

François-André Danican Philidor (1726-1795)
Sancho Pança, gouverneur dans l'île de Barataria

An *opéra-bouffon* in one act
Libretto by Antoine-Alexandre-Henri Poinciset (1735-1769)
Edition: Le Sr. Hue, Paris

Sancho Pança Darren Perry, Baritone
Thérèse (his wife) / Une Gouvernante Elizabeth Calleo, Soprano
Lope Tocho / Le Fermier / Un Barbier Karim Sulayman, Tenor
Juliette / La Bergère / Une Paysanne Meghan McCall, Soprano
Le Docteur / Don Crispinos / Le Tailleur Tony Boutté, Tenor
Torillos / Le Procureur Eric Christopher Black, Baritone
Un Paysan Andrew Sauvageau, Baritone

Scene 1: the stage represents an ornate hall. Thérèse Pança and Lope Tocho enter.

Scene I

THERESE

At last we've arrived. We'll get to see this fine Governor. I'll bet my old man doesn't suspect that I'm right on his heels. Oh, by gum*, I can't wait to meet that little personage they tell me he's fallen in love with, despite the conjugal fidelity he owes me! You know, don't you, Monsieur Lope – as does the whole village—what good care I've taken of him?

*(*Thérèse uses various corruptions of "notre dame" (by our Lady) as mild oaths. I've translated them as "by gum.")*

LOPE

Peace, Dame Thérèse. You say that like a reproach. Calm yourself. Your good man Sancho is too wise for that. Don't believe these slanders, and remember our business here.

THERESE

Oh yes, I'll keep in mind that you're marrying our daughter, that's settled. But how lovely it is here, my boy! What columns! What gold! What grand furniture! If there's more like this, by gum, you'd almost have to say it's not such a bad thing that our man suddenly became Governor... or Prince!

LOPE

No, I tell you, I'm in on the secret. All that glitters is not gold. This is a little spot they've created for papa Sancho. He talks of nothing but Principalities and Governorships, so they've given him to believe that one has been granted him here. It's all for the amusement of a Duke and a Duchess – people are keeping them informed about what happens here.

THERESE

In truth, it's not nice for great lords to make fun of the poor like this.

LOPE

Your husband, the people of the house tell me, is very funny and so simple!

THERESE

Ah, nonsense. Still waters run deep. It's a trick. He's a sly old fox who's given me a load of trouble. Look at the lovely recompense I get in return!

ARIETTE (Thérèse)

You should see him in the village when he's coming from the tavern.

He's drunk. He makes a ruckus.

What a torment when he comes home, what a torment!

Once again, some slaps have to finish the argument.

Hands don't stay in pockets!

Pif paf! Pif paf!

One gives them, the other gives them back.

Pif paf! Pif paf!

When the work never stops and a husband does his duty,

During the day,

A wife may grumble, but she quiets down at night.

She quiets down at night.

LOPE TOCHO

Well, it *is* true that our friend Sancho is a bit of a gourmand.

THERESE

It was all I could do to bear him with all his vices, whether the old goat was brawling or grazing. Indeed, I am much obliged to Seigneur Don Quichotte for having given him the post of "Squire Errant." It is always a great service to do for a poor woman, to get rid of her husband. Nevertheless, I am not going to put up with him making love to another woman. The moment I learned of his fine behavior, I packed my bag and came to put things in order.

LOPE

You did very well. You hope he'll consent to what we've come to ask: that he give up all this knight business (which never brought him anything but knocks to the head), that he come to live with us on my farm (where he'll lack nothing), and that he grant me his little Sancha in marriage.

THERESE

He'll give you Sancha! As my name is Therèse, that will happen! Fools make the feasts, but wise men eat them! There isn't a governor or government that can stand in the way. You're our friend, our companion, and our neighbor. You love our daughter and she looks favorably on you. That's enough. I'm her mother, and even if her father were four times the man he is, it would still be up to me. Oh, don't think for a minute that I will cater to him after the affront he's been so shameless as to do to me.

LOPE

You keep coming back to that! Leave it! It's base to be so jealous.

THERESE

To douse my jealousy, there's plenty of time. Oh, it's not that I love him. But one has a heart. One is sensitive. One remembers what is due one. And who knows? Maybe since becoming a great man, he's not drunk every evening now.

LOPE

Once more, please think of my marriage, which will unite us. You'll come live on my estate, a farm where you'll smile better than at a palace where you dance. You'll be the mistress, your daughter will manage the household, Sancho will handle the kitchen, I'll take care of business, and joy will reign!

ARIETTE (Lope)

In the great houses, they say, one sees always
A duchess, a princess
Dancing, sleeping, dancing, sleeping on the tiles.

On my farm, I want people to laugh!
There's never any trouble.
All day, my dear good woman,
And the evening, it's "do as you please",
Our mistress will have nothing to complain about!

Both halves repeat

THERESE

Oh, enough! It seems like I'm there already! I will be so completely happy! Leave it to me to bring him along. I'll talk to him sweetly. But if he balks, just watch what I do.

LOPE

Peace! I hear a sound. He's coming, let's be silent.

Scene II

SANCHO (*enters with several servants who bow to him*)

Leave off your reverences! I don't like things like that: courtesy is treason! Go feed my donkey and get me my dinner right away!

TRIO (Lope, Therèse, Sancho)

THERESE

Yes, it's him!
What a figure he's
cutting!
One can scarcely believe
it!

LOPE

Is it him?

What a pleasant manner!
One can scarcely believe
it!

SANCHO

That's my wife!
What adventure is this?
I didn't expect her!

SANCHO

What does this mean that you laugh?
Why these guffaws?

THERESE and LOPE
My dear sir/My dear husband!

THERESE
He's so funny! He's so funny!

THERESE and LOPE
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

SANCHO
I think she's gone crazy!

THERESE
He's so funny you just can't believe it!

SANCHO
Quiet down with this "Monsieur So Funny."

THERESE and LOPE
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

SANCHO
Shut up, you, Therèse!
Shut up unless you want to feel the weight of my fist!

THERESE
Don't try it! Don't try it!
I have two fists myself!

LOPE
Oh, don't get angry!
For heaven's sake, don't get mad!

SANCHO
If you don't want to feel the
weight of my fist!
I think she's gone mad!

THERESE
Who'd believe it, my dear
husband!
AH! AH! AH!

LOPE
Oh, these are fine doings, my
dear sir!
Who'd believe it!

SANCHO
Shut up, Therèse, unless you want to feel the weight of my fist!

LOPE
Oh, please don't fault us for a little pleasantry! I have come to talk to you about a very serious matter.

THERESE
Yes! And I've a few things to say, as well! Well, Mr. Gallant Lover, may we know the latest about your little girlfriend?

SANCHO
What is that supposed to mean?

THERESE (*leading LOPE to SANCHO*)
Talk, talk.

LOPE
Perhaps you don't recognize me. I'm Lope Tocho, the nephew of your friend Jean Tocho.

