

No. 12. "Rising early in the morning"

Solo and Chorus

Giuseppe and Men

Allegro non troppo Giuseppe

Ris - ing

ear - ly in the morn - ing, We pro - ceed to light the fire; Then, our

Maj - es - ty a - dorn - ing In its work - a - day at - tire, We em -

bark with - out de - lay On the du - ties of the day. First, we

The musical score is written for a solo voice (Giuseppe) and a chorus (Men). It is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Allegro non troppo'. The score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line for Giuseppe and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Ris - ing ear - ly in the morn - ing, We pro - ceed to light the fire; Then, our Maj - es - ty a - dorn - ing In its work - a - day at - tire, We em - bark with - out de - lay On the du - ties of the day. First, we'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The vocal line for Giuseppe is a simple melody, and the chorus part is indicated by a bracketed line.

pol-ish off some batch-es Of po-lit-i-cal des-patch-es, And
lunch-eon (mak-ing mer-ry On a bun and glass of sher-ry), If we've

for-eign pol-i-ti-cians cir-cum-vent; Then, if bus'-ness is-n't heav-y, We may
noth-ing in par-tic-u-lar to do, We may make a Proc-la-ma-tion, Or re-

hold a Roy-al lev-ée, Or rat-i-fy some Acts of Par-lia-ment. Then we
ceive a Dep-u-ta-tion-Then we pos-si-bly cre-ate a Peer or two. Then we

prob-a-bly re-view the house-hold troops-- With the u-sual "Shal-loo humps!" and "Shal-loo
help a fel-low-crea-ture on his path With the Gar-ter, or the This-tle, or the

hoops!" Or re - ceive with cer - e - mo - ni - al and state An
Bath. Or we dress and tod-dle off in sem-i - State To a

1st time ff 2nd time pp

in - ter - est - ing East - ern po - ten - tate. Af - ter that we gen - er -
fes - ti - val, a func - tion, or a fête. Then we go and stand as

al - ly Go and dress our pri - vate val - et- (It's a rath - er ner - vous
sen - try At the Pal - ace (pri - vate en - try), March - ing hith - er, march - ing

du - ty - he's a touch - y lit - tle man) - Write some let - ters lit - er -
thith - er, up and down and to and fro, While the war - ri - or on

a - ry For our pri - vate sec - re - ta - ry- He is shak - y in his
du - ty Goes in search of beer and beau - ty (And it gen - er - al - ly

spell-ing, so we help him if we can. Then, in view of crav-ings in-ner, We go
hap-pens that he has-n't far to go). He re-lieves us, if he's a-ble, Just in

down and or - der din - ner; Then we pol - ish the re - ga - lia and the
time to lay the ta - ble, Then we dine and serve the cof - fee, and at

cor - o - na - tion plate- Spend an hour in tit - i - vat - ing All our
half-past twelve or one, With a plea-sure that's em-phat - ic We re -

Gen - tle - men - in - Wait - ing; Or we run 'on lit - tle er-rands for the
tire__ to our at - tic With the grat - i - fy - ing feel - ing that our

Min - is - ters of State. Oh, phi - los - o - phers may sing Of the
du - ty has been done! Oh, phi - los - o - phers may sing Of the

troub - les of a King; Yet the du - ties are de - light - ful, and the
troub - les of a King; But of plea - sures there are man - y and of

priv - i - leg - es great; But the priv - i - lege and plea - sure That we
wor - ries there are none; And the cul - mi - nat - ing plea - sure That we

treasure be-yond mea-sure Is to run on lit-tle er-rands for the
treasure be-yond mea-sure Is the grat-i-fy-ing feel-ing that our

Chorus (Men)

Min- is- ters of State. Oh, _____ phi - los - o- phers may sing Of the
du - ty has been done! Oh, _____ phi - los - o- phers may sing Of the

troub- les of a King; Yet the du - ties are de - light - ful, and the
troub- les of a King; But of plea- sures there are man - y, and of

priv - i - leg - es great; But the priv - i - lege and plea- sure That we
wor- ries there are none; And the cul - mi - nat - ing plea- sure That we

No. 17. "In a contemplative fashion"

Quartet

Gianetta, Tessa, Marco, and Giuseppe

Allegretto moderato

Gianetta, Tessa, Marco, and Giuseppe (in unison)

In a con-tem-pla-tive fash-ion, And a

tran-quil frame of mind, Free from ev-'ry kind of pas-sion, Some so-

lu-tion let us find. Let us grasp the sit-u-a-tion, Solve the

com-pli-cat-ed plot- Qui-et, calm de-lib-er-a-tion Dis-en-

Gianetta (A) *pp*
 tan - gles ev - 'ry knot. In a con - tem - pla - tive

Tessa *f*
 tan - gles ev - 'ry knot. I, no doubt, Giu-sep - pe wed-ded - That's, of

