

## What to listen for in *The Barber of Seville*

Compiled by Ben Werley, Naomi Frenkel, Makhfuza Islomova

<b>Composer</b>	Gioachino Antonio Rossini	(1792–1868)
<b>Librettist</b>	Cesare Sterbini	(1784–1831)

**Setting**      **Eighteenth Century Seville, Spain**  
*Commedia* (sometimes referred to as *opera buffa*) in two acts.

### Historical Background/Literary Basis

The story of *The Barber of Seville* is the "prequel" to Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. Both operas were based on plays from a trilogy written by Pierre Beaumarchais, a French clockmaker, musician, and rebel. His comedic theatrical trilogy—*The Barber of Seville, or The Useless Precaution* (1775), *The Marriage of Figaro, or the Day of Crazyness* (1784), and the final installment, *The Guilty Mother* (1784)—satirized French social and political conditions, and reflected the growing dissatisfaction with the ruling class and nobility in the years preceding the French Revolution. The plays center on the colorful character, Figaro, whose ingenuity serves as the symbol of class revolt against the aristocracy.

### Première

*The Barber of Seville* premiered in Rome on February 20, 1816, and was conducted by Rossini. Giovanni Paisiello had created a well-loved opera of the same title in 1782. To placate Paisiello's fans, Rossini did not call his opera *Il barbiere di Siviglia, or The Futile Precaution*, as Paisiello's was titled. Instead, he called his opera *Almaviva, or the Futile Precaution*. Paisiello's fans felt insulted by Rossini's new version and set out to ruin the already shaky premier performance: the tenor accompanying the opening serenade on a guitar broke a string, during the second act a cat unexpectedly walked out on stage, and the audience became so loud and disruptive that one distracted performer fell over a trapdoor and almost broke his nose. At the end of the opera, Rossini left the theater, saying he was ill, and did not attend the next performance. The next night the audience was quiet and the opera was soon appreciated as one of Rossini's greatest masterpieces.

### Synopsis

The *commedia* concerns the beautiful Rosina, ward of the elderly Dr. Bartolo, who secretly plans to marry Rosina for her dowry. Rosina's suitor, Count Almaviva, attempts to woo her and to fool Bartolo by disguising himself as the poor student Lindoro, then as a soldier, and finally as the music teacher Don Basilio. The Count enlists the help of Figaro the barber, and Almaviva finally succeeds in marrying Rosina. Bartolo arrives, but it is too late. Almaviva tells Bartolo to take Rosina's extensive inheritance for himself. So Bartolo is satisfied with the outcome, too.

## Characters:

Rosina	roh-ZEE-nah	Mezzo	Ward of Dr. Bartolo who falls in love with the Count.
Count Almaviva	ahl-mah-VEE-vah	Tenor	A young nobleman who falls in love with Rosina and woos her by disguising himself as other people.
Figaro	FEE-gah-roh	Baritone	A barber who knows everything that takes place in Seville. He helps the Count win Rosina's love.
Doctor Bartolo	BAR-toh-loh	Baritone	Takes Rosina as his ward in order to marry her.
Don Basilio	dohn bah-ZEEL-yoh	Bass	Rosina's music teacher, who can be easily bribed.
Berta	BAIR-tah	Soprano	Rosina's governess.
Fiorello	fyor-ELL-oh	Bass	Servant to the Count.

## NOTES:

- **CD tracks and Libretto pages** are from the 1992 Deutsche Grammophon recording, featuring Frank Lopardo, Lucio Gallo, Kathleen Battle, Plácido Domingo, Ruggero Raimondi, Carlos Chausson, Ronald Schneider, Gabriele Sima, Goran Simic, the Coro del Gran Teatro *La Fenice*, and The Chamber Orchestra of Europe. Conducted by Claudio Abaddo.
- *The Barber of Seville* is organized in **two acts**. The Pittsburgh Opera performances will include one intermission.
- *The Barber of Seville* employs a small number of **artists**:
  - Principal artists 7
  - Chorus 12 (men)
  - Orchestra 36-43
- *The Barber of Seville* **orchestra** includes:

2 Flutes (piccolo)	2 French horns	12-15 Violins	Timpani
2 Oboes	2 Trumpets	3-5 Violas	Percussion
2 Clarinets	1 Guitar	3-4 Celli	(including a wind machine)
2 Bassoons		2-3 Double Bass	Piano/Continuo

## SOURCES for descriptions and musical excerpts:

Baker, Theodore. *Schirmer Pronouncing Pocket Manual of Musical Terms, Fifth Edition*. New York: Schirmer. 1995.

John, Nicholas, Ed. *English National Opera and The Royal Opera Study Guides No. 36: The Barber of Seville/Moses*. New York: Riverrun. 1985.

Peattie, Antony and the Earl of Harewood, Eds. *The New Kobbé's Opera Book*. New York: Penguin Putnam. 1997

## HOW TO USE THIS GUIDE:

- The **WTLF** (What to Listen For) number indicates recommended excerpts from the opera. Consider the WTLF excerpts as "signposts" to guide listeners to significant parts of the music—excerpts that can be recognized easily during a full performance.
- The name of the excerpt is listed and characters who sing in the track are included below the name. (Note that opera arias and ensembles are named by their first words.) Track length is given in minutes and seconds.
- At the right margin, the CD and Track numbers of the full-length recording are listed, with the page number in the libretto.
- Musical vocabulary words are in **BOLD** font.

## Act I

WTLF 1     **Overture (Sinfonia) (6:47)**  
Orchestra

**CD 1, Track 1**  
CD Libretto page 30

The overture to *The Barber of Seville* is one of the most famous pieces of music in all of opera, and it often appears outside of the opera hall, such as in *Looney Tunes* cartoons. Interestingly, Rossini originally wrote the overture for another opera, *Aureliano in Palmira*, and had already used it again for his opera *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra*, but decided to reuse his music yet again for *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Today, the overture is most associated with *Barber*, and is “paradoxically considered wholly apt to the comedy which follows.” Its music is not overly complex, yet it draws the listener in and sets up the fantastic energy and hilarity that pervades the action of the opera. The overture starts with an **exposition** (introduction), opening with triumphant chords (think “Tah dah!”) split between the strings and the winds, and a dialogue between these instrument groups begins, until the strings start a **pizzicato** accompaniment (plucked strings) under the oboe (0:28), leading to a new section, with the lower strings accompanying the violins and flute in a light and playful melody (0:54). The back and forth dialogue returns (1:24), ends the exposition with two more “tah dahs!”, and the first main theme begins (2:03):



This famous E minor melody, similar to the melody from the exposition, is built over **staccato** (detached or separated) accompaniment, but the melody itself is much more agitated and frantic. The music builds to a large **forte** (loud) when the brass instruments enter (2:33), but then fades away. This leads to the second main melody in E major, heard in the oboe and clarinet (3:28):



Rossini then used one of his favorite techniques (4:03); he composed a short musical idea and repeated it over and over, making it faster and louder in order to build energy and intensity. Initially, the music is marked **dolce** (sweetly), but it quickly crescendos and builds in energy until the orchestra practically explodes in musical joy. Rossini used this technique so often that today it is called a **Rossini Crescendo**. Listen for this technique throughout the opera. After a big climax, the music calms and becomes soft again, leading the way for the return of the agitated minor melody (4:57). The music is almost exactly the same as the first time, except the second theme in E major returns much sooner (5:29). At 6:02, another **Rossini Crescendo** starts, and this time the orchestra does build to the exploding point, erupting into new material (6:35) and sprinting to the close, briefly getting softer (7:02) only to get louder at the end.

