Inquisitive Women
(Die neugierigen Frauen. — Le donne curiose.)

A Musical Comedy in Three Acts
after CARLO GOLDONI by
LUIGI SUGANA
written by Hermann Teibler
translated by A. J. du P. COLEMAN.

Music by
ERMANNO WOLF-FERRARI.

JOSEF WEINBERGER, LEIPZIG
Sternwartenstraße 15.
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G. SCHIRMER (INc.) NEW YORK
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and Canada.
Cast of characters.

Ottavio, a rich Venetian.
Florindo, betrothed to Rosaura.
Pantalone, a Venetian merchant.
Lelio, friends of Pantalone.
Leandro, friends of Pantalone.
Arlecchino, servant to Pantalone.
Lunardo
Asdrubale
Almoro, friends of Pantalone.
Alvise
Momolo
Menego
Servant to Ottavio.
Beatrice, wife to Ottavio.
Rosaura, daughter to Ottavio.
Colombina, their maid.
Eleonora, wife to Lelio.

Servants, Gondoliers, Men and Women of the Populace.

Place: Venice.

Time: Middle of the Eighteenth Century.
Inquisitive Women.

Translated by
A. I. du P. Coleman.

Ouverture.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari.

Andante maestoso. Allegro moderato.

Women not admitted!

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J. W. 1316.
Allegro vivace non troppo.

grazioso cantabile
Act first.

Scene 1.

A large room in the house where the friends meet.

LELIO and FLORINDO, playing checkers; LUNARDO and ASDRUBLALL playing chess; OTTAVIO reading a paper.

(Enter quickly LEANDRO, followed by ALMORO, ALVISE, and MOMOLO. Servants come and go, and later MENGEO enters.)

Allegro giusto.

LEANDRO.

The problem's right solution!

(To servant)

have found. There's no evasion!

Give me Rousseau.

zumpep

(Servant does so)

LELIO (Playing)

Twas an

er-por.
OTTAVIO (Whispers, game)

Lord bless me! A desperate game, you're

dim.

OTTAVIO. LELIO.

playing! Surely! The stake is heavy—'tis not for gold, but honour!

By the rules of our meetings no member can be

ruined. Conversation, discussion, the play of wit de-

lights us. It affords us great pleasure, and main-
FLORINDO, LEANDRO, ALMORO, ALVISE a s.

Ties of friend-ship!

LELIO, MENGGO, MOMOLO a s.

OTTAVIO. Ties of friend-ship!

Full well we know the
tails...

mystic word, The firm and steadfast law That keeps our meetings

undisturbed, Our peace without a flaw... That women still are rigidly ex-

clued. Ah, Rosaura...

LELIO. (Takes a piece) }

OTTAVIO.

I steal a march upon you. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

J. W. 1816.
OTTAVIO.

grazioso.

My dear Florindo, to name the sex suffices to distract you!

Ah, but for such a

FLOREINDO.

dolce

weakness.

You, fair Rosaura's father Will surely

never give me a word of blame. OTTAVIO.

Rather I praise you, I praise you, I praise you, my

(Rises from table)

FLOREINDO.

LELIO.

Once more my game is hopeless!

(same)

OTTAVIO. And here I take another.

The women are to blame, 'tis

boy!

Ha, ha!

J.W. 1316.
LELIO. all their fault. Ah, these... wom- en!

OTTAVIO. They're dy-ing, they're perish-ing, Of cur-i-o-si-

ott. Just to see, To dis-cov-er What in these rooms we do when safe from ob-ser-vation. Aye, that is true. E-leo-

Lel. no-ra, my own wife, Gives me no peace. Her eag-er-ness torments her and makes her to-
LELIO. Con-found it!

LUNA. Qua-rious.

LELIO. But... but, to de-fend

Check to your king!

Moderato.

LELIO.

My-self, I have an argu-ment which but need to show, And it works

(Twirls his stick.)

I set the time for her To which she danc-es, Meek-ly, sub-

a tempo

FLORINDO.

You wretch!

Miser-ly, No more com-plain-ing. Sure is the rem-e-dy, Try it some
day. Nothing so useful to make her obey, without delay.

And what's my case? Beata.

Allegro giusto.

Lay. scherzando dolce riten.

trice, competing with her daughter. To make me really

tranquillo,

happily. Don't get excited; if they act foolishly, I am
decibled. When they begin to rage, I settle down, calmly and

J. W. 1816.
patiently,
Or take a walk abroad,
Out in the town.
And when they step too far over the line...

I let them go their way,
and I go mine.

I cannot understand
How all the fire of love
Has died out in their hearts.
Love must be dead when they can speak such words.

But

I'm not
heart that I am like to diet

Then's the time to look for reasons.

Joy us with their coaxing.

Listen

will not scorn my plighted word, Nor

When they ask fidelity.

to them When 'tis due them, But re-

p cresc.

break a pledge once given, So

Lett. This con-

fuse them when 'tis nothing But caprice or vanity.
hither must my footsteps turn, Yet all the

closure we may safely draw...

From the lessons life has taught us...

while no less My heart with thee remains!

O how

hands of man the reins must be...

And the woman must obey!

FLORINDO:

dreadful!

LEANDRO. (Approaches them)

My

dear and honored comrades, I've learned a useful lesson from bachelor existence. For the
good of body and soul. I fancy, still a better receipt for all life's cares.

Let us hear your receipt. First of all, and most important, a good, abundant dinner.... Much the same for sup-

And then?

And then?
LEANDRO.

per!

LELIO.

Ha! ha! De-light-ful!

FLORINDO.

animando

He knows the right prescription!

I a...

OTTAVO.

FLORINDO. diminuendo

Br avi si mo, bra vis si mo!

LELIO.

pp

gree!

OTTAVO.

Br avi si mo!

Quasi Presto.

LEANDRO. pp

LELIO.

He knows the right prescription, ha!

knows the right prescription. A most a-trac-tive pro-gramme. Ha!

OTTAVO.

Ha!
LEANDRO.
He knows the right prescription.

LELIO.
ha! I know, ha! ha! I know He knows the right prescription.

OTTAVIO.
ha! I know, ha! ha! I know He knows the right prescription. He

ha! I know, ha! ha! I know He knows the right prescription.

LELIO.
I know the right prescription, ha,

knows the right prescription, A most attractive programme! Ha!

OTTAVIO.
Ha!

LEANDRO.
pre-scrip-tion!

LELIO.
ha, he knows, ha, he knows, pre-scrip-tion, pre-scrip-tion!

OTTAVIO.
ha, he knows, ha, he knows, pre-scrip-tion, pre-scrip-tion!

OTTAVIO.
ha, he knows, ha, he knows, pre-scrip-tion, pre-scrip-tion! So
then, my friends, I now suggest A merry, merry meeting. We'll all, this very evening assemble here for sup

LEANDRO.

Ev-vi-va! Ev-

ANDRÉBALE.

Ev-vi-va! Ev-

ALMORÉ. Ha! ha! delightful!

ALVISE. Ha! ha! delightful!

LELIO. Ha! ha! delightful!

OTTAVIO. Ha! ha! Ev-vi-va! Ev-vi-va! Ev-

LEANDRO. Ha! ha! delightful! ha! ha! delightful!

NERESe. Ha! ha! delightful! ha! ha! delightful!

MOMOLO. Ha! ha! delightful! ha! ha! delightful!
EV-VA!

ANIMANDO

ALMORO.

I am with you!

I am with you!

I am with you!

LELIO.

I am with you!

I am with you!

OTTO.

I am with you!

VI-VA!

LUNARDO.

I am with you!

MENEGO.

I am with you!

Leandro.

 Comes Signor Pantalone! He will pay the ex-

Anima

Cresc. 

J. W. 1816.
A princely entertain er!
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Scene II. Enters PANTALONE.

* a tempo, più largamente.*

FLORINDO.

Here's to friendship!

PANTALONE.

To friendship! To friendship! To friendship! To friendship!

A MARCESTISSIMO

stacc.

ALNISE.

Here's to friendship!

OTTOAD.

Here's to friendship!

LELIO.

Here's to friendship!

LUNARIO.

Here's to friendship!

MEMETO.

Here's to friendship!

NOMOLO.

Here's to friendship!

*1) The notes o in the character of Pantalone should be clear in sound, but comic (falseo).

J.W. 1816
Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Con grande vivacità, senza rigor di tempo.

'Tis well glad to see you. But do you know, good friends, that it will soon be noon by St. Mark's clock? Ha!

ha! You'd clear us out? Ex--actly, that, my noble friends...

(All laugh)

I'll take a broom to you.

You see?
They're laughing, for they know that I'm

sempre spigliato, vivace
(To Ottavio, pointing to Phrindo)

PANTALONE.

Sempre spigliato, vivace
(To Ottavio, pointing to Phrindo)

Ottavio:

joking. And this excellent youth—when goes he to the altar? It will not be much

longer. Hallo! that's good—so be it! So then, in celebration.

PANTALONE.

We had thought of supping here this evening all together. Why yes, that's proper! Gladly I'll join you, gladly I'll join you. How many shall we be?
OTTAVIO.

You may figure on ten...... counting all... that are here.

PANTALONE.

That's good, that's as I like it! 'Tis better if we are a crowd. Leave it all to me.

Panto to me alone..... I see already we'll have a jolly night! Till we

PANTALONE.

meet again....

OTTAVIO.

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Let's go. Here's to friendship!

MOMOLO.

Here's to friendship!

J. W. 1816.
Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

(All exit except Pantalone)

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friend... Ha! ha! hai! What fine friendship!
Scene III.
Meno mosso e allarg.

PANTALONE.

fellows.
aye, splendid companions! When with them I'm rambling, my heart is gay - that's

Vivacissimo,

(Calls)

the truth!

Arlecchi,

chin! Arlecchin! Here... to me! Arlecchin! You old rascal! Oh, where are you?

ARLECCHINO.

(Heard off)

Eh... (Enters) I'm

J.W. 1836.
Moderato.

here!

Is my master on fire... That he makes such a terrible

PANTALONE.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Gently... gently....

rack-et?

Then what's all the

ARLECCHINO.

huh-buh? You must have been drinking, To raise such a

PANTALONE.

Hold your tongue, you old

ARLECCHINO.

rack-et And spoil my digestion!

J.W. 1816.
fool! Will you hush? You would anger a

Yes I will, if you'll talk! It is you that is talking.

