

The Libretto

A libretto is the script, or words, of an opera. Most of the words in *The Barber of Seville* are sung, and some are spoken.

The words in plain type are sung and the words in *italic* type are spoken. Sometimes the plain text does not rhyme. It looks as if it should be spoken, but it is sung in a sort of “speak-singing” called *recitative* (reh-sih-tuh-TEEV). It happens mostly when characters are having a conversation—they are speaking to one another, but with notes and rhythm.

You will also notice *italic* words in parentheses (). Those words are stage directions. They tell the actors where to move or whom to talk to.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

(Figaro enters, with a guitar slung around his neck; the Count is hidden)

FIGARO

La la la lera, la la la la,
La la la lera, la la la la.
I'm the factotum for all this great, big town!
La la la la ...
I am a fortunate fellow of great renown!
La la la la...
When folks of quality full of frivolity,
With plenty of money call for a barber,
I am the one, I am the one!
Country and citified wish to be prettified,
Men who are gallant call for my talent.
Here is a lady wanting a waving,
Here is a gentleman craving a shaving.
Maybe a lady is wanting a waving,
Or maybe a gent has a note to be sent,
Or it's cleaning a wig, or dancing a jig,
Or a gallant is wanting a gal!
Figaro, Figaro, Figaro...
By day and night, they follow me
And crowd around me!
One at a time, sir! You are the next.
Just wait your turn, just wait your turn!
One at a time! Ah, one at a time!
You're sure to be next!

Ah bravo Figaro, bravo, bravissimo,
I am the luckiest, I am the busiest,
I am the smartest fellow in town!
La la la la...
I'm the factotum for all the town!

COUNT *(to himself)*

This fellow...I seem to know him.

FIGARO *(noticing the Count)*

Who is this early riser?

COUNT

Yes, it's my old valet! Figaro!

FIGARO

Sir, your servant. *(recognizing the Count)*
Oh! My goodness! It's your Lordship!

COUNT

Keep it quiet! These people! Someone may overhear you. I prefer my incognito. The reason you have no need to question.

FIGARO

Oh no, sir! Quite so, sir! I'd best be on my way.

Wait...
COUNT

Why so, sir?
FIGARO

COUNT
I need you. Stay right here! Maybe you'll think of something to clear away my troubles!
There in Madrid, I saw her,
This enchanting young maiden out on the Prado.
She is the daughter of a certain doctor
Who moved into that house not long ago.
On the day that I saw her, I forgot every other,
She's all I live for! I simply have to see her!
Daytime and nighttime I wait beneath her window.

FIGARO
You mean that window...the house of Doctor Bartolo? How exceedingly lucky. This fits together like cheese and macaroni! Surely! Inside there, I am their barber, their coiffeur. I cure them all, their dogs, their little kittens; I handle all their business.

COUNT
How delightful!

FIGARO
And listen! Your beloved...she is his ward, only his ward. She's not really the Doctor's daughter!

COUNT
Oh, how happy you make me!

FIGARO
So now...Quiet!

COUNT
What's wrong?

FIGARO
Look at the window!

(A letter flutters down from the window)

COUNT *(spoken, reading letter)*
Your persistent attentions have aroused my curiosity. My guardian is going out. When he has gone, find some way to let me know your name, your station in life and your intentions, so that I may learn who it is who has taken such an interest in the unfortunate Rosina.

FIGARO
Watch out there!

COUNT
Why?

FIGARO
I think he's coming.

BARTOLO *(coming out of house)*
Now remember, don't admit any callers! If Don Basilio should want me when I'm absent, let him in. *(to himself)* I will make her my wife without delay. Yes, tomorrow Rosina and I shall marry.

COUNT
A marriage! My Rosina and that monster! That lovesick old goat! But tell me, Figaro, just who is Don Basilio?

FIGARO
He's a snake full of guile. He makes his living arranging weddings. A very crooked fellow. He'll do anything for money. Still, he goes into Rosina's house and teaches her music.

COUNT
Thank you, thank you. I have heard all I need to.

FIGARO

And now to work, sir! We must figure out a way to answer your Rosina. Why not serenade her? Make up a song, to tell her the things she wants to know.

COUNT

Make up a song?

FIGARO

Why not? Here is the guitar. Start the music!

COUNT

How can I...

FIGARO

Don't be so modest!

COUNT

All right! I'll try it! *(takes guitar and sings)*
I have nothing to offer a maiden
Save Lindoro with love overladen.
All I can measure
To add to my treasure
Is my heart's devotion
With fond love's emotion.
Ah, could ever a lover do more?
Day and night it is you I adore.

