Scene. Exterior of Monastery by moonlight. Mountain range and river in distance.

Risotto discovered.

Risotto (looking at his watch). Now, Minestra, where are you? This is the appointed spot, and you are not here. Dear, dear, dear! She never kept me waiting before. (Looking off.) Ah, I see her! Here she comes, toddling along like an old lady of eighty! What a thorough little artist she is! She keeps up the character even when she thinks no one is looking!

Enter Minestra, now really transformed into an old crone.

Risotto. My darling, you’re late. Why — what a wonderful disguise! I never saw anything more perfect in my life! I can hardly believe that this is my pretty, dainty, delicate, little bride!

Minestra. Oh, Risotto, don’t be angry with your little wifey, but something terrible has happened — I — I can’t get it off!

Risotto. Can’t get what off, my pet?

Minestra. The make-up! I lined my face, just as you told me — and — and now they’re real wrinkles!

Risotto (examining her face). What!

Minestra. Then you told me to cover my teeth with cobbler’s wax. They’ve all come out! Then you told me to pretend I had gout and rheumatism — and I’ve got ’em! Ugh! (Groaning.)

Risotto. But, my dearest girl —

Minestra. Then my hair! Oh, my poor hair!

Risotto. It’s a capital wig.

Minestra. That’s it — it’s not a wig! It’s my own, and it won’t come off — and I hate it!

Risotto. This is a most remarkable circumstance. How did it happen?

Minestra. After I had dressed myself as an old woman, we all drank some wine out of the conjuror’s wine-skin, and I gradually became an old woman of seventy-four!

Risotto. This is most embarrassing. I may say, most disappointing. On one’s wedding day, too!

Minestra. My poor husband, I’m so sorry for you! But I’m an old woman, and you won’t be troubled with me long; that’s one comfort to you.

Risotto. Yes — I mean, no. I — I trust that, notwithstanding this — this modification of the implied terms of our agreement — there are many years of — of — yes, bliss — in store for us. (Aside.) If it had only happened yesterday, it wouldn’t have mattered so much!

Minestra. Of course, you won’t love your little woman now!

Risotto. Oh, I beg your pardon. I shall have much pleasure in — in showing you every attention compatible with the — the respect due to a lady of your advanced years, my — my pet!
15. I'd be a young girl if I could
Duet
Minestra and Risotto

Minestra

Piano

Minestra

Risotto

Piano

Minestra

Risotto

Piano

Minestra

Risotto

Piano
Risotto

pose, so I suppose. And so, no doubt, would most old

Piano

Minestra

I'll rouge my face, make up my eyes, With cunning dyes, with cunning

Risotto

la-dies!

Piano

dyes. My venerable looks anointing, I'll try my best your heart to

Minestra

159
Minestra

I'm sure you will, my love, but still It is a lit-tle, lit-tle dis-ap-

Risotto

point-ing! It is a lit-tle, just a lit-tle, a lit-tle, lit-tle dis-ap-point-ing!

Piano

Just a lit-tle, a lit-tle lit-tle dis-ap-

point-ing!

point-ing! It is a lit-tle, a lit-tle, lit-tle dis-ap-point-ing!
Risotto

You're certain

Piano

that you're wide awake? There's no mistake, there's no mistake? Your

Minestra

I've scrubbed and scrubbed, and scrubbed a

Risotto

rugged wrinkles you can't thin off?

Piano
Minestra

way For half a day, for half a day, Un - til I've al - most scrubbed the

Piano

Minestra

skin off! So gou - ty and rheu - ma - tic I, That though I try, that though I

Piano

Minestra

try, I scarce can fas - ten my shoe-buck - les!

Risotto

My bride could write (so gou - ty

Piano
“No Po-pe-ry! No Po-pe-ry!” On all the walls with all her knuckles! But it is a little, just a little, a little, little disappointing! It is a little, just a little, a little, little disappointing!
Exit RISOTTO, slowly and despondingly.

MINESTRA. It’s a sad thing to be transformed into an old woman in the very flower of one’s life! Ah, deary me! this is but a dismal wedding-day! Why, who comes here? Teresa, as I live — and crying too! What has she to cry for? She’s young enough, I’m sure!

Enter TERESA. Her manner suggests that she is crazed.
16. All alone to my eerie
Recitative and Song
Teresa

Andante pastorale

Piano

Recit.

All a - lone to me ee_ rie I

wan - der a - wea _ ry, A de - so - late maid of her lo_ ver be. ref; What mat-ter? 'tis on - It a

heart that is lone - ly, A ma - ny the maids that a lo_ ver has left!

Whis - per - ing breeze, Heart that in jest, Bring me my dear!

Piano
She sinks, weeping, on a seat.

MINESTRA. Why, take heart, little one! What ails thee? Come, tell me thy sorrow. I’m an old body now, but time was when I was as young as thou art — and not so long since, either!

TERESA. Oh, mother, mother, I think I am bewitched!

MINESTRA (aside). Here’s another!

TERESA. I am as though in a dream! Shall I tell thee? Yes, for thou hast a kindly old face. To serve an unworthy end I must needs feign to be going mad for the love of Alfredo, and so feigning, I fell at his feet. He, thinking I had swooned, in good sooth, placed a wine-cup to my lips, and I drank, and oh, mother, it must have been some love-philtre, for, behold, a wondrous change came over me, and he who was naught to me before became as the very breath of my life!