Marco *pp*
 tan - gles ev - 'ry knot. In a con - tem - pla - tive

Giuseppe *pp*
 tan - gles ev - 'ry knot. In a con - tem - pla - tive

(A) *pp*

fash - ion, And a tran - quil frame of

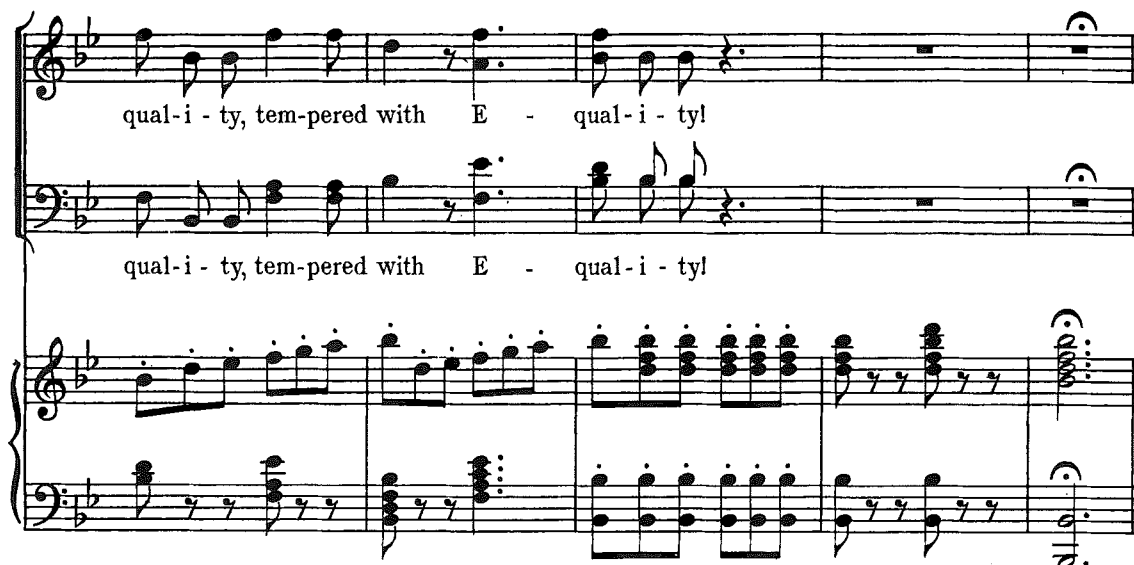
course, a slice of luck. He is rath - er dun - der - head - ed, Still dis -

fash - ion, And a tran - quil frame of

fash - ion, And a tran - quil frame of

- Giuseppe: And now our lives are going to begin in real earnest! What's a bachelor? A mere nothing— he's a chrysalis. He can't be said to live— he exists.
- Marco: What a delightful institution marriage is! Why have we wasted all this time? Why didn't we marry ten years ago?
- Tessa: Because you couldn't find anybody nice enough.
- Gianetta: Because you were waiting for *us*.
- Marco: I suppose that *was* the reason. We were waiting for you without knowing it. (*Don Alhambra comes forward.*) Hallo!
- Don Alhambra: Good morning.
- Giuseppe: If this gentleman is an undertaker, it's a bad omen.
- Don Alhambra: Ceremony of some sort going on?
- Giuseppe: (*aside*) He *is* an undertaker! (*Aloud*) No— a little unimportant family gathering Nothing in *your* line.
- Don Alhambra: Somebody's birthday, I suppose?
- Gianetta: Yes, mine!
- Tessa: And mine!
- Marco: And mine!
- Giuseppe: And mine!
- Don Alhambra: Curious coincidence! And how old may you all be?
- Tessa: It's a rude question— but about ten minutes.
- Don Alhambra: Remarkably fine children! But surely you are jesting?
- Tessa: In other words, we were married about ten minutes since.
- Don Alhambra: Married! You don't mean to say you are married?
- Marco: Oh yes, we are married.
- Don Alhambra: What, both of you?
- All: All four of us.
- Don Alhambra: (*aside*) Bless my heart, how extremely awkward!
- Gianetta: You don't mind, I suppose?
- Tessa: You were not thinking of either of us for yourself, I presume? Oh, Giuseppe, look at him— he was. He's heartbroken!
- Don Alhambra: No, no, I wasn't! I wasn't!
- Giuseppe: Now, my man (*slapping him on the back*), we don't want anything in your line to-day, and if your curiosity's satisfied — you can go!
- Don Alhambra: You mustn't call me your man. It's a liberty. I don't think you know who I am.
- Giuseppe: Not we, indeed! We are jolly gondoliers, the sons of Baptisto Palmieri, who led the last revolution. Republicans, heart and soul, we hold all men to be equal. As we abhor oppression, we abhor kings: as we detest vainglory, we detest rank: as we despise effeminacy, we despise wealth. We are Venetian gondoliers— your equals in everything except our calling, and in that at once your masters and your servants.
- Don Alhambra: Bless my heart, how unfortunate! One of you may be Baptisto's son, for anything I know to the contrary; but the other is no less a personage than the only son of the late King of Barataria.
- All: What!
- Don Alhambra: And I trust— I *trust* it was that one who slapped me on the shoulder and called me his man!
- Giuseppe: One of us a king!
- Marco: Not brothers!
- Tessa: The King of Barataria!
- Gianetta: Well, who'd have thought it!
- } (*together*)

