

GEORGES BIZET

DON PROCOPIO

English Version by Donald Pippin

(following Offenbach's *Marriage by Lantern*
in Pocket Opera programs)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bettina	our charming orphan/heroine
Andronico	her rich but avaricious uncle
Euphemia	her sympathetic aunt
Ernesto	her hearty, wholesome brother
Odoardo	her beloved
Pasquino	a servant
Don Procopio	last but not least, an elderly miser
Servants and wedding guests	

PREFACE

Like the Christmas tree in the second act of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker*, our modest little farmhouse has grown into a palatial country villa, the like of which most of us could not afford, even in dreams. But Pocket Opera refuses to economize.

The barn has been replaced by a glass conservatory. The pots of geraniums have become formal gardens surrounded by box hedges and flowering shrubs. The meadow we now refer to as the park, where the chickens have evolved into peacocks. The magnificent elm remains, now joined by half a dozen of its distinguished peers. The docile overworked cousin has multiplied into a staff of servants that seem to have nothing at all to do except stand around and offer occasional wry commentary on the behavior of their superiors.

It is obvious that the owner of this extravaganza lacks for nothing that money can provide. Why then, you wonder, is he so eager to amass even greater piles of it that he is willing to sacrifice the happiness of his beautiful, charming niece by marrying her off to an equally rich old fossil like Don Procopio?

We would be far more lenient with Don Procopio were he simply a foolish old man blinded by passion, made tipsy by a scent of spring in the air, but the truth is that we are dealing with two greedy old foxes, each of them itching to extract a fortune from the other. It is perhaps unfortunate that convention does not allow them to achieve the same result simply by marrying each other. But short of that radical solution, it is hard to see how Bettina can get out of the predicament that she is in. It should not be thought for a moment that her own feelings in the matter are of the slightest importance. How can a girl, after all, be expected to know what is good for her? Nor do the outspoken opinions of her sympathetic Aunt Euphemia carry much weight. She, too, is but a woman.

No, the only two people who could possibly save the day, alas, are far away. Her brother Ernesto would certainly come up with a simple, swift and effective scheme, but he's off on a world cruise. And Odoardo, the man she has given her heart to, is somewhere on a distant battlefield -- no doubt, fighting to defend freedom. So it looks like Bettina is in for it.

I would like to add that Pocket Opera is still searching for the opera in which idealistic, generous, magnanimous, starry-eyed old age triumphs over petty, narrow-minded youth. DON PROCOPPIO is not that opera. Bear in mind that it was written by a very *young* man who went on to even more remarkable achievements -- *after*, be it noted, he grew older.

Meanwhile, let's hear what the servants have to say about the situation. They're usually worth listening to.

ACT I

SERVANTS

On the whole, speaking of marriage,
Youth and age we would not encourage.
Heavy weather lies ahead
When blossom time and winter wed.
Dangerous and hazardous --
Oh, take it from us!

SOPRANOS

Marriage contemplated by the antiquated
Mustn't simply throw decorum out the door.
Marriage we deplore between
Sixty five and seventeen. Ah!

EUPHEMIA

**(I could talk day and night –
He would never see the light.
A waste of time to plead or argue.)**

SERVANTS

**(The lady's absolutely right;
He would never see the light.
A waste of time to plead or argue.)**

EUPHEMIA

**Fresh as a rose barely starting to open --
Feel for your niece full of tears, heart-broken,
Thrown to an ogre, and you, sir, have picked him,
Made her the victim
Of blindness and greed.
Ah! Feel for her!**

ANDRONICO

**You ladies will continue;
I take it all in stride.
Though one strains every sinew
You're never satisfied.**

**Obligingly we offer you
A husband worth a prize;
No sooner do you see him
Than you carp and criticize.**

**He's thinner than a ladder,
Or rounder than a globe;
If not a grinning chatterbox,
He's gloomier than Job.**

**His steps are hard to follow
Or his manners fail to please.
You hold out for Apollo
With the brain of Socrates.**

**You fools that seek perfection
Remain upon the shelf.
As no man can pass inspection,
I shall choose to suit myself.**

EUPHEMIA

**(I could talk day and night –
He would never see the light.
A waste of time to plead or argue.)**

SERVANTS

(The lady's absolutely right;

He'd never, never see the light. No!

