THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

AN OPERA IN 3 ACTS

(founded on the drama by David Belasco)

Vocal Score $4.00 net
Piano Score $2.00 net

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(PRINTED IN ITALY)
The Girl of the Golden West.
A Sua Maestà
La Regina Alessandra
D'Inghilterra
rispetto ommaggio
di Giacomo Rucelli
The Girl of the Golden West.

(La Fanciulla del West).

An Opera in Three Acts.

(From the Drama by David Belasco).

ITALIAN LIBRETTO BY
GUelfO CIVININi and CARLO zANGARINI.

English Version by R. H. ELKIN.

MUSIC BY
GIACOMO PUCCINI.

COMPLETE OPERA ARRANGED BY
CARLO CARIGNANI.

Vocal Score, $4. net. (A)  Ent. Sta. Hall.


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CHARACTERS.

MINNIE       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Soprano
JACK RANCE   ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Baritone
DICK JOHNSON (Ramirez)   ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Tenor
NICK         ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Tenor
ASHBY       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Agent of the Wells Fargo Transport Co. ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Bass
SONORA       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Baritone
TRIN         ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Tenor
SID          ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Tenor
HANDSOME     ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Baritone
MINERS       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Baritone
HARRY        ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Tenor
JOE          ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Tenor
HAPPY        ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Baritone
LARKENS      ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Bass
BILLY JACKRABBIT   ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       An Indian redskin ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Bass
WOWKLE       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Billy's squaw... ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Mezzo-Soprano
JAKE WALLACE  ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       A travelling camp-minstrel ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Baritone
JOSÉ CASTRO   ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       A greaser, from Ramirez's gang ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Bass
A Postilion    ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       Tenor
MEN OF THE CAMP ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       ... ...       "At the foot of the Cloud's Mountains in California."

A Mining Camp in the days of the gold fever.

1849-1850.
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"133"
PRELIMINARY NOTE.

The action takes place in that period of Californian history which follows immediately upon the discovery made by the miner Marshall of the first nugget of gold, at Coloma, in January, 1848. An unbridled greed, an upheaval of all social order, a restless anarchy followed upon the news of this discovery. The United States, which in the same year, 1848, had annexed California, were engaged in internal wars; and as yet undisturbed by the abnormal state of things, they were practically outside everything that occurred in the period of our work; the presence of their sheriff indicates a mere show of supremacy and political control. An early history of California, quoted by Belasco, says of this period: "In those strange days, people coming from God knows where, joined forces in that far Western land, and, according to the rude custom of the camp, their very names were soon lost and unrecorded, and here they struggled, laughed, gambled, cursed, killed, loved, and worked out their strange destinies in a manner incredible to us of to-day. Of one thing only we are sure—they lived!" And here we have the atmosphere in which is evolved the drama of the three leading characters. The camp of the goldseekers in the valley, and the Sierra mountains; the inhabitants of the spot coming down from the mountains, joining the goldseekers who come from every part of America, making common cause with them, sharing the same passions; round this mixed and lawless folk a conglomeration of thieving and murderous gangs has sprung up as a natural outcome of this same lust of gold, and infests the highways, robbing the foreign goldseekers as well as those from the mountains; from the strenuous conflict between these two parties arises the application of a primitive justice of cruelty and rapacity.

The Girl of the Golden West—a drama of love, and of moral redemption against a dark and vast background of primitive characters and untrammeled nature—is an episode in this original period of American history.
ACT I.

The Interior of the "Polka."

A large room roughly built in the shape of a triangle, of which two sides form the walls, with the right-hand wall further extended. The angle at the back is cut off by a large aperture forming the door—a folding door—which is barred from the inside. From a side-wall a small staircase leads to an upper landing projecting over the room like a balcony, from which hang deer-skins and rough, bright-coloured hangings. Underneath the balcony a short passage leads into the "Dancing hall," as indicated by a placard in red letters. The passage is guarded by a stuffed bear. Near the door, at the back, is the bar, with glasses, bottles, &c. Behind it, on one side, is a cupboard without doors, full of kitchen utensils, and on the other side a small barrel in which the miners keep their gold-dust. Behind the bar, in the middle, is a rectangular window, with diamond-shaped panes; above it, over the window, is written in big letters: "A real home for the boys." On the same wall is a Reward Notice of 5,000 dollars: the figures, the name "Ramirez," and the firé "Wells Fargo" are clearly legible from the front. From the ceiling a variety of characteristic dried fruits, &c., are hanging. On one side is a sheet-iron screen to protect a person from pistol shots; on the other a big chimney-piece. Towards the footlights is the faro-table, with the paraphernalia of the game—another table further back—and still another near the bar.
THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST.
(LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST.)
from the Drama by David Belasco.
Music by
G. PUCCINI.

Act I.

Allegro non troppo. \( \text{\textit{d} = 152} \).

\( \text{PIANO} \)

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113583
(The big door in the background and the window command a view of the valley with its wild vegetation of oaks and dwarf pines, all bathed in sunset-glow. In the distance the snow-mountains are tinted with gold and violet. The very strong light outside, which is fading fast, makes the interior of the "Polka" seem all the darker. The outline of things can scarcely be distinguished in the gloom. On the left, close up to the footlights, near the chimney-piece, the glimmer of Jack Rance's cigar is seen. Near the staircase on the right, Larkin is sitting on a couch, his head buried in his hands. Suddenly he rises, takes a letter from his pocket, looks at it sadly, goes to the counter, takes a stamp, fixes it onto the letter, which he puts into the mail-box, and sits down on the couch again. Outside, in the distance, shouts and mournful strains of song are heard.)

Chorus behind the Scenes.

TENORS. M.oderato.
(far off) (one voice shouting)
(far off - a few)
(four of the Chorus)

BARITONES: (four of the Chorus)
(far off) (some, shedding)

 Hel-lo!
 Hel-lo!

(behind the scenes - a distant voice)

(In the home-stand, far a-
La lon-ta-no, la lon-

three of Chorus - farther away)

Hel-lo!
Hel-lo!

three, far off)

Hel-lo!
Hel-lo!

m.d.

A BARITONE.

How she'll weep for me!
Tan, Quan-loo plan - ge - ris!
(Nick comes out from below the staircase with a candle which he has lighted at the oil lamp. He lights the candles distributed here and there; mounts on a stool and lights the centre lamp; lights the candles in the dancing-hall; then goes up to light those in the little room above. The "Polka" suddenly becomes full of life.)
Allegro vivo con energia. \( \text{d} = 144 \).

Happy.

(shouting)

Jog.

(shouting)

Handsome.

(shouting)

(Three Tenors.)

(entering)

(Three Basses.)

(entering)

Nick.

Hel-lo, Nick!
Hel-lo, Nick!
Hel-lo!
Hel-lo!
Hel-lo!

Hello!  Hello!
Hello!  Hello!
Hello!  Hello!

Buo-na se-ra, ra-gaz-zi!
Nick

Jon

Handsome.

Happy.

Sid.

Billy.

Nick.

Harry.

Joe.

Handsome.

Happy.

Sid.

(Singing and dancing across the stage)

"Doo-da"
Nick.

Nick, the cigars!

Si-ga-ri, Nick!

Handsme.

Minnie?

Minnie?

Harry.

And whiskey!

Minnie?

Sid.

You fellows, a game of faro! Who will play?

Chi ci sta?
Harry.

Joe.

And I.

Handsome.

Happy.

"All right!"

Say,

"All right!"

Handsome.

boys, who's going to be banker?

Happy.

chi è che tiene il banco?

(pointing to Sid)

Sid.

Said.

pesante

Joe.

(choked - clapping Sid on the shoulder heavily)

Handsome. (spoken aloud)

Hello!

Hello!

Sid.

Rot-ten business.

Brat-to of farce.

(throwing the cards contemptuously on the table)

Well, shuffle if you want to.

Chi vuol mischia, mischi.
(Enter Sonora and Tin followed by eight or ten Miners (men of the camp) with sadder which they threw noisily on the floor, some outside and some inside; some of them then go up to the rooms on the next floor, while others go to the dancing-hall or gather round the card table.)

Robusto e sostenuto. \( \delta \) = 116.

Sonora. \textit{a tempo}

\[ \text{Some sup-per Nick!} \]

\[ \text{Got a-ny} \]

\[ \text{Da ce-na, Nick!} \]

\[ \text{Che co-su} \]

Nick.

Sonora. \textit{a tempo}

\[ \text{Not much.} \]

\[ \text{C'\'o po-co.} \]

Nick.

Sonora.

\[ \text{Oy-sters in vi-ne-gar-} \]

\[ \text{(half spoken) (clapping Laikens on the shoulder).} \]

\[ \text{O-striche set-ta-ce-to... a piacere} \]

Laikens.

\[ \text{(dejectedly, without raising his head from his hands) (half spoken).} \]

\[ \text{Hol-lo! Laikens!} \]

\[ \text{Hel-lo! Laikens!} \]

\[ \text{Hol-lo!} \]

\[ \text{Hel-lo!} \]
Come on, then!
Andia-mo!

