Gianni Schicchi

ZITA
Poor Buoso!

SIMONE
Poor cousin!

RINUCCIO
Poor uncle!

CIESCA, MARCO
Oh, Buoso!

NELLA, GHERARDO
Buoso!

BETTO
Oh brother-in-law! Oh bro...

ALL
Sh!

GHERARDO
I’ll be weeping for days and days! Sh!

NELLA
Days? For months! Sh!

CIESCA
Months? For years and years!

ZITA
I’ll be mourning you all my life!

CIESCA, MARCO
Poor Buoso!
ZITA
Gherardo, take him away!

ZITA, CIESCA, RINUCCIO, MARCO, SIMONE
Oh, Buoso, Buoso,
all our lives
we shall be mourning your passing.

CIESCA
We’ll be mourning...

RINUCCIO
We’ll be mourning.

ZITA
Buoso, Buoso!

CIESCA
...all our lives.

NELLA
What? Really?

BETTO
That’s what they say in Signa.

RINUCCIO
What do they say in Signa?

NELLA
They say that...

RINUCCIO
What?!

BETTO
That’s what they say in Signa.
CIESCA
What do they say in Signa?

BETTO
They say that...

CIESCA
No!?
Marco, do you hear what they say in Signa?
They say that...

MARCO
Eh?!

ZITA
Well, may we all know...

BETTO
That's what they say in Signa.

ZITA
...what the devil do they say in Signa?

BETTO
There are rumours, bits of gossip.
They were saying yesterday evening round at Cisti the baker's:
“If Buoso pops off, it will be manna for the monks.
They'll be saying: Tummy, it's Christmas!”
And someone else said: “Yes, yes, yes, in his will he's left everything to a monastery.”

SIMONE
What?! Who says so?

BETTO
That's what they say in Signa.
SIMONE
Is that what they say in Signa???

THE OTHERS
That’s what they say in Signa.

GHERARDO
Oh Simone?

CIESCA
Simone?

ZITA
What do you say - you’re the oldest.

MARCO
You’ve also been mayor of Fucecchio.

ZITA
What do you think?

MARCO
What do you think?

SIMONE
If the will is in the hands of a lawyer, who knows? Perhaps we’ll be unlucky! But if he has left it in this room, unlucky monks, but hope for us.

THE OTHERS
Unlucky monks, but hope for US.

RINUCCIO
Oh Lauretta, my love, let’s put our hopes on my uncle’s will!

SIMONE
Ah! No. It’s not it.
ZITA
Ah! No. it isn’t there.

MARCO
Where can it be?

SIMONE, BETTO
NO, it isn’t there!

RINUCCIO
We’re saved! We’re saved! Buoso Donati’s will. Aunt, I’m the one who found it!
In return, tell me: if uncle, poor uncle, has left me well-off, if we’ll all be rich soon, on a happy day like this, would you consent to my marrying Lauretta, Schicchi’s daughter? My inheritance will seem sweeter if I can marry her on May Day.

BETTO
Oh yes!

GHERARDO
Oh yes!

CIESCA, MARCO, SIMONE
Oh yes!

NELLA, GHERARDO
There’s time to discuss it later.

RINUCCIO
I could marry her on May Day.

GHERARDO, MARCO
Quick, give us the will!
CIESCA
Can’t you see that we’re all on edge?

RINUCCIO
Aunt!

ZITA
If everything goes as we hope it will,
marry who you like, even the devil’s daughter!

RINUCCIO
Oh, uncle loved me very much,
he’s sure to have left me with my pockets full!
Run over to Gianni Schicchi’s
and tell him to come here with Lauretta:
Buoso’s nephew Rinuccio is expecting him.
Take this:
buy yourself some sweets.

ZITA
“To my cousins Zita and Simone.”

SIMONE
Poor Buoso!

ZITA
Poor Buoso!

SIMONE
YOU must have all the candles!
They must burn right down to the foot.
Yes, enjoy them, enjoy them!
Poor Buoso!

THE RELATIVES
Poor Buoso!
If only he’s left me this house!
And the mills at Signa!
And the mule!
If only he’s left me...
...the mule and the mills at Signa!
The mills at Signa!
The mule, the mi...