SANCHO
Oh, my old pal Tocho! How is he doing?

LOPE
Very well! He's dead, but that doesn't alter the case. He left me all his money, because I am all alone, and in addition a fine estate, of which I have become the farmer.

SANCHO
Good for you! You're rich, so you can dine twice a day. But a gilded death doesn't make the horse any better. So...

THERESE
Oh, I like that! Doesn't it make the horse more expensive? Yes, it does!

LOPE

Please, Dame Therèse, let me talk.

THERESE

But, look! Does it take all this talking to tell him that his daughter is now as big as her mother and father, which means that she needs to look after herself, and that it's better to marry her off than to do something stupid. Look at the good boy who is asking for her!

SANCHO

What?

LOPE

Yes! So it is! I already have a promise from your daughter and from your wife. I could have gone ahead without yours, but out of courtesy....

SANCHO

So you know that I need all my good sense not to respond to you with a thousand absurdities? It is not among our vines you look for pearls! Listen to him!
Give the daughter of a Governor to a peasant!

THERESE

A peasant, by gum! You want your daughter to marry in a palace where she'd be afraid to set foot for all the people making fun of her and of you? Sancha wears a cotton apron, and that suits her better than silken slippers! Everyone should measure himself by his own ruler. Truly, if they were to call my daughter "Madame," I'd have to be called "My Queen."

LOPE

Bravo! Continue!

SANCHO

Did you just say, my opinionated and stubborn wife, that when Fortune knocks, one should slam the door in its face? Do you want to remain as you are always, no higher, no lower, like some figure woven into a tapestry? Look at me! I'm Governor! I want my daughter to become a Countess, a Baroness, maybe even a Duchess! That's my fantasy!

ARIETTE (Sancho)

I want Sancha to sparkle and bring honor to my family.
One should say that she's the daughter of Monseigneur Sancho Pança!
Sancho Pança the Governor!
What an honor for my family!
In her train one will see lackeys and pages.
In the richest carriages my daughter will shine!
Their eyes wide open, their mouths agape,
People will ask "Who is that child?"
And someone will answer: "That is the daughter of Monseigneur Sancho Pança!"
What an honor for my family!
She'll appear at court! The King himself will take her there.
The Queen will embrace her. Every courtier will envy the happiness of my offspring.
And that of her papa!
Everyone will say, "That is the daughter of Monseigneur Sancho Pança, the Governor!"
What an honor for my family!

LOPE

But listen to reason! What do you have to say, Dame Therèse?

THERESE (*her face behind her apron*)

Oh, how this disappoints me! (*she stamps her foot*) Oh, all your pretensions will be the ruin of your daughter! You can know where you come from, but you can't know where you're headed! I have never liked social climbing! I am Therèse, my father was Père Coscayo, and that's that. If our daughter were to walk around the village with the airs of quality, everyone would say, "Oh, look at that Mam'selle! It's been four days since she sat at the loom, and she comes out in public with a napkin on her head! That's how it is in society! But there's no smoke without fire – her father is Governor, and that's that!" Oh, I'll shut their mouths for them, I will! As long as I have the five or six senses nature gave me, Sancha will not be a Princess. I will never give my consent!

SANCHO

Chatterbox though you are, you've said it well! Well put! That's just what I was thinking: Sancha will be a Countess when you're dead!

THERESE

I'd sooner be dead than see her even a Baroness!

SANCHO

Oh, there's no company so good that it's not worth leaving, as the good King says. *(starts to leave)*

LOPE

What? You'd taunt us so?

THERESE

Oh, pardon us! It's easy to see: this grand Monseigneur wants to go visit his little darling!

SANCHO

Once and for all, what are you trying to say? *(to himself)* She's found out!

THERESE

Oh, I know the latest about you, I do! But I'm going to let you know our news, too!

SANCHO

Listen, Therèse...

THERESE

I listen to nothing! I'm going to find a few things out. If, by chance, your little honey has a mother and a father, and I'm going to let them know about your fine conduct.

SANCHO

Watch out you don't get hit over the head!

LOPE

Are you two going to start bickering again? You're the strangest family in the world! Calm down, Dame Therèse, and you, Papa, so full of pride. I vow that you will give your daughter to me, and that you will be happy to come live with us when you give up your fine Government.

SANCHO

What a weak brain! I pity you! *(to himself)* I have to get away from them! *(aloud)* So, my boy, if I ever give up my Government, then it's settled – I'll give you my daughter and I'll be all yours.

LOPE

Then all has been said.

SANCHO

I agree. Someone is coming.

LOPE

(starting to take his leave) Your servant. Dear father-in-law, before the day is over, I will come with a troop of peasants from our village and with them I will find you. You can count on us.

SANCHO

Your servant, your servant.

THERESE

Adieu. If you ever make my daughter a countess ... man ... watch out!

(they exit, TORRILLOS enters)

Scene III

TORILLOS

I've come to announce....

SANCHO

Dinner?

TORILLOS

No, in truth.

SANCHO

Too bad.

TORILLOS

Dinner won't be served until this evening.

SANCHO

What does this mean ... this evening? I wish in my absolute authority that I be served three times a day!

TORILLOS

The custom

SANCHO

The custom is idiotic, and you are, too!

TORILLOS

Excuse me, illustrious Don Sancho....

SANCHO

Who are you talking to? I tell you politely and frankly that I am no Don. I am called Pança, short and sweet. My father's name was Pança and my grandfather's name was Pança. I don't like titles or seignuries. They're like fancy clothes. There are so many idiots who have them that you can't tell them apart any more than you can stand them.

TORILLOS

Oh, well, Seigneur Sancho, short and sweet: there are inhabitants of the island coming to have a look at their new Governor.

SANCHO (*aside*)

These folks have chosen a bad time. I'm waiting for my dear Juliette.

TORILLOS

These are the people in your charge, and they come to pay respects.

SANCHO

The devil! Then I have to appear.

TORILLOS

Indubitably.

SANCHO

I'd rather that someone made my dinner appear.

TORILLOS

Here they are.

Scene IV

SIMPHONIE and CHORUS

ALL THE INHABITANTS

We sing welcome to our new Governor:

GOVERNESS and FEMALE PEASANT

And also every greeting
And also every greeting

THE OTHERS

Honor, honor.

SANCHO

I'm am content to have that continue.

ALL THE INHABITANTS

Monseigneur, listen to us.
We appeal to you.

SANCHO

My children, explain yourselves.

BARBER
Find housing for my
family,
I'll groom your donkey.

F. PEASANT
My cousin is in prison.
Protect an innocent.

M. PEASANT
Marry my daughter.

GOVERNESS
Take me as
governess.

TAILOR
I'll have the honor to
be
tailor...

M. PEASANT
...farmer...

GROCER
...grocer...

BARBER
....barber...

THE FOUR MEN
To Monseigneur the Governor

SANCHO
I don't know who to listen to.

TORILLOS
Answer them, Monseigneur!

THE FOUR MEN
Listen to us!

