Stefania Kaluza

Denisa Šlepkovská, Adriano, Michela Remor and Adriana Kohútková

Ottorino RESPIGHI

LUCREZIA

Opera in one act and three moments

Kaluza • Remor • Kohútková
Šlepkovská • Ludha • Pasek
Haan • Šurko • Hanák
Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra (Bratislava)
Adriano, Conductor
Ottoirino Respighi (1879 - 1936)

Lucrezia

In the summer of 1935, while dealing with operatic projects on King Lear and Macbeth, Respighi read Shakespeare's poem The Rape of Lucrece. After consulting Livy's Histories, the original source of this edifying Roman legend, he turned to André Obey's play Le viol de Lucrece (1931), which made a particular impression on him, since it makes use of two Récitants who comment on the action, in the manner of a Greek chorus. In Respighi's own operatic version these parts would be united into one La Voce, a dramatic mezzo-soprano, and sung from the orchestra pit. With this idea in mind, the composer approached his librettist.

Once again Claudio Guastalla, who had previously prepared the libretti of Respighi's operas Belfagor, La campana sommersa, La fianna and Maria Egiziana, and of his ballet Belis, regina di Saba, embarked on the collaboration, not without moments of disagreement. Both parties had strong ideas and the fact that a Roman legend had to be set to music, while avoiding some dangerous pseudo-archaisms in the text and the extravert nature of the orchestral writing displayed in the earlier trilogy of Roman tone-poems, caused many discussions.

Obey's play had been written for a Paris actors' group of fifteen, called La Compagnie des Quinze. Now a full play of four acts had to be transformed into a sixty minute one-act opera and the concern of both composer and librettist was not only to reduce a great deal of secondary dialogue, of soldiers, servants and townspeople, but also to tighten the part of the two Récitants, who seem to us today to be unduly prolix. Guastalla's adaptation is very intelligent and has, obviously, more Latin flavour in its text.

The short score of Lucrezia was completed within two months. In the autumn of 1935 Respighi began the orchestration, while at the same time working on an arrangement of Francesco Cavalli's Medea. Negotiations with the Teatro alla Scala led to the scheduling of Lucrezia and Medea in a double-bill production for the 1936-37 season.

In January 1936 Respighi's doctor diagnosed endocarditis lenta viridans, a bacterial infection which at that stage and in those years was still incurable and which led, with Respighi's strong physique, to a long struggle of four months against death. The manuscript of the opera had not left his bedside since the start of his illness, even though Respighi could hardly bear to look at it. The same illness also caused a distortion of his hearing, not only making him hear real sounds in a distorted form but later causing him to endure nightmarish musical fragments heard inside his head, bringing about a real aversion from music. Since the first symptoms had already appeared in April 1935, it is possible that Lucrezia was composed with that unpleasant feeling that Respighi reports as having started by making him hear "from one ear half a tone lower than from the other", with the obvious terror that he might become completely deaf.

It was Respighi's widow Elsa, herself a gifted composer, who after her husband's death completed the orchestration of some 29 pages of Lucrezia, starting with the soprano's final aria "non sono più quella di ieri". The composer's drafts and the fact that the opera had been played to her almost daily, while it was sketched, were of great help. The results of her work are so good that it is impossible to detect any stylistic break, as it had been, for example, in Franco Alfano's completion of Puccini's Turandot. An unusual circumstance was that in the autograph that Respighi left the singing parts had not yet been entered. This might be the result of the composer's urge to finish the more important part of his work, the orchestration, after eventually having guessed the fatal nature of his illness, a fact that had always been concealed from him. Elsa's additional and painful task, assisted by the composer Ennio Porrino, was to add also those singing parts.
Ottorino Respighi (1879 - 1936)

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The first performance of the work at the Teatro alla Scala on 24th February, 1937, under the bâton of Gino Marinuzzi and with Maria Caniglia as Lucrezia and Ebe Stignani as La Voce, was coupled with Respighi's mystery play Maria Egitziaca and a choreographic version of his orchestral suite Gli Uccelli. These last two works took the place of the unfinished Medea. Shortly afterwards the same production was mounted at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, under the same conductor, and at the Roman Teatro Reale dell'Opera under Tullio Serafin. Caniglia was to sing Lucrezia again, and for the last time, in a Turin broadcast of 1938. In the 1960s it was Anna de Cavallieri who revived this part on stage and on the radio in unforgettable dramatic renderings. As for the part of La Voce, this was to be displayed with all its difficult and varied characteristics by great mezzos such as Fedora Barbieri, Miriam Frazzini and Oralia Domínguez.

Although scored for an ensemble of normal symphonic dimensions (piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, the e trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion and strings), the Respighi considered Lucrezia as a work for "chamber orchestra", not only because it appears to be on a smaller scale, orchestrally, than Feste romane (1928), La fiamma (1933) and Belkis, regina di Saba (1934), but also because its musical language is more simple and straightforward. With Lucrezia the composer has conceived music reduced to a minimum of effects and sounding throughout as an almost unitary accompaniment. A few leit-motifs are to be found in the score, a short "Roman" fanfare, a "riding" motif, Tarquinio's "erotic" theme and the "household" theme in the central episode. In the three short but very tense orchestral interludes (opening the soldiers' scene, concluding both the rape and Lucrezia's suicide), although they sound heavier through many doublings of instruments, the musical material is still relatively sober, realisable through perusal of the vocal score.

Stylistically Lucrezia is a more complex affair. To the present writer it appears as a composer's homage to various earlier influences in his career, as if, perhaps, he had decided to abandon the most dangerous once and for all and to praise only the one that had been predominant in his stylistic development. Monteverdi's recitare cantando, in this case mainly connected with the narrative part of La Voce, reminds us of many of the earlier scores of Respighi, including his adaptation of Monteverdi's Lamento d'Autunno in 1908 and the arrangement of L'Orfeo, which had been given its successful first performance at La Scala in March 1935. The decidedly more "dangerous" influence of Richard Strauss can be found in this score in the above-mentioned leit-motif describing the eroticism of Tarquinio, reaching a brutal climax in the interlude suggesting the rape. This particular interlude may even give the impression that the composer had tried to "rape" and not only pay tribute to the music of Richard Strauss. Lucrezia, on the other hand, has some recitativi accompagnati in the ancient style, but more arisio reminding us of Puccini (Turandot in both "Non mi conosci, tu sei di razza straniera" and L'orma d'un uomo straniero ...) and Verdi ("Perfido, perfido!", a reminiscence of Desdemona's willow-song from Otello). The mysterious string chords that accompany Lucrezia's retiring to her bedroom may be a distant echo of the interlude in Giordano's Fedora, besides those few other tributes to Italian verismo in the score. Finally the "household" or "women's" scherzoso and naive leit-motif, on which the music of the second tableau is based, is not without a certain Russian flavour, a trait of many of Respighi's youthful symphonic works, while the three women are singing together, but turns rather to a baroque mood of great beauty when Lucrezia subsequently remains alone.

Fortunately these foreign influences in Respighi's opera do not cloud its beauty and lyric power and the unmistakable personal style of the composer. There is enough musical impact to reach even symphonic dimensions and there is no moment where the tension begins to flag. In this very interesting and original short opera we can but approve Respighi's definite return to a neoclassical form of musical drama, in which the singing parts become
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predominant and melody, whether recitativo, psalmody, arioso or simple song, is supported by a discreet and transparent accompaniment.

Even though, in some of her fiery outbursts, the hieratic character of a Greek chorus is surpassed, La Voce emotionally experiences each situation in the play, from the first scene of the nocturnal ride to her cries of “Vile!” at the climax, the rape and “A Roman!” at the very end. Occasionally she returns to moments of restrained fear and silent warning. To emphasize her passionate involvement Respighi inserted her strongly felt cries at the most critical moments of the drama, even interrupting or taking over the protagonist’s vocal line. The part of La Voce is one requiring particularly dramatic and varied vocal colouring. The composer’s apparent homage to Monteverdi should not always be taken as reliable, particularly at the moment of Tarquinio’s arrival, where La Voce too is infatuated by the erotic aura of the prince and succumbs to Straussian lyricism. In comparison Lucrezia and the other leading characters of the opera appear more static and stylistically more “contemporary”, which means that they are the offspring of a few more centuries of Italian bel canto tradition. It may be asked why Lucrezia’s husband Collatino has a smaller singing part than Bruto, who himself is allowed an aria and a very effective declamatory recitative in the finale (and also shows a stronger development of character). Tarquinio, on the other hand, seems not to need any aria as well, since a tremendous duet with Lucrezia awaits him, giving him a splendid opportunity to follow in the steps of Scarpia, not excluding also the lyric aspects of this rôle. Lucrezia, who sings about half of the music of the opera, has a part that makes great technical demands, especially at the end, where many lirico-spinto soprano would find it almost impossible. Respighi conceived the rôle for the soprano Maria Caniglia, after admiring her in a successful interpretation of Maria Egiziana in 1932.

The story of Lucrezia, whether legend or fact, had already inspired George Frideric Handel to a cantata in 1706. In 1946 André Obey’s play, as adapted by Ronald Duncan, was to provide the plot of Benjamin Britten’s chamber opera _The Rape of Lucretia_, in which the parts of the Récitants remained shared between two singers, a soprano and a tenor. As Livy tells us, it was the violent death of Lucretia that led the people to rise against the tyranny of the Tarquins and banish them from Rome, after the body of the martyr to chastity had been carried through the streets of the city. These events transformed Rome’s Etruscan monarchy into a republic. In the Italy of 1935, however, the final unison cry of “a Roman!” in Respighi’s opera was to be shortly followed by a decidedly regressive political change, if compared to that of 505 B.C.

Adriano (edited by Keith Anderson)

Stefania Kaluza

Stefania Kaluza’s career started in the opera-houses of Warsaw and Lodz, where she sang Cherubino, Dorabella and Carmen. In 1975, she continued her studies with Anton Dermota and Hans Hotter at the Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst in Vienna, obtaining both degrees cum laude in the domains of Lied and Oratorio singing. She has been awarded first prizes at the competitions of s’Hertogenbosch, Vienna (Belvedere), Budapest and Bregenz. After an engagement at the Landestheater Salzburg, Stefania Kaluza went to the Zurich Opera, where she had the opportunity to sing such part as Isabella in _L’Italiana in Algeri_, Preziosilla in _La forza del destino_, Eboli in _Don Carlo_, Orlowsky in _Die Fledermaus_, Beppo in _L’amico Fritz_ and the title rôle in _Héroïade_. As a guest in many international opera-houses, including Vienna, Brussels, Barcelona, Düsseldorf, Amsterdam among others. Stefania Kaluza has in her repertoire also rôles such as that of Marina in _Boris Godunov_, Amneris in _Aida_, Adalgisa in _Norma_ and Carmen. Conductors with whom she has regularly appeared include Leonard Bernstein, Claudio Abbado, Nello Santi, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Georges Prêtre and Carlo Franci. Stefania Kaluza is also a fine Oratorio and Lied interpreter.
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Michela Remor
After studies at the Conservatory of Padua, Italian-born soprano Michela Remor was awarded first prizes at the singing competitions Voci Verdiane in Busseto, Giacomo Puccini in Milano and Madama Butterfly in Viareggio. She has also been a finalist at the Pavarotti Opera Company competition in Philadelphia. After various engagements in Italian theatres, Michela Remor appeared at La Scala as a Priestess in Gluck’s Iphigénie en Tauride, a production conducted by Riccardo Muti and also recorded by Sony Classical. Michela Remor also sang with José Carreras in Suono Giliano, and in Madrid she gave her first Fiordiligii in Mozart’s Cosi fan tutte. At the Stadttheater Basel she has more recently sung Margherita in Boito’s Mefistofele and Mme Cortese in Rossini’s Il viaggio a Reims. As an oratorio singer, she has appeared in various concerts with cantatas by Handel and Vivaldi and in a charming television production of Pergolesi’s La serva padrona produced in Venice.

