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SCHOOL OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY of WASHINGTON

2016

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Orpheus Ensemble

Steven Stubbs, director

Presents

Scenes from Francesco Cavalli's LA CALISTO

Friday, January 8, 2016
7:30pm - M267 Meany

Saturday, January 9, 2016
2:00 pm - M267 Meany

NONCIRC CDS # 17,349 - 17,350

CD # 17,351 - Act I (43:16)

CD # 17,352 - Act II (39:21)

only Jan 8 was recorded

PERFORMERS

→ January 8, 2016, 7:30 pm

Calisto.....Katie Kelley
Mercurio Nicholas Varela
GioveJacob Caspe
Giunone..... Dakota Miller
Giove in Diana Christine Oshiki
Diana Natalie Ingrisano
Endimione..... Joel Bevington
Pane Thomas Albanese
Satirino Amy Kuefler
Linfea Trevor Ainge
Silvano..... Zachary Buker

January 9, 2016, 2:00 pm

Calisto.....Emerald Lessley
MercurioJoshua Lutman
Giove Chris Kouldukis
Giunone..... Gül Fahriye Evren
Giove in Diana Caroline Botero
DianaKristina Terwilliger
Endimione..... Joel Bevington
Pane Thomas Albanese
Satirino Yoojeong Cho
Linfea Trevor Ainge
Silvano..... Zachary Buker

Calisto was the tenth and penultimate collaboration between the librettist Giovanni Faustini and the composer Francesco Cavalli. That group of works, all produced in Venice over the decade from 1641 to 1651 were not only the most famous and celebrated musical-dramatic works of their time, but together they virtually defined the new genre of public opera. The idea of opera itself was engendered in the musical and literary circles of Florence in the 1570s and 80s leading to the first experiments in court opera in Florence, Mantua and Rome. But the birth of public opera, the genre that has had an uninterrupted life from then until now, has a precise place and date – Venice in 1637. Various composers and librettists contributed to the very earliest opera productions for Venice at Carnival time. The most famous composer to do so, then and now, was Claudio Monteverdi, who as a world-famous composer nearing the end of his long life, leant not only fame but also gravitas to the new enterprise. Yet it is the combination of Faustini and Cavalli which went on to define all of the most important ingredients of the genre, thereby setting their stamp on the future of opera. We tend to think of opera now in terms of its composer, but this has not always been the case. It could be argued that for a later generation (the early 18th century) it was the librettist Metastasio, far more than the hundreds of composers who set his libretti, who was the leading creator of opera in his time. But for the time of the creation of *Calisto* (1651), Ellen Rosand (our leading scholar on the Venetian Opera who has quite literally “written the book” about it) expresses it as “a moment of equilibrium... a perfectly adjusted meeting of music and drama”. (1.) For this reason, it is valuable to think of this work as “Cavalli and Faustini’s *Calisto*” much as we think of Mozart and Da Ponte’s *Don Giovanni*, or indeed Gilbert and Sullivan’s *Mikado*.

The subject matter and aesthetic setting of the earliest court operas was rather narrow: derived from mythology and set in an idealized Arcadia where the idea that nymphs and shepherds sang to each other rather than speaking seemed less of a strain on verisimilitude than if real or historical people were to do the same. Once opera emerged onto the public stage in Venice, a wider range of dramatic material was involved, adding historical subjects such as the Nero and Poppea of Monteverdi’s last opera, as well as the knights and ladies of medieval romance to the mythological themes, and in the case of Faustini in particular, pure “invention,” owing more to the theatrical form of the *commedia dell’arte* than to any literary tradition. Even more importantly, the fact that opera was now designed to appeal to a wide social range (anyone who could afford a ticket as opposed to the “by invitation only” nature of court opera) meant that elements of the comic, the spectacular and even the grotesque were needed to assure a wide-ranging appeal. When Faustini came to create the libretto for *Calisto* he was nearing the end of his genre-defining collaboration with Cavalli and also nearing the end of his life, dying the same year at the age of 36. He approached the mythological subject of Jove’s encounter with Diana’s acolyte Calisto, and wove it together with the tale of Diana’s dalliance with Endimione, with a sense of freedom and artistic license that would have shocked his predecessors - and may have succeeded in shocking some of his contemporaries. It seems to me that he set out to fashion a show that a modern promoter might describe as “a sexy romp” – with all the tools that he and Cavalli had developed in their previous works. Sexuality and sensuality pervade every corner of the libretto, whether in the elevated and poetic tone of Endimione’s pining for his moon-goddess, or at the lower end, the coarse humor of the little goat-boy

