

WELCOME TO CONCERT IN THE COURTYARD 2025 WITH BOSTON LYRIC OPERA!

We are excited to return to the Boston Public Library to close out the Concert in the Courtyard series! This summer, we have partnered with communities across Boston to bring you fun, free, outdoor concert experiences full of opera's greatest hits, musical theatre favorites, and more. This summer's partners have included Inquilinos Boricuas en Acción, Boston Harbor Now, SoWa Boston, the National Parks of Boston, Boston Centers for Youth and Families, the Boston Public Library Central Branch, and more. Thanks for joining us for the adventure!

Talk to a friendly BLO staff member and take our survey to share your thoughts about today's performance, sign up for our email list or check out our website to learn more, and bring a friend with you to our next event! To learn more about Boston Lyric Opera and future events, please visit BLO.org.



Boston Lyric Opera has partnered with the Boston Public Library Central Branch and branches across Boston for over twenty years providing equitable access to quality opera experiences to the community. All programs in partnership with the BPL are made available for free and are open to the public to attend.



PROGRAM

Emcee: Nina Yoshida Nelsen, BLO Artistic Director

"Song of the Regiment (Chacun le sait)" | "Music Lesson Scene" from Daughter of the Regiment

Music by Gaetano Donizetti Libretto by Jules-Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges & Jean-François Bayard

"Catalogue Aria" | "Or sai chi l'onore" from Don Giovanni

Music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart Libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte

"Come dal ciel precipita" from Macbeth

Music by Giuseppe Verdi Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave & Andrea Maffei

"Rain Quartet" from Regina

Music & libretto by Marc Blitzstein

"Fable" from The Light in the Piazza

Music & lyrics by Adam Guettel

"Over the Rainbow" from The Wizard of Oz

Music by Harold Arlen Lyrics by Yip Harburg

"They Can't Take That Away From Me" from Shall We Dance

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin

"This Nearly Was Mine" from South Pacific

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

"Trio" from Der Rosenkavalier

Music by Richard Strauss Libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal

"Audition Aria" | "Czárdás" | "Champagne Finale" from Die Fledermaus

Music by Johann Strauss II Libretto by Karl Haffner & Richard Genée

MEET THE ARTISTS



Josie Larsen, a student of Bradley Williams, is a lyric soprano from Sammamish, Washington, joining Boston Lyric Opera as a Jane & Steven Akin Emerging Artist for the 2025/26 Season. She is thrilled to have performed as Annunciata in Bolcom's Lucrezia, Fiordiligi in Mozart's Così fan tutte, Elaine in Musto's Later the Same Evening, Rosalinda in Strauss's Die Fledermaus, Mimì in Puccini's La bohème, and the Governess in Britten's The Turn of the Screw. Additionally, she has covered Donna Anna in Don Giovanni at Music Academy of the West and the Countess in Le nozze di Figaro at the

Aspen Music Festival. Her concert work includes performances of the Brahms *Requiem*, Mozart's *Mass in C Minor*, and *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5* by Villa-Lobos, as well as "From Jewish Folk Poetry" as part of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's *Decoding Shostakovich* series. Larsen completed her bachelor's degree at Brigham Young University in 2021, her master's degree at the New England Conservatory in 2023, and her Artist Diploma also at the New England Conservatory in 2025. Larsen's greatest joy in music is connecting people across many languages and cultures in a common musical experience.



Laura Santamaria (she/her) is a Colombian-American soprano from West Palm Beach, FL. She is a recipient of the Richard Gaddes Career Award from Opera Theatre of Saint Louis—for the second consecutive year—and was named a Florida District Winner in the Metropolitan Opera Laffont Competition. Santamaria has performed in numerous masterclasses as part of Boston Lyric Opera and Boston Conservatory's "Opera Innovators" series, working with artists such as Karen Slack, David Angus, Lawrence Brownlee, Shawn Marie Jeffery, and Christine Goerke. In 2025, Santamaria

returned to Opera Theatre of Saint Louis as a Gerdine Young Artist, where she performed the role of Peaseblossom in A Midsummer Night's Dream and covered Norina in Don Pasquale. In April, she made her role debut as Fiordiligi in Boston Conservatory's production of Così fan tutte. This August, she joins Ravinia's prestigious Steans Institute as a fellow, where she will appear in Schubert on the Road, a curated recital led by Graham Johnson. Santamaria recently earned her Master of Music in opera performance from Boston Conservatory, studying under Dr. Rebecca Folsom. A passionate advocate for her Latin American heritage, she enjoys performing art songs by composers such as Jaime León, María Grever, and Alberto Ginastera.



