

LUCIO SILLA

DRAMMA PER MUSICA

of Mr. Cavalier Amadeo Wolfgang Mozart, Member
of the Academy of Bologna and of Verona.

In the Carneval season 1773,
Milan.

ROYAL HIGHNESSES,

We have spared no trouble, in the hope, that the present
drama may earn the generous approval of Your Royal
Highnesses. May you thus deign to regard it with that
benevolence of which we have so many proofs. Flattered
by this hope, we declare ourselves with deepest
deference as Your Royal Highnesses' most devoted
servants, and most obliged to highest thanks.

The Associates of the Royal Ducal Theater

ARGUMENT

The enmity between Lucio Silla and Caio Mario is
historically known. Equally well known is the manner
in which the former triumphed over his rival. One
cannot deny Silla the reputation of a great warrior
fortunate in all his military undertakings. But with
cruelty, with avarice, with fickleness and with
dissoluteness he cast a shadow over the renown of his
bravery. His many love affairs made him a man who
was as renowned for his gallantry as he was in war; and
this proclivity accompanied him, as Plutarch attested,
into his old age. Lucio Cinna, who was raised by him
to the highest honor, in the intention of having in him
an advisor and a supporter, hid under the cover of
friendship the most implacable hatred for him. It was
the tribune Aufidio, a deceptive flatterer, who urged
Silla to the most shameful excesses. Between the
inconstancy, the avarice and the cruelty that dominated
him, he was later at times subject to those remorse that
are not absent from a heart in which the lights of reason
and the impulses of virtue are not totally extinguished.
The bloodbaths, the usurped dictatorship, the ostracism
and the death of so many citizens made him hateful to
all Rome, but worthy of praise on the other hand was
his voluntary abdication, with which he lay down the
aegis of dictator, calling back to Rome all those who
had been banned, and putting the tranquillity of an
obscure private life before the rule of empire and all its
glories. We learn also from history that the family of
the Cecili was always most affectionately linked to the
party of Caio Mario.

Plutarch in Silla.

From such historic foundations comes the action in this
drama, which in truth is among the greatest, as the
always renowned and inimitable Abbot Pietro
Metastasio has rightly observed, who with his
uncommon cordiality has deigned to honor the present
dramatic composition with his fullest approbation.
Since this comes from the profound reflection and from
the long and glorious experience of the one and only
master of the art, it should be the greatest of any praise
to a young author.

The scene is in Rome in the palace of Lucio Silla and in
the places surrounding it.

ACTORS

LUCIO SILLA, dictator.
Mr. Bassano Morgnoni.

GIUNIA, daughter of Caio Mario and fiancée of Cecilio.

Mrs. Anna De Amicis Buonsollazzi.

CECILIO, banished senator.
Mr. Venanzio Rauzzini.

LUCIO CINNA, Roman patrician, friend of Cecilio and
secret enemy of Lucio Silla.
Mrs. Felicita Suardi.

CELIA, sister of Lucio Silla.
Mrs. Daniella Mienci.

AUFIDIO, tribune, friend of Lucio Silla.
Mr. Giuseppe Onofrio.

Guards.
Senators.
Nobles.
Soldiers.
People.
Ladies.

The poetry is by Mr. De Gamera, poet of the Royal
Ducal Theater.

COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC

Mr. Cavalier Amadeo Wolfango Mozart, Member of
the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna and of Verona
and Chamber Music Master of his most Reverend
Highness the Archbishop and Prince of Salzburg.

DESIGNERS OF THE SCENERY AND
PAINTERS

The brothers Messrs Galliari

COSTUME DESIGNERS

Mr. Francesco Motta and Mr. Giovanni Mazza

COMPOSERS AND DIRECTORS OF BALLETS

OF THE FIRST AND THIRD

Mr. CARLO LE PICQ, currently in the service of His
Majesty the King of Poland.

OF THE SECOND

Mr. GIUSEPPE SALAMONI, called "from Portugal".
Carried out by the following

PRIMI BALLERINI SERI

The above-mentioned Mr. Carlo Le Picq.

Mrs. Anna Binetti, currently in the service of His
Majesty the King of Poland.

PRIMI BALLERINI GROTTESCHI

Mr. Riccardo Blek Mrs. Elisabetta Morelli Mr.
Domenico Morelli

BALLERINI DI MEZZO CARATTERE

Mr. Francesco Clerico Mrs. Regina Cabalati
Mr. Luigi Corticelli

OTHER DANCERS

Men	Women
Antonio Braganza	Cristina Colombi
Gregorio Santa Maria	Anna Borsatini
Giuseppe Radaelli	Rosa Petrai
Giovanni Battista Borsatini	Angiola Galarini
Vincenzo Bardella	Rosa Viganò
Francesco Sadini	Rosa Palmieri
Giovanni Battista Aimì	Antonia Capellini
Carlo Malacrida	Gaetana Monterasi
Carlo Adoni	Maria Antonia Gessati
Luigi Lotti	Margarita Valtolina
	Marta Scala
	Margarita Gattai

FUORI DE' CONCERTI

The above-mentioned Mr. Giuseppe Salamoni
Mrs. Maria Casacci

SCENERY CHANGES

FIRST ACT

Solitary enclosed place with many trees and decayed
ruins. On the Bank of the Tiber. In the distance, view of
the Quirinal Hill with a small temple at the summit.
Giunia's apartments with statues of the most famous
Roman women.

Burial place, very dark, with the monuments of the
heroes of Rome.

SECOND ACT

Archway decorated with military trophies.

Hanging gardens.

The Capitol.

THIRD ACT

Atrium leading to the prison.

Hall.

FIRST BALLET

The jealousy of the seraglio

SECOND BALLET

The school of necromancy

THIRD BALLET

Chaconne

Overture

ACT ONE

Solitary enclosed place with many trees and decayed ruins. On the banks of the Tiber. In the distance is seen the Quirinal Hill with a small temple at the summit.

SCENE I

CECILIO, then CINNA.

Recitative

CECILIO

Oh heaven, my friend Cinna
I await in vain. My impatience
grows with his delaying. Alas, how wearisome
is each moment
for the human heart, which wavers
betwixt hope and fear! My doubts...
But, am I not misled? He comes! The gods be praised!

CINNA

Cecilio, oh with what joy
I see thee again! Ah, suffer me,
now that my happiness overflows, to offer thee a pledge
of my friendship and of ever cordial love.

CECILIO

How my impatient soul
through vows hath sought to speed thy coming!
What confusion, what fear
she suffered through thy delay!
And what dark visions
thrust themselves into my thoughts!
The troubled soul
is alarmed and bewildered...

CINNA

My delay doth conceal a special purpose.
Thou shalt learn all from me.

CECILIO

Ah, be not offended
by my impatience... Giunia... my adored,
my dear beloved, is she still
all love, all loyalty? Does she still recall that sweet
devotion
she once vowed me?
Has her tender heart remained constant?

CINNA

She bewails thy death...

CECILIO

How so?... Alas, tell me...
speak: who durst invent
such a lie?

CINNA

Silla's wily craft,
in order to subdue her loving faith.

CECILIO

(Starting to depart.)

Let us hasten to allay her grief.

CINNA

Stay! As yet thou knowest not
the enormity of the offence, that thy return
out of banishment will lead to death.

