

THE WOULD BE GENTLEMAN

(Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme)

by

MOLIÈRE

(Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, 1622-1673)

Comedy-Ballet presented at Chambord, for the entertainment of the King, in the month of October 1670, and to the public in Paris for the first time at the Palais-Royal Theatre, 23 November 1670.

The Cast

Monsieur Jourdain, *bourgeois*.

Madame Jourdain, *his wife*.

Lucile, *their daughter*.

Nicole, *maid*.

Cléonte, *suitor of Lucile*.

Covielle, *Cléonte's valet*.

Dorante, *Count, suitor of Dorimène*.

Dorimène, *Marchioness*.

Music Master.

Pupil of the Music Master.

Dancing Master.

Fencing Master.

Master of Philosophy.

Tailor.

Tailor's apprentice.

Two lackeys.

Many male and female musicians, instrumentalists, dancers, cooks, tailor's apprentices, and others necessary for the interludes.

The scene is Monsieur Jourdain's house in Paris.

ACT ONE**SCENE I (*Music Master, Dancing Master, Musicians*)**

PUPIL: *Hums while composing*

MUSIC MASTER: (*To Musicians*) Come, come into this room, sit there and wait until he comes.

MUSIC MASTER: (*To Pupil*) Is it finished?

PUPIL: Yes.

MUSIC MASTER: Let's see ... It's fine.

DANCING MASTER: Is it something new?

MUSIC MASTER: Yes, it's a melody for a serenade that I asked him to compose, while we are waiting for our man to wake up.

DANCING MASTER: May I see it?

MUSIC MASTER: You'll hear it, with the dialogue, when he comes. He won't be long.

DANCING MASTER: We're both very busy these days.

MUSIC MASTER: That's true. Here we've found the kind of man we both need. This Monsieur Jourdain, with his dreams of nobility and elegance, is a nice source of income for us. For the sake of your art and mine, I wish there were more people like him.

DANCING MASTER: Not entirely; I wish he had a better understanding of the things we give him.

MUSIC MASTER: It's true that he barely understands them, but he pays well, and that's what our art needs now more than anything else.

DANCING MASTER: Personally, I have to admit that success means a lot to me. Applause touches me; and I maintain that, in all fine arts, it is painful to produce for dolts, to endure the barbarous opinions of a fool about one's compositions. It is a pleasure, I don't have to tell you, to work for people who are able to understand the fine points of an art, who know how to appreciate the beauties of a work and, by showing their pleasure, reward us for our labour. Yes, the most pleasant reward we can receive for the things we do is to see them acknowledged and applauded by discerning people. There is nothing, in my opinion, that pays us better for all our efforts; and it is an exquisite delight to receive the praises of cultured people.

MUSIC MASTER: I agree, and I enjoy praise as much as you do. There is surely nothing more pleasant than the applause you speak of. But that applause does not put bread on the table. Mere

praises do not provide a comfortable existence; one needs to add to them something more substantial, and the best praise is cash. It's true that he is a man who is not too bright, who talks nonsense about everything and applauds only for the wrong reasons; but his money makes up for his bad judgment. His purse is discerning. His praises are in cash, and this ignorant bourgeois is worth more to us, as you see, than the cultured nobleman who brought us here.

DANCING MASTER: There is some truth in what you say; but I find that you put a little too much emphasis on money; and the desire for material gain is something so base that a gentleman should never show he cares for it.

MUSIC MASTER: Yet you're ready enough to receive the money our man gives you.

DANCING MASTER: Of course; but it does not make me truly happy, and I wish that in addition to his wealth, he also showed some good taste.

MUSIC MASTER: I wish it too, and that's what both of us are working for as much as we can. But, in any case, he gives us the means to make ourselves known in society; and he will pay for what others praise.

DANCING MASTER: Here he comes.

SCENE II (*Monsieur Jourdain, Two Lackeys, Music Master, Dancing Master, Pupil, Musicians*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Well gentlemen? What's happening? Are you going to show me your little skit?

DANCING MASTER: What do you mean? What little skit?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Well, the... What do you call it? Your prologue or dialogue of songs and dances.

DANCING MASTER: Ha, ha!

MUSIC MASTER: We're ready for you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I kept you waiting a while, but it's because I'm being dressed today like a nobleman, and my tailor sent me some silk stockings that I thought I would never be able to put on.

MUSIC MASTER: Whatever time is convenient for you is convenient for us.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I want you both to stay until they have brought me my suit, so that you may see me.

DANCING MASTER: Whatever you like.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You will see me fitted out properly, from head to toe.

MUSIC MASTER: We have no doubt.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I have had this robe made for me.

DANCING MASTER: It's very attractive.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: My tailor told me that upper class people dressed this way in the mornings.

MUSIC MASTER: It really suits you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Hey lackey! Both my lackeys!

FIRST LACKEY: What would you like, Sir?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Nothing. I just wanted to see if you were paying attention. (*To the two masters*) What do you think of my liveries?

DANCING MASTER: They're magnificent.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: (*Half opening his gown, showing a pair of tight red velvet breeches, and a green velvet vest, that he is wearing*). Here's also a little outfit to do my morning exercises

MUSIC MASTER: It is elegant.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Lackey!

FIRST LACKEY: Sir?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: The other lackey!

SECOND LACKEY: Sir?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Hold my robe.

(*To the Masters*) Do you think I look good this way?

DANCING MASTER: Very good. You could not look any better.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Now let's see your little show.

MUSIC MASTER: First, I would very much like you to hear a melody he (*indicating his student*) has just composed for the serenade you ordered from me. He's one of my pupils who has an admirable gift for these kinds of things.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, but you should not have had that done by a pupil; you yourself should have done that work.

MUSIC MASTER: You must not let the name of pupil fool you, sir. Pupils of this sort know as much as the greatest masters, and the melody is as fine as any that could be composed. Just listen.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *(To Lackeys)* Give me my robe so I can hear better ... Wait, I believe I will be more comfortable without a robe... No, give it back; I will feel better.

PUPIL: *(Singing)* *Je languis nuit et jour, et mon mal est extrême,
Depuis qu'à vos rigueurs vos beaux yeux m'ont soumis ;
Si vous traitez ainsi, belle Iris, qui vous aime,
Hélas ! que pourriez-vous faire à vos ennemis ?*

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: This song seems a little mournful to me, it sends me to sleep, and I'd like you to liven it up a little, here and there.

MUSIC MASTER: But Sir, the tune has to match the words.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Someone taught me a truly pretty one some time ago. Wait... Now ... how does it go?

DANCING MASTER: I really don't know.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There are sheep in it.

DANCING MASTER: Sheep?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes. Ah! *(He sings)*

*Je croyais Jeanneton aussi douce que belle. Je croyais Jeanneton plus douce qu'un mouton.
Hélas! Hélas! Elle est cent fois, mille fois plus cruelle que n'est le tigre au bois!*

Isn't it pretty?

MUSIC MASTER: Very pretty.

DANCING MASTER: And you sing it well.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: And yet, I have not studied music.

MUSIC MASTER: You ought to learn it, Sir, as you are learning dancing. Those two arts are closely connected.

DANCING MASTER: And they enable a man to appreciate fine things.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Do the upper classes learn music, too?

MUSIC MASTER: Yes Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Then, I'll learn it. But I don't know when I can find time; for besides the Fencing Master who's teaching me, I have also engaged a master of philosophy who is to begin this morning.

MUSIC MASTER: Philosophy is something; but music, Sir, music ...

DANCING MASTER: Music and dancing, music and dancing, that's all you need.

MUSIC MASTER: There's nothing as useful in a State as music.

DANCING MASTER: There's nothing as necessary to men as dancing.

MUSIC MASTER: Without music, a State cannot last.

DANCING MASTER: Without dancing, a man can do nothing.

MUSIC MASTER: All the troubles, all the wars one sees in the world happen only because people have not learned music.

DANCING MASTER: All the misfortunes of mankind, all the dreadful disasters that fill history books, the blunders of politicians and the errors of great commanders, all that comes from not knowing how to dance.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How is that?

MUSIC MASTER: Is war not the result of a failure to be able to agree?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That is true.

MUSIC MASTER: And if all men learned music, wouldn't that be a means of bringing about harmony and of seeing universal peace in the world?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You're right.

DANCING MASTER: When a man has done wrong, in family matters, or in government, or in the command of an army, do we not always say, "He made a faux pas in such and such circumstances?"

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, people say that.

DANCING MASTER: And can making a faux pas result from anything but not knowing how to dance?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: It's true, you are both right.

DANCING MASTER: We want you to see the excellence and usefulness of dancing and music.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I understand that, now.

MUSIC MASTER: Do you wish to see our compositions?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes.

MUSIC MASTER: I have already told you that this is an attempt I have made to show the different passions that music can express.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Very good.

MUSIC MASTER *(To musicians)* Come forward. *(To Monsieur Jourdain)* You must imagine that they are dressed as shepherds.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Why always shepherds? You see nothing but shepherds everywhere.

MUSIC MASTER: When we have singers, we must disguise them as shepherds to make them believable. Singing has always been assigned to shepherds; and it is not natural for princes or bourgeois to sing about their passions.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: All right, all right. Let's see.

DIALOGUE IN MUSIC

WOMAN:

*Un cœur, dans l'amoureux empire,
De mille soins est toujours agité :
On dit qu'avec plaisir on languit, on soupire ;
Mais, quoi qu'on puisse dire,
Il n'est rien de si doux que notre liberté.*

WOMAN:

*On peut, on peut te montrer
Une bergère fidèle.*

SECOND MAN :

Hélas ! où la rencontrer ?

WOMAN:

*Pour défendre notre gloire,
Je te veux offrir mon cœur.*

ALL THREE: *Ah ! qu'il est doux d'aimer,
Quand deux cœurs sont fidèles !*

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Is that all?

MUSIC MASTER: Yes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I find it quite good, and there are some pretty sayings in it.

DANCING MASTER: My own presentation is a short display of the loveliest movements and the most beautiful attitudes one can find in a dance.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Are these shepherds again?

DANCING MASTER: They're whatever you please. Let's go!

ACT TWO

SCENE I (*Monsieur Jourdain, Music Master, Dancing Master, Lackeys*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That was not all that bad, and those people jump around nicely.

MUSIC MASTER: When dance and music are combined, the effect will be better still, and you will find the little ballet we have prepared for you quite charming.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I shall want it soon. The person for whom I ordered all this will do me the honour of coming here to dinner.

DANCING MASTER: Everything is ready.

MUSIC MASTER: Still, Sir, all this is not enough. A man like you, who lives in style, and who has a taste for the finer things, should have a concert in his home every Wednesday or every Thursday.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Do upper class people have concerts?