Satirino and Linfea, the abrasive object of his lust. And at the center of everything, Jove's use of trickery, disguising himself as Calisto's chaste leader, Diana, in order to have his wicked way with her - allowing the unprecedented (as far as I know) spectacle of lesbian sexual encounter onstage.

Cavalli, of course, had his own wide range of musical responses to all of these situations and styles. The furthest poles can be represented on the one hand by Endimione's paeon to the Moon (Diana), the sublime *Lucidissima face* - one of the most beautiful arias of the early opera (or for that matter, any opera) which signals its deep lyricism by the inclusion of violins in the texture. (At this period, the violins are mostly restricted to the mood-setting function of preludes and postludes - usually called ritornelli - and are only rarely woven together with voices.) And at the lower end, characters like Satirino and Linfea, but also Pane and his sidekick Silvano, speak (sing) almost entirely in "sdrucchioli", the verse form that ends the rhyming lines with the long-short-short that is reserved for rustic and grotesque characters, and lends itself to sharp and jagged rhythms which reinforce the ungainly impression. The supple musical language that Cavalli developed in parallel with Monteverdi allows for a seamless continuity between what would later be called recitative, arioso and aria - but here it is up to the performer to discover exactly where the border lies between speech and song and how this effects pacing, tone of voice and rhythmic freedom or regularity. In the particular case of Calisto, beyond that scope from speech to song, it is also finding at each moment the exact location on the spectrum from innocence to sensuality to frank sexuality that must be discovered and expressed.

Musically the thing that perhaps separates the early Venetian opera most significantly, even surprisingly, from later opera, is the tiny dimensions of the orchestra. Two violins, and a few instruments of the continuo (harpsichords, lutes, and bowed basses) were the typical Venetian "pit band". It might be tempting to think of this as the "minimum" with an undefined "maximum" - but in the particular case of Calisto we know this to be the exact case, just as we happen to know that the cast consisted of exactly 10 singers. (2.) It is unusual to have this much documentary evidence about an original production from this period, and we are lucky that it allows us to guide the definition and selection of both the band and the cast. In two cases however, it is not feasible to follow the historical casting precedent as Satirino and Linfea were originally cast as "boys" and Pane was most likely an alto castrato. In the other cases, the combination of tessitura and name allowed us to cast the voice type and gender as in the original cast.

Stephen Stubbs, 2015

1. Ellen Rosand, *Opera in Seventeenth-Century Venice: The Creation of a Genre* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991)
2. Jennifer Williams Brown, editor *Francesco Cavalli's La Calisto*. (Middleton, Wisconsin: A-R Editions, Collegium Musicum: Yale University, Second Series: Volume 16, 2007)

Background to the story of Calisto:

Most of you know the story of Phaeton, the son of Apollo, the Sun God, and how he borrowed his father's chariot one day. Unable to control the horses, he allowed the chariot of the Sun to come too close to the earth, thus scorching much of it. To save the world from further destruction, Jove killed Phaeton with his thunderbolt.

As our story begins, Jove (king of the gods), intent on conserving the things he had created, and having seen that neither the sun nor his thunderbolt had destroyed the eternal spheres, descends to earth with Mercury (messenger of the gods). The first soil on which they tread is that of Pelasgia, beloved of the huntress goddess Diana for its abundant springs and forests full of prey. And even more for the beautiful shepherd-astronomer Endymion whom she secretly loves. The most beautiful of the band of virgin archers that followed Diana was Calisto, a king's daughter but a gentle and simple girl who had abandoned royal luxuries and surrendered herself to the forests, swearing an oath of virginity to Diana.

