

# The Barber of Seville

## by Gioachino Rossini

### Cast

COUNT ALMAVIVA (tenor)  
BARTOLO, doctor of medicine, Rosina's guardian (bass)  
ROSINA, rich pupil in Bartolo's house (contralto)  
FIGARO, barber (baritone)  
BASILIO, Rosina's music teacher, hypocrite (bass)  
BERTA, old governess in Bartolo's house (soprano)  
FIORELLO, Almaviva's servant (bass)  
AMBROGIO, Bartolo's servant (bass)

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### Overture

### ACT ONE

### Scene One

*Just before sunrise. A small piazza in Seville with narrow streets running off in all directions. Dr. Bartolo's house in center stage; it has a small balcony, overlooking the piazza, above the front door.*

### Introduction

*Fiorello enters from the right, slowly, surveying the scene, urging his hired musicians to follow him*

FIORELLO

Piano, pianissimo, without a word,  
all gather around me here.

CHORUS

Piano, pianissimo, here we are.

FIORELLO

All is silence, no one is near  
our songs to disturb.

*Count Almaviva, wrapped in a cloak, enters from down left.*

COUNT

Fiorello ... ho!

FIORELLO

Sir, I am here.

COUNT

Well! ... and our friends?

FIORELLO

They are all ready.

*He crosses to the musicians.*

COUNT

Bravi, bravissimi, softly softly;  
piano, pianissimo, utter no word.

CHORUS

Piano, pianissimo, without a word.

FIORELLO

Without a word, gather round.

COUNT

Piano, utter no word.

*The musicians tune their instruments, and the Count sings, accompanied by them.*

### Cavatina

COUNT

Lo in the smiling sky,  
the lovely dawn is breaking,  
and you are not awake,  
and you are still asleep?

Arise, my sweetest love,  
oh come, my treasured one,  
soften the pain, oh God,  
of the dart which pierces me.  
Oh joy! Do I now see  
that dearest vision:  
has she taken pity  
on this soul in love!  
Oh, moment of love!  
Oh, moment divine!  
Oh, sweet content  
which is unequalled!

### Recitative

Ho, Fiorello?

FIORELLO  
M'Lord ...

COUNT  
Say, have you seen her?

FIORELLO  
No, sir.

COUNT  
Ah, how vain is every hope!

FIORELLO  
Behold, sir, the dawn advances.

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

CHORUS  
*Softly.*  
M'Lord ...

*The Count is in despair, he dismisses the musicians.*

COUNT  
Retire, retire.  
*He gives a purse to Fiorello*  
I have no longer need  
of your songs or your music.

*Fiorello pays the musicians off.*

FIORELLO  
Good night to all.  
I have nothing further for you to do.

*The musicians surround the Count, thanking him and kissing his hand. Annoyed by the noise they make, he tries to drive them away. Fiorello does the same.*

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

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

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

*Fiorello manages to push the musicians slowly out of the piazza.*

### Recitative

COUNT  
Indiscreet rabble!

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

*Exit Fiorello.*

*Figaro offstage left.*

FIGARO

La la la la la la la la la.

COUNT

Who is this coming now?

I'll let him go by:

unseen, under this archway,

I can see what I want,

Dawn is already here,

but love is not shy.

*He hides down left.*

*Figaro enters with a guitar around his neck.*

### Cavatina

FIGARO

La ran la le ra la ran la la.

Make way for the factotum of the city.

La ran la la, *etc.*

Rushing to his shop  
for dawn is here.

La ran la la, *etc.*

What a merry life,  
what gay pleasures  
for a barber  
of quality.

Ah, bravo Figaro,  
bravo, bravissimo, bravo!

La ran la la, *etc.*

Most fortunate of men,  
indeed you are!

La ran la la, *etc.*

Ready for everything  
by night or by day,  
always in bustle,  
in constant motion.

A better lot  
for a barber,  
a nobler life  
does not exist.

La la ran la la ran la, *etc.*

Razors and combs,  
lancets and scissors,  
at my command  
everything's ready.  
Then there are "extras"

part of my trade,  
business for ladies  
and cavaliers ...

La la ran la ...la ...la.

Ah, what a merry life,  
what gay pleasures,  
for a barber  
of quality.

All call for me,  
all want me,  
ladies and children,  
old men and maidens.  
I need a wig,  
I want a shave,  
leeches to bleed me,  
here, take this note.

All call for me,  
all want me.

I need a wig,  
I want a shave,  
here, take this note.

Ho, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, *etc.*  
Heavens! What a commotion!  
Heavens! What a crowd!  
One at a time,  
for pity's sake.

Ho, Figaro! — I am here!  
Figaro here, Figaro there,  
Figaro up. Figaro down.  
Quicker and quicker  
I go like greased lightning,  
make way for the factotum of the city,

Ah, bravo, Figaro,  
bravo, bravissimo,  
On you good fortune  
will always smile.  
La la ran la, *etc.*  
I am the factotum  
of the city.

### Recitative

FIGARO

Ah! Ah, what a happy life!  
Little fatigue, and much amusement,  
always with some money in my pocket,  
noble fruition of my reputation.

So it is: without Figaro  
 not a girl in Seville can marry;  
 to me come the little widows  
 for a husband; with the excuse  
 of my comb by day,  
 of my guitar by night,  
 to all, and I say it without boasting,  
 I honestly give service.  
 Oh, what a life, what a trade!  
*Figaro goes up right on the way to his shop; the  
 Count comes out of hiding.*  
 Now, away to the shop -

COUNT  
 (It is he, am I mistaken?)

FIGARO  
 (Who may this be?)

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

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

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

FIGARO  
 I understand, I'll leave you alone.

COUNT  
 No.

FIGARO  
 What can I do?

COUNT  
 No, I tell you, stay here.  
 Perhaps for my purpose  
 you've come at the right time.  
 But tell me, you wily rascal,  
 how did you come here,  
 in the flesh to run the world ...

FIGARO  
 Misery brought me, sir!

COUNT  
 What a scoundrel!

FIGARO  
 Thank you.

COUNT  
 Are you behaving yourself?

FIGARO  
 And how! And you, why in Seville?

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

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

COUNT  
 Explain!

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

COUNT  
 Oh, what luck!

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

COUNT  
 Oh, what a consolation

FIGARO  
But ... hush ...

COUNT  
What is it?

FIGARO  
The balcony window opens ...

*The Count and Figaro run away. The door opens  
and Bartolo comes out of the house.*

BARTOLO  
I shall return in a few minutes.  
Don't let anyone in.  
If Don Basilio should come to inquire for me,  
let him wait.  
*He locks the door from outside.*  
I wish to hasten my marriage with her.  
Yes, this day  
*Going off down the left-hand street.*  
I am going to conclude this affair.