MINESTRA. Well, the potion has done thee a good service, for he’s a good lad, and will make thee a strapping husband.

TERESA. Nay, herein is the mischief of it — it was too late, for he had already given his heart to another, and would none of me, and I, whose very soul is possessed by my love of him, have retained the village fiddler to compose crazy love-songs for me to sing when the occasion ariseth, for I am going mad — mad — mad — and be a girl never so crazy, her songs should be in accordance with the rules of thorough-bass.

MINESTRA. Ha! Now, mark me — that mountebanking fellow is at the bottom of this. Why, he hath also bewitched me!

TERESA. Thou? Thou lovest not Alfredo?

MINESTRA. A fig for Alfredo! Why, look at me, child; I am Minestra!

TERESA (looking at her). Thou Minestra, who was married this morning? Nay, I am mad; but not so mad as that! Minestra is young and rather pretty — not so pretty as I, but still pretty — whereas thou art — oh! I ask pardon — my brain wanders — wanders — wanders!

MINESTRA. I am Minestra, I tell thee. For a purpose — also an unworthy one — I feigned to be an old dame, and so feigning, I drank — and, hang the knave, I am seventy!

TERESA. Thou Minestra? Why, let me look! As I live, it is true! Oh, poor, poor Risotto!

MINESTRA. Even so; thy pity is for him — not for me. No matter. But if I can find this jack-pudding, trust me, I’ll make him set matters straight again. Oh, I have as much to regain as thou!
17. If I can catch this jolly Jack-Patch

Duet

Teresa and Minestra

If I can catch this jolly Jack-Patch,

Ah, me! my heart is __

Teresa and Minestra

Weary oh!

And my days are dark and __

Minestra

He'll go for a year with a flea in his ear!

For love my souls is __

Minestra

He'll find his joke is a pig in a poke,
Exeunt together.

Symphony.

Enter Bartolo and Nita, still as waxwork Hamlet and Ophelia. They walk down the stage mechanically, as though controlled by clockwork. Their keys are fitted with keyholes in the small of their backs. Each wears a placard inscribed “Put a penny in the slot.”
18. If our action's stiff and crude
Duet
Nita and Bartolo

Repeat these 8 bars ad. lib.
Nita

Do not make unkind remarks.
Making out the jury list—

Bartolo

Clock-work figures may be found,
Stern policemen, tall and spare,

Piano

Acting all "upon the square"—

Nita

Ten to one if we but knew,
Which in words that plainer fall,

Bartolo

Ev'rywhere and all around,
Acting all "upon the square"—
Nita

You are clock-work figures, too.

Bartolo

And the motto of the lot.

Piano

If you want to move the lot,

Nita

"Put a penny in the slot!

Bartolo

Put a penny, put a penny, a

Piano

pen-ny in the slot!

Bartolo

pen-ny in the slot!

Piano

Put a penny,
put a penny, a penny, in the slot!"
Nita

whom in vain You implore to "call a gain."

Bartolo

Cautious voter,

Piano

If you'd move them

Nita

whom you find Slow in making up his mind.

Bartolo

Put a

Piano

Put a penny in the slot!
pen__ny, put a pen__ny in the slot! Put a

Put a pen__ny, put a pen__ny, a pen__ny in the slot!

pen__ny, put a pen__ny, put a pen__ny in the slot

Put a pen__ny, put a pen__ny, a pen__ny in the slot!
BARTOLO. Nita.
NITA. Well?
BARTOLO. This is a very uncomfortable state of things.
NITA. Very. How do you find your clockwork this evening.
BARTOLO. Ticking, ticking, thank you. And you?
NITA. I fancy I want regulating.
BARTOLO. Eh?
NITA. I think I’m rather fast.
BARTOLO. Nita, you surprise and shock me.
NITA. Mechanically speaking, I mean.
BARTOLO. Oh, I take you. This condition of existence is rather degrading. We are common clockwork, I believe?
NITA. Mere Geneva. The cheapest thing in the trade.
BARTOLO. So I was given to understand.
NITA. It might have been worse. We might have been Waterbury, with interchangeable insides.
BARTOLO. That’s true. But when I remember the delicately-beautiful apparatus with which I was filled from head to foot — and which never, never ticked — when I contemplate the exquisite adjustment of means to end — which never, never wanted oiling — I am shocked to think that I am reduced to a mere mechanical complication of arbors, pallets, wheels, mainsprings, and escapements!
NITA. Still you were always complaining. You never were quite well.
BARTOLO. Because I eat too much.
NITA. That’s true.
BARTOLO. Never weary of putting into operation the exquisitely-beautiful apparatus of digestion, I over-taxed its powers. I was a scientific enthusiast and I over-did it. Still, it is something to have an apparatus that never, never aches. I — I — hallo!
NITA. What’s the matter?
BARTOLO (very slowly). I — beg your pardon. I — think — I — must be running down. May — I — trouble you? They’ve thoughtlessly — put the key-hole — in — the — small of my back — and — I — can’t get at it. (NITA winds him up.) Thank you. That’s very nice, indeed. Now I can go on again. Hallo! c’ck! c’ck! c’ck!
NITA. What’s wrong now?
BARTOLO. I — c’ck — c’ck — I am not conversant with clockwork; but do you feel, from time to time, a kind of jerkiness that catches you just here?
NITA. No; I work as smooth as butter. The continued ticking is tiresome; but it’s only for an hour.
BARTOLO. The ticking is simply maddening. C’ck! C’ck! There it is again!
NITA. Something wrong with your works, I’m afraid. Stop a bit — I’ll see. (Opens door in chest, revealing a quantity of clockwork.) No; all right there. Turn round. (He does so; she opens door in the back of his head.) No; the head appears to be empty. (Opens door in his side.) I see what it is; a halfpenny has got into your escapement. Stop a bit. (Takes out halfpenny.)
BARTOLO. Bless my heart, how dangerous! What a relief! Thank you very much. You may keep it for your trouble; but do not — oh, do not spend it on foolishness.
NITA. While I’m about it, I’ll just oil you, and then —— (Proceeds to oil his
works with a feather.)

