

## *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO*

A menacing cloud hangs over the wedding day of Figaro and Susanna, both servants in the castle of the formidable, all-powerful Count Almaviva. Although he has formally renounced the traditional custom euphemistically known as feudal rights, nonetheless his ever roving eye has recently lighted on Susanna, and he is not above using extraordinary pressure to force her into compliance with his wishes. In an opening duet with her fiancée, Susanna points out that the room they are about to move into, which Figaro finds so marvelously convenient because of its easy access to the Count and Countess, alas, is equally convenient for the lecherous Count, eager for amorous adventure. Alerted to danger, Figaro is ready to take on the challenge, probably unaware that he is setting off a national revolution.

But the marriage is threatened from another source as well. Marcellina, a spinster of ripened years, is determined to prevent it by marrying him herself. Furthermore, she is convinced that she has the means to do so: a promissory note wherein Figaro rashly promised his own hand in default of payment. The time to collect is now or never. For legal assistance she turns to her old friend Doctor Bartolo, who has reasons of his own for wanting to get back at Figaro, and needs little encouragement. With the Count clearly on their side, they have good reason for optimism, especially considering that the case is to be adjudicated by the Count himself

Darting in and out of the action, young Cherubino, the court page, is a ball of confusion, a tinder box on the constant brink of combustion, a leaf tossed about in a perpetual whirlwind -- in short, a fourteen year old boy, who seems to be in all parts of the castle simultaneously, mostly in places where he is not supposed to be. Caught by the Count just the previous evening in a compromising situation, he is already in trouble. Not the best time for the Count to discover him alone with Susanna -- a situation which (certainly to the Count) inevitably invites the worst possible interpretation. Basically to get him out of the way, the Count hits upon the brilliant idea of sending him off, most unwillingly, to join the military. But as he is soon to discover, the boy is not so easily disposed of. He will continue to pop up at the most inopportune moments, to the Count's ever growing exasperation.

The engaged couple find a strong ally in the neglected Countess, with whom they share a common cause. Their goal: to foil the Count in his latest endeavor, and to reawaken the love for his wife that is dormant but by no means dead. The plot starts to move towards the ultimate confrontation with the Count, but goes through several stages of metamorphosis along the way, starting with an anonymous letter (composed by Figaro) informing him that his wife has taken on a lover. This will at least serve as a temporary distraction from his single minded pursuit of Susanna until the wedding is safely accomplished. Another plan is to shame and the count by setting up a nighttime rendezvous in the garden with Cherubino in feminine attire posing as Susanna, The embarrassment of full disclosure -- well,

never mind. Both plans backfire. But another, more ripened plan emerges --- a letter, presumably from Susanna, proposing a secret rendezvous in the garden after dark. The letter is indeed in her writing, but it is the Countess who dictates, and it is she who will keep the appointment, impersonating Susanna. Bear in mind that this will take place on an exceedingly dark night,

Meanwhile, to his great chagrin, the Count's attempt to force Figaro into marrying Marcellina has received a definitive blow with the startling revelation that she is in fact his mother. As the lawyer in the case dryly remarks, "Wedding plans, I assume, are off."

After a series of unaccustomed stumbles and setbacks, the Count is further discomfited by the dawning suspicion that instead of manipulating these two underlings, whose first duty clearly is to comply with his every wish, it is they who are running circles around him, even – God forbid! – laughing at him. He does not take kindly to the idea.

A glorious finale brings all the threads together. After a good many misdirections and unforeseen complications, the Count and the Countess are reconciled, and Figaro and Susanna have good reason to believe that their marriage will be the happiest that ever graced the face of the earth.

## *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO*

### ACT ONE

*SCENE: a room incompletely furnished, with a large armchair in the middle. Figaro is with measuring stick; Susanna is seated at a looking glass, trying on a small hat trimmed with flowers.*

#### *1. DUET.*

**FIGARO:** *(measuring)*  
Five one . . . fourteen . . . twenty . . . thirty . . .  
Thirty seven . . . by forty three.

**SUSANNA:** How it suits me to perfection,  
Absolutely made for me!  
Take a look, my darling Figaro:  
Do you like my pretty bonnet?

**FIGARO:** Ah, my love! My word upon it,

**Absolutely made for you.**

**SUSANNA: Just my style.**

**FIGARO: Yes, my darling.**

**SUSANNA: Just my style.**

**FIGARO: Oh, absolutely!**

**BOTH: (*with adjusted pronouns*)  
How it suits you to perfection,  
Absolutely made for you.  
As our wedding day is dawning,  
Sheer delight and joy are ours  
And the bonnet trimmed with flowers  
Made alone by my own bride to be –  
Susanna, my Susanna!**

**SUSANNA: Tell me, why all this measuring, my pet Figaretto?**

**FIGARO: To see if our new bed, a present from His Lordship,  
Will favor us by fitting in this alcove.**

**SUSANNA: This room is ours?**

**FIGARO: Good news! Another present from our kindhearted master.**

**SUSANNA: He can take back his presents!**

**FIGARO: I see no reason . . .**

**SUSANNA: (*tapping her forehead*)  
I've a reason --- up here.**

**FIGARO: (*tapping his forehead*)  
My love, why don't you pass it over --- up here?**

**SUSANNA: Because I'm selfish. Are you not mine – yes or no?**

**FIGARO: But what's the matter?  
You find the room unpleasing?  
It's the pick of the palace, best of any.**

**SUSANNA: I'll explain: I'm Susanna,  
And you're a ninny.**

**FIGARO: Darling! The way you flatter!  
But look around and tell me,  
Where else could we do better?**

## **2. DUET**

**FIGARO: Madame, off for slumber,  
Retires to her chamber.  
Din din, din din!  
With a hop you're at hand with a tray.**

**The Count on occasion  
Commands consultation.  
Don don, don don!  
With a huff I am off to obey.**

**SUSANNA: Suppose some fine morning  
The Count without warning ---  
Our noble and kind benefactor ---  
Din din, din din!  
Has an errand and off you're to go.  
Din din! Don don!  
Fine and dandy,  
My door then is handy.  
A leap sends him knocking.**

**FIGARO: Susanna, speak low . . .**

**SUSANNA: I warn you . . .**

**FIGARO: Then tell me . . .**

**SUSANNA: Before I continue,  
Distrust and suspicion you must rise above.**

**FIGARO: Go on, do continue. You must, must continue,  
For doubt and distrust make a hell out of love.**

**SUSANNA: Get rid of suspicion, unworthy suspicion,  
For doubt and distrust you had best rise above.  
I'll tell you, but strictly secret.**

**FIGARO: Come on . . . out with the story.**

**SUSANNA: Our noble Lordship, weary of travel,**

Roaming through the land for his amorous adventure,  
Turns his eye to the castle for his next hunting season,  
But don't believe for a moment --- need I mention ---  
That his wife is the reason.

FIGARO: Who is he chasing?

SUSANNA: *Your* wife, Susanetta.

FIGARO: Yourself?

SUSANNA; Myself, none other.  
And he is hoping to shorten love's long labors  
By installing us here as next door neighbors.

FIGARO: Clever! But we're alerted.

SUSANNA: This little scheme you call an act of kindness ---  
So concerned for the bridal couple's comfort!

FIGARO: Kind to a fault! Concern can go no further.

SUSANNA: Wait a bit . . . the best is coming.  
Don Basilio, my great music master, is sent to woo me.  
While improving my *bel canto*,  
He peddles on the sly His Lordship's lyrics.

FIGARO: Ha! Basilio! Pimp and pander!

SUSANNA: You're not so foolish to suppose I got my dowry  
Because of your fair complexion?

FIGARO: I've toyed with the notion.

SUSANNA: No, given rather to get from me, let's say,  
Some special favors, often called feudal rights . . .

FIGARO: What! Did not the Count himself  
These vile rights abolish?

SUSANNA: Perhaps. But now he's sorry,  
And 'twould appear he wants them back, all for me.

FIGARO: Sorry! How touching! So that's our noble huntsman!  
Ever eager for sport, and he shall have it! *(bell rings)*  
The Countess! You must answer. *(starts to kiss her)*

SUSANNA: I'm yours forever, but --- not now, my darling.

FIGARO: Be firm, my dearest treasure.

SUSANNA: And you, be clever!

FIGARO: Bravo, my lord and patron!  
Now I'm beginning to make out your maneuvers  
And fit together all the parts of the puzzle.  
We go to London, you as ambassador,  
I as courier, and my Susanna your special secret service!  
If you're hungry for sport, Figaro is ready!

### 3. ARIA



On with the dance! Al- low me the pleas-ure.

You cut the measure,  
But I give the beat! Ah!

Five easy lessons!  
I'll be the teacher.  
My courses feature  
Counts on their toes  
Five easy lessons!  
Learn the fandango,  
Jota and tango  
From one who knows.

Alert! Alert! Be nimble,  
Nimble, nimble, nimble . . .  
Watch and be wary,  
Eye out for trouble,  
Sly and discreet.



Ripe for re- bel- lion, I'm in the sad- dle, and I've a mil- lion rounds for the bat- tle.

Never shall Figaro  
Fall in defeat,  
In rank defeat.



We can manage.

Here's a case of litigation,  
Calls for caution, calculation,  
Guile and gamble, courage ample,  
But I'll follow to the finish.  
The odds are weighty against a lady,  
Potential scandal,  
But the challenge I'll attempt.

Books of legality, fuss and formality,  
Records I'll comb for the fine technicality.  
Matter semantic, outmoded, pedantic,  
With wit I'll exploit to further the cause,  
I'll fight to further our worthy cause.

All in Seville know old Doctor Bartolo,  
And I warn Figaro, beware my claws,  
My sharpened claws! *(Exit Bartolo)*

MARCELLINA: All's not lost altogether.  
My hopes are bright as ever. *(Susanna appears)*  
(If it's not sweet Susanna!  
It would be grander  
Pretending not to notice,  
So here's the precious pearl  
That so long he has chased!

SUSANNA: (Of me she mutters.)

MARCELLINA: (For me, I can't stand her,  
But each to his taste . . . "*L'argent fait tout.*")

SUSANNA: The linguist! Just as well people know her for a relic.

MARCELLINA: (*Tres bien . . . Chacun a son gout.*  
But I'm always suspicious of a look so angelic,  
So modest . . .)

SUSANNA: (I'd better go.)

MARCELLINA: My sweet! My precious!

