

**FRANK LOESSER**

Vocal Score and Libretto

# **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA**



Vocal Score and Libretto

FRANK LOESSER'S MUSICAL

# **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA**

Based on SIDNEY HOWARD'S "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"

Music, Lyrics and Libretto by FRANK LOESSER

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Costumes by MOTLEY

Scenery and Lighting by JO MIELZINER

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FRANK MUSIC CORP.

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For Betty Good

*"Happy To Make Your Acquaintance..."*

The writing of this show took several years time. In volunteering to tackle a libretto as well as the music and lyrics, I was aware that I would need constant help with the organization of an enormous quantity of music, with the trying-out of many complex vocal passages, with my study of the Italian language and its dialects, with getting my pencils sharpened and properly lined up, and my coffee poured at comfortable intervals. The help came enthusiastically from many people, some of them employees — all of them friends. So I guess this is the point at which to express my warm thanks to Polly Damrosch Howard, Samuel Taylor, Betty Good, Alice Crump, William Ellfeldt, Maxene Andrews, Lucille Norman, Michael Guarini, Marjory Gans, Harold Orenstein, Lucy Greene and Hedy Clark. With equal gratitude and in profound admiration, I salute the editors of this edition of the show. It has been a mountain of tedious work for them, requiring their formidable skill and experience. Bless Sam Snetiker, Tommy Goodman, Abba Bogin, Lou Singer, Richard Torigi and Mathilde Pincus.

*Frank Coes*

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA was first presented by Kermit Bloomgarden and Lynn Loesser at the Imperial Theatre, New York City, on May 3rd, 1956, with the following cast:

|                           |   |
|---------------------------|---|
| THE CASHIER .....         | Lee Cass  |
| CLEO .....                | Susan Johnson   |
| ROSABELLA .....           | Jo Sullivan   |
| THE WAITRESSES .....      | <div> <div>Marlyn Greer</div> <div>Martha Mathes</div> <div>Myrna Aaron</div> <div>Meri Miller</div> <div>Beverly Gaines</div> </div>                       |
| THE POSTMAN .....         | Lee Cass  |
| TONY .....                | Robert Weede  |
| MARIE .....               | Mona Paulee   |
| MAX .....                 | Louis Polacek   |
| HERMAN .....              | Shorty Long   |
| CLEM .....                | Alan Gilbert  |
| JAKE .....                | John Henson   |
| AL .....                  | Roy Lazarus   |
| JOE .....                 | Art Lund  |
| GIUSEPPE .....            | Arthur Rubin  |
| PASQUALE .....            | Rico Froehlich  |
| CICCIO .....              | John Henson   |
| THE COUNTRY GIRL .....    | Meri Miller   |
| THE CITY BOY .....        | John Sharpe   |
| THE DOCTOR .....          | Keith Kaldenberg  |
| THE PRIEST .....          | Russell Goodwin   |
| TESSIE .....              | Zina Bethune  |
| GUSSIE .....              | Christopher Snell   |
| THE NEIGHBORS .....       | <div> <div>Helon Blount</div> <div>Myrna Aaron</div> <div>Beverly Gaines</div> <div>Henry Director</div> <div>Hunter Ross</div> <div>Bob Daley</div> </div> |
| THE NEIGHBOR LADIES ..... | <div> <div>Lillian Shelby</div> <div>Lois Van Pelt</div> <div>Marjorie Smith</div> </div>   |
| THE BRAKEMAN .....        | Norris Greer  |
| THE BUS DRIVER .....      | Ralph Farnworth   |

#### ALL THE NEIGHBORS, AND ALL THE NEIGHBORS' NEIGHBORS

Helon Blount, Thelma Dare, Carolyn Maye, Genevieve Owens, Lillian Shelby, Marjorie Smith, Toba Sherwood, Lois Van Pelt, Betsy Bridge, Theodora Brandon, Art Arney, Ken Ayers, Lanier Davis, Henry Director, Ralph Farnworth, Alan Gilbert, Russell Goodwin, Norris Greer, Richard Hermany, Walter Kelvin, Roy Lazarus, Louis Polacek, Evans Thornton, Myrna Aaron, Patti Schmidt, Beverly Gaines, Marlyn Greer, Martha Mathes, Meri Miller, Bob Daley, Athan Karras, Jerry Kurland, Arthur Partington, Hunter Ross, John Sharpe.

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# OVERTURE

7

By FRANK LOESSER

**Allegro giocoso** (♩ = 100-108) (♩ = ♩ *sempre*)

**Piano**

W.W.  
Brass  
Cello, Bass

[9] Strgs.  
Harp gliss.  
Brass

[17] **Moderato e misterioso** (♩ = 80-88)  
Hns.  
Basses

Strgs.  
W.W.

**Largamente** (♩ = ♩)

[26] *ff*  
Hns.  
*p*  
*pp*



**[30] Allegro** (♩=160)

WW, Strgs. *ff marc.* Harp gliss.

*p cresc.* *mp cresc.*

**[47] Meno mosso** (♩=80)

(♩ = ♩)

**Largamente** (♩=♩) (♩=120)

Brass *sfz* *ff* *fpp*

Strgs.

W.W.

R.H.

Hns. *f* *p*

W.W.

(♩=80) (♩=120)

**Grandioso** (♩=60)

**[57]**

Vls., W.W. *f* *rit.* *3* *10*

Hns., Trbs., Strgs.

**[60] Moderato** (♩=80-88)

Hns.

*mf* *p* *pp*

Brass (ppp) R.H.

Strgs. W.W. L.H.

Maestoso (♩=60)

71

Grandioso e maestoso (♩=60)

81

Fls. Trpts. E.Hn.

Hns. Strgs.

rit.

10

Harp gliss.

3

CURTAIN

Hn. III, Va.

Trb.

pp

Basses pp

Segue

## ACT ONE

### SCENE ONE

A middle class San Francisco restaurant at closing time late of a January evening in 1927. Most of the tables show cloths and debris as if having been dined at recently. At a couple of others, customers finish a last swallow of coffee. One or two more are at the CASHIER'S desk at the left, already paying their checks and exiting. At the extreme-right, we see the employees' coat rack on which hang the waitresses' modest coats, hats, bags, etc. Downstage of this is seen the edge of a sort of portiere, matching one similarly draped downstage of the CASHIER'S desk at the left. The place is rather gloomily lighted by a series of tall lamps of the period. At curtain rise, in addition to the departing customers we see a collection of weary young WAITRESSES, some clearing already vacated tables and others fretfully waiting for the last diners to get up and go. Presently they do indeed go and assemble for a moment at the CASHIER'S desk where they pay their checks and take hats and coats from a customers rack near the desk. The CASHIER, a somewhat unattractive man in his middle 30's, sports a hair comb which would indicate that he thinks himself pretty urbane and slick. He adopts a professionally pleasant attitude toward the departing diners as he stands behind his desk taking checks, making change, etc.

## Dolente (♩=66)

Alto Fl., Hns.

Strgs., Hns.

Trb. I

Vls., Celeste

Vls.

Tuba

Segue

CASHIER: Thank you, good night. Thank you, good night. Hurry back now. Out of ten. Here we are. Thank you, good night. (The CASHIER ultra-courteously escorts the last lady customer on her exit. Then he turns back toward the group of fatigued WAITRESSES on stage. His manner has changed to one of loud and rude authority.) All right, it's closing time. Save the lights. Well, come on, let's get these tables cleaned up and get out of here. Closing time! (In response, while the CASHIER sternly exits to another part of the restaurant, the tempo of the action increases slightly and becomes a deadly almost mechanical process as the girls finish their table clearing.)

17 Pesante (♩=108)

p Strgs.

Va., Cello, Bass, Eup., Tuba

Cls., Strgs.

Hns., WW.

[safety]

Segue

(CLEO emerges from the action. She is a generously built red-head somewhere in her late 20's, with a jocular vulgarity which does not obscure her warmth and kindness. She is critical and sometimes sarcastic, but never really bitter. She has seen some life and rarely hesitates to philosophize, in a southwestern accent, on any facet of it. At the moment she is wearing one shoe as she limps forward wearily to a downstage restaurant chair. She is carrying a tray bearing her other shoe as if to show the world a symbol of her present distress. She places the tray on an adjacent table and wearily flops into the chair. Now she takes the shoe from the tray and makes a gingerly, but futile effort to put it back on her foot. Instead, she eases off her other shoe, leans back and sighs.)

# OOH! MY FEET!

11

Pesante (♩=108)  
CLEO:

Ooh! My feet! My poor, poor feet! Bet-cha your life a wait-ress earns her

Piano

W.W.

pp Cello, Bass

c.

pay. I've been on my feet, my poor, poor feet all day long to -

10

c.

day. Ooh! My toes! My poor, poor toes!

W.W.

sf Cls., Strgs.

pp

c.

How can I give the ser-vice with a smile? When I'm on my toes, my

c. poor poor toes, Mile af - ter mile, af - ter mile, af - ter mile, af - ter

(She indicates her toes as she sings.) [20] mile. This lit - tle pig - gy's on - ly

c. bro - ken, This lit - tle pig - gy's on the bum, This lit - tle piggy's in the

c. mid - dle, Con - se - quent - ly ab - so - lute - ly numb,

C. This lit tle pig-gy feels the weight of the plate, Tho' the freight's just an or-der of Mel-ba

*pp* Bn.

C. toast. And this lit - tle pig - gy is the lit - tle - est lit - tle pig - gy, But the

W.W., Brass

(She takes a menu from the table and fans her feet.)

C. big son of a bitch hurts the most! Ooh! My feet! My

*sfz* *pp*

C. poor, poor feet! Bet-cha your life a wait-ress earns her pay. I've been

c. on my feet, My poor, poor feet, all day long to -

add Hns.

(She slowly and tortuously rises and leans on the table for support.)

c. day! Do-ing my blue plate spe-cial bal-

*mf* *pp*

(She flops down again into the chair.)

c. let!—

*sfz* *R.H.* *R.H.* *Segue*

(A group of WAITRESSES and a BUS BOY upstage begin a frivolous mock ballet as they gather table cloths. The CASHIER re-enters and interrupts the employees' hi-jinks, sternly shooing them off toward the kitchen. He now approaches a downstage debris-laden table next to CLEO'S. In his slickest manner he straightens his tie and for a moment scans the restaurant as if looking for someone.)

**50** Pesante (♩=108)

*f* Tutti



CASHIER: (To CLEO) Hey, where's what's her name? You know—Station 27. (CLEO points up behind the employees' coat rack. The CASHIER looks in that direction, sees what he is looking for and starts to cross wolfishly off toward his objective.) Oh, say 27. Listen dear, I want to ask you something . . . (he exits as CLEO waits, gently rubbing one foot with the other. There is the sound of a slap from behind the coat rack and a second later the CASHIER comes reeling backward into the scene holding his hand to his face. A china tea cup flies into the scene missing him narrowly. And now ROSABELLA appears, hands defiantly on her hips as she pursues the CASHIER. She is small physically, but with resolute bearing and independent attitude of chin by which she tries to deny that she is lonely. She is pretty and blonde but not imposingly sexy. Her language and pronunciation would indicate that she is from somewhere in the northern part of the U.S. but that she is not a big-city girl.)



ROSABELLA: Now go away, clammy hands!

CASHIER: Okay! Okay! You know there's a lot of waitresses laying off all over town just begging to date up a guy in my position. (The CASHIER bends down to pick up a customer's lost glove from the floor. ROSABELLA can't resist the impulse to kick him in the behind, and prepares to do just that.)

ROSABELLA: (Mischievously) A guy in your position is just begging for something — (CLEO quickly holds ROSABELLA back, stopping her just in time.)

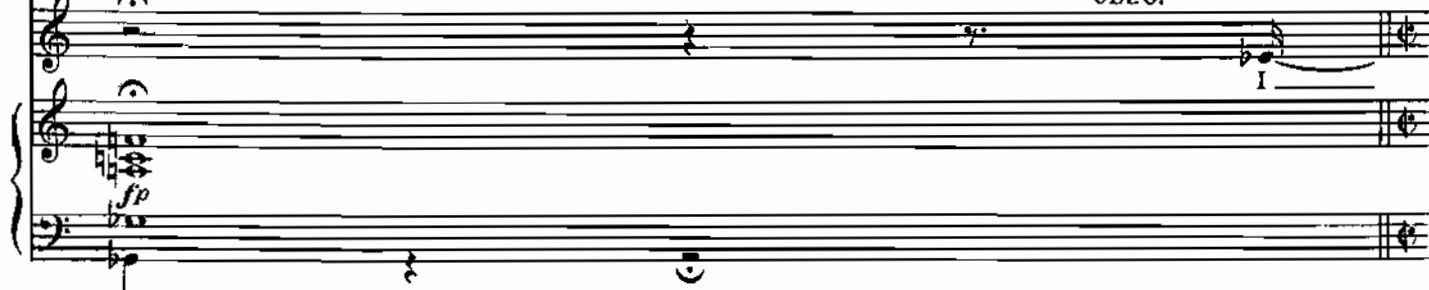
CLEO: (Protectively, in a whisper) Uh uh! The room rent! (The CASHIER, unaware of the recent menace to his person and pride, straightens up and walks off toward the kitchen.)

CASHIER: (Resentfully to ROSABELLA as he exits) You know a guy like me wouldn't have to ask twice.

61

ROSABELLA:

Cleo, I don't care if he fires me! I'm not going out with that  
CLEO:





Andante, ma rubato ( $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 72$ )

R. sli- my slob.

C. — know how it is, — Don't tell me, I know how it is, — When you're

(CLEO has walked over to a coffee urn and taken a cup of coffee.)

R.

C. num-ber twen-ty sev-en on the list — Be-ing kissed is not ex-act-ly be-ing..

R. ....I guess I've helped a few fellows prove they were fellows,  
but they were guys I liked and they thought I was  
something special.....

C. I — know how it is —

Harp

..... and they asked me nice?"

R.

C. 

Don't tell me, I know how it is... But when you're just "tween-ty sev-en" in his

(ROSABELLA has started clearing a table. Suddenly she turns excitedly to CLEO.)

R.

C. 

Cleo, what do you think a customer left me? book, Get-ting took out is much more like get-ting took! I—

**78**

R.

C. 

— know how it is— (Not observing) Don't tell me, I know how it is.—

What do you think he left?

**81** Moderato (♩ = 100)  
(As she clears her table)

C. Sev - en mil - lion crumbs and a gra - vy spot, Tea - spoon

FL., Bn.

pp

stuck in the mus - tard pot, Nap - kin on the floor,

**93** Lento e misurato (♩ = 66)

C. ash - es in the cup And o - ver Can - a - di - an dime!

Moderato (♩ = 100)

ROSABELLA: (Interrupting) It's jewelry!

C. So ya pick it up with the sev - en mil - lion crumbs and the

pp

CLEO: Huh?

ROSABELLA: He left me a piece of jewelry! It's a man's tie pin! *(She hands the tie pin to CLEO. CLEO takes the tie pin and examines it critically.)*

CLEO: Looks like amethyst. Must be glass. What did he look like?

ROSABELLA: I don't remember anybody.

CLEO: Didn't you see him? Didn't he talk to you?

ROSABELLA: No. Tonight the place was so busy! And you know me, I never notice a face or listen to a voice, I just hand them the menu— *(She carelessly flips the menu out in front of her as an example.)* Hey! there's some writing on it. *(There is a pause as she reads. Then she laughs.)* It's a mash note! It's in kind of a funny broken English.

CLEO: *(First looking about spookily)* Honey, I think I'd better walk you home tonight.

**100** **Tempo rubato**

ROSABELLA: *(Reading)*  
My dear Ros-a-bel-la. *(Laughing)* I guess that's me! I

Gra-.... *(Amused)*  
Ros-a-bel-la?

Harp, Celeste  
Hus., W.W.  
*p*  
*fp*

*(Reading on as if having trouble deciphering)*  
call you Ros-a-bel-la be-cause I don't know your name, And

Strgs., Harp  
*fp* *pp*

R. I am too a-scared to ast you. I

C. CLEO: That's what this place has always needed!  
A bashful customer!

pp

106

R. (♩ = 60)  
can - no leeve you mon - ey on the ta - bel ——— you look to

R. nice. — And so I leeve you my gen - u - in Am - o - tist tie - pin.

CLEO: I wonder if it is real. Say, if it is, maybe a hock shop would give you a hundred dollars for it. Did you ever see a hundred dollar bill? Back home in Dallas they're known as Texas callin' cards. (As CLEO speaks ROSABELLA reads silently and her manner changes to one of somewhat romantic wonder.)

ROSABELLA: Cleo, it doesn't matter if the stone is real . . .

111

R. This is real. I shouldn't have made fun of it... It's a real love letter!

Strgs.  
ppp cresc. poco a poco

(She is more and more emotionally moved as she reads.)

116

Grandioso (♩=60) (♩ = ♩) Maestoso (♩=60)

R. Listen to what he says: I don no not - ing a-bout you, where you ev-er go,

*rit.* *fp*

R. wat you ev - er done I don no not - ing a - bout you. I don wan-na no

*fp* *fp*

R. I don got-ta no. Wat I see is kind of yungla - dy I want to get mar - ry.

CLEO: (Unbelieving) Lem-me see that!

*Strgs.* *Harp gliss.* *mp*

(ROSABELLA hands her the menu.)

128

Presto (♩=120) (Skimming fast over the menu)

C. I don't know noth - ing a-bout you, where you ev - er go, what you ev - er done.

C. *molto rit.* *Deliberatamente (♩=50)*  
 What I see is kind of young la - dy I want to get mar - ry!

Yeah! (*She looks up in pleased realization.*)

(*Now both look at the menu as CLEO continues reading.*)

I live on my grape ranch with my sister. R.F.D. Eleven, Napa Valley. Oh, I forget to tell you, my name is Antonio Esposito.

ROSABELLA: (*Romantic*) Esposito. Please send me a postcard just to say hello and you make me very happy. Yours truly, Tony.

CLEO: (*Musing*) Tony.

ROSABELLA: (*Dreamily*) That's a nice name. (*The CASHIER suddenly re-enters now dressed in his hat and overcoat. He pulls the cord which closes the portiere panel in front of his desk. He startles the girls out of their mood.*)

CASHIER: All right, you two! This is no ladies club! I'm lockin' up! (*The CASHIER exits angrily. BOTH GIRLS rise quickly. CLEO walks to the coat rack as other WAITRESSES re-enter from the kitchen and join her there.*)

CLEO (*Sotto voce*) Somebody ought to lock him up. (*Along with the other girls, they take off their aprons and caps and put their coats on. CLEO examines the coat she is putting on, and babbles to ROSABELLA.*) Oh, I gotta get this damn coat lining fixed.

TWO WAITRESSES: Goodnight.

CLEO: Goodnight, girls. (*Babbling on*) Back home in Dallas it seemed like you never needed a coat lining. Seems like you never needed anything. (*A WAITRESS in hat and coat crosses and exits.*)

WAITRESS: Good night.

CLEO: (*Absently*) I guess I should have stayed there and married that chiropodist.

WAITRESS: (*Crossing*) Good night.

CLEO: Goodnight, Maud. (*The last WAITRESS exits. CLEO reaches her hand in the coat pocket and draws something out. She walks toward ROSABELLA while talking.*) Say, you know the name of this fuzzy gray stuff that you kinda collect in the bottom of your pocket? You know what the name of that is? That's called "gnrrr". G-N-R-R-R. Or some people call it smirgles. S-M — Oh, I don't know how you spell that. It gets in men's trouser cuffs too. Nobody knows where it comes from. Fella back home used to save it in a cigar box — (*ROSABELLA has been completely detached from all of her friend's idle twaddle. She is still dreamily holding the menu. CLEO notices her mood.*) Say, honey, what's the matter with you?

**131** Moderato (♩ = 80-88)  
ROSABELLA: (Musingly)

(She absently goes to the coat rack and takes off her apron and cap and gets her own shabby coat and pocketbook and starts putting the coat on. The restaurant portieres close behind the TWO GIRLS.)

*mf* May-be he's kind-a cra-zy.— This young fel-la, this young  
*mf* Strgs. 7  
fel-la. But I'm gon-na send him his post-card say-ing:  
Fl. E.Hn. *pp*

**141** Piu mosso (♩ = 126)

R. "Thank you, yours sin-cer-ly, Ro-sa-bel-la."  
C. CLEO:  
He could be some kind-of Ras-  
pu-tin Or a small town Jack the Rip-per! To start with  
*mf p* *p* Fl. Cl., Bells 8va  
Strgs., Harp



R. *(She holds the tie pin out.)*

C. He's a lu - na - tic of a tip - per. Now, how about going home?

Harp

*(CLEO gives the tie pin back to ROSABELLA. She takes ROSABELLA'S hand and starts pulling her toward the exit.)*

149

*(In a strange new mood)*

R. We've been going home every night, kinda wanting something . . . . . but wanting what, Cleo?

C. *(ROSABELLA stops and looks off into space. CLEO begins to exit.)* Wanting to soak my feet! Come on, dream girl.

*pp*

*(She exits leaving ROSABELLA standing there trying to find her own answer to the question. Presently a look of soulful realization comes to her face.)*

Molto espressivo e con calore (♩ = 54) 154 *rubato*

R. Want-ing to be want - ed. Need-ing to be

*p add W.W.* *fp rubato*

need - ed. That's what it is. That's what it is. Now I'm luck-y that

*rubato*

Vls., Fl., Cls.

*ff*

*pp*

Harp gliss.

## SOMEBODY, SOMEWHERE

**Lamentando** ( $\text{♩} = 60-69$ )  
*mf* ROSABELLA:

Some-bod - y, some - where Wants me and needs me

*E.Hn.*

*Piano*

*Cl. Subtone*

*R.H.*

*B.Cl.*

*L.H.*

*accel.*

That's ver-y won-der-ful to know.

*Cl.*

*W.W. Hns.*

*accel.*

**Tempo I**

Some-bod - y lone - ly Wants me to care Wants

*Fl.*

*Vls.*

R. me of all peo - ple \_\_\_\_\_ To no - tice him there. \_\_\_\_\_ Well, I

17

R. want to be want - ed \_\_\_\_\_ Need to be need - ed \_\_\_\_\_

accel.

R. And I'll ad - mit I'm all \_\_\_\_\_ a - glow. \_\_\_\_\_ 'Cause

Tempo I

R. some - bod - y, some - where \_\_\_\_\_ Wants me and needs me \_\_\_\_\_ Wants

R. *accel.*  
 lone-ly me to smile — and say "Hel - lo"

Vls., W.W.  
 Hns.  
*fp accel.*

**33** *Largamente* ( $\text{♩} = 60$ ) *rit.*  
 Some-bod - y, some - where — Wants me and needs me — And

Vls. Fl. Vls.  
 E. Hn. *rit.*

R. *Meno mosso* ( $\text{♩} = 80$ )  
 that's ver - y won - der - ful — to know.

Strgs. *pp* Harp gliss. L.H.

(THE LIGHTS DIM OUT)

## SCENE TWO

The main street corner of Napa, California, in April. It is midday. At stage right we see the facade of the Post Office. Back at center is a grain and feed establishment, and the edge of another store is visible downstage left. In the distance behind the entire street scene we see the rolling California grape lands bathed in sunlight. Running diagonally up and off between the three buildings are streets now populated with various Napa townspeople, walking, talking, shopping, etc. The people are dressed in western rural style. Among those crossing the stage is MAX, the town peddler and part-time photographer, who pushes a cart advertising "Photographs While You Wait".

## THE MOST HAPPY FELLA

Tempo di Tarantella (♩=152)

Brass, Hns., W.W. 8va

Piano

ff

stacc.

Strgs.

stacc.

mp

(The POSTMAN emerges from the crowd and walks down center. He is a rural-type past middle age with a scraggly moustache, eyeglasses, and a beat-up old hat. He carries his mail sack slung over one shoulder. A packet of letters are in one hand, as with the other he lifts his whistle and blows it shrilly calling to attention the people in the scene.)

7 POSTMAN:

(POSTMAN'S whistle)

p

Come a - run - nin'

W.W.

simile

TOWNSPEOPLE: (Women)

16

The mail is in! The mail is in, the

TOWNSPEOPLE: (Men)

The mail is in! The mail is in, the

simile

22

Farns - worth!

mail is in, the mail — is in.

mail is in, the mail — is in.

*mp*

(FARNSWORTH emerges from the crowd.)

Your un - cle's all right! John - son!

(Predicting at a glance the contents of each letter)

FARNSWORTH:

Here I am! —

Bet - ter pay the gas and light! Sul - li - van!

JOHNSON:

Yep!

*mf*

P. *You're here, thank the Lord! 'Cause Sul - li-van, you're*

SULLIVAN:  
T.P. *That's me!*

*(The POSTMAN extracts a huge catalogue from his shoulder sack and hands it over. Now he goes back to the letters. He holds up a tiny white envelope.)*

P. *break-in' my back with Mont - go-me-ry Ward.*

T.P. *Trbs.*

**39**

P. *Van Pelt! Your sis - ter had a ba - by girl.*

T.P.

P. *Greene! Say! Who's Pearl?*

GREENE:  
T.P. *Her-bie Greene?*

*mp Hns., Cls. sf*

**46**

P Es - po - si - to! (He holds aloft his last letter.)

TP That's for To - ny!

(Reacting among themselves) That's for To - ny!

EP That's for To - ny! That's for To - ny!

That's for To - ny! That's for To - ny!

**58**

P Where's To - ny Es - po - si - to? (With happy enthusiasm)

TP Where's To - ny Es - po - si - to? The mail or - der

Where's To - ny Es - po - si - to? The mail or - der

Strgs.



love af-fair, the mail or - der love af-fair. Ev - 'ry - bod - y's

love af-fair, the mail or - der love af-fair. Ev - 'ry - bod - y's

fol - low - in' the mail or - der love af-fair of, To - ny Es - po -

fol - low - in' the mail or - der love af-fair of To - ny Es - po -

(There is a sudden breaking up of the crowd as TONY comes through them buoyantly. He is a big, exuberant Italian grape farmer in his late 50's. In contrast to the rural American dress of his neighbors, he wears a green corduroy suit of foreign persuasion. His vest boasts a giant gold watch chain and his shirt is violently magenta. He is bouncy and self-confident as he shouts. He has the accent and choice of language typical of the immigrant from southern Italy.)