MUSIC MASTER: Yes, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Then I'll have some. Will it be nice?

MUSIC MASTER: Of course. You must have three voices: a tenor, an alto, and a bass, who will be accompanied by a bass-viol, a theorbo, and a harpsichord for the basso continuo, with two violins to play the variations.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You must also add a tromba marina. The tromba marina is an instrument that I like and which is melodious.

MUSIC MASTER: Allow us manage things.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: At least, don't forget to send me musicians to sing at table.

MUSIC MASTER: You will have everything you need.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: But above all, the ballet must be pretty.

MUSIC MASTER: You will be pleased with it.

DANCING MASTER: And, among other things, with some minuets we have included.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! Minuets are my specialty, and I want you to see me dance them. Come, Dancing Master.

DANCING MASTER: A hat, Sir, if you please. La, la, la, la. La, la, la, la. Keep the rhythm, please. La, la, la, la. Your leg straight. La, la, la, la. Don't move your shoulders so. La, la, la, la. Your arms seem paralysed. La, la, la, la. Raise your head. Point your toes outward. La, la, la, la. Straighten your body.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How was that? (*Breathlessly*)

MUSIC MASTER: Terrific.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: By the way, teach me how to bow to a marquise; I shall need to know soon.

DANCING MASTER: How to bow to a marquise?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, a marquise named Dorimène.

DANCING MASTER: Give me your hand.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No. Just do it, I'll remember.

DANCING MASTER: If you want to bow to her with a great deal of respect, you must first bow and step back, then bow three times as you walk towards her, and the last time, bend down to her knees.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Do it please. (*After the Dancing Master has illustrated*) Good!

LACKEY: Sir, your Fencing Master is here.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Tell him to come in here for my lesson. I want you to see me perform.

SCENE II (*Fencing Master, Music Master, Dancing Master, Monsieur Jourdain, a Lackey*)

FENCING MASTER: (*After giving a foil to Monsieur Jourdain*) Come, sir, the salute. Your body straight. Leaning slightly on the left thigh. Your legs not so wide apart. Your feet in a line. Your wrist in a line with your hip. The point of your sword at the level of your shoulder. The arm not so extended. Your left hand at the level of your eye. Your left shoulder further back. Your head up. A bold expression. Advance. Your body steady. Engage my sword from the fourth position and thrust forward. One, two. Recover. Again, your foot firmly on the ground. Leap back. When you make a thrust, Sir, you must first disengage, and your body must not be exposed. One, two. Come, be at third position and thrust. Advance. Stop there. One, two. Recover. Repeat. Leap back. On guard, Sir, on guard. (*The fencing master touches him two or three times with the foil while saying, "On guard."*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How was that?

MUSIC MASTER: You did beautifully!

FENCING MASTER: As I have told you, the entire secret of fencing lies in two things: to give and not to receive; and as I demonstrated to you the other day, it is impossible for you to receive, if you know how to drive your opponent's sword away from the line of your body. This depends solely on a slight movement of the wrist, either inward or outward.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That way then, even a coward is sure to kill his man and not be killed himself?

FENCING MASTER: Of course. Didn't you see the proof?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes.

FENCING MASTER: And this shows to what extent men like me should be valued by the State, and how superior the science of fencing is to all other useless pursuits, such as dancing, music ...

DANCING MASTER: Careful there, Mr. Fencing Master! Speak of dancing with respect.

MUSIC MASTER: You should learn to show more consideration for the beauty of music.

FENCING MASTER: You are joking when you dare to compare your specialties with mine!

MUSIC MASTER: Look at the conceited man!

FENCING MASTER: My little Dancing Master, I'll make you well and truly dance. And you, my little musician, I'll make you sing in a pretty way.

DANCING MASTER: Monsieur the Fencer, I'll teach you your trade.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: (*To the Dancing Master*) Are you crazy to quarrel with a man, who knows third and fourth positions, and who can demonstrate how to kill a man?

DANCING MASTER: I couldn't care less about his demonstrations, or his third or fourth positions.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Careful, I tell you.

FENCING MASTER: What? You little fool!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Please! Fencing Master.

DANCING MASTER: What? You big donkey!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Please! Dancing Master.

FENCING MASTER: If I attack you...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Careful!

DANCING MASTER: If I get my hands on you...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Please!

FENCING MASTER: I'll beat you up, in such a way...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Please!

DANCING MASTER: I'll give you such blows...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I beg of you!

MUSIC MASTER: Let us teach him how to talk!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh Heavens! Stop.

SCENE III (*Philosophy Master, Music Master, Dancing Master, Fencing Master, Monsieur Jourdain, Lackeys*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh! Master of Philosophy, you come just in time with your philosophy. Come, stop these people from fighting.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: What's happening? What's the matter, Gentlemen.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: They have been quarrelling about the importance of their professions to the point of insulting each other and of wanting to come to blows.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: What! Gentlemen, must you get angry? Haven't you read the learned treatise that Seneca has composed on anger? Is there anything more base and more shameful than this passion, which turns a man into a savage beast? And shouldn't we always be ruled by reason?

DANCING MASTER: Well! Sir, he has just insulted both of us by speaking with contempt of dance, which is my field, and music, which is his profession.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: A wise man is above all insults; and patience and self control are the way to cope with such hurts.

FENCING MASTER: They both have the audacity of trying to compare their professions with mine.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Should that disturb you? Men should not dispute amongst themselves about vainglory and rank; what perfectly distinguishes one man from another is wisdom and virtue.

DANCING MASTER: I maintain to him that dancing is a science which one cannot honour enough.

MUSIC MASTER: And I, that music is something that has been revered from the beginning of time.

FENCING MASTER: And I tell them that the science of fencing is the finest and the most necessary of all sciences.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: And what about philosophy then? I find you all very bold to speak with such arrogance before me, and to have the impudence to call science things that should not even be considered art, and that are only wretched jobs for gladiators, singers, and ballet-dancers!

FENCING MASTER: Get out with your philosophy, you dog!

MUSIC MASTER: Get out, you worthless pedant!

DANCING MASTER: Get out, you ill-mannered cur!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: What! Rascals that you are ... *(The philosopher flings himself at them, and all three go out fighting).*

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosophy master!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Rogues! Scoundrels! Insolent dogs!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosophy master!

FENCING MASTER: The Devil take the swine!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Gentlemen!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Impudent rogues!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosophy master!

DANCING MASTER: The Devil take the jackass!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Gentlemen!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Rascals!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosophy master!

MUSIC MASTER: The Devil take this good for nothing fellow!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Gentlemen!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Rascals! Beggars! Traitors! Impostors!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Philosophy master! Gentlemen! Philosophy master! Gentlemen! Philosophy master! Oh! Fight as much as you like. I can do nothing anyway and I am not going to spoil my robe to separate you. I'd be a fool to meddle and receive some blow that would hurt.

SCENE IV (*Philosophy Master, Monsieur Jourdain*)

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: (*Straightening his collar*) Now to our lesson.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh! Sir, I am sorry for the blows they gave you.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: It's nothing. A philosopher knows how to take these things and I'll compose a satire, in the style of Juvenal, which will fix them nicely. Let it be. What would you like to learn?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Everything I can, for I have every desire in the world to be educated, and I'm furious that my father and mother did not make me study all subjects when I was young.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: That is a wise opinion: *Nam sine doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago*. You understand that, and you doubtless know Latin?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, but just pretend I do not know it. Tell me what it means.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: It means that without knowledge life is almost an image of death.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That Latin is right.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Don't you have some basic knowledge of the sciences?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh yes! I can read and write.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Where would you like to begin? Would you like me to teach you logic?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What is this logic?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: It is logic that teaches the three operations of the mind.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What are these three operations of the mind?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The first, the second, and the third. The first is to have clear ideas by means of the universals; the second is to judge wisely by means of the categories; and the third is to draw a good conclusion by means of the figures. Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipon, etc.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Those words are too ugly. This logic doesn't suit me at all. Let's learn something else that's prettier.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Would you like to learn ethics?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ethics?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Yes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What do these ethics say?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: They treat of happiness, teach men to control their passions, and...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, let's leave that. I'm as hot tempered as can be and no ethics in the world will stop me from getting angry when I feel like it.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Would you like to learn physics?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What is physics about?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Physics explains the principles of natural things and the properties of the material world; it elaborates on the nature of the elements, of metals, minerals, of stones, of plants and animals, and teaches the causes of all the meteors, the rainbow, the will-o'-the-wisps, the comets, lightning, thunder, thunderbolts, rain, snow, hail, winds, and whirlwinds.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There's too much noise in that, too much confusion.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: What do you want me to teach you then?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Teach me how to spell.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Very gladly.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Afterwards, you'll teach me the almanac, so that I know when there is a moon and when not.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: All right. To proceed logically and treat this matter as a philosopher, it is necessary to begin according to the order of things, by an exact knowledge of the nature of the letters and of the different ways of pronouncing them all. And thereupon I must tell you that letters are divided into vowels, called vowels because they express the sounds; and into

consonants because they blend with the vowels and only mark the various points of articulation of the vowels. There are five vowels: A, E, I, O, U.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I understand all that.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The vowel A is formed by opening the mouth wide: A.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: A, A. Yes.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The vowel E is formed by bringing the lower jaw close to the upper jaw: A, E.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: A, E; A, E. Yes, oh yes! Ah! How beautiful!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: And the vowel I, by bringing the jaws still nearer each other and stretching the two corners of the mouth towards the ears: A, E, I.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: A, E, I. I. I. I. That's true. Long live knowledge!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The vowel O is formed by opening the jaws and drawing together the two corners of the lips, upper and lower: O.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: O, O. There's nothing truer. A, E, I, O, I O... That's wonderful! I, O, I, O.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The opening of the mouth happens to make a little circle in the shape of an O.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: O, O, O. You're right! O. Ah! What a fine thing it is to know something!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The vowel U is formed by bringing the teeth nearly together without completely joining them, and thrusting the two lips outward, also bringing them nearly together without completely joining them: U.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: U, U. There's nothing truer. U.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Your lips thrust out as if you were making a face, so that if you want to make a face at someone and mock him, you have only to say "U" to him.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: U, U. That's true. Ah! Why didn't I study sooner in order to know all that!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Tomorrow we shall look at the other letters, which are the consonants.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Are there things as interesting about them as about these?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Of course. The consonant D, for example, is pronounced by clapping the tongue above the upper teeth: D.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: D, D, Yes. Ah! What beautiful things! What beautiful things!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The F, by pressing the upper teeth against the lower lip: F.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: F, F. That's the truth. Ah! Father and mother, how I curse you!

