

Opera for the Young's

The Barber of Seville

Figaro Excerpts

1. Make Way For Figaro (Excerpt AND Dialogue)
2. Dialogue with Count Almaviva, Figaro, and Bartolo
3. Audience Questions
(Please select 3 and record your answers on camera)

TO SUBMIT YOUR AUDITION:

1. Prepare and record the dialogue, audience questions (choose 3), and musical excerpt(s) from The Barber of Seville for your role (visit ofty.org/auditions for excerpts)
2. Prepare and record your audition repertoire (an aria in original language that demonstrates both sustained singing and coloratura AND an aria or art song in English (original language or translation))
3. Submit your audition form (recordings, resume, and headshot) online at ofty.org/auditions BY FRIDAY, APRIL 1ST.

Allegro vivace $\text{♩} = 66$

Figaro

5

F. Make way for Fi-ga-ro, jack of all trades! Make way!

9

F. La la la la la la la la! Ask me to

14

F. solve all your trou-bles for pay, ask me! La la

18

F. *la la la la la la la la! Who leads a*

23

F. *fa - mous life, full of suc - cess - es, full of suc -*

27

F. *-cess-es? Give you two guess - es... Fi - ga - ro, yes! Fi - ga - ro, yes!*

32

Count and Chorus
(shouted)

Figaro

Count and Chorus

C. Ch. 37

Fi - ga-ro! Stand clear! Hey,

Figaro

C. Ch. 41

Fi - ga-ro! In gear! Fi-ga-ro, where? Fi-ga-ro, near, Fi-ga-ro,

F. 46

there, Fi-ga-ro, here, Fi-ga-ro, yes, Fi-ga-ro, no, Fi-ga-ro, come, Fi-ga-ro,

F. 51

go! Quick as greased light - ning, I'm read - y for an - y - thing, say pret - ty

54

F. please, I'll do what I can! I am the man! I am the man! I am the

f *cresc.*

58

F. man! I am the man!

f

[hand jive]

63

F. Ah bra-vo, Fi-ga-ro, bra-vo, bra - vis - si-mo, Ah bra-vo, Fi-ga-ro, bra-vo, bra - vis - si-mo, I am so

p

68

F. for-tu-nate, I am a luck-y duck, I am a luck-y duck, I got it made! Ah bra-vo, Fi-ga-ro, bra-vo, bra-

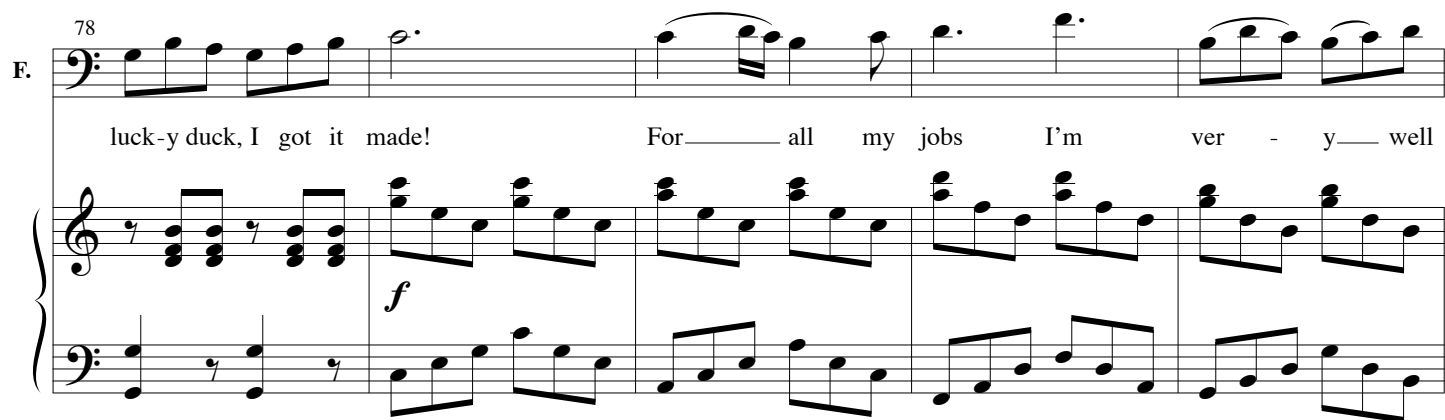
cresc.

