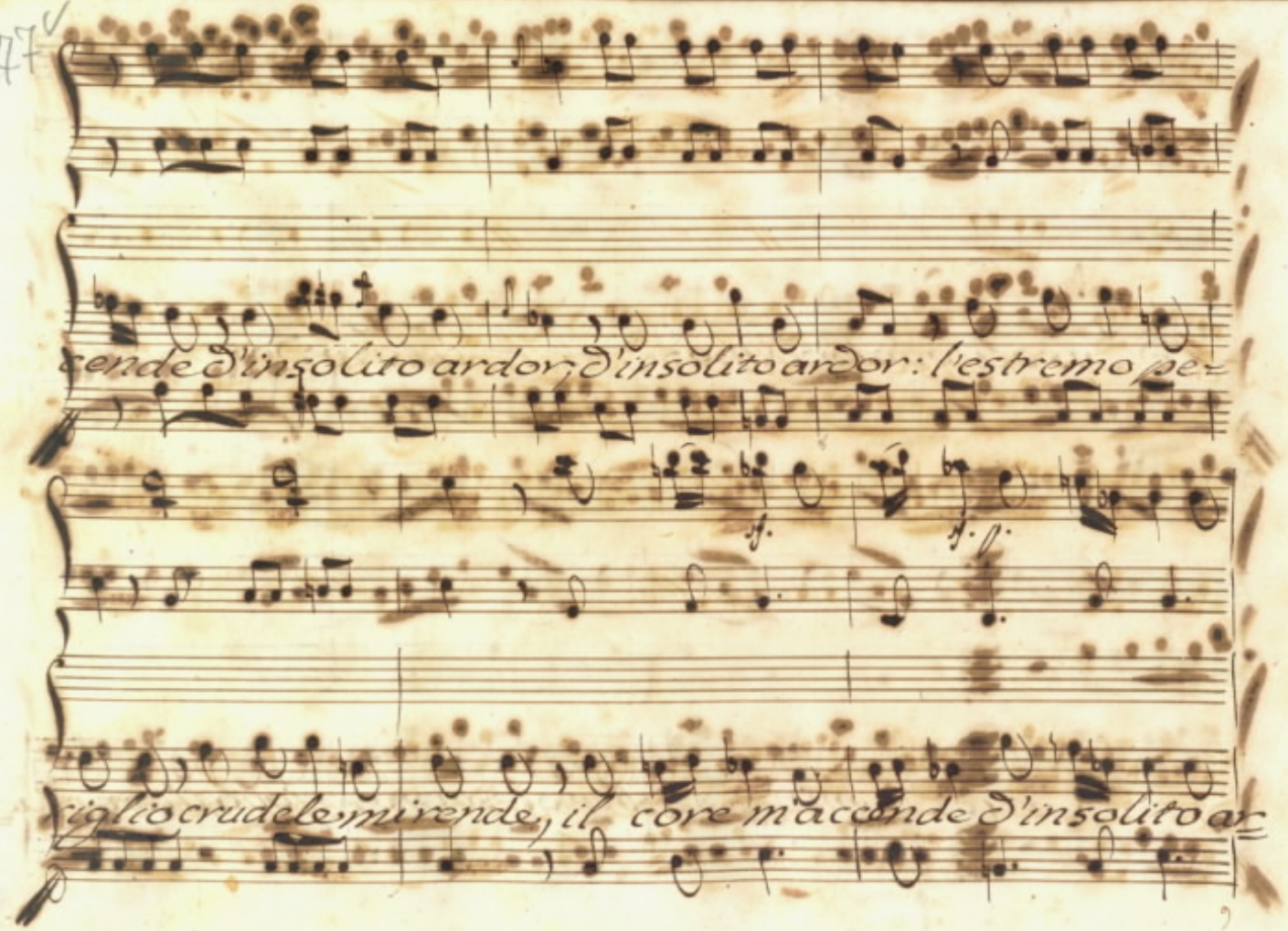
Segue aria Anassandro


6 Violini
Viole
Anassandro
Andante


L'estremo periglio crudele, crudele mi rende, il core mi ç
rende d'insolito ardor: l'estremo periglio crudele mi


rende ; il core m'accende d'insolito ardor - d'inso - -
lito ardor ; il core m'accende d'insolito ardor -


d'insolito ardor, d'inso- lito ardor
Cru de le mi rende l'estremo l'estremo periglio, il core m'ac


sende d'insolito ardor, d'insolito ardor: l'estremo pe=
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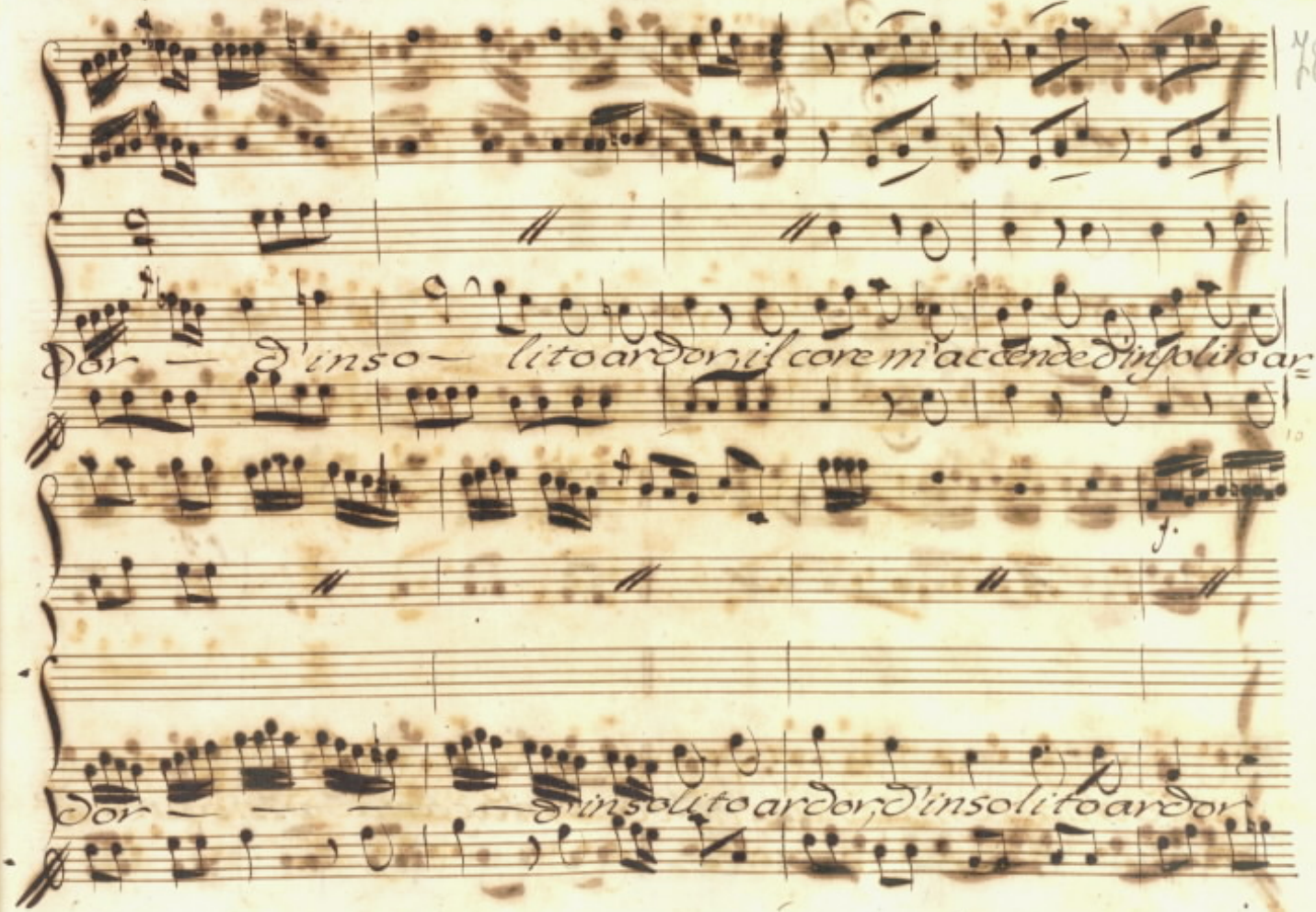
xiglio crudele mi rende, il core m'accende d'insolito ar=