Come on, then!
Andia-mo!

Come on, then!
Andia-mo!

Come on, then!
Andia-mo!

Come on, then!
Andia-mo!

Come on, then!
Andia-mo!

(Nick, very busy, comes and goes with bottles and glasses from the upper room to the dancing-hall. He also gets ready the table in the middle for Senora and Tim.)

Place your stakes...
Fate giuoco...
Harry.
(staking)

Joe.
(staking)

On the queen!
Al 'giar-di-no!'

Handsome.
(staking)

10 rauidamente

Nick.

Sonora.

Handsome.

Inters.

(Three Tenors) (from the balcony)

Nick, some drinks!

Nick, da be-re!
Trip. (from the group of players, to Sorens)

Happy. 

Sid. 

Rance. 

Handsome. (furiously)

Sid. 

Nick.

Rance.

Just his usual trouble. He is wrong with Larkens? ha? Sta male?
Nick.

home-sick, sick for his native country! Heh

Rance.

...thinking of his dear old Cornwall and his

Nick.

mother who's waiting for him.......

Rance.

This God forsaken

Nick.

(harshly)

Rance.

He's got the yellow


...cursed with the lust of gold!
Nick.

All'arg. 

fi
er. Once get the sight of
gial-la. L'oro av-re-le-na il
gold and you are poi-
san-gue i chi lo
soned.
guar-da.

Rance.

But Min-nie, what has
E Minnie, co-me

sentito

Rance. (at the faro-table, the game grows more exciting)

kept her?

Happy. tar-da!

Sid. (to Happy, pointing to the score)

Ten.

Die-ci.

How much?

Quan-ti dol-la-re? a tempo

Sid. (giving him the rest)

And nine-ty, makes a hun-
E no-van-ta, fun
dred.

cen-to.
Hol-la! Hur-rah!
Hol-la! Ev-i-va!

O dam-na-tion!
Sa-cra-men-to!

col canto
a tempo

Tul-lo sul tre!

The three will nev-er win.
Il tre non vin-ce mai.
(the players score with growing excitement, mutterings as of suppressed oaths are heard, and the clinking
of coins)

Three...

Tre...

(said aloud)

(Some is supping)

I'm cleared out! Good - bye!
Tut - to per-so. "Good - bye!"

Set - te...

(cresc.)

(A continuous bustle on the stage)

(throughout the following scene Nick is hurrying to and fro, bringing drinks, cigars etc. Some of the miners go up the stairs to the floor above, others come down from it; some go to the counter, others stand watching the gambling with interest. Different types of miners come in. Billy sinks furtively up to the counter, steals some cigars and goes out. Great patches of stars are seen in the cloudy sky.)

Nick.

(Nick is coming back from the dancing-hall, loud to all)

To the dancing-hall, you

Nel-la sa - la, ru -
Nick.

Allegro Moderato ma gaio. (some of the men go gaily off to the drinking-bar)

fol lows, if you want to dance!

Sonora.

Want to dance? The idiots!
Not with men for my part-ners! No thank you!

Io non bal - lo con Io non bal - lo con

Trip.

No thank you! (rising, goes to Nick who is coming from the counter with the cigar-box)

Sonora.

(partners! No thank you!
uo - mi - ni! Ti pa - re?

Nick.

(slyly, humouring him)

Sonora.

Have you a ny news from Minnie for me?

Min - nie in fi - ne sè de - ci - sa per me?
Nick.

I can tell you that you're the one she's choosen!

Sonora.

Ho ca-pi-to cho sie-te il pre-fe-ri-to!

(jumping for joy, loud to his mates)

Cigars all round!

Si-ga-ri a tut-ti!

(except Nick, Tim, Sonora)

(Nick runs for the cigar-box and hands them round; he goes down. Two young men come dancing all of the dancing-hall)

ALL

Tenors.

Hurra!

Hurrá!

(Nick slyly to him also)

Tim.

(stopping Nick, as he, sotto voce)

Well!

Mm!

Nick.

What of Minnie?

Nick,

che tha der-to?
Nick.

Trif: Why, I can tell you, Sì! Tú sei! profe-ri-tol! (jumping for joy)

Whisky all round! Whisky per tut-ti!

Nick.

(hands round bottles and glasses)

(except Nick and Trif)

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Bassas:

Hurrah! Hurrah!

dim.

rall.
Andante tranquillo. \( \text{\textit{J} = 48.} \)

I am Che fa

J. Wallace.

thinking of my folk in the home- stead, in the
ran-no i vec-chi miei là lon- ta-no, là lon-

J. Wallace.

home- stead, way back yon- der. Are they
fa- no? che fa- ran- no?

J. Wallace.

(sitting nearer)

sitting lone and sad, are they weep- ing, do they
sol-li vec-chi miei pian- ge- ran- no, pen- se-

poco rit.
Nick.

J. Wallace. expressivo

won-der if I'd come again?

boys, here he is! Jake Wall-ace, the camp

(gus-si, vun-nun-zio Jake Wal-la-ce, il me-necreto del)

(But the homesick song has already caught these grasping rough souls; heads are raised, ears strained; the game languishes. The men from the upper floor come down to listen; in the silence the tinkling of the counters dies away very gradually. Jake Wallace, the minstrel, appears in the doorway, singing and accompanying himself on the banjo.)

Nick.

J. Wallace. (coming on) (continuing)

"My old mother how she'll fret for her

La mia mamma corta che fa- va s'io non

(He steps abed, amased at the silence which greets him. All the miners, their faces turned towards him, sign to him to continue.)
J. Wallace.

Trip.

Harry.

Joe.

Sonora.

I can see her at her loom,
Al te la io tes se ra
for the del len-

Handsome.

I can see her at her loom,
Al te la io tes se ra
for the del len-

Happy.

I can see her at her loom,
Al te la io tes se ra
for the del len-

Tenors. Al te la io tes se ra
(From the other tables)

Bar.

(From the card table)

22 I can see her at her loom,
Al te la io tes se ra
for the del len-

(p)
by the fascination of the homesick song, they stay to listen, and then join in with the chorus

J. Wallace,

wind-ing sheet to cov-er her....

Trin. -suo-lo che la co-pri-rà....

Harry,

weav-ing

li-noe

Joe.

weav-ing

li-noe

Sonora.

wind-ing sheet to cov-er her....

-zuo-lo che la co-pri-rà....

Handsome.

wind-ing sheet to cov-er her....

-zuo-lo che la co-pri-rà....

Happy.

wind-ing sheet to cov-er her....

-zuo-lo che la co-pri-rà....

(1 Tenors) (from the balcony)

p dolce

"I can see her at her loom,

Al te-la-to tes-se-rà"

wind-ing sheet to cov-er her....

-zuo-lo che la co-pri-rà....
And my dog Tray will be
Il mio cane

Dear old faithful dog, will he know me?

Dear old faithful dog, will he know me?

Dear old faithful dog, will he know me?

Handsome.

Happy.

(All) And my dog Tray, Il mio cane

(fists on table)

(fists on table)

(fists on table)
Trin. Sostenuto

Harry. (bursting into a despairing sob)

Dear old home beside the river far away, over

O mia casa al rio acan to

far away, over

Sostenuto

Trin.

rall.

Harry-tano, la lon-tano chi ti ri-ve-drà?

Sonora.

shall I ever, ever see you more? Dear old

O mia

Handsome.

shall I ever, ever see you more? Dear old

O mia

Happy.

shall I ever, ever see you more? Dear old

O mia
(The song dies away in an animated silence — Larkens, reused from his mournful lament by the homespun song, has risen. At the last words of the chorus he bursts out weeping aloud.)
Trin. (Jake Wallace comes into the room, and assists at the scene without taking active part in it.)

Allegro vivo. \( \text{Allegro vivo.} \)

Jim, what's the matter? Jim! what's wrong?

Jim, per-ché pia-n-gi? Jim! Che hai?

Harry.

Jim, what's the matter? Jim! what's wrong?

Jim, per-ché pia-n-gi? Jim! Che hai?

Joe.

Jim, what's the matter? Jim! what's wrong?

Jim, per-ché pia-n-gi? Jim! Che hai?

Sonora.

Jim, what's the matter? Jim! what's wrong?

Jim, per-ché pia-n-gi? Jim! Che hai?

Handsome.

Jim, what's the matter? Jim! what's wrong?

Jim, per-ché pia-n-gi? Jim! Che hai?

Happy.

Jim, what's the matter? Jim! what's wrong?

Jim, per-ché pia-n-gi? Jim! Che hai?

Tenors.

Jim, what's the matter? Jim! what's wrong?

Jim, per-ché pia-n-gi? Jim! Che hai?

(2 soli.)

Basses.

Jim, what's the matter? Jim! what's wrong?

Jim, per-ché pia-n-gi? Jim! Che hai?

(2 soli.)

24 Allegro vivo. \( \text{Allegro vivo.} \)

\text{cresc.}

f
(in tears of despair and entreaty.)

I've had enough, I
Non reg-go pia, non

(spoken.)
Jim! Jim!
Jim! Jim!

