



INQUILINOS
BORICUAS EN
ACCIÓN

BOSTON
LYRIC
OPERA

STREET STAGE

AT PLAZA BETANCES

JUNE 12, 2025

4:30PM - 5:30PM

Featuring BLO Artists

Felicia Gavilanes, *mezzo-soprano*

David Rivera Bozón, *tenor*

Ji Yung Lee, *pianist*



IBA Community Performers

Rosalba Vega

Azaria Foster-Betancourt

Junior Lopez

Emmari Simpkins



Street Stage is supported by
The Mayor's Office of Arts and Culture &
The City of Boston through the Neighborhood and
Downtown Activation Grant.

B Mayor's Office of
Arts and Culture

Program

Selections from *Siete canciones populares españolas*

by Manuel de Falla

1. Polo

2. Jota

"Te quiero, dijiste"

by Maria Grever

"Júrame"

by Maria Grever

"Amapola"

by Luis Antonio Calvo

"Gitana"

by Luis Antonio Calvo

Community Performance #1

Rosalba Vega, Villa Victoria Resident

"No seas tirana" from *El barberillo de Lavapiés*

by Francisco Asenjo Barbieri

"Pajarín, tu que vuelas" from *La pícara molinera*

Music by Pablo Luna

Libretto by Angel Torres del Álamo and Antonio Asenjo Pérez

Program

“Carceleras” from *Las hijas de Zebedeo*

Music by Ruperto Chapí

Libretto by José Estremera

“No puede ser” from *La tabernera del puerto*

Music by Pablo Sorozabal

Libretto by Federico Romero and Guillermo Fernández-Shaw

“Por qué de mis ojos” from *La revoltosa*

Music by Ruperto Chapí

Libretto by José López Silva and Carlos Fernández Shaw

Community Performance #2

IBA Youth Development Program:

Azaria Foster Betancourt

Junior Lopez

Emmari Simpkins

“Por amor”

by Rafael Solano

“Bésame mucho”

by Consuelo Velázquez

Artist Bios



Felicia Gavilanes
Mezzo-soprano

Mezzo-soprano **Felicia Gavilanes** has performed with companies such as Boston Lyric Opera, Boston Modern Orchestra Project, Odyssey Opera, Teatro Lírico Nacional de Cuba, the Tallahassee Symphony Orchestra, and the Orquesta Sinfónica del Conservatorio Nacional of the Dominican Republic. A dual citizen of the U.S. and Italy, Felicia completed her Bachelor of Arts in Italian literature and music from Dartmouth College, her Master of Music with honors from the New England Conservatory, and her doctorate from Florida State University. Recent studio recordings include a solo vocal album of Italian art songs entitled *La Sera* and the role of Ino in Corigliano's *Lord of Cries* with Boston Modern Orchestra Project, which was nominated for a GRAMMY® Award for Best Opera Recording in 2024. Upcoming engagements include performing as the alto soloist in Mahler's *Symphony No. 2* with the Santa Barbara Symphony.



David Rivera Bozón
Tenor

David Rivera Bozón is a Colombian tenor recognized internationally for his extraordinary talent and warm personality. He has extensive performing experience in the realms of opera, stage works, zarzuela, oratorio, concerts, recitals, and performances in unconventional places, bringing his music to a wide variety of communities. During his decade based in Boston, he has performed with many local and international companies as a soloist and an ensemble artist, including Boston Lyric Opera, MassOpera, Opera 51, Boston Midsummer Opera, Opera on Tap, Boston Opera and Zarzuela, and Odyssey Opera. Bozón has performed the main tenor roles in *Florencia en el Amazonas*, *L'amico Fritz*, *L'elisir d'amore*, *La traviata*, *La bohème*, *Gianni Schicchi*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Tosca*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Idomeneo*, *La finta giardiniera*, and *Don Giovanni*. Upcoming performances include *Alcina* with MassOpera, *Rigoletto* with Boston Summer Opera, "A Night in Spain" and the recital "Singing Dreams" to support Colombian children in need. Bozón studies at the Boston University Opera Institute and holds a Master of Music from New England Conservatory, as well as a bachelor's degree from the National University of Colombia.



