

Role	Voice type	Libretto	Music	Description
The Duke of Plaza-Toro ( <i>a Grandee of Spain</i> )	Comic Baritone	"And now my love ... the reigning Queen of Barataria"	P 60, sys 1, m 1 - P 62, sys 2, m 3	I no 3, "In enterprise of martial kind" first verse
Luiz ( <i>his Attendant</i> )	Lyric Baritone/ Tenor	"The son of the King of Barataria... let us revel in that!"	P 66, sys 1, m 4 - P 71, sys 3, m 7	I no 4, from "Ah, well beloved," to end.
Don Alhambra del Bolero ( <i>the Grand Inquisitor</i> )	Bass	"Without any doubt of any kind... jog her memory"	P 72, sys 1, m 1 - P 73, sys 2, m 2	I no 6, "I stole the Prince", first verse
Marco Palmieri	Tenor	"It makes one feel quite selfish ... recipe for perfect happiness"	P 143, sys 1, m 5 - P 145, sys 5, m 5	II no 3, "Take a pair of sparkling eye" second verse.
Giuseppe Palmieri	Tenor/ Baritone	"Now, although we act as one person... useful about the Palace."	P 138, sys 1, m 4 - P 142, sys 1, m 3	II no 2, "Rising early in the morning" first verse
Antonio	Baritone	-	P 19, sys 3, m 5 - P 22, sys 3, m 5	I no 1, "List and learn" Antonio solo, first verse
Francesco*	Tenor	-	P 16, sys 2, m 2 - P 16, sys 4, m 2	I no 1, "List and learn" Francesco solo
Giorgio*	Bass	-	P 17, sys 5, m 2 - P 18, sys 2, m 2	I no 1, "List and learn" Giorgio solo
Annibale		GIU "Now, although we act as one person..." ANN "... to indemnify in the event of an adverse decision?"		
The Duchess of Plaza-Toro	Alto	"I have known instances ... but I did – desperately!"	P 187, sys 1, m 4 - P 190, sys 3, m 2	II no 9, "On the day when I was wedded" Second verse

Casilda ( <i>her Daughter</i> )	Soprano	"Gentlemen, I am bound to listen to you... or we shall get hopelessly complicated."	P77, sys 1, m 2 - P77, sys 3, m 3 P207, sys 1, m 5 - P211, sys 2, m 2	Il no 7, "But, bless my heart" recit. <b>AND</b> Il no 12, "Here is a case unprecedented" extract.
Gianetta	Soprano	DON AL. "Come, I'm glad to find your objections are not ..."GIA "... of politician for my money!" <b>plus</b> GIA." Well, here's a pleasant state of things!... to one of you, and the other is married to nobody."	P45, sys 1, m 1 - P46, sys 2, m 4	Il no 1, "List and learn", "Thank you gallant gondolieri" solo
Tessa	Mezzo-Soprano	"Yes, we thought you'd like it. ... and – and – I've done!"	P177, sys 1, m 2 - P182, sys 2, m 5	Il no 7, "In a contemplative fashion" second half
Fiametta, Giulia	Soprano	-	P16, sys 16, m 4 - P17, sys 3, m 2	Il no 1, "List and learn", BOTH Fiametta and Giulia soli
Vittoria	Mezzo-Soprano	-	P149, sys 2, m 6 - P151, sys 1, m 1	Il no 4, "Here we are at the risk of our lives" Vittoria solo and chorus
Inez ( <i>the King's Foster Mother</i> )	Alto	-	P214, sys 3, m 3 - P215, sys 4, m 3	Il no 12, "Finale" Inez solo

\*Feel free to sing another longer extracts listed here, appropriate to the voice type

NB: Page number (p), system (sys) and measure (m) all taken Chappel edition.

**Duke:**

And now, my love, prepare for a magnificent surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you a secret which should make you the happiest young lady in Venice!

CAS. A secret?

DUCH. A secret which, for State reasons, it has been necessary to preserve for twenty years.

DUKE. When you were a prattling babe of six months old you were married by proxy to no less a personage than the infant son and heir of His Majesty the immeasurably wealthy King of Barataria!

CAS. Married to the infant son of the King of Barataria? Was I consulted? (DUKE *shakes his head*.) Then it was a most unpardonable liberty!