## 5. *DUET*

My dear, you before me---

**I bow to your beauty.**

**SUSANNA: You first, ma'am, I'll follow---  
A pleasure and duty.**

**MARCELLINA: No, you should be leading.**

**SUSANNA: No, no! 'Tisn't right.**

**BOTH: A lady of breeding  
Is always polite.**

**MARCELLINA: The bride, if it please you!**

**SUSANNA: So worthy of honor!**

**MARCELLINA: The Count's little bijou!**

**SUSANNA: The pride of Espagna!**

**MARCELLINA: Such quality!**

**SUSANNA: Elegance!**

**MARCELLINA: Position!**

**SUSANNA: Your age!**

**MARCELLINA: (The tart! Add another word  
And I shall strike her in rage!) The nerve!**

**SUSANNA: (The hag! Creatures that absurd  
Belong on the stage!) *(Marcellina leaves in a huff.)***

**SUSANNA: The frump! And so superior!  
Such a lady of learning!  
Because she's read two novels  
And long ago led Madame through her ABC's.**

**CHERUBINO: *(rushing in)*  
Have I found you at last?**

**SUSANNA: You have. Why were you looking?**

**CHERUBINO: Ah, my love! Wrack and ruin!**

**SUSANNA: Your love? I'm the latest?**

**CHERUBINO{ The Count last evening  
Discovered me alone with Barbarina  
And demanded my dismissal.  
So now unless the Countess,  
My irresistible godmother,  
Pleads and obtains a pardon.  
I'm booted out and nevermore  
Shall see my dear Susanna.**

**SUSANNA: And does that break your heart?  
Faithless! So it is no longer for the Countess  
That you mope and moan,  
Waste away and sigh in secret?**

**CHERUBINO: Ah, with her I have to worship at a distance.  
But lucky you!  
To see her whenever you desire!  
To dress her in the morning,  
And undress her in the evening.  
What a privilege to fasten those lucky ribbons!  
Oh, if I could only . . .  
What is that you are holding?**

**SUSANNA: Ah! Merely that lucky ribbon round her night cap  
That she wears while sleeping.**

**CHERUBINO: I must, oh I must have it!**

**SUSANNA: Don't you go stealing.**

**CHERUBINO{ O dearest, O sweetest, most fortunate of ribbons!  
This I'll surrender only with my life.**

**SUSANNA: You'd better mind your manners!**

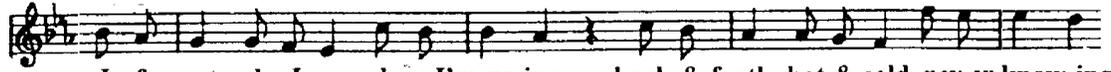
**CHERUBINO: Do not be angry. Accept this compensation,  
A little love song that I composed myself.**

**SUSANNA: You're asking me to sing it?**

**CHERUBINO: Yes, sing it to the Countess,  
Then sing it to yourself,  
Sing it to Barbarina, to Marcellina . . .  
Sing it to every woman you can find!**

**SUSANNA: Poor little Cherubin! Out of your mind!**

**6. ARIA CHERUBINO:**



I for-get who I am, where I'm go-ing, back & forth, hot & cold, nev-er know-ing.

With the girls I'm a ball of confusion;  
With a woman I fall all apart.

Words of love and desire and affection  
Stir my pulse and enflame my complexion,  
And I've no choice,  
But then must give voice  
To that yearning,  
That sweet hunger dwelling deep in my heart.

I forget who I am, where I'm going,  
Back and forth, hot and cold, never knowing.  
With the girls I'm a ball of confusion;  
With a woman I fall all apart.

Love, only love while waking;  
Love, only love while sleeping.  
I cry aloud to mountains,  
To flowers, fields and fountains,  
To echo, breeze and zephyr.  
My am'rous song floats ever  
And fades in the distant air.

With none around to hear me,  
With none around to hear me,  
Just to myself I sing of love --  
Even if no one's there!

**Somebody's coming!**

**SUSANNA: The Count! You must hide!**

**Get behind the chair!**

*(As Cherubino hides, the Count enters.)*

**COUNT: You seem a little ruffled;**

**What is wrong, dear Susanna?**

**SUSANNA: My Lord . . . You must excuse me . . .**

**But . . . supposing . . . you were seen here?  
Do have a heart . . . go quickly.**

**COUNT: I shall leave in a moment . . . Meanwhile...**

**SUSANNA: I cannot listen.**

**COUNT: Two words only . . .  
You know the King's appointed me ambassador to London;  
That means of course that Figaro travels also . . .**

**SUSANNA: My Lord, allow me . . .**

**COUNT: Speak out, speak out, my darling!  
And by that power that you claim on my heart,  
Now and forever, ask me . . .  
Command me . . . Compel me!**

**SUSANNA: Then simply leave me alone!  
I claim no power, neither wish nor presume it.  
I'm so unhappy . . .**

**COUNT: Ah, no, Susanna! Your happiness comes first.  
You must know how much I adore you.  
How many times does Basilio have to tell you?  
Then hear me . . . For a few brief moments only,  
Meet me in the garden shortly after twilight ...  
For this one small request I'll pay you dearly.**

**BASILIO: (*from outside*)  
He can't be far away.**

**COUNT: Basilio!**

**SUSANNA: Oh, spare me!**

**COUNT: Stop him! Don't let him enter.**

**SUSANNA: Leave you here all alone?**

**BASILIO: (*still outside*)  
With the Countess no doubt. I'll ask Susanna.**

**COUNT: I'll hide behind the chair.**

**SUSANNA: No, no! Not there!**

**COUNT:** Quiet! Get rid of that nuisance.

**SUSANNA:** (From bad to worse!)

*(As the Count hides behind the chair, Cherubino scrambles round and sits in it. Susanna throws a covering over him, and Basilio enters.)*

**BASILIO:** Susanna, heaven bless you.  
By any chance, have you seen His Lordship?

**SUSANNA:** Of course not! Why would he come in here?  
Leave me, I'm busy.

**BASILIO:** Not so hasty. Not I, but Figaro wants to find him.

**SUSANNA:** He seeks then the man who hates him the most --- after you.

**COUNT:** (I'll see how I am served.)

**BASILIO:** I've never gleaned from pulpit or from pamphlet  
That he who loves the wife --- QED --- hates the husband.  
We know the Count adores you . . .

**SUSANNA:** Get out of here this minute! You are nothing but a pander.  
I have no need of your pulpits and your pamphlets,  
Nor His Lordship, nor his love!

**BASILIO:** No harm intended. Though a question of taste,  
I would suppose, when it comes to the selection of a lover ---  
Oh, the sins of this age! ---  
You'd pick a man of the world, mature and ripened,  
To an adolescent . . . to a page . . .

**SUSANNA:** To Cherubino?

**BASILIO:** That little cherub, our Cherubin d'amore.  
Early this very morning  
He was prowling around as usual at your door.

**SUSANNA:** You're malignant! You and your vicious gossip!

**BASILIO:** So a man is malignant who keeps his eyes open?  
About his pretty love song --- this, need I say, is private ---  
But I'm an old friend, and of course it goes no further:  
Is it for you, or for the Countess?

**SUSANNA:** (What devil could have told him?)

**BASILIO:** Apropos, little lady,  
You might teach him some manners.  
Each night at the table he eyes her with such hunger  
I expect him to eat her.  
If the Count ever noticed, there'd be some fireworks.  
These nobles . . . they can be nasty.

**SUSANNA:** You're a monster! You delight in spreading lies,  
Caring not whom you slander!

**BASILIO:** Lies! Oh, the injustice!  
My reward for candor.  
It's what I get for honesty.  
I speak but common knowledge.

**COUNT:** (*stepping forth*)  
What is common knowledge?

**BASILIO:** (Delicious!)

**SUSANNA:** (Disaster!)

## **6. TRIO**

**COUNT:**  
Find the scoundrel!  
Nothing's past him.  
Go and cast him  
Off my estate.  
Have him taken,  
And cast from my estate.

**BASILIO:** ((I feel shaken  
By this bluster.)  
Pardon, master,  
I but relate.

**SUSANNA:** (Total ruin and disaster!  
What a cruel stroke of fate!) (*she collapses*)

**COUNT and BASILIO:** Ah, poor dear! She reels and falters.  
Cheek so pallid, her forces fail,  
Overcome by the shock, I fear.

**BASILIO**{: Rest, my sweet, upon this pillow.

**SUSANNA**: *(recovering, to Basilio)*  
Ah, where am I? Scandalmonger!  
Stay no longer.  
Take your tales and go from here.

**COUNT and BASILIO**:  
Care and aid we come to offer.  
You are blameless, so be of cheer.

**BASILIO**: Sir, that story, rich in humor,  
Was but merely an idle rumor.

**SUSANNA**: Wicked slander! The man is shameless.  
Give it not a second thought.

**COUNT**: Exile for that young offender!

**SUSANNA and BASILIO**: Still so tender!

**COUNT**: Still so tender! Still so tender!  
With my own hands the rogue I caught.

**SUSANNA and BASILIO**: Caught him? How?

**COUNT**: 'Twas at your cousin's.  
There I find the door resistant.  
I knock; Barbarina opens,  
Her manner strangely distant.  
Guilt I read upon her features.  
I suspect a hidden lover.  
Seeking, searching,  
Slyly, slyly I lift the cover  
That drapes the table.

*(Acting it out as he relates the scene, he discovers Cherubino.)*

There that rascal . . . No! Not again!

**SUSANNA**: Ah, I am done for!

**BASILIO**: Ah, so, Milady!

**COUNT** Well, my cold and modest beauty!  
I begin to understand.

**SUSANNA**: (Things were bad enough already,

Now completely out of hand.  
Oh, alas! Now out of hand!)

**BASILIO:** Ah! Così, così fan tutte ---  
Here's a theme we might expand.

**COUNT:** Basilio, fly like the wind and tell Figaro I want him.  
He shall bear witness.

**SUSANNA:** I want him also . . . as witness.

**COUNT:** So brazen! What excuses have you to offer  
When your guilt is self-evident.

**SUSANNA:** It is not my intent to give excuses.

**COUNT:** What about Cherubino?

**SUSANNA:** True, he was with me in the room when you entered.  
He came to beg me, to plead  
For my lady's gracious intercession.  
At your approach, he was thrown in confusion,  
And he hid in that chair where now he cowers.

**COUNT:** That's a lie! I myself  
Sat down there as soon as I arrived.

**CHERUBINO:** Oh, but then I was crouching, sir, behind it.

**COUNT:** You liar! That's where I went!

**CHERUBINO:** Your pardon, sir --- I swiveled  
And jumped inside it.

**COUNT:** Good God!  
Then he must have heard the whole of our conversation!

**CHERUBINO:** Oh, sir, I tried my hardest not to listen!

**COUNT:** Oh, the devil!

**BASILIO:** *(looking out)*  
*(Comes another ordeal!)*

**COUNT:** *(dragging Cherubino out of the chair)*  
Stand up and show respect --- you little eel!

**8. CHORUS OF COUNTRY YOUTH** *(led by Figaro)*

**Youth all in festive mood  
Come bearing garlands  
For one so wise and good:  
Hail, noble Lord!**

**Thanks to your wisdom  
Fair and farsighted,  
Young lovers plighted  
Need fear no more.**

**We in a festive mood  
Come bearing garlands  
For one so wise and good:  
Hail, noble Lord!**

**COUNT: And why this presentation?**

**FIGARO: *(to Susanna)*  
(The game is beginning, so back me up, my darling.)**

**SUSANNA: (Don't get your hopes up.)**

**FIGARO: My Lord, a grateful gesture, timely and well deserved.  
We express admiration for one who abolished  
A custom abhorred by all true lovers.**

**COUNT: That right I have renounced. Why resurrect it?**

**FIGARO: We are the first happy pair  
To reap the fruits of your restraint and wisdom.  
As we shall soon be joined in holy matrimony,  
We now beseech you to place this veil of white  
On the brow of the bride ---  
A symbol of the chastity pure and precious  
That you've protected.**

**COUNT: (He's shrewd as the devil!  
No choice but play along.)  
Friends, I am honored;  
Your esteem moves me deeply;  
Such a shower of praises is indeed overwhelming.  
When I renounce that feudal right so unjust,  
I affirm and restore the right of nature.**

**ALL:** Evviva, evviva, evviva!

**SUSANNA:** (What a saint!)

**FIGARO:** (What a Daniel!)

**COUNT:** I am delighted to perform this ceremony,  
But 'twould be far more fitting to wait  
Till more of our friends are gathered.  
Then we can celebrate  
With suitable pomp and splendor.  
(Marcellina, where are you?)  
My friends, till later.

