

A black and white photograph of two men, Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert, shown from the chest up. Arthur Sullivan is on the left, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a striped tie. W. S. Gilbert is on the right, wearing a dark sweater. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

***ARTHUR
SULLIVAN,
W. S. GILBERT***

***THE COMPLETE
PLAYS OF GILBERT
AND SULLIVAN***

Arthur Sullivan, W. S. Gilbert

The Complete Plays of Gilbert and Sullivan

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THE GONDOLIERS

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OR

THE KING OF BARATARIA

Libretto by William S. Gilbert

Music by Arthur S. Sullivan

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (a Grandee of Spain)

LUIZ (his attendant)

DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO (the Grand Inquisitioner)

Venetian Gondoliers

MARCO PALMIERI

GIUSEPPE PALMIERI

ANTONIO

FRANCESCO

GIORGIO

ANNIBALE

THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO

CASILDA (her Daughter)

Contadine

GIANETTA

TESSA

FIAMETTA

VITTORIA

GIULIA

INEZ (the King's Foster-mother)

Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine, Men-at-Arms, Herald
and
Pages

ACT I
The Piazzetta, Venice

ACT II
Pavilion in the Palace of Barataria

(An interval of three months is supposed to elapse between
Acts I
and II)

DATE
1750

ACT I

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Scene.— the Piazzetta, Venice. The Ducal Palace on the
right.

Fiametta, Giulia, Vittoria, and other Contadine discovered,
each
tying a bouquet of roses.

CHORUS OF CONTADINE.

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

FIAMETTA.

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

CHORUS. Alas!

FIA. Are four-and-twenty,
They, alas!

CHORUS. Alas!

FIA. Are only two.

CHORUS. They, alas, are only two, alas!

Now ye know, ye dainty roses,
Roses white and roses red,
Why we bind you into posies,
Ere your morning bloom has fled,
Roses white and roses red!

(During this chorus Antonio, Francesco, Giorgio, and other Gondoliers have entered unobserved by the Girls—at first two, then two more, then four, then half a dozen, then the remainder of the Chorus.)

SOLI.

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

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

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

ANT. Do all you maidens love them?

ALL. Passionately!

ANT. These gondoliers are to be envied greatly!

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

FIA. These gentlemen must make their choice before you;

VIT. In the meantime we tacitly ignore you.

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

FIA. and VIT. Till then, enjoy your dolce far niente.

ANT. With pleasure, nobody contradicente!

SONG—ANTONIO and CHORUS.

For the merriest fellows are we, tra la,
That ply on the emerald sea, tra la;
With loving and laughing,
And quipping and quaffing,
We're happy as happy can be, tra la—
With loving and laughing, etc.

With sorrow we've nothing to do, tra la,
And care is a thing to pooh-pooh, tra la;
And Jealousy yellow,
Unfortunate fellow,
We drown in the shimmering blue, tra la—
And Jealousy yellow, etc.

FIA. (looking off). See, see, at last they come to make their
choice—
Let us acclaim them with united voice.

(Marco and Giuseppe appear in gondola at back.)

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

(Marco and Giuseppe jump ashore—the Girls salute them.)

DUET—MARCO and GIUSEPPE, with CHORUS OF GIRLS.

MAR. and GIU. Buon' giorno, signorine!

GIRLS. Gondolieri carissimi!
Siamo contadine!

MAR. and GIU. (bowing). Servitori umilissimi!
Per chi questi fiori—
Questi fiori bellissimi?

GIRLS. Per voi, bei signori
O eccellentissimi!

(The Girls present their bouquets to Marco and Giuseppe,
who are
overwhelmed with them, and carry them with difficulty.)

MAR. and GIU. (their arms full of flowers). O ciel'! O ciel'!

GIRLS. Buon' giorno, cavalieri!

MAR. and GIU. (deprecatingly). Siamo gondolieri.

(To Fia. and Vit.) Signorina, io t' amo!

GIRLS. (deprecatingly). Contadine siamo.

