

*I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

*Act One*

*A gallery in the palace of Capellio*

Day has barely dawned,  
yet here we are, gathered.

What can it be?

The summons came  
quickly and urgently.

Already knights and  
soldiers fill the city.

Capellio has urgent  
matters to consider.

Perhaps a storm hangs over  
the heads of the Guelphs.

Perhaps the Montecchi  
are rising up with new hostility.

Let them perish, those  
arrogant, brutal Ghibellines!

Before the gates should  
open to their savage hordes...

...let Verona collapse  
upon the undefeated Capulets.

Generous friends, family,  
and defenders of Capellio...

Grave and noble is the cause  
that gathers you here today.

Ezzelino himself has joined the conflict on the side of the Montecchi, our enemy.
He sends a powerful army to confront us...
...led by the fiercest, most abhorred leader of the Ghibellines.
- Who can it be? - Romeo.
Yes, Romeo, the cruel murderer of my son.
Who can believe it? He dares to send an ambassador, offering peace.
- Peace... sir... - Never!
Will you not hear him? Perhaps the terms will be acceptable.
We must end this long struggle. The river Adige flows red with blood...
But my blood is unavenged.
He who spilled it still breathes, and fate has never offered him up to me.
Unknown to all, having left as a boy, Romeo roamed from one land to another.
More than once, he has dared in secret to enter Verona itself.
I shall find him – I have vowed it.
My sword must be the one to avenge your blood.
I have sworn it for Giulietta: all Italy and heaven know my vow.
Hasten the sweet, cherished union...

...and the vow made by a suitor  
will be fulfilled by a husband.

Embrace me. Let your wedding altar  
be prepared this very day.

- Heavens, today?  
- Why so astonished?

Giulietta lies burning with fever,  
sad, afflicted...

You know that only by force  
will she go to the altar.

- By force? - It will be your honor  
to cure her suffering.

I love her so, and she is dearer  
than the sun that shines on me.

Every joy of my heart  
lives within her.

But if my happiness were to  
cost her a single lament...

...rather would I choose  
a thousand days of sorrow.

- Do not fear; she will rejoice...  
- (Giulietta, your secret must be revealed.)  
- You will avenge her brother.  
- (No earthly power can placate your father.)

Go, Lorenzo; prepare Giulietta. I want  
the rite accomplished before nightfall.

Let her be happier tomorrow,  
and gladden her father's home.

- Sir... - Be assured.

Giulietta cannot harbor feelings  
contrary to my own.

She will cherish, as we all do, the  
warrior who unites his fate with mine.

Love bids my heart believe  
that which it most desires.

The enemy ambassador approaches.

Do any of you favor  
the Montecchi's proposals?

Eternal hatred for the  
Montecchi and the Ghibellines!

Happy in the task appointed me  
by the leader of the Ghibellines...

...I present myself  
to you, noble Guelphs.

May you be happy to hear me as well,  
for I speak of friendship and peace.

Who can ever trust the Montecchi?

A thousand times peace has been  
declared, and a thousand times broken.

It is in your hands  
to make it sacred and inviolate.

Let the Montecchi have  
an equal position in Verona.

And let Giulietta  
be Romeo's bride.

A fatal barrier of blood rises between us,  
and I swear it will never be broken.

- We all swear this!  
- Cruel men!

Listen to me.

If Romeo killed your son in battle...

...fate was to blame;  
he wept over it, and weeps still.

Be appeased, and in my master  
you will find another son.

Return to your camp, and tell the fool  
I have already found another son.

- And who...?

- It is I.

- (What do I hear?) Listen to me...

- You've said enough.

With one voice,  
we cry out to you for war!

Ruthless souls, so be it!

Romeo prepares to brandish  
the avenging sword.

Like a fatal thunderbolt,  
it will bring a thousand deaths.

May all this wasted blood  
condemn you before wrathful heaven.

May the carnage it will  
cost our nation fall on you.

- We will fight to the death!

- Only God can judge us.