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

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

COUNT  
Well, that's good to know.

FIGARO  
Now you must think of a way  
to please the pretty Rosina.  
With a simple little song  
you can explain it all to her, sir.

COUNT  
A song?

FIGARO  
Certainly. Here is my guitar.  
Come, let's start.

COUNT  
But I ...

FIGARO  
Heaven give me patience!

COUNT  
Well, we'll try ...

### Canzone

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

*Rosina answers from behind the shutters.*

ROSINA  
Continue, beloved,  
continue to sing.

FIGARO  
Listen! What could be better?

COUNT  
What happiness!

FIGARO  
Bravo! Now continue.

COUNT  
Sincere and enamored Lindoro,  
cannot give you, my dear, a fortune.  
Rich, I am not.  
but heart I can give,  
a loving spirit  
which, faithful and true,  
for you only breathes,  
from early dawn till late at night.

*Rosina answers again from inside*

ROSINA  
Sincere and enamored Rosina  
her heart to Lindoro ...

*She breaks off and leaves the balcony*

### Recitative

COUNT  
Oh, Heavens!

FIGARO  
I imagine someone entered her room.  
She has gone inside.

COUNT  
Oh, damnation!  
I am feverish, on fire!  
At any cost  
I must see her, speak to her!  
You, you must help me.

FIGARO  
Ha, ha, what a frenzy!  
Yes, yes, I shall help you.

COUNT  
Bravo. Before nightfall  
you must get into the house.  
Tell me, how can you do it?  
Come, let's see some feat  
of your imagination.

FIGARO  
Of my imagination!  
Well, I shall see ... But nowadays ...

COUNT  
Yes, yes! I understand.  
Go ahead, don't worry;  
your efforts will be rewarded.

FIGARO  
Truly?

COUNT  
On my word.

FIGARO  
Gold in abundance?

COUNT  
To your heart's content.  
Come, on your way.

FIGARO  
I'm ready. You cannot imagine  
what a prodigious devotion  
makes me feel towards Lindor  
the sweet thought of gold.

### Duet

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

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

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

COUNT  
As a soldier?

FIGARO  
Yes, sir.

COUNT  
As a soldier, and for what purpose?

FIGARO  
Today a regiment is expected here.

COUNT  
Yes, the Colonel is a friend of mine.

FIGARO  
Excellent!

COUNT  
And then?

FIGARO

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

COUNT

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

FIGARO

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

COUNT

Drunk?

FIGARO

Even so, sir.

COUNT

Drunk? But why?

FIGARO

Because the guardian, believe me,  
the guardian would less distrust  
a man not quite himself,  
but overcome with wine.

BOTH

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

COUNT

Well, then?

FIGARO

To business.

COUNT

Let's go.

FIGARO

Bravo.

*The start to leave in opposite directions. The  
Count calls Figaro back*

COUNT

Farewell! But the most important thing  
I forgot to ask: tell me,  
where do I find your shop?

FIGARO

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

COUNT

Five wigs,

FIGARO

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

COUNT

I understand.

FIGARO

You had better go now.

COUNT

And you watch out ...

FIGARO

I'll take care of everything.

COUNT

I have faith in you ...

FIGARO

I shall wait for you yonder ...

COUNT

My dear Figaro ...

FIGARO

I understand, I understand ...

COUNT

I will bring with me ...

FIGARO

A porse well filled.

COUNT

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

FIGARO

Oh, have no doubt,  
all will go well.

COUNT

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

FIGARO

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

*Exeunt*

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## SCENE TWO

*A courtyard in Bartolo's house*

### Cavatina

ROSINA

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

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

### Recitative

ROSINA

Yes, yes, I shall conquer.  
If I could only  
send him this letter.  
But how? There is none I can trust.  
My guardian has a hundred eyes ...  
Well ... well ... meanwhile I'll seal it.  
From my window I saw him, for an hour,  
talking with Figaro, the barber.  
Figaro is an honest fellow,  
a good-hearted soul ...  
Who knows, he may be the one  
to protect our love!

*Figaro enters from upstage, Rosina hides her letter.*



FIGARO

Good day, Signorina.

ROSINA

Good day, Signor Figaro.

FIGARO

Well? How are you?

ROSINA

I am dying of boredom.

FIGARO

The deuce! Is that possible!  
A lovely girl, full of spirits ...

ROSINA

Ah! You make me laugh!  
Of what use is my spirit,  
what good is my beauty,  
if I am always shut up  
between four walls  
and feel as if I am living  
inside a sepulcher?

FIGARO

A sepulcher? Heavens! ...  
But I must talk with you

*The street door is being opened*

ROSINA

My guardian is coming.

FIGARO

Truly?

ROSINA

Definitely. I hear his footsteps.

FIGARO

*Retreating upstage.*  
Adieu, adieu! I will see you soon again!  
I've something to tell you.

ROSINA

And I too. Signor Figaro.

FIGARO

Bravissima. I go.

*He hides himself*

ROSINA

What a nice fellow he is!

*Bartolo enters from street*

BARTOLO

Oh, that menace of a Figaro!  
What a rascal, what a villain,  
what a scoundrel!

ROSINA

(He's off again. Always shouting.)

BARTOLO

They don't come any worse!  
He has made a hospital  
of the whole household  
with opium, blood and sneezing powder.  
Signorina, the barber ... have you seen him?

ROSINA

Why?

BARTOLO

Why? Because I want to know!

ROSINA

Has he, too, put you in a rage?

BARTOLO

And why not?

ROSINA

All right, I shall tell you.  
Yes, I saw him, I spoke with him,  
I like him, I enjoy talking with him.  
I find him handsome.  
(Choke on that, wicked old man!)

*Rosina goes up to her room.*

BARTOLO

What a charming little miss!  
The more I love her,  
the more she disdains me.  
There is no doubt, it is the barber  
who has put her up to this.  
Oh! Devil of a barber ...  
You shall pay for this!

*Enter Basilio.*

BARTOLO

Don Basilio, you come at the right time.  
By force or by love,  
by tomorrow I must marry Rosina.  
Is that clear?

DON BASILIO

Eh, you speak wisely,  
and it is for that very reason I have come.  
But keep this secret ...  
Count Almaviva has arrived.

BARTOLO

Who? The lover incognito of Rosina?

DON BASILIO

The very same.

BARTOLO

The devil! Something must be done.

DON BASILIO

Certainly. But very hush hush.

BARTOLO

That is to say?

DON BASILIO

Just this, that plausibly,  
we must begin  
to invent a story  
which will put him in a bad light  
with the public, making him seem  
a man of infamy, a doomed soul ...  
I shall attend to this;  
within four days,  
on the word of Basilio,  
he'll be thrown out  
of this town.

