

THE GONDOLIERS

OR

THE KING OF BARATARIA

Libretto by William S. Gilbert

Music by Arthur S. Sullivan

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (a Grandee of Spain)

LUIZ (his attendant)

DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO (the Grand Inquisitioner)

Venetian Gondoliers

MARCO PALMIERI

GIUSEPPE PALMIERI

ANTONIO

FRANCESCO

GIORGIO

ANNIBALE

THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO

CASILDA (her Daughter)

Contadine

GIANETTA

TESSA

FIAMETTA

VITTORIA

GIULIA

INEZ (the King's Foster-mother)

Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine, Men-at-Arms, Heralds and Pages

ACT I

The Piazzetta, Venice

ACT II

Pavilion in the Palace of Barataria

(An interval of three months is supposed to elapse between Acts I

and II)

DATE  
1750

## ACT I

Scene.-- the Piazzetta, Venice. The Ducal Palace on the right.

Fiametta, Giulia, Vittoria, and other Contadine discovered, each tying a bouquet of roses.

### CHORUS OF CONTADINE.

List and learn, ye dainty roses,  
Roses white and roses red,  
Why we bind you into posies  
Ere your morning bloom has fled.  
By a law of maiden's making,  
Accents of a heart that's aching,  
Even though that heart be breaking,  
Should by maiden be unsaid:  
Though they love with love exceeding,  
They must seem to be unheeding--  
Go ye then and do their pleading,  
Roses white and roses red!

### FIAMETTA.

Two there are for whom in duty,  
Every maid in Venice sighs--  
Two so peerless in their beauty  
That they shame the summer skies.  
We have hearts for them, in plenty,  
They have hearts, but all too few,  
We, alas, are four-and-twenty!  
They, alas, are only two!  
We, alas!

CHORUS.                      Alas!

FIA.                      Are four-and-twenty,

They, alas!

CHORUS. Alas!

FIA. Are only two.

CHORUS. They, alas, are only two, alas!  
Now ye know, ye dainty roses,  
Roses white and roses red,  
Why we bind you into posies,  
Ere your morning bloom has fled,  
Roses white and roses red!

(During this chorus Antonio, Francesco, Giorgio, and other Gondoliers have entered unobserved by the Girls--at first two, then two more, then four, then half a dozen, then the remainder of the Chorus.)

SOLI.

FRANC. Good morrow, pretty maids; for whom prepare ye  
These floral tributes extraordinary?

FIA. For Marco and Giuseppe Palmieri,  
The pink and flower of all the Gondolieri.

GIU. They're coming here, as we have heard but lately,  
To choose two brides from us who sit sedately.

ANT. Do all you maidens love them?

ALL. Passionately!

ANT. These gondoliers are to be envied greatly!

GIOR. But what of us, who one and all adore you?  
Have pity on our passion, we implore you!

FIA. These gentlemen must make their choice before you;

VIT. In the meantime we tacitly ignore you.

GIU. When they have chosen two that leaves you plenty--  
Two dozen we, and ye are four-and-twenty.

FIA. and VIT. Till then, enjoy your dolce far niente.

ANT. With pleasure, nobody contradicente!

SONG--ANTONIO and CHORUS.

For the merriest fellows are we, tra la,  
That ply on the emerald sea, tra la;  
With loving and laughing,  
And quipping and quaffing,  
We're happy as happy can be, tra la--  
With loving and laughing, etc.

With sorrow we've nothing to do, tra la,  
And care is a thing to pooh-pooh, tra la;  
And Jealousy yellow,  
Unfortunate fellow,  
We drown in the shimmering blue, tra la--  
And Jealousy yellow, etc.

FIA. (looking off). See, see, at last they come to make their  
choice--

Let us acclaim them with united voice.

(Marco and Giuseppe appear in gondola at back.)

CHORUS (Girls). Hail, hail! gallant gondolieri, ben venuti!  
Accept our love, our homage, and our duty.  
Ben' venuti! ben' venuti!

(Marco and Giuseppe jump ashore--the Girls salute them.)

DUET--MARCO and GIUSEPPE, with CHORUS OF GIRLS.

MAR. and GIU. Buon' giorno, signorine!

GIRLS. Gondolieri carissimi!  
Siamo contadine!

MAR. and GIU. (bowing). Servitori umilissimi!  
Per chi questi fiori--  
Questi fiori bellissimi?

GIRLS. Per voi, bei signori  
O eccellentissimi!

(The Girls present their bouquets to Marco and Giuseppe, who are overwhelmed with them, and carry them with difficulty.)

MAR. and GIU. (their arms full of flowers). O ciel! O ciel!

GIRLS. Buon' giorno, cavalieri!

MAR. and GIU. (deprecatingly). Siamo gondolieri.

(To Fia. and Vit.) Signorina, io t' amo!

GIRLS. (deprecatingly). Contadine siamo.

MAR. and GIU. Signorine!

GIRLS (deprecatingly). Contadine!

(Curtseying to Mar. and Giu.) Cavalieri.

