

Votre Toast (Toreador Song) - Georges Bizet

Your toast, I can give it to you
Sirs, sirs, for with the soldiers
Yes, the Toreros, can agree;
For pleasure, for pleasure
They have fights!
The arena is full,
it is a celebration day!
The arena is full, from top to bottom;
The spectators, losing their heads,
The spectators call to one another with a
great din!
Rude shouts, cries and uproar
grow into a furor!
For it is a celebration of courage!
It is the celebration of strong-hearted men!
Come on, on guard! Come on! Come on!
Ah!

Toreador, on guard! Toreador, Toreador!
And think, yes, think as you fight,
That a dark eye is watching you,
And that love awaits you,
Toreador, love, love awaits you!
And think, think as you fight,
That a dark eye is watching you
And love awaits you
Toreador, love, love awaits you!

All of a sudden, people fall silent
People fall silent ...
Ah, what is happening?
No more shouts! The moment has come!
No more shouts! The moment has come!
The bull charges forward
Bounding from the Toril!
He charges forward! He enters.
He strikes! A horse rolls,
Dragging a picador,
Ah, Bravo! Bull! The crowd roars!
The bull goes, he comes,
He comes and strikes again!
Shaking his banderillas,
Full of fury, he rushes!
The arena is full of blood!

People are fleeing, they jump over the
railings
It is your turn now. Come on!
On guard! Come on! Come on! Ah!
Toreador, on guard! Toreador, Toreador!
And think, yes, think as you fight,
That a dark eye is watching you,
And that love awaits you,
Toreador, Love, love awaits you!
And think, yes, think as you fight,
That a dark eye is watching you
And that love awaits you
Toreador, love, love awaits you!
Love! Love! Love!
Toreador, Toreador, Toreador!

O Tod, o Tod, wie bitter bist du? - Johannes Brahms

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of
thee to a man
that liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that hath prosperity in all things;
yea, unto him that is yet able to receive
meat!
O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the
needy and unto him whose strength faileth,
that is now in the last age,
and is vexed with all things,
and to him that despaireth,
and hath lost patience!

Chanson romanesque - Maurice Ravel

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.
Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.
Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.
But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.
O Dulcinea.

Chanson à boire - Maurice Ravel

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!
I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!
A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky
mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!
I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

Chanson épique - Maurice Ravel

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.
With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.
(O great Saint George and great Saint
Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue! Amen.

Le Nozze Di Figaro - W.A. Mozart

SCENE ONE

*A partly furnished room, with an easy-chair
in the centre.*

*Figaro with a measure in his hand, Susanna
at the mirror, trying on a hat decorated with
flowers.*

Duetto

FIGARO
measuring the room
Five ... ten ... twenty ... thirty ...
Thirty-six ... forty-three

SUSANNA
to herself, gazing into the mirror
Yes, I'm very pleased with that;
It seems just made for me.
Take a look, dear Figaro,
Just look at this hat of mine.

She continues to gaze at herself

FIGARO
Yes, my dearest, it's very pretty;
It looks just made for you.

SUSANNA and FIGARO
On this morning of our wedding
How delightful to my (your) dear one
Is this pretty little hat
Which Susanna made herself.

Recitative

SUSANNA
What are you measuring,
My dearest Figaro?

FIGARO
I'm seeing if this bed
Which the Count has put aside for us

Will go well just here.

SUSANNA
In this room?

FIGARO
Of course; his lordship's
Generously giving it to us.

SUSANNA
As far as I'm concerned, you can keep it.

FIGARO
What's the matter?

SUSANNA
tapping her forehead
I've my reasons in here.

FIGARO
doing the same
Why can't you
Let me in on them?

SUSANNA
Because I don't choose to.
Are you my slave, or not?

FIGARO
But I don't understand
Why you so dislike
The most convenient room in the palace.

SUSANNA
Because I'm Susanna and you're a dolt.

FIGARO
Thanks, you're too flattering: just see
If it could go better anywhere else.

Duetto

FIGARO
Supposing my lady
Calls you at night:
Ding ding: in two steps

You can be there from here.
Or if it should happen
That his lordship should want me,
Dong dong: in three bounds
I'm there at his service.

SUSANNA
And supposing one morning
The dear Count should ring,
ding ding, and send you
Three miles away,
Dong dong, and the devil
Should lead him to my door?
Dong dong, in three bounds ...

FIGARO
Hush, hush, Susanna.

SUSANNA
Listen.

FIGARO
Quick, tell me!

SUSANNA
If you wish to hear the rest,
Banish those suspicions
Which do me wrong.

FIGARO
I burn to hear the rest:
Doubts and suspicions
Freeze my blood.

Recitative

FIGARO
Who's ringing? The Countess.

SUSANNA
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. Figaro, my
dear.

FIGARO
Courage, my dearest.

SUSANNA
And you be wary.

SCENE TWO

FIGARO
*feverishly pacing up and down the room,
rubbing his hands*
Well done, my noble master! Now I begin
To understand the secret ... and to see
Your whole scheme clearly: to London,
Isn't it, you go as minister, I as courier,
And Susanna ... confidential attachée ...
It shall not be: Figaro has said it.

Cavatina

FIGARO
If, my dear Count,
You feel like dancing,
It's I
Who'll call the tune.
If you'll come
To my school,
I'll teach you
How to caper.
I'll know how... but wait,
I can uncover
His secret design
More easily by dissembling.
Acting stealthily,
Acting openly,
Here stinging,
There mocking,
All your plots
I'll overthrow.

***Ach ich Fühl's* - Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

Ah, I can feel it, love's happiness
Is fled forever!
Nevermore, O hours of bliss,
Will you return to my heart!
See, Tamino, these tears
Flow for you alone, beloved.
If you do not feel love's yearning,
I shall find peace in death!

***Vos Me Matásteis* - Joaquin Rodrigo**

You killed me,
girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.
By the river bank
I saw a young maiden.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have killed me,
you have slain me.

***De los Álamos Vengo, Madre* - Joaquín Rodrigo**

I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.
From the poplars of Seville,
from seeing my sweet love,
from seeing the breezes stir them.
I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing the breezes stir them.

***Cheveux de bois*- Claude Debussy**

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.
The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.
Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is
flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!
Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!
Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.
And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.
Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!