SANCHO
Be quiet!

THE FOUR MEN
Listen to us!

SANCHO
I don't know who to listen to!

F. PEASANT
Protect and innocent!

GOVERNESS
Take me as
governess.

BARBER
Find housing for my
family.
I'll groom your donkey.

GOVERNESS
Marry my daughter.

TAILOR
I'll have the honor to
be
tailor...

M. PEASANT
...farmer...

GROCER
...grocer...

BARBER
....barber...

SANCHO
I don't know who to listen to.
What do these idiots want of me?

ALL THE INHABITANTS
Monseigneur, these are our petitions.

SANCHO
You'll make me deaf! Someone chase these idiots away! Get along, may the wolf eat you all! Still, in the end I can see that there's no getting around it – reform is needed here,

TORILLOS (*who has stepped out for a moment, then returned*)
Monseigneur, there is a young lady of the island asking...

SANCHO (*aside*)
That will be my little Juliette! Oh, I'm furious! If only all these irksome people had not come!

TORILLOS
Do you wish her to enter?

SANCHO
Assuredly. Is it right for people of my rank to refuse anything to lovely young girls? But tell me, my friend, couldn't you politely use your stick to drive away this pack of chatterboxes? And afterwards, I pray you, my dear comrade, could you spread a tablecloth, or maybe not, as you wish, but very simply put out two or three plates, a little beef, some bacon, a few turnips, some onions, and a little cheese? I am not difficult, and I will love you with all my heart. (*he embraces him*)

TORILLOS (*making a sign for the others to leave*)
(*aside*) I will go alert his wife and give notice to the Duke of the first actions of our noble Governor. (*he exits*)

Scene V

JULIETTE (*entering*)
Good day, Monsieur Sancho.

SANCHO
Good day, my lovely little friend. How pretty you are!

JULIETTE
At your service, Monsieur the Governor.

SANCHO
Peace – wait a moment. It is important that no one sees or hears us. Among us, the great Lords, one says even walls have ears.

JULIETTE
It's true, one does say that. You see, I've come just as I promised, while my mother is out and without letting my lover know.

SANCHO
What do you mean? At your age you already have a lover?

JULIETTE
Oh, yes. And a big one, too. But that's nothing!

SANCHO
No. It's something. To me it's a lot of something.

JULIETTE
Oh, I don't love him at all, because he's a bad man who only knows how to shout and hit.

SANCHO
And me, my little one?

JULIETTE
Oh, I love you very much. Because you have promised to make me a queen.

SANCHO
Truly, I still promise you that, on my honor as a Squire Errant.

JULIETTE
What is that?

SANCHO
You don't know what a Squire Errant is? Hell, it's a thing which is always on the brink of either becoming a Governor or getting beaten up, sometimes starving to death, sometimes eating for four. But enough of that – it's enough that you do not love your other lover. A big fellow, all round like me, who can give you courage and health, will please you better as a husband.

JULIETTE (*softly*)
Oh, I don't know.

SANCHO
Does it please you?

JULIETTE
Oh, no! You make me embarrassed, and your manner makes me laugh!

SANCHO (*aside*)
What an innocent! How that suits me! Oh, that old hussy Therèse! If you could be stricken with some sudden death!

JULIETTE
But I know that I'd like you to make me a queen or a grand lady right away to enrage my uncle, aunt, brother, and cousin.

SANCHO

What have they done to you, Juliette?

JULIETTE

Just look! They go out from morning to evening and leave me all alone, all alone, saying, "Little girl, stay here. Guard the house." As if they're afraid it's going to run away!

SANCHO

What! You don't have any amusements?

JULIETTE

None at all. Well, maybe some, sometimes. For example....

ARIETTE (Juliette)

I go into my garden all alone to gather carnations and roses.
To my delight I bedeck my bosom.
My hand touches every flower.
I feel good, I feel very good.
But something is lacking.
I feel good, I feel very good.
But something is still lacking.
I listen to my little parrot who tells me, "Kiss me, kiss, kiss, kiss, I love you."
My mouth responds in kind, we repeat it in unison,
"Kiss me, kiss, kiss, kiss, I love you."
I enjoy this conversation even though he doesn't know what it means.
(literally: "without untangling its meaning.")
The bird's pleasure augments my own, he often nestles in my bosom.
I feel good, I feel very good.
But something is still lacking.
I feel good, I feel very good.
But something is still lacking.

SANCHO

Yes, truly. And that something is well necessary. Oh, look.... (aside) There's still Therèse! But she will know nothing of it. Youth has always been my weakness. (aloud)
Listen. There is only one word that serves the purpose. And one good "yours" is better than two "you might have's". (the equivalent of "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.") I understand what one says to me. (Literally, "I am the master of what one says to me.") Stay with me.

CHANSONETTE (Sancho & Juliette)

SANCHO

You will be my Dulcinea.
I will caress you, cherish you, caress you
All the day.
Will you be pleased with that? With that?

JULIETTE (bowing)

Oh, yes. Oh, yes.
It shall be, Monsieur, exactly as you wish.

SANCHO

As soon as my wife dies –
She is old, evil.
The devil will take her away,
She will die. She will die.
Then, dear child, Sancho will marry you.

JULIETTE (bowing)

Oh, yes. Oh, yes.
It shall be, Monsieur, exactly as you wish.

SANCHO

Don Quichotte my master has gone to make himself Emperor.
One of these mornings perhaps,
On account of his valor,
Sancho will be a prince of a province,
Which he'll lay at your feet.

JULIETTE (*bowing*)
Oh, yes. Oh, yes.
It shall be, Monsieur, exactly as you wish.

JULIETTE (*bowing*)
Oh, yes. Oh, yes.
It shall be, Monsieur, exactly as you wish.

SANCHO
And then, without too much effort,
My master one day may make me a little king, a little king.
I'll make you a little queen.
Do you consent to that? To that?

JULIETTE (*bowing*)
Oh, yes. Oh, yes.
It shall be, Monsieur, exactly as you wish.

SANCHO
It will not be anything but what I wish.

SANCHO

What docility! You deserve to be queen! Not like you, bitch of Mauricaude (*this is a dig at Therèse, but I can't find out what "Mauricaude" means – the only references I dig up are to a book called "Continuation de l'histoire de l'admirable Don Quichotte de la Manche" By Robert Challes [where Sancho's wife is called "La Mauricaude"] and this passage itself.*) But patience. Good things don't come all at once. Look at me, Governor this year. It's to be hoped that soon I will be a widower.

Scene VI

THERESE (*entering*)

Oh, this will not be true! Better that you have a hundred feet of dirt on your head (*i.e. be dead and buried*) than I have two inches of dirt on mine (*i.e. suffer this disgrace*).

SANCHO (*aside*)

The minx! Who would have thought her so close by?

THERESE

Finally I catch you in the act, you old libertine, you old drunk, you old ingrate! Look at the fine reward I get for all my love! You don't imagine that I'll put with this. I'd rather see you dead ten times over than have you so much as look at another.