BARTOLO

Do you really think so?

DON BASILIO

Without a doubt! I have my own system,  
and it is fool-proof.

BARTOLO

And you would dare?  
But... slander ...

DON BASILIO

Ah, what is calumny!  
Don't you know?

BARTOLO

In truth, I do not.

DON BASILIO

No? Then hear and be silent.

### **Aria**

Calumny is a little breeze,  
a gentle zephyr,  
which insensibly, subtly,  
lightly and sweetly,  
commences to whisper.  
Softly, softly, here and there,  
sottovoce, sibilant,  
it goes gliding, it goes rambling.  
Into the ears of the people,  
it penetrates slyly  
and the head and the brains  
it stuns and it swells.  
From the mouth re-emerging  
the noise grows crescendo,  
gathers force little by little,  
runs its course from place to place,  
seems the thunder of the tempest  
which from the depths of the forest  
comes whistling, muttering,  
freezing everyone in horror.  
Finally with crack and crash,  
it spreads afield, its force redoubled,  
and produces an explosion  
like the outburst of a cannon,  
an earthquake, a whirlwind,  
a general uproar,  
which makes the air resound.  
And the poor slandered wretch,  
vilified, trampled down,  
sunk beneath the public lash,  
by good fortune, falls to death.

### Recitative

Now what do you say?

BARTOLO

Eh! That may be true, but meanwhile  
we are wasting valuable time.

No, I want to do things my own way.

Let's go into my room.

Together the marriage contract  
we must prepare. When she is my wife,  
*moving off to his room*

I shall know very well  
how to keep off these  
love-sick dandies.

DON BASILIO

*Following him.*

(If there is money to make,  
I am always on hand.)

*Figaro who has been hiding up stage, comes  
forward.*

FIGARO

Bravo! All goes well! I heard everything.

Hurrah for the good Doctor! Poor idiot!

Your wife? Come, come!

Don't make me laugh!

While they are shut up in that room

I shall try to talk to the girl ...

*Rosina comes down from her room.*

But here she is.

ROSINA

Well, Signor Figaro?

FIGARO

Great things are happening, Signorina.

ROSINA

Yes, indeed?

FIGARO

We will be celebrating a wedding.

ROSINA

What do you mean?

FIGARO

I mean to say

that this fine guardian of yours  
plans to be your husband by tomorrow.

ROSINA

What nonsense!

FIGARO

Oh, I swear it.

He has locked himself  
in that room with your music-master  
to draw up the contract.

ROSINA

Yes? Well, he is much mistaken!

Poor fool!

He has me to deal with ...

But tell me, Signor Figaro,  
a little while ago under my window  
were you talking with a gentleman?

FIGARO

*Crossing to right, away from Rosina, and  
making up a story.*

Yes, with my cousin.

A fine young man,

with a good head and a warm heart.

Poor fellow, he has come here

to finish his studies and to seek his fortune.

ROSINA

A fortune? Oh, he'll make it.

FIGARO

I doubt it.

Confidentially he has one great fault.

ROSINA

A great fault?

FIGARO

Yes, a great one. He is dying of love.

ROSINA

Really? That young man, you know,  
interests me very much.

FIGARO

Good Lord!

ROSINA

Don't you believe it?

FIGARO

Oh, yes!

ROSINA

And tell me, his beloved,  
does she live far away?

FIGARO

Oh, no. That is ... here ... two steps ...

ROSINA

But is she pretty?

FIGARO

Oh, pretty, enough!  
I can give you her picture in two words:  
deliciously plump, high-spirited,  
black hair, rosy cheeks,  
sparkling eyes, enchanting hands.

ROSINA

And her name?

FIGARO

And her name too! Her name,  
what a lovely name! She is called ...

ROSINA

Well, what is she called?

FIGARO

Poor little dear! ...  
She is called R ... o ...

ROSINA

Ro ...

FIGARO

S ...i ...si ...

ROSINA and FIGARO

Ro-si ...

FIGARO

n ... a ... na ... Rosina!

ROSINA

Rosina!

## Duet

ROSINA

Then it is I ... You are not mocking me?  
Then I am the fortunate girl!  
(But I had already guessed it,  
I knew it all along.) *etc.*

FIGARO

You are, sweet Rosina,  
of Lindoro's love, the object.  
(Oh, what a cunning little fox!  
But she'll have to deal with me.) *etc.*

ROSINA

But tell me, to Lindoro  
how shall I contrive to speak?

FIGARO

Patience, patience, and Lindoro  
soon your presence here will seek.

ROSINA

To speak to me? Bravo! Bravo!  
Let him come, but with caution,  
meanwhile I am dying of impatience!  
Why is he delayed? What is he doing?

FIGARO

He is awaiting some sign,  
poor man, of your affection;  
send him but two lines  
and you will see him here.  
What do you say to this?

ROSINA

I shouldn't see him ...

FIGARO

Come, courage.

ROSINA

I don't know ...

FIGARO

Only two lines ...

ROSINA

I am too shy.

FIGARO  
But why? But why?  
Quickly, quickly, give me a note.

ROSINA  
A note? ... Here it is.

*She takes a letter from her bosom and gives it to him.*

FIGARO  
(Already written ... What a fool I am!  
She could give me a lesson or two!)

ROSINA  
Fortune smiles on my love,  
I can breathe once more.

FIGARO  
(In cunning itself  
she could be a professor.)

ROSINA  
Oh, you alone, my love,  
can console my heart.

FIGARO  
(Women, women, eternal gods,  
who can fathom their minds?) *etc.*

ROSINA  
Oh, you alone, my love,  
can console my heart. *etc.*

ROSINA  
Tell me, but Lindoro ...

FIGARO  
Is on his way. In a few minutes  
he'll be here to speak to you.

ROSINA  
Let him come, but with caution.

FIGARO  
Patience, patience, he'll be here.

ROSINA  
Fortune smiles on my love,  
I can breathe once more.

Oh, you alone, my love,  
can console my heart. *etc.*

FIGARO  
(Women, women, eternal gods,  
who can fathom their minds?) *etc.*

*Figaro leaves through the street door*

### **Recitative**

ROSINA  
Now I feel better.  
That Figaro is a nice young man.

*Bartolo enters from his room*

BARTOLO  
With fair words may I know  
from my Rosina what brought  
this fellow here this morning?

ROSINA  
Figaro? I know nothing.

BARTOLO  
He spoke to you?

ROSINA  
He spoke to me.

BARTOLO  
What was he telling you?

ROSINA  
Oh, he told me a hundred trifles ...  
Of the fashions of France,  
of the health of his daughter Marcellina.

BARTOLO  
Indeed?  
What is the meaning  
*He seizes Rosina's finger.*  
of your ink-stained finger?

