



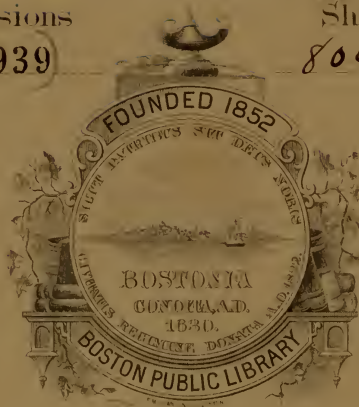
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CRISPINO E LA COMARE

THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY;

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS,

COMPOSED BY THE BROTHERS

LUIGI AND FEDERICO RICCI,

As represented at St. James Theatre, London,

AND AT THE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

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.*

(21939)

NOV 15 1890

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

Scene—Venice. Period—the 17th 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 entire 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 Sicilian 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 lover's happiness.

CRISPINO E LA COMARE.

(THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY.)

A T T O 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.
Piu d' un morbo che molesta
Per tal farmaco sen va.

SCENA II.—*Detti e DON ASDRUBALE, che dal palazzo va al caffè. I Facchini lasciano di pestare, e attendono 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' avaro 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 Caffè. 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 caffè, 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 caffè. 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's' me thus unhappy!

ROMANZA.

COR. Bella siccome un angelo
Ti vidi e t' adorai,
E più frequente il palpito
Di questo cor di questo cor provai ;
Ma se il destin contendere
Vuol la tua mano a me,
Tutto saprò io vincere,
Lisetta mia, per te! ah!
Bella siccome un angelo
Ti vidi e t' adorai,
Tutto saprò, io vincere,
Lisetta mia, Lisetta mia, per te!

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. Perchè zitto?

CORO. Sei noioso.

ASD. Pensa i debiti a pagar.

CRI. Lo spiantato bisognoso
Si confor+ col cantar.

A R I A.

CRI. Una volta un ciabattino
Gran signore diventò ;
Una Fata del meschino
Pazzamento innamorò.
Ciabatte e lesine, forme e stivali,
Panchetto setole, potè gettar.
Allor da splendido, cocchi e cavalli,
Pranzi lautissimi, potè gustar.
Ahi, ahi, povero Crispino,
Fame e sete son per te.
Poco pane senza vino,
La fortuna sol ti diè.
Oh! oh! Batti, batti, oh! oh! tira e pesta ;
Batti batti, tira e pesta,
Sei dannato a lavorar.
Tira, tira, batti e pesta,
E almen sfogati a cantar.

ANN. Istorie belle a leggere [Dall interno.
Da me chi vuol comprar?

CRI. (Oggi perchè mia moglie
Sollicita a tomar?)

TUTTI. Anche la vendi-storie,
Ci viene a tormentar!

ROMANCE.

COUNT. Beauteous e'en as an angel fair,
I saw and straight ador'd thee!
For thee this faithful heart now burns
With love ne'er felt, with love ne'er felt be-
fore.

But, should cruel fate e'er strive
To wrest from me thy hand,
I'll ev'ry peril brave,
Lisetta dear, for thee! ah!
Beauteous e'en as an angel fair,
I saw and straight ador'd thee.
Gladly I'll ev'ry peril brave,
Lisetta dear, for thee ;
Yes, love, for thee!
Lisetta dear, ah—yes!
Lisetta, love, for thee!

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 luckless wretch
Seeks consolation in a song.

AIR.

CRI. Once a cobbler, poor and lowly.
Quite a mighty lord became ;
For a fairy young and handsome,
Came the cobbler's love to claim.
His boots and his shoes then he soon threw
away,
Pinchers, and lapstone, and leather, and
awl ;
For now in full splendor in coach he may
ride,
Feasting at banquet and dancing at ball.
Ah! ah! unlucky Crispino!
Hunger's pangs you soon must know ;
Little bread and still less wine!
Or aught that fortune should bestow.
Oh! oh! Thumping, thumping, oh! oh!
sewing, stitching,
Thumping, thumping, sewing, stitching,
Making ever the lapstone ring!
Sewing, sewing, thumping and stitching—
Naught is left him now but to sing.

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 vedra in Farmacia.*

CANZONET.

- ANN. Istorie bello a leggere
Da me chi vuol comprar?
Ho qui di cal di palpiti
Leggende lagrimose,
Racconti per le nubuli,
Esempi per le spose;
Ho la sicura regola
Per scandagliar il core,
Per ispirar nell' anima
Di chi si vuole amore.
Diletto insieme ed utile
Io vengo a dispensar.
Istorie belle a leggere
Da me chi vuol comprar?
Ah, che il gridare è inutile,
Non c' è da guadagnar!
Chi vuol comprar? chi vuol comprar?
[*Da sè.*] (Ah, che il gridare è inutile,
Non c' è da guadagnar!
- CRI. Annetta, ebbeni!— [*Alzandosi.*]
ANN. Miseria!
CRI. Dimmi, quant' hai 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;
Neimeno 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 melodo [*Ad Asdrubale.*]
D' accrescere i tesor.

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

CANZONET.

- ANN. My pretty tales, and charms, and songs,
Oh, who will come and buy?
I've tales of grief, and tales of love,
That jealous fear arouses,
Some songs I have for ladies fair,
And some too for their spouses.
I've charms beside for finding out
The false heart from the true one;
And unto whom you'd give your heart
'Twill make them give to you one!
The wares I sell, the charms I give,
Will guard you while you live.
The wares I sell, the charms I give,
Will guard you while you live.
My pretty tales, and charms, and songs,
Oh, who will come and buy?
Ah, not one penny can I earn,
Although my best I try!
Who'll come and buy?
[*Aside.*] Alas! my efforts are in vain;
Not one penny can I earn!
- 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,
Whilst 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 Asdrubale.*] 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.

