An Entirely Original Comic Opera Entitled

The Mountebanks

Written by W.S. Gilbert
Composed by Alfred Cellier

Produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, under the management of Mr. Horace Sedger, on January 4th, 1892.
The Opera produced under the Musical Direction of Mr. Ivan Caryll.

Dramatis Personae

ARROSTINO ANNEGATO, Captain of the Tamorras — a Secret Society
GIORGIO RAVIOLO, a Member of his Band
LUIGI SPAGHETTI, a Member of his Band
ALFREDO, a Young Peasant, loved by Ultrice, but in love with Teresa
PIETRO, Proprietor of a Troupe of Mountebanks
BARTOLO, his Clown
ELVINO DI PASTA, an Innkeeper
RISOTTO, one of the Tamorras — just married to Minestra
BEppo
TERESA, a Village Beauty, loved by Alfredo, and in love with herself
ULTRICE, in love with, and detested by, Alfredo
NITA, a Dancing Girl
MINESTRA, Risotto’s Bride

Tamorras, Monks, Village Girls.

ACT I. Elvino’s Inn on a Sicilian Pass.

ACT II. A Monastery by Moonlight.

DATE. Early in the Nineteenth Century.

This score was produced by Jim Cooper and Adam Cuerden, based on midi files by Clifton Coles and Ronald Orenstein. Other proofreaders include Robin Gordon-Powell and Scott Farrell. To report changes and corrections, contact jim@labsoftware.com
1. The Chaunt of the Monks

W S Gilbert

(As the curtain rises, a procession of Dominican Monks winds down the set pieces on the stage.)
Monks

13

Mi-se-re-re! Umbra fe-re!

Pau-per sum diabolus Sem-per dolens;

no-lens, vo-lens, Monachus moe-stiss-i-mus!

18

21
The procession of Monks exit. As they are going off, Giorgio, a member of the Tamorra Secret Society, appears on the set, and watches them off. As soon as the coast is clear, he comes down, and beckons to the rest of the band, who, headed, by Luigi, appear from various entrances, and come down mysteriously.)
Chorus of Tamorras

Tenors

We are members of a secret society, (hush!)

Basses

Working by the moon's uncertain disc,

Our
Tenors

mot-to is "Re-venge with-out anx-i-e-ty," That is, with-out un-ne-ces-sa-ry

Basses

8

risk. (hush!) We spend our nights on damp straw and squa-lid hay. When_

Tenors

trade is not par-tic-u-lar-ly brisk, (hush!) But now and then we take a lit-tle
hol-i-day, And spend our hon-est ear-nings in a frisk, (hush!)

Five hun-dred years a-go our an-ces-tor's next door neigh-bour

Had a moth-er whose bro-ther by some means or other In-

staccato
This cured three months' hard labour.

Three months' hard labour!

wrongful sentence, though, On his head he contrived to do it, As it

tarnish'd our 'scutch eon which ne'er had a touch on; We swore mankind should rue it.
Yes, yes, yes, We swore man-kind should rue it.
So we're members of a secret society (hush!) Working by the moon's uncertain...
Tenors

Our motto is "Revenge without anxiety."

Basses

That is, without unnecessary risk.
ELVINO. Bless my heart, what are you all doing here? How comes it that you have ventured in so large a body so near to the confines of civilization? And by daylight, too! It seems rash.

GIORGIO. Elvino, we are here under circumstances of a romantic and sentimental description. We are all going to be married!

ELVINO. What, all of you?

LUIGI. One each day during the next three weeks. What do you say to that?

ELVINO. Why, that it strikes at the root of your existence as a Secret Society, that’s all. And who is to be the first?

GIORGIO. The first is Risotto, who went down to the village this morning, disguised as a stockbroker, to be married to Minestra, and we expect the happy couple back every minute. The next is Giuseppe, he’s to be married tomorrow, Luigi on Thursday, and so on until we are all worked off. As we are twenty-four in number, that will occupy twenty-four days, which are to be passed in unceasing revelry — and our captain, Arrostino, intends to confer upon you the benefit of our custom.

ELVINO. There I think he is right. I am out of wine just now, but I have a family prescription for fine old crusted Chianti, which I will send to the nearest chemist to be compounded at once. There’s only one thing for which I must stipulate; let these revels be as joyous, as reckless, as rollicking as you please — only, let them be conducted in a whisper.

LUIGI. What, because we are a Secret Society? We are not as secret as all that.

ELVINO. No; but because there is a considerable portion of a poor old Alchemist on the second floor who is extremely unwell. You wouldn’t go for to disturb the dying moments of a considerable portion of a poor old Alchemist?

GIORGIO. You are unusually considerate. What’s the matter with him?

ELVINO. Why, the poor old boy is continually blowing himself up with dynamite in his researches after the Philosopher’s Stone. Well, that’s nothing — it’s all in the day’s work, and he’s used to it. But this time he has blown himself up worse than usual, and several of the bits are missing; if you come across anything of the kind they are his, and I’m sure you’ll behave honorably, and give them up at once.

GIORGIO. We swear.

ELVINO. Bless you! Now the Alchemist has hitherto paid for his board and lodging in halfpence, with a written undertaking to turn them all into gold as soon as his discovery is completed; consequently the dictates of common humanity prompt us to give him every chance. (Noise of explosion within.) Up he goes again! Excuse me one minute, while I go and collect him.

Exit Elvino.

Enter Chorus of Village Girls, dancing, and heralding the approach of Risotto and Minestra.
2. Come all the maidens
Chorus

\[ \text{Allegro} \]

Piano

\[ \text{mf} \]

Women

\[ \text{Come, all the maidens in merry com} \]
Women

mu - nity, Gay and jo - cose, Hi - ther we wend. Ri - sot - to, Mi -

nes - tra, are knit - ted in un - i - ty; No - bo - dy knows How it will

end, Ri - sot - to is hand - some and real - ly de - lect - a - ble, Stal - wart and tall;

Se - cond to none. Mi - nes - tra, nice look - ing and ve - ry re - spect - a - ble. So we are
Women?
all, Ev - e - ry one, So we are all, Ev - e - ry one,

Women?
So we are all, ev _______ - e - ry one.

Women?
Come, all the maid - ens in mer - ry com - mu - ni ty, Gay and jo - cose,
Hither we wend, Risotto, Minestra, are knit in unity.

No body knows how it will end.

Risotto is handsome and

Some, delectable, Stalwart and tall;

Really delectable, Stalwart and tall;

Second to none.
Women

Very respectable, So we are all,

Men

nestra, nice looking and very respectable. So we are all,

Ev - ery one. Risotto is handsome and really de - lect - a - ble,

Ev - ery one.

Stal - wart and tall; Second to none.

Stal - wart and tall; Second to none.

Mi - nes - tra, nice look - ing and
Men
ve-ry re-spect-a-ble, So we are all, Ev-e-ry one,

Women
So we are all, Ev-e-ry one

Woodwinds

Cello
3. If you please
Minestra and Risotto

Allegretto

If you please, I'm now a member of your band.

Now allow me, pray, to speak. I am married.

She's my wife, you understand.

If you interrupt, I'll leave you in a week.

You are very important.

I really think I might...
Minestra

Now there you go again,
Now there you go again,

Risotto

But I wanted to explain.
But I wanted to explain.

Minestra

gain, there you go again, there you go again!

Risotto

to explain to explain

to explain to explain

Minestra

If you kindly will permit me, I can perfectly acquit me: I'm a
Minestra

Very good! then I refrain. If you kindly will permit me, I can

Risotto

She's a lady!

per-fect-ly ac-quit me: I'm a lady! Very good! then I refrain.

She's a lady! Very good! If she refrain.

colla voce.
Minestra

I think you'd better keep her to yourself.

Risotto

low me to present to you my wife!

She's the

pleasure of my life.

You don't mean it—go along!

She's a poem she's a song.

