

# LA PERICHOLE

Music by Jacques Offenbach English Version by Ronald Orenstein

## FEATURES OF THIS SHOW

Operettas are often characterized as pieces of fluff, but that is certainly not true of Offenbach's *LA PERICHOLE*. While humor is used to make its point, the show is a satire on the mistreatment of the lower classes by the nobility. It has become one of Offenbach's most popular operettas because it features a more romantic story than most of his best operettas. Many versions of the operetta have since emphasized this aspect of the show, toning down or eliminating the political satire and wit of the original. Mr. Orenstein has provided the defining English version of this great show by restoring the social criticism of the original while retaining all the flair that have made it a perennial favorite.

The lead soprano is La Perichole, a street singer based on a real person. Her poverty allows her to be coerced into becoming the Viceroy's mistress, but her love for Piquillo saves her ultimately from the fate of being used and forgotten. It sounds more like grand opera, and both the lead soprano and tenor have arias worthy of that genre.

## CAST REQUIREMENTS

The Three Cousins	Second Notary, actor
Guadalena, soprano 1	The Court Ladies
Berginella, soprano 2	Manuelita
Mastrilla, mezzo-soprano	Frasquinella
Don Pedro de Hinoyosa, Governor of Lima, tenor	Brambilla
Count Panatellas, First Gentleman, baritone	Ninetta
Don Andres de Ribeira, Viceroy of Peru, baritone	The Marquis del Tarapote, actor
Perichole, a poor street singer, soprano	The Old Prisoner, actor
Piquillo, Perichole's partner and lover, tenor	A Herald, actor
First Notary, actor	Chorus of citizens, courtesans, soldiers

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

Overture.....	Orchestra
Let's Have Some Fun.....	Chorus
Chanson of the Three Cousins.....	The Cousins & chorus
Incognito Couplets.....	Viceroy & chorus
The Spaniard and the Young Indian.....	Piquillo and Perichole
Circus Ensemble.....	Chorus
The Letter Song.....	Perichole
Entrance of the Notaries.....	Cousins, Notaries and chorus
Oh What a Wine.....	Perichole
Scene-Get It Over.....	Perichole, Viceroy, Panatellas, Hinoyosa, Piquillo & chorus
Marriage Duet.....	Piquillo, Perichole
Finale of Act 1.....	Ensemble
Entr'Acte.....	Orchestra

Gracious Me, ensemble and couplets.....	Manuelita, Frasinella, Brambilla, Ninetta & court women
Want to Win Royal Favor?.....	Court Gentlemen
Women Are The Only Things.....	Piquillo, Panatellas, Hinoyosa & chorus
When a Count Hands Over His Wife.....	Viceroy, Panatellas, Piquillo, Hinoyosa, Perichole & chorus
You Men Are All So Stupid.....	Perichole
Presentation of the Wife.....	Piquillo
Under Arrest! Finale of Act 2.....	Viceroy, Perichole & Ensemble
Entr'Acte.....	Orchestra
Bolero of Insult.....	Hinoyosa, Panatellas, Piquillo
An Honest Man Is Often Slandered.....	Piquillo
Quarrels Are Mended.....	Perichole, Piquillo
I'm The Jolliest Jailer Around.....	Viceroy, Perichole, Piquillo
You Pathetic Little Tyrant.....	Perichole, Piquillo, Viceroy
Finale of Scene 1.....	Perichole, Piquillo, Viceroy
Melodrama.....	Orchestra
Finale of Act 3.....	Ensemble

### **ORCHESTRATION**

**Full orchestration commercially available • Recording available for purchase**

1.

**ACT I**

*SCENE: A square in Lima, at a point at which several streets meet. On the left, the tavern of the Three Cousins. In front of the tavern, tables covered with goblets and drinking mugs. Facing the tavern, a little house belonging to the Viceroy. At the back, a little to the left, the notary's house. At the rise of the curtain, an excited, noisy crowd is onstage, Some are drinking at the tables or near them; others are gambling. During the opening chorus, the three cousins come and go, pouring drinks*

**No. 1 A Choeur de Fete**

*Let's have some fun, a birthday celebration,  
We'll wake the dead, we'll wake the dead.  
Since ev'ry one will get remuneration,  
So much a head, so much a head.  
Oh what a celebration.*

*We're getting paid so much a head.  
We've all been told, have a ball.  
Cheer your viceroy loud and shrill.  
There'll be booze for one and all,  
And the state will pay the bill.*

*We've all been told have a ball.  
There'll be booze for one and all,  
And the state will pay the bill.  
We'll let the state pay the bill.  
Come on, come on, come on!*

*Let's have some fun, a birthday celebration,  
We'll wake the dead we'll wake the dead.,  
Since ev'ry one will get remuneration,  
So much a head, so much a head.  
A birthday festival for ev'ry one!*

*A birthday festival for ev'ry one!  
Let's have some fun, let's have some fun!  
Oh, come on, let's have some fun!  
A birthday celebration.  
We'll wake the dead, we'll wake the dead!*

*Since ev'ry one will get remuneration,  
So much a head, so much a head.  
A birthday festival for ev'ry one!  
A birthday festival for ev'ry one!  
Let's have some fun, let's have some fun!*

2.

**B Chanson des Cousines--Guadalena**

*Come to our tavern, we three cousins offer delight to one and all.  
We have clients by the dozens, all of them dying for alcohol.  
All of them dying for alcohol.  
Who wants some wine sing loud and clear!*

*Chorus*

*Fill up, fill up, come here, come here.*

*Guadalena*

*Who wants some wine? Sing loud and clear.*

*Chorus*

*Fill up, fill up, come here, come here.*

*Guadalena*

*There is no place in all Peru, or in the territory Incan.  
Better to buy a drink or two, or else get absolutely stinkin'.  
We've got the liquor that's right for you.  
There is no better place to drink in,  
all of our customers know it's true.  
So drink a toast to your three cousins.*

*Berginella*

*We come single, double, or triple; just ask for her, and her, and me.  
That is providing, once you tippie, you're still able to count to three.  
Who wants some wine? Sing loud and clear!*

*Chorus*

*Fill up, fill up come here, come here.*

*Berginella*

*Who wants some wine? Sing loud and clear!*

*Chorus*

*Fill up, fill up come here, come here.*

*Mastrilla*

*When you are underneath the table, lying unconscious on the floor,  
we've a free service if you're able, we'll gladly roll you out the door.  
Who wants some wine? Sing loud and clear.*

3.

*Chorus*

*Fill up, fill up, come here, come here*

*Mastrilla*

*Who wants some wine? Sing loud and clear.*

*Chorus*

*Fill up, fill up, come here, come here!*

*All*

*There's no place in all Peru like the three cousin's cantina*

*There is no place in all Peru quite like the three cousin's fine cantina.*

DON PEDRO: (Carrying a basket of beans) Beans; Beans; Nice, fresh beans! Beans: Beans !  
They're good for your ... Ah, the three cousins! (*HE HAS WORKED  
HIMSELF OVER TO GUADALENA*)

GUADALENA: Yes? DON PEDRO: Well, how do I look?

BERGINELLA: What is he talking about?

DON PEDRO: Oh, good: You don't recognise me.

MASTRILLA: (*COMES CLOSER*) Oh, my God! (*TRIES HARD TO SUPPRESS  
LAUGHTER*)

GUADALENA: (*COMING CLOSER*) What have we here, cousins?

BERGINELLA: (*COMING CLOSER*) Senor Don Pedro de Hinoyosa:

MASTRILLA: His Excellency, the governor of Lima, disguised as a vegetable salesman;  
(*VERY PATRONISING*) Oh, but you do look just like one;

DON PEDRO: (*A BIT ANNOYED*) Well, I fooled you, didn't I? Now, tell me, is everyone  
having a good time here? Making a lot of noise, getting drunk, that sort of  
thing?

GUADALENA: (*AS A CHORISTER BELCHES LOUDLY*) Sounds that way, doesn't it?

DON PEDRO: Please, please, this is important. Today is the Viceroy's birthday, and  
everyone has to have a good time. If people aren't having a good time, the  
Viceroy will think Lima is badly governed, and, if the Viceroy thinks Lima is  
badly governed, I might lose my job; (*GETTING ANXIOUS*) I like my job.

4.

BERGINELLA: There, there, don't worry. Everyone is having a wonderful time.

MASTRILLA: We've already handed out enough rotgut to keep the whole city drunk for three weeks.

DON PEDRO: That's wonderful: What civic pride! Well, señoritas, don't stop now – more wine! More song! More laughter:

GUADALENA: You heard him, everybody! Sing!

**No 1 REPRISÉ DE CHOUER---Guad, Berg, Mast and chorus**

*There is no place in all Peru like the three cousin's cantina,*

*There is no place in all Peru quite like the three cousins' cantina*

PANATELLAS: *(ENTERING WITH A BASKET OF ROLLS)* Rolls: Delicate, buttery little rolls! Get your brioches here, delicately seasoned with just a soupçon of salt: Purchase your elegant little croissants here!

DON PEDRO: Excuse me, your excellency...

PANATELLAS: *(STARTLED)* What? *(SEEING DON PEDRO)* How did you recognise me?

DON PEDRO: Will your excellency permit me to point out that you don't quite have the right tone for a street crier. And besides, I'd be a poor governor if I didn't recognise Senor the Count of Panatellas, first gentleman of the viceregal chamber.  
*(HE BOWS)*

PANATELLAS: Well informed, are you, sir? Be so good as to tell me, then, what took place at the palace just half an hour since.

DON PEDRO: But of course. Precisely thirty minutes ago, the kitchen door of the palace creaked open, and out crept a man disguised as a simple priest. With his face hidden beneath the brow of his shovel hat, he stole away and disappeared down the street.

PANATELLAS: Well?

DON PEDRO: That man was none other than Don Andres de Ribeira, Viceroy of Peru!

PANATELLAS: Very good, very good. Now, sir... tell me why our beloved Viceroy would do such a thing.

DON PEDRO: You do ask me all the easy ones. Every year, on his birthday, our beloved Viceroy disguises himself, so that he may pass among his people and learn what they really think of his administration.

5.

PANATELLAS: And will he find that out today?

DON PEDRO: Good Lord, of course not! You must be joking. I, sir, have taken my precautions. (*CASTANETS SOUND OFFSTAGE*) Ah. That's what I was waiting for.

PANATELLAS: And what, pray, was that?

DON PEDRO: That, your Excellency, was a signal. The Viceroy will be here in two minutes.

PANATELLAS: (*IMPRESSED*) Sir, I congratulate you. You have performed splendidly. As a reward, I will permit you a familiarity of the third degree... You may call me Miguel.

DON PEDRO: Oh, thank you, Miguel, thank you (*ECSTATIC*).

PANATELLAS: But not too often.

A CHORUS MAN; (*ENTERING HURRIEDLY*) The Viceroy! Here comes the Viceroy!  
(*THE CHORUS ENTERS, AND THE THREE COUSINS EMERGE FROM THE SHOP*).

## No. 2 A CHORUS

*Look out, our viceroy's on his way, we've got to humor him today.  
Though his disguise is quite absurd, it's safer not to breathe a word.  
No, no, not one word, we don't dare to breathe a word  
His costume really is absurd, but we don't dare to breathe a word.  
No, no, not a single word. No, no, not a single word.*

## No 2 B INCOGNITO-Viceroy

*Viceroy*

*Without a whisper to a soul, through a gate along a garden wall,  
Forgetting all my self-control, I escaped from crown and robes and all.  
With this costume to disguise me, I'm free to sneak about like so....  
For no one hear can recognize me, they'll never recognize me, they'll never  
recognize me incognito, incognito, incognito. incognito.  
A viceroy's life can be such a bore is it a wonder I adore incognito.  
A viceroy's life can be such a bore is it a wonder I adore incognito?*

*Chorus*

*Let's respect his incognito, let's respect his incognito.*

6.

*Viceroy*

*Although I know that this must seem a quite outlandish thing to do,  
It's hard to see the sights of Lima when you're the viceroy of Peru.  
Liman ladies are the sweetest, from Argentina to Mexico.  
So I'll flirt with all the señoritas, with all the señoritas, the pretty señoritas.  
Incognito, incognito, incognito, incognito.  
A viceroy's life can be such a bore is it a wonder that I adore incognito.  
A viceroy's life can be such a bore is it a wonder that I adore incognito?*

*Chorus*

*Let's respect his incognito, let's respect his incognito.*

DON ANDRES: *(SITTING AT A TABLE NEXT TO DON PEDRO AND PANATELLAS)* My dear, please bring me a glass of chicha.

GUADALENA: *(TRYING TO BE SERIOUS)* Oh, of course, señor p-p-padre *(SHE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING AND EXITS)*.

DON ANDRES: A happy child. *(SEEING BERGINELLA)* Ah, come here, my dear.

BERGINELLA: Of course, señor padre. *(ALSO TRYING TO KEEP FROM LAUGHING)*.

DON ANDRES: You run this little tavern, don't you?

