

“Un bel dì” (One fine day”) MADAMA BUTTERFLY, Act II, music by Giacomo Puccini; libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica, 1904.

SYNOPSIS: The setting is Japan, where Butterfly, married to an American naval officer who has been gone for three years, tries to convince Suzuki, her loyal servant and close friend, that Lieutenant Pinkerton will come back one day soon.

BUTTERFLY

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. will Vedi? È venuto! Io non gli scendo incontro, io no. Mi metto là sul ciglio dell'colle-- e aspetto, e aspetto gran tempo e non mi pesa, la lunga attesa. E uscite 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 nesterò nascosta, un po' per celia, e un po' per non morire al primo incontro, ed egli alquanto in pena Chiamerà, chiamerà: “Ah, piccina mogliettina, olezzo di verbena,” I nomi che mi dava al suo venire. (to Suzuki) Tutto questo avverrà, te lo prometto. Tienti la tua paura, io con sicura fede, l'aspetto.	One fine day, we'll notice a plume of smoke arising in the distance, on the far horizon, and then, the big ship appearing. Then the ship, all shining white, will come into the harbor, thunder out its loud salute. You see? He has come back here... I don't run out to greet him--not I I stand there on the edge of the hillside--, Just waiting, just waiting forever, and never bothered by all the waiting... Then out of the city filled with many people, one man, a tiny little dot, begins to climb up the hillside. Who is he? Who is he? And when he comes much closer, what's he say? What's he say? He will call “Butterfly,” before he gets there. But I will not give an answer, hiding deep in my silence, a bit to tease him, and a bit, so I won't die at our first meeting, and he, a little worried will call out, he will call, “Ah, my pretty little wife, oh, perfume of verbena,” those sweet names he gave me then when he was near me. All of this you will see, I know for certain. Though you may keep on fearing, I'll never stop believing, and waiting...
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