ROSINA

All the love of your lonely Rosina is for faithful Lindo...*(sound of window being closed)*

COUNT

What happened?

FIGARO

She's gone back into her room! There was someone who interrupted.

COUNT

How can I bear it! I am consumed with love! Whatever happens, I must see Rosina! You must help me. My friend, you must think of a plan!

FIGARO

My, my! Such passion! All right! I'll help you out!

COUNT

God bless you! Now listen! Can you get me inside there so I may see her? Tell me, how shall we do it? Surely, with your genius, you ought to think of something.

FIGARO

My genius! Well, now...let's see...

COUNT

Aha! I understand. Now don't you worry! You will not work for nothing.

FIGARO

Oh, no?

COUNT

I promise!

FIGARO

Plus the money for all expenses?

COUNT

All you can squander! Now, my friend, answer!

FIGARO

I'm ready! How can I tell you how the mention of money starts me going? Now all my talents belong to Señor Lindoro. Just mention gold! My mind begins to function.

DUET: FIGARO AND COUNT

Oh, the very thought of money
Sets my genius in rapid motion!
I respond with unbelievable devotion
When I know that there is money on the way!
Ah, yes, the very thought of money
Sets my genius into motion.
When I know there is money on the way!
I can do anything you say

When I know that there is money on the way!

FIGARO

You will go there in disguise. For example, you're a soldier.

COUNT

I'm a soldier?

FIGARO

Be a soldier!

COUNT

Me, a soldier? What good is that? What's the game? What's the game?

FIGARO

There's a regiment of soldiers that arrives this very morning.

COUNT

Yes, and the colonel is a friend of mine, he told me they were coming.

FIGARO

Splendid luck.

COUNT

You think so?

FIGARO

I know so! By a military order you'll be quartered in this house. That's a sample of my genius! As a plan, how does it strike you?

COUNT

Ah!

DUET: FIGARO AND COUNT

Figaro:

I am so endowed with genius I amaze myself.

Count:

You amaze me!

Both:

How ingenious, how ingenious,
How amazing!

Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo!

That is all that I can say!

COUNT

Now then!

FIGARO

To business!

COUNT

Off we go then! Goodbye for now!

FIGARO

Goodbye, sir!

DUET: COUNT AND FIGARO

Count (*sings over Figaro*):

Life is a garden shining and sunny,
Life is a paradise full of milk and honey
Love that I never knew rises within me,
All of my darkness turns into day!

Figaro (*sings over Count*):

I hear a tinkle!
Can it be money!
Last night a poor man,
Wealthy today!
Last night a poor man,
Today I'm wealthy,
I hear a tinkle,
It must be money,
And all my darkness
Turns into day.

Both:

All of my darkness
Turns into day!

(*Figaro goes to Bartolo's house. The Count leaves*)

ROSINA (*holding letter*)

When a lover's tender voice
Fills the heart and will not fade,
Then a maid must make her choice

Lest he woo some other maid.
Yes, Lindoro is my choice.
None shall stop me,
My plans are laid.
Yes, Lindoro is my choice.
None shall stop me,
My plans are laid.

I am quite well behaved,
As sweet as honey.
My disposition
Is bright and sunny.
For I am gently bred
When I am gently led,
It all depends on what you do.

But if you push me 'round
Then I will stand my ground,
I can be mean and nasty too!
I'll get you in the end,
I'll have the laugh, my friend,
The final joke will be on you.
No matter what you say,
I'll get my own sweet way.
The final joke will be on you.
No matter what you say,
I'll get my own sweet way.
The joke will be on you,
On you, will be on you.
For if you push me 'round,
I'll stand my ground,
I'll have the laugh on you.

Ah, yes, I'll have my way. What of this letter? I need someone to carry it. I've no one who would keep it a secret, if my guardian should get it. What a nuisance! Whom on earth can I trust? I think I know of a way! Maybe the barber! Yes, Figaro was with him, right beside him. He is a gallant fellow, a person of discretion. I wonder if he'll help us. Love will persuade him!

FIGARO
Ah, good day, Señorita!

ROSINA
How are you, Señor Figaro!

FIGARO
Good heavens! Why so glum?

ROSINA
I am unhappy.

FIGARO
Confound it all! A girl should be like a wine glass...shapely and full of spirits!

ROSINA
He's coming back.

FIGARO
Your guardian?

