

OPERA UNMASKED



3:30 PM

SATURDAY 11 OCTOBER 2025

ST PATRICK'S HALL

Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART (1756 – 1791)

Là ci darem la mano from *Don Giovanni*

Giuseppe VERDI (1813 – 1901)

La donna è mobile from *Rigoletto*

Léo DELIBES (1836 – 1891)

Flower Duet from *Lakmé*

Georges BIZET (1838 – 1875)

Au fond du temple saint from *Les pêcheurs de perles*

Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART (1756 – 1791)

Soave sia il vento from *Così fan tutte*

Giacomo PUCCINI (1858 – 1924)

O soave fanciulla from *La bohème*

Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART (1756 – 1791)

Non più andrai from *Le nozze di Figaro*

Jacques OFFENBACH (1819 – 1880)

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour from *Les contes d'Hoffman*

Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART (1756 – 1791)

Pa-pa-pa from *Die Zauberflöte*

Giacomo PUCCINI (1858 – 1924)

Nessun dorma from *Turandot*

Georges BIZET (1838 – 1875)

Habanera from *Carmen*

Toreador Song from *Carmen*

Giacomo PUCCINI (1858 – 1924)

O mio babbino caro from *Gianni Schicchi*

Giuseppe VERDI (1813 – 1901)

Brindisi from *La traviata*

Gaetano DONIZETTI (1797 – 1848)

Servants' Chorus from *Don Pasquale*

Lisette Bolton, *Soprano*

Chloe James, *Mezzo-Soprano*

Asher Reichman, *Tenor*

James Billson, *Baritone*

Angus Billson, *Narrator*

Julian Wade, *Piano*

Claire Billson, *Producer/Director*

Katie Fisher, *Producer/Director*

NB. For the lyrics to these songs (with translations), please refer to the online version of this program at <https://portfairyspringfest.com.au/performance/opera-unmasked-2>

T-Shirt Opera presents Opera Unmasked – Arias and Anecdotes

“No good opera plot can be sensible, for people do not sing when they are feeling sensible.” – W.H. Auden’

Opera Unmasked – an open invitation to step into a world of passion, drama, storytelling and song, designed to demystify opera and open it up to new audiences. Enjoy comedic anecdotes about the composers, the plots, and some of opera’s best loved arias, as our young team of t-shirt-wearing, up-and-coming opera stars unmask the stories behind the songs. Whether you’re a seasoned opera lover or someone curious to explore it for the first time, this event promises to be both entertaining and enlightening – a new generation of talent brings centuries of opera to life! This show is also a celebration of Melbourne’s up-and-coming opera stars. By featuring young artists at the start of their careers, Opera Unmasked not only provides a platform for new talent but also enriches the cultural landscape of our state. This is a rare opportunity to see the next generation of opera stars as they begin their journey to international acclaim. With many thanks to the Cope Williams Arts Foundation for their generous support.

Lisette Bolton

Wagga Wagga-born soprano Lisette Bolton is a Master of Music graduate from the University of Melbourne and an alumna of Opera Australia’s Regional Student Scholarship, the Young Songmakers Development Program and Opera Scholars Australia. She has performed with Victorian Opera, Australian International Productions and the Albury Chamber Music Festival. Her performance highlights include *The Emperor of Atlantis* which saw her twice nominated for Green Room Awards. Other roles include *Gretel*, *Parrwang Lifts the Sky*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *The Grumpiest Boy in the World*, and *Dido and Aeneas*.

Chloe James

Mezzo-soprano Chloe James holds a Bachelor of Music (Classical Voice) and a Master of Music (Opera Performance) from the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music, and is an alumna of Opera Scholars Australia. Chloe’s performing credits include *Hänsel und Gretel*, *Die Zauberflöte* and *The Old Maid and the Thief* (Melbourne Conservatorium), as well as *English Eccentrics*, *Parrwang Lifts the Sky*, *The Grumpiest Boy in the World* and *Il Mago di Oz* (Victorian Opera). Chloe is a 2025 scholarship recipient with the Melba Opera Trust.

Asher Reichman

Tenor Asher Reichman, inspired by his father, a violinist and conductor, began with violin and jazz guitar before turning to opera. A health science graduate, he discovered singing with the Australian International Opera Company in *The Magic Flute* and *Turandot*. He has since appeared with Opera Australia and Melbourne Opera in *Maria Stuarda*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Medea*, *Breaking the Waves*, and *Die Meistersingers*. In 2025, he made his role debut as Rodolfo in *La bohème*, was Artist in Residence at the Bayreuth Young Artist Festival, and made his operetta debut in Bavaria as Dr Siedler in *Im weißen Rössl*, supported by a Rotary NGSE Scholarship. An accomplished concert singer, he is an Associate Artist with Melbourne Opera, runner-up in the Herald Sun Aria Richard Divall Prize, and winner of the Italian Opera Award.