CRU. Olà, signor Asdrubale,
Che gioco qui giochiamo?

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

CRU. Io non l'intendo—

ASD. Io non . . . Pagami
Di casa la pigione;
Pagami dunque, e subito.

CORO. Sta bene, egli ha ragione.

ASD. Paga, o ti seaccio, 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—

CRU. No. [*Allontanando con forza Annetta.*
Signore, questo mobile
Che tocchisi non vo'.
Paga i tuoi debiti, [*Stringendosegli intorno*
Brutto gradasso;
Paga, ora è inutile
Tanto fracasso;
Se non la termini
Andrai prigionie.
Seiocco 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.

CRU. (Di qua la moglie
Co' suoi clamori,
Di là m'inealzano
I creditori;
Crispino misero,
Non puoi sperare;
Un laccio o il mare
T' aiuterà

[*Fugge 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 sgombreranno 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. In sooth, thou art too pretty
For a lowly cobbler's wife.

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

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

CRU. I don't understand this sort of thing. [*Rising.*

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. Thou knowest—

ANN. No—

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

MIR. } Pay, then, your debts,
AND. & } You stupid lout!

CHO. } [*Pressing round him.*
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.

CRU. [*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.*

SCENE 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, senti Annetta,
Parliam di quella storia—
ANN. Di cosa vuoi parlar, crudo avaraccio?
Io solo avrei per te di corda un laccio.
[Corre dietro Crispino.]

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 cio?
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 palazzia.]

SCENA VI.—DOTTOR FABRIZIO.

Dice d' amarla disperatamente!
Avaraccio 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.
In loro mi fan ridere
Languori, parossismi,
Le convulsioni, i palbiti,
I soliti isterismi;
Per esse ho uno specifico
Securo, portentoso.
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.]

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

ANN. About what, you cruel old miser! I only
wish I had a ropo's end to bestow upon you!
[Runs after Crispin.]

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 beauteous
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 de-
votedly—

FAB. [Aside.] I see you do!

ASD. She actually wishes me, I say, to bestow
her hand on some adventurer—some Count or oth-
er, who would squander away her magnificent dow-
ry 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.]

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

CRISPINO, rabbuffato e trafelato, giunge correndo.

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 degg' io? deggio affogarmi?

[*Gira disperato*

Ma, che veggo! E qui un 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.

[*Corre a precipitarsi a capo in giù nel pozzo; quando una donna in bruno annanto 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?

Illustrissima, chi è mai?

COM. Di spiegarlo non è l' ora,

A suo tempo lo saprai.

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 guattero

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 sbrighati,

M' è noia l' ascoltar.

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

CRISPIN. 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.*] Aha! what's this I see? a well? O, 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 wouldst thou do?

CRISPIN. 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!

CRISPIN. 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.*

CRISPIN. By what name am I to call thee?

FAIRY. I am the lady Giusta, thy fairy friend.

CRISPIN. 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!

CRISPIN. 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 bottle.

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!

CR. 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 creditor m' incalzano,
 Com' onda senza porto.
 Venni cercando il termine
 Di tanti affanni miei.
 Or che la triste istori
 Tutta narrar potei,
 Comare potentissim
 Io son disperatissimo,
 A compassion movetevi,
 [*Cade in ginocchio davanti la Comare.*
 Movetevi a pietà.

COM. Crispiu, sorgi, io vo' giovarti.

CR. Sì, davvero? [*Alzandosi.*

COM. Lo vedrai.
 Un gran medico vo' farti.

CR. Siete pazza!—Come mai,
 Se un fior d' asino io sono?

COM. Sarai pari a cento a cento.

CR. Ma, Comare!— [*Esitando.*

COM. T' abbandono.
 Se ricusi—

CR. No, acconsento.
 Ma saper vorrei—sì tenera
 Verso me cosa vi fa?

COM. Vo' punir di certi medici
 La superba asinità.

CR. Tempo è alfin!—come farò?

COM. Fissa bon quel che dirò.
 Quando un infermo visiti,
 Se me o il mio capo vedi
 Vicino a lui, morrà;
 Se non ci son, vivrà.

CR. 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.*

CR. Comare, mia bell' anima,
 Nè a me più tornerai?

COM. Sì, ma a te sol visibile.

CR. 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 m' è soggetto,
 Crispino è il mio protetto.

[*Solenn.*

CR. Comare mia!—cor mio!— [*Corre e abbracc.*

COM. Tu m' intendesti—Addio! [*Si sprofonda.*

CR. Ma—senti—Ascolta—Andò!
 [*Guardano nel pozzo.*

Più testa omai non ho!

CR. 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!

CR. [*Rising.*] Wilt thou really, now!

FAIRY. Thou shalt see!

A renowned doctor will I make of thee.

CR. Thou'rt surely mad!—Suppose, now,
 I'm a perfect idiot?

FAIRY. Thou'dst only resemble a hundred others in
 the same predicament.

CR. But—

[*Hesitating.*

FAIRY. If thou refusest,
 I shall at once forsake thee.

CR. No, I consent.

But may inquire what renders thee
 So benevolent towards me?

FAIRY. I wish to punish the profound stupidity
 Of certain doctors.

CR. '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!

CR. 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.*

CR. Most fair one, my heart's treasure,
 Wilt thou no more return to me?

FAIRY. Yes, but I shall be visible to thee alone.

CR. 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

CR. Oh, sweetest!—my heart's idol!

[*Endeavors to embrace her.*

FAIRY. Thou understand'st me—farewell!