73

F. 

- vis - si - mo, Ah bra - vo, Fi - ga - ro, bra - vo, bra - vis - si - mo, I am so for - tu - nate, I am a luck - y duck, I am a

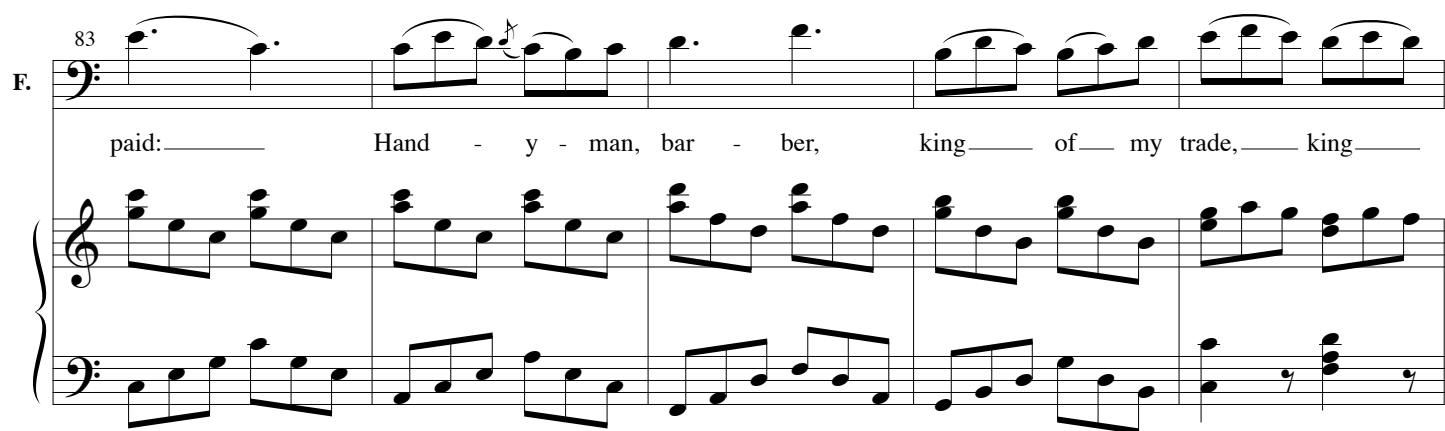
78

F. 

