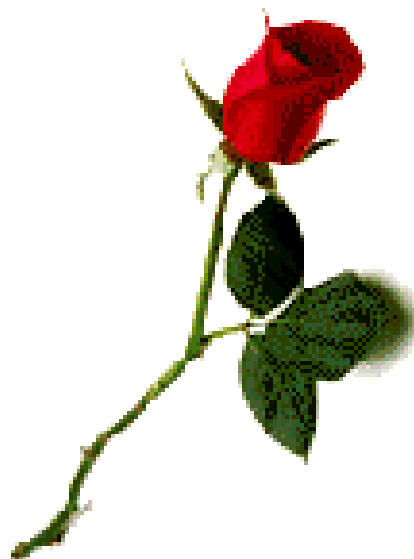


DER ROSENKAVALIER **(The Rose-Bearer)**

Comedy for Music in Three Acts by
HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

English Version by
ALFRED KALISCH

Music by
RICHARD STRAUSS



SYNOPSIS

The play begins with a scene in a chamber of the Princess von Werdenberg's Vienna residence in the early years of the reign of Maria Theresa. The Princess reclines on a sofa half embraced by the ardent Octavian who professes an all-consuming love for her. In the midst of this impassioned scene the lovers are disturbed by sounds which the indiscreet ones fear are the footsteps and the voice of the Prince von Werdenberg, returning unexpectedly from hunting. Octavian quickly conceals himself and dons the dress of a lady's maid, and the anxiety of the Princess is changed to amusement when the noisy, boastful and debauched Baron Ochs of Lerchenau unceremoniously enters the chamber to crave the assistance of the Princess in his forthcoming marriage with Sophia Faninal. The old rake no sooner sets eyes on Octavian disguised as a maid that he makes love to her and invites her to sup with him. Meanwhile the Princess, as was the practice of ladies of quality in those days, has her morning interview with her attorney, head cook, milliner, hairdresser, literary adviser, animal dealer, etc., including a flute player and an Italian tenor, whose business it is to help divert her.

When Baron Lerchenau departs the Princess asks Octavian to be the bearer of the silver rose which the bridegroom left with her to be delivered to the bride, Sophia, according to the custom of those days. The first act ends a little sadly when the Princess reflects on the day not distant when her charm shall have faded and her power to attract her lover shall have passed away.

In the second act Sophia in her home receives the silver rose sent to her by the Princess in behalf of Baron Lerchenau. Unfortunately for the Baron, Octavian no sooner delivers the rose, and Sophia no sooner receives it, than the two fall desperately in love with each other. In the midst of their new-found joy the Baron enters to be formally presented to his betrothed and to have the contract duly drawn and signed. His impudent manner and loose language disgust Sophia. Octavian picks a quarrel with him, draws his sword and wounds him in the hand. Sophia weeps and protests she will never marry the Baron. Faninal fumes and rages, declaring his daughter shall marry the Baron or take the veil, for he is socially ambitious and seeks to link his wealth as a merchant with an aristocratic house. Octavian sets his wits to work and the third act of the play puts everything to rights.

Disguised as the maid of the Princess he makes and keeps an appointment with the Baron, at an inn. There so many tricks are played on the Baron that he thinks he has lost his reason and is in a madhouse. Faces appear in unsuspected panels; a widow enters claiming him as her husband; children rush in and hail him as "papa"; the commissary of police arrests him on a charge of leading young girls astray; and in his attempt to clear himself, he makes a hopeless muddle of it all and is rightfully disgraced. The merchant, Faninal, is furious to find his prospective son-in-law in such a brawl, and Sophia publicly renounces him. The arrival of the Princess is the signal for the police to withdraw and for Octavian to reveal himself to the Baron in his usual garments of a man.

And so the play ends, happily, although there is a little bitter in the cup of the Princess as he sees her lover so soon another's prize. The love of the Princess for the boy was but a passing romance, innocent enough, though indiscreet, but it supplies the shadow to the lovely picture of Octavian and Sophia locked in each other's arms when the comedy is done.

CHARACTERS

PRINCESS VON WERDENBERG (Wife of Field Marshal Prince von Werdenberg)	Soprano
BARON OCHS OF LERCHENAU.....	Bass
OCTAVIAN (called Mignon — a Young Gentleman of Noble Family)	Mezzo-Soprano
HERR VON FANINAL (a Rich Merchant, Newly Ennobled)	High Baritone
SOPHIA (His Daughter)	High Soprano
MISTRESS MARIANNE LEITMETZER (Duenna)	High Soprano
VALZACCHI (a Man of Affairs)	Tenor
ANNINA (His Partner)	Alto
A COMMISSARY OF POLICE.....	Bass
MAJOR-DOMO OF THE PRINCESS.....	Tenor
MAJOR-DOMO OF FANINAL.....	Tenor
THE PRINCE’S ATTORNEY	Bass
LANDLORD.....	Tenor
A SINGER	High Tenor
A SCHOLAR	
A FLUTE PLAYER	
A HAIRDRESSER	
HIS ASSISTANT	
A WIDOW OF NOBLE FAMILY	Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, Alto
THREE ORPHANS OF NOBLE FAMILY	
A MILLINER.....	Soprano
A VENDOR OF ANIMALS.....	Tenor
FOUR FOOTMEN OF THE PRINCESS	Two tenors, two basses
FOUR WAITERS	One Tenor, three basses

A little black boy, footmen, couriers, heyducks, cookboys, guests, musicians, two watchmen, four little children, various personages of suspicious appearance.

Place of Action:

Vienna, in the early years of the reign of Maria Theresa.

ACT ONE

The bedroom of the Princess. In the alcove to the left the large, tent- shaped four-poster. Next the bed a threefold screen, behind which clothes are scattered to the ground. A small table, chairs, etc. To the right, folding doors leading to the antechamber. In the center, scarcely visible, a little door let into the wall. No other doors. Between the alcove and the small door, a toilet table and some armchairs against the wall. The curtains of the bed are half drawn. Through the half-open window the morning sun streams in. From the garden sounds the song of birds. Octavian kneels on a footstool, half embracing the Princess who is reclining in the bed. Her face is hidden, only her beautiful hand is seen, and her arm peeping from out the sleeve of her night gown of lace.

Octavian (*rapturously*):

All thy soul, all thy heart —
Their perfections who can measure?

Princess: Why grieve so sorely at that, Mignon,
Should they be known on the housetops?

Octavian (*passionately*):

Angel! No! Blessed am I
That it is I, I alone who know their secrets.
Who can measure such perfection?
Thou, thou, thou! What means that “Thou?”
That “Thou and I,”
Have they meaning or sense? —
They are merely empty nothings. What? O say.
Yet have they something.
Yea, a something is in them
That craveth, that urgeth, that striveth,
That fainteth and yearneth.
To thine my hand thus its way hath found:
And this quest for thee, and this clinging —
That am I, who seek thee out
Mingling with thee and lost in that “Thou.”
I am thy Boy; but when reft of all senses I lie in thy arms
Where then is thy Boy?

Princess: Thou art my Boy. Thou art my love. I love thee so.

Octavian: Why dawneth day? How hateful is day. What availeth the day?
Then all men can see thee. Dark let it be.

*(He rushes to the window and closes it. A bell is heard ringing softly in the distance.
The Princess smiles to herself.)*

Smil'st thou at me?

Princess: Smile I at thee?

Octavian: Angel!

Princess: Dearest, my dearest Boy!
(Bell again.)
 Hark!

Octavian: I will not!

Princess: Hush, beloved!

Octavian: Deaf and blind I. What can it be?
(The tinkling grows more distinct.)
 Is it couriers with letters and declarations?
 From Sauvan and Hartig or the Portuguese Ambassador?
 I hold the door against the world. I am master here.

Princess: Quick! Go conceal yourself. My chocolate!

(The little door in the center is opened and a small black boy in yellow, with silver bells, carrying a silver salver with chocolate, enters with mincing steps. The door is closed behind him by unseen hands. Octavian slips behind the screen.)

Princess: Foolish Boy! Hide your sword and do not stir!
(Octavian reaches after the sword and hides it.)

(The boy puts the salver on one of the small tables, moves it to the front of the stage and places the sofa next to it, bows to the Princess with his hands crossed over his breast, then dances away backward with his face always towards his mistress; at the door he bows again and disappears.)

(The Princess appears from behind the curtains of the bed. She has wrapped round her a light dressing gown edged with fur.)

(Octavian reappears from behind the screen.)

Princess: You featherhead! You careless Good for Naught!
 Is it allowed to leave a sword lying in the room of a lady of fashion?
 Where have you learnt to show such lack of breeding?

Octavian: Well, if my breeding be not to your taste,
 If it displease you that in scenes like this my skill is far to seek
 Then truly it were better to bid you farewell.

Princess *(tenderly from the sofa)*:
 Cease your philosophizing. Sir, and come to me. Now let us breakfast.
 Everything in its own time.

(Octavian seats himself close to her. They breakfast. He puts his head on her lap; she strokes his hair.)

Octavian: Marie Theres'!

Princess: Octavian!

Octavian: Bichette!

Princess: Mignon!

Octavian: Beloved.

Princess: My Boy!

Octavian: The Field Marshal, he stays in far Croatian wilds,
a hunting for brown bears and black boars,
And I in the flower of my youth, stay here, hunting for what?
Happy am I! Happy am I!

Princess *(a shadow passing over her face)*:

But, let the Marshal be in peace. I dreamed a dream of him this night.

Octavian: This night you dreamed a dream of him? This night?

Princess: My dreams are not mine to command.

Octavian: You dreamed a dream this very night, of him? The Prince?

Princess: Why look so sad and angry? 'Tis no fault of mine . . .
My husband was at home again.

Octavian: Your husband here?

Princess: There was a noise without of horse and man — and he was here.
For fright I started up in haste — Now look you,
Now look you what a child I am — still I can hear it, all the noise without.
'Tis ringing in my ears, do you not hear it?

Octavian: Yes, truly, sounds I hear: but why think it must be your husband?
Think but where he's a-hunting — far away.
At Esseg or a score of leagues beyond.

Princess: Is he so far, think you?

Octavian: Then something else it is we hear, and all is well.
You look so full of fear, Theres'.

Princess: But see, Mignon, though it be distant,

The Prince at times can travel wond'rous fast; for once —

Octavian: What did he, once? What did he, once? What did he, once?
Bichette, Bichette! What did he, once?

