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THE PRINCE OF PALERMO

Comic Opera in Three Acts.

BY

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ.

With English Translation and Adaptation by

DEXTER SMITH.



BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK: CHICAGO: PHILA: BOSTON:
C. H. Ditson & Co. Lyon & Healy. J. E. Ditson & Co. John C. Haynes & Co.

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OR,

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ARGUMENT.

PIETRO, the Prince of Palermo, goes to Florence, in accordance with the wishes of his father, to marry FIAMETTA, the daughter of the DUKE OF TUSCANY. FIAMETTA, when a child, had been adopted by LAMBERTUCCIO, a Grocer, who was not aware of her noble birth. The DUKE had caused her to be reared in this humble manner, for reasons of his own, intending to wed her to PIETRO, to whom she had been in infancy betrothed. Upon PIETRO'S arrival in Florence, before presenting himself to the DUKE and FIAMETTA, he joins in several adventures with the Students. BOCCACCIO, the novelist and poet, who is hated by the men of Florence for having ridiculed them in his novels, is deeply in love with FIAMETTA. PIETRO is mistaken for BOCCACCIO, and is severely beaten by the indignant Florentines. As PIETRO is about to be solemnly betrothed to FIAMETTA, for considerations of state (although he does not love her, and she dislikes him), BOCCACCIO, knowing that his affection for her is reciprocated, arranges a play which illustrates the follies of PIETRO so strongly, that the latter surrenders the hand of FIAMETTA to BOCCACCIO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- Boccaccio*, a Novelist and Poet.....
Leonetto, his friend, a Student.....
Pietro, Prince of Palermo.....
Lotteringhi, a Cooper.....
Lambertuccio, a Grocer.....
Scalza, a Barber.....
Fiametta, Lambertuccio's adopted daughter.
Beatrice, Scalza's daughter.....
Isabella, Lotteringhi's wife.....
Peronella, Lambertuccio's sister.....
Checco, a Beggar.....
Fratelli, a Bookseller.....
Fresco, the Cooper's apprentice.....
The Unknown.....
Lo Cascio, Major Domo of the Duke.....

<p><i>Tofano,</i> <i>Chichibio,</i> <i>Guido,</i> <i>Cisti,</i> <i>Federico,</i> <i>Giotto,</i> <i>Rinieri,</i> <i>Lanto,</i></p>	}	<p>Florentine Students.</p>
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<p><i>Alberto,</i> <i>Ricciardo,</i> <i>Gerbino,</i> <i>Feodoro,</i> <i>Guidotto,</i> <i>Nostogio,</i></p>	}	<p>Lotteringhi's Journeymen.</p>
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<p><i>Chiacometto,</i> <i>Anselmo,</i> <i>Tito,</i></p>	}	<p>Beggars.</p>
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<p><i>Filippa,</i> <i>Oretta,</i> <i>Violanta,</i></p>	}	<p>Lambertuccio's Servants</p>
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- Donna Jancofiere*.....
Eliza, Donna Jancofiere's daughter.....
Marietta, a Citizen's daughter.....
Donna Pulci.....

<p><i>Augustina,</i> <i>Elena,</i> <i>Angelica,</i></p>	}	<p>Donna Pulci's Daughters.</p>
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"BOCCACCIO."

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Public Square in Florence. On the right, the church of Santa Maria Novella; on the left, house and shop of SCALZA, a barber. At the back, in the centre, a fountain. It is the 24th of June, St. John's Day; the houses are gaily decorated in honor of the patron Saint of the city. At the rise of the curtain, the scene is clear, with the exception of CHECCO, ANSELMO, GIACOMETTO, TITO, and a few other beggars.*

HEAR THE BELLS.—CHECCO.

Hear the bells, as they now sweetly ring,
But no pleasure to our hearts they bring;

BEGGARS. Sweetly ring, no joy bring.

CHECCO. Young and old, poor, and those with gold, come they to-day;
Here, in honor of St. John, our saint, come they.

They will hear us, they will cheer us;

Give, Oh, give us, give, we pray!

Have pity, now, we pray;

Pity on Saint's day. Amen!

ALL. Have pity now, we pray, on Saint's day. Amen!

CHECCO. You, Anselmo, stand there, Giacommetto, you here;
Tito, you may come now, and stand beside me near.

Quickly, you fe'lovs lazy;

You must have all gone crazy!

In place! right face!

Be bold! get gold!

(Enter LEONETTO, looking mysteriously around.)

LEON. Lonely now is my Beatrice,
Where no father is beside;
Yet so carefully he guards her,
She cannot become my bride.
She expects me here this morning,
While her father is away.

CHORUS. La, la, la, la, la, la, ra, la, &c.

LEON. *(To students outside)*

While you're singing, *(Goes toward SCALZA'S house.)*
Sing for me.

CHECCO. Quickly now follow. o'er hill and hollow!

CHORUS. Hasten! Hasten!

CHECCO. Quickly now follow, follow me now!

(Enter GENERAL CHORUS.)

GENERAL CHORUS.

Hasten, hasten, fly! now hasten!

Run to the Festival!

Youth and age gladly meet,

And of brightest joys partake,

With sweet smiles each other greet;

Our Florence, fair awake, awake!

Hail, hail, hail, hail!

Florence, city of our love!

Hail, hail, hail, hail!

Florence, city of our love!

La, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Have no foes drown your woes,

On this happy festal day;

Drown your woes, have no foes,

On this happy festal day!

Our jubilee, our festival,

Come, join our festival!

Youth and age gladly meet,

And of brightest joys partake;

With sweet smiles each other greet,

Our Florence, fair, awake, awake!

Hail, hail, hail, hail!

Florence, city of our love, &c.

Bring ye buds and blushing flowers,

And hang upon your lofty towers;

Maidens, wives, and lads and men,

To-day we'll children be again!

La, la, la, la, la, ra, &c.

Come, join us now, come join us now,

In Jubilee and festival.

CHORUS.—CHECCO AND BEGGARS.

Have pity, have pity pity!

Hear us now, Amen!

Pity! Die we from hunger;

Oh, pity, pity!

OTHER CHORUS.

Open hearts and open hands,

Now knit the golden bands of friendship

Lo! they come, the students come—see!

Lo! they come, the students come!

They come, they come—welcome to them!

(CHORUS *speaks*.)

Here come the students !

(*Enter students.*)

SONG —STUDENTS.

Vieing for roses fair,
 Students are here ;
 Let each young heart take care,
 For Cupid's ever near !
 Oh, what pleasure we have to-day !
We'll sing the songs of heroic age departed,
We'll praise the bards, who so bravely, grandly sung ;
We'll weave a crown for the men so lion-hearted,
 From such a race have all noble actions sprung,
 Have all noble actions sprung.

GENERAL CHORUS.—STUDENTS, BEGGARS, &c.

Italia ! 'tis our native land,
 We love it dearly, we love it ;
 We love its sunny skies so grand,
 We love our dear native, native land !

CHECCO AND BEGGARS.

Give us alms, give, we pray !

GENERAL CHORUS, STUDENTS AND BEGGARS. :

Hasten, join us in jubilee ;
 Let us dance and sing and play,
 On our Patron's natal day !
 Hasten, hasten, hasten, join us !
 It is our jubilee !
 Youth and age gladly meet,
 And of brightest joys partake.
 With sweet smiles each other greet ;
 Our Florence, fair, awake, awake !
 Hail, hail, hail, hail !
 Florence, city of love.
 Bring buds and blushing flowers,
 And hang upon your lofty towers :
 Maidens, wives, and lads and men,
 To-day we'll children be again.
 La, la, ra, la, la, ra, &c.
 Hasten, join us, come and join us,
 To-day we hold our Festival !

Enter FRATELLI, bookseller, pushing a cart filled with books. Three placards, on which are respectively inscribed the names. "Boccaccio," "Sachetti," and "Fiorenti," are on the cart.)

FRATELLI (*entering*).

New novels, come buy!
Buy the latest novels!
New novels buy.

CHORUS. Novels, new! Quickly come! Quickly come!

FRATELLI. New novels, buy!
Buy the latest novels; new novels buy!

CHORUS. Quickly come! Come here and buy!

FRATELLI. Interesting stories;
Will you buy those novels thrilling?
New novels come buy; stories of killing!

(*Holds up book after book, as he sings.*)

CHORUS. Buy his new novels; come, buy new novels!
See his new novels; here are new novels!

(*As FRATELLI reaches the front centre of the stage, he steps upon his cart, and the people crowd around him.*)

FRATELLI. Read! be astonished! Come, and buy quickly!
Books by Sachetti; books by Manetti.
Most instructive; fine tales of fiction, come and buy.
Books new and witty,
Best in the city—

New books for your library buy.

CHORUS. What is the new book's name?

FRATELLI. 'Tis "The Miller and the Monk."

CHORUS. "The Miller and the Monk!"

FRATELLI. By Fiorentino, the famous author.

'Tis a story sure to please you, will you buy?

Here is another,
Good as the other;

Come here, and my books quickly buy!

CHORUS. Tell us the title, then!

FRATELLI. 'Tis "The Friend of the Cardinal."

CHORUS. "The Friend of the Cardinal!"

FRATELLI. But the best that I have proffered,
Of the books that I have offered here to-day,
Was written by Giovanni Boccaccio.

CHORUS. Boccaccio! Boccaccio!

FRATELLI. Much has he to tell you, neighbours,
Of adventures here in Florence;
Stories of the men you know,
Oh, he does lash those fellows so!

WOMEN. What's that? {

MEN. Stand back! } Hear him!

FRATELLI. Now, come, and buy his latest works,
"Spinellocchia" and "Zeppa!"

CHORUS. Interesting books, indeed!

FRATELLI. Quickly, quickly, come and buy,
Quickly, quickly come, and buy;
For he tells of lazy husbands,
Drunken husbands here in Florence!

- WOMEN.** Nice, no doubt, and quite **piquant!**
MEN. Lies, all lies; no lies we want!
FRATELLI. Ah! no wonder men are mad,
 To be told that they are bad;
 Let them rave and fume and fret,
 We'll be even with them yet!
MEN. It is a falsehood!
FRATELLI. 'Tis no wonder they rage!
MEN. Bold and bad-mannered!
FRATELLI. They are caught in their own cage!
MEN. Oh, it is shameful! Shame!
FRATELLI. They are very model men!
WOMEN. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 It is no wonder that they rave,
 For he tells how they misbehave!
 Ha, ha, ha!
STUDENTS. Hear them shout in anger now, ha, ha, ha!
MEN. Oh, for shame!
WOMEN. He has hit them well, surely!
MEN. Silence!
WOMEN. It is now for us to laugh! Ha, ha, ha!
STUDENTS. Ha, ha, ha! Lots of fun!
 Mischief done! Ha, ha ha, &c.
WOMEN. Still, we have to chaff,
 We have to chaff. Ha, ha, ha, &c. **Good fun!**
MEN. We shall meet him, sometime,
 Somewhere and beat him!
 Yes; that is truly so!
WOMEN. Truthful Boccaccio! Our friend Boccaccio,
 Writes, as his books show,
 Truth, not romance.
 Truthful man, indeed,
 Is the great Boccaccio! Ha, ha, ha, &c.
MEN. The mean scamp shall not mock us. No!
 We won't stand that. Just wait!
STUDENTS. Pack off! Pack off! Be off! Quick!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.
 This matter's most amusing, sure,
 What men endure!
 'Tis owing to Boccaccio! How funny!
 The men are mad, the women glad,
 And it is funny for us. Ha, ha, ha, &c.
 Pack off! Pack off! Be off, quick! Ha, ha, ha, &c.
 'Tis good enough! 'Tis good enough!
 Believe our words; beware our rage!
 Be quiet now—we've had enough of crying;
 Let it quickly end! 'Tis good enough!
 'Tis good enough! Believe our words, &c.
 This farce is much too tragical,
 So quickly end this foolish trouble,
 And let it perish as a bubble!
Bravi! Bravi! End it quickly!

- MEN.** We shall meet him sometime, somewhere!
- WOMEN.** He surely will not heed such threats as yours are!
- MEN.** Somewhere! Hear our oath that we will kill him!
- WOMEN.** He surely will not mind such threats as yours are!
- MEN.** The knave, we threaten him!
- WOMEN.** But first you must get him—
- MEN.** We will kill him!
- WOMEN.** Before you can beat him!
- MEN.** We will kill him!
- WOMEN.** Would we could massacre the wretch now!
- WOMEN.** He is not afraid of such fools as you.
No, no, no, no, no!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah, no!
Truthful Boccaccio, &c.
- MEN.** We will revenge ourselves!
No; we will not spare the rascal!
He dies! He dies!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
- WOMEN.** Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
- MEN.** Yes!
- WOMEN.** Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
- MEN.** Keep silence!
- WOMEN.** Not now!
- MEN.** Adders!
- WOMEN.** Blockheads!
- MEN.** Wildcats!
- WOMEN.** Dunces!
- BOTH.** Believe our words!
- MEN.** Beware our fists, or you'll get the worst of it!
Beware, beware, our strong blows,
Mind you that!
- WOMEN.** Beware our nails, or you'll get the worst of it!
Beware, beware our sharp nails,
Mind you that!
- MEN.** Silence, now!
- WOMEN.** Not now!
- MEN.** Adders!
- WOMEN.** Blockheads!
- MEN.** Wildcats!
- WOMEN.** Dunces!
- MEN.** Wildcats!
- BOTH.** Believe our words!
- MEN.** Beware our fists, &c.
- WOMEN.** Beware our nails, &c.
- BOTH.** This farce is all too tragical;
Would you have blood?
Beware our wrath!
Come, if you dare!
- MEN.** Come on adders! Come on, wild cats!
- WOMEN.** Come on, blockheads!

(FRATELLI has, during the quarrel between the men and women, withdrawn behind the scenes to the right, up the stage. As he sings "New Novels!" the full Chorus rush after him.)

FRATELLI.	{	New novels, come buy!
		Buy the latest novels!
STUDENTS.		Hold the peace,
		And make no noise!
WOMEN.		Spare him, we pray;
		Use no harsh words.
		We read his books,
		And we like them too!
MEN.		We'll punish him;
		Let him beware!
	We'll burn his books,	
	And we'll take his life!	

(Exit FRATELLI, Students, Beggars, and full Chorus.)

LEONETTO. Now that Beatrice's father is away, I am going to call upon her.

SONG.—LEONETTO.

I will follow where thou leadest me,
 O thou fond one, wilt thou heed me!
 Thou art queen of my heart,
 I'll follow; say that we shall never part.
 O beloved one—earth's brightest treasure!
 Thee have I loved without measure;
 I will follow thee with pleasure!
 Yes; I'll love thee forever,
 With greatest affection, I'll love,
 I'll follow, blindly, kindly,
 If thou but call.
 Yes, blindly, should'st thou call on me,
 Should'st thou call on me, &c.

(Exit LEONETTO into SCALZA'S house.)

(Enter LOTTER and LAMB., carrying umbrellas.)

