

# CARMEN

## by Georges Bizet

### Cast

CARMEN, A Gypsy Girl (mezzo-soprano)  
DON JOSÉ, Corporal of Dragoons (tenor)  
ESCAMILLO, Toreador (bass-baritone)  
MICAËLA, A Village Maiden (soprano)  
ZUNIGA, Lieutenant of Dragoons (bass)  
MORALÈS, Corporal of Dragoons (baritone)  
FRASQUITA, Companion of Carmen (soprano)  
MERCÉDÈS, Companion of Carmen (mezzo-soprano)  
LILLAS PASTIA, an innkeeper (spoken)  
LE DANCAÏRE, smuggler (baritone)  
LE REMENDADO, smuggler (tenor)  
A GUIDE (spoken)

soldiers, young men, cigarette factory girls, Escamillo's supporters, Gypsies,  
merchants and orange sellers, police, bullfighters, people, urchins

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### ACT ONE

#### Prelude

#### Scene 1

*A square in Seville*

*(On the right, the door of a tobacco factory. At the back, facing the audience, a bridge from one side of the stage to the other, reached from the stage by a winding staircase beyond the factory door. The bridge is open underneath. In front, a guard-house; in front of that, three steps leading to a covered passage. As the curtain rises, a file of soldiers (dragoons of Almanza) are grouped before the guard-house, smoking and looking at the passers-by in the square coming and going from all parts. The scene is full of animation.)*

#### SOLDIERS

On the square  
everyone comes by,  
everyone comes and goes;  
funny sort of people these!

#### MORALÈS

At the guard-house door,  
to kill time,  
we smoke, gossip and watch  
the passers-by.

#### SOLDIERS and MORALÈS

On the square, etc.  
*(Micaëla enters.)*

#### MORALÈS

Now look at this little lass  
who seems to want to speak to us.  
Look, she's turning round, she's hesitating.

#### SOLDIERS

We must go and help her!

#### MORALÈS *(to Micaëla)*

Whom are you looking for, pretty one?

#### MICAËLA

I'm looking for a corporal.

#### MORALÈS

Here I am, look!

MICAËLA  
My corporal is called  
Don José...do you know him?

MORALÈS  
Don José? We all know him.

MICAËLA  
Really! is he with you, please?

MORALÈS  
He isn't a corporal in our company.

MICAËLA (*disappointed*)  
Then he isn't here?

MORALÈS  
No, my charmer, he isn't here.  
But in a few minutes he will be,  
he'll be here when the new guard  
comes to relieve the old guard.

SOLDIERS and MORALÈS  
He'll be here, *etc.*

MORALÈS  
But while you wait for him to come  
will you, my pretty child,  
take the trouble  
to step inside with us for a moment?

MICAËLA  
Inside with you?

SOLDIERS and MORALÈS  
Inside with us.

MICAËLA  
No, no.  
Many thanks, soldiers.

MORALÈS  
Don't be afraid to come in, my dear,  
I promise you we shall treat  
your dear self  
with every due respect.

MICAËLA  
I don't doubt it; all the same

I'll come back, that's wiser.  
I'll be back when the new guard  
comes to relieve the old guard.

SOLDIERS and MORALÈS  
You must stay, because the new guard  
is on its way to relieve the old guard.

MORALÈS  
You'll stay!

MICAËLA  
Indeed I'll not!

SOLDIERS and MORALÈS (*surround  
Micaëla*)  
You'll stay!

MICAËLA  
Indeed I'll not! No, no, no!  
Goodbye, soldiers!  
(*She escapes and runs off.*)

MORALÈS  
The bird has flown;  
we'll console ourselves.  
Let's resume our pastime  
and watch the folks go by.

SOLDIERS  
On the square  
everyone comes by, *etc.*

## No. 2 Chorus of Street Boys

(*A military march of bugles and fifes is heard  
in the distance. The relief guard arrives; an  
officer comes out of the guard-house.  
Soldiers take their muskets and form up in  
front of the guard-house. The passers-by  
gather in a group to watch the parade. The  
military march comes nearer and nearer. At  
last the relief guard emerges and crosses the  
bridge. First, two bugles and two fifes. Then  
a band of street urchins. Behind the children,  
Lieutenant Zuniga and Corporal Don José,  
then the troopers.*)

## CHORUS OF STREET BOYS

Right beside the relief guard,  
 here we come, here we are!  
 Blow out, loud trumpet!  
 Taratata, taratata!  
 We march with head erect  
 like little soldiers,  
 keeping time with no mistakes —  
 one, two — keeping step.  
 Shoulders back  
 and chest well out,  
 arms this way  
 straight down beside the body.  
 Right beside the relief guard, *etc.*  
*(The relief guard halts facing the guard  
 going off duty. The officers salute with their  
 swords and begin to talk in low voices. The  
 sentries are changed.)*

MORALÈS *(to Don José)*

A charming young girl  
 has just been asking us  
 if you were here.  
 Blue skirt and long plaited hair.

## JOSÉ

That must be Micaëla.  
*(The old guard passes before the  
 newcomers. The gang of street boys resume  
 the place they occupied when they arrived,  
 behind the drums and fifes.)*

CHORUS OF STREET BOYS *(reprise)*

And the old guard  
 goes off home to barracks —  
 blow out, loud trumpet!  
 Tararara, taratata!  
 We march with head erect  
 like little soldiers, *etc.*  
*(Soldiers, urchins and idlers go off at the  
 back; the sound of chorus, fifes and bugles  
 grows fainter. The commander of the new  
 guard, during this time, inspects his men  
 silently. When the chorus of street boys can  
 no longer be heard, the soldiers enter the  
 guard-house. Don José and Zuniga remain.)*

## Recitative

## ZUNIGA

Surely it's there, isn't it,  
 in that big building,  
 that the cigarette girls work?

## JOSÉ

It is, sir,  
 and quite certainly  
 you never saw such a flighty lot of girls.

## ZUNIGA

But they're pretty, at least?

## JOSÉ

Sir, I know nothing about that,  
 and don't concern myself with these  
 gallantries.

## ZUNIGA

I know very well, my friend,  
 what's keeping you busy;  
 a charming young girl  
 called Micaëla,  
 in a blue skirt and long plaited hair.  
 Have you nothing to say to that?

## JOSÉ

I reply that it's true,  
 I reply that I love her!  
 As for the factory girls there,  
 as to their prettiness — here they are!  
 And you can judge for yourself.

## No. 3 Chorus of Cigarette Girls

*(The square fills up with young men who have  
 come to intercept the cigarette girls. The  
 soldiers come out of the guard-house. Don  
 José sits down on a seat, and remains quite  
 indifferent to all the comings and goings,  
 working on a little chain for his priming pin.)*

## YOUNG MEN

The bell has rung; we've come here  
 to catch the factory girls on their way back;  
 and we'll follow you, dark-haired cigarette  
 girls,  
 murmuring words of love to you!

*(At this point the girls appear,  
smoking cigarettes.)*

**SOLDIERS**

Look at them! Impudent glances,  
Saucy airs,  
all of them puffing away  
at a cigarette.

**CIGARETTE GIRLS**

We gaze after the smoke  
as it rises in the air,  
sweet-smelling,  
towards the skies.  
Gracefully it mounts  
to your head,  
so gently  
it exhilarates you!  
Lover's soft talk —  
it's smoke!  
Their raptures and promises —  
smoke!

