

TENORS NOT ALLOWED

Friday, October 14, 2022
7:30PM

Cailin Marcel Manson, baritone
Nicholas Tocci, baritone
Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano

La Fuite

Henri Duparc (1848 – 1933)
Poetry by Théophile Gautier

Cailin, Nicholas and Christina

From Songs Of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)
Poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson

The Vagabond
Youth and Love

Nicholas and Christina

I'll Sail Upon The Dog Star

Henry Purcell (1659 – 1695)
Poetry of Thomas d'Urféy

Sweeter Than Roses

Poetry of Richard Norton

Cailin and Christina

Per me giunto *from Don Carlo*

Giuseppe Verdi (1813 – 1901)
Libretto by Joseph Méry and Camille du Locle

Nicholas and Christina

Die Frist ist um *from Der Fliegende Holländer*

Richard Wagner (1813 – 1883)

Cailin and Christina

INTERMISSION

Fatal mia donna *from Macbeth*

Giuseppe Verdi
Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave and Andrea Maffei, after Shakespeare

Cailin, Nicholas, and Christina

Keep It Gay *from The Producers*

Mel Brooks (born 1926)
Book by Mel Brooks and Thomas Meehan

Nicholas and Christina

Stars from *Les Misérables*

Claude-Michel Schönberg (born 1944)

Book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg, after Hugo

Cailin and Christina

Un segreto d'importanza from *La Cenerentola*

Gioachino Rossini (1792 – 1868)

Libretto by Jacopo Ferretti

Cailin, Nicholas and Christina

Artist Biographies



Cailin Marcel Manson, baritone and conductor, a Philadelphia native, has enjoyed an international career as an operatic/concert soloist, conductor, and master teacher with many organizations, including the Radio-Sinfonieorchester Stuttgart, SWR Sinfonieorchester, Taipei Philharmonic, Bayerische Staatsoper - Münchner Opernfestspiele, Choral Arts Society of Philadelphia, Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia, Teatro La Fenice, Teatro San Carlo, Konservatorium Oslo, and the Conservatoire de Luxembourg.

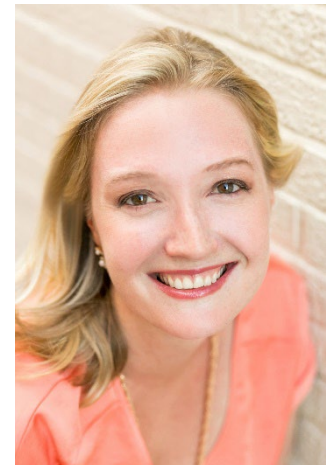
He has also been a guest cantor and soloist at some of the world's most famous churches and cathedrals, including Notre Dame, Sacré-Coeur, and La Madeleine in Paris, San Marco in Venice, Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence, San Salvatore in Montalcino, Santa Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni in Laterano in Rome, Thomaskirche and Nikolaikirche in Leipzig, and Wieskirche in Steingaden.

Cailin has built a sterling reputation over an extensive more than 20-year career for his exceptional musicianship, keen dramatic instincts, and vocal flexibility. Critics have praised his performances as "arresting" and "revelatory," making consistent note of his "ringing projection," "commanding tone," (MassLive.com), "lively, original acting skills" (Hudson-Housatonic Arts), and his "ability to bring the internal drama of the music to life" (Scranton Times-Tribune).

Cailin is a frequent guest conductor, clinician, presenter, panelist, and adjudicator for conventions, conferences, competitions, and music festivals. Cailin studied voice performance at Temple University, and opera performance and orchestral conducting at the Universität Mozarteum Salzburg. He is currently Associate Professor of Practice in Music, Director of Music Performance, and Head of the Music Program at Clark University, Music Director of The Keene Chorale, Music Director of Barn Opera and Artistic Director of the New England Repertory Orchestra.

Pianist Christina Wright-Ivanova, hailed by critics as "a brilliant pianist" (Wiener Zeitung, Vienna) with a "warm and reassuring sound" (Boston Intelligencer) is currently Associate Professor of Music and Coordinator of Keyboard Studies at Keene State College. She also serves as the Interim Artistic Director for the Redfern Arts Center. For the past nine years, she has been serving as the Artistic Director for the North End Music & Performing Arts 'Winter Concert Series' in Boston.

