

## How Many Sopranos Does It Take To...

... hang a picture? (two - one to hang it, and the other to worry.)

**Der Freischutz** (*The Magic Bullet*) - Carl Maria von Weber

Ännchen is visiting her cousin Agathe, the daughter of the hereditary Chief Huntsman of the Wild Forest. Agathe is to be given as a prize tomorrow in a shooting contest which is also supposed to determine the next Chief Huntsman. Her lover, Max, is everyone's choice to win - but Max has been acting strangely lately, and missing easy shots. One might think that he was under some magic influence - a thought which the practical Ännchen rejects - but when a portrait of the clan's founder falls off the wall and hits Agathe on the head, Agathe becomes more worried than she had already been, and it takes all of Ännchen's high spirits and clowning, as she hangs the picture back on the wall, to lighten Agathe's mood. (Agathe is right, by the way - Max *is* under a spell, and there's more danger ahead - but love wins in the end!)

<b>Än</b>	Schelm, halt' fest! Ich will dich's lehren, Spukerei'n kann man entbehren in solch' altem Eulennest!	Rogue, hold firm! I will teach you, We can do without spooks in an old eagle's-nest like this!
<b>Ag</b>	Lass das Ahnenbild in Ehren!	Show honor to our ancestor's portrait!
<b>Än</b>	Ei, dem alten Herr zoll'ich Achtung gern, doch dem Knechte Sitte lehren kann Respect nicht wehren.	Oh, I'll gladly honor the old gentleman, but respect can't protect the servant from being taught his manners.
<b>Ag</b>	Spricht, wen meist du? Welchen Knecht?	Say, what do you mean? What servant?
<b>Än</b>	Nun, den Nagel! Kannst du fragen? Sollt' er seinen Herrn nicht tragen? Liess ihn fall'n, war das nicht schlecht?	Why, the nail! Can you ask? Shouldn't he uphold ( <i>hold up</i> ) his lord? Letting him fall, wasn't that wicked?
<b>Ag</b>	{ Ja, gewiss! Das war nicht recht, gewiss ( <i>etc.</i> )	{ Yes, certainly! That was not right, certainly ( <i>etc.</i> )
<b>Än</b>	{ ...das war recht schkecht! Gewiss... ( <i>etc.</i> )	{ ...that was right wicked! Certainly... ( <i>etc.</i> )
<b>Ag</b>	Alles wird dir zum Feste. Alles beut dir Lachen und Scherz, O wie anders fühlt mein Herz!	Everything leads to a party with you, Everything makes you laugh and play, Oh, how different my heart feels!

### *Ännchen alone, then together:*

<b>Än</b>	Grillen sind mir böse Gäste, immer mit leichtem Sinn tanzen durch's Leben hin, das nur ist Hochgewinn! Sorgen und Gram muss man verjagen, immer mit leichtem Sinn!	Fancies are unwelcome guests to me, Ever with a light heart to dance through life, that alone is the highest prize! One must drive away care and sorrow, ever with a light heart!
<b>Ag</b>	Wer bezwingt des Busens Schlagen? Wer der Liebe süßen Schmerz? Stets un dich, Geliebter, zagen muss dies ahnungsvolle Herz!	Who can conquer the heart's beating? Who, the sweet pain of love? Constantly, beloved, must this presentiment-filled heart worry about you.

... **admire a lover's portrait?** (*Two - each has a picture of her own lover*)

**Così Fan Tutte** (*Thus Do All Women*) - Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

The sisters Fiordiligi and Dorabella are engaged to two army officers. In this duet, they admire the lockets they wear containing portraits of their lovers, and swear their eternal faith, little imagining the plot their lovers are cooking up for them. By the end of the opera, each has been tricked into promising to marry the other's fiance in disguise. For now, at least, they are innocent and happy...

