



LYRIC OPERA
OF CHICAGO

**LYRIC OPERA CENTER
FOR AMERICAN ARTISTS**



***GREAT AMERICAN VOICES
MILITARY BASE TOUR***

Grand Forks Air Force Base — June 7, 2006
Minot Air Force Base — June 9, 2006

LYRIC OPERA CENTER FOR AMERICAN ARTISTS

Kathleen Kim, soprano
Susanna Phillips, soprano
Elizabeth De Shong, mezzo-soprano
Timothy Shaindlin, piano

Bryan Griffin, tenor
Rodell Rosel, tenor
Jordan Shanahan, baritone

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“NAME THAT TUNE”

“Libiamo”	<i>La traviata</i> Susanna Phillips, Bryan Griffin	Giuseppe Verdi
“Largo al factotum”	<i>Il barbiere di Siviglia</i> Jordan Shanahan	Gioachino Rossini
“Dunque io son”	<i>Il barbiere di Siviglia</i> Elizabeth De Shong, Jordan Shanahan	Gioachino Rossini
“Quando m’en vo”	<i>La bohème</i> Susanna Phillips	Giacomo Puccini
“O soave fanciulla”	<i>La bohème</i> Susanna Phillips, Bryan Griffin	Giacomo Puccini
“Vesti la giubba”	<i>Pagliacci</i> Rodell Rosel	Ruggero Leoncavallo
“Dôme épais”	<i>Lakmé</i> Kathleen Kim, Elizabeth De Shong	Léo Delibes
“Votre toast”	<i>Carmen</i> Jordan Shanahan, Ensemble	Georges Bizet
“L’amour est un oiseau rebelle”	<i>Carmen</i> Elizabeth De Shong	Georges Bizet
“Der Hölle Rache”	<i>Die Zauberflöte</i> Kathleen Kim	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
“Soave sia il vento”	<i>Così fan tutte</i> Susanna Phillips, Elizabeth De Shong, Jordan Shanahan	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
“La donna è mobile”	<i>Rigoletto</i>	Giuseppe Verdi

Bryan Griffin

“Bella figlia dell’amore” *Rigoletto* Giuseppe Verdi
Kathleen Kim, Elizabeth De Shong, Rodell Rosel, Jordan Shanahan

“Tonight” *West Side Story* Leonard Bernstein
Susanna Phillips, Bryan Griffin

“Music of the Night” *The Phantom of the Opera* Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber
Rodell Rosel

“Haben Sie gehört das deutsche Band” *The Producers* Mel Brooks
Rodell Rosel

Medley *The Sound of Music* Richard Rodgers
Ensemble

LYRIC OPERA CENTER FOR AMERICAN ARTISTS (LOCAA) was established in 1974 as the professional artist-development program for Lyric Opera of Chicago. Since its inception, LOCAA has been recognized as one of the premier programs of its kind in the world. That standing is maintained by providing the finest up-and-coming singers with unparalleled training and experience. Gianna Rolandi is Director of the program. Selected from some 500 singers who audition annually, the Opera Center Ensemble members are in residence for twelve months. Over the course of the year they receive advanced instruction in numerous aspects of operatic performance, including voice lessons and coachings, language and acting training, and master classes with some of opera’s most renowned artists. LOCAA members gain valuable performing experience by participating in recitals and concerts at many Chicago-area venues. During Lyric Opera’s mainstage season, they perform and understudy roles at all levels. This presents an extraordinary opportunity to work with the world’s greatest opera singers, conductors, and directors, thus advancing the young artists’ professionalism.

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TIMOTHY SHAINDLIN, coach/pianist, studied at The Juilliard School and Indiana University. He has been a noted staff member for Sarasota Opera, Washington National Opera, San Diego Opera, New York City Opera, Pittsburgh Opera, and Hawaii Opera Theatre, and has conducted performances for Wolf Trap Opera and Eugene Opera. Chicago audiences have seen him conduct several productions at Light Opera Works. He has served as language coach for Glimmerglass Opera and the St. Louis Symphony, and as prompter for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (Beethoven’s *Fidelio*, conducted by Daniel Barenboim). European credits include a year with Barcelona’s Gran Teatre del Liceu. As accompanist, he has played master classes for many eminent artists, most notably Tito Gobbi, Beverly Sills, Birgit Nilsson, Régine Crespin, Sherrill Milnes, Natalie Dessay, Renata Scottò, Regina Resnik, Marilyn Horne, and Carlo Bergonzi. Mr. Shaindlin has coached at LOCAA for more than ten years, and has been an assistant conductor for Lyric Opera of Chicago for eleven years.