LOTTER. (*Angrily.*) To the gallows with Boccaccio! With his scandalous novels he will soon make our heretofore quiet Florence (*sneezes*) anything but pleasant for us.

LAMB. Too true: your sneezing confirms it!

(Enter CHECCO, leading a dog, round the neck of which is placard on which is printed, conspicuously, the words, "I am blind!")

CHECCO. A poor blind man.

LAMB. (*Frightened.*) Oh, what shall I do?

LOTTER. What's the matter?

LAMB. Matter enough! Whenever you meet a blind man before mass, it is a sign of bad luck.

LOTTER. Rubbish!

LAMB. What's that you say? Rubbish? I tell you, it is no nonsense! I have tested it. I would rather have given considerable money than to have had it happen to me. I'll bet my lottery ticket don't draw a prize now! I know the bugs will eat up all my olives.

LOTTER. I can change your luck.

LAMB. You can? How?

LOTTER. Give this poor, blind man some money. **Be liberal.**

LAMB. (*Dropping coin.*) Well?

(*CHECCO eagerly picks up money.*)

LAMB. How's this?

CHECCO. Signor, I am not blind. I can see as well as you can!

LOTTER. Oh!

LAMB. You vagabond! Why do you put that placard on your dog!

CHECCO. Because the poor dog is blind! Thank heaven, I am not!
Besides, they put the wrong tag on me! I am deaf and dumb!

(*Exit CHECCO. As he runs off. LOTTER and LAMB. beat him with their umbrellas.*)

LAMB. You cheat! Still, I am glad he is not blind!

LOTTER. You are like an old woman! Stop drinking strong tea, and confine yourself to lemonade. You see too many ghosts now!

LAMB. You are an unbeliever! I'll prove to you that at twelve o'clock to-night that ghosts—

LOTTER. Oh, yes; you want darkness and mystery. You can't prove your stuff in bright daylight.

POPULACE (*outside*). Down with Boccaccio!

LAMB. A few nights ago, I dreamed that a big, black bull came after me. The next day, a real bull ran after me, and his big horns—

(*At this moment enter SCALZA, carrying umbrella, who, not seeing LOTTER and LAMB., runs against LAMB., who, in his fright, knocks SCALZA down, and then assists him to rise.*)

LOTTER. Down with Boccaccio!

SCALZA. Boccaccio, indeed! Yes; down with Boccaccio!

LOTTER & LAMB. Oho!

SCALZA. Well, why do you knock me down when I am up, and help me up when I am down? Does it amuse you? What? (*He recognizes them.*) Why, friends Lotterhinghi and Lambertuccio, have you lost your wits? Good morning. (*They shake hands.*)

LOTTER. You have just returned from a journey, Signor Scalza?

SCALZA. Yes; I have been to Pisa, to bleed the mayor of that city, Beatrice, my daughter, does not expect me home until to-morrow (*points toward his house*); but when I was about to leave Pisa, I was permitted to join the suite of the Prince of Palermo, Prince Pietro, who was coming to Florence. So I gained a day.

LAMB. The suite of a Prince.

SCALZA. Yes; the Prince is here to visit the court of the Duke of Tuscany, in order to meet his affianced. (*Is about to enter the house.*)

LAMB. What is that? His affianced? Our Duke has no daughter. He has three children, but they are sons.

SCALZA. Ah! But it is a great secret.

LAMB. *and* LOTTER. A secret? Well?

SCALZA. (*Confidentially.*) The youngest child of the Duke is a daughter, but she has not lived at the palace for some years. It was given out at the time of the birth of the princess, that the babe was a boy.

LOTTER. This is great news, indeed!

LAMB. But it is true?

SCALZA. I had it from one of the prince's suit.

LAMB. I wonder whom she can be?

LOTTER. This almost makes us forget that scoundrel, Boccaccio. You will join us, Signor Scalza?

SCALZA. Join whom? What for?

LOTTER. We are going to revenge the insults Boccaccio has heaped upon us. We are going to kill him!

LAMB. You'd better wait till you have caught him!

SCALZA. Hear me! Don't be so boisterous! Don't shed any blood! Banish him! Let's go at once to the mayor and demand Boccaccio's punishment.

LAMB. I agree to that!

LOTTER. Then you will go without me. I do not believe in any such childish punishment. I want him killed right here, and now! I'll kill him myself—

SCALZA. My friend, remember your dignity, your position. You are a merchant cooper; I am at the head of a tonsorial palace. We must not join in brutal street rows!

LAMB. Peace, my friends! Lotteringhi, you had better accept the banishment.

SCALZA. That will suit us all, I think. For my part, I know that my daughter, Beatrice never flirts with students, so Boccaccio cannot write about her in his novels. She is very circumspect.

LAMB. And my sister, Peronella, is a model of propriety. She is no subject for Boccaccio's pen.

LOTTER. And, as for my wife, Isabella, the whole city knows that she never even looks at any gentleman but myself.

SCALZA. That is true. (*Calls to his daughter.*) Beatrice!

LEONETTO. (*From SCALZA'S house.*) Good heavens! Her father!

LAMB. We won't mind what Boccaccio writes.

SCALZA. Good bye, friends! (*Calls.*) Beatrice!

BEATRICE. (*Aside.*) Is it possible? 'Tis my father!

BOCC. Your father? What is to be done?

BEATRICE. I will tell you what to do.

LOTTER. I believe Boccaccio should be whipped in the public square before he is banished!

LAMB. (*To LOTTER.*) Don't say a word to Scalza. I believe in that

Boccaccio ought to receive *some* lashes. (LAMB. and LOTTER start to go)

SCALZA. (*Tries the door of his house.*) The door is locked: my daughter is asleep. I will awake her by singing a song. (*Calls after* LAMB. and LOTTER.) Will you join me?

LOTTER. and LAMB. (*Coming back.*) With pleasure.

(SCALZA, LOTTER. and LAMB., while singing, hold their umbrellas as if they were guitars, and pretend to play upon them.)

SERENADE. TRIO.—LOTTER, LAMB., AND SCALZA.

LOTTER. From thy dreaming, waken, sweet maiden;
Hear my song that with fond love is laden.

LAMB. 'Tis thy father early returning,
With deep love for his dear child vowing!

LOTTER. Hear my sang—firu-liru-li, firu-li-ru-la!

LAMB. Come out strong—firu-liru li, firu-li-ru-le-ra.

LOTTER. Hear my song, firu-li-ru-li.

LAMB. Let us sing—firu-li-ru-la.

ALL. Let us sing till the echoes ring!

BEATRICE. (*From SCALZA'S house—spoken.*) Father!

SCALZA. (*Spoken.*) What is that noise?

LAMB. (*Spoken.*) Infernal cats.

LOTTER. Dearest maiden, awake from thy slumber,
And list now to our sweetest number.

LAMB. 'Tis thy father early, &c.

LOTTER. Hear my song, &c.

LAMB. Come out strong, &c.

LOTTER. Hear my song, &c.

LAMB. Let us sing, &c.

ALL. Let us sing, &c. (*Exit LOTTER. and LAMB.*)

(*BEATRICE enters from SCALZA'S house.*)

BEATRICE. Help, help me! Help, help me! Woe is me!

SCALZA. That is Be-be-be-a-tri-ce! I am trembling!

BEA. Help! Help me!

SCALZA. What is it?

BEA. Help, help me! Help me—quick!

(*Clashing of swords heard inside SCALZA'S house.*)

SCALZA. I must help her; she's in trouble!

What is the matter, dearest, say?

BEA. Come, help me!

SCALZA. What my child?

BEA. Come, help me, at once!

SCALZA. What, my child! Hear me now!

What's the trouble?—tell me!

Dear one, what's the matter?

Tell me quick!

BEA. Father, for you I've been waiting,
Eagerly anticipating;

I'm so glad you are returning!
You're returning, just in time!

SCALZA.

What's going on?

BEA.

I'll quickly tell you.

SCALZA.

What danger's here?

BEA.

I'll tell you everything;
You see, I am so frightened,
I can hardly speak!

'Twas a stranger who sought for shelter
In our house, from blinding rain,

(Madonna, hear!) (*Aside crosses herself.*)

He was followed by a rude fellow,
Who struck him down in pain!

I nearly died—I fainted!

Oh, that cruel cavalier!

List'ning, in trembling,

I was dissembling;

I heard your loving voice,

It made me rejoice;

Father, believe me,

You must not leave me.

Had you not come,

Were you not here,

My father dear,

I should have died with fear!

Ah! see, I am so tearful,

It is so fearful!

Oh, I might have been killed!

(*Throws her arms around her father's neck.*)

He is so young, so graceful, and so brave,

Oh, would that I his fair young life might save!

Ah, yes! he is so young and fair and brave,

I would that I his bright young life might save!

SCALZA.

You are frightened, my daughter;

Surely, there can be no fear of slaughter;

Calm your fears, my own dear daughter;

For, surely, there can be no fear of slaughter!

So you must dry your tears, my dearest daughter,

You are my own darling child!

BEA.

Oh, 'twere a pity he should die!

(*Clashing of swords again heard behind the scenes.*)

SCALZA.

There they are!

This way they're coming now!

Enter LEONETTO and BOCCACCIO from SCALZA'S house wearing masks and fencing.

BOC.

Now, I will have your life!

LEON.

I soon will end this strife!

SCALZA.

How dreadful! They are fighting!

'Tis murder!

LEON.

Now, villain, you must die!

SCALZA. He's smiting!
BEA. Pity!
BOC. You must defend your life,
BOC. }
LEON. } So, take your place!
SCALZA. Oh, heaven! It is so frightful, **is it not?**
BEA. Spare him!
BOC. }
LEON. } And mind your face!
SCALZA. It is a very cruel thing!
BEA. Pity!
BOC. }
LEON. } So keep your place!
SCALZA. Some one a stop to this must bring!
BEA. Spare him!
BOC. }
LEON. } Right face!
BEA. (*Aside.*) Both are playing very well!
BOC. }
LEON. } Now, then, just mind and pay attention!
SCALZA. Oh! this danger who'll avert?
BOC. Die, now, you rascal!
LEON. Be careful, now, young man!
SCALZA. Oh! Oh!
BOC. You are a villian! Take that, you scoundrel!
LEON. You must mind when "parry!" I shall call!
BOC. What do you mean?
 Such a scamp I've seldom seen!
SCALZA. Yes; I must interfere!
 Or they will die—
LEON. One of us must surely fall!
SCALZA. On the ground lie!
 That will, surely, be the last!
BEA. Come, let us go within the house!
BOC. }
LEON. } I'll kill all who oppose me!
SCALZA. They now breathe fast!
BEA. Let us go in!
SCALZA. I shall be witness of their death!
BOC. }
LEON. } Yes, I'll have to cut you down! **Yes!**
SCALZA. Come, my child, we must away! **Ha!**
BEA. Yes! come along!
BOC. Die now!
LEON. Villian!
SCALZA. Horror!
BOC. There—take that! and that, sir!

(Enter two students, who, seeing the quarrel between BOC. and LEON. beckon to the other students. Enter students.)

LEON. Die, now, you scoundrel!
SCALZA. Oh! Oh!

LEON. You are a scoundrel !
 BOC. Take this blow and parry !
 LEON. Die now, you rascal !
 SCALZA. Every blow strikes me !
 BOC. There, take that !
 LEON. What do you men ?
 BOC. Spare me !

(During the fighting of BOC. and LEON, SCALZA. has tried to separate them by opening his umbrella between them, and, in doing so, they have made several thrusts at him.)

(Enter Beggars and Chorus.)

STUDENTS. *(Drawing swords and pairing off.)*
 Here's a fight, and, wrong or right,
 We'll join in it with all our might,
 We'll join in it with all our might,
 Although we live or die, ha !

We are ready now, ha, ha !
 Just now, ha, ha ! &c.
 For any body's row, ha, ha !
 And we will show you how !

BEA. You see ! They are all mad !

BOC. } Parry—take care ! Beware !
 LEON. }

SCALZA. You see ! They are all mad !

BEA. My father is afraid, I see, ah !

Good joke ! It is such fun !
 Our artful little ruse has won.

BOC. } Be on your guard ; take that, my man, and fall.

LEON. } Take care ! Parry ! On guard !

I'll soon disarm you now, my man !

SCALZA. I must admit, I am afraid—ah !

Enough ! Enough !

We've had enough ; let it end here !

(BOCCACCIO and LEONETTO and STUDENTS, in pairs, fence.)

BEA. { When all the bright swords are flashing

BOC. { In the morning light,

LEON. { When all the steel tongues are clashing,

Then the student's very happy !

Although in danger,

He is to fear a stranger.

The music of the sword

Is the sweetest in the world to him !

SCALZA. Dreadful are the swords now flashing

In the morning light !

So I'm going from the danger,

Or else I shall die of fright !

So I will go at once from danger,

For to courage I am a stranger.

So, I am going right away,

I surely can no longer stay.

CHO. When bright swords are flashing, &c.

- BEA. Yes! Yes!
 BOC. Die, now, you rascal!
 LEON. There! Take that, sir and that!
 SCALZA. Oh! Oh!
 BEA. He now is trembling!
 BOC. You are a villian!
 BEA. Yes! Yes!
 BOC. Take that, you scoundrel!
 LEON. Take this blow, and parry!
 SCALZA. Now, 'tis quite clear,
 LEON. There, take that! Ha!
 SCALZA. Yes, with fear!
 STUDENTS. Die, now, you rascal! &c.
 CHORUS. Bright swords are flashing,
 Steel tongues are clashing!
 Flashing and clashing!
 Sweetest music, Ha!
 'Tis music to them all, Ha!
 'Tis music to them all!
 Swords are flashing, &c.
- BEA. I am dissembling;
 He's surely now trembling;
 He is afraid!
 What a trick it is that I have played!
- BOC. }
 LEON. } 'Tis music to them all, ha!
 'Tis music to them all!
- FULL CHO. Swords are flashing,
 Clashing, flashing, clashing,
 In the morning light,
 Or in the dead of night,
 As all danger they invite!
- SCALZA. I cannot call it music;
 'Tis far from being music!
 Swords are flashing,
 Clashing, flashing, clashing!
 See the flashing, hear the clashing!
 As all danger they do here invite!

(As the ensemble closes, SCALZA and BEATRICE go into SCALZA'S house.
 The STUDENTS drive the people back. All exit except BOCCACCIO,
 LEONETTO and the students. BOCCACCIO and LEONETTO
 remove masks.)

- STUDENTS. Boccaccio? Leonetto?
 BOC. Two friends, after all!
 CHICHIBIO. Two rivals!
 BOC. Yes, gentlemen; Boccaccio's rival is *your* friend and *my*
 friend—*our* friend, Leonetto. I was first on the spot.
 LEON. I have adored Beatrice for six weeks.
 BOC. And I have known her just thirty minutes!
 TOFANO. And what is the moral of this adventure?
 BOC. It is that a *new* love is the old one of another lover!
 ALL. He is quite right.
 LEON. Tell me how you came to know Signorina Beatrice.

ALL. Yes ; tell us !