MAR. and GIU. Signorine!

GIRLS (deprecatingly). Contadine!

(Curtseying to Mar. and Giu.) Cavalieri.

MAR. and GIU. (deprecatingly). Gondolieri!
Poveri gondolieri!

CHORUS. Buon' giorno, signorine, etc.

DUET—MARCO and GIUSEPPE.

We're called gondolieri,
But that's a vagary,
It's quite honorary
The trade that we ply.
For gallantry noted
Since we were short-coated,
To beauty devoted,
Giuseppe\Are Marco and I;

When morning is breaking,
Our couches forsaking,
To greet their awaking
With carols we come.
At summer day's nooning,
When weary lagooning,
Our mandolins tuning,
We lazily thrum.

When vespers are ringing,
To hope ever clinging,
With songs of our singing
A vigil we keep,
When daylight is fading,

Enwrapt in night's shading,
With soft serenading
We sing them to sleep.

We're called gondolieri, etc.

RECITATIVE—MARCO and GIUSEPPE.

MAR. And now to choose our brides!

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

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

MAR. A bias to disclose
Would be indelicate—

GIU. And therefore we propose
To let impartial Fate
Select for us a mate!

ALL. Viva!

GIRLS. A bias to disclose
Would be indelicate—

MEN. But how do they propose
To let impartial Fate
Select for them a mate?

GIU. These handkerchiefs upon our eyes be good enough to
bind,

MAR. And take good care that both of us are absolutely

blind;

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

ALL. Viva!

They undertake to marry any two of us\them they catch!

(The Girls prepare to bind their eyes as directed.)

FIA. (to Marco). Are you peeping?
Can you see me?

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

(Marco slyly lifts
bandage.)

VIT. (to Giuseppe). If you're blinded
Truly, say so

GIU. All right-minded
Players play so!
(slyly lifts bandage).

FIA. (detecting Marco). Conduct shady!
They are cheating!
Surely they de-
Serve a beating!
(replaces bandage).

VIT. (detecting Giuseppe). This too much is;
Maidens mocking—
Conduct such is

Truly shocking!
(replaces bandage).

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

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

CHORUS OF MEN. My papa, etc.

(Marco and Giuseppe turn round, as directed, and try to catch the girls. Business of blind-man's buff. Eventually Marco catches Gianetta, and Giuseppe catches Tessa. The two girls try to escape, but in vain. The two men pass their hands over the girls' faces to discover their identity.)

GIU. I've at length achieved a capture!
(Guessing.) This is Tessa! (removes bandage). Rapture,
rapture!

CHORUS. Rapture, rapture!

MAR. (guessing). To me Gianetta fate has granted!
(removes bandage).
Just the very girl I wanted!

CHORUS. Just the very girl he wanted!

GIU. (politely to Mar.). If you'd rather change—

TESS. My goodness!
This indeed is simple rudeness.

MAR. (politely to Giu.). I've no preference whatever—

GIA. Listen to him! Well, I never!
(Each man kisses each girl.)

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

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

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

Gay and gallant gondolieri!
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

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

(They all dance off two and two—Gianetta with Marco, Tessa with Giuseppe.)

(Flourish. A gondola arrives at the Piazzetta steps, from which enter the Duke of Plaza-toro, the Duchess, their daughter Casilda, and their attendant Luiz, who carries a drum. All are dressed in pompous but old and faded clothes.)

(Entrance of Duke, Duchess, Casilda, and Luiz.)

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

DUCH. And His Grace's Duchess true—

CAS. And His Grace's daughter, too—

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

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

DUKE. Neither that Grandee from the Spanish shore,

The noble Duke of Plaza-Tor'—

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

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

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

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

DUKE. At last we have arrived at our destination. This is the Ducal Palace, and it is here that the Grand Inquisitor resides. As a Castilian hidalgo of ninety-five quarterings, I regret that I am unable to pay my state visit on a horse. As a
Castilian hidalgo of that description, I should have preferred to
ride through the streets of Venice; but owing, I presume, to an
unusually wet season, the streets are in such a condition that
equestrian exercise is impracticable. No matter. Where is our
suite?