ZITA
Quiet!
It’s open.

SIMONE
SO it was true! We shall see the monks
grow fat at the Donati’s expense!

CIESCA
All those lovely florins he saved up
finishing in the monks’ habits!

MARCO
Robbing all of us of a living,
and letting the monks wallow in plenty.

BETTO
I shall have to limit my drinking at Signa,
while the monks drink the fruit of the vine.

ZITA, CIESCA, NELLA
They’ll have to keep widening their robes,
we’ll burst with rage and they’ll burst with goodies!

RINUCCIO
My happiness will be stolen
by the “Holy Works of Santa Reparata”!

GHERARDO
Open the monastery pantries!
Be happy, brothers, and sharpen your teeth!
ZITA
Here you are - the first fruits from the market!
Lick your lips!
Here, poor brothers; plump thrushes!

SIMONE
Meaty quails!

NELLA
Larks!

GERARDO
Ortolans!

ZITA
Warblers!

SIMONE
Meaty quails! Fatted geese!

ZITA
Ortolans!

BETTO
And cockerels!

CIESCA, NELLA, RINUCCIO, GHERARDO
Cockerels?

ALL
The youngest cockerels!

RINUCCIO
The tenderest young cockerels!

ZITA, MARCO
And with your rosy, well-fed faces,
laugh at us: ha! ha! ha! ha!
SIMONE, BETTO
And with your rosy, well-fed faces,
your cheeks gushing with health:

CIESCA, NELLA, GHERARDO, then with RINUCCIO
Larks and cockerels!!
There’s a Donati!

ALL
Ha! ha! ha! There he is!
There is a Donati!
Ha! ha! ha! There he is!
And he wanted the inheritance!
Have a laugh, brothers,
have a laugh at the Donati’s expense!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

ZITA
Who would ever have said
that when Buoso went to the grave
we would be weeping in earnest!

ZITA, CIESCA, NELLA
And is there no way...

SIMONE, BETTO
..to change it?

ZITA, MARCO
...to get round it?

GERARDO
...soften it?

MARCO
Oh Simone, Simone?
ZITA
You are the oldest.

MARCO
And you’ve also been mayor of Fucecchio.

RINUCCIO
There is only one person who can advise us, perhaps save us.

THE OTHERS
Who?

RINUCCIO
Gianni Schicchi.

THE OTHERS
Oh!

ZITA
AS for Gianni Schicchi and his daughter, I don’t want to hear them mentioned again. Do you understand?

GERARDINO
He’s coming now.

THE RELATIVES
Who?

GERARDINO
Gianni Schicchi!

ZITA
Who called for him?

RINUCCIO
I sent for him because I was hoping -
THE RELATIVES
This is a fine time
to have Gianni Schicchi under our feet!

ZITA
Oh, watch out! If he comes up
I’ll fling him down the stairs!

GERARDO
You should do only what your father tells you;
take that, and that!

SIMONE
Imagine a Donati marrying the daughter of a peasant!

ZITA
Someone come up to Florence from the country!
imagine being related to newcomers!
I will not have him here!
I won’t!

RINUCCIO
You’re mistaken.
He’s crafty, astute.
He knows everything about the traps
in the law and the codex.
A wag! A Joker!
is there some new, rare practical joke going round?
it’s Gianni Schicchi who set it up.
Shrewd eyes light up his funny face
with laughter,
and his huge nose throws a shadow
Just like an old ruined tower.
He’s from the country? Well, so what?
Enough of this petty, small-minded prejudice!
Florence is like a tree in flower,
whose trunk and branches are found in the
piazza dei Signori,
but its roots bring new strength in
from the fresh fruitful valleys.
Florence grows and solid palaces
and slim towers rise up to the stars!
Before the Arno runs to the sea,
singing, it kisses the piazza Santa Croce,
and its song is so sweet and resonant
that the streams chorus in to join it.
In this way artists and scientists have joined
to make Florence richer and more splendid.
And from the castles of Val d’Elsa
welcome Arnolfo, come down to build his beautiful
tower. And Giotto came from leafy Mugel,
and Medici, the valiant merchant.
Enough of narrow-minded malice and spite!
Long live the newcomers and Gianni Schicchi!
It’s him!

