

L'Amfiparnaso

Prologue

My Lords and Ladies, though you expect this ev'ning
More fits of fretful moaning and lamenting,
Or tragedies presenting
A solemn moral ending,
We come to court your laughter!
Pray, do not judge our jesting
With abusive protesting,
For though our costumes look a bit dismaying,
At least our act is full of antic playing.

This is the town where our affair will happen.
And this is the great wide Theatre of Life
Where all of us love to overhear things.

So hearken to our stanzas
For these extravaganzas.
We'll do our best to shock you and confuse you
With music, mirth, and mocking to amuse you.
And with our masquerading
We shall now entertain you by serenading.

Act I, scene i

- Pantalone: Oh Arlecchin, where are you? Arlecchin!
- Arlecchino: Up here, my lord! I'm stuck here in the kitchen!
- Pantalone: Ah scoundrel, ah dog!
Why are you in the kitchen?
- Arlecchino: I'm filling up my craw in big handfuls
The birds that sing all day.
Pee pee pa pee, Coo coo ca roo!
- Pantalone: You jackass! What is this?
All my dinner is gone! Get over here now!
- Arlecchino: What do you want, oh Master Plant-a-bone?
- Pantalone: One plants zucchini, you fool, not plants his bone.
Now call Hortensia, lazy lump of stone!

Arlecchino: Hortensia! Hortensia!

Pantalone: What did you hear?

Arlecchino: She said "Get lost, get out of here!"

Pantalone: You clod,* I will call to her myself, you'll see! **(var. clown)*
Hortensia, Hortensia! Horten-ne-ne-ne-ne-nensia!

Hortensia: Who is this noisy pest that calls Hortensia?

Pantalone: Your servant and your love.

Hortensia: You? Be my lover? Go away, old geezer!
You senile foolish wheezer!
Do you think you have gold enough to win me?

Pantalone: Calm down my pretty lady.
I ask for nothing shady.
I only want to talk of "you and me."

Hortensia: No, I won't listen, no!
Now go! Now go! Flo flo flo flo flo flo!
Just look, a fumbler!
Just look, a bumbler!
What fun is this schmo? Flo flo flo flo flo flo!

Pantalone: Oh put upon Pantalón,
Ah, odious tease.
When next you crave it,
I won't be there to please, not there to please.

Act I, scene ii

Lucio: Why do you torment me,
Heartless betrayer?
The love that I once cherish'd,
In your heart, alas, has flown or has perish'd!

Isabella: No more, my hopeless lover.
This hand that you desire will be another's.

Lucio: It is your father's doing,
To halt my ardent wooing.
And now you will abandon and forsake me.
Then farewell love, for death alone will take me.

Act I, scene iii

Dottore: To this confusion let us now agree
That you Messer Poltroon will give your girly.
Get the point? Catch my drift? My nudge? My wink?

Pantalone: I've got it! I've got it,
Charter member of the bone pile.
Come take my hand. My daughter dear is yours now.

Dottore: What did you say?

Pantalone: She's yours now!

Dottore: What did you say?

Pantalone: I SAID SHE'S YOURS NOW!!!

Dottore: Oh, I have won my pretty lassie!
A very classy sassy brassy lassie!
Where in the world is there a better chassis?

Pantalone: My God, you are a stallion, the stud of stallions,
A bounding beastie, the best of beasties,
Of all the beasties,
That ever stood the test of beastliness!

Dottore: I jump for joy and leap with lustful love,
My feet break out in dancing.
I want to reel now,
Kick up my heels now,
Spin and to wheel about, giddy with prancing.

Pantalone: See how he springs! His legs, how they're winging!
Tantara, tantara, tantara, ta! Tantara, tantara, tantara, ta!
Oh Doctor, like Orfeo your voice is ringing,
Who beasts and trees would follow
When he sang out like a swallow.
Just see how much your talent stirs up trouble,
Attracting rocks and rubble,
For even butcher's dogs cannot resist you.
It is you they are smelling.
Now come into my dwelling.

Act II, scene i

Lucio: Wretched one,
What to do now that she is gone?
How painfully she played me,
Ah, wickedly betrayed me!
Oh, my false Isabella!
Farewell my faded flower.
From death I shall not cower.
To that high tower
I go this hour.
And know, oh cruel woman,
Whose heart is well past caring,
That your true love,
Fell to his end despairing.