Christina is on faculty at the Summer Institute for Contemporary Performance Practice at New England Conservatory and has premiered over 125 works by living composers. She has performed solo and collaborative new works throughout the US, and recent international concert performances at the Berlin Art Song Festival, Teatro Sociale in Como, Reaktorhalle (Munich), Humboldt University, École Normale Supérieure Lyon, Joanneumsviertel Museum, Amici della Musica Paisello Concert Hall (Lucera), and Schloss Frohnburg (Salzburg).



As a chamber musician, she has been heard in over 25 countries throughout North & South America, UK, Europe, Asia and Australia, and enjoys frequent performances with musicians from leading orchestras in the US. She collaborates frequently with singers from the Metropolitan Opera, Deutsche Oper Berlin, and several leading opera houses around the world, and has been the official pianist for the Metropolitan Opera Auditions. With her 'duo au courant' partner, mezzo-soprano Stephanie Weiss, she tours regularly, presenting Art Song with a focus on issues of immigration, social justice and peace.



Baritone Nicholas Tocci is becoming one of the most sought after young artists in the region, with appearances in every state in New England. A New Hampshire native, Nicholas is currently based in Vermont, after working on graduate studies in Vocal Performance at the New England Conservatory. He has appeared in leading roles in multiple productions at NEC, including Nardo in Mozart's *La finta giardiniera*, Manuel in De Falla's *La vida breve*, Pallante in Handel's *Agrippina*, The Priest/Badger in Janacek's *The Cunning Little Vixen*, and Maestro Spinelloccio/The Notary in *Gianni Schicchi*.

Nicholas has performed with many professional companies in the region as Benoit/Alcindoro in Puccini's *La Bohème* and Dottore Grenvil in Verdi's *La Traviata* with Southern Vermont Lyric Theatre, The Bonze/Yamadori in Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, Guglielmo in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and King Melchior in *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, with BARN OPERA, Father in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, Escamillo in Bizet's *Carmen* with Raylynmor Opera, Creonte in Cherubini's *Medea* with the Bennington County Choral Society and the PanOpera Orchestra, and William in Phillip Glass' *Fall of the House of*

Usher, a project with the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art.

In addition to his work on the lyric stage, Nicholas has performed as the bass soloist in *L'enfance du Christ* as Joseph and Bernstein's *Mass* with The Keene Chorale and Robert Aldridge's *Parables: An Interfaith Oratorio* with the Bennington Choral Society as well the solos in Handel's *Messiah*, Faure's *Requiem*, Bach's *Cantata 140*, *Magnificat*, and Mozart's *Coronation Mass*.

Nicholas is currently Associate Director of BARN OPERA, and an adjunct professor of voice at Clark University.

Texts and Translations

Duparc: La Fuite (Théophile Gautier)

KADIDJA:

*Au firmament sans étoile,
La lune éteint ses rayons;
La nuit nous prête son voile.
Fuyons! fuyons!*

In the starless sky
the moon extinguishes its light;
Night's veil is covering us:
Let's flee!

AHMED:

*Ne crains-tu pas la colère
De tes frères insolents,
Le désespoir de ton père,
De ton père aux sourcils blancs?*

Don't you fear the anger
of your overbearing brothers
and the despair of your father,
whose aged eyebrows are white?

KADIDJA:

*Que m'importent mépris, blâme,
Dangers, malédictions!*

What do I care for their contempt or reproach,
the imminent dangers or their curses?

*C'est dans toi que vit mon âme.
Fuyons! fuyons!*

AHMED:

*Le cœur me manque; je tremble,
Et, dans mon sein traversé,
De leur kandjar il me semble
Sentir le contact glacé!*

KADIDJA:

*Née au désert, ma cavale
Sur les blés, dans les sillons,
Volerait, des vents rivale.
Fuyons! fuyons!*

AHMED:

*Au désert infranchissable,
Sans parasol pour jeter
Un peu d'ombre sur le sable,
Sans tente pour m'abriter...*

KADIDJA:

*Mes cils te feront de l'ombre;
Et, la nuit, nous dormirons
Sous mes cheveux, tente sombre.
Fuyons! fuyons!*

AHMED:

*Si le mirage illusoire
Nous cachait le vrai chemin,
Sans vivres, sans eau pour boire,
Tous deux nous mourrions demain!*

KADIDJA:

*Sous le bonheur mon cœur ploie;
Si l'eau manque aux stations,
Bois les larmes de ma joie.
Fuyons! Fuyons!*

LES DEUX:

Au firmament sans étoile, etc...

