

CANCIAN (*a Felice*)

Malandrina!

(Maurizio caccia Filipeto sempre, or da una camera all'altra, ora intorno alla scena dove Filipeto si nasconde dietro uno o l'altro personaggio.)

LUCIETA

Siora mare, Filipeto, difendelo.

MAURIZIO

A canagia che te mazza.
Che te mazza, sfazzandon!

FILIPETO

A sior pare nol me mazza,
No go colpa! No saveva, ah no, no!

RICCARDO

Tanto chiasso non credetti sollevar.
Ah cani i xe furenti.

MAURIZIO

Porcelo! Ah sì ti vogio stritolar!

(*a Riccardo*)

El se cava, no me tegno,
Lu no gh'intra, giuro al cielo!

FILIPETO

Agiutela, Difendela Povareta!
Che me sonda,
Oh, che orror, che baraonda,
Dove m'ògio da salvar?

MARINA

Ah cielo, che bordelo!
Sta puta el cuor me cava.

FELICE

Oe digo no se ciassa,
Lunardo la se frena;
S'è mati da caena
Andeve a far squartar.

RICCARDO

Che il diavol se li porti!
Non vò matto diventtar.

(Maurizio raggiunge Filipeto e lo trascina via per l'orecchio. Lucieta sviene fra le braccia di Margarita la quale vacilla ed è sostenuta da Felice e Marina. Tutte e quattro le donne partono dalla sinistra. Simon e Cancian trascinano Lunardo via dalla destra.)

ATTO TERZO

UNA CAMERA IN CASA DI LUNARDO.

Lunardo, Simon e Cancian sono seduti in meditazione trista, facendo, di tempo in tempo, dei grugniti d'ira.

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Ah, femene del diavolo,
Parchè ve gai créa?
Ah vipare, carnefici!
A nu sti tiri quâ?
De queste a nu?
Sta sgnesola?
Sto intrigo indiavolà?
Ah, dove xe el castigo
Par tanta iniquità?
A che a pensarla solo,
Se me badasse a mi
Ghe tirarave el colo.
(Si alzano e camminano in giro. Lunardo fa un gesto di disperazione.)

LUNARDO

Cari amici parlemo, cosegemosce.
Co custie,
Vegnimo a dir el merito,
Cossa avemio da far?
Per la puta xe facile
E ò stabilio.
Prima de tuto a monte el matrimonio.

CANCIAN (*to Felice*)

Oh, you baggage!

(Maurizio still is chasing Filipeto, now from one room to another, now around the stage, where Filipeto hides behind one person or another.)

LUCIETA

Oh protect him! Filipeto!

MAURIZIO

Oh, you villain, I will kill you.
I will kill you, you wretch!

FILIPETO

Sir, I beg you, do not kill me,
'Twasn't my fault, I knew nothing.

RICCARDO

I could never have believed that this could lead to such a noise.

MAURIZIO

Oh, you villain, I will kill you.

(*to Riccardo*)

Let me go, sir! Who are you?
I will kill you, you wretch!

FILIPETO

Poor Lucieta, do protect her!
Where can I run?
What a dreadful situation!
What on earth can I do?

MARINA

What a positively dreadful situation!
What a fearful noise you all are making!
What a pity for Lucieta!

FELICE

The noise you all are making
Is enough to wake the dead.
So be off with you to Bedlam
Till you learn to cool your head.

RICCARDO

The devil take them!
I shall soon go mad myself.

(Maurizio catches Filipeto and drags him out by the ear. Lucieta faints into the arms of Margarita, who staggers and is supported by Felice and Marina. All four women leave the stage on the left. Simon and Cancian drag Lunardo out on the right.)

ACT THREE

A ROOM IN LUNARDO'S HOUSE

Lunardo, Simon and Cancian are sitting in gloomy meditation, emitting from time to time grunts of anger.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN

Oh females, brood of Satan, say,
Oh, why did he make you?
How could you dare, you fiends of Hell,
To men such things to do?
To play a trick like that on us,
Your husbands to disgrace.
Who could invent a punishment
To fit a crime so base?
Oh, when I think of women—
I speak for all my sex—
Could I but have my own way,
I'd like to wring their necks!
(They stand up and walk about. Lunardo makes a gesture of despair.)

