

**or  
The King of Barataria**

by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

presented by

The Duluth Light Opera Company  
and  
Pilgrim Congregational Church  
(UCC)

Director:  
Peg Johnson

Music Director and Accompanist:  
David Saffert

January 28, 29, and 30, 1999  
7:30 pm

2310 East Fourth Street  
Duluth, MN 55812

# THE GONDOLIERS or The King of Barataria

COMIC OPERA in two acts by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

Director: Peg Johnson  
Music Director & Accompanist: David Saffert

## The cast:

THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (*a Grandee of Spain*)  
LUIZ (his Attendant)  
DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO (*The Grand Inquisitor*)

## Venetian Gondoliers

MARCO PALMIERI  
GIUSEPPE PALMIERI  
ANTONIO  
FRANCESCO  
GIORGIO

THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO  
CASILDA (*her Daughter*)

## Contadine

GIANETTA  
TESSA  
FIAMETTA  
VITTORIA  
GIULIA

## INEZ

DON ALHAMBRA'S PAGE  
THE VULGAR BOATMAN

## Chorus of Gondoliers

Rob Ausman  
Doug Britton  
Gary Cunningham  
Steve Cushing  
Kerry Hanlan  
Tucker Hanlan  
Brian Minor  
Al Odean  
Rick Sailstad  
Gene Shull

## Dancer

## Village Children

Karly Ankarlo  
Sarah Killough  
Jessica Peterson

Roger Johnson  
Mark Ankarlo  
Tim White

Michael Mulhern  
Clint LaRue  
Ben Anderson  
Ben Johnson  
John Morrison  
Peggy White  
Charlotte Taylor

Tricia Peterson  
Tanya LaRue  
Jane Killough  
Nancy Odden  
Michele Sailstad  
Pearl Fuller  
Katie Killough  
Tom Patten

## Chorus of Contadine

Joyce Hidahl  
Michelle Kramer  
Lesley Lenox  
Alexandra Lundahl  
Genevieve Munoz  
Jody Ondich  
Rachael Peyton-Cushing  
Jane Shull  
Jean Walters  
Galynn White  
Jenelle Kleinke

Erin Minor  
Katy Minor  
Elizabeth Ondich-Baston

## Credits:

### Choreography

Jill Hoffman

### Set Design & Construction

Andy Tubesing  
Peter Bagley  
Heather Isernhagen  
Roger Johnson  
Lesley Lenox

Casey McGee  
Tom Patten  
Rick Sailstad  
Gene Shull  
Bill Taylor

### Costume Design & Construction

Lauri Cushing  
Beth Bagley  
Ora Jewell-Busche  
Catie Hefner  
Maurina Hickman  
Joyce Hidahl  
Robbie J. Ausman  
Bill Taylor  
Gene Shull

Sandy Marden-Lokken  
Becky Minor  
Michael Mulhern  
Jody Ondich  
Charlotte Taylor

### Lighting

### Stage Hand

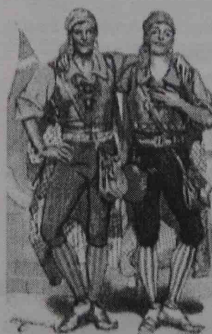
### Board Operator

Travis Patten

The Company thanks the Pilgrim Fund for its generous support of this venture.

## ACT I

### The Piazzetta, Venice (Date, 1750)



GIUSEPPE AND  
MARCO PALMIERI

The two Gondoliers, Marco and Giuseppe, are so handsome and have such winning ways that they have completely turned the heads of the pretty contadine. Marco and Giuseppe are nonplussed as to whom to choose as their brides. They decide to solve the problem by allowing themselves to be blindfolded, whilst the contadine and their superfluous gondolier admirers dance round Marco and Giuseppe. In the ensuing game Marco catches Gianetta, and Giuseppe, Tessa. The remaining contadine accept their fate and pair off with the previously ignored gondolieri. They all run off merrily to get married. As they disappear a gondola stops before the steps of the Piazzetta.

From it emerge the Duke and Duchess of Plaza Toro, their daughter Casilda and their suite, consisting of "His Grace's private drum," Luiz. They are dressed as befits their noble station, but their clothes are a little the worse for wear. They have brought their daughter Casilda from Spain. The Duke demands an audience with Don Alhambra, the Grand Inquisitor.

While Luiz is on the errand the Duke reveals to Casilda that twenty years ago, when she was a baby, she was married by proxy to the infant son of the wealthy King of Barataria. The King of Barataria subsequently became a Wesleyan Methodist of a most bigoted and persecuting type. The Grand Inquisitor, deter-







THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO.

mined that such an innovation should not be perpetuated in Barataria, stole the youthful heir to the throne and conveyed him to Venice. A fortnight later the Barataria King and his Court were all killed in an insurrection.

Casilda, therefore, is now Queen of Barataria. But the whereabouts of the new King is not definitely known. Casilda, unfortunately, is in love with someone else—her father's "private drum," Luiz—and they are both despondent at the sad thought of what the future must bring.

Don Alhambra, the Grand Inquisitor, who now approaches and is introduced to Casilda, explains that when he stole the youthful Prince of Barataria, he brought him to Venice and placed him in the family of a highly respectable Gondolier, who had a

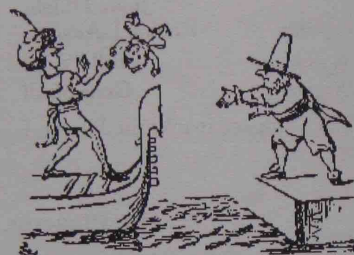
son of the same age. The Gondolier, through a fondness for drinking, muddled up the two children, and when the Inquisitor went to fetch the Royal Child he found it impossible to tell which was which. This news is received rather philosophically. The only person who can possibly tell is the foster mother of the Prince, Inez (who is Luiz' mother). Luiz is sent to fetch her.

