

Che me fa sto bucoleto ...
Che per far i convenevoli
El sà tuto desmolà!

(*a Felice e Riccardo*)

Con permesso, serva sua.

(*Marina va verso la porta guardando ironicamente Simon, e sulla porta dice:*)

Bruto muso! (*Marina esce.*)

SIMON

(*a Cancian, indicando Riccardo*)

Chi è sto sior?

RICCARDO

Se il nome mio chiedete
Da me stesso il saprete.
Sono il conte Riccardo Arcolai
E chi mi tocca, guai!
Di Cancian fido amico e pertanto
Di Madonna leal servitore.
E per mio vanto

Consacrare ad entrambi m'aggrada
Il mio labbro, gli averi, la spada.
Sono il conte Riccardo Arcolai.

SIMON (*a Cancian*)

(*mettendosi il cappello con disprezzo*)
E vu fe praticar vostra muger
De sta sorte de cai?

CANCIAN

Cossò da far?

SIMON

Pùfete. (*girando lontano da Riccardo e Felice esce dalla porta vicina*)

FELICE (*a Riccardo*)

Ah! Ghe par? Vedela cavalier la differenza
Co mio mario? Me despiase in coscenza

Che ancuo da nu a disnar

Nol potemo menar.
Se vedaremo a l'opara stassera ...
E adesso ghe diro de un afareto ...

CANCIAN

Oè, qualcosa de niovo?

FELICE

Benedeto.

El sol ga zirà, sento fredeto.

(*a Cancian*)

Via da bravo, tireme su el zendà!

(*Cancian la serve, poi fa per darle il braccio, ella invece gli consegna lo scialletto e se ne va a braccetto del Conte.*)

Ah! Che delizia sentir sto caldetto!

(*parte con Riccardo*)

CANCIAN (*con lo scialle in mano*)

Ba! Metemose in moto.

(*arrivato di dove usci Simon, pensando all'ultima sua parola*)

Pùfete!

(*arriccia il naso, poi osserva lo scialle della moglie, lo bacia e se ne va, passando sotto la biancheria appesa.*)

Fichete soto!

ATTO SECONDO

UNA CAMERA GRANDE IN CASA DI LUNARDO

Contro una delle pareti è una tavola sopra la quale è una bambola vestita da Madonna. Lucieta entra pian piano, si guarda intorno e si stroficia le mani.

LUCIETA

I me vol zirar
Ma mi li go magnai.

Sti siori indafarai

Oh this naughty little ringlet!
What with chattering and giggling,
All my hair is coming down.

(*to Felice and Riccardo*)

You'll allow me—I must leave you.

(*She goes toward the door looking at Simon the whole time and says to him:*)

Horrid creature! (*She rushes out.*)

SIMON

(*to Cancian, pointing to Riccardo*)

Who is that?

RICCARDO

If you would know who I am,
I myself, sir, will tell you.
I'm the Conte Riccard' Arcolai;
Of noble race am I.
Cavalier servente, as it's call'd,
To my lady the Siora Felice.
To serve her beauty with deed and with word

Is my most peculiar duty;
So beware of my sword!
I'm the Conte Riccard' Arcolai!

SIMON (*to Cancian*)

(*putting on his hat contemptuously*)

Now is not that a most dangerous man
For your wife to be seen with?

CANCIAN

Well, what can I do?

SIMON

What a fool! (*Carefully avoiding Felice and Riccardo, he goes out by the nearer door.*)

FELICE (*to Riccardo*)

There, what do you think? Now, my lord,
You can see how very different my husband
is.
I am so disappointed that I cannot invite
you
To dine with us to-night.
I hope that I shall see you at the Opera.
And now I must tell you a little secret—

CANCIAN

Oh, and pray, what may that be?

FELICE (*amiably*)

Poor old fellow!
The sun has gone round and I'm feeling
chilly.

(*to Cancian*)

Won't you help me to get my hood put up?

(*Felice moves towards the door, Cancian following; she gives him her muff to carry and takes the arm of Riccardo.*)

In the house we shall feel a bit warmer.

(*She leaves with Riccardo.*)

CANCIAN (*holding the muff*)

It's time we were moving.

(*He goes towards the door and stops for a moment thinking of Simon's last words.*)

Silly fool!

(*He sighs, smiles and kisses the muff. As he moves slowly towards the door and passes under the washing:*)

Time we were moving, time we were
moving.

ACT TWO

A LARGE ROOM IN LUNARDO'S HOUSE.

Against one side wall is a table, on which is a glass case containing a doll dressed as a Madonna. Lucieta enters on tip-toe, looks around and rubs her hands.

LUCIETA

There's a plot on hand,
I'm not suppos'd to know it;
But these old folks have lately plann'd

Novizza i me vol far.
 No se pol durar
 Serae sempre qua drento.
 Xe tanto xa che sento
 Che son da maridar.
 (prendendo la bambola e ornandone le
 vesti)
Santa Maria, ora pro nobis.
 Portarò l'andriè
 Co fa sta Madoneta.
 Lu tuto in eticheta
 In fusto co se diè.
 E dirò: vardè, vardè,
 Nol xe perfeto?
 Ve piasel sto ambeto?
 De megio no ghe n'è.
Santa Maria, ora pro nobis.
 (va a collocare la Madonnina sotto una
 campana di vetro e le fa un incibino)
 Ve piasel sto amb...
 (s'interrompe ed origlia alla porta. Va a
 spiare al buco della serratura e sorride.)

Varda, varda siora mare,
 In che squinzi che la se fa.
 Ela si e mi no.
 E sì la m'à promesso
 Cascate e perle e no la me le dà.
 Se sa, la dise
 Che xe sior pare che no vol la dise,
 Che son puta la dise,
 Che' el cria la dise,
 Ma mi, mi digo...
 Che la se ela, che non vol, mi digo
 Parchè son zovene

Parchè son bela
 Megio de ela.
 Oh! L'è cussi.
 (si avanza guardigna)

L'ò vista mi
 Dal buso de la ciave stamatina
 Co un peneleto,
 Drento un vaseto,
 Po pian pianeto
 Prima tociar
 E qua e là
 I lavri, i oci
 E le ganasse acarezzar.
 Cossa fazzevela?
 Ma? Chi lo sa?

(toglie di tasca un pezzo di taffetà)
 E dè sta roba l'à s'à tacà,
 Proprio cussi... Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 Pss... la xe quâ.
 (Margarita entra. È vestita in un bellissimo abito ed ha una scatola in mano.)
 Ma brava siora mare,
 Me che pulito che la s'à vestio,
 Ma brava ma co bela
 Ma siora mare mia
 La par proprio una stela!
 Me dala le cascate?

(Margarita le dà una cascata.)
 Ah grazie, benedeta,
 Che ghe voi tanto ben.
 E po?

(Margarita le dà un'altra cascata.)

MARGARITA

Qua st'altra.

LUCIETA

Oh grazie,
 Ah! Che godi.
 Ah, cara siora mare,
 Ah, se ghe digo
 La par una regina!
 (fra sè) La ga trovà le perle.

MARGARITA

Cossa voleu, putela?
 Co sta zente che vien,
 Voleu stasera
 Che para, figurarse,
 La massera?

LUCIETA

Beati chi pol godarse,
 Chi à tempo da scherzar
 Chi ga quel che desidera,

To get me made a wife.
 And indeed 'tis time,
 Though I must never show it,
 For after all these years at home
 I should like another sort of life.
 (She takes the Madonna out of the case
 and begins to dust and tidy it.)

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.
 I shall wear a veil,
 The same as this Madonna,
 And he'll be drest in his Sunday best
 To go to church with me.
 All the world will say,
 "Your husband does you honour!"
 And he will whisper in my ear,
 "You won't find a better man than me!"
Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

(She puts the Madonna back in the case
 and makes a curtsey before it.)