LUNARDO

Now, gentlemen,
Pray tell me what we ought to do.
How are we—
And that's the long and short of it—
To deal with our wives?
As far as the girl's concern'd
I've made up my mind.
Of course the marriage must be broken off.

SIMON e CANCIAN

A monte, a monte.

LUNARDO

La mandarò in t'un liogo
Lontana da sto mondo
E tuto xe finio.
Ma le muger, paroni,
Come avemio da far per castigarle?

(*a Cancian*)

Disè el vostro parer.

CANCIAN

Mi, veramente, son intrigà.

SIMON (*dubitoso*)

Podaressimo ficarle
Anca ele in un ritiro;
Se se pol cussi sbrigar.
(*Lunardo fa un grugnito dubitativo.*)

CANCIAN (*più sicuro*)

Sì, un caenasso, quattro muri
Se se pol cussi sbrigar.

SIMON e CANCIAN

E serarghe fin i scuri
Darghe poco da magnar;
E impedirghe, fermi, duri,
Che non le abia da parlar.

LUNARDO (*ironico*)

Che no le abia da parlar?
Veci cari... sto castigo
Mi ve digo,
In tre di le fa crepar.

SIMON

Che le crepa!

LUNARDO

Eh andemo, po,
Via, coparle... proprio no!

CANCIAN

Ma no certo, perchè za...
Volta, cerca... zira... fa...
Senza done no se sta.

LUNARDO

E un bon legno qualche volta?

CANCIAN (*secco*)

E se po le se rivolta?

LUNARDO e SIMON (*indignati*)

Revoltarse?

CANCIAN

E ghe n'è stae...

LUNARDO e SIMON

Quà l'amigo l'à ciapae,
So muger ghe l'à petae.

LUNARDO

No so quala far.

SIMON

Mandela ai parenti.

LUNARDO

Per farme smatar.

CANCIAN

Mandela in campagna.

LUNARDO

Fin l'erba la magna.

SIMON

Ben, feghe parlar.

LUNARDO

Xe come al deserto

Voler predicar.

SIMON e CANCIAN

Sereghé in abiti, serè le zogie,
Teginila al suto, mortifichela.

LUNARDO

Ho provà tutto!

Gnente se fa.

SIMON and CANCIAN

Of course, of course.

LUNARDO

My daughter, I've decided,
Will go into a nunnery,
And that's the end of her.
But as to our wives, gentlemen,
What on earth can we do to chastise them?

(*to Cancian*)

What is your view of the case?

CANCIAN

Well, if you ask me, I'm at a loss.

SIMON (*doubtfully*)

I suggest that we should send them—
Send them too into a nunnery,
And be rid of them for good.

(*Lunardo grunts doubtfully.*)

CANCIAN (*more assured*)

Yes, lock them up well in a nunnery,
And be rid of them for good.

SIMON and CANCIAN

Bread and water, prayer and fasting
For their diet every day!
Make them keep the rule of silence,
Not a single word to say.

LUNARDO (*ironically*)

Not a single word to say?
Let me tell you, let me tell you,
If you force them to be silent,
In three days they'll all be dead.

SIMON

All the better.

LUNARDO

Come, really now,
That is going rather far.

CANCIAN

Yes, indeed, sir, for you know—
What's to come of all our lives
If we go without our wives?

LUNARDO

Take a stick to them now and then?

CANCIAN (*drily*)

Sometimes two can play at that game.

LUNARDO and SIMON (*indignantly*)
Turn the tables?

CANCIAN

That can be done.

LUNARDO and SIMON

That's the worst of married life—
When you're beaten by your wife.

LUNARDO

What is one to do?

SIMON

Send her to her mother.

LUNARDO

That will make her much worse.

CANCIAN

Pack her off to the country.

LUNARDO

Eat her head off like a horse.

SIMON

Then read her a lecture.

LUNARDO

And she'll lecture you
Till you're black in the face.