Giuseppe and Marco now return with their newly wed wives. Don Alhambra (whom at first they mistake for an undertaker) informs them that either Giuseppe or Marco is the King of Barataria, and that until the mystery is unravelled they must take up the reins of government as one individual. They may take all their friends with them—all, that is, except the ladies, who must stay behind. This is rather a blow, but they are assured that the separation will be only for a short period. A boat is then brought, and the Gondoliers clamber aboard with Giuseppe and Marco, whilst the contadine wave a tearful farewell.

## ACT II

### A Pavilion in the Court of Barataria (Three Months Later)

Both Marco and Giuseppe, when they were Gondoliers, had ideas on Republican government, and they have reorganized the state on their idealistic principles. The result is somewhat chaotic, but they seem to enjoy it, and as the act opens they are seen cleaning the royal crown and sceptre whilst they sit, clad in magnificent robes, on the royal throne. If they want anything done they have to do it themselves. In a delightful little song, "Of happiness the very pith," Giuseppe outlines his day's work as a monarch about the palace. Only one thing is missing, they feel—it is dull without female society.



*I stole the Prince, and brought him here,  
And left him gaily prattling  
With a highly respectable gondolier.*



DON ALHAMBRA  
DEL BOLERO

Scarcely have they confessed the fact when the contadine run in, led by Fiametta and Vittoria. Curiosity is the cause of the invasion, though they know they were strictly forbidden to come. They are all very excited. Tessa and Gianetta are anxious to know if their husbands have anyone to mend the royal socks, and if it is known yet which of them is to be queen.



"Once upon a time there were two Kings."

In honor of their arrival Giuseppe and Marco announce a grand banquet and dance. In the middle of a brilliant cachucha there is an unexpected interruption. Don Alhambra enters. He is astonished at the scene, and tries, by quoting an example, to explain where their theories of government are wrong.

He announces the arrival of Casilda. One of them, he says, Marco or Giuseppe (whichever is the real King of Barataria), is married to the beautiful Casilda, and is, of course, an unintentional bigamist if he has married a contadina in the meantime. Poor Tessa and Gianetta are very upset. By the light of this new exposure, one of them is married and one of them is not. But they cannot tell which it is. They burst into tears.

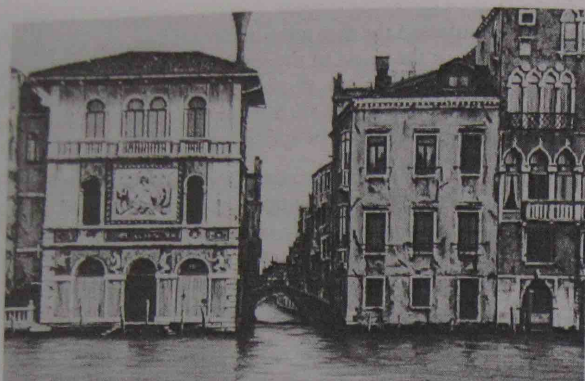
Meanwhile Casilda is afraid that she will never learn to love her husband. The Duchess is firm. "I loved your father," she says, and proceeds to explain how she married and "tamed" him. The Duke has turned his social prestige to account and has become a limited company. His daughter feels that there is hope that when the King sees what a shady family he has married into he will refuse to recognize the alliance. Both the Duke and the Duchess repudiate the statement that their transactions are shady in a delightful duet, "To help unhappy commoners".

Marco and Giuseppe explain the state of the country and the attitude of their subjects towards them. The Duke, in the famous Gavotte, "I am a courtier," instructs them on the correct demeanor of a king, which they try, very awkwardly, to adopt. Marco and Giuseppe are tactfully left alone with Casilda, but Gianetta and Tessa come in, and they all discuss the highly complicated problem of exactly who is married and who is not.

They are interrupted by Don Alhambra, who enters, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess and all the court of Barataria. Inez, the foster mother of the Prince has been found. She alone can unravel the mystery. Inez is brought forward. She confesses that when she took care of the royal prince, and there was an attempt to steal the child, she substituted her own little boy. The traitorous bands never knew the difference, and the child she slyly called her "son" is none other than the King of Barataria.

Luiz is, therefore, the King. Casilda and Luiz are reunited, and everything ends happily, much to the secret relief of Marco and Giuseppe.





## GLOSSARY (in order of occurrence)

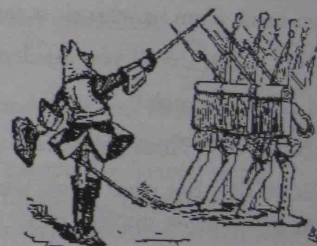
### Act I :

- Barataria - the title of Gilbert's mythical island kingdom of Spain comes from Cervante's Don Quixote where the Don promises his companion Sancho Panza the governorship of this island "surrounded by land"
- dolce far niente - delightful idleness
- nobody contradicente - contradicting
- Italian Segment: The chorus sings one song entirely in Italian, in which the women welcome Marco and Giuseppi, and present them with flowers. The men respond with courtly grace, declaring themselves the ladies' humble servants ("servitori umilissimi") to which the women reply that they are only peasant girls ("contadine").
- hidalgo - Spanish nobleman of lowest rank
- of 95 quarterings - "quarterings" are divisions on a heraldic shield — with a different coat of arms for each noble family from which the shield's owner is descended (95 is rather excessive)
- grandee - Spanish nobleman of highest rank (how the Duke of Plaza-Toro can be both a Grandee and a Hidalgo is one of Gilbert's paradoxes)
- plebeian position - low class
- cornet-a-piston - cornet (related to the trumpet) with three valves operated by pistons (though The Gondoliers is set in 1750, this valve-piston cornet was not invented until 1813)
- parcel of grazers - herdsmen
- Duke of Plaza-Toro, Count Matadoro, Baron Picadoro - the Duke's titles derive from bull-fighting (Plaza de Toros being the arena; the matador and picador being different types of bullfighters)
- winding-up - refers to the liquidation of a company (here it is a joke on companies vs. clocks)
- Don Alhambra del Bolero - his name comes from the Alhambra, the palace of the Moorish kings at Granada, with "del Bolero" added as a Gilbertian bit of humor (it refers to a type of dance)