Act II, scene ii

Capitano: Ho, come here you pig and pronto!

Arlecchino: I cannot stop today.

Capitano: Porqué? Porqué can you not stay?

Arlecchino: I'm going to the cathouse. Ow, ow, ow! Ee, ee, ee!

Capitano: Then take this, and take that, unmannered donkey.

Arlecchino: Oh Señor Capitan, I'm not unmanned!
It works as good as new.

Capitano: Che Diablo! Listen you!
I now demand that you service your lord!

Arlecchino: I will! I will! The church bells, are they pealing?

Capitano: You joke, amigo? This blade will have you squealing!

Arlecchino: I see, I see, Señor. What must I do?

Capitano: At last, at last, you understand me.
Knock you up on la puerta of my lady!

Arlecchino: I knock up the old lady? What a loon!

Capitano: Ah, loco, you beat and batter on la puerta!

Arlecchino: To beat? To bat? Oh how he twists his words!
His parrot talk and squawking's for the birds!

Capitano: What is this talk of parrot?

Arlecchino: I said they talk this way in Parrot-guay.

Capitano: With but two words I woo her to my bedside.

Arlecchino: Señor, I fear her boot upon my backside!

Capitano: No, fear you nada!
Because with my espada,
I can, unaided, kill a thousand hombres!

Arlecchino: Oh Señor, put away your mighty poker!

Capitano: Porqué, porqué, you joker?

Arlecchino: Her portal opens for you. Hortensia comes!

Capitano: O bueno por mi vida!

Arlecchino: Can I vamoose from here Señor? You need me?

Capitano: Nada, nada, mi amigo.
Va con dios, va con dios!

Act II, scene iii

Hortensia: *Oh, here's the Capitano!*
I detest this bragger.
I'll tame his swagger.
You may kiss my hand, sir.

Capitano: Buenos dias, mi Señora!
Come give in to my macho beauty.
Loving me is now your duty!
I am all a girl can ask for.

Hortensia: Ah, your words, how bold and dashing!
But, tell me lover,
Will I discover
You have another,
Whose mad affections
I have objections?
Vile seducer! Who has kissed you?
How can anyone resist you?

Capitano: What are you saying?
That I, Señora,
Might be betraying
The one I love?
Why, Señora, torment me so?

Hortensia: What excellent deceiving!
He has no shame at the lies he is weaving.

Capitano: May God defend me!
How this offends me!
I would fight to my death to keep your heart!

Hortensia: Darling, you know I'm jesting!
Devotion needs no testing.

Capitano: My Señora, end this joking,
For I am close to choking
With despair, and fear of dying.

Hortensia: In heated battle with bullets round you flying
They never find you quaking,
So why, when facing love, are your knees shaking?

Capitano: They say Love he conquers all!

Hortensia: It is not Love,
But you who wins the Ladies.
My heart is palpitating,
And I am waiting
For you to take me!

Capitano: Then tell me, mi Señora,
Your eyes, who do they shine for?

Hortensia: For Capitan Cordon!

Capitano: Your lips, who do they smile for?

Hortensia: For Capitan Cordon!
Capitano: Your ears, name the voice they long for!
Hortensia: For Capitan Cordon!
Capitano: Your arms, who do they ache for?
Hortensia: For Capitan Cordon!
Capitano: Your breast, who does it heave for?
Hortensia: For Capitan Cordon!
Capitano: Your heart, who does it beat for?
Hortensia: For Capitan Cordon!
Capitano: Your hips, who do they want?
Hortensia: **NOT** Capitan Cordon!
Capitano: Oh, she has used me!
Oh, how she has abused me!
I curse your teasing!
Va, va al Infierno!

Act II, scene iv

Isabella: Now that no hope remains in living,
Why should I refrain from dying?

Ah, Lucio, Lucio, soon my poor soul will greet you,
Swiftly take flight to meet you
In Heaven's grace; That is where I will find you,
Freed of the heavy chains of fate that bind you.
Then you will see how faithfully I loved you.
How cruel you were to doubt me,
To think me heartless and then die in such sorrow.