*Giulietta's apartments in the palace*

Here I am, in festive attire, adorned  
like a victim for the altar.

If I could only fall  
like that victim!

Oh wedding torches, so detested, so fatal,  
Be you my funeral torches!

I burn... a fire consumes me.

In vain I ask the breezes for relief.

Where are you, Romeo?  
In what land do you roam?

Whither shall I send my sighs?

Oh, how often, in tears,  
I beg heaven for you!

With what passion I wait for you,  
and conceal my desire.

Your face is like  
the light of day for me.

The breeze that blows around me  
seems like your sigh.

It is time. Now to prepare her spirit  
for unexpected joy.

- Now, calm yourself.
- I will soon be calm indeed.

Little by little I grow weaker,  
slowly I pine away.

If I could see Romeo again,  
just one more time...

...he alone could arrest  
the flight of my soul from my body.

- Take heart; he is in Verona.
- And you do not bring him to me?

- Will you be able to bear the sudden joy?
- More so than my sorrow.

Then prepare to see him. I brought him here  
through the secret entrance.

- At least I see you again, oh joy!
- My Giulietta, I find you like this...

Hopeless, weak, near death. And you...

Equally unhappy, and weary of this  
dark life, without your consoling smile.

I come determined to die,  
or to steal you away from your enemies.

- You must flee with me.
- What are you saying?

Yes, flee: we have  
no other escape from torment.

We will have a better homeland,  
a better heaven, wherever we go.

Love will make a place  
for every joy our hearts desire.

My world is restricted by these walls.

A power stronger than love  
holds me here.

Heaven will allow only my soul  
to come with you.

What power is greater  
for you than love?

Duty, law, and honor.

Cruel girl, you speak of honor  
as you are stolen from me?

The law you hold up  
is untrue to your heart.

Yield to my pleas  
if you care for my life.

If you are still faithful to me,  
heed nothing but our love.

What more do you ask of me,  
when I sacrifice my heart and life to you?

Yield at least this one right  
to my father.

I will die if you are not mine,  
if every hope is stolen from me.

But your heart, too,  
must make a sacrifice.

Do you hear?

- The fatal altar awaits you.

- Flee!

- No, I will stay with you.

- Woe if my father should find you!



Let him slay me,  
or fall dead before you.

- You beg me in vain.  
- Have pity on yourself, on me.

Come, and rest on me.  
You are my love, my bride.

This moment, once lost,  
will never return.

My fate is in your hands,  
my life, my death.

Ah no, you do not love me  
as I love you. You have no pity.

Yield, for just one moment,  
to my grief and terror.

We are lost, we are dead  
if love blinds you any more.

Spare my heart more  
pain and horror.

If I still live, it is because I love you.  
Ah, that love will die with me.

*Atrium in Capellio's palace*

A happy night now  
follows evil days.

Where Hymen lights the torches,  
anger is silent and arms laid to rest.

Where Love deigns to smile, there is jubilation and pleasure.
Let us celebrate this auspicious wedding with dancing and singing.
Let the joy of these few moments compensate for our great suffering.
Let no gloomy thoughts follow us here.
For pity's sake, stop. The Guelph uniform does but little to disguise you.
Can I think of danger, when a rival prepares to steal my beloved?
That will not happen – I swear it.
- Alas, perhaps every hope is gone. - One hope is left me.
Disguised as Guelphs, under cover of night...
... a thousand armed Ghibellines have entered Verona.
Unexpected, they will fall upon the enemy, interrupting the wedding.
Dreadful night!
Do you make me complicit in this carnage, a traitor to my family?
Betray me, then, and save my rival!
- The Montecchi... - O supreme joy!
- To arms! - Flee...

- Tremble, Tebaldo!  
- Who will help us, oh heaven?

That trumpet call sounds  
my rival's death. He will fall!

The clamor has quieted.  
Silence reigns within these walls.

I thank you, fate:  
I am free once more.

But the blood my  
kinsmen shed for me...

Perhaps my beloved  
lies wounded, dead...