SIMON and CANCIAN

Lock all her clothes up, and her jewels,
Or try starvation in the dark.

LUNARDO

I have tried everything.
No good at all.

SIMON (*secco*)

O capio, caro amigo, fè cussì.

LUNARDO

Come?

SIMON

Godevela tal qual la xe.

LUNARDO

E capisso anca mi
Che rimedio purtropo no ghe nè!

Mo parcossa le done tute quante
No è impastade de zucaro e de miel?

SIMON e CANCIAN

De zucaro e de miel?

LUNARDO

Ah magari! Mo che delizie sante
Che in tera ne faria provar el ciel.

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Ah! Che delizie sante,
Che zogia, che piaser!

SIMON

Dir che in cielo gh'è anzoli a miera
E che fursi de femene ghe nè,
E che a farne beati quā zo in tera

A nu ne bastarà che i fusse tre.

CANCIAN

Ah che godi, che gioia, che contento,
Che delizia, che gusto, che piaser!
Ah, el saria de natura el gran portento

E tuti la vorrà sta gran muger!

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Ma no, no me tegno, la voi castigar,
S'anca dovesse precipitar;

E zo co un bon legno,
Se anca credesse doverla copar,
Zo voi pestar!
Spaccarghe la testa e farghe la festa,
Schizzarghe quei grugni a forza de pugni,
E a modo de mi strozzarla cussì.
(*Entra Felice; gridi di meraviglia dagli uomini nel vederla.*)

FELICE

Siori gentilissimi,
Grazie del bon amor.

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Oè digo! Che insolenza!
Che ardir! Che prepotenza!

FELICE

Li go sentii lustrissimi,
Patroni colendissimi,
Lodarne de bon cuor,
E coi più profondissimi
Inchini d'umiltà
Mi vegno da de là.

CANCIAN

(aggressivo, ma veramente impaurito, sorretto da Simon e Lunardo.)

E sè vegnuda quā
A sfidarne in sto modo?

FELICE (*innocentemente*)

Cossa è sta? Cossa è fato?

CANCIAN

No me fà parlar, dona mata!

LUNARDO e SIMON

Bravo Cancian!

FELICE

Parlè pur. Son quā a posta.

CANCIAN

Vegnì a casa co mi.

FELICE

Sior no.

SIMON (*drily*)

Very well, my good friend, try another way.

LUNARDO

What way?

SIMON

Accept your wife for what she is.

LUNARDO

Yes, I'm bound to confess
That we shall have to accept them as they
are.

Ah! Why did not our bountiful Creator
Make all women of sugar and spice?

SIMON and CANCIAN

Of sugar and spice?

LUNARDO

Then we might experience on earth
The joys that now for Heav'n suffice.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN

The joys that now
For Heav'n suffice.

SIMON

If in Heaven the angels are unnumber'd,
Then, I reckon, some feminine must be.
But I'm thinking that Providence has
slumber'd.

For here on earth 'twould be enough if
there were only three.

CANCIAN

Ah! We all want the one ideal woman,
One who'll never provoke domestic strife;
Heav'n may hold such, but she's none too
common.

And every man may sigh in vain for such
a perfect wife.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN (*angrily*)

Or else if you like you can clout her head,
You can break every bone of her, leave
her for dead.

There are various ways our wives for to vex,
The best way, obedient to make 'em,
The right way to treat 'em,
Is to take 'em and break 'em,
To clout 'em and beat 'em;
The best way of all is to wring their necks.

(Enter Felice; shouts of surprise from the
men at seeing her.)

FELICE

Oh! Good evening to you, gentlemen,
Thank you for your goodwill.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN
Good Heavens! What impertinence!
So bold! How dare she come here?

FELICE

Most worthy and most worshipful
And most illustrious gentlemen,
I heard you say just now
How you myself did praise,
And so with all humilitude
I venture to intrude.

CANCIAN

(aggressively, but really frightened, supported by Simon and Lunardo)

You dare to enter here,
All alone, uninvited?

FELICE (*innocently*)

Well, why not? What have I done?