BOC. I will. I must tell you that I love——

LEON. Beatrice ?

BOC. No ! I love an unknown maiden. Since I first met her, I see her everywhere. Such is the force of a poet's imagination ! In that church I sought her this morning. Not finding her, I gave my arm to another, and thus, escorting her home from church——

TOFANO. You became acquainted with Beatrice Scalza.

BOC. Yes. Though she cannot bear comparison with my unknown angel, she, nevertheless, somewhat resembles her !

LEON. Why ? What resemblance ?

BOC. In that they are both strangers to me !

CHICH. A great reason, truly ! How absurd ! Listen !

BOC. As we wended our way from church, Beatrice suddenly walked into Scalza's barber shop. Thus, Leonetto and I became rivals. While I was chatting pleasantly with my new acquaintance, Leonetto entered, calling for Scalza. Beatrice, hearing him, told me that her grandfather was coming, as she knew his voice. (*To LEONETTO.*) *You are her grandfather !* Beatrice called down stairs for you to wait. She shouted, "Wait a moment, please. My sister is making a call upon me !"

LEON. You are her sister ! What a joke !

BOC. Yes. Well, we were talking of student life, when suddenly her father unexpectedly arrived from Pisa, one day earlier than she had expected him !

TOFANO. Is it possible ?

BOC. Not wishing her father to know that she ever received calls from students, or even engaged in conversation with them, she resolved upon a harmless little ruse, which was to make her father believe that two strangers had entered the house, and that one had attacked the other, as if to kill him. She gave me a mask ; told me to draw my sword. She told me to make a mock fight. You know the rest. Is Leonetto satisfied ?

LEON. Quite !

TOFANO. All of which shows us how you obtain materials for your sensational novels ! You are *so* fascinating !

BOC. True ! I cannot help it if all the ladies adore me !

(*Looks into church door.*)

SONG.—BOCCACCIO.

There is a jolly student standing there,
 He sees a gentle maiden young and fair ;
 She's walking with her father down the street,
 With smiles they greet.
 She is a blue-eyed girl, with flaxen hair ;
 She nods and smiles, as if to banish care ;

But on her father's face a frown is seen,

He does not smile,

For he does not like the students ;

Yet the student loves the girl.

He now asks to wed the maiden—

She would like to be his bride.

He declares his fixed endeavor,

They would happy be for ever,

From each other would not sever.

Ah ! they should be parted never ;

See ! Her father, now relenting,

Is reluctantly consenting—

Happy are all three at last.

I take my pen and write again

Of romance that around their lives is cast ;

Old stories and tales new ;

False stories and tales true ;

Assist me, now, Fancy !

I write, with greatest ease,

A chapter every day ;

I pen whate'er I please,

And none can say me nay ;

I care not for the men,

Their threat'nings I defy,

So long as I the fair ones please,

Who cares ? Not I !

For I write for glory, not for gold ;

I am a conscientious man ;

And that is why my novels here have sold !

Let them read !

I cannot wonder that 'tis so !

There are none who more truth do show !

They love Boccaccio.

LEON.

We will read !

No greater writer do we know !

There are none whom we all love so.

We love Boccaccio !

STUDENTS

Yes ; his stories we will gladly read !

No greater writer, &c. (*Exit BOCCACCIO into church.*)

STUDENTS. (*Spoken.*) Addio, Boccaccio !

(*Enter LAMBERTUCCIO, LOTTERINGHI, MARIETTA, DONNA JANCO-
FIERE, ELIZA, DONNA PULCI, AUGUSTINA, ELENA, ANGELICA,
CHECCO, ANSELMO, CHIACCOMETTO, and TITO, all on their
way to church.*)

LOTTER. (*To LAMB.*) Look at Boccaccio going to church !

LAMB. He knows why !

LOTTER. Let us follow him !

(*Exit LOTTER. and LAMB into church. Enter SCALZA and BEA.*)

LEON. (*To BEATRICE.*) Pray that your falshood may be forgiven!

SCALZA. In future, my dear daughter, do not open the door to strangers. (*Exit all into church. Enter ISABELLA.*)

ISA. Where is Fresco? Fresco, you lazy fellow!

(*Enter FRESCO, carrying a large cake behind him.*)

FRESCO. Here I am!

ISA. Where is my hymn-book that I told you to bring? Where have you been loitering?

FRESCO. I came as soon as I could. I stopped to buy me a Saint John's festival cake.

ISA. I will punish you for this when we get home. Go into church

(*Exit FRESCO into church.*)

(*After driving FRESCO into church, in great rage, ISABELLA stops, assumes a very devotional air, and slowly exits into church. Enter FIAMETTA and PERONELLA.*)

DUET.—FIAMETTA AND PERONELLA.

- FIAMETTA. } The bells are chiming, sweet and low,
 PERON. } As to the church we slowly go;
 FIAMETTA. } The church is filled to-day!
 To the house of prayer come!
 As bells so softly ring,
 Softly, sweetly ringing to-day!
- PERON. Yes! The church is filled to-day!
 Ah, hear! The bells are ringing;
 As we near the house of prayer, we hear,
 Hear! The sweet bells ringing,
 In yon belfry swinging, us invite!
 Come to the house of prayer!
 (*My new dress seems too long!*)
- FIAMETTA. Oh, would that I might meet him here!
- PERON. I know that there will be a throng!
- FIAMETTA. He is to me so very dear!
- PERON. Hasten, now! The bells are ringing!
 Come, or we will miss the singing!
- FIAMETTA. He is my true, fond love, my own;
 Ah! I sigh for him alone!
- BOTH. Come to the house of prayer!
- FIAMETTA. To the blessed house of prayer!
- PERON. Yes, come, come to the house of prayer!
- PERON. Come, Fiametta, we must go into church. We are very late.
 This is a *double* holiday for us. It is just ten years ago to-day,
 since a stranger brought you, a sweet little child, to our home.
 My brother agreed to adopt you.
- FIAM. Ten years! Alas! I do not know my parents!
- PERON. Which may possibly be just as well!
- FIAM. I do not know why. I should like to know them!

(*Enter BOCCACCIO from church. He stands in the doorway unobserved by them.*)

BOC. (*Aside.*) There she is! She is almost an angel! She is all ways with that sister.

PERON. I have been told, lately, by the person who brings the money to pay for your support and tuition, that your parents are inclined to have you marry.

BOC. (*Aside.*) Indeed!

FIAM. Married? To whom?

PERON. To a very rich gentleman, holding a high government position.

FIAM. Whom I do not love, nor even know! Never!

BOC. (*Aside.*) Brava!

PERON. And why not? You can learn to love him after you are married!

FIAM. Flames after smoke? Lightning after thunder?

BOC. (*Aside.*) She is as witty as she is beautiful.

PERON. Who told you that matrimony is a home of smoke, thunder, and lightning?

FIAM. True love is like heaven's lightning, flashing from eye to eye, straight to the heart!

BOC. (*Aside.*) Poetical too! What a treasure!

PERON. All illusions: I know; for I am older than you.

BOC. (*Aside.*) Quite true!

FIAM. I am right. Listen, and I will tell you in song:

SONG.—FIAMETTA.

O Love! sweet, tender flower,
That blossoms in a day!
Beneath's Truth's warm and radiant sun,
It never knows decay;
The tender bud will wither,
When faith bedews it not;
When thro' the cloud no sunshine comes,
How sad is then my lot!
May faith and trust keep summer
Eternal in my heart
Nor let the wintry frost of doubt
Bid e'er from my life this hope depart!
That I am thine, beloved,
And mine alone thou art!

BOC. (*Aside.*) How charming! How pure and sweet!

PERON. Nonsense! All illusions! Love is sentimental nonsense! A rich husband is what every young girl should seek. I am looking for one myself.

BOC. (*Aside to FIAMETTA.*) Maiden, I love you alone!

FIAM. It is the student!

PERON. Who is it, Fiametta? (*To BOC.*) Who are you, sir?

BOC. I wish to offer you some festival flowers. (*Hands PERON a small bouquet.*)

PERON. I thank you, stranger! (*Bows and exits into church.*)

BOCCACCIO. (*Kneels at FIAMETTA'S feet.*)

Thou art a tender flower
That blossoms in my heart;
And every thought of others
Before thy presence must depart;
Thou art a tender flower, &c.

(*BOC., as he concludes his song, hands FIAMETTA a small bouquet.*)

FIAM. (*To BOC.*) Thanks! (*Bows low and exits into church.*)

BOC. (*Looking after FIAMETTA.*) We shall meet again!

(*Exit to the right up the stage. Enter PIETRO.*)

PIETRO. Well this is, indeed, a change for me! I am the first prince at Palermo, and the last student in Florence. And I come as a lover too! I am sure that I shall not be recognized. The duke, my father, said to me the other day, "Pietro, you are no longer a boy. It is time you took a wife! Set out at once for Florence. The duke of that city has a lovely young daughter. Marry her. By this act, we shall strengthen our alliance with Florence." The daughter may be a Hebe and the duke an Adonis: I do not care to become acquainted with either of them. I like the society of the young ladies, but I do not propose to marry just yet. I am too fond of wine and flirtation.

SONG.—PIETRO.

What tempts the student from studies grand?
Wine is the magic none can withstand,
For in its sparkle solace is found;
Dreams of an Eden in it abound!
Bringing a vision of soft and sweet delight.
Pleasure Elysian, and joy complete and bright!
Thus doth the student
Dream the swift hours away,
Heeding no future—
Life's but a day!
Wine, wife and song
Our joys prolong;
Life's *couleur de rose*,
As with pleasure it glows,
Sing praise to wine,
Nectar divine!
As we pledge anew
Vow to our love so true.

What loves the student more than his books?

Surely, he prizes his fond one's looks;
 For when she gazes on him with love,
 Brighter than sunbeams 'tis from above.
 Wine and flirtation, these are his studies choice;
 These are temptations, making his heart rejoice;
 Wine and flirtation, these are his studies choice,
 These are the temptations that his heart rejoice.

PIETRO. If I were not Prince of Palermo, I would like to be Boccaccio. (*Takes book from pocket.*) Here is his latest novel! It is jolly! How he abuses the poor, miserable, lazy, tippling husbands, to be sure! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Enter LEONETTO*)

LEON. (*Entering, sees PIETRO from behind, and mistakes him for BOCC.—Aside.*) I do not think Boccaccio knows that his angel is in the church. (*To PIETRO.*) Ah, Boccaccio! You are here!

PIETRO. (*Surprised and turns to LEON.*) Signor?

LEON. I beg your pardon! A mistake!

PIETRO. You honor me!

LEON. You resemble Boccaccio, at all events!

PIETRO. In the back of my head! (*Enter BOC.*)

LEON. The front of his head looks like that! (*Points to BOC.*)

PIETRO. What! Is it possible? Ah!

BOC. Your servant, cavalier.

PIETRO. (*To LEONETTO.*) How fortunate! (*To BOC.*) Have I the honor of addressing the nation's greatest poet? The pride of Italy?

BOC. I am not Petrarch.

PIETRO. No; Giovanni Boccaccio!

BOC. Too much honor! And you are——?

PIETRO. My name? (*Aside.*) I must preserve my incognito. I never thought of a name. (*To BOC.*) My name is Alessandro Chiarmontese. I am a Sicilian—a student.

BOC. What did you study at Palermo?

PIETRO. Nothing. Ah, yes, yes—two branches. Wine and flirtation!

BOC. Pleasant studies, truly!

PIETRO. At Florence I shall study human nature.

BOC. Then you can continue your studies in beverages. All the men of Florence are tipplers.

PIETRO. I want to be a novelist too.

LEON. Ah, indeed.

PIETRO. I am young and not without spirit and ambition; and I also have some money.

LEON. Give me more spirit and less money.

PIETRO. (*Laughs—to LEON.*) Not bad. (*To BOC.*) Pray, sub'ime poet and novelist, will you accept a pupil?

BOC. You've a wrong idea, Alessandro! My novels are not invented. They are a reflection from life. I *live* all my romances before writing them.

PIETRO. Just my idea! I want to live some of them to.

LEON. Then, welcome to Florence!

PIETRO. Will you give me an introduction to the good people of Florence? (*To LEON.*) Will you too?

LEON. Gladly.

BOC. Come, prepare!

(*Enter people from church, passing across the stage, and exit.*)

LEON. (*To BOC., as some old ladies enter.*) Come, Alessandro, let me introduce you to those ladies.

PIETRO. No, Leonetto. I will not deprive you of their society for the world.

BOC. (*Aside.*) The services are over; my fair one will soon appear!

(*Enter all who have been in the church, slowly, as ISABELLA, BEATRICE and PERONELLA enter.*)

PIETRO. (*To LEON.*) Who is that lady?

LEON. (*Thinking he means BEATRICE.*) Those fair blue eyes?

PIETRO. No, no! The other!

LEON. That is Isabella, the cooper's niece.

BEA. (*To PERON.*) Where did you leave Fiametta?

PERON. In the church, praying to be relieved from the evil which threatens her. Her father wants to marry her, against her will. Heaven help her!

BEA. Amen!

PERON. Still, the intended husband is rich. I would marry him.

ISA. My husband is a drunkard. Were I not married, I would not be. Marriage is slavery.

PIETRO. (*To LEON.*) What a pretty girl the cooper's niece is! Will you introduce me?

ISA. (*To PERON.*) What a fine cavalier!

[*LEON. presents PIETRO to ISA.*]

ISA. (*To PIETRO.*) You come from Sicily. Our sun is not as bright as yours.

PIETRO. Then I will look into your eyes! (*To LEON.*) I am writing the preface!

ISA. Besides, our climate is cold.

PIETRO. I have brought eternal fire from Ætna within my heart!

ISA. You are a poet.

CHECCO. (*To PIETRO.*) A poor blind man!

PIETRO. (*To CHECCO.*) Away with you!

CHECCO. (*Aside.*) Miser! (*To BOC.*) A poor cripple!

BOC. [*Puts money in CHECCO'S hat.*] There.

CHECCO. Thanks, signor.

[*Exit all but BOCCACCIO, LEON., PIETRO, CHECCO, ISABELLA, BEATRICE and PERON.*]

BOC. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? [*To CHECCO.* Do you want to earn some more money, my poor fellow?

[*Hands another coin to CHECCO, who puts crutch over his shoulder and runs after BOC. Exit BOC and CHECCO.*]

BEA. [*To ISA. and PERON., walking towards SCALZA'S house.*] Will you take a glass of wine, ladies?

ISA. & PERON. Thanks. With pleasure.

PIETRO & LEON. May we escort you ladies?

BEA. Some other time, gentlemen. To-morrow. [*Exit BEA., ISA., and PERON. into SCALZA'S house.*]

PIETRO Where's Boccaccio?

LEON. [*Looks into church.*] He cannot be far away. I am going over to the public house. You'll find me there. [*Aside.*] That young man is a second Boccaccio! [*Exit LEON.*]

PIETRO. Addio! [*Looks into church. Enter LOTTER. & LAMB.*]

LOTTER. (*To LAMB.*) It is Boccaccio!