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: And the R, by raising the tip of the tongue to the top of the palate, so that being grazed by the air that comes out with force, it yields to it, always coming back to the same place and making a kind of trill: R. AR.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: R, R, AR. R, R, R, R, R, RA. That's true. Ah! What a clever man you are! And how much time I've lost! R, R, R, AR.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: I'll thoroughly explain all these strange things to you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Please do. But now, I must confide in you. I'm in love with a noble lady, and I'd like you to help me write something to her in a short note that I will drop at her feet.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Very well.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Won't that be an elegant gesture?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Yes! Is it verse that you wish to write her?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, no. No verse.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: You want only prose?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, I don't want either prose or verse.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: It must necessarily be one or the other.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Why?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Because, Sir, we have only prose or verse to express ourselves.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: We have only prose or verse?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Yes, Sir, everything that is not prose is verse, and everything that is not verse is prose.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: And when one speaks, what is that then?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Prose.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What! When I say, “Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my nightcap,” that’s prose?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Yes, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Goodness! I have been speaking prose for over forty years without being aware of it, and I am much obliged to you for having taught me that. So, I would like to say in a note to her: “Beautiful marquise, your lovely eyes make me die of love,” but I want that expressed elegantly, prettily.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: Write that the fires of her eyes reduce your heart to ashes; that you suffer night and day for her the torments of a...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, no, no. I want none of that; I only want what I told you: “Beautiful marquise, your lovely eyes make me die of love.”

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: It should be a little lengthier.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, I tell you, I want only those words in the note, but expressed stylishly, elegantly arranged. Please tell me, just to see, the different ways one could put them.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: One could put them first of all as you said: “Beautiful marquise, your lovely eyes make me die of love.” Or else: “Of love to die make me, beautiful marquise, your lovely eyes.” Or else: “Your lovely eyes, of love make me, beautiful marquise, die.” Or else: “Die, your lovely eyes, beautiful marquise, of love make me.” Or else: “Me make your lovely eyes die, beautiful marquise, of love.”

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: But, of all those ways of saying it, which is the best?

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: The way you said it: “Beautiful marquise, your lovely eyes make me die of love.”

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I never studied, and yet, I made the whole thing up at the first try. I thank you with all my heart, and please come early tomorrow morning.

PHILOSOPHY MASTER: I shall certainly do so.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What? Hasn’t my suit come yet?

THE LACKEY: No, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That cursed tailor is keeping me waiting on a day when I have so much to do! I'm furious. May that wretched tailor catch a fever! The Devil take the tailor! May the plague choke the tailor! If I had him here now, that hateful tailor, that dog of a tailor, that traitor of a tailor, I ...

SCENE V (*Master Tailor, Apprentice Tailor carrying suit, Monsieur Jourdain, Lackeys*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! There you are! I was going to get angry with you.

MASTER TAILOR: I could not come any sooner, and I had twenty men work on your outfit.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You sent me some silk stockings which are so narrow that I had great trouble putting them on, and already there are two runs.

MASTER TAILOR: They'll soon get too wide.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, if I make more runs. You have also had made for me a pair of shoes that pinch me terribly.

MASTER TAILOR: Not at all, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What do you mean, not at all!

MASTER TAILOR: No, they don't pinch you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I tell you, they pinch me.

MASTER TAILOR: You're imagining it.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I imagine it because I feel it. That's a good enough reason!

MASTER TAILOR: Look, here is the finest court-suit, with all items matching. To have invented a serious suit that is not black is a real tour de force. And I defy any other tailor to do better.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What's this? You've put the flowers upside down.

MASTER TAILOR: You didn't tell me you wanted them with their heads up.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Does one need to say that?

MASTER TAILOR: Yes, of course. All upper class people wear them this way.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Upper class people wear the flowers upside down?

MASTER TAILOR: Yes, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh! It's all right then.

MASTER TAILOR: If you like, I'll put them with their heads up .

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, no.

MASTER TAILOR: You have only to say.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, I tell you. You did right. Do you think the suit is going to look good on me?

MASTER TAILOR: What a question! I defy a painter with his brush to do anything that would fit you better. I have a worker in my place who is the greatest genius in the world at making breeches, and another who is the hero of our age at assembling a doublet.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Are the wig and plumes as they should be?

MASTER TAILOR: Everything is right.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *(Looking at the tailor's suit)* Ah! Ah! Mr. Tailor, this is cloth from the last suit you made for me. I recognize it.

MASTER TAILOR: It's because the cloth seemed so beautiful that I decided to make a suit for myself out of it.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, but you should not have made it out of my cloth.

MASTER TAILOR: Do you want to put your suit on?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, give it to me.

MASTER TAILOR: Wait. That's not the way it's done. I have brought people to dress you with music; these kinds of suits are put on with style. Hey there! Come in! Put this suit on the gentleman the way you do with high-class people.

(Four(Two or Three!!)APPRENTICE TAILORS enter, two of them pull off Monsieur Jourdain's breeches made for his morning exercises, and two others pull off his waistcoat; then they put on his new suit; Monsieur Jourdain promenades among them and shows them his suit for their approval. All this to the cadence of instrumental music.)

APPRENTICE TAILOR: Gentleman, please give the apprentices a small tip.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What did you call me?

APPRENTICE TAILOR : Gentleman.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: “Gentleman “ That’s what happens when you dress like the upper class! If you always dress like a bourgeois no one will address you as “ Gentleman.” Here, take this for the “ Gentleman.”

APPRENTICE TAILOR: My Lord, we are very much obliged to you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: “My Lord!” Oh! Oh! “My Lord!” Wait, my friend. “My Lord” deserves something, and “My Lord.” is no small thing. Take this. That’s what “My Lord” gives you.

APPRENTICE TAILOR: My Lord, we will all drink the health of Your Grace.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: “Your Grace!” Oh! Oh! Oh! Wait, don’t go. “ Your Grace!” to me! Goodness! if he goes to “Highness,” he’ll get my purse. Wait. That’s for “My Grace.”

APPRENTICE TAILOR: My Lord, we thank you very humbly for your generosity.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Just as well he stopped. I would have given him everything.

ACT THREE**SCENE I (*Monsieur Jourdain and his two Lackeys*)**

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Follow me; I am going to show off my clothes in town. And above all take care, both of you, to walk close at my heels, so people can see that you work for me.

LACKEYS: Yes, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Call Nicole for me, so I can give her my orders. Don't bother, there she is.

SCENE II (*Nicole, Monsieur Jourdain, two Lackeys*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Nicole!

NICOLE: Yes, sir?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Listen.

NICOLE: He, he, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What do you have to laugh about?

NICOLE: He, he, he, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What does the hussy mean by this?

NICOLE: He, he, he! Oh, what a getup! He, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What do you mean?

NICOLE: Ah! Ah! Heavens! He, he, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What a rascal you are! Are you making fun of me?

NICOLE: Certainly not, Sir, I'd be very sorry to do so. He, he, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'll give you a smack on the nose if you go on laughing.

NICOLE: Sir, I can't help it. He, he, he, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You are not going to stop?

NICOLE: Sir, I am sorry. But you are so funny that I can't help laughing. He, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What insolence!

NICOLE: You're really funny like that. He, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'll ...

NICOLE: Please forgive me. He, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Listen. If you dare to go on laughing, I swear I'll give you the biggest slap ever given.

NICOLE: All right, Sir, it's done, I won't laugh any more.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Take care not to. For this afternoon, you must clean ...

NICOLE: He, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You must clean ...

NICOLE: He, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You must, I say, clean the living room and ...

NICOLE: He, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Again!

NICOLE: All right, Sir, I'd rather you beat me, and let me laugh my heart out, it will do me more good. He, he, he, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm furious.

NICOLE: Please, Sir, allow me to laugh. He, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: If I catch you ...

NICOLE: Sir! I shall burst ... if I don't laugh. He, he, he!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: But did anyone ever see such a good for nothing as this, who dares to laugh in my face instead of listening to my orders?

NICOLE: What do you want me to do, Sir?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That you start getting my house ready for the guests that are coming soon, you rascal.

NICOLE: Ah, now, I don't feel like laughing any more. All your guests make such a mess here that the word "guests" is enough to put me in a bad mood.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Why, do you expect me to shut my door to everyone for your sake?

NICOLE: You should at least shut it to some people.

SCENE III (*Madame Jourdain, Monsieur Jourdain, Nicole, Lackeys*)

MADAME JOURDAIN: Ah, ah! Here's something new! What's this, my dear husband, what's this outfit you have on? Don't you care what people think of you dressed as you are? And do you want to be laughed at by everyone?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Only fools will laugh at me, my dear wife.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Really, people haven't waited until now; your behaviour has long been ridiculed by everybody.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Who's everybody, if you please?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Everybody is all the people around us who have good judgement and are more sensible than you are. I am scandalised at the life you lead. I no longer know our house. It's as if it's the beginning of Carnival every day; and from early in the morning, one invariably hears the racket of fiddles and singers which disturbs the whole neighbourhood.

NICOLE: Madame is right. I can't keep the house clean with those crowds you invite. They have feet that pick up mud in every part of town to bring it here; and poor Françoise is exhausted scrubbing the floors that your fine masters come to dirty up every day.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, our servant Nicole, you have quite a sharp tongue for a peasant.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Nicole is right, and she has more sense than you. I'd like to know what you think you're going to do with a Dancing Master, at your age?

NICOLE: And with a Fencing Master who comes stamping his feet, shaking the whole house and tearing up all the floorboards in our drawing-room.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Be quiet, my servant and my wife!

MADAME JOURDAIN: Do you want to learn to dance for the days when you have no legs left?

NICOLE: Do you feel like killing someone?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Quiet, I tell you! You are ignorant women, both of you, and you don't know the advantages of all this.

MADAME JOURDAIN: You should instead be thinking of marrying off your daughter, who is now old enough to have a husband.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'll think about marriage for my daughter when a suitable match comes along, but I also want to learn fine things.

NICOLE: I heard, Madame, that today he has also taken on a Philosophy Master!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Certainly. I want to be educated and to be able to talk intelligently about things with cultured people.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Don't you intend, one of these days, to go to school and get yourself whipped at your age?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Why not? Would to God I got whipped this minute in front of everyone, if I could then know what they learn at school!

NICOLE: Yes, really! That would do you a lot of good.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: For sure!

MADAME JOURDAIN: All that is very important for the well being of our family.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Certainly. You both talk like fools, and I'm ashamed of your ignorance. For instance, do you know what it is you are saying now?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, I know that what I'm saying is well said and that you ought to be thinking of leading a different life.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm not talking about that. I'm asking if you know what the words that you are saying here are?

