

The Marriage of Figaro

(Le nozze di Figaro)

by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Cast

CONTE DI ALMAVIVA (baritone)
LA CONTESSA DI ALMAVIVA (soprano)
SUSANNA (soprano)
FIGARO (bass)
CHERUBINO (soprano or mezzo-soprano)
MARCELLINA (mezzo-soprano)
BARTOLO (bass)
BASILIO (tenor)
DON CURZIO (tenor)
BARBARINA (soprano)
ANTONIO (bass)
CHORUS
peasants and the count's tenants

ACT ONE

Count Almaviva's Castle near Seville

(A half-furnished room with a large armchair in the center. Figaro is measuring the floor. Susanna is trying on a hat in front of a mirror.)

No. 1: Dilettino

FIGARO

Five...ten...twenty...

thirty...thirty-six...forty-three...

SUSANNA

How happy I am now;

you'd think it had been made for me.

FIGARO

Five...

SUSANNA

Look a moment, dearest Figaro.

FIGARO

Ten...

SUSANNA

Look a moment, dearest Figaro.

FIGARO

Twenty...

SUSANNA

Look a moment.

FIGARO

Thirty...

SUSANNA

Look a moment,

look here at my cap!

FIGARO

Thirty-six...

SUSANNA

Look here at my cap.

FIGARO

Forty-three...

SUSANNA

Look a moment, *etc.*

FIGARO

Yes, dear heart, it's better that way.
You'd think it had been made for you.

SUSANNA

Look a moment, *etc.*

FIGARO

Yes, dear heart, *etc.*

SUSANNA

How happy I am now, *etc.*

FIGARO

Yes, dear heart, *etc.*

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Ah, with our wedding day so near...

SUSANNA

How pleasing to my gentle husband

FIGARO

How pleasing to your gentle husband

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Is this charming little cap
which Susanna made herself, *etc.*

SUSANNA

What are you measuring,
my dearest Figaro?

FIGARO

I'm seeing if that bed
the Count is giving us
will look well here.

SUSANNA

In this room?

FIGARO

Indeed, our generous lord
is giving it to us.

SUSANNA

For my part, you can keep it.

FIGARO

For what reason?

SUSANNA

(*tapping her forehead*)
I have my reasons here.

FIGARO

(*with a similar gesture*)
Why won't you let them
be transferred here too?

SUSANNA

Because I don't want to;
are you my servant or not?

FIGARO

But I don't understand
why you should so dislike
the most convenient room in the castle.

SUSANNA

Because I am Susanna and you are a fool.

FIGARO

Thank you, don't be too complimentary!
Tell me, would we be better off anywhere else?

No. 2: Dilettino

FIGARO

If perchance Madame
should call you at night.
ding ding: in two steps
from here you'd be there.
And then when the time comes
that my master wants me,
dong dong: in three bounds
I am ready to serve him.

SUSANNA

Likewise some morning
the dear little Count,
ding ding: may send you
some three miles away,
ding, ding, dong dong: the devil may
send him to my door,
and behold, in three bounds...

FIGARO

Susanna, hush, hush, *etc.*

SUSANNA

And behold, in three bounds...ding,ding...
Listen!

FIGARO

Quickly!

SUSANNA

If you want to hear the rest,
drop those suspicions that do me such wrong.

FIGARO

I will hear the rest:
dubious suspicions make my spine shiver.

SUSANNA

Well, then; listen and keep quiet.

FIGARO

Speak, what's been happening?

SUSANNA

My lord the Count,
weary of pursuing beauties
from far and near,
wants to try his luck again
within his own castle walls.
But it is not his wife, mind you,
who whets his appetite.

FIGARO

Who is it, then?

SUSANNA

Your own little Susanna.

FIGARO

You?

SUSANNA

The very same; and he is hoping
that to his noble project
my being so close will be very helpful.

FIGARO

Bravo! Tell me more.

SUSANNA

This is his graciousness,
this is how he looks after you and your bride.

FIGARO

Well I never! The double-dealer!

SUSANNA

Wait, the best is yet to come: Don Basilio,
my singing teacher and his factotum,
while giving me lessons
repeats the same theme every day.

FIGARO

Who! Basilio! The scoundrel!

SUSANNA

Did you think
that my dowry was given
for your sake?

FIGARO

I had so flattered myself.

SUSANNA

He bestowed it
in the hope of a few half-hours of dalliance
which feudal right...

FIGARO

What! On his estates
has the Count not abolished all that?

SUSANNA

Maybe, but now he regrets it,
and intends to redeem it with me.

FIGARO

Bravo! I like that!
What a fine nobleman!
Some amusement is required; you've found...
(*A bell rings.*)

FIGARO

Who rang? The Countess.

SUSANNA

Goodbye, goodbye, my handsome Figaro.

FIGARO

Keep smiling, my treasure!

SUSANNA

And you, keep your wits about you!
(*kisses him and leaves*)

FIGARO

(alone, pacing furiously about the room)

Bravo, my noble lord!

Now I begin to understand
the mystery and see clearly
into the heart of your plans.

To London, eh?

You as minister, I as courier,
and Susanna as confidential attaché.

It will never happen; I, Figaro, say so!

No. 3: Cavatina

FIGARO

If you would dance, my pretty Count,
I'll play the tune on my little guitar.

If you will come to my dancing school
I'll gladly teach you the capriole.

I'll know how; but soft,
every dark secret

I'll discover better by pretending.

Sharpening my skill, and using it,
pricking with this one, playing with that one,
all of your schemes I'll turn inside out.

If you would dance, *etc.*

*(He leaves. Bartolo and Marcellina enter, she
with a contract in her hand.)*

BARTOLO

And you wait for the very day
fixed for the marriage
to speak to me about this?

MARCELLINA

I haven't yet lost hope,
my dear doctor;

to put an end to wedding plans
even more advanced than this
a mere pretext has often sufficed;
and he has, apart from this contract,
other obligations to me
but enough of that!

Susanna must be frightened
and artfully induced

to refuse the Count;

out of revenge,

he will take my part,

and thus Figaro will become my husband.

BARTOLO

(taking the contract from Marcellina)

Good, I'll do all I can.

Be quite frank and tell me everything.

(aside)

I should relish marrying off my former servant
to the man who once engineered
my ward's elopement.

No. 4: Aria

BARTOLO

Revenge, oh, sweet revenge
is a pleasure reserved for the wise,
to forgo shame, outrage
is base and utter meanness.

With astuteness, with cleverness,
with discretion, with judgment,
it's possible...The matter is serious;
but, believe me, it shall be done.

If I have to pore over the law books,

if I have to read all the extracts,
with misunderstandings, with hocus-pocus
he'll find himself in a turmoil.

If I have to pore over, *etc.*

All Seville knows Bartolo,
the scoundrel Figaro shall be overcome!

(He goes.)

MARCELLINA

All is not lost;
hope still remains.

*(Susanna enters carrying a lady's cap, dress
and a length of ribbon.)*

But here comes Susanna. I must try out my plan;
I'll pretend not to see her.

(as if to herself, but loudly)

So that matchless pearl
is his chosen bride!

SUSANNA

(aside)

She's talking about me.

MARCELLINA

But after all, one would expect
nothing better from Figaro:

"I'argent fait tout".

SUSANNA

(aside)

What an evil tongue! Just as well
we know it for what it is.

MARCELLINA

Excellent! What discretion she has!
With those downcast eyes
and air of piety!
And then...

SUSANNA

(aside)

I'd better go.

MARCELLINA

What a sweet young bride!

*(They both start to leave and arrive at the door
together.)*

No. 5: Duettino

MARCELLINA

(making a curtsy)

Go on, I'm your servant,
magnificent lady.

SUSANNA

(making a curtsy)

I would not presume so much,
sharp-witted dame.

MARCELLINA

(making a curtsy)

No, you go first.

SUSANNA

(making a curtsy)

No, no, after you.

MARCELLINA

(making a curtsy)

No, you go first.

SUSANNA

(making a curtsy)

No, no, after you.

MARCELLINA, SUSANNA

(making a curtsy)

I know my position,

and do not breach good manners, *etc.*

MARCELLINA

(making a curtsy)

The bride-to-be!...

SUSANNA

(making a curtsy)

The lady of honor...

MARCELLINA

(making a curtsy)

The Count's favorite...

SUSANNA

All Spain's beloved...

MARCELLINA

Your merit...

SUSANNA

Your fine dress...

MARCELLINA

Your position...

SUSANNA

Your age...

MARCELLINA

By Bacchus, I might grow rash
if I stay here longer.

SUSANNA

Decrepit old Sibyl,
you make me laugh.

MARCELLINA

(making a curtsy)

Go on, I'm your servant, *etc.*

SUSANNA

(making a curtsy)

I would not presume so much, *etc.*

MARCELLINA

(making a curtsy)

The bride-to-be! *etc.*

SUSANNA

(making a curtsy)

The lady of honor! *etc.*

(Marcellina goes off in a rage.)

SUSANNA

Off with you, you ancient pedant,
you arrogant blue-stockings!

Just because you've read a couple of books
and bored madame when she was young ...

(She lays the dress over the back of the chair.)

CHERUBINO

(entering)

Susannetta, is that you?

SUSANNA

Yes, it's me; what do you want?

CHERUBINO

Ah, my love, what a misfortune!

SUSANNA

Your love? What's happened?

CHERUBINO

The Count, because he found me
alone with Barbarina yesterday,

is sending me away,

and if the dear Countess,

my beautiful godmother,

does not plead with him on my behalf,

I must go away, and never see you again,

Susanna mine.

SUSANNA

Never see me again? Dear me!

So you've given up

sighing in secret for the Countess, have you?

CHERUBINO

Ah, she fills me with too great a respect!

Lucky you, who can see her

whenever you want to,

who dress her in the morning,

and undress her at night, who arrange

her pins, her lace.

(sighing)

Ah! If I were in your shoes —

What have you got there? Tell me —

SUSANNA

(imitating him)

Ah, the pretty ribbon and night-cap

belonging to your beautiful god-mother.

CHERUBINO

Please, give it to me, sister,

give it to me, I beg you.

(Cherubino snatches the ribbon from Susanna's hand.)

SUSANNA

Give me back that ribbon at once!

(Susanna tries to take it from him; he dodges around the chair.)

CHERUBINO

O dear, o beautiful, o blest ribbon!

You'll have to kill me to get it back!

(He kisses the ribbon over and over again.)

SUSANNA

(starts to chase him then stops as if tired)

What impudence is this?

CHERUBINO

Come on, don't fuss.

In fair exchange

I wish to present you

with this little song of mine.

(He pulls the song out of his pocket.)

SUSANNA

What am I supposed to do with this?

CHERUBINO

Read it to the mistress;

read it yourself;

read it to Barbarina, Marcellina,

to every woman in the castle!

SUSANNA

Poor Cherubino, you must be mad!

No. 6: Aria

CHERUBINO

I no longer know what I am, what I do;

now I'm all fire, now all ice; every

woman changes my temperature, every

woman makes my heart beat faster.