LAMB. (*To LOTTER.*) Be quiet—we've got him now!

PIETRO. (*Does not see them.*) I cannot find him. He has gone to the public house.

LAMB. (*Takes PIETRO by the shoulder*) I have business with you, sir. (*Strikes him with umbrella.*) Take that!

LOTTER. (*Strikes PIETRO.*) And that!

PIETRO. Oh!

LAMB. Take that! (*Hits PIETRO again.*) You miserable scribbler! (*Calls.*) Scalza!

LOTTER. (*Hits PIETRO.*) Take that, you abusive coward! (*Calls.*) Scalza, come here!

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) Scribbler? What do they mean?

LAMB. (*Pounds on SCALZA'S door.*) Scalza, come quickly! Here he is!

PIETRO. Have done, or I will cut you to pieces! (*Draws sword, runs off. Exit PIETRO, LOTTER., and LAMB.*)

[*Enter FIAMETTA from church. Enter BOCCACCIO, disguised as a beggar.*]

FIAM. They left me alone! Where's Peronella?

BOC. (*Aside.*) Just in time! I'll meet her as a beggar.

DUET.—FIAMETTA & BOCCACCIO.

- Boc.** A poor, blind beggar now asks you for pity,
I pray you hear me, fairest in the city!
Give me a hearing, I pray you, fair lady—
O lovely lady, have pity, have pity!
Help, oh, help, I do beseech thee!
Gentle lady, hear me now!
- FIAM.** Who is that? It is his voice!
I know that voice! Yes, it is one I love!
- Boc.** She listens! Oh joy!
Have pity, gentle lady! Do have pity!
- FIAM.** Yes, I can trust this beggar's face!
- Boc.** Give me one word, and it will make me happy!
- FIAM.** He can't disguise an inborn grace!
I'll trust him! I'll hear him!
I like his honest, manly face—
No signs of roguery I trace!
I'll answer!
- Boc.** Give me one word, and it will make me happy;
One simple word, and yet it makes me rich as *Cræsus*!
Yes, but one word, one word!
One word, and yet it makes me rich as *Cræsus*!
Just a word, one word!
- FIAM.** One word? One word?
- Boc.** Speak to me, gentle lady, speak!
Speak but a little simple word!
- FIAM.** One word to him! One word to him!
- Boc.** But one word which will make me rich,
It will make me rich—speak!
- FIAM.** But one word?
- Boc.** But one word!
- FIAM.** But one word?
- Boc.** But one word!
- FIAM.** What a wondrous power it has!
Wonderful! Wonderful!
- Boc.** But one—one word!
It is wonderful! Wonderful!
- FIAM.** What wondrous power it has!
- Boc.** Speak—only speak!
- FIAM.** Just one word?
- Boc.** Just one word!
- FIAM.** Just one word! It will make him very rich!
Just one word! Just one word!
It will make the beggar rich!
I'll have pity upon him,
And speak just one word! I'll have pity, &c.
- Boc.** How wonderful! How wonderful!
A simple word will make the beggar rich!
Oh, rich!
- FIAM.** What shall I say to you a stranger?
Do you want a word from me?

- BOC.** Oh, yes, but a smile!
 Your smile to me is sunshine!
 'Twill make the beggar's heart rejoice,
 Now he has heard, with greatest joy, your voice;
 Give me sweet pleasure, sweet pleasure Elysian?
- FIAM.** Should I smile upon you, then,
 Would you not crave my smiles again?
 Would you not?
- BOC.** One sweet, sweet smile,
 Pray now, O gentle lady!
 For 'twill all my cares beguile!
- FIAM.** One smile? One smile?
BOC. Oh, just one sweet, angelic smile!
FIAM. One smile? One smile?
BOC. I only ask you for one smile!
FIAM. But just one smile?
BOC. For but one smile!
FIAM. Give you a smile?
BOC. I only ask one smile! I only ask one smile!
BOC. Just one smile! Just one smile?
BOTH. There is magic in a smile!
 Wonderful! Wonderful!
 { I } will smile upon { him } once! Only once!
 { She } will smile upon { me }
 Only this!
 { I } will give the beggar bliss!
 { She }
- FIAM.** Just one smile! Just one smile!
 I will give him one smile;
 For he says it will his heart beguile!
BOC. Just one smile! Oh! for it will my heart beguile.
FIAM. Now, I've smiled! So, farewell!
BOC. Do not go!
FIAM. Well, what now?
BOC. Now your hand!
FIAM. [*Draws back haughtily.*]
 No! oh, no! Not to a beggar!
 You're a bold beggar! Be silent—do!
BOC. Then, farewell; so farewell!
 But take my thanks before you go!
 Farewell, sweet one! Do not leave me so!
FIAM. Yes, farewell!
BOC. Oh, then, farewell!
FIAM. So, farewell! I'll forgive your boldness, sir!
 So, farewell! Yes, farewell!
 Fare thee well! We must say farewell! So, farewell!
BOC. If you must go away,
 Then I must say farewell! farewell!
 We part to meet again!
 Now we must part; yes, we must say farewell!

[*Enter* LEONETTO *Exit* FIAMETTA.]

LEON. Boccaccio?

BOC. What do you wish?

LEON. You are in a strange disguise. What for?

BOC. Getting more materials for my novels.

LEON. Keep your disguise, Boccaccio! Florence is in a state of high excitement. The men of the city have discovered their own portraits in the characters of your novels. They are all about to revenge themselves on you. [*Enter STUDENTS.*]

STUDENTS. They come like bees!

BOC. Aha!

STUDENTS. Lo, another mob!

LEON. We will cut our way through them!

STUDENTS. Yes; let us cut our way!

BOC. No, friends! No blood! Let us all into Scalza's house!

LEON. Do not let Beatrice know who you are!

BOC. This mask will disguise me! Quickly friends, follow me!

[*All exit into SCALZA'S house.*]

FINALE.

[*Enter LOTTER., LAMB., SCALZA, and other men of the city, in search of BOCCACCIO.*]

LOTTER., LAMB., } Down with Boccaccio!

SCALZA & CHO. } The scamp, where is he?

If we but find him,

Oh, then he shall see!

Down, with scoundrel! Down with him!

We will stand it no longer!

We'll murder the scamp!

Yes, down with Boccaccio!

The scamp, where is he? &c.

Oh, the scamp! We'll kill the scamp!

We'll make way with him, to be sure!

LOTTER. The mayor said, when I complained

To him, "You are a lout!"

SCALZA & CHO. Yes, we know you are!

LAMB. And when I went to him about

This fuss, he said "Get out!"

SCALZA & CHO. And it served you right!

LOTTER. He said I was a boor!

SCALZA & CHO. He's just found it out!

LAMB. And he showed me to the door!

SCALZA & CHO. Just what we should have done!

LAMB. Our revenge it will now come!

ALL. We rebel! Shall we thus insulted be?

LAMB. We will have satisfaction!

ALL. Yes, we will!

LOTTER. & LAMB. We'll not thus insulted be!
Then, come on!

SCALZA & CHO. Yes, come on!

LOTTER. & LAMB. Now, come on! We rebel!

ALL. Yes! Now, men of Florence, we must strike the blow!
We have been insulted too long! That is so!
That is true; yes, yes, that is true!
Let us seek for him! Where is he?
Where has he gone? Where is he now?

LOTTER. & LAMB. We will not insulted be!

ALL. No, no, no! Where is he?
We are not cowards; men are we!
We will have our revenge!
Now for revolution!
We rebel! We rebel! Ha!

(Enter STUDENTS and SCALZA.)

TOFAN. & CHICHIBIO. Here, barber, here!

SCALZA. Well?

TOFAN. & CHICH. Quick! Go and get your shears,
Cut our hair now, quickly!

SCALZA. I can't; I go to the mayors!

TOFAN. & CHICH. Come right here!

GUIDO & CISTI. Come, your razor!

SCALZA. No!

GUIDO & CISTI. Come, we want our hair cut now in English style!

SCALZA. I must 'tend to politics!

FOUR STUDENTS. Come, we want you, come here, quick!

SCALZA. Leave me, fellows! Get you gone!

FOUR STUDENTS. Quick! Shave us!

(Enter BEATRICE.—Enter LEONETTO.)

BEA. Don't neglect your work,
Hear your customers!

LEON. Master Scalza!

SCALZA. What?

BEA. Serve them! Serve them!

LEON. Master Scalza, will you not leave that mob alone?

SCALZA. First, my duty to my country!

BEA. About your business!
Serve your customers!

LEON. Have more sense!

FEDERICO, GIOTTO, PINIERI. Come, your razor!

SCALZA. Ha!

LEON. Come, you barber, do not keep us here all night.

BEA. Serve them, father!

SCALZA. I cannot shave without a light!

BEA. What do you mean?

EIGHT STUDENTS. Say, are we all that barber's fools?

SCALZA. I go in for revolution!

BEA. Don't leave your shop!

FED., GIO., PIN. Say, are we all that barber's fools?

SCALZA. Surely, 'tis our best solution !
 FED., GIO., PIN. We're his patrons !
 SCALZA. Urge me no more in such a tone !
 FED., GIO., PIN. Destroy his shop !
 Break up his chairs and tables !
 He'll need them not, he's going now !
 SCALZA. Hark ! Hear the mob !
 This way they come !
 'Tis rebellion beginning—mad !
 LOTTER., LAMB., } In this hot chase,
 CHORUS OF MEN. } Don't let that scoundrel novelist escape us !
 (Outside.) } Enter PIETRO.

PIETRO. Be careful, gentlemen,
 And not make a mistake !
 BOCCACCIO. } What is that ? What trouble ?
 LEONETTO. } What is that ? There's trouble !
 STUDENTS. }
 SCALZA. What is that, &c. (Exit all.)

(Enter PIETRO, followed by the principals, except FIAMETTA, FRATELLI & SCALZA, and then by full Chorus.)

LOTTER., LAMB., } Hold him, and beat him !
 CHORUS OF MEN. } Now we've found him
 Do not let him go !
 PIETRO. You're wrong ? I told you so ;
 I am not Boccaccio !
 BEA., } Who is it ? Who is he ?
 LEON. } Who is it ? What's all this ?
 SCALZA. }
 LOTTER., LAMB., } We're glad we've caught at last the fellow.
 CHO. OF MEN }
 PIETRO. Your' wrong !
 LOTTER., LAMB., } We'll beat him black and yellow.
 CHO. OF MEN. }
 PIETRO. You're wrong !
 LOTTER., LAMB., } We'll beat him ! We'll kill him !
 CHO. OF MEN. } Yes, put him to death !
 PIETRO. No ! No ! 'Tis a mistake !
 BOCCACCIO., LEON., } Ha ! The stranger ! Yes ! Yes !
 STUDENT. } For Boccaccio they take him !
 They've made a great mistake !
 What a mistake !
 The dunces make a great mistake !
 Boccaccio 'tis not !
 LOTTER., LAMB., } Take that ! and that !
 CHO. OF MEN. } Now take that for your "Spinelloccio !
 And that now take for "Zeppa"
 And your other books of lies !
 PIETRO. I say you're wrong and you must let me go ;
 I'm not, I say I'm not Boccaccio !
 So hear me !

LOTTER., LAMB., } Take that!
 CHORUS OF MEN. }
 PIETRO. Now, hear me!
 LOTTER., LAMB., } Here are some furthur blows—
 CHORUS OF MEN. }
 PIETRO. Don't abuse me!
 LOTTER., LAMB., } In honor of your "Buffolmaceo," "Calandrin,"
 CHORUS OF MEN. } "Torello, "Carisendi," "Saladin,"
 PIETRO. You'll be sorry men of Florence!
 Know that you are my abhorrence!

LOTTER., LAMB., } Take that!
 CHORUS OF MEN. }
 PIETRO. Stand aside!
 LOTTER., LAMB., } And that!
 CHORUS OF MEN. }
 PIETRO. Stand aside!
 LOTTER., LAMB., } And that! take that!
 CHORUS OF MEN. } Take that now, on account,
 Till we can render full amount!

BEA. & WOMEN. Come here! Come here!

BOC. LEON. } Boccaccio it is not!
 STUDENT. }

PIETRO. This is too much!
 BEA. & WOMEN. They have a a prisoner!
 And he is a stranger!

BOC., LEON. } Beware! Take care!
 STUDENT. }
 PIETRO. I must refuse the honor paid!

LOTTER., LAMB., } You'll not write more lying tales!
 CHORUS OF MEN. }
 BEA. & WOMEN. A stranger, and he is in great danger!

BOC., LEON., } You will repent this work!
 STUDENTS. }
 PIETRO. I must decline; I'm not the man!

LOTTER. & LAMB. Remember what we say to you!
 Take that, ere we part!

Enter SCALZA.

SCALZA. Hold! Hold! Now, be silent all. I say!
 Stop, and I'll tell you the reason!
 You are guilty of high treason!
 This man is Palermo's Prince!

BEA., WOMEN. } He the Prince! Is't so?
 AND CHORUS. }
 SCALZA. He is!

BEA., WOMEN, } He the Prince! Is't so?
 AND CHORUS. }
 SCALZA. 'Tis true!

(All remove hats and bow to PIETRO.)

PIETRO. I am a Prince, as now you know;
 For Scalza, there, has told you so!
 Revealed is my incognito,
 And I am not Boccaccio!

BEA. He is a Prince!