MADAME JOURDAIN: They are very sensible words, and your behaviour certainly isn't.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm not talking about that, I tell you. I'm asking you: what I'm speaking to you this minute, what I am saying, what is it?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Nonsense.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, no! That's not it. What we are both saying, the language we are speaking right now?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Well?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What is it called?

MADAME JOURDAIN: It's called whatever you want to call it.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: It's prose, you ignorant woman.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Prose?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, prose. Everything that is prose is not verse; and everything that is not verse is not prose. Yes, yes! You see what you learn when you study! And you, do you know what you must do to say U?

NICOLE: What?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Say U, just to see.

NICOLE: Oh! Well, U.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What do you do?

NICOLE: I say U.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, but when you say U, what do you do?

NICOLE: I do what you tell me to.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh, how aggravating to have to deal with morons! You thrust your lips out and bring your upper jaw close to your lower jaw. U, you see. I make a face: U.

NICOLE: Yes, that's really beautiful.

MADAME JOURDAIN: That's wonderful.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: But it would be even better, if you had seen O, and D, D, and F, F.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What is all this nonsense!

NICOLE: What good is all this?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: It makes me mad to see stupid women.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Come, come, you ought to send all those phony people packing.

NICOLE: And above all, that Fencing Master, who spreads dust all over the house.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes! This Fencing Master is on your mind. I'll show you right now how foolish you are. There! To prove my point: The line of the body. When you thrust in third position, you need only do this, and when you thrust in the fourth position, you need only do this.

That is the way never to be killed, and isn't it a fine thing to be sure to win, when fighting against someone? There, thrust at me a little, just to see.

NICOLE: Well then, what?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Easy! Wait! Oh! Gently! The Devil take the hussy!

NICOLE: You tell me to thrust.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, but you thrust in the third position, before you thrust in the fourth, and you don't have the patience to let me parry.

MADAME JOURDAIN: You are a fool, husband, with all your whims, and this madness has come to you since you have wanted to associate with the nobility.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: When I associate with the nobility, I show my good judgment; and that's better than associating with your middle class.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Oh yes, truly! There's a great deal to be gained by consorting with your nobles, and your dealings with that fine Comte you have taken a fancy to have been most profitable!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Quiet! Think of what you're saying. Do you know, wife, that you don't know who you're talking about, when you talk about him! He's a more important person than you think: a great Lord, respected at court, and who talks to the King just as I talk to you. Is it not a great honour for me, that a person of this rank is seen coming to my house so often, that he calls me his dear friend and treats me as if I were his equal? He is kinder to me than people could ever imagine; and, in front of everyone, he shows me such regard that I am embarrassed.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, he is kind to you, and show regard for you, but he borrows your money.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Well! Isn't it an honour for me to lend money to a man of his rank? And can I do less for a nobleman who calls me his dear friend?

MADAME JOURDAIN: And this nobleman, what does he do for you?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Things that would astonish you if you knew them.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What for instance?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Enough! I cannot explain myself. I am satisfied that if I have lent him money, he'll pay it back fully, and soon.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes! Just wait.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Certainly. Didn't he tell me so?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, yes, he is sure not to do it.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: He gave me his word as a gentleman.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Rubbish!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes! You are very obstinate, wife. I tell you he will keep his word, I'm sure of it.

MADAME JOURDAIN: And I'm sure he will not, and that all the regard he shows you is only to trick you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Be quiet. Here he is.

MADAME JOURDAIN: That's all we need! Perhaps he's coming to borrow money from you once again. The mere sight of him disgusts me.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Be quiet, I tell you.

SCENE IV (*Count Dorante, Monsieur Jourdain, Madame Jourdain, Nicole*)

DORANTE: My dear friend, Monsieur Jourdain, how do you do?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Very well, sir, and at your service.

DORANTE: And Madame Jourdain there, how is she?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Madame Jourdain is as well as she can be.

DORANTE: Really, Monsieur Jourdain, you are beautifully dressed!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You see.

DORANTE: That outfit becomes you admirably, and there are no young men at court who look better than you do.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh!

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) He knows how to flatter him.

DORANTE: Turn around. It's really elegant.

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) Yes, ridiculous front and back.

DORANTE: Truly, Monsieur Jourdain, I was most impatient to see you. You are the man in the world I esteem most, and I was speaking of you again this morning in the King's bedchamber.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You do me great honour, sir. (*To Madame Jourdain*) In the King's bedchamber!

DORANTE: Come, put your hat on ...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Sir, I know the respect I owe you.

DORANTE: Heavens! Put on your hat; I pray you, no ceremony between us.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Sir ...

DORANTE: Put it on, I tell you, Monsieur Jourdain: you are my friend.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Sir, I am your humble servant.

DORANTE: I won't put my hat on if you don't put yours on.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I would rather be impolite than troublesome.

DORANTE: I am in your debt, as you know.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, we know it all too well.

DORANTE: You have generously lent me money upon several occasions, and you have obliged me most willingly, that is certain.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Sir, it is not important.

DORANTE: But I pay back what I owe and know how to acknowledge favours.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I do not doubt it, Sir.

DORANTE: I want to settle my debt to you, and I come here so we can do our accounts together.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There wife! You see your stupidity!

DORANTE: I am the kind of man who likes to pay his debts as soon as possible.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: (*Aside to Madame Jourdain*) I told you so.

DORANTE: Let's see, how much do I owe you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: (*Aside to Madame Jourdain.*) There you are, with your ridiculous suspicions.

DORANTE: Do you remember all the sums you have lent me?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I believe so. I made a little note of it. Here it is. Given to you once two hundred louis.

DORANTE: That's true.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Another time, one hundred and twenty.

DORANTE: Yes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: And another time, a hundred and forty.

DORANTE: You're right.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: These three items make four hundred and sixty louis or five thousand sixty livres.

DORANTE: The figure is exactly right. Five thousand sixty livres.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: One thousand eight hundred thirty-two livres to your plume-maker.

DORANTE: Exactly.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Two thousand seven hundred eighty livres to your tailor.

DORANTE: It's true.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Four thousand three hundred seventy-nine livres twelve sols eight deniers to your cloth merchant.

DORANTE: Quite right. Twelve sols eight deniers. That's the exact amount.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: And one thousand seven hundred forty-eight livres seven sols four deniers to your saddler.

DORANTE: All that is correct. What does that come to?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Total amount, fifteen thousand eight hundred livres.

DORANTE: The total amount is right: fifteen thousand eight hundred livres. To which you can now add two hundred pistoles that you are going to give me; that will make exactly eighteen thousand francs, which I shall pay you back at the first opportunity.

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) Well, hadn't I guessed it?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Quiet!

DORANTE: Will giving me this sum inconvenience you?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh, no!

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) That man is making a milk-cow out of you!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Be quiet!

DORANTE: If that inconveniences you, I will get it somewhere else.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, Sir.

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) He won't be satisfied until he's made a pauper out of you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Be quiet, I tell you.

DORANTE: Just tell me if this awkward for you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Not at all, sir.

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) He's a real wheedler!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Silence.

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) He'll take your last penny.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Will you be quiet?

DORANTE: I know many people who would gladly lend me money; but since you are my best friend, I believed I might hurt your feelings if I asked someone else for it.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: It's too great an honour, sir, that you do me. I'll go and get what you want.

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) What! You're going to give him money again?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What can I do? Do you want me to refuse a man of his rank, who spoke about me this morning in the King's bedchamber?

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*Aside*) Go on, you're a real dupe.

SCENE V (*Dorante, Madame Jourdain, Nicole*)

DORANTE: You appear to be very melancholy. What's wrong, Madame Jourdain?

MADAME JOURDAIN: My head is bigger than my fist, even if it's not swollen.

DORANTE: Mademoiselle, your daughter, where is she that I don't see her?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Mademoiselle my daughter is fine where she is.

DORANTE: How is she feeling?

MADAME JOURDAIN: She's feeling as she knows she feels.

DORANTE: Wouldn't you like to come with her one of these days to see the ballet and the comedy at court?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes really, we really feel like having fun; we really feel like having fun.

DORANTE: I think, Madame Jourdain, that you must have had many admirers in your youth, beautiful and pleasant as you were.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Heavens! Sir, is Madame Jourdain falling apart, and is her head already shaking?

DORANTE: Ah! really, Madame Jourdain, I beg your pardon. It did not occur to me that you are young, and I am often in the clouds. Please excuse my thoughtlessness.

SCENE VI (*Monsieur Jourdain, Madame Jourdain, Dorante, Nicole*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Here are exactly two hundred louis.

DORANTE: I assure you, Monsieur Jourdain, that I am completely at your service, and that I am eager to do something for you at court.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm much obliged to you.

DORANTE: If Madame Jourdain wants to see the royal entertainment, I will have the best seats given to her.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Madame Jourdain thanks you, but no.

DORANTE: (*Aside to Monsieur Jourdain.*) Our beautiful marquise, as I sent word to you, will come here for the ballet and refreshments; I have finally persuaded her to partake in the entertainment you are planning for her.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Careful! Let us move a little farther away.

DORANTE: It has been a week since I last saw you, and I have not spoken to you about the diamond you wanted me to give her on your behalf; but it's because I had the greatest difficulty overcoming her scruples, and it's only today that she decided to accept it.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How did she like it?

DORANTE: She thought it marvellous. And I should be very surprised if the beauty of that diamond does not bring her closer to you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I do hope so!

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*To Nicole*) Once he's with him he cannot leave him.

DORANTE: I pointed out to her the great value of the present and the depth of your love.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: These, Sir, are, favours which overwhelm me; and I am extremely embarrassed to see a person of your rank demean himself for me as you do.

DORANTE: Are you joking? Among friends, there are no such scruples? And wouldn't you do the same thing for me, if the opportunity arose?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh certainly, and with all my heart.

DORANTE: Nothing stops me from holding out a helping hand to a friend; and when you confided to me the passion you feel for that delightful marquise with whom I am on friendly terms, you saw that I immediately volunteered to assist in your pursuit.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: It's true, these are favours that overwhelm me.

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*To Nicole.*) Will he never go?

NICOLE: They enjoy being together.

DORANTE: You chose the right way to her heart. Women love above all the expenses we go to for them; and your frequent serenades, your numerous bouquets, those superb fireworks in her honour over the water, the diamond she has received from you, and the entertainment you are planning for her, all this speaks much more eloquently of your love than all the words you might have spoken yourself.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There are no expenses I would not incur if by that means I might find the road to her heart. A woman of rank has irresistible charms for me and her love is an honour I would purchase at any price.

MADAME JOURDAIN: (*To Nicole.*) What can they be talking about all this time? Go softly over there and listen.