CECILIO

Just to preserve a life
that without her I loathe
could I allow my bride to fall a prey
to one so cruel and unjust?

CINNA

Oh hear me! – Where
dost thou hope to see again
thy faithful Giunia?
Silla has dragged her off into his own house...

CECILIO

And Cinna
stood by and let this happen?...

CINNA

What could he attempt alone?
Alas, 'tis vain
to oppose him in whose hands lies all the power.

CECILIO

Oh hostile gods! –
Thus may I never hope
to see my bride again?

CINNA

Listen. Not far
from this secluded spot
the silent park
lies spread beneath the sky, which in gloomy chambers
conceals the graves of the departed heroes.

CECILIO

What shall I do?

CINNA

Take
that secret path,
which leads thither through the midst of the ruins.

CECILIO

And what will there befall?

CINNA

Thou knowest that the park borders
on Silla's palace.
Oft in company with her faithful ones,
Giunia is wont during the daytime to descend thither.
There,
dolorous next to her father's woeful urn,
she often wets it with her tears.
Thou wilt surprise her! Thou canst in her bosom
revive the hope
that is by now extinguished! You will bring each other
comfort.

CECILIO
Oh bliss!

CINNA
Elsewhere,
with many friends united
for thy defence
shall I keep vigil. Be hopeful!
Today shall the gods, after a long,
fainthearted and tormenting bondage,
give Rome again her freedom, and thee thy bride.

No. 1 Aria

CINNA
Come whither love would guide thee,
come, already I sense in my breast
the lofty aspirations
of thy approaching joy.
Not for ever is the sea turbulent,
not for ever is the sky overcast,
in time it will smile, joyful and tranquil
in serenity and calm.
(Exit.)

SCENE II

CECILIO alone.

Accompanied Recitative

CECILIO
I dare to hope
soon to soothe my eyes
with the sight of my sweet idol?
Already I see
her surprise, her happiness.
Already I hear
the calls that sound for me:
"my husband, my life!"
My heart
beats and speaks to me
of exuberant tenderness and foretells...
Oh heaven, all alone here am I,
beside myself with joy. Why do I not hasten
to embrace my betrothed?
Perhaps, alas,
she is shedding tears of grief
in this very hour in sorrow over my death
bereft of hope and counsel!

No. 2 Aria

CECILIO
The tender moment,
reward of love so great,
is already imagined by my heart
in its sweet thoughts.
And how shall that joy be,
which awaits me at her side,

when the very thought alone
so entices my rapture?
(Exit.)

Giunia's apartments. A circle of statues of the most famous Roman heroines.

SCENE III

SILLA, CELIA, AUFIDIO and guards.

Recitative

SILLA

To thee, Celia, I entrust the care
of my beloved, of my peace of mind. See to it
that Mario's stubborn and arrogant daughter grow more
wise.
Constrain her no longer to reject me.

CELIA

Brother, thou knowest that hitherto
I have done all things for thee. I flatter myself
that I shall see a change in her mind.

AUFIDIO

Counsel and pleas
hast thou tried in vain with this proud woman.
A ruler disdained,
when he is admired by Rome and the whole world,
if all else fails, will employ anger and force.

SILLA

Force will I use! For mercy
has brought me only the contempt
of this ungrateful woman
and offensive resistance. This very day
shall she follow me to the altar
and requite my feeling,
else the new sun will not rise again for her.

CELIA

Oh, Silla, oh, my brother,
I tremble for thee
when thou art driven to extremity.
Alas, oh, alas,
force is oft
the wretched mother of the black, outrageous deed.

SILLA

What is there left, then, for me to try
when so stubbornly she flees me and disdains me?

CELIA

With the gentler arts alone must thou approach her.
If 'tis true, if I may boast
of having power in thy heart, then, then let me
turn towards Giunia. Soon will she come
to thee. Then hearken to her.
Mayhap
her mind will change.

SILLA

Once more will I give her proof of my mercy.
I will wait for Giunia
and I will speak with her as a husband. But may she not
abuse
my love and kindness, and have to tremble
when, finally, Silla as an insulted ruler will speak
made pitiless through her.

CELIA

Trust in me, my brother. Today
will Giunia be wiser. Till now
has her heart nourished
a secret hope. If her betrothed
has perished, the lure of that love
no more remains. Renew watchfully
thy wooing. If a nearby lover
triumphs over a distant one,
the victory over a lover who no longer breathes
will be an even easier enterprise for him that is alive.

No. 3 Aria

CELIA

If flattering hope
cannot sustain those who love,
fidelity withers
even in the most constant.

That heart so true and tender,
ah, yes, even that heart
that is still so obstinate,
that heart will bend to thee.

(Exit.)

SCENE IV

SILLA, AUFIDIO and guards.

Recitative

AUFIDIO

Master, it grieves me
to see thee still exposed to spurning and insult.
A plebeian heart
may abase itself in meek pleadings; but Silla, the proud
terror of Asia, the victor of Pontus,
the disposer of the Senate
who beheld a Mithridates at his feet,
will he suffer himself to be intimidated by a mere maid?

SILLA

A generous heart
is not made low by love. If it is made coward through
love,
then among the heroes that the most distant provinces
did shake and devastate,
is not one that was not a coward.
This very day, friend,
shall Giunia be my wife.

AUFIDIO

She comes.
Perceive on her face the mien
of stubborn love,
of smouldering hate, of desperate grief.

SILLA

I wish to hear her. Leave me alone.
(*Exit Aufidio.*)

SCENE V

SILLA, GIUNIA and guards.

Recitative

SILLA

Am I always to see thee
weeping and oppressed with grief? Will thy fair gaze
never
turn in joy toward me?
Oh heaven! Thou dost not answer?
Dost sigh and art perplexed. Alas, reveal to me:
what so grievously
excites thee, what makes thee grow pale, and why so
skilfully thou dost prevent
mine eyes from meeting thine?

GIUNIA

Oh wretched one, because thou alone art my hate.

SILLA

Nay. I can not believe
that such proud cruelty
towards me is contained in thy lovely heart.
Hate and love have the same measure.

GIUNIA

Not in me. As much as I will love my betrothed,
so much will I hate Silla.
Since love and hate extend beyond death, deep in my
soul
which will never be changed
he will always be my love and you the object of my
hate.

SILLA

Pray tell me: how I have offended thee
that thou shouldst hate me so? What have I not done
for thee, Giunia? Death
robbed thee of thy father
and within my walls
I generously offer thee refuge,
fulfil every duty of a host.
Nonetheless thou dost persist in thy hatred of me and
Silla doth remain vile in thine eyes?

GIUNIA

Am I to stretch out my arms to love
an enemy of my father?
Hast thou forgotten how barbarously thou didst proceed
against him?
In harsh banishment
with the worthiest citizens

my betrothed pines and dies.
And the author of all this, should I love him?
To thy greater torment I swear before thee here anew
that still I love Cecilio. I honour in him,
even if he were dead,
my father's choice. If inhuman fate
has taken him from my side
to further thy vile lust,
he will nonetheless live on within this heart.

SILLA

Oh haughty one, love him then! And scorn me
as tyrant and foe.
List! In the face of so great contempt
will I give thee time for remorse.
Forget this insane pride,
this vain affection, this unwholesome hatred
or prepare thyself to follow
the dismal shades of thy father and thy bridegroom
to glowing Erebus.