dor — d'inso— lito ardor, il core m'accende d'insolito ar=
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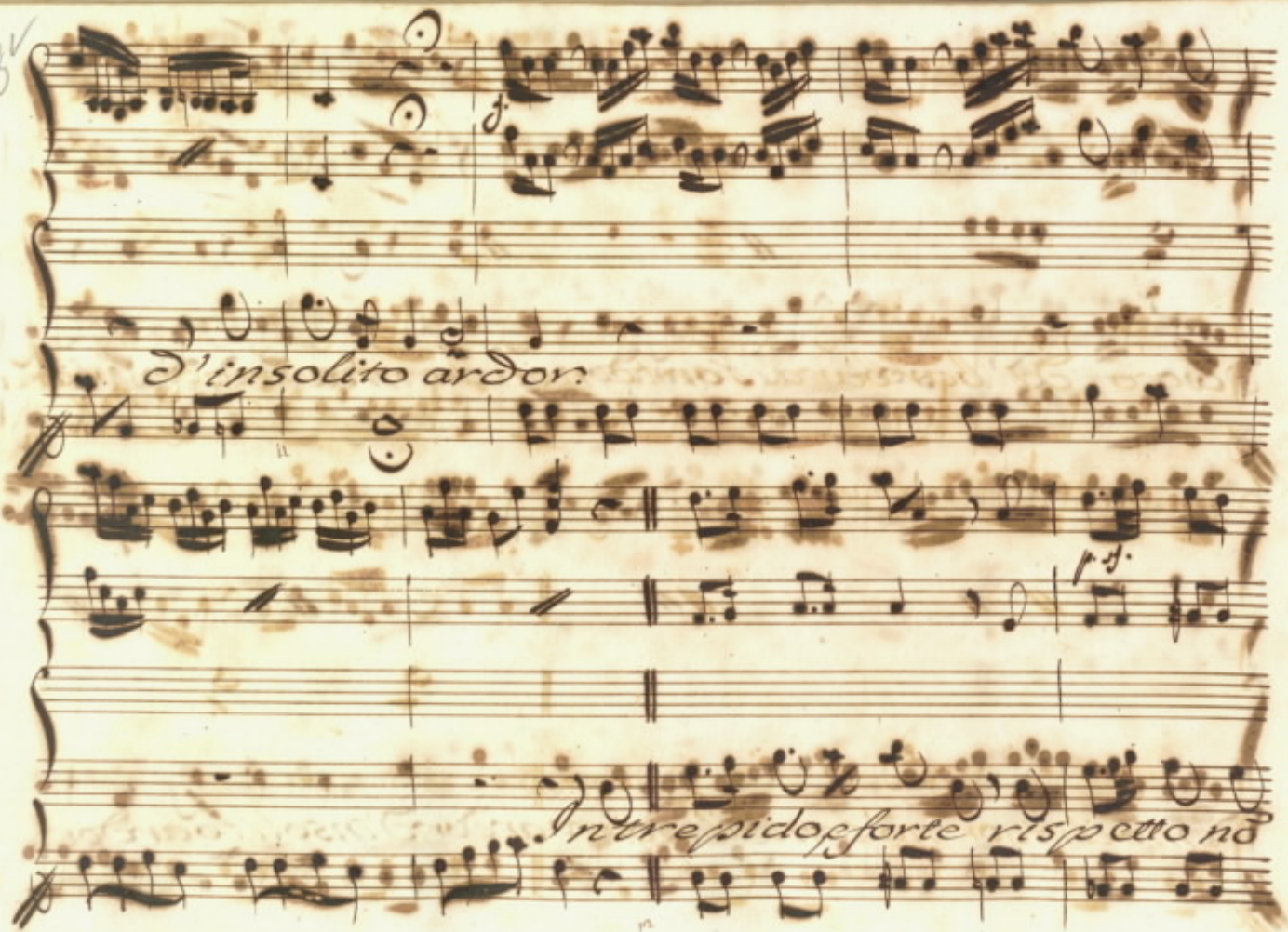
dor — — — — d'insolito ardor, d'insolito ardor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d'insolito ardor
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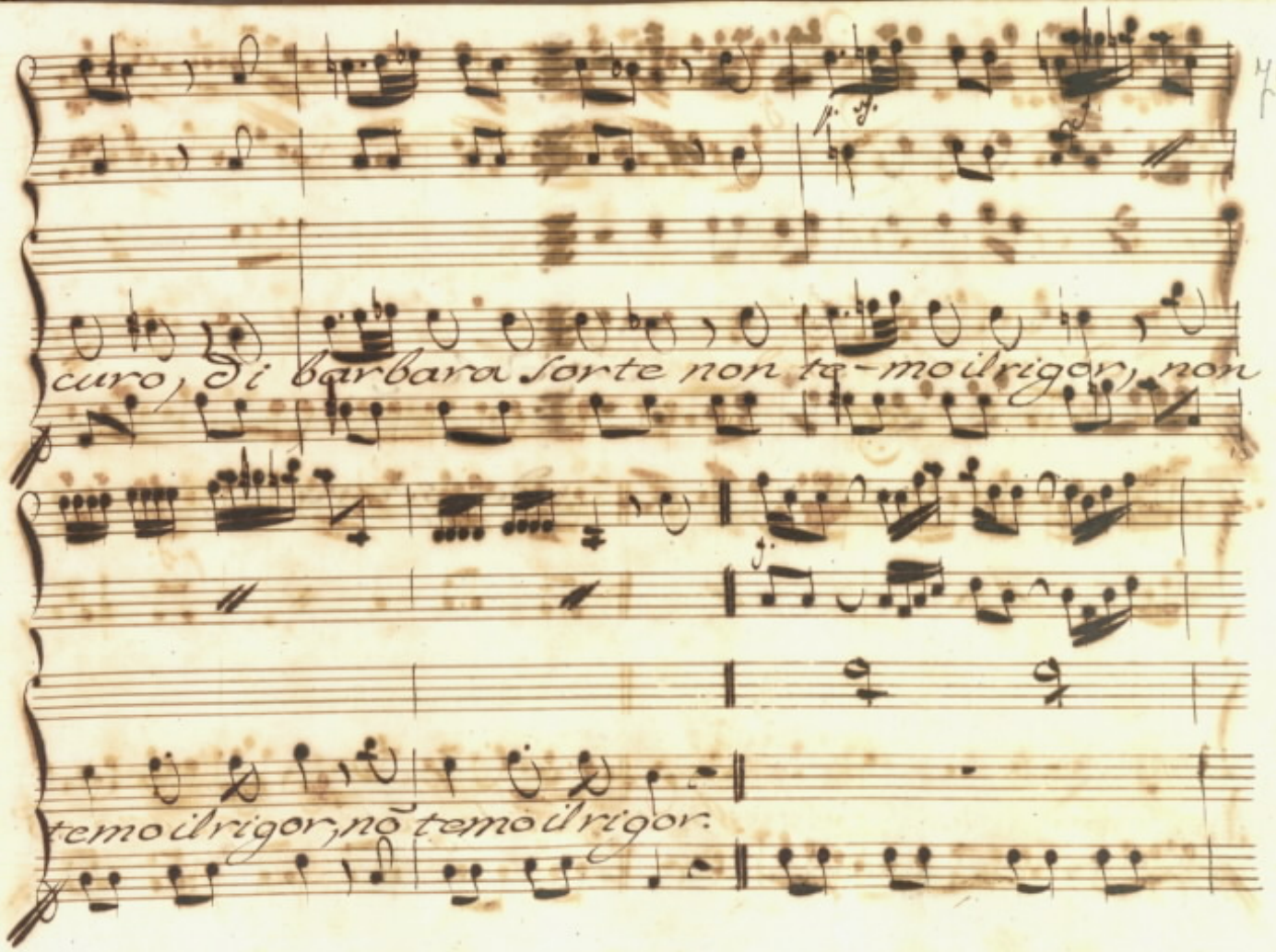
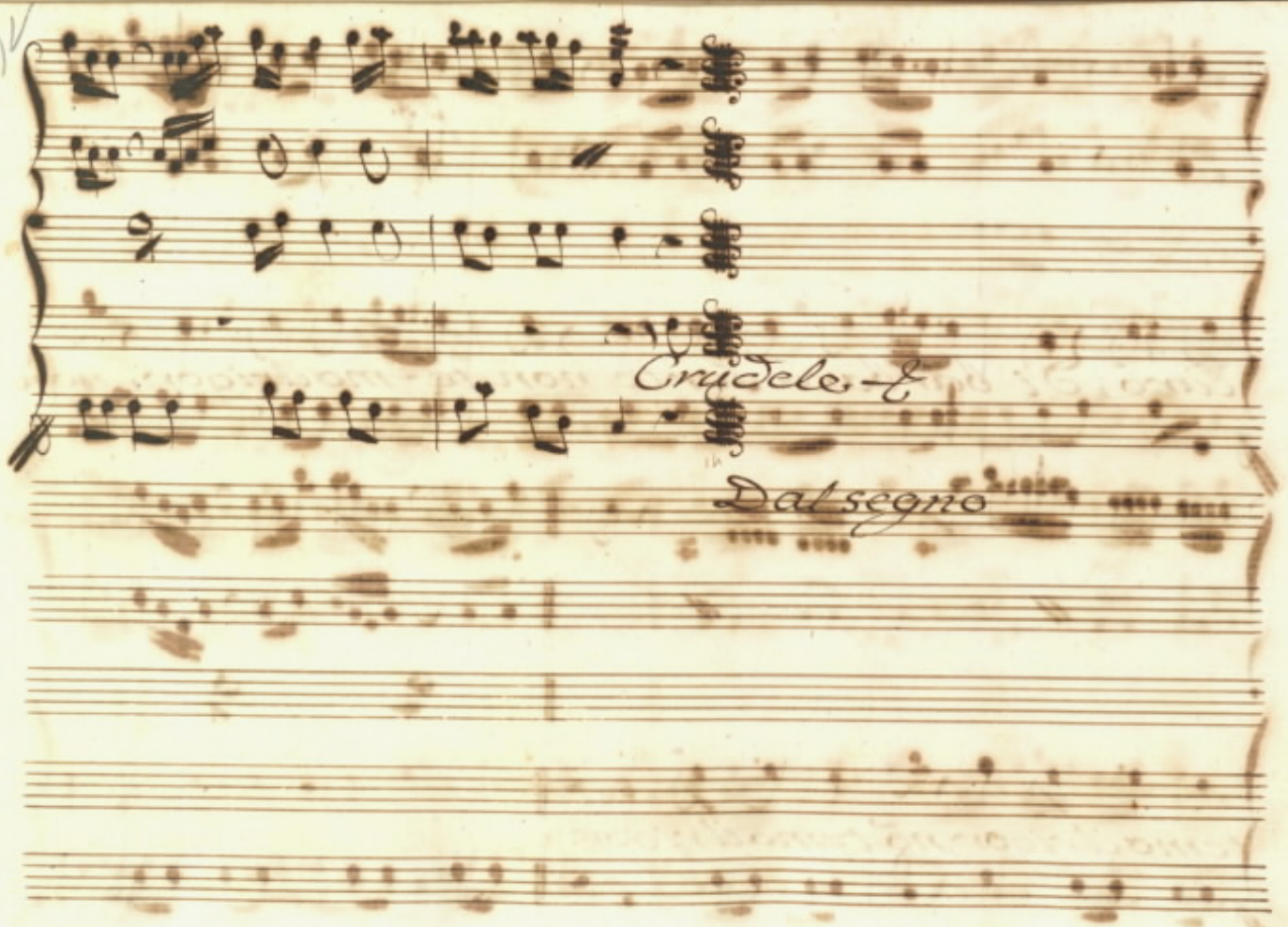
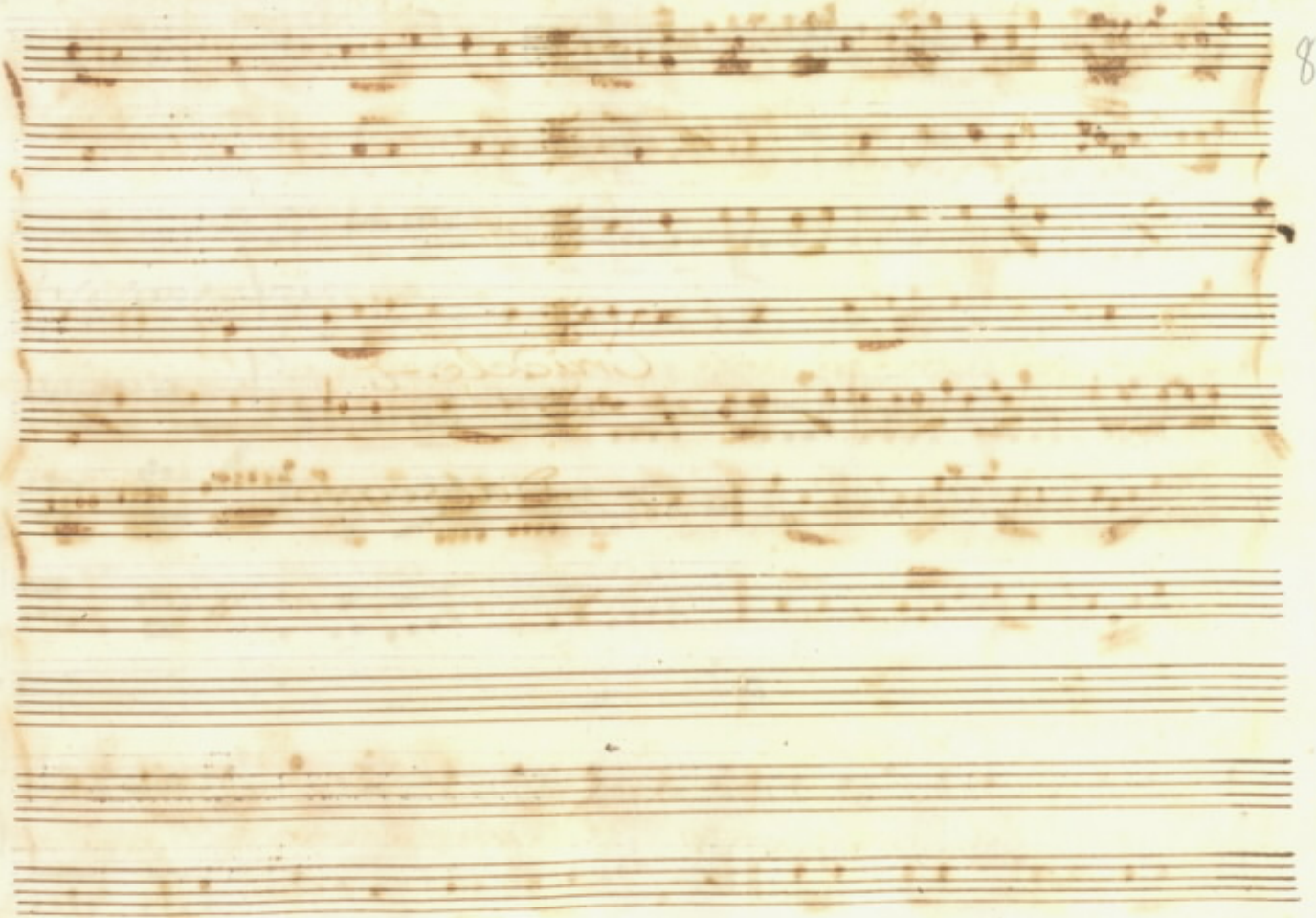
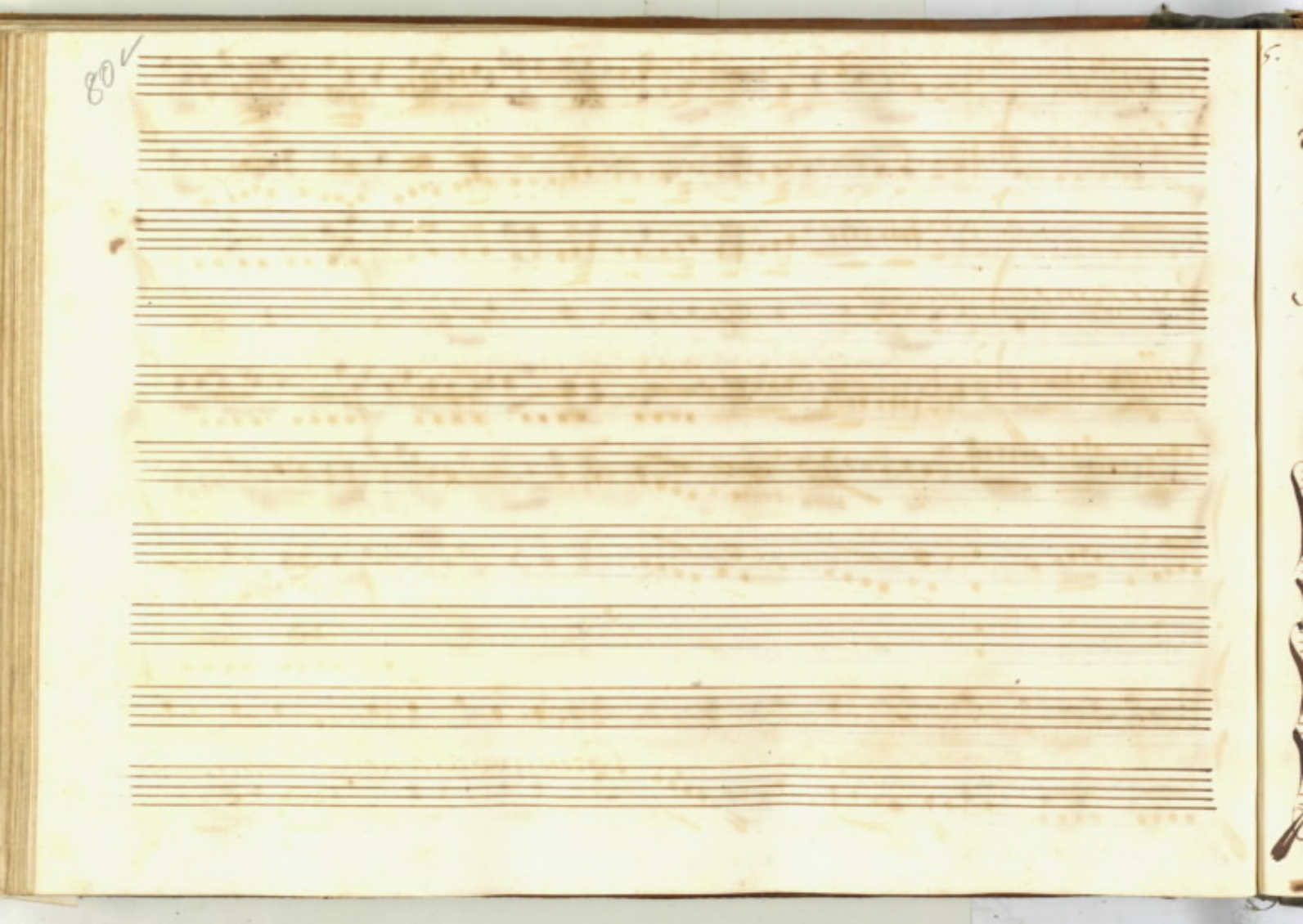
Intrepido forte rispetto nō


curo, di barbara sorte non te-mo il rigor, non
temo il rigor, nõ temo il rigor.