TONY: 68

Aspetta un momento! 'At's - a

si - to!

si - to!

Harp gliss.

Strgs.

(As TONY comes forward, the POSTMAN gives him an envelope which he quickly opens. He gazes at the contents in rapture as the CROWD gathers closer inquisitively.)

T. *(b)* Che Bellezza! E bella come un colpo di cannone! Che bella faccia!

me!

*pp* *safety*

(TONY hands a snapshot to various TOWNSPEOPLE who have been trying to peer over his shoulder for a glimpse.)

74

T. Hey! om-ma the

TP What did she write ya? What did she write ya? What did she write ya now?

What did she write ya? What did she write ya? What did she write ya now?

*W.W.* *fz*

78

T. most hap - py fel - la. In the

*pp* *add W.W.*

T. whole Na - pa Val - ley. In the

T. whole Na - pa Val - ley, the most hap - py man.

T. 'At's me.

W.W.  
Brass

*ff*

95

T. Look - a my Ro - sa - bel - la.

TR. He's the most hap - py

He's the most hap - py

*pp*

Look - a my Ro - sa - bel - la.

fel - la. Look - a his Ro - sa -

fel - la. Look - a his Ro - sa -

She was - a send me - her pho - to-graph,

bel - la

bel - la

And she was ask - a me - for mine.

Ooh, gliss.

Ooh, gliss.

Ooh,

Vis., W.W. con 8va

cl.

110

TP. fine, that's - a fine, that's - a fine, that's - a fine. Look at the

fine, that's - a fine, that's - a fine, that's - a fine. Look at the

*f* Cello

114

TONY:

You wait an' you see!

TP. most hap - py fel - la, In the

most hap - py fel - la, In the

W.W. Cls. W.W.

Strgs.

T. She gon - na mar - ry me!

TP. whole Na - pa Val - ley.

whole Na - pa Val - ley.

Vls. 8v3

TP. Good luck to you To - ny Es - po -

Good luck to you To - ny Es - po -

*fp*

VOICES IN THE CROWD: Hey,  
Tony, how did it all get started?  
Yeah. Tell us about it, Tony. etc.

129

TONY: You wait an' I will-a tell you.

TP. si - to!

si - to!

*Hns.* *ffz* *p* *(safety)*

(When ready) TONY:

132

In da win - ter time from Fris - co

*pp*

T. She was - a write to me one post - card.

**140** Parlando

T. Then I was - a write, then she was - a write.

T. Then I was - a write, then she was - a write, then me, then she, then me, then she, and

**141** Tempo rubato

T. Now she's - a make da spring - time come so

T. fast! She's - a make da green come on the

T. *vine!* She was - a send me her

pho - to - graph And she was ask - a me for

*fp* *ppp* *ten.* *fp*

(The TOWNSPEOPLE drag MAX, the photographer, into the scene and he prepares to set up a camera and flash powder tray, as some of the ladies assist TONY in adopting the proper pose for a photograph.)

**157** Tempo I

T. mine.

Vls. W.W. Trips.

*ff*



Piano introduction for the first system, featuring arpeggiated chords in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

172

TOWNSPEOPLE: (Women)

That's - a fine, that's - a fine, that's - a fine. Look at the

TOWNSPEOPLE: (Men)

(Photo flash)

That's - a fine, that's - a fine, that's - a fine. Look at the

W.W., Vls. (trill)

W.W., Vls. (trill)

*p*

TONY:

Gra - zi - e!

T.P.

most hap - py fel - la In the

most hap - py fel - la In the

Harp gliss.

*mf*

Harp gliss.

T. Ma -

TP. whole Na - pa Val - ley.

whole Na - pa Val - ley.

W.W.

184

T. don - na! Ma - don - na! so much om - ma hol - ler, I bet you a dol - lar I

TP.

Strgs.

T. bust - a my col - lar, You take - a one look - a my face an' - a wha' - d' - ya

TP.

see?

The most hap - py fel - la, The

The most hap - py fel - la, The

W.W.  
add Vls., Fl.

Hns.

At's-a me!

most

most

W.W.

*ff* Tutti

hap - py man!

hap - py man!

Brass

W.W.

Tutti

Segue

(The TOWNSPEOPLE start dispersing. MARIE enters. She is a woman possibly fifteen years younger than TONY. She is dressed in the peculiar sombre conservative style of the immigrant Italian matron, with a dark shawl across her shoulders and the inevitable small earrings. She carries a mesh utility shopping bag. There is the air of motherly concern in her expression as she watches TONY'S final antics.)

202

All Strgs., W.W., Trpts. 8va lower

The musical score consists of three systems of music. The first system is marked 'All Strgs., W.W., Trpts. 8va lower' and 'sf'. The second system is marked 'sf'. The third system is marked 'W.W., Strgs.' and 'sf (Fade under dialogue)'. The music is written for a string quartet and woodwinds, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

TONY: (Seeing MARIE) Oh, hallo, Marie.

MARIE: Hello, Tony. (MARIE has only an Italian intonation but no actual accent. A WOMAN from the dispersing CROWD passes by.)

WOMAN: Mornin', Miss Esposito.

MARIE: (Absently) Oh, hello, Gladys. (The WOMAN exits as MARIE turns to TONY.) I just been to the market. Look what's for supper. (MARIE lets TONY peer into her shopping bag.)

TONY: Oh, fresh finocchi. 'At's-a nice. (MARIE takes TONY'S arm.)

MARIE: Come on, Tony, let's go home now. You need your nap.

TONY: Ma, omma gotta wait for Max. He's-a developpe-a my snapa-shoot.

MARIE: I know. But, Tony, don't be in such a hurry about that pretty little chippy in Frisco.

TONY: (Indignantly) She's-a no chip!

MARIE: So first you give a strange girl real jewelry — And then you write each other a lot of letters. But what do you know about her? (TONY moves a step or two away from MARIE, as a strangely beatific mood seems to come over him. MARIE watches and listens with growing concern.)

MARIE: What do you really know about her?

**216** *Largamente* (♩=80-88)  
W.W., Strgs.

10

Va., Hns., add Trbs.

Brass, Va., Cello

Segue

**219** *Maestoso* (♩=60)

T. I don' know not'-ing a-bout her, Where she ev-er go, what she ev-er done, I don' know

not'-ing a-bout her, I don' wan-na know, I don' got-ta know. What I was-a see is kind o' young la-dy

Strgs. W.W. 7

MARIE: (Shocked)

**232** *Poco mosso, ma rubato* (♩=66-72)

Mar-ried? To-ny! A long time a-go in the old coun-try, Mamma looked at me

I want to get mar-ry! Yeh.

Fl.

Brass

Va., Cello, Bass

M. — right be-fore she died and with the poor tir-ed eyes she was say-in': "Ma —

add Acc.

p ritard.

(MARIE puts one hand on TONY'S arm in a motherly manner.)

*a tempo*

M. *mp a tempo*

rie, take care of To - ny, Ma - rie, take care of your dumb, fun-ny look-in'

M. TONY: Marie....

big broth-er To - ny." (Patronizingly) And ev - er since then I

*Cl.*

*pp* *mf*

247

*Maestoso*

M. *tried* (With kindly despair)

TONY:

What I was-a see is kind o' young la - dy I want to get mar-ry.

*pp* *mp*

MARIE: At your age? You gotta realize, you ain't young no more! (MAX enters carrying the developed photograph, to give to TONY.)

MAX: Here you are, Tony. (MARIE intercepts it and takes a look.)

MARIE: And you ain't good-lookin'! And you ain't smart! You want to send her (She indicates ROSABELLA'S photograph in TONY'S hand) a picture of you? (MARIE indicates photograph of TONY which she puts in his other hand. TONY gazes first at the picture of ROSABELLA and then at his own, reacting very unhappily at the sight of the latter. MARIE watches him as she starts to exit.) Mamma wouldn't want you to do nothin' foolish. (Now with a patient sigh) I'll wait for you in the truck. (MARIE exits. TONY crosses gazing at ROSABELLA'S picture.)

*Segue*

The musical score for "The Rose Tree" is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. The second system continues the vocal line with a half note C5, followed by a quarter note B4, and then a half note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note B3. The score is marked with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score is for a voice and piano arrangement.

*Segue*

HERMAN: I wish I could get a gal like the boss got. But he's a man of action. Me, I'm a dreamer. I never get one. I just keep lookin' at 'em.

**255** Allegro moderato (♩=132-144)

*mf* Harp, W.W.

First system of the musical score. The top staff features woodwinds (Cl., E.Hn., Fl.Cl.) and brass (Hns. Brass) with various articulations and dynamics. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. A crescendo hairpin is visible in the woodwind section.

Second system of the musical score. The top staff continues the woodwind and brass parts. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff includes a *pp* (pianissimo) marking and a *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking. A crescendo hairpin is present in the piano part.

Third system of the musical score, starting at measure 265. The top staff continues the woodwind and brass parts. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff includes a *pp* marking and a *sfz* (sforzando) marking. A crescendo hairpin is present in the piano part.

Fourth system of the musical score. The top staff continues the woodwind and brass parts. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff includes a *mf* marking and a *sfz* marking. A crescendo hairpin is present in the piano part.

(Soon HERMAN joins the boys and as a final girl ambles into view, they ogle her dreamily until she has gone.)

Fifth system of the musical score. The top staff continues the woodwind and brass parts. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff continues the musical texture.



# STANDING ON THE CORNER

Allegro moderato (♩=120)

HERMAN:  
JAKE:

Stand-ing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls go by.

CLEM:  
AL:

Stand-ing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls go by.

Piano

*p* Trb.

B.Cl.

H.  
J.  
C.  
A.

Stand-ing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls go

Stand-ing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls go

E. Hn.

Fl. 3

*sfz* Tutti

*p* Trb.

9

HERMAN: Broth-er, you don't know a nic-er oc-cu-

H.  
J.  
C.  
A.

by.

by.

7. Cl.

E. Hn. Acc.

Fl. Cl.

Trpts.

Strgs.

Va., Bn.

pa-tion! Mat-ter of fact, nei-ther do I,

13

H. J. C. A. Than stand-ing on the cor-ner,

W.W. Cl. Fl. 7. E.Hu. Trb.

H. J. C. A. girls go

watch-ing all the girls, watch-ing all the girls, watch-ing all the girls go

watch-ing all the girls, watch-ing all the girls, watch-ing all the girls go

19

HERMAN: I'm the cat that got the cream.

H. J. C. A. by.

Cl. Fl. Trpt. Strgs. pp

Have - n't got a girl\_ but I can dream. Have-n't got a girl\_

H.  
J.  
C.  
A.

W.W.  
Hns.

but I can wish, So I take me down to Main Street, and that's where I se-lect my im-

H.  
J.  
C.  
A.

ag - i - na-ry dish!

[29]

Standing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls go

Standing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls go

H.  
J.  
C.  
A.

Trb.

H. by. Stand-ing on the cor-ner,  
J.  
C.  
A. by. Stand-ing on the cor-ner,

7. Cl. 3 E.Hn. Fl. 3 *fz* Tutti *p* Trb.

B.Cl.

H. HERMAN: Broth-er if  
J. giv-ing all the girls the eye.  
C.  
A. giv-ing all the girls the eye.

7. Cl. E.Hn. Fl. Cl. Trpts.

37 you've got a rich im-ag - i - na-tion, Give it a whirl, give it a

W.W. 3 *mf* 3 *fz* L.H.

*pp*

try. 41

H.

J. Try stand-ing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls, watch-ing

C. Try stand-ing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls, watch-ing

A. Try stand-ing on the cor-ner, watch-ing all the girls, watch-ing

H.

J. all the girls, watch-ing all the girls go by.

C. all the girls, watch-ing all the girls go by.

A. all the girls, watch-ing all the girls go by.

47

HERMAN: Sat - ur - day, and I'm so broke.

H.

J.

C.

A.

Fl.

Trpt.

Strgs.

Could - u't buy a girl — a nick - el Coke. Still Im liv - ing like —

H.  
J.  
C.  
A.

— a mil - lion - aire, When I take me down to Main Street, and I re - view the ha - rem, pa -

H.  
J.  
C.  
A.

rad - ing for me there!

**57**

(HERMAN shrugs and smiles.)

CLEM: (Nudging HERMAN) Yours was aw - ful!

Stand - ing on the cor - ner

(Two GIRLS pass by together and exit. HERMAN and CLEM lean forward to observe. One of the girls is a beauty, the other quite a dog.)

Stand - ing on the cor - ner

H.  
J.  
C.  
A.

H.  
J. watch-ing all the girls go by.  
C.  
A. watch-ing all the girls go by.

Cl. 3  
E.Hn.  
Fl. 3  
B.Cl.  
Tutti

H.  
J. Stand-ing on the cor-ner, un-der-neath a spring - time sky.  
C.  
A. Stand-ing on the cor-ner, un-der-neath a spring - time sky.

p Trb.

HERMAN: Broth-er, you can't go to jail for what you're think-ing, Or for the

65

"Ooooh" look in your eye.

69

You're on - ly stand - ing on the cor - ner,

You're on - ly stand - ing on the cor - ner,

Fl.

watch - ing all the girls, watch - ing all the girls, watch - ing all the girls

watch - ing all the girls, watch - ing all the girls, watch - ing all the girls

Strgs.

Hr.

mf

Brass.

go by.

go by.

(The SHERIFF enters.)



SHERIFF: All right. Break it up, you guys! (HERMAN and the BOYS disperse and exit, the SHERIFF after them.)

**77** Allegro moderato (♩=132-144)

*mf* Harp, W.W.

**81** Lento (♩=72)

*pp* All Violins divisi

*Fade under dialogue*

(TONY re-enters and sits dejectedly on a packing crate in front of the Post Office. He is gazing sadly at ROSABELLA'S picture as JOE enters with two girls. He sees TONY and dismisses the GIRLS.)

JOE: See you later, girls. (JOE is big and young and strong — and in an animal sort of way, he is handsome. Although his disposition and manner seem friendly and even generous, there is something cold and possibly brutal behind the smile in his eyes. He is dressed in western blue jeans and a checkered shirt and a black felt sombrero. He carries a new travelling bag by its shoulder strap.) Hey, boss. I've been lookin' for you. I gotta — (He notices TONY'S dejected attitude, and sits down on the crate beside him. TONY pockets the picture of ROSABELLA.) Hey, what's the matter with you? You don't look so good.

TONY: (Ruefully) Yeh. 'At's-a right. Omma no look so good.

JOE: Well, I don't want to add to your troubles, but I guess I'll be quittin' the job soon, boss. See, I just got me a travel bag. (JOE shows TONY the travel bag.)

TONY: (Absently) When you wanna go, Joe?

JOE: Maybe two weeks. Maybe a month. (There is a pause as he regards TONY'S glum attitude.) You're not sore, are you? You can find a new foreman. (JOE rises from the crate and walks behind TONY and props his travel bag.) Me, I'm gettin' restless. You know me. If it wasn't you were such a great guy to me, I wouldn't have stuck with you this long. But now, it must be spring or somethin'. I don't know. Every night I kinda feel it in the wind, when I drop into my bunk and I blow out the light. (JOE pantomimes blowing out a kerosene lamp and simultaneously he is framed in a spotlight as the rest of the stage darkens.)

# JOEY, JOEY, JOEY

57

Moderato (♩=92-100)  
JOE: (Mysteriously)

Like a per - fumed wom-an, The

Piano

Fl. Cl.

ppp (mezza voce)

Strgs.

R.H.

Vls.

wind blows in the bunk house

Like a per - fumed wom-an

Smell - in' of where she's been, Smell - in' of

Or - e-gon cher - ries.

Or may-be Tex - as a - vo - ca - do

Vls., Harp

Fl., E.Hn.

pp

simile

II

J. Or may - be A - ri - zo - na sug - ar beet. — The

W.W.

R.H.

mf

Hus.

17

J. wind blows in — and she sings to me, 'Cause

Vls.

add Cl.

E.Hn.

J. I'm one of her ram - blin' kin. She sings:

rit.

Fl.

W.W.

E.Hn. *ppp*

L.H. Brass *fp*

rit.

Hns.

Cel.

B.Cl.

23

A tempo

J. Jo - ey, Jo - ey, Jo - ey.

R.H. Harp glisses throughout *pp* Strgs.

L.H.

R.H.

1. *Jo - ey, Jo - ey,*

*L.H.* *R.H.* *L.H.* *R.H.*

3. *accel.* *(♩=80)* **31** *(E.Hn.)*

*Joc.* *You've been too long*

*accel.* *L.H.* *R.H.*

*in one place And it's time to go,*

*poco rit.* **39** *Tempo I*

*time to go! Jo - ey,*

*poco rit.* *pp* *E.Hn.*

J. *Jo - ey, Jo - ey. Jo - ey,*

*3* *3* *3*

*L.H.* *R.H.*

J. *tra - vel on. You've been too long -*

*accel.* (*d=80*) [47]

*R.H.* *accel.* *L.H.* *R.H.* *p*

J. *in one town And the har - vest time's*

J. *come and gone. That's what the wind*

[55] *Hn. Solo* *mf*

J. — Sings to me — When the bunk I've been bunk-in' in —

Cl., Cello  
pp  
Strgs. pizz.

J. — gets to feel-in' too soft and co-zy, — When the

J. grub they've been cook-in' me — gets to tast-in' too good, —

Vls., Fl.

J. — When I've had all I want of the la-dies in the neigh-bor-

Vls.  
ppp  
(b)

71 Tempo I  
ppp (Sotto voce)

hood She sings: Jo - ey,

rall. Harp

Celeste ppp 3

ppp Stigs.

Jo - ey, Jo - ey.

Jo - ey, Jo - ey, Joe.

accel.

79 cresc. poco a poco

(♩ = 80)

You've been too long in one place

pppp

cresc. poco a poco

J. And it's time to go, — time to go! —

[87] J. Jo - ey, Jo - ey, Joe! —

J. ten.

(The lights come up again. JOE picks up his travel bag as TONY, having listened to him, now keenly observes him.)

JOE: (Fondling the bag) Hey, Tony, what's the Italian for a travel bag like this?

TONY: (Still preoccupied) 'At's-a "valigia".

JOE: "Valigia", eh. Boy, I sure learned a lot of Dago from you! Lemme see now. (TONY stands behind JOE and as he watches and listens an idea seems to come over him.)

Comprato. Yeah! Ho comprato un valigia . . . I mean — una bellissima valigia. Ho comprato una bellissima valigia. That's it!

TONY: (Interrupting) Joe. Listen, Joe, listen.



**93** Allegro giusto (♩=104-112)  
TONY:

*poco ten.*

JOE: Soon, — you gon - na leave me, Joe, Soon, — you gon - na  
(Seemingly with sorrow and anguish)

Strgs., Celeste *p* *poco ten.*

T. leave me, Joe. And pick some - bod - y el - se's crop, far a -  
(TONY brushes away an imaginary tear.)

J.

way. **102** *a tempo* Soon, — you gon - na leave me, Joe

J. What's got into you, Boss? Ain't that kinda sentimental talk?  
(Mocking Tony) Soon, — you gon - na leave me, Joe (Laughs)

Vis. *a tempo*

*accel.*

T. Ma, ev - 'ry morn - in' when om - ma wake up I wan - na see

J.

Piu mosso ( $\text{♩} = 72$ )

T. — a pitch'. A pitch' o' da best damn fore-man ev - er come to work for

J.

T. me. My Joe, young hand - some Joe, Da

J. JOE: (*Incredulously*) You want a picture of me?

T. best damn fore - man ev - er come to work for me. JOE: (*Flattered*) Why sure, Tony, I don't mind.

J.

**118** Vivace (♩=176-188)

TONY: 'At's-a good (Shouting off) Hey, Max! hurry 'em up and take-a his pitch'. Hurry 'em up, Max!

Strgs., Harp, Fl., Cl. sust.  
fp

(MAX enters. TONY carries the crate nimbly to the base of the Post Office porch. He poses JOE on it as MAX quickly prepares the camera and flash powder tray. TONY watches the process with great anxiety.)

ff Hns., Cello, Bn.  
Trpts., Xylo.  
Trb.

fz

p cresc. (at cue) [safety]

**129** Meno mosso (♩=160)

(JOE gets down from the crate, picks up his travel bag and starts walking off.)

(Flush) Vis.  
ff  
Harp  
pp  
Joe: Well, that was easy!  
Segue

TONY: Grazie! Joe, Grazie! An' listen, Joe, any time you wanna quit da job 'at's-a all right wit' me. Omma no gonna get mad. Omma no wanna stop you. You jus'-like you say "disappear".

mp

3

pp

Segue

JOE: (Smiling) Well, thanks, boss. That's nice of you. I'll see you up at the ranch.

(JOE exits. TONY looks after JOE pleased with his accomplishment, but now a look of remorse comes over his features as he searches skyward with his eyes. He seems to find something up there.)

186

Vls.

pp

Segue

TONY: Mamma. Mamma. I know it's-a wrong what omma do. Ma, I gotta do. 'Cause I ain't young no more.

Lento (♩ = 112)

Acc., Ob., Cl.

pp Bells, Harp

Segue

An' I ain't good lookin'. An' I ain't smart. An' sometime soon I wanna send-a for Rosabella to come down here to Napa an' get marry. I gotta send-a Joe's pitch!

rit.

ten.

Segue

## ROSABELLA

Tempo rubato (♩ = circa 144)

She t'ink may-be om-ma young man wit' a hand-some kind-a face. 'At's-a

Piano *pp*

why om-ma got-ta do what om-ma do. She

add W.W.

9

t'ink may-be om-ma young man wit' a hand-some kind-a face. An'

*mf* Hns., Trb.

me, I don' wan-na show her what's true. Oh, my beau-ti-ful W.W.

*pp* *rit.*

(He takes ROSABELLA'S photograph out of his pocket and gazes at it.)

17 Moderato (♩ = 60-66)

Ro - sa - bel - la. Sweet like a

Strgs. Ob.

pp mf pp

flow - er. Ro - sa - bel - la,

ww. Ob.

mf

look! my heart he's in you pow - er.

ww. Hns.

33

Ro - sa - bel - la.

Vls. add Cls.

Young like a ba - by. Ro - sa -

ww. add Hns.

*rall.*

bel - la, say some - day you love me, may - be.

*p rall.*

*a tempo*

**49** *poco agitato*

Hns. W.W. gva

Om - ma scared to look in you

*mf a tempo*

*p poco agitato*

(b) (b)

eye And shake - a da hand hel - lo.

(b) (b)

*poco rall.*

Om - ma scared you slap - a my face an' you go.

*mp*

*f*

Strgs. *poco rall.*  
Hns. W.W.

*ritard.*

**65** *a tempo*

Oh, my beau - ti - ful Ro - sa - bel - la.

*sp* Hns. *ritard.*

*a tempo*

Vls.

Sweet like a flow - er.

Ro - sa - bel - la, look! my heart he's

Maestoso (♩=132)

81

in you pow - er.

Ro - sa -

W.W. 8va

Brass, Strgs.

ritard.

mf

molto ritard.  
ten.

Presto (♩=132)

bel - la,

len.

molto ritard.  
ten.

om - ma love you so!

W.W. 8va (Trills)

Trpts.

Hus., Trbs.

Segue

(THE LIGHTS DIM OUT)



## SCENE THREE

Inside TONY'S barn at twilight a few weeks later. The entire scene is backed by a pair of massive sliding doors of richly seasoned wood. At present they are closed. Inserted in one of the huge sliding doors is a small hinged door. The scene is dark except for the fitful flashing of the guide bulb atop a primitive portable electric generator of the time. Its motor is sputtering in a hesitant effort to get started, as two men appear in silhouette before it attempting to adjust and encourage the machine. Presently it works in earnest and high overhead there appear, spelled out in brilliant blue electric bulbs, the words "Welcome Rosabella". The scene is now brighter, and we observe that one of the silhouettes has been that of PASQUALE, who now reels backward from the generator as if shocked and surprised, as the second figure, in electrician coveralls, laughs at him.

Moderato (♩=96)

(Ad lib. hammering on lead pipe, cowbell and choked hi-hat for machine noises.)

ELECTRICIAN: That's the way to work a generator!

(PASQUALE and the ELECTRICIAN wheel off the generator together, and simultaneously CICCIO and GIUSEPPE, in white caps and aprons, appear from the other side of the barn carrying in a long heavily laden banquet table. It bears floral trimmings on its pink cloth, dishes full of cheeses, cakes, sandwiches, party favors, etc., and a huge punch bowl surrounded by a border of gay chianti bottles. CICCIO and GIUSEPPE bring the table proudly to center as PASQUALE reappears and joins them.) PASQUALE: (Calling) Ciccio! Giuseppe! (The three are TONY'S servants. CICCIO, the handyman. GIUSEPPE, the ranch watchman, and PASQUALE, cook and paymaster. It is obvious that he is the head servant and a notch superior to the other two. He extracts from his shirt pocket a piece of paper, places himself upstage of the table and eyes its contents and trimmings. Now checking every detail, he calls off items from his list as the other two respond from either side, indicating that each item of food, drink, etc., is in its proper place.)

## ABBONDANZA

(The THREE gather in a group.)

G. *La tor - ta! Ab - bon -*

C. *frut - ta! La tor - ta! Ab - bon -*

P. *La tor - ta! Ab - bon -*

W.W. *fz* *Λ*

13

G. *dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Pò - gni*

C. *dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Pò - gni*

P. *dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Pò - gni*

23

G. *pan - za! Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon -*

C. *pan - za! Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon -*

P. *pan - za! Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon -*

add W.W., Hns. *p* *L.H.*

G. dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Pò - gni pan - za!

C. dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Pò - gni pan - za!

P. dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Pò - gni pan - za!

31 w.w. *fz*

Hns. Strgs. *fz* *p*

(They resume their former separate positions at the table.)

