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La Fanciulla del West

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PUCCINI'S

La Fanciulla del West

**TRANSLATED FROM ITALIAN
and including music highlight transcriptions**

Edited by Burton D. Fisher
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La Fanciulla del West

(The Girl of the Golden West)

Opera in Italian in three acts

**Music
by
Giacomo Puccini**

**Libretto by Guelfo Civinini and Carlo Zangarini
after David Belasco's play *The Girl of the Golden West*.**

**Premiere: New York, Metropolitan Opera House,
December 10, 1910**

Principal Characters in La Fanciulla del West

Minnie, owner of the “Polka” saloon	Soprano
Jack Rance, sheriff	Baritone
Dick Johnson, alias José Ramerrez, a bandit	Tenor
Nick, bartender at the Polka saloon	Tenor
Ashby, Wells Fargo agent	Bass
Billy Jackrabbit, an Indian	Bass
Wowkle, Billy’s squaw	Mezzo-soprano
Jack Wallace, a camp minstrel	Baritone
José Castro, one of Ramerrez’s bandits	Bass
A Pony Express Rider (Postboy)	Tenor

The Miners: Sonora, Trin, Sid, Bello, Harry, Joe, Happy, Larkens

TIME: During the California gold rush: 1849-50

PLACE: A miners’ camp at the foot of the Cloudy Mountains in California

Brief Story Synopsis

Minnie owns the “Polka” saloon in a mining camp at the foot of the Cloudy Mountains of California. The miners fear for their precious gold because a band of thieves, headed by Ramerrez, is nearby. The local sheriff, Jack Rance, is in love with Minnie, but she has spurned him. A stranger arrives, Dick Johnson (Ramerrez); Minnie and Johnson are attracted to each other, causing Rance to become infuriated with jealousy. Johnson has come to the “Polka” saloon to rob the miners’ gold.

Minnie invites Johnson to her cabin. Minnie and Johnson fall in love. Johnson hides as Sheriff Rance and his posse of miners arrive at Minnie’s cabin to inform Minnie that Johnson is none other than the bandit Ramerrez. Minnie send Johnson away, but as soon as he leaves the cabin, he is shot and wounded. Minnie shelters him in the loft of her cabin. Sheriff Rance finds Johnson in the cabin. Minnie plays poker with Rance for Johnson’s life; she wins through trickery.

Johnson is later caught by the miners. Just as he is about to be hanged, Minnie arrives. She convinces them to free Johnson; he is no longer a bandit, but a man redeemed through their love. Minnie and Johnson leave California to begin a new life; the miners saddened by the loss of their beloved Minnie.

Act I

A short prelude introduces two themes from the opera: the first, an expansive theme suggesting the “Yearning for Love”; the second, a theme associated with “the kiss,” the moment when Minnie and Johnson avow their love.

Allegro ma non troppo**Allegro ma non troppo**

Inside the “Polka” saloon, a large room with a long bar on one side. Above the room there is a balcony. The entrance is an old western-style swinging door. There are many windows. All around there are bottles and glasses.

Stuffed animal heads hang on the walls.

There are many chairs and tables, the latter covered with cards and poker chips.

Sheriff Jack Rance is seated at a table, smoking a cigar and playing solitaire.

Nearby, Larkens sits, his head buried in his hands.

Voci lontano:

Hello! Hello!

Alla “Polka”! Alle “Palme”!

Hello! Hello!

Voices in the distance:

Hello! Hello!

To the “Polka”! To the “Palms”!

Hello! Hello!

Un baritono interno:

“Là lontano, là lontan, quanto piangerà!”

A baritone inside:

“There, far away, how much she’ll weep!”

Nick, the barman, light candles, and the “Polka” saloon is suddenly aglow.

Groups of miners return from the mining camps and burst into the saloon.

Harry, Joe, Bello, e Minatori:

Hello, Nick! Hello!

Harry, Joe, Bello, and Miners:

Hello, Nick! Hello!

Nick:

Buona sera, ragazzi!

Nick:

Good evening, boys!

Allegro vivo con energia
JOE and BELLO**Bello, Joe, e Minatori:**

‘Dooda, dooda day...’

Bello, Joe, and Miners:

“Dooda, dooda day...”

Harry:

Sigari, Nick!

Harry:

Nick, cigars!

Joe:

E Whisky!

Joe:

And whiskey!

Nick:

Son qua, son qua. Sta bene.

Nick:

I’m here! O.K.

Bello:

Minnie?

Bello:

How’s Minnie?

Nick:

Sta bene!

Nick:

She’s well!

Sid:Ragazzi, un faraone!
Chi ci sta?**Sid:** *(sitting down at a table)*Boys, a game of faro!
Who wants to play?**Harry:**

Io ci sto!

Harry:

I’ll play!

Happy:

Anch’io ci sto!

Happy:

I’ll play also!

Joe:

Anch’io!

Joe:

Me too!

Bello:

Chi è che tiene il banco?

Bello:

Who’ll be the banker?

Happy:

Sid.

Happy: *(indicating Sid)*

Sid.

Bello:
Brutto affare!

Bello:
It's an ugly business!

Sid:
Chi vuol mischiare, mischi!

Sid: *(throwing the cards down disdainfully)*
Whoever wants to shuffle can shuffle!

Harry shuffles the cards.

Joe:
Holla!

Hoe: *(slapping Sid on the shoulder.)*
Holla!

Sonora, Trin, and other miners enter the saloon.

Robusto e sostenuto



Sonora, Trin:
Hello!

Sonora, Trin:
Hello!

Sonora:
Da cena, Nick! Che cosa c'è?

Sonora:
Nick, what's there to eat for supper?

Nick:
C'è poco!
Ostriche sott'aceto.

Nick:
Very little!
Ostrich with vinegar.

Sonora:
Hello! Larkens!

Sonora: *(slapping Larkens on his back)*
Hello, Larkens!

Larkens:
Hello!

Larkens:
Hello!

Harry e Minatori:
Andiamo!

Harry and Miners: *(ready to play cards)*
Let's go!

Sid:
Fate giuoco!

Sid:
Ante up!

Joe:
Al giardino!

Joe:
To the queen!

Harry:
Alle piccole!

Harry:
To low cards!

Bello:

Alle grandi!

Minatori:

Nick, da bere!

Nick:

Vengo, vengo!

Sonora:

T'aspetto?

Trin:

Vengo!

Happy:

Gettoni!

Sid:

Un re. Un asso.

Bello:

Maledetto!

Bello:

To high cards!

Miners:

Nick, something to drink!

Nick:

I'm coming!

Sonora: (to Trin)

Should I wait for you?

Trin: (to Sonora)

I'm coming!

Happy:

Chips!

Sid:

A king. An ace.

Bello: (angrily)

Damn!

*As Nick passes by, Rance points to Larkens,
sitting crouched with his arms covering his head.*

Rance:

Larkens che ha? Sta male?

Nick:

Il suo solito male.

Nostalgia. Mal di terra natia!

Ripensa la sua vecchia Cornovaglia e alla
madre lontana che l'aspetta.**Rance:**

Che terra maledetta, quest'occidente d'oro!

Nick:

Ha la malaria gialla.

L'oro avvelena il sangue a chi lo guarda.

Rance:

E Minnie, come tarda?

Sid:

Quanti dolari?

Rance:

What's wrong with him? Is he sick?

Nick:

The usual sickness.

Nostalgia! Homesickness!.

He's always thinking about his mother and
Cornwall, and that they're waiting for him.**Rance: (relighting his cigar)**

This golden west is a cursed land!

Nick:

He's got the yellow fever.

Gold poisons the blood of anyone who sees it.

Rance: (looking at his pocket watch)

How come Minnie is late?

Sid: (showing Happy the ante)

How much?

Happy:

Dieci.

Happy:

Ten.

Sid:

E novanta, fan cento.
Fante. Regina.

Sid:

And ninety makes a hundred.
A Jack. A Queen.

Joe:

Hola! Evviva!

Joe:

Hurrah!

Harry:

Sacramento!

Harry:

Damn it!

Trin:

Australiano d'inferno!

Trin:

Damned Australian!

Joe:

Il tre non vince mai!

Joe:

The three never wins!

Trin:

Tutto sul tre!

Trin:

Everything on the three!

Sid:

Tre. Sette.

Sid:

Three. Seven.

Trin:

Tutto perso. "Good bye!"

Trin:

It's all lost. "Goodbye!"

Trin rises from the table and sits down at the table where Sonora is eating.

Nick:

Nella sala, ragazzi, vi si vuol ballar!

Nick:

Boys, you can dance in the hall!

Some of the men go into the dance hall.

Sonora:

A ballare? Son pazzi!
Io non ballo con uomini! Ti pare?

Sonora:

Dance? They're crazy!
I don't dance with men! Do you agree?

Trin:

È giusto!

Trin:

You're right!

Sonora:

Minnie infine s'è decisa per me?

Sonora: *(aside to Nick)*

Has Minnie finally made up her mind about me?

Nick:

Certo: ho capito che siete il preferito!

Nick: *(cunningly playing along with him)*

Certainly: I understand you're her favorite!

Sonora:

Sigari a tutti!

Sonora: *(excitedly)*

Cigars for everyone!

Tutti:

Hurrà! Hurrà!

All:

Hurrah!

Trin:

Nick, che t'ha detto?

Trin: *(aside to Nick)*

Nick, What did she tell you?

Nick:

Mah! Se ho ben capito voi siete il preferito!

Nick: *(playing along with him)*

Well, if I understand it, you're her favorite!

Trin:

Whisky per tutti!

Trin:

Whiskey for everyone!

Tutti:

Hurrà! Hurrà!

All:

Hurrah!

Andante tranquillo
JACK WALLACE**Jake Wallace:**

"Che faranno i vecchi miei là lontano,
là lontano?
Tristi e soli i vecchi miei piangeranno,
penseranno che non torni più!"

Jake Wallace: *(from outside)*

"What could my old folks be doing over
there, far away?
They're probably weeping, thinking that I'll
never come home again!"

Nick:

Ragazzi, v'annunzio Jake Wallace, il
cantastorie del campo!

Nick:

Boys, let me introduce Jake Wallace, the
minstrel of the camp!

*Jake Wallace's song affects the men emotionally, and they become pensive.
As Wallace enters the "Polka" the gambling ceases.*

Jake Wallace:

"La mia mamma, che farà s'io non torno?
Quanto piangerà!"

Jake Wallace:

"What will my mother do if I don't return?
She'll weep so much!"

Trin, Harry, Joe, Sonora, Bello, Happy, e Minatori:

"Quanto piangerà!"

Trin, Harry, Joe, Sonora, Bello, Happy, and Miners:

"She'll weep so much!"

Wallace ei Minatori:

“Al telaio tesserà lino e duolo pel lenzuolo
che la coprirà.”

Minatori:

Il mio cane dopo tanto mi raviserà?

Harry:

O mia casa al rivo accanto.

Minatori:

Là lontano, chi ti rivedrà?

**Trin, Harry, Joe, Sonora, Bello, Happy, e
altri:**

Jim, perchè piangi?

Jim! Che hai?

Larkens:

Non reggo più, ragazzi, mandatemi via!

Son malato, non so di che.

Son rovinato!

Son stanco di piccone e di miniera!

Voglio l'aratro, voglio la madre mia!

Wallace and the Miners:

“In her grief, she'll weave the shroud that
will cover her.”

Miners:

Will my dog recognize me after so long a time?

Harry:

Oh my home beside the river.

Miners:

There, far away, who will see you again?

**Trin, Harry, Joe, Sonora, Bello, Happy,
and others:**

Jim, why are you crying?

Jim, what's wrong?

Larkens:

Boys, I can't take it anymore, send me away!

I'm sick, I don't know from what.

I'm broke!

I'm tired of picks and mining!

I want to plow, I want my mother!

The miners are moved by Larkens' outburst.

Sonora removes his hat and takes up a collection for him.

Sonora:

Per rimandarlo a casa.

Sonora:

To send him back home.

Minatori:

Prendi. To'.

Cinque dollari!

Altri cinque!.

A te Son. Anche questi.

Miners:

Take it. Here.

Five dollars!

Another five!

For you Sonora. This too.

Sonora empties the contents of his hat into Larkens' hands.

Larkens is overcome by emotion; he smiles and thanks his friends.

Sonora:

Coraggio!

Sonora:

Courage!

Larkens:

Grazie, grazie, ragazzi!

Larkens:

Thanks, boys!

The miners return to their seats and resume their gambling.

Sid:

Va tutto?

Sid:

Ready?

Minatori:Al quattro. Al tre.
Raddoppio. Due.**Miners:**To the four. The three.
I double. Two.**Sid:**

Giuoco fatto!

Sid:

Bets are in!

Sonora:

Raddoppio!

Sonora:

I double!

Sid:

Niente va più! Due. Tre.

Sid:

No more bets! Two. Three.

*Sonora catches Sid cheating. He viciously slams his fists on the table,
and then throws the cards in Sid's face.*

Bello:

Questa è da ladro!

Bello:

That's cheating!

Sonora:

Su le mani! Baro!

Sonora: *(revolver drawn, threatening Sid)*

Raise your hands! Cheater!

*Everyone is agitated. Joe grabs Sid by the shoulders.
Trin removes Sid's gun and hands it to Nick.*

Minatori:

Baro!

Miners:

Cheater!

Bello takes cards from Sid that he hid in his vest pocket and throws them on the table.

Bello:

Su le braccia! Guardate!

Bello:

Raise your arms! Look!

Harry e otre:Sia legato! Al laccio!
Il ladro! Baro!**Harry and others:**Tie him up! Hang him!
The thief! Cheater!**Sid:**

Per carità!

Sid:

For pity's sake!

*Sid is dragged to the center of the room and beaten.
Rance approaches them with cold indifference.*

Rance:

Che succede?

Rance:

What's happening?

Bello:
Ha barato!
Avrà quel; che gli spetta!

Bello:
He cheated!
He'll get what he deserves!

Tutti:
Al laccio! Sid! A morte!

All:
Hang him! Put Sid to death!

Rance places himself between Sid and the miners.

Rance:
Andiam, ragazzi; un po' di calma.
Su: vediam!

Rance:
Boys, come now; calm down.
Get up, let's see!

Tutti:
Al laccio, Sid! A morte!

All:
Hang him! Put him to death!

Rance:
Evvia! Cos'è la morte?
Un calcio dentro il buio e buona notte!
So un castigo più degno.
Datemi la sua carta.