Ji Yung Lee
Pianist

Pianist and vocal coach **Ji Yung Lee** is an active performer and has made appearances at Carnegie Weill Hall, Alice Tully Hall, The Kennedy Center, Merkin Concert Hall, The Greene Space, Troy Savings Bank Music Hall, and Jordan Hall. She has also performed via numerous radio broadcasts including WQXR (New York), MPR (Minnesota), WFMT (Chicago), and WSMR (Florida). Lee joined the faculty at New England Conservatory in January 2022 as an opera coach and the music staff of Boston Lyric Opera in July 2023 as a coach. Recent highlights include the Dame Myra Hess Memorial Concert Series; Pehlivanian Opera Academy as a conducting fellow; concerts with violinist Chad Hoopes, violinist Danbi Um, and violist Barry Shiffman at Rockport Chamber Music Festival; the Harriman-Jewell Series; a videorecording with cellist Laurence Lesser for Tonebase; *Omar* at Boston Lyric Opera; *Fat Pig* at Victory Hall Opera; New York Classical Music Radio WQXR's Live Christmas Concerts at The Greene Space; and Minnesota Public Radio's Performance Today. She has worked with Boston Lyric Opera, Victory Hall Opera, Boston Art Song Society, Korea Chamber Opera Festival, Juilliard's drama division, and Amelia Island Opera. Lee has served Victory Hall Opera as its first official pianist-in-residence, with the title of Chief Repetiteur.

Text & Translations

Selections from *Siete canciones populares españolas*

Polo

¡Ay!

¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
Que a nadie se la diré!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Polo

Oh!

I have an ache in my heart
that I will tell no one about.

A curse on love, a curse,
And on the one who made me understand it!
Oh!

Jota

They say we're not in love
because they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine about it!

Already I leave you,
your house and your window.
And though your mother doesn't like it,
goodbye, dear, until tomorrow.

"Te quiero, dijiste"

"Te quiero," dijiste,
tomando mis manos
entre tus manitas de blanco marfil.
Y sentí en mi pecho un fuerte latido,
después un suspiro,
y luego el chasquido de un beso febril.

Muñequita linda,
de cabellos de oro,
de dientes de perlas,
labios de rubí.
Dime si me quieres como yo te adoro;
si de mí te acuerdas, como yo de ti.

Y a veces escucho un eco divino
que envuelto en la brisa parece decir:
"Sí, te quiero mucho...
tanto como entonces,
siempre hasta morir."

"I love you," you said,
taking my hands
into your little hands white as ivory;
and I felt a strong throbbing in my breast,
afterwards, a sigh,
and then the snap of a feverish kiss.

Beautiful little doll,
with golden hair,
pearly teeth,
ruby lips.
Tell me if you love me the way I adore you;
if you remember me like I remember you.

And sometimes I hear a divine echo
that wrapped in the breeze seems to say:
"Yes, I love you so much...
as much as I did then,
forever, until death."

"Júrame"

Todos dicen que es mentira que te quiero,
porque nunca me habían visto enamorado,
yo te juro que yo mismo no comprendo,
el porqué de tu mirar me ha fascinado.

Cuando estás cerca de mí
y estás contento,
no quisiera que de nadie
te acordaras.
Tengo celos hasta del pensamiento,
que pueda recordarte
a otra persona amada.

Júrame
que aunque pase mucho tiempo
nunca olvidas el momento
en que yo te conocí.
Mírame,
pues no hay nada más profundo
ni más grande en este mundo
que el cariño que te dí.

Bésame, con un beso enamorado,
como nadie me ha besado
desde el día en que nací.

Quiéreme,
quíeme hasta la locura,
así sabrás la amargura
que estoy sufriendo por tí.

Everyone says it's a lie that I love you,
because they've never seen me in love,
I swear to you, I myself don't understand
why your gaze fascinates me so.

When you're near me
and you're happy,
I don't want you remembering
anyone else.
I'm jealous even of the thought
that you could remember
loving another.

Swear to me
that even if much time passes,
you will never forget the moment
when I met you.
Look at me,
for there is nothing more profound
or greater in this world
than the love I gave you.

