10. Tabor and Drum
Pietro, Bartolo, Nita, Women

(Charivari without. Enter Chorus of Girls, running and heralding the approach of Pietro, Bartolo and Nita. Pietro is driving a Palermo donkey-cart. Bartolo is dressed as a clown, Nita as a ropedancer. Bartolo carries a big drum and Pandeian pipes.)
Hey for their mum-me-ry, Fro-lic and flum-me-ry, For to my dull Coun-tri-fied skull

Nothing sub-lu-na-ry E-quals buf-foon-ery! Folk of our kind

Fre-quent-ly find Jokes that are sen-si-ble In-com-pre-hen-si-ble. Here, I ad-mit,
Sop

Alt

Piano

Pietro

Sop

Alt

Piano

Pietro

Bart

Piano

85
That here's and ex-hibition that is highly intellectual. To
metrical and tuny verse--

Come, empty all your pockets, for I'm

not a common moun-te-bank--I've money in the Coun-ty Bank--

He's mon-ey in the Coun-ty Bank.
can give you value for your persons insignificant, And I'll return 'em if I can't.

And

he'll return 'em if he can't.

Though I'm a buffoon, recollect I command your respect! I

cannot for money vulgarly funny, My object's to make you reflect.
True humour's a matter in which I'm exceedingly rich. It
ought to delight you, Although at first sight, you may not recognize it as
sich. Other clowns make you laugh till you sink When they tip you a
wink; With attitude antic, they render you frantic— I don't. I compel you to think! For
oh this is a world of insincerity and trouble, And joy is imbecility, and
hapiness a bubble, And you're a lot of butterflies who flutter thro' a summer. And
he's a moun-te-bank, and I'm a miser-a-ble mumsner. Chorus unison

It's possible the world is insincerity and trouble, And hapiness, for all I know, is nothing but a bubble; Per-
haps we may be butterflies who flutter thro' a summer, But you're, without a doubt a very

mis-erable mum-mer!

I've a dance that came from France Not long a-

go- It's worthy of your silver and your copper. It's my
own, and I alone Its mazes know-

It's graceful and particularly

proper. I assist As soloist, Upon a squeeze, On the

trumpet and the kettle-drum sonorous, I've a song that's just as long As you may

please— Twenty verses and each verse has got a chorus! Unis all women

Now, colla voce.
that's the kind of merri ment you ought to set before us; Only fancy twenty verses, and each verse has got a chorus. To such an entertainment we could listen for a summer; But save us from the humour of this melancholy mumer!