Rance: (stopping them)
Be off! What is death?
A kick in the dark and good night!
I know a more appropriate punishment.
Give me his card.

Rance is given the two of spades, which he pins on Sid's chest, right over his heart.

Sopra il cuore, come si porta un fiore.
Non toccherà più carte.
È questo il segno.
Se s'azzardasse a toglierlo, impiccatelo!

Over his heart, like one wears a flower.
He won't touch cards any more.
This is the sign.
If he dares to take it off, hang him!

Rance grabs Sid brutally by his collar and throws him to the floor.

Domani al campo, tu spargi la voce.
Va!

Tomorrow, spread the word at the camp.
(kicking Sid) Get out!

Sid:
Ragazzi, siate buoni!

Sid: (whimpering)
Boys, be lenient!

Tutti:
Ladro! Fuori! Via di qua!

All:
Thief! Out! Get out of here!

Rance sits town at a table, and invites Sonora, Trin, and others to join him at poker.

Rance:
Un poker! Nick, gettoni!

Rance:
Some poker! Nick, chips!

As they start playing Ashby enters.

Ashby:
Sceriffo, hello!

Ashby: (approaching Rance)
Hello, Sheriff!

Rance:

Ragazzi, fate largo!
Salute a Mister Ashby, dell'Agenzia Wells
Fargo.

Ashby:

Nick, portami da bere!
Come sta la ragazza?

Minatori:

Grazie, bene.

Rance:

Che nuove del bandito?

Ashby:

Da tre mesi l'apposto!
Non è molto discosto!

Rance:

Boys, stand aside!
Say hello to Mr. Ashby of the Wells Fargo
Agency.

Ashby: *(greeting all, shaking hands with Rance)*

Nick, bring me something to drink!
How is the girl?

Miners:

She's well, thanks.

Rance:

Any news about the bandit?

Ashby:

I've been tracking him for three months!
He can't be very far away!

Everyone gathers around Ashby to hear the news.

Rance:

Dicon che ruba come un gran signore!
È spagnolo?

Ashby:

La banda di ladri a cui comanda è
messicana: gentaccia gagliarda, astuta,
pronta a tutto.
State in guardia.
Io mi sdraio.
Sono stanco, ho l'ossa rotte.
A tutti buona notte!

Rance:

They say he steals like a gallant gentleman!
Is he Spanish?

Ashby:

The band of thieves he's leading are
Mexican: they're rabble, but sturdy and
cunning, ready for anything.
Be on your guard.
I'm stretching out.
I'm dead tired and I have to go to bed.
Good night to all of you!

Nick brings in a jug of whiskey, lemon and glasses. He hands glasses to the men.

Trin:

Cosa c'è?

Trin: *(to Nick)*

What's this?

Nick:

Offre Minnie!

Nick:

Minnie's treat!

Minatori:

Viva Minnie! La nostra Minnie!

Miners: *(as they drink)*

Long live Minnie! Our Minnie!

Rance:

Mistress Rance, fra poco.

Rance:

Very soon to be Mrs. Rance.

Sonora:

No, faccia di cinese!
Minnie si prende giuoco di te!

Rance:

Ragazzo, è il whisky che lavora.
Ti compatisco.
Di Jack Rance finora nessuno, intendi,
nessuno s'è mai preso giuoco! Intendi?
E buon per te ch'io non curi le offese degli
ubriachi!

Sonora:

Vecchio biscacchiere!
Minnie ti burla!

Rance:

Provalo!

Sonora:

Ti burla, muso giallo!

Rance:

Briaco! Ah, miserabile!

Sonora:

No, you yellow face!
Minnie's toying with you!

Rance: *(turning livid)*

Boy, the whiskey is making you babble too
much. I feel sorry for you.
Up to now, no one, no one toys with Jack
Rance! Understand!
It's a good thing that I don't listen to insults
from drunkards!

Sonora: *(slamming the table)*

You're a dirty old gambler!
Minnie's making fun of you!

Rance: *(calmly advancing toward Sonora)*

Prove it!

Sonora:

She's making fun of you, yellow face!

Rance:

Drunkard! Ah, you wretch!

*The two men draw their guns. Just as they are about to shoot,
Trin grabs Sonora's shoulders, and the gunshot is diverted.
Minnie appears at the door, rifle in hand. She approaches Sonora and takes his pistol.
The anger subsides as all greet Minnie.*

Andante vibrato



Tutti:

Hello, Minnie!

All:

Hello, Minnie!

*Minnie returns Sonora's pistol, and then pushes him towards Rance,
forcing him to shake hands with the Sheriff. Rance complies coldly,
and then goes to a table and begins to play cards by himself.*

Minnie:

Che cos'è stato?
Sempre tu, Sonora?

Minnie: *(to Sonora)*

What happened?
Sonora, is it you again?

Trin:

Nulla, Minnie, sciocchezze.
Si scherzava!

Trin:

It's nothing, Minnie, just nonsense.
They were fooling around!

Minnie:
Voi manderete tutto alla malora!
Vergogna!
Non farò più scuola.

Sonora:
No, Minnie!
Sai, quando tu tardi ci s'annoia. E allora.

Minnie: *(angrily)*
You'll send everything to blazes!
What a shame!
I'm not going to run the school anymore.

Sonora:
No, Minnie!
You know that when you're late we get edgy.

Minnie shakes her head and smiles. Then she notices Bello in contemplation.

Minnie:
Bello, che fai?
Che guardi?

Bello:
Nulla.

Minatori:
Guardava te!

Joe:
Minnie, li ho colti lungo il "Torrente Nero."
Al mio paese ce ne son tanti!

Minnie:
Oh, grazie, Joe!

Sonora:
È passato pel campo oggi un merciaio di San Francisco, aveva trine e nastri.
Questo è per voi.
Vedete, è color porpora come la vostra bocca.

Harry:
E questo è azzuro, come il vostro sguardo!

Minnie:
Grazie, grazie!

Ashby:
Gli omaggi di Wells Fargo!

Minnie:
Hip! Hip!

"Regalias," "Auroras," "Eurekas"?

Minnie:
Bello, what are you doing?
What are you looking at?

Bello: *(smiling and perplexed)*
Nothing.

Miners:
He was looking at you!

Joe: *(offering her flowers)*
Minnie, I've gathered them along the "Black Torrent." There are so many in my village!

Minnie:
Oh Joe, thank you!

Sonora: *(giving Minnie a ribbon)*
A trader from San Francisco passed through the camp today with laces and ribbons.
This is for you.
Look, it's the color of crimson, just like your lips.

Harry: *(giving her a silk handkerchief)*
And this is blue, like your eyes!

Minnie:
Thanks!

Ashby: *(offers Minnie a drink)*
A tribute from Wells Fargo!

Minnie: *(takes a sip)*
Hip! Hip!

Minnie offers Ashby cigars
"Regalias," "Auroras," "Eurekas"?

Ashby:

Se li scegliete voi, la qualità non conta nulla.
Ognuno avrà per me il profumo della man
che li tocca!

Ashby: (*gallantly*)

If you choose any, the quality is unimportant.
Each cigar will have the perfume of the
hand that touches them!

Nick:

Vi prego, andate in giro: ogni vostro sospiro
è una consumazione!

Nick: (*to Minnie*)

Please make the rounds: each sigh of yours
brings satisfaction!

Minnie:

Mala lingua!

Minnie:

What a naughty remark!

Vi do la buona sera, sceriffo!

(*to Rance*)

Sheriff, I bid you good evening!

Rance:

Buona sera, Minnie.

Rance:

Good evening, Minnie.

Sonora:

Tira una riga sul mio conto!

Sonora: (*giving Minnie a small bag of gold*)

Cancel a row of charges on my bill!

*Minnie gives the gold to Nick, who cancels Sonora's bill.
He weighs the gold, and then places it in the barrel.*

Ashby:

Con queste bande in giro è una pazzia tener
l'oro qua dentro.
All' Agenzia starebbe molto meglio.

Ashby: (*approaching Rance*)

With those outlaws on the loose, it's
madness to keep the gold here.
It would be much safer at the Agency.

*Minnie takes out a Bible. She goes to the center of the room and all encircle her,
except Rance and Ashby, who talk quietly on the side.*

Minnie:

Dove eravamo?
Ruth? Ezekiel? No. Esther?
No, ecco il segno.
Salmo cinquantunesimo di David.

Minnie:

Where were we?
Ruth? Ezekiel? No, Esther?
No, here's the place.
Psalm Fifty-One of David.

Harry, ricordi chi era David?

Harry, do you remember who David was?

Harry:

Era un re dei tempi antichi, un vero eroe che
quando era ragazzo, armatosi d'una mascella
d'asino, affrontò gran gigante e l'amazzò.

Harry: (*rising like a schoolboy*)

He was a king in ancient times, a real hero
who armed himself with the jawbone of an
ass, and confronted a big giant and killed him.

Minnie:

Che confusione! Siedi.
A posto, Joe!

Minnie: (*laughing*)

What confusion! Sit down.
Find your place Joe!

Ora leggiamo.
Versetto secondo: “Aspergimi d’issòpo e sarò mondo.”

Trin:
Cos’è quest’isòpo, Minnie?

Minnie:
È un’erba che fa in Oriente.

Joe:
E qui da noi non fa?

Minnie:
Sì, Joe, nel cuore ognun di noi ne serba un cespuglietto.

Joe:
Nel cuore?

Minnie:
Nel cuore.

“Lavami e sarò bianco come neve.
Poni dentro al mio petto un puro cuore,
e rinnovella in me, uno spirito eletto.”

Ciò vuol dire, ragazzi, che non v’è al mondo
peccatore cui non s’apra una via di
redenzione.
Sappia ognuno di voi chiudere in sè una
suprema verità d’amore.

*Minnie’s words stun the miners. She approaches Trin to ask him a question,
but he avoids her. Then she approaches Sonora and pokes him
to be sure that he has retained the message of her lesson.*

Nick:
La posta!

Trin, Harry, Joe, Bello:
La posta!

Postiglione:
Hello, ragazzi! State attenti!
S’è visto sul sentiero un ceffo di meticcio.

Now let’s read.
The second verse: “Purify me with hyssop
and I’ll be cleansed.”

Trin:
Minnie, what is hyssop?

Minnie:
An herb that grows in the Orient.

Joe:
Does it grow here?

Minnie:
Yes, Joe, everyone’s heart has a little bush of
hyssop in it.

Joe:
In the heart?

Minnie:
In the heart.

“Purify me and I’ll be white as snow.
Place a pure heart in my breast,
and renew a righteous spirit in me.”

Boys, that means that there’s not a sinner in
the world for whom a path of redemption is
not open.
May all of you know how to keep the
supreme truth of love inside of you.

Nick: *(running to the door)*
The mail!

Trin, Harry, Joe, Bello:
The mail!

Postboy: *(appearing at the door)*
Hello, boys! Be on your guard!
A half-breed has been seen on the trail.

*The postboy gives Nick a packet of letters, which he distributes. He also gives Ashby a
dispatch, and a newspaper to Harry. Ashby becomes incredulous as he reads the dispatch.*

Ashby:

Postiglione!
Conosci certa Nina?
Nina Micheltorena?

Minnie:

È una finta spagnuola nativa di Cachuca,
una sirena che fa consumo di nero fumo per
farsi l'occhio languido.
Chiedetene ai ragazzi!

Ashby:

Sceriffo, questa sera ho Ramerrez al laccio.

Rance:

Come?

Ashby:

L'avventuriera mi dice che sa il covo del
bandito, e che stanotte a mezzanotte vada
alle "Palme."

Rance:

Quella Micheltorena è una canaglia.
Ashby, non vi fidate.

Ashby:

Vendette di donne innamorate.
Ad ogni modo, Rance, tengo l'invito.

Ashby:

Postboy!
Do you know a certain Nina?
Nina Micheltorena?

Minnie:

She's a native of Cachuca who pretends to
be Spanish. She's a seductress who puts lots
of black soot on her eyes to look sexy.
Ask the boys!

Ashby: (to Rance)

Sheriff, tonight I'll have Ramerrez with a
noose around his neck.

Rance:

How?

Ashby:

The daring woman has told me that she
knows the bandit's hideout, and tonight, at
midnight, I'm to meet her at the "Palms."

Rance:

That Micheltorena woman is a good-for-
nothing. Ashby, don't trust her.

Ashby: (winking)

It's the vengeance of women in love.
In any case, Rance, I'll keep the appointment.

*Ashby and Rance leave. Some miners read their letters: some are so pleased with the news
and kiss their letters; others seem angered.*

Happy:

Perfino il pappagallo s'è avvilito.
Chiama "Happy" e poi dice "partito!"

Harry:

Incendi, guerre, terremoti, piene,
quante cose nel mondo!
Al mio paese, che faranno laggiù?
Staranno bene?

Bello:

Ketty sposa?
E chi sposa la mia Ketty?

Happy:

The parrot has also become depressed.
He calls out "Happy" and then says "gone"!

Harry:

So many things in the world: fires, wars,
earthquakes, floods!
What are they doing down in my village?
Are they all right?

Bello:

Is Ketty getting married?
And who's marrying my Ketty?

Senti!
L'orologia suo vicino.
Quel vecchio sordo!
Bah! Povera Ketty!

Joe:
Pur troppo, Joe, ci son notizie, notizie tristi.

Tutte:
Joe, che c'è?
Brutte nuove? Su, coraggio!

Joe:
E anche nonna se n'è andata!

Listen!
It's her neighbor, the watchmaker.
That old man is deaf!
Bah! Poor Ketty!

Joe: (reading)
But for Joe, there's sad news.

All:
Joe, what is it?
Bad news? Come on, be brave!

Joe: (expressing anger)
Grandma has passed away!

Joe dries his tears.

Whisky!

Nick:
C'è fuori uno straniero.

Minnie:
Chi è?

Nick:
Non l'ho mai visto.
Sembra di San Francisco.
M'ha chiesto whisky ed acqua.

Minnie:
Whisky ed acqua?
Che son questi pasticci?

Nick:
È quello che gli ho detto: All "Polka" si beve
il whisky schietto.

Minnie:
Ben, venga! Gli aggiusteremo i ricci.

Whiskey!

Nick:
There's a stranger outside.

Minnie:
Who is it?

Nick:
I've never seen him before.
He looks like he's from San Francisco.
He asked me for whiskey and water.