Richard Haan
The Czech baritone Richard Haan was born in Kosice and began his operatic career as a soloist with the state opera-houses in Usti and Labem and Olomouc. From 1990 to 1993 he was a soloist with the Slovak National Theatre in Bratislava and later joined the Janáček Opera in Brno. He is a permanent guest-artist of the State Opera House in Prague and has appeared widely throughout Europe. In 1992 he took part in performances of Janáček’s From the House of the Dead under Claudio Abbado in Salzburg and his repertoire extends from Porgy in Gershwin’s Porgy and Bess to Scarpia, the Dutchman, Don Giovanni and Rigoletto, among many other major rôles.

Ľudovít Ludha
Ľudovít Ludha had his musical training in Bratislava and since 1988 has been a soloist with the Slovak National Opera in that city. Among many successes may be counted his performance in Schoenberg’s Moses und Aaron under James Levine in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle’s Salzburg Festival production in 1987 and 1988 and in Das Buch mit sieben Siegeln in Linz in 1989 and in the same year in Zimmermann’s Eja Mater in Vienna. He has continued an international career in a repertoire ranging from Mozart, Verdi and Puccini to Martinů, Janáček, Orff and Stravinsky.

Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra (Bratislava)
The Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra (Bratislava), the oldest symphonic ensemble in Slovakia, was founded in 1929 at the instance of Miloš Ruppeldt and Oskar Nedbal, prominent personalities in the sphere of music.  Ondrej Lenárd was appointed its conductor in 1970 and in 1977 its conductor-in-chief, succeeded recently by Robert Stankovsky. The orchestra has given successful concerts both at home and abroad, in Germany, Russia, Bulgaria, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Great Britain, Hong Kong and Japan. For Marco Polo the orchestra has recorded works by Glazunov, Glière, Miaskovsky and other late romantic composers and film music of Honegger, Bliss, Ibert and Khachaturian as well as several volumes of the label’s Johann Strauss Edition. Naxos recordings include symphonies and ballets by Tchaikovsky, and symphonies by Berlioz and Saint-Saëns.

Adriano
Swiss-born Adriano began his artistic career in the field of the theatre and graphic arts. In music he is largely self-taught. In the late 1970s he established himself as a specialist on Ottorino Respighi, organizing a comprehensive exhibition and publishing a discography. He has also orchestrated two song-cycles and a piano duet suite by this composer. Other instrumental adaptations include songs by Modest Mussorgsky and Jacques Ibert. Adriano now works as a regular guest conductor with the Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra of Bratislava, particularly in an acclaimed series of recordings of film
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Dramatis personae

La Voce

Collatino (Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus, nephew of the king and a general)
Lucrezia (Lucretia Collatina, Collatinus’ wife)
Spurio Lucrezio (Spurius Lucretius, Lucretia’s father, a senator)
Valerio (Publius Valerius, a friend of Spurio)
Venilia (first maid)
Servia (second maid)
Larenzia (Larentia, third maid - silent part)
Ancilla (fourth maid - silent part)

Tarquinius (Sextus Tarquinius, prince of Rome, son of Lucius Tarquinius, called “il Superbo”)
Tito (Titus, a brother of Sextus, married to Ersilia)
Arunte (Aruns, another brother of Sextus, married to Tanaquilla)
Bruto (Lucius Junius, a nephew of the king, nicknamed “Brutus”)
A boy (Tarquinius’ servant - silent part)
Two soldiers (silent parts, who open and close the curtain)

Primo Momento

Una tenda di color ferruggierno, che nel mezzo, don’è diviso, sopraeleva in termo. Di dentro un militare solleva il telo di destra, e lo alza con una lunga lancia, che pianta nel suolo; poi con un’altra lancia, quello di sinistra; e, fissa e fissa i due lenbi.

(La cena, nella tenda pretoria di Sesto Tarquinius, é finita, ma i giovani principi s’indugiano a bere: due voci alterne continuano una canzone soldatesca, tra alle grida e battè di tazze sulla mensa.)

(Tarquinius)

War! To thee, men, drink!
War, who art daylight and life;
soft women love thee,
Peace, who art right and sleep!

(Collatinus)
The solstice is war’s time,
the winter’s long nights:
faithful spouses, await us!
We’ll celebrate on our return.

(Tarquinius and Collatinus)

Women of Ardea, take heart!
Let the waiting not be long for you!
However the siege ends,
all will still go well for you!

(Grand outburst of laughter, loud sound of voices. Outside the tent, first Collatinus appears, then Tarquinius with his brothers, Titus and Aruns. Brutus comes last. A boy
music by composers such as Arthur Honegger, Jacques Ibert, Arthur Bliss, Bernard Hermann, Franz Waxman and Aram Khachaturian. For Marco Polo he has also directed seven recordings of symphonic and vocal works by Ottorino Respighi and Jacques Ibert.

**Dramatis personae**

**La Voce**

Collatino (Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus, nephew of the king and a general)

Lucrezia (Lucretia Collatina, Collatinus’ wife)

Spurio Lucrezio (Spurius Lucretius, Lucretia’s father, a senator)

Valerio (Publius Valerius, a friend of Spurio)

Venilia (first maid)

Servia (second maid)

Larenzia (Larentia, third maid - silent part)

Ancilia (fourth maid - silent part)

**Tarquino** (Sextus Tarquinius, prince of Rome, son of Lucius Tarquinius, called “il Superbo”)

Tito (Titus, a brother of Sextus, married to Ersilia)

Arunte (Aruns, another brother of Sextus, married to Tanaquilla)

Bruto (Lucius Junius, a nephew of the king, nicknamed “Brutus”)

A boy (Tarquinius’ servant - silent part)

Two soldiers (silent parts, who open and close the curtain)

---

**Primo Momento**

Una tenda di color ferriuggine, che nel mezzo, don’tè
diviso, sopraeleva in termi. Di dentro un militre solleva
il telt o deistra, e lo alza con una lunga lancia, che
piana nel suolo; poi con un’altra lancia, quello di
sinistra; e sce, e fisca i due lombi.

(La cena, nella tenda pretoria di Sesto
Tarquinio, è finito, ma i giovani principi
s’inoltrano a bere; due voci alterne
continuano una canzone soldatesca, tra alle
grida e batteri di tazze sulla mensa).

![Image]

**First Moment**

A rust-colored hanging which, divided in the middle,
falls abundantly over the ground. From within, a
soldier raises the right half of the curtain, holds it aloft
with a long spear, which he thrusts in the ground.
Then, with another spear, he raises the left half. He
comes forward and ties up the borders of the curtain.

(Supper is over in the Praetorian tent of
Sextus Tarquinius. The meal is ended, but
the young princes stay on, drinking. Two
voices, alternating, continue an army song,
and loud shouts and the slamming of goblets
on the table).

![Image]

**Tarquinius**

War! To thee, men, drink!

War, who art daylight and life;
soft women love thee,
Peace, who art right and sleep!

**Collatinus**

The solstice is war’s time,
the winter’s long nights:
faithful spouses, await us!
We’ll celebrate on our return.

**Tarquinius and Collatinus**

Women of Ardea, take heart!

Let the waiting not be long for you!

However the siege ends,
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(Great outburst of laughter, loud sound of
voices. Outside the tent, first Collatinus
appears, then Tarquinius with his brothers,
Titus and Aruns. Brutus comes last. A boy

![Image]
scegli, quindi torna con l’anfora e mesce continuamente ai bereuti. Collatinus volge in alto la faccia, correva la fronte; poi scuotendo il pugno incontro lì dove egli vede la rocca inespongibile, si domanda con voce che simula l’ira:

2 Collatinus (2:19)
Ardea, città della febbre, e dovremo durar fino a quando qui nella putrida melma a gracciar contro un nido di falchi?

Tito
Bevi che scacci la febbre!

Tarquinio
Per poco, se i Rìtuli han fame.

Arunte
Aspra e rispettosa, ma ricca!

Tarquinio
Faremo grandissima preda d’oro, d’argento, di schiavi...

Tito
... di femine!

Tarquinio
Molta ricchezza, molta ci vuole, a placar la plebe di Roma che latra. Versa, ragazzu!

Arunte (tenendo anch’egli la tazza)
Qua, versa.

Tito (a Collatinus, indicando Bruto)
E quando vuoi ridere, guarda Giunio.

Arunte
Di’ Bruto, di’ Bruto...

Tarquinio
Stoltissimo Bruto, che pensi?
(Bluto volge intorno lo sguardo ebete, su ciascuno tutti ridono).

Va, facci ridere, su!

Bruto (fa cenno come se volesse parlarg, poi si ferma come se non volesse più dir nulla, e finalmente puntando il dito verso Arun

Che farà Tanaquilla a quest’ora?
(Gli altri si scambiano uno sguardo interrogativo).

Dubito assai che, se ha caldo, aspetti che venga l’inverno
(Ride: al suo ridere sciocco risponde quello di tutti. Solo Arunte sembra incerto se debba offendersi o no).

Arunte
Scemo!

Collatinus
Che maotto! Che maotto!

Arunte (also holding out his goblet)
Here, pour.

Titus (to Collatinus, pointing to Brutus)
And when you want to laugh, look at Junius...

Aruns
Speak up, Brutus. Speak up, Brutus...

Tarquinio
Most foolish, Brutus, what are you thinking?
(Bluto casts his steadfast gaze on each one; all laugh).

Come, make us laugh, come on!

Brutus
(makes a gesture, as if he wished to speak, then stops, as if he no longer cared to say anything. Then, finally, pointing his finger at Arunt)

What will Tanaquilla be doing at this hour?
(The others exchange an interrogatory look).

I very much doubt that, if she feels hot, she is waiting for winter to come.

(He laughs; his foolish laughter is answered by all the others’ laughing. Only Aruns seems uncertain whether he should take offence or not).

Aruns
Fool!

Collatinus
What a madman! What a madman!
scegli, quindi torna con l’anfora e mesce continuamente ai bevitori. Collatinus volge in alto la faccia, corre alla fontana: poi scuotendo il pugno incontro là dove egli vede la rocca inespugnabile, si domanda con voce che simula l’ira:

2 Collatinus (2:19)
È Ardea, città della febbre, e dovremo durare fino a quando qui nella putrida melma a gracchiare contro un nido di falchi?

Tito
Bevi che scacci la febbre!

Tarquinio
Per poco, se i RUTILI hanno fama.