[*Sinks into the well.*

CR. But stay—listen—hear me! [*Looks into the
 well.*

My very brain seems turned.

SCENA IX.—CRISPINO *solo.*

Il 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?

CRISPINO. 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.

CRISPINO. Quello che è stato è stato.
 ANN. Ma di nuovo che c' è?—ti se' ubbriacato!

CRISPINO. Altro che piomba!—meglio, meglio assai!

ANN. Ma che cosa?—ti spiega?
 CRISPINO. Or lo saprai.

ANN. Vedi, o cara, tal sacchetto?
 E uno scherzo, si scommetto.
 CRISPINO. Sentì, Annetta, questo suono?
 ANN. Quanto è bello!—sì, lo sento!
 CRISPINO. Disperato più non sono,
 Qui ci stan oro ed argento.

ANN. Propriamente?
 CRISPINO. Propriamente.

ANN. Guarda, guarda—
 Oh! veramente!
 Ma di chi? di chi sarà?

CRISPINO. Mia assoluta proprietà.

ANN. Che mai sento! il core in petto
 Già incomincia a saltellar!

CRISPINO. Del danaro il solo aspetto
 Fa le femmine esultar!

ANN. Dove mai l'hai ritrovato?

CRISPINO. Mi fu adesso regalato.

ANN. Ma da chi?

CRISPINO. Nol puoi pensare.

ANN. Chi del diede?

CRISPINO. Una comare.

ANN. Levatrice?

CRISPINO. Non ne han tanti.

ANN. Che comare?

CRISPINO. Una signora—

ANN. Che a sacchetti dà i contanti?—
 Troppo so, 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 sorriso,
 So ben io quel che farò.

Va pur là, brutto birbante,
 Che ben ben t' acconcierò.

CRISPINO. Bada, Annetta, ciò non dire,
 O ch' io posso imbestialire.

SCENE 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!

SCENE X.—CRISPIN, *and afterwards* ANNETTA.

ANN. [Without.] Crispin! where are you, Crispin?
 CRISPIN. [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 terri-
 fied me.

I hastened after you,
 And with the greatest effort I've now rejoined
 you.

What has occurred?
 CRISPIN. [Mysteriously.] That which has happened—
 has happened.

ANN. But what is it?—you are surely intoxicated!
 CRISPIN. Quite a different style of thing!—something
 far better!

ANN. But what, I ask you?—explain yourself!
 CRISPIN. Now, then, you shall know.

My love, do you perceive this little bag?
 ANN. 'Tis mere joke, I'll wager.

CRISPIN. [Shaking the bag.] Annetta, do you recog-
 nize this sound?

ANN. I do, indeed!—'tis lovely in the extreme!
 CRISPIN. A desperate wretch no more am I;
 Here are both gold and silver!

ANN. What, in good earnest?
 CRISPIN. In good earnest. Behold!

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

CRISPIN. 'Tis my undoubted property!
 ANN. What is't I hear?

My heart already leaps with joy.
 CRISPIN. The mere sight of money

Is quite sufficient to make a woman merry!
 ANN. Where did you find it?

CRISPIN. 'Twas just now made a present to me.
 ANN. But by whom?

CRISPIN. By a beautiful Fairy.
 ANN. What do you say?

CRISPIN. I've seen a Fairy?
 ANN. What is she like?

CRISPIN. A lady!
 ANN. One who gives money by the sackful!

'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.

CRISPIN. Beware, Annetta, talk not thus,
 Or thou wilt rouse my ire,

Già pur troppo, poveretto,
 Non vo' privo di sospetto.
 Te lo dico colle buone,
 Non mi far—già c' intendiamo ;
 Chè tra noi, se lo rompiamo,
 Quel di prima non sarò.
 Il sorriso col bastone,
 L' occhintina ti farò.

ANN. Dal velen crepar mi sento—
 CRI. Pensa all' oro ed all' argento.
 ANN. Pacedunque— [Ghi stende la mano.
 CRI. Ah, biricchina ! [Rifiutandosi.
 ANN. Eh via, dunque, pace, pace.
 CRI. E il sorriso?—e l' occhiatina ?
 ANN. Via, scherzai, sono incapace—

[Accarezzandolo.
 CRI. Ben ben—ti proverò—
 ANN. Chi son io ti mostrerò. [Le dà la mano.
 Ah sì, sì, marito mio,
 S' è finito di penare.
 Benedetta la Comare
 Che godere ne farà !
 Là, larà, larà, là, là. [Si mette a ballare.
 CRI. Addio forme, pance addio.
 Vo' cantare, vo' ballare ;
 Pensa a tutto la comare ;
 Via ballando andiam di qua
 Canta, salta, idolo mio.
 Là, larà, larà, là, là. [Partono, ballando.

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

A T T O 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 rinversa d' un calcio.
 'Dottore eccellentissimus or siamo !
 ANN. 'Hai fitto in capo d' esser un dottore !
 'Se quell' oro non fosse,
 'Davver ti crederei solenne 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 ?
 CR. 'Mi dio questo cartello
 [Trae di saccoccia un gran cartello
 'Da metter sulla porta ;
 'Più, mi disse che in casa avrei trovato
 'Un vestiario completo da dottore.
 [Raccoglie di terra un chiodo, il martello, e appende sopra la porta il cartello.