Kiss me, with a lover's kiss,
as no one has kissed me
since the day I was born.

Love me,
love me to the point of madness,
so you'll know the bitterness
that I'm suffering for your sake.

"Amapola"

Novia del campo, amapola
que estás abierta en el trigo
amapolita amapola,
¿te quieres casar conmigo?
Te daré toda mi alma,
tendrás agua y tendrás pan
Te daré toda mi alma de galán.

Tendrás una casa pobre,
yo te querré como a un niño
tendrás una casa pobre
llena de sol y cariño.
Yo te labraré tu campo,
tu irás por agua a la fuente.
Yo te regaré tu campo
con el sudor de mi frente.

Country bride, poppy
that is open among the wheat
little poppy, poppy,
do you want to marry me?
I will give you all my soul,
you will have water and bread
I will give you all of my gallant soul.

You will have a poor home,
I will love you like a child
You will have a poor home,
full of sunshine and affection.
I will work your fields,
you will go to the fountain for water.
I will water your field
with the sweat of my brow.

“Amapola” (cont.)

Amapola del camino,
roja como un corazón,
yo te haré cantar al son
de la rueda del molino
yo te haré cantar al son
de la rueda dolorida.
Te abriré mi corazón,
amapola de mi vida.

Poppy of the road,
red as a heart,
I will make you sing to the sound
of the mill-wheel
I will make you sing to the sound
of the sorrowful wheel.
I will open my heart to you,
poppy of my life.

“Gitana”

A través de la reja de tu ventana
dirijo a ti mis quejas,
bella Gitana
despierta pues, señora,
tal es mi empeño
el ser que por ti llora
trunca tu sueño.

Through the bars of your window
I address my complaints to you,
beautiful gitana.
Wake up then, madam,
such is my determination.
The being who cries for you
cuts short your sleep.

Para decirte cosas que tú no sabes
para obsequiarte rosas puras y suaves
nacidas estas flores en campo yermo
ellas son los amores
de un pobre enfermo.

To tell you things you don't know,
to present you with pure and soft roses,
these flowers born in a barren field;
they are the loves
of a poor, sick man...

Que sueña con tus ojos abrasadores
y con tus labios rojos torturadores
pero sigue soñando,
Gitana hermosa
mientras estás soñando,
duerme, reposa.

Who dreams of your blazing eyes
and your torturous red lips
but who keeps dreaming,
beautiful gitana,
while you're dreaming,
sleep, rest.

“No seas tirana” from *El barberillo de Lavapiés*

Lamparilla:

¡No seas tirana!

Lamparilla:

Don't be a tyrant!

Paloma:

¿Tirana? Ahí vá.
No hay que quitar los hilvanes
sin que se acabe la prenda,
que si el cosido se tuerce,
ya no se vende en la tienda
Si te gustan mis hechuras
sin zurcidos ha de ser
o te siento las costuras
y no vuelves a coser.

Paloma:

A tyrant? What!
You mustn't remove the basting stitches
until the garment is finished,
because if the stitching gets crooked,
it won't sell in the store.
If you like my designs,
it must be without darning,
or I'll feel your seams
and you'll never sew again.

“No seas tirana” from *El barberillo de Lavapiés* (cont.)

Lamparilla:

Para un barbero en su oficio
eso no trae desventaja
que cuanto más jabón untes
corre mejor la navaja
pero porque no armes cisma
cuando ya casada estés
sin que lo sientas tu misma
yo te descañonaré.

Together:

(P): Vaya una navaja que se trae usted.

(L): Vaya una agujita que se trae usted.
Por jugar de manos
no hay que perder pié.

(P): ¡Ay! que barberillo de tan mala fé

(L): ¡Ay! que costurera de tan mala fé

(P): vaya una navaja que se trae usted.

(L): vaya una agujita que se trae usted.
(¡Ay! que barberillo, que costurera, etc.)

Lamparilla:

For a barber in his trade,
this is no disadvantage.
For the more soap you apply,
the better the razor glides.
But if you start a schism
once you're already married,
without you even realizing it,
I'll cut off your head.

Together:

(P): What a blade you have!

(L): What a needle you have!
When playing with your hands,
you mustn't lose your footing.