Arunte
Aspra e ruggente, ma ricca!

Tarquinio
Faremo grandissima preda d’oro, d’argento, di schiavi...

Tito
... di femine!

Tarquinio
Molta ricchezza, molta ci vuole, a placar la plebe di Roma che latra. Versa, ragazzo!

carryes out two staves, then returns with the amphora, constantly pouring wine for the drinkers. Collatinus looks up, frowns; then, shaking his fist in the direction where he sees the impregnable fortress, he asks himself, in a voice simulating rage:

Collatinus
Ardea, city of fever, how long must we stay here in the putrid mire, caving against a nest of hawks?

Titus
Drink: it will drive away the fever!

Tarquinio
Not for long, if the Rutulii are hungry.

Aruns
Harsh and steep, but rich!

Tarquinio
We shall take very great booty of gold, silver, slaves...

Titus
... and women!

Tarquinio
Great wealth to appease the baying plebs of Rome. Pour, boy!

Arunte
(tenendo anch’egli la tazza)
Qua, versa.

Tito (a Collatinus, indicando Bruto)
E quando vuoi ridere, guarda Giunio.

Arunte
Di’ Bruto, di’ Bruto...

Tarquinio
Stoltissimo Bruto, che pensi?
( Bruto volge intorno lo sguardo ebete, su ciascuno tutti ridono). Va, faccï ridere, su!

Bruto (fa cenno come se volesse parlare, poi si ferma come se non volesse più dir nulla, e finalmente puntando il dito verso Arunte):

Che fara Tanaquilla a quest’ora?
(Gli altri si scambiano uno sguardo interrogativo).

DUBITO assai che, se ha caldo, aspetti che venga l’inverno
(Ride al suo ridere sciocco risponde quello di tutti. Solo Arunte sembra incerto se debba offendere o no).

Arunte
Scemo!

Collatinus
Che matto! Che matto!

Aruns
(also holding out his goblet)
Here, pour.

Titus (to Collatinus, pointing to Bruto)
And when you want to laugh, look at Junius...

Aruns
Speak up, Brutus. Speak up, Brutus...

Tarquinio
Most foolish, Brutus, what are you thinking?
( Bruts casts his stupefied gaze on each one; all laugh).

Come, make us laugh, come on!

Brutus
(makes a gesture, as if he wished to speak, then stops, as if he no longer cared to say anything. Then, finally, pointing his finger at Aruns):

What will Tanaquilla be doing at this hour?
(The others exchange an interrogatory look).

I very much doubt that, if she feels hot, she is waiting for winter to come.

(He laughs; his foolish laughter is answered by all the others’ laughing. Only Aruns seems uncertain whether he should take offence or not).

Aruns
Fool!

Collatinus
What a madman! What a madman!
Bruto
Sicuro, sicuro...

Tarquinio
Lasciatelo dire!

3 Bruto
Saggio il vate che diceva:
Vecchio nuovo il vino io bevo,
curo un vecchio nuovo male,
fedeltà di femina!
Anche dice: due soltanto
sono i giorni più soavi,
quello che la sposi
e quello del trasporto funebre.
Venere, ista pista sista!
fanni cieco, muto e sordo!
Scappa! e s‘abbia scabia e rabbia
chi verrà per ultimo!
(Le risi di tutti fanno sempre eco alle parole:
all‘improvviso Arunte si fa serio e quasi
provvocante):

4 Arunte
Bai! La mia Tanaquilla,
che è la più bella e più saggia donna
di Roma...

Titus (scrollando le spalle)
Uhi! per questo...

Arunte (con impeto)
Che intendi tu?

Bruto
Of course... of course.

Tarquinius
Let him speak his piece.

Bruto
Wise was the poet who said:
Old, new, I drink the wine;
I treat an old, new illness,
woman’s faithfulness!
He also says: two alone
are the sweetest days,
the day you marry her
and the day of the burial.
Venus, ista pista sista!
make me blind, dumb and deaf!
Run! And scabies and rashes
take him who comes last!
(Le risi di tutti fanno sempre eco alle parole:
all‘improvviso Arunte si fa serio e quasi
provvocante):

Aruns
Nonsense! My Tanaquilla,
who is the most beautiful and wisest woman
of Rome...

Titus (shrugging his shoulders)
Ah! As for that...

Aruns (forcefully)
What do you mean?

Titus
Nothing. But Erslia
is second to no woman!

Arunte
At home, spinning the wool...

Arunte
She supervises the servants; now, at evening,
she consoles her infant with a lullaby,
but if I were to arrive suddenly...

Tarquinius
The woman who honours the gods...

Aruns
The first virtue of every woman is caring for
the table and the stores!

Collatinus
If you knew Lucretia!

Bruto
Lucretia e la più casta sposa...
Sta in villa a Collazia...

Arunte (ridendo)
Lontana dai rischi...

Titus (riding anch’egli)
At sicuro...

Tarquinio (battendo la palma sulla spalla di
Collatinus)
Castore! Il più fortunato marito dell’urbe e
dell’orbe!

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15 8.223717
Bruto
Sicuro, sicuro...

Tarquinio
Lasciatelo dire!

3 Bruto
Saggio il vate che diceva: Vecchio nuovo il vino io bevo, curo un vecchio nuovo male, fedeltà di femina! Anche dice: due soltanto sono i giorni più soavi, quello che la sposi e quello del trasporto funebre. Venere, ista pista sista! fannmi cieco, nuto e sordo! Scappa! e s’abbia scabbia e rabbia ch’è verà per ultima! (Le risi di tutti fanno sempre eco alle parole: all’improvviso Arunte si fa serio e quasi provocante):

Brutus
Of course... of course.

Tarquinius
Let him speak his piece.

Brutus
Wise was the poet who said: Old, new, I drink the wine; I treat an, old, new illness, woman’s faithfulness! He also says: two alone are the sweetest days, the day you marry her and the day of the burial. Venus, ista pista sista! make me blind, dumb and deaf! Run! And scabies and rabbies take him who comes last! (His words are constantly echoed by the laughter of all, suddenly Aruns turns grave, almost provocative):

Arunte
Baie! La mia Tanaquilla, che è la più bella e più saggia donna di Roma...

Tito (scrollando le spalle)
Uuh! per questo...

Arunte (con impeto)
Che intendi tu?

Aruns
Nonse! My Tanaquilla, who is the most beautiful and wisest woman of Rome...

Titus (shrugging his shoulders)
Ah! As for that...

Aruns (forcefully)
What do you mean?

Tito
Nulla. Ma Ersilia non è seconda a nessuna!

Arunte
In casa, a filare la lana...

Tito
Vigila i servi; ora, a vespro, consola con lalla il suo bimbo, ma si’o giungessi improvvisso...

Tarquinio
La donna che onora gli dei...

Arunte
Prima virtù d’ogni donna curare la mensa e la cella!

Collatinus
Se conosceste Luciazio!

Brutus
Lucrezia si è la più casta sposa... Sta in villa a Collatia...

Arunte (ridendo)
Lontana dai rischi...

Tito (ridendo anch’egli)
Al sicuro...

Tarquinio (battendo la palma sulla spalla di Collatinus)
Castore! Il più fortunato marito dell’urbe e dell’orbe!

Titus
Nothing. But Ersilia is second to no woman!

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At home, spinning the wool...

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She supervises the servants; now, at evening, she consoles her infant with a lullaby, but if I were to arrive suddenly...

Tarquinius
The woman who honours the gods...

Aruns
The first virtue of every woman is caring for the table and the stores!

Collatinus
If you knew Lucrècia!

Brutus
Lucrezia, yes, is the most chaste wife... She is in the country at Collatia...

Aruns (laughing)
Far from risks...

Titus (laughing)
In safety...

Tarquinius (slapping Collatinus on the shoulder)
By Castor! The luckiest husband in the city and the world!
Collatino (serio)
Bruto una volta ha parlato da savio.

Arunte
Nessuna primogia sopra le nuove del re.

Collatino (aggressivo)
A corte i costumi d'Etruria usano, dove le donne s'indugiino in veglie a conviti...

Tarquinius
Vattene! sono d'esempio a tutte!

Collatino (eccitato, porga la tazza, poi beve).
Qua, versa, ragazzo!

Bruto
Principi in tutto i Tarquini!
(Collatino dà una spinta a Bruto, che anche gli altri rispingono, accalorandosi).

Collatino
Vogliamo scommettere?

Arunte
Vada.

Tarquinius
Sméttia! il vino ti scaldà!

Collatino
Che vino! che vino! Scommetti?

Collatinus (serious)
For once Brutus has spoken like a wise man.

Aruns
No woman prevails above the king’s daughter-in-law.

Collatitus (aggressive)
At court the Etrurian customs are in vogue, whereby the women spend their time staying up late, and at banquets.

Tarquinius
Away with you! They are an example to all women!

Collatinus (excited, holds out his goblet, then drinks)
Here, pour, boy!

Brutus
Princes in everything, the Tarquinii!
(Collatinus gives Brutus a shave. The others also reject him, growing hoited).

Collatitus
Shall we make a bet?

Aruns
I'm willing.

Tarquinius
Stop this! The wine is making you hot!

Collatinus
What wine! What wine! Will you bet?

Arunte
Si chiederemo alle vecchie di casa...

Collatitus (sempre più acceso interrompe)
A che tante parole?

5 Se siete in gamba, ragazzi, montiamo a cavallo! Una corsa fino a Collazza ed a Roma, che ben lo vedemo coi nostri occhi, giungendo inattesi...

Arunte
Benone!

Tito
Sì, andiamo!

Collatitus (gridando)
Un momento! Fuori ciascuno il suo pegno. L'anello...
(Si toglie l'anello dal dito).

Arunte
(lo imita e porge l'anello a Bruto)
Brutissimo, tieni, tu che non conti...

Tarquinius
Ecco il mio: l'amilla.

Tito (togliendosi dal balseo il gladio che ha impugnatura lucente).
Oli, bada, ch'è d'oro.

Aruns
Yes, we'll ask the old women of the household...

Collatitus (interrupts, more and more overheated)
What good are so many words? If you're in fit shape, boys, let's mount our horses! A dash to Collatia and to Rome, and we shall see with our own eyes, arriving unexpected...

Aruns
Fine!

Titus
Yes, let's go!

Collatitus (shouting)
Just a moment! Let each one come out with his pledge. My ring...
(He takes the ring from his finger).

Aruns (follows suit and hands his ring to Brutus)
Brutissimus, keep this, you, who don't count...

Tarquinius
Here's mine: my bracelet.

Titus (taking his dagger, which has a shiny hilt, from his belt).
Now mind you, it's made of gold.
Collatinus (serio)
Bruto una volta ha parlato da savio.

Arunte
Nessuna primigemma
sopra le nuove del re.

Collatinus (aggressivo)
A corte i costumi d’Etruria usano,
dove le donne s’indugiano in veglie a
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Away with you! They are an example to all
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Here, pour, boy!

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fino a Collazia ed a Roma,
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Arunte
Benone!

Tito
Sì, andiamo!

Collatinus (gridando)
Un momento!
Fuori cuscino il suo pegno. L’anello...
(Si toglie l’anello dal dito).

