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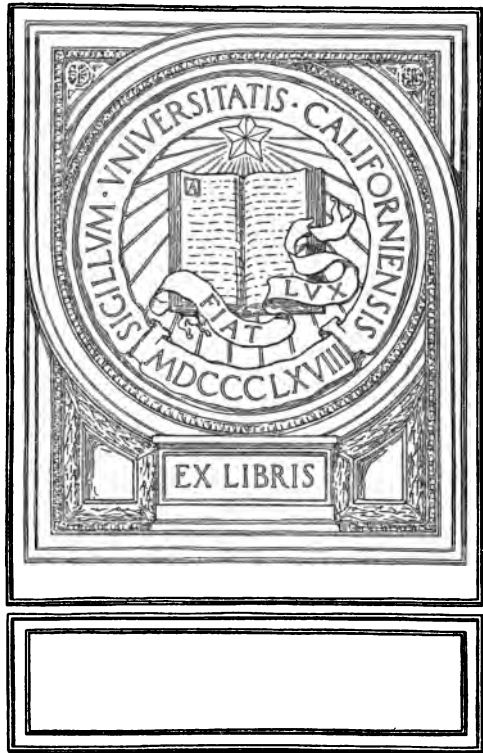
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IL PESCEBALLO

IL PESCEBALLO

OPERA
IN UN ATTO

Musica del Maestro Rossibelli-Doninozarti



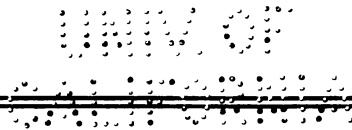
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1862

IL PESCEBALLO

OPERA IN ONE ACT

ITALIAN WORDS BY FRANCIS JAMES CHILD
ENGLISH VERSION BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



CHICAGO
THE CAXTON CLUB
1899

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TO YOU
AIRBORNE

INTRODUCTION.

Shady Hill, 29th June, 1899.

Dear Mr. Hutchinson,—

The little jeu d'esprit which the Caxton Club is proposing to reprint is a pleasant expression of the lively humor and buoyant spirit of two of the pleasantest humorists and humanists that ever lived. I doubt if they would have consented to its reproduction now, almost forty years after its original appearance. They would have been likely to regard it as too trifling a performance, and of too transient concern, to be worthy of permanent preservation. But slight as its substantial worth may be,—the mere jest of a moment, the brightness of whose sparkle vanishes with its first flash, leaving but a faint trail of radiance,—it yet possesses a charm as a little record of a memorable friendship,

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and it has an interest from the circumstances to which it owed its origin.

In the first year of our great Civil War there were a thousand demands on the public for aid of one sort and another to our great improvised army, in which each of us had a son or brother or friend. The most important of all the voluntary organizations for the aid of the army was the Sanitary Commission. Its needs were supplied by contributions, large and small, made in almost every Northern community.

It was with the design of adding something to its funds that Mr. Child proposed to get up a musical entertainment, for which tickets should be sold, and the proceeds given to the Commission. Nowhere was the zeal for such an object warmer than here in Cambridge, for nowhere had the call of the country for the services of her sons been answered with higher spirit than by the heroic boys of Harvard, who gallantly led the way to the front. Grave, often sorrowful as the times

were, the spirit of gayety was not extinct, and Child, with his ready and delightful gifts, while writing and compiling "*War Songs for Free Men*," turned easily to the composition of the burlesque operetta which should bring smiles even to the heavy-hearted.

The theme of the *Pesceballo* was suggested to him by a local ballad which had had great vogue, written not many years before by his class-mate and lifelong friend Lane, the genial and eminent professor of Latin at Harvard. I send you its genuine text. The account of its origin is given in a recent memoir of Mr. Lane by Professor Morgan. He says: "Many fables about the origin of this song have been told, and one was even printed with the song itself; but I know from Professor Lane's lips that it was based upon an adventure of his own. Arriving in Boston one day after a journey, he found himself hungry and with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. Half that sum

he had to reserve to pay his carfare* to Cambridge. With the rest he entered a restaurant, "with modest face," and ordered a half portion of macaroni. What followed is described, doubtless with humorous exaggeration, in the ballad itself. During the late Civil War it was worked over into a mock Italian operetta, *Il Pesceballo*, by Professor Child, with an English version by Professor Lowell, and was performed in Cambridge for the benefit of a fund for the soldiers."