Princess: Oh let him be — why should I tell you all things?
See how she flouts my love I
(Throws himself in despair on to the sofa.)
Why will you drive me to despair?

Princess: Command yourself. 'Tis true. It is the Prince indeed.
For were a stranger here, the noise would surely be there in the antechamber.
It is my husband. I hear his footsteps in the closet.
In vain the lackeys bar his way. Mignon, it is the Prince.
(Octavian draws his sword and runs to the right.)
Not there, there is the antechamber.
There, sure, a crowd with wares to offer, and a score of lackeys are in waiting.
There!
(Points to the small door. Octavian runs in that direction.)
Too late! I hear them in the closet now. There's but one chance.
Conceal yourself!
(After a brief pause of helplessness.)
There!

Octavian: I will not let him pass: I stay with you!

Princess: There — by the bed — there in the curtains! And do not move!

Octavian *(hesitating)*:
Should I be caught by him, what fate is yours, There's'!

Princess *(pleading)*:
Conceal yourself, beloved.
(Stamping her foot impatiently.)

Octavian *(by the screen)*:
There's'—

Princess: Quick now, be still!
Now let me see who dares to stir one inch towards the door
While I am here.
I'm no faint-hearted Italian brigadier.
Where I stand, stand I.
(She walks energetically towards the little door and listens.)
They're worthy fellows, keeping guard without there,
vowing they'll not make way for him,
Vowing I sleep — most worthy fellows —
(The noise in the anteroom grows louder.)
That voice

(Listens.)

That is not, truly, no, 'tis not my husband's voice.
'Tis Baron that they're calling him: 'Tis a stranger!

(Laughing.)

Mignon, it is someone else.
Now to escape will be quite easy.
But in hiding remain,
That the footmen do not see you.
That loutish, foolish voice, surely too well I know it —
Mon Dieu! 'tis Ochs, I do protest, my cousin of Lerchenau.
'Tis Ochs of Lerchenau. What can he seek? But stay;
I have it—

(Bursts into a laugh.)

Listen, Mignon, you cannot have forgot
(Going a few steps towards the left.)
The league-long letter that they brought
When I was in my coach (you were with me) —
Some five days since, starting for Court, and I scarce looked at it.
That letter came from Ochs.
And now I have no inkling what my Cousin said.
See to what evil ways, Mignon, you lead me!

Voice of the Major-Domo *(without)*:

Will your Lordship be pleased to attend in the gallery?

Voice of the Baron *(without)*:

Where did you learn to treat a nobleman thus?
A Baron Lerchanau cannot be waiting.

Princess: Mignon, where are you hid? What tricks are these?

Octavian: *(in a skirt and a short jacket, with his hair tied with a kerchief and ribbon to look like a cap, comes from behind the screen and curtseys):*

An't please you, your Highness,
I've not long been of your Highness' household here.

Princess: Sweetheart, and only one kiss may I give you,
One only, my dearest.

(Kisses him quickly.)

My noble kinsman's battering all the doors down.
Now as (quickly as may be

March boldly past the footman there.
'Tis sport for brazen rogues like you! And come back soon, beloved.
In your own habit, and through the main door, as a gentleman should.

(The Princess sits down with her back to the door and begins to sip her chocolate. Octavian goes quickly towards the little door and tries to go out, but at that moment the door is flung open, and Baron Ochs, whom the footmen vainly try to keep back, forces his

way in. Octavian, who attempts to escape, hiding his face, runs into him. Then, in confusion, he stands aside against the wall, to the left of the door. Three footmen enter with the Baron and stand hesitating what to do.)

Baron (*pompously to the footmen*):

Why, never doubt her Highness will receive me.

(To Octavian, who in confusion turns his face to the wall.)

Forgive, my pretty child.

(With gracious condescending.)

I said, forgive, my pretty child.

(The Princess looks over her shoulder, rises and goes to meet the Baron.)

Baron (*gallantly to Octavian*):

I hope I did not incommode you much.

The Footmen (*nudging the Baron*):

Yonder, Sir, is her Highness.

(The Baron makes an obeisance in the French manner and repeats it twice.)

Princess: Faith, my dear cousin, you're in looks today.

Baron (*to the footmen*):

Did I not say to you, her Highness would most surely welcome me?

(Goes to the Princess with the grace of a man of the world, offers her his hand and leads her to her chair.)

You will not deny yourself to me?

Of early hours, we of the quality take no account.

Did I not, every morning without fail repair

To the Princess you wot of? Did I not pay my respects

As in her bath she took her ease.

And there was nothing to divide us but a tiny screen?

(Octavian has made his way along the wall towards the alcove and is busying himself, trying to escape observation, by the bed. In obedience to a sign from the Princess, the footmen carry a little sofa and an armchair to the front and retire.)

Indeed I wonder

(Looking around angrily.)

that any lackey should have dared.

Princess: Forgive them, Coz.

They did but obey me — for 'twas I that bade them,

(Seats herself on the sofa, after offering the Baron the armchair.)

I suffered much this morning from the vapors.

(The Baron tries to sit and is much distracted by the presence of the pretty waiting maid.)

Baron *(to himself)*:

A pretty wench, egad! She's vastly pleasing.

Princess *(rising and again ceremoniously offering a scat to the Baron)*:

And even now I'm not quite well.

(The Baron takes his seat with hesitation and tries his utmost not to turn his back to the pretty waiting maid.)

And so, dear Cousin,
Bear me no ill will that I do deny myself . . .

Baron:

Nay, truly

(He turns round, so as to look at Octavian.)

Princess:

My own waiting-woman . . . come freshly from the country,
And I fear that her untaught ways cause you displeasure.

Baron:

Charming, I vow . . . Displeasure? Do not think it, I like such ways.

(Makes a sign to Octavian, then says to the Princess:)

But your Highness may have felt surprise to learn that I
Design to take a wife.

(Turns round.)

But yet, the reason . . .

Princess:

To take a wife?

Baron:

As your Highness knows without a doubt, for in my recent letter . . .
A novice . . . how enticing — barely fifteen years!

Princess *(relieved)*:

You wrote, why surely . . .
. . . And who has been so fortunate?
The name was on my tongue this instant.

Baron:

How? And how fresh! egad! how dainty! What a waist!

Princess:

Pray tell me who's the bride?

Baron:

Young Mistress Faninal.

(With slight vexation.)

Yet of her name and station I did make no secret.

Princess: Forgive, I beg, my mem'ry plays me false. What of her family, pray, is it native here?

(Octavian busies himself with the tray and gradually tries to get behind the baron.)

Baron: Indeed, your Highness, it is native here —
One which Her Majesty of late has raised to the nobility.
The whole provisioning of the armies in the Netherlands is in his hands.

(The Princess impatiently makes signs to Octavian that he should withdraw.)

I see your Highness' pretty lips express disdain at such a misalliance.
But then, although I say it, the girl is pretty as an angel and as good,
Comes straight from out a convent, is an only child.
The man has half a score of houses in the city and has a mansion too.
His health too is failing

(Chuckles.)

so the physicians say.

Princess: It needs no glasses to discover what hour of day it is.
(Repeats her signs to Octavian to retire.)

(Octavian tries to back to the door with the tray.)

Baron: Why leave the chocolate unfinished?

(To Octavian, who stands undecided with averted face.)

Hey! Pst! Pst! What ails you?

Princess: Quick, get you gone!

Baron: Grant me permission, your Highness,
To say that I am faint for food.

Princess *(resigned)*:
Mariandel, bring it back and wait upon his Lordship.

Baron: As good as fasting, my dear cousin — sitting in my post-chaise since the early dawn

(Octavian brings the tray to the Baron, who takes a cup and fills it.)

Gad, what a strapping wench!

(To Octavian.)

Do not go yet, my child,
There's something I would tell you.

(To the Princess.)

All my suite I have brought — footmen and grooms and couriers —

They are all down below together with my almoner.

Princess (*to Octavian*):

You may go.

Baron (*to Octavian*):

Have you another biscuit? Do not go —
It is the daintiest morsel, sweet and adorable.

(*To the Princess.*)

I halted here, but we are lodging at an inn, the White Horse,
(*Softly to Octavian.*)

I'd pay a heavy price to court you. . . .

(*To the Princess, very loud.*)

But till tomorrow.

(*To Octavian.*)

When there is no one by to mar our pleasure.

(*The Princess cannot refrain from laughing at Octavian's impudent by-play.*)

Then I and mine will be the guest of Faninal.
But first, I must despatch the bridegroom's Ambassador,
(*Angrily to Octavian.*)

Will you not have patience?

To my highly-born and beauteous bride, one who shall bring to her
As a pledge of love a silver Rose,
As in all noble families the custom is.

Princess: On whom of all our kinsmen has your Lordship's choice
Fallen for this grave Embassy?
Who is fit? Our cousin Preysing? Or Kinsman Lambert . . .
I'll tell you . . .

Baron: All this I gladly leave in your sweet hands, your Highness.

Princess: 'Tis well. Will you not sup with me to-night, dear kinsman?
Or else tomorrow? I'll not fail then with proposals.

Baron: Nay, your Highness' condescension overwhelms me.

Princess (*rising*):

But yet . . .

Baron (*aside*):

You must come back again. I stay till you are here!

Princess (*aside*):

Oho!

(*To Octavian.*)

Stay where you are. Will you command me

For aught, dear Cousin, now?

Baron: Nay, truly, I'm ashamed . . .
A word or two to commend me to your Highness's attorney
I would crave.
A conference, touching settlements.

Princess: My man of law is often here thus early.
Go to seek Mariandel,
(To Octavian.)
If he's by chance yet in the anteroom in waiting.

Baron: Why send your waiting-woman?
Her help your Highness might be needing —
'Tis too much kindness.
(Holds Octavian back.)

Princess: Let her be, Cousin, she's not needed here.

Baron (*eagerly*):
That will I not allow.
(To Octavian.)
Stay you here, at her Highness' back and call,
'Twill not be long before a footman comes.
I should not let this sweet child, on my soul,
Go mix with all the scurvy men below.
(Stroking Octavian's hands.)

Princess: There's no need for such fear, my dear Coz.
(Enter the Major-Domo.)

Baron: There, is it not as I said?
He comes with some news that concerns your Highness.

Princess: Struban, tell me, is my attorney waiting in the ante-chamber?

Major-Domo:
Yes, the attorney waits without, your Highness,
Then there's the Steward, next the Head Cook —
Then, the Duke of Silva commends
To your Highness a singer and a flute-player,
(Dryly.)
And lastly all the usual petitioners.