GIUNIA

Me, a daughter of great Marius
dost thou think with the horrors of death
to discourage?
There shall be no room in thy soul for any hope
that could violate my love,
if thou would know, inhuman one,
what a true Roman heart can endure.

SILLA

Think more on the peril, o Giunia,
think and decide.
A remnant of compassion still I feel
because I love thee.
Oh, decide for the better...

GIUNIA

My mind is already set.
My dead father's command
will I always follow:
ever to detest Silla,
ever to honour my bridegroom, and then to die.

No. 4 Aria

GIUNIA

From the dark shore
come, o father, come, o beloved husband,
to receive the last breath
of a daughter and a bride.

Thou, barbarian,
ragest in thy wrath;
but this, infamous one, is not
the sorest punishment meted out for thee.

In time I shall be happy,
no more constrained to be near thee;
thou wilt remain
with the torments of thy conscience.

(Exit.)

SCENE VI*SILLA and guards.***Recitative**

SILLA

Can I bear
 such insolent scorn? Does not my soul grow turbulent
 with too much slighting? Who then has made her
 so insensitive? Does a dictator
 suffer himself thus to be insulted
 by a thoughtlessly bold woman?...
 And yet, shame on me, and yet she enchants me!

Accompanied Recitative

Enchants me?
 Does not Silla's heart yet blush
 for its own weakness?
 Then let love be silent, let the proud woman die.
 Who so despises my love,
 let her fear my rage.
 Let her long call me cruel, let her spurn
 my hand, my heart, my tenderness,
 from this day forward
 I am her tyrant!

No. 5 Aria

SILLA

The desire for vengeance and for death
 inflames me and so agitates my breast,
 that each tender feeling of the soul
 that has been scorned, is turned to wrath.

Perhaps thou wilt at the end
 of the fateful duel
 beg that thy life be spared;
 yet tears will then be fruitless,
 and fruitless the anguish.

(Exit with the guards.)

*Imposing, rather dark vestibule at the entrance to the
 subterranean chambers in which stand sumptuous
 monuments to the Roman heroes.*

SCENE VII*CECILIO alone.***Accompanied Recitative**

CECILIO

Death, thou that shapest man's destiny,
 here in these cold graves lie
 the witnesses of your hand. Heroes, warriors, potentates
 who laid waste the earth
 are now covered and enclosed here beneath narrow
 marble walls.
 On countless lips
 the world re-echoed marvelling at their deeds,

SCENE IX

CECILIO and the aforementioned.

CECILIO

Here am I, dearest one!

GIUNIA

Oh stars!... I quake!... What do I see?
Is it thou?... Is this perchance some fever?...
A ghost maybe, or truly thou?... Ye gods!
Dost thou deceive me, light of my eyes?...
Alas, could I but know
whether I am victim of some sweet illusion!...
So... is it thou?...

CECILIO

Thy faithful bridegroom. It is I.

No. 7 Duet

GIUNIA

In Elysium await me,
shade of my dear love,
so that heaven soon, oh God, soon
may unite me to thee.

CECILIO

Adored, dear bride,
in thy sweet countenance alone
my faithful soul finds
sweet Elysium again.

GIUNIA

My bridegroom... Ye gods! Thou art yet alive?

CECILIO

Entire in faith and love.

GIUNIA AND CECILIO

Joyous my sighs,
joyous my grief.
(Joining hands.)

GIUNIA

Dear hope!

CECILIO

Beloved treasure!

GIUNIA AND CECILIO

Now that upon my breast,
o Love, thou art,
the weeping of my eyes
teaches me rather
that joy too
has her tears.

(Exit.)

End of the first act.

ACT TWO

Archway decked with military trophies.

SCENE I

SILLA, AUFIDIO and guards.

Recitative

AUFIDIO

I had predicted this to thee, my lord: the proud one
grows yet more stubborn, the more
concern and love thou showest her.

SILLA

Little time remains to her
to insult me. I have decided
that she must die. I have borne enough of her.

AUFIDIO

May thy loyal friend
speak freely to thee?

SILLA

Speak!

AUFIDIO

Thou knowest
that never in this world were heroes
without foes. 'Tis true of the Emilios and the Scipios.
And, despite his heroic deeds,
is the glorious Silla of their number, too.

SILLA

This I know indeed.

AUFIDIO

With Giunia's death
thou dost proffer thine enemies
the weapon against thyself. She is Marius' daughter,
and this Marius lives on, to thy peril,
in his own friends.

SILLA

What shall I do?

AUFIDIO

Before
the people and the senate
let the proud woman become thy wife. To appease the
old hatred
feign a zeal
that will disguise the violence. Who will dare
to oppose thy will? Countless armed hosts
surround thee. Every man fears
thee as the hero who thus far all civil dissent
hath subdued and governs.
The Senate and Rome tremble before thy glance.
Your power, o master, procures you
public assent. Right hath always
followed might. And what man surrounded by a
thousand armies
stoops to plead?

He demands and commands, even when he speaks and begs.

SILLA

And if the ungrateful one
proudly still rejects me
before the people, before the Senate, before Rome?
What shall I do?

AUFIDIO

The proud woman
will not resist. Thou shalt see it melt, that obstinate
heart,
in face of public approbation,
of the Roman people's plaudits.

SILLA

Thy counsel, friend,
will I follow. Oh heaven!... Know... To thee will I divulge
my weakness. Whene'er I practise violence
or destruction,
the heart of Silla is
by grave torments of conscience
torn and oppressed. In such moments
I suffer violent conflicts. I tremble,
am determined, I quake, despise myself, love, am bold.

AUFIDIO

Be told: this wavering
clouds the brilliance of thy merits. Remorses
are the children of cowardice. Take my counsel,
be cheerful and bold. And, in spite of herself,
let this proud woman
be compelled to be thy wife.

No. 8 Aria

AUFIDIO

Let the warrior who blenches
at the flash of steel
not go upon the battlefield
in order to lay bare his cowardice.

Yielding, now to craven fear,
now to hope,
what, if not this,
is unsteadfastness?

(Exit.)

SCENE II

SILLA and guards, then CELIA.

Recitative

SILLA

Ah, never did I think
that for the man adorned with glory and greatness
evil-doing would prove so arduous a task.

CELIA

All have I attempted here now. With pleas, harshness,
promises and threats is Giunia's heart
in vain attacked. Ah, my brother,
thou canst not know
how I for thee...

SILLA

I know what thou wouldst say to me.
Silla is no less grateful to one who,
though unavailing, makes endeavour for him.
Because success depends on destiny, true merit
of the deed cannot be thwarted
by adverse circumstance. Giunia will this very day
become my wife.

CELIA

Giunia thy wife?

SILLA

Inquire not how.
That I am recompensed
must suffice for thee.

CELIA

Why dost thou conceal from me a secret?
Why dost thou not illuminate
such obscure speech?

SILLA

(Because a secret is less sure with a woman.)
My silence should not displease thee. – Listen:
this day it is my wish
to give thee as wife to Cinna.