ACT I, Scene 1: Jove and Mercury

Jove: The flames of my thunderbolt did not melt the sapphire spheres, and the lower hemisphere has absorbed the hot vapors that are still burning.

Now the parched earth, with a thousand voices, cries out for relief from on high. The rivers, abandoning their courses, have sealed themselves in their tombs. The scorched meadows waft smoke and fumes to the heavens; and the forests, denuded of flowers and leaves, can barely survive.

Now it is up to us, whose task it is to provide and care for the world, to heal the sick and to repair Mother Nature.

Mercury: You, who are father and lord of all things created and uncreated;

You, who are king of all, could surely have restored the original beauties of the world without leaving the summit of sublime Olympus. Humankind, more wicked than ever with its abominable vices, scorns the thunderbolt and you who sent it.

Jove: First let great Mother Nature's former dignity be restored.

But... Mercury, who is coming now? What nymph approaches this place with bow and arrow?

(Aria) Ah, what beautiful eyes, I have never seen any so luminous!

Mercury: Armed with her bow, she is a follower of the severe huntress Diana; and she too, like her revered goddess, is as strict as she is beautiful, and abhors the light of Love's torch.

Jove: Silly girls! To pledge themselves to infertility and to dehumanize themselves amongst the beasts of the forest!

Scene 2: Calisto enters

Calisto: (Aria) Shady plants, where are your glories? Lovely flowers, scorched by the flames; hills and banks, once covered with emeralds, now stripped bare of your beautiful greenery, I sigh for you.

Wherever I turn, hot and thirsty, I find the water has fled from the springs, nor can I bathe my brow or burning lips. Unmerciful Jove, does the god of thunder wish to burn the earth? No more, Jove, ah, no more war!

Mercury: (*aside to Jove*) This beauty finds you guilty of all this destruction!

Jove: (*aside to Mercury*) Oh how a single ray of such beauty can pierce my divinity! Sweetly rebellious toward its creator – this face, if I could die, would kill me!

Calisto: The waters are gone from this abundant spring. Who will bring refreshment to my thirsty mouth? A fierce heat burns me; neither the spring nor the river can give me a drop of life-giving liquid!

Jove: The eternal spirits will descend from heaven to delight you, o beauty; and like servants, they will vie with each other to bring you ambrosia, beloved of the gods. (Water erupts from the spring.) See how the cool crystals gush forth from the abundant spring! (Aria) My lovely languid one, immerse the beautiful coral lips of your enticing mouth in the escaping jet of water!

Calisto: Who are you, who commands the waters – o great unheard-of marvel – and sends them forth to irrigate the scorched land?

Jove: I am one who can do much greater things with the wave of a hand. I can destroy, then recreate the stars and the elements in a single moment. I am Jove, who having descended from heaven to heal the scorched earth, finds myself enflamed by the fire of your eyes!

Mercury: (Aria) Pretty huntress, run lovingly to Jove's embrace. He will give you the heavens as a reward for your sweet kisses. Your spirit will know true delight!

Jove and Mercury: (Duo) To Jove's embrace, pretty huntress, run lovingly!

Calisto: So, thus, immortal Jove, who should protect our chastity with holy deeds, instead, seeks to deflower the chaste bodies and annul the vows of those pure hearts who are devoted to Diana. You are nothing but a lecher, who forces nature to obey you with magic incantations! You will never see me as a pregnant Venus! Return this spring to the cave from which it came. I have no wish to drink your cheap miracles. You libidinous magician, stay here with your magic tricks. Farewell, handsome!

(Aria) As a virgin I wish to die. I will never make my heart a nest for Cupid.

As a virgin I wish to die. Let Love shoot all his arrows to wound me; in the end I will vanquish him. As a virgin I wish to die.

