25. Oh, please you not to go away
Nita, Ultrice, Pietro, Alfredo, Elvino, Bartolo and Chorus

Oh, please you not to go away
Until you've seen the clock-work

They're full of complicated springs,
And weights, and
wheels, and cat-gut strings, You wind 'em up, just in the back, With


crack-y, crack-y, crack-y, crack, Then all the wheels, revolving


quick, Go tick-y, tick-y, tick-y, tick, And then the


figures eat and drink, And walk and talk, and wink and think, And quarrel,
Women

all the wheels, revolving quick, Go tick-y, tick-y, tick-y, tick. It's very true, The one's a man, It's very quaint, the other ain't.

Men

all the wheels, revolving quick, Go tick-y, tick-y, tick-y, tick.

piano

Tutti sopranos

true, it's very quaint, The one's a man, the other ain't!

altns

The one's a man, the other ain't!
Moderato

May it please your Graces, These are figures two, Who, in port and pages, Show you

something new. Note their human faces, And the things they do: we've served front places, Hallo! Why it's you! Alfre-do and Ultri-ce!

Note their human faces, And the things they do: we've served front places, Hallo! Why it's you! Alfre-do and Ultri-ce!
Moderato

Alfredo

Spare your un-restrained loquacity, Listen while we the

Elvino

fy veracity?

Women

fy veracity?

Men

piano

Alfredo

truth uncloak. At Vino’s base de-

piano

Ultrace

The Duke and Duchess aping.

Alfredo

sign, We drank the cursed

piano
For which we all were gapping.

Then all at once we

Into the wizard's clutches.

Who changed us, strange to

Genuine and

To genuine Duke and
Ultrice: Duch-ess.

Alfredo: Women: Men:

"Duch-ess. Don't ask for further details, cease your chatter;"

But

"We've chat-ter;"

"We've told you all we know about the matter."

"We may as well re-strain our use-less"

piano
A woman's voice sings:

"chatter; They've told us all they know about the matter!"

A man's voice joins in:

"They've told us all they know about the matter!"

A piano provides accompaniment.

A man's voice continues:

"There's only one thing to be done, destroy the antidote by fierce ignition, And thereby bring back every"
Pietro; \text{one} \quad \text{To his (or her) original condition!}

Women; \text{Men}

piano

Women; \text{allegro}

Men; \text{allegro}

piano

Men; \text{gladly lose, Here is an end to our calling clerical.}

piano

234
Women

Now they may marry whenever they choose, All of us are with

Men

It nay

piano

It try

I!"It

It marry,

All of us are with

Nita

We shall be human, bodily and limb,

Bartolo

We shall be human, bodily and limb,

Women

joy hysterical.

piano

Hap - py to think our state is cur - a - ble.

Nita

Bartolo

Hap - py to think our state is cur - a - ble.

piano
Pietro

†

They're getting exceedingly unendurable!

Women

Sandal and shoon we gladly lose,

Here is an end to our

Men

calling clerical, Now they may marry whenever they choose,

piano

134, 137, 140

134
Women

All of us are with joy hysterical,
All of us are with joy

Men

Piano

joy hysterical. Hurrah!
Quick,

Women

quick, the antidote!

Men

How

Piano

237
Pietro

Women

Men

piano

I had it in this coat, Safe in my pocket-book.

hor - ri - fied you look!

The truth I must admit, Some thief has

Allegro non troppo

stolen it!

Oh horror!

Accursed!

Allegro non troppo
Pietro: May I not yet leave, my sorrowing heart;
      If I can't find the antidote to-day,
      I die in pity!

      *  *  *

Piano: Stat-ing, Have pity! If I can't find the antidote to-day, I die in pity!

Pietro: Agonies excruciating!
      Commencing with a gentle pain scarce worth a

      *  *  *

Piano: It grows apace till you complain of indigestion; Then follows an internal fire

Pietro: Question, It grows apace till you complain of indigestion; Then follows an internal fire

      *  *  *

Piano: Mutil-sions, Until ere night fall you expire in fierce con-vulsion!

Women: Ac-curs-ed

Men:  

Piano:  

241
sor-cerer! Thou demon-leagued traitor!
Ill omened har-berger! Low-born e-qui-voc-
ca-tor! This is a hideous plot To
Women

rob us of your sen-ses, Re-store us on the spot, Or

Men

dread the con-se-ques-ces! Re-store us on the spot, Or

piano

209

213

217