



Pinocchio

Lyric Sheets

1. Nobody Breaks Any Law

In the opening scene in a marketplace, merchants and customers pretend to be law-abiding citizens. They're not.

CROWD

Italy! Italy! The women are all dressed so . . . Prettily!
Italy! Italy! The men speak together so . . . Wittily!
Italians are perfect, without any flaw,
For in Italy nobody breaks any law.
No need for policemen, no reason for justice.
Why guard your possessions? To know is to trust us.
Policemen blow whistles and donkeys hee-haw,
But in Italy nobody breaks any law.

(Chaos: at least three things always happening at once. Three commedia puppets continue throughout, for example, with slapstick and comic lazzi.)

DONKEY OWNER: Donkey for sale!
Who wants a beast of burden?
Hearty and hale; and friendly to children, I'm certain!

WINE VENDOR: Wine. Fine wine. It's mine
Till you buy, 'n' then it's thine!

RIVAL WINE VENDOR: My wine is better!
Her wine is brine! Don't listen; forget her.
It's stomped by a swine.

PASTRY VENDOR: Cookies and pastries and donuts and cakes!
Happy the children with sweet stomach aches.

CROWD

We'll watch your belongings, an eye on your pocket.
There's nothing gets stolen (unless we can hock it).
The same thing is true
For the cash in your wallet;
We sure'd hate to see
Anything awful befall it!

FOX AND CAT

Spare a lira? Spare a lira?
Please! I need to hear a clink of pretty lira.

CROWD

Mothers are happy and children guffaw.
You think you've been cheated?
For shame and pshaw!
Merchants as honest as you ever saw,
For in Italy, nobody breaks any law.

DRUNKEN BEGGAR

(with a parrot)

Claret! I must have some claret! Please, can you spare it?
Not for me, I swear it! It's for my parrot.

ZANNI (PUPPETS)

Now, please do not think that it's only Italians
We mean to affront or demean or insult!
It's all of us scoundrels, it's all the rascallions,
Ev'ry spoil'd little brat, ev'ry rotten adult,
For we all can use a good scolding and drubbing,
And you're part of "we" -- you're included by metaphor.
Really it's you that the authors are snubbing,
Why else do you think they write operetta for?

CROWD

Oh, it's good to be good,
A delight to do right!
When you do as you should,
When you're sweet and polite,
When you're honest and decent,
And recently good, life rewards you
Best of all, the rest of all of the blessings
That goodness accords you.

(The embodiment of Italy's national conscience, MADRINA, visits the marketplace.)

ZANNI: Madrina!

CROWD: Che bellezza! Madrina!

COLUMBINA: Madrina is a sorceress.

ARLECCHINO: Beautiful.

DOTTORE: Powerful.

COLUMBINA: Two thousand years old.

ARLECCHINO: She can change into any shape she desires. Woman.

DOTTORE: Man.

COLUMBINA: Child.

ARLECCHINO: Woman.

DOTTORE: Animal.

COLUMBINA: Insect.

ARLECCHINO: Godmother of all Italy, looking out for us --

DOTTORE: Keeping us from harm.

COLUMBINA: Or letting us stumble into it if it will teach us a lesson.

CROWD: Addio, madrina . . . !
Merchants as honest as you ever saw
For in Italy, nobody breaks any law.

BOY: I know I shouldn't do itBecause it's wrong to steal.

PINOCCHIO: But look how others view it!

BOY: How long since my last meal . . . ?

MADRINA: You shouldn't steal that apple, little boy.

BOY: Madrina!

BOTH BOYS: Que bellezza!

Pinocchio

PINOCCHIO: You're so beautiful.

BOY: I -- I wasn't stealing, Madrina.

MADRINA: (transfiguring herself) Eugenio

BOY: I wasn't!

MADRINA: There, there, I only frightened you to stop you from stealing. And don't think I can't see what you're doing behind my back.

BOY: What? What am I doing now?

MADRINA: No, I mean . . . you!

PINOCCHIO: Ahi! How do you do that? Seeing behind you, and changing shape?

