BIANCA
BIANCA
An Opera In One Act

Founded on the comedy:
THE MISTRESS OF THE INN

By Carlo Goldoni

Libretto by
GRANT STEWART

Music by
HENRY HADLEY

Price, $4.00 Net

HAROLD FLAMMER
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by
WILLIAM WADE RINNISHAW
Characters

BIANCA ......................................................... Soprano
IL CAVALIERE DEL BAGGIO ............................... Bass
IL CONTE DELLA TERRAMONTE ....................... Baritone
IL MARCHESE D'AMALFI .............................................. Tenor
FABRICIO ................................................................. Baritone
PIETRO ................................................................. Bass
CARLO ........................................................................ Tenor
CIRO ........................................................................
GIOVANNI ............................................................... Bass
LUCIA ................................................................. Servante
EMILIA ...............................................................

TIME: 1670—PLACE: An Inn near Florence
Story of the Opera

**BANCA**, as mistress of her inn near Florence, has two good patrons, the prosperous **Il Conte della Terramonte**, and the effeminate **Il Marchese d’Amalfi**, who are playing dice for a flagon of wine at the inn. Both are rivals for the hand of **Bianca** who receives a gift from each. **Fabrizio**, her servant and faithful admirer, announces the arrival of **Il Cavaliere del Rosso**, a well-known woman-hater who orders **Bianca** about discourteously to show his contempt for the fair sex. **Bianca**, however, determines to win over **Il Cavaliere** and so reminds **Fabrizio**, who resents this treatment, of her father’s dying wish—that all guests be treated courteously. **Fabrizio** although jealous never displays that firm determination which **Bianca** feels to be more of a desired quality than blind obedience. She therefore resents his love-making and drives him off.

**Il Cavaliere** enters as **Bianca** is ironing the best linen in the house for his use. He scolds about everything and insists on paying for a glass of wine offered him for the Honor of the House. **Bianca** pretends to feel offended and awakens his sympathy by feigning to cry because she has burnt herself with a hot iron. **Il Cavaliere** happens to touch the iron while consoling her and discovers it is cold. Denouncing her for the trick she has played he decides to leave the inn. **Il Conte** and **Il Marchese** also prepare to depart because of imaginary grievances. **Il Cavaliere**, enraged at the fact that **Bianca** who had accepted presents from **Il Conte** and **Il Marchese** has spared a gift from him,ournishes a pretext to the jealous **Il Conte** for a quarrel. Hearing the conflict, **Bianca** tries in vain to stop the duel when **Fabrizio** strikes the swords out of their hands with an ironing board. **Bianca** is so overwhelmed by the display of **Fabrizio**’s bravado that when he says “this inn is like yourself—both need a master”, she yields to his embrace. Whereupon all join in and congratulate the pair, praising chivalry and love in a final ensemble.
At rise of curtain Il Conte and Il Marchese are discovered throwing dice lazily, seated at table. R. C.
Il Conte throws and laughs triumphantly.

Allegretto con moto

(Giovanni strumming a guitar)

Il Conte

You lose, Marchese—You are out of

Il Marchese

luck! The devil’s in the dice today, I

think. I only hope the proverb may hold
true: That this ill-luck means bet-ter luck in

Il Conte

love...

I'll beat you

there, my friend, as eas-i-ly:

Bi-an-ca

Wood

Sir plas.

Il Marchese

likes me best. Non-sense! Be-cause she's civ-ill, I sup-
pose!  What can a poor child do? She keeps this inn; You would not

have her flout her cus-tom-ers,

(complacently)

But she's a girl of
taste— She knows what's
(throws dice)

Il Conte (throws dice)

what.

She does indeed.

A-ha! Once more you lose. That means a

flask of wine. Come set-tle up!

"Twill swell the cof-fers of Bi-an-ca
(Boisterously)

mi - a.

Ho - la! Pietro,

bring a flask of wine!

The

muted trumpets, horns and strings

(Pietro advances lazily)

poor Marchese pays. Cash up, my friend!

più lento
Recit.  

Il Marchese

Pi -

e - tro, you can put it on my bill; 'Tis not con - ven - ient now.

(Pietro looks resigned, Il Conte shakes his head sardonically at Il Marchese)

Your mis-ter-s un-der-stands.