The very mention of love, of delight,
 disturbs me, changes my heart, and
 speaking of love, forces on me a
 desire I cannot restrain!
 I no longer know what I am, *etc.*
 I speak of love while I'm awake,
 I speak of love while I'm sleeping,
 to rivers, to shadows, to mountains,
 to flowers, to grass, to fountains,
 to echoes, to air, to winds,
 until they carry away
 the sound of my useless words.
 I speak of love while I'm awake, *etc.*
 And if no one is near to hear me
 I speak of love to myself.
 (*Seeing the Count in the distance, Cherubino
 hides behind the chair.*)

COUNT
 Quick, saddle me a horse!

CHERUBINO
 I'm done for!

SUSANNA
 I'm afraid ...

COUNT
 To the hunt!

SUSANNA
 The Count!
 (*She tries to conceal Cherubino.*)
 Poor me!

COUNT
 (*entering*)
 Susanna, you seem to be
 agitated and confused.

SUSANNA
 My lord, I beg your pardon,
 but...indeed...the surprise...
 I implore you, please go.

COUNT
 One moment, then I'll leave.
 Listen.
 (*sits down on the chair and takes Susanna's
 hand; she draws it forcibly away*)

SUSANNA
 I don't want to hear anything.

COUNT
 Just a couple of words: you know
 that the king
 has named me the ambassador to London;
 I had intended to take Figaro with me.

SUSANNA
 My lord, if I may dare —

COUNT
 (*rising*)
 Speak, speak, my dear, and with that right
 you have of me today, as long as you live
 (*tries to take her hand again*)
 you may ask, demand, prescribe.

SUSANNA
 Let me go, my lord, I have no rights,

I do not want them, not claim them.
 Oh, what misery!

COUNT
 Ah no, Susanna, I want to make you happy!
 You well know how much I love you;
 Basilio has told you that already. Now listen,
 if you would meet me briefly
 in the garden at dusk,
 ah, for this favor I would pay...

BASILIO
 (*outside the door*)
 He went out just now.

COUNT
 Whose voice is that?

SUSANNA
 Oh, heavens!

COUNT
 Go, and let no one come in.

SUSANNA
 And leave you here alone?

BASILIO

(outside)

He'll be with my lady, I'll go and find him.

COUNT

(points to the chair)

I'll get behind here.

SUSANNA

No, don't hide.

COUNT

Hush, and try to make him go.

(The Count is about to hide behind the chair: Susanna steps between him and the page. The Count pushes her gently away. She draws back; meanwhile the page slips round to the front of the chair and hops in with his feet drawn up. Susanna rearranges the dress to cover him.)

SUSANNA

Oh dear! What are you doing?

BASILIO

(entering)

Susanna! Heaven bless you!

Have you seen his lordship by any chance?

SUSANNA

And what should his lordship

be doing here with me?

Come now, be gone!

BASILIO

But listen,

Figaro is looking for him.

SUSANNA

(aside)

Oh dear!

(aloud)

Then he's looking for the one man
who, after yourself, hates him most!

COUNT

(aside)

Now we'll see how he serves me.

BASILIO

I have never heard it preached

that he who loves the wife

should hate the husband.

The Count loves you.

SUSANNA

Get out, vile minister of others' lechery!

I have no need

of your preaching,

nor of the Count or his lovemaking!

BASILIO

No offence meant.

Everyone to their own taste. I thought you

would have preferred as your lover,

as all other women would,

a lord who's liberal, prudent and wise,

to a raw youth, a mere page.

SUSANNA

To Cherubino?

BASILIO

To Cherubino! Love's little cherub,

who early today

was hanging about here

waiting to come in.

SUSANNA

You insinuating watch,

that's a lie.

BASILIO

Do you call it an insinuation

to have eyes in one's head?

And that little ditty,

tell me confidentially, as a friend,

and I will tell no one else,

was it written for you or my lady?

SUSANNA

(aside)

Who the devil told him about that?

BASILIO

By the way, my child,

you must teach him better.

At table he gazes at her so often

and so wantonly,

that if the Count noticed it — on that subject,

as you know, he's quite wild —

SUSANNA
 You wretch!
 Why do you go around
 spreading such lies?

BASILIO
 I! How unfair! That which I buy I sell,
 and to what is common knowledge
 I add not a tittle.

COUNT
(emerging from his hiding-place)
 Indeed! And what is common knowledge?

BASILIO
(aside)
 How wonderful!

SUSANNA
(aside)
 Oh heavens!

No. 7: Terzetto

COUNT
 What do I hear! Go at once,
 and throw the seducer out!

BASILIO
 I came here at the wrong moment!
 Pardon me, my Lord.

SUSANNA
 I'm ruined, unhappy me!
 I'm crushed with fright!

COUNT
 Go at once, *etc.*

BASILIO
 At the wrong moment, *etc.*

SUSANNA
 I'm ruined, *etc.*
(She appears to faint.)

COUNT, BASILIO
(supporting her)
 Ah, the poor dear is fainting!
 Oh God, how her heart beats!

BASILIO
 Softly, softly, on to this chair.

SUSANNA
(recovering and drawing away)
 Where am I? What is this?
 What insolence, get out of here! *etc.*

BASILIO
 We are here to help you,
 and your honor is perfectly safe.

COUNT
 We are here to help you;
 don't be alarmed, my treasure.

BASILIO
 Ah, what I said about the page
 was only a suspicion of mine.

SUSANNA
 It is a malicious scandal,
 don't believe the impostor, *etc.*

COUNT
 No, the young reprobate must go! *etc.*

SUSANNA, BASILIO
 Poor boy! *etc.*

COUNT
 Poor boy! Poor boy!
 But I've caught him again!

SUSANNA
 How's that?

BASILIO
 What!

SUSANNA
 What?

BASILIO
 How's that?

SUSANNA, BASILIO
 How's that? What?

COUNT
 Yesterday I found

your cousin's door was locked;
 I knocked and Barbarina opened
 much more sheepishly than usual.
 Suspicious at her manner
 I went searching in every corner,
 and raising up the table covering
 as gently as you please,
 I found the page!
*(He shows them what he means and lifting the
 dressing-gown on the chair discovers
 Cherubino.)*
 Ah, what's this I see?

SUSANNA
 Ah, cruel fortune!

BASILIO
 Ah, better yet!

COUNT
 Most virtuous lady,
 now I understand your ways!

SUSANNA
 It couldn't have turned out worse;
 ye just gods, what next!

BASILIO
 All pretty women are the same,
 there's nothing new in this case!

COUNT
 Basilio,
 go and find Figaro at once;
 I want him to see —
(points to Cherubino, who stays where he is)

SUSANNA
 And I want him to hear; go.

COUNT *(to Basilio)*
 Wait.
(to Susanna, aside)
 What brazenness! What excuse
 is there when your guilt is so obvious?

SUSANNA
 An innocent person needs no excuse.

COUNT
 But how long has he been here?

SUSANNA
 He was with me
 when you arrived, he was asking me
 to ask my lady to intercede for him!
 Your arrival threw him into a panic,
 so he hid.

COUNT
 But I sat there myself
 when I came into the room.

CHERUBINO
 I was round the back then.

COUNT
 And when I went round the back?

CHERUBINO
 I slipped quietly to the front and hid here.

COUNT *(to Susanna)*
 My God! Then he heard everything
 I was saying to you!

CHERUBINO
 I tried as hard as I could not to hear!

COUNT
 Oh, villainy!

BASILIO
 Be careful, someone's coming.

COUNT *(to Cherubino)*
 And you stay here, you little reptile.
(He pulls him out of the chair.)

*(Figaro enters, carrying a white veil, followed by
 peasants, the girls dressed in white, and strewing
 flowers out of little baskets before the Count.)*

No. 8: Chorus

CHORUS
 Carefree girls, scatter flowers
 before this noble master of ours.
 His great heart preserves there,
 the spotless purity of a more lovely flower.

COUNT

(surprised, to Figaro)
What's all this nonsense?

FIGARO

(aside, to Susanna)
The ball is rolling.
Back me up, my love.

SUSANNA

(aside, to Figaro)
It's hopeless.

FIGARO

(to the Count)
My lord, do not disdain
this tribute of our affection,
well-deserved
now that you have abolished a right
so hated by all true lovers.

COUNT

That right is no more; what do you want now?

FIGARO

We are the first to benefit
from your wisdom: our marriage
is already arranged, now it remains for you
to bestow upon this woman,
chaste by your gift,
this white veil, symbol of purity.

COUNT

(aside)
What devilish cunning!
But I must keep up the presence.

(aloud)

I am grateful, my friends,
for your honorable feelings.
But I do not deserve
tributes and praise;
by abolishing from my estates
an unjust right, I but restore
to duty and nature their own.

ALL

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

SUSANNA

What a virtuous man!

FIGARO

What a just man!

COUNT

(to Figaro and Susanna)
I promise to perform the ceremony,
I ask but a brief respite,
so that in the presence of my loyal people,
and with due pomp and splendor

I may make you completely happy.

(aside)

We must find Marcellina.

(aloud)

Go, my friends.

CHORUS

(scattering the rest of the flowers)
Carefree girls, scatter flowers
before this noble master of ours.
His great heart preserves there,
the spotless purity of a more lovely flower.
(they leave)

FIGARO

Hurray!

SUSANNA

Hurray!

BASILIO

Hurray!

FIGARO

(to Cherubino)
And you're not going to cheer?

SUSANNA

He's upset, poor lad,
because the master's turning him
out of the castle.

FIGARO

Ah! On such a special day!

Susanna

A wedding-day!

FIGARO

(to the Count)

When everyone is praising you!

CHERUBINO

(kneeling)

Forgive me, my lord!

COUNT

You don't deserve it.

SUSANNA

He's still only a child.

COUNT

Less of a child than you think.

CHERUBINO

I know, I was in the wrong; but from my lips —

COUNT

(raising him)

Very well, very well, I forgive you;

I will go even further: I have a post free
in my regiment for an officer;

I elect you to fill it.

Leave at once. Farewell.

*(He starts to leave. Susanna and Figaro stop
him.)*

SUSANNA, FIGARO

Just until tomorrow —

COUNT

No, he must leave at once.

CHERUBINO

To obey you, my lord, I am ready.

COUNT

Come, for the last time

give Susanna a kiss.

(aside)

This blow is unexpected.

(The Count and Basilio leave.)

*(Cherubino embraces Susanna, who is still
confused.)*

FIGARO

(to Cherubino)

Hey, captain, give me your hand.

(softly)

I must speak to you

before you go.

(aloud)

Farewell little Cherubino!

How your destiny has changed all at once!

No. 9: Aria

FIGARO *(to Cherubino)*

No more will you, amorous butterfly,

flit around the castle night and day,

upsetting all the pretty girls,

love's little Narcissus and Adonis, *etc.*

No more will you have those fine plumes,

that soft and stylish hat,

those fine locks, that striking air,

those rosy, girl-like cheeks.

No more will you, *etc.*

Among warriors swearing by Bacchus!