ROSINA
Yes, he's coming. That's his voice.

FIGARO
Now, for cover! I'll have to talk to you later. I have something to tell you.

ROSINA
I too have something we must talk about!

FIGARO
You're wonderful! Later!

(Figaro hides)

ROSINA
He's quite a man!

BARTOLO
Señorita, where's the barber? Have you seen him?

ROSINA
But why?

BARTOLO
Because I want to know!

ROSINA

Would it add to your troubles?

BARTOLO

Why should it not!

ROSINA

Then I will tell you all. Yes, I have seen him. We were talking. He's charming, he appeals to me. He talks so nicely! I find him most attractive!

(to herself) Now, you old buzzard, go and lose your temper!

BARTOLO *(to himself)*

Now isn't she a darling? The more I love her, the more she seems to detest me. Ah! I'm certain that the barber put her up to this mischief!

(Basilio enters)

Ah! Don Basilio! You're just in time! Oh! I'll win her with kisses or with fists! One or the other, I'll marry her tomorrow! You understand me?

BASILIO *(bowing deeply)*

You put it most succinctly, sir. Allow me to reveal my latest news! But it's a secret! He's here, sir, the Count Almaviva.

BARTOLO

Who? Can he be the fellow who courts Rosina?

BASILIO

Yes, he's the fellow.

BARTOLO

Oh, curse the man! We've got to stop his nonsense.

BASILIO

Surely, but...No one must know it.

BARTOLO

What's in your mind?

BASILIO

Just this...With great discretion we must invent some story that reflects on his character, to lower him in people's estimation, ruin his reputation, hint at some secret, some dark and dirty scandal. I'll help as best I can. Four days will do it. Take my advice. As sure as I'm Basilio. Scandal will chase him home back where he came from!

Start a rumor light as a feather,
Watch that rumor float on the breezes!
How it tickles! How it teases,
Oh, how shyly, Oh, how shyly!
Watch it find its way to every hidden place!

First a whisper, then a murmur,
Little voices all a-tremble!
As the little words assemble,
Round and round the rumor reaches,
Ears will open to its speeches,
Ears will listen to the lesson that it teaches,
And the mind will pay attention
To whatever it will mention.
Who will drop it
Who can stop it
As it runs its rapid race!

So you ruin some poor devil
With a tiny breath of evil,
So you beat him and mistreat him
Till he trembles in disgrace!
He's in disgrace!

So, are you with me?

BARTOLO

You may be right. However, what must be done must be done in a hurry. No. I want to do it my way. Come with me, come on! We two together will draw up a marriage contract this very moment. When she and I are married, I'll finish all her wooing and

her cooing. I'll keep her safely. I'll see that she obeys me!

BASILIO (*to himself*)
Let come what may, so long as someone pays me!

FIGARO (*entering cautiously*)
That old fool, her husband? He's going to have some competition! Ah, Señorita!

ROSINA
Oh, tell me what's been happening!

FIGARO
I hardly dare to tell you...

ROSINA
Yes? What is it?

FIGARO
A wedding. Your guardian has decided you're to be married with himself as the groom tomorrow morning.

ROSINA
You're joking!

FIGARO
No, I'm serious! He's making out the contract with your teacher Basilio. They're in this thing together.

ROSINA
Oh! So that's his little plan! That sly old devil! He'll have to deal with me! But tell me, Señor Figaro! A while ago, you and another man were there beneath my window...

FIGARO
Ah! That was my cousin, a brave and handsome fellow. He is brainy, he has a heart! He's here to get a good education. And after that, he hopes to make a fortune.

ROSINA
A fortune? I think he will!

FIGARO
Oh, I hope you are right. But just between us, he has a serious problem.

ROSINA
A serious problem?

FIGARO
Heaven, help him! He's very much in love.

ROSINA
Ah! Poor fellow! I feel for him. Believe me, he enlists all my sympathy.

FIGARO
How touching!

ROSINA
Don't you believe me?

FIGARO
Oh, yes!

ROSINA
And his sweetheart...tell me, is she pretty?

FIGARO
Oh, is she pretty! How can I find the words to describe her! She's graceful, she is charming, a lovely figure, cheeks as red as roses, and long black hair, eyes that smile so sweetly...Must I reveal it? Her name is...it's like a flower. They call her...

ROSINA
Come on! They call her...

FIGARO
Ah, poor darling! They call her: R...o...
Ro...s...i...si... Rosi...n...a...na...
Rosina.

DUET: ROSINA AND FIGARO
Rosina:
Then it's I!
You would not fool me?
Then it's I!