We gaze after the smoke  
as it rises, *etc.*

**SOLDIERS**

But we don't see la Carmencita!  
*(Carmen enters.)*

**CIGARETTE GIRLS and YOUNG MEN**

There she is! There she is!  
There's La Carmencita!  
*(She has a bunch of cassia flowers at her  
bodice, and a cassia flower in the corner of  
her mouth. The young men come in with  
Carmen. They follow her, surround her, talk  
to her. She flirts with them in an offhand  
fashion. Don José looks up. He glances at  
Carmen and then quietly resumes his work.)*

**YOUNG MEN**

Carmen, we all throng after you!  
Carmen, be kind, answer us at least,  
and tell us when you're going to love us!

**Recitative**

**CARMEN** *(with a glance at Don José)*

When am I going to love you?  
My word, I don't know.  
Perhaps never, perhaps tomorrow;  
but not today, that's certain.

**No. 4 Habanera**

**CARMEN**

Love is a rebellious bird  
that no one can tame,  
and it's quite useless to call him  
if it suits him refuse.  
Nothing moves him, neither threat nor plea,  
one man speaks freely, the other keeps  
mum;  
and it's the other one I prefer:  
he's said nothing, but I like him.  
Love! *etc.*

**CHORUS**

Love is a rebellious bird, *etc.*

**CARMEN**

Love is a gypsy child,  
he has never heard of law.  
If you don't love me, I love you;  
if I love you, look out for yourself! *etc.*

**CHORUS**

Look out for yourself! *etc.*  
Love is a gypsy child *etc.*

**CARMEN**

The bird you thought to catch unawares  
beats its wings and away it flew —  
love's far away, and you can wait for it:  
you wait for it no longer — and there it is.  
All around you, quickly, quickly,  
it comes, it goes, then it returns —  
you think you can hold it, it evades you,  
you think to evade it, it holds you fast.  
Love! *etc.*

**CHORUS**

All around you, *etc.*

CARMEN  
 Love is a gypsy child,  
 he has never heard of law.  
 If you don't love me, I love you;  
 if I love you, look out for yourself!  
 If you don't love me, I love you, *etc.*

CHORUS  
 Look out for yourself! *etc.*  
 Love is a gypsy child *etc.*

### No. 5 Scene

YOUNG MEN  
 Carmen, we all throng after you!  
 Carmen, be kind, answer us at least!  
*(A pause. The young men surround Carmen, who looks at them one by one. Then she breaks through the circle and goes straight to Don José, who is still busied with his little chain.)*

CARMEN  
 What are you up to there?...

JOSÉ  
 I'm making a chain to fix my priming-pin.

CARMEN  
 Truly! Your priming-pin, really!...Pin-maker of my heart...  
*(Carmen throws the cassia flower at Don José. He jumps up. The flower has fallen at his feet. Outburst of general laughter.)*

CIGARETTE GIRLS *(surrounding Don José)*  
 Love is a gypsy child, *etc.*  
*(The factory bell rings again. Carmen and the other cigarette girls run into the factory. Exeunt young men, etc. The soldiers go into the guard-house, who had been chatting to two or three of the girls. Don José is left alone.)*

### Recitative

JOSÉ  
 What looks! What brazen impudence!

That flower had the effect  
 of a bullet striking me!  
 Its scent is strong and it's a pretty flower!  
 And the woman...  
 If there really are witches  
 she's certainly one.

MICAËLA *(entering)*  
 José!

JOSÉ  
 Micaëla!

MICAËLA  
 Here I am!

JOSÉ  
 How lovely!

MICAËLA  
 It's your mother who sent me.

### No. 6 Duet

JOSÉ  
 Tell me about my mother!

MICAËLA  
 A faithful messenger, I bring from her  
 this letter...

JOSÉ  
 A letter!

MICAËLA  
 And then a little money  
 to add to your pay.  
 And then...

JOSÉ  
 And then?

MICAËLA  
 And then...really, I dare not,  
 and then yet another thing  
 worth more than money  
 at which a good son  
 will surely value higher.

JOSE

This other thing, what is it?  
Tell me, then.

MICAËLA

Yes, I'll tell you:  
what was given to me  
I'll give to you.  
Your mother and I were coming out of the  
chapel,  
And then, as she kissed me,  
"You will go to town," she said.  
"It's not far; once in Seville  
you'll seek out my son, my José, my boy.  
And you'll tell him that his mother  
thinks night and day of her absent one,  
that she grieves and hopes,  
that she forgives and waits.  
All that, little one,  
you'll tell him from me, won't you;  
and this kiss that I'm giving you  
you'll give him from me."

JOSE

A kiss from my mother!

MICAËLA

A kiss for her son!  
José, I give it to you  
as I promised.  
*(Micaëla raises herself on tiptoe and gives  
Don José a frank, motherly kiss. José, very  
moved, lets her. He gazes into her eyes.  
There is a moment of silence.)*

JOSE

I see my mother!  
Yes, I see my village again!  
O memories of bygone days,  
sweet memories of home!  
Sweet memories of home!  
O precious memories!  
You put back strength  
and courage into my heart,  
O precious memories!  
I see my mother!  
I see my village again!

MICAËLA

He sees his mother again!  
He sees his village once more!  
O memories of bygone days!  
Memories of home!  
You put back strength  
and courage into his heart!  
O precious memories!  
He sees his mother again,  
he sees his village again!

JOSE *(his eyes fixed on the factory)*

Who knows into what demon's clutches

I was about to fall!  
Even from afar my mother protects me,  
and this kiss she sent me,  
wards off the peril and saves her son!

MICAËLA

What demon? What peril?  
I don't quite understand.  
What do you mean by that?

JOSE

Nothing! Nothing!  
Let's talk about you, the messenger.  
You're going back home?

MICAËLA

Yes, this very evening:  
tomorrow I shall see your mother.

JOSE

You'll be seeing her!  
Well then, you'll tell her —  
that her son loves and reveres her  
and that today he is repentant;  
he wants his mother back there  
to be pleased with him!  
All this, my sweet,  
you'll tell her from me, won't you,  
and this kiss that I give you  
you'll give her from me.  
*(He kisses her.)*

MICAËLA

Yes, I promised you; from her son  
José I shall give it as I have promised.

JOSÉ  
I see my mother! *etc.*

MICAËLA  
He sees his mother again! *etc.*

**Recitative**

JOSÉ  
Wait there, now,  
while I'm reading.

MICAËLA  
No. Read first  
and then I'll come back.

JOSÉ  
Why go away?

MICAËLA  
It's wiser.  
It suits me better that way.  
Read! Then I'll come back.

JOSÉ  
You will come back?

MICAËLA  
I'll come back.  
(*She leaves.*)

JOSÉ  
Never fear, mother your son will obey you  
and do as you say; I love Micaëla  
and I shall take her for my wife.  
As for your flowers, filthy witch... !

**No. 7 Chorus**

(*Just as he is about to tear the flower from his tunic, an uproar begins in the factory. Zuniga comes on stage, followed by soldiers.*)

ZUNIGA  
Whatever's going on over there?

FIRST GROUP OF GIRLS  
Help! Help!  
Can't you hear?

SECOND GROUP OF GIRLS  
Help! Help!  
You soldiers!

FIRST GROUP OF GIRLS  
It's Carmencita!

SECOND GROUP OF GIRLS  
No, no, it's not her!  
Not a bit of it!

FIRST GROUP OF GIRLS  
It's her! It is, it is! It's her!  
She started the fighting!

SECOND GROUP OF GIRLS  
Don't listen to them!

ALL THE GIRLS (*surrounding Zuniga*)  
Listen to us, sir!  
Listen to us! *etc.*

SECOND GROUP OF GIRLS  
(*pulling the officer to their side*)  
Manuelita said, and kept saying  
at the top of her voice,  
that she'd make sure she bought  
a donkey that pleased her.

FIRST GROUP OF GIRLS  
Then Carmencita,  
in her usual mocking way,  
said; "A donkey? What for?  
A broom will do for you."

