

Raylynmor Opera
Madame Butterfly 2018 Libretto
Ben Robinson

Pinkerton:

So the screens will be upstage?

Goro:

They can come up or down, it depends on where you want them. If they're here, we can light them. If they're upstage, then you can have more freedom.

Pinkerton:

The wedding scene is where? Down left?

Goro:

Could be- or center.

Pinkerton:

And this space upstage center? The bedroom?

Goro:

Right here.

Pinkerton:

Further downstage.

Goro:

It could go down here...

Pinkerton:

Her entrance... it must be... from upstage.

Goro:

Probably.

Pinkerton:

We should discuss the lighting...

Goro:

First let me introduce you... this is our set designer.

Pinkerton:

Looking forward to working.

Goro:

Here are some of our singers. Please let me introduce some of your Cio-Cio San's servants. Come over. Meet your director. They let me cast them from the chorus.

Pinkerton:

Hello there.

Goro:

Miss Nuvola leggiera. Raggio di sol nascente. Esala aromi.

Suzuki:

How good it is to see you, you look the very same as you did the last time I saw you! How is it you don't seem to have any wrinkles? Glad your career is blooming. Your productions earn you a reputation. I'm so thrilled to be working again together with you- such a wonderful chance to explore Madame Butterfly in a new way.

Pinkerton:

It seems that with success comes idle, hollow chatter. What is it?

Goro:

Seems today there is no tenor.

Pinkerton:

Why? Where is he?

Goro:

Feeling sick.

Pinkerton:

I'll walk his role today then.

Goro:

Let's proceed. Start with Butterfly's first entrance with the chorus. First only musically, then jump to staging. We should try to finish the wedding scene this evening.

Pinkerton:

And the family will be here?

Goro:

Oh, yes of course- the nonna, lo zio Bonzo. The uncles and the aunts are in the chorus. And cugini and le cugine- they're all here for rehearsal. If you count them all together, you have two dozen. All of the other principals will be called this evening: Sharpless, Suzuki and then your Butterfly.

Pinkerton:

Let me know when we're starting.

Sharpless:

Oh, I'm nearly out of breath! This show will be my death.

Goro:

This is your Sharpless.

Sharpless:

Ah, I know him well- but it's been too long!

Pinkerton:

So good to see you.

Goro:

So good to see you.

Pinkerton:

Alright, Goro- give us a moment.

Sharpless:

Thank you.

Pinkerton:

So eager.

Sharpless:

Where's your whiskey? You have some, I know it.

Pinkerton:

You know me too well- there are even two glasses.

Sharpless:

This yours?

Pinkerton:

I've been requesting my own room to escape the constant madness. It's my retreat when I need to get away from the singers or from people like Goro. Of course, a private room can be an asset.

Sharpless:

Ah, with the ladies of the chorus...

Pinkerton:

Surely. While I am traveling, as I do so often, life gets so lonely- no home to go to. One needs to make himself at all times have comfort. Milk-Punch or whiskey? One needs to make himself at all times have comfort. Even if breaking hearts is part of that journey, comfort is important. What's life worth if you can't enjoy the pleasures of working with such willing women?

Sharpless:

Just as long as they are willing.

Pinkerton:

There's no doubt of their will.

Sharpless:

As long as they are willing, may you enjoy the pleasure- but be cautious of their hearts.

Pinkerton:

Always another: a vulnerable woman. Her talents taking flight under my keen guidance... So I'll keep guiding talent where I find it, as long as they keep on showing me their interest. What else is expected from an artist?

Sharpless:

As long as they are willing.

Pinkerton/Sharpless:

To all those lovely women.

Sharpless:

Have you met the soprano?

Goro:

If you'll excuse me for just a moment- I just got a frantic phone call. Our soprano is running late. If you'll permit me, I'll tell Maestro to work first with the chorus.

Pinkerton:

Fine, that works for me Goro.

Sharpless:

When you speak of the devil! Is this your first time working with her?

Pinkerton:

It is. It is- but I've heard she's already married. To bind yourself to just one person- it seems old-fashioned, a contrivance to make love official. There is a lightness is amorous freedom- no guilt or worry, no false restraining- always exploring and entertaining. But with these beautiful women I'm chastened; with their attentiveness my pulse is hastened. My heart can solely attend to one beauty- and I will wholly surrender to duty until I'm on my way to find another- and that's the way I think it always should be.

Sharpless:

As I grow older, I find this nonsense to be a bore! I had my moments back when I was young, but doesn't the chase grow old after very long? Surely there is some merit in finding true love. It seems a lonely journey and it would be such a shame to take advantage of all those faithful hearts.

Pinkerton:

You, my friend, have wisdom- a better man than I. But you are showing your age with your cautious tales. What pain could come by living the moment, inhabiting the fleeting spark of love? Whiskey?

Sharpless:

It would be such a great shame... Such pain should never fall on a woman and her voice never should be silenced. Just make it a short one. Let's drink to sharing another performance.

Pinkerton:

And let's raise up our glasses to those willing women: without their passion, my life would be empty.

