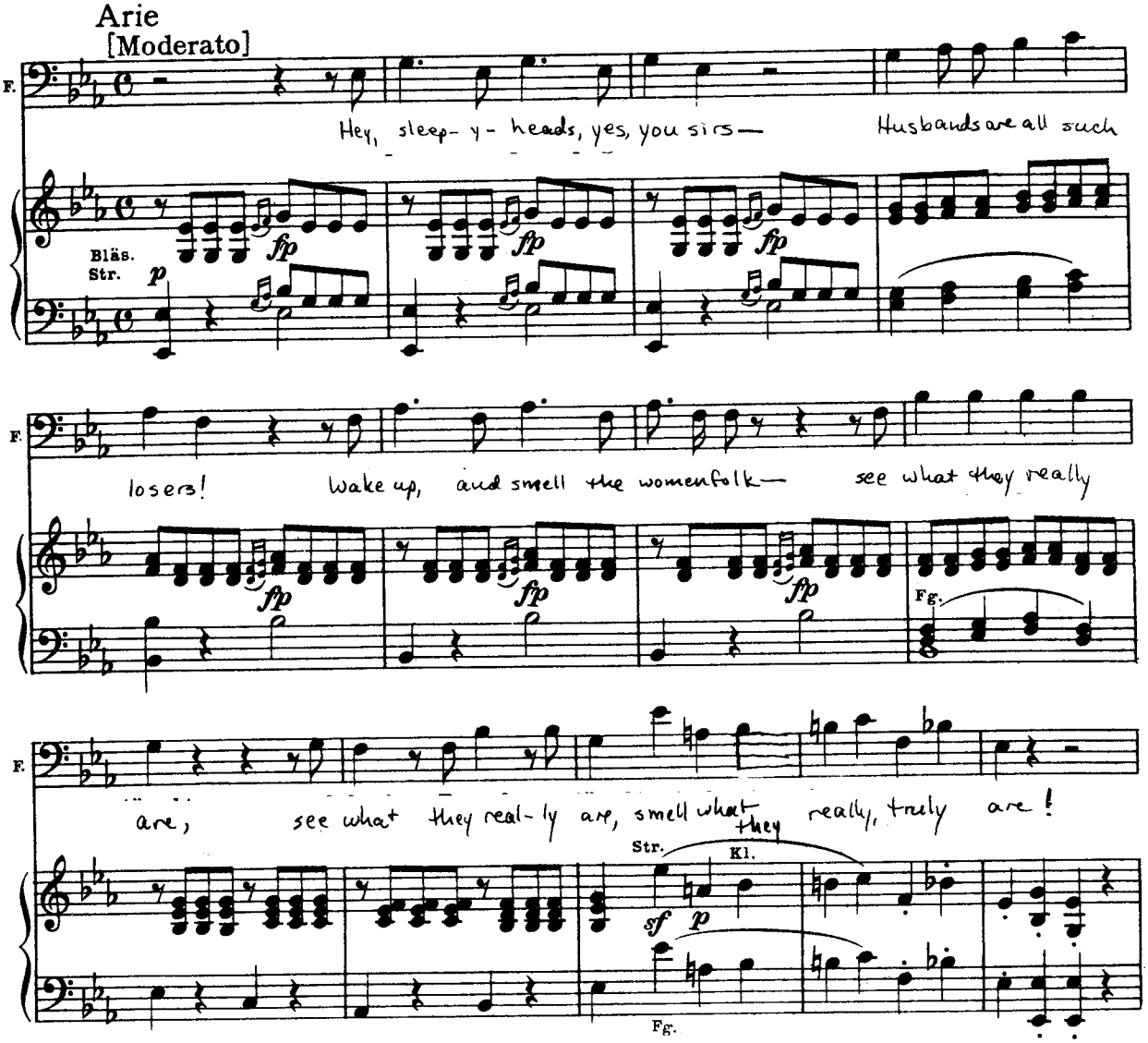
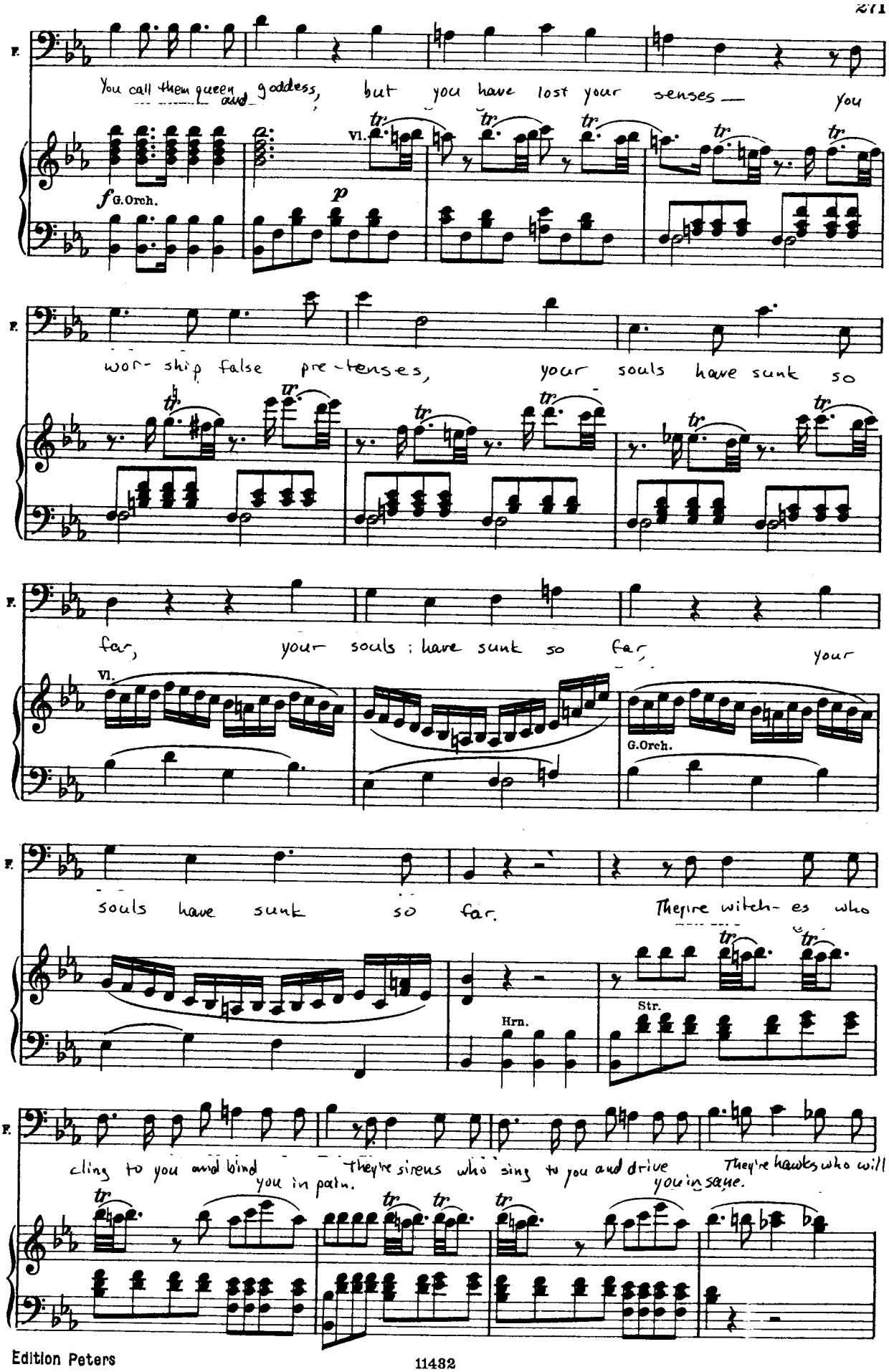
No. 26: Figaro


Arie
[Moderato]
F.
Hey, sleep- y- heads, yes, you sirs— Husbands are all such
Bläs.
Str.
losers! Wake up, and smell the womenfolk— see what they really
Fg.
are, see what they real- ly are, smell what they really, truly are!
Str.
Kl.
Fg.