Pennsylvania-born mezzo-soprano **ELIZABETH DE SHONG**, a second-year LOCAA member, debuted at Lyric Opera in the 2005-06 season's *Der Rosenkavalier*. She also performed in the second series of *Carmen* performances, as well as in the student matinees. De Shong is an alumna of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music and the Curtis Institute of Music. Recent performance credits include leading roles in operas of Purcell, Johann Strauss, Britten, and Rorem. De Shong has been a soloist with the Cleveland Orchestra in *Parsifal* (Pierre Boulez conducting), Debussy's *La damoiselle élue*, and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* (Blossom Music Festival). The mezzo was Grand Prize winner of the Tennessee-based Orpheus National Music Competition (2001). She holds awards from the Dayton Opera Guild, National Association of Teachers of Singing, and Opera Columbus.

Tenor **BRYAN GRIFFIN**, a Connecticut native, is a second-year LOCAA member. He made his Lyric Opera debut in the 2005-06 season in *Manon Lescaut*. His other appearances at Lyric have included the leading role of Tamino in *The Magic Flute*, which he sang at short notice for the December 19, 2005 performance. Griffin began studying voice at 15, eventually receiving a bachelor's degree from New York's Juilliard School. Among his leading roles there were Sam/ Kurt Weill's *Street Scene* and Jo the Loiterer/Virgil Thomson's *The Mother of Us All*. He was a 2004 apprentice artist at The Santa Fe Opera. He later participated in the young-artist program of Miami's Florida Grand Opera, also singing in FGO mainstage performances as the First Armored Man/*The Magic Flute*, Sam Sharkey/*Paul Bunyan* (professional debut) and Normanno/*Lucia di*



Korean-American soprano **KATHLEEN KIM**, a second-year LOCAA member, made her Lyric Opera debut in the 2005-06 season in *Rigoletto*, returning for *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Carmen* (student matinees). In May she portrayed Madame Mao/John Adams's *Nixon in China* with Chicago Opera Theater. In 2003, Kim made her professional debut in New York (Pamina/*The Magic Flute* with Opera Eurydice). A former Studio Artist at Sarasota Opera, she has also appeared with Opera Festival of New Jersey and Connecticut's Ridgefield Opera. In 2005 Kim was a MacAllister Awards national finalist and won the Sullivan Foundation Award and the Rose M. Grundman Award (from Chicago's Union League Civic & Arts Foundation). The Manhattan School of Music alumna is a past recipient of awards from the Sarasota Opera Guild, the Mario Lanza Competition, and the Marilyn Horne Foundation Competition.

Alabama-born soprano **SUSANNA PHILLIPS**, a second-year LOCAA member, has appeared in three roles at Lyric Opera, debuting in *Carmen* (opening night, 2005-06 season). Later this summer she will portray Pamina/*The Magic Flute* at Santa Fe Opera before returning to Lyric. Phillips has appeared at major concert venues (Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, the Library of Congress) and under the auspices of the Marilyn Horne Foundation "On Wings of Song" Series, Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music, and Mexico City's Mozart-Haydn Festival. In 2005 Phillips was a first-place winner of Plácido Domingo's Operalia competition and a winner of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions Grand Finals. Among the Juilliard alumna's apprenticeships have been Santa Fe Opera, the Cleveland Art Song Festival, and the Music Academy of the West.