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|----------|--|--|
| <b>F</b> | A guarda sorella se bocca più bella,<br>se aspetto più nobile sì può ritrovar.         | Ah, see, sister, if it is possible to find any mouth<br>more beautiful, any face more noble.     |
| <b>D</b> | Osserva tu un poco che foco ha ne'sguardi,<br>se fiamma, se dardi non sembran scoccar. | Observe for a moment what fire he has in his<br>glances, which flame and dart and seem to shoot. |
| <b>F</b> | Si vede un sembiante guerriero ed amante.  | You see here the image of a warrior and a lover.   |
| <b>D</b> | Si vede una faccia, che alletta e minacia.   | You see here a face which entices and threatens.   |

**Together:**

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|--|--|
| Felice son io, io sono felice!   | I am happy!  |
| Se questo mio core mai cangia desio<br>Amore, me faccia vivendo penar. | If this my heart ever changes its desire,<br>Love, make me live in punishment. |

...**beg Daddy for a favor?** (*One can do it!*)

**Gianni Schicchi** - Giacomo Puccini

Lauretta, the child-like daughter of the clever Gianni Schicchi, pleads with him to come up with a plot to help the relatives of the boy she loves recover the fortune which has been willed away from them. If he succeeds the relatives, who have resisted the marriage, will consent to it, and will try to show some respect for the lower-class Gianni, to whom they have shown so much scorn that he is unwilling to help them.

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|--|--|
| Oh! mio babbino caro,<br>mi piace, è bello, bello;<br>vo'andare in Porta Rossa<br>a comperar l'anello!<br>Sì, sì, ci voglio andare,<br>e se l'amassi indarno,<br>andrei sul Ponte Veccio,<br>ma per buttarmi in Arno!<br>Mi struggo e mi tormento!<br>O Dio, vorrei morir!<br>Babbo, pietà, pietà! | Oh! My dear little Daddy,<br>I like him, he's so handsome;<br>I want to go to Porta Rossa<br>to buy the ring!<br>Yes, yes, I want to go there,<br>and if you don't love him at all,<br>I'm going to the Ponte Veccio,<br>to throw myself into the Arno!<br>I suffer and I torment myself!<br>O God, I want to die!<br>Daddy, have pity, have pity! |
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... put a guy to sleep? (*One -this lady needs her privacy*)

**L'Africaine** (*The African Woman*) - Giacomo Meyerbeer

The "African woman", Selika, is a slave purchased by Vasco da Gama near the Cape of Good Hope, whom he brings home to Portugal in an attempt to prove that he has found the long-sought sea route to India - for Selika, as he points out, is actually an ethnic Indian, not an African. In this scene Vasco, briefly thwarted by court politics, is in prison, where he is tended by Selika - who as it happens, is actually a shipwrecked Hindu princess from Madagascar.

Sur mes genoux, fils du soleil,  
vanqueur au champs d'alarme;  
le frais lotus d'un doux sommeil  
sur toi verse les charmes.  
Le ramier gémit, La brise frémit  
L'étoile scintille dans l'ombre;  
Le bengali nous dit son chant dans la nuit:  
Sommeille en paix en ce bois sombre. Ah!

On my lap, child of the sun,  
conqueror in the fields of battle;  
The fresh lotus yields you  
Its charm of sweet sleep.  
The ring-dove cries, the breeze trembles  
the stars twinkle in the darkness;  
The Bengali sings us his song in the night:  
Sleep in peace in this dark wood. Ah!

Quel doux sommeil.  
Hélas! Mon coeur faiblit;  
mes pleurs, ne me trahisse pas! Ah!  
Si la mer m'eût engloutie  
quand la tempête m'entraîna!  
Je n'aurais pas donné ma vie  
au maitre étranger qui dort la!  
Eteins, Brahma, les flammes de mon coeur  
qui font, hélas, mes maux et mon bonheur...

What a sweet sleep.  
Alas! My heart falters;  
Tears, do not betray me! Ah!  
If only the sea had engulfed me  
when the storm carried me away!  
Then I would not have given my life  
To the foreign master who sleeps there.  
Extinguish, Brahma, the flames of my heart  
which make up, alas, my sorrows and my happiness...