Minnie:
Whiskey and water?
What kind of nonsense is that?

Nick:
That's what I told him: at the "Polka" a man
drinks whiskey straight.

Minnie:
Well, let him come! We'll fix his curls.

As Nick goes out, Rance approaches Minnie and speaks to her in a trembling voice.

Rance:
Ti voglio bene, Minnie!

Minnie:
Non lo dite.

Rance:
Minnie, I love you!

Minnie: (smiling and indifferent)
Don't say that.

Rance:

Mille dollari, qui, se tu mi baci!

Minnie:

Rance, mi fate ridere. Su via, finitela!

Rance:

Tu non puoi star qui sola! Ti sposo.

Minnie:

E vostra moglie, che dirà?

Rance:

Se tu lo vuoi, ma più mi rivedrà!

Minnie:

Rance, basta! Basta!

M'offendete!

Rance:

Here's a thousand dollars if you kiss me!

Minnie:

Rance, you're making me laugh. Now stop it!

Rance:

You can't stay here alone! I'll marry you.

Minnie:

And what will your wife say?

Rance:

If it's your wish, she'll never see me again!

Minnie: (with pride)

Rance, enough!

You're offending me!

Minnie takes out her pistol and flashes it before Rance.

Vivo sola così, voi lo sapete, perchè così mi
piace, con questa compagnia sicura e buona
che mai non m'abbandona.
Rance, lasciatemi in pace!

I live alone, and you know that it's because I
like it that way; there's a safe and good
company of men who'll never abandon me.
Rance, leave me in peace!

*Minnie puts her pistol back in her blouse. Rance walks away in silence,
and then nervously starts playing at the faro table.*

Siete in collera, Rance?

Perchè? V'ho detto il mio pensiero schietto.

Rance, are you angry?

Why? I've told you my honest thoughts.

Andante sostenuto**RANCE***Minnie, dalla mia casa son partito che è là dai monti, sopra un altro mare;***Rance:**

Minnie, dalla mia casa con partito che è là
dai monti,
sopra un altro mare: ma non rimpianto,
Minnie, m'ha seguito,
non un rimpianto vi potea lasciare!

Rance: (throwing down the cards violently)

Minnie, I left my house, which is beyond the
hills,
and beyond the high seas: when I left there
was not one regret,
and I left no regrets behind!

Nessuno mai m'amò, nessuno ho amato,
nessuna cosa mai mi diè piacere!
Chiudo nel petto un cuor di biscazziere
amaro avvelenato,
che ride dell'amore e del destino:
mi son messo in cammino attratto sol dal
fascino del l'oro.
È questo il solo che non m'ha ingannato.
Or per un bacio tuo getto un tesoro!

No one ever loved me; I never loved anyone,
and nothing ever gave me pleasure!
A poisoned and bitter gambler dwells in my
heart,
and it laughs at love and at destiny.
My journey in life is only for the attraction
and fascination of gold.
Gold is the only thing that hasn't deceived me.
But for one kiss from you, I'd give up a
fortune!

Minnie:

L'amore è un'altra cosa.

Minnie: (*dreamily*)

Love is another thing.

Rance:

Poesia!

Rance:

Nonsense!

Minnie:

Laggiù nel Soledad, ero piccina,
avevo una stanzuccia affumicata nella
taverna sopra la cucina.
Ci vivevo con babbo e mamma mia.
Ah! Tutto ricordo: vedo le persone entrare,
uscire a sera.

Minnie:

I was a little girl down there in Soledad,
I had a tiny smoky room in the tavern,
above the kitchen.
I lived there with my mom and dad.
Ah! I remember everything: I can see the
people coming and going in the evening.

Mamma faceva da cuoca e cantiniera,
babbo dava le carte a faraone.
Mamma era bella, aveva un bel piedino.
Qualche volta giocava anch'essa:
ed io che me ne stavo sotto al tavolino
aspettando cader qualche monetta,
la vedevo serrar furtiva il piede al babbo mio.

Mamma was the cook and bartender,
and Daddy dealt the cards at faro.
Mamma was beautiful, with lovely feet.
Sometimes she also gambled:
and I would be under the little table waiting
for some coins to fall,
I saw her snuggle her feet to daddy's feet.

Con anima
MINNIE



S'amavan tanto!
Ah! Anch'io vorrei trovare un uomo e certo
l'amerei!

They loved each other so much!
Ah! I would also like to find a man that I
could truly love!

Rance:

Forse la perla è già trovata?

Rance: (*menacingly*)

Perhaps the pearl has already been found?

Just as Minnie is about to respond to Rance, Nick reappears, accompanied by a stranger (Dick Johnson.) Johnson carries a saddle and a leather jacket over his left shoulder. He places the saddle on a table.



Johnson:
Che c'è per farmi i ricci?

Johnson: *(forcefully)*
Who's going to curl my hair?

Minnie is startled when she realizes that she met the stranger before.

Minnie:
Salute allo straniero!

Minnie:
Hello stranger!

Johnson:
Io son quello che chiesi whisky ed acqua.

Johnson: *(also surprised at seeing Minnie)*
I'm the one who asked for whiskey and water.

Minnie:
È vero?
Nick, il signor prende l'whisky come gli pare.

Minnie:
Is that so?
Nick, let the gentleman drink his whiskey as he pleases.

Nick and Rance exchange glances. Rance frowns as Nick gets a bottle of whiskey and searches for a bottle of water.

Minnie:
Sedete. Sarete stanco.

Minnie: *(motioning Johnson to sit down)*
Sit down. You must be tired.

Johnson:
La ragazza del campo?

Johnson:
Are you the girl I met at the camp?

Minnie:
Sì.

Minnie: *(blushing)*
Yes.

Rance:
Nessun straniero può entrare al campo.
Certo, voi sbagliaste sentiero.
Per caso andavate a trovare Nina Micheltorena?

Rance: *(aggressively approaching Johnson)*
No stranger is allowed to enter the camp.
You must have surely missed the trail.
Any chance you were en route to meet Nina Micheltorena?

Minnie:
Rance!

Minnie:
Rance!

Johnson:

Fermai il cavallo qualche momento appena,
per riposarmi, e al caso, tentare un baccarat.

Johnson: *(with indifference)*

I stopped here to rest my horse for a few
minutes, and maybe try my chances at baccarat.

Rance:

Giocare? E il vostro nome?

Rance: *(roughly)*

To gamble? What's your name?

Minnie:

Forse che qui si sa il nome della gente?

Minnie: *(laughing)*

Since when do we ask people's names here?

Johnson:

Johnson.

Johnson: *(staring at Rance)*

Johnson.

Rance:

Johnson. E poi?

Rance: *(with hostility)*

Johnson. And what else?

Johnson:

Vengo da Sacramento.

Johnson:

I come from Sacramento.

Minnie:

Benvenuto fra noi, Johnson di Sacramento!

Minnie: *(very pleasantly)*

Welcome among us, Johnson from
Sacramento!

Rance goes off, shaking and fuming with anger.

Johnson:

Grazie. Vi ricordate di me?

Johnson:

Thanks. Do you remember me?

Minnie:

Sì, se anche voi mi ricordate.

Minnie: *(smiling)*

Yes, if you also remember me.

Johnson:

E come non potrei?
Fu pel sentier che mena a Monterey.

Johnson:

And how could I not?
It was on the road that leads to Monterey.

Minnie:

Fu nel tornare m'offriste un ramo di
gelsomino.

Minnie:

It was while I was returning that you offered
me a sprig of jasmine.

Johnson:

E poi vi dissi: Andiamo a coglier le more.

Johnson:

And then I said let's go and pick some berries.

Minnie:

Ma io non venni.

Minnie:

But I didn't come.

Johnson:

È vero.

Johnson

That's right.

Minnie:

Ricordate, signore?

Minnie:

Sir, do you remember?

Johnson:

Come adesso.

Johnson:

As if it was right now.

Minnie:

Io ripresi il cammino.

Voi dicevate. Non ricordo più.

Minnie:

I went on my way.

You were saying. I don't remember any more.

Johnson:

Sì, che lo ricordate: Dissi che da quell'ora...

Johnson: (*coming closer to Minnie*)

Yes, remember I said that from that moment...

Minnie:

...Non m'avreste scordato.

Minnie:

... You would never forget me.

Johnson:

Nè v'ho scorado mai, mai, mai!

Johnson:

Nor have I ever forgotten you, never!

Minnie:

Quanto tempo sperai di rivedervi.

E non vi vidi più!

Minnie:

I waited a long time to see you again.

And I never saw you again!

*As Minnie and Johnson look fixedly each other's eyes, Rance approaches them.
In a fit of jealousy, he knocks Johnson's glass down.*

Rance:

Mister Johnson, voi m'avete seccato!

Sono Rance, sceriffo.

Non mi lascio burlare.

Che venite a far qui?

Rance:

Mister Johnson, you've bothered me!

I am Rance, the Sheriff.

I don't let myself be fooled.

What did you come here to do?

*Johnson takes a step back, and stares at Rance. He is about to draw his gun but Minnie
intervenes to stop him. Johnson smiles, shrugs his shoulders,
and goes to the counter, paying no attention to the seething Rance.*

Ragazzi!

Uno straniero ricusa confessare perchè si
trova al campo!

Boys!

A stranger refuses to tell us why he's in the
camp!

Minatori:

Chi è? Lo faremo cantar!

Miners:

Who is he? We'll make him talk!

Minnie:

Io lo conosco! Innanzi al campo intero sto
garante per Johnson!

Minnie: (*commandingly*)

I know him! I vouch for Johnson in front of
the entire camp!

Minnie's intervention calms the miners. They approach Johnson and greet him cordially.

Sonora:

Buona sera, Mister Johnson!

Sonora:

Good evening, Mister Johnson!

Johnson:
Ragazzi, buona sera!

Johnson: (*effusively shaking hands*).
Boys, good evening!

Trin:
N'ho piacere per lui!
Questo cialtrone smetterà fare da padrone!

Trin: (*indicating a discouraged Rance*)
I'm happy for him!
That rogue will now stop being so bossy!

Harry:
Mister Johnson, un valzer?

Harry: (*indicating the dance floor*)
Mister Johnson, a waltz?

Johnson:
Acceto!

Johnson:
I accept!

But instead of dancing with Harry, Johnson offers his arm to Minnie.

Permetete?

Will you allow me?

All look at Minnie, as to urge her to dance with Johnson. Rance frowns.

Minnie:
Io? Scusatemi: voi non lo crederete, non ho
mai ballato in vita mia!

Minnie:
Me? Forgive me. You won't believe it, but
I've never danced in my life!

Johnson:
Andiamo.

Johnson:
Let's go.

Tutti:
Avanti, Minnie!

All:
Go on, Minnie!

Minnie:
Andiamo pure!

Minnie: (*gracefully taking Johnson's arm*)
Then let's go!

Tutti:
Musica!
Hip! Hurrah!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la...

All: (*except Rance*)
Music!
Hip! Hurrah!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la...

*Minnie and Johnson dance. The onlooking miners accompany the waltz tune,
and beat the time with their hands.*

Tempo di Valzer Moderato



Nick:
Dov'è Minnie?

Nick: (*approaching Rance*)
Where's Minnie?

Rance:

È là dentro che balla con quel can di pelo
fino giunto da Sacramento!

Rance:

She's inside dancing with that dandy who
just arrived from Sacramento!

Nick shrugs his shoulders. Rance angrily kicks Johnson's saddle off the table.

Uomini fuori:

Al laccio! Al Laccio! A morte!

Men outside:

Hang him with the noose! Death to him!

Ashby arrives with Castro, a bandit he has just apprehended.

Ashby:

Al laccio!

Ashby: *(pushing Castro to the floor)*

Hang him!

Castro:

(La sella del padrone! L'hanno preso!)

Castro: *(after seeing Johnson's saddle)*

(The boss's saddle! They've caught him!)

Ashby:

Da bere! Son morto!

Ashby: *(to Nick)*

Something to drink! I'm dead tired!

Rance:

Figlio di cane, mostraci la tua lurida faccia!
Tu sei con Ramerrez?

Rance: *(grabbing Castro's hair)*

You dog, show us your filthy face.
Are you one of Ramerrez's men?

Castro:

Son fuggito. L'odiavo.
Se volete vi porto sulla sua traccia!

Castro:

I ran away. I hated him.
If you want, I'll put you on his trail!

Sonora:

Questo sudi cio ladro c'inganna!

Sonora:

This dirty thief is lying to us!

Castro:

No, non v'inganno!

Castro:

No, I'm not lying!

Rance:

Conosci il nascondiglio?

Rance:

Do you know his hiding place?

Castro:

È a poco più d'un miglio: alls Madrona
Canyada.
Vi mostrerò la strada.
In nome di mia madre, Maria Saltaja,
giuro che non v'inganno!
Se volete, vi porto.
Gli pianterò nel dorso la mia navaja!

Castro:

It's in the Madrona Canyada, just a little
more than a mile from here.
I'll show you the way.
In the name of my mother, Maria Saltaja,
I swear that I'm not lying to you!
If you want, I'll take you there.
I'll plant my dagger in his back!

Rance:

Si va?

Rance: *(to the others)*

Shall we go?

Ashby:
S'è annuvolato. Avremo la tormenta.

Ashby: (*studying the weather outside*)
It's clouded up. We're going to have a storm!

Rance:
Legatelo!

Rance: (*indicating Castro*)
Tie him up!

Some of the miners tie Castro to a chair.

Sonora:
È un buon colpo.

Sonora:
It's a stroke of luck!

Trin:
Si tenta!

Trin:
We'll try it!

Trin e Sonora:
A cavallo, a cavallo!

Trin and Sonora:
Let's get our horses!

Castro:
(Non è preso! È nel ballo!)

Castro: (*happily, as he notices Johnson*)
(He's not caught! He's dancing!)

Minatori:
Dove si va?

Miners:
Where do we go?

Rance:
S'insegue Ramerrez!

Rance:
We'll track Ramerrez!

Nick and Sonora push the barrel with the gold to the center of the room.

Nick:
E l'oro?

Nick:
And the gold?

Sonora:
Gl'occhi di Minnie bastano a guardare il tesoro!

Sonora:
Minnie's eyes are enough to guard the treasure!

Rance and the miners leave.

Castro:
Aguardiente!

Castro: (*shouting to Nick*)
Fire water!