I shall love her when she's

shelf!
Minestra

Will you really? I dare-say; Will you really? I dare-

Risotto
grey! I shall love her when she's grey.

Minestra

say; Will you really? I dare-say; With your

Risotto

I shall love her when she's grey!

Minestra

snap-ping and your snarl-ing!

Risotto

You're a dear and you're a darling! Yes, I mean it! Oh, my
Minestra

Risotto

dar-l ing, oh, my dear! With your snap-ping and your snarl-ing!

Do you

mean it?

Oh, my dar-l ing, oh, my dear!

Yes, I mean it! Oh, my dar-l ing, oh, my dear!

colla voce.

You're a dear and you're a dar-l ing!

You're a dear and you're a dar-l ing!

My dear!
Enter Arrostino.

Giorgio. Three secret cheers for the Captain!

All (pianissimo). Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Arrostino. How do? How do? Ah! the bride and bridegroom. Allow me. (Kisses her.) Charming — at least I think so — another. (Kisses her again.) Yes, charming. Risotto, my poor fellow, accept my condolences.

Risotto. Condolences? You don’t see anything wrong with her?

Arrostino. With her? Oh, no — not with her. My dear friend, she’s bewitching. (To Minestra.) You are bewitching, aren’t you?

Minestra. I believe I’m nice.

Arrostino. You do? I’m delighted to hear it on such good authority.

Risotto. Still, I don’t see why you should console with me.

Arrostino. Don’t you? Never mind — you will. Now tell me, Minestra, candidly — what was it you saw in him to admire? It’s not his face, of course; nor his figure — we’ll put them out of the question. It couldn’t be his conversation, because he hasn’t any.

Minestra. I don’t know. He’s got a way with him.

Arrostino. Has he got it with him now?

Minestra. I don’t know. I suppose so.

Arrostino (imperatively). Risotto, give us an example of the way you have with you.

Risotto. It’s something like this — (business of ogling).

Arrostino. Oh, my dear girl — really — dear, dear, dear!

Minestra (apologetically). You’ve got to be nearer to him for it to tell.

Arrostino. Well, but even then! Now, look at it in cold blood. Think of it ten years hence — when the novelty’s worn off.

Minestra. It does look foolish from here. Oh, I almost wish I hadn’t!

Risotto. My dear! (Consoling her.)

Minestra. Don’t — I’m so inexperienced!

Arrostino. I suppose so. Pity — pity! Never mind — next time you’ll be older. Now girls, I have some news for you: the Duke and Duchess of Pallavicini are to pass through the village on their way to Palermo. You don’t see a real Duke and Duchess every day, so the best thing you can do is run down and prepare to receive them.

1st Girl. A real Duke and Duchess! Oh, that will be delightful.
4. Only think, a Duke and Duchess
Minestra and Chorus

Women

Piano

On-ly think, a Duke and

Duchess.

Oh! but we are luck-y lass-es! Hie we to our

look-ing glass-es For a few artis-tic touch-es.

Let us de-cor-ate our tress-es,
Women

Ere the grand procession pass-es, And re - ceive the up - per class-es In our

Piano

most be - com - ing dres - es!

Minestra

Go and wash your pretty fac-es, Dress in ribbons and in _  

Piano

pect from both their Grac-es, A wel - mer - i - ted re - buke. And your
hair I pray you friz it, For it isn't often is it? That you're

fa-voured with a visit from a Duchess and a Duke. For it isn't often

is it? That you're fa-voured with a visit From a Duchess and a
Minestra

Duke.

Women

Men

Piano

Go and wash your pretty faces, Dress in ribbons and in laces. For it isn't often, we'll wash our pretty faces, Dress in ribbons and in laces. For it isn't often,

Yes, we'll wash our piano.
Women

is it? That we're fav - our'd with a vis - it From a Duke and from a

Men

is it? That you're fav - our'd with a vis - it From a Duke and from a

Piano

Duch - ess, From a Duch - ess and a Duke! For it is - n't of - ten,

Duch - ess, From a Duch - ess and a Duke! For it is - n't of - ten,

Women

is it? That we're fav - our'd with a vis - it From a Duke and from a

Men

is it? That you're fav - our'd with a vis - it From a Duke and from a

Piano


Women: Duchess, From a Duchess and a Duke! For it isn't often,
Men: Duchess, From a Duchess and a Duke! For it isn't often,
Piano: "Duchess, From a Duchess and a Duke! For it isn't often,"
Women: is it? That we're favour'd with a visit From a Duke and from a
Men: is it? That you're favour'd with a visit From a Duke and from a
Piano: "is it? That we're favour'd with a visit From a Duke and from a"
Women: Duchess, From a Duchess and a Duke!
Men: Duchess, From a Duchess and a Duke!
Piano: "is it? That you're favour'd with a visit From a Duke and from a"
Exeunt Girls — all but Minestra.

Arrostino. Now then, to business. Anything to report?
GIORGIO. Yes. A traveling Englishman passed our encampment this morning.

Arrostino. Good. We have a vendetta against all traveling Englishmen. The relation of our ancestor’s neighbour was arrested by a traveling Englishman. Well?
GIORGIO. No — very bad. The cowardly ruffian was armed.

Arrostino. What a lily-livered hound! That’s so like these Englishmen. This growing habit of carrying revolvers is the curse of our profession. Anything else?

LUIGI. Only an old market-woman on a mule.

Arrostino. Well, we have a vendetta against all old market-women on a mule. Did you arrest her?

LUIGI. We were about to do so, but she passed us in silent contempt.

Arrostino. Humph! This growing habit of passing us in silent contempt strikes at the very root of our little earnings. Of course you could do nothing?

GIORGIO. Nothing whatever. You see, as we are all to be married in the next three weeks, we are bound, as men of honour, to hand over our personal charms in the same condition of substantial and decorative repair that they were in when we captivated these confiding creatures.

Arrostino. Naturally. It is plain that a man who offers a girl his hand and comes to claim her with his arm amputated at the shoulder, is no longer in a position to fulfill his contract. A man who proposes with a Roman nose and turns up at the altar with a snub is guilty of flat dishonesty, on the face of it. At the same time, that’s no reason why you shouldn’t pick off the bits of cotton wool in which you are in the habit of putting yourselves away at night. (Picking scraps of wool from the coats of Luigi and Giorgio.) To people who are unacquainted with the circumstances it might look a little unmanly. I don’t know — perhaps not. (Replacing the scraps of wool on their coats.) However, take heart. I have an enterprise in hand which promises the very maximum of profit with the very minimum of risk. The Duke and Duchess — I believe we have a vendetta against all Dukes and Duchesses.

GIORGIO. The judge who sentenced the relation of our ancestor’s neighbour would have been a duke if they had created him one.

Arrostino. The scoundrel! Then I intend to secure this Duke and Duchess.

GIORGIO. Ah! But how? Remember the motto of our band — “Heroism without risk.”

Arrostino. We shall do it diplomatically, of course. In the first place, we shall seize on yonder monastery —

LUIGI. When the monks are asleep?

Arrostino. Why, of course — and dress ourselves in their robes. In the mean time, Minestra, disguised as an old woman, will lure the Duke away from his escort and into our power.

MINESTRA. I think I could do it better as a young woman.

Arrostino. Nonsense, you little goose — you know nothing about it! Listen!
5. High Jerry Ho!
Arrostino and Chorus

1. The Duke and the Duchess as they travel through the lands
2. Minnesota, they'll find

With her moans and her groans and her high Jerry ho!
Will Who has

tottering old crone
her high Jerry ho!

With the clips of their whips and their high Jerry ho!

pass by the rock where the monastery stands,

In a first class fine folk

and is lying all alone,

And her cries will excite their com-

monastery
Arrostino

fashion, With their high jerry ho!
And her procession in vermilion
And the

Piano

f

rat-tle of their castle,
And their high jerry ho!
With their high jerry ho!

Tenors

With their high jerry ho!