Now dagger, come and aid me!
The scent of death invades me.
Show mercy and be kind, oh Earth that bore me,
Relieve the fear of woeful pain before me.
The flowing crimson of this sad life, receive you.

Act II, scene v

Hortensia: Ah Isabella! What is this?
No, no, you fool! Don't do it!

Isabella: Oh, how I long to die now!

Hortensia: You will not!

Isabella: Yes, I will!

Hortensia: Come! Drop the dagger!

Isabella: Fatal prescription, come now and impale me.

Hortensia: But Lucio is the cure for all that ails thee.

Isabella: And how may life and death find joy together?

Hortensia: What silliness is this
Your talk of dying?
Rejoice by flying to the arms of Lucio!

Isabella: What? Lucio? Living?

Hortensia: Living and longs to see you.

Isabella: What is this you are saying?
Speak to me! Speak to me! No delaying!

Hortensia: It's true he wished to leap from that high tower.
But clever Arlecchino,
Mooching a morsel near him,
Had caught the cries of dreadful lamentation,
And quickly ran to save him,
Using wit and distraction,
Preventing foolish action.

Isabella: Oh fortunate Isabella!
Once again I am breathing!
Now I am free of this grieving!
And greater joy will come the day he weds me.

Act III, scene i

Pantalone: Now that the groom
Has settled on a gen-ne-ne-ne-ner-ous offer
And all his golden ducats
Deposited within my ever bulging coffer,
There's no time to dodder.
Come, Arlecchino! It's time to plan the wedding!

Arlecchino: Ah yes, sir! Ah no, sir!
And can my kin come too?

Pantalone: Are there many like you?

Arlecchino: My relatives are few.
I only have but two.

Pantalone: And who are they, pray tell?

Arlecchino: My lord, I know them well:
Grandpapa and Grandella,
Uncle Zan and Aunt Stella,
Old Bucal and Bertol,
Burati and Zanuol,
Relichin and Simù,
Then Zampetta with Zanù,
Next Frignola and Zambù,
Cousin Frita and her beau
With twenty tots in tow.

Pantalone: Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!
I thought you said "two."

Arlecchino: There's more, if you prefer.

Pantalone: That's enough, you stupid cur!

Arlecchino: Look, my lord! Look, my lord!
The Doctor's in to play his mandolin.

Pantalone: To play his mandolin?

Arlecchino: My Gawd! What noise!
Twanga, twanga, twanga, twanga, twang!

Pantalone: Welcome my wealthy son-in-law!
Say, could you play a pretty tune today?

Dottore: Of course, of course, of course!
Just say the word and I obey.

Pantalone: Then sing to her above
A madrigal of love.

Dottore: I will sing the best I know.

Pantalone: Hey, Arlecchino!
My daughter, go and shoo her
Out to the balcony
Where she will hear a merry song to woo her

Act III, scene ii

Dottore: Oh darling girl, I call you.
Don't let my looks appall you.
For though my legs and lips with age do tremble,
And my weak voice resembles
The wailing of cats in heat, or baying,
Believe then, what my feeble heart is saying:
Where youth and love are missing,
A purse of silver will always buy the kissing!

Pantalone: Oh what divine vibrato!
What grace and such bravado!
The passion you impart
Has seized my heart
With so much art.
You bring to mind the skill of a castrato.

Arlecchino: My lord, my lord, what ho!

Pantalone: What is it now, my Cart-o'-vino?

Arlecchino: The bride is waiting!
Just knock, no hesitating!

Pantalone: *(to the Dottore)* Go to her! Don't be coy!
Oh what joy! Oh what joy!