Il s'éveille - vite - chantons... ah!  
Sur mes genoux, fils du soleil  
dors parmi la verdure.  
Pour mieux bercer ton doux sommeil  
la vague murmure...

He's awakening - quick - sing... Ah!  
On my lap, child of the son,  
Sleep among the greenery.  
To better soothe your sweet sleep,  
the wave murmurs...

Il dort en paix.  
Ah! Je succombe hélas,  
je souffre, je chancelle - douleur mortelle - Ah!  
Malgre moi, je regrette à peine  
aupres de toi, mon doux pays,  
et mon palais de souveraine,  
et mes dieux dans mon coeur trahis!  
Hélas! Je t'aime!  
Mon bien suprême, c'est toi!

He sleeps in peace.  
Ah! I succumb, alas,  
I suffer, I waver - mortal pain - Ah!  
In spite of myself, I barely regret,  
near you, my sweet homeland,  
and my royal palace,  
And my gods which I have betrayed within my heart!  
Alas! I love you!  
My highest good, alas, is you!

... exhibit correct behaviour? (*Two - please look at us!*)

**Utopia, Ltd.** - Sir Arthur S. Sullivan

The twin daughters of Paramount, king of the South Sea island of Utopia, have been educated by an English lady. In this song they describe their lives on display as paragons of English manners.

... float down a river? (Two -one to invite the other.)

Lakmé - Leo Delibes

Lakmé, the sheltered daughter of a Brahmin priest, has been disturbed by the knowledge that a stranger has entered her family's compound. Her father has gone into the village to try to trace the stranger - a European visiting India. Meanwhile, Mallika, Lakmé's servant, distracts her by inviting her to gather flowers along the riverbank.

		<i>Together:</i>	
<b>L</b>	Dôme épais, le jasmin A la rose s'assemble. Rive en fleurs, frais matin, Nous appellent ensemble. Ah! glissons en suivant Le courant fuyant Dans l'onde frémissante D'une main nonchalante. Gagnons le bord, Où l'oiseau chant	Dense dome, the jasmin Mingles with the rose Flowery river, fresh morning Call us together Ah! Let's glide, following the fleeing current In the sighing water with a careless hand. Let's gain the shore where the bird sings	
<b>M</b>		Under the dense dome where the white jasmin Mingles with the rose Upon the flowery river, smiling in the morning Come, let's go down together Sweetly gliding; in its charming wave, Let's follow the fleeing current In the sighing water with a careless hand. Come, let's gain the shore where the stream sleeps and the bird sings	
<b>L</b>		Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite S'empare de moi, Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite, Je tremble d'effroi!	But I don't know what sudden fear seizes me. When my father goes alone into that evil town, I tremble with fear!
<b>M</b>		Pour que le Dieu Ganeca le protège, Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux Les cygnes aux ailes de neige, Allons cueiller les lotus bleus.	To win for him the protection of the god Ganeca, let us go to the pond where the swan, with snowy wings, joyously frolics; let us go to gather blue lotuses.
<b>L</b>		Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes de neige, Allons cueiller les lotus bleus.	Yes, near the swan with snowy wings, let us go to gather blue lotuses.
<b>L, M</b>		<i>Repeat ensemble</i>	

## Intermission

... ride in a gondola? (Two - one's a boy and the other's a courtesan!)

**Les Contes D'Hoffmann** (*The Tales of Hoffmann*) - Jaques Offenbach

Giulietta is a lovely courtesan who seduces the poet Hoffmann, and Niklas is a boy who may or may not be an alter ego of Hoffmann's Muse. The dramatic purpose of this duet could serve as the theme of a master's thesis based on this opera --- but perhaps Offenbach simply felt he needed a duet at this point for musical reasons.

