



# LIGHT OPERA LIBRETTOS

ITALIAN  
AND ENGLISH TEXT  
AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

Stacy Cox Librarian  
of Music & Dance  
Cornell University

## CRISPINO E LA COMARE

(THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY)

BY  
THE BROTHERS RICCI

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY  
BOSTON

LYON & HEALY *Chicago*

C·H·DITSON & CO  
*New York*

J·E·DITSON & CO  
*Philadelphia*



# OPERA SCORES

All the vocal scores have English text together with the foreign text mentioned below. Unless otherwise specified, these books are bound in paper. Prices include postage.

## GRAND OPERAS

<b>AIDA</b> ..... Giuseppe Verdi 1.50 In four acts. Italian text	<b>LAKMÉ</b> ..... Léo Delibes 2.00 In three acts
<b>BOHEMIAN GIRL</b> ..... Michael W. Balfe 1.50 In three acts	<b>MARITANA</b> ..... William Vincent Wallace 2.00 In three acts
<b>CARMEN</b> ..... Georges Bizet 2.00 In four acts. French text	<b>MIGNON</b> ..... Ambroise Thomas 2.00 In three acts. Italian text
<b>CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA</b> ..... Pietro Mascagni 1.50 In one act. Italian text	<b>SAMSON AND DELILAH</b> In three acts ..... Camille Saint-Saëns 2.00
<b>FAUST</b> ..... Charles Gounod 1.50 In five acts. French text	<b>TROVATORE, IL</b> ..... Giuseppe Verdi 1.00 In four acts. Italian text

## LIGHT OPERAS

<b>BELLS OF CORNEVILLE; THE; or, THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY</b> In three acts ..... Robert Planquette 1.50	<b>MARTHA</b> ..... Friedrich von Flotow 1.50 In four acts. German and Italian text
<b>BILLEE TAYLOR; or, THE REWARD OF VIRTUE</b> ..... Edward Solomon 1.00 In two acts	<b>MASCOT, THE</b> ..... Edmond Audran 1.00 In three acts
<b>BOCCACCIO; or, THE PRINCE OF PALERMO</b> ..... Franz von Suppé 2.00 In three acts	<b>MUSKETEERS, THE</b> ..... Louis Varney 1.00 In two acts
<b>DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA, THE</b> In two acts ..... Julius Eichberg 1.50	<b>OLIVETTE</b> ..... Edmond Audran 1.00 In three acts
<b>FATINIEZA</b> ..... Franz von Suppé 2.00 In three acts. German and Italian text	<b>PINAFORE, H. M. S; or, THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR</b> ..... Sir Arthur Sullivan 1.00 In two acts
<b>LITTLE DUKE, THE</b> ..... Charles Lecocq 1.00 In three acts	<b>SORCERER, THE</b> ..... Sir Arthur Sullivan 1.00 In two acts
	<b>STRADELLA</b> ..... Friedrich von Flotow 1.00 In three acts

Send for Descriptive Circular P—Oratorios, Cantatas, Operas and Operettas.

❁ ❁ OLIVER DITSON COMPANY ❁ ❁

# THE BROTHERS RICCI'S

OPERA

Sidney Cox Library  
of Music & Dance  
Cornell University

## Crispino E La Comare,

Music  
ML  
50  
R53  
C9  
1866

(THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY,)

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

And the Music of all the Principal Airs.

---

Boston: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

New York: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

Chicago: LYON & HEALY

Copyright MDCCLXVI, by OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Copyright MDCCCXIV, by Heirs of T. T. BARKER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**CRISPINO TACCHETTO.** A Cobbler.

**FABRIZIO.** A Doctor.

**MIRABOLANO.** A Doctor and Apothecary.

**CONTINO DEL FIORE.** A Tuscan Nobleman.

**DON ASDRUBALE DI CAPAROTTA.** A Rich Sicilian Miser.

**BORTOLO.** A Mason.

**ANNETTA.** Crispino's Wife.

**LA COMARE.** A Fairy.

Chorus of Doctors of Medicine, Apothecaries' Assistants, and other Shopmen, Street-Criers, and Newsvenders, Relatives and Friends of Crispino.

SCENE—VENICE. PERIOD—THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

## A R G U M E N T .

CRISPINO, AND ANNETTA his wife are a luckless, penniless couple, with a large family. The former endeavors to earn his bread as a cobbler, the latter tries to realize a trifle by selling songs and ballads in the streets! but they are both signally unsuccessful. They are threatened by their landlord with a distraint for rent, and Crispino, driven literally wild by despair, resolves to put an end to his woes by throwing himself into a well. He is just about to fulfill his rash intention, when a Fairy rises from the well, and bids him take heart, for she will henceforth protect and provide for him. The Fairy proceeds to inform him that, in order to carry out a certain "speculation" of her own, she intends forthwith to make an "Illustrious Doctor" of him; adding that, whenever he visits a patient, he must be careful to look around and note whether she be present (invisible to all save Crispino), for in that case the patient will die, but should she not make her appearance, the sufferer will surely recover.

Crispino, through the supernatural agency of the Fairy, performs several marvellous cures, and realizes immense wealth. He causes a magnificent palace to be erected on the site of his old stall, and drives the medical fraternity of Venice mad with rage at his astonishing success. They ridicule his ignorance as well as his bad Latin, but are utterly confounded by the apparent miracles which he accomplishes. However, Crispino's grandeur renders him haughty and supercilious; he ill-treats his wife, and is even insolent to his "Good Genius," La Comare. As a punishment for his arrogance, the Fairy causes him to sink through the earth to her subterranean abode, where she informs him that his last hour is at hand, and insists upon his making his will, bequeathing his property in the manner she dictates to him. Crispino, half dead with terror, complies, and requests, as a last favor, that he may be permitted to embrace his wife and children before he dies. The Fairy, by the medium of an enchanted mirror, reveals to him his family circle, then engaged in offering up a prayer for his safety. He again implores the Fairy to spare his life, and promises that, if she will only "let him off this time," he will, for the future, become an exemplary husband and father. The Fairy consents; she causes him to fall senseless on a seat, and on awakening, he finds himself once more surrounded by his wife, children, and friends, whose answers soon prove to him that the subterranean cavern and all its terrors were naught but a feverish dream, the result of a "distempered fancy."

The underplot of this amusing extravaganza sets forth the loves of the Contino del Fiore and Lisetta, the ward of an avaricious old Sielian miser, who, being himself in love with Lisetta, or rather with her marriage portion, pertinaciously "frowns" on their suit. However, the sudden death of this highly disagreeable individual (being itself a corroboration of one of Crispino's marvellous prophecies,) removes the only obstacle to the latter's happiness.

# CRISPINO E LA COMARE.

## (THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY.)

### ATTO I.

UN CAMPO DI VENIZIA.

**SCENA I.**—A destra dello spettatore è una Speziera all' insegna delle due Scimie, addobbata per fare la teriaca. Varii Facchini di fuori pestano, altri stan setacciando le droghe; una bottega da caffè. Di fronte una trattoria con mostra. A sinistra, avanti, la piccola casa di Crispino, più indietro il portone d' un Palazzo.

All' alzar del sipario, CRISPINO sta al sua panchetto lavorando fuori della propria casa.—Il CONTINO è seduto al caffè, leggendo una gazzetta; alcuni Serventi ne stanno a qualche distanza; i Facchini dello speziale pestano nei mortai; i Servi della trattoria son sulla porta.

Coro. Batti, batti, pesta, pesta,  
La teriaca qui si fa.  
Più d' un morbo che molesta  
Per tal farmaco sen va.

**SCENA II.**—Detti e DON ASTRUDALE, che dal palazzo va al caffè. I Facchini lasciano di pestare, e attendo o ad altre incombenze.

Asd. Ehi bottega?—giovinotti,  
Presto venga un buon caffè;  
Venga un pajo di biscotti,  
Ma—badate—son per me.

Coro. Uh! l' avere maladetto,  
Che non possa mai crepar!

Asd. Acqua, zucchero perfetto—  
Vi saprò poi regolar.

Con. Nella Cina s' è trovato [Leggendo da sè.  
Nuovo tempio degli Indù.

Coro. E servito— [Ad Asdrubale, portandogli il caffè.

Con. (Ah, sciagurato! [Accorgendosi di Asdrubale.  
Infelice mi fai tu!)

### ACT I.

A STREET IN VENICE.

**SCENE I.**—To the right of the spectator is an Apothecary's shop, bearing the sign of 'The Two Apes,' with appurtenances for the manufacture of treacle. Various assistants are discovered, pounding with pestles and mortars; others are sorting drugs. On the same side is a Cafe. In the centre is an eating-house, with its sign, &c.—In front is the little house belonging to Crispin, and further on is seen the portico of a palace.

At the rising of the curtain, CRISPIN is discovered, seated on a bench, at work, in front of his house.—The COUNT is seated near the Cafe, reading a newspaper; several waiters are standing at a short distance from him; the apothecary's men are pounding medicines in the pestle and mortar: the servants connected with the eating house are standing at the door.

Cho. Thump, thump, pound, pound,  
'Tis here we make the draught;  
More than one troublesome malady  
Yields to the influence of this remedy.

**SCENE II.**—The preceding, and DON ASDRUBAL, who comes from the palace to the Cafe. The apothecary's assistants leave off pounding, and occupy themselves with other duties.

Asd. What ho!—waiters, quick!  
Let me have some excellent coffee,  
And a couple of biscuits;  
But mind ye, they're for me!

Cho. Ah! the accursed miser!  
Would there were an end of him!

Asd. Water, too, and sugar of the best—  
I'll settle with ye afterwards.

Count. [aside, reading.] In China, another Hindoo temple  
has recently been found.

Cho. [carrying coffee, &c., to Asdrubal.] Your worship is  
served.

Count. [perceiving Asdrubal.] Wretch!  
'Tis thou who mak'st me thus unhappy!

## BELLA SICCOME UN ANGELO.—THOU BEAUTEOUS AS AN ANGEL ART. ROMANZA. CONTINO.

Bel - la siccome un an - ge - lo, Ti vi - die t'a - do - ra - - i.  
Thou beauteous as an an - gel art, I saw, and straight a dored..... thee.

E piu fre - quen - to il pal - pi - to, Di questo cor di questo cor..... pro - va - i.  
For thee this faithful heart now burns, With love ne'er felt, with love ne'er felt..... be - fore.

Ma se il destin con - ten - - de - re, vuoi la tua ma - no a me, Tut - to sa - prò io  
But should cru - el fate ..... e'er strive to wrest thee from my hand, I'll ev' - ry per - il

vin - - ce - re, Li - set - ta mi a per tel Ah!..... Bel - la siccome un  
brave, Li - set - ta fair, for.... thee! Ah!..... Thou beauteous as an

an - ge - lo, Ti vi - die t'a - do - ra - - i, Tut - to sa - prò io  
an - gel art, I saw, and straight a - dored..... thee, Glad - ly I'll ev - ry

vin - ce - re Li - set - ta mia Li - set - ta mi - a, per te.  
per - il brave, Li - set - ta dear, Li - set - ta dear,..... for thee.

Coro. Batti, batti, pesta, pesta,  
La teriaca qui si fa.

Asd. Ehi bottega? ancor la cesta.

Coro. E servito.

Asd. Presto.

Coro. Qua.

Cri. Una volta un ciabattino  
Diventato è gran signor.

Tutti. Eh! sta zitto là, Crispino,  
Col tuo canto seccator.

Cri. Perché zitto?

Coro. Sei noioso.

Asd. Pensa i debiti a pagar.

Cri. Lo spiantato bisognoso  
Si confort col cantar.

Cho. Thump, thump, pound, pound,  
'Tis here we make the potion.

Asd. What ho, there! more!

Cho. Your worship's served.

Asd. Be quick!

Cho. We're here!

Cri. Once a cobbler, poor and lowly,  
Quite a mighty lord became.

All. Peace, Crispin!

Cease thy tedious song.

Cri. Why should I cease?

Cho. Thou'rt a bore.

Asd. Think of thy debts, and how to pay them.

Cri. The lackless wretch  
Seeks consolation in a song.

## UNA VOLTA UN CIABATTINO. ONCE A COBBLER, POOR AND LOWLY.

Canzone. CRISPINO.

U - na vol - ta un cia - bat - ti - no, gràn si gno - re di - ven - tò; U - na fa - ta del mes -  
Once a cob - bler, poor and low - ly, Quite a might - y lord be - came; For a fai - ry, young and

chi - no, paz - za - men - te in - na - mo - rò, Ciabatte e le sine, for - me e sti  
hand - some, Came the cob - bler's love to claim. Then a - way his boots and shoes did he

- va li, panchet - to, se - to - le po - tè get - tar. Al - lo ra splen - di - do cocchie ca -  
*throw. And his bench with awl and last he o - ver - turned, And soon in full splendor he drove thro'*

- val - li pran - zi lau - tis si mi po - tè gu - star A - hi, po ve - ro Cri -  
*all the town, with prancing hors - es in his couch he rides, But a - las, a las, Cris -*

spi - no, faine e ae - te son per te. Po - co pa - ne, sen - za vi - no, la for - tu - na sol ti  
*pi - no, this good luck is not for thee. Lit - tle bread, but mighty hunger, sends mis - fortune to my*

**HAMMERING.**

diè. Oh! oh! bat - ti, bat - ti, oh! oh! tira e pea - ta. Bat - ti, bat - ti, tira e pes - ta, sei dan -  
*door. Oh! oh! pounding, pounding, oh! oh! stitching, pounding, pounding, pounding, stitching, pounding, is the*

- na - to a la - vo - rar. Ti - ra, ti - ra, batti e pes - ta, e al - men sfo - ga - ti a cantar. la ra la la ra  
*mu - sic all the day. Stitching, stitching, pounding, pounding, is the music, all, all the day. la ra la la ra*

la, la ra la, la ra la, la ra la, la ra la, la ra la, la ra la, la ra la, la ra la, la ra la, la ra la.

*Ann.* Istorie belle a leggere  
 Da me chi vuol comprar?  
*Cri.* (Oggi perchè mia moglie  
 Sollicita a tomar?)  
*Tutti.* Anche la vendi-storie,  
 Ci viene a tormentar!

[*Dall interno.*

*Ann.* *without.*] My pretty tales and songs  
 Who'll buy?  
*Cri.* *aside.*] What makes my wife thus eager  
 To return home to-day?  
*All.* Ah! here comes the story-book seller,  
 To worry and torment us!

SCENA III.—*Detti ed ANNETTA, con una canestro pieno di storielle e canzonette; MIRABOLANO, si vedrà in Farmacia*

SCENE III.—*The preceding, and ANNETTA, with a basket full of tales and songs; MIRABOLANO is now seen in the apothecary's shop.*

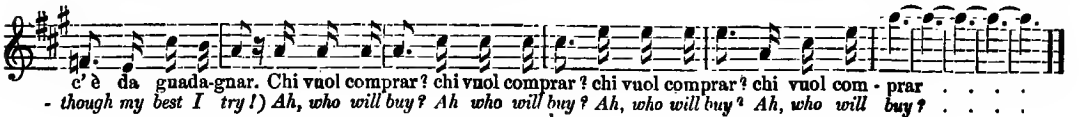
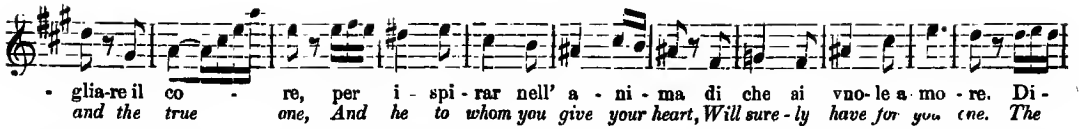
ISTORIE BELLE E LEGGERE. MY PRETTY TALES AND SONGS. Canzonet. ANNETTA.

I - sto - rie belle a leg - ge - re da me chi vuol com - prar? Ho qui di cal - di pal - pi  
*My pret - ty tales, and songs, and charms, Oh! who of me will buy? I've tales of grief, and tales of*

ti, Leg - gen - de la - gui - mo se, Rac - con - ti per le nu - bi - li, e - sem - pi,  
*love, That jealous fear a - rous - es, Some songs for you, O, la - dies fair, and some, too,*

per le spo - se, Ho la si - cu - ra re - go - la per scan - da -  
*for your spou - ses, I've charms, beside, which plain - ly show the false heart*





*Cri.* Annetta, ehben! —  
*Ann.* Miseria!

[*Alzandosi.*

*Cri.* Dimmi quant' hal toccato?  
*Ann.* Niente.

*Cri.* Parola orribile!  
Io pur son disperato.

A 2. Vedi che bella coppia?  
Cosa potrem mangiar!

*Ann.* E i figli?

A 2. Oh, che miseria!

*Cri.* Ritorna un po' a girar.  
*Ann.* Vano mi fu il percorrere

Rialto, poi San Polo;  
Nemmeno in piazza vendere  
Potuto ho un foglio solo —  
Prendon le carte, leggono,  
Le gettano ridendo;  
Certi talor mi parlano  
Cose che non comprendo;  
Altri s' azzardan chiedere  
Quanto non posso dar.

*Cri.* Ohe là—dico—m'immagino—

*Ann.* Potresti dubitar?

A 2. Ah! vita tanto misera

Fa proprio delirar.