(spoken.)
Jim! Jim!
Jim! Jim!

cresc. molto

want my folk, I'm home-sick!
reg-go piu, ru-gasz-si!
Mon-da-te-mi via!

Larkens.

I want to go home! Boys, I'm
Mon-da-te-mi via!
Son ma-

done, I don't care who
- la-to, non so di che
knows! Oh, send me back home! Oh send me back

sempre dim.
Larkens.

Boys — I'm home!
via!

26
Son ro-

pp

Sick to death of!

Son stan-co di pic-

I'm stan-

nato!

Larkens.

Larkens.

I'm sick to death of!

drilling rocks and mining!

co-ne e di minieral!

Larkens.

Give me my cornfields, give me my

Voglio la-ran-tro, voglio la

Larkens.

cresc.

ti3483
(All gather round him, deeply moved, trying to comfort him.)

Sonora. Largamente sostenuto.

( Setter takes a little bowl and urges them all to throw in money for Larkens.)

Handsome. (The men from the dancing hall come in and give their contributions.)

Happy.

(Tenors. (Same from the dance room throwing money to Sonora.)

Basses. (Same, half spoken.)

(Seven more.)

Cinque dollari!
Here's some more....

An-cho questi....

Here's some more....

An-cho questi....

Here's some more....

(pours the contents of the bowl into Larken's hands.)

Buck up, lad!

Co-rag-gio!

are....

Son....

(others.)

Here....

Prendi....

a tempo

Larkens. (Much touched, turning towards all of them, he goes out waving farewells, and being waved to.)

Thank you, thank you boys!

Grazie, grazie ra-ga-zzi!

Thank you!

Grazie!

leggierissimo

Thank you! Grazie!

Thank you!

Grazie!
Sid. Allegro I° tempo.

Teners.

You all done?

Va tut.to?

(some) (other)

Baritones.

on four...

Al quattro

Al tre...

27 Allegro I° tempo.

Harry.

Sonora.

An ace...

Un as-so...

Happy.

Put up your stakes.

Fate giuoco

Sid.

(some) (other)

I dou-blo-Two...

Rad-dop-pio-Dur...
Tripla.

Knaves;
Queen....

Pronto; Regina....

Happy.
Raddoppio....

King....
Re....

(some)
(others)
Koel'
Al-sol!

On the low!
Al-le "piccolo!"
Al-le "grandi!"

Sonora.

Sid.
I dou-ble...
Raddop-pio... (Sid co-ne-sta)

No more-bets....
Giocò fis-to....

cedendo a tempo

cedendo a tempo
Sid.  
*a piacere*  
a tempo

Game is closed!  
*Niente va più!*  
a tempo

Sonora.  
*a tempo*  
(all rise; great excitement.)

Handsome. (who has caught Sid cheating, bangs his fist on the table.)  
*Hands up! Cheat!*  
*Su le mani! Bu-vo!*

Sid  
*a piacere*  
This rascals cheating!  
*Que-sta è da la-dro!*

Tenors. Two! Three!  
*Due! Trello!*

Baritones.  
*(some)*

CHORUS  
*a tempo*  
Cheat!  
*Ba-vo!*

col canto  
*pesante*

Harry.  
*(indignantly)*  

Handsome.  
*(to Sid.)*  
(takes the pack of cards and throws it on the table.)  
*Find the Sia le -*

Handsome.  
Up with your arms! Now look!  
*Su le braccia! Guar- da-te!*
Trip.

The wretch shall swing for this
Al laccio al laccio il baro!
We'll hang the ras-cail!

Hurry.

Al laccio al laccio il baro!
We'll hang the ras-cail!

Log.

Al laccio al laccio il baro!
We'll hang the ras-cail!

Sonora.

Al laccio al laccio il baro!
We'll hang the ras-cail!

Handsome.

Al laccio al laccio il baro!
We'll hang the ras-cail!

Happy.

Al laccio al laccio il baro!
We'll hang the ras-cail!

(Sit's surrounded and borne to the centre of the stage. All are up against him, going for him, even Billy who has got up from the ground. Jack Rance who had gone out, appears in the doorway of the dancing-room, and watches the scene with cold indifference.)

Sid.

(whining.)

For pity's
Per carità.

We'll hang the dir-ty ras-cail!
Al laccio al laccio il baro!
We'll hang the ras-cail!

We'll hang the dir-ty ras-cail!
Al laccio al laccio il baro!
We'll hang the ras-cail!

Let us hang the ras-cail!
Al laccio al laccio il baro!
Let us hang the ras-cail!

(col canto)
Jack Rance. 
(drawing near) (coldly.)

What's the matter?

Che succede?

Trip.

Harry.

Joe.

Sonora.

Handsome.

con forza

(softly.)

He's been cheating! He'll

Ha ba - ra - to!

A.

Happy.

Sid.

sake! mer - cy, boys!

-ta! per ca - ri - ta!

Tenors.

Baritones.

a tempo

mf

cresc.
(They all draw closer round the trembling Sid, threatening him.)

Rance.

Molto moderato.
(smiling, coldly)

[Music notation]

Rance.

(bolding them back)

Trip.

Hold on! Is death so awful?

Harry.

Let's hang the wretch! Al lae-cio, Sid! A mor-te!

Sonora.

Let's hang the wretch! Al lae-cio, Sid! A mor-te!

Handsome.

Let's hang the wretch! Al lae-cio, Sid! A mor-te!

Happy.

Let's hang the wretch! Al lae-cio, Sid! A mor-te!

Tenors.

Let's hang the wretch! Al lae-cio, Sid! A mor-te!

Baritones.

Let's hang the wretch! Al lae-cio, Sid! A mor-te!
Is death so awful?

A sudden shock, a gasp, and all is

A tempo.

Rance.

O - ver!

I know a much harder sentence. Give me his

not - te!

Soun ta - sti - go più de - gno. Da - te - mi la sua

(They hand Rance the two of spades; he pins it on his chest above his heart.)

Rance.

card.

car - ta

Sopra il cuo - re, co - me si por - ta un fio - re.

On his heart, just as he'd wear a flower.
Rance.

Hell never touch a card again, Let this be the
Non toc-chè-ra più car-te.

F que-sto il

Rance.

warn-ing. If he dares to take it off, hang him!
se-gno. Se s'as-sar-das-se a tog-lierlo, im-pic-ca-te-lo.
creas.

Rance.

dim.

(to Handsome, authoritatively)

Rance.

to Lid)

(a tempo)

To-mor-row, pass the word in the camp. Go!
Do-ma-ni al cam-po, tu spar-gi la vo-ce. Va!
Allegro vivo.

Rancho.

Trip.

Harry.

Joe.

Sonora.

Handsome.

Happ.

Sid.

See here boys, show some mercy!
Ra-gaz-zì, Sia-le buo-ni

Chorus.

Baritò.

Allegro vivo.
(Rance sits down at the card-table, inviting Senora, Trim and others)

Rance (to Nick)

(to Nick)

Nick, get your chips!

Nick.

Moderato, \( \text{\textit{a 76}} \)

(while they settle to the game, Ashby enters)

Ashby

Moderato. \( \text{\textit{a 76}} \)

The sheriff, hello!

Sce-rif-fo, hello!

Moderato. \( \text{\textit{a 76}} \)

Rance.

(to the miners)

Stand back, you boys, stand back!

Ra-ga-zzi, fa-te lar-go! Pre-

Rance.

This is Mister Ashby, an agent of Wells Far-go.

\(-\text{sen-to mi-ster Ash-by, del'-l\'A-gen-zia Wells Far-go.}\)

\(36\)

(Ashby shakes hands with Rance, Senora, Trim and others near him and nods a greeting to those farther off, Ashby, who respond with a nod.)

Ashby

Nick.

Nick.

Nick, bring me somewhis-ky

Nick.

\(\text{\textit{por-la-mi da be-re.}}\)
(turning to those near him)

Ashby:

Tell me, how is the Girl?

Com' e sta la ragazz a?

Trip. (cortesamente)

Alright, thank you.

Grazie, ben e.

Harry. (cortesamente)

Alright, thank you.

Grazie, ben e.

Joe. (cortesamente)

Alright, thank you.

Grazie, ben e.

Sonora.

Alright, thank you.

Grazie, ben e.

Handsome. (cortesamente)

Alright, thank you.

Grazie, ben e.

Happy. (cortesamente)

Alright, thank you.

Grazie, ben e.

Ten. (some) (cortesamente)

Alright, thank you.

Grazie, ben e.

CHORUS

Bavit? (some) (cortesamente)

Alright, thank you.

Grazie, ben e.

(Nick brings four whiskies to the table)
Rance.  

What news of the greaser?

Ashby.  Che nuove del bandito?

After three months tracking, I am close on his 

Di tre mesi l'apostrof non è molto disaperto.

Rance.  

(to Ashby)  

I've heard it

Di-con che

Rance.

said he robs you like a gentleman!

ru-ba co-me un gran signore.

Rance.

Is he Spanish?