Basses

With their high jerry ho!

Piano

f

With their high jerry ho!

And her
Arrostino: 

Til-lion in-ver-mil-lion And the rat-tle of her cat-tle, And their high jer-ry ho! Their her

Tenors: 

Til-lion in-ver-mil-lion And the rat-tle of her cat-tle, And their high jer-ry ho! Their her

Basses: 

Til-lion in-ver-mil-lion And the rat-tle of her cat-tle, And their high jer-ry ho! Their her

Piano: 

Til-lion in-ver-mil-lion And the rat-tle of her cat-tle, And their high jer-ry ho! Their her

Arrostino: 

High high high high high high high high their high jer-ry ho!

Tenors: 

High high high high high high high her high jer-ry ho!

Basses: 

High high high high high high high their high jer-ry ho!

Piano: 

High high high high high high high their high jer-ry ho!
3. She'll beg that the Duke will convey her to the friars, With their
cries of surprise and their high jery ho! Then he'll take her up at once through the
brambles and the briars; And her woes to the monks she'll explain them, With their

4. By this time the monks will have fallen in our clutches, With their
and their lint and their high jery ho! And disguis'd in their robes, we'll receive
the Duke and Duchess; And in custody we'll detain them, With their
Arrostino

39

high jer-ry ho! With their
high jer-ry ho! And the
wrap-pings and
pus-ses of
their
strap-pings, With their
cack-le on di-a-chy-lon,
Their
ran-som ve-ry
hand-some, And a

Piano

42


Tenors

Basses

Arrostino

45

cack-le on di-a-chy-lon,
Their
ran-som ve-ry
hand-some, And a
high jer-ry ho!
Their
high high high
high

Tenors

cack-le on di-a-chy-lon,
Their
ran-som ve-ry
hand-some, And a
high jer-ry ho!
Their
high high high
high

Basses

Piano
6. Teresa little word/ Bedecked in fashion trim
Recitative and Song
Alfredo

Text:

Te - re - sa! lit - tle word so glib - ly spo - ken! Take pi - ty on a heart that's all but
bro - ken! Te - re - sa! one word poem tri - syl - la - bic; An East - ern ode in
Alfredo

cantabile

Would that thou wert as tender in thy

Alfredo

nature As in thy soft and tender no-men-clature!

Andante

41
What profit should I gain.

pose she loved me dearly?

coldness turns my brain To

verge of madness near ly.
Alfredo?

Alfredo?

Alfredo?

Alfredo?

Alfredo?
Alfredo

would not have a kiss. Which

in or out of season, might tend to loss of

reason! What profit in such bliss? A fig for such a

kiss!
What shabby things a man will do when he’s eaten up with jealousy! But what a comfort those shabby things are to him! To prevent Teresa joining the Tamorras with the other girls, I was mean enough to bribe a farm girl to lock her in her room! I’m disgusted with myself for having stooped to such a contemptible act. Still, I’m very glad I did it.

Enter Teresa.

ALFREDO. Teresa! You here?

TERESA. Didn’t expect me, I fancy?

ALFREDO. No — I ——

TERESA. Locked me in my room, didn’t you? Well, I escaped through the window.

ALFREDO. Never thought of the window! However, you are too late — the Tamorras have gone. Ah! forgive me; I couldn’t bear the thought of your spending the day with them.

TERESA. My dear Alfredo, now do you really think I am the sort of girl who would throw herself away upon a contemptible outlaw? Why, I’d much sooner marry you!

ALFREDO (delighted). You would? My darling! (Putting his arms round her.)

TERESA. Infinitely. Don’t.

ALFREDO. Why not?

TERESA. It’s a liberty.

ALFREDO. But after the tender avowal you have just made, surely I may be permitted …

TERESA. My dear Alfredo, you jump at conclusions. I said I would rather throw myself away on a respectable young farmer than on a contemptible outlaw. But I haven’t the smallest intention of throwing myself away on either.

ALFREDO. Teresa, have some pity on me; I am so desperately in love with you. I have founded my hopes of happiness upon you, for you are the very air I breathe, the very sunlight of my life!

TERESA. You are, of course, quite at liberty to profit by any light I may happen to emit; but without wishing to say a word that would hurt your feelings, it is only right to tell you that I look a great deal higher than a mere clod-hopper. For you do hop clods, you know.

ALFREDO. I have certainly hopped some in my time.

TERESA. It’s not my own idea. To be quite candid with you, I have often wondered what people can see in me to admire. Personally, I have a poor opinion of my attractions. They are not at all what I would have chosen if I had had a voice in the matter. But the conviction that I am a remarkably attractive girl is so generally entertained that, in common modesty, I feel bound to yield to the pressure of popular sentiment, and to look upon myself as an ineffective working minority.

ALFREDO. But you used to like me.

TERESA. Decidedly. Personally, I entertain a great admiration for you. I think you extremely good-looking.

ALFREDO (delighted). Teresa!

TERESA. But the general opinion on the subject of your good looks is so entirely against me that (again regarding myself as an ineffective working minority) I feel bound to yield to the pressure of popular prejudice, and admit that you cannot be as good-looking as I feel sure you are.

ALFREDO (despondingly). Perhaps not.
7. It's my opinion

Teresa

Andante

Teresa

It's my opinion, tho' I own In thinking so I'm quite alone; In some respects; I'm but a

Piano

fright. You like my features, I suppose? I'm disappointed with my nose; Some rave a

Teresa

bout it; perhaps they're right. My figure just sets off a fit; But when they

Piano

say it's exquisite (And they do say so), that's too strong. I hope I'm

Teresa

staccato
not what people call opinionated! After all, I'm but a goose, and may be

wrong! When charms enthral There's some excuse For measures strong; And after

all, I'm but a goose and may be wrong! When charms enthral There's some excuse For measures

strong; And after all, I'm but a goose and may be wrong!
My teeth are very neat, no doubt; But after all they may fall out: I think they will; some think they won't. My hands are small, as you may see, But not as small as they might be, At least, I think so; others don't. But there, a girl may preach and prate From morning six to evening eight, And...
ne - ver stop to dine, When all the world, al - tho' mis - led, Is quite a -

greed on a - ny head. And it is quite a - greed on mine. All said and

done, It's lit - tle I A - gainst the throng. I'm on - ly one, And pos - si - bly I'm

wrong! All said and done, It's lit - tle I A - gainst the throng. I'm on - ly one, And

pos - si - bly I may be wrong!
TERESA. Now come and talk it over, like a sensible boy. (They sit — he at her feet.) Come, tell me all about it. You know you used always to confide your little troubles to me.

ALFREDO. I’ve nothing to say, except that I’m over head and ears in love with you.

TERESA. Now, first of all, you mustn’t say “you”; it’s too personal. Say, “I’m over head and ears in love with Teresa!”

ALFREDO. Well, so I am.

TERESA. Poor boy! Well, I can quite understand it, for, with all her faults, she’s far and away the nicest girl hereabouts. Now, look at it sensibly. If you, a plain young man, married a conspicuous beauty (for, after all’s said and done, that’s what it comes to), you would be under a perpetual disadvantage from sheer force of contrast; and as for jealousy — well, I’ve known Teresa since she was quite a little girl, and take my word for it, she would keep you on chronic tenterhooks. Now, if you married a thoroughly plain girl — like Elvino’s niece Ultrice, for instance — (ULTRICE enters and overhears what follows.) who couldn’t possibly, under any circumstances, give you the least uneasiness on the score of her personal attractions — you might count on being as happy as two thoroughly unattractive little birds could reasonably expect to be.

ALFREDO. Ultrice! What do I want with Ultrice? She follows me everywhere. She worries my life out.

TERESA. Ultrice is quite a good sort of girl; and as to her personal appearance, why, you’d get used even to that in a couple of years!

ULTRICE comes forward.
8. Upon my word, Miss
Teresa, Ultrice, Alfredo, Elvino

Allegro agitato

Teresa

Oh, it's you miss!