- BOC. }
 ISA. } He is a Prince!
 LOTTER. }
 LEON. }
 BEA. } Palermo's Prince!
 BOC. }
 ISA. }
 LOTTER. } Palermo's Prince?
 LEON. }
 BEA. } Incognito, and yet he is a gentle Prince!
 He is a Prince! See! he is not Boccaccio!
 BOC. } 'Tis not Boccaccio! I might have told them so!
 ISA. }
 LOTTER. } Incognito was he? What a mistake!
 LEON. } Incognito was he? It was such a mistake!
 BEA. } There's only one Boccaccio!
 BOC. }
 LOTTER. } It was a Prince incognito,
 ISA. }
 LEON. } Yes, he is a Prince!
 CHO. } Yes! Prince!
 BEA. } This man is not Boccaccio!
 BOC. }
 LOTTER. } And it was not Boccaccio!
 ISA. }
 LEON. } Yes; he is a prince!
 BEA. } Oh, if they the Prince had killed,
 How all the nations would have thrilled!
 BOC. } Now, by their temper, I see what fate awaits me,
 When I am within their power!
 They are all mad this hour!
 ISA. } What a dreadful error!
 I am plunged in terror!
 What are they to do?
 LOTTER. } 'Twas a mistake! Of that, no doubt!
 'Twas meant for that mean scribbler!
 Wait till we catch Boccaccio!
 LEON. } They all made a great mistake—
 Mistake almost fatal, indeed!
 CHO. } He's a Prince! A Prince! He's a Prince!
 LOTTER. }
 LEON. }
 SCALZA. } Will he forgive { us } all?
 LAMB. } { them }
 CHO. }
 BEA. }
 BOC. } He is a Prince!
 ISA. }
 PIETRO. } Well! well!
 LOTTER. }
 LEON. }
 SCALZA. } For what { we've } done? Will he forgive,
 LAMB. } { they've }
 CHO. }

- BEA. }
 BOC. } Palermo's Prince!
 ISA. }
- PIETRO. Well, well!
- LOTTER., LEON. }
 SCALZA. LAMB. } And let { us } live?
 AND CHORUS. } { them }
- BEA. }
 BOC. } Alas!
 ISA. }
- LOTTER., LEON. }
 SCALZA. LAMB. } Let { us } all live!
 AND CHORUS. } { them }
- PIETRO. I am lame!
- BEA. He's hurt!
- ISA. }
 BOC. } He's hurt! Yes!
- LOTTER., LEON. }
 SCALZA. LAMB. } Will he o'erlook this outrage dreadful?
 AND CHORUS. }
- PIETRO. I'm sore!
- BEA. Will he forgive the blows he has received?
- ISA. }
 BOC. } Will he forgive them those cruel blows?
- PIETRO. My arms are black and blue!
- LOTTER., LEON. }
 SCALZA. LAMB. } We cannot tell!
 AND CHORUS. }
- ALL. You are a Prince!
- PIETRO. I am!
- BOC. Great Prince, forgive them! Graciously forgive!
- BEA. }
 ISA. } Palermo's Prince!
- LOTTER., LEON. }
 SCALZA. LAMB. } Great Prince forgive { us, }
 AND CHORUS. } { them, } graciously forgive!
- PIETRO. Oh, yes!
- LOTTER., LEON. } [made!
 SCALZA. LAMB. } Forgive { us } for the great mistake { we've }
 AND CHORUS. } { them } { they've }
- PIETRO. Oh, yes! I will forgive!
- BEA. Oh, yes, yes! He's willing to forgive them!
 Yes! they are all forgiv'n! Noble Prince!
- BOC. A! He will forgive them!
 They are forgiven! Noble Prince!
- ISA. I am sure that he will forgive them!
 They are forgiven! Noble Prince!
- LOTTER., LEON. }
 SCALZA. LAMB. } { we } are forgiven!
 AND CHORUS. } { they }
- PIETRO. I'll forgive!

BEA. Palermo's Prince! He does forgive!
The people now are all forgiven!
ALL. Noble Prince! Noble Prince! We're forgiven!
LOTTER., LEON. }
SCALZA. LAMB. } Sir, you forgive!
AND CHORUS. }
PIETRO. I graciously forgive!

Enter FRATELLI.

FRA. New novels, come buy!
Here's the latest novels!
Will you not buy?
LOTTER. (Recit.) Boccaccio's books! 'Tis shameful!
He shall not sell those books!
ALL. Here he comes with his books!
LOTTER. (Recit.) You will help me destroy them!
I know that by your looks!
BEA., ISA., BOC. }
WOMEN. STUDENTS. } They'll burn the new novels.
LAMB. SCALZA. } Burn up his new novels!
LEON, PIETRO. } They'll burn the new novels!
LOTTER. (Recit.) Go, therefore, and the bookseller bring!
BEA., ISA., BOC. }
WOMEN, STUDENTS. } His thrilling books they will now confiscate!
LAMB. SCALZA. } His dreadful books we will now confiscate!
LEON., PIETRO. } His thrilling books they will now confiscate!
LOTTER. (Recit.) We'll burn his lying stories in our hate!
BEA., ISA., BOC. }
WOMEN, STUDENTS. } His stories now will all be burned in hate.
LAMB, SCALZA. } We'll burn his lying stories in our hate!
LEON, PIETRO. } His stories now will be burned in hate!
FRA. These are my property; I pay my tax.
Be careful, now, and use no violence;
For I am not guilty of an offence!

(The bookseller's cart is taken away from him, and its contents piled up in the square.)

BEA., ISA., BOC. }
WOMEN, STUDENTS. } Hear them! They rage!
LOTTER. Hold him! Hold him!
LEON. }
PIETRO. } Hear them! They rage!
ALL. Hold! and leave the novels to their fate!
(Exit FRATELLI hustled by the crowd.)

LOTTER. Quickly come, before we lose our ire,
BEA., ISA., BOC., }
WOMEN, STUDENTS. } Patience!
LOTTER. Come on!
LEON. }
PIETRO. } Patience!

- CHORUS.** Shall perish this night—to ashes turn;
 Let flames consume! 'tis his doom!
 See the flames now rising!
- ALL.** Now let them burn!
 Let all the paper burn,
 And into ashes now return,
 The poet's name, and the poet's

fame, shame,

- BEA, ISA., BOC.** } And tho' books may burn,
LEON. STUDENTS. } To ashes turn,
AND WOMEN. } Truth can never die! No!
- CHORUS.** See, now they perish, and to ashes turns
 All the author's fame! Yes!
- ALL.** Truth, the mighty truth, shall rise at last;
 'Tis purified by every blast!

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The houses and gardens of LOTTERINGHI and LAMBERTUCCIO. The stage is divided by a high wall, separating the two estates. In front of LOTTERINGHI'S house are barrels and the tools of a cooper's shop. In front of LAMBERTUCCIO'S house is an olive tree. At the rise of the curtain, the stage is dark, but gradually becomes more light.*

[Enter BOCCACCIO, LEONETTO, PIETRO and STUDENTS.]

STUDENTS' SONG.—BOCCACCIO, PIETRO, LEONETTO & STUDENTS.

- STUDENTS.** For pleasure, for pleasure,
 We gather here to-day!
 For pleasure, for pleasure,
 We gather here to-day!
 In drinking wine 'tis jolly,
 If three join in our folly—
 We never drink alone!
 Always in twos, or in threes, or in fours,
 Or in fives; yes, but never alone!
 Always, in twos, &c.
- BOCCACCIO.** I love a fair maiden,
 Fiametta is her name;
 With graces she's laden;
 From Edenland she came!
 We have good friends in plenty,
 Companions by the twenty,
 We seldom are alone.
 Always in twos or in threes, &c.
- PIETRO.** A lark now I'm living,
 Among these students gay,
 My father deceiving—
 Yet I can't go away!

PIETRO. The time so quickly going,
The days so swiftly flowing—
Days do not pass alone!
Always in twos or in threes, &c.

LEONETTO. The time don't regret, for
To us its only lent;
Ah! if 'twere our own we
Would see it better spent!
But there's one consolation,
The people through the nation
Are wasting time the same!
Always in twos or in threes, &c.

ALL. For pleasure, for pleasure
We gather here to-day;
In drinking wine 'tis jolly.
If three join in our folly,
We never drink alone!
Always in twos or in threes, &c.

(*At the close of song, STUDENTS retire to cooper's yard. BOC-
CACCIO stands before FIAMETTA'S window; LEONETTO be-
fore PERONELLA'S, and PIETRO before ISABELLA.*)

BOC. (*To PRINCE*) This is the place, your highness.

PIETRO. Stay; no "highness," if you please I am a *student* here.
Remember! Here I am Alessandro.

BOC. Well, then, dear Alessandro, here lives Isabella, the beautiful
niece of the cooper.

PIETRO. She shall be the heroine of my first romance!

BOC. Yonder lives my own love, Fiametta. (*To LEONETTO.*) Your
sweetheart, Leonetto, also dwells there.

LEON. That old maid! Thanks. Well, I will flirt with her a little,
just for fun.

BOC. Let us serenade them!

SERENADE.—BOCCACCIO, LEONETTO & PIETRO.

BOC. (*Before FIAMETTA'S window.—FIA. appears at window.*)
I'd be a star, in heaven's ether shining;
I'd gaze on thee, and be thy tho'ts divining!

PIETRO. (*Before ISABELLA'S window.—ISA. appears at window.*)
I'd be a glove, thy fair white hand caressing,
A little glove, thy taper fingers pressing!

LEON. (*Before PERONELLA'S window.—PERON. appears at window.*)
I cast my eyes up to thy window gladly;
But to make love to thee I should feel sadly.
Oh, hear!

BOC. } Oh, hear our prayer **now!**
 PIETRO. }
 LEON Oh, hear!
 BOC. }
 PIETRO. } Oh, hear our prayer **now!**
 BOC. As we so humbly bow!
 PIETRO. Hear us now!
 LEON. Oh, hear now our prayer **now!**
 As we so humbly, humbly bow!
 BOC. Oh, hear our prayer now,
 PIETRO. } As we so humbly bow!
 Pray, hear our supplication **now!**
 Oh, let us not pray in vain;
 Love, once lost, comes not again!
 Let us not, then, pray in vain!
 ALL. Love, once lost, comes not again!
 BOC. List! We are interceding;
 We are pleading!
 BOC. Let us not pray in vain, &c.
 PIETRO. } Oh, hear our prayer now!
 BOC. As we so humbly bow!
 PIETRO. Hear our prayer now!
 LEON. Oh, hear our prayer, &c.
 BOC. Oh, hear our supplication now!
 PIETRO. }
 ALL. Now we pray to thee on bended **knee!**
 Yes, on bended knee!

(LOTTERINGHI'S *voice outside.*)

LOTTER. (*Spoken.*) Get up!

FIAM. My father!

PERON. 'Tis brother!

ISA. My husband!

(FIAMETTA, PERONELLA, and ISABELLA *leave windows.*)

BOC. We must be off! Follow me! (*Exit BOC., LEON., PIETRO and STUDENTS.*)

(*Enter LOTTER., FRESCO and JOURNEYMEN.*)

LOTTER. (*To journeymen.*) Get up, you lazy fellows!

ISA. (*Reappears at window. To LOTTER—quarrelling.*) It's your fault!

FRESCO. Donna Isabella!

ISA. (*To LOTTER.*) Go on with your work.

FRESCO. (*To LOTTER.*) We must silence her with our remedy.

LOTTER. (*To FRESCO.*) Ah, yes; the song!

ISA. (*At window, still quarrelling.*) Go to work! You don't care for empty barrels. You like full ones!

LOTTER. Now, for my battle song!

SONG AND CHORUS.—LOTTER. & JOURNEYMEN.

LOTTER. (*Near barrel, with hammer in hand.*)

Each day my wife is scolding me—

'Tis her delight;

To stop her voice from ringing,

I have to try my singing,

And oft my "tra la la la"

Brings her to terms—Hurrah!

Her nerves are so unsteady,

That she cannot bear

To hear my hammer ringing,

Nor yet my jovial singing;

My merry "tra la la"

Means victory—Hurrah!—Tra, la, la, &c.

CHORUS. Tra la la la tra, ra la, &c.

LOTTER.

But if she still doth tease,

I can stop her with ease.

So, donning this apparel,

I beat upon my barrel!

'Tis thus I pound, and pound, and pound,

'Till she cannot be found!

If questions she doth ask,

I beat upon my my cask,

And thus I drown her clamor

By pounding with my hammer!

And thus I stop her tongue, her tongue,

When I my song have sung!

LOTTER. & JOURNEYMEN. (*All keeping time with hammers upon barrels as they sing.*)

Bum-ti ra-pa-ta, bum-ti ra-pa-ta, &c.

ALL.

Therefore, the cooper, of all men, he

The happiest man can be!

ISA. You drunkards, I'll beat you! (*Goes from window.*)

(*Enter LAMB.*)

LAMB. What a noise! Lotterhingi, I can't get any sleep. You keep up such a clatter!

LOTTER. Forgive me, neighbor; but I had to beat off an evil eye.

LAMB. An evil eye? Where?

LOTTER. She's gone now. More of an evil tongue than an eye.

LAMB. Was it black eye? I knew there would be trouble when I broke that tumbler last night!

LOTTER. Was the glass empty? (*Aside.*) I drank more than you did. By the way, I'm very dry. Let's go over to the public house. (*To JOURNEYMEN.*) Come, roll that barrel over to the public house. I have sold it. (*To LAMB.*) You understand?

LAMB. Yes, I'll be there. I must first speak to my sister about gathering my olives. Peronella!

PERON. (*In house.*) Well?

LAMB. Has the young man come to help to get in olives?

PERON. No!

LAMB. That is strange. I must have those olives harvested. An interrupted harvest brings bad luck.

LOTTER. Wait a moment. You are a coward, you grocer. Your sister browbeats you. You haven't as much courage as your own butter.

LAMB. I am as brave as you, Mr. Rednose! (*Exit LAMB. into his house.*)

LOTTER. Ha! ha! (*To journeymen.*) Come, boys, get the wagon ready. I will go with you. (*Exit FRESCO.*) (*Exit LOTTER. and JOURNEYMEN.*)

CHORUS OF LOTTER & JOURNEYMEN (*as they exit.*)

Tra la la la, la la la la, oi o ha, &c.

(*Enter BOC.*)

BOC. (*Aside.*) May the goddess of love prove propitious! Now, to write those letters! (*Exit BOC. Enter ISA.*)

ISA. I knew he would go and get drunk again! Where is a stick? When you come rolling home, like one of your own barrels, I will be ready for you! (*Enter PERON.*)

PERON. Come, Fiametta, it is so pleasant this morning that you may bring your work out here. (*To ISA.*) Good morning. You are early.

ISA. Yes; I was looking for a stick, as my husband needs a warning! Isn't it a beautiful day!

PERON. I am afraid we shall have a thunder-shower.

[*BOC. enters, goes behind olive tree, in LAMBERTUCCIO'S yard, and throws letters, wrapped around stones, at the feet of ISA. and PERON.*]

PERON. & ISA. It rains! (*Separately.*) It is a quick change of weather. It rains stones! (*They pick up letters. Enter FIAMETTA. BOC. throws letter down at her feet.*)

FIAM. What is that? (*Picks up letter.*)

(*Exit BOC., who has been unseen by all.*)

TRIO.—FIAMETTA, ISABELLA, PERONELLA.

(*During the singing of this TRIO, FIAMETTA, ISABELLA and PERONELLA are each reading letters.*)

FIAMETTA.	}	I have a welcome letter here,
ISABELLA.		It is from one I hold most dear;
PERONELLA.		I wish to read it once thro' now,
		If they the privilege will allow.
		This letter is from him;
		My tears the sweet, sweet words bedim!
		Ah! my poor heart is fluttering so!
		How he loves me, these lines will show!