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. [Coaxingly
 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.
 Yes ! husband mine,
 We will banish sorrow ;
 Blessed be your Fairy,
 Since she has caused our joy !
 Farewell ballads, farewell hunger.
 La ! lara, lara, la, la ! [Begins to dance.
 CRI. Farewell last, and farewell tools,
 Henceforth I'll dance and sing !
 My new protectress all provides ;—
 Gaily dancing, we'll go hence !
 Come then, darling, dance and sing.
 La, lara, lara, la, la. [Exeunt, dancing.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T 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 doctor !
 'Were it not for the bag 'of gold,
 '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. '(Sempre più si fa granda il mio stupore!)
'Sarà meglio che vada un po' a dormire.
CRI. 'A dormire? scioeccone! [*Tornando a lei.*
'Vedrai, vedrai cosa farò a momenti.
'Di dottore a indossar vo' i finimenti.
[*Entra in*

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 Crispin, io qualche cosa.
[*Legge a stento compitando.*

*Crispino Tacchetto quondam Ciabbattino,
Che medico divenne sopraffino.*
Sarà dunque una fata,
Un benefico genio che il protegge!—
Quel sacchetto, quell' oro ne son prova—
Oh sì, è certo—poi crederlo mi giova.

[*S' aggiusta e pavoneggia*
Io non sono più! Annetta
Vendi-storie, ciabbattina;
Dottoressa, e più bellina
Di me inver non ci sarà.
Ah! il piacere che m' aspetta
Col pensier pregusta già!
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 pregusto già. [*Entra in casa.*

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

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

CORO 1. Sopraffino!
CORO 2. Sopraffino!
TUTTI. Per le risa è da crepar!

ANN. [*Aside.*, 'My astonishment continues to increase!
[*Aloud.*] 'You had better go and sleep awhile.
CRI. 'To sleep, thy silly wench! [*Turning to her.*
'Thou'lt see what I will do ere long.
'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 Doct*
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.*

I no longer am Annetta,
Ballad-singer, cobbler's wife;
I'm a Doctor's beauteous lady,
And now lead a joyous life.
Ah, the pleasures that await me
I in thought already taste!

[*Walking pompously to and fro.*
Splendid velvets, bonnets 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.*

SCENE III.—MIRABOLANO and afterwards DON FABRIZIO from the Dispensary, DON ASDRUBAL, and the Shopmen and Populace.—The Fairy also appears.

MIR. Why, what has the madman written
On the door of his residence? [*Reading.*
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!*
BOTH. Oh, the madman! the buffoon!
He really ought to be chained fast,
[*The Shopmen and others read the inscription.*
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.*

- CRISPINO. Alto là, di chi ridete?
 TUTTI. Eh, buffone!
 CRISPINO. Non sapete, asinoni, ch' io mi sia?
 TUTTI. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
 CRISPINO. Son dottore.
 TUTTI. E una follia!
 CRISPINO. Dottorissimo!
 TUTTI. Ah! ah!
 CRISPINO. Sì, signori, son dottore
 Che guarisce ogni malore;
 Se vi piglia un accidente,
 Febbre fredda o febbre ardente,
 Un colpetto nella testa,
 O una tisi vi molesta,
 Per mia cura, si signori,
 Chi non crepa può campar.
 TUTTI. Bel dottore! i creditori
 Faria meglio di pagar.
 CRISPINO. [*Passeggiando alteramente cava di tasca pugni di monete d'oro, e, gettandole in faccia agli astanti, lor dice.*]
 Oro è questo monetato,
 Un mio pari può pagar.
 Io dottor son diventato,
 Saprà tutti soddisfar.
 (Ah, Comare, in tal momento
 Sto per farne bastonar!)
 FAB. Tanta somma in un momento [*A Crispino.*]
 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.
 CRISPINO. (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.
 [*Torna a sprofondarsi.*]
 CRISPINO. Mille grazie, ora mi sento
 Il coraggio raddoppiar.

SCENA V.—*Detti, il CONTINO frettoloso, ANNETTA dalla casa, poi BORTOLO muratore, seguì 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—
 CON. Egli è qua.
 ANN. Poveretto! morendo già sta.
 [*Quattro uomini, seguiti da gran Moltitudine, portano BORTOLO, rvenuto sopra una sedia, che depongono nel centro del proscenio.*]

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

- CRISPINO. Hold, I say,—at what are ye laughing?
 ALL. Away, buffoon!
 CRISPINO. Know ye not, idiots, who I am?
 ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
 CRISPINO. I'm a doctor!
 ALL. What absurdity!
 CRISPINO. A most learned doctor!
 ALL. Ha! ha!
 CRISPINO. Yes, sirs, I am a doctor
 Who undertakes all ills to cure;
 Should an accident befall ye,
 Should fever, fast or slow, o'ertake ye
 Should your heads a blow receive,
 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.
 CRISPINO. [*Stalking majestically across the stage, draws from his pocket a handful of money, and, throwing it among the bystanders, 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!
 CRISPINO. 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 mayst redouble.
 [*The Fairy disappears.*]
 CRISPINO. 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.*]

CONO. Ah! gli è Bortolo! egli è muratore.

[Stringendosi agli attorno.

Cinque figli e la moglie, s'ei muore,
Non sapranno più come campar.

CRISPINO. (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.

CRISPINO. [Sempre osservando.] 'La Comare non ci sta.'

TUTTI. Infelice! ei muore qua.

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

TUTTI. Taci, sciocco!

CRISPINO. Somaroni!

FAB. Un salasso almen si provi, [A Mirabolano.

Potrà darsi che gli giovi—

MIR. Factus algidus è già.

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

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, [A Crispino.
Se la sbagli, hai da pagar.

ANN. (Bada ben, marito mio,
Di non farti bastonar.)

CRISPINO. (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 perfeltis,

Panem, salamen, ostricas,

E quattro broccolettis.

Del vinum poi portamini,

Ma debet esser bellus;

Cane talora bibunt

Dall'oste del Cappellus—

Tutto all' inferno or applico,

E presto guarirà.