*Cri.* Tenta, se mai volessero —

Per caso quei signori —

[*Torna a sedere.*

*Ann.* Qui la perfetta regola

[*Mirabolano che sarà sulla porta della Farmacia.*

Per leggere nei cori.

*Mir.* Ma non seccarmi, vattene.

*Ann.* D' appassionati amanti

[*Al Contino.*

A voi la bella istoria —

*Con.* Togli ti a me davanti.

*Ann.* Quest' è il sicuro metodo

[*Ad Asdrubale.*

D' accrecere i tesori.

*Cri.* [*rising.*] Well, Annetta

*Ann.* Sad fortune!

*Cri.* Tell me, how much have you taken?

*Ann.* Nothing.

*Cri.* Ah, word of woe!

I now am truly desperate.

*Both.* A pretty pair are we!

What shall we do for food?

*Ann.* And our children?

*Both.* Oh, wretched fate!

*Cri.* Go, try thy luck again!

*Ann.* Vainly have I travers'd

The Rialto and San Polo;

Nowhere have I sold

A single sheet.

They take my songs and read them,

Then laughing, throw them back;

Some speak to me of things

I cannot understand,

While others dare to ask

That which I ne'er can grant.

*Cri.* Hallo!—I say—I begin to fear—

*Ann.* What! could you doubt me?

*Both.* A life so sad and wretched

Ere long will drive us mad.

*Cri.* Try now—perhaps these gentlemen

Might feel disposed to—

[*Resumes his seat.*

*Ann.* [*To Mirabolano, who is standing at the door of the apothecary's shop.*

Here you have a rule infallible

For penetrating hearts.

*Mir.* Trouble me not—get hence!

*Ann.* [*to the Count.*] Perhaps you would like

A tale of ardent lovers—

*Count.* Leave me! away!

*Ann.* [*to Asdrubal.*] Here you will find a method sure

Of adding to your store of treasure.



**Asd.** In venta, tu sei troppo bella,  
Per un rozzo ciabattino.

**Cri.** Ohi, signor Asdrubale,  
Che gioco qui giochiamo ?

**Asd.** Bada al lavoro, stolido ;  
Io so quello che bramo.

**Cri.** Io non l' intendo —

**Asd.** *[Alzandosi.]* Pagami  
Di casa la pigione ;  
Pagami dunque, e subito.

**Coro.** Sta bene, egli ha ragione.

**Asd.** Paga, o ti scaccio, e i mobili  
Di casa asporterò !

**Ann.** Pietà, signor Asdrubale —

**Asd.** Che vuol ? — tutto farò.  
Ascoltarmi !

**Ann.** Non voglio ascoltar.

**Asd.** Lo sai —

**Ann.** No —

**Cri.** No. *[Allontanando con forza Annetta.]*  
Signore, questo mobile  
Che tocchisi non vo'.

**Mir.** } Paga i tuoi debiti,  
**Asd. e** } Brutto gradasso ; *[Stringendosi gli intorno.]*  
**Coro.** } Paga, ora è inutile  
Tanto fracasso ;  
Se non la termini  
Andrai prigionie.  
Sciocco bestione,  
Va via di qua.

**Ann.** Via, compatitelo,  
Se avete un core,  
Credete, è inutile  
Tanto rigore ;  
Siam troppo miseri,  
Siam sventurati ;  
Co' disperati  
Ci vuol pietà.

**Con.** Via, compatitelo,  
Se avete un core  
Credete, è inutile.  
Tanto rigore ;  
Son troppo miseri,  
Son sventurati :  
Co' disperati  
Ci vuol pietà.

**Cri.** *[Da se.]* (Di qua la moglie  
Co' suoi clamori,  
Di là m' incalzano  
I creditori ;  
Crispino misero,  
Non puoi sperare ;  
Un laccio o il mare  
T' aiuterà.

*' l' uge disperato, Annetta vorrebbe seguirlo, ma è trattenuta da Don Asdrubale ; il Contino s' avvia d' altra parte ; Mirabolano entra in Farmacia.*

SCENA IV.—ANNETTA e DON ASDRUBALE. *I Facchini della spezieria sgomberanno la scena.*

**Ann.** Vedi, vedi per te, brutto vecchiccio,  
Il povero Crispino è andato in bestia.  
Chi sa che vorrà fare ?  
Io vo' seguirlo

**Asd.** No, no, senti Annetta,  
Parliam di questa storia —

**Ann.** Di cosa vuoi parlar, crudo avaraccio ?  
Io solo avrei per te di corda un laccio.

*[Corre dietro Crispino.]*

**Asd.** In sooth, thou art too pretty—  
For a lowly cobbler's wife.

**Cri.** Signor Asdrubal, I say,  
What game is this we're playing ?

**Asd.** Look to your work, you dolt !  
I know what I'm about !

**Cri.** I don't understand this sort of thing.

**Asd.** Pay me my rent ! Pay me, I say,  
And that right quickly !

**Cho.** 'Tis well—he's in the right !

**Asd.** Pay, or I'll drive you forth,  
And take your furniture !

**Ann.** Have pity, signor Asdrubal —

**Asd.** For you, you well know, I'd do anything —  
Hear me !

**Ann.** Naught will I hear.

**Asd.** Thon knowest —

**Ann.** No —

**Cri.** No ! *[Forcibly drawing Annetta away.]*  
Signor, this item of my furniture  
Must not be touched.

**Mir.** } Pay, then, your debts,  
**Asd. &** } You stupid lout ! *[Pressing round him.]*  
**Cho.** }  
Pay ! This fuss is useless !  
Beware, or else straightway  
To prison thou shalt go !  
Hence, hence, away !

**Ann.** Oh, if ye have hearts,  
Take pity on him, pray !  
Such cruel harshness  
Is, sure, uncalled for.  
A luckless pair are we ;  
Such wretchedness as ours  
Should move your pity.

**Count.** Oh, if ye have hearts,  
Take pity on him, pray !  
Such cruel harshness  
Is, sure, uncalled for.  
A luckless pair are they ;  
Such wretchedness as theirs  
Should move your pity.

**Cri.** *[aside.]* On one side, a clamoring wife ;  
On the other, urgent creditors :  
Wretched Crispin,  
There's no hope for thee !  
Hanging or drowning  
Must end thy woes !

*[He rushes off frantically, Annetta attempting to follow him, but she is withheld by Don Asdrubal ; the Count withdraws in another direction : Mirabolano enters the apothecary's shop.]*

SCENA IV.—ANNETTA and DON ASDRUBAL. *The apothecary's men have meanwhile cleared the stage.*

**Ann.** You now see, you wicked old man, poor Crispin has gone away almost mad, and all through you ! Who knows what he may do ? I'll hasten after him !

**Asd.** No — no ! listen now — let's talk about that story —

**Ann.** About what, you cruel old miser ! I only wish I had a rope's end to bestow upon you !

*[Runs after Crispin.]*

SCENA V.—DON ASDRUBALE e il DOTTOR FABRIZIO,  
*ch' esce dal Palazzo.*

*Asd.* Ebben, caro dottore,  
 Che notizie mi dai della malata ?  
*Fab.* A dir vero, mi par bella e spacciata.  
*Asd.* Soccomba pur, soccomba, non importa ;  
 Se non vuol esser mia, sta meglio morta.  
*Fab.* Ma perchè ciò ?  
*Asd.* Vorrebbe  
 Che mentre io l' amo disperatamente—  
*Fab.* (Me ne accorgo !)  
*Asd.* La dessi a un disperato,  
 A un tal quale Contin di primo pelo.  
 Che la ricca sua dote  
 Le sciuperia in un anno.  
 Ma io no—non son matto—non m' inganno—  
*Fab.* (Ah ! ah !)  
*Asd.* S' ammal, crepi a suo talento,  
 Io far non voglio il mio rival contento.

[*Entra in palazzo.*]

SCENA VI.—DOTTOR FABRIZIO.

Dice d' amarla disperatamente !  
 Avarraccio briccone, io ti conosco —  
 La sua vistosa dote ti sta in core :  
 Ed ella intanto morirà d' amore !  
 Io sono un po' filosofo  
 Attento scrutatore ;  
 Al par dell' arte medica  
 Studio alla donna il core.  
 Conosco quanto il fisico  
 Soggetto sia al morale ;  
 Di vedove, di giovani  
 Spesso indovino il male.  
 Io loro mi fan ridere  
 Languori, parossismi,  
 Le convulsioni, i palpiti,  
 I soliti isterismi ;  
 Per esse ho uno specifico  
 Securo, portenoso.  
 Lor dico : *Statim recipe*  
 Qual più ti piace a sposo.  
 Donnine amabili—già c' intendiamo,  
 Troppo vi piacciono—quei detti : *Io t' amo*.  
 Siate pur vedove,—siate zitelle,  
 E brutte e belle—volete amor.  
 Somiglianti—siete alle viti  
 Cui abbisognano—olmi mariti.  
 Che poi di pampini incoronati,  
 Fanno beati gli agricoltor.

[*Entra in farmacia.*]

SCENA VII.—*Luogo remoto, con un pozzo nel mezzo.*

CRISPINO, *rabbuffato e trafelato, giunge correndo.*

*Cri.* Dove vado, ove corro, ove fuggo ?  
 Insultato, inseguito mi struggo.  
 Ah, Crispino, più rimedio non c' è !  
 Ora il mondo è finito per te !  
 Chi m' insegna una morte dolce dolce,  
 Che pian piano m' uccida ?  
 O voi, compagni miei ;  
 Amici, debitori disperati,  
 Che siete al par di me perseguitati,  
 Consiglio a voi domando.  
 Impiccarmi dogg' io ? deggio affogarmi ?

[*Gira disperato.*]

SCENE V.—DON ASDRUBAL and DOCTOR FABRIZIO  
*the latter entering from the Palace.*

*Asd.* Well now, my dear Doctor, what news of our patient ?  
*Fab.* To speak the truth, I fear the beautiful girl is beyond hope of recovery.  
*Asd.* Let her perish ! I care not. If she'll not consent to be mine, she may just as well die !  
*Fab.* How so ?  
*Asd.* She actually wishes, whilst I love her so devotedly—  
*Fab.* [*aside.*] I see you do !  
*Asd.* She actually wishes me, I say, to bestow her hand on some adventurer—some Count or other, who would squander away her magnificent dowry in one year ! But I'm not such a fool—there's no deceiving me !  
*Fab.* [*aside.*] Ha ! ha !  
*Asd.* Let her be ill, and die, if she thinks proper. I'll never consent to make my own rival happy.

[*Enters palace.*]

SCENE VI.—DOCTOR FABRIZIO.

*Fab.* He says he loves her devotedly ! Avaricious knave, I know you ! 'Tis her marriage portion that touches thy heart ! She, meanwhile, poor girl, will die of love !  
 I'm a bit of a philosopher,  
 And a close observer, too ;  
 To the full, as much as medicine,  
 Have I studied woman's heart :  
 I know the just relationship  
 'Twixt physical and moral.  
 Of widows and of maids,  
 I oft can guess the ailment :  
 Their languor and their paroxysms,  
 Their convulsions, palpitations,  
 And all such like affections,  
 But make me laugh !  
 For all those maladies,  
 I have a remedy infallible :  
 I simply say—Choose now, for husband,  
 The man whom you love best.  
 Yes, fascinating little ladies, we understand each other  
 Your thoughts are too much occupied  
 With those magic words, ' I love you !'  
 Be ye widows—be ye maids—  
 Be ye dark, or be ye fair,  
 Love is your constant thought !  
 Ye are like the vine  
 That needs the vigorous elm's support,  
 Until, with clusters crown'd,  
 It glads the tiller's heart.

[*Enters the dispensary*]

SCENE VII.—*A deserted spot, in the midst of which is seen a well.*—CRISPIN enters, running—he appears exhausted and out of breath.

*Cri.* Where am I going ? Whither shall I fly ? On all sides I am insulted and pursued. Ah, poor Crispin ! There's no hope for thee ! Thou must straightway bid this world farewell ! Who will now suggest to me some agreeable mode of dying, which will dispatch me in a totally imperceptible manner ? Oh, my companions, friends, who, like me, are luckless debtors, and who, like me, are remorselessly pursued, to you I turn for counsel ! Shall I try hanging ? or shall I rather choke myself ? [*Walks to and fro in despair.*] Ah ! what's this I see ? a well ? O.

Ma, che veggio! E qui an pozzo!  
 Oh, a tempo ben trovato!  
 Porta per me sarai dell' altro mondo!  
 Moglie, mia moglie, addio,  
 Da tanti affanni or m' esco,  
 E vo' a morire, tombolando, in fresco.

[*Corr. a precipitarsi a capo in giù nel pozzo; quando una donna in bruno ammanto ne esce improvvisamente dal profondo, e vi resta immobile.*]

## SCENA VIII.—CRISPINO e la COMARE.

*Com.* Ferma là, che cosa fai?  
*Cri.* Dentro il pozzo una signora?  
*Com.* Illustriissima, chi è mai?  
*Cri.* Di spiegarlo non è l' ora,  
 A suo tempo lo saprai.  
*Com.* Obbedir sol dèi per ora.  
*Cri.* Ma sei femmina? sei dea?  
 Sei tu fata? che fai qua?  
*Com.* Non son femmina, nè dea.

[*Esce dal pozzo, e si avvanza verso il proscenio.*]

Ma resister niun mi sa.  
*Cri.* Come dunque t' ho a chiamare.  
*Com.* Donna Giusta, tua Comare.  
*Cri.* Ah! un compare disgraziato  
 Presto adunque soccorrete.  
 Quanto sono disperato,  
 Ascoltate e apprendete.  
*Com.* Parla pur, già tutto io so.  
*Cri.* Sì?—più franco parlerò.  
 Dapprima, figuratevi,  
 Ho fatto il servitore;  
 Passato poscia quattero  
 Dal cuoco d' un trattore,  
 Mi vollero promuovere,  
 Divenni cantiniere;  
 Dovetti presto smettere  
 Pel gusto del bicchiere;  
 Di caramelli e fosfori  
 Ho fatto il negoziante!  
 Ho fatto il pescivendolo,  
 Ho fatto il battellante;  
 M' innamorai qual asino,  
 Mi fecero sposar;  
 Ma con me sol non conjuga  
 Mia moglie il verbo amar.

*Com.* Mi narri il ver; ma sbrigatevi,  
 M' è noia l' ascoltar.

*Cri.* Ora professo il nobile  
 Mestier di ciabattino;  
 Ma sudo invano e tribolo,  
 Son più di pria meschino.  
 Nuoto in un mar di debiti,  
 Naufrago quasi morto;  
 I ereditor m' inalzano,  
 Com' onda senza porto.  
 Venni cer cando il termine  
 Di tanti affanni miei.  
 Or che la triste istori  
 Tutta narrar potei,  
 Comare potentissim  
 Io son disperatissimo,  
 A compassion movetevi,  
 Movetevi a pietà.

*Com.* Crispin, sorgi, io vo' giovarti.

*Cri.* Sì, davvero?

*Com.* Lo vedrai.  
 Un gran medico vo' farti.

[*Alzandosi.*]

opportune discovery! through thee I'll make my exit from  
 this nether world! Wife, dear wife, farewell! I extricate  
 myself from the troubled waves in which I so long have  
 lived, by plunging into still water!

*He is about to precipitate himself headlong into the well, when a FAIRY, enveloped in a dark mantle, suddenly rises therefrom, and stands motionless.*

## SCENE VIII.—CRISPIN and the FAIRY.

*Fairy.* Hold! what would'st thou do?  
*Cri.* A lady within a well!  
 Illustrious dame, who art thou?  
*Fairy.* This is no time for explanations,—  
 In good time thou shalt know all;  
 But now,—thou hast only to obey!  
*Cri.* Art thou a woman or a goddess?  
 Art thou a fairy? Say, what dost thou here?  
*Fairy.* Neither woman nor goddess am I!  
 But none can e'er resist me!  
 [*Comes down from the well, and advances towards the front of stage.*]  
*Cri.* By what name am I to call thee?  
*Fairy.* I am the lady Giusta, thy fairy friend  
*Cri.* Ah! my luckless lot, then,  
 Pray quickly aid;—  
 Listen now, and learn  
 How desperate it is!  
*Fairy.* Speak, if it please thee,  
 Though all I know already!  
*Cri.* Indeed! I'll speak, then, the more freely.  
 In the first place,—pray observe,  
 A lackey I have been;  
 I then became a scullion  
 To an eating-house keeper; as cook  
 I subsequently served;  
 They then determined to promote me,  
 And straightway I became a butler!  
 This post I lost full soon,  
 Through fondness for the hottle,  
 In sweetmeats I have been a dealer;  
 Fish, too, I've often sold.  
 As boatman, once I earned my bread,  
 Until, most stupidly, I fell in love,  
 And did consent to wed.  
 But, alas! I am the only one  
 With whom my wife won't conjugate  
 The verb "to love!"  
*Fairy.* Is this the truth—but pri'thee haste,—  
 I am already tired of hearing thee!  
*Cri.* I now pursue  
 The noble trade of cobbler!  
 But vainly do I stitch and toil,—  
 I'm poorer than before.  
 I'm swimming in a sea of debts;  
 I'm shipwreck'd—almost spent:  
 My creditors against me dash,  
 Like waves against the rocks.  
 Hither am I come to seek  
 An end to my mishaps.  
 And now, that my sad history  
 To thee I have related,  
 Most potent, mighty lady,  
 Be merciful—have pity,—  
 Have pity on my despair!