Filipino-American tenor **RODELL ROSEL**, a second-year LOCAA member, has appeared in three roles at Lyric Opera, beginning with *Remendado/Carmen* (opening night, 2005-06 season). The Manila native studied at the University of California at Los Angeles, where he sang the title role/Britten's *Albert Herring* and leading roles of Mozart, Rossini, and Ravel, also appearing as tenor soloist in *The Creation*, *Messiah*, and the Mozart *Requiem*. He has sung Basilio/*Le nozze di Figaro*, Monostatos/*Die Zauberflöte*, Kaspar/*Amahl and the Night Visitors*, and Tinca/*Il tabarro*. Rosel was a 2005 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions Grand Finals winner, first-place winner at the 2001 Palm Springs Opera Guild Vocal Competition, and a Loren Zachary National Vocal Competition finalist in 2004. He has received scholarships from, among others, The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

Originally from Hawaii, baritone **JORDAN SHANAHAN** is a first-year LOCAA member. Some of his notable successes have included *Figaro/Il barbiere di Siviglia*, *Silvio/Pagliacci*, *Enrico/Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Germont/La traviata*. He has recently appeared with the Netherlands Opera, Santa Fe Opera, and the Metropolitan Opera, as well as in concert with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Netherlands Philharmonic, and the orchestras of Munich, Honolulu, and Orlando. Winner of the Lotte Lehmann Foundation Award for *Lieder* singing, Shanahan has presented recitals in Honolulu, Amsterdam, Philadelphia, and Portland (Oregon). He recently received a major award from the Metropolitan Opera National Council Regional Auditions. He appears in a new DVD of the Netherlands Opera's *Don Carlo*, and he sings the title role in Albany Records' forthcoming release of Thomas Pasatieri's *Signor Deluso*.



TEXT TRANSLATIONS

“Libiamo” from *La traviata*

Alfredo: Libiamo, libiamo ne'lieti calici
che la bellezza infiora.
E la fuggevol ora s'inebrii
a voluttà.
Libiam ne'dolci fremiti
che suscita l'amore,
poiché quell'occhio al core
onnipotente va.
Libiamo, amore fra i calici
più caldi baci avrà.

Violetta: Tra voi, tra voi saprò dividere
il tempo mio giocondo;
Tutto è follia nel mondo ciò
che non è piacer.
Godiam, fugace e rapido
e' il gaudio dell'amore,
e' un fior che nasce e muore,
ne più si può goder.
Godiam, c'invita un fervido
accento lusinghier.

Alfredo: Let us drink from the goblets of joy
adorned with beauty,
and the fleeting hour will be adorned
with pleasure.
Let us drink to the secret raptures
which love excites,
for your glance reigns supreme in my heart.

Let us drink, for with wine
love will enjoy even more passionate kisses.

Violetta: With you I could spend
the time with delight.
In life everything is folly
which does not bring pleasure.
Let us be happy. Fleeting and rapid
is the delight of love;
it is a flower which blooms and dies,
which can no longer be enjoyed.
Let us be happy. Fervent and enticing words
summon us.

Alfredo & Violetta: La vita è nel tripudio
quando non s'ami ancora.
Nol dite a chi l'ignora,
e' il mio destin così...

Alfredo & Violetta: Life is nothing but pleasure,
as long as one is not in love.
Don't say that to one who doesn't know it.
That is my fate...

“Largo al factotum” from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

Figaro: Largo al factotum della città.
Presto a bottega, che l'alba è già.
Ah, che bel vivere, che bel piacere
per un barbiere di qualità!
Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, bravissimo!
Fortunatissimo per verità!
Pronto a far tutto,
la notte e il giorno
sempre d'intorno in giro sta.
Miglior cuccagna per un barbiere,
vita più nobile, no, non si dà.
Rasori e pettini
lancette e forbici,
al mio comando
tutto qui sta.
V'è la risorsa,
poi, del mestiere
colla donnetta...col cavaliere...
Tutti mi chiedono, tutti mi vogliono,
donne, ragazzi, vecchi, fanciulle:
Qua la parruca...Presto la barba...
Qua la sanguigna...
Presto il biglietto...
Qua la parruca, presto la barba,
Presto il biglietto, ehi!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!, ecc.
Ahimè, che furia!
Ahimè, che folla!
Uno alla volta, per carità!
Figaro! Son qua.
Ehi, Figaro! Son qua.
Figaro qua, Figaro là,
Figaro su, Figaro giù,
Pronto prontissimo son come il fumine:
sono il factotum della città.
Ah, bravo Figaro! Bravo, bravissimo;
a te fortuna non mancherà.