Allegro agitato

Ultrice

Up - on my word, miss!

Piano

sf

sf

sf

8. Upon my word, Miss
Teresa, Ultrice, Alfredo, Elvino

Allegro agitato

Teresa

you miss! How d'ye do, miss? Did - n't know you o - ver - 

Allegro agitato

Ultrice

heard, miss!

How po - lite - ful!

Oh! you spite - ful

One I owe you, You
Teresa

Ultrace
tit - tle tat - ting, reck - less, rat - tling, two - pen - ny ha' pen - ny par - cel of va - ni - ty!

Teresa
High gen - ti - lty, a - mia - bi - lity, both com - bined with true hu - mil - lity!

Ultrace

You

Teresa

Play pro - pri - e - ty,

Ultrace
mis - chief mak - ing cha - rac - ter tak - ing, click - ing clack - ing bit of in - an - i - ty!
or so-ci-e-ty may sup-pose it's in-e-bri-e-ty, Play pro-pri-e-ty

You tit-le tat-tling, reck-less, rat-tling,

two-pen-ny ha' pen-ny par-cel of va-ni-ty! You mis-chief mak-ing cha-ra-c-ter tak-ing,

in-e-bri-e-ty!

click-ing-clacking bit of in-an-i-ty!
Moderato

Alfredo

La dies pray you, listen to me. Dicky birds in their nests agree. If they can do so do so too.

Teresa

What has it pray, to do with you?

Ultrace

What has it pray, to do with you? Dicky birds don't, to

Alfredo

Rit.
gain their ends, Depriciate their absent friends.

Dick-y birds don't, what e'er they hear, For get that they are

dear! Dick-y birds tweetle, tweetle,

Dick-y birds tweetle, tweetle,

Dick-y birds tweetle, tweetle,
tweek, Which may be sily, and does sound weak; But dick-y birds
tweek, Which may be sily, and does sound weak; But dick-y birds
tweek, Which may be sily, and does sound weak; But dick-y birds
tweek, Which may be sily, and does sound weak; But dick-y birds
don't, what-e'er they hear, For-get that they are ladies
don't, what-e'er they hear, For-get that they are ladies
don't, what-e'er they hear, For-get that they are ladies
don't, what-e'er they hear, For-get that they are ladies
Teresa

dear! Dick-y birds twee-tle, twee-tle, tweek, Which may be

Ultrace

dear! Dick-y birds twee-tle, twee-tle, tweek, Which may be

Alfredo

dear! Dick-y birds twee-tle, twee-tle, tweek, Which may be

Teresa

sil-ly, and does sound weak; But dick-y birds don't, what-

Ultrace

sil-ly, and does sound weak; But dick-y birds don't, what-

Alfredo

sil-ly, and does sound weak; But dick-y birds don't, what-
e'er they hear, For-get that they are la-dies dear!

e'er thae-y hear, For-get that they are la-dies dear!

e'er they hear, For-get that they are la-dies dear!

Now,

(Interrupting)

And

pray you, at-tent-ion, I've some-thing to men-tion That ought your ap-pro-val to win
And
dick-y birds never, or rarely endea-vour;

(don't)
I won't!

Now, ladies a truce to this din!

Be quiet!
My fortune's about to begin

And

Duke and the Duch-ess (their quali-ty such is) Them-selves and their kith and their kin
Ultrice

dick-y birds rarely Are treating me fairly

What!

Alfredo

They're going to stop at the inn!

What!

Elvino

They're going to stop at the inn!

What!

Teresa

What!

Ultrace

What!

Alfredo

What!

Elvino

go-ing to stop at the inn!

They're going to stop at the inn!

The

What!
Duke and the Duchess fall into our clutches, A penance, no doubt, for some sin.

haps it's his figure, too portly for vigour, He's stout and he wants to be thin.

At least their intention shows great condescension, For
Alfredo

hope they've some Keat-ing, Af-ford a poor greet-ing To peo-ple who stop at this inn, To

Ultrice

hope they've some Keat-ing, Af-ford a poor greet-ing To peo-ple who stop at this inn, To

Alfredo

hope they've some Keat-ing, Af-ford a poor greet-ing To peo-ple who stop at this inn, To

Elvino

nev-er want Keat-ing, Af-ford a good greet-ing To peo-ple who stop at my inn, To
Teresa

hope they've some Keating, For people who stop at this inn!

Ultrace

hope they've some Keating, For people who stop at this inn!

Alfredo

hope they've some Keating, For people who stop at this inn!

Elvino

never want Keating, That ought their approval to win!
ELVINO. I don’t know how I shall accommodate them. My only bedroom is occupied by the exploded Alchemist, who is much too incomplete to be moved. There’s the scullery. Do you think they’d put up with a shake-down in the scullery.

ALFREDO. I don’t know. The Duke is an awful stickler for etiquette.

ULTRICE. He gave an inkeeper at Palermo six months because he used his pocket-handkerchief in his presence.

TERESA. And he fined the Mayor of Syracuse a hundred crowns because he didn’t.

ELVINO. This is terrible. I know I shall make some fearful mistake with these people! I’ve never in my life addressed anybody of higher rank than an Oil and Italian Warehouseman!

ALFREDO. My good sir, they’re not people — they’re personages.

ELVINO. Of course they are! There I go — putting my foot into it at the first go off! If I could only practise a little. Now, if you’d be so kind — so very kind — as to impersonate the Duke, just for a dress-rehearsal of the reception (I’ve got a lot of beautiful clothes left behind by some strolling players in pawn for their bill), you shall be treated with all the consideration due to your exalted rank, and have the entire run of the bar, except rum-shrub!

ALFREDO. It’s a tempting offer. But I must have a Duchess.

ELVINO. Of course you must. (Aside.) How many Duchesses go to a Duke?

ALFREDO. Only one at a time.

ELVINO. You don’t say so?

ALFREDO. Yes — Dukes are very particular about that.

ELVINO. Dear me! (Aloud.) Well, here are two to choose from — my cousin Teresa and my niece Ultrice — both charming.

ULTRICE and TERESA. What’s that?

ELVINO. Well. One charming and one — umph! Will that do?

ULTRICE and TERESA. That will do!

ELVINO. Now, come; we’ve no time to lose. Choose your Duchess and begin.
9. Fair maid, take pity
Teresa, Ultrice, Alfredo and Elvino

Allegro moderato

Piano

(To Teresa)

Fair maid, take pity on my state! Look down with

Alfredo

eyes compassionate On my condition lonely; Nor

Piano

think me too imperious, If I implore you to re-
lent, And my sweet Duchess represent On this occasion

I thank you sir; but it would be Presumptuous, indeed. in me To personate a Duchess. But

I know one who'd have the face To jump at mimicking her
Teresa: Grace; No compliment seems out of place Her vanity.

Ultrace: Try it, do, miss—There's a love!

Piano: Allegro

Rolle: D'you mean me, miss?

Allegro

Teresa: I mean you, miss, All above.

Ultrace: You're too free, miss.

Piano: "Allegro"
That's explicit. Take your ground!

Wouldn't gree, miss!

You shall see, miss.

Andante

miss it For a pound!

Though your

Alfredo

Elvino

Andante

spite all bounds, surpasses, Pay attention, I be -

Piano
Ultrice: "Man, manners of the upper classes I shall seech you."

Piano:

Teresa: "I shall teach you. Thank you, dear—pray, take your station—Malice soon will spread the rumour. It will be a personation. Teeming with unconscious"

Ultrice: "be most pleased to teach you."

Piano:
As she takes her station, Malice:

**Teresa** humour! Watch her. As she takes her station, Malice.

**Ultrace** Watch me as she takes her station, Malice.

**Alfredo** Watch her as she takes her station, Malice.

**Elvino** Watch her as she takes her station, Malice.

**Piano**

soon will spread the rumour. It will be a person-

**Teresa**

soon will spread the rumour. It will be a person-

**Ultrace**

soon will spread the rumour. It will be a person-

**Alfredo**

soon will spread the rumour. It will be a person-

**Elvino**

soon will spread the rumour. It will be a person-

**Piano**

95

98

75
Teresa

Action Teeming with unconscious humour.