**CHORUS:** Youth all in festive mood  
Come bearing garlands  
For one so wise and good:  
Hail, noble Lord!

**FIGARO, SUSANNA & BASILIO:** (*in turn*)  
Evviva, evviva, evviva!

**FIGARO:** (*to Cherubino*)  
And you don't join the cheering?

**SUSANNA:** Poor boy, he's broken hearted  
Because the Count has cast him from the castle.

**FIGARO:** What, on a morning so merry?

**SUSANNA:** On the day of our wedding!

**FIGARO:** When we all sing your praises!

**CHERUBINO:** Please pardon me, my Lord.

**COUNT:** You don't deserve it.

**SUSANNA:** But so hard on a child . . .

**COUNT:** He is far too precocious.

**CHERUBINO:** Oh, sir, I'm sorry I overheard so much . . .

**COUNT:** Yes, yes! Let bygones be bygones!  
I'll forgive you and go one better:

A post is vacant. I appoint you captain of my regiment,  
But on condition you leave today. Goodbye!

**FIGARO & SUSANNA:** Grant him a day of grace!

**COUNT:** Out of the question!

**CHERUBINO:** I obey, sir, and go to meet my fate.

**COUNT:** Say goodbye to Susanna; this farewell will be final.  
(That was an inspiration!) *(Count exits)*

**FIGARO:** Well, rugged captain, let us part with a handshake.  
(But do not leave till we have spoken.)  
Addio, dear little Cherubino!  
What a strange new direction your life has taken!

## 9. ARIA



Time to throw off the role of the lov-er; play no long-er the fair young en-chant-er.

March away from the laughter and banter  
Of the darling, the court cavalier.

Feast no more on a diet of dainties;  
Leave behind masquerades and cotillions,  
Conversation of sparkle and brilliance,  
As you head for a soldier's career.

Say goodbye to fair complexion,  
Pretty phrases, soft affection  
And secret embraces.

Time to throw off the role of the lover,  
The despair of the fair and the bonny.  
Drop the role of the young Don Giovanni;  
Say goodbye to the court cavalier.

Into battle goes the dandy,  
Sword at side and pistol handy,  
Beard unshaven, pack on shoulder,  
Weather freezing, getting colder,  
New fiasco by the minute,  
Leather purse but nothing in it.

Little need for velvet breeches

In the swamps and frozen ditches.  
Ice and sweat upon your forehead,  
Toil abundant, diet frugal,  
Blare of trumpet, call of bugle;  
Round your head the bullets whistle  
As you plod through thorn and thistle  
Toward the enemy frontier.

Say goodbye to silk and satin,  
Sparkling wine, foods that fatten.  
Dainty hands, smiling faces,  
Tender words and secret embraces.

Time to throw off the role of the lover;  
Play no longer the fair young enchanter.  
March away from the laughter and banter  
Of the lad whom the girls all adore.  
Cherubino's off to glory,  
Cherubino wins the war!

## ACT TWO

*SCENE: the Countess' boudoir, with a door leading to a closet, another leading to the servants' rooms. Also a large window. Susanna, discovered briefly with the Countess, appears to have told her something painful, causing a gesture of disgust and resignation. Susanna leaves.*

### 10. CAVATINA COUNTESS:



Source of love con-sole my sor- row.

Heed and comfort my lonely sigh.

Ah, restore that lost devotion,

Or relent and let me die. *Susanna returns.*

**COUNTESS:** Do continue, Susanna. I want the truth unvarnished.

**SUSANNA:** That's where it ended. *(Figaro enters, singing La la la. Figaro! We were waiting. Madame is impatient.*

**FIGARO:** No need to worry. All is under control.  
I have a plan. Here is the outline:

Through Basilio, the Count receives  
An unsigned note with news of interest,  
That on this night of nights,  
While the ball's at its height,  
His wife meets a lover.

**COUNTESS:** Insane! A lover! And a husband so jealous!

**FIGARO:** So much the better!  
For my belongings he may be less eager  
If uneasy about his own.  
We'll rattle and derange him,  
Befuddle and confound him,  
And so remind him others can play his game.  
If he robs from his neighbors,  
They can do the same.  
And so while he's distracted, time slips by.  
Bewildered, hot and bothered,  
Before he knows what's happening,  
Bells have tolled and rice has showered  
Upon the happy couple.  
We'll keep him busy  
Until it's too late to stir up trouble.

**SUSANNA:** Well said, but you're forgetting all about Marcellina.

**FIGARO:** Have patience, Now your turn.  
Tell him that you consent --- that after twilight  
You'll meet him in the garden.  
We'll dress up Cherubino,  
Who by the way is still about the castle,  
And coach him in the role.  
As understudy, he'll play your scene in the garden.  
There is no better way to outplay the Count.  
Madame will then surprise him.  
Through chagrin comes complete capitulation.

**COUNTESS:** Can it work?

**SUSANNA:** There's a chance.

**COUNTESS** We've little choice.

**SUSANNA:** It's at least worth a try. But have we time yet?

**FIGARO:** The Count's off for hunting.

We've several hours to prepare for the crisis.  
I'll go and send you Cherubino for a fitting.  
His attire I leave to your devices.

COUNTESS: And then? . . .

FIGARO: And then! Ah!  
On with the dance!  
Allow me the pleasure.  
You cut the measure  
But I give the beat! *(exit Figaro)*

COUNTESS: How it hurts me, Susanna, that this naïve young boy should hear the absurd indiscretions of my husband. You can't imagine . . . Why did he go to you, though, instead of me in the first place? Have you the song he gave you?

SUSANNA: Here it is. We'll have the composer sing it for us.  
Listen . . . Who's coming? None other!  
*(Cherubino enters)*  
Come, forward march, my courageous little captain!

CHERUBINO: Don't even mention that title I detest!  
Must you remind me how soon I'll have to leave her,  
The kindest lady ever?

SUSANNA: Also the fairest . . .

CHERUBINO: How well I know it!

SUSANNA: "How well I know it!" You little hypocrite!  
Why, just this very morning  
It was me you serenaded!  
Now your song's for Milady.

COUNTESS: Is it your own?

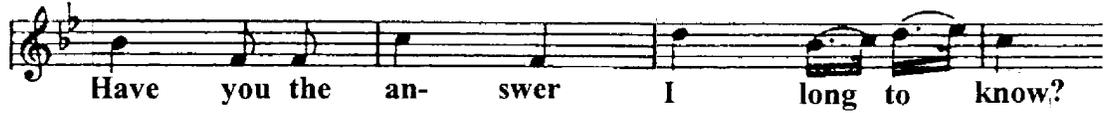
SUSANNA: He blushes. Upon his face have sprouted two red, red roses.

COUNTESS: Take my guitar, Susanna, and you accompany.

CHERUBINO: My heart is in a flutter,  
But if Milady wishes . . .

SUSANNA: She does indeed.  
Deep breath, then you'll feel better.

**11. ARIA** CHERUBINO:



What curious fever has me in tow?  
What sweet vibration stirs in my heart?  
What sudden tempest tears me apart?

Comes an excitement full of desire!  
Now I am freezing, now all afire;  
Pleasure unclouded, then bitter pain.  
Chill turns to fever, then ice again.

Ever pursuing, ever in flight,  
Yet what I follow fades out of sight.  
I shake and tremble, repine and sigh  
Without intending or knowing why.

I find no quiet by night or day,  
But may this torment not go away!  
Have you the answer I long to know?  
What curious fever has me in tow?

**COUNTESS:** Bravo! What a lovely voice!  
I never knew that you could sing like an angel.

**SUSANNA:** He can indeed,  
But he excels in everything he does.  
Now to work, handsome soldier!  
Figaro has explained?

**CHERUBINO:** After a fashion.

**SUSANNA:** So let us have a look.  
'Twill fit him perfectly.  
We're the same height --- well, roughly.  
Take the coat off.

**COUNTESS:** Oh, must he?

**SUSANNA:** Don't be uneasy.

**COUNTESS:** And what if someone enters?

**SUSANNA: Let them. No crime's committed.  
All right, I'll lock the door.  
But what to do with these unruly ringlets?**

**COUNTESS: Look in the dresser.  
Take one of my own bonnets. Hurry!  
(Susanna goes off)  
What is that paper?**

**CHERUBINO: My commission.**

**COUNTESS: They were not slow in acting.**

**CHERUBINO: I got it from Basilio.**

**COUNTESS: In his haste, he forgot in fact to seal it.**

**SUSANNA: (returning) A seal for what?**

**COUNTESS: The boy's commission.**

**SUSANNA: Ha! Not a moment wasted.  
Here is the bonnet.**

**COUNTESS: Put it on; do hurry.  
If the Count should appear we'll all be sorry.**

## ***12. ARIA***

**SUSANNA: Come close and kneel in front of me,  
And I shall try my hand.  
Hold steady, hold steady;  
We'll fix you up as planned.  
Turn slowly to the left a bit.  
Bravo! Now you can stand.**

**Kneel down again, your eyes on me ---  
(Cherubino looks at the Countess)  
Come, you know where I am.  
Right here is where I am.  
Look straight at me ---  
If that you find so difficult  
Pretend that I'm Madame.**

**We're nearly done, so concentrate;**

**Your eyes again this way.  
And presently, young lady,  
We'll put you on display.**

**We'll have you ready  
If you cooperate . . .  
That's better now. Good boy!**

**The collar could be higher,  
The eyes a trifle lower . . .  
The hands in front demurely.  
Your way of walking surely  
Needs an appraising eye.**

**Admit there's none so pretty  
In countryside or city;  
The rogue is so enchanting  
Already girls are panting.**

**No peach at ripe perfection  
Can rival that complexion;  
No volume of romances  
Can match those wicked glances.  
If ladies swoon and sigh for him  
No need to wonder why.  
No need, no need to wonder why.**

**COUNTESS: Oh, what a pair of zanies!**

**SUSANNA: Oh, he makes me so jealous!  
Hey, little serpent,  
What earthly right have you to be so pretty?**

**COUNTESS: You both go on like children.  
Why don't you try pulling back the sleeves to the elbow?  
Certainly more the fashion, and even more becoming.**

**SUSANNA: Like so?**

**COUNTESS: Still higher . . . this way . . .  
Why, here's a ribbon.**

**SUSANNA: Aha, the villain stole it!**

**COUNTESS: A trace of bleeding?**

**CHERUBINO:** Of bleeding . . . I don't remember . . .  
I suppose that I stumbled  
And my elbow I must have scraped in falling,  
So I wrapped up my wound with the ribbon.