Figaro: Make way for the top man of the city,
rushing to his shop now that it's dawn.
Ah, isn't life good, how pleasant it is
for a barber of class!
Ah, bravo Figaro!
Bravo, bravissimo!
I am truly the luckiest man!
Ready for anything,
night and day.
Always keeping busy.
A better life than mine,
a more noble life cannot be found.
Razors and combs,
lancets and scissors,
all are here
at my command.
And then, there are the 'extras,'
for the business
with women...and with gentlemen...
Everyone asks for me, everyone wants me,
Women, young people, old people:
How about my wig?...A quick shave...
Some leeches for bleeding...
Quick, the note...
My wig, my shave,
Hurry – my note!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro! etc.
Heavens, what mayhem!
Heavens, what crowds!
One at a time, for pity's sake!
Figaro! Here I am.
Figaro! Here I am.
Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro up, Figaro down,
I am as quick as lightning;
I am the top man of the city.
Ah, bravo Figaro! Bravo, bravissimo;
From you luckiness will not depart.

“Dunque io son” from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

Rosina: Dunque io son...tu non m'inganni?
Dunque io son la fortunata!
Già me l'ero immaginata
Io sapevo pria di te.

Figaro: Di Lindoro il vago oggetto
siete voi, bella Rosina.
(Oh, che volpe sopraffina,)
ma l'avrà da far con me.

Rosina: Senti, senti...ma a Lindoro
per parlar come si fa?

Figaro: Zitto, zitto, qui Lindoro
per parlarvi or sarà.

Rosina: Per parlarmi? Bravo! Bravo!
Venga pur, ma con prudenza;
io già moro d'impazienza!
Ma che tarda?...cosa fa?

Figaro: Egli attende qualche segno,
poverin, del vostro affetto;
sol due righe di biglietto
gli mandate, e qui verrà.
Che ne dite?

Rosina: Non vorrei...

Figaro: Su, coraggio.

Rosina: Non saprei...

Figaro: Sol due righe...

Rosina: Mi vergogno...

Figaro: Ma di che? Ma di che?...si sa!
Presto, presto; qua il biglietto.

Rosina: Un biglietto?...eccolo qua.

Figaro: Già era scritto? Ve', che bestia!
Il maestro faccio a lei!

Rosina: Fortunati affetti miei!
Io comincio a respirar.
Ah, tu solo, amor, tu sei
che mi devi consolar.

Rosina: Then it's me! I'm his beloved!
Then it's he who is my lover!
This is really not surprising
since I knew it all along.

Figaro: Your Lindoro loves you truly,
he will worship you forever.
(She is too clever!)
Just call him, and he will come here.

Rosina: Dear Lindoro! Shall I see him?
Is it really true?

Figaro: I assure you that Lindoro
craves to have a word with you.

Rosina: Sweet Lindoro! Heaven help me!
Tell him to come, but carefully!
I'm dying of impatience!
What's taking him so long?

Figaro: He is waiting for some sign
of your affection!
He's awaiting your permission.
Just send a little a note, and he will hasten
to your side. What's your answer?

Rosina: Can I bear to...

Figaro: Have courage!

Rosina: Do I dare to?

Figaro: Write him a letter...

Rosina: I'm ashamed to...

Figaro: Tell me why, tell me why! Ah, why?
Quickly, quickly write the letter!

Rosina: Write a letter? You mean, like this?

Figaro: It's already written? Just when a man
thinks he's clever, what a lesson a woman
teaches him!

Rosina: Now I'm sure my note will reach him.
I have nothing more to fear.
Now my heart is filled with gladness,
for my love will soon be here.

Figaro: Ah, che in cattedra costei
Di malizia puo dettar.
Donne, donne, eterni Dei
chi v'arriva a indovinar?

Rosina: Senti, senti...ma Lindoro

Figaro: Qui verrà. A momenti
per parlarvi qui sarà.

Rosina: Venga pur, ma con prudenza.

Figaro: Zitto, zitto, qui verrà.

Rosina: Fortunati affetti miei!

Figaro: Donne, donne, eterni Dei,
chi v'arriva a indovinar?

Figaro: You have taught me quite a lesson,
I am at your feet, my dear!
When a woman makes her mind up,
nothing else can interfere.

Rosina: Dear Lindoro! Shall I see him?