Baron (*to Octavian*):
Say, have you ever, with any gentleman
Been tête-à-tête to supper, Mariandel?
(Octavian simulates embarrassment.)
No? It will make you stare, I warrant.

Octavian (*softly confused*):

Her Highness won't let me, I'm sure.

(The Princess listens inattentively to the Major-Domo, while watching the Baron and Octavian with much amusement.)

Princess (*to the Major-Domo*):

Let them wait then.

(Exit Major-Domo.)

(To the Baron, who tries to regain his composure.)

My cousin takes, I notice, pleasure where he finds it.

Baron (*relieved*):

Your Highness puts me at my ease at once.

With you we have no nonsense and no Spanish affectations.

(Kissing her hand.)

No airs, no buckram, and no compliments.

Princess (*amused*):

But a man of birth, who's just betrothed...

Baron (*approaching her*):

Must I, because of that, live like a monk?

Do I not well, like a hound of breed, keen on the quarry ever.

To follow hot-foot every scent to right or left?

Princess: I see now that my cousin pursues his sport quite seriously.

Baron: And why deny it?

For what sport more becomes a man of birth and breeding?

I vow, I do condole with you sincerely

That you can only know — 'tis hard to express —

From experience the sensations of defenders —

Parole d'honneur — nothing can equal those which inspire the attacking party.

Princess: I doubt not they are vastly various.

Baron: Though the months of the year, though the hours and the minutes be many...

Princess: Many?

Baron: There's none...

Princess: There's none?

Baron: In which sly Master Cupido

Will not smile upon him who woos him aright.

Baron (*suddenly resumes his dignified bearing*):

Pray will your Highness permit me to take this wench
To be my Baroness's chosen attendant!

Princess: What, my favorite girl? What could you gain?
And sure, your bride will have no need of her,
Such a choice she would wish to make unaided.

Baron: That is a splendid wench, Gadzooks, she is!
I dare be sworn, she has blue blood in her.

Octavian (*aside*):

Yes, blue blood indeed.

Princess: What a keen discernment is yours, my cousin.

Baron: 'Tis needful.

(Confidentially.)

Is it not right, that a man of birth
Should have those about his person
Who also are of pedigree unblemished?
I have a lackey as well-born as I.

Octavian (*still much amused*):

As well-born as he is!

Princess: What? I am curious. How vastly diverting!

Baron: Son of a Prince...

Princess and Octavian:

Of a Prince?

Baron: So like, that none can mistake him, are the two.
He is my body-servant.

Princess and Octavian (*laughing*):

His body-servant!

Baron: Whenever your Highness shall deign to command me
To give to your keeping the Rose of Silver
(He is without now— in the courtyard)
'Twill be from him I shall receive it.

Princess: I understand — but one instant, I beg,
(Beckoning to Octavian.)
Mariandel!

Baron: Once more I beg your Highness — the waiting maid for My Lady!

Princess: Ah!

(To Octavian.)

Go bring the miniature set in jewels . . .

Octavian *(softly)*:

Therèse, Therèse, beware!

Princess: Bring it quick! I am caution itself, never fear.

(Exit Octavian.)

Baron *(looking after him)*:

Gad, she might be a young Princess.

(To the Princess.)

Think you it would be well if to my bride I gave

My pedigree, fairly copied —

Or e'en a lock of the first of the Lerchenaus— a pious founder of convents he,

And First Hereditary Grand Warden

Of the Karinthian Domains?

(Octavian brings the medalion.)

Princess: Would your Lordship choose to have this gentleman

To take the Rose of Silver to your mistress?

(All in an easy tone of conversation.)

Baron: Without a glance I trust your Highness.

Princess *(hesitating)*:

'Tis my young cousin, Count Octavian —

Baron *(still very courteous)*:

Who could wish for a nobler or more gallant?

And vastly to your kinsman should I be indebted.

Princess *(quickly)*:

Look at him well.

(Shows him the miniature.)

Baron: 'Tis wonderful.

(Looking first at the portrait, then at Octavian.)

Like two copies from one model!

Princess: It has caused me myself no small surprise.

(Pointing to the portrait.)

Rofrano, the younger brother of the Marquis.

Baron: Octavian? Rofrano? 'Tis no small thing, such a relationship,

(Pointing to Octavian.)

E'en if it be not quite . . . canonical.

Princess: For that same cause have I advanced her over all the rest.

Baron: 'Tis fitting —

Princess: Always in waiting on myself.

Baron: 'Tis well.

Princess: Now get you gone, you, Mariandel.
(Octavian goes towards the folding door on the right.)

Baron *(following him)*:
 My sweetest child!

Octavian: La! Naughty man!
(At the door.)

Baron: I am your most obedient servant — Only let me speak.

Octavian *(slams the door in the Baron's face)*:
 Yes, shortly.

(At this moment an old tirewoman enters by the same door. The Baron starts back disappointed. Two Footmen enter from the right and bring a screen from the recess. The Princess steps behind the screen, attended by her tirewoman. The toilet table is moved to the center. The footmen open the folding doors through which enter the Attorney, the Head Cook, followed by an assistant, carrying the book of Menus. Then a Milliner, a Scholar, carrying a ponderous folio, and the Vendor of Animals with tiny lap-dogs and a small monkey. Valsacchi and Annina slipping in behind the last-named, take their places on the extreme left. The noble Mother with her three Daughters all in deepest mourning take position on the right wing. The Major-Domo leads the Tenor and the Flute Player to the front. The Baron, in the background beckons to a footman, gives him an order, pointing "Here through the small door.")

The three noble Orphans *(shrilly)*:
 Three poor and high-born orphan children . . .

(Their Mother makes signs to them to knell and not to sing so loudly.)

The three Orphans *(kneeling)*:
 Three poor and highborn orphan children,
 Implore your Grace to grant our prayer.

The Milliner *(loudly)*:
 Le Chapeau Pamela — La Poudre a la Reine de Golconda!

The Vendor of Animals:
 For your pleasure

In hours of leisure
Of tricky apes a score
From Afric's shore.

The three Orphans:

My father in youth died a glorious death for his country,
'Tis my heart's one desire to be his worthy child.

The Milliner: Le Chapeau Pamèla! C'est la merveille du monde!

The Vendor: Parrots too of plumage gay
From India and Africay.
Lap-dogs so wise
Very small in size.

(The Princess appears. All bow low. The Baron, on the left, steps forward.)

Princess *(to the Baron)*:

I here make known to you, dear Kinsman, my attorney.

(The Attorney, with many obeisances towards the toilet table at which the Princess has seated herself, advances to the Baron on the right. The Princess signs to the youngest of the three Orphans to approach her, and takes a purse from the Major-Domo and gives it to the girl, whom she kisses on the forehead. The Scholar attempts to approach the Princess and hand her his volumes, but Valzacchi rushes forward and pushes him aside.)

Valzacchi *(drawing from his pocket a black-edged news sheet)*:

Ze latest Scandals! True news, your 'Ighness!
Learnt from secret information!
Meant only for ze Quality!
Ze newest Scandals!
A dead body in a secret chamber
In ze town 'ouse of a Count!
A rich merchant's wife poisons 'er 'usband
Viz ze 'elp of her lover
Soon after sree o'clock zis night.

Princess: Fudge! Let me hear no more of it!

Valzacchi: Your pardon, your 'Ighness
Tutte quante. Ze hidden secrets
Of ze elegant world!

Princess: What is that to me? Let me be with your vicious talk!

(Valzacchi retires with a deprecatory bow. The three Orphans prepare to withdraw, after they and their Mother have kissed the Princess' hand.)

The three Orphans *(whining)*:

May Heav'n joy send you, may bliss attend you
 Wheresoever you may be,
 We shall praise ever, forgetting never
 Your great generosity!

(Exeunt with their Mother.)

(The Hairdresser hurriedly steps forward, his assistant follows him with flying coat-tails. The Hairdresser gazes at the Princess, looks solemn and steps back a few paces, the better to study her appearance. In the meantime the assistant unpacks his paraphernalia at the toilet table. The Hairdresser pushes several persons back, so as to make more room for himself.) The Flute Player now steps forward and begins his Cadenza. Some Footmen have taken up position at the front to the right. Others remain in the background.

After brief deliberation, the Hairdresser has made up his mind and with an air of determination goes to the Princess and begins to dress her hair. A Courier in a livery of pink, black and silver, enters carrying a note. The Major-Domo is quickly at hand with a silver salver and presents it to the Princess. The Hairdresser pauses to allow her to read. The assistant hands him a fresh pair of curling tongs. The Hairdresser swings it: it is too hot. The assistant gives him, after a questioning glance at the Princess, who nods assent, the note, which he smilingly uses for cooling the tongs. The Singer has taken up his position.)

The Tenor *(reading from a sheet of music)*:

Di rigori armeto il seno
 Contro amor mi ribellai
 Ma fui vinto in un baleno
 In mirar due vaghi rai
 Ahi! Che resiste poco
 Cor di gelo a stral di fuoco!

(The Hairdresser hands the tongs to his assistant and applauds the singer. Then he continues to work at the coiffure of the Princess. In the meantime a Footman has admitted through the small door the Body Servant, the Almoner and the Chasseur of the Baron. They are three strange apparitions. The Body Servant is a tall young fellow of foolish insolent mien. He carries under his arm a leather jewel case. The Almoner is an unkempt village councillor, a stunted but strong and bold-looking imp. The Chasseur looks as if, before being thrust into his ill-fitting livery, he had worked in the farm. The Almoner and the Body Servant seem to be fighting for precedence, and trip each other up. They steer a course to the left, towards their master, in whose vicinity they come to a halt.)

Baron *(seated, to the Attorney, who stands before him, taking his instructions)*:

As compensation, as a separate gift,
 Before the dowry, Master Attorney, understand,
 I shall receive the title-deeds of Gaunersdorf,
 Released from all encumbrances and all claims whatsoever.
 With privileges intact, just as my father held them.

Attorney *(asthmatic)*:

Your Lordship — with dutiful submission — has not been pleased to remember

That a donatio ante nuptias may be given by the husband
 But cannot ever come from wife to husband —
(Fetching a deep breath.)
 Such contracts are unprecedented quite.

Baron: That may be so.

Attorney: It is so.

Baron: But in this special case —

Attorney: The statutes are precise, no way is known of circumventing them.