N,	Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour, souris à nos ivresse.	Lovely night, o night of love, smile on our madness!
G	Nuit plus douce que le jour, ô belle nuit d'amour!	Night more sweet than day, oh beautiful night of love!
	Le temps fuit et sans retour emporte nos tendresses!	Time flees and without returning carries away our tenderness!
	Loin de cet heureux séjour Le temps fuit sans retour.	Far from this happy dwelling time flies without return.
	Zéphirs embracés, Versez-nous vos caresses,	Embracing breezes, bring us your caresses,
	Zéphirs embracés, Donnez-nous vos baisers.	Embracing breezes, give us your kisses.

... get her boyfriend out of the army? (*Just one!*)

**L'Elisir D'Amore** (*The Elixir of Love*) - Gaetano Donizetti

Adina finally realizes that she is in love with Nemorino when she hears that he has joined the army, selling his freedom and risking his life, in order get enough money to pay for a dose of the "Elixir" that he thinks will make her fall in love with him. She buys back his commission, and offers it to him in this song, urging him not to leave.

Prendi, per me sei libero; resta nel suol natio; non v'ha destin sì rio, che non si cangi un dì, resta.	Take it, through me you are free; stay on your native soil; there is no fate so bad that it can't be changed some day; stay.
Qui, dove tutti t'amano, saggio, amorosa, onesta, ah! Sempre scontento e mesto no, non sarai così.	Here, where everyone loves you, wise, loving, honest, ah! Always discontent and sad no, you won't always be that way.

... thoughtlessly set off a battle? (*Just one!*)

**Romeo et Juliet** - Charles Gounod

Stephano, Romeo's page, has been seeking his master since last night. Passing the home of the Capulets, he guesses his master's whereabouts, and decides to tease his family's enemies with a song. In the opera, this is the incident which sets off the fatal battle leading to Romeo's banishment.

Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle dans ce nid de vautours? Quelque jour, déployant ton aile, Tu suivras les amours. Aux vautours, il faut la bataille, Pour frapper d'estoc et de taille Leur becs sont aiguisés! Laisse là ces oiseaux de proie, Tourterelle qui fais ta joie Dans amoureux baisers!	What are you doing, white turtledove, in that nest of vultures? Some day, unfolding your wings, You will follow love. Among vultures, you have to do battle, To cut and thrust Their beaks are sharpened! Leave those birds of prey, Turtledove, you who find your joy In amorous kisses!
Gardez bien la belle! Qui vivrà verra!	Guard your pretty one well! Who lives will see!

Votre tourterelle Vous échappera!

Your turtledove will escape you!

Un ramier, loin du vert bocage,  
Par l'amour attiré,  
À l'entour de ce nid sauvage  
A, je crois, soupiré!  
Les vautours sont à la curée,  
Leurs chansons que fuit Cythérée  
Résonnent à grand bruit!  
Cependant, en leur douce ivresse  
Nos amants content leur tendresse  
Aux astres de la nuit!

A wild dove, far from the green groves,  
Attracted by love,  
Near this savage nest  
Has, I believe, sighed!  
The vultures are hunting,  
Their songs which frighten the moon  
Resonate loudly!  
Meanwhile, in their sweet intoxication,  
Our lovers number their caresses  
with the stars of the night!

Gardez bien... etc.

Guard your pretty one well!... etc.

... write a letter to a lover? (*Two - one to dictate, the other to write.*)

**Le Nozze di Figaro** (*The Marriage of Figaro*) - Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Count Almaviva has been pursuing Susanna, the Countess's personal maid, who is engaged to the Count's personal servant, Figaro. To teach him a lesson, the Countess has Susanna promise to meet the Count in the dark garden at night, planning to set a trap for him. In this duet the Countess dictates a letter for Susanna to write, specifying the meeting place.

C, then S: Canzonetta sull'aria:  
Che soave zefiretto  
questa sera spirerà  
sotto i pini del boschetto -

C: Ei già il resto capirà

S: Certo, certo il capira.

Song on the breeze:  
What a gentle little zephyr  
will blow this evening  
under the pines in the little grove -  
And he'll understand the rest.  
Certainly, he'll understand the rest.