**SUSANNA:** Let's see it . . . He will live. My goodness!  
His arm is more delicate than mine.  
Oh, what a princess!

**COUNTESS:** Behave yourself, Susanna!  
Go and look in my closet.  
There you will find a bit of plaster that will do.  
It's on the dresser.       *(Susanna leaves)*  
About that ribbon . . . indeed, I'd hate to lose it.  
I am fond of the color.

**SUSANNA:** *(returning)*  
Your plaster. But what about a bandage?

**COUNTESS:** While you are looking, bring me back another ribbon.

**CHERUBINO:** Ah, the first one would have cured me far quicker.

**COUNTESS:** Why that? I've got a better.

**CHERUBINO:** It must be a ribbon that's tied the hair  
Or touched the silken brow of someone , , ,

**COUNTESS:** Someone special, to heal the ugly scratches, does it not?  
That magic power I was unaware of.

**CHERUBINO:** Madame is laughing, and I'm to leave forever.

**COUNTESS:** Poor boy! Such a pity!

**CHERUBINO:** Oh, I am wretched!

**COUNTESS:** You're crying?

**CHERUBINO:** O God! Why don't you take my life?  
Facing the end, brave in my final moment,  
Then at last I could tell you . . .

**COUNTESS:** Cherubino, your life is far from over . . . *(a knock at the door)*  
Who is knocking at my door?

**COUNT:** *(from outside)* Why is it bolted?

**COUNTESS:** It's my husband! . . . back early . . . I tremble!  
And you . . . without a jacket . . . in this condition . . .  
That silly, awful letter . . . and his blind, jealous temper . . .

**COUNT:** Why this delay?

**COUNTESS:** I'm . . . here alone!

**COUNT:** Then to whom were you speaking?

**COUNTESS:** To you . . . surely . . . none other . . .

**CHERUBINO:** After last night and this morning,  
He's going to kill me! *(he rushes into the closet)*  
No other door is handy!

**COUNTESS:** Heaven alone can save me from disaster!

*(She unlocks the door to admit the Count, who enters.)*

**COUNT:** A novel touch! Since when was it your custom  
To lock your own bedroom?

**COUNTESS:** Indeed . . . but I had . . .  
Had much that needed doing.

**COUNT:** Needed doing?

**COUNTESS:** With my wardrobe . . . and Susanna here to help me.  
She returned to her room.

**COUNT:** I've never seen you so upset, so uneasy . . .  
Which brings me to this letter . . .

**COUNTESS:** (Spare me! From Figaro, about the pseudo-lover!)

*(a crash from within)*

**COUNT:** What is that pandemonium?  
A crash of thunder, and it came from the closet!

**COUNTESS:** I didn't hear a thing.

**COUNT:** You had your mind then on matters most absorbing.

**COUNTESS: Indeed?**

**COUNT: Somebody's in there!**

**COUNTESS: Who on earth could it be**

**COUNT: I'm asking *you*. Precisely my own question.**

**COUNTESS: Of course . . . Susanna . . . Who else?**

**COUNT: She returned, so you told me, back to her own room.**

**COUNTESS: Back to her own room . . . or here . . . I wasn't watching.**

**COUNT: Susanna! Then why are you so confused and agitated?**

**COUNTESS: Shaken up by my servant?**

**COUNT: For whatever reason, you're disturbed, no mistaking.**

**COUNTESS: It would appear this girl is disturbing you  
Far more than me, sir.**

**COUNT: So much indeed that I shall find out this moment!**

### ***13. TRIO***

**Come out of there, Susanna!  
You dare not disobey.**

**COUNTESS: Stay where you are! Believe me,  
There's cause for her delay.**

**SUSANNA: (*re-entering from a back door*)  
(But where is Cherubino?  
Could he have got away?)**

**COUNT: You contradict my order! Why?**

**COUNTESS: The reason . . . the reason . . . she's undressed!  
Her bridal gown now finished,  
She's there to try it on.**

**COUNT: A lover you're concealing! The light begins to dawn.**

**COUNTESS: (The scene is fraught with danger;**

**An ugly scene, full of danger.  
Oh, would the page were gone!)**

**SUSANNA:  
(There's something much the matter;  
She appears so pale and drawn.)**

**COUNT: Susanna!**

**COUNTESS: Remain within!**

**COUNT: Come, I command you! Come out here!**

**COUNTESS: No, stay there! Remain within.**

**COUNT: Do as I say!**

**COUNTESS: There's cause for her delay.**

**COUNT: If you're indeed Susanna,  
Speak out and let me hear you.**

**COUNTESS: No, no, no, do not answer!  
Be silent; that's an order.**

**COUNT: A wife that dares defy me!**

**SUSANNA: I fear some awful scandal.  
A sword is hanging over us,  
The blade about to fall.**

**COUNTESS: My Lord, too far you try me.  
A scandal dark and ominous  
May yet undo us all.**

**COUNT: I warn you!**

**COUNTESS: You warn me?**

**SUSANNA: Preserve us!**

**COUNT: You refuse to unlock it?**

**COUNTESS: Am I allowed then no place at all that is private?**

**COUNT:** You leave me no choice; you compel me to force it.  
Hey, servants!

**COUNTESS;** Servants! You place so little value  
On a wife's reputation?

**COUNT:** Your pardon . . . my error.  
I can find better methods.  
To avoid setting off a rash of rumor,  
I'll go unaided and get whatever's needed.  
You will kindly remain.  
But as precaution, to remove any worry,  
Till I return, I shall simply lock the door.

**COUNTESS:** (Blind to reason!)

**COUNT:** On further consideration, I prefer that you join me.  
If you will do me the honor, allow me . . .

**COUNTESS:** So be it.

**COUNT:** Susanna won't go away. This you can count on!

*(they exit together)*

#### ***14. DUET***

**SUSANNA:** Do open up and hurry! Step lively for Susanna!  
And hurry, do hurry! Catastrophe to tarry!  
You've got to get away.

**CHERUBINO:** A tragedy too horrible!  
O cursed fatal day!

**SUSANNA:** Away! Away! The door is locked and bolted.

**BOTH:** The door is locked and bolted.  
Oh, what to do? What shall we do?

**CHERUBINO:** For me Madame has suffered.

**SUSANNA:** You're dead if you're discovered.

**CHERUBINO:** Aha! The open window!  
The garden lies below it.

**SUSANNA: Be careful, Cherubino, be careful!  
A fall will break your back.**

**CHERUBINO: A pot or two of flowers ---  
That's all that I shall crack.  
Escape, escape is vital;  
To stay is suicidal.**

**SUSANNA: It's far too high for leaping;  
The risk you mustn't take.**

**CHERUBINO: Do or die! Sooner leap into a fire  
Than see her suffer.  
Embrace a tragic lover.  
Addio! I bow to fate!       *(he leaps from the window)***

**SUSANNA: He'll never, never make it! The drop is far too great.  
Be careful, be careful!**

**Already up and running!  
Little devil, he's a mile off at least.  
But mustn't waste a second.  
I'll slip inside the closet.  
There that brute will discover  
More than he reckoned!       *(The Count and Countess return)***

**COUNT: All is just as we left it.  
Would you prefer to open it yourself, or must I?**

**COUNTESS: Wait but a moment, and consider what I say.  
Do you truly believe I'd go back on my oath?**

**COUNT: Words, very pretty! But I shall force an entrance,  
And I'll see for myself.**

**COUNTESS: Yes, you will see . . . but first, do listen calmly.**

**COUNT: So it's not Susanna?**

**COUNTESS{ No. Instead, someone young and innocent  
Who can furnish not the slightest alarm.  
We were preparing a masquerade for this evening,  
A harmless entertainment . . .  
By all that's sacred! On my honor! On my word!**

**COUNT: Who is it? Answer! I'm going to kill him!**

**COUNTESS: Have mercy! I can't go on . . .**

**COUNT: I'm waiting.**

**COUNTESS: Merely a boy . . .**

**COUNT: Merely a boy!**

**COUNTESS: Yes . . . Cherubino.**

**COUNT: (Am I forever fated  
To collide with that page each time I turn?)  
So then! Not yet departed!  
Bloody bastards! This explains it,  
The pieces now come together:  
That secret lover --- all that was in the letter!**

### ***15. ACT TWO FINALE***

**COUNT: Show your face or you'll be sorry!  
For if not, I'll break the lock.**

**COUNTESS: Oh, my husband! Such a fury  
Will but send him into shock.**

**COUNT: Even yet you dare defy me!**

**COUNTESS: I'll explain . . .**

**COUNT: Some concoction . . . just invented.  
Be crafty! Be clever!**

**COUNTESS: No, believe me. For a joke, no harm intended ---  
God be my witness!  
On the surface, a bit suggestive . . .  
Open collar, shirt unbuttoned . . .**

**COUNT: Open collar, shirt unbuttoned . . . Fascinating!**

**COUNTESS: As a girl he's masquerading . . .**

**COUNT: Wretched woman! Wife unworthy!  
Your deceit has gone too far.**

**COUNTESS: Your distrust I call unworthy,**

**For you wrong me to the core.**

**COUNT: Give that key here! Hand it over!**

**COUNTESS: That boy is blameless.  
Trust and believe me, he is blameless.**

**COUNT: Why believe you?  
Go! The farther off the better.  
You are false, corrupts and faithless  
And I bow my head in shame.**

**COUNTESS: Faithless? . . . No . . . Hear!**

**COUNT: No excuses!**

**COUNTESS: None are needed.**

**COUNT: Your eyes betray you!  
Murder! Murder! I will slay him single handed.  
For his crime, let him tremble for his life.**

**COUNTESS{ By your own delusion blinded,  
You malign a loving wife.**

*(The Count opens the closet door; Susanna, calm and cool, steps out.)*

**COUNT: Susanna!**

**COUNTESS: Susanna!**

**SUSANNA: None other. And why so astounded?  
That page you would murder with sword single handed,  
The scoundrel confounded, is just what you see see.  
The scoundrel confounded is no one but me.  
(They barely believe I'm the rascal they found.)**

**COUNT: (I'm baffled, bewildered --- my reasons were sound.)**

**COUNTESS: (A rare transformation! --- A blow for the Count.)**

**COUNT: He's hiding . . .**

**SUSANNA: Go find him --- he's surely around.**

**COUNT: I'll find him! I'll find him! He's surely around.**

*(he searches around)*

**COUNTESS:** Susanna, I tremble; I'm forty years older.

**SUSANNA:** Be braver, be bolder --- he's safe, far away.

**COUNT:** I must have mistaken; the charge was unfounded.  
It seems I offended; I ask for your pardon.  
But I call it cruelty to taunt me this way.

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
Your own jealous nature has led you astray.

**COUNT:** I love you!

**COUNTESS:** You say so.

**COUNT:** I swear it!

**COUNTESS:** You lie then! A wife so unworthy!  
A shame and dishonor!

**COUNT:** Oh, help me, Susanna, to put things to right.

**SUSANNA:** By doubting my lady yourself you indict.

**COUNTESS:** Is this my repayment for love so devoted?  
A pill sugar-coated of rancor and spite.

**SUSANNA:** Dear Countess . . .

**COUNT:** Rosina!

**COUNTESS:** So cruel! You love me no longer.  
An object of anger, a plaything outmoded,  
A wife daily goaded to grief and despair.