Figaro: He's on his way. In just
a moment he'll be with you.

Rosina: Let him come, but please, carefully.

Figaro: Quiet! He'll be here any moment!

Rosina: Now I'm sure my note will reach him.

Figaro: When a woman makes her mind up,
nothing else can interfere.

“Quando m'en vo” from *La bohème*

Musetta: Quando m'en vo soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
Da capo a piè...

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio
tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!

E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben:
le angosce tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

Musetta: When I walk down the street
people stop and stare at me
and look at my beauty
from head to toe.

And then I savor the yearning
which oozes from their eyes.
They long to discover the beauty hidden
beneath my obvious charms.
The scent of desire is all around me;
it makes me happy!

And you, who remember our love and suffer
over it, why do you shrink from me?
I know very well why:
you don't want to express your anguish,
but I know you're dying inside!

“O soave fanciulla” from *La bohème*

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

Mimi & Rodolfo: Ah, tu sol commandi, amor!
Fremon già nell'anima
le dolcezze estreme.
Tu sol comandi, amore!
Nel bacio freme amor!

Mimi: Oh! come dolci scendono
Le sue lusinghe al cor...

Mimi & Rodolfo: Tue sol comandi, amor!

Mimi: No, per pietà!

Rodolfo: Sei mia!

Mimi: V'aspettan gli amici...

Rodolfo: Già mi mandi via?

Mimi: Vorrei dir...ma non oso.

Rodolfo: Di'.

Mimi: Se venissi con voi?

Rodolfo: Che? Mimi!
Sarebbe così dolce restar qui.
C'è freddo fuori.

Mimi: Vi starò vicina!

Rodolfo: E al ritorno?

Mimi: Curioso!

Rodolfo: Dammi il braccio, o mia piccina...

Mimi: Obbedisco, signor!

Rodolfo: Che m'ami...di'...

Mimi: Io t'amo.

Mimi & Rodolfo: Amor! Amor! Amor!

Rodolfo: Oh, lovely girl! Oh, sweet face
bathed in the soft moonlight.
I see you in the dream
I would dream forever!

Mimi & Rodolfo: Ah, Love, you alone rule!
Already I taste
the heights of tenderness!
You rule alone, o Love!
Love trembles in our kiss!

Mimi: How sweetly his praises
enter my heart...

Mimi & Rodolfo: Love, you alone rule!

Mimi: No, please don't!

Rodolfo: You're mine!

Mimi: But your friends are waiting for you.

Rodolfo: You'd leave me so soon?

Mimi: I dare not say what I'd like...

Rodolfo: Tell me.

Mimi: What if I came with you?

Rodolfo: What? Mimi!
We should just stay here.
It's so cold outside.

Mimi: But I'd be near you!

Rodolfo: And when we come back?

Mimi: Who knows?

Rodolfo: Give me your arm, my dear lady...

Mimi: Your servant, sir...

Rodolfo: Tell me you love me!

Mimi: I love you.

Mimi & Rodolfo: Beloved! My love! My love!

“Vesti la giubba” from *Pagliacci*

Canio: Recitar! Mentre preso dal delirio,
non so più quel che dico,
e quel che faccio!
Eppur è d'uopo, sforzati!
Bah! sei tu forse un uom?
Tu se' Pagliaccio!
Vesti la giubba,
e la faccia infarina.
La gente paga, e rider vuole qua.
E se Arlecchin t'invola Colombina,
ridi, Pagliaccio, e ognuno applaudirà!
Tramuta in lazzi lo spasmo ed il pianto;
in una smorfia il singhiozzo e
il dolor, Ah!

Ridi, Pagliaccio,
sul tuo amore infranto!
Ridi del duol, che t'avvelena il cor!

Canio: Play my part!?? I am so upset
that I no longer know what I say
or what I do!
And yet, I must force myself to do my job!
Are you a man?
You're nothing but a clown!
Put on you costume,
and paint your face white.
The people pay, and they expect to be amused.
And if Harlequin steals your Colombina, then
laugh, Pagliaccio, and everyone will applaud!
Change the spasms of your pain into laughter,
and your tears into a grin!

Laugh, Pagliaccio,
for your love is broken!
Laugh at the pain that poisons your heart!