CANCIAN

Do not rouse my wrath, you mad woman!

LUNARDO and SIMON

Give it to her!

FELICE

Say what you will. I've come to hear you.

CANCIAN

You come home with me at once.

FELICE

I won't.

CANCIAN

Ma andemo, che cospeto de Diana ...

FELICE

(*prima piano, ma poco a poco diventando più veemente*)

Oe, paron, anca mi
So cospetizar saveu?

Coss'è? Chi me credeu?
M'aveu trovà in t'un gatolo?
Sogio la vostra sguatara?
Ste maniere se dopara
Co una dona civil?
Coss'è sto manazzar?
E sto cospetizar?
Coss'è sto alzar le man?
A mi cospeti? A mi manazze?
Co una mia pari
Ste manierazze?

(*Lunardo e Simon si allontanano da Cancian che comincia a vacillare.*)

Xe sti siori che ve incita?
Ste asenae, ste bulae
Imparae le avè da lori?
V'a da volta el cervelo, sior Cancian?

(*da un pizzicotto nel braccio a Cancian*)

SIMON (*piano a Lunardo*)

Aveu sentiu che racola?

LUNARDO (*piano a Simon*)

Ghe tirarave el colo ...
E el tase quel pandolo ...

FELICE (*amabilmente*)

Via no le disè gnente,
Patroni reveriti?
Parlo co tuti tre, placidamente.
Se avè da dir, parlè.

LUNARDO e SIMON

La diga cara siora ...

FELICE (*interrompendoli*)

Eh via tase là ... satrapi,
Tasè, orsi d'inferno,
Che co sto modo che tratè le done
No le ve pol amar in sempiterno.

Vegnimo al fato, no,
Vegnimo a dir el merito,
Vegnimo al fato.
Sior Lunardo, so fia vol maridar.
Gnente l'à da saver, guai se la'l vede.
Piasa o nol piasa la lo ga da tor.

(caricaturando gli uomini)

Ma el puto xe bon,
Nol xe gnanca bruto,
L'è san, dopo tutto
El ghe piasarà.

(irrompendo)

E seu mo seguro che'l gh'abi da piasar?

E se nol ghe piase, sior testa de mulo?

Gavè una fia sola, par Diana gavè,

E la sassinè?
Sior sì xe sta ben che i se veda,
So mare no aveva coragio,
Marina s'à raccomanda,
Miò avuo l'invenzion dela mascara,
Mi el conte Riccardo ò pregà;
I s'à visto, i s'à piasso, i è contenti,
I è beati, i se gá consola.

(a Lunardo)

Vu la tera basar dovaressi,

Compatibile è vostra muger.

(a Simon)

Xe laudabile siora Marina,
Mi go agido per gran mio bon cuor.
Se sè omeni persuadeve,
Se sè tangari intestardeve.
La puta è onesta,
Onesto è el puto,
Nualtre semo done d'onor.
La fortuna v'à giutà
Che una dona avè trovà,
Una dona de proposito
Che no s'à mai spaventà
E in sto caso scabrosissimo

CANCIAN

Come home, or else go to the Devil!

FELICE

(*at first very quietly, then gradually becoming more vehemently*)

Oh, dear sir,
I know just as much bad language as you do.

What's this? And who am I?
Did you find me in the gutter?
Do you take me for your light-o'-love?
Is it thus you behave
To a woman of gentle birth?
I can't think how you dare
Like that to curse and swear.
You think to raise your hand?
And abuse me?

Think of my station!
Surely you owe me some consideration!

(*Lunardo and Simon move away from Cancian, who begins to totter.*)

Or perhaps you have taken lessons
In abuse and in language
From these two distinguished gentlemen?
Or have you lost your senses, Sior Cancian?

(*She pinches Cancian in the arm.*)

SIMON (*softly to Lunardo*)

There's words for you, there's eloquence!

LUNARDO (*softly to Simon*)

I should like to wring her neck.
And that old fool there says nothing!

FELICE (*amiably*)

Well? Have you got no answer,
My worshipful lords and masters?
I speak to you all three, calmly and sweetly.
Pray what have you to say?