- Jimp, isn't she - fetching, neat
- the trade of a timoneer - helmsman, steersman
- She'll bear away the bell - carry off the prize (from the custom of presenting the winners of horse races with a small gold or silver bell)
- aristocrat who banks with Coutts - a London private banking firm

### Act II :

- the very pith - essence
- beau ideal - perfect type or model
- hold a Royal Levee - a court reception
- polish the Regalia and the Coronation plate - polish the special emblems of royalty and the silver associated with the coronation (this is not a large platter)
- titivating all our Gentlemen-in-Waiting - sprucing them up
- the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath - three orders of knighthood in Britain; the Garter is the highest (pun, but true)
- having passed the Rubicon - the river by the crossing of which Caesar began the Civil Wars
- Dance a cachuca, fandango, bolero - three Spanish dances (the music here is a cachuca — the fandango and the bolero are much slower than this one and danced by two at a time)
- Xeres we'll drink Manzanilla, Montero - xeres is fortified wine (the name is corrupted in English to sherry); manzanilla a light dry sherry; montero, though it provides a good rhyme, does not appear to be a drink at all
- Tuck in his tupenny - duck his head (as in necessary in leapfrog)
- at junket or at jink must be content with toddy - "junket" is a feast; "jink" is a frolic (as in "high jinks"); "toddy" a hot sweetened drink of brandy and water
- sham colonels gazetted - to have a promotion published in "The London Gazette", a government publication issued bi-weekly
- their great double-barrel - the duke, having a hyphenated name, is a "double-barrel" — that is, of snob value
- companies bubble - a "bubble" is a worthless project, usually financial
- I play at ecarte - a French card game
- Royal Salute - the Duke is referring to an honorary display, but Giuseppe means a kiss
- merrily crying our "preme, stali" - two things gondoliers apparently shout: "preme" means to push down on the pole, used to indicate imminent departure; "stali" means stop



The Duke of Plaza-Toro:  
But when his regiment ran, His  
place was at the fore, O-



# ACT I

CHORUS OF CONTADINE. List and learn, ye dainty roses, Roses white and roses red, Why we bind you into posies Ere your morning bloom has fled. By a law of maiden's making, Accents of a heart that's aching, Even though that heart be breaking, Should by maiden be unsaid: Though they love with love exceeding, They must seem to be unheeding— Go ye then and do their pleading!

FIAMETTA. Two there are for whom in duty, Every maid in Venice sighs— Two so peerless in their beauty That they shame the summer skies. We have hearts for them, in plenty, They have hearts, but all too few, We, alas, are four-and-twenty! They, alas, are only two! We, alas!

FRANCESCO. Good morrow, pretty maids; for whom prepare ye These floral tributes extraordinary?

FIAMETTA For Marco and Giuseppe Palmieri, The pink and flower of all the Gondolieri.

GIULIA. They're coming here, as we have heard but lately, To choose two bride from us who sit sedately.

ANTONIO. Do all you maidens love them?

ALL. Passionately!

ANTONIO. These gondoliers are to be envied greatly!

GIORGIO. But what of us, who one and all adore you? Have pity on our passion, we implore you!

FIAMETTA. These gentlemen must make their choice before you;

VITTORIA. In the meantime we tacitly ignore you.

GIULIA. When they have chosen two that leaves you plenty— Two dozen we, and ye are four-and-twenty.

FIAMETTA and VITTORIA. Till then, enjoy your dolce far niente.

ANTONIO. With pleasure, nobody contradicente!

ANTONIO. For the merriest fellows are we, That ply on the emerald sea; With loving and laughing, And quipping and quaffing, We're happy as happy can be, With sorrow we've nothing to do, And care is a thing to pooh-pooh; And Jealousy yellow, Unfortunate fellow, We drown in the shimmering blue.

FIAMETTA. See, see, at last they come to make their choice— Let us acclaim them with united voice.

CHORUS. Hail, hail! gallant gondolieri, benvenuti! Accept our love, our homage, and our duty. Ben' venuti! ben' venuti!

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Buon' giorno, signorine!

GIRLS. Gondolieri carissimi! Siamo contadine!

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Servitori umilissimi! Per chi questi fiori— Questi fiori bellissimi!

GIRLS. Per voi, bei signori O eccellentissimi!

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. O ciel'! O ciel'!

GIRLS. Buon' giorno, cavalieri!

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Siamo gondolieri. Signorina, io t' amo!

GIRLS. Contadine siamo.

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Signorine!

GIRLS. Contadine! Cavalieri.

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Gondolieri! Poveri gondolieri!

CHORUS. Buon' giorno, signorine, etc.

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. We're called gondolieri, But that's a vagary, It's quite honorary The trade that we ply. For gallantry noted Since we were short-coated, To beauty devoted, Giuseppe Are Marco and I; When morning is breaking, Our couches forsaking, To greet their awaking With carols we come. At summer day's nooning, When weary lagooning, Our mandolins tuning, We lazily thrum. When vespers are ringing, To hope ever clinging, With songs of our singing A vigil we keep, When daylight is fading, Enwrapped in night's shading, With soft serenading We sing them to sleep. We're called gondolieri, etc.

MARCO. And now to choose our brides!

GIUSEPPE. As all are young and fair, And amiable besides,

BOTH. We really do not care A preference to declare.

MARCO. A bias to disclose Would be indelicate—

GIUSEPPE. And therefore we propose To let impartial Fate Select for us a mate! These handkerchiefs upon our eyes be good enough to bind,

MARCO. And take good care that both of us are absolutely blind;

BOTH. Then turn us round—and we, with all convenient despatch, Will undertake to marry any two of you we catch!



FIAMETTA. Are you peeping? Can you see me?

MARCO. Dark I'm keeping, Dark and dreamy!

VITTORIA. If you're blinded Truly, say so

GIUSEPPE. All right-minded Players play so!