MADRINA: Put the apple back.

PINOCCHIO: I want to see your other, pretty face again -- show me?

MADRINA: I'm warning you, be a good boy and put the apple back.

PINOCCHIO: What apple? I didn't steal any apples.

MADRINA: Liar. One last chance now; admit your crime or --

PINOCCHIO: (frightened by his nose growing) But I'm innocent! I didn't steal a thing!

APPLE MERCHANT: Thief!

BOY: Look out!

PINOCCHIO: Ahi! Help me, Madrina!

MADRINA: No, I'm sorry, I'm afraid you need some stronger lessons, Pinocchio.

ALL THREE ZANNI: Pinocchio!?!

PINOCCHIO: No, I deny it!

ALL THREE ZANNI: It's our brother, Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO: No, it's not true! It's Eugenio! Eugenio did it! Sono innocente! Madrina, help me!

APPLE MERCHANT: Police! Carabinieri! Carabinieri!

Pinocchio

MADRINA: Learn, my puppet! Learn to be good

APPLE MERCHANT: Robber! Filcher! Ladro! Ladro!

ZANNI: In here, Pinocchio dear,
Hide, hide, hide in here!

CARABINIERI: To jail, to jail! Yes, cry and wail,
But still you're going off to jail!

PINOCCHIO: Eugenio! Madrina!

CROWD: Oh, it's good to be good,
A delight to do right.
When you do as you should,
When you're sweet and polite.

When you're honest and decent,
Rewards come to you and life is glorious!
For your heart is at peace
And your profits increase; you're victorious!

It's good to be good!
Oh, it's good to be good,
To be good!

2. Who Can Blame the Children?

Gepetto's adopted son, Pinocchio, has been caught stealing and lying and breaking a dozen other laws, and has ultimately run away with criminals. Gepetto berates his parenting skills.

GEPETTO

Who can blame the children
If the parents have let them down?
Of course they want to run from home,
If this is all they've found.
Each of them a wandering soul,
Angry, lost, ashamed.
Who can fault the children
When it's we who must be blamed?

A parent's job is to provide
Shelter, clothing, food.
But more than that, a sense of pride
In wanting to be good!
Charity begins at home,
And so does right and wrong.
Spare the rod, you'll spoil the child
And lose him before long.

Who can blame the children
If the parents have let them down?
Of course they want to run from home.
If this is all they've found.
Each of them a wandering soul,
Angry, lost, ashamed.
Who can fault the children
When it's we who must be blamed?

GEPETTO & EUGENIO

Italy
Poor Italy.

3. A Thousand Scoundrels

Two villainous conmen, CRIPPLEFOX and BLINDCAT, try to indoctrinate Pinocchio into the ways of stealing from their fellow citizens. They're after the five gold pieces in Pinocchio's pocket.

BLINDCAT

For every good citizen honest and true,
There are a thousand scoundrels
Scheming and plotting to steal from you.

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX: A thousand scoundrels!

CRIPPLEFOX

Pick wisely your friends;
Know whom to denounce.
On this much depends,
For just waiting to pounce are

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX: A thousand scoundrels!

CRIPPLEFOX: Allow us to demonstrate. Put a gold piece in your pocket, and we'll show you what might happen to it if you're not careful. Go on!
You won't ever know you've encountered a thief;
In fact, it's a talent of theirs,
Pinching your wallet
Before you recall it
And bounding away, with you quite unawares.

BLINDCAT: An insider's tip: they like working in pairs.

CRIPPLEFOX

A gentleman, maybe, or lady, could be,
Though beggars are hardly uncommon.
With a smile on his lip
To your pockets he'll slip not only his fingers,
But most of his palm in.

BLINDCAT: Shocking, I know!

CRIPPLEFOX: But dreadfully common.

BLINDCAT: Slipping the palm in.

PINOCCHIO: I'm so grateful you're teaching me this. I had no idea.

CRIPPLEFOX: Oh, yes.