Crudele. -te
Dal segno



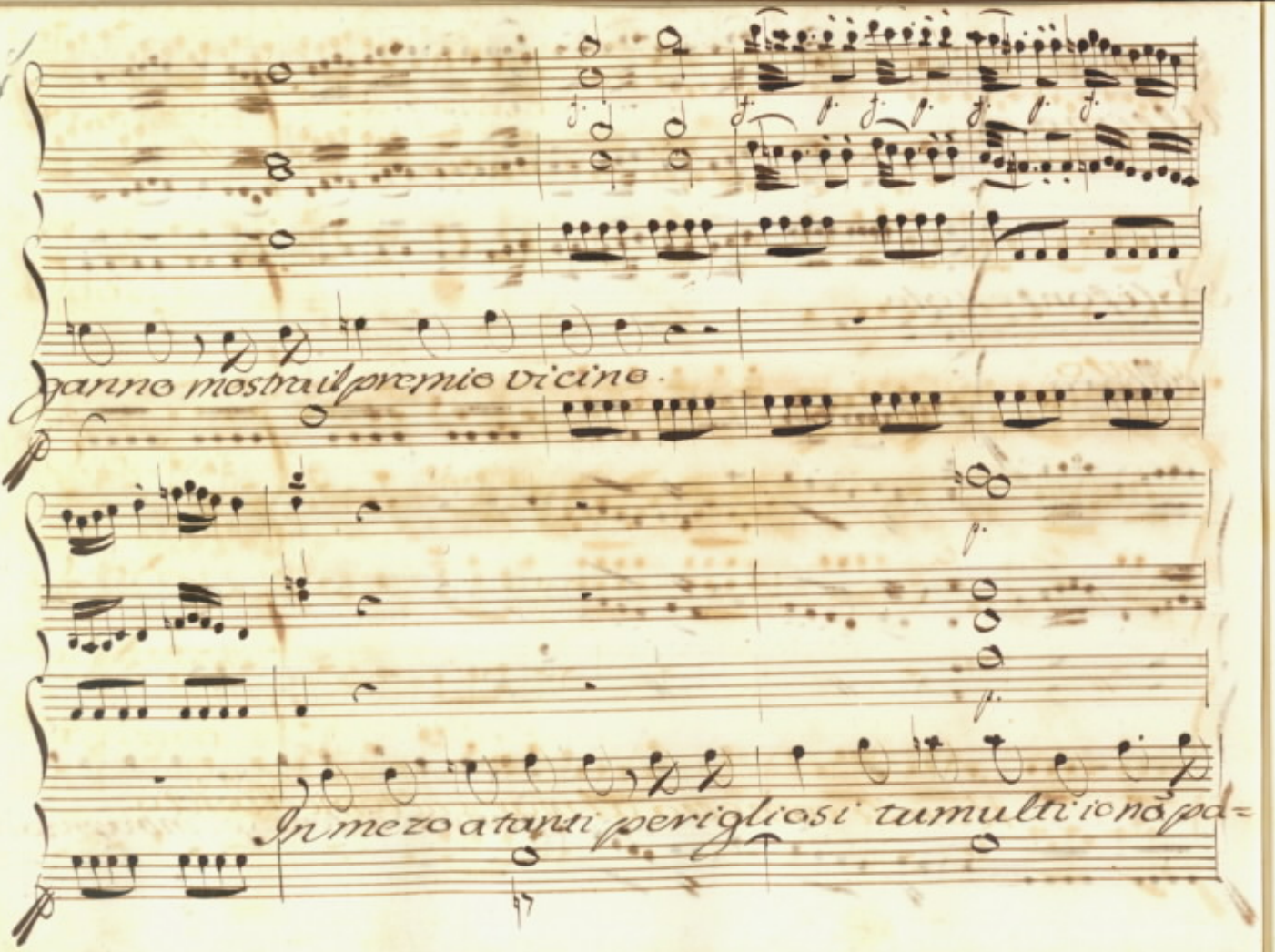


Scena
Ultima

Polifonte. Sola

allegro

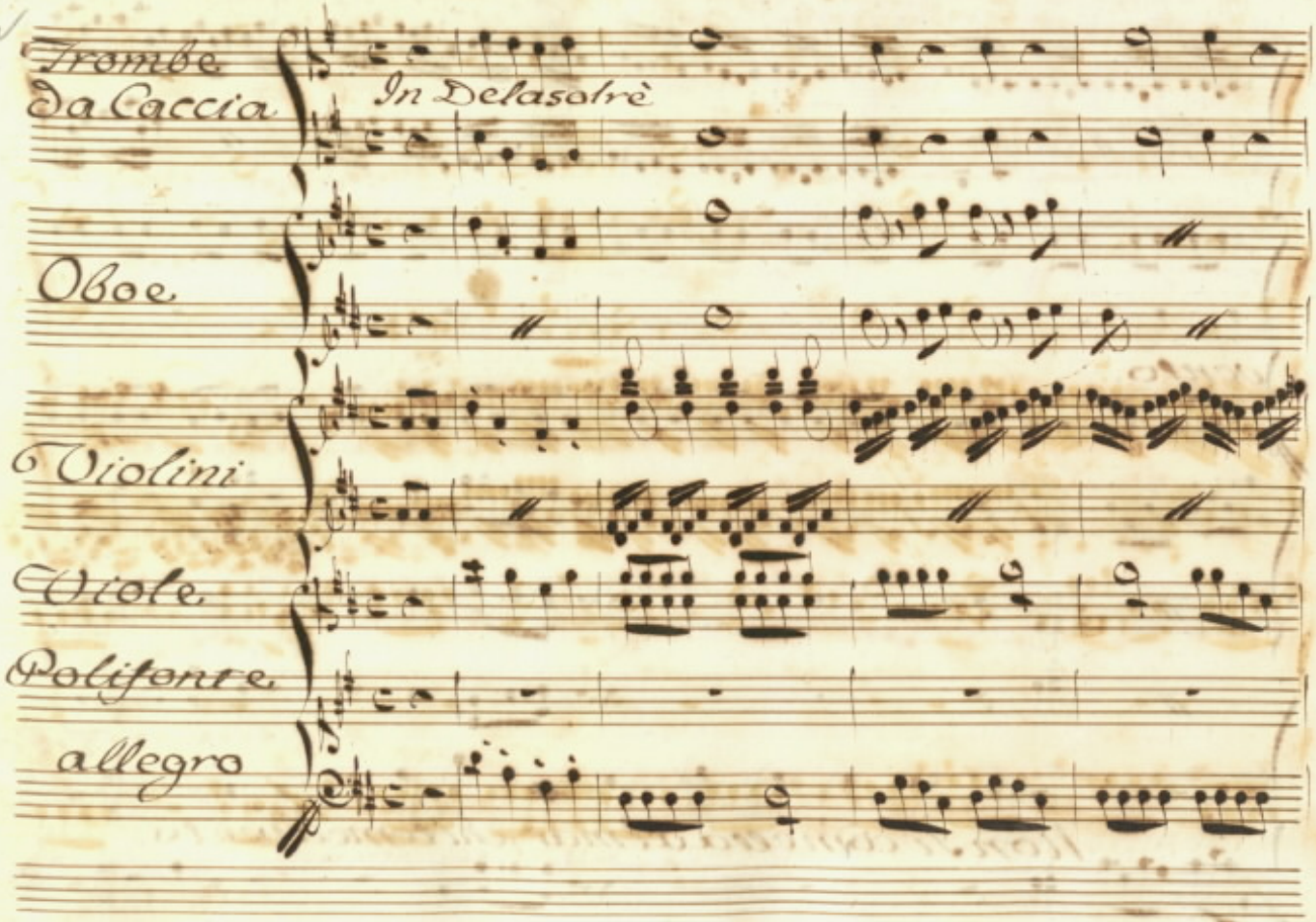
Gran cose io tento, e s'intraprese in

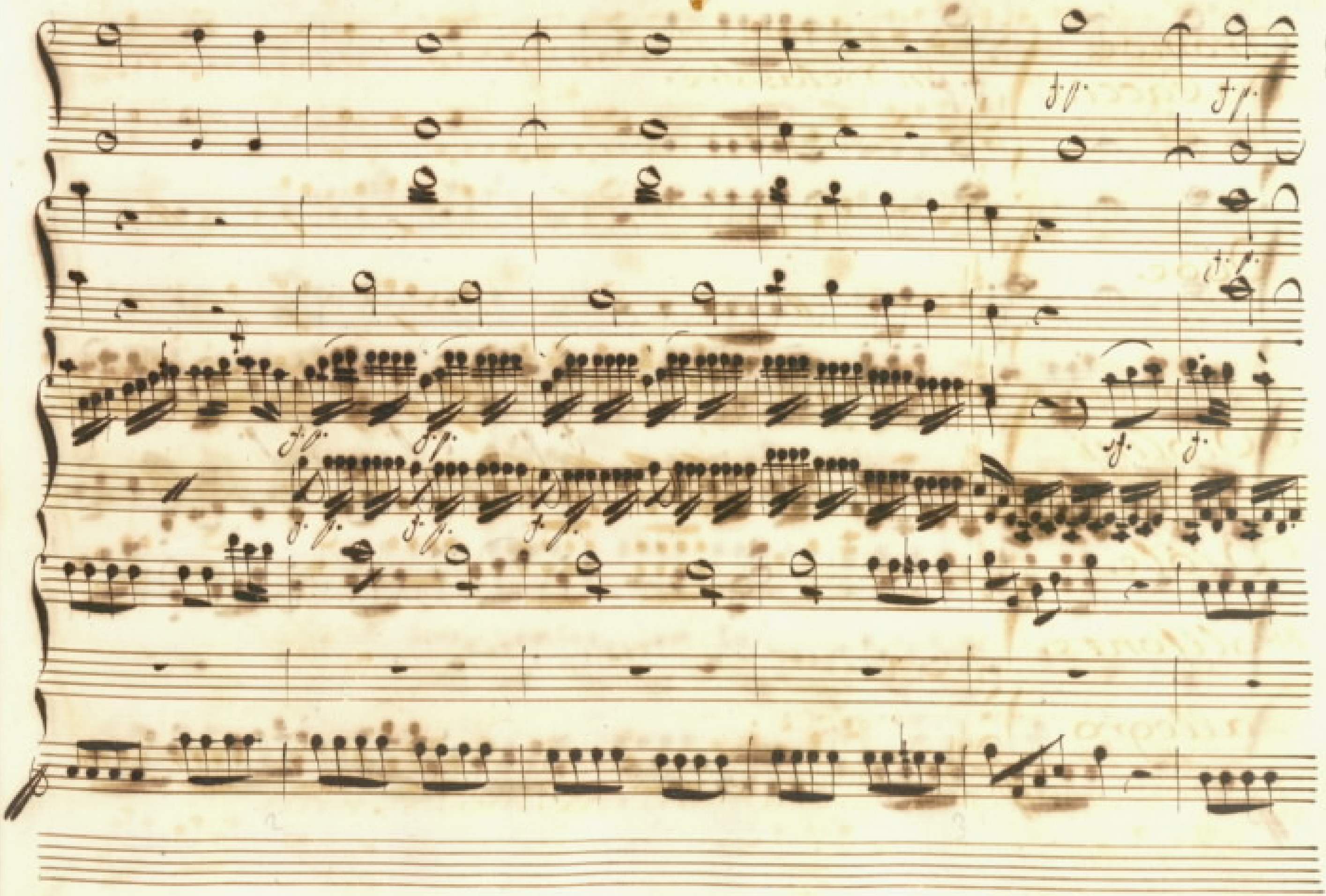

fanno mostra il premio vicino.
In mezo a tanti perigliosi tumulti io nõ pa=

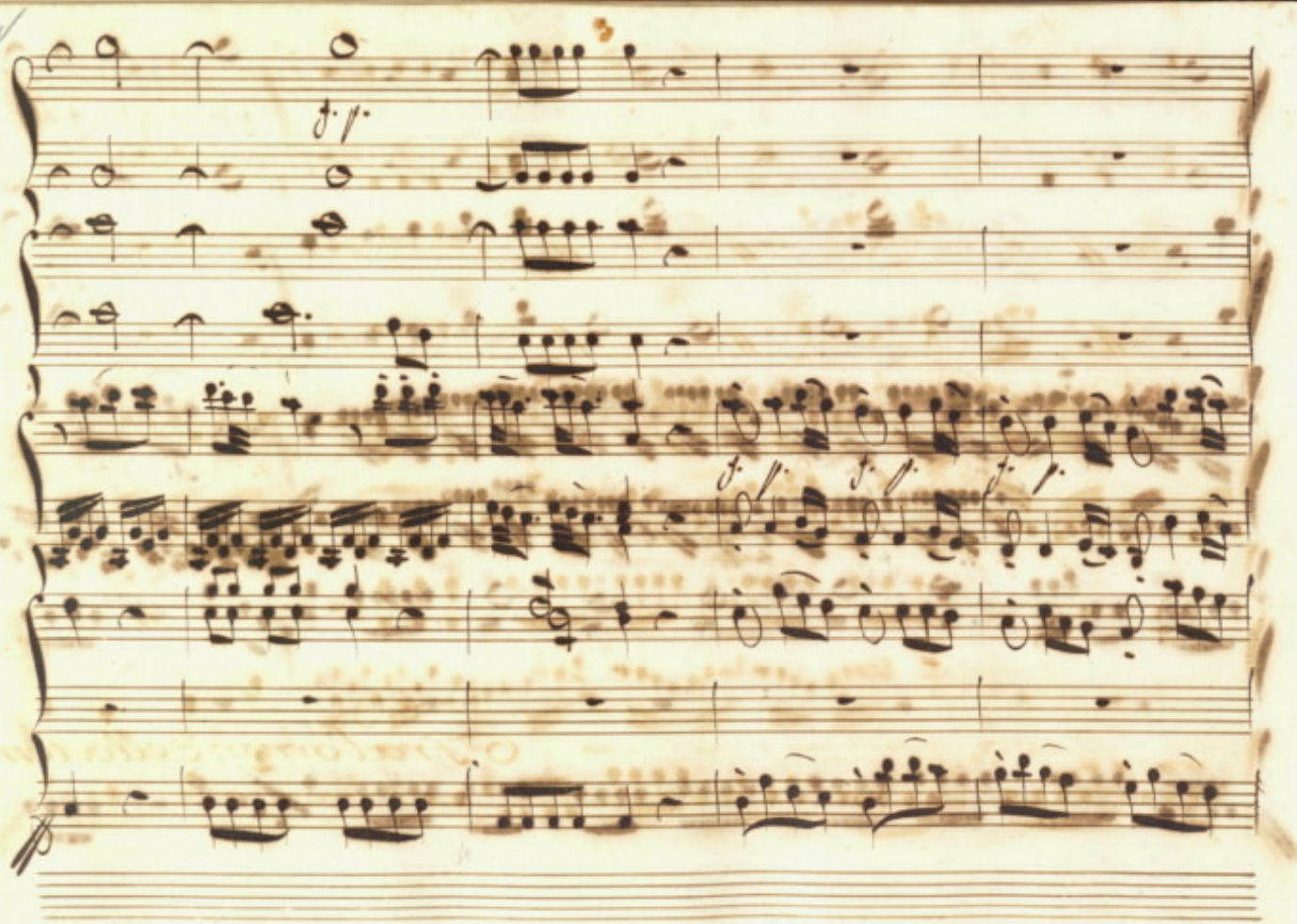
vento.

Aria

Non si cõmetta al mar, chi teme il vento.