BARTOLO (squirming). Don’t! You tickle!

Enter PIETRO, looking very ill.

PIETRO (not seeing them). The Duke and Duchess will be here in half an hour — their escort is already in sight. Dying by slow poison is a very painful process, and I couldn’t have held out much longer. (Sees them.) Nita! what are you doing?

NITA. I’m oiling Bartolo.

BARTOLO. I am being oiled by Nita, and she does tickle! I don’t like it. At least I do like it, but it’s wrong.

PIETRO. How dare you take such a liberty? Shut the gentleman up at once. Nice occupation for a young lady!

NITA. But there’s something wrong with his works.

PIETRO. That’s no affair of yours. If Bartolo’s works are out of order, that is a matter for Bartolo’s medical attendant — I mean his clockmaker. Don’t let me catch you oiling him again.

NITA. Ha! Ha! Ha!

PIETRO. If this occurs again, I’ll take both your keys away — upon my word I will!
19. When gentlemen are eaten up with jealousy

Trio
Bartolo, Nita and Pietro

Piano

Nita

Bartolo

Pietro

Piano

1. Where gentlemen are eaten up with jealousy, They

2. Here's a gentleman, as fierce as a Mahometan, So

3. When a lady is disposed to be tyrannical, She's

carried off by jealousy vehicular, He's down on an unfortunate Au-

make themselves exceeding ridiculous, For every thing around they tint-

equal to unlimited iniquity; And flirting may be flirting, tho'

180
Nita:

Some people are so terribly particular. Their

Bartolo:

Their antics and extravagances tickle us, Their

Pietro:

A fact that has the sanction of antiquity. Their

Piano:

11

14
Where gentlemen are eaten up with

Here's a gentleman, as fierce as a man

When a lady is disposed to be tyrannical

Piano
jealousy, They make themselves exceedingly, exceedingly rich.
Home, So carried off by jealousy, by jealousy vicarious.

183
Exeunt Nita and Bartolo at opposite entrances, walking mechanically to symphony,
Pietro accompanying Nita.
20. **Time was when earthly joy**
Arrostino, Pietro and Chorus

*Enter from monastery a procession of Tamorras, now transformed into Dominican Monks, chaunting from black-letter volumes; Arrostino as the Prior.*

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**Andante**
Tenors

Basses

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano
In those days, forever gone.

Bless us. how we car-ried on! It's a most un-ac-count-a-ble
Tenors
An hour ago, as banditti, We played like young lovers in

Basses
thing An hour a-go, as banditti. We played like young lovers in

piano thing

Tenors
spring, The mischief in village and city;

Basses
spring, The mischief in village and city;

piano

Tenors

Basses
But

piano

189
Tenors

Basses

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano

Tenors

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Basses

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano

Tenors

Basses

piano
(Enter Chorus of Girls from various entrances.)

After a weary search, Hiding, at last, we find you; Leaving us in the lurch
Isn't good breeding mind you Of - fer a po - lo -
Sop

We shall want some persuading;
When do you think you'll

Alto

We shall want some persuading;
When do you think you'll

piano

be

Tir'd of masquerading?

Solo contralto

be

Tir'd of masquerading? This jocular monkish pre-

piano

sense,

Though all very well in its way,
Is likely to pall on the sense, If
Solo soprano

At an over-drawn joke or take in, How

kept up all night and all day.

ever amusing, we scoff; So many know when to begin. So

very few when to leave off! So many know when to begin, So

Tutti

Tutti

piano
(During this, the Girls have been endeavouring to induce the Monks to pay them attention. The Monks, however, have kept their eyes studiously on their books.

90
Arros
ve - ry few when to leave off!

Sop

Alto

piano

95
Arros
bland - ish - ments I pray you curb, Nor think us churls— nor think us churls. Our

piano

99
Arros
pi - ous calm do not dis - turb, Now there's good girls— now there's good girls! Tho' our e -

piano

194
Arros

103 motions, as you see, We try to freeze— we try to freeze! We don’t as yet, pretend to

piano

108 be St. An-tho-nies— St. An-tho-nies; So go a-long— Nor think us churls, now there’s good

piano

113 girls, now there’s good girls!

Sop

Ah, cruel ones! Time was, your love was

piano
strong-er! Ah, cru-el ones. you love us then no long-er!

Ah, cru-el ones. upi;love us then no long-er!

It's a

(Confidentially to girls.)