Baron (*shouts*):
 But I insist that you shall know one.

Attorney (*alarmed*):
 Your pardon.

Baron: But, do you see, when a noble race's chief condescends to a union
 With a young person, a Mistress Faninal,
 Whose father has no pedigree — upon whose patent of nobility
 The ink is scarcely dry — if then I choose in face of Heaven
 And of the Empress thus to honour her.
(The Flautist begins another Prelude.)
 I think, corpo di Bacco, that such is clearly
 A case where an exception can be made, and that the bride
 Should have full leave to showf her gratitude
 For the honor done to her.

Attorney (*to the Baron, softly*):
 Perhaps by means of purchase and conveyance . . .

Baron (*to himself*):
 The wretched pettifogging fool! As compensation I must have it!

Attorney: Or in the marriage settlement, with special clauses . . .

Baron: No — compensation. Can you not get that into your thick skull?

Attorney: Or as donatio inter vivos — or else.

Baron (*in a fury, thumping the table, shouts*):
 No, compensation.

The Tenor (*during this conversation*):
 Ma si caro è il mio tormento
 Dolce è si la piaga mia,
 Che il penare è mio contento

E'l sanarmi è tirannia
Ahi che risiste poco
Cor

(At this point the Baron raises his voice so that the Singer ends abruptly, likewise the flute Player.)

(The Princess beckons the Singer and gives him her hand to kiss. The Singer and the Flute Player retire with deep obeisances. The Attorney withdraws into a corner in alarm. The Baron does as if nothing had happened, and makes a sign of condescending approval to the Singer, then goes across to his servants; straightens the towed hair of his body servant; then goes, as if looking for somebody, to the small door, opens it, peers out, is annoyed, looks by the bed, shakes his head and comes forward again.)

Princess *(looking at herself in a hand mirror, aside)*:
My good friend Hippolyte, this will not do,
You've made me look a very fright.

(The Hairdresser in consternation falls on the Princess's head-dress feverish energy and changes it again. The Princess continues to wear a pensive expression. Valsacchi, followed by Annina, has, behind the back of everybody else, slunk to the other side of the stage, and they present themselves to the Baron with exaggerated obsequiousness.)

Princess *(over her shoulder to the Major-Domo)*:
They are all dismissed.

(The Footmen, taking hands, push them all out by the door, which they then close. Only the Scholar, whom the Major-Domo presents to the Princess, remains in conversation with her till the close of the episode between the Baron, Valcacchi and Annina.)

Valzacchi *(to the Baron)*:
Is your Lords'ip lacking aught? I see zat your Lords'ip
Is looking for somezing. I can help you, I can be useful.

Baron *(drawing back)*:
And who may you be, pray?

Valzacchi: Zough your Lords'ip say nozzing
Ve understand from your Lords'ip's expression.

Annina: Vat your Lords'ip wishes. . . .

Valzacchi: Come statua di Giove.

Baron: He might be useful, I think.

Valzacchi and Annina *(kneeling)*:
May't please your Lords'ip we declare ourselves your 'umble servants.

Baron: You?

Valzacchi and Annina:

Uncle and niece
In couples our vork is easier.
Per esempio? 'As your Lords'ip married a youzful bride

Baron: How come you to know so much, you dog?

Valzacchi and Annina (*eagerly*):

'As your Lords'ip cause for jealousy? Dico per dire.
Now or tomorrow? Who can tell? Affare nostro!
Every step ze lady may take,
Every coach zat ze lady 'ires,
Every billet doux zat she 'as —
Ve are zere
At ze corner, or by ze fire
Or in a cupboard, or in ze attic,
Or by ze bedside, under ze table,
Ve are zere!

Annina: Sure your Lords'ip vill not regret it.

(They hold out their hands as if for money. The Baron pretends not to notice them.)

Baron (*aside*):

Hm! What things we see and hoar in this great town!
To try your skill, do you perchance know Mariandel?

Valzacchi: Mariandel?

Baron: Her Highness's waiting maid that's always with her!

Valzacchi (*aside to Annina*)

Sai tu? Cosa vuole?

Annina: Niente.

Valzacchi (*to the Baron*):

Trust us, trust us: ve vill soon 'ave information —
Put your trust in us, your Lords'ip —
Ve are zere!

Baron (*leaving the two Italians, to the Princess*):

May I now introduce, in all discretion,
The counterpart of your young servant to your Highness?
The likeness is wonderful, my friends all tell me.

(Princess nods.)

Leopold, the jewel-case!

Princess (*smiling*):

He does great honor to his ancestry.

(The young body servant awkwardly hands over the jewel-case.)

Baron (*taking his scat and signing to the young man to withdraw*):

The Silver Rose is here, in this casket.

(Opening it.)

Princess:

Do not disturb it.

Pray, place it yonder, I'll be obliged.

Baron:

Or shall I call your waiting-maid

And give it to her —

Princess:

Not to her. She is now occupied.

But this I promise — I will at once make known your wishes to the Count,

For me he will consent, I know —

And all proper usage observing,

Duly to your bride the Rose of Silver bear.

Meanwhile I'll keep it here.

And now, your Lordship, I bid you adieu —

It is high time that I should go

Else I shall be too late for church —

(The Footmen open the folding doors.)

Baron:

The most gracious courtesy your Highness renders me

O'erwhelms me quite —

(He makes an obeisance and ceremoniously withdraws. At a sign from him, the Attorney follows; and after hint the Baron's three servants shuffle out awkwardly. The two Italians silently and obsequiously join the train without his observing them. The Major-Domo withdraws. The footmen (lose the door. The Princess is left alone.)

Princess:

Now go your ways. — Go, vain pretentious profligate!

And what is your reward? An ample dowry and a pretty bride —

He takes it all, thinking 'tis but his due —

And boasts that he has greatly honored her.

(Sighs.)

But why trouble myself? The world will have its way.

Did I not know a girl, just like to this one,

Who straight from out her convent was marched off

Into the Holy Estate of Wedlock?

Where is she now!

(Sighs.)

Go seek the snows of yesteryear!

But can it be — can it be — though I say it so,

That I was that young Tess of long ago

And that I shall be called, ere long, “the old Princess,”
 “The old Field Marshal’s lady.” — “Look you
 “There goes the old Princess Theresia” —
 How can it come to pass?
 How can the Pow’s decree it so?
 For I am I, and never change.

(Gaily.)

And if indeed it must be so,
 Why then must I sit here, a looker on.
 And see it all and grieve? Were it not better we were blind?
 These things are still a mystery — a mystery —
 And we are here below to bear it all.

(Sighs.)

But how? but how?

(Very quietly.)

In that lies all the difference.

(Enter Octavian, from the right, in riding dress with riding boots.)

Princess *(quietly, smiling)*:

Ah! You are back again —

Octavian: And you are pensive!

Princess: The mood has flown again. You know me, how I am —
 A brief while merry — a brief while mournful —
 My thoughts fly here and there, I know not how.

Octavian: I know why you have been so sad, belov’d,
 You were beside yourself with fear for us both.
 Is it not so? Confess to me.
 You were sore afraid,
 My angel, my dearest.
 For me — for me!

Princess: A little at first,
 But soon my courage had come back, and to myself I said —
 “It cannot be — ‘Tis not yet.” And if it had been fated?

Octavian *(gaily)*:

And it was not the Prince at all, ‘twas only your comical kinsman.
 And you are mine own! You are mine own!

Princess *(pushing him aside)*:

Dearest, embrace me not so much!
 Who tries to grasp too much, holds nothing fast.

Octavian *(passionately)*:

Tell me that you are mine — mine!

Princess: Oh, be not so wild! Be gentle and tender and kind.
No, prithee now —

(Octavian is about to answer excitedly.)

Do you not be like all the other men.

Octavian *(suspiciously)*:
Like all the others?

Princess *(quickly recovering herself)*
As the Marshal is, and as my kinsman Ochs.

Octavian *(still dissatisfied)*:
Bichette!

Princess *(emphatically)*:
No — do not be like all the other men.

Octavian *(angrily)*:
The others? How can I know what they are —
(With sudden tenderness.)
Only I know I love you.
Bichette, there surely is some changeling here.
Bichette, it is not you.

Princess: No, it is I, my dear.

Octavian: Yes, is it you? Closer will I clasp you,
That you'll never, never escape me,
I will cling to you tightly,
That in truth you will know whose you are.

Princess *(freeing herself from him)*:
Command yourself, Mignon. I feel I know
That all things earthly are but vanity, but empty dreams —
Deep in my heart I know
How we should grasp at naught.
How we can cling to naught.
How the world's joys cheat and elude us —
How empty all things are that we deem precious,
All things must pass, like mists — like dreams.

Octavian: Oh Heav'n! Why so distraught.
You do but want to tell me that your love is dead.
(Weeps.)

Princess: Be not so sad, Mignon.
(Octavian weeps more passionately.)

(Quietly.)

And now must I for him find consolation —
 And for what? Because — sooner or later — one day he'll leave me.
(Strokes his hair.)

Octavian: I will leave you one day?
(Angrily.)
 Who is it prompted you to talk of this?

Princess: Do my words hurt you so?

Octavian: Bichette!

Princess: What fate decrees must come, Mignon.
(Octavian stops his ears.)
 And time — how strangely does it go its ways —
 First we are heedless — Lo! 'tis as nothing!
 Then a sudden waking, and we feel naught else but it.
 All the world tells of it, all our souls are filled with it,
 No face but shows the mark of it.
 No mirror but shows it us —
 All my veins feel its throbbing.
 And there — 'twixt you and me —
 It flows in silence.
 Trickling — like sands in the hour-glass —
(Earnestly.)
 Oh! Mignon!
 But sometimes I hear it flowing
 Ceaselessly.
(Softly.)
 Sometimes I arise at the dead of night
 And take the clocks and stop them ev'ry one —
 And yet — to be afraid of it — what boots it?
 For, mindful of its creatures all. Heav'n in its own wisdom has ordained it so.

Octavian (*quietly and tenderly*):
 And why let such dark forebodings cloud your soul, beloved?
 Now that I am here,
 With my fingers like tendrils round your fingers twining,
 Now that mine eyes are plunged in yours and blaze with rapture.
 Now that I am here.
 At such time can you think of grief?

Princess (*very serious*):
 Mignon, now or tomorrow, surely,
 You will go from me, leave me and choose another.
(Hesitates.)
 A younger or a prettier than I.

Octavian: Is it with words from hence you would drive me,
Thinking your hands will not serve your turn?