Yes, he will whisper in my ear. "You—"

(She stops suddenly and listens at the door
 of an adjoining room; then she looks
 through the keyhole.)

Oh, look there now! I can see her
 Dressing up in her very best clothes!
 She has clothes, and I've none.
 She always said she'd give me
 Some pearls and ruffles—
 I haven't had a thing, no, not a single thing!
 Of course, what *she* says
 Is that my father wouldn't like it,
 So *she* says—that I'm too young,
 So *she* says—and he swore, so she says.
 Maybe; but *I* say
 That it was she who wouldn't like it, so
 I say—
 Because *I am* young, and rather pretty too,
 More so than she is.
 Oh, that is true. Yes, that is true.
 (steps forward cautiously)

And more than that—
 I saw her through the keyhole
 This very morning;
 She took a paint-brush,
 Dipp'd it in something out of a jar,
 Then very gently, here and there,
 On both lips and eyelids
 And on her cheeks too
 She laid it on.
 What did she do that for?
 Well, how should I know?

(takes a piece of rag out of her pocket)
 And then she dabb'd herself up and down,
 Just like that. Ha! Ha! Ha!
 Hush, here she comes.
 (Enter Margarita. She is in her very best
 gown and has a box in her hands.)
 Oh madam! What a noble sight
 You are with jewels all bedight!
 No goddess ever fairer!
 All ablaze in your glory like a star!
 What delight could be rarer?
 And shall I have the ruffles?

(Margarita gives her a lace cuff.)
 I thank you, dearest madam,
 Oh, I love you, I do—
 Is that all?
 (Margarita gives her a second cuff.)

MARGARITA

Here's the other.

LUCIETA

Oh, thank you, they are lovely.
 Oh, how can I show you
 The love that I owe you?
 And oh, I assure you,
 You look the queen of all the world!
 (aside) I wonder where the pearls are.

MARGARITA

Guests have been ask'd to dinner.
 Would you like them to think,
 When I receive them,
 That I-fancy that now—
 Was the kitchenmaid?

LUCIETA

Oh, why can some folks have their fling,
 Be always merry and gay?
 They take their pleasure, dance and sing,

È tutta rose e boccoli la vita.

Ah mi povera diavola
I m'a desmentegà;
Perfin in cielo i anzoli
I me ga abandonà.
Se ela co quel'abito
No à da parer pulito
E mi mo poverazza
No la vede co strazza?

MARGARITA

Strazza? Co le cascate
Nove fiammanti che ve go dà?

LUCIETA

Se la xe roba de mia bisnona?
La varda quà co fiape, fiape . . .

MARGARITA

O la frascona! Anca rugnar?
Gnanca le perle no ve voi dar.
(*sta per andar via. Lucieta si mette a piangere. Margarita si ferma.*)

Cossa gh'è?
Coss'elo sto fifar?

LUCIETA (*piangendo*)

La m'a impromeso,
Che la me dava una colana
E invece adesso
Gnanca più gnente la me vol dar . . .

MARGARITA

Se me sechè!

LUCIETA (*subito felice*)

Me la darala?

MARGARITA

Ciapè ciapè!
(*aiuta Lucieta a mettersi la collana*)

LUCIETA

Siora, la varda na perla rota.

MARGARITA

Eh ben, slarghè.

LUCIETA

De perle rote
Quante ghe n'è!

MARGARITA

Ah?

LUCIETA

Quanti ani gala sta colana?

MARGARITA

Voleu ziogar che ve la porto via?

LUCIETA

Eh, ma de dia sempre la crial!

MARGARITA

Vu tarochè!

LUCIETA

Staghio ben?

MARGARITA

Benon.

LUCIETA

E al viso me donela?

MARGARITA

Divinamente.

LUCIETA

No credo gnente, me voi vardar.

(*estrae di tasca uno specchio e si guarda*)

MARGARITA

Anca el specieto?

LUCIETA

O l'è un strazzetto . . .

(*sentendo venire Lunardo*)

You'd think that they had everything they wanted.

But I, poor soul, by all forgot
Bewail in vain my hapless lot,
While others have what I have not,
And none will say them nay.
So you'll receive the company
With jewels all resplendent,
While I go all in tatters
Like a humble dependant!

MARGARITA

Tatters? After I've given you
A new pair of lace cuffs all for your own?

LUCIETA

Ha! They're more like a pair of old
dishcloths.
Just look at them, all torn and dirty!

MARGARITA

Madam, how dare you? This is too much.
You needn't think I shall give you pearls.
(*She starts to go. Lucieta bursts into tears.*
Margarita stops.)

Silly child!
What's all this blubbering for?

LUCIETA (*still crying*)

You said, you promis'd,
That you would give me a pearl necklace,
And now you tell me
That you'll give me nothing at all.

MARGARITA

If you are naughty.

LUCIETA (*suddenly happy*)
Then I may have them?

MARGARITA

Look here!
(*helps Lucieta to put on the necklace.*)

LUCIETA

Madam, pray look you, this pearl is broken.

MARGARITA

Fancy that now! 'Twon't show.

LUCIETA

That's not the only one.
Here are some more.

MARGARITA

What?

LUCIETA

And pray, how long had you this necklace?

MARGARITA

I'll take it back if you're so ungrateful.

LUCIETA

That's how you use me! Always abuse me!

MARGARITA

You saucy wench!

LUCIETA

How is that?

MARGARITA

'Tis well.

LUCIETA

Then you don't think I look so bad?

MARGARITA

You look divine, dear!

LUCIETA

I can't believe you—I'll look for myself.

(*She takes a fragment of looking-glass out of her pocket.*)

MARGARITA

What, you've a looking-glass?

LUCIETA

Oh, just a splinter.

(*bears Lunardo coming*)

Oi miei! Sior pare...
No m'ò podesto gnanca vardar.
(nasconde lo specchio. Entra Lunardo.
Margarita e Lucieta stanno molto contegnose.)

LUNARDO (a Margarita)

Coss'è? Coss'è, parona,
Che parè una bissona?
Andeu al festin?

MARGARITA

Tiolè: perchè in cao l'ano
Me vesto un fià de sesto
Subito, figurarse,
El ga da brontolar.

LUNARDO (a Lucieta)

Coss'è? Coss'è quei cossi?
Quei diavolezzi che ti ga al colo?

LUCIETA

Oh, n'anticagia...

LUNARDO

Cascate patrona? Cascate?
Chi v'ā dà questi sporchezzi?

LUCIETA

Me l'à dai siora mare...

LUNARDO

Cavite subito quele sempiae.

LUCIETA

Co nol vol altro...

(comincia a levarsi la roba)

MARGARITA

Oè santa pepa!

LUCIETA

Mi?

LUNARDO

Vu tassè.

MARGARITA

E mi...

LUNARDO (a Margarita)

E vu...
E vu... spoglieve
Che farè megio! Piavola de Franz!

MARGARITA

Diseu dasseno?

LUNARDO

Digo dasseno.

MARGARITA

Prima, vedè sto abito,
A tochi lo farò.

LUNARDO

Benon scomenziè subito
Che mi vi agiutarò.

LUCIETA

Sior pare, vien zente!

LUNARDO

Aseni! I verze senza dir niente.

(Entrano Marina e Simon.)

MARINA

Patrona, siora Malgari!

MARGARITA

Patrona, siora Marina amabile!

LUCIETA

Patrona!

MARINA

Patrona fia, patrona!

(Marina bacia Margarita e Lucieta.)

MARGARITA

Sior Simon, patron.

Oh dear! My father!
And I've had no time for a look!
(bides the mirror. Enter Lunardo. Lucieta
and Margarita both stand very demurely.)

LUNARDO (to Margarita)

Good God! Good God!
My lady looks just like a flagship.
Are you going to a ball? What?

MARGARITA

See there, if once in a season
I put a decent gown on,
Suddenly—fancy that now!
Your temper you must lose.