ROSINA  
Stained? Oh! Nothing.  
I burned myself  
and I used the ink  
as a medicine.

BARTOLO

(The devil!)

*He counts the sheets of paper on the table.*

And these sheets of paper

There are five now, there were six.

ROSINA

The note paper? You are right.

I used one to wrap the sweets

I sent to Marcellina.

BARTOLO

Bravissima!

*He picks up the pen.*

And the pen,

why was it sharpened?

ROSINA

(Heavens!) The pen!

To draw a flower to embroider.

BARTOLO

To embroider! A flower!

ROSINA

A flower.

BARTOLO

A flower? Oh! You minx!

ROSINA

It is the truth.

BARTOLO

Silence.

ROSINA

Believe me ...

BARTOLO

Enough of this.

ROSINA

Sir ...

BARTOLO

No more ... be quiet.

## Aria

BARTOLO

For a doctor of my standing

these excuses, Signorina,

I advise you, my dear child,

to invent a little better.

Better! Better! Better! Better! *etc.*

Sweets for Marcellina!

A design for your embroidery!

And the scalding of your finger!

It takes more than that, my girl,

to deceive me with success.

More! More! More! More!

Why is that sheet of paper missing?

I mean to find out what's going on.

No, coaxing is useless.

Keep away, don't touch me.

No, my dear girl, give up all hope

that I'll let myself be fooled.

For a doctor of my standing

these excuses, Signorina,

I advise you, my dear child,

to invent a little better.

Come, dear child, confess it all.

I am prepared to pardon you.

You don't answer? You are stubborn?

Then I know well what I'll do.

Signorina, another time

when Bartolo must leave the house

he'll give orders to the servants

who will see you stay inside. *etc.*

Now your pouting will not help you

nor your injured innocence.

I here assure you, through that door

the very air itself won't enter. *etc.*

For a doctor of my standing

does not let himself be fooled.

And little innocent Rosina,

disconsolate and in despair,

in her chamber shall be locked

so long as I see fit.

*Exeunt*

## Recitative

*Berta enters from upstage.*

BERTA  
From within this room  
I thought I heard a noise ...

Probably the guardian with his ward ...  
He never has an hour's peace.  
These girls don't want to understand ...  
*She hears a knock and the voice of the Count outside.*  
Knocking!

COUNT  
Open.

BERTA  
*Going to open the street door.*  
I'm coming — here I am!  
I'm coming — who the devil is it?

*She opens the door. The Count enters disguised as a soldier. He pretends to be drunk. Berta goes out and Bartolo enters.*

## Finale Act I

COUNT  
Hey, good people ...  
Is no one at home! Hey ...

BARTOLO  
Who can that be? What an ugly face!  
And drunk, too! Who is it?

COUNT  
Curses, is nobody home! Hey ...

BARTOLO  
What do you want, Signor Soldier?

COUNT  
Oh, yes!  
Very much obliged.

BARTOLO  
(What on earth is he doing here?)

COUNT  
You are ... wait a minute  
You are ... Doctor Balordo?

BARTOLO  
What Balordo? What Balordo?

COUNT  
Ah, ah, Bertoldo.

BARTOLO  
What Bertoldo? Oh, go to the devil!  
Doctor Bartoio, Doctor Bartolo.

COUNT  
Ah, bravissimo,  
Doctor Barbaro, bravissimo,  
Doctor Barbaro.

BARTOLO  
You blockhead!

COUNT  
Well and good,  
the difference, after all, is trifling.

BARTOLO  
*Shuffling across left in a fury.*  
(I am already out of patience.  
Prudence is necessary here.)

COUNT  
*Searching for Rosina.*  
(She does not appear!  
How impatient I feel!  
How long she delays! Where can she be?)  
Then you are a doctor?

BARTOLO  
Yes, sir, I am a doctor.

COUNT  
Ah, very fine! Let me embrace  
a colleague here.

BARTOLO  
Keep off!

COUNT  
Come. I also am  
the doctor for hundreds ...

I am the vet of the regiment.  
 My billet for lodgings,  
 look here it is.  
 (Oh, come, dearest object  
 of my happiness!)

BARTOLO  
 (With rage, with vexation,  
 in truth I shall burst.  
 If I don't watch out,  
 I'll do something rash.)

*Rosina enters from her room.*

COUNT  
 Hasten, hasten, your adorer,  
 Full of love awaits you here.

BARTOLO  
 If I don't watch out,  
 I'll do something rash.

ROSINA  
 (A soldier, a guardian,  
 what am I to do now?)

*The Count has seen Rosina and approaches her.*

COUNT  
 (It is Rosina! Now I am happy.)

ROSINA  
 (He looks at me ... he is coming near.)

COUNT  
 (I am Lindoro!)

ROSINA  
 (Heavens! What do I hear!  
 Prudence, for mercy's sake.)

BARTOLO  
*Seeing Rosina.*  
 Signorina, what are you looking for?  
 Quickly, quickly, leave the room!

ROSINA  
 I'm going, I'm going, don't shout.

BARTOLO  
 Quickly, quickly, away from here.

COUNT  
 And, my girl, I am going too,

BARTOLO  
 Where, where, sir?

COUNT  
 To the barracks.

BARTOLO  
 To the barracks?

COUNT  
 Oh, this is great!

BARTOLO  
 To the barracks?  
 A good joke!

COUNT  
 Dearest ...

ROSINA  
 Help me ...

BARTOLO  
 Oh, damnation!

COUNT  
 Then I go ...

*The Count starts towards the inner room.  
 Bartolo seizes him.*

BARTOLO  
 Oh no, sir,  
 you can have no lodging here.

COUNT  
 What? What?

BARTOLO  
 No sense arguing ...  
 I am exempt from lodging troops.

COUNT  
 Exempt?

BARTOLO  
*going to his desk*



Good sir, just a moment  
and I shall show you.

COUNT

*Aside to Rosina.*

Since I may not be able to remain here,  
take this ...

*He motions to her to take a note.*

ROSINA

(Be careful! He is watching us!)

BARTOLO

(Oh, I can no longer find it.)

ROSINA

(We must be careful!)

BARTOLO

(But, yes, yes, I must find it.)

ROSINA and COUNT

(A hundred emotions burn within me,  
I can no longer control myself.)

BARTOLO

Ah, here it is.

*Moving towards the Count and reading the  
document to him.*

“By this let it be known  
that Doctor Bartolo etc. is exempted...”

COUNT

*With a sweep of his hand he flings the paper  
into the air.*

Oh, go to the devil!

Don't bother me anymore.

BARTOLO

My dear sir. What are you doing?

COUNT

*Crossing right to Rosina.*

Silence now, donkey of a doctor;  
my lodging is fixed here,  
and here I will remain.

