

ROSSINI

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

English Version by Donald Pippin

The day when women were first granted a semblance of human rights was a cold, bleak day for opera. A thousand plots down the drain. Equally devastating, the loosening of social rules that made it almost impossible for a young man and a young woman to get acquainted -- before getting married, that is. Presumably this was supposed to safeguard the purity of the lady in question. However, it must be admitted that grumpy old Bartolo's motives in keeping his ward Rosina under constant surveillance are somewhat less lofty. To put it bluntly, he wants her for himself. Oh, yes --- not to mention the sizable fortune she will inherit on coming of age. As her husband, needless to say, it will be entirely under his control.

Poor Rosina! A girl who appears to have everything going for her --- youth, beauty, warmth, sparkle, intelligence! How on earth did she wind up in the greedy hands of Doctor Bartolo? We may never know. But the fact remains: she is a prisoner, confined within four walls, a room secured by carefully locked doors, and don't forget the windows. But even the most impregnable wall has its chinks. And it so happens that there is one lifeline to the outer world that her watchdog guardian has carelessly overlooked -- an energetic, benevolent barber of multiple talents, named Figaro, who has daily access to the house thanks to his many roles: surgeon, apothecary, gardener, marriage broker, handyman and, one might say, daily newspaper. As fate would have it, he is also a former employee of young Count Almaviva, handsome, dashing, rich, powerful, and ever alert to feminine beauty. After catching a glimpse of fair Rosina, little wonder that he is instantly enamored and now has but one thing on his mind -- how to reach her? How to convey his intentions? Hoping to win her not with the allure of wealth and power but entirely on the strength of his personal merits, in which he has considerable confidence, he is passing himself off as a penniless student, named Lindoro. But how to get past the guard? How to penetrate the fortress? Where to find a much needed helping hand? Luckily, he does not have far to look. Figaro will sympathize with his plight and come up with a solution. Still, it never hurts to start with a serenade.

ACT ONE

*Scene: a street beneath an overhanging balcony, where a small group of musicians
Are assembled, cheered on by Fiorello. It is early morning.*

FIORELLO

Piano, pianissimo! Wait for your cue.
Keeping it low, follow along.

MUSICIANS

Piano, pianissimo! That we can do.

FIORELLO

Till we are done ...

MUSICIANS

Holding it down.

FIORELLO

Tip-toe!

MUSICIANS

Tip-toe!

FIORELLO

Silent all over! No one about
To heed or hinder our early song,
Though any minute he should appear,
The only reason why we are here.

(Count Almaviva enters)

COUNT

Fiorello! ---

FIORELLO

I'm yours, my Lord.

COUNT

Our friends are ready?

FIORELLO

All set to go.

COUNT

Bravo, bravissimo! Stay under cover.
Piano, pianissimo!

That is the way you are to play.

FIORELLO

Hush and lie low.

COUNT



Calm in a friend-ly heav-en, dawn with a smile is break-ing.

**While birds and flowers are waking
Can you remain asleep?**

**Love, hear the morning summon;
Come unto me, my treasure!
Turn into sparkling pleasure
The pain that's pierced my heart so deep.**

**Oh, wonder! I see her!
The clear sky above her ...
The heart of a keen lover
Is floating on air.**

**Golden moment, filled with flowers!
Love's message overpowers.
This moment of magic was made to be ours,
A region of rapture ...for hearts that dare.**

Ah, Fiorello!

FIORELLO

Yes, my Lord.

COUNT

Did you see her?

FIORELLO

Not as yet.

COUNT

Hope again becomes despair.

FIORELLO

Dawn is breaking; still no one there.

COUNT

Idle visions, all for naught!

Why continue? You musicians ...
Your labors are over.
Take the money you have earned.
No more song; put the instruments away.

FIORELLO

So goodnight to all concerned;
No more need for you to stay.
Take your money, run along.
That is all for you today.

MUSICIANS

So unsparing with the manna!
For his bounty, cry hosanna!
What a saint! So kind and caring,
Ever giving, ever sharing,

So forbearing and sincere.
For indulgence and devotion
Give the Count a rousing cheer!

COUNT

Drop it, drop it!
Too much clamor and commotion,
Plus the fuss about devotion.
Dammit, stop it!
To the devil with your babble!
Filthy rabble, listen here:
You will waken half the quarter
With your racket and disorder.
Take your pay and disappear.

FIORELLO

Pity, pity! Stop the babble!
Filthy rabble, listen here:
You will waken half the quarter
With your racket and disorder.
Take your pay and disappear.
(the musicians do so)

COUNT

Oh, these musicians!

FIORELLO

These boobies in their zeal for discretion
Have managed to waken all of Seville.

All right –I’m going, too. *(he leaves)*

FIGARO *(entering)*

La la la la la la!

COUNT

Another interruption! Let’s hope it will be brief.
Under the arches, out of sight,
I’ll watch and wait unnoticed.
Dawn is beginning, and love can come to light.

FIGARO

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

Rested and rollicking, ready to go. Nice day!

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

Prestige and money, scaling the ladder up to the top!

**Hand it to Figaro, bravo, Bravissimo! Bravo!
Versatile, vigorous, much in demand, hi ho!**

**Favored by fortune and blessed by the gods,
Bound for success, overcoming the odds.
Scissor and razor ready when needed,
I am stampeded, run to the ground.**

**Ever at home with curler and comb,
A finer profession is not to be found.
A generous ration of free conversation
I give on occasion, trimming the hair.**

**Soaping or lathering, I am for gathering
Gossip and news for others to share.
Higher rewards come with the client;
Gentlemen cordial, ladies compliant.**

**People pursuing me, hailing, yoo-hooing me!
Gender or station no limitation.
Shorten the beard, heighten the color!
Service outstanding they are demanding.**

**Falling all over, the public is calling;
So highly regarded, the barber bombarded.
Customers clamoring, hounding and hammering,
Ever so eager, oh Figaro, Figaro, Figaro!**

**A mob! A rush! A riot!
Enough! Be quiet!**

**Such great demand for my noble art.
But have a heart! But have a heart!
One at a time! Oh, one at a time!
Oh, do have a heart!**

**Figaro ... yes, sir! Figaro ... Ay, ay!
Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro high, Figaro low,
Figaro up, Figaro down!**

**Quick on the trigger,
With vision and vigor,
I'm man of the hour,
the talk of the town.**

**High over all, even bigger than Figaro,
Destiny favors the day of the dynamo.
Business booming, flowers are blooming,
Flowers are blooming, opening out.
Welcome the barber, up and about.
Man of renown, I'm talk of the town!**

Ah, yes! The way I like it.
A little work and lots of play,
A chorus of acclaim, and in the pocket
The fruits of my sterling reputation.

For a fact, without their Figaro
Not a girl in Seville could reach the altar.
To me the widow turns
To find an honest husband.

With my resources, a comb and brush by daylight,
A cavatina with guitar by moonlight,
I render honest service
With everybody happy.

What a life! What luck! What a profession!

Now it's off to the shop ...
(the Count emerges from the shadows)

COUNT
(It's he! The spitting image!)

FIGARO
(That fellow looks familiar.)

COUNT
(Certainly none other.) Figaro!

FIGARO
See me later ... Oh, forgive me! Your Lordship!

COUNT
Quiet, quiet! Be careful.
No one knows who I am, and I choose for none to know.
My motives, needless to say, go deep.

FIGARO
Of course! Of course! I'll leave you on your own.

COUNT
Wait!

FIGARO
For what?

COUNT
Your help I can use.
Heaven, it seems, has sent you to further my maneuvers.
You old scoundrel! Tell me all, in a nutshell:
What wind has blown you here?
And so improved, so healthy, pink and plump!

FIGARO
Destitution, my Lord!

COUNT
You liar!

FIGARO
Thank you.

COUNT

Your ways I hope you've mended.

FIGARO

Turned angelic. But you ... how come Seville?