LUIZ (coming forward). Your Grace, I am here.

DUCH. Why do you not do yourself the honour to kneel when
you address His Grace?

DUKE. My love, it is so small a matter! (To Luiz.) Still, you may as well do it. (Luiz kneels.)

CAS. The young man seems to entertain but an imperfect appreciation of the respect due from a menial to a Castilian

hidalgo.

DUKE. My child, you are hard upon our suite.

CAS. Papa, I've no patience with the presumption of persons in his plebeian position. If he does not appreciate that position, let him be whipped until he does.

DUKE. Let us hope the omission was not intended as a slight. I should be much hurt if I thought it was. So would he. (To Luiz.) Where are the halberdiers who were to have had the

honour of meeting us here, that our visit to the Grand Inquisitor

might be made in becoming state?

LUIZ. Your Grace, the halberdiers are mercenary people who stipulated for a trifle on account.

DUKE. How tiresome! Well, let us hope the Grand Inquisitor is a blind gentleman. And the band who were to have had the

honour of escorting us? I see no band!

LUIZ. Your Grace, the band are sordid persons who required to be paid in advance.

DUCH. That's so like a band!

DUKE (annoyed). Insuperable difficulties meet me at every turn!

DUCH. But surely they know His Grace?

LUIZ. Exactly—they know His Grace.

DUKE. Well, let us hope that the Grand Inquisitor is a deaf gentleman. A cornet-a-piston would be something. You do not

happen to possess the accomplishment of tootling like a cornet-a-piston?

LUIZ. Alas, no, Your Grace! But I can imitate a farmyard.

DUKE (doubtfully). I don't see how that would help us. I don't see how we could bring it in.

CAS. It would not help us in the least. We are not a parcel of graziers come to market, dolt!

(Luiz

rises.)

DUKE. My love, our suite's feelings! (To Luiz.) Be so good as to ring the bell and inform the Grand Inquisitor that his

Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Count Matadoro, Baron Picadoro—

DUCH. And suite—

DUKE. And suite—have arrived at Venice, and seek—

CAS. Desire—

DUCH. Demand!

DUKE. And demand an audience.

LUIZ. Your Grace has but to command.

DUKE (much moved). I felt sure of it—I felt sure of it!

(Exit Luiz into Ducal Palace.) And now, my love—(aside to Duchess) Shall we tell her? I think so—(aloud to Casilda) And now, my love, prepare for a magnificent surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you a secret which should make you

the happiest young lady in Venice!

CAS. A secret?

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

DUKE. When you were a prattling babe of six months old you

were married by proxy to no less a personage than the infant son

and heir of His Majesty the immeasurably wealthy King of Barataria!

CAS. Married to the infant son of the King of Barataria?

Was I consulted? (Duke shakes his head.) Then it was a most unpardonable liberty!

DUKE. Consider his extreme youth and forgive him. Shortly after the ceremony that misguided monarch abandoned the creed of

his forefathers, and became a Wesleyan Methodist of the most

bigoted and persecuting type. The Grand Inquisitor, determined that the innovation should not be perpetuated in Barataria, caused your smiling and unconscious husband to be stolen and conveyed to Venice. A fortnight since the Methodist Monarch and all his Wesleyan Court were killed in an insurrection, and we are here to ascertain the whereabouts of your husband, and to hail you, our daughter, as Her Majesty, the reigning Queen of Barataria! (Kneels.)

(During this speech Luiz re-enters.)

DUCH. Your Majesty! (Kneels.) (Drum roll.)

DUKE. It is at such moments as these that one feels how necessary it is to travel with a full band.

CAS. I, the Queen of Barataria! But I've nothing to wear! We are practically penniless!

DUKE. That point has not escaped me. Although I am unhappily in straitened circumstances at present, my social influence is something enormous; and a Company, to be called the

Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited, is in course of formation to work me. An influential directorate has been secured, and I shall myself join the Board after allotment.