BARTOLO

Will remain?

COUNT

Certainly, will remain.

BARTOLO

*Thrashing the Count with his walking stick.*

I am fed up, my master,  
out and quickly, or a good stick  
will dislodge you from here!

COUNT

Then you wish to battle?

Good! A battle I will give you.

*Drawing his sword.*

A battle is a fine thing!

Let me show you how it's done.

*He knocks the stick out of Bartolo's hand.*

Observe! This is the trench ...

You are the enemy ...

Attention, and friends ...

*Aside to Rosina.*

(Drop your handkerchief.)

*He lets a letter fall and Rosina drops her  
handkerchief to cover it.*

And friends standing here, attention.

BARTOLO

*who has noticed the maneuver*

Stop, stop ...

COUNT

What is it? Ah!

BARTOLO

Let me see it.

*As Bartolo bends to pick up the letter, the Count  
puts his sword through it.*

COUNT

Yes, if it were a prescription!

But a note ... It's my duty ...

If you will pardon me.

*He give the letter to Rosina who quickly  
exchanges it for a laundry list.*

ROSINA

Thank you. Thank you.

BARTOLO

Thank you, thank you, thank you nothing!  
Give me the paper, impertinent one!  
Quickly, I say!

COUNT

You wish to battle? On guard ...  
Ah! Ah!

ROSINA

But this paper which you ask for  
fell to the floor by chance.  
It is only the laundry list.

BARTOLO

Oh, you flirt, come quickly here!  
What do I see!

*Rosina gives the laundry list to Bartolo; she and  
the Count cross left. Berta looks through the spy  
hole of the street door*

BERTA

The barber ...

BARTOLO

I was mistaken! It is the laundry list!

BERTA

So many people!

BARTOLO

I am petrified!

COUNT

Bravo, bravo, the old fool!

BARTOLO

Yes. I really am an imbecile,  
oh, what a big mistake! *etc.*

*Basilio enters up stage right, singing from a  
sheet of music.*

BASILIO

Sol do re mi fa re sol mi  
La fa si sol do,  
but what confusion this is here. *etc.*

ROSINA and COUNT

Bravo, bravo, the old fool  
in the trap at last he is caught *etc.*

BERTA

I am petrified, bewildered,  
what confusion this is here.

ROSINA

*At the fountain, weeping.*  
Once again! The same old story,  
I am always oppressed and mistreated!  
What a wretched life I live!  
I can't stand it anymore.

BARTOLO

Ah, poor little Rosina.

COUNT

*Chases Bartolo away. The others try to restrain  
him.*

Come here, what have you done to her?

BARTOLO

Stop ... nothing at all ...

COUNT

You rabble, you traitor ...

ROSINA, BERTA, BARTOLO and BASILIO

Hands off, away, sir.

COUNT

I'd like to knock him down.

ROSINA, BERTA

Good people help ... but calm yourself ...  
Good people, help ... for mercy's sake!

BARTOLO, BASILIO

Good people help ... help me  
Good people help, for mercy's sake!

COUNT

Unhand me, unhand me!

*Figaro enters, stopping the chase.*

FIGARO

Stop! What is happening,  
what clamor is this? Great gods!

This uproar into the streets  
has drawn half the city.  
*Softly to the Count.*  
For heaven's sake, be careful, sir.

BARTOLO  
*Pointing to the Count.*  
This fellow's a rascal!

COUNT  
*Pointing to Bartolo*  
This fellow's a scoundrel!

BARTOLO  
Oh, what a villain!

COUNT  
Oh, what a cursed fellow!

FIGARO  
Signor Soldier, have respect,  
or this basin soon shall teach you  
of your manners to beware.  
(For heaven's sake, be careful, sir.)

COUNT  
Ugly baboon ...

BARTOLO  
Low-born scoundrel ...

ROSINA, BERTA, FIGARO and BASILIO  
Be quiet, doctor ...

BARTOLO  
I'll shout it loud ...

ROSINA, BERTA, FIGARO and BASILIO  
Hold, sir ...

COUNT  
I am going to murder ...

ROSINA, BERTA, FIGARO and BASILIO  
Be silent, for pity's sake!

COUNT  
I'm going to kill him  
without mercy.

ROSINA, BERTA, FIGARO and BASILIO  
Be silent, for pity's sake!

*Hard knocking against door up left.*

ROSINA, BERTA and FIGARO  
Silence, they are knocking ...

ALL  
Who can it be?

BARTOLO  
*Looking out into the street.*  
Who's there?

CHORUS  
*Offstage.*  
Open the door in the name of the law!

ALL  
The police! Oh, the devil!

FIGARO and BASILIO  
Now you have done it!

COUNT and BARTOLO  
Have no fear! Let them come in.

ALL  
I wonder how on earth  
this adventure will end!

*Officer soldiers and townspeople burst into the courtyard.*

CHORUS  
Stay where you are. Let no one move.  
Good sirs, what's going on?  
What's the cause of this disturbance?  
Quickly give an explanation.

BARTOLO  
This dog of a soldier,  
good sir, has mistreated me,  
yes, sir, yes, sir. *etc.*

FIGARO  
I only came, good sir,  
to calm this disturbance.  
Yes, sir, yes, sir. *etc.*

BASILIO and BERTA  
 He is making an infernal noise,  
 he is threatening to kill us,  
 yes, sir, yes, sir. *etc.*

COUNT  
 As a lodger, this villain  
 is not willing to accept me.  
 Yes, sir, yes, sir *etc.*

ROSINA  
 Pardon him, poor fellow,  
 he is affected by wine.  
 Yes, sir, yes, sir. *etc.*

OFFICER  
 I heard you, I heard you.  
*To the Count.*  
 My good man, you are under arrest.  
 Quickly come away from here.

COUNT  
 Arrested? I? Stop now!

*The Count presents a document to the Officer  
 who, after reading it, salutes smartly; the  
 soldiers present arms.*

ROSINA  
 Cold and motionless  
 like a statue.  
 I have hardly  
 breath to breathe *etc.*

COUNT  
 Cold and motionless  
 like a statue.  
 She has hardly  
 breath to breathe! *etc.*

BARTOLO  
 Cold and motionless  
 like a statue,  
 I have hardly  
 breath to breathe *etc.*

FIGARO  
 Look at Don Bartolo,  
 he stands like a statue!

Oh, I am ready  
 to burst with laughter *etc.*

BASILIO  
 Cold and motionless  
 I have hardly  
 breath to breathe! *etc.*

BERTA  
 I have hardly  
 breath to breathe! *etc.*

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

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

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

BERTA, COUNT and FIGARO  
 Silence here! Silence there!  
 Silence, silence, everywhere!