LUNARDO (to Lucieta)

Good God! What have you got?
What are you wearing about your neck,
miss?

LUCIETA

Oh, just an old thing.

LUNARDO

Lace cuffs, too, like a lady!
Where did you get these baubles?

LUCIETA

It was madam who gave me them.

LUNARDO

Take off that trumpety, throw it away.

LUCIETA

As you command, sir.
(begins to take off the things)

MARGARITA

Poor little innocent!

LUCIETA

I?

LUNARDO

Hold your tongue.

MARGARITA

And I?

LUNARDO (to Margarita)

And you, and you,
Take all your clothes off at once, ma'am,
Off with them at once ma'am.

MARGARITA

Do you really mean that?

LUNARDO

Yes, ma'am, I do.

MARGARITA

I've half a mind to tear this dress
In a hundred pieces before your eyes.

LUNARDO

Then lose no time, I'll help you, yes,
I'm glad to see that you've grown wise.

LUCIETA

Oh, father, people are coming.

LUNARDO

Why was there nobody there to announce
them?

(Enter Marina and Simon.)

MARINA

Good day, Sior Malgari.

MARGARITA

Good day, Siora Marina.

LUCIETA

Your servant, your servant.

MARINA

Lucieta, child, how are you?

(She kisses Margarita and Lucieta.)

MARGARITA

Sior Simon, good day.

SIMON (*brusco*)

Patrona.

MARINA

Sior Lunardo . . . (*Lunardo non da retta.*)
Gnanca? Pazienza.

LUNARDO

La reverisso. (*a Lucieta*) Caveve!

LUCIETA (*fra sè*)

Mi no eh!

SIMON

Sior Lunardo, semo quâ
A ricever le so grazie.

LUNARDO (*fra sè*)

Figurarse sior Simon

Nel so cuor cossa 'l dirà
A veder sta mia muger cussi cargada.

MARINA (*a Simon*)

Varè che sesti nol ve gnanca bada.

SIMON (*a Marina*)

Tasè! Vu no ghe intrè.

MARINA

Cara quela maniera!

MARGARITA

Siora Marina vorla cavarse?

MARINA

Magari, volentiera.

LUNARDO (*non potendosi contenere*)

E spogeve anca vu!

MARGARITA (*sorpresa*)

E figurarse
No me magnè!

(*a Marina, ridendo*)

Ah! Cossa disela?
No xelo belo,
Nol xe una zogia
Quel mio mario?

(*guardando Lunardo*)

Che zucaro, che zucaro!
Che vero marzapan!

MARINA

Cossa volèu? Godevelo,

Che 'l mio xe assai più can.

LUNARDO (*fra sè*)

Oè, oè, corpo del diavolo,
Che le se toga bagolo
Credendome Cancian?

SIMON (*a Marina*)

E vu siora che a casa
Par quel maledeto abito, do ore
M'avè fato inrabiari.
Andè de longo, andè a tor el cotuss.

MARINA

Aseo sior lustro mo marameo.

MARGARITA

Andemo, andemo, siora Marina,
Gnanca se füssimo vestie de ganzo!

MARINA

I xe cussì.

MARGARITA

Se po i vedesse siora Felice
In tabarin.

MARINA

E che pulito! Altro che nu.

MARINA e MARGARITA

Oè sentiu vu?
Siora Felice xe in tabarin.
E arzento a sguazzo!
Sentiu che ciasso?
Siora Felice à l'abito d'arzento.

SIMON (*rudeley*)

Your servant.

MARINA

Sior Lunardo. (*He takes no notice.*)
Well, sir? Oh, well then.

LUNARDO

Your humble servant. (*to Lucieta*) Take it off.

LUCIETA (*aside*)

I won't, sir.

SIMON

Sior Lunardo, we are here
And await your condescension.

LUNARDO (*to himself*)

Yes, I wonder what Simon will be saying
to himself
When he sees my wife with all these yards
Of stuff tied round about her.

MARINA (*to Simon*)

How politely he receives you!

SIMON (*to Marina*)

Be quiet; it's no affair of yours.

MARINA

One's as bad as the other.

MARGARITA

Siora Marina, will you not take off your things?

MARINA

With pleasure, much oblig'd, ma'am.

LUNARDO (*unable to contain himself*)
You go and take off yours.

MARGARITA (*startled*)

Oh, fancy that now!

Why such a rage?

(*to Marina, laughing*)

What do you say to him?

Ain't he a beauty?

Ain't he a jewel,

This husband of mine?

(*looking at Lunardo*)

My sugarplum,

My lollipop!

MARINA

What would you have? He's no worse than some.

If you knew mine, 'twould strike you dumb.

LUNARDO (*aside*)

Ho! Ho! They're making fun of me,
They think they can laugh at me
As if I was Cancian.

SIMON (*to Marina*)

And you, madam,
Who kept me waiting a couple of hours
While you put on that accursed gown,
Send someone home for your old plain dress.

MARINA

I think you're a foolish old man.

MARGARITA

Oh, leave him alone, dear Siora Marina,
Why, you would think we were dress'd in brocade!

MARINA

He's always like that.

MARGARITA

What will he say to Siora Felice
Dress'd up to kill?

MARINA

She always has the latest thing.

MARINA and MARGARITA

Sir, have you heard?
Siora Felice's dress'd up to kill.
And silver embroidery!
Did you know that, sir?
Her gown is all embroider'd in silver.

LUNARDO

Spogieve cospettasso!

SIMON

Spogieve cospettasso!

MARGARITA, LUCIETA e MARINA
Mo marameo! Marameo! Marameo!

SIMON e LUNARDO

Arpie, basileschi, serpenti a sonaglio
Che fè magnar l'agio a chi ve mantien:
Sè nostre disgrazie, sè nostro contagio,
Se crepa, se sciopa trattandove ben.
Schizzarve bisogna, pestarve in morter,
Sè diavoli in carne, no sè, no, muger.

MARGARITA, LUCIETA e MARINA
Andemo, fie andemo, lassemo che i canta
Sti poveri mati se sfoga una scianta.
I xe come i bovoli che frizze e s'imbavola
E se no i se purga no i xe da magnar.
Spetemo, spetemo che po i magnaremo,
Più dolci, più teneri dopo i sarà.

(*Le donne ridono, gli uomini cacciano fuori le donne che escono ridendo.*)

SIMON

Marideve, che avarè de sti gusti.

LUNARDO

Al dì d'ancuo no se se pol più maridar.

SIMON

No i xe più tempi!

LUNARDO

No i xe più tempi!

SIMON e LUNARDO

Tuto xe andà. Ma!

SIMON

Ah, dove xele le done d'una volta?

LUNARDO

Dove xele?
La dona de un tempo la gera un zogelo,
Un'anzolo in carne svolà zo dal cielo:
Tranquila, obediente, la gera un piaser;
Modesta putela e bona muger.

Ma tanta dolcezza, ma tanta bontà

Gà ormai perso el stampo; ah tuto xe
andà!

SIMON

Oh, casa beata dei noni e bisnoni,
Là sì proprio lori i gera i paroni;
Del'omo un'ociada, un moto bastava
E tuti obediva e più no se arfjava.

SIMON e LUNARDO

O care memorie del tempo passà
Più altro no resta, ah tuto xe andà.
Ancuo invece pute e done
Capriziose sfazzandone
No sa far che stomaghezzi
Che smorfiezz e smorsezz.

(imitando le donne)

"Complimenti! Come stalo?
Se divertelo al festin?
Oh, me piase tanto el balo...
El teatro, el faraoncin.
"Mi lo impegnal al minueto...
Staghio ben vestia cussi?
Ah la man el me ga stretto
El sospira, ahimè, anca mi.
"Che delizia, che contento,

LUNARDO

Away! And take your clothes off.

SIMON

Yes, go and take your clothes off.

MARGARITA, LUCIETA and MARINA
You silly man!