James Billson

James Billson, baritone, is an emerging young artist. He holds a Bachelor of Music (Classical Voice) and a Master of Music (Opera Performance) from the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music. James has performed in the Vienna Opera Summer Festival, where he served as understudy for the role of Guglielmo in Mozart’s *Così fan tutte*. This year, James is part of the Opera Scholars Australia’s graduate program. Recent roles include the Father in Humperdinck’s *Hänsel und Gretel*, Papageno in Mozart’s *Die Zauberflöte*, David in Barber’s *A Hand of Bridge*, Starveling in Britten’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, the Giant in *The Grumpiest Boy in the World* and Bundjil in *Parrwang Touches the Sky*.

Angus Billson

Angus Billson found a love of acting early. His first role was that of his heavily pregnant reception teacher in the school play, aged 7. Roles such as Jaguar in *Aladdin*, and Augustine in *Cinderella Rockerfella* followed. At Melbourne Grammar School, Angus played the lead role in *Blabbermouth*, Lady Bracknell in *The Importance of Being Earnest* to great acclaim, Peter Quince in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* and Thurso in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Angus’ most recent role was Ninian in the Trinity College play *Magieia: A Musical Fable*. Angus intends to become a chartered accountant.

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Lyrics and Translations

1. *Là ci darem la mano*
(Mozart – *Don Giovanni*)

Don Giovanni: *Là ci darem la mano;*
 là mi dirai di sì.
 Vedi, non è lontano;
 partiam, ben mio, da qui.

Zerlina: *(Vorrei e non vorrei;*
 mi trema un poco il cor.
 Felice, è ver, sarei,
 ma può burlarmi ancor.)

Don Giovanni: *Vieni, mio bel diletto!*

Zerlina: *(Mi fa pietà Masetto.)*

Don Giovanni: *Io cangierò tua sorte.*

Zerlina: *Presto... non son più forte.*

Don Giovanni: *Vieni! Vieni!*

(Repeats as above)

Don Giovanni: *Andiam! Andiam!*

1. “There we will hold hands”
(Mozart – *Don Giovanni*)

There we will hold hands;
there you will say yes to me.
See, it’s not far;
let’s go, my dear, from here.

(I’d like to, and I wouldn’t;
my heart is trembling a little.
It’s true, I could be happy,
but he could be deceiving me still.)

Come, my beautiful delight!

(I feel sorry for Masetto.)

I will change your fate.

Quickly... I can’t resist any longer.

Come! Come!

(Repeats as above)

Let’s go! Let’s go!

Zerlina: *Andiam!*

Let's go!

Both: *Andiam, andiam, mio bene,
a ristorar le pene
d'un innocente amor.*

Let's go, let's go, my dear,
to relieve the pangs
of an innocent love.

2. La donna è mobile
(Verdi – Rigoletto)

2. "Woman is flighty"
(Verdi – Rigoletto)

Duke of Mantua: *La donna è mobile;
qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento
e di pensiero.*

Woman is flighty;
like a feather in the wind,
she changes her voice
and changes her mind.

*Sempre un amabile,
leggiadro viso;
in pianto o in riso,
è menzognero.*

Always a lovable,
pretty face;
whether in tears or in laughter,
she is lying.

*La donna è mobil';
qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento
e di pensier'!*

Woman is flighty;
like a feather in the wind,
she changes her voice
and changes her mind!

*È sempre misero
chi a lei s'affida,*

He is always miserable
who trusts in her,

*chi le confida
mal cauto il cuore!*

who confides
his unwary heart!

*Pur mai non sentesi
felice appieno
chi su quel seno
non liba amore!*

Yet one never feels
fully happy
who from that bosom
does not drink love!

*La donna è mobil';
qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento
e di pensier'!*

Woman is flighty;
like a feather in the wind,
she changes her voice
and changes her mind!

3. Duo des fleurs
(Delibes – Lakmé)

3. Flower Duet
(Delibes – Lakmé)

Lakmé: *Dôme épais le jasmin*
Mallika: *Sous le dôme épais où le blanc jasmin*

Thick dome of jasmine
Under the thick dome where the white jasmine

Lakmé: *à la rose s'assemble,*
Mallika: *à la rose s'assemble,*

blends with the rose,
blends with the rose,

Lakmé: *rive en fleurs, frais matin,*
Mallika: *sur la rive en fleurs, riant au matin,*

bank in bloom, fresh morning,
on the flowering bank, laughing in the morning,

Lakmé: *nous appellent ensemble.*
Mallika: *viens, descendons ensemble.*

call us together.
come, let us drift down together.

