Il Marchese

Turn this fellow out,

and grieve not for the few crowns you may lose.

You owe it to yourself to do this thing.

I say so! and I will back you up.
Bianca

How kind you are! How fine to

dim.

have Such cham-pions as you,

dim.

but gen-tle-men, In this I ask no help;

mf

(enter Fabricio) Bianca

Trust me, I know just what to do. Leave me now, I pray,
Here is Fabri-cio. I thank you for your ad-vice.

(exeunt II Conte and II Marchese)

Fabricio (coming forward)

A-against my will

I showed him to his room, O-be-dient to your

nod. I'm read-y now To show him to the
Allegro moderato

_ndo._

Nay, nay indeed! But that would never do!

Show him in-

stead the utmost courtesy.

What! why, where's your spirit?

Must you endure such dominating airs?
What means this change? You were not wont to brook a scornful tone.

Is it Il Conte or Il Marchese?

Hast taken their advice? And if I have, Fabrizio, why not?
Poco meno

Who should advise me better than my two kind patrons?

Fabriolo

They're not your friends, Bianca.

Bianca

Yes.

a tempo

Fabriolo

But I say no! Surely you should not seek friends above your

Più moderato

station.

What would your
father say? That kind old man, Whose dy-ing wish

- it was that you and I should learn to love each other!

away impatiently) persuasively!

Turn not a-way Patience, I pray.

Bianca

Peace, good Fabrificio. I am too young
To think over much as yet on love and marriage.

Remember that my father laid on me another charge. He loved this inn.

Here he found happiness.
"You'll find it too," he said, "if you pur-
sue the easy kindly laws That governed me:

Speak fair to one and all; Welcome weary travelers
with a smile; To high and low alike, be kind, And
count the day a failure when a guest shall leave the inn dissatisfied.

always strive to keep a friend! he said,

"no task is too hard, so do your duty well, never flagging -

thus joy is found!" go now and fetch a
flask of wine
for our dis-tin-guished guest...

I must to my i-ron-ing.
Hear but a

Bianca (impatiently)

word, Bianca.
Not now an-oth-er time;

You are my ser-vant, there-fore, please o-boy.
Fabricio (humbly)

I'm proud to do so— that you know full well.

New-comer? The wine perhaps, the Honor of the House demands as much;

Blame

Fabricio (starts to go)

but why— Fabricio, please! I go.
But if he be rude again

Poco meno

I promise you I'll cry to you for help.

Will that suffice? He'll not be rude. I'll see to that, please

a tempo

(Exit Fabricio) (Bianca goes to linen-closet, prepares ironing-board thru the following)
Moderato

Blanca (pouting)

Why is Fabri-cio so eas-y to dis-arm?

Did he but scold in stead of meek-ly plead-ing, I dare-say he’d make accel.

rit. quicker pro-gress; Dri he but scold In stead of meek-ly

a tempo

plead-ing, I dare swear He’d make the quick-er in-road in my

cresc.
Yet who can say? The Cav-a-lie-re scolds: yet

here I am firm bent to make him change his haughty tone;

so, sweet, snowy, draper-y with your

(aid, I will besguile him!)

(spread cloth on ironing-board)
Moderato con moto

The love so true in dear Fabrizio's heart should wake in mine the longed-for fond reply. In sweet surrender gladly would I bow. Would he but dare to be more bold? La, fratt.
a tempo

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la...

Allegretto

(Fabrizio returns with the wine and iron)

The wine is here; here is the iron.

(Fabrizio attempts to take Bianca's hand, while she is ironing, but burns himself with the iron)
Bianca

Best take care! The i-ron is

hot; Ah, poor Fa-bri-cio, will it

leave, a scar? The

Andante con moto

scar is here, Bi-an-ca, in my heart. A scar that
you a-lone can heal. Ah, flout me not!

Nor rank, nor wealth have I to offer you, only my heart's full

worship, only love so deep that I can scarce be-

lieve. It wakes no answering echo in your breast...
My two arms long to clasp you to my heart! My fingers itch to twine among your hair!

Your sweet provoking smile drives me beyond myself.

I must control. I'll calm myself, Bi-
Anca, Have no fear, I will be calm for your dear sake.

My wooing will be tender. And yet, say love, my only love, Bianca.

Hear me! Ah, shout me not, My
hearts desire, My one do-

vo-tion, Dear-est One, Beloved! Fa-bri-cio of-

all his life.

Bianca (persecuted)

No more! I want no woo-ing! none at
all! I'm wea
red with it all! b't not e
ough

That to the Conte and d'A
mal

both I al-
ways must put on a smil-
ing face, No

mat-
ter how un-
wel-
come their a-

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tenitions, But you too needs must pester me?

I must force, tread warily with them, But not with you;

I want no wooing! None at all;
I'm weary of it all—

(longly)

Bo-gone!