FIAMETTA. Conduct shady! They are cheating! Surely they de- Serve a beating!

VITTORIA. This too much is; Maidens mocking— Conduct such is Truly shocking!

ALL. You can spy, sir! Shut your eye, sir! You may use it by and by, sir! You can see, sir! Don't tell me, sir! That will do—now let it be, sir!

CHORUS. My papa he keeps three horses, Black, and white, and dapple grey, sir; Turn three times, then take your courses, Catch whichever girl you may, sir!

GIUSEPPE. I've at length achieved a capture! This is Tessa! Rapture, rapture!

MARCO. To me Gianetta fate has granted! Just the very girl I wanted!

GIUSEPPE. If you'd rather change—

TESSA. My goodness! This indeed is simple rudeness.

MARCO. I've no preference whatever—

GIANETTA. Listen to him! Well, I never!

GIANETTA. Thank you, gallant gondolieri! In a set and formal measure It is scarcely necessary To express our pleasure. Each of us to prove a treasure, Conjugal and monetary, Gladly will devote our leisure, Gay and gallant gondolieri.

TESSA. Gay and gallant gondolieri, Take us both and hold us tightly, You have luck extraordinary; We might both have been unsightly! If we judge your conduct rightly, 'Twas a choice involuntary; Still we thank you most politely, Gay and gallant gondolieri!

CHORUS OF GIRLS. Thank you, gallant gondolieri; In a set and formal measure, It is scarcely necessary To express our pleasure. Each of us to prove a treasure Gladly will devote our leisure, Gay and gallant gondolieri!

ALL. Fate in this has put his finger— Let us bow to Fate's decree, Then no longer let us linger, To the altar hurry we!

DUKE. From the sunny Spanish shore, The Duke of Plaza-Tor!—

DUCHESS. And His Grace's Duchess true—

CASILDA. And His Grace's daughter, too—

LUIZ. And His Grace's private drum To Venetia's shores have come:

ALL. If ever, ever, ever They get back to Spain, They will never, never, never Cross the sea again—

DUKE. Neither that Grandee from the Spanish shore, The noble Duke of Plaza-Tor'—

DUCHESS. Nor His Grace's Duchess, staunch and true—

CASILDA. You may add, His Grace's daughter, too—

LUIZ. Nor His Grace's own particular drum To Venetia's shores will come:

ALL. If ever, ever, ever They get back to Spain, They will never, never, never Cross the sea again!

DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO. In enterprise of martial kind, When there was any fighting, He led his regiment from behind— He found it less exciting. But when away his regiment ran, His place was at the fore, O— That celebrated, Cultivated, Underrated Nobleman, The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

DUKE. When, to evade Destruction's hand, To hide they all proceeded, No soldier in that gallant band Hid half as well as he did. He lay concealed throughout the war, And so preserved his gore, O! That unaffected, Undetected, Well-connected Warrior, The Duke of Plaza-Toro! When told that they would all be shot Unless they left the service, That hero hesitated not, So marvellous his nerve is. He sent his resignation in, The first of all his corps, O! That very knowing, Overflowing, Easy-going Paladin, The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

CASILDA AND LUIZ. O rapture, when alone together Two loving hearts and those that bear them May join in temporary tether, Though Fate apart should rudely tear them.

CASILDA. Necessity, Invention's mother, Compelled me to a course of feigning— But, left alone with one another, I will atone for my disdain-ing!

CASILDA. Ah, well-beloved, Mine angry frown Is but a gown That serves to dress My gentleness!



LUIZ. Ah, well-beloved, Thy cold disdain, It gives no pain— 'Tis mercy, played In masquerade! There was a time— A time for ever gone—ah, woe is me! It was no crime To love but thee alone—ah, woe is me! One heart, one life, one soul, One aim, one goal— Each in the other's thrall, Each all in all, ah, woe is me!

BOTH. Oh, bury, bury—let the grave close o'er The days that were— that never will be more! Oh, bury, bury love that all condemn, And let the whirlwind mourn its requiem!

CASILDA. Dead as the last year's leaves— As gathered flowers—ah, woe is me! Dead as the garnered sheaves, That love of ours—ah, woe is me! Born but to fade and die When hope was high, Dead and as far away As yesterday!—ah, woe is me!

DON ALHAMBRA (with DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, and LUIZ). I stole the Prince, and I brought him here, And left him gaily prattling With a highly respectable gondolier, Who promised the Royal babe to rear, And teach him the trade of a timoneer With his own beloved bratling. Both of the babes were strong and stout, And, considering all things, clever. Of that there is no manner of doubt— No probable, possible shadow of doubt— No possible doubt whatever.

ALL. No possible doubt whatever. But owing, I'm much disposed to fear, To his terrible taste for tippling, That highly respectable gondolier Could never declare with a mind sincere Which of the two was his offspring dear, And which the Royal stripling! Which was which he could never make out Despite his best endeavour. Of that there is no manner of doubt— No probable, possible shadow of doubt.

ALL. Time sped, and when at the end of a year I sought that infant cherished, That highly respectable gondolier Was lying a corpse on his humble bier— I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear— That gondolier had perished. A taste for drink, combined with gout, Had doubled him up for ever. Of that there is no manner of doubt— No probable, possible shadow of doubt— No possible doubt whatever. The children followed his old career— (This statement can't be parried) Of a highly respectable gondolier: Well, one of the two (who will soon be here)— But which of the two is not quite clear— Is the Royal Prince you married! Search in and out and round about, And you'll discover never A tale so free from every doubt— All probable, possible shadow of doubt!

CASILDA. But, bless my heart, consider my position! I am the wife of one, that's very clear; But who can tell, except by intuition, Which is

the Prince, and which the Gondolier?

DON ALHAMBRA. Submit to Fate without unseemly wrangle: Such complications frequently occur— Life is one closely complicated tangle: Death is the only true unraveller!

DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, LUIZ, and GRAND INQUISITOR. Try we life-long, we can never Straighten out life's tangled skein, Why should we, in vain endeavour, Guess and guess and guess again?

LUIZ. Life's a pudding full of plums,

DUCESS. Care's a canker that benumbs.

ALL. Wherefore waste our elocution On impossible solution? Life's a pleasant institution, Let us take it as it comes! Set aside the dull enigma, We shall guess it all too soon; Failure brings no kind of stigma— Dance we to another tune!

LUIZ. String the lyre and fill the cup,

DUCESS. Lest on sorrow we should sup.

ALL. Hop and skip to Fancy's fiddle, Hands across and down the middle— Life's perhaps the only riddle That we shrink from giving up!

CHORUS. Bridegroom and bride! Knot that's insoluble, Voices all voluble Hail it with pride. Bridegroom and bride! We in sincerity Wish you prosperity, Bridegroom and bride!

TESSA. When a merry maiden marries, Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries; Every sound becomes a song, All is right, and nothing's wrong! From to-day and ever after Let our tears be tears of laughter. Every sigh that finds a vent Be a sigh of sweet content! When you marry, merry maiden, Then the air with love is laden; Every flower is a rose, Every goose becomes a swan, Every kind of trouble goes Where the last year's snows have gone!

CHORUS. Sunlight takes the place of shade When you marry, merry maid!

TESSA. When a merry maiden marries, Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries; Every sound becomes a song, All is right, and nothing's wrong. Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow, Get ye gone until to-morrow; Jealousies in grim array, Ye are things of yesterday! When you marry, merry maiden, Then the air with joy is laden; All the corners of the earth Ring with music sweetly played, Worries are melodious mirth, Grief is joy in masquerade;



CHORUS. Sullen night is laughing day— All the year is merry May!

FINALE, ACT I.

GIANETTA. Kind sir, you cannot have the heart Our lives to part  
From those to whom an hour ago We were united! Before our flowing  
hopes you stem, Ah, look at them, And pause before you deal this  
blow, All uninvited! You men can never understand That heart and  
hand Cannot be separated when We go a-yearning; You see, you've  
only women's eyes To idolize And only women's hearts, poor men, To  
set you burning! Ah me, you men will never understand That woman's  
heart is one with woman's hand! Some kind of charm you seem to  
find In womankind— Some source of unexplained delight (Unless  
you're jesting), But what attracts you, I confess, I cannot guess, To me  
a woman's face is quite Uninteresting! If from my sister I were torn, It  
could be borne— I should, no doubt, be horrified, But I could bear  
it;— But Marco's quite another thing— He is my King, He has my  
heart and none beside Shall ever share it! Ah me, you men will never  
understand That woman's heart is one with woman's hand!

DON ALHAMBRA. Do not give way to this uncalled-for grief, Your  
separation will be very brief. To ascertain which is the King And which  
the other, To Barataria's Court I'll bring His foster-mother; Her former  
nurseling to declare She'll be delighted. That settled, let each happy  
pair Be reunited.

MARCO, GIUSEPPE. Viva! His argument is strong!

GIANETTA, TESSA. Viva! We'll not be parted long! Viva! It will be  
settled soon! Viva! Then comes our honeymoon!

GIANETTA. Then one of us will be a Queen, And sit on a golden  
throne, With a crown instead Of a hat on her head, And diamonds all  
her own! With a beautiful robe of gold and green, I've always under-  
stood; I wonder whether She'd wear a feather? I rather think she  
should!

ALL. Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, To be a regular Royal Queen!  
No half-and-half affair, I mean, But a right-down regular Royal  
Queen!

MARCO. She'll drive about in a carriage and pair, With the King on  
her left-hand side, And a milk-white horse, As a matter of course,  
Whenever she wants to ride! With beautiful silver shoes to wear Upon  
her dainty feet; With endless stocks Of beautiful frocks And as much  
as she wants to eat!

TESSA. Whenever she condescends to walk, Be sure she'll shine at that,  
With her haughty stare And her nose in the air, Like a well-born aristo-  
crat! At elegant high society talk She'll bear away the bell, With her  
"How de do?" And her "How are you?" And "I trust I see you well!"

GIUSEPPE. And noble lords will scrape and bow, And double them-  
selves in two, And open their eyes In blank surprise At whatever she  
likes to do. And everybody will roundly vow She's fair as flowers in  
May, And say, "How clever!" At whatsoever She condescends to say!

ALL. Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, To be a regular Royal Queen!  
No half-and-half affair, I mean, But a right-down regular Royal  
Queen!

CHORUS. Now, pray, what is the cause of this remarkable hilarity?  
This sudden ebullition of unmitigated jollity? Has anybody blessed you  
with a sample of his charity? Or have you been adopted by a gentle-  
man of quality?

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Replying, we sing As one individual, As I  
find I'm a king, To my kingdom I bid you all. I'm aware you object To  
pavilions and palaces, But you'll find I respect Your Republican fallaci-  
es.

CHORUS. As they know we object To pavilions and palaces, How can  
they respect Our Republican fallacies? For every one who feels  
inclined, Some post we undertake to find Congenial with his frame of  
mind— And all shall equal be. The Chancellor in his peruke— The  
Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook, The Groom, the Butler, and the  
Cook— They all shall equal be. The Aristocrat who banks with  
Coutts— The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots— The Aristocrat who  
cleans our boots— They all shall equal be! The Noble Lord who rules  
the State— The Noble Lord who cleans the plate— The Noble Lord  
who scrubs the grate— They all shall equal be! The Lord High Bishop  
orthodox— The Lord High Coachman on the box— The Lord High  
Vagabond in the stocks— They all shall equal be! Sing high, sing low,  
Wherever they go, They all shall equal be! Then hail! O King,  
Whichever you may be, To you we sing, But do not bend the knee.  
Then hail! O King.

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Come, let's away—our island crown awaits  
me— Conflicting feelings rend my soul apart! The thought of Royal  
dignity elates me, But leaving thee behind me breaks my heart!