CELIA

(Oh, happy am I!)
Let me, oh let me, to Cinna, thy
true friend,
this joyful message bring. At last shall my lips
disclose to him that he alone is my dearest treasure
and that I will ever adore him as I do now esteem him.
(*Exit.*)

SILLA

Now to the Capitol,
my well-considered plan to pursue. May stealthy
cunning be employed that my enemy
may follow me to the altar. Alas, I know
that I at any price must
gain possession of her.
'Tis to no avail that ye awake once more – pangs of
conscience.
(*Exit with the guards.*)

SCENE III

CECILIO, without helmet, without mantle and with drawn sword as though to pursue SILLA, CINNA restraining him.

Recitative

CINNA
What rage impels thee?

CECILIO
(Starting to depart.)
Restrain not
my arm. On the track
of the tyrant let me hasten. Let the shining steel
cleave his breast...

CINNA
Desist.
Whence
thy sudden wrath?

CECILIO
(As before.)
Know
that not for one moment
will I delay the blow...

CINNA
And the danger?

CECILIO
I fear it not and disregard all counsel.

CINNA
Oh Mercy, so hearken to me...
Reveal to me... Tell me... Oh heaven! What broken words...
what fierce looks...
thy raving despair... thy exertion
to flee from me... in a fateful enterprise
to show thy daring... a thousandfold suspicion
arises in my breast. Speak. Answer...

CECILIO
(As before.)
Thou shalt learn all...

CINNA
Never
will I let thee go.

CECILIO
Why dost thou halt
the vengeance of the people?

CINNA
Only because I desire
that it should not be uncertain.

CECILIO

(As before.)

Uncertain it shall not be...

CINNA

Thus wilt thou untimely,
 through daring that is but vain,
 disjoint my well considered
 plans? Giunia shalt thou see again. And whereas,
 for her sake, thou shouldst love thine own life even
 more,
 why dost thou recklessly pursue a rash venture?
 Break thy silence. Disclose
 what impels thee to so great a fury.

CECILIO

Dreadful remembrance kindles
 fresh wrath in my heart. Listen and wonder.
 In her grief my troubled soul
 found sweet comfort
 at the side of my bride.
 As Giunia's steps
 led her away
 from that gloomy place, a light sleep
 played about mine eyes. Oh heaven!
 I am still numbed with horror! It seemed to me
 that I beheld, opened up, the cold grave
 in which the dead limbs
 of Marius reposed. His hollow eye
 he turned on me,
 thrice did he shake his skull,
 wild and wrathful.
 I hear how his hoarse voice calls:
 "Cecilio, to what end dost thou linger
 at my grave? Go to and hasten
 on the longed-for moment
 of universal vengeance. Let not thy sword
 hang idly at thy side. Oh if thou shouldst fail
 to fulfil the task that Marius' unavenged shade
 this day doth counsel and upon thee lay,
 shalt thou thy bride and I my daughter lose."

Accompanied Recitative

CECILIO

The majestic tone of these threatening words
 perturbed my spirit. Sleep
 fell from my bewildered eyes.
 Of a sudden was I aflame
 with rage. I grasped the steel.
 My timorous foot no longer held me back.
 To slay the guilt-laden tyrant came I hence.
 Oh detain me here no longer...

CINNA

Stay!
 Bridle thy wrath a little,
 thy wild impulse. Oh thou art lost
 should Silla see thee...

CECILIO

Am I to fear
a tyrant's glance? Is another hand
to slay him? Never! Every hour I see
about me Marius' pale
shade seeking vengeance.
Every moment I hear his noble words
sound in my ear.
Even now, as I stand at thy side.
Let me...

CINNA

Ah, if thou thus
despisest danger, think at least of this,
that on thy life depends the life
of a faithful bride. Oh stars! What if
a life so precious to thee...

CECILIO

Oh Giunia!... Oh that name!...
The very thought, my friend,
that I might lose her,
quells any surge of my wrath.
But hasten, fly,
for me slay the tyrant... Ye gods, and now
my bride is delivered up
to my enemy... Alas!... Who defends her?...
And what if he should come his way?... Oh God! How
harsh the contrast,
what grief, immortal gods! Fear, trouble,
wrath, hope, furor: all these I feel within my breast,
and know not which feeling will triumph! What
thoughts are these?
And am I still not resolved?
Let Giunia be saved, or at her side I will die.

No. 9 Aria

CECILIO

This unexpected trembling
growing and growing in my breast,
I know not whether it be hope,
I know not whether it be wrath.

Yet, whether in its inward feeling
or in its outward wrath
it be madness or hope,
it shall strike terror in the traitor's heart.

(Exit.)

SCENE IV

CINNA, then CELIA.

Recitative

CINNA

Ah, to do the deed! Should heaven delay the evil-doer's
punishment longer, shall one really wait
until the vile misdeeds
of the Tarquinian
will begin anew in our own days?

CELIA

What anxiety do I behold
in thine eyes, o Cinna?

CINNA

To some other place,
Celia, I must go.
Detain me not...

CELIA

Thou dost forever shun me!

CINNA

(Starting to depart.)
Farewell!

CELIA

One moment only
hear me, then go.

CINNA

What dost thou desire?

CELIA

(Oh gods!
Speak I cannot, though speak I would.)
Know that my brother...

CINNA

Speak!

CELIA

...wishes...
(Oh stars, I am confused, and I fear
the cruel one loves me not.) Know that... (Oh heaven!
Why am I confused in the face of whom I love?
Today he becomes my husband,
and do I not dare declare my mind?...)

CINNA

I do not comprehend
these broken words of thine.

CELIA

(He pretends, the ungrateful one.)
Now, when I in my doubt remain silent,
does not my heart speak
to you for me? What shall I say?
Speech enough from sad eyes
reaches thee in my silence.

No. 10 Aria [Cavatina]

CELIA

If my timid lips
dare not disclose
the hidden flame,
may these eyes
speak in their stead,
may they reveal
my whole heart.

*(Exit.)***SCENE V***CINNA, then GIUNIA.***Recitative**

CINNA

Till now was Cinna's soul not able
to bow itself
before such sweet dalliance. Ah but should it
stoop so foolishly – no – not
on the sister of an evil usurper
will this heart bestow first place.
Giunia approaches. Ah, that she alone
can fulfil the great work that I intend.
Troubled she doth seem and suffering,
sunk in dark thoughts.

GIUNIA

Silla requires of me
to show myself to the people and to the Senate.
What can this infamous one intend? Knowest thou it
and what is to be done?

CINNA

Nearer than thou dost think, perhaps
is Silla's death this day,
to avenge the freedom of Rome.

GIUNIA

In a compassionate heaven
do we place all our hope. But for the while
to thy care do I leave
my beloved bridegroom. To thee I owe
the joy of beholding him,
when I believed him dead. Ah, now watch over him,
strive to keep him
hidden from the tyrant's eyes.

CINNA

Trust in me
and fear not for his life. Listen.
Dost thou know what Silla of the senators and of the
Roman people
doth desire? It is thy hand,
and their consent to be a vindication of his violence.
His whole scheme,
o Giunia, do I foresee.

GIUNIA

I alone am
my own judge. The Senate may yield to cowardly fear,
but not this heart.

CINNA

Upon thee, if thou wilt, o Giunia,
doth the great conspiracy depend.

GIUNIA

What can I do?

CINNA

To that bed
to which he doth invite thee follow that nefarious
tyrant.
But there by thy hand may he depart this life.

GIUNIA

Heaven! What sayest thou? Could Giunia
through base imposture?...