E spagnolo?

Ashby.

I think

La bandita di
Allegretto moderato alla spagnuola.

Ashby.

not, for he heads a band of Mexican cowboys: a strong wily
la - di a cui co-man - da è mea-si - ce - na: gen-lac-cia gu-
Allegretto moderato alla spagnuola.

Ashby.

rab-ble that stick at noth - ing.
gliarda, astuta, pronta a tut - io.
Keep a
State in

Ashby.

sharp lookout!
Guardia.
must rest now.
Io mi sdraio.
So-no

Ashby.

dead beat,
sto - co,
my boxes are aching.
ho l'es - sa rot-te.

Ashby.

the room under the stairs, where he lies down
I wish you all good-night, boys!
A tut-ti buo-na not-te!
Nick: Has taken up his stand in the middle of the stage with a tray full of drinks.

Andante animato. riten. a tempo

Trin.

From Of-fre Min-nie! Min-nie!

(fondly)

Harry.

'What's this? Co-su o?'

Here's to Vi-va

Joe.

Here's to Vi-va

Sonora.

Here's to Vi-va

Handsome.

Here's to Vi-va

Happy.

Here's to Vi-va

Tempo.

Here's to Vi-va

Baritono.

Here's to Vi-va

Andante animato.
Allegro incisivo - Vivamente mosso.

Rance.

No, yellowfaced old Chinese!

No, faccia di Cinese!

Allegro incisivo - Vivamente mosso.

Sonora.

Minnie is making game of you!

Minnie si prende gioco di te!

Rance.

(gets up without coming forward, white with rage)

So-no-ra,

So no ra,

Ragas-see,

Sonora.

Your whiskey's been too strong.

Il whisky che lavo ra.

I'll over.

Ti compa-
Rance.

If have you remember, that

Jack Rance!

It's well for you. I take no notice of

118488
Rance.

 inflict from one who's tipsy!

Sonora.

imbecile old Vecchio bisceaz

(At this juncture all present get excited and take lively part in the quarrel. Some shout "No," others say "Stop," others utter short emphatic ejaculations, but these must not drown the voices of the two disputants)

Rance.

(freeing himself)

Sonora.

Prove it! Pro-valo!

Is fooling you, old yellow-face!

Ti bur-la, mu-so gial-lo!
Rance.

You drunk-ard!

Sonora.

Bri-a-co!

Im-be-cile old gambler!

Vic-chio bi-scas-zie-re!

Yellowfaced old

Faccia di Gi-

(cresc.)

Rance.

You drunk-ard!

Sonora.

Bri-a-co!

Chin-a-man!

Min-nie is fool-ing you!

Min-nie ti bur-la!

(cresc.)

ff martellato cresc.sempre

Rance.

(He makes a rush towards him, a pistol shot fired by Sonora is diverted upwards by his mates; they all interfere, shouting)

Ah, be damned to you!

Sonora.

Ah, mi-se-ra-bi-ile!

fff tutta forza allargando
(Minnie enters suddenly and separantes them roughly, quatching the pistol from Sonora's hand) (Their anger dies out immediately; they all shout enthu-
siastically and wave their caps)

Minnie.
Largamente. \( \text{\textit{d} = 42} \)

Trin.

Harry.

Joe.

Sonora.

Handsome.

Happy.

Tenor.

Baritone.

Chorus.

\( \text{\textit{d} = 42} \)

Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Hello, Minnie!
Minnie. (stepping forward, authoritatively)

What's the matter?
Che cos'è stà to?

You again, Sonora?
Sempre tu, Sonora?

(violi)

Minnie.

No-thing, Minnie, just non-sense.
Nulla, Minnie, sciocchezze.

They were fooling!
Sì scherzava!

Minnie (angry)

You lied the whole place to ruin! Disgraceful!
Ti manderebbe tutta lo-ruin! Disgrazia!

Jog,

Voi fa-rona, Minnie.

(offer her a bunch of flowers)

Minnie.

Minnie.

(riten. a tempo rall [with emphasis])

pp

rail

pp

rail

rail

Trip. scuola.

Harry. No, Girl! No, Minnie!

Joe. No, Girl! No, Minnie!

Sonora. (in confusion) No, Girl! No, Minnie!

Handsome. Say, when you are

Happy.

No, Girl! No, Minnie!

Violins.

Allegretto moderato con moto. 1: 20.

Sonora. (Minnie shakes her head and smiles; she goes up to the counter and sees Handsome lost in contemplation)

late, we get im-patient. And then we...
Minnie.

Handsome, why are you staring?
Bel- lo, che fai? Che guardi?
(offering the flowers)

Joe.

Girl, Minnie, it's ho

Handsome. (starts, smiling, perplexed)

Ten?

No-thing.
Nul-la.

(Soprano)

He stared at you! Guardava te!

CHORUS

Minnie.

(kindly)
poco rit.

Oh, thank you, Joe! Oh, grazie Joe!

picked these flowers by the 'Black Torrent.' Lots of them grow in my country!
col- ti lungo il Torrente Nero Al mio paese ne son tanti!
(taking a folded ribbon from his pocket)

**Sonora.** dolce e gentile

This morning a trader came to the

(E pensato pel campo ognun mer-

* p a tempo

Sonora.

(gallantly)

a tempo

camp from San Francisco.
ciò è di San Francisco.

He had some lace and

ribbons.

(A visive irine e

poco rit.

Sonora.

(unsheathing the ribbon)

This one is for you.

Questo è per voi.

Just look, brightest

Kestri d'este è colo-

(a tempo

Harry.

(unsheathing a silk handkerchief)

con galanteria

Sonora.

And this is

Il questo è az-

crimson.

The colour of your lips.

Come la vostra bocca.
Minnie.

Harry.

blue as blue, just like your eyes.

Sur-ro co-me il vo-stro sguar-do!

m.s.

parlato accento

(clinking glasses with Ashby)

Ashby.

Regards of Wells Fargo!

(pouring Ashby's glass)

(filling Ashby's glass)

Hip!
Minnie. *parlato graziosamente*

Ashby. *gallantly*

Re-galias? Au-rosis? Eu-rekas?

Ah, if it comes from

Se li sce-glie-te

you, an-y will do; the brand won't mat-ter. They all will taste a-

voi, la qua-li tà non con-la nu-l-la. O-gnu-no a-vrà per

Ashby.

(to Minnie, in low tones)

Nick.

-slim-like of the dain-ty hand that has touched them.

me il pro-fu-mo del-la man che li toc-ca!

Ashby.

Nick.

Min-nie, give them all a pleasant word; it's ripping what it will do for

pre-go,andate in gi-ro: s-gni vostro se-spi-vo è u-xa consuma-

senza cresc.

senza cresc.
Minnie. **All'to mosso (quasi lo stesso movimento)**  
(giving him a playful smack)  
(catches sight of Rance sitting apart)

**Nick.** 
You old rascal! Good evening to you, Sheriff, Good business! *Mala lingua!* *Vi do la buona sera, signore!*

**J. Rance.** *rif-fol!*

**Minnie.**

*evening!  Buona sera, Minnie.  ostinando*

(to Minnie, handing her a little bag of gold)  
(Minnie wipes out Senora's account, weighs the gold, signs for it and places it in the barrel)

**Sonora.**

Here, Girl, clear the slate with that! *Tira una riga sul mio conto!*

(to Daland) *poco rit.*

**Ashby.**

It seems to me sheer. *Con queste bande in*

*dim.  poco rit.*
Ashby. Moderato mosso.

Madness to keep all that gold here with those road-agers.

Moderato mosso.

Ashby.

Prowling. Up in our bank it would be far safer.

V Agon - zi a stare b-bemol to meglio.

(Same and Ashby continue their talk apart)

Minnie. Andantino. 2.50.

Andantino. 2.50.

Where were we?

Dove s-vu - me?

(Minnie has taken a Bible from a box on the counter, and goes down to the centre of the stage. They all follow her and form a circle round her, two of them bring a bench, on which four or five sit).

(taking the pages)

Minnie.

Ruth... E - ze-kiel... No...

Ruth... E - ze-chiel... No.

Esther? No.

Ester? No.
Harry.

(Trin gently imitates the braying of an ass)

Jaw-bone, and went for a great big giant and slaughtered
affronto un gran gi-

Minnie.

(Minnie bursts out laughing)

Joe suddenly gets up, silently sharpens a very big knife and
then calmly sharpens a pencil

Harry.

Oh, what a mud-dle, sit down!
the confusion! Die-di.

Minnie.

Sit down, Joe! A posto, Joe!

Now well have reading.
O-ra leggere.

Minnie.

The second verse:

Verdetto se' con-do.
Minnie:

"Purge me with hys-sop and I shall be clean."

Trip.

aparte d'es - so - po e sa - rò mon - do!

(lagernously)

What is this
Co-è quest'is.

Minnie.

A plant that grows in the East.

Trip.

Bu - verba che fain . O - rien - te

Joe.

hys-sop, Min-né?

And don't it grow out
B qui da noi non

Minnie.