(P): Oh, what a barber of bad faith!

(L): Oh, what a seamstress of bad faith!

(P): What a blade you have!

(L): What a needle you have!
(Oh, what a barber, what a seamstress, etc.)

“Pajarín, tu que vuelas” from *La pícara molinera*

Mi locura non tié cura.
Que amagura...
Mi sufrir no es vivir,
y pido a Dios morir;
que es el mayor pesar amar.

Pajarín, tú que vuelas, tiende las alas
Y con tu pico de oro, dile a mi amada
Dile tú, si está sola,
que estoy ya loco
Porque a mí no me quiere
y quiere a otro
Por ella no duermo
y es mi gran pena
Tenerla yo miedo,
porque no es buena.

Dile tú, que esta noche en la fiesta
La estaré viendo
Y que si no me mira, por ella muero.
Dile tú, que yo deliro
Y por ella suspiro,
Pues vivo por su amor.

My madness has no cure.
What bitterness...
My suffering isn't living,
and I beg God to let me die;
to love is the greatest burden.

Bird, you who fly, spread your wings
and with your golden beak, tell my love
Tell her, if she's alone,
that I'm already crazy
Because she doesn't love me
and she loves another
Because of her, I can't sleep
and she is my great sorrow.
I'm afraid to have her,
because she's no good.

Tell her that tonight at the party
I'll be watching her
And if she won't look at me, I'll die.
Tell her that I'm delirious
and I sigh for her,
because I live for her love.

“Pajarín, tu que vuelas” from *La pícara molinera* (cont.)

Que sin ella
non rezo ya a los santiños
Que non canto como antes
por los caminos,
Y que si a veces canto,
casi me afuego,
Que a la vez
canto y lloro ¡como los niños!

¡Ah! Con ella sueño.

Dame vergüenza, lo que yo he llorado
Solo en mi alcoba,
sabiendo lo mala
Que es esa loba.

Dile tú,
que no dejo de verla por donde vivo,
Y abrazarme quisiera con sus suspiros.
Dile tú, que yo deliro
Y por ella suspiro,
Pues vivo por su amor.

That without her,
I no longer pray to the saints
That I no longer sing as I used to
on the roads,
And that if I sing sometimes,
I almost burn,
For at the same time
I sing and cry like a child!

Oh! I dream of her.

I'm ashamed of what I've wept for
Alone in my room,
knowing how wicked she is,
that wolf.

Tell her
that I can't stop seeing her wherever I go,
and I want to be embraced by her sighs.
Tell her that I'm delirious
and I sigh for her,
because I live for her love.

“Carceleras” from *Las hijas de Zebedeo*

Al pensar en el dueño de mis amores,
siento yo unos mareos encantadores.
Bendito sea aquel picaronazo
que me marea.

A mi novio yo le quiero
porque roba corazones
con su gracia y su salero.
El me tiene muy ufana
porque hay muchas que le quieren
y se quedan con las ganas.

Caprichosa yo nací,
y le quiero solamente,
solamente para mí.
Que quitarme a mí su amor
es lo mismo que quitarle
las hojitas a una flor.

Yo me muero de gozo
cuando me mira,
y me vuelvo jalea
cuando suspira.

When I think of the owner of my love,
I feel a delightful dizziness.
Blessed be that rogue
that makes me giddy.

I love my man
because he steals hearts
with his grace and charm.
He has me pleased with myself
because many women are in love with him,
and they have to make do with wishing.

I was born fickle,
and I love him only,
only for me.
For him to withdraw his love
would be the same as plucking
the petals from a flower.

I die of delight
when he looks at me,
and I turn to jelly
when he sighs.

“Carceleras” from *Las hijas de Zebedeo* (cont.)

Si me echa flores
siento el corazoncito
morir de amores.

If he tosses me flowers,
I feel my little heart
dying of love.

Porque tiene unos ojillos
que me miran entornados,
muy gachones y muy pillos,
y me dicen ¡ay! lucero,
que por esa personita
me derrito yo y me muero.

Because he has eyes
that look at me half-lidded,
very charmingly and very cheekily,
and they say, “Oh, bright star!”
For this person
I melt and I die.