Act III, scene iii

- Pantalone: *(knocking on the door)*
Tip tap tup, tip tap tup!
Oh Isabella, open up!
The door is locked, I say!
Tip tap tup, tip tap tup!
Don't keep us waiting here all day,
Out here all day.
- Dottore: She is mine! She is mine!
The pretty girl! Mine, all mine!
At last I'll wed
A girl to bed.
What a thought sublime!
- Arlecchino: *(to Isabella sneaking out the back way)*
Now come this way around.
Don't make a sound.
They'll find we are deceiving,
And prevent you from leaving.
- Dottore: *(trying the door himself)*
Tip tap tup, tip tap tup!
Tip tap tup, tip tap tup!
Oh bride, so sweet,
Come out and greet
With passion for me
Your so eager groom to be!
- Arlecchino: *(watching Pantalone & Dottore's frustration)*
Hee, hee, hee, hee!
What fun I will see.
- Pantalone: *(shouting through the door)*
What is taking you so long?
- Arlecchino: Ho, ho! Now this will be a show!
- Pantalone: *(shouting through the door)*
Come on out! Come on out!
How long must I shout?
Why must you defy?
- Arlecchino: Perhaps his manly ardor makes her shy?

Hortensia: *(appearing unexpectedly at the open door)*
Ah gentlemen, gentlemen!
What a surprise! What a surprise!
I cannot believe my eyes!
Have you come to taste my wares?
If so, then come upstairs!

(dazed and enthralled, Pantalone & Dottore follow Hortensia into the house)

Arlecchino: While she has them trapped inside,
I'll go out and save the bride!

Act III, scene iv

Isabella: Heavens! What happened?
Are you my Lucio?
Ah me, I hardly recognize you!

Lucio: Alas, what do I see? My Isabella,
Whom I love, even though I should despise you.
Yet my only desire is to adore you!

Isabella: Oh Lucio, oh Lucio!

Lucio: Oh Isabella, oh Isabella!

Isabella: Oh, my reason for living.

Lucio: No more thoughts now of dying.

Isabella: Is it you?

Lucio: Can you doubt it?

Isabella: Are you a spirit?

Lucio: You doubt your senses?

Isabella: I tremble.

Lucio: Do you fear me?

Isabella: No, I love you.

Lucio: Then love me without measure, my treasure.

Isabella: Oh Lucio, mine!

Lucio: Oh, my Isabella!

Isabella: Ah, what misery or strife
Could tempt you to take your life?

Lucio: Come, let us speak no further of all my sorrows,
But vow that come tomorrow
You will be mine forever.

Isabella: Yes, darling! Yours forever and ever more!

Lucio: My love, embrace me!
Now here is Arlecchino!
Who saved his mistress
With clever taunts and tricks and bold pretending
And brought us to this joyful happy ending!

Act III, scene v

Lucio: Come, rejoice with us greatly,
My Arlecchino. Isabella loves me!

Arlecchino: How happy I am, (my) master,
To save you from disaster!
Perhaps you can reward me with a dinner?
My needs are simple, and I helped you win her.

Lucio: You can feast until bursting at our table.
Now, rouse our friends, one and all,
If you are able!

Arlecchino: Hey there! Hi there! Ho there!

Pantalone: Who calls us out? What noise! Who calls us out?

Lucio: I thank you all for coming
To greet me and my bride.
Honor our love, I pray you, and bless our union.
Forgive us our infraction
As sign of your affection.

Dottore: *(to Isabella)* Let me be first.
Take this rose of crimson hue
Whose charm reminds me of you.

Isabella: Here's a kiss, darling doctor!

Pantalone: A father's rage I will no more be keeping,
And give consent, though weeping.

Lucio: Thank you, thank you forever!

Hortensia: *(to Isabella)*
I give this faithful dog that he may serve you.
But Lucio's faith - deserve you!

Isabella: Many thanks do I owe you.

Pantalone:	<i>(to Lucio)</i> Then take this little key To this house I bought her, And keep you well my daughter.
------------	---

[below is a variant if no singer/character doublings]

Capitano	<i>(to Lucio)</i> Then take this Spanish purse Full of Maravedis And keep you well your lady
----------	---

Isabella: Oh most generous father*! [**"fellow!" if no doublings*]

Arlecchino: I could not give a gift more dear or sweet
Than radishes to eat!

Isabella: Oh my dear Arlecchino!

Pantalone: And now, you two, a toast to life and love,
And God's grace from above!

Lucio & Isabella: A most wonderful blessing!

All: So now our show has ended.
And you, good people,
If we have not offended,
By teasing and deriding,
Or naughty poking at our lovers' chiding,
Then our play must have pleased you.
So, applaud now!
Clap, with gusto, your hands!
Shout out your "Bravos!"