(Pasquino, a servant, hurries in)

PASQUINO **The guest we all await
Arrives upon the scene!
A handsome coach and carriage
Stopping at the gate.**

ANDRONICO **A perfect match in marriage,
His fortune stands alone.**

EUPHEMIA **A waste of time to argue;
Your head is solid stone.**

ANDRONICO **Oh, a man of sterling merit!
His millions she'll inherit,
And not too long to wait!
Ah, yes! A fortune! A fortune!**

EUPHEMIA **It's hard for me to bear it –
That you would stoop so low!
No, no! To think that you would stoop so low!
No, no! No, no! No, no!
To think that you would stoop so low!**

DON PROCOPIO *(enters)* **Make way! Make way! Make way!
Upon your house my greetings I bestow.**

SERVANTS **Make way! Make way! Make way!
And welcome to the budding Romeo,**

ANDRONICO *(still at it with Euphemia)*
**Ah! You can cry, protest!
Make a fuss, take a stand.
But the case has come to rest;
We shall proceed as planned.**

**Oh, a man of my position,
Of status guaranteed,
Is wise by definition
And has to take the lead.**

**Be wayward and contrary ---
Oh, feel free to disagree.**

**But the man that she's to marry
Is the one that pleases me.**

**Although you carp and cavil.
You plead the case in vain.
For here I wield the gavel,
As king of my domain.**

EUPHEMIA **She must not yield to your demand!
My niece deserves a helping hand.
For gold you force the girl to wed
When she would choose to die instead.**

DON PROCOPIO **This fuss I fail to understand.
He promised me his niece's hand,
But first, before the plans proceed,
Some facts and figures I shall need.**

SERVANTS **This fuss too well I understand.
Her uncle sells his niece's hand.
A waste of time to intercede –
The man is governed by his greed.**

ANDRONICO **Cry as you will. Go on,
Protest and take a stand.
No, no! The wedding will proceed as planned.
I'm in command!**

DON PROCOPIO **Although I fail, completely fail to understand,
Yes, I mean to have his niece's hand.**

EUPHEMIA **She must not yield to your demand;
My dear niece deserves a helping hand.**

SERVANTS **Although too well, too well we understand,
Who are we to lend a helping hand?**
(Don Procopio exits, accompanied by servants)

(Ernesto arrives, returning from a long trip)

ANDRONICO, with surprise and displeasure
Ernesto!

EUPHEMIA, with great joy **My dear nephew! You're back!**

ANDRONICO (How poorly timed!
From his travels abroad
He returns rematurely.)

ERNESTO, *looking around*
How and where are my sister?

ANDRONICO, *with embarrassment and irony*
Ever bowing to wisdom –
With Don Procopio –
He's a man with a million!
She's signing this morning a contract of marriage.

EUPHEMIA, *to Ernesto*
The very point I wish to discuss.
Too outrageous!
It depends entirely on us
To set her free. (*they leave together, in conference*)

ANDRONICO
(Apropos, I'd better go tend to my friend,
For disharmony lingers.
And a fortune like his
Mustn't slip through my fingers,)
(*he also leaves, intent on his errand*)

BETTINA, *enters reading a letter*
From my dear Odoardo!
Ah! I read with a sigh.
His letter is the cure
That overcomes despair.
Oh, my love! Have no fear.
My resolve will endure.

My love they would force me to deny;
They tear my heart asunder.
As long as stars adorn the sky,
I'll never cry surrender.

Life and breath I'd offer;
Starvation I would suffer.
But I shall keep forever
That solemn vow we share.