PANTALONE. Moderato. Allegro moderato.

saint! Now listen...... I must order this evening a supper for ten merry

fellows, That shall honour my judgment; And right gladly I my -

Andante sostenuto.

self will take care of expenses. There's no need of pinch-ing or sav-ing. I can re -
Allegro brillante.

in tempo

Well, I should think so! I shall take pleasure in spreading the table. So that each guest shall be amply delighted. Good things aplenty shall tickle their taste. So the provision shall not go to waste. Eating and drinking and laughing so gay. At the same time there will be a small profit coming to me and to sweet Colombine!
PANTALONE.

comrades with care ful dis cre tion, I have com posed me a cir cle de

tempo

light foil! In their so ci ety’s my re cre a tion. Nothing up on this dull planet is bet ter. Far

cresc.

from the stu pid world, Far from its noise, Far from the wo men that ru ine our

smoove

joys! Can you im age it, mas ter re spect ed, What su ly

Moderato.

fool ish ness they have sus pect ed? What things they say of our club house se

J. W. 1816.
ABLECCHINO.

Allegro assai.

PANTALONE.

Ha, you clued up, Where women's gossip has never tried.

PANTALONE.

Andante sostenuto.

Allegro molto.

Puzzle! I'd better recall the club's motto: "No women admitted!"

If you should ever be tempted to try it, within it a woman to be

PANTALONE.

Andante.

smuggling!

ARLECCHINO.

Have no fear, I am too timid even to look at them,

For I

J. W. 1816.
Allegro.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! O you con sum-mate-rogue! f

know that their eyes can be with you!

No, sir, no!

ARLECCHINO

Allegro moderato.

I am not what you call me in jest - not a rogue. I'm Arlecchin Ba-to-clo, born in the month

of flowers And a ci-ti-zen of Ber-ga-mo, An hon-est man, A pa-

ra-gon of pru-dence!

Now be-fore I must

Moderato.

(Bows low and then dances off)

leave you, My best re-spects I'll pay you.
Scene IV.
Andante sostenuto.
PANTALONE.

Hal! ha! ha! ha! a com-i-cal fool... But I hope indeed he has un-der-

stood... wo-men here, nev-er! By sun Mar-co! That would be the last af-fic-

tion! That would be the last af-fic-tion... that would be the last af-fic-tion!

(Exit. Curtain. Cuckoo clock strikes on stage, and distant church clocks are heard.)
Scene V.

(A room in Ottavio's house. BEATRICE. ROSAURA Discovered.)

Maestoso.

BEATRICE.

Noon has struck in the belfry,
And yet where is my

ROSURA.

It's all that Noah so

hus-band dear?
I do not see him coming.
horrid! They spend the live-long day there!

BOSANA.

I am afraid of something worse. That they keep women there!

BEATRICE.

What then? O, hush, my child—don't talk like that! And what is worse, my father has introduced Florindo! Just wait, I'll catch them...

J.W.1810.
Rosa. You'll let me come and help? I'm sure I could be useful!

Beat. Yet! I must

Rosa. And I? o yes—like any

Beat. know what they do there! You shall stay at home...

In quattro, Vivace.

Rosa. cook-maid! They gamble there, there is no room to

Beat. Oh, your gambling! I am certain there are women, there are

doubt it. Girl, be silent!
Woman, there are women! ff

Girl, be silent! You don't know what you are saying! You don't

Yes, I do... I can't be wrong. I will

know what you are saying! How can you know?

prove it.

Then, my daughter, no delaying. Bring the proof of what you're saying. Let me have it instantly.

Ah, I know by... my heart's beating! f

(by)

(Disappointed) Oh, is that all?
Scene VI. (Enter Eleonora)  

Moderato, con grazia.  

ROSURA.

Tis Signora Ele-

ELEONORA.

You're at home?

BEATRICE.

Ah, 'tis Signora Eleono-ra. Delight ed, de-

ROSURA.

no-ra! Pray come in!

BEATRICE.

light-ed! Pray come in!

Ele.

real-ly come to tell you that at last I've dis-covered the se-cret...

Ben.

Of the club and its

J. W. 1816.
Ele.

Yes—about our husbands!

BEATRICE.

meetings? I'm sure they are gambling.

PROSAURA.

Am I right? That's not all, but there are women.

Ele.

Wasting their substance.

Rosaura.

O no, I've come to

tell you what they're doing...

Rosaura.

Promise first to keep the

Eleonora.

secret! The secret!

They are making...

Eleonora.

Come, let us hear!
ELEONORA.
Making gold by transmutation!

BEATRICE.
Making gold by transmutation!

Rosaura.

Electra.

Beatrice.

Rosaura.

But say—how did you come by the

J. W. 1816.
Presto sempre piú.

Eleonora.

knowledge.

I stepped out this morning early, to the dressmaker to

That green dress she had for ages, making over—she's so slow! That green dress she had for

ages, making over—she's so slow, making over, making over, making over, she's so

Rosauro.

Not the same one?

Eleonora.

slow!

Yes, exactly. Zanze tried her best to spoil it. That was all that she could

Not the same one?

J. W. 1818.
do. Then my aunt advised to take it to another that she knew. Such a jewel, such a

treasure, she would save it after all. Well, I thought she could not harm it. And on her I went to

call. When she saw the wreck, she really almost fainted dead away. But recovered to assure me that she still would save the day. Proudly said, "You trust to me!" Proudly said, "You trust to

ELEONORA.

ROS AURA.

ME!

BEATRICE.

Won't you tell us what you

What has this to do with secrets?

J. W. 1816.
promised? ELEONORA.

But...

Only wait, or you’ll confuse me. It will fit you like a glove, ma’am. Then she said, and so I

left it. Only fancy, I’ve been waiting all this week to get it home. All this week I’ve still been

BEATRICE.

ROSURA.

But... For the secret still we’re

ROSURA.

waiting...

ELEONORA.

p cresc.

waiting. Waiting all the live-long week! All those women that make dresses are a miserable

BEATRICE.

Of the secret won’t you speak?

J. W. 1816.
From the torrent of her crew, Grasping all that you will give them, Car ing not a whit for you. "Madam, yes, my faithful

Ugh!

From the torrent of her story, There is no escaping now: Though we're dying with im

promise, You shall have; they say to you, And you're waiting, and you're

story, There is no escaping now: Though we're dying with im

patience, We shall have to hear it through! Ugh!

waiting Till the promise shall come true. It never does. Oh

patience, We shall have to hear it through! Ugh!

J. W. 1816.
Più presto.

Ros.

Oh, how shall we bear it?  It's going too far!

Ele.

Oh, if I don't conquer my feelings of rage, I shall be cut off in the flower of my age, Oh, if I don't conquer my feelings of rage, I shall be cut off in the flower of my

Bea.

Oh, how shall we bear it?  It's going too far!

I cannot endure it!  I cannot endure it, It's really too much!  Ugh!  ugh!  ugh!  ugh!  hhhh.

Ele.

age, Shall perish, shall perish, shall perish, shall perish, shall perish, of

Bea.

much!  Ugh!  ugh!  ugh!  ugh!  hhhh.
Scene VII.
Allegro vivacissimo.
COLOMBINA. (Enter COLOMBINA hurriedly)

ELEONORA.
Ah, ah, ah, My la-dies-dear, I know all, all the rage!

ROSALTA.

COLOMBINA.
Of the club and its meetings?
(Rosalta sinks into a chair)

BEATRICE.
Yes...

Of the club and its meetings?

COLOMBINA.
O dear, I'm almost breathless... Ah you see I've been running...

BEATRICE.
They

J. W. 1316.
ROSAURA.
I know they hare-hour wom-en! ELEONORA.

BEATRICE.
They're al-che-mists!

gamble there I told you so!

COLOMBINA (Rises)
What does that mean? There's not an-y gam-bler, nor-women, nor...

BEATRICE.
They're
Well will you tell us some day?

a tempo

COLOMBINA.
(Do you

try ing But for the love of heav-en!

BEATRICE.
It real-ly is a se-cret!

J. W. 1816.
ROSAURA.

"Want to make us die?"

COLOMBINA.

"No! But... I'll tell you!"

They're try-

COLOMBINA.

"But to find a treasure..."

ROSAURA.

"What! A treasure?"

ELEONORA.

"What! A treasure?"

BEATRICE.

"What! A treasure?"
Meno mosso, misterioso alla burla.

COLOMBINA.

spirits they are raising

To perform their wicked will

Horrid

COLOMBINA.  All saints preserve us!

spells, Dreadful charms!

ELEONORA.  They have scores and scores of

BEATRICE.  All saints preserve us!

BEATRICE.  All saints preserve us!

Ros... What to do?

Co... vessels, Round a pit that's deep and gloomy Each one calls upon his devil, Asking

Ele... What to do?

Bea... What to do?

J. W. 1818.
In my veins the blood runs cold!

how to find the treasure

And the

In my veins the blood runs cold!

In my veins the blood runs cold!

seething, bubbling cauldrons, And the furnaces they're blowing...

Rosaura.

Ah, they blow? 

Colombina.  (imitates blowing)

Eleonora. Oh, do they blow? fff! fff! fff! fff!

Beatrice.

Ah, they blow?

Ah, they blow?
Tell us all, and tell us quickly!

But how did you come to discover...

Ah, believe me!—my eyes are open!—Not much time I waste in

Piu mosso, ma non troppo.

sleeping. Many a common rogue can tell you all about the town. And

so.... "My lad," I asked him, "where have you been, that so long I have not

seen you?" "I've been watching," so he said, "by a certain hole I
know of, That a secret deep conceals: Ah!, my brain was working now! And I said, How can you tell me such a tale, you silly boy? I could tell you stranger still. He replied, If you'd believe me, But you'd never listen to me; Then I said, Well, my lad, If you don't explain yourself? Oh, what then? Then...
Scene VIII.

ROSURA. Allegro assai, quasi presto.

ELEONORA. You really need not trouble, we know it all ourselves. Indeed we know it.

BEATRICE. You really need not trouble, we know it all ourselves. Indeed we know it.

All ourselves, indeed we know it all ourselves. We know it all ourselves, indeed we know it all ourselves, indeed we know it all ourselves, We know it all ourselves.

Scene VIII.

ROSURA. Allegro assai, quasi presto.

ELEONORA. ELEONORA. Good gracious, what has happened?

ARLECCHINO (Enter ARLECCHINO, running)

ARLECCHINO. Oh, Colombina, hide me! I've just
Ari.

seen Sig-nor Ot-ta-vio com-ing, Yes, crossing the bridge and com-ing here!

ppppp
stacc. sempre.

Ari.

If he finds me, he'll tell my mas-ter That here I come a-court-ing. And

f p
m. d.

COLOMBINA.