LUNARDO and SIMON

Tell us then, worthy madam—

FELICE (*interrupting*)

No more, you tartars, you cannibals!
No more, you infernal savages!
For if you treat your lawful wives like this,
How can you then expect them ever to love you?

Now to the point—
For that's the long and short of it.
Sior Lunardo has a daughter to marry off.
She's to know nothing about it,
Still less to see her intended.
Take him, willy-nilly. That's the way it's done.

(caricaturando gli uomini)

He's a good sort of boy,
And he's not half bad-looking,
What's more, he's healthy;
She'll like him well enough!

(bursting out)

And how can you tell if the young man will please her?

And supposing he doesn't, what then, you old blockhead?

You've only one daughter, you'll make her a wife

And ruin her life?

Of course it was right she should see him.
As her stepmother had not the courage,
Marina bethought her of a plan;
And then I suggested the domino,
And brought Sior Riccardo with me.
He came, he saw, he conquered.

They're as happy as can be.

(to Lunardo)

As for you, you may kneel down and thank us.

Margarita you ought to forgive.

(to Simon)

And you might say a word for Marina,
And for me too as long as you live.

Oh, why cannot you all be sensible?

Your position is indefensible.

Neither boy nor girl's reprehensible;

As for me, my conscience is clear.

Thank your stars that hither they sent

A woman of wits and good intent,

A woman on kindly action bent,

A woman without reproach or fear,

Who to the help of the young people went

And gave their fathers a flea in the ear.

La gà tuto combinà.
E la gran bestialità
Che da mostri irragionevoli
E con mezzi riprovevoli
Stevi quasi combinando,
Anca i fulmini sfidando
Sul più belo l'ha sventà,
E cussì senza far scandali,
Proprio come fa i anzoli,
Quattro rusteghi à salvà;
Da vergogna dano e biasemo,
Quattro rusteghi à salvà;
Che da resto se da tangari,
Se da essere bisbetici
Co testarda ingratitudine
Tanto ben lo disprezzè:
Che ve vegna la tarantola,
L'orbariola, i calli, el fistolo,

Che de cuor ve lo desidero
E mi balo se crepè.
Perchè za mi fasso calcolo
Che nè gnente no pericola
Nè che el mondo no se sgangara
Se anca el colo ve rompè,

(*prende fiato*)

O fenio la mia renga,
El cielo sia lodato;
Tuto considerato
Applaudi el matrimonio e l'avocato.

CANCIAN

Senti mo, sior Lunardo . . .
Siora Felice . . . gavarà anca le so debolezze.

(*sorridendo soddisfatto e superbo*)

Ma qualche volta, bia confesarlo . . .

La xe po . . . una gran dona de garbo.

FELICE

N'è vero, sior Cancian?

LUNARDO

Ma ve digo cussì . . .

FELICE

Eh Che l'è una vergogna, sior grubian!
Mi! Mi! Aspetèmi . . .

(*si volta per andare*)

LUNARDO

Comandeu vu, patrona?

FELICE (*dalla porta*)

Sior sì, comando mi.

(*Felice esce.*)

LUNARDO

Se le vien no me tegno.
Se le vien no me tegno.
No me tegno, no me tegno!

LUNARDO, SIMON e CANCIAN

Insomma za, voltila, zirila,
Done barone, no se ghe pol,

O cole brute o cole bone,
Lore fan tuto quel che le vol.

(*Entrano Felice, Margarita, Marina e Lucieta con un aria finta di penitenza.*)

FELICE

Vele quà pentie, contrie,

Le domando perdon.

MARINA, MARGARITA e LUCIETA
Grazia, grazia domandemo,
Suplichemo compassion,
Dala pena quasi morte
Se inchinemo quà a implorar.

LUNARDO (*a Lucieta*)

Cossa meritarecessitu ti, frascona?

FELICE

No la ga colpa, parlè con me.

LUNARDO (*a Lucieta e Margarita*)
Omeni in casa, ah? Morosi sconti?

FELICE

Criè con mi, son causa mi.

