The following excerpt is all that survives of Monteverdi's opera. It consists of the part for Arianna in scene 6 and includes her famous lament.

In order to establish the context for this music, the words of the chorister and of Dorilla are given without their music, which has been lost.

Claudio Monteverdi, *L'Arianna* (1608), from Scene 6 based on GB:Lbl, Add 30,491; I:Fn, RR 238; I:Ve, Torrefranca 250; and *Lamento d'Arianna* (Venice, 1623)

In van lingua mortale.  
Dove infinito è il male.

Oh Theseus,  
O Te-seo, o Te-seo mio, Si che mio ti vo' dir, che mio pur se-i,

Ben-che t'in-voli, ahi cru-do! a gli oc-chi mie-i. Vol-gi-ti Te-seo mi-

Let me die,  
Lascia-te-mi mor-re, Lascia-te-mi mor-re;

E chi vo-le-te voi che mi con-for-te In co-si du-ra sor-te, In co-si

and why do you want to comfort me  
in such a harsh fate, in such

a great martyrdom?  
Let me die,  
Lascia-te-mi mor-re, Lascia-te-mi mor-re.

Coro: In van lingua mortale.  
Chorister: Mortal language is useless.  
Dove infinito è il male.  
It cannot give comfort 
where suffering is boundless.

Although I want to call you mine more than you are really mine,

although you have vanished, ah cruel man!

Come back, my Theseus,

from my eyes.
come back, Theseus, oh God!

Come back to see again

o, Vol-
gi- ti Te- seo, oh Di- o! Vol-
gi- ti in-
die- tro a ri-
mirar co-

she who gave up her homeland and reign for you, and on these sands, once more,

le- i Che la-
scia- to ha per te la pa-
tria e re-
gno, E in que-
ste a- re-
ne an-
co- ra, Ci-
bo di

you will leave the bare bones of food for wild beasts.

Oh Theseus, O Te-
seo, o

fe- re di-
spie-
ta- te e cru-
de, La-
sce-
r† Tos- sai-
gnu- de. O Te-
seo, o

you would repentent, and turn your ship's bow toward the shore.

But with soft breezes,
Coro: Ah! che 'l cor mi si spezza.  
A qual misero fin correr ti veggio,  
Senturata bellezza!  

Chorister: Ah! how my heart breaks.  
To what a miserable end I see you rush,  
Star-crossed beauty!

Dove, dove è la fe- de, Che tan- to mi giu- ra- vi? Co- si ne l'al- ta fe- de Tu mi ri-  
pon de- gli a- vi? Son que- ste le co- ro- ne, on- de m'a- dor- ni il cri- ne? Que- sti gli scet- tri so-

Where, where is the promise that you swore to me?  
Thus, in heaven, you put me away  
with your ancestors? Are these the crowns with which you adorn my head? Are these the scepters,
no, Que-ste le gem-me e gli o- ri: Lasciarmi in abbandono A fe- ra che mi stra-

and devour me? Ah, Thes- eus, ah my Thes- eus, zii e mi di- vor? Ah Te-seo, ah Te-seo mi- o, Las-cie-

you will leave me to die, crying in vain, wailing in vain for help. rai tu mo- ri-re, In van pia- gen- do, in van gir- dan- do a-

The miserable Ariadne, who trusted you and who gave you glory and life? i-ta, La mi- se-ra Ar- i-an- na Che a te fi- dosi si e ti die glo- ria e vi- ta?

Coro: Vinta da l'aspro duolo Non s'accorge la misera ch'indarno Vanno i preghi e i sospi- ris con l'aure a volo. Chorister: Overcom- e with bitter sorrow, the wretched maiden is not aware that in vain her prayers and sighs are carried off by the wind.

Alas, he does not even respond! Alas, he is more deaf than a snake to my lamentation. Ahi, che non pur ri- spon- de! Ahi, che piu di a- spe è sor- do a miei la- men- ti.
Oh clouds, oh storms, oh winds, sink him beneath those waves! Hurry, orcas and whales, E

O nembi, o turbì, o venti, Sommerge lo volo den tr’a quel Fon de! Corte, or che e bale ne,E

and with his impure body fill up the deepest abyss. What am I saying, alas!

de le membra immonde Em pie le voragini profonde. Che parlo, ah! che va-

how am I raving? Miserable, alas! what do I ask? Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus, neg gio? Misera, oh mi ne! che chie-g gio? O Te seo, o Te seo

I am not, I am not she, I am not she who released those beasts: M

mi o, Non, non quel fi o, Non quel lio che i feri detti sciol se: Par

My anger was speaking, my sorrow was speaking: my tongue spoke, yes, but not my heart. M

lo l’af fan no mi o, par lo il do lo re; Par lo le lingua sl, ma non gia’l cor re.