Ultrice

Action Teeming with unconscious humour.

Alfredo

Action Teeming with unconscious humour.

Elvino

Action Teeming with unconscious humour.

Piano

Cadenza ad lib (Clarinet)

Ultrice

Piano

Cadenza ad lib (Clarinet)
"Tempo minuetto"

Ultrace

Look at me, And you will see How ladies grand Present their hand; It's

t

Piano

copied from the highest ladies in the land!

Teresa

I always thought

Ultrace

A lady ought To walk with grace And not gri-mace; But that, it's ve-ry

Teresa

Piano
Teresa

Ultrice

Piano

120

Teresa

Ultrice

Piano

125

Teresa

Ultrice

Piano

130

Teresa

Ultrice

Piano

Treble clef

Teresa

Ultrice

Piano

120

ev - i - dent,

is not the case.

Than as
they walk,
They bland - ly talk,
And

look at
us With eye - glass, thus -
And what they'll have for
din - ner, they, per - haps, dis -

It would ap - pear They flout and fleer, Stick up their nose, Turn
cuss.
Teresa: in their toes—You're teaching me gratuitously, I suppose?

Ultrice: Then

Allegretto con moto

Teresa: as she takes her place upon the throne that is prepared, The people bow them to the ground, and

Ultrice: And
ev'ry head is bared, They keep their proper places as she looks them thro' and thro'—
I suppose they try to keep their countenances too? If that is what is called Court etiquette, it's very plain. The ways of high society I never shall attain; It seems you must be ill-bred, and as awkward as can be. Which is A, B, C to you, my love, but...
Teresa: dif-fi-cult to me. If that is what is called Court e-ti-quette, it's very plain. The ways of high so-ci-e-ty I ne-ver shall at-tain; It seems must be ill-bred, and as

Ultrace: As that is what is called Court e-ti-quette, it's very plain. The ways of high so-ci-e-ty you ne-ver shall at-tain; It seems you are as ill-bred, and as

Alfredo: If that is what is called Court e-ti-quette, it's very plain. The ways of high so-ci-e-ty I ne-ver shall at-tain; It seems must be ill-bred, and as

Elvino: As that is what is called Court e-ti-quette, it's very plain. The ways of high so-ci-e-ty you ne-ver shall at-tain; It seems you are as ill-bred, and as
Teresa

awkward as can be, Which is A, B, C to you, my love, but difficult to me.

Ultrace

awkward as can be, So it's A, B, C for her, you know, but difficult to me.

Alfredo

awkward as can be, Which is A, B, C to you, my love, but difficult to me.

Elvino

awkward as can be, So it's A, B, C for her, you know, but difficult to me.

Piano

Tempo di minuetto

(Exit Elvino, bowing before Alfredo and Ultrace, Teresa following and mimicking Ultrace's walk and gestures)
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

Noth-ing sub-lu-na-ry E-quals buf-foon-e-ry! Folk of our kind

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

Gen - u - ine wit, As a com - mo - di - ty, Ranks - be - low odd - i - ty, As a com - mo - di - ty,

Alt

Piano

32

Piano

36

Pietro

Come,

Sop

Rank - be - low odd - i - ty.

Alt

Piano

41

Pietro

strike up, Mis - ter Mer - ry - man, While I in - form the u - ni - verse, In met - ri - cal and tu - ny verse -

Bart

In

Piano
That here's and ex-hi-bi-tion that is high-ly in-tel-lec-tu-al. To
met-ri-cal and tu-ny verse−

Come, em-p-ty all your pock-ets, for I'm
To see it we ex-pect you all−

not a com-mon moun-te-bank–I've mo-ney in the Coun-ty Bank−
He's mon-ey in the Coun-ty Bank.
can give you value for your copper insignificant, And I'll return 'em if I can't.

And

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

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

can not for money be vulgarly funny, My object's to make you reflect.
Bart

True humour's a matter in which I'm exceedingly rich. It

Piano

ought to delight you, Although at first sight, you May not recognize it as

Bart

sich. Other clowns make you laugh till you sink When they tip you a

Piano

wink; With attitude antic, They render you frantic I don't. I compel you to think! For
L'istesso tempo

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 miserable munsmer. Chorus unison

It's possible the world is insincerity and trouble, And hapiness, for all I know, is nothing but a bubble; Per
own, and I alone Its ma-zes know-
It's grace-ful and par-ti-cu-lar-ly pro-per. I as-sist As so-lo-ist, Up-on a squeeze, On the trum-pet and the ket-tle-drum so-no-rous, I've a song that's just as long As you may
please— Ten-ty ver-ses and each verse has got a cho-rus! Unis all women
Now,
that's the kind of merriment 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 mummer!
PIETRO. Oh, you lucky people! Oh, you fortunate villagers! A perfectly remote and altogether obscure corner of Europe favoured with the presence of a company of artists whom all the crowned heads of Europe are quarrelling to possess! (To BARTOLO.) Solo, if you please, expressive of a general withdrawal of ambassadors from all the European Courts. (Flourish.) The Czar of Russia is no longer on terms with the Empress of New York because I visited her first. A lady, you know! As a man of gallantry I couldn’t refuse. But, mum! I must be discreet. (To BARTOLO.) Solo, if you please, expressive of the honorable silence of a self-respecting man of gallantry. (BARTOLO flourishes his drumsticks and pretends to play Pandean pipes, but without eliciting any sound.) Now, what do you think we came for?

CHORUS. Gold!

PIETRO. Gold? Bah! Try again.

CHORUS. Silver!

PIETRO. Silver? Why, we’re sick of gold and silver!

BARTOLO. Could you oblige me with my last week’s salary?

PIETRO. Gold! (Taking a handful from his pocket and looking at it in disgust.) Ugh! (Shuddering.) Here — catch! (About to throw it to them.) Stop! On second thoughts it will only give you ideas above your station. But come — I will be frank with you. The greatest men have their weaknesses and I have mine. I have been cursed through life with a morbid craving for copper! I was cradled in copper. I have frequently been taken up by a copper. A bull once tossed me for a copper. “Heads!” I cried. I came down tails, and he won. I was hurt. I felt it very much. (To BARTOLO.) Solo, if you please, expressive of feelings that may be more easily imagined than described. (Flourish.) Now to business. At half-past five will be presented a dress rehearsal of the performance to be given before the Duke and Duchess of Pallavicini, comprising an exhibition of conjuring, necromancy, spirit manifestations, thought-reading, hypnotism, mesmeric psychology, psychography, sensory hallucination, dancing on the slack wire and ground, and lofty tumbling. Also will be exhibited the two world-renowned life-size clock-work automata, representing Hamlet and Ophelia (unrolling two posters representing the figures) as they appeared in the bosoms of their families before they disgraced their friends by taking to the stage for a livelihood. The price of admission will be one penny for the aristocracy, members of the upper middle classes half price. At half-past five. Be in time — be in time — be in time!

During this speech PIETRO has frequently refreshed himself from a large wine-skin, which is also referred to by BARTOLO when PIETRO is not looking.
10a. Now that's the sort of merriment

Women

Unis all women

Now that's the sort of merriment you ought to set before us; To

mark our approbation we'll extemporize a chorus. To such an entertainment we could

listen for a summer; But save us from the humour of that

melancholy mumer!
Exeunt Village Girls.

PIETRO.   Humph! Not a remunerative lot, I fancy. But if the Duke, who is a mad enthusiast in the matter of automata, should take a fancy to our Hamlet and Ophelia, he’ll buy them, and our fortune’s made! By-the-by, where’s Beppo with the figures?