Nick goes behind the bar to get a drink for Castro. Johnson emerges from the dance hall, controlling himself after he sees Castro. He picks up his saddle from the floor and places it on the faro table, all the while pretending that he is adjusting the stirrups. He turns his back to Castro, who whispers to him.

Mi son lasciato prendere per sviarli.
Mi seguono nel bosco i nostri.
Presto udrete un fischio.
Se c'è il colpo, col fischio rispondete!

I let myself be caught to mislead them.
Our men followed me and are in the forest.
Soon you'll hear a whistle.
If the robbery is "on" answer with your whistle!

Nick:
Quest'uomo sa la traccia di Ramerrez.

Nick: *(addressing Johnson)*
This man knows the trail to Ramerrez.

Rance:
Ora, via!

Rance: *(indicating Castro)*
Now, let's go!

The men drag Castro with them. After sneering at Johnson, Rance follows them.

Nick:
Buona fortuna!

Nick: *(standing at the door)*
Good luck!

Nick prepares to close the "Polka" saloon. He closes the window shutters and extinguishes lights. Johnson goes to the window, looks out, and when he turns he sees the barrel. He makes a gesture of disdain, and then goes to the faro table to retrieve his saddle. Minnie appears at the door of the dance hall.

Minnie:
Mister Johnson, siete rimasto indietro a farmi compagnia per custodir la casa?

Minnie:
Mister Johnson, have you remained behind to join me in guarding the saloon?

Johnson:
Se volete.
Strana cosa! Ritrovarvi qui dove ognuno può entrare per bere e per rubare.

Johnson: *(slightly startled)*
If you wish.
It's so strange, to find you here where anyone can come in to drink or to steal.

Minnie:
Vi do la mia parola che saprei tener fronte a chiunque.

Minnie:
I promise you that I know how to stand up to anyone.

Johnson:
Anche a chi non volesse rubare più ch'un bacio?

Johnson: *(smiling)*
Even one who only wants to steal just a kiss from you?

Minnie:
Anche! Questo m'è accaduto più volte ma il primo bacio debbo darlo ancora.

Minnie: *(laughing)*
That too! That's happened to me several times but I still haven't given my first kiss.

Johnson:
Davvero?
E abitate qui alla "Polka"?

Johnson:
Really?
Do you live here at the "Polka"?

Minnie:
Abito una capanna a mezzo monte.

Minnie:
I live in a cabin half way up the hill.

Johnson:
Meritate di meglio.

Johnson:
You deserve better.

Minnie:

Mi contento.
A me basta; credete.
Ci vivo sola senza timore.

Minnie:

I'm content.
Believe me, it's sufficient for me.
I live there alone and without fear.

Minnie places some coins in an empty cigar box, and then approaches the barrel.

Io sento che anche in voi mi fiderei,
benchè non so chi siate.

I also feel that I can trust you, even though I
don't know who you are.

Johnson:

Non so ben neppur io quel che sono.
Amai la vita, e l'amo, e ancor bella m'appar!

Johnson:

I hardly even know myself.
I loved life, and I love life, and it still seems
beautiful to me!
Surely you love life also, but you haven't
lived long enough to absorb the entire
essence of the world.

Certo anche voi l'amate, ma non avete tanto
vissuto per guardar fino in fondo alle cose
del mondo.

Minnie:

Non so, non so.
Io non son che una povera fanciulla oscura e
buona a nulla.
Mi dite delle cose tanto belle che forse non
intendo.
Non so che sia, ma sento nel cuore uno
scontento d'esser così piccina
e un desiderio d'innalzarmi a voi su,
come le stelle, per esservi vicina, per potervi
parlare.

Minnie: (somewhat confused)

I don't know.
I am merely a poor girl of humble birth with
very little to offer.
You say such beautiful things to me but
perhaps I don't understand them all.
I don't know what it is, but in my heart I feel
disappointed that I'm so inconsequential.
I'd like to elevate myself to your level, like
the stars, to be close to you and be able to
talk to you.

Andante mosso moderatamente
JOHNSON

Quel - lo che ta - ce - te me l'ha det - to cor,

quan - do il brac - cio v'of - fer-si alla danza con me:

Johnson:

Quello che tacete me l'ha detto il cor,
quando il braccio v'offersi alla danza con
me:
control il mio petto vi sentii tremar;
e provai una gioia strana,
una nuova pace che dir non so!

Johnson:

What you don't say, my heart tells me.
When I offered you my arm, and then we
danced together,
I felt you trembling against my chest;
and I felt a strange joy,
a new kind of peace that I can't describe!

Minnie:

Come voi, leggermi in cor non so: ma ho
l'anima piena di tanta allegrezza, di tanta
pau..

Minnie interrupts herself after noticing that Nick has come in from outside, looking fearful.

Che cosa c'è?

Minnie:

I can't read my heart like you do: but I have
a soul full of so much happiness, and so
much fea...

What is it?

Nick:

S'è visto qui attorno un altro ceffo
messicano.

Nick: *(getting a gun from behind the counter)*

They've seen another ugly Mexican around
here.

Minnie:

Dove, Nick?

Minnie: *(following Nick)*

Nick, where?

Johnson:

Non andate!

Johnson: *(trying to restrain Minnie)*

Don't go!

A whistle is heard from outside.

(Il segnale!)

(The signal!)

Minnie:

Ascoltate! Che sarà questo fischio?

Minnie: *(scared, seeking Johnson's protection)*

Listen! What can that whistle be about?

Minnie points to the barrel.

In quel barile, Johnson, c'è un tesoro.
Ci ripongono l'oro i ragazzi.

Johnson, there's a fortune in that barrel.
The boys put their gold in there.

Johnson:

E vi lascian così?

Johnson:

And they leave you alone like this?

Minnie:

Ogni notte rimangon qui a vegliarlo a turno
un po' per uno.
Stanotte son partiti sulle peste di quel
dannato!

Minnie:

Every night, one of them takes turns to
watch it.
Tonight they left to follow the track of that
damned bandit!

Oh, se qualcuno vuol quell'oro,
pria di toccarlo dovrà uccidermi qui!
Povera gente!
Quanti son di loro che han lasciato lontano
una famiglia, una sposa, dei bimbi,
e son venuti a morir come cani in mezzo alla
fanghiglia per mandare un po' d'oro ai cari
vecchi, e ai bimbi lontani!
Ecco, Johnson, perchè chi vuol quest'oro,
pria passerà su me!

If someone wants that gold, he'll have to kill
me before he can touch it!
Those poor people!
So many of them have left family, a
betrothed, and children, far away from here.
They've come here to work like dogs in the
middle of this mire so they can send a bit of
gold to their parents and children far away!
Here Johnson, whoever wants this gold will
first have to pass over my dead body!

Minnie goes behind the counter and gets two guns, which she places on top of the barrel.

Johnson stretches out his hand to her, which she clasps forcefully.

Johnson:

Oh, non temete, nessuno ardirà!
Come mi piace sentirvi parlare così!
E me ne debbo andare.
Avrei voluto salire a darvi l'ultimo saluto
nella vostra capana.

Johnson:

Oh, don't be afraid, no one will dare!
How I like to hear you talk like that!
And now I must leave.
I would have liked to go up to your cabin to
at least say goodbye

Johnson retrieves his jacket and hat.

Minnie:

Dovete proprio andare?
Che peccato!
I ragazzi saranno qui fra poco.
Quando saran tornati, io me ne andrò.
Se volete venir a salutare segueremo la
conversazione standoci accanto al fuoco.

Minnie: (sadly)

Must you really leave?
What a shame!
The boys will be returning shortly.
When they return, I'll be able to leave here.
If you want to come and say goodbye to me,
the two of us can continue the conversation
next to the fire.

Johnson:

Grazie, Minnie.
Verrò!

Johnson: (hesitant, then decisive)

Thanks, Minnie.
I'll come!

Minnie:

Non v'aspettate molto!
Non ho che trenta dollari soli d'educazione.
Se studiavo di più, che avrei potuto essere?
Ci pensate?

Minnie:

Don't expect too much!
I only have thirty dollars worth of education.
What could I have become if I studied more?
What do you think?

Johnson:

Ciò che avremmo potuto essere!
Io lo comprendo ora che vi guardo, Minnie!

Johnson:

That which we have we can become!
Minnie, I understand, now that I look at you!

Minnie:

Davvero? Ma che vale!

Minnie: (drying a tear)

Is that the truth? But what's the use!

Minnie sobs, hiding her face in her hands.

Oscura e buona a nulla.

I'm of humble birth and good for nothing.

Johnson:

No, Minnie, non piangete.
Voi non vi conoscete.
Siete una creatura d'anima buona e pure e
avete un viso d'angelo!

Johnson: (tenderly)

No, Minnie, don't cry.
You don't know yourself.
You are a person with a good and pure soul,
and you have the face of an angel!

Johnson exits. Nick enters and puts out the lights. It is unusually silent in the "Polka" saloon. Minnie, as if half dazed, stands alone in the light of the one lamp that is still lit, as if lost in an intoxicating memory.

Minnie:

Ha detto.

Come ha detto?

Un viso d'angelo!

Minnie:

He said.

What did he say?

A face of an angel!

*Minnie covers her face with her hands, and then vents her feelings of happiness
with a deep, prolonged sigh.*

END OF ACT I

Act II

A cabin with a single room and a loft above. At the back, a door leads to a short landing. There are two windows with curtains, a bed covered with a quilt, and at the foot of the bed a small table. There is a hand basin and jug, a bureau with several woman's accessories, a wardrobe on which a dress hangs, a hat and shawl on a hook, and pots and pans hang on a bracket. On the mantelpiece of the fireplace there is an old clock, an oil lamp with a globe, a bottle of whiskey, and a glass.

In front of the mantelpiece, a bearskin. To one side, there is a small table set for two.

*One hour has elapsed since Johnson parted from Minnie at the "Polka" saloon.
The wind outside is howling, and the window panes are covered with frost.*

The young Wowkle, an Indian squaw, squats on the floor near the fire, her papoose on her back. She sings a lullaby to her baby in a soft, monotonous melody.

Wowkle:

"Il mio bimbo è grande e piccino,
sta dentro la cuna, è grande e tocca la luna,
col suo ditino.
Hao, wari! Hao, Wari!"

Billy:

Ugh.

Wowkle:

Ugh.

Wowkle:

"My baby inside the crib is big and small,
he's big and touches the moon with his little
finger.
Hao, wari!"

Billy: *(enters and greets Wowkle)*

Ugh.

Wowkle:

Ugh.

Billy sees cookies and milk on the table and is about to taste them.

Crema. Biscotti. Padrona.
Non toccare.

Billy:

Tua padrona mandare.
Dice: Billy sposare.

Wowkle:

Wowkle non sapere.

Billy:

Cosa dare tuo padre per nozze?

Wowkle:

Non sapere.

Billy:

Billy dare quattro dollari tuo padre; e una
coperta.

Cream. Cookies. The missus.
Don't touch.

Billy: *(sits down next to Wowkle)*

Your musses order me.
She say: Billy must marry.

Wowkle:

Wowkle not know.

Billy:

What do I give your father to marry you?

Wowkle:

Not know.

Billy:

Billy will give your father four dollars and a
blanket.

Wowkle:

Wowkle dire: meglio tenere coperta noi per bimbo.

Wowkle:

Wowkle says: better we keep the blanket for the baby.

Billy:

Nostro bimbo!

Billy: (boasting)

Our baby!

Billy lights a pipe and passes it to Wowkle. She takes a puff and then returns it to him.

Domani chiesa cantare.

I sing in church tomorrow.

Wowkle e Billy:

“Come fil d’erba è il giorno che all’uomo diè il Signor,
scende l’inverno al piano,
l’uomo intristisce e muor.”

Wowkle and Billy:

“The day which the Lord gave unto man is like a blade of grass,
once winter descends onto the plains, man becomes sad and dies.”

Billy:

Dopo sposare: avere perle e whisky!

Billy:

After marrying we get beads and whiskey!

Wowkle:

Ecco padrona!

Wowkle:

Here’s the missus!

Minnie appears at the door with a lantern. Wowkle and Billy draw back as if confused. Minnie has difficulty concealing her excitement. She looks around the room as if trying to see what impression it will make on Johnson when he arrives. She hangs the lantern on a nail. Wowkle turns up the lamp on the table.

Minnie:

Billy, è fissato?

Minnie:

Billy, has the marriage date been set?

Billy:

Domani.

Billy:

Tomorrow.

Minnie:

Sta bene. Va via!

Minnie:

All right. Go away!

Stanotte, Wowkle, cena per due.

to Wowkle

Tonight, Wowkle, dinner for two.

Wowkle:

Altro venire? Ugh!
Mai prima d’ora.

Wowkle:

Another come? Ugh!
Never before now.

Minnie:

Zitta! Pulisci!
Che ora è?
Sarà qui fra poco.

Minnie:

Quiet! Clean up!
What time is it?
He’ll be here soon.

Minnie removes her boots and throws them to Wowkle, who then places them in a closet.

Piglia!
Dove hai messo le mie rose rosse?

Catch!
Where have you put my red roses?

Wowkle points to the chest.

Wowkle:
Ugh.

Wowkle:
Ugh!

*Wowkle removes her papoose, places it near the fire, and starts to prepare dinner.
Minnie places her gun in a drawer. She looks into a mirror and places some roses in her hair.*

Minnie:
Il bimbo come sta?
Billy davvero t'ha detto?

Minnie:
How's the baby?
Has Billy really said he'll marry you?

Wowkle:
Noi sposare.

Wowkle:
We marry.

Minnie:
To', pel bimbo!

Minnie: *(throwing a ribbon to Wowkle)*
There, for the baby!

Wowkle:
Ugh! Ugh!

Wowkle:
Ugh! Ugh!

Minnie:
Vorrei mettermi queste.
Le scarpette di Monterey.
Purchè mi riesca d'infilarle!
Ahi! Son strette!

Minnie:
I'd like to wear these slippers from
Monterey,
provided they'll fit me!
Ouch! They're tight!

Guardami: credi che gli piaceranno?
Voglio vestirmi tutta come in giorno di festa,
da capa a piedi.

Look at me: Do you think he'll like them?
I want to dress from head to foot like it's a
holiday.

Minnie throws a shawl over her shoulders and looks into the mirror.

Non son poi tanto brutta.

I'm not so ugly after all.

She pours cologne on her handkerchief.

Anche il profumo. Vedi?

Even the perfume. See?

She puts on her gloves.