Scene 3: (not in our performance) Jove and Mercury

Jove and Mercury discuss the problem of Calisto's rejection of Jove's advances. Mercury comes up with the scheme of Jove disguising himself as his daughter Diana in order to get closer to Calisto and also to hide his philandering from the jealousy of Juno.

Scene 4: Calisto alone

Calisto: Whether they were mortal or divine, at least those lascivious creatures have finally gone away. And I, who have been wandering the countryside, thirsty and weary, now return here to drink the gushing waters.

(drinks) Oh, how just a few sips of the sweet, cold liquid, have quenched my voracious desire which would have drunk the river dry. By bathing my face and immersing my arms in this icy torrent, I have cooled my boiling blood.

(Aria) There is no greater pleasure than to escape the lascivious entreaties of men by going to the hunt! The tyranny of husbands is too harsh and their yoke is too heavy – to live in liberty is sweet and dear!

Scene 5: Jove transformed into Diana, Mercury and Calisto

Mercury: *(aside to Jove as Diana)* Who would not believe, from your garments, your form and your bearing, that you are indeed the goddess of the silvery sky?

Jove as Diana: *(aside to Mercury)* Behold the proud little thing, caught unawares in our trap!

Mercury: *(aside to Jove as Diana)* Noble lover, why don't you embrace her?

Jove as Diana: *(Aria)* O most comely of my maidens, little virgin, more than lovely, what has kept you so far away from your goddess? Without you, I lose the joy of the hunt, and nothing satisfies me.

Calisto: *(Aria)* O Diana, my great goddess, who governs the orbit of the moon, the wicked beasts drew me away from your side, my beloved deity.

Jove as Diana: Now, relieve the bitterness of separation with the sweetness of your kisses.

Calisto: As many as you like, my devoted lips will give to you, for they worship your divinity always.

Jove as Diana: To a more secluded shelter, to a more heavily wooded spot, accompanied by the murmuring of the falling waters of a spring I discovered, even more crystal clear than this one – to kiss each other's mouths, let us go, my beloved follower.

Calisto and Jove in Diana: *(duo)* Let's go kiss each other, yes, yes! All the hours of the day make our hearts happy when we enjoy them in sweet peace. Let's not delay – to kisses, to kisses!

Scene 6: Mercurio alone

Mercurio: Then go on, go with him, but Echo will broadcast through the forest something other than chaste and pure kisses! Go on, go with him!

(Aria) If your prayers and tears aren't working, if they do not bring mercy from your ungrateful mistresses, listen up, lovers: learn the art of deception, for the lover who tells lies, is the one who enjoys pleasure!

The caresses and delights of Cupid, to a clever thief, are tastier, more delicious, more satisfying; I'll teach you how: learn the art of deception, for the lover who tells lies, is the one who enjoys pleasure!

Scene 7 - 12: *(not in our performance)*

During these scenes we are introduced to the shepherd Endymion, pining for the moon-goddess Diana, and then Diana herself who reciprocates his love. Calisto arrives and recalls to Diana their sweet tryst together. Diana (who of course wasn't there herself) is outraged by this idea and sends Calisto away, calling her a hussy (or worse), and leaving Calisto to weep and pour out her suffering to her compatriot Linfea. Finally, after everyone else has left, we hear Linfea's soliloquy about her desire for a husband.

Scene 13: Linfea (a follower of Diana) Satirino (a goat-boy),

Satirino: Pretty nymph, what's all this muttering about a husband? If my appearance pleases you, take me in your lap, your arms, I offer you all of me!

Linfea: Heaven forbid that such a coarse husband would ever be in my bed!

Satirino: (Aria) Soft as down, not sharp bristles, is this tender fur that grows on my limbs. Nor does soft wool darken my face, but on my white cheeks the ligustrums bloom, and with them, budding roses. This mouth of mine, heavy with sweetest honeycombs, will give you nectar.

