BIZET: "Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre" (Toreador Song) from *Carmen*

ESCAMILLO:

A toast to you? I can give it to you
Along with the soldiers
Yes, the Toreros, can understand;
For pleasures, for pleasures
They have combats!
The arena is full,
it is the feast day!
The arena is full, from top to bottom;
The spectators are losing their minds,
The spectators began a big fracas!
Apostrophes, cries, and uproar grow to a furor!
Because it is a celebration of courage!
It is the celebration of people with heart!
Let’s go, en guard!
Toreador, en guard! Toreador, Toreador!
And dream away, yes, dream in combat,
That a black eye is watching you,
And that love awaits you,
Toreador, love awaits you!

All of a sudden, it is silent...
Ah, what is happening?
More cries! It is the moment!
The bull throws himself out
Bounding out of the bullpen!
He throws himself out! 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 dart-stabbed neck,
Full of fury, he runs!
The arena is full of blood!
They save themselves, they pass the gates
It is your turn now. Let’s go!
En guard! Let’s go! Let’s go! Ah!
Toreador, en guard! Toreador, Toreador!
And dream away, yes, dream in combat,
That a black eye is watching you,
And that love awaits you,
Toreador, Love awaits you!
PUCCINI: "Vissi d'arte" (I Live For Art, I Live For Love) from Tosca

TOSCA:
I lived for my art, I lived for love,
I never did harm to a living soul!
Anonymously
I relieved as many misfortunes as I knew of.
Always with true faith
my prayer rose to the holy shrines.
Always with true faith
I gave flowers to the altar.

In this hour of grief
why, why, o Lord,
why do you reward me thus?
I gave jewels for the Madonna’s mantle,
and I gave my song to the stars, to heaven,
which smiled with more beauty.
In this hour of grief
why, why, o Lord,
ah, why do you reward me thus?

SAINT-SAËNS: "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix" (My heart opens to the sound of your voice) from Samson et Dalila

DEILAH:
My heart opens to your voice
Like one sees the blades
Of wheat that wave
In the light wind,
So trembles my heart,
Ready to be consoled,
By your voice that is so dear to me!
The arrow is less rapid
In bringing death,
Than is your lover
To fly into your arms!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!

Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!
Samson, I Love you!
BIZET: "Au fond du temple saint" (At the holy temple) from *Les pêcheurs de perles*

NADIR
At the back of the holy temple, decorated with flowers and gold, a woman appears... I can still see her.

ZURGA
A woman appears... I can still see her.

NADIR
The prostrate crowd looks at her amazed and murmurs under its breath: look, this is the goddess looming up out of the shadow and holding out her arms to us.

ZURGA
Her veil parts slightly; what a vision, what a dream!
The crowd is kneeling.

TOGETHER
Yes, it is she, it is the goddess, more charming and more beautiful; yes, it is she, it is the goddess, who has come down among us. Her veil has parted, and the crowd is kneeling.

NADIR
But through the crowd she makes her way.

ZURGA
Already, her long veil hides her face from us.

NADIR
My eyes, alas, seek her in vain.

TOGETHER
We have seen her, she is the Goddess who today led you to me, and from now I’ll keep you my promise, close as brothers we shall be! Great Goddess, from Heaven descended, she today has led you to me! Now we shall tread one single path. We are united until death!

MOZART: "O, wie will ich triumphieren" (Ha, I Will Triumph!) from *The Abduction from the Seraglio*

OSMIN:
Oh, how I shall triumph When they conduct you to the place of execution And put the garrote round your throats!

I shall gambol, laugh and jump about And sing a song of delight, Since I am rid of you at last.

No matter how softly and carefully you prowl, You confounded harem mice, Our ear is bound to detect you! And ere you can escape us You find yourselves caught in our snares And will get your just deserts. Oh, how I shall triumph ...
OFFENBACH: “Belle nuit” (Beautiful Night) from The Tales of Hoffman

NIKLAUSSE and GIULIETTA
Lovely night, oh, night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day
Oh beautiful night of love!
Time flies by, and carries away
Our tender caresses for ever!
Time flies far from this happy oasis
And does not return
Burning zephyrs
Embrace us with your caresses!

LEONCAVALLO: "Vesti la guibba" (Put On Your Costume) from Pagliacci

CANIO
I say my lines! While in delirium,
I do not know what I am saying,
or what I am doing!
Yet it is necessary, I must force myself!
Bah! Are you not a man?
You are Pagliaccio (clown)!

The people pay, and they want to laugh.
And if Harlequin invites away Colombina
laugh, Pagliaccio (clown), and everyone will
applaud!
Turn the spasms and tears into jokes,
The tears and pain into grimaces, Ah!

Put on your costume and apply make up to
your face.