COUNT

Here is the story: on the Prado
I saw a sweet, budding blossom, a flower in springtime,
Daughter of a doctor in his dotage.
With her, he settled here not long ago, I was at once
so enamored that I left house and home, came like a shot,
And spend my days and nights pacing and pining
Beneath my lady's window.

FIGARO

Your lady's window? The daffodil and the doctor?
Happy day! You're in luck!
We come together like cheese and macaroni.

COUNT

Riddles?

FIGARO

Solution! Within, I am the barber, the coiffeur, the surgeon,
The gardener, the vet, the apothecary, and junior bottle washer.

COUNT

Providential!

FIGARO

What's more, your petunia is not the doctor's daughter,
Merely a bird caught in his clutches.

COUNT

I shall set her free!

FIGARO

So now ... Quiet!

COUNT

What now?

FIGARO

Her window opens ...

ROSINA, *from the balcony*
No sign of him this morning Maybe ...

COUNT
Oh, my life! My goddess! Oh, my angel!
To see you at last, at last!

ROSINA
So disappointing! How to give him my letter?

BARTOLO
Well, well, young lady! Testing the weather?
What's that piece of paper?

ROSINA
Nothing, nothing important.
The silly words of a song, from *The Futile Precaution*.

BARTOLO
How is that? *The Futile Precaution*?

ROSINA
The latest! Or so I hear. A recent play, a musical.
How very clumsy! Right out of my fingers!
Hurry up! Run and get it.

BARTOLO
Careless, careless. (*he goes out to retrieve the paper*)

ROSINA
Pst ..pst ...

COUNT
I'm listening

ROSINA
Hurry!

COUNT
(*picks up the paper*)
You can trust me.

BARTOLO
(*re-appearing on the street*)
Not here. But where?

ROSINA

The wind, I fear, has sent it flying. Keep looking.

BARTOLO

I do not see it. No trace of wind ... not a stir ...
The devil! She takes me for a fool! Inside! Inside!
Must I repeat? Hurry up! Inside, this minute!

ROSINA

Yes, sir! Stop screaming.

BARTOLO

Oh, that window!
I should wall it up. Get a move on!

ROSINA

Ah, this life is the limit. (*she goes inside*)

COUNT

Caged like a winged sparrow!
Her forlorn situation makes her all the more precious.

FIGARO

Ah, the letter! Let's see what she has written.

COUNT

At once! Read it

FIGARO, *reading*

"Your evident concern has made me curious. Use your ingenuity and find some means of conveying your name, who you are, and what you intend. Believe me, I would go to great lengths to break the chains that presently bind your unfortunate Rosina." Be careful!

COUNT

Why?

FIGARO

The door has opened.

BARTOLO, *emerging from the house*

Very shortly I'll return. You must open to no one.
Except Basilio. If he shows up to see me, have him wait.
(If my plans are delayed, they could miscarry.
This very day I mean to marry!) (*exit*)

COUNT

Today! He will marry my Rosina.
He's back in second childhood!
But tell me, just who ... who is this Don Basilio?

FIGARO

He's a snoop and a sneak, a crawling serpent.
A busy-body who lives on innuendo, a professional beggar and ...
A professor of music, who gives the lady lessons.

COUNT

Sounds attractive. But forewarned is forearmed.

FIGARO

So down to business:
Your resourceful Rosina is keen on information.
A little canzonetta would give occasion
To tell her the fundamental facts.

COUNT

Out here in public?

FIGARO

Where else? Borrow my guitar. All is quiet.

COUNT

Me sing?

FIGARO

Aren't you a lover?

COUNT

All right .. I'll try it.

**If my name you would like to discover,
Hear it straight from the lips of a lover.
I am Lindoro, your slave evermore. Oh,
Restore me to life by becoming my wife;
Thus with passion and longing I pray
From the dawn till the last glow of day.**

ROSINA

Love, I hang on each word that you say.

FIGARO

She answers ... So are you happy?

COUNT

I am ecstatic!

FIGARO

A good beginning. Keep at it!

COUNT

**Though in love he is rich beyond measure,
Your Lindoro claims no other treasure.
Modest and poor, my horizons obscure,
I have nothing to impart save a warm, loving heart
That is pining and wasting away
From the dawn till the last glow of day.**

ROSINA

**Though in love she is rich beyond measure,
Your Rosina, Lindo --**

COUNT

She vanished!

FIGARO

Sir, allow me to suggest,
You know who came in the room.
Hardly the time to linger.

COUNT

Oh, this is torture!

I am consumed by passion!
Just try and stop me!
Today I shall see her, come what may.
And you ... you must lend me a hand.

FIGARO

My, my! These lovers!
I said that I would help.

COUNT

Good fellow! The problem:
Getting into the house.
Tell me ... how is it done? Use your intelligence!

It must be good for something.

FIGARO

My intelligence? Pronto! But first ... it happens ...

COUNT

There's no need to say it. Your mind is like a book.
You needn't worry. I'll make it worth your while.

FIGARO

Your word?

COUNT

My promise!

FIGARO

Meaning gold, here in my fingers?

COUNT

Gold by the fistful! All of it yours!

FIGARO

Amazing! One tiny mention of that metal
Stirs up the circulation,
I gather steam, my brain begins to whirl,
And I am off on flights of inspiration.
Merest mention of the metal
Galvanizes my rapt attention,
Stirs the powers of invention,
Sends volcanic waves and ripples through the brain.

COUNT

What great masterpiece emerges out of metal?
From that teeming furnace of imagination
Share the monetary flash of inspiration;
Those volcanic waves and ripples do explain.

FIGARO

What you need is a disguise.
For example ... be a soldier.

COUNT

Be a soldier?

FIGARO

That will do it.

COUNT

Me, a soldier? A raw recruit?
What's the point?

FIGARO

What I'm driving at is that
An army regiment's arriving.

COUNT

Right. The Colonel, as you know,
Is my old friend from long ago.

FIGARO

There you are!

COUNT

But where?

FIGARO

You're asking! With an order from the army
They must quarter you, or else.
There's your answer, plain and simple.
Is it not the plan we needed?

Like a wizard I've succeeded.
Here's the very plan we needed,
Here's the key we're looking for
That will open up the door.

COUNT

Bravo! Here's the key we're looking for
That will open up the door.

FIGARO

A moment! A moment! Ideas are coming.
Oh, the wonders gold can do!
Hit the bottle. Yes, be a boozier.
That is just the role for you.

COUNT

Be a boozier?

FIGARO

That will do it!

COUNT

Me, a boozier? On a spree?
What's the point?

FIGARO

If you seem the worse for wear,
Shirt and jacket both awry,
The old bird you will ensnare
For he'll relax his eagle eye.
The old bird, complacent and careless,
Off guard, will then relax his eagle eye.

Once again! Oh, once again have I succeeded,
Here is just the plan, the very plan we needed,
Here's the key we're looking for,
Here's the key that opens up the door.

COUNT

Now then!

FIGARO

To battle!

COUNT

And to victory! Onward!
Wait! There's one important point
I nearly was forgetting.
Tell me where you are located,
Where to find you, just in case.

FIGARO

My shop? Hard to miss it.
Listen closely ... You'll find the place.

I'm number twenty-one, smack in the center,
Sign that says "Welcome!" just as you enter.
Scissors and razors spread on the table,
Bottles of lotion, each with a label,

Door that swings open; all are invited!
Front newly painted, window well lighted –
There without fail I can be found.

Assorted razors out on the table,
A dozen bottles, each with a label,
A door that opens for all invited,
The front is painted, the window lighted –
There without fail I can be found.

Look for the gilded lattice for that is
Where without fail I can be found.

COUNT

Clear as crystal.

FIGARO

We shall meet later.

COUNT

Caution is crucial.

FIGARO

I can be trusted.

COUNT

I am depending ...

FIGARO

Ready and waiting ...

COUNT

Excellent Figaro!

FIGARO

That goes without saying.

COUNT

I shall be sending ...

FIGARO

Gold I see glitter.

COUNT

All you require, a bagful or better.