**COUNT:** My wrongs I've repented;  
Too much now tormented,  
At heart still I care.

**COUNTESS:** So cruel! So cruel!  
Your insult and slander too heavy to bear.

**SUSANNA:** His wrong he's repented;  
Too much now tormented,

**At heart still he cares.**

**COUNT: You *said* Cherubino!**

**COUNTESS: But only to tease you.**

**COUNT: The wincing and stammering!**

**COUNTESS: A act most convincing.**

**COUNT: The note from that so and so . .**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:  
Composed by our Figaro and sent by Basilio.**

**COUNT: The traitors! The traitors! I'll show them!**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:  
For pardon and mercy you merit no claim.  
You'll not be forgiven till you do the same.**

**COUNT: A truce, then. We're even,  
And all wrongs forgiven.  
Rosina shall smile on me like sun after rain.**

**COUNTESS: How weak is a woman!  
So mild is my nature,  
What fool would dare wager  
On our sex again?**

**SUSANNA: With men, my dear lady,  
We shift and maneuver,  
At last to discover  
They've won the terrain.**

**COUNT: Dear, look at me . . .**

**COUNTESS: You hurt me. How can I?**

**COUNT: Dear, look at me. I wronged you and I'm sorry.**

**ALL THREE: The past let us bury.  
No more shall love's bounty  
Be offered in vain.**

**FIGARO: (*entering*)**

**Outside, sir, musicians  
Have taken positions.  
Friends great and friends little  
With fife and with fiddle  
From noble to vassal  
Have come to the castle  
To dance at our wedding  
And honor the day.**

**COUNT: Hold on, not so hasty!**

**FIGARO: They're eager, expecting . . .**

**COUNT: Do answer, my trusty,  
One question respecting  
This communiqué. (*shows him the anonymous letter*)**

**FIGARO, COUNTESS & SUSANNA:  
(We're headed for hazard; the scene calls for tact.)**

**COUNT: (With art I'll outsmart him; he's caught in the act.)  
Take a look and tell me, Figaro,  
Have you seen this note before?**

**FIGARO: No, sir, never!**

**SUSANNA: Never seen it?**

**COUNTESS: Never seen it?**

**COUNT: Never seen it?**

**FIGARO: No, no, no, no, no!**

**SUSANNA: Never gave it to Basilio?**

**COUNTESS: To deliver . . .**

**COUNT: You remember?**

**FIGARO: Not I, not I!**

**SUSANNA: You recall the assignation . . .**

**COUNTESS: For this evening in the garden.**

**COUNT: Still forgetting?**

**FIGARO: It's news to me.**

**COUNT: No more bluff and no excuses,  
For your face alone accuses  
And it plainly says you lie!**

**FIGARO: Then my face should beg my pardon.**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:  
Subterfuge will serve no longer,  
For the secret's in the open  
And 'tis futile to deny.**

**COUNT: What's your answer?**

**FIGARO: Same as ever.**

**COUNT: Don't remember?**

**FIGARO: No, sir, never.**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:  
Don't be stubborn, don't be stupid.  
We must end this little play.**

**FIGARO: Let's conclude then as in theatre,  
For a wedding scene is certain  
Just before the final curtain  
And the lovers win the day.**

**FIGARO, COUNTESS & SUSANNA:  
Noble Lord, be not contrary;  
Let us/them marry as we/they may.**

**COUNT: Marcellina, why this awkward long delay?**

*(Antonio enters, somewhat tipsy, carrying a pot of carnations.)*

**ANTONIO: Ah, my Lord! My Lord!**

**COUNT: What's the matter?**

**ANTONIO: Let me once get my hands on the lout!**

**OTHERS: What is wrong? What's he done? What has happened?**

**ANTONIO: It's an outrage!**

**OTHERS: What is this about?**

**ANTONIO: Until now from the balcony window  
Many things in the garden have landed,  
But I always have taken for granted  
They would not send a man flying out.**

**FIGARO: Drunken friend, you've exhausted my patience.  
Such a fuss for a pot of carnations.  
You compel me to make a confession:  
I myself am the man that you saw.**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:  
(How quick on the trigger!)**

**COUNT: You, the culprit?**

**FIGARO: I'm the man.**

**COUNT: A tale too fantastic.  
A tale out of Persia! Arabia!**

**ANTONIO: How the hell did you grow so much bigger?  
At the time you were slender and small.**

**FIGARO: Fellows shrink in the course of a fall.**

**COUNT: Most mysterious!**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:  
(He is asking for trouble.)**

**COUNT: *(to Antonio)* What's your opinion?**

**ANTONIO: I suspect Cherubino.**

**COUNT: Not the page!**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA  
(Total ruin! Total ruin!)**

**FIGARO : Very likely! Very likely!**

**Cherubino on horseback returning**  
**From Seville, twenty miles -- yes, of course!**

**ANTONIO: You are wrong! When he jumped from the window,**  
**I could swear he was not on a horse.**

**COUNT: Spare me, spare me! No more of this babble.**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
**(What a fool! How, oh how will it end?)**

**COUNT: (to Figaro) You're the man?**

**FIGARO: I confess.**

**COUNT: Why the leap?**

**FIGARO: Fear, alas!**

**COUNT: Fear of what?**

**FIGARO: In the closet, for a sweet rendezvous I am waiting.**  
**You approach and my knees turn to butter.**  
**Shouts of anger . . . my God, it's the letter!**  
**I decide 'twould be best not to linger . . .**  
**So I fracture my foot in the fall.**

**ANTONIO: From your pocket perhaps are these papers**  
**Dropped in falling?**

**COUNT:**  
**To me! Here if you please!**

**FIGARO: (Fatal give-away! Fatal give-away!**

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
**(Figaro, now's the time to be nimble.)**

**COUNT: Kindly tell, what exactly are these?**

**FIGARO: Could be any.**  
**Let's see now . . . which of many?**

**ANTONIO: I O U's I would wager, long overdue.**

**FIGARO: No, the wine list more likely.**

**COUNT:** Continue. *(to Antonio)* You stay out of it.

**FIGARO, COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
Off with you and hurry!

**FIGARO:** And a fig for your ranting and rage.

**ANTONIO:** Just you wait, the next time I will show you. *(exit)*

**COUNT:** Well, sir? Speak freely.

**COUNTESS:** *(to Susanna)* (We're lost, it's the page's commission.)

**SUSANNA:** *(to Figaro)* (Cherubino's commission.)

**FIGARO:** Ah, so stupid! Now I remember!  
Of course, the commission  
Lately given me, sir, by the page.

**COUNT:** For what purpose?

**FIGARO:** It needed . . .

**COUNT:** It needed? . . .

**COUNTESS:** *(to Susanna)* (Needed sealing.)

**SUSANNA:** *(to Figaro)* (Needed sealing.)

**COUNT:** I'm waiting. Speak out and let's hear it.

**FIGARO:**'Tis the custom to stamp and to seal it.

**COUNT:** (Made an ass by a rogue and a rascal!  
Tossed about, I am quite lost at sea.)

**COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
(If I safely survive this upheaval,  
Any haven is heaven for me.)

**FIGARO:** (Though he staggers and stomps and turns purple,  
I am almost as puzzled as he.)

*Enter Marcellina, Basilio and Bartolo.*

**MARCELLINA, BASILIO & BARTOLO :**  
Noble Lord, O man of justice,  
To your wisdom we appeal.

**FIGARO, COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
They have come to stir up trouble;  
No escaping this ordeal.

**COUNT:** In revenge I'll repay them double,  
And then my bruises may start to heal.

**FIGARO:** They are mad, all three demented.  
Your indulgence goes too far.

**COUNT:** I shall view with eye unslanted;  
Tell me what your charges are.

**MARCELLINA:** This man signed a legal paper  
With a promise he would wed me,  
But about the bush he led me  
So I come to claim a right.

**FIGARO, COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
Wants me/him to wed her?

**COUNT:** Enough! To order! To order!  
Here's a case of grave concern.

**BARTOLO:** Sir, I represent the lady  
Cast aside by the defendant.  
Any person independent  
Cannot help but see the light.

**FIGARO, COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
He's a shyster! He's a shyster!

**COUNT:** Enough! To order! To order!  
I shall hear each speak in turn.

**BASILIO:** As a man of worldly wisdom  
I have come with testimony  
On the matter of the money  
And the little lady's plight.

**FIGARO, COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
They are mad, all three demented.

**COUNT: Enough! To order! To order!**  
**All the parties are here represented.**  
**Let the torch of truth burn bright.**

**FIGARO, COUNTESS & SUSANNA:**  
**I am shaken, nearly shattered,**  
**And I fear my wits are scattered.**  
**Surely some infernal devil**  
**Sent them here to interfere.**

**COUNT, MARCELLINA, BASILIO & BARTOLO:**  
**Luck is with us, looking roses.**  
**We have got them by their noses.**  
**Fortified by friendly fortune,**  
**To the end we'll persevere.**

## **ACT THREE**

*Scene: a large hall in the castle. The Count, alone, is pacing to and fro.*

**COUNT: But it's straight out of Bedlam!**  
**The letter warning me . . .**  
**The maid who steps nonchalantly from the closet . . .**  
**Her mistress in terror . . .**  
**A man who makes a leap and lands in the flowers . . .**  
**Another man who claims to be the culprit . . .**  
**I do not get the drift.**

**It could have been some addlebrained servant ---**  
**Such exploits one expects nowadays.**  
**But why the Countess?**  
**Ah, to doubt her is unworthy!**  
**She has too much self-respect,**  
**Sense of duty, of my position, my honor.**  
**It appears that the world's gone topsy-turvy.**

*After peering in cautiously, the Countess enters quietly, followed by Susanna. They remain unseen by the Count, who continues to ponder.*

**COUNTESS: Come, courage up! Tell him you will meet him in the garden.**

**COUNT: (to himself) I've got to know if Cherubino arrived in Seville.**

**To ask around, I have sent Don Basilio.**

**SUSANNA: I shudder! . . . If Figaro . . .**

**COUNTESS: To him you need say nothing.  
Instead of you, I shall keep that appointment.**

**COUNT: And by this evening he should be back with news.**

**SUSANNA: I'm frightened. I dare not . . .**

**COUNTESS: Remember, you are doing it for my sake. *(She leaves.)***

**COUNT: And Susanna? Who knows?  
Has she betrayed me by letting out our secret?  
If she has tattled, he weds that ancient baggage.**

**SUSANNA: *(Marcellina!)* *(coming forward)* My Lord!**

**COUNT: What do you want?**

**SUSANNA: You frown . . . Have I offended you?**

**COUNT: You come here for a purpose?**

**SUSANNA: My Lord . . . I fear the Countess has got a touch of vapors.  
She has sent me to fetch her flask of smelling salts.**

**COUNT: Then take it.**

**SUSANNA: I shall return it.**

**COUNT: No, no. Don't bother, You may need it yourself.**

**SUSANNA: Myself? I cannot aspire, sir, to such refined discomfort.**

**COUNT: But to lose the man you mean to wed  
Within inches of the altar!**

**SUSANNA: We'll pay off Marcellina with my dowry ---  
The one that you have promised.**

**COUNT: When did I ever promise?**

**SUSANNA: That was my understanding.**

**COUNT: Yes, but on condition --- Now you understand me.**

**SUSANNA: It's both my duty and desire to please my Lord --  
You need but command me.**

***16. DUET***

**COUNT: How long you made me languish,  
Scorned by those cruel eyes!  
Oh, why so long?  
Scorned by those cruel eyes.**