With astonishing vivacity and skill, Mr. Child adapted the songs of the characters of his operetta buffa to famous and familiar airs. The first scene begins with a chorus sung to the air of *La dolce aurora*, from "Moses in Egypt." The song of the Stranger in Scene second is adapted to the Serenade in "The Barber of Seville"; the song of the Padrona in the fourth Scene is to the *Non più mesta* of *La Cenerentola*; the duet in Scene fifth, to *La dove prende Amor ricetta* of

* Rather, his omnibus-fare, for it was in the days before horse-cars.

the "Magic Flute"; the Cavatina in Scene sixth, to the Di pescator of "Lucrezia Borgia"; the aria of the seventh Scene, to the Madamina of "Don Giovanni"; the chorus of Scene eight, to the Guerra, Guerra, of "Norma"; the duet of Scene nine, to the O sole più ratto of "Lucia"; the Cavatina of Scene ten, to the Meco all'altar of "Norma," and the chorus of the same Scene, to the Bando, Bando, of "Lucrezia Borgia," and the trio which follows, to the Guai se tu sfuggi of the same delightful opera; the aria with which the little piece concludes is the Vieni! of "La Favorita." The cleverness with which the words are adapted to these airs is as surprising as it is amusing. The brief interludes of recitative were arranged by the author's friend, Professor Paine, whose distinguished career was then already beginning.

Having put his Italian verse into shape, Professor Child asked Mr. Lowell to revise it, and he with his quick wit at once dashed

off an English version of it in imitation of the common absurd versions of the popular operas.

The little piece was charmingly sung by amateurs of excellent voices and unusual accomplishment. The performance was repeated several times in Cambridge and in Boston. Il Pesceballo added its mite to the popular contribution for the war, and then Time cast it into the

*“Wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.”*

Believe me, dear Mr. Hutchinson, very truly yours,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

CHARLES L. HUTCHINSON, ESQRE.,
President of the Carlton Club.

THE LAY OF THE ONE FISHBALL.

1. There was a man went round the town,
To hunt a supper up and down;
There was a man, etc.
2. For he had been right far away,
And nothing had to eat all day.
3. He feels his cash to count his pence,
And all he had was just six cents.
4. "Wretch that I am, it happens meet,
Why did I leave my Kirkland Street!
5. "None but a fool a wife forsakes,
Who raspberry jam and waffles makes.
6. "If I were now safe out of town,
I'd give my bran-new dressing-gown.
7. "But yet I'll make a start and try
To see what my six cents will buy."

10 THE LAY OF THE ONE FISHBALL.

8. He finds at last a right cheap place,
And stealeth in with bashful face.
9. The bill of fare he runneth through,
To see what his six cents will do.
10. The cheapest of the viands all,
Was $12\frac{1}{2}$ for two fishball.
11. The waiter he to him doth call,
And whispers softly, "One fishball."
12. The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "ONE FISHBALL!"
13. The waiter brings one fishball on,
The guest he looks abashed down.
14. The scantness of the fare he sees:
"A piece of bread, now, if you please."
15. The waiter roars it through the hall,
"WE DON'T GIVE BREAD WITH ONE FISH-
BALL!"

16. Then whoso orders one fishball
Must get bread first or not at all.
17. And who would two with fixins eat,
Should get some friend to stand a treat.

IL PESCEBALLO.

OPERA SERIA: IN UN ATTO.

MUSICA DEL MAESTRO ROSIBELLI-DONIMOZARTI.

PERSONAGGI

LO STRANIERO (*Tenore*).

IL CAMERIERE (*Basso*).

LA PADRONA (*Soprano*).

Un Corriere, Serve della Locanda, Studenti di
Padova.

La Scena è in Padova.

[* *Il Pesceballo* (corruzione della voce inglese *Fish-ball*) è un prodotto della cucina americana, consistente in una combinazione di stoccofisso con patate, fatta nella forma di pallottole, simili alle nostre polpette, e poi frita. *Megr. Bedini*, nel suo *Viaggio negli Stati Uniti*, c' insegna che la detta pietanza si usa massimamente nella Nuova-Inghilterra, ove, secondo quel venerabile autore, viene specialmente mangiato a colazione nelle domeniche.]

SCENA I.