SIMON and LUNARDO

Your only delight is to poison the lives
Of the men who maintain you in comfort
and ease.
Through you every sort of disaster arrives,
And man has no peace if his wife he would
please.
Through you every sort of disaster arrives,
And man has no peace if his wife he would
please.

MARGARITA, LUCIETA and MARINA
We'll leave them alone to their grumbling
and railing,
For all of us know 'tis a masculine failing.
They're just like new wine, all foaming
and bubbling;
'Tis not fit for tasting till clear of the
troubling.
They're just like new wine, all foaming
and bubbling;
'Tis not fit for tasting till clear of the
troubling.

(*The men chase the women, singing and dancing, out of the room.*)

SIMON

Well, there now, that's what marriage has
come to.

LUNARDO

Yes, nowadays marriage is perfectly
impossible.

SIMON

Those times are over.

LUNARDO

They are indeed, sir.

SIMON and LUNARDO

All past and gone. Gone!

SIMON

What has become of the old sort of women?

LUNARDO

Where are they now?
The woman of old was of different breed,
An angel of goodness, an angel indeed.
Obedient and quiet, no seeker of strife,
Each maiden was modest, and good every
wife.
But what has become of them, gentle and
kind?
The mould has been broken and none you
can find.

SIMON

How happy the homes of the old
generation!
Where everyone kept to his own proper
station;
One look was enough, or a sign of the
hand;
None ever disputed a father's command.

SIMON and LUNARDO

Oh happy remembrance! Oh blest days of
yore!
The ways of the past we can never restore.
Now, instead of peace and quiet,
Marriage means eternal riot,
Airs and graces, assignations,
Disobedience past all patience.

(mimicking the women)

"Your obedient!—How are you, ma'am?
Where have you been all the day?
Shall I see you at the theatre?
Oh, I never miss a play.
"You may take me down to supper.
Do you like my last new gown?
Sir, you must not be so ardent;
'Tis the talk of all the town.
"I'm in heaven, I adore you!"

Oh che sgrizzoli che sento . . .
Nol me staga più a tocar!
Non mi fate indelirar."

(con voce naturale, scattando)

Marcia!
Done senza giudizio, vergogneve!
(fanno per andarsene, poi sul limitare
s'arrestano)

LUNARDO

E pur, se go da dir la verità
Le done . . . un tempo . . . no le m'à despiasso.

SIMON

Gnanca a mi veramente . . .

LUNARDO

Ma in casa!

SIMON

E soli!

LUNARDO

E le porte serae!

SIMON

E i balconi inciodai.

LUNARDO e SIMON

E chi xe omeni cussì à da far
E chi xe pàmpani vegna a imparar.

(Entra Felice seguita da Cancian.)

FELICE

Oh écome quà lustrissimi.

LUNARDO e SIMON

Sioria!

(Lunardo e Simon escono portando Cancian
con loro.)

FELICE (lasciata sola)

Che maniera!
E dir che i m'ha invida.
(alle seggiola) Xe permesso? Xe lecito?

(chiamando) Oè, sior Cancian?
(ridendo) L'è andà anca lu povareto.

Gh'è nissun? De casa?
Seu morti tuti? Oè?

(Margarita entra.)

Oh cara siora Malgari.

MARGARITA

Ah! La me lassa star . . .

FELICE

Oh Dio cossè? Disgrazie?

MARGARITA

La ghe l'hà dito?

FELICE

Cossa?

MARGARITA

La ghe la contà tuto!

FELICE

Ma chi?

MARGARITA

Ela.

FELICE

Marina?

MARGARITA (quasi in lagrime)

Sassina, sì, del puto
Tuto la ga contà.

FELICE

Eh cossa mai sarà?
Saverlo no dovevela?
Cussì tuto la sa.

(Entra Lucieta correndo, eccitata.)

Pray be careful, I implore you!
If you touch me I shall fly.
Oh release me, or I die!"

(in a natural voice)

Brazen hussies, impudent baggages,
Shame upon you, shame upon you!

(They start to go out but stop by the door.)

LUNARDO

Yet still, if I must tell the real truth,
There was a time when women did not
displease me.

SIMON

Nor did they me. I'll admit it.

LUNARDO

But only at home.

SIMON

On the quiet.

LUNARDO

And behind lock'd doors.

SIMON

And the blinds pull'd down.

LUNARDO and SIMON

That is the duty of every man;
All of us do it as soon as we can.

(Enter Felice, followed by Cancian.)

FELICE

I am your most obedient.

LUNARDO and SIMON

Your servant.

(Exeunt Lunardo and Simon, taking Cancian
with them.)

FELICE (left alone)

What good manners!
I thought that was my host.
(to the chairs) Pray allow me! May I come
in?

(calling) Oh, Sior Cancian!
(laughing) I can't think where he has
gone to.

No one here? Hallo there!

Are you all dead? Ho!

(Enter Margarita, much upset.)

Oh, dear Siora Malgari.

MARGARITA

I pray you let me be.

FELICE

O la! How now? What's happened?

MARGARITA

She told her everything.

FELICE

Who did?

MARGARITA

I say she told her everything.

FELICE

But who?

MARGARITA

She.

FELICE

Marina?

MARGARITA (almost in tears)
The wretch! She told Lucieta
All there was to know.

FELICE

Why should she not be told?
She'll have to know it one fine day.
Why shouldn't she know it now?

(Enter Lucieta, running excitedly.)

LUCIETA

Oh Dio! Oh Dio!

(*Entra Marina.*)

MARINA

Novizza!

FELICE (*vedendo Lucieta*)

Novizza siora sì!

LUCIETA

Oh Dio!

MARINA e FELICE

Novizza! Novizza! I nostri rispetti!

Se ne consolemo, volemo i confeti.

Novizza, novizza, mo sì, in verità

Che alfin sto bel zorno el xe capitā.

Scazzè quei rossori

Che el viso ve impizza.

Vedè anca nualtre xa fata l'avemo

Coi nostri do rospi in fin se godemo.

Novizza, novizza ben altra bontà

Ga el puto novello che lori ve dà:
Mo fe che la gringola el viso ve impizza,

Novizza, novizza, novizza, novizza!

LUCIETA (*sempre più eccitata*)

Oh Dio el me par un'insonio.

Ohimè! La diga... xelo belo sto novizzo?

MARINA

Piuttosto.

LUCIETA

Ah benedeto!

MARGARITA

Xela gnanca?

LUCIETA

E, la diga... che nome galò?

FELICE

Filipeto.

LUCIETA

Oh caro, che bel nome!
E... la diga... xelo civil?

MARINA

Mo se'l xe mio nevodo?

LUCIETA

Oh benedeta cara sior'amia.
Co me la godo sior'amia zia.
(*bacia Marina*)

MARGARITA

Che stomeghezzi.

LUCIETA

Eh che da fia
L'avàra fato pezo de mi.
(*bacia Felice*)

MARGARITA

Mo siora sì,
Per quela zogia che m'à tocà.

LUCIETA

Via la sia bona... E quando,
Quando lo vedarogio?

FELICE

Ma puta benedeta, gavè pressa
Pezo de mi.

LUCIETA

No vorla?

LUCIETA

Oh dear, oh dear!

(*Enter Marina.*)

MARINA

Hurrah for a wedding!

FELICE (*seeing Lucieta*)

Why there she is herself!

LUCIETA

O la!

MARINA and FELICE

Our homage we offer, we hail your
espousal,
And we hope to see you wedded with
joyous carousal.
Receive our good wishes, rejoice in your
pride,
For now comes the moment that makes you
a bride.
May heaven all its blessings eternally send
you!
May health, wealth and happiness ever
attend you!
Why need you be frighten'd? We all must
endure it.
'Tis only the plain ones who cannot secure
it.
The husbands whom *we* have show no
great attraction,
But still they can love us to our satisfaction.
What more can you want in the course of
your life
Than a handsome young fellow to make
you his wife?