Lakmé:	<i>Ah! Glissons en suivant</i>	Ah! Let's glide and follow
Mallika:	<i>Doucement glissons de son flot charmant;</i>	Let's gently glide in its enchanting flow;
Lakmé:	<i>le courant fuyant;</i>	the fleeing current;
Mallika:	<i>suivons le courant fuyant;</i>	let's follow the fleeing current;
Lakmé:	<i>dans l'onde frémissante,</i>	on the rippling waves,
Mallika:	<i>dans l'onde frémissante,</i>	on the rippling waves,
Lakmé:	<i>d'une main nonchalante,</i>	with a carefree hand,
Mallika:	<i>d'une main nonchalante,</i>	with a carefree hand,
Lakmé:	<i>gagnons le bord,</i>	let's go to the shore,
Mallika:	<i>viens, gagnons le bord</i>	come, let's go to the shore
Lakmé:	<i>où l'oiseau chante,</i>	where the bird sings,
Mallika:	<i>où la source dort,</i>	where the spring sleeps,
Lakmé:	<i>l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.</i>	the bird, the bird sings.
Mallika:	<i>et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.</i>	and the bird, the bird sings.
Lakmé:	<i>Dôme épais, blanc jasmin,</i>	Thick dome, white jasmine,
Mallika:	<i>Sous le dôme épais, sous le blanc jasmin,</i>	Under the thick dome, under the white jasmine,
Lakmé:	<i>nous appellent ensemble!</i>	call us together!
Mallika:	<i>ah! descendons ensemble!</i>	ah! let us drift down together!

4. Au fond du temple saint
(Bizet – Les pêcheurs de perles)

Nadir: *Au fond du temple saint,
paré de fleurs et d'or,
une femme apparaît!*

Zurga: *Une femme apparaît!*

Nadir: *Je crois la voir encore!*

Zurga: *Je crois la voir encore!*

Nadir: *La foule prosternée
la regarde, étonnée,
et murmure tout bas:
“Voyez, c’est la déesse
qui dans l’ombre se dresse,
et vers nous tend les bras!”*

Zurga: *Son voile se soulève!
Ô vision! Ô rêve!
La foule est à genoux!*

Both: *Oui, c’est elle!
C’est la déesse
plus charmante et plus belle!*

4. “In the depths of the holy temple”
(Bizet – The Pearl Fishers)

In the depths of the holy temple,
adorned with flowers and gold,
a woman appears!

A woman appears!

I think I see her still!

I think I see her still!

The prostrate crowd
gazes at her, astonished,
and murmurs softly:
“Behold, it is the goddess
rising up in the shadows,
towards us stretching out her arms!”

Her veil lifts!
O vision! O dream!
The crowd is on its knees!

Yes, it is she!
It is the goddess,
enchanted and beautiful!

*Oui, c'est elle!
C'est la déesse
qui descend parmi nous!
Son voile se soulève,
et la foule est à genoux!*

Yes, it is she!
It is the goddess
who has descended among us!
Her veil lifts,
and the crowd is on its knees!

Nadir: *Mais à travers la foule
elle s'ouvre un passage!*

But through the crowd
she makes her way!

Zurga: *Son long voile déjà
nous cache son visage!*

Already her long veil
hides her face from us!

Nadir: *Mon regard, hélas,
la cherche en vain!*

My eyes, alas,
search for her in vain!

Zurga: *Elle fuit!*

She flees!

Nadir: *Elle fuit!
Mais dans mon âme soudain
quelle étrange ardeur s'allume!*

She flees!
But suddenly in my soul
what strange ardour is kindled!

Zurga: *Quel feu nouveau me consume!*

What new fire consumes me?

Nadir: *Ta main repousse ma main!*

Your hand pushes mine away!

Zurga: *Ta main repousse ma main!*

Your hand pushes mine away!

Nadir: *De nos cœurs l'amour s'empare*

Love seizes our hearts

et nous change en ennemis!

and turns us into enemies!

Zurga: *Non, que rien ne nous sépare!*

No, let nothing divide us!

Nadir: *Non, rien!*

No, nothing!

Zurga: *Que rien ne nous sépare.*

Let nothing divide us!

Nadir: *Non, rien!*

No, nothing!

Zurga: *Jurons de rester amis!*

Let us swear to remain friends!

