

**IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA:  
THE BARBER  
OF SEVILLE; OPERA  
BUFFA IN TWO ACTS**

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Il Barbiere Di Siviglia: The Barber of Seville; Opera Buffa in Two Acts by Cesare Sterbini & Gioacchino Rossini

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**CESARE STERBINI & GIOACCHINO ROSSINI**

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BUFFA IN TWO ACTS**



# IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA

(THE BARBER OF SEVILLE)

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*OPERA BUFFA IN TWO ACTS*

.. BY ..

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

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CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN  
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

AND

THE MUSIC OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

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## THE STORY OF "THE BARBER OF SEVILLE"

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THE Count Almaviva, desperately in love with Rosina, the ward of Doctor Bartolo after serenading his mistress, encounters Figaro, the Barber and factotum of the town, a meddling busy-body; to him the Count confesses his love, and they mutually plot for the purpose of bringing about the introduction of Almaviva to the maiden.

Rosina is strictly watched by her guardian, Doctor Bartolo, who cherishes a desire of wedding his ward himself; in this design he is assisted by Basilio, a music-master. Rosina returns the affection of the Count, to whom, in spite of the watchfulness of her guardian, she contrives to convey a letter, declaring her passion, and her intention to break through her trammels, and at the same time requesting his name.

To obtain an interview with his mistress the Count disguises himself as a drunken soldier, and forces his way into Bartolo's house. Rosina has already been told by Figaro that the name of the Count is Signor Lindor. The disguise of Almaviva is discovered by the guardian, the pretended soldier is placed under arrest, and the first act concludes.

In the second act the Count again enters Bartolo's house, disguised as a music-teacher, pretending that he has been sent by Basilio to give a lesson in music, on account of the illness of the latter. To obtain the confidence

of Bartolo, he produces Rosina's letter to himself, and offers to persuade Rosina that the letter has been given to him by a mistress of the Count, and thus to break off the connection between the two. He obtains the desired interview, which proceeds satisfactorily, and Figaro manages to obtain the keys of the balcony, while at the same time an escape is determined on at midnight, and a private marriage arranged. In the meantime, Basilio himself makes his appearance, the lovers are disconcerted, and the Count makes his escape.

Bartolo, who possesses the letter of Rosina written to the Count, succeeds, by producing it, in exciting the jealousy of his ward, who, while under the influence of this feeling, discloses the plan of escape which had been arranged, and agrees to marry her guardian. At the appointed time Figaro and the Count make their appearance, and after some confusion the lovers are reconciled. A notary, procured by Bartolo, celebrates the marriage of the enamored pair. Immediately afterwards the guardian enters, accompanied by the officers of justice, into whose hands he is about to consign Figaro and the Count, when mutual explanations take place, and all parties are reconciled.

This opera was first produced at the Teatro Argentina, in Rome, at the Carnival in 1816.

## CHARACTERS

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ROSINA . . . . .	SOPRANO
DOCTOR BARTOLO, ROSINA'S GUARDIAN . . . . .	BASS
BASILIO, A MUSIC-MASTER . . . . .	BASS
BERTHA, ROSINA'S GOVERNESS . . . . .	SOPRANO
COUNT ALMAVIVA . . . . .	TENOR
FIGARO, THE BARBER . . . . .	BARITONE
FIGRELLO, A SERVANT . . . . .	TENOR

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NOTARY. A CHORUS OF MUSICIANS. CHORUS OF SOLDIERS

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THE ACTION LIES IN SEVILLE, THE CAPITAL OF ANDALUSIA

# IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA

(THE BARBER OF SEVILLE)

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street in Seville.—Dawn of Morning.  
Fiorello, with a lantern in his hand, introducing various  
Musicians; the the Count Almaviva, wrapped up in  
a mantle.

*Fiorello.*

Piano, pianissimo, in tender sound,  
Let love's light airs now float around.

*Chorus.*

Piano, pianissimo,  
Love's music sound.

*Fiorello.*

All wrapped in silence, no soul is near;  
No wandering footstep falls on the ear.

*Count*

(In a low voice.)

Fiorello—ho!

*Fiorello.*

Sir, I am here.

*Count.*

Well; and our friends?

*Fiorello.*

They are all ready.

*Count.*

All's well;  
Keep silence.

*Fiorello.*

Softly, softly!  
Utter not a word.

(They tune their instruments, and the Count sings, accompanied by them.)

## ATTO I.

SCENA PRIMA.—Il momento dell' azione è sul termine della Notte.—La Scena rappresenta una Strada la Siviglia.

Fiorello, con lanterna nella man, introducendo vari Suenatori; indi il Conte Almaviva avvolto in un mantello.

*Fiorello.*

Piano, pianissimo, senza parlar  
Tutti con me venite quà.

*Coro.*

Piano, pianissimo, ecco si quà  
Piano, venite quà.

*Fiorello.*

Tutto è silenzio, nessun qui c'è;  
Che i nostri canti possa turbar.

*Conte*

(Sotte voce.)

Fiorello—olà!

*Fiorello.*

Signor, son quà.

*Conte.*

Ebben; gli amici?

*Fiorello.*

Son pronti già.

*Conte.*

Bravi, bravissimi;  
Fate silenzio.

*Fiorello.*

Piano, pianissimo!  
Senza parlar.

(Accordano gl' istrumenti, e il Conte canta accompagnato da essi.)