CINNA

Oh foolish fear!
But call to mind
that the shedding of blood among kings
has to the gods ever been a pleasing play.

GIUNIA

When even the life of a plebeian sacred is to us,
how canst thou mean
that no chilling dread will shake my bosom
should I stab the dictator with mine own hand?
Though with tyranny and injustice
Silla doth rule over Rome and the Senate,
in vain dost thou presume
that I could make myself guilty of his death.
May he be a victim, but at the hands of the gods.

CINNA

Had Brutus on that day
feared to offend the gods,
then Rome would not owe to him her freedom.

GIUNIA

But Brutus broke in open field,
and not in cowardice,
Rome's
bonds of servitude. No, never
for posterity
shall my name be spotted
by base deceit. Preserve me, o friend,
preserve for me my beloved! Consider only
his deliverance. Let heaven think
of vengeance.
Go, haste thee...
Perhaps far from thee
and through excess of boldness could my betrothed...
Thou knowest his impetuous spirit... Have pity.
See to it that he remain hidden from all eyes.
Tell him, if he doth honour me,
tell him, if he be true to me,
then should he his and my life, too, preserve.
I put him in thy charge.

No. 11 Aria

GIUNIA

Ah when the cruel peril
of my beloved I recall
horror fills my being,
I grow chill with fear.

Should friendship not keep guard
over his precious life,
from whom can aid be sought
from whom compassion?

(Exit.)

SCENE VI

CINNA alone.

Accompanied Recitative

CINNA

Yea, let us at last shake off
the humiliating yoke. Long enough
have we borne the servitude of tyranny.
If Giunia forbears
to kill that godless man, an arm
will not be wanting that is less afraid
to plunge the fatal iron into his breast.

No. 12 Aria

CINNA

In the moment for which
he yearns as crown of his happiness,
I will stretch him at my feet
to avenge all men.

This hand is already proud
of its homing stroke,
yea, this avenging hand
is not far from him.

(Exit.)

Hanging gardens.

SCENE VII

SILLA, AUFIDIO and guards.

Recitative

AUFIDIO

Master, the Senate
awaits but thy signal. Soon
it will give ear to thee.
With a select host of armed men
have I cunningly surrounded it.

SILLA

From friendly Cinna
will I not conceal this secret. For the work's
accomplishment is his aid required.
Oh, that to myself
am myself a stranger! Wherever I turn
my thoughts do paint
the lovely picture of the cruel one.
Her dear name is ever on my lips,
and my heart speaks only of her.

AUFIDIO

Already do I see thee
at the peak of thy fortune. Employ the might
that heaven hath bestowed upon thee. Rome, the Senate,
and every proud spirit
shall before thy might bow down the forehead to thy
feet.
(*Exit.*)

SILLA

Forsooth, with the blood of her citizens
I will drench the streets, if proud Rome
today resists Silla's will;
my arm and my heart, they know the cause.
Giunia?... What fair vision! I find the excuse
for my weakness in all that beauty... but so much
offence?...
Ah, but when I see her, oh ye gods,
I am no longer the offended dictator:
I forget her scornings and pardon her.

SCENE VIII

GIUNIA, SILLA and guards.

Recitative

GIUNIA

(Silla? His hated visage
pains me. I will flee.)

SILLA

Hold, stay thy pace.
Have pity, hear me. The unhappiest
of mortals dost thou make of me
when, as my foe, thou dost from me flee...

GIUNIA

What wilt thou?
Begone, traitor! (I tremble, am alarmed
for my loved one.)

SILLA

Nay, in sooth, such a tyrant am I not
as thou wouldst have. Silla's soul is
capable of virtue.
So grave I cannot bear to see thy lovely glance...

GIUNIA

(Starting to depart.)
Capable of virtue? Thou liest.

SILLA

Give ear to me...

GIUNIA

I hearken not to thee.

SILLA

And shouldst thou...

GIUNIA

Forsooth, I would
despise thee and die.

SILLA

Die?

GIUNIA

A Roman heart
hath no fear of death.

SILLA

And thou couldst?...

GIUNIA

I could,
sooner than love thee, die! Go!

SILLA

Proud one, thou shalt die. But not alone.

No. 13 Aria

SILLA

All pity I thrust from me,
thou overbold and wicked woman.
Though death to thee be pleasing,
yet soon shall I see
thy stubborn pride quail.

*(But my heart beats...
The one I worship, am I to lose her?...
Shall my sword barbarously pierce
my chiefest good?...)*

What am I saying?
Is my soul
at so weak a pitch?
I rage in my distress;
thou dost yearn to die,
dost call me cruel:

tremble, wicked woman,
in truth I shall be cruel.
(Exit with the guards.)

SCENE IX

GIUNIA, then CECILIO.

Recitative

GIUNIA

What did I hear, eternal gods? What sinister
and dreadful secret lay behind his words?
I shall not die alone? What meanest thou thereby,
barbarian?... Ah me! Whom do I see?...
My betrothed?... What was it?... What has befallen?...
Whither, thoughtless man, goest thou?
Surely thou knowest that within these walls
thy life is in jeopardy! And dost thou not fear
to breathe the air
that is thine enemies'? At this very moment
did the tyrant depart. I tremble... I beg thee, flee...
Oh should the tyrant's eye...

CECILIO

'Tis thy peril, Giunia, that is my greatest fear.

GIUNIA

Oh Mercy! Turn back
if thou dost love me, my dearest. Oh return
to the gloomy refuge. To see thee,
oh what torment 'tis for me!

CECILIO

Thy fear, my love,
shall not embitter
my sweet joy.

GIUNIA

O'ershadowed joy,
because she leaves my heart with icy fear
and may decide upon thy fate
determine. Conceal thyself! Ah, in all my life,
never such affliction...

CECILIO

Thou wouldst have me leave thee to be that coward's
prey?
I know that this guilt-ridden tyrant,
unjustly and with force,
before the Senate will take thee to the altar. And I who
love thee,
far from thy side,
how could I not die of care? If vainly they
search for an arm, for steel
to spill the blood of that brutal one,
here is the steel and here the arm!

GIUNIA

What art thou thinking of?... Expose thyself?...
Alone to face the utmost danger?...

CECILIO

Thou art full of fears, I tremble at naught.
Restrain thy fear, o thou my hope, and remember this –
excess of fear in a Roman heart
may bear the name of cowardice.

GIUNIA

But all too great a daring
may be foolhardiness. Conceal thyself,
I beg thee, my beloved, and increase not through danger
the weeping of these eyes.

CECILIO

Eternal gods! Flee from thee?
Abandon thee? Leave thee
to the insidious infamy, the wrath
of that traitor who seeks to wed thee?

GIUNIA

What canst thou fear, when
steadfastness and love remain with me? Haste,
haste, to whence thou camest!
Free this heart that honours thee
from its pain and fear.
If thou dost not, then I must command thee.

CECILIO

Who will keep guard on this dreadful day
if I am hidden from the tyrant,
to protect thee, Giunia?

GIUNIA

The heaven.

CECILIO

Oh that the gods...

GIUNIA

Whither doth
this blind rage lead thee? Despite
my anxieties thou art still at my side.
Wilt thou not go? Then I will rush to die, ungrateful
one!

CECILIO

Stay!... Listen!... Oh gods!
Thou wilt not leave me thus? Is this your wish?...