Princess (*quietly*):
The day will come unbidden —
Now or tomorrow it must come, Octavian.

Octavian: Not now, not tomorrow — 'twill never come,
Though Fate have decreed it must come, I will not think
Nor see such a day,
I will not think such a day,
(With growing passion.)
I will not see nor think it!
Why torture me and yourself, Therese?

Princess: Now or tomorrow — if not tomorrow, very soon —
'Tis not to torture you, my dearest,
'Tis truth that I'm speaking — to myself no less than to you.
Let us then lightly meet our fate.
Light must we be,
With spirits light and grasp light-fingered.
Hold all our pleasures — hold them and leave them.
If not, much pain and grief await us, and none in earth or heav'n will pity us.

Octavian: You speak to-day like a confessor —
Does it mean that never again — no, never,
I shall kiss you — kiss you in endless rapture?

Princess: Mignon, now you must go. 'Tis time to leave me.
I now must go to Church, and then
It may be, visit my dear uncle Greifènklaue,
Who's old and bedridden.
And dine with him: 'twill please the old man much.
Then to your house I'll send a courier,
Mignon, and he will tell you
Whether I shall take the air;
And if I drive,
And if you please,
You will meet me in the Prater, riding,
And stay awhile beside my carriage.
Do what I ask — and be not rash.

Octavian (*softly*):
As you command, Bichette.
(He goes. A pause.)
(The Princess starts up violently.)

Princess: And he has gone, and not one kiss!

(She rings violently. Footmen enter hurriedly from the right.)

Run and o'ertake the Count
And say I beg a word with him.

(Exeunt Footmen quickly.)

I have let him go from me. No farewell — not one kiss!
(The four Footmen enter breathless.)

First Footman:

The young Count is off and away.

Second Footman:

At the door he mounted quickly.

Third Footman:

Servants had been in waiting —

Fourth Footman:

At the gate he mounted like the wind —

First Footman:

Galloped round the corner like the wind —

Second Footman:

We all ran after —

Third Footman:

We cried ourselves hoarse —

Fourth Footman:

'Twas too late.

First Footman:

Galloped round the corner like the wind —

Princess: Very well. You may leave me.

(The Footmen withdraw.)

Princess *(calling after them)*:

Send Mahomet.

(Enter the Black Boy, with tinkling bells. Bows.)

Princess: Carry that —

(The Boy quickly takes the jewel case.)

Stop till I say where — To Count Octavian
And say he'll find
Within it the Silver Rose
'Tis enough — the Count will know.

(The Black Boy runs off. The Princess bows her head on her hand, and remains so — deep in thought — till the curtain falls.)

End of Act I

ACT TWO

A room in the house of Herr von Faninal. Center door leading to the antechamber. Doors right and left. To the right a large window. At either side of the center door chairs against the wall. In the rounded corners at either side large fireplaces.

Herr von Faninal *(in the act of saying goodbye to Sophia):*

A solemn day, a day of note,
A festal day, a sacred day!

(Sophia kisses his hand.)

Marianne: There's Joseph at the door with the new equipage,
With curtains of blue satin.
And four fine greys to draw it.

Major-Domo *(a little confidentially to Faninal):*

Now by your leave. Sir, 'tis high time for starting,
For the most noble father of the bride, —
So etiquette prescribes —
Must not be found within.

When the bridegroom's messenger appears who brings the Silver Rose.

Faninal: Well then, so be it.

(Footmen open the doors.)

Major-Domo:

'Twould be unseemly
If at the door you should encounter him.

Faninal: When I return again,
I bring your bridegroom with me, holding him by the hand.

Marianne: The virtuous and noble Lord of Lerchenau.'

(Exit Faninal.)

(Sophia advances to the front by herself, while Marianne is at the window.)

Marianne: Now he's got in. Now Antony and Francis have climbed up behind,
And Joseph cracks his whip and now they've started,
And all the windows are filled full of folk.

Sophia: In this most sacred hour, my God, O my Creator,
When Thy great blessings lift me high above my worth, I thank Thee,
That to the Holy Estate by Thy will I am led.

(She controls herself with difficulty.)

A contrite heart unto Thy Throne — Thy Throne — I bring.
Oh! Grant that the sin of vainglory
May ever be far from my soul.

Marianne (*very excited*):

Half the Town is now afoot!
From the Seminary all the reverend men look on dumb-founded,
And high up on a lantern there is one old man.

Sophia (*collects her thoughts with difficulty*):

Be far from my soul . . .
From all temptations, Lord, preserve me of the pomps and vanities
Of this world here below, by Thy great mercy —
My Mother, she is dead and all alone am I,
For me there's none to plead but I alone,
But wedlock is in truth a holy estate.

Marianne (*at the window*):

He is here! He's here! I see two coaches.
The first one has four horses— it is empty. In the second,
(Six horses it has)
I see him, the bridegroom's messenger.

Sophia (*as above*):

Let me not be puffed up with pride unduly by the honors,

*(The servants followed by three couriers, who are running after Octavian's carriage,
cry in the street below "Rofrano! Rofrano!")*

(She loses her self-control.)

Of my new station.
What is it they cry?

Marianne: They're shouting the name of him that's come and all the titles
Of this your high-born new relation, and his noble name.

(With excited gestures.)

Look! Now our footmen take position,
And all his servants have alighted now!

(The voices of the couriers, drawing nearer: "Rofrano! Rofrano!")

Sophia: And when my future husband comes, pray tell me,
Will they call out then? Will his name be shouted too?

(The voices of the couriers immediately under the window: "Rofrano! Rofrano!")

Marianne (*enthusiastically*):

They open the door now! He alights!
All in silver he glitters from head to foot,

A holy angel might he be —

Sophia: Ye Saints in Heaven, I know that pride is a most deadly sin;
But this day all my prayers are vain— I cannot
Be duly meek —
For it is all so fair! So fair!

(The Footmen quickly open the center door. Enter Octavian bare-headed, dressed all in white and silver, carrying the Silver Rose in his hand. Behind him his servants in his colors— white and pale green, the Footmen, the Heyducks, with their crooked Hungarian swords at their side; the Couriers in white leather with green ostrich plumes. Immediately behind Octavian a black servant carrying his hat, and another Footman carrying the case of the Silver Rose in both hands. Behind these, Faninal's servants. Octavian taking the Rose in his right hand, advances with high-born grace towards Sophia; but his youthful features bear traces of embarrassment and he blushes. Sophia turns pale with excitement at his splendid appearance. They stand opposite each other — each disconcerted by the confusion and beauty of the other.)

Octavian *(with slight hesitation)*:
I am much honored by my mission
To say to you, most noble lady, high-born bride,
That my dear kinsman, whose ambassador I am,
Baron Lerchenau, begs you
To take from me, as token of his love, this Rose.

Sophia *(taking the Rose)*:
I am to your Honor much indebted —
I am to your Honor to all eternity indebted —
(A short pause of confusion.)

Sophia *(smelling the rose)*:
'Tis a fragrance entrancing — like roses— yes, like living ones . . .

Octavian: Yes — some few drops of Persian attar have been poured thereon.

Sophia: A celestial flower, not of earth it seems.
A blossom from the sacred groves of Paradise.
Think you not so?

(Octavian bends over the Rose, which she holds out to him; then raises his head and gazes at her lips.)

'Tis like a heavenly message. — Oh! how strong the scent
I scarce can suffer it,
(Softly.)
Drawing me on — like something tugging at my heart.

Octavian *(together with her — as in a reverie — still more softly)*:
Where did I taste of old
Such rapture celestial?

Sophia: Though death await me there, to that fair scene I must betake me once again.
 But yet, why think of death?
 'Tis far from hence!
 In one blest moment dwells all life and all eternity —
 Ne'er may its mem'ry fade!

Octavian: I was a child
 Till her fair face I .saw this day!
 But who am I?
 What fate brings her to me?
 What fate brings me to her?
 Feeling and sense would leave me.
 Were I not a man.
 Day blest to all eternity —
 Ne'er may its blessing fade.

(During this, Octavian's servants have taken up their position on the left at the back, Faninal's with the Major-Domo to the right. Octavian's footman hands the jewel case to Marianne. Sophie wakes from her reverie and gives the Rose to Marianne who encloses it in the case. The Footman with the hat approaches Octavian and gives it to him. Octavian's servants then withdraw, and at the same time Faninal's servants carry three chairs to the center, two for Sophia and Octavian, and one for Marianne further hack, at the side. Faninal's Major- Domo carries the jewel-case with the Rose through the door to the right. The other servants immediately withdraw through the center door.)

(Sophia and Octavian stand opposite each other almost restored to the everyday world — but still a little embarrassed. At a sign from Sophia, both seat themselves, and the Duenna does likewise at the same moment as the door on the right is locked from without.)

Sophia: You're quite well known to me, mon cher Cousin.

Octavian: You know me, ma Cousine?

Sophia: Yes, your great House I have read of in a book,
 "The Mirror of Nobility."
 I take it of an evening to my room,
 And seek for all the Princes, Dukes and Counts
 Who are to be my kinsfolk.

Octavian: Is it so, ma Cousine?

Sophia: I know how old, to a week, you are —
 Seventeen years and a quarter —
 I know all your baptismal names —
 Octavian — Maria — Ehrenreich — Bonaventura — Fernand — Hyacinth.

Octavian: Faith, I have never known them half as well.

Sophia: I know also —

Octavian: And what is it you know besides, ma Cousine?

Sophia (*without looking at him*):
Mignon —

Octavian (*laughing*):
Do you know that name too?

Sophia: So all your best friends are allowed to call you.
Court beauties also, more than one,
Who are with you most friendly.
(A short pause.)
(Naively.)
It pleases me that I shall marry soon.
Will you not like it too
When you shall find a bride? Have you not thought of it, mon Cousin?
But think, how lonely all you bachelors are!

Octavian (*softly*):
Oh heaven! How fair and good she is!

Sophia: Truly, you are a man, and men are what they are.
But, till a husband is her guide, a woman's naught.
For these things to my husband I'll be much indebted.

Octavian (*deeply moved — softly*):
How good and fair she is.
She confuses me quite.

Sophia: I never will, for sure, disgrace him —
And as for due precedence
(very eagerly)
If haply another woman ever should
Dare to dispute it —
At christenings or funerals —
I'll show her very quickly,
If needs must, with a slapping,
That I am better bred than she.
And rather will bear anything
Than such o'erweening impudence.