**SUSANNA: My Lord, a lady lingers  
Only to enhance the prize.**

**COUNT: Come to the garden later.**

**SUSANNA: You need no more despair.**

**COUNT: You promise uou will not fail?**

**SUSANNA: Of course I shall be there.**

**COUNT: You will not fail?**

**SUSANNA: No, I'll be there. Tonight I shall be there.**

**COUNT: My heart full of joy unbounded,  
There I shall wait for you.**

**SUSANNA: (You lovers, grant me pardon.  
I lie but to be true.  
Oh, pardon! I lie only to be true.)**

**COUNT: You'll meet me in the garden?**

**SUSANNA: No more need you despair.**

**COUNT: My darling, you'll not fail?**

**SUSANNA: Tonight I shall be there.**

**COUNT: You'll be there?**

**SUSANNA: Yes.**

**COUNT: You will not fail me?**

**SUSANNA: No.**

**COUNT: Then you will meet me?**

**SUSANNA: No.**

**COUNT: NO?**

**SUSANNA: Yes! I shall, I shall be there.**

**COUNT: You will not fail me?**

**SUSANNA: No.**

**COUNT: Then you will meet me?**

**SUSANNA: Yes.**

**COUNT: You will not fail me?**

**SUSANNA: Yes.**

**COUNT: YES?**

**SUSANNA: No! No more need you despair.**

**COUNT: My heart full of joy unbounded,  
There I shall wait for you.**

**SUSANNA: (You lovers, grant me pardon.  
I lie but to be true.  
Oh, pardon! I lie only to be true.)**

**COUNT: But my dear, why so unkind  
And why so cold just this morning?**

**SUSANNA: With Cherubino listening?**

**COUNT: And so unbending when Basilio appealed?**

**SUSANNA: But do we need go-betweens like Basilio?**

**COUNT: Of course not! Of course not!  
Give me again your promise**

Not to fail me this evening.  
But now the Countess is waiting for her smelling salts.

SUSANNA: Ha! You believed it!  
I didn't dare approach without a pretext.

COUNT: Adorable!      (*He tries to kiss her.*)

SUSANNA: This evening . . .

COUNT: (I've got her surely!)

SUSANNA: (My friend, you count your chicks prematurely.)

FIGARO (*entering*) Ehi! Susanna, what news?

SUSANNA: Lawyers will not be needed.  
We have brought home the verdict.

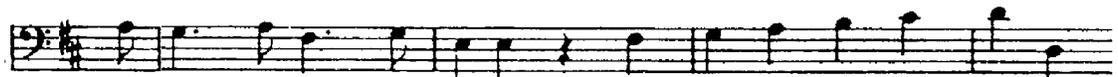
FIGARO: You succeeded?      (*Exit Figaro and Susanna*)

### 17. ARIA

COUNT: We have brought home the verdict!  
Dare they mock me?  
Oh, what bait have I swallowed?  
Damnable! I'll show them  
It's dangerous to trifle with me.  
The final sentence shall be mine to decree.

But just supposing he pays off Marcellina . . .  
Repays her? With what for money?  
And there's Antonio . . .  
The old snob I am sure has higher ambitions  
Than let his niece Susanna wed a foundling.

I shall ply him with honey,  
Play up to his pretensions.  
Fortune smiles in my favor.  
Here I'm the master.



That I should pine and suf-fer,      and see my ser- vant pros-per!

To play the jilted lover  
While he enjoys the prize!

The girl for whom I hunger  
To a lowly menial plighted,  
My passion unrequited  
While in his arms she lies!  
Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!

Oh, no! I'll stop the marriage.  
The rites shall be prevented.  
None but a fool dares flourish  
And thrive while I'm tormented.  
To hold me up for ridicule  
And cast my rank aside.

Only determination  
For the reward of vengeance  
Provides a consolation  
To pacify my pride, my manly pride,  
And heal my tortured heart.

*Enter Marcellina, Don Curzio, Figaro and Bartolo.*

**DON CURZIO:** We've r-reached a v-verdict.  
P-p-pay her or wed her. Case c-concluded.

**MARCELLINA::** Heaven heard me!

**FIGARO:** Heaven help me!

**MARCELLINA:** At last I wed the man I long have worshipped.

**FIGARO:** I appeal, sir, to justice.

**COUNT:** The court has been impartial:  
Either pay up or wed. Well done, Don Curzio.

**DON CURZIO:** Your Lordship f-f-flatters.

**BARTOLO:** A superb show of judgment!

**FIGARO:** What's good about it?

**BARTOLO:** High time old scores are settled.

**FIGARO:** This order I defy!

**BARTOLO:** The law is rigid.

**DON CURZIO:** P-p-pay up or marry.

**MARCELLINA:** A tune of two thousand precious pretty ducats.

**FIGARO:** I'm not a peasant.  
I'll need the blessings of my rich and noble parents . . .

**COUNT:** Who and where are these parents?

**FIGARO:** If only I could find them!  
Hope is all I've got after many years of searching.

**BARTOLO:** You are in short a foundling?

**FIGARO:** A lostling, I would say, snatched from the cradle.

**COUNT:** Kidnapped?

**MARCELLINA:** Stolen?

**BARTOLO:** A tall tale!

**DON CURZIO:** Have you some evidence?

**FIGARO:** Gold found upon me,  
And fine embroidered linen that I wore as an infant  
When taken by a ruthless band of robbers.  
These are some indications of my birth and my breeding.  
But most conclusive, here on my arm,  
A marking strange and curious . . .

**MARCELLINA:** There's a spatula printed on your forearm?

**FIGARO:** Somebody told you.

**MARCELLINA:** Thank heaven! It is he!

**FIGARO:** I agree. It is I.

**COUNT, BARTOLO & DON CURZIO:**  
Who? Who? Who?

**MARCELLINA:** Rafaello!

**BARTOLO:** Where were you snatched away?

**FIGARO:** Close by the castle.

**BARTOLO:** (*indicating Marcellina*)  
Son, meet your mother!

**FIGARO:** My nanny? . . .

**BARTOLO:** No, your mother.

**FIGARO:** God in heaven!

**MARCELLINA:** (*indicating Bartolo*)  
Son, meet your father!

### **18, SEXTET**

**MARCELLINA:** Dearest son, in warm embraces  
May a mother's arms enfold you.

**FIGARO:** Father dear, with smiling faces  
Let dispute give way to love.

**DON CURZIO:** He the father, and she his mother?  
Wedding plans, I assume, are off.

**COUNT:** I am baffled, flabbergasted.  
Let me out, I've had enough!

**FIGARO:** My long lost parents!  
My long lost mother! My long lost father!

**BARTOLO:** Son now recovered . . .

**SUSANNA:** (*entering*) Not so hasty, sir, a moment!  
I have got the entire repayment,  
And the pledge I'll pay for Figaro.  
From the bond he shall be free.

**COUNT & DON CURZIO:** Recent news you have not followed.  
Look around and you will see.

*(indicating Figaro and Marcellina in each other's arms)*

**SUSANNA:** Oh, the lies that I have swallowed!

**Faithless man! Play false to me? False and faithless!**  
**FIGARO: Wait, my darling! I can answer. Hear me!**

**SUSANNA: Here's your answer! (*She gives him a box on the ear.*)**

**FIGARO, MARCELLINA & BARTOLO:**  
**Her vexation shows devotion and foretells a happy life.**

**SUSANNA: That old woman he has chosen;**  
**He deserves no better wife.**

**COUNT & DON CURZIO:**  
**All confusion, all commotion!**  
**Fate conspires to twist the knife.**

**MARCELLINA: At one with each other, embrace me, my daughter,**  
**For I am his mother and shall be to you.**

**SUSANNA: His mother?**

**VARIOUSLY: His mother! His mother! His mother!**

**SUSANNA: (*to Figaro*) Your mother?!!!**

**FIGARO: My dear, meet my father -- Too good to be true.**

**SUSANNA: His father?**

**VARIOUSLY: His father! His father! His father!**

**SUSANNA: (*to Figaro*) Your father?!!!**

**FIGARO: My dear, meet my mother -- She'll tell you it's true.**

**SUSANNA, FIGARO, MARCELLINA, BARTOLO:**  
**O moment to treasure!**  
**My love/son I recover,**  
**Our trials are over.**  
**Oh, rare, lovely day!**

**COUNT: O moment of torment!**  
**Outrageous to suffer**  
**The loss of a lover,**  
**But they shall pay.**

**DON CURZIO: O moment of torment!**

His Lordship to suffer  
The loss of a lover.  
They'll have to pay,  
They'll have to p-pay.

*(The Count and Don Curzio leave.)*

MARCELLINA: Here all the time, dear doctor!  
At last we find the ripened fruit of our old passion.

BARTOLO: Let's not dig up buried bones of ancient history.  
Here's my grown boy and my wife soon to be,  
For I'll not have a son of mine a bastard.

MARCELLINA: Marriage! Why wait any longer?  
*(to Figaro)*  
Take it -- the signed agreement for the gold that I lent you,  
My wedding present.

SUSANNA: Take this purse in addition.

BARTOLO: And this one also.

FIGARO: Bravo! Keep tossing. I am good at catching.

SUSANNA: But let us fly and tell all our good fortune  
To the Countess and my uncle.  
Who could be more ecstatic?  
Who could be half so happy?

FIGARO, BARTOLO, MARCELLINA:  
I could! I could! I could!

ALL FOUR: The Count is in a quandary -- That's quite all right with me.

*(They all go out laughing.)*

*Enter the Countess.*

## ***19. RECITATIVE AND ARIA***

COUNTESS: And Susanna not come!  
I'm in torment until I hear  
How my husband responded to her offer.  
I tend to wonder, was it not overbold?  
A man so hasty, so hot-tempered, and so jealous!

But what's the harm?  
A simple switch of costume --  
I change into Susanna's and she to mine.  
With the night in our favor . . .  
So wretched! To what lowly depths of deception  
Am I reduced by a husband so harsh?  
With what a mighty blend  
Of self indulgence, doubt and disdain,  
Of accusation and insult,  
First he loved me, then neglected,  
And now betrays me.  
Torn by despair!  
Forced to appeal to a servant!



Are they o- ver, those hours en- chant- ed,  
Youthful season of tender sighs?  
Gone forever, taken for granted,  
Love replaced by futile lies.

Though the burst of joy has altered  
Into tears of bitter pain,  
As in days serene and sheltered,  
Why does my own love remain?  
Now unwanted, why does my own love remain?

Are they over, those hours enchanted,  
Youthful season of tender sighs?  
Gone forever, ignored, unwanted,  
Love replaced by futile lies.

May I hope for but a moment  
That my tears are not in vain,  
That my constancy shall conquer  
And his heart be mine again!

*(Exit)*

*Enter the Count, followed by Antonio.*

**ANTONIO:** It's the truth, swear to God!  
Young Cherubino is hanging round the castle.  
And for proof, do you recognize the hat?