BERGINELLA: Yes, with my two cousins, p-padre.

DON ANDRES: That's splendid. And how is business?

BERGINELLA: It's..it's... *(LOSING CONTROL)* You'd better ask Mastrilla, P-P-P-ha ha ha ha ha! *(LAUGHS EVEN LOUDER THAN GUADALENA, EXITS LAUGHING)*

DON ANDRES: Hm; Well, I'll try again. *(TO MASTRILLA, WHO HAS BROUGHT HIM HIS DRINK)* Now tell me, my dear.....

MASTRILLA: Ha ha ha ha ha! *(SHE LAUGHS LOUDEST OF ALL, AND STUMBLES OUT ROARING WITH LAUGHTER)*

DON ANDRES: It must run in the family. Oh, well, they are laughing. *(TO DON PEDRO)* That means they must be happy, eh? Life must be pretty good here, eh? There mustn't be anything to complain about, hm?

DON PEDRO: Long live the Viceroy!



7.

DON ANDRES: Well, isn't that nice; Thank you. (*RECOLLECTING HIMSELF*) I mean, how patriotic of you. But surely there must be something to complain about, even with the Viceroy. I mean, nobody's perfect. Don't you agree, sir? (*TO PANATELLAS*)

PANATELLAS: Long live the Viceroy!

DON ANDRES: But...

PANATELLAS: Long live the Viceroy!

DON ANDRES: Is that all you can say?

PANATELLAS: That's all I know.

DON ANDRES: But...

ALL: Long live the Viceroy!

DON ANDRES: My, things are going beautifully in this neighborhood.

DON PEDRO: (*QUICKLY*) Things are going beautifully all over Lima:

DON ANDRES: Really?

PANATELLAS: Would you like to see?

DON ANDRES: I would indeed.

PANATELLAS: Let's go, then. (*DON PEDRO AND PANATELLAS GET THE VICEROY UP FROM HIS SEAT AND TAKEs HIM OUT ARM IN ARM, SHOUTING "Long live the Viceroy:" - DON ANDRES FINALLY JOINS IN*)

**(NO. 3 - ENTRANCE OF PERICHOLE AND PIQUILLO (ORCHESTRA))**

PIQUILLO: (*TO GUADALENA, WHO HAS ENTERED*) My lady, you will permit me?

GUADALENA: With pleasure, my boy, with pleasure.

PIQUILLO: Thank you, my lady; my lady, thank you very much. We hope to entertain you with our finest performance. (*HE SPREADS OUT A RUG AS A SORT OF MAKESHIFT STAGE*)

PERICHOLE: Piquillo?

PIQUILLO: Yes?

PERICHOLE: Are you still planning to take the collection yourself?

8.

PIQUILLO: Yes, I am. And you know perfectly well why. I know what happens when you do it. I see all those men looking you over, and I don't like it one bit.

PERICHOLE: Well, I always seem to be able to get us some money, and that's more than you can say.

PIQUILLO: We'll see about that. Are you ready?

PERICHOLE: Of course I'm ready.

PIQUILLO: Then don't argue with me. *(ANNOUNCING)* "The Conquistador and the Indian Maiden!"

**(No. 4) DUET- Piquillo and Perichole**

*Piquillo*

*Conquistador, behold your lovely captive:  
an Indian maid whose eyes are wide with fear.  
But though you find her extremely attractive,  
uphold the honor of a Spanish cavalier.  
So give your word: "A Spaniard shall possess you, but as his bride,  
And never as his slave. I mean to cherish, not to oppress you.  
That's how a Spaniard should behave."*

*Piquillo and Perichole*

*Oh, what a man, no one can love the way a Spaniard can.  
Oh, what a man, no one can love the way a Spaniard can.*

*Perichole*

*Conquistador, again you've made a capture: your Indian maid,  
Her eyes a dazzling fire. For in her heart she feels silent rapture,  
You can be sure she will grant your desire. For in a year,  
As proof of her surrender, somewhere beneath a parasol will lie  
A tiny child so soft and tender, to whom she'll sing this lullaby:*

*Piquillo and Perichole*

*You'll be a man, you'll be a man, no one can love the way a Spaniard can.  
You'll be a man, you'll be a man, no one can love the way a Spaniard can.*

PIQUILLO: *(PASSING HIS HAT ROUND)* Something for the singers, ladies and gentlemen...a little token of appreciation for the lady...*(THEY IGNORE HIM)*  
Oh, forget it.

PERICHOLE: What did I tell you? And now, sir, it's my turn.

9.

PIQUILLO: Oh, all right. But I'm not taking my eyes off you.

PERICHOLE: Oh, be reasonable for a change. And don't ruin it with your big mouth.

PIQUILLO: Hah!

PERICHOLE: Come on, now, gentlemen, don't be miserly in front of a lady.  
Come on, just a little something, you handsome devil, you! *(TO A FAT MAN)*

FAT MAN: *(DRUNK)* Here's something just for you, sweetheart. *(OFFERS MONEY, AND TAKES PERICHOLE'S HAND)*

PIQUILLO: All right, fatso, I saw that! Keep your blubbery paws away from her.

FAT MAN: My mistake. *(HE POCKETS HIS MONEY)*

SKINNY MAN: My dear girl, let me make this offering to your beauty! *(HE BOWS DRUNKENLY, HOLDING OUT A PURSE - PIQUILLO COMES BETWEEN HIM AND PERICHOLE)*

PIQUILLO: Well, my ratty little friend... Putting on airs, are we?

PERICHOLE: *(DISGUSTED)* Oh, forget the whole thing.

PIQUILLO: See? You didn't do any better than I did.

PERICHOLE: That didn't count.

PIQUILLO: Well, now what?

PERICHOLE: We'd better sing something else. And then I'll take the collection my way.  
*(ANNOUNCING)* "The caballero's wooing."

## **NO. 5 SEGUEDILLA- Piquillo And Perichole**

### *Piquillo*

*Now tell me love I pray, or sing me in a ditty,  
Now tell me love I pray, do people think you're pretty?*

### *Perichole*

*They tell me every day in accents so adoring,  
They tell me every day I find it rather boring.*

10.

*Piquillo*

*Now what if I propose, though with some hesitation,  
Now what if I propose just a harmless flirtation?*

*Perichole*

*I'd listen I suppose to the words that you'd proffer.  
I'd listen I suppose if you'd make me an offer.*

*Both*

*Make an offer? Make an offer? Ah.....*

*Piquillo*

*So come my little beauty, let's ride away together.*

*Perichole*

*Hold on there, not so fast, my friend, don't rush to slip your tether.*

*Piquillo*

*My horse is set to bear us, it's hard to hold him steady.*

*Perichole*

*You'd better hold your horses, friend, you've gone too far already.*

*Both*

*Hop la, hop la, hop la, hop la, hold your horses, old fellow.  
( golden horse, mi caballo)  
You've gone much to far already  
hop la, hop la , hop la, hop la, hold your horses old fellow.  
(golden horse mi caballo)  
You've already gone too far.*

*Piquillo*

*Well, what if I should say, I see where this is heading  
Well what if I should say I promise you a wedding?*

*Perichole*

*Now that's the proper way, the sort of thing to mention.  
Now that's the proper way to gain a girl's attention.*

*Piquillo*

*I'll marry you at once, oh my love, oh my dearest.  
I'll marry you at once. Which cathedral is nearest?*

11.

*Perichole*

*You'll marry me at once? Well I never could do it  
You see, you little dunce, someone else beat you to it.*

*Both*

*Beat me to it, beat me to it. Ah.....*

*Piquillo*

*Oh well, my little beauty, let's ride away together*

*Perichole*

*Hold on there not so fast, my friend, don't rush to slip your tether.*

*Piquillo*

*My horse is set to bear us, it's hard to hold him steady.*

*Perichole*

*You'd better hold your horses, friend, you've gone too far already.*

*Both*

*hop la hop la, hop la, hop la, hold your horses, old fellow  
(golden horse mi caballo)  
we've (you've ) gone much too far already.  
hop la, hop la, hop la, hop la  
Hold your horses, old fellow (golden horse mi caballo)  
You've (we've) already gone too far.*

*(AT THE END OF THIS SONG, PERICHOLE STARTS TO TAKE UP THE  
COLLECTION BUT IS INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE CIRCUS TROUPE)*

## **No. 6 CHORUS OF SALTIBANQUES AND PEOPLE**

*Step right up and come to the show, dancing dogs all ready to go.  
That's for me, I'm off to the show I love a dog act. Let's all go!*

PIQUILLO;        Look at that! What a way to treat serious artists!

PERICHOLE:     Some artists! We can't even compete with a dog act. Well, what have  
you got?

PIQUILLO:        Nothing.

PERICHOLE:     That' s not enough.

12.

PIQUILLO: Well, what have you got?

PERICHOLE: I've got an appetite.

PIQUILLO: And that's too much.

PERICHOLE: (*ANNOYED*) I know perfectly well that it's too much! But it isn't my fault.

PIQUILLO: Oh, darling, I'm sorry. You still love me, don't you?

PERICHOLE: Of course I still love you.

PIQUILLO: You're the only thing I have in life! Of course, I'm the only thing you have...at least, I think so...Tell me that you love me again.

PERICHOLE All right, all right, I love you. You know I do; why are you so worried?

PIQUILLO: Oh, I'm just afraid that one day you'll get tired of never having anything to eat, and you'll...you'll...

PERICHOLE: Don't be silly. Actually, I rather like starving. Keeps my figure in good shape.

PIQUILLO: Really?

PERICHOLE: Really.

PIQUILLO: Oh, that's wonderful. This talk has given me courage. Onward, La Perichole, onward!

PERICHOLE: Where?

PIQUILLO: We're singers, aren't we? Let's go sing someplace else. We can't do any worse than we did here.

PERICHOLE: Go ahead, if you want to. I haven't got the strength to budge.

PIQUILLO: What are you going to do, then?

PERICHOLE: (*LYING DOWN AGAINST THE TAVERN WALL*) I'm going to stretch out here and try to get some sleep. You go sing.

PIQUILLO: I hate leaving you.. I get so worried... I wish we could get married!

PERICHOLE- So do I, so do I... We've been through this before...

PIQUILLO: It costs four piastres for a marriage license. Four piastres:  
The Viceroy ought to be ashamed of himself...what a rotten country;

13.

PERICHOLE: I know, I know.

PIQUILLO: I'm going now, darling..

PERICHOLE: (*VERY SLEEPY*) Good, good.

PIQUILLO; (*TURNING BACK*) You do love me, don't you?

PERICHOLE: I love you, I adore you, go away.

PIQUILLO: I'm off to earn our dinner... mi mi mi.. (*EXITS, SINGING REFRAIN OF THE SEGUIDILLE OR COMPLAINTE, AS PREFERRED*)

(*ENTER DON ANDRES*)

DON ANDRES: Things are going beautifully, are they? Long live the Viceroy; Everyone is shouting, long live the viceroy! Particularly those two gentlemen who carried me off just now. I finally recognised them - the first gentleman of my chamber, and the governor of the city. Ah, truth: truth! Who will tell me the truth?

PERICHOLE: (*ASLEEP*) What a rotten country;

DON ANDRES: What was that?

PERICHOLE: (*VERY GROGGY*) Viceroy should be shamed of himself.

DON ANDRES: The truth at last! Who said it? (*LOOKS AROUND, SEES LA PERICHOLE*) It's a woman... young... looks pretty... can't see her face... Oh, senorita... (*HE NUDGES HER*)

PERICHOLE: (*AS SHE ROLLS OVER*) Is that you? Have you got our dinner yet?

DON ANDRES: (*SEEING HER FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME*) My God! (*HE STEPS BACK, THUNDERSTRUCK, CLUTCHING HIS HEART*) What has happened to me?

PERICHOLE: (*WAKING UP ALL THE WAY*) What? What?

DON ANDRES: (*BREATHLESSLY*) It's nothing... I'm what poets call thunder-struck...Ah; Love! I'm in love!

PERICHOLE: You're not sick, are you?

DON ANDRES: No, no... I'm overwhelmed with passion, that's all... Quick; Quick; Tell me your name!

LA PERICHOLE: La Perichole.

DON AND RES: You're not Truth, are you? I thought you were Truth.

14.

PERICHOLE: What are you talking about?

DON ANDRES: Nothing, nothing. Don't mind me...tell me about yourself.

PERICHOLE: What's to tell?

DON ANDRES: What do you do?

PERICHOLE: I'm a singer.

DON ANDRES: Ah, a musician!

PERICHOLE: That too.

DON ANDRES: Are you married?

PERICHOLE: No.

DON ANDRES: And... Oh, my God, this is the big question... no lover?

PERICHOLE: What's that to you?

DON ANDRES: You can tell me... you never know, the right answer might be worth something to you... well?

PERICHOLE; *(AFTER CHECKING TO SEE THAT PIQUILLO IS NOT IN SIGHT)*  
No... no lovers.

DON ANDRES: Oh, that's wonderful... all your troubles are over... Come along now.

