

Texts and Translations: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra Concert May/June 2008

1) *La Traviata*: Prelude to Act I (Instrumental)

La Traviata, synopsis: Violetta, at a party in her house, is moved to learn that the young Alfredo Germont is in love with her. There are, however, hints already that she is suffering from consumption. They set up house together in the country, but Violetta secretly sells her jewels to meet the expenses they now incur. Alfredo learns of this from Violetta's maid, Annina, and goes to Paris to raise money. In his absence his father arrives, seeking to persuade Violetta to leave Alfredo, whose behaviour prejudices the marriage chances of his sister, as well as his own prospects. Violetta sacrifices her own feelings and accepts an invitation from her friend Flora Bervoix which will take her back to her old life, now under the protection of Baron Douphol. She leaves a note for Alfredo, telling him of her decision, while old Germont tries to comfort his son, without revealing anything of Violetta's true motives. Alfredo then bursts into the party at Flora's house and insults Violetta, whom he finds with her new protector. She falls back, fainting, as the second act closes. In the third act Violetta is at home, near to death. Germont has told his son of the sacrifice she had made, and Alfredo now returns, holding her in his arms as she dies.

2) *La Traviata*: “Libiamo, libiamo ne’lieti calici” (Brindisi Chorus)

At the opening of Act I, Alfredo is convinced by Gastone and Violetta to show off his voice. He sings (as this title suggests), a drinking song.

Libiamo, libiamo ne’lieti calici
che la bellezza infiora.
E la fuggevol ora s’inebria
a voluttà.

Libiamo ne’dolci fremiti
che suscita l’amore,
poiché quell’occhio al core
omnipotente va.

Libiamo, amore fra i calici
più caldi baci avrà.

Tra voi, tra voi saprò dividere
il tempo mio giocondo;
Tutto è follia nel mondo ciò
che non è piacer.
Godiam, fugace e rapido
e’ il gaudio dell’amore,
e’ un fior che nasce e muore,
ne più si può goder.
Godiam, c’invita un fervido
accento lusighier.

Let us drink from the goblets of joy
adorned with beauty,
and the fleeting hour shall be adorned
with pleasure.

Let us drink to the secret raptures
which love excites,
for this eye reigns supreme in my heart...

Let us drink, for with wine
love will enjoy yet more passionate kisses.

With you I can spend
the time with delight.
In life everything is folly
which does not bring pleasure.
Let us be happy, fleeting and rapid
is the delight of love;
it is a flower which blooms and dies,
which can no longer be enjoyed.
Let us be happy, fervent and enticing words
summon us.

(Godiamo, la tazza e il cantico
la notte abbella e il riso;
in questo paradiso ne sopra
il nuovo di.)

La vita è nel tripudio
quando non s'ami ancora.
Noi dite a chi l'ignora,
e' il mio destin così...

(Be happy... wine and song
and laughter beautify the night;
let the new day find us in this paradise.)

Life is nothing but pleasure,
as long as one is not in love.
Don't say that to one who does not know it.
That is my fate...

3) *Rigoletto*: “Cortigiani, razza dannata”

Rigoletto's daughter has been abducted by several courtiers and given to the Duke. When Rigoletto tries to get through them to find his daughter, they will not let him and he releases his fury upon them.

Cortigiani, vil razza dannata,
Per qual prezzo vendeste il mio bene ?
A voi nulla per l' oro sconviene,
Ma mia figlia è impagabil tesoro.
La rendete...o se pur disarmata
questa man per voi fora cruenta;
nulla in terra più l' uomo paventa,
se dei figli difende l' onor.
Quella porta, assassini, m' aprite.
Ah! voi tutti a me contro venite!
Ebben, piango...Marullo... signore,
tu ch' hai l' alma gentil come il core,
dimmi or tu dove l' hanno nascosta ?...
È là?...È vero?...tu taci!...prechè?...
Miei signori...perdono, pietate...
Al vegliardo la figlia ridate...
Ridonarla a voi nulla or costa,
tutto il mondo è tal figlia per me.

Courtiers, vile cursèd kind,
at what price did you sell my love?
For gold you do everything,
but my daughter is a priceless treasure.
Give her back to me...or, even if unarmed
this hand will be merciless with you;
man doesn't fear more than
when he has to defend his children's honour.
Open that door, you murderers, open up.
Ah! you are all against me!
See, I weep... Marullo... my lord,
you have a kind soul and heart,
speak up,tell me, where have they hidden her?...
Is she there?...Is it?...you are silent!...why?...
My lords...forgive, have mercy...
Give back the daughter to this old man...
It doesn't cost you a thing to return her,
while such a daughter is all the world to me.