FIGARO

Yes, without question you've kindled the fire;
The plans are laid for love to fly.

COUNT

Sparked by her beauty, bright flames ignited,
Fear and euphoria fervently mingle.
Glowing with mystery, life is relighted,
Fueled by passion greater than I.

FIGARO

Gold in the pockets I can hear jingle;
Roses are falling out of the sky.
Gold in the pockets -- I hear it jingle;
The golden nuggets with silver mingle.

It's raining roses out of the sky.
Miracle! Miracle!
Spotting prosperity I am delighted.
Roses are falling out of the sky.

(The Count leaves; Figaro enters Bartolo's house)

Scene: Drawing room in Bartolo's house. Rosina enters, letter in hand)

ROSINA

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

**To the heart the arrow flew
From Lindoro, who drew the bow.
Dear Lindoro will be mine!
I'm determined, it shall be so!**

**Though the doctor will say no,
I have got a trick or two.
He will have to let me go
Or a battle will ensue.
Dear Lindoro will be mine!
I'm determined, it shall be so!**

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

**Prone to surrender,
Let love take over –**

**Yes, on the whole I am
A meek and gentle lamb.**

I wait and watch the world go by.

**BUT! If you cross my path,
If you provoke my wrath,
The cat will scratch, the fur will fly.**

**I have the wherewithal,
A hidden arsenal
Of secret weapons to apply,
Strategic traps to lay,
A pack of cards to play
Till in the end I have my way.**

**I tend to acquiesce,
To yield and follow,
To nod and answer yes
With lowered eyes,**

**BUT! If you collide with me,
The other side of me,
The sleeping tiger will arise.**

**I have the wherewithal,
A hidden arsenal
Of secret weapons to apply,
Strategic traps to lay,
A pack of cards to play
Till in the end I have my way.**

**After the trap is laid,
I have my way.
After the cards are played,
I have my way.**

Yes, love will find a way
If I could only convey
This note I wrote to him! But how?
Not a soul can I trust,
And I'm watched every minute.
Oh, that doctor! Which reminds me to seal it ...
(she signs and seals the letter)

Yes, Figaro is the one!
From the window I saw the two conversing for an hour.
Figaro is a dear – clear headed and warm hearted,
And surely sympathetic when love is in peril.

FIGARO

Ah, good day, fair Rosina!

ROSINA

Good morning, handsome Figaro.

FIGARO

How goes it? What's the news?

ROSINA

I die of boredom!

FIGARO

Impossible! A girl whose life is just beginning,
Pretty and full of sparkle.

ROSINA

Oh, dear! You're making fun of me.
What do I have to laugh about,
And what's the good of beauty
If locked up in a room where none can see it?

FIGARO

Be dead and buried? Not yet! Cheer up and listen!

ROSINA

I hear his step ...

FIGARO

Your guardian?

ROSINA

Ever lurking, ever prowling.

FIGARO

See you later! Our talk we must continue.
I have food for your ears.

ROSINA

And I for yours, Mister Figaro.

FIGARO

Sounds promising. Save it!
(He hides, eavesdropping from time to time)

ROSINA

He's such a darling!

BARTOLO, *entering*

Pox on that blasted Figaro! Confound him!
That trouble-maker I'd tar and feather.

ROSINA

(Back again, sweet as ever.)

BARTOLO

It goes from bad to worse!
He's spoiling my servants,
My house he's made a rest home,
His medications – tonics, pills and potions ...
Young lady, have you seen that wretched barber?

ROSINA

Why ask?

BARTOLO

Because I want to know.

ROSINA

Even he makes you jealous?

BARTOLO

And why not him?

ROSINA

All right. You want the truth. Yes, I have seen him.
We have spoken. I like him .. for his character,
His clear complexion, his cheerful conversation.
(Burst, you old buzzard, with envy and vexation!) (*exit*)

BARTOLO

So docile and demure! The vixen!
The more I love, the more she loathes!
Evidently, it's the barber I can thank once again.
This calls for further study ...

Oh, to hell with that barber!
There he can roast forever. (*Don Basilio appears*)

Ah, Don Basilio! Just when I need you.
By tomorrow, and by whatever means,

I am determined to marry my Rosina.
Need I say more?

BASILIO

Your judgment is infallible!
But I have come expressly with a warning.
Most confidential ... watch out!
Count Almaviva's lurking.

BARTOLO

What! The unknown admirer of my Rosina?

BASILIO

That very man.

BARTOLO

Oh, Lucifer! This calls for instant action.

BASILIO

Urgent, but ... under the table.

BARTOLO

You have a plan?

BASILIO

The best! With rippling rumor
We bring the man to ruin.
Using fiction and make-believe,
We spin a tale that casts a growing shadow.
First he appears misguided, then underhanded,
And finally depraved. I'm master of the art.
Before you know it – take my word, the method is unailing –
He will be leaving town, out on a railing.

BARTOLO

Is that a promise?

BASILIO

A pledge! It is a tactic tried and tested.

BARTOLO

Very useful, but ... some call it slander.

BASILIO

I gather you do not yet realize
The beauty of my system.

BARTOLO

No, I daresay ...

BASILIO

No? Then hear a few words of wisdom.

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

**Slurs and slander, like summer breezes,
Softly stirring, subdued and gentle,
Incidental idle chatter,
Featherweight, of little matter,
Start with flimsy, distant whispers overheard.**

**Piano, piano, undercover,
Sotto voce, quiet rumor
Bolstered by insinuation,
Enters into circulation.
Rumor, first absurd and silly,
Gains momentum as it travels willy nilly.
Starting out in tiny ripples,
Soon the volume doubles, triples
And the murmur hits the firmament,
Expanding with each word.**

**From a subtle innuendo
To a gradual crescendo,
Like the galloping of horses,
On the course it gathers forces,
With a hammer stroke of thunder
Tearing giant oaks asunder,
Flashing, crashing, little wonder
That it freezes to the bone.**

**Bursting out and overflowing,
With a fury ever growing,
Building up to an explosion,
Like a storm upon the ocean,
Like a tempest or tornado,
Like a charging light brigade, oh**

See the monster fully grown!

**Lo, the poor unhappy victim,
After calumny has kicked him,**

**Mutilated, devastated,
Left to struggle on his own.**

So, what about it?

BARTOLO

All very true. But meanwhile, we're losing time,
Which is now of the essence.
No! I have my own approach.

Come along with me at once. Here in my study
We can draw up the contract the way I want it.
When she is safely mine,
Protecting her from these conniving lechers
Will be my right, as well as obligation.

BASILIO

I am your man! (I smell remuneration.) *(both exit)*

FIGARO

How charming! What a couple!
Made for each other!
The doctor's in his glory. Poor deluded donkey!
Your wife? Fat chance! Not till a hot December.
Now that both are so engrossed,
I can speak to the lucky girl in private.
Ah, perfect timing! *(Rosina enters)*

ROSINA

What happened? Tell me everything.

FIGARO

Get ready for a shock.

ROSINA

What about?

FIGARO

Wedding bells in the offing.

ROSINA

What do you mean by that?

FIGARO

In simple language, it seems if all goes smoothly,
Your worthy guardian is about to become your worthy husband.

ROSINA

You're joking!

FIGARO

It's not so funny.

He's drawing up the contract with our learned Basilio,
And not to be disturbed.

ROSINA

He's living in a dream. The silly booby!
He first must deal with me.
Returning to reality ... a while ago,
Here underneath my window,
You were talking with someone ...

FIGARO

Ah, a distant cousin. A decent, honest fellow,
Level headed, a heart of gold,
He's here to finish up his education,
And then go on, hoping to get ahead.

ROSINA

Succeed? How can he fail?

FIGARO

Oh, no doubt you are right.
But just between us, he has one grievous fault.

ROSINA

A grievous fault?

FIGARO

Fatal! Head over heels in love!

ROSINA

Poor fellow! I feel for him. If only ...

If only I could talk to him ...

FIGARO

If only!
Are you surprised? ---Amazed!