Clarinet cadenza

most un-ac-count-a-ble thing An hour a-go, as ban-di-ti. We
Tenors

played like young lovers in spring, The mischief in village and city;

Basses

played like young lovers in spring, The mischief in village and city;

piano

But since we got merry and mellow On the wine of that conjuring
Tenors
"fellow, Transmo - gried we're In - to fri - ars aus - tere. Un - wash'd and un - pleas - ant - ly"

Basses
"fellow, Transmo - gried we're In - to fri - ars aus - tere. Un - wash'd and un - pleas - ant - ly"

piano
"Sop "

Alto
"Transmo - gried here in - to fri - ars aus - tere, Un - 

Tenors
"ye - low, Transmo - gried we're In - to fri - ars aus - tere. Un - 

Basses
"ye - low, Transmo - gried we're In - to fri - ars aus - tere. Un - 

piano
washed and unpleasantly yellow! Whatever you say or you sing, it's a
most unacceptable thing!

washed and unpleasantly yellow! Whatever you say or you sing, it's a
most unacceptable thing!

washed and unpleasantly yellow! Whatever you say or you sing, it's a
most unacceptable thing!

washed and unpleasantly yellow! Whatever you say or you sing, it's a
most unacceptable thing!
(Enter Pietro, still very ill.)

Women

Men

Andante

Ah! What does this mean—what have you done?

Ah! What does this mean—what have you done?

piano

sf

Do not attempt away to run Nor questions try to parry.

Do not attempt away to run Nor questions try to parry.

altos

The
men to whom we were betroth'd, We find as holy friars cloth'd, Who

mustn't ever marry, Who mustn't ever marry!

Who mustn't ever marry!
As well as I can; Though I'm in pain
And ought to see
A med-i-cal man.

This

man, it's plain, As well as we,
Is un-der a ban. If he's in pain
He ought to see

This

man, it's plain, As well as we,
Is un-der a ban. If he's in pain
He ought to see

I'm in pain
And ought to see
A med-i-cal man.
A medical man. If he's in pain, It is as plain As

A medical man. If he's in pain, It is as plain

plain can be, He ought to see A

As plain can be, He ought to see A
Women: medical, medical, medical, medical, Medical, medical man.

Men: medical, medical, medical, medical, Medical, medical man.

Piano:

Women: If he's in pain, It is as plain

Men: he's in pain, It is as plain As

Piano:

Women: As plain can be, He ought to see A

Men: plain can be, He ought to see A

Piano:
Women

Medical, medical, medical, medical, Medical, medical man.

Men

Medical, medical, medical, medical, Medical, medical man.

Piano

My worthy friends, the wine you chose to drink Makes ev'ry one what he pretends to be;

Pietro

Recit.
You personated monks and monks you are, And

will be monks until the spell’s removed.

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

A personated monks and monks you are, And

will be monks until the spell’s removed.

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

A personated monks and monks you are, And

will be monks until the spell’s removed.

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

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will be monks until the spell’s removed.

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A personated monks and monks you are, And

will be monks until the spell’s removed.

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

A personated monks and monks you are, And

will be monks until the spell’s removed.

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-

A personated monks and monks you are, And

will be monks until the spell’s removed.

Oh, horror! Oh, horror and despair unprece-
Pietro: Have patience, for I hold the antidote,

Women: stern-ly vowed?

Men: Yes say—how long?

Pietro: And in an hour or two, or there-a-bouts, The

Piano: spell shall be re-moved, and you may wed As quick-ly and as of-ten as you

Piano: 

207
Pietro: please!

Women:

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Oh, rapture! Oh, rapture, joy, and bliss unprecedented!
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Men:

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Oh, rapture! Oh, rapture, joy, and bliss unprecedented!
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piano:

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Tempo di valse
```

Women:

```
denied!
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Men:

```
denied!
```

piano:

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Women:

```
An hour! 'twill rapidly pass Our freedom we
```

piano
then shall recover; Each lover will welcome his lass-

Each lass will return to her lover! The bells for our

wedding will chime, De light in each bosom imprinting,

So gentlemen, in the meantime, Proceed, if you
Women

please, with your chanting! So pray, proceed, if you

piano

Men

please, with your chanting. An hour! 'twill

piano

Women

ra - pid - ly pass, Our freedom we then shall re - cov - er;

piano

Men

there was when earth - ly joy

piano
Each lover shall welcome his lass—Each lass will receive

Gave our senses full emotion

deploy;

The bells for our wedding will chime,

Earthly plea

Deepest light in each bosom implanting, So gentlemen.

sures that allure

For
\[
\text{in the meantime Proceed, if you please, with your chanting!}
\]

\[
\text{an hour we abjure}
\]

\[
\text{So, pray proceed, if you please, with your chanting}
\]

\[
\text{For an hour we abjure.}
\]

\[
\text{Earthly plea}
\]
Men

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{sures that allure for} \\
\end{align*}
\]

(piano)

Men

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{an hour we abjure.} \\
\end{align*}
\]

(piano)

Men

\[
\begin{align*}
\end{align*}
\]

(piano)

Men

\[
\begin{align*}
\end{align*}
\]

(piano)

(Exeunt Girls. Manent Arrostino, Giorgio, Luigi, and Monks.)
21a. When your clothes, from your hat to your socks