Yee, Joe, in ev'ry - bo - dy's heart, a

here?

fa?
Minnie.

Joe, lit-tle bit is grow-ing.
ser-bunc-e/spu-glietto.  
(laughing)  
In the heart.  
Nel cuo-re.

Minnie.

(resuming the reading)

"Wash me and I shall be whi-ter than.
La-sa-mi e sa-ro bian-co co-me

Minnie.

snow.
Cre-ate in me a clean heart O God, Re-

Minnie.

poco rit.

new a righteous spir-it, spir-it with-in.
ue-nov-la in u-no spir-i-to e-let.
And that means, you boys, that all throughout the wide world, there's no sinner who can't find a way or means of redemption. Don't we all of us hold in our heart that best and highest teaching of gnomo di noi chiedere in se una sua prenza verita di dolcss.

Cio vuol di-re, ra-gaz-si, che non ve...
Minnie. Andante calmo.

love? -mo-re.

Andante calmo.

(Enter Billy with his usual stealthy step; he goes to the counter and emplies the dregs of two or three glasses, latching the brim)

Billy.

Minnie.

Allegro vivo. 1:4 tis.

What's up?
Che c'è!

Billy.

Minnie.

Allegro vivo. 1:4 tis.

Billy's washing the glasses!
Billy lava i bicchieri!
(laughter - Billy and Minnie)

Good-Buono.
Minnie. (authoritatively)

Billy! Billy! (giving him a kick)

Trig. Get out of that, get out of that you rascal!

Billy. Va via di qua, va via di qua, brio-co-ne!

Get out of that, get out of that!

Billy. (goes up to Minnie with disguised humility)

Please, Missis, Pa-drona,

Allegro vivo. marcato

Billy. Lessons, Billy.

Lessons, Billy, Billy.

A tempo

He:

Billy. He:

A tempo

13483
Minnie.

Let's hear you: count up to seven.

Billy.

Sens-mo: con-te... fino a dieci.

ho...

hé...

Minnie.

affrett.

One, two, three, four, five, six,

Uno, due, tre, quattro, cinque, sei...

Minnie.

(silently)

Billy.

(silently)

You silly old idiot!
Che stupida marmotta!

Minnie.

And Winkle? Have you married her?

Winkle? L'hai sposata?
Minnie.

Billy. (with a sly air)

Too late mar-ry now: we got a ba-by...
O- ra tar-di spo- sa-re. Abbia-mo bim-bo...

Minnie.

This thiev-ing red-skin has be-
Que-sto pez- zen-te un giorno l'ha se-
dim.

trayed her... The ras-cal! They've got a ba-by six months old!
-dot-ta... Fur-fan-te! Ed hanno un bim-bo di sei me- si!

Minnie.

There'll be trou-ble if you don't marry her to-morrow! Off you
Guai a te, guai a te se doman non la spo-si! O-ra,
Minnie. Vivace.

(Takes him by the ear and amidst general laughter puts him out of the door. She returns to the counter.)

Rance who has been watching her movements all the time, goes up to the counter.

Andantino mosso. $j = 120$.

(the gallop of a horse is suddenly heard)
The post!
La posta!

Post-boy. (nodding) (gives Nick the letters, who carries them in)

Hello, you boys! Be on your guard! a groaser has been seen, handing round the district...
Hello, ragazzi! State attenti! sì vis-to sul sen-
tiero un cibo di ma-ticco...

Post-boy. (Nick distributes the post—a despatch for Ashby, letters for Happy, Handsome and Joe; a newspaper for Harry) (the Post-boy enters) (Ashby opens his despatch, reads it with amazement) (going up to the Post boy)

Ashby. Ex-press, you know a certain Ni-na? Ni-na Michel-to-
Postigione! Conosci cor-ta Ni-na? Ni-na Michel-to-
certo a tempo...
Minnie,

(over-ans, as one who is well-informed)

She's a cute Spanish creature, a

Ashby.

E una fin - ta spagnu-la na-

- ro-na?

- re-na?

Minnie.

Native of Ca - chu - ca,

ti va di Ca - chu - ca,

we all know her: de-signing

u - na si - re - na che fa con-

Minnie.

hus - sy, who spends her time og-ling in the men.

You

su - mo di ne - ro - fu - mo per farsi l'occhio lan - guido...

Che -

Trin and Senora who are near her make embarrassed negative signs.
The Post-boy goes out with Nick. Minnie goes back to the teak. The
Happy, Handsome, Joe and others in various positions, some at the
back, some in front, press their letters. Harry reads his
paper, Ashby and Knute advance towards the footlights.)

Minnie.

ask the boys about her!

Ashby.

detene ai ras - zi!
J. Rance.

Ashby.

Sheriff, to-night I'll have Ramirez swinging...

J. Rance.

Ashby.

-ven-tress Nina has betrayed his movements to-night at midnight bell boast the Palm.

J. Rance. (doubtfully)

Ashby.

That Michelina is a wrong'un. Ashby, don't trust her.

Ashby. (winking)

Hun! A love-lorn woman's revenge. I've got him, Rance ab-so-

61 Hun! Ven-de-te di donne in-na-mo-ra-te. Ad og-nil mo-do, Rance, tengo l'in-

Assas
(Rauno and Ashby continue their conversation apart near the room under the staircase. The minor, scattered about, continue to read their letters; one tears up his letter sorrowfully after reading it, exclaiming "Dama!" Another kisses his letter and places it very carefully in his pocket-book; others read and fold up their letters saying "That's alright")

Harry.

(reading his newspaper sottovoce)

Handsome. (reading a letter, sottovoce but distinctly)

Happy. (reading a letter, sottovoce)

At last the poor old parrot is discouraged,

Per fome il papà gallo è avvilito.

Harry.

fire, wars, huge earth-quakes, floods, What

Handsome.

Who is marrying my Kit ty

Happy.

he calls: "Happy!" Then he says "He's

Sitama: Happy!

"Pari..."
Harry.

awful disasters!

in my own

Handsone.

The clock-maker, her neighbour...

That dear old mum-my!

Happy.

gone!

How are they faring?

Joe.

esse, che faranno lagrimi?

(reading out very laboriously)

Handsone.

Well!

Mak!

Happy.

Poor little Kitty!

Poor-er Kitty!
Harry.

Joe, what's wrong?
Joe, che è 'bù?

Joe.

Joe, my news is sad, my news is sad.
Joe, ci son no-ti-sie, no-ti-sie tri-si...

Handsome.

Joe, what's wrong?
Joe, che è 'bù?

Happy.

Joe, what's wrong?
Joe, che è 'bù?

Tenors.

Joe, what's wrong?
Joe, che è 'bù?

Bariolones.

Joe, what's wrong?
Joe, che è 'bù?
Harry.

Bad tid-ings? Pluck up courage!
Brutte nuove? Su, co-rag-gio!

Nick has gone out.

Joe.

Brutte nuove? Su, co-rag-gio!
(dashing his cap on the ground in angry grief)

(Reads)

"Your poor old granny is no
E an-che nonna se ne an-

Handsome.

Bad tid-ings? Pluck up courage!
Brutte nuove? Su, co-rag-gio!

Happy.

Bad tid-ings? Pluck up courage!
Brutte nuove? Su, co-rag-gio!

Joe.

(is about to say more, but restrains himself, bites his finger,

wipes his eyes with the back of his hand, and drily orders)

more!!

Whis-ky!
Whis-ky!

(goes to the counter)

62

mf cresc.
where Minnie is, drinks and goes out)

(Nick returns)

Minnie.

Who's he?

A stranger just out-side. I've never seen him. Seems like a San Fran-

col canto

Nico.

Moderato mosso.

Whisky and whisky ed

Whisky ed

Moderato mosso.

Moderato mosso.

Le stesso movimento.

Why that's just what I told him: at the "Polka" we

E quel-lo che gli ho det-to: Alla "Polka" ei

Le stesso movimento.
Nick. Fetch him in. We'll curl his hair for Ben, ven-ge. Gli aggirate - ve - mo - i

drink our whisky neat!
bo - ve il whis - k y schietto.

Minnie. (Nick goes on again. Three or four remain at a table playing cards; after a while they go away; by degrees everyone goes off; some into the dancing hall, some outside; some upstairs.)

[Rose draws near to Minnie, speaking in a voice trembling with passionate desire]

Minnie. (smiling, indifferent) You don't non so

J. Sance.

Non so

I'm gone on you Min - nie,

Ti voglio be - ne, Min - nie... rall.
Minnie. Andante sostenuto. $= 63.$

J. Rance. di-te...

A thousand dollars, down, if you will

Minnie. (serve, laughing)

J. Rance. Rance, you make me laugh at you... Be off, have done with it!

kiss me!...

You can't stay

Minnie. (dodging him, ironically)

J. Rance. And your good wife, sir? what of here a-lone! I'll marry you...

star qui so-la! Ti spo-so...

(dim.)
Minnie.

"with pride and energy"

"her?"

"Rance, stop it!"

"Rance, ba-sta!"