JULIETTE (*aside*)

What an evil woman!

SANCHO

Believe me, Therèse, you'd better shut up!

THERESE

Truly, I should shut up! That's well said, if I want to!

ARIETTE (Therèse)

Don't come to me looking for a fight.
It's not for me, in truth, to pay your little vixen here compliments,
Admire her! Admire her!
How pretty she is! What a gracious air!
(*she pretends to fawn on Juliette, who curtsies to her*)
How pretty she is! How pretty she is!
(*she flies into a rage*)
I dream of strangling both of you.
I am not afraid.
Even if you are the Governor,
Fortunately, I am thereby Governess.
I have the right.
I'll make you shape up. (*literally "march straight."*)
Admire her! Admire her!
How pretty she is! What a gracious air!
How pretty she is! How pretty she is!
I dream of strangling both of you.
I am not afraid.
Even if you are the Governor,
Fortunately, I am thereby Governess.
I have the right.

I'll make you shape up.

SANCHO

The safest thing is for me to run away from here.

JULIETTE (*to Therèse*)

Madame, don't hit me!

THERESE (*stopping SANCHO*)

Don't even think of trying to escape. And you, little fox, don't you blush at your age to come debauch other women's husbands?

JULIETTE

You don't know what you're saying. Did I seek out your husband? I don't want him, I don't care about him. He's the one who offered to make me a queen in spite of myself. What do I know? If you're afraid of losing him, why let him out of your sight?

THERESE

What! This one argues with me! Don't try it. (*literally: You're not there.*) I have already alerted your entire family, and your big beanpole of a lover is coming right away, looking for you!

JULIETTE

I'm lost!

SANCHO

I don't know who's keeping me here, you double minx!

Scene VII

DON CRISPINOS (*entering*)

Where are they? Where are they? Oh, there you are, Mam'selle! The plague should come and take you! What's wrong with you? (*literally: "What do you have?"*)

JULIETTE

Nothing! Nothing!

DON CRISPINOS

I've been eager to find you, and you too, my fine gentleman.

SANCHO

Monsieur, in truth you're all good!

DON CRISPINOS

You need to account for your little adventure here. We want to know why you made an escape from your paternal home and who drew you here.

THERESE

I already told you she came to make love with my husband.

DON CRISPINOS

Make love...

SANCHO

Would you shut up?

JULIETTE

It's not true.

THERESE

What! Didn't I see who took your hand and hear you say, "Oh yes, oh yes"?

SANCHO

Oh, if I could hold the bitch's tongue!

DON CRISPINOS

Talking love to my intended! Committing an outrage against a noble Spaniard! Come, little flirt, come home immediately. And you, my good woman, rely on me. (*Juliette exits*) I will undertake your revenge.

THERESE

Many thanks, Monsieur.

DON CRISPINOS

Go with her.

THERESE

Oh, no! I won't leave him, the pest. He is too likely to chicken out if one leaves him.

Scene VIII

LOPE (*entering*)

I'm looking for you. Come quickly, Dame Therèse.

THERESE

No, my boy! I have reasons to stay here.

LOPE

And I have some to take you elsewhere. The company is arriving for us. (*The villagers he spoke about earlier*)

THERESE

But...

LOPE (*leading her away*)

Come along. I'll come right back.

Scene IX

DON CRISPINOS

(*aside*) Good! We're alone!

SANCHO

(*aside*)

They've all left. I don't trust in my own safety with that man here. Let's get out of here. (*aloud*) Monsieur, I am your servant.

DON CRISPINOS (*taking off his hat*)

I am not yours.

SANCHO

As you wish. Wishes are free! (*literally: Free will is at liberty.*)

DON CRISPINOS

One moment, if you please. Are you a knight?

SANCHO

Oh, by gosh, my shoulders still recall the honor.

DON CRISPINOS

I am eager to know: do you recognize me?

SANCHO

No, I've just arrived here.

DON CRISPINOS

I am called Don Crispinos Alonzos Tapaginos Dellos Fuentes Peyros.

SANCHO

Oh, well, Monsieur Tapaginet Cripinot Peyrot, I don't know you, I have no doubt. I come from my vineyards (*i.e. my own part of the world*) and don't know a thing. Not who you serve, who pays you, who saddles your horse. (*literally: who loads your mount*)

Good day, good year!

DON CRISPINOS

And you really think you've excused yourself like that from the outrage you dealt me?

SANCHO

Me! Monsieur, what do I hear? By my faith.... I didn't do anything. Just ask!

DON CRISPINOS

You wanted to replace me! To cut the grass under my feet! Come, I give you the choice of weapons.

SANCHO (*aside*)

Oh, merciful heaven! I should have prevented this from happening. Poor Sancho! That vixen Therèse! It's some Enchanter! My master was right! (*note: Don Quixote blames all misfortunes on the Enchanters who are trying to foil his noble quest*) If he were here, he'd have the pleasure of taking this one by the scruff of the neck!

DON CRISPINOS

What are you saying there?

SANCHO

Nothing. I'm thinking.

DON CRISPINOS

About your choice of weapons?

SANCHO

No, hell, no. (*literally: No, may the devil take me.*)

DON CRISPINOS

Hurry up! I have other things to take care of.

SANCHO

Well, go ahead then. I won't bother you.

DON CRISPINOS

A Governor cannot refuse to fight.

SANCHO

He can't? What a stupid profession! Well, then, so be it. I have to choose. Let's fight....

DON CRISPINOS

How?

SANCHO

Let's fight.... Well, very simply, sort of like friends, with our fists.

DON CRISPINOS

Fie! What an indignity! Come one, foil in the hand!

SANCHO (*aside; during this couplet, Crispinos takes his foil and sharpens it on a rock*)

I'm dead! They've abandoned me! Oh, if only I could believe that if I make a lot of noise someone will come and separate us! But maybe he's bluffing, and, behind it all, he's afraid, like me! Let's try a little. I'll quit trying to escape. If he makes the cane, I'll rub him like the devil. (*I have no idea what this means.*)
(*SANCHO draws his foil and puts his feet in the en garde position.*)

DON CRISPINOS

Let's hold firm.

DUO (Crispinos and Sancho)

DON CRISPINOS

(*foil in hand*)

One, two...

SANCHO

(*advancing clumsily*)

Three, four....

DON CRISPINOS

(*aside*)

What the devil! He knows how to fight!
I wouldn't have thought him so strong!

SANCHO

If he advances, I'm dead.

DON CRISPINOS

One, two...

SANCHO

Three, four...

DON CRISPINOS

One, two...

SANCHO

Three, four...

DON CRISPINOS

What the devil! He knows how to fight!

CRIPINOS

Look, believe me, just pull back.
Just pull back.

SANCHO

Look, believe me, just get lost.
(literally: Go away home.)

DON CRISPINOS

Let's put on a good face.

SANCHO

Oh, it looks like he's advancing.
There's no help on the way.