TUTTI. Oh, come son ridicole

Tante 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—

CRISPINO. 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.

CHO. Ah! 'tis Bortolo, the mason!

[They all press around him.

Should he die, his wife and five children
Will be left entirely destitute!

CRISPINO. [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!

CRISPINO. [Aside, still looking around] The Fairy is not here!

ALL. Unhappy man! he's dying, sure!

CRISPINO. 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!

CRISPINO. Ye pack of donkeys!

FAB. Let us try bleeding, [To Mirabolano.
Perchance it may relieve him!

MIR. He is already cold!

CRISPINO. At all events, I am resolved

My recipe to try!

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!

ALL. Come, try thy skill, but shouldst thou fail,
Heavy forfeit thou shalt pay. [To Crispino.

ANN. [Aside.] Beware, dear husband,
Or thou wilt be most soundly beaten.

CRISPINO. [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 perfeltis,

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!

[Crispino 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, dico, Bortolo,
Dèstati, Bortoletto. [*Egli muove un braccio.*]

TUTTI. Si muove!—già resuscita!—

CRISPINO. Ohe, Bortolino!—

BORTOLO. Oime!

TUTTI. Parlò!

BORTOLO. Ritorno a vivere!
[*Aprè gli occhi ed alza la testa.*]

Per chi?

CRISPINO. Solo per me.

TUTTI. A stento si può credere.
Sì, da impazzir qui c'è!

D U E T.

CRISPINO ed ANNETTA.

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

ANNETTA. Ah, Crispin colla Comare
Hai pur fatto un bello affare;
Tutti agara ti vorranno,
Gran riccone tivedrò.
I dottori creperanno—

CRISPINO. Creperanno—

ANNETTA. Io per essi riderò—

CRISPINO. Io per essi riderò!

MIRANDA. Chi saprebbe indovinare [*Da se.*]
Come sia cotesto affare!
Quanti al mondo grideranno
Che un miracolo operò!
Al mio credito gran danno
Da tal caso derivò!

FABRIZIO. CON. ANNETTA. Io non so cosa pensare:
E 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 [*Fra loro.*]
E il potè Crispino salvare,
L' arte medica è un inganno,
Più stimarla non si può.
Ah, i dottori poco sanno,
La indovinano sì e no.

CRISPINO. [*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, esguiscono.*]

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

ALL. He moves! he comes to life again!

CRISPINO. What ho, Bortolo, I say!

BORTOLO. Mercy on me!

ALL. He speaks!

BORTOLO. I am restored to life!
[*Opens his eyes, and raises his head.*]

By whom?

CRISPINO. By me alone.

ALL. Scarcely can we believe our senses,
'Tis enough to drive one mad!

DUETT.

CRISPIN and ANNETTA.

CRISPINO. 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.

ANNETTA. 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.

CRISPINO. They'll denounce me

ANNETTA. And imposter will pronounce thee;
But 'twill only make me laugh.

CRISPINO. I shall laugh!

MIRANDA. [*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, sore, will suffer.

FABRIZIO. CON. ANNETTA. 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 nonsense!' they'll exclaim,
But the truth they can't deny.

CHORUS. [*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.

CRISPINO. [*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*]

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

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

*Asinorum, bestiorum, doctorum,
Abbasso tutti, or ci son io ;
Voi farmacopole, voi pure, addio,
Potete chiudere, a spasso andar.
Ricettorum, 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!
E provato il suo valore,
Il trionfo meritò!

CRI. Grazie! grazie!—mille grazie!

Grazie, dico, ma badate—
[*Schermendosi. Impaurito.*

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,

Più curarvi non potrò.

ANN. Qual fortuna!—il mio Crispino [Da se.
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.

SCENE VI.—*The preceding, BORTOLO, and after wards the COUNT.*

[*Crispino parades the stage proudly; he gazes steadfastly 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.

Ricettorum, novorum, nostrorum,

My recipes now carry the day.

FAB. ASD. MIR. What say'st 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 Crispino 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,

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 even like foresee;

The healing art small credit

Will, I fear, from this derive.

[*Whilst the triumph of Crispino continues, the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

A T T O 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 poggjolo 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, indovinato
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 bigliettoto.*]

FAB. Ehi, Contin, 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!)

[*Da se.*]

CON. In cor giovane è l' amore

[*Al Dottore.*]

Un tiranno onnipossente,
Che lo domina, e sovente
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. Eloquentè 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. Ben, l' affare cangia aspetto,
Di parlarne vi prometto.

CON. E fia vero! dal contento
Già rinascere mi sento!

FAB. Non vi state a lusingare;
È una bestia singolare!

A C T 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! give 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 youth
ful hearts,

Rules with ruthless pitiless sway;
He oft doth drive men mad—
For Love will have his way.
The error, therefore, was not mine,—
'Tis Love's, thou seest 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!

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—in 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 speciali ancora,
 Siamo li per andar tutti in malora.
 Eccolo qua che viene.

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

CRISPINO. Dottor Mirabolano di conio antico,
 Sta bene attento, e scrivi quel che dico.
 Mirabolano siede e scrive.—Crispino della passeggiando e gravamente ponderando.]
 Recipe una bottigliam
 D' aqua putèi.—

MIR. Cioè putèi.
 CRISPINO. Fa lo stesso—[Pensa.]

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 ?
 CRISPINO. Quel forestier che sta di là dall' acqua.
 MIR. Pandoletti!—vuoi dir.

CRISPINO. Già m' hai capito.
 MIR. Sì, sì ho capito che tu se' un briccone.
 [Alzandosi infuriato.]