Octavian (*eagerly*):
Nay, do not think there's anyone
So graceless who would put a slight on you.
For you will still be the fairest, always the crown you will bear.

Sophia: Mock me not so, mon Cousin —

Octavian: What, think you thus of me?

Sophia: You are allowed such freedom, if you will.
From you I gladly take all that you choose.
For, truthfully, no gentleman I've seen
Or met with, has been able yet to please me half as well as you.
Now I must cease, for look, the Baron's here.

(The door at the back is thrown open. All three rise and step to the right. Faninal ceremoniously conducts the Baron over the threshold towards Sophia, giving him the precedence. The servants of Lerchenau follow in his footsteps, first the Almoner, then the Body Servant. Next follows the Chasseur, with a clown of the same kidney, who has a plaster over his battered nose, and two others no less uncouth, looking as if they had stepped straight from the fields into their liveries. All, like their master, carry sprigs of myrtle. The servants of Faninal remain in the background.)

Faninal: I have the honor to your Lordship to present your bride.

Baron (*bows — then to Faninal*):

Délicieuse! I compliment you, Sir.

(He kisses Sophia's hand as though examining it.)

A hand so delicate is a thing I much admire.

'Tis an attraction rarely found among the *bourgeoisie*.

Octavian (*to himself*):

Can I command myself?

Faninal: Permit me my most faithful friend and servant —

(Presenting Marianne, who makes three deep curtseys.)

Baron (*with a gesture of vexation*):

Pray, spare me that.

(After having almost knocked Sophia over, Lerchenau's servants come to a standstill, and then withdraw a few paces.)

Now greet the Count, and thank him for being my ambassador.

(They go towards Octavian, bowing. He returns the compliment.)

Sophia (*standing at the hack with Marianne*):

How vulgar his behavior. Like some low horse-dealer
Who thinks he's bought me like a yearling colt.

Marianne: Oh what an air! How free from affectation,
How full of grace is his behavior!
Tell yourself who he is,
What he helps you to be
And soon your silly whimsies will be gone.

Baron (*to Faninal*):

I can but wonder, when I see his face.
How like he is to someone else.
Has a sister — most bewitching young baggage.

(Coarsely confidential.)

These are no secrets among persons of our rank,
It was her Highness who did tell me so,

(Genially.)

And now you, Faninal, may be accounted almost as being one of us.
There is no need to be ashamed, Rofrano,
That once your father chose to sow wild oats —
I warrant you he was in noble company,

(Laughing.)

The late lamented Marquis — I count myself among it, too.

(To Faninal.)

Look well now at that long-legged rascal there,
The fair one at the back.

I cannot point my finger at him.

But at a glance you will pick out

His high-born features from among the rest.

And see he bears himself like any courtier.

He has a noble pedigree, but he's the greatest fool of all my household.

Sophia: What breeding's this, to leave me here alone!
And he my husband that's to be.
And pock-marked also is his face, I do protest.

(The Major-Domo approaches the servants of Lerchenau most politely and conducts them out of the room. At the same time Faninal's servants withdraw — all but two, who offer wine and comforts.)

Faninal (*to the Baron*):

Perhaps you would partake . . .

'Tis Tokay, an old vintage.

Baron: Good, Faninal, you know what's right and fitting
To serve a mellow wine of an old vintage to drink a young bride's health,
You have my commendation.

(To Octavian.)

'Tis not amiss to show some condescension

In talking to gimcrack nobility,

And show them clearly.

They must not deem themselves equal to such as us.

Octavian (*pointedly*):

I vow, I do admire your Lordship's wisdom,

The great world's manners you have mastered,

Like an Ambassador or Chancellor you bear yourself.

Baron (*roughly*):

I'll bring the wench now to my side,
That I may see if her talk pleases me,

(Crosses over, takes Sophia by the hand and leads her back with him.)

That of her points and paces I may judge.
Eh bien! Now let us hear you talk, me and you cousin Tavy,
Tell me now, what will in marriage, think you, please you most?

Sophia (*withdrawing from him*):

What mean these ways?

Baron (*at his ease*):

Pooh! Why this pother? Now come here quite close to me
And I will tell you quickly all my meaning.

(Same by-play. Sophia tries to withdraw still more angrily.)

Would your la'ship perhaps prefer it, if one came
Like a dancing master, bowing and congeeing,
With "Mille Pardons" and "Devotion"
And "By your leave" and "My respects."

Sophia: Most surely yes, 'twould please me better!

Baron: I thing not so — All flim-flam, fudge and silly nonsense —
My taste is all for free and easy ways, and open-hearted gallantry.
(He tries to kiss her. She resists energetically.)

Faninal (*offering a chair to Octavian, who refuses*):

What! Can it be? There sits a Lerchenau
A-paying his addresses to my Sophy, as if they had been wed and all.
And there stands a Rofrano, just as natural!
A Count Rofrano, nothing less —
A brother to the Empress' Lord High Steward.

Octavian: Faugh! What a boor! How I should like to meet him
Alone with my good sword —
No watch to hear him shout for help —
Yes, nothing better I should wish.

Sophia (*to Baron*):

I pray you cease, we are but strangers yet!

Baron (*to Sophia*):

Is it my cousin Octavian that makes you bashful?
That's out of reason.
In the highest ranks
Where surely they know most about good manners

There's nothing
That will not be allowed, and freely pardoned,
If but it be done rightly with a courtly grace,
Befitting folk of birth and breeding.

(The Baron grows more and more importunate— she is at her wit's end.)

Faninal *(to himself)*:

Would that the walls could be of glass.
If but the townfolk all could see them sitting there,
Quite en famille, how green would they turn with envy!
Gladly for that I'd give the best of all my houses, on my soul!

Octavian *(furious)*:

Oh, that I must stand here and see him thus,
So coarse and so unmannerly.
Could I but up and flee from here!

Baron *(to Sophia)*:

Put but your airs aside, for I have got you now!
All goes well! Never fear! 'Tis all just as I wish it!
(Half to himself, fondling her.)
Just as I wish it! Tender as a pullet!
Not very plump— no matter— but so white.
White— and what a bloom— there's nothing I like more!
I have the luck of all the Lerchenaus!

(Sophia tears herself away and stamps her feet.)

Gad, what a mettlesome little filly!
(Rises and runs after her.)
And see how hot her cheeks are burning —
Full hot enough to burn one's hands!

Sophia *(pale with anger)*:

Hands off, I say! Be gone!

(Octavian in silent anger, crushes the glass he holds in his hand and throws the pieces to the ground.)

(Marianne runs with affected grace towards Octavian, picks up the pieces and confides her delight to him.)

Marianne: 'Tis most uncommon easy ways his Lordship has,
The jests he thinks of, la, they make me laugh till I could cry.

(In the meantime the Attorney has entered with his clerk, introduced by Faninal's Major-Domo. He announces them in a whisper to Faninal: Faninal goes to the back to

the Attorney, speaks with him and looks through a bundle of documents presented to him by the Clerk.)

Sophia (*with clenched teeth*):

There is no man has ever dared to speak to me like this!
 What can you think of me and of yourself?
 What are you, pray, to me?

Baron (*contentedly*):

One day you'll wake and find
 That you have just
 Discovered what I am to you.
 Just as the ballad says — Do you not know it?
 La la la la la.

(Very sentimentally.)

How to you I'll be all in all!
 With me, with me there's no attic seems too small.
 Without me, without me slowly will pass all the days,

(Impudently and coarsely.)

With me, with me time will seem short always!

(Sophia, as he tries to draw her still closer to him, frees herself and violently pushes him back.)

Marianne (*now hurrying to Sophia*):

'Tis most uncommon easy ways his Lordship has,
 The jests he thinks of make me laugh till I could cry;
(Speaking to Sophia with feverish energy.)
 They make me laugh till I could cry, his Lordship's jests.

Octavian (*without looking at the Baron, and yet aware of all that is passing*):

On coals of fire I'm standing!
 'Tis more than I can bear!
 In this one hour 'fore Heav'n I do
 Penance for all my sins!

Baron (*to himself, very contented*):

I always did say, I have all the luck of all the Lerchenaus!
 Nothing else in the world does so renew my youth
 Or whet my appetite so well as a real spitfire can.

(Faninal and the Attorney, followed by the Clerk, have advanced to the front, on the left.)

Baron (*as soon as he sees the Attorney, eagerly to Sophia, without the smallest idea what she is thinking*):

But now there's work to do, so for a while forgive me:
 They need my presence there. And meanwhile
 There's Cousin Tavy, he will entertain you!

Faninal: May I beg the honor now, dear Son-in-law!

Baron (*eagerly*):

Of course you'll have the honor.

(In passing to Octavian, whom he touches familiarly.)

'Twould not displease me

If you should cast some sheep's eyes at her, Cousin,

Now or at any time:

You're still content with looks alone.

The more she learns from you, the better I shall like it.

For a girl, do you see, is just like an unbroken foal:

The husband in the end gets all the benefit, ■

Provided he has but sense enough to use

His opportunities.

(He goes to the left. The servant who had admitted the Attorney, has in the meantime opened the door on the left. Faninal and the Notary make for the door. The Baron fixes his eyes on Faninal and signifies to him he must keep a distance of three paces. Faninal obsequiously retreats. The Baron takes precedence, assures himself that Faninal is three paces behind him, and walks solemnly through the door on the left. Faninal follows, and after him come the Attorney and his Clerk. The Footman closes the door to the left, and goes out, leaving the door which leads to the ante-room, open. The Footman who was serving refreshments has already left the room.)

(Sophia on the right, stands confused and humiliated. The Duenna curtseys in the direction of the door till it closes.)

(Octavian, quivering with excitement, hurries towards Sophia, after glancing backwards so as to be sure that the others have gone.)

Octavian: And do you marry that thing there, ma Cousine?

Sophia (*moving one step towards him, in a whisper*):

Not for the world!

(With a look to the Duenna.)

Oh Heav'n! Could we but be alone.

That I might beg of you! That I might beg of you!

Octavian (*quickly below his breath*):

What is it you would beg of me? Tell me now, quick!

Sophia (*coming another step nearer to him*):

O, gracious Heav'n, befriend me in my need!

But since he is your friend and cousin.

You will not wish to succour me!

Octavian (*vehemently*):

I am his cousin but by courtesy;

Thanks be to all my stars,
I had not ever seen his hateful face till yesterday!