MAR. and GIU. (deprecatingly). Gondolieri!  
Poveri gondolieri!

CHORUS. Buon' giorno, signorine, etc.

DUET--MARCO and GIUSEPPE.

We're called gondolieri,  
But that's a vagary,  
It's quite honorary  
The trade that we ply.  
For gallantry noted  
Since we were short-coated,  
To beauty devoted,  
Giuseppe\Are Marco and I;

When morning is breaking,  
Our couches forsaking,  
To greet their awaking  
With carols we come.  
At summer day's nooning,  
When weary lagooning,  
Our mandolins tuning,  
We lazily thrum.

When vespers are ringing,  
To hope ever clinging,

With songs of our singing  
A vigil we keep,  
When daylight is fading,  
Enwrapt in night's shading,  
With soft serenading  
We sing them to sleep.

We're called gondolieri, etc.

RECITATIVE--MARCO and GIUSEPPE.

MAR. And now to choose our brides!

GIU. As all are young and fair,  
And amiable besides,

BOTH. We really do not care  
A preference to declare.

MAR. A bias to disclose  
Would be indelicate--

GIU. And therefore we propose  
To let impartial Fate  
Select for us a mate!

ALL. Viva!

GIRLS. A bias to disclose  
Would be indelicate--

MEN. But how do they propose  
To let impartial Fate  
Select for them a mate?

GIU. These handkerchiefs upon our eyes be good enough to  
bind,

MAR. And take good care that both of us are absolutely  
blind;

BOTH. Then turn us round--and we, with all convenient  
despatch,  
Will undertake to marry any two of you we catch!

ALL. Viva!

They undertake to marry any two of us\them they catch!

(The Girls prepare to bind their eyes as directed.)

FIA. (to Marco). Are you peeping?  
Can you see me?

MAR. Dark I'm keeping,  
Dark and dreamy!

(Marco slyly lifts  
bandage.)

VIT. (to Giuseppe). If you're blinded  
Truly, say so

GIU. All right-minded  
Players play so!  
(slyly lifts bandage).

FIA. (detecting Marco). Conduct shady!  
They are cheating!  
Surely they de-  
Serve a beating!  
(replaces bandage).

VIT. (detecting Giuseppe). This too much is;  
Maidens mocking--  
Conduct such is  
Truly shocking!  
(replaces bandage).

ALL. You can spy, sir!  
Shut your eye, sir!  
You may use it by and by, sir!  
You can see, sir!  
Don't tell me, sir!  
That will do--now let it be, sir!

CHORUS OF GIRLS. My papa he keeps three horses,  
Black, and white, and dapple grey, sir;  
Turn three times, then take your courses,  
Catch whichever girl you may, sir!

CHORUS OF MEN. My papa, etc.

(Marco and Giuseppe turn round, as directed, and try to catch the girls. Business of blind-man's buff. Eventually Marco catches Gianetta, and Giuseppe catches Tessa. The two girls try to escape, but in vain. The two men pass their hands over the girls' faces to discover their identity.)

GIU. I've at length achieved a capture!  
(Guessing.) This is Tessa! (removes bandage). Rapture, rapture!

CHORUS. Rapture, rapture!

MAR. (guessing). To me Gianetta fate has granted!  
(removes bandage).  
Just the very girl I wanted!

CHORUS. Just the very girl he wanted!

GIU. (politely to Mar.). If you'd rather change--

TESS. My goodness!  
This indeed is simple rudeness.

MAR. (politely to Giu.). I've no preference whatever--

GIA. Listen to him! Well, I never!  
(Each man kisses each girl.)

GIA. Thank you, gallant gondolieri!  
In a set and formal measure  
It is scarcely necessary  
To express our pleasure.  
Each of us to prove a treasure,  
Conjugal and monetary,  
Gladly will devote our leisure,  
Gay and gallant gondolieri.  
Tra, la, la, la, la, etc.

TESS. Gay and gallant gondolieri,  
Take us both and hold us tightly,  
You have luck extraordinary;  
We might both have been unsightly!  
If we judge your conduct rightly,  
'Twas a choice involuntary;  
Still we thank you most politely,  
Gay and gallant gondolieri!



Tra, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

CHORUS OF GIRLS. Thank you, gallant gondolieri;  
In a set and formal measure,  
It is scarcely necessary  
To express our pleasure.  
Each of us to prove a treasure  
Gladly will devote our leisure,  
Gay and gallant gondolieri!  
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

ALL. Fate in this has put his finger--  
Let us bow to Fate's decree,  
Then no longer let us linger,  
To the altar hurry we!

(They all dance off two and two--Gianetta with Marco, Tessa with Giuseppe.)

(Flourish. A gondola arrives at the Piazzetta steps, from which enter the Duke of Plaza-toro, the Duchess, their daughter Casilda, and their attendant Luiz, who carries a drum. All are dressed in pompous but old and faded clothes.)

(Entrance of Duke, Duchess, Casilda, and Luiz.)