- FIAM. } Oh, 'tis charming! Oh, 'tis delightful!
 ISA. }
- PERON. Charming!
- FIAM. } Should they know it—oh, it would be frightful!
 ISA. }
- PERON. Charming!
- FIAM. He is true to me!
- FIAM. } He tells me that he loves me—
 ISA. } Oh, so dearly, dearly loves me—Ah!
 PERON. } He sends these lines to me—
 These lines to me—Ah!
- ISA. } He tells me that he soon is coming!
 FIAM. } Gladly, sweetly Hope's song I am singing
 FIAM. } He is dear to me; he is faithful to me!
 Ever faithful to me!
- ISA. } Hope's song I'm singing,
 PERON. } He tells me he is coming!
- ISA. }
 PERON. } He is coming! coming! coming! here to-day!
 ALL. } My heart, fast beating,
 Tells time is fleeting to bring him here!
 He'll soon appear to meet me here!
- FIAM. } He will be disguised, and yet I shall know him
 I'll be sure to know him!
- PERON. } He swears he will be true!
- ISA. } Oh, I will flirt, and make my husband jealous
 To pay him for drinking!
- FIAM. } When I shall see him!
- ISA. } This letter is so nice!
- PERON. } His letter is so nice!
- FIAM. } This letter is very nice!
- ISA. }
 PERON. } Yes; it is so nice!
- FIAM. } It is beyond all price,
 ISA. } It is so nice!
- PERON. } It is so nice! It is so nice! (*Each kisses the letter*)
 ALL. } It is charming! Oh, it is delightful!
 Should they know it, Oh, it would be frightful!
 He is true to me!
 He tells me that he loves me,
 Oh! so dearly, dearly loves me!
 Ah! he tells me here that he soon is coming!
- FIAM. } Gladly, sweetly Hope's song I am singing!
 He is coming!
- ISA. } Should my husband be coming, coming!
 PERON. } Yes! he is coming, coming soon!
- FIAM. } He is coming, He will come to-day! Oh yes
- ISA. }
 PERON. } He is coming to-day!
- FIAM. } Yes, to-day, Ah!
 ALL. } Yes, he will come to-day!
 Now heart, keep your secret well!
 Never, never tell it, never!

ALL. Would he were here!

FIAM. (*To ISA. and PERON*) Why are you so happy this morning?

ISA. You are a mere child, and cannot understand it. Peronella is in love!

FIAM. And so am I! (*Exit FIAM.*)

ISA. (*Aside.*) And I! He said he would come to-day. I mean to flirt with him a little, just to pay off my drunken husband!

PERON. (*Aside.*) He tells me in his letter that he shall be here soon. What joy! I hope he will not delay. I hate to lose a minute at my time of life!

ISA. Why does he linger? (*Enter LEON.*)

LEON. Sh—!

PERON. Some one comes!

LEON. Hush!

PERON. It is he!

LEON. Are you alone?

PERON. No—yes!

LEON. How fortunate! (*Enter PIETRO.*)

PIETRO. Sh—!

ISA. 'Tis he!

PIETRO. Is it Isabella? Are we alone

ISA. We are!

PIETRO. Behold your slave!

ISA. Oh, Prince!

PIETRO. Don't call me "Prince." I am only the *man* to my friends.

ISA. I would like a prince to woo me. It is more romantic.

PERON. (*To LEON.*) Whence come you?

LEON. From my study, to offer you my friendship—my love. (*Aside.*)
What a humbug I am. (*Exit LEON and PERON.*)

PIETRO. (*To ISA.*) I will ever be your slave! (*Kneels at her feet.*)

ISA. Rise, I pray!

PIETRO. I will worship you as long as the stars shine!

ISA. And when they cease?

PIETRO. The light of your eyes will do as well!

LOTTER. (*Aside.*) This gate's always locked. (*To ISA.*) Open the gate!

ISA. Heaven! Lotteringhi's voice!

PIETRO. Your uncle?

ISA. Get into the barrel!

PIETRO. [*Gets into barrel.*] I am in! [*Enter LOTTER.*]

ISA. (*To LOTTER.*) This is a fine time to come home! And the worse for liquor too!

LOTTER. I am not a bit drunk. I've only been talking with Lambertuccio. Lambertuccio is the one who is drunk!

ISA. Go away! Go over to the public house, and get your journey-men, and set them to work again. Don't you ever get liquor enough?

LOTTER. Oh, yes; there was liquor enough, but there were too many fellows to drink it.

PIETRO. I call this acting a novel!

LOTTER. I've sold that barrel to the grocer.

ISA. Which barrel?

LOTTER. That barrel. (*Pointing to that in which is PIETRO*)

PIETRO. This barrel!

LOTTER. He has made me a small deposit (*aside.*) which I spent for wine.

PIETRO. I'm sold! I go with the barrel.

ISA. How much is the grocer to give you?

LOTTER. Three pieces of gold.

ISA. Why didn't you *give* it away? Why, *I* sold it for *six* pieces.

LOTTER. You! To whom?

ISA. Tell the grocer he can't have it. You are an idiot! Go, get your men.

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) Quite a stirring chapter in my novel!

LOTTER. No, Isabella; I must keep my word. The barrel is sold to the grocer.

ISA. Why need you? I tell you I have sold it for double what the grocer is to pay you.

LOTTER. Is it really true? To whom?

ISA. A fine young man.

LOTTER. For cash?

ISA. Yes. (*PIETRO hands ISA. money unseen.*)

LOTTER. And the grocer wanted credit! (*Aside.*) Except the small deposit.

ISA. Here is the money.

LOTTER. Wait a moment. (*Rolls barrel.*)

PIETRO. Oh, my back!

LOTTER. What was that? Who is this man? (*PIETRO comes out of barrel.*)

PIETRO. Who is the man, sir? I am the man, sir! 'Tis I!

LOTTER. (*To ISA.*) Who—is—this—man?

ISA. Intoxicated badly this time, are you not? It is the young man who bought the barrel. He got in to examine it; to see if it is perfect, as he wishes to take it immediately to Afghanistan with him.

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) Delightful! The uncle is a dupe. Another chapter in my novel! (*To LOTTER.*) Yes; that is true.

LOTTER. I beg your pardon, sir.

PIETRO. You are forgiven.

LOTTER. Does the barrel suit you?

PIETRO. Well—well—I—

ISA. I heard you say the seams wanted **pitching, sir.**

PIETRO. Quite right.

LOTTER. I'll fix it.

ISA. Go and pitch it!

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) Pitch it into the **street!**

LOTTER. Is there any fire, Isabella?

ISA. No.

LOTTER. Get some wine for the gentlemen. The best. I'll light the fire. (*To PIETRO.*) Honor us by remaining, signor.

PIETRO. Yes!

LOTTER. Come, Isabella.

ISA. What about the grocer?

LOTTER. I don't care for that silly grocer! He's an old cheat! He sells plaster-of-Paris fig-paste, and he sands his sugar!

ISA. (*To PIETRO.*) Remain here, sir. (*Exit LOTTER. and ISA.*)

PIETRO. I am living a delightful romance, truly! Everything seems to be *real* enough, certainly. Her uncle nearly broke every bone in my body, rolling me about in that barrel.

SONG.—PIETRO.

It's so nice to be in love
 When a novel's to be written;
 "Love" so neatly rhymes with "dove,"
 When the story-writer's smitten.
 He can live his own romances,
 And translate soft, tender glances.
 That is what I'd like to do—
 Weaving into pages!
 Persons of all kinds and stages—yes!
 For I worship youth and beauty,
 They're the charm of life to me;
 Yet I ne'er forget my duty,
 Nor a faithful prince to be!

He can paint his loved one's face;
 In his heroine's fair features,
 Then he easily can trace,
 "Loveliest of earthly creatures!"
 Living e'er amid Hope's splendor,
 He can be severe or tender,
 As it is his mood to woo.
 Weaving into pages, &c.

(*Exit PIETRO into LOTTERINGHI'S house.*)

[*Enter LAMB., FILIPPA, and two other servant girls.*]

LAMB. Come! Time is money! I must gather my olives to-day. Oh!

ALL. What's the matter?

LAMB. I can see the shape of a hay-fork in that tree! It points to me! A very bad sign. Now, Filippa, gather the olives from that tree!

FILIPPA. That tree? I will not!

LAMB. Why not?

FIL. That tree is bewitched!

LAMB. Explain.

FIL. Last night, when I was sitting under that tree, something reached down from it and kissed me!

LAMB. Strange! Did it smell of brimstone?

FIL. No; more like cosmetique!

LAMB. Horrible! A ghost smelling of cosmetique!

[*Enter BOC., disguised as a simpleton.*]

GIRLS. A ghost!

LAMB. A ghost? (*Enter FIAM.*)

FIAM. 'Tis a peasant boy. (*To BOC.*) What do you want?

BOC. (*Playing the simpleton. To LAMB.*) Are you Lambertuccio. (*Aside.*) Long, lank, crooked back, stupid appearance—yes, it is he.

LAMB. I am!

BOC. I was ordered to call on you.

LAMB. By whom?

BOC. Signor Nautilio!

FIAM. (*Aside.*) It is *his* voice!

LAMB. Do you bring me any news?

BOC. Do not ask me stupid questions. Do you take me for a sphinx?

SONG.—BOCCACCIO.

When foolish questions you ask me,
Of course, I silly answers give—Ha! ha! ha!
So take it not as an offence,
If I'm not gifted with good sense—Ha! ha! ha!
Whene'er I go along the way,
I hang my head for very shame;
"There goes a simpleton," they say,
"But he, poor fellow's not to blame!"

I know I'm but a simple dolt;
I laugh when nothing witty's said—Ha! ha! ha!
But I have some philosophy—
I smile when others frown on me—Ha! ha! ha!
So, don't ask me the news, I pray;
For I know not what I should say;
And you would me a blockhead call—
I don't know what to say at all!

LAMB. Now, go work quickly!

BOC. Very soon. Who are those?

LAMB. My servant-girls, who are to help me get the olives.

BOC. Girls are dangerous, I've been told. I don't like girls! Keep them away! (*Looks at FIAM—starts.*)

LAMB. Well, what now?

BOC. That is a saint!

LAMB. Fool! It's my daughter.

BOC. No; you are too ugly for that. Look at that tree!

LAMB. Well, what of it? (*LAMB. looks. BOC. kisses FIAM. behind his back.*)

FIAM. (*To BOC.*) You are too bold!

LAMB. (*To BOC.*) Now, climb up that tree quickly.

BOC. Well, if I must!

LAMB. That boy's very stupid! (*BOC. climbs tree. Exit FIL. and two other servants.*)

BOC. Oh!

LAMB. Well, what is it now?

BOC. You mustn't kiss your daughter!

LAMB. I kissed my daughter? No such thing!

BOC. Yes, I saw you, just now! And she kissed you too! I shall not stay a minute longer. (*Comes down from tree.*)

LAMB. You scamp! I did not kiss Fiametta. I will whip you if you if you say I did!

BOC. I saw you. I am not blind. I tell the truth.

LAMB. Is it true?

BOC. Climb the tree. It is bewitched. Come, and see for yourself.

LAMB. I will. If the tree is bewitched, I will cut it down!

[*LAMB. climbs into the olive tree*]

FINALE II.

BOC. Auspicious hour, so sweet, is here,
In Cupid's bow'r we linger dear!

FIA. You are too bold!

BOC. I swear now love eternal, holy affection true!

FIA. Stay, stay!

BOC. I love—

FIA. Oh, stay!

BOC. I love you, dearest, only you!

FIA. No, no! I pray you, hold! (*BOC. embraces FIA.*)

(*Enter ISA., PIETRO and LOTTER.*)

LAMB. (*On the tree.*)

It is a miracle; I see

This is a real wonder tree;

If 'twere not, I'd swear he placed

His arm round Fiametta's waist.

- LOTTER. (*To ISA.*) Pour out, pour out the wine !
 For our dear guest is thirsty !
 (*To PIETRO.*) Do us the honor, please,
 To take a glass of wine !
 ISA. (*To LOTTER.* *Places bottle on table*)
 Will you go and pitch the cask !
 LOTTER (*To ISA.*) Me to quarrel do not ask.
 ISA. Surely, 'tis not water-tight !
 LOTTER. I will go and fix the cask !
 Tho' I know 'tis vain,
 I'll creep into it again. (*Crawls into Barrel.*)
 PIETRO. (*Tenderly.*) We are alone ; now, my love, my own,
 You are the queen on my heart's throne !
 ISA. (*Points to barrel.*) Beware ! Take care !
 PIETRO. Nectar your wine is truly,
 But sweeter is your smile !
 ISA. The wine—
 PIETRO. Dearest !
 ISA. Is fine ;
 PIETRO. Oh, may it not my life beguile ?
 ISA. The compliment's not mine ?
 LAMB. (*From tree.*) Another pair of lovers see !
 LOTTER. (*In barrel.*) Inside this barrel it is night !
 FIAM. In vain have I endeavored
 To keep my love from thee ;
 Old bonds now severed,
 I love thee, only thee !
 For now, at last I truly know my heart,
 And bid all doubts depart !
 It cannot be amiss
 For me to give thee one, just one kiss !
 BOC. I long have loved thee, gentle one,
 Loved with a sweet and pure devotion !
 I love thee, and only thee !
 With all the ardor of my inmost loving heart !
 It cannot be amiss—
 Give me just one kiss !
 ISA. (*Aside.*) Tho' I dearly love my husband,
 Yet I like to make him jealous ;
 Therefore, I mildly flirt : I hope it is not wrong !
 No, it is not amiss
 To give you one kiss !
 PIETRO. Can I hope that you, dear one,
 Will give me a kiss ?
 Say that you return my love !
 That would, indeed, be greatest bliss !
 It cannot be amiss,
 Give me just one kiss. (*They kiss.*)
 LAMB. (*On tree.*) It is most curious, dear me !
 The view from this enchanted tree !
 FIAM. }
 ISA. } Now, do not go away !