Linfea: Lascivious little beast, I see what you are, even without your descriptions. In fact, your parents were goats – so go make love to the goats and live with them!

Satirino: (Aria) I am of quasi-divine and noble lineage, while you, peasant, boor, were born among the asses – or from similar parents. I know why your insatiable libido rejects me, it's because, as an innocent boy, unskilled in Cupid's games, my tender tail is still small, but growing!

Linfea: Go make love to the goats! Beast-face, goat-boy! This Narcissus, this charming face, wants to enjoy my beauty? Go make love to the goats!

Scene 14: Pan (god of shepherds), Sylvanus (god of the forests), Satirino

Pan: (Aria) Gods of the woodlands, guardians of the silent forests, rocky oreads, watery naiads, and wild dryads, with your hair loose in the wind and your faces contorted with sorrow, lift your frail voices over my corpse in a tragic lament. Love, who is a venomous snake, has poisoned and killed this wretched soul.

Sylvanus: Cheer up, my unhappy friend, and shake off these troubles!

Sylvanus and Satirino: Cheer up! Cheer up!

Pan: (continuing Aria) Your comforts are useless to me since Diana has become a ruthless viper towards my entreaties; nor does she remember the beautiful gift of white wool, for which she descended from her bright, silvery orbit to kiss my stiff lips. I fear and suspect, that from cheeks that are more pleasing and soft than mine, she is now gathering the honey of delight; and I, left here in misery, will dissolve my soul in bitter weeping.

Sylvanus: Let's find your harsh mistress's suspected lover; and this lover who steals every joy from your heart, in the arms of your faithless sweetheart, let's rip him to shreds and kill him!

Satirino: I, through dark and icy caves, I, through uncharted forests and ravines, I, through steep and lonely mountains, cunning by nature, will be your untiring spy!

Pan: Cupid, help me, I need your aid to return to the arms of my ice-queen goddess. Help me, please! (Sylvanus and Satirino put Pan to bed for his afternoon nap)

Satirino and Sylvanus: (duo) Pan, be consoled, your troubles will soon disappear in a soft bed of flowers. Pan, let your snores banish your groans!

Scene 15: Endymion solo

Endymion: Lonely and solitary mountain, which brings me closer in my search for my beloved light (the moon), Endymion, the secret observer, walks upon you once more; caressing the changing forms of the silvery star, and on bright nights, in the dark, kissing her splendors on the earth and the rocks.

(Aria) Brightest moon, let not the raucous earth disturb your orbit or your peace. Let Phoebus, of the shining chariot, now set; and you, my rising light, brighten the sky, more beautiful and resplendent than ever. My lovely star, from your icy rays I learn to nourish the flames in my loving heart. But what sudden sleepiness invites me to sweet oblivion on this lonely slope? (Aria) Sleep, gentle sleep, if I yield myself to your charms, please make it so that in sleep, an amorous fantasy will bring joy to my awakened soul.

Scene 16: Endymion, Diana

Diana: I saw my dear shepherd ascend here, and alone to this solitary place I have come to nourish my flame, but not to reveal that I am in love. O fortunate Diana, the one you love lies sleeping here.

(Aria) Lovely limbs, as your unknown admirer, I can blissfully contemplate you and, without blushing, kiss you.

But why are you talking about kisses, chaste Diana? Ah, be silent!

Endymion: (*dreaming*) As beautiful as you are cruel, you can no longer flee from your faithful lover.

Diana: He's dreaming, and he's pressing me to his breast; ah. Let him never awake, and let my beloved remain trapped in this delight forever!

Endymion: Immortal face, I kiss you, I cherish you, and in kissing you, my Goddess, I feel a sweet torment.

Diana: I can't free myself, I'm afraid he'll wake up.

Endymion: (*waking*) What wonders are these?

Diana: Alas, now he's awake!

Endymion: O gods, am I still asleep?

Diana: Loosen this embrace, my sweetheart.

Endymion: My what?

Diana: My love, my flame.

Endymion: Ah, the sweetness is killing me.