DUKE. From the sunny Spanish shore,  
The Duke of Plaza-Tor!--

DUCH. And His Grace's Duchess true--

CAS. And His Grace's daughter, too--

LUIZ. And His Grace's private drum  
To Venetia's shores have come:

ALL. If ever, ever, ever  
They get back to Spain,  
They will never, never, never  
Cross the sea again--

DUKE. Neither that Grandee from the Spanish shore,  
The noble Duke of Plaza-Tor'--

DUCH. Nor His Grace's Duchess, staunch and true--

CAS. You may add, His Grace's daughter, too--

LUIZ. Nor His Grace's own particular drum  
To Venetia's shores will come:

ALL. If ever, ever, ever  
They get back to Spain,  
They will never, never, never  
Cross the sea again!

DUKE. At last we have arrived at our destination. This is the Ducal Palace, and it is here that the Grand Inquisitor resides. As a Castilian hidalgo of ninety-five quarterings, I regret that I am unable to pay my state visit on a horse. As a Castilian hidalgo of that description, I should have preferred to ride through the streets of Venice; but owing, I presume, to an unusually wet season, the streets are in such a condition that equestrian exercise is impracticable. No matter. Where is our suite?

LUIZ (coming forward). Your Grace, I am here.

DUCH. Why do you not do yourself the honour to kneel when you address His Grace?

DUKE. My love, it is so small a matter! (To Luiz.) Still, you may as well do it. (Luiz kneels.)

CAS. The young man seems to entertain but an imperfect appreciation of the respect due from a menial to a Castilian hidalgo.

DUKE. My child, you are hard upon our suite.

CAS. Papa, I've no patience with the presumption of persons in his plebeian position. If he does not appreciate that position, let him be whipped until he does.

DUKE. Let us hope the omission was not intended as a slight. I should be much hurt if I thought it was. So would he. (To Luiz.) Where are the halberdiers who were to have had the honour of meeting us here, that our visit to the Grand Inquisitor might be made in becoming state?

LUIZ. Your Grace, the halberdiers are mercenary people who stipulated for a trifle on account.

DUKE. How tiresome! Well, let us hope the Grand Inquisitor is a blind gentleman. And the band who were to have had the honour of escorting us? I see no band!

LUIZ. Your Grace, the band are sordid persons who required to be paid in advance.

DUCH. That's so like a band!

DUKE (annoyed). Insuperable difficulties meet me at every turn!

DUCH. But surely they know His Grace?

LUIZ. Exactly--they know His Grace.

DUKE. Well, let us hope that the Grand Inquisitor is a deaf gentleman. A cornet-a-piston would be something. You do not happen to possess the accomplishment of tootling like a cornet-a-piston?

LUIZ. Alas, no, Your Grace! But I can imitate a farmyard.

DUKE (doubtfully). I don't see how that would help us. I don't see how we could bring it in.

CAS. It would not help us in the least. We are not a parcel of graziers come to market, dolt!

(Luiz

rises.)

DUKE. My love, our suite's feelings! (To Luiz.) Be so good as to ring the bell and inform the Grand Inquisitor that his Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Count Matadoro, Baron Picadoro--

DUCH. And suite--

DUKE. And suite--have arrived at Venice, and seek--

CAS. Desire--

DUCH. Demand!

DUKE. And demand an audience.

LUIZ. Your Grace has but to command.

DUKE (much moved). I felt sure of it--I felt sure of it! (Exit Luiz into Ducal Palace.) And now, my love--(aside to Duchess) Shall we tell her? I think so--(aloud to Casilda) And now, my love, prepare for a magnificent surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you a secret which should make you the happiest young lady in Venice!

CAS. A secret?

DUCH. A secret which, for State reasons, it has been necessary to preserve for twenty years.

DUKE. When you were a prattling babe of six months old you were married by proxy to no less a personage than the infant son and heir of His Majesty the immeasurably wealthy King of Barataria!

CAS. Married to the infant son of the King of Barataria? Was I consulted? (Duke shakes his head.) Then it was a most unpardonable liberty!

DUKE. Consider his extreme youth and forgive him. Shortly after the ceremony that misguided monarch abandoned the creed of his forefathers, and became a Wesleyan Methodist of the most bigoted and persecuting type. The Grand Inquisitor, determined that the innovation should not be perpetuated in Barataria, caused your smiling and unconscious husband to be stolen and conveyed to Venice. A fortnight since the Methodist Monarch and all his Wesleyan Court were killed in an insurrection, and we are

here to ascertain the whereabouts of your husband, and to hail you, our daughter, as Her Majesty, the reigning Queen of Barataria! (Kneels.)

(During this speech Luiz re-enters.)

DUCH. Your Majesty! (Kneels.) (Drum roll.)

DUKE. It is at such moments as these that one feels how necessary it is to travel with a full band.

CAS. I, the Queen of Barataria! But I've nothing to wear! We are practically penniless!

DUKE. That point has not escaped me. Although I am unhappily in straitened circumstances at present, my social influence is something enormous; and a Company, to be called the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited, is in course of formation to work me. An influential directorate has been secured, and I shall myself join the Board after allotment.