GIANETTA and TESSA. Farewell, my love; on board you must be get-



ting; But while upon the sea you gaily roam, Remember that a heart for thee is fretting— The tender little heart you've left at home!

GIANETTA. Now, Marco dear, My wishes hear: While you're away It's understood You will be good And not too gay. To every trace Of maiden grace You will be blind, And will not glance By any chance On womankind! If you are wise, You'll shut your eyes Till we arrive, And not address A lady less Than forty-five. You'll please to frown On every gown That you may see; And, O my pet, You won't forget You've married me! And O my darling, O my pet, Whatever else you may forget, In yonder isle beyond the sea, Do not forget you've married me!

TESSA. You'll lay your head Upon your bed At set of sun. You will not sing Of anything To any one. You'll sit and mope All day, I hope, And shed a tear Upon the life Your little wife Is passing here. And if so be You think of me, Please tell the moon! I'll read it all In rays that fall On the lagoon: You'll be so kind As tell the wind How you may be, And send me words By little birds To comfort me! And O my darling, O my pet, Whatever else you may forget, In yonder isle beyond the sea, Do not forget you've married me!

CHORUS. Then away we go to an island fair That lies in a Southern sea: We know not where, and we don't much care, Wherever that isle may be. One, two, three, Haul! One, two, three, Haul! One, two, three, Haul! With a will! When the breezes are a-blowing The ship will be going, When they don't we shall all stand still! Then away we go to an island fair, We know not where, and we don't much care, Wherever that isle may be.

MARCO. Away we go To a balmy isle, Where the roses blow All the winter while.

## ACT II

CHORUS OF MEN with MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Of happiness the very pith In Barataria you may see: A monarchy that's tempered with Republican Equality. This form of government we find The beau ideal of its kind— A despotism strict combined With absolute equality!

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Two kings, of undue pride bereft, Who act in perfect unity, Whom you can order right and left With absolute impunity. Who put their subjects at their ease By doing all they can to please! And thus, to earn their bread-and-cheese, Seize every opportunity.

GIUSEPPE with CHORUS. Rising early in the morning, We proceed to light the fire, Then our Majesty adorning In its workaday attire, We embark without delay On the duties of the day.

First, we polish off some batches Of political despatches, And foreign politicians circumvent; Then, if business isn't heavy, We may hold a Royal levee, Or ratify some Acts of Parliament. Then we probably review the household troops— With the usual "Shalloo humps!" and "Shalloo hoops!" Or receive with ceremonial and state An interesting Eastern potentate. After that we generally Go and dress our private valet— (It's a rather nervous duty—he's a touchy little man)— Write some letters literary For our private secretary— He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can. Then, in view of cravings inner, We go down and order dinner; Then we polish the Regalia and the Coronation Plate— Spend an hour in titivating All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting; Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State. Oh, philosophers may sing Of the troubles of a King; Yet the duties are delightful, and the privileges great; But the privilege and pleasure That we treasure beyond measure Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State. After luncheon (making merry On a bun and glass of sherry), If we've nothing in particular to do, We may make a Proclamation, Or receive a deputation— Then we possibly create a Peer or two. Then we help a fellow-creature on his path With the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath, Or we dress and toddle off in semi-state To a festival, a function, or a fete. Then we go and stand as sentry At the Palace (private entry), Marching hither, marching thither, up and down and to and fro, While the warrior on duty Goes in search of beer and beauty (And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go). He relieves us, if he's able, Just in time to lay the table, Then we dine and serve the coffee, and at half-past twelve or one, With a pleasure that's emphatic, We retire to our attic With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done! Oh, philosophers may sing Of the troubles of a King, But of pleasures there are many and of worries there are none; And the culminating pleasure That we treasure beyond measure Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

MARCO. Take a pair of sparkling eyes, Hidden, ever and anon, In a merciful eclipse— Do not heed their mild surprise— Having passed the Rubicon, Take a pair of rosy lips; Take a figure trimly planned— Such as admiration whets— (Be particular in this); Take a tender little hand, Fringed with dainty fingerettes, Press it—in parenthesis;— Ah! Take all these, you lucky man— Take and keep them, if you can! Take a pretty little cot— Quite a miniature affair— Hung about with trellised vine,



Furnish it upon the spot With the treasures rich and rare I've endeavoured to define. Live to love and love to live— You will ripen at your ease, Growing on the sunny side— Fate has nothing more to give. You're a dainty man to please If you are not satisfied. Ah! Take my counsel, happy man; Act upon it, if you can!

CHORUS OF GIRLS, QUARTET, DUET and CHORUS. Here we are, at the risk of our lives, From ever so far, and we've brought your wives— And to that end we've crossed the main, And don't intend to return again!

FIAMETTA. Though obedience is strong, Curiosity's stronger— We waited for long, Till we couldn't wait longer.

VITTORIA. It's imprudent, we know, But without your society Existence was slow, And we wanted variety—

GIANETTA, TESSA. After sailing to this island— Tossing in a manner frightful, We are all once more on dry land— And we find the change delightful, As at home we've been remaining— We've not seen you both for ages, Tell me, are you fond of reigning?— How's the food, and what's the wages? Does your new employment please ye?— How does Royalizing strike you? Is it difficult or easy?— Do you think your subjects like you? I am anxious to elicit, Is it plain and easy steering? Take it altogether, is it Better fun than gondoliering? We shall both go on requesting Till you tell us, never doubt it; Everything is interesting, Tell us, tell us all about it! Is the populace exacting? Do they keep you at a distance? All unaided are you acting, Or do they provide assistance? When you're busy, have you got to Get up early in the morning? If you do what you ought not to, Do they give the usual warning? With a horse do they equip you? Lots of trumpeting and drumming? Do the Royal tradesmen tip you? Ain't the livery becoming! Does your human being inner Feed on everything that nice is? Do they give you wine for dinner; Peaches, sugar-plums, and ices? We shall both go on requesting Till you tell us, never doubt it; Everything is interesting, Tell us, tell us all about it!

