

No. 1 ARIA Pandolfo

Pandolfo

Why does she tarry? That precious maid!
Where does she loiter? That willful jade!
Was ever master so disobeyed!
It is wearing, it is most despairing! It is most despairing!

When it suits her mood she will serve my food, .
While in solitude, I sit and brood, I sit and brood,
I sit and brood, with indignation, desperation and vexation.

When it suits her precious mood she will serve my food,
While I sit in solitude---her attitude, her attitude is one of base ingratitude.
And so I am raging, storming, bursting!
Full of indignation, and extreme vexation!

P: There's a limit even to my patience! Zerbina! Zerbina!

P: I didn't call you. I called Zerbina! Not a word, you idiot. Get out of here and send Zerbina to me.

No. 2 RECITATIVE

What adds to my distressful state, is that I chose this dreadful fate!
I find a winsome lassie, reared in humble station, give her a decent education,
Take her to live in this house as a maid,
Show her a father's consideration, and you see how I'm repaid!
Only when it's convenient she plays my attendant,
Most condescending and independent.
Laughs at my rage and take a tone of such impertinent expressions,
I feel as if she; she alone, she and not I were in possession.

No. 3 ARIA

Zerbina

Be still! Don't speak a word! Don't speak a word!
Be still! Be still! I told you I'd no time! I told you I'd no time!
I'll stand no admonition!

Pandolfo

Hear that!

Zerbina

How often must I tell you that I know, I know my position?

If your master objects, he has my permission!
I do as I'm inclined, and follow my own mind!

Pandolfo

Did you ever?!

So have a care, and scold me if you dare. So have a care, and scold me if you dare.
No longer can I stand this opposition. Scold me if you dare---if you dare!
I'll chase you round the house and box your ears, scratch your eyes,
Pull your hair if you scold me!
Be wise, Scapin! Be wise, Scapin! I beg of you be still!

P: Well---of all the devils!

Z: How dare you call me a devil!

P: One moment, Zerbina, listen to me.

Z: What have you to do with this? I hope I may take this impertinent booby to task if I need to!

P: Certainly. Only I wanted to suggest that if you haven't anything better to do, you might bring me my coffee.
You'll pardon my presumption, won't you?

Z: I've pardoned it many times before.

P: And if I might venture to protest against your tone---

Z: My tone---what's the matter with my tone?

P: It's not what you might call a breakfast tone.

Z: Neither is this what you might call a breakfast hour.

P: Quite right. It's entirely too late. Let's consider breakfast over. Scapin, take away the things.

Z: Don't you hear the master's orders? Get out with those things at once!

P: Well, I must say, you carry your tantrums just a little too far!

No. 4 ARIA

Pandolfo

Naught but dissension, all day and night---all day and night!

Your one desire to rouse my ire;

I'm weary quite of all your spite, of all your spite.

I'm weary quite of all this strife, this lifelong strife!

Scapin I bid you say, am I her fool? Eh? Thank you, quite right.

But ev-ry culprit get his sentence. Mark my words she'll feel repentance!

But that alas, will come too late and she'll regret her sorry state.

Scapin, speak out! Am I not right? How? What? Speak! Speak! Yes!

Am I not right? Beyond all doubt! Beyond all doubt!

Z: And is this my reward for all my consideration?

P: Consideration indeed!

Z: Yes. Consideration and forbearance.

P: Pray tell, what have you to forbear?

Z: For five years I've put up with your tyranny and temper.

P: You have put up with me for five years-

Think what *I* have put up with in all that time! You're the most impossible maid any benevolent gentleman ever took into his home.

No. 5 ARIA

Zerbina

Well did you ever! Hear him thunder!

He thinks that I will knuckle under! No! No! That is no way to curb me.

No! No! Temper does not disturb me.

Remember I expect you to always do as I direct you---Hush Hush!

Zerbina commands alone! Hush!

I want you to understand that always I expect you to do as I direct you!

Ah yes, 'tis I, who does command you!

Zerbina is in command, is in command. Zerbina rules the house!

P: Take 'em away! I don't want 'em! And now, young woman, a word with you---I have come to the conclusion that there must be a change in this household.

Z: Change? What do you mean by that?