Nadir: *Jurons de rester amis!*

Let us swear to remain friends!

Zurga: *Jurons de rester amis!*

Let us swear to remain friends!

Both: *Oh oui, jurons de rester amis!
Oui, c'est elle! C'est la déesse
en ce jour qui vient nous unir,
et fidèle à ma promesse,
comme un frère je veux te chérir!
C'est elle! C'est la déesse
qui vient en ce jour nous unir!
Oui, partageons le même sort;
soyons unis jusqu'à la mort!*

Oh yes, let us swear to remain friends!
Yes, it is she! It is the goddess
who comes this day to unite us,
and, faithful to my promise,
like a brother I wish to cherish you!
It is she! It is the goddess
who comes this day to unite us!
Yes, let us share the same fate;
let us be united until death!

5. Soave sia il vento

5. "Gentle be the breeze"

(Mozart – Così fan tutte)

Don Alfonso,
Fiordiligi and
Dorabella:

*Soave sia il vento,
tranquilla sia l'onda,
ed ogni elemento
benigno risponda
ai nostri desir.*

(Mozart – Così fan tutte)

Gentle be the breeze,
calm be the waves,
and may every element
respond kindly
to our wishes.

6. O soave fanciulla
(Puccini – La bohème)

Rodolfo:

*O soave fanciulla, o dolce viso
di mite circonfuso alba lunar,
in te, ravviso
il sogno ch'io vorrei sempre sognar!*

6. “O gentle maiden”
(Puccini – La bohème)

O gentle maiden, o sweet visage
bathed in the soft dawn moonlight,
in you I behold
the dream I would always dream!

Mimì:
Rodolfo:
(Together)

*Ah, tu sol comandi, amor!
Fremon già nell'anima
le dolcezze estreme.*

Ah, you alone hold sway, Love!
Already in my soul trembles
the ultimate sweetness.

Mimì:

Tu sol comandi, amore!

You alone hold sway, Love!

Rodolfo:

*Fremon nell'anima
dolcezze estreme,
fremon dolcezze estreme.*

In my soul trembles
the ultimate sweetness,
trembles the ultimate sweetness.

Mimì:
(Together)

*Oh come dolci scendono
le sue lusinghe al core...*

Oh how sweetly his flatteries
fall on my heart...

Mimì:	<i>Tu sol comandi, amor!</i>	You alone hold sway, Love!
Rodolfo:	<i>Nel bacio freme amor!</i>	In our kiss Love trembles!
Mimì:	<i>No, per pietà!</i>	No, I beg you!
Rodolfo:	<i>Sei mia!</i>	You're mine!
Mimì:	<i>V'aspettan gli amici...</i>	Your friends are waiting for you...
Rodolfo:	<i>Già mi mandi via?</i>	You're sending me away already?
Mimì:	<i>Vorrei dir... ma non oso.</i>	I'd like to say it... but I dare not.
Rodolfo:	<i>Di'...</i>	Say it...
Mimì:	<i>Se venissi con voi?</i>	If I came with you?
Rodolfo:	<i>Che? Mimì!</i>	What? Mimì!
	<i>Sarebbe così dolce restar qui.</i>	It would be so sweet to stay here.
	<i>C'è freddo fuori.</i>	It's cold outside.
Mimì:	<i>Vi starò vicina!</i>	I'll stay close to you!
Rodolfo:	<i>E al ritorno?</i>	And when you return?
Mimì:	<i>Curioso!</i>	So curious!
Rodolfo:	<i>Dammi il braccio, o mia piccina...</i>	Give me your arm, my little one...
Mimì:	<i>Obbedisco, signor!</i>	I obey, sir!
Rodolfo:	<i>Che m'ami... di'...</i>	That you love me... say it...

Mimì: *Io t'amo.* I love you.

Both: *Amor! Amor! Amor!* Love! Love! Love!

7. *Non più andrai*
(Mozart – *Le nozze di Figaro*)

Figaro: *Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor;
delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor!*

*Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,
quel cappello leggero e galante,
quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
quel vermiglio donnesco color.*

*Non più avrai quei pennacchini,
quel cappello, quella chioma,
quell'aria brillante.*

*Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor;*

7. "You shall go no more"
(Mozart – *The Marriage of Figaro*)

You shall go no more, lusty big butterfly,
day and night whirling around,
disturbing ladies in their sleep,
little Narcissus, little Adonis of love;
disturbing ladies in their sleep,
little Narcissus, little Adonis of love!

No more will you have those fine little feathers,
that light and gallant cap,
that hair, that radiant air,
that rosy feminine glow.

No more will you have those feathers,
that cap, that hair,
that radiant air.