39

G. I fio - ril

C. I fio - ril

P. I fio - ril For -

Brass



[65]

G. dan - za, Pien di fra - gran - za!

C. dan - za, Pien di fra - gran - za!

P. dan - za, Pien di fra - gran - za!

WW  
Hns  
Strgs

P. Ven -

*fz* *p*

[73]

G. Ven - ta - gli! Re - ga - li!

C. Ven - ta - gli! Re -

P. ta - gli! Re - ga - li!

Brass

(All three have picked up paper fans and tiny parasols from the table and now dance gaily with them.)

81

G. Ab-bon - dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za Ab-bon -

C. ga - li! Ab-bon - dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za Ab-bon -

P. Ab-bon - dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za Ab-bon -

WW.

G. dan - za, Quant'e - le - gan - za! Ab - bon -

C. dan - za, Quant'e - le - gan - za! Ab - bon -

P. dan - za, Quant'e - le - gan - za! Ab - bon -

WW. add Brass

fp Vls., Va.

91

G. dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za,

C. dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za,

P. dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za, Ab-bon - dan - za,

WW. Harp

G. Quant' e - le - gan - za!

C. Quant' e - le - gan - za!

P. Quant' e - le - gan - za!

Hns. Strgs.

*(The three dance back to the table replacing the fans and the parasols.)*

P. La

*fz*

*p*

107

*(They point to the lighted "Welcome Rosabella" sign.)*

G. La lu - ce! An - dia - mo!

C. La lu - ce! An -

P. lu - ce! An - dia - mo!

W.W.

(They rub their hands together with enthusiasm.)

115

G. Ab-bon-dan - za, — Ab-bon-dan - za — Ab-bon-

C. dia - mo! Ab-bon-dan - za, — Ab-bon-dan - za — Ab-bon-

P. Ab-bon-dan - za, — Ab-bon-dan - za — Ab-bon-

125

G. dan - za, Che stra - va - gan - za. — Ab-bon-dan - za, —

C. dan - za, Che stra - va - gan - za. — Ab-bon-dan - za, —

P. dan - za, Che stra - va - gan - za. — Ab-bon-dan - za, —

W.W.  
Strgs.

*fp*

G. — Ab-bon-dan - za, — Ab-bon-dan - za, Che stra - va - gan -

C. — Ab-bon-dan - za, — Ab-bon-dan - za, Che stra - va - gan -

P. — Ab-bon-dan - za, — Ab-bon-dan - za, Che stra - va - gan -

Tutti  
W.W., Strgs.



(The THREE strike a triumphant pose and then resume last minute fussing at the table as the COUNTRY GIRL and CITY BOY enter. She is leading him by the hand, showing him around.)

G. *za!*

C. *za!*

P. *za!*

COUNTRY GIRL: And this is Tony's barn.

CITY BOY: (Looking curiously) Uh huh.

COUNTRY GIRL: And that up there is the hay loft. See?

CITY BOY: (Interested) Oh, a hay loft!

COUNTRY GIRL: You're new around here, ain't ya?

CITY BOY: Uh huh.

COUNTRY GIRL: Then you never been to a Sposalizio?

CITY BOY: What's that?

COUNTRY GIRL: Why that's a big Italian wedding banquet.

CITY BOY: Oh — with eatin' and drinkin' and dancin' and all?

COUNTRY GIRL: (Looking him over, sizing him up) And all! (She takes his hand and drags him off. Some of the TOWNSPEOPLE enter. They are wearing their Sunday clothes and some are carrying gifts.)

FARMER: (Carrying a new chintz covered rocking-chair) Hey, Giuseppe, where will I put this? It's a surprise for the bride. (GIUSEPPE leads the FARMER off stage. A neighbor's two children enter, a girl of 11 and a boy of 6, with a WOMAN, the PRIEST and a MAN. The latter carries a wine jug and now drinks from it. The WOMAN pushes him off, a little angrily.)

WOMAN: You kids wait here. I got to get your father away from that wine. (The PRIEST and the children have stopped at the table to examine its wonders, as TONY enters dressed for his wedding. He spies the children.)

**137** *Giocoso* (♩.92)

Ob.

Fl.

Strgs. *ppp*

add Harp

W.W. Strgs.

ritard.

Fade

TONY: (To the little BOY) Hallo Dooglas Fairbanks! (The little BOY bows.) An' Queen Maria from Rumania! (The little GIRL curtseys. TONY does a little dance with her for a moment.) You all dressed up for my party, huh? (The little GIRL snuggles affectionately up to TONY as the little BOY climbs piggy-back to TONY'S shoulder.) An' tomorrow you gonna get dressed up again for my wedding? So nunja spill no spumoni on you clothes tonight!

LITTLE GIRL: When's Rosabella coming?

TONY: She's-a gonna come right away tonight on da eight o'clock train. Look! (He points off) I gotta my truck all decorated up wit' da flowers an' omma gonna drive down da back road to da station an' pick her up at eight o'clock. Den you gonna see da most beautiful bride! (TONY dismisses the CHILDREN amiably and watches them skip off. The PRIEST remains.)

Piu lento (♩=120)

149

W.W. Vas., Celli

Harp.

ritard.

TONY:

Al-

(Tony is counting the noses of four imaginary children as if they stood in a line before him in size places.)

(As he observes the smallest)

(He waits an answer, then seems to get one.)

(He chuckles as he pats the little one's imaginary behind. The PRIEST has been observing all this.)

156

fon - so, Fio-rel-lo, Mat-til-da. Hey, What'sa you name? Oh, Giu-sepp!

PRIEST: Tony, what are you doing?

TONY: I was jus' lookin' at da bambini — da neighbors' kids — an' I was-a t'ink —

Strgs. (pizz.)

(arco)

Segue

## 160 Meno mosso (♩ = circa 96)

T. 'At's what I want — 'At's what's gon-na be. Plen - ty bam - bi — ni,

Fl., Cl. Vls.

ppp mppp

T. plen - ty bam - bi — ni, Plen - ty bam - bi - ni like a step, step, step. accel.

accel.

(He indicates the 4 phantom children again.)

172 rubato ritard.

T. Al - fon - so, Fio - rel - lo, Mat - til - da, Giu sepp'!

Harp, Bells E. Hn., Cl.

rubato Strgs. (pizz.) ritard.

176 a tempo ten.

T. Plen - ty bam - bi — ni, 'roun' my place, Wit' a face like my

a tempo Colla voce

T. wife's pur - ty face. — — — — — Plen - ty bam - bi — ni —

W.W. ritard. Vls. sva ten.

ritard. ten.

(The PRIEST smilingly approves of these sentiments and exits. At the same time JOE enters through the little binged barn door. He is wearing a city suit and the perennial black sombrero. Slung on his shoulder is the leather travelling bag now stuffed with his worldly goods. TONY turns in alarm at the sight of him.)

187 *atempo*

'roun' my place. \_\_\_\_\_

W.W.

*atempo*

E.Hn.  
Va.

R.H.

Cello, Bn.

Segue

JOE: Hey! Boss! I just saw the yard. The way you've got the whole place decorated! Wow! The lights — (He indicates the "Welcome Rosabella" sign.) — and all this food! (He points to the gaily laden banquet table, and putting down his travel bag and removing his suit jacket, promptly samples some of the goodies, to TONY'S dismay.)

192

*ritard.*

*pppp*

L.H.

*fp*

Segue

TONY: Hey! I was t'ink you was-a go dis mornin'! You ain't go yet! What's-a matter you ain't go yet?

JOE: I hate to travel on an empty belly. So I thought I'd wait around for the big feed. Boy! I sure enjoy a big feed!

TONY: You gonna stay?

JOE: Sure I'm gonna stay — for tonight. I wanna dance! — with the bride! (TONY, in a state of great alarm at this, nervously consults his watch.)

JOE: (Looking at the watch) Say, ain't you kinda late to pick her up at the station? It's about eight o'clock now. (Whereupon JOE resumes ogling the banquet table.)

*fp*

*fp*

Segue

TONY: You gonna stay? (The THREE SERVANTS enter hurriedly.)

PASQUALE: Hey! Padrone! E tardi! (Together with GIUSEPPE and CICCIO, PASQUALE shoves TONY toward the waiting truck. With a last nervous glance at JOE, TONY allows himself to be pushed off. The SERVANTS wave after his exit. At the same time there can be heard the loud pounding of many hands on the barn doors and the muffled sound of a group of gay people gathering behind them.)

JOE: (Shouting above the noise) Hey Pasquale! Half the town's out there already, breaking down the doors! (Spurred into activity with this announcement and at the sounds they hear, the THREE SERVANTS station themselves happily and proudly behind the banquet table. At the same moment, the huge doors slide open revealing

Allegro con brio (♩ = 176)

#### SCENE FOUR

part of the yard in front of TONY'S house, the next moment. The front porch and facade of the house itself may be seen extending diagonally from the extreme right. A wing of the house extends far upstage against the background of TONY'S rolling grape field. Extending laterally for about 8 feet from the upstage side of the white trellised porch, is a low picket fence. Downstage at the left may be seen the wooden gate marking the the main entrance to the premises. The place has been super-decorated for a party. Paper festoons drape the main gate and floral decorations dot the place. Tables similar to the one we have seen have been placed at convenient points in the yard, their flamboyant pink cloths adding to the festive feeling of the scene. The "Welcome Rosabella" remains in view adding a specially gay light against the twilight sky and the fields in the background. The friends and neighbors have already begun pouring into the scene from all directions and are greeting JOE and each other and the trio of SERVANTS proudly proclaim the opening of the festivities.)

*a poco*

Segue

## SPOSALIZIO

TOWNSPEOPLE: (Women)

Hey! Look at the lights, look at the food, look at the flow - ers!

TOWNSPEOPLE: (Men)

Hey! Look at the lights, look at the food, look at the flow - ers!

Hey! Look at the wine, look at the place! I like a

Hey! Look at the wine, look at the place! I like a

add Brass, W.W.

Timp.

9

T. P. great big I - tal - ian Spo - sa - li - zi - o. Set it up

great big I - tal - ian Spo - sa - li - zi - o. Set it up

*mf* Cello, E.Hn. add Hns.

T. P. and I'll be there! With the lan - terns glow - ing

and I'll be there! With the lan - terns glow - ing

Cls. Hns., Trb. Cello, Vis. Trpt.

T. P. And the vi - no flow - ing

And the vi - no flow - ing

25

T. P. And the good, strong smell of moz - za - rel - la in the

And the good, strong smell of moz - za - rel - la in the

Strgs. Cl.

air. Smell of moz - za - rel - la in the air!

air. Moz - za - rel - la, moz - za - rel - la in the air!

*ff* *Harmonica*

33

Great, big, I - tal - ian Spo - sa - li - zi - o, Lay it

Great, big, I - tal - ian Spo - sa - li - zi - o, Lay it

*mf* Cello, E. Hn.

out and count me in!

out and count me in! I'm the

add Hns. Cls. Hns., Trb.

Love to go out!

kind of fel - la likes a

Vls. Trpt. Cello



T. P.

To a blow - out to the

Ta - ran - tel - la! To the

49

T. P.

fine, fine mus - ic of a mel - low man - do -

fine, fine mus - ic of a mel - low man - do -

Strgs.

Cls.

T. P.

lin. Mus - ic of a mel - low man - do - lin! With all the

lin. Man - do - lin! man - do - lin! man - do - lin! With all the

Cls.

f Trb.

pp

57

T. P.

neigh - bors, And all the neigh - bors' neigh - bors,

neigh - bors, And all the neigh - bors' neigh - bors,

Bell

W.W.

Cello Bn.

T. P. All the friends and all of their friends. And the

All the friends and all of their friends. And the

Bell

T. P. man - gia, man - gia, man - gia nev - er ends. Nev - er

man - gia, man - gia, man - gia nev - er ends. Nev - er

T. P. ends! I like a great big I - tal - ian

ends! I like a great big I - tal - ian

Brass, Cl.

*mf* E. Hn., Cello

71

T. P. Spo - sa - li - zi - o. Set it up and I'll be

Spo - sa - li - zi - o. Set it up and I'll be

T. P. there With the lan - terns glow - ing

there With the lan - terns glow - ing

*Harp gliss.*

T. P. Look at 'em ov - er your head, And the vi - no flow - ing,

Look at 'em ov - er your head, And the vi - no flow - ing,

Strgs., Cls.

Cello

*Harp gliss.*

[87]

T. P. Mal - a - ga, Mal - a - ga red, And the good, strong

Mal - a - ga, Mal - a - ga red, And the good, strong

T. P. smell of moz - za - rel - la in the air. Set it

smell of moz - za - rel - la in the air. Set it

93

T. P.

up. And I'll be

up, set it up, set it up And I'll be

*mp*

(MARIE has appeared on the porch, joining HERMAN and the DOC. The latter is a kindly, spectacled, but youngish man. His clothes are of the traditional country doctor style, and, of course, he carries the usual little black bag. He seems to be trying to comfort MARIE, who is the only one not contributing to the gaiety of the occasion. A dance of Tarantella persuasion begins among a group of the younger people, including the CITY BOY and the COUNTRY GIRL we met previously passing through the barn.)

97

T. P.

there!

there!

strgs., W.W.

*mf* *cresc.* *Hus.* *ff*

Strgs., W.W. *Hus.*

add Tuha, Bn.

101

**113** Hns., Trbs. Cls.

Cls. Brass

**121** Strgs., W.W. Brass

L.H. *ff*

L.H.

**129** Brass Strgs., Cls. Trb. Bn.

First system of music, measures 131-136. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

Second system of music, measures 137-144. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. Measure 137 is numbered. The key signature has two flats. A *Vis., W.W.* (Vivace, Waltz) tempo marking is present.

Third system of music, measures 145-152. Treble and bass staves. The key signature has two flats.

Fourth system of music, measures 153-160. Treble and bass staves. Measure 153 is numbered. The key signature has two flats.

Fifth system of music, measures 161-168. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a *Trpt. Solo* (Trumpet Solo) marking. Bass staff has a *Hns., Trbs.* (Horns, Trumpets) marking. The key signature has two flats.

Sixth system of music, measures 169-176. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a *Hns., Strgs.* (Horns, Strings) marking. The key signature has two flats.

Seventh system of music, measures 177-184. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a *Trpt. II* (Trumpet II) marking. Bass staff has a *Trb. I* (Trumpet I) marking. The key signature has two flats.

First system of music, measures 141-144. Treble and bass staves with various notes and rests.

Second system of music, measures 145-148. Treble and bass staves with various notes and rests.

Third system of music, measures 149-152. Treble and bass staves with various notes and rests. Dynamics include *fp*, *ff*, and *fp*. An annotation "add Trbs." is present in the first measure.

Fourth system of music, measures 153-156. Treble and bass staves with various notes and rests. Dynamics include *ff* and *fp*. An annotation "Trpts., W.W." is present in the fourth measure.

Fifth system of music, measures 157-160. Treble and bass staves with various notes and rests. Dynamics include *ff* and *fp*. An annotation "Trpts." is present in the fourth measure.

Sixth system of music, measures 161-164. Treble and bass staves with various notes and rests. Dynamics include *fp* and *ff*.

*mp* *cresc.*

**189** *ff* *fz*

*Vls.*

**197** *fz* *Trpts., W.W.*

*Trpts.* *Strgs., Hns.* *Trbs.*

**205** *Harp gliss.*



## TOWNSPEOPLE: (Most of them gathering downstage) (Women)

With all the  
(Men)

With all the

*p* Strgs.

213

T.  
P.

neigh - bors And all the neigh - bors' neigh - bors,

neigh - bors And all the neigh - bors' neigh - bors,

T.  
P.

All the friends and all of their friends And the

All the friends and all of their friends And the

T.  
P.

man - gia, man - gia, man - gia nev - er ends, Nev - er

man - gia, man - gia, man - gia nev - er ends, Nev - er

[227]

ends. I like a great, big, I - tal - ian Spo - sa - li - zi -

ends. I like a great, big, I - tal - ian Spo - sa - li - zi -

*ff*

Cello

o, Set it up and I'll be there With the

o, Set it up and I'll be there With the

Vlns.

lan - terns glow - ing And the vi - no

lan - terns glow - ing And the vi - no

[243]

flow - ing, And the good, strong

flow - ing, And the good, strong

Picc.

Hns., Brass Strgs. (trem.)

T. P.  
smell of moz - za - rel - la in the air. Set it  
smell of moz - za - rel - la in the air. Set it

249  
up And I'll be there!  
up, set it up, set it up And I'll be there!

W.W.  
ff Brass Strgs., Acc.  
Harp gliss.  
W.W. Vls. trem.  
Brass Hns., Acc. cresc.

T. P.  
8va  
ff  
Timp. sfz

(Overcome by their own strenuous gaiety, the entire group on stage collapses in a state of merry exhaustion on the final note. This includes JOE who has contributed enthusiastically to the spirit of the scene. Soon, collecting themselves, the TOWNS-PEOPLE form in couples and small groups and disperse to other parts of the yard

1st MAN: Bocci ball,  
anybody?

2nd MAN: I'm in.  
Cl.

(continuing lines from various neighbors)  
Let's get Arthur over here.

260

Strgs., Cl. Strgs. Cello, Bn., Bass

offstage. JOE enters the house by way of the porch, passing the DOC and the solemn MARIE on his way. Now the only occupants of the stage, other than these latter two, Horse shoes? Right here. Me, too.

Trpts. pp

are the CITY BOY and the COUNTRY GIRL, observable downstage in what might be described as a youthfully amorous attitude. In fact, she is lying down and, in fact,

268

Trpts.

he is practically on top of her. It is true that they are merely kissing, but she has a

Vls., Ob. Bn. Brass, Hn.

p p

way of twitching her little toe in tempo with the kisses which predicts that these

284

Cl. Strgs. Cello, Bn., Bass

two will become very good friends. For the moment they go unnoticed by the DOC as he observes MARIE'S despondent face.)

Trpts. pp (safety) Fnde

DOC: And what's the matter with you, Marie? Smile, Marie. Tomorrow's your brother's wedding day! (MARIE shrugs sadly, and like a martyr exits into the house. This leaves the DOC with the moment's chance to observe the surroundings, which include the two supine figures downstage. With good-humored righteousness he approaches the CITY BOY and COUNTRY GIRL and gives the BOY an authoritative kick, calling upon him to observe the proprieties. The two kids look up in alarm at the DOC and decide on another locale for their association.)

CITY BOY: (Dragging her quickly to her feet) Come on! I wanna show you somethin' in the barn!

COUNTRY GIRL: (Willingly arising) I told you the barn! (They exit for the barn in a great hurry, obviously to resume their private communication, as the DOC smilingly observes.)

MAN'S VOICE: (Calling from offstage) Hey, Doc, wanna get in the bocci ball game?

DOC: Sure Arty, comin' right over! (He exits in the direction of the voice, leaving the stage empty of people. The POSTMAN strides in through the main gate beckoning someone offstage to follow him.)

POSTMAN: Well, here we are. Come on now. There ain't no use sulkin'!

**293** Moderato (♩=104)

W.W., Strgs., Hns.

Segue

(ROSABELLA enters carrying a fairly modest and well-worn suitcase. She is dressed in a cheap, but new, light gray coat and matching hat. She takes a few frightened tentative steps toward the center of the stage looking about her at the house, the party decorations, and finally the "Welcome" sign above her head.)

Andante espressivo (♩=132)

**296**

Harp

pp

Segue

POSTMAN: You ought to be proud. Look at the way he got the place all faddoodled up for ya. Looks like he's gonna feed the whole town tonight. (He takes a passing look at the banquet tables as he approaches the house and peers into its interior, from which JOE appears. JOE crosses the porch and spies ROSABELLA.)

JOE: (In pleasant surprise) Hey! It's Rosabella! Welcome! Welcome!

**299** Più mosso (♩=72)

Va., Cello, Bass

[safety]

add W.W. Vls.

accel. e cresc.

Segue

ROSABELLA: (*Still frightened and now petulant at the sight of him*) I thought somebody'd be at the train to meet me.

Andante espressivo (♩=132)

305 Moderato (♩=104)

POSTMAN: (*Explaining*)

I seen her at the sta-tion with her straw suit-case

And a kind of sad and dis-ap-point-ed look on her face...

Tuba

Bn., Tuba

So I put her in my bug-gy and I took her for a ride,

L.H.

Spe-cial De-liv-er-y, one bridel Yep, I

(He blows his whistle.)

Strgs.

p

Tuba

**317**

P. seen her at the sta - tion so I hauled her free With the

com - pli - ments of Route E - lev - en R. F. D. - Here she

is in fair con - di - tion with a slight - ly dam - aged pride, Spe - cial De - liv - er - y,

Tuba

Bn. Tuba

L.H.

**328** Allegro (♩=66)

P. one bride!

(He blows his whistle.)

Strgs.

Bn.

Cello, Bn.

(Slapstick)

Strgs. Hns.

Celeste

Tuba

(The POSTMAN makes a chuckling exit through the main gate, leaving JOE and ROSABELLA to face each other. There is a moment of strange tension as they do so. Whatever idea there might be forming in either mind is interrupted by the voice of PASQUALE who now appears from the house and discovers ROSABELLA'S presence. He calls offstage excitedly.)

PASQUALE:  
Hey, Cicco!  
Giusepp'! Giusepp'!

**330**

(GIUSEPPE and CICCIO join him quickly and with him stare in servile admiration at the bride-to-be.)

Tempo rubato

GIUSEPPE: *Si-gno-ra pa-dro-na.*

CICCIO: *Si-gno-ra pa-dro-na, Si-gno-ra pa-dro-na.*

PASQUALE: *La Si-gno-ra pa-dro-na, Si-gno-ra pa-dro-na, Si-gno-ra pa-dro-na.*

*Segue*

## BENVENUTA

(The THREE SERVANTS nervously try to arrange themselves in preparation for welcoming ROSABELLA officially. When they have lined themselves up on the porch, they ceremoniously take off their cooks' caps. PASQUALE, the leader as always, steps down from the porch and addresses ROSABELLA with poetic extravagance.)

Moderato (♩ = circa 88)

GIUSEPPE:

CICCIO:

PASQUALE: *Ben-ve-*

Piano *mf* W.W., Strgs. *p*



G. *(Stepping forward alongside PASQUALE)*

C. Ben - ve - nu - ta, ca - ra, ca - ra bel - la

P. nu - ta, ca - ra spo - sa,

*(Stepping forward)*

G. *accel.* Ben - ve - nu ta in ca - sa vos - tra, ca - sa vos - tra che sa - rà più

C. *accel.* spo - sa. Ca - sa vos - tra che sa - rà più

P. *accel.* Ca - sa vos - tra che sa - rà più

G. *rit.* lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa. *a tempo*

C. *rit.* lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa. *a tempo*

P. *rit.* lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa. Ben - ve - *a tempo*

(JOE, amused, leans against one of the tables to listen while ROSABELLA sits on her suitcase, somewhat puzzled at the servants' performance.)

**15** JOE: (Translating) That means welcome — JOE: Dear Bride —

G. Ben - ve - nu - ta Ca - ra spo - sa.

C. Ben - ve - nu - ta Ca - ra spo - sa.

P. nu - ta — ca - ra spo - sa, — Ben - ve - nu - ta ca - ra, ca - ra bel - la

JOE: Pretty Bride! *accel.*

G. Bel - la spo - sa, Ben - ve - nu - ta in ca - sa vos - tra, ca - sa

C. Bel - la spo - sa, *accel.* Ca - sa

P. spo - sa, — *accel.* Ca - sa

*rit.*

G. vos - tra che sa - rà più lu - mi - no - sa, — lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no -

C. vos - tra che sa - rà più lu - mi - no - sa, — lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no -

P. vos - tra che sa - rà più lu - mi - no - sa, — lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no -

(PASQUALE suddenly remembers he has forgotten something and claps his hand to his head. Then he dashes to the little fence from behind which he fetches a tiny bouquet of flowers and runs back to present them ceremoniously to ROSABELLA.)

(CICCIO, not to be outdone, pours a glass of water and offers it to ROSABELLA. She accepts graciously before she has time to accept the flowers.)

*a tempo* **25**

G. *sa.* Fam-mò fa-

C. *sa.* Vo-le-te be-re?

P. *sa.* Ec-co i fio-ri \_\_\_\_ Ec-co i fio-ri \_\_\_\_

*a tempo*

(ROSABELLA takes the flowers this time. Meanwhile, GIUSEPPE has dashed into the house and emerges with the brand new chintz covered rocking-chair. He places it at center stage, snatches off the fancy gift ribbon, and with it dusts off the seat.)

G. vo - re S'ac-com - mo - di, s'ac - com - mo - di, s'ac-com - mo - di. \_\_\_\_

C. S'ac-com - mo - di, s'ac - com - mo - di, s'ac-com - mo - di. \_\_\_\_

P. S'ac-com - mo - di, s'ac - com - mo - di, s'ac-com - mo - di. \_\_\_\_ Ben - ve -

31

G. Ben- ve- nu- ta, Ca- ra spo- sa.

C. Ben- ve- nu- ta, Ca- ra spo- sa.

P. nu- ta— ca- ra spo- sa.— Ben- ve - nu- ta, ca- ra, ca- ra bel- la

G. Bel - la spo - sa, Ben - ve - nu - ta in ca - sa vos - tra, ca - sa

C. Bel - la spo - sa, Ca - sa

P. spo - sa — Ca - sa

*accel.*

G. vos- tra che sa- rà più lu- mi- no- sa — lu- mi- no- sa!

C. vos- tra che sa- rà più lu- mi- no- sa — lu- mi- no- sa!

P. vos- tra che sa- rà più lu- mi- no- sa — lu- mi- no- sa!

*poco rit.*

## 40 Rubato

G. *(Bravura)* Lu - mi - no - sa, — lu - mi - no - sa.

C. *(Super bravura)* Lu - mi - no - sa,

P. *(Ultra bravura)* lu - mi - no - sa, — lu - mi - no - sa!

*ritard.*

(Suddenly all THREE SERVANTS remember a final matter to accomplish. They dash up stage and retrieve from the fence a colorful fringed shawl which has been draped there. Quickly they carry it forward and place it around ROSABELLA'S shoulders.)