P: You'll know in a minute. I confess myself unable to cope with the situation, and I mean to entrust it to another---

Z: What situation do you mean?

P: The control of you---it's beyond me! I've thought it over carefully. I'm going to relieve you of some of *your* responsibilities---and put someone of greater responsibility *over you*. In brief--desperate though the remedy will be, I'm going to find a wife for *myself* and a mistress for you.

Z: You don't mean that!

P: Why shouldn't I mean it?

Z: Hah! Who would have you?

P: I could name a dozen---and one widow in particular.

Z: Now you know you would never marry a widow.

P: And why not?

Z: What--a widow who'll keep comparing you with "number one", and always to your disadvantage! Now wait a minute! Let's look at this calmly. Confess you are only putting me to the test.

P: What test?

Z: To find out how much I really care for you!

P: What the devil do I care what you care?

Z: Though your tone is hardly one in which I should expect a proposal--I make allowances--And I will confess, since you seem bent on offering me your hand, that there have been times when I have thought this possibility not altogether distasteful.

P: M--m-m-m-m-arry-----marry you???!!!!

No. 6 DUET

Zerbina

Don't deny it, don't deny it, I'm your chosen bride, I know it.

Come now, grant me, that I'm your chosen bride.

What are words, when actions speak!

So what more can a trusty maiden seek?

Yes, yes, yes, yes, your protesting does not avail!

Pandolfo

Thank you kindly! I don't marry quite so blindly.

Good Lord!

Marry you of my own accord? Take you to my bed and board?

Never of my own accord!

Zerbina

Can it be? Well, kind sir. I think that's a pity!

Am I not pretty? Am I not witty? I would suit you to the letter.

Note my face and grace and say could you do better?

Without blemish, an angel. Just gaze on me! Just gaze on me!

Pandolfo

'Pon my soul, it's most surprising, but she's very, very trim and appetising!

Zerbina

He's impressed there's no disguising, no disguising.

My hand upon it!

Pandolfo

Your hand upon what?

Zerbina

We'll be united...

Pandolfo

I think we will not!

Zerbina

All your love shall be requited. Happy, happy is our lot. Beloved, beloved, forever!

Pandolfo

Ha, she is clever, but never! Oh never!

BOTH

Shall we declare ourselves a pair?

Zerbina

Don't deny it I'm your bride, your chosen bride! Indeed your chosen bride.

Pandolfo

Thank you kindly, pretty maiden. I've not said 'yes.'

Zerbina

You are teasing me now precious lover, my lover.

Your anger is but feigned, you will have your little joke.

Pandolfo

This is no joke!

Zerbina

If you don't I repeat, 'twould be a pity! Oh, such a pity! Am I not pretty?

Pandolfo

She has charms I can't disparage.

Zerbina

Truly I've impressed him. Now he's thinking of marriage!

Just look at me, am I not trim?

Pandolfo

When she smiles, when she smiles, then my head begins to swim.

Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la.

Zerbina

Is it a bargain?.....Shall be be married?

Pandolfo

I won't be hurried!.....I'll not be hurried. Your love, vixen moves me not.

Zerbina

Your love, sweetheart I'll return. Happy we shall live forever

Happy we shall live for'er! We shall be, we shall be, we shall be a happy pair!

You and I a happy pair!

Pandolfo

But I do not wish such bliss! Still she's clever, I declare!

Thinks we'll be a happy pair!

Wed my maid! Well I declare!

Zerbina

Cheer up!

Pandolfo

By jove she's aw'fly clever, but marry her! Oh never!

Zerbina

Beloved! Beloved! Forever!

BOTH

Z: Let us declare we'll be a pair!

P: I'm in a scare, I'm in a scare!

ACT 2

No. 7 ARIETTA

Zerbina

Maidens ever, to be clever, should endeavor to assist their fate,
If they're longing for the married state;
Hear me sing, hear me sing, how by many wiles and graces you can win a wedding ring

That's the thing.. 'Tis with beguiling, often frowning, often smiling, still beguiling, frowning, smiling, off and on, as befits the right occasion.

Using firmness or persuasion, either frowning, either smiling, be beguiling, yes beguiling!

Often frowning, often smiling, still beguiling, that's the thing!

Step by step, this is my plan, to catch a man.