You've but to say so,

"Se tu lo vuoi, mai più mi rividerò!"

pp

legato

Minnie.

"Stop it! You annoy me!"

"If I live like this, you know quite well its be-

"ba-sta!""

Minnie.

"(feeling in her bodice and flashing

a pistol before Rance's eyes.)"

"-cause I like it...."

"I've got a safe and sure protector by me.

"-si mi piace...."

"con questa com-pagna sicura e buona"

Minnie.

"who never will desert me.

"che mai non abbandona..."

"Rance, leave me in

"Rance, lasciati in"
Nor did I waste a tear at leaving. No-one loved me, and I loved
non un rim - pianto vi po-tea la - sciare! Né-sù-no máa ma-mó, nes-su-no hoa-

sostenendo

no - one, and no one and
-sustenendo

(a tempo)

breast. I have a gambler's heart embittered, warped and poisoned, which laughe at,
pet-to un cuoro bi-sca - zie re, a ma - ro au - ve - le - na - to, che ri-de dell'a -

rall. (sustenendo)

love and mocks at dis-ti-ny....

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I set forth on my jour - ney at -
mito som messo in cam - mi - no at -

calando

(rall. sustenendo)

moviendo un poco -

(trac - ted by nothing else than gold)

A gold a - lone has not deceived me.

moviendo un poco -
Now for a kiss from you, I'll give a fortune!

Largamente.

Real love is very different.

Andantino (in quattro) \( \frac{d}{2} \)

Down home in Sole.

Dreamily.

Then, when I was little,

Lentamente.

Romantic!

Andantino (in quattro) \( \frac{d}{2} \)

I had a tiny smoky little

Minnie.

a tempo

room above the kitchen in my father's

Largamente.

a tempo

a tempo

a tempo

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.
Minnie.

Fa- ther and moth- er, babbo e mamma mi- a. Ah! I've not for- got- ten: Tut- to ri- cor- do; a tempo

Even now I see the men come in at sun- down.

Violin

Minnie.

Moth- er saw to the cook- ing and the Mamma faceu da cuo- ca e can- ti-

cresc.

Minnie.

Fa- ther dealt the cards at bab- bo da- va le car- te a fa-

a tempo
Minnie.

fa-ro,
-o-ne,
Mamma,
she was lovely,
era bel-la,

her little feet were pretty: Sometimes she'd take a hand at fa-ro:
a-veva on bel pie-di-no: Qualche volta gia' pensava anch'essa:

Minnie.

And I used to hide underneath the table, hoping someone would
ed io che me ne stavo sotto al tavolo aspettando ca-

Minnie.

drop some money, and sometimes I'd see her snuggle her
quelche moneta, ve-devo servir fur-ti va il
Minnie.

Lo stesso movto ma sostenendo molto con anima

foot close up to father's...

S'è ma- van tan- to!

Oh, how she loved him!

S'è ma- van tan- to!

Ach! so I don't want to take a husband, un-

allargando col canto

pp cresc.

Minnie.

allargando poco affrett. rall.

Oh, how she loved him! Ah! so I don't want to take a husband, un-

allargando col canto

Minnie.

less I really love him.

J. Rance.

(goes up to Minnie with a violent but urgently suppressed gesture.)

Minnie.

Theys you have found the treasure al-

A tempo la per- la è gia tro-

(Minnie is about to reply when Nick returns, with him in

Allegro vibrato

(throwing his saddle under his arm.)

Who wants to curl my

Allegro vibrato

Chi c'è, per forni s
(gives a start of surprise and recognition, but controls herself at once.)

Minnie.  
Un poco meno \( \dot{=92} \)

Good evening to you, stranger!  
Sa - lu - te al - lo stra - nie - ro!

Hair?  

ric - ci?

Un poco meno \( \dot{=92} \)

Minnie.  

(eagerly)

Johnson.  
(also gives a start of surprise — then says in gentler tones)

I'm the man who asked for wa - ter with his whis - ky.  
Io son quel - lo che chie - si whisky ed ac - qua.

really?  

Nick, the stranger takes his whisky as he

ve - ro?  

Nick; il signore prende il whisky come gli

118483
Minnie. (Amazement on Nick's and Rance's part. Nick looks for a bottle of soda under the counter. Rance looks or frowning.)

Minnie. (points to a bench, slightly embarrassed.)

Minnie. Sostenendo. (blushing.)

Johnson. tired.... (equally embarrassed, looking at her.)

J. Rance. (aggressively and rudely, goes up to Johnson.)

We don't let strangers inside the Camp.

Nessun stra-nie - ro guadentrare al campo.
J. Rance.

Don't you think you've struck the wrong turn-ing?
_Certo_, vei _sha-gia-ste sen-tie-vo._

J. Rance.

(1ronically.)

San-ey you set out to
_Per caso an-da va-te a tro-

Minnie.

(p. Rance reprovingly.) a tempo

J. Rance.

_vis-it Ni-na Mi-chel-to-re-nas?_  
_va-re Ni-na Mi.chel-to-re-xa?_

Johnson.

I just looked in here. wanting to rest my sensi-
_Per-mas il ca-val-lo qual-che mo-men-to ap-
cresc.
Johnson.

horse - na per ri - po - sar-mi....

J. Range.

then, perhaps a game of poker.
cosa frena re un baccaro.

(revelry.)

Of po - ker? And what's your
Gin - cu - re? E il vo - stro

Minnie. (laughing.)

Who-ey - or cares but here to know the name of strangers?
For - se che qui si sa il no - mi del - la gen - te?

name?
no-me?

John. (looking straight at Range.)

John-son
John-son.

J. Range.

John-son.... That all?
John-son.... E poi?
Minnie.  
Glad to see you here, Johnson of Sacra-men-to!  
\textit{(very prettily,)}  
poco rit.

Johnson.  
\textit{Ben-ve-nu-to fra noi, Johnson di Sacra-men-to!}  
\textit{men-to.}  
\textit{men-to.}  
\textit{Thank you...}  
\textit{Grazie...}

\textit{(Bows retriev apart, shaking with anger.)}  
\textit{(Nico goes out.)}

Minnie.  
\textit{Un poco meno-Quasi Andante.}  
\textit{smiling.)}

Johnson.  
\textit{(Minnie and Johnson chat, leaning against the counter.)}  
\textit{Si, se anche}

\textit{Un poco meno-Quasi Andante.}  
\textit{So you re-mem-ber me still?}  
\textit{Si, ri-cor-da-te di me?}

Minnie.  
\textit{you re-mem-ber me...}  
\textit{voi mi ri-cor-da-te...}

Johnson.  
\textit{Could an-y one for-get?}  
\textit{E co-me non po-trei?}  
\textit{Twas on the}

\textit{Fu pel sen-}
Minnie.

You were returning...

Johnson.

road that leads to Monterey.

tier che me-na a Monterey.

Minnie.

You handed me a spray of jasmine...

Johnson.

And then I

Minnie.

But I re-

said to you: Let's gather berries to-

di-st: Andiamo a coglier le mont-

113483
Minnie.  
*a tempo*

- fused...  
ven-ni...  
You re-mem-ber that, then?

Ri-co- da-te, si - gna - re?

Johnson.

You wouldn't...  
*a tempo*  
Es ve - ra...

Minnie.

Then I passed en my way...  
Io ri-pre-se il can - mi-no....

Johnson.  
I should think so!....  
Co-me e-des - so....

Minnie.  
(lowering her voice.)

Then you were say-ing...  
Voi di - co - va-te....

Can't re - mem-ber what...

Non ri - cor-do più....

Johnson.  
(going closer to her.)

Yes,  
Yes, you do re - mem - ber:  
Si,  
che io ri - cor-da-te:
(taking the words from his mouth.)

Minnie.

You would never forget me...
Non mai v'ero scor-dato.

Tell me that from that hour....
Dis-si che da quel-lo-ra....
And I never
Ne v'ho scor-da-to

Minnie.

How often I
Quan-to tem-po ope-
shall, no, ne!
mai, mai, mai!

Minnie.

(sadly): p dolce
hoped we'd meet a-
rai di ri-ve-der-vi

But

Minnie.

(They look into each other's eyes.)

no, we never met!
non vi vi-di più!

Minnie.

ral. e dim. perdendosi.
(Rance, who has come up to the counter, knocks Johnson's glass off it with a blow.)

J. Rance.

Allegro moderato \( \frac{\text{a tempo}}{79} \)

Mister John-son, your be-haviour’s of-fensive!
Signor Johnson, voi m’a-re-te se-cu-ca-tol!

I am Rance, the sher-if.
So-no Rance, sce-ref-fo.
Non mi la-soio bur-

fooled.
la-re.

What’s your busi-ness up
Che ve-ni-te a far

(Jinson steps back and looks at him emo-
temptuously.)

(Jance goes to the door of the dancing-hall, . . . and calls:)

here? You
quis? Rance

You
Ra-

col canto
J. Rance.

fellows! Come here a moment! This stranger won't explain his

U-no-stran-ter-ro ri-cu-sa con-fes sa-re per-

J. Rance.

(Some miners came out of the dingy hall.)

business in the camp!
chère si tro-va-il campo!