Trombe
da Caccia
In Delasolrè
Oboe
6 Violini
Viole
Polifonte
allegro

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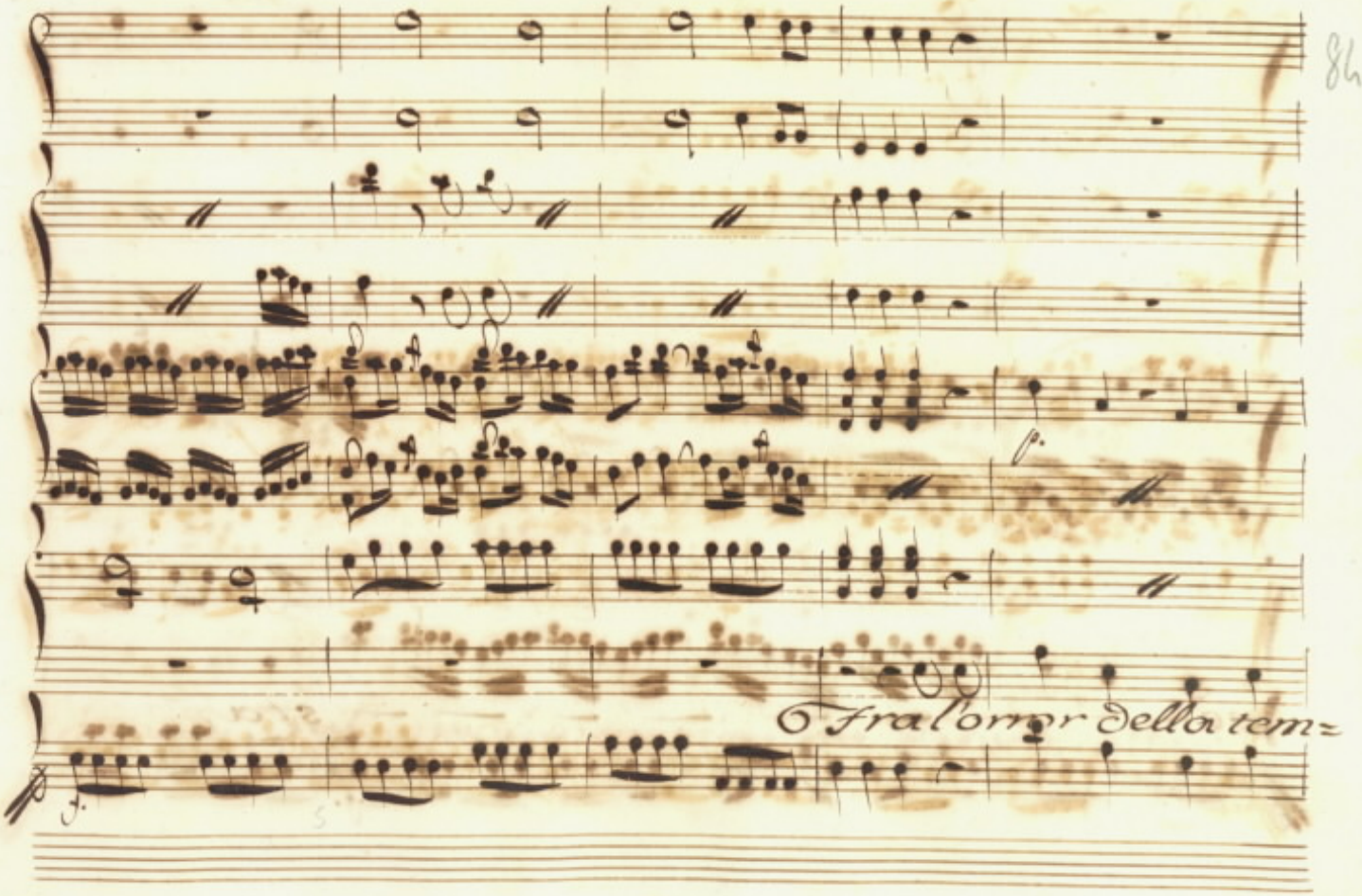
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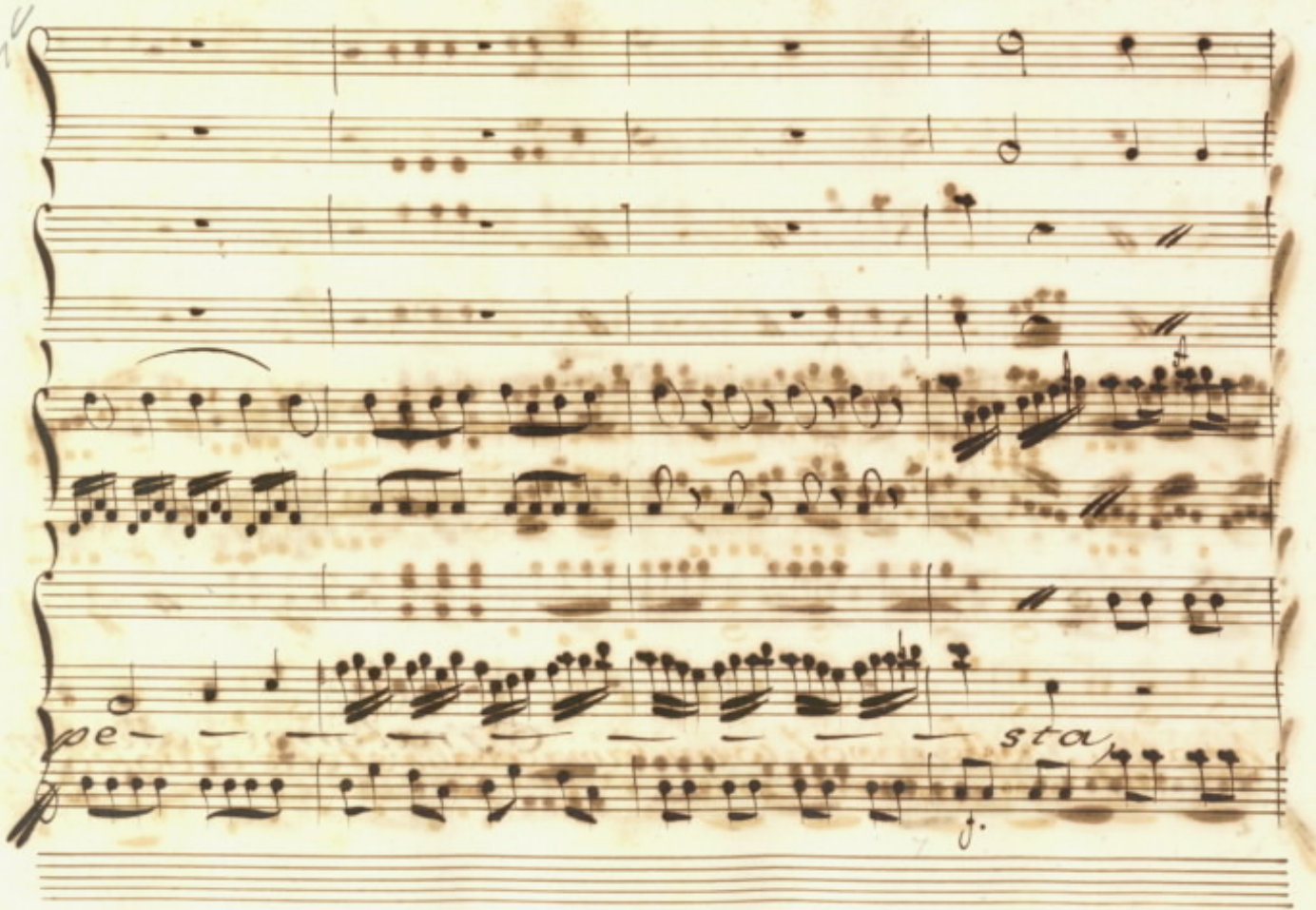
O fra l'orror della tem=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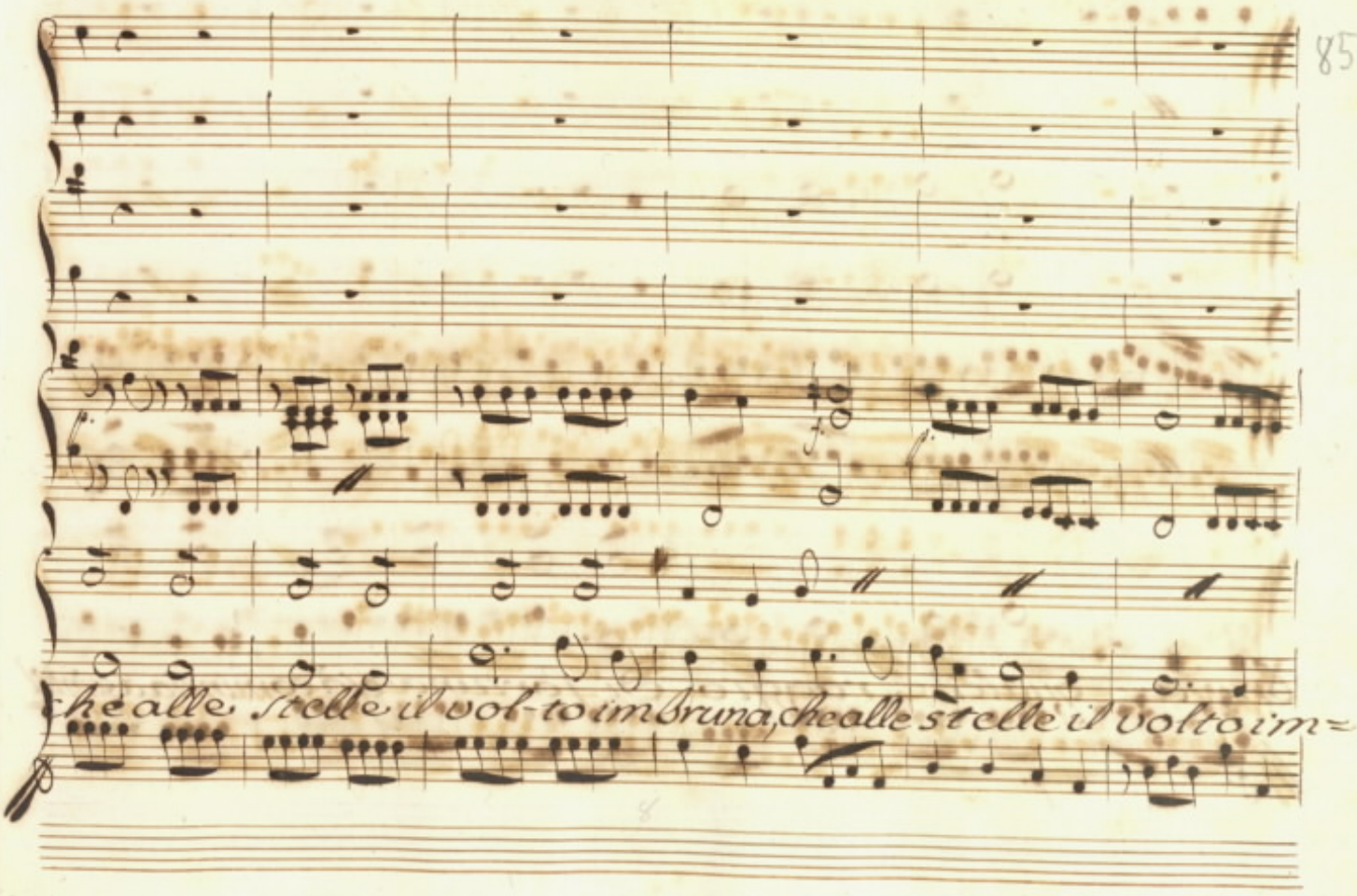
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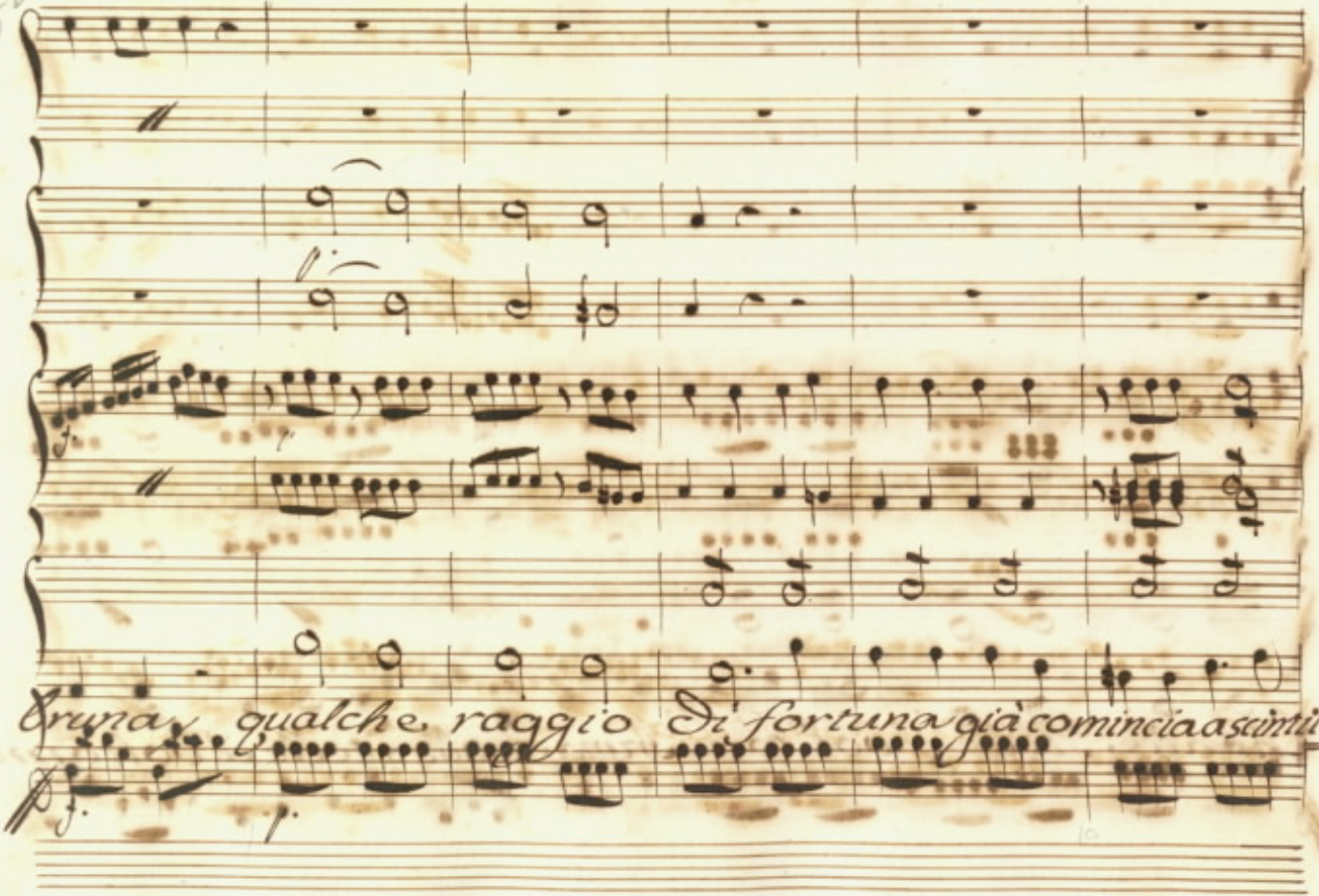
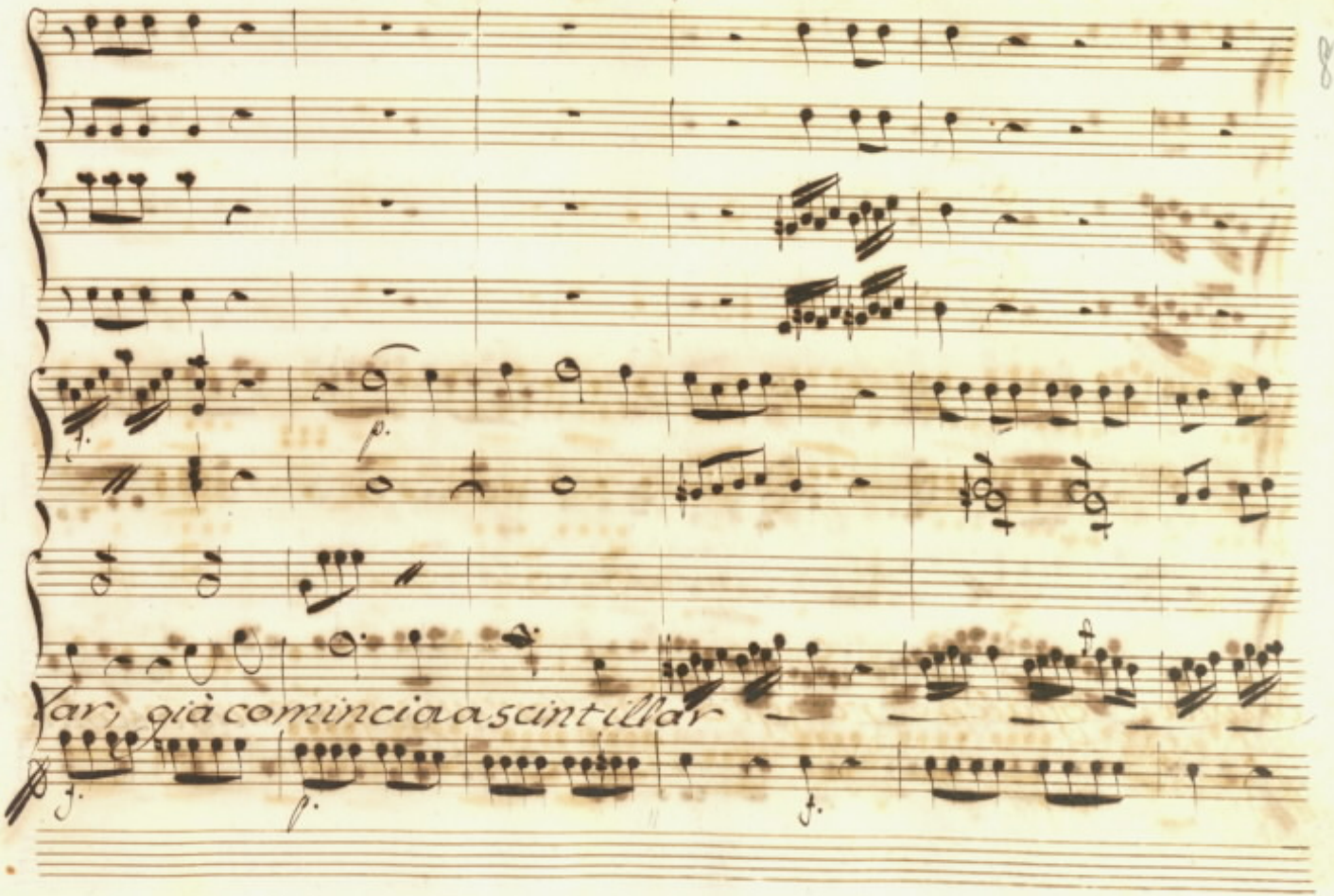
che alle stelle il vol-to im bruna, che alle stelle il volto im=


Bruna, qualche raggio Di fortuna già comincia a scintil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Var. già comincia a scintillar
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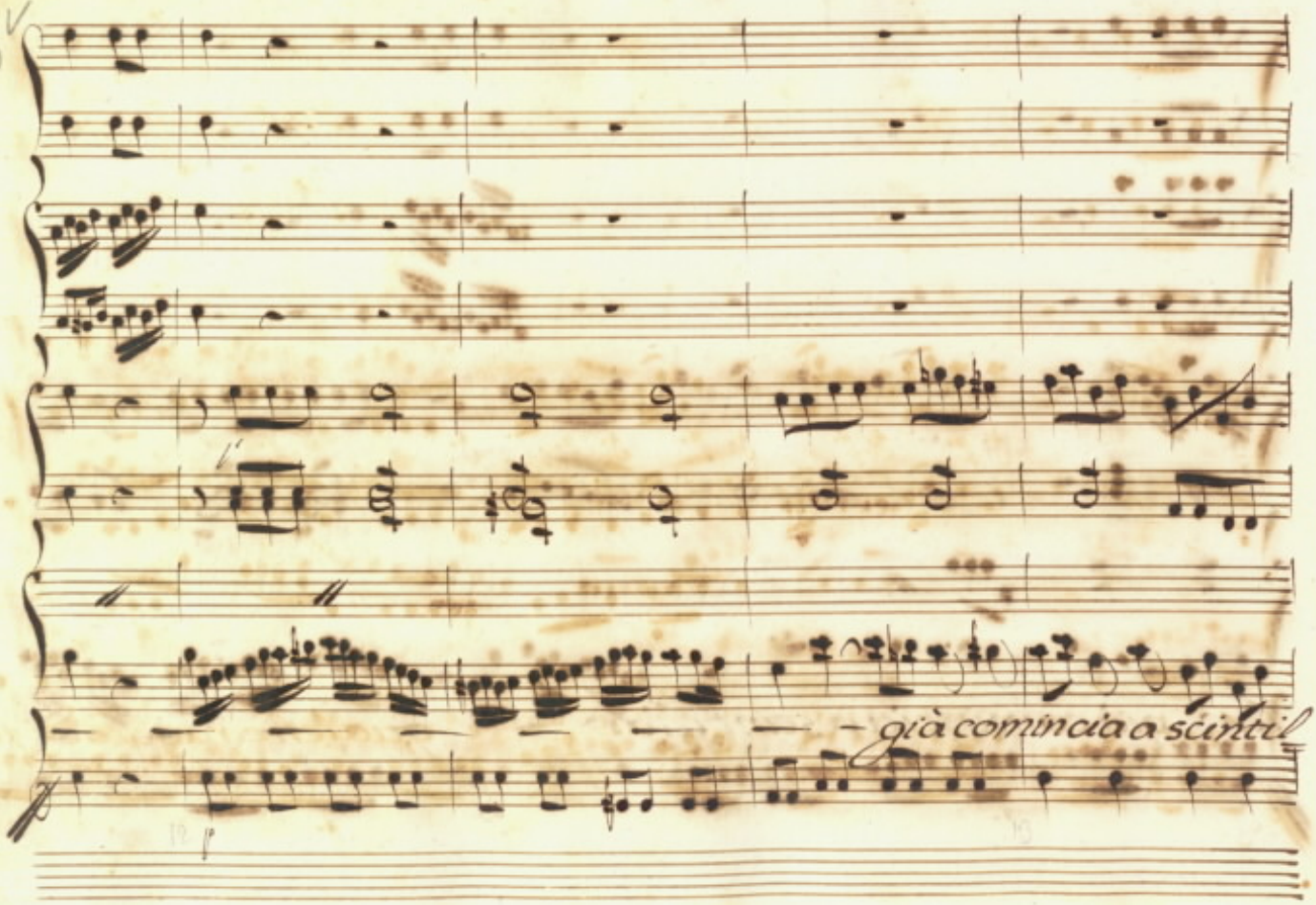
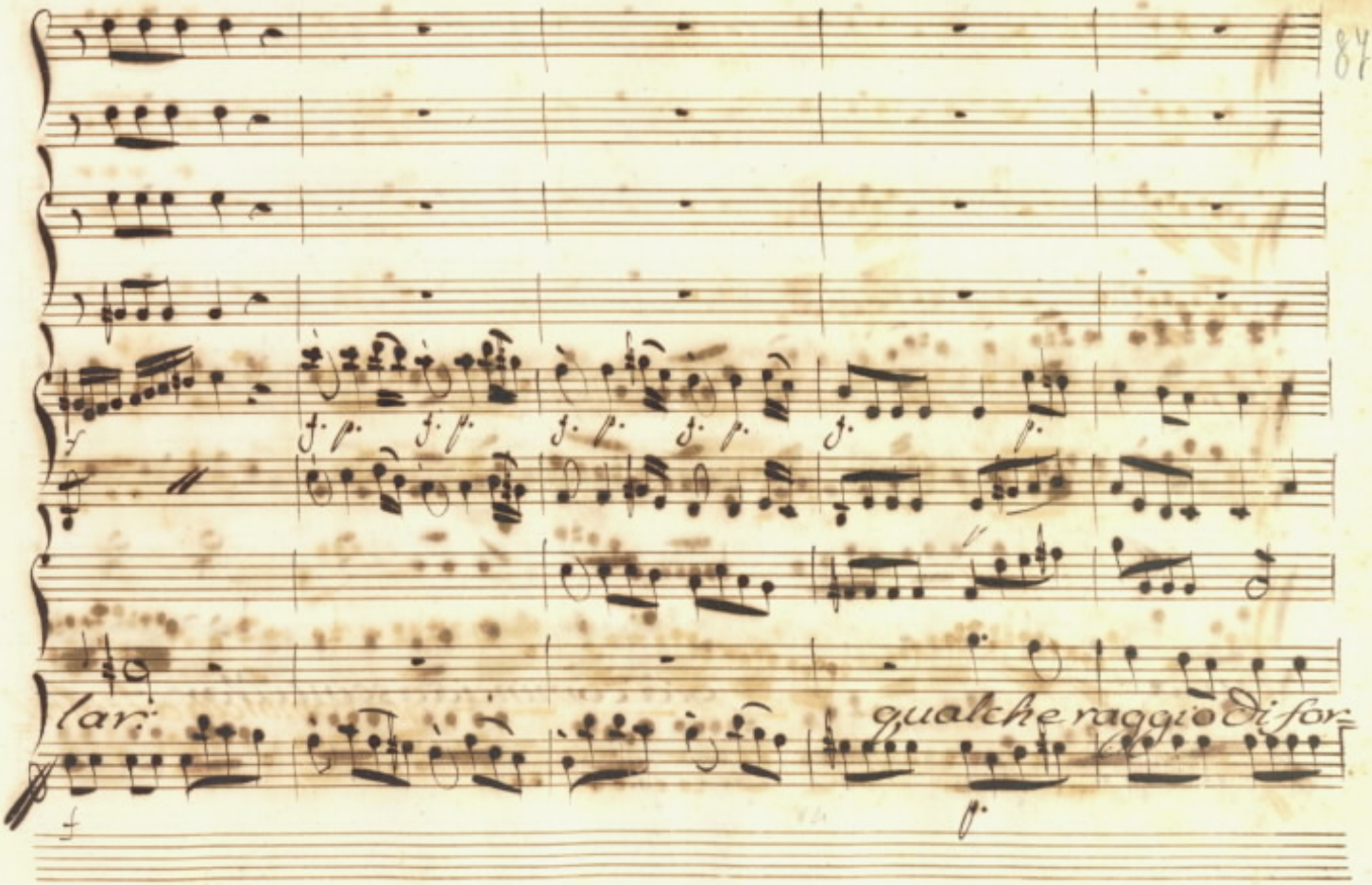
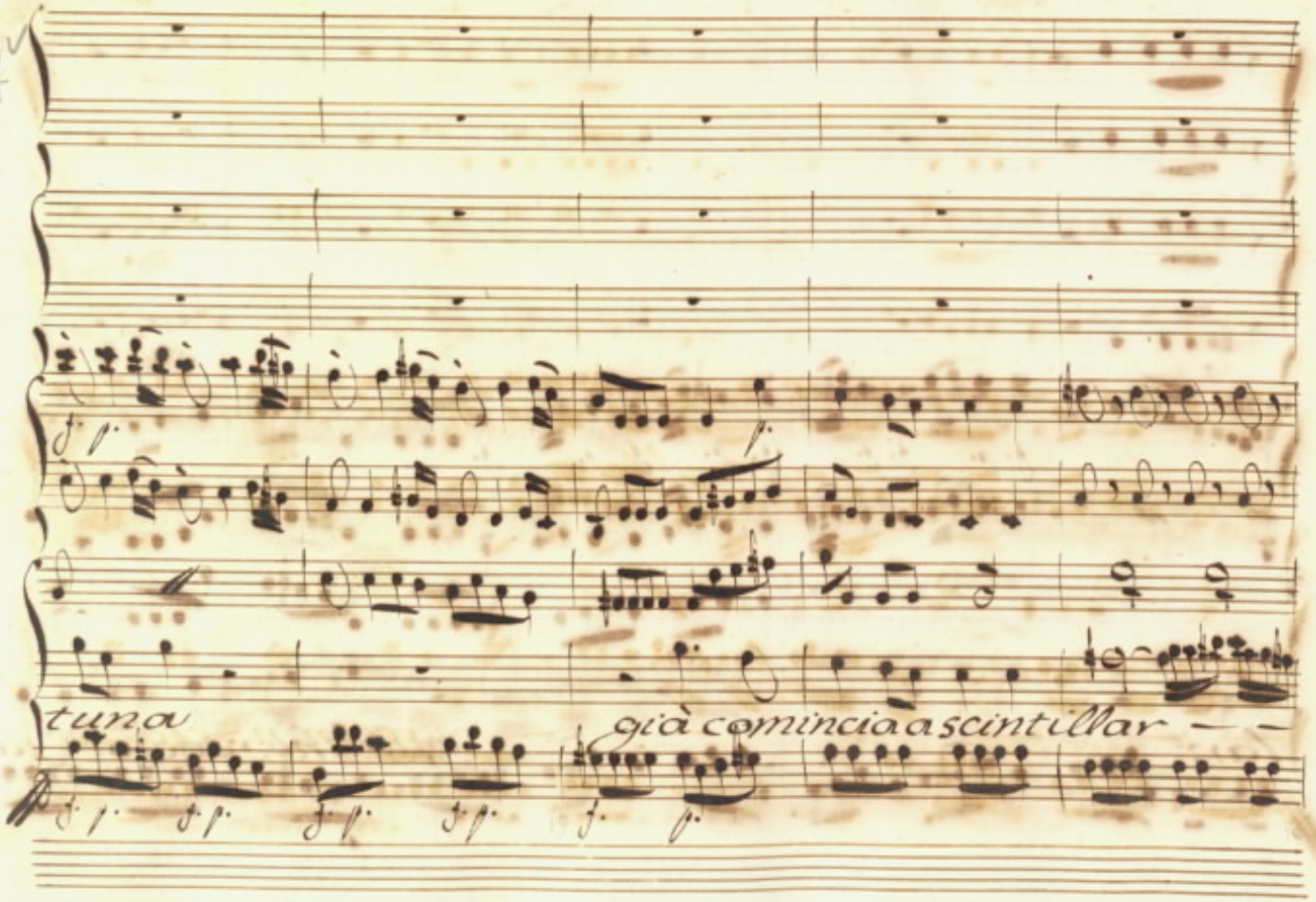