Arunte (lo imita e porgere l’anello a Bruto)
Brutissimo, tieni,
tu che non conti...

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Ecco il mio: l’amilla.

Tito (toglendosi dal balteo il gladio che ha
impugnatura lucente).
Oli, bada, ch’è d’oro.

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Yes, we’ll ask the old women of the household...

Collatinus (interrupts, more and more
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(He takes the ring from his finger).

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you, who don’t count...

Tarquinus
Here’s mine: my bracelet.

Titus (taking his dagger, which has a shiny hilt,
from his belt).
Now mind you, it’s made of gold.
**Secondo Momento**

La tela si apre. Si vede un semplice colonnato in cotto policromato, su un gradino: le due colonne centrali avanzano un poco, e sono congiunte da archei e tende. Si finge così l'atrio della casa di Collatina a Collatia, in modo che a sinistra sia il vestibolo, a destra il peristilio con le camere degli ospiti, e nel centro il panorama di Lucrezia. Da un lato il larario, piccolo tabernacolo con le statue dei Lari in legno.

**Second Moment**

The curtain opens. A simple colonnade in polychrome terra cotta is seen, on a raised platform: the two central columns project a bit, and are joined by lintels and curtains. This is indicated the atrium of the house of Collatius at Collatia, so that at left there is the vestibule, at right the peristyle with the guest chambers, and, in the center, Lucretia's bedchamber. To one side is the lararium, a little tabernacle with wooden statues of the Lares.
Tarquinio (chiama a sé un legionario)
Milite, scogli i cavallo!
(Il legionario esce di corsa).

Collatino
A cavallo!

Arunte
A cavallo!

Tutti (uscendo rapidissimi)
Al galoppo!
(Due militi richiudono la tenda pretoria: la scenè è deserta. Dall'orchestra s'innalza la voce):

La voce
(4:08)
Lo scalpitate galoppo che rulla nell'ombra notturna
per l'andata campagna lentamente si perde.

Rogge le mura dell'urbe; la porta ferrata;
più lento
gianan di zoccoli su le deserte vie.

L'alto palagio appare vivace di luci e di canti,
poi che adunate son le regali donne
a consumar tra gli eguali il tempo in fastoso
convito
Vanno quindi a Collazia, dove Lucrezia a
	vedra si sta con le ancelle in casa a filare la
lana.

Berignamente accolti, bevono alla salute
del vincitore poi lieti del gioco ritornano al
campo.

Tarquinius (calls a legionary to him)
Soldier, unite the horses!
(The legionary runs out).

Collatius
To horse!

Aruns
To horse!

All (going out rapidly)
To our gallop!

two soldiers close the praetoriana tent: the stage is empty. A Voice rises from the orchestra.

The Voice
The rattling gallop drums in the night
shadow,
through the rolling country, it is lost, as it goes off
Reddish the walls of the city; the barred gate;
more slowly
the passing of hoofs on the deserted streets.
The tall building appears, bright with lights
and songs,
as the royal women are gathered
To spend the time with their equals in
sumptuous feast.

Then they to Collatia, where Lucretia, in late
vigil is with her handmaids in the house,
spinning wool.

Kindly welcomed, they drink the health
of the victor, then happy in their jest they
return to the camp.

Mal cauto gioco, seme di quanto male!
Poiché una brama funesta nel cuor di
Tarquinio s'accende:
— Si, veramente degna è d'un sovrano amore.
Io, che son figlio di re,
che ho per mia legge il talento,
Questa lucente gemma voglio alla mia corona.
Vincer gli uomini in guerra,
toglier d'assalto e prender
una città munita, un vivente trofeo,
ecco, soltanto così io mi sento l'eguale d'un dio:
rischio non sa chi agogna una coppa
d'ambrosia.

Domeni! O notte ansiosa, ore del giorno,
voleva!

O desiderio, scharza i cavallo del sole!
Splendi, marmorea fronte;
abbaianeri, seno di luce;
armati, invitata donna,
per la gioiosa guerra.

Second Moment
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policherino, su un gradino: le due colonne centrali
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to Collazia, in modo che a sinistra sia il vestibulo, a destra
il peristilio con le camere degli ospiti, e nel centro
la camera di Lucretia. Da un lato il larario, piccolo
tubervacolo con le statue dei Lari in legno.

Unwise game, seed of so much evil!
For a dire desire is kindled in the heart of
Tarquinus:
— Yes, it is truly worthy of a sovereign love
I, who am son of kings,
who have talent as my law,
want this shining jewel in my crown.
Defeating men in war, attacking and looting
a well-stocked city, a living trophy:
there, only thus do I feel myself a god's equal:

he who yearns for a draught of ambrosia
knows no risk.

Tomorrow! O anxious night, hours of the day,
fly!
O desire, lash the horses of the sun!
Shine, marble-like brow;
dazzle me, bosom of light;

For joyous war.

Second Moment
The curtain opens. A simple colonnade in polychrome
terra cotta is seen, on a raised platform: the two central
columns project a bit, and are joined by lintels and
curtains. This is indicated the atrium of the house of
Collatius at Collatia, so that at left there is
the vestibule, at right the peristyle with the guest
chambers, and, in the centre, Lucretia's bedchamber.
To one side is the lararium, a little tabernacle with
wooden statuettes of the Lares.
Venilia
Il fuso è pieno.

Servia
Guarda com'è lucido lo stame...

Venilia
Oh!

Servia
Mai non vidi uno simile.

Venilia
Davvero!

Servia
Sembra d'oro

Venilia
Nel pennacchio c'è un baco...

Servia
... e fa la bava...

Venilia (ridendo, a Lurezia)
Vero, pòpula?

Servia
E la storia, Lucrezia, la tua storia?
(Lo sforzo è costante, con gioia infantile, curiosità e intelligenza.)

Venilia
(Fa una pausa; il rossetto è rosso.)

(It is a summer evening; a candelabrum is burning. Seated in a circle, Lucretia and her four handmaids are spinning the wool.)

Venilia
Sì, ch'era così bella...

Servia
Ce la termini?

Lucrezia
Dov'eravamo?

Venilia
Che piangeva: Ah, perfido...

(4:24)

Lucrezia
E piangeva la misera donna: Perfido! perfido! 
Sorella buona, chiamale, pregalo, ch'è non fugga. 
Questa grazia ti supplico, Anna mia persuadilo 
a breve indugio, un ultimo giorno, l'ultima notte! 
No, che non tema il lusso d'un querulo rimprovero, 
d'una tacita lagrima... 
Animo ho di regina. 
Vadano! a nuova patria, ad altre nozze navighi 
ai più splendido impero, 
se lo vogliono i Numi...

Venilia
Cuore di bronzo, triplice bronzo, gli eroi...

Venilia
Yes, it was so beautiful...

Servia
Will you finish it for us?

Lucrezia
Where were we?

Venilia
Where she was weeping: Ah! treacherous man...

Lucrezia
And the wretched woman wept: 
Treacherous, treacherous man! 
Good sister, call him, 
beg him not to flee. 
This favour I beg of you, 
my Anna, persuade him to a brief delay, 
a last day, the last night! 
No, let him not fear the nuisance of 
a whining reproach, 
of a silent tear... 
I have the spirit of a queen. 
Let them go! To the homeland, 
let him sail to another marriage, 
to a more splendid reign, 
if the Gods wish it...

Venilia
Hearts of bronze, triple bronze, heroes have...
(È sera d’estate: un candeliere è acceso. In cerchio, Lucrezia e le sue quattro ancelle filano la lana.)

7 Venilia
Il fuoco è pieno.

Servia
Guarda com’è lucido lo stame...

Venilia
Oh!

Servia
Mai non vidi uno simile.

Venilia
Davvero!

Servia
Sembra d’oro

Venilia
Nel pennacchio c’è un baco...

Servia
... e fa la bava...

Venilia (ridendo, a Larentia)
Vero, pùpula?

Servia
E la storia, Lucrezia, la tua storia? (Laurenza e Ancilla accennano di sì, con gioia infantile, curiose e intente.)

(It is a summer evening; a candelabrum is burning. Seated in a circle, Lucretia and her four handmaidens are spinning the wool.)

7 Venilia
The distaff is full.

Servia
See how the thread shines...

Venilia
Oh!

Servia
I never saw one like it.

Venilia
Truly!

Servia
It seems of gold.

Venilia
In the tuft there is a worm...

Servia
... and it makes slime...

Venilia (laughing, to Larentia)
Isn’t that right, child?

Servia
And the story, Lucretia, what about your story? (Larentia and Ancilla nod their agreement, with childish joy, curious and alert.)

8 Lucrezia
E piageva la misera donna: Perfidio! perfido! Sorella buona, chiamalo, pregalo, ché non fugga. Questa grazia ti supplico, Anna mia persuadilo a breve indugio, un ultimo giorno, l’ultima notte! No, che non tema il tedio d’un querulo rimprovero, d’una tacita lagrima... Animo ho di regina. Vadanos’ a nuova patria, ad altre nozze navighi a più splendido imperio, se lo vogliono i Numi...

Venilia
Cuore di bronzo, triplice bronzo, gli eroi...

Venilia
Si, ch’era così bella...

Servia
Ce la termini?

Lucrezia
Dov’eravamo?

Venilia
Che piangevano: Ah, perfido...

8 Lucrezia
And the wretched woman wept: Treacherous, treacherous man! Good sister, call him, beg him not to flee. This favour I beg of you, my Anna, persuade him to a brief delay, a last day, the last night! No, let him not fear the nuisance of a whining reproach, of a silent tear... I have the spirit of a queen. Let them go! To the homeland, let him sail to another marriage, to a more splendid reign, if the Gods wish it...

Venilia
Hearts of bronze, triple bronze, heroes have...
Lucrezia
Lo smemora
Il fato inesorabile.

Servia
E la povera Elissa?

Lucrezia
Abi, le vele dileguano
Via sul vento del vespero,
E l’olocausto imporpora
L’impassibile cielo.
Perfido! perfido! perfido!

Venilia
Oh, senza amore non poteva vivere...

Lucrezia (con voce lenta e prolunga)
No: senza onore! È più grande miseria.

9 Servia (guardando il filato della giovine) (1:13)
Larenzia, con tono di rimprovero
Bada al tuo filato, sta attenta,
Larenzia, sta attenta! Vedi, c’è un gruppo.
Devi sempre avvolgere
Uguale il filo...

Lucrezia
No, povera piccola,
Non la sgirладre.

Servia
In questo modo filano!

Lucrezia
Inexorable destiny
deprives him of his memory.

Servia
And poor Elissa?

Lucretia
Alas, the soul go off,
Away on the wind of dusk,
And the holocaust empurple
The impassible sky.
Treacherous man, treacherous, treacherous!

Venilia
Oh, without love she couldn’t live...

Lucretia (in a slow, profound voice)
No: without honour!
The suffering is even greater

Servia (looking at young Larentia’s spinning, in
a tone of reproach)
Look to our distaff, be careful,
Larentia, be careful! See, there’s a tangle.
You must always wind the thread evenly...

Lucretia
No, poor little thing,
don’t scold her.

Servia
This is how they spin!