Il Conte

Hur- ry, Pi - e - tro, quick!
Pietro (to Il Marchese)  Il Marchese (angrily)

But Signor—Signor!

Pietro

Your excellency, I should say.

Il Marchese

That's better. Signor to me, indeed!

Recit Pietro

My mistress has the keys and she's asleep. I'll summon her.
Il Marchese (anxious to escape having to settle)

Do not disturb Binance's sleep, I beg.

poco inno

There is no haste. Another time will do.

Il Canto (seeing through him and determined not to let him escape)

Not so! I'm a-thirst, I've wet the

vivo

flask!

Why, very well then, let us have it

rit
now!

Moderato con moto

Il Marchese

And you profess to love

p poco marc.

creep.

an-ca,

And yet would rouse her from her

creep.

sleep.

to wait on you!
Pa - tience, my friend—Bianca keeps an inn.

Even the profit on a flask of wine is not to be despised.

But till I get my rents, What tho' she keeps an
She has a mind that soars above her station,

And would appreciate an act of courtesy.

More than the few poor sol damn she will gain...
Il Conte

She'll see I have her interests at heart; Money, my friend, out-weighs a few kind words.
(He stands back, as Bianca enters upstairs from R. II Marchese and II Conte rise; so does Lucia from the stairs to make way for Bianca. Giovanni moves forward; Emilia rises; only Cro remains asleep.)

My mistress, sir, is here.

Moderato

Bianca

Nay, do not rise. Where is Fabrio?

(Coming forward to II Marchese and II Conte)

Not here? Then all is well.

My gracious patrons know That dis-
piano is lax when he's away And will forgive if they have

(Servants resume their attitudes, except Lucía who slips over to the sleeping Ciro and unobtrusively unties his apron and ties the strings around the chair he occupies)

had to wait The Suit is mine I own I

was asleep Dort tell Fabrice

His zeal in my behalf would make him so cold be
cause I left my post: Yet here I am, com-trite, to do your

II Marchese

bid - ding. Had I my way, you'd not have

Bianca L'Conte Recit. Bianca (aside to L'Conte)

been dis-turbed. You're al-ways kind. I dit but send— Yours was the
truer kindness for you knew. Did you seek aught how it re-

(aloud)

 preach myself. What is it that you wish?

Allegro

A flask of wine—
the stake for which we

stopped Horn and Brass

(aside)

played: I won, he pays. At
least, per-haps he will. Go, bring a flask of

(to Il Conte) Il Conte smiles. Exit Pietro.

wine-the yellow seal. Your fa-vrite brand!

(to Il Marchese, who is reluctantly fumbling at a lean purse)

Nay, nay, I pray! There is no haste-

'twill go on your ac-count, I
pray, your Excelenza, humor me.

(as Il Marchese only too gladly puts away his purse)

To pay in cash for trifles such as that, That is for common folk—

Il Marchese (relieved and smiling)

such as you. As you will. And when my
laz-y stew-ard sends my rents I prom-ise you I
shall not scru-ti-nize Too close-ly ev-ry

i-tem in my bill.

Il Conte shrugs his shoulders and turns away contemptuously as
Il Marchese somewhat grandiloquently says the preceding.
diana curtsies gracefully.
Moderato

Meantime, a little

Blanca

II Marchese (graciously)

Gift—For me? For you. A proper kerchief

For a maid of taste: No meaningless embroidery

Straight British stuff—bought specially for you!
Try but the perfume on it: It came from Arabia.

Poco meno mosso

A thousand roses yielded up their bloom.

Più moto Bianca

To bring that fragrance to Bianca mia.

(with enthusiasm)

Ecceleenza, It is beautiful!

A thousand
Pietro brings the wine. As Il Marchese, well pleased with himself, turns to the table, Bianca turns to Il Conte, holding the handkerchief for him to smell.

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Il Conte

Is it not ex-quisite? 'Tis well e-nough! The best his purse could do. No doubt. A thou-sand roses? What worth are they, compared with these that bloom in...
(Bianca lowers her eyes, smiling deprecatingly.)

fair Bianca's cheek?