già comincia a scintil


lar.
qualche raggio di sor-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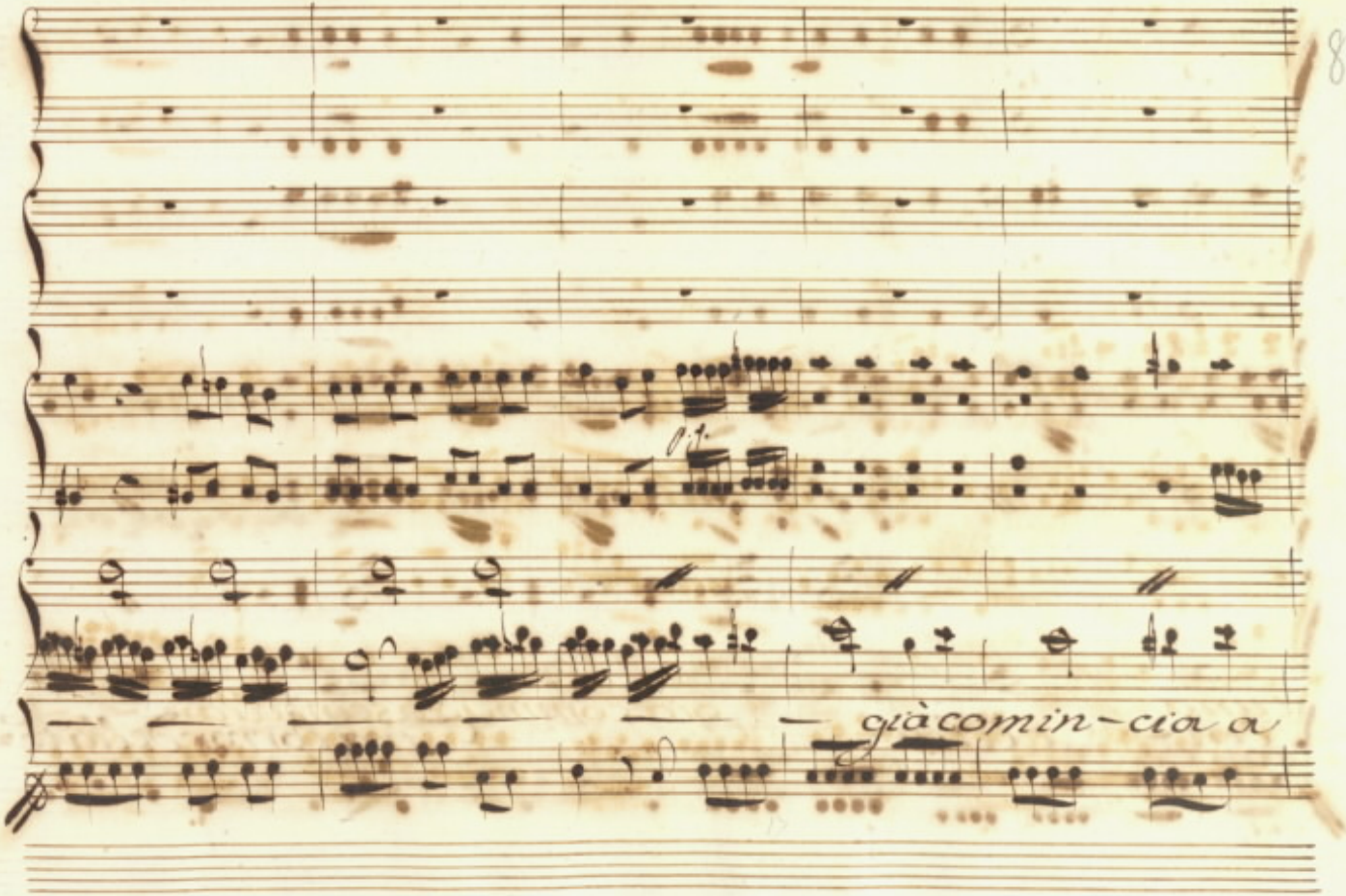
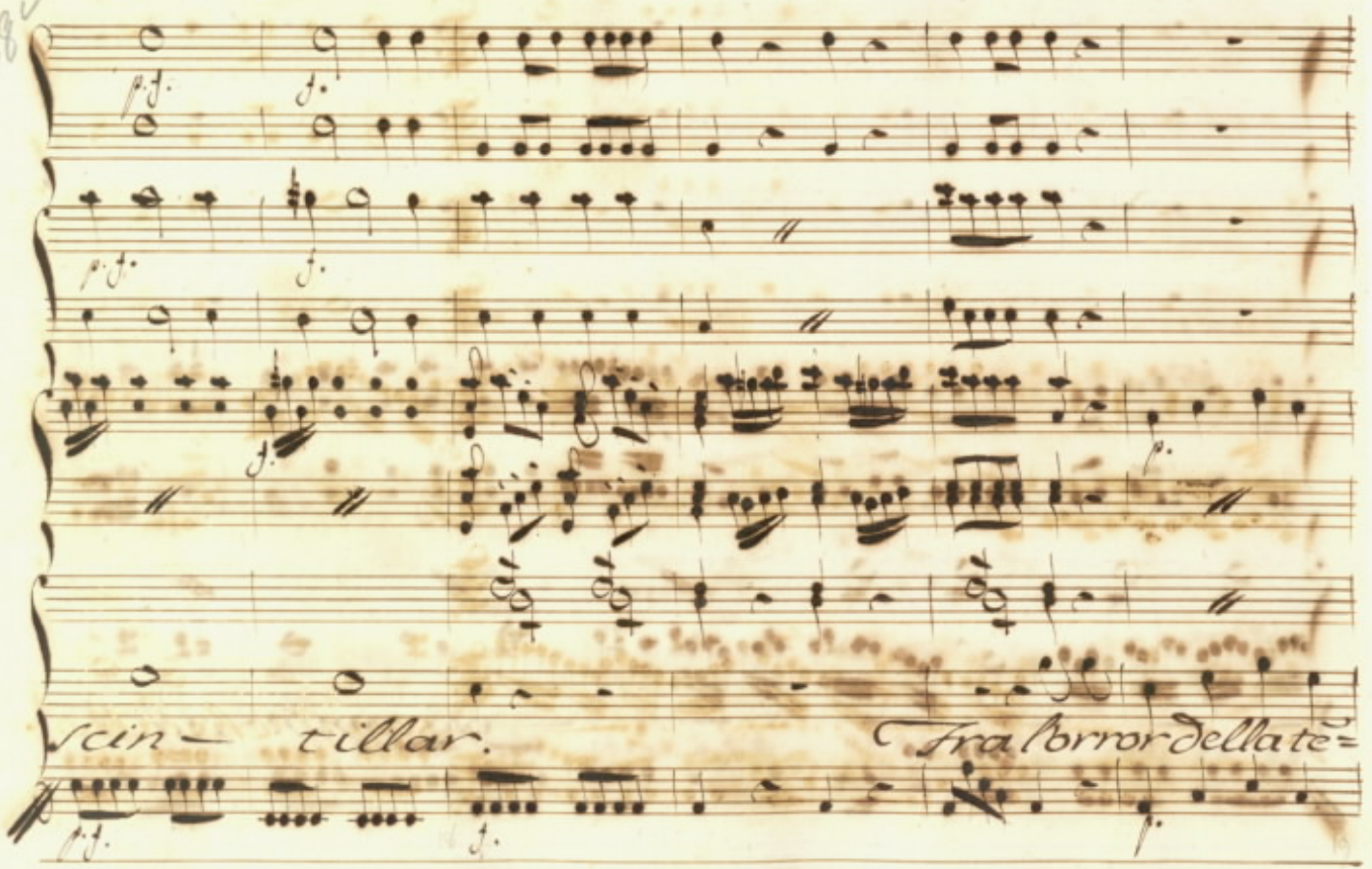
già comincia a scintillar