WTLF 2 Cavatina: "Ecco ridente in cielo" (8:08)  
 Count Almaviva, followed by Recitative

CD 1, Track 3  
 CD Libretto page 32

The Count has been waiting below Rosina's balcony with a musical ensemble, hoping for the beautiful maid to appear so that he may woo her. He is overjoyed when he thinks he catches a glimpse. The introduction to the aria begins with the same "tah dah" idea as the overture, the instrumentation reflecting what the musicians in his band of troubadours would be playing. After the introduction, the Count begins his serenade (1:05):



The serenade begins sweetly, as he wonders if Rosina is still sleeping. When he believes he has seen her, his serenade quickly becomes fast paced and full of energy (2:47), with plenty of **coloratura** (ornamental vocal runs) expressing his elation. The music and difficulty of ornamentation builds with the Count's joy until a high C erupts (4:38), the Count exalting in the wonders of love.

CONTE  
 Piano, senza parlar.  
*(I suonatori accordano gli strumenti ed il Conte canta accompagnato da loro.)*  
 Ecco ridente in cielo  
 spunta la bella aurora,  
 e tu non sorgi ancora  
 e puoi dormir così?  
 Sorgi, mia dolce speme,  
 vieni bell'idol mio,  
 rendi men crudo, oh Dio,  
 lo stral che mi ferì.  
 Oh sorte! già veggio  
 quel caro semblante,  
 quest'anima amante  
 ottenne pietà!  
 Oh, istante d'amore!  
 Felice momento!  
 Oh, dolce contento  
 che egual non ha!  
 Ehi, Fiorello?

FIORELLO  
 Mio signore...

CONTE  
 Di', la vedi?

FIORELLO  
 Signor no.

COUNT  
 Piano, utter no word.  
*(The musicians tune their instruments, and the Count sings, accompanied by them.)*  
 Lo, in the smiling sky,  
 the lovely dawn is breaking,  
 and you are not awake,  
 and you are still asleep?  
 Arise, my sweetest love,  
 oh, come, my treasured one,  
 soften the pain, O God,  
 of the dart which pierces me.  
 Oh, joy! I now see  
 that dearest vision,  
 she has she taken pity  
 on this soul in love?  
 Oh, moment of love!  
 Oh, moment divine!  
 Oh, sweet content  
 which is unequalled!  
 Ho, Fiorello!

FIORELLO  
 M'lord...

COUNT  
 Say, have you seen her?

FIORELLO  
 No, sir.

CONTE

Ah, ch'è vana ogni speranza!

FIORELLO

Signor Conte, il giorno avanza.

CONTE

Ah, che penso! Che farò?  
Tutto è vano. Buona gente!

SUONATORI (*sottovoce*)

Mio signor...

CONTE

Avanti, avanti.  
(*Dà una borsa a Fiorello che distribuisce a tutti.*)  
Più di suoni, più di canti  
io bisogno ormai non ho.

FIORELLO

Buona notte a tutti quanti.  
Più di voi che far non so.  
(*I suonatori circondano il Conte, lo ringraziano e gli baciano la mano. Egli, indispettito per lo strepito che fanno, li caccia via. Fiorello fa lo stesso.*)

SUONATORI

Mille grazie, mio signore,  
del favore, dell'onore.  
Ah! di tanta cortesia  
obbligati in verità!  
Oh, che incontro fortunato!  
È un signore di qualità.

CONTE

Basta, basta, non parlate,  
ma non serve, non gridate,  
maledetti, andate via!  
Ah, canaglia, via di qua!  
Tutto quanto il vicinato  
questo chiasso sveglierà.

FIORELLO

Zitti, zitti, che rumore!  
Maledetti, via di qua!  
Ve' che chiasso indiatolato,  
ah, che rabbia che mi fa!  
Maledetti, andate via,  
ah, canaglia, via di qua!

(*I suonatori partono.*)

CONTE

Gente indiscreta!

COUNT

Ah, how vain is every hope!

FIORELLO

Behold, sir, the dawn advances.

COUNT

Ah, what am I to think! what shall I do?  
All is vain. Well, my friends!

MUSICIANS (*softly*)

M'lord...

COUNT

Retire, retire.  
(*He gives a purse to Fiorello, who distributes money to all.*)  
I have no longer need  
of your songs or your music.

FIORELLO

Good night all.  
I have nothing further for you to do.  
(*The musicians surround the Count, thanking him and kissing his hand. Annoyed by the noise they make, he tries to drive them away. Fiorello does the same.*)

MUSICIANS

Many thanks, sir, for this favor;  
better master, nor a braver,  
ever did we sing a stave for.  
Pray, good sir, command our throats!  
We will sing and pray for  
one who gives us gold for notes!

COUNT

Silence! Silence! Cease your bawling,  
nor, like cats with caterwauling  
wake the neighbors - stop your squalling.  
Rascals, get away from here!  
If this noise you still keep making,  
all the neighbors you'll be waking.

FIORELLO

Silence! Silence! What an uproar!  
Cursed ones, away from here!  
What a devilish commotion,  
I am furious, do you hear!  
Cursed ones, get out, get out,  
scoundrels all, away from here!

(*The musicians leave.*)

COUNT

Indiscreet rabble!

FIORELLO  
Ah, quasi con quel chiasso importuno  
tutto quanto il quartiere  
han risvegliato.  
Alfin sono partiti.  
(*Si ritira.*)

FIGARO (*dietro le quinte*)  
La la la la la la la la la.

CONTE  
Chi è mai quest'importuno?  
Lasciamolo passar;  
sotto quegli archi non veduto  
vedrò quanto bisogna.  
Già l'alba appare  
e amor non si vergogna.  
(*Si nasconde. Figaro entra con una chitarra  
appesa al collo.*)

FIORELLO  
They had nearly,  
with their importunate clamor,  
awakened the whole neighborhood.  
At last they're gone!  
(*He withdraws.*)

FIGARO (*offstage*)  
La la la la la la la la.

COUNT  
Who is this coming now?  
I'll let him go by;  
unseen, under this archway,  
I can see what I want.  
Dawn is already here  
but love is not shy.  
(*He hides. Figaro enters with a guitar around his  
neck.*)

**WTLF 3 Cavatina: “Largo al factotum” (11:24)**  
Figaro, followed by Recitative

**CD 1, Track 4**  
CD Libretto page 35-37

Figaro's boisterous entrance introduces his witty and sly nature to the audience; the happy song he sings reveals that his “duties” are not only those of a barber. The aria begins offstage, singing nonsense syllables, until Figaro bursts onto the stage with (0:34):

Allegro vivace

*f* Lar - goal fac - to - tum del - la cit - tà. lar - go!  
I - am the busi - est man in the town. I am.

The words come relentlessly fast, making the aria very amusing. There is a strong sense of giddiness in the music, punctuated by Figaro's nonsense singing. He slows down (1:57) only to explain all of his “extra” business with ladies and cavaliers. But he happily goes about his way again as the fast, **staccato** music returns (2:47). The music switches to the minor mode (3:20) when he imagines being overwhelmed by customers, but the music quickly returns to major—it seems as though nothing can put Figaro down. At 3:48, he starts to sing even faster for the sprint to the big finish.