Strada in Padova. Corso di Studenti dell' Università, dapprima in lontananza, poi sulla scena.

Viene la sera,
Fa buona cera,
Col nuovo giorno
Torna il lavor.

Canta la notte,
Tregua a dottrina,
Fino a mattina,
E al professor !

Bere, fumare,
Rider, ballare,
Di noi studenti
Ecco l' amor !

È studiare
Filosofia,
Astronomia,
Nostro dover :

SCENE I.

Street in Padua. CHORUS of Students of the University, first in the distance, then on the stage.

Hesper doth peer now,
Make we good cheer now,
With the new daylight
Back to the oar !

We're your true nightlarks !
Truce to all learning
Till, with the morning,
Comes the old bore !

Drinking and smoking,
Laughing and joking,
These are what students
Love to the core !

We have to study
Flossofies muddy,
'Ologies, 'Onomies,
'Ics by the score !

Tutte le lingue,
Giurisprudenza,
Ogni scienza
L' uom può saper.

Bere, fumare,
Rider, ballare,
Di noi studenti
Ecco il piacer !

[Partono.]

SCENA II.

LO STRANIERO.

CAVATINA.

Ecco tra nubi e tenebre
Spenti son sole e luna ;
Spietata e ria fortuna
Non più mi tormentar !
Ah ! dolce mia visione,
Perchè mi eludi ancora !
Perisco, ohimè ! in quest' ora,
Se non trovo da mangiar !

[Si riposa sopra una rocca, stanco
e quasi disperato : dopo alcuni
momenti ricomincia.]

All the strange lingoës,
Law, too, by jingoës !
Ever new sciences
We must explore !
Drinking and smoking,
Laughing and joking,
These are the pleasures
Night hath in store.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

THE STRANGER.

CAVATINA.

Behold thro' shadows lowering
The waning moon slinks cowering !
Dread Fate, my soul o'erpowering,
No more my footsteps dog !
Ah ! sweet, ecstatic vision,
Why leave me in derision ?
I perish, dream Elysian,
Unless I find some prog !

[*He sinks upon a rock, weary, and almost desperate: after a pause, he begins again.*]

Giusto cielo ! che appare agli occhi miei !
Parmi veder un lume di lontano !
Forse io pervengo al desiato asilo :
Deh ! guidatemi voi, possenti Numi !

[*Parte.*]

SCENA III.

*Sala da pranzo in un' osteria. LA PADRONA, IL CAMERIERE,
SERVE.*

- P.* Ditemi, Pietro, tutto è bene ordinato ?
Verrà nel momento una folla di gente.
- C.* Vengano pure, che noi siam prontissimi.
Sento già gli studenti che cantono nella
piazza.
- P.* Oh si ! che seccatura ! stravaganti matti !
- C.* Ma tuttavia, Signora, son buoni avventori.
- P.* In ogni caso, bisogna sottomettersi.
Andate alla cucina colle ragazze,
Affrettate la cena !

[*Partono, fuorchè la Padrona.*]

Just Heaven, what splendor greets my aching
eyes!

Methinks I see Hope's morning star arise!

Is it some sign transparent, or the moon?

Guide me, ye powers supreme, to some *Saloon!*

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Dining-room of an Eating-House. THE LANDLADY, WAITER,
MAIDS.

L. Pietro, say, are all things ordered right?

There'll be a throng of customers to-night.

W. Bid them come on! we're ready and to
spare:

I hear the students singing in the square.

L. Yes, what a bore! sad customers are they!

W. Your pardon, Madam, good ones — when
they pay.

L. Howe'er it is, submissive must we be:

Go to the kitchen and the maids o'ersee, }
That everything be ready to a T.

[*Exit Waiter.*

SCENA IV.

LA PADRONA.

ARIA.

Come la vita è mesta
Di chi locanda tiene :
Più ch' ella è dolce e lesta,
Sempre men bella viene !
Mandami, o ciel, qualch' angelo,
La sorte mia a cangiar !

Io non voglio estate e inverno
Star quì sola ad invecchiar :
Egli è un torto, un' onta e scherno,
Il mio lungo travagliar !

Risoluta son io fra poco
Maritarmi e il mio stato cangiar.

SCENE IV.

THE LANDLADY, *sola.*

ARIA.