46 Allegro con brio (♩=120) *simile*

G. Lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa!

C. *simile* Lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa!

P. *simile* Lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa!

G. Lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi -

C. Lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi -

P. Lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi - no - sa, lu - mi -

*ritard.* **54** *Presto* ( $\text{♩} = 132$ )

G. sa!

C. sa!

P. sa!

*no ritard.*

*no ritard.*

*no ritard.*

*no* *sa!*

*ritard.* *f Tutti*

G.

C.

P.

*poco ritard.*

*gea bassa*

*Segue*

(ROSABELLA is now feeling very much more at home. She gratefully acknowledges the SERVANTS' offering, as they exit bowing to her. She now gets up from the chair and, fondling the shawl, she approaches JOE.)

ROSABELLA: It's very lovely. (She is about to say more when the TWO CHILDREN re-enter in the course of a game of tag. The LITTLE GIRL spies her.)

**60** *Giocosu* (♩=144)

(safety)

LITTLE GIRL: Ooh, look, it's the bride! Ain't you the bride, lady?

ROSABELLA: (Smiling) Hello.

LITTLE GIRL: Gee, you're beautiful! Ain't she, Gussie? (The LITTLE BOY nods agreement, but in a strangely glum tight-lipped manner.) We're comin' to your wedding tomorrow. Ain't we, Gussie? (The LITTLE BOY again nods. The LITTLE GIRL shakes him to get an answer.) (Explaining) He don't smile much lately. Well, goodbye now.

ROSABELLA: Goodbye now. (The LITTLE GIRL exits. The LITTLE BOY starts after her as if to resume the tag game, but before his exit he stops and turns to ROSABELLA and favors her with a wonderfully warm welcoming smile revealing that he has three front teeth missing. Both ROSABELLA and JOE laugh as the LITTLE BOY exits. We can see that ROSABELLA is now affected by the pleasantness of her surroundings. She turns toward JOE, who has seated himself in the rocking-chair.)

**64** Tr. (Mute)

**68** *Andante con molto calore* (♩=92)

ROSABELLA:

(ROSABELLA picks up her suitcase and crosses behind JOE'S chair, toward the porch.)

**76** Tempo rubato

R. *I'm sor - ry I got mad, I'm sor - ry I got sore.*

*f* *Clas., Strgs.* *f*

R. *You see, I've nev - er been a mail or - der bride - be - fore.*

*Harp gliss.* *rapidamente*

(She puts down the suitcase.)

**81** R. *But now I'm hap - py I'm who I am, And I'm hap - py you're who you are —*

*f*

(She notices a certain unresponsiveness in JOE.)

R. *And I'm hap - py to - day is to - day. —*

R. *Gosh! Have - n't you got some - thing to say? Tell me, aren't you*

*ten.* *Vns.* *sfpp*



## [89] Molto rubato (♩ = circa 108)

R. glad? (Hesitant) I mean, glad I'm here? I mean, here be -

Cello

ten. ten. ten. ten.

R. side you, dear? That is, aren't you glad

96

R. I mean, glad I came? I mean, came to share your

ten. ten. ten. ten.

(JOE is a little startled by this last question and he starts to answer her, but she runs up to the porch steps, away from him.)

R. name? I thought I'd be set - tling for a place to

103

Cl. Hn. accel. a tempo

R. hang my hat, For three square meals a day, Some good fresh air, and that was

Cl. Strgs. mf p

*Piu lento* (♩=88) *ritard.* *Tempo I*

R. that. But this is much nic-er and sweet-er and warm-er. Tell me, aren't you

Cls.

Va., Cello, Bass

*ritard.* *pp*

(JOE is getting more and more uncomfortably suspicious. Now she is directly behind his chair.)

115

R. glad? I mean, glad I'm here? You know, here be-side you,

Cello

*poco ritard.*

(ROSABELLA gingerly, but affectionately, puts her arms around JOE'S neck from behind. JOE, alarmed, quickly gets up.)

121

R. To-ny dear

JOE: (Amazed)

(with growing agitation) To-ny? I'm not

*rapidamente*

(Incredulous)

R. You're not To-ny?

J. To-ny! I'm Joe. No! I'm Joe.

*ritard.*

*Fine*

*(There is a moment of shocked silence. Then ROSABELLA, numbed and hurt, removes the shawl from her shoulders and lets it drop to the floor. Then she picks up her suitcase.)*

ROSABELLA: Well, thank you very much. It's been charming. *(She is about to exit the premises haughtily, but then stops herself.)* Let me ask you something! *(She flips open the suitcase. In an attempt to reach for something she reveals among its contents a wedding veil which is, at this moment, a source of bitter embarrassment to her. Quickly she shoves the veil back into the suitcase and extracts a small snapshot. She hands the snapshot to JOE.)* If this isn't you — who is it?

JOE: *(Recognizing it, looks bewildered)* It's me, all right! Yep, it's me, all right. I guess he must have sent you my picture instead of his.

ROSABELLA: Why would anybody do that?

JOE: *(Musing)* Why, the foxy grandpa!

ROSABELLA: The what?

JOE: *(Now slapping his thigh in amusement)* The foxy grandpa!

ROSABELLA: *(Rising)* He's an old man. Isn't he? Isn't he an old man?

JOE: *(Reassuringly, realizing that a trick has been played)* Tony's a wonderful feller. *(He points offstage.)* Look over there. That's Tony's friends come to meet you. How many guys you know got a yard full of friends. Yeah, Tony's a great feller. Couldn't you tell from his letters?

ROSABELLA: What do you know about his letters?

JOE: Well, I helped him with a few of 'em. Spelling, you know, him being a foreigner —

ROSABELLA: *(Mortified)* Then you read my letters?

JOE: *(With a knowing smile that is almost a leer)* Some.

ROSABELLA: *(In tearful terror rushing for her suitcase)* I'm getting out of here. *(She snaps the suitcase shut, stops for a brief second to tear the photograph to bits, and starts to cross in front of JOE.)*

JOE: Tony's a fine feller. Just you wait till you see.

ROSABELLA: *(Angrily)* I'm not waiting to see! Not me! Not on your life! I'm not gonna stay here and be made a fool of! *(As she passes in front of JOE, he grabs her arm, stopping her momentarily in her flight.)*

JOE: *(With a patronizing smile)* Sorry you wasted all that time dreamin' about me. *(ROSABELLA angrily pulls away from him.)*

ROSABELLA: *(In white heat)* Be sure and tell all your friends! *(She continues her exit toward the gate. Before she can reach it, a group of five or six party guests arrive, led by the LITTLE GIRL who first discovered her presence.)*

LITTLE GIRL: See Mama? I told you she was here! See? It's Rosabella!

WOMAN: Well, well, we've all certainly been anxious to meet ya!

MAN: How de doo and welcome, ma'am. Why you're even prettier than your picture!

YOUNG MAN: Welcome to Napa!

LITTLE GIRL: Look at her hair! Ain't it beautiful!

WOMAN: Certainly is!

YOUNG LADY: How do you do. I'm Agnes Jones. And this here's my Uncle Harry. *(ROSABELLA, surrounded, forces a nervous smile acknowledging these greetings. There is no polite avenue of escape. One of the MEN rushes to center stage and calls off to the rest of the guests.)*

MAN: Hey people! It's the bride! It's Rosabella!

(Suddenly the horrified scream of a WOMAN is heard. ROSABELLA and the group around her look in alarm, as from the other side of the stage the WOMAN appears, backing into the scene, her hands hysterically covering her face. Following her come two TRUCK DRIVERS, bearing on a battered metal truck door, the limp and lifeless form of TONY. As the make-shift stretcher is brought to the porch, the rest of the CROWD rushes in. JOE is the first to realize what has happened.)

Mosso (♩ = 72)

(This music starts on entrance of PARTY GUESTS and repeated ad lib. until cut off at scream.)

(Scream off stage)

126 Vls. [safety] Va.

ROSABELLA: What's that?

JOE: (Shouting) Jesus, it's Tony!

128 Strgs., W.W. add Brass

FIRST TRUCK DRIVER: His truck turned over three times!

SECOND TRUCK DRIVER: We found him layin' in the ditch!

Agitato (♩ = 160)

132 Strgs. Va., Bn. Cello Bass Segue

JOE: (Running across stage yelling) Doc! Hey, Doc! (The DOC enters and hurries over to TONY, pushing his way through the knot of people surrounding the body. These include the THREE SERVANTS piteously begging TONY to stir or speak.)

GIUSEPPE: (As MARIE enters from the house) Signorina!

MARIE: Madonna mia!

PASQUALE: (Imploringly to TONY) Padrone!

Segue

(JOE is holding back a group of eagerly curious guests at the other side of the stage. Near him stands ROSABELLA, her suitcase still in her hand—lost and frightened and aimlessly searching for some means of escape from the trap she is in. At this point the action of the scene freezes, and against the hushed background of the CROWD tensely straining and waiting while the DOC examines TONY, ROSABELLA distractedly looks about her.)

**142** Allegro agitato (♩ = 80-88)

ROSABELLA:

No

Fl.

Celeste

R. home, ~ no job, Not ev - en mad mon - ey. \_

**154**

R. Just that old man, \_ that

add E. Hn., Strgs.

165

old man — People 'll be laugh-ing, it's so fun-ny! Laugh-ing at

W.W.

me for com-ing down here to that old man — That old man, —

E.Hn., Bn.

175

— Peo - ple 'll be laugh - ing it's so fun - ny.

'Spe - cial - ly him, what - ev - er his name is.

p

Him with the pink shirt and the know - it - all smile.

Fade

DOC: Step back everybody. Give me a little room, please! (*The CROWD spreads back a little. The two TRUCK DRIVERS begin to leave.*)

ROSABELLA: (*Grabbing one DRIVER by the arm*) Say, could you two fellas give me a lift to the station?

FIRST TRUCK DRIVER: Sorry, lady, we're drivin' the other way. (*They exit. Some of the CROWD now notice ROSABELLA'S presence.*)

VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE: (*To each other*) It's Rosabella! That's the bride standing there. How did she get up here? I guess that must be Rosabella. There she is with the suitcase. Isn't it terrible her coming here and him having the accident.

TONY: (*In pain*) Rosabella. (*ROSABELLA instinctively takes a tiny step away.*) Nunja go 'way. Come here, Rosabella. (*ROSABELLA stops and the CROWD leans forward gazing at her, sensing her feeling of indecision. PASQUALE and a few others make appealing gestures in her direction. The DOC comes to her.*)

DOC: Please, ma'am. Won't you do what he's askin'? Please?

(*Despite the disappointment and shock of the last few minutes, ROSABELLA feels the tug of sympathy from the CROWD and slowly walks toward the porch where TONY is lying. As she does so, MARIE takes a step toward her.*)

**187** Adagio (♩ = 54) Fl., Cl.

1 Hn., Vls.  
mp  
2 Hn.  
Tuba

MARIE: (*Quietly*) I'm his sister.  
(*There is something about MARIE that repels ROSABELLA, and she backs away slightly.*)

E. Hn.  
rubato  
Hns. ritard.

TONY: (*Weakly, to the DOC*) Hey, Doc. You gimme needle fulla medicine for make-a me sleep. How soon omma gonna sleep?

DOC: About ten minutes.

TONY: (*In a little stronger voice*) 'At's-a okay. We got time for da wedding. Right now!

MARIE: (*Alarmed, appeals first to the PRIEST, then to the DOC.*) No! He can't! He's hurt too bad. Ain't he, Doc?

DOC: Plenty bad. But maybe we ought to do what he wants. How about it, Padre?

TONY: Right now, tonight! Omma don' wanna wait for tomorrow. Maybe's gonna be no tomorrow.

MARIE: (*Shocked*) No! Tony!

JOE: (*Approaching ROSABELLA*) Maybe Rosabella wants time to think it over. What do you say, Rosabella?

ROSABELLA: (*Defiant at JOE'S knowing tone, she stiffens and bisses up at him.*) Anything Tony wants. (*She pauses and turns in resignation, but not without sympathy, to TONY.*) Any time. (*She walks toward the porch.*)

TONY: (*Weakly, but with great joy*) 'At's-a my Rosabella!

DOC: (*To the PRIEST*) Padre, this man can't be moved to the church. Let's have a quick ceremony in the house.

PRIEST: (*Nods*) I'll call the Chancellery. (*The PRIEST exits into the house.*)

MARIE: (*In panic*) No! He can't! He's hurt too bad! He's too sick —

(*TONY and the DOC speak simultaneously.*)

TONY: Marie! —

DOC: Take it easy, Marie!

MARIE: (*Now struggling hysterically with the DOC*) — He can't get married! You just gave him dope! He ain't in his right mind! He ain't in —

TONY: (*Shouting with all possible strength*) Shut up, Marie!

(*There is a moment of frozen silence. MARIE has backed away from TONY hurt and dazed.*)

DOC: (*Addressing the CROWD*) All right, folks. I guess the party will have to be some other time. Everybody home. (*The CROWD slowly and sadly begins to straggle off.*)

194

Grave (♩ = 66)

DOC: (*Quietly to ROSABELLA*) All right, in the house. (*The DOC places the gift shawl on ROSABELLA'S shoulders, and she walks slowly and thoughtfully into the house following the SERVANTS who have carried TONY inside. He calls into the house.*) Make it a short one, Padre. I gotta have three quarters of the poor man in splints before midnight. (*Now he turns to MARIE.*) Come on, Marie. After all, you only got your feelings hurt.

(*The sound of the PRIEST'S voice may be heard from within the house as he starts intoning the marriage ceremony.*)

PRIEST: Ego conjungo vos in matrimonium, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen



(The DOC leads MARIE into the house while JOE hustles the guests straggling homeward. Among the guests are the CITY BOY and the COUNTRY GIRL last seen heading for the barn. They have returned hand-in-hand across the stage, and we now observe that the COUNTRY GIRL has a good deal of straw stuck to her hair and the back of her dress.)

JOE: Okay, kids. Like the Doc says, go on home now. (They exit.)

(A GUEST comes out of the house bearing the battered truck door and props it up against the little picket fence. We now see the lettering painted on it, "Tony Esposito, Proprietor". Now JOE is alone on stage. Moodily, he picks up the travel bag he had put down earlier. There is bitter disappointment on his face as he stares at it. HERMAN comes out of the house, and crossing behind JOE, observes his evil mood.)

PRIEST: Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini qui fecit caelum et terram. Domine, exaudi, orationem meam et clamor meus

(Music begins when JOE picks up travel bag.)

Moderato (♩ = 80)

HERMAN: Well, Joëy, it looks like you're gonna have to stick around now and run the ranch till Tony gets on his feet again.

(Suddenly, in great anger, JOE hurls the travel bag across the stage and it crashes against TONY'S truck door.)

JOE: Yeah, I know.

PRIEST: ad te veniat. Bene Dic Domine, aequalum hunc, quem nos in tuo nomine bene dicimus. At que eum gestaverit

(As JOE throws down traveling bag)

HERMAN: (Smiling, but reprovngly) The boss has treated you pretty good, Joëy.

(HERMAN exits, as JOE, in resignation, lights a cigarette, ambles across the stage and sits down on a beer keg. At this point we hear the final words of the PRIEST, ROSA-BELLA and TONY within the house.)

PRIEST: fidelitatem integram suo sponso tenens. In pace et voluntate tua permaneat Atque in mutua caritate semper vivat

Meno mosso (♩ = 120)

217 **PRIEST:** Per Christum Dominum  
Piu lento (♩ = 108) nostrum. Amen. **ROSABELLA:**  
Amen! **TONY:** Amen! Lento (♩ = 92) Ob.

## DON'T CRY

(As JOE sits glumly on the beer keg, ROSABELLA reappears on the porch. Slowly she crosses it, slipping off the shawl and letting it drop to the ground. Limp and forlorn, she walks across the yard toward the rocking-chair which has been overturned by the rushing CROWD. JOE watches as she kneels by the chair and sobs. Night has now fallen fully and the decorative lights have been turned out leaving the scene with an ominous bluish feeling. JOE has gotten up from the beer keg and now looks at ROSABELLA with a degree of sympathy.)

Lento (♩ = 92) Trpt. (quasi Oboe);  
Piano Vls. trem. pp Va., Cello mp

JOE: Don't

12 Andante, ma rubato e con compassione (♩ = 60)

cry— don't cry— Come on back in the house and don't cry— Come on

Alto Fl., Cls.

J. *(b)* back in the house and get out from un-der that old cold sky. —

*Agitato* (♩=66) *(He comes nearer to ROSABELLA.)* **Tempo I** [23]

J. Don't weep— don't weep— Come on

J. back in the house lit-tle sheep— Come on back in the house for a

*(He is right behind her as she sobs)*

*Agitato* (♩=66)

J. smile of wel-come And go to sleep.

*(Now very close, JOE touches her shoulders as if to comfort her. ROSABELLA squirms away, getting up.)*

**[34]** **Tempo I** *poco accel.*

J. Guess I know how you feel. It's that wild run-a-way feel-in' in your

*(He pursues her.)*

heart When you've had the wrong dream — And you wake with a start! Well, don't

*rit.*

## 42 Tempo I

cry, — don't cry — Come on back in the house and don't cry. — Come on

*pp*

Ob.

Alto Fl.

Cl.

back in the house And get out from un-der that old cold sky. Guess I

ROSABELLA: Yes, you know how I feel! Well, don't you worry! I went through with it, didn't I? I said I'd marry him — Well, I married him . . . *(Her defiance has melted to tears again.)*

know how you feel.....

*Fade*

*vallo*

JOE: *(Reassuringly)* And you'll never be sorry. *(He turns her toward him and holds her. This time with an attitude a little stronger than one of brotherly sympathy. ROSABELLA senses this and tries to wriggle away.)*

ROSABELLA: Take your hands off me!

JOE: *(Taking her closer in his arms again)* You know I had nothing to do with that photograph.

ROSABELLA: No, but you're laughing about it.

JOE: No, kid, no.

ROSABELLA: Inside you're laughing about how I got myself stuck with a — *(She looks up at JOE'S face. There is a brief, significant silence. Suddenly a strange discomfort tells her to end it and she breaks away.)* Take your hands off me!

**51** Agitato (♩ = 84)

ROSABELLA:

Leave me alone!

He's an

JOE:

To - ny sure is a fine fel - ler With the strength of a gi - ant. And the

E.Hn.

*fp*

R. old man, — an old man. — I don't want him lean - ing all

J. soul — of a saint. —

*p*

**58**

R. o - ver me! Strength of a

J. With the strength of a gi - ant. And the smile — of a

Strgs., Cls. (trem.)  
Harp

R. gi-ant! But an old man, an old man. — I don't want him breath-ing all o-ver me!  
 (She sobs, as once again JOE catches up with her.)  
 J. ba — by.

Strgs., W.W.  
 Celeste Harp Hns.

Molto agitato (♩ = 76)  
 J. JOB: Don't

(JOE and ROSABELLA are now very close to each other. JOE gently wipes the tears from her face, and now his hands continue over her shoulders.)

[69] Più mosso (♩ = 72)  
 J. cry, — don't cry — Come on back in the house And don't  
 simile

cry — Come on back in the house And get out from un-der that old cold  
 Vls., Va., W.W., Celeste  
 Hns. Trb. Harp gliss.

**76** Sempre Agitato ( $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 72$ ) (They find themselves suddenly in a passionate embrace, from which ROSABELLA

sky.

Cym. starts *pppp* and cresc. gradually until cut off at \*

Harp simile

breaks and runs in fright back to the porch. JOE rushes after her and catches her before she can enter the house. Savagely he wheels her around and kisses her, passionately

**88**

fondling her body while she struggles to escape. But in a few moments the power of the impulse she has been feeling deep inside, overcomes her resistance. We see her

( $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 88$ )

*pesante*

arms reach up wildly around JOE'S neck as she gives herself to this crazy moment. Now

**103** Più calmato ( $\text{♩} = 152$ )

Vls.

*ritard.*

*sffz* Hn.

*pp* Timp. and Cym. start *pppp* and

(Cym. out)

the long kiss is over. The two separate and she walks limply a few steps away. Both she and JOE look up at the house guiltily. Then, slowly, JOE turns and with significant stealth comes toward her, and she, in turn, takes an expectant amorous step toward him.)

(hold till curtain closes)

*rit.*

cresc. gradually with *molto cresc.* into downbeat of final bar.

CURTAIN

## ACT TWO

## PRELUDE

**Piano** *Agitato* (♩ = 76) *f* *Tutti*

*Moderato* (♩ = 76) *Lento e mesto* (♩ = 100-108) *f* *Strgs., Celeste*

**18** *Largamente* (♩ = 66) *f* *fp* *f* *fp* *ff* *Trpts.*

*Grandioso* (♩ = 60) *ff* *Hns., Trbs.* *rit.* *Deliberatamente* (♩ = 54)

**27** *Allegro* (♩ = 144) *dim.* *Strgs., Hns., WW.*



34 (♩ = ♩)

Strgs.

Tamb.

Trpt. 44

*fz*

54

CURTAIN

The musical score is written for piano and strings. The piano part consists of two staves, treble and bass. The bass line is a steady eighth-note pattern. The treble part has several melodic lines, some with triplets and slurs. The string part is indicated by 'Strgs.' and the tambourine part by 'Tamb.'. A trumpet part is marked 'Trpt. 44'. The piece ends with a 'CURTAIN' instruction.

## SCENE ONE

*A clearing at the edge of TONY'S vineyard. It is morning, a week later. The vines in the distance are pruned quite low. As the curtain rises, we see the vineyard WORKERS busy at various chores. Some are passing large grain sacks to each other, while some are sawing logs, honing axes, painting wooden stakes, etc. A couple of FARM WOMEN are seen, one with a wash basket, the other busy with a piece of embroidery. Downstage, we see a community water pail with the handle of a dipper protruding from it. Nearby sits ROSABELLA busily operating a foot pedal sewing-machine of the period. The entire scene is one of continual industrious activity.*

## FRESNO BEAUTIES

**Allegro** (♩ = 144)  
Hns.  
mp  
Piano  
Strings and Tambourine etc.

**17**  
VINEYARD WORKERS:  
Com-in' home

When the sum - mer is o - ver,

W.W. 3

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part is in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro' with a tempo of 144 beats per minute. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal part includes a solo line for 'VINEYARD WORKERS' and a duet line for 'FARM WOMEN' (W.W.). The lyrics are 'Com-in' home' and 'When the sum - mer is o - ver,'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

V. W. Com-in' home Pret-ty wom-an o'

V. W. mine. Com-in'

W.W.

[33] V. W. home with the mon-ey, with the mon-ey from the

Hns. 3

V. W. Fres - no Beau-ties. The

Trpts., Picc. 8va

V. W. Fres - no Beau-ties. The

Fres - no Beau-ties. Cl., Ob., Trpts. Don't you

cry Don't you call me a rove-er. Hn.

Don't you cry

Lit-tle buck-et o' brine.

Com-in' home With the mon-ey, with the mon-ey from the

49

65

W.W.

Hn.

V. W. Fres - no Beau-ties, WW, Trpts. 3 3 3 3  
Hns. 8va lower

V. W. Round and ripe and fine. Hns. Hns., Trbs.

(JOE enters from the side opposite ROSABELLA. These two do not notice each other as JOE slowly wends his way through the GROUP, greeting his crew and occasionally directing or approving their activity.)

V. W.

V. W. 85 Com-in' home When the

V. W. sum - mer is o - ver, WW, 3 3 3 3 Com-in'

home Pret-ty wom-an o' mine,

(JOE has reached the water pail. He is about to light a cigarette. Simultaneously, ROSABELLA has gotten up from her sewing-machine and reaches the pail at the same time, dipping herself a drink.)

Com-in' home With the

(In this instant the two notice each other's presence and the entire activity of the scene freezes, each WORKER arresting himself in mid-action. JOE and ROSABELLA are likewise physically absolutely still, except for the movement of their lips as each stares away from the other, fixed in thought.)

Lento e lugubre (♩=92)

104

ROSABELLA:

Here he comes

JOE:

(With deadly voices)

There she is There she is, Ev-'ry day for a week now

mon-ey, wi-

low W.W., Strgs.

R. Here he comes, ev-'ry day since a week a - go And the best we can do is

J. And the best we can do is

R. nod good morn-ing. I'll nev - er know how

J. nod good morn-ing. I'll nev - er know why I grabbed her, It

**118**

R. It does-n't mat-ter now. It's cold, cold, cold and dead,

J. did - n't mat-ter then. It's cold, cold, cold and dead,

low W.W., Trbs., Tuba  
Cello, Bass

R. dead and bur-ied. Bur-ied and gone, gone, for - got - ten, far a -

J. dead and bur-ied. Bur-ied and gone, gone, for-got - ten, far a - way

way and dead, And now ev-'ry day the best we can do is nod good morn-ing.

cold and dead, And now ev-'ry day the best we can do is nod good morn-ing.

## VINEYARD WORKERS:

The

(The entire scene comes to life again, the WORKERS resuming their busy and boisterous action. JOE lights his cigarette while ROSABELLA takes her drink of water. Now, absently, these two nod an evasive greeting and pass each other — JOE exiting, and ROSABELLA resuming her work at the sewing-machine.)

[128] Tempo I<sup>o</sup>

mon-ey from the Fres - no Beau-ties, The

Trpts; Picc. 8a

etc.

Fres - no Beau-ties, The Fres - no

Beau-ties. Cl., Ob. Trpts

Don't you cry

W.W.

