

Nº 14. "Quando mi sei vicina.,
Recitative and Arietta.

225

Count. Rosina. Bartolo.

Voice. *C. R. B.*
Bel-la vo-ce! bra-vis-si-ma! Oh! mil-le gra-zie! Cer-to, bel-la
You have sung it en-chan-ting-ly! You're too in-dul-gent! Oh yes, it was

Piano. *p*

R.
vo - ce! Ma que-st'a-ria, co-spet-to! è as-sai noi-o - sa; la mu-si-ca a'mie tem-pi e-ra al-tra
well sung. But the song, to be can-did, I found it tire-some! ah! mu-sic was in my time an-oth-er

R.
co - sa: Ah! quan-do, per e - sem-pio, can-ta-va Caf-fa-riel-lo quel-l'a-ria por-ten-mat-ter; how well I yet re-mem-ber the air that Caf-fa-riel-lo then used to sing so

R.
to-sa la ra la la la sen - ti - te, don A - lon-so: ec - co - la qua.
fine-ly! la ra la la la you know it, Don A - lon-so? I'll sing it now.

Allegro.

R.
Quan - do mi sei vi -
Come where the wood will

Strings. *p*

Recit.

ci - - na, a - ma - bi - le Ro - si - - na_ L'a-ria di-cea Gian-
screen__us, My sweetest of Ro - si - - nas_ 'Tis in the text Se -

(Enter Figaro with a basin under his arm; he stands still behind Bartolo, and mimics him.)

ni-na, ma io di-co Ro - si-na_ Quan-do mi sei vi - ci - - na, a -
li - na, I've chang'd it to Ro - si-na_ Come where the wood will screen__us, My

ma - bi - le Ro - si - - na, il cor mi bril - la in pet - to, mi bal - la il mi - nu - et - to.
sweetest of Ro - si - - nas, When thou my way art glanc-ing, It sets my heart a - danc-ing.

p cresc.

Bartolo. (perceiving Figaro.)

Figaro.

B. F. Bra - vo, si - gnor bar - bie - re, ma bra - vo! Eh nien - te af - fat - to: scu - si, son de - bo -
Nice man - ners for a bar - ber! go on, sir! Oh pray ex - cuse me, real - ly, I did not

Bartolo.

Figaro.

B. F. lez - ze. Eb - ben, gui - do - ne, che vie - ni a fa - re? Oh bel - la! ven - go a
mean it. You rogue, come tell me, what do you come for? I come for? why what

Bartolo.

Figaro.

B. F. far - vi la bar - ba: og - gi vi toc - ca. Og - gi non vo - glio. Og - gi non vuol? Do -
else but to shave you? this is your day, sir. This day I can - not. This day you can't? I'm

Bartolo.

(puts his basin on a table, and takes a memorandum - book out of his pocket.)

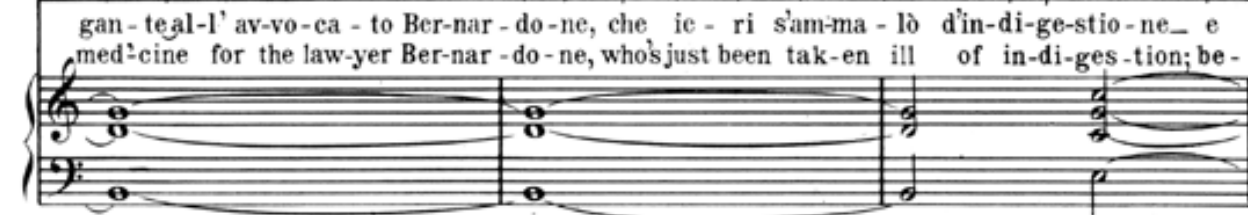
Figaro.