E i giunti.
È più d'un anno che non li metto!
Non sarò poi troppo elegante?

And these gloves.
It's been over a year since I've worn them!
Does it seem too dressy?

Johnson:
Hello! Hello!

Johnson: *(knocking on the door)*
Hello! Hello!

Minnie:
Wowkle, è già qui!

Minnie: *(startled)*
Wowkle, he's already here!

Minnie notices stockings hanging on a clothesline and angrily motions to Wowkle to remove them. Minnie looks at herself again in the mirror, hastily places a rose in her hair, and throws a shawl over her shoulders. She stands near the bed, seemingly embarrassed.

Johnson:
Hello!

Johnson: *(at the door, with a lantern)*
Hello!

Minnie:
Buona sera!

Minnie: *(shyly)*
Good evening!

Johnson:
Uscivate!

Johnson:
Were you going out?

Minnie:
Sì. No. Non so. Entrate.

Minnie: *(extremely confused)*
Yes. No. I don't know. Come in.

Johnson:
Come siete graziosa!

Johnson:
How pretty you look!

Johnson is about to kiss Minnie, but she turns away. Then he notices Wowkle.

Perdonate. Non avevo osservato.

Forgive me. I hadn't noticed.

Minnie:
Basta così, signore: non aggiungete scuse.

Minnie: *(as if offended)*
That's quite enough, sir. No more excuses.

Johnson:
Mi siete apparsa così bella.

Johnson:
You seem so lovely to me.

Minnie:
È un andare un po' troppo per le corte.

Minnie: *(still resentful)*
You're getting to the point too quickly.

Johnson:
Vi prego scusare.

Johnson: *(coming closer)*
I beg you to forgive me.

Minnie:
Siete pentito?

Minnie: *(seriously)*
Are you sorry?

Johnson:
No!

Johnson: *(jokingly)*
No!

Minnie lowers her head, and then looks up at Johnson. Their glances meet and she blushes. Wowkle puts out Johnson's lantern and then goes to snuggle up next o the fire.

Rimango?
Grazie.

Amici?
Che pensate?

Minnie:
Un pensiero.
Questa notte alla “Polka” non veniste per me.
Che vi condusse, allora?
Forse è vero che smarriste il sentiero della Micheltorena?
Wowkle il caffè!

Johnson:
Che graziosa stanzetta!

Minnie:
Vi piace?

Johnson:
È tutta piena di voi.
Che cosa strana; la vostra vita, su questa montagna solitaria, lontana dal mondo!

Minnie:
Oh, se sapeste come il vivere è allegro!
Ho un piccolo polledro che mi porta a galoppo laggiù per la campagna;
per prati di giunchiglie, di garofani ardenti,
per riviere profonde cui profuman le sponde gelsomini e vainiglie!

Poi ritorno ai miei pini ai monti della Sierra così al cielo vicini che Iddio passando pare la sua mano v’inclini,
lontani dalla terra così, che vien la voglia di battere alla soglia del ciel per entrar!

Johnson:
E quando infurian le tempeste?

Minnie:
Allor sono occupata. È aperta l’Accademia.

Johnson:
L’accademia?

Do I stay? (*Minnie nods “yes.”*)
Thanks.

Johnson takes Minnie’s hand.
Friends?
What are you thinking about?

Minnie:
Just a thought.
This evening, you didn’t come to the “Polka” to see me.
Then what brought you there?
Perhaps it’s true: that you took the wrong path en route to that Micheltorena woman?
Wowkle, the coffee!

Johnson: (*as he looks around*)
What a pretty little room!

Minnie:
Do you like it?

Johnson:
It’s full of your charm.
What a strange and lonely life you lead living on this lonely mountain, far away from the world!

Minnie:
Oh, if you knew how happy my life is!
I have a little colt that takes me down there at a gallop, down through the fields of daffodils, of red carnations, and through deep shores whose banks are scented with jasmine and vanilla!

Then I return to my pines and the hills of the Sierra that are so close to Heaven that God can almost touch them with His hand as He passes by, and it’s so far away from the earth that I can almost knock at Heaven’s threshold to enter!

Johnson:
And what happens when the storms rage?

Minnie:
Then I’m busy because school is open.

Johnson:
School?

Minnie:
È la scuola dei minatori.

Johnson:
E la maestra?

Minnie:
Io stessa.

Del biscotto alla crema?

Johnson:
Grazie. Vi piace leggere?

Minnie:
Molto.

Johnson:
Vi manderò dei libri.

Minnie:
Oh, grazie, grazie!
Delle storie d'amore?

Johnson:
Se volete. Vi piacciono?

Minnie:
Sì! Tanto!
Per me l'amore è una cosa infinita!
Non potrò mai capire come si possa,
amando una persona desiderarla per un'ora
sola.

Johnson:
Credo che abbiate torto.
Vi sono delle donne che si vorrebbero nella
nostra vita per quell'ora soltanto, poi morire!

Minnie:
Davvero?
Quante volte siete morto?

Uno dei nostri avana?

La candela!

Minnie: *(laughing)*
It's the school for the miners.

Johnson:
And the teacher?

Minnie:
I myself.

Minnie offers Johnson sweets.
Some biscuit with cream?

Johnson:
Thanks. Do you like to read?

Minnie:
Very much.

Johnson:
I'll send you some books.

Minnie:
Oh, thanks!
Some love stories?

Johnson:
If you wish. Do you like them?

Minnie:
Yes! So much!
For me love is an eternal thing!
I won't ever be able to understand how
someone can love a person and desire her
for only one hour.

Johnson:
I think you're wrong.
There are some women whom we would
desire for only an hour, but then want to die!

Minnie: *(playfully)*
Really?
How many times have you died?

Minnie offers Johnson a cigar.
One of our Havanas?

Calling to Wowkle.
A light!

Wowkle brings a candle to light Johnson's cigar. Then Johnson tries to embrace Minnie.

Ah, le mie rose! Me le sciuperete!

Ah, my roses! You'll squash them!

Johnson:

Perchè non le togliete?

Un bacio, un bacio, un bacio solo!

Johnson:

Why don't you remove them?

A kiss, just one kiss!

Minnie:

Mister Johnson, si chiede spesso la man per avere il braccio!

Minnie:

Mister Johnson, go slowly. Before one asks for an arm, ask for a hand!

Johnson:

Il labbro nega quando il cuor concede!

Johnson:

The lips deny when the heart concedes!

Minnie:

Wowkle, tu a casa!

Minnie:

Wowkle, go home!

to Johnson

Voi potete restar un'ora, due, o più.

You can stay one hour, two, or more.

Wowkle:

Ugh. Neve!

Wowkle:

Ugh! Snow!

Minnie:

Va! Riposati sul fieno.

Minnie: *(nervously)*

Go! Rest yourself on the hay.

Johnson:

Un bacio, un bacio almen!

Johnson:

A kiss, one kiss, at least!

Minnie:

Eccolo, è tuo!

Minnie: *(falling into Johnson's arms)*

Here it is, it's yours!

*Minnie and Johnson embrace, kissing passionately, oblivious to a gust of wind that suddenly blows open the door and sends snow violently flying inside. Gradually the wind subsides, the door closes by itself, and a calm descends upon the room.
The gusts of wind are still heard howling outside.*

Johnson:

Minnie, che dolce nome!

Johnson:

Minnie, what a sweet name!

Minnie:

Ti piace?

Minnie:

Do you like it?

Johnson:

Tanto!

T'amo da che t'ho vista.

Johnson:

Very much!

I've loved you since I first saw you.

Johnson suddenly withdraws from Minnie, as if in fear and fright.

Ah, no, non mi guardare, non m'ascoltare!
Minnie, è sogno vano!

Minnie:
Perchè questa parola?
Sono una povera figliuola, lo so.
Ma quando t'ho incontrato mi son detta:
Egli è perfetto; egli m'insegnerà.
Se mi vorrà, m'avrà!

Johnson:
Sii benedetta! Addio!

No, don't look at me, don't listen to me!
Minnie, it's a hopeless dream!

Minnie: *(unable to understand)*
Why are saying such words?
I know that I'm a poor girl.
But when I met you, I said to myself:
he is perfect, he will teach me.
If he wants me, he'll have me!

Johnson:
Be blessed! Farewell!

*Johnson kisses Minnie, and then rushes to the door.
As he opens the door, a sudden gust of snow blows into the room.*

Nevica!

It's snowing!

He closes the door. Minnie takes Johnson to a window and opens the curtains.

Minnie:
Guarda! Il monte è tutto bianco:
non c'è più sentier per andar!

Johnson:
Debbo!

Minnie:
Perchè?
Domani t'apriranno la via!
È destino! Rimani!

Minnie:
Look! The hill is all white:
there isn't a path to walk on!

Johnson: *(very agitated)*
I must leave!

Minnie:
Why?
They'll open the path for you tomorrow!
It's destiny! Stay!

Three gunshots are heard outside.

Johnson:
Ascolta!

Minnie:
Ascolta! Forse è un bandito!
Forse è Ramerrez!
A noi che importa!

Johnson:
A noi che importa?

Minnie:
Resta! È destino!

Johnson:
Listen!

Minnie:
Listen! Perhaps it's a bandit!
Perhaps it's Ramerrez!
But why should we care about that!

Johnson: *(darkly)*
Why should we care?

Minnie:
Stay! It's destiny!

Johnson:

Resto! Ma ti giuro ch'io non ti lascio più!
 Mi stringo a te, confuso cuor a cuor, sol con
 te!

Johnson:

I'll stay! But I swear that I won't ever leave
 you again! I'll draw close to you, united only
 with you, heart to heart!

Con espressione grande
MINNIE and JOHNSON

Minnie
 Dol - ce vi - ve - re mo - rir e non lasciar - ci
 Johnson
 Dol - ce vi - ve - re mo - rir e non lasciar - ci

Minnie
 più! non la - sciar - ci più!
 Johnson
 più! Col tuo ba - cio fa pu - ro il labbro mio!

Minnie e Johnson:

Dolce vivere e morir e non lasciarci più!

Minnie and Johnson:

The sweetness of life and death. Don't ever
 leave us!

Johnson:

Col tuo bacio fa puro il labbro mio!

Johnson:

Purify my lips with your kiss!

Minnie:

Fammi, amor, degna di te!

Minnie:

My love, make me worthy of you!

Johnson:

Sai dirmi che sia questo soffrir?
 Non reggo più!
 Ti voglio per me!

Johnson:

Do you understand this suffering?
 I can't bear it any longer!
 I want you only for myself!

Minnie e Johnson:

Eternamente in estasi santa d'amor,
 verso la vita,
 sotto più fulgido ciel!

Minnie and Johnson:

Eternally, in love's holy ecstasy,
 towards a new life,
 under a more resplendent sky!

Ah, vivrem nella pace!
 Vivremo di bonta!
 Mia gioia o amor!
 Con te mio amor!

Ah, we'll live in peace!
 We'll live from goodness!
 My joy and beloved!
 With you my beloved!

Johnson:
Minnie! Minnie!

Johnson:
Minnie! Minnie!

Minnie:
Sognavo: si stava tanto bene!
Ora conviene darci la buona notte.

Minnie: *(gently withdrawing)*
I was dreaming: it was so nice!
Now we must say goodnight to each other.

Minnie points to the bed.

Ecco il tuo letto.
Io, presso il focolar.

Here's you bed.
I'll sleep close to the fireplace.

Johnson:
Non vorrò mai!

Johnson: *(protesting)*
I'll never allow it!

Minnie:
Ci sono avvezza, sai?
Quasi ogni notte quando fa troppo freddo
mi rannicchio in quella pelle d'orso e
m'addormento.

Minnie:
Don't you know that I'm used to it?
Almost every night when I'm cold, I curl up
in that bearskin and fall asleep.

Minnie finds a pillow and blanket in the closet and places it on the bearskin near the fireplace. She stands on a chair to extinguish a lamp, and then goes behind the closet and changes into a long white nightgown that she covers with a bright colored robe.

Johnson has thrown his jacket and hat on the bed. He removes his gun from its holster, primes it, and places it on the pillow. As he is about to draw the curtain on the windows, Minnie reappears.

Minnie:
Ora mi puoi parlare, là dalla tua cuccetta.

Minnie:
Now you can talk to me from your bed.

Johnson:
Benedetta!

Johnson:
You are blessed!

Johnson throws Minnie a kiss. Before going into the bed, he hears noises from outside. He goes to the door and listens attentively. Minnie prays before she lies down in bed.

Johnson:
Che sarà?

Johnson: *(whispering near the door)*
What can it be?

Minnie:
Son folate di nevischio.

Minnie:
It's a gust of sleet.

Johnson:
Sembra gente che chiami.

Johnson:
It seems like people are calling.

Minnie:

È il vento dentro ai rami.
Dimmi il tuo nome.

Johnson:

Dick.

Minnie:

Per sempre, Dick!

Johnson:

Per sempre!

Minnie:

Non conoscesti mai Nina Micheltorena?

Johnson:

Mai.

Johnson e Minnie:

Buona notte!

Nick:

Hello! Hello!

Johnson:

Chiamano!

Minnie:

Chi sarà?

Johnson:

Non rispondere!

Minnie:

Non farti sentire.
È geloso Jack Rance.

Nick:

Hanno veduto Ramerrez sul sentiero.

Minnie:

Vengono a darmi aiuto?

Minnie:

It's the wind through the branches.
Tell me your name.

Johnson:

Dick.

Minnie:

Dick, forever!

Johnson:

Forever!

Minnie:

Did you ever know Nina Micheltorena!

Johnson:

Never.

Johnson and Minnie:

Good night!

Nick: *(from outside)*

Hello! Hello!

Johnson:

They're calling!

Minnie: *(rising)*

Who could it be?

Johnson: *peers through the curtains and
then seizes his gun)*

Don't answer!

Minnie:

Don't let them know that you're here.
Jack Rance is jealous.

Nick: *(shouting outside)*

They've seen Ramerrez on the trail.

Minnie:

Are they coming here to help me?

*Minnie pushes the reluctant Johnson behind the bed curtains. She opens the door and
Rance, Ashby, Nick and Sonora enter; they are fully covered with snow.*

Sonora:

Sei salva! Io tremo tutto!

Nick:

Abbiam passato un brutto quarto d'ora!

Minnie:

Perchè? Perchè?

Ashby:

Temevano per te.

Minnie:

Per me?

Ashby:

Quel vostro Johnson...