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

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## ACT TWO

*The music room in Bartolo's house*

*(There is a harpsichord covered with sheets of music.)*

BARTOLO *(alone)*  
 Look at my ill-fortune!  
 That soldier,  
 as far as I can learn,  
 is known by nobody  
 in the whole regiment.  
 I doubt...oh, damnation...  
 Did I say doubt? I would wager  
 that the Count Almaviva  
 has sent this fellow here  
 to sound out Rosina's heart.  
 Not even in one's own house  
 can one be safe! But I...  
*(Knocks are heard at the main door.)*  
 Who is knocking? Eh, who is there!  
 They are knocking, don't you hear?  
 I am home,  
 have no fear, open.  
*(The Count enters disguised as a music master.)*

COUNT  
 Peace and happiness be with you.

BARTOLO  
 A thousand thanks, come right in.

COUNT  
 Happiness and peace for a thousand years.

BARTOLO  
 In truth I am obliged to you.  
*(That face is not unknown to me.)*  
 I don't recall, I don't remember,  
 but that face, that face...  
 I do not know, who can it be?)

COUNT  
 (Ah, if before I failed  
 to deceive this simpleton,  
 my new disguise should prove

more successful.)  
 Peace and happiness be with you.

BARTOLO  
 I heard you! (Heavens, what a bore!)

COUNT  
 Happiness and peace, from my heart.

BARTOLO  
 Enough, enough, for pity's sake.

COUNT  
 Happiness...

BARTOLO  
 Happiness...

COUNT  
 Peace...

BARTOLO  
 Peace...I heard you! (What a bore!)

COUNT  
 From my heart, peace and happiness.

BARTOLO  
 Peace and happiness. Enough, for pity's sake!  
 (What a wretched fate is mine!)  
 What a terrible day this is!  
 Everyone against me!  
 What a cruel destiny!

COUNT  
 (The old fellow knows me not.  
 How fortunate for me!  
 Ah, my love! In a few moments  
 we shall be able to speak freely!)

BARTOLO  
 In a word, sir, who are you?  
 May one know?

COUNT  
 Don Alonso, teacher of music  
 and pupil of Don Basilio.

BARTOLO  
 Well?

COUNT

Don Basilio, poor man, is taken ill,  
and in his stead...

BARTOLO

Taken ill? I'll go and see him at once.

COUNT

Take it easy. His illness is not that serious.

BARTOLO

(I don't trust this fellow.)  
Come, let us go.

COUNT

But sir...

BARTOLO

Well, what?

COUNT

I wished to say...

BARTOLO

Speak up.

COUNT

(*Sottovoce*)  
But...

BARTOLO

Speak up, I tell you.

COUNT

Well, as you wish.  
Then you shall learn who Don Alonso is.  
(*Raising his voice.*)  
I'll see Count Almagiva...

BARTOLO

Softly, softly, speak, speak. I am listening.

COUNT

The Count...

BARTOLO

Softly, for goodness' sake!

COUNT

This morning I met him in the same inn  
where I was lodging,

and into my hand, by chance,  
fell this note,  
addressed by your ward  
to him.

BARTOLO

What do I see! It is her writing!

COUNT

Don Basilio knows nothing of this paper,  
and I, coming instead of him  
to give lessons to the young lady,  
wished to acquire merit in your eyes  
because with this note...one could...

BARTOLO

Could what?

COUNT

I shall tell you...If I could only  
speak with the girl, I could...  
with your permission...make her believe  
that it was given to me  
by a mistress  
of the Count, clear proof  
that the Count is playing with her affection,  
and therefore...

BARTOLO

Softly...A calumny!  
Oh, you are indeed a worthy pupil  
of Don Basilio!  
I shall know how to reward you  
as you deserve for this happy suggestion.  
I'll call the girl. Since you show  
so much interest, I trust myself to you.

COUNT

Do not worry.  
(*Bartolo goes to fetch Rosina.*)  
This affair of the note  
was a slip of the tongue.  
But what was I to do? Without some trick,  
I would have had to leave like a fool.  
I must now acquaint her  
with my plan;  
if she consents,  
I shall be a happy man.  
Here she is. Oh, how my heart  
is beating in my breast!

*(Bartolo returns leading Rosina by the hand.)*

BARTOLO

Come, Signorina.  
Don Alonso, whom you see,  
will give you your lesson.

ROSINA *(recognizing the Count)*

Ah!

BARTOLO

What's the matter?

ROSINA

Oh...a cramp in my foot.

COUNT

Oh, it's nothing! Sit by my side,  
fair young lady. If you don't mind,  
in place of Don Basilio,  
I shall give you a short lesson.

ROSINA

Oh, with the greatest of pleasure.

COUNT

What would you like to sing?

ROSINA

I shall sing, if you please,  
the rondo from *The Futile Precaution*.

COUNT

Good, let's begin.  
*(He sits at the harpsichord and accompanies Rosina.)*

ROSINA

Against a heart inflamed with love,  
burning with unquenchable fire,  
a ruthless tyrant, cruelly armed,  
wages war, but all in vain.  
From every attack a victor,  
Love will always triumph.  
Ah, Lindoro, my dearest treasure!  
If you could know, if you could see  
this dog of a guardian,  
oh, I rage to think of him!  
Dearest, in you I put my trust,  
please, come save me, for pity's sake!

COUNT

Fear not, be reassured,  
fate will be our friend.

ROSINA

Then I may hope?

COUNT

Trust in me.

ROSINA

And my heart?

COUNT

It will rejoice!

ROSINA

Dear smiling image,  
sweet thought of happy love,  
you burn in my breast, in my heart.  
I am delirious with joy!  
Dearest, in you I put my trust,  
please, come save me, for pity's sake!  
I am delirious with joy!

COUNT

A beautiful voice! *Bravissima!*

ROSINA

Oh! A thousand thanks!

BARTOLO

Truly, a beautiful voice!  
But this aria, damnation!  
It is rather tiresome.  
Music in my day  
was quite another thing.  
Ah! When, for instance,  
Caffariello sang that wonderful aria...  
la ra la la la...Listen,  
Don Alonso, here it is.  
"When you are near me,  
Sweet Rosina..."  
*(Figaro enters and hides behind Bartolo.)*  
The aria says "Giannina",  
but I say "Rosina..."  
"When you are near me,  
sweet Rosina,  
my heart glows in my breast,  
it dances a minuet..."

*(He notices the presence of Figaro who is imitating him behind his back.)*

Bravo, Signor Barber, bravo!

FIGARO

Excuse me please,  
it was a moment of weakness...

BARTOLO

Well, you rascal, what are you here for?

FIGARO

Here for! Here to shave you.  
This is your day.

BARTOLO

I don't wish it today.

FIGARO

Today you don't wish it?  
Tomorrow I can't come.