Coro: Verace amor, degno ch’il mondo ammiri! Ne le miserie estreme Non sai chiedere vendetta e non t’adiri.

Chorister: True love, worthy of being admired by the world! In the most extreme misery you do not know how to ask for revenge and you do not accuse him.
Wretch!

Misera! ancor do loco A la tradita spe-me, e non si spegne.

Amidst such scorn still the fire of love? Extinguish, oh Death, those unworthy flames.

Fra tanto scherno ancora d'amore il foco? Spegni tu, Mor-te, o mai le fiamme in-dene. O

Oh mother, oh father, oh lofty palaces of the ancient realm, where I was raised!

Ma-dre, o pa-dre, o del'an-tico re-gno Super-bi al-ber-gi, o vebbi d'or la cu-na, O

Oh servants, oh faithful friends (alas, unworthy fate!) see where cruel fate has brought me!

Ser-vi, o fi-dia-mici (ahi fa-to in-dene!) Mirate, o ve m'ha scor-to em-pia for-

See the sorrow I have inherited from my love, my faithfulness,

tu-na! Mirate di che duol m'han fatto e-re-de L'amor mi-o, la mia fe-de,

and the betrayal of another. That happens to her who loves too much and believes too much.

e l'al-trui in-gan-no. Co-si va chi trop-p'a-ma e trop-po cre-de.
Dorilla: Di magnanimo cor, che morte sprezza
Odo le voci. O figlia, o regia figlia,
Arma contr’il destin l’animo altero;
Mira se ricovrar nel sen di morte
E di donna real degno pensiero.

Dorilla: I hear the words of a generous heart
who defies death. Oh daughter, oh royal daughter,
arm your proud soul against destiny.
See that to take refuge in the embrace of death
is a thought worthy of a royal lady.

Dorilla: I was born a queen, and in Crete of old
my life was beautiful
while it pleased heaven.

Dorilla: I hear the words of a generous heart
who defies death. Oh daughter, oh royal daughter,
arm your proud soul against destiny.
See that to take refuge in the embrace of death
is a thought worthy of a royal lady.

It is time that I die.
According to my wish, I appease you.

Dorilla: What is turning about and is heard from the sky,
the confusing sounds of voices and noises?
Listen to the blare of thousands of warlike trumpets; listen to the
harsh cry of thousands of drums and horns:
Queen, to the beach, to the beach.
Behold, Theseus returns:
Behold the beloved spouse.
What do you fear, why do you delay?
Go to meet him.
Behold your spouse: what are you doing, what are you looking at?

Dorilla: Qual si raggira e per lo ciel si sente
Confuso mormorar di voci e squille?
Odi, ch’a mille a mille
Di timpani e di corni il rauco grido:
Regina, al lido, al lido;
Ecco Teseo, che riede:
Ecco l’amato sposo.
Che temi omai, che tardi?
Movili incontra il piede,
Ecco lo sposo tuo: che fai, che guardi?

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Dorilla: Rid yourself of every fear:
affix yourself whence comes the sound.
Do you not see by now
the port crowded with a thousand ships’ masts?

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Dorilla: Sgombra ogni tema, sgombra:
Affisati col‡ dond’il suon venne.
Non vedi omai, non vedi
Il porto ingombro gi‡ da mille antenne?

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Dorilla: Do I live, do I die, or am I delirious? Or am I merely ghost or a shade? Alas!
what should I do, what should I believe?

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Dorilla: But what of Theseus?
Who will reassure me?
Are you still thinking of nurturing your
Dorilla: Ne l'ampio sen di morte
Ricovrar ponno ogn'or gli egri mortali,
Refugio estremo a disperata sorte:
Ma de' tuoi gravi mali
Forse non lungi è il fin: deh vienne, al lido;
Non sprezzar le mie voci, alma gentile,
S'ospite pur ti fui cortese e fido.

Dorilla: In the ample embrace of death,
mortal ills can always be cured,
in that ultimate refuge from cruel destiny.
But your extreme woes
are perhaps not far from their end. Oh come to the shore.
Do not ignore my words, gentle soul,
if it was your courteous and faithful guest.

Dorilla: Io son, io son contenta; Scorgimi o'v'ale piace: Ma chi'ei mi lasci e spre gi, Or

I am, I am content; however you may perceive me.
But that he leaves me and disdains me

and now returns and takes me back, is a mad hope:
One's thoughts are not relieved when one changes rulers.

[The opera ends with a celebration, in which Ariadne is joined by the gods Bacchus, Venus, and Jove.]