How full is life of sorrow
To one that keeps an hostel !
Doomed with each weary morrow
To be upon the go still !
Send me, oh Heaven, some angel
In answer to my moan !

In season and out of season,
I wither here alone,
('Tis a shame, 'tis against all reason,)
Wearing my hands to the bone !

My mind's made up ! I'll seize on
Some husband to share my moan !

SCENA V.

LA PADRONA, IL CAMERIERE.

C. (a parte). Eccola soletta! Proffittiamo del favorevole momento!

P. Cosa è, Pietro?

C. Mi date licenza di parlare?

P. Ah, no, capisco! la storia è già vecchissima:

Non ispendere le parole! La gente arriva.

C. Ma sentitemi!

DUETTO.

P. Oibò, m'è noto troppo ormai
Quel folle canto di dolor!

C. Farmi tacer tu non potrai,
Finch'io guadagni il tuo favor!

P. { Davvero, è invan l'importunar,
Non gemer più, non più sperar!

C. { Davvero, è invano il rifiutar,
Per sempre vo' perseverar!

SCENE V.

LANDLADY, WAITER.

W. (*aside*). Lo, she's alone! no better moment
seek!

L. What is it, Pietro?

W. Have I leave to speak?

<i>L.</i>	Ah no! I see, the string you're always strumming; Don't waste your breath,—there's cus- tomers a-coming!	}
<i>W.</i>	Yet hear me! I'm sincere.—D'ye call this humming?	

DUET.

L. Alas, too well to me is known
That hopeless song of love and woe.

W. You cannot hush my anguished moan,
Till you recall that fatal "*No!*"

<i>L.</i>	{ Thy importunings are in vain, Cease, cease these sighs, 'tis wasted pain!
<i>W.</i>	{ Though thou refuse me yet again, My love shall wax, but never wane!

- P. { Ti dico ancor, di buona fè,
La mano, il cuor, non son per te!
- C. { Ti giuro ancor, di buona fè,
E mano e cuor, son sol per te!

[Parte la Padrona.]

SCENA VI.

Lo STRANIERO, IL CAMERIERE. — *Innanni la locanda. Lo STRANIERO picchia alla porta. Esce IL CAMERIERE.*

- C. Straniero di dubbio aspetto, che fate a questa porta?
- Sulla vostra faccia sta scritta la fame,
Ma credo che non abbiate danaro nella tasca.
Quì non si fa credenza!
- S. Cortese Cameriere! dopo aver cacciato il giorno intero
Illusorio un fantasma, giunsi alla vostra porta.
Creso non sono, ma alle spese mie far fronte io posso.
- C. Signor, basta così! Entrate, se vi piace.
Ma prima narrate parte delle sventure vostre.
- S. Il voglio. Udite!

- L. { Again I say, it cannot be ;
 This hand, this heart, are not for thee !
- W. { Again I swear, though cold to me,
 This hand, this heart, are thine in fee !

[Exit Landlady.]

SCENE VI.

In front of the Eating-House. The STRANGER knocks. Enter WAITER.

W. Stranger of doubtful aspect, what make you at the door?

Your face with Hunger's I O U's is written o'er and o'er;

Yet much I do suspect me, you haven't nary red;

Here but our clock hath leave to tick! make tracks! vamoze! 'nough said!

S. O gentlemanly waiter, all day have I pursued

A fleeting, fond illusion of broiled and roast and stewed;

I am not Cræsus, 'tis too true, but I my scot can pay!

W. If that's the case, I ask no more; I pray you step this way,—

Yet first (for I have sorrows, too,) your woeful tale impart!

S. Waiter of generous soul, I will, although it break my heart!

CAVATINA.

D' amore e fame io vittima,
Mi coricai digiuno ;
Venne una bell' immagine,
Segando l' aer bruno ;
Sorgi, mi disse, affrettati,
Segui con piede ardito,
E 'l cuor e l' appetito
Io voglio soddisfar !

C. Eh ben !

S. Tutta la notte, impavido,
Io seguitai d' intorno
A quel fantasma erratico,
Ed il seguente giorno.
Fermossi alfin l' immagine
A questa trattoria,
E poscia andando via,
In nebbia disparì !

CAVATINA.

With love and hunger anguishing,
As I in bed was tossing,
There passed a vision languishing,
The murky midnight crossing!
“Arise!” it said, “and follow me!
Follow with dauntless courage!
And find, ere darkness swallow me,
For heart and stomach forage!”