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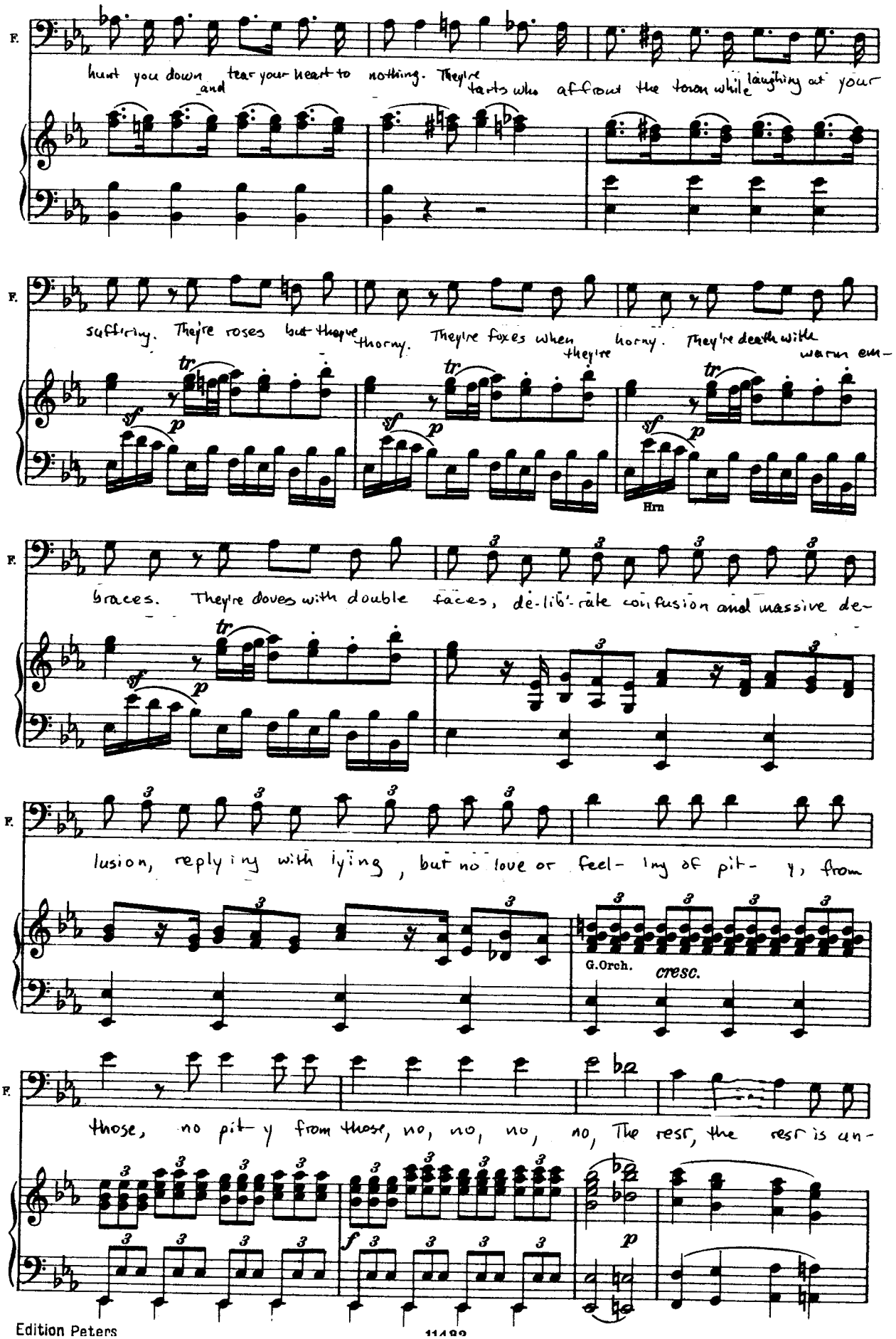
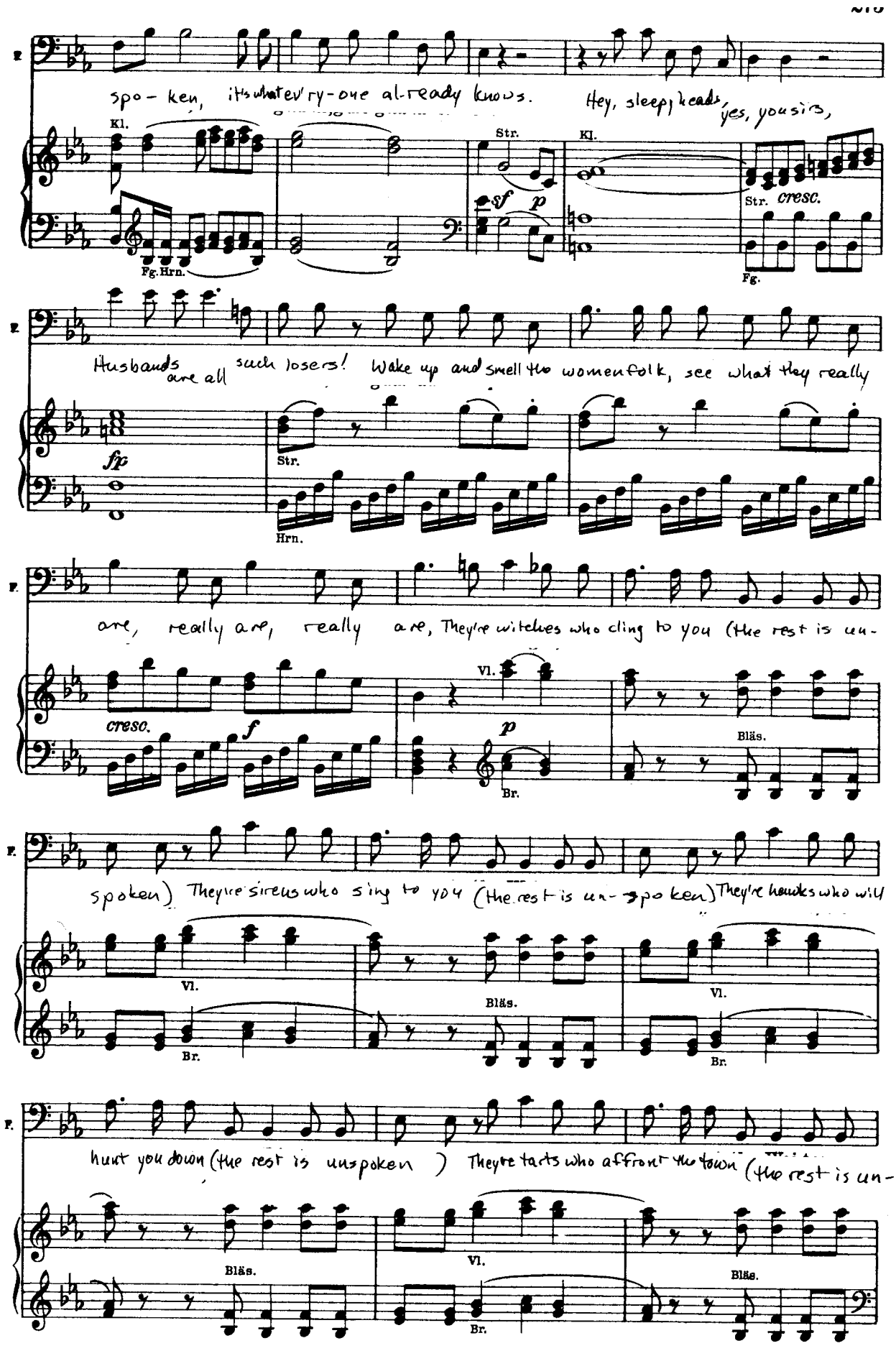
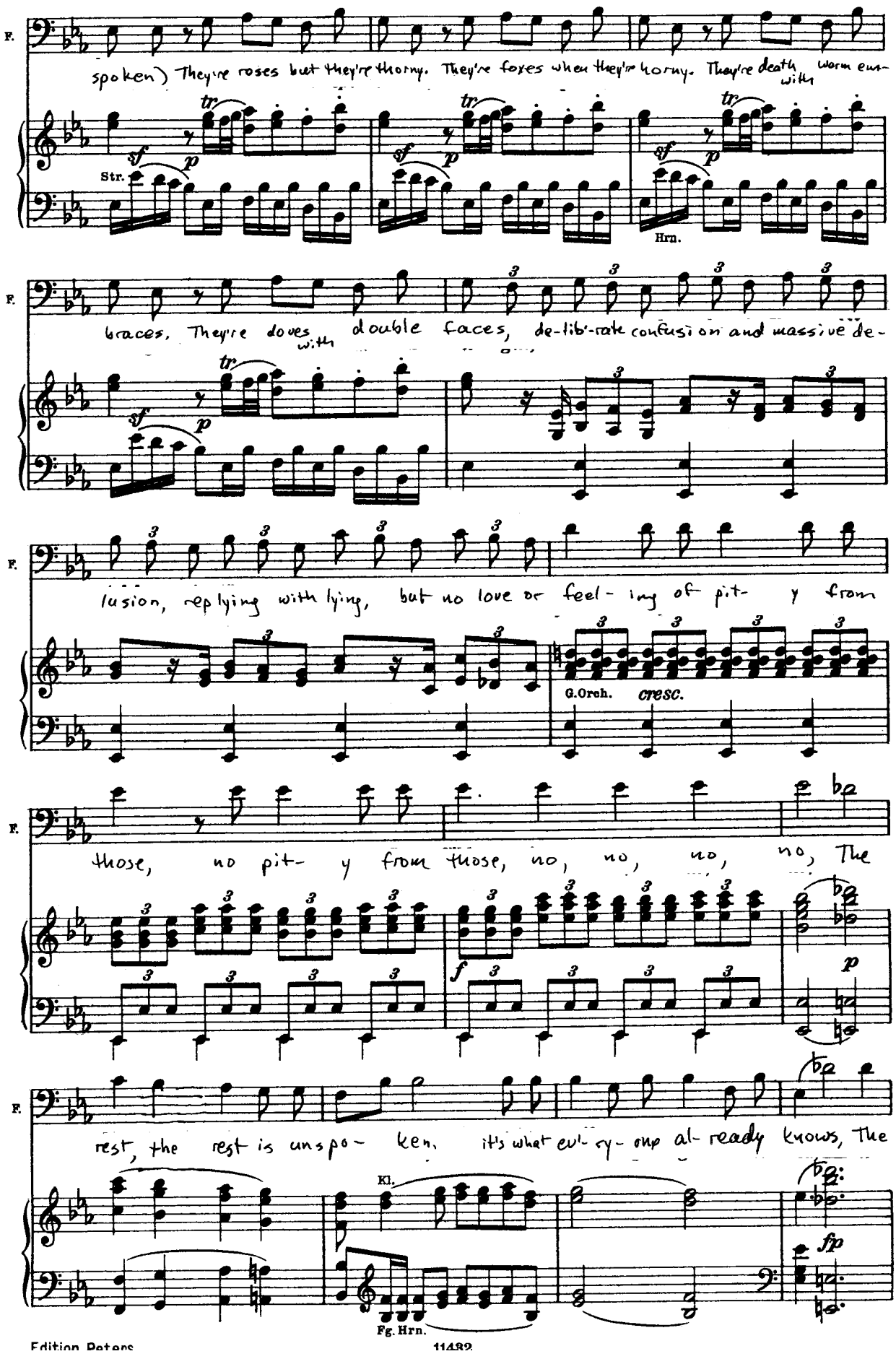
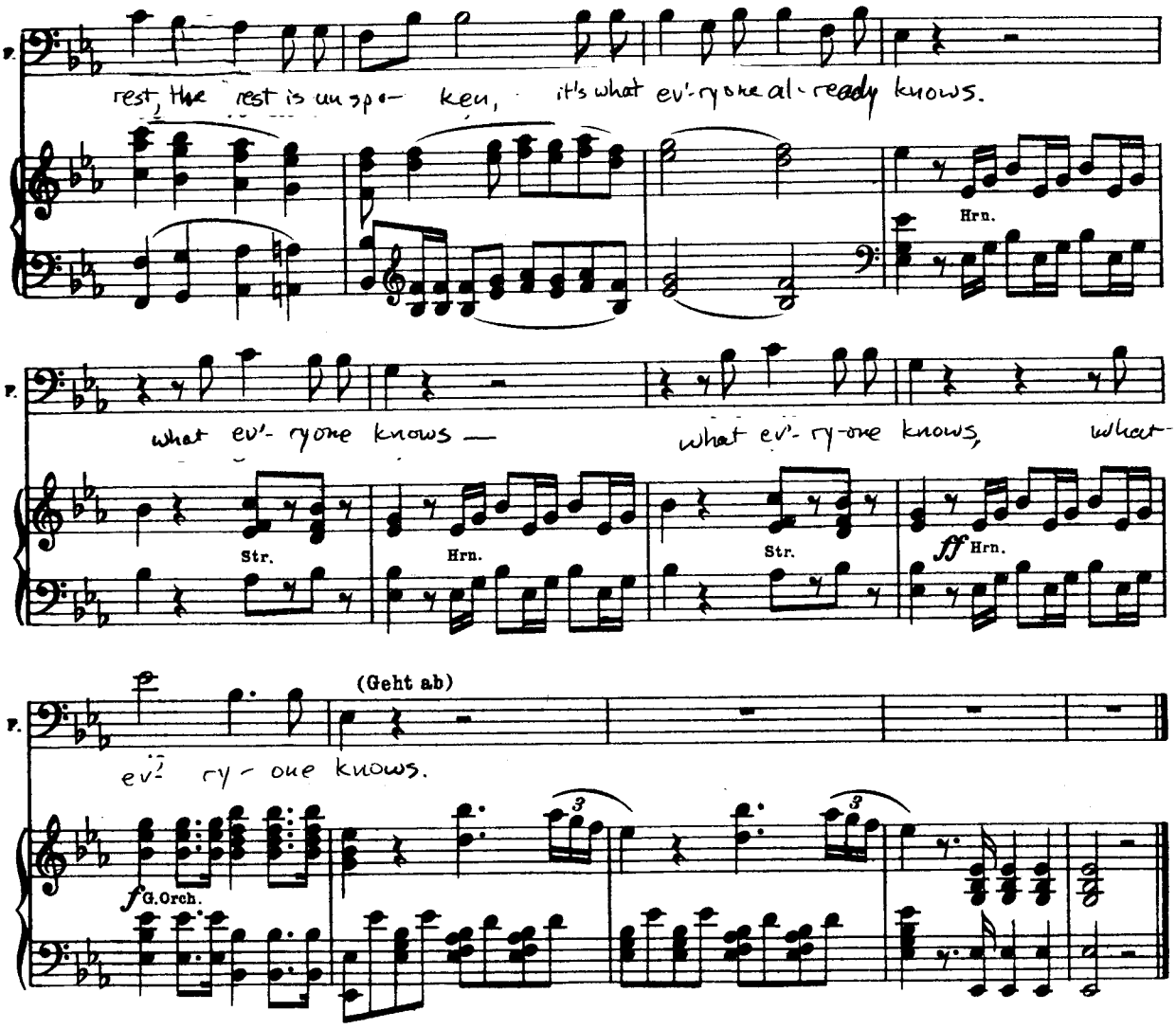

F.
hunt you down and tear your heart to nothing. They're tarts who affront the town while laughing at your
F.
suffering. They're roses but they've thorny. They're foxes when they're horny. They're death with warm em-
Hrn
F.