[*Falls on his knees before the fairy.*]

*Fairy.* Crispin, rise! I will assist thee!

*Cri.* [*rising.*] Wilt thou really, now!

*Fairy.* Thou shalt see!

A renowned doctor will I make of thee!

*Cri.* Siete pazza!—Come 'nai,  
Se un fior d' asino io sono ?  
*Com.* Sarai pari a cento a cento.

*Cri.* Ma, Comare!—  
*Com.* T' abbandono.  
Se ricusi—  
*Cri.* No, acconsento.  
Ma saper vorrei—sì tenera  
Verso me cosa vi fa ?  
*Com.* Vo' punir di certi medici  
La superba asinità.  
*Cri.* Tempo è alfin!—come farò ?  
*Com.* Fissa ben quel che dirò.  
Quando un infermo visiti,  
Se me o il mio capo vedi  
Vicio a lui, morrà ;  
Se non ci son, vivrà.

*Cri.* Che sento !  
*Com.* Con tal metodo,  
Securo se procedi  
Sarai un gran dottor,  
Ti poveran tesor.  
[*Lo saluta d' un gesto e rientra nel pozzo.*

*Cri.* Comare, mia bell' anima,  
Nè a me più tornerai ?  
*Com.* Sì, ma a te sol visibile.  
*Cri.* Comare, ma i miei guai,  
Quei maledetti debiti,  
Per ora—  
*Com.* Pagherai.  
[*Gli getta un sacchetto di monete.*  
Questo è dell' oro, prendilo ;  
Ben più di questo avrai—  
Il mondo mi è soggetto,  
Crispino è il mio protetto.  
[*Solenne.*

*Cri.* Comare mia!—cor mio!— [*Corre e ah' racc.*

*Com.* Tu m' intendesti—Addio ! [*Si approfonda.*  
*Cri.* Ma—senti—Ascolta—Andò ! [*Guardando nel pozzo.*  
Più testa omai non ho !

## SCENA IX.—CRISPINO solo.

Ho sognato ? o sono desto ?  
[*Si slancia sul sacco, e lo fa suonare.*  
Sogno no—dell' oro è questo !  
Ah, compare avventurato,  
Qual comare hai ritrovato !

## SCENA X.—CRISPINO, indi ANNETTA.

*Ann.* Crispino, dove sei ? [*Di dentro.*  
Crispino ?  
*Cri.* Son qua, Annetta. [*Andandole incontro.*  
Allegramente sai ?  
*Ann.* Ah ! ti ritrovo al fine !  
Sei fuggito così tutto arrabbiato,  
Ed io n' ebbi tal pena,  
Che dietro ti son corsa,  
E ti raggiunsi a stento e domandando.  
*Cri.* Quello che è stato è stato.  
*Ann.* Ma di nuovo che c' è ?—ti se' ubriacato !  
*Cri.* Altro che piomba !—meglio, meglio assai !

*Ann.* Ma che cosa ?—ti spiega ?  
*Cri.* Or lo saprai.  
Vedi, o cara, tal sacchetto ?  
*Ann.* E uo scherzo, si scommetto.  
*Cri.* Senti, Annetta, questo suono ?

*Cri.* Thou'rt surely mad !—Suppose, now,  
I'm a perfect idiot ?  
*Fairy.* Thou'dst only resemble a hundred others in the same  
predicament.  
*Cri.* But— [*Hesitating.*  
*Fairy.* If thou refusest,  
I shall at once forsake thee.  
*Cri.* No, I consent.  
But may I inquire what renders t' æ  
So benevolent towards me ?  
*Fairy.* I wish to punish the profound stupidity  
Of certain doctors.  
*Cri.* 'Tis truly time !—but what am I to do ?  
*Fairy.* Now ponder well what I've to say.  
When a patient thou dost visit,  
Shouldst thou see me by his side,  
He dies !  
But should I not be there, he lives !  
*Cri.* What's this I hear ?  
*Fairy.* If thou'lt but attend  
To these instructions,  
A famous doctor thou'lt become,  
And wealth shall shower down on thee.  
[*She makes a farewell gesture, and re-enters the well*

*Cri.* Most fair one, my heart's treasure,  
Wilt thou no more return to me ?  
*Fairy.* Yes, but I shall be visible to thee alone.  
*Cri.* But, sorceress, what am I to do in the mean time ?  
Think of my woes !  
Think of those wretched debts of mine !  
*Fairy.* Pay them. [*Throws a bag, containing money.*  
This contains money—take it ;  
Far more than this shalt thou have,  
For the whole world is at my disposal,  
And Crispin is now under my protection.

*Cri.* Oh, sweetest !—my heart's idol !  
[*Endeavors to embrace her.*  
*Fairy.* Thou understand'st me—farewell ! [*Sinks into the well.*

*Cri.* But stay—listen—hear me ! [*Looks into the well.*  
My very brain seems turned.

## SCENA IX.—CRISPIN alone.

Am I dreaming—or am I awake ?  
[*Grasping the money-bag, and jingling its contents.*  
A dream 'tis not—for this is gold !  
Ah, lucky Crispin,  
What a protectress hast thou found !

## SCENA X.—CRISPIN, and afterwards ANNETTA.

*Ann.* [without.] Crispin ! where are you, Crispin ?  
*Cri.* [advancing towards her.] Here I am, Annetta,  
And in a jovial mood, too !  
*Ann.* At last I've found you ! You ran off  
In such a fearful mood, that you quite terrified me.  
I hastened after you,  
And with the greatest effort I've now rejoined you.  
What has occurred ?  
*Cri.* [mysteriously.] That which has happened—has happened.  
*Ann.* But what is it ?—you are surely intoxicated !  
*Cri.* Quite a different style of thing !—something far  
better !  
*Ann.* But what, I ask you ?—explain yourself !  
*Cri.* Now, then, you shall know.  
My love, do you perceive this little bag ?  
*Ann.* 'Tis mere joke, I'll wager.  
*Cri.* [shaking the bag.] Annetta, do you recognize this  
sound ?

*Ann.* Quanto è bello!—si, lo sento!

*Cri.* Disperato più non sone,  
Qui ci stan ore ed argento.

*Ann.* Propriamente?

*Cri.* Propriamente,  
Guarda, guarda—

*Ann.* Oh! veramente  
Ma di chi? di chi sarà?

*Cri.* Mia assoluta proprietà.

*Ann.* Che mai sento! il core in petto  
Già incomincia a saltar!

*Cri.* Del denaro il solo aspetto  
Fa le femmine esultar!

*Ann.* Dove mai l'hai ritrovato?

*Cri.* Mi fu adesso regalato.

*Ann.* Ma da chi?

*Cri.* Nol puoi pensare.

*Ann.* Chi del diede?

*Cri.* Una comare.

*Ann.* Levatrice?

*Cri.* Non ne han tanti.

*Ann.* Che comare?

*Cri.* Una signora—

*Ann.* Che a sacchetti dà i contanti?  
Troppe, se, basta per ora.

[*Inquietata.*]

Se trovasti una comare,  
Io trovar saprò un compare;  
La vedremo, signor mio.  
Ingegnarmi saprò anch' io;  
Già più d' un mi fa il galante,  
Vo' ascoltarlo a tuo dispetto;  
Con un guardo, un sorrisotto,  
So ben io quel che farò.  
Va pur là, bruno birbante,  
Che ben ben t' acconciò.

*Cri.* Bada, Annetta, ciò non dire,  
O ch' io posso imbestialire.  
Già pur troppo, poveretto,  
Non vo' privo di sospetto.  
Te le dico colle buone,  
Non mi far—già c' intendiamo;  
Chè tra noi, se lo rompiano,  
Quel di prima non sarò.  
Il sorriso col bastone,  
L' occhiatina ti farò.

*Ann.* Dal velen crepar mi sento—

*Cri.* Pensa all' oro ed all' argento.

*Ann.* Pace dunque—

[*Gli stende la mano.*  
[*Rifutandosi.*]

*Cri.* Ah, biricchio!]

*Ann.* Eh via, dunque, pace, pace.

*Cri.* E il sorriso?—e l' occhiatina?

*Ann.* Via, scherzai, sono incapace—

*Cri.* Ben ben—ti proverò—

[*Accarezzandolo.*  
[*Le dà la mano.*]

*Ann.* Chi son io ti mostrerò.

[*Fa lo stesso.*]

*Ann.* I do, indeed!—'tis lovely in the extreme!

*Cri.* A desperate wretch no more am I;  
Here are both gold and silver!

*Ann.* What, in good earnest?

*Cri.* In good earnest. Behold!

*Ann.* 'Tis indeed true, then!  
But to whom belongs all this?

*Cri.* 'Tis my undoubted property!

*Ann.* What is't I hear?

My heart already leaps with joy.

*Cri.* The mere sight of money  
Is quite sufficient to make a woman merry!

*Ann.* Where did you find it?

*Cri.* 'Twas just made a present to me.

*Ann.* But by whom?

*Cri.* By a beautiful fairy.

*Ann.* What do you say?

*Cri.* I've seen a fairy?

*Ann.* What is she like?

*Cri.* A lady!

One who gives money by the sackful!

*Ann.* 'Tis well! I now can understand! [*Anxiously.*]

Since you have found a she fairy,

I'll quickly seek a male one!

We'll see into this, my gentleman!

I'll prove what I can do!

More than one alone do pay me court,

And to their suit I'll listen, just to spite you!

With a look, or killing smile,  
I well know what can be done!

Go to! thou ugly knave,—

A lesson soon I'll read thee.

*Cri.* Beware, Annetta, talk not thus,

Or thou wilt rouse my ire,

Although, I regret to say,

I am not without suspicions.

I therefore beg, with all politeness,

That there may be no more of this;

For, should we come to actual quarrel,

A different sort of thing you'll find it;—

My smiles shall be a *good thick stick!*

*Ann.* Of deadly poison I now feel the pangs.

*Cri.* Think of the gold and silver!

*Ann.* Let's make it up then. [*Holding out her hand.*]

*Cri.* [*refusing.*] Ah! little rascal!

*Ann.* Come, now, let's agree!

*Cri.* But how about the smile, the wink you spoke of!

*Ann.* Go to! I did but jest. [*Cousingly.*]

I am incapable of aught so base.

*Cri.* 'Tis well! [*Giving her his hand.*]

I'll prove to you—

*Ann.* [*giving him her hand.*] I'll show you what I really am.

AH! SI, SI, MARITO MIO. — AH! YES, MY HUSBAND DEAR. DUET. CRISPINO and ANNETTA.

Ah! si, si, ma - ri - to mi - o, s'è fi -  
 Ah! yes, hus - - band, dear, this treas - ure will se -  
 - ni - to di pe - na - re, Be - - ne - - det - - ta  
 - cure a life of pleas - ure Dar - - ling fai - - ry,

la co - ma - re, Che go - der co - si - ne..... fa!  
 dear Co - ma - re, Such a pres - ent to be - stow!

Ad - dio sto - rie, fame ad - di - o! la, la,..... la,  
 No more hun - ger, no more cry - ing, la, la, &c.

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

Cris. Can - ta, sal - ta,  
 Sing - ing, dancing,

Ann. la, &c.  
 Cris. Canta, sal - ta, idolo mio,  
 Singing, dancing, dear An - net - ta,

Ann. la, &c.  
 Cris. Sal - ta, can - ta, idolo mi - o,  
 Dancing, singing, dear Annet - ta,

[Imitates the motions of a ballet dancer.]  
 Cris. Ad - dio for - me,  
 Fare - well tools, and

pan ca ad - di - o, Vo' can - ta - re - vo' bal - la re, pen sa a  
 fare - well la - bor, Hence - forth I will danc - ing, singing, thank, for

tut - to la co - ma re, Via bal - lan - do via bal - lando andiam di quà!  
 all, my dear Co - ma - re, Gai - ly danc - ing, danc - ing, danc - ing we'll a - way!

## ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Un Campo, come nella scena prima dell' Atto Primo.*  
CRISPINO ed ANNETTA vengono allegri ed a braccetto.

- Cri.* 'Eccomo alfine a casa—ecco il panchetto!  
'Al diavolo ora vattene,  
'Brutta memoria dello scarpinello;  
[*Lo rinverte d' un calcio.*  
'Dottore *excellentissimus* or siamo!  
*Ann.* 'Hai fitto in capo d' esser un dottore!  
'Se quell' oro non fosse,  
'Davver ti crederei soleone pazzo.  
*Cri.* 'Annetta, per istrada  
'Tu non vedesti quella gran signora,  
'Che pian piano all' orecchio m'ha parlato?  
*Ann.* 'Io?—no!  
*Cri.* 'Già! lo sapeva:  
'Io sol la vedo.  
*Ann.* 'Ebbene?  
*Cri.* 'Mi die questo cartello  
[*Trae di saccoccia un gran cartello.*  
'Da metter sulla porta;  
'Più, mi disse che in casa avrei trovato  
'Un vestuario completo da dottore.  
[*Raccoglie di terra un chiodo, il martello, e appende sopra la porta il cartello.*  
*Ann.* '(Sempre più si fa granda il mio stupore!)  
'Sarà meglio che vada un po' a dormire.  
*Cri.* 'A dormire? sciocecone!  
'Vedrai, vedrai cosa farò a momenti.  
'Di dottore a indossar vo' i finimenti.  
[*Entra in casa.*

## SCENA II.—ANNETTA sola.

Ora inver non so più cosa pensare;  
Essere chi mai può questa Comare?  
A legger provero, sono curiosa;  
Legger non sa Crispino, io qualche cosa.  
[*Legge a stento compitando.*  
*Crispino Tacchetto quondam Ciabattino,*  
*Che medico divenne sopraffino.*  
Sarà dunque una fata,  
Un benefico genio che li protegge!—  
Quel sacchetto, quell' oro ne son prova—  
Oh sì, è certo—poi crederlo mi giova.  
[*S' aggiusta e pavoneggia.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same as the First Scene of Act I. Enter*  
*CRISPIN and ANNETTA, joyously, arm in arm.*

- Cri.* 'Here I am, at home at last—here's my old bench!  
'Now get thee to the devil,  
'Thou sorry memento of the cobbler's trade!  
[*Overturns it with a kick.*  
'A right sapient doctor now am I.  
*Ann.* 'And so you've taken it into your head that you're a  
'Were it not for the bag of gold, [doctor!  
'I should believe thee seriously mad!  
*Cri.* 'Annetta, saw'st thou not, while on our way  
'A lady, who whisper'd something  
'Softly in my ear?  
*Ann.* 'I?—no!  
*Cri.* 'I was sure on't:  
''Tis I alone who see her.  
*Ann.* 'Well?  
*Cri.* 'She gave me this placard  
'To fix over my door:  
[*Produces from his pocket a large placard.*  
Moreover she told me that I should find, at home,  
'A complete professional wardrobe!  
[*Takes, from off the ground, a hammer and nail, and fixes the placard over the door.*  
*Ann.* [*aside.*] 'My astonishment continues to increase!  
[*aloud.*] 'You had better go and sleep awhile.  
*Cri.* 'To sleep, thy silly wench!  
'Thou'lt see what I will do ere long. [Turning to her.  
'The doctorial garb I now proceed to don.  
[*Goes into the house.*

## SCENE II.—ANNETTA, alone.

Now, really, I know not what to think!  
Who can this strange lady be?  
I am most curious, and will try to read;  
Crispin knows not how, but I can spell a little.  
[*Reads, with the utmost difficulty.*  
*Crispin Tacchetto, once a Cobbler,*  
*But now become a most illustrious Doctor!*  
Sure it is some fairy,  
Some beneficent genius, who protects him!—  
That little bag and its contents to prove it.  
Oh yes, it must be so—besides, I'd rather have it  
thus! [*Ostentatiously adjusting her dress.*

IO NON SONO PIU L' ANNETTA.—I NO LONGER AM ANNETTA. ARIETTA. ANNETTA.

Io non so - no più l'An - net - ta, ven - di sto - rie, cia - bat - ti na; dot - to -  
I no long - er am An - net - ta, bal - lad sing - er, cobbler's wife, I'm a  
- res - sa e più bel - li - na, di me in - ver non ci sa - rà, Ah! il pia - ce - re che m'a -  
Doc - tor's beauteous la - dy, and now lead a joy - ous life, Ah! the pleasures that a -  
- spet - ta col pen - sie - ro pro - vo già Ah! il pia - ce - re che m'a -  
- wait me, I al - read - y, yes, I taste, Ah! the plea - - sures that a -  
- spet - ta col pen - sie - ro... provo già; Ah!..... Dotto -  
- wait me, I in thought ai ready taste; Ah!..... I'm a



res - sae più bel - li - na, di me in - ver non... cl sa - - rà, Ah!..... no,  
 Doc - tor's beau - teous la - dy, and now lead a..... joy - ous..... life, Ah!..... no,  
 no, Ah!..... no, no, di me in - ver non cl sa - rà, Ah!.....  
 no, Ah!..... no, no, for me, for me a joy - ous life, Ah!.....  
 .... Ah!..... Ah!..... Ah!..... non si sa - rà.  
 .... Ah!..... Ah!..... Ah!..... a joy - ous life!