Mary Kray is a Boston-based mezzo-soprano and returning Jane & Steven Akin Emerging Artist at Boston Lyric Opera. She is thrilled to return for the 2025 season, having recently appeared as Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel* for BLO's Opera on Tour educational program and as Second Woman in BLO's production of *Carousel*. Kray has performed a wide range of operatic and concert repertoire with local organizations such as Boston Symphony Orchestra, Boston Opera Collaborative, and NEMPAC Opera Project. Operatic highlights include Orfeo in Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* and Marcellina

in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*. As a concert soloist, she has performed as the alto soloist in Vivaldi's *Gloria*, Bach's *Magnificat*, Mozart's *Vespers*, Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9*, and Handel's *Messiah*. She has received numerous awards at the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions (2018-21) and received recognition from the National Society of Arts and Letters. A graduate of Boston Conservatory at Berklee with an M.M. in opera performance, Kray also teaches musicianship at the Handel + Haydn Society and maintains a private voice studio. She brings a trauma-informed and compassionate approach to her teaching and performance practice.



Bass-baritone **Devon Russo** performs frequently as a soloist and ensemble member in opera, contemporary music, and early music throughout the United States and abroad. He has performed with The Metropolitan Opera, Handel & Haydn Society, Boston Lyric Opera, the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, Seraphic Fire, Boston Baroque, Trinity Repertory Company, the Chorus of Westerly, and the Rhode Island Civic Chorale. He is also a current choral fellow at Marsh Chapel and is the 2023 winner of the American Prize in Voice (Friedrich & Virginia Schorr Memorial Award Men's Division).

He has participated in the Internationalen Sommerakademie am Mozarteum Salzburg, Tafelmusik Baroque Summer Institute, Source Song Festival, Orford Musique, Voces8 Scholars Programme, Aspen Music Festival & School, and the Boston Early Music Festival Young Artist Program. Russo earned his Doctorate of Musical Arts from Boston University, his master's degree in vocal performance from the Manhattan School of Music, and bachelor's degree in vocal performance and education from the University of Rhode Island. Russo is currently an Artist-Teacher in Classical Voice and director of Opera Theatre at the University of Rhode Island; he is also the Director of Choral Activities at Bryant University. devonrusso.com



Chinese-born bass-baritone **Zizhao Wang** is a current Jane & Steven Akin Emerging Artist with Boston Lyric Opera, where he appeared in Concert in the Courtyard, covered the Cosmic Weatherman in the world premiere of *The Seasons*, and performed as the Third Man/Baritone Soloist/Sailor in *Carousel* during the 2024/25 season. In the 2025/26 season with BLO, Wang will sing First Apparition and Assassin/Herald/Valet in Verdi's *Macbeth*. He also returns to Houston for the 2026 revival of *The Big Swim*, a co-production of Houston Grand Opera and Asia

Society Texas. As a Resident Artist at the 2025 Glimmerglass Festival, he performed the roles of Bum Man, Munch, and Tree in the world premiere of *The House on Mango Street*, as well as covering the Sacristan and Jailer in *Tosca*. Wang was awarded second place in the New England Regional Finals of the Metropolitan Opera Laffont Competition in 2019. His recent roles include Tiger & Rooster, *The Big Swim*, Houston Grand Opera / Asia Society Texas; Bartolo, *Le nozze di Figaro*, Knoxville Opera; Martino, *L'occasione fa il ladro*, Opera Southwest; Colline, *La bohème*, New England Conservatory; Imperial Commissioner, *Madama Butterfly*, Virginia Opera; and Yang Yaozu, *Country & Home*, Chinese National Opera Festival.