DUKE. Consider his extreme youth and forgive him. Shortly after the ceremony that misguided monarch abandoned the creed of his forefathers, and became a Wesleyan Methodist of the most bigoted and persecuting type. The Grand Inquisitor, determined that the innovation should not be perpetuated in Barataria, caused your smiling and unconscious husband to be stolen and conveyed to Venice. A fortnight since the Methodist Monarch and all his Wesleyan Court were killed in an insurrection, and we are here to ascertain the whereabouts of your husband, and to hail you, our daughter, as Her Majesty, the reigning Queen of Barataria!

**Luiz**

The son of the King of Barataria? The child who was stolen in infancy by the Inquisition?

CAS. The same. But, of course, you know his story.

LUIZ. Know his story? Why, I have often told you that my mother was the nurse to whose charge he was entrusted!

CAS. True. I had forgotten. Well, he has been discovered, and my father has brought me here to claim his hand.

LUIZ. But you will not recognize this marriage? It took place when you were too young to understand its import.

CAS. Nay, Luiz, respect my principles and cease to torture me with vain entreaties. Henceforth my life is another's.

LUIZ. But stay – the present and the future – they are another's; but the past – that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

**Don Alhambra**

DON AL. Without any doubt of any kind whatever. But be reassured: the nurse to whom your husband was entrusted is the mother of the musical young man who is such a past-master of that delicately modulated instrument (*Indicating the drum.*). She can, no doubt, establish the King's identity beyond all question.

LUIZ. Heavens, how did he know that?

DON AL. My young friend, a Grand Inquisitor is always up to date. (*To CAS.*) His mother is at present the wife of a highly respectable and old-established brigand, who carries on an extensive practice in the mountains around Cordova. Accompanied by two of my emissaries, he will set off at once for his mother's address. She will return with them, and if she finds any difficulty in making up her mind, the persuasive influence of the torture chamber will jog her memory.

**Marco:**

It makes one feel quite selfish. It almost seems like taking advantage of their good nature.

GIU. How nice they were about the double rations.

MAR. Most considerate. Ah! there's only one thing wanting to make us thoroughly comfortable.

GIU. And that is?

MAR. The dear little wives we left behind us three months ago.

GIU. Yes, it is dull without female society. We can do without everything else, but we can't do without that.

MAR. And if we have that in perfection, we have everything. There is only one recipe for perfect happiness.

**Giusseppe**

GIU. 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.

GIU. 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.

ANNI. 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?

MAR. Yes, but what are we to do in the meantime?

MAR. *and* GIU. We want our tea.

ANNI. 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?

GIOR. That, I think, will meet the case. But you must work hard – stick to it – nothing like work.

GIU. 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.

### **Annibale**

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### **Duchess:**

DUCH. (*severely*). I have known instances in which the characteristics of both conditions existed concurrently in the same individual.

DUKE. Ah, he couldn't have been a Plaza-Toro.

DUCH. Oh! couldn't he, though!

CAS. Well, whatever happens, I shall, of course, be a dutiful wife, but I can never love my husband.

DUKE. I don't know. It's extraordinary what unprepossessing people one can love if one gives one's mind to it.

DUCH. I loved your father.

DUKE. My love – that remark is a little hard, I think? Rather cruel, perhaps? Somewhat uncalled-for, I venture to believe?

DUCH. It was very difficult, my dear; but I said to myself, 'That man is a Duke, and I will love him.' Several of my relations bet me I couldn't, but I did – desperately!

**Casilda:**

Gentlemen, I am bound to listen to you; but it is right to tell you that, not knowing I was married in infancy, I am over head and ears in love with somebody else.

GIU. Our case exactly! We are over head and ears in love with somebody else! (*Enter GIANETTA and TESSA.*) In point of fact, with our wives!

CAS. Your wives! Then you are married?

TESS. It's not our fault.

GIA. We knew nothing about it.

BOTH. We are sisters in misfortune.

CAS. My good girls, I don't blame you. Only before we go any further we must really arrive at some satisfactory arrangement, or we shall get hopelessly complicated.

**Gianetta:**

DON AL. Come, I'm glad to find your objections are not insuperable.

MAR. *and* GIU. Oh, they're not insuperable.

GIA. *and* TESS. No, they're not insuperable.

GIU. Besides, we are open to conviction.

GIA. Yes; they are open to conviction.

TESS. Oh, they've often been convicted.

GIU. 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.

TESS. (*to GIA.*). Oh, he's a fine fellow!

GIA. Yes, that's the sort of politician for my money!

## **And**

GIA. Well, here's a pleasant state of things!

MAR. Delightful. One of us is married to two young ladies, and nobody knows which; and the other is married to one young lady whom nobody can identify!

GIA. And one of us is married to one of you, and the other is married to nobody.

## **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!