Allegro

3 Conte (fully as fierce as II Cavaliere)

For that word we fight!

II Cavaliere (to Carlo)

(Carlo runs off frightened)

Bring me my sword. I'll fight you both!

II Marchese (startled)

Fight? Not with me I

have not said a word.

Gentlemen! gentlemen!

a tempo

Trpt.
I beg of you!  

The lie has passed

And he must fight me now.  

Ay,

now!  Why does that ras-cal knave not bring my sword?

Here lead me thine!  

What's this?

(Il Conte takes off his coat)

Cavaller

(Gi snatches Il Marchese's sword from him and draws it;  
it is broken, only a few inches of the blade remaining)
Il Marchese (apologetically)

Ab yes, a slight mis-hap in the last du-el I fought.

Il Cavaliere (flings it down as Carlo enters with his sword, proceeds to)

I've not had time since then for it to be repaired.

Bianca runs in followed by servants who are afraid to interfere)

La la! that hilt is valuable.

Bianca (excitedly)

What do you
sirs? O, gen-tle-men, I pray! Put

up your swords, I beg! 'twill ru-in my inn!

(chuckling his arm)

Con-te! if you have re-

if Conta (flying her off) Bianca to Il Cavaliere)

guard for me- Hinder me not! He said I lied! Sir, I be-seech
Il Cavaliere (shakes her roughly off)

Bianca (to Il Marchese)

you—Out of my way! Stop them, I

Il Marchese (who is beg of you! Mar - che - se. I will pro-
much too frightened to interfere, drawing Bianca away as an excuse to get out of danger himself)

Il Marchese

text you; 'tis too dan - ger - ous to

Il Conte and Il Cavaliere cross swords—the women scream

in - ter - fere 'twixt such hot bloods.
Stop them Pietro! Ci- ro! Stop them I order you!

(Enter Fabrizio; he stands with arms folded quietly surveying the situation—then rapidly strides to the front)

(He snatches up the ironing board and knocks the swords out of their group. He puts his foot on Il Cavaliere’s sword)

now, what’s this, I’ll have no brand-ing here!
Woo! Pick up that sword Pietro. Make but a
move, by heaven, I'll brain you both!

I'll teach you to respect Bianca's law.

**strepitoso**
Peace, dear Fabio,

Here upon my knees, I beg you'll carry this no

further. Tempo I

Ian is not a place to brawl, Come, is the quarrel over?
Who wishes to resume? My honor is at stake.

He said I lied. Because he called me "boor." Then prove that he is wrong. That you're no boor to brawl before a woman.
Piu lento   Il Conte (shrugging his shoulders).

With-draw the lie. I am con-tent to let the mat-ter

(Fabrizio nods to Pieter who returns
Il Conte's sword to him)   Il Cavaliere (to Fabrizio)

drop. I al-so, then: the pray what right have you.

Allegro moderato   Fabrizio

to in-ter-fore? I'll show you speed-i-ly.

(commandingly)   (she approaches him)

Come here, Bi-an-ca.
Fabrice

The time's gone by, still-sighing, I'll plead no more to you. Now, I demand!

This inn is like your self—both need a master. Give me the right to rule you both.

So, all is well.
Dear Fabrizio, perhaps you're right.

Allegro vivace

(he takes her in his arms)

Allegro con brio

Hail, Gentiles!

Give me joy! Bianca's heart at last is won,
And once 'tis wholly given, she will never look back.
Con-te, Mar-che-se, You have been her friends,
You'll not de-sert her now, Cav-a-lic-re,
leave us not! Stay to wit-ness this our new found
happiness. This wayward fluttering heart is tamed at last. Friends, give me joy. Now Love has come into his own for aye!
Andante moderato e maestoso

Love is triumphant! True love requited;

They are now betrothed.

Our Bianca has at last been

Heart to fond heart's years True love is requited;

all is well, Bianca.
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let all chivalry
Banish all our rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let all chivalry
Banish all our rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry;
Therefore let all chivalry
Banish all our rivalry;
Therefore let all chivalry
Banish all our rivalry;
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry,
Therefore let chivalry
Banish all rivalry.
Presto

last!

last!

last!

last!

last!

last!

last!

last!

last!

Presto

Curtain

Repts.

END OF OPERA