LEIGH: "The Impossible Dream" from Man of La Mancha

DON QUIXOTE
To dream ... the impossible dream ...
To fight ... the unbeatable foe ...
To bear ... with unbearable sorrow ...
To run ... where the brave dare not go ...
To right ... the unrightable wrong ...
To love ... pure and chaste from afar ...
To try ... when your arms are too weary ...
To reach ... the unreachable star ...
This is my quest, to follow that star ...
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far ...
To fight for the right, without question or
pause ...

To be willing to march into Hell, for a
Heavenly cause ...
And I know if I'll only be true, to this
glorious quest,
That my heart will lie will lie peaceful and
calm,
when I'm laid to my rest ...
And the world will be better for this:
That one man, scorned and covered with
scars,
Still strove, with his last ounce of courage,
To reach ... the unreachable star ...
VERDI: Act III from *Aida*

The Shores of the Nile.

Granite rocks overgrown with palm trees. — On the summit of the rocks a temple dedicated to Isis, half hidden in foliage. — Starry night, moon shining brightly.

From a boat which approaches the shore descend Amneris and Ramfis.

RAM.
Come to the shrine of Isis the eve
Before the day of your wedding, pray that
The Goddess grant you her favor. To Isis
Are the hearts of mortals open. All that is hidden
In the heart of man she knows.

AMN.
Yes, and I will pray that Radames may give me
Truly his heart, truly as mine to him
Has ever been sacred.

RAM.
You will pray
Till the daylight. I will be near you.

AIDA
He will ere long be here! What would he tell me?
I tremble! Ah, if you come
To bid me, harsh man, farewell for ever,
Then, Nilus, thy dark and rushing stream
Hides me forever; peace shall I find there and oblivion!
O blue skies, breezes soft blowing,

Where brightly calmness saw life's blithe morning unfold,
Sweet sloping verdure by streams so softly flowing,
You my native land never more shall I behold!
O blessed vales, wherein all cares were banished,
That once did promise love, I bid farewell,
Ah me! of love the sweetest dream has vanish'd,
O native land, ne'er more shall I see you!

AMONASRO enters.

AIDA
Heaven! my father!

AMON.
To you, Aida, I come
For gravest reasons. Nothing escapes my attention;
For Radames you are dying of love. He loves you and you are waiting for him here.
A daughter of the Pharaohs is your rival
— Race accursed, detested, to us truly fatal!

AIDA
And I am in her grasp, I, Amonasro's Daughter!

AMON.
In her power you? No!! If you wish,
Your powerful rival you can vanquish;
Your country, your sceptre, your love
— all can be yours.
Once again shall you on our balmy forests,
   Our verdant valleys, our golden temples gaze!

AIDA
Once again shall I on our balmy forests,
   Our verdant valleys, our golden temples gaze.

AMON.
The happy bride of your heart's dearest treasure,
   Delight unbounded there shall you enjoy.

AIDA
Ah, but one day of such enchanting pleasure,
   No, but an hour of bliss so sweet, then let me die!

AMON.
Yet recall how Egyptian hordes descended
   On our homes; our temples, our altars dared profane!
   Cast in bonds sisters, daughters undefended,
   Mothers, children, helpless old men slain!

AIDA
Too well remembered are those days of mourning,
   All the keen anguish my poor heart that pierced;
   Gods! grant in mercy peace once more returning,
   Once more the dawn soon of glad days may burst.

AMON.
Lose not a moment! our people armed
   Are panting for the signal; now to strike the blow,
   Success is sure: only one thing is wanting —
   That we know by what path will march the foe.

AIDA
Who that path will discover? Can you tell?

AMON.
You!

AIDA
Me?!

AMON.
Radames, whom you expect, will tell you;
   He commands the Egyptians, and loves you.

AIDA
Hateful thought!
   What prompts you to do this? No! Ask it not!

AMON. [with savage impetus]
Then, Egypt's fierce nation,
   Our cities devoting
   To flames, and denoting
   What ruins your path!
   Spread wide devastation,
   Your fury unbridle,
   Resistance is idle,
   Give loose to your wrath!

AIDA
Ah, father!

AMON. [repulsing her]
You call yourself my daughter?
   My daughter!

AIDA [frightened and supplicating]
Stop! Have mercy!

AMON.
Torrents of blood shall crimson flow,
Grimly the foe stands gloating,
See you from Death's dark gulf below
Shades of the dead upfloating,
Crying as in scorn they show
You have slain your country!

AIDA
Have mercy, pray!

AMON.
One among those phantoms dark
Even now it stands before thee.
Tremble! now stretching over you.
Its withered hand marks your head!
Your mother's hands see there again,
Stretched out to curse you!

AIDA [with the utmost terror]
Ah no! My father!

AMON. [repelling her]
You are not my daughter!
You are the Pharaoh's slave!

AIDA
Father, no, their slave am I no longer.
Ah, with your curse do not deny me,
Still your own daughter you may call me,
Never shall my country her child disdain.

AMON.
Think that your race downtrodden by the conqueror,
Through you alone can their freedom gain.

AIDA
Oh then, my country than love has proved the stronger.