Diana: (Aria) Live, live for our love! Soothe your pain with our newborn passion. Live, live for our love!

Endymion: (Aria) I was dying, but behold, I am cured! Painful sorrow, fly away from me and be gone. I was dying, but behold, I am cured!

Diana: I must go, farewell, stay here...

Endymion: You're leaving? I return to my sorrows!

Diana: My honor demands it.

Endymion: Come back, my tormentor!

Diana: The parting will be brief, dry your eyes my love.

Endymion: When will I see you again?

Diana: Soon, my sweet, stay here and be happy.

Endymion: My soul goes with you.

Diana & Endymion: My sun, my heart, farewell.

Act II

Scene 1: Juno – having descended to earth in a chariot drawn by flying peacocks.

Juno: (Aria) Agitated by my constant jealous worries, to this patch of earth I've made my noble birds descend – these travelling-companions of my rage!

I hear rumors of new seductions. Having abandoned the court of heaven, my husband is living here in disguise, concealed by strange and indecent clothing.

To deceive pretty maidens this new Proteus (maritime god of changing shapes) always changes himself into new shapes. I expect one day that Jove will even bring his paramours up to me in the stars!

Scene 2: Calisto, Juno

Calisto: Gush forth sad fountains, my tearful eyes; gush forth that liquid which ascends from my heart to you. My joy has vanished in a moment; that pleasure, with which the pious goddess delighted my soul, is dead; I will weep as long as I live!

Juno: Why these tears, o pretty archer?

Calisto: I'm lamenting my unhappy fate! Diana, whom I follow and revere, has expelled me from her court.

Juno: For what reason?

Calisto: She led me to a delightful grotto, and kissed me again and again, as if she were my lover or my husband. My lips vied with hers in returning the kisses, tight in her embrace. Now she denies those kisses and casts me out!

Juno: (*aside*) Hardly having set foot on earth, I fear I have found my adulterous husband's new lover!
(*to Calisto*) Tell me, other than kisses, did anything else happen between your goddess and you?

Calisto: "A certain sweet something"; I don't know what it is called!

Juno: (*aside*) I'm now convinced of the deceit – it's Jove in that disguise!

By Mercury, his cunning messenger, I know him! That crafty thief and designer of my miseries, who always leaves a foul taste in my mouth!

Scene 3: Enter Giove as Diana & Mercury, Juno and Calisto (observe from a distance)

Jove as Diana: I can't describe to you what pleasure I felt! Even up there in the heavens, amid all my glories, never have I enjoyed anything like this!

Mercury: O sovereign creator, if you take such joy in the creatures you begot, you should not have given humans free will. If those who now live in liberty were subject to your command, you could enjoy every beauty without all these tricks and disguises!

Juno: (*aside*) Oh, sage advice! I have never seen a worse miscreant than this one!

Jove as Diana: (*as Calisto approaches*) Calisto, my soul?

Juno: (*aside*) O torture! O Jealousy!

Calisto: (*to Jove as Diana*) My comfort, my life?

Jove as Diana: My infinite sweetness?

Calisto: My solace.

Jove as Diana: My torment.

Calisto: My hope.

Jove as Diana: My sigh.

Calisto: My desire.

Jove as Diana: Where are you going?

Calisto: To you, my love

Mercury: (*aside*) Ah, the lascivious melody of sweet words!

Juno: (*aside*) O torture! O Jealousy!

Jove as Diana: Go, go my dear, to where the Ladon spurts forth crystal droplets from the spring, and once more prepare your mouth to do battle with my coral lips, I'll see you there soon!

Calisto: Swiftly, I go.

(Aria) All of me rejoices, I melt in contentment!

Juno: (*aside*) I will change this happiness of yours to grief very soon!

Scene 4: Juno approaches Jove as Diana and Mercury.

Scene 5: Jove as Diana and Mercury

Jove as Diana: Who brought her down from heaven to spy on my pleasures?