FIGARO

La ran la le ra, la ran la la.  
Largo al factotum della città!  
La ran la la, *ecc.*  
Presto a bottega  
che l'alba è già.  
La ran la la, *ecc.*  
Ah, che bel vivere,  
che bel piacere,  
per un barbiere  
di qualità.  
Ah, bravo Figaro,  
bravo, bravissimo, bravo!  
La ran la la, *ecc.*  
Fortunatissimo  
per verità. Bravo!  
La ran la la, *ecc.*  
Pronto a far tutto,  
la notte, il giorno,  
sempre d'intorno  
in giro sta.  
Miglior cuccagna  
per un barbiere,  
vita più nobile,  
no, non si dà.  
La la ran la la ran la, *ecc.*

Rasori e pettini,  
lancette e forbici,  
al mio comando  
tutto qui sta.  
V'è la risorsa  
poi del mestiere,  
colla donnetta,  
col cavaliere...  
La la ran la...la...la.  
Ah, che bel vivere,  
che bel piacere,  
per un barbiere  
di qualità.  
Tutti mi chiedono,  
tutti mi vogliono,  
donne, ragazzi,  
vecchi, fanciulle.  
Qua la parrucca,  
presto la barba,  
qua la sanguigna,  
presto il biglietto.  
Tutti mi chiedono,  
tutti mi vogliono.  
Qua la parrucca,  
presto la barba,  
presto il biglietto.  
Ehi, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, *ecc.*  
Ahimè! Che furia!  
Ahimè! che folla!

FIGARO

La ran la le ra, la ran la la.  
Make way for the factotum of the city.  
La ran la la, *etc.*  
Rushing to his shop  
for dawn is here.  
La ran la la, *etc.*  
What a merry life,  
what gay pleasures  
for a barber  
of quality.  
Ah, *bravo* Figaro,  
*bravo, bravissimo, bravo!*  
La ran la la, *etc.*  
Most fortunate of men,  
indeed you are!  
La ran la la, *etc.*  
Ready for everything  
by night or by day,  
always in bustle,  
in constant motion.  
A better lot  
for a barber,  
a nobler life  
does not exist.  
La la ran la la ran la, *etc.*

Razors and combs,  
lancets and scissors,  
at my command  
everything's ready.  
Then there are "extras",  
part of my trade,  
business for ladies  
and cavaliers...  
La la ran la...la...la.  
Ah, what a merry life,  
what gay pleasures,  
for a barber  
of quality.  
All call for me,  
all want me,  
ladies and children,  
old men and maidens.  
I need a wig,  
I want a shave,  
leeches to bleed me,  
here, take this note.  
All call for me,  
all want me,  
I need a wig,  
I want a shave,  
here, take this note.  
Ho, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, *etc.*  
Heavens! What a commotion!  
Heavens! What a crowd!

Uno alla volta,  
per carità.  
Ehi, Figaro; son qua!  
Figaro qua, Figaro là,  
Figaro su, Figaro giù.  
Pronto, prontissimo  
son come il fulmine,  
sono il factotum della città.  
Ah, bravo, Figaro,  
bravo, bravissimo,  
A te la for tuna  
non mancherà.  
La la ran la, ecc.

Sono il factotum della città.  
Ah, che bella vita!  
Faticar poco, divertirsi assai,  
e in tasca sempre aver  
qualche doblone,  
gran frutto della mia reputazione.  
Ecco qua; senza Figaro  
non si accasa in Siviglia una ragazza;  
a me la vedovella ricorre pel marito;  
io, colla scusa del pettine di giorno,  
della chitarra col favor della notte,  
a tutti onestamente, non fo per dir,  
m'adatto a far piacere.  
Oh, che vita, oh, che mestiere!  
Orsù, presto a bottega -

CONTE  
(È desso, oppur m'inganno?)

FIGARO  
(Chi sarà mai costui?)

CONTE  
(Oh, è lui senz'altro!)  
Figaro...

FIGARO  
Mio padrone... Oh! Chi veggo!  
Eccellenza...

CONTE  
Zitto, zitto! Prudenza!  
Qui non son conosciuto,  
né vo' farmi conoscere.  
Per questo ho le mie gran ragioni.

FIGARO  
Intendo, intendo, la lascio in libertà.

CONTE  
No...

One at a time,  
for pity's sake.  
Ho, Figaro! I am here!  
Figaro here, Figaro there,  
Figaro up, Figaro down.  
Quicker and quicker  
I go like greased lightning,  
make way for the factotum of the city.  
Ah, *bravo*, Figaro,  
*bravo, bravissimo*,  
On you good fortune  
will always smile.  
La la ran la, *etc.*

I am the factotum of the city.  
Ah! ah! what a happy life!  
little fatigue, and much amusement,  
always with some money  
in my pocket,  
noble fruition of my reputation.  
So it is: without Figaro  
not a girl in Seville can marry;  
to me come the little widows for a husband;  
with the excuse of my comb by day,  
of my guitar by night,  
to all, and I say it without boasting,  
I honestly give service.  
Oh, what a life, what a trade!  
Now, away to the shop -

COUNT  
(It is he, am I mistaken?)

FIGARO  
(Who may this be?)

COUNT  
(Oh! it's certainly he!)  
Figaro...

FIGARO  
My master... oh! Whom do I see?  
Your Excellency...

COUNT  
Hush! Be prudent!  
I am not known here,  
nor do I wish to be.  
I have the best of reasons.

FIGARO  
I understand, I'll leave you alone.

COUNT  
No...



FIGARO  
Che serve?

CONTE  
No, dico, resta qua.  
Forse ai disegni miei  
non giungi inopportuno.  
Ma cospetto! dimmi un po', buona lana,  
come ti trovo qua, poter del mondo!  
Ti veggo grasso e tondo...

FIGARO  
La miseria, signore!

CONTE  
Ah, birbo!

FIGARO  
Grazie.

CONTE  
Hai messo ancor giudizio?

FIGARO  
Oh! e come! Ed ella, come in Siviglia?

CONTE  
Or te lo spiego. Al Prado  
vidi un fior di bellezza, una fanciulla,  
figlia d'un certo medico barboglio  
che qua da pochi di s'è stabilito;  
io di questa invaghito,  
lasciai patria e parenti;  
e qua men venni,  
e qui la notte ed il giorno  
passo girando a quei balconi intorno.

FIGARO  
A quei balconi? Un medico?  
Ah, cospetto! siete ben fortunato;  
sui maccheroni, il cacio v'è cascato.

CONTE  
Come?

FIGARO  
Certo. Là dentro io son  
barbiere, parrucchier, chirurgo.  
Botanico, spezial, veterinario...  
Insomma, il faccendier di casa.

CONTE  
Oh, che sorte!

FIGARO  
What can I do?

COUNT  
No, I tell you, stay here.  
Perhaps for my purpose  
you've come at the right time.  
But tell me, you wily rascal,  
how did you come here, Lord Almighty!  
I see you're fat and fine...

FIGARO  
Hard times brought me, sir!

COUNT  
What a scoundrel!

FIGARO  
Thank you.

COUNT  
Are you behaving yourself?

FIGARO  
And how! And you, why in Seville?

COUNT  
I will explain. On the Prado  
I beheld a flower of beauty, a maiden,  
the daughter of a silly old physician,  
who recently established himself here;  
enamored of this damsel,  
I left home and country;  
and here I came,  
and here, night and day,  
I watch and wander near this balcony.

FIGARO  
Near this balcony? A physician?  
You are very fortunate;  
the cheese fell right on the macaroni!

COUNT  
Explain!

FIGARO  
Certainly. In this house  
I am barber, surgeon,  
botanist, apothecary, veterinary...  
In other words, I run the house.

COUNT  
Oh, what luck!

FIGARO

Non basta. La ragazza figlia  
non è del medico.  
È soltanto la sua pupilla.

CONTE

Oh, che consolazione!

FIGARO

Perciò...zitto...

CONTE

Cos'è?