Alexandra Dietrich, originally from Freeport, Maine, is a Puerto Rican American stage director. At Boston Lyric Opera, Ms. Dietrich was the Intimacy Director for *The Seasons*, as well as the Assistant Stage Director for both *Mitridate* and *The Seasons*. Notable works include directing *Glory Denied* at Opera Company of Middlebury, *A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder* and *Little Women, The Broadway Musical* at Marblehead Little Theatre, *The Little Prince* at both the Longy School of Music of Bard and NEMPAC Opera, and *La tragédie de Carmen* at Boston Opera Collaborative.

Recently, she was Assistant Director to Loretta Greco for *The Light in the Piazza* at The Huntington, and to James Robinson for *Awakenings* at Odyssey Opera. She served on the voice faculty at the University of Southern Maine Osher School of Music as an Artist Faculty in Voice from 2019-2025. With the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, Ms. Dietrich was an Associate Artistic Producer on the GRAMMY®-nominated recording of Anthony Davis's *X: The Life and Times of Malcolm X*.



Brett Hodgdon is Chorus Director and Head of Music at Boston Lyric Opera, where he has collaborated with Music Director David Angus on the company's music staff since 2011. Hodgdon was a member of the first class of Jane & Steven Akin Emerging Artists in the 2011/12 season. Hodgdon serves on the full-time opera faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music. Additionally, he teaches courses including diction and vocal repertoire at the Boston Conservatory at Berklee. In addition to his work at BLO and as an educator, Hodgdon has been a rehearsal pianist for the Boston Symphony

Orchestra and Tanglewood Festival Chorus since 2008, having rehearsed and coached vocal programs for music director Andris Nelsons and many guest conductors, including performances at Symphony Hall, Tanglewood, and Carnegie Hall. He has also been rehearsal pianist and coach for the Emmanuel Music Bach Cantata Series since 2006. Hodgdon spends his summers as Head of Music at Si Parla, Si Canta! in Arona, Italy and serves on the coaching faculty of the Boston Wagner Institute. He received a DMA in collaborative piano from the New England Conservatory and holds degrees from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

"Song of the Regiment (Chacun le sait)" from Daughter of the Regiment

We are the best, Second to none,

Each one of us is perfect and peerless.

We are the best

Under the sun,

No one so dashing, so dashing and fearless. We are the pride, the glory of France, The champions in war and in romance, Champions in love past comparing...

In the East, in the West We're the best by far Yes we are, yes we are, We're the best by far We're the cream of the crop, we're the top the fabulous Twenty-First!

When victory's won
And peace has come,
Then every man gets a decoration.
Put down your sword,
Lay down your gun,

Take up the plough in peaceful occupation.
Yes, every man, each grenadier
Each one a hero, each a peer.
Champion in war champion in love past

Champion in war, champion in love past comparing...

In the East, in the West We're the best by far Yes we are, yes we are, We're the best by far We're the cream of the crop, we're the top the fabulous Twenty-First!

Long live the Twenty-First!

"Music Lesson Scene" from Daughter of the Regiment

Marie:

The grove lay still and cool at dawning, Venus came from the sky above.

Sulpice:

Yes, from the sky, just like a dove.

Marie:

Came down in tender mists of morning to seek the object of her love.

Sulpice:

Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan... (etc.)
That is the song we used to sing.

Marie:

Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan... (etc.)
That is the song we used to sing!

Marquise:

My dear, what does this mean?

Marie:

Dear Aunt, I beg your pardon, I suppose my attention strayed.

Sulpice:

I suppose her attention strayed.

Marquise:

You're doing well, don't be dismayed.

Marie:

Ah, excuse me, dear aunt.

And this youth on whom the goddess Venus had bestowed the prize of her love...

Sulpice:

Ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan!

Marie:

...bestowed her favor...

Marquise:

(spoken) Go on, dear!