B. F. ma - ni non po - trò i - o. Per - chè? Perchè ho da fa - re, a tut - ti gli Uf - fi - zia - li del
sor - ry, to - morrow I can't. Why not? Because to - morrow I must at - tend the reg'tment, their

B. F. nuo - vo reg - gi - men - to, bar - ba e te - sta, al - la mar - che - sa Andro - ni - ca il bion - do par - rue -
beards will all want dressing, be - sides their shav - ing; then there is the old Marchioness who just has sent her

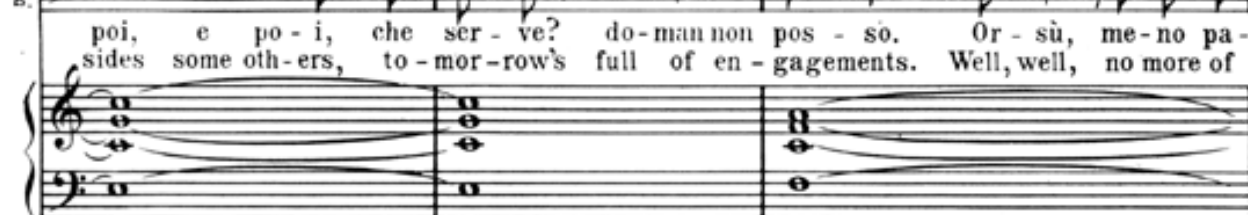
B. F. chin coi ma - ro - nè; al con - ti - no Bom - bè il ciuf - fo a cam - pa - ni - le; pur -
wig for me to dress; then the young Count Bom - bè has sent to have his hair curled; then

F. 
 gan-teal-l' av-vo-ca - to Ber-nar-do-ne, che ie - ri s'am-ma - lò d'in-di-ge-stio-ne_ e
 med^lcine for the law-ye-r Ber-nar-do-ne, who's just been tak-en ill of in-di-ges-tion; be-

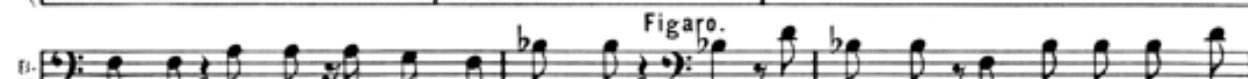


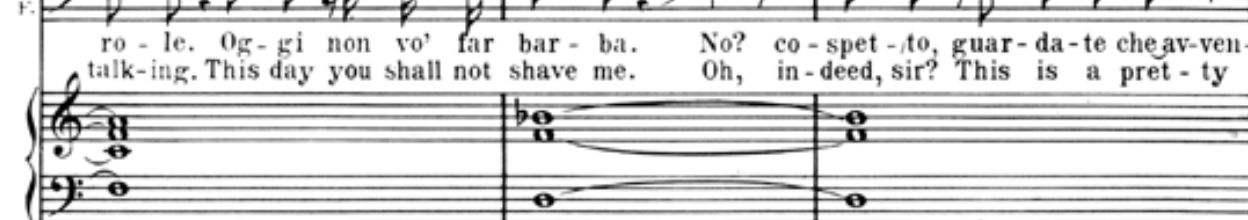
(replacing the book in his pocket)

F. 
 poi, e po - i, che ser - ve? do-man non pos - so. Or - sù, me-no pa-
 sides some oth-ers, to - mor-row's full of en - gage-ments. Well, well, no more of



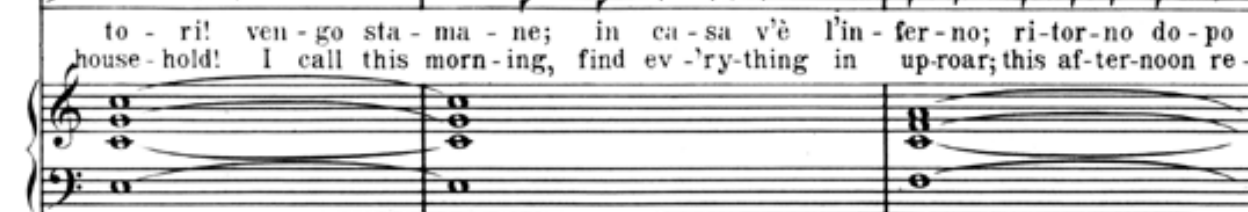
Bartolo.