Lucretia
Ha sonno forse.
(alla piccola, con dolcezza)
Si va a nanna subito...

Venilia (levando improvvisamente il capo e
guardando verso il vestibolo)
Ora chi viene?
(‘Un servo entra rapido e si china all’orecchio
di Lucrezia).

Lucrezia (sorpresa)
Chi? Sesto Tarquinio?
(‘Il servo annunzio. Movimento delle ancelle).

10 Venilia
(2:30)
Anche stasera?

Servia
Tardi...

Venilia
Strana visita...

Tarquinio (entra nel vestibolo).
Salve, Lucrezia.

Lucrezia (con subita ansia, levandosi)
Notizie da Ardea?

(Anche l’atteggiamento delle ancelle
s’accorda al dubbio ansioso della donna. Ma
l’ospite nasconde col gesto tranquillo e col
sorriso. Lucrezia siede e parla con Tarquinio:
non si odono le parole, tuttavia si può capire

Venilia
This evening, too?

Servia
Late.

Venilia
Strange visit...

Tarquinio (enters from the vestibule).
Hail, Lucretia.

Lucretia (with immediate anxiety, rising)
News from Ardea?

(‘The attitude of the handmaidens also
expresses the woman’s anxious suspicion.
But the visitor reassures, with a calm gesture
and with a smile. Lucretia sits down and
speaks with Tarquinus. Their words cannot

Lucretia
She is sleepy perhaps.
(to the girl, gently)
We’ll go to bed at once...

Venilia (suddenly raising her head and looking
towards the vestibule)
Now who is coming?
(A servant enters rapidly and bends to
Lucretia’s ear).

Lucretia (surprised)
Who? Sextus Tarquinous?
(The servant nods. Movement and
murmuring among the handmaidens).

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Lucrezia
Lo smemora
il fato inesorabile.

Servia
E la povera Elissa?

Lucrezia
Abi, le vele dileguano
via sul vento del vespro,
e l’olocastro imporpora
l’impassibile cielo.
Perfido! perfido! perfido!

Venilia
Oh, senza amore non poteva vivere...

Lucrezia (con voce lenta e prolonga)
No: senza onore! È più grande miseria.

9 Servia (guardando il filato della giovane) (1:13)
Larenzia, con tono di rimprovero
Bada al tuo filato, sta attenta,
Larenzia, sta attenta! Vedi, c’è un gruppo.
Devi sempre avvolgere ugualmente il filo...

Lucrezia
No, povera piccola,
non la sgiradare.

Servia
In questo modo filano!

Lucretia
Inexorable destiny
deprives him of his memory.

Servia
And poor Elissa?

Lucretia
Alas, the soil go off,
away on the wind of dusk,
and the holocaust impoverishes
the impassive sky.
Treachery, man, treacherous, treacherous!

Venilia
Oh, without love she couldn’t live...

Lucretia (in a slow, profound voice)
No: without honour!
The suffering is even greater

Servia (looking at young Larentia’s spinning, in
a tone of reproach)
Look to our distaff, be careful,
Larenzia, be careful! See, there’s a tangle.
You must always wind the thread evenly...

Lucretia
No, poor little thing,
don’t scold her.

Servia
This is how they spin!

Lucrezia
Ha sonno forse.
(alla piccola, con dolcezza)
Si va a nanna subito...

Venilia (levando improvvisamente il capo e
guardando verso il vestibolo)
Ora chi viene?
(Un servo entra rapido e si china all’orecchio di Lucrezia).

Lucrezia (sorpresa)
Chi? Sesto Tarquinio?
(1 servo annunzice. Movimento delle ancelle).

Venilia (2:30)
Anche stasera?

Servia
Tardi...

Venilia
Strana visita...

Tarquinio (entra nel vestibolo).
Salve, Lucrezia.

Lucrezia (con subita aria, levandosi)
Notizie da Ardea?
(Anche l’atteggiamento delle ancelle
s’accorda al dubbio ansioso della donna. Ma
l’ospite nascosta col gesto tranquillo e col
sorriso. Lucrezia si chiude e parla con Tarquinio:
non si odono le parole, tuttavia si può capire

Venilia
This evening, too?

Servia
Late.

Venilia
Strange visit...

Tarquinio (enters from the vestibule).
Hail, Lucrezia.

Lucretia (with immediate anxiety, rising)
News from Ardea?
(The attitude of the handmaidens also
expresses the woman’s anxious suspicion.
But the visitor reassures, with a calm gesture
and with a smile. Lucretia sits down and
speaks with Tarquinus. Their words cannot
La voce
Oh, how beautiful! It is!
Oh, how much more beautiful than yesterday!
That fleeting ardor is well suited to her.
Clear and proud eyes,
not even a suspicion darkens you!
The throat pulses, temptingly: a kiss, a kiss!
How pure her hand is! Innocently it rests
in vain, on a quiet pulsation of doves.
In vain, in vain!
In an hour’s time, a joy for all secrets!
I hold you, proud boot, worth a kingdom.

Tarquinio
Il cammino riprendere
debo alla prima luce: è necessario...

Venilia
Belli occhi... hai visto?

Servia
Si, ma come guardano!

Venilia
Fierì...

Servia
Cattivi: ti mettono il birivio.
Sguardo d’uccello di preda...

Venilia
E mi piacciono per questo...

Servia
Gente superba, i Tarquinii...

(Taccioni che Lucrezia ritorna con le due gioielline.
Obbedendo ai comandi, le ancelle compiono i
preparativi notturni: aprono le cortine del
balcone, accendono una fiera lucerna pendulare
e nascosta dalle cortine, apprestano il letto;
anche aconci il capo della padrona, un’altra
le porge una sottile tunica e ripone con cura
e vesti.)

Lucrezia
Larentia, Ancilla, prendete le lampade.
(a Tarquinio indicando):
La tua camera è qui, sul peristilio...

(Venilia preceduta da Larentia e Ancilla, una accompagna l’ospite verso l’interno della casa, a destra).

Servia
Evil: they make you shudder.
The gaze of a bird of prey...

Venilia
And that’s why I like them...

Servia
Proud people, the Tarquinii...

(Te are silent, as Lucrezia returns with the
two young maidens. Obeying orders, the maids carry out the
preparations for the night: they open the
curtains of the bed, they light a faint hanging
lamp, and hidden by the curtains, they
prepare the bed. One does her mistress’s hair,
another hands her a light tunic and carefully
puts away her clothing).

Lucrezia
They have dispelled the sleep from your lids,
Larentia! Hurry, girls, it’s later than usual.
Prepare my room. And you, fix
La voce

Oh, how beautiful she is!

Oh, how much more beautiful than yesterday!

That fleeting ardor is well suited to her.

Clear and proud eyes,

not even a suspicion darkens you!

The throat pulses, temptingly: a kiss, a kiss!

How pure her hand is! Innocently it rests

in vain, on a quiet palpitation of doves.

In vain, in vain...

In a hour's time, a joy for all secrets!

I hold you, proud booty, worth a kingdom.

Venilia

Belli occhi... hai visto?

Servia

Sì, ma come guardano!

Venilia

Fieri...

Servia

Cattivi: ti mettono il brivido.

Sguardo d'uccello di preda...

Venilia

E mi piacciono per questo...

Servia

Gente superba, i Tarquinius...

(T’acconci che Lucretia ritorna con le due gioielline.

Obbedendo ai comandi, le ancelle compiono i

preparativi notturni: aprono le cortine del

talamo, accendono una foca lucerna pendula

e nascosta dalle cortine, apprestano il letto;

una aconcia il capo della padrona, un’altra

le porge una sottile tunica e ripone con cura

le vesti.)

Lucretia

T’hano sviato il sonno dalle palpebre,

Lucretia! Leste, è più tardi del solito.

Prepara la mia camera. E tu aconciai

Venilia

Handsome eyes... did you see them?

Servia

Yes, but how they stare!

Venilia

Proud...

Servia

Evil: they make you shudder.

The gaze of a bird of prey...

Venilia

And that’s why I like them...

Servia

Proud people, the Tarquinius...

(The are silent, as Lucretia returns with the
two young maidens. Obeying orders, the maids carry out the
preparations for the night: they open the
curtains of the bed, they light a faint hanging
lamp, and hidden by the curtains, they
prepare the bed. One does her mistress’s hair,
another hands her a light tunic and carefully
puts away her clothing.)

Lucretia

They have dispelled the sleep from your lids,

Lucretia! Hurry, girls, it’s later than usual.

Prepare my room. And you, fix
i capelli.  
Così, buone notizie dal campo.  
Ma che folle angoscia al subito  
apparire! L’angoscia d’un presagio  
di morte... Strano, come corre l’anima...  
Ha una missione per Gabio...  
Potevano... mandare Lucio...  
Riponi la tunica,  
ecce, o la zona... Va bene: puoi spegnere.  

(Lucrezia si corica.  
Venilia, Servia, e Larencia tolgono ciascuna  
una lucernetta dal candeliere: Ancilla porta  
via il candeliere spogliato).  

Andate.  
Servia e Venilia  
Dolce riposo, Lucrezia.  
Lucrezia  
E a voi.  

(Tutte salutano ed escono. Il buio è rotto  
appena dalla lucernetta pendula del talamo.  
Lucrezia si addormenta).  
Potevano... mandare... Lucio...  

[La voce]  
(1:46)  
E sorridendo così, in un dolce pensierò d’amore,  
sotto l’ombra dei cigli i blandi sogni invoca.  
Tacita, arroccata nell’ampia quiete, la casa è sicura:  

my hair.  
And so, good news from the field.  
But what mad anxiety, at his sudden  
apparition! The anxiety of a premonition  
of death... Strange, how the spirit races.  
He has a mission for Gabius...  
They could have  
sent Lucius...  
Put away the tunic,  
there, and the belt... Very well, you may put  
out the light.  

(Lucrezia goes to bed.  
Venilia, Servia, and Larencia each take a little  
lamp from the candelabra. Ancilla takes  
away the now bare object).  

Go.  
Servia and Venilia  
Sleep well, Lucretia.  

Luceria  
You, too.  

(They all say goodnight and leave. The  
darkness is barely broken by the little  
hanging lamp over the bed. Lucretia falls  
asleep).  

They could... have sent... Lucius...  

The Voice  
And smiling thus, in a sweet thought of love,  
under the eyelids’ shadow,  
she invokes soft dreams  
Silent, shrouded in the broad calm,  
the house is safe;  

veglia un solo, rattiene l’ansia, cauto si leva...  
(Appare da destra Tarquinio, la tunica  
succinta, la corta spada nel pugno).  
... striscia con passo felino dal peristilio  
nell’atrio...  
esita, forse torna...  

[1:43]  
ahi, che varca la soglia!  
Ecco: nel letto bianca una forma,  
un calmo respiro...  
Brancola una rapace mano sul petto, e preme...  

Tarquinio  
Taci, Lucretia, son io, Tarquinio...  
Sesto Tarquinio,  
l’arma nel pugno, e t’uccido se chiami...  
Un urlo e l’uccido.  

Lucrezia  
Incubo... sogno...  
Che vuoi?  
No.  

Tarquinio  
Taci, Lucretia, io che t’amo...  
l’amo, e ti voglio, e ti prendo...  