Marie:

Bestowed her favor and her love, the prize of her love past comparing.

Sulpice:

The prize of love past comparing.

Marie:

The prize of love past comparing! In the East, in the West We're the best by far Yes we are, yes we are, We're the best by far

Both:

We're the cream of the crop, we're the top! The fabulous Twenty-First!

Marquise:

Do I hear right?

Marie & Sulpice:

even pretty,

The fabulous Twenty-First!

Marie & Sulpice: Marquise: This silly song's not Oh, mon Dieu,

that's all wrong.

there's no drum!

In my song

there's no melody you can hum! I prefer a little ditty With the thrilling beat of the drum. What a bore, what

Marquise:

a bore!

Marie, dear, let us sing together! Tra la la, la la la (etc.)

(Marie joins in)

Marquise:

No, no!

That is much too fast, that is not the tune, No, no, no, no, no, no! (spoken) No coloraturas, please!

Sulpice:

Ah! But it sounds good to me.

(Marie vocalizes over the next section)

Marquise:

Sing loud!

Not quite so loud!

That's good!

That's bad!

That's good!

That's bad!

That's worse.

No, no...

(Marie sings a series of flourishes)

Marie:

That's enough, I give up. In the regiment at least we sang the way we liked!

Marquise:

Mon Dieu, how can you say that, how unrefined!

Marie & Sulpice:

Her we come, here we come, here we come!
That is the regimental song.
Let us march to the beat of the drum,
Here we come, ra-ta-plan, plan plan!
To the beat of the drum, here we come!
That is the regimental song!

Marquise:

What a disgrace!

Marie & Sulpice:

Let us march to the beat of the drum...

Marquise:

I can't believe it!

Marie & Sulpice:

Here we come,

To the beat of the drum, here we come! That is the regimental song.

Marguise:

That goes too far!

Marie & Sulpice:

To the beat of the drum,

here we come!

Ra-ta-plan!

Ra-ta-plan!

Ka-ta-piani

how awful, how

shocking,

Marie & Sulpice:

Let us march, here we come, (etc.)

Marquise:

To mix up a song so pretty with a miliary ditty, with a vulgar soldier song! With a military ditty, mon Dieu!

Marquise:

To mix a sentimental song, what a shock, (etc.)

"Catalogue Aria" from Don Giovanni

Madamina, il catalogo è questo: Delle belle che amò il padron mio; un catalogo egli è che ho fatt'io; Osservate, leggete con me.

In Italia seicento e quaranta, In Lamagna duecento e trent'una, Cento in Francia, in Turchia novant'una, Ma in Ispagna son già mille e tre.

V'han fra queste contadine, Cameriere, cittadine, V'han contesse, baronesse, Marchesane, principesse. E v'han donne d'ogni grado, D'ogni forma, d'ogni età.

Nella bionda egli ha l'usanza Di lodar la gentilezza, Nella bruna la costanza, Nella bianca la dolcezza. Vuol d'inverno la grassotta, Vuol d'estate la magrotta; È la grande maestosa, La piccina è ognor vezzosa.

Delle vecchie fa conquista Pel piacer di porle in lista; Ma passion predominante È la giovin principiante. Non si picca se sia ricca, Se sia brutta, se sia bella;

Translation

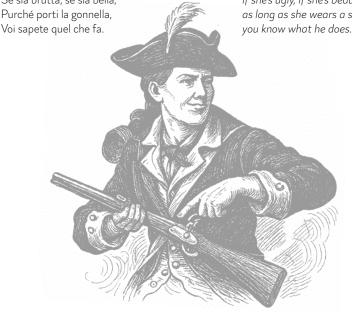
My dear lady, such is the catalogue of the beauties my master has loved: a catalogue I have made myself; observe, read with me.

In Italy, six hundred and forty; in Germany, two hundred and thirty-one; a hundred in France, in Turkey ninety-one; but in Spain, already a thousand and three.

Among these are country girls, maides and city women; there are countesses, baronesses, marchionesses, princesses, and there are women of every rank, of every shape, of every age.