BARTOLO

Why not?

FIGARO *(consulting his notebook)*

Because I shall be busy.  
For all the officers  
of the new regiment,  
shave and haircut...  
For the Marchioness Andronica,  
her blond wig  
tinted brown...  
For the young Count Bombe,  
forelock to curl...

A purge for the lawyer Bernardone  
who yesterday fell ill with indigestion.  
And then...and then...but why continue?  
Tomorrow I cannot come.

BARTOLO

Come, less chatter.  
Today I do not want to be shaved.

FIGARO

No? Nice kind of customers I have!  
I come this morning, and I find a madhouse...  
I return after lunch...  
Today I don't want you!

What do you think? Do you take me  
for some country barber?

Find yourself another.

I am going.

BARTOLO

*(What can one do? That's how he is.  
He is really a character!)*  
Go into the next room and bring the towels.

No, I'll go myself.

*(Bartolo takes a bunch of keys from his pocket  
and goes out.)*

FIGARO

*(Oh, if I had those keys  
in my hand  
I should be riding high.)* Tell me,  
*(To Rosina.)*  
among the keys, isn't there the one  
which opens the outside window?

ROSINA

Yes, indeed. It is the newest.  
*(Bartolo returns.)*

BARTOLO

*(Oh, what a fool I was  
to leave that devil of a barber here!)*  
Here, go yourself.  
*(He gives the keys to Figaro.)*  
Go down the corridor, and on the shelf  
you'll find everything.  
Take care, don't touch anything.

FIGARO

Oh! I know what I am doing.  
*(Brilliant!)* I'll be right back.  
*(The trick has worked!)*  
*(He goes out.)*

BARTOLO *(to the Count)*

That is the rascal who took  
Rosina's letter to the Count...

COUNT

He looks like an intriguer of the first order.

BARTOLO

He can't deceive me...



*(A great noise is heard without.)*  
Oh, misery me!

ROSINA  
What a crash!

BARTOLO  
Oh, that rascal!  
I felt my heart misgive me!  
*(Bartolo goes out.)*

COUNT  
That Figaro is a great man!  
*(To Rosina.)*  
Now that we are alone, tell me dearest,  
are you content to put your destiny  
in my hands? Be frank now!

ROSINA  
Ah, Lindoro, it is my only desire...  
*(Bartolo and Figaro return.)*

COUNT  
Well?

BARTOLO  
He has broken everything, six plates,  
eight glasses, a tureen.

FIGARO  
What good luck!  
*(Secretly he shows the Count the key of the  
balcony window which he has taken.)*  
If I had not held on to a key  
I would have broken my head  
in that cursed corridor.  
He keeps every room  
so dark...and then...

BARTOLO  
Enough of this...

FIGARO  
Then let's get going.  
*(To the Count and Rosina.)*  
*(Be careful.)*  
*(Bartolo prepares to be shaved.)*

BARTOLO  
Now to business.  
*(Don Basilio enters.)*

ROSINA  
Don Basilio!

COUNT  
*(What do I see!)*

FIGARO  
*(How unfortunate!)*

BARTOLO  
How come you are here?

BASILIO  
At your service, one and all.

BARTOLO  
*(What is this new turn of affairs?)*

ROSINA  
*(What will happen to us?)*

COUNT *and* FIGARO  
*(We must act boldly.)*

BARTOLO  
Don Basilio, how are you feeling?

BASILIO  
How am I feeling?

FIGARO  
What are you waiting for?  
That blessed beard of yours,  
shall I shave it or not?

BARTOLO *(to Figaro)*  
In a minute.  
*(To Basilio.)*  
And...the notary?

BASILIO  
The notary...

COUNT  
I have already told him  
that everything is arranged.  
*(To Bartolo.)*

Is it not true?  
 "BARTOLO  
 Yes, yes I know it all.

BASILIO  
 But, Don Bartolo, explain to me...

COUNT  
 Doctor, one word...  
 Don Basilio, I'll be with you.  
*(To Bartolo.)*  
 Listen to me for a moment.  
*(Aside to Figaro)*  
 Try and get rid of him,  
 or I fear he will expose us.

ROSINA  
 I feel my heart tremble.

FIGARO  
 Don't be alarmed.

COUNT  
*(To Bartolo.)*  
 Of the letter, sir,  
 he as yet knows nothing.

BASILIO  
 (There is something going on  
 which I certainly cannot fathom.)

COUNT  
 I fear he will expose us;  
 he as yet knows nothing.

BARTOLO  
 You are right, sir.  
 I will immediately send him away.

COUNT  
 With such a fever, Don Basilio,  
 who told you to go out?

BASILIO  
 What fever?

COUNT  
 What do you think?  
 You are yellow as a corpse.

BASILIO  
 I am yellow as a corpse?

FIGARO  
 Good Heaven, my man,  
 you are all of a tremble!  
 You must have scarlet fever!

BASILIO  
 Scarlet fever!

COUNT  
*(Secretly handing Basilio a purse of money.)*  
 Go take some medicine.  
 Don't stay here and kill yourself.

FIGARO  
 Quickly, quickly, go to bed.

COUNT  
 I am really afraid for you.

ROSINA  
 He is right, go home to bed...

BARTOLO, ROSINA, COUNT *and* FIGARO  
 Quickly, go and have some rest.

BASILIO  
 (A purse!...Go to bed!  
 As long as they are all of one mind!)

BARTOLO, ROSINA, COUNT *and* FIGARO  
 Quickly to bed, quickly to bed...

BASILIO  
 I am not deaf,  
 you don't have to beg me.

FIGARO  
 What a color!

COUNT  
 You look terrible!

BASILIO  
 Terrible?

COUNT, FIGARO *and* BARTOLO  
 Oh, really terrible!

BASILIO

Well, I'll go!

ROSINA, COUNT, FIGARO *and* BARTOLO

Go, go.

COUNT, ROSINA *and* FIGARO

Well, good-night to you, dear sir,  
quickly go away from here.

BASILIO

Well, good-night, with all my heart,  
then tomorrow we shall talk.

ROSINA *and* FIGARO

Cursed man, you are a nuisance!  
Well, good-night to you, dear sir,  
peace and slumber and good health.  
Well, good-night, get out of here,  
quickly go away from here.

COUNT

Well, good-night, away from here.  
Well, good-night to you, dear sir,  
peace and slumber and good health.  
Quickly go away from here.

BARTOLO

Well, good-night to you, dear sir,  
peace and slumber and good health.  
Quickly go away from here.

BASILIO

Well, good-night, with all my heart,  
then tomorrow we shall talk.  
Do not shout, for pity's sake!  
(*Basilio goes out.*)

FIGARO

Well, Signor Don Bartolo.