PERICHOLE: Hey! Wait a minute! Where do you think you're taking me?

DON ANDRES: To the Viceroy's palace, of course.

PERICHOLE; The Viceroy's palace! What in the world would I do at the Viceroy's palace?

DON ANDRES: You, my dear, will occupy a position of honor and prestige. You will be first lady-in-waiting to the Viceroy's wife!

PERICHOLE The Viceroy's wife?

DON ANDRES: I understand your astonishment, my dear. It is true that the Viceroy had the misfortune to lose his beloved wife many years ago, but so dearly did he love her that he tries to keep about him anything that reminds him of her. Especially ladies-in-waiting. I love ladies-in-waiting.

PERICHOLE You love... Who are you, anyway?

DON ANDRES: My dear, my heartiest congratulations-. You have won the heart of none other than Don Andres de Ribeira, your beloved Viceroy. Now, let's be off to the palace.



15.

PERICHOLE: Not so fast! How do I know that you really are the Viceroy?

DON ANDRES: How can you doubt the word of a man of the cloth?

PERICHOLE: Don't play games with me. If you're the Viceroy, prove it.

DON ANDRES: Very well. Look at this. (*HE PRODUCES A COIN*)

PERICHOLE: What's that?

DON ANDRES: It's a piastre, of course.

PERICHOLE: A piaster! (*SNATCHES IT*) So that's a piaster!

DON ANDRES: (*INDICATING ITS FACE*) And what do you see there?

PERICHOLE: (*STUDYING THE COIN*) That profile! Where have I seen that profile?

DON ANDRES: (*POSING*) Behold!

PERICHOLE: My God, it's you! Take off twenty years or so, fix the nose up a bit, and it's you!

DON ANDRES: (*A BIT CRESTFALLEN, ASIDE*) Well, I said I wanted the truth. (*ALOUD*) Well? What do you say now?

PERICHOLE: (*ASIDE, ANXIOUSLY*) What am I going to do? Perhaps Piquillo would be better off by himself... but how can I do this to him...if he'd only come back;

DON ANDRES: My dear, must you talk to yourself like that? I asked you, do you believe me now?

PERICHOLE: No, I don't. Maybe lots of men look like the Viceroy. I don't know who you are.

DON ANDRES: All right, then. (*SHOUTING*) Down with the Viceroy;

PERICHOLE: Are you crazy?

DON ANDRES: Not if I really am the Viceroy. Care to join me?

PERICHOLE: I'll be glad to.

BOTH: Down with the Viceroy! Down with the Viceroy!

[*ENTER DON PEDRO AND PANATELLAS*]

DON PEDRO: Who said that? Who said that?

PANATELLAS: How dare you?

DON ANDRES: Good day, gentlemen.

16.

PANATELLAS: Your Excellency!!

DON PEDRO: Excuse us, your Excellency! We didn't know that you were planning a little joke.

DON ANDRES: *(TO LA PERICHOLE)* Convinced, my dear?

PERICHOLE: Yes, now.

DON ANDRES: Well?

PERICHOLE: All right, I'm coming. But first... ! have to write a letter to... someone...

DON ANDRES: A letter? To whom?

LA PERICHOLE: To...ah...my mother, sir.

DON ANDRES: Ah! What a relief! My dear, you will never know how much you frightened me.

*[LA PERICHOLE WITHDRAWS TO WRITE HER LETTER]*

PANATELLAS: *(GENTLY DRAWING DON ANDRES ASIDE)* Your Excellency, may we confer with you a moment?

DON PEDRO: That woman, your Excellency...

DON ANDRES: Well?

PANATELLAS: Your Excellency, we would not normally presume to interfere in your personal... ah... affairs, but protocol is protocol. As your Grand Chamberlain, I must ask you to which rank of mistress you intend to assign her.

DON ANDRES: The highest, my friend, the very highest. She will occupy the third apartment on the left.

PANATELLAS: The one formerly occupied by the Duchess of Acapulco?

DON ANDRES: The very same. Does that fact bother you, gentlemen?

PANATELLAS: No, your Excellency, the fact doesn't bother us..

DON PEDRO: The law bothers us.

PANATELLAS: You see, your Excellency, there are certain restrictions involved here.

DON PEDRO: Your Excellency is a widower, and has arrived at the age when... when... pardon me, your Excellency, when...

17.

PANATELLAS: When a man is, shall we say, more susceptible? Therefore, as a safeguard, the law decrees that, in such circumstances, your highness cannot... ah... sublet the third apartment on the left to any lady who is not married.

DON PEDRO: Is she married, your Excellency?

DON ANDRES: No, gentlemen, she is not. But surely, in the case of a lady of such obvious refinement...

PERICHOLE: *(CALLING)* Hey, Viceroy!

DON ANDRES: Yes, my love?

PERICHOLE: You wouldn't happen to have any more of those little profile portraits with you, would you?

DON ANDRES: What for, my dear?

PERICHOLE: For my mother, like I said...

DON ANDRES: *(GIVING HER A PURSE)* Anything you desire, my love. As soon as you have finished that letter, you and I will go into a little house I own right across the square, and have dinner together. How would you like that?

PERICHOLE: Dinner? Did you say dinner?

DON ANDRES: Of course, my love.

PERICHOLE: God, I'm starved. I hope you've got a lot of food over there. I'll be finished in a minute.

PANATELLAS: You were saying, your Excellency?

DON ANDRES: Very well, gentlemen. I thank you for reminding me of my duty. Therefore, I charge you, senor Grand Chamberlain, to find me some poor devil who'll act as a temporary bridegroom, and you, senor Governor, to find me a notary who will perform the ceremony at once. And, gentlemen, if the whole matter isn't arranged in one hour, I will strip you both of all your titles, privileges, and positions. Now, if you will excuse me, I have a dinner to arrange. *(EXIT)*

DON PEDRO: Miguel, what are we going to do?

PANATELLAS: I don't know about you, Pedro, but I am going to find a bridegroom. *(EXIT TO TAVERN)*

DON PEDRO: Oh, dear, oh, dear...wait - I know a notary who lives on the other side of the square... I hope I can talk him into it! *(EXIT)*

18.

PERICHOLE     *(ABSORBED)* Ah, Piquillo, poor Piquillo! What will you say when you receive this letter?

### **No. 7 THE LETTER OF PERICHOLE**

*My darling Piquillo, this letter is a thing that I write with pain,  
For though I could not love you better, I shall never see you again.  
My dearest, I wish I were stronger, but hunger has torn at my heart,  
And I cannot endure this much longer, it's better that we two should part.  
For our love cannot live with privation; believe me, I know it is true.  
If I am tortured, my dear, with starvation, how can I be loving to you?  
If we live long in this fashion, my last ounce of strength will have passed.  
Rather than sighs filled with passion, my darling, I shall breathe my last.  
I am sure that this letter will hurt you, try to trust me; if you do,  
You can always rely on my virtue, for I'll always be faithful to you.  
Oh my dearest, you've got to believe me, it is you, only you I adore.  
Now goodbye, my Piquillo, forgive me. Oh, my love, I can bear it no more.*

PERICHOLE Well, that's that! Hey you, in the tavern... could you come here?

GUAD.         What can we do for you, my dear?

PERICHOLE Would you please give this letter to the handsome fellow I was singing with, when he returns?

MAST.         What if he doesn't come back?

PERICHOLE Oh, I'm sure he'll be back. And without any money. Could you give him this money for me, as well?

DON AND.     *(RETURNING)* Dinner is waiting, my dear.

PERICHOLE All right, all right, I'm coming. *(SHE PICKS UP THE RUG SHE AND PIQUILLO WERE PERFORMING ON)*

DON AND.     What are you doing?

PERICHOLE Ah... *(DROPS THE RUG AND EXITS WITH DON ANDRES)*

GUAD.         Well, cousins, what should we do?

MAST.         Give him the letter, of course.

GUAD.         Of course.

MAST.         And the money?

19.

BERG. We will have to keep part of that, for sure, for the postage. Oh, here he comes!

PIQUILLO Two lousy maravedis! (*BITES THEM*) Hey! One of them is counterfeit! Poor Perichole. Is it worth waking her up for this? Say, where is she?

GUAD. Oh, handsome singer...

MAST. We have a letter for you...

BERG. And some change.

PIQUILLO A letter? (*STARTS TO READ*) Oh, my God! This is all I needed.

GUAD. Would you like a drink or something?

PIQUILLO: No, no, thank you... please leave me alone for a while. [*GUADALENA MOTIONS TO BERGINELLA AND MASTRILLA; THE THREE EXIT*]

**(NO. 7BIS - MELODRAME)**

PIQUILLO: (*READING THE LETTER, SPOKEN OVER MUSIC*)

"Oh, my dearest, you've got to believe me -  
It is you-, only you, I adore -  
Now goodbye! Oh, Piquillo, forgive me;  
Oh, my love, I can bear it no more:"  
Wonderful. Just wonderful. Well, my poor Piquillo, I think you have sung  
your last song.

"You can always rely on my virtue -For I shall always be faithful to you."  
Oh, yes, I certainly can rely on it - I can see how much I can rely on it;  
Ah, Perichole, Perichole!

(*AS MUSIC ENDS, HE SEES A ROPE ON STAGE*)

A rope; Just what I need - nobody will mind if I borrow it for a while -now,  
someplace to tie it – there (*FINDS A HOOK*) -and a stool;

(*CLIMBS ON THE STOOL, TIES THE NOOSE AND PUTS IT AROUND HIS NECK*)

Now, all I have to do is kick the stool. (*LONG PAUSE*) It's really very easy.  
(*ANOTHER LONG PAUSE*) All right - one.... two...three; (*ANOTHER LONG  
PAUSE*) Maybe the rope won't hold -I'd better check it. (*HE STARTS TO TAKE  
THE ROPE OFF HIS NECK*)

[*PANATELLAS COMES OUT OF THE TAVERN IN A FURY*]

PANATELLAS: Find a bridegroom, he says. In an hour, he says. Hah!

20.

*(WITHOUT LOOKING, HE KICKS THE STOOL VIOLENTLY -PIQUILLO, CLUTCHING THE ROPE, FALLS ON TOP OF HIM)*

PIQUILLO: Oh my God! Oh my God! *(PANIC-STRICKEN)*

PANATELLAS: What? Help! Help! *(ALSO PANIC-STRICKEN)*

*[THE THREE COUSINS RUN IN]*

PANATELLAS: That man - he was up there - he was hanging himself!

GUADALENA: *(FRIGHTENED)* My Lord, it wasn't our fault - we...

PANATELLAS: Never mind. *(QUICKLY, TO PIQUILLO)* Are you married?

PIQUILLO: What?

PANATELLAS: Are you married?

PIQUILLO: No.

PANATELLAS: Wonderful: *(TO THE THREE COUSINS)* Take him inside. Give him something to drink. Keep him occupied: Hurry! Go!

PIQUILLO: Who kicked the stool? It wasn't me! It wasn't me!

*[EXEUNT THE THREE COUSINS WITH PIQUILLO. ENTER DON ANDRES]*

DON ANDRES: *(TO MASTRILLA, WHO HAS NOT QUITE LEFT THE STAGE)* Hey! You, miss innkeeper! *(MASTRILLA STOPS)* A bottle of Malaga, quickly!

MASTRILLA: Right away, senor p-p-padre! *(SHE EXITS INTO THE INN, LAUGHING)*

DON ANDRES: That woman is far too happy! Well, my friend? Have you found a bridegroom?

PANATELLAS: I think so, your Excellency.

DON ANDRES: Ah, my friend, what an angel that woman is! What beauty! What grace! What an appetite! I should have her perfectly content to get married with a few glasses of Malaga.

PANATELLAS: Then, your Excellency, please permit me to withdraw. I must interview my candidate at once.

DON ANDRES: Go, go. And tell that girl to hurry! *(EXIT PANATELLAS TO THE TAVERN)*

*(ENTER DON PEDRO, HASTILY)*

21.

DON PEDRO: Madeira! I need Madeira! (*SEES DON ANDRES*) Oh, your Excellency, we're in luck. The notary across the square was not only at home, he had another notary with him!

DON ANDRES: And are they willing to perform the ceremony?

DON PEDRO: Well, no, your Excellency, not yet... but after a bottle of Madeira, sir, they ought to be.

*[ENTER MASTRILLA WITH THE MALAGA]*

MASTRILLA: Your Malaga, senior.

DON ANDRES: Thank you, my dear (*PAYS FOR WINE AND EXITS WITH IT*)

DON PEDRO: Mastrilla, I need a bottle of Madeira at once.

MASTRILLA: Right away, senior Governor. (*SHOUTING*) One bottle of Madeira, to go!

GUADALENA: (*WITHIN*) Coming right up:

*[ENTER PANATELLAS]*

PANATELLAS: Port: I need port!

MASTRILLA: Right away, your lordship. (*EXIT TO TAVERN*)

PANATELLAS: I can't understand that man: He'd rather commit suicide than get married!

DON PEDRO: You mean you've found a bridegroom?