W. And then?

S. I followed, then, unterrified,
In hope (yet hope half-scorning)
To see that promise verified,
All night and since this morning!
At last, the vision wonderful
Stopped here before your portal,
And then, like longings mortal,
In cloud-wreaths disappeared!

C. Straniero sfortunato, mi fa pietà la storia
vostra.

Entrate, se vi piace, e dimenticate il cor-
doglio nel vino!

SCENA VII.

*Dentro la trattoria. STUDENTI, seduti alla tavola. Diverse
SERVE, indi IL CAMERIERE e LO STRANIERO.*

CORO: CANZONE POPOLARE.

C. Andava un uom per la città,
Cercando un pasto quà e là.

Per ogni dove ei si girò,
Ma nulla da mangiar trovò.

In fine ei giunse a certa ca,
Ove entra con timidità —

S. Ed or, Cameriere, mostratemi la lista!

W. O stranger, too unfortunate, thy story starts
a tear,
Step in, I prithee, and forget thy sorrows in
some beer!

SCENE VII.

The Eating-House. STUDENTS seated. WAITING-MAIDS. To them enter the WAITER and STRANGER.

CHORUS: POPULAR BALLAD.

There was a man went round the town
To hunt a supper up and down.

For he had been right far away,
And nothing found to eat that day.

He finds at last a right cheap place,
And stealeth in with modest pace —

S. Now, waiter, bring to me the bill of fare.
(*aside*) Ye pangs within, what will not
hunger dare?

Am.

C. Signorino una lista? è questa
Delle cose che abbiamo per la cena:
Di vivande saponose è ripiena,
Vai scerrete da ciò, s'è sans *plaisir!*

Per minestre centocinquantini venti,
Per l'arrosto una lira e cinquanta,
E pel lessò soltanto quaranta,
Ma i pesceballi novanta per trè!
Nella lista v'è trovato
Ogni cibo delicato,—
Costolette, pollastrini,
Selvaggine, beccaccini,—
Troverete a vostro genio
Una grande varietà.
Noi ci abbiamo de' fagiani,
Quaglie, anatre, ortolani;
Per buon vin siam rinomati,
Per caffè siam celebrati;
Da per tutto siam lodati

ARIA.

W. Here is the bill of fare, sir,
Of what there is for supper,
Long as the Proverbs of Tupper,—
Command, then, *s'il vous plaît!*

Soup, with nothing, twenty coppers,
Roast spring-chicken, three-and-nime,
Ditto biled (but then they're whoppers!)
Fish-balls, luscious, two a dime,
Two a dime, sir, hot and prime, sir,
Fried codfish-balls, two a dime!
There's the bill, and cash procures ye
Any viand that allures ye;—
Cutlet, pigeon, woodcock, widgeon,
Canvas-backs, if you're a painter,
Plover, rice-birds, (they're your nice birds!)
And, to cut it short, there ain't a
Thing but you can play the lord in,
If you've got the brads accordin'.
Wines? We get 'em right from Jersey;—
Coffee? Our own beans we raise, sir;—

Sin pe' nostri gran gelati,—
Ma il migliore, ognuno sallo,
È il famoso pesceballo!
Delizioso un tal piatto
Vien soltanto da noi fatto
Come il fan gli Americani,
Il segreto è in nostre mani:—
È gustoso, saporoso,
Di gran studio è stato il frutto,
E lo chiamo, sopra tutto,
Una mia specialità,
Capo d' opra in verità.

S. Ma finite, Cameriere, mi muojo di fame
intanto:

Proverò quei pesceballi—ma un solo bas-
terà! (con vergogna.)

Ices? 'Cept we warmed 'em,—mercy,—
Freeze your tongue too stiff to praise, sir!
Best of all, though, 's the fish-ball, though,
We have made 'em all the fashion;
Come to try 'em as we fry 'em,—
Presto! liking turns to passion!
There we carry off the banner,
'Taint so easy, neither, that ain't,—
But, you see, we've got a patent,—
Do 'em in the Cape Cod manner,—
That's the way to make 'em flavorful!
Fried in butter, tongue can't utter
How they're brown, and crisp, and savor-
ous!