All your prejudice, all your pride,
All your tyranny, your pig-headedness,
Our conception of happily-weddedness,
All you secret combinations,
All your open fulminations,
We poor women have now defied.
Our innocuous duplicity
Makes for two folks' felicity,
And for you prevents publicity
Of a scandal far and wide.
Still, if you prefer the attitude
Of a rank and base ingratitude—
For whichever way you look at it, you'd
Find yourselves the feebler sex—
Then I'll wish ev'ry calamity,
Ev'ry malady, disease and infirmity,
Boils and blains and horrible pains
And ev'rything else of which man
complains,
That mind or body or soul can vex.
For I hold that your ferocity
Is an out-of-date monstrosity,
And it would be no great atrocity
If all three of you broke your necks!

(*takes breath*)

That's the end of my discourse,
And thank Heaven for that;
And when you have consider'd it,
Signify your approval in the usual way.

CANCIAN

Well, come now, Sior Lunardo,
Siora Felice may perhaps have the failings
of her sex,

(*smiling with proud satisfaction*)

But there are times when you must admit,
sir,
That she is a truly wonderful woman.

FELICE

Is't not so, Sior Cancian?

LUNARDO

I'll be hang'd if I do!

FELICE

Oh, how can you deny it, you old wretch?
Oh, oh, you wait and see!

(*turns to go*)

LUNARDO

Will you give me orders, ma'am?

FELICE (*at the door*)

I will, I always do.

(*Felice leaves.*)

LUNARDO

If that woman comes here again
I shall go for her.
There'll be no holding me.

LUNARDO, SIMON and CANCIAN

Well, such is life, take it or leave it!
You know what women are, what can one
say?

Take it from me, you'll have to believe it,
By fair or foul means they'll have their way.

(Enter Felice, Margarita, Marina and Lucieta, with an affected air of penitence.)

FELICE

With contrite heart they come to kneel
before you,
And your pardon to ask.

MARINA, MARGARITA and LUCIETA
Humbly, humbly we are come before you,
And pardon humbly would implore you.
Here in trembling we await your sentence,
Hoping you'll take note of our repentance.

LUNARDO (*to Lucieta*)

Now tell me what you deserve, little
hussy?

FELICE

It was not her fault, but mine alone.

LUNARDO (*to Lucieta and Margarita*)
You bringing men in here, and hiding
lovers?

FELICE

Speak now to me, to me alone.

LUNARDO

Eh, andeve a far squartar anca vu!
FELICE (*ridendo*)

Oè!

CANCIAN

Come parleu con mia muger?

LUNARDO

Eh, caro vu, non posso più.
(*Gli uomini si mettono le giacche ed i cappelli come per audarsene.*)

MARINA (*a Felice*)

Cussì pulito la xe giustada?

SIMON (*a Marina*)

Anca vu siora,
Meritaressi 'na strapazzada.

MARINA

Mi vago in leto,

FELICE

Spetè un pocheto.

El poaro sior Lunardo
Gaveva in corpo ancora

La colara in ritardo,

E el l'à mandada fora.

(*Mentre parla sta tenendo Lunardo. Gli leva la giacca e la da a Lucieta; poi gli leva il cappello e lo da a Margarita.*)

MARINA, MARGARITA e LUCIETA
Grazia, grazia, grazia, grazia.

FELICE

Desso che 'l s'à sfogà

El ne perdona tuto,

E se vegrà el puto

I se maridrà.

(*Enter Filipeto, Maurizio e Riccardo, non visti da Lunardo. Marina leva la giacca a Simon; Felice a Cancian. Tutte le giacche vengono date a Lucieta, tutti i cappelli a Margarita.*)

N'è vero, sior Lunardo?

LUNARDO

Siora sì, siora sì.

(*Felice lo fa girare in modo che veda gli altri uomini che sono entrati. Lunardo ribellandosi improvvisamente*) Siora no!

FELICE, MARINA e MARGARITA

Oh!

MAURIZIO (*a Filipeto*)

Via de quâ.

(*Prova a portare via Filipeto. Lucieta lascia cascere le giacche e si mette a piangere.*)

LUNARDO

Coss'è sto fifar, desgraziada?