DORANTE: Soon you will have the pleasure of seeing her, and be able to admire her at leisure.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: To be completely free, I have arranged for my wife to go to dinner at her sister's, where she'll spend the whole afternoon.

DORANTE: You have done the right thing, as your wife might have bothered us. I have given the necessary orders to the cook for you, and will also take care of all that is necessary for the ballet. I invented the theme and provided the performance makes it clear, I am sure it will be found ...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *(To Nicole)* Yes! You're very rude! *(To Dorante.)* Let's go, if you please.

SCENE VII *(Madame Jourdain, Nicole)*

NICOLE: I paid for my nosiness, but I think there's something fishy going on, and they were talking of some event where they do not want you to be.

MADAME JOURDAIN: This is not the first time, Nicole, that I've had suspicions about my husband. I am already deceived, or there's some love-affair brewing. But let us make plans for my daughter. You know how much Cléonte loves her. He's a man who appeals to me, and I want to help his suit and give him Lucile, if I can.

NICOLE: Truly, Madame, I'm thrilled to see that you feel this way, since, if the master appeals to you, his valet appeals to me just as much, and I'd like our marriage to take place at the same time as theirs.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Go speak to Cléonte for me, and tell him to come to see me immediately so that together we can ask my husband to give him Lucile in marriage.

NICOLE: I'll do it immediately, Madame, with pleasure. *(Alone)* I shall, I think, make everyone very happy.

SCENE VIII *(Cléonte, Covielle, Nicole)*

NICOLE: Ah! I'm glad to have found you. I bring joyful news, and I come ...

CLÉONTE: Go away, traitor, and don't come to deceive me with your treacherous words.

NICOLE: Is this how you receive ...

CLÉONTE: Go away, I tell you, and tell your faithless mistress that she will never again in her life deceive the too trusting Cléonte.

NICOLE: What madness is this? My dear Covielle, tell me what this means.

COVIELLE: Your dear Covielle, you little hussy? Go, quickly, out of my sight, wicked woman, and leave me alone.

NICOLE: What! You, too ...

COVIELLE: Out of my sight, I tell you, and never speak to me again.

NICOLE: My word! What's the matter with them? Let's go tell this pretty story to my mistress.

SCENE IX (*Cléonte, Covielle*)

CLÉONTE: What! Treat a lover in this way? And a lover who is the most faithful and passionate of lovers?

COVIELLE: It is a frightful thing that they have done to us both.

CLÉONTE: I show a woman all the passion and tenderness that can be imagined; I love nothing in the world but her, and I have nothing but her in my thoughts; she is all I care for, all I wish for, all my joy; I talk of nothing but her, I think of nothing but her, I dream only of her, I breathe only because of her, my heart beats only for her; and see how so much love is repaid! I was two days without seeing her, which were for me two frightful centuries; I meet her by chance; immediately, my heart starts to beat faster, my face shines with joy; I fly ecstatic to her; and the faithless woman averts her eyes and hurries by as if she had never seen me in her life!

COVIELLE: I say the same things as you.

CLÉONTE: Covielle, is there anything to equal the treachery of the ungrateful Lucile?

COVIELLE: And that, Monsieur, of that rascal Nicole?

CLÉONTE: After so many sacrifices, so much suffering, so many protestations of love that I have made to her!

COVIELLE: After so many compliments, and all the help I have given her in the kitchen.

CLÉONTE: So many tears I have shed at her knees!

COVIELLE: So many buckets of water I have drawn for her!

CLÉONTE: So much passion I have shown her as I loved her more than myself!

COVIELLE: So much heat I have endured in turning the spit for her!

CLÉONTE: She runs from me disdainfully!

COVIELLE: She rudely turns her back on me!

CLÉONTE: This is perfidy worthy of the greatest punishments.

COVIELLE: This is treachery that deserves a thousand slaps.

CLÉONTE: Please, don't ever think, of speaking to me on her behalf.

COVIELLE: I, Sir? God forbid!

CLÉONTE: Never try to find excuses for the way that faithless woman behaved.

COVIELLE: Have no fear.

CLÉONTE: No, really; all your speeches in her favour will be useless?

COVIELLE: Who's thinking of speaking in her favour?

CLÉONTE: I want to nurse my anger against her and end all contact with her.

COVIELLE: I agree.

CLÉONTE: Perhaps the Comte who goes to her house appeals to her; and her mind, I can see is dazzled by social standing. But, for my honour, I must prevent the scandal that her inconstancy would cause. I want to break off with her first and not leave her all the glory of leaving me.

COVIELLE: That's very well said, and I agree, for my part, with all your feelings.

CLÉONTE: Help to strengthen my resentment and to destroy all the memories of love that could speak in her behalf. Please, describe to me all her bad traits; paint her in such a way that she will become despicable; and show me all the faults that you can see in her so that I become disgusted with her.

COVIELLE: Her, Sir? How can such a pretentious, affected creature, make you fall so much in love? I consider her very ordinary, and you will find a hundred women who will be more worthy of you. First of all, she has small eyes.

CLÉONTE: That's true, she has small eyes; but they are full of fire, the brightest, the most piercing in the world, the most touching eyes that one can see.

COVIELLE: She has a big mouth.

CLÉONTE: Yes; but it is more graceful than any other mouth; and the sight of that most attractive passionate mouth, fills one with desire.

COVIELLE: As for her figure, she's not tall.

CLÉONTE: No, but she is graceful and elegant.

COVIELLE: She seems rather cold in the way she speaks and behaves.

CLÉONTE: That's true; but she does everything with grace and her attractive ways go straight to your heart.

COVIELLE: As to her intelligence ...

CLÉONTE: Ah! That she has, Covielle, the finest, the most refined!

COVIELLE: Her conversation ...

CLÉONTE: Her conversation is charming.

COVIELLE: She is always serious ...

CLÉONTE: Would you rather have noisy enjoyment, constant open merriment? And do you see anything more annoying than those women who are always laughing?

COVIELLE: But really she is more unpredictable than anyone in the world.

CLÉONTE: Yes, she is unpredictable, I agree; but anything is becoming to a beautiful woman; one endures anything from a beautiful woman.

COVIELLE: Since that's your opinion, I see that you want to love her forever.

CLÉONTE: I, I'd rather die; and I am going to hate her as much as I loved her.

COVIELLE: How will you do that, if you find her so perfect?

CLÉONTE: That's how my vengeance will be more spectacular, that is how I'll show the strength of my heart, by hating her, by leaving her, however beautiful, charming and loveable I find her. Here she is.

SCENE X (*Cléonte, Lucile, Covielle, Nicole*)

NICOLE: I must say, I was really shocked.

LUCILE: It can only be what I told you, Nicole. But there he is.

CLÉONTE: I don't even want to speak to her.

COVIELLE: I'll do the same as you.

LUCILE: What's the matter, Cléonte? What's wrong with you?

NICOLE: What's the matter with you, Covielle?

LUCILE: Why do you look sad?

NICOLE: Why are you in a bad mood?

LUCILE: Are you mute, Cléonte?

NICOLE: Have you lost your voice, Covielle?

CLÉONTE: How infamous this is!

COVIELLE: How hypocritical!

LUCILE: I can see that our recent meeting has upset you.

CLÉONTE: Ah! Ah! One sees what one has done.

NICOLE: The way we behaved this morning has annoyed you.

COVIELLE: One has guessed where the shoe pinches.

LUCILE: Isn't it true, Cléonte, that this is the cause of your anger?

CLÉONTE: Yes, perfidious one, it is, since I must speak; and I must tell that you shall not profit, as you think you will, from your faithlessness, that I want to be the first to break off, and that you won't be the one to leave. Of course, I shall have trouble overcoming the love I feel for you; it will cause me pain; I'll suffer for a while. But I'll get over it, and I would rather stab myself through the heart than have the weakness to return to you.

COVIELLE: Same here.

LUCILE: What an uproar over nothing, Cléonte. I want to tell you, why I avoided you this morning.

CLÉONTE: No, I don't want to listen to anything ...

NICOLE: I want to tell you what made us go by so quickly.

COVIELLE: I don't want to hear anything.

LUCILE: Let me explain that this morning ...

CLÉONTE: No, I tell you.

NICOLE: I'll tell you that ...

COVIELLE: No, traitor.

LUCILE: Listen.

CLÉONTE: Nothing doing.

NICOLE: Let me speak.

COVIELLE: I'm deaf.

LUCILE: Cléonte!

CLÉONTE: No.

NICOLE: Covielle!

COVIELLE: Quiet.

LUCILE: Stop.

CLÉONTE: Lies!

NICOLE: Listen to me.

COVIELLE: Rubbish!

LUCILE: One moment.

CLÉONTE: Certainly not.

NICOLE: Show a little patience.

COVIELLE: Fiddlesticks!

LUCILE: Just a word.

CLÉONTE: No, that's enough.

NICOLE: One word.

COVIELLE: It's over.

LUCILE: All right! Since you don't want to listen to me, imagine whatever you like, and do what you want.

NICOLE: Since you act like that, just think what you like.

CLÉONTE: Let us know the reason, then, for such a fine welcome.

LUCILE: I no longer want to tell you.

COVIELLE: Let us know what happened.

NICOLE: No, I won't tell you anything.

CLÉONTE: Tell me ...

LUCILE: No, I am not saying anything.

COVIELLE: Tell it ...

NICOLE: No, I'll tell nothing.

CLÉONTE: For pity's sake ...

LUCILE: No, I say.

COVIELLE: Be nice.

NICOLE: It's no use.

CLÉONTE: I beg you.

LUCILE: Leave me alone.

COVIELLE: I plead with you.

NICOLE: Get away.

CLÉONTE: Lucile!

LUCILE: No.

COVIELLE: Nicole!

NICOLE: Never.

CLÉONTE: In Heaven's name! ...

LUCILE: I refuse.

COVIELLE: Talk to me.

NICOLE: Definitely not.

CLÉONTE: Set my mind at rest

LUCILE: No.

COVIELLE: Put an end to my worrying!

NICOLE: No, I don't feel like it.

CLÉONTE: Very well! since you care so little to put an end to my suffering and to justify yourself for the shameful way you have treated my love, you, ungrateful one, are seeing me, for the last time, and I am going far away from you to die of sorrow and love.

COVIELLE: And I will follow him.

LUCILE: Cléonte!

NICOLE: Covielle!

CLÉONTE: What?

COVIELLE: What is it?

LUCILE: Where are you going?

CLÉONTE: Where I told you.

COVIELLE: We are going to die.

LUCILE: You are going to die, Cléonte?