His best beloved!

(To herself)

This is really not surprising,
Since I knew it first of all,
Ah, yes, I knew it first of all,
Yes, I knew it first of all.
Dear Lindoro!
Shall I see him,
Is it really, really true?

Figaro:

I assure you that Lindoro
Craves to have a word with you.

Rosina:

Sweet Lindoro!
Heaven help me,
Here's another cause to worry!
When a maiden's in a hurry,
What's a maiden to decide?

Figaro:

Pray, have pity
Have compassion
On a man in his condition!
He's awaiting your permission,
You just send a little note
And he will hasten to your side,
Yes, he will hasten here to your side,
What's your answer?

Rosina:

Can I bear to...

Figaro:

Come, have courage!

Rosina:

Do I dare to?

Figaro:

Write a letter...

Rosina:

I'm ashamed to...

Figaro:

Tell me why

Tell me why!

Ah, why?

Quickly, quickly write the letter!

Rosina *(taking letter from her pocket)*:

Write a letter?

You mean, like this?

Figaro:

All ready! What a woman!
When a man thinks he's clever,
What a lesson she may teach him!

Rosina:

Now I'm sure my note will reach him,
I have nothing more to fear!

Figaro:

You have taught me quite a lesson,
I am at your feet, my dear!

Rosina:

Now my heart is filled with gladness,
For my love will soon be here.

Figaro *(sings over Rosina)*:

When a woman makes her mind up,
Nothing ever can distract her,
Nothing else can interfere.

Rosina *(sings over Figaro)*:

Now my heart is filled with gladness
For my love will soon be here.
He will banish all my sadness,
All my sorrow, all my fear.

(Figaro leaves)

COUNT

Hey, you people, can't you hear me? Who's
to greet me? Hey! Hey, you people, can't
you hear me? Who's to meet me? Hey!

(Bartolo enters)

COUNT

Ah! Just a moment, I think I have it. You're a doctor? Doctor Baloco?

BARTOLO

Who is loco, who is loco?

COUNT

Aha! Badodo?

BARTOLO

Who's a dodo, who's a dodo? Go to the devil, Sir! Doctor Bartolo, Doctor Bartolo, Doctor BARTOLO!

COUNT

Thanks for telling me, Doctor Barbaro! Or Bartolo! What's the difference?

BARTOLO

He's crazy!

COUNT

What's the difference? It's a question that does not the least concern me!

BARTOLO *(to himself)*

I've a feeling I'm about to lose my temper. I must try to keep my head!

COUNT *(to himself, over Bartolo)*

Where's Rosina, my Rosina? I was hoping she'd be here.

COUNT

Are you really some kind of doctor?

BARTOLO

Yes indeed, sir, I'm a doctor!

COUNT

That is wonderful! That's what I am. We are colleagues!

(Count roughly embraces Bartolo)

BARTOLO

Get back there!

COUNT

Yes! In the military forces,
I'm the doctor for the horses!
And your house will have the pleasure
Of providing me with quarters
I've the order here in my hand.
It's a command!

BARTOLO

Ah! Here it is!

(reading) Be it known by all parties that Dr. Bartolo is hereby exempted...

COUNT *(throwing the paper in the air)*

I say to heck with it! I've been waiting much too long!

BARTOLO

What the devil are you doing?

COUNT

Do be quiet, Doctor Dodo! If you think that I am leaving, you are very, very wrong.

BARTOLO

Won't you go?

COUNT

I mean to stay here!

BARTOLO

I shall never let you stay, sir. Now be going on your way, sir, or I'll have to throw you out!

COUNT

Are you serious? You want to fight me? Fine! I'm spoiling for a fight! I will show you the way a soldier would attack a strong redoubt! Right before you are the trenches and it's you who are the target. On your guard, now my comrades...

(Quietly to Rosina as he shows her the letter) Now drop your handkerchief! *(he drops his letter and Rosina drops her handkerchief over it)* Now my comrades, to the fray! On your guard!

BARTOLO

Stop it, stop it!

COUNT

What is this? Ah!

*(pretends he has just seen the letter and
picks it up)*

BARTOLO

Let me see it!

COUNT

Ah! It looks like a prescription! Wait! It's
a letter...It's for the lady, it's for her,
without a doubt.

ROSINA

Thank you, thank you!

BARTOLO

Thank you, thank you!
So you thought you'd get a letter,
But, Rosina,
You had better hand it over,
Hand it over right away!