(Some of the servant girls rush headlong across the anteroom, hotly pursued by Lerchenau's attendants. The Body Servant and the one with the plaster on his nose are at the heels of a pretty young girl and bring her to bay close to the door of the salon.)

(Faninal's Major-Domo runs in much perturbed, to call the Duenna to help him.)

Major-Domo: The Baron's men-folk, with our good wine quite besotted;
Run after all the girls, worse than an army
From Turkey, or Croatians!

Marianne: Fetch our men, quick, to help you. Where can they be hid?

(She runs off with the Major-Domo. They rescue the girl from her assailants and lead her away. All disappear. The anteroom remains empty.)

Sophia *(speaking freely, now that they are unobserved)*:
In you I place my trust, in you, mon Cousin,
Knowing that you, like no one else,
Could be my help, my saviour,
Would you but bend your will to it!

Octavian: First must you for yourself take courage,
Then I too will help.
Till you have helped yourself,
I can do naught for you!

Sophia *(confidingly, almost tenderly)*:
What is it then, I for myself must do?

Octavian *(softly)*:
Surely you know it!

Sophia *(looking at him undismayed)*:
And what is it that you will do for me,
Now tell me that!

Octavian *(decidedly)*:
Now must you strike a blow alone — you for us twain!

Sophia: What, for us twain?
O say it once again!

Octavian *(softly)*:
For us twain!

Sophia (*rapturously*):

O words of rapture! Naught so sweet till now I heard.

Octavian (*loudly*):

To save us both must you be steadfast.
And still be —

Sophia: Still be?

Octavian: What you are.

(Sophia seizes his hand, bends over it, kisses it quickly before he can withdraw it. He kisses her on the lips.)

Octavian (*holding her in his arms as she nestles closely to him*):

With tear-dimmed eyes, all affrighted,
My aid you seek, telling your sorrows all,
Fear naught, henceforth to me united,
Fear naught, whatever may befall!
To save you now must be my one endeavor.
And yet I know not how.
Rapture like this did ye never
Grant to a mortal, ye gods!
Give me answer, but with eloquent silence, —
Did your free will to me thus guide you hither?
Say yea or nay — say yea or nay!
No words could tell me all your meaning.
Was your free will your guide?
Say, or your direful need?
Why brought you here these gifts so lavish
Your loving heart, your face so fair?
Say, seems it not that once in days
Far off, in some dear magic dream
We loved each other thus?
Think you not so?
Dream'd you never thus, as I?
My heart, my soul.
Will aye be with you?
Wheresoe'er you be.
For all eternity.

Sophia: What rapture, thus with you to hide me
And hear no whisper of the world,
When thus contented in your arms I lie,
I fear naught, ill can ne'er betide me.
There fain I'd linger, there, for ever
Secure from grief and fear,
And know that our fond union naught can sever.
Naught now can harm me,

You, you are always near.
 My pulse should cease to beat for shame and dread.
 But lo! I feel an endless joy and happiness.
 All pain is fled,
 No words can tell you all my meaning,
 Haply 'twas sinful what I did?
 But direful was my need,
 And lo! you were near —
 I saw your face so fair —
 Your eyes, your valiant air —
 And healed was my despair.
 And thenceforth nothing I know,
 Nothing more of myself —
 O stay now with me —
 Protect me, save me, stay beside me,
 I follow wheresoe'er you guide me.
 Save me, leave me not —

(From the fireplaces to the left and right respectively come Valzacchi and Annina noiselessly and watch the lovers. They approach silently on tiptoe. Octavian draws Sophia to him and kisses her on the lips. At this moment the two Italians are close behind them. They duck behind the armchairs. Then they jump forward, Annina seizes Sophia, Valzacchi takes hold of Octavian.)

Valzacchi and Annina (*screaming together*):

Quick, Baron Lerchenau, quick, Baron Lerchenau!
(Octavian leaps aside to the right.)

Valzacchi (*holding him with difficulty, breathless to Annina*):

Run, bring 'izzer 'is Lords'ip —
 Quick, make 'aste: I must 'old zis young man.

Annina: If I not 'old zis lady, she escape me!

Valzacchi and Annina:

Quick! Baron Lerchenau!
 Quick! Baron Lerchenau!
 Come to see your future wife
 Discovered viz a gentleman.
 Pray come quickly! Pray come 'ere!

(The Baron enters through the door on the left and with folded arms contemplates the group. Ominous pause. Sophia nestles timidly close to Octavian.)

Baron: Eh bien, Ma'mselle! What would you wish to tell me?

(Sophia remains silent. The Baron retains his composure.)

Well, do not hesitate.

Sophia: Alas! What could I tell you? You would not understand —

Baron (*quickly*):

Ecod, I think I will.

Octavian: (*moving a step nearer the Baron*):

'Tis my duty to inform your Lordship
That most important changes have been wrought
In matters that concern you nearly.

Baron (*genially*):

Important? Changed? Not that I know!

Octavian:

And therefore I now have to tell you,
This lady —

Baron:

Well, you lose no time,
And take the best advantage
For all your seventeen years — I must congratulate you!

Octavian:

This lady —

Baron:

'Gad, I like you well. Was I not just so?
The rascal! I must laugh, egad!
To start so early?

Octavian:

This lady —

Baron:

Ah! She's dumb, I presume, and is employing you
To plead as her attorney.

Octavian:

This lady

(*He pauses again, as though to let Sophia speak.*)

Sophia (*timidly*):

No, no! I cannot speak the word —
Speak you for me —

Octavian (*with determination*):

This lady —

Baron (*mimicking him*):

This lady, this lady, this lady, this lady!
This is jack-pudding foolery, by heaven!
And you had best depart, I've borne with you too long.

Octavian (*very determined*):

This lady, once for all now, will have none of you.

Baron:

As for that, have no fear — She will soon enough have me.
(*To Sophia*)

Come with me now in there — you will be needed soon to sign the marriage contract.

Sophia (*retreating*):

No, not for all the world I'll let you lead me in!
How can a gentleman be so indelicate!

Octavian (*who has now taken his place between them and the door on the left*):

Please understand. The lady has determined finally
That she will let your Lordship stay unmarried
For now and evermore!

Baron: Baby-talk! By hard words ne'er a bone is broken!
And time is short.

(Takes her by the hand.)

(He attempts, with feigned unconcern, to lead Sophia towards the center door, after the Italians have signified to hint by lively gestures to take that way.)

Come, now! Go to your father, who awaits us.
By this door is the speedier way.

Octavian (*following them, close to her*):

I beg you rather come with me —
At the back of the house
I know a most convenient garden.

(The Baron continues in the same direction still with simulated unconcern, trying to lead away Sophia, whom he still holds by the hand, and speaks over his shoulder.)

Baron: Enough of this. Your jests are most ill-timed —
We must not keep the Notary waiting,
'Twould be an insult to this lady here.

Octavian (*seizing him by the sleeve*):

By heaven! I never knew so tough a hide!
And by this door I swear you will not pass —
That you may know it, to your face
I saw that you are but a cheat.
And dowry-hunter.
Naught but a rascally, lying, unmannerly clown. Sir,
But a boor, unclean in thought and in deed,
And with my sword I'll give you the sharp lesson you need.

(Sophia has freed herself from the Baron and takes refuge behind Octavian. They stand to the left, almost in front of the door.)

Baron (*putting two fingers into his mouth and giving a shrill whistle*):

How soon these boys do learn in Vienna here,
To set their tongues a-wagging.

(Looking towards the center door.)

But, heav'n be praised, the Court and all the Town
 Know him that you affront,
 E'en to the throne of Her Imperial Majesty!
 We all are what we are, and there's no need to prove it.
 Now, young Sir, I have said my say, and get you from my path —

(Lerchenau's servants, in full numbers, have appeared at the center door. The Baron, by a backward glance, assures himself of their presence. He now approaches Sophia and Octavian, determined to secure Sophia and his retreat.)

Truly I should regret it if my people yonder —

Octavian: Now, as you prize your life, Sir, do not dare
 To drag your grooms and lackeys into our quarrel.
 Draw, Sir, or Heav'n protect your soul!

(The Baron's servants, who had already approached a few steps, hesitate as they see what is happening and pause in their advance. The Baron takes a step forward in order to secure Sophia.)

Draw, ruffian, draw! Or on my sword I'll split you.

Sophia: Oh! Heaven! Oh, what will happen now!

Baron *(withdraws a step)*:
 What! In a lady's presence! Is the boy possessed?

(Octavian rushes at him furiously, the Baron draws and lunging clumsily receives the point of Octavian's sword in his upper arm. Lerchenau's servants rush forward.)

Baron *(dropping his sword)*:
 Help! Help! I bleed! A surgeon! Murder! Murder! Murder!

(All the servants rush towards Octavian. He springs to the right and keeps them at arm's length whirling his sword about him. The Almoner, Valcacchi and Annina hurry to the Baron, and supporting him, lead him to one of the chairs in the middle of the room.)
Baron (surrounded by his servants and the Italians, who conceal him from the public.)

I have most fiery blood! A doctor! Linen!
 A bandage! Call the watch! I bleed to death ere you count three!
 Don't let him go! And call the watch! And call the watch!

Lerchenau's Servants *(closing round Octavian with more swagger than courage)*:
 Break his crown!
 Cobwebs here! Sponge him down!
 Take his sword, break his head
 Who's afraid? Kill him dead!

(All Faninal's Servants, the female domestics, the kitchen staff and the stable hands, have streamed in by the center door.)

(Valzacchi and the Almoner divest the Baron, who groans uninterruptedly, of his coat.)

Faninal's Servants:

Look at the brazen thing.
How dared she do it?

Octavian *(calling to Sophia, in despair)*:

Dearest!

(Lerchenau's Servants make as if to tear up the clothes of the younger and prettier servant maids. Mêlée till Faninal comes. At this moment the Duenna, who had rushed out, returns, breathless, bringing linen for bandages, behind her two maids with sponges and basins. They surround the Baron and busy themselves about him. Faninal rushes in by the door to the left, followed by the Attorney and his Clerk, who remain standing, in great alarm, in the doorway.)

Baron *(his voice is heard, but he is scarcely visible)*:

I can look on other people's blood unmoved,
But my own makes me faint.
Oh! Oh!

(Shouting to the Duenna.)

Stop whining! Stir yourself! Don't stand and watch
His lifeless corpse will be your bridegroom!
me dying!
Oh! Oh!