The breath of life I'd offer;
Starvation I would suffer.
Yet I shall keep forever

**That sacred vow we share,
A shore beyond despair.**

**In vain do they connive
To turn me false and flighty;
The bread that keeps my soul alive
Comes from Love Almighty!**

**The days of doubt are over;
True love is bound to conquer.
That fire will flourish longer
Than phantoms made of fear.**

**My love, my love they force me to deny;
They tear my heart asunder.
While eternal stars adorn the sky,
I'll never cry surrender.**

**My heart is sworn to you.
A thousand times I would die
Before I turn untrue.**

(Euphemia, Ernesto, Andronico, Don Procopio and Pasquino return)

ANDRONICO	The fife!
EUPHEMIA	The drum!
ERNESTO	Ah, our gallant soldier returning!
EUPHEMIA	From battle!
PASQUINO	Homeward bound, his heavy job completed, He returns from the fight undefeated.
ERNESTO	A godsend!
EUPHEMIA	Salvation!
BETTINA	(O joy! And relief! I dare to hope again.)
ANDRONICO	The hero must be greeted.
OTHERS	Come on! Come on! Come on!

(All exit except Don Procopio, whom Bettina has brushed past with a look of unmistakable disdain)

DON PROCOPPIO, alone **They sneer and snicker.
Am I so funny?
But I'm the man with money.
On your toes, Don Procopio!**

**Yes, unless I am amply compensated
I'll choose to wed where I'm appreciated.
For the moment, be watchful and wary;
Here they are!
Trouble! Trouble! Trouble brewing! *(exit)***

BETTINA, enters with Odoardo
**Yes! Forcing me to wed Don Procopio!
No need to elaborate why.**

ODOARDO **But I am back in time.**

BETTINA **Dear, I would sooner die.
My uncle's nerve is colossal,
Selling me to that crusty old fossil.
(indicating Ernesto, who enters)
We shall see! No doubt
My brother will help us out.**

ODOARDO, pressing Ernesto's hand
**My friend, what shall we do?
Our fate depends on you.**

(Ernesto whispers to both, who burst into laughter)

BETTINA **Oh, tell me more about the plan!
It calls for cool and cunning.
With slight of hand, mislead the man
And send the rascal running!**

**Conspirators, the three of us,
Covert and undercover!
Determined and unscrupulous,
We'll stalk the would-be lover.**

**The old man, uncertain,
Will pause to think it over.
Before the final curtain**

We'll have the beast at bay.

**Cool and cunning
Will send the rascal running
On his way.
Cool and cunning
Will send the rascal running
To get away.**

ERNESTO

**The husband they offer
Has one ruling passion:
The love of his life
Is the gold to be got.**

**The role you must play
Is the lady of fashion,
Who squanders a fortune
For heaven knows what.**

**Confess to a weakness
For shopping and spending,
A quest never ending
For pastimes and thrills,**

**A passion for parties,
For cards and for horses,
His function, of course, is
To settle the bills.**

**In sum, the old miser.
Bewildered but wiser,
Will head for the hills.**

ERNESTO & ODOARDO

**In panic, the miser.
Bewildered but wiser,
Will head for the hills.**

BETTINA

**Oh, more and more I like the plan!
It calls for cool and cunning.
With slight of hand
Mislead the man
And send the rascal running.**

**Conspirators, the three of us,
Covert and undercover!**

**Determined and unscrupulous,
We'll stalk the would-be lover.**

**The old man, uncertain,
Will pause to think it over.
Before the final curtain
We'll have the beast at bay.**

**Cool and cunning
Will send the rascal running
On his way.
Cool and cunning
Will send the rascal running
To get away.**

ERNESTO & ODOARDO

**Full of cool and cunning,
We will send him running.
I laugh with glee about the plan
With slight of hand,
To catch and con the man.**

**Shaken and uncertain,
By the final curtain
He will run for cover,
Homeward bound, on his way.
We'll send the rascal on his way.
He'll leave like a shot.**

BETTINA

Misled by our outlandish plot.

ERNESTO & ODOARDO

**And home he will go
With cash in tow.**

BETTINA

With his dear, beloved cash in tow.

ALL THREE

**We're {you're} eager and ready
To rescue the lady. (*Bettina and Odoardo leave*)**

ERNESTO

**Here comes Don Procopio,
Looking rather lost.
He appears in a quandary.
I would say out of sorts.
To himself he is talking –
(*with irony*) An aside worth hearing!**

**Let us meet, as it were,
Accidentally.**

DON PROCOPIO *enters and greets Ernesto*
Signor!