Molto moderato (Bianca looks up)
too, have brought a gift. The merest trifle-

hardly worth your while—And yet they cost, I

Bianca II Conte

will not say how much. Oh ravishing! Little e-
nough in-deed; Tho' man-y a Duch-ess might be proud to

wear Such pearls, they're hard-ly worth your while.

Bianca

Oh, but I could not take them— they are far too

Il Conte Bianca

grand. But I in-sist. In-deed, I could not.
What! Accept his kerchief and reject my gift?

Come, take the pearls—they will become you well.

Yes are the very soul of generosity. What can I do but...
thank you from the bottom of my heart, and put them on at

(Il Marchese has come forward to her other side. (smelling the handkerchief, to Il Marchese) (turning

once. You're both so kind. 'Tis wonderful. They're
to Il Conte, looking at the pearls)

beauti ful. And yet, 'tis not the kerchief

nor the pearls But the very kind thought. I humbly thank you
both; I humbly thank you both.

Your wine is here. And now, good-

(Marchese is the first to recover.)

To her bright eyes!

(They drink)

(Exit Bianca)

(Pietro, who has poured out the wine, returns to his position on the stairs and resumes the wool-winding with Lucia. The two noblemen look at each other rather ruefully.)
Il Conte

To her keen wit!

(they drink again)

Allegro

(Enter Fabricio excitedly)

Trumpet from without

Fabricio (All the servants jump to attention to do his bidding except Ciro who wakes with a start to find himself tied to the chair)

How now! ye idle knaves! Be-stir your-selves!
Bus-tle a-bout, and that right speed-i-ly!

'Tis not a mo-ment since I saw a coach With

foam-flecked steeds and liv-er-ied cav-ri-ders

Breast-ing the hill with-out.
(He comes forward giving his orders)

Quick then! Give them a welcome worthy of our inn.

Ciro, to the

(Exit Lucia upstairs)

outer gate! Lucia, see that a room's prepared; One of the

(Fabricio sees Ciro struggling with the chair)

best. How now! what's


(Giovanni and Emma hurry and untie Circo)

This! Untie the lout!

Where is your mistress? Summon her at once!

Trumpet off stage
Recit
Il Conte

Fabrizio

who is this guest For what you're making such a great to-do?

Fabrizio (hurrying across to R.)

'Tis the dal Ruggerio liv-e-r-y. I be-lieve the Cav-a-lie-ri's

(Trombone & Horns)

(Escott Fabrizio to R.)

self is com-ing here.
Il Marchese

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Do' Ruggio!

Then all is

well I know him
and I know his reputation;

The man's a woman hater
to the core!

Il Conte

Art sure of this?

Wait till he sees Bianca!
Allegro

(Confusion outside. Loud cracking of whips, clatter of horse's hoofs and sound of wheels. As coach pulls up off R, servants enter R, and line up bowing)

(Enter Carlo, II Cavaliere)

servant carrying his master's belongings)

Carlo

Room for the Cavaliere!

Trumpet muted

(Enter Fabrizio ushering in II Cavaliere. Lucia enters from L.)

Fabricio (to Lucia)

Make way there!

Is the Cavaliere's room prepared?

Lucia (courtesying)

Yes, Beclenza, All's in readiness.

In strict time
Fabriole (to Il Cavaliere)

My mistress will be here at once, To wait on you her-

(ralling the maid)

self: Mean-time if you desire to see your room— Luci- al

(Lucia steps forward)

Il Cavalire (sharply to Lucia) (to Carlo)

No! Take up my things And

(Carlo beckons with his head to Lucia who follows him off L, looking back timidly at Il Cavaliere as she goes.)

see that the room's well-aired.
Recit.
(to Fabricio)

Understand, Your mistress will not wait on me; I want no

woman's pesterings; You've men enough, they can attend my

(turns fiercely to Emilia) (Exit Emilia R. frightened)

needs. Be off, about your work! Women indeed! Self-conscious simpering idiots, all of them!
See that they come not near me.

Eo-cel-lon-za!

Il Cavaliere

When I need aught, I'll call, then.

Fabriolo shows us before; motions to the other servants to wait on me yourself.

Eo-cel-lon-za!

Allegro

Il Cavaliere (recognizing Il Marchese)

Why, surely Yes, d'Amalfi, is it not?
Moderato

Il Marchese

(advancing, they shake hands)

I'm glad to see you.

WELCOME RUGGIO.