Goro:

Finally, she's coming. She's always running late. I'll go and get her settled while he works with the chorus. Give me a moment.

Chorus:

Ah! Quanto cielo! Quanto mar!

Butterfly:

So sorry to be late!

Chorus:

How inconsiderate. She kept us waiting. Guarda, guarda quanti fior!

Butterfly:

Just wait here. Give me a moment then I'll join you. I just hate to keep you waiting on me. I'll find out where we are if I can get this score opened.

Sharpless:

O allegro cinguettar di gioventù!

Butterfly:

...anzi del mondo. Amiche, io son venuta al richiamo d'amor, d'amor venni alle soglie.

Chorus:

Gioia a te, sia dolce amica, ma pria di varcar la soglia che t'attira volgiti e mira/ le cose/mira quanto cielo, quanti fiori...

Butterfly:

Siam giunte. B.F. Pinkerton. Giù.

Chorus:

Giù.

Butterfly:

I'm so sorry.

Chorus:

Riverenza.

Pinkerton:

There is no need to be sorry.

Butterfly:

It was disrespectful to keep you and all my colleagues waiting.

Pinkerton:

We can say all is forgiven.

Butterfly:

I appreciate your patience.

Pinkerton:

It's my pleasure.

Butterfly:

Should we jump right into staging?

Pinkerton:

Not just... yet.

Sharpless:

Miss Butterfly... my darling, it's so good to see you. Did you arrive this morning?

Butterfly:

Only now- not a moment to rest for the weary. Verità?

Chorus:

Verità.

Butterfly:

My husband have been saying that I'm gone far too long- that he needs attention and I've left him alone... always complaining. But when I', home with him his mood will change- there's an angry disposition and callous words are spoken. I don't know why I'm telling you- such glorious news to hear- Vero?

Chorus:

Vero!

Butterfly:

No need to hide it. Thanks for listening. It's just that- it's been- somewhat distracting.

Pinkerton:

Don't you see what I said to you... about vulnerable women?

Sharpless:

What can I do to help you?

Butterfly:

Not to worry- there's my mother's-

Goro:

We are staging the wedding.

Butterfly:

She wants me to come stay with her. She went through this with father.

Sharpless:

Where is your father?

Butterfly:

Dead.

Sharpless:

I didn't know that.

Butterfly:

It's fine- it's history.

Sharpless:

Sorry.

Butterfly:

No worry.

Sharpless:

How old?

Butterfly:

In childhood. He died when I was fifteen. For us both, long ago!

Sharpless:

Ancient history.

Pinkerton:

Ancient history.

Sharpless:

You see, she's married.

Pinkerton:

No woman's perfect.

Goro:

We will start on page fifty with the entrance of the family. Take your places.

Pinkerton:

When you're ready. Cross down this way. Gather downstage. I will stand in for the group. Start with the soprano entrance.

Chorus:

Dov'è? Eccolo là! Mi pare un re! In verità! Vale un Perù. Bello non è? Ecco, perchè prescelta fu, vuo faqr con te la soprappiù. La sua beltà già disfiori. Divorzierà. Spero di sì.

Cousin:

Bello non è. You shouldn't cross in front of me. Spero di sì.

Butterfly:

Eccolo là! Bello è così che non si può... sognar di più. Oh, my mistake.

Mother:

Mi pare un re.

Pinkerton:

Now the groom goes to the in-laws and they have a conversation. Chorus clear up just a little. Please let me do the directing. You will cross down when I tell you.

Goro:

Hold everyone! We need to stop!

Yakuside:

Vino ce n'è?

Mother/Aunt:

Guardiamo un po'.

Chorus:

Ne vidi già color di thè e chermisì. Ah! Hu!

Mother:

Mi pare un re! In verità bello è così che non si può sognar di più.

Aunt:

Vale un Perù. In verità bello è così che non si può sognar di più. Divorzierà. Spero di sì.

Cousin:

Goro l'offrì pur anco a me, ma s'ebbe un no! Bello non è in verità. Divorzierà. Spero di sì.

Yakuside:

Vino ce n'è? Guardiamo un po'. Ne vidi già color di thè e chermisì, color di thè.

Goro:

Try to remember what you've done. Sh! Sh! Sh!

Chorus:

Egli è bel, mi pare un re. Ei l'offrì pur anco a me! Non avrei risposto no! Ma risposi non lo vo'! Non direi mai no! E risposi no! No, mia cara non mi par. Senza tanto ricercar. È davvero un gran signor, nè gli direi di no. Io ne trovo dei miglior, e gli dirò di no**** (MISTAKE IN SCORE). E divorzierà!

Sharpless:

The tenor will be downstage? Oh, right where you are, Pinkerton? I'll cross down to his left, then? Remember, just like last time?

Pinkerton:

Yes, right where I am standing. (Beside this lovely woman). You remembered all my staging.

Sharpless:

Just you mind this great temptation. Don't take advantage of another Butterfly. Just be conscious of others who may not take your faith so lightly.

Butterfly:

I'm here at center now?

Pinkerton:

It's true, it would be easy. Have faith in me, just a little,.

