

paz-za ge-lo-si-a ti ri-dur-re-sti a qual-che brut-to pas-so?
most un-ru-ly tem-per would sure-ly bring you ere long in-to some trouble?

Masetto. Zerlina. Masetto. Zerlina.
do-ve ti duo-le? Qui. E po-i? Qui, e anco-ra qui! E poi non ti duol
Where does it hurt you? Here. Be-sides, where? Here, and al-so here! Is nothing else the

Masetto.
al-tro? Duol-mi un po-co que-sto piè, que-sto brac-cio, e que-sta
mat-ter? Yes, there's some-thing with this foot, and this el-bow, I can-not

Zerlina.
ma-no. Via, via, non è gran mal, se il re-sto è sa-no.
bend it. Come, come, if that's the worst, there's no great harm done.

Vien-le-ne me-co a ca-sa; pur-ché tu mi pro-met-ta des-se-re men ge-
Come with me home to sup-per, and give your faith-ful prom-ise you'll nev-er-more be

lo-so, io, io ti gua-ri-rò, ca-ro il mio spo-so.
jeal-ous; those bruis-es can be cured, where love is zeal-ous.

Nº 18. "Vedrai, carino.,

Grazioso.

Aria.

Messa voce. *Colla.* *tr.* *Wood.*

Zerlina.
Ve-drai, ca-ri-no, se sei buo-ni-no, che bel ri-me-di-o
Come, shall I tell thee How what be-fell thee Soon can be cured By

fi vo-glio dar! *tr.* *17 & what* *tr.* E na-tu-ra-le,
 my po-tent charm? *tr.* No garden grows it, *tr.*

tr. non dà di-sgu-sto, e lo spe-zia-le non lo sa far, no,
 Tho' it a bound-eth, Like furnace glows it, Yet none 'twill harm, no,

non lo sa far, no, non lo sa far. E un cer-to bal-sa-mo
 none it will harm, no, none it will harm. All guard and cherish it,

che por-lead-dos-so, da-re fel pos-so, se il vuoi pro-var.
 Gold can-not buy it, Say, wilt thou try it? Soft 'tis, and warm.

tr. Sa-per vor-re-si *tr.*
 Canst thou not guess it? *tr.*

do-ve mi sta, do-ve, do-ve, do-ve mi sta?
 Has thy wit flown, say has all thy wit then flown?

Sen - ti - lo bat - te - re,
Hear how it throbs with-in,

*Fl.
Cl.
Fag.*

Strs. & Corni

Toc - ca mi quà, sen - ti - lo
'Tis all thy own, Hear how it

mf

bat - te - re, sen ti - lo bat - te - re, toc - ca-mi
throbs with-in, hear how it throbs within. 'Tis all thine

p mf p Wind

Flauti & Viol.

quà! sen - ti - lo bat - te - re, sen - ti - lo bat - te - re,
own, hear how it throbs with-in, hear how it throbs with-in,

mf p mf p

sen - ti - lo bat - te - re, toc - ca-mi quà! quà! quà!
hear how it throbs with-in, 'Tis all thine own, thine, thine!

tr

sen - ti - lo bat - te - re, toc-ca-mi quà! quà! toc-ca-mi quà, quà!
Hear how it throbs with-in, Ah 'tis thine on-ly, it is thine on-ly,

z. *toc-ca-mi quà, quà, toc-ca-mi quà!*
It is thine on - ly, 'Tis all thine own!

cresc. *f.* *tr.* *p.* *pp.*

Scene. A dark courtyard, with three doors, before the house of Donna Anna. Leporello with Donna Elvira on his arm. He is wearing Don Giovanni's hat and cloak.

Recit. Leporello.

L. *Di mol-te fa - ci il lu - me sav - vi - ci - na - gio mioben; stia - mo qui a - sco - si,*
Lights ev-'rywhere surround us, some are com-ing this way; We'll stand a - side here,

Donna Elvira.

L. *fin - chè da noi si sco - sta. Ma che te - mi, a - do - ra - to mio spo - so?*
where they will not per-ceive us. My a - dored one, and why should they not see us?

Leporello.

L. *Nul-la, nul - la cer-ti ri - guar-di, io vo've-der se il lu-me è già lon - ta - no. (Ah*
Oh, for reasons, certain pre - cautions. Just let me see, I think they are re - treating. (How

Donna Elvira.

(Leporello goes further away)

L. *co-me da co-stei ti - be - rar - mi?) Riman-ti-a - ni - ma bel-la. Ah! non la - sciar-mi!*
shall I fly, and she not per-ceive me?) My dear, wait here a moment. Ah, do not leave me!