COUNT

On to battle! On your guard! Hey! Hey!

ROSINA

Why are you in such a quandary
When I drop a piece of paper?
It's the list of last week's laundry.

BARTOLO *(tears the paper from her hand)*
Now I know that you are lying,
And to show that you are lying,
I will read it right away!

ROSINA *(weeping)*

All my life the same old story,
Always thwarted and suspected and
defeated, Always cheated, badly treated,
Since my dreary life began!

BARTOLO

Ah, Rosina, do forgive me!

COUNT

Get away, or I will make you...

BARTOLO

Get away, sir! Devil take you!

COUNT *(drawing his sword)*

You be careful, or you'll get it!

ENSEMBLE: ROSINA,
BARTOLO, BASILIO, COUNT

Rosina, Bartolo, Basilio:
Don't be rash or you'll regret it!

Count:

Come and fight if you're a man,
If you call yourself a man!

Rosina, Bartolo, Basilio:
Come and help us, help to quiet him!
Help us hold him if you can!

Count:

Let go of me, let go of me!

(Figaro enters)

FIGARO

What goes on!

ALL

I will surely, I will surely go insane!

(All but Bartolo leave)

BARTOLO *(alone in a room in his house)*
The fates are all against me! I've been
asking about that blasted soldier. Nobody
knows him, he's not in the regiment. I'm
wondering...but why wonder! I am quite
sure he was sent here by the Count
Almaviva who sent him here to spy on my
Rosina, and to find out if he can make a
conquest. Right here in my own house

there's no one I can trust! But I will...Who's knocking? Hey, who is there? You in there, don't you hear it? Don't be afraid. This is my house. Open the door!

COUNT (*disguised as a music teacher*)
May this house be ever blessed.

BARTOLO
Sir, I thank you, very nice of you!

COUNT
Filled with peace and joy unending!

BARTOLO
Sir, I thank you, you're very kind!

COUNT
May this house be ever blessed.

BARTOLO
Sir, I thank you, very nice of you.

COUNT
Filled with peace and joy unending!

BARTOLO
Sir, I thank you, you're very kind. (*to himself*) I've a feeling I have met him.

COUNT (*to himself*)
My appearance has upset him!

BARTOLO (*to himself*)
How I wish that I could place him!

COUNT (*to himself*)
I am not afraid to face him.

BARTOLO (*to himself*)
This is getting quite confusing...

COUNT (*to himself*)
This is getting quite amusing.

BARTOLO (*to himself*)
Shall I try to make a guess?

COUNT (*to himself*)
I am really a success. Oh, yes, oh, yes, I am really a success!

BARTOLO
Permit me, sir, one question: Who are you and what's your business?

COUNT
Don Alonso, a professor of music and a pupil of Don Basilio.

BARTOLO
Go on, sir!

COUNT
Don Basilio was stricken with a fever. I'm to replace him.

BARTOLO
He's ill? I'll go to see him.

COUNT
Don't you worry! His complaint is not serious.

BARTOLO
(*to himself*) I'm not sure that I trust him!
(*to Count*) We'll see him together.

COUNT
Just a moment!

BARTOLO
What now?

COUNT
I know a secret.

BARTOLO
I cannot hear you!

COUNT
Well...

BARTOLO
Damn it! Speak louder!

COUNT

All right! You have it your way! But you cannot speak like that to Don Alonso. When the Count Almaviva...

BARTOLO

Don't be angry! Go ahead, I am listening.

COUNT (*loudly*)

The Count is...

BARTOLO

Soft! For heaven's sake!

COUNT

This morning, I called on the Count but he was not at home. As I was waiting, just by a stroke of luck, I found this letter to the Count Almaviva from your Rosina. (*shows letter*)

BARTOLO

Great heavens! That is her writing! Go on!

COUNT

My idea was to show her this letter, if you permit me, and tell her that I got it from a woman who's known to be the mistress of Almaviva. I could contrive to prove it. I'd say he showed the letter to his mistress as a joke.

BARTOLO

Just a moment! A lovely scandal! Oh, bravo! You have a subtle mind like Don Basilio! (*puts the letter in his pocket*) I'll reward you quite handsomely for what you've done. I'll follow your suggestion. I shall call my Rosina. I am greatly obliged, I am your servant. You'll find me not ungrateful.

COUNT

Thank you sir! Indeed, I am most honored!

BARTOLO

Out here, Señorita! Now, Rosina, here's Don Alonso. He's come to give your lesson.