S. Peace, waiter, for I starve meanwhile,—but
hold:

Bring me *one* fish-ball, ONE,—(*aside*) curst
lack of gold!

SCENA VIII.

Lo STRANIERO, CORO.

S. (a parte). Ohimè! momento di orrore, crise
del mio destino!

Incoraggiato dalla visione sono entrato in
questa casa,

Non avendo che sei carantani!

Piccola somma, che paga soltanto un pesce-
ballo!

Ma sicuro, si dà, come al solito, con tutte
le pietanze,

Pane a discrezione!

Coro.

Birra, birra, olà Cameriere,

Quanto volete farci aspettar?

Da una buon ora vogliamo da bere,

Tanto ritardo chi può supportar!

Birra, birra, sia forte o leggiera,

Un po' di sveltezza bisogna mostrar!

Birra di Scozia, di Londra, Baviera,

Presto, bottiglie, non più indugiar!

SCENE VIII.

THE STRANGER, CHORUS.

S. Moment of horror! crisis of my doom!
Led by the dreadful Shape, I sought this
room
With half a dime! A slender sum, and yet
'Twill buy one fish-ball! Down, weak pride,
forget
Thy happier——but what prate I? Thought
of dread,
If, with one fish-ball, they should *not* give
bread!

CHORUS.

Beer here! beer here! hallo! waiter!
Think ye *we* came here to wait?
Jupiter surnamed the Stator,
Never had so slow a gait!
Beer here! beer here! brisk and foaming,
Lager, Burton, Dublin stout!
If you take so long in coming,
One would rather go without!

SCENA IX.

IL CAMBIERE, e DETTI.

C. Ecco, Signore, il vostro pesceballo! (*sdegnosamente.*)

S. Sì, non c'è mal, amico, ancorchè senza pane—

DUETTO, e COSO.

C. (*con furia*). Con un pesceballo, voi pan' mandate?

Voi matto siete, per certo, scusate!

Siffatta richiesta dà prova funesta

Di debole testa, d' un cieco furore!

È sintomo certo siffatta richiesta

Di mente distratta, d' un cieco furor!

SCENE IX.

Enter WAITER.

W. Here's your *one* fish-ball, sir—(*sarcastically*)
you ordered *one*?

S. Thanks,—and with bread to match, 'twere
not ill done.

DUET AND CHORUS.

W. (*with fury*). With one single fish-ball, is't
bread ye are after?

So wild a presumption provokes me to
laughter!

So mad a suggestion proves, out of all ques-
tion,

Howe'er you the test shun, you're mad as
a hornet!

I trample it, scorn it, so mad a suggestion!
It fills me with fury, it dumbs me with rage!

S. Con un pesceballo voi pan' rifiutate?
Voi matto siete, per certo, scusate!
Si parva richiesta trov' io modesta,
Ripulsa l' è questa che inspira furore!
Che voi rifiutate si parva richiesta
M' infiamma di sdegno, m' inspira furor!

Coro. Per un pesceballo che strepito fate!
Di grazia, Signori, quei gridi lasciate!
Tal rissi molesta ci guasta la festa,
Ci turba la testa, ci aizza a furore!
Distrugge il piacere tal rissa molesta,
C' infiamma di sdegno, ci aizza a furor!

S. With one dainty fish-ball do *you* bread refuse
me?

It's *you* are the madman yourself, sir, excuse
me!

My wish was immodest? Of men you're
the oddest!

In straight-waistcoat bodiced, go hide ye in
Bedlam!

Your fish-balls, *there*, peddle 'em! learn to
be modest,

And tempt not a stranger half-starving to
rage!

Chorus. O'er one paltry fish-ball d'ye make
such a rumpus?

For gracious' sake, neighbors, we'd rather you'd
thump us!

You make such a flare-up, such riot and rear-up,
Our comfort you tear up to rags and to tatters,
Come, settle your matters without such a flare-up,
Or soon you shall suffer a proof of our rage!

SCENA X.

LA PADRONA, e DETTI.

C. Ma viene la Padrona, adesso saprà tutto.

S. { Oh, cielo! il mio sogno!

P. { Oh, cielo! il mio fato!

P. Dite, Signori miei, perchè si turbolenti!

 Mi dispiace molto questa violenza.

Tutti. Signora!