Pietro

When your clothes, from your hat to your socks,
Have ticked and scrubbed you all
everything spins like a top,
And your stock of endurance gives

day; When your brain is a musical box,
If some miscreant proposes a chop
(Mutton)

barrel that turns the wrong way;
When you find you're too small for your

chop, with potatoes and beer.)
When your mouth is of flannel-like

Exeunt Girls. Manent Arrostino, Giorgio, Luigi, and Monks.
[As originally planned, Pietro remained onstage to sing the following song.]
coat, And a great deal too big for your vest, With a
mine— And your teeth not on terms with their stumps, And_ 

pint of warm oil in your throat, And a pound of tin tacks in your
spiders crawl over your spine, And your muscles have all got

chest; When you've got a beehive in your head, And a
the mumps; When you're bad with the creeps and the crawls, And

sewing machine in each ear; And you feel that you've eaten your
the shivers and shudders, and shakes; And the pattern that covers
And you've got a bad headache down here; When you've got a tomorrow, you're high-
ly gamboge in the world as "jim-jams," if you'd just bitten a pill; And wherever you tread, From a
Pietro

yawning abyss You recoil with a yell—You are your body or head, They're not easy to quell—You

Piano

better in bed, For depend upon this, You are not at all, not at all may make up your mind That you're better in bed, For you're not at all, not at

Piano

1. 2.
Exit Pietro.

Arrostino.  This is a remarkable change, my son. A great improvement on our recent condition. Devoted as we now are to a life of contemplation — restricted by the rules of our order to a diet of bread and herbs — and not much of that — indigestion and its attendant inconveniences will be matters of tradition.

Luigi.  Still, it must be admitted that the old life was a pleasant one!

Arrostino.  Yes, we had a jolly time of it while it lasted. (Correcting himself.) I should say that worldly allurements have the faculty of enlivening their devotees for the moment, but the evening’s enjoyment seldom bears the morning’s reflection, and the choicest banquet is but a feast of Dead Sea apples which turn to ashes in the mouth!

Giorgio.  Under the circumstances, we might have spared ourselves the trouble of luring the Duke and Duchess to the monastery.

Arrostino.  No — no, I think not. It is true that, having regard to our present condition, we are bout to receive our distinguished guests with scrupulous hospitality, but an hour will soon pass, and we shall then, unhappily, lapse once more into the deplorable condition of being able to avail ourselves of any small change their Highnesses may happen to have about them. It is dreadful to think of, but that’s what we shall be in about an hour.

Luigi ascends to balcony of monastery.
Andante con moto

Luigi, Alfredo, Arrostino, and Chorus

Let us receive them with a song of praise.

With glad acceptance.
20 claim we'll make the wel - kin ring, The on - ly ques - tion is:

25 what shall we sing?

29 fri - ars smug and grea - sy; Our world - ly lays Of by - gone days, Are
Tenors much too free and easy; Tho' suited to a bandit crew, They're

Basses not at all monastic, And can't be sung By sober tongue Of

piano

Tenors Stout hearted be! So

Basses mild eclesiastic.

piano
45  many here, We need not fear The ordeal be-

48  fore us; No single word is ever heard When

51  sing - ers sing in chorus, So sing with me

La, la, la,
Enter Alfredo, dressed magnificently as the Duke, supporting Minestra, who is apparently insensible.
Alfredo

chosen, touch us, I confess; And my reply conveys, as you may

piano

Luigi

Recit (Very impressively)

Alfredo

guess, inadequately my indebtedness. La, la, la, la, la, la,

piano

Alfredo

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

piano

Alfredo

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
The Monks are much impressed with Alfredo's reply and express in gestures their satisfaction with the sentiments he has expressed.
Exeunt all the Monks except Arrostino, Giorgio, and Luigi.

Alfredo (to Arrostino). May I ask if you are the Prior of this monastery?

Arrostino. Well, I am and I am not. That is, I am now, but I wasn’t an hour ago.

Alfredo. I see — a recent appointment.

Arrostino. Yes, for an hour. Present tense, I am a Prior. Imperfect tense, I was a rollicking young rantipole. Future tense, I shall be a rollicking young rantipole—in an hour. I hope I make myself clear?

Alfredo. Perfectly. (Aside.) Very like my own case. (Aloud.) I found this poor old lady almost insensible at the foot of the mountain. She had just strength enough to beg me to bring her here to you.

Arrostino. Exactly. You call her an old lady. Well, she is an old lady, and she isn’t an old lady. Present tense, she is an old lady. Imperfect tense, she was a young lady.

Alfredo. Of course she was.

Arrostino. Ah! but, Future tense, she will be a young lady again—in an hour. That’s the curious part of it. (To Minestra.) Go in, my dear — I should say my aged sister — and we will take every care of you.

Luigi carries Minestra into monastery.

Alfredo. You are very good.

Arrostino. Well, I am, and I am not. Present tense, I am very good. Imperfect tense, I was confoundedly bad. Future tense, I shall be confoundedly bad again—in an hour.

Alfredo. We are fortunate in having dropped in upon you during your virtuous phase.

Luigi re-enters.

Arrostino. Particularly so. It’s altogether a curious state of things. I’m such a creature of habit that I find it difficult to remember that I am no longer a rantipole. For instance, I see you have a watch. Perhaps it is a valuable watch. Don’t tell me it is; I would rather not know. Now, you can’t imagine how difficult I find it not to take that watch. Oh, I know it’s wrong; but then I always knew that. (Adopting a clerical manner.) By the way, I am collecting a few gold watches to send out to the poor naked savages of—(Aside.) No, hang it all, let the man alone; you ought to be ashamed of yourself! (Aloud.) Pardon me, your handkerchief’s hanging out. Will you oblige me by putting it out of sight? (Alfredo does so.) Thank you, thank you so much! Temptation, you know, temptation! We are all weak, and it is sometimes difficult to resist.