Five Tenors (to Rance.)
(chapping Johnson on the shoulder.)

Chorus.

He won't? Chi è? We'll make him speak up!

Five Bar (to Rance.)

He won't? Chi è? Lo fa-re-mo can-tar!

He won't? Chi è? We'll make him speak up!

Lo fa-re-mo can-tar!
Minnie. (stopping them with an imperious gesture.)

Wait a minute! I know him, boys. I know him, and I'll vouch for

Minnie. (Minnie's intervention pacifies the miners, who go up to Johnson, and welcome him with cordial faces.)

Johnson! Johnson! decisamente

Sonora. Un poco meno.

Well, good evening, Mister

Sonora. Un poco meno. dolce

Johnson. (cordially shaking the outstretched hands.)

Good evening, good

Sonora. Raggazzi, buona
Johnson.

Trin. several! (pointing to Rance who, paler than usual, has withdrawn to the back of the stage.) (skipping for joy.)

What a snub for old Rance!

brillante

N'ho pia - ce - re per lui!

Trin. (rubbing his hands.)

The fool will see at last he's not the master of the

Questo cial - tro - ne smet-te - va quel fiore da pa-

Trin.

"Pol - kai"
dro-ne!

string. e cresc.

Johnson.

Harry. (to Johnson, pointing to the dancing-hall.)

With

Mis-ter John-son, you danc-in? St-ignor Johnson, un val-zer?
Johnson.
Allegro vivo. (Tempo di Valzer in uno)

(offerings Minnie his arm.)
Permit me?
Permette?

Minnie. (fall look at Minnie, with mingled surprise and pleasure, smiling as if to urge her to dance. Only Dance is frowning.)

P'haps you will not believe it, but I've never danced in
non lo credevo, non ho mai ballato in
Minnie.

all my life....

Johnson. vi - ta mia....

(smiling.)

Trip.

Dance now, then....

An - dis - mo....

Harry.

Buck up, Minnie!

A - van-ti, Minnie!

Log.

Buck up, Minnie!

A - van-ti, Minnie!

Sonora.

Buck up, Minnie!

A - van-ti, Minnie!

Handsome.

Buck up, Minnie!

A - van-ti, Minnie!

Happy.

Buck up, Minnie!

A - van-ti, Minnie!

Tep.

Buck up, Minnie!

A - van-ti, Minnie!

Bast.

Buck up, Minnie!

A - van-ti, Minnie!
Minnie. (making up her mind, prettily) (takes Johnson's arm.)

Well then, let's try it!

An-di-a-mo pui-ste!

Johnson.

Trip.

Harry.

Joe.

Sonora.

Handsome.

Happy.

Hip! Hurrah!

Hip! Hurrah!

Hip! Hurrah!

Hip! Hurrah!

Hip! Hurrah!

Hip! Hurrah!
(They all accompany the music; the first quarter by lightly stamping their feet on the floor; the others by lightly clapping their hands, thus following the two dancers.)

(Trin and Sonora keep the door of the dance-room open.)

(Sonora, Trin, Handsome, Harry, Kane remain on.)

Minnie. Tempo di Valzer Moderato

Johnson. (Minnie and Johnson dance together and gradually come back to the room.)

Trin. dolcissimo e legato

Happy.

Joe.

Sonora.

Handsome.

Happy.

dolcissimo e legato

Tempo di Valzer Moderato
Nick. (comes back on the stage)
Nick.

Where's Min-nis?
Don't Min-nie?

poco rit.

J. Rance.

She's in-side there, dancing with that dog, confound the
E la den-tro che bal-ia con quel can di pe-lo

a tempo

J. Rance.

(Nick shrugs his shoulders)
(kicking Johnson's saddle)

(Starts to cross)

fol-low, John-son of Sa-cra-men-to!
fi-no giun-to da Sa-cra-men-to!

(cresc.)

(pop)

(Twelve men, behind)
(not too near, shouting very loud)

The gallows! The gallows!

Al lac-cio! Al lac-cio!

Bass.

The gallows! The gallows!

Al lac-cio! Al lac-cio!
Allegro feroce  \( \dot{=} \) 192

Six Tenors.

(behind) Ah!

(bellowing) Ah!

(to Ah!)

Ashby.

Let's hang him! Bind him!

Castro.

\(\text{Al lac-cio, fe-ga-te-lo!}\)

(to himself)

Some drink! I'm ex-

(some bind Castro and throw him down, so that he falls close to
the footlights)

Castron

Some drink! I'm ex-

(spoken in crescendo tones)

He is captured!

L'hanno preso!
then, you dirty son of a dog, Let us look at your

(A group of mice comes rushing out of the dancing hall. The dance continues within.)
I've escaped him. I hate him. If you're willing, I'll escape him.
Son fug - gi - to. L'o - dia -
Se vo - le - te vi

Sonora.

Sonora.

Castro.

This greasy
Questo

put you on his track!
por - to sul - la sua trac - cia!
crec.

thief is lying!
la - dro v'in - gan - na!

No, I am not.
No, non v'in-gan - no!

J. Rance.

D'you know where he is. Conosci il navesi.
hid-ing?
di-glio?

Castro. (terrified, hoarsely)

'Tis not a mile from here: up the Ma-dro-na Ca-

Castro. (as before)

-nyada.
-I'll show you the trail.
By the

Castro. (half spoken)

name of my mo-ther, Ma-ria Sal-ta-ja, I swear I don't de-

Castro. (half spoken)

[i]
-cove you!
Se vo-le-te, vi por-to.
Castro.

sostenuto

Castro (quiedy) (half spoken)

Gli piante-vo nel dor-so la mia na-
va-si! a tempo

col canto cresc. molto

J. Rance. (asking those around him)

Ashby. Shall we go? (looks out, studying the sky)

Don't like the look of the sky: there will be a
S'an-nu-vo lu-to... A- vre-mo la tor-

Ashby.

blizzard.

Sonora. men-ta...

Let us

E un buon
(goes towards the door of the facing hall, calling)

We'll chance it!
Sì ten-ta!
Get the horses, Get the

risk it...
col-go...
Get the horses, Get the

Sonora.
val-lo!
Sonora.

he's not ta-ken! He is
Non è pre-so! E nel

(caught in the gaze of Johnstone in the dancing hall)

Castro.
val-lo!
(hastily to himself)

J. Rance.

(emphatically)

Castro.

We're tracking Ra-
Sin se-gue Ra-

(dancing)
Ten-bal-lo!
(going out of the dance hall)

Basses. (some)

Where are you off?
Do ve si ta?

Where are you off?
Do ve si ta?

1134683
Nick.
(anxious on account of Minnie and the gold-barrel) (to Sonora.)

But the gold?
E vuoi ro?

—merrez!
Sonora. merrez!
(gallantly)

Min-niels
Bli oc-chi ci

a tempo

Johnson.
(came on the scene from the dance-room, sees Castro, controls himself)

Love-ly eyes will sure-ly guard the trea-sure!
Min-nie basano a guar-dare il te-so-ro!

(seeing Johnson) (Nick goes behind the counter to fetch the brandy)

Castro. (shouts to Nick) (Johnson goes up to Castro without attracting attention)

Some bran- dy!
A guar-dien-te! con garbo

col canto —ffa a tempo

113483
Meno.
(in subdued tones)

Castro.

Soon you'll hear a signal; if you're ready, you answer with a signal!

(Castro says)

This man can put us on the trail of Ra-

Nick.
(Men, horses and torches are visible outside; a babble of voices is heard)

J.Rance. (comes in with several men)

Untie him!

Sle - gu-te lo!
J. Rance.

Nick.

Andante.

J. Rance.

Good luck to you!

Buona fortuna!

(Rance bites his finger with rage.)

J. Rance.

looking askance at Johnson; then goes out with Castro and the men.)

Poco rall.
(Nick starts closing the "Polka". He goes to the floor above and puts out the light; puts out the lights here and there,

\textit{Andante sostenuto.} \textit{\textdagger} = 92.

goes to the dancing hall,

Minnie comes out of it; Nick goes in.

puts out the lights and returns.)

\textit{Minnie.} \textit{(to Johnson)} \textit{dolcemente}

\textit{\textdagger} 97

\textsc{Mister Johnson,} \textsc{Signor Johnson,} \textsc{have you been kind e-}

\textsc{siete restato in-}
Minnie.

- nough to stay be-kind and keep me com-pa-ny? to help me guard the
  - die-tro a for-mi com-pa-gni - a per cus-to-di-

Minnie.

house?... ca-sa?... (slightly perturbed)

Johnson.

(sits down at the curt table... Minnie re-
mares standing in front of him, leaning
against the table.)

If you're will-ing... Cu-rious
Se vo-le-te... Strav-va

Johnson.

thing! To come a-cross you here where an-y one can
co-sa! Ri-fro-var-vi qui dove o-gnu - no puo en-

113483
Minnie.

Johnson.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>rob  you of a kiss?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- bu - re pui ch' un pia - cio?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sempre</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Minnie.

sostenendo

not the first time it has happened! But my very first

credo

f sostenendo

Minnie.