Lucrezia  
No. Vattene. Vattene o grido.  

Tarquinio  
Sentì: ho la febbre, di te...  

Lucrezia  
No.  

only one is awake; he restrains his eagerness,  
cautiously rises...  
(Tarquinus appears from the right, wearing  
a brief tunic, the short sword in his grip)  
... slips with feline tread from peristyle to  
atrium...  
hesitates, perhaps is turning...  
alas! he crosses the threshold  
There: in the white bed a shape,  
a calm breathing...  
A rapacious hand gropes the bosom,  
and squeezes...  

Tarquinus  
Be silent, Lucretia. It is I, Tarquinus...  
Sextus Tarquinus,  
weapon in hand, and I’ll kill you if you call  
out... One cry and I kill you.  

Lucretia  
Nightmare... dream...  
What do you want?  
No.  

Tarquinus  
Be silent, Lucretia, I who love you...  
I love you and I want you, and I take you...  

Lucretia  
No. Go away or I shout.  

Tarquinus  
Listen: I have a fever for you...  

Lucretia  
No.
i capelli.
Così, buone notizie dal campo.
Ma che folle angoscia al subito
apparire! L’angoscia d’un preannuncio
di morte... Strano, come corre l’anima...
Ha una missione per Gabio...
Potevano... mandare Lucio...
Riponi la tunica,
ecce, o la zona... Va bene: puoi spegnere.

(Lucrezia si corica.
Venilia, Servio, e Lucretzia tolgono ciascuna
e una lucertella dal candeliere: Ancilla porta
via il candelabro spogliato).

Andate.

Servia e Venilia
Dolce riposo, Lucrezia.

Lucrezia
E a voi.

(Tutte salutano ed escono. Il buio è rotto
appena dalla lucertella pendula del talamo.
Lucrezia si addormenta).

Potevano... mandare... Lucio...

[2] La voce (1:46)
E sorridendo così, in un dolce pensiero d’amore,
sotto l’ombra dei cigli i blandi sogni invoca.

Tacita, avvolta nell’ampia quiete, la casa è sicura:


my hair.
And so, good news from the field.

But what mad anxiety, at his sudden

apparition! The anxiety of a premonition

dead... Strange, how the spirit races.

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They could have

sent Lucius...

Put away the tunic,

there, and the belt... Very well, you may put

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lamp from the candeliarum: Ancilla takes away
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Go.

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Sleep well, Lucretia.

Lucretia
You, too.

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The Voice
And smiling thus, in a sweet thought of love,

under the eyelids’ shadow,
she invokes soft dreams

Silent, shrouded in the broad calm,

the house is safe;

veglia un solo, rattiene l’ansia, cauto si leva...

(Appare da destra Tarquinio, la tunica

sucinta, la corta spada nel pugno).

... stria with passo felino dal peristilio

nell’atrio...

esita, forse torna...

[13] ahi, che varca la soglia!

Ecco: nel letto bianca una forma,

un calmo respiro...

Brancola una rapace mano sul petto,

ed preme...

Tarquinio
Tacii, Lucretia, son io, Tarquinio...

Sesto Tarquinio, l’arma nel pugno, e t’uccido se chiiami...

Un urlo e l’uccido.

Lucretia
Incubo... sogno...

Che vuoi?

No.

Tarquinio
Tacii, Lucretia, io che t’amo...

l’amo, e ti voglio, e ti prendo...

Lucretia
No. Vattene. Vattene o grido.

Tarquinio
Sentì: ho la febbre, di te...

Lucretia
No.

only one is awake; he restrains his eagerness,

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There in the white bed a shape,

a calm breathing...

A rapacious hand gropes the bosom,

and squeezes...

Tarquinus
Be silent, Lucretia. It is I, Tarquinus...

Sextus Tarquinus, the weapon in hand, and I’ll kill you if you call

out... One cry and I kill you.

Lucretia
Nightmare... dream...

What do you want?

No.

Tarquinus
Be silent, Lucretia, I who love you... I

love you and I want you, and I take you...

Lucretia
No. Go away or I shout.

Tarquinus
Listen: I have a fever for you...

Lucretia
No.
Tarquinius
Da ieri, da quando t'ho vista, 
m'arde, e più d'ora, che tocco la trepida gola, 
che sento 
urgere questa dolcezza di seno, 
che bevo il tuo fiato. 
Non ti s'apprende l'ardore? 
Vuoi doni mirabil? 
Vuoi esser regina di Roma? 
io posso ogni cosa che voglio.

Lucrezia (4:26)
Non mi conosci. 
Tu sei di razza straniera. 
Lusinghe e minacce. Tu puoi uccidermi, 
altro non puoi.

Tarquinius 
Viva ti voglio!

Lucrezia 
No!

Tarquinius 
Oh come sei bella! 
Risplendi nell'ombra. 
Anche il dispregio che serra la bocca sdegnosa 
mai'zza; 
anche mi'abbaglia il candore dell'inaccessibile vetta; 
eccil il mio desiderio lo sguardo avverso... 
Un oscuro dio mi possiede 
e mi spinge... 
Perché dunque sei tanto bella?

Tarquinius
Since yesterday, since I saw you, 
it burns me, and even more now, 
when I touch the trembling throat, 
when I feel 
surging this sweetness of your breast, 
when I drink in your breath. 
Doesn't this ardour make itself felt in you? 
Do you want wondrous gifts? 
Do you want to be queen of Rome? 
I can do anything I want.

Lucretia
You don't know me. 
You are of a foreign race. 
Vain flattery and threats. You can kill me; 
you can do nothing else.

Tarquinius 
I want you alive!

Lucretia 
No!

Tarquinius 
Oh how beautiful you are! 
You shine in the darkness. 
Even the contempt that clutches your 
scorning mouth arouses me; 
I am even dazzled by the whiteness of the 
inaccessible peak; 
the hostile gaze stirs my desire... 
A dark god possesses me 
and drives me... 
Why then are you so beautiful?
Tarquinio
Da ieri, da quando t’ho vista,
m’ardre, e più d’ora, che tocco la trepida gola,
che sento
urgere questa dolcezza di seno,
che bevo il tuo fiato.
Non ti s’aprende l’ardore?
Vuoi doni mirabili?
Vuoi esser regina di Roma?
io posso ogni cosa che voglio.

46 Lucrezia

Non mi conosci.
Tu sei di razza straniera.
Lusinghe vane e minacce. Tu puoi uccidermi,
altro non puoi.

Tarquinio
Viva ti voglio!

Lucrezia
No!

Tarquinio
Oh come sei bella!
Risplendi nell’ombra.
Anche il disprezzo che serra la bocca sdegno
ma’izza;
anche m’abbaglia il candore dell’inaccessibile
vetta;
eccil il mio desiderio lo sguardo avverso...
Un oscuro dio mi possiede
e mi sringo...
Perché dunque sei tanto bella?

Tarquinio
Sìncase yesterday, since Io saw you,
it burns me, and even more now,
when I touch the trembling throat,
when I feel
surging this sweetness of your breast,
when I drink in your breath.
Doesn’t this ardour make itself felt in you?
Do you want wondrous gifts?
Do you want to be queen of Rome?
I can do anything. I want.

Lucrezia
You don’t know me.
You are of a foreign race.
Vain flattery and threats. You can kill me;
you can do nothing else.

Tarquinio
I want you alive!

Lucrezia
No!

Tarquinio
Oh how beautiful you are!
You shine in the darkness.
Even the contempt that clenches your
scornful mouth arouses me;
I am even dazzled by the whiteness of the
inaccessible peak;
the hostile gaze stirs my desire...
A dark god possesses me
and drives me...
Why then are you so beautiful?

Lucrezia
Ebbro o demente, tu puoi uccidermi,
altro non puoi.

Tarquinio (furoso)
Posso infamare la tua virtù ostinata e selvaggia,
mettere accanto a te morta
un servo ignudo gozzato,
si che ciascuno ti sappia sorpresa
nel sozzo adulterio...

Lucrezia
Vile! non questo! non questo!

Tarquinio
Lo vedi che sono il più forte?

Lucrezia
No, questo no!

Tarquinio
Non c’è cosa che io non farò per averti!

Lucrezia
Sesto ti prego... eco, vedi, ti supplico...
Non fare ostaggio
agli implacabili idoli, tu ospite!
Sono tremendi.
Hanno in custodia il pudore,
la fece... uccidimi dunque,
ma non l’infamia... Ti prego...
Dov’è la mia grande fierezza?
Son tanto stanca... una donna anch’io...
ona povera donna...
An! ah!

Lucretia
Drunk or mad, you can kill me;
you can do nothing else.

Tarquinio (Furious)
I can defame your stubborn and wild virtue,
put beside your dead body
a naked manservant with his throat cut,
so that everyone will believe you were caught
in foul adultery...

Lucretia
Ah! coward! Not this, not this!

Tarquinio
You see that I am the stronger?

Lucretia
No, not this!

Tarquinio
There is nothing I would not do to have you!

Lucretia
Sextus, I beg you... look, see, I beseech you...
Do not outrage
the implacable gods... you... a guest!
They are terrible.
They are custodians of modesty,
fidelity... Kill me then,
but not infamy... I beg you...
Where is my great pride?
I am so weary... I, too, a woman...
a poor woman...
Ah, ah!
Tarquinius
You are so beautiful! Do not weep!
Do not weep!
Lucretia
Ah, you are fierce!
Tarquinius
Your mouth! Your mouth!
Lucretia
Revelion!
Tarquinius
You are mine... All mine!
Lucretia
Ah!
(He knocks down the night-lamp, which falls and goes out. In the darkness a cry of horror.)

Terzo Momento

La Voce
Vile! vile!

The Voice
Coward! Coward!

Third Moment

La Voce
Tenebre. Un abbandono disperato...
un lungo lamento
un singhiozzo di bimbo perdutamente solo.
Occupa un torpido orrore l’anima,
un peso mortale
Grava le belle membra devastate dai baci.

Lucretia
(L’ultimo respiro all’aria vivida del mattino,
porrà via la dolcezza diffusa
nel giovine sangue,
cavalca verso il mare senza volgere indietro.
(Luce mattutina scende dal complesso: le cortine del talamo sono chiuse.)
(Ricordando)
Mesta di tanto male,
a Roma un veloce messaggio
manda al padre,
e lo stesso a Collatino al campo:
Vengano subito,
avendo ciascuno un amico fidato,
subito è necessario,
cosa atroce è accaduta.
Vieni con Giulio Brutus in grande angoscia il
viene il vecchio Lucrezio con Publio Valerio.
(Appare tra le cortine del talamo Lucrezio,
polido il volto, abbracci i grand’occhi e foschi
d’orrore, una piaga dolorosa nella bocca
ammassata. Si volge indietro a riguardare
riprendendo tra le cortine, e subito le richiude,
e le tiene chiuse dietro di sé.)

Lucretia
Luce, la vivida luce... Ed io sono viva,
ed il sole
torna così come ieri!
Soltanto in me questo orrore,
Tarquinius
You are so beautiful! Do not weep! Do not weep!
Lucretia
Ah, you are fierce!
Tarquinius
Your mouth! Your mouth!
Lucretia
Revelion!
Tarquinius
You are mine... All mine!
Lucretia
Ah!
(He knocks down the night-lamp, which falls and goes out. In the darkness a cry of horror.)