(taken by a servant)

Il Cavaliere

May I present Il Conte del la Terra-mon-te? Your servant sir.

Il Conte

Proud, I am sure.
Par - don my warmth just now.

Nay, not at all.

Your at - ti - tude toward wo - men is well-known, We spoke of it but

(business of taking snuff)

now...

poco meno

'Tis hard to un - der - stand, But there it is.
Il Cavaliere (good-humoredly)  Il Marchese (offering snuff) cresc.

Hard for you, perhaps. One of these days you'll be convinced.

Il Conte (smiling) (business with snuff)

Some fair dame will prove to you that you have wronged her sex.

Il Cavaliere (shaking his head)

No fear of that. Had I but

known a woman kept this inn, I'd not have been here.
now.

But still,

Poco moderato (con moto)

Let her keep out of sight; that's all I ask.

Il Conte  Il Cavaliere

He has not seen Bi-an-ca, that is clear. Bi-

Il Marchese

an-ca? Ay! the Miss-tress of the Inn.
Il Cavaliere (contemptuously)  Il Marchesa

The land-la-dy!  Yet none the worse for that.  Rather thank

Fortune that your footsteps strayed  Towards the inn that's

Allegretto grazioso  Il Cavaliere

kept by one so young and so engaging.  Tut!

tut!  a woman that's enough!  But

892
not like other women—he is

(nodding to Il Marchese)

right! Rail at the sex as much as you please,

Although perhaps... I may not quite agree with you, But

as for her, Well, when you
Il Cavaliere

see her you will re-al-ize. They're all a-like;

Il Conte

They don't play fair. No, no, you're wrong,

why, look you now, my friend, This ver-y
day,- ay, not an hour since, As slight ac-
knowledge of all her care of us, I offered
her a pair of earrings—Some pearls—trifling en
ough, still rarely beautiful;
Il Cavaliere (incredulously)
ful; She would not take them. You mean that
Il Conte

she refused! Refused. It took me all that

Il Cavaliere

I could do. To make her change her mind. Ah! she did take them, then? At last: but very much against her will. Ha! ha! ha! ha! for—
give me that laugh. They're all the same, all

wo men. Now here you are like children

in her hands: You are too

easy, friends, I'll show you both. A wo man's
Wiles have no effect on me. Ho, la! I say! I'll show you how to treat this land-lady.

Allegretto con moto

Il Cavaliere

Hey, there, what is your mistress' name?

Fabricio

Bianca, may it please you, Eccellenza.
Il Cavaliere

Bid her come here at once! No dallying! Send her to me straightway.

(Exit Fabrizio)

Il Conte (drily)

A trip peremptory, eh, my friend? BIANCA

Il Marchese

Il Cavaliere

looks for courtesy from all. BENO MOSSE Bear this in mind:
She is a lady; I pay my way, I do not ask, I

molto rit.

Her part is to obey.

molto rit.

(Bianca enters, followed by Fabrizio who remains up stage as she approaches Il Cavaliere with great respect. Il Marchese and II Conte draw aside and watch.)

Bianca (respectfully, courtesying)

Moderato

My Inn is honored,

II Cavaliere

(severely)

Ec-cel-ten-zza. I'm proud to welcome you. No phrases!
I mistrust the trip-ping words.  See that my room's well aired,  And take good care the sheets up-on my bed  Are of the fin-est tex-ure;  Oth-er-wise, I

Bianca (courtesying)  Il Cavaliere (curiously)
leave.  Yes, Eccellenza.  Silence!  No reply!

(to Fabricio)

Don't stand and say you'll do it;  See it done.  Show me to my
Allegro

(exeunt Fabbricio and Il Cavaliero, the latter giving the other men a triumphant glance as he goes)

Andante Bianca

In what have I offended?

Why is he so short with me?

(II Marchese and II Conte approach her)
Il Marchese

Bianca, your offense is very grave:

Il Conte

You are a woman. And therefore, so he thinks, Uz-

worthy of the least consideration.

Bianca

Doth he indeed despise my sex so much? Heaven help his judgment,
Il Conte

yes. But heed him not.

dim.

Hide good Fabrizio Show him the door.

dim.

Tell him that men of higher rank and wealth

mf

Show courtesy, yes, and respect to you.