'Twill serve you right!

Ari.

then he'll take a stick and beat me sore-ly!

ROSALTA & COLOMBINA a 2.

ARLECHINO.

If you wish that we shall not be-

don't a-gree with you! If you wish that we shall not be-

FLEONORA & BEATRICE a 2.

sempre stacc.

grese.

J. W. 1818.
tray you,
Then tell us all you know.
Within the clubhouse what goes on!

I promised not to

Well then, we shall give you up.

Soon er I will tell you

Tell the truth--they gamble there? Oh, of

J. W. 1816.
course.

BEATRICE. (Aside)

There, I knew it. I always knew it!

ROSAURA. (Aside to him)

Ar-lec-chin! They harbour women? To be sure!

ROSAURA.

Ah, my heart can never do

criss.

COLOMBINA. (To Arlecchino)

ceive me! They are looking for a treasure?

Tis

sure they have a treasure. In such bright eyes as ladies

J.W. 1816.
ELEONORA.

Flatterer! Tell me, have you seen my husband?

ARLECCHINO.

wear! Oh, such injustice! Yes, Signora, I have seen him! Yes, indeed!

p cresc. f p pp

What a rascal! Oh, he's fooling us, the villain!

ROSaura.

Oh, you deceiver!

COLOMBINA.

Oh, you viper!

BEATRICE.

Oh, you wretch!

ARLECCHINO.

Oh, you'll deed! Yes, indeed, yes, indeed, yes, indeed!

J.W.1816.
ROSAURA.  

that in-deed!  Id-iot's bet-ter

ELEONORA.  

get your deserts on the gal-lows!

ARLECCHINO.  

con Pedale

crea-ture!

ELEONORA.  

Oh!  We'll stick our needles

BEATRICE.  

Oh!  We'll stick our needles

ARLECCHINO.  

Oh!  We'll stick our needles

ROS. e COL.  

in you. And then we'll scratch your eyes out We'll tear you all to piec-es We'll pull out all your
ROSaura e COLOMBINA.  

ELSisNora.  

BEATRICE.  

ARLECCHINO (Breaks away from them)  

ROSAura e COLOMBINA a 2.  

ELEONORA e BEATRICE a 2.  

ARLECCHINO.  

not  

ff  

J.W. 1816.
Scene IX.

Come prima, (\_ \_ \_\_ \_\_ \_\_\_) (Moderato con grazia.)

Rosaure.

Eleonora.

Must you really?

Beatrice.

Cantando

And it's time I should be going.

Must you really?

Beatrice.

I must really.

But respecting this great question, it is really?

Eleonora.

Sure, it is sure that all our husbands spend their time away from us, making gold by transmutation.

Colomba.

It is certain that they're digging for the treasure they are seeking. But I tell you, if they
COLOMBA.

I am ready to proclaim till I find it, I must see it, or else go wild! (Exit)

ROSaura.

a tempo

all the town shall know it. Surely you must believe it at last. They do have women!

BEATRICE.

How foolish!

A lone I've guessed it. The others all have missed it.

'Tis written on his forehead, he is a gambler.

BEATRICE.

(Points to Ottavio, who enters at this point)

J. W. 1816.
Scene X.

Tranquillo. (Il tempo vario a seconda della parola.)

BEATRICE.

born!

OTTAVIO.

Si-gno-ra, I salute you! But

BEATRICE.

OTTAVIO.

The to-tal of your losses?

now I have to cal-cu-late... (Sits and takes out a notebook)

BEATRICE.

OTTAVIO.

time, I think you'd better see a-bout the table. Flo-rin-do dines with us to-day. If you bring guests with

you... It means you must be winning. I am right, you do gam-ble? Ad least give me an

(Ottavio makes figures in notebook)

BEATRICE, OTTAVIO.

BEATRICE.

OTTAVIO.

poco sostenuto

answer! No one plays there. Oh? Not really? Eight and eight are six-teen... If no harm there is done in your
BEATRICE.

ott. (Humbly)

club-house, so they say, a-ban-doned folks as-sent... At least there are no women there...

ott. (Gives him a push)

Presto.

If they could once an entrance find, there'd be no more suspi-cion.

ott. Sixteen and four makes... twenty

ott. In tempo, da principio sostenuto poi sempre più animato.

BEATRICE. (Half crying, vexation)

So there, my accounts are all made up. You can reck-on with me! You're not

J. W. 1816.
worth-y to call your-self my hus-band!

You asked me?... If I were hun-gry?

Oh you'll make me for-

Well, I can eat a lit-tle.

(Exit. Beatrice struggles vainly to speak, utters an angry cry,
get my-self! (Politely)

We shall meet soona-gain at ta-ble.

Furioso.
and runs off.)

J.W. 1816.
Scene XI.
Andante con moto.

ROSAURA
(Then enter Rosaura, followed by Florindo)

I will not wait a mo-

ROSAURA.

O wait a bit, I beg of you!

sf  fespress.

Res.

ment! I can place no trust within you, Can't believe you when I leave you, Till I penetrate the

accel.

Not believe me?

p cresc.

Ros.

secret Ever-y o- ther gift means nothing. Een a crown or een a king-dom. Were it een love's hap-

p cresc.

Fl.

She will leave me!

J. W. 1846.
florindo.

you my love is nothing. All my faithful service, Ah, then to

rosaura (aside)

florindo.

His words con-trive to

you my love is nothing. All my faithful service!

touch me... But yet I will not yield!

rosaura.

idol of my heart!
Tranquillo e dolce (Coaxingly to Florindo)

ROSURA.

None the less, understand me. If I but cer- tain were... Florin-do...

pp express

FLORINDO.

rita - ROSURA. (Seductively)

What then? Ah, tell me! A sweet reward you'd gain! Ro-sau-ra!

p  dim.

ROSURA.

You see, twould cost you lit-tle to con-tent me. All I ask is to

dim.

Flor.

be there. Just for one lit-tle mo- ment........... No time at all.... An in stant...

dim.  ppp  rit.

rosa.

(Pettingly)

FLORINDO.

I'm tired of being told a-bout that "nothing!"

pp

And yet I told you there was no-thing there....

J.W. 1216.
Ros.

Fl.

Ah, do not

And is this

the way you treat me?

Come, my dear-est!

(Express.)

cresc.

Ros.

Fl.

ven-
ture!

dolce

You... my

Am I not your ac-cpt-ed lov-
er?

(p)  

dim.

Ros.

Fl.

a tempo

lov-er?

Nay, tis over!

I can-not

It is my grea-est pride.

Rosaura.

Florindo.

Tell me why, you are so cruel!

You, to talk of cru-el-ty!

My
reason ah me! is tottering upon its throne Oh, speak not so to

me! Dear, I beseech you, have compassion on me

'Twill be the death of me! All the pain, all the woe that I am feeling How can

I have deserved? Tell me o'er and o'er that you love me, love me As

in the days of old, aghrant me Once more to taste your sweet compassion! Have

J. W. 1910.
mer - cy, have mer - cy on

ROSALIND (Aide).

FLORINDO: His words con-trive to touch me, But yet I will not

me!

(To Florindo)

Sempre lo stesso movimento.

yield! No, I will not have you, plain - ly I've said, were

I to die for it. The way in which the se - cret you've hid

Assures me That there are things done in your club too dread ful To tell an honest
Scene XII.

ROSURA.

That you're a reprobate, a false de-
girl!

COLOMBINA. (From door, aside to Rosaura.)

That's the way! FLORINDO (not seen by Colombina)

Oh! 'tis not true!

(Aside to Colombina) (To Florindo)

Ros. ceiv-er... (As before) (As before) What's that you're say-ing? That you fear not to tor-
ture a

Col. Now take to fainting.

Fl. Oh no!

ROSURA.

heart that has loved you!

Now de-part from her whom

FLORINDO.

Ah, Rosaura mine, believe me!
Rosaura: you have made of all the maidens in the world... The most unhappy!

Colombina: Now the fainting! Lose no more time! Ah... Ah... I'm stifling...

Rosaura: You will drive me to despair!

Colombina: Faint ing! I cannot breathe! I... I'm...

Florindo: Dear est Rosaura!

Rosaura (Pretends to faint) (Aside) (Exit) My turn comes now!

Florindo: Assistance! Dearest angel! No one comes!

J.W.1818.
COLOMBINA.
(Colombina rushes in)
Assistance!
Merciful heavens!

Sostenuto.
My poor unhappy mistress!

COLOMBINA.
See, she has fainted, haste! haste!

FLORINDO.
You are alone to blame, you have not made her happy!
I would give for her sake the

Col. (imitating him) a tempo
And yet you torture her. With pangs of jealousy! Say what you please, these

Fl. last drop of my blood!

J.W. 1816.
men are all a - like.  

Florindo.

But meantime think of helping her!

Rosaura. (Aside to Colombina, while Florindo goes to get it.)

What have you made me do? I shall repent it! Colombina.

Silence!

Colombina.

No time now for repentance. Florindo. (Returning with glass)

Here it is! My poor

Colombina. (Rays over Rosaura)

Sostenuo. Well, yes... I know it
darling! I would do any - thing to make her bet - ter...

J.W. 1816.
COLOMBINA.

a tempo

I know it, For I would do the same. I would do, if I

could do An- y-thing to serve you both. For exam- ple: I, that am not a gen- tile, highborn

lady, I, that care not at all what o- thers are do- ing. Per-

haps... I might... go there, In- stead of my mistress, go, And then

COLOMBINA.

tell her the truth of what I've seen! FLORINDO. How would this do... as a man to dis-

Our rules ad- mit no wo- men.

J. W. 1816.
COLOMBINA.

ff

 guise me?

FLORINDO.

cresc.

I believe in my heart curiosity moves you!

ff

Col.

riten... a tempo

Curiosity? When I know it all? Ah, you have much to learn of Colombina!

Col.

(Takes Florindo aside)

Now I have it.............. Just out of kindness,

Col.

I might tell her a little falsehood, I might tell her I've been there, that I've seen and know it

J.W. 1816.
COLOMBINA.

all.

FLORINDO.

But how shall I be suc-

cessful if I cannot tell her something? I suppose you have a pass-word?

She will be.

ROSURA. (Listening)

COLOMBINA.

guile him!

Do you gather there this evening?

Ah, and you'll

FLORINDO.

There's a supper......

stay there?

Do you ring, or is there a knocker?

SAY from eight until eleven.

There's a key for every

J.W. 1918.
Simple key, or complicated?

member.

Well, it's rather complicated.

Rosaura (as before)

p

Colombina.

It is something to know that.