Gran velluti, cappellini, *[Passeggia pomposa.*  
 Piume, guanti sopraffini,  
 Scialli Turchi, scialli Inglesi,  
 Rococò, mode Francesi.  
 Una casa da signora,  
 Un palchetto a ogni teatro;  
 In campagna un tiro a quattro,  
 La mia gondola in città.  
 Sempre aperta la mia mensa,  
 Sempre piena la dispensa;  
 A dozzine gli eleganti  
 Mi faran da spasimanti!  
 Quel che luce il mondo adora;  
 Senza soldi una Contessa  
 E assai men che dottoressa,  
 E tesori Annetta avrà.  
 Ah! il piacere che m' aspetta  
 Col pensier preguato già. *[Entra in casa.*

*[Walking pompously to and fro*  
 Splendid velvets, honnets handsome!  
 Shawls from Turkey, shawls from England,  
 Fine cloaks of fashion French;  
 A house such as becomes a lady!  
 A box I'll have at each theatre;  
 A coach and four when in the country:  
 A gondola when here in town.  
 My table shall be free to all;  
 My bounty shall e'en lavish be;  
 While lisping dandies, by the dozen,  
 Shall pine, and sigh, and die for me.  
 The world admires all that shines:  
 A Countess, therefore, without money,  
 Is far beneath a doctor's wife,  
 Bless'd with treasures such as mine.  
 Ah, the pleasures that await me,  
 I in thought already taste! *[Goes into the house.*

SCENA III. — MIRABOLANO, poi DON FABRIZIO dalla Farmacia, DON ASDRUBALE dalla casa i Giovani delle botteghe e Popolo. — La COMARE comparisce a tempo

SCENE III. — MIRABOLANO and afterwards DON FABRIZIO from the Dispensary, DON ASDRUBAL, and the shopmen and populace. — The FAIRY also appears.

Mir. Cosa ha scritto mai quel pazzo  
 Sul porton del suo palazzo!  
 Ah! ah! bella in verità!  
 Ehi, dottor, leggete qua. *[Torna a leggere.*  
 Fab. Crispin Tacchetta quondam Ciabattino,  
 Che medico divenne sopraffino!  
 A 2. Oh, che pazzo! oh, che buffone!  
 Egli è proprio da legar. *[Giovani e Popolo vanno a leggere.*

Mir. Why, what has the madman written  
 On the door of his residence?  
 Ha! ha! this is jocose indeed!  
 I say, Doctor, just read this!  
 Fab. *[reading.]* Crispin Tacchetto, once a Cobbler,  
 But now become a most illustrious Doctor!  
 Bot. Oh, the madman! the buffoon!  
 He really ought to be chained fast. *[The shopmen and others read the inscription.*

Coro 1. Sopraffino!  
 Coro 2. Sopraffino!  
 Tutti. Per le risa è da crepar!

1st Cho. Most illustrious!  
 2nd Cho. Most illustrious!  
 All. 'Tis enough to kill one with laughter!

SCENA IV. — Detti, e CRISPINO ch' esce dalla sua casa in abito nero.

SCENE IV. — The preceding, and CRISPIN, who, dressed in black, issues from his house.

Cri. Alto là, di chi ridete?  
 Tutti. Eh, buffone!  
 Cri. Non sapete, asinoni, ch' io mi sia?  
 Tutti. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Cri. Son dottore.  
 Tutti. E una follia!  
 Cri. Dottoriosimo!  
 Tutti. Ah! ah!  
 Cri. Sì, signori, son dottore  
 Che guarisce ogni malore!  
 Se vi piglia un accidente,  
 Febbre fredda o febbre ardente,  
 Un colpetto nella testa,

Cri. Hold, I say—at what are ye laughing?  
 All. Away, buffoon!  
 Cri. Know ye not, idiots, who I am?  
 All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
 Cri. I'm a doctor!  
 All. What absurdity!  
 Cri. A most learned doctor!  
 All. Ha! ha!  
 Cri. Yes, sirs, I am a doctor  
 Who undertakes all ills to cure;  
 Should an accident befall ye,  
 Should fever, fast or slow, o'er take ye,  
 Should your heads a blow receive,

O ma tisi i molesta,  
Per mia o ra, si signori,  
Chi non crepa può campar.

**Tutti.** Bel dottore! i creditori  
Faria meglio di pagar.

**Cri.** [*Passeggiando alteramente cava di tasca pugno di monete d'oro, e, gettandole in faccia agli astuti, lor dice.*]  
Oro è questo monetato,  
Un mio pari può pagar.  
Io dottor son diventato,  
Saprò tutti soddisfar.  
(Ah, Comare, in tal momento  
Sto per farne bastonar!)

**Fab.** Tanta somma in un momento

**Mir.** Dove andasti a ritrovar?

**Mir.** Certo fosti in tal momento  
Qualche cassa a visitar.

**Asd.** Un scommetto contro cento  
Ch' ora stato se' a rubar.

**Coro.** Arricchito in un momento!  
Certo andato se' a rubar.

**Cri.** (Ah, Comare, tal momento  
Sto per farmi bastonar!)

**Com.** [*Sorge improvvisamente di terra a fianco di Crispino.*]  
La Comare in tal momento  
A te sol, Crispino, appar.  
Non temere—l'ardimento  
Puoi sicuro raddoppiar.

**Cri.** Mille grazie, ora mi sento  
Il coraggio raddoppiar.

[*Torna a sprofondarsi.*]

SCENA V. — *Detti, il CONTINO frettoloso, ANNETTA dalla casa, poi BORTOLO muratore, segue to da molto Popolo.*

**Con.** Ah, signori, signori, accorrete,  
Se v'è tempo salvarlo potete.  
Da un altissimo tetto è ceduto  
Un artiere, e qui il portan svenuto.

**Tutti.** Dove? su presto andiam —  
Egli è qua.

**Con.** Egli è qua.

**Ann.** Poveretto! morendo già sta.  
[*Quattro uomini, seguiti da gran Moltitudine, portano BORTOLO, svenuto sopra una sedia, che depongono nel cent o del proscenio.*]

**Coro.** Ah! gli è Bortolo! egli è muratore.  
[*Stringendosegli attorno.*]  
Cinque figli e la moglie, s' ci muore,  
Non sapranno più come campar.

**Cri.** (Nè comare nè testa qui appar!)  
[*Guardando per ogni lato.*]  
[*Mirabolano e Fabrizio sono presso Bortolo esaminandolo.*]  
Mir. Nan c'è caso, gli è perduto.

**Fab.** Ma fratture non ci sono—

**Mir.** Io sfacelo è succeduto,  
In extremis egli è già.

**Cri.** [*Sempre osservando*] 'La Comare non ci sta.'

**Tutti.** Infelice! ei muore qua.

**Cri.** Via di qua tutti, bestioni,  
Non sapete affatto niente;  
Questo morto qui presente,  
Io vi dico, non morrà.

**Tutti.** Taci, sciocco!

**Cri.** Somaroni!

**Fab.** Un salasso almen si provi,  
Potrà darsi che gli giovì.

**Mir.** Factus algidus è già.

**Cri.** A ogni costo voglio anch' io  
Il mio recipe provar.

Or should a troublesome cough annoy ye,  
Through my wondrous skill, sirs, I'll insure  
That he, who dies not,—shall survive.

**All.** Oh, worthy doctor!

'Twere better far thy creditors to pay.

**Cri.** [*Stalking majestically across the stage, draws from his pocket a handful of money, and, throwing it among the by-standers, exclaims—*]  
The coin I deal in is real gold!  
A man like me can pay his way.  
Now, that I've become a doctor,  
All your claims I'll soon defray. [*aside.*]  
(Ah, my Fairy, much I fear,  
That I a thrashing shall forthwith receive!)

**Fab.** [*To Crispin.*] So large a sum, in this brief space,  
Whither hast thou been to find?

**Mir.** Surely, some money-chest  
Thou must have stripped.

**Asd.** Now I'll lay 'gainst one a hundred,  
That thou hast lately ta'en to thieving.

**Cho.** What! grown rich thus of a sudden?  
Surely thou must have ta'en to thieving!

**Cri.** (Ah, my Fairy, much I fear  
That I a thrashing shall forthwith receive!)

**Fairy.** [*Rising suddenly from the earth, at Crispin's side.*]  
Know the Fairy, at this moment,  
To thee alone is visible.  
Fear not—thy confidence  
Thou safely may'st redouble.

[*The Fairy disappears.*]

**Cri.** A thousand thanks—I already feel  
A fresh supply of courage.

SCENE V.—*The preceding; The COUNT and ANNETTA enter in haste from the house.—Afterwards BORTOLO, who is carried in, followed by a crowd of people.*

**Count.** Ah, gentlemen, gentlemen, quick! make haste!  
There yet may be time to save him!  
A workman has fallen from a lofty roof,  
And is now borne hither senseless.

**All.** Where is he? let us haste to his aid!

**Count.** See! he comes!

**Ann.** Poor fellow, I fear he's dying!  
[*Four men, followed by a crowd of people, bring in BORTOLO, who is seated, senseless, on a chair. They place him in the centre of the stage.*]

**Cho.** Ah! 'tis Bortolo, the mason!  
[*They all press around him*]  
Should he die, his wife and five children  
Will be left entirely destitute!

**Cri.** [anxious.] Neither the Fairy nor her head can I espy!  
[*Looking around him.*]  
[*Mirabolano and Fabrizio, who are examining Bortolo.*]  
Mir. There's no hope! he's a lost man!

**Fab.** But no fracture can I see!

**Mir.** A concussion has taken place.  
His life is ebbing fast!

**Cri.** [*aside, still looking around.*] The Fairy is not here!

**All.** Unhappy man! he's dying, sure!

**Cri.** Away, ye dolts!  
Ye know nothing of the case.  
The man, whom ye deem dead already,  
I beg to inform ye, shall not die!

**All.** Peace, buffoon!

**Cri.** Ye pack of donkeys!

**Fab.** Let us try bleeding;  
Perchance it may relieve him!

**Mir.** He is already cold!

**Cri.** At all events, I am resolved  
My recipe to try!

*Mir.* *Charlatanus*, va con Dio ;  
Via, non starci più a seccar.

*Fab.* S' è già morto, è parer mio  
Di lasciarlo pur provar.

*Tutti.* Prova pur, ma bada, il fio,  
Se la sbagli, hai da pagar.

*Ann.* (Bada ben, marito mio,  
Di non farti hastonar.)

*Cri.* (Certo son del fatto mio,  
La Comare non appar.)  
[*Si appressa con molta gravità al malato.*

Attenti dunque, uditemi  
Quanti qui intorno state,  
E quel che chiedo subito  
Innanzi a me portate.

[*Tutti accennano di sì, e portano a tempo quanto è domandato.*

*Recipe panum candidum*  
*Cum stortibus perfettis,*  
*Panem, salamen, ostricas,*  
*E quattro broccolettis.*  
*Del vinum pei portamini,*  
*Ma debet esser bellus ;*  
*Came talora bibunt*  
Dall' oste del *Cappellus* —  
Tutto all' infermo or applico,  
E presto guarirà.

*Tutti.* Oh, come son ridicole  
Tanto bestialità !  
[*Crispino applica alla testa di Bortolo qualche parte degli indicati cibi, qualche parte ne mangia, poi prende un bicchiere, e, fattosi versare del vino, dice —*

*Cri.* Il vino è uno specifico  
Rallegrator de' cuori ;  
Col solo odore suscita  
I morti bevitori —  
Buono, ma non buonissimo —  
Proviamone l' effetto.

[*Soffia nel volto a Bortolo.*

Bortolo, dico, Bortolo,  
Dèstati, Bortoletto.

[*Egli muove un braccio.*

*Tutti.* Si muove — già resuscita ! —  
*Cri.* Obe, Bortolino ! —  
*Bor.* Oime !  
*Tutti.* Parlò !  
*Bor.* Ritoruo a vivere !  
[*Aprè gli occhi ed alza la testa.*

Per chi ?  
Solo per me.

*Cri.* A stento si può credere.  
*Tutti.* Sì, da impazzir qui c' è !

## DUET.

CRISPINO ed ANNETTA.

*Cri.* Quanti baci vorrei dare  
A te, o cara mia Comare !  
Comarettina non t' inganno,  
Cicisbeo per te sarò.  
I dottori in fumo andranno,  
Io riccone diverrò !  
Comarettina non t' inganno,  
Cicisbeo per te sarò.

*Ann.* Ah, Crispin colla Comare  
Hai pur fatto un bello affare ;  
Tutti agara ti vorranno,  
Grau riccone tivedrò.  
I dottori creperanno —  
*Cri.* Creperanno —

*Mir.* Charlatan ! now go thy ways ;  
Pri'thee stay not here to bore us.

*Fab.* If he's already dead, I'm of opinion  
'Twill do no harm to let him try !  
Come, try thy skill ; but, should'st thou fail,  
Heavy forfeit thou shalt pay. [To Crispin.

*All.* [aside.] Beware, dear husband,  
Or thou wilt be most soundly beaten.

*Cri.* [aside.] The game I play is certain,  
Since the Fairy does not appear !  
[Approaches the patient, with the utmost gravity.

Now ! all ye who stand around,  
Pray list !  
And what I ask for,  
Be sure ye quickly bring.  
[All signify their assent, and bring the various articles in the order indicated.

*Recipe panum candidum*  
*Cum stortibus perfettis,*  
*Panem, salamen, ostricas,*  
*Of brocoli-sprouts four !*  
Some *vinum*, pray, now bring ;  
But first-rate it must be ;  
Such as mine host of the *Cappellus*  
Reserves for his own consumption.  
All this to the patient I now apply,  
And straightway he'll be cured !

*All.* What gross absurdities are these !

[*Crispin applies a portion of the above mentioned ingredients to Bortolo's head. Some of them he himself eats ; he then takes a tankard, and having caused wine to be poured therein, he exclaims —*

Wine is a specific  
For gladdening men's hearts ;  
The very fumes thereof  
Suffice to rouse the lifeless :  
The wine is good, but might be better, —  
Let's try the effect thereof.

[*Drinking, and then breathing on Bortolo's face.*

Bortolo, I say ! Bortolo !  
Arouse thee, man ! [He moves one arm.

*All.* He moves ! he comes to life again !  
*Cri.* What ho, Bortolo, I say !  
*Bor.* Mercy on me !  
*All.* He speaks !  
*Bor.* I am restored to life !  
[*Opens his eyes, and raises his head.*

By whom ?  
*Cri.* By me alone !  
*All.* Scarcely can we believe our senses :  
'Tis enough to drive one mad !

## DUETT.

CRISPIN and ANNETTA.

*Cri.* Lots of kisses, oh, thou dear one !  
Lots of thanks I'd like to give thee.  
Would that I some good could do thee,  
All the gratitude of this heart to show.  
The doctors all, with one accord,  
Like smoke shall vanish ;  
Whilst I myself the great renown'd shall be.  
Would that I some good could do thee, —  
All the gratitude of this heart to show.

*Ann.* Husband, sure thy guardian spirit  
Doth reward thee past thy merit ;  
All the world will now employ thee !  
Great, indeed, thou'lt soon become.  
How the doctors will denounce thee.

*Cri.* They'll denounce me, —

**Ann.** Io per essi riderò—

**Cri.** Io per essi riderò !  
**Mir.** Chi saprebbe indovinare  
 Come sia cotesto affare !  
 Quanti al mondo grideranno  
 Che un miracolo operò !  
 Al mio credito gran danno  
 Da tal caso derivò !)  
**Fab., Con., Ann.** Io non so cosa pensar :  
 È curioso un tale affare !  
 Quando i medici sapranno  
 Che quest' uomo risano,  
 Quante frottole ! diranno,  
 Ma negarlo non si può !  
**Coro.** Se il voleano abbandonare  
 E il pentè Crispino salvare,  
 L' arte medica è un inganno,  
 Più stimarla non si può.  
 Ah, i dottori poco sanno.  
 La indovinano sì e no.  
**Cri.** [*Con gravità agli uomini che portarono Bortolo.*  
 Sul mio letto quest' uomo portate,  
 Per un' ora dormir lo lasciate,  
 Poi del brodo e del vino berà—  
 Al lavoro doman tornerà.  
 [*Gli Uomini, preceduti da Annetta e seguiti dal Contino, eseguiscano.*

SCENA IV.—*Detti, meno ANNETTA, BORTOLO, ed il CONTINO.*

[*Crispino passeggia alteramente la scena, poi, fissando Fabrizio e Mirabolano prorompe—*

**Cri.** *Asinorum, bestiorum, doctorum,*  
 Abbasso tutti, or ci son io ;  
 Voi *farmacopole*, voi pure, addio,  
 Potete chiudere, a spasso andar.  
*Ricetorum, novorum, nostrorum,*  
 Adesso i *recipe* han dar trionfar.  
**Fab., Asd., Mir.** Come parli ? Creanza, buffone !  
**Coro.** No. signori, egli ha bene parlato ;  
 Egli Bortolo ha solo salvato—  
**Fab., Asd., Mir.** Ma per questo non deve insultar.  
**Coro.** Eh, via basta egli ha troppa ragione—  
 Zitti là  
**Fab., Asd., Mir.** Ma si dee rispettar.  
**Cri.** Oh *doctores*, andate, partite.  
 Chiaro *parlant e vos non capite ?*  
**Coro.** Sì, via—questo gli è il solo dottore.  
 Qual si merta facciamogli onore.

