

A Night at the Opera

A Dramatic Comic Opera in Three Acts

Libretto: Daniel Downey
Music: Daniel Léo Simpson
January 2014

Synopsis:

When five operatic heroes who tragically lost loves, and five operatic heroines who tragically lost a Don meet, they cautiously explore the possibility of a three act love at first sight for a second time opera. Will love triumph, and will they live happily ever after? Hopefully. It ain't over until you-know-who sings, or ... until everyone dies of consumption. Hopefully Every After, the act after the last act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Dr. Wilbur Orville (W.O.) Tan, King of the gods ~ Bass-baritone
Le Chevalier Des Grioux, nun-napper turned priest ~ Tenor
Alfredo Germont, a youngish aristocrat ~ Tenor
Rodolfo, a poet ~ Tenor
Prince Yeletsky, a noble nobleman ~ Baritone
Dr. Bartolo, bested by a count and factotum ~ Baritone

Donna Anna, Lover of three Dons ~ Soprano
Micaëla, a village maiden who gets angry when she sees cigarettes ~ Mezzo
Princess Eboli, otherwise known as Ana, the One Eyed Countess of Mélito and Duchess of Pastrana. ~ Mezzo
She went on to have 10 kids and die in prison ... ironic.
Santuzza, Lover of "Don" Turiddu, a rakish ear biting, wine selling mama's boy ~ Soprano
Olga, Larina's daughter, Tatiana's sister, and Lensky's ex ~ Contralto
Dr. Marschallin, Princess Marie Thérèse von Werdenberg turned pop psychologist ~ Soprano
Father Owen Lee, a parish priest

Act 1

Scene 1: The Polka Saloon, c. 1880ish. (La Fancuilla del West)

The curtain opens to a support group for men who lost loves through unusual circumstances. Rodolfo lost his love to consumption, as did Germont and Des Grioux. The group's facilitator, Dr. W.O. Tan, who looks conspicuously like Dr. Phil McGraw, encourages the men to turn to the sun and let it melt their frozen heart. The three tenors try, but aren't quite ready to move on. Prince Yeletsky laments how he lost Liza to a loony gambling opportunist, and Dr. Bartolo grieves losing Rosina. Dr. Tan consoles the wounded men, and gives them hope that they can love again ... or at least sing about it. The men finally agree, and take their coat, a symbol of the past, and sing a farewell aria to it. They raise their glasses and are 'swilling to risk' again.

Act 1, Scene 1, No.1 "Happy Glasses"

Curtain with music ~

Rodolfo: Claret Nick

Germont: Champagne Minnie

Yeletsky: Vodka Lassparri

Des Grioux: Merlot Fiorello

Dr. Bartolo: Crystal wineglass Tomasso

Claret, Champagne, vodka, Merlot, Crystal wineglass

No.01 Let us drink it, happy glasses

Rodolfo

Let us drink it, happy glasses let us drink it to the sweet almost missus.
Let us drink to the pretty lasses, let us drink with our hot kisses
Forever in our heart she'll stay
Forever in our heart she'll stay
Ever after love never after goes away
Ever after love never after goes away

Germont

Oh! sweet kisses, oh! lingering caresses
Nights with our misses, the passionate excesses

All

passionate excesses
Let us drink it, happy glasses let us drink it to the sweet almost missus.
Let us drink to the pretty lasses, let us drink with our hot kisses

Dr. Bartolo

Let's drink for the ecstatic feeling that love aroused
Let's enjoy ourselves for the delight of love never doused

Des Grioux

True love gives life and happiness celestial
How in the light of one glance did we come so far?

Yeletsky

Trembling, I'd slowly uncover her dazzling beauty
Now, my dream of love has vanished forever, my tutti

All

What subtle harmony of different beauties
We only think of you...
and your booties

We only think of you...
our delightful cuties

Ever after love never after goes away
Ever after love never after goes away

Rodolfo

Claret

Germont

Champagne

Yeletsky

Vodka

Des Grioux

Merlot

Dr. Bartolo

Crystal wineglass

All

Let us drink it, happy glasses let us drink it to the sweet almost missus.
Let us drink to the pretty lasses, let us drink with our hot kisses
Forever in our heart she'll stay
Forever in our heart she'll stay
Ever after love never after goes away
Ever after love never after goes away
Ever after love never after goes, away

No.02 - The Joy Blessed Hall

Dr. W.O. Tan, who looks conspicuously like Dr. Phil McGraw, enters

Tan

The joy blessed hall I watch the door
The joy blessed hall I watch the door

Men of honor and eternal power,
rise to endless glory
Men of honor and eternal power,
rise to endless,
rise to endless,
rise to endless,
glory
glory

Bring drinks and broken hearts,
it's your hour
Tell your tragic story.
Bring drinks and broken hearts,
Bring drinks and broken hearts,
it's your hour
Tell your tragic
Tell your tragic
Tell your tragic
story
story

Welcome to the support group for those,
who lost loves through unusual circumstances
What you hear here stays here, candor flows;
so speak now freely of illicit romances
We admit that we are powerless to heal our aching heart
Our lives have become unmanageable,
unmanageable,
unmanageable,
unmanageable;
Who would like to...
start?