P. Silenzio! e tu, straniero interessante, spiegami quel tumulto!

S. Il voglio. Ascoltami!

CAVATINA.

D' amore e fame io vittima,

 Mi coricai digiuno;

Venne una bell' immagine,

 Segando l' aer bruno;

Sorgi, mi disse, affrettati,

 Segui con piede ardito

 E 'l cuor e l' appetito

 Io voglio soddisfar!

SCENE X.

Enter LANDLADY.

W. The Mistress comes, and I will all relate.

S. { Oh, Heaven! my dream! (*aside*)

L. { Resistless stars! my Fate! (*aside*)

What means, sirs, tell me, this unseemly
riot?

These twenty years my house has still been
quiet.

All. Lady!

L. Peace! Interesting stranger, tell
The tumult's cause, and how it all befell.

S. I'll furnish voice, if thou'll find ears as well!

CAVATINA.

With love and hunger anguishing,
As I in bed was tossing,
There came a vision languishing,
The murky midnight crossing!
"Arise!" it said, "and follow me!
Press on with dauntless courage!
And find, ere darkness swallow me,
For heart and stomach forage!"

P. Eh ben!

S. Tutta la notte, impavido,
Io seguitai d' intorno
A quel fantasma erratico,
Ed il seguente giorno.
Fermossi alfin l' immagine
A questa trattoria,
E poscia andando via
In nebbia disparì!

Coro, *ed* ARIA.

Viva! all' illustre incognito
Facciam buona accoglienza!
Più non fu mai miracolo
Provato ad evidenza.
Ah, se d' un dolce affetto
Lo stral ti punge il petto,
Cedi all' attrar propizio
D' un subitaneo ardor!

L. What then!

S. I followed, then, unterrified,
In hope (yet hope half scorning)
To see the vision verified,
All night and all this morning.
At last the shape mysterious
Stopped here before your portal,
And then, like longings mortal,
It vanished in a fog!

CHORUS and ARLA.

Chorus. Hurrah for the famous incognito!
Here's marvels beyond exception!
I'd dance, though I had a mahog'ny toe,
To give him a rousing reception!
Ah, if with Cupid's arrow
You tingle to the marrow,
Yield to the sweet distraction
Of instantaneous flame!

P. Fede a fallaci oroscopi

L' anima mia non presta:
Pure il predir d' un zingaro
Fisso in pensier mi resta:—
“Verrà un signor straniero,
Velato di mistero,
A impadronirsi subito
Del regno del tuo cor!”

Uno del Coro. Signor gentile, vi domando per-
dono per la mia rozzezza!

Coro. E noi!

S. L' accordo.

Coro. Divina fu la vostra visione!

S. Il credo.

TRIO.

C. O bah le sue visioni!
Come la luce è chiaro,
Senza sborsar danaro
Questi pranzar non dè!
Tali ospiziar bricconi
Strano è il capriccio in te!

L. Much faith to joy- or sorrow-scopes
My mind has never tendered,
Yet to a gypsy's horoscopes
It instantly surrendered;—
“There comes a noble stranger
In mystery and danger,
At once to seize the sceptre
That sways thy bosom's throne!”

One of the Chorus. Pardon my rudeness, gentle
stranger, do!

All. And ours!

S. 'Tis done!

Chorus. Your vision, then?

S. Proves true!

Trio.

W. Oh bah! confound his visions!
'Twould be a tavern pretty,
If *gratis* here the city
Could all come in to dine,
Consuming our provisions,
Our fish-balls, and our wine!

P. O se sapessi a quale
Opra m' astringi atroce,
Per quanto sii feroce
Ne avresti orror con me!
Idea più immorale,
Colpa maggior non c' è!

S. Meco benigna tanto
Mai non credea costei;
Trovar pietà con lei,
Sogno pur sembra a me!
Mia esser dei soltanto,
Del tuo favor mercè!

SCENA XI.

UN CORRIERE, e DETTI.

Corr. Amici, vi è stato uno straniero di nobile
aspetto?

Cam. Sì,—in quanto allo straniero.

Corr. Di sembiante digiuno, per non dir affa-
mato?

Cam. Sì—assolutamente.

- L.* O, if thou only knewest
To what a deed atrocious
Thou urgest me, ferocious,
My horror would be thine!
Aims such as thou pursuest,
A fiend would sure resign!
- S.* That she should prove benignant,
My wildest hope surpasses;
They are but dolts and asses
That doubt my dream divine!
Ah, do not be indignant,
If now I call thee mine!