Sharpless:

Badate! Ella ci crede...

Butterfly:

Mamma, vien qua. Badate a me: attenti, orsù. Uno, due, tre e tutti giù.

Pinkerton:

Come, let me show you. And this is where your house is.

Butterfly:

Just one moment, Benjamin... I'm sorry. What I told you- when I spoke of my husband-

Pinkerton:

It's no worry-

Butterfly:

It was wrong- understand me?

Pinkerton:

No need to worry, I understand completely.

Butterfly:

Fazzoletti. La pipa. Una cintura. Un piccolo fermaglio. Uno specchio. Un ventaglio.

Pinkerton:

And this jar right here-

Butterfly:

Un vaso di tintura.

Pinkerton:

My fault.

Butterfly:

Vi spiace? Via!

Pinkerton:

Be careful.

Butterfly:

These knives always scare me.

Pinkerton:

The fight master should do this.

Butterfly:

It makes me nervous. I'm so sorry.

Goro:

It reminds her of the past situation with her father.

Pinkerton:

With her father?

Goro:

When she found him.

Butterfly:

Gli Ottokè.

Pinkerton:

He will grab these- clumsily handling.

Butterfly:

Son l'anime degli avi.

Pinkerton:

Right- then he returns them

Butterfly:

I can just recall the first time that I was asked to sing this role. Time at home was much different- life was ahead, no troubled were before us. We were young, but my husband and I were happy. A young romance is full of hope- blind to transgressions. You climb the highest summits for each other and think of children. In the sweet lull

of your contentment, rage slowly burns- tarnishing what was perfection. But you're in it and so you play your role just because it'll all you know. It's all you know.

Goro:

When you're ready.

Imperial Commissioner:

È concesso al nominato Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, luogo tenete nella cannoniera Lincoln, marina degli Stati Uniti, America del Nord: ed alla damigella Butterfly de quartiere d'Omara Nagasaki, d'unirsi in matrimonio, per dritto il primo, [della propria volontà,] ed ella per consenso dei parenti qui testimoni all'atto.

Goro:

Then cross in- he will bless you. And then you cross up.

Chorus:

Madama Butterfly!

Butterfly:

Madama B. F. Pinkerton.

Imperial Commissioner:

Auguri molti.

Pinkerton:

Come down a little further.

Imperial Commissioner:

Il signor Console scende?

Sharpless:

L'accompagno. Ci vedrem domain.

Pinkerton:

And then you exit.

Registrar:

Posterità.

Pinkerton:

And off you go.

Sharpless:

Be careful.

Pinkerton:

And now we have the family. Just form a quick procession. Enter from upstage. Let's go!

Chorus:

O Kami! O Kami!

Pinkerton:

Cross down to the bride and groom at center.

Chorus:

Beviamo! Beviamo! O Kami! Beviamo ai novissimi legami.

Bonze:

Where's my wife? Where's my wife? If she's here, I'll find her.

Butterfly:

It's my husband.

Chorus:

Lo zio Bonzo.

Goro:

You'll have to wait a moment- she's rehearsing- you can't just barge right in there and see her!

Bonze:

Where's my wife? Step aside! Just back off! Where's my wife? What the hell is this you've written?

Chorus:

Rispondi, Cio-Cio San!

Pinkerton:

Can we all keep it quiet?

Bonze:

Is this your way of leaving?

Chorus:

Rispondi, Cio-Cio San!

Bonze:

Tell me- I come home to find this- the house completely empty. Do you think this is better?

Chorus:

Hou! Cio-Cio San!

Bonze:

You are nothing without me. Your life is nothing.

Chorus:

Hou, Cio-Cio San.

Bonze:

You always wanted better. It never will be better. You deserve what is coming.

Pinkerton:

Hey, back off now, you bastard.

Bonze:

You want to go, then? Let's go now- we'll talk about this later. And don't you follow!

Chorus:

Ti rinneghiamo!

Pinkerton:

Don't you touch her, you bastard- and if you ever come back to see her, you won't live to regret it.

Chorus:

Hou, Cio-Cio San!

Bonze:

Don't think that this is over.

Yakuside/Chorus:

Kami sarundasico.

Bonze:

You will regret it.

Chorus: Ti rinneghiamo.

Pinkerton:

Darling, you must be horrified- but you're safe and it's over.

Butterfly:

It was so fast.

Pinkerton:

There is no man alive deserving of your grace and strength. I promise that in your life no man again will harm you.

Butterfly:

You do? I have no tears. A marriage without reason now is over. Thank you for your words of courage. There aren't many men like you in the world.

Pinkerton:

But wait... it's just...

Butterfly:

I'm sorry. I misread you. I'm barely thinking clearly- you must forgive me- I just need a moment.

Suzuki:

I heard all the commotion. They said that he was violent- are we in any danger? Are you alright, my darling?

Pinkerton:

It's fine- she is alright.

Butterfly:

Please forgive me- let's go and stage the end of the act.

Pinkerton:

You will then take him.

Butterfly:

E l'ombra e la quiete.