PANATELLAS: Not unless I can get him drunk first. (*SHOUTING*) Have you got anything stronger than port?

*[ENTER GUADALENA WITH WINE]*

GUADALENA: Who ordered the Madeira?

DON PEDRO: Quickly, quickly. Give it to me.! (*PAYS FOR WINE AND EXITS*)

*[ENTER DON ANDRES]*

DON ANDRES: Xeres: I need Xeres;

GUADALENA: Right away, your Excellency. (*EXIT*)

DON ANDRES: (*ASTONISHED*) How did she know... (*TO PANATELLAS*) Never mind. Has your man agreed?

PANATELLAS: Not yet, your Excellency.

22.

DON ANDRES: Neither has she... I hope that the Xeres will convince her. Tell your man that if he agrees I will create him Marquis of Mancanares and Baron del Tabago.

PANATELLAS: Certainly, your Excellency.

DON ANDRES; It may not help, but it can't hurt.

*[ENTER MASTRILLA AND GUADALENA]*

MASTRILLA: Here is the Port! GUADALENA: Here is the Xeres:

*[DON ANDRES AND PANATELLAS PAY AND EXIT; GUADALENA AND MASTRILLA THEN EXIT, AFTER SIGHING WITH RELIEF. DON PEDRO ENTERS, SLIGHTLY TIPSY]*

DON PEDRO: Alicante! The other one wants Alicante!

*[ENTER BERGINELLA]*

BERGINELLA: May I help you, sir?

DON PEDRO: Bring me a bottle of Alicante. *[EXIT BERGINELLA]*

DON PEDRO: They don't want to perform a marriage ceremony. All they want to do is get drunk. I'm getting drunk!

*[ENTER BERGINELLA, HASTILY]*

BERGINELLA: Your Alicante, sir.

DON PEDRO: Bring it along; I can't carry it!

*[EXIT DON PEDRO WITH BERGINELLA. ENTER PANATELLAS AND DON ANDRES]*

DON ANDRES Well, my friend?

PANATELLAS: Well, your highness?

DON ANDRES: She consents, my friend, she consents! But I don't feel well.

PANATELLAS: Neither do I. But I have succeeded!

DON ANDRES: Your man agrees?

PANATELLAS: Yes, your Excellency, but I had to get him so drunk that he can't walk ten steps.



23.

DON ANDRES: Fine! Then we'll hold the wedding right here.

*[ENTER GUADALENA AND MASTRILLA]*

DON ANDRES: *(TO THE COUSINS)* Tell that to your friends and neighbors, cousins; There'll be a wedding right here, in ten minutes. Tell everybody!

GUADALENA: Right away, your Excellency.

DON ANDRES: She recognized me:

*[ENTER DON PEDRO, DRUNK, HELD UP BY BERGINELLA]*

DON PEDRO: I've done it! I've done it! The notaries are coming!

DON ANDRES: Splendid!

DON PEDRO: *(REELING)* It's splendid! It's wonderful! We're gonna have a wedding! Everybody; Come on; Hooray! I'm not gonna lose my job! *(COLLAPSES AT A TABLE)* I don't feel well.

*(WHEN THE TWO NOTARIES ENTER, DON PEDRO GETS UP AND GOES TO THEM: THEY CLUTCH HIS ARMS FRANTICALLY, AND ALL THREE ALMOST COLLAPSE IN A HEAP BEFORE THE NOTARIES START TO SING)*

## **No. 8A CHORUS, COUSINS AND NOTARIES**

### *Chorus and Cousins*

*Hey there, hey, come every one. This should really be lots of fun,  
For right here, on this very spot, two young people will tie the knot.  
And then we'll toast each happy spouse, for all the drinks are on the house.*

*Guadalena: Here come the officials, the notaries are here, set to begin!*

*Beginella: The finest notaries in town...*

*Mastrilla: ... if they can keep from falling down.*

### *Notaries 1&2*

*Hold on tight and don't let go,  
Everything is wobbling so, I'm drunk, I'm drunk,  
Hold on and don't let go.  
#1: First Madeira, fine and clear...  
#2: Brother what a vintage year.  
#1: Washed down with an ancient sherry...  
#2: Ah, brother, now I feel so merry.*

24.

*#1: Followed by an alicante...*

*#2: Brother, what more do you want?*

*#1: Then at last a muscatel...*

*#2: Brother I don't feel too well.*

*Chorus: The finest notaries in town!*

*Notaries: Hold on tight and don't let go, everything is wobbling so.*

*Chorus and Cousins: If they can keep from falling down.*

*Notaries: Hold on tight and don't let go everything is wobbling so.*

*Hold on and don't let go, hold on and don't let go.*

*Chorus and Cousins:*

*Ah, they're the finest in the town when they can keep from falling down.*

*Hinoyosa: Come now, good sirs, let go my arms and try to pull yourselves together.*

*Viceroy: I say, is everything prepared?*

*Hinoyosa: In scrupulous detail, my lord.*

*Viceroy: Here comes the bride to be.*

*Chorus and Cousins: Here comes the bride to be*

*Viceroy: She looks tipsy to me. It suits her very well.*

*Chorus and Cousins: She's drunk as she can be. It suits her very well.*

## **NO. 8 B GRISERIE-ARIETTE- La Perichole**

*Perichole*

*Oh what a wine, oh what a meal. You can't imagine how divine I feel.*

*I must have drained the bottle dry, so that's the explanation why...*

*I'm reeling, I'm reeling, I'm feeling no pain,*

*but don't spread it 'round, my friends. Won't happen again.*

*If I should stumble instead of walk, or if I mumble when I try to talk,*

*Or if my eyes are rosy red, well, just remember what I said.*

*I'm reeling, I'm, reeling, I'm feeling no pain.*

*But don't spread it around, my friends, won't happen again.*

*Viceroy: She's an angel, my friends.*

25.

*Perichole: Here I am! Well I'm ready, what are you going to do now?*

*Viceroy: My child, make you a wife.*

*Perichole: Who me? No, not on your life.*

*Viceroy: But just now you consented.*

*Panatellas: But just now you consented.*

*Perichole:*

*That was when I was starved. I'm stuffed as I can be now, my lord.  
Now I'm stuffed as can be and I really don't care to.*

*Viceroy: You dare to disobey when your viceroy commands?*

*Perichole: I dare to. I dare to*

*Panatellas: We'll change her mind, my lord.*

*Hinoyosa: Where's the husband to be? This is he, this is he!*

*Chorus and Principals*

*All the other drunks were drunk, ah, but this drunk is the drunkest drunk.  
Drunker than those other drunks. Have you ever seen a drunker drunk?*

*Perichole: Piquillo, is that you?*

*Viceroy: Now tell me, will he do?*

*Perichole: Please don't be cross with me, I'll be glad, I'll be glad to agree.*

*Piquillo:*

*I drank every drop I could swallow and now I must say  
You really are a wonderful fellow to treat me this way, what a wonderful day.  
Now it's time to pay the bill, I'll do anything you want me to.  
Marry me, if that's your will, to some lady, I don't care who.*

*Chorus and Principals:*

*All the other drunks were drunk, but this drunk is the drunkest drunk.*

*Piquillo:*

*She may be old and ugly too, what's that to me, what's that to you?*

26.

*Where the devil did you put her?*

*Cousins: She's right before your eyes.*

*Panatellas: What do you think of her?*

*Piquillo: She's just a lovely blur--just a blur. Well, are you there?*

*Perichole: I'm here, right here*

*Piquillo:*

*Then please come over here, then please come over here  
to listen to the words I'll whisper in your ear,  
to listen to the words I'll whisper in your ear  
to listen to the words I shall whisper in your ear  
I shall whisper in your ear, whisper softly in your ear. Ah.....*

### **No 8 C MARRIAGE DUET- Piquillo and Perichole**

*Piquillo*

*I really must admit, my lady, between us two, between us two,  
I don't love you one bit, my lady, so much for you, so much for you!  
So don't expect too much affection, for our relationship is quite another kind.  
If I can just escape detection, I mean to cheat with any woman I can find.*

*Perichole :*

*What goes for you will go for me, I'll be revenged with every man I see.*

*Piquillo: You'll pay me back? How happy we will be!*

*Perichole: Just wait and see how happy our domestic life will be.*

*Piquillo*

*My temper's rather short my lady, and when I'm gruff, and when I'm gruff  
You'd better not retort, my lady, or I'll get rough or I'll get rough.  
Now if you find my tone upsetting, well, I'm afraid that's just the sort of man I am.  
So if you don't like what you're getting, frankly my dear, I just don't give a damn.*

*Peri: What goes for you will go for me, you touch me once  
I'll beat you black and blue.*

*Piquillo: That's only talk. How happy we will be.*

*Peri: Just wait and see how happy our domestic life will be!*

27.

*Viceroy: He really is a gallant lover. Well, prop them up and get it over.*

### **NO. 8 D FINALE**

*Chorus and Cousins et al*

*Get it over, get it over, get it over, let's have a wedding, let's have a wedding  
let's have a wedding, etc..*

*Peri: Permit me, dear, to take your hand.*

*Piq: I grant it, dear, at your command.*

*Peri: My dear, you seem a trifle tight.*

*Piq: My dear, you're absolutely right.*

*Perichole and Piquillo:*

*If we can last through this affair, we ought to make a happy pair.*

*If we can last through this whole affair, we ought to make a happy pair.*

*we ought to make a happy pair if we can last through this affair*

*we ought to make a happy pair.*

*Viceroy:*

*She's bound to him by firm decree, which means that she belongs to me*

*Hinoyosa:*

*I'll help my lord to her embrace. I don't intend to lose my place.*

*Panatellas:*

*My own position may rise higher if Don Andres gets his desire.*

*Three Cousins, notaries:*

*So/Let's marry them, what can you/we lose? Then you/we can go and hit the  
booze.*

*Chorus et al*

*Ah.....this will be quite wedding did you ever see such a pair?*

*They've taken freely of the marriage cup. They may be sorry when they sober up.*

*As for me, just give me lots of wine and I won't care while there's wine over-  
flowing and music filling the air.*

*Notary; Now tell me, senior, do you agree to take this lady for your wife?*

*Piq: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes ,yes, yes!*

*Chorus: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!*

28.

*Notary: Now senorita, answer me, will you take this man to be your husband?*

*Peri: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!*

*Chorus: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!*

*Notary: That is all. Everything is done. According to law, you and she are one.*

*Cousins: According to law, you and she are one.*

*Chorus et al*

*According to law, you two now are one, you (we) two now are one ah.....*

*This will be quite a wedding. Did you ever see such a pair?*

*They've (we've) taken freely of the marriage cup.*

*They may be sorry when they sober up!*

*As for me, just give me lots of wine and I won't care*

*While there's wine over flowing and music fills the air. Long live the happy pair.*

*Long live the happy pair, long live the happy pair. They're man and wife at last.*

*Long live the happy pair, they're man and wife at last.*

*Long live the happy pair, long live the happy pair, long live the happy pair.*

*Peri: Permit me, dear, to take your hand.*

*Piq: I grant it dear at your command.*

*Peri: My dear, you seem a trifle tight.*

*Piq: My dear, you're absolutely right.*

*Perichole and Piquillo:*

*If we can only last, can last through this affair,*

*If we can only last, can last through this affair, we ought to make a happy pair*

*Viceroy: Now to the palace let them ride. Prepare apartments for the bride.*

*Pana: And for the groom?*

*Viceroy: A different room!*

*Chorus et al*

*The hour grows late and night is pressing, we'll bid farewell to man and wife.*

*Goodnight dear friends and take our blessing and may you share a happy life.*

*Piq: For in a year, as proof of her surrender, somewhere beneath a parasol will lie...*

29.

*Perichole and Piquillo:*

*...her tiny child, to whom she'll sing this lullaby:*

*You'll be a man, you'll be a man, no one can love the way a Spaniard can.*

*You'll be a man, you'll be a man, no one can love the way a Spaniard can.*

*Chorus et al*

*You'll be a man, you'll be a man, no one can love the way a Spaniard can,*

*no, no, no, no, no, no. You'll be a man, you'll be a man,*

*No one can love the way a Spaniard can, no one can love the way a Spaniard can.*

*No one can love, no one can love the way a Spaniard can!*

*Yes, a Spaniard can, yes a Spaniard can!*

## **ACT II**

*SCENE: A summer room in the palace of the viceroy. This room gives out onto a terrace, beyond which the city of Lima is visible. At the back, a large covered alcove, hidden by a curtain. Entrances left and right. At the left, an elevated throne. At the rise of the curtain, Tarapote has fainted on a sofa at center stage. The ladies crowd around him and try to revive him.*

### **No. 10 WOMEN'S CHORUS**

*Gracious me, oh, what shall we do? Dear Marquis, we beg*

*You to come to let us hear your voice so enthralling.*

*You have frightened us through and through.*

*This is all so very appalling!*

*Gracious me! Dear Marquis, gracious me, oh what shall we do?*

*Gracious me! Dear Marquis, gracious me dear Marquis, speak true!*

*Ninetta: Countess, I pray, open this phial, hold it, I beg, under his nose*

*Frasq: Duchess, pet, I shall give it a trial. It may do him good, I suppose.*

*Brambilla: My dears, his senses are returning; he'll be better, I can tell.*

*Manuelita: That face is really stomach-churning, but it appears he'll soon be well.*

*Chorus:*

*He'll be well, he'll be well, he'll be well. Gracious me, what shall we do?*

*Dear Marquis, we beg you come to let us hear your voice so enthralling*

*You have frightened us through and through.*

*This is all so very appalling, gracious me, dear Marquis,*

*Gracious me oh what shall we do? Gracious me, Dear Marquis,*

30.