CHORUS. Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero, Xeres we'll drink— Manzanilla, Montero— Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances The reckless delight of that wildest of dances! To the pretty pitter-pitter-patter, And the clitter-clitter-clitter-clatter we'll dance.

DON ALHAMBRA, MARCO and GIUSEPPE. There lived a King, as I've been told, In the wonder-working days of old, When hearts were twice as good as gold, And twenty times as mellow. Good-temper tri-

umphed in his face, And in his heart he found a place For all the erring human race And every wretched fellow. When he had Rhenish wine to drink It made him very sad to think That some, at junket or at jink, Must be content with toddy. He wished all men as rich as he (And he was rich as rich could be), So to the top of every tree Promoted everybody. Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats, And Bishops in their shovel hats Were plentiful as tabby cats— In point of fact, too many. Ambassadors cropped up like hay, Prime Ministers and such as they Grew like asparagus in May, And Dukes were three a penny. On every side Field-Mmarshals gleamed, Small beer were Lords-Lieutenant deemed, With Admirals the ocean teemed All round his wide dominions. And Party Leaders you might meet In twos and threes in every street Maintaining, with no little heat, Their various opinions.

MARCO and GIUSEPPE. Now that's a sight you couldn't beat— Two Party Leaders in each street Maintaining, with no little heat, Their various opinions.

DON ALHAMBRA, MARCO and GIUSEPPE. That King, although no one denies His heart was of abnormal size, Yet he'd have acted otherwise If he had been acuter. The end is easily foretold, When every blessed thing you hold Is made of silver, or of gold, You long for simple pewter. When you have nothing else to wear But cloth of gold and satins rare, For cloth of gold you cease to care— Up goes the price of shoddy. In short, whoever you may be, To this conclusion you'll agree, When every one is somebodee, Then no one's anybody!

MARCO, GIUSEPPE, GIANETTA, TESSA. In a contemplative fashion, And a tranquil frame of mind, Free from every kind of passion, Some solution let us find. Let us grasp the situation, Solve the complicated plot— Quiet, calm deliberation Disentangles every knot.

TESSA. I, no doubt, Giuseppe wedded—

THE OTHERS. In a contemplative That's, of course, a slice of luck-fashion, etc. He is rather dunder-headed. Still distinctly, he's a duck.

GIANETTA. I, a victim, too, of Cupid,

THE OTHERS. Let us grasp the Marco married - that is clear.situation, etc. He's particularly stupid, Still distinctly, he's a dear.

MARCO. To Gianetta I was mated;

THE OTHERS. In a contemplative I can prove it in a trice: fashion, etc. Though her charms are overrated, Still I own she's rather nice.



GIUSEPPE. I to Tessa, willy-nilly,

THE OTHERS. Let us grasp the All at once a victim fell. situation, etc. She is what is called a silly, Still she answers pretty well.

MARCO. Now when we were pretty babies Some one married us, that's clear—

GIANETTA. And if I can catch her I'll pinch her and scratch her And send her away with a flea in her ear.

GIUSEPPE. He whom that young lady married, To receive her can't refuse.

TESSA. If I overtake her I'll warrant I'll make her To shake in her aristocratical shoes!

GIANETTA. If she married your Giuseppe You and he will have to part—

TESSA. If I have to do it I'll warrant she'll rue it— I'll teach her to marry the man of my heart!

TESSA. If she married Messer Marco You're a spinster, that is plain—

GIANETTA. No matter—no matter. If I can get at her I doubt if her mother will know her again!

ALL. Quiet, calm deliberation Disentangles every knot!

CHORUS OF MEN, with DUKE and DUCHESS. With ducal pomp and ducal pride (Announce these comers, O ye kettle-drummers!) Comes Barataria's high-born bride. (Ye sounding cymbals clang!) She comes to claim the Royal hand— (Proclaim their Graces, O ye double basses!) Of the King who rules this goodly land. (Ye brazen brasses bang!)

DUCHESS. On the day when I was wedded To your admirable sire, I acknowledge that I dreaded An explosion of his ire. I was overcome with panic— For his temper was volcanic, And I didn't dare revolt, For I feared a thunderbolt! I was always very wary, For his fury was ecstatic— His refined vocabulary Most unpleasantly emphatic. To the thunder Of this Tartar I knocked under Like a martyr; When intently He was fuming, I was gently Unassuming— When reviling Me completely, I was smiling Very sweetly: Giving him the very best, and getting back the very worst— That is how I tried to tame your great progenitor—at first! But I found that a reliance On my threatening appearance, And a resolute defiance Of marital interference, And a gentle intimation Of

my firm determination To see what I could do To be wife and husband too Was the only thing required For to make his temper supple, And you couldn't have desired A more reciprocating couple. Ever willing To be wooing, We were billing— We were cooing; When I merely From him parted, We were nearly Broken hearted— When in sequel Reunited, We were equal— Ly delighted. So with double-shotted guns and colours nailed unto the mast, I tamed your insignificant progenitor—at last!

DUKE. To help unhappy commoners, and add to their enjoyment, Affords a man of noble rank congenial employment; Of our attempts we offer you examples illustrative: The work is light, and, I may add, it's most remunerative.

DUKE. Small titles and orders For Mayors and Records I get—and they're highly delighted—. M.P.'s baroneted, Sham Colonels gazetted, And second-rate Aldermen knighted— Foundation-stone laying I find very paying: It adds a large sum to my makings—. At charity dinners The best of speech-spinners, I get ten per cent on the takings—

DUCHESS. I present any lady Whose conduct is shady Or smacking of doubtful propriety— When Virtue would quash her, I take and white-wash her, And launch her in first-rate society— I recommend acres Of clumsy dressmakers— Their fit and their finishing touches— A sum in addition They pay for permission To say that they make for the Duchess—

DUKE. Those pressing prevailers, The ready-made tailors, Quote me as their great double-barrel— I allow them to do so, Though Robinson Crusoe Would jib at their wearing apparel— I sit, by selection, Upon the direction Of several Companies bubble— As soon as they're floated I'm freely bank-noted— I'm pretty well paid for my trouble—

DUCHESS. At middle-class party I play at ecarte— And I'm by no means a beginner— To one of my station The remuneration— Five guineas a night and my dinner— I write letters blatant On medicines patent— And use any other you mustn't— And vow my complexion Derives its perfection From somebody's soap—which it doesn't— It certainly doesn't!

