

la la la la la, tra la la la la la la, tra la la la la la la

la la la la la la la, la la! Tessa Gay and gal - lant

gon - do - lie - ri, Take us both and hold - us

tight - ly. You have luck ex - traor - di - na - ry;

F

We might have been un - sight - ly! If we judge your

pp

Red.

con - duct right - ly, 'Twas a choice in - vo - lun - ta - ry;

* *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.*

Still we thank you most po - lite - ly, Gay and gal - lant

* *Red.* *

G

gon - do - lie - ri! Tra la la la la la, tra la

la la la la la, tra la la la la la la la la la la la, la

4 1 2 1

f

la!
Chorus
SOPR. *f*

Tra la la la la la la la la la la!

ALTO *f*

Tra la la la la la la la la la la!

TENOR *f*

Tra la la la la la la la la la la!

BASS *f*

Tra la la la la la la la la la la!

Thank you, gal - lant gon - do - lie - ri! In a

p

La la la la la la la la la la

p

La la la la la la la la la la

p

La la la la la

- 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.*)

tell us, tell us all, all a - bout it!

tell us, tell us all, all a - bout it!

tell us all a - bout it, Tell us, tell us all a - bout it!

tell us all a - bout it, Tell us, tell us all a - bout it!

Marco: This is indeed a most delightful surprise!

Tessa: Yes, we thought you'd like it. You see, it was like this. After you left we felt very dull and mopey, and the days crawled by, and you never wrote; so at last I said to Gianetta, "I can't stand this any longer; those two poor Monarchs haven't got any one to mend their stockings or sew on their buttons or patch their clothes— at least, I hope they haven't— let us all pack up a change and go and see how they're getting on." And she said "done", and they all said "done"; and we asked old Giacopo to lend us his boat, and *he* said "done"; and we've crossed the sea, and thank goodness *that's* done; and here we are, and— and— *I've* done!

Gianetta: And now— which of you is King?

Tessa: And which of us is Queen?

Giuseppe: That we shan't know until Nurse turns up. But never mind that — the question is, how shall we celebrate the commencement of our honeymoon? Gentlemen, will you allow us to offer you a magnificent banquet?

All: We will!

Giuseppe: Thanks very much; and, ladies, what do you say to a dance?

Tessa: A banquet *and* a dance! Oh, it's too much happiness!

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