LUCIETA (*still more excited*)

Oh Heavens! Can it be I am dreaming?
Oh dear! Is he really so good-looking?

MARINA

I should think so.

LUCIETA

Oh, how delightful!

MARGARITA

How ridiculous!

LUCIETA

And do tell me, what is his name?

FELICE

Filipeto.

LUCIETA

How lovely! Yes, I like that.
Oh, and tell me, does he live here?

MARINA

Yes, indeed, he's my nephew.

LUCIETA

Oh, how I love you! What could be better?
You'll be my own aunt, I'll be your niece.
(*kisses Marina*)

MARGARITA

What silly nonsense!

LUCIETA

Oh, I am sure,
Once you were just as foolish yourself.
(*kisses Felice*)

MARGARITA

Yes, that is true;
And you can see what a husband I got.

LUCIETA

Bear me no malice, and tell me,
When shall I see him?

FELICE

Are you in such a hurry?
You're almost worse than myself.

LUCIETA

And why not?

FELICE

Ben senti:
Xe certo che convien che ve vedè
Perchè sta a vedar pò se ve piasè.

LUCIETA

Eh gran fato che a lu mi no ghe piasa?

MARGARITA

O figurarse, caspita,
Ve credeu la Dea Venare?

LUCIETA

Mi no, ma gnanca l'orco.
Le me varda, le me diga
Cossa gogio de postizzo
Che no piasa al mio novizzo?
Xelo fursi el naso schizzo?
Disè almanco: cossa ghè?
Sogio goba? Sogio storta?
Gogio el babo tanto bruto?
Co fa le altre no go tutto?
Non son snela? A vu, vedè?
No camino co se die?
No son Venare, no importa, ma de
pezo ghe ne xe.

FELICE, MARINA e MARGARITA

La sentiu? Dixè magari
Che catari no ghe n'è.

LUCIETA

E po go la mia grazieta.
Picoleta ma furbeta.
Se el me vol in gravità,
Eccola qua;
Se el vol vedarme in morbin ...
Go el mio sestin.
Se el vol che bala
Tran-le-ran-là;
Se el vol che pianza, oà, oà ...
Dio che ben che el me vorà.

FELICE, MARINA e MARGARITA

Questo è quel che si vedrà.

LUCIETA

El me vorà ben per forza.
Perchè insoma mi lo sento,
Che za poco xe el momento ...
O che mi so star in riga
O che lu lo fazzo star.

FELICE, MARINA e MARGARITA

Mo vardè, vardè in che scorda ...
Se va el pevare a ficar.

LUCIETA

Ah! Quando, quando lo vedarogio?

FELICE (*importante*)

Adess'adesso el vegnarà.

MARGARITA

Qua? LUCIETA
Quà? MARINA
Quà FELICE
Quà!
El vien in mascara vestido in domino,
El vien in cotole vestio da femena
Co un cavalier.

MARINA

Co quel lustrissimo de stamatina?
Benon, benissimo, brava perdina!

LUCIETA

Oh, che piacer, oh, che piacer!

LUCIETA, MARINA e FELICE

No gh'è pericoli,
El vien in mascara, el vien in cotole,
Vestio da femena. Cossa sarà?

FELICE

Well, look here,
Of course it is right you should meet one
day,
Because you never know what a man will
say.

LUCIETA

Oh, then you think perhaps he will not
like me?

MARGARITA

Oh, fancy that now! What conceit!
Do you think you're a Venus?

LUCIETA

Not quite. I'm not so hideous.
Look at me now, tell me truly,
What can you see wrong about me
That should give him cause to flout me?
Is my nose too much tip-tilted?
Can you tell me what's to blame?
Am I humpback'd? Am I twisted?
Am I really so ill-favoured?
In what way am I afflicted?
Do I hobble? Am I lame?
I may be no classic beauty,
But there's many far more plain.

FELICE, MARINA and MARGARITA

Hoity toity, well I never!
There's a girl with no false shame.

LUCIETA

I know all the arts to please him;
Yes, if need be, I can tease him.
If he wants me stiff and grave,
That shall he have.
If he's more inclin'd to play,
I can be gay.
I can be cheerful,
I can be tearful,
Love and honour and obey!
I'll do that for him every day.

FELICE, MARINA and MARGARITA

That's what women always say.

LUCIETA

Oh, he'll simply have to love me,
For my heart already tells me
He is, oh, so far above me.
Either I must do what he says,
Or 'twill be the other way.

FELICE, MARINA and MARGARITA

Hoity toity! Well I never!
But she'll come to heel one day.

LUCIETA

Oh, tell me, when shall I see him?

FELICE (*importantly*)

This very moment he will appear.

MARGARITA

What! LUCIETA
How? MARINA
Where? FELICE
Here!
He'll come and call on us wearing a
domino,
Dress'd up as a woman and brought by a
gentleman,
He will appear.

MARINA

What! With your fine cavalier of this
morning?
Oh, that's capital! What an idea!

LUCIETA

He's to come here!

LUCIETA, MARINA and FELICE

{ How can he know, when the boy's in a
domino,
Dress'd as a woman wearing a
petticoat?
You may be sure thre'll be nothing to
fear.

MARGARITA

Ma ohimè, se el capita
Quell'antropofago de mio mario,
Un putiferio non nassarà?

FELICE

Pronte inventemolo qualche storiela
E ghe disemo: l'è mia sorela co mio cugnà.

LUCIETA e MARINA

Co so cugnà.

LUCIETA

I bate! I bate!

FELICE

Su presto a verzarghe!

MARGARITA

Ahimè che spasemo, quante paure:
Me racomando, care creature!

MARINA e FELICE

No secchè l'anema, andè de là,
Su presto a verzarghe, fora de quà.

(*la cacciano fuori*)

LUCIETA

I bate! I bate!
Me sento l'anema tuta in saor,
Me par de vedarlo, me bate el cuor!
Ecolo, el capita, ecolo quà,
Cielo, defendime, abbi pietà.

MARINA e FELICE

Che gringola, che godi, che alegría!
Oh, che imborezzo da tocar le stele.
L'è un spasso, l'è un contento in fede mia
Che no me fa più star drento ala pele.

MARINA

Chi no vol godarse de carneval
Zo co una tombola drento in canal.

FELICE

Mi tuta gongolo, ah, ah, ah, ah,
A quattro diavoli se ghe la fa.

LUCIETA

Psss! El vien! ... El vien!

(*Margarita entra.*)

MARGARITA

A vu, ste mascarete ve domanda.

(*Entrano Filipeto e Riccardo, in domino.*
Filipeto è vestito da donna.)

RICCARDO

Servitore umilissimo di loro Signorie.

FELICE (*elegantemente*)

Serva.

MARINA

Mascarete bon di.

FELICE (*a Filipeto*)

Siora mascara dona ve saludo.

(*Filipeto fa una riverenza da donna.*)

LUCIETA (*fra sè*)

Varè che bon sestin.

MARINA

E vu siora Lucieta cossa diseu?

Ve piasele ste mascare?

LUCIETA

Cossa vorla che diga siora?

MARGARITA

Yes, but supposing her father encounters
him,
Finds the young man in the house with us
here?
The situation I think will be queer.

FELICE

Then I shall say that the lady's my sister,
Tell him the man's my brother-in-law.

LUCIETA and MARINA

Her brother-in-law.

LUCIETA

A knock at the door!

FELICE

They're here already.

MARGARITA

Oh, this is terrible! What shall we do with
them?
You should have told me about this before.

MARINA and FELICE

Don't be so worried, but open the door.
Don't be so worried, but open the door.

(*They push Margarita out.*)

LUCIETA

They're knocking.
I feel my heart is beating in my breast.
Will this be serious, or but a jest?
This very moment he'll be here, she said.
May Heaven help me now to keep my
head.

MARINA and FELICE

A mighty jest indeed we are preparing,
An artful game of enterprise and daring.
Two surly fathers we shall see outwitted,
And two young folk for wedlock neatly
fitted.