It is something it is

Cresc.

Florindo.

On what story? An the chambers? Where's the digging?

cat'sed.

On the ground floor. Three and kitchen. What's your

P cresc.

Res.

something to know that.

Col.

Transformation! Do you have beds?

mean'tag?

Are you cra-zv? What for, when no one sleeps there?
COLOMBINA.

Are there...

FLORINDO.

Oh, there are tables, and chairs, and plates and dishes there, and sofas and a

per sec.

FLORINDO. (Impatiently)

library, and plenty more utensils, napkins, tablecloths, cooking vessels, and stoves.

COLOMBINA. (Controls herself)

Ahh!.. Yes, and stoves. Nothing at all. Surely it is a charming house —

FLORINDO. What is it?

Sostenuto.

Keep quiet!

Fl. (Impatiently) This is too much!

J.W. 1818.
COLOMBINA: In tempo, tranquillo.

She's re-viv-ing!

Speak not!

Will you keep si-lence?

Oh, what glad-ness!

Ros-sua-rai

And... now leave us!

Must I real-ly?

Yes, real-ly!

You think you could remain

When

I un-lace her bod-ice
to aid her breath-ing?

Oh no!

Tis true I was not

sempre più tranquillo

(Aside)

sempre più tranquillo (Aloud)

The youth is tru-ly mod-est!

Come, be not too au-da-cious, but

Fl.
COLOMBINA.

leave us!

(FLORENDO pp)

(Goes to exit)

(Exit with deep sigh)

I'm going, command me to her! But I so love her, forgive me! Ah! Rossaura!

(ROSAURA) pp

(In a low voice, lying still)

Is he gone? (Looks off, in a low voice) What's the matter?

(COLOMBINA) perpendosi

Just a moment...

(Rosaura)

(Jumps up gaily)

(a tempo, con brio)

On, poor Florindo! (Both burst into merry laughter)

He is gone!

(Queen Curtail.)

J.W. 1816.

(End of the 1st Act.)
**Act II.**

**Scene I.**

*A room in the house of LELIO.*

**Allegro assai.** Curtain rises.

**ELEONORA.** (rummaging in the pockets of her husband's clothes.)

*Rit.*

**Yes, my husband a monster. There's no reasoning with him.**

**Poco meno mosso.**

**Ele.** But let him rage and stamp and swear— I still will steadfastly declare,

**Allegro assai.**

**Ele.** I'll know it all, What they do in that hateful, God-forsaken dwelling!

J.W. 1816.
What's this? 'Tis his handkerchief, With a knot tied! Now wath can be the meaning?

Well, try another pocket.

Two new keys now reward me, And here's a letter!

Meno mosso.

Allegro assai.

Of course, I am not inquisitive, But this is really interesting.

(Reada) Quasi parlato.

"To Signor Le..."io Scar...ca...val...li, et etc...era et etc..."
Ele. **(Sung)**

"tera. Who is the writer? Panta lo ne del Bl. so-gno sf? Ah! one of his boon companions!"

**accel.**

**parlato, con crescente allegria**

Ele. **(Reads)** I send you two new keys, since for security I have had the locks changed, my servant having

**passa senza respiro dalla parola al canto**

Ele. lost one of the old keys. We shall expect you at the usual hour. Farewell?

**Maestoso.**

Ele. have him! I have him! Now wait till I catch him! My hour is approaching.

**last I shall triumph! He cannot escape me!"**

**fate has betrayed him! He'll try to dissemble, But**

*J.W. 1316.*
all will be no less. At last, shall a woman. By patience and guile, get the

best of her husband in glorious style! At last, shall a woman. By

patience and guile, get the best of her husband in glorious

style! Here he comes! He is up at last.

I had best put the letter back in his pocket. To raise no suspicions.
Scene II.

Moderato.

ELEONORA.

LELI0.

What should I know about it?

LELI0.

Has my man not come back yet?

I admire your po-

ELE.

He's been gone for an age, I should fancy signore.

LELI0.

liteness!

ELE.

There on the chair.

That's

LELI0.

I must go out at once where have you put my clothes? Come and help me dress.
ELEONORA.

_You'll be going to blow now?_ 

LELIO.

_To blow? Do I play the trom._

ELEONORA. _riten._

_A tempo

As if you did not understand! I mean blow in your furnace. I ver..._ 

LELIO.

_bone?_

ELEONORA.

_den some thing prec.iou.s you are mak. ing._

Lel.

_Some thing prec.iou.s?

J.W. 1816.
ELEONORA.

Tell me what you do there!

What ridiculous stuff!

Do? Why, nothing.

ELEONORA: riten. _a tempo_ pp.ELIO.

And yet. I wish you would be sensible, my dear Eleo-

ELEONORA: cresc.

I will try, when my husband is.

LELIO. You'd really better have a care. Lest in the end

El. riten. _a tempo, vivacemente_

I mean to know it yet! (Menacingly)

Lel. your foolishness go too far!

Just let me hear you say that once more, and you'll die.

J.W.1916.
You won't believe me, but I'll know it yet!

pent!

You'll?...

Ha! this is too much!

Yes, I shall merely to spite you, find it out, find it out, find it out!

I'd better go away now, or I'll do something to her!

you old sinner, I'll know it yet!

I've borne all I can bear!
No! horrible woman!

No! No! naught shall you know!

ELEONORA.
(Passes her head through another door)
(dispersa)

You devil's own torment, no! no! I'll know it yet!

Allegro assai.

Hail away! away! If I stay I shall do murder.

ELEONORA.
(Heard off)
Scene III. (A room in Ottavio's house.)

Allegro giusto, BEATRICE at her embroidery. To her enter ROSAURA and COLOMBINA.

COLOMBINA.

Oh! oh my gracious!

ROSAURA.

Ah, dearest mother, only listen!

COLOB.

If I don't speak, I'll die of apoplexy.

animando

so well I fainted.

Tis mine, I say, tis mine!

Cola.

'Tis mine, that suggested the fainting!

No, no, 'tis mine, tis

ROSAURA

'riten.

Tis mine!

COLOMBINA.

mine!

'riten.

Tis mine!

BEATRICE.

What's all this? Like a pair of cackling chickens You both dispute the
BEATRICE.

Moderato.

word! Speak out, one or the other!

ROSAURA.

Well, which one? You shall

COLOMBINA. (With affected humility)

Piu moderato.

Are you not then the mistress? What, really? Speak before the accomplished Colombina?

ROSAURA. (Pause) poco rit.

It is just this that I hold the secret!

COLOMBINA. (Rises) Allegro assai.

BEATRICE. I'm waiting.

That's

ROSAURA. f

We've got the combination!

COLOMBINA. f

We've got the combination! We've got the password now their guarded door to open. Know about the

BEATRICE. no, nothing now.

J.W. 1316.
ROSAURA. cresc.

house and all about the chambers! We could go into the darkness, not lose our way one

BEATRICE.

moment...

One thing alone is lacking. 'Tis the key of the door.

Oh, that's a trifle!

COLOMBA. Allegro giusto.

'Twill be easy to get one. They have them in their pockets. We'll manage.
COLOMBINA.

that!

BEATRICE.

Quite like-ly, your long fingers are prac-ticed.

Res.-

Col. 

prise them this eve-neg-

Col.

Be care-ful- here they come.

Col.

think-ing About some clever plan. I too will not be

Col.

a tempo

i.-dle, But help you all I can.
Scena IV.

OTTAVIO. Enter OTTAVIO and FLORINDO.

Ah, yes, my daughter is like all other women, And you

deal just the same with them, Florindo, as you deal with the weather. Enjoy the cheerful

sunshine. Lie close when the storms rage, Patiently wait for clear.

ROSAURA.

Ah, my good father gives out excellent counsel!

OTTAVIO.

That's the best thing that he does, to stir up anger.

J. W. 1818.
Più moto. (Moderato.)

Ottavio.

I pray you. Colombina, o best of waiting maids. To be so

Colombina.

a tempo

Allegro.

(Aside to Beatrice)

Exit)

I will go for the coffee. Look in his pocket for the keys!

very kind as to serve us with out delay.

Rit. Ottavio.

Moderato.

Rosaura. what is wrong with your Florinda?

Rosaura.

No thing. Ottavio.

Well, then. why this behaviour the reverse of caressing?

J.W.1816.
Twas but a passing mood, pa-pa.

(To Florindo)

Heaven's blessing be on you! 'Tis as I said. Wait in


Rites.

ROSAURA. (Irritantly)

Ottavio. 

My husband,

Allegro moderato.

BEATRICE.

may I ask what means your attitude? Why don't you set the down in comfort here? I must soon

BEATRICE.

Then may I know where my loving spouse tends to go?

OTTVIO.

I have a
OTTAVIO.  vi sit to pay to a man Who ma ny kin dness es for me has done.  And do you

BEATRICE.  think your present costume suit a ble? He will su p ose you do not know the world.  I do not

OTTAVIO.  Molto cantabile (un poco più moderato)  care.  Ro sau ra, you can not fan cy how I have suffered with you!

FLORINDO.  ROSAURA.  FLORINDO.  And now how are you feel ing? Much bet ter now. I have dined. The

time you lay un con scious Seemed end less to my heart. I feared I too was
FLORINDO. Tell no one what I did. Of course he will!

BEATRICE. Flo- rin - do will o - bey. (To Ottavio) At least al -

BEATRICE. (Pointing to Ottavio's coat)

low me first to cleanse your coat of dust. OTTAVIO. But you must take it off. I've no more

You wish to? Then proceed. No.

ROSAURA. (To Rosaura?) FLORINDO. Poco piu moderato.

patience! Could I but read your heart.

Then do without it. Tis my promise to bide.

J. W. 1816.
Più largamente.

Ah, Rosaura!

If I avoid his glance, he will surely give in to me, and after all my waiting I'll gain the victory.

Tis only love that makes me enemies.

And after all my waiting I'll gain the victory.

There never was a mortal so stupid as my despair, though oft I fear my courage yield beneath the moment calls for
E'en though a feeling lord! No there never was a mortal So stupid as my lord!

That oft I fear my cour-

silence, I must not say a word I must not say a

animando

warns me Against such cruel

No, there never was a mortal So stupid as my lord. So stupid as my

age Will yield beneath the strain, beneath the strain, Will yield be beneath the

word I must not say a
ry. Soon must his purpose

lord! A bombnightburst be neath him, He would not say. He would not say.