SCENA VII.—*Detti, ANNETTA ed il CONTINO dalla casa.*

[*Quelli del Popolo prendono il panchetto da lavoro di Crispino, a forza ve lo fanno seder sopra, e portandolo quasi in trionfo, cantano.*

**Coro.** Viva il povero Crispino,  
 Diventato gran dottore !  
 Niva il rozzo ciabattino,  
 Che la morte debellò !  
 La sua fama giri il mondo,  
 Quant' è largo, quanto è tondo !  
 È provato il suo valore,  
 Il trionfo meritò !  
**Cri.** Grazie ! grazie !—mille grazie !  
 Grazie, dico, ma badate—  
 [*Schermendosi.*  
 [*Impaurito.*

**Ann.** An impostor will pronounce thee ;  
 But 'twill only make me laugh.  
**Cri.** I shall laugh !

**Mir.** [*aside.*] Who can e'er explain  
 How this affair was brought about ?  
 How many now will think, full sure,  
 That he a miracle has wrought.  
 From an accident so strange,  
 My reputation, sure, will suffer.  
**Fab., Con., Ann.** What to think, I do not know :  
 The affair is wondrous strange.  
 When the doctors come to hear  
 That this man was restored to life,  
 'Stuff and non-sense !' they'll exclaim,  
 But the truth they can't deny.  
**Cho.** [*to each other.*] Since the doctors gave him over,  
 And Crispin yet could save him,  
 The healing art is mere deception,  
 And no more can be respected.  
 Doctors truly little know,  
 But now and then they guess aright.  
**Cri.** [*Gravely addressing the men who carried Bortolo.*  
 Place this man upon my bed ;  
 For an hour let him sleep :  
 Give him then some soup and wine—  
 To-morrow he'll to work return !  
 [*The men obey, and exeunt ; preceded by Annetta, and followed by the Count.*

SCENE VI.—*The preceding, except ANNETTA, BORTOLO, and the COUNT.*

[*Crispino parades the stage proudly ; he gazes steadily at Fabrizio and Mirabolano, and exclaims—*

*Asinorum, bestiorum, doctorum,*  
 Make way, I say, for I am here !  
 Ye druggists, too, forsake your trade ;  
 Put up your shutters ; go your ways.  
*Ricetorum, novorum, nostrorum,*  
 My recipes now carry the day.  
**Fab., Asd., Mir.** What say'at thou ! be civil, knave !  
**Cho.** No, good sirs, the man says well—  
 'Tis he who saved Bortolo.  
**Fab., Asd., Mir.** But that's no reason he should be thus insolent !  
**Cho.** Peace, sirs ! he's in the right, we say.  
**Fab., Asd., Mir.** Let him be respectful, then.  
**Cri.** Learned doctors, get you gone !  
 Their speech is clear, and yet ye understand not.  
**Cho.** Yes, away with ye ! This is a doctor, and no mistake ;  
 He well deserves that we should pay him honor.

SCENE VII.—*The preceding ; ANNETTA and the COUNT enter from the house.*

[*Some of the populace seize the bench on which Crispin used to work, and forcibly seat him thereon. They then carry him, as it were, in triumph, singing—*

**Cho.** Long live poor Crispin !  
 Now a renowned doctor !  
 Long live the simple cobbler,  
 Who hath striven 'gainst death itself !  
 His fame will soon pervade the world,—  
 How vast, how great 'twill be ;  
 His merit, now, is surely proved ;—  
 This triumph, then, is well deserved !  
**Cri.** [*Uneasy, and somewhat alarmed.*] Thanks, my friends,  
 a thousand thanks !  
 Thanks, I say, but pray take care.

Non mi occorron più disgrazie—  
Fate piano—o cascherò—  
Vi son grato di tal festa—  
Ma le gambe—ma la testa—  
Fate pian—se m' accoppate,  
Piu' curarvi non potrò.

*Ann.* Qual fortuna!—il mio Crispino  
Diventato è in ver dottore!  
Sebben rozzo ciabattino,  
Ei la morte debellò.  
La sua fama andrà pel mondo,  
Quant' è largo, quanto è tondo!  
Ah Comare, ben di core  
Sempre amica ti sarò.

*Asd., Mir., Fab., Con.* Quel briccone di Crispin  
Passerà per gran dottore!  
Si dirà che un ciabattino,  
Qui la morte debellò!  
Anche questa avrem veduto!  
Chi l' avrebbe preveduto!  
Alla scienza molto onore  
Questo caso far non può!

[*Mentre continua il trionfo di Crispino cala la tela.*]

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

### ATTO III.

SCENA I.—*Campo nella prima scena dell' Atto Primo, colla sola differenza che la casa di Crispino si vedrà grandiosamente rifabbricata.— Vi sarà un poggolo praticabile.*

DOTTOR FABRIZIO ed il CONTINO.

*Fab.* Vediam se in farmacia ci sono inviti.

*Con.* Ehi dottore?

*Fab.* Carissimo Contino.

*Con.* Già in vedermi, scommetto, indovinate  
Qual cosa a voi mi guida—

*Fab.* Vie spiegate.

*Con.* Voi siete un uom di spirito,  
E franco vo parlar.

*Fab.* Come vi piace.

*Con.* Io dell' avaro Asdrubale  
Perdutamente adoro la pupilla;  
Egli avversa il mio amor, ella è malata—  
Il suo dottor voi siete—

*Fab.* Ebben?

*Con.* Per cio vorrei  
Palesar del mio cor l' affanno a lei.

[*Gli presenta un biglietto.*]

*Fab.* Ehi, Contino, come parlate?

*Con.* Via, dottor, non v' inquietate.

*Fab.* E una burla?

*Con.* No, davvero.

*Fab.* Non vi credo.

*Con.* E verità.

*Fab.* (Un biglietto ad un dottore,  
Perchè il porti a una malata!  
E d' amore in ambasciata  
Me si ardisce di mandar!  
Oh, guardate il bel signore,  
A cui vengono tai fumi!  
Oh che tempi, oh che costumi!  
Oh che modo di trattar!)

*Con.* In cor giovane è l' amore  
Un tiranno onnipossente,  
Che lo domina, e sovente

[*Da se.*]

[*Al Dottore.*]

Lest fresh evils should befall me;  
Be cautious, now, or down I come.  
I thank thee all for the ovation,  
But still I fear for head and limbs;  
Have a care, for should you drop me,  
I shall never cure you more.

*Ann.* What good fortune—my poor Crispin  
Is now indeed become a doctor!  
Though once a rude and simple cobbler,  
He hath fought 'gainst death itself!  
His fame will soon pervade the world,—  
How vast, how great 'twill be!  
Ah, dear Fairy, I ne'er will fail  
In gratitude to thee.

*Asd., Mir., Fab., Con.* The rascal Crispin!  
For a great doctor now will pass;  
A cobbler—every one will say,  
On the spot strove 'gainst death itself;  
We ourselves the affair did witness—  
Who could the like foresee;  
The healing art small credit  
Will, I fear, from this derive.

[*Whilst the triumph of Crispin continues, the curtain falls.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same as in the First Act, with the exception that Crispin's house has been rebuilt, on a magnificent scale, a practicable Wall is seen.*

DOCTOR FABRIZIO and the COUNT.

*Fab.* Let us see whether there's any one in the dispensary.

*Count.* I say, Doctor!

*Fab.* My dear Count!

*Count.* The very sight of me, I'm sure,  
Must suggest my motive in seeking you.

*Fab.* Explain yourself.

*Count.* You're a man of sense,  
So I'll speak out plainly.

*Fab.* As you please.

*Count.* I am madly in love with the ward  
Of that old miser, Asdrubal;  
He opposes my suit, and she herself is ill,—  
Now you are her doctor—

*Fab.* What then?

*Count.* I wish, through your instrumentality,  
To reveal my heart's anguish to her!

[*Presenting a note to him.*]

*Fab.* Gently, Count, how you talk!

*Count.* Pshaw, doctor—don't be angry!

*Fab.* 'Tis surely a joke!

*Count.* 'Tis not, indeed.

*Fab.* I'll not believe you!

*Count.* 'Tis the plain truth.

*Fab.* [*aside.*] What! givo a letter to a doctor,  
That he may hand it to his patient!

And, worse than all, to pitch on me

For such an amorous errand!

Have a care, good sir,

Such practices end ill!

Oh these times, these fashions strange!

Is't thus that people now behave?

*Count.* [*to Fabrizio.*] Love, thou know'st, in youthful hearts

Rules with ruthless, pitiless sway;

He oft doth drive men mad—

A sua voglia fa impazzar.  
Non fu mio dunque l' errore.  
Fu d' amor, vedete bene,  
A un filosofo conviene  
Tali colpe perdonar.

*Fab.* Per Galeno! —che eloquenza!  
Mi sembrate un Cicerone!

*Con.* Eloquente è la passione  
Che il mio labbro fa parlar.  
Or sentite in confidenza,  
Sono ricco, indipendente,  
E al tutore, se acconsente,  
Vo' la dote regalar.

*Fab.* Bon, l' affare cangia aspetto,  
Di parlarne vi prometto.

*Con.* E fia vero! dal contento  
Già rinascere mi sento!

*Fab.* Non vi stiate a lusingare;  
E una bestia singolare!

*Con.* Temereste?

*Fab.* Non lo so.

*Con.* Ma tentate.

*Fab.* Tenterò.

*Con.* Presto presto, amico, all' opra  
Pria che notte il cielo copra  
Definite un tale affare  
E felice appien sarò.  
Tocca a voi capacitare  
Quell' avaro maledetto;  
Colle buone o per dispetto  
La ragazza sposerò.  
Don Fabrizio, a voi m' offido;  
Altra speme omai non ho.

*Fab.* Presto presto volo all' opra;  
Pria che notte il cielo copra  
Definito fia l' affare,  
E contento vi vedrò.  
Spero alfin capacitare  
Quell' avaro maledetto;  
Senza dote, ci scommetto,  
Men severo il troverò.  
Di provarvi mi confido  
Che Fabrizio perdonò.

*Entra in casa di Asdrubale — il Conte, al caffè.*

SCENA II. — *Interno della Spezieri alle due Scimie.*

MIRABOLANO, solo sta passeggiando.

*Mir.* Dacchè questo malnato ciabattino  
Di medico è salito in tanto grido,  
Noi dottori davver matricolati,  
E gli speziali ancora,  
Siamo li per andar tutti in malora.  
Eccolo qua che viene.

SCENA III. — *Detto e CRISPINO, che entra con caricata gravità.*

*Cri.* Dottor Mirabolano di conio antico,  
Sta bene attento, e scrivi quel che dico.  
[*Mirabolano siede e scrive. — Crispino detta passeggiando: e gravemente ponderando.*]  
Recipe una bottigliam  
D' aqua putei. —

*Mir.* Cioè putei.

*Cri.* Fa lo stesso —  
Uno scrupulus posca di lichene —  
Tre guttae d' aquas rosas distillatam —  
Divide in tres fiaschetti,  
E manda il tutto al Conte Pandoletti.

*Mir.* Pandoletti, — chi è?

For Love will have his way.  
The error, therefore, was not mine, —  
'Tis Love's, thou see'st clear.  
A philosopher, like you, it sure becomes  
Such failing to forgive.

*Fab.* By Galen! — what eloquence is this?  
You really seem a perfect Cicero!

*Count.* My eloquence springs from my passion, —  
'Tis that hath taught my tongue to speak.  
In all confidence, now hear me:  
I am rich and independent,  
And if her guardian will consent,  
Her dowry he may keep and welcome.

*Fab.* Now the affair assumes another aspect;  
I promise you I'll speak on't to him.

*Count.* Will you, in truth? Then once again  
Joy fills my breast!

*Fab.* Be not too sanguine, now, I pray;  
The man's a monster strange!

*Count.* Are you afraid, then?

*Fab.* I hardly know.

*Count.* But you'll try?

*Fab.* I'll try, most surely.

*Count.* Quick, then, quick, my friend, to work;  
Ere night her mantle dark assumes,  
Bring the matter to an issue,  
And my happiness you will insure.  
It now depends on you  
This miser to appease;  
For, by fair means or by foul,  
I'm resolved the maid to wed!  
Doctor Fabrizio, I trust in you;  
No other hope on earth have I.

*Fab.* I shall to work — no time I'll lose;  
Ere-night her mantle dark assumes,  
This matter I shall have arranged;  
Your happiness you'll owe to me!  
I hope forthwith to bring to reason  
This miser most accursed;  
The surrender of the dowry,  
Less obstinate will make him.  
I trust ere long to prove to you, —  
That Fabrizio is forgiven!

[*Fabrizio enters Asdrubal's house. — The Count enters the caffè.*]

SCENA II. — *The interior of the Dispensary, known by the sign of 'The Two Apes.'*

MIRABOLANO is discovered, walking to and fro.

*Mir.* Ever since that low-born cobbler  
Has achieved such vast renown as Doctor,  
Really educated medical men,  
And chymists into the bargain,  
Have had a sorry time of it.  
Why, here comes the fellow!

SCENA III. — *The preceding, and CRISPIN, who enters with burlesque gravity.*

*Cri.* Doctor Mirabolano, thou man of antique stamp,  
Attend, and write down what I bid thee.  
[*Mirabolano sits down and writes. — Crispin walks to and fro, pondering gravely.*]  
Recipe a bottigliam

Of aqua putei —

*Mir.* 'Putei,' I suppose you mean —

*Cri.* 'Tis all one! [After reflecting]

A sample you may add of lichen —  
Ditto, three guttae of aqua rosa distillata —  
Divide the mixture in portions three,  
And send the whole to Count Pandoletti.

*Mir.* Pandoletti! — who's he?

*Cri.* Quel forestier che sta di là dall' acqua.  
*Mir.* Pandolfetti! — vuoi dir.  
*Cri.* Già m' hai capito.  
*Mir.* Sì, sì ho capito che tu se' un briccone.  
*[Alzandosi infuriato.]*

*Cri.* Come sarebbe a dire?  
*Mir.* Che rubi li clienti —  
*Cri.* Ehi, dico, tien la lingua dentro ai denti.  
*Mir.* Da un anno io l' ho curato.  
*Cri.* Io l' ho con una visita sanato.  
 Le pillole, i decotti, l' assfetida,  
 Il cobaibe, che tu pria gli ordinasti,  
 Ho fatto gittar tutto nel canale,  
 E una cura adottai più naturale.

*Mir.* Va pur là, che sei sempre un gran villano —  
*Cri.* Collega mio, Dottor Mirabolano,  
 Così la cosa sta, e voi altri tutti, —  
 Vogliate, o non vogliate,  
 Piegare v' è duopo, giovani e provetti,  
 Al Dottore Crispino de Tacchetti.  
*Mir.* Ah! ah! anche il *De*!  
*Cri.* Sì, per l' appunto, il *De*.  
*Mir.* Da ridere mi fai.  
*Cri.* No, da crepare  
 Per la bile e l' invidia.  
*Mir.* Via, ciarlano.  
*Cri.* Crepa.  
*Mir.* Ciabbattino!  
*Cri.* Crepa.  
*Mir.* Somaro.  
*Cri.* Crepa.  
*Mir.* Via, buffone.

SCENA IV.—*Detti ed il* DOTTOR FABRIZIO.

*Fab.* Ma signori, perchè tanta questione?  
*Mir.* Di Pandolfetti medico  
 Era da circa un anno;  
 Ben le mie cure andavano —  
*Cri.* Ah oo, qui sta l' inganno —  
*Mir.* Quando l' inevitabile  
 Dottore ciabbattino  
 Pres di lui s' insinua,  
 E in modo il più asinino,  
 Bandito ogni mio *recipe*,  
 Lo getta nel canale.  
 La cura assume c' medica  
 All' uso suo bestiale;  
 Or d' inquietarmi, ditemi,  
 Ho io ragion sì o no?  
 Parlatemi pur candido  
 Mio giudice vi fo,  
 (Quel buffone, animalonc  
 Nieghi il fatto, se lo può.)  
*Cri.* (Con due sillabe il buffone,  
 Or confondere saprò.)  
*Fab.* (Più ridicola questione  
 Ritrovare non si può.)  
*Cri.* Per un segreto incommodo  
 Giacea da sei mesetti  
 Lungo e disteso *lectulo*  
 Il Conte Pandoletti:  
 Quando gli nacque un dubbio  
 Che qui il signore dottore  
 Fosse, per caso, un asino;  
 M' invita oggi, a tre ore.  
 Vade, lo vedo, interrogo,  
 La cura disapprovo;  
 Nuovi rimedii, e semplici,  
 Io d' ordignargli trovo.  
 Vengo a spedirgli il *recipe*,  
 Sapete egli che fa?

*Cri.* That foreigner, who lives near the canal.  
*Mir.* Pandolfetti, you surely mean!  
*Cri.* It suffices that you understand me.  
*Mir.* [Rising in a furious passion.] Sir, I understand —  
 I understand that you're a knave!  
*Cri.* What d'ye mean by that?  
*Mir.* That you rob your patients —  
*Cri.* Gently, I say, within your head pray keep a civil tongue.  
*Mir.* I cured the man you speak of in a —  
*Cri.* I restored him to health in a single visit,  
 The pills, decoctions, assafetida,  
 And all the trash that you prescribed him,  
 I've ordered to be all thrown in the canal,  
 And have decided on more rational treatment.