SECOND GROUP OF GIRLS  
Manuelita retorted,  
and said to her friend:  
"For a certain ride  
my donkey will be useful to you! — "

FIRST GROUP OF GIRLS  
" ... And on that day you'll be able  
to play the lady in your own right;  
two lackeys will follow behind  
keeping flies off as best they can!"

## ALL THE GIRLS

Thereupon they both started  
to pull each other's hair out!

## ZUNIGA

To the devil with all this chatter!

José, take two men in with you  
and see who's causing all this commotion.  
*(Don José takes two men with him. The  
soldiers go into the factory. All this while  
the girls are pushing and arguing among  
themselves.)*

## FIRST GROUP OF GIRLS

It's Carmencita! *etc.*

## SECOND GROUP OF GIRLS

No, no! It's not she! *etc.*

## ZUNIGA

Stop!

Rid me of all these women!

## ALL THE GIRLS

Sir, don't listen to them! *etc.*

*(The soldiers keep the girls back. Carmen  
appears at the factory door, led by Don José  
and followed by two dragoons. The factory-  
girls go out in a disorderly rush.)*

### No. 8 Song and Melodrama

## JOSÉ

Sir, there was a quarrel,  
insults first, then blows to end up with;  
one woman hurt.

## ZUNIGA

And by whom?

## JOSÉ

Why by her.

ZUNIGA *(to Carmen)*

You hear — what have you to say?

## CARMEN

Tralalalala,

cut me, burn me,  
I shall tell you nothing;

tralalala,

I defy everything —

fire, the sword, and heaven itself!

## ZUNIGA

Spare us your songs,  
and since you've been told to answer —  
answer!

## CARMEN

Tralalalala,

I'm keeping my secret, and keeping it well!

Tralalalala,

I love another,

and will die saying I love him.

## ZUNIGA

Since you adopt that attitude  
you'll sing your song to the prison walls.

## CHORUS

In prison! In prison!

*(Carmen tries to get at the girls.)*

ZUNIGA *(to Carmen)*

Plague on it!

Decidedly you have a ready hand!

## CARMEN

Tralalalala...

## ZUNIGA

It's a pity,  
a great pity,  
because she's nice, really!

But she must be made to see sense;  
bind those two lovely arms.

*(Zuniga leaves. A brief pause. Carmen  
raises her eyes and looks at Don José. He  
turns, withdraws a few paces, then comes  
back to Carmen who has been watching him  
all the while.)*

## CARMEN

Where are you taking me?



JOSE  
To prison, and there's nothing I can do.

CARMEN  
Really, you can't do anything?

JOSE  
No, nothing! I obey my superiors.

CARMEN  
Very well, but I know  
that in spite of your superiors  
you'll do everything I want,  
and that because you love me!

JOSE  
I, love you?

CARMEN  
Yes, José!  
The flower I made you a present of,  
you know, the witch's flower —  
you can throw it away now.  
The spell is working!

JOSE  
Don't talk to me anymore! You hear me?  
Say no more. I forbid it!

### No. 9 Seguidilla and Duet

CARMEN  
By the ramparts of Seville,  
at my friend Lillas Pastia's place,  
I'm going to dance the seguidilla  
and drink manzanilla.  
I'm going to my friend Lillas Pastia's!  
Yes, but all alone one gets bored,  
and real pleasures are for two.  
So, to keep me company,  
I shall take my lover!  
My lover... he's gone to the devil:  
I showed him the door yesterday.  
My poor heart, so consolable —  
my heart is as free as air.  
  
I have suitors by the dozen,  
but they are not to my liking.  
Here we are at the week end;

Who wants to love me? I'll love him.  
Who wants my heart? It's for the taking!  
You've come at the right moment!  
I have hardly time to wait,  
for with my new lover...  
By the ramparts of Seville, *etc.*

JOSE  
Stop! I told you not to talk to me!

CARMEN  
I'm not talking to you,  
I'm singing to myself;  
and I'm thinking...  
It's not forbidden to think!  
I'm thinking about a certain officer  
who loves me,  
and whom in my turn I might really love!

JOSE  
Carmen!

CARMEN  
My officer's not a captain,  
not even a lieutenant,  
he's only a corporal;  
but that's enough for a gypsy girl  
and I'll deign to content myself with him!

JOSE  
(*untying Carmen's hands*)

Carmen, I'm like a drunken man,  
if I yield, if I give in,  
you'll keep your promise?  
Ah! if I love you. Carmen, you'll love me?

CARMEN  
Yes...  
We'll dance the seguidilla  
while we drink manzanilla.

JOSE  
At Lillas Pastia's...  
You promise!  
Carmen...  
You promise!

CARMEN

Ah! By the ramparts of Seville, *etc.*  
(*Her hands behind her, Carmen goes and re-seats herself on her stool. Zuniga returns.*)

### No. 10 Finale

ZUNIGA (*to José*)

Here's the order; off you go now.  
And keep a good lookout.

CARMEN (*aside to José*)

On the way I shall push you,

I shall push you as hard as I can...

Let yourself fall over...

The rest is up to me.

(*Carmen places herself between the two dragoons, with José at her side. The girls and others return onstage, kept back by the soldiers. Carmen crosses the stage, moving towards the bridge.*)

Love is a gypsy child,  
he has never heard of law.

If you don't love me, I love you;  
if I love you, look out for yourself.

(*Arriving at the foot of the bridge, Carmen pushes José who falls. In the confusion Carmen takes to her heels. At the middle of the bridge she stops for a moment, sends her cord flying over the parapet of the bridge, and escapes, while the cigarette girls, with great shouts of laughter, surround Zuniga.*)

## ACT TWO

### *The tavern of Lillas Pastia*

(*Carmen, Mercédès, Frasquita, Lieutenant Zuniga, Moralès and another lieutenant are there. A meal has just been finished and the table is in disorder. The officers and gypsy girls are smoking. Two gypsies are strumming guitars in a corner of the room; in the middle, two gypsy girls are singing. Carmen, seated, is watching them dance. An*

*officer is talking to her quietly, but she pays him no attention whatsoever. Suddenly she gets up and begins to sing.*)

### No. 11 Gypsy Song

CARMEN

The sistrums' rods were jingling  
with a metallic clatter,  
and at this strange music  
the zingarellas leapt to their feet.  
Tambourines were keeping time  
and the frenzied guitars  
ground away under persistent hands,  
the same song, the same refrain.

Tralalalala...

(*During the refrain the gypsy girls dance, and Mercédès and Frasquita join Carmen in singing:*

Tralalalala.)

Copper and silver rings  
glittered on ducky skins;  
Orange- and red-striped  
dresses floated in the wind.  
Dance and song became one —  
at first timid and hesitant,  
then livelier and faster  
it grew and grew!

Tralalalala...

The gypsy boys stormed away  
on their instruments with all their might,  
and this deafening uproar  
bewitched the *zingaras!*  
Beneath the rhythm of the song,  
passionate, wild, fired with excitement,  
they let themselves be carried away,  
intoxicated, by the whirlwind!

Tralalalala...

### Recitative

FRASQUITA

Gentlemen, Pastia tells me...

ZUNIGA

What does Master Pastia want this time?

FRASQUITA  
He says the corregidor  
wants the inn closed.

ZUNIGA  
Oh, well, we'll go.  
You'll come with us.

FRASQUITA  
No, we're staying.

ZUNIGA  
And you, Carmen? Aren't you coming?

Listen, a word in your ear;  
you've a grudge against me.

CARMEN  
A grudge against you! Why?

ZUNIGA  
That soldier sent to prison the other day  
because  
of you...

CARMEN  
What have they done with the poor chap?

