

MUSICAL SNAPSHOT | TEXT & TRANSLATION

“NUMI, VENITE A ME”

*A mountainous area; a temple rises in the background.
Neris and two young boys enter.*

MEDEA

Numi, venite a me, inferni Dei!
Voi tutti che aiutaste il mio voler,
La vostra forza ancor m’assistate;
Voi l’opra mia compier dovete!
Distenda in ciel la nera morte il velo,
E popol strugga
E re in sua rovina orrenda!
O cari figli, strazio mio supremo,
Ch’io sacro qui
De l’odio a l’atre dive,
Non debba io mai il sangue vostro espiar!
Sì! Vostro padre fu che v’uccise!
Reietto in terra il vil,
Lo sperda il ciel!
S’appressan! Ahimè! Quale tormento!
Il cuor di madre batte nel mio petto!
Natura, or tu invano parli a me!
Morir dovranno, negata è lor la vita!
Votati son dell’alta Erinni al nume!
Il suo volere sol comanda in me!

Come to me, gods of heaven and hell!
All those who have helped me in the past!
Your power still aids me,
You must complete this task.
Spread the death-black veil in the sky
That the people may struggle
And the king may be horrified by his ruin.
Oh dear children, it causes me such pain,
That I must now sacrifice you
To appease my hatred.
It should not be your blood that atones this sin!
It was your father that killed you!
The villain, so proud here on earth—
May heaven strike him down.
They are coming. Alas! Such torment!
A mother’s heart beats in my chest.
But nature, you speak to me in vain.
They must die, their life is over!
They have been chosen by the goddess of death!
Solely her desire commands me!

Neris emerges from the palace leading Medea’s children by the hand.

(The children’s motif appears for the first time in the orchestra.)

NERIS

Compiuto fu, Medea, il tuo voler;
Il peplo già ed il diadema ha Glauce.
Ti rende grazie ...
Ma perchè taci tu?
Guarda: sono i figli tuoi!

Your will has been done, Medea;
Glauce now has the robe and crown
She sends you her thanks ...
But why are you silent?
Look, here are your children!

MEDEA

I figli? Ah!

My children? Ah!

The children run to their mother.

(The children’s motif appears for the second time in the orchestra.)

Lontan! Lontan! Serpenti, via da me!
Dal collo mio lontan! Mi soffocate!

Get back! Get back! Serpents, away from me!
Do not embrace me! It’s suffocating!

NERIS

Che dici?

But what are you saying?

(The children's motif appears for the third time in the orchestra.)

MEDEA

Guarda ei pur così! Così Giasone

This was the look in his eyes!

Falso ha lo sguardo!

Jason had just this false glance!

A morte, orsù!

Come now, death awaits!

She reaches for her children and raises the dagger—then lets it fall. She hugs the children to her.

No, cari figli, no!

No, dear children, no!

NERIS

Oh dei del cielo! Che vuoi fare?

Oh, gods of heaven! What are you doing?

Levar la mano tu puoi

Can you really raise your hand

Sul sangue tuo?

Against your own blood?

Ritorna in te, Medea, torna in te!

Come back to yourself, Medea, come back!

Pel reo soffrirà chi è senza colpa?

For the sake of a villain should the innocent suffer?

MEDEA

Son vinta già!

I am overcome!

Cessò del cor la guerra;

The war in my heart has ceased.

Sul ciglio mio il pianto alfin tornò.

Anguish has once again returned to my brow.

Li vedo ancor;

I see them still;

Ancor li stringo a me;

Still I press them to my chest;

Non penso più al duol

I no longer think of the pain

Che m'arde in seno;

That burns in my heart.

Ritorna ai lieti

You can still find the joy,

Dì il cor sereno.

That a serene heart offers.

ARIA

Del fiero duol che il cor mi frange,

Nothing shall stop this fury,

Nulla mai vincerà l'orror! No!

The pride and pain that break my heart! No!

O figli miei, io v'amo tanto!

Oh, my children, I love you so much!

Ah! Miei tesori!

Ah! My treasures!

E pensai di passar vi il cor!

And I thought I could kill you!

O Dei del ciel! Santa Giustizia!

Oh gods of heaven! Holy justice!

Fu per voi se mia man

It was for your sake that my hand

Dal colpir è ristò;

refrained from striking,

Se al furor disuman si frenò l'ardor!

That the fire of this inhuman fury was extinguished.

Fate, o Dei, ch'io non voglia mai

Oh gods, never again let me feel

Questo folle orror!

This horrible insanity!

Non permettete questo feroce lor tormento:

Never allow this rage to hurt them:

Lungi ognor sia da me questo folle orror!

Take this horrible madness away from me forever!

Spegnete in cor le furie orrende, Giusti Dei!

Extinguish, just gods, this fire of rage in my heart!

A morte l'eseccato autor del mio tormento!

But that detestable man, caused of my torments

must die!

ARIA

Dee penar, dee soffrir: ciò basta al mio contento!
Spergiuoro!

Ah, il pensier di Giason raccende il mio furor!

Questo sol raccende il mio furor!

Del fiero duol che il cor mi frange,

Nulla mai vincerà l'orror!

O miei tesor io v'amo tanto!

Figli miei, miei tesor,

Io v'amo tanto!

E pure in me io sento ancora

A voi guardando, ahimè, rinato il mio furor!

Must hurt, must suffer; that would be enough
To satisfy me—I swear!

Ah, just the thought of Jason reignites my fury!

That is enough to reignite it!

Nothing shall stop this fury,

The pride and pain that break my heart!

Oh, my treasures, how I love you!

My children, my treasures,

Oh, how I love you.

And yet I still feel in me

When I look at you—oh!—that my fury is reborn.