*Mir.* Go to, thou'rt nothing but a booby —  
*Cri.* Doctor Mirabolano, my worthy colleague,  
 The matter simply standeth thus —  
 Will ye, nill ye, you're all compelled,  
 To bow and bend, both young and old,  
 To Doctor Crispin de Tacchetti.  
*Mir.* Ha! ha! a *de*, too.  
*Cri.* Neither more nor less — the *de*.  
*Mir.* Thou mak'st me laugh!  
*Cri.* Laugh? — thou'rt on the point of bursting  
 With rage and envy!  
*Mir.* Hence, quick!  
*Cri.* Burst!  
*Mir.* Cobbler!  
*Cri.* Go, I say!  
*Mir.* Ah!  
*Cri.* Away, buffoon!

SCENE IV.—*The preceding, and* DOCTOR FABRIZIO.

*Fab.* Sirs, what means this quarrel?  
*Mir.* I have been Pandolfetti's doctor  
 For nearly a year —  
 My system answer'd well —  
*Cri.* No, no — there lies the mistake —  
*Mir.* When this inevitable cobbler doctor  
 Sneaks into his good graces,  
 And in the most unheard-of manner  
 Discards all my prescriptions,  
 And throws them in the canal!  
 He then undertakes the case,  
 And prescribes after his own stupid fashion.  
 Now, have I reason for being angry?  
 Now, speak out candidly —  
 I appeal to you as judge.  
*[aside.]* And let the stupid clown  
 Deny it, if he can.

*[Da se.]* *Cri.* *[aside.]* Now, with a single word,  
 The dolt I will confound.  
*[Da se.]* *Fab.* A contest more ridiculous,  
 Could nowhere, sure, be found.  
*[Da se.]* *Cri.* Of a malady, most irksome,  
 The Count Pandoletti had lain  
 Full length in bed,  
 Six months or more,  
 When suddenly it came across him,  
 That this worthy doctor  
 Perchance might be an ass!  
 This very day, at three, he summons me;  
 I go, I see, I question him —  
 I disapprove the course pursued.  
 New antidotes and remedies  
 I immediately prescribe;  
 Hither I come to have the recipe made up;  
 And what do you think he does?



Va in bestia, e qual quadrupede  
 Infuria e calci dà  
 (Quel buffone, animalone  
 Che tispondere non sa.)  
**Mir.** (Quant' è arditò quel bestione  
 Nian pensare mai potrà.)  
**Fab.** Or m' udite, e colle buone  
 La quistion si comporrà,  
 Non fu, ned è tra i medici  
 Bandita la creanza;  
 Abbiam le nostre regole,  
 Seguir dobbiam l' usanza.  
 Quando i malati il chiedono,  
 Franchi parlar dobbiamo,  
 E suggerir que' farmachi  
 Che adatti più crediamo.  
 Non dee per questo in collera  
 Andar chi curò prima;  
 Non desi però togliere  
 Ad altri mai la stima.  
 Amici miei, quietatevi,  
 Dobbiam in pace star.  
 Contrarii son tai scandali  
 All arte salutar.  
 Zitti dunque, e in conclusione  
 Non se n' abbia più a parlar.  
**Mir** Ah, voi pure, quel buffone  
 Vi mettete a secondar!  
**Cri** Con quel brutto animalone  
 Io non voglio più che far.  
**Fab.** Dunque hasti—terminiamo;  
 Consultare or or dobbiamo.  
**Cri.** } Consultar! con quello là?  
**Mir.** } Impossibil mi sarà.  
**Fab.** Quante volte ho da ridire?  
 Io la voglio qui finire.  
**Mir.** No, giammai la finirò.  
**Cri.** Sempre un asino il dirò.  
**Mir.** Puoi tornare al tuo panchetto,  
 Sempre sei Crispin Tacchetto  
 No! cangiarti non potrai,  
 Quanti fumi hai per la testa  
 Forse un dì svanir vedrò  
 Ancor batti, tira, pesta  
 A cantar ti sentirò.  
**Cri.** Canta pure di panchetti,  
 Ma io sono il *De Tacchetti*.  
 Trionfante mi vedrai,  
 E per bile ereperai;  
 Come fosse eterna festa  
 Passeggiare ti vedrò.  
 La feriacca pesta, pesta,  
 Più cantar non sentirò.  
**Fab.** (Oh, che pazzi! ci scommetto  
 Che non v' è l' egual duetto!  
 Ed io pure perchè mai  
 Fra costoro capital!)  
 Per pietà, non ho più testa,  
 La finite sì o no?  
 Or si lasci il tira e pesta,  
 Che torniate amici io vo'.

[Entrano tutti nel laboratorio.]

SCENA V.—*Silotto in casa di Crispino.*

**ANNETTA** e vari Parenti ed Amici suoi. *I Servi apparecchi-  
 ano un desco con fruttole, bottiglie ed altro.*

**Ann.** Entrate pure, francamente entrate;  
 Oggi il Dottore fu chiamato a Padova,  
 E por si deve in barca,  
 Dopo un consulto fatto qui vicino.  
**Coro.** Quanto guadagna mai questo Crispino!

Like a brute the man behaves,  
 And kicks out right and left.  
 The thick-headed dolt  
 Has not a word to answer!  
**M.r.** The impudence of this knave  
 No one could e'er believe.

**F.ab.** Now then, hear me, and straightway  
 The question peaceably we'll settle;—  
 Doctors should ne'er civility discard,—  
 We have our rules,  
 And custom's laws we must obey.  
 When our patients do require it,  
 We should speak out freely,  
 And suggest the remedies  
 Most likely to succeed.  
 The physician first selected  
 Should not fly in a passion, if discarded,  
 Nor should he cease to esteem  
 The rest of his fraternity.  
 Friends, be calm, I pray,—  
 Let peace now be restored.  
 Scandals, such as these,  
 Are foreign to our art.  
 Hush, then! let's hear no more on't!

**Mir.** And is it possible that you  
 Side with this dolt!  
**Cri.** With the ugly knave  
 I'll have no more to do!  
**Fab.** That's sufficient—let's drop the question.  
 A consultation we should hold.  
**Cri.** } A consultation with that knave—  
**Mir.** } The thing's impossible.  
**Fab.** How many more times must I say,  
 'Tis time all this was ended.  
**Mir.** I, for one, will ne'er agree.  
**Cri.** Like an ass thou'lt always speak!  
**Mir.** To thy last thou'dst best return,—  
 Crispin Tacchetto thou'lt ever be.  
 No! thou could'st never change.  
 Some day, perchance, the smoke may vanish  
 Which now so terribly obscures thy brain!  
 And then, 'Stitch, hammer, thump away!  
 I'll hear thee sing once more!  
**Cri.** Talk thy fill of lasts and pincers,  
 I'm *De Tacchetti* none the less!  
 Thou shalt see me triumph,  
 While thou of rage shalt die;  
 I shall smile, with joy serene,  
 Whene'er I see thee pass along,  
 'Pound, pound — treacle make!  
 I shall nevermore hear sung.  
**Fab.** [*aside.*] Oh, what madmen! now I'll wager  
 Such a pair 'twere hard to match;  
 And I'm just as bad as they,  
 For interfering in the matter.  
 Have you finished? — yes or no?  
 Say no more of 'stitch' or 'pound.'  
 Come! be friends once more, I say!

[They all enter the laboratory]

SCENE V.—*An apartment in Crispin's dwelling.*

**ANNETTA** is discovered, surrounded by her friends and rela-  
 tions. The servants are placing cakes, wine, &c. on the table.

**Ann.** Come in, without ceremony; pray, come in!  
 The Doctor has this day been summoned to Padova.  
 He sailed therefor, immediately  
 After visiting a patient in the neighborhood.  
**Cho.** What immense sums this Crispino gains!

Ann. Molto! — ma cosa serve?  
Egli è un miscuglio di contraddizioni.  
Coro. Dite davvero?  
Ann. Per esempio, ginocchia,  
Spreca di fuori, e in casa fa l' avaro.  
Bisbetico, irascibile,  
Talvolta allunga ancor troppo le mani  
Coro. Chi detto mai l' avria?  
Farà per gelosia.  
Ann. No, no, non n' ha ragione — [Ridendo.  
Ma a noi ora veniamo;  
E, poichè l' orso auderà un po' lontano,  
E siamo in carnevale,  
Per passar un' oretta in allegria  
Frittelle ho apparecchiato e malvasia.  
Coro. Oh, cara quell' Annetta!  
Ann. Qui, senza cerimonie, or via sediamo.  
Tutti. E all' innocente gioia il core apriamo.  
[Siedono, mangiano, versano, poi alzando le tazze,  
dicono.  
Viva l' Annetta!

Ann. True! but of what use are they?  
He is a mixture of the strangest contradictions!  
Cho. Indeed!  
Ann. As an instance, while from home,  
He'll gamble, and squander his money lavishly;  
But, the moment he enters his own house,  
He's as stingy as a miser!  
He's whimsical, irascible, and every now and then  
He's over ready with his hands!  
Cho. Who would e'er have thought it!  
Perchance 'tis jealousy that thus enrages him!  
Ann. [laughing.] No, no; he has no cause —  
But let us drop the subject —  
The bear is on a distant prowl,  
So, as 'tis Carnival,  
I have prepared cakes and malvoisie,  
That we may spend the time right merrily!  
Cho. Dear Annetta! how very kind!  
Ann. Without ceremony, therefore, let us all be seated  
All. And to joyous mirth our heart we'll open!  
[They sit down and feast; they pour out wine, and then,  
raising the cups, exclaim —  
Long live Annetta!

PIERO MIO, GO QUA UNA FRITTOLA. — PIETRO, DARLING, THIS CAKE SO TEMPTING.

CANZONET. ANNETTA.

(Annetta sings, for their entertainment, one of her old street ballads.)

Pie - ro mi - o, go qua una fritto - - la, te la vo - gio reg - a - lar, sa - stu, ca - ro, quan - ti  
Pietro, darling, this cake so tempt - ing, I would gladly give to thee, many youthful swains do

zovea - - ni la vo - la - - va, sgnoccolar, Ma - re me, Oh! go di - to su - bi - to, Voi sal -  
crave ..... it, each desires ..... it his should be, "Dearest fellow," to each I an - swer, For my

- var - la a chi voi mi, Al mio vecchio voglie dar - ghe - la, E quel ve - chio ti xa  
true love 'tis kept by me, To my sweetheart I shall give ..... it, And that sweet heart, thou art

ti, Varda ben, pri - ma inten - de - mo - se, Per a - ver de - sto bo - con, de - sto bo - con de a -  
he, Stay a - while though, make a - greement, Ere I with my off - ring part, Say thou wilt be ev - er

dra - to, sam - pre zu - ri - me, e re - star - - me fe - de - lon.  
faith ful, ev - er faith ful, mine a lone ..... thy heart shall be.

SCENA VI.—Detti e CRISPINO, che comparisce sulla porta improvviso.

Cri. Xe qua Piero, e quella frittola  
[Con tiro, contraffacendo l' altrui canto.  
El ve vien a far magnar.  
Tutti. Ah, Crispino!  
[Alzandosi tutti spaventati e correndo dalla parte opposta.  
Cri. Bricconi, birbanti,  
Qui si trinca, si sta allegramente!  
Cosa sona in mia casa tai canti,  
Qui raccoltar che fa tanta gente?  
[Rovescia tutto apparecchio.

SCENE VI.—The preceding, and CRISPINO, who unexpectedly appears at the door.

Cri. Here is Pietro, and your cake!  
[Angrily burlesquing the song.  
I shall now proceed to eat!  
All. Ah, Crispin!  
[Rising, and crossing the stage in alarm.  
Cri. Ye rogues and knaves!  
Is it here you come to drink and laugh?  
What right have such songs beneath my roof?  
What means this uproar in my house?  
[Upsets refreshments, furniture, &c.

*Ann.* Ah, marito!  
*Coro.* Dottore, perdono.  
*Cri.* Anco a tempo qui giunto pur sono.  
*Ann.* Via, ti calma.  
*Cri.* Non voglio risposte —  
 Fuori tutti, o vi rompo le coste.  
 [Prende una sedia ed inveisce.]  
*Tutti.* Salvua, salva!  
 [Corrono a chiudersi nelle varie stanze.]  
*Cri.* E per prima tu, Annetta,  
 Esci fuora—briccona—frascchetta—  
 [Alla porta ov'è entrata forzandola.]  
 Esci, dico, ti voglio ammazzar—

SCENA VII.—CRISPINO, riuscito ad aprire la porta, è colpito dall'apparizione della COMARE, che gli si presenta sulla porta.

*Cri.* Tu!—Comare!—non starmi a seccar.  
*Com.* Perchè mai tanto rigore?  
*Cri.* Vanne al diavolo pur tu.  
*Com.* Così abusi il mio favore?  
*Cri.* Io bisogno non ne ho più.  
*Com.* Vero ingrato!  
*Cri.* Strega! Via!— [Minacciandola.]  
*Com.* A me?  
*Cri.* Sì. Non mi secar.  
*Com.* Nè paventi l'ira ma?  
*Cri.* No, no.  
*Com.* No? L'hai da pagar.  
 [Gli batte sopra una spalla. Crispino cade su d'un sedia svenuto e si sprofonda, e sedo lui la Comare.]

SCENA VIII.—Sotterraneo —Avanti sono due grandi colossi di pietra bianca, sopra nere basi; quello a destra dello spettatore rappresenta il Tempo colla falce e la clessidra a polvere; quello a sinistra il Giudizio. Nel mezzo è uno specchio.

La COMARE e CRISPINO, che la segue tremante.

*Com.* Eccoci giunti.  
*Cri.* Dove? [Guardando intorno.]  
*Com.* Nel mio soggiorno.  
*Cri.* Non mia piace affatto.  
*Com.* Giammai ho inteso che ad alcun piacesse.  
*Cri.* Vedete se ho ragion?—Ma qui, a quattr'occhi,  
 Ditemi un poco, sono vivo, morto,  
 Oppur resuscitato?  
*Com.* 'Perchè vuoi te essere morto?  
*Cri.* 'Per quella brutta tombola  
 'Che insieme fatto abbiam, cara Comare.  
*Com.* 'Fu una burla, fu scherzo.  
*Cri.* 'Ah! scherzo la chiamate?—  
 'Intendiamoci ben — non vo' più scherzi,  
 'Non voglio confidenze.  
*Com.* 'E a me così tu parli?  
*Cri.* 'Che ho da fare?  
 'Ho da stare? ho da andare?  
 'Io non capisco niente.  
*Com.* 'Rimanerti.  
*Cri.* 'E per quanto?  
*Com.* 'Eternamente,  
 'Quando il voglia colui che mi comanda.  
*Cri.* 'Misericordia! — dite, son prigiono?  
 'Quale paura io provo in tale stanza!  
 'I visceri mi fan la contraddanza—  
 Quel muso toro chi è che sta guardando?  
*Com.* E il Tempo che mi guida inesorando.

*Ann.* My husband!  
*Cho.* Forgive us, Doctor!  
*Cri.* I've just arrived in time, 'twould seem—  
*Ann.* Pri'thee, now, be calm!  
*Cri.* No answer will I have;  
 Get ye all gone, or I will break your bones!  
 [Seizing a chair, and assuming a menacing attitude.]  
*All.* Help! help!  
 [They rush out, and lock themselves in different rooms.]  
*Cri.* And you, especially, Annetta,  
 Away, thou jade! away, I say,  
 Or I will slay thee!

SCENE VII.—CRISPIN, who has just opened the door, is suddenly struck by the apparition of the FAIRY, who appears in the doorway.

*Cri.* Thou, Fairy! bore me not, I pray!  
*Fairy.* What mean you by such harsh address?  
*Cri.* Get thee to the devil, with the rest of them!  
*Fairy.* Is't thus you thank me for my kindness?  
*Cri.* Thy favor I no longer need.  
*Fairy.* What base ingratitude!  
*Cri.* [threatening her.] Sorceress, hence.  
*Fairy.* What! this to me!  
*Cri.* To thee! bother me not, I say!  
*Fairy.* Fearest thou not my wrath?  
*Cri.* Not I!  
*Fairy.* Then thou the penalty shalt pay!  
 [Strikes him on one shoulder. He falls entranced upon a chair, and the Fairy and he suddenly sink through the stage.]

SCENE VIII.—A subterranean abode.—In the foreground are seen two colossal figures, of white stone, standing upon black pedestals.—The one on the right represents Time, with his scythe and hour-glass; the one on the left typifies Judgment.—In the centre is a mirror.

The FAIRY and CRISPIN, who, trembling, follows her

*Fairy.* We have now reached our destination.  
*Cri.* Where may that be? [Looking around.]  
*Fairy.* This is my dwelling-place.  
*Cri.* I don't like it at all.  
*Fairy.* I ne'er met one who did.  
*Cri.* A proof, then, that I'm right.  
 But, *entre nous*, just tell me now—  
 Am I alive or dead,  
 Or have I lately been resuscitated?  
*Fairy.* Why, what can make thee think thou'rt dead?  
*Cri.* Why, the terrific fall  
 Which we've just had together!  
*Fairy.* 'Twas but a joke—a merry jest!  
*Cri.* A jest d'ye call it?  
 Pray understand me—let's have no more such jests!  
*Fairy.* And is it thus thou speak'st to me?  
*Cri.* What am I next to do?  
 Am I to stay or go?  
 I can't make head or tail on't!  
*Fairy.* Thou must here remain!  
*Cri.* How long?  
*Fairy.* Forever, should he, whose slave I am,  
 Desire it!  
*Cri.* Mercy on us! I'm a prisoner, then!  
 I feel a chilly dread in this apartment!  
 My very heart now quakes with fear!  
 What ugly-visaged knave is that,  
 Who stares at us so hard?  
*Fairy.* 'Tis ruthless Time! 'tis he directs my steps!