ZUNIGA  
He's free now!

CARMEN  
He's free! So much the better.  
Goodnight to you, gentlemen-admirers!

CARMEN, FRASQUITA and MERCÉDÈS  
Goodnight to you, gentlemen-admirers!

### No. 12 Chorus

CHORUS (*outside*)  
Hurrah! Hurrah for the Toreador!  
Hurrah! Hurrah for Escamillo!

ZUNIGA  
A torchlight procession!  
It's the winner of the Granada bullfights.  
(*Escamillo appears.*)  
Will you drink with us, comrade?

To your past and future triumphs!

CHORUS  
Hurrah! Hurrah for the Toreador!  
Hurrah! Hurrah for Escamillo!

### No. 13 (Toreador's Song)

ESCAMILLO  
I can return your toast,  
gentlemen, for soldiers —  
yes — and bullfighters understand each  
other;  
fighting is their game!  
The ring is packed, it's a holiday,  
the ring is full from top to bottom.  
The spectators, losing their wits,  
yell at each other at the tops of their voices!  
Exclamations, cries and uproar  
carried to the pitch of fury!  
For this is the *fiesta* of courage,  
this is the *fiesta* of the stouthearted!  
Let's go! On guard! Ah!  
Toreador, on guard!  
And remember, yes, remember as you fight,  
that two dark eyes are watching you,  
that love awaits you!  
Toreador, love awaits you!

CHORUS  
Toreador, on guard! *etc.*  
(*Carmen refills Escamillo's glass.*)

ESCAMILLO  
Suddenly everyone falls silent;  
Ah — what's happening?  
No more shouts, this is the moment!  
The bull comes bounding  
out of the *toril*!  
He charges, comes in, strikes!  
A horse rolls over, dragging down a picador!  
"Ah! Bravo bull!" roars the crowd;  
the bull turns, comes back,  
comes back and strikes again!  
Shaking his *banderillas*,  
maddened with rage, he runs about!  
The ring is covered with blood!  
Men jump clear, leap the barriers.  
It's your turn now!

Let's go! On guard! Ah!  
Toreador, on guard! *etc.*

CHORUS

Toreador, on guard! *etc.*

**Recitative**

*(Everyone drinks, then exchanges handclaps with the matador. The officers get ready to go. Escamillo finds himself at Carmen's side.)*

ESCAMILLO

A word, pretty one:  
what do they call you?  
In my worst danger  
I want to utter your name.

CARMEN

Carmen! Carmencita!  
It comes to the same thing!

ESCAMILLO

If someone told you he loved you?...

CARMEN

I should reply that I don't need loving.

ESCAMILLO

That's not a friendly answer;  
I'll content myself with hoping and waiting.

CARMEN

To wait is permitted, to hope is sweet.

ZUNIGA

Since you're not coming,  
Carmen, I shall return.

CARMEN

And you'll be making a big mistake!

ZUNIGA

Bah! I'll take the risk!  
*(Zuniga and Escamillo leave. Le Dancaïre and Le Remendado enter.)*

**Recitative**

FRASQUITA

Well now, quickly, what's new?

LE DANCAÏRE

The news isn't too bad,  
and we may yet be able to pull off  
some good jobs!  
But we require your services.

FRASQUITA, MERCÉDÈS and CARMEN

Our services?

LE DANCAÏRE

Yes, we require your services.

**No. 14 Quintet**

We have a scheme in mind.

MERCÉDÈS and FRASQUITA

Tell us, is it good?

LE DANCAÏRE and LE REMENDADO

It's admirable, my dear;  
but we require your services.

ALL FIVE

Ours? *etc.*  
Yours! *etc.*

LE DANCAÏRE and LE REMENDADO

For we humbly  
and most respectfully acknowledge:  
when it's a question of trickery,  
of deception, of thieving,  
it's always good, I swear,  
to have women around.  
And without them,  
my lovelies,  
no one ever does  
any good!

FRASQUITA, MERCÉDÈS and CARMEN

What? Without us no one does  
any good?

LE DANCAÏRE and LE REMENDADO

Isn't that your opinion?

FRASQUITA, MERCÉDÈS and CARMEN  
Indeed, that's my opinion.  
Yes indeed, really it is.

QUINTET  
When it's a question of trickery, *etc.*

LE DANCAÏRE  
It's settled then; you'll go?

FRASQUITA and MERCÉDÈS  
Whenever you like.

LE DANCAÏRE  
Why, straight away.

CARMEN  
Ah! Just a moment!  
If you want to go, go;  
but I'm not in on this trip.  
I won't go! I won't go!

LE DANCAÏRE and LE REMENDADO  
Carmen, my love, you will come -

CARMEN  
I won't go! I won't go!

LE DANCAÏRE and LE REMENDADO  
And you won't have the heart  
to leave us in the lurch.

FRASQUITA and MERCÉDÈS  
Ah! My Carmen, you will come.

CARMEN  
I won't go! *etc.*

LE DANCAÏRE  
But the reason, Carmen,  
at least you'll tell us the reason.

QUARTET  
The reason, the reason!

CARMEN  
Certainly I'll give it.

QUARTET  
Let's have it! Let's have it!

CARMEN  
The reason is that at this moment...

QUARTET  
Well? Well?

CARMEN  
I'm in love!

LE DANCAÏRE and LE REMENDADO  
(*astonished*)  
What did she say?

FRASQUITA and MERCÉDÈS  
She said she's in love!

QUARTET  
In love!

CARMEN  
Yes, in love!

LE DANCAÏRE  
See here, Carmen, be serious!

CARMEN  
Head over heels in love!

LE DANCAÏRE and LE REMENDADO  
This is certainly astonishing,  
but it's not the first time,  
my pet, that you've been able  
to combine love and duty.

CARMEN  
My friends, I'd be most happy  
to go with you this evening;  
but this time — don't be annoyed —  
love must come before duty.

LE DANCAÏRE  
That's not your final word?

CARMEN  
Absolutely!

LE REMENDADO

You must relent.

QUARTET

You must come, Carmen, you must come!

It's necessary  
for our scheme,  
for between ourselves...

CARMEN

As to that, I admit with you that...

QUINTET (*reprise*)

When it's a question of trickery, *etc.*

### Recitative

LE DANCAÏRE

But what are you waiting for?

CARMEN

Nothing much — a soldier who,  
for doing me a good turn the other day,  
was clapped in prison.

LE REMENDADO

It's a delicate situation.

LE DANCAÏRE

After all, it's possible  
your soldier may have second thoughts.  
Are you quite sure that he'll come?

### No. 15 Song

JOSÉ (*in the far distance*)

Halt!

Who goes there?

Dragoon of Alcala!

CARMEN

Listen!

JOSÉ

Where are you going there,  
Dragoon of Alcala? -

CARMEN

There he is!

JOSÉ

Me, I'm going to make  
my rival

bite the dust. —

If that's the case,

pass, my friend.

An affair of honour,

an affair of the heart —

that explains everything for us

Dragoons of Alcala!

FRASQUITA

He's a handsome dragoon.

MERCÉDÈS

A very handsome dragoon!

LE DANCAÏRE

- Who might be a useful companion for us.

LE REMEMDADO

Tell him to come with us.

CARMEN

He will refuse.

LE DANCAÏRE

But try, at least.

CARMEN

All right, I'll try.

(*Le Remendado goes out, Le Dancaïre  
following him with the girls.*)

JOSÉ

(*the sound of his voice considerably closer*)

Halt!

Who goes there?

Dragoon of Alcala!

Where are you going there,

Dragoon of Alcala? —

Punctual and faithful,

I go where the love

of my fair lady calls me! —

If that's the case,

pass, friend.