... wait for a husband to come home? (*One, plus her servant and child.*)

**Madama Butterfly** - Giacomo Puccini

Ciòciò-san (Butterfly) has had a difficult life: her father committed ritual suicide when she was a young child, and she had to become a geisha to survive. She was just 15 when what she hoped would be a better life began for her: she was married to Pinkerton, an American naval officer. It's now several years later; Pinkerton left for America as soon as his tour of duty was over, and Butterfly - and their child - are still waiting for him to return. In this aria, she tries to reassure her servant, who can't bear to tell her the truth: Pinkerton has married an American woman, and won't be coming back except to take away his son.

Un bel dì, vedremo levarsi un fil di fumo  
sull'estremo confin del mare.  
E poi la nave appare.  
Poi la nave bianca entra nel porto,  
romba il suo saluto. Vedi? È venuto!  
Io non gli scendo incontro. Io no.  
Mi metto là sul ciglio della colle  
e aspetto, e aspetto gran tempo  
e non me pesa, la lunga attesa.  
E uscito dalla folla cittadina  
un uomo, un picciol punto s'avvia per la colline.  
Chi sarà? chi sarà?

On fine day, we will see a thread of smoke lift itself  
above the farthest border of the sea.  
And then the ship will appear.  
Then the white ship will enter the port,  
roar its salute. Do you see? It's here!  
I won't go down to meet it. Not I.  
I'll sit myself on the edge of the hill  
and wait, and wait a long time  
and it won't seem heavy to me, the long wait.  
And out of the crowd of the city  
a man, a tiny point will start up the hill.  
Who could it be? who could it be?

E come sarà giunto  
 che dirà? che dirà?  
 Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana.  
 Io, senza dar riposta me ne starò nascosta  
 un po' per celia e un po  
 per non morir al primo incontro,  
 ed egli alquanto in pena chiamerà:  
 Piccina mogliettina, olezzo di verbena,  
 i nomi ch mi dava al suo venire.  
 Tutto questo avverrà, io lo prometto.  
 Tienti la tua paura, io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

And when he approaches  
 what will he say? what will he say?  
 He'll call "Butterfly" in the distance.  
 I without responding will stay hidden  
 a little to tease him, and a little  
 so as not to die at the first meeting,  
 and he, a little bit in pain, will call:  
 "Tiny little wife, fragrance of verbena,"  
 the names he gave me when he first came.  
 All of this will happen, I promise.  
 Give up your fears; I with secure faith await him.

... tell a ghost story? (*One - now, don't be frightened!*)

**Der Frieschutz** (*The Magic Bullet*) -- Carl Maria von Weber

Ännchen is still trying to cheer up her cousin, Agathe, who expects to be married tomorrow to Max the hunter - but who has just had a terrible nightmare in which Max shot at a white dove which turned out to be Agathe herself. Ännchen counters Agathe's dream with a ghost story of her own:

Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base,  
 die Kammerthür eröffne sich,  
 und kreide weiss ward ihre Nase,  
 denn näher, furchtbar näher schlich  
 ein Ungeheuer, mit Augen Feuer,  
 mit klirrender Kette;  
 es nahte dem Bette,  
 in welchem si schlief:  
 ich meine die Base  
 mit kreidiger Nase,  
 und stöhnte, ach! so hohl,  
 und ächzte, ach! so tief!  
 sie kreuzte sich, rief,  
 nach manchem Angst und Stoss gebet:  
 Susanne! Margareth!  
 Und sie kamen mit Licht, und... denke nur,  
 und... (erschrick mir nur nicht!)  
 und... (graust mir doch!)  
 und der Geist war:  
 Nero, der Kettenhund!