In you alone my soul lives.
Let's flee!

My heart sinks, I tremble;
and, in my chest,
seemingly already pierced by their daggers,
I can feel the cold touch of steel.

My horse was born in the desert;
Over fields and in furrows
its speed rivals the wind.
Let's flee!

Into the impassable desert,
without a parasol to throw
a bit of shade onto the sand,
without a tent to shelter me...

My eyelashes will provide you shade;
and at night, we will sleep
under the dark tent of my hair.
Let's flee!

If a deceptive mirage
hid the real path from us,
without food, without water to drink,
we would both die tomorrow!

My heart breaks from happiness;
If there is no water at the oasis,
drink the tears of my joy.
Let's flee!

BOTH:

In the starless sky, etc...

**Vaughan Williams: from Songs of Travel
(Robert Louis Stevenson)**

The Vagabond

*Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.*

*Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.*

*Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!*

Youth and Love

*To the heart of youth the world is a highwyside.
Passing forever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions bide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.*

*Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.*

Purcell: I'll Sail Upon The Dog Star (Thomas d'Urfey)

*I'll sail upon the Dog Star,
And then pursue the morning,
I'll chase the moon 'till it be noon,
But I'll make her leave her horning.*

*I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And tie both ends together.*

*The stars pluck from their orbs, too,
And crowd them in my budget!
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let all the nations judge it.*

Purcell: Sweeter than roses (Richard Norton)

*Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,
First trembling made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.*

Verdi: Per me giunto from Don Carlo
(Joseph Méry and Camille du Locle)

RODRIGO:

*Per me giunto è il dì supremo,
no, mai più ci rivedrem;
ci congiunga Iddio nel ciel,
Ei che premia i suoi fedel.
Sul tuo ciglio il pianto io miro
lagrimar così, perchè?
No, fa cor, l'estremo spiro
lieto è a chi morrà per te.
No, fa cor, ecc...*

*O Carlo, ascolta... La madre l'aspetta
a San Giusto doman tutto ella sa...
Ah! la terra mi manca... Carlo mio,
a me porgi la man!...*

*Io morrò, ma lieto in core,
che potei così serbar
alla Spagna un salvatore!
Ah!... di me... non ti scordar!*

*Regnare tu dovevi,
ed io morir per te.
Ah! la terra mi manca...
la mano a me... a me.
Ah! salva la Fiandra...
Carlo, addio! Ah!...*

It is already my last day;
we will never see each other again on earth;
but God will bring us together in heaven,
for he rewards the faithful.
I see tears upon your face;
why do you weep?
No! Take heart!
Happy is the final breath of the one that dies for you.
No! Take heart! Etc..

O Carlo, listen... Your mother awaits you
at the cloister of Saint Just tomorrow, and she knows everything...
Ah! I'm fading... my Carlo,
give me your hand!

I die, but my heart is happy,
for I was able to save
the savior of Spain!
Ah... do not forget me!

You must reign,
and I die for you.
Ah, I'm fading...
Give your hand to me... to me...
Ah! Save Flanders!
Carlo, farewell! Ah...

Wagner: Die Frist ist um from Der Fliegende Holländer
(Text by the composer)

HOLLÄNDER:

*Die Frist ist um,
und abermals verstrichen sind sieben Jahr'.
Voll Überdruß wirft mich das Meer ans Land...
Ha, Stolzger Ozean!
In kurzer Frist sollst du mich wieder tragen!
Dein Trotz ist bengsam,
doch ewig meine Qual!
Das Heil, das auf dem Land ich suche,
nie werd' ich es finden!
Euch, des Weltmeers Fluten; bleib' ich getreu,
bis eure letzte Welle sich bricht,
und euer letztes Naß versiegt!*