CAS. Am I to understand that the Queen of Barataria may be called upon at any time to witness her honoured sire in process of liquidation?

DUCH. The speculation is not exempt from that drawback. If your father should stop, it will, of course, be necessary to wind him up.

CAS. But it's so undignified--it's so degrading! A Grandee of Spain turned into a public company! Such a thing was never heard of!

DUKE. My child, the Duke of Plaza-Toro does not follow fashions--he leads them. He always leads everybody. When he was in the army he led his regiment. He occasionally led them into action. He invariably led them out of it.

#### SONG--DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO.

In enterprise of martial kind,  
When there was any fighting,  
He led his regiment from behind--  
He found it less exciting.  
But when away his regiment ran,  
His place was at the fore, O--  
That celebrated,  
Cultivated,  
Underrated  
Nobleman,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. In the first and foremost flight, ha, ha!

You always found that knight, ha, ha!  
That celebrated,  
Cultivated,  
Underrated  
Nobleman,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

DUKE. When, to evade Destruction's hand,  
To hide they all proceeded,  
No soldier in that gallant band  
Hid half as well as he did.  
He lay concealed throughout the war,  
And so preserved his gore, O!  
That unaffected,  
Undetected,  
Well-connected  
Warrior,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. In every doughty deed, ha, ha!  
He always took the lead, ha, ha!  
That unaffected,  
Undetected,  
Well-connected  
Warrior,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

DUKE. When told that they would all be shot  
Unless they left the service,  
That hero hesitated not,  
So marvellous his nerve is.  
He sent his resignation in,  
The first of all his corps, O!  
That very knowing,  
Overflowing,  
Easy-going  
Paladin,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. To men of grosser clay, ha, ha!  
He always showed the way, ha, ha!  
That very knowing,  
Overflowing,  
Easy-going  
Paladin,  
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

(Exeunt Duke and Duchess into Grand Ducal Palace. As soon as they have disappeared, Luiz and Casilda rush to each other's arms.)

RECITATIVE AND DUET--CASILDA AND LUIZ.

O rapture, when alone together  
Two loving hearts and those that bear them  
May join in temporary tether,  
Though Fate apart should rudely tear them.

CAS. Necessity, Invention's mother,  
Compelled me to a course of feigning--  
But, left alone with one another,  
I will atone for my disdain!

AIR

CAS. Ah, well-beloved,  
Mine angry frown  
Is but a gown  
That serves to dress  
My gentleness!

LUIZ. Ah, well-beloved,  
Thy cold disdain,  
It gives no pain--  
'Tis mercy, played  
In masquerade!

BOTH. Ah, well-beloved, etc.

CAS. O Luiz, Luiz--what have you said? What have I done?  
What have I allowed you to do?

LUIZ. Nothing, I trust, that you will ever have reason to  
repent. (Offering to embrace her.)

CAS. (withdrawing from him). Nay, Luiz, it may not be. I  
have embraced you for the last time.

LUIZ (amazed). Casilda!

CAS. I have just learnt, to my surprise and indignation,  
that I was wed in babyhood to the infant son of the King of  
Barataria!

LUIZ. The son of the King of Barataria? The child who was  
stolen in infancy by the Inquisition?

CAS. The same. But, of course, you know his story.

LUIZ. Know his story? Why, I have often told you that my mother was the nurse to whose charge he was entrusted!

CAS. True. I had forgotten. Well, he has been discovered, and my father has brought me here to claim his hand.

LUIZ. But you will not recognize this marriage? It took place when you were too young to understand its import.

CAS. Nay, Luiz, respect my principles and cease to torture me with vain entreaties. Henceforth my life is another's.

LUIZ. But stay--the present and the future--they are another's; but the past--that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

CAS. I don't think I grasp your meaning.

LUIZ. Yet it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me?

CAS. (demurely). I say I may not love you.

LUIZ. Ah, but you do not say you did not love me?

CAS. I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express--and that but ten brief minutes since!

LUIZ. Exactly. My own--that is, until ten minutes since, my own--my lately loved, my recently adored--tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee!

(Embracing her.)

CAS. I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do that.  
(Releasing herself.)

LUIZ. There can be no harm in revelling in the past.

CAS. None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively.

LUIZ. Perhaps not!

CAS. We may recollect an embrace--I recollect many--but we must not repeat them.

LUIZ. Then let us recollect a few! (A moment's pause, as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh.)

LUIZ. Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!

CAS. A quarter of an hour ago?

LUIZ. About that.

CAS. And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life!

LUIZ. Through life to death--a quarter of an hour ago!

CAS. How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter--well, it's now about twenty minutes since. (Looking at her watch.)

LUIZ. About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

CAS. And now our love, so full of life, is but a silent,

solemn memory!

LUIZ. Must it be so, Casilda?

CAS. Luiz, it must be so!

DUET--CASILDA and LUIZ.

LUIZ.       There was a time--  
              A time for ever gone--ah, woe is me!  
It was no crime  
              To love but thee alone--ah, woe is me!  
One heart, one life, one soul,  
              One aim, one goal--  
Each in the other's thrall,  
              Each all in all, ah, woe is me!