**COUNT:** Come, come, sir, you're mistaken.  
Hours ago he arrived in Seville.

**ANTONIO:** Excuse me, if that is true, Seville's at my house.  
There he's dressed up in petticoats,  
And there is his brand new uniform unpacked.

**COUNT:** Scandalous!

**ANTONIO:** Come look. See if it's not a fact!           *(They leave)*

*Enter the Countess and Susanna.*

**COUNTESS:** Stranger than fiction! What was the Count's reaction?

**SUSANNA:** On the verge of choking with chagrin and vexation.

**COUNTESS:** Bless him! This suits our strategies all the better.  
What spot have you selected for the rendezvous this evening?

**SUSANNA:** In the garden.

**COUNTESS:** Be more specific. Write to him.

**SUSANNA:** My lady! I could never!

**COUNTESS:** Write as I dictate, and for the outcome I shall answer.  
A little song to the zephyr . . .

*(The Countess dictates while Susanna writes, echoing her words.)*

## **20. DUET**

**SUSANNA:** I'm ready . . .

**COUNTESS:** Soft, cool breezes sweet to lovers  
Soon tonight will tease and sigh  
Where the pine tree shadow hovers --  
He can add the rest, not I.  
All the rest he can supply.

**SUSANNA:**  
The letter's folded, but what will serve to seal it?

**COUNTESS:**  
Simple. Here, I've a pin. It will do very nicely.  
And further . . . write this on the back of the letter:  
"For reply, send the pin back."

**SUSANNA:**

**This goes one better than that unsealed commission.**

**COUNTESS:**

**Quick, hide the letter! We must not raise suspicion.**

*Enter Barbarina with Cherubino dressed as a peasant girl, and other genuine peasant girls, all bearing flowers.*

## **21. CHORUS**

**Take, O take our gift, O lady,  
Rose and lilac fresh with dew,  
Blossoms plucked this early morning  
At your feet with love we strew.**

**Though we're simple country maidens  
And our worldly means are meager,  
Open-handed, glad and eager,  
We would give that all for you.**

*Enter Antonio and the Count.*

**ANTONIO: (*pointing to Cherubino*)  
What did I tell you? There's your departed captain.**

**COUNTESS: Good heavens!**

**SUSANNA: More misfortune!**

**COUNT: Well, well, my lady!**

**COUNTESS: It's none of my own doing.  
I'm surprised just as you are, and no less puzzled.**

**COUNT: But this morning?**

**COUNTESS: This morning I confess, we'd started  
The little masquerade that's here completed.  
You caught us in the middle.**

**COUNT: (*to Cherubino*) Why did you not leave when ordered?**

**CHERUBINO: My Lord . . . .**

**COUNT:** Your disobedience will not go long unpunished.

**BARBARINA:** O your Lordship! Hear me, hear me!  
You have said to me often  
When you had your arms around me and begged for kisses,  
“If you’ll love me, Barbarina, I’ll give all that you ask for.”

**COUNT:** (*acutely embarrassed*) Perhaps in passing . . .

**BARBARINA:** Truly! So give me Cherubino for a husband  
And I shall love you as much as my grey kitty.

**COUNTESS:** Well, well, sir. A fair agreement.

**ANTONIO:** Well done, my daughter!  
(The girl has mastered more than I have taught her.)

**COUNT:** (Is it a beast, a demon, or spirit  
That turns each thing awry when I come near it?)

**FIGARO:** (*entering*) My Lord, if you stay longer entertaining the ladies,  
Farewell feast, addio to dancing.

**COUNT:** To dance on a fractured foot I fear is much misguided.

**FIGARO:** Most of the pain’s subsided.  
Come, girls, the music beckons.

**COUNTESS:** (*to Susanna*)  
(What stroke of wit will pull him out of this one?)

**SUSANNA:** (Don’t worry, he will manage.)

**COUNT:** For you ’twas lucky those pots were not made of metal.

**FIGARO:** Right you are, sir. Come on, you ladies, time’s flying.

**ANTONIO:** And meanwhile on horseback  
Cherubino was trotting toward Seville.

**FIGARO:** On horseback or on foot, what you will.  
Come, pretty girls, come everyone!

**COUNT:** Though leaving his commission behind in your pocket?

**FIGARO:** Could not be safer. But what a batch of questions!

**ANTONIO:** *(to Susanna)*

Don't try to give him signals. Besides, they're wasted.

*(to Figaro)* Behold the living proof

That my future son-in-law's nothing but a liar.

**FIGARO:** Cherubino!

**ANTONIO:** In the flesh!

**FIGARO:** But back so sudden?

**COUNT:** He never left. And furthermore,

He admits it was he that jumped from the window.

**FIGARO:** He admits it? Why not? The urge is contagious!

I go first, set the example, and the whole world follows.

**COUNT:** You both jumped?!!

**FIGARO:** Worthy sire, how could I call that fine young man a liar?

*(From a distance, the march begins.)*

## **22. ACT THREE FINALE**

**FIGARO:** Comes the procession. Let's join it.

Go take your places.

My pretties, to your places!

Susanna, be my partner.

**SUSANNA:** Willingly.

*(All leave except the Count and Countess.)*

**COUNT:** They flout me.

**COUNTESS:** (Would it were over!)

**COUNT:** My lady . . .

**COUNTESS:** I'll not discuss it.

Two weddings far more important --

And we are to receive.

You've always favored one at least of the lovers.

**Be seated.**

**COUNT: I'm seated . . . (to plan my next maneuvers.)**

*(The wedding procession proceeds.)*

**TWO YOUNG GIRLS:**  
True lovers wherever  
That walk side by side  
Proclaim him and name him  
A model and guide.

That right he surrendered,  
Offensive and painful;  
Of power disdainful,  
He bows to the bride.

*(During the fandango, the Count reads the letter, pricking his finger on the pin.)*

**COUNT: Ha! An old time-honored custom!**  
You ladies will go sticking your pins on packets.  
Ha ha! A pointed message!

**FIGARO: (to Susanna) Billet doux from a lady**  
Slyly slipped in his fingers while in passing.  
I see that with a pin the paper's fastened,  
And the pesky pin pricked him.  
Perforated by Cupid --- always the victim!

**COUNT: Friends, to your duties!**  
Attend the preparation of all that's needed  
For a double wedding and a grand celebration.  
Spare no expense. I want sparkle, pomp and splendor,  
With music and fireworks, first a banquet, then a ball.  
Observe the basis  
Whereon I treat one and all  
In my good graces.

**TUTTI:**  
True lovers wherever  
That walk side by side, *etc.*

## ACT FOUR

*Scene: the garden after twilight. Barbarina enters in despair, frantically searching for a lost pin..*

### 23. ARIETTA

BARBARINA: I have lost it! Heaven help me!  
Oh, alas! Where can it be?  
Searching, searching, where to find it?  
Empty-handed, heaven help me!  
And it grows too dark to see.  
Oh, alas! Where can it be?  
How can I ever face the Count  
What can he say? Oh, wretched me!

*Enter Figaro and Marcellina.*

FIGARO: Pretty cousin, you're crying.

BARBARINA: Oh, I've lost it! I've lost it!

FIGARO: Lost it?

MARCELLINA: Lost it

BARBARINA: The pin . . . and the Count gave me orders  
To return it to Susanna.

FIGARO: To Susanna? A pin?  
Though in years young and tender,  
Old enough to be a bawd --  
I mean, old enough to run some errands.

BARBARINA: What's wrong? Why are you cross at me?

FIGARO: Can't you tell I am joking? *(takes a pin from Marcellina)*  
Eureka! Here is the pin our master ordered you  
To deliver to Susanna.  
And it served, did it not, to seal a letter?  
See, I know all about it.

BARBARINA: Why ask me if you know all of the answers?

FIGARO: Just for fun, tell me exactly what he said  
In giving you this errand.

**BARBARINA:** Nothing personal. “Go, little blossom.  
Take this pin and give it to our fair friend Susanna,  
And tell her, here is the pin from the pine.”

**FIGARO:** Aha! The pine grove!

**BARBARINA:** By the way, he also added,  
“Watch out that no one sees you.  
But you won’t tell I told you?”

**FIGARO:** No, no, of course not.

**BARBARINA:** With you it doesn’t matter.

**FIGARO:** No matter. Oh, no!

**BARBARINA:** But I must not be seen! Oh,  
First to Susanna, and then to Cherubino! *(She runs off.)*

**FIGARO:** Mother!

**MARCELLINA:** Darling!

**FIGARO:** This kills me.

**MARCELLINA:** Son, do not leap to judgment.

**FIGARO:** All, all is over.

**MARCELLINA:** Patience, patience, then more patience!  
It may be serious, and it calls for concern,  
But bear in mind, it is still not clear  
Which actor plays the fool.

**FIGARO:** That cursed pin! Oh, mother!  
The very one I made a joke of, unknowing.

**MARCELLINA:** Be calm. Regard it merely as a warning.  
Proceed with caution, for looks can be deceptive,  
And refrain, dear, from judging.

**FIGARO:** I’ll stay alert. At least I know the spot,  
And I’ll not keep them waiting.

**MARCELLINA:** Dearest son, where are you going?

**FIGARO: On behalf of cheated husbands, to vengeance!**  
*(They depart separately.)*

**FIGARO: (returning)**  
Here's the location, and the hour cannot be distant.  
Was that a footstep? Susanna?  
My mistake . . . as dark as midnight . . .

So I begin already to play the jealous husband,  
The role of mad Othello. A cuckold!  
The very moment of the grand ceremony,  
He was reading her letter and I was laughing --  
Like a fool, laughing at my own expense.

Oh, Susanna, Susanna!  
How much pain you have cost me!  
So frank, sincere and open,  
With the eyes of a child.  
But concealing a demon!  
Ah, what a mix of madness and folly,  
Trusting a woman!

## 26. ARIA



You men, wipe off your glass-es.                      See for your-self these lass- es.

Get rid of stupid fantasies,  
Observe them open-eyed.

Did you believe them angels?  
A fool to trust your senses!  
But look with cleaner lenses  
Before the knot is tied.

They're masters of sorcery  
To lure and enthrall.  
They're sirens whose melody  
Is fatal to all;  
A temptress who turns away  
The moment she's beckoned,  
A comet whose afterglow  
Survives but a second.

Like roses that prickle

Or doves full of malice,  
A fly is less fickle,  
A serpent less callous.  
A man-eating tiger  
Is not too unlike her,  
And woe to the so and so under her spell,  
Caught under the spell.

But what is the use going further?  
The rest you know only too well,  
But only too well. *(He retires among the trees.)*

*The Countess and Susanna enter, each disguised in the other's dress. Then Marcellina.*

SUSANNA: My lady, Marcellina tells me that Figaro's alerted.

MARCELLINA: And here already. Let's speak a little lower.

SUSANNA: One lurks and listens, the other  
Comes to act out the lover.  
The play begins.

MARCELLINA: And I'll go under cover. *(She withdraws.)*

SUSANNA: Madame, your hand is trembling. Are you cold?

COUNTESS: The night is rather chilly. Inside is better.

FIGARO: (This is the hour my fate will be decided.)

SUSANNA: Then with Madame's permission,  
I shall sit beneath the pine  
And enjoy for a while the evening breezes.