FIGARO

S'apre il balcone...  
*(Si ritirano sotto il portico. Bartolo entra in scena  
dalla porta di casa sua e si ferma a dar ordini.)*

BARTOLO

Fra momenti io torno.  
Non aprite a nessuno.  
Se Don Basilio venisse a ricercarmi,  
che m'aspetti.  
*(Chiude la porta.)*  
Le mie nozze con lei meglio è affrettare.  
Sì, dentr'oggi finir vo' quest'affare.  
*(Parte.)*

CONTE

Dentr'oggi le sue nozze con Rosina!  
Ah, vecchio rimbambito!  
Ma dimmi or tu, chi è questo Don Basilio?

FIGARO

È un solenne imbroglion di matrimoni,  
un collo torto, un vero disperato,  
sempre senza un quattrino...  
già, è maestro di musica,  
insegna alla ragazza.

CONTE

Bene, tutto giova saper.

FIGARO

Ora pensate della bella Rosina  
a soddisfar le brame.  
In una canzonetta, così alla buona  
il tutto spiegatele, signor.

CONTE

Una canzone?

FIGARO

Certo. Ecco la chitarra.

FIGARO

But this is not all. The girl is not  
the daughter of the physician.  
She is only his ward.

COUNT

Oh, what a consolation!

FIGARO

But...hush...

COUNT

What is it?

FIGARO

The balcony window opens...  
*(They retire under the portico. Bartolo, emerging  
from his house, stops to give orders to his  
servants.)*

BARTOLO

I shall return in a few minutes.  
Don't let anyone in. If Don Basilio  
should come to inquire for me,  
let him wait.  
*(He locks the door.)*  
I wish to hasten my marriage with her.  
Yes, this day. I am going to conclude this affair.  
*(He goes off.)*

COUNT

This very day, his marriage with Rosina!  
Oh, the foolish old dotard!  
But tell me, who is this Don Basilio?

FIGARO

A famous, intriguing matchmaker,  
a hypocrite, a good-for-nothing,  
with never a penny in his pocket...  
He has lately turned music-master,  
and teaches this girl.

COUNT

Well, that's good to know.

FIGARO

Now you must think how to tell the pretty Rosina  
what she wants to know.  
With a simple little song  
you can explain it all to her, sir.

COUNT

A song?

FIGARO

Certainly. Here is my guitar.

Presto, andiamo.

CONTE  
Ma io...

FIGARO  
Oh, che pazienza!

CONTE  
Ebben, proviamo...

Come, let's start.

COUNT  
But I...

FIGARO  
Heaven give me patience!

COUNT  
Well, we'll try...

**EXTRA Not included is the WTLF selections, but worth a listen.**

**“Se il mio nome saper” (2:22)**  
Count Almaviva, Rosina, Figaro

**CD 1, Track 5**  
CD Libretto page 46-48

Figaro has convinced the Count to sing to Rosina from beneath her window, after they learn that Dr. Bartolo keeps her locked up in the house. Careful not to reveal his true identity in order to make certain that Rosina doesn't love him for his status alone, the Count calls himself “Lindoro” and sings:

Andante

mezza voce

Se il mio no - me sa - per voi bra - ma te.  
Would you know who comes here to im - plere \_\_\_\_\_ you.

The Count, accompanied by guitar alone, spikes Rosina's interest, and she asks him to continue (0:56). After a second verse, Rosina begins to sing another reply, but is interrupted as somebody enters her room (2:19). This little song's instrumentation evokes Spanish musical tradition with its Flamenco-style guitar.

CONTE  
Se il mio nome saper voi bramate,  
dal mio labbro il mio nome ascoltate.  
Io son Lindoro,  
che fido v'adoro,  
che sposa vi bramo,  
che a nome vi chiamo,  
di voi sempre parlando così  
dall'aurora al tramonto del dì.

COUNT  
If you want to know my name,  
listen to the song I sing.  
I am called Lindoro,  
who faithfully adores you,  
who wishes to marry you.  
Your name is on my lips,  
and you are in my thoughts,  
from early dawn till late at night.

In this duet, the Count and Figaro plot how they will fool Dr. Bartolo and how the Count will get a chance to speak to Rosina face to face. With comic *portamenti* (slides) accompanying him in the orchestra, Figaro begins boldly:



Playing with two different melodic styles, Rossini contrasted the Count’s reply (0:51) with lyrical singing that is not quite as boisterous as Figaro’s, but it is clear that they are “on the same page” when the Count adds his own variations to Figaro’s basic melody. The “thinking music” that appears (1:43) occurs whenever the pair plans how they will go about their business. When they agree, they sing a little refrain together (2:36):



After the team decides that the Count should pretend to be a drunk soldier (3:42) in order to gain entrance to Bartolo’s house, they almost part (5:02), but the Count stops Figaro, asking where his shop is so he can meet him there, thus starting the final section of the duet. Listen for a *Rossini Crescendo* in the orchestra under Figaro’s monotone singing (5:40). Excited by the thought of seeing Rosina face to face, the Count picks up the clarinet melody heard at the start of the final section, and begins to sing about his emotions (6:45):



Figaro chimes in underneath, with “Delle monete il suon già sento, l’oro già viene . . . Eccolo qua”, meaning “I almost can hear the clinking coin, gold is coming . . . already it is here.” Figaro is as fervent about the money he’s going to earn as the Count is amorous for Rosina, providing a little lighthearted comedy to the end of the scene. Another *Rossini Crescendo* (7:42) paves the way for the big finish.

FIGARO  
All'idea di quel metallo portentoso, onnipossente,  
un vulcano la mia mente  
già comincia a diventar, sì.

CONTE  
Su, vediamo di quel metallo  
qualche effetto sorprendente,  
del vulcan della tua mente  
qualche mostro singolar, sì.

FIGARO  
Voi dovrete travestirvi...  
per esempio...da soldato...

CONTE  
Da soldato?

FIGARO  
Sì, signore.

CONTE  
Da soldato, e che si fa?

FIGARO  
Oggi arriva un reggimento.

CONTE  
Sì, è mio amico il colonello.

FIGARO  
Va benon!

CONTE  
Eppoi?

FIGARO  
Cospetto! Dell'alloggio col biglietto  
quella porta s'aprirà.  
Che ne dite, mio signore?  
Non vi par, non l'ho trovata?  
Che invenzione prelibata,  
bella, bella in verità!

CONTE  
Che invenzione prelibata,  
bravo, bravo, in verità!

FIGARO  
Piano, piano...un'altra idea!  
Veda l'oro cosa fa!  
Ubbriaco, mio signor, si fingerà.

CONTE  
Ubbriaco?

FIGARO  
At the idea of this metal portentous, omnipotent,  
a volcano within me  
commences to erupt, yes.

COUNT  
Come, let's see what effect  
this metal will have on you,  
some real demonstration  
of this volcano within you, yes.

FIGARO  
You should disguise yourself...  
for instance...as a soldier...

COUNT  
As a soldier?

FIGARO  
Yes, sir.

COUNT  
As a soldier, and for what purpose?

FIGARO  
Today a regiment is expected here.

COUNT  
Yes, the colonel is a friend of mine.

FIGARO  
Excellent!

COUNT  
And then?

FIGARO  
By means of a billet,  
that door will soon open.  
What say you to this, sir?  
Don't you think I've hit it right?  
Isn't it a fine idea,  
happy thought, in very truth!

COUNT  
Isn't it a fine idea,  
happy thought, in very truth!

FIGARO  
Softly, softly...another thought!  
See the power of your gold!  
You must pretend to be drunk.