Her sweet delight ful kind ness, Her

word. Ot - ta - vio! If she still hopes, still hopes to

weak - en. Soon must his purpose weak - en,

word. No he would not say a word, No he would not say a

ter - ri - ble dis clain, Such try - ing con - tra - di - tion Ah! who shall e'er ex

con - quer. All measures she will try, Yes - if she still hope to con - quer. All
His purpose soon, his purpose soon must weak

word. A bombnightburst be neath him Hewould not say a plain? Such try ing con trac die -

meas ures she will try. The mo ment calls for si lence,

en, Soon must he how-

word, There nev. er was a mor tal So stu pid as my

Ah who shall e'er -

I must not meet her eye. No, the mo ment calls for si lence,

J.W. 1334.
BEATRICE.

lord, So stupid as my lord. Now then will you take it off? Mon-st-er!

STORINDO.

ex-plain?

OTTAVIO.

I must not, must not meet her eye! No.

OTTAVIO.

I hate you! Some small pills for the cure of indi-gest-ion, And of ill temper I'd ad-vise. See what af-

BEATRICE.

riten. ritard.

That man will be the death of me!

OTTAVIO.

fee-tion! Have it all out! 'Twill do you good.

J. W. 1846.
Scena V.
Poco più mosso.

COLOMBINA. (Re-enter Colombina) r.it. molto

Coff ee is here! OTTAVIO.

I'm glad of that. Let me but drink it in

a tempo

COLOMBINA. (aside to Beatrice) BEATRICE. (aside to her)

peace. Have you succeeded? I have had no good

BEATRICE. COLOMBINA. (as before) (To servant)

for-tune. Watch me! Give it here. (ad lib.)

Allegro.

COLOMBINA. (Cuckoo clock strikes. Colombina takes tray from servant, goes to hand coffee to Ottavio, and as if by accident spills it on his coat) (points to servant)

Ah holy Mother! BEATRICE. One more clumsy action of this stu-pid

Look there! OTTAVIO.

What's the mat-ter?
COLOMFINA.

Fellow!

BEATRICE.

What a

See those spots though?

FLORINDO.

I hope it did not burn you.

OTTAVIO.

No it's nothing.

accol.

ROSAURA.

Allegro assai (quasi due volte più mosso)

How dreadful!

Pure cold water is the best thing to take

plenty!

Pure cold water is the best thing to take out a coffee

BEATRICE.

Pure cold water is the

FLORINDO.

Pure cold
out a coffee stain. Pure cold water is the best thing to take out a coffee stain. Pure cold water is the best thing to take out a coffee stain. Pure cold water is the best thing to take out a coffee stain. Pure cold water is the best thing to take out a coffee stain. Pure cold water is the best thing to take out a coffee stain. Pure cold water is the best thing to take out a coffee stain. Pure cold water is the best thing to take out a coffee stain.

(Aside)

best thing to take out a coffee stain pure cold water, pure cold water! What a water is the best thing to take out a coffee stain pure cold water, pure cold water!

(Takes coat from Gius, bows and exit with it)

BEATRICE: Quickly let me have your coat! 

treasure of a servant! Here Gius...
BEATRICE.

Now go now and bring another coat for your master. The air is fresh to

Meno mosso.

ROS. (Runs to window):

day: he might take cold while waiting.

OTTAVIO.

Yes really... I do feel chilly.

OTTAVIO.

How now,

ROS. (To Rosaura, who retires from window):

I am bashful.

OTTAVIO.

What for?

What for?
those un-civ. il neighbours, I saw them stare at me. Ottavio. Here's

Ha! ha! how nice and sim-ple!

*pp a tempo*

(Aside) Florindo, dolce

the coat. Ah, my love, your cheeks sweet blush-es Fill my

It's a bout time (Servant brings another coat)

Heart with joy trans-cend-ant, Fill my soul with glow-ing love, Fill my

(Ottavio shows signs of being about to sneeze)

Heathcote, rit.

It's com. ing!

Soul with glowing love!

J.W. 1886.
OTTAVIO.

BEATRICE.

OTTAVIO.  a tempo
(Sneezes loudly)

No, it’s not!
Yes it’s coming!
The cold has caught me

(Beating COLOMBINA)

now! Here are your gloves, signore.
Here is your little snuff box,

ROSAURA.  (Aside)

COLOMBINA.

His keys too!
Your keys too
Your handkerchief...

BEATRICE.  (Aside)

OTTAVIO.

His keys too?
Good. Well, the way things are

OTTAVIO.

BEATRICE.

I suppose in your club-house?

OTTAVIO.

go-ing, we had best drink our cof-fee... and hast-en our de-
OTTAIO.

part. uce. Let's go, my dear Florindo.

ROSaura, tornando

Go if you choose, OTTAIO.

What's the matter with you?

"Tis

Tempo.

(With a mocking curtsey)

Your humble servant!

well to show politeness To your betrothed at least.

I see

OTTAIO.

clearly that I shall have to tame you In some well-governed convent. Re-
OTTAVIO.

BEATRICE.

-save-

saw you for your welfare. Husband! Never! Rosaura in a

ROSAURA.

-me mamma!

COLOMBINA.

BEATRICE. My dear young mistress going to a convent?

convent.

ROSAURA? My own

BEATRICE.

Little one? You must have lost your senses! OTTAVIO. (To Florindo)

Come, let us leave the
Scene VI.

Rosaúra.

Flo-rin-do!

Colomeína.

Let him go his way! You'll see him soon a-

Ottavio.

(Exi, dragging Florindo with him)

place! A thunderstorm is threatening.

Rosaúra.

Mo-ther, what shall I do if he puts me in a con-

gain. I have the keys!

Colomeína.

Here they are!

Beatrice.

Sit-by girl! I'll not let him. Those said keys, if you've got them?

J. W. 1816.
BEATRICE.

Are the keys that fit our cellar! Ah, wonder! And those in his pocket?...

ROSAURA.

brava, brava! Our clever Colombina.

COLOMBINA.

We triumph, we triumph, we

BEATRICE.

Bra-va, bra-va! Our clever Colombina!

NARR.

brina! We triumph, we triumph!

COL.

triumph, we triumph!

NARR.

brina! We triumph, we triumph!

J. W. SIM.
Ros. now! I may go too? (Aside)

Col. We must go... I must don my man's dis...

Bea. now! Yes, come! No, I tell you. There are some

Ros. Is it so? It could surely do no

Col. (aside) Innocent lambkin!

Bea. things a maiden really should not know.

Rosaura.

harm if I made one of the party.

Beatrice.

Oh, enough, you are too anxious. I have told you plainly

Beatrice.

no! (Exit with Colombina)

J. W. 1845.
Scene VII.

Moderato.

ROSALBA.

(Above) She blames me for curiosity, but indulges her own. I must content me. All alone to remain meantime, disconsolate I that helped them out by cleverly fainting. I that was forced to suffer my poor Flo-

Andantino.

In tempo.

...to go off in de...
spair!  Ah!  Ah!  Ah!  

Andante cantabile.

only for the, my sweet heart, I burn with pure af...

sempre legato

feccion.  Yet all my inner feeling I must still

rit.  a tempo

be concealing!  Such

cresc.

is the law of honour That binds a maiden

J. W. 1836.
here And then a dark suspicion in my mind is not clear. Though when before me he's standing, His eyes implore, "Forgive!"

And even when I flout his love, 'Tis by it that I live. Yes, even when I flout his love, in it I still be...
He is gone from me, alas! Perhaps with me he's angry! Oh no! He must have guessed the truth, that still for him I'm longing, longing...

have guessed my desire.
Scene VIII.

Moderato.

ROSALBA.

(Re-enter)

FLORINDO.

What? You here? You here?

My Rosaura! May I find pardon for my bold return, ing?

ROSALBA.

is this the way you accompany my sire? I found a pretext to es
cantabile
cape. In such a painful way we parted from each other that I could not de

a tempo
animando

I think your friends are

J. W. 1918.
more to you than I.

But surely you must see That 'tis they who divide us, They come before me.

Ah, no:

Ah, speak not so, my love! If you require it, I'll never step a cross their threshold more.

more?

I'll take you at your word. But still I must be certain.

Yes, from this moment.

I'll give my oath to

O fie! It is a sin to swear. Nay rather?

make you so.

col canto

J. W. 1816.
pp a tempo

Place your keys in my keeping.

rather?

Why do you tempt me? Would you have me a

mock — ery A — mong the men that know me? Ah! Is it not rather you that are
cresc.

mock — ing Ro — sau — ra. By protest — ing a feeling that is not

[Sits disdainfully]

in your heart?

Oh, you are rend — ing my poor heart a sunder! Alas!

J.W. 1810.
allarg. molto

my love you're doubting. Then you have

Molto mosso, ma cantabile.

never no ticed How if my am'rous hand but touched your dainty vesture, In ecsta...y would

tremble Each fl'bre of my body, So that in lowly re...erence My knee

(Keels to her)

must bend before you. How each, each...thing I en...vy that waits up on your beau...ty, the
veil that falls around you, the book in which you're reading, The fan that brings you coolness, And your close-fitting bodice, E'en the perfume that is wafted from your silk enkerchief. Nay, still

Poco ritente.

fur-ther, your canary, Your dainty little lap dog That in his play dis-

a tempo

turbs the laces and trills of your garments. Yes, e'en the smallest tri-flies, A bracelet, A ribbon, A flower. Aye, the languishing
Fl. *rose that up-on your swelling bosom* Still trembles in its long-ing Know-ing but one de-raren.

Sostenuto assai *(due volte più lento)* rit.

Fl. sire! Midst those li-ies and ro-ses, fair-er than all, to ex-pire!

*Allegro con fuoco *(in due)*

ROSaura, *(Seductively)*

Were but your love for

Fl. me really so strong,

You would prove it by bring-ing

*ROSaura,* *(Rises quickly)*

sa-cri-fices.

Fiorindo.

Now

Take them, aye, take them, But my hon-our leave!
Più mosso ancora. (agitato.)

Rosina,

Listen! One last chance I'll give you—never another. Those

eyes you now will give me, or else all hopes of Rosina resign. This time I

mean it. And if I should falter, and once again for you to give you, may the

lightnings of heaven chastise my weakness!

Floinda,

Ah, take them now! Your will at last has
Ah, new I triumped. But never break my heart Without appalling menace!

Andante sostenuto. Andante sostenuto.

Blessings come, and reston you because at last you've given peace to my bosom! And in my hand, O lover true, I promise, They shall be safely guarded.

Piu sostenuto.