An affair of the heart,

an affair of the heart,

that explains everything for us

Dragoons of Alcala!  
(*Don José enters.*)

**Recitative**

CARMEN  
So it's you!

JOSÉ  
Carmen!

CARMEN  
And you're just out of prison?

JOSÉ  
I was there two months.

CARMEN  
You're complaining about it?

JOSÉ  
Faith, no!  
And if it was for you  
I'd gladly be there still.

CARMEN  
You love me, then?

JOSÉ  
I adore you!

CARMEN  
Your officers were here recently;  
they got us to dance.

JOSÉ  
What, you?

CARMEN  
May I die if you're not jealous!

JOSÉ  
I'm jealous all right!

**No. 16 Duet**

CARMEN  
Softly, sir, softly.  
I am going to dance in your honor,  
and you will see, my lord,

how I am able to accompany my dance!  
Sit down there, Don José. I'll begin!

(*She makes José sit down in a corner, and starts to dance, humming and accompanying herself with her castanets. José is entranced. Bugles are heard in the distance sounding Retreat. José cocks an ear. He comes over to Carmen and compels her to stop.*)

JOSÉ  
Wait a little, Carmen, only for a moment,  
stop!

CARMEN  
And why, if you please?

JOSÉ  
I think, over there...  
yes, those are our bugles sounding  
Retreat!  
Can't you hear them?

CARMEN  
Bravo! Bravo! I was trying in vain;  
it's dismal  
dancing without an orchestra.  
And long live music  
that drops on us out of the skies!  
(*She resumes her song. The bugles sound nearer, pass beneath the windows of the inn, then fade in the distance.*)

JOSÉ  
You didn't understand me, Carmen,  
it's Retreat;  
I've got to get back to quarters  
for roll-call.

CARMEN  
To quarters! For roll-call!  
Ah! Really I was too stupid!  
I went out of my way  
and took the trouble,  
yes, took the trouble  
to entertain the gentleman!  
I sang! I danced!  
I believe, God forgive me,  
I almost fell in love!

Taratata!  
 It's the bugle sounding!  
 Taratata!  
 He's off! He's gone!  
 Go, you're yellow as your tunic!  
*(angrily throwing his cap at him)*  
 Here! Take your shako,  
 your sword, your bandolier;  
 and clear off, my son, clear off!  
 Clear off back to your barracks!

JOSÉ  
 It's cruel of you, Carmen, to make fun of  
 me!  
 It pains me to go, for never has a woman —  
 never before you has any women  
 so deeply stirred my heart!

CARMEN  
 "Taratata, my God! It's the Retreat!  
 Taratata, I'm going to be late!"  
 He loses his wits, he rushes off,  
 and that's his love!

JOSÉ  
 So you don't believe in my love?

CARMEN  
 Of course not!

JOSÉ  
 Very well! You shall listen to me!

CARMEN  
 I don't want to listen to anything!

JOSÉ  
 You shall hear me!

CARMEN  
 You're going to be late!

JOSÉ  
 You shall hear me!

CARMEN  
 No! No! No! No!

JOSÉ  
 Yes, you shall hear me!  
 I insist, Carmen!  
 You shall hear me!  
*(He reaches inside his tunic and takes out  
 the cassia flower Carmen threw him in Act  
 One.)*

The flower that you threw to me  
 stayed with me in my prison.  
 Withered and dried up, that flower  
 always kept its sweet perfume;  
 and for hours at a time,  
 with my eyes closed,  
 I became drunk with its smell  
 and in the night I used to see you!  
 I took to cursing you,  
 detesting you, asking myself  
 why did destiny  
 have to throw her across my path?  
 Then I accused myself of blasphemy,  
 and felt within myself,  
 I felt but one desire,  
 one desire, one hope:  
 to see you again, Carmen, to see you again!  
 For you had only to appear,  
 only to throw a glance my way,  
 to take possession of my whole being,  
 O my Carmen,  
 and I was your chattel!  
 Carmen, I love you!

CARMEN  
 No, you don't love me!

JOSÉ  
 What are you saying?

CARMEN  
 No, you don't love me,  
 no! For if you did,  
 you'd follow me  
 over there.

JOSÉ  
 Carmen!

CARMEN  
 Yes! —



Away over there into the mountains,  
 away over there you'd follow me.  
 You'd take me up behind you on your horse  
 and like a daredevil you'd carry me off  
 across the country!  
 Away over there into the mountains!

JOSÉ  
 Carmen!

CARMEN  
 Away over there you'd follow me,  
 if you loved me!  
 There you'd not be dependent on anyone;  
 there'd be no officer you had to obey,  
 and no Retreat sounding  
 to tell a lover  
 that it is time to go!  
 The open sky, the wandering life,  
 the whole wide world your domain;  
 for law your own free will,  
 and above all, that intoxicating thing:  
 Freedom! Freedom!

JOSÉ  
 Oh God!

CARMEN  
 Away over there in the mountains, *etc.*

JOSÉ  
 Ah! Carmen, alas! Stop it! Have pity!

CARMEN  
 Yes, isn't it so,  
 you will follow me there,  
 you love me and you'll follow me!  
 Take me away over there!

JOSÉ  
 Ah! stop, stop!  
 No! I won't listen to you!  
 To abandon my colors — to desert...  
 that's shameful, that's dastardly!  
 I'll have none of it!

CARMEN  
 All right then go!

JOSÉ  
 Carmen, I implore you!

CARMEN  
 No, I don't love you anymore!

JOSÉ  
 Listen!

CARMEN  
 Go! I hate you!  
 Goodbye! And goodbye forever!

JOSÉ  
 All right, so be it...goodbye forever!

CARMEN  
 Get out!

JOSÉ  
 Carmen! Goodbye, goodbye forever!

CARMEN  
 Goodbye!  
*(Don José hurries towards the door; just as  
 he  
 reaches it, somebody knocks.)*

### No. 17 Finale

ZUNIGA (*outside*)  
 Hallo there, Carmen! Hallo! Hallo!

JOSÉ  
 Who's that knocking? Who's there?

CARMEN  
 Keep quiet!

ZUNIGA (*forcing the door*)  
 I'm opening up myself, and coming in.  
*(sees Don José — to Carmen)*  
 Ah! Fie, fie! My lovely lady!  
 This isn't a happy choice; it's demeaning  
 to take the soldier when you've got the  
 officer.  
*(to Don José)*  
 Off with you, get moving!

JOSE  
No!

ZUNIGA  
You certainly will go!

JOSE  
I shall not go!

ZUNIGA (*striking him*)  
Scoundrel!

JOSE (*drawing his sword*)  
By thunder! It's going to rain blows!

CARMEN (*throwing herself between them*)  
Devil take the jealous!  
(*calling*)  
Help! Help!  
(*Gypsies appear from all sides. Carmen points to Zuniga. Le Dancaire and Le Remendado hurl themselves upon him and disarm him.*)

CARMEN  
My fine officer! My fine officer, love  
at the moment is playing you a rather dirty  
trick.  
Your arrival is most untimely; and alas, we  
are compelled,  
not wishing to be betrayed,  
to detain you...for at least an hour.

LE DANCAIRE and LE REMENDADO  
My dear sir,  
if you please, we are going  
to leave this establishment;  
you'll come with us?

CARMEN  
Just for a stroll.

LE DANCAIRE and LE REMENDADO  
Do you consent?

ALL THE GYPSIES  
Answer, comrade.

ZUNIGA  
Certainly,  
the more so since your argument  
is one of those that can hardly be resisted;  
but take care! Look out for yourselves later!

LE DANCAIRE  
War is war!  
Meantime, my good sir,  
carry on without further argument!