Pinkerton:

Remain at center.

Butterfly:

Sola e rinnegata! Rinnegata... e felice!

Pinkerton:

Then you two- please exit.

Butterfly:

Sì. Sì, noi tutti soli... and yet surrounded-

Pinkerton:

Just watch out for your husband-

Butterfly:

Suzuki, le mie vesti.

Suzuki:

Buona notte.

Butterfly:

Quest'obi pomposa di sciogliere mi tarda... si vesta la sposa di puro candor. Tra motti sommessi sorride e mi guarda. Celarmi potessi! Ne ho tanto rossor!

Pinkerton:

You'll change into this obi while he is sitting, watching. He's poised to take advantage of this moment- this moment- now you're more than just a conquest. Then he finds that he is watching you with feverish desire.

Butterfly:

E ancor l'irata voce mi maledice. Butterfly rinnegata e felice.

Pinkerton:

Looking into your eyes is overwhelming. I see myself reflected. Your gaze seems to reach ever outward; your eyes, so mysterious and brooding, are shining with passion.

Butterfly:

I feel like I did as a child- as free as I was in those days filled with joy and renewed by the promise of life.

Pinkerton:

The freedom of living-

Butterfly:

And restarting. And discovering myself again. My life has been so smothered and so void of passion.

Pinkerton:

It changes the moment that you tell me. I could give you that life of passion. You must be aware that your beauty enflames in me burning desire.

Butterfly:

I know, but as much as I want you, I fear for myself and my heart; I fear for myself and my heart.

Pinkerton:

Your fear is foolish. My love will not harm you! Please surrender- let me take you into my arms forever. Give in to me; give into my loving devotion.

Butterfly:

There is no question of your devotion. Promise me right this moment- you'll stay the same as the first time I saw you: a man of honor. To be held in your arms is like being blanketed in passion; it feeds my soul and refreshes my spirit. Now I am happy. Now I am happy. Vogliatemi bene, un bene piccolino, un bene da bambino quale a mesi conviene. Vogliatemi bene... noi siamo gente avvezza alle piccole cose umili e silenziose, ad una tenerezza sfiorante e pur profonda come il ciel, come l'onda del mare.

Pinkerton:

Dammi ch'io bacxi le tue mani care. Mia Butterfly! Come t'han ben nomata tenue farfalla.

Butterfly:

Dicon ch'oltre mare se cade in man dell'uom, ogni farfalla da uno spillo è trafitta ed in tavola infitta!

Pinkerton:

Un po' di vero c'è. E tu lo sai perchè? Perchè non fugga più... Io t'ho ghermita. Ti serro palpitante. Sei mia.

Butterfly:

Sì, per la vita.

Pinkerton:

Vieni, vieni! Via dall'anima in pena l'angoscia paurosa è notte serena. Guarda: dorme ogni cosa!

Butterfly:

Ah! Dolce notte!

Pinkerton:

Vieni, vieni...

Butterfly:

Quante stelle! Non le vidi mai sì belle!

Pinkerton:

È notte serena! Ah! Vieni, vieni. È notte serena! Guarda: dorme ogni cosa!

Butterfly:

Dolce notte! Quante stelle! Non le vidi mai sì belle! Trema, brilla ogni favilla col baglior d'una pupilla. Oh! Quanti occhi fisi, attendti d'ogni parte a riguardar! Pei firmamenti, via pei lidi, via pel mare.

Pinkerton:

Via l'angoscia dal tuo cor! Ti serro palpitante. Sei mia. Ah! Vien, vien sei mia... ah! Vieni, guarda: dorme ogni cosa! Ti serro palpitante. Ah, vien!

Butterfly:

Ah! Quanti occhi fisi, attenti! Quanti sguardi... ride il ciel! Ah! Dolce notte! Tutto estatico d'amor ride il ciel!

Pinkerton:

Guarda: dorme ogni cosa! Ah! Vien! Ah! Vieni! Vieni! Ah, vien! [Sei mia].

ACT 2

Suzuki:

E Izaghi ed Izanami, Sarundasico e Kami... Oh! La mia testa! E tu Ten-Sjo-o-daj fate che Butterfly non pianga più, mai più, mai più!

Butterfly:

Pigri ed obesi son gli Dei Giapponesi. L'americano Iddio son persuasa ben più presto risponde a chi l'implori. Ma temo ch'egli ignori che noi stiam qui di casa. Suzuki, è lungi la miseria?

Suzuki:

Questo è l'ultimo fondo.

Butterfly:

Questo? Oh! Troppe spese!

Suzuki:

S'egli non torna e presto, siamo male in arnese.

Butterfly:

Ma torna.

Suzuki:

Tornerà.

Butterfly:

Perchè dispone che il Console provveda alla pigione, rispondi, su! Perchè con tante cure la casa rifornì di serrature, s'ei non volesse ritornaer mai più? Non lo sai? Io te lo dico per tener ben fuori le zanzare, i parenti ed i dolori e dentro, con gelosa custodia, la sua sposa, la sua sposa che son io. Butterfly...