CLÉONTE: Yes, cruel one, since you want it.

LUCILE: I! I want you to die?

CLÉONTE: Yes, you want it.

LUCILE: Who told you that?

CLÉONTE: Don't you want it when you refuse to clear up my suspicions?

LUCILE: Is it my fault? And, if you had listened to me, would I not have told you that the incident you complain of was caused this morning by the presence of an old aunt who insists that the mere sight of a man dishonours a woman? She is constantly lecturing us on this subject, and tells us that all men are like devils we must flee?

NICOLE: That explains the whole business.

CLÉONTE: Are you sure you're not deceiving me, Lucile?

COVIELLE: Aren't you making this up?

LUCILE: It's absolutely true.

NICOLE: That's what really happened.

COVIELLE: Are we going to believe this?

CLÉONTE: Ah! Lucile, how a few words from your lips can soothe my heart, and how easily one can be persuaded by people one loves!

COVIELLE: How easily we are manipulated by these blasted minxes!

SCENE XI (*Madame Jourdain, Cléonte, Lucile, Covielle, Nicole*)

MADAME JOURDAIN: I am very glad to see you, Cléonte and you are here at just the right time. My husband is coming, seize the opportunity to ask for Lucile's hand.

CLÉONTE: Ah! Madame, you ask me to do what I wish most dearly. I could not receive a more welcome request, a more delightful encouragement?

SCENE XII (*Monsieur Jourdain, Madame Jourdain, Cléonte, Lucile, Covielle, Nicole*)

CLÉONTE: Sir, I did not want to ask anyone else to make a request that I have long considered. It is important enough for me to entrust it to no one else; and, without further ado, I will tell you that the honour of being your son-in-law is a glorious gift that I beg you to grant me.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Before giving you a reply, Sir, I'd like you to tell me if you are a gentleman.

CLÉONTE: Sir, when asked that question, most people don't hesitate much. They use the word loosely, without giving it much thought, and the use of it is so common today that it seems normal to take on that title. As for me, I confess, I look at the matter differently. I find any kind of dishonesty unworthy of an honourable man, and I consider it cowardly to hide our origins, to take on a stolen title; to try to appear above one's station. I was born of parents who certainly held honourable positions. I have six years of service in the army, and sufficient wealth to live comfortably; but despite all that I certainly have no wish to take on a title to which others in my place might believe they had a right, and I tell you frankly that I am not a gentleman.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Shake hands, Sir! My daughter is not for you.

CLÉONTE: What?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You are not a gentleman. You will not have my daughter.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What do you mean with your gentleman? Are the two of us descended from St. Louis?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Quiet, wife, I see what you're driving at.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Don't we both come from good middle class stock?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There's that dig again!

MADAME JOURDAIN: And wasn't your father a merchant just like mine?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: A curse on the woman! She always speaks this way! If your father was a merchant, so much the worse for him! But, as for mine, those who say that are misinformed. All that I have to say to you is that I want a son-in-law who is a gentleman.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Your daughter needs a husband who is suitable for her, and it's better for her to have an honest man who is rich and handsome than an ugly gentleman who has no money.

NICOLE: That's true. We have the son of our village squire who is the most awkward creature and the greatest fool I have ever seen.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Hold your tongue, you impertinent girl! You always join in our conversation. I have enough money for my daughter, I need only honour, and I want to make her a marquise.

MADAME JOURDAIN: A marquise?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, a marquise.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Alas! God forbid!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: It's a decision I have made.

MADAME JOURDAIN: As for me, it's something to which I'll never agree to. Marriages above one's station always run into problems. I have absolutely no wish for a son-in-law who will quarrel with my daughter because of her parents' station in life, and I don't want her to have children who will be ashamed to call me their grandmother. If she should come to visit me in her lady's carriage and she failed, by mischance, to greet someone of the neighbourhood, people would immediately say all kinds of stupid things. "Do you see," they would say, "this Madame la Marquise, who puts on such airs? It's Monsieur Jourdain's daughter, who was only too happy, when she was little, to play at being ladies with us. She has not always been as haughty as she is now; and both her grandfathers sold cloth near St. Innocent's Gate. They made money for their children, and perhaps they're now paying dearly for it in the next world, and one can scarcely get that rich being honest." I don't want all that gossip, and in a word, I want a man who will be

grateful to me for my daughter and to whom I can say, "Sit down there, son-in-law, and have dinner with me."

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Here's a perfect example of a small mind, wanting always to remain low class. Don't talk back to me: my daughter will be a marquise in spite of everyone. And, if you make me angry, I'll make a duchess of her.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Cléonte, don't give up yet. Follow me, daughter, and come and tell your father firmly that, if you can't have Cléonte, you don't want to marry anyone.

SCENE XIII (*Cléonte, Covielle*)

COVIELLE: You've now made a fine mess with your honesty!

CLÉONTE: What could I do? I cannot overcome my scruples over this matter, even though others do.

COVIELLE: You really should not take that man seriously? Don't you see that he is a fool? And would it cost you anything to go along with his wild imaginings?

CLÉONTE: You're right. But I didn't think it was necessary to prove one's noble rank to be Monsieur Jourdain's son-in-law.

COVIELLE: Ha, ha, ha!

CLÉONTE: What are you laughing at?

COVIELLE: At a thought that just occurred to me: a way to trick our man and so help you get what you wish.

CLÉONTE: How?

COVIELLE: The idea is really funny.

CLÉONTE: What is it then?

COVIELLE: A short time ago there was a certain masquerade performed here and it will be most useful for us. I intend to make it part of a prank I want to play on our fool. It all seems a little ridiculous; but, with him, one can try anything, there is no reason to be subtle, and he is the type of man to play his role beautifully and to believe any fabrication we want to invent. I have the actors, I have the costumes ready, just leave it to me.

CLÉONTE: But tell me ...

COVIELLE: I'll explain everything. Let's go; he's coming back.

SCENE XIV (*Monsieur Jourdain, Lackey*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How strange! They are always blaming me for mixing with the upper classes and I personally see nothing more beautiful than associating with aristocrats. There is only honour and refinement among them, and I would gladly have sacrificed two fingers to have been born a count or a marquess.

LACKEY: Sir, here's Monsieur le Comte, and he has a lady with him.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Heavens! I have a few orders to give. Tell them I am coming immediately.

SCENE XV (*Dorimène, Dorante, Lackey*)

LACKEY: Monsieur says that he'll be here very soon.

DORANTE: That's fine.

DORIMÈNE: I don't know, Dorante; I feel strange allowing you to bring me to this house where I know no one.

DORANTE: But, Madame, where would you like me to entertain you, since to avoid gossip, you want neither your house nor mine.

DORIMÈNE: But you don't say that every day I am gradually accepting obvious proofs of your love. I try in vain to put up a resistance against such things, but you are so politely persistent that I finally consent to whatever you like. It all began with frequent visits, followed by confessions of love, and after those came serenades and entertainment with presents in their train. I objected to all that, but you don't give up and step by step you are overcoming my resolve. As for me, I can no longer answer for anything, and I believe that in the end you will bring me to marriage, which I have so resolutely avoided.

DORANTE: Really, Madame, you should already have come to it. You are a widow, and answerable only to yourself. I am my own master and I love you more than my life. What prevents you from making my happiness complete this very day?

DORIMÈNE: Alas! Dorante, two people need many qualities to live happily together; and the two most reasonable persons in the world often have trouble making a success of their marriage.

DORANTE: You're wrong, Madame, to imagine so many difficulties, and the experience you had with one marriage doesn't mean all others must also be failures.

DORIMÈNE: Still, I always come back to my point. The expenses that I see you incur for me disturb me for two reasons: one is that they get me more involved than I wish to be; and the other is that I am sure — meaning no offence — that you cannot spend so much without financial inconvenience, and I certainly don't want that.

DORANTE: Ah! Madame, these are trifles, and it isn't by that ...

DORIMÈNE: I know what I'm talking about; and among other gifts, the diamond you forced me to take is worth ...

DORANTE: Oh! Madame, please, don't give so much importance to a thing that my love finds unworthy of you, and allow ... Here's the master of the house.

SCENE XVI (*Monsieur Jourdain, Dorimène, Dorante, Lackey*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: (*After having made two bows, finding himself too near Dorimène.*) A little farther, Madame.

DORIMÈNE: What?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: One step, if you please.

DORIMÈNE: What do you mean?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Step back a little for the third.

DORANTE: Madame, Monsieur Jourdain has good social manners.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Madame, it is a very great honour to me to be fortunate enough to be so happy as to have the joy that you should have had the goodness to grant me the graciousness of doing me the honour of honouring me with the favour of your presence; and, if I also had the merit to merit a merit such as yours, and if Heaven ... envious of my luck ... should have granted me ... the advantage of seeing me worthy ... of the ...

DORANTE: Monsieur Jourdain, that's enough. Madame doesn't like long compliments, and she knows that you're a man of wit. (*Aside to Dorimène*) As you can see, he's a rather ridiculous good bourgeois.

DORIMÈNE: It isn't hard to see it.

DORANTE: Madame, here is the best of my friends.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You're doing me great honour.

DORANTE: A true gentleman.

DORIMÈNE: I respect him greatly.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I have done nothing yet, Madame, to deserve this favour.

DORANTE: (*Aside to Monsieur Jourdain.*) Take care to say nothing to her about the diamond that you have given her.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Can't I even ask her how she likes it?

DORANTE: What? Take care that you don't. That would be loutish of you; and, to act as a gentleman, you must pretend this present was not given by you. (*Aloud.*) Monsieur Jourdain, Madame, says he is delighted to see you in his home.

DORIMÈNE: He honours me greatly.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: How obliged I am to you, Sir, for speaking to her for me in this way!

DORANTE: I've had frightful trouble getting her to come here.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I don't know how to thank you enough.

DORANTE: He says, Madame, that he finds you the most beautiful woman in the world.

DORIMÈNE: He is very kind.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Madame, it is you who are kind, and ...

DORANTE: Let's consider eating.

LACKEY: Everything is ready, sir.

DORANTE: Come then; let us go and sit at table. And bring on the musicians. (*Six cooks, who have prepared the feast, dance together and make the third interlude; after which, they carry in a table covered with many dishes.*)

INTERMISSION

ACT FOUR

SCENE I (*Dorimène, Monsieur Jourdain, Dorante, two Male Musicians, a Female Musician, Lackeys*)

DORIMÈNE: Why, Dorante, that is really a magnificent meal!

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You jest, Madame; I wish it were more worthy of you.