BOTH.      Oh, bury, bury--let the grave close o'er  
              The days that were--that never will be more!  
Oh, bury, bury love that all condemn,  
              And let the whirlwind mourn its requiem!

CAS.        Dead as the last year's leaves--  
              As gathered flowers--ah, woe is me!  
Dead as the garnered sheaves,  
              That love of ours--ah, woe is me!  
Born but to fade and die  
              When hope was high,  
Dead and as far away  
              As yesterday!--ah, woe is me!

BOTH.      Oh, bury, bury--let the grave close o'er, etc.

(Re-enter from the Ducal Palace the Duke and Duchess, followed by Don Alhambra del Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor.)

DUKE. My child, allow me to present to you His Distinction Don Alhambra del Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. It was His Distinction who so thoughtfully abstracted your infant husband and brought him to Venice.

DON AL. So this is the little lady who is so unexpectedly called upon to assume the functions of Royalty! And a very nice little lady, too!

DUKE. Jimp, isn't she?

DON AL. Distinctly jimp. Allow me! (Offers his hand. She turns away scornfully.) Naughty temper!

DUKE. You must make some allowance. Her Majesty's head is a little turned by her access of dignity.



DON AL. I could have wished that Her Majesty's access of dignity had turned it in this direction.

DUCH. Unfortunately, if I am not mistaken, there appears to be some little doubt as to His Majesty's whereabouts.

CAS. (aside). A doubt as to his whereabouts? Then we may yet be saved!

DON AL. A doubt? Oh dear, no--no doubt at all! He is here, in Venice, plying the modest but picturesque calling of a gondolier. I can give you his address--I see him every day! In the entire annals of our history there is absolutely no circumstance so entirely free from all manner of doubt of any kind whatever! Listen, and I'll tell you all about it.

SONG--DON ALHAMBRA  
(with DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, and LUIZ).

I stole the Prince, and I brought him here,  
And left him gaily prattling  
With a highly respectable gondolier,  
Who promised the Royal babe to rear,  
And teach him the trade of a timoneer  
With his own beloved bratling.

Both of the babes were strong and stout,  
And, considering all things, clever.  
Of that there is no manner of doubt--  
No probable, possible shadow of doubt--  
No possible doubt whatever.

ALL. No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,  
To his terrible taste for tippling,  
That highly respectable gondolier  
Could never declare with a mind sincere  
Which of the two was his offspring dear,  
And which the Royal stripling!

Which was which he could never make out  
Despite his best endeavour.  
Of that there is no manner of doubt--  
No probable, possible shadow of doubt--  
No possible doubt whatever.

ALL. No possible doubt whatever.

Time sped, and when at the end of a year  
I sought that infant cherished,  
That highly respectable gondolier  
Was lying a corpse on his humble bier--  
I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear--  
That gondolier had perished.

A taste for drink, combined with gout,  
Had doubled him up for ever.  
Of that there is no manner of doubt--  
No probable, possible shadow of doubt--  
No possible doubt whatever.

ALL. No possible doubt whatever.

The children followed his old career--  
(This statement can't be parried)  
Of a highly respectable gondolier:  
Well, one of the two (who will soon be here)--  
But which of the two is not quite clear--  
Is the Royal Prince you married!

Search in and out and round about,  
And you'll discover never  
A tale so free from every doubt--  
All probable, possible shadow of doubt--  
All possible doubt whatever!

ALL. A tale free from every doubt, etc.

CAS. Then do you mean to say that I am married to one of two gondoliers, but it is impossible to say which?

DON AL. Without any doubt of any kind whatever. But be reassured: the nurse to whom your husband was entrusted is the mother of the musical young man who is such a past-master of that delicately modulated instrument (indicating the drum). She can, no doubt, establish the King's identity beyond all question.

LUIZ. Heavens, how did he know that?

DON AL. My young friend, a Grand Inquisitor is always up to date. (To Cas.) His mother is at present the wife of a highly respectable and old-established brigand, who carries on an extensive practice in the mountains around Cordova. Accompanied by two of my emissaries, he will set off at once for his mother's address. She will return with them, and if she finds any difficulty in making up her mind, the persuasive influence of the torture chamber will jog her memory.

RECITATIVE--CASILDA and DON ALHAMBRA.

CAS. But, bless my heart, consider my position!  
I am the wife of one, that's very clear;  
But who can tell, except by intuition,  
Which is the Prince, and which the Gondolier?

DON AL. Submit to Fate without unseemly wrangle:  
Such complications frequently occur--  
Life is one closely complicated tangle:  
Death is the only true unraveller!

QUINTET--DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, LUIZ, and GRAND INQUISITOR.

ALL. Try we life-long, we can never  
Straighten out life's tangled skein,  
Why should we, in vain endeavour,  
Guess and guess and guess again?

LUIZ. Life's a pudding full of plums,

DUCH. Care's a canker that benumbs.