BARTOLO

I am here. I am here.  
(*Figaro starts to shave Don Bartolo and at the same time tries to conceal the two lovers.*)  
Pull it tight. *Bravissimo.*

COUNT

Rosina, listen to me.

ROSINA

I am listening. I am here.

COUNT

At midnight precisely  
we'll come for you here.  
And since we have the keys  
there is nothing to fear.

FIGARO

Ah! Ah!

BARTOLO

What's the matter?

FIGARO

Something, I don't know what,  
is in my eye!...Look...Don't touch it...  
Blow into it, for pity's sake!

ROSINA

At midnight precisely,  
my love, I shall await you.  
May the moments hasten  
which draw you to me.  
(*Bartolo rises and approaches the lovers.*)

COUNT

But now I must tell you,  
dearest, that your letter,  
in order that I might succeed  
in my disguise...

BARTOLO

In his disguise?  
Ah! *Bravi, bravissimi!*  
Signor Alonso, *bravo! Bravi!*  
Rascals! Scoundrels!

Ah! I can see you have all sworn  
to hasten my end.  
Out, you villains,  
or I shall kill you!

ROSINA, COUNT *and* FIGARO

Your head is spinning,  
hush, good doctor,  
you are making a fool of yourself.  
Be quiet, be quiet,  
it's senseless to shout.  
This man is delirious.

(Now that it's settled  
I don't have to repeat.)  
It is senseless to shout.

**BARTOLO**

Rascals, scoundrels!  
Out, you villains,  
or I shall kill you!  
You have all sworn to hasten my end.  
I'm fairly bursting  
with anger and disdain.  
I shall kill you!  
(*They all go out. Berta enters.*)

**BERTA**

What a suspicious old man!  
Be gone and don't come back alive!  
Always shouting and clamor in this house...  
Arguing...weeping...threatening...  
There is not an hour's peace  
with this stingy, grumbling old man.  
Oh, what a house of confusion!  
The old man seeks a wife,  
and the maiden wants a husband,  
the one is frenzied, the other crazy,  
both of them need restraining.  
What on earth is all this love  
which makes everyone go mad?  
It is a universal evil,  
it is a mania and an itch,  
a thing which tickles and torments you.  
Unhappy me, I also feel it  
and do not know how to escape.  
Oh, accursed old maid!  
By all I am despised,  
an old maid without a hope,  
I shall die in desperation.  
(*Berta goes out.*)

### **Storm**

(*It is night. The balcony window is opened.  
Figaro and the Count wrapped in mantles enter.  
Figaro carries a lantern.*)

**FIGARO**

At last we are here.

**COUNT**

Figaro, give me your hand.

Thunder and lightning!  
What wicked weather!

**FIGARO**

What a night for lovers!

**COUNT**

Hey...Give me some light.  
Where can Rosina be?  
(*Rosina enters from her room.*)

**FIGARO**

We shall see...  
(*They see Rosina.*)  
There she is!

**COUNT**

Oh, my treasure!

**ROSINA** (*repulsing him*)

Stand off, wretch that you are!  
I have come here to wipe out  
the shame of my foolish credulity,  
to show what I am,  
and what love you have lost in me,  
unworthy and ungrateful man!

**COUNT**

I am petrified!

**FIGARO**

I don't know what she is talking about.

**COUNT**

But have pity...

**ROSINA**

Be still. You pretended to love me  
in order to sacrifice me to the lust  
of the wicked Count Almaviva...

**COUNT**

Of the Count? Ah, you are deceived!  
Oh, what happiness!  
Look at me, my love,  
I am Almaviva, I am not Lindoro.

**ROSINA**

(Oh, what a shock!)  
It is he himself! Heavens, what do I hear?

With surprise and with joy  
I am almost delirious!)

FIGARO

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

COUNT

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

FIGARO

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

ROSINA

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

COUNT

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

ROSINA

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

COUNT

Are you happy?

ROSINA

Oh! Good sir!

ROSINA *and* COUNT

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

FIGARO

(Knot!) Let's get going. (Knot!)  
Quickly, let's go. (All desire!)  
Hurry up.

This is no time for sentiment.  
Quick, let's go for goodness sake.

Oh, damnation! What do I see!  
At the door a lantern, two persons!  
What's to be done?

COUNT

You have seen...

FIGARO

Yes, sir...

COUNT

Two people?

FIGARO

Yes, sir...

COUNT

A lantern?

FIGARO

At the door, yes, sir.

TOGETHER

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

FIGARO

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

COUNT

What happened?

FIGARO

The ladder...

COUNT

Well?

FIGARO

The ladder is gone...

COUNT

What do you say?

FIGARO

Who could have taken it away?

COUNT

What a cruel blow!

ROSINA

Oh, I am so miserable!

FIGARO

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

COUNT

Courage, Rosina mine!

FIGARO

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

BASILIO

Don Bartolo...

FIGARO

Don Basilio...

COUNT

And who is the other?

FIGARO

Oh, oh, it's our notary.  
How jolly! Leave it all to me...  
*(To the Notary)*

Signor Notary, this evening in my house  
you are to settle the contract  
of marriage between the Count Almaviva  
and my niece. Here is the couple.  
Are the papers prepared? Very good.

BASILIO

But wait...where is Don Bartolo?

COUNT

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

BASILIO

But I...

COUNT

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

BASILIO

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

COUNT

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

FIGARO

Evviva!

COUNT

Oh, how happy I am!

ROSINA

Oh, this is the joy I have longed for!

FIGARO

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

BARTOLO

Halt, everyone! Here they are!

FIGARO

Gently, sir.

BARTOLO

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

OFFICER

Your name, sir?

COUNT

I am the Count Almaviva...

BARTOLO

*(Resigned)*  
And I'm the one who's always wrong...

FIGARO

That's the way of things...

BARTOLO

*(To Basilio)*

But you, you rascal, you too betrayed me  
and acted as witness!

BASILIO

Ah! My good Doctor Bartolo, the Count  
has certain reasons in his pocket,  
and arguments to which there is no answer.

BARTOLO

And I, stupid fool that I am,  
the better to assure the marriage,  
took away the ladder from the balcony!

FIGARO

Here is really the "Futile...

ALL

...Precaution"!

FIGARO

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

FIGARO, BARTOLO, BASILIO, CHORUS  
*and BERTA*

*(Who has entered in the meantime.)*

May love and faith eternal  
reign in both your hearts.

ROSINA *and* COUNT

May love and faith eternal  
reign in both our hearts.

COUNT

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

ALL

May love and faith eternal  
reign in both your hearts.

ROSINA

You accepted humble  
Rosina's passion.

A brighter fate awaits you,  
come then and rejoice.

ALL

May love and faith eternal  
reign in both your hearts.

*Curtain*