The Voice
Coward! Coward!

Terzo Momento

La Voce
Vile! vile!

Third Moment

La Voce
Tenebre. Un abbandono disperato... un lungo lamento un singhiozzo di bimbo perdutamente solo. Occupa un torpido orrore l’anima, un peso mortale Grava le belle membra devastate dai baci.

Tarquinius
(II buio comincia a diradarsi, lentissimamente). O tu, che feroce di gioia sul limitare violato aprì il respiro all’aria vivida del mattino, portati via la dolcezza diffusa nel giovine sangue, cavalca verso il mare senza volgerti indietro. (Lucrezia scende dal commutio: le cortine del talamo sono chiuse). (Ricordando). Mesta di tanto male, a Roma un veloce messaggio manda al padre, e lo stesso a Collatino al campo: Vengano subito, avendo ciascuno un amico fidato, subito è necessario, cosa atroce è accaduta. Viene con Giulio Bruto in grande angoscia il marito, viene il vecchio Lucrezio con Publio Valerio. (Appare tra le cortine del talamo Lucrezia, pallido il volto, abbracci i grandi occhi e foschi d’orrore, una piaga dolorosa nella bocca amara. Si volge indietro a riguardare con ribrezzo dentro le cortine, e subito le richiude, e le tiene chiuso dietro di sé).

Lucretia
Luce, la liva luce... Ed io sono viva, ed il sole torna così come ieri! Soltanto in me questo orrore,

Lucretia
Light, the livid light... And I am alive, and the sun returns, just like yesterday! Only in me this horror,
nelle pupille, nel sangue...
Fontana non c'è che mi lavi,
un dio non può che quest'onta non sia.
Odiosa la luce
che mi denuda e mi insulsa...
Dormire un sonno profondo...

(Entrano, luna dopo l'altra, dal peristilio le quattro ancelle, portando le canestre con l'offerta quotidiana al domestico Lare: si fermano stupite nel vedere il tragico aspetto di Lucretia.)

Che vedi tu nel mio viso? un sogno, un orrido sogno.
È necessario il silenzio, finché non l'annunzi a chi devo:
religioso silenzio.

(Né le quattro donne parlano più, ma per tutta la scena seguente si dispongono o si aggruppano in diversi atteggiamenti espressivi intonati all'azione dei protagonisti.)

Io sola, quest'oggi, l'offerta.
Dammì la candida stola: vai, datemi l'acqua alle mani.
(Ohedisciono, gravi da oscura angoscia: deposte in terra le canestre, Servia pone indosso alla matrona la più bella stola e Venilia le porge il baccio, Lucretia immerge nell'acqua le mani e poi con le dita stilanti toglie dalle canestre le spighe e li ramocielli, e adorna l'ombra statuetta di legno che è nel tabernacolo.)

Lare, non me che salvata non hai, né cerco più scampo,
in my eyes, in my blood...
There is no fountain that can wash me,
a god cannot make this shame not be:
Hateful the light
that strips me and insults me...
To sleep a profound sleep.

(One after the other, from the peristyle, the four handmaids enter, carrying the baskets with the only offering to the domestic Lares; they stop, dumfounded, seeing Lucretia's tragic appearance.)

What do you see in my face? A dream, a horrible dream.
Silence is necessary,
until I announce it to whom I must:
religious silence.

(Nor do the four women speak further, but throughout the following scene they arrange themselves or gather in different evocative attitudes suited to the action of the protagonist.)

I alone, today, make the offering.
Give me my white stole; and you, give water for my hands.

(They obey, weighed down with dark anxiety.
Having set the baskets on the ground, Servia places the most beautiful stole on her mistress, and Venilia holds out the basin to her.
Lucretia plunges her hands into the water, and then with dripping fingers takes the ears of wheat and the fronds from the baskets and adorns the humble little wooden statue which is in the tabernacle.)

Lar, do not save me whom you did not save, nor do I seek escape more
ma lui, che bimbo correva
a pie" del tuo stipite antico,
lui, che ogni giorno t'invocavo e onora d'incensi, di mirto,
di puro miele,
e redime la chioma tua santa di spighe,
salva, domestico Lare:
gia sia lunga e dolce la vita.

La Voce di Collatino
Dove? Lucrezia, ove sei?
(Dal vestibolo entra rapidissimo Collatino; lo segue in grande ansia il vecchio Spurio Lucrezio, e Valerio, eultimo ed incoloccat ore)

Collatino
Stai bene?
Lucrezia (lentamente)
Io sto per morire,
Cosa orrenda, o mio Lucio,
ci vuole grande animo a dirla:

Spurio Lucrezio
Piglia!

Collatino
Lucrezia, che cosa? D'ih!

Lucrezia (a fatica)
L'orma di un uomo straniero
è nel tuo letto... nel nostro...

Collatino
Non è vero!

but save him who as a child ran
at the foot of your ancient lintel,
him who every day invokes you and honors you with incenses, myrtle,
and pure honey,
and garlands your sacred tresses;
save him, domestic Lar:
let his life be long and sweet.

Voice of Collatinus
Where? Lucretia, where are you?
(From the vestibule Collatinus enters very rapidly; he is followed, in great anxiety, by old Spurio Lucretius and Valerius and, finally, the lanky Brutus.)

Collatinus
Are you well?

Lucretia (slowly)
I am about to die.
A horrible thing, O my Lucius.
It takes great courage to tell it.

Spurio Lucretius
Daughter!

Collatinus
Lucretia, what? Say.

Lucretia (with effort)
The imprint of a strange man
is on your bed... on ours...

Collatinus
It's not true!
ma lui, che bimbo correva
a pie’ del tuo stipe antico,
luì, che ogni giorno l’invocava e onora
l’incenso, di mirto,
di puro miele,
e redime la chioma tua santa di spighe,
salva, domestico Lare:
gia si lunga e dolce la vita.

La Voce di Collatino

Dove? Lucrezia, ove sei?
(Dal vestibolo entra rapidissimo Collatino; lo segue in grande ansia il vecchio Spurio Lucrezio, e Valerio, e ultimo e dinoccolato Bruto).

Collatino

Stai bene?

Lucrezia (lentamente)
Io sto per morire,
Cosa orrenda, o mio Lucio,
c) vuole grande animo a dirla:

Spurio Lucrezio

Figlia!

Collatino

Lucrezia, che cosa? Dì!

Lucrezia (a fatica)
L’orsa di un uomo straniero
è nel tuo letto... nel nostro...

Collatino

Non é vero!

but save him who as a child ran
at the foot of your ancient lintel,
him who every day invokes you and honors you with incenses, myrtle,
and pure honey,
and garlands your sacred tresses;
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Spurix Lucretius

Daughter!

Collatinus

Lucretia, what? Say.

Lucretia (with effort)
The imprint of a strange man
is on your bed... on ours...

Collatinus

It’s not true!
Lucretia
Un uomo - che voi ucciderete - stanotte, venuto qui ospite, ha fatto scompiò di me...

Collatino
Chi? il suo nome!

Lucrezia
Ma il corpo soltanto è violato, l’anima no, ch’è innocente: sarà testimone la morte.

Collatino
Dimmi il suo nome, per tutti gli dei!

Spurio Lucrezio
Il suo nome!

Lucrezia
Ma prima date le desire e la fede, che voi mi farete vendetta. (Gli uomini scattano in gesto di assenso e di promessa, mentre Lucrezia continua): Sesto Tarquinio...

(Collatino getta un urlo). ...armato, sorpresa nel sonno, tolse un picciere mortale per me, e per lui, se voi siete uomini...

Collatino
Sesto Tarquinio!

Lucretia
A man - whom you will kill - last night, having come here as a guest, made havoc of me...

Collatinius
Who? His name!

Lucretia
But the body alone is ravished; not the soul, which is innocent: death will bear witness.

Collatinius
Tell me his name, by all the gods!

Spurius Lucretius
His name!

Lucretis
But first give me your hands and your oath that you will avenge me.

(The men react with a gesture of agreement and promise, as Lucretia continues): Sextus Tarquinius...

(Collatino lets out a cry).

...armed, surprised in my sleep, he enjoyed a pleasure mortal for me, and for him, if you are men...

Collatinius
Sextus Tarquinius!

Spurio Lucrezio
No, tu non hai colpa!

Valerio
Abbi pace!

Spurio Lucrezio
Volatile non hai... l’anima pecca...

Collatino
Innocente!

Lucrezia (con accorata dolcezza)
Caro, tu puoi, ma io... non posso più vivere meco.

Collatino
Io t’amo sempre, Lucrezia!

Lucrezia (appassionatamente)
Se t’amo, o mio Lucio! se t’amo! È ben per questo che io muoio. (con altra voce)

Non sono più quella di ieri, quella che venne a te un giorno fra i cantii nuziali e le faci, roso il ciglio e ridente, e dolce tremava il suo cuore. “Entra, su, nuova sposa, che sei come fior di giacinto!” e m’indugiati sulla soglia, compresa d’ingenuo pudore. Non ero un pallido fior, ma edera ero, tenace: or che una mano villana per gioco mi strappa e mi stronca,

Spurius Lucretius
No, you have no guilt!

Valerius
Be at peace!

Spurius Lucretius
You did not wish it... the soul sins...

Collatinius
Innocent!

Lucretia (with heart-broken gentleness)
Dear, you can, but I... cannot live with myself any more.

Collatinius
I love you still, Lucretia!

Lucretia (impassioned)
How I love you, O my Lucius, how I love you! This is the very reason why I die. (in a different voice)

I am no longer the woman I was yesterday, she who came to you one day amid nuptial songs and torches, eyes bedewed and smiling, and sweetly her heart trembled. “Come enter, new bride, who are like the hyacinth flower!” And I lingered on the threshold, filled with ingenuous modesty. I was not a pale flower, but was ivy, tenacious: now that a base hand, in jest, rips me away and tears me,
Lucretia
A man - whom you will kill - last night, having come here as a guest, made havoc of me...

Collatinus
Who? His name!

Lucretia
But the body alone is ravished; not the soul, which is innocent; death will bear witness.

Collatinus
Tell me his name, by all the gods!

Spurius Lucretius
His name!

Lucretis
But first give me your hands and your oath that you will avenge me.

(The men react with a gesture of agreement and promise, as Lucretia continues):

Sextus Tarquinius...

(Collatino gets up a cry).

... armed, surprised in my sleep, he enjoyed a pleasure mortal for me, and for him, if you are men...

Collatinus
Sextus Tarquinius!

Spurius Lucretius
No, you have no guilt!

Valerius
Be at peace!

Spurius Lucretius
You did not wish it... the soul sins...

Collatinus
Innocent!

Lucretia (with heart-broken gentleness)
Dear, you can, but I... cannot live with myself any more.

Collatinus
I love you still, Lucretia!

Lucretia (impasionned)
How I love you, O my Lucrezio, how I love you! This is the very reason why I die.