*Wie oft in Meeres tiefsten Schlund
stürzt' ich voll Sehnsucht mich hinab:
doch ach! den Tod, ich fand ihn nicht!
Da, wo der Schiffe furchtbar' Grab,
trieb mein Schiff ich zum Klippengrund;*

DUTCHMAN:

The term is up,
and already seven years have elapsed.
Full of disgust, the sea throws me back ashore...
Ha! Proud ocean!
In a short time, you will carry me yet again!
Your defiance is fickle,
but my torment is eternal!
Salvation, which I seek here on a land,
I will never find!
To you, waters of the world's seas, I'll remain true
until your last wave breaks
and the last drop of your water dries up!

How often, into the depths of the sea,
have I thrown myself, full of longing;
but alas! I did not find death!
To there, the terrible grave of many a ship,
I deliberately dashed my ship against the cliffs;

*Doch ach! mein Grab, es schloß sich nicht.
Verhöhnd droht' ich dem Piraten,
in wildem Kampfe erhofft ich Tod.
"Hier," rief ich, "zeige deine Taten,
Von Schätzen voll sind Schiff und Boot!"
Doch ach! des Meer's barbar'scher Sohn
schlägt bang das Kreuz und fliegt davon.
Nirgends ein Grab! Niemals der Tod!
Dies der Verdammnis Schreckgebot.*

*Dich frage ich, gepries'ner Engel Gottes,
der meines Heils Bedingung mir gewann;
war ich Unsel'ger Spielwerk deines Spottes,
als die Erlösung du mir zeigtest an?
Vergeb'ne Hoffnung! Furchtbar eitler Wahn!
Un ew'ge Tren' auf Erden - ist's getan!*

*Nur eine Hoffnung soll mir bleiben,
nur eine unerschüttert steh'n:
so lang' der Erde Keim' auch treiben,
so muß sie doch zugrunde gehn!
Tag des Gerichtes! Jüngster Tag!
Wann brichst du an in meine Nacht?
Wann dröhnt er, der Vernichtungschlag,
mit dem die Welt zusammenkracht?
Wann alle Toten auferstehn,
dann werde ich in Nichts vergehn.
Ihr Welten, endet euren Lauf!
Ew'ge Vernichtung, nimm mich auf!*

but alas! My grave did not close over me.
I mockingly taunted pirates;
in fierce battle I hoped for death.
"Here," I called out, "prove your mettle!
This ship is full of treasure!"
But alas! Even the sea's most barbaric sons
fearfully made the sign of the Cross and fled!
Nowhere a grave! Never death!
This is the terror of damnation.

I ask you, blessed angel of God,
you who showed me the condition for my salvation;
was I the unfortunate plaything of your mockery
when you showed me how I could be saved?
The hope of forgiveness! Terrible, vain delusion!
There is no eternal loyalty on earth!

Only one hope remains for me,
only one that is left unshaken:
as long as the seeds of the Earth still sprout,
so, too, must they also perish!
Day of Judgment! The Last Day!
When will you dawn and break my night?
When will you sound, o crack of Doom,
and rend the entire world asunder?
When all the dead arise,
I will finally fade into the void.
You worlds, fall from your courses!
Eternal destruction, take me now!

Verdi: Fatal mia donna from Macbeth (Francesca Maria Piave and Andrea Maffei)

MACBETH:

*Fatal mia donna! un murmure,
Com'io non intendesti?*

My deadly woman! Did you not hear
a murmuring, as I just did?

LADY MACBETH:

*Del gufo udii lo stridere.
Testè che mai dicesti?*

I hear the shriek of an owl;
what did you just say?

MACBETH:

Io?

Me?

LADY MACBETH:

Dianzi udirti parvemi.

I thought I heard you just now.

MACBETH:

Mentre io scendea?

While I was coming down?

LADY MACBETH:

Si!

Yes.

MACBETH:

*Dì! nella stanza attigua
Chi dorme?*

Tell me, in the side room,
who sleeps there?

LADY MACBETH:

Il regal figlio.

The King's son.

MACBETH:

O vista, o vista orribile!

O sight, o terrible sight!

LADY MACBETH:

Storna da questo il ciglio...

Don't look at it.