CRISPINO. Come sarebbe a dire ?
 MIR. Che rubi li clienti—
 CRISPINO. Ehi, dico, tien la lingua dentro ai denti.
 MIR. Da un anno io l' ho curato.
 CRISPINO. Io l' ho con una visita sanato.
 Le pillole, i decotti, l' assafetida,

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 ye,
 That Fabrizio is forgiven !

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

SCENE 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 !

SCENE III.—The preceding, and CRISPINO, who enters with burlesque gravity.

CRISPINO. Doctor Mirabolano, thou man of antique stamp,
 Attend, and write down what I bid thee.
 [Mirabolano sits down and writes.—Crispino walks to and fro, pondering gravely.]
 Recipe a bottigliam
 Of aqua putei—

MIR. 'Putei,' I suppose you mean—
 CRISPINO. '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 ?
 CRISPINO. That foreigner who lives near the canal.

MIR. Pandolfetti, you surely mean !

CRISPINO. It suffices that you understand me.

MIR. [Rising in a furious passion.] Sir, I understand—
 I understand that you're a knave !

CRISPINO. What d'ye mean by that ?

MIR. That you rob your patients—

CRISPINO. Gently, I say, within your head pray keep
 a civil tongue.

MIR. I cured the man you speak of in a—

CRISPINO. I restored him to health in a single
 The pills, decoctions, assafetida,

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, ciarlatano.
 CRI. Crepa.
 MIR. Crepa. Ciabbattino!
 CRI. Somaro.
 MIR. Crepa.
 CRI. 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 no, qui sta l' inganno—
 MIR. Quando l' inevitabile
 Dottore ciabbattino
 Pres di lui s' insinua,
 E in modo il più asinno,
 Bandito ogni mio *recipe*,
 Lo getta nel canale.
 La cura assume e medica
 All' uso suo bestiale;
 Or d' inquietarmi, ditemi,
 Ho io ragion sì o no?
 Parlatemi pur candido
 Mio giudice vi fo.
 (Quel buffone, animalone
 Niegli il fatto, se lo può.) [Da se.]
 CRI. (Con due sillabe il buffone,
 Or confondere saprò.) [Da se.]
 FAB. (Più ridicola questione
 Ritrovare non si può.) [Da se.]
 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?
 Va in bestia, e qual quadrupede
 Infuria e calci dà.
 (Quel buffone, animalone
 Ci e rispondere non sa.) [Da se.]

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, will 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.

CRI. [*Aside.*] Now, with a single word,
 The dolt I will confound.

FAB. A contest more ridiculous
 Could nowhere, sure, be found.

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?
 Like a brute the man behaves
 And kicks out right and left.
 The thick-headed dolt
 Has not a word to answer.

- MIR. (Quant' è ardito quel bestione
Niun pensare mai potrà.) [Da se.]
- FAB. Or m' udite, e collo buone
La quistion si comporrà, [Siedono.]
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 [A Mirabolano.]
Andar chi curò prima;
Non deesi però togliere [A Crispino.]
Ad altri mai la stima.
Amici miei, quietatevi,
Dobbiamo 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 [A Fabrizio.]
Vi mettete a secondar!
- CRISPINO. Con quel brutto animalone
Io non voglio più che far.
- FAB. Dunque basti—terminiamo;
Consultare or or dobbiamo,
- CRISPINO. } Consultar! con quello là?
MIR. } Impossibil mi sarà.
- FAB. Quante volte ho da ridire?
Io la voglio qui finire.
- MIR. No, giammai la finirò.
- CRISPINO. 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.
- CRISPINO. Canta pure di panchetti,
Ma io sono il *De Tacchetti*.
Trionfante mi vedrai,
E per bile creperai;
'Come fosse eterna festa
Passoggiare ti vedrò.
La teriaca 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 capiti!)
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.]
- MIR. The impudence of this knave
No one could e'er believe.
- FAB. 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 law 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 [To Fabrizio]
Side with this dolt!
- CRISPINO. 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.
- CRISPINO. } 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.
- CRISPINO. Like an ass thou'lt always speak!
- MIR. To thy *last* thou'dst best return,—
Crispin Tacchetto thou'lt ever be.
No! *thou* couldst never change.
Some day, perchance, the smoke may vanish
Which now so terribly obscures the brain!
And then, 'Stitch, hammer, thump away!'
I'll hear thee sing once more!
- CRISPINO. 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 never more 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]

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

ANNETTA e vari Parenti ed Amici suoi. I Servi apparecchiavano un desco con frittole, 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!

ANN. Molto!— ma cosa serve?
Egli è un miscuglio di contraddizioni.

CORO. Dite davvero?

ANN. Per esempio, giuoca,
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 anderà 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 al' innocente gioia il core apriamo.
[Siedono, mangiano, versano, poi alzando le tazze,
dicono.]

Viva l' Annetta!

ANN. Vivano
Sempre i parenti e amici,

TUTTI. E giorni a noi felici
Sempre conceda il ciel.
Viva!

ANN. Viva!— Di frittole a proposito
Sentite qual capriccio
Mi passa per la testa:
Voglio cantarvi quella canzonetta
Che, quando vendea storie, eran in gran voga.

CORO. Sì, sì, brava davvero, canta, canta.

ANN. Già sapete, è un amante
Che canta al suo tesoro—

CORO. Sì, sì, il sappiamo, e ti faremo il core

SOLO E CORO.

ANN. Piero mio, go qua una fritola,
Te la vogio regalar;
Sasto, caro, quanti zovani
La voleva sgnoccolar?
Marameo, go dito subito,
Voi salvarla a chi voi mi;
Al mio vecio vogio d'arghela,
E quel vecchio ti xe ti.
Varda ben, prima intendemose,
Per aver de sto boccon,
De arar dreto cempre zureme,
E restarme fedelon.