In the blond one, he has the habit of praising her gentleness; in the dark one, her constancy; in the fair one, her sweetness. He wants the plump one in winter, he wants the lean one in summer; the large one is majestic and the little one is always charming.

He seduces old ladies for the pleasure of putting them on the list; but his predominant passion is the young beginner.
He doesn't care if she's rich, if she's ugly, if she's beautiful; as long as she wears a skirt,



"Or sai chi l'onore" from Don Giovanni

Allora rinforzo i stridi miei, chiamo soccorso, fugge il fellon, arditamente il seguo finnella strada per fermarlo, e sono assalitrice d'assalita.

Il padre v'accorre, vuol connoscerlo, e l'iniquo, che del povero vecchio era più forte, compie il misfatto suo,

Or sai chi l'onore Rapire a me volse, Chi fu il traditore Che il padre mi tolse. Vendetta ti chiedo, La chiede il tuo cor. Rammenta la piaga Del misero seno, Rimira di sangue Coperto il terreno. Se l'ira in te langue D'un giusto furor.

col dargli morte.

Translation

Then I redouble my screams, I call for help, the felon flees.
Boldly I follow him, even into the street to stop him, and I become the pursuer instead of the pursued.
My father runs out, he wants to identify him; and the wicked man, who was stronger than my poor old father, completes his misdeed by killing him.

Now you know who wanted to steal my honor, who was the traitor who took my father from me. I ask you for vengeance, your own heart asks for it. Remember the wound in the poor breast, see once more the blood-soaked ground, if the anger of a righteous fury languishes in you.

"Come dal ciel precipita" from Macbeth

Come dal ciel precipita L'ombra più sempre oscura! In notte ugual trafissero Duncano, il mio signor. Mille affannose immagini M'annunciano sventura, E il mio pensiero ingombrano Di larve e di terror

Translation

How the shadows fall from heaven, Darker and darker! On another night just like this one They stabbed my lord Duncan to death. A thousand nightmares Are foretelling me misfortune, And are oppressing my mind With ghosts and dread.

"Rain Quartet" from Regina

Birdie:

(spoken) Isn't this nice?

Alexandra:

(spoken) Let's have a nice quiet day. It's a nice quiet rain.

Alexandra:

Make a quiet day.

Birdie:

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra:

Try for a very quiet day.

Birdie:

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra & Birdie:

Let's keep it steady and low. Shall we?

Addie & Horace:

Shall we?

Alexandra & Birdie:

Let's don't bang or bellow so, shall we?

Addie & Horace:

Shall we?

Birdie:

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra:

But I don't mean mournfulness or sorrow.

Addie & Horace:

No. no.

Birdie:

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra:

And I don't mean whispering or tiptoe.

Addie & Horace:

No, no.

Birdie:

No whispering or tiptoe.

Addie & Horace:

No, no.

Alexandra:

No mournfulness or whispering.

Addie & Horace:

No, no.

That isn't it. That isn't it.

All:

That isn't it (etc.)

Alexandra:

Listen to the rain.

(All vocalize wordlessly)

All:

Rain to welcome and rejoice,

For never does it ever raise the voice.

Alexandra & Birdie:

Keep it low.

Addie & Horace:

Very low.

Alexandra:

Make a quiet day.

Birdie:

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra:

Try for a very quiet day.

Birdie:

Make a quiet day.

All:

How about the sound of falling rain?

Alexandra & Birdie:

Let's keep it steady and low. Shall we?

Addie & Horace:

Shall we?

Alexandra & Birdie:

Let's don't bang or bellow so, shall we?

Addie & Horace:

Shall we?

Addie:

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra:

Oh, but Addie, that's a sound of thunder!

Addie:

Sorry.

Birdie:

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra:

But Aunt Birdie, that is like a brass band.

Birdie:

Pardon me.

Alexandra:

Let's don't have a brass band.

Addie & Horace:

No, no.

Birdie:

No thunder and no brass band.

Addie & Horace:

No, no.

Nothing like that. Nothing like that.