ROSINA

Are you surprised?

FIGARO

Amazed!

ROSINA

And his beloved ... tell me ... is she far away?

FIGARO

Oh, no! In fact, close ... extremely ...

ROSINA

And ... she's pretty?

FIGARO

Oh, is she pretty!
How can I find the words to do her justice?
Nice figure, lovely features, hair like the raven,
Cheeks as red as roses,
Bewitching eyes, captivating smile ...

ROSINA

Her name?

FIGARO

Her name as well? Her name ... is like a flower!
She's called ...

ROSINA

Go on! She's called ...

FIGARO

Let me see now. She's called R ... O ... Ro ---
S ... I ... SI – Rosi --- N ... A ... Na. Rosina!

ROSINA

I'm the one? You are not joking?
I'm the one? The lucky lady?

(It was clear to me already;
I was way ahead of you.)

FIGARO

With your beauty he is smitten,
Yours alone, my fair Rosina.
(She's a vixen, not a kitten,
Not your blushing ingénue.)

ROSINA

Tell me, tell me ... I long to speak to him.
But how to find a way?

FIGARO

Quiet, quiet! That is why it
Is he's coming here today.

ROSINA

Here to see me? Joy! Joy!
Let him come! The moment hastens.
I'm already dying, dying of impatience.
It is late! Has he forgot?

FIGARO

He is waiting for a signal,
Just a sign that seems inviting,
One or two lines in your writing,
Just a few lines in your writing
Would produce him on the dot.
What about it?

ROSINA

Do I dare?

FIGARO

Prove your courage.

ROSINA

He would think ...

FIGARO

One or two lines ...

ROSINA

I am bashful ...

FIGARO

You're afraid? You're afraid of what?
Come, I'll help you with the letter.
(she pulls a letter and gives it to him)

ROSINA

You will help me? Well, here it is.

FIGARO

Ha! Already written!
No compunction, not a scruple!
She's the master, I'm the pupil.

ROSINA

Crystal waters of true rapture
I am tasting at the source.

FIGARO

In the ways and wiles of wooing
She could give a master course.

ROSINA

Opening doors to seventh heaven,
Love consoles and warms my heart.

FIGARO

Women, women! God in heaven!
I can never figure out. (*Figaro leaves*)

ROSINA

Now I am feeling better.
Good old Figaro is coming to the rescue.

BARTOLO (*entering*)

Dear girl, I'm sorry if I was cross.
Putting that aside,
Do tell me why the barber came this morning.

ROSINA

Figaro? Can't imagine.

BARTOLO

But you spoke?

ROSINA

For a bit.

BARTOLO

And what about?

ROSINA

Oh, this and that.
The changes in the weather.
The fashions out of France,

His little Marcellina's influenza.

BARTOLO

No answer to your secret letter?
There is ink on your finger.
It was not stained before.

ROSINA

Stained? No wonder. Blistered from a candle.
I hear that ink is good for medication.

BARTOLO

(Damn it all! These sheets of paper!
I see five ... There were six!

ROSINA

Quite simple ... I used it for a wrapper
For some candy I sent to Marcellina.

BARTOLO

How kind of you!
And the quill ... I see it has been sharpened.

ROSINA

(The detective! The quill?
To trace a flower pattern for a jacket.

BARTOLO

A flower?

ROSINA

A flower.

BARTOLO

Ah, you're blushing! ---

ROSINA

Not I!

BARTOLO

Quiet!

ROSINA

Believe me!

BARTOLO

You've said enough!

ROSINA

But sir ...

BARTOLO

Enough! Be silent!

QuickTime™ and a
H.264 decoder are
needed to see this picture.

**In the role of your adviser,
I would urge you to be wiser
And adopt a better line.**

**Candy wrapped in writing paper?
Quill and ink to draw a flower?
Blistered finger? I daresay! With bleeding!
Smarter measures you'll be needing
To deceive these eyes of mine.**

**Why the piece of paper gone?
Why the balcony at dawn?
What the hell is going on?
Secrets I cannot condone;
Fairy tales I have outgrown.**

**Foolish girl, now don't deny it!
Oh, you'll be gaining nothing by it;
I am hardly deaf and blind.**

**Speak, my angel, don't be distant.
You can tell me ... it's *entre nous*.
You are silent? Still persistent?
Stubborn girl, I'm far from through.**

**Here's what I intend to do.
Little lady, in the future
When the doctor goes a gadding,
Nosy servants I am adding
To survey and supervise.**

**Let a person leave or enter,
Put me through another wringer,
Even lift a little finger,
You will meet a dozen eyes.**

**Poor Rosina, oh so proper!
Broken hearted, desolated,
Will remain incarcerated
Till I wish it otherwise.**

**No, a doctor versed in science
You cannot make a laughing stock.
Though you dare display defiance,
I'm the one that can turn the lock.**

(exeunt)

(The Count enters, dressed as a soldier, and obviously drunk)

COUNT

Hey, you people! Who's at home? Anybody?
Hey! All asleep? Passed out? Rounded up?

BARTOLO

Who is shouting? A rowdy soldier, drunk to boot!
Who's the lout? Who's the brute?

COUNT

No one home? Devil take it!

BARTOLO

What's the meaning of this racket?

COUNT

Ah, you're here! Glad you could make it.

BARTOLO

(What does that gorilla want?)

COUNT

Sir, you must be ... here, let me check it.
Ah, you must be ... Doctor Butterfly.

BARTOLO

No, not Butterfly, not Butterfly!

COUNT

No, no! It's Baloney.

BARTOLO

No, not Baloney, not Baloney!
You moronic so-and-so!
Doctor Bartolo! Doctor Bartolo! Doctor Bartolo!

COUNT

My apologies, Doctor Buffalo.

BARTOLO

Oh, hang it!

COUNT

You're the one who ought to know.
But tush, no matter.

BARTOLO

(He is madder than a hatter;
Cool and calm I'd best convey.)

COUNT

(Not a sign of my darling!
Oh, the torture of delay!)
I presume you are a doctor.

BARTOLO

Yes, indeed, sir! I'm a doctor.

COUNT

We professionals! Let me embrace you!
Friend and colleague.

BARTOLO

A colleague?

COUNT

Yes, I'm a doctor in the forces,
Specialist in shoeing horses.
To your house I've been assigned –
Simple bed and board will do.
Here's the letter, calling on you!

(On a tidal wave of passion
I am riding toward my goal.)

BARTOLO

(His repeated provocation
Is enough to try the soul.
To resist assassination
My two hands I must control.
Otherwise, otherwise,
I would give the man his due.)

ROSINA, *entering*

Here, a soldier with the doctor!
How or why I have not a clue.

COUNT

(Come, my love, delay no longer;
In a glow I wait for you.)

(It's Rosina! Yes, heaven heard me.)

ROSINA

(He is looking, coming toward me.)

COUNT

I'm Lindoro

ROSINA

(Oh, sweet confusion!
Let me listen to my head and not my heart.)

BARTOLO, *to Rosina*

So you enter uninvited?
Make a curtsy and depart.

ROSINA

I shall go, don't get excited.

BARTOLO

Presto, presto, presto, presto!
Make a curtsy and depart.

COUNT

Just a moment! I'll go with you.

BARTOLO

Where do you believe you're going?

COUNT

To my quarters.

BARTOLO

To your quarters?

COUNT

Where I'll be staying.

BARTOLO

What the devil are you saying?

COUNT, *to Rosina*

Dearest ...

ROSINA

Oh, heavens!

BARTOLO

Absurd! Outrageous!

COUNT

I am ready...

BARTOLO

No, no! What's more, if you're planning to remain
You had better think again. I've an order!

COUNT

I've an order! I've an order!

BARTOLO

You will not spend a night.
As a doctor, I'm exempted.
Furthermore, it's documented,
Written down in black and white. (*he goes looking*)

COUNT, *to Rosina*

While he's looking, here's a letter.
Read it later.

ROSINA

Watch out, he'll see it ...