CAS. Am I to understand that the Queen of Barataria may be called upon at any time to witness her honoured sire in process of liquidation?

DUCH. The speculation is not exempt from that drawback. If your father should stop, it will, of course, be necessary to wind him up.

CAS. But it's so undignified—it's so degrading! A Grandee of Spain turned into a public company! Such a thing was never heard of!

DUKE. My child, the Duke of Plaza-Toro does not follow fashions—he leads them. He always leads everybody. When he was in the army he led his regiment. He occasionally led them into action. He invariably led them out of it.

SONG—DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO.

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

ALL. In the first and foremost flight, ha, ha!
You always found that knight, ha, ha!
That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

DUKE. When, to evade Destruction's hand,
To hide they all proceeded,
No soldier in that gallant band

Hid half as well as he did.
He lay concealed throughout the war,
And so preserved his gore, O!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. In every doughty deed, ha, ha!
He always took the lead, ha, ha!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

DUKE. When told that they would all be shot
Unless they left the service,
That hero hesitated not,
So marvellous his nerve is.
He sent his resignation in,
The first of all his corps, O!
That very knowing,
Overflowing,
Easy-going
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

ALL. To men of grosser clay, ha, ha!
He always showed the way, ha, ha!
That very knowing,
Overflowing,
Easy-going
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

(Exeunt Duke and Duchess into Grand Ducal Palace. As soon as they have disappeared, Luiz and Casilda rush to each other's arms.)

RECITATIVE AND DUET—CASILDA AND LUIZ.

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

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

AIR

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

LUIZ. Ah, well-beloved,
Thy cold disdain,
It gives no pain—
'Tis mercy, played
In masquerade!

BOTH. Ah, well-beloved, etc.

CAS. O Luiz, Luiz—what have you said? What have I done?

What have I allowed you to do?

LUIZ. Nothing, I trust, that you will ever have reason to repent. (Offering to embrace her.)

CAS. (withdrawing from him). Nay, Luiz, it may not be. I have embraced you for the last time.

LUIZ (amazed). Casilda!

CAS. I have just learnt, to my surprise and indignation, that I was wed in babyhood to the infant son of the King of Baratavia!

LUIZ. The son of the King of Baratavia? The child who was stolen in infancy by the Inquisition?

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

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

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

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

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

LUIZ. But stay—the present and the future—they are another's; but the past—that at least is ours, and none can take

it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

CAS. I don't think I grasp your meaning.

LUIZ. Yet it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me?

CAS. (demurely). I say I may not love you.

LUIZ. Ah, but you do not say you did not love me?

CAS. I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express—and that but ten brief minutes since!

LUIZ. Exactly. My own—that is, until ten minutes since, my own—my lately loved, my recently adored—tell me that until,

say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee!

(Embracing her.)

CAS. I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do that.

(Releasing herself.)

LUIZ. There can be no harm in revelling in the past.

CAS. None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively.

LUIZ. Perhaps not!

CAS. We may recollect an embrace—I recollect many—but we

must not repeat them.

LUIZ. Then let us recollect a few! (A moment's pause, as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh.)

LUIZ. Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!

CAS. A quarter of an hour ago?

LUIZ. About that.

CAS. And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life!

LUIZ. Through life to death—a quarter of an hour ago!

CAS. How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter—well, it's now

about twenty minutes since. (Looking at her watch.)

LUIZ. About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

CAS. And now our love, so full of life, is but a silent, solemn memory!

LUIZ. Must it be so, Casilda?

CAS. Luiz, it must be so!

DUET—CASILDA and LUIZ.

LUIZ. There was a time—

A time for ever gone—ah, woe is me!

It was no crime

To love but thee alone—ah, woe is me!

One heart, one life, one soul,
One aim, one goal—
Each in the other's thrall,
Each all in all, ah, woe is me!

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

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

BOTH. Oh, bury, bury—let the grave close o'er, etc.