All:

Nothing like that (etc.)

Alexandra:

Listen to the rain.

(All vocalize wordlessly)

All:

Listen to the sound of rain.

Would you listen to,

Would you listen, and keep it low, very low...

Horace:

Consider the rain.

The falling of friendly rain

that serves the earth,

then moves on again.

Consider the rain.

Some people eat all the earth.

Some stand around and watch

while they eat,

And watch while they eat the earth.

Now, rain... consider the rain.

Birdie, Addie, & Horace:

The falling of friendly rain,

it serves the earth,

and then moves on again.

The nourishing rain.

Some people eat all the earth.

Some stand around

and watch them while they eat,

And watch while they eat the earth. Now, rain... consider the rain.

Rain... rain...

Alexandra:

Make a quiet day.

Birdie:

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra:

Try for a very quiet day.

Rirdie

Make a quiet day.

Alexandra:

And I don't mean gloominess or sorrow.

Addie & Horace:

No. no.

Alexandra:

And I don't mean whispering or tiptoe.

Addie & Horace:

No. no.

Birdie:

No gloominess or whispering.

Addie & Horace:

No. no.

That isn't it. That isn't it.

All:

That isn't it (etc.)

Alexandra:

Listen to the rain.

(All vocalize wordlessly)

All:

Listen to the sound of rain

Would you listen to,

would you listen, and keep it low,

very low...

Would you listen,

would you listen to the rain?

"Fable" from The Light in the Piazza

You can look in the forest
For a secret field
For a golden arrow
For a prince to appear
For a fable of love that will last forever

For a wishing well
For a magic apple
For a charioteer
For a fable of love that will carry you

You can look in the ruins

To a moon on a hill
To a hidden stream
A lagoon and a red horizon dream
Silhouette set away from time forever

To a valley beyond the setting sun Where waters shine and horses run Where there's a man who looks for you

But while you look you are changing, turning You're a well of wishes You're a fallen apple

No! No!

Love's a fake
Love's a fable
Just a painting on a ceiling
Just a children's fairy tale
Still, you have to look
And look, and look, and look
And look, and look, and look
For the eyes on a bridge in a pouring rain
Not the eyes, but the part you can't explain
For the arms you could fall into forever
For the joy that you thought you'd never know
For here at last away you go
To a man who looks for you

If you find in the world In the wide, wide world That someone sees That someone knows you Love! Love!

Love if you can, oh my Clara Love if you can, and be loved.

May it last forever, Clara The light in the piazza

"Over the Rainbow" from The Wizard of Oz

When all the world is a hopeless jumble
And the raindrops tumble all around
Heaven opens a magic lane.
When all the clouds darken up the skyway
There's a rainbow highway to be found,
Leading from your windowpane
To a place behind the sun,
Just a step beyond the rain.

Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high, There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby. Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue, And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are
far behind me
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops,
That's where you'll find me.

Somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly Birds fly over the rainbow Why then, oh, why can't I?

If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow, Why, oh, why can't I?

"They Can't Take That Away From Me" from Shall We Dance

Our romance won't end on a sorrowful note, Though by tomorrow you're gone The song is ended, but as the songwriter wrote, The melody lingers on.

They may take you from me I'll miss your fond caress But though they take you from me, I'll still possess...

The way you wear your hat, The way you sip your tea The memory of all that No, no! They can't take that away from me!

The way your smile just beams, The way you sing off-key The way you haunt my dreams No, no! They can't take that away from me!

We may never, never meet again
On the bumpy road to love.
Still I'll always, always keep the memory of...

The way you hold your knife,
The way we danced till three,
The way you've changed my life
No, no! They can't take that away from me!
No! They can't take that away from me!

"This Nearly Was Mine" from South Pacific

One dream in my heart, One love to be living for, One love to be living for— This nearly was mine.