NITA.   Bless you, he couldn’t be here yet — all uphill.

PIETRO.   True. Nita!

NITA.   Well. (She is talking to BARTOLO.)

PIETRO.   Not quite so near Bartolo, please.

NITA.   Oh, I forgot — force of habit.

PIETRO.   You must recollect that you are no longer engaged to be married to him. That’s over. You are engaged to be married to me, now. Try and remember it — were to him, are to me. It’s quite easy, if you put it like that. Thank you. (Leads donkey off.)

NITA.   Yes, but it’s not so easy. A girl who’s been deeply in love with a gentleman for the last six months may be forgiven if she forgets, now and then, that she doesn’t care a bit for him any more.

BARTOLO (gloomily).   We were happy!

NITA.   Very. (Sighing.)

BARTOLO.   How we carried on!

NITA.   Didn’t we?

BARTOLO.   Do you remember when I used to go like that to you?

NITA.   Don’t I! (Sighing.)

BARTOLO.   Does he ever go like that to you?

NITA.   Not he — he doesn’t know how.

BARTOLO.   And yet we have a School Board! How you loved me!

NITA.   Yes; but when I loved you you told me you were a leading tragedian. But a clown — I really don’t see how I could love a clown.

BARTOLO.   I didn’t deceive you. I’ve played the first acts — and the first alone — of all our tragedies. No human eye has ever seen me in the second act of anything! My last appearance was three months ago. I played the moody Dane. As no one else has ever played him, so I played that Dane. Gods! how they laughed! I see them now — I hear their ribald roars. The whole house rocked with laughter! I’ve as soul that cannot brook contempt. “Laugh on!” I said; “laugh on, and laugh your fill — you laugh your last! No man shall ever laugh at me again — I’ll be a clown!” I kept my word — they laugh at me no more.

Enter BEPPO, running and meeting PIETRO.

BEPPO (breathless).   Oh, master! Here’s a misfortune — here’s a calamity!

PIETRO.   Eh? What’s the matter? Where are the figures?

BEPPO.   They’re at Palermo!

PIETRO, BARTOLO, and NITA.   What!
BEPPO.  It’s no fault of mine. They’ve been detained by the police because they hadn’t any passports.
NITA.  That’s because they’re so life-like. After all, it’s a compliment.
PIETRO.  A compliment! Yes, but we can’t dine on cold compliments. (To BEPPO.) Didn’t you open the figures and show their clockwork insides?
BEPPO.  Yes; but the police said that was no rule, they may be foreigners.
PIETRO.  Very true — so they might.
BARTOLO.  Chock-full of eccentric wheels — might almost be English. What’s to be done?

Enter ELVINO and ULTRICE.

ELVINO.  Here’s a misfortune!
ULTRICE.  Here’s a calamity!
PIETRO.  What, another!
ELVINO.  We’re ruined — ruined!
BARTOLO.  What is the matter with the licensed victualler?
ULTRICE.  The Alchemist — it’s all over — he’s gone! The last explosion did it!
ELVINO.  And this (producing halfpence) is all I’ve been paid for six weeks’ board, lodging, and medical attendance!
PIETRO.  It seems cheap. But you can seize his effects.
ELVINO.  I’ve seized ’em! Here they are (producing medicine phial with label.) — all he possessed in the world — a bottle of medicine with a label on it!
PIETRO.  What’s this?
ELVINO.  Read it — our education’s not what it was.
PIETRO (pretending to read).  “Two tablespoonfuls, at bed-time.”
ELVINO.  Is that all?
PIETRO.  Here’s a greedy fellow!
ELVINO.  But I say — it takes a lot of writing to say that.
PIETRO.  Well, it’s a very strong medicine.
ELVINO.  Oh, I see.
ULTRICE (aside).  I don’t.
PIETRO (returning it.)  Take it.
ELVINO.  Thankye; take it yourself — it will do you good.

Exit ELVINO; ULTRICE remains listening unobserved.

PIETRO (changing his manners). Has he gone? Come here; there’s more in this than meets the eye!

NITA.  What, more than two tablespoons?
PIETRO.  More than two fiddlesticks! Listen to this. (Reads.) “Man is a hypocrite, and invariably affects to be better and wiser than he really is.

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This liquid, which should be freely diluted, has the effect of making everyone who drinks it exactly what he pretends to be. The hypocrite becomes a man of piety; the swindler, a man of honour; the quack, a man of learning; and the braggart, a man of war.”

ULTRICE (aside). I thought as much — this may be useful.

Exit ULTRICE.

PIETRO. Now the question is – what’s to be done with it?
NITA. Give some to Bartolo, and make him funny!
BARTOLO. Naughty sly-boots!
PIETRO. Give some to Bartolo? Yes, and give some to Nita, too. Don’t you understand?
NITA. Candidly, no.
PIETRO. Why, the Duke and Duchess want to buy the figures, and the figures are missing. What’s to be done? Why, it’s obvious. You and Bartolo dress and make up as the two figures — when dressed, you drink a few drops of the potion, diluted with wine. (Tasting the cork and shuddering.) It’s — it’s not at all nasty — and you will not only look like the two figures, but you’ll actually be the two figures — clockwork and all!

NITA. Whew! (Whistles.)
BARTOLO. What! I become a doll — a dandled doll? A mere conglomerate of whizzing wheels, salad of springs and hotch-potch of escapements! Exchange all the beautiful things I’ve got inside here for a handful of common clockwork? It’s a large order. Perish the thought and he who uttered it!

PIETRO. Come, come! The figures are our joint property, and we are all equally interested in selling them.
NITA. That’s true. Well. I’ve no objection. Besides, it will be fun.
PIETRO. Good girl! The potion must be diluted, so I’ll pour it into this wineskin and we can draw it off as we want it. (Does so.)
NITA. But stop a bit! I don’t want to be clockwork all my life!
PIETRO. How are we to get back again?
NITA. I never thought of that!
PIETRO. It wouldn’t do at all.
NITA. Oh, not at all. Perhaps it says. (Refers to label.) Yes! (Reads.) “If the charm has been misapplied, matters can be restored to their original condition by burning this label.” There you are — nothing could be simpler.

NITA. I say — don’t lose that,
PIETRO. Not if I know it. (Puts it in his pocket-book, which he places in his pocket.) I shall be back in a minute, and in the mean time, try and wheedle him into joining us.

Exit PIETRO.
BARTOLO (who has been fuming in silence.) I protest! It’s an indignity! I have a soul that cannot brook an indignity!

NITA. An indignity? Nonsense — just think — you’ll appear as Hamlet, your favourite character, before the Duke — complete dress — scene from the second act, too —

BARTOLO. Ha!

NITA. I shall be desperately in love with you — and you with me — we shall bill, and we shall coo, and we shall be as happy as two little birds.

BARTOLO. Can clockwork coo? A nice point.

NITA. Ah! There was a time when you wouldn’t refuse me anything.

BARTOLO. Yes, but then you used to coax me. I have a soul that can do nothing unless it’s coaxed.

NITA. Then sit down, and I’ll coax you.

BARTOLO. Coax me hard.

NITA. Oh, very hard! (Business.)

BARTOLO. Oh, coax me harder than that!

NITA. Will that do? (Business.)

BARTOLO. That sort of thing, prolonged indefinitely, will do.

During this PIETRO has been occupied in hanging up the posters on each side of the inn door.
11. Those days of old

Trio
Nita, Bartolo and Pietro

Those days of old How mad were we To

Those days of old How mad were we

ban-ish!

Thy move was told, Que-rí-do mi, in Spá-nish– And

Thy move was told, Que-rí-do mi, in Spá-nish–

ti-mid I, A-flush with shame E- ly-sian, Could on- ly sigh, Dieu-comme t'aime Pa-

ti-mid I, A-flush with shame E- ly-sian, Could on- ly sigh, Dieu-comme t'aime Pa-
Nita

ri-sian) 

Couldon-

ly sigh, 

Dieu, comme j't'aime! (Par-i-sian!) 