DON CRISPINOS

He keeps advancing!
One, two...

SANCHO

Three, four...

DON CRISPINOS

One, two...

SANCHO

Three, four...

DON CRISPINOS

He's looking pale, it seems to me.

SANCHO

I think the rascal's trembling.

DON CRISPINOS

One, two...

SANCHO

Three, four...

DON CRISPINOS

One, two..

SANCHO

Three, four...

BOTH

I'm dying of fear.

DON CRISPINOS

I'm losing courage.

SANCHO

Don't touch the face.

BOTH

(foils trembling in their hands)
My hand is failing from fright!

SANCHO

(grabbing Crispinos by the collar)
This is what I've been waiting for, traitor.

DON CRISPINOS

(doing the same)
Scoundrel, you'll get to know me now.

SANCHO

If I weren't Governor....

DON CRISPINOS

Scoundrel, you'll get to know me now.

SANCHO

I'm hardly afraid.

DON CRISPINOS

(cowering at one side of the stage)
If I believed my own anger.

SANCHO

(the same business)
I'm hardly afraid.

DON CRISPINOS

I scorn your anger.
I scorn your anger.
I scorn your anger.
I scorn your anger.

SANCHO

Go on, you'll get to know me now!
Go on, go on, remember!
Go on, you'll get to know me now!
Go on, go on, remember!

Scene IX

SANCHO *(alone)*

Look how he's gone! But what the devil good is it being Governor, if one finds oneself no less liable to getting knocked about! That scoundrel was just dying of envy. Everyone here betrays me. No one talks about my dinner. I'm getting weaker while my appetite is getting stronger. If I stick my nose out, this one hits me, that one stops me. It's enough to stupefy me. Poor Sancho!

ARIETTE (Sancho)

I'm like the poor ball, like the poor ball
Children use in their game
Large and small
Just as they please
Large and small
Just as they please
The kick, the chase
One gives the kick,
The other the roll, the roll, the kick, the chase, the chase, the roll.
Never, never has the poor ball, the poor ball a moment of peace
Never has the poor ball a moment of peace

I'm like the poor ball, like the poor ball
Children use in their game
Large and small
Just as they please
Large and small
Just as they please
The kick, the chase
The chase, the roll, the roll, the kick, the kick, the chase
Be it across a playing field easy and sweet
Where it *(the ball)* moves with ease
(literally: flows and promenades)

Be it across a thousand pebbles
Where it bruises and bumps
There are always new torments, new torments
One gives the kick,
The other the roll, the roll, the kick, the chase, the chase, the roll.
Never, never has the poor ball, the poor ball a moment of peace
Never has the poor ball a moment of peace

Scene XI

TORILLOS (*entering with servants*)

I come running to your defense. They've come to me to say someone is failing to show you respect.

SANCHO

Yes, my friend. A scoundrel, a rascal who wanted to beat me.

TORILLOS

Oh, heavens! To insult a Governor in his place of governance! We'll search out this insolent fellow and put him in prison!
(*He sends the servants out left and right*) Monseigneur, is not wounded? Quick, a doctor!

SANCHO

Oh, there's no pain. I didn't get anything but a couple of hits with the fist, and I'm over that.

TORILLOS (*as a doctor enters*)

That doesn't matter. Doctor, here is Monseigneur the Governor, and he's been beaten!

DOCTOR

Beaten! That merits attention!

TORILLOS (*a chair is brought out*)

Sit down! Rest!

SANCHO

Such ceremony!

DOCTOR

Beaten! Let's take a look at things. Are they blows from a foil, blows from a saber, blows from a bayonet, blows from a cane, blows from a strap, blows from a club, blows from the foot, blows from a canon....

SANCHO

No, no! They are little blows from a fist which aren't worth the trouble of talking about for such a long time. Leave me in peace and bring me my dinner.

DOCTOR

A glass of water for Monseigneur.

SANCHO

Water! Merciful heaven! Wine, if you want me to drink.

DOCTOR

You must take care of yourself. I would be your assassin if I were to allow them to serve you even a soup within the next three or four hours.

SANCHO

Oh, the traitor!

TORILLOS

Anyway, there is a much more serious affair to attend to. Your guards, in patrolling the island, have arrested a young shepherdess and a farmer who are having a dispute. They're bringing the pair to you. You must fast in order to make a sane judgment.

SANCHO

Me? I only have spirit when I'm digesting! Oh, this cursed profession! Let them approach my bench, but I tell you quite clearly it's for the last time. I'll take the strap to the next idiot who dares bother me at mealtime.

DOCTOR

We all hope to witness here your great intelligence shining and above all that you will give in, little by little, to you habit of reeling off for every occasion a legion of proverbs....

SANCHO

What does that mean? Those proverbs are my own, and I will do with my property what I want. He who does not know his craft should shut his shop. A good paymaster is not afraid to pay out wages. A good reputation is worth more than a belt of gold. One knows his fruit tree. As much as a man is worth, that's what his land is worth. Every bird finds its own nest. He who doesn't do what he should doesn't find what he thinks he will. Green fruit....

DOCTOR

Easy, now. Don't get worked up, Monseigneur.

Scene XII

(The Shepherdess, the Farmer and the Guards enter)

SHEPHERDESS

I come before you.

SANCHO

So I see.

SHEPHERDESS

He has taken from me...

SANCHO

What?

SHEPHERDESS

Monseigneur, against my will, this scoundrel has taken my bouquet.

SANCHO

Oh, well!

(as usual in these scenes, the implication is always that what was taken was her virginity)

FARMER

Monseigneur, you must know....

SANCHO

Be quiet. Everyone in his turn. *(to the Shepherdess)* Tell me how the affair happened.

ROMANCE (Shepherdess)

I am only a shepherdess.

I see nothing but my sheep.

I do not seek love or pleasure.

I know nothing but songs.

To braid my hair, my mirror is a brook.

A bouquet is my adornment.

My only possession is my flock.

This morning, his voice called me.

He approaches with wolf-like steps.

"Let me, my pretty one," he said to me with a tone so sweet,

"Your lover so gentle and tender will be so satisfied

If you will let him take a kiss and your bouquet."

"Fie! Leave me, please! Leave!"

And what did he do?

For his response, he embraced me.

See how tricky a man is!

I wanted to flee this bold man.

But despite my efforts and my cries,

Despite my dog and my anger,

The bouquet, the kiss, everything was taken.

SANCHO

Ah, ha! Monsieur the gallant, is this then how you use our young girls? Well, to a good cat, a good rat. I will make you see that the good is for the whole world, and the bad is for him who looks for it. What do you have to say?

THE FARMER

Me, nothing. Except that, first of all she's lying. Here's how it happened.