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in Crispin's dwelling.*
ANNETTA is discovered, surrounded by her Friends
and her Relations. The servants are placing
cakes, wine, &c., on table.

ANN. Come in, without ceremony, pray, come in!
The Doctor has this day been summoned to
Padua.

He sailed therefor, immediately
After visiting a patient in the neighborhood.

CHO. What immense sums this Crispin gains!

ANN. True! but of what use are they?
He is a mixture of the strangest contra-
dictions!

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 up 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!

ANN. Long life to my dear friends and relatives!

ALL. May heaven grant us happy days!—Viva!

ANN. Viva!—Talking of cakes—
What strage notion, think ye,

Has just ocured to me?

I'll sing ye now the conzonet,

Which, when I ballads sold,

Enjoyed such high repute.

CHO. Yes! yes! bravo! let's have the song!

ANN. Of course ye know that 'tis a maid
Who thus unto her sweetheart sings—

CHO. Yes—we know it well: we'll join in the
chorus.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

ANN. Pietro darling, this cake so tempting
I would gladly give to thee;
Many youthful swans do crave it,
Each desires it his should be.
'Dearest fellow,' to each I answer,
'For my true-love 'tis kept by me;
To my sweetheart I shall give it,
And that sweetheart, thou art he.
Stay a while, though,—make agreement,
Ere I with my offering part, my offering
part,
Swear that thou'lt be ever faithful—
Mine alone shall be thy heart.

Mami zate leso l' anema,
Te capisso, no zurar.
Piero mio, ze tua sta fritola,
Ciapa, tio, vienla a magnar.

CORO. Cori, Piero; quella fritola,
No intarte va a magnar.

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

CRISPINO. Xe qua Piero, e quella fritola
[*Con ira, contraffacendo l' altrui canto.*
El ve vien a far magnar.

TUTTI. Ah, Crispino!
[*Alzandosi tutti spaventati e correndo dalla parte opposta.*

CRISPINO. Bricconi, birbanti,
Qui si trinca, si sta allegramente!
Cosa sono in mia casa tai canti,
Qui raccoltar che fa tanta gente?
[*Rovescia tutto apparecchio.*

ANNUNCIANTE. Ah, marito!
CORO. Cottore, perdono.
CRISPINO. Anco a tempo qui giunto pur sono.
ANNUNCIANTE. Via, ti calma.
CRISPINO. Non voglio risposte—
Fuori tutti, o vi rompo le coste.
[*Prende una sedia ed inveisce.*

TUTTI. Salvua, salva!
[*Corrono a chiudersi nelle varie stanze.*
CRISPINO. E per prima tu, Annetta,
Esci fuora—briconca—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.*

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

COMARE. Eccoli giunti.
CRISPINO. Dove? [*Guardando intorno.*

E'en as mine is in they keeping,
Understand this swear no more.
Pietro, darling, take my off'ring—
Eat it now, to make all sure.
CHO. Hasten, Pietro, take the off'ring,
Eat it now, to make all sure.

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

CRISPINO. 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*
CRISPINO. 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*

ANNUNCIANTE. My husband!
CHO. Forgive us, Doctor!
CRISPINO. I've just arrived in time, 'twould seem—
ANNUNCIANTE. Pri'the, now, be calm!
CRISPINO. 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.*
CRISPINO. 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.*

CRISPINO. Thou, Fairy! bore me not, I pray!
FAIRY. What mean you by such harsh address?
CRISPINO. Get thee to the devil, with the rest of them!
FAIRY. Is't thus you thank me for my kindness?
CRISPINO. Thy favor I no longer need.
FAIRY. What base ingratitude!
CRISPINO. [*Threatening her.*] Sorceress, hence.
FAIRY. What! this to me!
CRISPINO. To thee! bother me not, I say!
FAIRY. Fearest thou not my wrath?
CRISPINO. 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.
CRISPINO. Where may that be? [*Looking around.*

- 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 tu essere morto?
CRI. 'Per quella brutta tombola
'Che insieme fatto abbiám, 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 prigionè?
'Quale paura io provo in tale stanza!
'I visceri mi fan la contraddanza—
Quel muso torto chi è che sta guardando?
COM. E il Tempo che mi guida inesorando.
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 strega!—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. Smoccolate; 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—
CRI. Olio, olio per lui, cara Comare,
E l'altro?
COM. E di tua moglie.
FAIRY. This is my dwelling-pleace.
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 it is 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. For ever, 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. Time, say'st thou—a hard time 'tis when
Such as he's about! And yonder gentle-
man—
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 extin-
guished.
CRI. Is this your notion of all illumination?
FAIRY. These are my registers.
CRI. Kept in a strange handwriting!
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 faith-
ful!
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. Ah, com' è bello!—e il mio?
 COM. E questo.
 CRI. Ahi ahi, ahi ahi, sta per finire!
 COM. Hanno i vizzi affrettato il tuo morire.
 CRI. Prendiamo di mia moglie un poco' olio;
 Mi par che n' abbia troppo. [*Va per eseguirlo.*]
 COM. Un empio sei! [*I lumi scompariscono.*]
 CRI. Felicissima notte!—posso andare—
 COM. 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 trema—Io son la Morte—
 [*Il suo volto s'inschiettrisce.*]
 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.
 [*Saltando in piedi e correndo per la scena finché s'incontra a faccia a faccia colla Comare.*]
 Ah! ah! ah! siete voi!—e l' altra ov' è?
 [*Mostrando i denti.*]
 COM. 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 dove sta?
 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 sperar!)
 COM. Senti ben quanto vogl' io:
 De' tesori accumulati
 Dèi lasciar tanti legati.
 CRI. Dite pur quel che vi par.
 COM. Cento doppie a dieci vedove—
 CRI. Troveran nuovo marito,
 Per tornarlo a far repar.
 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 milion che avanza poi?