Mercury: Jealousy, who sees with hundreds of eyes, and agile as the wind, penetrates whatever lies hidden, and sees everything!

Jove as Diana: Let my jealous wife howl, fume, and shriek like a ferocious beast at my amorous transgressions; she will never make me forsake my pleasures!

Mercury and Jove as Diana: (duo) The husband who let's his wife control his desires is a goner. If she wants to quench the flames of his newborn desire, let him silence her complaints with severity! The husband who let's his wife control his desires is a goner.

Scenes 6 & 7: (not in our performance) Endymion sees Jove as Diana and takes him for the real Diana, declaring his love once again. In this way, Jove and Mercury discover that Diana is not as chaste as she is supposed to be. Pan, Sylvanus and Satirino arrive and imprison Endymion in order to kill him. Jove as Diana and Mercury leave, abandoning Endymion to his fate -Endymion is confused and heartbroken at the departure of who he believes to be the real Diana.

Scene 8: Pan, Sylvanus, Satirino, Endymion

Pan & Sylvanus: (duo) Stop, O fickle one! Do you thus leave your beloved to the whims of an enraged heart? With fierce revenge for the bitter injury, let's root out and kill the one who has tortured Pan's heart; by torturing others let our vengeance be sated!

Endymion: O god, thus you abandon your faithful lover to his grave? O god, so cruelly you leave me in agony? At least remain to witness my death, cruel lover!

Satirino, Pan, Sylvanus: (trio) Miserable wretch, why trust a faithless woman? Her loyalty is changeable, and despicable. Miserable wretch, why trust a faithless woman?

Endymion: Cupid, if my cruel one won't hear me, please come to my aid; defend me with your arrows!

Satirino, Pan, Sylvanus: (trio) Miserable wretch, you put your faith in a changeable God? The fickle archer is deaf and doesn't hear you! Miserable wretch, you put your faith in a changeable God?

Endymion: Kill me then, abandoned by hope, let death alleviate my suffering!

Pan: Since you wish to die, I want you to live! Live forever as a weakling deprived of liberty!

Endymion: Ye gods, what cruelty!

Satirino, Pan, Sylvanus: (trio) Those who trust in Love are crazy! Love's delights are like flashes of lightening that immediately disappear; they deliver his pleasures with bitterness, or else never appear at all; Those who trust in Love are crazy!

Scene 9: Calisto at the source of the Ladon river

Calisto: May the delights that I experienced be forever preserved in my memory! Limpid, pure springs, to the sound of your murmuring, my goddess and I, a dear and loving couple, will kiss each other eagerly; and we will make sweet melodies here, where the voice of Echo (echo) responds, the sound of kisses will unite with the sound of water.

(Aria) I await you, and you don't appear! My lazy, slow darling; you disturb my peace, my soul, my love, my hope; the wait is killing me!

I expect you, and you don't arrive! Luminous, indolent one, you pierce my heart with thorns. Please come and relieve me; the wait is killing me!

Scenes 10 & 11: (not in our performance) Juno returns, bringing with her some Furies from hell - she is bent on revenge. She transforms Calisto into a bear and sends the Furies to chase her through the countryside. Juno delivers a lecture to all wives on how to punish their husbands for their constant infidelities.

Scene 12: Linfea enters & Satirino observes from a distance:

Linfea: (Aria) I have resolved to have a mate, I want to be enjoyed! I don't want to be barren in the lovely flowering of my youth. O sweet pleasures that a man knows how to give - I want them! I have resolved to have a mate, I want to be enjoyed!

Satirino: (*aside*) This scornful wench is starting to go crazy! I want to punish her with a revenge made of sugar!

Linfea: (continuing aria) Love, I pray you, find me a husband who is handsome and pleasing. I don't want to hunt animals in the forest any more, that's not the real me. My heart confesses that it can't stand this any more - it wants to love. I have resolved to have a husband, I want to be enjoyed!

Satirino: Come out, my fellow satyrs, trap this beast for me!

Linfea: Companions, help me!