luck - y duck, I got it made! For all my jobs I'm ver - y well

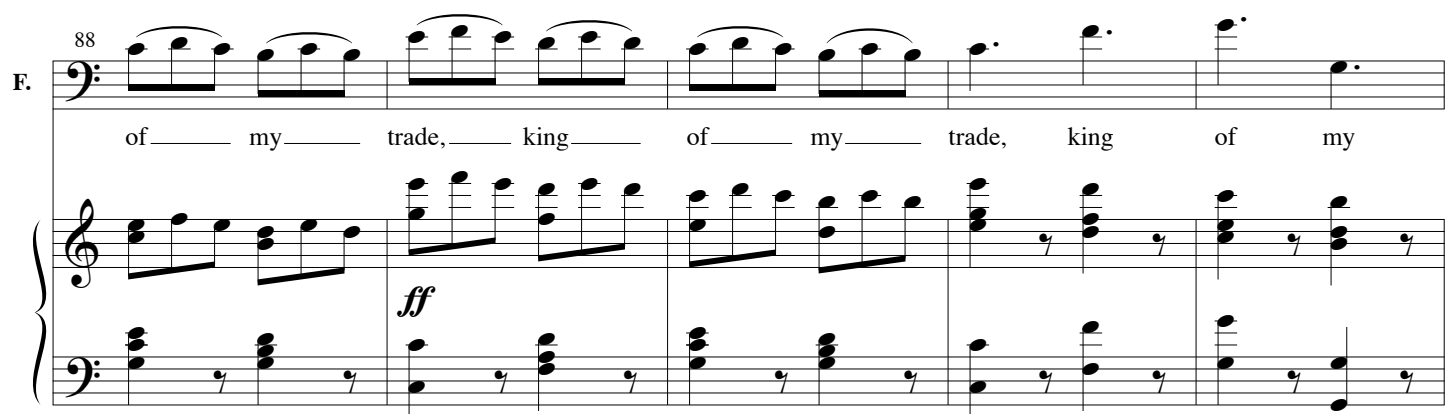
f

83

F. 

paid: Hand - y - man, bar - ber, king of my trade, king

88

F. 

of my trade, king of my trade, king of my

ff

93

F.

trade.

Figaro: Man, oh, man, check out the square threads!

Count: How do you do?

Figaro: I doo wop, daddy-oh! Say...your feet look familiar. I know! I just polished your shoes at the airport!

Count: That's right, my good man.

Figaro: (with accent, to himself) "My good man." Hey! you're that royal cat, Prince Haftasneeza!

Count: Count Almaviva.

Figaro: Bingo. Hey, Count, I thought you were, like, outta here.

Count: I took a walk before my next flight and saw the most glorious creature...Rosina...and, well, I've been standing here ever since.

Figaro: Rosie, huh? Man, you need help, and, lucky for you, "help" is my middle name...well, along with "handsome" and "kiss me." Now, here's the buzz: Rosie's guardian is Dr. B, and Rosie is unofficially engaged to Dr. B's son – lah di dah!

Count: I'd be terribly grateful for your help.

Figaro: (chord underscores) That's what I thought.

Figaro: Jump back, Jack! Another brainstorm! Pretend you can't speak much English...that way old Dr. B. won't worry about you and Rosie getting too friendly.

Count: You amaze me!

Figaro: Me, too!

Count: Here's a tip. [gives money] Figaro, tell me, do you think it's possible to live happily ever after?

Figaro: [looking at money] I'm beginning to. (aside) If he keeps this up I could retire in a week and a half!

Count: Figaro, don't tell Rosie who I really am, yet. I want her to love me for myself, not my millions.

Figaro: Millions? I love ya, man.

Count: Why don't you say I'm...Lindoro! He's my servant.

Figaro: Lindoro? Cool name. O.K., you're Lindoro, Count Almaviva's servant. Now beat it and let me get back to work. Scram.

[Count exits, Rosie enters]

Rosie: Figgy, who is he?

Figaro: Him? Oh, that's Lindoro – he works for Count Almaviva.

Rosie: I thought the newspaper said all those royal guys went back to Europe.

Figaro: Count Almaviva did! But old Lindoro got stuck with the luggage and missed the plane.

Rosie: Hmmm. Lindoro, huh? What a hunk! He sends me! Listen, Figgy...

Dr. B: [offstage] Rosina!

Rosie: Oops, gotta scoot, Dr. B's freakin' out. [kissed Figaro's cheek] Thanks for the info, babe. [exits]

Figaro: [low whistle] That chick's some dish. Al, you are one lucky cat.

Dr. B: [offstage] Figaro!

Figaro: Uh oh.

Dr. B: [enters with newspaper] Aha! There you are!

Figaro: Why Dr. B, how goes it?

Dr. B: What in heaven's name have you done to my station wagon? Since you fixed it, it sounds like, like,

Figaro: [big noisy varooming]

Dr. B: Yes, like a hot rod!

Figaro: Cool, huh? Well, catch ya later! [runs off but peeks on later]

Questions for auditioners

How - and why? - do you sing so loud?

Does it hurt your throat to sing loud like that?

Did you choose what part you would play?

How can you sing so high? Low? Fast?

Are you really in love?

Do you ever make mistakes?

Do you get nervous?

Is this your job?

How did you get to be an opera singer?

How do you learn so much music and so many words?

Are you famous?