già comin-cia a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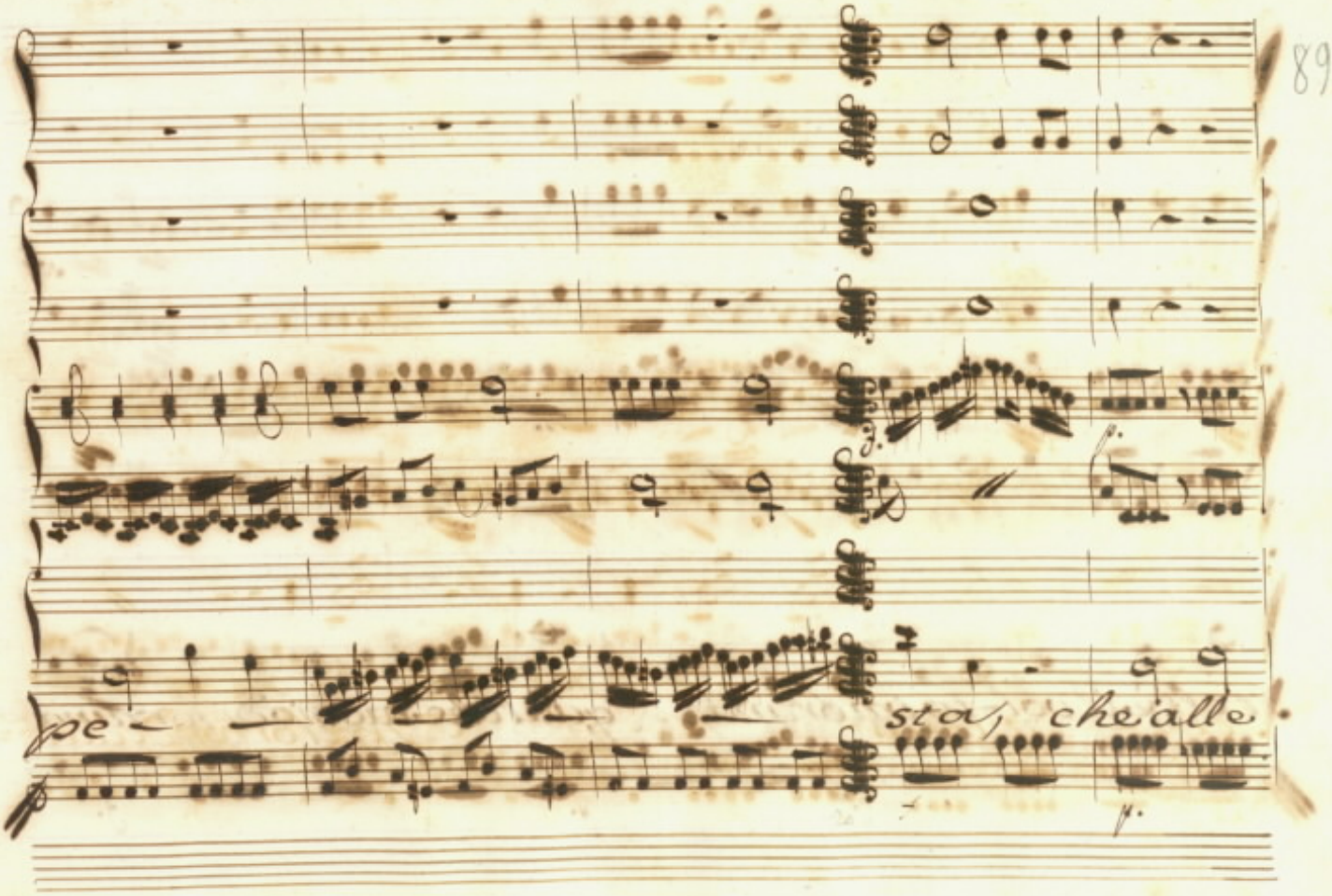
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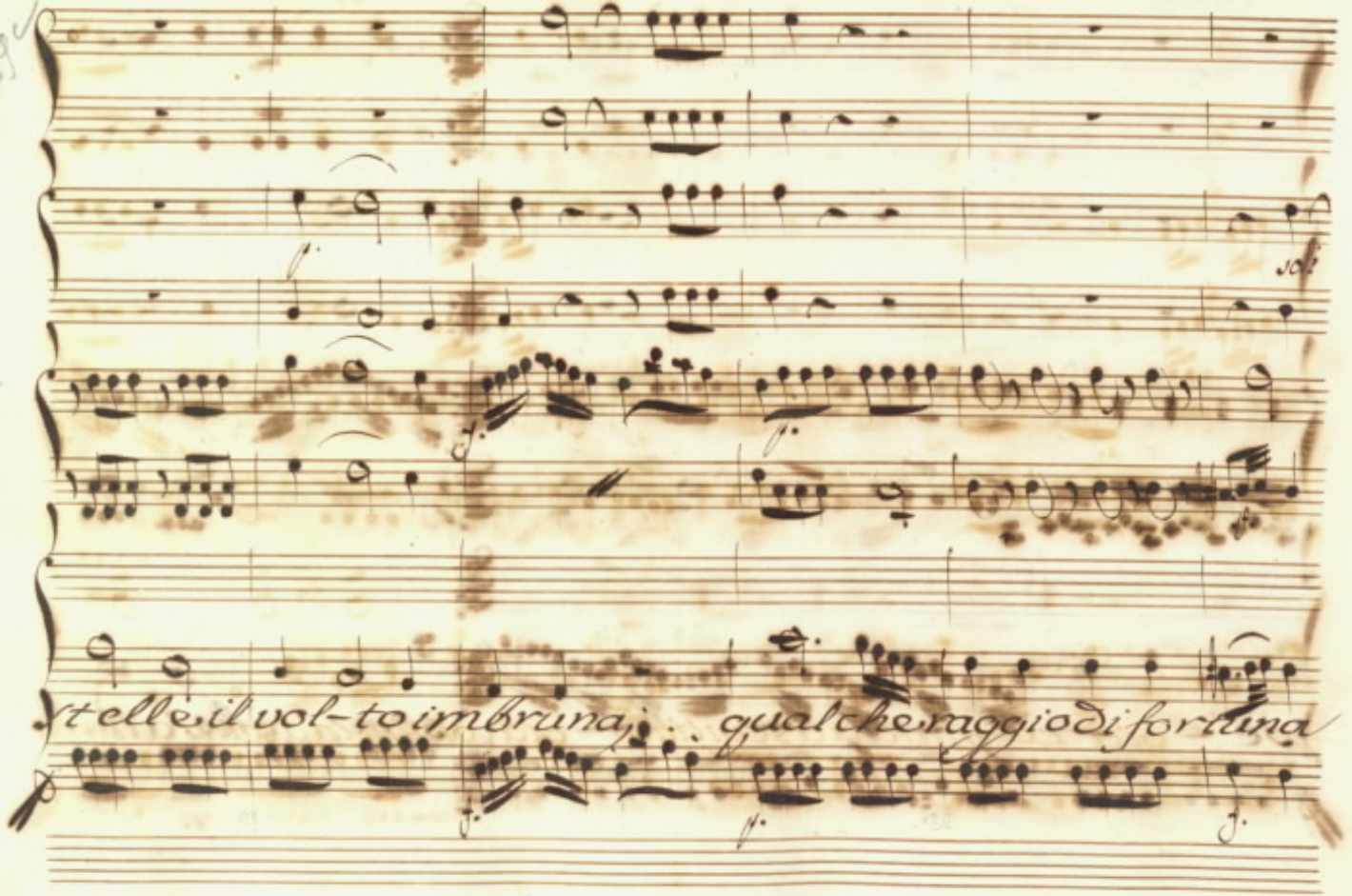
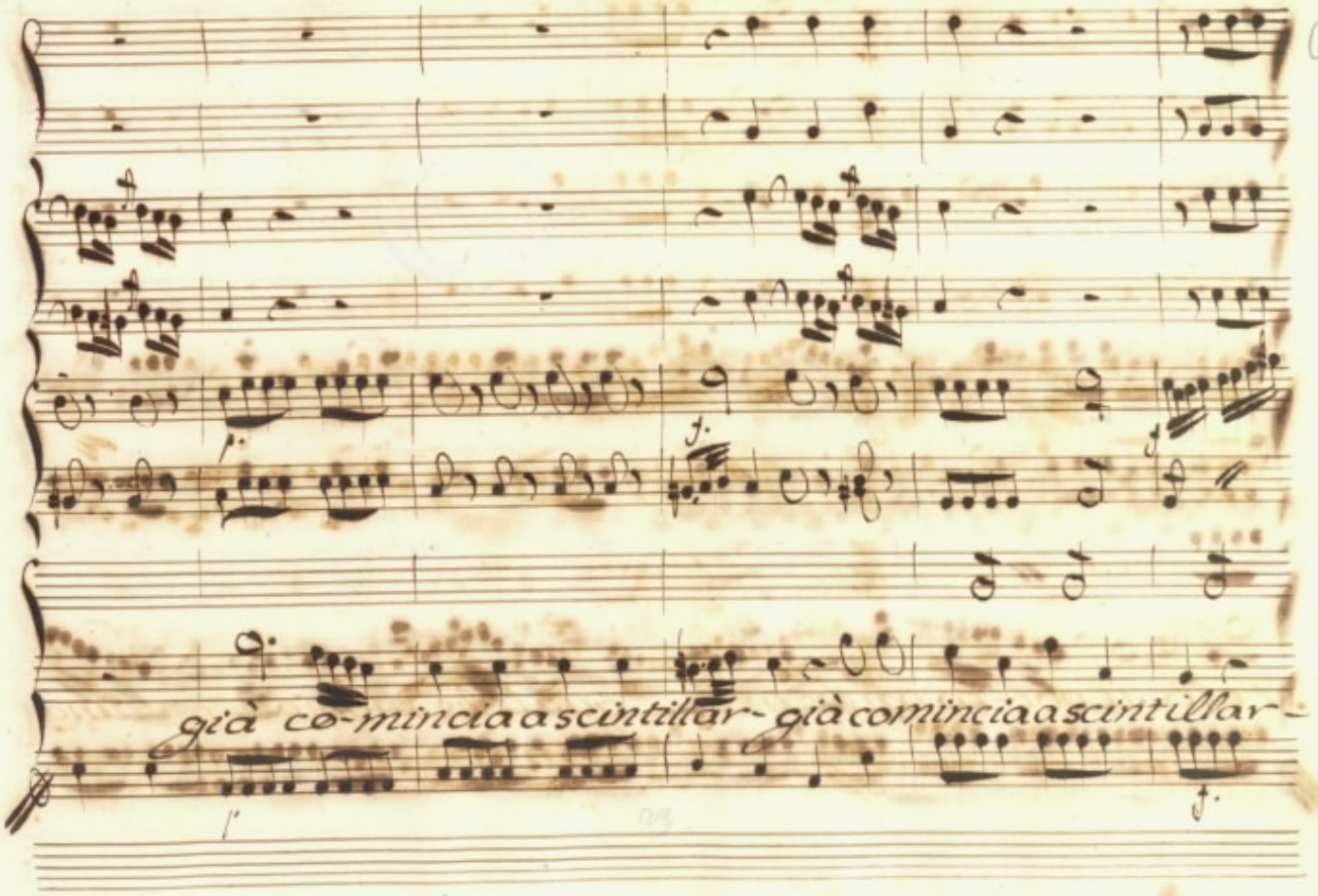
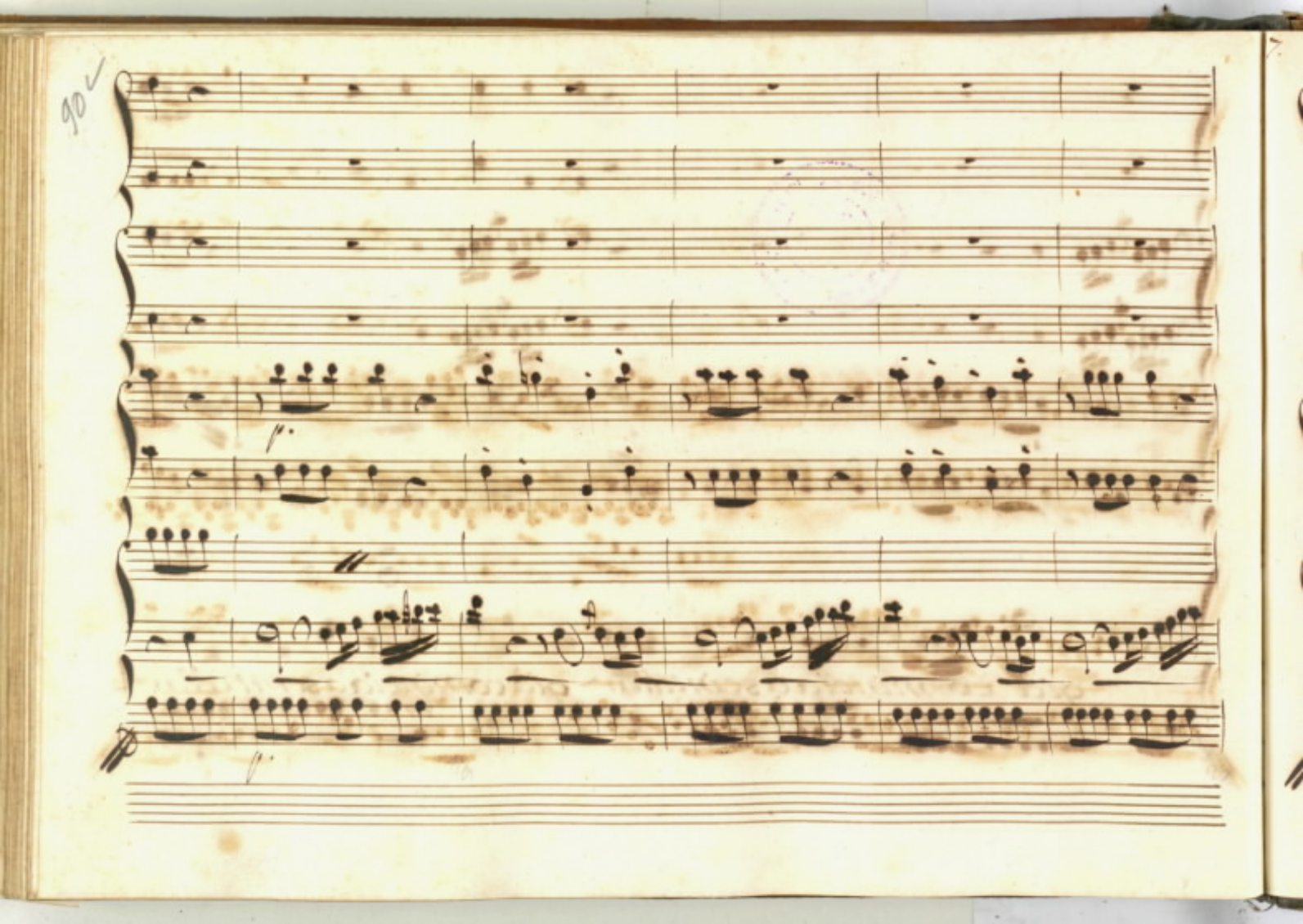
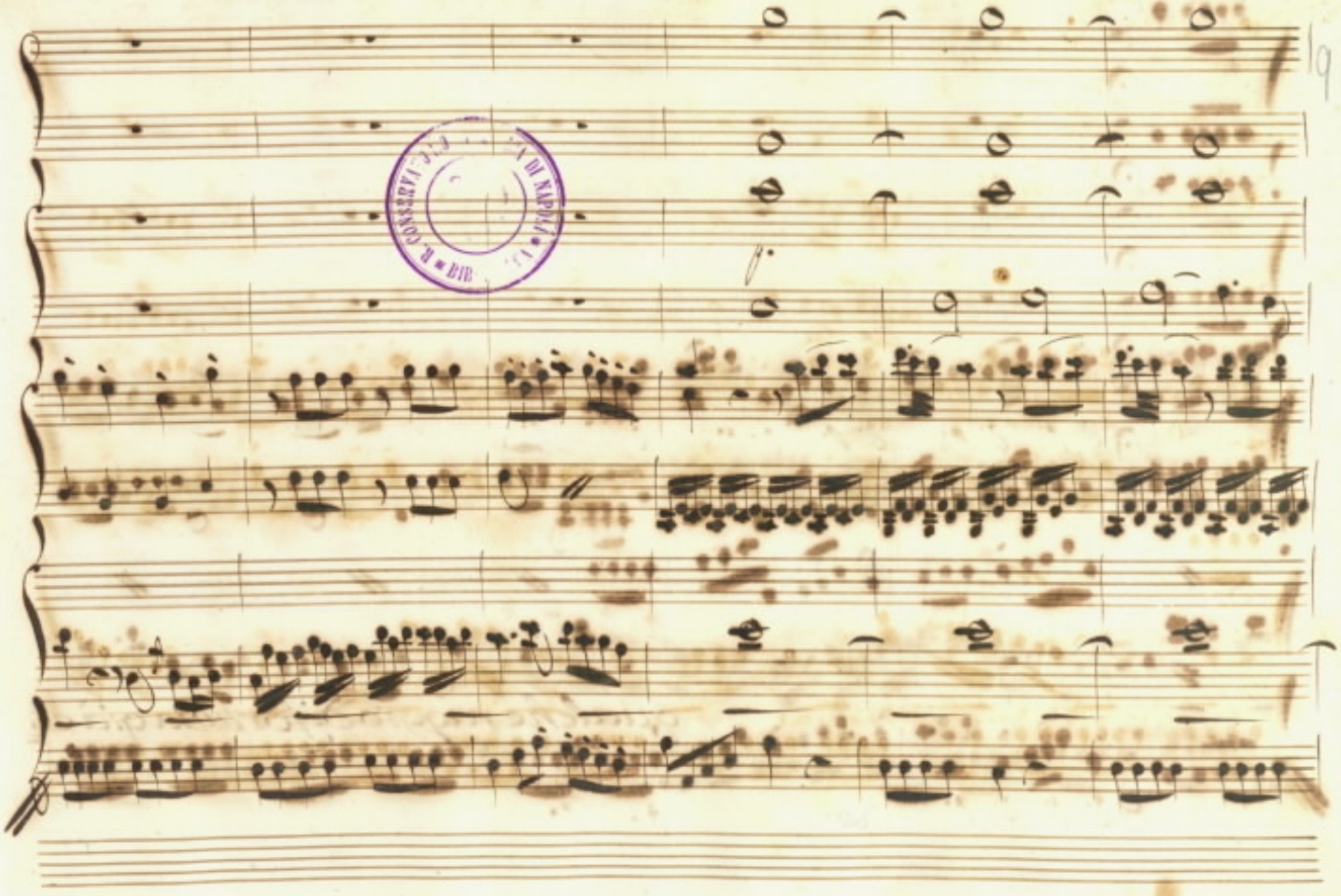

