

Pierrot's Tanzlied, Korngold:

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.
In the dance I once obtained it,
Now I've lost my happiness.
While dancing on the Rhein
in the moonlight,
she confessed to me with a loving
look in her blue eyes,
Confessed to me with her pleading words:
O stay, don't go far away,
preserve the memory of your homeland's
peaceful, flourishing happiness.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.
The magic of things far away
brings the burning of my soul
The magic of the dance lured me,
and I was then Pierrot.
I followed her, my wonderful sweetheart,
and learned from kissed tears.
Intoxication and misery,
Illusion and happiness:
Ah, this is a clown's destiny.

Vilja's Lied, Lehár:

So let us, however, as at home
Now sing our ring-dance rhyme
About a fairy, who, as is known
at home, called Vilja!

There lived a Vilja, a wood-maiden,
A hunter spied her in a rocky cliff!
The fellow, became
So strangely affected,
He looked and looked
At the little wood-maiden.
And a never-known shudder
Seized the young hunter,
Longingly he began quietly to sigh!
Vilja, O Vilja, you little wood-maiden,
Take me and let me
Be your dearest true love!
Vilja, O Vilja, what are you doing to me?
Fearfully begs a lovesick man!

The wood-maiden stretched
Out her hand to him
And pulled him into her cliff-dwelling.
The lad almost lost his senses, for

No earthly child loves or kisses this way.
As soon as she was sated with kissing
She disappeared at that moment!
Just once did the poor lad wave to her:
Vilja, O Vilja, you little wood-maiden,
Take me and let me
Be your dearest true love!
Vilja, O Vilja, what are you doing to me?
Fearfully begs a lovesick man!

Merry Widow Waltz, Lehár:

Though lips are sealed, violins whisper:
“Will you love me?”
All the dance steps keep saying:
“Please love me!”
Our fingers clasping feels so right to me,
clearly telling me: it’s true
you do love me!

With every waltzing step,
our souls dance
because our skipping little hearts
pound and sound:
Be mine, be mine!
And the mouth doesn’t speak a word,
but it sounds on and on:
I love you very much!

La ci darem la mano, Mozart & Da Ponte:

Come to my house so we can be alone,
Come my fairest angel, and we can get married!

There you will give me your hand,
There you will tell me, “Yes.”
You see it is not far;
Let us leave, my dear, from here.

I would like to, and yet I would not,
my heart trembles a bit.
I would be happy, it is true,
but it could still be a trick.

Come, my beautiful delight!

I feel sorry for Masetto.

I will change your fate!

Soon... I won’t be so strong.

Let's go!

Let's go, my dear,
to comfort the pain
of innocent love.

Deh vieni non tardar, Mozart & Da Ponte:

The moment finally arrives
When I'll enjoy without haste
In the arms of my beloved...
Fearful anxieties, get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how earth and heaven respond
to the amorous fire and comfort of this place
Just as the night
responds to my ruses.

Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to enjoyment
Until night's torches no longer shine in the sky
As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.
Here the river murmurs and the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown your head with roses.

Largo al factotum, Rossini & Sterbini:

Make way for the topman of the city.
Rushing to his shop now that it's dawn.
Ah, isn't life good, how pleasant it is
For a barber of class!
Ah, nice one Figaro!
Nice one, really nice one!
I am the luckiest it's true to say!
Ready for anything,
night and day
Always busy and around.
A better lot for a barber,
A more noble life cannot be found.
Razors and combs,
Lancets and scissors,
At my command
Are all here.
And there are `extras',
Then, for the business
With women... and with gentlemen...

Everyone asks for me, everyone wants me,
Women, young people, old people, the golden haired;
What about the wig... A quick shave...
Some leeches for bleeding...
Quick the note...
What about the wig, a quick shave,
Hurry - the note, o me!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!
Heavens, what fury!
Heavens, what folly!
One at a time, For pity's sake!
Figaro! Here I am.
O me, Figaro! Here I am.
Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro up, Figaro down,

Quicker and quicker the sparks fly with me;
I am the topman of the city.
Ah, nice one Figaro! Nice one, really nice one;
fortune will never leave you.

Dunque io son, Rossini & Sterbini:

Therefore I am... you're not tricking me?
Then I am a fortunate girl!
(Already I had imagined it,
I knew it before you!)

You are the dreamy object
of Lindoro's love, beautiful Rosina.
(Oh, what a cunning little fox!
But, she'll have to keep up with me.)

But tell me,
Listen, how can I speak with Lindoro?

Hush!
Lindoro will be here soon to speak with you.

To speak with me? Bravo!
Let him come, but with caution;
I am dying of impatience!
But what delays him? What is he doing?

He is awaiting a sign
poor man, of your affection.
Send him only two lines in a note
and he will come.
What do you say?

I wouldn't...

Come on, courage!

I don't know...

Only two lines...

I am too shy...

But why? Why?
Quickly, write him a note.

A note? Well, here it is!

(Already written? What a fool I am!
She is already a master

My fortunate affections!
I can breathe once more.

Ah, she could give a
a lecture in cunning.

You alone, my love,
you are the one to console me.

Women, women, eternal gods,
who can figure them out?

Listen...but Lindoro...

He will come! In a few moments
he will be here to talk to you.

Let him come, but with caution.

Quiet, he will come.