Hn.



V. W. Don't you call me a ro - ver.

V. W. Don't you cry Lit - tle buck - et o' brine.

V. W. Com - in' home With the

157

Hn.

V. W. mon - ey, with the mon - ey from the Fres - no Beau - ties,

W.W., Trpts.

Hns. 8va lower

V. W. Round and ripe and fine.

169

Hns.

Hns., Trps.

(The WORKERS and the WOMEN start to gather up their tools and filter offstage to the left leaving ROSABELLA at her machine. As the last worker exits behind her, THREE NAPA BIDDIES enter from the right and pass before her. They stop as they hear something offstage to the left.)

V. W.

Vlns.

Trpts.

sempre dim.

TONY: (Angrily offstage) Ma che brutta sorte!

[safety]

Fade

(The DOC enters pushing a wheelchair bearing a very much bandaged TONY. His left leg is in a cast and his left arm is in splints. Through the opening in his Navajo wool bathrobe may be seen the corner of a chest bandage. Across his lap is spread a blanket. His undamaged right arm gesticulates wildly brandishing a folded newspaper at the DOC.)

TONY: Ma che specie di medico e? Sono incarcerato! Maledetto dottore! (The THREE BIDDIES watch and listen to the tirade.) Hey! Dottore! What da hell you say? Twelve weeks?

DOC: (Nodding confirmation) Twelve weeks.

TONY: (Flabbergasted) Twelve weeks? Ma che brutta sorte! Ma che specie di medico e? (The THREE BIDDIES have gathered at the wheelchair attempting to soothe TONY.)

BIDDIES: Good morning, Tony.

TONY: Good-a mornin'? E's-a son-a-bitch-a mornin'! (*The BIDDIES back away shocked at his language.*) He says omma gotta stay in da wheelchair for twelve weeks. Twelve goddam weeks! (*The BIDDIES retreat and disappear, passing ROSABELLA, who remains to observe TONY'S impatient scene with the DOC.*) A ci picchia! Caspita! (*Tony throws the newspaper down on the floor with disgust. Then he throws the blanket to the ground.*) Orrore! Maledette dottore! Omma-no sick! Hurry up quick! Gimme da medicine, gimme da pills!

DOC: (*Soothing him*) Take it easy, please.

TONY: (*Struggling to get out of his chair*) Omma no care!

DOC: Please, Tony!

**[185]** Agitato (♩ = 184)

TONY: Twelve weeks in da chair! Gimme da medicine, gimme da pills! Hurry up quick!

[safety]

DOC: Easy now, easy, Tony, easy —

Rubato (♩ = circa 69)

DOC:

Eas - y. Take med - i - cine. Take ton - ic. Take pills.

colla voce

(*ROSABELLA has gotten up and retrieved the newspaper. TONY, facing the other way, is not aware of her presence.*)

D. But none of them will cure an old grouch of his ills. If

195

D. you've got to take some - thing, Take a pre - scrip - tion that's old

Strgs. pizz. (The DOC notices ROSABELLA and gets an idea.) W.W.

Cl. Hns.

D. — as the hills. Take

TONY: 3 3

What om - ma take? Doc, What om - ma take?

ppp Harp

203

rit. Allegretto (Tempo di valse) (♩ = 60-66)

D. love and kind - ness, Love and kind - ness,

E. Hn. Solo a tempo

D. Love and kind - ness from the nurse, The

(He slyly urges ROSABELLA over. She is shy and hesitant.)

[217]

rit. a tempo

D. good look-ing nurse. Take love and kind - ness, Love - and

E. Hn.

Strgs. pizz. rit. a tempo

D. kind - ness, And you will nev - er, ev -

TONY: (Uncomprehending) Ma porca miseria.

[231]

D. er take a turn for the worse. She's good for what ails you

(The DOC wheels TONY backward toward ROSABELLA.)

D. When you feel read - y to hol - ler and curse, Take

[238]

rit. a tempo

D. love and kind - ness, Love - and kind - ness,

Fl., E. Hn. rit. a tempo

D. Love— and kind - ness from the nurse, The

(Now TONY sees his bride, to his great embarrassment.)

TONY: Ma, maybe she don' wanna ... **253**

D. good look - ing nurse. She's good for what ails you

Strgs. pizz. W.W. Strgs. pizz.

D. When you feel read - y to hol - ler and curse. Take

(The DOC beckons behind the wheelchair and places her hands on the push bar.)

**260** rit. a tempo

D. love and kind - ness, Love— and kind - ness, (Backing away)

Fl., En. Hn. pp rit. a tempo

D. Love— and kind - ness From the nurse, The

D. good look - ing nurse, the nurse, the nurse.

Strgs pizz.

(The DOC exits leaving the scene to an embarrassed ROSABELLA and a sheepish TONY.)

TONY: (After a pause, awkwardly) Hey!

ROSABELLA: (Softly) Yes?

TONY: You mad at me? (ROSABELLA does not answer.) Omma send you wrong fella's pitch. If I was-a send you my pitch you no come here. No? (He waits through a thoughtful silence.) Omma sorry about da pitch.

ROSABELLA: (Correcting him) Picture.

## HAPPY TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE

Adagio (♩=54-60)  
ten.

Piano

(under following dialogue)  
Solo Strg. Quint.

Segue

TONY: (Trying to say it) Picture. (ROSABELLA smiles a little smile at his effort. He is encouraged.) We friends now, huh? (ROSABELLA smiles a little more.) (Extending his good hand) We start all over. Okay? Omma meet you for da first time? Hallo! (THEY shake hands. It is a little over-rigorous for ROSABELLA, but she accepts it with good humor.)

ROSABELLA: [5] Moderato e rubato (♩=72-80)

Well...When you meet some-bod-y for the first time, There are

ten.

p colla voce

Celli

Harp

R. spe - cial things you're sup - posed to say, Which you may not mean, But they

Harp

R. sound po - lite as can be. Would you

Tutti Strs.

R. like to learn them? Well, then re - peat af - ter me.  
(TONY nods agreement.)

pp mfpp mf rit.

(ROSABELLA, now alongside TONY, indicates an imaginary person.)

**17** Allegretto giusto (♩=76)

R. Hap - py to make your ac - quaint - ance.

TONY: (Struggling with the words)

T. 'Ap - py to make you ac -

Cls. 3 Vls.

Cello colla voce

Strgs



R. Thank you so much I feel fine.

T. quaint-ance. T'ank you so much, Om-ma feel

R. Hap - py to make your ac - quaint - ance And let me say the

T. fine. Ac - quaint - ance.

Cl. Vls.

33

R. pleas - ure is mine How do you

T. Da pleas-ure, da pleas-ure's a - mine.

Vls. Cl.

R. do? Pleased to know you. And though my

T. (He shakes hands with ROSABELLA.) 'Ow do you do? Pleased to know you.

Vls.

R. Eng - lish is poor.

T. (Ruefully) My Eng - lish is - a god - damn' poor.

Vls. Celeste

R. Hap - py to make your ac - quaint - ance. Now won't you please say

T. 'Ap - py to make you ac - quaint - ance.

45

R. Like - wise, No, Like - wise, No,

T. (Trying) Look - a - wise, - (Trying again) Like - a - ways, -

Clis.

R. Like - wise, I'm sure. (Smiling broadly)

T. (He gets it) Oh, Like - a - wise, I'm sure.

Vls. Clis.

Segue

ROSABELLA: That's very good. Very — (ROSABELLA is startled to see CICCIO enter and cross the stage carrying a suitcase and a pair of strangely familiar shoes with which he is beckoning someone on. A moment later CLEO appears in her stockinged feet, otherwise dressed in her best.)

**53** Quasi Marcia  
(Servant enters with bag and shoes)

ROSABELLA:  
Cleo!

accel.

*sfz*

CLEO: Hello, honey. What's the matter? You look like you didn't expect me?

TONY: (Beaming) Surprise!

ROSABELLA: What happened? Why is she here?

TONY: I send for her. I give her job pastin' labels on my grape boxes.

CLEO: No walking. It's in my contract.

TONY: 'At's-a right. Sit down all day.

CLEO: All day.

ROSABELLA: Gosh, I'm glad to see you!

CLEO: And me, you.

ROSABELLA: That's a new outfit. Turn around. (CLEO turns around modeling it.)

CLEO: 'Like it?

ROSABELLA: What did you do to your hair?

CLEO: I rinsed it in the Friday Special.

TONY: Hey, now you got old friend keep you company. (Nudging ROSABELLA) Do like you say — "intrafaduce" me.

ROSABELLA: Oh, I'm sorry. Cleo, this is Tony. (CLEO and TONY shake hands.)

CLEO: How are you?

Lento (♩=66)

TONY:

**61** Allegretto giusto (♩=76)

CLEO: Feeling

'Ow I am? 'Ap - py to make you ac - quaint - ance.

(He nudges ROSABELLA to listen to what he is about to recite.)

Sings. *pp* *mp*

better after the accident?

T. *W.W.* T'ank you so much. Om-ma feel fine. *Vls.*

add Harp

nice to meet you.

CLEO: It's a pleasure.

T. Ap - py to make you ac - quaint - ance.

CLEO: (to Rosabella) He's cute.

T. An' let me say da pleas - ure she's-a mine. *W.W.* *Vls.* *ppp*

CLEO: (to Rosabella) And so

T. *W.W.* 'Ow do you do? Pleased to know you. *mp* *3*

polite, too.

CLEO: Your English

T. An' do' my Eng - lish he's poor, *W.W.* *add Harp*

suits me fine.

C. Hap - py to make your ac - quaint-ance.

T. 'Ap - py to make you ac - quaint-ance.

Cl. Vls.

(There is an embarrassed pause as TONY now gropes for the right words. He looks desperately for help from ROSABELLA, who comes to his rescue.)

ROSABELLA: [89] Now won't you please say Like-wise, No, Like-wise

T. Look-a - wise,-

R. No, Like - wise I'm sure.

CLEO: I'm sure.

T. Like-a - ways, Oh, Like-wise I'm sure.

Cl. Vls.

TONY: Oh, Marie. (*To CLEO*) At's-a my sister, Marie.

CLEO: Oh, I'm happy to make your acquaintance.

TONY: (*To ROSABELLA*) See? She catch on quick, too.

MARIE: (*To CLEO*) I'll take you into the house.

CLEO: Thanks, I'll get cleaned up. See you later! (*MARIE and CLEO exit.*)

97 Adagio ( $\text{♩} = 54-60$ )

Vln. Solo

*pp*

ten. ten. ten. ten.

Segue

ROSABELLA: Tell me something? Why did you send for Cleo?

TONY: (*A little shyly*) Ma, I was-a t'ink maybe you lonesome.

ROSABELLA: (*Thoughtfully*) Oh.

TONY: So omma send for you friend you was-a tell me about.

Vla. Solo

ten. ten. ten. ten.

Segue

ROSABELLA: (*After a pause*) You know something? I'm not so lonesome. I guess I like it here.

TONY: (*Beaming*) 'At's-a nice.

ROSABELLA: And you know something else? (*She is now kneeling close to the wheel-chair.*) You're a nice kind man. (*She gently puts her hand on his arm. He, in turn, slowly puts his hand over hers as they smile companionably at each other.*)

106 Allegretto giusto ( $\text{♩} = 80$ )

R. How do you do, Pleased to know you,

T. 'Ow do you do, Pleased to know you,

*mf*

R. And though my Eng - lish is poor. *(ROSABELLA has gotten up and now is wheeling him off.)*

T. An' do' my Eng - lish he's poor.

Cello

R. Hap - py to make your ac - quaint - ance. Now won't you please say

T. 'Ap - py to make you ac - quaint - ance.

Cello

Brass

## 118

R. Like-wise, No, Like-wise, No, *cresc. poco a poco*

T. Look-a - wise, — Like-a - ways, — *cresc. poco a poco*

Strgs., W.W. *pp* *cresc. poco a poco*

(She has wheeled TONY off.)

Like - wise I'm sure.

Oh, Like - wise, I'm sure.

Trpts.

(PASQUALE, GIUSEPPE and CICCIO enter carrying a cross-legged make-shift table. PASQUALE carries a sack of silver dollars and a pistol. As GIUSEPPE and CICCIO set the table down, PASQUALE fires a shot in the air, and places the money sack on the table.)

WORKERS VOICES: (Offstage, approaching) Pay day! There's Pasquale with the money bags!

(HERMAN is the first in line at the pay table as the workers quickly assemble behind him. The first one of these jocularly grabs HERMAN'S hat and tosses it away. HERMAN, good-naturedly, retrieves his hat, but now cannot get back in place in the pay-line and must go all the way to the end of it. He accepts this joke smilingly. CLEO enters from the house, having changed her clothes. She is gratified to see so many able-bodied men in the vicinity, but is interrupted in her musing on the subject as MARIE appears behind her.)

MARIE: Oh, Cleo!

**126** Moderato (♩ = 144)

MARIE:

I gotta talk to you. I know I can talk to you. You're her friend and he's my broth - er.

Strgs. *pp* (safety)

CLEO: (Suspicious, but still amiable)

I un-der-stand, I un-der-

You un-der-stand, we can talk to one an-oth-er, You un-der-stand. You un-der-stand, When the



C. stand. I un-der - stand, I un-der -

M. girl's too young for the man, You un-der-stand, You un-der-stand.

C. stand.

M. She got her ways, He got his, The on - ly troub - le is when they get mar-ried,

M. Lit - tle by lit - tle, from the dif - f'rence in their a - ges, comes the trou-ble, all the

**145**

(MARIE has come close to CLEO and the sound of her words diminish to a whisper in I don't CLEO'S ear CLEO who has been forcing a pleasant attitude, now speaks her mind.)

M. trou-ble. A mil-lion kinds of trou-ble, trou-ble, trou-ble, trou-ble

Sop. Sax. (sneak in)

C. like this dame ——— No, I don't like her one bit. But

M.

C. since I'm com-pa-ny Right now, in - to her eye I can't ex - act - ly...

M.

*ppp* Vln.

Sax.

Hrs.

*ppp poco cresc. .... p*

156

C. (With false pleasantness) I un-der - stand, I un-der - stand.

M. You un-der-stand, You un-der-stand. She gets rest-less, He gets sick And

Strgs.

(She tries to escape, but MARIE pursues.)

C.

M. it's a dirt-y trick on both of them When lit-tle by lit-tle, from the dif-fence in their a-ges, comes the

C.

M. trou-ble, all the trou-ble, A mil-lion kinds of trou-ble, trou-ble,

Sop. Sax. (*sneak in*)

C.

M. trou-ble, trou-ble (*Again the whisper*)

C.

M.

C. guess I can't sug-gest her drop-ping.... I un-der-stand, I un-der-stand. *ritard.*

M. You un-der-stand, You un-der-stand. *ritard.*

*ppp* *poco cresc.* *p*

*Vln.* *Sax.* *Hns.* *Fl., Ob.*

(CLEO retains the phony friendly smile until MARIE has gone, at which point she exchanges it for a look of black resentment.)

Misurato e martellato (♩=66)

(CLEO mouths silently)

stand. I'll be a God-damn son-of-a-bitch!

molto rit.

Vls. Hns. add Trpts.

Cym. molto rit. Cym.

Timp. gliss.

(During the scene the pay line has gradually shortened, finally leaving HERMAN the last payee on the stage. Now pocketing his money, he crosses toward center and almost bumps into CLEO stalking angrily from the opposite direction. They narrowly miss a collision, at which point, HERMAN politely lifts his hat and smiles.)

## BIG D

HERMAN: Ev'nin' Ma'am.

(CLEO acknowledges this as they pass each other. Then, each is suddenly arrested by a thought. They reverse their steps until they are standing close together.)

Allegro giocoso (♩ = 132)

Fl., Ob., Cl.

L.H.

pp e leggiero

Piano

Rubato (♩ = circa 72)

CLEO: (Curiously)

Would you mind say-in' that a - gain?

"Ev'nin', Ma'am!" Mis-ter

HERMAN: (Again tipping his hat)

I said "Ev'nin', Ma'am!"

Harp

p colla voce

C. *you've got a way of say - in' "Ev-'nin', Ma'am" That puts me in a*

H.

*mf* E. Hr., Cl.  
Va.

(CLEO wiggles a hip which HERMAN seems to appreciate.)

C. *friend-ly state of mind.* **17**

H. *Would you mind say-in' that a-gain? I mean*

*pp*

(She wiggles again.)

C. *(He mimics the wiggle.) "Friend - ly state"*

H. *"friend - ly state" Sis-ter, you've got a way of say - in' 'Friend-ly state'*

C.

H. *That gives me the im - pres - sion you're my kind.*

Harp *mf*

**[29]** *(A happy suspicion dawning)*

C. Would you mind say-in' 'cra-zy crys-tals?'  
 H. 'Cra-zy crys-tals.'

Strgs. (W.W., Hn., sust.)

C. *(Detecting a familiar sound)* 'Nei-man Marc-us.'

H. Would you mind say-in' 'Nei-man Marc-us?'

*sfz* *p* Strgs. (W.W., Hn., sust.) *sfz*

**[37]** *Allegro con spirito* ( $\text{♩} = 108-116$ )

C. *(Realizing something)* Wait a min-ute! Wait a min-ute! You're from

H. *tr* *gliss.* *sfz*

*ff* *L.H.*

**[41]**

C. big D, I can guess By the way you draw!

H. *Cello*

C.  My, oh

H.  And the way you dress — You're from big D, My, oh



C.  yes, I mean big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L - A - S.

H.  yes, I mean big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L - A - S.



C.  **57** And that spells Dal-las, my

H.  And that spells Dal-las, my



C.  dar-lin', dar-lin' Dal-las.

H.  dar-lin', dar-lin' Dal-las, Don't it give you pleas-ure to con - fess



C. My, oh yes,

H. That you're from big D. My, oh yes,

*pp* Strgs. *mf*

C. I mean big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle

H. I mean big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle

*fz*

C. A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A - S.

H. A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A - S.

*fz*

77

C. And that spells Dal-las, Where ev-'ry home's a

H. And that spells Dal-las, Where ev-'ry home's a

Trbs. 3



C. pal-ace.

H. pal-ace. 'Cause the set - tlers set - tle for no less.

Brass

C. My, oh yes, I mean,

H. Hoo-ray for big D. My, oh yes, I mean,

W.W. *sf* *fz* *sf*

Brass

C. big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A,

H. big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A,

*sf*

C. Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A - S. — You're from

H. Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A - S. —

Brass Cym. Solo

97

C. big D, I can guess By the way you draw! And the

H.

Hns. WW.

C. way you dress — You're from big D. My, oh yes,

H. My, oh yes,

Cl. Trpts. Trbs.

C. I mean, big D, lit-tle A, double L, A - S. — And

H. I mean, big D, lit-tle A, double L, A - S. — And

gliss.

C. that spells Dal-las, Just dig a toe in Dal-las And there's

H. that spells Dal-las,



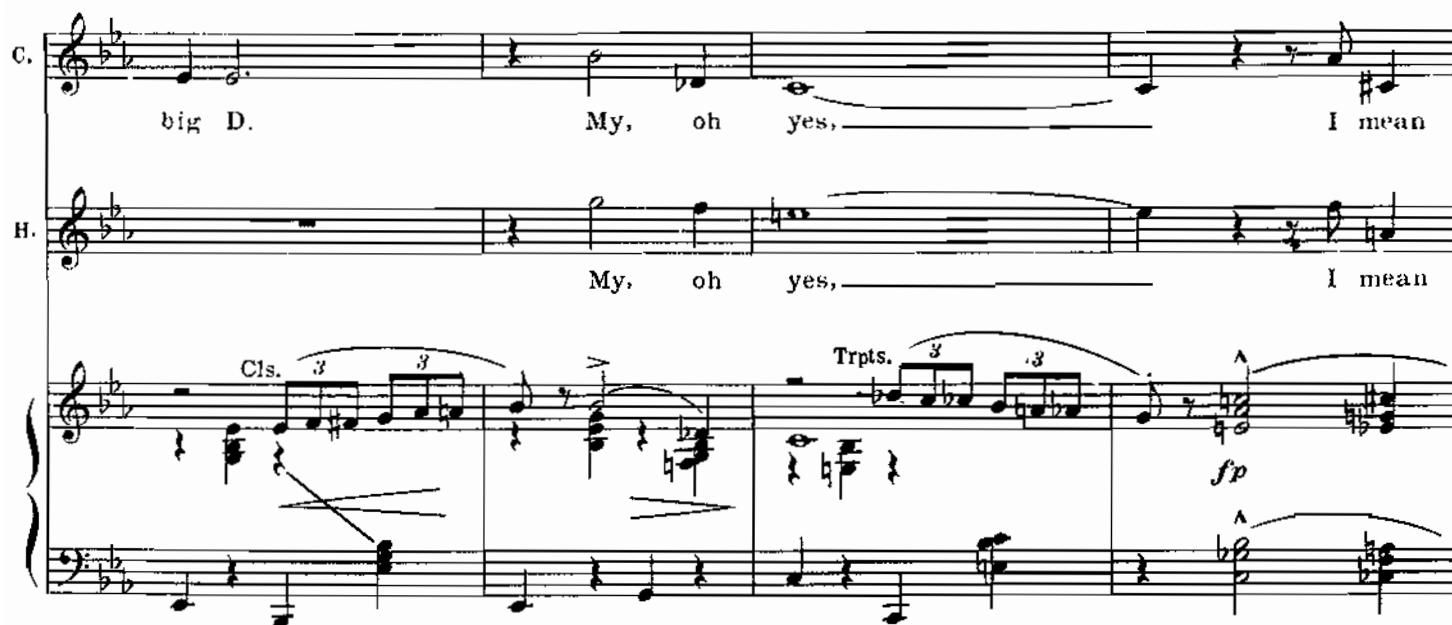
C. oil all o-ver your ad-dress Back home in

H.



C. big D. My, oh yes, I mean

H. My, oh yes, I mean



C.  big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A,

H.  big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A,



C.  Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, S. — And

H.  Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, S. — And



**133**

C.  that spells Dal-las, I mean it with no mal-ice, But the

H.  that spells Dal-las, I mean it with no mal-ice,



C. rest of Tex - as looks a mess When you're from

H.

C. big D. My, oh yes, I mean big D, lit-tle

H. My, oh yes, I mean big D, lit-tle

Cls. Trpts.

C. A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle

H. A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle

(The VINEYARD WORKERS, attracted by the sound of CLEO and HERMAN'S Texas-style meeting, come in and start gathering curiously around the couple.)

151

C. A, dou-ble L, A, S. —

H. A, dou-ble L, A, S. —

VINEYARD WORKERS. (Women)

Big D, big D, peo-ple from big D, big

VINEYARD WORKERS: (Men)

(Tenors)  
(Baritones)  
(Basses)

Big D, big D, peo-ple from big D, big

C. —

H. —

V.W. D, talk-in'bout big D, big D. — Big what? D! (one voice) (all shout)

D, talk-in'bout big D, big D. — D! (all shout)

Trbs.

*ff*

(All dance. This is a slightly contrived version of a whole gamut of inane specialties peculiar to the late 1920's.)

Più mosso (♩=132-138)

**159** (Dixieland style)

The musical score is written for piano (p) and trumpet (Trpts.). It consists of seven systems of music. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Più mosso' with a metronome marking of 132-138 beats per minute. The style is 'Dixieland'.

**System 1:** The piano part begins with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'mf' and 'Trbs.'. The trumpet part has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'w.w.' and 'mf'. Dynamics include 'mf' and 'fz'.

**System 2:** The piano part continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. The trumpet part has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. Dynamics include 'fz'.

**System 3:** The piano part continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'fz'. The trumpet part has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'fz'. Dynamics include 'fz'.

**System 4:** The piano part continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. The trumpet part has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. Dynamics include 'fz'.

**System 5:** The piano part continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. The trumpet part has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. Dynamics include 'fz'.

**System 6:** The piano part continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. The trumpet part has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. Dynamics include 'fz'.

**System 7:** The piano part continues with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. The trumpet part has a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) marked 'Trpts.'. Dynamics include 'fz'.

(Ad lib. dixie style around tune)

191 Cl. Solo

(melody)

Trpt. Solo (semi-ad lib.)

(melody)

pp

207 Cl., Hns.

p

Trb.

p

Strgs. pizz.

p



223

**VINEYARD WORKERS:** (*In whisper*)

**VINEYARD WORKERS (In whisper)**

Oil! oil! oil! Cat-tle, cat-tle, cat-tle

*sempre staccato*

*sempre staccato*

*crese.*

Musical score for the song "My Oh Dallas, Dallas". The score is written for voice (VW) and piano (piano). The key signature is D major (two sharps: F# and C#). The time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Moderato". The score consists of two systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with the lyrics "My, oh Dal - las, Dal - las," written below the vocal line. The piano part features a prominent bass line in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand. The score ends with a double bar line.

V.W. *(shout)* *(whisper)* *(shout)*  
 Dal-las, Dal-las. Big D! Lit-tle A dou-ble L, A, S!  
 Cl. Solo *(ad lib.)*  
*pp* *sfz* *sfz*

(shout)

(whisper)

(shout)

(ad lib.)

Cl.Sole

*pf*

2



5/2

239

add  
2 Trbs.

Cls., Va, Cello

 $m\mu$  $f_X$ 

add Hns.

add Trpts.

mf L.H.

生

249

CLEO:

Ossia 8va bassa And that spells Dal-las, My dar-lin', dar-lin' Dal-las. Don't it

HERMAN:

And that spells Dal-las, My dar-lin', dar-lin' Dal-las. Don't it

VINEYARD WORKERS: (Women)

And that spells Dal-las, My dar-lin', dar-lin' Dal-las. Don't it

VINEYARD WORKERS: (Men)

And that spells Dal-las My dar-lin', dar-lin' Dal-las Don't it

Vls., W.W., col voices

Cello

C. give you pleas-ure to con-fess that you're from

H. give you pleas-ure to con-fess that you're from

V. W. give you pleas-ure to con-fess that you're from

give you pleas-ure to con-fess that you're from


Vls.