ERNESTO **Signor!**

DON PROCOPIO **The very man I want to see.**

ERNESTO **I am flattered.**

DON PROCOPIO **Yes, I was hoping ...**

ERNESTO **Is that a fact?**

DON PROCOPIO *(timidly)*
**Let me come to the point.
My candor you'll excuse.
(mysteriously)
The question calls for tact.**

ERNESTO **Speak out! What can I tell you?**

DON PROCOPIO **You have a most charming sister ...**

ERNESTO **Highly praised.**

DON PROCOPIO **Furthermore, I believe,
From what I can gather,
She's blessed with a fortune.**

ERNESTO **Fortune? Ah, yes.
She's rich in virtue, as it were.**

DON PROCOPIO **(The devil! Property and cash
I much prefer.)**

ERNESTO **Her beauty is a treasure
No counting house can measure;
Her nature warm and sunny
No money can buy.**

**To praise is to malign her!
What fortune could be finer,
What dainty dish diviner**

Than food that feeds the eye?

I, falsify? Concoct a lie?

No, no! Not I!

**Her beauty is a treasure
No counting house can measure;
Her nature warm and sunny
No money can buy.**

**Her wealth is made for sharing;
A heart so kind and caring,
A sweet concern unsparing
To make a man content.**

**A smooth and even temper
In May as in December;
A pearl of greater value
Than stock at ten per cent.**

I, falsify? Concoct a lie?

No, no! Not I!

**Her beauty is a treasure
No counting house can measure;
Her nature warm and sunny
No money can buy.**

DON PROCOPIO

**(I was led to expect riches other than these.
Virtue's all very well, but come, let us be frank:
I would choose money safe in the bank.**

**I cannot help but wonder
If I have made a blunder.
Future plans now appear
Anything but clear.)**

(Chorus enters with Euphemia, Odoardo and Andronico)

CHORUS

**Light of heart, yet all atremble,
Here the wedding guests assemble.
From afar we come delighted
To commend our happy friend
Cordial hands we now extend.
Let us hope that Don Procopio
Soon becomes a proud papa.**

All are eager and excited
For the couple newly plighted,
Near and dear ones here invited
For the wedding to ensue,
Devastated but delighted,
We salute the happy two.

QUARTET **Bravo! Let the Champagne flow!**
Bravo! Bravo! On with the show!

ERNESTO, *as Bettina enters*

Here she comes, your lovely bride.
See the joy that lights her eyes.

ANDRONICO **Dearest niece, I present with pride**
A husband worthy of the prize.

BETTINA **Ah, Signor! So overcome**
By eagerness to please,
I fall upon my knees.
Ah, Signor! Allow me to reveal
The gratitude I feel.
To you I humbly, humbly kneel.

ANDRONICO, *to Don Procopio who is sulking*

Have you no answer? What's the matter?

DON PROCOPIO **I've little gift for idle chatter.**

ANDRONICO **To take her hand would be no crime,**

DON PROCOPIO, *turning his back*

Possibly some other time.

ANDRONICO **(Very odd, this unconcern;**
Or does the fire no longer burn?

QUARTET **Is it pain or pique that we behold**
In a man with heart so set on gold?
What a sad, sorry sight.
I would say, serves him right.

ANDRONICO **How provoking!**
Is it just his way of joking?
Why has he become so cold?

**Very puzzling and provoking!
Does he mean it? Is he joking?**

BETTINA, *exclusively involved with Odoardo*

**Fear no more, O my beloved!
My heart remains forever yours.
That old boor over there
Will depart without fanfare.
That old boor, that old boor
Will be taken in our snare.**

DON PROCOPIO

**(I smell danger, I smell trouble!
And I'd best proceed with care.
Hopes are now reduced to rubble,
For I find the cupboard bare.
My reward a broken bubble,
Better watch and beware!)**

EUPHEMIA & ERNESTO

**His dismay appears extreme;
Hopes are dashed beyond repair.**

ODOARDO

**Fear no more, O my beloved!
By this hand I swear!**

ANDRONICO

**I am baffled and bewildered
By this odd affair.**

BETTINA & ODOARDO

**O fear no more, my dear beloved!
My heart remains forever yours.
Thanks to our effective scheme
He's entangled in the snare.
Disappointment so extreme
Has reduced him to despair,
For he finds the cupboard bare.**