I've work to do; now cease your foolish, foolish prate of

in strict time

love. Go! get me another iron!
Exit Fabrizio (she looks after him disappointed)

I've work to do.

Piu allegro

Moderato (resignedly)

He o-

boys, of course: Why could he not discern how near I was to

poco rauj

y'ea'ing, When for a mo' ment he plucked up his cour-age!
I will not wed a man whom I can rule!

Allegro (enter II Cavaliere hurriedly)

II Cavaliere

How now?
what kind of inn is this? What order do ye keep?

Did I not say The finest linen

I must have? Good, my lord,

What finer linen could there be than this?
(indicating crash)

Feel but its quality, indeed, it is my best.

Il Cavaliere (gruffly)

Tis well enough; I speak of

(Perceives the table set for lunch) in strict time

that above.

I have not ordered

Recit.

Bianca

food. Nay, my lord, you'll not refuse a glass of wine for the
Hon - or of the House?  It was my
fa - ther's vont.  An an- cient cus-
tom-
Yet our wine hap - ly may match it in re - spect of
Menno mosso
age.

Would you but gra-cious-ly be pleased to
taste it? I'd not disturb you with my presence here.

But that the linen for your room must be prepared.

(sheet serves him and he drinks—she stands modestly)

Tempo I Il cavaliere (in a harsh forbidding manner)

Give heed! and hear me—once for all.
While I remain here, if I do remain,

Your men can wait on me. I want no

foolish petti-coats around. You may pre-

pare the linen! That's all a woman's fit
Moderate

for.

You smile and look well pleased! Ex-

Bianca (with enthusiasm)

plain!

Ah, Ex-cel-len-zz, could you but

Allegro moderato

ap-pr-e-hend How wel - come are your blunt, straight-for-ward

words Com - pared with all the soft - spok - en speech I'm forced to
listen to: because, fer-sooth I am a woman.

Il Cavaliere

You'll get no honeyed words from me. The man who's wheedled by a

round-ed cheek Or moved to pity by a brimin-ging eye Is a weak

tool. You give him no re-spect... Oh, no, no, no. You

Blanca Il Cavaliere
would not use your eyes To influence your customers?

Il Cavaliere:

never! No indeed! Then

(pointing to her earrings)

why these gauds! Those trinkets in your ears? Do

they bear out your claim that you would have your
guests forget. You are a woman? Pah! you are all alike!

Bianca
How right you are! how very, very right! I'll take them off at once; I did but put them on to please.

Not in the sense that you mean. I only thought if I re-
fused them I might give offense; I see that I was wrong—

poco lento

But since my father died

(pretending to struggle with her emotion)

Oboe

I have had none to counsel me.

a tempo

Celli

I'll not give way. That would be just like a woman. My very
grate-ful thanks, The linen must be


Il Cavaliere

ironed. Never mind the sheets now!

Bianca

Make out my bill; I'll pay for what I've had. O

Il Cavaliere (taking out his purse)

no— I could not take it! I insist!
Andante

(Blanca puts her left arm up to her eyes as if she were crying, her right hand still holds the iron)

No, no! I will not!

You have not the right To hurt me so-
I have not deserved that

You should put this Slight upon my ingress. I must not

(Irons—sobbing)

weep.

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Allegro (Bianca pretends to burn herself with the iron)

Celli

Bianca screams

What?

Bianca

My hard - the iron - I cannot bear it.

(Sinks into a chair, apparently fainting, wrapping her upon round her hand)

Hast

Burned thy - self? Is it so pain - ful then? Come, show me.

Moderato (she only means faintly)
(He is very)

Nay! will be better soon. I did not mean to be harsh.

awkward and uncomfortable)

Here—never mind the wine. If it distresses you, I will not

(She smiles very faintly) (Cavalier continues to himself)

pay. expр.

Who would have thought 'twould agitate her so?

Perhaps I was abrupt.
face, - he gingerly touches the iron)

(He turns quickly and looks at her.)

(Her eyes are shut.)

"Farewell, it is cold"

The

Clariz.

iron, I say, is cold!

A trick!

Allegro

Now this decides

me! I leave this inn at once.

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(Il Cavaliere starts hurriedly to go. - then turns back and looks at her hard.)

Piu allegro

Piu lento

Bianca (very faintly) (He crosses slowly. She opens her eyes and watches)

'Twas hot but not—so hot!

...him. Just as he is about to exit by the door he turns and looks at her again. Her eyes are closed. He then leaves abruptly. Bianca opens her eyes, sits up and unwraps her hand. She looks at the door where Il Cavaliere went off, then wets her finger and puts it on the iron, shows that the iron is cold.)

Andante

Now why did I not think of that? 'Tis all Fa-
bri-cio's fault! He should have brought the oth-er iron— Still I should have

thought. Now this will make my task Some-what less eas-y.