CHANSONETTE (Farmer)

I was coming home, singing, and I spotted this girl.
Look, what a tempting morsel.
I approached her on grassy spot,
You would have done the same.
In paying my compliment, I took her little white hand.
I kissed her at once. Then I opened her little collar.
You would have done the same.
"I will love you so much, so much, so much," I said to her.
"My little brunette."
The more ardent I became, the more I amused the little filly.
You would have done the same.
A kiss taken sweetly,
The poor little thing at first got angry.
A second one, more eloquent, rendered her mute.
You would have done the same.
I saw the elegant bouquet, nestled in her bosom,
I seized it at once without losing a blossom,
You would have done the same.
Far from us, her dog played innocently on the grass.
Love was the witness and the actor in that sweet moment.
You would have done the same.

SANCHO

He's right, by my faith. But justice must be done. Listen, what do I see sticking out of your pocket?

FARMER

It's a beautiful handkerchief of fine silk which I am taking to my sister.

SANCHO

Well, Monsieur the rascal, I order you to give this beautiful handkerchief of fine silk to his young girl to console her for the bouquet which you took.

FARMER

Oh, Monseigneur! I would rather give anything else.

SANCHO

I believe that. Look at this impertinent fellow who would argue with justice! Obey me!

SHEPHERDESS

(putting the kerchief around her collar)

Many thanks, Monseigneur.

SANCHO

Now pay attention. You, my boy, do not let this girl leave the room. Get it back from her, by means fair or foul (*literally: by liking or by force*), that handkerchief which you (*Shepherdess*) just got from him.

FARMER

Let me at it.

DUO (Shepherdess and Farmer)

FARMER

You'll give it back, I hope.

SHEPHERDESS

You will not have it.

FARMER

You'll give it me.

SHEPHERDESS

You will not have it.

FARMER

You'll give it me.

SHEPHERDESS

You will not have it.

FARMER

You'll give it me.

SHEPHERDESS

Don't make me angry.

FARMER

You'll give it me.

SHEPHERDESS

You will not have it.

FARMER

You'll give it me.

SHEPHERDESS

Look, don't make me angry.

FARMER

You'll give it me, I hope.

SHEPHERDESS

But I think he's babbling.

FARMER

I want to have my beautiful handkerchief.

SHEPHERDESS

I'd have to be crazy.

FARMER

I say to you that I want it, I say that I want it.

SHEPHERDESS

I'll scratch out your eyes, I'll scratch out your eyes.

SHEPHERDESS

Here, you big ape, for your trouble. *(she gives him a slap)*

FARMER

I'm already out of breath.

FARMER

I say to you that I want it, I say that I want it.

SHEPHERDESS

I'll scratch out your eyes, I'll scratch out your eyes.

FARMER

Give it to me.

SHEPHERDESS

You will not have it.

FARMER

Give it to me.

SHEPHERDESS

You will not have it.

FARMER

I say to you that I want it, I say that I want it.

SHEPHERDESS

I'll scratch out your eyes, I'll scratch out your eyes.

SANCHO

Stop, stop. Give me the handkerchief.

SHEPHERDESS

Monseigneur!

SANCHO (*giving it back to the Farmer*)

Take it and guard it well, young man. And you, my little chicken, if you had this morning defended your bouquet as you just defended this handkerchief, it's a sure bet that he wouldn't have taken it. I don't expect to hear any more from you two. (*Literally to hear more of your news*) Good day, I release you. But you must be married to each other as punishment for having delayed my dinner.

Scene XIII

(*TORILLOS, who had left during the duet, returns with a letter*)

SANCHO

Now, quickly let's get to the table!

TORILLOS

Listen to me.

SANCHO

I listen to nothing!

TORILLOS

It's a letter.

SANCHO

I don't know how to read. (*I think this must be an aside, because he seems to be pretending afterwards to be able to read*)

TORILLOS

But it's from the Lord.

SANCHO

Doesn't matter.

TORILLOS

Lord Don Quichotte.

SANCHO

Wait! One must respect one's master.

(*I assume the joke is that Sancho wouldn't let a letter from God interrupt his meal, but Don Q is another matter.*)

TORILLOS

You recognize his handwriting.

SANCHO

(*Sancho turns the letter over and over*) Yes, of course. (*aside*) How will I do this? (*aloud*) Come, come, read it to me quickly.

TORILLOS

Me, Monseigneur?

SANCHO

Yes, of course. Aren't you my secretary, my steward?

TORILLOS

Fine, but if you would read it yourself....

SANCHO

But I don't want to read it.

TORILLOS

It's just that the handwriting is a little clumsy.

SANCHO

Oh, the traitor! The villain! The tormentor! The cursed secretary! What, scoundrel, don't you know how to read?

TORILLOS

What about yourself, Monseigneur?

SANCHO

Just go away, I pray you, or you'll be sorry. (*literally: fearful of misfortune*)
You, doctor, since you are a doctor, let's see if you can read.

DOCTOR

Greek, Hebrew, Syrian, English, Italian, French, Spanish, you have only to say.

SANCHO

Let's finish this.

DUO (Doctor, Sancho)

DOCTOR

(*puts on his glasses and reads*)
"Friend Sancho..."

SANCHO

(*interrupting*)
That's my good master, that's my good master.

DOCTOR

"Friend Sancho..."

SANCHO

He's promised me that maybe he'll give me three donkeys.

DOCTOR

(*taking off his glasses*)
Will you listen to me?

SANCHO

Let's read, let's read!

DOCTOR

"Friend Sancho..."

SANCHO

You'll see what he sends me, you'll see what he sends me.

DOCTOR

Listen to me just one moment. Listen to me just one moment.

SANCHO

Some pretty little present. My heart jumps for joy, my heart jumps for joy.

DOCTOR

Will you listen to me?

SANCHO

Let's finish, let's finish.

DOCTOR

(*putting his glasses back on*)
"Friend Sancho..."

SANCHO

It's a province!
It's a province that's he's conquered with his might!
And he's making me prince of it!
I've never known such pleasure, never known such pleasure.
My heart jumps for joy.
I've never known such pleasure.

DOCTOR

Listen for one moment.
Will you stop talking? Listen to me a moment.
Will you stop talking?

DOCTOR (*reading*)

"Friend Sancho, I give you notice that the Enchanters, your enemies and mine, are in the environs of your island and are gathering to attack you. They plan this night to become masters of your government and of your person."

SANCHO

I'm trembling over my whole body.

DOCTOR

"I fear that I will be unable to arrive in time to help."

SANCHO

Look, everyone. Believe me, lacking better advice, I say we all beat it.

TORILLOS

We had hoped for nothing but your valor.

SANCHO

Well, you're very wrong. I am nothing but a big coward when I have an empty stomach. But it passes if I have dined.

TORILLOS

We are at your service, Monseigneur.

SANCHO

What do I hear? On, my dear friend, yes! I assure you, you are, after my donkey, the one I love best in the world! I will go eat, I will go eat! I could kiss you each and every one. I pardon you for any word you might say, I excuse you for knowing how to read, I will even permit you to rob me when I become rich. Let's go eat.

(Everyone exits and there is a pleasant Simphonie).