ALL. Life's a pudding full of plums,  
Care's a canker that benumbs.  
Wherefore waste our elocution  
On impossible solution?  
Life's a pleasant institution,  
Let us take it as it comes!

Set aside the dull enigma,  
We shall guess it all too soon;  
Failure brings no kind of stigma--  
Dance we to another tune!

LUIZ. String the lyre and fill the cup,

DUCH. Lest on sorrow we should sup.

ALL. Hop and skip to Fancy's fiddle,  
Hands across and down the middle--  
Life's perhaps the only riddle  
That we shrink from giving up!

(Exeunt all into Ducal Palace except Luiz, who goes off in

gondola.)

(Enter Gondoliers and Contadine, followed by Marco, Gianetta, Giuseppe, and Tessa.)

CHORUS.

Bridegroom and bride!  
Knot that's insoluble,  
Voices all voluble  
Hail it with pride.  
Bridegroom and bride!  
We in sincerity  
Wish you prosperity,  
Bridegroom and bride!

SONG--TESSA.

TESS. When a merry maiden marries,  
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;  
Every sound becomes a song,  
All is right, and nothing's wrong!  
From to-day and ever after  
Let our tears be tears of laughter.  
Every sigh that finds a vent  
Be a sigh of sweet content!  
When you marry, merry maiden,  
Then the air with love is laden;  
Every flower is a rose,  
Every goose becomes a swan,  
Every kind of trouble goes  
Where the last year's snows have gone!

CHORUS. Sunlight takes the place of shade  
When you marry, merry maid!

TESS. When a merry maiden marries,  
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;  
Every sound becomes a song,  
All is right, and nothing's wrong.  
Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow,  
Get ye gone until to-morrow;  
Jealousies in grim array,  
Ye are things of yesterday!  
When you marry, merry maiden,  
Then the air with joy is laden;

All the corners of the earth  
Ring with music sweetly played,  
Worry is melodious mirth,  
Grief is joy in masquerade;

CHORUS. Sullen night is laughing day--  
All the year is merry May!

(At the end of the song, Don Alhambra enters at back. The Gondoliers and Contadine shrink from him, and gradually go off, much alarmed.)

GIU. And now our lives are going to begin in real earnest!  
What's a bachelor? A mere nothing--he's a chrysalis. He can't  
be said to live--he exists.

MAR. What a delightful institution marriage is! Why have  
we wasted all this time? Why didn't we marry ten years ago?

TESS. Because you couldn't find anybody nice enough.

GIA. Because you were waiting for us.

MAR. I suppose that was the reason. We were waiting for  
you without knowing it. (Don Alhambra comes forward.) Hallo!

DON AL. Good morning.

GIU. If this gentleman is an undertaker it's a bad omen.

DON AL. Ceremony of some sort going on?

GIU. (aside). He is an undertaker! (Aloud.) No--a little  
unimportant family gathering. Nothing in your line.

DON AL. Somebody's birthday, I suppose?

GIA. Yes, mine!

TESS. And mine!

MAR. And mine!

GIU. And mine!

DON AL. Curious coincidence! And how old may you all be?

TESS. It's a rude question--but about ten minutes.

DON AL. Remarkably fine children! But surely you are  
jesting?

TESS. In other words, we were married about ten minutes  
since.

DON AL. Married! You don't mean to say you are married?

MAR. Oh yes, we are married.

DON AL. What, both of you?

ALL. All four of us.

DON AL. (aside). Bless my heart, how extremely awkward!

GIA. You don't mind, I suppose?

TESS. You were not thinking of either of us for yourself, I  
presume? Oh, Giuseppe, look at him--he was. He's heart-broken!

DON AL. No, no, I wasn't! I wasn't!

GIU. Now, my man (slapping him on the back), we don't want anything in your line to-day, and if your curiosity's satisfied--you can go!

DON AL. You mustn't call me your man. It's a liberty. I don't think you know who I am.

GIU. Not we, indeed! We are jolly gondoliers, the sons of Baptisto Palmieri, who led the last revolution. Republicans, heart and soul, we hold all men to be equal. As we abhor oppression, we abhor kings: as we detest vain-glory, we detest rank: as we despise effeminacy, we despise wealth. We are Venetian gondoliers--your equals in everything except our calling, and in that at once your masters and your servants.

DON AL. Bless my heart, how unfortunate! One of you may be Baptisto's son, for anything I know to the contrary; but the other is no less a personage than the only son of the late King of Barataria.

ALL. What!

DON AL. And I trust--I trust it was that one who slapped me on the shoulder and called me his man!

GIU. One of us a king!

MAR. Not brothers!

TESS. The King of Barataria! [Together]

GIA. Well, who'd have thought it!

MAR. But which is it?

DON AL. What does it matter? As you are both Republicans, and hold kings in detestation, of course you'll abdicate at once. Good morning! (Going.)

GIA. and TESS. Oh, don't do that! (Marco and Giuseppe stop him.)

GIU. Well, as to that, of course there are kings and kings. When I say that I detest kings, I mean I detest bad kings.