- LEON. It really must be—
 PERON. To be your bride were sweetest bliss!
 LEON. That she needs sympathy!
 PERON. Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!
 One kiss—just one! just one kiss!
- LEON. It is such bliss to her, I'll give her **one kiss!**
 PIETRO. 'Tis charming! and so int'resting!
 It is a page from life—
 She must become my wife!
 'Twould be such bliss—such bliss!
 Give me but one kiss!
 'Tis a devil's tree!
- LAMB. This cask is water-tight! All right!
 LOTTER. It will kill me! A devil's tree!
 LAMB. It will kill me! It will kill me!
 Such fear! Such fear! 'Tis too much!
- LOTTER. There is no light! It is all right! &c.
 LAMB. This tree makes every one appear
 To bill and coo, like turtle doves!
- FIAM. ISA. }
 BOC. PERON. } Oh, that we now must part!
 LEON. PIETRO. }
 LOTTER. I have got my head full!
- FIAM. ISA. }
 BOC. PERON. } Farewell!
 LAMB. PIETRO. }
 LOTTER. Surely, this is dreadful!
- FIAM. ISA. }
 BOC. PERON. } Yes, we now must sadly part—farewell!
 LAMB. PIETRO. }
 LAMB. } This, surely, is the devil's tree!—Yes!
 LOTTER. } 'Tis tight!
- SCALZA. (*Outside.*) Lambertuccio! Lotteringhi! (*Enter SCALZA.*)
 Here is news!
 Now, to listen, don't refuse!
 Boccaccio is now within your house!
- ISA. (*To PIETRO.*) Fly quickly!
 FIAM. (*To BOC.*) Leave this place!
 ISA. }
 FIAM. } You are in greatest danger!
- [*Exit FIAM. into LAMB.'s house.*] [*Exit ISA. into her house.*]
- BOC. }
 PIETRO. } Where shall we go?
 PERON. (*To LEON.*) Fly quickly; or else you will be lost!
- [*Exit PERON. into LAMB.'s house. PIETRO gets behind cask in cooper's yard.*]
- LEON. I must go? Pray, whither can I go?
 [BOC. & LEON. *conceal themselves behind barrels in cooper's yard.*]
- SCALZA. Lotteringhi! Lambertuccio! Where are you?
 [LAMB. *comes down from tree.*]

- LAMB. I was upon that tree.
 [LOTTER. *comes out of barrel.*]
 LOTTER. And I was in that cask.
 SCALZA. Lotteringhi! Lambertuccio! Do you hear?
 LOTTER. } O Scalza, speak again!
 LAMB } And tell us who has been slain!
 SCALZA. Come with me!
 LOTTER. } Where's Boccaccio? Can you say?
 LAMB. } Come with me!
 SCALZA. Lead us to him right away!
 LOTTER. } Come, follow me!
 LAMB. } Now, Boccaccio, we'll see!
 SCALZA. He shall perish!
 LOTTER. } He's disguised in some strange fellow's blouse!
 LAMB. } The students told me that he was now secreted in your
 SCALZA. house!
 So, lose no time! Come on!
 We've tracked the rascal to your house!
 Can it be that fine young man?
 Certainly!
 Was it that simpleton?
 You are right!
 Now, I am no longer blind!
 After all!
 Ah, the rascal fooled us well!
 Our vengeance now he'll surely find!
 The wretch has dared at us to mock!
 And now his rioting we'll quell! The wretch, &c.
 He cannot be far from sight;
 He, surely, cannot escape us now!
 Disguised in stranger's blouse,
 He now is in that house!
 [MEN CHORUS *behind scenes, R.*]
 CHO. At last, at last, now we have the scoundrel!
 LOTTER. } Tell us what is that noise?
 LAMB. } I'll tell you!
 SCALZA. 'Tis the shout of your friends, who have no fright!
 They have watched through the night.
 [MEN'S CHORUS *behind the scenes, L.*]
 Catch him! Catch him! and give him no quarter!
 LOTTER. } Ah, yes, they have him now!
 LAMB. } See! At last we have triumphed!
 LAMB. We will put him to death!
- [*Enter citizens, with UNKNOWN in their midst.*]

CITIZENS. Forward, on men! Come on, come on! Forward!

LOTTER. }
SCALZA. } Let us beat him soundly!
CITIZENS. }

LOTTER. Now that we have found the rascal! It is Boccaccio!

— [The men beat the UNKNOWN.]

UNKNOWN. Hear me!

CITIZENS. } We'll teach you not to ridicule us!
CHO. }

UNKNOWN. Take care!

CITIZENS. } We'll teach you not to fool us!
CHO. }

UNKNOWN. No! No!

CITIZENS. } Don't spare the fellow now!
CHO. }

UNKNOWN. 'Tis not for me!

CITIZENS. } Do not spare him now!
CHO. }

[Enter FIAM. ISA., BEATRICE, PERON., STUDENTS, and FULL CHO.]

LOTTER. }
SCALZA. } Take that for your vile "Spinellochia," rascal!
CITIZENS. } And that for "Zeppa," and your other trash!
CHO. }

UNKNOWN. I cannot tell why you are beating me!
Leave off your blows, I say, and let me be.

FIAM. ISA. } Ah! 'tis a stranger!
BEA. PERON. } Yes! for Boccaccio they take him!
STUDENTS. } Who is the man they have? Whom can it be?

LOTTER. } Take that! and that!
SCALZA. } That is now given you in honor of
CITIZENS. } Your "Buffolmaco," "Calandarin,"
CHO. } "Torello," "Carisendi," "Saladin!"

UNKNOWN. 'Tis not I! 'Tis not I! Beware!
Nay, do not trifle with me now! Beware!
When you know me, you will take care!

FIAM. ISA. } Who is the stranger they have got?
BEA. PERON. } Boccaccio it is not. 'Tis not I!
STUDENTS. } Alas! whom can it be?

LOTTER. } Take that! Take that! Take that!
SCALZA. } For every copy of your trash
CITIZENS. } We'll give you now at least a lash.
CHO. } We'll make you an example—

UNKNOWN. 'Tis not I! 'Tis not I!
Take that, take that, for an example!
Take you that!

UNKNOWN. 'Tis not for me!

And I do not such honor want.
WOMEN CHO. It is not he. 'Tis not Boccaccio!
'Tis not he!

(Enter LAMB. with lantern.)

LAMB. Hold now! 'Tis a blunder; him I know.

[Holds lantern to UNKNOWN'S face.]

- LAMB. Yes; this man whom you have beaten,
And would not to his words listen
For Fiametta brings me gold.
- CHORUS. You are not Boccaccio;
UNKNOWN. 'Tis not my name.
- CHORUS. You are not a poet?
UNKNOWN. Not that I know.
- CHORUS. You're not a scribbling fool?
BEA. ISA. } Oh, never mind; leave talk behind,
PERON. } And tell us what you came here for—
What do you here?
- UNKNOWN. I am the trusted bearer
Of a quite important commission.
- ALL. (*Recit.*) A commission? Tell us what it can be.
- UNKNOWN. I come to carry Fiametta off;
Make no opposition!
- FIAM. (*Recit.*) Oh, heavens! how your words have frightened me!
UNKNOWN. Soon you must be ready to go.
- FIAM. (*Recit.*) Must I go?
UNKNOWN. Say farewell to all your friends now.
- FIAM. BEA }
ISA. PERON. } Oh, no, no!
CHORUS. }
- UNKNOWN. Don't detain me, Fiametta.
FIAM. Must I go?
- BEA. ISA. }
PERON. CHO. } Let her stay!
- UNKNOWN. For we must both depart to-day.
FIAM. Let me stay!
How sad is parting! Must I leave them?
Tears now are starting! I cannot go!
Oh, must I part from friends so true? [too!
And from him to whom my heart is pledged—my lover
No; 'tis too hard, indeed, for me to bear;
If we must part, for life I do not care!
CHORUS. Oh, sad this sudden parting!
From our eyes the tears are starting;
It is not right that she must from us go now!
They'll suspect me, it is clear!
- BOC. }
LEON. } We must go way from here.
PIETRO. }
- BOC. I'm sure they're on my track—
LEON. }
PIETRO. } Yes, they must have found a trace—
BOC. }
LEON. } Though I do not courage lack—
PIETRO. }
BOC. } And have followed to this place!
LEON. }
PIETRO. } I will quickly take my leave;
BOC. }
LEON. } Clouds are gathering overhead!
PIETRO. }

- BOC.** Stay! I'll all of them deceive!
- LEON.** } It is time that we had fled!
- PIETRO.** }
- BOC.** Yes, yes; I will them deceive!
- LEON.** } And whichever way it go—
- PIETRO.** }
- BOC.** For before I go away—
- LEON.** } We'll side with Boccaccio!
- PIETRO.** }
- BOC.** I must have a word to say.
To Fiametta I must at once
A true lover's blessing give;
- LEON.** } Now we must away from here,
- PIETRO.** } Ere we're discovered, that is clear.
- BOC.** Perhaps 'twill cheer her sad heart.
- LEON.** } Now it is no longer safe—
- PIETRO.** } It is not safe!
- BOC.** One word—one word!
- FIAM.** } Oh, 'tis sad—yes, it is sad'ning! Oh, it is sad!
- ISA.** } { My } heart is breaking.
- BEA.** } { Her } heart is breaking.
- It is so sad—alas! so sad!
- Must { I } then leave all { my } dear old friends
 { she } { her }
- How can { I } bear the pain?
 { we }
- Oh, fate is so unkind!
- { What am } { I } to do?
{ What is } { she }
- Shall { I } not see again { my } lover true?
 { she } { her }
- STUDENTS.** } Must we say farewell forever?
- CHORUS.** } Oh, 'tis hard to say farewell!
Ever hard to say farewell!
Yes, to say farewell!
She must now, alas! depart!
Take courage, dear, accept your lot,
Be brave! Forget not your friends!
- LEON.** } We must very careful be!
- PIETRO.** }
- BOC.** } { I have } now a trying task.
- LEON.** } { He has }
- PIETRO.** }
- BOC.** I must wear a demon's mask!
- LEON.** } He must wear a demon's mask!
- PIETRO.** }
- BOC.** Should my new plan not succeed—
- LEON.** } Should his new plan not succeed—
- PIETRO.** }
- BOC.** I shall be exposed, indeed!
- LEON.** } He will be exposed, indeed!
- PIETRO.** }

- BOC. While I wear the devil's mask,
 I'll frighten them to death—
- LEON. } He'll frighten them to death!
PIETRO. }
BOC. But I must caution my good friends,
 That they may speak in softest breath.
- LEON. } Oh, should he be discovered,
PIETRO. } He is surely lost forever!
BOC. I must speak one word to her!
 One word to her!
- LEON. } We must make a masterstroke—
PIETRO. } A masterstroke!
BOC. Soon for a piece of strategy,
 And then a demon they shall see.
- FIAM. ISA. } Then, Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!
PERON. BEA. }
LOTTER. LAMB. }
SCALZA. CHO. }
BOC. Soon for a piece of strategy, &c.
 Have care!
- UNKNOWN. Do not give way to bitterness;
 You have in store great happiness!
- FIAM. I am plunged in deepest woe!
- UNKNOWN. Be calm!
- FIAM. 'Twill break my heart to go!
- UNKNOWN. Take heart!
- FIAM. No, no! I cannot go!
- UNKNOWN. Do not despair!
- For your future will be fair!
- FIAM. More welcome, far, were death!
- UNKNOWN. Do not despair!
- FIAM. I pray with every breath.
- UNKNOWN. We must away!
- FIAM. Oh, heaven! What shall I do?
- UNKNOWN. We must away!
- FIAM. 'Tis death to me!
- UNKNOWN. You're very fortunate!
- FIAM. 'Tis death to me! Oh!
- UNKNOWN. You ought to bless kind fate! Say good bye!
- BEA. ISA. } Be brave! Take heart!
PERON. LAMB. } It is good luck! Farewell! Farewell!
STUDENTS. } It surely is good luck!
LOTTER. } You're fortunate!
SCALZA. CHO. } What blissful fate! Fiametta!
- BOC. [*Who has gone up the stage behind the tree.*]
- BOC. Have courage now, for I am near!
- FIAM. [*With great change of manner—delighted.*]
- FIAM. Who is that?
- BOC. Let me give you a word of cheer!
- FIAM. 'Tis his voice!

- BOC.** Where'er your lot may be,
I'll ever follow thee!
- FIAM.** Oh, what magic—magic most enchanting!
- BOC.** Hear me!
- CHO.** How strange!
- FIAM.** 'Tis his voice—such blessed hope implanting!
- BOC.** Hear me!
- CHO.** How strange!
- FIAM.** 'Tis his thrilling voice;
- BOC.** Dear one, wher'er thou may'st be,
I will follow thee!
- CHO.** How strange! what change can it be?
- FIAM.** For sorrow now gives place to joy. Ah!
- FIAM. BEA. } Joy has come to take the place of sorrow;**
- ISA. PERON. } { I } no longer } { have } from pain to borrow,**
{ she } { has } { }
- No more sighing, care defying,
Hope has dawned on { me } at last!
 { her }
- Open gates! Good fortune waits!
All care is banished!
All clouds have vanished!
Now sunbeams bright
Shed golden light!
Now skies are clear!
There is joy here!
Life's bright treasure
Is Love's sweet measure!
Ecstatic measure!
Hope is here,
And the skies at last are clear! Yes!
- BOC.** Have care! Be brave! Be careful!
Have courage! I'll follow!
Be faithful! I'll love thee ever!
Dearest, keep your courage
Grieve never, hope ever! I'll be near!
From me thy love none can sever!
I'll love thee forever! I'll protect thee ever,
I'll fondly thee cherish
Till life's breath shall perish—forever! forever!
- CHO.** Good luck attend you ever;
Do not forget your old-time friends.
Do not forget us; think of us ever!
When far away, let your thoughts stray
Back to the home and the friends
Of your sweet childhood. Yes, yes!
Back to the old home of childhood—
To the home of childhood sweet we hold dear. Yes!
- FIAM. BEA. } Oh, blissful vision, and pleasure elysian—**
- PERON. ISA. } A foretaste of heaven is given us now;**
- FIAM. } A dream of Paradise below!**
- FIAM. & CHO. } A dream of Paradise below!**

BOC. [*On the wall, disguised in devil's mask.*]

BOC. Obey me well, or you to Hades go!

[*All except LEON and PIETRO fall to the ground in terror when BOC. appears on the wall.*]

LOTTER. BEA. }
LAMB. PERON. } 'Tis Satan! A demon!

SCALZA. ISA. }
BOC. Obey me, or I will take you down below!

LOTTER. }
LAMB. BEA }
SCALZA. ISA. } Have mercy! Have mercy!

PERON. CHO. }
BOC. The demon now soon will leave the house!

LOTTER. }
LAMB }
SCALZA. } Now, heaven its mercy to us show!

CHO. }
BOC. LEON |
PIETRO. | Heigh-ho!

[*During the last of the Ensemble, the unknown leads FIAMETTA to the back of the stage.*]

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Garden of the Ducal Palace at Florence. Fête given by PRINCE PIETRO in honor of FIAMETTA, his affianced.*]

[*CHORUS discovered at rise of curtain.*]

CHORUS.

How pleasing the novels of jolly Boccaccio!
Refreshing are they;
Dovoted to pleasure—to fun without measure;
We gladly would have him continue writing.
We'll read them to cheer us,
And drive away care;
They banish our sorrow,
Relieve our despair!
He is our fav'rite writer;
He is of stories rare inditer.

Exit CHORUS. Enter PIETRO, R., Enter BOC. L.)

PIETRO. Ah, my dear Boccaccio, I am glad to see you at court. I wish to present you to the Duke, and to my future bride. This is our betrothal festival.

BOC. (*Aside.*) Fiametta! (*To PIETRO.*) Prince, you honor me!

[*Enter MAJOR DOMO.*]

PIETRO. (*To MAJOR DOMO.*) How is the Princess, this morning?

MAJOR. H'm. Ha! Quite well. She is constantly at the bedside of his highness. You can imagine—

BOC. (*Aside.*) That is why I do not see her.

MAJOR. H'm. Ha! It is the wish of the Duke that the festivities shall not be interrupted by his slight illness. Here is the programme for the day. You can imagine—

PIETRO. Let us see. (*Enter LEON.*)

BOC. At last!

LEON. Dear Prince!

PIETRO. Welcome, dear Leonetto!

LEON. (*To BOC.*) What news?

BOC. (*To LEON.*) Fiametta is the daughter of the Duke. She is to become Pietro's bride. I cannot think of such a thing!

PIETRO. (*To BOC.*) Cavalier Boccaccio, if you please, you may arrange a comedy to be played previous to the supper.

MAJOR. H'm. Ha! An extempore comedy. Understand? You can imagine—

PIETRO. (*To BOC.*) There is no one so familiar with the manners and customs of Florence as yourself!