You shall go no more, lusty big butterfly,
day and night whirling around,
disturbing ladies in their sleep,
little Narcissus, little Adonis of love;

*delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor!*

*Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco.
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
collo dritto, muso franco,
un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
molto onor, poco contante,
poco contante, poco contante.
Ed invece del fandango,
una marcia per il fango.*

*Per montagne, per valloni,
con le nevi e i sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
di bombarde, di cannoni,
che le palle in tutti i tuoni
all'orecchio fan fischiar.*

*Non più avrai quei pennacchini;
non più avrai quel cappello;
non più avrai quella chioma;
non più avrai quell'aria brillante.*

*Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
delle belle turbando il riposo,*

disturbing ladies in their sleep,
little Narcissus, little Adonis of love!

Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
Big moustaches, tight knapsack.
Rifle on the shoulder, sabre at the side,
stiff-necked, no-nonsense,
a big helmet, or a big turban,
great honour, little pay,
little pay, little pay.
And instead of dancing the fandango,
a march through the mud.

Through mountains, through valleys,
with the snow and the summer heat.
To the chorus of arquebuses,
of bombards, of cannons,
whose thundering fireballs
make your ears ring.

No more will you have those feathers;
no more will you have that cap;
no more will you have that hair;
no more will you have that radiant air.

You shall go no more, lusty big butterfly,
day and night whirling around,
disturbing ladies in their sleep,

*Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor;
delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor!*

little Narcissus, little Adonis of love;
disturbing ladies in their sleep,
little Narcissus, little Adonis of love!

*Cherubino, alla vittoria,
alla gloria militar!
Cherubino, alla vittoria,
alla gloria militar!
Alla gloria militar! Alla gloria militar!*

Cherubino, to victory,
to military glory!
Cherubino, to victory,
to military glory!
To military glory! To military glory!

***8. Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour
(Offenbach – Les contes d'Hoffman)***

**8. “Beautiful night, o night of love”
(Offenbach – *The Tales of Hoffman*)**

Nicklausse: *Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
souris à nos ivresses!
Nuit plus douce que le jour!
Ô belle nuit d'amour!*

Beautiful night, o night of love,
smile upon our raptures!
Night more gentle than the day!
O beautiful night of love!

**Nicklausse and
Giulietta:** *Le temps fuit et sans retour
emporte nos tendresses;
loin de cet heureux séjour
le temps fuit sans retour!*

Time flies, never to return
and carries away our sweet nothings;
far from this happy resting place
time flies, never to return!

*Zéphyrs embrasés,
versez-nous vos caresses!
Zéphyrs embrasés,
donnez-nous vos baisers!*

Glowing zephyrs,
pour down your caresses!
Glowing zephyrs,
give us your kisses!

*Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,
souris à nos ivresses!
Nuit plus douce que le jour!
Ô belle nuit d'amour!*

Beautiful night, o night of love,
smile upon our raptures!
Night more gentle than the day!
O beautiful night of love!

9. Pa-pa-pa
(Mozart – Die Zauberflöte)

9. “Pa-pa-pa”
(Mozart – The Magic Flute)

Papageno: *Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papagena!*

Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papagena!

Papagena: *Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papageno!*

Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papageno!

Both: *Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papagena /
Papageno!*

Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papagena /
Papageno!

Papageno: *Bist du mir nun ganz ergeben?*

Are you now wholly devoted to me?

Papagena: *Nun bin ich dir ganz ergeben.*

Now I'm wholly devoted to you.

Papageno: *Nun so sei mein liebes Weibchen!*

So now be my darling little wife!

Papagena: *Nun so sei mein Herzenstäubchen!*

So now be the little dove of my heart!

Both: *Welche Freude wird das sein,
wenn die Götter uns bedenken,
unsrer Liebe Kinder schenken,*

What joy it will be,
when the gods remember us,
and bless our love with children,

so liebe kleine Kinderlein.

such dear little children.

Papageno: *Erst einen kleinen Papageno.*

First a little Papageno!

Papagena: *Dann eine kleine Papagena.*

Then a little Papagena!

Papageno: *Dann wieder einen Papageno.*

Then another Papageno!

Papagena: *Dann wieder eine Papagena.*

Then another Papagena!

Papageno: *Papageno.*

Papageno.

Papagena: *Papagena.*

Papagena.

Papageno: *Papageno.*

Papageno.

Papagena: *Papagena, Papagena, Papagena!*

Papagena, Papagena, Papagena!

Papageno: *Papageno, Papageno!*

Papageno, Papageno!