Nick:

Lo straniero.

Rance:

Il tuo damo alla danza era Ramerrez!

Minnie:

Che dite?

Rance:

Abbiamo detto che il tuo perfetto Johnson di Sacramento è un bandito da strada!

Minnie:

Ah! Non è ver! Lo so!

Rance:

Bada di non fidarti troppo un'altra volta!

Minnie:

Non è vero! No! Mentite!

Ashby:

Questa notte alla "Polka" è venuto a rubare.

Minnie:

Ma non rubò!

Sonora:

Non ha rubato, è vero.

Pure, avrebbe potuto!

Sonora:

You're safe! I'm trembling all over!

Nick:

We've spent an ugly quarter of an hour!

Minnie: (*curious*)

Why?

Ashby:

They feared for you.

Minnie:

For me?

Ashby:

That Johnson of yours...

Nick:

The stranger.

Rance: (*maliciously*)

The dandy you danced with was Ramerrez!

Minnie: (*dumbfounded*)

What are you saying?

Rance: (*intently*)

We've said that your impeccable Johnson from Sacramento is a highway robber!

Minnie:

It's not true! I know it!

Rance:

Next time, watch that you're not so trusting!

Minnie:

It's not true! No! You're lying!

Ashby:

He came to the "Polka" tonight to rob it.

Minnie:

But he didn't rob it!

Sonora:

It's true, he didn't rob it.

However, he could have!

Rance:

Ha detto Nick che Sid l'ha veduto prender
questo sentiero.
È vero, Nick?

Nick:

È vero!

Rance:

Qui finisce la traccia.
Tu non l'hai visto.
Dov'è dunque andato?

Nick:

(Uno dei nostri avana! È qui!)
Forse ho sbagliato.
Quel Sid è una linguaccia!

Minnie:

Ma chi v'ha detto insomma che il bandito sia
Johnson?

Rance:

La sua donna!

Minnie:

La sua donna? Chi?

Rance:

Nina.

Minnie:

Nina Michtorena? Lo conosce?

Rance:

È l'amante!
Quando capimmo d'essere giocati traemmo
dietro Castro prigioniero,
e predemmo il sentier verso le "Palme."
Eravamo aspettati.
Nina era là.
Ci ha fatto vedere il suo ritratto.
A te!

Rance:

Nick said that Sid saw him take this trail.

Isn't that true, Nick?

Nick:

It's true!

Rance: *(looking fixedly at Minnie)*

The trail ends here.
You haven't seen him?
Then where has he gone?

Nick: *(sees a cigar stub)*

(One of our Havanas! He's here!)
Perhaps I'm mistaken.
That Sid is a blabbermouth!

Minnie: *(proudly)*

But who told you that the bandit is Johnson?

Rance: *(staring intently at Minnie)*

His woman!

Minnie:

His woman! Who?

Rance: *(sneering)*

Nina.

Minnie:

Nina Micheltorena? She knows him?

Rance:

She's his lover!
After we found out that we were duped by
the prisoner Castro,
we took the path to the "Palms."
We were expected there.
Nina was there.
She showed us his picture.
Look!

After Rance show Minnie the picture, she bursts out laughing.

Minnie:

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Minnie:

Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Rance:

Di che ridi?

Minnie:

Oh, di nulla, di nulla.

La compagnia gentil ch'egli s'è scelto!

Nina!

Sonora:

Impara!

Minnie:

Ora, ragazzi, è tardi. Buona notte.

Sonora:

Vi lasciamo dormire.

Minnie:

Grazie. Ora son calma.

Ashby:

Andiamo.

Nick:

Se volete io resto.

Minnie:

No. Buona notte.

Ashby:

Buona notte.

Rance:

What are you laughing about?

Minnie:

Oh, nothing.

What lovely company he's chosen!

Nina!

Sonora:

You've learned something!

Minnie:

Now, boys, it's late. Good night.

Sonora: (*gently*)

We'll let you sleep.

Minnie:

Thanks. I'm calm now.

Ashby:

Let's go.

Nick: (*to Minnie*)

I'll stay if you want.

Minnie:

No, good night.

Ashby:

Good night.

They all leave. Minnie turns with disdain to where Johnson is hiding.

Minnie:

Vieni fuori, vieni fuori, vieni fuor!

Sei venuto a rubare!

Johnson:

No! No! Tutto m'accusa, ma..

Minnie:

Mentisci! Sì! Finisci!

Perchè sei qui, se non per rubare?

Johnson:

Ma quando v'ho veduta...

Minnie:

Come out!

You came to rob us!

Johnson:

No! Everyone accuses me, but...

Minnie:

You're lying! Yes! Finish!

Why are you here if not to steal?

Johnson: (*approaching Minnie*)

But when I saw you...

Minnie:

Adagio, adagio! Non muovere un passo o
chiamo aiuto!
Un bandito! Un bandito!
Ah! Ah! Son fortunata!
Puoi andartene! Va! Va, va, va!

Minnie: *(stopping him decisively)*

Slow down! Don't take a step or I'll call for
help!
A bandit!
Ah! I'm so fortunate!
You can get yourself out of here! Go!

Johnson:

Una parola sola!
Non mi defenderò sono un dannato!

Johnson:

Let me have just one word!
I won't defend myself. I'm a cursed man!

Andante
JOHNSON



Lo so, Io so!
Ma non vi avrei rubato!
Sono Ramerrez, nacqui vagabondo:
era ladro il mio nome da quando venni al
mondo.
Ma finchè visse mio padre, io non sapevo.

I know it!
But I wouldn't have robbed you!
I'm Ramerrez, I was born a vagabond:
my name was thief from the moment I came
into the world.
But while my father lived, I didn't know it.

Or son se mesi che mio padre morì.
Sola ricchezza mia, per la madre e pei
fratelli, alla dimane,
l'eredità paterna una masnada di bandito di
strada!

Now it's six months since my father died.
My only wealth, for my mother, for my
brothers, for the future,
was my father's inheritance: a gang of
highway bandits!

L'accettai!
Era quello il mio destino!
Ma un giorno v'ho incontrata.
Ho sognato d'andarmene con voi tanto
lontano e redimermi tutto in una vita di
lavoro e d'amore.

I accepted it!
It was my destiny!
But one day I met you.
I dreamed of going far away with you to
totally redeem myself in a life of work and
love.

Largo e calmo
JOHNSON



E il labbro mio mormorò un'ardente preghiera:
Oh Dio! Ch'ella non sappia mai la mia
vergogna!
Ahimè! Ahimè! Vergogna mia!
Il sogno è stato vano!
Ora ho finito!

And my lips murmured an impassioned prayer:
Oh God! May she never know my shame!

Alas! My shame!
The dream has been in vain!
Now I'm finished!

Minnie:
Che voi siate un bandito ve lo perdoni Iddio.
Ma il primo bacio mio vi siete preso,
chè vi credevo mio, soltanto mio.
Andate, andate!
V'uccideranno! Che m'importa!

Minnie: *(moved but angry)*
May God forgive you for being a bandit.
But you took my first kiss,
and I thought you were mine alone.
Go away!
They'll kill you! What to I care!

Minnie is confounded. But Johnson is desperate and resolved: without weapons, he opens the door, ready to sacrifice his life and be killed.

Johnson:
Addio!

Johnson:
Goodbye!

Johnson leaves hurriedly.

Minnie:
È finita. Finita!

Minnie: *(drying her tears)*
It's over!

Two gunshots are heard outside.

L'han ferito.
Che importa?

They've wounded him.
What do I care?

Minnie goes to the door and hears Johnson fall. With a cry of anguish she opens the door. Johnson lies on the ground wounded. She drags him into the house.

Johnson:
Non chiudete la porta.
Debbo uscire, no!

Johnson:
Don't close the door.
I must leave!

Minnie:
Entra, sta qui! Sei ferito!
Nasconditi qui!

Minnie:
Come in, stay here! You're wounded!
Hide here!

Johnson:
No! Aprite la porta!
Voglio uscire! No!

Johnson:
No! Open the door!
I want to leave!

Minnie:
Resta! Resta! Resta!

Minnie:
Stay!

Io t'amo!	I love you!
Ah! Sei l'uomo che baciai la prima volta!	You're the man I kissed for the first time!
Non puoi morir!	You can't die!

Minnie lowers the loft ladder.

Su, su, su, presto!	Up, quickly!
Su, salvati!	Up, save yourself!
Poi verrai con me. Lontano! Così!	Then you'll come with me! Far away!
Lo puoi, lo devi! Coraggio!	You can, you must! Have courage!

Johnson protests, but desperately gathers his strength and ascends the ladder.

Johnson:	Johnson:
Non posso più!	I can't any more!

Minnie:	Minnie:
Su! T'amo! t'amo! Su ! Su!	Up! I love you! Up!

A strong knock is heard at the door. Johnson has crawled into the loft.

Minnie calms herself and then goes to answer the door.

Rance enters, gun in hand, and carefully scrutinizes every corner of the room.

Che c'è di nuovo, Jack?	Jack, what's new?
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Rance:	Rance: (imperiously)
Non son Jack, son lo Sceriffo, a caccia del tuo Johnson d'inferno!	I'm not Jack, I'm the Sheriff, in search of your damned Johnson!
N'ho seguito la traccia.	I've followed his trail.
Dev'esser qui. Dov'è?	He must be here. Where is he?

Minnie:	Minnie:
Ah! M'avete seccato con questo vostro Ramerrez!	Ah! I'm sick of hearing about this Ramerrez of yours!

Rance:	Rance: (pointing his gun toward the bed)
È là! Non c'è, ma l'ho ferito perdio, ne son certo!	He's there! He isn't! But by God, I wounded him, I'm certain of it!
Non può esser fuggito!	He couldn't have gotten away!
Non può esser che qua!	He can't be anywhere but here!

Minnie:	Minnie: (harshly)
E cercatelo dunque! Rovinate dove vi pare, e poi levatevi dai piedi una volta per sempre!	Then look for him! Search wherever you please, and then get out, once and for all!

Rance:	Rance:
Mi giuri che non c'è?	Do you swear that he isn't here?

Minnie:	Minnie:
Perchè non seguitate a cercarlo?	Why don't you keep looking for him?

Rance:

E sarà! L'avrò sbagliato!

Rance: (*holstering his gun*)

All right! I must have been mistaken!

Rance suddenly turns towards Minnie with unbridled passion.

Ma dimmi che non l'ami!

But tell me that you don't love him!

Minnie:

Siete pazzo!

Minnie: (*with disdain*)

You're crazy!

Rance:

Lo vedi, son pazzo di te!

T'amo! Ti voglio!

Rance: (*approaching Minnie*)

You see, I'm crazy for you!

I love you! I want you!

*Rance violently grabs Minnie, attempting to kiss her.
She fends him off and he chases around the room.*

Minnie:

Vigliacco! Via di qua! Esci!

Minnie:

Coward! Out of here! Get out!

Rance:

Sei fiera! L'ami!

Vuoi serbarti a lui!

Sì, vado.

Ma ti giuro che non t'avrà!

Rance:

You're wild! You love him!

You want to keep yourself for him!

Yes, I'm going.

But I swear to you that he won't have you!

*As Rance extends a menacing hand towards Minnie, a drop of blood
falls from the loft onto his hand. He stops in amazement.*

Oh, strano!

Del sangue sulla mano.

Oh, strange!

Blood on my hand.

Minnie:

Forse v'avrò graffiato!

Minnie: (*trembling*)

Perhaps I scratched you!

Rance:

Non c'è graffio.

Guarda! E sangue ancora!

Rance:

No, it isn't a scratch.

Look! There's more blood!

*Rance cleans the blood off his hand with a handkerchief. More blood drips from above.
Rance looks up and shouts ferociously, a cry of hate and joy.*

È là!

He's there!

Minnie:

Ah, no! Non voglio!

Minnie: (*desperately holding him back*)

No! I won't let you!

Rance:

Lasciami!

Mister Johnson, scendete!

Rance:

Let me go!

Mister Johnson, come down!

Minnie:

Aspettate, non può, vedete, non può!

Minnie:

Wait, he can't, you see, he can't!

*Rance climbs on a chair, lowers the ladder, and stands before Johnson with his gun drawn.***Rance:**

Scendete, o, perdio!

Rance: (*impatiently*)

By God, come down!

*Johnson starts to descend, pale and in pain.***Minnie:**

Un minuto, Rance, un minuto ancora!

Minnie: (*imploringly*)

Rance, one minute, one minute more!

Rance:

Un minuto? E perchè?

Ah, ah, ah, che mutamento!

Volete ancor giocare la partita con me,
signor di Sacramento?**Rance:**

A minute? Why?

Ah, how things have changed!

Do you still want to play the game with me,
gentleman from Sacramento?*With the help of Minnie, Johnson descends the last rungs of the ladder.
He drags himself to the table.*

La scelta a voi: a corda o a pistola!

The choice is yours: by rope or by gun!

*Johnson faints on the table, his head in his arms.***Minnie:**

Basta, uomo d'inferno!

Vedetelo, è svenuto!

Non può darvi più ascolto!

Minnie: (*violently*)

Enough, you devil!

Look at him, he's fainted!

He can't hear you any more!

Minnie approaches Rance, looks at him fixedly, and then excitedly addresses him.

Parliamoci tra noi e si finisca!

Chi siete voi, Jack Rance?

Un biscazziere. E Johnson? Un bandito.

Io? Padrona di bettola e di bisca.

Vivo sul whisky e l'oro.

Tutti del pari!

Tutti banditi e bari!

Stanotte avete chiesto una risposta all vostra
passione.

Evvovi la mia posta!

Let's talk between ourselves and end this!

Jack Rance, who are you?

A gambler. And Johnson? A bandit.

Me? Owner of a tavern and gambling house.

I live on whiskey and gold.

We're both the same!

Both bandits and cheaters!

Tonight you asked for an answer to resolve
your passion.

Here's my offer!

Rance:

Che vuol dire?

Rance:

What do you mean?

Minnie:

Ch'io v'offro quest'uomo e la mia vita!
Una partita a poker!
Se vincete, pendetevi questo ferito e me.
Ma se vinco, parola di Jack Rance,
è mio quest'uomo!

Rance:

Come l'ami! Accetto, sì!
T'avrò!

Minnie:

La parola?

Rance:

So perdere come un signore.
Ma, perdio! Son tutto della sete di te arso e
distrutto.
Ma se vinco, t'avrò!