MACBETH:

*Nel sonno udii che oravano
I cortigiani, e:
Dio sempre ne assista, ei dissero;
Amen dir volli anch'io,
Ma la parola indocile
Gelò sui labbri miei.*

I heard the courtiers
praying in their sleep:
"God be always with us," they said.
I wanted to say "Amen,"
but the rebellious word
froze on my lips.

LADY MACBETH:

Follie!

Madness!

MACBETH:

*Perché ripetere
Quell' Amen non potei?*

Why could I not
say that "Amen?"

LADY MACBETH:

*Follie, follie che sperdono
I primi rai del dì.*

Foolishness! Such folly will be dispelled
at the first light of day.

MACBETH:

*Allora questa voce m'intesi nel petto:
Avrai per guanciali sol vepri, o Macbetto!
Il sonno per sempre, Glamis, uccidesti!
Non v'è che vigilia, Caudore, per te!*

Then I heard a voice within me say:
You will have only thorns for a pillow, Macbeth!
Glamis, you have murdered sleep forever!
Cawdor, your vigil will never end!

LADY MACBETH:

*Ma dimmi, altra voce non parti d'udire?
Sei vano, o Macbetto, ma privo d'ardire:
Glamis, a mezz'opra vacilli, t'arresti,
Fanciul vanitoso, Caudore, tu se'.*

But tell me, did you not hear another voice?
You are vain, Macbeth, but you lack courage;
Halfway through, Glamis, you hesitate and stop.
Cawdor, you are a conceited child.

MACBETH:

*Vendetta! tuonarmi com'angeli d'ira,
Udrò di Duncano le sante virtù.*

I shall hear Duncan's holy virtues
cry out for vengeance against me, like angels of wrath.

LADY MACBETH:

*Quell'animo trema, combatte, delira.
Chi mai lo direbbe l'invitto che fu?*

This man is trembling, conflicted, raving.
Who could ever call him "undefeated?"

*Il pugnàl là riportate.
Le sue guardie insanguinate,
Che l'accusa in lor ricada.*

Take the knife back in there.
Smear his guards with the blood
so the blame will fall on them.

MACBETH:*Io colà? non posso entrar!*

Me? There? I can't go back in!

LADY MACBETH:*Dammi il ferro.*

Give me the knife!

MACBETH:*Ogni rumore mi spaventa!
Ah! Questa mano!
Non potrebbe l'Oceano
Queste mani a me lavar!*Every noise alarms me!
Oh these hands!
The entire ocean
could not wash my hands clean!**LADY MACBETH:***Ve'! le mani ho lorde anch'io;
Poco spruzzo, e monde son.
L'opra anch'essa andrà in oblio.*See! My hands are stained, too;
a sprinkle of water, and they will be clean.
This deed, too, will soon be forgotten.**MACBETH:***Odi tu? raddoppia il suon!*

Do you hear that? The knocking is louder!

LADY MACBETH:*Vieni altrove! ogni sospetto
Rimoviam dall'uccisor;
Torna in te! fa cor, Macbetto!
Non ti vinca un vil timor.*Come away now!
We must remove all suspicion;
Be yourself, Macbeth! Have courage!
Don't be defeated by fear.**MACBETH:***Oh, potessi il mio delitto
Dalla mente cancellar!
Deb, sapessi, o Re trafitto,
L'alto sonno a te spezzar!*Oh, if only I could wipe my crime
from my mind!
If only I knew, o betrayed King,
how to rouse you from your deep sleep!**Rossini: Un segreto d'importanza from La Cenerentola
(Jacopo Ferretti)****DANDINI:***Un segreto d'importanza,
Un arcano interessante
Io vi devo palesar.
È una cosa stravagante,
Vi farà strasecolar.*A secret of importance,
a interesting mystery
I must reveal to you;
it's an extraordinary matter
that will leave you awestruck.**DON MAGNIFICO:***Senza battere le ciglia,
Senza manco trarre il fiato
Io mi pongo ad ascoltar.
Starò qui petrificato
Ogni sillaba a contar.*Without batting an eyelash,
without even drawing breath,
I am ready to listen.
I'll sit here petrified
counting every syllable.**DANDINI:***Uomo saggio e stagionato
Sempre meglio ci consiglia.
Se sposassi una sua figlia,
Come mai l'ho da trattar?*A wise and mature man
always gives the best advice;
if I was to marry one of your daughters,
how should I treat her?