COUNT  
Drunk?

FIGARO

Si, signore.

CONTE

Ubbriaco? Ma perché?

FIGARO

Perché d'un ch'è poco in sé,  
che dal vino casca già,  
il tutor, credete a me,  
il tutor si fiderà.  
Che invenzione prelibata,  
bella, bella in verità!

CONTE

Che invenzione prelibata, bravo, bravo, in verità!

CONTE

Dunque?

FIGARO

All'opra.

CONTE

Andiamo.

FIGARO

Da bravo.

CONTE

Vado...Oh, il meglio mi scordavo.  
Dimmi un po': la tua bottega,  
per trovarti, dove sta?

FIGARO

La bottega?...Non si sbaglia...  
guardi bene...eccola là...  
Numero quindici, a mano manca,  
quattro gradini, facciata bianca,  
cinque parrucche nella vetrina,  
sopra un cartello, "Pomata Fina",  
mostra in azzurro alla moderna,  
v'è per insegnare una lanterna...  
Là senza fallo mi troverà.

CONTE

Cinque parrucche.

FIGARO

Una lanterna. Là senza fallo mi troverà.

CONTE

Ho ben capito.

FIGARO

Or vada presto.

FIGARO

Even so, sir.

COUNT

Drunk? But why?

FIGARO

Because the guardian, believe me,  
the guardian would less distrust  
a man not quite himself,  
but overcome with wine.  
Isn't it a fine idea,  
happy thought, in very truth!

COUNT

Isn't it a fine idea, happy thought, in very truth!

COUNT

Well, then?

FIGARO

To business.

COUNT

Let's go.

FIGARO

Bravo.

COUNT

I go...but the most important thing  
I forgot to ask: tell me,  
where do I find your shop?

FIGARO

My shop? you cannot mistake it...  
look yonder...there it is...  
number fifteen, on the left hand,  
with four steps, a white front,  
five wigs in the window,  
on a placard, "Pomade Divine",  
a show-glass, too, of the latest fashion,  
and my sign is a lantern...  
There, without fail you will find me.

COUNT

Five wigs.

FIGARO

A lantern. There, without fail, you will find me.

COUNT

I understand.

FIGARO

You had better go now.

CONTE  
Tu guarda bene...

FIGARO  
Io penso al resto.

CONTE  
Di te mi fido...

FIGARO  
Colà l'attendo...

CONTE  
Mio caro Figaro...

FIGARO  
Intendo, intendo...

CONTE  
Porterò meco...

FIGARO  
La borsa piena.

CONTE  
Sì, quel che vuoi,  
ma il resto poi...

FIGARO  
Oh, non si dubiti,  
che bene andrà.

CONTE  
Ah, che d'amore la fiamma io sento,  
nunzia di giubilo e di contento!  
D'ardor insolito quest'alma accende,  
e di me stesso maggior mi fa.  
Ah, che d'amore, ecc.  
Ecco propizia che in sen mi scende,  
d'ardor insolito quest'alma accende  
e di me stesso maggior mi fa.

FIGARO  
Delle monete il suon già sento,  
l'oro già viene...  
Eccolo qua.  
Già viene l'oro, viene l'argento,  
in tasca scende...  
Eccolo qua.  
D'ardore insolito quest'alma accende,  
e di me stesso maggior mi fa.

COUNT  
And you watch out...

FIGARO  
I'll take care of everything.

COUNT  
I have faith in you...

FIGARO  
I shall wait for you yonder...

COUNT  
My dear Figaro...

FIGARO  
I understand, I understand...

COUNT  
I will bring with me...

FIGARO  
A purse well filled

COUNT  
Yes, all you want,  
but do your part...

FIGARO  
Oh, have no doubt,  
all will go well.

COUNT  
Oh, what a flame of love divine,  
of hope and joy auspicious sign!  
With fire unknown my soul is burning,  
and fills my spirit with will to dare.  
Oh, what a flame, etc.  
Oh, glorious moment which inspires my heart!  
With fire unknown my soul is burning,  
and fills my spirit with will to dare.

FIGARO  
I almost can hear the clinking coin,  
gold is coming...  
already it's here.  
Gold is coming, silver is coming,  
filling the pockets...  
already it's here.  
With fire unknown my soul is burning,  
and fills my spirit with will to dare.

Finally, Rosina makes her grand entrance, and she is very excited to meet “Lindoro.” The orchestra reflects her excitement with light sparkling music and outbursts from *pianissimo* (very soft) to *fortissimo* (very loud) in the introduction. She begins to sing (0:32):

Andante

li - na vo - ce po - co fa qui nel cor mi - ri - suo - no!  
Once a song at break of day in my heart did light a flame:

Her excitement builds every time she sings “Lindoro” (0:49, 0:54, 1:07), her bursts to *forte* echoing the introduction. At the start of the second section (2:20), Rosina sings how she is a sweet and respectful woman:

Moderato

ROSINA Io so no do - ci - le  
I know my pro - per place

However, she continues to explain after a big “ma”—meaning “but”—that if she is crossed, she can be a viper (3:15):

Moderato

ROSINA Ma se mi toc - ca - no dov' è il mio de - - bo - le  
But if I may not do just what I want to do

Her vocal fireworks really make her point clear—Rosina means business. Listen for the *Rossini Crescendo* starting at 3:59 that builds up the excitement and launches Rosina to a high note and back into the fast *coloratura*. She builds to the final high B (5:19), and the orchestra rushes to the big finish.

ROSINA (*con una lettera in mano*)

Una voce poco fa  
qui nel cor mi risuonò.  
Il mio cor ferito è già  
e Lindoro fu che il piagò.  
Sì, Lindoro mio sarà,  
lo giurai, la vincerò.  
Il tutor ricuserà,  
io l'ingegno aguzzerò,  
alla fin s'accheterà,  
e contenta io resterò.  
Sì, Lindoro ecc.

ROSINA (*with a letter in her hand*)

The voice I heard just now  
has thrilled my very heart.  
My heart already is pierced  
and it was Lindoro who hurled the dart.  
Yes, Lindoro shall be mine,  
I've sworn it, I'll succeed.  
My guardian won't consent,  
but I will sharpen my wits,  
and at last, he will relent,  
and I shall be content.  
Yes, Lindoro etc.



Io sono docile, son rispettosa,  
 sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa,  
 mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar.  
 Ma se mi toccano dov'è il mio debole,  
 sarò una vipera, sarò,  
 e cento trappole prima di cedere farò giocar.  
 Io sono docile, ecc.

I am docile, I am respectful,  
 I am obedient, sweet and loving.  
 I can be ruled, I can be guided.  
 But if crossed in love, I can be a viper,  
 and a hundred tricks  
 I shall play before they have their way.  
 I am docile, etc.

**WTLF 6 Aria: “La calunnia è un venticello” (7:18)**  
 Don Basilio, followed by Recitative

**CD 1, Track 8**  
 CD Libretto page 61

A “stately melody” introduces Don Basilio’s explanation of how slander and rumor can ruin a man’s reputation, as he and Don Bartolo have planned to do to “Lindoro”:

*Allegro*

BASILIO La ca - lun - nia è un ven - ti - cel - lo,  
 Start a slan - der the mer - est noth - ing.

The introduction gives a very noble air to Don Basilio; his short, **staccato** notes make him seem very precise. Then the higher strings begin to play, and they mirror the spreading and growing of rumors (0:56):

BASILIO Pia - no, pia - no  
 'Dare I tell you?'