Suzuki:

Mai non s'è udisto di straniero marito che sia tornato al suo nido.

Butterfly:

Ah! Taci, o t'uccido. Quell'ultima mattina: tornerete signor? Gli domandai. Egli, col cuore grosso, per celarmi la pena... sorridendo rispose: O Butterfly... piccina mogliettina, tornerò colle rose alla stagion serena... quando fa la nidiata... il pettirosso. Tornerà.

Suzuki:

Speriam.

Butterfly:

Dillo con me: Tornerà.

Suzuki:

Tornerà.

Butterfly:

Piangi? Perchè? Perchè? Ah la fede ti manca! Senti. Un bel dì vedremo levarsi un fil di fumo sull'estremo confin del mare. E poi la nave appare, poi la nave bianca entra nel porto, romba il suo saluto. Vedi? È venuto! Io no gli scendo incontro. Io no. Mi metto là sul ciglio del colle e aspetto, e aspetto gran tempo e non mi pesa, la lunga attesa. E uscito dalla folla cittadina... un uomo, un picciol punto s'avvia per la collina... Chi sarà? Chi sarà? E come sarà giunto che dirà? Che dirà? Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana. Io senza dar risposta me ne starò nascosta un po' per celia... e un po' per non morire al primo incontro, ed egli al quanto in pena chiamerà, chiamerà: Piccina mogliettina olezzo di verbena, i nomi che mi dava al suo venire... Tutto questo avverà, te lo prometto. Tienti la tua paura, io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

Goro:

Good. Ten minutes.

Sharpless:

Please excuse me. "Madama Butterfly..."

Butterfly:

"Madama Pinkerton." Come in. Oh! I didn't know it was you. It's been far too long.

Sharpless:

So good to see you.

Butterfly:

Please come sit down. Some water? I'll hang your coat up.

Sharpless:

Thank you.

Butterfly:

Tell me- how's your family? Wife and daughter?

Sharpless:

Just fine. But...

Butterfly:

More water?

Sharpless:

Thank you. I'm here...

Butterfly:

Your family- your daughter must be thirteen.

Sharpless:

Thank you... Well...

Butterfly:

Did you see this program? His work is now almost all in Europe.

Sharpless:

Thank you. I have to show you...

Butterfly:

See there?

Sharpless:

He wrote me- Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton...

Butterfly:

Oh really? And he's healthy?

Sharpless:

Perfection.

Butterfly:

When I hear of his success it makes me happy. Could I ask a simple question?

Sharpless:

Please.

Butterfly:

Can you count all the times we have done this show- performed together?

Sharpless:

I don't know!

Butterfly:

No? Far too many to count...

Sharpless:

Yes, but why?

Butterfly:

Benjamin made me a promise- that he would never miss my next Cio-Cio San. We've been in three [two] since- and now we're here together. I can't imagine how busy his life is, always on the road away- no time to call me to tell of his travels. Excuse me? Yes? Do you need me? A horrid person.

Goro:

We're back.

Butterfly:

Thank you. We should go- no, first, another question: when will he come see me?

Sharpless:

I am sorry- I don't know. I wish I could give you some information-

Butterfly:

But you-

Sharpless:

But I don't know.

Butterfly:

But you said that he wrote you...

Sharpless:

Yes. I was saying-

Butterfly:

Please stop. What could he write that I would not yet know? My love is across the sea and while he's been gone, there have been many hopeful men who have sought to rob his honor. But I'm promised to him and I curse those that don't think so...

Goro:

Then enters Yamadori. He will enter from upstage. And everyone except for him onstage will bow down.

Butterfly:

Eccolo. Attenti. Yamadori ancor le pene dall'amor non v'han deluso? Vi tagliate ancor le vene se il mio bacio vi ricuso?

Yamadori:

Tra le cose più moleste è l'inutil sospirar

Butterfly:

Tante mogli omai toglieste, vi doveste abitar.

Yamadori:

L'ho sposate tutte quante e il divorzio mi francò.

Butterfly:

Obbligata.

Yamadori:

A voi però giurerei fede costante.

Sharpless:

Il messaggio, ho gran paura, a trasmetter non riesco.

Goro:

Hold it, hold it, hold it- Yamadori, don't cross down until this next line.

Butterfly:

Già legata e la mia fede.

Goro:

This aside is just to Sharpless.

Yamadori:

Maritata ancor si crede.

Butterfly:

Non mi credo: sono, sono.

Goro:

Your reaction-

Butterfly:

Io non so.

Goro:

When you hear that your abandonment is equal to divorce.

Butterfly:

La legge giapponese... non già del mio paese.

Goro:

Out there!

Butterfly:

Gli Stati Uniti.

Sharpless:

Oh, l'infelice.

Butterfly:

Si sa che aprir la porta e la moglie cacciar per la più corta qui divorziar si dice. Ma in America questo non si può... Vero?

Sharpless:

Vero... Però...

Butterfly:

Là un bravo giudice serio, impettito dice al marito: "Lei vuol andarsene? Sentiam perchè? Sono seccato del coniugato!" E il magistrato: "Ah, mascalzone, presto in prigione!" Suzuki, il thè.