DON AL. I see. It's a delicate distinction.

GIU. Quite so. Now I can conceive a kind of king--an ideal king--the creature of my fancy, you know--who would be absolutely unobjectionable. A king, for instance, who would abolish taxes and make everything cheap, except gondolas--

MAR. And give a great many free entertainments to the gondoliers--

GIU. And let off fireworks on the Grand Canal, and engage all the gondolas for the occasion--

MAR. And scramble money on the Rialto among the gondoliers.

GIU. Such a king would be a blessing to his people, and if I were a king, that is the sort of king I would be.

MAR. And so would I!

DON AL. Come, I'm glad to find your objections are not insuperable.

MAR. and GIU. Oh, they're not insuperable.

GIA. and TESS. No, they're not insuperable.

GIU. Besides, we are open to conviction.

GIA. Yes; they are open to conviction.

TESS. Oh! they've often been convicted.

GIU. Our views may have been hastily formed on insufficient grounds. They may be crude, ill-digested, erroneous. I've a very poor opinion of the politician who is not open to conviction.

TESS. (to Gia.). Oh, he's a fine fellow!

GIA. Yes, that's the sort of politician for my money!

DON AL. Then we'll consider it settled. Now, as the country is in a state of insurrection, it is absolutely necessary that you should assume the reins of Government at once; and, until it is ascertained which of you is to be king, I have arranged that you will reign jointly, so that no question can arise hereafter as to the validity of any of your acts.

MAR. As one individual?

DON AL. As one individual.

GIU. (linking himself with Marco). Like this?

DON AL. Something like that.

MAR. And we may take our friends with us, and give them places about the Court?

DON AL. Undoubtedly. That's always done!

MAR. I'm convinced!

GIU. So am I!

TESS. Then the sooner we're off the better.

GIA. We'll just run home and pack up a few things (going)--

DON AL. Stop, stop--that won't do at all--ladies are not admitted.

ALL. What!

DON AL. Not admitted. Not at present. Afterwards, perhaps. We'll see.

GIU. Why, you don't mean to say you are going to separate us from our wives!

DON AL. (aside). This is very awkward! (Aloud.) Only for a time--a few months. Alter all, what is a few months?

TESS. But we've only been married half an hour! (Weeps.)

FINALE, ACT I.

SONG--GIANETTA.

Kind sir, you cannot have the heart  
Our lives to part  
From those to whom an hour ago

We were united!  
Before our flowing hopes you stem,  
    Ah, look at them,  
    And pause before you deal this blow,  
    All uninvited!  
You men can never understand  
    That heart and hand  
    Cannot be separated when  
    We go a-yearning;  
You see, you've only women's eyes  
    To idolize  
    And only women's hearts, poor men,  
    To set you burning!  
Ah me, you men will never understand  
That woman's heart is one with woman's hand!

Some kind of charm you seem to find  
    In womankind--  
    Some source of unexplained delight  
    (Unless you're jesting),  
But what attracts you, I confess,  
    I cannot guess,  
    To me a woman's face is quite  
    Uninteresting!  
If from my sister I were torn,  
    It could be borne--  
    I should, no doubt, be horrified,  
    But I could bear it;--  
But Marco's quite another thing--  
    He is my King,  
    He has my heart and none beside  
    Shall ever share it!  
Ah me, you men will never understand  
That woman's heart is one with woman's hand!

RECITATIVE--DON ALHAMBRA.

Do not give way to this uncalled-for grief,  
Your separation will be very brief.  
    To ascertain which is the King  
    And which the other,  
    To Barataria's Court I'll bring  
    His foster-mother;  
    Her former nursing to declare  
    She'll be delighted.  
That settled, let each happy pair



Be reunited.

MAR., GIU., Viva! His argument is strong!  
GIA., TESS. Viva! We'll not be parted long!  
Viva! It will be settled soon!  
Viva! Then comes our honeymoon!

(Exit Don

Alhambra.)

QUARTET--MARCO, GIUSEPPE., GIANETTA, TESSA.

GIA. Then one of us will be a Queen,  
And sit on a golden throne,  
With a crown instead  
Of a hat on her head,  
And diamonds all her own!  
With a beautiful robe of gold and green,  
I've always understood;  
I wonder whether  
She'd wear a feather?  
I rather think she should!

ALL. Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,  
To be a regular Royal Queen!  
No half-and-half affair, I mean,  
But a right-down regular Royal Queen!

MAR. She'll drive about in a carriage and pair,  
With the King on her left-hand side,  
And a milk-white horse,  
As a matter of course,  
Whenever she wants to ride!  
With beautiful silver shoes to wear  
Upon her dainty feet;  
With endless stocks  
Of beautiful frocks  
And as much as she wants to eat!

ALL. Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, etc.

TESS. Whenever she condescends to walk,  
Be sure she'll shine at that,  
With her haughty stare  
And her nose in the air,  
Like a well-born aristocrat!

At elegant high society talk  
She'll bear away the bell,  
With her "How de do?"  
And her "How are you?"  
And "I trust I see you well!"