C.  big D. My, oh yes I mean,


H.  big D. My, oh yes I mean,


V. W.  big D. My, oh yes I mean,

 Trp. Cls.

C.  big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L A,

H.  big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L A,

V. W.  big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L, A, Big D, lit-tle A, dou-ble L A,

 L.H.

C. Big D, lit - tle A, dou - ble L, A, S!

E. Big D, lit - tle A, dou - ble L, A, S!

V. W. Big D, lit - tle A, dou - ble L, A, S!

(The WORKERS dance off to the right and left. CLEO and HERMAN retreat upstage)

271 W.W.

through the barn doors, which now close in front of them. After a brief pause, these

doors open just far enough to reveal the picture of CLEO and HERMAN enjoying an

affectionate kiss. Now they turn, startled at being observed by the audience, and hasten to shut the barn doors once more — setting the stage for —

## SCENE TWO

the barn a little later in May. There are patches of sunlight filtering through a gay pattern of leaves and striking the left barn door with a happy golden midday light. Into this area ROSABELLA enters wheeling on TONY. TONY is draped in a white sheet from which protrudes one leg still in a cast, and one shirt-sleeved arm with which he holds a small hand mirror. Now ROSABELLA produces scissors and a comb and proceeds to give his hair a trim. Apparently they are continuing an Italian lesson.

## HOW BEAUTIFUL THE DAYS

TONY: Domenica.

ROSABELLA: Domenica.

TONY: 'At's-a mean Sunday. Monday, at's-a Lunedì.

ROSABELLA: Lunedì.

TONY: An' today is Tuesday. 'At's-a Martedì.

ROSABELLA: Martedì. Do you mean to say it's Martedì already? (*Now sort of dreamily*) Whatever happened to Lunedì?

TONY: (*Happily puzzled*) Maybe today is Lunedì? Omma don' know.

ROSABELLA: (*Amiably mimicing his accent*) Omma don' care! (*BOTH smile up at the sky.*)

Andante tranquillo (♩=88-96)

TONY:  
How

Piano

5

beau-ti-ful da days. Dey come an' go, Lun-e-di,

Fl.

## ROSABELLA:

Ossia

Lun - e - di, Mar - te - di, Lun - e - di. How

Mar - te - di, Lun - e - di, Mar - te - di, How

Cello Fl. Cello Fl. Cello

19

beau - ti - ful the days. They come — and go.

beau - ti - ful da days. Dey come — an' go. Lun - e - di, —

E.Hn.

Ossia

Lun - e - di, Mar - te - di Lun - e - di. How

Mar - te - di Lun - e - di, Mar - te - di. How

(MARIE enters through the small hinged door and stands apart from the couple, as a low-key blue light illuminates the area she stands in, and emphasizes the glumness of her expression.)

29

MARIE:

Those  
(mezza voce)

R. beau-ti-ful the days, They come — and go. (mezza voce) Lun - e -

T. beau-ti-ful da days, Dey come — an' go. Lun - e - di,

E.Hn.

M. two. They make me feel so lone - some and sad. —

R. di. — How beau - ti - ful the days, They come — and

T. Mar - te - di. How beau - ti - ful da days, Dey come — an'

Ossia

37

M. I don't know why, but I feel left out. How beau-ti-ful the

R. go. Lun - e - di. How beau - ti - ful the

T. go. Lun - e - di, Mar - te - di, How beau-ti-ful da

Ossia

M. *(♩=♩)*  
days could be with - out her a - round the place. How beau - ti - ful the

R. days, They come — and go. How beau - ti - ful the

T. days, Dey come — an' go. How beau - ti - ful da

(JOE enters from the right and takes a moody depressed stance in that area, bathed in a deep amber light.)

JOE:  
The

Hns. add Fl.  
Cello *pp* *mp*  
Bsn. *b*

42

## Doppio Movimento (♩=88)

M. days.

R. days.

T. days.

J. wind sings Joe - y, Joe. Ya nev - er been to New

## Doppio Movimento

Harp (Strgs trem.)



M. *I'm lone - ly re - mem - b'ring.*

R.

T.

J. *Mex - i - co. I want to look at New Mex - i - co*

Va., Cello *ppp*

Tempo I<sup>o</sup> (♩ = 88-96) 49 *accel.*

M. *How beau - ti - ful the days, - They come and Why should I feel so*

R. *How beau - ti - ful the days, They come - and go.*

TONY: (*Looking into the mirror*)  
*Hey, you make me  
 purty good-lookin' fella.*

J. *and see How beau - ti - ful the days, - They come and Why should I feel so*

Tempo I<sup>o</sup> *Vis.*

*fpp* *ppp* *accel.* *pp*

*rit.*

M. rest - less and lone - ly, So rest-less all the time.

R. Lun - e - di, Mar - te - di Lun - e -

T. Lun - e - di, Mar - te - di Lun - e - di,

J. rest - less and lone - ly, So rest-less all the time.

W.W. *rit.* Hns.

(MARIE has walked back and now exits sadly through the little door, while JOE stalks off restlessly to the right, leaving TONY and ROSABELLA to continue in their beatific mood.)

**59** Tempo I

M.

R. *Ossia* *rit.* 3 di How beau - ti - ful the days, they come - and go.

T. *rit.* 3 Mar - te - di. How beau - ti - ful da days, dey come - an' go.

J.

Acc. Tempo I Vlns. *rit.* 3 Va. Harp gliss. Segur

(ROSABELLA wheels the chair back and off to the left, as the leafy daylight glow dims and the barn doors open once more revealing —

## SCENE THREE

*the vineyards a month later. We see that the vines in the distance have grown much higher and greener. Into the scene come the boys and girls of the younger set of workers dancing and cavorting with youthful abandon. TONY appears in the wheelchair pushed on by the DOC. He is in better shape now with only a sling in which to rest his left arm and a small cast on his foot replacing the huge one that covered the entire leg. TONY beams appreciatively as he watches the antics of the YOUNG PEOPLE.)*

Moderato (♩ = 66)

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems. The tempo is Moderato (♩ = 66). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first system is a piano introduction with block chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left. The second system begins with a melodic line in the right hand, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte), and includes a measure number '7' in a box. The third system continues the melodic development with some triplets. The fourth system features more complex harmonic textures with moving lines in both hands. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic flourish in the right hand, marked with a measure number '28' in a box.

sf Strgs.

mf

(ROSABELLA enters behind him and the DOC, and places a stool close alongside the chair, seats herself on it, and after waving hello to her friends among the dancers, begins reading the newspaper to TONY. The DOC exits. MARIE enters and stands at a distance behind the couple.)

Trpt. I mp

mf f

mf cresc. fz Trpts. sf

mf

First system of music. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes and rests, marked with *fpp* and *fp*. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

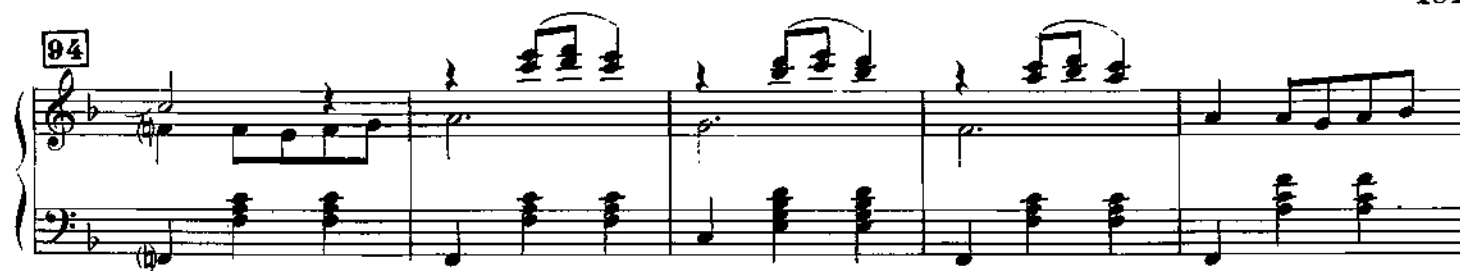
Second system of music. Treble staff features triplet figures and slurs. Bass staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

Third system of music. Treble staff has a melodic line with a box labeled 72. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Fourth system of music. Treble staff has a melodic line with slurs. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A *Trbs.* (Trumpet) part is indicated on the right.

Fifth system of music. Treble staff has a melodic line with a box labeled 82. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A *Strgs., Hns.* (Strings, Horns) part is indicated on the left.

Sixth system of music. Treble staff has a melodic line with a box labeled 82. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A *Trpt. Solo* (Trumpet Solo) part is indicated on the left.



(A BOY and GIRL beckon ROSABELLA to join the dance. Momentarily she hesitates. Urged again, she accepts. And while TONY waves his indulgent consent, the BOY whirls her away into the dancing group. Now the entire body of dancers sweep merrily offstage as TONY waves good-naturedly after them.)



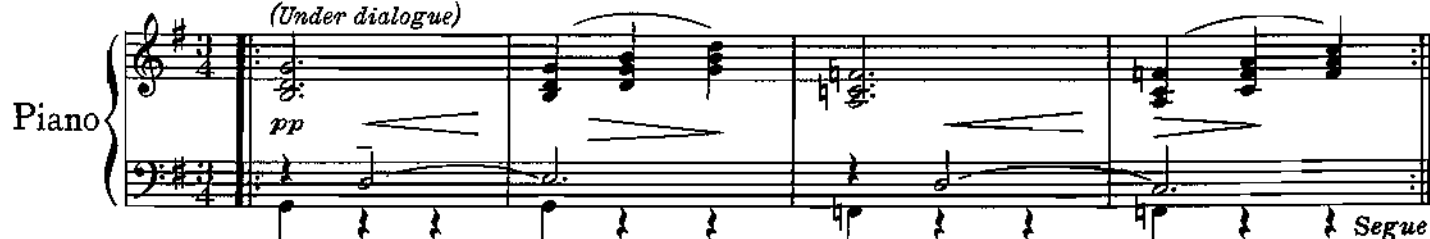
## YOUNG PEOPLE

(MARIE comes behind TONY'S chair.)

MARIE: (Smiling) Just look at 'em. Don't they look young and healthy dancing all over the place? Seems like it happens around here the same way every spring.

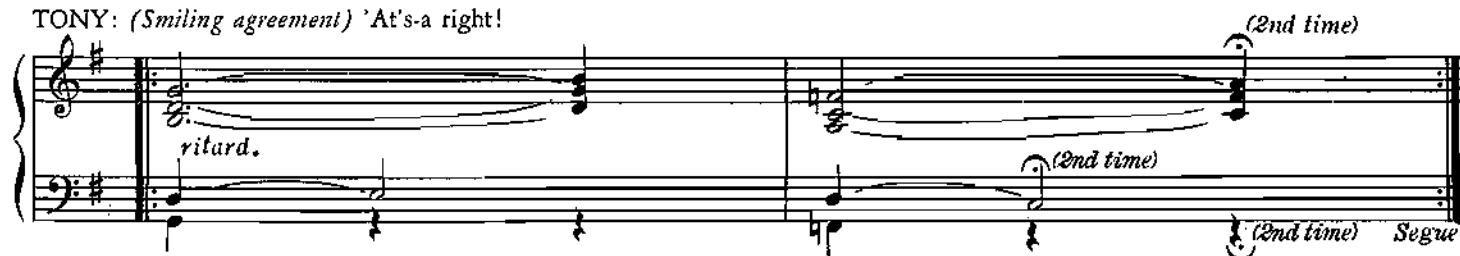
Poco meno mosso (♩: circa 60)

(Under dialogue)



MARIE: They're supposed to be in the barn nailing the boxes, but I guess you just can't hold them young kids down.

TONY: (Smiling agreement) 'At's-a right!



MARIE: Just look at em.

7 Moderato con rubato (♩. = circa 66)

M. Young peo-ple got-ta dance, dance, dance. Young peo-ple kind-a

W.W.  
a tempo  
pp  
Harp

M. nat - u - r'ly want their chance. To get

pp

TONY: Ma shu, last-a year 'da whole crop was-a late f'cause I  
was-a teach 'em 'da Charleston.

M. out in the sun and be free.

Cl.  
Bsn.

23

M. Young peo - ple got - ta dance, dance, dance!

TONY: (Laughing) F'cause dey like us.

M. Why should they both - er with you and me?

Cl.  
Bsn.

MARIE: You mean they're sorry for old people. (*Now significantly*) And for people who can't get around.

TONY: (*A little uneasy*) Ma, da Doc was-a tol' me only t'ree more weeks in da chair.

ritard.

33

M. Young peo-ple got - ta dance, dance, dance.

Fl., E. Hn. a tempo

TONY: Old people?

M. Old peo-ple ought-a keep in mind.

TONY: Keep in da mind? What, Marie?

44 MARIE:

[safety rit.] That young peo-ple got - ta dance, dance,

M. dance. Old peo-ple got - ta get left be - hind.

accel. accel. f p f



(The dancing GROUP reappears with ROSABELLA, as MARIE leaves TONY with a look of sadness and doubt on his face.)

**52** Più mosso (♩ = 69)

Hns.

Vls., Fl., Cl.

Hns.

Trpts.

(ROSABELLA notices TONY'S depression and with concern comes over to him, abandoning her dancing friends who once more sweep offstage.)

**61**

R.Hn.

(♩ = 66) W.W.

Strgs.

Segue

## WARM ALL OVER

Rubato e teneramente (♩ = circa 66)

ROSABELLA: (With warm sympathy)

Where's that smile? Fl., Cl.

Where's that glow? R.Hn.

Piano

pp

R. Where's that hap - py face that I de - pend on so? Or did - n't you

fl. Cl. Harp

*mfpp*

R. know? It makes me feel Warm all o - ver,

ten. **11** Con molto espressione

Cl. Hns. Bn., Harp

*mfpp* ten.

R. Warm all o - ver. Ev - 'ry time you smile you get me

R. Warm all o - ver. Some - times I feel kind of out in the

Va.

R. cold, But then I touch your hand and I'm

R.H. R.H. R.H. L.H.

R. 27

home, Home a - gain and Warm all o - ver,

R.H. L.H.

R. Warm all o - ver, Gone are all the clouds that used to

R. swarm all o - ver. Please al - ways let me keep feel - ing the

Va.

R. way I do, so Warm all o - ver With a ten - der love for

R.H.

(TONY has managed a feeble smile as he looks up at ROSABELLA who is now very close to him. The smile vanishes, however, as the YOUNG PEOPLE reappear and take ROSABELLA off, despite an apparent reluctance on her part to leave TONY.)

*45* Moderato (♩ = 66)

R. you. ———

mf Brass

fz fp fp

dim.

dim.

dim.

(Now, alone, TONY searches the sky for "Mamma" and finds her up there.)

Lento (♩ = 112)

TONY: See, Mamma? I guess Marie was-a right. It's-a no use for me.

Acc. Harp arpeg.

Bells, Vla. Trem.

88

Lento e dolente (♩ = 132)

T. Young peo-ple got-ta dance, dance, dance. Old peo-ple got-ta sit dere an'

*p*

T. watch, watch, watch. Wit' da make be-lieve smile in da

*p* *(b)* *p*

104

T. eye. Young peo-ple got-ta live, live,

*ppp*  
Bn., Cl.  
Cello  
Bass

T. *ten.* live, *rit.* Old peo-ple got-ta sit dere an' die.

*ten.* *rit.* *R.H. Va., Cello*  
Harp

(Once more ROSABELLA returns with the crowd of YOUNG PEOPLE, whirling gaily in the arms of one of the boys.)

112

Moderato (♩ = circa 66)

Fl. *p* Ob.



(TONY despondently watches the gay, youthful scene. He nods and waves to the whirling ROSABELLA. She is too engrossed in the innocent hi-jinks to see that TONY'S smile is one of feeble resignation. The lights dim as the barn doors close.)



#### SCENE FOUR

Inside the barn. HERMAN pushes on a dolly containing up-ended empty grape crates. On the right side of the surface formed by the crates, at about desk height, is a stack of box labels. To the left is a glue pot. CLEO has come riding on, seated on the dolly behind the crates. She is wearing a green working smock and holds a glue brush in her left hand. Having pushed the dolly to a point near center stage, HERMAN walks over and stands behind CLEO.

HERMAN: Now you've got to look out for this label glue 'cause it's real sticky ol' stuff. *(CLEO'S reaction is one of pleased curiosity.)* Now first you dip your brush over here in the sticky ol' stuff — *(HERMAN guides her left hand with his, pushing it right across her body toward the glue pot. This puts them in what might be called a huggy position and CLEO starts to enjoy it. HERMAN now helps her dip the brush in the pot.)* — but don't forget to shake it out like this — *(HERMAN illustrates and the shaking process becomes very interesting to CLEO. HERMAN hastens to explain)* You don't want to get too much glue on the brush. *(He gives the brush and CLEO another few shakes.)*

CLEO: I didn't quite get that. I think you better show me again.

HERMAN: *(Repeating the same business)* You don't want to get too much glue on the brush.

CLEO: I'm not very bright. I think you better show me slower. *(His right hand now guides her right hand across her body to the left toward the labels. They are now really in quite a clinch. Now they place a label on one of the crates in front of them.)*

HERMAN: Now you go 'way over here and grab a label — Then —

CLEO: *(Breathlessly)* Yeah . . . *(Still guiding her hand, he withdraws the brush and swabs a crate surface three times. This results in a swinging amorous development of the clinch.)*

HERMAN: You go . . . mm — mm — mm

CLEO: *(Repeating the action but with a dreamy emphasis)* Mm — mm — mm

HERMAN: Then you put the brush back — *(He guides the brush to the pot, which returns them to their huggy position.)*

CLEO: *(Beaming)* Yeah, don't forget to put the brush back. *(HERMAN now guides both her hands toward the corners of the label.)*

HERMAN: Now you pick up the label. Easy now. Look out for that sticky ol' stuff . . . and you slip it over on the crate . . . and then you smooth it out . . . *(He guides her hands in these movements.)* and now you wipe off all the sticky ol' stuff . . . *(Still guiding her hands he does a gentle but candid wiping-off job on her bosom. CLEO does not know whether to be shocked or pleased. So she remains a little of both.)* . . . and there you are: "Esposito Ranch". *(HERMAN gazes fondly at the legend on the label. CLEO also gazes.)*

CLEO: God bless our home.

*(HERMAN finally releases her hands and crosses behind her toward center stage.)*

HERMAN: Now do you want to try it alone?

CLEO: *(Shaking her head in a slow definite "No")* Mmm-mm — mm —

*(PASQUALE enters from the left feeling his pockets for a cigarette and is annoyed at not finding one.)*

HERMAN: Oh, hello, Pasquale.

*(PASQUALE stops to feel HERMAN'S pockets and locates a cigarette pack which he extracts while HERMAN stands smiling complacently. PASQUALE takes the last cigarette and throws the crumpled pack to the floor. Now snapping his fingers he demands a match. HERMAN eagerly obliges, strikes it and hands it to PASQUALE who lights his cigarette and throws the burned match to the floor. Now he takes a deep drag from the cigarette, which makes him cough. He gives HERMAN a resentful look, crushes out the cigarette on one of the crates and tosses the crumpled butt to the floor. Now he crosses to the little hinged door, which he opens and from behind it he retrieves a dustpan and broom which he hands to HERMAN, who accepts it pleasantly.)*

PASQUALE: *(Indicating the mess on the floor)* Spazzate!

HERMAN: Why, sure.

(PASQUALE exits and HERMAN begins to sweep up. CLEO has been watching the scene with rising indignation.)

Misurato e martellato (♩ = 66)

CLEO: (Mouths silently)

I'll be a God - damn' son - of - a - bitch!

Vls. Hns. Cym. Trbs. Timp. Gliss.

*mf p* *molto rit.* *add Trpts.*

HERMAN: Did you say something?

CLEO: (Angrily getting up) Herman, what's the matter with you? Don't you ever get mad at anybody?

HERMAN: No, can't say that I do, darlin'.

CLEO: Why do you let that guy push you around?

HERMAN: Nobody's pushing.

CLEO: But you let everybody push you around. Like Pasquale just now.

HERMAN: He's not pushing me. I like him. (He smiles broadly.)

## I LIKE EV'RYBODY

Allegro ma non troppo (♩ = 72-80)

CLEO: (Sitting on the crates)

Ooh! Smile, smile, smile, That's all you do is

smile, You tell the whole damn' world To step right up and

Piano

Trbs., B. Cl., Cello, Bass, Timp.

Vls. (arco) *pp* Cl.



C. take ad - van - tage You don't mind!

HERMAN: Oh, I don't mind I

Cl.

12

H. like ev - 'ry - bod - y that I've ev - er met. I nev - er

H. met an - y - bod - y that got me up - set. No

H. chip on my shoul - der, Hate in my heart or green in my eye

H. — And as I get old - er I find that more and more —

H. 28 *(CLEO softens.)*

I like ev-'ry-bod-y — That's my kind of fun.

H. And tho' I strike ev-'ry-bod-y — as chump num-ber one —

*(CLEO smiles and reclines a la Cleopatra on the crates.)*

H. No rob-ber can rob— this good-natured slob of— his pri-vate sky of

H. blue, I like ev-'ry-bod-y And ex-tra spec-'lly I like

*(HERMAN has come around to the edge of the dolly and starts pushing it offstage bearing CLEO. CLEO happily takes the glue brush from the pot, swabs her forehead, and now presses it against his, as he wheels her off.)*

H. you, — I like you, — I like

H. *you.*

*Segue*  
(The barn doors part once more, bringing into view —

## SCENE FIVE

*The vineyards. It is an afternoon in July. The harvest has been picked and we see in the foreground baskets of freshly gathered grapes. The wheelchair stands, now empty, at center stage. JOE enters from the left dressed once again for traveling and carrying the leather bag. He scans the horizon as he slowly crosses the stage.)*

## Largamente (♩ = 66)

*sf* *ff*

*R.H.*

*Trpt. Solo*

*Fl., Cl., Acc.*

(When he reaches the wheelchair, he gives it a farewell look, and then once more gazing off into the distance, he slowly exits to the right. A moment later CLEO and ROSABELLA enter from the left. ROSABELLA is wearing the wedding shawl. CLEO walks over to the wheelchair and gaily spins it around.)

CLEO: Isn't it wonderful? The doctor's got him on his feet teaching him to walk again.

(ROSABELLA sits disconsolately in the wheelchair.)

ROSABELLA: I wish he'd teach him to walk toward me.

CLEO: (Sitting on the wheelchair arm) What's the matter with you, honey?

ROSABELLA: Oh nothing — nothing at all, it's just that —

CLEO: What is it?

Tempo rubato (♩ = circa 72)

ROSABELLA:

25

I love him, I love him But he treats me like a

*pp Strgs.*

R. ba - by. He does-n't seem to un-der - stand. I love him, And he

R. 33 treats me like a kid.

CLEO:

I — know how it is. Don't tell me, I know how it is!

c. All that mod-es-ty and shy-ness at the start Kind of worked their way in-to your lit-tle

ROSABELLA: He doesn't act like we're married or anything.

He's my husband, isn't he?

41

C. heart. I know how it is!

C. Don't tell me, I know how it is! All his

C. bash-ful ways that seemed so ver-y right, They turned out to be the things you've got to

49

R. I love him, yes I love the way he looks and smells and

C. fight

*mf p*

(CLEO sees something offstage left.)

R. feels \_\_\_\_\_

C. Don't tell me, kid Tell him. Tell him ex - act - ly how!

*fz* *fz* *mp*

C. And like they say in a mu-si-cal com-e - dy! (*Gestures dramatically left.*) Here he comes now!

*rit* *Allegro* (♩ = 192)

Vln. I

*rit*

(The DOC enters walking backward, slowly urging TONY on. He limps in wearing the heavy foot cast and trying to steady himself with a cane.)

58 (Allegro (♩ = 192))

VL. CL.

DOC: Easy now, you're doing fine. Soon you'll be walking good as new.

*simile*

Segue

TONY: (*Limping slowly*) Ah, what's-a use to walk?

64

*mf* *simile*

Segue

DOC: Now easy, Tony. Don't give up. You're doin' fine.

*pp* (*Fade under dialogue*)

TONY: (*Disgustedly*) Ah, lemme sit down. (*TONY collapses into the wheelchair. CLEO takes the DOC by the arm and walks him offstage.*) What's-a use to walk? I ain't goin' no place. (*ROSABELLA remains somewhat upstage and to the left of TONY. She has an attitude of determination as she looks at him. TONY turns to speak to her and notices this.*) Hey, Rosabella, what's-a matter? You look at me like-a you was . . . (*ROSABELLA violently tears off the shawl and throws it to the ground. Then with steady determination, advances on TONY.*)

73 Lento (♩ = 112) Rubato (♩ = circa 72)

ROSABELLA: 'At's-a nice.

I love you, I love you, And you

*mf* *mp*

R. treat me like a ba-by. You just don't seem to un-der-stand. *ten.*

(*Angrily taking her hand away*)

Cello, Cl. *fp* *ten.* Segue

TONY: What, Rosabella, what? (*ROSABELLA swings TONY'S wheelchair around from left to right and stands close to him.*)

81 Rubato, quasi recitativo

ROSABELLA: Like a wom-an loves a man — That's how I love you. —

TONY: Ro - sa-bel-la, nun-ja say what you no

*fp* *colla voce* *fp*



R. Like a woman needs a man Dar-ling, I

T. mean.

mf p Strgs., W.W.

TONY: Ma, omma old enough to be you papa. **86** Quasi tempo (♩ : circa 100)

R. need you. I'm no baby I know what

R. I want I want hold - ing you ver - y close

R. to me. Just as close to me as I pos -

## Quasi recitativo

(ROSABELLA, the tigress, pulls TONY out of the chair.)