Both: *Es ist das höchste der Gefühle,
wenn viele Papageno / Papagena
der Eltern Segen werden sein.*

The greatest joy of all,
when many Papagenos / Papagenas
bless their parents.

(Last three lines repeat)

(Last three lines repeat)

10. Nessun dorma
(Puccini – Turandot)

10. “No one shall sleep”
(Puccini – Turandot)

Calaf: *Nessun dorma! Nessun dorma!
Tu pure, o Principessa,
nella tua fredda stanza,
guardi le stelle
che tremano d'amore, e di speranza!*

*Ma il mio mistero è chiuso in me;
il nome mio nessun saprà!
No, No! Sulla tua bocca,
lo dirò quando la luce splenderà!*

*Ed il mio bacio scioglierà
il silenzio che ti fa mia!*

People of Peking: *Il nome suo nessun saprà,
E noi dovrem, ahimè, morir, morir!*

Calaf: *Dilegua, o notte!
Tramontate, stelle!
Tramontate, stelle!
All'alba, vincerò!
Vincerò! Vincerò!*

11. Habanera
(Bizet – Carmen)

No one shall sleep! No one shall sleep!
Not even you, o Princess,
in your cold bedroom,
watching the stars
that tremble with love, and with hope!

But my secret stays with me;
no one will know my name!
No, no! On your lips,
I will say it when the light shines!

And my kiss will dissolve
the silence that makes you mine!

No one will know his name,
and, alas, we will have to die, to die!

Vanish, o night!
Fade, you stars!
Fade, you stars!
At dawn, I will win!
I will win! I will win!

11. Habanera
(Bizet – Carmen)

Carmen:	<i>L'amour est un oiseau rebelle que nul ne peut apprivoiser, et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle, s'il lui convient de refuser; rien n'y fait, menace ou prière, L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait, at c'est l'autre que je préfère, il n'a rien dit, mais il me plaît.</i>	Love is a rebellious bird that none can tame, and there's no point calling it, if it feels like refusing; nothing works, neither threat nor plea. Some men are smooth-talkers, others quiet, and it's the quiet ones I prefer; if he says nothing, it pleases me.
Chorus (and Carmen):	<i>L'amour est un oiseau rebelle (L'amour!) que nul ne peut apprivoiser, (L'amour!) et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle, (L'amour!) s'il lui convient de refuser. (L'amour!)</i>	Love is a rebellious bird (Love!) that none can tame, (Love!) and there's no point calling it, (Love!) if it feels like refusing. (Love!)
Carmen:	<i>L'amour est enfant de bohème; il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi. Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!</i>	Love is a gypsy child; it has never, ever known any law. If you don't love me, then I love you, but if I love you, be on your guard!
(Chorus:)	<i>(Prends garde à toi!)</i>	(Be on your guard!)
Carmen:	<i>Si tu ne m'aimes pas, si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!</i>	If you don't love me, if you don't love me, then I love you!
(Chorus:)	<i>(Prends garde à toi!)</i>	(Be on your guard!)
Carmen:	<i>Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!</i>	But if I love you, if I love you, be on your guard!
Chorus:	<i>L'amour est enfant de bohème; il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi.</i>	Love is a gypsy child; it has never, ever known any law.

*Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!*

If you don't love me, then I love you;
if I love you, be on your guard!
Be on your guard!

Carmen: *Si tu ne m'aimes pas,
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!*

If you don't love me,
if you don't love me, then I love you!
(Be on your guard!)

(Chorus:) *(Prends garde à toi!)*

Carmen: *Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime,
prends garde à toi! (à toi!)*

But if I love you, if I love you,
be on your guard! (Your guard!)

*L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
battit de l'aile et s'envola.
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre.
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est là!
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite,
il vient, s'en va, puis il revient.
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite;
tu crois l'éviter, il te tient!*

The bird you thought you'd caught
beat its wings and flew away.
Love is far away; you can wait for it.
You give up waiting; there it is!
All around you, quick, quick,
it comes, it goes, then it returns.
You think you grab it, it dodges you;
you think you dodge it, it grabs you!

**Chorus (and
Carmen):** *Tout autour de toi, vite, vite, (L'amour!)
il vient, s'en va, puis il revient. (L'amour!)
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite; (L'amour!)
tu crois l'éviter, il te tient! (L'amour!)*

All around you, quick, quick, (Love!)
it comes, it goes, then it returns. (Love!)
You think you grab it, it dodges you; (Love!)
you think you dodge it, it grabs you! (Love!)

Carmen: *L'amour est enfant de bohème;
il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi.
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!*

Love is a gypsy child;
it has never, ever known any law.
If you don't love me, then I love you;
if I love you, be on your guard!