What ice, what fire, I feel  
coursing through my heart!

For Romeo I pray to you,  
heaven, fate, love!

- Alas, who is it?  
- It is your Romeo.

And you risk...

I return to save you and  
make you happy. Follow me.

- Where? How?  
- Come!

We would both be lost.

I ask it of you in the name  
of the love you swore to me.

- Death to the Montecchi! - Leave me!  
- There are people coming...

With my sword I will open  
a path through the barbarians.

Stop!

What do I see? The traitorous  
enemy ambassador!

(Heavens, he is lost.)

- Oh, rage! - What terror!

Armed, in this place!

And in disguise! What new plot  
were you trying to hatch? Soldiers!

Stop! Father, my lord, have pity...

- Get away.  
- Pity!

Why do you concern  
yourself with a liar?

You don't respond?  
You tremble, confused?

Villain, who are you?

- I am...  
- Do not say it!

I am your rival.

- (Rash man!)  
- What agony...

- My rival?  
- Lorenzo, help me.

Alas, I have  
betrayed our secret!

- Heaven, help my beloved.  
- O night, darken your skies.

- Make me the only target of their fury.

- Cover our shame with a veil.

Let us hurry. Romeo!

- What cries!

- My men!

- Oh, joy!

- It is he.

God leads us to your rescue.

Romeo, your men are with you.

- You, Romeo? And I did not slay you!

- Do you escape me? You still live?

You want blood, you barbarians,  
and blood will flow!

- The fury, the carnage, like an earthquake...

- Righteous heaven, stop the fighting!

- ...will make all of Italy tremble.

- Awaken remorse and pity in them.

If we have no earthly hope  
of seeing each other again...

...let this not be our final farewell.

We will see each other in heaven.

*Intermission*

*Act Two*

*Giulietta's apartments in the palace*

No one returns. Cruel,  
painful uncertainty!

The sound of battle has faded away.
Only a faint, vague, distant murmur arises, like the wind after a storm.
Who fell, alas? Who won? Whom first must I mourn?
I cannot leave; I pace these halls, uncertain of my fate.
- Romeo is safe. - I can breathe.
In a nearby fortress, he awaits help from Ezzelino.
But you, alas, will soon be taken to Tebaldo's castle...
...unless you trust in me, and can meet great peril with great strength.
- What am I to do? - Are you brave?
- Can you ask that? - Take this potion.
It has the power to induce a death-like slumber.
Believing you dead, they will place you in your family crypt.
What are you saying? There lies my brother, killed by Romeo.
He will rise to punish my crime.
Your beloved and I will be present when you awaken. Do not fear.
Do you tremble? Do you draw back?
Oh, God!

You know I do not fear death; I have always begged for it.
Yet a terror never felt before rises in me now.
- Trust in me. - If the powerful potion...
- You will be happy. - If it should fail...
Cruel doubt!
If, lying in that horror, I should not awaken again...
Time flies, your father approaches...
Ah, give it to me, save me!
(And if I must risk death, then let me die for you, Romeo!)
(Death alone can release me from my cruel father!)
- You are saved. Steady! - Lead me away.
Stop. Are you still awake?
I can grant only a short time for the rest you need.
Go now, and prepare to follow your bridegroom at dawn.
Alas, she is grief-stricken... she can hardly bear it.
Speak to her more gently; your severity is killing her.

Ah, father!

I cannot leave  
without your forgiveness.

I am near to the grave;  
give me one embrace, at least.

Let there be peace to the fighting,  
peace for this dying heart...

Let all your fury sleep  
in the bosom of my grave.

Father, forgive a dying heart.

Leave me. Return to your chambers.

What turmoil is within my heart.  
Cowardly pity, be silent!

Let someone go to Tebaldo, and you  
keep watch on Lorenzo's movements.

I am suspicious of him. Do not  
let him leave or speak to anyone.

*Outside the palace walls*

The place is deserted.

I could go in search  
of Lorenzo...

Cruel Lorenzo! Even he has  
forgotten me in my misfortune.