R. *si - bly can. \_\_\_\_\_ Not like a child but*

T. *Ro - sa - bel - la!*

*pp*

99

R. *Like a wom - an holds a man. \_\_\_\_\_ That's how I'll hold you.*

*fp*

R. *Would - n't blame you if you ran. \_\_\_\_\_ Now that I've \_\_\_\_\_*

*mfpp*

*fp*

104 Quasi tempo (♩ = circa 100)

R. *\_\_\_\_\_ told you. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm no ba - by. I know what I know,*

T. *Ca - ris - si - ma.*

*mp*

(They are now standing in a semi-clinch. Once on his feet, TONY seems to have lost his awkwardness. He is experiencing a great exhilaration.)

Meno mosso (♩=168)

R. And I know it's my plan ————— Just to love you Like a wo-man

Hns., W.W. Strgs., W.W. add Trpts.

*fz* *fp* *fz* *fp*

R. *rit* loves a won-der-ful man. ————— **118** Allegro agitato (♩=144)

T. (With great joy) Ro - sa-bel - la, Ro - sa-bel - la!

Strgs., W.W., Hns. E.Hn., Cello

(They are in each other's arms. The ecstatic TONY tosses away his cane.)

TONY: Quanto sono contento! Cosa ti posso dire? Tu mi stai a cuore! What can I say? What can I say?

Cls. *molto rit.*

Segue

## MY HEART IS SO FULL OF YOU

Moderato appassionato (♩: circa 84)

TONY:

Piano *pp* My heart he's so full of you, So full of

T. you, He's got no room for an-y-t'ing more in

*mf* *p*

ROSABELLA: 12

T. My heart is so full of you, So

dere. Ro - sa - bel - la, You make me a

Vls.

R. full of you There is no room for an-y-thing

T. man Cra-zy like fire Cra-zy wit' love!

Cl.

23

R. more. What oth-er wish can I wish?

T. Cra-zy wit' love! Ah, So no con - ten - to.

Fl.

R. What oth-er plan can I plan? What oth-er dream can I dream? And what

T. So - no con - ten - to. Tu mi stai a

Ossia

R. for? —What-ev-er for? When my heart is so full of

T. cuo - re When my heart he's so full of

rit. a tempo

W.W.

rit. a tempo

ff

R. you, So full of you, There is no room,

T. you, So full of you, He's got no room,

R. *no room in my heart For an-y-thing more.*

T. *no room in my heart For an-y-ting more.*

Vls. Vcl.

44 All Strgs. *pp* (under dialogue)

Segue

TONY: (*Coming out of the clinch*) Carissima! I wanna tell everybody. Everybody in da whole beautiful world! Tonight we give-a big party. Da Sposalizio! Everybody was-a miss da Sposalizio fcause I was-a have accidente. Now, tonight, we gonna have it. (*TONY goes upstage as ROSABELLA runs left to retrieve his cane.*) Then omma gonna get up an' make a speech. A speech like-a dis:

52 Recitativo

T. *La-dies an' gen-tle-men, Om-ma t'row-a dis par-ty to -*

Brass

(ROSABELLA picks up TONY'S cane and runs to his side with it.)

Tempo I° **58**

R. What oth-er wish can I wish?

T. day. To make big an-nounce-ment! My wife, she's-a love me now, My wife, she's-a

(Very proudly)

*pp*

L.H.

R. What oth-er plan can I plan? What oth-er dream can I dream, And what

T. love me now, My wife, she's-a fall in love wit'

L.H.

R. *molto ritard.* **64** *a tempo* (Now they walk slowly downstage together.)  
for—What-ev-er for? When my heart is so

T. *molto ritard.* *a tempo*  
me. My heart he's so

Strings col voci

Harp. *a tempo*

*molto ritard.*

R. full of you, so full of

T. full of you, so full of

R. you. *rit.* There is no room, no room in my

T. you. *rit.* Now my young, new heart ain' got no more

Brass *fpp* *rit. mp*

R. heart For an - y - thing more. *molto allargando*

T. room, For an - y - thing more. *molto allargando*

*molto allargando* Harp gliss.



(They embrace passionately. TONY sees someone offstage. A few WORKERS enter happily.)

TONY: (Shouting) Hey, paesan! We gonna have big party tonight! Tell everybody come. We gonna have da Sposalizio!

WORKER: (Calling off) Wow! Hey, Fred! They're throwing the party! (More WORKERS and NEIGHBORS start coming in from either direction.)

Allegro con spirito (♩ = 76)

78 Vis., W.W.

Trpt.

Segue

WOMAN: Did you hear that? Tony and Rosabella's party!

YOUNG MAN: They're finally going to have the big feed!

MOTHER: Alice! Get somebody to mind the kid!

MÂN: (Shouting to TONY) Hey, Tony, you're a great guy! Thanks for the invite!

ANOTHER MAN: Atta boy, Esposito!

YOUNG MAN: What a night this is gonna be! Anybody feel like dancing?

FIRST GIRL DANCER: Yeah!

SECOND GIRL DANCER: Hooray! Let's go!

THIRD GIRL DANCER: Come on, Rosabella!

86

(The scene fills with WORKERS and NEIGHBORS and there begins a festive sort of hoe-down to which TONY and ROSABELLA contribute. TONY wheeling himself in the chair through the intricate formations with great gaiety.)

HOEDOWN CALLER: 94

98 Più Mosso (♩ = 100)

Grab your partners and let them fall where they may!

ff

(♩ = ♩ sempre)

106 Vls.  
Brass Hns.  
ff

Vls. Soli  
Hns. Trbs.  
ff

114 W.W. Strgs.  
ff

126

134

142

Trpts.

154

Trb.

Harp gliss.

sfz

162

ff

170

Trbs. Soli

Harp gliss.

ff

178

Trpts. *ff*

188

198

*ff*

Harp gliss.

202

Vls., W.W., Trpts., Hns.

*ff*

*p*

*fff (p)*

Trpt. Solo

210

Harp gliss.

p

218

Trpt. Solo

Harp gliss.

(The dance features various stunts of a rough bucolic nature. One of these involves tossing young ladies high in the air, catching them and whirling them around. The strong young farm hands toss the first girl up, to the wild applause of the gathered crowd. Then the second girl. Finally, it is ROSABELLA'S turn. She is lifted high in the air for the toss. We notice that she seems uncomfortable and dizzy. Just before she is to be tossed, she collapses and falls lifelessly toward the ground. One of the farm boys catches her just in time. There is a shocked silence. TONY wheels over in alarm.)

f

senza rit.

TONY: Rosabella! What's-a matter? You get hurt! (ROSABELLA is coming to.)

CLEO: (Calling offstage) Doc! Oh, Doc! (The DOC appears.) Doc! She almost fainted.

DOC: Better come with me, young lady, and let's have a look at you. (The DOC helps ROSABELLA to her feet and leads her off. They are followed by CLEO.)

TONY: (Angrily to the group of WORKERS) Hey! What's-a matter! Too much rough-house! You hurt my Rosabella! You make-a my Rosabella sick! Se sei un stupido cavallone non tentare di fare troppo il furbone. (Still furious) 'At's-a mean — if you big clumsy farm horse — nunja try jump around like li'l circus pony!

(Some of the WORKERS ease away sheepishly.)

FIRST WORKER: We're sorry, Tony.

SECOND WORKER: We were only playing, Tony. Just having fun.

THIRD WORKER: I'm sorry, Tony.

TONY: (Still seemingly angry) Andate a lavarci e ci vediamo stassera a la festa. (Now he breaks into a smile.) 'At's-a mean go tell Joe give you half-day off. Wash-a you hands an' face an' come to da party tonight.

THIRD WORKER: Thanks, Tony. (*The remaining GROUP smiles in relief as they exit.*)

TONY: (*Calling off*) Doc! Oh, Doc! My Rosabella she get hurt? Huh? (*The DOC re-enters slowly and thoughtfully.*)

DOC: (*He speaks hesitantly*) Just a little dizzy from all the excitement.

TONY: Dizzy! My Rosabella she dizzy, huh? Ma she's-a okay, huh, Doc?

DOC: (*Evasively*) Just dizzy.

TONY: (*Getting out of the wheelchair*) She's-a no gotta have medicine? (*The DOC crosses toward the left, shaking his head. TONY is following the DOC.*)

TONY: I tell my Rosabella take it easy, huh, Doc?

DOC: (*Absently*) Yes. Sure. (*The DOC observes that TONY is standing, leaning on his cane. Pointedly, with a sense of warning*) You'd better sit down.

TONY: (*Laughing confidently*) Oh, no, Doc. Look-a me, omma no gonna sit down no more. (*TONY does a little limping dance.*) Tonight omma gonna dance.

(*TONY starts dancing off. The DOC, alarmed at his daring, follows him.*)

Allegro (♩ = 188)  
Vls., Ob. 225 Fl., Cl. tr.

Segue

(*They exit. A moment later ROSABELLA enters slowly from the right. She is numb with distraction. CLEO enters behind her, with great concern. They stop near the wheelchair.*)

ROSABELLA: What am I going to do? Cleo, what am I going to do?

CLEO: (*Lost*) I don't know how it is. Don't ask me.

ROSABELLA: A baby!

CLEO: I don't know how it is. I just don't know.

ROSABELLA: Oh my God, a baby. (*CLEO silences ROSABELLA with a gesture as TONY re-enters still doing his happy limping dance. As CLEO helps him to his chair, he sees ROSABELLA but does not notice her mood.*)

Fade a tempo

229

TONY: Rosabella, you feel better now, huh? Da Doc says you take it easy, so you go in da house an' rest so you feel good for da party tonight. (ROSABELLA comes slowly toward TONY, then crosses behind his chair and stops. CLEO has gone further to the left and watches apprehensively.)

Va.

*mf*

(Sustain Violoncello)

Segue

## MAMMA, MAMMA

TONY: Ah, omma don' know, when omma look on my beautiful wife, omma so happy omma t'ink omma gonna bust. (Now seeing that ROSABELLA wants to tell TONY something, CLEO impetuously runs to her and hurries her out of the scene before she can speak. TONY is oblivious to this exit.)

Lento (♩ = 112)

Piano

Vlns.

Ob., Cl., Acc.

Cellos  
Bells

Segue

TONY: Omma don' know why omma so lucky fella. (TONY comfortably seated in his wheelchair, full of the good feeling that the day has brought him, now looks up once more toward "Mamma".)

Harp

Cello

(Locating her and smiling with self-satisfaction)

**10** Moderato e teneramente (♩ = circa 66)

T.

Mam - ma, Mam - ma, up in Heav - en, How you like my girl?—

*pp*

Segue

T. How you like da sim - pa - ti - ca smile on da face, Mam-ma, da

T. face? Like da sun, She's - a light up my place. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *p* *pp* *rit.* Cello

**20** *a tempo*

T. Mam-ma, Mam-ma up in Heav-en, How you like you dumb, fun - ny look - in'

*pp a tempo*

T. boy? He was wait - a so long. He's - a find - a such

Va., Cl. *pp* WW, Acc.

T. joy. He's - a find - a such joy. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*



34 *(♩) sempre*

T. In Pa-ler - mo, Mam-ma, When I was a

Acc. Solo

Strgs.

T. young man, In Pa-ler - mo, Mam-ma, You was used to

42

T. say: 'Bring home nice young la - dy, To-ny, Bring home

Nobile

T. nice, young la - dy.' Look, Mam-ma, she's here. She's here to -

W.W. (b)  
Strgs.  
Hns.

*p*

(TONY gets up from the wheelchair.)

50 *ten.*

T. day. An' I'm feel - a so young An' I'm feel - a so

W.W.  
Acc.

Hns.  
*pp*

*fpp*

Trbs.  
Cello  
Bass

*ten.*

T. *strong* An' I'm feel - a so smart! Tell - a me, *molto rit.*

*ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *p* *molto rit.*

[58] **Tempo I** *Largamente* (♩ = 60)

T. Mam-ma, Mam-ma, up in Heav - en, How - ya like - a my sweet - heart?

*pp* *mf* *pp cresc.*

*poco rit.* *Molto allargando* *Tempo I*

T. How - ya like - a my sweet - heart?

*poco rit.* *add Brass* *Hard Bliss.* *sf*

T.

*Hard Bliss.* *sf* *Hard Bliss.* *sf* *fff*

CURTAIN

ACT THREE  
PRELUDE

Allegro molto (♩ = 100)

(♩ = ♩ sempre)

Strgs.

Piano

Brass

*fp*

9

17

25

88

*fff*

This musical score is for the Act Three Prelude, marked 'Allegro molto' with a tempo of 100 quarter notes per minute. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is written for piano and strings. The piano part is in the lower register, while the strings are in the upper register. The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 9, 17, 25, and 88 indicated. The dynamics range from *fp* (fortissimo piano) to *fff* (fortissimo). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

PASQUALE, dressed in his cook's hat and apron, enters excitedly through the center of the show curtain and addresses members of the audience now returning from the intermission, urging them with eloquent gestures to hurry and take their seats.

PASQUALE: Eh! Signore! Signori! Venite tutti e! Venite dentro! La festa e pronta!

GIUSEPPE: (Joining PASQUALE on the left) Venite tutti e sedetevi!

CICCIO: (Joining them from the right) Vieni qua! Vieni qua! Eh! Paesan! Senti la musica!

**41** Allegro con brio (♩ = 88-96)

Segue

PASQUALE: Presto! Presto!

GIUSEPPE: Corpo di bacco! Che bella festa! Hurry 'em up! Hurry 'em up!

GIUSEPPE:

**49**

La frut - ta!

CICCIO:

La

PASQUALE:

Guarda che abbiamo!

La frut - ta!

Strgs, Hns, Bn.

La tor - ta!

frut - ta! La tor - ta!

La tor - ta!

57

G. *Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon -*

C. *Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon -*

P. *Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon -*

*R.H. L.H. R.H. L.H. R.H. L.H.*

G. *dan - za P'o - gni pan - za! — Ab - bon -*

C. *dan - za P'o - gni pan - za! — Ab - bon -*

P. *dan - za P'o - gni pan - za! — Ab - bon -*

67

G. *dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za*

C. *dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za*

P. *dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za*

*R.H. L.H. R.H. L.H. R.H. L.H.*

75

Musica e

G. P'o - gni pan - za!

C. P'o - gni pan - za!

P. P'o - gni pan - za!

Cos'aspetti!

Venite!

83

G. ballo! Ballo! Ballo!

C. Venite!

P. Guarda che abbiamo!

(The THREE SERVANTS beckon the stragglers to their seats.)

I fio - ri,

R.H.

L.H.

*fz*

G. fio - ri, For - mag - gio. Ab - bon -

C. I fio - ri, For - mag - gio. Ab - bon -

P. For - mag - gio. Ab - bon -

Brass

G. dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za Pien di fra - gran -

C. dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za Pien di fra - gran -

P. dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za Pien di fra - gran -

G. za! — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon -

C. za! — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon -

P. za! — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon - dan - za, — Ab-bon -

Vls., Va. *mf*

Corpo di Bacco! Che bella festa!

G. dan - za Pien di fra - gra - za!

C. dan - za Pien di fra - gra - za!

P. dan - za Pien di fra - gra - za!

Eh! What's-a matter for you? Hurry'em up! Sit down! The party!

G. *Venite dentro! Venite tutti e sedetevi!*

C. *Presto! Presto!* *Guarda che abbiamo!*

P. *(The THREE SERVANTS beckon the last stragglers to their seats.)* *La*

*R.H.*  
*L.H.*

*(The THREE SERVANTS with a gesture, command the house lights to dim.)*

CURTAIN

G. **117** *La lu - ce, An - dia - mo*

C. *La lu - ce, An -*

P. *lu - ce, An - dia - mo*

*W.W.*

*Segue*

## SCENE ONE

*(The THREE SERVANTS wave the show curtain up, and there is revealed a section of TONY'S barn containing the huge wine vats, stored cheeses, etc. Upstage there is a wide aperture which allows us to see through the barn into a golden twilight sky. A crowd has already gathered in the barn, most of them seated on the floor or on kegs or boxes and conversing animatedly.)*

G. **125** *Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon -*

C. *dia - mo Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon -*

P. *Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon - dan - za, Ab - bon -*

*W.W.* *Brass*



G. dan - za Che stra - va - gan - za. Ab - bon -

C. dan - za Che stra - va - gan - za. Ab - bon -

P. dan - za Che stra - va - gan - za. Ab - bon -

Harp

W.W.

135

G. dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za Che stra - va -

C. dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za Che stra - va -

P. dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za, — Ab - bon - dan - za Che stra - va -

G. gan - za!

C. gan - za!

P. gan - za!

Segue

(HERMAN is present, smiling as usual. A group of the boys, with PASQUALE as ring-leader, surround HERMAN and quickly tie his arms to his sides with the string of electric bulbs which formerly spelled out "Welcome Rosabella". When they have tied him up securely, they put a basket over his head, and having accomplished this practical joke, the entire CROWD disperses leaving HERMAN to stagger helplessly around the barn bumping into things.)

**147** Presto (♩=160)

W.W., Strgs. Trpts.

**155**

**161** *fpp* Hns.

*fpp*

167

Musical score for measures 167-172. The system features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The right hand plays chords and arpeggiated figures, while the left hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. A forte (*ff*) dynamic marking is present in the left hand at measure 168.

173

Musical score for measures 173-178. The system includes a grand staff and a separate staff for strings and celeste. The grand staff continues with arpeggiated figures. The strings and celeste part (labeled "Strgs., Celeste") plays a sustained harmonic. The woodwinds (labeled "Hns.") play a melodic line. Flute (Fl.) and Clarinet (Cl.) parts are also indicated.

Musical score for measures 179-180. The system features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The right hand plays a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand plays a sustained harmonic. Flute (Fl.) and Clarinet (Cl.) parts are also indicated.

181

Musical score for measures 181-186. The system includes a grand staff and a separate staff for strings and celeste. The grand staff continues with arpeggiated figures. The strings and celeste part (labeled "Strgs., Celeste") plays a sustained harmonic. The woodwinds (labeled "Hns.") play a melodic line. Flute (Fl.) and Clarinet (Cl.) parts are also indicated.

Musical score for measures 187-192. The system features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The right hand plays a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand plays a sustained harmonic. Flute (Fl.) and Clarinet (Cl.) parts are also indicated. An Oboe (Ob.) part is also indicated.

Musical score for measures 193-198. The system features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The right hand plays a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand plays a sustained harmonic. Flute (Fl.) and Clarinet (Cl.) parts are also indicated. A string part (labeled "8va") is also indicated.

HERMAN: (*Pleading, but good-naturedly*) Fellas? Hey, fellas. (*CLEO enters furtively. She is dressed for travel and is carrying two suitcases, one is hers and the other is ROSABELLA'S. She puts them down as she sees HERMAN.*) Hey, fellas! (*CLEO comes over and lifts the wicker basket off HERMAN'S head.*) (*Pleasantly surprised*) Hi, sweetheart. Look what happened to me! (*He turns around to show her how he is tied up.*)

CLEO: Shhh!

(*CLEO now returns to the suitcases and hides them behind a pile of boxes at the left. HERMAN notices the luggage.*)

HERMAN: Hey! Where you goin'?

CLEO: Shhh!

**191** Andante rubato ( $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 50$ )

CLEO:

(*Tenderly*) Sup - pos - in' I should have to say good - bye, dar - lin', What would you

HERMAN:

Bel's, Harp

L.H. Strgs.

add Hns.

Harp, W.W.

**196**

say, dar - lin'?

(*Impatiently*) That's not what I mean! Sup - pos - in' I just packed my bag and  
(*Softly now*)

I'd say good - bye, dar - lin'.

add Hns.

went, dar - lin', How would you feel, dar - lin'?

(*Irritated*) Con - tent?

I'd feel con - tent!

Con -

Harp, W.W.

Poco meno mosso ( $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 40$ )Tempo I<sup>o</sup>

C. *(Annoyed)* I'm gon - na give you

H. tent that you'd be back pret - ty soon from where - ev - er it was you went.

*fz*

204

C. one more chance. I may be leav - in' in a lit - tle

H. *(Softly again)*

*fpp* add Hns.

C. while, dar - lin', How can you smile, dar - lin'?

H. Smil - ins my style, dar - lin'!

Harp, W.W.

(CLEO, at the end of her patience, picks up the wicker basket and plops it over HER-MAN'S head again.)

Allegro ma non troppo ( $\text{♩} = 72-80$ )

209

C. Ooh! Smile, smile, smile, That's all you

H. *(Voice from inside the basket)* I like ev - 'ry - bod - y that

*f* Trb., B. Cl.

C. do is smile, You would - n't shed one

H. I've ev - er met I nev - er met an - y - bod - y

C. tear if I went miles, miles, miles from here. Good

H. — that got me up - set. No

C. bye, fare - well, so long, we're

H. chip on my shoul - der, hate in my heart — or green in my eye.

Cello

C. through! I'm tired of

H. — And as I get old - er I find that

Trpts.

C. watch - ing you — Smile, smile,

H. more and more — I like ev - 'ry - bod - y —

Trb.

C. smile, That's all you do is smile, You don't get

H. — That's my kind of fun, And tho' I

C. mad or sad, Or just feel bad to

H. strike ev - 'ry - bod - y — As chump num - ber one —

C. hear me say good - bye, fare - well, so -

H. — No rob - ber can rob — this good - na - tured slob Of —

Cello

C. long we're through!

H. his pri - vate sky of blue. I like ev - 'ry - bod - y

(CLEO lifts the wicker basket from HERMAN'S head. He is still smiling.)

C. and ex - tra 'spec - 'lly I like you.

H. and ex - tra 'spec - 'lly I like you.

mf

L.H. W.W. Brass

R.H. Hns.

sfz

(She clamps it down again, and pushes him offstage angrily. Then she walks back to the center of the stage and reflects sadly.)

**241** Meno Mosso (♩ = 100)

CLEO:

**248** Allegro (♩ = 108)

And ex - tra 'spec - 'lly I like you.

W.W., Xylo., Harp

R.H. (b) Hns.

ppp



(The WORKERS and NEIGHBORS come piling into the scene again full of horse-play and jocularly. TONY, leaning on his cane, limps amiably into the scene and is greeted by everyone. He is helped to a packing cave where he sits. He is in shirt sleeves, carrying his jacket which he now places on a wooden saw horse next to him. CLEO has beat a retreat at the sight of TONY. The CROWD is babbling, dancing, climbing over the vats, and having a general good time. as the DOC enters the scene.)

(♩ = ♩ sempre)

(The CROWD continues to babble.)

(Cut music at any point when DOC starts to speak)

DOC: Folks! (*The babble subsides somewhat.*) Folks! (*The CROWD is now quiet.*)

Before the party begins, I've got a little suggestion to make. Tony and Rosabella haven't had a minute together all day, and it's his first time out of the wheelchair up and around. It's really like the beginning of their honeymoon together . . . and as I said, before you folks start trampling all over their house, drinking their wine, singing loud songs in their ears and keeping them up late . . . why don't we all kinda take a walk down to Clancy's Bar and give them a little time alone together? (*There is murmured agreement from the CROWD, most of which has now formed a group among the wine rats upstage of TONY and the DOC.*) Just the two of them. I think they'd like that. I think they need to be alone right now. It's that kind of night. A beautiful night. You can hear it in the air.

## SONG OF A SUMMER NIGHT

Andante (♩ = 80)

DOC:

All na-ture seems to know. There are two

Piano *pp* *p (well sustained)* *simile*

*Fl. E.Hn.*

*rit.*

lov - ers to - night — There are two lov - ers to - night here a - bouts.

*rit.*

**6** *a tempo*

DOC:

All na-ture seemsto know — And sing her song — Her ten - der

*Fl. E.Hn.*

*a tempo*

*3*

Poco più mosso (♩ = 100)

DOC:

song That all is well And all is

*Fls., Vls.*

*E.H., Va.*

D. right. Lis - ten! *rit.*

*pp* *ppp* *mp* *rit.*

14

D. *a tempo*

TOWNSPEOPLE: Do you hear what I hear?

BAR., BASS *a tempo*

Do you hear what

*a tempo* Vls.

19

SOPRANOS

ALTOS

TENORS

Song of a sun-mer night, Song of a sun-mer night, Song of a thou-sand voic-es

Song of a sun-mer night, Song of a sun-mer night, Song of a thou-sand voic-es

I hear? Do you hear what I hear? Do you hear what

Full of a rare de-light, I hear it in the air. It's a kind of lov-ers' mu-sic!

Full of a rare de-light, I hear it in the air. It's a kind of lov-ers' mu-sic!

I hear? The mu - sic of love, of

33

Kind of mu-sic for the hap-py, hap-py pair. Lis-ten lis-ten to the

Kind of mu-sic for the hap-py, hap-py pair. Lis-ten, lis-ten to the

love! Of true love! True love! Do

28

Song of the crick-et call. Song of the la-zy breeze! Song of a blos-som fall-ing

Song of the crick-et call. Song of the la-zy breeze! Song of a blos-som fall-ing

you hear what I hear? Do you hear what

down from the 'ca-cia trees. I hear it ev-'ry-where.

down from the 'ca-cia trees. I hear it ev-'ry-where.

I hear? The mu-sic of

T. P.

It's a kind of lov-ers' mu-sic Kind of mu-sic for the hap-py  
 It's a kind of lov-ers' mu-sic. Kind of mu-sic for the hap-py  
 love, of love! I

3

37

lov-ers. Lis-ten! Lis-ten to it! Look, here comes the blush-ing, blush-ing  
 lov-ers. Lis-ten! Lis-ten to it! Look, here comes the blush-ing, blush-ing  
 hear it! I hear it! oo, Look, look, look,

(CLEO and ROSABELLA enter slowly from the left.)

T. P.

bride. Ah, Look, here comes the happy, hap-py groom. Ah,  
 bride. Ah, Look, here comes the happy, hap-py groom. Ah,  
 look. Ah, Look, look, look, look. Ah,

(The DOC urges ROSABELLA toward TONY as CLEO lingers at the side.)