“Dôme épais” from *Lakmé*

Lakmé & Mallika: Dôme épais, le jasmin
clinging
à la rose s'assemble,
rive en fleurs, frais matin,
nous appellent ensemble.
Ah! glissons en suivant
le courant fuyant
dans l'onde frémissante.
D'une main nonchalante,
gagnons le bord,
où l'oiseau chante.
Dôme épais, etc.

Lakmé: Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte
Subite S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul à leur
Ville maudite;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

Mallika: Pourque le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,

Lakmé & Mallika: Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.
Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes
de neige, Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Sous le dôme épais, etc.

Lakmé & Mallika: The jasmine and roses,
together, form an immense dome above us.
The flowery shores and the fresh morning
call us together.
Ah! Let us glide as we follow
the fleeting current
among the trembling waters.
Blithely guiding our boat,
let us reach the shore
where a bird is singing.
A dense dome, etc.

Lakmé: I do not know what sudden fear
takes hold of me.
When my father goes off alone to the
cursed village,
I tremble with fear.

Mallika: The god Ganeca will protect him
until he reaches the stream
where the white swans play.

Lakmé & Mallika: Let's go pick the blue lotuses,
yes, the ones near the white swans.
Let's go pick the blue lotuses.

The jasmine and roses, etc.

“Votre toast” from Carmen

Escamillo: Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre,
Senor, senors, car avec les soldats
Oui, les Toreros, peuvent s'entendre;
Pour plaisirs, pour plaisirs,
Ils ont les combats!
Le cirque est plein,
c'est jour de fête!
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas;
Les spectateurs, perdant la tete,
Les spectateurs s'interpellent
à grand fracas!

Apostrophes, cris et tapage
Poussés jusques à la fureur!
Car c'est la fête du courage!
C'est la fête des gens de coeur
Allons! en garde! Allons! Allons! Ah!
Toréador, en garde! Toréador, Toréador!
Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant
Qu'un oeil noir te regarde,
Et que l'amour t'attend,
Toréador, L'amour t'attend!

All: Toréador, en garde! *etc.*

Escamillo: Tout d'un coup, on fait silence...
Ah! que se passe-t-il?
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!
le taureau s'élance
En bondissant hors du Toril!
Il s'élance! Il entre,
Il frappe! un cheval roule,
Entrainant un Picador,
Ah! bravo! Toro! Hurlé 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'et ton tour maintenant! allons!
En garde! Allons! Allons! Ah!
Toréador, en garde! *etc.*

Escamillo: I accept your toast,
sirs, for you soldiers
and we Toreros understand one another.
For pleasure and excitement
we both have war!
The arena is full,
because today's a holiday!
The arena is full, from top to bottom.
The spectators, crazy with excitement,
all begin yelling!

The cries and the uproar
reach a fever pitch!
This is a celebration of courage!
It is the celebration of people with heart!
Let's go, on guard! Let's go! Let's go!
Toreador, on guard! Toreador, Toreador!
And know while you fight
that your lover's eye is watching you,
And that love awaits you.
Toreador, love awaits you!

All: Toreador, on guard, *etc.*

Escamillo: All of a sudden, it is silent.
What is happening?
More cries! The moment has come!
More cries! It is the moment!
The bull suddenly rushes,
bounding out of the gate!
He rushes out! He enters the ring.
He strikes! A horse falls,
dragging a picador,
Ah, bravo to the bull! The crowd roars!
The bull retreats, comes back,
and strikes again!
Shaking his banderillos,
full of fury, he runs!
The arena is full of blood!
The crowd runs for the exits!
Toreador, it's your turn now. Let's go!
On guard! Let's go! Let's go!
Toreador, on guard! *etc.*

“L’amour est un oiseau rebelle” from *Carmen*

Carmen: 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;
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère
Il n'a rien dit; mais il me plaît.
L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême,
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, *etc.*

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'envola;
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre;
Tu ne l'attend 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!
L'amour, l'amour, l'amour, l'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême, *etc.*

Carmen: Love is a rebellious bird
that nothing can tame,
and it is simply useless to call it
if it chooses to ignore you.
Nothing will work, neither threats nor pleading.
One man speaks, the other stays quiet;
and it's the other that I prefer.
He said nothing; but he pleases me.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is the child of the gypsy life,
and has never, never known any law.
If you don't love me, I love you;
but if I love you, then watch out!
If you don't love me, *etc.*

The bird you tried to surprise
bats its wings and flies away.
Love is now far away. Wait for it, if you like.
But when you least expect it, there it is!
All around you, quickly, quickly,
it comes, goes, then comes back!
You think you've captured it, yet it escapes you.
You think you've escaped it, and it captures you!
Love, love, love, love!