AMON.
Have courage! he comes! there I'll remain.

[conceals himself among the palms]
Radames — Aida.

RAD.
I see you again, my sweet Aida!

AIDA
Advance not! Leave! What hopes are yours?

RAD.
Love led me here in hopes of meeting you.

AIDA
You to another your hand must resign.
The Princess is your intended bride now!!

RAD.
What are you saying?
You only, Aida, ever can I love.
Be witness, Heaven, you art not forsaken!

AIDA
Invoke not falsely the Gods above;
Brave you were loved, let not lies degrade it..

RAD.
Can I not of my love then persuade you?

AIDA
And how then
Do you hope to baffle the love of Princess Amneris?
The King's high demand, the desire of your people,
The certain wrath of the priesthood?

RAD.
Hear me, sweet Aida.
   Once more of deadly strife with hope unfading
   The Ethiopians have lighted the brand;
   Already they our borders have invaded.
   While Egypt's armies I shall command,
   When shouts of triumph greet me victorious,
   To our kind monarch my love disclosing,
   You will I claim, thee my glorious reward.
   With you live ever in peace reposing.

AIDA
No, but do you not fear then Amneris's rage? Her dreadful vengeance
   Like the lightning of heaven on me will fall —
   Fall on my father, my nation.

RAD.
I will defend you.

AIDA
In vain you would attempt it.
   Yet, if you me, there is still a way to gain
   A means for our safety.

RAD.
Name it!

AIDA
Flee!

RAD.
Together!

AIDA
Ah, fly from where these burning skies,
   Are all beneath them blighting;
   Towards regions new we'll turn our eyes,
   Our faithful love inviting.
   There where the virgin forests rise,
   'Mid fragrance softly stealing,
   Our loving bliss concealing,
   The world we'll quite forget, 'mid loving bliss.

RAD.
To distant countries ranging
   With you ask me to flee,
   For other lands exchanging
   All 'neath my native sky.
   The land these arms have guarded,
   That first fame's crown awarded,
   When I first saw you
   How can I ever forget?

AIDA
Beneath our skies more freely
   To our hearts will love be yielded,
   The gods your youth that shielded
   Will not our love forget.

RAD. [hesitating]
Aida!

AIDA
Then you do NOT love me! Go!

RAD.
Not love you?
   Never in mortal bosom
   Burnt yet love's flame with ardor more devouring.

AIDA
Go, your Ameris
   Waits for you.
RAD.
All in vain!

AIDA
In vain?
Then fall the axe upon me
And on my wretched father!

RAD.
Ah no! we'll fly then!

[with passionate resolution]
Yes, we'll fly these walls now hated,
In the desert hide our treasure.
Here the land to woe seems fated,
There all seems to smile with love.
Boundless deserts cannot measure
Where our bridal bed soon spreading,
Starry skies shall luster shedding
Be our canopy above.

AIDA
In my native land where lavish
Fortune smiles, a heaven awaits you,
Balmy airs the sense that ravish
Stray through verdant mead and grove.
'Mid the valleys where nature greets you
We our bridal bed soon spreading,
There the stars shall luster shedding
Be our canopy above.

AIDA-RAD
Come, from here together flying
Where all woe seems to abide,
You are with love undying,
Come, and love our steps shall guide!
[they are hastening away]

AIDA [suddenly pausing]
But tell me by what path
Shall we avoid running into your solders?

RAD.
By the path that we have chosen
To fall on the Ethiiopians, will be vacant
Until to-morrow.

AIDA
Say, which is that?

RAD.
The gorges
Of Napata!
Amonasro — Aida — Radames.

AMON.
Of Napata! Well then.
There my troops shall be!

RAD.
Who has overheard us?

AMON.
I, Aida's father, Ethiopia's King.

RAD. [overcome with surprise]
You! Amonasro! You, the King? Heaven!
what are you saying?
No! it is false! surely this can be but dreaming.

AIDA
Ah no! be calm and listen to me,
Trust love, your footsteps guiding.

AMON.
In Aida's love confiding,
A throne your prize shall be.

RAD.
For you I've played the traitor.
My name forever branded!
AMON.
No, guilt can never fall on thee,
   It was by fate commanded.
Come where beyond the Nile arrayed
   Warriors brave are waiting;
There love your fond wish sating
   You shall be happy made.

Enter Amneris from the temple,
then Ramfis.

AMN.
Vile Traitor!

AIDA       The Princess here!

AMON. [advancing with a dagger towards
Amneris]
You come here to mar my victory?
   Die then!

RAD. [rushing between them]
No, strike not, madman!

AMON. 
Oh fury!

RAM. 
Guards there, advance!

RAD. [to Aida and Amonasro]
Fly! quick! Do not delay!

AMON. [dragging Aida]
Come then, my daughter!

RAM. [to the Guards]
Guards! quick, follow!

RAD. [to Ramfis]
Holy Priest, to you I yield.

END OF ACT THREE