

*Zerbinetta*

**ARIA** Great, high and mighty princess! You don't understand that such a noble and exalted highborn lady's tragic love can be compared on a scale with everybody else, the same as mortal common girls and yet, aren't we just women after all, and underneath that noble frame there beats a trembling, a trembling human heart!

It's hard to talk of weakness, to confess it to ourselves, confession's bitter sweet, but isn't it a great relief?

Now you refuse to listen. Proud and lovely, still as stone, an angel carved in marble, upon your tomb you stand. You tolerate no other kind of friendship than that of rocks and that of waving ocean.

Princess, your not the only one, listen to me. We all, yes, we all have had times like this... who is the girl who hasn't suffered and still survived it?

Abandoned, in a turmoil, left alone! Ah, desert isles like this one are uncountable in seas of lonely people! I, yes I have found myself deserted more than once, yet I don't place the blame on men who've loved and left me. Faithless, oh yes! so unfeeling, stop at nothing... Just a fleeting day, a passionate night, a shift in the wind, a wandering eye, their hearts have been lost (changed), but can women truly say we are less cruel, less fallible, less likely to have a sudden change -- of heart?

Believing that I am finally settled, so sure of myself and the man that I love, my heart is confused by restless emotions, suddenly a need to try a little freedom, needing again the exciting adventure of feeling the thrill of a new secret love! I seem so true, yet truth is an illusion. I try to be good, and fail completely! The scales in the measure of hearts have been weighted, and half in confusion, with best of intentions I'm forced to betray them, betraying their trust and yet loving them all! Believing that I am so sure of myself, my heart is confused by restless emotions, suddenly needing the thrill of a new love...

The first one was Pagliazzo, then Mezzetin, then came Cavicchio, and Burattin, then Pasquariello! And I remember one situation, two at one time! But never lightly, always with passion driving me on to such crazy surprises!  
Can a heart be such a stranger to itself? Such a stranger to itself!

As a god each one appeared to me, the effect was love at first sight! Only a kiss on the forehead and I was completely in his power, I surrendered then and there.

As a god appeared each new lover, it was love - at first sight. All he had to do was kiss me, I surrendered then and there.

As a god appeared each new lover, every one had me transported, all he had to do was kiss me, I was in his power, transported then and there!

I surrend---dered, AH!---

Then another god appeared, I surrendered, I was spent, spent!