- Marco: But which is it?
- Don Alhambra: What does it matter? As you are both Republicans, and hold kings in detestation, of course you'll abdicate at once. Good morning! (*going*)
- Gianetta & Tessa: Oh, don't do that! (*Marco and Giuseppe stop him.*)
- Giuseppe: Well, as to that, of course there are kings and kings. When I say that I detest kings, I mean I detest *bad* kings.
- Don Alhambra: I see. It's a delicate distinction.
- Giuseppe: Quite so. Now I can conceive a kind of king— an ideal king— the creature of my fancy, you know— who would be absolutely unobjectionable. A king, for instance, who would abolish taxes and make everything cheap, except gondolas—
- Marco: And give a great many free entertainments to the gondoliers—
- Giuseppe: And let off fireworks on the Grand Canal, and engage all the gondolas for the occasion—
- Marco: And scramble money on the Rialto among the gondoliers.
- Giuseppe: Such a king would be a blessing to his people; and, if I were king, that is the sort of king I would be.
- Marco: And so would I!
- Don Alhambra: Come, I'm glad to find your objections are not insuperable.
- Marco & Giuseppe: Oh, they're not insuperable.
- Gianetta & Tessa: No, they're not insuperable.
- Giuseppe: Besides, we are open to conviction.
- Gianetta: Yes; they are open to conviction.
- Tessa: Oh! they've often been convicted.
- Giuseppe: Our views may have been hastily formed on insufficient grounds. They may be crude, ill-digested, erroneous. I've a very poor opinion of the politician who is not open to conviction.
- Tessa: (*to Gianetta*) Oh, he's a fine fellow!
- Gianetta: Yes, that's the sort of politician for *my* money!
- Don Alhambra: Then we'll consider it settled. Now, as the country is in a state of insurrection, it is absolutely necessary that you should assume the reins of government at once; and, until it is ascertained which of you is to be king, I have arranged that you will reign jointly, so that no question can arise hereafter as to the validity of any of your acts.
- Marco: As one individual?
- Don Alhambra: As one individual.
- Giuseppe: (*linking himself with Marco*) Like this?
- Don Alhambra: Something like that.
- Marco: And we may take our friends with us, and give them places about the Court?
- Don Alhambra: Undoubtedly. That's always done!
- Marco: I'm convinced!
- Giuseppe: So am I!
- Tessa: Then the sooner we're off the better.
- Gianetta: We'll just run home and pack up a few things (*going*)—
- Don Alhambra: Stop, stop— that won't do at all— ladies are not admitted.
- All: What!
- Don Alhambra: Not admitted. Not at present. Afterwards, perhaps. We'll see.
- Giuseppe: Why, you don't mean to say you are going to separate us from our wives!
- Don Alhambra: (*aside*) This is very awkward! (*aloud*) Only for a time— a few months. After all, what is a few months?
- Tessa: But we've only been married half an hour! (*Weeps.*)



Marco: Gentlemen, we are much obliged to you for your expressions of satisfaction and good feeling— I say, we are much obliged to you for your expressions of satisfaction and good feeling.

All: We heard you.

Marco: We are delighted, at any time, to fall in with sentiments so charmingly expressed.

All: That's all right.

Giuseppe: At the same time there is just one little grievance that we should like to ventilate.

All: (*angrily*) What?

Giuseppe: Don't be alarmed— it's not serious. It is arranged that, until it is decided which of us two is the actual King, we are to act as one person.

Giorgio: Exactly.

Giuseppe: Now, although we act as *one* person, we are, in point of fact, *two* persons.

Annibale: Ah, I don't think we can go into that. It is a legal fiction, and legal fictions are solemn things. Situated as we are, we can't recognize two independent responsibilities.

Giuseppe: No; but you can recognize two independent appetites. It's all very well to say we act as one person, but when you supply us with only one ration between us, I should describe it as a legal fiction carried a little too far.

Annibale: It's rather a nice point. I don't like to express an opinion off-hand. Suppose we reserve it for argument before the full Court?

Marco: Yes, but what are we to do in the meantime?

Marco & Giuseppe:
We want our tea.

Annibale: I think we may make an interim order for double rations on their Majesties' entering into the usual undertaking to indemnify in the event of an adverse decision?

Giorgio: That, I think, will meet the case. But you must work hard—stick to it—nothing like work.

Giuseppe: Oh, certainly. We quite understand that a man who holds the magnificent position of King should do something to justify it. We are called "Your Majesty", we are allowed to buy ourselves magnificent clothes, our subjects frequently nod to us in the streets, the sentries always return our salutes, and we enjoy the inestimable privilege of heading the subscription lists to all the principal charities. In return for these advantages the least we can do is to make ourselves useful about the Palace.