“No puede ser” from *La tabernera del puerto*

¡No puede ser! Esa mujer es buena.
¡No puede ser una mujer malvada!
En su mirar como una luz singular
he visto que esa mujer
es una desventurada.

It can't be! This woman is good.
She can't be a wicked woman!
In her gaze, like a unique light,
I have seen that this woman
is a hapless one.

No puede ser una vulgar sirena
que envenenó las horas de mi vida.
¡No puede ser! Porque la vi rezar,
porque la vi querer,
porque la vi llorar.

She can't be a vulgar siren
who poisoned the hours of my life.
It can't be! Because I saw her pray,
I saw her love,
I saw her cry.

Los ojos que lloran no saben mentir.
Las malas mujeres no miran así.
Temblando en sus ojos dos lágrimas vi
ya mi me ilusiona
que tiemblen por mí.

The eyes that cry don't know how to lie.
Wicked women don't look like that.
I saw two tears trembling in her eyes;
I'm inspired to hope
that they tremble for me.

Viva luz de mi ilusión,
Sé piadosa con mi amor
porque no sé fingir,
porque no sé callar,
porque no sé vivir.

Lively light of my dreams,
be merciful with my love
because I don't know how to pretend,
because I don't know how to keep silent,
because I don't know how to live.

“Por qué de mis ojos” from *La revoltosa*

Felipe:

¿Por qué de mis ojos los tuyos retiras?

Felipe:

Why do you avoid my eyes?

Mari-Pepa:

¿Por qué me desprecias?

¿Por qué no me miras?

Mari-Pepa:

Why do you spurn me?

Why do you ignore me?

Felipe: ¿Yo? ¡No!

Felipe: I? No!

“Por qué de mis ojos” from *La revoltosa* (cont.)

Mari-Pepa: ¡Tú!

Felipe: ¡No!

Por qué de ese modo te fijas en mí?

Mari-Pepa:

¿Qué quieres decirme
mirándome así?

¿Por qué sin motivos te pones tan triste?

Felipe:

¿Por qué de mi lado tan pronto te fuiste?

Mari-Pepa: ¿Yo? ¡No!

Felipe: ¡Tú!

Mari-Pepa: No.

Felipe:

¿Por qué de ese modo te fijas en mí?

Mari-Pepa:

¿Qué quieres decirme
mirándome así?

Both:

¿Así? ¿Me quieres?

Mari-Pepa:

¡Sí! ¡Ay! Felipe de mi alma!
¡Si contigo solamente yo soñaba!

Felipe:

¡Mari-Pepa de mi vida!
¡Si tan solo en ti pensaba noche y día!
¡Mírame así!

Mari-Pepa:

¡Mírame así!

Both:

¡Pa que vea tu alma
leyendo en tus ojos
y sepa serrano que piensas en mí!

Mari-Pepa: You!

Felipe: No!

Why are you watching me like that?

Mari-Pepa:

What are you trying to tell me,
looking at me like that?
Why make yourself so sad for no reason?

Felipe:

Why did you leave my side so soon?

Mari-Pepa: I? No!

Felipe: You!

Mari-Pepa: No.

Felipe:

Why are you watching me like that?

Mari-Pepa:

What are you trying to tell me,
looking at me like that?

Both:

Like that? Do you love me?

Mari-Pepa:

Yes! Oh, Felipe of my soul!
I've only dreamed of you!

Felipe:

Mari-Pepa of my life!
I've thought only of you, night and day!
Look at me like that!

Mari-Pepa:

Look at me like that!

Both:

So I can see in your soul
and read in your eyes
and know that you're thinking of me!

“Por qué de mis ojos” from *La revoltosa* (cont.)

Felipe:

La de los claveles dobles
la del manojo de rosas
la de la falda de céfiro
y el pañuelo de crespón
la que iría a la verbena
cogidita de mi brazo,
eres tú, porque te quiero,
chula de mi corazón.

Mari-Pepa:

El hombre de mis fatigas
pa mi siempre en cuerpo y alma
pa mi sola sin que nadie
me dispute su pasión
con quien iría del brazo
tan feliz a la verbena,
eres tú, porque te quiero,
chulo de mi corazón.

