

Various Artists

"Don Juan"

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CHORUS

Here the sire may serve the dam,
here the master takes his meat!
Here the sacrificial lamb
utters one despairing bleat!

CARLOTTA AND CHORUS

Poor young maiden! For the thrill
on your tongue of stolen sweets
you will have to pay the bill -
tangled in the winding sheets!

Serve the meal and serve the maid!
Serve the master so that, when
tables, plans and maids are laid,
Don Juan triumphs once again!

DON JUAN

Passarino, faithful friend,
once again recite the plan.

PASSARINO

Your young guest believes I'm you -
I, the master, you, the man.

DON JUAN

When you met you wore my cloak,
with my scarf you hid your face.
She believes she dines with me,
in her master's borrowed place!
Furtively, we'll scoff and quaff,
stealing what, in truth, is mine.
When it's late and modesty
starts to mellow, with the wine . . .

PASSARINO

You come home! I use your voice -
slam the door like crack of doom!

DON JUAN

I shall say: "come - hide with me!
Where, oh, where? Of course - my room!"

PASSARINO

Poor thing hasn't got a chance!

DON JUAN

Here's my hat, my cloak and sword.
Conquest is assured,
if I do not forget myself and laugh . . .

AMINTA (CHRISTINE - offstage, entering)

". . . no thoughts
within her head,
but thoughts of joy!
No dreams
within her heart
but dreams of love!"

PASSARINO (onstage)

Master?

DON JUAN (PHANTOM - behind the curtain)

Passarino - go away!
For the trap is set and waits for its prey . . .

(PASSARINO leaves. CHRISTINE (AMINTA) enters.
She takes off her cloak and sits down. Looks about her.
No one.
She starts on an apple.
The PHANTOM, disguised as DON JUAN pretending to
be PASSARINO,
emerges.
He now wears PASSARINO's robe, the cowl of which
hides his face.
His first words startle her)

DON JUAN (PHANTOM)

You have come here

in pursuit of
your deepest urge,
in pursuit of
that wish,
which till now
has been silent,
silent . . .

I have brought you,
that our passions
may fuse and merge -
in your mind
you've already
succumbed to me
dropped all defences
completely succumbed to me -
now you are here with me:
no second thoughts,
you've decided,
decided . . .

Past the point
of no return -
no backward glances:
the games we've played
till now are at
an end . . .
Past all thought
of "if" or "when" -
no use resisting:
abandon thought,
and let the dream
descend . . .

What raging fire
shall flood the soul?
What rich desire
unlocks its door?
What sweet seduction
lies before
us . . .?

Past the point
of no return,
the final threshold -
what warm,
unspoken secrets
will we learn?
Beyond the point
of no return . . .

AMINTA (CHRISTINE)

You have brought me
to that moment
where words run dry,
to that moment
where speech
disappears
into silence,
silence . . .

I have come here,
hardly knowing
the reason why . . .
In my mind,
I've already
imagined our
bodies entwining
defenceless and silent -
and now I am
here with you:
no second thoughts,

I've decided,
decided . . .

Past the point
of no return -
no going back now:
our passion-play
has now, at last,
begun . . .
Past all thought
of right or wrong -
one final question:
how long should we
two wait, before
we're one . . .?

When will the blood
begin to race
the sleeping bud
burst into bloom?
When will the flames,
at last, consume
us . . .?

BOTH

Past the point
of no return

the final threshold -
the bridge
is crossed, so stand
and watch it burn . . .
We've passed the point
of no return . . .

PHANTOM

Say you'll share with
me one
love, one lifetime . . .
Lead me, save me
from my solitude . . .

(He takes from his finger a ring and holds it out to her.
Slowly she takes it and puts it on her finger.)

Say you want me
with you,
here beside you . . .
Anywhere you go
let me go too -
Christine
that's all I ask of . .

CARLOTTA

What is it? What has happened? Ubaldo!

ANDRE

Oh, my God . . . my God . . .

FIRMIN

We're ruined, Andre - ruined!

GIRY (to RAOUL)

Monsieur le Vicomte! Come with me!

CARLOTTA (rushing over to PIANGI's body)

Oh, my darling, my darling . . . who has done
this ...?

(Hysterical, attacking ANDRE)

You! Why did you let this happen?

(She breaks down, as PIANGI's body is carried off on a stretcher)

GIRY

Monsieur le Vicomte, I know where they are.

RAOUL

But can I trust you?

GIRY

You must. But remember: your hand at the level of your eyes!

RAOUL

But why . . . ?

GIRY

Why? The Punjab lasso, monsieur. First Buquet. Now Piangi.

MEG (holding up her hand)

Like this, monsieur. I'll come with you.

GIRY

No, Meg! No, you stay here!

(To RAOUL)

Come with me, monsieur. Hurry, or we shall be too late . . .

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