MARINA

Carnival time's the best time of the year;
Then you can do what you like without
fear.

FELICE

Carnival time is for laughter and fun;
I am possess'd by ten devils in one.

LUCIETA

Hush! Here they come!

(*Re-enter Margarita.*)

MARGARITA

If you please, two masks are here and wish
to see you.

(Enter Filipeto and Riccardo, both in domino
and mask. Filipeto is dressed as a
woman.)

RICCARDO

Fair ladies, your most obedient servant to
command.

FELICE (*with elegance*)

Your servant, sir.

MARINA

Pray be pleas'd to come in.

FELICE (*to Filipeto*)

Pray come in, pretty lady. Pleas'd to meet
you.

(*Filipeto curseys.*)

LUCIETA (*aside*)

Indeed, she's most well-bred.

MARINA

Well now, my dear Lucieta, what do you
say?
D'you like these pretty masks here?

LUCIETA

Madam, what can I say before them?

FILIPETO (*fra sè*)

O cara,
Che pometo de riosa!

MARGARITA (*a Riccardo e Filipeto*)
Le scusa, siore mascare, xe tardi
E avemo da disnar.

RICCARDO

È giusto. (*a Filipeto*)
Andiamo, andiamo mascherina.

FILIPETO

Sia malignazzo!
Non l'ò podesta gnanca vardar.

MARINA

Eh spetè un momentin!

MARGARITA (*a parte*)
Se vien quell'aguzzin de mio mario.

FELICE (*a Filipeto*)

Mascara una parola:
Ve piaselà?

FILIPETO

A mi, sì.

FELICE

Xela bela?

FILIPETO

De diana!

LUCIETA (*a Margarita*)

Siora mare?
Se lo podesse vedar un tantin.

MARGARITA

Voleu ziogar che ve condugo via?

LUCIETA

Pazienza.

MARINA (*a Filipeto*)

Mascareta... ve piaselà?

FILIPETO

Ma assae!

MARINA

Voleu tabaco?

FILIPETO

Sì.

MARINA

Co se tabaca
Se cava la moreta!

(gli alza la maschera)

LUCIETA

Oh co belo.

MARINA (*indicando Filipeto*)
Mo che bela puta!

FELICE

Mia sorela.

LUCIETA

Da ridar me vien. (*ride*)

FILIPETO

Oh che dia, co la ride pulito.

FELICE

Via el capuzzo. (*lo leva*)

LUCIETA (*fra sè*)

Oh, el me incende nel sen.

FELICE

De ste do pute quà, chi xe più bela?

FILIPETO

Ghe son cussì darente,
Ma caro quel viseto,
Che fior, che bocoleto...
La me gà dà un'ocià.
Ma caro quel viseto...
La me gà dà un'ocià.

FILIPETO (*aside*)

How charming!
There's a pink apple-cheek for you!

MARGARITA (*to Riccardo and Filipeto*)
You'll excuse me, pretty maskers,
It's getting late. We are just about to dine.

RICCARDO

Of course, ma'am. (*to Filipeto*)
Fair lady, 'tis time that we were going.

FILIPETO

This is too bad, sir!
I haven't had a chance of a look.

MARINA

Oh, you musn't go yet.

MARGARITA (*aside*)

How dreadful if my husband finds them
here!

FELICE (*to Filipeto*)

Masker, I want a word with you.
D'you like the girl?

FILIPETO

Very much.

FELICE

Think her pretty?

FILIPETO

Good Lord, yes!

LUCIETA (*to Margarita*)

Oh madam,
I do wish I could see what he was like.

MARGARITA

I've half a mind to take you right away.

LUCIETA

Very well then.

MARINA (*to Filipeto*)

Pretty masker, d'you like the girl?

FILIPETO

I adore her!

MARINA (*offering a snuff-box*)
A pinch of snuff?

FILIPETO

Thank you.

MARINA

If you take snuff
You will have to take your mask off.

(takes off Filipeto's mask)

LUCIETA

Oh, how handsome!

MARINA (*pointing at Filipeto*)
There's a pretty lady!

FELICE

She's my sister.

LUCIETA

I shall laugh till I die. (*laughs*)

FILIPETO

Oh, how charming she is when she's
laughing!

FELICE

Now take his hood off. (*She takes it off.*)

LUCIETA (*aside*)

Oh, that's a fine proper man.

FELICE

I wonder which of these two girls is the
prettier?

FILIPETO

How can I bear to leave her
As soon as I have seen her?
My heart is by her captur'd
And taken by surprise.
Indeed I am enraptur'd
By her enchanting eyes.

LUCIETA

Caro colù...ma el sente!
Co belo, ma el va via...
Darghe el bon dì voria,
Caro colù,
Caro el me gà vardà.

FELICE e MARINA

O come che me godo
Vardar sti novizzeti!
Quei dolci sorriseti
Quel che i vol dir se sa.
Varè no i trova modo
De dir la paroleta.
L'uno da l'altro aspetta
Da esser imbecà.
O come che me godo
Verdar sti novizzeti!
Quei dolci sorriseti
Quel che i vol dir se sa.

MARGARITA

Son quà che tremo tuta,
El cuor più no me sento.
Mi moro dal spavento
Se mio mario vien quà.
Se el cielo no me agiuta
Tegnindo la tempesta
Tuta sula mia testa
Cascar la dovarà.

FILIPETO e LUCIETA

Cossa xe mai sti palpiti?
Coss'è sta frenesia?
Nel cuor che me va in estasi
Un non so che me sento,
Un'ansia, un smissiamento
Che mai no gò provà.
Varave scampar via,
Varave restar qua.
Nel cuor che me va in estasi
Un non so che me sento,
Che mai no gò provà.

RICCARDO

Commedia più graziosa,
Più bel divertimento,
Più amabile momento
Di questo non si dà.
Commedia più graziosa,
Più bel divertimento,
Più amabile momento
Di questo non si dà.

MARGARITA

O via fioi, figurarse,
Finimola ze ora,
Ste siore ringraziè
E preghè el vostro santo
Che se sè destinai
Ve sposare.

FELICE

Sì, cari
Andè via per adesso e contenteve.

FILIPETO

Mi no so destacarme.

LUCIETA

Me va via el cuor dal sen.

MARGARITA

E manco mal che la xe andada ben.

MARINA

Tireve suso quela bauta!

FILIPETO

Come se fa? Come se fa?

FELICE

Via vegni quà!

LUCIETA (*ridendo*)

Ah, poverazzo nol sa giustarsela ...

FILIPETO

Me burlela?

LUCIETA

Mi no.

LUCIETA

What can I say? I dare not,
I love him! Did he hear?
I could not bear to lose him.
Am I in love?
Oh, what a sweet surprise!

FELICE and MARINA

To see these lovers courting
Is really too diverting.
Yes, now we can be certain
They like each other well.
Look there, they are too bashful
To start a conversation,
Each for the other waiting
To make the first advance.
'Tis really too diverting
To see these lovers courting,
When neither has the boldness
To go beyond a glance.

MARGARITA

To see the lovers courting
Is really disconcerting;
And what is going to happen
I simply cannot tell.
If Heaven will not lend us
An angel to defend us,
A storm of wrath tremendous
Upon my head will fall.

LUCIETA and FILIPETO

Why should my heart so wildly beat?
What frenzy fires my brain?
I feel an unknown ecstasy,
A strange emotion thrills me;
I know not if it fills me
With pleasure or with pain.
I'd like to run away,
But yet my heart bids me remain.
My heart is full of ecstasy,
A strange emotion thrills me
With pleasure and with pain.

RICCARDO

To see these lovers courting
Is really too diverting;
I find it most amusing
The play goes very well.
A comedy diverting!
I'm glad that I was brought in.
Yes, now we can be certain
They like each other well.