4) Meditation from *Thaïs* (Instrumental) ~ Tom Monk, violin

5) *Marriage of Figaro*: “Non so piu, cosa son...”

After being dismissed from his position as the Count's page for being discovered alone with the gardener's daughter, Cherubino tells Susanna that suddenly, every woman excites him to no end.

Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio,
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio,
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,
Ogni donna mi fa palpitar.
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.
Parlo d'amore vegliando,
Parlo d'amor sognando,
All'acqua, all'ombra, ai monti,

I don't know any more what I am, what I'm doing,
Now I'm fire, now I'm ice,
Any woman makes me change color,
Any woman makes me quiver.
At just the names of love, of pleasure,
My breast is stirred up and changed,
And a desire I can't explain
Forces me to speak of love.
I speak of love while awake,
I speak of love while dreaming,
To the water, the shade, the hills,

Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,
All'eco, all'aria, ai venti,
Che il suon de'vani accenti
Portano via con se.
E se non ho chi m'oda,
Parlo d'amor con me!

The flowers, the grass, the fountains,
The echo, the air, and the winds
Which carry away with them
The sound of my vain words.
And if there's nobody to hear me,
I speak of love to myself!

6) *Marriage of Figaro*: “Non piu andrai...”

After the Count orders Cherubino to leave and join the Seville regiment for being infatuated with his wife, Figaro tells Cherubino that he must give up his easy life and his women and become a soldier.

Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
Delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.
Non piu avrai questi bei penacchini,
Quel cappello leggiere e galante,
Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
Quel vermiglio donnesco color!
Fra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
Collo dritto, muso franco,
Un gran casco, o un gran turbante,
Molto onor, poco contante.
Ed in vece del fandango
Una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
Con le nevi, e i solioni,
Al concerto di tromboni,
Di bombarde, di cannoni,
Che le palle in tutti i tuoni,
All'orecchio fan fischiar.
Cherubino, alla vittoria!
Alla gloria militar!

You won't go any more, amorous butterfly,
Fluttering around inside night and day,
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.
You won't have those fine feathers any more
That light and jaunty hat,
That hair, that shining aspect,
That womanish red color [in your face]!
Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge moustache, a little knapsack,
Gun on your back, sword at your side,
Your neck straight, your nose exposed,
A big helmet, or a big turban,
A lot of honour, very little pay.
And in place of the dance
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow, and heat-stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.
Cherubino, go to victory!
To military glory!

7) *Nabucco*: “Va, pensiero...” (Chorus)

Verdi's first successful opera, *Nabucco* (Nebuchadnezzar), was written in 1842. It relates the Biblical story of the captivity of the Hebrews in Babylon in the 6th century B.C. In the opera, this chorus (a paraphrase of Psalm 137) is sung by the exiles on the banks of the Euphrates, lamenting the loss of their homeland. The piece soon became a popular anthem for the Italian people, expressing their own longing for political freedom from Austria. When Verdi's coffin was carried to its final resting place a month after his death in 1901, the crowd of over 25,000 people along the route spontaneously began singing this stirring chorus.

Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate;
Va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli
Ove olezzano tepide e molli,
L'aure dolci del suolo natal!
Del Giordano le rive saluta,

Go, my thoughts on golden wings;
Go, settle on the cliffs and hills
Where the sweet breezes bring
The warm, soft fragrances of your native land
From Jordan, the river of salvation, and

Di Sionne le torri atterrate.
 Oh, mia patrie si bella e perduta!
 Oh, Membrenza si cara e fatal!
 Arpa d'or del fatidici vati,
 Perché muta dal salice pendi?
 Le memorie nel petto raccendi,
 Chi favella del tempo che fu!
 O simile di Solima ai fati
 Traggi un suono di crudo lamento,
 O t'ispiri il Signore un concerto
 Che ne infonda al patire virtù!

From the desolate towers of Zion.
 Oh my fatherland so beautiful and lost!
 Oh remembrances, so dear and so deadly
 Golden Harps of our prophets and poets,
 Why have you changed into weeping willows?
 The battered memory in my heart
 Which speaks of the time which was!
 Either like Solomon to the fates
 You present a sound of crude lament,
 Or the Lord inspires in you a song
 Which takes courage into the depths.

8) **Gianni Schicchi: “O mio babbino caro”**

Buoso Donati has died and his relatives have found his will and discovered that he has left all his money to the church. Furious, they do not know what to do. Rinuccio, who is in love with Lauretta but is forbidden to marry her unless he was left some of the inheritance, sends for Gianni Schicchi and Lauretta to see if they can help them. When the relatives find this out, they are furious and argue with Gianni Schicchi. Fed up, he starts to leave, but Lauretta stops him with this aria, singing that she loves Rinuccio and if doesn't help them, she will throw herself in the river and die.