Great mustachios, holding your pack,

a gun on your shoulder, a sabre at your side,

head held high, frank of feature,

wearing a great helmet or a turban,

winning honors, but little money,

and in place of the fandango

a march through the mud.

Over mountains, over valleys,

through the snow and burning sun.

To the music of trumpets,

of shells and cannons,

with balls sounding thunder,

making your ears ring.

Cherubino, on to victory,

on to victory in war!

(They leave, marching like soldiers.)

ACT TWO

The Countess's boudoir

*(To the right is a door, to the left a dressing-
room. A door at the back leads to the servants'*

rooms; on one side, a window. The Countess is alone.)

No. 10: Cavatina

CONTESSA

Grant, love, some relief
to my sorrow, to my sighing.
Give me back my treasure,
or at least let me die.
Grant, love, *etc.*
(*Susanna enters.*)

COUNTESS

Come, Susanna dear,
finish what you were saying.

SUSANNA

It's finished already.

COUNTESS

So, he wanted to seduce you?

SUSANNA

Ah, my noble lord
would hardly flatter a woman
of my station to that extent;
he came with a business proposition.

COUNTESS

Ah, the cruel man loves me no longer.

SUSANNA

Why then
is he jealous of you?

COUNTESS

He's like all modern husbands,
compulsively unfaithful,
naturally headstrong
and jealous out of pride.
But if Figaro loves you, he alone could —

FIGARO

(*offstage, singing*)

La la la...

la la la...

(*enters*)

SUSANNA

Here he is. Come, my friend,
my lady is getting impatient.

FIGARO

There is no need to worry
about all this.
After all, what does it amount to?
My lord has taken a fancy to my bride;
so he wants
to reinstate in secrecy
the feudal 'droit de seigneur'.
This is both possible and natural.

COUNTESS

Possible?

SUSANNA

Natural?

FIGARO

Absolutely natural, and, if Susanna agrees,
absolutely possible.

SUSANNA

Stop talking nonsense!

FIGARO

I've already said it all.
So he decided that I should be his courier
and Susanna his 'confidential attaché,'
and because she obstinately and consistently
refuses to accept the honor
he would bestow upon her,
he's threatening to protect Marcellina's
interests;
that's the whole situation.

SUSANNA

And have you the nerve to joke
about such a serious matter?

FIGARO

Isn't it enough that, while joking,
I'm giving the matter some thought?
Here's the plan:
(*to the Countess*)
I'll see he gets a note from Basilio
revealing that you have arranged

an assignation with a lover
during the ball.

COUNTESS

O heavens! What are you saying!
He's such a jealous man —

FIGARO

So much the better,
it makes it easier for us to perplex him,
confuse him, ensnare him, upset his plans,
make him suspicious, and show him that
this “modern” game
he would like to play on me,
can be played on him;
so that while he's chasing shadows
and getting nowhere,
suddenly, before he's had time
to meddle with our plans,
the time for the wedding will have come
and there'll be no way
(*to the Countess*)
that he can dare to oppose my vows.

SUSANNA

Maybe, but if you foil him
there's still Marcellina.

FIGARO

Wait, you go and tell the Count at once
that you'll meet him this evening in the garden;
young Cherubino,
who, on my instructions has still not left,
we will send dressed as a woman
in your place.
This is the only way
by which my lord, caught
in *flagrante* by my lady,
can be made to do what we want.

COUNTESS

What do you think?

SUSANNA

It's not a bad idea.

COUNTESS

Given our circumstances.

SUSANNA

If he can be convinced —

COUNTESS

Where and when?

FIGARO

The Count has gone out hunting
and will not be back for some time:
(*leaving*)
I'll go and send Cherubino to you at once,
and you can see to his costume.

COUNTESS

And then?

FIGARO

And then? —
If you would dance,
my noble lord,
'tis I will call the tune, yes.
(*He goes out.*)

COUNTESS

It makes me so sad, Susanna,
to think that this lad should have overheard
the Count's indiscretions! Ah! you can't
imagine —
But why ever
did he not come to me?
Where is the song?

SUSANNA

Here it is; we'll make him sing it to us.
Hush, somebody's coming.
It is he!
(*Enter Cherubino.*)
Come in, come in, fine officer!

CHERUBINO

Oh! Don't call me
by that dreaded name!
It reminds me that I have got to leave
my godmother, who is so good —

SUSANNA

And so beautiful.

CHERUBINO
(with a sigh)
 Ah yes, indeed!

SUSANNA *(imitating him)*
 Ah yes indeed! You great hypocrite!
 Come on, sing the song
 you gave me this morning
 to my lady.

COUNTESS
 Who is the author?

SUSANNA *(pointing to Cherubino)*
 Look, he's got two little patches
 of red on his cheeks.

COUNTESS
 Fetch my guitar
 and accompany him.

CHERUBINO
 I'm shaking so much —
 but if Madame wishes —

SUSANNA
 She wishes, of course she wishes.
 No more chat.
(Susanna plays the refrain on her guitar.)

No. 11: Song

CHERUBINO
 You who know what love is,
 ladies, see whether it's in my heart.
 What I experience I'll describe for you;
 it's new to me. I don't understand it.
 I feel an emotion full of desire,
 that is now pleasure, and now suffering.
 I freeze, then I feel my soul burning up,
 and in a moment I'm freezing again.
 I seek a blessing outside myself,
 from whom I know not, or what it is.
 I sigh and moan without meaning to,
 palpitate and tremble without knowing it.
 I find no peace night or day,
 and yet I enjoy languishing so.
 You who know what love is, *etc.*

COUNTESS
 Bravo! What a lovely voice;
 I didn't know you could sing so well.

SUSANNA
 Oh truly,
 everything that he does he does well.
 Come over here quickly, my fine soldier;
 Figaro told you —

CHERUBINO
 He told me everything.

SUSANNA
 Let me see; it should fit you to perfection;
 we're just the same height.
 Take off your cloak.
(She helps him off with his cloak.)

COUNTESS
 What are you doing?

SUSANNA
 Don't worry.

COUNTESS
 But if someone should come in —

SUSANNA
 Let them, what wrong are we doing?
 I'll shut the door.
(She does so.)
 But how shall we
 dress his hair?

COUNTESS
 Fetch one of my caps
 from the closet, quickly!
*(Susanna leaves; Cherubino approaches the
 Countess and, taking them from his breast-
 pocket, shows her his commission papers; the
 Countess takes them from him, opens them and
 notices that the seal is lacking.)*
 What are these papers?

CHERUBINO
 My commission.

COUNTESS
 What hasty people!

CHERUBINO

Basilio gave it to me just now.

COUNTESS

In their haste, they have forgotten the seal.
(*She returns the commission.*)

SUSANNA

(*returning*)

The seal on what?

COUNTESS

The commission papers.

SUSANNA

Well I never! What eagerness!
Here's the cap.

COUNTESS

(*to Susanna*)

Don't waste time: that's fine:
we'll be in trouble
if the Count should come!

No. 12: Aria

SUSANNA

Come here, get down on your knees,
and stay still there!
Gently, now turn around again.
Bravo, that's just fine.
Now turn your face around,
ha! Don't make such eyes at me;
keep looking straight on ahead.
Madame is not there.
Pull this collar a bit higher,
keep your eyes down lower,
your hands across your chest,
we'll see how you walk
when you're on your feet.
Look at the little colt,
look how handsome he is!
What a crafty expression,
what an outfit, what a figure!
If women fall in love with him,
they have their reasons why.

COUNTESS

What a lot of nonsense!

SUSANNA

I'm even jealous myself!

(*taking Cherubino by the chin*)

Look, you little monster,
could you please stop being so handsome?

COUNTESS

That's enough fooling about.
Push the sleeves up
above his elbows
so that the dress fits better.

SUSANNA

(*obeying*)

There we are.

COUNTESS

Further up, like this.
(*discovering a ribbon wound round his arm*)
What's this ribbon?

SUSANNA

That's the one he took from me.

COUNTESS

(*unwinding the ribbon*)

And this blood?

CHERUBINO

That blood — I don't know how,
but I slipped down just now —
a stone — I grazed my arm,
and I bound up the cut with the ribbon.

SUSANNA

Show me — it's not much, my goodness!
His arm is whiter than mine! A girl —

COUNTESS

Will you never stop playing the fool?
Go to my closet
and fetch a piece of the court-plaster
that's on my dressing-table.
(*Susanna leaves.*)
As for the ribbon,
I would really be loath to part
with that color.

SUSANNA

(*returning with the plaster and a pair of*

scissors)

Take these,
now how to bandage his arm?

COUNTESS

Get another ribbon
as you're going for your dress.
*(Susanna leaves through the door at the back,
taking Cherubino's cloak with her.)*

CHERUBINO

The other one would have healed me more
quickly!

COUNTESS

Why is that? This is better.

CHERUBINO

When a ribbon
has bound the hair
or touched the skin of a —

COUNTESS

(interrupting)
— stranger,
it has the power of healing, is that so?
Well, d'you know, I never knew that!

CHERUBINO

My lady jests, and I am about to depart.

COUNTESS

Poor child! How unfortunate!

CHERUBINO

Oh what misery!

COUNTESS

And now he's crying —

CHERUBINO

O God! What can I not die!
Perhaps in the last moments
I would find the courage...

COUNTESS

Be sensible, what's all this nonsense?
*(She dries his eyes with her handkerchief. A
knock is heard at the door.)*
Who knocks on my door?

COUNT

(outside the door)
Why is it shut?

COUNTESS

My husband! Oh God! He'll kill me.
(to Cherubino)
You here, without your cloak!
Dressed like this! A note received,
his terrible jealousy! —

COUNT

Why the delay?

COUNTESS

I'm alone — oh yes — I'm alone —

COUNT

Who are you talking to?

COUNTESS

To you, of course, to you.

CHERUBINO

After what's happened, knowing his temper —
there's only one thing to do.
*(He slips into the closet and shuts the door, the
Countess takes the closet key.)*

COUNTESS

Heaven protect me in this hour of danger!
(She runs to open the door to the Count.)

COUNT

(entering)
What's happening! It used never to be your
habit to lock yourself into your room!

COUNTESS

True, but I —
I was trying on —

COUNT

Go on, "trying on —?"

COUNTESS

Some clothes;
Susanna was with me,
but she's gone to her room.

COUNT

Anyway, I can see
that you're uneasy.
Look at this piece of paper.

COUNTESS (*aside*)

Heavens! It's Figaro's note.
(*Cherubino knocks over a table and chair in the
closet; they fall with a crash.*)

COUNT

What's that noise?
Something fell over in the closet.

COUNTESS

I heard nothing.

COUNT

You must have something important on your
mind.

COUNTESS

Such as?

COUNT

There's somebody in there.

COUNTESS

Who, for instance?

COUNT

I'm asking you,
I've only just come here.

COUNTESS

Ah yes, Susanna, of course.

COUNT

Who, you said, went to her own room.

COUNTESS

Either her room or in there, I didn't notice.

COUNT

Susanna! Why then
are you so worried?

COUNTESS

(*with a little, forced smile*)
On account of my maid?

COUNT

I wouldn't know,
but you're certainly worried.