GIANNI SCHICCHI
What expressions of dismay and sorrow!

RINUCCIO
Lauretta!

LAURETTA
Rino!

GIANNI SCHICCHI
...Buoso Donati must have got better!

RINUCCIO
My darling!

LAURETTA
Why so pale?

RINUCCIO
Alas, my uncle...
LAURETTA
Well, tell me.

RINUCCIO
My love, my love,
it’s so sad.

LAURETTA
So sad.

SCHICCHI
Oh, he’s gone?
Why are they crying?
They’re better than strolling players for acting!
Oh, I can understand your grief at such a loss.
I’m deeply sorry.

GERARDO
Oh, the loss really has been great!

SCHICCHI
Oh, these things...
But, what can you do?
In this world
you lose one thing,
you find another,
you lose Buoso,
but there’s the inheritance!

ZITA
Exactly! For the monks!

SCHICCHI
Ah! Disinherited?

ZITA
Disinherited!
Yes, yes, disinherited!
And that’s why I’m saying;
take your daughter and go.
I’m not giving my nephew
to a girl who has no dowry.

RINUCCIO
Oh aunt, I love her, I love her!

LAURETTA
Daddy, daddy, I want him!

SCHICCHI
Daughter, have some pride!

ZITA
I don’t care in the slightest!

SCHICCHI
Well done, old woman! Well done! For a dowry
you’d sacrifice my daughter and your nephew!
Well done, old woman! Well done!
Old skinflint! Miser!
Mean, tight-fisted, stingy!
Oh, come on, come on!
Have some pride! Come on, come on!

LAURETTA
Rinuccio, don’t leave me!
You promised me in the moonlight at Fiesole!
YOU promised me when you kissed me!
NO, don’t leave me!
NO, don’t leave me, Rinuccio, no!

RINUCCIO
My Lauretta, remember,
you swore your love to me!
And that evening Fiesole
was like a flower.
Remember, remember,
my love, my love.

ZITA
And he insults me!
Without a dowry I won’t,
I won’t give my nephew, I won’t give my nephew!
Rinuccio, come on. Let them go.
YOU would be asking for disaster!
Come on, come on.

LAURETTA, RINUCCIO
Farewell to our bright hopes,
every last ray has died,
we won’t be able to marry
on May Day.

SCHICCHI
Oh, come on, Lauretta, come on,
dry your eyes,
your new relations would be misers.
Have some pride!
Oh, come on, come on!

ZITA
Well come on! Rinuccio, come on.
Well come on, come on.
Let them go.
Off, on your way!

THE RELATIVES
Between lovers!

LAURETTA
Daddy, I want him!

RINUCCIO
Oh aunt, I want her!
ZITA
And I won’t have it!

SCHICCHI
Have some pride!

THE RELATIVES
A fine time!
Think of the will!

SCHICCHI
Old skinflint, stingy, mean...

THE RELATIVES
Think of the will!

ZITA
Well come on, come on!

SCHICCHI
...tight-fisted old woman, away!

LAURETTA, RINUCCIO
My love!

SCHICCHI
Go away! Oh, come on, come on!

ZITA
NO, no, I won’t have it!
Get out!

THE RELATIVES
Think of the will!

LAURETTA, RINUCCIO
My love!
ZITA
NO, no, no!

SCHICCHI
Come on, come on, come on!

RINUCCIO
Mister Giovanni, stay for a moment.
Instead of shouting give him the will.
Try to save us!
You can’t be lost for
some marvelous idea, a discovery,
a solution, a way out, a resource!

SCHICCHI
For these people?
No, no, no!

LAURETTA
Oh, dear daddy,
I like him, he’s handsome, he’s handsome;
I want to go to Porta Rossa
to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if it’s useless to love him,
I’ll go to the Ponte Vecchio
and throw myself into the Arno!
I am pining, I am tortured!
Oh God, I could die!
Daddy, have pity, have pity!
Daddy, have pity, have pity!