ROSINA (*seeing the Count*)

Ah!

BARTOLO

What's the trouble?

ROSINA

I hurt my ankle.

COUNT

Don't worry! Just take your place beside me, lovely lady. Now let me hear you! It's my delightful duty, replacing Don Basilio who is ill.

ROSINA

I'm sure I will enjoy it! Now I'll begin.

COUNT

What are you singing?

ROSINA

It's called the invitation. It's a new song, it's by Signor Rossini!

COUNT

I thank you. Now let's begin it!

ROSINA (*sings in Italian*)

Vieni, o Ruggiero,
La tua Eloisa
Da te divisa no,
No, no, non puo restar
Alle mie lacrime gia rispondevi,
Vieni, ricevi il mio pregar,
Vien, ricevi il mio pregar.

COUNT

You have talent! Bravissima!

ROSINA

I'm glad you liked it!

BARTOLO

Yes, yes, you have talent, but that thing you were singing is very stupid. Composers knew their business, when I was young! There used to be an aria, 'twas sung by Caffariello. How well he used to do it! La ra la la la... Just listen, Don Alonso: Here's how it goes.

(sings in Italian) Quando mi sei vicina, amabile Rosina...

(interrupting himself) It really says

Giannina, I change it to Rosina.

(sings in Italian) Quando mi sei vicina, amabile Rosina, il cor mi brilla in petto, mi balla il minuetto... *(he dances)*

(Figaro enters)

BARTOLO *(seeing Figaro)*

Bravo, my clever barber! Oh, bravo!

FIGARO

Oh, it was nothing. Pardon! I could not help it!

BARTOLO

And now, you rascal, what are you here for?

FIGARO

Today, sir, is the time we appointed for me to shave you.

BARTOLO

Shave me tomorrow!

FIGARO

Now I've had it! This house will drive me crazy! First it's this morning. The place is in an uproar! This afternoon you tell me: "Shave me tomorrow!" Am I some village barber who must beg for his trade? My time is precious. Go find yourself another! Now, sir, I'll be going!

BARTOLO

These artists! They must be humored! Why should I try to stop him?

The keys are here on this ring. Go get a towel! *(gives keys to Figaro, then takes them back)* No. I don't trust you! *(he goes in)*

FIGARO

Just let me get that key ring for just a single moment! Nothing could stop us. *(to Rosina)* Listen! Those keys he's holding, is there one that will open your window?

ROSINA

Yes, surely! It is the new one.

BARTOLO *(returning, to himself)*

No, it is safer not to leave such a girl with such a rascal!

(Gives the keys to Figaro)

You shall fetch me the towel! The first door on the left just as you enter, you'll find all that you need. Careful! Don't touch my china!

FIGARO

Me! What a notion! *(to himself)* We've done it.

(to Bartolo) All right! I'll go.

(to himself) We've done it, we've done it!

(He leaves)

BARTOLO

He is the scamp who carried the note from Rosina to the Count.

COUNT

He seems to be a master of deception.

BARTOLO

Well, here's one who can outwit him. *(loud crash of breaking dishes)* Ah, what's he up to now!

ROSINA

What can have happened?

BARTOLO

The clumsy oaf! I never should have sent him! *(he leaves)*

COUNT

Oh, Figaro, you genius! *(to Rosina)* Now that they've left us, answer me, my darling, would you consent to marry a poor man like me? Speak frankly!

ROSINA

Ah, my Lindoro, you are all I need!

COUNT

What's wrong?

(Figaro and Bartolo return)

BARTOLO

Everything is broken! My china, my lovely goblets, even the soup bowl!

FIGARO

You're lucky it's not worse!

(Shows the Count the key to the window which he has taken from the ring)

Forget your dishes! When they fell down, it saved me from disaster. The clatter made me stop myself just in time. What a hallway. So dark I might have stumbled and dashed my brains out! You should provide some light! Moreover, moreover...

BARTOLO

That's enough!

FIGARO

Here we go. *(to Count and Rosina)* Be careful!

BARTOLO

I'm ready. *(sits down to be shaved)*

ENSEMBLE: ROSINA, COUNT, FIGARO,
BARTOLO, BASILIO

Rosina:
Don Basilio...

Count *(to himself)*:
Heaven help us!

Figaro *(to himself)*:
Damn Basilio!

Bartolo:
Look who's here!

Basilio:
My respects! I'm your most obedient servant.

Bartolo *(to himself)*:
This is looking rather queer.

Rosina *(to herself)*:
He's on to us, I fear!