GIUNIA

Beware of following
my steps!

CECILIO

How to die, that will I know,
but not how to leave thee.

GIUNIA

(Oh heaven!
I lose him! What shall I do?)

CECILIO

My love, thou weapest...
Ah, how thy weeping...

GIUNIA

In sooth, for the sake of these tears,
for these eyes that are destitute of hope,
go, go from me! Hide! Live!

CECILIO

To what dost thou compel me!

GIUNIA

At last,
dost thou give me through this token
a proof of thy inmost love?
How dost thou answer, my life?

CECILIO

I give thee my vow.

GIUNIA

Fly then, beloved, thou fearest without need
when thou art afraid for me. Consider
that heaven protects the righteous and that I
will never belong to another. Here, my hand to pledge
the steadfast love
that I promised thee,
and that doth the vile traitor despise to the death.

Accompanied Recitative

CECILIO

Who knows whether it is riot
the last time, oh God! that I clasp thee to my breast,
most precious one, the nobler part of me,
that art the embodiment of unblemished loyalty?

GIUNIA

My own one, fear not.
Love me,
begone and be hopeful.

No. 14 Aria

CECILIO

Alas, if cruel fate
summons me to death,
as faithful, guardian shade
I shall forever be beside thee.

I would fain give proof of steadfastness,
dearest, at this parting,
but now that I leave you, oh God,
my footsteps falter.

(Exit.)

SCENE X

GIUNIA, then CELIA.

Recitative

GIUNIA

Why dost thou bound within my breast,
my timorous heart?
Why, when now I see not my betrothed at my side,
do the tears flow coursing down my face?

CELIA

Heavens, in tears
thus mourning do I find thee? May thy stubborn spirit
yield at last to destiny.
And Rome shall see thee as her ruler's wife.

GIUNIA

Calm yourself, I beg thee.

CELIA

Did Cecilio in harsh exile die,
why dost thou for him cherish
such vain constancy?

GIUNIA

(How his name
doth chill my heart.)

CELIA

Thou dost not look at me
and, with sobs and sighs, thy pale lips keep silence.
Follow my counsel.

GIUNIA

Peace, I pray thee.

CELIA

I long to see thee happy. My brother
will today make me happy also:
he has promised me
Cinna's hand. Oh you know
that I adore him faithfully. No more shall I recall
the torments I have endured,
once the tyrannical course of the stars changes at last.

No. 15 Aria

CELIA

When upon the parched fields
summer's rain falls,
the leaves, the flowers revive,
forest and meadows
are beautified
and once again grow green.

So likewise this loving soul
in its sweet hope
after its long torments
begins to breathe anew.

(Exit.)

SCENE XI*GIUNIA alone.***Accompanied Recitative**

GIUNIA

Oh, how a single moment
 has heightened my fear!
 What a baneful presentiment
 of my misfortune! Perchance my incautious
 bridegroom
 is no longer concealed
 from the wicked tyrant.
 He has already condemned him to death. In my fear,
 in my extremest grief,
 what shall I do? What thoughts are these?... Hapless one,
 I tremble!
 But no, I may no longer delay,
 I will go before the Senate. At their feet
 I will beg for pardon and mercy
 for my faithful betrothed. If they refuse it,
 let heaven be besought. If heaven has ordained
 this day to be my adored bridegroom's last,
 let the sword which pierced him, likewise pierce me.

No. 16 Aria

GIUNIA

I go, I hasten; but thus
 breaks my heart, my soul departs.
 I feel the approach of death, and yet I cannot die;
 I pine and shudder, I weep and I suffer.
 Alas, could I but
 die of grief so great!

But to increase my torment
 death itself today scorns
 a loving soul
 bowed down with care.

*(Exit.)**The Capitol.***SCENE XII**

*SILLA enters, with AUFIDIO, followed by senators,
 people and soldiers while the following chorus is
 sung.*

No. 17 Chorus

CHORUS

Even as fame surrounded thy head
 when thou stoodst in combat against a thousand armies,
 so let love here crown
 the redoubtable brow.

PART OF THE CHORUS

May that unvanquished arm embrace
the one thou dost adore.

THE ENTIRE CHORUS

Let the warrior's wreath of laurel
with myrtles be enhanced.
(*GIUNIA enters among the senators.*)

Recitative

SILLA

Patrician and Senators, I who have fought for Rome,
I who have conquered for Rome,
I who by my valour stifled
the torch of civil strife, I who through my works now
behold peace
reign along the Tiber,
I desire some reward for all my triumphs.

GIUNIA

(Help, eternal gods!)

SILLA

You surely know
the former baneful hate
which prevailed betwixt Marius and Silla. This is the
day
on which I forget it all. With his daughter
may the sacred bond unite me. And this sweet covenant
may soothe the father's shade. A ruler,
a Roman, in spite of glory and the laurel wreath,
seeks only this reward for all his toil.

GIUNIA

(The Senate keeps silent and with its silence approves
the will of the tyrant.)

SILLA

Senators, I do perceive
in your countenances
common consent.
The joyful cries that echo round about
are a sure token of public opinion.
Follow me, now, to the altar...

GIUNIA

Forbear, wretch!
Do Rome and the Senate stoop
to such cowardice? Does some rascally, insane
fear compel you to favour the shameful villainies
of a godless man? No, none among you,
not one
who has a Roman heart in his breast...

SILLA

Be silent. 'Twere wiser to give me thy hand.

AUFIDIO

That is the desire of all the people.
I speak on their behalf.

SILLA

Come, follow me...

GIUNIA

(Makes to stab herself.)

Approach me not,
else this iron shall pierce my breast.

SILLA

Take from this proud woman
the blade and she shall do my bidding.

SCENE XIII

CECILIO with drawn sword; the aforementioned.

Recitative

CECILIO

My bride, have no fear.

SILLA

(Whom do I see?)

GIUNIA

(Oh God!)

AUFIDIO

(Cecilio?)

SILLA

In this wise
am I betrayed by you? In defiance of my ban
and the laws
Cecilio has returned, and with Giunia at his side
he ventures to seek the ruler's life.
Bind that criminal!

GIUNIA

(Imprudent one!)
My lord...

SILLA

Be silent! Wretch!
I feel only rage.
(To Cecilio.)
At sunrise,
traitor, shalt thou die.

SCENE XIV

CINNA with drawn sword; the aforementioned.

Recitative

SILLA

What? Cinna?
With drawn sword,
confused and undecided?...

CINNA

(Oh heaven! All is lost.
Some way I seek
out of this disastrous plight.) To my astonishment
did I see how Cecilio, with drawn sword,
did make his way
through the throng. His proud,
threatening eye, his fury caused me
to fear treachery.
Thee from this murderous hand to deliver and to defend
did I draw my sword.

SILLA

Go, friend, to discover
if other faithless...

CINNA

Upon my loyalty depend,
o master. Fear naught.
(Nearly did I lose myself in the violent encounter.)
(*Exit.*)

SILLA

Bring here the traitor,
Aufidio, disarm him.

GIUNIA

Oh God! Withhold.

CECILIO

So long I have the sword,
so long I know what makes thee tremble.

SILLA

Is this the measure
of thy arrogance?

GIUNIA

(Oh gods!)

SILLA

Surrender thy sword
else I...

CECILIO

Thou dost hope in vain.