EUPHEMIA & ERNESTO

**Blindly falling for our scheme,
He's entangled in the snare.
Pale and shaken, does he waken
But to find the cupboard bare?**

ANDRONICO

**What's behind this odd affair?
With a look of blank despair,
Pale and shaken, does he waken
But to find the cupboard bare?**

**A shattered dream –
Does he find the cupboard bare?**

DON PROCOPIO

**Not content with frugal fare,
I'm in trouble.
Hopes reduced to rubble,
Dreams of fortune only a broken bubble.
I had better look elsewhere.
No mistaking, they will trap me in a snare
Unless I look elsewhere.
Things have gone beyond repair
For I find the cupboard bare.**

SOPRANOS & TENORS

**Entangled, he's caught in the snare;
He's fallen headlong for the scheme.
Does he waken
But to find the cupboard bare?
A shattered dream ...
Cupboard bare ...**

BASSES

**With a look of blank despair,
He falls for the scheme.
Does he waken
But to find the cupboard bare?
A shattered dream ...
Cupboard bare ...**

ERNESTO

**My friends and fond relations,
Do I notice frowns and fretting?
Be of cheer for this happy wedding.
All agreed?**

ANDRONICO

My nephew's right.

ERNESTO

**No more sober, solemn faces;
For the dancing take your places.
Doubts and doldrums to the devil!
Here's to pleasure and delight.
Let's begin a night of revel
With a rousing round of song.**

DON PROCOPIO

**Though my head is in upheaval,
I had better play along.**

OTHERS

**Here's a chapter from a novel!
Will the ending turn out right?**

DON PROCOPIO

**Oh, my head is in upheaval
And I've lost my appetite.**

ANDRONICO

**Wedding plans are in upheaval;
Can they still be set aright?**

ALL

**Out of purse, the former lover
Changes course and runs for cover.
Short of temper, he remembers
Gold he lately hoped to gain.**

**Now with the bride no longer smitten
On his features rage is written.
Looking daggers, off he staggers,
Dreams of profit down the drain.**

DON PROCOPIO

**Out of purse, as former lover
I reverse and run for cover.
Short of temper, I remember
Gold I lately hoped to gain.**

**Now with the bride no longer smitten,
Off I stagger, looking daggers.
Behold the agony and pain,
My dreams of profit down the drain.**

CHORUS

**Off he staggers, looking daggers.
Hurrah, hurrah! A proud papa!
Let us hope that Don Procopio
Soon becomes a proud papa!**

ACT II

ODOARDO, *with mandolin*

**Come to me
As choirs of crickets sing
To breezes answering
In the rustling pine.**

**We'll ignore
The plaintive nightingale
That tells an age-old tale
Of love denied.**

**Down with fear
And coward caution!
Though stars may disappear,
Our light will shine.**

**Cast away
The robes of sorrow;
Until tomorrow
Stir not from my side.**

**Calm and pure.
The dark of night was made
To seal the serenade
Of love's delight.**

**To the strain
Of tingling mandolin
And music from within.
Oh, again be mine!**

**Soar with me
To isles of rapture,
To savor secretly
This enchanting wine.**

BETTINA, *irresistibly drawn*

**Oh, my love!
A call so tender
Invites surrender
To the spell of night.**

**Close at hand
Where shadows hover;
My chosen lover
Waits for my reply.**

BOTH **{My/your} call of love, a song so tender,
Urges and invites surrender.
The tender song invites surrender
To open arms.**

BETTINA **At hand the shadows hover ...**

ODOARDO **And there awaits your lover;**

BETTINA **Forever mine!**

ODOARDO Forever yours!

BETTINA Forever!

ODOARDO Forever!

(While Bettina and Odoardo drift into their own world, Don Procopio enters, talking to himself)

DON PROCOPPIO It's clear ... I have been led by the nose.
But the time has come
For us to have a serious conversation.

ODOARDO *(to Bettina)* Hush! Don Procopio! Hush!