Bart

Couldon-

ly sigh, 

Dieu, comme j't'aime! 

(Pa-ri-sian) 

Piet

Couldon-

ly sigh, 

Dieu, comme j't'aime! 

(Pa-ri-sian) 

Piano

No mat-

ter, e'en Hadst thou been coined a 

Merman, 

Thou would'st have been Mein lieber Freund–(That's Geman!) 

Thy
During this Bartolo has gradually yielded to Nita's blandishments, and at the end expresses, in gesture, his acquiescence with her wishes.
Allegro vivace

Piet

Piano

low that the plan I devise Is new and sufficiently clever; To

Piano

(dancing)

Nita

With

Bart

With

Piano

a anything clever or wise, I never should credit you never! To

Bart

a anything clever or wise, I never should credit you never! To

Piano

(dancing)
fluke, I should chance to be bought by the Duke!

(resuming his dance)

But don't be alarmed about me—
I should like to be bought by the Duchess!

But don't be alarmed about
He would like to be bought by the Duchess! Tho'
me I should like to be bought by the Duchess! Tho'
He would like to be bought by the Duchess! Tho'
pride I ab-hor He's a "Jenny say quor" that is sure to appeal to a
pride I ab-hor I've a "Jenny say quor" that is sure to appeal to a
pride he ab-hor He's a "Jenny say quor" that is sure to appeal to a
\[\text{Duchess!}\]
\[\text{Duchess!}\]
\[\text{Duchess!}\]
12a. Oh luck unequalled

Recitative

Teresa and Ultrace

Allegro (Enter Ultrace with label from Pietros' pocketbook.)

Oh luck unequalled

That I

Hap-pen'd here to be! This charm

Makes all mankind what they appear to be!

I

Play Al-fre-do's wife--of course in jest we are--

Best say that when as Duke and Duchi-

Would we

We

Drink the doc-tor'd wine--what is the end to be?

We
both become at once what we pretend to be!  

This label makes metamorphosis a

I rather think the conjuror won't see this again!  But softly I am obedient!

Here is her Grace!  Your most obedient!  How is her Grace's servant!

Andante grazioso  (coming down) (bowing)

Andante grazioso
12b. I'm only joking

Song

Teresa, Ultrice and Alfredo

Moderato

When man should in love-sick passion linger, A

His maid can twist him round her fingers; A word from

me of eloquent, Yet maidenly encouragement, A

faint recall, a dainty hint That after all I'm not a

vow his scorn my heart will break, And all forlorn, for his sweet
flint, sake, And such permissible pretenses. Will
sake, more than life I cherish, I'll

put to flight his seven senses! Than as he cries— "My own for
constant live and constant perish! Then as he cries— "My dearest trea-

ever! No pow'r on earth our lives shall sever!" I'll ans-

cloak— "Up—on my word, you're too ab-

poco accelerando

poco accelerando

a tempo

a tempo
surd! Why, bless me heart, I'm only jok-ing! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
surd! Get up, you goose, I'm only jok-ing! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
(Alfredo enters and overhears the 2nd verse.)

And

Allegretto

Alfredo

cruel one!

Ma - dam, good mor - ning.

Allegretto

Oh!

Teresa

Alfredo

Piano

Piano
whi-ther, whi-ther, whi-ther do you speed you?
Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry maid in-vites you,
Who's ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry short of

hie!
no-ther time I'll
flir-ti-ness in-

A
heed

o-ther, o-ther, o-ther fish to fry!
per-ti, per-ti, per-ti, per-ti-nence!
To punish her I'll try, I'll

I've
cites you,

I'm
taking some of-fence, I'm
(aloud)

Teresa

There's a He

(aside)

Alfredo

sor-ten by and by, My la-dy, I am sor-ry, but I've o-ther fish to fry!
mak-ing a pre-tence. I'll pun-ish her im-per-ti, per-ti, per-ti, per-ti-
nence.

Piano

Teresa

twin kle in his eye, He'll soft-en by and bye. I'm ve-ry, ve-ry sor-
y that you've

(aside)

thinks me ve-ry dense, I see tho' his pre-tence. Oh, par-don my im-
ti, per-ti,

Piano

Teresa

o-ther fish to fry! I'm ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry sor-

per-ti, per-ti-
nence! I'm ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry, ve-ry sor-

Piano

That you've

That you've

115
Teresa

68

(others, you've other fish to fry!

(others, you've other fish to fry!

Piano

71

74

Teresa

Now, listen to

2.74

Moderato

me, dear, 'Twas waywardness willful (in which, as you

Piano

76


Teresa: see, dear, I'm not very skillful) That makes you so

Piano

Teresa: tearful; Takeheart.and be cheerful, No mischief is done, dear—Twas only in

Piano

fun, dear!

Alfredo: Now, listen to me, love— My sentiments store them; When maidens like

Piano

thee, love, On hearts that adore them Unfeelingly
Alfredo

trample. They always give ample Occasion for

Piano

Teresa

'Twas only in fun, dear!

Alfredo

scorning— I bid you good morning!

Piano

Teresa

No mischief is done, dear!

Alfredo

warning. I bid you good morning! She was

Piano

118
I was only in fun, But the mischief is done; Of taking of-fence,
only in fun No mischief is done Of taking of-fence I am

It is not a pre-tense. For he

I bid you good morn-ing! making pre-tense.
bids me good morn-ing. I was only in fun. But the

She was only in fun—
mis-chief is done; Of tak-ing of-fence It is not a pre-tence, For he

No mis-chief is done; Of tak-ing of-fence I am mak-ing pre-tence.

bids me good morn-ing, he bids me good

I bid you good

morn-ing!
morn-ing!

attaca

120
12c. Duped! Rejected!
Recitative
Teresa

Duped! Rejected! Do I wake or

Dream? By him rejected? Oh the shame of it!

Rather than this I'll overwhelm him with the
torrent of my passion—Make him think my brain is tottering for the
love of him! And when at last he yields to my protest ing, I'll say, "Ha!

ha! poor fool— I was only jest ing!"

(Exit Teresa. Flourish.
Enter Chorus of Girls, running.)
13. Act I Finale

Ensemble

**Allegro**

**Piano**

**Women**

Come and take your places all, The show is just beginning; Don't you hear the trumpet's call, And the drummer's dinning?

**Piano**

Don't you hear the trumpet's call, And the drummer's dinning? Frolic, fun...
Women

and flummery—Mag-ic, mirth,____ and mumper-y—(That's the show-

Piano

man's sum-mar-y.) Set us all a-grin-ning! Come and take your places all, The

Piano

show is just be-ginning; Don't you hear the trump-et's call, and the drum-

Piano

mers

Fro-lic, fun,____ and flumme-ry—Mag-ic, mirth,____ and mumper-y—

Piano

(That's the show-man's sum-mar-y) Set us all a-grin-ning! Fro-lic, fun____

Piano

123
(During this Alfredo has entered, followed by Teresa, who expresses heart-broken passion in gesture. Enter Ultrice and Elvino, who carries a theatrical cloak, sword, hat, and lady's train.)
Elvino: Allow me. 'Twill assist your Grace. If

Elvino: on your noble brow I place This hat and feather. The Duchess, perhaps, will

Elvino: kindly deign to wear these jewels and this train— They go together.

Women: Your

Women: Graces, as you wend, We humbly bow and bend. You look, we're quite a—
Your Graces, as you wend, We

A most imposing pair.

Your Graces, as you wend.

We humbly bow and bend.

You look, as we’re aware, A

wend, We humbly bow and bend,

You look, as we’re aware,

A most imposing pair!

(Antara religioso)

(Enter procession of Tamorras, disguised as Dominican monks; Arrostino as Prior.
The Girls, believing the Monks to be genuine, all kneel.)
Recit. in um (hoec) | a tempo | (Which is Greek to most of us here, and per...)