*Gracious me oh what shall we do? Dear Marquis, speak true!*  
*Gracious me, dear Marquis, speak true!*

TARAPOTE;        (*RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS*) A street singer! Gracious Heaven!  
                          A street singer!

NINETTA:            Explain yourself, Senor del Tarapote,

TARAPOTE;        My dears, weren't any of you awakened last night by that awful singing?

BRAMBILLA        What singing?

TARAPOTE;        [*SINGING VERY BADLY*] "You'll be a man. You'll be a man... No-one  
                          can love the way a Spaniard can; No, no, no, no, no, no!" (*SPOKEN*) No, no,  
                          no, it's too awful. And so none of you were awakened by this  
                          (*SHUDDERING*) delectable poetry around two o'clock in the morning?

FRASQUINELLA: I heard something, but I thought I was dreaming.

NINETTA:            I was sound asleep.

MANUELITA:        I was otherwise occupied,

BRAMBILLA:        Well, who was it?

TARAPOTE         That, my dears, was the new favorite,

MANUELITA;        The new favorite?

TARAPOTE;        Oh, yes, my dears; That was the Baroness of Tabago, Marchesa del  
                          Mancanares. And with her, of course, was her illustrious husband the Baron  
                          of Tabago, Marquis del Mancanares. He, dears, was blind drunk and is still  
                          sleeping it off in the next room.

FRASQUINELLA    And where is she?

TARAPOTE:        She, my dear, has been installed in the third apartment on the Left.

MANUELITA;        Already?

BRAMBILLA:        It's an outrage!

NINETTA:            How could the Viceroy do such a thing? Couldn't he have chosen one of us?

TARAPOTE:        Oh, my dears, we are all too insulted. I am more insulted than all of you put  
                          together! But let us be patient- this FARCE cannot last long. That thing will  
                          soon go as she came,

FRASQUINELLA: And if that causes too much pain to our gracious lord –



31.

MANUELITA        We will try our very best to console him.

TARAPOTE:        (*LOOKING OFF*) Well, my dears, look what we have here! Here is our illustrious husband.

(*ENTER PIQUILLO, MAGNIFICENTLY DRESSED, HUNG OVER AND VERY CONFUSED*)

PIQUILLO         (*SEEING THE OTHERS*) Ladies! I'd better be polite. (*ALOUD*) Ladies I Salute you. (*HE MAKES A CLUMSY BOW*)

BRAMBILLA        He dares to salute us!

FRASQUINELLA    Let's make him feel our scorn, shall we?

MANUELITA        I'd like nothing better!

(*THE LADIES APPROACH PIQUILLO WITH GREAT HAUTEUR*)

MANUELITA        Most noble sir, my compliments to your wife.

PIQUILLO         My what?

NINETTA:         Oh, you know the Baroness of Tabago, Marchesa del Mancanares...?

TARAPOTE:        Your wife, dear boy, your wife!

PIQUILLO         You mean I'm married? Wait a minute... now I remember... last night. Was it last night? I'm so confused.

TARAPOTE:        Nonsense, dear boy, nonsense! I'm sure you understand your situation perfectly.

### **No. 11 WOMEN'S CHORUS, Piquillo and chorus principals**

*Manuelita:*

*They say your wife's a perfect wonder, such charm, such beauty, grace.  
Do tell us, did they make a blunder? Perhaps you don't recall her face?*

*Frasquita:*

*They say her voice is soft and low, sir, now tell me, please, can this be true?  
Oh pardon me, you wouldn't know, sir, she's never said a word to you.*

*Piquillo:*

*Who would have thought they'd be so vicious?  
Court ladies really are malicious.    Ah.....*

*Chorus*

*Noble husband, go on your way, although your title's rather shady.  
And if you should meet her today, send our fond regards,  
Send our fond regards, send our fond regards  
Send our fond regards sir, to our lady, to our lady.*

32.

*Brambilla:*

*They say your marriage, to be plain, sir, is scandalous...  
Now that's absurd! I'd love to ask you to explain, sir,  
But you don't understand a word.*

*Ninetta:*

*Now come, my noble lord, what say you? The only thing you know,  
Dear Count, is how much money they will pay you.  
Do tell us the exact amount.*

*Piquillo:*

*Who would have thought they'd be so vicious?  
Court Ladies really are malicious. Ah.....*

*Chorus*

*Noble husband, go on your way, although your title's rather shady.  
And if you should meet her today, send our regards, send our regards,  
Send our regards, our fondest regards, sir, to our lady, to our lady.*

TARAPOTE You see, dear boy, we all know exactly why you're here. Enjoy your stay while it lasts.

PIQUILLO But, sir... will you please explain to me...

TARAPOTE Ta-ta! Come along, my dears.

*(TARAPOTE AND LADIES EXIT)*

PIQUILLO This is all so confusing. Where am I? Why am I dressed like this? Why does my head hurt so much? Why did those ladies treat me so badly? Am I dreaming? Have I gone crazy? Why does my head hurt so much?

Am I really married? I can't ask people all these questions... they'll think I'm nosy. I guess I'll just have to keep my eyes and ears open and find out what's going on. *(PAUSES, WAITING)* But where are all the people?

## **ENTRY OF THE COURTIERS NO. 12**

*(OVER MUSIC)* Ah, there they are. Good day, sirs. What are you doing? What do you want of me? My God, they look like some of my audiences! That's it! They want me to sing something. I'll sing you a ballad... mi, mi, mi...

*(THE COURTIERS MENACE HIM AS THEY SING)*

## **No. 12 CHORUS MEN**

33.

*Want to win royal favor? It's an art known to few.  
But you married his mistress, we congratulate you.  
Other men may be braver and more virtuous too  
But you married his mistress, we congratulate you.  
An indelicate flavor hangs about you it's true,  
But you married his mistress, we congratulate you.*

*(THE COURTIERS HAVE NOW CLOSED IN ON PIQUILLO)*

PIQUILLO        *(VERY AGITATED)* Gentlemen, you are beginning to get on my nerves!

*(ENTER DON PEDRO AND PANATELLAS)*

PANATELLAS    Gentlemen, gentlemen! This is not proper!

DON PEDRO     Stop bullying the lad at once!

PANATELLAS    You never change, do you? Whenever anyone new arrives at court, you have to show them what a splendid gaggle of snobs you all are. Disgusting!

A COURTIER    But, my lord...

PANATELLAS    Not one word, sir! Now Gentlemen, would you be so good as to leave us alone? Be off with you!

*(PANATELLAS AND DON PEDRO SHOO THEM OFF)*

PIQUILLO       *(TO HIMSELF)* Well! At least someone around here knows how to treat as a guest. Maybe these gentlemen can tell me what has happened to me. I seem to have married someone's mistress. How did that happen?

*(PANATELLAS AND DON PEDRO RETURN)*

PIQUILLO       *(TO PANATELLAS)* Ah, there you are, sir! Wait! I recognize you... you're the gentleman who got me drunk yesterday... it was yesterday, wasn't it? Who are you? And who's your friend? And why are you both so dressed up?

PANATELLAS    I am Miguel, Count of Panatellas, first gentleman of the Viceroy's chamber. This is Don Pedro de Hinoyosa, governor of Lima. And these are our ordinary clothes.

PIQUILLO       Then where am I?

34.

DON PEDRO In the Viceroy's palace, of course.

PANATELLAS It has been your singular distinction to have been created Baron of Tabago, Marquis of Mancanares, official husband of the Viceroy's mistress. Congratulations.

PIQUILLO The Viceroy's mistress? Wait a minute! I remember now... you offered me a handsome sum of money to marry some woman, who I could then get rid of and go on my way. The only reason I accepted this is because I thought that I could use the money to win back the heart of a certain other lady that I adore, and who I love even more now that she's has abandoned me. Look at me... I'm the official court cuckold!

DON PEDRO Isn't it amazing what we will do for a woman?

PANATELLAS Ah, my friend, in your place I would have done the same thing!

PIQUILLO Really?

PANATELLAS Of course. I'd do anything for a woman.

PIQUILLO Frankly, gentlemen, just between ourselves, aren't women wonderful?

DP AND PAN Ah! (*SIGHING*)

PIQUILLO Women are the only things that make life worthwhile.

DP AND PAN How true!

#### No. 13 PIQUILLO, PANATELLAS AND HYNOYOSA COUPLETS

##### *Piquillo*

*Now gentlemen, there's no one near us, now all the court is far away.  
So now that not a soul can hear us, I do believe it's safe to say:  
That women enthrall us, women beguile  
Ah, women are the only things in life that make it all worthwhile.*

*All: That women enthrall us, women beguile  
Ah, women are the only things in life that make it all worthwhile!*

##### *Piquillo*

*Now you my friends are politicians, you're seekers after wealth and fame  
A pity you are not musicians, for then you'd play a different game.  
For women enthrall us, women beguile, ah women are the only things  
In life that make it all worthwhile.*

35.

*All: That women enthrall us, women beguile  
Women are the only things in life that make it worth while*

*Piquillo*

*So let me make a small suggestion: stop any man and ask him why  
He works and slaves, and to your question I'm sure he'll answer with a sigh  
that women enthrall us, women beguile  
Ah women are the only things that make it all worthwhile.*

*All: That women enthrall us, women beguile  
Women are the only things in life that make it worth while*

PANATELLAS Enough talk about women! Now let's talk about ourselves.

PIQUILLO Ourselves?

PANATELLAS Yes. Ourselves, who are, I must inform you, the three highest dignitaries in Peru.

DON PEDRO We have the best jobs.

PIQUILLO Even mine?

DON PEDRO Even yours.

PIQUILLO Unbelievable!

PANATELLAS Therefore, it is up to us to divide the highest honors and the greatest riches between us... the most magnificent palaces, the finest imported wines...

DON PEDRO The best seats at the bullfights...

PANATELLAS All these are ours.

PIQUILLO Unbelievable!

DON PEDRO We could very well have left you out of it. We could have made the division without you....

PANATELLAS But we are not capable of such a thing.

DON PEDRO We, sir, are honest men.

PIQUILLO Unbelievable!

DON PEDRO We said to ourselves, we must find the Baron of Tabago...

36.

PANATELLAS That's you...

DON PEDRO And the Marquis of Mancanares...

PANATELLAS Also you.

DON PEDRO And see what he wants.

PANATELLAS And whatever he wants, we will be happy to give it to him.

PIQUILLO Unbelievable!

DON PEDRO Well, my friend, what is it you would really like to have?

Ask for anything at all.

PANATELLAS But be reasonable...

DON PEDRO Remember, after all, that yesterday you were a nothing.

PANATELLAS A starving vagabond.

DON PEDRO A poverty-stricken street singer.

PANATELLAS A useless, pathetic wretch.

DON PEDRO So don't be greedy.

PANATELLAS Don't ask for more than you deserve.

DON PEDRO Well? What would you like?

PANATELLAS Speak up!

DON PEDRO Don't be shy!

PIQUILLO Well...

DP and PAN Yes..?

PIQUILLO Gentlemen, I am an honest man myself.

DP and PAN Unbelievable!

PIQUILLO And since I am an honest man, and have some sense of decency, I don't want to have to spend the rest of my life being pointed at by rings of courtiers. All I want is to get out of here!

DON PEDRO Really?

PANATELLAS That's all?

PIQUILLO That's all.

37.

PANATELLAS      Excuse us for a moment. (*DRAWING DON PEDRO NEAR*) We can grant that, I suppose...

DON PEDRO        We can indeed! What a simpleton, eh? Think of all the things he could have asked for. (*TO PIQUILLO*) Very well, my boy, your wish is granted!

PIQUILLO         Thank you. Goodbye.

PANATELLAS      Just a moment...

PIQUILLO         What now?

PANATELLAS      You can't leave yet. There is a certain official formality that must be observed first.

PIQUILLO         And that is...?

PANATELLAS      You must present your wife to the Viceroy before the entire court.

PIQUILLO         What? I'm her husband and I have to hand her over to him myself?

PANATELLAS      Does that surprise you?

PIQUILLO         A bit, but then, every country has its customs, I suppose. At least I'll get to see what my wife looks like.

PANATELLAS      Yes. She's very pretty.

PIQUILLO         Oh? That's too bad.

PANATELLAS      She's extremely attractive for her type. Now listen closely... when she comes in, you will take her by the hand and present her to his Excellency the Viceroy by saying: "Your Excellency, I present to you the Marchioness del Mancanares." His Excellency will probably say, "Much obliged."