Yamadori:

Did you hear?

Sharpless:

I was trying to tell her, but there was no chance.

Goro:

Her naïvete is all due to Pinkerton.

Yamadori:

Do you know if he's coming?

Sharpless:

I can't imagine him here- that's why I hoped to speak with her- if she'll listen...

Butterfly:

Vostra Grazia permette... che persone moleste!

Yamadori:

Addio. Vi lascio il cuor... pien di cordoglio: ma spero ancor...

Butterfly:

Padrone.

Yamadori:

Ah! Se voleste...

Butterfly:

Il guaio è che non voglio...

Sharpless:

Now my dear- please come sit down. Would you like to hear the letter that he wrote to me?

Butterfly:

Alright- you're insistent- let's hear it. Read the words that my love here has written. Let us begin then.

Sharpless:

“My friend, I need a favor when you see my Butterfly.”

Butterfly:

He said, “His Butterfly!”

Sharpless:

Yes- that’s what he said, but please let me continue.

Butterfly:

I know, I know. I’m sorry.

Sharpless:

“Much has changed since I saw her. Three years seem like a lifetime.”

Butterfly:

He knows it has been too long.

Sharpless:

“Perhaps my Butterfly has moved on with her life.”

Butterfly:

But what does he mean? He’s saying that in jest. “Has moved on with her life.”

Sharpless:

There’s more, dear. “What we had felt like love. If it’s still there...”

Butterfly:

His love pours through his pen. Please keep on reading.

Sharpless:

“I ask that you will help me by telling her that this love which was quite transcendent for us...”

Butterfly:

He's coming!

Sharpless:

"...is over."

Butterfly:

Tell me! When? When?

Sharpless:

You heard me...? I knew that this was coming and I am just as culpable. I shouldn't be the one who is telling you all this- so what will you do since he won't return?

Butterfly:

Just two things can be done. I could keep singing and just play this role again. Or better- I could die.

Sharpless:

I regret to be the one who has to tell you he is heartless, but there is so much to live for- you must summon all your courage.

Butterfly:

You... why on earth? Why did you tell me... why?

Sharpless:

What else would you want me to do?

Butterfly:

Go and get him- hurry quickly- this is something he should see.

Sharpless:

Don't be angry.

Butterfly:

Don't be angry? How would you like me to feel, then?

Sharpless:

Hearing this is surely brutal...

Butterfly:

Oh, the pain you've given to me. Oh, the pain you've given to me! Nothing! Nothing! Now I would welcome death, which surely supersedes the crushing reality I'm faced with: that I'm forgotten! And him, then? And him, then? And him, then? Do you think he could be forgotten?

Sharpless:

He is his?

Butterfly:

Just take one look- surely you can tell by looking at his eyes? And his mouth? And if you closed your eyes, you'd know it.

Sharpless:

It is his son. Does Pinkerton yet know?

Butterfly:

No. No. My son was born after he left. There was no chance to tell him. But you can... now you can write him. Tell him he has son who has no equal. He'll hurry home to see the son I've given... He will come back to his family! Do you know your father's heart and wonder what he's thinking? ...That you mother would always have to hold you- she'll always hold you- but who will be there to hold her? How can I give you all I want to give you? I never dreamed I'd be alone raising my son in a cruel world and screaming: just listen, just listen- show me some mercy, please have mercy on this mother and on her son, have mercy on us both! His Butterfly will go on playing her role, playing just for him. That's all it ever was- a geisha singing a song- a song once filled with joy now will change. Can you say how this song will end? Ah, no, there is no way to keep on playing this ungrateful role. Never! Never! I can't go on! I'll never be his Butterfly again! Ah, never!

Sharpless:

Such a disgrace. I should get going. See you tomorrow?

Butterfly:

Oh wait- will you forgive me?

Sharpless:

There's nothing to forgive. Dear one, know you are truly loved.

Butterfly:

He knows that. You can help end my- his- our sorrow. Because you will write to his father and tell him that when he comes home, joy- joy- will return to us!

Sharpless:

Your father will come back for you, I promise.

Suzuki:

Don't you open up your vile mouth!

Butterfly:

What's wrong?

Suzuki:

You are disgusting and demented. I overheard him- this little man here was telling all that you don't know the father of your son.

Goro:

I told them only what everyone seems to know: a single woman who saw a chance at stardom is now a single mother of what some might call a bastard.

Butterfly:

Ah, you filthy, filthy liar! Ah, liar! Don't come back or I'll kill you.

Suzuki:

No!

Butterfly:

Get out now! You'll see, my little love, my sorry and my joy, my dear little love... Ah! Soon you will see that your brave father will come for us. Your father will come for us, I know it- I know he'll come for us...

Suzuki:

Wonder who could be knocking? A bouquet of white flowers.