No.03 – My Lucia, Mimi, Lovebird

Rodolfo

Intro:

My Lucia, Mimi lovebird, with her frozen fingers
To her room, and to her heart, I found the key

My Lucia, Mimi lovebird, a name I whisper tenderly
My love for her still freely forever ever after lingers
fate guided my hands, in that room lit dimly

In an instant I knew it was love at first sight
In the cold winter night it was love at first sight.
My flower girl with red roses trimmed on her bonnet
trimmed on her bonnet

My heart sang that moment like a dove at first flight
My heart took wings like a dove at first flight.
Lyrical as flow'ry words penned in a sonnet
penned in a sonnet
Lyrical as flow'ry words penned in a sonnet

Fired by adoration of her sweet fascination vision entrancing.
Why would I ever reject her? Why did I ever doubt?
Illumed thus by moonlight rays her delicate candle
flickered.... flickered... out...

My Lucia, Mimi lovebird...oh I miss my mistress
Oh I miss each little kiss; I miss my seamstress.
My Lucia Mimi lovebird a name I whisper tenderly
a name I whisper, a name I whisper, a name I whisper tenderly;
a name I whisper, a name I whisper, a name I whisper so tenderly;
Oh how I miss her tender kiss her gentle smile her sweet caress
My Lucia,
My Lucia,
My lucia...
Mimi!

No.04 – Chorus “Oh My Head Aches”

Rodolfo:

Oh my heart breaks
I was wrong
such a feeling

Germont

Is it a

All except Rodolfo:

Pong, pong, pong, pong

Rodolfo:

Left with nothing
not a thing
'tis a pity

Germont

Is it a

All except Rodolfo:

Ping, ping, ping, ping

Rodolfo:

No, I'd say it feels more like a pang

All except Rodolfo:

Pang, pang, pang, pang

Rodolfo:

a twang

All except Rodolfo:

a twang

Rodolfo:

that sprang from my Bohemi'n heart

All except Rodolfo:

ping, pang; ping, pang; ping, pang;

Rodolfo:

Winter snatched away the life before us

All except Rodolfo:

before us

Rodolfo:

and tore us

Rodolfo:

apart

All except Rodolfo:

apart

Rodolfo:

I do nothing
but harangue
myself all day long

Germont

It's now a

All except Rodolfo:

Pang, pang, pang, pang

Rodolfo:

In the winter how we made

All except Rodolfo:

we made

Rodolfo:

our own springtime ev'ry day
we had laughter come what may
Oh how our hearts were ever young and gay
Oh how our hearts were ever young and gay.

We made our own rules in many respects
but when love is young you have such great...
Fun!

She said, "Son tutta tua.. "I will be yours for evermore"
and, "a te mi stringo. "I'll always cling to you."

Others:

Ah... She was to be yours evermore
Ooh... She'd always cling to you.

No.05 - She Was Beautiful

Des Grieux:

She was beautiful and sweet
'twas but providence we'd meet
I stole her heart that fateful night
she planned to be a nun
Love 'ever after' at first sight,
we lived on the run
lived on the run.

She was a swan so beautiful and I was so smart and dapper
Oh my love was so bountiful and she loved her nun napper
napper nap nap napper nap napper

Manon, the mistress of my heart for evermore
To Paris we went heart to heart avec mon amour
A new life flowed through me and now it is ending.
An iron hand drew me there's no use pretending.

I was passionate steel like a cannon
Oh man, one man, man on man on Manon
"One day more" I've cried in her new dress, one more dance
But two times she died, in the U. S. and in France.

It is not better, no, not better so
ends the story of Manon Lescaut
Over eager minors in Paris under a major hex
When a novice's love is shameless,
you have such youthful...
amour!

No.06 – At First Sight of Love

Germont:

At first sight of love that night, she came into my life
True love is the pulse of the whole world
She gave all for me, my soul unfurled
My heart's torment and delight, ever after my wife.

A woman gone astray, my shrinking violet with her beside me
I felt myself reborn and now...now...

Starting to cry, he pulls out a handkerchief

I am just forlorn...

I wanted it my way, angry, so violent

I lived in tremulous possession of that unspoken love
How can I forget the past no present delights I can't, how?
For they've all passed, those hot carefree nights.

Pulse of the world; mysterious, unattainable, my dove.

My last sight of her that night still cuts deep like a knife.
Sorrow is the pulse of broken hearts.
Oh God to die so young - I'm torn apart.
My heart's torment and delight, never after my wife.

Chorus:

His heart's torment and delight,

Germont:

Never after my wife.

Chorus:

Our cold heart; her cold hands; those hot nights
Our cold heart; her cold hands; those hot nights

Germont:

We were naive fools youthful love infects;
but when love is young you have such great
Fun!

No.07 – Men, We Feel Your Pain & Glory - Tan

Dr. Wilbur Orville: (Tan)

Men, we feel your pain and glory
You risked and were willing to share
We honor your heartfelt stories
Your loss, the depths of your despair

And though your heart aches, it's now time to move on
It's time to risk thoroughly, sing a new song

There are many maiden's hearts waiting to be won
So leave your winter behind and turn to the sun

Chorus:

Tura luralure we leave our winter behind
Tura luralure turning us to the sun

Tan:

Waiting to be won
So leave your winter behind

Turn to the sun sing from your heart not falsetto
Try to get in touch with your hurt soul's libretto

No.08 – My hurt, oh My Soul

Germont:

Turn to the sun, a new day?

Such malice!

My heart has a hole.

Turn from the one, there's no way!

So callous!

My hurt, oh my soul

Des Grieux:

No, my heart has been so crushed.

Broken through with grief and it takes a toll

Though our liaison was so rushed

I admit 'twas brief, oh my soul

It hurts, oh my soul...

Germont:

My hurt, oh my soul

Des Grieux:

It hurts, oh my soul...