Rossini used this musical material for a textbook **Rossini Crescendo** (1:44 to 2:15), the orchestration growing with the strength of the rumor. Basilio’s calm demeanor disappears as he gets worked up, but he momentarily regains his composure (2:41) with musical material related to the first stately melody of the aria. He works himself up with a big crescendo (2:38), much like Rosina’s outbursts of excitement in her aria. He is able to keep himself reasonably calm until the end, where he picks up the speed and sings very fast, giddy in his scheming (4:21).

BASILIO  
 La calunnia è un venticello  
 un'auretta assai gentile  
 che insensibile, sottile,  
 leggermente, dolcemente,  
 incomincia a sussurrar.  
 Piano, piano, terra terra,  
 sottovoce, sibilando,  
 va scorrendo, va ronzando.  
 Nell'orecchie della gente,  
 s'introduce destramente  
 e le teste ed i cervelli

BASILIO  
 Calumny is a little breeze,  
 a gentle zephyr  
 which insensibly, subtly,  
 lightly and sweetly,  
 commences to whisper.  
 Softly, softly, here and there,  
*sotto voce*, sibilant,  
 it goes gliding, it goes rambling.  
 In the ears of the people,  
 it penetrates slyly  
 and the head and the brains

fa stordire e fa gonfiar.  
 Dalla bocca fuori uscendo  
 lo schiamazzo va crescendo,  
 prende forza a poco a poco,  
 vola già di loco in loco,  
 sembra il tuono, la tempesta  
 che nel sen della foresta  
 va fischiando, brontolando,  
 e ti fa d'orror gelar.  
 Alla fin trabocca e scoppia,  
 si propaga, si raddoppia,  
 e produce un'esplosione  
 come un colpo di cannone,  
 un terremoto, un temporale,  
 che fa l'aria rimbombar.  
 E il meschino calunniato,  
 avvilito, calpestato,  
 sotto il pubblico flagello,  
 per gran sorte va a crepar.

it stuns and it swells.  
 From the mouth re-emerging  
 the noise grows *crescendo*,  
 gathers force little by little,  
 runs its course from place to place,  
 seems like the thunder of the tempest  
 which from the depths of the forest  
 comes whistling, muttering,  
 freezing everyone in horror.  
 Finally with crack and crash,  
 it spreads afield, its force redoubled,  
 and produces an explosion  
 like the outburst of a cannon,  
 an earthquake, a whirlwind,  
 which makes the air resound.  
 And the poor slandered wretch,  
 vilified, trampled down,  
 sunk beneath the public lash,  
 by good fortune, falls to death.

**WTLF 7**      **Aria: “A un dottor della mia sorte” (5:43)**  
 Don Bartolo

**CD 1, Track 10**  
 CD Libretto page 71

Guessing that Rosina is trying to deceive him, Bartolo is on the offensive, having had quite enough of Rosina’s tricks. He sings:

Andante maestoso

BARTOLO      Aun dot-tor del la mia sor-te  
 Real-ly now, my dear young la-dy.

Bartolo is constantly switching between big, heavy singing, and light and fast singing, producing quite a comic effect. The fast patter-singing is especially funny. He winds up to an apparent big finish (2:36), but he continues—the doctor wants Rosina’s confession. Rosina has no response. The second section, beginning after the unison orchestra (3:14) and marked **allegro vivace** (very fast), is **patter-song** (a humorous song that is performed in a manner close to speaking) in the extreme. Bartolo sings at break-neck speed:

Allegro vivace

BARTOLO      Si-gno-ri-na, un al-tra vol-ta quan-do Bar-to-lo an drà fuo-ri  
 For the fu-ture, let me tell you, more pre-cau-tions will be ta-ken

The effect produces some of the most comical singing yet. There is a **Rossini Crescendo** (3:51) that builds to the brief key change (4:09). Bartolo repeats the **allegro vivace**, and then returns to material from the first part of the aria to finish.

**BARTOLO**

A un dottor della mia sorte  
 queste scuse, signorina,  
 vi consiglio, mia carina,  
 un po' meglio a imposturar.  
 Meglio! Meglio! Meglio! Meglio!  
 I confetti alla ragazza!  
 Il ricamo sul tamburo!  
 Vi scottaste, eh via!  
 Ci vuol altro, figlia mia,  
 per potermi corbellar.  
 Altro! Altro! Altro! Altro!

Perché manca là quel foglio?  
 Vo' saper cotesto imbroglio.  
 Sono inutili le smorfie;  
 ferma là, non mi toccate.  
 No, figlia mia, non lo sperate  
 ch'io mi lasci infinocchiare.  
 A un dottor della mia sorte  
 queste scuse, signorina,  
 vi consiglio, mia carina,  
 un po' meglio a imposturar.  
 Via carina, confessate.  
 Son disposto a perdonar.  
 Non parlate? Vi ostate?  
 So ben io quel che ho da far.

Signorina, un'altra volta  
 quando Bartolo andrà fuori  
 la consegna ai servitori  
 a suo modo far saprà.  
 Eh! non servono le smorfie,  
 faccia pur la gatta morta.  
 Cospetton! per quella porta,  
 nemmeno l'aria entrar potrà.  
 Un dottor della mia sorte  
 non si lascia infinocchiare.  
 E Rosina innocentina,  
 sconsolata, disperata,  
 in sua camera serrata,  
 fin ch'io voglio star dovrà.

**BARTOLO**

For a doctor of my standing  
 these excuses, signorina,  
 I advise you, my dear child,  
 to invent a little better.  
 Better! Better! Better! Better!  
 Sweets for Marcellina!  
 A design for your embroidery!  
 And the scalding of your finger!  
 It takes more than that, my girl,  
 to deceive me successfully.  
 More! More! More! More!

Why is that sheet of paper missing?  
 I mean to find out what's going on.  
 It's no use pulling faces.  
 Stop, don't touch me.  
 No, my dear girl, give up all hope  
 that I'll let myself be fooled.  
 For a doctor of my standing  
 these excuses, signorina,  
 I advise you my dear child,  
 to invent a little better.  
 Come, dear child, confess it all.  
 I am prepared to pardon you.  
 You don't answer? You are stubborn?  
 Then I know well what I'll do.

Signorina, another time  
 when Bartolo must leave the house,  
 he'll give orders to the servants  
 who will see you stay inside.  
 Now your pouting will not help you  
 nor your injured innocence.  
 I here assure you, through that door  
 the very air itself won't enter.  
 For a doctor of my standing  
 does not let himself be fooled.  
 and little innocent Rosina,  
 disconsolate and in despair,  
 in her chamber shall be locked  
 so long as I see fit.