F. 
 ro - le. Og - gi non vo' far bar - ba. No? co - spet - to, guar - da - te che av-ven-
 talk-ing. This day you shall not shave me. Oh, in-deed, sir? This is a pret - ty



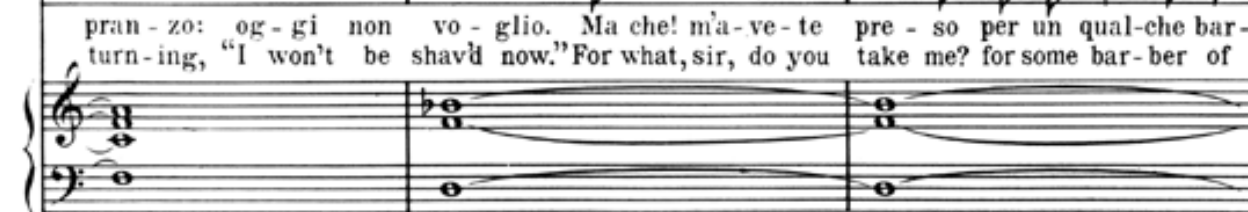
Figaro.

F. 
 to - ri! ven - go sta - ma - ne; in ca - sa v'è l'in - fer-no; ri-tor-no do-po
 house-hold! I call this morn-ing, find ev - 'ry-thing in up-roar; this af-ter-noon re-



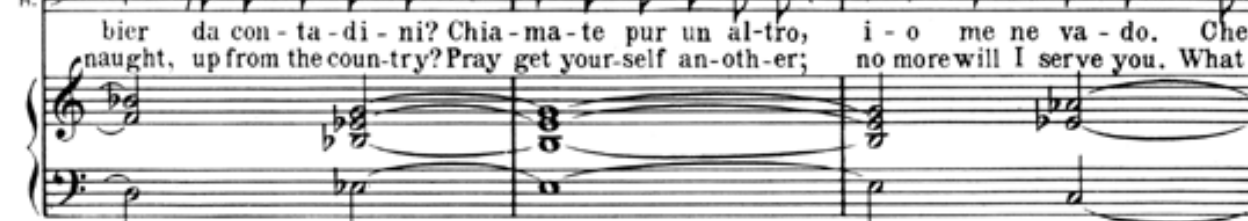
(imitating Bartolo)

F. 
 pran - zo: og - gi non vo - gliò. Ma che! m'a-ve-te pre - so per un qual-che bar-
 turn-ing, "I won't be shav'd now." For what, sir, do you take me? for some bar-ber of



(taking up his basins as though about to go)

F. 
 bier da con - ta - di - ni? Chia - ma - te pur un al-tro, i - o me ne va - do. Che
 naught, up from the coun-try? Pray get your-self an-oth-er; no more will I serve you. What



Bartolo.

U.
ser-ve? a mo-do su-o. Ve-di che fan-ta-si-a! vajn ca-me-ra a pi-gliar la bian-che-
nonsense! he'll have his own way. Was ev-er man so wil-ful? There, go and fetch from my room the soap and

(takes from his belt a bunch of keys, first gives them to Figaro,
then takes them back again, and goes out doubtfully)

Figaro.

B.
F.
ri - a. No, va-do io stes-so. (Ah, se mi da-vajn ma-no il maz-zo del-le
tow-el. No, I my-self will. (Oh, if he'd on-ly give me that bunch of keys a

(to Rosina)

F.
chia-vi, e-ro a ca-val-lo.) Di-te: non è fra quel-le la chia-ve che a-pre
mo-moment, all would be right then.) Tell me, if on that bunch he is hold-ing, there's the

Rosina.