Let's all leave them stand - ing side by side! Ah,

Let's all leave them stand - ing side by side! Ah,

Let's! let's, let's, let's! Ah,

46

Yes, they wan - na be a - lone, They wan - na be a -

Yes, they wan - na be a - lone, They wan - na be a -

Yes, they wan - na be a - lone, They wan - na be a -

lone, a - lone, a - lone. Leave 'em a - lone, a - lone, a - lone. Leave 'em a -

lone, a - lone, a - lone. Leave 'em a - lone, a - lone, a - lone. Leave 'em a -

lone, a - lone, a - lone. Leave 'em a - lone, a - lone, a - lone. Leave 'em a -

50

lone to hear the \_\_\_\_\_ Song of a sum-mer night! Song of a sum-mer night!

lone to hear the \_\_\_\_\_ Song of a sum-mer night! Song of a sum-mer night!

lone to hear. Do you hear what I hear? Do

*(The NEIGHBORS begin retreating back into the barn.)*

Song of a thou - sand voic - es. Full of a rare de - light.

Song of a thou - sand voic - es. Full of a rare de - light.

you hear what I hear? The

I hear it in the air! It's a kind of lov - ers' mu - sic!

I hear it in the air! It's a kind of lov - ers' mu - sic!

mu - sic of love, Of

(TONY and ROSABELLA are now standing at the center of the stage. All the NEIGH-BORS are in the barn.)

T. P.

Kind of mu - sic for the hap - py, hap - py pair. Soft - ly

Kind of mu - sic for the hap - py, hap - py pair. Soft - ly,

love! Of true love!

59

T. P.

gent - ly play - ing, Leave them, let's leave them.

gent - ly play - ing, Leave them, let's leave them.

gent - ly play - ing, Leave them a - lone, leave them a - lone.

T. P.

Leave them, let's leave them there!

Leave them, let's leave them there!

Leave them a - lone, leave them there!

W.W. Trpt. Va. 3rd Hn. 1st Trb. Vis. 2nd Hn. 1st Hn. L.H. Harp gliss. Cello pizz. Bass



*(The DOC and others gently pull the barn doors shut. TONY and ROSABELLA are alone together. TONY notices her traveling clothes.)*

TONY: Carissima! What's-a matter you ain't dressed for da party?

ROSABELLA: Tony . . . I'm not going to be at any party.

TONY: What? *(He laughs.)*

ROSABELLA: Tony, listen to me. I've got to tell you something. Something terrible.

*(She goes to a packing case and sits down.)*

TONY: Nunja tell me not'ing terrible, Rosabella.

ROSABELLA: I'm . . . going away. I'm leaving here.

TONY: *(Incredulous)* You go 'way?

ROSABELLA: When I tell you what happened, it's going to hurt you something awful.

TONY: What? Rosabella? Where you go?

ROSABELLA: When I tell you the truth you'll throw me out anyhow.

TONY: Da trut'? What's-a matter? What's-a happen?

ROSABELLA: *(After a deadly pause)* Tony . . . I'm gonna . . . have a baby. *(There is a silence during which TONY only half believes what he has heard. At the same time, if he has indeed heard it, he realizes that he couldn't possibly be the father.)*

TONY: *(Deadly)* Cos' hai detto?

ROSABELLA: I'm gonna have a baby. I had to tell you the truth. I just had to. I guess I could have just run away, but I . . .

TONY: *(Interrupting with a wild shout)* Who? *(He now grabs her right shoulder. Louder)* Who?

ROSABELLA: *(After a silence)* Joe.

*(TONY is shaken. He loses his balance from the shock and staggers backward.)*

TONY: Joe! Dio! Dio mio!

ROSABELLA: It just happened, that's all. It was . . . crazy.

TONY: *(Full of wrath)* You been Joe's woman!

ROSABELLA: It was crazy.

TONY: You been goin' in da bed wit' Joe!

ROSABELLA: *(Interrupting)* It didn't mean anything to me. I swear I haven't even spoken alone to Joe since that night.

TONY: What night?

ROSABELLA: *(After a pause, ashamed)* Our wedding night. The night I came here.

TONY: *(Raising his cane to hit her)* Goddamn you! *(He hesitates, unable to strike her, and in his frustration stomps over to the wooden saw-horse at center and knocks it over with his cane.)* *(Deadly)* Get out!

*(ROSABELLA gets up slowly. She takes the amethyst tie-pin from the lapel of her coat and walks toward the overturned wooden saw-horse.)*

ROSABELLA: *(Meekly)* Here's the tie-pin back. *(She stoops to pin it on to the coat.)* When you left it for me, it mean't you kind of trusted me. I wasn't worth it. *(She gets up and walks to where her suitcase has been hidden. The anguished TONY stands rigid and speechless facing away from her. She comes back with the suitcase and starts to walk past him.)*

## PLEASE LET ME TELL YOU

Molto espressivo e largimoso (♩ = circa 100)

Piano

Fl.

E.Hn. Strgs.

*ff*

Hns.

*pp*

**8** Rubato  
ROSABELLA:

Please let me tell you that I love you,

*ff*

*pp*

*mf*

R.

Just one more time before I go.

W.W.

Strgs.

E.Hn.

*pp*

Strgs., Hns.

**17**

R.

Please let me tell you that I

Fl.

Harp

*p*

R. love you, 'Cause it hap-pens to be so.

W.W.

*mf*

**21** (*Plaintively and with hesitation*)

R. How I hurt you! And how you must hate me! I know — oh, God I

Strgs. *pp*

E.Hn. *mp*

R. know.

**27**

R. But let me tell you that I love you. That's all, — and now I'll go.

*pp*

Harp.

Cello

Va.



(TONY has not moved. ROSABELLA sadly exits to the right. A moment later CLEO enters from the left, picks up her suitcase and crosses following ROSABELLA'S exit. TONY remains in an abyss of gloom. PASQUALE enters from the left. One look at TONY tells him that something is wrong.)

PASQUALE: Ma che c'e'? Cos' e' successo? Sei pallido come un morto!

TONY: (Grimly) Pasquale. Tell Joe . . . get off my property! Digli d' allontanarsi subito!

PASQUALE: (Bewildered) Joe? Che cosa?

TONY: (More forcefully) Tell Joe get da hell off my land, off my ranch. Digli d' allontanarsi. Subito!

PASQUALE: Ma . . . Joe he's-a go!

TONY: (Puzzled) He's-a go?

PASQUALE: Omma see Joe. Downtown.

TONY: Downtown?

PASQUALE: He was-a wait around da station for da train.

TONY: Now?

PASQUALE: . . . wit' da valigia . . . an' cioccolata! Big fancy box-a cioccolata candy!

TONY: (Seizing PASQUALE) Wit' da valigia? Da travel bag? — Adesso? Now?

PASQUALE: Proprio! Adesso!

TONY: (Fuming) She tol' me goddam lie!

PASQUALE: (Frightened) Bada! Padrone!

TONY: (More forcefully) Dammela! Gimme da pistola!

PASQUALE: (Trying to retreat) No! Cosa vuoi fare? Padrone! (TONY grabs the pistol from PASQUALE'S holster, takes the jacket from the floor and puts the pistol in its pocket. TONY has now crossed to the right, his cane in one hand and the jacket over the other arm.) (Plaintively) Ma, dimmi cos' e' successo!

TONY: (Muttering as he exits) You wait, qeul bestia . . . and you son-a-bitch I gonna catch up wit' you, an' you gonna die! (He limps off right while PASQUALE watches helplessly. In great panic, PASQUALE shouts off wildly to the left.)

Con forza e misurato (♩ = 138)

(Train effect)

PASQUALE: Signorina! Signorina Marie! (He exits left in great excitement.)

(As he does so, the barn doors open, and now we have come to —



## SCENE TWO

*The Napa depot a little later. Downstage to the left we see the back end of a rickety bus bearing the legend "Napa-San Francisco". Surrounding the bus are various pieces of luggage ready to be piled on the racks on its top. To the right, is the edge of the station building, and in the background we see the long shed-covered station platform itself against an ominous night sky. A station hand is standing on a pile of boxes at center waving a lantern, while a brakeman appears and carries away a packing case from the foreground. JOE appears with a young lady of the neighborhood hanging on to his arm. Under his other arm he carries a large fancy box of gift candy. AL, CLEM and JAKE follow behind JOE, who dismisses the young lady with a cool farewell. Now he turns to the boys.)*

AL: So you're finally gettin' out of town. Huh, Joey?

CLEM: Yeah. Guess you've had enough of those Fresno Beauties.

JAKE: You been here almost a year.

CLEM: Where you gonna go?

JOE: (*Dreamily*) Santa Fe. Santa Fe, New Mexico.

CLEM: Santa Fe!

J. time to go, time to go. — Will ya

**18** Andante moderato ( $\text{♩} = \text{circa } 72$ )

J. tell To-ny and Ro-sa-bel-la good-bye for me? — Tell 'em good -

vs. *pp*

J. bye for me — Tell 'em it smelled like the day — I ought to be

BRAKEMAN: (*Reappearing*) All aboard!

J. on my lone - some way. — And will ya tell

*mf* *R.H.*

CLEM: Sure. (*The other boys nod.*)

JOE: This is for them. (*JOE hands CLEM the box of candy.*)

CLEM: Hey! It's candy for the party!

J. *To - ny and Ro - sa - bel - la good - bye? Tell 'em good -*

*Harp gliss* *sp* *(Hold under dialogue.)* *Vls.*

**88** *Moderato (♩ = 80)* (*JOE waves goodbye and leaves for the train.*)

J. *bye ————— for me. —————*

JAKE: *So long, Joe - y, So long, Joe. So long, —*

CLEM: *So long, Joe - y, So long, Joe. So long, —*

AL: *So long, Joe - y, So long, Joe. So long, —*

*sempre marcato*  
*ff Tutti*

JA. *so long, so long, so — long, so — long.*

C. *so long, so long, so — long, so — long.*

A. *so long, so long, so — long, so — long.*

JA. *sub. p* 42 *Con Forza* (♩ = 120)

C. *sub. p*

A. *sub. p*

*ff e marcato*  
R.H.

*Poco a poco accel. a* (♩ = 120)

*molto*

*Segue*



(The BOYS exit, waving after JOE. The BUS DRIVER appears from behind the bus as CLEO and ROSABELLA enter. CLEO takes ROSABELLA'S suitcase along with hers to him, setting both bags down among the assorted luggage.)

CLEO: Two for San Francisco, please. (CLEO and the BUS DRIVER go through the business of purchasing tickets and making change, while ROSABELLA remains at center stage, her face the picture of sadness and shame.)

BUS DRIVER: Bus leaves in about ten minutes, ma'am.

CLEO: (Returning to ROSABELLA) Go on, honey. Get in the bus. Get in the bus and wait for me. (She urges her toward the bus.) I've got to go find Herman and say goodbye. Go on, honey. Please. (ROSABELLA exits into the bus, while CLEO addresses CLEM, AL and JAKE, who have re-entered from the right.) Oh, fellers. Have you seen Herman?

BOYS: No, ma'am. Not this evenin'.

CLEM: He may be with Doc and the folks over to Clancy's. (He points.)

CLEO: Oh, Thanks (Now calling) Herman! Herman! (CLEO exits in the direction of Clancy's. The THREE BOYS now sit down on the bench alongside the station. TONY enters from the right. He is terribly worn out and even with the help of the cane he has difficulty walking, but there is great tension in his bearing and his left hand grips the pocket into which we saw him put the pistol.)

CLEM: (Spotting him) There's the boss. Look.

JAKE: Hey, what's the matter with him?

AL: Wonder what he's doin' way down here?

TONY: (Exhausted, but full of poisonous energy) Where's-a Joe?

JAKE: Joe just left town.

AL: Just a minute ago.

CLEM: Just went off on the southbound train. (TONY impulsively starts as if to pursue the train. Then he stops and turns to the boys searchingly.)

TONY: Who else was-a go? (The BOYS look at each other and shrug.)

CLEM: We didn't see nobody else but Joe.

AL: Say, Boss, Joe left you and the missus a message.

TONY: Me an' da missus?

JAKE: Yeah. He said to tell you goodbye for him.

CLEM: He said it smelled like the time he ought to be on his lonesome way.

AL: That's the way he told us.

CLEM: (Offering the box of candy) He left this for the both of you. (TONY, puzzled, retreats from the proffered candy box.)

AL: (Concerned) Hey, Boss. What's the matter?

JAKE: What are you doin' on your feet way down here away from the house?

CLEM: (Offering the box of candy again) Boss! Don't you want the candy?

[safety]

R.H. (Keep repeating *pp* under above dialogue)

TONY: (He waves it away.) We don't eat dat kinda candy. (The BOYS look at each other and shrug. One motions the others to leave TONY alone, and they retreat upstage right.)

Adagio (♩ = 66)

49 Molto espressivo (♩ = circa 100)

(TONY recognizes ROSABELLA'S suitcase on the ground behind the bus. Slowly and painfully he climbs up behind the bus and looks through its back window, and for an intent moment, peers.)

(Then, climbing down, he lurches angrily forward toward the train station. Realizing the futility of any pursuit of JOE, he collapses wearily on a crate where he remains in piteous silence, thinking over the events of the past. The PRIEST and the DOC have entered, and from the shadows behind TONY, observe his desolate manner. Other TOWNSPEOPLE gather with them in the background and watch TONY for a moment, expressing curiosity and concern. Soon the PRIEST and the DOC gently shoo the TOWNSPEOPLE out of the scene and exit along with the last of them with the kindly purpose of leaving TONY with his thoughts. Presently the gloomy resignation on TONY'S face gives way to a look of realization.)

69

Marcato e agitato (♩ = 160)

Va.,  
Cello,  
Tibs.

77

Lento e mesto (♩ = 100-108)

*fp* *dim. e rit.* *ppp*

*mf* Va.  
E.Hn.

Poco Mosso

*f* *sp*

Moderato (♩ = 60-66)

94

*ritard.* *pp* Strgs., W.W.  
Harp  
*mp*

TONY:

quasi recitativo

She ain' got no place to go. — (He glances at the bus.)

Brass, Hns.,  
Harp, Chimes

Strgs.

*simile* 100

T. No mon - ey, no food to eat.

*simile*

T. (Reflecting sadly) Soon she gon - na have da ba - by — in da

112

T. street — In da street, (Suddenly a conviction) It's no

E. Hn. Cls.  
Hns.  
Celeste  
Harp gliss.

T. good! It's no good! It's wrong! (Violently) I don' care what she was - a

Cl. Solo

T. do! — She may - be gon' die a - lone — an' me too!

TONY: She could-a run away an' tell me nothin'.

She could-a just run away an' let me feel like a no-good, ugly old wop!

(Fade)

(He sits up straighter, head high with determination.)

120 It's no good! It's no good! It's wrong! She gon-na come

*mp* *marcato* *Tutti*

Andante moderato e risoluto (♩ = 88)

123 home wit' me — She gon-na come home wit' me — My Ro - sa -

*Cl.* *Hns.*

T. bel - la — She gon-na come home a - gain wit'

128

T. me! She gon-na come home wit' me, She gon-na come

T. home wit' me. My Ro - sa - bel - la, She gon-na come

(MARIE enters. She looks at the bus and then at TONY.)

T. home a - gain wit' me!

139

Agitato (♩ = 88)

MARIE:

To - ny, To - ny, I don't know what's been go - ing on. But what -

M. ev-er's been go-ing on, Please, please, please — Let her

M. go if she wants to go, Let her go if she wants to go Re-mem-ber, *rubato* *fp*

**153** Moderato (♩ = 88)

M. No - bod - y's ev - er gon - na love you like I love you. —

TONY: She's gon - na come home wit' me.

M. No - bod - y's ev - er gon - na have in the heart. What's in my heart. No - bod - y's

T. My Ro - sa - bel - la, my Ro - sa - bel - la. Now

(TONY rises majestically despite the physical pain and he faces MARIE coldly as she pleads.) (CLEO re-enters and watches the two.)

M. *ev - er gon - na love you like I love you, Wor - ry like I wor - ry, Both - er like*

T. *she's gon - na come home, My Ro - sa - bel - la.*

**167** Più mosso (♩ = 112)

M. *I both - er.*

CLEO: *He's all you've got And you don't want to lose him, But he's wise to you*

*Più mosso*

*rit.* **176** Tempo 1º (♩ = 88)

M. *No - bod - y's*

C. *now. He's got your num - ber. He's all you've got And*

*rit.*



M. *ev - er gon - na love you like I love you. — No - bod - y's*

C. *you don't want to lose him, But he's wise to you now.*

TONY: *she's gon - na come home wit' me, My Ro - sa -*

(CLEO advances on MARIE and tries to pull her away from TONY.)

M. *ev - er gon - na have in the heart, What's in my heart. No - bod - y's*

C. *He's got your num - ber, sis - ter, He's — all you've got, But*

T. *bel - la, my Ro - sa - bel - la. Now*

(TONY starts his weary but determined limp toward the bus aided gently by CLEO as Marie tries desperately to stop his progress.)

M. *ev - er gon - na love you like I love you, Wor - ry like I wor - ry,*

C. *you don't stand a chance an - y - more, Not a chance —*

T. *she's gon - na come home, My Ro - sa - bel - la, My*

## 191 Rubato (Parlando)

M. Both - er like me! *(With venom)* You ain't young no more! And you ain't

C. an - y - more!

T. Ro - sa - bel - la! *(With defiant pride)* No!

*pp* *ff* *sfz*

M. good-look-ing! And you ain't smart!

C.

TONY: No! In da head omma no smart, ma, in da heart, Marie. In da heart! *(With sudden desperation, MARIE snatches the cane from TONY'S hand and retreats with it. TONY totters and almost falls but CLEO catches him. Now both face MARIE.)*

T. No!

*(Until MARIE pulls cane away)* *(on pull away)*

*pp* Tutti

TONY: *(Calm, powerful)* Gimme my cane. *(MARIE backs away a step.)* Gimme my cane, Marie. *(MARIE stands there.)*

CLEO: *(Strong and deliberate)* Give him his cane!

## 197 Agitato (d. = 96)

(As MARIE refuses, CLEO leaves TONY to lunge at MARIE. The two women struggle violently for the cane. PASQUALE enters and watches the scene, as CLEO finally grabs the cane and quickly hands it to the staggering TONY, who now uses it to walk off behind the bus. The enraged MARIE advances on CLEO and the fight continues, featuring hair-pulling, biting and screaming. PASQUALE steps in to separate the two tigresses and manages to push them apart. A glance toward the bus tells MARIE that she is defeated and she exits in tears. But CLEO, we notice, is sprawled on the ground, having been shoved a little too roughly by PASQUALE.)



(We also observe that HERMAN has entered and watched this ungentlemanly act, and that his face has an unusually dark and angry expression. Promptly he hauls off and slugs PASQUALE, who falls to the ground. HERMAN stands over him threateningly and PASQUALE beats a dazed and frightened retreat off. With growing wonder, CLEO has been watching. Now she looks at HERMAN'S still brandished fist and a look of surprise and admiration comes over her face.)

(As HERMAN hits PASQUALE) (As PASQUALE runs *sf*)

CLEO: Herman!

**212** Allegro con spirito (♩. = 132-138)

C. I'm look-in'

HERMAN: Look! (Showing her the fist)

H. Look! Brass

220

H. I made a fist! I made a

Brass

H. fist! I fold-ed up the fin-gers of my left hand-

H. — And there it was — Ex - act - ly at the end of my

236

CLEO:

Her - man, my he - ro. Her - man, my he - ro.

H. wrist!

240

H. I made a frown. I made a

H. frown. It start-ed with a puck-er in my eye-brows...

*fp*

H. — I got so mad — the cor-ners of my mouth — turned

CLEO:

258

Her-man, my he-ro.

H. down, And I can lick an-y-bod-y in town — Since

266

C. Her - man, my

H. I made a fist and a frown!

Brass

Stringendo

C. he - ro, Her - man, my he - ro, Her-man, my he - ro,

274 Molto stringendo

C. Her - man, my he ro.

Strgs., W.W., Hns.

(In traditional cave-man style, HERMAN drags the happy CLEO off.)

L.H. *ff*

*fff*

Segue

(The BUS DRIVER re-enters and starts piling suitcases into the rack on top of the bus. ROSABELLA enters slowly and shamefacedly from the bus. She is followed by TONY. As he sees the BUS DRIVER starting to lift ROSABELLA'S luggage to the rack, he signals him to set it down. Now, gently, he approaches her. The BUS DRIVER has exited and they are alone.)

**280** Moderato e teneramente (♩ = 160)

Vls.  
Harp

Cello

Fade

TONY: He's gonna be Tony's bambino. We tell ev'rybody he's-a Tony's bambino! Then ev'rybody say Tony is so goddam young an' strong he's-a break all his-a bones an' havin' baby jus' da same. Who's-a gonna know? Who?

ROSABELLA: (*Guilty, apprehensively*) You'll know . . . you'll know and you'll hate me, and you'll hate the baby. I'm . . . scared.

TONY: (*Very gently*) Nunja be scared, Carissima. It's-a bad to be scared. Me, Tony, I was-a scared one night last springtime. Omma scared to drive down da station to meet my Rosabella. Omma scared omma too old, an' omma talk funny. So omma drive da truck too fast an' have accidente. Maybe dat same night . . . dat same night last springtime you was-a be scared too an' you was have accidente. An' before dat, I was-a all da time scared, I was-a so scared omma send you wrong fella's pitch, pitch young handsome fella. First time omma see you in da ristorante in Frisco, I should-a no left a sneaky li'l note onna bill o' fare. I should-a knew what I want an' say what I want. Now, tonight, we start all over. (*TONY takes his handkerchief and dries the tears from ROSABELLA'S eyes. He then sits down on a crate, tucking his handkerchief under his chin as he would a napkin.*) I sit in da ristorante. You wait on me. Omma no scared. Omma say: Young lady—what's-a you name? (*ROSABELLA falls in to the scene standing beside him as a waitress would while taking an order.*)

ROSABELLA: (*Meekly*) Amy.

**289** Tempo rubato (♩ = 60)

TONY: (*Genial*) Amy. Dat's-a nice name.  
(*He takes the tie-pin from his lapel.*)

I can- no' leave you mon-ey on da ta-ble— You look too

pp

Grandioso (♩ = 60)

R.

T. nice. An' so I give you my gen-u-ine, Am- e- t'yst tie-pin.

Segue

(TONY holds the pin out offering it to ROSABELLA. She cannot accept it and takes a step away.)

ROSABELLA: How can you be so good to me? How can you be so kind? So kind, after what I...

(♩ = 60) 297 Maestoso (♩ = 60) After what I did?

R.

T. I don't know not' -ing a-bout you, Where you ev-er go,

After what I did? (Wavering) Tony! Tony!

R.

T. What you ev-er done, I don't know not' -ing a-bout you, (Getting up) I don' wan-na know,



You wonderful Tony! (Coming to him and accepting the pin)

R.

T.

T.

**Grandioso** (♩ = 60) **309** (♩ = 60)

(They embrace as the DOC, the PRIEST, and the POSTMAN enter and watch the reunion. The POSTMAN gleefully blows his whistle summoning the TOWNSPEOPLE, who arrive and surround TONY and ROSABELLA. All are relieved now and gay at the happy turn of events.)

TONY: (Shouting to all) Hey! You late for da big party! Come on ev'rybody up to da house!!

CROWD: Hooray! Etc.

TONY: (Silencing the joyful exclamations) Ma, before we start . . . in case you was-a worry . . . ficause me an' Rosabella was-a have li'l argumente . . . (He embraces her closely, looking proudly at the crowd of TOWNSPEOPLE around them.) I wanna make big announcement . . .

Moderato appassionato ( $\text{♩}$  = circa 84)

ROSABELLA:

315 Moderato appassionato (♩ = circa 84)  
ROSABELLA:

What oth - er wish can I wish,

My wife\_ she's-a love me now, My wife, she's - a

R. What oth - er plan can I plan, What oth - er

T. love me now, My wife, she's - a fall in

The musical score is for a song titled "My Wife's a Fall in Love with Me". It features three staves: a vocal staff for the male voice (R.), a vocal staff for the female voice (T.), and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "What oth - er plan can I plan, What oth - er love me now, My wife, she's - a fall in". The piano accompaniment includes triplets and arpeggiated chords.

R. dream can I dream! And what for? — What-ev - er for? When

T. love wit' me. — When

324

R. my heart is so full of you, so full of you.

T. my heart he's so full of you, so full of you.

TOWNSPEOPLE:  
(Women)  
Ah

TOWNSPEOPLE:  
(Men)  
Ah

335

R. There is no room — No room in my heart — for an-y-thing more!

T. He's got no room — No room in my heart — for an-y-t'ing more!

T.P. Ah

Tempo di Tarantella (♩ = 152)

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

molto rit.

Most hap-py,

Most hap-py,

Tutti

**SOPRANOS**  
Hoo - ray Hoo - ray

**ALTOS**  
Fel - la in the whole Na - pa

**T.P.**

**TENORS**  
most hap - py, most hap - py man In the whole Na - pa

**BAR., BASS**  
most hap - py, most hap - py man In the whole Na - pa

**348**

**T.P.**

In the whole Na - pa

val - ley, In the whole Na - pa

*unis.*  
val - ley, The most hap - py man In the whole Na - pa

val - ley, The most hap - py man In the whole Na - pa

*Vls.*

T.P.

val - ley, The most hap - py, most hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

val - ley, The most hap - py, most hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

val - ley, The most hap - py, most hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

val - ley, The most hap - py, most hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

TONY: 'At's-a me!

T.P.

hap - py, hap - py man! \_\_\_\_\_

hap - py, hap - py man! \_\_\_\_\_

hap - py, hap - py man! \_\_\_\_\_

hap - py, hap - py man! \_\_\_\_\_

(TONY beams with profound joy as ROSABELLA, in his arms, looks up adoringly at him.)

CURTAIN