COUNTESS

I think it's you,
rather than me who is upset by that girl.

COUNT

That's perfectly true, and you'll see why.

No. 13: Terzetto

(*Susanna enters by the door through which she
left and stops on seeing the Count, who is on the
side nearest the closet, speaking towards the
closet door.*)

COUNT

(*knocking at the door of the dressing room*)
Susanna, now, come out.
Come out, I order you.

COUNTESS

Wait, and listen;
she cannot come out.

SUSANNA

What has happened?
Where has the page gone?

COUNT

And who dares to forbid it? Who?

COUNTESS

Modesty forbids it.
She's in there trying on
her new gown for the wedding.

COUNT

The matter's quite clear;
her lover is in there.

COUNTESS

An ugly situation;
who knows what will come of it?

SUSANNA

I think I understand.
Let's see what happens.

COUNT
Susanna!

COUNTESS
Wait!

COUNT
Come out!

COUNTESS
Listen!

COUNT
Come out!

COUNTESS
Wait!

COUNT
I order you!

COUNTESS
She cannot come out.

COUNT
Well then, speak at least,
Susanna, if you're in there.

COUNTESS
No, no, no, no, no, no,
I order you to be quiet.

COUNT
My wife, be reasonable,
a scandal, an uproar,
can be avoided, I beg you!

SUSANNA
Heavens! A disaster,
a scandal, an uproar,
will certainly result!

COUNTESS
My Lord, be reasonable,
a scandal, an uproar,
can be avoided, I beg you!

COUNT
You will not open, then?

COUNTESS
And why should I
open my rooms?

COUNT
Well don't, then,
we'll open them without a key. Ho there!

COUNTESS
What?
Would you openly question
the honor of a lady?

COUNT
True. I'm in the wrong; without noise,
without creating a scandal among our people,
I can myself fetch the necessary tools.
You wait here; but so that my suspicions
may be proved to be completely groundless,
I shall lock all the doors first.
*(He locks the door at the back which is that
leading to the servants' quarters.)*

COUNTESS
(aside)
What imprudence!

COUNT
Condescend to come with me;
my lady, I offer you my arm, let's go!

COUNTESS
Let's go!

COUNT
(pointing to the closet)
Susanna will stay here until we return.
(They go out.)

(Susanna comes out of her hiding place.)

No. 14: Duettino

SUSANNA
Open, quickly, open;
open, it's Susanna.
Come out, now, come out,
come on out of there.

CHERUBINO
(entering, confused and out of breath)

Oh dear, what a terrible scene!
What a disaster!

SUSANNA
This way, that way...

CHERUBINO
What a disaster!

SUSANNA, CHERUBINO
The doors are locked.
What will happen next?

CHERUBINO
No use staying here.

SUSANNA
He'll kill you if he finds you.

CHERUBINO
(looking out of the window)
Look down here a moment,
(getting ready to jump)
it opens on the garden.

SUSANNA
(restraining him)
Wait, Cherubino,
wait, for pity's sake!

CHERUBINO
No use staying here,

SUSANNA
Wait, Cherubino!

CHERUBINO
He'll kill me if he finds me.

SUSANNA
It's too high to jump.
Wait, for pity's sake!

CHERUBINO
Leave me, leave me!
To save her
I would leap into flames!
I embrace you for her!
Farewell! So be it!
(He jumps out of the window.)

SUSANNA
He'll kill himself, ye gods!
Wait, for pity's sake!
(Cherubino jumps; Susanna cries out, sits down for a moment and then runs to the window.)
O just see how the little devil runs!
He's a mile away already.
But there's no time to lose;
let's go into the closet.
When that bully returns, I'll be waiting for him.
(She goes into the closet and closes the door behind her. Enter the Countess with the Count who is carrying tools for opening the door: he carefully examines every door in the room.)

COUNT
All is as I left it;
will you open the door yourself, or must I —
(He is about to force open the door.)

COUNTESS
Alas, wait a moment
and listen to me.
(The Count throws the hammer and pliers down on a chair.)
Do you think me capable
of besmirching my honor?

COUNT
As you will.
I'm going to see
who is in that closet.

COUNTESS
Yes, you will see,
but listen to me calmly.

COUNT
It is not Susanna, then?

COUNTESS
No, but it is a person
of whom you could have
not the slightest suspicion:
he was helping us prepare
an innocent charade for this evening,
and I swear to you that honor and virtue —

COUNT
Who is then? Tell me —
I'll kill him.

COUNTESS
Listen —
ah, my courage fails —

COUNT
Speak.

COUNTESS
It is a child.

COUNT
A child?

COUNTESS
Yes ... Cherubino.

COUNT (*aside*)
It seems to be my fate
to find the page at every turn!
(*aloud*)
What? Hasn't he gone? Scoundrels!
This is the reason for my doubts, this is the
intrigue, the plot the note warned me about.

No. 15: Finale

COUNT
(*going impetuously to the door of the dressing
room.*)
If you're coming out, low-born brat,
you wretch, don't be slow about it.

COUNTESS
Ah, sir, your anger
makes my heart tremble for him.

COUNT
And yet you dare to oppose me?

COUNTESS
No, listen.

COUNT
Go on, speak!

COUNTESS
I swear by Heaven that every suspicion,

and the state in which you'll find him,
his collar loosened, his chest bare...

COUNT
Collar loosened, his chest bare...
go on!

COUNTESS
Was to dress him in girl's clothing.

COUNT
Ah, I understand, worthless woman,
and I'll soon get my revenge.

COUNTESS
Your outrage wrongs me,
you insult me by doubting me.

COUNT
Ah, I understand, worthless woman,
and I'll soon get my revenge.
Give me the key!

COUNTESS
He is innocent...

COUNT
Give me the key!

COUNTESS
He is innocent, you know it...

COUNT
I know nothing!
Get right out of my sight.
You are unfaithful and impious,
and you're trying to humiliate me!

COUNTESS
I'll go, but...

COUNT
I won't listen.

COUNTESS
but...

COUNT
I won't listen.

COUNTESS

(giving him the key)

I am not guilty!

COUNT

I read it in your face!

He shall die and be no longer
the source of my troubles.

COUNTESS

Ah! Blind jealousy,

what excesses you bring about!

*(The Count unsheathes his sword and opens the
dressing-room door. Susanna comes out.)*

COUNT

Susanna!

COUNTESS

Susanna!

SUSANNA

Sir!

What is this amazement?

Take your sword
and kill the page,
that low-born page
you see before you.

COUNT

A revelation!

I feel my head spinning!

COUNTESS

What a strange tale!

Susanna was in there!

SUSANNA

Their heads are muddled.

They don't know what happened!

COUNT

(to Susanna)

Are you alone?

SUSANNA

See yourself whether anyone is in there.

COUNT

We'll look, someone could be in there, *etc.*

(He goes into the dressing-room.)

COUNTESS

Susanna, I'm finished.

I cannot breathe.

SUSANNA

Softly, don't worry,

he's already safe.

COUNT

(emerging from the dressing-room in confusion)

What an error I made!

I hardly believe it;

if I've done you wrong,

I beg your pardon,

but playing such jokes

is cruel, after all.

COUNTESS, SUSANNA

Your foolish acts

deserve no pity.

COUNT

I love you!

COUNTESS

Don't say it!

COUNT

I swear!

COUNTESS

You're lying.

I'm unfaithful and impious,

and trying to humiliate you.

COUNT

Help me, Susanna,

to calm her anger.

SUSANNA

Thus are condemned

the suspicious.

COUNTESS

Should then a faithful

lover's soul

expect in return
such harsh thanks?

COUNT
Help me, Susanna, *etc.*

SUSANNA
Thus are condemned, *etc.*
My lady!

COUNT
Rosina!

COUNTESS
Cruel man!
I am now no more than
the miserable object
of your desertion,
whom you delight in
driving to despair.
Cruel, cruel man!
This soul cannot bear
to suffer such wrong.

COUNT
Confused, repentant,
I've been punished enough;
have pity on me.

SUSANNA
Confused, repentant,
he's been punished enough;
have pity on him.

COUNT
But the page locked inside?

COUNTESS
Was only to test you.

COUNT
But the trembling, the agitation?

COUNTESS
Was only to ridicule you.

COUNT
And that wretched letter?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS
The letter is from Figaro
and for you through Basilio.

COUNT
Ah, tricksters! If I could...

SUSANNA
He deserves no pardon
who withholds it from others.

COUNT
Well, if you please,
let us make peace;
Rosina will not be
unforgiving with me.

COUNTESS
Ah, Susanna, what a soft heart I have!
Who would believe again
in woman's anger?

SUSANNA
With men, my lady,
we must hesitate and falter,
you see how honor soon
falls before them.

COUNT
Look at me!

COUNTESS
Ungrateful man!

COUNT
Look at me!

COUNTESS
Ungrateful man!

COUNT
Look at me! I was wrong and I repent!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT
From this moment on
he/I/you will try to learn
to understand, *etc.*
(*Figaro enters.*)

FIGARO
My lords, the musicians

are already outside.
 Hear the trumpets,
 and listen to the pipes.
 With singing and dancing
 for all the peasants...
 let's hurry out
 to perform the wedding!

COUNT
 Calm down, less haste.

FIGARO
 The crowd is waiting.

COUNT
 Calm down, less haste,
 relieve me of a doubt
 before you go.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO
 A nasty situation;
 how will it all end? *etc.*

COUNT
 Now I must play
 my cards carefully, *etc.*
 Do you know, my good Figaro,
 who wrote this letter?
 (*He shows him a letter.*)

FIGARO
 I don't know.

SUSANNA
 You don't know?

FIGARO
 No.

COUNTESS
 You don't know?

FIGARO
 No.

COUNT
 You don't know?

FIGARO
 No.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT
 You don't know?

FIGARO
 No, no, no.

SUSANNA
 Didn't you give it to Don Basilio?

COUNTESS
 To take it...

COUNT
 Do you understand?

FIGARO
 Alas, alas!

SUSANNA
 And don't you remember the young fop?

COUNTESS
 Who tonight in the garden...

COUNT
 Now you understand?

FIGARO
 I don't know.

COUNT
 In vain you look for defenses, excuses,
 your own face accuses you;
 I see very well you're lying.

FIGARO
 My face may be lying, but not I.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS
 You've sharpened your wits in vain;
 the whole secret is out,
 and there's no use complaining.

COUNT
 What's your answer?

FIGARO
 Simply nothing.

COUNT
 Then you admit it?

FIGARO

I do not!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Go on, keep quiet, you fool,
the little game is over.

FIGARO

To give it a happy ending
as is usual in the theatre,
we'll proceed now
to a matrimonial tableau.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

Come sir, don't be obstinate;
give in to my/their wishes.

COUNT

Marcellina, Marcellina,
how long you delay in coming! *etc.*
(Antonio comes rushing in, holding a pot of
crushed carnations.)

ANTONIO

Ah! Sir!, sir!

COUNT

What has happened?

ANTONIO

What insolence! Who did it? Who?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT, FIGARO

What are you saying,
what's this, what is it?