Basses | sic invariabile nomen.

Piano

Women | a tempo | sic invariabile nomen.
(The Tamorras throw off their hoods and reveal themselves.)

Women

(All men)

Basses

Piano

Mock-ing! Good-ness gra-cious; What a wrong sir! Why, how dare you? It is

Women

Piano

Arrostino:

haps Dou-ble Dutch to the show-men.)

Tenors

And per-haps Dou-ble Dutch to the show-men.

Basses

And per-haps Dou-ble Dutch to the show-men.

Piano

(A tempo)
Enter Minestra, disguised as a very old woman. Come and
Minestra

listen, pretty ladies—Cross my hand with marvel—For to prophesy my trade is. And my

counted

counted

counted

Piano

prophesies are sound. Fear no trick or double dealing, I am clever at revealing, Neither

Minestra

good nor ill concealing. So, my pretties, gather round.

Piano

The Girls gather round to have their fortunes told. Minestra throws off her hood and reveals herself.)

Minestra

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Women

Allegro

Oh you

Allegro

Women

wick-ed, Base deceiving It's distressing It's degrading! We are tricked Through believing, Ne-

Piano

These

These

These

131
Women

guessing Masquerading! Ladies mocking! Goodness gracious; What a

Piano

169

Women

wrong, sir! Why, how dare you? It is shocking! It's audacious! Go a-

Piano

171

Women

long, sir! I can't bear you!

Tenors

It is wicked ha! ha! ha!

Basses

They are tricked Ha! ha! ha! This dis-

Piano

174

Women

guising is surprising Ladies mocking, it is shocking, It is blameful It is shameful It is

Tenors

guising is surprising Friars mocking, it is shocking, It is blameful It is shameful It is

Basses

guising is surprising Friars mocking, it is shocking, It is blameful It is shameful It is

Piano

132
(During the above, Pietro has brought in Bartolo and Nita made up as wax-work figures of Hamlet and Ophelia.)

(During this, Bartolo and Nita go through the movements described in a ridiculously jerky and mechanical fashion.)
Pietro: Happily afflicted with a mania for soliloquy. The lady is the victim of the
eyes agogging with insanity. He perseveres, improving the oc-

Piano:

205

Pietro: God of Love tyrannical! You see it in her gestures which are morbidly mechanical!

God of Love tyrannical! You see it in her gestures which are morbidly mechanical!

Piano:

208

1. 2. Allegro

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

135
ton - ish - ing, What sci - ence can con - trive! In ev - 'ry -

You'd think they were a - live. Her love - ly face, Her elo - quent des -

thing You'd think they were a - live. Her love - ly face, Her elo - quent des -

Her love - ly face, Her elo - quent des -
Teresa

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Ultrice

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

To thee I cling, To
gain thy love strive; My heart you wring, I shall not long survive! To thee I

To thee I cling, To
gain thy love strive; My heart you wring, I shall not long survive! To thee I

From
cling, To gain thy love I strive; My hear you wring, I shall not long sur-vive! To

his em-brace Thy-self di-rec-ty tear, Or I'll de-face Thy beau-ti-ful back hair! From

thee I cling, To gain thy love I strive; My heart you wring, I shall not long sur-

his em-brace Thy-self di-rec-ty tear, Or I'll de-face Thy beau-ti-ful back

love-ly face, Her el-o-quent des-pair! His prince-ly grace, His beau-ti-ful back

love-ly face, Her el-o-quent des-pair! His prince-ly grace, His beau-ti-ful back

love-ly face, Her el-o-quent des-pair! His prince-ly grace, His beau-ti-ful back

Her
Teresa

Ultrice

Alfredo

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

(Taking up wine-skin which Pietro left at the entrance to Inn.)
dry. I'm sure that's what the Duke would do, Were he as pleas'd as I.

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Sure that's what the Duke would do, Were he as pleas'd as I.

Pietro

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Be - ware! that
Forbear! I pay my way;

wine is mine, You must not drink it!

Take care! The wine is poisoned, on my word rely,

And he who drinks in agony will...
Recit.

Pietro

die! Commencing with a gentle pain Scarce worth a question, It

Piano

more apace, till you complain Of indigestion. Then follows an internal fire That scorns e-

Pietro

grows apace, till you complain Of indigestion. Then follows an internal fire That scorns e-

Piano

follows an internal fire That scorns e-

Alfredo

Ha!

Pietro

mul-sions, un-till, ere nightfall, you vul-sions!

Piano

expire In fierce con-
(During this Alfredo has filled a number of goblets with wine from the wine-skin, and handed them round to Arrostino and the Male Chorus.)

Vivo can't be worse than 'Vi-no's wine ac-curst.

It can't be worse than 'Vi-no's wine ac-curst.
(Draws sword and offers cup to Pietro. During this, the two figures express galvanic agitation.)

Alfredo

If we're to die of it, be thou the first!

I can't obey you!

Pietro

(A!)}

To die? I beg, I pray you!

Elvino

Drink!

Women

Drink!

Tenors

Drink!

Basses

Drink!

Piano

(During this, Elvino has poured the wine down Pietro's throat. Pietro immediately begins to feel the effect of the wine, which he has described as a poison, and which has become poison to him.)
Alfredo: Quick, or I'll slay you! Drink!

Arrostino: Drink!

Pietro: Drink!

Elvino: Drink!

Women: Drink!

Tenors: Drink!

Basses: Drink!

Piano:

Alfredo: ye who are weary of life, Don't trifle with pistol and knife. This
poison is far from a miss; If you've ducats of gold in your purse, Why,

then you may surely do worse Than die of such poison as this! Than

die of such poison as this! Why, then you may surely do worse Than
Teresa
Minestra
Nita
Ultrice
Alfredo
Arrostino
Pietro
Bartolo
Elvino
Women
Tenors
Basses
Piano

die of such poison as this!

Oh

A-

A-

Tho'

Clod -

Oh

Oh

Oh

Be

Be

Be

Be

Oh

Oh

Oh
(wildly to Alfredo)

Teresa

mo! Amas! My last appeal I pray you hear! Or

Minestra

mo! Amas! Her last appeal I pray you hear! Or

Nita

but a mass of spring and wheel, And other gear, Our

Ultrace

hop - per crass, Her last appeal De - cline to hear; 'Twill

Alfredo

ye who are wea - ry of life, Don't

Arrostino

ye who are wea - ry of life, Don't

Pietro

poi - soned glass! The pain I feel Is most se - vere. That

Bartolo

but a mass of spring and wheel, And other gear, Our

Elvino

ye who are wea - ry of life, Don't

Women

warned if you care for your life, And the

Tenors

warned if you care for your life, And the

Basses

warned if you care for your life, And the

Piano

mo!
soon, Alas You'll sadly kneel Beside my bier!

soon, Alas You'll sadly kneel Beside her bier!

grief, alas, We can't conceal. We feel it here!

COME to pass, You'll gladly kneel Beside her bier!

trifle with pis tol and knife. This

trifle with pis tol and knife. This

pain alas, I can't conceal. I feel it here!

grief alas we can't conceal. We feel it here!

trifle with pis tol and knife. This

girl who will soon be your wife. I'm

girl who will soon be your wife. I'm

girl who will soon be your wife. I'm
Teresa
Minestra
Nita
Ultrice
Alfredo
Arrostino
Pietro
Bartolo
Elvino

Women
Tenors
Basses

If you've

My last appeal
Her last appeal

We're spring and wheel,

Piano

The pain I feel

We're spring and wheel;

If you've

Sure there is something amiss;

That

Sure there is something amiss;

That

Sure there is something amiss;

That
During this, Teresa has pretended to fall insensible at Alfredo's feet. He supports her, and supposing that she has fainted, pours some wine down her throat. All the others (except Chorus of Girls) raise the cups to their lips, and drink as the Act Drop falls.
Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano

Women

Tenors

Basses

Piano
(End of Act I)