(Chorus:)	<i>(Prends garde à toi!)</i>	(Be on your guard!)
Carmen:	<i>Si tu ne m'aimes pas, si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!</i>	If you don't love me, if you don't love me, then I love you!
(Chorus:)	<i>(Prends garde à toi!)</i>	(Be on your guard!)
Carmen:	<i>Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!</i>	But if I love you, if I love you, be on your guard!
Chorus:	<i>L'amour est enfant de bohème; il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi. Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime; si je t'aime, prends garde à toi! Prends garde à toi!</i>	Love is a gypsy child; it has never, ever known any law. If you don't love me, then I love you; if I love you, be on your guard! Be on your guard!
Carmen:	<i>Si tu ne m'aimes pas, si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime!</i>	If you don't love me, if you don't love me, then I love you!
(Chorus:)	<i>(Prends garde à toi!)</i>	(Be on your guard!)
Carmen:	<i>Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi! (à toi!)</i>	But if I love you, if I love you, be on your guard! (Your guard!)

12. Couplets du toréador
(Bizet – Carmen)

Escamillo:	<i>Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre, señors, señors, car avec les soldats, oui, les toréros, peuvent s'entendre; pour plaisirs, pour plaisirs,</i>
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12. Toreador Song
(Bizet – Carmen)

Your toast I can return to you, gentlemen, gentlemen, because with soldiers, yes, bullfighters can get along; for pleasure, for pleasure

ils ont les combats!

they fight!

*Le cirque est plein; c'est jour de fête!
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas.
Les spectateurs, perdant la tête;
les spectateurs s'interpellent
à grand fracas!*

The arena is full; it's a day of celebration!
The arena is full from top to bottom.
The crowd is going wild,
calling out to each other
in a mighty clamour!

*Apostrophes, cris et tapage
poussés jusques à la fureur!
Car c'est la fête du courage!
C'est la fête des gens de cœur!
Allons! En garde!
Allons! Allons! Ah!*

Shouts, cries and noise
growing to the edge of frenzy!
Because it is the celebration of courage!
It is the celebration of hearty men!
Let's go! On guard!
Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

*Toréador, en garde! Toréador! Toréador!
Et songe bien, oui,
songe en combattant
qu'un œil noir te regarde,
et que l'amour t'attend,
Toréador, l'amour, l'amour t'attend!*

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And remember well, yes,
remember as you fight
that a dark eye is watching you,
and that love awaits you,
Toreador, love, love is waiting for you!

(Refrain repeated by the chorus and Escamillo)

(Refrain repeated by the chorus and Escamillo)

*Tout d'un coup, on fait silence;
on fait silence... Ah! Que se passe-t-il?
Plus de cris; c'est l'instant!
Plus de cris; c'est l'instant!*

All at once, there is silence;
there is silence... Ah! What is happening?
No more cries; this is it!
No more cries; this is it!

*Le taureau s'élance,
en bondissant hors du toril!*

*Il s'élance! Il entre; il frappe!
Un cheval roule,
entraînant un picador,
"Ah! Bravo! Toro!" hurle la foule.
Le taureau va... Il vient...
Il vient et frappe encore!*

*En secouant ses banderilles,
plein de fureur, il court!
Le cirque est plein de sang!
On se sauve... On franchit les grilles!
C'est ton tour maintenant!
Allons! En garde! Allons! Allons! Ah!*

*Toréador, en garde! Toréador! Toréador!
Et songe bien, oui,
songe en combattant
qu'un œil noir te regarde,
et que l'amour t'attend,
Toréador, l'amour, l'amour t'attend!*

(Refrain repeated by the chorus and Escamillo)

*L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!
L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!*

The bull rushes forward,
leaping out of the pen!

He rushes out! He enters; he strikes!
A horse falls over,
dragging down a picador.
"Ah! Bravo! Bull!" howls the crowd.
The bull goes on... He comes...
He comes and strikes again!

Shaking his banderillas,
full of rage, he runs!
The ring is full of blood!
People flee... They leap over the gates!
It's your turn now!
Let's go! On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

Toreador, on guard! Toreador! Toreador!
And remember well, yes,
remember as you fight
that a dark eye is watching you,
and that love awaits you,
Toreador, love, love is waiting for you!

(Refrain repeated by the chorus and Escamillo)

Love! Love! Love!
Love! Love! Love!

**Women and
Escamillo:**

All: *Toréador! Toréador! Toreador!*
L'amour t'attend!

Toreador! Toreador! Toreador!
Love awaits you!

13. O mio babbino caro
(Puccini – Gianni Schicchi)

Lauretta: *O mio babbino caro,*
mi piace; è bello, bello.
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!

Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttarmi in Arno!

Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

14. Brindisi
(Verdi – La traviata)

Alfredo: *Libiamo, libiamo ne' lieti calici*
che la bellezza infiora,

13. "O my dear papa"
(Puccini – Gianni Schicchi)

O my dear papa,
I like him; he is handsome, handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
to buy the ring!

Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if I loved him in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio,
but to throw myself in the Arno!

I am consumed and tormented!
Oh God, I'd rather die!
Papa, have pity, have pity!
Papa, have pity, have pity!

14. Brindisi
(Verdi – La traviata)

Let's drink, let's drink from the joyous chalices
that beauty adorns,

*e la fuggevol, fuggevol ora
s'inebrii a voluttà.*

and let the fleeting, fleeting hour
become tipsy with pleasure.

*Libiam ne' dolci fremiti
che suscita l'amore,
poiché quell'occhio
al core onnipotente va.*

Let's drink to the sweet thrills
that love arouses,
for a lover's gaze
goes to the almighty heart.

*Libiamo, amore; amor fra i calici
più caldi baci avrà.*

Let's drink to love; love among the chalices
will have the warmest kisses.

**Flora, Gastone,
Baron, Doctor,
Marquis, Chorus:**

*Ah, libiam,
amor fra ' calici
più caldi baci avrà.*

Ah, let's drink;
love among the chalices
will have the warmest kisses.

Violetta:

*Tra voi, tra voi saprò dividere
il tempo mio giocondo.
Tutto è follia, follia nel mondo
ciò che non è piacer.*

With you, with you I'll share
my joyful time.
All is folly, folly in the world
if it is not pleasurable.

*Godiam, fugace e rapido
è il gaudio dell'amore.
È un fior che nasce e muore,
ne più si può goder.*

Let's be merry; fleeting and quick
is the ecstasy of love.
It's a flower that blooms and dies,
and can be enjoyed no more.

*Godiam, c'invita, c'invita un fervido
accento lusinghier.*

Let's be merry; a fervent,
alluring voice invites us, invites us.

Flora, Gastone, Baron, Doctor, Marquis, Chorus:	<i>Ah, godiamo la tazza, la tazza e il cantico, le notti abbellà e il riso; in questo, in questo paradiso ne scopra il nuovo dì.</i>	Ah, let's enjoy the cup, the cup and the song, the beautiful nights and the laughter; in this, in this paradise let the new day find us.
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Violetta:	<i>La vita è nel tripudio.</i>	There is life in jubilation.
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Alfredo:	<i>Quando non s'ami ancora –</i>	If one hasn't yet known love –
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Violetta:	<i>Nol dite a chi l'ignora.</i>	Don't tell anyone who doesn't know.
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Alfredo:	<i>È il mio destin così.</i>	Such is my fate.
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All:	<i>Ah, godiamo la tazza, la tazza e il cantico, le notti abbellà e il riso; in questo, in questo paradiso ne scopra il nuovo dì.</i>	Ah, let's enjoy the cup, the cup and the song, the beautiful night and the laughter; in this, in this paradise let the new day find us.
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15. Coro dei servi

(Donizetti – Don Pasquale)

Chorus: *Che interminabile andirivieni!
Tin tin di qua; ton ton di là!
In pace un attimo giammai si sta.
Ma casa buona, montata in grande.
Si spende e spande; c'è da scialar.*

15. Servants' Chorus

(Donizetti – Don Pasquale)

Such endless comings and goings!
Ding ding here; dong dong there!
Never a moment's peace.
But it's a fine house, grandly appointed.
Money's no object; there's plenty to enjoy.

*Finito il pranzo, vi furon scene.
Comincian presto. Contate un po'.
Dice il marito, "Restar conviene."
Dice la sposa, "Sortire io vo'."
Il vecchio sbuffa; segue baruffa.
Ma la sposina l'ha da spuntar.*

*V'è un nipotino guastamestieri
che tiene il vecchio sopra pensieri.
La padroncina è tutto foco
par che il marito lo conti poco.*

*Zitti, prudenza. Alcuno viene.
Si starà bene; c'è da scialar.*

When lunch was finished, there was such a scene.
They started straight away. Just imagine it.
The husband says, "We should stay."
The wife says, "I want to leave."
The old man snorts; a quarrel follows.
But the young bride must have her way.

There's a meddling little nephew
who keeps the old man at his wits' end.
The young mistress is a live wire
who seems to think little of her husband.

Shh, careful. Someone's coming.
We'll be fine; there's plenty to enjoy.