Minnie:

I offer you this man and my life!
A game of poker!
If you win, you take this wounded man and me.
But if I win, on Jack Rance's word,
this man is mine!

Rance:

How much you love him! Yes, I accept!
I'll have you!

Minnie:

Your word?

Rance:

I know how to lose like a gentleman.
But, by God! I've been burned and destroyed
from thirsting for you.
But if I win, I'll have you!

*Minnie goes behind the open door of the cupboard,
furtively hiding something in her stocking.*

Minnie:

Aspettate un momento.

Minnie:

Wait a moment.

Rance:

Che aspetti?

Rance: (*shuffling a deck of cards*)

What are you waiting for?

Minnie:

Cercavo un mazzo nuovo.

Minnie:

I'm looking for a new deck.

Minnie approaches the table and puts down the deck of cards.

Son nervosa, scusatemi.
È una cosa terribile pensar che una partita
decide d'una vita.
Siete pronto?

Excuse me, I'm nervous.
It's a terrible thing to think that one game
decides a life.
Are you ready?

Rance:

Son pronto. Taglia. A te.

Rance:

I'm ready. Cut. It's yours.

Minnie:

Due mani sopra tre.

Minnie:

The best two hands out of three.

Rance:

Quante?

Rance:

How many?

Minnie:

Due.

Minnie:

Two.

Rance:

Che ha che tu l'adori?

Rance:

What does he have that makes you adore him so?

Minnie:

Voi che trovate in me?

Minnie:

What do you find in me?

Both anxiously watch their cards. Minnie shows her cards.

Che avete?

What do you have?

Rance:

Io re.

Rance: *(showing his cards)*

Me, a king.

Minnie:

Io re.

Minnie:

Me, a king.

Rance:

Fante.

Rance:

Jack.

Minnie:

Regina.

Minnie:

Queen.

Rance:

Hai vinto. All mano seguente!

Rance:

You've won. Next hand!

Minnie shuffles, makes Rance cut, and then deals the cards.

Minnie:

Quante?

Minnie:

How many?

Rance:

Una.

Rance:

One.

Minnie gives Rance one card. She hides her hand in her stocking and then takes five more cards.

Minnie:

Due.

Minnie:

Two.

Rance:

Due assi e un paio.

Rance:

Two aces and a pair.

Minnie:

Niente!

Minnie: *(showing her hand)*

Nothing!

Rance:
Pari! Siam pari! Evviva!

Rance: (*joyously*)
Even! We're even! Hurray!

Minnie:
Ora è la decisiva?

Minnie:
Now comes the decisive game?

Rance:
Sì, taglia!

Rance:
Yes, cut!.

Minnie:
Rance, mi duole delle amare parole.

Minnie: (*trying to appease him*)
Rance, I'm sorry for the bitter words.

Rance:
Scarta!

Rance:
Discard!

Minnie discards two cards. Rance gives her two, and keeps three for himself.

Minnie:
Ho sempre pensato bene di voi, Jack Rance,
e sempre penserò...

Minnie:
I've always thought highly of you, Jack
Rance, and I'll always think...

Rance:
Io penso solamente che t'avrò fra le mie
braccia.
Tre re! Vedi: ti vinco!

Rance: (*thinking only of victory*)
I think only that I'll have you in my arms!

Three kings! See, I've beaten you!

Minnie:
Presto Jack, per pietà!
Qualche cosa, sto male!

Minnie: (*as if fainting*)
Jack, quickly, for pity's sake!
Something is wrong, I'm sick!

Rance:
Che debbo darvi?

Rance: (*rising hastily*)
What can I give you?

Minnie:
Là!

Minnie: (*pointing to the cupboard*)
There!

Rance:
Ah! La bottiglia. Vedo.
Ma il bicchiere dov'è?

Rance:
Ah! The bottle. I see it.
But where is the glass?

*While Rance is at the cupboard, Minnie quickly changes the cards,
replacing her hand with cards she hid in her stocking.*

Minnie:
Presto Jack ve lo chiedo per pietà!

Minnie:
Jack, hurry up, I beg you, for pity's sake!

Rance:
So perchè sei svenuta: la partita è perduta!

Rance: (*bringing a glass of water to Minnie*)
I know why you've fainted: you lost the game!

Minnie:

Vi sbagliate. È la gioia!

Ho vinto io!

Tre assi e un paio!

Minnie: *(rising triumphantly)*

You're wrong. It's my joy!

I have won!

Three aces and a pair!

Rance looks at Minnie's cards, and then grabs his hat and coat.

Rance:

Buona notte!

Rance:

Good night!

Once Rance has gone, Minnie throws the cards into the air and laughs convulsively.

Finally, she bursts into tears and embraces the still unconscious Johnson.

Minnie:

È mio!

Minnie:

He's mine!

END OF ACT II

Act III

*An open space in a large California forest that is surrounded by tall pine trees.
In the background there are dense woods and a trail winding through the trees.
Snow-capped mountains can be seen in the distance. There are large felled tree trunks that
serve as seats for the miners. Near one of them, a fire burns.*

*It is an early dawn in Winter. Ashby and some of the miners are sleeping.
Rance is seated near the fire with Nick.*

Nick:

Ve lo giuro, sceriffo, darei tutte le mance di
dieci settimane pur di tornare indietro d'una
sola, quando questo dannato Johnson della
malora non ci s'era cacciato ancor fra i piedi!

Rance:

Maledetto cane!
Parea ferito a morte.
E pensar che d'allora, mentre noi si gelava
fra la neve,
è stato là, scaldato dal respiro di Minnie,
accarezzato, baciato.

Nick:

Oh, Rance!

Rance:

Un ladro del suo stampo!
Avrei voluto a tutti gridar quel che sapevo.

Nick:

E non l'avete fatto.
È stato proprio un tratto cavalleresco.

Rance:

Ah, sì!
Ma che ci vede, dimmi, che ci trova la nostra
Minnie in quel fantoccio?

Nick:

Qualcosa ci vedrà! Amore, amore!
Paradiso, inferno, è quel che è:
tutto il dannato mondo s'innamora!
Anche per Minnie è giunta oggi quell'ora.

Nick:

I swear to you, Sheriff, I'd give all my tips
for ten weeks if I could return for one
moment to the days before that damned
Johnson crossed our paths!

Rance: (*angrily*)

That cursed dog!
He seemed to be mortally wounded.
And to think, since then, while we were
freezing in the snow,
he was up there, warmed by Minnie's
breath, and caressed and kissed by her.

Nick:

Oh, Rance!

Rance:

A thief of his breed!
I wanted to shout what I knew for all to hear.

Nick:

And you didn't do it.
That was truly a chivalrous act.

Rance: (*grinning bitterly*)

Ah, yes!
But tell me, what does Minnie see or find in
that little animal?

Nick:

She sees love in him!
Paradise and hell is what it is:
the whole damned world falls in love!
The time for love arrived, even for Minnie.

*Dawn slowly appears. Shouts are heard in the distance.
Ashby leaps to his feet, unties his horse, and leads it towards the path.
Rance and Nick also rise.*

Ashby:
Hurrah, ragazzi!
Sceriffo, avete udito?
N'ero certo! Han trovato il bandito!
Una buona giornata per Wells Fargo!

Ashby:
Hurrah, boys!
Sheriff, did you hear?
I wasn't sure! They've found the bandit!
It's a good day for Wells Fargo!

Minatori:
Hollà! Hollà!

Miners:
Hello! Hello!

Ashby:
Udite? Ah, questa volta non mi sfuggi,
brigante!

Ashby:
Do you hear? This time that scoundrel isn't
going to escape from me!

Rance:
Siete più fortunato di me!

Rance:
You're luckier than me!

Ashby:
Da quella notte alla "Polka" non v'ho
capito più, Sceriffo!

Ashby:
Sheriff, since that night at the "Polka" I
haven't been able to understand you!!

A group of men appear, bearing guns, knives and clubs, They are all shouting wildly.

Ashby:
Hollà! Fermi tutti!
Perdio! Giù le armi!
Dev'esser preso vivo!
Dov'è?

Ashby:
Holla! All of you stop!
By God! Put down your weapons!
He must be caught alive!
Where is he?

Coro:
S'insegue. Per di qua.

Chorus:
We're after him. Through there.

Ashby:
Dove?

Ashby:
Where?

Coro:
Di là dal monte!
Il bosco fino a valle è già tutto in allarme.
Ashby, a fra poco. addio!

Chorus:
There in the hills!
They're alerted from the woods to the valley.
See you soon, Ashby, goodbye!

Ashby:
Vengo con voi!

Ashby:
I'm coming with you!

Ashby leaves with the miners. Rance and Nick remain alone.

Rance:

Or piangi tu, o Minnie, or piangi tu!
Per te soltanto mi son disfatto per notti di
pianto, e tu ridevi alla miseria mia!

Ora quel pianto mi trabocca in riso!
Minnie, ora piangi tu, or piangi ti, tu che
m'hai deriso!
Quegli che amasti non ritornerà.
La corda è pronta che l'impiccherà!

Nick:

Dite! Dite!

Minatori:

È rinchiuso! Fra poco! Urrah!
Avanti! Avanti!

Nick:

Sceriffo, avete udito?

Rance:

Johnson di Sacramento, un demonio
t'assiste!
Ma, perdio, se ti prendono al laccio e non ti
faccio scontare ogni tormento, puoi sputarmi
sul viso!

Joe, Minatori:

Fugge!

Rance:

Ah! Perdio! Come? Dove?

Harry:

È montato a cavallo!

Harry, Joe, Bello:

Alla Bota già un uomo gli era sopra.
Sembrava ormai spacciato!
Non gli restava scampo!
Già l'avea acciuffato per i capelli,
quand'ecco...

Rance:

Racconta!

Rance: *(pointing menacingly to Minnie's cabin)*

Minnie, now you are going to weep!
I was overcome to possess you. I spent nights
in tears while you laughed at my misery!

Now my tears have turned to laughter!
Minnie, you derided me; now you can weep
yourself!
The man you loved won't return to you.
The rope that will hang him is ready!

Nick: *(to the returning men)*

Tell me what happened!

Miners:

He's surrounded! Soon! Hurrah!
Go on!

Nick:

Sheriff, did you hear that?

Rance:

Johnson from Sacramento, a demon is
assisting you!
But, by God, if they catch you in the noose
and I don't make you pay for tormenting me,
you can spit in my face!

Joe, Miners:

He's run away!

Rance:

Ah! By God! How? Where?

Harry:

He's mounted a horse!

Harry, Joe, Bello:

A man was already on top of him at the Bota.
It seemed that he'd been apprehended!
There was no escape left for him!
We had him caught by the hair,
when suddenly...

Rance:

Tell me!

Harry, Joe, Bello e Minatori:

Quand'ecco il maladetto, con un colpo lo
sbalza giù d'arcioni, s'afferra ai crini,
balza in sella, e sprona e via come un
lampo!

Gli uomini di Wells Fargo l'inseguono a
cavallo!
Ashby colla sua gente gli son tutti alle spalle!

Han passato il torrente!
È un turbine che passa!
Guardate! Urrah!
Via, ragazzi! Alla caccia!
Alla valle! Via tutti!

Joe:
È Sonora, guardate!

Rance, Harry, Joe, Bello:
Racconta!

Sonora:
È preso!

Minatori:
Come fu? Dov'è stato?
Non l'hai visto?
Di' su presto!

Sonora:
L'ho veduto! Perdio! Pareva un lupo stretto
dai cani!
Fra poco sarà qui!

Minatori:
Maledetto spagnuolo!

Rance:
Minnie, Minnie, è finita!

Harry, Joe, Bello, Minatori:
Che ne faremo?
Un ottimo pendaglio!
Lo faremo ballar!

Rance:
Io non fui, non parlai, tenni fede ai divieto!

Harry, Joe, Bello, Miners:

When that scoundrel knocked him out of the
saddle with one blow, grabbed the horse's
mane, jumped into the saddle, kicked the horse
with his spurs, and he was off in a flash!

The Wells Fargo men are now chasing him
on horseback!
Ashby and his men are close behind him!

They've crossed the stream!
It's like a whirlwind passing!
Look! Hurrah!
Go on, boys! To the hunt!
To the valley! Go on, all of you!

Joe:
Look, it's Sonora!

Rance, Harry, Joe, Bello:
Tell us what happened!

Sonora:
He's caught!

Miners:
How did it happen? Where did it happen?
Didn't you see it?
Tell us quickly!

Sonora:
I saw it! By God! He seemed like a wolf set
upon by dogs!
He'll be here soon!

Miners:
That accursed Spaniard!

Rance:
Minnie, it's over!

Harry, Joe, Bello, Miners:
What will we do with him?
Give him a perfect lynching!
We'll make him dance!

Rance:
It wasn't me, I didn't speak, I kept my word!

Harry, Joe, Bello, Minatori:

E quando ballera, Pam, Pam!
Tiremo al bersaglio! Pam! Pam!

Minatori:

Dooda, dooda, dooda, dooda day!

Rance:

A che ti valse?
A che ti vale ormai?
Il tuo bel vagheggin dondolerà da un albero
al rovaio!

Minatori:

Lo farem ballare appena arriva! Urrah!

Nick:

Questo è per te! Ritarda ancor a fare il
laccio.
Guai se mi tradisci! In parola di Nick, bada,
t'amazzo!

Minatori:

A morte! Al laccio!
Al laccio lo spagnuolo!

Ashby:

Sceriffo Rance, consegno a voi quest'uomo
perchè sia dato all comunità.
Faccia essa giustizia!

Trin, Harry, Joe, Bello, Happy::

La farà!

Ashby:

Buona fortuna, o mio bel gentiluomo!

Rance:

E così, Mister Johnson, come va?
Scusate se v'abbiamo disturbato.

Johnson:

Purchè facciate presto!

Rance:

Oh, quanto a questo bastano sbrigarci pochi
minuti.

Harry, Joe, Bello, Miners:

And when he dances, Pam, Pam!
We'll shoot at him like he's the bulls-eye!

Miners:

Dooda, dooda, dooda, dooda day!

Rance: *(thinking of Minnie)*

Was it worth it for you?
What is it worth to you now?
Your pretty dandy will be swinging from a
tree in the north wind!

Miners:

We'll make him dance as soon as he gets
here! Hurrah!

Nick: *(giving Billy some gold coins)*

This is for you! Delay awhile in making the
noose.
It'll be disaster if you betray me! On my
word, be careful, or I'll kill you!