J.W. 1856.
In Tempo tranquillo. (sempre con grazia)

My heart how it leaps in rejoicing, How it strives to break out of its prison, As

(In Florindo's arms)

If it saw love's balm-y, radiant, beautiful sunshine stream down from above! Oh could

I, all else now forgetting, Live ever, ever

(dim. rit.)

wrapped in these dear arms! Florin

wrapped in these dear arms! Rosau
Ros.

do, my ad-
or-a-ble dar-
ing, How sweet to es-
cape from all per-

Fl.

ra, my ad-
or-a-ble dar-
ing, How sweet to es-
cape from all per-

tils, to

rest from my sor-
row ful doubt-
ing at last, Be at place in your arms! Oh
could I, all else now for get-
ing, Live ev-
er, live ev-

I, all else now for get-
ing, Live ev-
er, live ev-

er, live ev-
er, live ev-
er, live ev-
er, live ev-
er, live ev-

er, live ev-
er, live ev-
er in these dear arms! In

er, live ev-
er, live ev-
er, live ev-
er in these dear arms! In

col canto

dim.

Rosaura, love's own bliss.

Florindo, And when shall our longing be over?

Rosaura, When ever you, no, when my father chooses.

Florindo, I'll speed at once to tell him.

Rosaura, dolce

him soon. I mean... oh, tell him... That now the clouds are

Rosaura, passing. Florindo, con espansione

And that at last the sun is shining brightly!
ROSALBA.  
(Aside)  
Oh, I can hardly wait to use my newfound power!  
mezza voce  
And so

FL.  
Darling I am so happy
sempron p e dim.

Ros.  
I am I
Now you're making me blush!
dim.

FL.  
Why?
My angel, here's my
dim.

Ros.  
Till we meet again!  
Yes, right soon!
smorz.
Ah!  (They exit on opposite sides.)

FL.  
Homage!  
Right soon?
smorz.
Ah!

(SLOW CURTAIN.)

J. W. BRAB.  1927.
Act third.

Scene I.

A street in Venice, with view of a canal. On left the club-house.

(At rise of curtain enter PANTALONE from house, shut ting door after him.)

Andante sost en do.

Una corda. Ped. sempre

PANTALONE

Tis near the
Scene II.

Piu moto ancora.

ARLECHINO. (Enter ARLECHINO with parcels and bottles.) Oh, have you got here at

My mas-ter dear, 'Tis you?

last? Are you bring-ing the candles I or-dered? (Roughly)

No, sir, no. I had

J. W. 1816.
Then to the merchant my self I will go,
Give the

not time.

or - der,
And you'll fetch them.
Sir, of course I will fetch

them.
I will go The first good chance.
For just

now I'm loaded down like any donkey, as you see.
And I
PANTALONE.

Hear the ras - cal! Waits

can't go in the house un - less you o - pen doors for me.

Pan.

for the doors to o - pen! Oh, with pleas. ure!

Arl.

Won't you? Soon will you see what a

Pan.

I hope so - 'twill re-pay you.

Arl.

feast I've pre-pared you! He'll have e-nough of pay - ment when he

Arl.

(Aside) riten. e tornando

set - tles.

J. W. 1816.
Tempo di Barcarola.

exit into house. a gondola passes slowly on canal. voices are heard from it singing a barcarole.

Tempo di Barcarola.

men.

on the grand canal my darling came to glide with in my arms, fell into a gentle slumber, feeling safe from all alarms. now she

(listening with emotion) pantalone.

venetian,

slept upon my shoulder, now i waked her with my kisses. but the
Merry laughter. The gondola disappears. Exit Pantalone. The stage is empty for a moment. It begins to grow dark. The mandolins of the party are heard in the distance. Cries of approaching gondoliers heard off.

(Allegro risoluto.)

J. W. 1816.
Adagio. (senza tempo)

1. GONDOLIERE. (from outside)

2. GONDOLIERE. A-eh! Pass on your way!

A-eh! I am coming!

Adagio. (a tempo) (A gondola draws up at landing. Eleonora looks from it, and it goes off.)

sempre pp

a tempo

pp dim.

J. W. 1896.
Scene III.

_Senza tempo me con vivacità._

**ELEONORA.**

Here is the place! If I can but enter and still escape de-

Ele-

tec-tion! I love my husband yet—must be cer-
tain Where he goes, what he does.

_Mosso._

(Starts and drops key)

I'll know it once for all!

(Enter Arlecchino from house) Who is there?

**ELEONORA.**

(Runs away leaving keys behind her.)

Ar-

lec-

chino.

ru-

ned.

A wo-

man!

J. N. 1816.
and the worst of it is I could not see her face. What are these keys?

Now I'll go for the candles.

And if upon the way I run against the dame, I'll have a look and see who totters here!

J. W. 1816.
Scene IV.

**Allegro.** COLOMBA (Exit. Then enter COLOMBA, disguised as a man, and BEATRICE from a side street.)

Ah, then my mis-tress saw her.

Ah! and they told us there were no wo men here!

**Allegro.**

Silence! Who comes here? In the meantime you must hide you.

Come on, we must not linger. Oh, who? You will

My mas-cu-line ap-pear-ance will pro- tect me from dan-ger.

Then I'll

BEATRICE. (Exit) go on... and... await your com-ing in this street.
Scene VI.

Andante sostenuto.

My heart is full of courage,

Yet

I confess I'm trembling

A woman with these keys?

But who

can the traitor be,

The false companion that allows his woman kind to

lead him by the nose?

I should like to know who follows here...

J.W. 1816.
Più mosso.

COLOMINA (Aside)

What ill fortune? Tis Signor Pantalone!

PANTALONE (To Colombina) What means she?

Here's to friendship!

Col.

Here's to friendship? Ah! I remember 'tis the password!

Here's to friendship!

Pan.

Più mosso.

Friendship!

Pan.

(Surprised) Judging by that voice, a woman's here.

Col.

Thank you. Go. (Aside)

Pan.

My good sir, can I assist you?

col canto

J.W. 1846.
a tempo
PANTALONE.

knew I was not wrong! It is a woman!

(To Colombina) Poco sostenuto.

COLOMBINA.

Tell me wherefore you don't enter.

COLOMBINA.

wait Signor Octavio. PANTALONE.

Confused

You have brought your keys with you?

Confused

have them here have them here.

Here they

Let me see them.

J. W. 1818.
Agitato.

(Pol.)

Are.

Pan.

(Snatches them from her)

I'll take them. Who gave them you? Who are you? Why are you

(Pan.)

(Strenges to speak, then hastily)

Col.

Here's to friendship, to friendship, to friendship!

Pan.

Here?

Col.

Nay, with worn

(Pan.)

Now my legs must save the day.

Col.

(Exs. off)

Pan.

en I care for no friendship... (Part.)

J. W. 1816.
Curse up, on the luck! Two of our sacred keys in fearless woman's keeping! I've done with it all, I am dismayed. They may all go to the devil! I will have no more friendship with a crew of wretched milk-sops. That violate their pledges, that break their solemn word!

Allegro moderato.

(Exit angrily into house. Then enter LELIO, arm in arm with OTTAVIO.)
Scene VI.

LELIO.

What shall I tell them? I'd give any money if I

LELIO.

just knew where I left those blessed keys! For the moment I can help you

OTTAVIO.

Oh! you don't.

LELIO.

out, But you must be more careful another time.

OTTAVIO.

dim.

J. W. 1846.
know all! I seem to hear a voice proclaiming boldly I will know! Ot -

Col canto

ta-vio - If my wife has filched the keys from me, I swear - to.

a tempo (Allegro moderato)

heaven She shall have a lesson she will not forget! OTTAVIO.

Ah, bah! Just

OTTAVIO.

calm your self, Just calm your self. Here comes one of our
Scene VII.

(Euter Florindo.)

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

LELIO.

Bravo! Since I have

OTTAVIO.

Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship!

comrades

LELIO.

met you, I would beg you to convey my excuses to Signor Pantalone, if I'm

FLORINDO.

forced to be absent this evening.

LELIO.

You'll give us then a

LELIO.

OTTAVIO.

(To Florindo)

reason? Ah no, why should you force him to invent a pretext? I under.
stand it well, Capricces of Rosaura.

Piu allegro.

I am not blaming you rather I praise. Such love I've never seen in all my days!

FLORIZNO.

You need not laugh at me: I am contented. To name our wedding-day she has consented.

OTTOVIO. (Aside)

Poor little innocent, led to the slaughter! I know a thing or two of my fair daughter.

FLORINDO.

And in the ecstasy of my rejoicing No other sentiments can I be voicing.

IL PRIMO.

Henceforth I'll guard me from feminine charming, In resolution firm my spirit arming.

OTTOVIO.
a tempo

Fl.

sau - ra loves me, Ros au - ra loves me!

Lei.

Soon er I'll sa - cri - fice ev - ery de - light

Out.

Poor lit - tle in - no - cent, led to the slaughter!

dim.

Fi.

loves me, loves me!

Lei.

Than yield o - be - di - ence One sin - gle night!

Out.

I know a thing or two of my fair daugh - ter.

pp riten.

f a tempo

Ah! Ros au - ra loves me!

pp

Lei.

Yes, soon er I'll sa - cri - fice ev - ery de - light.

Out.

Yes, such love I've nev - er seen in all my days!

pp smors.

J.W. 1810.
OTTAVIO. (Peels in his pockets, surprised)

PROVOKING! COLOMBINA in her haste has glv.

FLORINDO. (goes to exit)

Farewell! We must knock at the door.

OH!

On me The keys that lock my cell... No.

(To Florindo)

OH!

You no doubt will help us, You've always so obliging.

col canto

OTTAVIO.

SORRY- not got my keys...

LELIO.

Well, I nev. er!

J. W. 1916.
FLORINDO.

knew I should not want them this evening.

So I left them at home.

OTTAVIO.

Oh, I say! This is delicious! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Not a key can we muster, not a key, not a key, can we muster.

Not a key can we muster, not a key can we muster, not a key, not a key.

LELIO.

Oh.

J. W. 1846.
mqtt, not a key, not a key can we muster!

can we muster, not a key, not a key can we muster!

I'll knock.

What's to do? I'll knock.

There's no help. What's to do? I'll knock.

(They knock.)
Scene VIII.
Sostenuto.

(The knock) PANTALONE. (Pantaloon appears in door, in a bad temper.)

What seek you here? Your keys, where have you left them?

LELIO. Mine were at home for. ten. OTTAVIO.

Tranquillo assai. Mine too,

PANTALONE. (Shows keys) OTTAVIO. Then of course these keys I hold can not belong to you.

LELIO. by some queerechance. PIU MOSSO. Good

LELIO. Lord! Why, those are mine! OTTAVIO.