Count *(to himself)*:
We must keep the Doctor's ear!

Figaro *(to himself)*:
There are things he must not hear!

Bartolo:
Don Basilio, how's your fever?

Basilio *(astonished)*:
How's my what?

Figaro:
I'm in a hurry. Make your mind up, am I shaving you or not?

Bartolo:
(to Figaro) Just a moment, just a moment!
(to Basilio) You saw the letter?

Basilio *(astonished)*:
Saw the letter?

Count (*to Basilio*):
I told the Doctor all about the whole affair,
(*to Bartolo*) did I not?

Bartolo:
Yes, yes, so you did, so you did.

Basilio:
I'm not sure I understand you, sir...

Count (*to Bartolo*):
Listen, Doctor, just a moment,
There is something I must tell you!
(*to Basilio*) Don Basilio, just a moment!
(*to Bartolo*) Let me whisper in your ear!
Just a moment, just a moment,
There is something you should hear!
(*Softly*) Chase him out without delay, sir,
He is really in the way, sir!

Rosina (*to herself*):
Now disaster's getting near!

Figaro (*to Rosina*):
I'll prevent it, never fear!

Count:
He knows nothing of the note and how it
happens to be here.

Basilio (*to himself*):
I am drifting in a fog without a notion how
to steer!

Count:
He knows nothing of the letter I delivered to
you here,
He does not know about the note I brought
you here.

Bartolo (*softly, to Count*):
If he cannot keep his mouth shut, he had
better disappear!

Count:
Don Basilio, what about your raging fever?
What could make you leave your bed with
such a fever?

Basilio (*astonished*):
Such a fever?

Count:
You have a color like a dead man. Go to
bed, man!

Basilio:
Like a dead man, like a dead man?

Figaro:
This is awful! Getting worse! Look at him
shiver, see him quiver, see him shiver, see
him shaking, see him quaking! It's a case of
scarlet fever!

Basilio:
Scarlet fever!

Count (*slips some money to Basilio*):
Here is something that will cure it,
That will help you to endure it,
When you're fighting the disease.

Figaro:
Go to bed without delay, sir!

Count:
Let me help you on your way, sir!

Rosina:
Better do just as they say, sir!

Bartolo:
Go to bed, oh, won't you please!

Rosina, Count, Figaro, Bartolo:
Go to bed, oh, won't you please!

Basilio (*to himself*):
This is funny! He gave me money! Why
should everyone agree to such a story!

Figaro:
Go to bed till you recover.

Rosina, Figaro:
Go to bed until it's over.

Rosina, Count, Figaro, Bartolo:
Go to bed, oh, won't you please!

Basilio:
I am not deaf, I am not deaf to good
suggestions such as these!

Figaro:
What a color!

Count:
You are delirious.

Basilio:
I'm delirious?

Count, Figaro, Bartolo:
This may be serious.

Basilio:
Then I'll go now!

Rosina, Count, Figaro, Bartolo, Basilio:
Go now, go now!

Basilio:
So goodbye now, I must fly now.

Rosina, Count, Figaro, Bartolo:
Now it's time for you to go, sir, now it's
time for you to go!
Don Basilio, out you go, Don Basilio, out
you go!

Basilio:
Yes, I know, I know, I know!
You don't have to tell me so.
Now it's time for me to go!

(he leaves)

FIGARO
At last, Señor Don Bartolo.

BARTOLO
All right, I'm here.

*(Figaro gets ready to shave Bartolo, putting
on his smock)*

BARTOLO
Tighter! *(Figaro tightens the smock)* You're
choking me!

COUNT
Rosina, Rosina! Dear, are you listening?

ROSINA
I'm listening, I'm listening, speak now my
dear!

COUNT *(to Rosina)*
We'll come for you at midnight, the very
stroke of midnight. We have the key to free
you, you have no need to fear.

FIGARO *(keeping Bartolo's attention)*
Oh, my!

BARTOLO
What is the trouble?

FIGARO
It is my eye, something is in it. Oh, help
me! Do not touch it! Just blow it! I think I
feel it here.

ROSINA
I'll wait for you at midnight, yes, on the
stroke of midnight. With all my heart's
devotion, I'll wait for you, my dear.

COUNT
Darling, I think I'd better tell you about your
letter. I thought he was beginning to see
through my disguise.

BARTOLO
To see through his disguise! Aha!