GIUNIA

Surrender it, o dearest one.

CECILIO

Doth my bride instruct me
to be cowardly?

GIUNIA

Defy him not!

CECILIO

What wilt thou?...

GIUNIA

A proof
of thy regard.

CECILIO

Must I?...

GIUNIA

Thou needs must
place thy trust in my constancy and heaven's favour,
and hope. Shouldst thou still cherish doubt, my love,
thou dost offend the righteous gods
and thy bride.

CECILIO

(Rage consumes me.)
(To *Giunia*.)

Content thyself.

(*He drops the sword.*)
Take it! – Barbarian.

SILLA

Into the darkest dungeon
cast him! But a brief while yet
shall I suffer thee to breathe the vital breath
which thou hast forfeited.

In chains

thou too, deceitful jade,
shalt rue thy bold treason.

No. 18 Trio

SILLA

This criminal temerity
I shall know today how to subdue.

CECILIO

Give over thy hope, villain,
thus would I act at any time again.

GIUNIA

Here, o my husband, a pledge
that I shall die at thy side.

SILLA

Godless pair, your hands
are fit for chains alone.

GIUNIA AND CECILIO

If my dearest treasure loves me,
I shall walk gladly to my death.

a tre

SILLA

This constancy undaunted,
this love so true,
maddens my heart,
inflames me.

GIUNIA AND CECILIO

My constancy undaunted,
my love so true,
sweetly comforts my heart
and leaves me free of fear.

End of the second act.

ACT THREE

Vestibule of the prison.

SCENE I

CECILIO in chains, CINNA, then CELIA and guards.

Recitative

CINNA

Alas, my friend, thou only
didst impede the great conspiracy. Not far
from the Capitol lay hidden
thy friends and mine. Followed
by them did I intend to pursue my bloody path
through the armed multitude. But caution
did temper rage. Against so many,
what could I surrounded by so few accomplish? Heaven
did spur me to new venture on. I left my friends,
silently I grasped my sword and drew near to the
Capitol.

As to strike the blow I raised my hand,
did my glance fall upon thee. The iron
shook in my hand. My heart congealed
at your peril. I paused, was confused,
knew not what to say. So nearly did the tyrant
uncover the well-guarded secret. His command
to go
concealed my confusion and my grief.

CECILIO

Since I must already die,
let be, what will be. Only I fear, ye gods,
for my bride...

CINNA

Be not fearful for her.
I shall rescue you both.

CELIA

My brother hath promised me
to give ear to Giunia,
less furiously and angrily.

CECILIO

Giunia at his feet?
And to what end?

CELIA

She will appease
his wrath.

CECILIO

In vain does she request.

CINNA

Listen, Celia. The moment has
perhaps arrived in which with one sublime deed thou
canst
impart a glory to thy life.

CELIA

What am I to do?

CINNA

The power thou dost exercise
over Silla's heart
is known to me. Hasten to him and tell him
that, shunned of heaven and hated of Rome,
he cannot escape fateful death
unless he return to his senses
and forget this blind, senseless love.

CELIA

And thus my brother...

CINNA

... will meet his death
unless he this counsel follows.

CECILIO

Alas, all,
all is to no avail.

CELIA

I will attempt
the difficult enterprise: and if my pleadings
win the desired success?

CINNA

My right hand in reward I promise thee.

CELIA

Such sweet reward
doth lend me valour. How happy am I
my brother from such dread peril
to deliver and thus to gain my most beloved.

No. 19 Aria [Cavatina]

CELIA

I hear the storm rage,
and no kindly star shines,
yet hope and love I cherish
despite the great tribulation
unswervingly in my inmost heart.
(Exit.)

SCENE II

CECILIO and CINNA.

Recitative

CECILIO

Dost thou perchance believe, my friend,
that Celia knows how to calm a heart
hardened by gory conflicts? And from time to time
madly possessed by unjust wrath,
doth cause the Tiber to flow red with Roman blood?

CINNA

I know the power that Celia doth wield
over that turbulent spirit. And Giunia, too,
perchance may calm him
with her tears...

CECILIO

To what bitter abuse
doth my bride
so futilely expose herself! An evil-doer
is not so swift to change. To forsake
the path of crime
that it hath long been his custom to tread
would require the whole might of a god.
Ah, nay. No pity nor hope
are left to me. Into thy care, friend,
do I place my afflicted bride.
Let friendship guard and protect her.
May she never be the victim of my foe!
Avenge my death with his blood,
then shall my wrathful soul
find rest in the realm of the dead.

CINNA

Let all thought of death
depart from thee. If Silla's heart
against all duty and reason insists
on its own destruction,
the godless one in his dark peril
must indeed blench and quake.

No. 20 Aria

CINNA

When angry Jove shoots forth fits lightnings,
cold fear grips
the hearts of the rash,
but in the laurel's shade
no fear plagues the shepherd.

Tyrants do well to fear
devastation and chains,
in face of death only he can smile
who is innocent of heart.

(Exit.)

SCENE III

CECILIO, then GIUNIA.

Recitative

CECILIO

Ah no, of irrevocable fate
I am unafraid. In these unjust chains
I weep and sigh
not for my death, but for my dearest.

GIUNIA

Sweetest husband!...

CECILIO

Oh stars,
art thou here?

GIUNIA

The way to this scene of terror
my faith, my tears, our love
hath shown me.

CECILIO

And Silla... Ah, speak! And Silla...

GIUNIA

The vile one doth grant... Oh God!
He doth grant that I may bid thee... a last... farewell.

CECILIO

For us then
no pity, no hope?

GIUNIA

I have only come to die at your side.
What have I not thus far attempted? Tears, laments,
sighs, torments, pleading
avail naught
in this inhuman heart
that doth demand thy death or my hand.

CECILIO

Thy hand shall be
the price for my life? And how, Giunia,
wilt thou decide thee?

GIUNIA

At thy side will I die.

CECILIO

Thine own lovely life
wouldst thou end for me?...

GIUNIA

I must and will
die with thee.
To this step, o dear one,
do wifely love and daughterly duty oblige me.

SCENE IV

AUFIDIO with guards; the aforementioned.

Recitative

AUFIDIO

Soon must thou, Cecilio,
follow my steps.

GIUNIA

Perhaps... to death?...
Speak... Tell me...

AUFIDIO

I know not.

CECILIO

Let us take a last embrace,
come, my precious one...

GIUNIA

(To Aufidio.)
Answer... Oh heaven!

AUFIDIO

I do ever obey and keep silent.

CECILIO

Let us not lose
the fleeting moment, my life,
that fate hath bestowed upon us. I go, I leave thee.
Receive in thy tender embrace,
my soul, all of me.

GIUNIA

Oh beloved bridegroom... Oh gods!
If torment can kill,
why do I not die, now, close to thee?

CECILIO

O my dearest, that weeping,
thou knowest not how within my breast... Alas! Let it
suffice thee...
yes, let it suffice thee to know that in this hour
thy tears grieve me more
than the tyrannous death that awaits me.

No. 21 Aria

CECILIO

Beloved eyes,
weep not,
ye cause me to die
before I am dead.

This faithful soul
will return,
hovering around you,
distilled into sighs.

(Exit with Aufidio and guards.)

SCENE V*GIUNIA alone.***Accompanied Recitative**

GIUNIA

My betrothed... my life... Whither, ah...
whither away?