ANTONIO

Listen to me!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT, FIGARO

Go ahead, speak up!

ANTONIO

Listen to me!
From the balcony that looks out on the garden
I've seen a thousand things thrown down,
but just now, what could be worse?
I saw a man, my lord, thrown out!

COUNT

From the balcony?

ANTONIO

(*showing the pot*)
See these carnations!

COUNT

Into the garden?

ANTONIO

Yes!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

(*quietly*)
Figaro, get ready!

COUNT

What's this I hear?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

The fellow has upset everything.
What is that drunkard doing here?

COUNT

(*to Antonio*)
That man, where did he go?

ANTONIO

Quick as a flash, the scoundrel fled
right away out of my sight!

SUSANNA

(*to Figaro*)
You know, the page...

FIGARO

(*to Susanna*)
I know everything, I saw him.
(*laughing loudly*)
Ha ha ha ha!

COUNT

Be quiet over there!

FIGARO

Ha ha ha ha!

ANTONIO

Why are you laughing?

FIGARO

Ha ha ha ha.
You're tipsy from break of day.

COUNT

(to Antonio)

Tell me again,
a man from the balcony?

ANTONIO

From the balcony.

COUNT

Into the garden?

ANTONIO

Into the garden.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

But sir, it's the wine talking!

COUNT

Go on anyway;
you didn't see his face?

ANTONIO

No, I didn't.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Hey, Figaro, listen!

COUNT

No?

ANTONIO

No, I didn't see him.

FIGARO

Go on, old blubberer, be quiet for once.
Making such a fuss for three pence!
Since the fact can't be kept quiet,
it was I who jumped from there!

COUNT

You? Yourself?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

What a brain! A genius!

FIGARO

That surprised them!

ANTONIO

You? Yourself?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

What a brain! A genius!

FIGARO

That surprised them!

COUNT

I cannot believe it.

ANTONIO

(to Figaro)

When did you grow so big?
When you jumped you weren't like that.

FIGARO

That's how people look when they jump.

ANTONIO

Who says so?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

(to Figaro)

Is the fool being stubborn?

COUNT

(to Antonio)

What are you saying?

ANTONIO

To me it looked like the boy.

COUNT

Cherubino!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Damn you!

FIGARO

At this moment
he must be on horseback,
arriving at Seville.

ANTONIO

No, that's not so; I saw no horse
when he jumped out of the window.

COUNT

Patience!

Let's wind up this nonsense!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

How, in the name of Heaven, will it end?

COUNT

So then you...

FIGARO

Jumped down.

COUNT

But why?

FIGARO

Out of fear...

COUNT

What fear?

FIGARO

Here inside

I was waiting for that dear face...

When I heard an unusual noise...

you were shouting...I thought of the letter...

and jumped out confused by fear,

and pulled the muscles in my ankle!

ANTONIO

(showing the page's papers)

Then these papers must be yours,

and you lost them?

COUNT

(seizing them)

Here, give them to me.

FIGARO

I am in a trap.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

Figaro, get ready.

COUNT

(quickly glancing at the papers)

Tell me now, what letter is this?

FIGARO

(taking some papers from his pocket and

pretending to look at them)

Wait, I have so many, just a moment.

ANTONIO

Perhaps it is a list of your debts.

FIGARO

No, the list of innkeepers.

COUNT

(to Figaro)

Speak.

(to Antonio)

You leave him alone.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

(to Antonio)

Leave him/me alone, and get out.

ANTONIO

I'm leaving, but if I catch you once more...

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT

Leave him alone.

FIGARO

Get out, I'm not afraid of you.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT

Leave him alone.

ANTONIO

I'm leaving, *etc.*

FIGARO

Get out, I'm not afraid of you.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT

Leave him alone, and get out.

(Antonio leaves.)

COUNT

(opening the papers)

Well now?

COUNTESS

(softly to Susanna)

Heavens! The page's commission!

SUSANNA

(softly to Figaro)

Ye gods! The commission!

COUNT
Speak up!

FIGARO
Oh, what a brain!
It's the commission
that the boy gave me a while ago.

COUNT
What for?

FIGARO
It needs...

COUNT
It needs... ?

COUNTESS
(softly to Susanna)
The seal!

SUSANNA
(softly to Figaro)
The seal!

COUNT
Your answer?

FIGARO
(pretending to think)
It's the custom...

COUNT
Come on now, are you confused?

FIGARO
It's the custom to place a seal on it.

COUNT
This rascal drives me crazy,
the whole thing's a mystery to me.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS
If I survive this tempest
I won't be shipwrecked after all, *etc.*

FIGARO
He pants and paws the ground in vain.
Poor man, he knows less than I do, *etc.*
(Marcellina, Bartolo and Basilio enter.)

MARCELLINA, BASILIO, BARTOLO
You, sir, who are so just,
you must listen to us now.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO
They have come to ruin me,
what solution can I find?

COUNT
They have come to avenge me.
I'm beginning to feel better.

FIGARO
They are all three stupid fools,
whatever have they come to do?

COUNT
Softly now, without this clamor,
let everyone speak his mind.

MARCELLINA
That man has signed a contract
binding him to marry me,
and I contend that the contract
must be carried out.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO
What, what?

COUNT
Hey, be silent!
I am here to render judgment.

BARTOLO
Appointed as her lawyer
I am here in her defense,
to publish to the world
her legitimate reasons.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO
He is a rogue!

COUNT
Hey, be silent! *etc.*

BASILIO
Known as a man of the world,
I come here as a witness
of his promise of marriage
when she loaned him some money.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO
They are all mad, *etc.*

COUNT
Hey, be silent, we'll see about that.
We will read the contract
and proceed in due order.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO
I am confused, stupefied,
hopeless, dismayed!
Surely some devil from Hell
has brought them/us here!

MARCELLINA, BASILIO, BARTOLO,
COUNT
A telling blow, a lucky chance!
Victory is right before our noses;
some propitious power
has surely brought them/us here!

ACT THREE

A great hall in the castle, festively decked for a wedding.

COUNT (*pacing up and down*)
What a situation this is!
An anonymous letter,
the maid shut in the closet,
my lady in a state of confusion,
a man who leaps
from the balcony into the garden,
another one who says that it was him;
I don't know what to think.
Could it perhaps be one of my servants?
Such people are habitually presumptuous.
But the Countess —
ah, there one cannot doubt without offence!
She has too much self-respect,
and respect for my honor too.
My honor —
where, devil take it, human frailty exists!
(*The Countess and Susanna enter but stop by the door, unseen by the Count.*)

COUNTESS
Go on! Pluck up your courage
and tell him to wait for you in the garden.

COUNT
(*aside*)
I shall soon know
if Cherubino got to Seville;
I sent Basilio to find out.

SUSANNA
Oh heavens! And Figaro?

COUNTESS
You need say nothing to him,
for I myself shall go instead of you.

COUNT
He should be back before evening.

SUSANNA
Oh God! I'm afraid —

COUNTESS
Remember my peace of mind is your hands.
(*She leaves.*)

COUNT
And Susanna? Who knows, she may have
revealed my secret; oh, if she has said anything,
I shall make the old one the bride.

SUSANNA
(*aside*)
Marcellina!
(*to the Count*)
My lord!

COUNT
What is it you want?

SUSANNA
You do look angry!

COUNT
Do you want something?

SUSANNA
My lord, your lady
has had one of her dizzy attacks
and begs the loan of your smelling-salts.

COUNT

Take it.

SUSANNA

I'll bring it straight back.

COUNT

Ah no;
keep it yourself.

SUSANNA

For myself?
Common women
don't suffer such ailments.

COUNT

Not even when a girl loses her beloved
when she is on the point
of having him for her own?

SUSANNA

By paying off Marcellina
with the dowry you promised me...

COUNT

That I promised you! When?

SUSANNA

That's what I had understood.

COUNT

Yes, had you been willing
to understand me yourself.

SUSANNA

It is my duty,
and your Excellency's wish is my command.

No. 16: Duet

COUNT

Heartless! Why until now
did you leave me to languish?

SUSANNA

Sir, every lady
has her time to say yes.

COUNT

Then you'll come to the garden?

SUSANNA

If it pleases you, I'll come.

COUNT

And you won't fail me?

SUSANNA

No, I won't fail you.

COUNT

You'll come?

SUSANNA

Yes.

COUNT

You won't fail me?

SUSANNA

No.

COUNT

You won't fail me?

SUSANNA.

No, I won't fail you.

COUNT

My contented heart
now feels full of joy!

SUSANNA

Forgive me if I am lying,
all you who understand love's ways!

COUNT

Then you'll come to the garden?

SUSANNA

If it pleases you, I'll come.

COUNT

And you won't fail me?

SUSANNA

No, I won't fail you.

COUNT

You'll come?

SUSANNA

Yes.

COUNT

You won't fail me?

SUSANNA

No.

COUNT

So you'll come?

SUSANNA

No!

COUNT

No?

SUSANNA

I mean, yes, if you wish it.

COUNT

You'll not fail me?

SUSANNA

No!

COUNT

So you'll come?

SUSANNA

Yes!

COUNT

You'll not fail me?

SUSANNA

Yes!

COUNT

Yes?

SUSANNA

I mean, no, I'll not fail you...

COUNT

My contented heart, *etc.*

SUSANNA

Forgive me if I am lying, *etc.*

COUNT

And why were you
so cold to me this morning?

SUSANNA

With the page there?

COUNT

And to Basilio,
when he spoke for me?

SUSANNA

But what need have we
of someone like Basilio —

COUNT

True, true,
and promise me now —
if you fail me, dear heart —
But the Countess
is waiting for the salts.

SUSANNA

That was only a pretext,
without which I could not have spoken.

COUNT

(trying to kiss her)
Sweetheart!

SUSANNA

Someone's coming.

COUNT

(aside)
She's mine for sure.

SUSANNA

(aside)
Hope in vain, my cunning sir!
(She turns to leave, but meets Figaro in the doorway.)

FIGARO

Hey, Susanna, where are you going?

SUSANNA

Quiet; you've won your case
without a lawyer.
(leaves)

FIGARO
 What has happened?
(follows her)

No. 17: Recitative and Aria

COUNT
 Their case is won! What's that?
 What trap have I
 fallen into? Tricksters!
 I'm going to...I'm going to
 punish you in such a way...
 the punishment shall be what I choose...
 But what if he should pay the old
 suitor? Pay her! With what? And then there is
 Antonio, who will refuse to give his niece in
 marriage to the upstart Figaro. By flattering the
 pride of that half-wit...
 Everything's falling into my scheme...
 I'll strike while the iron's hot.
 Shall I live to see
 a servant of mine happy
 and enjoying pleasure
 that I desire in vain?
 Shall I see the hand of love
 unite a lowly person
 to one who arouses feelings in me
 she does not feel herself?
 Shall I live to see, *etc.*
 Ah no! I shall not leave
 that carefree creature in peace;
 you were not born, bold fellow,
 to give me torment
 or perhaps to laugh
 at my unhappiness.
 Now only hope
 of my revenge
 consoles my soul
 and makes me rejoice!
 Ah, I shall not leave, *etc.*
*(Enter Marcellina, Don Curzio, Figaro and
 Bartolo.)*

CURZIO
 The dispute has been resolved:
 Pay her or marry her. No more to be said.