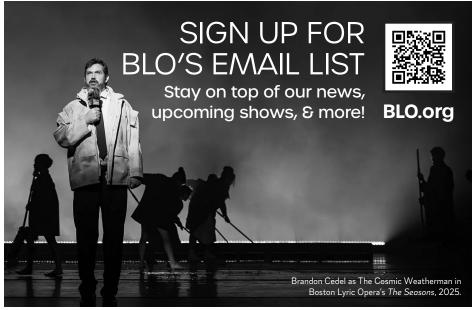
One girl for my dreams, One partner in Paradise, This promise of Paradise— This nearly was mine.

Close to my heart she came, Only to fly away, Only to fly as day Flies from moonlight!

Now, now I'm alone, Still dreaming of Paradise, Still saying that Paradise Once nearly was mine.

So clear and deep are my fancies Of things I wish were true, I'll keep remembering evenings I wish I'd spent with you.

I'll keep remembering kisses From lips I'll never own And all the lovely adventures That we have never known.



"Trio" from Der Rosenkavalier

Octavian:

Marie Theres'l

Marschallin:

Hab' mir's gelobt, ihn lieb zu haben in der richtigen Weis' daß ich selbst sein Lieb' zu einer andern noch lieb hab'! Hab' mir freilich nicht gedacht, daß es so bald mir aufgelegt sollt werden. Es sind die mehreren Dinge auf der Welt, so daß sie ein's nicht glauben tät', wenn man sie möcht' erzählen hör'n. Alleinig; wer's erlebt, der glaubt daran und weiß nicht wie...

Da steht der Bub und da steh' ich und mit dem fremden Mädel dort wird er so glücklich sein, als wie halt Männer das Glücklichsein versteh'n.

In Gottes Namen.

Sophie:

Mir ist wie in der Kirch'n, heilig ist mir und so bang und doch ist mir unheilig auch! Ich weiß nicht, wie mir ist. Wie in der Kirch'n so heilig so bang. Ich möcht' mich niederknien dort vor der Frau und möcht' ihr was antun: denn ich spür', sie gibt mir ihn und nimmt mir was von ihm zugleich. Weiß garnicht, wie mir ist. Möcht' alles versteh'n und möcht' auch nichts versteh'n. Möcht' fragen und nicht fragen, wird mir heiß und kalt. Und spür' nur dich und weiß nur eins: dich hab' ich lieb

Translation

Octavian:

Marie Thérèsel

Marschallin:

I promised to love him in the right way.
That I myself still love his love for another!
Of course, I did not think that it would happen so soon as I was told. It's the many things in the world that make you believe what you want to hear.
But whoever experiences it believes in it and does not know how...

There stands the boy, and here I stand, and with the strange girl there he will be as happy as men know how to be.

In God's name.

Sophie:

I feel as if I am in church, holy and anxious, and yet it is unholy to me too! I do not know what I feel. As if in church, so holy, so anxious. I would like to kneel down there before the woman and do something to her; because I feel she gives him to me and takes something from him at the same time. I do not know how I feel. I want to understand everything and I want to understand nothing. I want to ask and not ask, I feel hot and cold. And I only feel you and know only one thing: I love you.

Octavian:

Es ist was kommen und ist was g'scheh'n. Ich möcht' sie fragen: darf's denn sein? Und g'rad' die Frag' die spür' ich, daß sie mir verboten ist, Ich möcht' sie fragen: warum, warum zittert was in mir? Ist denn ein großes Unrecht gescheh'n? Und g'rad'an die, an die darf ich die Frag' nicht tun.

Und dann seh' ich dich an, Sophie, und seh' nur dich, spür' nur dich, Sophie, und weiß von nichts als nur: dich, dich hab' ich lieb.

Octavian:

There is something to come, and it may happen at any time. I want to ask you: may it be so?
And right now, the question is forbidden to me.
I want to ask you: why, why is something trembling in me? Has a great injustice been done?
And I am not allowed to ask you this question.

And then I look at you, Sophie, and see and feel only you, Sophie, and know nothing except: I love you.

Note: The three characters in this scene sing most of the following text overlapping with each other. Their lines have been separated out for ease of understanding.



"Audition Aria" from Die Fledermaus

Ever since I was a baby, I always was hoping that maybe as soon as I got to the age, I'd get my big chance on the stage.