Butterfly:

Flowers- flowers? Did it come with a message? Who could have sent it? Please- can you open up the message? Read it to me, or just look to see who sent it. The name, please. The name, please! Here it is: Benjamin F. Pinkerton! He will be here for my performance. There was no doubt in my mind that he still loves me. Now do you see the folly of doubting? He's come home! He's come home! He's come home! Just at the point where everyone questions my faith and honor: my love will prevail! He's come home! My triumphant love has conquered- my faith rewarded! Scuoti quella fronda di ciliegio e m'innonda di fior... Io vo' tuffar nella pioggia odorosa l'arsa fronte.

Suzuki:

Signora, quetatevi... quell pianto...

Butterfly:

No: rido, rido! Quanto lo dovremo aspettar? Che pensi? Un'ora?

Suzuki:

Di più...

Butterfly:

Due ore forse. Tutto... tutto sia pien di fior, come la notte è di faville. Va pei fior!

Suzuki:

Tutti i fior?

Butterfly:

Tutti i fior, tutti, tutti. Pesco, viola, gelsomin, quanto di cespo, d'erba, o d'albero fiori.

Suzuki:

Uno squallor d'inverno sarà tutto il giardin.

Butterfly:

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.

Suzuki:

Uno squallor d'inverno sarà tutto il giardin. A voi signora.

Butterfly:

Cogline ancora.

Suzuki:

Soventi a questa siepe veniste a riguardare lungi, piangendo nella deserta immensità.

Butterfly:

Giunse l'atteso, nulla più chiedo al mare; diedi... pianto alla zolla, essa I suoi fior mi dà!

Suzuki:

Spoglio è l'orto.

Butterfly:

Spoglio è l'orto? Vien, m'aiuta.

Suzuki:

Rose al varco della soglia.

Butterfly:

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui... Seminiamo intorno april.

Suzuki:

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui. Seminiamo april.

Butterfly/Suzuki:

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.

Suzuki:

Gigli? Viole?

Butterfly:

Intorno, intorno spandi.

Suzuki:

Seminiamo intorno april...

Butterfly:

Seminiamo intorno april. Il suo sedol... s'inghirlandi, di convolvi s'inghirlandi.

Butterfly/Suzuki:

Gettiamo a mani piene mammole e tuberose, corolle di verbene, petali d'ogni fior.

Butterfly:

Will you help me with my wig? No! Will you check on my son? My eyes look tired. Too many nights spent in sleepless despair... but there will be no more sleepless nights in my future. You must make me look three years younger- the same when he last saw me- a youthful beauty, captivating woman yet unweathered by waiting.

Suzuki:

Keep holding still, let me help you by putting you wig on.

Butterfly:

When will he be here? Before the show starts? At any moment, my love will be here- and everyone here will see me with him. They'll see it, those liars, those liars- they'll see that he's come back.

Suzuki:

All finished.

Butterfly:

Could you help me with this obi? Thank you for this favor. Now I look just as I did the last time he saw me. Where would I be if you weren't in my life? My thanks. Since he's not yet come back to see me, I'll see him while I'm singing. Our eyes will meet and everything will be as it was before.

HUMMING CHORUS

ACT 2 PART 2

Suzuki:

Già il sole! Cio-Cio San...

Butterfly:

Verrà, verrà vedrai.

Suzuki:

Salite a riposare, affranta siete... al suo venire vi chiamerò.

Butterfly:

Dormi amor mio, dormi sul mio cor. Tu sei con Dio ed io col mio dolor... A te i rai degli astir d'or: bimbo mio dormi!

Suzuki:

Povera Butterfly.

Butterfly:

Dormi amor mio, dormi sul mio cor. Tu sei con Dio ed io con mio dolor.

Suzuki:

Povera Butterfly! Who is it? Oh!

Sharpless:

Sh!

Pinkerton:

Quiet, quiet!

Sharpless:

Quiet, quiet!

Pinkerton:

Don't say I'm here.

Suzuki:

But she's ready to see you! I'm sure that she won't mind- she's been waiting for such a long time.

Pinkerton:

Why is she waiting?

Suzuki:

Because she's known that you would come back even though the others told her it was folly. She has spent countless nights waiting for you.

Sharpless:

Did you tell her?

Suzuki:

I'll get her.

Pinkerton:

No: not just yet.

Suzuki:

-And those flowers- I wish that you could have been there to see her reaction.

Sharpless:

See, I told you...

Pinkerton:

What sorrow.

Suzuki:

But who was sitting right beside you? It's a woman...

Pinkerton:

Quiet!

Suzuki:

Who is it? Who is it?

Sharpless:

You should go on and tell her.

Suzuki:

Who is it? Who is it?

Pinkerton:

It is not your concern.

Suzuki:

Who is it? Who is it?

Sharpless:

It's his wife.

Suzuki:

God, why in heaven? You're married? Why did you not tell her before? Why not before?

Sharpless:

We thought you should be the first to know it- so you could be her comfort, her solace. She surely will need someone to lean on.

Suzuki:

To lean on? To lean on?

Sharpless:

I know that there is so much to take in at this moment. But there are critical questions about the child's custody. I'm so sorry. They want to take him back to live in their home.

Pinkerton:

Oh, how could I ever face her now? How could I have been so cold? I am lost in the shadow of former love.