*Cri.* Ahimè che brutto tempo! — è un temporale! —  
E l' altro là chi è? —

*Com.* Il Giudizio che vien dopo di me.

*Cri.* Oh, che brutti inquilini,  
Comare, avete in questo appartamento!

*Com.* Cid non è tutto ancora. Osserva attento:  
[*Si scopre gran quantità di urnette di cristallo, entro ognuna delle quali arde una fiammella, più o meno vivace, una starà spegnendosi.*]

*Cri.* Che cosa fate? — in illuminazione?

*Com.* Son questi i miei registri.

*Cri.* Che razza di scrittura!

*Com.* In ogni ampolla  
Arde la face d'una vita umana.

*Cri.* (E una atrega! — pignatte! — pignatelle! —)

*Com.* D' un adultero è quella che si spegne.

*Cri.* Meno mal ch' io fui sempre fedelone.

*Com.* Viene appresso un poeta teatrale.

*Cri.* Smocolate; non fa nè ben, nè male.

*Com.* Lo segue un usuraio.

*Cri.* Ah, maledetto!  
Spegnetelo, e con lui tutta la razza.

*Com.* Un cantate che fa pur l' impressario —  
Olio, olio, per lui, cara Comare,  
E l' altro?

*Com.* E di tua moglie.

*Cri.* Ah, com' è bello! — e il mio?

*Com.* E questo.

*Cri.* Ah! ah! ah! ah! sta per finire!

*Com.* Hanno i vizzi affrettato il tuo morire.

*Cri.* Prendiamo di mia moglie un poco d' olio;  
Mi par che n' abbia troppo. [*Va per eseguire.*]

*Com.* Un empio sei! [*I lumi scompariscono.*]

*Cri.* Felicissima notte! — posso andare —

*Com.* No, no di restar t' impongo —

*Cri.* Ma, Comare —

*Com.* E non sai tu chi sono?  
Che a me non si resiste?

*Cri.* Io so che voglio uscir da queste porte —

*Com.* Mi riconosci e tremi — Io sono la Morte —  
[*Il suo volto s'inscheletrisce.*]

*Cri.* Misericordia! — Aiuto!!  
[*Cade boccone ai suoi piedi.*]

*Com.* Alzatevi, compare —  
[*Il suo volto riprende la prima forma.*]

*Cri.* Brutta vecciacchia — via —  
[*Sempre nella stessa posizione.*]

*Com.* Alzatevi.

*Cri.* Non posso.  
Ho perduto le gambe.

*Com.* Or io v' aiuto.

*Cri.* No, no, non mi toccate, indietro, indietro.  
[*Saltando in piedi e correndo per la scena finchè s'incontra a faccia a faccia colla Comare.*]

Ah! ah! ah! siete voi! — e l' altra ov' è?  
[*Mostrando i denti.*]

*Cor.* Ad altri non badar, sol pensa a te.  
Per morire tu stai; questo è il momento,  
In cui vo' che qui faccia testamento.

*Cri.* Testamento! niente meno! —  
Ma il notaro dov' è?

*Com.* Egli c' è.

*Cri.* Si mostri almeno.

*Com.* Il notaro eccolo là.  
[*La statua abbasserà il capo.*]

*Cri.* Il Giudizio! — Padron mio  
Riverito.

*Com.* Egli è venuto.

*Cri.* [Da se.] (Buona notte, son perduto,  
Poco o nulla ho da aperar!)

*Com.* Sentì ben quanto vogl' io:  
De' tesori accumulati  
Dèi laaciar tanti legati.

*Cri.* Time, say'st thou — a hard time 'tis, when  
Such as he's about! And yonder gentleman —  
Who's he, I pray?

*Fairy.* 'Tis Judgment! He e'er follows in my wake!

*Cri.* Fairy, the company in your apartment  
Is marvellously ill favored!

*Fairy.* Thou hast not yet seen all! Now mark!  
[*A number of crystal vases are now discernible, in each of which a flame is burning, with various degrees of brightness — one is nearly extinguished.*]

*Cri.* Is this your notion of all illumination?

*Fairy.* These are my registers.

*Cri.* Kept in a strange hand-writing!

*Fairy.* In every vase the flame thou see'st doth represent  
A human life!

*Cri.* [aside.] She's a witch — the thing is clear! —

*Fairy.* The flame that's nearly extinct  
Is that of a faithless husband.

*Cri.* How lucky 'tis that I have e'er been faithful!

*Fairy.* The next is that of a dramatic author!

*Cri.* Fit only to snuff candles.  
Such people can do neither good nor harm.

*Fairy.* Next comes a usurer —

*Cri.* Accursed rogue — extinguish him!  
And his whole race with him!

*Fairy.* We now come to an opera-singer,  
Who also dabbles in management —

*Cri.* More oil for him, I pray thee, good Fairy!  
And the other?

*Fairy.* 'Tis thy wife's!

*Cri.* How beautifully it burns! — but where's mine?

*Fairy.* 'Tis this one.

*Cri.* O dear, O dear, it's nearly out!

*Fairy.* Thy vices have led thee to a premature end.

*Cri.* Let's take a little oil from my wife's lamp;  
Methinks she has too much. [*La about to do so.*]

*Fairy.* An impious man art thou!  
[*The lights are extinguished.*]

*Cri.* Good night to ye! — I suppose I —

*Fairy.* Now look on me, and tremble — I am Death!  
[*Her face changes to a skull.*]

*Cri.* Mercy! — help!  
[*Falls prostrate at her feet.*]

*Fairy.* Rise, fellow —  
[*Her face resumes its original form.*]

*Cri.* [Still prostrate.] Hideous hag — away —

*Fairy.* Rise!

*Cri.* I can't — my legs have lost their strength!

*Fairy.* This time I'll help you —

*Cri.* Touch me not — back, back, I say!  
[*Rising, and running about the stage, until he accidentally comes face to face with the Fairy.*]

Ha! ha! ha! 'tis you again!  
Why, where's the other?  
[*Showing his teeth, in imitation of skeleton*]

*Fairy.* Ask not of others, think of thyself alone;  
Time end is drawing nigh —  
The moment now is come to make thy will!

*Cri.* My will! — will nothing less suffice?  
Why, there's no notary at hand —

*Fairy.* He's here.

*Cri.* Then let him show his face.

*Fairy.* Behold, the notary's yonder!  
[*The Statue nods its head.*]

*Cri.* What! Judgment!  
Worthy sir, to you I bow.

*Fairy.* He's here, you see.

*Cri.* [aside.] Good night, then — with me all's over;  
No longer is there room for hope!

*Fairy.* Now, mark well what I require:  
The treasure, that thou hast amassed,  
Thou now must leave in certain legacies.

*Cri.* Dite pur quel che vi par  
*Com.* Cento doppie a dieci vedove—  
*Cri.* Troverò un nuovo marito,  
 Per tornarlo a far crepar.  
*Com.* Quand' io voglio non c'è replica—  
*Cri.* Eh, pur troppo ho già capito.  
 Scriva pur, signor notar.  
 [Al Giudizio, ch' ogni volta s' inchinerà in segno  
 d'adesione.  
*Com.* Cento mila bei fiorini.  
 Di Venezia ai ciabattini—  
*Cri.* Ma signori se diventano  
 Le ciabatte poi chi accomoda?  
*Com.* Taci, ho detto, non parlar—  
*Cri.* Scriva pur, signor notar. [La statua c. s.  
*Com.* Ad ognun de' tuoi parenti  
 Darai doppie cento venti—  
*Cri.* E il million che avanza poi?  
*Com.* Alla moglie, al figli tuoi.  
*Cri.* Ben, di questo son contento.  
 Scriva pur, signor notar. [La statua c. s.  
*Com.* Or compito è il testamento.  
*Cri.* Meno male, potrò andare;  
 Buona notte, addio, Comure.  
 Voi notaro— [Va per partire.  
*Com.* Dèi restar.  
*Cri.* Non vi basta?  
*Com.* Vieni meco  
 Nell' immensa eternità.  
*Cri.* No, verrò più tardi teco.  
*Com.* Vieni.  
*Cri.* Aspetta.  
*Com.* No.  
*Cri.* Pietà.

## ARIA.

*Cri.* Poco cerco, o mia Comare;  
 Io non vo' che mezz' o retta,  
 Per vedere la mia Annetta,  
 I miei figli per baciare.  
 Vedi, alfin ti son compare,  
 Mi par giusto quanto chiedo;  
 Nè cattiva si ti credo  
 Da negarmi tal piacere.  
 Comareta, comareta,  
 Non negarmi tal piacere.  
*Com.* Quanto cerchi ti concedo,  
 Quello specchio mostra il ver.  
 [Lo specchio del fondo è improvvisamente illuminato, e per  
 entro vi si vede la famiglia di Crispino che prega in Coro.  
*Coro.* Nume benefico,  
 Salva Crispino,  
 Sano ridonalo  
 Al nostro amor.  
 [Finito il canto lo specchio nuovamente si oscura.  
*Cri.* Ma la cosa come sta?  
 Son io qua, oppur son là?  
*Com.* Qui tu sei per illusione,  
 Il tuo corpo colà muor.  
*Cri.* Abbi un po' di compassione,  
 Sii pietosa al tuo protetto.  
 Tornerò, te lo prometto,  
 Buon marito e genitor.  
*Com.* Lo prometti?  
*Cri.* Sì.  
*Com.* L' accorda  
 D' ogni bene il donator.

SCENA ULTIMA.—Crispino cade svenuto sopra la sedia, e  
 la scena si trasforma in una stanza della sua casa, dov' egli  
 si trova attorniato dai figli, da ANNETTA, da FABRIZIO,  
 MIRABOLANO, CONTINO, varii amici e parenti.

*Cri.* Say on—it shall be as you please.  
*Fairy.* A hundred doubloons among ten widows—  
*Cri.* They will then new husbands find,  
 And once more will drive them mad!  
*Fairy.* When I desire a thing, there's no escape!  
*Cri.* That, alas! I know too well.  
 Signor Notary, write on, I pray.  
 [To the statue of Judgment, which each time nods its  
 head, in token of assent.  
*Fairy.* A hundred glittering florins  
 To the cobblers now in Venice.  
*Cri.* But, if cobblers become rich men,  
 Who will there be to mend our shoes?  
*Fairy.* Silence—I've said it—not another word!  
*Cri.* Signor Notary, pray write it down. [Statue nods.  
*Fairy.* To each of thy relations,  
 One hundred and twenty doubloons bequeath!  
*Cri.* What of the other million, then?  
*Fairy.* Bequeath it to thy wife and children.  
*Cri.* 'Tis well—I like the idea;  
 Signor Notary, write that down. [Statue nods  
*Fairy.* Now the will's complete.  
*Cri.* If that's the case, why then I'm off;  
 Good night, Fairy!—fare thee well!  
 Signor Notary, your most obedient— [Going  
*Fairy.* Thou must stay.  
*Cri.* Not yet content?  
*Fairy.* Thou now must float with me  
 Through endless space.  
*Cri.* No, I—I'll join you bye and bye.  
*Fairy.* Come!  
*Cri.* Do wait a bit!  
*Fairy.* No!  
*Cri.* Have pity!

## AIR.

*Cri.* Little ask I, dearest Fairy,  
 One half hour is all I crave;  
 Just once more to see Annetta,  
 And my young ones to embrace.  
 Hear me, am I not thy godson?  
 What I ask is surely proper.  
 So unkind I'll not believe thee;  
 This last boon thou'lt not deny.  
 Kind protector, kind protector,  
 This last boon thou'lt not deny.  
*Fairy.* What thou ask'st I now will grant thee;  
 Yonder mirror will show thee all!  
 [The mirror at back becomes suddenly illuminated, and in it  
 are seen Crispin's wife and children, praying together.  
*Cho.* Beneficent deity,  
 Protect poor Crispin!  
 Restore him in safety  
 To those who love him!  
 [As the chorus ends, the mirror becomes again obscure.  
*Cri.* Now what on earth is going on?  
 Am I here, or am I there?  
*Fairy.* In illusion thou art here—  
 For yonder now thy body's dying!  
*Cri.* Ah! be merciful, I pray;  
 Some pity for me show!  
 I promise thee, henceforth, I'll be  
 A husband good—a father kind!  
*Fairy.* Wilt promise this?  
*Cri.* I will!  
*Fairy.* Concord of every blessing is the giver!

SCENE THE LAST.—Crispin falls senseless on a seat.—  
 The scene changes to a room in Crispin's house, where he finds  
 himself surrounded by his children, together with ANNETTA,  
 FABRIZIO, MIRABOLANO, the COUNT, and various friends  
 and relations.

**Tutti.** Ah, Crispino, ritorna in te stesso.

**Cri.** Dove son ?

**Ann.** Nelle braccia de' tuoi.

**Cri.** Ho sognato!—sto dunque tra voi ?

Quanto vido a te poi narrerò.

**Fab.** Fu di bile soverchio un accesso,

Che ti fece per poco svenire.

**Tutti.** Sol concordì si pensi a gioire,  
S' ora il nembo in seren si cangiò.

[*Svegliandosi.*

**All.** Crispin, man! return to thy senses!

[*awaking.*] Where am I?

**Ann.** In the arms of thy family.

**Cri.** [rises.] Have I been dreaming—is't mid ye I am ?

Such things I've seen—I'll tell ye more anon.

**Fab.** 'Twas a sudden fit of illness,

That thus did rob thee of thy senses.

**All.** Once more united, let a<sup>m</sup> rejoice,  
For now the cloud hath passed away.

NON HA GIOJA IN TAL MOMENTO.—THERE'S NO JOY. CABALLETTA. ANNETTA.



**Cri.** Ti prometto, Annetta mia,

In appresso di cangiar.

**Tutti.** Piena gioia intorno sia,

T' ha voluto il ciel salvar !

**Cri.** I promise thee, beloved Annetta,

Henceforth I will reform!

**All.** Let joy unmixed now reign around;

Heaven's will hath thee reclaimed!

QUADRO, E CALA LA TELA.

TABLEAU.—THE CURTAIN FALLS.







# The Musicians Library

¶ This notable series has been planned to embrace all the masterpieces of song and piano literature; to gather into superbly made volumes of uniform size and binding the best work of the best composers, edited by men of authority. Each volume is independent, complete in itself, and sold by itself.

## PIANO VOLUMES

Edited by

BACH PIANO ALBUM. Vol. I. Shorter Compositions.....	Dr. Ebenezer Prout
BACH PIANO ALBUM. Vol. II. Larger Compositions.....	Dr. Ebenezer Prout
BEETHOVEN PIANO COMPOSITIONS. Vols. I and II.....	Eugen d'Albert
BRAHMS, JOHANNES. Selected Piano Compositions.....	Raphaël Joseffy
CHOPIN, FRÉDÉRIC. Forty Piano Compositions.....	James Huneker
CHOPIN, FRÉDÉRIC. The Greater Chopin.....	James Huneker
GRIEG, EDVARD. Larger Piano Compositions.....	Bertha Feiring Tapper
GRIEG, EDVARD. Piano Lyrics and Shorter Compositions.....	Bertha Feiring Tapper
HAYDN, FRANZ JOSEF. Twenty Piano Compositions.....	Xaver Scharwenka
LISZT, FRANZ. Ten Hungarian Rhapsodies.....	August Spanuth and John Orth
LISZT, FRANZ. Twenty Original Piano Compositions.....	August Spanuth
LISZT, FRANZ. Twenty Piano Transcriptions.....	August Spanuth
MENDELSSOHN, FELIX. Thirty Piano Compositions.....	Percy Goetschius, Mus. Doc. With a Preface by Daniel Gregory Mason
MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS. Twenty Piano Compositions.....	Carl Reinecke
SCHUBERT, FRANZ. Selected Piano Compositions.....	August Spanuth
SCHUMANN, ROBERT. Fifty Piano Compositions.....	Xaver Scharwenka
WAGNER, RICHARD. Selections from the Music Dramas.....	Otto Singer

ANTHOLOGY OF FRENCH PIANO MUSIC. Vol. I. Early Composers }.....	Isidor Philipp
Vol. II. Modern Composers }	
ANTHOLOGY OF GERMAN PIANO PIANO MUSIC. Vol. I. Early Composers }.....	Moritz Moszkowski
Vol. II. Modern Composers }	
EARLY ITALIAN PIANO MUSIC.....	M. Esposito
TWENTY-FOUR NEGRO MELODIES.....	Transcribed for Piano by S. Coleridge-Taylor

Each volume in heavy paper, cloth back, \$1.50; in full cloth, gilt, \$2.50. Copies mailed postpaid. Other volumes in preparation. Booklets, giving full particulars, with portraits of Editors and contents of volumes published, FREE on request.

NOTE.—These works will be sent with return privilege to those with accounts in good standing, and to those with no accounts upon receipt of price, which will be returned, less postage, if not satisfactory.

Write for particulars of our Easy Payment Plan.

## OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York

LYON & HEALY, Chicago



# The Musicians Library

¶ This notable series has been planned to embrace all the masterpieces of song and piano literature; to gather into superbly made volumes of uniform size and binding the best work of the best composers, edited by men of authority. Each volume is independent, complete in itself, and sold by itself.

## SONG VOLUMES

Edited by

BRAHMS, JOHANNES. Forty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	James Huneker
FRANZ, ROBERT. Fifty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	William Foster Apthorp
GRIEG, EDVARD. Fifty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Henry T. Finck
HANDEL, GEORGE FRIDERIC. Vol. I. Songs and Airs for High Voice } Vol. II. Songs and Airs for Low Voice }	Ebenezzer Prout
JENSEN, ADOLF. Forty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	William Foster Apthorp
LISZT, FRANZ. Thirty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Carl Armbruster
SCHUBERT, FRANZ. Fifty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Henry T. Finck
SCHUMANN, ROBERT. Fifty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	W. J. Henderson
STRAUSS, RICHARD. Forty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	James Huneker
TCHAIKOVSKY, P. I. Forty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	James Huneker
WAGNER, RICHARD. Lyrics for Soprano .....	Carl Armbruster
WAGNER, RICHARD. Lyrics for Tenor .....	Carl Armbruster
WAGNER, RICHARD. Lyrics for Baritone and Bass .....	Carl Armbruster
WOLF, HUGO. Fifty Songs. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Ernest Newman
FIFTY MASTERSONGS. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Henry T. Finck
FIFTY SHAKESPEARE SONGS. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc.
MODERN FRENCH SONGS. Vol. I. Bemberg to Franck } High Voice. Low Voice. Vol. II. Georges to Widor }	Philip Hale
ONE HUNDRED FOLKSONGS OF ALL NATIONS. Medium Voice .....	Granville Bantock
ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF ENGLAND. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Granville Bantock
SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Helen Hopekirk
SIXTY FOLKSONGS OF FRANCE. Medium Voice .....	Julien Tiersot
SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS OF ALL NATIONS. Medium Voice .....	Granville Bantock
SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS. High Voice. Low Voice .....	Rupert Hughes
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR SOPRANO .....	H. E. Krehbiel
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR MEZZO-SOPRANO .....	H. E. Krehbiel
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR ALTO .....	H. E. Krehbiel
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR TENOR .....	H. E. Krehbiel
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR BARITONE AND BASS .....	H. E. Krehbiel

Each volume in heavy paper, cloth back, \$1.50; in full cloth, gilt, \$2.50. Copies mailed postpaid. Other volumes in preparation. Booklets, giving full particulars, with portraits of Editors and contents of volumes published, FREE on request.

NOTE.—These works will be sent with return privilege to those with accounts in good standing, and to those with no account upon receipt of price, which will be returned, less postage, if not satisfactory.

Write for particulars of our Easy Payment Plan.

## OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York

LYON & HEALY, Chicago



# The Music Students Library

☞ A series of Educational Text-books suited to the requirements of the average student and covering every essential branch of musical instruction. Uniformly bound in cloth.

## HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, AND MELODY WRITING

<b>INTERVALS, CHORDS, AND EAR TRAINING</b> .....	Jean Parkman Brown	\$1.00
Exercises and examples in rudimentary harmony and ear training for use in conjunction with piano study. A practical "first book."		
<b>EAR TRAINING FOR TEACHER AND PUPIL</b> .....	C. A. Alchin	1.00
Designed to teach the pupil to think in tones, and so to sing, name, write, and play what he hears. A book of exercises in discriminative hearing.		
<b>HARMONY SIMPLIFIED</b> .....	Francis L. York	1.00
A practical text-book presenting in a concise manner the fundamental principles of harmony, with non-essentials omitted.		
<b>HARMONY</b> .....	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc.	.75
New edition of a standard text-book which presents the principles of harmony with conciseness and lucidity.		
<b>HARMONIC ANALYSIS</b> .....	Benjamin Cutter	1.25
Teaches one to analyze the harmonic structure of both classic and modern music.		
<b>COUNTERPOINT SIMPLIFIED</b> .....	Francis L. York	1.25
A concise text-book of formal counterpoint. (Sequel to Author's <i>Harmony Simplified</i> .)		
<b>COUNTERPOINT</b> .....	Dr. J. Frederick Bridge	.75
This book has freshness and plainness combined with thoroughness.		
<b>GUIDE TO MUSICAL COMPOSITION</b> .....	Heinrich Wohlfahrt	1.00
On the invention of melodies, their transformation, development and suitable accompaniment.		

## FORM, INSTRUMENTATION, AND ACOUSTICS

<b>LESSONS IN MUSIC FORM</b> .....	Percy Goetschius, Mus. Doc.	1.25
A manual of analysis of all the structural factors and designs employed in musical composition.		
<b>MUSICAL FORMS</b> .....	Ernst Pauer	.75
A compendium of the various forms used in music.		
<b>INSTRUMENTATION</b> .....	Ebenezer Prout, Mus. Doc.	.75
A valuable guide and assistant to students who wish to gain a knowledge of the proper blending of orchestral instruments, their compass, capabilities, etc.		
<b>SOUND AND ITS RELATION TO MUSIC</b> .....	Clarence G. Hamilton, A.M.	1.15
A handbook of acoustics as relating to music. Based on the latest discoveries and experiments, and fully illustrated.		

## DEFINITIONS AND HISTORY

<b>SOME ESSENTIALS IN MUSICAL DEFINITIONS</b> .....	M. F. MacConnell	1.00
Concise information in notation, form, instruments, and noted names in music.		
<b>OUTLINES OF MUSIC HISTORY</b> .....	Clarence G. Hamilton, A.M.	1.50
A compact, clear-cut work for class use and the general reader. Fully illustrated.		
<b>MUSIC CLUB PROGRAMS FROM ALL NATIONS</b> .....	Arthur Elson	1.25
Outlines the various schools from all nations with a rich series of programs, and over one hundred portraits.		

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON**



# The Music Students Library

☞ A series of Educational Text-books suited to the requirements of the average student and covering every essential branch of musical instruction. Uniformly bound in cloth.

## PIANO

HALF HOUR LESSONS IN MUSIC.....	Mrs. Herman Kotschmar	\$1.00
BURROWES' PIANO PRIMER.....	Frederic Field Bullard, Editor	.50
NATURAL LAWS IN PIANO TECHNIC.....	Mary Wood Chase	1.25
THE INTERPRETATION OF PIANO MUSIC.....	Mary Venable	1.25
PIANO TEACHING: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS.....	Clarence G. Hamilton, A.M.	1.25

## VOICE

A B C OF MUSIC.....	Auguste Mathieu Panseron (Ed. by N. Clifford Page)	1.00
TWELVE LESSONS IN THE FUNDAMENTALS OF VOICE PRODUCTION		
.....	Arthur L. Manchester	1.00
TRAINING OF BOYS' VOICES.....	Claude Ellsworth Johnson	.75
RESONANCE IN SINGING AND SPEAKING.....	Dr. Thomas Pillebrown	1.25
COMMONPLACES OF VOCAL ART.....	Louis Arthur Russell	1.00
ENGLISH DICTION FOR SINGERS AND SPEAKERS.....	Louis Arthur Russell	1.00
FRENCH DICTION FOR SINGERS AND SPEAKERS.....	William Harkness Arnold	1.00

## VIOLIN

HOW TO STUDY KREUTZER.....	Benjamin Cutter	.75
----------------------------	-----------------	-----

## HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, AND MELODY WRITING

INTERVALS, CHORDS, AND EAR TRAINING.....	Jean Parkman Brown	1.00
EAR TRAINING FOR TEACHER AND PUPIL.....	C. A. Alchin	1.00
HARMONY SIMPLIFIED.....	Francis L. York	1.00
HARMONY.....	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc.	.75
HARMONIC ANALYSIS.....	Benjamin Cutter	1.25
COUNTERPOINT SIMPLIFIED.....	Francis L. York	1.25
COUNTERPOINT.....	Dr. J. Frederick Bridge	.75
GUIDE TO MUSICAL COMPOSITION.....	Heinrich Wohlfahrt	1.00

## FORM, INSTRUMENTATION, AND ACOUSTICS

LESSONS IN MUSIC FORM.....	Percy Goetschius, Mus. Doc.	1.25
MUSICAL FORMS.....	Ernst Pauer	.75
INSTRUMENTATION.....	Ebenezer Prout, Mus. Doc.	.75
SOUND AND ITS RELATION TO MUSIC.....	Clarence G. Hamilton, A.M.	1.25

## DEFINITIONS AND HISTORY

SOME ESSENTIALS IN MUSICAL DEFINITIONS.....	M. F. MacConnell	1.00
OUTLINES OF MUSIC HISTORY.....	Clarence G. Hamilton, A.M.	1.50
MUSIC CLUB PROGRAMS FROM ALL NATIONS.....	Arthur Elson	1.25

**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON**

# Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by *Italic* letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (\*) contain no music and are 15 cents a copy. All the others have the music of the principal airs and are 25 cents each.

## A—G

Title	Text	Composer	Title	Text	Composer
Africaine, L'	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>	Don Giovanni	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
Aïda	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>	Don Pasquale	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
*Amico Fritz, L' (Friend Fritz)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Pietro Mascagni</i>	*Dorothy		<i>Alfred Cellier</i>
Armide	<i>F.</i>	<i>C. W. von Gluck</i>	Elisire d'amore, L'	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Ballo in Maschera, Un (The Masked Ball)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>	*Erminie	<i>I.</i>	<i>Edward Jakobowski</i>
Barbe-Bleue (Blue Beard)	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	Ernani	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
Barbiere di Siviglia, Il (Barber of Seville)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>	Etoile du Nord, L' (The Star of the North)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
Belle Hélène, La	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	Fatinitza		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>
Bells of Corneville (Chimes of Normandy)		<i>Robert Planquette</i>	Faust	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Gounod</i>
*Billee Taylor		<i>Edward Solomon</i>	do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
*Boccaccio		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>	Favorita, La	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Bohemian Girl, The		<i>Michael Wm. Balfe</i>	Fidelio	<i>G.</i>	<i>L. van Beethoven</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>	Figlia del Reggimento, La (Daughter of the Regiment)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>
Carmen	<i>F.</i>	<i>Georges Bizet</i>	Fille de Madame Angot, La	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>	Flauto Magico, Il (The Magic Flute)	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
Cavalleria Rusticana	<i>I.</i>	<i>Pietro Mascagni</i>	Fledermaus, Die (The Bat)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Johann Strauss</i>
Chimes of Normandy (Bells of Corneville)		<i>Robert Planquette</i>	Fleur de Thé	<i>F.</i>	<i>F. Hervé (Ronger)</i>
Cinderella	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>	Flying Dutchman, The		<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Contes d'Hoffmann, Les (Tales of Hoffmann)	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	do.	<i>G.</i>	<i>do.</i>
Crispino e 'a Comare (The Cobbler and the Fairy)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Luigi and F. Ricci</i>	Fra Diavolo	<i>I.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>
Crown Diamonds, The	<i>F.</i>	<i>D. F. E. Auber</i>	Freischütz, Der	<i>G.</i>	<i>Carl Maria von Weber</i>
Dame Blanche, La		<i>F. A. Boieldieu</i>	do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
Damnation of Faust, The	<i>F.</i>	<i>Hector Berlioz</i>	*Gillette (La Belle Coquette)		<i>Edmond Audran</i>
Dinorah	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>	Gioconda, La	<i>I.</i>	<i>Amilcare Ponchielli</i>
*Doctor of Alcantara, The		<i>Julius Eichberg</i>	Giroflé-Girofla	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Lecocq</i>
			Götterdämmerung, Die	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>

# Standard Opera Librettos

All librettos have English text. Additional texts are indicated by *Italic* letters, as follows: *I*, Italian; *G*, German; *F*, French. Those marked with (\*) contain no music and are 15 cents a copy. All the others have the music of the principal airs and are 25 cents each.

## G—Z

Title	Text	Composer	Title	Text	Composer
Grand Duchees of Gerolstein, The	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	Otello	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
*Hamlet		<i>Ambroise Thomas</i>	Pagliacci, I	<i>I.</i>	<i>R. Leoncavallo</i>
Jewess, The	<i>I.</i>	<i>Jacques F. Halévy</i>	Parsifal	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Königin von Saba (Queen of Sheba)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Karl Goldmark</i>	Pinafore (H. M. S.)		<i>Sir Arthur S. Sullivan</i>
Lakmé	<i>I.</i>	<i>Léo Delibes</i>	Prophète, Le	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
Lily of Killarney, The		<i>Sir Jules Benedict</i>	Puritani, I	<i>I.</i>	<i>Vincenzo Bellini</i>
Linda di Chamounix	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>	Rheingold, Das (The Rhinegold)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
*Little Duke, The		<i>Charles Lecocq</i>	Rigoletto	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
Lohengrin	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>	Robert le Diable	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
do.	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>	Roméo et Julietta	<i>F.</i>	<i>Charles Gounod</i>
*Lovely Galatea, The		<i>Franz von Suppé</i>	Romeo e Giulietta	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>
Lucia di Lammermoor	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gaetano Donizetti</i>	Samson et Dalila	<i>F.</i>	<i>Camille Saint-Saëns</i>
Lucrezia Borgia	<i>I.</i>	<i>do.</i>	Semiramide	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>
*Madame Favart		<i>Jacques Offenbach</i>	Siegfried	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Manon	<i>F.</i>	<i>Jules Massenet</i>	*Sleeping Queen, The		<i>Michael Wm. Balfe</i>
Maritana		<i>Wm. Vincent Wallace</i>	Sonnambula, La	<i>I.</i>	<i>Vincenzo Bellini</i>
Marriage of Figaro	<i>I.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>	*Sorcerer, The		<i>Sir Arthur S. Sullivan</i>
Martha	<i>I.</i>	<i>Friedrich von Flotow</i>	*Spectre Knight, The		<i>Alfred Cellier</i>
*Mascot, The		<i>Edmond Audran</i>	*Stradella		<i>Friedrich von Flotow</i>
Meistersinger, Die (The Mastersingers)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>	Tannhäuser	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Mefistofele	<i>I.</i>	<i>Arrigo Boito</i>	Traviata, La	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
Merry Wives of Windsor, The		<i>Otto Nicolai</i>	Tristan und Isolde	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Mignon	<i>I.</i>	<i>Ambroise Thomas</i>	Trovatore, Il	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giuseppe Verdi</i>
Mikado, The		<i>Sir Arthur S. Sullivan</i>	Ugönotti, Gli (The Huguenots)	<i>I.</i>	<i>Giacomo Meyerbeer</i>
*Musketeers, The		<i>Louis Varney</i>	Verkaufte Braut, Die (The Bartered Bride)	<i>G.</i>	<i>Friedrich Smetana</i>
*Nanon		<i>Richard Genée</i>	Walküre, Die	<i>G.</i>	<i>Richard Wagner</i>
Norma	<i>I.</i>	<i>Vincenzo Bellini</i>	William Tell	<i>I.</i>	<i>Gioacchino A. Rossini</i>
*Olivette		<i>Edmond Audran</i>	Zauberflöte, Die (The Magic Flute)	<i>G.</i>	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
Orpheus		<i>C. W. von Gluck</i>			

# Songs from the Operas

EDITED BY H. E. KREHBIEL



*Bound in paper, cloth back, \$1.50 each, postpaid*  
*In full cloth, gilt, . . . \$2.50 each, postpaid*

In these volumes of THE MUSICIANS LIBRARY the editor has presented in chronological order the most famous arias from operas of every school. Beginning with songs from the earliest Italian productions, a comprehensive view of operatic development is given by well-chosen examples from German, French, and later Italian works, down to contemporary musical drama.

- ☞ Each song or aria is given in its original key with the original text, and a faithful and singable English translation.
- ☞ Each volume contains an interesting preface by Mr. Krehbiel with historic, descriptive and interpretative notes on each song.
- ☞ Portraits of the most noted composers represented are given in each volume.
- ☞ Size of each volume, 9½ x 12½ inches.

## Soprano Songs from the Operas

Contains twenty-three numbers by nineteen composers. The music covers 188 pages, the prefatory matter 25 pages. Portraits are given of Beethoven, Bellini, Gluck, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi and Weber.

## Mezzo-Soprano Songs from the Operas

Contains thirty numbers by twenty-five composers. The music covers 186 pages, the prefatory matter 29 pages. Portraits are given of Auber, Bizet, Donizetti, Handel, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Spontini, Thomas and Wagner.

## Alto Songs from the Operas

Contains twenty-nine numbers by twenty-two composers. The music covers 176 pages, the prefatory matter 20 pages. Portraits are given of Glinka, Gluck, Handel, Lully, Meyerbeer, Purcell, Rossini, Thomas and Verdi.

## Tenor Songs from the Operas

Contains twenty-nine numbers by twenty-one composers. The music covers 192 pages, the prefatory matter 27 pages. Portraits are given of Beethoven, Bizet, Gluck, Gounod, Mascagni, Massenet, Verdi, Wagner and Weber.

## Baritone and Bass Songs from the Operas

Contains twenty-seven numbers by twenty-four composers. The music covers 188 pages, the prefatory matter 20 pages. Portraits are given of Bellini, Bizet, Cherubini, Gounod, Halévy, Handel, Mozart, Ponchielli and Tchaikovsky.