Love is the child of the gypsy life, *etc.*

“Der Hölle Rache” from *Die Zauberflöte*

Queen of the Night: Der Hölle Rache
kocht in meinem Herzen,
Tot und Verzweiflung flammet um mich her!
Fühlt nicht durch dich Sarastro
Todesschmerzen,
So bist du meine Tochter nimmermehr.
Verstossen sei auf ewig,
Verlassen sei auf ewig,
Zertrümmert sei'n auf ewig
Alle Bande der Natur
Wenn nicht durch dich
Sarastro wird erblassen!
Hört, Rachegötter,
Hört der Mutter Schwur!

Queen of the Night: Hell's vengeance
burns in my heart,
death and despair flame all around me!
If Sarastro does not feel the pain of death
by your hand,
then you are no longer my daughter.
May you be disowned forever,
abandoned forever.
The bond between us will be
destroyed forever
if Sarastro does not die
by your hand.
Hear, gods of vengeance,
hear a mother's oath!

“Soave sia il vento” from *Così fan tutte*

Fiordiligi, Dorabella, Don Alfonso:
Soave sia il vento,
Tranquilla sia l'onda
Ed ogni elemento
Benigno risponda
Ai nostri desir.

Fiordiligi, Dorabella, Don Alfonso:
Gentle be the breeze,
calm be the waves,
and may every element of nature
smile favorably
upon our wishes.

“La donna è mobile” from *Rigoletto*

Duke: La donna è mobile, qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento, e di pensiero.
Sempre un amabile, leggiadro viso,
in pianto o in riso, è menzognero.
La donna è mobil, ecc.
È sempre misero, chi a lei s'affida,
chi le confida, mal cauto il core!
Pur mai non sentesi felice appieno
chi su quel seno non liba amore!
La donna è mobil, ecc.

Duke: Woman is fickle; like a feather in the wind,
she changes the tone of her voice and thoughts.
Always a sweet, pretty face,
in tears or in laughter, she is always lying.
Woman is fickle, etc.
He who trusts her and confides in her
is always miserable!
Yet, if he can be her love,
he will never be happy.
Woman is fickle, etc.

“Bella figlia dell'amore” from *Rigoletto*

Duke: Bella figlia dell'amore,
schiavo son de' vezzi tuoi;
con un detto sol tu puoi
le mie pene consolar.
Vieni e senti del mio core
il frequente palpar, ecc.

Duke: Lovely daughter of love,
I'm the slave of your charms.
With a single word
you can assuage all my pains.
Come then, and feel the beating
of my heart, etc.

Maddalena: Ah, ah!
Rido ben di core,
chè tai baie costan poco.
Quanto valga il vostro gioco,
mel credete, so apprezzar.

Maddalena: Ah, ah!
I must laugh to think how many
you have fooled with your sweet talk.
I laugh to think of how many
have heard this foolishness from you.

Gilda: Ah, così parlar d'amore.
A me pur l'infame ho udito!

Gilda: Ah, so our love meant nothing to him.
These very words were spoken to me!

Rigoletto: Taci, il piangere non val.
Ch'ei mentiva sei sicura.
Taci, e mia sarà la cura
La vendetta d'affrettar.
Sì, pronta fia,
sarà fatale,
lo saprollo fulminar.

Rigoletto: Silence, there's no use crying.
Now you know he lied to you.
Silence, I will avenge you.

Yes, it will be soon,
it will be fatal!
I shall strike him down.

Gilda: Infelice cor tradito
per angoscia non scoppiar, ecc.

Gilda: He is false,
my heart is broken, etc.

Duke: Bella figlia dell'amore, ecc.

Duke: Lovely daughter of love, etc.