Felipe:

¡Ay chiquilla! por Dios!

Mari-Pepa:

¡Zalamero! ¡Chiquillo!

Felipe:

¡Chichilla!

Mari-Pepa:

¡No me hables así!

Felipe:

¡Te quiero!

Mari-Pepa:

¡Te quiero!

Both:

¿Me quieres tú a mí?
No te voy a querer prenda mía de mí
¿qué sería sin ti?

Felipe:

¡Nena mía!

Mari-Pepa:

¡Felipillo!

Felipe:

The girl with the double carnations
the girl with the bunch of roses
the girl with the skirt made of breezes
and the crepe kerchief,
she who used to go dancing
enfolded in my arms,
it's you, because I love you,
pretty scoundrel of my heart.

Mari-Pepa:

The man who plagues me,
always in my body and soul
always for me alone, with no one
to rival his passion,
with whom I used to go arm in arm
so happily to the dances,
it's you, because I love you,
handsome scoundrel of my heart.

Felipe:

Oh girl, for God's sake!

Mari-Pepa:

Flattering boy!

Felipe:

My girl!

Mari-Pepa:

Don't talk to me that way!

Felipe:

I love you!

Mari-Pepa:

I love you!

Both:

Do you love me?
I will not love you, my love,
what would I be without you?

Felipe:

My darling!

Mari-Pepa:

Felipe darling!

“Por qué de mis ojos” from *La revoltosa* (cont.)

Felipe:

¡Mi morena!

Mari-Pepa:

¡Mi querer!

Felipe:

¡Ay! ¡Tú eres esa!

Mari-Pepa:

¡Ay! ¡Tú eres ese!

Both:

¡Ay! pues si tu no lo fueras mi vida
¿quién lo había de ser?

Mari-Pepa:

¡Chiquillo!

Felipe:

¡Chiquilla!

Mari-Pepa:

¡No me hables así!

Both:

Te quiero, te quiero
¿me quieres tú a mí?
¿De mí que sería sin ti?

Felipe:

My love!

Mari-Pepa:

My desire!

Felipe:

Oh, you are she!

Mari-Pepa:

Oh, you are he!

Both:

Oh! If you weren't my life,
who would be?

Mari-Pepa:

My boy!

Felipe:

My girl!

Mari-Pepa:

Don't talk to me that way!

Both:

I love you, I love you
do you love me?
What would I be without you?

“Por amor”

Por amor se han creado los hombres
en la faz de la tierra,
por amor hay quien haya querido
regalar una estrella.

Por amor fue una vez al calvario,
con una cruz acuesta,
aquel que también por amor
entregó el alma entera.

Por amor se confunden las aguas
y en la fuente se besan
y en alas de la mariposa
los colores se crean.

For love, men were created
on the face of the earth;
for love, there are those who have wanted
to give someone a star.

For love, he once went to Calvary,
with a cross he lies down,
he who also for love
gave his whole soul.

For love, the waters become confused
and in the fountain, they kiss;
and on the wings of butterflies,
colors are created.

“Por amor” (cont.)

Por amor ha existido en el mundo
siempre tanta belleza,
y el color de la naturaleza
se pintó por amor.

For love, there has always existed
so much beauty in the world;
and the colors of nature
were painted for love.

Por amor soy de tí
y seré toda la vida mientras viva,
por amor soy de tí
por amor, por amor, por amor.

For love, I am yours
and I will be for life, as long as I live;
for love, I am yours
for love, for love, for love.

Por amor una noche cualquiera
un amante se entrega.
Por amor en un beso
se calman unos labios que esperan.

For love, on any night
a lover gives himself.
For love, in a kiss
waiting lips are soothed.

Por amor ya no llevo las cruces
que me dio el sufrimiento;
y por fin lo que fuera mi suerte
se cambió por amor.

For love, I no longer carry the crosses
that suffering gave me;
and at last, that which was my fate
was changed for love.

Por amor soy de tí... (etc.)

For love, I am yours... (etc.)