LE REMENDADO and THE GYPSIES  
Carry on without further argument!

(*The officer is led out by four gypsies armed with pistols.*)

CARMEN (*to Don José*)  
Are you one of us now?

JOSE  
I have no alternative.

CARMEN  
Ah! that's not gallantly put,  
but no matter, go, you'll take to it there  
when you see  
how fine is the wandering life;  
the whole world your domain,  
your own free will for law,  
and above all that intoxicating thing:  
Freedom! Freedom!

ALL (*to Don José*)  
Take to the country with us,  
come with us into the mountains,  
come with us and you'll take to it there  
when you see, away over there,  
how fine is the wandering life;  
the whole world your domain,  
your own free will for law!  
And above all that intoxicating thing:  
Freedom! Freedom!  
The open sky, the wandering life,  
the whole wide world your domain;  
your own free will for law,  
and above all that intoxicating thing:  
Freedom! Freedom!

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## ACT THREE

### No. 18 Sextet and Chorus

*A wild and rocky scene.*

*(The night is dark and the solitude complete. During the musical prelude a smuggler appears at the top of the rocks, then another, then two more, and finally twenty here and there, climbing and scrambling over the rocks. Some of them are carrying heavy bales on their shoulders.)*

#### CHORUS

Listen, friend, listen,  
fortune lies over there,  
but take care along the way,  
and watch your step!

LE DANCAÏRE, LE REMENDADO,  
JOSÉ, CARMEN,

#### MERCÉDÈS and FRASQUITA

Our calling is a good one,  
but to follow it you must  
have a stout heart!  
There's danger up above, and down below,  
it's everywhere — what of it!  
We go forward  
without worrying about the torrent,  
without worrying about the storm,  
without worrying about the soldier  
who's waiting for us over there,  
and keeping a sharp lookout for us —  
we go forward without worrying!

#### ALL

Listen, friend, listen, *etc.*

#### Recitative

#### LE DANCAÏRE

Let's rest here for an hour, comrades;  
first, we'll go on ahead of you  
and satisfy ourselves the way is clear,  
and that the contraband  
can get through unmolested.  
*(During this scene between Carmen and*

*José, a few gypsy men light a fire, by which  
Mercédès and Frasquita come and sit down;  
the others roll themselves up in their cloaks,  
lie down and go to sleep.)*

CARMEN *(to José)*

What are you looking at like that?

JOSÉ

I'm telling myself that down there  
lives a good and kind old lady  
who believes me to be an honest man.  
Alas, she is mistaken!

CARMEN

And who is this lady?

JOSÉ

Ah, Carmen, by my soul, don't jeer...  
because it's my mother.

CARMEN

Well then, go and find her right away!  
Our calling, you see, means nothing to you.  
And you would do very well to leave as you  
can

JOSÉ

Go away, and leave you?

CARMEN

Undoubtedly.

JOSÉ

Leave you, Carmen?  
Listen, if you say that word again!...

CARMEN

You would kill me, perhaps?  
What a look — you don't answer...  
What do I care? After all, Fate is master.

### No. 19 Trio

*(She turns her back on José and goes to sit  
down near Mercédès and Frasquita. After a  
moment of indecision, José too goes off and  
stretches out on the rocks. During the last  
exchanges Mercédès and Frasquita have  
been spreading out cards.)*

FRASQUITA and MERCÉDÈS

Shuffle! Cut!

Good, that's that!

Three cards here...

four there!

And now speak, my loveliness,  
give us news of the future;  
tell us who's going to betray us,  
tell us who's going to love us!  
Speak! Speak!

FRASQUITA

Me, I see a young suitor,  
no one could love me more.

MERCÉDÈS

Mine is very rich and very old,  
but he talks of marriage.

FRASQUITA

I settle myself firmly on his horse  
and he carries me off into the mountains.

MERCÉDÈS

In an almost royal castle  
mine installs me in queenly state!

FRASQUITA

Never-ending love,  
every day new raptures!

MERCÉDÈS

As much gold as I can take,  
diamonds, precious stones!

FRASQUITA

Mine becomes a famous leader,  
a hundred men march in his train!

MERCÉDÈS

Mine...can I believe my eyes?  
Yes...he dies!  
Ah! I'm a widow and I inherit!

FRASQUITA and MERCÉDÈS (*reprise*)

Speak again, speak, my lovelies, *etc.*  
(*They begin to consult the cards again.*)

MERCÉDÈS

Fortune!

FRASQUITA

Love!

CARMEN

Let's see — let me have a try.  
(*She starts to turn up the cards.*)

Diamond, spade...Death!

I read it clearly...me first.

Then him...for both of us, Death!

In vain to avoid bitter replies,  
in vain will you shuffle;  
that achieves nothing, the cards  
are truthful and will not lie!

If your page in the book  
up above is a happy one  
shuffle and cut without fear,  
the card under your fingers will turn up  
nicely,

foretelling good luck.

But if you are to die,

if the terrible word

has been written by Destiny,

begin twenty times — the pitiless card  
will repeat: Death!

(*turning up the cards*)

Again! Always Death!

FRASQUITA and MERCÉDÈS

Speak again, my lovelies, speak! *etc.*

CARMEN

Again! Despair!

Always Death!

(*Le Dancaïre and Le Remendado enter.*)

### Recitative

CARMEN

All right?

LE DANCAÏRE

All right! We'll try to get through,  
and we shall get through!

You wait up there, José; guard the stuff.

FRASQUITA  
Is the way open?

LE DANCAÏRE  
Yes, but watch out for surprises!  
I saw three customs men on the pass  
we must go through:  
we must get rid of them.

CARMEN  
Take up the packs and let's go;  
we must get through, we shall get through!

### No. 20 Ensemble

CARMEN, MERCÉDÈS and FRASQUITA  
As for the customs man, he's our affair;  
just like the next man he loves to please,  
he loves to play the gallant;  
Ah! Leave us to go on ahead!

ALL THE GIRLS  
As for the customs man, he's our affair, *etc.*

EVERYONE  
He loves to please!

MERCÉDÈS  
The customs man will be easy on us!

ALL  
He is gallant!

CARMEN  
The customs man will be charming!

ALL  
He loves to please!

FRASQUITA  
The customs man will be gallant!

MERCÉDÈS  
Yes, the customs man will even be forward!

ALL  
Yes, the customs man is our/their affair;  
just like the next man he loves to please,  
he loves to play the gallant;  
let them leave us go on ahead!

CARMEN, MERCÉDÈS and FRASQUITA  
It's no longer a question of battle;  
no, it's simply a question  
of letting ourselves be taken by the waist  
and listening to a compliment.  
If it's necessary to go as far as a smile,  
what of it? — We'll smile!

ALL THE WOMEN  
And here and now I can say  
the stuff will get though!  
Forward! On our way! Let's go!

ALL  
Yes, the customs man is our/their affair, *etc.*  
(*Everyone leaves. José brings up the rear,  
examining the priming of his carbine; just  
before he disappears, a man is seen moving  
behind a rock. It is Micaëla's guide. The  
guide advances cautiously, then signals to  
Micaëla that the coast is clear.*)

### Recitative

MICAËLA (*looking about her*)  
This is the smugglers' usual haunt.  
He is here, I shall see him...  
and the duty his mother laid on me  
I'll carry out without trembling.

### No. 21 Air

MICAËLA  
I say that nothing frightens me,  
I say, alas, that I have only myself to depend  
on;  
but I have tried in vain to be brave,  
at heart I'm dying of fright!  
Alone in this wild place,  
all alone, I'm afraid,  
but I do wrong to be afraid;  
you will give me courage,  
you will protect me, Lord.  
I shall get a close look at this woman  
whose evil wiles  
have finished by making a criminal  
of the man I once loved:  
she is dangerous, she is beautiful,  
but I won't be afraid,

I shall speak out in front of her.  
 Ah! Lord,  
 you will protect me!  
 Ah! I say that nothing will frighten me, *etc.*  
 ...protect me, O Lord!  
 Protect me, Lord!