Scene 13: Endymion, Pane, Sylvanus

Endymion: So you want me not to love her? I can't do it, no, I'd rather die. Kill me then, kill me!

Sylvanus: (Aria) You stupid fool, you can go free if you renounce Love and your idol, neither of which care for you at all; but you would rather die than give them up?

Pan: (Aria) Promises are like dust in the wind, and we cannot defeat Love like this, and why should we believe the words of a prisoner?

Endymion: So you want me not to love her? I can't do it, no, I'd rather die. Slit my throat then, kill me!
(*Pan and Sylvanus tie Endymion to a tree*)

Pan & Sylvanus: Tied to this maple tree, let's leave him to waste away; and let Diana arrive here later to officiate at his requiem!

Scene 14: Diana and the aforementioned.

Endymion: Happy me, my shining Goddess arrives!

Diana: Leave the innocent man alone if you don't want to provoke my stinging darts! Let your goatly feet take you back to your forests and your gloomy dens, where the sun doesn't shine, amidst bears and wolves!

Pan: O cruel Diana, why does your heart always turn to stone at my lamenting? And your breast harden at my weeping? Why, fickle one, do you scorn this noble god whom you seductively kissed, once upon a time?

Pan & Sylvanus: (duo) Come back, O charming one, lovely Diana, and instill joy in the heart of the one who languishes, from whom you once received gifts and yielded. Come back, O charming one!

Diana: You lie, you half-beasts, and continue to fabricate insolent slanders! Diana never loved you, and if she loves now, she loves the character and virtue of this noble shepherd, whose imagination reaches from pole to pole. Begone, you rustic gods, and vent your dishonest passions on other creatures like yourselves!

Sylvanus: Pan, we're wasting our time trying to get honey from snakes. Let's go and leave this proud one with her astronomer, and in revenge let us cry aloud her stinging infamy: Diana, the chaste goddess, is nothing but a slut!

Pan: Yes, yes Sylvanus, let's broadcast her lechery; since a contrary Cupid has blocked our revenge.

Pan & Sylvanus: Diana, the chaste goddess, is nothing but a slut!

Scene 15: Diana, Endymion

Diana: (*to Pan and Sylvanus*) Let this dart follow you, you filthy deformed pair! (*to Endymion*) But I don't want to leave you alone amid these woodland horrors, you who are the light of my life!

Endymion: (Aria) I live for you, O compassionate one, I breathe for you, O merciful one; my luminous joy, my resplendent pain. Rather than deny you, I was ready to die a martyr!

Diana: You love me that much? How can you prove it?

Endymion: My heart, and with it my soul, have flown into your breast, and now I live without a soul and have lost my heart.

Diana: My charming beloved, I cannot experience any greater contentment than hearing your sweet words calling me your soul and your heart. But now I want you to abandon these woods to flee the cruelty of these rustic gods. As the guardian of your well-being, I want to lead you to the Ionian sands. There we will make the peaks of lofty Latmus record our loves; you all modest, and I all chaste, up there we will kiss each other to our hearts content!

Endymion: A kiss is enough for an honest lover; I only desire a kiss and do not ask for the rest: I am lord of my senses, nor does a lowly passion ignite my heart.

Diana & Endimione: (duo) Sweetest kisses, you are like nectar, since you always rekindle the torches of love. The kiss that dies gives life to another; the joy is infinite. Why do you hesitate and delay? Let the lips, that create such sweetness, part to kiss, my beloved, my heart, my beauty!

(The end of our performance)

The final scenes (not in our performance) Jove and Mercury arrive on the scene where the Furies are pursuing Calisto as a bear through the countryside. Jove banishes the Furies back to hell, restoring Calisto to human form. But Jove has to admit that even he cannot undo the curse of Juno, and Calisto must return to her animal form to finish her mortal days. He promises to make her a goddess in the afterlife. In the final scene, all the celestial spirits celebrate Calisto's final transformation and apotheosis as a constellation amongst the stars.

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