O mio babbino caro,
 mi piace è bello, bello;
 vo'andare in Porta Rossa
 a comperar l'anello!
 Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
 e se l'amassi indarno,
 andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
 ma per buttarmi in Arno!
 Mi struggo e mi tormento!
 O Dio, vorrei morir!
 Babbo, pietà, pietà!

My dear father,
 I like him, he's beautiful, beautiful;
 I want to go to Porta Rossa
 and buy the ring!
 Yes, yes, I want to go!
 And if my love is in vain,
 I would go upon Ponte Vecchio (the bridge in Florence),
 only to jump in the Arno (the river in Florence)
 I long for him and torment myself
 O God, I'd like to die!
 Father, have pity, have pity!

9) **Il Trovatore: Anvil Chorus**

The Anvil Chorus is the English term for the *Coro di zingari* (Italian for “gypsy chorus”), from Act 2 of *Il Trovatore*. It depicts Spanish Gypsies striking their anvils at dawn and singing the praises of hard work, good wine, and their gypsy women.

See how the clouds melt away
 from the face of the sky when the sun shines, its brightness beaming;
 just as a widow, discarding her black robes,
 shows all her beauty in brilliance gleaming.
 So, to work now!
 Lift up your hammers!
 Who turns the gypsy's day from gloom to brightest sunshine?
 His lovely gypsy maid!

Fill up the goblets! New strength and courage
 flow from lusty wine to soul and body.
 See how the rays of the sun play and sparkle

and give to our wine gay new splendor.
So, to work now!
Who turns the gypsy's day from gloom to brightest sunshine?
His lovely gypsy maid!

Works 10-17 are from Bizet's Carmen

Carmen Synopsis: The story is set in Seville, Spain circa 1830, and concerns the eponymous Carmen, a beautiful gypsy with a fiery temper. Free with her love, she woos the corporal Don José, an inexperienced soldier. Their relationship leads to his rejection of his former love, Michaela, mutiny against his superiors, turn to a criminal life, and ultimate jealous murder of Carmen. Although he is briefly happy with Carmen, he falls into madness when she turns from him to the bullfighter Escamillo.

10)Chorus: "Les Voici! Voici Le Quadrille!"

In Act IV of the opera, the bullfighter Escamillo enters the square to public acclaim, the beautiful Carmen on his arm. Don Jose, mad with jealousy, watches from the wings.

CHILDREN:

Les voici! les voici!
Voici la quadrille!

Here they are! Here they are!
Here is the cuadrilla!

THE CROWD AND CHILDREN:

Les voici! Oui, les voici!
Voici la quadrille!
La quadrille des Toréros!
Sur les lances le soleil brille!
En l'air, en l'air, toques et sombreros!
Les voici, voici la quadrille, etc.

Here they are! Yes, here they are!
Here is the cuadrilla!
The cuadrilla of toreros!
On the lances the sun gleams!
In the air, in the air, caps and sombreros!
Here they are, here is the cuadrilla, etc.

Une autre quadrille s'avance!
Voyez les picadors!
Ah! comme ils sont beaux!
Comme ils vont du fer de leur lance,

Another cuadrilla advances!
Look at the picadors!
Ah! How handsome they are!
How they're going to, with the tip of their
lances,
Pierce the flank of the bulls!

Harceler le flanc des taureaux!
L'Espada, L'Espada, Escamillo, Escamillo!
C'est L'Espada, la fine lame,
celui qui vient terminer tout,
qui paraît à la fin du drame,
et qui frappe le dernier coup!
Vive Escamillo! Ah, bravo!
Les voici! Voici la quadrille, etc.

It is L'Espada, the fine blade,
He who comes to end it all,
who appears at the end of the drama,
And who raps the last blow!
Vive Escamillo! Ah, bravo!
Here they are! Here is the cuadrilla, etc.

11)Prelude to Act I (Instrumental)

Children's Chorus: "Avec la Garde Montante"

At the opening of the opera, a group of children eagerly await the arrival of the military guard.

Avec la garde montante, nous arrivons, nous voilà!	With the mounting guard, we arrive; here we are!
Sonne trompette éclatante! Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta.	Sound, dazzling trumpet! Ta ra ta ta ta ra ta ta.
Nous marchons la tête haute comme des petits soldats,	We march, heads high, like little soldiers,
Marquant, sans faire de faute, une, deux, marquant le pas.	Marking, without making a mistake, One, two, marking the step.
Les épaules en arrière et la poitrine en dehors, Les bras de cette manière Tombant tout le long du corps.	The shoulders back and the chest out, The arms in this manner Falling right along the body.
Avec la garde montante, etc.	With the mounting guard, etc.