Alfredo (aside). Singular character, this Prior. (Aloud.) Of course I am prepared to give a donation to this monastery in consideration of your taking charge of the old lady. (Feeling for his purse.) By-the-by, where’s my purse?

Arrostino, Giorgio, and Luigi (falling on their knees). Not guilty, your worship!
ALFREDO. Of course not! Ha! ha! (Finds it.) Oh, here it is!
ALL. Ha! ha! ha!
ARROSTINO. Yes, but you frightened us!
ALFREDO. Allow me to present this sum to the funds of the monastery.
ARROSTINO. No, thank ye; I’d rather not. Here, give it to Father Luigi. (Exit ARROSTINO into monastery.)
LUIGI. No, thank ye; not for me. Father Giorgio will take it (Exit into monastery.)
GIORGIO. Oh, no; Father Giorgio won’t. Father Giorgio’s a good little boy now — for an hour. (Exeunt GIORGIO and monks into monastery.)
ALFREDO. This is an unaccountable state of things! To please Elvino I pretended to be a Duke, and I selected Ultrice as my Duchess. We drank the wine and we became a Duke and Duchess in real earnest, and, what is odder still, that unpleasant young person exercises an extraordinary fascination over me; while Teresa, whom I used to loves so passionately, has completely faded out of my recollection.

Enter TERESA, crazed.
22. Where's my Duck a-deary?

Teresa

Andante

Wil low, wil low,

where's my love?

 Lover's ways are man ny;

All who hear me, Much I fear me,

Think I'm going cra zy.

Wil low, wil low, where's my love?

Wait ing I, and

wea ry.

Wil low, wil low, where's my love? Where's my duck a-

un poco rall.

deary?

Cello

dim.

Cello
TERESA. 'Tis but a silly song, and passing dear at the ducat I paid for it. They think anything is good enough for a mad maiden to sing; but though the maid be mad, her ducats are sound, and good gold should buy good wares, and there are none so made that they want value for cash!

ALFREDO. Teresa!

TERESA (not recognizing him). My lord Duke, is it not? My service to your Grace and your Grace’s bravery. (Kissing his cloak.) In good sooth, these are find trappings, but they’ll not trap me, for I love a lad who will none of me! My song says he’s my duck-a-deary, which is true, in fact; but the expression is weak, and I am not yet made enough for it. But I shall be soon — I shall be, soon!

ALFREDO. Teresa! — do you not know Alfredo, who used to love you so dearly?

TERESA. Alfredo! Alfredo! It is — it is — ha! ha! ha! (About to embrace him.)

ALFREDO. Don’t. That I cannot permit. Under the circumstances, it would be in the last degree unbecoming.

TERESA. Oh, I had forgotten! Thou Lovest another now — a plain girl, compared with me. Me thinks thou too must be mad to take up with such a one! But we are all mad — all — all mad.

ALFREDO. I sometimes think so too. But take heart, little one; it is true I love thee not, for I have a bride, and no married man ever loves anybody but his wife.

TERESA. I am not so mad but that I know that. Why, I learnt it at school! But thou art like the rest — thou thinkest that any truism is good enough for a mad girl!

ALFREDO. As I was saying, take heart, for although you are nothing to me now, yet I have ascertained that this spell under which we all labour will be removed in an hour, and I shall then love you as dearly, as passionately as heretofore!

TERESA. Is this indeed so? In one brief hour? No, no; I dare not believe it!
23. In days gone by
Alfredo, Teresa, Ultrice

Andante

by, by, But soon to come again, With ardour

pure smile, and used to pine And strove to lure that heart of thine, With

all my might and main. I know not why, But now, for thee, I

1st verse Alfredo
2nd verse Teresa
(Leaving Teresa and rushing to Ultrice as if under the influence of a spell.)

Alfredo

Pasionately loved one! Thy dainty hand I kiss, I mean the

gloved one! Oh thou adored with passion most romantic! Worshipped with
Alfredo

all the fire of frenzy frantic! For one short hour my love consent to

piano

share it, It won't last longer than an hour, I swear!

Teresa

An

hour will soon have past, With passion I'm des-

Ultrice

days of scoren are past, With passion he's de-

Alfredo

score I felt is past, With passion I'm de-

piano

235
With that I'll be contented. Though last, 
My heart is now contented. A

he is at her feet, Thanks to the wizard's
suppliant at my feet, Thanks to the wizard's

position, An hour and obsolete His
position, With insolence I'll treat His
position, An hour, and obsolete My
(Exit Alfredo into monastery. Teresa attempts to follow him; she is stopped by Ultrice, who sends her off in the opposite direction. Ultrice remains.)

Scena
Ultrace

An hour? Nay, nay. A lifetime rather, that is as I will. His love is mine, yes, mine alone, until His dying day! Go, cheat yourselves with promises, poor fools! I hold the talisman that over...
rules The potion's pow'r! Alfredo, till he dies, shall wear my
gyves! An hour? Poor fools, that hour shall last your
lives! Ha! ha! an hour!

When Her
hungry cat On helpless mouse In sportive hu mour
pound-\}
ness, Her playful pat So treacherous No
felles tent regions sends him. He thinks she yearns For

game of play Provoked by pure affect, But
friends, they're generally hol low! So
Exit Ultrice.