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

A thousand scoundrels. A thousand villains!
Each of them spent years perfecting theft.
They'll foist a tale upon you
For they've learned just how to con you
Till they're sure you've absolutely nothing left.

A thousand scoundrels. A thousand swindlers!
Each of them a master at an art. (So smart!)
This light-fingered gentry
To your purse will gain an entry
Till there's nothing more to them you can impart.

BLINDCAT: But Pinocchio, know you this! One of the worst scoundrels of them all

PINOCCHIO: Yes?

BLINDCAT: The scam artist. Well you should gasp, Monsieur Cripplefox, well you should gasp.
Hold up your coins, Pinocchio, we'll show you how this terrible deed is perpetrated.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, yes, do!

BLINDCAT: Elaborate scams are another device
Which schemers will use to entice.
Like "something for nothing"
Or "nothing for something" --
A scam is a scam no matter the price.

CRIPPLEFOX: Watch closely now, Pinocchio. Let me borrow this a second. Trust me.
Madame . . . ?

BLINDCAT: Whenever they tell you to trust them, beware!
It's just an excuse to embezzle.

CRIPPLEFOX: Your lira, your ruble
Will double! Quadruple!

BLINDCAT: But if only what happens is what he says'll
Happen!

CRIPPLEFOX: "Is what he says'll?"

BLINDCAT: Rhymes with "embezzle."

CRIPPLEFOX: It rhymes with “embezzle.”

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

A thousand scoundrels. A thousand bandits.
Each a paragon of knavish skills.
This double-talking shammer,
Full of grandeur, full of glamour,
Razzle-dazzles you while taking what he wills.

A thousand scoundrels. A thousand artists.
Each an “acquisition connoisseur.”
Al-though these craftsmen don’t discriminate:
Your savings they’ll eliminate,
As quick to con a pauper as con a sir.

DONKEY: Get you home, Pinocchio! Go straight home to Gepetto.

PINOCCHIO: Oh, no, how late it’s become! Listen, I want to stay and hear about the nine hundred and ninety-eight other scams, but I thank you, and I have to go now.

CRIPPLEFOX: One last plot you need to know about, Pinocchio.

BLINDCAT: Yes, tell him, monsieur, tell him, will you?

CRIPPLEFOX: Oh yes. The simplest of plots. That is, we simply could kill you. I mean, they could, these thousand scoundrels.

PINOCCHIO: Kill me?

BLINDCAT: People will do anything for five gold pieces.
For every good citizen honest and true,
There are a thousand scoundrels
Scheming and plotting to steal from you.

BLINDCAT & CRIPPLEFOX

A thousand scoundrels! A thousand thieves.
A thousand tricks tucked up a thousand sleeves.
They will fool you, they will fleece you,
And they simply won’t release you
Until you and all your cash have taken leaves.

Be you skeptics, be you scoffers,
We make offers, we give counsel,
‘Cause we know what large amounts’ll
Always end up in the coffers
Of the thousand . . . the thousand scoundrels!

4. Vergogna, Pinocchio

To keep his gold coins safe from the two villainous conmen, Pinocchio has placed the coins in his mouth. The conmen hanged Pinocchio by the neck from the tree branch, but when they discover that didn't do the trick immediately, they vow to come back for him in a few hours. From the tree branch, Pinocchio feels infinite "vergogna" (shame).

PINOCCHIO

Vergogna, Pinocchio, vergogna.
Shame, Pinocchio, shame.
Though there's none but yourself to blame.
Spicciatevi, per carità.
Hurry, heaven, hurry!

I feel so close to death now.

I take my final breath now.

Life is unrenowable.
Will no one come to save me?
No! No! Who will rescue the unrescuable?
I only hope my father forgave me.

Heaven's not made for wicked boys.
If I'd my life to live again,
I'd make a different choice.

Vergogna, Pinocchio, vergogna.
Vergogna, vergogna.

I wait now.
Nothing more but to wait.
A lonely soul rapping at death's black gate.

Oh father! Father!
If only you were here!
Father!
Father
Fa