BARTOLO, *returning*
Just a while ago I had it,
It could not have flown away

ROSINA
(Be careful! With the future riding on it,
To and fro I start to sway.)

COUNT
(Only through a new maneuver
Can I hope to save the day.)

BARTOLO
Ah, here it is! (*reading*) Be it known that as of now
Doctor Bartolo is exempted, *et cetera, et cetera*

COUNT
Oh, I say to hell with it!
You are standing in my way.

BARTOLO
Listen, mister, what's the matter?

COUNT
Let us drop the idle chatter.
Here is where I am assigned,
And here is where I mean to stay.

BARTOLO
Mean to stay?

COUNT
Must I repeat it?

BARTOLO
I've had just about enough;
It's time for me to call your bluff,

And here's a stick to do the trick.
Get a move on, hurry, hurry!
I've a stick to do the trick.

COUNT
So it seems you want a battle.
Good! A battle you shall get.

Let me offer a demonstration;
You'll enjoy the blood and sweat.
Pay attention: here the trenches,
You yourself the foe we're fighting,
Over here, our allies ...*(to Rosina)*
(Quick with the handkerchief!)
(He drops a letter, which Rosina quickly covers with a handkerchief.)
As I was saying, our allies over here . .

BARTOLO

Stop it, stop it!

COUNT

(Pretending to see the letter for the first time, he gathers it up)
What is this?

BARTOLO

Let me see it!

COUNT

Yes, were it merely a prescription ...
Ah, but a letter! You must excuse me,
But the proper course is clear.
(hands letter to Rosina)

ROSINA

Thank you kindly.

BARTOLO

Kind my foot! I want the letter
And you'd better hand it over.
Give it, give it! Let me have it!
Let me have it! Give it here!

COUNT

On to battle! I'm your man!

ROSINA

This note that has you in a quandary

Having fallen from my fingers,
Is my weekly list of laundry.

BARTOLO

I'll believe it when it see it.
Give it, give it, give it here!

(He snatches the letter and reads)
“Seven towels ...” I appear mistaken.
What a blunder! It’s the laundry.
(Basilio enters from one side, Berta from the other)

BERTA

Sir, the barber ... oh, excuse me!

COUNT & ROSINA

Such a clumsy clod, no wonder
He has sprung the booby trap.

BARTOLO

Such a clumsy clod, no wonder
I am caught in my own trap.

BERTA

Such an odd to-do, I wonder,
Does it bode some new mishap?

BASILIO

Sol sol sol do re mi fa ---
I detect a thunderclap.

ROSINA

There you are, the same old story!
I’m forever tyrannized, intimidated,
My existence a purgatory
No inmate should have to bear.

BARTOLO

Ah, Rosina! Poor Rosina!

COUNT

You’re a brute to so mistreat her.

BARTOLO

Me the ogre? No, sir, never

COUNT

You’re a monster! You’re a traitor!

OTHERS

Hold it, soldier. Think it over!

COUNT

Stand and fight me if you dare!
Let go of me! Let go of me!

ROSINA & BERTA

Someone help us! Sir, slow down a bit.
Someone come and lend a hand.

BARTOLO & BASILIO

Someone help us! Get me (him) out of it.
Someone come and lend a hand.

FIGARO, *entering*

What goes on? Oh, what a noise!
Gentlemen, please! Lower the voice.
Ye gods above!
Crowds on the street gather to referee,
Half of the city, the hawk with the dove.
(*to the Count*) (Sir, be more careful. even in love.)

BARTOLO

There is the rascal!

COUNT

There is the scoundrel!

BARTOLO

Pickled and plastered!

COUNT

Go to the devil!

FIGARO

(*raising his basin and threatening the Count*)
You of the army, try to be civil,
Or with my basin the crushing blow I'll give'll
Teach you manners here one the spot.
(Caution is called for, like it or not.)

COUNT

Hulking gorilla!

BARTOLO

Barbarous lout!

OTHERS

Doctor, speak lower. I want to shout.

BARTOLO

I want to shout.

OTHERS

Soldier, go slower.

COUNT

I'll knock him out.

OTHERS

Both of you , listen: do have a heart!

COUNT

I mean to murder him, tear him apart.

OTHERS

Listen to reason. Do have a heart!

(A loud knock is heard from the door onto the street)

QUARTET

We have a visitor.

ALL

Who can it be?

BARTOLO

Who's there?

POLICE, *from outside*

Policemen! Policemen!

So open up! So open up!

ALL

We're done for! They heard the din.

BASIIO & FIGARO

You had to argue. You had to shout.

BARTOLO & COUNT

Nothing to fear; let them come in.

ALL

This misadventure –
Ah, how in heaven's name will it play out?

POLICE

Come to order! Stop what you're doing.
Just explain, if you can,
How the hurly burly started,
How the knockabout began.

BARTOLO

This abusive army fellow
Like a bull began to bellow.
Yes he did, yes he did --
Like a bull began to bellow.

FIGARO

Such a ruckus, such a racket,
So I came to track it down.
Yes I did, yes I did --
So I came to track it down.

BASILIO & BERTA

They were screaming bloody murder;
It was heard all over town.
Yes indeed, yes indeed --
It was heard all over town.

COUNT

Though my billet was in order,
Still he tried to turn it down.
Yes he did, yes he did --
Still he tried to turn it down.

ROSINA

Ruckus not to be repeated;
Wine had got him overheated.

OFFICER

You've painted the picture. Come along.
You are arrested. Off you go, sir! Let him past.

COUNT

I arrested? I arrested? I?
Not so fast!

(With an imperious gesture he restrains the soldiers, summons the officer to his side and show him his credentials. The latter, much surprised, signals for the soldiers to stand back. General stupefaction.)

ROSINA & OTHERS

Frozen, inanimate,
Like a Michelangelo,
Awed by the turnabout,
I hold my breath.

FIGARO

Look at Don Bartolo, poor old Don Bartolo!
Stiff as a statue. Ha, ha! Look at him
Holding his breath. Ha, ha! Poor fellow
Scared half to death.

BARTOLO

But the man ... I would say ...
I presume ... even if ...

CHORUS

Simmer down. That will do.
Not the time. That's enough.

ROSINA, BARTOLO & BASILIO

All the same ... it would seem ...
If we could ... if you would ...

CHORUS

Simmer down ... later on ...
Keep it low ... not for now ...

Let us hear no more about it;
We have other things to do;
And so do you.

TUTTI

In my head an anvil chorus
Like the thunder of Beethoven
Grows insistent and sonorous,
Sound and fury interwoven.
As they battle in the brain.

Louder, louder comes the clamor,
Rendered by a heavy hammer,

Making music rude and raucous
With a merciless refrain.

Bent and battered, shook and shattered,
By the blows of fortune pounded,
I'm bewildered and confounded,
Going rapidly insane.

ACT II

Scene: Studio in Bartolo's house. Bartolo is alone.

BARTOLO

They're plotting to undo me!
That drunken soldier – despite my investigations.
I've turned up no one
Who even knows his name.
I'm skeptical – Wait a minute!
I see the light.

Ten ducats that Count Almaviva
Has sent that pseudo-soldier here on purpose
To look about, prowling around Rosina.
A man's no longer safe,
Not even in his home.

From now on ... Who's knocking?
On your toes! Resolute, firm and steady,
Here I am king. The door is open.
I'm ready!

The Count enters, disguised as a music master)

COUNT

Peace and joy to you and yours.

BARTOLO

Many thanks, sir. Very nice of you.

COUNT

Joy and peace be yours forever.

BARTOLO

Much obliged. How very kind.

COUNT

Peace and joy to you and yours.

BARTOLO

Many thanks, sir. Do get on with it.

COUNT

Joy and peace be yours forever.

BARTOLO

Yes, of course, the same to you.

(Do I know the man or not?)

COUNT

(Though one effort fell apart ...

BARTOLO

(Possibly we may have met ...)

COUNT

(I'll outfox the villain yet.)