Bartolo. (returning)

F.
K.
U.
quel-la ge-lo-si-a? Sì, cer-to, è la più nuo-va. (Ah son pur
key of the ve-ran-dah? Yes, sure-ly, it is the small-est. (I fear 'tis

B.
buo-no a la-sciar qua quel dia-vol di bar-bie-re!) A-ni-mo, va tu stes-so! Pas-
dan-g'rous leav-ing her with this ras-cal of a bar-ber!) Fi-ga-ro, you go for me; the

(giving the keys to Figaro)

B.
sa-to il cor-ri-dor, so-pra l'ar-ma-dio, il tut-to tro-ve-ra-i. Ba-da,
last room on the right, just by the win-dow, you'll find all that is want-ing. Go now,

Figaro.

B. F.
non toe-car nul-la. Eh? non son mat-to. (Al-le-gri!) Va-do e
mind you touch no-thing. Oh! I'm no block-head! (How luck-y!) I'm back di-

(goes in) Bartolo. (to the Count)
tor-no. (Il col-po è fat-to.) E quel bric-con cheal
rect-ly. (Our tri-umph is cer-tain.) That is the scamp who

Count.
con-te ha por-ta-to il bi-gliet-to di Ro-si-na. Mi sem-bra un im-bro-gli-on di pri-ma
car-ried to the Count the let-ter of Ro-si-na. He seems to be a con-sum-mate in-

(a great crash is heard as of crockery breaking)
Bartolo.
sfe-ra. Eh! a me non me la fic-ca Ah di-sgra-zia-to me!
tri-guer. Ah! but me there's no de-lu-ding Gra-cious! what is that noise!

Rosina. Bartolo. (exit Bartolo) Count.
Ah che ru-mo-re! Oh che bric-con! me lo di-ce-va il co-re. Quel Fi-ga-ro è un grand'
There's something broken! Rascal and cheat! A fool was I to send him! That Fi-ga-ro's a

(to Rosina)
uo-mo. Or che si-am so-li, di-te-mi, o ca-ra, il vo-stro al mio de-
ge-nius. Now is the mo-ment! tell me then, my dear-est, oh wilt thou en-trust thy

Rosina. (ardently)

C.
R.
sti - no d'u - nir sie - te con - ten - ta? Fran - chez - za! Ah! mio Lin - do - ro,
fu - ture to thy de - vot - ed lov - er? say frank - ly! Yes, my Lin - do - ro,

(reenter Bartolo and Figaro.) **Count.** **Bartolo.**

R.
C.
B.
al - tro io non bra - mo. Eb - ben? Tut - to m'ha rot - to, sei piat - ti, ot - to bic -
with thee, with thee on - ly. Thou wilt? Ah me! all's bro - ken, my dish - es, my thir - teen

Figaro. (secretly showing the key of the bal -

B.
F.
chie - ri, u - na ter - ri - na. Ve - de - te che gran co - sa! ad u - na chia - ve se iononmattac -
tumblers, down to my punchbowl. They sav'd a grea - ter mischief, their breaking warn'd me for if I had not

cony to the Count, which he has taken off the bunch)

F.
ca - va per for - tu - na, per quel ma - le - det - tis - si - mo cor - ri - dor co - sì o - scu - ro, spez -
for - tu - nate - ly smash'd them, I cer - tain - ly had run against yonder wall in the darkness and,

F.
za - to mi sa - re - i la te - sta al mu - ro. Tie - ne o - gni stan - za al bu - io, e po - i, e
may - be, dash'd my brains out, just to o - blige you. What with the fast clos'd shutters, and al - so, and

Bartolo. **Figaro.** (to the Count and Rosina) **Bartolo.** (settles himself in a seat to be shaved).

F.
B.
po - i Oh non più. Dun - que an - diam. (Giu - di - zio.) A no - i.
al - so Say no more. I'll be - gin. (He's watching.) Be - gin, then.

(enter Don Basilio)