He knows My burned hand was a pro-text; There-fore I must ad-

mit it; Yes, it was be-cause I felt a-bout to
swoon, I was so hurt by his severity, And dreaded to incur the just reproach. Such weakness would be sure to draw from him;

Therefore pretended to be hurt. When in reality The hurt was here.
Ay now that should work. When he thought me in pain, He
soft-en'd quite per-cipi-ble; Be-sides, he'll be so glad Because his
elev-er-ness had found me out.

Alllegro

Someone is com-ing; per-haps he is re-
(arranges herself in a beco,angly swooning attitude and closes her eyes)

trurn-ing.

He'd better find me faint-ing.

(Enter Carlo) (Carlo approaches Bianca, notes that her eyes are shut)

Allegretto grazioso

(Carlo coughs. Thinking it is Il Cavaliere, Bianca opens her eyes languidly: seeing it is only Carlo she sits up in matter-of-fact way)

poco meno

(horns)

(uneffectually)

0 it is you! What is it that you wish?
Moderato

Il Cavaliere bid me say to you He is about to leave; he does not wish to see you any more, but sends you

(shows her a small flask of gold)

this: He bade me tell you it contains a cordial. Sovereign for swoons: if your swoon was
(she rises)

real. But if you made pre-tense the

flask, Which is of gold,

will com-pen-sate For all your trou-ble and dis-ap-

point-ment. Those were his words. How
(who has listened with growing anger)

Carlo  Recit.

sin-u-ate—Wait, wait! be not so vexed, What tho' your swoon were feigned? My master's not offended; look you now, 'Twas all said laugh-ingly. He laughed! Ay, heart-i-ly, I'll
war- rant you in high good hu- mor. See, the flask is

gold.

Allegro Blanca (furiously) (flings it into basket of linen to Carlo’s consternation)

Tell him I scorn his gift! Tell him I flung it there

and that I wish ’twas in his face! Tell him I’m glad he’s
going! that I Would he had never come!

(crossing to door[2], crying with rage)

molto rall. Allegro

Tell him he ought to be ashamed!

(Bianca exits) Carlo

Wait, one
 momento -

gone! poco lento

sopr. basso.....

then turns and picks up flask) 

(then and looks after her)

'tis solid gold. i told her it was gold!

now what possessed her?

what am i to do?
must persuade her to take it. My master

never would brook To have his gift returned.

(enter Il Marchese). He sees the flask in Carlo's hand and at once attracted by anything of value, up-

preaches)

Il Marchese Carlo

What have you there, my friend? 'Tis for Bi-
(Carlo goes to door (?). Stands back as it opens and Il Conte appears, then exit Carlo. Il Conte is angry and excited.)

Solid gold.

Allegro moderato

Il Conte

Bianca is in tears! Because, forsooth, Il Cavaliere's leaving.
She would not look at me! Answer me short!

A thing she's never done before. Marchese you were

wrong! I knew how it would be! Elis ruf-fian

airs and dom-i-neering ways Have made al-read-y on Bi-an-ca's
heart Deeper impression than all our

kindnesses, We've both been wrong! We have

treated her too well! "His rufian ways?" Be

not too sure of that:
Wind

His servant whom you pass'd by

now Was bearing her a gift from him of solid gold!

in strict time

I venture it will dry her tears, And if he leaves, hell

tempo

speedily return.

He'll not find me here,
if he do return! We have let her make too sure of us:

Let us as

(II Marchess, who is equally sorry, but less explosive

sort ourselves! Let us leave! Both of us!

than II Conte looks startled and uncertain.

II Conte continues eagerly)

She turned her back on me!

She’d do the
Il Marchese (reflectively)

same to you. That's true; she'd do the same to

me. Then let us leave! And not come

Il Conte

back again? I say not that — but let her

think. We're never coming back. 'Twill serve her

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right...

What say you,

Moderato

Il Marchese (hesitating)

friend?

Had but my steward sent the rents-

Moderato \* Canta

My purse is empty

But mine is

full!

with your permission

Myself will
be your Bank - er for the nonce.

Come, come, Marchese.

do not hes-i-tate: Ours is a com-mon cause!

II Marchese

Agreed then! I ac-cept. 

Bravo, my

(throws purse on table)

(As II Marchese and II Conte are busied with

Friend, take an-y sum you wish.
money, enter Il Cavaliere (as Carlo comes in with flask which he offers Il Cavaliere)

Moderato e maestoso

How

Carlo (deprecatingly)

now?

Your pardon, Eccellenza,

Bi...

an...ca bid me say. That if she take this flask, it smacks of

payment for the wine. She says you gave your word...

...
What! Does the jade refuse? Tell her it is a gift. I did, my lord. Insolence! She has taken gifts before! From those who treated her with courtesy.

But not from bours! You call me boor? You lie!