(6:19)

I am no longer the woman I was yesterday, she who came to you one day amid nuptial songs and torches, eyes bedewed and smiling, and sweetly her heart trembled. “Come enter, new bride, who are like the hyacinth flower!” And I lingered on the threshold, filled with ingenuous modesty. I was not a pale flower, but was ivy, tenacious; now that a base hand, in jest, rips me away and tears me,
giaccio nel fango, e non posso mai più risalire al tuo fianco. Non posso più stringerti al seno, non posso baciar la tua bocca, avvelenata è la fonte di tutte le candide gioie... Fra noi, sul nostro guancialle, fra noi, alla piccola merenda, Strisci una larva che ci aggiacchia le vene, ci spegne il sorriso. Io, sopportare il sguardo pietoso di ceste matrone? coglier l’ambiguo cenno di donna impudica? vedere forse, in un’ora stanza un’ombra sul viso tuo schietto, o nella tua voce udile non so che tristezza... No, Lucio, no! Così solo potrai amarmi per sempre... morta, io, sono tua pura, oh, morta io sono tutta tua! (Lo fisso sempre, e nel tuo sguardo c’è tutta l’anima, come in un lungo, disperso bacio. Subitamente s’introduceva sotto la voce il braccio sinistro piegarsi come se la mano sollevarne un poco la mammella, e la destra colpire con un gran pungo il cuore. Ha ancora la forza di sollevare il gionito sinistro in modo che il manco nasconda il viso, e si abbatta mortificato. Urla il marito e il padre; urlo le quattro donne e accorrono.)

La Voce
Ora, si, è tutta pura, Lucrezia, ora, si, tutta tua.

Collatino s’è gettato sul bel corpo esanime baciandolo disperatamente, mentre Valerio

The Voice
Now indeed, she is all pure, Lucretia, now, indeed, all yours.

(Collatini has thrown himself on the beautiful, lifeless body, kissing it desperately,

resta accanto a Spurio Lucrezio, che è impietrito e non dà credito. Ma Bruto, che ha seguito ogni umana forza con gli occhi acuti e le mani lentamente, li provoca, e afferra, e si lascia rovesciare, e si accinge e si brucia. E Bruto è trasfigurato, terribile).

Bruto (a gran voce)
Odimi, uditemi tutti! per questo castissimo sangue giuro, e voi testimoni invoco, o celesti immortali, Lucio Tarquinius Superbo e la scellerata sua razza perseguìro con il ferro, col fuoco, con ogni mia forza, nel peto che un Tarquino o altri in Roma più regni! (Grande stupore per tutti, come a miracolo).

Valerio
Bruto
Collatino
Tu, Bruto!

Supurio Lucrezio
Oh stupore!

Bruto
Sì, questo è il volto mio vero, questo! Guardatemi in viso:

as Valeriana remains beside Spurio Lucretius, who has turned to stone and does not break down. But Brutus, who has followed every word and every action with glowing eyes, his jaws and fists clenched, silent and grim, suddenly thrusts aside the women, who are picking up the dead body, rips away her cloak, takes the bloody dagger from her breast and brands it. He seems taller: Brutus is transfigured, awesome).

Brutus (in a loud voice)
Hear me, hear me, all of you! By this most chaste blood I swear, and I call you to witness, O immortal gods: Lucius Tarquinius Superbus and his wicked race I shall pursue with iron, with fire, with all my strength, nor shall I suffer a Tarquinius or any other reign more Rome! (Great amazement in all, as if at a miracle).

Valerius
Brutus
Collatinus
You, Brutus!

Spurio Lucretius
Oh, wonder!

Brutus
Yes, this is my true countenance, this! Look me in the face: 8.223717

8.223717 36
giaccio nel fango, e non posso mai più risalire al tuo fianco. Non posso più stringerti al seno, non posso baciare la tua bocca, avvelenata è la fonte di tutte le candide gioie... Fra noi, sul nostro guancialie, fra noi, alla piccola mensa, Striscia una larva che ci abbaglia e che viene, ci spegne il sorriso. Io, sopportare lo sguardo pietoso di cete matrone? coglier l’affabbiato cenno di donna impudica? vedere forse in un’ora stanca un’ombra sul viso tuo schietto, o nella cara tua voce udire non so che tristeza... No, Lucio, no! Così solo potrai amarmi per sempre. morta, io son tutta pura, oh, mora io son tutta tua!

(Le fisca sempre, e nel suo sguardo c’è tutta l’animia, come in un lungo, disperso bacio. Subitamente s’intravede di sotto la veste il braccio sinistro piegarsi come se la mano sollevasse un poco la manuella, e la destra colpirne con un gran pugno il cuore. Ha ancora la forza di sollevare il gionito sinistro in modo che il manto nasconda il viso, e si abbatte macinente. Urla il marito e il padre; urlano le quattro donne e accontento.)

La Voce
Ora sì, è tutta pura, Lucrezia, ora sì, tutta tua.

(Collatino s’è gettato sul bel corpo esanime baciandolo disperatamente, mentre Valerio)

I lie in the mud and can no longer rise to your side. I can clasp you to my bosom no more, can no more kiss your mouth; the source of all the innocent joys is poisoned... Between us, on our pillow, between us, at the little table, a ghost crawls and freezes our veins, kills our smile. I, the pitying gaze of chaste matrons?

Perceive the ambiguous hint of an immodest woman? See perhaps, in weary hour a shadow on your straightforward face, or in your dear voice hear some sadness... No, Lucius, no! Only in this way will you be able to love me forever: dead, I am all pure, oh, dead, I am all yours!

(She keeps staring at him, and in her gaze there is her whole soul, as in a long, desperate kiss. Suddenly, under her dress, her left arm is seen to bend as if her hand were raising the breast slightly, and her right hand strikes her heart with a great blow. She still has the strength to raise her left elbow so that her cloak hides her face, and she slumps down, dying. Her husband and her father cry out, and the four women rush to her.)

The Voice
Now indeed, she is all pure, Lucretia, now, indeed, all yours.

(Collatius has thrown himself on the beautiful, lifeless body, kissing it desperately, resta accanto a Spurio Lucreazio, che è impietrato e non dà cieco. Ma Bruto, che ha seguito ogni cosa, ogni atto con gli occhi aperti e le mascelle e i pugni serrati, silenzioso e oscuro, improvvisamente respinge le donne che sorreggono la morta, le stupra il manato, le estrae dal petto il pegnale sanguinoso e lo brandisce; sembra più alto, Bruto è inasprito, terribile).

Bruto (a gru voce) (2:22)

Odimi, uditemi tutti! per questo castissimo sangue giuro, e voi testimoni invoco, o Celesti immortali, Lucio Tarquinio Superbo e la scalcerata sua razza perseguirò con il ferro, col fuoco, con ogni mia forza, ne porterò che un Tarquinio o altri in Roma più regni!

(Grande stupore per tutti, come a miracolo).

Valerio
Bruto
Collatino
Tu, Bruto!
Suprio Lucreazio
Oh stupore!
Bruto
Sì, questo è il volto mio vero, questo! Guardatemi in viso:

as Valerius remains beside Spurio Lucretius, who has turned to stone and does not break down. But Brutos, who has followed every word and every action with glowing eyes, his jaws and fists clenched, silent and grim, suddenly thrusts aside the women, who are picking up the dead body, rises away her cloak, takes the bloody dagger from her breast and brandishes it. He seems taller: Brutos is transfigured, awesome).

Brutos (in a loud voice)
Hear me, hear me, all of you! By this most chaste blood I swear, and I call you to witness, O immortal gods: Lucius Tarquinius Superbus and his wicked race I shall pursue with iron, with fire, with all my strength, nor shall I suffer a Tarquinius or any other reign more Rome! (Great amazement in all, as if at a miracle).

Valerius
Brutos
Collatius
Yes, Brutos!
Spurios Lucretius
Oh, wonder!
Brutos
Yes, this is my true countenance, this! Look me in the face:
la lunga finzione è finita!
L'ora attendeva: è venuta.
Su questo pugnale,
per questo sangue giurate!

Collatino
Vendetta!

Spurio Lucrezio
Giustizia!

Valerio
Lo giuro!

Tutti
Giuriamo!

Bruto
Morte ai tiranni!

Valerio e Spurio Lucrezio
Sìi duce tu, Bruto!

Collatino
Uccidere Sesto!

Spurio Lucrezio, Collatino, Valerio
Muola!

Bruto
E si caccino i re!

La Voce
Liberà!

the long pretence is over!
The hour I was awaiting has come.
On this dagger,
on this blood, swear!

Collatino
Vengeance!

Spurio Lucretius
Justice!

Valerius
I swear!

All
We swear!

Brutus
Death to the tyrants!

Valerius and Spurio Lucretius
You be leader, Brutus!

Collatino
To kill Sextus!

Spurio Lucretius, Collatinus, Valerius
Let him die!

Brutus
And let the kings be driven out!

The Voice
Freedom!

Tutti
Liberà!

La Voce
Roma!

Tutti
A Roma!

All
Freedom!

The Voice
Rome!

All
To Rome!

Libretto by Claudio Guastalla, English translation by William Weaver

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L'ora attendeva: è venuta.
Su questo pugnale,
per questo sangue giurato!
Collatino
Vendetta!

Spurio Lucrezio
Giustizia!

Valerio
Lo giuro!

Tutti
Giuriamo!

Bruto
Morte ai tiranni!

Valerio e Spurio Lucrezio
Sì duce tu, Bruto!

Collatino
Uccidere Sesto!

Spurio Lucrezio, Collatino, Valerio
Moia!

Bruto
E si caccino i re!

La Voce
Libertà!

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Ottorino Respighi

Lucrezia
Opera in one act and three moments

Kaluza • Remor • Kohútková
Šlepkovská • Ludha • Pasek
Haan • Ďurčo • Hanák
Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra (Bratislava)
Adriano, Conductor
Ottorino 
RESPIGHI
(1879 - 1936)

LUCREZIA
Opera in one act and three moments (1936)
Libretto by Claudio Guastalla
(after Titus Livius, William Shakespeare and André Obey)

La Voce .................................................. Stefania Kaluza, Mezzo-Soprano
Lucrezia .................................................. Michela Remor, Soprano
Venilia ................................................... Adriana Kohútková, Soprano
Servia .................................................. Denisa Šlepkovská, Mezzo-Soprano
Collatino .................................................. Ľudovít Ludha, Tenor
Bruto ................................................... Igor Pasek, Tenor
Tarquinio .................................................. Richard Haan, Baritone
Tito / Valerio ............................................. Ján Ďurčo, Baritone
Arunte / Spurio Lucrezio ................................ Rado Hanák, Bass

Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra (Bratislava)
Adriano, Conductor

1 - 6 First Moment (12:57)
7 - 15 Second Moment (23:51)
16 - 20 Third Moment (21:16) (Libretto Enclosed)

Recorded at the Concert Hall of the Slovak Radio in Bratislava, from 9th to 16th June, 1994.
Producer: Emil Nižnansky
Engineer: Hubert Geschwandner
Music Notes: Adriano (edited by Keith Anderson)
Score: G. Ricordi & C. Milano

Cover: “Lucretia” (1520-25), panel by Joos Van Cleeve,
Courtesy of Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wien