FELICE, MARINA e MARGARITA

Oh, basta cospeto, sè un omo o un putelo?

Co fa le girandole voltè e rivoltè.

Coss'ele ste smorfie? Coss'è sti strambezzi?

E sti putelezzi? Dixè e disdixè!

Mo gh'intro anca mi

E digo: sior sì,

Se in peto avè cuor,
Sior sì, el l'à da tor.

LUCIETA

Oh cielo, che pene, ohi miei, cossa far?
Oh santi, salvene, salvene, che afar?

MAURIZIO

Ah strighe, demoni.

CANCIAN

Serpenti, dragoni.

SIMON

Perfina coi sighi
Volè sopraffar.

RICCARDO

Non serve che in piazza
Men vada a diletto,
Spettacol più gaio
Di questo non v'è.

LUNARDO

Oh, devil take you, once and for all!
FELICE (*laughing*)

Me?

CANCIAN

Please to remember that's my wife.

LUNARDO

Oh, my dear sir, I've had enough.
(*The three men put on their hats and coats as if to go away.*)

MARINA (*to Felice*)

And so you've settled everything so smoothly?

SIMON (*to Marina*)

And you're another woman
Who deserves to be taught a lesson.

MARINA

I'm going to bed.

FELICE

Please wait a moment.

Our poor old Sior Lunardo,

His anger still he's nursing,

And he must give some vent to it,

So never mind his cursing.

(*While she sings she holds Lunardo back.*

She gradually takes his coat off and gives it to Lucieta; then she takes his hat and gives it to Margarita.)

MARINA, MARGARITA and LUCIETA

Oh be gracious to your servants!

FELICE

Now he has sooth'd his pride.

You all shall be forgiven.

And when the young man comes along

The knot shall at once be tied.

(*Enter Filipeto, Maurizio and Riccardo, unseen by Lunardo. Marina takes off Simon's hat and cloak; Felice takes off Cancian's. The cloaks are all given to Lucieta and the hats to Margarita.)*

It's not so, Sior Lunardo?

LUNARDO

It is so.

(*Felice turns Lunardo around so that he can see the other men who have come in. Lunardo rebelling suddenly*) Siora, no!

FELICE, MARINA and MARGARITA

Oh!

MAURIZIO (*to Filipeto*)

Come away.

(*He tries to take Filipeto away. Lucieta drops the cloaks and bursts into tears.*)

LUNARDO

Oh, why all this howling and bawling?

FELICE, MARINA and MARGARITA

Come, are you a man or a child in your dallying?

You turn like a weathercock this way and that!

Come, what do you mean by this weak shilly-shallying?

And why will you now contradict yourself flat?

But I've got a word and I mean to be heard,

And I tell you your conduct is simply absurd.

If you have a heart, or sense in your head, These two young people have got to be wed.

LUCIETA

Oh cruel misfortune! What is to be done?
Oh Heaven defend us, or help there is none.

MAURIZIO

This noise is appalling!

CANCIAN

With shrieking and bawling.

SIMON

And foul caterwauling
Would you shout us down?

RICCARDO

Why go to the Piazza?
Four bears and three cats are All fighting and that's a Diversion I shan't find in town!

LUNARDO (*che non ne può più*)
Eh, che el la toga,
Che el se destriga,
Che el se marida, che el se la peta,
Che mi son agro, non posso più.

MARGARITA

Caro colù.
(abbraccia Lunardo violentemente)

FELICE (*a Lunardo, scherzando*)

E se vegrà el puto
I se maridàrà.
N'è vero, sior Lunardo?

LUNARDO (*a Lucieta, amorevolmente*)

Lucieta.

LUCIETA

Sior?

LUNARDO

Vien qua.

LUCIETA

Vegno.

LUNARDO

Te vustu maridar?

(Lucieta è troppo confusa per rispondere.)

Via, respondi, te vustu maridar?

LUCIETA (*tremendo*)

Sior sì, sior sì.

LUNARDO

Frascheta,
Ti l'à visto el novizzo, ah?

