

No. 26/12 Aria Fräule

Wenn dem Adler das Gefieder
Aus der grauen Höh' erblickt,
Beugt sich alles vor ihm nieder,
Staunet, starret und erschrickt.

Ich ein Habicht von der Wiege,
Zähl mich in des Adlers Fach,
Operistinn! fürcht mein' Siege,
Dich zu beugen ist mein Sach.

When the eagle's plumage
Appears from the grey heavens,
Everyone bows down before him,
Awed, stunned, and afraid.

I, a Habicht by birth,
Count myself in the eagle's class.
Diva, fear my triumph,
To humble you is my task.

No. 30/16 Recit and Aria Fräule

Basta, vinceresti, eccoli il foglio.
Vedi, quanto t' adoro ancora ingrato!
Con un tuo sguardo solo
Mi togli ogni difesa e mi disarmi.
Ed hai cor di tradirmi? E vuoi lasciarmi?

Ah, non lasciarmi, nò,
Bell' idol mio.
Di chei mi fiderò,
Se tu m'inganni?

(Metastasio, *Didone abbandonata*)

Enough, you have one; here is the letter.
You see how much I still adore you, ingrate!
With only a single look
You break my every defense and disarm me.
You have the heart to betray me? And can leave me?

Ah, do not leave me, no,
My lovely idol.
In whom shall I trust
If you deceive me?

No. 29/15 Aria Fränzl

Wie ist mir leicht ums Herz,
Mir entweicht aller Schmerz,
Weil ich itzt sagen kann,
Ich hab schon meinen Mann.

Uns Stubenmägde plagt,
Was jede andre klagt;
Ein gewiß Herzenweh,
Von Seufzen nach der Eh'.

Mägdchen bey meiner Freud,
Ich wünsche allen heut,
Daß euch dies Herzenweh,
Noch dieses Jahr vergeh.

How light is my heart,
All my sorrow vanishes,
Because now I can say:
I have my husband.

We chambermaids suffer
From what all others complain of;
An aching of the heart,
From sighing for marriage.

Maidens, by my joy
Today I wish all of you
That this aching of your heart
Will vanish this year, too.

[Exit dancing]

No. 11 Aria Bär

Bey meiner Seel, dies wäre viel,
Kein Sänger singt all's, was er will;
Er hat sein Ziel.

In dem lobt man nur,
Passagen, Bravour,
Im tönenden Gesang,
Hat jener den Rang;
Der zwickt den Falset,
Und wird sehr erhebt.
Man staunt bey dem Mann,
Die Tiefe des Ton.
Wo bleibt das Crescendo?
Wie klingt das Calando?
Die schmelzende Bindung,
Die schmachtende Schwindung?
Wie sind die Gruppetten,
Tenuten, Falseten?
Das Liscio Staccato?
Das Tempo rubbato,
Dann das Sincopiren,
Und andre Manieren?
Kurz: das Portament;
Das Trillern am End?

By my soul, that would be too much,
No singer sings everything he wishes;
He has his limits.

In this singer one praises only
passaggi and bravura,
For sonorous singing
That one is prized;
This one pinches his falsetto
And is exalted.
All wonder at depth of
That man's tone.
Where is the crescendo?
How does the calando sound?
The melting legato,
The crooning morendo?
How are the gruppettos,
Tenutos, falsettos?
The liscio staccato?
The tempo rubato,
Then the syncopation,
And other devices?
Finally, the portamento,
The trilling at the end?