**WTLF 8      Stretta del Finale I:**  
**“Ma, signor . . . ” / “Mi par d'essere con la testa” (5:11) CD 2, Track 3**  
 Rosina, Count, Bartolo, Figaro, Basilio, Berta, Chorus  
 CD Libretto page 86-88

This track starts just after the Count has evaded his arrest from Bartolo's home by producing a piece of paper, leaving everyone there astounded by the mystery. The action freezes and the characters sing about how they are feeling, setting up a classic ensemble finale—one of Rossini's specialties. Rosina starts the finale very slowly, singing about her confusion. She is accompanied by *pizzicato* strings (0:22):

Andante

ROSINA *p* Fred - do ed im - mo - bi - le co - me u - na sta - tu - a  
I don't know what to think, 'tis indeed a mys - te - ry

The Count and Bartolo enter successively (0:48 and 1:12, respectively), imitating Rosina. Figaro begins to sing (1:35), adding energy to the slow music, his dotted rhythms imitating laughter:

Andante

FIGARO *mf* Guar - da Don Bar - to - lo, guar - da Don Bar - to - lo  
Poor doc - tor Bar - to - lo, does - n't know what to do

Fuller orchestration also returns with Figaro's entrance, driving the music forward. Soon enough, almost everyone is singing, as the music repeats and builds, often driven by Figaro's outbursts of laughter. At 3:07, the orchestra warms and gracefully shifts keys, making the chorus' outburst at the beginning of Track 5 a surprise. It is immediately clear that the introduction to the finale is done, and Rossini bumps the excitement level up to the max. The main theme of the **vivace** (lively) part of the ensemble finale starts (0:25):

Vivace sotto voce

ALL *mp* Mi par d'es - ser col - lu - te - sta  
All this noise and this con - mo - tion

Everyone is very confused, and this translates into fun musical chaos. Listen (1:03) for the busy orchestra and fast patter-singing in some of the characters. This builds to the climax (1:52), in which all of the characters shout about their frustration in unison. The main theme returns in a new key (2:19) until a modulation back down to the original key (2:44), where the music immediately rockets back up to full confusion, Rosina's high notes soaring clearly over everyone. Listen for the back-and-forth dialogue between women's and men's voices as the music builds toward the final curtain.

**BARTOLO**  
Ma signor...ma un dottor...  
ma se lei...ma vorrei...  
ma se noi...ma se poi...  
ma sentite, ascoltate...

**BARTOLO**  
But sir...for a doctor...  
But if you...but I would like...  
but if we... but if then...  
but listen, but hear...

**CORO**  
Zitto, tu! Oh, non più!  
Non parlar, non gridar.  
Zitti voi! Pensiam noi.  
Zitto tu! Non parlar.  
Vada ognun pei fatti suoi.  
Si finisca d'altercar!

**CHORUS**  
Silence all! That's enough!  
Do not speak, do not shout.  
Silence! We'll take care of it.  
Silence you! Do not speak.  
Everybody go about their business.  
An end to the quarrelling!

BASILIO

Ma se noi...ma se poi...  
ma se poi...ma se noi...  
Zitto su! Zitto giù!  
Zitto qua! Zitto là!

ROSINA, BERTA, CONTE e FIGARO

Zitto su! Zitto giù!  
Zitto qua! Zitto là!

TUTTI

Mi par d'esser con la testa  
in un'orrida fucina,  
dove cresce e mai non resta  
dell'incudini sonore  
l'importuno strepitar.  
Alternando questo e quello,  
pesantissimo martello,  
fa con barbara armonia  
mure e volte rimbombar.  
E il cervello poverello,  
già stordito, sbalordito,  
non ragiona, si confonde,  
si riduce ad impazzar.

BASILIO

But if we...but if then...  
but if then...but if we...  
Silence here! Silence there!  
Silence, silence everywhere!

ROSINA, BERTA, COUNT *and* FIGARO

Silence here! Silence there!  
Silence, silence everywhere!

ALL

My head seems to be  
in a fiery smithy:  
the sound of the anvils  
ceaseless and growing  
deafens the ear.  
Up and down, high and low,  
striking heavily, the hammer  
makes the very walls resound  
with a barbarous harmony.  
Thus our poor, bewildered brain,  
stunned, confounded,  
in confusion, without reason,  
is reduced to insanity.

## Act II

**WTLF 9**      **Temporale (3:57)**  
Orchestra

**CD 2, Track 10**  
CD Libretto page 111


Rossini inserts an orchestra storm before the denouement in Act II, exemplifying the “bad weather” of the plot. The storm is relevant to the action, showing the passage of time, and was a feature of the original Beaumarchais play. (The composer also used a storm in *Cinderella* and several other pieces.) Beginning almost imperceptibly quietly, the orchestral music builds in volume and speed with gliding strings, thunderous tympani, and a wind machine.

**WTLF 10**      **Terzetto: “Ah, qual colpo inaspettato!” (8:22)**  
Rosina, Figaro, Count Almaviva

**CD 2, Track 11**  
CD Libretto page 113-114

At last the cat is out of the bag; Rosina knows that Lindoro is in fact the Count Almaviva, and she can't be happier. She sings in an aside (0:08):

*Andante*



Ah! Qual col - po.      ah qual col - po in - a - spet - ta - to  
Al - ma - vi - va,      your ro - man - tic in - ti - ma - tion

Following in stride, Figaro muses about his great talent in his own aside (0:50). The Count sings his aside (1:02), echoing Rosina's emotions and her melody. Rosina and the Count then sing together in new music (2:57), expressing their excitement about

getting married, while Figaro tries to interrupt and get them on the move. Despite Figaro's attempts, the love duet continues for a comically long time—especially near the end. Listen for the duet above Figaro's pleading (4:06). However, the happy union is interrupted as Figaro sees two people lurking outside. The alarm is raised, and they must quickly come up with a plan. The Count sings (4:53):

Allegro

\* COUNT Zit-ti, zit-ti, pia-no, pia - no, non fac-cia-mo con-fu - sio - ne  
If we all go ve-ry soft - ly, one by one with care de - scend - ing

The three pick up the tune and, ironically, sing rather loudly at times, creating a comic effect. The trio is very fast and fun; eventually Figaro and the two lovers leave and try to make their escape.

ROSINA

(Ah, qual colpo inaspettato!  
Egli stesso? Oh Ciel! Che sento!  
Di sorpresa e di contento  
son vicina a delirar!)

FIGARO

(Son rimasti senza fiato,  
ora muoion dal contento,  
guarda, guarda il mio talento,  
...che bel colpo seppe far!)

CONTE

(Qual trionfo inaspettato!  
Me felice! Oh, bel momento!  
Ah, d'amore e di contento  
son vicino a delirar!)

FIGARO

(Son rimasti senza fiato:  
ora muoion dal contento.  
Guarda, guarda, guarda,  
guarda il mio talento, che bel colpo seppe far!)

ROSINA

Mio Signor!...Ma...voi...ma io...

CONTE

Ah, non più, ben mio,  
il bel nome di mia sposa,  
idol mio, t'attende già, sì.

ROSINA

Il bel nome di tua sposa!  
Oh, qual gioia al cor mi dà!

CONTE

Sei contenta?

ROSINA

(Oh, what a shock!  
It is he himself! Heavens, what do I hear?  
With surprise and with joy  
I am almost delirious!)

FIGARO

(They are breathless with delight,  
they are dying of content,  
oh, how talented I am,  
what a coup I brought about!)

COUNT

(What triumph unexpected!  
What a happy, wonderful moment!  
With love and contentment  
I am almost delirious!)

FIGARO

(They are breathless with delight,  
they are dying of content.  
Watch out, watch out, watch out,  
how talented I am, what a coup I brought about!)

ROSINA

My Lord!...But...you...but I...

COUNT

You are no longer just my love,  
the blessed name of wife,  
adored one, awaits you.

ROSINA

The blessed name of wife!  
Oh, what joy that gives my heart!

COUNT

Are you happy?

ROSINA

Ah! mio signore!

ROSINA e CONTE

Dolce nodo avventurato  
che fai paghi i miei desiri!  
Alla fin de' miei martiri  
tu sentisti, amor, pietà.

FIGARO

(Nodo!) Andiamo. (Nodo!)  
Presto, andiamo. (Paghi!) Vi sbrigate.  
Lasciate quei sospir.  
Presto, andiam per carità.  
Ah! Cospetto! Che ho veduto!  
Alla porta una lanterna, due persone!  
Che si fa?

CONTE

Hai veduto...

FIGARO

Sì, signor...

CONTE

Due persone?

FIGARO

Sì, signor...

CONTE

Una lanterna?