MARGARITA

Now, children, that's enough.
It's getting late—fancy that now!
So thank the ladies kindly,
And say our prayers to Heaven,
That the day may yet come
When you'll be man and wife.

FELICE

Yes, now you must go.
You have had enough of courting.

FILIPETO

How can I bear to leave her?

LUCIETA

My heart is lost for him.

MARGARITA

Well, thank the Lord there was no harm
done.

MARINA

Now, Filipeto, put on your headdress.

FILIPETO

How does it go?

FELICE

Come, I'll show you how.

LUCIETA (*laughing*)

Ah, poor young lady, she cannot put it
straight.

FILIPETO

You laugh at me?

LUCIETA

Oh no!

FILIPETO

Furba.

LUCIETA

Caro colù!

FILIPETO (*inseguendola*)

Varda che ciapo, eh.

MARGARITA

Misericordia, vien mio marito!

MARINA

E anca el mio!

FELICE

Scondeve presto!

MARGARITA

Là in quela camara!

RICCARDO

Che imbroglio è questo?

(*obbligano Filipeto e Riccardo a nascondersi nell'altra stanza*)

FELICE

Ahímè i n'à visto a corar
Un sorze, un sorze! Ah!

(*Fingendo di essere spaventate da un topolino, le donne montano sulle sedie. Entrano Lunardo, Simon e Cancian.*)

LUNARDO

Cossa feu là? Seu mate?
(*a Lucieta*)

E ti, ti cossa gastu?
Che ti me par sbatueta?

LUCIETA

Sior pare, un sorze...
Goi d'andar de là?

LUNARDO

No reste quà e vualtre
Smontè zoso,
Parone, che no è gnente.

(*Le donne scendono dalle seggiola.*)

LUCIETA (*fra sè*)

Le gambe me fa giacomo.

LUNARDO

Voi che ancuo se godemo:
No xe vero paroni?

SIMON e CANCIAN

Si dasseno.

LUNARDO

Lucieta mo vien quà.

(*Lucieta si avvicina, tremando.*)

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Ah, che bona fia!

LUNARDO

Ma cossa gastu?

LUCIETA

Mi... no so gnanca mi.

LUNARDO

Gastu la freve? Ascolta
Che la te passarà.
In presenza de sti do galantomeni

E dele so parone
Te dago niova che ti xe novizza!

LUCIETA (*quasi svenendo*)

Ah...

LUNARDO

Oe digo cossa fastu!
Te despisiase?

LUCIETA

Sior no.

LUNARDO

Sastu chi xe el novizzo?

FILIPETO

Naughty!

LUCIETA

Now you look sweet.

FILIPETO (*running after her*)

You take care, I'll catch you.

MARGARITA

Heaven help us all! My husband is here.

MARINA

And here comes mine.

FELICE

Quick, we must hide them.

MARGARITA

There, go in there at once.

RICCARDO

And now for trouble!

(*Margarita pushes Filipeto and Riccardo into a side room.*)

FELICE

They'll have seen us running.

There's a mouse!

(*All four women jump on to chairs and hold their skirts up as if in fright. Lunardo, Simon and Cancian enter.*)

LUNARDO

What are you doing? Is this a madhouse?

(*to Lucieta*)

And what is the matter with you?

You look as if you'd seen a ghost!

LUCIETA

If you please, sir, 'twas a mouse.

Shall I go away?

LUNARDO

No. Stay here.

You ladies can get down from your perches.

There's no danger.

(*The women get down.*)

LUCIETA (*aside*)

I'm trembling all over.

LUNARDO

We are going to make merry.

Isn't that so, gentlemen?

SIMON and CANCIAN

Well, you said so.

LUNARDO

Lucieta, you come here.

(*She approaches him trembling.*)

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN

There's a model daughter!

LUNARDO

But what's the matter?

LUCIETA

Oh, it's nothing at all.

LUNARDO

Have you a fever?

Well, listen and 'twill soon pass away.

In the presence of these worshipful gentlemen

And of their worthy ladies
I here make known to you that you are to be married.

LUCIETA (*nearly fainting*)

Oh!

LUNARDO

Lucieta, what's the matter?

Does this displease you?

LUCIETA

Oh no!

LUNARDO

Do you know who the young man is?

LUCIETA

Sior sì.

LUNARDO (*furioso*)

Ah, ti lo sa? Chi te l'à dito?

LUCIETA

Sior no, sior no... no so gnente...
Non so quel che me diga...

LUNARDO (*ai due uomini*)

La vedeu? Che colomba inocente!

FELICE (*fra sé*)

Se el la savesse tutta!

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Ah, che bona fia.

LUNARDO

Orsù dunque sapiè che el so novizzo
Xe el fio de sior Maurizio.

MARINA, FELICE e MARGARITA

(*ingendo di essere sorprese*)

Filipeto?

MARINA

Mio nevodo?

FELICE

Cospeto!

MARGARITA

Oh, cossa che contè!

MARINA

Go ben da caro.

FELICE

In verità dasseno.

LUNARDO

Sior Maurizio xe andà a casa,
El xe andà a levar so fio.
Quà el lo porta, disnaremo
E le nozze po faremo,
E le nozze po faremo.

FELICE e MARINA

Cossì a la presta.

MARGARITA

O povareta mi.

LUCIETA

No go più sangue.

LUNARDO (*a Lucieta*)

Cossa gastu?

LUCIETA

Gnente.

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Ah, che bona fia!

(*Entra Maurizio, agitato.*)

LUNARDO

Oh via, seu quà?

(Maurizio è così eccitato e fuori di fiato
che può appena parlare.)

MAURIZIO

Son quà.

LUNARDO

Cossa gaveu?

MAURIZIO

Son sulle furie.

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Oh! Coss'è stà?

MAURIZIO

So andà in casa, o cercà el puto,
No l'o visto in nissun liogo...
O domandà, me son informà
Me xe sta dito che i lo ga visto
Co un forestier, un cavalier,
Un sior Riccardo,
Uno che praticà siora Felice.

(*a Felice, quasi in lacrime*)

LUCIETA

I do.

LUNARDO (*furious*)

You know already? Who ever told you?

LUCIETA

No, no, I beg your pardon,
I know not what I said, sir.

LUNARDO (*to the men*)

Look at that! There's purity and innocence!

FELICE (*aside*)

I'm very glad he thinks so.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN

There's a model daughter!

LUNARDO

Very well. Then I can tell you all.
The bridegroom is the son of Sior Maurizio.

MARINA, FELICE and MARGARITA

(*with exaggerated astonishment*)

Filipeto!

MARINA

My nephew!

FELICE

You surprise me.

MARINA

I am delighted.

FELICE

Allow me to congratulate.

MARGARITA

Oh, what a piece of news!

LUNARDO

Sior Maurizio is on his way;
He'll bring his son to dine to-day.
When he comes we'll all have dinner,
And as soon as we have finished
They'll be spliced without delay.

FELICE and MARINA

In such a hurry?

MARGARITA

What ever shall I do?

LUCIETA

Oh dear, I'm all a-tremble.

LUNARDO (*to Lucieta*)

What's the matter?

LUCIETA

Nothing.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN

There's a model daughter!

(*Enter Maurizio excitedly.*)

LUNARDO

Good Lord! You're here?

(Maurizio is so excited and out of breath
that he can hardly speak.)

MAURIZIO

I am.

LUNARDO

Where is the boy?

MAURIZIO

I'm just beside myself.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN

Oh! Is he lost?

MAURIZIO

I went home for Filipeto,
Could not find him anywhere.
So I enquir'd, yes, all around,
And then they told me
He had gone out with some strange man
Said to be call'd Conte Riccardo,
A gentleman friend of Siora Felice.

(*to Felice, almost in tears*)

Chi elo sto sior Riccardo?
Chi elo sto forestier?
Coss'alo co mio fio?