Enter all the Chorus of Girls, running. Alfredo comes out of the monastery and joins Ultrice. He is followed by all the monks. Enter, also, Pietro, Bartolo, and Nita, the two last still as clockwork figures.
25. Oh, please you not to go away
Nita, Ultrice, Pietro, Alfredo, Elvino, Bartolo and Chorus

\[\text{Allegro}\]

\[\text{piano}\]

\[\text{piano}\]

\[\text{Women}\]

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

\[\text{piano}\]

\[\text{Women}\]

play. Two figures carry on the plot, And one's a man, the other's

\[\text{piano}\]

\[\text{Women}\]

not. 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: just like lovers twain, And kiss and make it up again.

Men: It's very true, and very quaint, The one's a man, the other ain't You wind 'em up, just on the back, With crack-y, crack-y, crack-y, crack, And

Piano:
Women 

all the wheels, revolving quick,
Go tick-y, tick-y, tick-y, tick. It's very

Men 

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

piano 


Women 

true,
The one's a man,
It's very

Men 

It's very quaint,
the other ain't.

piano 


Women 

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

Men 

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

piano 


227
57
Pietro

piano

May it

61

Moderato

please your Gra - ces, These are fi - gures two, Who, in port and pa - ces, Show you

64

some - thing new. Note their hu - man fa - ces, And the things they do: we've re -

67

served front pla - ces, Hal - lo! Why it's you! Al - fre - do and Ul - tri - ce!
† Alfredo
† Elvino

Women: fye veracity?
Men: fye veracity?

Spare your unrestrained loquacity, Listen while we the

Alfredo: truth uncloak.

Alfredo: The Duke and Duchessapping.

Alfredo: We drank the cursed
We've
Don't ask for further details, cease your chatter;
But
We've told you all we know about the matter.
We may as well restrain our useless
Women

chat-ter; They've told us all they know about the matter!

Men

piano

There's only one thing to be done, Destroy the

Pietro

antidote by fierce ignition, And thereby bring back every
one To his (or her) or-igi-nal con-di-tion!

Rah! Hur-rah! Allegro

San-dal and shoon we

Allegro
glad-ly lose, Here is an end to our call-ing cler-i-cal.
Women

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

Men

piano

Nita

We shall be human, bodily and limb, We shall be human, bodily and limb, joy hysterical.

Bartolo

We shall be human, bodily and limb, We shall be human, bodily and limb, Happy to think our state is curable.

Women

piano

Nita

Bartolo

piano

235
They're getting exceedingly intolerable!

Sandal and shoon we gladly lose, Here is an end to our

calling clerical, Now they may marry whenever they choose,
Women

All of us are with joy hysterical, All of us are with joy hysterical. Hurrah!

Quick, the antidote!

Men

piano

237
I had it in this coat, Safe in my pocket-book.

The truth I must admit, Some thief has stolen it!

Oh horror! Accursed!

Allegro non troppo
Women

sorcerer! Thoy demon-leagued traitor!

Men

Ill omened harbinger! Low-born equivo
cator!

piano

This is a hideous plot To
Women: robust of our senses. Restore us on the spot, or

Men: Have pity! It's bad enough for

Piano: dread the consequences!

Women: But it's much worse for me, the truth I'm
Pietro: 186

Statistic. Have pity! If I can't find the antidote today, I die in

Piano:

Pietro: 189

Agonies excruciating! Comencing with a gentle pain Scarcely worth a

Piano:

Pietro: 192

Question. It grows apace till you complain of indigestion; Then follows an internal fire That scorns e-

Piano:

Pietro: 196

Mutilations. Until ere night fall you expire In fierce convulsion!

Women:

Men:

Piano:

241
Women

sor-cer-er! Thou de-mon-leagued trait-or!

Men

Ill-o-men-ed har-bin-ger! Low-born e-qui-vo-

piano

This is a hid-eous plot To

Exeunt all except Pietro, Bartolo, and Nita. Pietro sits in great pain and distress. Bartolo and Nita make ineffective attempts to move and speak, but they have “run down.”

Pietro (observing their efforts). Now, then, what’s wrong with you? Oh, I see. (Winds them up.)

Spoken together very rapidly:

[ Bartolo. Upon my honour, this is a pretty state of things. Clockwork for life, I suppose! It’s monstrous — outrageous! What’s to become of Nita, and, above all, what’s to become for me?

[ Nita. Well, a nice mess you’ve made of this; to go and lose the only thing that could bring us back to life again. What do you mean by it, you ridiculous old donkey?

Pietro. What do you want?

Nita. Well, if I’m to be Ophelia for the rest of my life, it would be convenient to know what Ophelia did.

Bartolo. She coaxed Hamlet, a good deal.

Pietro. Nothing of the kind; she committed suicide because Hamlet wouldn’t marry her.

Nita. What — lately?

Pietro. Lately! Several hundred years ago. (Nita and Bartolo turn and walk rapidly up stage.) Where are you going?

Nita. We’re going back several hundred years.

Pietro. It’s not necessary. You can do it here. (Nita begins to cry.)

Bartolo. I have it. If Hamlet had married Ophelia she wouldn’t have committed suicide.

Pietro. Well? What then?

Bartolo. What then? Why, if I marry her at once the motive for the act will be removed!

Pietro. Nonsense! Hamlet and Ophelia never married. It would be trifling with the text.