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. [*Is 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;
 Thine 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. 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 be
 queath.
 CRI. What of the other million, then?

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, podrò andare ;
 Buona notte, addio, Comare.
 Voi notarò— [*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.

A R I A.

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 piacer.
 Comaretta, comaretta,
 Non negarmi tal piacer.
 COM. Quanto cerohi 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.
 [*Finto il canto lo specchio nuovamente si oscura.*]
 CRI. Ma la cosà 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 a 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.*

TUTTI. Ah, Crispino, ritorna in te stesso.
 CRI. Dove son? [*Svegliandosi.*]
 ANN. Nelle braccia de' tuoi.
 CRI. Ho sognato!—sto dunque tra voi? [*S' alza.*]
 Quanto vido a te poi narrerò. [*Ad Annetta.*]
 FAB. Fu di bile soverchio un accesso,
 Che ti fece per poco svenire.

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!

A I R.

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.*

ALL. Crispin, man ! return to thy senses !
 CRI. [*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.

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

ANN. Non ha gioia in tal momento [A Crispino.
Che somigli al mio contento ;
Quanto prova l' alma mia
Non può il labbro palesar—
Ridonato alfin mi sei! [Abbracciandolo.
Questo cor più non desia ;
Ben maggiore non potrei
Sulla terra domandar.

CR. Ti prometto, Annetta mia,
In appresso di cangiar.

TUTTI. Piena gioia intorno sia,
T' ha voluto il ciel salvar!

QUADRO, E CALA LA TELA.

ALL. Once more united, let all rejoice,
For now the cloud hath passed away.

ANN. [To Crispin.] There's no joy that e'er hath
equall'd

The happiness which now I feel!
The rapture which my soul pervades,
No words have power to tell!
Restored to me thou art again ;
This fond heart doth wish no more!
A greater boon this world could not
On suppliant mortal e'er confer!

CR. I promise thee, beloved Annetta,
Henceforth I will reform!

ALL. Let joy unmixed now reign around
Heaven's will hath thee reclaim'd.

TABLEAU.—THE CURTAIN FALLS.

CRISPINO E LA COMARE.

Romanza.

"BELLA SI COME UN ANGELO."

The musical score is presented in six systems, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The vocal line consists of a single melodic line with various ornaments and phrasing. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some more complex textures, including a section with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

Cavatina.

“ISTORIE BELLE A LEGGERE.”

Allegro cantabile.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/8 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is placed above the lower staff towards the end of the system.

The second system continues the musical piece. The upper staff shows a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The *cresc.* marking is still present.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The fifth and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

Aria.

"IO NON SONO PIU' L' ANETTA."

Andante scherzevole.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

Dynamic markings and performance instructions include:

- Andante scherzevole.* (Tempo)
- trattenuto.* (Ritardando)
- ff* (Fortissimo)
- marcato pesante.* (Marcato pesante)
- pp* (Pianissimo)
- cres.* (Crescendo)
- Un poco piu di moto* (Un poco piu di moto)
- poco a poco string.* (Poco a poco stringendo)

The score features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and various articulations like slurs and accents. The piano accompaniment includes chords and melodic lines that support the vocal part.

Cabaletta. Finale.

"NON HA GIOJA IN TAL MOMENTO."

Tempo di Valz.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 3/8.

The second system continues the musical piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests. The bass staff features a dynamic shift from piano (*p*) to fortissimo (*sf*) and back to piano (*p*).

The third system shows a more complex texture. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff features a dynamic shift from pianissimo (*pp*) to fortissimo (*ff*) and back to pianissimo (*pp*).

The fourth system continues the musical piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff features a dynamic shift from pianissimo (*pp*) to fortissimo (*ff*) and back to piano (*p*).

The fifth system concludes the musical piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff features a dynamic shift from pianissimo (*pp*) to piano (*p*).

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* and *f* with a hairpin.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with slurs. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* and *cres.*

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff*, *p*, and *marcato.*

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff*, *pp*, and *f* with a hairpin.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with slurs. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* and *f* with a hairpin.

Canzonetta.

"PIERO MIO, GO QUA UNA FRITOLA."

Andante cantabile.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4-A4, and continues with quarter notes G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3, then a half note B2-A2, and continues with quarter notes G2, F#2, E2, and D2. The first measure of both staves has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4-A4, and continues with quarter notes G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes G2, F#2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2-B1, and continues with quarter notes A1, G1, and F1. The first measure of both staves has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4-A4, and continues with quarter notes G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes G2, F#2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2-B1, and continues with quarter notes A1, G1, and F1. The first measure of both staves has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4-A4, and continues with quarter notes G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes G2, F#2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2-B1, and continues with quarter notes A1, G1, and F1. The first measure of both staves has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The text *trattenuto a tempo.* is written below the bass staff, and *a piacere.* is written below the treble staff.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4-A4, and continues with quarter notes G4, F#4, E4, and D4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes G2, F#2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2-B1, and continues with quarter notes A1, G1, and F1. The first measure of both staves has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

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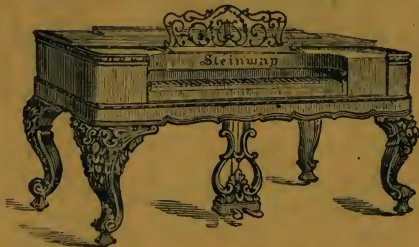
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