Z: Bravo, Scapin! I wouldn't have recognized you! That moustache of yours covers two-thirds of your face! Now you know your duties. You needn't speak a word. Just Look *important*. It won't last long, and I defy anyone to penetrate this disguise.
If I put this thing through, my *first* act as Madame Pandolfo will be to put you in charge of the wine cellar, where you can drink yourself to death.
Now you wait just outside the front door until I call you in!

Z: Oh,---are you going out?

P: Yes! With your permission.

Z: Dear Doctor,---do you know you have made me quite unhappy?

Since your talk of marriage there is only one thing left for me.

P: What is that?

Z: To find a husband for myself.

P: What?

Z: Yes. An old suitor of mine has come back and I have decided to accept him.

P: You lost no time---did you?!

Z: Fate decided it for me. And besides--he was desperate. He's a soldier, you know---and Death has few terrors for him. If I had refused him he would have shot himself.

P: Good Lord!

Z: Yes---he swore it by all the gods.

P: A soldier's wife! You? Heavens!

Z: A *captain's* wife! He's a captain in the Bulgarian army.

P: A Bulgarian! You're going to marry a fiery Bulgarian? I'll be hanged!

Z: Well, he's no kitten! He's ferocious, I admit. But the most ferocious man has his winning Side---and besides, he can love as ferociously as he fights.

P: No doubt he can. But you---you--do *you* love him?

Z: I don't say that.

P: Oh....you don't?!

Z: But, love may come.

P: Never! You love a fiery Bulgarian!

Z: And besides...even if I didn't love him...love doesn't always bring happiness; I know that from my own experience. We love but once in
Our lives.

P: Poor soul! Poor soul!

Z: Thank you for your sympathy.

P: I must control myself! Very well then. If that's your desire---
May you find the happiness you seek.

Z: If I don't find it, it will be a just punishment for my treatment of you, and if I leave you, it is with a heavy heart.

No. 8 RECITATIVE & ARIA

Zerbina

May the blessings of heaven be granted to you!

For all the care and kindness true that you have shown to me;

May the stars safely guide you

O think sometimes of the one now beside you who weeps alone in vain

For deeds she needs must rue.

That one hope that you still may hold me in your memory, will sustain me,

That one hope will sustain me, give me hope that you'll not forget me.

With remorse and a broken heart, a broken heart, and now we part, yes, now we part.

Ah, he is shaken! I was not mistaken. Yes, I've stirred him, teased and distress'd him!

I've impressed him! And distress'd him! He is driven to tears of remorse.

I'll remember you with sadness. I shall remember, yes, remember all of your kindness.

Ah, poor Zerbina, Sadly, I leave you, yes, leave you.

All is o'er for me, all is o'er for me.

He is quickly stirred, really quickly stirred, on my word---he's moved now to tears.

It is plain indeed, very plain indeed! It is plain that I've played not in vain.

If I ever grieved or shocked you, or even mocked you, oh, forgive me, please forgive me.

Oh, believe I did not mean it! Forgive me! Just say you forgive, just say you forgive.

Oh, he has squeeze'd my hand! And my pleading he cannot withstand.

P: Ah--ah---well---It is certainly a trying moment.

Z: At least you will let me feel that you are not *dismissing* me in anger.

P: Anger....good Lord---nothing is further from my heart---in point of fact---I---I---what shall I say---I want you always to look upon me as your friend.

Z: Oh, thank you---thank you!

Z: And now will you allow me to present my fiance?

P: Where is he?

Z: Waiting just outside the front door.

No. 9 RECITATIVE & ARIA

Pandolfo What sort of man can this new suitor be?

She speaks as if to marry she were driven by transgressions which I have quite forgiven.

She says he's coarse and rough--good gracious me!

Perhaps he'll hold to beat his wife is lawful. Oh! That is simply awful!

Suppose I this maid should wed? Yes---wed my servant!

(Such things have occurred, Heaven knows!)

No, I cannot break with convention! Done, then! I'll not yield to this folly!

Ah, my freedom I'll keep. I will not have her.

But! Hold on! I did bring her up like a lady....she now gives me her affection...

But hold your tongue! What nonsense this!

Oh! How my heart is a-flutter!

Can I afford this alliance? Is it just pity, I wonder? Urging me on to defiance...