FIGARO

Alla porta, sì, signor.

ASSIEME

Che si fa? Che si fa?  
Zitti, zitti, piano, piano,  
non facciamo confusione,  
per la scala del balcone,  
presto andiamo via di qua.  
(*Vanno per partire.*)

FIGARO

Ah, disgraziati noi! Come si fa?

CONTE

Che avvenne mai?

FIGARO

La scala...

CONTE

Ebben?

ROSINA

Oh! Good sir!

ROSINA and COUNT

Sweet, fortunate knot,  
the end of all desire!  
On our sufferings,  
love, you took pity.

FIGARO

(Knot!) Let's get going. (Knot!)  
Quickly, Let's go. (All desire!) Hurry up.  
This is no time for sentiment.  
Quick, let's go for goodness sake.  
Oh, damnation! What do I see!  
At the door a lantern, two persons!  
What's to be done?

COUNT

You have seen...

FIGARO

Yes, sir...

COUNT

Two people?

FIGARO

Yes, sir...

COUNT

A lantern?

FIGARO

At the door, yes, sir.

TOGETHER

What's to be done?  
Softly, softly, *piano, piano*,  
no confusion, no delay,  
by the ladder of the balcony,  
quickly, let us go away.  
(*They start to go out.*)

FIGARO

Oh, how unfortunate! What's to be done?

COUNT

What happened?

FIGARO

The ladder...

COUNT

Well?

FIGARO  
La scala non v'è più...

CONTE  
Che dici?

FIGARO  
Chi mai l'avrà levata?

CONTE  
Qual inciampo crude!

ROSINA  
Me sventurata!

FIGARO  
Zi...zitti! Sento gente...  
ora ci siamo, signor mio.  
Che si fa?

CONTE  
Mia Rosina, coraggio!

FIGARO  
Eccoli qua.  
*(Basilio entra introducendo un notaro.)*

BASILIO  
Don Bartolo...

FIGARO  
Don Basilio...

CONTE  
E quell'altro?

FIGARO  
Ve' ve', il nostro Notaro.  
Allegramente! Lasciate fare a me...  
*(al Notaro)*  
Signor Notaro, dovevate in mia casa  
stipular questa sera il contratto  
di nozze fra il Conte d'Almaviva  
e mia nipote. Gli sposi eccoli qua.  
Avete indosso la scrittura? Benissimo.

BASILIO  
Ma piano...Don Bartolo dov'è?

CONTE  
Ehi! Don Basilio,  
*(Chiamando a parte Don Basilio, si leva un anello  
dal dito e gli fa cenno di tacere.)*  
quest'anello è per voi.

FIGARO  
The ladder is gone...

COUNT  
What do you say?

FIGARO  
Who could have taken it away?

COUNT  
What a cruel blow!

ROSINA  
Oh, I am so miserable!

FIGARO  
Qu...quiet, I hear people...  
And here we are, my master.  
What's to be done?

COUNT  
Courage, Rosina mine!

FIGARO  
Here they are.  
*(Basilio enters, followed by the notary.)*

BASILIO  
Don Bartolo...

FIGARO  
Don Basilio...

COUNT  
And who is the other?

FIGARO  
Oh, oh, it's our notary.  
How jolly! Leave it all to me...  
*(to the Notary)*  
Signor Notary, this evening in my house  
you are to settle the contract  
of marriage between the Count Almaviva  
and my niece. Here is the couple.  
Are the papers prepared? Very good.

BASILIO  
But wait...where is Don Bartolo?

COUNT  
Here, Don Basilio!  
*(Calling Don Basilio aside, he takes a ring from  
his finger and motions to him to be silent.)*  
This ring is for you.



BASILIO  
Ma io...

CONTE  
Per voi vi sono ancor  
due palle nel cervello  
se v'opponete...

BASILIO  
Oibò! Prendo l'anello. Chi firma?

CONTE  
Eccoci qua. Son testimony Figaro e Don Basilio.  
Essa è mia sposa.

FIGARO  
Evviva!

CONTE  
Oh, mio contento!

ROSINA  
Oh, sospirata mia felicità!

FIGARO  
Evviva!  
*(Entrano Bartolo, un ufficiale e soldati.)*

BARTOLO  
Fermi tutti! Eccoli qua!

FIGARO  
Colle buone, signor.

BARTOLO  
Signor, son ladri, arrestate, arrestate.

UFFICIALE  
Mio signore, il suo nome?

CONTE  
Il Conte d'Almaviva io sono...

BASILIO  
But I...

COUNT  
For you two bullets in the head  
are also waiting  
if you offer any opposition...

BASILIO  
Dear me! I'll take the ring. Who signs?

COUNT  
Here we are. Figaro and Don Basilio are  
witnesses. This is my bride.

FIGARO  
Evviva!

COUNT  
Oh, how happy I am!

ROSINA  
Oh, this is the joy I have longed for!

FIGARO  
Evviva!  
*(Bartolo enters followed by an officer and  
soldiers.)*

BARTOLO  
Halt, everyone! Here they are!

FIGARO  
Gently, sir.


BARTOLO  
Sir, they are thieves, arrest them, arrest them.

OFFICER  
Your name, sir?

COUNT  
I am the Count Almaviva...

After the Count and Rosina are finally wed and the Count’s identity is revealed to all, everyone has a happy ending—even Don Bartolo, to whom the Count has given Rosina’s dowry! Figaro begins (0:12):

Allegro



FIGARO  
Di sì fe-lice in-ne - - sto ser-biam me-mo-riae-ter - - na.  
This lan-tern I have light - ed to guide a rash e - lope - - ment

Figaro, Rosina, and the Count sing the light and cheerful verses, with the chorus joining the musical merriment in between. The simplicity and repetition of the verse-chorus-verse form give a sense of closure to the whole opera. After all of the verses, Rossini wrote a flashy **coda** (1:18), with the ensemble singing in high spirits.

FIGARO

Di sì felice innesto  
serbiam memoria eterna.  
Io smorzo la lanterna,  
qui più non ho che far.

FIGARO, BARTOLO, BASILIO, CORO e BERTA  
(che è entrata nel frattempo)  
Amor e fede eterna  
si vegga in voi regnar.

ROSINA e CONTE

Amor e fede eternal si vegga in noi regnar.

CONTE

Costò sospiri e pene  
un sì felice istante:  
alfin quest'alma amante  
comincia a respirar.

TUTTI

Amore e fede eternal  
si vegga in voi regnar.

ROSINA

Dell'umile Rosina la fiamma a te fu accetta;  
più bel destin t'aspetta; su, vieni a giubilar.

TUTTI

Amore e fede eternal  
si vegga in voi regnar.

FIGARO

So happy a reunion  
let us remember forever.  
I put out my lantern,  
I am no longer needed.

FIGARO, BARTOLO, BASILIO, CHORUS and  
BERTA  
(who has entered in the meantime)  
May love and faith eternal  
reign in both your hearts.

ROSINA and COUNT

May love and faith eternal reign in both our hearts.

COUNT

We have hoped and sighed for  
such a happy moment.  
Finally this lover's soul  
begins to breathe again.

ALL

May love and faith eternal  
reign in both your hearts.

ROSINA

You accepted humble Rosina's passion.  
A brighter fate awaits you, come then and rejoice.

ALL

May love and faith eternal  
reign in both your hearts.

Libretto translation source:

[http://www.murashev.com/opera/Il\\_barbiere\\_di\\_Siviglia\\_libretto\\_Italian\\_English](http://www.murashev.com/opera/Il_barbiere_di_Siviglia_libretto_Italian_English) 2012-2013