DORANTE: Monsieur Jourdain is right, Madame, to speak in this way, and I am indebted to him for making you so welcome. I agree with him that the meal is not worthy of you. Since it was I who ordered it, and since I do not have the accomplishments of our friends in this matter, you did not have here a very sophisticated meal, and you will have found some incongruities in the

combinations and some barbarism in taste. If Damis, our friend, had been involved, everything would have been according to the rules; everything would have been elegant and appropriate. But, as for me, I confess my ignorance; and, as Monsieur Jourdain has so rightly said, I only wish that the meal were more worthy of you.

DORIMÈNE: I have already replied to this compliment by eating as I have done.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! What beautiful hands!

DORIMÈNE: The hands are ordinary, Monsieur Jourdain; but you are speaking of the diamond, which is very beautiful.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I, Madame? God forbid that I should speak of it; that would not be acting like a gentleman, and the diamond is a very small thing.

DORIMÈNE: You are very fastidious.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You are too kind...

DORANTE: Let's have some wine for Monsieur Jourdain and for these musicians who are going to sing a drinking song.

DORIMÈNE: It is marvellous to season good food with music, and I consider myself admirably entertained.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Madame, it isn't . .

DORANTE: Monsieur Jourdain, let us listen to these singers; what they have to tell us will be more interesting than anything we could say. *(The male singers and the woman singer take the glasses, sing two drinking songs, and are accompanied by all the instrumental ensemble.)*

DRINKING SONGS

TRIO OF SINGERS:

*Buvons, chers amis, buvons :
Le temps qui fuit nous y convie ;
Profitons de la vie
Autant que nous pouvons.
Quand on a passé l'onde noire,
Adieu le bon vin, nos amours ;
Dépêchons-nous de boire,
On ne boit pas toujours.*

*Laissons raisonner les sots
Sur le vrai bonheur de la vie ;*

*Notre philosophie
Le met parmi les pots.
Les biens, le savoir et la gloire
N'ôtent point les soucis fâcheux,
Et ce n'est qu'à bien boire
Que l'on peut être heureux.*

*Sus, sus, du vin partout, versez, garçons, versez,
Versez, versez toujours, tant qu'on vous dise assez.*

DORIMÈNE: I don't believe it's possible to sing better, and that is positively beautiful.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I see something here, Madame, that is even more beautiful.

DORIMÈNE: Aha! Monsieur Jourdain is more gallant than I thought.

DORANTE: What! Madame, what do you take Monsieur Jourdain for?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I would like her to take me at my word.

DORIMÈNE: Again!

DORANTE: You don't know him.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: She may get to know me whenever she feels like it.

DORIMÈNE: Oh! I give up.

DORANTE: He is a man who is always ready with a repartee.

DORIMÈNE: I am captivated by Monsieur Jourdain ...

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: If I could captivate your heart, I would be ...

SCENE II (*Madame Jourdain, Monsieur Jourdain, Dorimène, Dorante, Musicians, Lackeys*)

MADAME JOURDAIN: Aha! I find a happy group of people here, and I see that I was not expected. Was it for these fine goings on, Husband, that you were so eager to send me to dinner at my sister's? I just saw a show over there, and here I see a banquet fit for a wedding. That's how you spend your money, and that's the way you entertain ladies in my absence, treating them to music and dance while you send me on my way.

DORANTE: What do you mean, Madame Jourdain? And what foolish ideas are you getting into your head, thinking that your husband is spending his money, and that it is he who is entertaining Madame? For your information, I am the one who entertains; he is only lending me his house, and you ought to be more careful of what you say.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, you fool. It's Monsieur le Comte who is doing all this for Madame, who is a person of high rank. He does me the honour of using my house and of inviting me.

MADAME JOURDAIN: All that is nonsense. I know what I know.

DORANTE: Please Madame Jourdain, put on better glasses.

MADAME JOURDAIN: I don't need glasses, Sir, I see well enough; I have had suspicions for a long time, and I'm not a fool. This is very unseemly of you, a high class gentleman, to help my husband in his mindless undertakings. And as for you, Madame, it is neither refined nor honest for a great lady to cause discord between man and wife and to put up with my husband's love for you.

DORIMÈNE: What does all this mean? Really Dorante! Are you mad to subject me to the hallucinations of this ridiculous woman.

DORANTE: Madame, wait! Madame, where are you going?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Madame! Monsieur le Comte, apologise to her and try to bring her back. Ah! You rude creature, this is a fine way to act! You come and insult me in front of everybody, and you drive from my house people of high rank.

MADAME JOURDAIN: I couldn't care less about their rank.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I don't know what's stopping me from cracking your skull with the remains of the meal you interrupted, you cursed creature. (*The table is removed*).

MADAME JOURDAIN: I don't care. I am fighting for my rights, and all women will be with me.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You are wise to avoid my rage. She arrived at the wrong time. I was inspired to say pretty things, and I had never felt so witty. What's that?

SCENE III (*Covielle, disguised; Monsieur Jourdain, Lackey*)

COVIELLE: Sir, I don't know if I have the honour to be known to you?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, Sir.

COVIELLE: I saw you when you were no taller than that.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Me?

COVIELLE: Yes. You were the most beautiful child in the world, and all the ladies took you in their arms to kiss you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: To kiss me?

COVIELLE: Yes, I was a great friend of your late father.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Of my late father?

COVIELLE: Yes. He was a very well-bred gentleman.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What did you say?

COVIELLE: I said that he was a very well-bred gentleman.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: My father?

COVIELLE: Yes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: You knew him very well?

COVIELLE: Certainly.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: And you knew him as a gentleman?

COVIELLE: Of course.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Then I don't know what the world is coming to!

COVIELLE: What do you mean?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: There are some fools who tell me that he was a merchant.

COVIELLE: He, a merchant! It's pure slander, he never was. What he did was this: as he was very obliging, very kind and knew all about cloth, he went to various places to select some, had them brought to his house, and gave them to his friends for money.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'm delighted to know you, so you can testify to the fact that my father was a gentleman.

COVIELLE: I'll swear to it to everybody.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I'll be grateful. What business brings you here?

COVIELLE: After meeting your late father, a well-bred gentleman, as I told you, I have travelled all over the world.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: All over the world!

COVIELLE: Yes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I imagine it's a long way from here to there.

COVIELLE: It certainly is. I came back from all my long voyages only four days ago; and because I take an interest in all that concerns you, I have come to bring you the best possible news.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What?

COVIELLE: You know that the son of the Turkish Sultan is here?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Me? No.

COVIELLE: Really! He has a very magnificent retinue; everybody goes to see him, and he has been received in this country as an important nobleman.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Goodness! I didn't know that.

COVIELLE: The advantage for you in this is that he is in love with your daughter.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: The son of the Turkish Sultan?

COVIELLE: Yes. And he wants to be your son-in-law.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: My son-in-law, the son of the Turkish Sultan?

COVIELLE: The son of the Turkish Sultan, your son-in-law. As I went to see him, and as I understand his language perfectly, he spoke with me; and, after some other talk, he said to me, "*Acciam croc soler ouch alla moustaph gidelum amanahem varahini oussera carbulath,*" that is to say, "Haven't you seen a beautiful young person who is the daughter of Monsieur Jourdain, a Parisian gentleman?"

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: The son of the Turkish Sultan says that about me?

COVIELLE: Yes. As I replied that I knew you well and that I had seen your daughter: "*Ah!*" he said to me, "*marababa sahem;*" which means, "Ah, how I love her!"

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: "*Marababa sahem*" means "Ah, how I love her"?

COVIELLE: Yes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Goodness, a good thing you tell me, for I would never have believed that "*marababa sahem*" could mean: "Oh, how I love her!" What a wonderful language Turkish is!

COVIELLE: More wonderful than one might think. Do you know what “*Cacaracamouchen*” means?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: “*Cacaracamouchen*”? No.

COVIELLE: It means, “My dear heart.”

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: “*Cacaracamouchen*” means “My dear heart?”

COVIELLE: Yes.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That’s marvellous! “*Cacaracamouchen*”, my dear heart. Who would have thought it? I’m dumbfounded.

COVIELLE: Finally, to complete my mission, he comes to ask for your daughter in marriage; and in order to have a father-in-law worthy of him, he wants to make you a *Mamamouchi*, which is a certain high rank in his country.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Mamamouchi*?

COVIELLE: Yes, *Mamamouchi*; that is to say, in our language, a Knight Paladin. A Knight Paladin is one of those old... Well, a Knight Paladin! There is no higher rank than that in the world, and you will be the equal of the greatest noblemen of the earth.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: The son of the Turkish Sultan honours me greatly. Please take me to him so that I can thank him.

COVIELLE: What! He is coming here.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: He’s coming here?

COVIELLE: Yes. And he is bringing everything for the ceremony that will confer your new rank upon you.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That seems very quick.

COVIELLE: His love can suffer no delay.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What worries me is that my daughter is a stubborn girl who has got into her head a certain Cléonte, and she swears she’ll marry no one but him.

COVIELLE: She’ll change her mind when she sees the son of the Turkish Sultan; and then there is a remarkable coincidence here: the son of the Turkish Sultan is very much like this Cléonte. I just saw him, someone showed him to me; and the love she has for the one can easily pass to the other, and ... I hear him coming. There he is.

SCENE IV (*Cléonte, as a Turk, with three Pages carrying his outer clothes, Monsieur Jourdain, Covielle, disguised.*)

CLÉONTE: *Ambousahim oqui boraf, Iordina, salamalequi.*

COVIELLE: That means: “Monsieur Jourdain, may your heart be like a flowering rosebush all year long.” This is the polite way of speaking in those countries.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I am his Turkish Highness’ most humble servant.

COVIELLE: *Carigar camboto oustin moraf.*

CLÉONTE: *Oustin yoc catamalequi basum base alla moran.*

COVIELLE: He says: “Heaven give you the strength of lions and the wisdom of snakes.”

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: His Turkish Highness honours me too much, and I wish him all sorts of good things.

COVIELLE: *Ossa binamen sadoc babally oracaf ouram.*

CLÉONTE: *Bel-men.*

COVIELLE: He says that you should go with him quickly to prepare yourself for the ceremony; so you can then see your daughter and conclude the marriage.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: So many things in two words?

COVIELLE: Yes; Turkish is like that, it says a lot in few words. Go quickly where he wants.

SCENE V (*Dorante, Covielle*)

COVIELLE: Ha, ha, ha! Goodness, that was hilarious. What a dupe! If he had learned his part by heart, he could not have played it better. Ah! Ah! Please, Sir, could you help us here in something we are planning?

DORANTE: Ah! Ah! Covielle, who would have recognized you? How you are rigged out!

COVIELLE: You see, ha, ha!

DORANTE: What are you laughing at?