BARTOLO

(Can't remember, can't recall ...)

COUNT

(Taking on another role ...)

BARTOLO

(Someone certainly, but who?...

COUNT

(Love and luck will pull me through.)

Joy and peace, oh peace and joy!

BARTOLO

Yes, I heard you. (God give me patience!)

COUNT

Joy and peace from yours sincerely.

BARTOLO

Oh, forget it! Oh, forget it! That's enough.

COUNT

Joy! Peace!

BARTOLO

Peace! Oh, the trials and tribulations!

COUNT

Most sincerely peace and joy.

BARTOLO

Peace and joy! Drop it! Drop it! Turn it off!
(Here's a man they ought to muzzle.)

COUNT

(I have got the booby baffled.)

BARTOLO

(Oh, the trials that beset me!)

COUNT

(Victory is on the way!)

BARTOLO

(Here's a man they ought to muzzle.
Oh, the trials that beset me!
Everybody's out to get me.
No, it's not my lucky day.)

COUNT

(Ah, my love! Before much longer
I'll embrace you, come what may.)

BARTOLO

I don't believe I've had the pleasure
of your acquaintance.

COUNT

Don Alonso, a professor of music,
And a pupil of Don Basilio.
Feeling poorly, he's taken to his bed.
And in his place ...

BARTOLO

Poor man! I'll pay a visit.

COUNT

Oh, I wouldn't! Merely under the weather.

BARTOLO

(I am on to this rascal.) My duty! My duty!

COUNT

Sir, a moment ... I ought to tell you ...

BARTOLO

You needn't whisper ... Louder! Speak up, sir!

COUNT

Well, well, it's up to you.
I am here on your account,
But if unwelcome, back to Count Almaviva!

BARTOLO

Softer, softer! Go ahead, I shall listen.

COUNT

The Count ...

BARTOLO

Hush! You needn't shout.

COUNT

It happens, we are putting up at the same public inn.
And quite by chance
There fell into my hands this little letter.
It is signed by your ward, as you can see.

BARTOLO

A letter! And in her writing!

COUNT

Don Basilio knows nothing about it.
Because I come today to take his place as music master,
It seemed desirable to get in his good graces.
And so ... I thought the letter could be useful.

BARTOLO

For what?

COUNT

I'll explain. If I could have
Just a moment with her in private,
I'd manage to convince her that I found it
In someone else's hands -- a certain lady,

New on the Count's agenda.
A clear-cut indication that the Count is a cad.

BARTOLO

How delicious! A bit of slander? Good pupil!
Graduate of the school of Don Basilio.
For a plan so delectable
You may be sure you'll not go unrewarded.
I shall call her at once.
For your warm and sincere consideration,
In you I put my trust.

COUNT

What could be wiser? (*Bartolo leaves*)

That matter of the letter
I blurted out on the spur of the moment.
But what to do? Without some such concoction
I'd be tossed out the door bag and baggage.

At last now comes the moment
To unfold my hopes and plans.
If she consents, my joy will be unbounded.
Here she comes! My heart has never before so pounded!

BARTOLO, *returning with Rosina*

Come in, and meet the master, Don Alonso,
Your new professor, who has a lot to offer.

ROSINA

(*startled*) Ah!

BARTOLO

What's the matter?

ROSINA

Twisted my ankle.

COUNT

How painful! Dear girl,
You'd better sit down here beside me..
With your permission, despite Basilio's absence,
Perhaps we can make do, you and I.

ROSINA

I'm eager for instruction. Shall we begin?

COUNT

Have you something to sing?

ROSINA

A song that I love dearly,
From *The Futile Precaution*.

BARTOLO

That play keeps cropping up,
The Futile Precaution.

ROSINA

A song of springtime, new blossoming,
The warming of the spirit.

BARTOLO

The standard poetic palaver.

ROSINA

Here's how it goes.

COUNT

I'm waiting, longing to hear it.

ROSINA

accompanied by the Count

**Weigh the one against the other,
Cruel tyrant, and strong, courageous lover,
Brutal power must surrender,
Iron force will strike in vain.
Held as hostage, chained and fettered,
Faithful love will rise again.**

**Oh, Lindoro! Oh, my hero!
Save me from my persecutor!
This old mongrel of a tutor
Who is driving me insane.
Love, in you I seek salvation
From the weight of ball and chain.**

COUNT

Those unhappy days over;
Turn to me for liberation.
Faith and courage will see us through.

ROSINA

May I hope then?

COUNT

I swear, I promise.

ROSINA

And my dream ...

COUNT

Will soon come true.

ROSINA

**Clouds of winter now are lifted;
Love has entered, serene and fair.
Flowers blossom, the meadow reawakens,
Scent of lilac fills the air.**

**Darling, see the day grow brighter,
Roses redder, lilies whiter.
Spring is mine because you care!**

COUNT

What a voice! Such purity!

ROSINA

You're being kind.

BARTOLO

who has been dozing off

Yes, yes. Nice enough,
But the aria goes on and on forever.
The music of my day had better tunes.

That song I still remember
As sung by Caffariello,
Who knew what singing meant.
Just listen, Don Alonso,
Here's how it went.

**Loveliest yet when nearest,
Rosina, oh my dearest!
(The song says, of course, Giannina,
But I favor Rosina.)**

Loveliest yet when nearest,

**Rosina, oh my dearest!
Formalities forgetting,
My heart is pirouetting ...**

(Figaro entered and has been imitating him behind his back. Bartolo eventually notices.)

BARTOLO

Bravo! You're a fine one, I must say.

FIGARO

So said my mother. but time has done its damage.

BARTOLO

Enough, you rascal! What brings you here?

FIGARO

You ask? I have you down for a shave.
Today's the day!

BARTOLO

Later, I'm busy.

FIGARO

Not today? Tomorrow I'm fully booked.

BARTOLO

All day?

FIGARO

Starting at dawn, I tackle half an army,
A hundred thousand soldiers in need of trimming.
Then to Milady Andronico,
In absolute despair – her newest wig.
And the young Count Bombay
Whose curls need attention.
A physic for the lawyer Barnardone,
Who overdid his love for macaroni.
And then ... besides ... in short ...
Tomorrow is out!

BARTOLO

Well, well! Too many words.
No shave for me today.

FIGARO

So! I'm nothing!

You see the way I'm treated?
I come this morning
And step into a madhouse.
Returning after lunch,
"Later, I'm busy."

Do you take me for a lackey?
For a barber who shaves just anybody?
Go find yourself another. I take my leave.

BARTOLO

(These artists! They must be humored.)
Come, let us not be hasty.
Go fetch the towels at once;
They're in the closet...
No, I'll go myself. *(he leaves)*

FIGARO

Ah, nearly within reach! If I could have the keys
We'd be in clover.
Surely among the many
There's one that would open up your casement.

ROSINA

The biggest, also the brightest.

BARTOLO, *returning*

(What was I thinking,
Leaving her with that diabolic doctor?
You had best get the linen.
Just halfway down the hall.
Inside the cupboard, in neatly folded stacks.
Careful! Don't touch the china!

FIGARO

Huh! I can manage. (It's ours!)
Back in no time.(We're off and running.) *(he leaves)*

BARTOLO

(to Count) He is the rogue who delivered
Rosina's letter to the Count.

COUNT

He strikes me as the very lowest type.

BARTOLO

Ha! In me he meets the master! (*a crash inside*)
Ah, there he goes again!

ROSINA

Ah, what a noise!

BARTOLO

The clumsy oaf! Of course, I might have known.
(*he leaves to investigate*)

COUNT

Give Figaro a gold medal.
Time is so precious.
We're alone, my darling, so tell me,
Would you be willing to take me as I am?
Be honest ...

ROSINA

Ah, my Lindoro! I want nothing else.

COUNT

You're mine?
(*Bartolo and Figaro return*)

BARTOLO

Shattered! Demolished! Six plates,
Eleven goblets, my cups and saucers!