DUKE. We're ready as witness To any one's fitness To fill any place or preferment— A place or preferment.

DUCHESS. We're often in waiting At junket or feting, And sometimes attend an interment—



BOTH. In short, if you'd kindle The spark of a swindle, Lure simpletons into your clutches— Yes; into your clutches. Or hoodwink a debtor, You cannot do better

DUCHESS. Than trot out a Duke or a Duchess—

DUKE. A Duke or a Duchess! I am a courtier grave and serious Who is about to kiss your hand: Try to combine a pose imperious With a demeanour nobly bland.

MARCO. and Let us combine a pose imperious

GIUSEPPE. With a demeanour nobly bland.

DUKE. That's, if anything, too unbending— Too aggressively stiff and grand; Now to the other extreme you're tending— Don't be so deucedly condescending!

DUCHESS. and Now to the other extreme you're tending—

CASILDA. Don't be so dreadfully condescending!

MARCO. and Oh, hard to please some noblemen seem!

GIUSEPPE. At first, if anything, too unbending; Off we go to the other extreme— Too confoundedly condescending!

DUKE. Now a gavotte perform sedately— Offer your hand with conscious pride; Take an attitude not too stately, Still sufficiently dignified.

MARCO. and Now for an attitude not too stately,

GIUSEPPE. Still sufficiently dignified.

DUKE. (beating Oncely, twicely—oncely, twicely— time). Bow impressively ere you glide. (They do so.) Capital both, capital both—you've caught it nicely! That is the style of thing precisely!

DUCHESS. and Capital both, capital both—they've caught it nicely!

CASILDA. That is the style of thing precisely!

MARCO. and Oh, sweet to earn a nobleman's praise!

GIUSEPPE. Capital both, capital both—we've caught it nicely! Supposing he's right in what he says, This is the style of thing precisely!

MARCO, GIUSEPPE, CASILDA, GIANETTA, TESSA. Here is a case unprecedented! Here are a King and Queen ill-starred! Ever since marriage was first invented Never was known a case so hard!

MARCO. and I may be said to have been bisected,

GIUSEPPE. By a profound catastrophe!

CASILDA, GIANETTA. Through a calamity unexpected

TESSA. I am divisible into three!

ALL. O moralists all, How can you call Marriage a state of unitee, When excellent husbands are bisected, And wives divisible into three? O moralists all, How can you call Marriage a state of union true?

DON ALHAMBRA. Now let the loyal lieges gather round— The Prince's foster-mother has been found! She will declare, to silver clarion's sound, The rightful King—let him forthwith be crowned!

ALL. Is this indeed the King? Oh, wondrous revelation! Oh, unexpected thing! Unlooked-for situation!

MARCO, GIANETTA. This statement we receive

GIUSEPPE, TESSA. With sentiments conflicting; Our hearts rejoice and grieve, Each other contradicting; To those whom we adore We can be reunited— On one point rather sore, But, on the whole, delighted!

LUIZ. When others claimed thy dainty hand, I waited—waited—waited,

DUKE. As prudence (so I understand) Dictated—tated—tated.

CASILDA. By virtue of our early vow Recorded—corded—corded,

DUCHESS. Your pure and patient love is now Rewarded—warded—warded.

ALL. Then hail, O King of a Golden Land, And the high-born bride who claims his hand! The past is dead, and you gain your own, A royal crown and a golden throne!

ALL. Once more gondolieri, Both skilful and wary, Free from this quandary Contented are we. Ah! From Royalty flying, Our gondolas plying, And merrily crying Our "preme," "stali!" Ah! So good-bye, cachucha, fandango, bolero— We'll dance a farewell to that measure— Old Xeres, adieu—Manzanilla—Montero— We leave you with feelings of pleasure!





### About The Gondoliers

In early 1889, Gilbert and Sullivan were in the midst of a dispute which began when Sullivan wrote to impresario Sir Richard D'Oyly Carte, demanding more control over the stage presentation of the musical parts. After Mrs. D'Oyly Carte intervened to negotiate between the two, the conflict was resolved, and work on the new operetta began.

The Gondoliers, the twelfth of the fourteen Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, was unveiled to the public on December 7, 1889. It ran for 554 performances at the Savoy Theatre, the theatrical venue built by partners William S. Gilbert (the librettist), Sir Arthur Sullivan (the composer) and D'Oyly Carte. A Command performance of The Gondoliers was staged for Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle in March, 1891.

Gilbert acquiesced to Sullivan's request that the music be given greater prominence. He produced a libretto which called for the longest vocal score of the Savoy Operas. For example, the opening of Act I runs for nearly 20 minutes without spoken dialogue!

Meanwhile, Sullivan's only grand opera, *Ivanhoe*, with libretto by Julian Sturgis, was written concurrently with *The Gondoliers* during the summer of 1889. It eventually opened at D'Oyly Carte's newly-completed Royal English Opera House on January 31, 1891.

Both Gilbert and Sullivan were very pleased with *The Gondoliers*. Gilbert wrote to Sullivan, "I must thank you for the magnificent work you have put into this piece. It gives one the chance of shining through the twentieth century with a reflected light." Sullivan replied, "Don't talk of reflected light. In such a perfect book as *The Gondoliers* you shine with an individual brilliancy which no other writer can hope to attain."

W. S. Gilbert wrote a large number of "ballads" for the magazine "Fun" using his pen-name "Bab." These Bab Ballads became famous on their own, as well as being a source for plots and songs for the G&S operas. The cartoons included herein are also signed "Bab."