May I not follow thee? And who restrains
my steps?... Who can bid me?... But all around
in my misery I perceive naught
but silence and dread! Heaven itself
heeds me no more and forsakes me. Alas, maybe,
maybe my dearest
from his severed veins
already pours his soul and blood...

Alas, before he expires,

bowed over his bleeding body

I wish to die... Why do I tarry?

Bereft of hope, wherefore do I delay?

Do I hear, or seem I but to catch

the dull sound of a feeble voice,
summoning me to itself? Ah, my betrothed,
if these are the last broken sounds
of thy voice,
I hasten, I fly to fall where thou hast fallen.

No. 22 Aria

GIUNIA

Hedged about by gloomy thoughts of death
I see in fancy my lifeless spouse;
with ice-cold hand he shows me
the fresh, gory wound.
He speaks: "Why dost thou hesitate to die"?

Already I falter, faint and die,
and speed toward my adored dead bridegroom,
like some faithful shade I desire to follow him.

(Exit.)

*Hall.***SCENE VI***SILLA, CINNA, CELIA, senators, people and guards.***Recitative**

SILLA

No longer, Celia, Cinna. Rome and Senate
shall ye be judges
of my righteousness and the crimes of others.

CINNA

Cecilio's life can,
more than thou wouldst have it,
be of use to thee.

CELIA

Thy life...
distraught Giunia...
her consort mourned for dead and to her arms restored...

SILLA

I know that ever more do I become the object of
common hatred.
But a betrayed dictator
will have revenge, and he shall have it. Weary am I
of constant dread and trembling. A life
of agitation and uncertainty is,
in barbaric fear,
a life at any moment to be ended.

CELIA

In vain dost thou hope, if thou hopest
in sinister and bloody devastation
thou wouldst find rest and certainty.

CINNA

The raving Giunia
wilt thou see
fill the streets
with her laments and tears.
These eyes in tears
can in the bosom of thy foe arouse...

SILLA

Better than thou dost think do I perceive the danger.
Love, glory, vengeance,
wrath and fear do I feel
assail my heart. Each would
prevail. Love doth caress.
It scorneth my glory. Wrath enflames me
and cold fear hath me in icy grasp.
Vengeance impels me and threatens me.
The prey of wild sensations
and ready for defence,
is Silla's heart the victor or the vanquished?
But at the last 'tis the noble deed
that doth decide whether I do merit
the laurels of glory
that o'ershadow my brow.
Rome and the world shall be my judge.

SCENE VII

GIUNIA with guards; the aforementioned.

Recitative

GIUNIA

Cowardly spirit. What dost thou require of Giunia?
What wilt thou? A wretched traitor
do Rome and the Senate suffer
with such dullness and apathy?
Patricians and senators,
of you do I request vengeance and pity. Pity doth
the unhappy bride entreat, and revenge will she have
for the departed shade of a Roman and for her husband
who still lies in his own blood.

SILLA

Calm thy rage. Dry thy lovely lashes.
Useless are the tears
and futile the rage. Before the face of Rome
will I have thee as witness of my crimes and cruelty.
In this place wilt thou soon acquaint
thyself with Silla's heart.

FINAL SCENE

CECILIO, AUFIDIO, guards and the aforementioned.

Recitative

GIUNIA

(My betrothed?)

CINNA

(What do I see?)

CELIA

(What is the secret?)

CECILIO

(What is that?)

SILLA

Let all Rome, the Senate
and the people hear me. I bring before you
an banished citizen
who dared secretly to break the Law.
He it is, who, armed with a sword,
before my guards did try at the Capitol
to murder his ruler.
He seeks no pardon, indeed fears me not,
he maligns and hates me. This now is the moment
that decides his fate. Silla here asserts
the power that Rome
invests in him. Giunia shall hear me
and insult me if she can. This vile Silla,
proud tyrant, hated by all,
decrees that Cecilio shall live and be thy husband.
(*He presents him to Giunia.*)

GIUNIA

It were true?... My life...

CECILIO

Faithful bride... what joy...
what a transformation is this?

AUFIDIO

(What did occur?)

CELIA

(The gods be praised!)

CINNA

(I stand here full of wonder.)

SILLA

Patricians and senators. I desire of you now
that all whose names here stand written –
(*He presents the sheet to a senator.*)
here are contained the names
of banished citizens –
may now return to native hearth.

CECILIO

Oh, how worthy, now, thou art
of this high splendour that doth surround thee.

GIUNIA

At last dost thou see me compelled thee to admire.

AUFIDIO

(Alas, certain ruin
do I see before me.)

SILLA

Amid
the general jubilation and so much praise
sincerely given to Silla from every lip,
why is Cinna only from me parted,
sighs and is silent,
lost in gloomy thought?
(*He wants to embrace him.*)
Faithful friend...

CINNA

Oh, cease
to call me so. You shall know that all the time
I have concealed the fiercest hatred toward you
in my breast. Through my labours
did Cecilio return to Rome. I ran to the Capitol
to pierce thee through, and armed, not far away,
a hundred valiant men,
I alone incited discord,
was the danger for thee...

SILLA

Thou hast spoken enough, and all have I comprehended.

CELIA

(Sweet hope farewell.)

SILLA

Now dost thou perceive the punishment
of secret conspiracy:
Celia, my sister, shall be thy wife.

GIUNIA

(What virtue!)

CECILIO

(What a magnanimous heart!)

CINNA

Oh righteous heaven, how shameful
blushes burn my face.
How can I...

SILLA

Thy tortures of conscience do suffice me. I forget all.

CELIA

(How happy am I!)

(*To Cinna.*)

Reward at last
my constant love! Prove yourself
worthy of the grace and of the virtue
and compassion of his manly heart...

CINNA

Here is my hand.

SILLA

Which of my victories
can compare to this, o eternal gods?

AUFIDIO

Let me at thy feet
entreat pardon of thee. My counsel,
the flattering praise
now do I rue...

SILLA

Rise, Aufidio! I forgive thee.
Thus do I crown
my laudable work. Romans, friends!
From my head I now remove
the victorious and honourable laurel wreath:
No longer am I your ruler, I am become as you.
(*He removes the laurel wreath.*)
Herewith be freedom given
to our native land. May the people's tears
be dried. No. Greatness
is not the highest treasure. It is the mother
of care, fear,
deception, betrayal. It often leads
the blind mortal away from the path
of mercy and justice.
I know now
that innocence and a virtuous heart
are to the soul more welcome
than false glory.

No. 23 Finale with Chorus [Ciaccona]

CHORUS

Great Silla, before the face of Rome,
which owes him life and breath,
stands today as victor
beyond all praise and fame.

GIUNIA AND CECILIO

The fate, bitter for him,
is bliss for me.

CINNA AND SILLA

And Latium's liberty
snaps its chains.

CHORUS

Great Silla stands today
high above all praise.

GIUNIA, CECILIO, [CELIA], CINNA, SILLA, [AUFIDIO]

Virtue and mercy
have triumphed over a base love.

SILLA [AND AUFIDIO]

There is no triumph to equal
the victory over one's own heart.

CHORUS

Upon the Capitol
all Rome merrily exults and is jubilant for Silla,
high above all fame and praise
he stands today as conqueror.

End of the opera.