BOC. I? (*Exit MAJOR.*)

LEON. (*Aside, to BOC.*) Accept the management. It will aid your plans. Fiametta will, of course, take part!

BOC. (*Aside to LEON.*) You are right. (*To PIETRO.*) With pleasure.

PIETRO. Thanks, Giovanni. The entire management is in your hands. I must marry a lady I do not love at all, just to please my father.

BOC. The maiden is said to be a paragon of grace and beauty.

PIETRO. Well, she is not so bad, after all!

BOC. (*Aside.*) Indeed? The idiot! (*To PIETRO.*) But does the girl consent to marry you?

PIETRO. Yes; although she declared yesterday that she did not care for me. She was jesting, of course; for it would be simply impossible for any girl not to like me!

BOC. (*Aside.*) What an insufferably conceited fellow! (*To PIETRO.*) Did you ever love?

PIETRO. Yes. When I was sixteen years of age, I fell in love with a servant of my mother, and promised to marry her.

LEON. And did you not do it?

PIETRO. I did. I kept my word. I married her to another! To my coachman!

BOC. And Isabella?

PIETRO. Only a harmless little flirtation, just to kill time.

TRIO.—BOC., PIETRO & LEONETTO.

Always in twos, or in threes, or in fours,
Or in fives, yes, but never alone! &c.

[*Exit* BOC., LEON., and PIETRO, into Palace. *Enter*. PERON LAMB., and MAJOR.]

MAJOR. (*To* LAMB. and PERON.) H'm. Ha! Don't be afraid. The Duke wants to thank you for the great care you have given to the education of his daughter. You can imagine—

LAMB. This is too much honor, I never dreamed my foster daughter was a princess, when she was knitting my stockings and—

PERON. And to think I have often boxed the ears of a real Princess!

LAMB. Shall I really shake hands with the Duke himself?

MAJOR. H'm. Ha! Certainly. Why, you have already met him. He is the unknown man who has brought you the money for Fiametta's expenses. You can imagine—

LAMB. Why, the last time he came, I called him a fool and an old thief! But I was half drunk that day. Please, tell the Duke I am never completely sober. I can bring a hundred witnesses to prove it! (*To* PERON.) Well, sister, you go first and speak to him. You know you *can* talk! (*Aside*) Well, here is good fortune, indeed! If I had not met a cross-eyed man on my way here, I should not fear the future. (*Exit* PERON & MAJOR.) Let me see, I am the foster-father of the Princess Fiametta, consequently, the Duke is my somewhat hammered-out foster-brother in-law!

. COUPLET.--LAMBERTUCCIO.

I'm the father of a princess,
I'm a Duke incognito;
But of all these royal honors,
Until now I did not know!
I'm the father of a princess, &c.

I am very, very humble,
And, alas! no longer young;
Yet I can make her a present—
I'll give her my sister's tongue!
I'm the father of a Princess, &c.

When the Princess darned my stockings,
Little thought I royal blood
Was in those white, nimble fingers,
Or I'd shed of tears a flood!
I'm the father of a Princess, &c.

[*Enter* FIAM. & BOC.]

BOC. So, my poor Fiametta is to be sacrificed? Alas! Ah, here she comes! (*To* FIAM.) Princess Fiametta!

FIAM. Do you really love me as much as you profess?

BOC. With my life! But when I became so fondly attached to you I thought you were an humble citizen's daughter, not beyond the adoration of a poor poet.

FIAM. Forgive me for being a Princess!

BOC. It is, indeed, wrong of you; but there is no guilt in it.

FIAM. I am sure I can yet obtain the consent of my father to marry you, if Pietro will relinquish my hand.

BOC. Courage! Courage! Fiametta! I will undertake the task of making him yield his claim upon you. Do you remember the day our eyes first met?

FIAM. I do, indeed. We were promenading, listening to a Tuscan song.

BOC. Let us sing that song now!

DUET.—FIAMETTA & BOCCACCIO.

BOC. I pray thee, dearest, tell me the language of love!
Does it come from the angels in heaven above?

Is it heard in the fountains,
That sparkle 'mid the mountains?
Is it warbled by the birdlings, or chanted by the bees?
Oh, what is love?
Is't from above?

Canst thou tell me what it is
That fills my heart with pleasure?
Surely, you know its language well;
Tell what is its spell?

FIAM. I'll tell thee, dearest—listen: the language of love

BOC. Oh, yes!

It is the heart's own wishes, heard in tones that move

BOC. Yes! Yes!

'Tis heard in lover's sighing,
When cherished hopes are dying,
And the eyes its message carry to portals of the heart.

BOC. It speaks from the eyes!

FIAM. Oh, that is love! 'Tis from above!

Thus have I told thee what it is
That fills our hearts with pleasure
You also know its language well,
And yield unto its spell—Ah!

BOC. Such is love! Such is love!

FIAM. Such is love, my dearest! Such is love—Ah!

BOC. Such is love—purest love!

FIAM. Love that in the heart is constant—Ah!

BOC. Love that's ever constant!
Purest love! Constant love!

FIAM. Let us sing love's song together—
Firulin, firulin, firulera!

BOC. Now, let us sing together—Firulin, &c.

BOTH. We'll sing the song of love—Firulin, &c.

BOC. I pray thee, dearest, tell me if love ever dies? [sies.

FIAM. The love that springs from heaven all Time's reign de-

BOC. It then must be a treasure;
The greatest in life's measure!

FIAM. It a fortaste is to mortals of endless paradise!
Ah, yes! 'Tis love!

- Boc.** And this, then is love?
Ah, yes! this is true love!
- FIAM.** Thus will we ever love, my own,
While Love sits on its throne!
Thus will we ever love, &c.
- BOC.** Such is love! Such is love!
- FIAM.** Love like this will banish sorrow! **Ah!**
- BOC.** Love will banish sorrow;
Such is love! Such is love!
- FIAM.** It will bring a glad to-morrow. **Ah!**
- BOC.** If it lives in the heart!
Holy love! Constant love!
- FIAM.** Let us sing love's song together!
Firulin, Firulin, Firulera!
We'll sing the song of love! &c.
- BOC.** Now, let us sing together! &c. (*Exit FIAM & BOC*)

[*Enter PERON. & LAMB.*]

- LAMB.** The Duke has decorated me! Oh, what honor!
- PERON.** And the Duke called me his old girl. [*Enter SCALZA.*]
- SCALZA.** (To **LAMB.**) I want you to assist us in getting Boccaccio banished.

[*Enter ISA., BEA. & LOTTER.*]

- LAMB.** Sorry, but I can't The court now protects him, and I am loyal to the court!
- SCALZA.** Ah! I see. Well, coopers are getting aristocratic. Why doesn't the Duke honor *me*? (*Enter BOC.*)
- LAMB.** (*Aside.*) That simpleton!
- BEA.** (*Aside.*) The Student!
- ISA.** (*Aside.*) 'Tis Boccaccio!
- SCALZA.** It is Boccaccio!
- LOTTER.** What! Boccaccio!
- PERON.** Yes; it is Boccaccio!
- BOC.** Yes; I'm Boccaccio. I am pleased to meet you all!
- BEA.** You'll find us friends, cavalier.
- SCALZA.** (*Aside.*) Nothing of the kind!
- ISA.** (*Aside.*) A fine cavalier!
- LAMB.** (To **SCALZA** & **LOTTER.**) Beware! Treat him respectfully
- LOTTER.** (To **LAMB.**) He is a coward! He has attacked us!
- LAMB.** (*Aside to LOTTER.*) He has insulted us!
- LOTTER and LAMB.** He has insulted us. Let us force him to retract.
- BOC.** (To **LOTTER.** and **LAMB.**) What is the matter, gentlemen?
- LOTTER and LAMB.** We belong to the opposition.
- BOC.** Oh, indeed!
- BEA.** (*Sarcastically.*) Oh, they are all good, sober industrious men and therefore, took offence at your novels!

BOC. Ah, I see! But, novels aside. Sink the shop. I am arranging a play for performance at the festival, and I want actors.

SCALZA. Actors?

LOTTER. Marionettes?

BOC. Not dummies! You will not do!

SCALZA. (*To LOTTER.*) Is he making fun of us?

LOTTER. (*To SCALZA*) Oh, no! He means it for politeness!

LAMB. (*To LOTTER*) Not a word! Boccaccio is able to get you appointed Court cooper of Sicily.

LOTTER. Is it possible?

LAMB. (*To SCALZA.*) A word from Boccaccio will make you Court barber!

SCALZA. Indeed?

BOC. (*To LOTTER., LAMB., & SCALZA.*) Will you take part in the dramatic representation?

LOTTER. We are all ready.

BOC. Alas! *dear* friends, you have hated Boccaccio. You must not despise the man for the idea he represents.

SEPTETT.—BEA. ISA., PERON., BOC., LOTTER., LAMB., SCALZA.

BOC. You thoughtless, blind and silly men,
Your spite against me is flattering,

LOTTER. } Yes, it must be very flattering.

LAMB. }

SCALZA. What? What?

BOC. I can't explain your lack of sense;
Your brains, if those important things you have,
Are surely scatt'ring!

LOTTER. } Yes, of course, our brains are scattering!

LAMB. }

SCALZA. What? What?

BOC. I only told you what was true!
What arrant hypocrites are you!
SCALZA. We thought Boccaccio was a knave, a scoundrel—
A good-for-nothing young scamp!

BOC. You know you never tell the truth.

LAMB. He is as cunning as a fox;
As treacherous and dangerous is he!

BOC. My tales abound in sentiment!

LOTTER. Whoever tells the truth is sure to make
So very many enemies!

BOC. And though the tales sound dreadfully to you,
I do no lies invent.

BEA. } Serves you right, you foolish fellows!

ISA. }

PERON. } *Noblesse oblige!* Decorum preserve.

LAMB. }

Boc. Wit, truth and humor, these weapons long have I
wielded;
Nofriends or rivals have I from my lances shielded

BEA. }
ISA. }
PERON. }
LOTTER. }
LAMB. }
SCALZA. }
BEA. }
ISA. }
PERON. }
LOTTER. }
LAMB. }

With such weapons, conquers he
A triumphant victory!

Wit, truth, and humor, the weapons he long has
wielded,
No friends or rivals shielded! What victory!
Such is genius, such is wit;
How these men are by truth so badly hit!
But the man who can laugh doth wisdom show!
So let's laugh with Boccaccio!
Such is genius, such is wit,
How these men were by truth so badly hit!
Yet the man who can laugh doth wisdom show;
So let's laugh with Boccaccio!

SCALZA. Such is genius! Such is wit!
How we by truth were badly hit!
We did not like the truth, you know,
As told us by Boccaccio!
Although it made us ill at ease!
His truth did all the ladies please.
So now we'll laugh—ha, ha, ho, ho!
We'll laugh with you, Boccaccio!

Boc. You foolish, blind and silly men, &c.
[*Exit all but Boc.*]

Boc. (*Aside.*) Ah, you will never understand me. I do not care.
You will serve my purpose, to-day. Here comes Pietro. (*Enter*
PIETRO.)

PIETRO. My dear Boccaccio, we are all prepared for your comedy.

Boc. It is all ready. This contains full directions.

PIETRO. (*To Boc.*) Is your play funny?

Boc. I think you will find it so!

PIETRO. Ah, there comes a charming lady!

Boc. Fiametta?

PIETRO. No; Isabella. (*Enter ISA., PIETRO kisses her hand.*)
[*Enter BEA. & PERON.*]

BEA. Why, the Prince kisses Isabella's hand!

PERON. Court custom!

PIETRO. (*To LADIES.*) You are all quite welcome to the entertain-
ment. I take pleasure in surrounding myself with the most
lovely ladies.

PERON. Oh, we are charmed! [*Enter LEON. & STUDENTS.*]

TOFANO. Ah, Boccaccio!

STUDENTS. (*To Boc.*) So you are here, Boccaccio? (*To PIETRO.*)
Your Highness!

PIETRO. Welcome all!

LEON. (*To BOC.*) I have great news for you.

BOC. For me?

LEON. You have been appointed a Professor of the University of Florence for your interpretation of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. We came to bring you the news.

BOC. What honor! (*Enter ~~we~~ the principals.*)

PIETRO. You deserve it! Boccaccio, I congratulate you! You sing the praise of love in your poems most nobly. (*Enter CHORUS.*) (*To guests.*) Welcome all!

BOC. Ladies and gentlemen, I trust you will enjoy the little comedy I have prepared. There is, I hope, a moral to the play.

PIETRO. May I see the text ere you begin?

BOC. At your command noble Prince!

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) What is this? (*Reads.*) "*Narcissino, or the Flirtations of a Stranger with Columbine, a lovely Florentine.*" What does this mean, Boccaccio?

BOC. (*To PIETRO.*) Your highness, I thought that if I could but let you look within my mirror and see your follies reflected there, you would relinquish the hand of Fiametta, whom you admit you do not love, to me. I have long loved her, and she loves me. (*Aloud.*) Shall the play go on?

PIETRO. No. You have dared to show that even a prince is but human, and has his faults; but which he is fully determined hereafter to amend. Take Fiametta, and be happy! I deserve your rebuke!

BOC. But the Duke?

FIAM. I will obtain his consent!

PIETRO. And I will obey my father only when he is in the right!

BOC. This shall be my last practical joke!

FINALE.

BOC. Wit, truth and humor, these weapons long have I wielded;
No friends nor rivals from my lances have I shielded!

FIAM.	}	Wit, truth, and humor, these weapons long	} have I }		
BEA.				} has he }	
ISA.		wielded;			
PERON.		} And no friends	} have I }	} shielded.	
BOC.					} has he }
LOTTER.					
LAMB.	What victory!				
SCALZA.	} Wit and humor has he wielded;				
PIETRO.		} And no friends has shielded.			
CHORUS.					

- FIAM. }
 BEA. }
 ISA. }
 PERON. } Such is genius! Such is wit!
 The men were badly hit—
 Hit by his wit!
 Yet the man who can laugh doth wisdom show,
 So let's laugh with Boccaccio!
- BOC. Such is genius! Such is wit!
 The men were badly hit!
 With truth I hit!
 Yet the man who can laugh doth wisdom show:
 So pray laugh with Boccaccio!
- LOTTER. }
 LAMB. }
 SCALZA. }
 PIETRO. } Such is genius! Such is wit!
 All the men by truth were badly hit!
 We did not like the truth, you know,
 As told by Boccaccio!
 Although it placed us ill at ease,
 His truth did all the women please.
 So let us laugh—ha, ha! Ho, ho!
 With Boccaccio!
- CHORUS. Yes! Such is genius!
 By his wit we were hit!
 By wit we were hit!
 By his shafts of wit!
 Yet, the man who laughs doth wisdom show,
 So pray laugh with Boccaccio!
- MAGGIOR. Yes, such the author's wit!
 They were hit by it!
 They were hit by his wit!
 Yet the man who laughs, &c.
- ALL. Truth and wit now we know,
 Taught by Boccaccio!

CURTAIN.

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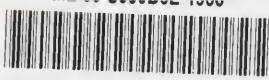
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