What if it be a fatal blunder?

I'm in a sorry plight, I don't know wrong from right. I'm in a sorry plight!

Believe me it's no joke, this fatal marriage yoke, no joke!

Am I in love? I do not know...it may be compassion...yes, compassion.

My heart is all a flutter. I hear it mutter: "Pandolfo! Ah, go slow! Ah, go slow!"

I know my present state is neither love nor hate.

I know, although it is not love I know I know it is not hate.

So I debate about my fate, and I can't guess if what I feel, if what I feel is only tenderness or pity

My heart is all a-flutter, it mutters in warning: Pandolfo! Oh! Beware! Oh! Beware!"

Z: May we intrude, Doctor?

P: Very well. Good Lord! He's worse than I supposed!

Z: Captain, I want to present you to my dear old friend---one who has been like a father to me.

P: Great heavens! What's that for?

Z: That's his salute.

P: Oh, is it? I beg his pardon.

Z: He only speaks Bulgarian.

P: Then give him my compliments, and tell him to get out!

Z: Good gracious, Doctor! What if he understood that?! He's terribly jealous. Wait till I calm him!

P: What are his jealousies to me! If that's the kind of husband the girl wants, let her have him. But it's a shame--- that's what it is--a downright shame---for that kind of a girl---Well---what did you do with him? Is he going to get out?

Z: No, Doctor, he was just asking me about the size of the dowry you were going to give me.

P: The devil he did! I like his Bulgarian nerve!

Z: Not so loud!

P: Don't think I'm afraid of him. Scapin! Scapin! Where is that drunken fool?

Z: Oh, Scapin's in the cellar, no doubt, drinking his fill. There's only one way out of this, Doctor. You'll have to give the Captain some money.

P: Not a penny. You tell him---you tell him---you know a man who'll marry you right off the bat and not ask a word about your blooming dowry.

Z: He won't believe it.

P: But you can prove it.

Z: What's the man's name---if he asks me?

P: Well, if he asks you---you tell him.

Z: Tell him what?

P: It's *me!* That's who it is, *me!*

Z: No. I shouldn't joke on that subject a second time.

P: Joke! It's no joke! Hang it all---I love you! Don't you know i love you? Give you to that murdering brigand! I'll see him fried first!

Z: Oh, Doctor! I don't know how to take you.

P: Take me for better or worse!

Z: Oh---very well then---I'll tell him. I'll tell him what has happened.

P: Take him outside and tell him. I don't want any scene here.

Z: Oh, there'll be no scene, take my word for it. You can go, Scapin. We are quite through with you.

P: I might have known that donkey's face! There are not two of them in the world! I'll reckon with you later!

Z: Oh, you know you won't. Promise me you'll forgive him for my sake.

No. 10 DUET

Zerbina

A little bell is ringing, a little bird is singing within this heart of mine,
This gladden'd heart of mine, this madden'd heart of mine, this gladden'd heart of mine!

Pandolfo

I too feel something throbbing, and violently bobbing, just where my heart should be,
My gladden'd heart should be, my gladden'd heart should be, my gladden'd heart should be.

Zerbina

Whatever can it be? It goes: tippetit, tippetit, tippetit!

Pandolfo

And I feel just like that, precisely just like that!

Mine goes: tappata, tappata, tappata!

Zerbina

Oh, is it not absurd?

BOTH

What ever can it be? What has occurred? What has occurred?

Zerbina

Tell me now!

Pandolfo

It's absurd!

Zerbina

Pray explain it.

Pandolfo

It is love!

BOTH

Yes, love!

Z: Possibly

P: Inconceivable

BOTH

Now it occurs to me, that's just what it must be! Love!

Zerbina

Tis a bell that keeps on ringing, a tiny bird keeps singing, full of glee! Full of glee!

Pandolfo

So? My heart is just like that! My heart is just like that!

Zerbina

It is ringing: tippet, tippet, tippet!

Pandolfo

Mine is singing: tappata, tappata, tappata!

BOTH

Yes, that is love,

Tho' pain we must endure it! Is there no way to cure it? Pray, no way, now way to cure it?

Yes! Marriage! Yes! Yes!

When we are both bound fast, then shall all pain be past; Yes, then shall all pain be past,

Linked in love at last!