BETTINA You had better not stay.

ODOARDO I am off!

BETTINA He and I have a good deal to say. *(exit Odoardo)*
Sir, I tend to be too lenient.
Your behavior I'm excusing
When I think what I'd be losing
If I stood upon my pride.

I forgive your lack of breeding
For the life that I'll be leading
With daily funds that you'll provide.
Yes, I anticipate with glee
A mad, stupendous shopping spree.

DON PROCOPPIO I suggest you think it over.
You may not be so forgiving
When you learn my style of living
And the budget I propose.

When you know with whom you're dealing,
Marriage may be less appealing –
I wouldn't count on fancy clothes.
Your foolish dreams I must correct;
You're in for less than you expect.

BETTINA After marriage I shall manage.

DON PROCOPPIO I am grouchy, often gloomy;

Common pleasures mean nothing to me.

BETTINA Too bad.

DON PROCOPIO I am wrinkled, getting old.

BETTINA So we all are, I am told.

DON PROCOPIO I'm anemic and rheumatic,
With a pulse a bit erratic.

BETTINA You will need a helping hand.

DON PROCOPIO (Curses!)

BETTINA Go on ... these are but trifles.

DON PROCOPIO Turning now to miscellanea,
Jealousy with me's a mania.

BETTINA Flashing eyes I like to see –
Sign of masculinity.

DON PROCOPIO If you give me any trouble
With a stick my hand is supple,
Always itching for a fight.

BETTINA We shall make a perfect couple!
No finer partner can you pick!
I, too, am handy with a stick.

DON PROCOPIO (Is nothing sacred? Is nothing past her?
I'm in a corner, facing disaster.
Each opportunity
Making a fool of me!
A little devil ...
And if her answers are on the level,
I am in water over my head.

Oh, what a future!
I'd be better dead than wed.
Oh, what to do?
Oh, how could I have been so blind?)

BETTINA (Caught in a bind, he explodes in a passion;
Staggered by blow upon blow,

He looks haggard and ashen.
Finding me foolish, so brash and contrary,
He may be rather less eager to marry.
By playing my role to a fault,
This marriage I'll bring to a halt.

The fortune hunter turns pale and ashen –
Dismay and horror, wrath and rage, all combined,
The man is driven out of his mind.)

DON PROCOPIO

Just a moment!

BETTINA

The London season!

DON PROCOPIO

From bad to worse ...

BETTINA

Then Monte Carlo!

DON PROCOPIO

Woe and misery unending ...

BETTINA

Surely money's meant for spending.

DON PROCOPIO

Oh, this woman is a witch!

BETTINA

Lucky me, to marry rich!

DON PROCOPIO

The fortune I have tucked away
She'll gobble up in half a day.
Oh, this mania for buying and spending!
Yes, the fortune I've squirreled away
Will last but a day.

BETTINA

After a large, elaborate wedding,
We shall be heading for new horizons.
On to adventure! Living for pleasure,
Luxury and leisure – Now is the chance!
Fancies and follies that you will finance.

Parties, new places, a castle in France,
Summer and winter, it's on with the dance!
Ah, Monte Carlo and dangerous delights!
Charming days and dazzling nights!

DON PROCOPIO

What could be worse?
Catch me financing
Feasting and dancing

From my own purse.

**So I'm not to blink at
Money down the drain –
Caviar, Champagne,
A fortune for a trinket ...**

BETTINA

**Patterns from Paree,
All charming and chic,
Handed to me
By this doting antique.**

DON PROCOPIO

**From this tigress
Heaven spare me!
She would wear me
Out in a week.**

**Catch me supporting
Wanton cavorting,
Duly promoting
Riding and boating –
Worse I foresee.
Say no more, spare me!
Pity poor me.**

BETTINA

**Dancing and music! Music and dancing –
All the finer pleasures of life.**

(And she waltzes out, Procopio staggering behind her. Enter servants, who have been keenly observing from the sidelines.)