Conspiring with my harsh fate,  
he abandons me to my anguish.



I must go.

Someone approaches.

Cruel obstacle!

Who are you, who dares enter these walls? Do you not hear me?

Do not approach. It would be fatal to recognize me.

I recognize you by your bold words, by the rage you arouse in me.

Well then, look upon me, and tremble.

Fool! One cry from me, and a thousand men would come to punish you.

But your slaughter is reserved for my sword.

Come, I scorn you and defy your followers, too.

You will wish the Alps and the ocean stood between us!

- A malevolent god has sent you here.  
- To arms! Here you will die.

- Stop.  
- What sad sound echoes here?

Alas, poor soul!

- Those voices...  
- Fearful presentiment!

Peace to your fair soul,  
after such sorrows.

You live, Giulietta, not  
among men, but in heaven.

Giulietta? Ah, cruel man!

Darkness descends over my eyes.

My Giulietta, I've lost you!

She is dead, you villain,  
dead of grief because of you.

The ruthless cruelty of your  
heart is satisfied at last.

Ah, my despair, my wound  
is greater than yours.

My love stands before  
my heart like a crime.

- Ah, slay a desperate man!
- Live – you, at least, have no remorse.
- Death will be a joy to me.
- If you do not kill me, my grief will.

- Ah, hush... pity...
- She is dead...

*The tombs of the Capuleti*

We have arrived.

Heaven grant that you not be  
discovered in this dismal place.

Here is the tomb.

It is still strewn with flowers,  
still wet with tears.

Receive then mine,  
more sorrowful, more bitter.

You will soon have another  
sacrifice, greater than tears.

You are beside yourself with grief.

O profound darkness of the grave...

Yield briefly to the light of  
day, and let me see your prey.

Open the tomb, that  
I might see her again.

O my Giulietta, it is you, I see you,  
I find you again, you are not dead...

You are only asleep, waiting  
for your Romeo to awaken you.

Rise, my love,  
at the sound of my sighs.

Your Romeo is calling you.  
Rise, my beloved!

Alas, he is delirious. Let us  
leave. It is dangerous to linger.

Leave me for a few moments. My grief  
has secrets to confide to the tomb.

Leave you alone, and in  
such grief? You break our hearts.

Leave, I insist.

You alone hear me, my Giulietta.

Useless hope! Her cold body  
is deaf to the sound of my voice.

I am abandoned,  
deserted on this earth!

Fair soul, ascending to heaven,  
turn to me, take me with you.

You cannot forget me thus, cannot  
leave me thus in my grief.

You, my only hope, fatal  
poison, come to my lips.

Receive my final breath,  
tombs of my enemies.

That sigh...

Her voice!

It calls me, it beckons me  
to her side...

Heaven, what do I see?

- You live?  
- I awaken, to leave you no more.

Did you not know?  
Did you not see Lorenzo?

I saw nothing, I knew nothing,  
alas, except that you were dead.

- And I came here, wretched me...  
- What matter? I am with you at last.

Our embrace erases  
every sorrow. Let us go.

I must stay here  
for all eternity.

- What are you saying? Tell me!  
- You already know everything.

- Cruel man, what have you done?  
- I wanted to die near you.

- Let someone save you.  
- Stop, it's useless.

- Evil destiny!  
- Cruel death is locked within me.

At least let me meet it  
with you. Give me a dagger...

- No, never!  
- A poison...

Live, and come sometimes  
to weep over my grave.

Cruel heaven, you should rather  
kill me and let him live!

Giulietta, hold me to your  
heart. My eyes are failing...

Am I to return to living  
when you must die?

Stop... Seeing you in pain  
increases my suffering.

- I cannot see you... speak to me...  
- Ah, my Romeo...

- One more word...  
- Do not leave me yet.

- Remember our love.  
- Rest upon my heart...

- I am dying...

- Wait for me...

Farewell...

- Heaven! Both dead...

- Atrocious fate!

- Killed... by whom?

- By you, ruthless man!