SCHICCHI
Give me the will!
NO way out!
LAURETTA, RINUCCIO
Farewell to our bright hopes,
our sweet mirage;
we won’t be able to marry
on May Day!

SCHICCHI
NO way out!

LAURETTA, RINUCCIO
Farewell to our bright hopes,
ever last ray has died,

SCHICCHI
However!...

LAURETTA, RINUCCIO
Perhaps we shall be able to marry on May Day!

THE RELATIVES
Well?

SCHICCHI
Laurettina, go out on to the terrace;
take some nice crumbs for the little bird.
On your own.
No-one knows that Buoso has breathed his last?

THE RELATIVES
No-one.

SCHICCHI
Good!
No-one must know yet.

THE RELATIVES
No-one will find out.
SCHICCHI
And the servants?

ZITA
Since he grew worse
no-one has been in the room.

SCHICCHI
You two take the corpse and the candlesticks
Women, make up the bed!

ZITA, CIESCA, NELLA
But -

SCHICCHI
Hush, do as I say!

THE RELATIVES
Ah!

SCHICCHI
Who can it be? Ah!

ZITA
Master Spinelloccio, the doctor!

SCHICCHI
Don’t let him in.
Tell him something,
that Buoso is better
and that he’s resting.

MASTER SPINELLOCCIO
May I?

THE RELATIVES
Good morning, Master Spinelloccio.
ZITA, MARCO, BETTO
He’s better!

CIESCA, RINUCCIO, GHERARDO
He’s better!

NELLA
He’s better!

SIMONE
He’s better!

MASTER SPINELLOCCIO
Has there been some improvement?

ZITA, SIMONE, BETTO
Yes indeed!

CIESCA, NELLA, MARCO
Yes indeed!

MASTER SPINELLOCCIO
What strength
science has risen to!
Well, let’s have a look, let’s have a look.

ZITA, MARCO
No! He’s resting.

MASTER SPINELLOCCIO
But I

CIESCA, SIMONE
He’s resting.

SCHICCHI
No, no, Master Spinelloccio.
MASTER SPINELLOCCIO
Oh! Master Buoso!

SCHICCHI
I’d so like to rest,
could you come back this evening?
I’m almost asleep.

MASTER SPINELLOCCIO
Yes, Master Buoso.
But you’re better?

SCHICCHI
I’ve come back to life. Till this evening.

MASTER SPINELLOCCIO
Till this evening.
Even from his voice I can tell he’s better.
Ah! No patient has ever died on me.
I don’t make any claims,
the credit all belongs
to the school of Bologna.

THE RELATIVES
Till this evening, doctor.

MASTER SPINELLOCCIO
Until this evening.

SCHICCHI
Was my voice like his?

THE RELATIVES
Exactly the same!

SCHICCHI
Oh, victory! Victory!
Don’t you understand?
THE RELATIVES
No!

SCHICCHI
Oh, what blockheads!
You run to the notary’s;
“Master notary, quick!
Come over to Buoso Donati’s.
He’s grown much worse.
He wants to make his will.
Bring the papers along with you;
quickly, master, or it will be too late!”
And the notary arrives.
He comes in;
the room is half in darkness, in the bed
the figure of Buoso can be made out.
On his head is the night-cap,
round his mouth, the handkerchief.
Between cap and handkerchief is a nose
which looks like Buoso’s but instead is mine,
because in place of Buoso there am I!
I, Schicchi, with another voice, another shape,
pretending to be Buoso Donati,
giving instructions and making a will.
O, my people, this mad conception,
springing from my imagination
is enough to defy eternity!

THE RELATIVES
Schicchi! Schicchi! Schicchi!
Schicchi! Schicchi! Schicchi!

ZITA
GO, run to the notary’s.

RINUCCIO
I’ll run to the notary’s.
THE RELATIVES
Dear Gherardo, Marco, Zita, Ciesca,

SCHICCHI
Oh, such emotion!