MARCELLINA
 I breathe again!

FIGARO
 And I'm done for!

MARCELLINA *(aside)*
 At last I shall be the wife of a man I adore.

FIGARO *(to the Count)*
 My lord, I appeal...

COUNT
 The ruling is a fair one, either pay up or marry.
 Well done, Don Curzio.

CURZIO
 Your Lordship is most kind!

BARTOLO
 What a magnificent ruling!

FIGARO
 What makes it magnificent?

BARTOLO
 We're all avenged —

FIGARO
 I shan't marry her.

BARTOLO
 You will.

CURZIO
 Either pay her or marry her.
 She lent you two thousand crowns.

FIGARO
 I am a gentleman, and without
 the consent of my noble parents —

COUNT
 Where are they? Who are they?

FIGARO
 Let me go on looking;
 after ten years I hope to find them.

BARTOLO
 So you're a foundling?

FIGARO
 No, lost, doctor, or rather, stolen.

COUNT
How?

MARCELLINA
What?

BARTOLO
Any proof?

CURZIO
Any evidence?

FIGARO
The gold, the gems, the embroidered clothes
which, as a baby,
were found on me by the robbers,
these are the real proofs
of my noble birth; and, above all,
this mark here on my arm —

MARCELLINA
A spatula stamped on your right arm?

FIGARO
Who told you?

MARCELLINA
Oh God!
It's him!

FIGARO
True, it's me!

CURZIO
Who?

COUNT
Who?

BARTOLO
Who?

MARCELLINA
Raffaello!

BARTOLO
And you were stolen by robbers?

FIGARO
Near a castle.

BARTOLO
There is your mother.

FIGARO
Nurse?

BARTOLO
No; your mother.

CURZIO, COUNT
His mother?

FIGARO
What are you saying?

MARCELLINA
There is your father.

No. 18: Sextet

MARCELLINA
(embracing Figaro)
Recognize in this embrace
your mother, beloved son.

FIGARO
(to Bartolo)
My father, do the same,
and let me no longer be ashamed.

BARTOLO
(embracing Figaro)
Resistance, my conscience
no longer lets you rule.
(Figaro embraces his parents.)

CURZIO
He's his father? She's his mother?
It's too late for the wedding now.

COUNT
I'm astounded, I'm abashed,
I'd better get out of here.

MARCELLINA, BARTOLO
Beloved son!

FIGARO
Beloved parents!
(Susanna enters.)

SUSANNA

Stop, stop, noble sir.
I have a thousand double crowns right here.
I come to pay for Figaro
and to set him at liberty.

MARCELLINA, BARTOLO

Beloved son!

CURZIO, COUNT

We're not sure what's taking place.
Look over there a moment.

FIGARO

Beloved parents!

SUSANNA

(seeing Figaro hugging Marcellina)
So he's reconciled with his bride;
ye gods, what infidelity!
(She wants to leave but Figaro detains her.)
Leave me alone, villain!

FIGARO

No, wait!
Listen, darling!

SUSANNA

(boxing Figaro's ears)
Listen to this!

MARCELLINA, BARTOLO, FIGARO

A natural action of a good heart,
pure love is demonstrated here, *etc.*

SUSANNA

(aside)
I'm boiling, I'm raging with fury;
an old woman has done this to me. *etc.*

COUNT, CURZIO

I'm/he's boiling, I'm/he's raging with fury;
destiny has done this to me/him, *etc.*

MARCELLINA

(to Susanna)
Calm your anger,
my dear daughter,
embrace his mother,
and yours as well, now.

SUSANNA

(to Bartolo)
His mother?

BARTOLO

His mother.

SUSANNA

(to the Count)
His mother?

COUNT

His mother.

SUSANNA

(to Curzio)
His mother?

CURZIO

His mother.

SUSANNA

(to Marcellina)
His mother?

MARCELLINA

His mother.

MARCELLINA, CURZIO, COUNT,

BARTOLO
His mother!

SUSANNA

(to Figaro)
Your mother?

FIGARO

And that is my father,
he'll say so himself.

SUSANNA

(to Bartolo)
His father?

BARTOLO

His father.

SUSANNA

(to the Count)
His father?

COUNT
His father.

SUSANNA
(to Curzio)
His father?

CURZIO
His father.

SUSANNA
(to Marcellina)
His father?

MARCELLINA
His father.

MARCELLINA, CURZIO, COUNT,
BARTOLO
His father!

SUSANNA
(to Figaro)
Your father?

FIGARO
And that is my mother,
who'll say so herself, *etc.*

CURZIO, COUNT
My/his soul can barely resist any longer
the fierce torture of this moment.

SUSANNA, MARCELLINA, BARTOLO,
FIGARO
My soul can barely resist any longer
the sweet delight of this moment.
(The Count and Don Curzio depart.)

MARCELLINA
(to Bartolo)
Here he is, my friend, the offspring
of our old romance.

BARTOLO
Let's not rake up
the far distant past; he is my son,
you are my spouse,
and we'll get married as soon as you like.

MARCELLINA
Today; it'll be a double wedding.
(to Figaro, handing him a piece of paper)
Take back this promissory note
for the money I lent you, it's your dowry.

SUSANNA
(throwing down the purse)
Take this purse too.

BARTOLO
(doing the same)
And this as well.

FIGARO
Splendid! Go on throwing,
and I'll go on collecting!

SUSANNA
We must go and tell what's happened
to my lady and our uncle.
Who is as happy as I am?

FIGARO
Me!

BARTOLO
Me!

MARCELLINA
Me!

ALL
And the count can rage until he bursts,
as far as I'm concerned!
*(With their arms round each other they all leave
together. Enter Barbarina and Cherubino.)*

BARBARINA
Come, let's go, handsome page,
and you will find that all the pretty girls
in the castle are at my house,
and you will be the prettiest of all.

CHERUBINO
But if the Count should find me!
I'd be for it! You know
he believes I've already left for Seville.

BARBARINA

Oh, how wonderful! If he finds you,
it won't be the first time.
Listen, we're going to dress you like us,
then we're all going together
to present some flowers to the Countess.
Cherubino, trust Barbarina.
(*They leave. Enter the Countess, alone.*)

No. 19: Recitative and Aria

COUNTESS

Still Susanna does not come!
I am anxious to know
how the Count received the proposal.
The scheme appears rather daring,
with a husband so forceful and jealous!
But what's the harm in it?
Changing my clothes for those of Susanna,
and she for mine, under cover of night.
Heavens! To what humble and dangerous state
I am reduced by a cruel husband,
who, after having with an unheard-of
combination of infidelity, jealousy and disdain
— first loved me,
then abused and finally betrayed me —
now forces me to seek the help of a servant!
Where are the golden moments
of tranquility and pleasure;
what became of the oaths
of that deceitful tongue?
Why did not, when my life
changed into tears and pain,
the memory of that joy
disappear from my breast?
Where are the golden moments, *etc.*
Ah! If then my constancy
still loves through its sorrow,
the hope yet remains
of changing that ungrateful heart.
Ah! If then my constancy, *etc.*
(*She leaves. The Count enters with Antonio.*)

ANTONIO

(*holding a hat in his hands*)
I am telling you, my lord,
that Cherubino is still in the castle,
and that his hat proves it.

COUNT

How can he be, when by this time
he should have arrived in Seville?

ANTONIO

Forgive me; today Seville is in my house.
There he dressed up as a woman
and left his clothes.

COUNT

Rogues!

ANTONIO

Let's go, and you can see for yourself.
(*They leave. Enter the Countess and Susanna.*)

COUNTESS

What are you saying?
And what did the Count say?

SUSANNA

One could see that he was
disgusted and enraged.

COUNTESS

Gently, and it will be easier to ensnare him!
Where did you arrange
to meet him?

SUSANNA

In the garden.

COUNTESS

We must make it more precise. Write.

SUSANNA

I, write to him? But my lady —

COUNTESS

Write, I tell you,
the responsibility will be mine.
(*Susanna sits down and begins to write.*)

No. 20: Dilettino

SUSANNA

(*writing*)
On the breeze.

COUNTESS

What a gentle zephyr —

SUSANNA
zephyr —

COUNTESS
will sigh this evening —

SUSANNA
this evening —

COUNTESS
beneath the pines in the thicket...

SUSANNA
beneath the pines?

COUNTESS
Beneath the pines in the thicket.

SUSANNA
Beneath the pines in the thicket.

COUNTESS
He will understand the rest.

SUSANNA
Certainly, he'll understand.

COUNTESS
He will understand the rest.

COUNTESS
Little tune on the breeze, *etc.*

SUSANNA
What a gentle zephyr, *etc.*
(Together, they reread the letter, then Susanna folds it.)

SUSANNA
I've folded the letter, but how shall I seal it?

COUNTESS
(removing a pin and handing it to Susanna)
Here, take this pin,
it will serve for a seal.
Wait, write on the back of the letter,
"Return the pin."

SUSANNA
It's stranger
than the seal on the commission.

COUNTESS
Hide it quickly; I hear someone coming.
*(Susanna tucks the letter into her bodice.
Barbarina and a group of peasant girls enter,
all dressed alike and carrying posies of flowers.
With them is Cherubino, dressed like the girls.)*

No. 21: Chorus

CHORUS
Receive, beloved protectress,
these roses and violets
we gathered this morning
to prove our love for you.
We are only peasant girls
and we are all poor,
but what little we possess
we give you with a good heart.

BARBARINA
These girls, my lady,
come from the village;
the little that they have they offer you
and ask you to forgive their boldness.

COUNTESS
How kind of you! I thank you.

SUSANNA
How pretty they are!

COUNTESS
(indicating Cherubino)
Tell me, who is
that charming girl
with the modest air?

BARBARINA
She's a cousin of mine,
who arrived this evening for the wedding.

COUNTESS
Let us honor the pretty stranger.
(to Cherubino)
Come here, give me your flowers.
*(She takes the flowers from Cherubino and
kisses his forehead.)*
You're blushing!
(to Susanna)

Susanna, does she not bear
a resemblance to someone else?

SUSANNA

The living image!

(Antonio and the Count enter furtively; Antonio has Cherubino's hat with him. Creeping up behind Cherubino, he snatches the bonnet from his head and claps on the hat.)

ANTONIO

The great rogue! Here's your officer!

COUNTESS *(aside)*

O heavens!

SUSANNA *(aside)*

The little rascal!

COUNT

(to the Countess)

Well, my lady-?

COUNTESS

I, my lord, am as annoyed
and as surprised as yourself.

COUNT

And this morning?

COUNTESS

This morning
we were going to dress him up as a girl
for today's festivities,
just as they have done now.

COUNT *(to Cherubino)*

But why did you not leave?

CHERUBINO

(quickly taking off his hat)

My lord —

COUNT

I shall punish you
for your disobedience.

BARBARINA

Your Excellency!