ALL. Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, etc.

GIU. And noble lords will scrape and bow,  
And double themselves in two,  
And open their eyes  
In blank surprise  
At whatever she likes to do.  
And everybody will roundly vow  
She's fair as flowers in May,  
And say, "How clever!"  
At whatsoever  
She condescends to say!

ALL. Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,  
To be a regular Royal Queen!  
No half-and-half affair, I mean,  
But a right-down regular Royal Queen!

(Enter Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine.)

CHORUS.

Now, pray, what is the cause of this remarkable hilarity?  
This sudden ebullition of unmitigated jollity?  
Has anybody blessed you with a sample of his charity?  
Or have you been adopted by a gentleman of quality?

MAR. and GIU. Replying, we sing  
As one individual,  
As I find I'm a king,  
To my kingdom I bid you all.  
I'm aware you object  
To pavilions and palaces,  
But you'll find I respect  
Your Republican fallacies.

CHORUS. As they know we object  
To pavilions and palaces,  
How can they respect  
Our Republican fallacies?

MARCO and GIUSEPPE.

- MAR. For every one who feels inclined,  
Some post we undertake to find  
Congenial with his frame of mind--  
And all shall equal be.
- GIU. The Chancellor in his peruke--  
The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,  
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook--  
They all shall equal be.
- MAR. The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts--  
The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots--  
The Aristocrat who cleans our boots--  
They all shall equal be!
- GIU. The Noble Lord who rules the State--  
The Noble Lord who cleans the plate--
- MAR. The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate--  
They all shall equal be!
- GIU. The Lord High Bishop orthodox--  
The Lord High Coachman on the box--
- MAR. The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks--  
They all shall equal be!
- BOTH. For every one, etc.

Sing high, sing low,  
Wherever they go,  
They all shall equal be!

- CHORUS. Sing high, sing low,  
Wherever they go,  
They all shall equal be!

The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,  
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook,  
The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,  
The Aristocrat who cleans the boots,  
The Noble Lord who rules the State,  
The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate,

The Lord High Bishop orthodox,  
The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks--

For every one, etc.

Sing high, sing low,  
Wherever they go,  
They all shall equal be!

Then hail! O King,  
Whichever you may be,  
To you we sing,  
But do not bend the knee.  
Then hail! O King.

MARCO and GIUSEPPE (together).

Come, let's away--our island crown awaits me--  
Conflicting feelings rend my soul apart!  
The thought of Royal dignity elates me,  
But leaving thee behind me breaks my heart!

(Addressing Gianetta and  
Tessa.)

GIANETTA and TESSA (together).

Farewell, my love; on board you must be getting;  
But while upon the sea you gaily roam,  
Remember that a heart for thee is fretting--  
The tender little heart you've left at home!

GIA.            Now, Marco dear,  
My wishes hear:  
                  While you're away  
It's understood  
You will be good  
                  And not too gay.  
To every trace  
Of maiden grace  
                  You will be blind,  
And will not glance  
By any chance  
                  On womankind!

If you are wise,

You'll shut your eyes  
    Till we arrive,  
And not address  
A lady less  
    Than forty-five.  
You'll please to frown  
On every gown  
    That you may see;  
And, O my pet,  
You won't forget  
    You've married me!

And O my darling, O my pet,  
Whatever else you may forget,  
In yonder isle beyond the sea,  
Do not forget you've married me!

TESS.            You'll lay your head  
Upon your bed  
    At set of sun.  
You will not sing  
Of anything  
    To any one.  
You'll sit and mope  
All day, I hope,  
    And shed a tear  
Upon the life  
Your little wife  
    Is passing here.

And if so be  
You think of me,  
    Please tell the moon!  
I'll read it all  
In rays that fall  
    On the lagoon:  
You'll be so kind  
As tell the wind  
    How you may be,  
And send me words  
By little birds  
    To comfort me!

And O my darling, O my pet,  
Whatever else you may forget,  
In yonder isle beyond the sea,

Do not forget you've married me!

QUARTET. Oh my darling, O my pet, etc.

CHORUS (during which a "Xebeque" is hauled alongside the quay.)

Then away we go to an island fair  
That lies in a Southern sea:  
We know not where, and we don't much care,  
Wherever that isle may be.

THE MEN (hauling on boat).

One, two, three,  
Haul!  
One, two, three,  
Haul!  
One, two, three,  
Haul!  
With a will!

ALL. When the breezes are a-blowing  
The ship will be going,  
When they don't we shall all stand still!  
Then away we go to an island fair,  
We know not where, and we don't much care,  
Wherever that isle may be.

SOLO--MARCO.

Away we go  
To a balmy isle,  
Where the roses blow  
All the winter while.

ALL (hoisting sail).

Then away we go to an island fair  
That lies in a Southern sea:  
Then away we go to an island fair,  
Then away, then away, then away!

(The men embark on the "Xebeque." Marco and Giuseppe embracing Gianetta and Tessa. The girls wave a farewell to the men as the curtain falls.)

END OF ACT I