Suzuki:

But how could they? And how could you? She is the child's mother.

Pinkerton:

But this dark shadow is death. She has my picture. Three years have passed, how could it be? How could she still feel this way? How could she still feel this way and never tell me about our child? About our child?

Sharpless:

Please meet his wife first. You will see she is a good person. She could care for the child. They both are worried Butterfly is unfit. It would be better if she could meet her- if she could see them as a family. It would be better if she could meet her. They're coming to take the child. They've come for the child. We need to help her now.

Suzuki:

There is no way you could do this to a mother. Oh, how could you? Oh, how could you? There is no way you could do this. It surely will mean the end for her. Oh! How could you!? There is no way you could do this? Ah, it surely will be the end.

Pinkerton:

There's no way I can stay. Tell her I can't face this torture.

Suzuki:

Oh, how could you?

Sharpless:

Then why did you not listen?

Pinkerton:

Help me, I feel as though I am dying. How could I have done this? How could I have done this?

Sharpless:

Then why did you not listen? I can remember saying, "Enough, now don't take advantage." And now see where you are. She refused my counsel. She was faithful, never doubting; always waiting for you, for your return.

Pinkerton:

You don't need to continue. I see how I have wronged her. I'll never know the end of this torment. I will never have peace... never have peace. No!

Sharpless:

So go then- why would you wait if you can't tell her the truth?

Pinkerton:

Addio, fiorito asil di letizia e d'amor... Sempre il mite suo sembiante con strazio atroce vedrò.

Sharpless:

Ma or quel cor sincereo presago è già...

Pinkerton:

Addio fiorito asil.

Sharpless:

Vel dissi... vi ricorda? E fui profeta allor.

Pinkerton:

Non reggo al tuo squallor. Ah! Non reggo al tuo squallor! Fuggo, fuggo, son vil!
Addio, non reggo al tuo squallor, ah, son vil, ah, son vil!

Sharpless:

Andate, il triste vero apprenderà.

Kate:

Then will you tell her?

Suzuki:

I promise.

Kate:

And promise to tell her that she can trust me?

Suzuki:

I promise.

Kate:

We want custody of him.

Suzuki:

I know that. Let me have time alone to tell her all this. Please do me that favor. Leave me! She'll be drowning in sorrow! Drowning in sorrow!

Butterfly:

Where are you? Where are you? Are you in there? Where are you?

Suzuki:

I'm here. I was just preparing to go back [out]. No. No... no... no. no. Don't come in here. No. No. no.

Butterfly:

He's here. He's here. Where is he hiding? He's here. He's here... He just came this way. Where is he? Tell me. He's not? And that woman? Why is she here? No one's speaking. Why are you crying? No- no something has happened. Tell me. I can't stand waiting. Why won't you respond to me? Won't you tell me? We should ne so

happy! Don't cry, my dear. I can't bear any sadness. It's fine, my dear, no crying- tell me.

Suzuki:

Oh...

Butterfly:

Oh, it must be him... You know something. Stop this! Why are you being silent?

Suzuki:

Oh, I...

Butterfly:

I know he's been here.

Suzuki:

Yes.

Butterfly:

Why is that woman standing out in the hallway? Why is she waiting?

Sharpless:

She is innocent, too- but she is also the problem. She is not to blame.

Butterfly:

Ah, it's his wife then... Suddenly it is clear. And it is over. Ah!

Sharpless:

Have courage.

Butterfly:

But why come in the first place? They want my son.

Sharpless:

He's saying that you are unfit to keep him.

Butterfly:

How could he do this? Oh, how could he? Without my son, who am I? It's done. Why should I keep his son?

Kate:

Could I speak to you for just a moment?

Butterfly:

In all the world I have never seen a woman as happy as you are. Stay that way always; I will be happy for you.

Kate:

She seems very lovely.

Sharpless:

I have no words to say.

Kate:

You will give him his son?

Butterfly:

I'll give him his son, but Benjamin must come get him. Have him come meet me after the performance.

Suzuki:

Come una mosca prigioniera l'ali batte il piccolo cuor!

Butterfly:

Troppa luce è di fuor, e troppa primavera. Chiudi. Il bimbo ove sia?

Suzuki:

Giuoca... Lo chiamo?

Butterfly:

Lascialo giuocar, lascialo giuocar... Va a fargli compagnia.

Suzuki:

Resto con voi.

Butterfly:

Va, va. Te lo comando. Con onor muore chi non può serbar vita con onore. Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Tu? Piccolo Iddio! Amore, amore mio, fior di giglio e di rosa. Non saperlo mai per te, pei tuoi puri occhi, muor Butterfly... perchè tu possa andar di là dal mare senza che ti rimorda ai dì maturi, il materno abbandono. O a me, sceso dal trono dell'alto Paradiso, guarda ben fiso, fiso si tua madre la faccia! Che te'n resti una traccia, guarda ben! Amore, addio! Addio, piccola amor! Va. Gioca, gioca.

Pinkerton:

Butterfly! Butterfly! Butterfly!