Pe. cu. liar! Mine are the o. thers.
Di nuovo tranquillo assai.

PANTONE (given them the keys)

Then learn to guard them better, And keep in mind what you've promised. I will not press you

LELIO. Più mosso.

What's this? What's this? What means he?

PANTALONE.

further, Lest some lady's name should come in.

LELIO. (angrily)

Ah, if E-le-o-no-ra has done this, she shall be killed!

OTTAVIO (amused): poco a poco più tranquillo

Not a key could we muster! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

3) The notes with an octave higher, falsetto on account of laughing.
Scene IX.

Andante sempre più tranquillo.

FLORINDO.

(A lone) What peculiar proceedings are taking

place! And yet... it almost seems to me the
gladness from my heart has vanished. How if... among those keys

Ah, Florindo, how some full! What, suspecting Rosina of treachery?

J. W. 1816.
But some one comes this way...
A servant goes before that bears a lantern, and be-

hind him a woman!
I wonder if beneath that robe concealed

is some sort of one of our members?
I'm really curious to know the re-
sult.
Strange would it be in truth

if I two were at

talked by the same fall ing!
(Conceals himself. Then enter ROSAURA, masked,
(ollowing a servant, and almost immediately Arlecchino.)

J. W. 1918.
Scene X.
Più mosso.

ROSAURA

(To servant)

Why halt you? Go forward, simpleton! March!

ROSAURA

(In stead of giving me courage, he is trembling with fear.

ARLECCHINO. (Watching aside)

An other bit of woman kind! Quick throw the door open!

ROSAURA (To servant)

(Drops her mask)

FLORINDO.

(Leaps out)

Ah! 'tis Flor.

ROFECCH. You rascal! Give me those keys, sir! (Snatches keys from servant)

I'm amazed at her boldness.

J.W. 1816.
ROSAURA.

rin-do! (Servant drops lantern and runs away)

ARLECHINO (aside)

Flo-rin-do!

It is her lov-er!

Pessthe's off!

Andante sostenuto.

Yes, 'tis I 0 false Ros-a-rua! This is all your faith-

FLORENO

ness?

Thus it is, 0 wick-ed maids-en. You re-

FLORENO

rit.

pay my wor-ship true?

ARLECHINO (aside)

'Tis but just ice, servesner

J. W. 1316.
Più mosso.

**ARLECHINO.**

I but promised you I'd keep them Safely by me till you right.

**ROSAURA.**

claimed them....

**FLORINDO.**

You venture to say such things, And have no shame Because you have deceived me?

Now your own eyes shall see me Go

**FL.**

boldly into that house, Which I swore, out of kindness to you Ever to

J. W. 1846.
ROSAURA. (Tries desperately to hold him)

No 'twas a fault of love a fault of jealousy! Forgive me, forgive me, Flo

FLORINDO. shun.

ROSAURA. dim.  
rin- do! have pity, have pity!

FLORINDO. (Severely)

O take as punishment what now you

ABLECCHINO (Barreling him)

O take as foolish

FLORINDO. (Exit into house, shutting door after him.)

suffer For your deceiving! Fare you well!

ABLECCHINO.

ness what now he utters, Not a word believing! Mark me well!

J. W. 1316.
Scene XI.
Allegro assai

Rosauro.

Florinn...do! Tis too much! Ah, my strength seems to fail... Mercy...ah,

Rosauro.

(Tutters)

help me! a help me! I shall die!

Arlecchino.

quickly, quickly, otherwise she may fall in the ca-

Allegro.

(With a cry of horror) (Points)

Ros.

(Supports her)

Arle.

Who holds me up?

Ah!

Arlechino.

Come, come, maiden! Courage!
Arl. The girl is really fainting!

What shall I do with her?

Arl. What's the medicine to give her?

In all my long experience I've never had a case as hard as this for my confusion! Assistance! Assistance! Assistance!
Scene XII.

ELISABETH: (After Eleonora running, followed by Beatrice.)

What's wrong? What happened here?

BEATRICE.

Ah Rosaura! She is dying? My

(Sticks into Arlecchino's arms.)

COLOMBA (running).

That's too much of a good thing! Kind neighbour! Kind neighbour!

Colombaro, in breeches?

(Sem to faint.)

(Resisting) No! Not you! For three I have not arms enough.
BEATRICE.
(Reviving)

Ah, heavens! Where am I?
And who are you?
I'm here, your trusted friend Eleo.

ELEONORA.

ROSaura.
(Rosaura begins to revive, with a deep sigh)

Ah, my daughter!
Then you read my verses chanting?

COLOMBA (Aside) Ah,

BEATRICE.
(To Rosaura)
A proper question!

Ah and my daughter!

ARLECHINO.
It was time!

ROSaura.
Mother! If you could fancy what cruelty Florindo showed to me!

Ah, but my

ELEONORA.

BEATRICE.
husband! And mine!

(All three begin to cry loudly.)
Andante sostenuto. (Due volte meno mosso)

Eleonora.

Ah that distressing portal!

Beatrice.

Ah that distressing portal!

Tis

Thrust for ev’rymore!

Beatrice.

Thrust for ev’rymore!

Rosaura. (Tearfully)

Andantino grazioso.

All our keys are taken from us. Whoshall

Rosaura.

tell us what to do?

Colombina.

(Approaches Arlecchino)

Let us choose the shortest method Arlec.
(Pushes her away, imitating Florindo)

(AOCCHINO)  

No, take as punishment what you suffer for your

Arl.  

deceiving! Fare you well!

What words are these you're saying?

Arl.  

way! get back, I tell you! My lover

(COLOMBINA (Seductively) a tempo)

(Throw him a kiss)

dear— My Ar- tacho! If you

(AOCCHINO)

(Springs to her side) I'm here!

J. W. 1816.
COLOBINA.

(Caresses him.)

long for CO-lomb-i-na, dearest fellow, help us still. Other-wise this hand you're

Col.

an.x.ious To pos-see.s, you nev - er will! What a per-fume clings a bout it, Sweet-er

Arl.

than the flowers in May! Love-ly arms and love-ly bo-son, They must be my own some

Poco a poco piu mosso.

COLOBINA: Then all is set-tled? You'll let us in? And why

Arl.

day! Oh no! I'm not so fool-ish.

COLOBINA. ARLECHINO.

'not? Well I know bet-ter. I should get such a beat-ing. You shall

BEATRICE, dolce

J.W. 1816.
And I'll give you these my ten golden sequins. I will give another ten.

No you won't!

You shall have a lovely dinner. And besides, I'll kiss you so... I'll kiss you.

No you don't! No you won't!

so... such lovely kisses, ah!

Were I you I'd soon agree.

No you don't.

J.W. 1866.
Oh you brute, oh you coward, oh you deceiver, oh you rascal, oh you viper, oh you monster, you ruffian, you donkey, you horner, you blackguard, you scarecrow, you villain!

No, we've got you where we want you.

I must fly from these chains! (Tries to escape) Rescue, rescue, rescue,

This time we'll not let you go! Down! down! down!

Ow! ow! ow!
Well then, take them! Well then, take them! Well then, take them!

But I'll ask you to remember that I've twenty sequins due me. And some earrings, and a hand!

fₚ cresc. (To each other.)

Yes, it's like-ly! Hast-en! Now we shall catch them fair!

Come, do not
Come, do not linger here!

(Pushes them towards and into house. As soon as they are all in, he picks up the lantern, and, screening his eyes with his hand, peers into all the neighbouring corners)

Tempo della Barcarola.

Are there any more would like to go?

(Quick Curtain)
Scene XIII.

A room within the club-house, serving as an ante-room to the large dining-room, which is seen up-stage, raised a few steps. At rise of curtain it is shut off by an opaque glass door up C. Piano down L.

Maestoso.

(All the members surrounding PANTALONE, and crying "Here's to friendship" in his honour. He makes protesting gestures.)

Andante mosso.

ASDRUBALE, ALMORO, LEANDRO, FLORINDO a 4.

Here's to our leader, Signor Panta-lo-ne, Always so thoughtful of

LELIO, ALVISE a 2.

Here's to our leader, Signor Panta-lo-ne, Always so thoughtful of

LUNARDO, OTTAVIO a 2.

Here's to our leader, Signor Panta-lo-ne, Always so thoughtful of

MOMOLO, MENEGO a 2.

Here's to our leader, Signor Panta-lo-ne, Always so thoughtful of

Andante mosso.

J. W. 1816.
his good friends! All his contrivance is but for the

His good friends! All his contrivance is but for the

His good friends! All his contrivance is but for the

A. Mi.
Le.Fl.

purpose Of giving joy to each one that attends!

L. Al.

purpose Of giving joy to each one that attends!

L. Out.

purpose Of giving joy to each one that attends!

M. Me.

purpose Of giving joy to each one that attends!

PANTALONE (gaily) (all'grazia)

Then

Con spirito.

Pan.

on this very ground, Be it permitted To add a word or two to what I
a tempo

was say - ing. Give a wo - man never a - gain the keys, Nei - ther house keys, nor yet

heart keys! When a man yields to this weakness, Poor fel - low, there is no hope for him!

Con brio.

FLORENO, LEANDRO, ASDRUBLA.

ALMORO, ALVISU.

We'll go, then!

(All laugh. Enter ARLECHINO up C. through.

ARLECHINO, glass door)

We'll go, then!

(all laugh)

The sup - per is read-y.

We'll go, then!

LELIO, OTTAVIO.

LUNARIO, MEGEO, MOMOLO.

We'll go, then!

Con brio.

We'll go, then!

(All exit up C. into dining-room, except Arlechino. COLOMBINA, ELEONORA, ROSAURA, and BEATRICE repeatedly put out their heads impatiently through another door, which, Arlechino, alarmed, keeps shutting on them. Then he exits cautiously through glass door.)

J. W. 1216.
Scene XIV.

Andante sostenuto.

(The women come out of their hiding-place cautiously)

COLOMBA. (To Ros.) a tempo

Well did you

BEATRICE. (To Ele.)

Well did you

ROSaura. (To Col.)

see them?

Well did you hear them?

ELEONORA. (To Bea.)

see them?

Well did you hear them?

BEATRICE.

Did you see my Ot-ta-vio? Now I know all he's

J.W. 1816.
BEATRICE.

do ing! With his friends he con vers es, And then en jays their cook ing! And where are now the

ELEONORA.

ma gic arts Of my be lov ed Le lio? He on ly seeks de

ROSURA.

Ah, cru el was Flo

ELEONORA.

ver sion In right good com pa ny: Most in no cent di ver sion.