PASQUINO

**On the quiet, eyes averted,
The disconcerted husband
Disappears from sight.
In a dither, off he slithers
Like a prowler in the night**

OTHER SERVANTS

**In the dark, at hand we hover
To observe the pseudo-lover.
If we follow on the sly
There may be more to catch the eye.**

PASQUINO

**Unofficial secret service,
Let us follow on the sly.
Piano, piano!**

OTHER SERVANTS **Decrescendo!**
There is more to catch the eye. *(they slip out)*

DON PROCOPIO *returning, vexed and oerturbed.*
No, no! It's not a match made in heaven.

(Andronico and Ernesto enter in great agitation)

ANDRONICO **Don Procopio! Don Procopio!**

ERNESTO **Signor! Go, hide your head in shame!**

ANDRONICO **Disrespect to me niece and disgrace to my name!**

ERNESTO **And to Rome! And to Rome!**

ANDRONICO **Not only Rome! The human race!**
One and all!

ERNESTO **One and all you've insulted!**
Your offensive behavior I call out of bounds.
Name the time and place
And we shall settle accounts.

How dare you renege on your sacred word!
You insult my own sister!
To obtain satisfaction
We spring into action.

With pistol or saber,
It's yours to decide.
To death we're avenging
The brave little bride.

DON PROCOPIO **(Their old-fashioned chivalry will drive me mad.)**
Possibly another husband can be had;
A husband far better than me you can find.
(The two combined, and each of a mind,
How can I get out of this affair alive?
Only by an act of God will I survive.)

ERNESTO & ANDRONICO
Disgrace and dishonor
Cry out for your blood.
The glory of Rome
You have dragged through the mud,

**With humiliation
To a mighty nation
And to all womanhood.**

ERNESTO

**Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!
You must die!**

ANDRONICO

**Humiliation upon a nation!
The slimy serpent must die!**

DON PROCOPIO

**(So difficult! Oh, what mess!
Oh, how can I get home alive?
The end result I fear to guess,
What can I say to survive?)**

At least, I request you allow me to speak.

ANDRONICO, to Ernesto

**Must we hold a trial
Before we proceed?**

to Procopio

**All right, tell your story,
But don't take a week.**

DON PROCOPIO

**The hand of your dear little niece
I requested, as it were,
And I gave my word,
Promising my heart to her.**

**The girl is captivating,
Her charm intoxicating,
But speaking quite sincerely,
Let me put it very clearly:
She is not my cup of tea.
No, not for me!**

**When I am old and weary,
She's full of vim and vigor,
But despite her charming figure,
She's not my cup of tea.
Though lovelier than Venus –
I say this just between us –
She only lives for pleasure,
Frivolity and fun.**

**The darling dotes on dancing;
On cards and entertaining,**

**On risking all at gaming
And living on the run.**

**My friend! My revered friend!
I trust that now you will agree
Your niece is quite delightful,
But not the girl for me.**

**In short, I have to cease
Pursuing your delightful niece.
As you can see,
She's simply not, no, simply not
My cup of tea.
She's simply not, no no no, not
My cup of tea.**

ANDRONICO

**Are you out of your senses?
These cruel charges you would hurl
Upon a poor, defenseless girl?**

ERNESTO

**Enough! You make me laugh!
Knock it off, I warn you, Mister!
You're wasting your breath
Going on about my sister.**

**A spotless reputation
For thrift and moderation!
A paragon of piety,
A model of propriety.
Upon her simple virtues all agree.**

**Disdaining worldly fashion,
So modest and demure,
She's noted for compassion
And pity for the poor.**

**Domestic as a kitten,
Her time she would be spending
On needlework and mending
And tending those in need.**

**At night when work is over,
For wholesome recreation,
In quiet contemplation
Her Bible she will read.**

**In short, my dear, revered friend,
Your point I fail to comprehend.
I trust you recognize
The cost of telling lies.**

**For vile and vicious slander
In full you now must pay.
My worthy friend, you may be sure
We have the final say.
You will repent, you will repent
This Slaughter of the Innocent.**