FIGARO: (So cool! So carefree!)

COUNTESS: You deserve some leisure. *(She also withdraws.)*

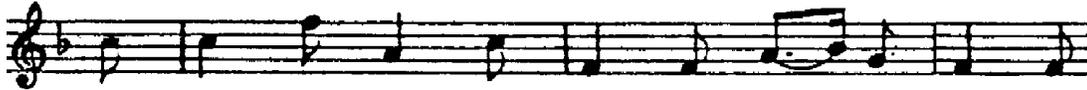
SUSANNA: (The sentinel comes spying.  
I'll divert him, this I promise --  
Teach him again to play the doubting Thomas.)

Now at last comes the moment  
To enjoy free and fearless  
The embrace of my beloved.

Down with misgiving!  
With cares that turn me coward.  
Oh, disturb not the joy of sweet surrender.

Oh, night of love! The air perfumed with flowers  
Touches the forehead gently,  
The shadows benign and friendly.  
Come, dearest heart!  
The call of the dark is tender.

**27. ARIA**



Oh come, my love, be swift! De- lay no long- er.

Oh, come, my love, be swift! Delay no longer.  
Yield to the call of joy and beauty blended.  
The moon is hid, the stars blow out their candles;  
Dark the sky and below, serene and tranquil.

Here waters murmur, stirred by playful breezes;  
Whispers waken the heart from drowsy languor.  
The air is sweet, with fragrant flowers scented;  
All is set for the play of love's caresses.

Come, my beloved, while nature in sleep reposes.  
Come, beloved! Your forehead I would crown  
With a garland of roses.

*(She, too, retires among the trees.)*

*Enter Cherubino and the Countess, whom Cherubino mistakes for Susanna.*

**28. ACT FOUR FINALE**

**CHERUBINO:** (Here's my chance, I'll take the gamble.  
Nothing venture, nothing gain.)

**COUNTESS:** (Should the Count arrive I tremble.  
How on earth could I explain?)

**CHERUBINO:** Dear Susanna! Not an answer?  
And your face you keep in hiding  
Just for mischief, I shall tease and have some fun.

**COUNTESS:** Mind your manners! You're intruding.

**Run along, don't bother me.**

**CHERUBINO: So proper! Such a lady!  
I know whom you've come to see.**

**COUNT: *(from the distance)*  
Ah, my dear! My own Susanna!**

**SUSANNA & FIGARO: *(both concealed)*  
For the chase arrives the hunter.**

**CHERUBINO: Play no more the haughty lady.**

**COUNTESS: Go at once, you're misbehaving.**

**COUNT, SUSANNA & FIGARO:  
Ah! How loud my heart is beating!  
Someone else is by her side.  
Cherubino, I would wager.**

**CHERUBINO: Give me a kiss, love, or I'm not leaving.**

**COUNTESS: For a kiss you're too insistent.**

**CHERUBINO: Why with me so cold and distant  
When the Count you've not denied?**

**THE OTHERS: What a devil! What presumption!**

**CHERUBINO: Sheer affectation, all this commotion!  
And after what I heard behind that chair.**

**THE OTHERS: Can we risk that rascal staying?  
He will spoil the whole affair.**

**CHERUBINO: Here's a starter.**

*He tries to kiss the Countess, but the Count steps between them and receives the kiss.*

**Oh, God! His Lordship!**

**FIGARO: I shall take a look around.**

**COUNT: So that next time you'll remember,  
Here's a present from the Count.**

*Intending to box Cherubino's ears, the Count hits Figaro instead.*

**FIGARO:** Very richly I'm rewarded  
With a cuff upon the ear.

**SUSANNA & COUNTESS:** *(laughing)*  
Ah! How richly he's rewarded!  
What a fool to interfere!

**COUNT:** Very richly he's rewarded!  
What a fool to interfere!

*Figaro and Susanna withdraw to opposite corners of the stage. The Count still supposes that he is speaking to Susanna.*

The rogue is off and running.  
My darling, do come closer.

**COUNTESS:** Although I should say no, sir,  
Who could resist those eyes?

**FIGARO:** (A bride of rare docility!  
How quickly she complies.)

**COUNT:** Give me your hand of gossamer . . .

**COUNTESS:** I aim to please.

**COUNT:** My darling!

**FIGARO:** (His darling?)

**COUNT:** That hand so small and slender,  
The skin so soft and tender!  
They stimulate, intoxicate,  
Setting my heart on fire.

**COUNTESS, SUSANNA & FIGARO:**  
(A man so single-minded,  
To reason ever blinded,  
Deluded by desire.)

**COUNT:** Darling, besides your dowry,  
I've this and more to give you,  
A ring that says I love you,  
A pledge to one so adored.

**COUNTESS:** For all, Susanna's grateful,  
And thanks her noble Lord.

**COUNT:** (Oh, things could not go better!  
Complete is our accord.)

**SUSANNA & FIGARO:**  
They get along together --  
Complete is their accord.)

**COUNTESS:** My Lord, a torch approaches;  
We had better now return.

**COUNT:** My lovely Venus, let's within  
Where lamps of love shall burn.

**SUSANNA & FIGARO:**  
(You blind and foolish husbands,  
Prepare to look and learn.)

**COUNTESS:** So dark where you are leading!

**COUNT:** My dear, you're not supposing  
That we go there for reading,  
Or need a noonday sun.

**SUSANNA & COUNTESS:**  
(The fox is caught unwittingly;  
The game is well begun.)

**FIGARO:** (Oh, false, deceitful Jezebel!  
These two agree as one.)

**COUNT:** Who passes?

**FIGARO:** None that matter.

**COUNTESS:** It's Figaro! Away!

**COUNT:** You first, I'll follow without delay.  
*(They withdraw separately.)*

**FIGARO:** All silence and tranquility.  
And Venus, led by Mars astray,  
From marriage takes a holiday.

**I, Vulcan, tip-toe stealthily  
To wreck their rendezvous.**

**SUSANNA: Oh, Figaro! Be careful!**

**FIGARO: Aha! The Countess enters.  
Your timing is perfection  
To catch the two in action,  
Your husband with my Susanna.  
The wench! But I will show her.  
So fair but so untrue.**

**SUSANNA: Do watch your step, speak lower.  
In terms of getting even, I go along with you.**

**FIGARO: (Susanna!) Getting even?**

**SUSANNA: Right!**

**FIGARO: Hear me. I could be of assistance.**

**SUSANNA: (The fox has got a scheme afoot;  
The beast I'll have to tame,  
That angry beast I'll tame.)**

**FIGARO: (The vixen has a scheme afoot,  
But two can play the game.)  
Ah, fair Madame, allow me . . .  
Ah, dear Countess!**

**SUSANNA: (For this I didn't bargain.)**

**FIGARO: Lady, before you kneeling,  
I'm overcome with feeling.  
The place, the time invite us . . .  
The Count should be repaid.**

**SUSANNA: (He's odious and insolent,  
His love a mere charade.)**

**FIGARO: (Her flashing eyes are heaven-sent;  
My fear and fury fade.)**

**SUSANNA: (*again the Countess*)  
Is not this far too sudden?**

**FIGARO:** My fire till now I've hidden.  
Our time is short -- surrender!  
Give me that hand so slender . . .  
Let me but feel . . .

**SUSANNA:** *(no longer able to control herself)*  
You want to feel my hand?  
Feel this one, feel that one!

**FIGARO:** You strike me!

**SUSANNA:** And here's another, and this one too, sir!

**FIGARO:** Too thick and fast they're coming.

**SUSANNA:** Contemptible seducer!  
Another! Another one for you.

**FIGARO:** Those blows so sweet, so savory!  
The hand I love to feel.

**SUSANNA:** Disgusting and detestable!  
You're nothing but a heel.  
It serves you right.  
You're nothing but a heel.

**FIGARO:** Pardon, pardon, my love, and believe me,  
You did not for a moment deceive me.  
I was on to you straight from the start.

**SUSANNA:** So you knew me?

**FIGARO:** I swear before you.

**BOTH:** Pardon, pardon, my love, I adore you;  
Ever, ever I give you my heart.

**COUNT:** *(reemerging)*  
*(She is gone, I've been searching all over.)*

**FIGARO & SUSANNA:**  
Now returns the poor wandering lover.

**COUNT:** Ehi, Susanna! No answer. Still missing . . .

**SUSANNA:** *(He knows not who it was he was kissing.)*

**FIGARO: Who?**

**SUSANNA: My lady.**

**FIGARO: The Countess?**

**SUSANNA: The Countess.**

**BOTH: Love, it's time that the comedy ended  
With a lesson he'll never forget,  
Final lesson he'll never forget.**

**FIGARO: *(falling to her feet)*  
Dear lady, we shall love and rise above convention.**

**COUNT: To the Countess? And I walk with no weapon.**

**FIGARO: May I hope for your love, O my lady?**

**SUSANNA: That desire I have granted already.**

**COUNT: They betray me, betray me!**

**FIGARO & SUSANNA:  
Darling, darling, our love is forever,  
And we'll never again be apart.  
*(Susanna slips away into the trees.)***

**COUNT: *(seizing Figaro)* All bear witness! Servants, gather!**

**FIGARO: *(pretending terror)* Ah, my master!**

**COUNT: Come with pistol, sword and saber.**

**FIGARO: Sheer disaster!  
*Basilio, Antonio and Bartolo rush in.***

**BASILIO, ANTONIO & BARTOLO:  
What's the matter? What's the matter?**

**COUNT: Here stands the blackguard.  
He's offended, he's betrayed me.  
You are soon to see with whom.**

**B.,C.,A.,B.**  
**I'm dumbfounded. I am staggered.**  
**And the worst is yet to come.**

**FIGARO: (All dumbfounded. All are staggered.**  
**And the best is yet to come.)**

**COUNT: Come out or I'll force you.**  
**Denial is wasted!**  
**The wife I once trusted**  
**I charge with deceit.**

*He goes into the arbor and successively routs out Cherubino, Barbarina, Marcellina and Susanna.*

**Cherubino!**

**ANTONIO: My daughter!**

**FIGARO: My mother!**

**OTHERS: My lady!**

**COUNT: Your wrongs are discovered,**  
**Your shame is complete.**

**SUSANNA: Forgive me, forgive me!**

**COUNT: No, no! Undeserving!**

**FIGARO: Forgive her, forgive her!**

**COUNT: No, no! I'm determined.**

**OTHERS: Forgive her, forgive her!**

**COUNT: No! No, no, no, no, no!**      *The Countess enters.*

**COUNTESS: Will you deny them pardon If I plead as well?**

**OTHERS: A marvel! A wonder! Some magic enchantment**  
**Has conjured me into a spell.**

**COUNT: My lady, forgive me, forgive me, forgive me.**

**COUNTESS: More docile, more yielding, my answer is yes.**

**TUTTI: At last, all contented,  
We share our delight.  
From a day at odds, tormented,  
Full of follies and caprices,  
Love at last unites the pieces,  
Putting former woes to flight.**

**Sing out, Hosanna!  
Be happy, be merry!  
And a toast, a joyful toast to those that marry.  
Figaro and his Susanna  
Let us celebrate tonight.  
All in chorus, all in chorus,  
We celebrate, we celebrate!**

**The End**