THE RELATIVES
Nella, Ciesca, Schicchi! Schicchi!
Schicchi! Schicchi!
Gherardo, Marco, Zita.
Oh joyful day!
A lovely joke on the monks!
Schicchi! Schicchi! Schicchi!

SCHICCHI
Oh, such emotion!
Oh, such emotion!

THE RELATIVES
Family affection is lovely!
Family affection is lovely!

SIMONE
Oh Gianni, let’s have a think now
about how to divide things;
the money in cash?

THE RELATIVES
In equal parts!

SIMONE
I’ll have the holdings at Fucecchio.

ZITA
I’ll have those at Figline.

BETTO
I’ll have those at Prato.
GHERARDO
We’ll take the properties at Empoli.

MARCO
I’ll have those at Quintole.

BETTO
I’ll have those at Prato.

SIMONE
And those at Fucecchio.

ZITA
That would still leave
the mule, this house
and the mills at Signa.

MARCO
They’re the best things.

SIMONE
Ah, I understand, I understand.
Because I’m the oldest
and have been mayor of Fucecchio,
you want to give them to me. I thank you.

ZITA
No, no, no, no! Just a moment!
if you are old, that’s your worry!
That’s your worry!

THE RELATIVES
Listen to him, listen to him, the mayor!
He wants the best of the estate!
The house, the mule, the mills at Signa should come to me!
The mule, the mills, the house should come to me!
The house, the mills should come to me! etc.
SCHICCHI
How lasting family affection is!
ha! ha! ha! ha!

THE RELATIVES
They’ve found out!
They’ve found out that Buoso’s croaked!

SCHICCHI
The game is up!

LAURETTA
Daddy, what should I do?
The little bird doesn’t want any more crumbs.

SCHICCHI
Give him something to drink now!

GHERARDO
The Captain’s baptized Moor
has had an accident.

THE RELATIVES
Rest in peace!

SIMONE
As for the house, the mule and the mills,
I suggest we leave them
to Schicchi’s honesty and sense of justice,

THE RELATIVES
We’ll leave it up to Schicchi!

SCHICCHI
As you wish,
Give me the things to bet dressed,
Quickly, quickly!
ZITA
Here is the night-cap!
If you leave me the mule, this house
and the mills at Signa,
I’ll give you thirty florins,

SCHICCHI
Very well!

SIMONE
If you leave me the house,
the mule and the mills,
I’ll give you a hundred florins,

SCHICCHI
Very well!

BETTO
Gianni, if you leave me
this house, the mule and the mills at Signa,
I’ll gorge you with money!

SCHICCHI
Very well!

NELLA
Here’s the handkerchief!
If you leave us the mule,
the mills at Signa and this house,
you’ll choke with florins!

SCHICCHI
Very well!

CIESCA
And here is the night-shirt.
if you leave us the mule,
the mills at Signa and this house,
you’ll have a thousand florins!

SCHICCHI
Very well!

NELLA
Get undressed, baby boy,
we’re putting you to bed.
And don’t get annoyed, oh no,
if we change your shirt!
The canary changes its feathers,
the fox its fur,
the spider spins its web anew,
the dog finds another bed,
the snake casts its skin.

ZITA
He’s lovely, wonderful!
Who would not be fooled?
Is it Gianni playing Buoso?
Is it Buoso playing Gianni?
Is the will nasty?
A splendid night-shirt,
a sleepy face,
a forceful nose,
a grieving voice, ah!

CIESCA
Hurry up, baby boy,
you have to go to bed.
if the game goes well,
we’ll give you a sweet!
The egg becomes the chicken,
the flower becomes a fruit,
the friars eat up everything,
but as a monk grows poor,
Ciesca grows rich, ah!
NELLA
And kind Gianni...

ZITA
...changes his clothes...

NELLA
...to help us!

CIESCA
He changes expression...

ZITA
...his face and his nose...

CIESCA
...to help us!

NELLA
He changes his voice...

ZITA
...and the will...

ALL THREE
...to help us!
SCHICCHI
I’ll give you the help you deserve!

THE WOMEN
That’s lovely!

SCHICCHI
I’ll make you happy!