FIGARO

To blazes with the china! Forget the dishes.
Without this key I could have lost my life!
That miserable hall he keeps in the dark.
Not a candle! To save him half a sou,
I took a tumble and nearly broke my neck.
I'm bruised all over.

BARTOLO

No more of that.

FIGARO

Have a chair. (We did it!)

BARTOLO

I'm ready.

ROSINA
Don Basilio!

COUNT
How untimely!

FIGARO
(Trouble, trouble!)

BARTOLO
Out of bed?

BASILIO
Here I am, ever at your beck and call.

BARTOLO
(What does his return imply?)

ROSINA
(The axe about to fall.)

COUNT
(On our wits we must rely.)

FIGARO
(Anything is worth a try.)

BARTOLO
Don Basilio, are you well?

BASILIO
Am I what?

FIGARO
Why the distraction?
Here's a beard that calls for action.
Do I shave it, yes or no?

BARTOLO
(*to Figaro*) Just a minute! Just a minute!
(*to Basilio*) Well, where's the lawyer?

BASILIO
(*perplexed*) What about him?

COUNT

(to Basilio) I've made him understand
That all is well in hand. *(to Bartolo)* Have I not?

BARTOLO

Yes, yes, well in hand, well in hand.

BASILIO

Doctor, if you'd kindly clarify ...

COUNT

(to Bartolo) Doctor, doctor, listen here:
Let me whisper in your ear.
(to Basilio) Yes, Basilio, right away.
(to Bartolo) Let me whisper in your ear.
(to Basilio) Right aay, sir, right away!
(to Bartolo) Something you alone must hear.
Listen well to what I'm saying;
Get him out with no delaying.

ROSINA

(I am quivering with fear.)

FIGARO

(Courage up, do not despair.)

COUNT

(to Bartolo) He knows nothing of the letter,
Nothing of our secret plot.

BASILIO

*(I suspect some hocus-pocus,
But I can't imagine what.)*

COUNT

*(We are bound to be discovered
If he pulls apart the knot, the twisted knot.)*

BARTOLO

*(Right you are, it would be better
To eject him on the spot.)*

COUNT

Dear Basilio, what about your raging fever?
Is it wise to leave your bed and walk about?

BASILIO

I've a fever?

COUNT

You haven't noticed?
You're as waxen as a cadaver.

BASILIO

I'm as waxen as a cadaver?

FIGARO

(feeling his pulse) Oh, my goodness! What a pulse!
The way it's racing! Hundred twenty,
Hundred forty, hundred sixty, hundred eighty!
Clearly a case of scarlet fever!

BASILIO

Scarlet fever?

COUNT, *slipping him a purse*

This will do for medication.
Stay away from stimulation.
Lots of sleep I would suggest.

FIGARO

Hurry, hurry! Off to bed!

COUNT

I am full of apprehension.

ROSINA

Pay attention, go to bed.

BARTOLO

Hurry, go and get some rest.

ALL

Hurry, go and get some rest.

BASILIO

A bulging purse .. and then to bed.
How perfectly for once they all agree!

ALL

Bed for you, sir! Bed for you, sir!

BASILIO

I get the point!
As you put it, bed is where I ought to be.

FIGARO

The complexion!

COUNT

Like a cadaver!

BASILIO

Dead already?

OTHERS

You look exhausted!

BASILIO

I'll be going ...

OTHERS

Hurry, hurry!

COUNT

Buona sera, Don Basilio.

ROSINA

Buona sera, buona sera.

COUNT

Buona sera, see you later.
Off to bed without delay.

FIGARO

Buona sera, see you later.
What a shame you cannot stay.

BASILIO

Buona sera! When I'm better
I'll be back to have my say.

OTHERS

Buona sera, buona sera!
What a sleazy, what a slimy operator.
What a nosy, what a nasty navigator.
Buona sera, see you later.
For your peace of mind we pray.

Onward, onward! On your way! (*they chase him out*)

BASILIO, *returning*

Buona sera, buona sera!
Though I'm off and on my way,
I'll return to have my say.

OTHERS

Buona sera, Don Basilio.
Onward, onward! On your way! (*exit Basilio*)

FIGARO

To work! Come, Doctor Bartolo.

BARTOLO

All right, all right.
(*Figaro once again prepares to shave Bartolo*)
Tighter. Yes, that's the way.

COUNT

Rosina, Rosina! Ah, listen carefully.

ROSINA

I'm listening. I'm listening. Whisper to me.

COUNT

At midnight on the minute
Comes freedom long awaited.
The key I've confiscated;
Now nothing can go wrong.

FIGARO

(*distracting Bartolo*) Ayiyiyi!

BARTOLO

What's the matter?

FIGARO

A speck of dust; it landed in my eye.
Relieve me! ... Can you see it?
Blow gently. Your talent do apply.

ROSINA, *to Count*

At midnight on the minute
Here you will find me stationed,
Expectant and impatient.

Till then the hours are long.

COUNT

Dearest, a word of warning:
Your letter of this morning
Has left me no alternative
But this impersonation ...

BARTOLO

But this impersonation?
Aha! Now I'm on to you! Don Alonso!
You vermin, you vipers!
You vipers, you vermin!
Get out! You are birds of a feather
Conspiring together,
All bound and determined
To drive me insane.

You mongrels I'll murder!
I'm on to your motive.
I'll go for your throat if
You meddle again.

ROSINA, FIGARO & COUNT

So ruffled and rattled,
Your mind has run riot.
Oh, doctor, be quiet
And let us explain.

BARTOLO

Demented or not,
Oh, the lot I could murder.

ROSINA, FIGARO & COUNT

A moment of quiet
Before we go further.

BARTOLO

You birds of a feather,
You're in it together.

ROSINA, FIGARO & COUNT

He blusters, he blazes;
The doctor's exploding.
Forgive us for gloating –
He's writhing in vain.

BARTOLO

Together they're gloating,
Conniving again. (*all leave, except Bartolo*)

All ganging up on me! Conspiring!
And I was as blind as a bat.
Ah! Don Basilio knows more than he is telling.
Hey! Who's up? Who's about?

(*Ambrogio and Berta, both servants, enter from opposite sides*)

BARTOLO

Listen, Ambrogio. Hurry to Don Basilio right away.
Tell him that I am waiting,
That he is to come this minute;
He must drop what he's doing.
I have to stay here because ... because ..
Well, because I have my reasons.
Go, off with you! (*exit Ambrogio*)

BARTOLO

And Berta, stand posted at the door.
Keep watch! No, no!
(How can I trust her?)
I'll stand outside myself. (*exit Bartolo*)

BERTA

He wouldn't trust his mother, the old vulture!
You can stand there till you drop!
What a household! Night and day
They wrangle and squabble –

The arguments, the tears, the accusations!
No, never peace for a moment
Between that old man winter and his rosebud.
What a match! Now if only I were younger ...



**For a wife the man goes hunt-ing while the girl pur-sues the hunt-er.
Round in circles, little wonder
Both are tangled in the knot.**

Bold or bashful, cold or hot,

**Both are tangled in the knot.
What is this bizarre emotion
Dear alike to young and old?
This sublimely foolish notion
Few would trade for bags of gold?**

**It's a universal fever
Madly rushing to the brain,**

**A hearty blend of bliss and pain,
A sudden blow that sends you reeling.
All too well I know the feeling;
I have also caught the fever.
Pity me, a true believer
Ready to enlist again.**

**Now a slave to canes and crutches,
Wrinkled and dilapidated,
Overripe and underrated –
Growing older is a curse.
Yet, yet, the alternative is worse.**

**Little now is left of youth
But my one remaining tooth.**

**Wrinkled and dilapidated,
Growing older is a curse.
Though the alternative is worse.
Overripe and underrated –
Growing older is a curse.
Though the alternative is worse.**

(Bartolo enters with Basilio)

BARTOLO

This presumed Don Alonso
You do not know at all?

BASILIO

Precisely!

BARTOLO

No question! Commissioned by the Count,
He is part of a plot in preparation.