COVIELLE: At a thing, Sir, that well deserves it.

DORANTE: What?

COVIELLE: You will never guess, Sir, the trick we are playing on Monsieur Jourdain to get him to give his daughter to my master.

DORANTE: I can't guess the trick, but I am sure it will succeed, since you are in charge.

COVIELLE: I see, Sir, that you know me well.

DORANTE: Tell me what it is.

COVIELLE: Come over here to make room for what I see coming. You can watch part of the action, while I tell you the rest.

The Turkish ceremony

ACT FIVE**SCENE I** (*Madame Jourdain, Monsieur Jourdain*)

MADAME JOURDAIN: Ah, Heavens! Mercy! What is all this? What a sight! Are you dressed for a masquerade, and is this Carnival time? Come, speak, what is this? Who has rigged you up like that?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Look at this foolish woman who speaks in this way to a *Mamamouchi*!

MADAME JOURDAIN: What do you mean?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, you must show me respect now, as I've just been made a *Mamamouchi*.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What do you mean by your *Mamamouchi*?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Mamamouchi*, I tell you. I'm a Mamamouchi.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What animal is that?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Mamamouchi*, that is to say, in our language, Knight Paladin.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Baladin! Are you of an age to dance in ballets?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What an ignorant woman! I said Paladin. It's a dignity which has just been bestowed upon me in a ceremony.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What ceremony?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Mahometa-per-Jordina*.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What does that mean?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Jordina*, that is to say, Jourdain.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Very well, what about Jourdain?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Voler far un Paladina de Jordina*.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Dar turbanta con galera*.

MADAME JOURDAIN: What does that mean?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Per deffender Canadana.*

MADAME JOURDAIN: What are you trying to say?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Dara, dara, bastonnara.*

MADAME JOURDAIN: What jargon is this?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Non tener honta, questa star l'ultima affronta.*

MADAME JOURDAIN: What in the world is all that?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: *Hou la ba, Ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.*

MADAME JOURDAIN: Alas! Oh Lord, my husband has gone mad.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Peace, insolent woman! Show respect to Monsieur Mamamouchi.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Has he lost his mind? I must hurry to stop him from going out. Ah! Ah! This is the last straw! I see nothing but sadness everywhere.

SCENE II (*Dorante, Dorimène*)

DORANTE: Yes, Madame, you are going to see the most amusing thing imaginable. I don't think it would be possible to find another man as crazy as this one in the whole world. Also, Madame, we must try to help Cléonte by going along with his masquerade. He's a very well-bred man and deserves our help.

DORIMÈNE: I think highly of him and he deserves happiness.

DORANTE: Besides that, Madame, we have another ballet performance that we shouldn't miss, it was my idea and I want to see if it will be a success.

DORIMÈNE: I saw magnificent preparations over there, and I can no longer permit this, Dorante. Yes, I finally want to put an end to your extravagances and to stop all these expenses that you incur for me, I have decided to marry immediately with you. This is the real solution and all these sorts of things end with marriage, as you know.

DORANTE: Ah! Madame, is it possible that you should have come to such a welcome decision?

DORIMÈNE: It is only to stop you from becoming ruined; otherwise, I see clearly that before long you would not have a penny left.

DORANTE: How grateful I am to you, Madame, for the care you take to protect my wealth! It belongs to you, as well as my heart, and you may use them in whatever fashion you please.

DORIMÈNE: I'll use them both wisely. But here is your man: his appearance is wonderful.

SCENE III (*Monsieur Jourdain, Dorante, Dorimène*)

DORANTE: Sir, we come to pay homage, Madame and I, to your new high rank, and to rejoice with you at the marriage between your daughter and the son of the Turkish Sultan.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I wish you the strength of snakes and the wisdom of lions.

DORIMÈNE: I am very glad, Sir, to be one the first to come to congratulate you on rising to such a high degree of honour.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Madame, may your rosebush bloom all year long. I am infinitely grateful to you for taking an interest in the honour bestowed upon me; and I am very happy that you have come back here, so I can humbly beg your indulgence for the ridiculous behaviour of my wife.

DORIMÈNE: That's nothing. I excuse her reaction: your heart must be precious to her, and it is natural that the possession of such a man as you should inspire some jealousy.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: My heart is wholly yours.

DORANTE: You see, Madame, that Monsieur Jourdain is not one of those men blinded by good fortune, and that even in the midst of his glory, he still knows how to acknowledge his friends.

DORIMÈNE: It is the mark of a noble soul.

DORANTE: Where then is His Turkish Highness? As your friends, we want, to pay him our respects.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Here he comes, and I have sent for my daughter to give him her hand.

SCENE IV (*Cléonte, Covielle, Monsieur Jourdain, etc.*)

DORANTE: Sir, we come to bow to Your Highness as friends of your father-in-law, and respectfully assure you that we are at your service.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Where's the interpreter to tell him who you are and to make him understand what you are saying? You will see that he will reply to you, and that he speaks Turkish marvellously. Hey there! Where the devil has he got to? (*To Cléonte*). *Strouf, strif, strof, straf*. Monsieur is a *grande Segnore, grande Segnore, grande Segnore*. And Madame is a *granda Dama, granda Dama*. Ahi! He, Monsieur, he French *Mamamauchi*, and Madame also French lady *Mamamouchie*. I can't speak more clearly. Good, here's the interpreter. Where are you going? We can't say anything without you. Tell him, that Monsieur and Madame are persons of high rank, who, as my friends, have come to pay their respects to him, and to assure him they are at his service. You'll see how he will reply.

COVIELLE: *Alabala crociam acci boram alabamen.*

CLÉONTE: *Catalequi tubal ourin soter amalouchan.*

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: See?

COVIELLE: He says that he wishes the rain of prosperity to water the garden of your family in all seasons.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I told you that he speaks Turkish!

DORANTE: That's wonderful.

SCENE V (*Lucile, Monsieur Jourdain, Dorante, Dorimène, etc.*)

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Come, daughter; come here and give your hand to Monsieur who does you the honor of asking for you in marriage.

LUCILE: Goodness! Father, how funny you look! Are you playing in a comedy?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: No, no, this is not a comedy, it's a very serious matter, and as full of honour for you as one could possibly wish. There is the husband I am giving you.

LUCILE: To me, father?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes, to you. Come, put your hand in his, and give thanks to Heaven for your happiness.

LUCILE: I do not wish to marry.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I wish it, I, who am your father.

LUCILE: I'll do nothing of the sort.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! What a fuss! Come, I tell you. Give me your hand.

LUCILE: No, Father, I told you, there is no power on earth that can make me take any other husband than Cléonte. And I will take extreme measures rather than ... It's true that you are my father; I owe you complete obedience; and you have the right to dispose of me as you wish.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! I am delighted to see you return so promptly to your duty, and I am pleased to have an obedient daughter.

SCENE VI (*Madame Jourdain, Monsieur Jourdain, Cléonte, etc.*)

MADAME JOURDAIN: What now? What's this? They say that you want to marry your daughter to a clown?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Will you be quiet, foolish woman? You always have absurd comments on everything, and there's no teaching you to be reasonable.

MADAME JOURDAIN: You're the one who cannot be taught common sense, and you go from folly to folly. What do you have in mind, and what do you expect from such a match?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I want to marry our daughter to the son of the Turkish Sultan.

MADAME JOURDAIN: To the son of the Turkish Sultan?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Yes. Greet him through the interpreter there.

MADAME JOURDAIN: I don't need an interpreter; and I'll tell him straight out myself, to his face, that there is no way he will have my daughter.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I ask again, will you be quiet?

DORANTE: What! Madame Jourdain, do you refuse such good fortune as this? You reject His Turkish Highness as your son-in-law?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Goodness, Sir, mind your own business.

DORIMÈNE: It's a great honour, which should not be despised.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Madame, I beg you also not to concern yourself with what isn't your business.

DORANTE: It's the friendship we have for you that makes us take an interest in your affairs.

MADAME JOURDAIN: I can do without your friendship.

DORANTE: Your daughter agrees to do as her father wishes.

MADAME JOURDAIN: My daughter is willing to marry a Turk?

DORANTE: Certainly.

MADAME JOURDAIN: She can forget Cléonte?

DORANTE: What wouldn't a woman do to become a Lady?

MADAME JOURDAIN: I would strangle her with my own hands if she had done anything of the kind.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Talk, talk, talk! I tell you, this marriage will take place.

MADAME JOURDAIN: And I tell you it will not.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Oh, what a fuss!

LUCILE: Mother!

MADAME JOURDAIN: Go away, you're a hussy.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: What! You quarrel with her for obeying me?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes. She is mine as much as yours.

COVIELLE: Madame!

MADAME JOURDAIN: What do you want to tell me?

COVIELLE: A word.

MADAME JOURDAIN: I don't need your word.

COVIELLE: (*To Monsieur Jourdain*) Sir, if she will listen to a word in private, I promise to make her consent to what you want.

MADAME JOURDAIN: I'll never consent.

COVIELLE: Just listen to me.

MADAME JOURDAIN: No.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Listen to him.

MADAME JOURDAIN: No, I don't want to listen to him.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: He is going tell you ...

MADAME JOURDAIN: I don't want him to tell me anything.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Typical female stubbornness! Will it hurt you to listen to him?

COVIELLE: Just listen to me; after that you can do as you please.

MADAME JOURDAIN: All right! What?

COVIELLE: (*Aside to Madame Jourdain*) Madame, we've been signalling to you for ages. Don't you see that all this is done only to conform to the mad ideas of your husband, that we are fooling him under this disguise and that it is Cléonte himself who is the son of the Turkish Sultan?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Ah! Ah!

COVIELLE: And I, Covielle, who am the interpreter?

MADAME JOURDAIN: Ah! If that's the case then, I give in.

COVIELLE: Don't let on.

MADAME JOURDAIN: Yes, it's done, I agree to the marriage.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Ah! Now everyone's reasonable. You didn't want to listen to him. I knew he would explain to you what it means to be the son of the Turkish Sultan.

MADAME JOURDAIN: He explained it to me very well, and I am satisfied. Let us send for a notary.

DORANTE: Very well said. And now, Madame Jourdain, to set your mind at rest, and so that you may from now on cease being jealous of your husband, Madame and I shall make use of the same notary to marry us.

MADAME JOURDAIN: I agree to that also.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: That's to take her in, isn't it?

DORANTE: (*Aside to Monsieur Jourdain*) It's only to deceive her.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: Good, good! Let someone go and get the notary.

MADAME JOURDAIN: And Nicole?

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: I give her to the interpreter.

COVIELLE: Thank you, Sir.

MONSIEUR JOURDAIN: And my wife to whoever wants her.