THE WOMEN
Exactly so!
Oh Gianni, Gianni, our saviour!
CIESCA, NELLA
Oh Gianni Schicchi, our saviour!

ZITA
Oh Schicchi!

CIESCA, NELLA
Oh Schicchi!

ZITA
Oh Gianni Schicchi, our saviour!

NELLA, GHERARDO
is it exact?

CIESCA, MARCO, SIMONE, BETTO
Perfect!

THE WOMEN
Off to bed!

THE MEN
Off to bed!

THE WOMEN
Off to bed!

THE MEN
Off to bed!

SCHICCHI
A warning first.
Oh ladies and gentlemen, be careful.
Do you know the decree?
“Whoever puts himself
in place of another
concerning wills and bequests,
both he and his accomplices
will have one hand chopped off
and then be exiled.”
Keep it well in mind! If we are caught:
do you see Florence?
Farewell, Florence, farewell, heavenly skies,
I bid you adieu with this stump,
and go wandering off like a Ghibelline!

THE RELATIVES
Farewell, Florence, farewell, heavenly skies,

RINUCCIO
Here is the notary.

THE NOTARY, PINELLINO, GUCCIO
Master Buoso, good morning.

SCHICCHI
Oh! Are you here?
Thank you, Master Amantio.
Oh Pinellino the shoemaker, thank you.
Thank you, Guccio the dyer, it’s too kind,
too kind of you to come and be witnesses
for me.

PINELLINO
Poor Buoso!
I’ve always made his shoes,
and to see him in this state
makes me cry.

SCHICCHI
I would like to have written the will
in my own hand,
but paralysis prevents me.
That’s why I wanted a notary,
serious and honest.
THE NOTARY
Oh, Master Buoso, thank you.
Then you’re suffering from paralysis?

CIESCA, NELLA
Poor Buoso!

ZITA, SIMONE
Poor Buoso!

THE NOTARY
Oh! poor man!
Enough!
The witnesses have seen it,
the witnesses have seen it.
We may begin.
But... your relatives?

SCHICCHI
Let them stay.

THE NOTARY
Then I’ll begin.
In the name of God, in the year of Our Lord
Jesus Christ, since His healing incarnation
the one thousand two hundred and ninety-
ninth, on the first day of September, the
eleventh indictment. I, Amantio di Nicolao,
notary, citizen of Florence, at the request of
Buoso Donati, write this will.

SCHICCHI
Annulling, revoking and invalidating
all previous wills.

ZITA, CIESCA, NELLA
What foresight!
MARCO, SIMONE, BETTO
What foresight!

THE NOTARY
One preliminary; tell me, your funeral, do you want it splendid, ornate, expensive?

SCHICCHI
No, no, no, not expensive.
No more than two florins should be spent.

GERARDO
Oh, such modesty!

MARCO
Oh, such modesty!

CIESCA, NELLA, RINUCCIO
Poor uncle!

ZITA
What a soul!
BETTO
What a heart!

SIMONE
It does him honour!

SCHICCHI
I leave to the minor order of brothers and to the Holy Works of Santa Reparata - five lire.

SIMONE, BETTO
Well done!

ZITA, MARCO
Well done!
One must always be charitable.

Don’t you think that’s rather little?

When someone dies and leaves a large amount to religious orders and monasteries, it makes those who live on say: “That was stolen money.”

What principles!

What a mind!

What wisdom!

What clarity!

The money in cash I leave in equal shares to each of my relatives.

Oh, thank you, uncle!

Thank you, cousin!

Thank you, brother-in-law!
SCHICCHI
To Simone I leave the property at Fucecchio.

SIMONE
Thank you!

SCHICCHI
To Zita the holdings at Figline.

ZITA
Thank you, thank you!

SCHICCHI
To Betto the land at Prato.

BETTO
Thank you, brother-in-law!

SCHICCHI
To Nella and Gherardo the property at Empoli.

NELLA, GHERARDO
Thank you, thank you.

SCHICCHI
To Ciesca and Marco the property at Quintole.

THE RELATIVES
Now we’re at the mule,
the house and the mills.