You never saw such a prodigy as up and coming as me. You should see how I do as the shy ingénue:

I sing and dance and wave my fan, and in the end, I get my man. He says to me, "Let's take a walk." He holds my hand, we hardly talk. We wander slowly through the park. The lights fade out, the stage is dark.

La la la... (etc.)

If you saw the way I can act and play, the fact is absolutely clear, That a girl like me, a girl like me was born for a stage career.

When I play Madame Pompadour, I do it with "l'amour, l'amour." Smiling here and greeting there, I run each little state affair. I have a mink and an ermine of my own. I'm the power behind the throne. Proud and stately, dignified, serene, I am every inch a queen.

(Sally and Frank imitate a trumpet and drum while Adele sings.)

If you saw the way I can act and play, the fact is absolutely clear, That a girl like me, a girl like me was born for a stage career.

I play a young Parisian wife who's rather bored with married life. My husband is an old Marquis who cannot quite keep up with me. I meet a handsome count one day, we fall in love and run away. In time, the count betrays me too. O Lord, I don't know what to do! Act three: my loving husband calls. I shoot them both, the curtain falls!

"Czárdás" from Die Fledermaus

Voice of my homeland, nostalgic, enthralling, I hear you calling and tears fill my eyes.

Dreaming, I hear your plaintive sighing, and I'm lonely for you, my native skies.

O homeland I hold so dear, where sunlight is golden and clear, where green forests tower, and fields are in flower. O land that I love and revere

Never, oh, never your image will fade from my memory, your beloved name! Wherever I may wander, ah, far!

As lonely years go by, to you my thoughts will fly, till the day I die!

O homeland I hold so dear, where sunlight is golden and clear, where green forests tower, and fields are in flower. O land that I love and revere.

Fiery evening sky, spirits are soaring high. Friends all gather 'round, hear the Csárdás sound. Lovely gypsy girl, come, dance the merry whirl; child of Romany, give your heart to me!

Fiddles are ringing, hey ya, wildly singing, hey ya! Ha! Twirling round and round, stamping the dusty ground, dance thenight away till the break of day.

Lads and lasses, lift your glasses, pass the bottles, pass the bottles fast from hand to hand! Drown your sorrow till tomorrow. Raise a toast to the fatherland!

Fiery evening sky, spirits are soaring high. Friends all gather 'round, hear the Csárdás sound. La la la... (etc.)

"Champagne Finale" from Die Fledermaus

Champagne's delicious bubbles, tra la la la la la la la, scatter all our troubles, tra la la la la la la. It mellows politicians and betters world conditions. All diplomats and rulers should keep it in their coolers.

We toast champagne, the essence of the essence, the King of Effervescence, the King of Effervescence! A toast, a toast!

His majesty we celebrate, celebrate, long and late, Joyously together, we toast Champagne, the Great!

His majesty we celebrate, celebrate, long and late.
Joyously we drink to Champagne, the Great!
A toast to Champagne, the great monarch!

Champagne is so majestic, tra la la la la la la, foreign and domestic, tra la la la la la. It makes the world we live in a better place to give in! All "good and jolly fellers" should keep it in their cellars.

We toast champagne, the essence of the essence, the King of Effervescence, the King of Effervescence! A toast, a toast, a toast!

His majesty we celebrate, celebrate, long and late, Joyously together, we toast Champagne, the Great!

His majesty we celebrate, celebrate, long and late.
Joyously we drink to Champagne, the Great!
A toast to Champagne, the great monarch!



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SONG OF THE EARTH (DAS LIED VON DER ERDE

MARCH 20 - 29
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MARCH 24
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Opera Innovators Series @ Boston Conservatory at Berklee: Norman Garrett Masterclass September 28 | 3:00 - 5:00pm

Opera Innovators Series @ Boston Conservatory at Berklee: Maestro Riccardo Frizza Masterclass October 9 | 7:00 - 9:00pm

> Learn more about upcoming BLO events at BLO.org/events.



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