PIQUILLO         And that will be all?

PANATELLAS      That's it.

PIQUILLO         And then I can leave? I can try to find the woman I love?

DON PEDRO        My boy, you can do whatever you wish...

PIQUILLO         Let's hurry then. When is this presentation?

PANATELLAS      It is right now. Here comes his Excellency, and your wife will be along shortly.

PIQUILLO         (*LAUGHING*) My wife eh? Well that will be something to see! Not much, but something.

38.

**No. 14 FINALE**

*Chorus*

*When a count hands over his wife, he at least must do so with flair  
Protocol comes first, 'pon my life, this is such a tawdry affair.*

*Viceroy: Good day, Marquis,*

*Piquillo: Who me? Good day, sir*

*Viceroy: Will you be kind enough to bring in the Marchesa?*

*Chorus:*

*Hah! The Marchesa! Yes, the Marchesa  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. It seems your limit is the sky.  
If you can catch our Viceroy's eye*

*Viceroy: They really might have more respect.*

*Pant. & Hin: Your highness, what did you expect?*

*Chorus:*

*Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. It's really wise to catch his eye.  
When a count hands over his wife, he at least must do so with flair.  
Protocol comes first. 'pon my life, this is such a tawdry affair.  
Look at that, a girl of the street. They scrubbed her down  
And combed her hair. Now she thinks she's joined the elite.  
This is such a tawdry affair.*

*Pant:*

*Remember what I said. Be sure to get it right. Now don't forget to be polite*

*Piq: My lord don't fret! I won't forget... Your hand my lady.*

*Per: Of course my lord.*

*Piq: What? Oh my god! La Perichole!*

*Per: Indeed*

*Piq: Then it was you? You married?*

*Per: What do you think?*



39.

*Piq: Just what is going on?*

*Per: Be still, be still. I can explain*

*Piq: Ah! Now I see it all. Now I understand. You're the Viceroy's new mistress. You've betrayed me, you've cast me aside! Now you dare to think I'd.....*

*Per: Will you be still? Will you be still?*

*Chorus*

*Ha, ha, ha! Now he regrets he's flown so high  
Ha, ha, ha, ha! I think I know the reason why*

*Viceroy This seems a little odd to me.*

*Pant. & Hin: My lord, we beg you wait and see.*

*Per: Sir, he misunderstood. This won't cause much delay.  
Don't be alarmed. I know just what to say.*

*Piq: Listen to me! Listen to me! Don't you say a thing, not a thing  
Not a thing.*

*Perichole:*

*Why must you cause all this commotion? Is this the place to start a brawl?  
My friend, you really have no notion of proper etiquette at all,  
Of proper etiquette at all. Your manners really are atrocious  
I ought to send you back to school! You're such a fool!  
You really are a fool! fool!, fool. My God, my God, you men are all so  
stupid, you men are all so stupid, you men are all so stupid.  
My God, ah, you men are all so stupid, so stupid!*

*Why can't you see that I am trying to build us both a better life?  
Please don't assume that I am lying, a husband ought to trust his wife.  
A husband ought to trust his wife. You wouldn't spoil it all on purpose.  
I know you couldn't be so cruel. You're just a fool, you really are a fool.  
Fool, fool! My god, my god, you men are all so stupid,  
You men are all so stupid, you men are all so stupid.*

*Piquillo*

*You're right, I have no cause to complain. Come on we'll start over again.  
They tell me, sir, it is my duty to present my new wife to you.  
Well here she is, she's quite a beauty and the falsest in all Peru.*

40.

*Beware her lips, her arms, her glances. Beware her smiles,  
Beware her sighs. These are the fuels that fire romances, but they are all lies.  
All are lies, and so, my lord, it is my duty to present my wife to you.  
Take care of her, she's quite a beauty and the falsest in all Peru.  
And when she swears she'll never leave you, you will believe her,  
I can see. You poor old fool, she'll soon deceive you, I know, I know  
She did the same to me. You want her for your mistress do you?  
You can have her, I won't complain. I'm really glad to give her to you.  
I'm really glad to give her to you. Let me go, for I don't want to see  
her face again. I hope I never see her face again!*

*Viceroy: Under arrest! Under arrest! Place him, place him under arrest!*

*Chorus: Under arrest, under arrest, place him, place him under arrest!*

*Viceroy: Under arrest, under arrest, place him, place him under arrest!*

*Chorus: Place that fellow under arrest. Everyone place him under arrest.  
He's the sort of dolt I detest. So, place that blockhead under arrest*

*Viceroy: Under arrest, under arrest, under arrest, under arrest,  
Place him place him under arrest.*

*Chorus: Under arrest, under arrest, place him, place him under arrest*

*Viceroy: Under arrest! Under arrest! Place him place him under arrest!*

*Chorus & Viceroy:  
Under arrest, under arrest, that really would be best.  
We're so distressed and unredressed. We'll gladly do as you suggest.*

*Pant & Hin: I've got his arms, I've got his arms*

*Piq: Let go, you dogs!*

*Pant & Hin: I've got his legs, I've got his legs!*

*Piq: Let go, you hounds!*

*Pan & Hin:  
He's ours at last, he's ours at last! And now my lord  
Where shall we put him? My gracious lord where shall we put him?*

*Chorus: My lord, where shall we put him? My lord, where shall we put him?*

41.

*Viceroy*

*Take him away, dear friends, away, away to the fate that he's deserved  
Down in a cell, in the one we've reserved, we've reserved for husbands  
so RE, husbands so CAL, husbands so CI, husbands so TRANT.  
Husbands who are recalcitrant, for the husbands who are recalcitrant.*

*Chorus*

*Husbands so RE, husbands so CAL, husbands so CI, husbands so TRANT,  
husbands who are recalcitrant, for the husbands who are recalcitrant.*

*Piquillo*

*Now I can understand your letter, you waste your talent selling a song  
to earn your bread my dear, I see you do much better when you're  
selling your honor instead, so much better, so much better  
When you sell your self instead. Ah.....*

*Chorus: Take him away, dear friends, away, to the fate that he's deserved...*

*Viceroy: Down in the cell, in the one we've reserved for...*

*Perichole:*

*We've reserved for... husbands so RE, husbands so CAL,  
husbands so CI, husbands so TRANT. Husbands who are recalcitrant  
For the husbands who are recalcitrant.*

*Chorus & Viceroy*

*Husbands so RE, husbands so CAL, husbands so CI, husbands so TRANT.  
Husbands who are recalcitrant, for the husbands who are recalcitrant.  
Take him away, dear friends, away, take him away, take him away.  
Take him away, dear friends, away down to the cell we've reserved...  
to the cell that we've reserved for...  
A man so RE, a man so CAL, a man so CI, a man so TRANT,  
For a husband so recalcitrant, trant, trant, trant, trant, trant, trant, trant, trant.  
A man so RE, a man so CAL, a man so CI, a man so TRANT,  
for a husband so recalcitrant, trant, trant, trant, trant, trant, trant!  
He's so RE, he's so CAL, he's so CI, he's so TRANT.  
A husband so recalcitrant, a husband so recalcitrant, recalcitrant.*

### **ACT III**

*SCENE 1: The dungeon for recalcitrant husbands— a very dark and dismal spot. A lamp is suspended from the flies. To the right, a large ring attached to the wall, supporting an iron chain. At the end of the chain, a manacle. There is a pillar at left. As the curtain rises, the stage is empty. A trap opens in the middle of the stage, through which the Old Prisoner appears.*

42.

*(IF NO TRAP AVAILABLE, THE OLD PRISONER COULD CRAWL UP TO THE STAGE FROM THE ORCHESTRA PIT)*

OLD PRISONER: I'm escaping! *(LOOKS AROUND FURTIVELY)* Twelve years! It's been twelve years since I was shut away in this prison! Twelve long years since I embraced a woman. Twelve long, hard years! But I haven't wasted my time! I have used those twelve dreary years to dig through the wall of my cell with this little knife. And at last I have succeeded. Only twelve more years to dig through the next wall and I will be free. Free! I haven't a moment to lose! *(RUSHES TO THE WALL AND BEGINS DIGGING)*

*(MUSIC BEGINS. ENTER DON PEDRO, PANATELLAS, PIQUILLO AND JAILERS. THE OLD PRISONER GOES BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM)*

JAILER                Here we are, my lords.

PANATELLAS        This is the dungeon for recalcitrant husbands?

JAILER                Yes, me lord.

DON PEDRO         You keep it very clean.

JAILER                Well, sir, it's practically new. We've never had a recalcitrant husband before.

PIQUILLO            So I am being thrown in prison because I insulted my wife?

PANATELLAS        Not at all. You're being thrown in prison because you were recalcitrant.

PIQUILLO            That's what I said. I'm being thrown in prison because I told the Viceroy what I thought of his mistress instead of keeping my mouth shut. I don't usually have subversive ideas, my lords, but things like this can start revolutions.

PANATELLAS        *(SHOCKED)* Oh! Oh!

DON PEDRO         What did you say?

PIQUILLO            They don't excuse such thoughts, mind you, but they make them understandable.

PANATELLAS        Be quiet, my friend.

DON PEDRO         Don't make your situation worse than it is.

PANATELLAS        *(SHAKING HIS HAND)* Well, goodbye and good luck.

PIQUILLO            Are you going to leave me here all alone?

DON PEDRO         *(SHAKING HIS HAND)* We have to, my friend, we really have to. The party is still going on upstairs.

PIQUILLO            Wonderful.

PANATELLAS        Cheer up. My boy. We will not leave before telling you exactly what we think of your admirable, but unfortunate behavior.

43.

**No 15 BOLERO TRIO AND CHORUS – Don Pedro, Hinoyosa, Piquillo**

*Pedro: Of the husbands bowed in subjection to the Viceroy of Peru...*

*Piq & Pan: La, la etc.*

*Pedro: ...no one dared offer an objection. No one, that is, except for you.*

*Piq & Pan: La, la etc*

*Pedro & Pan:*

*Gentlemen of the lower stations have no patience  
with official protocol. Take our sincere congratulations,  
Take our sincere congratulations and the nation's acclamations.  
You really have a lot of gall. La, La, La, La La .....etc*

*Pan: Through a mistaken assumption, I once dismissed you with disdain.*

*Chorus, Piq & Pedro: La, la, la .....etc*

*Pan: Now I see that you do have gumption, what you are lacking is a brain*

*Chorus, Piq, Ped: La, La, la.....etc*

*Piq & Ped:*

*Gentlemen of the lower stations have no patience with official protocol.  
Take our sincere congratulations, take our sincere congratulations and the  
nation's acclamations, you really have a lot of gall.  
La, la, la, .....etc*

*Chorus: La, la, la .....etc*

*(AFTER THE DUET, PANATELLAS AND DON PEDRO SADLY SHAKE PIQUILLO'S HAND AGAIN AND EXEUNT WITH THE JAILERS. THE LAST JAILER TURNS AND RETURNS IMPULSIVELY TO PIQUILLO, WRINGS HIS HAND WITH EMOTION AND EXITS WEEPING)*

**PIQUILLO** Well, who would not be moved at the sight of such misfortune? For certain, I have come a long way in public opinion since I defied the court. That ought to make me feel better. Yes, it does, but it doesn't make me feel good. (SITS ON STRAW BED) What a place! Here is the bed of an honest man... straw! I'm honest so I rot in jail! If I were a rascal, I'd be up there at court, living a life of ease. Well, that's the way the world runs.

**No. 16 AIR: PIQUILLO**

*An honest man is often slandered for being as he ought to be.  
 I tried to hold a moral standard and look what has become of me.  
 I'm married, I'm married but, oh my wife, where can she be?  
 I'm married, I'm married but, oh my wife, where can she be?  
 Where can she be, that faithless creature how in the world can I tell?  
 For I'm in jail and cannot reach her, perhaps that's really just as well.  
 Ah, I'm married, I'm married but oh my wife where can she be?  
 I'm married, I'm married but oh my wife where can she be?*

*When I think of her misbehaving, my heart goes icy cold with fear.  
 Will the Viceroy get what he's craving, what is he whisp'ring in her ear?  
 What is he whisp'ring in her ear? I'm married, I'm married!  
 But, oh my wife, where can she be? I'm married, I'm married,  
 But, oh my wife, where can she be? But oh my wife where can she be?  
 But what's the use of feeling jealous? It's bad enough here heaven knows  
 But how, with all those fears and torments, will sleep ever come to me?  
 I'm married, I'm really married! Oh my wife where can she be?  
 I'm married, but oh my wife, my little wife, but oh my wife, where can you be?*

*(AT THE END OF HIS SONG, PIQUILLO FALLS ASLEEP. ENTER LA PERICHOLE AND THE JAILER)*

JAILER            There he is, senora.

PERICHOLE      Good. Now leave me alone... but don't go too far away. I may need you in case he becomes violent.

JAILER            Very good, senora.