SCHICCHI
I leave my mule,
the one that cost three hundred florins,
and which is the best mule in Tuscany,
to my devoted friend Gianni Schicchi.
THE RELATIVES
What? What? What’s that? What’s that?

THE NOTARY
He leaves the mule to his devoted friend Gianni Schicchi.

THE RELATIVES
But...

SIMONE
What do you expect
Gianni Schicchi will want with that mule?

SCHICCHI
Keep calm, Simone.
I know what Gianni Schicchi wants!

THE RELATIVES
Ah, the scoundrel, the scoundrel, the scoundrel!

SCHICCHI
I leave the house in Florence to my
dear, devoted and affectionate friend
Gianni Schicchi.

THE RELATIVES
Ah, that’s enough, that’s enough!
Damn that scoundrel
Gianni Schicchi!
We protest, we protest

SCHICCHI
Farewell, Florence, farewell, heavenly skies...

THE RELATIVES
Ah!
SCHICCHI
...I bid you goodbye.

THE NOTARY
The wishes of the man
making his will should not be impeded.

SCHICCHI
Master Amantio, I make my bequests to whom I please.
I have decided on my will and it shall be done.
If they scream I’ll stay calm and sing to myself.

GUCCIO
Oh, what a man!

PINELLINO
What a man!

SCHICCHI
And the mills at Signa...

THE RELATIVES
The mills at Signa?
SCHICCHI
The mills at Signa (farewell, Florence!)
I leave to my dear (farewell, heavenly skies!)
affectionate friend, Gianni Schicchi!

THE RELATIVES
Ah!

SCHICCHI
(And I bid you goodbye with this stump!)
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.
There, it’s done!
Zita, give twenty florins from your purse
to the witnesses,
and a hundred to the good notary.
THE NOTARY
Thank you, Master Buoso.

SCHICCHI
No farewells.
On your way, on your way.
Let’s be brave.

THE NOTARY
Oh, what a man, what a man!

PINELLINO, GUCCIO
What a man, what a loss!

THE NOTARY
What a shame!

THE NOTARY, PINELLINO, GUCCIO
What a loss!

GUCCIO
Courage!

PINELLINO
Courage!

ZITA
Thief!

THE RELATIVES
Thief!
Thief, thief,
soundrel, traitor,
blackguard, villain,
thief, thief,
soundrel, blackguard,
traitor!
SCHICCHI
Skinflints!
I’ll run you out
of my house!
it’s my house!

THE RELATIVES
Pillage! Pillage! Pillage!

GERARDO, SIMONE, BETTO
Pillage! Pillage!

ZITA
Plunder! Plunder!

MARCO
The silver!

SCHICCHI
Out! out! out!

THE RELATIVES
The linen! The silver!

SCHICCHI
it’s my house!

THE RELATIVES
The silver! The linen!

SCHICCHI
Out! out!
it’s my house, it’s my house!

THE RELATIVES
The silver! The linen!
Plunder, plunder! Pillage, pillage!
SCHICCHI
Out! out! out!

ZITA, CIESCA, NELLA
Ah!

SCHICCHI
Out! out! out! etc.

THE RELATIVES
Thief, villain, scoundrel, traitor!

SCHICCHI
Out! out! out!

THE RELATIVES
Thief, thief, scoundrel, traitor!

SCHICCHI
Out! out!

THE RELATIVES
Ah! ah!

SCHICCHI
Out! out!

THE RELATIVES
Ah! ah!

SCHICCHI
Out! out!

RINUCCIO
My Lauretta, we shall always stay here.
Look, Florence Is golden, Fiesole is beautiful!
LAURETTA
That’s where you vowed your love to me.

RINUCCIO
I asked you for a kiss.

LAURETTA
My first kiss.

RINUCCIO
Pale and quivering, you turned your face.

LAURETTA, RINUCCIO
Florence In the distance seemed to us like paradise!

SCHICCHI
The gang of thieves has gone!
Tell me, ladies and gentlemen, if Buoso’s money
could have had a better end than this.
For this prank they sent me to hell, and so be it;
but, with the permission of the great old man Dante,
if you’ve been entertained this evening, allow me
extenuating circumstances.

-End-