BASILIO

I'm inclined to think that our friend

Is the Count himself in person.

BARTOLO

The Count?

BASILIO

The Count! His money told me all.

BARTOLO

Then we must act. We have no time to lose.
Run quickly, get the notary.
This very evening he must draw up
The legal papers for my wedding.

BASILIO

In this weather? Are you mad?
See, it's raining buckets.
Besides, this evening the notary
Is attending to Figaro,
Who is giving his niece away in marriage.

BARTOLO

Him with a niece? What niece?
You believe he has a niece?
More mischief in the making!
They are arming
And tonight's the night they launch the attack.

Hurry! To the notary! Insist he come at once.
Here, take the key to get back in,
And get a move on! Go like the wind.

BASILIO

Never fear! I'll be there and back in a flash! (*exit Basilio*)

BARTOLO

Coercion, if not persuasion!
Rosina must capitulate.
I've got it! A flash of inspiration!

I'll use the letter,
The letter that she sent to Count Almaviva.
It should suffice ...
The master's in command!
Don Alonso, little knowing,
Placed in my hands the weaponry I needed.

Hey! Rosina! Come in here! (*she enters*)
A word of warning about your undeserving lover –
Flippant as well as cruel.
How could you know
When naively you entrusted your affections?

Blind, foolish girl! The monster
Mocks and betrays you while in another's arms.
Here is the proof.

ROSINA

(Good heavens, he has my letter!)

BARTOLO

Don Alonso is an agent,
Conspiring with the barber,
Both on commission,
In the service of Count Almaviva
As personal pimp and pander.

ROSINA

Another's arms! (All is over.)
I'll show him! Tonight at twelve,
Aided by the barber, that bounder will be here.
With him I meant to run away so we could marry.

BARTOLO

They stop at nothing!
I'll barricade the door.

ROSINA

You needn't bother.
They've got the key to the window.

BARTOLO

Have they indeed! I'd like to see them use it.
Dear girl, go to your room. (*exit Bartolo*)

ROSINA

Bitter! Oh, bitter day of disillusion! (*exit Rosina*)

STORM MUSIC

(*Figaro and the Count emerge into the upstairs room through the window*)

FIGARO

We did it! And here we are!

COUNT

Figaro, lend a hand. Raining and pouring,
This weather's for the devil.

FIGARO

Weather for eloping lovers!

COUNT

Here! Turn the lantern.
Where is my dear Rosina?

FIGARO

Out of the shadow, into the light. (*indicating Rosina*)

COUNT

Ah, my beloved!

ROSINA

Stand off! Never again come near me.
I'm here but to tell you once and for all
That I was stupid for having blindly trusted;
To let you know what you lost,
The precious love you destroyed,
Love now in ruins, shattered and broken.

COUNT

You leave me speechless.
And even I am baffled.

FIGARO

And even I am baffled.

COUNT

Give me a chance ...

ROSINA

Quiet! Enough pretending!
You woo me to betray me
To that monstrous Count Almaviva.

COUNT

My darling! Oh, how your wrong me!
Love me as before. I need pretend no longer.
Nevermind poor Lindoro, I'm Almaviva!

ROSINA

(Am I dreaming? Such a magic transformation!
Free at last of all pretences,
Full of wonder and wild elation,
Overjoyed, my heart may explode.)

FIGARO

(What a moment of emotion!
Life and death are in the balance.
Due entirely to my talents,
We are far along the road).

COUNT

(Home to harbor! Near my final destination.
I can hardly believe my senses.
Full of rapture and adoration,
Overjoyed, my heart may explode.)

FIGARO

(What a moment of emotion!
Life and death are hanging in the balance.
Due entirely to my talents,
We are far along the road).

ROSINA

But my Lord! So lofty ... while I ...

COUNT

Not my Lord! I would claim a higher title.
Call me "Dearest," call me "Darling."
Be my own forevermore.

ROSINA

Oh, my dearest! Oh, my darling!
You're the one that I adore.

COUNT

Yes! Say but yes!

ROSINA

Dearest beloved! Ah, dearest husband!
Made by heaven for one another,
God has granted my heart's one desire.

COUNT

Made by heaven for one another,

God has granted my heart's one desire.

FIGARO

Later! Let's go! Let's be off!

ROSINA & COUNT

Gone is all the pain I suffered;
Comes the balm of bliss entire!

FIGARO

Let's get moving!
Stop the cooing, stop the swooning.
Save it for the honeymooning.
Speed is what we now require.
Let's get moving!

Stop the cooing, stop the swooning.
Save it for the honeymooning.
Speed is what we now require.

Ah, I knew it! Now we've done it!
Below there, people coming ...
There's a fellow ... he's got a lantern ...
And another ... they are together ...
Getting closer, getting closer.
What to do?

COUNT

Two are coming?

FIGARO

Nearly here.

COUNT

You are certain?

FIGARO

At the door ...

COUNT

You saw the lantern?

FIGARO

With a lantern, already at the door.

ALL THREE

What to do?



Qui-et, qui-et, like a sha- dow, no ex- change of chit-ter chat- ter,

From the window down the ladder

We can make our getaway.

Quiet! Softer! Off we go! (*they are about to leave*)

FIGARO

Now we are in the soup, and no way out!

COUNT

What is it now?

FIGARO

The ladder ...

COUNT

What of it?

FIGARO

The ladder's disappeared!

COUNT

Removed?

FIGARO

Could Bartolo have done it?

COUNT

Our only escape!

ROSINA

(All my own folly!)

FIGARO

Sh! Quiet! They are coming. We face a crisis.

Any thoughts? Any clue?

COUNT, *ro Rosina*

We're together ... fear nothing.

FIGARO

Here come the two.

(Basiio enters, lantern in hand, with notary)

BASILIO

Don Bartolo. Don Bartolo ...

FIGARO

It's Basilio.

COUNT

Who's the other?

FIGARO

My, my! The man that we needed to make it legal!
Leave everything to me.

Dear Mister Notary, a little change of location.
You were called to my house to perform the marriage.
Between Count Almaviva and my niece.
But happily we meet here instead.
And do you have the papers on you?
Oh, excellent!

BASILIO

A moment! Is Bartolo not here?

COUNT

Hey, Don Basilio! See this ring?
It is yours.

BASILIO

But I ...

COUNT

I also have a bullet for your backside.
Which do you want?

BASILIO

Dear me! I'll take the ring! Who's signing?

COUNT

The happy pair. *(they both sign)*
You are a witness. Figaro, you are the other.
Darling, we're married!

FIGARO

Evviva! Evviva!

COUNT

Heaven is ours!

ROSINA

Oh, long awaited bliss, after despair!

(Bartolo enters with police)

BARTOLO

There they are! Nobody move!

FIGARO

Sir, alas, you are late.

BARTOLO

Go on, arrest them!

They are thieves, they are robbers!

OFFICER

Thieves and robbers ... and the name is ...?

COUNT

Is Count Almaviva, your servant!

BARTOLO

In short, I have been a fool.

FIGARO

Ah! For once, sir, you are right.

BARTOLO

You double dealer! So you betray me,
And even serve as witness.

BASILIO

Sir! Decline such an honor?
Inside his pocket
The Count carries strong persuasion,
Means for making a case beyond dispute.

BARTOLO

And I, clever donkey,
To guarantee in full my own undoing,
Removed and carried off the ladder.

FIGARO

That I would call *The Futile Precaution*.

**On top, with vows eternal,
Our plotting has succeeded.
The lantern's now unneeded,
For love prefers the dark.**

CHORUS

**The wrongs of old are righted,
The tyrant on the wane.
With lady and lord united,
May love forever reign.**

ROSINA

**The painful days are over;
The tears no longer glisten.
Delivered from my prison,
I fly off like a lark.**

COUNT

**To penniless Lindoro
You nodded in sweet surrender.
For realms of greater splendor
In triumph we now embark.**

CHORUS

**The wrongs of old are righted,
The tyrant on the wane.
With lady and lord united,
May love forever reign!**

THE END