Once upon a time my blessed aunt dreamed  
 that her bedroom door opened by itself,  
 and chalk-white grew her nose,  
 as nearer, dreadfully nearer crept  
 a monster with fiery eyes,  
 with clanking chains;  
 it approached the bed  
 in which she slept:  
 I mean the aunt  
 with the chalky nose,  
 and groaned, ah! so loud!  
 and moaned, ah! so low!  
 she crossed herself, crying out,  
 the words torn from her by anguish and blows:  
 Susanna! Margaret!  
 And they came with lights, and.. just think,  
 and... (it terrifies me even now!)  
 and.... (it horrifies me!)  
 and the ghost was:  
 Nero, the watchdog!

Du zürnest mir?  
 Doch kannst du wähenen,  
 ich fühle nicht mit dir?  
 Nur ziemen einer Braut nicht Thränen.

You are angry with me?  
 Then can you believe  
 that I have no sympathy for you?  
 But tears do not become a bride.

Trübe Augen, Liebchen,  
 taugen einem holden Bräutchen nicht  
 Dass durch Blicke sie erquicke  
 und beglücke, und bestricke,  
 Alles um sich her entzücke,  
 das ist ihre schönste Pflicht.

Troubled eyes, dear,  
 do not suit a lovely bride  
 who through her glance refreshes  
 and brings happiness, and unity;  
 and sweetens everything around her;  
 that is her beautiful duty.

Lass in öden Mauern  
 Büsseringen trauern,

Leave for dull rooms  
 sorrow and penance;

dir winkt ros'ger Hoffnung Licht!  
Schon entzündet sind die Kerzen,  
dir winkt ros'ger Hoffnung Licht  
Holde Freundin, Zage nicht.

the rosy light of hope shines upon you!  
Soon the candles will be lit,  
the rosy light of hope shines upon you!  
Dear friend, do not fear!

**..prevent a friend from killing her own children?** (*Two - one to prevent the slaughter, and the second to refrain, and to swear eternal friendship.*)

**Norma** - Vincenzo Bellini

Norma, the (supposedly chaste) High Priestess of the Druids, has secretly been having an affair with the Roman Consul, Pollione, whose troops occupy her land. When she learns that Pollione has left her for a young acolyte in her temple, she decides to kill herself and her children to protect them all from further disgrace. But Adalgisa, the acolyte, when she learns of her lover's betrayal of her friend, chooses to stand by her friend. She arrives in time to plead with Norma against murder and suicide.

***Alone, then together:***

A	Mira, o Norma, a'tuoi ginocchi questi cari tuoi pargoletti. Ah! Pietàde di lor ti tocchi, se non hai di te pietà.	See, Norma, at your knees these dear little children of yours. Ah! May pity for them touch you, if you have no pity for yourself.
N	Ah! perchè la mia costanza vuoi scemar con molli affeti? Più lusinghe, ah, più speranza presso a morte un cor non ha.	Ah! why do you want to weaken my determination with soft emotion? Approaching death, a heart no longer has any flattery, any hope.

***Alone:***

A	Cedi... deh! Cedi!	Yield... oh, yield!
N	Ah! lasciami... Ei t'ama.	Ah! let me go... He loves you.
A	Ei già sen pente.	He already repents of it.
N	E tu?	And you?
A	L'amai... quest'anima sol l'amistade or sente.	I loved him.. this soul now feels only friendship.
N	O giovinetta! E vuoi?	O dear girl! And you want...?
A	Renderti i dritti tuoi, o teco al cielo agli uomini giuro celarmi ognor.	To return your rights to you, or with you to swear to heaven to hide myself forever from men.
N	Sì. Hai vinto... Abbrachiami, Trovo un'amica ancor	Yes. You have won... Embrace me, I have found my friend again.

***Together:***

Sì, fino all'ore estreme compagna tua m'avrai; per ricovrarci insieme ampia è la terra assai. Teco del fato all'onte Ferma opporrò la fronte, finchè il tuo core a battere io senta sul mio cor. Ah, sì!	Yes, until our final hours I will have your companionship; the world is wide enough to hide ourselves together. With you, I will firmly face fate and shame. As long as your heart beats, I will feel it in my own heart. Ah, yes!
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