*(LA PERICHOLE COMES OVER TO PIQUILLO AND EXAMINES HIM FOR A MOMENT)*

PERICHOLE      Piquillo, Piquillo... wake up!

*(HE DOESN'T MOVE, SO PERICHOLE KICKS HIM)*

PIQUILLO        What? Who is it?

PERICHOLE      It's me, you fool.

PIQUILLO        Who?

PERICHOLE      La Perichole!

PIQUILLO        La Perichole? *(LOOKING UP IN ASTONISHMENT)* Well, well, I didn't think you'd have the nerve to come down here. But as long as you did... *(GETS UP THREATENINGLY)*

PERICHOLE      Don't you touch me! All I have to do is let out one scream, and the jailer will come in here and chain you to the wall.

45.

PIQUILLO I see. You don't have as much nerve as I thought.

PERICHOLE Oh, don't be stupid. Why do you think I came down here anyway?

PIQUILLO That's easy, you wanted to see how uncomfortable I was. Well, rest assured, I'm as uncomfortable as I can be. That's what you wanted to see, isn't it?

PERICHOLE No, of course not.

PIQUILLO Then why are you here?

### **No 17 DUET: Perichole & Pilquillo**

*Perichole*

*Away from court I slipped, through darkness I descended... stealthily,  
Stealthily, thru vault and pit I pressed.  
And to this gloomy crypt my winding way I wended.  
Piquillo, can't you guess the reason for my quest?*

*Piquillo:*

*It isn't hard to find the reason for this interview. I must be quite a laughing stock.*

*Per:* *That isn't true, that isn't true. We two should have a talk.*

*Piq:* *Oh really is that all?*

*Per:* *Yes I assure you. Yes, I assure you, that's all I want to do, my dearest Piquillo.*

*Piq:* *Very well, after you, Countes del Tabago. Go ahead. Go ahead,  
just say your piece and go away.*

*Perichole:*

*May I speak? May I speak? I have a lot of things to say.  
You have no looks, you have no money and as for talent, let me state:  
Your songs are flat your jokes aren't funny, you're absolutely second rate!  
As for brains, when they first arranged you, someone shortchanged you.  
What a shame! You haven't anything to captivate a woman's heart  
All the same, all the same. I adore you, you rogue, it is strange but I do.  
I adore you and can't live without loving you.  
I adore you, you rogue. It is strange but I do, Oh I adore you  
and can't live without loving you.*

*I like to eat 'till satiation*

*That Viceroy really lays a spread. Living with you, facing starvation,  
I rarely had a crust of bread. He could give me a life of leisure*

46.

*With any treasure I could name. I'd have silks and rubies, golds and velvets, emeralds and pearls. All the same, all the same, all the same. I adore you, you rogue it is strange, but I do. I adore you, and can't live without loving you, I adore you, you rogue It is strange but I do. Oh, I adore you and can't live without loving you.*

*Piq: I wouldn't have believed that this was true, but now I've seen it. Do you really mean it? You love me? You love me?*

*Per: Oh, yes I really mean it. I love you, I love you!*

*Piq: You love me? You love me? Do you really mean it?*

*Per: Oh, yes I really mean it. I love you, I love you.*

*Both: Quarrels are mended. Oh this is splendid. Felicita, felicita, etcetera, etcetera Quarrels are mended. Oh this is splendid. Felicita, felicita, etcetera, etcetera*

*Piquillo:*

*My joy would be complete, my dear, if I were anywhere but here.  
My joy would be complete, my dear, if I could just get out of here.  
So how can we escape my dear?  
Do you really mean it? You love me? Do you really mean it?*

*Per: Oh, yes, I really mean it. I love you, I love you, Oh, yes, I mean it.*

*Piq: You love me? You love me?*

*Per: I love you, I love you.*

*Both: Oh this is splendid! I love you (you love me)? Oh this is splendid.  
Felicita.... .....etc.....*

PIQUILLO I can't believe it! Darling! (EMBRACES HER)

PERICHOLE Oh, my Piquillo!

PIQUILLO You still love me?

PERICHOLE I couldn't stay up there without you. I left everything to come and find you.

PIQUILLO But how did you get here?

PERICHOLE I asked the Viceroy if I could visit you.

PIQUILLO And he let you?



47.

PERICHOLE (*ANNOYED*) Don't be a fool. If he gives me everything, it's because I don't want to give him anything. (*PIQUILLO LOOKS BLANK*) Don't you understand?

PIQUILLO (*AFTER A THOUGHTFUL PAUSE*) No.

PERICHOLE I'll explain later. Right now we have to get you out of here. Now, I've got enough jewels with me to bribe all the jailers in the world... watch! (*CALLING*) Oh, Jailer! Come here, jailer!

(*ENTER DON ANDRES DRESSED AS A JAILER, WITH AN ENORMOUS BLACK BEARD AND MUSTACHE. HE HOLDS A RING OF KEYS IN HIS HAND*)

### **No 18 TRIO: Perichole, Piquillo And Don Andres**

*Don Andres*

*I'm the jolliest jailer around. All the pris'ners smile when I wake them,  
For they love to hear the sound of my keys when I gaily shake them:  
A-ting, ting, ting, they sing their song. I'll shake my keys the whole day long  
A-ting, ting, ting, they sing their song I'll shake my keys the whole day long*

*Per. Piq & Andres*

*A-ting, ting, ting, they sing their song, he'll shake them the whole day long.  
A-ting, ting, ting, they sing their song, he'll shake them the whole day long.*

*Don Andres*

*I've got a beard, bristly and black. People say I look most alarming  
Please do not be taken aback. You'll find I'm really rather charming.*

*All Sing ting-a ling, sing ting-a-ling Ah..*

*A ting, ting, ting they sing their song he'll shake them the whole day long  
A ting, ting, ting they sing their song he'll shake them the whole day long*

*Piq: He's rather nice... and what is more, just who we need*

*Per: Charming indeed... fresh as a breeze...*

*Piq: Eager to please.... a set of keys*

*Per: And he has got a set of keys. Day and night we hear them ringing.*

*Per & Piq: Ting a-ling a-linging ETC ah.....*

*All:*

*A-ting, ting, ting they sing their song he'll shake them the whole day  
A-ting, ting, ting they sing their song he'll shake them the whole day long  
A-ting a ling, a ting a ling etc.....sing ting a ling!*

48.

PERICHOLE Come here, little jailer...

DON ANDRES *(SINGING)* A-ting, ting, ting, I sing my song...

PERICHOLE Yes, yes, yes! Now look, little jailer; do you know what these are? *(SHOWS HIM HER JEWELS)*

DON ANDRES Are those real diamonds?

PERICHOLE Yes they are, sweet little jailer, and they're all for you if you help this prisoner escape.

PIQUILLO Hey. Wait a minute! Don't give him all of them!

PERICHOLE Shh! *(WAVING HIM AWAY)*

DON ANDRES But if he escapes, what will you do?

PERICHOLE Go with him, of course.

DON ANDRES *(IN A STRANGLED VOICE HE TRIES TO CONCEAL)* With him?

PIQUILLO Of course with me! *(TO PERICHOLE)* Stupid, isn't he?

DON ANDRES *(WHO HAS OVERHEARD THE ASIDE)* You'll soon find out how stupid I am! *(ALOUD, TO PERICHOLE)* But what about the poor Viceroy?

PERICHOLE What about him?

DON ANDRES He loves you! Her adores you!

PERICHOLE So?

DON ANDRES He feeds you!

PIQUILLO Little jailer, you don't understand. *(TO PERICHOLE)* I'll try to explain it to him. *(TO DON ANDRES)* She doesn't LOVE the Viceroy. She LOVES me!

DON ANDRES *(LOOKING HIM OVER)* You? She does?

PERICHOLE Yes I do, little jailer. Don't try to reason it out. So with your help, little jailer, we are going to live with each other for the rest of our lives.

DON ANDRES How right you are, my dear. How right you are. *(CALLING)* Guards!  
*(JAILERS ENTER)*

DON ANDRES Chain the man up on the left, and tie the woman to the pillar. Don't hurt the woman, mind you, but I won't complain if you rough the man up a bit. .  
*(THEY DO SO)* Good! Now leave us! *(AS THE JAILERS LEAVE, DON ANDRES STRIPS OFF THE BEARD AND MUSTACHE)* My dear, you must really be more careful when you try to bribe someone.

LA PERICHOLE Don Andres!

PIQUILLO The Viceroy!

49.

DON ANDRES      Yes, the Viceroy. Well, sir, how stupid am I now? And, madam, so you don't love me... you LOVE him, and you want to spend the rest of your lives together. Well, there is another wish I will grant you. You spend the rest of your lives here, and talk of love as much as you like.

LA PERICHOLE    We will talk of love, you monster! And right in front of you! Enjoy it if you can!

**No. 19 De La PRISON TRIO: Perichole, Piquillo And Don Andres**

*Piq: You pathetic little tyrant*

*Per: Beast! Your triumph we deny you.*

*Piq: You crawling worm!*

*Per: You crawling worm!*

*Piq: We defy you!*

*Per: We defy you~*

*Piq: Do you hear?*

*Per: Do you hear?*

*Piq & Per: We are in love!.....etc*

*Don Andres:*

*A jealous torment burns inside me and holds my heart with leaden glove.  
This wretched pair may well deride me ,  
All my wealth, all my power cannot buy her love.*

*All three*

*A jealous torment burns inside him and holds his heart with leaden glove.  
The villain (wretched pair) may well deride him (me) for all his (my)  
wealth can't buy your (her) love.*

*A jealous torment burns inside him (me)  
and grasps his (my) heart with leaden glove.  
The villain (wretched pair) may well deride him (me).  
for all his (my) wealth can't buy your (her) love.  
Thevillain(wretched pair) may well deride him (me)  
for all his (my)wealth can't buy your (my) love,  
his (my) fortune shall not buy your love.  
He (I) cannot buy her your, (my) love.*

50.

*Piq & Per:*

*The love we had within our hearts can never, never die.  
We never shall be torn apart no matter how you try.*

*Don A: What a beauty!*

*Piq: Keep away, villain don't you touch her!  
Villain, keep away! Villain, keep away! Villain, keep away!*

*Piq & Per: Villain keep away!*

*Don A: Not yet! I have something to say.  
Later on, if you are less defiant,  
Should you become, dear, more compliant,  
just sing a little song. I really don't care what.  
I'll be on the spot. Don't keep me waiting long, not long.*

*Per: You're a scoundrel, you're a scoundrel!*

*Piq: Tell me what he said, the dirty scoundrel!*

*Per: You're a scoundrel, you're a scoundrel!*

*Piq & Per:*

*You're a scoundrel.....etc*

*All three*

*A jealous torment burns inside him and holds his heart with leaden glove.  
The villain we will be deriding (wretched pair may well deride me) for  
all his (my) wealth can't buy your (her) love*

*A jealous torment burns inside him (me) etc.*

*The villain we will be deriding (wretched pair may well deride me) for  
All his (my) wealth can't buy your (my) love.  
His (my) fortune shall not buy my (your, her) love.....  
He (I) cannot buy your, my (her) love.*

*(DON ANDRES EXITS AFTER SAYING SOMETHING TO LA PERICHOLE AND GIVING HER  
A KNOWING WINK)*

*PIQUILLO What was that? What did he just wink at you?*

*PERICHOLE Nothing. Nothing at all.*

51.

PIQUILLO That was a something wink.

PERICHOLE Oh shut up. First HE ties me up in here, then YOU start asking stupid questions.

PIQUILLO Oh, all right. I'm sorry. What a wedding night!

PERICHOLE What?

PIQUILLO Well, I married you, so it might as well be our wedding night.

PERICHOLE I suppose it is.

PIQUILLO We never got to dance.

PERICHOLE Quiet!

*(MUSIC BEGINS IN THE ORCHESTRA)*

PIQUILLO What did I say this time?

PERICHOLE No, no... I heard something! Listen!

PIQUILLO Oh yes, I hear it too...

*(THE OLD PRISONER ENTERS AS HE DID AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SCENE)*

OLD PRIS. Shh!

PERI./PIQ. Who are you?

OLD PRIS. Quiet! Be quiet! *(THEN LOUDLY)* I bring you freedom!

PIQUILLO Freedom? How...

OLD PRIS. Shh! They'll hear you! Listen! I've spent twelve years digging my way from my cell into yours. Now, only twelve more years to dig through the wall of your cell and we will be free.

PIQUILLO Twelve years?

OLD PRIS. There's not a moment to lose!

*(THE OLD PRISONER RUSHES TO THE WALL AND STARTS DIGGING)*

PERICHOLE Stop a moment! I have an even faster way to escape.

OLD PRIS. Faster than this?

PERICHOLE Yes. You say you have a knife?

OLD PRIS. Of course. My little knife! It dug right through that wall in twelve years... although it used to be a big knife.

PERICHOLE Then use it to cut this rope.

OLD PRIS. Why certainly. Wait! You're a woman!

52.

PERICHOLE Of course I'm a woman.