### Recitative

I'm not mistaken...it's he on that rock.  
 This way, José! José!  
 I can't come any nearer.  
*(terrified)*  
 But what's he doing? He's aiming...firing...  
*(A shot is heard.)*  
 Ah, my God! I overestimated my strength!  
*(She disappears behind the rocks. At the same moment Escamillo comes in, holding his hat in his hand.)*

### No. 22 Duet

ESCAMILLO *(examining his hat)*  
 A little bit lower  
 and that would have been that.

JOSÉ *(his knife in his hand)*  
 Your name, answer!

ESCAMILLO  
 Hey! gently, friend!  
 I'm Escamillo, the Granada matador!

JOSÉ  
 Escamillo!

ESCAMILLO  
 That's me!

JOSÉ *(returning his knife to its sheath)*  
 I know your name.  
 You're welcome; but truly, comrade,  
 that could have been the end of you.

ESCAMILLO  
 I'm not denying it,  
 but, my friend, I am madly in love,  
 and he would be a wretched fellow  
 who wouldn't risk his life to see his  
 ladylove!

JOSÉ  
 The girl you love is here?

ESCAMILLO  
 Exactly.  
 She's a gypsy girl, my friend.

JOSÉ  
 Her name?

ESCAMILLO  
 Carmen.

JOSÉ  
 Carmen!

ESCAMILLO  
 Carmen! Yes, my friend. She had as a lover  
 a soldier who once deserted on her account.  
 They adored each other, but it's over, I  
 think.  
 Carmen's affairs don't last six months.

JOSÉ  
 Yet you love her!

ESCAMILLO  
 I love her!  
 Yes, my friend, I love her to distraction!

JOSÉ  
 But to take our gypsy girls away from us  
 you know that you have to pay?

ESCAMILLO  
 All right! I'll pay.

JOSÉ  
 And that the price is paid with the knife!

ESCAMILLO  
 With the knife!

JOSÉ  
 You understand?

ESCAMILLO  
 You put it very clearly.  
 This deserter, this fine soldier she loves,

or rather, used to love —  
is you, then?

JOSÉ  
Yes, myself!

ESCAMILLO  
I'm delighted, my friend,  
and the wheel comes full circle!  
*(Both draw their knives and wrap their left  
arm in their cloaks.)*

JOSÉ  
At last my rage  
has found an outlet!  
Blood, I hope,  
will soon flow,

ESCAMILLO  
What a predicament,  
I could laugh at it really!  
To look for the mistress  
and find the lover!

TOGETHER  
Put up your guard,  
and look out for yourself!  
So much the worse for the one  
who's slow at parrying!  
On guard! Come on! Look out for yourself!  
*(They fight. The matador slips and falls.  
Enter Carmen and Le Dancaïre; she rushes  
forward and stays José's hand. The matador  
gets to his feet; Le Remendado, Mercédès,  
Frasquita and the smugglers have  
meanwhile come upon the scene.)*

### No. 23 Finale

CARMEN  
Stop, stop, José!

ESCAMILLO  
Really, I'm overjoyed  
that it should be you, Carmen, who saved  
my life!  
*(to Don José)*  
As for you, my fine soldier,  
I'll take my revenge,

and we'll play for two out of three  
whenever you wish to renew the fight!

LE DANCAÏRE  
Enough, enough, no more quarrelling!  
We must get going.  
*(to Escamillo)*  
And you, my friend, good night!

ESCAMILLO  
Allow me at least, before I say goodbye,  
to invite you all to the bullfights at Seville.  
I expect to be at my most brilliant there,  
and who loves me will come!  
*(to José, who makes a threatening gesture)*  
Friend, keep calm,  
I've had my say, and I've nothing more  
to do here but make my farewells!  
*(Leisurely exit of Escamillo. Don José tries  
to attack him but is held back by Le  
Dancaïre and Le Remendado.)*

JOSÉ *(to Carmen)*  
Take care, Carmen, I'm weary of suffering!  
*(Carmen answers him with a slight shrug of  
her shoulders and walks off.)*

LE DANCAÏRE  
Let's get going! We must be off!

ALL  
Let's get going! We must be off!

LE REMENDADO  
Stop! There's someone there trying to hide!  
*(He brings in Micaëla.)*

CARMEN  
A woman!

LE DANCAÏRE  
Lord, a pleasant surprise!

JOSÉ  
Micaëla!

MICAËLA  
Don José!

JOSE  
 Poor girl!  
 What are you doing here!

MICAËLA  
 I've come looking for you.  
 Down there is the cottage  
 where, praying unceasingly,  
 a mother, your mother,  
 weeps, alas, for her son.  
 She weeps and calls you,  
 she weeps and holds out her arms to you;  
 you will take pity on her,  
 José, ah José, you will come with me!

CARMEN  
 Go on! Go on! You'll do well to go;  
 our business means nothing to you!

JOSE  
 You're telling me to go with her?

CARMEN  
 Yes, you ought to go!

JOSE  
 You're telling me to go with her  
 so that you can run after  
 your new lover!  
 No! Not likely!  
 Though it should cost me my life,  
 no, Carmen, I shall not go away,  
 and the bond which unites us  
 shall unite us till death!  
 Though it should cost me my life, *etc.*

MICAËLA  
 Listen to me, I implore you,  
 your mother holds out her arms to you,  
 that bond which unites you,  
 José, you will break it!

FRASQUITA, MERCÉDÈS, LE  
 REMENDADO,

LE DANCAÏRE and CHORUS  
 It will cost you your life,  
 José, if you don't go,

and the bond which unites you  
 will be broken by your death.

JOSE (to Micaëla)  
 Leave me!

MICAËLA  
 Alas, José!

JOSE  
 For I am doomed!

FRASQUITA, MERCÉDÈS, LE  
 REMENDADO

LE DANCAÏRE and CHORUS  
 José take care!

JOSE (to Carmen)  
 Ah! I've got you, accursed girl,  
 I've got you, and I shall compel you  
 to bow to the destiny  
 that links your fate with mine!

Though it should cost me my life,  
 no, no, no, I shall not go!

CHORUS  
 Ah! Take care, take care, Don José!

MICAËLA  
 One word more, this will be the last.  
 Alas! José, your mother is dying,  
 and she doesn't want to die  
 without having forgiven you.

JOSE  
 My mother! She's dying?

MICAËLA  
 Yes. Don José

JOSE  
 Let's go, ah, let's go!  
 (to Carmen)  
 Be satisfied! I'm going,  
 but we shall meet again!  
 (He hurries off with Micaëla.)



ESCAMILLO (*in the distance*)  
 Toreador, on guard! *etc.*  
 (*José stops at the back, on the rocks. He hesitates, but, after a moment, goes on his way with Micaëla. Carmen rushes in the direction of the voice. The gypsies take up their bales and prepare to leave.*)

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## ACT FOUR

### No. 24 Chorus

*A square in Seville*

*(The walls of the old arena are in the background. The entrance to the ring is closed by a long curtain. A bullfight is about to take place, and there is great excitement. Hawkers move about offering water, oranges, fans, etc.)*

#### CHORUS

Two cuartos! Two cuartos!  
 Fans to cool yourselves!  
 Oranges to nibble!  
 Programme with details!  
 Wine! Water! Cigarettes!  
 Two cuartos! Two cuartos! *etc.*  
 Look! For two cuartos!  
 Senoras and caballeros!