12)Aria and Chorus: "L'amour Est un Oiseau Rebelle" (Habañera)

After appearing out of the cigarette factory, Carmen seductively sings about love and its unpredictable actions.

Quand je vous aimerai? Ma foi, je ne sais pas, Peut-être jamais, peut-être demain. Mais pas aujourd'hui, c'est certain.	When will I love you? Good lord, I don't know, Maybe never, maybe tomorrow. But not today, that's certain.
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle Que nul ne peut apprivoiser, Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle, S'il lui convient de refuser. Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière, L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait; Et c'est l'autre que je préfère Il n'a rien dit; mais il me plaît. L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!	Love is a rebellious bird That nothing can tame, And it is simply in vain to call it If it is convient for it to refuse. Nothing will work, threat or pleading, One speaks, the other stays quiet; And it's the other that I prefer He said nothing; but he pleases me. Love! Love! Love! Love!
L'amour est enfant de Bohême, Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi, Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime, Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi! Si tu ne m'aime pas, Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime! Mais, si je t'aime, Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi! Si tu ne m'aime pas, Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime! Mais, si je t'aime, Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!	Love is the child of the Bohemian, It has never, never known any law, If you don't love me, I love you, If I love you, keep guard of yourself! If you don't love me, If you don't love me, I love you! But, if I love you, If I love you, keep guard of yourself! If you don't love me, If you don't love me, I love you! But, if I love you, If I love you, keep guard of yourself!
L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre Battit de l'aile et s'envola; L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre; Tu ne l'attend plus, il est là!	The bird you thought to surprise Bat its wing and flew away; Love is far away, you can wait for it; If you wait for it no more, it is there!

Tout autour de toi vite, vite,
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient!
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite;
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient!
L'amour, l'amour, l'amour, l'amour!

All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, goes, then it comes back!
You think to hold it, it avoids you;
You think to avoid it, it holds you!
Love, love, love, love!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême,
Il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aime pas,
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime!
Mais, si je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!
Si tu ne m'aime pas,
Si tu ne m'aime pas, je t'aime!
Mais, si je t'aime,
Si je t'aime, prend garde à toi!

Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law,
If you don't love me, I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!
If you don't love me, I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!
If you don't love me,
If you don't love me, I love you!
But, if I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!
If you don't love me,
If you don't love me, I love you!
But, if I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!

13) Entr'acte, Act II ~ Les Dragon d'Alcala (Instrumental)

14) Aria: "Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante"

Searching for Don José, who she still loves in spite of the smugglers, Micaëla finds herself alone in the mountains. Frightened, she prays for courage.

C'est des contrebandiers le refuge ordinaire.
Il est ici; je le verrai!
Et le devoir que m'imposa sa mère
Sans trembler je l'accomplirai

It is the smugglers ordinary refuge.
He is here, I will see him!
And the task that his mother imposed
Without trembling, I will accomplish it.

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante,
Je dis, hélas! que je répons de moi;
Mais j'ai beau faire la vaillante...

I say that nothing can frighten me.
I say, alas, that I respond to myself;
But I play the part of the courageous
one in vain...

Au fond du coeur je meurs d'effroi!

From the bottom of my heart, I die of
fear!

Seule en ce lieu sauvage
Toute seule j'ai peur,
Mais j'ai tort d'avoir peur.
Vous me donnerez du courage;
Vous me protégerez, Seigneur!

Alone in this savage place
All alone I am afraid,
But I am wrong to have fear.
You will give me courage;
You will protect me, Lord!

Je vais voir de près cette femme,
Dont les artifices maudits
Ont fini par faire un infâme
De celui que j'aimais jadis!
Elle est dangereuse...elle est belle!
Mais je ne veux pas avoir peur!
Non, non, je ne veux pas avoir peur!

I am going to see face to face this
woman,
Whose cursed guile
Has ended up to make a vile person
Of him that I love once!
She is dangerous, she is beautiful!
But I do not want to be afraid!
No, no, I do not want to be afraid!

Je parlerai haut devant elle...ah!
Seigneur, vous me protégerez.
Protégez-moi! Ô Seigneur!
Donnez-moi du courage!

I will speak up before her...ah!
Lord, you will protect me.
Protect me! O Lord!
Give me courage!

15)Entr'acte, Act IV ~ Aragonaise

16)Aria and Chorus: "Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre"

Escamillo, the great bullfighter, sings of his adventures in the bullring.