Bartolo. Anyhow, it’s a new reading. What! am I to be the only Hamlet who is not permitted to discover new readings? Bah!
26. Ophelia was a dainty little maid
Trio
Nita, Bartolo and Pietro

Allegretto

There's a
O

O

There's a

piano

1. Pietro
2. Nita
3. Bartolo

1. Pietro
2. Nita
3. Bartolo

pianoforte

245
ceded his affection of the brain. Heir applicants
suit an eminent solicitor. When such
nod is just as good as a ny wink. Oppor-

piano

parent to the Crown, He thought lightly of her passion. Having
promises as these Breaks a suitor, rich and regal. Why, sub-
tuniety I'll seize Of a voiding any error; Of sub-

piano

wander'd up and down, In an incoherent fashion, When he
stational damages Is the paneceal legal, From a
stational damages I have always had a terror. That ca-

piano

found he wouldn't wed her, In a river, in a meander, Took a
jury sons of Adam, Tho' as stony as Macadam, Maid or

piano

246
Exeunt Bartolo and Nita. As they go off, Pietro slyly steals their respective keys, and goes off triumphantly in opposite direction. Enter Teresa.
27. Act II Finale

Ensemble

Andante

Piano

Teresa

Hope lived, and free from fear
Love sang her roundelay.
La, la, la,

Piano

Teresa

la, la, la, la, la!
Hope died, and at his bier
Love pined away.
La, la, la,
For Love and Hope are one In joy and pain, And

Shall make them twain. La, la, la,
Recit.  Ha! false one!  Thou know - est now The tor - ture of a

Ah! spare _ me!

Ah! love that's gone a - stray!  Thou know - est now The fate of those who
Ah! spare me! Al - fre - do!

will not when they may!

Andante
My pride is bowed, And I hum - bled is my

head, Who could be proud Whom thou hast ban - ish - ed? A

lost! be In yon - der cold e -clipse, Why should I

Ere
dying

252
Teresa

live if I am dead to thee! Thou wilt forget
The lips that are his lips! May he forget
Thy love of

piano

old.
old.
My sun has set
Her sun has set
My tale is told!
Her tale is told!

piano

(Goes upstage and mounts parapet overhanging the river. She is about to throw herself off when
Ultrice, who has been struggling with her better feelings, relents.)

Allegro

Hold! Stay thy hand! Theresa, come to me; My soul is
soft - ened and my heart is stirred!  Come to me Quick- ly I have

wrong - ed thee.  Par don, Te - re - sa, I have great - ly erred!  Take

heart, take heart, for thou shalt right - ed be;  Live for thy love shall be re -

stored to thee!  Come hi - ther, all!

(Enter all the characters from different directions, Pietro in great agony.)
Now, what is this, and what is that? We wish to go to yonder...
"""Women

val - ley. What do you want? What are you

Tenors

val - ley. What do you want? What are you

Basses

What do you want? What are you

piano

What do you want? What are you

at? Explain your conduct generally!

at? Explain your conduct generally!

Women

Explain your conduct generally!

Tenors

Explain your conduct generally!

Basses

Explain your conduct generally!

piano

at? Explain your conduct generally!

Explain your conduct generally!
Proud of my new-born rank
Which raised me from my clan,
From yon-der moun-te-bank

I stole the tal-is-man!

Ah, false one! From

(She produces it. Pietro clutches at it.)
84

Pietro

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Another} & \\
\text{Women} & \\
\text{Tenors} & \\
\text{Basses} & \\
\text{piano} & 
\end{align*} \]

87

(A light is given to him - he burns the parchment.)

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Pietro} & \\
\text{piano} & 
\end{align*} \]

She stole the talisman!

Another

yon - der moun - te - bank

She stole the talisman!

yon - der moun - te - bank

She stole the talisman!

She stole the talisman!

min - ute and my fate were sealed! A light, quick! quick! my
(Gong. All change to their original characters: the Monks becoming brigands, Minestra
becoming a young woman, Alfredo and Ulrice becoming peasnats, Bartolo and Nina are
restored to humanity, and Pietro recovers his health. Alfredo embraces Teresa.)
rah! The spell's removed, Hur-rah! The men we loved, Hur-

rah! The spell's removed, Hur-rah! The girls they loved, Hur-

Are ours again, Hur-rah! With might and main, Hur-

Are theirs again, Hur-rah! With might and main, Hur-

main,

main,
Arrostino yet fall a prey to the va-lour of our bank, For we shall not be hap-py til we

piano

115

Arrostino get them; With our high jer-ry ho! And our can-ti-cle pe-dan-ti-cal, And our

piano

118

Arrostino mys-tic, tho’ ar-tis-tic, Jer-ry high, her-ry ho! With their high jer-ry ho! their_

Women With their high jer-ry ho! their_

Tenors With their high jer-ry ho! their_

Basses With their high jer-ry ho! their_

piano

121

262
Arrostino; Women; Tenors; Basses; piano

High, high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jery ho!

Arrostino; Women; Tenors; Basses; piano

High, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jery ho!
Solos

1. Pietro, Bartolo and Nita

2. Alfredo and Tessa

The

The piano

The piano

The piano

The piano

The piano
Solos

Women

Tenors

Basses

piano

With their

With their

With their

With their
Solos

high, jerry ho! Their high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jerry

Women

high, jerry ho! Their high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jerry

Tenors

high, jerry ho! Their high, high, high, high, high, high, high, their high jerry

Basses

high, their high jerry

piano

ho!

155

1.

2.

266
Curtain -- End of opera