You say to me so often
when you hug me and kiss me:

“Barbarina, if you love me
you can have anything you like.”

COUNT

I said that?

BARBARINA

Yes, you.

Now give me, my lord,
Cherubino in marriage,
and I'll love you like I love my kitten.

COUNTESS

(to the Count)

Well, it's your turn now.

ANTONIO

(to Barbarina)

Well said, girl!

You've learnt from a good master.

COUNT

(aside)

I don't know what man, devil or god
is turning everything against me.

(Enter Figaro.)

FIGARO

My lord, if you keep
all the girls here,
there'll be no party and no dancing.

COUNT

Indeed? You want to dance
with a twisted ankle?

FIGARO

(moves his foot a few times and then begins to dance)

It's not hurting so much now.

(He calls the young girls and starts to leave but the Count calls him back.)

Come, my pretty ones.

COUNTESS

(to Susanna)

How will he get out of this mess?

SUSANNA
(to the Countess)
 Let's leave him to it.

COUNT
 Lucky the flowerpots
 were made of clay!

FIGARO
 It certainly was.
 Come, then, let's be off.
(He tries to leave but Antonio calls him back.)

ANTONIO
 Meanwhile the page
 was galloping to Seville.

FIGARO
 Galloping or walking, good luck to him!
 Come on, pretty lasses.
(He tries to leave.)

COUNT
(blocking his way)
 And he left his commission behind
 in your pocket.

FIGARO
 But of course!
 What a question!

ANTONIO
(to Susanna, who is making signs to Figaro)
 Useless to make signs to him;
 he doesn't understand,
*(taking Cherubino by the hand and presenting
 him to Figaro)*
 and here is someone who's making
 my future nephew out to be a liar.

FIGARO
 Cherubino!

ANTONIO
 Now the penny's dropped.

FIGARO
(to the Count)
 What the devil's his story?

COUNT
 No story, but he does say that he jumped
 into the carnations this morning.

FIGARO
 He says that? Could be ... if I jumped,
 it might well be that he did so too.

COUNT
 He too?

FIGARO
 Why not?
 I don't accuse anyone of lying
 unless I'm sure.

No. 22: Finale

(The wedding march is heard in the distance.)

FIGARO
 There's the march, let's go!
 To your posts, my beauties, to your posts.
 Susanna, give me your arm.

SUSANNA
(giving her arm)
 Here it is.
*(They leave, except the Count and the
 Countess.)*

COUNT
 Shameless!

COUNTESS
 I feel cold as ice!

COUNT
 Countess!

COUNTESS
 Don't speak now.
 Here are the two couples;
 we must receive them.
 In the end the question
 involves your protégée.
 Let us be seated.

COUNT
 Let us be seated
(aside)

and meditate on revenge.

(They sit. Enter hunters with guns slung over their shoulders. Village folk, peasant boys and girls. Two young girls carry in the hat of white feathers; two more a white veil, two others gloves and a posy of flowers. Then come Figaro with Marcellina and Bartolo with Susanna. Bartolo leads Susanna to the Count; she kneels and receives the hat, etc. from him. Figaro likewise take Marcellina to the Countess.)

TWO GIRLS

Faithful lovers,
zealous in honor,
sing the praises
of such a wise master.
Renouncing a right
that insults and offends,
he renders you spotless
to your lovers.

CHORUS

Sing the praises of such a wise master!
(While kneeling before the Count Susanna tugs at his robe and shows him a note; she raises her hand to her head and the Count under the pretense of adjusting her hat takes the note and hides it. Susanna pays her respects and rises. Figaro goes to receive her. They dance the fandango. Marcellina rises presently and Bartolo steps up to receive her from the Countess.)

COUNT

(takes out the note and reacts as if he has pricked his finger; shakes it, presses it, sucks it, and seeing that the note was sealed with a pin, throws the pin on the floor, saying:)

Hmmm, as usual.

women have pins sticking out
everywhere. Ah! Ah! I get the idea!

FIGARO

(to Susanna)

That was a love-letter
that someone gave him in passing,
and it was sealed with a pin,
on which he hurt his finger.

The Narcissus is looking for it.
Oh, what foolishness!

COUNT

Come, my friends,
and for this evening let all the trappings
of a wedding be made ready
with richest magnificence.
I want the feast to be a grand one;
songs, torches, a grand feast and a ball.
And all shall see how I treat
those who are dear to me.

CHORUS

Faithful lovers, *etc.*

ACT FOUR

The castle garden

(There is an arbor to the right and one to the left. Night. Barbarina enters, searching for something on the ground.)

No. 23: Cavatina

BARBARINA

I have lost it, unhappy me!
Ah, who knows where it is?
I cannot find it, I have lost it,
unhappy me, *etc.*
And my cousin, and my lord —
what will he say?
(She leaves.)

FIGARO

(enters with Marcellina)
Barbarina, what's the matter?

BARBARINA

I've lost it, cousin.

FIGARO

What?

MARCELLINA

What?

BARBARINA

The pin

the master gave me
to return to Susanna.

FIGARO
To Susanna, the pin?
So young,
yet you already do
everything so well?

BARBARINA
What's the matter? Are you angry with me?

FIGARO
Can't you see I'm only joking? Look.
*(He searches on the ground for a moment, after
having dexterously taken out a pin from
Marcellina's dress and gives it to Barbarina.)*
This is the pin the Count gave you
to return to Susanna;
it was sealing a letter.
See how I know it all?

BARBARINA
Then why ask me if you know it all already?

FIGARO
I'm curious to know how his lordship
came to give you such an errand.

BARBARINA
Is that all!
Here, my girl, take this pin
to the lovely Susanna, and say to her:
"This is the seal of the pine-trees!"

FIGARO
Aha! "Of the pine-trees."

BARBARINA
Truth to tell, he added:
"Take care no one sees you."
But you won't say anything.

FIGARO
Of course not.

BARBARINA
Nothing's worrying you, is it?

FIGARO
No, nothing at all.

BARBARINA
Goodbye, handsome cousin.
I'm going first to Susanna
and then to Cherubino.
(She leaves.)

FIGARO
Mother!

MARCELLINA
My son!

FIGARO
This is the end.

MARCELLINA
Keep calm, my son!

FIGARO
This is the end, I tell you.

MARCELLINA
Calm, calm and more calm.
This is a serious
matter, and must be seriously considered.
But if you think about it,
we still don't know who's tricking who.

FIGARO
Ah, that pin, mother, was the same one
I saw him pick up a little while ago.

MARCELLINA
True, but at most
this gives you the right
to be on your guard and suspicious.
You don't really know —

FIGARO
I must be crafty, then! I know
where the assignation is to take place.

MARCELLINA
Where are you going, my son?

FIGARO
To avenge all husbands! Goodbye!
(He storms out in a rage.)

MARCELLINA

I must warn Susanna quickly ...
 I believe her to be innocent —
 that face, that modest air! —
 And supposing she were not? ...
 ah, when we are not obsessed with self-interest
 every woman will march to the defense
 of her own poor sex
 against ungrateful men
 who only seek wrongly to oppress it.
 The he-goat and the she-goat
 live in friendship,
 the he-lamb and the she-lamb
 fight no wars.
 The wildest of the beasts
 in the forest or the plain,
 his mate does not constrain
 or use with force.
 Only we poor women,
 who love our men-folk so,
 are treated by these beaux
 so cruelly without cause.
(She goes out.)

*(Enter Barbarina, alone, carrying some fruits
 and sweetmeats.)*

BARBARINA

'In the arbor on the left', he said.
 This is it! And if he doesn't come?
 My word, what generosity!
 Begrudging me an orange, a pear, a cake!
 'Who is it for, miss?' —
 'Oh, for a gentleman.'
 'We know that!' Well!
 My lord hates him and I love him.
 But it cost me a kiss — no matter.
 Perhaps someone will give it back to me.
(She hears someone coming.)
 I'm lost!
(Frightened, she runs into the arbor on the left.)

*(Figaro enters wearing a cloak and carrying a
 small lantern)*

FIGARO

(to himself)
 'Tis Barbarina!

(aloud)

Who goes there?

BASILIO

(enters with Bartolo and a group of workers)
 Those who you invited.

BARTOLO

What a grim face!
 You look like a conspirator!
 What the devil
 are all these sinister preparations for?

FIGARO

You'll see in a little while.
 This is where we shall
 celebrate the rite
 between my virtuous bride
 and the feudal lord.

BASILIO

Ah, good, good,
 I understand now:
(aside)
 They've come to an agreement without my help.

FIGARO

Don't you move from here.
 Meanwhile,
 I'm going to issue some instructions
 and I'll be back in a minute.
 When I whistle, come quickly.
(All go off, except Bartolo and Basilio.)

BASILIO

He's in a fine old state!

BARTOLO

What's happened?

BASILIO

Nothing.
 The Count fancies Susanna,
 she agreed to an assignation
 and Figaro is put out.

BARTOLO

Well? He should just put up with it.

BASILIO

Many have had to, so why shouldn't he?
 And anyway, what good can it do?
 In this world, my friend,
 it's always dangerous to mix with the mighty.
 The odds are inevitably in their favor.
 In those years, when inexperience
 made my judgement worthless,
 I, too, was foolishly impulsive,
 played the fool I now abjure.
 But with time and dangers met,
 Dame Common Sense appeared
 chased the whims and stubbornness
 from my silly head.
 To a little cabin
 she led me one fine day,
 and from the wall
 of that quiet hut
 an ass's skin she took.
 'Take this, my son,' she said,
 Then she went and left me.
 While I looked at the gift
 in silent wonder,
 the sky grew dark,
 the thunder rolled,
 mixed with hail,
 the rain beat down.
 I might as well
 protect my limbs
 with the ass's coat,
 I thought.
 The storm passed;
 scarce two steps I take
 when a dreadful wild beast
 confronts me,
 I can feel already
 the greedy teeth upon me,
 and hope is dead.
 But the fetid smell
 of my covering destroyed
 the beast's appetite,
 and in disgust it turned and slunk
 back to its forest lair.
 Thus fate taught me a lesson,
 that shame, danger,
 disgrace and death
 may be warded off
 by the skin of an ass.
 (*They leave.*)

No. 26: Recitative and Aria

FIGARO (*enters alone, with the cloak*)
 Everything is ready: the hour must be near.
 I hear them coming;
 it's she; no, it's no one.
 The night is dark,
 and I'm already beginning
 to ply the foolish trade
 of cuckolded husband.
 Traitress! At the moment of my wedding
 ceremony he enjoyed reading her letter,
 and seeing him I laughed at myself
 without knowing it.
 Oh, Susanna, Susanna,
 how much pain have you cost me!
 With that artless face, with those innocent eyes,
 who would have believed it!
 Ah, it's always madness to trust a woman!
 Open your eyes for a moment,
 rash and foolish men,
 look at these women,
 look at what they are.
 You call them goddesses,
 with your befuddled senses,
 and pay them tribute
 with your weakened minds.
 They are witches who work spells
 to make you miserable,
 sirens who sing
 to make you drown,
 screech-owls that lure you
 to pluck out your feathers,
 comets that flash
 to take away your light.
 They are thorny roses,
 cunning vixens,
 hugging bears,
 spiteful doves,
 masters of deceit,
 friends of trouble,
 who pretend, lie,
 feel no love,
 feel no pity,
 no, no, no, no, no!
 The rest I won't say,
 because everyone knows it already.
 Open your eyes for a moment, *etc.*
 (*He hides among the trees.*)

(Susanna and the Countess enter, disguised in each other's clothes, followed by Marcellina.)