SIMOPHONIE

Scene XIV

(The scenery changes to represent a magnificent salon, ornate pillars and chandeliers filled with candles. Right and left, there is the smoke from chafing dishes. One sees in the middle a superbly set table and everyone a crowd of people assembling to watch the Governor dine. A table is carried in covered with a green cloth and placed in the center of the stage. Behind it is placed a seat for Sancho. All the servants hurry to serve.)

SANCHO

What a beautiful sight! What plates! Courage, friend Sancho. One could say that the devil is not always at the poor man's door. What I will help myself to!

TORILLOS

(holding a basin. A servant holds a towel.)
You must wash, please.

SANCHO

Oh, it's not worth the trouble. I'm clean enough.

TORILLOS

But, Monseigneur, you must...

SANCHO

But, dummy, I don't want to.

TORILLOS

You may not refuse to wash your hands.

SANCHO

So be it, let's get it done. *(He takes off his foil, which a valet kneels to accept, and he washes his hands)* I have patience. There, isn't that finished? *(He is handed a towel and a glass of water)* What do you want, you?

VALET

So that Monseigneur can rinse his mouth.

SANCHO

The devil take you, villain. *(Literally: the devil blow you out)* The next one to approach me gets hit! *(He sits at the table and unbuttons)* Ah! *(he wipes his face)* Pouf! Let's all calm down. *(A great napkin is placed around his neck)* Now let's start. *(He rubs his eyes)* First, this soup.

DOCTOR

(standing behind Sancho to the side. Every dish that Sancho wants, the Doctor touches with a baguette, and it is taken away. On the other side, Torillos wipes Sancho's mouth as each dish is picked up)
They are doing you a disservice.

SANCHO

Huh?

DOCTOR

Soup sits in the stomach and gives you indigestion at night.

SANCHO

Believe me, that's all the same to me. Bring me those two sausage rolls, the partridges, and that pork.

DOCTOR

Do not bring them.

SANCHO

One moment, if you please. Stop wiping my face. You're making fun of me. Can't you see I'm dining and about to die of hunger?

DOCTOR

I am watching out for your health.

SANCHO

And, by gum, do you think I want to get sick? What a devil of a man are you?

DOCTOR

A wise doctor appointed by the people of this island to protect their governor from any disorder of the stomach. They call me....

SANCHO

And me, I chase you away. Yes, out of here right now! I swear that I will take a rope and strangle you. You and all doctors and surgeons of this island!

DOCTOR

Calm down! Take away these foods. Monseigneur is unwell!

SANCHO

Oh, the villain!

ARIETTE (Doctor and Sancho)

Soup makes you phlegmatic. All ragouts are corrosive.
You'd become emaciated.
Beef makes you short of breath. Veal is nothing but bland meat.
Chickens are vaporous. All game makes you cowardly.
Take away, take away the salad.

SANCHO

Have you finished? Have you finished?

DOCTOR

Avail yourself quickly of a belch. Fish dirties the thorax.

SANCHO

What the devil has indoctrinated you with, you thousand-times cursed doctor.

DOCTOR

Guard yourself from eating fruit, from eating fruit.
Take it away....take it away....take it away....take it away!

SANCHO

I'm closing my mouth.
All the dishes have been taken away.
All the dishes have been taken away.
In the name of heaven, stop! Stop!
(aside)

Do you want to see me die of hunger?
(to the doctor)
Doctor or single-minded monster.
If only my appetite could hit you!
Do you want to see me die of hunger, die of hunger?

DOCTOR

I am only trying to keep you healthy.

SANCHO

Doctor or single-minded monster.
If only my appetite could hit you!
Do you want to see me die of hunger, die of hunger?
Do you want to see me die of hunger, die of hunger?
Die of hunger, die of hunger?

DOCTOR

I am only trying to keep you healthy.

I am only trying to keep you healthy.
Keep you healthy, keep you healthy.

SANCHO

Oh, heaven! Cursed government, cursed ambition, cursed doctor! I need to avenge myself by tearing out your eyes! *(he advances on the doctor but is stopped)*

DOCTOR

Oh, calm now. Since you want it, we will serve Monseigneur this fine roast.

SANCHO

Is it possible?

DOCTOR

Well, it's against my advice, and unhappiness will arise from it....

SANCHO

It will not arise, my dear friend, it will not arise, I guarantee it. *(to the valets)* Get to it, rascals! *(he runs to the table)*

TORILLOS *(trying to lead him to the chair brought in for him)* Sit here.

SANCHO *(sitting at the corner of the table on a little stool)* No, I'm fine here. *(He takes the roast)* Oh, what a beautiful look, oh what a beautiful aroma! *(A drum is heard)* Merciful heaven, what this racket?

TORILLOS

I fear new misfortune. I'll go see. *(he exits)*

SANCHO

I'm quivering.

DOCTOR

Then stop eating!

TORILLOS *(returning)*

Oh, Seigneur, it's ... it's the enemy come to ravage the island.

DOCTOR

One must mount a defense.

SANCHO

Who, me? I don't know anything but judging. You others go to fight.

DOCTOR

Seigneur Don Quichotte should have told us this.

SANCHO

My dear friends, don't leave me!

TORILLOS

We tremble like you. These are terrible people. Turks! Renegades!

SANCHO

Poor Sancho.

DOCTOR

Let's go assemble your guards and find weapons for you and for us.

SANCHO

Why for me? It's not worth the trouble. I've already been beaten. Stay! You're leaving me! Oh! Heaven!

Scene XV
(SANCHO alone)

RECITATIVE

They've gone.
The noise is growing and spreading.
I hear nothing but guns and cannons.

ANDANTE

They've taken the dishes.
Hunger is torturing me.
Let's escape!

(pastoral music strikes his ear)

What sweet sounds!
That's the tabor and the musette!

(he is frightened by the sound of different music)

That's the drum and the trumpet!
Poor Sancho. What's he to become?
Hunger tortures me.

(Pastoral music again)

This sweet sound charms and enchants me.

(the music changes)

This clamor terrifies me.
Is it to be that I'll die on an empty stomach?

POCO ADAGIO

(He falls to his knees)

Oh heaven, as one last favor, let me escape this palace.
I want to return to my hearth and never leave it again.

(Behind a curtain, he spies a leg of lamb)

But, but, but ... I see a leg of lamb, still a leg here.
A delicious salad!
I must grab them at once, grab them at once, grab them at once.
Let's hide ourselves under the table, under the table, under the table!

(He stuffs himself under the table)

Let the devil take the enemy, let the devil!
Let's eat well, let's eat well!
And we won't say a word, a word, a word.
Let the devil take the enemy, let the devil, let the devil.
Let's eat well, eat well.
And we won't say a word, a word,
And we won't say a word.

Scene XVI

TORILLOS *(entering armed with armed servants, bearing arms for SANCHO)*
Where is the Governor? Seigneur Sancho! Time grows short! Seigneur Sancho, answer us!

SANCHO *(lifting a corner of the tablecloth. We see him eating)*
Answer them? What nonsense! I have better things to do.