Let me applaud you, Don Alonso!
Bravo, bravo!
You robbers! You rascals!
You rascals! You devils! You scoundrels!
You tried to deceive me. But you just
believe me,
You cannot deceive me, I know you too
well!
I'll make you regret it, you'll never forget it.
If I can arrange it, I'll see you in hell!

ROSINA, COUNT, FIGARO

Oh, don't overdo it, you're sure to regret it!
Your anger will choke you to death if you
let it.
Oh, Doctor, relax!

BARTOLO

You robbers! You rascals!
You devils! You scoundrels!
You robbers, you rascals,
How nicely you planned it!

ROSINA, COUNT, FIGARO

Oh, Doctor, be careful,
Your heart will not stand it!

BARTOLO

I'll make you regret it,
You'll never forget it!

ROSINA, COUNT, FIGARO

Oh, Doctor, oh Doctor, oh, Doctor, relax!
Oh, Doctor, be careful, your heart will not
stand it.
You're heading for one of your dreadful
attacks!
Oh, Doctor, Doctor, please relax!

BARTOLO

I wish I could thrash you,
I wish I could smash you,
I wish I could knock you
All flat on your backs!

(All leave)

*(A thunderstorm moves in. In a few
moments, Figaro and Count appear)*

FIGARO

It's midnight, and here we are!

COUNT

Figaro, lend a hand, Angels protect us!
What a storm! Hey! Bring your lantern!
Where is my dear Rosina?

FIGARO

We soon shall see her...*(Rosina enters)*
What did I tell you!

COUNT

Oh, my beloved!

ROSINA

Get back there! You treacherous deceiver!
Because of my simple and trusting heart, I
thought you loved me. My heart is
disillusioned. I hope to make you regret it.
You will find out what you're losing! How
could you do it?

COUNT

This leaves me speechless!

FIGARO

I do not understand it!

COUNT

Give me a chance...

ROSINA

Silence! So you deceived me so that you
might abduct me to sell to that devil
Almaviva...

COUNT

So that's it! Ah, how you wrong me! Ah,
my beloved! Rosina, look in my eyes, my
darling! Though you call me Lindoro, I'm
Almaviva!

By the ladder at the window,
We will leave this house behind us.
Not a sound or they will find us!
Let us fly without delay!

ROSINA, COUNT, FIGARO
By the ladder at the window,
We will leave this house behind us.
Not a sound or they will find us!
Let us fly without delay!

FIGARO
Be quiet! Here we are! What comes next?

(Basilio enters. With him is a notary with a document in his hand)

BASILIO
Don Bartolo, Don Bartolo...

FIGARO *(to the Count)*
It's Basilio.

COUNT
Who's the other?

FIGARO
Oho! He's come with a notary. We're not defeated. Just leave it all to me! *(to Notary)*
I hope you've brought the contract with you?

(Notary shows the document)

That's wonderful.

BASILIO
One Moment! Is Bartolo around?

COUNT *(draws an expensive-looking ring from his finger)*
Hey! Don Basilio, here's a ring, it's for you!

BASILIO
But listen...

COUNT
It's yours! You take the ring or else I'll have to shoot you if you refuse. *(draws pistol)*

BASILIO
I see! I'll take the ring. *(regards the contract)* Who signs it?

COUNT
We who are here. You two shall witness, Figaro and Don Basilio. I take this woman!

FIGARO
We've done it!

COUNT
Now we are married!

ROSINA
Oh, what a blessed answer to all my prayers!
(Bartolo enters with officer and soldiers)

FIGARO, BASILIO
We've done it!

BARTOLO
Nobody move! These are the men!

FIGARO
At your service, my friend!

BARTOLO
These two are robbers! Do your duty and arrest them! First you tell us, what's your name?

COUNT
I am Count Almaviva in person!

BARTOLO *(to Basilio)*
And you betrayed me, you signed the contract that made them man and wife!

BASILIO

Ah, my friend, please forgive me! Count
Almaviva had such persuasive reasons.
Who could resist them? He took them from
his pocket!

ROSINA

Doctor, have you no more to say?

BARTOLO

All right, what's done cannot be undone. I
wish you well, I give you both my blessing.

FIGARO

Noble Doctor, good for you!

ROSINA

Now I am happy!

COUNT

Now and forever, my darling!

ENSEMBLE: ROSINA, COUNT, FIGARO,
BARTOLO, BASILIO

May love and joy attend you,
May sorrow pass your door,
May smiling heaven send you
Bright skies forevermore!
May smiling heaven send you
Bright skies forevermore!

THE END

Libretto is subject to revision by BLO Artistic staff.