Miners:

To death! To the noose!
The noose for the Spaniard!

Ashby: *(leading Johnson, who is tied up)*

Sheriff Rance, I give you this man so that he
be given over to the community.
May it administer justice!

Trin, Harry, Joe, Bello, Happy:

It will be done!

Ashby: *(to Johnson)*

Good luck, my handsome gentleman!

Rance: *(blows a cigar puff in Johnson's face)*

So Mister Johnson, how are you?
Forgive us if we've disturbed you.

Johnson: *(with disdain)*

As long as you get it over with quickly!

Rance:

Oh, as far as finishing you off, it's only a
matter of minutes.

Johnson:

È quello che desidero.

Rance:

E che desideran tutti, vero?

Trin, Harry, Joe, Bello, Happy, Minatori:

Al laccio! A morte! Cane!

Figlio di cane! Ladro!

Harry:

Hai saccheggiato tutto il paese!

Bello:

La tua banda ladra ha rubato ed ucciso!

Johnson:

No! No!

Trin:

La squadra di Monterey, bandito, fu
massacrata dalle faccie gialle di quelle tue
canaglie messicane!

Happy:

Pugnalasti alle spalle il povero Tommy!

Johnson:

No! Non è vero!

Happy, Minatori:

Sì!

Harry:

Non è un mese, all'vale fu ucciso un
postiglione!

Bello, Harry, Trin:

Tu l'uccidesti! A morte!

Johnson:

No!

Maledizione a me!

Fui ladro, ma assassino, mai!

Joe, Minatori:

No, non è ver!

Johnson:

That's what I want.

Rance:

And that's what we all want, right?

Trin, Harry, Joe, Bello, Happy, Miners:

To the noose! To death! Dog!

Son of a bitch! Thief!

Harry:

You sacked the whole countryside!

Bello:

Your band of thieves robbed and killed!

Johnson:

No! No!

Trin:

Bandit, the Monterey squadron was
massacred by that yellow-faced Mexican
rabble of yours!

Happy:

You knifed poor Tommy in the back!

Johnson:

No! It isn't true!

Happy, Miners:

Yes!

Harry:

Less than a month ago, a postboy was
murdered in the valley!

Bello, Harry, Trin:

You killed him! To death!

Johnson:

No!

I'm cursed!

I was a thief, but a never a murderer!

Joe, Miners:

No, it isn't true!

Harry, Minatori:

Se pure, fu la sorte che t'aiutò!

Trin:

Alla "Polka" quella notte venisti per rubare!

Sonora:

Furon gl occhi e il sorriso di Minnie a disarmati!

Bello:

Anche lei ci hai rubato!
Ladro d'oro e di ragazze!

Minatori:

Al laccio lo spagnuolo!
A morte!
Billy ha la mano maestra!
E sarai fatto re della foresta!

Trin, Harry, Joe:

Ti farem ballare l'ultima contraddanza!

Minatori:

Ti farem cantare la romanza della "Bella Fanciulla."

Rance:

Non vi preoccupate, caballero!
È una cosa da nulla!

Johnson:

Risparmiate lo scherno.
Della morte non mi metto pensiero;
e ben voi tutti lo sapete!
Pistola o laccio è uguale.
Se mi sciogliete un braccio, mi sgozzo di mia mano!
D'altro voglio parlarvi: della donna ch'io amo.

Rance:

Hai due minuti per amarla ancora.

Trin, Harry, Joe, Bello, Happy, Minatori:

Basta! Per Dio!
Fatelo star zitto! Che sfacciato!
È meglio finirla!

Harry, Miners:

If so, it was luck that helped you!

Trin:

That night, you came to the "Polka" to steal!

Sonora:

Minnie's eyes and smile disarmed you!

Bello:

You even stole her from us!
You're a thief of gold and girls!

Miners:

Put the Spaniard to the noose!
To death!
Billy has the hand of a master!
And you'll be made king of the forest!

Trin, Harry, Joe:

We'll make you dance your last square dance!

Miners:

We'll make you sing the ballad of the "Pretty Girl."

Rance: *(with irony)*

Boy, don't preoccupy yourself!
It's nothing at all!

Johnson:

Spare yourself the mocking.
I don't give a thought about death;
and you all well know it!
Pistol or noose is the same.
If you untie one of my arms, I'll slit my throat with my own hand!
I want to talk to you about something else:
about the woman who I love.

Rance:

You've two minutes to still love her.

Trin, Harry, Joe, Bello, Happy, Miners:

That's enough! By God!
Make him shut up! What impudence!
It's better to end it right away!

Alla corda!
Parlerà da quel ramo!

To the rope!
He'll speak from that branch!

Sonora:
Lasciatelo parlare!
È nel suo dritto!

Sonora: *(authoritatively)*
Let him speak!
It's his right!

Sonora nears Johnson and looks at him fixedly: a look of hate, admiration, and jealousy.

Johnson:
Ti ringrazio, Sonora!
Per lei soltanto, che tutti amate,
a voi chiedo una grazia e una promessa.
Ch'ella non sappia mai come son morto!

Johnson: *(with surprise)*
Thank you, Sonora!
I ask of you one mercy and one promise for
her sake alone, for the woman you all love:
that she may never know how I died!

Rance:
Un minuto, sii breve.

Rance:
One minute, but be brief.

Andante molto lento
JOHNSON



Johnson:
Ch'ella mi creda libero e lontano,
sopra una nuova via di redenzione!
Aspetterà ch'io torni.
E passeranno i giorni ed io non tornerò.

Johnson:
I want her to believe that I'm on a new path of
redemption, free and far away!
She'll be waiting for me to return.
The days will pass and I won't return.

Minnie, che m'hai voluto tanto bene!
Ah! Tu della mia vita mio solo fior!

Minnie, who has loved me so much!
Ah! You are the only flower in my life!

Rance:
Ah! Sfacciato!
Hai null'altro da dire?

Rance: *(punching Johnson in the face)*
Ah! What impudence!
Have you anything more to say?

Johnson:
Nulla. Andiamo!

Johnson:
Nothing. Let's go!

Rance indicates the tree for the hanging. Sonora winds the rope. Johnson stands on a stone under the tree, stoically awaiting his fate. One miner throws the rope over a branch, the noose now dangling before Johnson's face.

From the woods, a galloping horse is heard, accompanied shouts from a woman. The miners drop the rope and run to see who is coming: it is Minnie.

Minatori:

È Minnie!

Miners:

It's Minnie!

Rance:

Impiccatelo!

Rance:

Hang him now!

*Rance, in a crazed state, runs toward Johnson, and urges the miners to hang his rival, but their only concern is the approaching Minnie.
Minnie dismounts from her horse, picks up the rope, and stands before Johnson, protecting him. The miners step back. Johnson stands motionless, the noose still around his neck.*

Minnie:

Ah! No! Chi l'oserà?

Minnie:

No! Who'll dare to hang him?

Rance:

Giustizia lo vuol!

Rance:

Justice demands it!

Minnie:

Di qual giustizia parli tu, vecchio bandito?

Minnie:

Old bandit, what justice do you speak about?

Rance:

Bada, donna, alle tue parole!

Rance: *(menacingly)*

Woman, watch your words!

Minnie:

Che puoi farmi?
Non ti tremo! Ah!

Minnie: *(staring him fixedly at Rance)*

What can you do to me?
I'm not afraid of you!

Rance:

Strappatela di là!
Nessun di voi ha sangue nelle vene?
Una gonna vi fa sbiancare il viso?
Strappatela di là! Orsù!

Rance: *(inciting the miners)*

Get her away from there!
Are you all a bunch of bloodless cowards?
Has a woman's skirt made you turn pale?
Get her away from there! Right now!

Minnie:

Avanti! Osate!

Minnie: *(keeping the miners back)*

Come on! Dare it!

Rance:

Finiamola!
Bisogna che giustizia sia fatta! Basta!

Rance: *(vehemently angry)*

Let's end it!
It's necessary that justice be done! Enough!

Minatori:

Basta! Al laccio!

Miners:

Enough! To the noose!

*Two men go behind Minnie and grab her by the shoulders.
She pulls away, presses closer to Johnson, and quickly raises her gun.*

Minnie:

Lasciatemi o l'uccido e m'uccido!

Minnie:

Leave me alone or I'll kill him and myself!

Sonora places himself between Minnie and the miners.

Sonora:

Lasciatela!

Sonora:

Leave her alone!

All step back. Rance sits down on a tree trunk. Sonora remains with Minnie and Johnson.

Minnie:

Non vi fu mai chi disse: “Basta”
quando per voi davo i miei giovani anni
quando, perduta fra bestemmie e risse,
dividevo gli affari e i disagi con voi!
Nessuno ha detto allora: “Basta”!

Minnie: *(trembling and angry)*

No one of you ever said: “enough”
when I sacrificed my youth for you,
when I shared your distress and discomforts,
and your swearing and quarrels!
No one said then: “enough”!

The miners are silent, touched by Minnie’s words.

Ora quest’uomo è mio come di Dio!
Dio nel ciel l’avea benedetto!
Se n’andava lontano verso nuovi orizzonti!
Il bandito che fu è già morto lassù,
sotto il mio tetto.
Voi non potete ucciderlo, no!

Now this man is mine, as if he is from God!
God in heaven had blessed him!
He was going far away, toward new horizons!
There, inside my cabin, the bandit in him
had died.
No, you cannot kill him!

The miners become emotional. No one protests to Minnie.

Sonora:

Ah, Minnie, più dell’oro ci ha rubato il tuo cuore!

Sonora: *(seemingly in tears)*

Ah, Minnie, more than robbing gold, he has robbed us of your heart!

Minnie:

Il mio Sonora buono sarà primo al perdono.

Minnie: *(with great affection)*

My good-hearted Sonora will be the first to forgive him.

Sonora:

Minnie!

Sonora:

Minnie!

Minnie:

Perdonerai come perdonerete tutti.

Minnie:

You’ll forgive him, as will all of you.

Minatori:

No! Non possiamo!

Miners:

No. We cannot!

Minnie:

Si può ciò che si vuole!

Minnie:

You can do it if you want to!

(turning to Joe)

E anche tu lo vorrai, Joe.

Non sei tu che m’offrivi i fiori simili a quelli delle tue brughiere?

Joe, you also want to forgive him.

Didn’t you offer me flowers just like those from your heaths?

Turning to Harry, caressing his hand.

Harry, e tu, quante sere t'ho vegliato
morente e nel delirio credevi vedere la tua
piccola Maud, la sorella che adori venuta da
lontano.

And you, Harry, there were so many
evenings when you were near death and I
cared for you, and in your delirium you
believed you saw little Maud, your sister far
away, whom you adore so much.

Harry begins to weep.

Sonora:
È necessario. Troppo le dobbiamo!

Sonora:
It's necessary. We owe her so much!

Minnie:
E tu, mio Trin, a cui ressi la mano quando
scrivevi le prime incerte lettere che partivan
di qui per San Domingo.

Minnie: *(to Trin)*
And you, my Trin, whose unsteady hand I
guided when you were writing your first
letters to San Domingo.

Sonora:
Deciditi anche tu!

Sonora: *(to a miner)*
You also decide!

Happy e Minatori:
Non possiam!

Happy and Miners: *(shaking their heads)*
We cannot!

Sonora:
Tu taci! È nel suo dritto! È necessario!

Sonora: *(to Happy)*
You are silent! She's right! It's necessary!

Minatori:
E Ashby, che dirà?

Miners:
And what will Ashby say?

Sonora:
Dirà quel che vorrà!
I padroni siamo noi!
Andiamo! Non t'opporre, tu! Ragazzi!

Sonora:
He'll say whatever he wants!
We're our own bosses!
Come on, boys! Don't refuse!

Minnie:
E tu buon Happy, e tu, Bello,
che ha gl'occhi cerulli d'un bimbo.
E voi tutti, fratelli del mio cuore, anime rudi
e buone.

Minnie:
And you, good Happy, and you, Bello,
who has the blue eyes of a baby.
And all of you good and rough souls,
brothers within my heart.

Minnie throws down her gun.

Ecco! Getto quest'arma!
Torno quella che fui per voi,
l'amica, la sorella che un giorno v'insegno
una suprema verità d'amore!

Here! I'm throwing down this weapon!
I'm returning to being who I was for you:
the friend and sister who one day taught
you the supreme truth about love!

Minatori:

È una vilta!
Per dispetto a Rance non possiamo!
Tu lo vuoi?

Trin, Harry, Joe:

Non si può resistere!

Happy:

Rideran di noi!

Sonora:

Anche tu, su, via! Per me lo fate!
Guardate come l'ama!

Happy, Trin:

M'ha fatto piangere!

Harry, Joe, Happy, Minatori:

E come è bella!

Harry, Joe, Sonora:

Minnie merita tutto!

Minatori:

Resister non possiamo!

Minnie:

Fratelli, non v'è al mondo peccatore cui non
s'apra una via di redenzione!

Sonora:

Le tue parole sono di Dio.
Tu l'ami come nessuno al mondo!
In nome di tutti, io te lo dono!

Johnson:

Grazie, fratelli!

Sonora:

Va, Minnie, addio!

Minatori:

Mai più ritornerai, no mai più!
Addio!

Minnie, Johnson:

Addio mia dolce terra, addio mia California!

Miners:

It's cowardice!
Despite Rance, we cannot!
You want it?

Trin, Harry, Joe:

I can't resist her!

Happy:

They'll laugh at us!

Sonora: (to other miners)

You also, come on! Do it for my sake!
Look at how much she loves him!

Happy, Trin:

She's made me cry!

Harry, Joe, Happy, Miners:

And how beautiful she is!

Harry, Joe, Sonora:

Minnie deserves everything!

Miners:

We can't resist!

Minnie:

Brothers, there isn't a sinner in the world to
whom the path of redemption is not open!

Sonora:

Your words are from God!
You love him like no one in the world!
In the name of all of us, I give him to you!

Johnson: (clasping Sonora's hand)

Thank you, brothers!

Sonora: (weeping)

Go, Minnie, goodbye!

Miners: (except Rance)

You will never return again, no never!
Goodbye!

Minnie, Johnson:

Goodbye my sweet land, goodbye my
California!

Andante lento con anima
MINNIE and JOHNSON



Bei monti della Sierra, nevi, addio!

Lovely hills of the Sierra, snows, goodbye!

END OF OPERA