(with charm) poco rall.

kiss my first kiss why I've still to give it.

Poco più ma sostenendo

looking at her with growing interest! a tempo

Not real-ly? D'ye live here at the "Pol-ka?"

Poco più ma sostenuto

Ea-bi-ta-te qui al-la "Pol-ka?"
Minnie.

No, in a cabin half-way up the mountain.

Johnson.

Abitouma canpannu a mezzo mov. de.

You are worth something

Merry to di

Minnie.

Poco rit. a tempo

Johnson.

I don't want it

Me con ten to

Me balla' crede te.

better. poco rit. a tempo

Minnie.

I'm proud to live alone

Vi sto sola sola, senza timore. a tempo.

And don't know what fear is.

Minnie.

Io sento anch'io

100

I feel quite safe with

to e anch'io in
Minnie.

you feel that I trust you,

tho' you're a stranger to me.

Dance, not so chi sia te...

poco allarg.

Minnie.

Johnson.

Really I myself hardly know

Non so ben reg-pur io quel che

Johnson.

that I am...

I've lived my life and enjoyed it.

\( \text{Amor la vita, e la no,} \)
Minnie.

I am only a common little creature. I do not want you to be a real mullet.

-secure and good-for-nothing: You talk to me in new and lovely
-voices that are a mullet. I do not understand the things you say.

Minnie. poco rit. (bewildered) a tempo

language beyond my understanding. I can't explain it, but
believe me., so non intendono. Non so che sia, ma

Minnie.

down in my heart I feel discontented that I should be so

pp pic.
Minnie.

lit- tle, and a long-ing to raise my self to
ci-na e un desi-de-rio d'in-salzam-mia vo-

Minnie.
you, to you, high as the stars!

Minnie.
A leng-ing to be
per esser-vi vi-
calando e dim.molto

Minnie. diminuendo.

near you, to be a-ble to speak with you!
-ci-na, per poter-vi par-la-re.
Andante mosso moderatamente. \( \frac{d}{4} \) 48.

What you cannot say, has been revealed by your heart,
When my heart could feel your beat,
Mine was flooded with joy divine.

Arm circled your waist in the dance just now:
When against my breast I was so near you.
A strange one, a strange one.
misterioso lento.

Ah, that I could read my heart like

Lo stesso movimento.

Yes, so:

Lo stesso movimento.

And yet of fear

What do you want?

Take warning.
Minnie. Allegro agitato. (gets up, goes to the door)

Johnson.

Nick.

A - nother greaser is skulking round a - bout the camp.

S'io visto qui attorno un altro ceppo messi - cane.

Allegro agitato.

Johnson. (a shrill whistle sounds through the darkness; to himself)

here!- da- te!

(Whistle behind, rather far off)

Minnie. (suddenly frightened, as if seeking protection with Johnson)

Just - listen! What-ev - er's that whistle?

A - scolta - te! Che sa - rá questo fischio?

a tempo

m.s.
Minnie. (pointing to the barrel)

In that small barrel, John, there’s a fortune. This is where the boys leave their gold. Ev’ry night they stay and they leave you a loss?...

hère and sleep a round it. Tak-ing turns to guard it. To-

-Manghai qui ave-gliar-to a turno, un po’ per u-no. Sta-

night they’ve all gone off on the track of that rascal...
Minnie. (impatiently)

Oh! whoever wants that gold,
Oh! se qualcu-no vuol quell'oro.

Minnie.

I can only get it if he kills me first!
pria di toccar-lo dovrà uccidermi quel!

Johnson.

Lo stesso movimento.

Minnie! Do you mean that you would run such
tan-to tu sarai correr tanto!

Minnie.

(places her foot on his leg as if to guard it)

Johnson.

Oh, lo fai.

rischia per ciò ch'è no-therby.
rischio per ciò che non è vo-stro!
Minnie.

If you knew how hard they work to

get it. What all this dearly won gold means to them!

(Celli e Fagotto)

Minnie.

It's a desperate struggle!

Alkalil rocks, the clay, the earth:

Minnie.

all dead against 'em!

tutto è noms - co!
They squat on the damp and dirty ground,
Till dirt fills their eyes,

Molto rit. (with emphasis)

their bones and their hearts!
nell'os-sa, nel cuo-re!

And then one day, with
Bun gior-no, coll'a ni-ma

back bent, with spi-rit
bro-ken, with brain by

Andante sostenuto.

seat dor-so ri-car-to, con ar-soil cer

con express. dolorosa

On the edge of a sluice,

in riva un ruiscello su-da-gian, non sor-gono
Minnie. (she paces, lost in thought and moved by a reminiscence; sits down on the stage)

- gain!

poor wretched fellows!

Minnie.  Moderato mosso.

Scarce a Quan-ti

man among'em, who has'n't left some people far away, a wife, or some
son di lo-vo che ha lasciato lontana una fa-miglie, u-na spo-so, des

Minnie.

While he has come out to die like a

bim-bi....
Minnie.

dog or a packhorse in the mire, just to send home some money
ca - ni in mezzo ai - la fan - ghi - glia... per man - da - re un po' d'o - ro

to help his folk... at home, and his children!
ai ca - ri vec - chi, eai bim - bi lon - ta - ni!

(determinedly)

That's why the man, ... who wants to take their
Ec - co, John - son, per - chi vuol que -
(on a sudden impulse)
Oh, have no
Oh, non te.

fears,
me - te,

No one will
nen - su - no ar - di -

(dare!
-vä!

How much I
Co - me mi

like to hear you speak!...
pia - ce sen - tir - vi par - lar!...

cresc. poco a poco
But I am bound to go now...

I'm bound to go; Yet I wanted

...to say goodbye to you once more

in your cabin on the hillside,

a tempo
(dejectedly)

Minnie.

Oh, must you really go now?
Do - ve - te pro - prio an- di - re?

Minnie.

What a pi - ty!
Che pro - ca - to!

Andante sostenuto molto (in due) dò sò.

Minnie.

The boys will be back here quite soon now. When they are back a -
I ra - gaz - zi sa - ran - no qui fra po - co. Quan - do sa - ran tor -

Andante sostenuto molto (in due) dò sò.

Minnie.

again, then I will go.
na - ti io me ne an - dò.

If you Se vo -
Minnie.  
I want to come and see my cabin,  
le-te venirmi a tua-ve...  

Minnie.  
sa-sa-tion cos-l'ly by my fire-side.  

Johnson.  
Non, stan-doci accan-to al fumo...  
(buatates, then, making up his mind.)

Thank you, Girl,  
Grazie, Minnie...  

Minnie.  
(pathetically playful)  
Don't ex-pect too much of me! I've os-ly thir-ty  
come.  

Johnson.  
(with charm)  
Non vi-sper-ta-te mol-to! Non so che tren-ta.
Minnie.

(she tries to laugh, but her eyes fill with tears)

Un poco meno

dollars' worth of education. If I'd studied more,

dollarsi soli d'educazione... Se studiavo di più,

ppp

Un poco meno

Minnie.

You can't tell what I might have been! Don't you think so?
che avrei potuto essere? Si pensaste?

moltodim.

Johnson. (moved, half playfully)

When I think of what we might have been!
C'è che avremmo potuto essere!

io lo comprendendo un poco

dim.sempre

pp
Minnie.

(wiping away a tear)

D’you

Dav

-stand it, Minnie, when I look at you!
-pren-do o-vr che vi guar-do, Minnie!

PP
dim.

Minnie.

(comes up the stage, leans her arms

mean it? But what good is it?
-ne-vo... Mu che va-le!....

Minnie. Calmo.

(calming) (crying)

A
117
Calmo.

... o

pp
Minnie.

Johnson. Andante molto sostenuto

Minnie, you don't know yourself.

Nothing really matters when you've a good pure nature... And you've the face of an angel!

No, do not cry, dear Minnie, non piangere.

Johnson. Andante molto sostenuto

Nothing good for nothing.

Johnson. Andante molto sostenuto

Minnie, you don't know yourself.

Voil non vi conosce-te.

Nothing realy matters when you've a good pure nature... And you've the face of an angel!
(almost stunned, remains standing in the middle of the dark room, lighted only by the twinkling of the little lamp beneath the staircase. Suddenly as if lost in an intoxicating memory, she murmurs guilty)

Minnie. (cresc.) "Galando" [score notation]

Johnson. (takes his saddle, goes to the door with a violent gesture, stands listening a moment, then opens it and goes out quietly)

Nick. (hastens in, cautiously lowers the light. The silence is profound. Nick goes to the door and opens it, waiting for his mistress to come in)

Minnie. (cresc.) "What did he say?" "Come ha det-to?"

Minnie. (sarcastic, her face in her hands, giving vent to her feelings in a long-drawn sigh)

The face of an angel! "Un viso d'angelo!..."

Ah!... Ah!...

The end of Act I.