TORILLOS

I'm looking for him in vain. Help me, the rest of you. He can't have gone out, for I've secured all the doors. What the devil? Is he hiding under the table? Let's look. *(they raise the cloth)* What? There you are, Monseigneur!

SANCHO

No, you lie. It's not me.

TORILLOS

Stand up, quickly! The enemy has arrived!

SANCHO

Oh, that they'd go away!

TORILLOS

The island has been taken.

SANCHO

I don't care.

TORILLOS *(to the valets)*

Take that table away, quickly. Help the Governor to stand up. And you, Monseigneur, take these weapons.

SANCHO *(trying to escape)*

I'm not doing a thing!

SCENE XVII

(Therèse, and Lope enter followed by peasants)

THERESE *(to the peasants)*

Come along, all of you. *(To Sancho)* Behold the lovely youth of La Mancha, come to sing congratulations on your good fortune. But what do I hear? What is this racket?

SANCHO

I don't know myself, dear Therèse! *(He sees Lope and runs to embrace him)* Oh, my dear Lope, my dear friend!

QUATUOR *(Therèse, Lope, Torillos, Sancho)*

(TORILLOS hands Sancho weapons)

TORILLOS

Quick! Take this lance, arm yourself as duty calls.

(SANCHO hands the weapons to Lope)

SANCHO

My dear Lope, come, come. Take this lance.

TORILLOS

This helmet and this shield.

SANCHO

Take, without having to be asked, this helmet and shield.

LOPE and THERESE

But this is madness. *(literally, "a dizziness")*

SANCHO

Take them, I say, take them, I say.
It's what a friend would do. *(literally: "the service of a friend")*

LOPE and TORILLOS

Deign, please, to tell us.....

SANCHO

Be Governor in my place! Prince! King! Duke if you please!
All the same to me!
I'm your valet.
I don't put that stuff on, I don't take it off.

I came here naked, and naked I'll return.
I should have reckoned without my host.
*(I have no idea what this line means. I think the last word on page 64 is "compte", but the Xerox cuts off the last letter.
"Hôte" can mean both "host" and "guest". I really can't puzzle it out.)*
But *(taking his leave)*, your servant, I go.

LOPE
Explain what you have
planned!
*(literally: "explain your
projects")*

TORILLOS
You'd leave your subjects?
You'd leave your subjects?
Leave your subjects?

THERESE
Explain what you have
planned!

SANCHO
Your servant, I'll be going.
Your servant,
I'll be going.

LOPE
You give up your government?

SANCHO
Yes, I give it up. Oh, my dear friend, I'd rather have the devil put my beard in curling papers than have him inspire in me the stupid ambition to be Governor. She must take me back! I've been starving since the first day here! Enough! A rolling stone gathers no moss.

LOPE
You consent to come with us and you give your daughter to me?

SANCHO
Look, it's finished! I give you my little Sancha, and I return with you. *(He puts himself in the group of peasants)* I agree with it all, and I already feel my heart delight at the thought that I'll no more be seen except with people of my own kind.

TORILLOS
But what will Monsieur the Duke say?

SANCHO
Whatever he wants.

Scene XVIII

DOCTOR *(entering)*
Seigneur, the island is at peace.

SANCHO
Good for it.

DOCTOR
The enemy has been vanquished.

SANCHO
Too bad for them.

DOCTOR
Thanks to your valor.

SANCHO
Be quiet, you dirty liar, be quiet. If I hadn't been prudent..... but enough, just open the door.

DOCTOR
What? You're not leaving us?

SANCHO
Yes, and right now. I'm leaving with my people, my donkey, and my wife. My dear donkey, how I'll embrace you! Yes, you can laugh! My donkey, and what a donkey it is, is worth a hundred of you. He serves me well. You gave me nothing but trouble.

LOPE *(to Therèse)* Look! He's turned reasonable!

SANCHO
Adieu, messieurs, adieu. I was born to till vineyards, not defend islands. Everyone should stick to his own profession. I don't know how to wield lance or knife. I like a soup that you get to eat better than a grand feast you only get to look at. Govern your own island, or let it govern itself, do as you see fit. I wash my hands of it. I haven't lost or won a thing, and I don't care a fig. *(literally: "don't care an orange peel.")*

DOCTOR

You can be sure that we promise....

SANCHO

Your servant, sir. You won't trap me a second time.

LOPE

Come, father-in-law. I've piled up some money, and I'll pile up some more. You'll find a peaceful life with us.

SANCHO

And after all this aggravation, that's happiness!

THERESE

But your little girlfriend?

SANCHO

Peace, Therèse! No rancor. When fortune once blinds us (*literally: "disturbs our blinkers"*) we don't know what we're saying or doing. And that's when you see the fools and foolishness of the world. But that's all finished. I renounce governments and chivalry. You renounce your bad humors. Let's marry our daughter, work the land, and tell our children forever to be happy. Everyone should know his place. (*literally: "everyone should live in his own rank."*)

For me,...

VAUDEVILLE

SANCHO

I will see my dear farm again.
I say goodbye forever to grandeur.
Let the future be as crazy as it wants.
Good bread at home is better than chicken somewhere else.
Who believes in his nest finds his magpie.
"More" often brings nothing but a rat.
Everyone must, whatever happens, know his place.

CHORUS

Everyone must, whatever happens, know his place.

THERESE

When the bourgeois lady in her beautiful wedding dress
Puts on grand airs in society
She doesn't know how to act in the carriage
Whatever she wants to say, she says the opposite
Quite far from giving herself prominence
Everyone's laughing at her fake sparkle
Everyone must, whatever happens, know his place.

CHORUS

LOPE

When the young abbot dresses like a soldier
And makes indecent proposals to Chloe
Despite his scent and his air of mystery
His little talents have little effect
What suits a musketeer
Looks bad in a man of the cloth
Everyone must, whatever happens, know his place.

CHORUS

TORILLOS

When a financier whose wealth
Doesn't always match his virtues
Tries to imitate the airs of the nobility
He often sees the end of his money
Good-bye to friends, his mistress
Everyone laughs at the fool's fall
Everyone must, whatever happens, know his place.

CHORUS

THERESE

A girl without money or station wants
(literally: "without estate or birth")
To give her springtime (*i.e. her youth*) to grandeur
She risks her gentle innocence
Bit by bit, she perverts her heart
Admiration leads to neediness
Scorn follows false brilliance
Everyone must, whatever happens, know his place.

CHORUS

LOPE

Led by vanity, young Valère
Sees always the company of grand lords
What he wins in getting out of his own sphere
He loses in time and sometimes in his morals
The Public judges him severely
They accuse him of being a fool and a coxcomb
Everyone must, whatever happens, know his place.

CHORUS

DOCTOR

The gentleman is born to be served
The villager to till the fields
The magistrate to render justice
The doctor to help people
When everyone accepts his fate
Everything takes on a new brilliance
Everyone must, whatever happens, know his place.

CHORUS

END

English translation by Nick Olcott