(Re-enter from the Ducal Palace the Duke and Duchess,
followed by
Don Alhambra del Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor.)

DUKE. My child, allow me to present to you His Distinction
Don Alhambra del Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. It
was

His Distinction who so thoughtfully abstracted your infant
husband and brought him to Venice.

DON AL. So this is the little lady who is so unexpectedly
called upon to assume the functions of Royalty! And a very
nice

little lady, too!

DUKE. Jimp, isn't she?

DON AL. Distinctly jimp. Allow me! (Offers his hand. She

turns away scornfully.) Naughty temper!

DUKE. You must make some allowance. Her Majesty's head is

a little turned by her access of dignity.

DON AL. I could have wished that Her Majesty's access of dignity had turned it in this direction.

DUCH. Unfortunately, if I am not mistaken, there appears to be some little doubt as to His Majesty's whereabouts.

CAS. (aside). A doubt as to his whereabouts? Then we may yet be saved!

DON AL. A doubt? Oh dear, no—no doubt at all! He is here, in Venice, plying the modest but picturesque calling of a

gondolier. I can give you his address—I see him every day!

In

the entire annals of our history there is absolutely no circumstance so entirely free from all manner of doubt of any

kind whatever! Listen, and I'll tell you all about it.

SONG—DON ALHAMBRA

(with DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, and LUIZ).

I stole the Prince, and I brought him here,
And left him gaily prattling
With a highly respectable gondolier,
Who promised the Royal babe to rear,
And teach him the trade of a timoneer
With his own beloved bratling.

Both of the babes were strong and stout,
And, considering all things, clever.
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

ALL. No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,
To his terrible taste for tippling,
That highly respectable gondolier
Could never declare with a mind sincere
Which of the two was his offspring dear,
And which the Royal stripling!

Which was which he could never make out
Despite his best endeavour.
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

ALL. No possible doubt whatever.

Time sped, and when at the end of a year
I sought that infant cherished,
That highly respectable gondolier
Was lying a corpse on his humble bier—
I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear—
That gondolier had perished.

A taste for drink, combined with gout,
Had doubled him up for ever.
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

ALL. No possible doubt whatever.

The children followed his old career—
(This statement can't be parried)
Of a highly respectable gondolier:
Well, one of the two (who will soon be here)—

But which of the two is not quite clear—
Is the Royal Prince you married!

Search in and out and round about,
And you'll discover never
A tale so free from every doubt—
All probable, possible shadow of doubt—
All possible doubt whatever!

ALL. A tale free from every doubt, etc.

CAS. Then do you mean to say that I am married to one of
two gondoliers, but it is impossible to say which?

DON AL. Without any doubt of any kind whatever. But be
reassured: the nurse to whom your husband was entrusted
is the

mother of the musical young man who is such a past-master
of that

delicately modulated instrument (indicating the drum). She
can,

no doubt, establish the King's identity beyond all question.

LUIZ. Heavens, how did he know that?

DON AL. My young friend, a Grand Inquisitor is always up to
date. (To Cas.) His mother is at present the wife of a highly
respectable and old-established brigand, who carries on an
extensive practice in the mountains around Cordova.

Accompanied

by two of my emissaries, he will set off at once for his
mother's

address. She will return with them, and if she finds any
difficulty in making up her mind, the persuasive influence of
the

torture chamber will jog her memory.

RECITATIVE—CASILDA and DON ALHAMBRA.

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

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

QUINTET—DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, LUIZ, and GRAND
INQUISITOR.

ALL. Try we life-long, we can never
Straighten out life's tangled skein,
Why should we, in vain endeavour,
Guess and guess and guess again?

LUIZ. Life's a pudding full of plums,

DUCH. Care's a canker that benumbs.

ALL. Life's a pudding full of plums,
Care's a canker that benumbs.
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes!

Set aside the dull enigma,
We shall guess it all too soon;
Failure brings no kind of stigma—
Dance we to another tune!

LUIZ. String the lyre and fill the cup,