OLD PRIS. Twelve years! (*FLINGING HIMSELF ON PERICHOLE*)

PERICHOLE Hey! Hey!

PIQUILLO What are you doing? Get away from her!

OLD PRIS. (*RELEASING HER*) I'm sorry... It's just been so long...

PERICHOLE Now listen. The Viceroy just whispered something to me.

PIQUILLO I knew it!

PERICHOLE (*GLARING AT HIM, THEN TO THE OLD PRISONER*) The Viceroy said that if I changed my mind, all I had to do was sing something and he would come back for me. You, my friend, hide behind the pillar. I'll sing a song and when the Viceroy comes running...

OLD PRIS. (*EXCITEDLY*) I'll do something!

PERICHOLE Yes. You jump on him and get me his keys. Then I'll free Piquillo and we'll chain the Viceroy to his own manacles, unlock the door and escape! Are you ready?

PIQ. / O.P. Ready!

## **No. 20 FINALE Perichole & Piquillo**

*Perichole:*

*Oh my dearest, I know you'll believe me, it is you only you I adore.*

DON A. (*RUSHING IN*) She loves me! She adores me!

PERICHOLE Is that you, Don Andres?

DON A. Yes, my angel. Do you love me now?

PERICHOLE Do you want me to show you how much I can love you?

DON A. Show me! Show me!

PERICHOLE With pleasure! Get him!

*(THE OLD PRISONER JUMPS ON DON ANDRES, GIVES THE KEYS TO PERICHOLE, WHO UNLOCKS PIQUILLO. BEFORE DON ANDRES CAN SHAKE OFF THE OLD PRISONER, PIQUILLO TAKES HOLD OF HIM AND CHAINS HIM TO THE MANACLES)*

PIQUILLO This is how much she loves you, you villain!

DON A. Help! Jailer!

53.

*(PERICHOLE TAKES DON ANDRES' BEARD, WHICH WAS ON THE FLOOR, AND PUTS IT ON THE OLD PRISONER, WHO GESTURES ASSURINGLY TO THE JAILERS OUTSIDE THE DOOR)*

DON A. DAMN! What a fool I was to believe her. Ah women, women!

PERICHOLE Well Don Andres, you should be more careful who you make love to.

*The moral is and don't forget it, a Viceroy's just like any man  
He'll play the fool and then regret it, it's been like that way since time began.  
For women enthrall you, women beguile.  
Yes, women really are the only things that make your lives worthwhile!*

*Per & Piq:*

*For women enthrall, you. Women beguile.  
Women are the only things in life that make it worthwhile!*

*AFTER THE SONG, THEY AND THE OLD PRISONER UNLOCK THE DOOR AND LEAVE.  
DON ANDRES SAYS THE FOLLOWING LINE DURING THE ORCHESTRA PLAYOUT)*

DON A. She's right, though. Women are the only things that make life worthwhile.  
*(SIGHS, THEN RECLLECTS HIMSELF)* Oh yes... Help! Help!

## **END OF SCENE 1**

**SCENE 2:** *The street and the tavern, as in the beginning of the show. People are running about in fright. Mastrilla is on the balcony of the tavern. And the other two cousins are racking the chairs and tables. Don Pedro is at the head of a troop of soldiers. Panatellas brings in another troop. The three cousins come out of the tavern trying to look innocent.*

## **No 21A CHORUS - Guadelena, Berg, Mast, Pedro, Pant.**

*Chorus & Don Pedro*

*Move along, move along, soldiers on your way  
March to the left march to the right without delay  
Move along, move along, soldiers on your way  
March to the left, march to the right without delay.*

*Don Pedro*

*With probing eye and footstep gliding, we'll search in ev'ry part of town  
If we can't find out where they're hiding, we'll turn the city up side down  
We'll turn the city up side down.*

54.

*Chorus & Don Pedro*

*Move along, move along, soldiers on your way  
March to the left march to the right without delay  
Move along, move along, soldiers on your way  
March to the left, march to the right without delay  
Escapees, as a rule, steal the keys from some fool and then disappear  
in a hurry. But the clod in this case was by God Don Andres and that  
gives us reason to worry. If we don't catch them, he'll demote us,  
Then there'd be merry hell to pay. So our detachment is on notice.  
Don't let the rascals get away. Don't let the rascals get away.*

*Chorus & Panatellas*

*Move along, move along, soldiers on your way  
March to the left, march to the right without delay.  
Move along, move along, soldiers on your way  
March to the left, march to the right without delay.  
This crowd is never tired of gawking and their remarks can really sting.  
We have to listen to their squawking: " Caught them yet?  
You can't catch a thing"  
"Caught them yet? Caught them yet? You can't catch a thing.  
You can't catch a thing"*

**No 21B - Three Cousins**

*What a fuss! What a row! Seems to us anyhow  
La Perichole's tale has a moral.  
She had wine, she had gold, wealth is fine I am told.  
If you and your patron don't quarrel!  
But alack joy is fleet. Now he's back on the street.  
In fact, all her problems are double!  
So beware of her fate. Never dare to be great.  
It really is not worth the trouble*

*1st cousin: And should our Viceroy get floirtatious*

*2nd cousin: Here at our tavern some fine day*

*3rd cousin: I hope it won't be too audacious to suggest that he go away.*

*1st cousin: And I he swears that he loves us blindly*

*2nd cousin: We mustn't let it turn our heads.*

*3rd cousin: We shall curtsey and thank him kindly and talk about the weather instead.*



55.

**No. 21 C ENSEMBLE**

*Chorus, Don Pedro & Panatellas:*

*Escapees, as a rule,  
Steal keys from some fool and then disappear in a hurry.*

*Cousins:*

*What a fuss, what a row. Seems to us anyhow.  
La Perichole's tale has a moral.  
She had wine, she had gold. Wealth is fine I am told.  
If you and your patron don't quarrel.*

*Chorus:*

*But the clod in this case was, by God, Don Andres,  
and that gives them reason to worry.  
If they don't, yes if they don't catch them  
there'll be merry hell to pay. Don't let the rascals get away.*

*1st cousin: Why should I risk my reputation?*

*2nd cousin: Seeking a moment in the sun,*

*3rd cousin: For the reign of a new sensation may end before it has begun.*

*All three cousins:*

*So beware of her fate, of her fate. Never dare, never dare to be great...  
Dare to be great!*

*Chorus et al:*

*Don't let them escape us, we can't let them escape, we can't let them escape  
They'll escape, they'll escape, they'll escape!*

*(DON ANDRES ENTERS, NOW MAGNIFICENTLY DRESSED, ALONG WITH ATTENDANTS)*

DON ANDRES      Gentlemen! I assume the prisoners have been recaptured?

DON PEDRO        We are on their trail, your Excellency. We are on their trail!

DON ANDRES      Oh, you are on their trail?

PANATELLAS      By "on their trail" your Excellency, we mean to say...

DON ANDRES      ...that you haven't found a thing. Two miserable wretches dare to lay their hands on my sacred person, chain me in my own dungeon and laugh in my face... and when I, your beloved Viceroy, ask if these wretches have been arrested, all you can say is "We are on their trail."

56.

DON PEDRO But, your Excellency, we have searched everywhere. We have searched the palace...

PANATELLAS We have searched the shops...

DON PEDRO The houses...

PANATELLAS The taverns...

DON PEDRO The brothels...

DON ANDRES How wonderfully diligent you are! You! The three cousins! Come here!

MASTRILLA We three cousins, your Excellency?

DON ANDRES You know this Perichole, don't you?

BERGINELLA Which Perichole, your Excellency?

GUADALENA *(SWATS HER)* Yes, your Excellency.

DON ANDRES You seem nervous about something. Tell me the truth, my dear. I always seek the truth. You wouldn't want me to have you and your cousins stripped and beaten in the public square, would you? *(THE CROWD MURMERS IN ANTICIPATION)* That amuses you all, doesn't it? Well, if it amuses me, I swear I will demolish half the city if that's what it takes to recapture her and those two men. *(TO GUADALENA)* now my dear, will you cooperate?

THE CROWD There they are! There they are!

DON ANDRES Who?

DON PEDRO La Perichole! Piquillo!

*NO. 21 bis (MUSIC BEGINS)*

*(LA PERICHOLE AND PIQUILLO ENTER DRESSED AS IN ACT 1. EXACTLY AS ON THEIR FIRST ENTRANCE, THEY BEGIN)*

PIQUILLO My lady, will you permit me?

GUADALENA With pleasure, my boy, with pleasure.

PIQUILLO Thank you, my lady, thank you very much. We hope to entertain you with our finest performance.

DON ANDRES And likely your last.

PERICHOLE *(ANNOUNCING)* "The Ballad of the Merciful Ruler."

DON ANDRES Not one I've ever heard...

## **No. 22 DUET Perichole and Piquillo**

57.

*Perichole:*

*Ev'ry dona, every bravo gather round and hear the tale  
of two lovers fleeing from jail. You won't have to pay one centavo.  
You'll hear a ballad fresh and new. And every word we sing is true.*

*Together: And ev'ry word we sing is true*

*Piquillo:*

*One day their king had them imprisoned, into a cell they both were  
thrown. But the two were not alone. An old man, all gray and wizened,  
gladly released them from their plight and they escaped into the night.*

*Together: And they escaped into the night!*

*Perichole*

*Now the king had placed a reward on both their heads, these lovers twain  
and they soon were captured again. But they begged their prince  
for pardon. Oh what a noble knight was he! For with a smile he set  
them free.*

*Together: For with a smile, for with a smile he set them free!*

DON A. Nice try, my dear. A very nice try indeed. But I'm afraid I did learn my lesson down in that dungeon. Take them away!

OLD PRIS. Wait! Wait!

DON A. What did you say?

OLD PRIS. Wait! Wait! You can't arrest them Ha, ha! You can't, you can't!

DON A. Who says I can't?

OLD PRIS. I do... the Marquis del Santarem!! (*CROWD SENSATION*)

DON A. Let me see... why you are the Marquis del Santarem. Where have you been all these years? Never mind... why, sir, can't I arrest them?

OLD PRIS. You gave this woman the third apartment on the left, didn't you?

DON A. Yes...

OLD PRIS. And you made this man the husband of the first lady-in-waiting to your wife, didn't you?

DON A. Yes, yes. Get to the point.

OLD PRIS. Then, sir, according to a law I drafted myself, there is only one person with jurisdiction over these people: your wife!

58.

DON A. My wife? Don't be ridiculous! The old bat... um, my dear wife has been dead for some years.

OLD PRIS. Then nobody has jurisdiction over them! Ha, ha! They are free! Free!

DON A. *(TO PANATELLAS)* Is this true?

PANAT. It is true, your Excellency. It was never changed, I knew about it, of course, but was afraid to mention it.

DON A. I'll deal with you later. Well, you are obviously an intelligent man, Count. You appear to have saved me from an embarrassing faux pa. I ought to reward you. Tell me, why did I throw you in prison? I forget...

OLD PRIS. I don't know. You never told me.

DON A. What a pity. I would have liked to pardon you... but I can't pardon you if I don't know what you did, can I? *(TO THE GUARDS)* Take him back to his cell!

OLD PRIS. *(AS HE IS LED OFF, TO LA PERICHOLE)* Don't worry about me. I have my little knife. I'll see you in twelve years!

*(THE GUARDS TAKE HIM AWAY)*

PERICHOLE Don Andres. We could have run away. We could have been miles from here, but we had to come back. We are honest folk. Here... take back your jewels, and forgive me for lying to you.

PIQUILLO Only don't charge us four piastres for our wedding license. We can't afford it.

DON A. Don Andres de Ribeira is not in the habit of taking back gifts he has given. Keep the jewels, my dear. As long as I have to forgive you anyway, I might as well be generous about it. Besides, my dear, none of this would have happened if you had been rich. This way, I'm saving some other old, foolish rich fellow from going through what I have been through. So go away and be happy!

PERICHOLE Your Excellency... I don't know what to say...

PIQUILLO I DO! Sir, we thank you. You have indeed been a most generous audience.

*(BOWS WITH A FLOURISH)*

PERICHOLE Oh, my love! *(EMBRACES HIM)*

PIQUILLO My love!

## **NO. 23 FINALE**

*Piquillo:*

*We two in time of poverty and sorrow,  
with dance and song have roamed from town to town.*

59.

*Perichole:*

*But thanks to you, noble Viceroy,  
tomorrow we'll build a home and begin settling down.*

*Piquillo:*

*And so goodbye! Like swallows swiftly flying  
across the mountain ways, we'll take our wing.  
But in farewell, but in farewell,  
to Don Andres we'll gladly sing:*

*Per & Piq:*

*Oh what a man! Oh what a man! No one can love the way a Spaniard can.  
no, no, no, no, no, no, no!  
Oh what a man! Oh what a man! No one can love the way a Spaniard can!*

*Chorus:*

*Oh what a man! Oh what a man! No one can love the way a Spaniard can.  
no, no, no, no, no, no, no! Oh what a man! Oh what a man!  
No one can love the way a Spaniard can!*

**END OF THE OPERETTA**