#### ZUNIGA

Some oranges, look sharp!

#### SEVERAL FRUITSELLERS (*running up*)

Here you are,  
 take these, ladies.

#### ONE OF THEM (*to Zuniga, who pays*)

Thank you, officer, thank you.

#### THE OTHERS

These ones here, sir, are better.  
 Fans to cool yourselves, *etc.*

#### ZUNIGA

Here you! Some fans!

A GYPSY (*running forward*)  
 Want some opera glasses too?

#### CHORUS (*reprise*)

Two cuartos! Two cuartos!  
 Look! Look! Two cuartos! *etc.*  
 (*Shouts and fanfares are heard. The procession begins.*)

### No. 25 March and Chorus

#### CHORUS

Here they come! Here's the cuadrilla!  
 The toreadors' cuadrilla!  
 The sun flashes on their lances!  
 Up in the air with your caps and hats!  
 Here they are! Here's the cuadrilla,  
 the toreadors' cuadrilla!  
 Here, coming into the square  
 first of all, marching on foot,  
 is the constable with his ugly mug!  
 Down with him! Down with him!  
 And now as they go by  
 let's cheer the bold *chulos*!  
 Bravo! Hurrah! Glory to courage!  
 Here come the bold *chulos*!  
 Look at the *banderilleros*!  
 See what a swaggering air!  
 See them! See them!  
 What looks, and how brilliantly  
 the ornaments glitter  
 on their fighting dress!  
 Here are the *banderilleros*!  
 Another cuadrilla's coming!  
 Look at the *picadors*!

How handsome they are!  
 How they'll torment the bulls' flanks  
 with the tips of their lances!  
 (*At last Escamillo appears, accompanied by a radiant and magnificently dressed Carmen.*)

The Matador! Escamillo!  
 It's the Matador, the skilled swordsman,  
 he who comes to finish things off,  
 who appears at the drama's end  
 and strikes the last blow!  
 Long live Escamillo! Ah bravo!  
 Here they are! Here's the cuadrilla! *etc.*

ESCAMILLO (*to Carmen*)  
If you love me, Carmen soon  
you can be proud of me.

CARMEN  
Ah! I love you, Escamillo, I love you,  
and may I die if I have ever loved  
anyone as much as you!

TOGETHER  
Ah! I love you!  
Yes, I love you!

ALGUAZILS  
Make way! Make way for his worship the  
Mayor!  
*(During a little orchestral march the Mayor  
enters and crosses the stage, preceded and  
followed by an escort of constables.  
Meanwhile Frasquita and Mercédès draw  
near to Carmen.)*

FRASQUITA  
Carmen, a word of advice, don't stay here!

CARMEN  
And why, if you please?

MERCÉDÈS  
He's there!

CARMEN  
Who?

MERCÉDÈS  
Him, Don José  
He's hiding among the crowd; look.

CARMEN  
Yes, I see him.

FRASQUITA  
Take care!

CARMEN  
I'm not a woman to tremble in front of him.  
I'm expecting him, and I'll speak to him.

MERCÉDÈS  
Carmen, believe me, take care!

CARMEN  
I'm not afraid of anything!

FRASQUITA  
Take care!  
*(The mayor's cortege has entered the arena.  
Behind him, the procession of the cuadrilla  
resumes its march and goes into the ring.  
The crowd follows...and in withdrawing has  
revealed Don José, leaving him and Carmen  
alone downstage.)*

### No. 26 Final Duet

CARMEN  
It's you!

JOSÉ  
Yes, me!

CARMEN  
I'd been warned  
that you were about, that you might come  
here;  
I was even told to fear for my life  
but I'm no coward and had no intention of  
running away.

JOSÉ  
I'm not threatening, I'm imploring,  
beseeching;  
our past, Carmen — I forget it!  
Yes, together we are going  
to begin another life,  
far from here, under new skies!

CARMEN  
You ask the impossible,  
Carmen has never lied;  
her mind is made up.  
Between her and you everything's finished.  
I have never lied;  
all's over between us.

JOSÉ  
Carmen, there is still time,

yes, there is still time.  
O my Carmen, let me  
save you, you I adore,  
and save myself with you!

CARMEN

No, I'm well aware that the hour has come,  
I know that you are going to kill me;  
but whether I live or die,  
no, no, I shall not give in to you!

JOSÉ

Carmen, there is still time,  
O my Carmen, let me  
save you, you whom I adore;  
Ah! Let me save you  
and save myself with you!  
O my Carmen, there is still time, *etc.*

CARMEN

Why still concern yourself  
with a heart that's no longer yours?  
No, this heart no longer belongs to you!  
In vain you say "I adore you"  
you'll get nothing, no nothing, from me.  
Ah! It's useless,  
You'll get nothing, nothing, from me!

JOSÉ

Then you don't love me anymore?

*(Carmen is silent.)*

Then you don't love me anymore?

CARMEN

No, I don't love you anymore.

JOSÉ

But I, Carmen, I love you still;  
Carmen, alas! I adore you!

CARMEN

What's the good of this? What waste of  
words!

JOSÉ

Carmen, I love you, I adore you!  
All right, if I must, to please you  
I'll stay a bandit, anything you like —

anything, do you hear? Anything!  
But do not leave me,  
O my Carmen,  
Ah! Remember the past!  
We loved each other once!  
Ah! Do not leave me, Carmen,  
ah, do not leave me!

CARMEN

Carmen will never yield!  
Free she was born and free she will die!

CHORUS and FANFARES *(in the arena)*

Hurrah! Hurrah! A grand fight!  
Hurrah! Across the bloodstained sand  
the bull charges!  
Look! Look! Look!  
The tormented bull  
comes bounding to the attack, look!  
Struck true, right to the heart,  
Look! Look! Look!  
Victory!  
*(During the chorus, Carmen and José  
remain silent...both are listening...José's  
eyes are fixed upon her...The chorus over,  
she takes a step towards the main entrance  
of the ring.)*

JOSÉ *(blocking her way)*

Where are you going?

CARMEN

Leave me alone!

JOSÉ

This man they're cheering,  
he's your new lover!

CARMEN

Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

JOSÉ

By my soul,  
you won't get past,  
Carmen, you will come with me!

CARMEN

Let me go, Don José, I'm not going with  
you.

JOSE

You're going to him.  
Tell me...you love him, then?

CARMEN

I love him!

I love him, and in the face of death itself  
I shall go on saying I love him!  
*(shouts and fanfares again from the arena)*

CHORUS

Hurrah! A grand fight! *etc.*

JOSE

So I am to lose  
my heart's salvation so that you  
can run to him, infamous creature,  
to laugh at me in his arms!  
No, by my blood, you shall not go!  
Carmen, you're coming with me!

CARMEN

No! No! Never!

JOSE

I'm tired of threatening you!

CARMEN

All right, stab me then, or let me  
pass!

CHORUS

Victory!

JOSE

For the last time, you devil,  
will you come with me?

CARMEN

No! No!

This ring that you  
once gave to me —  
here, take it!  
*(She throws it away.)*

JOSE

*(advancing on Carmen, knife in hand)*

All right, damn you!

*(Carmen draws back, José following, as  
fanfares sound again in the ring.)*

CHORUS

Toreador, on guard!

And remember, yes remember as you fight  
that two dark eyes are watching you,  
and that love awaits you!

*(José has stabbed Carmen; she falls dead.  
The curtains are thrown open and the crowd  
comes out of the arena.)*

JOSE

You can arrest me.

I was the one who killed her!

*(Escamillo appears on the arena steps. José  
throws himself upon Carmen's body.)*

Ah! Carmen! My adored Carmen!

*Curtain*