“Bésame mucho”

Bésame, bésame mucho
Como si fuera esta noche la última
vez
Bésame, bésame mucho
Que tengo miedo a perderte,
perderte después

Kiss me, kiss me a lot
As if this night were the last
time
Kiss me, kiss me a lot
For I'm afraid to lose you,
to lose you afterwards

Bésame, bésame mucho
Como si fuera esta noche la última
vez
Bésame, bésame mucho
Que tengo miedo a perderte,
perderte otra vez

Kiss me, kiss me a lot
As if this night were the last
time
Kiss me, kiss me a lot
For I'm afraid to lose you,
to lose you again

Quiero tenerte muy cerca
Mirarme en tus ojos,
verte junto a mí
Piensa que tal vez mañana
Yo ya estaré lejos,
muy lejos de ti

I want to have you very close
To see myself in your eyes,
see you beside me
I think that perhaps tomorrow
I will already be far away,
very far away from you

(Bésame, etc.)

(Kiss me, etc.)

We want your feedback!



Please take a moment to fill out this event experience survey. Use this QR code to access the survey online.

You can also email events@blo.org with any additional questions or feedback.

BOSTON LYRIC OPERA

2025/26 SEASON

MACBETH



OCTOBER 10 - 12
EMERSON COLONIAL THEATRE

**RIDE OF THE
VALKYRIES!**



NOVEMBER 12
SOWA POWER STATION

**SONG OF
THE EARTH**

(DAS LIED VON DER ERDE)



MARCH 20 - 29
OPERA + COMMUNITY STUDIOS

**DAUGHTER OF
THE REGIMENT**



APRIL 24 - MAY 3
EMERSON COLONIAL THEATRE

VANESSA



JANUARY 8 - 10
SYMPHONY HALL

**MAHLER
SYMPHONY
NO. 3**



FEBRUARY 10
SYMPHONY HALL

**RAEHANN
IN RECITAL**



MARCH 24
OPERA + COMMUNITY STUDIOS

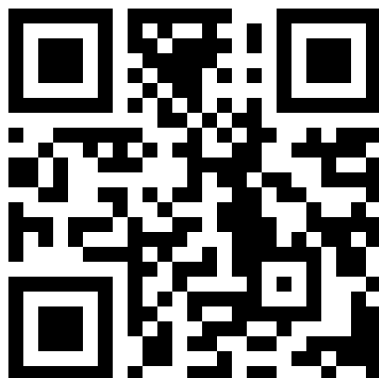
**SHE WAS
THERE**



JUNE 13 - 14
THE WEST END MUSEUM
& MUSEUM OF AFRICAN
AMERICAN HISTORY

Scan to learn
more about the
2025/26

**Boston Lyric Opera
Season**



This Summer @ BLO

Street Stage @ Piers Park

July 19 | 3:00pm - 4:00pm

Street Stage @ SOWA Open Market

July 27 | 11am - 2pm

Street Stage @ Rose Kennedy Greenway

July 30 | 6:30pm - 7:30pm

Street Stage @ Moakley Park Summer Nights

August 20 | 6:00pm - 7:00pm

Street Stage @ Charlestown Navy Yard

August 23 | 3:30pm - 4:30pm

Concert in the Courtyard

Boston Public Library Central Branch

August 27 | 12:30pm - 1:30pm

Street Stage @ Curtis Hall

September 11 | 6:30pm - 7:30pm

Street Stage @ Titus Sparrow Park

September 14 | 4:00pm - 5:00pm

For more information, visit BLO.org/events

About Boston Lyric Opera

Boston Lyric Opera is dedicated to making opera for everyone. Our mainstage productions share the power of opera to tell stories that reflect the diversity of our community. To expand arts access for more audiences, regardless of their ability to pay, we welcome thousands of community members to free public concerts, events, and youth programs each year. Our work is a collaborative effort, involving 800+ creative professionals annually, including musicians, dancers, actors, composers, costume designers, and more. We remain embedded in Boston's cultural landscape and thriving arts community through partnerships both ongoing and recent with the Boston Public Library, Inquilinos Boricuas en Acción, Boston Harbor Now, Artists for Humanity, Midway Artist Studios, Boston Symphony Orchestra, ArtsEmerson, Boston Children's Museum, and more.

To learn more about Boston Lyric Opera and future events, please visit <http://blo.org/>.