Stelle il vol-to imbruna; qualche raggio di fortuna


già co-mincia a scintillar- già comincia a scintillar-





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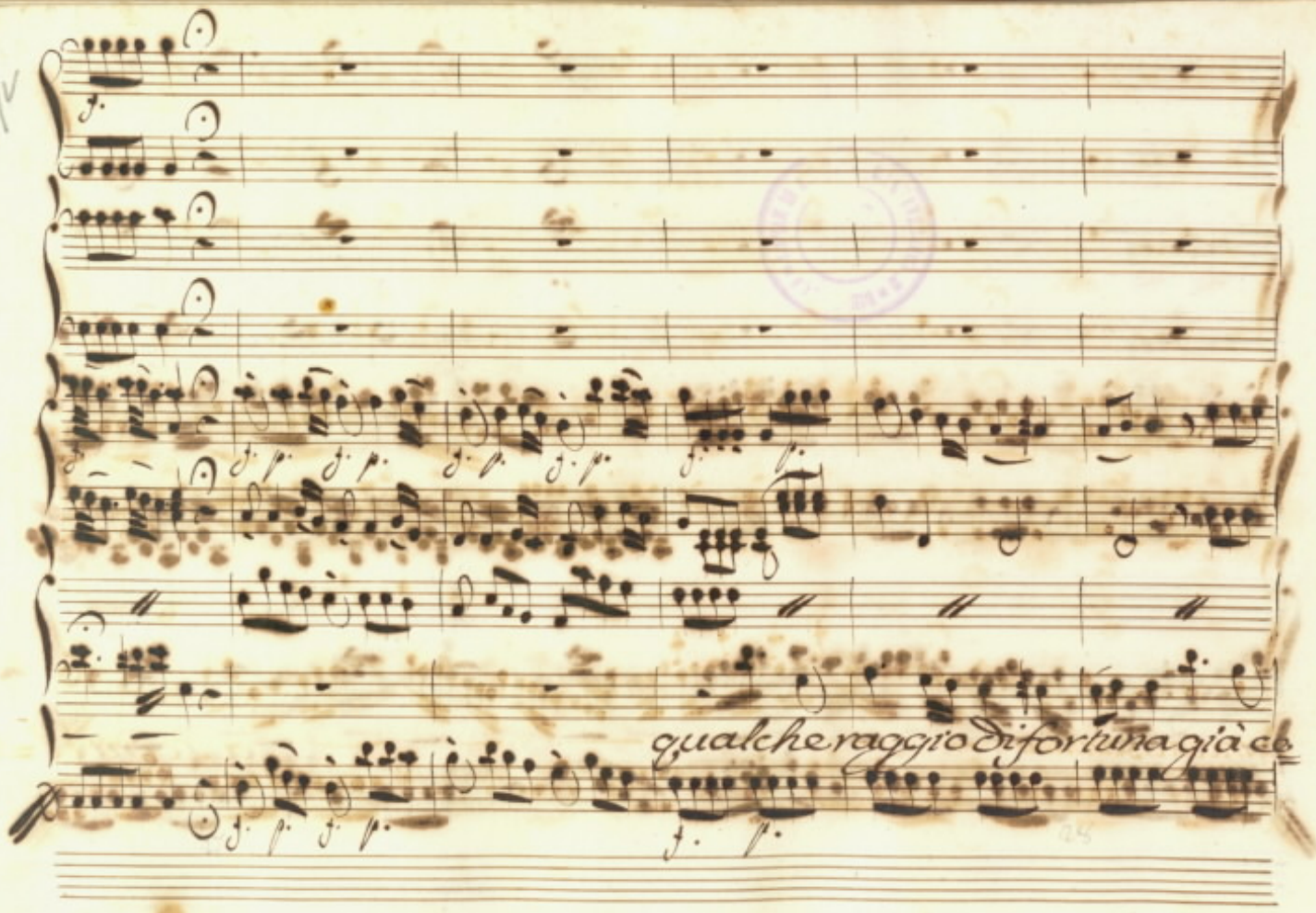
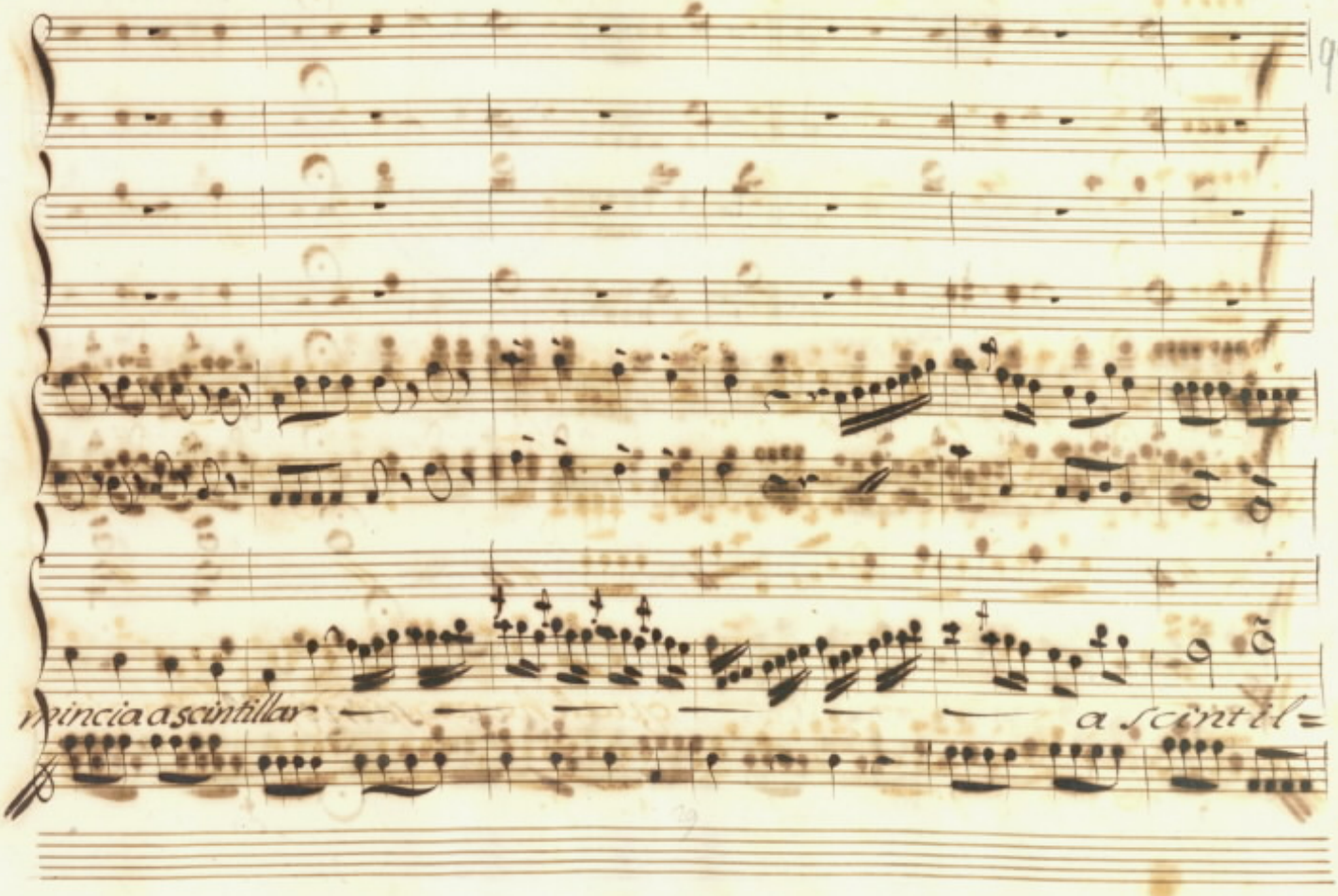