braces. They're doves with double faces, de-lib'-rate confusion and massive de-
F.
lusion, replying with lying, but no love or feel- ing of pit- y, from
G.Orch.
cresc.
F.
those, no pit- y from those, no, no, no, no, The rest, the rest is un-


F.
spo - ken, it's whatev'ry-one al-ready knows. Hey, sleepy heads, yes, you sirs,
Kl.
Str.
Kl.
Fg. Hrn.
sf
p
Str. cresc.
Fg.
F.
Husbands are all such losers! Wake up and smell the womenfolk, see what they really
fp
Str.
Hrn.
F.
are, really are, really are, They're witches who cling to you (the rest is un-
cresc.
f
Vl.
p
Br.
Bläs.
F.
spoken) They're sirens who sing to you (the rest is un-spoken) They're hawks who will
Vl.
Br.
Bläs.
Vl.
Br.
F.
hunt you down (the rest is unspoken) They're tarts who affront the town (the rest is un-
Bläs.
Vl.
Br.
Bläs.


F.
spoken) They're roses but they're thorny. They're foxes when they're horny. They're death with worm em-
Str.
Hrn.
F.
braces. They're doves with double faces, de-lib-rate confusion and massive de-
F.
lusion, replying with lying, but no love or feel-ing of pit- y from
G.Orch.
cresc.
F.
those, no pit- y from those, no, no, no, no, The
F.
rest, the rest is unspo- ken. it's what ev'-ry- one al- ready knows, The
Kl.
Fg. Hrn.
Edition Peters
11482


rest, the rest is unspo- ken, it's what ev'-ryone al-ready knows.
Hrn.
what ev'- ryone knows — what ev'- ry-one knows, what-
Str.
Hrn.
Str.
ff Hrn.
(Geht ab)
ev'- ry- one knows.
f G.Orch.