ROSURA.

rin do, Un kind to my poor.

ELEONORA (To Beat.)

Well, did you hear them?

BEATRICE. (To Eleonora)

Well, did you see them?
But still, I cannot hide the truth,
And the treasure so fine was but a well-spread table!
Farewell, my dreams of wealth! And yet, that it was all a dream I knew within.
And yet — that he was innocent I knew within my heart.
I knew within my heart.
I knew within my heart.
I knew within my heart.

Piu mosso, festoso.
(Merry laughter is heard through glass door)

Più mosso ancora.

**COLOMBA.**

Just listen, just listen how they're laughing!

**BEATRICE.**

They're

**PROSAURA.**

Rejoicing.

**COLOMBA.**

Ah, could I but determine if Flo-

**KLEONORA.**

And eating

**BEATRICE.**

They're joking.

**PROSAURA.**

... laughing.

**BEATRICE.**

sempre più animato

rindo's eating, or sitting sadly there!

Such a notion! You

(J.W. 1892.)
Dea.

...would be capable of spying on them! We will go

ELEONORA.

BEATRICE.

O yes, there you are right. No, we're not willing home. Come with me.

ELEONORA.

To have them ever say That we were curious.

ROSaura.

a tempo

If

COMBINA. What? we inquisitive?

BEATRICE. What? we inquisitive?

(To Ros.) What? we inquisitive?

ROSaura. come with me.

J. W. 1816.
now his love is dead, I shall be dying. I shall be

dying of pure unhappiness!

(To C—who is peeping through keyhole)

Come, Colombina!

What magnificent tables!

Twelve.

All eating?

How many are they?
And my Flöri-do? You should just see them!

He? Ah, it seems that he does nothing but sit and sigh.

And what does my...

Ah, could you see it, could you...

And mine?

hus band?
ROSAURA.
Oh, what? Oh, what? Oh, what?

COLOMNA.
see it!

ELEONORA.
Oh, what? Oh, what? Oh, what?

BEATRICE.
Oh, what? Oh, what? Oh, what?

COLOMBA.

pas-ty!

BEATRICE.
Oh, bahl! A pas-ty! Ot-ta-vio I would see, no-thing

ROSAURA.

ELEONORA.
Ah, dearest mo- ther, let me take one

BEATRICE. And I my Le-lio.

else.
ROSAURA.

look!

BEATRICE.

Well then, quickly, if you must.

ROSAURA.

My dearest dear Florindo! Ah, fancy! He's drink-ing!

COLOMBINA.

And Signor Lello

carving.

Tis naught but a chicken!

ELEONORA.

Ah, now let me have a peep! What he's carving I must see!

BEATRICE.

And

J.W. 1816.
BEATRICE.

my Ot-ta-vio's eat-ing just as a saint would

ROSaura.

COLOMBINA.

And like a wolf Le-an-dro.

BEATRICE.

eat! E-nough!

ROSaura.

(The women leave the door.)

mo-ment!

COLOMBINA.

ELEONORA.

But why?

BEATRICE.

But why?

We must stop it! Here's Ar-lecchino!

col canto

J. W. 1916.
Scene XV.

ROSALETA

Ssh!

COLOMBINA

Ssh!

ELIZABETH

Ssh!

BEATRICE

Ssh!

ARLECHINO, (by side door with a dish of tarts)

Ssh!

ARLECHINO.

(Aside)

Hallo! What are you doing?

If they

Take good care you do not tell!

If I know it, not a word.

I must

What is that?

Can't I have a look at

put these tarts in safety.

Only sometartlets.
COLOMBINA.
(Takes a tart and eats)

riten.
a tempo

them?

ARLECHINO.

Oh, what de-light! Splendid, splendid!

If you're anxious.

S-

pp

slacc.

COLOMBINA.

Splendid! How de-li-cious, how de-li-cious!

ELEONORA. (Takes one)

BEATRICE. (Takes one)

May I

Let me try one.

ARLECHINO.

At your pleasure.

ROSACRA.

COLOMBINA.

ELEONORA.

(To Rosaura, offering her the last tart)

I don't

taste one?

ARLECHINO.

You must try one too, fair-mistress.

Help yourself; they're at your service.
(Takes it nevertheless and eats it)

want it, I don't want it, Co-lom-bi-na. ARLECHINO (Aside)

Ar-lee-chi-no.

accel. (Aloud) Più mosso assai quasi due

chin... shall feed on sawdust! But now I beg you,

volte più allegro.)

ELEONORA.

A-ree-chi-no,) You are

beau-ti-ful la dies, Do me the kind-ness, Take your de-part-ure!

ELEONORA.

right. 'Tis real-ly won-der-ful We've not been dis-cov-ered. Come

BEATRICE.

J. W. 1896.
We're coming.
then, before they find us, We'll leave their quarters.

You will follow, Colombina.

Let me peep one little moment, just a tiny little moment!

It's the best one!

I'm astonished!

What, another?
ROSaura.

What? What? COLOMBINA.

What? The desert?

Tis the dessert!

ELEONORA.

What? What?

The desert? The desert?

BEATRICE.

What? What? The desert? The desert?

COLOMBINA.

Oh, it is a wondrous vision, all of flowers.

ARLECHINO.

Be gone, I pray you!

COLOMBINA.

like a garden!

ELEONORA.

I must see it for myself!
ROSaura. animando insensibilmente

And I

COLOMBINA.

Let me alone!

ELEONORA. Let

LEAVE room for others!

BEATRICE.

And I

ARLECCHINO. cresc.

Enough for you.

Enough for you!

Enough now, enough now! Suppose they hear us!

Who's coming? Be gone.

They're deaf.

J.W. 1818.
ROSURA,

You have had three peeps at—

COLOMBINA.

ELEONORA.

Oh no, a couple.

You have had three peeps at—ready!

ARLECCHINO.

and dumb! They're deaf and dumb! They are bewitched, they are enchanted! How they're

read—y.

REAL—ly 'tis

Oh no, a couple. I am not talking.

Can't you keep silence?

pushing How they're crowding and contending! If I stay here I'll go
my turn.

COLOMBINA. 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine!

ELEONORA. 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine!

BEATRICE. 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine!

ARLECCHINO. No, it is mine, it is mine, it is mine!

It will pay me now to vanish! I'll go crazy!

sempre cresc.

ROS. 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine!

Col. 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine!

Elo. 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine!

Ben. 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine! 'Tis mine!

Art. if I stay here. Better vanish!

ancora più cresc.

J.W. 1816.
(The women, all trying to look through keyhole at once,
push against the glass door and it opens, disclosing the
"ritten"-dining room.)
Scene XVI.

(All the men are seen to rise from the table with cries of astonishment.)

PANTALONE.

Merciful powers above! What means this catastrophe?

LELIO.

I swear by

col canto

Allegro.

LELIO. (grasps and brandishes his stick.)

OTTO。

Hear me, Lelio, be quiet! You will disgrace yourself. Control your anger!

Men.

PANTALONE.

Frogs I have heard of, Larks I have heard of,

Yes,

Pan.

even showers of gold pieces

Fall-ing from heaven to earth, so goes the sto-ry.

But a

J. W. 1918.
PANTALONE. riten. a tempo

show - er of wo - men. That is a thing which I had not ex -

ELEONORA. Più mosso. (Allegro.)

pect - ed! My hus - band dear, Chas - tise me now, I own your love I

ELEONORA.

doubt - ed: I have de - served cor - rec - tion! My Le - llo

BEATRICE.

Ot - ta - vio dear - est, I can - not tell how

ELEONORA.

dear, chas - tise me now, chas - tise me now!

BEATRICE.

hap - py I am to find you guilt - less And I beg your for - give ness!

What say

J.W. 1816.
you to that, Signor Ottavio?

OTTAVIO (About to sneeze)

Well... I am thinking... a-choo!

Mercy Signor Pantalone, Mercy! Mercy Signor Pantalone!
grant it you! But now, since these fair ladies, I may take it, The goal of their desire have reached in safety, well... tell me. Our assembly is intended for men alone. Is that sufficient clearness?

ELEONORA. II. Tempo come nel I. Atto.

Oh, quite sufficient! FLORINDO. (Undecidedly)

LELIO. (Embarrassed) Well...

Well... PANTALONE. (Aside)

J.W. 1836.
PANTALONE.

stand: Let man do what he will, He remains ever the help-less

Allegro.

victim. the prey of women and their beguiling! And the same.

cursed unlucky apple Will still induce him to sell his soul!

(Enter Arlecchino cautiously)

COLOMENA. Con brio.

Tempo di marcia.

(Ludovico sits at piano and begins to play)

Just a few merry steps, The future bride... to honor.

What will take place now?

Spinet.
PANTALONE:

So be it! Tread a measure, but a lively one, yes, a lively one; my good

nardo, for this roughish maiden has been clever enough to persuade even me!

ARLECCHINO. (Approaches cautiously to Colombina)

Colombina! Will you let the old man so caress you?

Colombina. (laughs)

For your hand belongs to me, remember! Does this same hand be-

long to you, or do you belong to it?
ARLECCHINO.

It belongs to me by all titles, and at once, for of waiting I am
tired!

(Colombina p dolce dim. rit. smorz.

It shall come to you, my dar-

(a tempo

ling!
PANTALONE.

Last!

his

(Pantalone points to table.)

life is not all races! Go on.)
A tempo (di marcia.)

(Leandro accompanies Lunardo with his violin. They begin to play a minuet. The married couples dance together, also Florindo and Rosaura.)

mean-time we'll take-plea-sure in the dance!

ARLECHINO (at table, cut himself a big slice of cake.)

How she slapped me!

Tempo di Menuetto tranquillo.

I feel your fing-ers trem-ble With-in my own re-pos-ing!

J.W. 1316.
And how my cheeks are glowing
As thus we dance together!

For my heart you have captured
And my life is transformed!

All is peace and joy within my heart,
Florindo! What in my sweetest dreams the

Angels sang Has come true in you, my lover!

O could I, all else now for.
Live ev - er in these lov - ing arms!

(The dance music grows faster and livelier. The spirits of the whole company rise.)

ARLECCHINO: (The amusement is increased when Pantalone gives Arlecchino a good-natured blow on the head, which sends his face down into a large dish of whipped cream)
Presto accel. fino alla fine. (Suspecting a new trick of Colombina's)

O limb of Satan!

What lovely cream!

How well it tastes! (All laugh. The dance has now ceased, and a scene of general movement and gaiety succeeds)

(Loudly and joyously)

How well it tastes! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship! Here's to friendship!

Quick Curtain)