qualche raggio di fortuna già ch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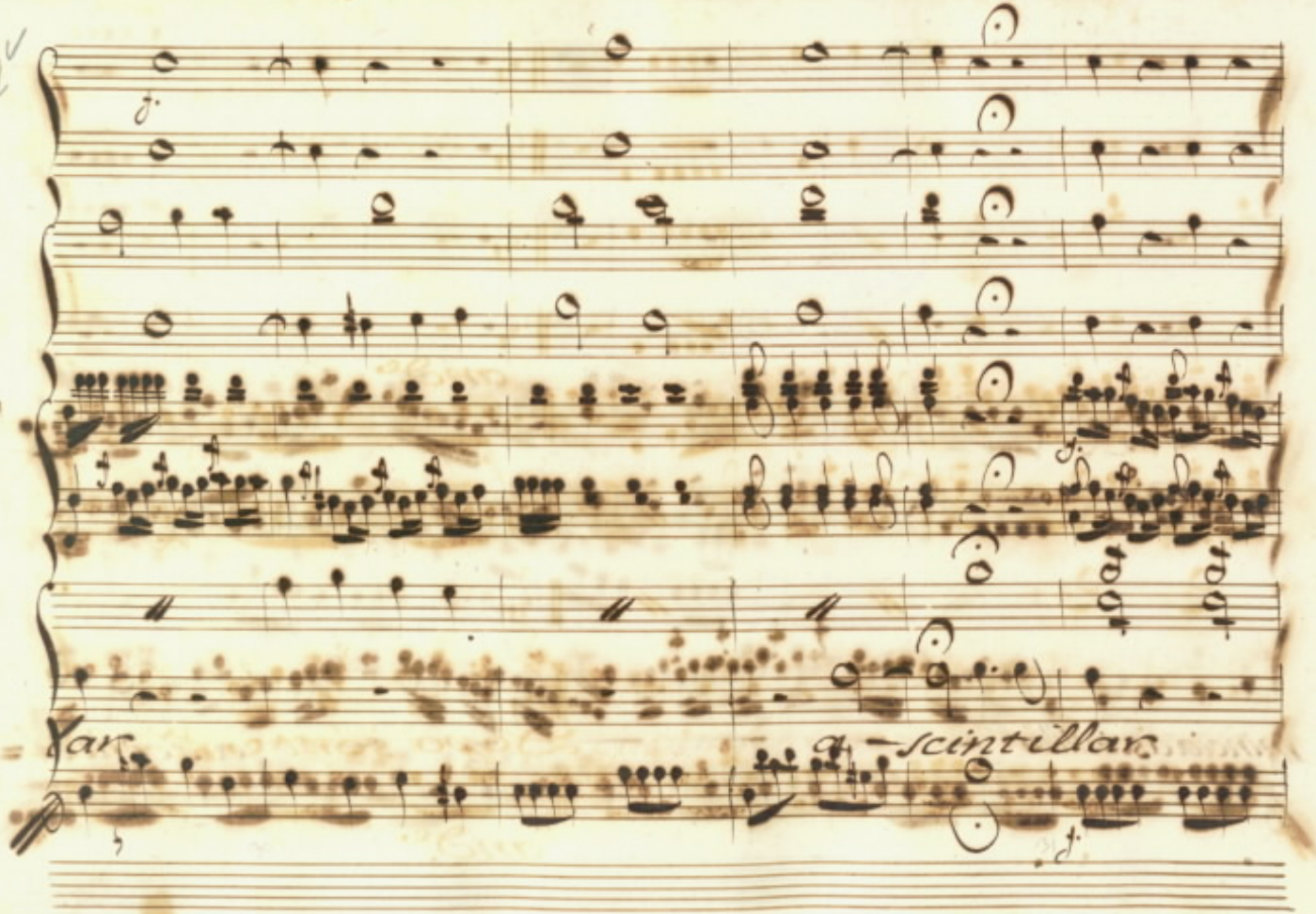
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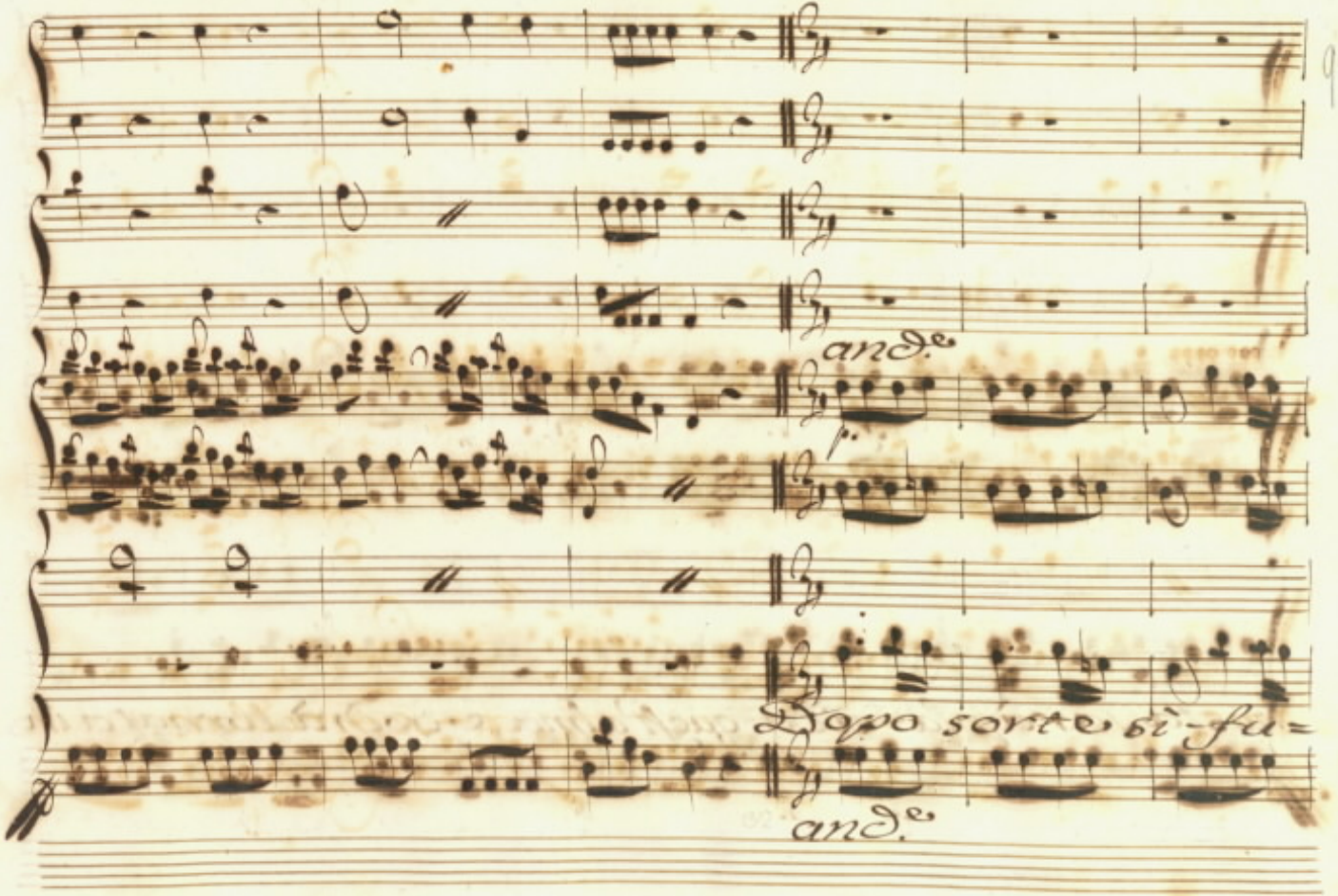
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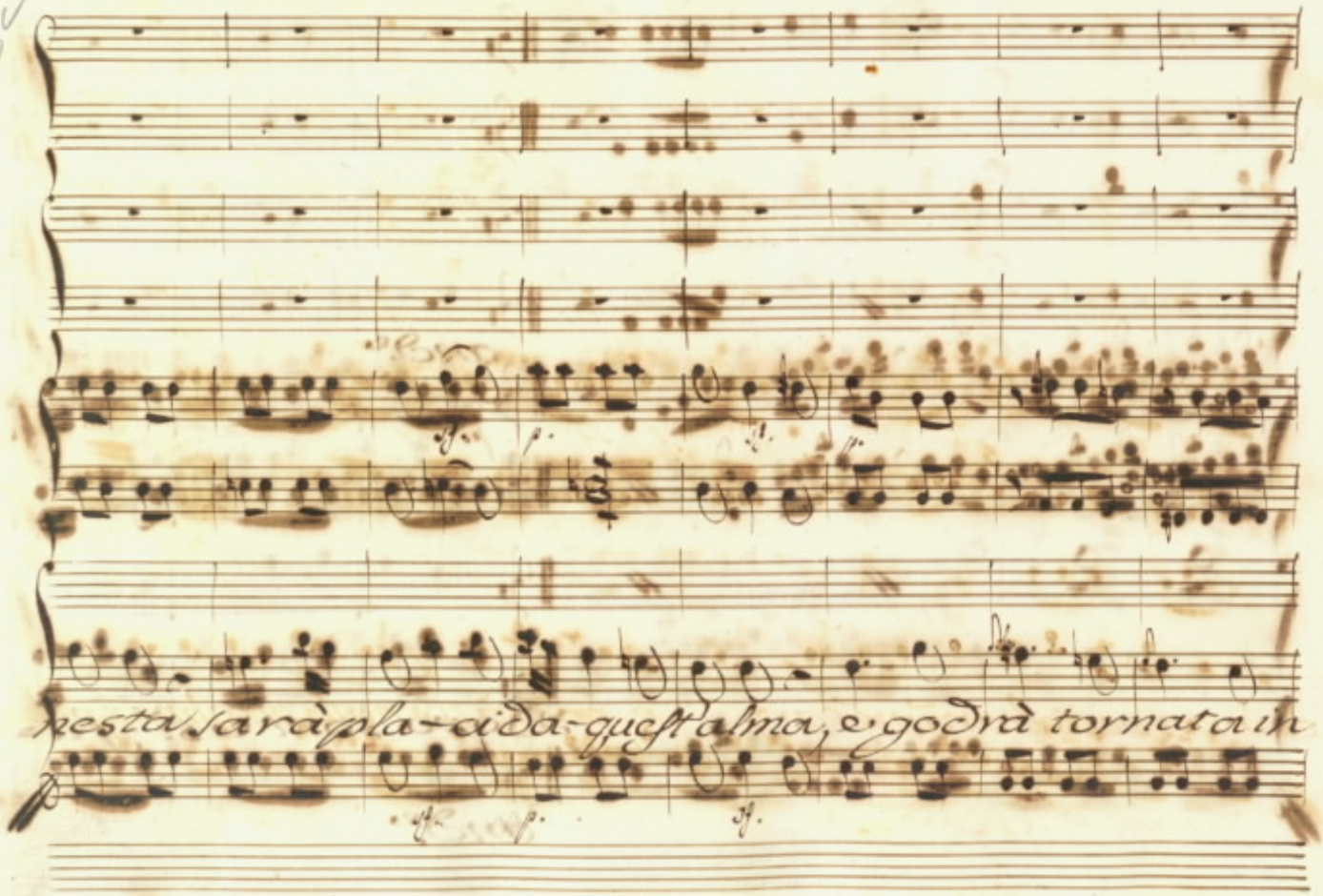
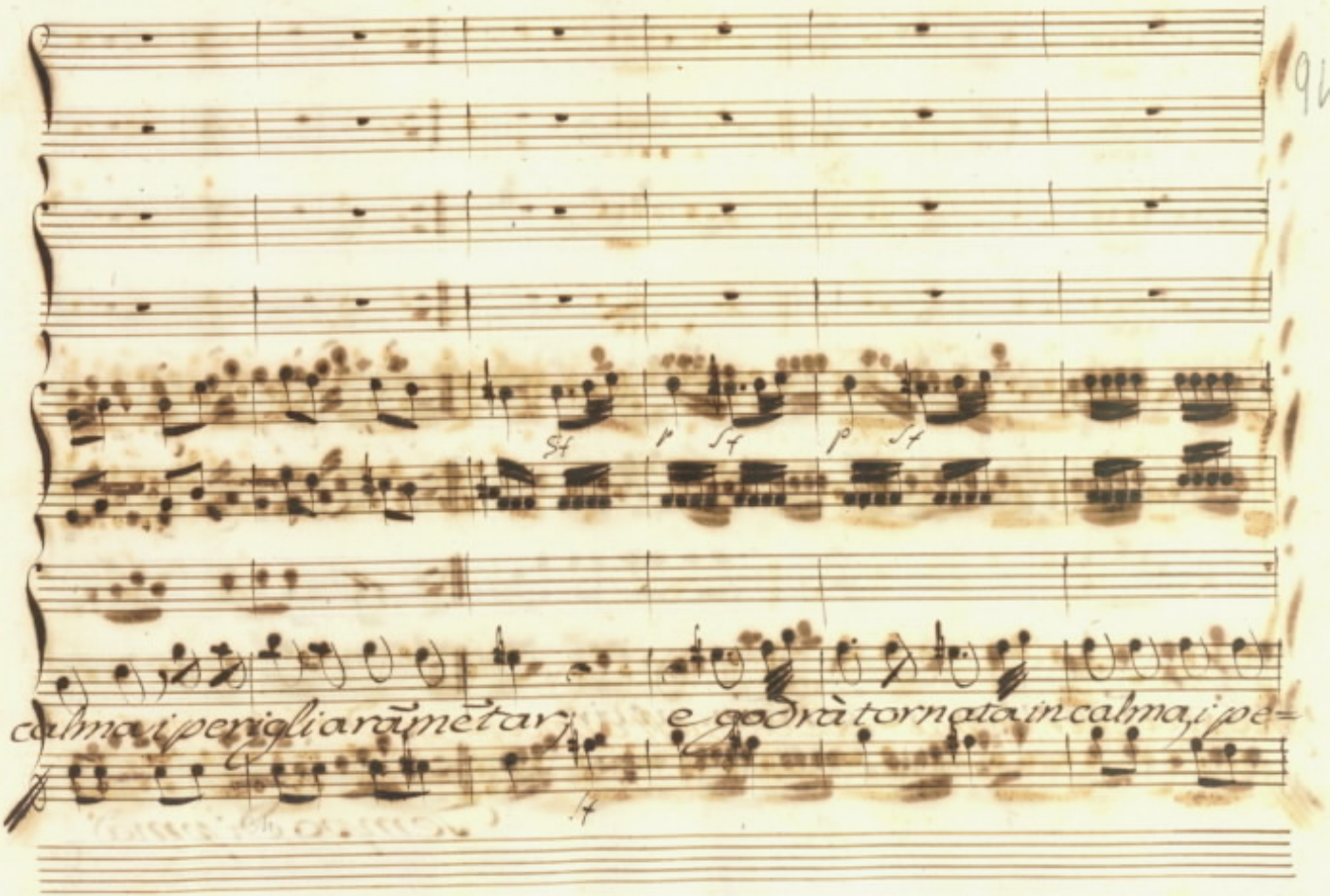
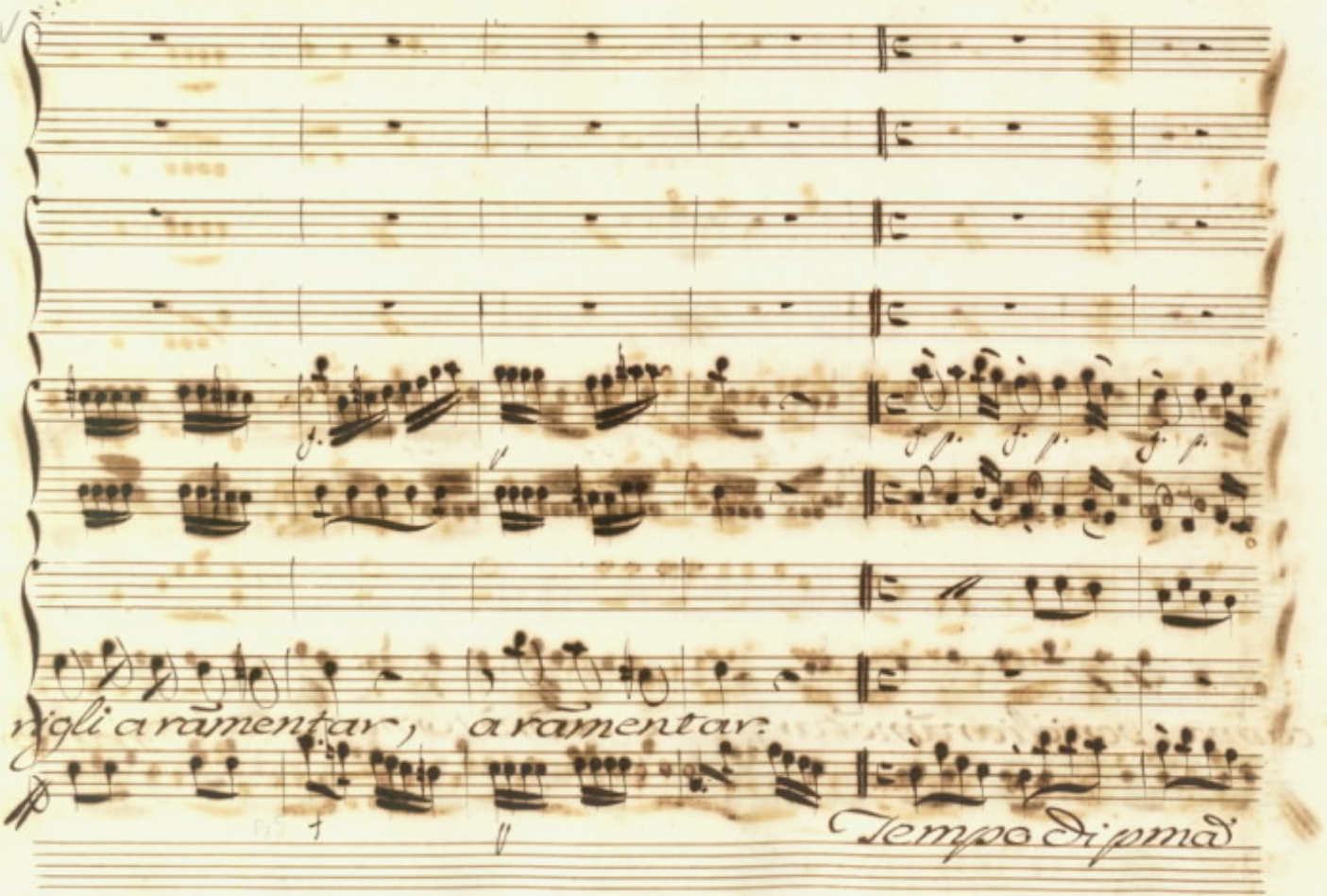
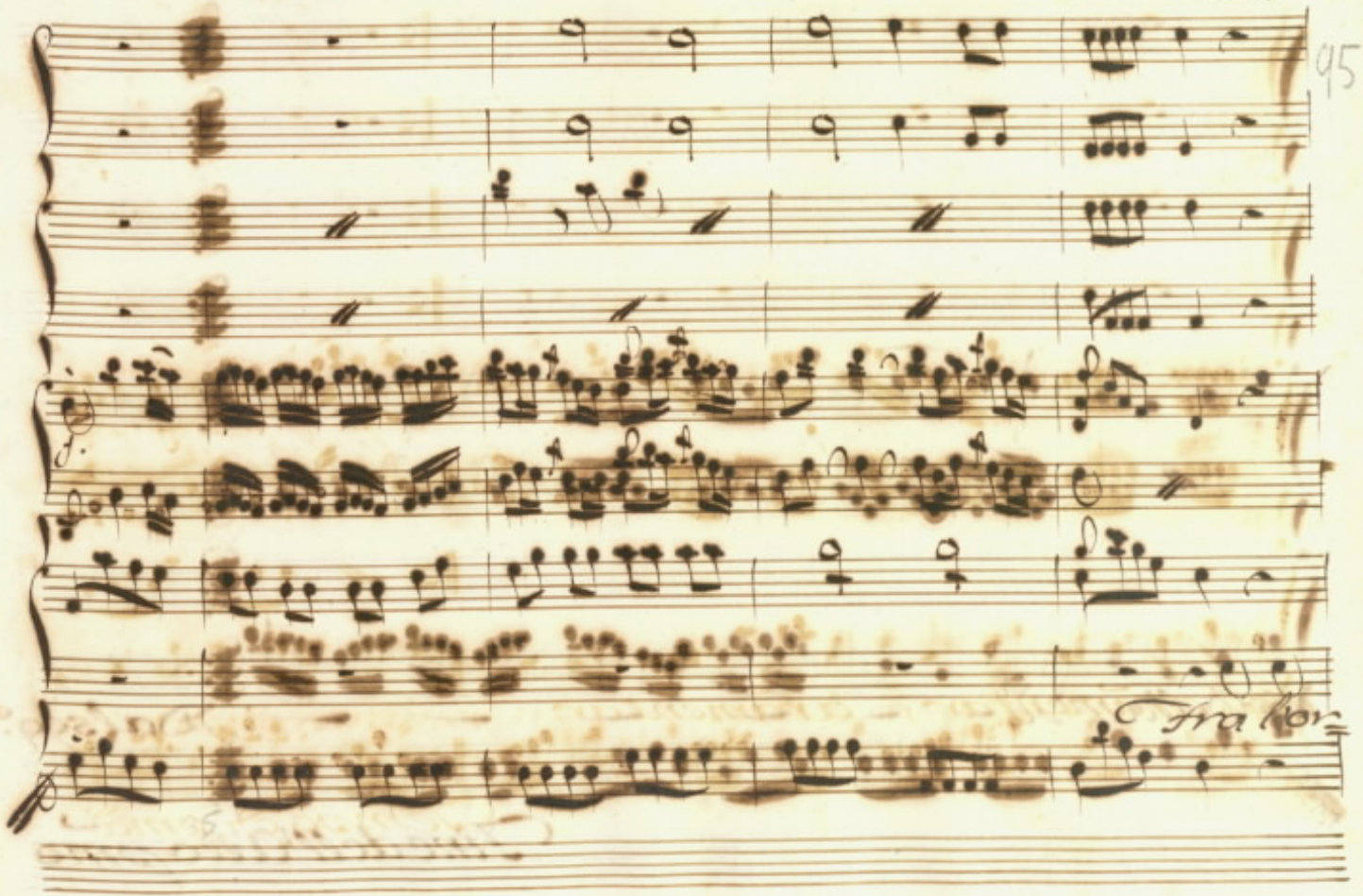
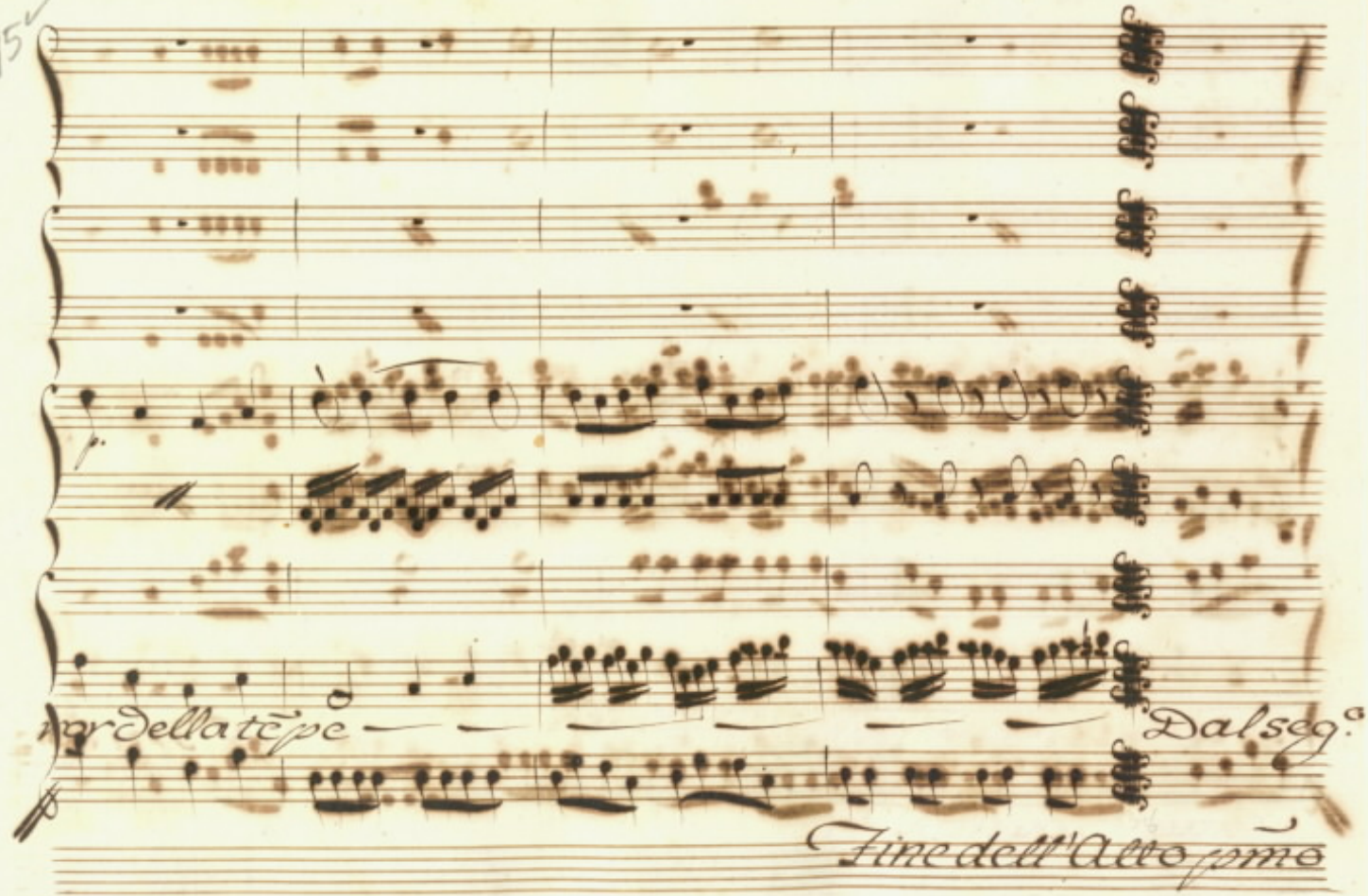
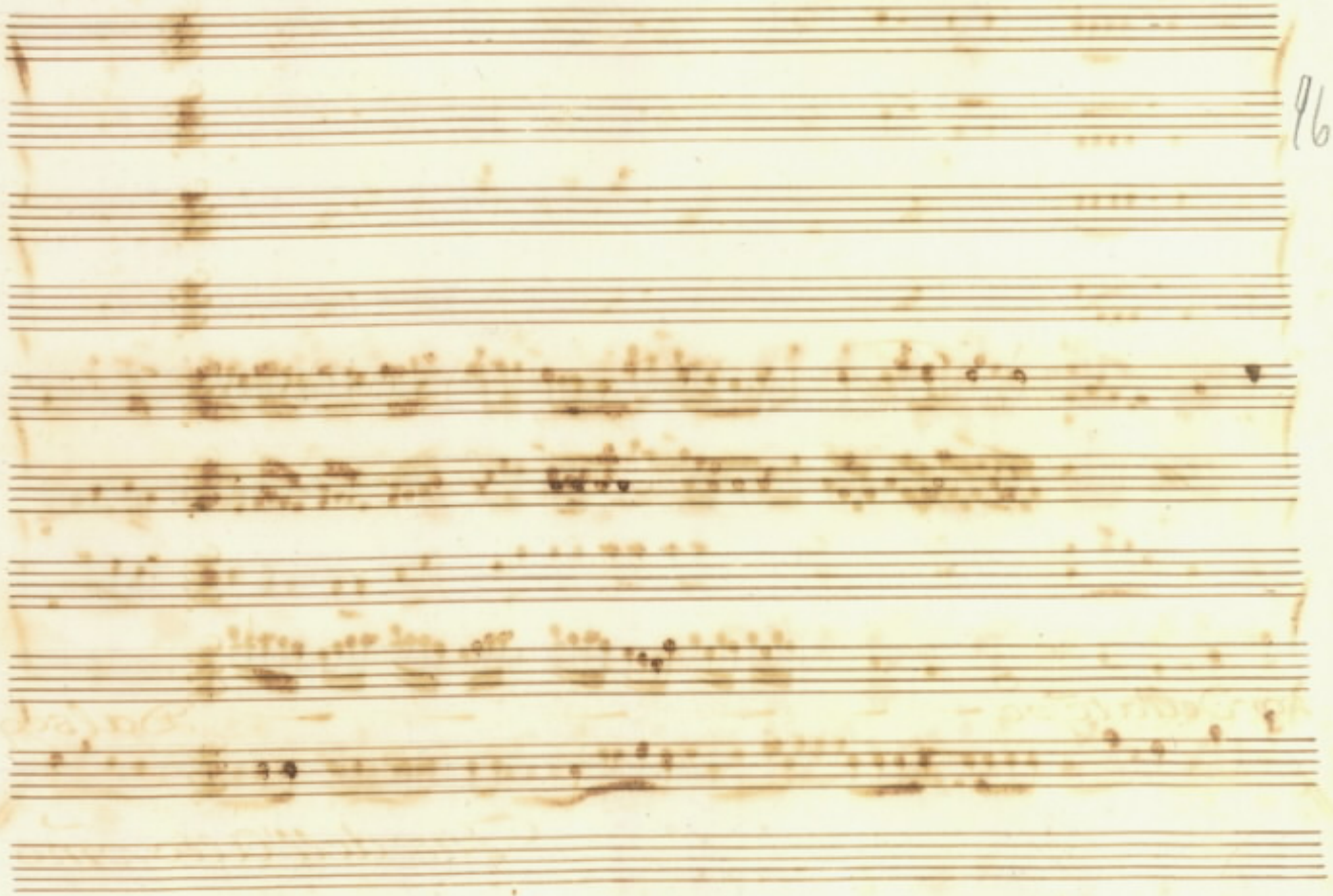


festa sarà pla-cida-quest'alma, e godrà tornata in


calma i perigli arãmẽtar; e godrà tornata in calma, i pe=


figli a ramentar, a ramentar.
Tempo di prima


95
Tromb


per della tẽpe
Dalseg.o
Fine dell'Atto primo