## ECCO RIDENTE IL CIELO—LO! SMILING IN THE ORIENT SKY

COUNT



Ec - co ri - den - te il cie - - - lo, Spun - ta la bel - la au -  
Lo! smil - ing in the o - ri - ent - sky, Morn in her beau - ty -



ro - ra, E tu non sor - gi an - co - ra E -  
breck - ing, Canst thou, my love, in - ac - tive lie My



puoi dor - mir co - si? Ah! Sor - gi mia dol - ce spe - - me,  
life, art thou not wak - ing? A rise, my heart's own treas - ure,



Vie - ni bell' I - dol mi - o, Ren - di men cru - do, oh Di - o! Lo  
All that my soul holds dear; Oh! turn my grief to pleas - ure! A -



stral, lo stral che mi fe - ri; lo stral che mi, fe -  
wake, my love, my love, ap - pear; a - wake, my love, ap -



ri. Oh, sor - tel' gia veg - go? Quei  
pear. Oh, joy! and do I see thee? My



ca - ro sem - bi - an - te; Quest' a - ni - ma a -  
doubts all dis - ap - pear; Those eyes are heav - en



man - te ot - ten - ne - pie - ta?  
to me! What have I now to fear?

Oh, moment full of rapture!  
Oh, bliss almost divine!  
Such beauty well may capture  
A heart already thine.

Ho, Fiorello!

*Fiorello.*

Sir?

*Count.*

Say, have you seen her?

*Fiorello.*

No, sir.

*Count.*

Ah, how vain is every hope!

*Fiorello.*

Behold, sir, the dawn advances.

*Count.*

Ah, what am I to think—what shall I do?  
All is vain. Well, my friends?

*Chorus*

(Softly.)

Sir?

*Count.*

Retire, retire;

(He gives a purse to Fiorello, who distributes money to all.)

I have no longer need  
Of your songs or your music.

*Fiorello.*

Good night to all;  
I have nothing farther for you to do.

(The Musicians surround the Count, thanking him and kissing his hand. Annoyed by the noise they make, he tries to drive them away. Fiorello does the same.)

*Chorus.*

Many thanks, sir, for this favor;  
Better master, nor a braver,  
Ever did we sing a stave for.

O, instante d' amor!  
Felice momento!  
O, dolce contento  
Che eguale non ha.

Ei, Fiorello!

*Fiorello.*

Mio signore?

*Conte.*

Di, la vedi?

*Fiorello.*

Signor, nò.

*Conte.*

Ah, che è vana ogni speranza!

*Fiorello.*

Signor Conte, il giorno avanza.

*Conte.*

Ah, che penso—che farò?  
Tutto è vano. Buona gente?

*Coro*

(Sotto voce.)

Mio signore?

*Conte.*

Avanti, avanti;

(Dà una borsa a Fiorello, il quale distribuisce denari a tutti.)

Più di suoni più di canti  
Io bisogno ormai non ho.

*Fiorello.*

Buona notte a tutti quanti;  
Più di voi che far non ho.

(Gli suonatori circondano il Conte, ringraziandolo, e bacilandogli la mano. Egli, indispettito per lo strepito che fanno li va cacciando. Lo stesso fa anch'è Fiorello.)

*Coro.*

Mille grazie, mio Signore;  
Del favore, dell' onore,  
Ah! di tanta cortesia.

Pray, good sir, command our throats!  
We will ever sing and pray for  
One who gives us gold for notes!

*Count.*

Silence! silence! cease your bawling,  
Nor like cats with caterwauling  
Wake the neighbors—stop your squalling,  
Rascals, or I'll dust your coats!  
If this noise you still keep making,  
All the neighbors you'll be waking.

*Fiorello.*

Silence! silence! what an uproar!  
For these favors—for such honor!

(Mocking them.)

Rascals, hence, away—

Scoundrels, quit the spot!

Eh, what a devilish uproar!

Are ye mad, or not?

(Exit Chorus.)

*Count.*

The indiscreet rabble! They had nearly,  
With their importunate clamors,  
Awakened the whole neighborhood.  
At last they're gone! But she appears not.

(Looking towards the balcony.)

It is in vain to hope; yet here will I

(He paces pensively up and down.)

Wait till I behold her. Every morning

Does she come into this balcony

To breathe the fresh air at early dawn.

Here will I wait.—Ho, Fiorello!

Do you also retire.

*Fiorello.*

I go. Yonder

I will await your commands.

(He withdraws.)

SCENE II.—Figaro, with his Guitarr round his neck, and the preceding.

Obbligati in verità!  
O che incontro fortunate  
E un signor di qualità!

*Conte.*

Basta! basta! non parlate,  
Ma non serve, non gridate,  
Maledetti, andate via,  
Ah, canaglia, via di quà!  
Tutto quanto il vicinato  
Questo chiasso sveglierà.

*Fiorello.*

Zitti! zitti! che rumore!

Ma che onore—che favore!

(Con tenia.)

Maledetti, andate via—

Ah, canaglia, via di quà!

Veh, che chiasso indiaiolato!

Ah, che rabbia che mi fa?

(Il Coro parte.)

*Conte.*

Gente indiscreta! Ah quasi,  
Con quel chiasso importuno,  
Tutto quanto il quartier han risvegliato.  
Alfin sono partiti! E non si vede.

(Guardando verso la Ringhiera.)

E inutile sperar; eppur qui voglio

(Passeggia riflettendo.)

Aspettar di vederla. Ogni mattina

Ella su quel balcone

A prender fresco viene in sull' Aurora.

Proviamo.—Olà, tu ancora

Ritirati, Fiorello!

*Fiorello.*

Vado. Là in fondo

Attenderò suoi ordini.

(Si ritira.)

SCENA II.—Figaro, con Chitarra appesa al collo, e detti.

LARGO AL FACTOTUM DELLA CITTA—ROOM FOR THE CITY'S FACTOTUM

FIGARO



Lar - go al fac - to - tum del - la cit - tà lar - go, La, la,  
Room - for the cit - y's - fac - to - tum, here, La, la,