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre,
Senor, senors car avec les soldats
Oui, les Toreros, peuvent s'entendre;
Pour plaisirs, pour plaisirs,
Ils ont les combats!
Le cirque est plein,
c'est jour de fete!
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas;
Les spectateurs, perdant la tete,
Les spectateurs s'interpellent
a grand fracas!
Apostrophes, cris et tapage
Pousses jusques a la fureur!
Car c'est la fete du courage!
C'est la fete des gens de co
Allons! en garde! Allons! Allons! ah!
Toreador, en garde! Toreador, Toreador!
Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant
Qu'un oeil noir te regarde,
Et que l'amour t'attend,
Toreador, L'amour t'attend!
Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant
Qu'un oeil noir te regarde,
Et que l'amour t'attend,
Toreador, L'amour t'attend!

Your toast, I can give it to you
Sirs, sirs, for 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, losing their heads,
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, on guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!
Toreador, on 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!
And dream away, yes dream in combat,
That a black eye is watching you
And may love await you,
Toreador, love await you!

Tout d'un coup, on fait silence...
Ah! que se passe-t-il?
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!
Plus de cris, c'est l'instant!
le taureau s'elance
En bondissant hors du Toril!
Il s'elance! Il entre,
Il frappe! un cheval roule,
Entrainant un Picador,
Ah! bravo! Toro! Hurlé la foule! Ah, Bravo!
Le taureau va, il vient,
il vient et frappe encore!
En secouant ses banderilles,
Plein de fureur, il court!
Le cirque est plein de sang!
On se sauve, on franchit les grilles!
C'et ton tour maintenant! allons!
En garde! allons! allons! Ah!

All of a sudden, it is silent
Ah, what is happening?
More cries! It is the moment!
More cries! It is the moment!
The bull throws himself out
Bounding out of the Toril!
He throws himself out! He enters.
He strikes! A horse rolls,
Dragging a picador,
Bull! The crowd roars!
The bull goes, he comes,
He comes and strikes again!
Shaking his banderillos,
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!
On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!

Toreador, en garde! Toreador, Toreador!
 Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant
 Qu'un oeil noir te regarde,
 Et que l'amour t'attend,
 Toreador, L'amour t'attend!
 Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant
 Qu'un oeil noir te regarde
 Et que l'amour t'attend,
 Toreador, L'amour t'attend!
 Et songe bien, oui, songe en combattant
 Qu'un oeil noir te regarde
 Et que l'amour t'attend,
 Et que l'amour t'attend,
 Toreador, L'amour t'attend!
 L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!
 Toreador, Toreador, L'amour t'attend!

Toreador, on 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!
 And dream away, yes, dream in combat,
 That a black eye is looking at you
 And that love awaits you
 Toreador, love awaits you!
 And dream away, yes, dream in combat,
 That a black eye is looking at you
 And that love awaits you
 And that love awaits you.
 Toreador, love awaits you!
 Love! Love! Love!
 Toreador, Toreador, love awaits you!

17) Cavalleria Rusticana: Intermezzo (Instrumental)

18) Candide: "Make Our Garden Grow" (Chorus)

Based on Voltaire's satirical masterpiece and set to Leonard Bernstein's glorious music, Candide tells the story of a young man, Candide, who is determined to follow his instructor's creed of mindless optimism. Even after being banished from his homeland, captured by Bulgarians, beaten by the Spanish Inquisition, robbed of everything he owns, and torn repeatedly from the woman he loves, Candide still clings to the philosophy that everything is for the best in this, "the best of all possible worlds."

CANDIDE:

You've been a fool
 And so have I,
 But come and be my wife.
 And let us try,
 Before we die,
 To make some sense of life.
 We're neither pure, nor wise, nor good
 We'll do the best we know.
 We'll build our house and chop our wood
 And make our garden grow...
 And make our garden grow.

CUNEGONDE:

I thought the world
 Was sugar cake
 For so our master said.
 But, now I'll teach
 My hands to bake
 Our loaf of daily bread.

CANDIDE AND CUNEGONDE:

We're neither pure, nor wise, nor good
 We'll do the best we know.
 We'll build our house and chop our wood
 And make our garden grow...
 And make our garden grow.

CANDIDE, CUNEGONDE, MAXIMILLIAN, PAQUETTE, OLD LADY, DR. PANGLOSS:

Let dreamers dream
What worlds they please
Those Edens can't be found.
The sweetest flowers,
The fairest trees
Are grown in solid ground.

ENSEMBLE (a cappella):

We're neither pure, nor wise, nor good
We'll do the best we know.
We'll build our house and chop our wood
And make our garden grow.
And make our garden grow!