DON MAGNIFICO:

*(Consigliere son già stampato.)
Ma che eccesso di clemenza!
Mi stia dunque Sua Eccellenza...
Bestia!.. Altezza, ad ascoltar.*

*Abbia sempre pronti in sala
Trenta servi in piena gala,
Centosedici cavalli,
Duchi, conti e marescialli
A dozzine invitati,
Pranzi sempre coi gelati
Poi carrozze, poi bombè.*

DANDINI:

*Vi rispondo senza arcani
Che noi siamo assai lontani.
Io non uso far de' pranzi;
Mangio sempre degli avanzati.
Non m'accosto a' gran signori,
Tratto sempre servitori.
Me ne vado sempre a piè.*

DON MAGNIFICO:

Mi corbella?

DANDINI:

Gl'el prometto.

DON MAGNIFICO:

Questo dunque?

DANDINI:

È un romanzetto.

*È una burla il principato,
Sono un uomo mascherato.
Ma venuto è il vero Principe
M'ha strappata alfin la maschera.*

*Io ritorno al mio mestiere:
Son Dandini il cameriere.
Rifar letti, spazzar abiti
Far la barba e pettinar.*

DON MAGNIFICO:

Far la barba e pettinar?

*Di quest'ingiuria,
Di quest'affronto
Il vero Principe
Mi renda conto.*

DANDINI:

*Oh non s'incomodi
Non farà niente.
Ma parta subito*

(I am already appointed his Counsellor.)
What an excess of favor
is this for me, Your Excellency...
(Oops!)... Your Highness, to hear!

Always have ready in the hallway
thirty servants in full regalia,
one hundred and sixteen horses,
Dukes, Counts, and Marshals,
guests by the dozens,
meals always followed by iced desserts,
then carriages both open and domed.

I'll tell you, without secret,
that we are quite far from that.
I have no use for dinner parties;
I always eat leftovers.
I don't schmooze with fine gentleman,
I always deal with servants.
I always travel on foot.

You're kidding me!

I promise you.

And all this?

It's a hoax.

This "Prince-ness" is a joke;
I'm in disguise.
But the real Prince has come
and at last removed my mask.

I return to my job:
I'm Dandini, the valet.
I make his bed, fix his clothes,
shave his beard and style his hair.

Shave his beard... and style his hair?

For this insult,
for this affront
the true Prince
owes me an explanation.

Oh, don't bother;
He'll do nothing.
But you must leave

Imminente.

At once!

DON MAGNIFICO:

Non partirò.

I'm not leaving.

DANDINI:

Lei partirà.

Yes, you are.

DON MAGNIFICO:

Sono un Barone.

I am a Baron.

DANDINI:

Pronto è il bastone.

And I can still beat you down.

DON MAGNIFICO e DANDINI:

Ci rivedremo.

Ci parleremo.

We'll see about that.

Say something else!

DON MAGNIFICO:

Tengo nel cervello

Un contrabbasso

Che basso basso

Frullando va.

Da cima a fondo,

Poter del mondo!

Che scivolata,

Che gran cascata!

Eccolo eccolo

Tutti diranno

Mi burleranno

Per la città.

I have in my head
a huge double-bass
that in its lowest register
Swirls and whirls.
From top to bottom,
For heaven's sake!
what a landslide,
a huge letdown!
"There he goes!"
everyone will say/
They'll mock me
all over town.

DANDINI:

Povero diavolo!

È un gran sgonquasso!

Che d'alto in basso

Piombar lo fa.

Vostr'Eccellenza

Abbia prudenza.

Se vuol rasoio,

Sapone e pettine

Saprò arricciarla,

Sbarbificarla.

Ab ah! guardatelo,

L'alocco è là.

Poor devil!
It's a huge confusion
that knocks him down
From his high horse.
Your Excellency,
be prudent!
If you want a razor,
soap and a comb,
I know how to cut you down,
trim you right to size.
Haha! Look at him,
The Fool!