LUCIETA

Sior sì.

LUNARDO

Sior Maurizio.

MAURIZIO (*ruvido*)

Cossa ghè?

LUNARDO

Via caro vecio, no me respondè,
Vegnimo a dir el merito,
Cussì da rustego...

MAURIZIO (*a Filipeto*)

Bruto baron... vien quâ.

FILIPETO (*rincuorato*)

Son quâ.

MAURIZIO

Xestu pentio?

FILIPETO (*battendosi il petto*)

Sior sì.

MAURIZIO

Vara che anca maridà
Ti è da dependar da mi.

FILIPETO

Sior sì, sior sì.

MAURIZIO (*soleenne*)

Siora Lucieta, v'aceto per fia
E el ciel ve benedissa. Deve la man.

FILIPETO

Come se fa?

FELICE

Mò via, deghe la man.

(Marina e Felice congiungono le mani di
Filipeto e di Lucieta.)

MARINA e FELICE

Cussì.

MARINA

Povarazzo!

(Tutti sono molto commossi.)

MARGARITA

Sior Simon, sior Cancian, sè vu i comparì.

SIMON

Siora, sì, semo quâ.

CANCIAN

Col cuor in man.

LUNARDO (*molto commosso*)

Su via, puti, stè liegri,
No stemo più a fifar...

(con voce soffocata dalla commozione)
Eviva tutti, è ora de disnar.

(Lunardo con Margarita, Simon con Marina e Felice con Cancian e Riccardo si avviano verso il fondo lentamente ed escono. Lucieta rimane sola con Filipeto, attende un bacio, ma egli non capisce e rimane indeciso. Lucieta fugge ridendo e Filipeto la insegue e la bacia.)

FINE

LUNARDO (*furious*)

Oh, let him have her
And let him marry her,
And for a honeymoon take her to Hell!
I've had enough of this, I've had enough.

MARGARITA

Oh best of men!

(embraces Lunardo violently)

FELICE (*playfully to Lunardo*)

And when the young man comes along
The knot shall at once be tied!
Is't not so, Sior Lunardo?

LUNARDO (*to Lucieta, kindly*)

Lucieta!

LUCIETA

Sir?

LUNARDO

Come here.

LUCIETA

I'm here, sir.

LUNARDO

Would you like to be married?

(Lucieta is too shy to answer.)

Come, child, answer me.

LUCIETA (*trembling*)

I would, I would.

LUNARDO

You baggage!

So you've seen the boy already?

LUCIETA

I have, sir.

LUNARDO

Sior Maurizio.

MAURIZIO (*rudely*)

What d'ye want?

LUNARDO

Come, worthy friend,
For here's the long and short of it,
You've no call to answer me like that.

MAURIZIO (*to Filipeto*)

You young jackanape! Come here.

FILIPETO (*taking courage*)

I'm here, sir.

MAURIZIO

Have you repented?

FILIPETO (*beating his breast*)

I have, sir.

MAURIZIO

Understand me, when you're married,
You'll still be dependent on me.

FILIPETO

I shall, sir, I know.

MAURIZIO (*solemnly*)

Siora Lucieta, I take you for my child,
And Heaven bless you both. Give her your hand.

FILIPETO

What do I do?

FELICE

Come on, give her your hand.

(Felice and Marina join the bands of
Filipeto and Lucieta.)

MARINA and FELICE

Like that.

MARINA

Heaven bless him!

(Everybody is much overcome.)

MARGARITA

Sior Simon, Sior Cancian you are the
witnesses.

SIMON

We are proud to be here.

CANCIAN

We are indeed. Heaven bless them both!

LUNARDO (*very much overcome*)

Now, children, let us be merry

And drink a glass of wine.

(with a comically suffocated voice)

Hurrah for all of us! Now we must go to
dine.

(Lunardo with Margarita, Simon with Marina and Felice with Cancian and Riccardo go slowly toward the rear and leave. Lucieta remains alone with Filipeto, waiting for a kiss, but he does not understand and remains undecided. Lucieta runs away laughing, and Filipeto chases her and gives her a kiss.)

THE END