SUSANNA

My lady, Marcellina told me
Figaro would be coming here.

MARCELLINA

He's here already;
lower your voice.

SUSANNA

So one of them is eavesdropping
and the other is about to come to look for me.
Let's begin!

MARCELLINA

I shall hide in here.
(enters the arbor into which Barbarina went)

SUSANNA

My lady, you're shivering; are you chilly?

COUNTESS

The air is damp; I'll go in now.

FIGARO

(aside)
This is the moment of crisis.

SUSANNA

Under these trees, if my lady will allow me,
I shall stay to enjoy
the coolness for half an hour.

FIGARO

(aside)
Coolness! Coolness!

COUNTESS

Stay for an hour or more.
(She hides.)

SUSANNA

(under her breath)
The rascal's eavesdropping.
We'll have some fun, too,
and pay him out for his suspicions.

No. 27: Recitative and Aria

SUSANNA

At last the moment is near when carefree
I shall exult in the embrace of him I worship.
Timid care, be banished from my heart,
and come not to disturb my joy.
Oh, how the beauties of this place,
of heaven and earth,
respond to the fire of my love.
How night furthers my designs!
Come now, delay not, lovely joy,
come where love calls you to pleasure.
The nocturnal torch shines not yet in heaven;
the air is still murky, and the earth silent.
Here the brook murmurs, the breezes play
and with gentle sighing refresh the heart.
Here flowers are laughing, and the grass is cool;
all things beckon to love's delights.
Come, my soul, within this hidden grove.
Come! I would crown your brow with roses!
(She disappears among the trees on the opposite side to Figaro.)

FIGARO

(aside)
Shameless woman!
To have lied to me like that!
I don't know if I'm awake or dreaming!

CHERUBINO

(enters singing)
La la la...

COUNTESS

(aside)
The little page!

CHERUBINO

I can hear someone; I'll go in here,
where Barbarina went.
(seeing the Countess)
Oh! I can see a woman!

COUNTESS

Now I'm in trouble!

CHERUBINO

Surely not!
From that hat

I can just see in the dark,
that must be Susanna.

COUNTESS
If the Count should come now, O cruel fate!

No. 28: Finale

CHERUBINO
Softly now I'll come closer to you,
we shall not waste any time.

COUNTESS
Ah, if the Count comes along
what a fight there will be!

CHERUBINO
Dearest Susanna! She doesn't answer,
but hides her face with her hand;
now I shall really tease her.

COUNTESS
(trying to get away)
Presumptuous, impudent boy,
go away from here immediately, *etc.*

CHERUBINO
Skittish, cunning girls,
I already know why you're here, *etc.*

COUNT
(from a distance)
That must be my Susanna!

SUSANNA, FIGARO
Here comes the fowler!

CHERUBINO
Don't try to play the tyrant with me!

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO
Ah, my heart is pounding in my breast!

COUNTESS
Quickly, go, or I'll call for help!

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO
There is another man with her.

CHERUBINO
Give me a kiss, or you'll do nothing.

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO
By his voice, that must be the page.

COUNTESS
A kiss, you say! What temerity!

CHERUBINO
And why can't I do
what the Count is going to do?

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT, FIGARO
Rash boy!

CHERUBINO
Why make a face?
You know that I was behind the chair!

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, COUNT, FIGARO
If the rake stays much longer
he'll ruin everything.

CHERUBINO
(trying to kiss the Countess)
I'll take it anyway!
*(The Count steps between them and receives the
kiss himself.)*

COUNTESS, *then* CHERUBINO
Heavens! The Count!
(Cherubino runs to hide in the left-hand arbor.)

FIGARO
I want to see what they're doing.
*(The Count makes a swipe at Cherubino, but
strikes Figaro instead.)*

COUNT
So that you won't repeat
the offence, take that!

FIGARO, COUNTESS, COUNT, SUSANNA
Ah! I have/he has made quite a gain
through my curiosity/his temerity, *etc.*
*(Figaro and Susanna go off in opposite
directions.)*

COUNT
At last the rogue has gone,
come nearer, my dearest.

COUNTESS

If it please you thus,
here I am, sir.

FIGARO

What a complaisant woman!
What a good-hearted wife!

COUNT

Give me your hand.

COUNTESS

I give it to you.

COUNT

Dearest!

FIGARO

Dearest?

COUNT

What dainty fingers!
What delicate skin!
I'm tingling, I'm feverish,
I'm filled with new ardor, *etc.*

SUSANNA, COUNTESS, FIGARO

Blind precipitousness
deludes reason
and always tricks the senses, *etc.*

COUNT

Besides your dowry, beloved,
receive this jewel,
offered by a lover
in pledge of his love.
(*He gives her a ring.*)

COUNTESS

Susanna owes everything
to her benefactor.

SUSANNA, COUNT, FIGARO

Everything is going perfectly!
But the best is coming yet.

COUNTESS

Sir, I can see the light
from bright torches.

COUNT

Let us enter, my fair Venus.
Let us go in and hide, *etc.*

SUSANNA, FIGARO

All you deceived husbands,
come and learn your lessons.

COUNTESS

In the dark, my lord?

COUNT

It is my wish:
you know that I don't want
to go inside and read.

FIGARO

The traitress is following him;
doubts are foolish now.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS

The rogues are in the trap,
the affair is beginning well.

COUNT

Who goes there?

FIGARO

None of your business!

COUNTESS

It's Figaro! I'm going!

COUNT

Go on, I'll find you soon.
(*The Count disappears in the bushes. The Countess enters the right-hand arbor.*)

FIGARO

All is peaceful and silent:
the beautiful Venus has gone
to the embrace of her fond Mars,
but a modern Vulcan will soon
have them in his net.

SUSANNA

(*in a feigned voice*)
Hey, Figaro, keep your voice down!

FIGARO

Oh, there is the Countess.

You come at a perfect moment
to see for yourself
the Count with my wife.
You'll be able to touch them
with your very own hand.

SUSANNA
(forgetting to alter her voice)
Speak a little lower;
from the spot I shall not move
until I am avenged.

FIGARO
(aside)
Susanna!
(aloud)
Avenged?

SUSANNA
Yes.

FIGARO
How can that be done?
The vixen is trying to catch me,
and I'm going to help her, *etc.*

SUSANNA
I'm going to catch the villain,
and I know how to go about it, *etc.*

FIGARO
(with comic affectation)
Ah, if it please Madame!

SUSANNA
Get up, not a word!

FIGARO
Ah, Madame!

SUSANNA
Get up, not a word!

FIGARO
Here I am at your feet,
with my heart full of fire.
Look around you,
and remember the betrayer!

SUSANNA
How my hand is itching!

FIGARO
I can hardly breathe!

SUSANNA
What madness! What fury! *etc.*

FIGARO
What madness! What fever! *etc.*

SUSANNA
But is there no affection between us?

FIGARO
Let respect be enough.
We must not let time pass in vain,
give me your hand a moment.

SUSANNA
(in her natural voice, boxing his ears)
Help yourself, sir.

FIGARO
You slapped me!

SUSANNA
Yes, I did!
Here's another, and another
and still another.

FIGARO
Don't beat me so furiously!

SUSANNA
And another, you sharper,
and then still one more!

FIGARO
Oh, most gracious blows!
Oh, perfect love! *etc.*

SUSANNA
I'll teach you, deceitful man,
to play the seducer, *etc.*

FIGARO
Peace, peace, my sweet treasure;
I recognized the voice which I adore
and carry engraved in my heart.

SUSANNA
My voice?

FIGARO
The voice I adore.

SUSANNA, FIGARO
Peace, peace, my sweet treasure,
peace, peace, my gentle beloved.
(*The Count returns.*)

COUNT
I cannot find her, and I've combed the forest.

SUSANNA, FIGARO
That's the Count.
I recognize his voice.

COUNT
Hey, Susanna, are you deaf or dumb?

SUSANNA
Wonderful! He didn't recognize her!

FIGARO
Whom?

SUSANNA
Madame.

FIGARO
Madame?

SUSANNA
Madame!

SUSANNA, FIGARO
Let's terminate this farce, my beloved,
and console this capricious lover, *etc.*
(*Figaro throws himself at her feet.*)

FIGARO
Yes, Madame, you are the light of my life.

COUNT
My wife?
Ah, I have no weapons!

FIGARO
Will you grant a cure for my heart?

SUSANNA
Here I am, I'll do as you wish.

COUNT
Ah, scandalous, scandalous!

SUSANNA, FIGARO
Ah, let us make haste, beloved,
and exchange pain for pleasure.
(*They move towards the arbor on the left. The
Count grasps Figaro.*)

COUNT
Help, help, weapons, weapons!

FIGARO
(*feigning great fright*)
The master!

COUNT
My men, help, help!
(*Enter Antonio, Basilio, Bartolo and Don
Curzio.*)

FIGARO
I'm lost!

BASILIO, CURZIO, ANTONIO, BARTOLO
What happened?

COUNT
The villain has betrayed me,
has defamed me, and you shall see with whom.

BASILIO, CURZIO, ANTONIO, BARTOLO
I'm amazed, confounded,
I can't believe it's true.

FIGARO
They're amazed, confounded.
Oh, what a scene, what fun!
(*Going to the arbor the Count hands out, in
turn, Cherubino, Barbarina, Marcellina and
Susanna.*)

COUNT
In vain you resist,
come out, Madame;
now you shall be rewarded

for your honesty.
...The page!

ANTONIO
My daughter!

FIGARO
My mother!

BASILIO, CURZIO, ANTONIO, BARTOLO
Madame!

COUNT
The plot is revealed,
and there is the deceiver.

SUSANNA
(kneeling)
Pardon, pardon!

COUNT
No, no, do not expect it!

FIGARO
(kneeling)
Pardon, pardon!

COUNT
No, no, I will not!

ALL EXCEPT THE COUNT
(kneeling)
Pardon! *etc.*

COUNT
No!
(The Countess emerges from the right-hand arbor.)

COUNTESS
At least I may obtain their pardon.

BASILIO, CURZIO, COUNT, ANTONIO,
BARTOLO
Heaven! What do I see?
I'm raving! Going crazy!
I don't know what to believe.

COUNT
(kneeling)
Countess, your pardon! Pardon!

COUNTESS
I am more clement,
and answer, yes.

ALL
Ah! All shall be
made happy thereby.
Only love can resolve
this day of torments,
caprice and folly,
into joy and happiness.
Spouses and sweethearts,
to dancing and fun,
and let's have some fireworks!
And to the sound of a gay march
hurry off to celebrate, *etc.*

Curtain