SCENE XI.

Enter a MESSENGER.

- Mess.* Friends, was a stranger here of noble
mien?
- W.* A stranger, yes.
- Mess.* Half-starved? Of garments mean?
- W.* Precisely so, and coin of small amount!

Corr. Il cerco già da un anno—è IL CONTE
DI CARRARA!

P. Possibile?

Corr. Indubitabile!

Scacciato, ancor bambino, da un patrigno
inumano,

Strascinò la gioventù in paesi esteri.

Ora è l'erede de' beni del tiranno!

P. Eccolo!

Corr. O gioja!

Corr. Il Signor è padovano? (*allo Straniero.*)

S. No, bergamasco.

Corr. È il conte!

Vi ricordate d'una infanzia felice passata
nella magion degli avi vostri?

S. Non io!

Corr. È il conte!!

Avete intorno al collo un giojello coll'arme
di Carrara?

S. Niente!

Mess. 'Tis he I've sought for years, CARRARA'S
COUNT!

L. Art speaking sooth?

Mess. Of course; why this amaze?
A harsh stepfather turned him out to graze.
An exile long,—mark now the hand of Fate!
The old man's dead, and *bis'n* the estate!
(*points to stranger.*)

L. O, joy supreme!

Chorus. I always told you so!

Mess. Are you a Paduan? (*To stranger.*)

S. No, of Bergamo!

Mess. Then 'tis the Count!—Your memory
recalls
Blithe days of childhood passed in marble
halls?

S. Hanged if it does!

Mess. 'Tis *He!!*—One further test:
Wear you a locket with the fam'ly crest?

S. Not I!

Corr. È IL CONTE!!!

Vi è l'impronta d'una fragola sull'omero
manco?

S. Nessuna!

Corr. È IL CONTE, è IL CONTE, certo!!!!
Salutatelo!

Corr. Divina fu quella visione!

ARIA.

P. Sì, divina, chi può dubitare,
Fu la tua soave visione!
Sembra voglian omai secondare
Tutti i Numi il mio caro desir!
Deh vieni, adesso invitoti,
Per amore, e senza pagare,
Quella lista intera a mangiare,
E colla cantina finir!

S. Sì, divina, chi può dubitare,
Fu la mia soave visione!
Sembra voglian omai secondare
Tutti i Numi il mio caro desir!

Mess. 'TIS HE!!!— Yet, might I be so bold,—
Shows your left arm a roseate button-mould?

S. Not in the least!

Mess. 'TIS HE!!!! Conviction strong!
Salute him all!

Chorus. I thought so all along.

ARIA.

L. Yes, divine (ah, who can doubt it?)

Was thy sweet ecstatic vision!

Thrice divine, for how, without it,

Had I known thy heart so true?

Pietro slight thee? I invite thee;

Order what you like,—I grant it;

Eat up all, and, if you want it,

Empty all the cellar too!

S. Yes, divine (ah, who can doubt it?)

Was my vision so Elysian!

Thrice divine,—who dares to flout it,

Now that I can call thee mine?

Sì, io vado, adesso invitami,
Per amore e senza pagare,
Quella lista intera a mangiare,
E colla cantina finir!

Cam. Inganno, chi può dubitare,
È la sua soave visione
Io non voglio giammai secondare
Di quei sciocchi lo sconcio desir!
Ah vattene! adesso invitati,
Per amore e senza pagare,
La mia lista intera a mangiare,
E colla cantina finir!

P. Mangiam, mangiam, insieme!

Tutti. Ah sì!

FINE DEL PESCEBALLO.

Nought now frights me, *She* invites me,
All the bill of fare's mine *gratis*,
And if that should not be *satis*,
There's the cellar full of wine!

W. No, a humbug (who can doubt it?)
Was his lying, plund'ring vision!
Take no pay? Give meals without it?
Scorn, my soul, the base ideal!
Stuff ye, dead-heads, black-, gray-, red-
heads,
Eat whate'er you lay your eyes on!
Gratis eat, and find it pison,
Ending with unlooked-for *bier*!

L. Sit down together, then, and eat away!

All. 'Tis sweet to eat and drink when others
pay!

END.

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