FELICE

Mi del fio no so gnente,
Ma circa el forestier
L'è un cavalier onorato.
N'è vero sior Cancian?

CANCIAN (*sbroccando*)

Mi no so che dir chi el sia,
L'inferno là manda;
Ho tasù, ò sopportà
Tuto par no crier.
Ma adesso mo ve digo
No voi più quell'intrigo
Sior si: el sarà un "fapele".

RICCARDO (*entrando improvvisamente*)
Parlate meglio d'un cavaliere!

LUNARDO

In casa mia?

MAURIZIO

Dovè mio fio?

RICCARDO

Vostro figlio è là dentro.

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN
Sconto in camera?

MAURIZIO

Dov'estù desgrazia?

(Maurizio corre verso la camera vicina,
ma Filipeto sta entrando.)

FILIPETO

Sior pare per pietà . . .

MARGARITA

Mario no so gnente, mario!

LUNARDO (*a Margarita*)
Barona, til l'à da pair!

MARGARITA

Agiuto!

FELICE, MARINA e CANCIAN
Tegnilo . . . Fermelo . . . ste saldo.

LUCIETA

Ah, sior pare, ah, sior pare nol me maza!

MARINA

Oh, che ciasso, cossa mai go avudo in
mente!

FELICE

Ola digo, ola digo, no se ciassa . . .

LUNARDO

Ah, petazza, frasconazza!

CANCIAN

No fè, no fè!

(Maurizio fa la caccia a Filipeto che scappa
per qua or là per la scena.)

SIMON (*a Lunardo*)

A fermeve, fermeve caro amigo . . .

MARGARITA (*a Simon e Cancian*)

Ah, tegnilo, ohimè el me sconquassa!

RICCARDO

Oh, che scandalo de piazza è questo.

CANCIAN

Fermo olà!

FELICE

Sior Lunardo la se frena.

LUNARDO

Ah birbanti a mi sto intrigo?

SIMON

Ah, fermeve caro amigo.

CANCIAN

Sfazzandone!

Who is this Conte Riccardo?
And what is he doing here?
What business has he with my son?

FELICE

Sir, about your son I know nothing.
The gentleman you've nam'd,
I'm sure is a person of honour.
Isn't it so, Sior Cancian?

CANCIAN (*bursting out*)

No good your asking me.
The devil sent him here.
I put up with him, said nothing,
Just to have a little peace.
But now you'll have to drop that whim,
For I will not put up with him.
I won't. The man's a scoundrel.

RICCARDO (*bursting into the room*)

Sir, I shall insist on satisfaction.

LUNARDO

He's in my house!

MAURIZIO

Where is my son?

Your son is in there.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN
In the bedroom?

MAURIZIO

Where are you? What does this mean?
(Maurizio makes for the side room just as
Filipeto comes out of it.)

FILIPETO

Oh sir, have mercy!

MARGARITA

Oh sir, I know nothing at all.

LUNARDO (*to Margarita*)

You slut, you shall pay for this!

MARGARITA

He'll kill me!

FELICE, MARINA, SIMON and CANCIAN
Be calm, sir!

LUCIETA

Sir, have mercy, do not kill me!

MARINA

What a fearful noise you all are making!

FELICE

Oh, be quiet, sir, I tell you.

LUNARDO

Oh you vipers, shameless hussies!

CANCIAN

Pray be calm.

(Maurizio is chasing Filipeto here and
there about the stage.)

SIMON (*to Lunardo*)

Oh, restrain yourself, I beg you.

MARGARITA (*to Simon and Cancian*)

Hold my husband, or I'm sure he'll
kill me.

RICCARDO

This affair will be a public scandal.

CANCIAN

Pray be calm.

FELICE

Oh, be quiet, sir, I tell you.

LUNARDO

Did you think you could deceive me?

SIMON

Oh be careful what you do, sir!

CANCIAN

Pray be calm.

LUNARDO (*a Simon e Cancian*)
No tegnime, no, ve digo!

MARGARITA (*a Lucieta*)
Frasconazza, lo sapeva
Lo temeva, prevedeva.

LUCIETA
El perdonas el creda, non voleva.

MARINA
Cielo, ohimè! Che ciassi che bordelo.

FELICE (*a Cancian*)
Ola digo, ola, no se ciassa!

SIMON (*a Marina*)
Vu se causa de sto intrigo.

CANCIAN (*a Felice*)
Vu se causa de sto intrigo.

MARGARITA
Che sia maledio co vò da mente.

RICCARDO
(*a Maurizio, poi agli altri uomini*)
Signor mio, padroni miei...
Io lo giuro non credei
Tanto chiasso sollevar.
(*Filipeto inseguito dal padre, fugge da un lato correndo.*)

LUNARDO
No tegnime, vogio farghela pagar...

LUCIETA
No saveva, no credeva...

FELICE
I lo tegna, i lo incaena,
Che 'l xe mato da ligar.
Che ideazza maledetta!
Che fracasso, che saetta!
Ma calmeve bestie, vergognave.

MARINA
O che ciasso, o Dio che afar,
I vorave morsegar.
Oè fenila, che son brava
Anca mi de strepitari.

LUCIETA
Ah sior pare, nol me mazza;
Ah, tegnilo, el me vo dar.

MARGARITA
Ma i lo tegna, el me vol dar!
Che spegazzo, ahimè, che ciasso,
Che spegazzata!
Frasconazza, mi lo prevedeva.

RICCARDO
Via, m'ascolti... se ho dei torti...
Rimediare, riparar...
Ma son matti da legar.

FELICE
Bestia andeve a far squartar.

MARGARITA
El xe furente!

LUCIETA
Filipeto, Filipeto, povareto!

SIMON e CANCIAN
Via fermeve caro amigo,
Ve voleu precipitar!

SIMON (*a Marina*)
Sfazzandona!

CANCIAN (*a Felice*)
Prepotente!

LUCIETA
Ah, me sciopa el cuor nel peto.

SIMON (*a Marina*)
Ah serpente!

LUNARDO (*to Simon and Cancian*)
Let me go, sirs, let me settle with my wife.

MARGARITA (*to Lucieta*)
Saucy baggage,
I was certain this would happen.

LUCIETA
Oh believe me, I knew nothing of it.

MARINA
What a turmoil, what a fight!

FELICE (*to Cancian*)
What a fearful noise you all are making!

SIMON (*to Marina*)
You're the cause of all this trouble.

CANCIAN (*to Felice*)
You're the cause of all this trouble.

MARGARITA
What a fool I was to listen to you!

RICCARDO
(*to Maurizio, then to the other men*)
This affair will be a public scandal.
I could never have believed
That this would lead to such a noise.
(*Filipeto, chased by his father, runs across the stage.*)

LUNARDO
I'll be hang'd if I'll be careful.

LUCIETA
Oh believe me, I knew nothing of it.

FELICE
Hold him fast, the man is raving,
Hold him fast for he's mad.
We should never have begun it.
Hold him, stop him,
Oh be quiet, what a riot! What a shame!

MARINA
What a turmoil, what a fight!
One would think they meant to bite!
Oh, be quiet now, I tell you!
I can shout as loud as you!

LUCIETA
Oh protect me,
For he means to have my life.

MARGARITA
Hold my husband or I'm sure he'll kill me.
What a dreadful situation, what a scandal!
Saucy baggage,
I was certain this would happen.

RICCARDO
I beseech you, if 'twas my fault,
If there's any reparation I could make,
I should be glad, but they all are raving
mad!

FELICE
Oh, be quiet, sir, I tell you.

MARGARITA
My husband's raving!

LUCIETA
Ah, Filipeto, he will murder you!

SIMON and CANCIAN
Now do nothing rash, I beg you,
Sir, you must not go too far.

SIMON (*to Marina*)
Wicked woman!

CANCIAN (*to Felice*)
Oh, you hussy!

LUCIETA
Fear and trembling seize upon me.

SIMON (*to Marina*)
Oh, you viper!