DON PROCOPIO **Just let me go in peace ...**

ERNESTO **No, you'll not get away.**

DON PROCOPIO **But ... but ...**

ERNESTO **On my honor! On my honor!**

ANDRONICO **Be silent! Hold your tongue.**

DON PROCOPIO **Oh, but sir! When you learn ...**

ANDRONICO **Quiet, quiet! I demand it!**

DON PROCOPIO **Don Andron ...**

ANDRONICO **Shut up! It's now my turn.**

**Synthetic through and through,
These excuses will not do.
You're stubborn and contrary
For refusing now to marry.**

**Decrepit though you are,
Your behavior is bizarre.
Contemptible and cruel.
You cast away my jewel.**

**A pearl of such perfection
To suffer this rejection!
An angel that we hallow
Put down as vain and shallow!**

Now speaking man to man, sir,

To me you'll have to answer.
With spiteful, stupid slander,
By God! You raise my dander.

Be glad I'm easy-going,
Or blood would now be flowing.
Be silent! I've barely started!
My angel, so broken-hearted ...

DON PROCOPIO

But Don Andron ...

ANDRONICO

I'd have you drawn and quartered!

ERNESTO

A partner of the devil
To stoop to such a level.

DON PROCOPIO

My friend, Ernes ...

ANDRONICO

My niece you abandon.

ERNESTO

Come on, my sword is ready.

ANDRONICO

Broken-hearted!

DON PROCOPIO

But now hear it from me!
To my estate am I indebted
For this urge to see me wedded.
Yet I'll have the final chuckle.
Yes, your challenge I defy!

Though for a bonus you are lusting,
Odds on that may need adjusting,
As I tuck it, take and tuck it,
Take and tuck it in my pocket
And wave goodbye.

ERNESTO

Not a lion but a coward,
Face to face you're overpowered.
Though our hopes, alas, have soured.
You can flee without delay.

As a miser known to many,
You can keep your measly penny
Take and tuck it, take and tuck it,
Take and tuck it in your pocket

ANDRONICO **Not a lion but a coward.**

ANDRONICO & ERNESTO

**Face to face he's overpowered.
Though our hopes, alas, have soured,
You can flee without delay.
No wedding bells for you today.**

**As a miser known to many,
Go and take your measly penny
In your pocket and away!**

DON PROCOPIO

**I'll take and tuck it, take and tuck it,
In my pocket and away!
Safe in my pocket it will stay.
No wedding bells will ring today.
Safe in my pocket and away!
Off on my way!**

*(Exit Don Procopio, by Ernesto and Andronico, with threats of mayhem.
Bettina and Odoardo enter, in sweet harmony.)*

BETTINA & ODOARDO

**As pearl adorns the pale horizon,
The lark foretells a sweeter season.
Like dawn that enters bearing crystal splendor,
Your magic eyes make the world a place of wonder.**

**Gone are the shadows of dark despair,
Goblins and phantoms that cry, beware!
Clouds have lifted, drifted away;
Fresh breezes welcome the day.
A song of love contented
Floats upon the scented air.**

**Love, with the budding leaves awakening.
Adores the playful smile of spring;
And while it passes brief and swift in flight,
Lovers all delight in its warm, soft caresses.**

**Part of the happy pageant, you and I
Share with the leaves that bud and birds that fly
And soar into an azure sky.**

(Ernesto returns with Andronico and Euphemia)

ERNESTO

Wonderful news I've got!

**Fiasco for Don Procopio!
Helter-skelter, along with bag and baggage,
He is off like a shot.**

**Your uncle, no more contrary,
Gives consent for you to marry.
After struggle and strife
We pronounce you man and wife!**

*(Andronico, astonished but happy to have found peace and also a husband
for Bettina, comes forward to take Odoardo by the hand)*

ALL

**Sing a song of jubilation!
Youthful hopes and dreams succeed.
Age surrenders to persuasion,
True love triumphs over greed.**

**Celebrate our happy ending!
After struggles long and varied.
Two in love are getting married.
Youthful love regains the lead.**

**True love triumphs!
Sing a song of jubilation!
Age surrenders to persuasion,
True love triumphs over greed.**

**After struggles long and varied,
We are coming to the end.
Two in love are getting married.
Broken hearts are on the mend.**

**Sing a song of jubilation!
True love triumphs in the end.
Sing out and celebrate!**

THE END

