

"The Moustache"
Libretto and Music by Hollis Thoms
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The entire opera takes place in a barber shop.

Scene 1: Choir sings "Do Not Weep"

Scene 2: Opening scene

(Music: Stephen Foster's songs "If You've Only Got a Moustache," and "We are Coming Father Abraam" in instrumental ensemble)

Booth: Mister Ferrandini...

Ferrandini: Yes! Yes! Mister Booth.

Booth: Shall I keep my moustache or cut it off?
What do you think? What do you think?

Abigail: Oh, dearest John...

Ferrandini: It is up to you!

Abigail: My handsome John...

Ferrandini: You're the customer!

Abigail: I love your moustache.

Ferrandini: She loves your baffi!

Abigail: I love your baffi!

Booth: Baffi? Baffi!

Abigail: Listen...listen...listen...

**Abigail: (Sings Stephen Foster's song,
"If You've Only Got a Moustache," verses 1-3)**

"Oh, all of you poor single men,
Don't ever give up in despair,
For there's always a chance while there's life
To capture the hearts of the fair.
No matter what may be your age,
You always may cut a fine dash,
You will suit all the girls to a hair
If you've only got a moustache,
A moustache, a moustache
If you'll only get a moustache..."

No matter for manners or style,
No matter for birth or for fame,
All these used to have something to do
With young ladies changing their name,
There's no reason now to despond,
Or go and do anything rash,
For you'll do though you can't raise a cent,
If you'll only raise a moustache!
A moustache, a moustache,
If you'll only raise a moustache.

Your head may be thick as a block,
And empty as any football,
Oh! Your eyes may be green as the grass
Your heart just as hard as a wall.
You take the advice that I give,
You'll soon gain affection and cash,
And will be all the rage with the girls,
If you'll only get a moustache,
A moustache, a moustache,
If you'll only get a moustache.

Abigail: There's one more verse...

Booth: No time, my beautiful Abigail.

Ferrandini: You've got to go! Got to go!

Booth: Come here quickly, give me a kiss...

Ferrandini:...give me a kiss.

Abigail: I will later. I will later.

Booth: Ah, later at dinner, then we'll kiss.

Abigail: Then we'll kiss! Then we'll kiss!

Ferrandini: Only a little kiss...

Abigail: No! No! No!

Ferrandini: ...little kiss...

Abigail: No! No! No!

Ferrandini: *baciare con la lingua?* (a French kiss)

Abigail: No! No! No!...I'm saving my kisses for tonight!

Ferrandini: For whom?

Abigail:...saving my kisses...

Booth: For me! For me!

Abigail: For dearest John!

Ferrandini: Oh...

Abigail: For dearest John!

Ferrandini: Oh!

Abigail: For dearest John!

Ferrandini: Him?

Abigail: My love!

Booth: Me?

Abigail: My love!...Yes, the famous actor!

Ferrandini: I will cut his hair. I will cut his hair and trim his moustache! Magnifico!

Abigail: Goodbye...Goodbye!