(Sophia, as soon as she has seen her father, has run across the front of the stage to the right, and stands by Octavian, who sheaths his sword.)

Annina *(curtseying and crossing over to Faninal, eagerly)*:

Ze gentleman 'ere
And Mistress Sophia zere, yes, Sir,
Secretly were intimate,
I declare, yes Sir,
Ve, full of zeal
For his Lords'ip's sake, yes Sir,
Kept a watch and found zem.
And zere was no mistake, yes Sir.

Marianne *(busied about the Baron)*:

Such a high-born Lord!
Such a cruel sword!
Such a heavy blow!
Such a day of woe!

Faninal *(at first speechless, wrings his hands and breaks out)*:

Dear Son-in-law, how is't with you? The Saints preserve us!
 That such a brawling boy should so disgrace my Palace!
 Send someone for a surgeon, quick! Delay not!
 Ride all my costly thoroughbreds to death.
 How is it none of my men had the sense,
 To interfere between them? Do I feed whole troops
 Of long-legged good-for-nothings, just that such disgrace
 Should fall on me in my new Palace here in Town?
(Going to Octavian, with suppressed fury.)
 Indeed from your Lordship.
 I ventured to expect for other pleasures.

Octavian (*courteously*):

I beg you. Sir, forgive me;
 I too am grieved beyond all measure for this accident;
 But I am free from blame. At some more fitting time and place
 Your Lordship from your daughter will discover
 How these mischances came to pass.

Faninal (*controlling himself with difficulty*):

'Twould please me — nothing belter.

Sophia (*determined*):

As you command me, father, I will relate all truly:
 His Lordship did not treat me as a man of honor.

Faninal (*angrily*):

What? Of whom do you speak? Of my future son-in-law?
 I hope 'tis not so: I should think it a sin —

Sophia (*quietly*):

Nay, 'tis not so — I do not look on him as such.

Faninal (*still more angry*):

What? Not as such?

Sophia:

No more. — I ask your gracious pardon, if I err.
(The Doctor arrives and at once goes to the Baron.)

Faninal (*at first muttering to himself*):

Looks not on him? No more? Pardon she asks?
 And he lies wounded. — By her side the Schoolboy!
(Breaking out.)
 A scandal! What? This splendid marriage broken off!
 All the jealous fools of the quarter and the streets around,
 How they will laugh! The surgeon quick! What if 't were fatal?
(To Sophia, in utmost fury.)
 You marry him!

(To Octavian, subduing his rudeness, out of respect to Rofrano's rank to obsequious civility.)

And may I now, in all humility, request
Your Lordship to retire as speedily from hence as may be
And ne'er again these doors to darken!

(To Sophia.)

Mark my words —
You marry him, and if he now should bleed to death,
His lifeless corpse will be your bridegroom!

(The Doctor indicates by a reassuring gesture that the wounded man is in no danger. Octavian looks for his hat, which had fallen under the feet of the servants. A maid hands it to him with a curtsey. Faninal makes an obeisance of exaggerated civility, but unmistakable significance to Octavian. Octavian realizes that he must go, but is longing to speak one more word to Sophia. He replies to Faninal's obeisance by an equally ceremonious bow. Sophia hastens to speak the following words ere Octavian is out of earshot. With a curtsey.)

Sophia: That man I will not marry living, and not dead
First will I lock me in my chamber and starve!

Faninal *(furious, after he has again made an angry bow to Octavian. To which he promptly responds):*
Ah! Lock yourself in — I've men enough to drag you
To a coach if I command them.

Sophia *(curtseying again):*
Then on the way to church from out the coach I jump!

Faninal: *(with similar by-play between himself and Octavian, who each time takes a step towards the door, but cannot tear himself from Sophia at such a moment):*
From the coach you'll jump, Miss! Well, I'll be by your side,
And I'll know how to hold you.

Sophia *(courtseys again):*
Then at the altar I shall say,
"No," and not "Yes." — No, never!

(The Major-Domo has in the meantime made the servants leave. The stage is gradually cleared. Only Lerchenau's servants remain with their master.)

Faninal *(with similar by-play):*
Ah! Say No and never Yes at the altar!
I send you to a convent on the instant!
March! Out of my sight! Hussy! Better now than tomorrow.
For all your life!

Sophia *(alarmed):*
Pray pardon, I implore! I am your loving child —

Forgive me, father, but this once, this once.

Faninal (*furious, closing his ears*):

For all your life! For all your life!

Octavian (*whispers*):

Speak not thus rashly, dearest, for my sake!

You'll hear from me.

(The Duenna pushes Octavian towards the door.)

Faninal: For all your life!

(The Duenna takes Sophia with her to the left.)

Duenna: Go, get you gone from out your father's sight now.

(Takes her out by the door to the left — closes the door. Octavian goes out by the center door. The Baron, surrounded by his servants, the Duenna, two Maids, the Italians and the Doctor, is now discovered lying on a couch improvised out of several chairs.)

Faninal (*shouts once more through the door after Sophia*):

For all your life!

(Hurries towards the Baron.)

What joy unbounded! I must embrace you, my dear Baron!

Baron (*whose arm has been hurt by the embrace*):

Oh! Oh! Jesus Maria!

Faninal (*turning to the right, his anger rising again*):

Hussy you! A convent!

(Turning to the center.)

A prison cell!

For all your life!

Baron: Let be! Let be! Some drink, for I am thirsty.

Faninal: Some wine? Some beer? Some hippicras with ginger?

(The Doctor wakes a nervous deprecating gesture.)

Faninal (*plaintively*):

So nobly born, so nobly born, so mauled and so insulted!

And in my Palace too! You'll marry him but all the sooner.

I'm master here!

Baron (*wearily*):

Let be! Let be!

Faninal (*towards the door on the left, his anger rising*):

I'm master here!

(To the Baron.)

I kiss your hand. My thanks for such indulgence.

Command all that is in this house! I run — I bring you . . .

(To the left.)

A convent is too good.

(To the Baron.)

Pray have no fear.

(Very obsequious.)

I know what satisfaction, is your due from me.

(Faninal rushes off. The Duenna and the Maids follow. The two Italians had already slunk off during the preceding scene.)

Baron *(half sitting up)*:

Here am I! Now! What curious adventures may befall a man

In this Metropolis.

Not all are to my taste — Here is one far too much the sport of fate!

'Tis better at home.

(A Footman enters and serves wine. The Baron tries to drink and makes a movement which causes him pain.)

Bason: Oh! Oh! The Devil! Oh! Oh! Oh, a plague upon that boy!
A baby, scarcely breeched, and plays with swords already.

(With growing passion.)

Cursed Italian hound! Wait till I catch your Lordship!

In my kennel, I'll teach you to fight, upon on my soul!

With cocks and hens I'll house you.

Egad, I'll trounce you! Make you hear the angels sing!

(To Faninal's Footman.)

Give me some wine there, quick!

Lerchenau's Servants *(with hollow voices)*:

We will towzle you!

Beat you black and blue!

We will do for you,

Beat you black and blue!

Baron *(to the Doctor)*:

And now, my friend, precede me to my room,

And make my bed, and let it be all feathers.

I come, but first, another draught

Remember what I told you.

(The Doctor goes out with the Body Servant. Annina has entered through the ante-room and comes up to him mysteriously with a letter in her hand.)

Baron *(to himself softly, emptying the second cup)*:

A feather bed! Two hours yet till I dine, and no distraction.

“Without me, without me, slowly pass all the days,

With me, with me, time will seem short always.”

(Annina places herself so that the Baron must see her and makes mysterious signs to him with her letter.)

For me?

Annina (*nearer*):

From her you know of!

Baron: And whom may you mean, pray!

Annina (*coming quite close*):

Into your own 'ands I must give it, and in secret.

Baron: Room there!

(His servants retire without more ado, take the wine-can from Faninal's servant and empty it.)

Show me the thing!

(Tears the letter open with his left hand. Tries to read it, holding it as far as possible from hint.)

Look in my pocket for my glasses.

(Suspiciously, as she is searching.)

No! Do not look. Are you a scholar? Read it

There —

Annina (*takes the letter and reads*):

“Wors’ipful Sir! Tomorrow at nightfall I am free!

You pleased me, but I felt it shame,

Ven ‘er ‘ighness was looking, to say it,

For I am still a young thing.

She you know of, Mariandel,

Tirewoman, and your sweetheart.

And I hope that your Lords’ip’s ‘onour ‘as not forgotten me.

I wait an answer.”

Baron (*delighted*):

She waits an answer!

It all goes on wheels — as at home,

And, look you, what an air of fashion it has.

(Very merry.)

I have all the luck of the Lerchenaus —

Come when I’ve dined— I’ll give the answer then in writing.

Annina: Your most obedient servant, my Lord.

Your Lords’ip v’on’t forget me?

Baron (*not noticing her — to himself*):

“Without me, without me, slowly pass all the days.”

Annina (*importunately*):

Your Lords’ip ‘as foegotten ze bearer

Baron: Enough —

“With me, with me, time will seem short always —

(Annina makes another begging gesture.)

Afterward — all together — at the end.

“I wait an answer.” In the meantime leave me,

Bring to my room soon all that you need for writing,

And I’ll dictate you my reply.

(Annina goes out, not without indicating by a threatening gesture behind the Baron’s back, that she will be even with him for his niggardliness. The Baron takes a last sip of wine, and goes toward his room, accompanied by his people.)

Baron: “With me, with me, time shall seem short always!”

End of Act Two

ACT THREE

A private room in an inn. At the back to the left a recess (in it a bed.) The recess is separated from the room by a curtain, which can be drawn.

At the center, towards the left, a fire-place with a fire, over it a mirror. In front on the left, a door leading to a side room. Opposite the fireplace is a table laid for two, on which stands a large, many-branched candlestick. At the back, in the center, a door leading to the corridor. Next to it, on the right, a sideboard.

At the back, on the right, a blind window; in front, on the right, a window looking on the street. Candelabra with candles on the sideboard and on the chimney piece, and sconces on the walls.

Only one candle is burning in each candlestick on the chimneypiece. The room is in semi-darkness.

Annina discovered, dressed as a lady in mourning. Valzacchi is arranging her veil, putting her dress to right, takes a step backwards, surveys her, takes a crayon from his pocket and paints her eyes.

The door on the left is opened cautiously, a head appears, and vanishes. Then a not unsuspecting-looking but decently dressed old woman slips in, opens the door silently and

respectfully introduces Octavian, in female clothes, with a cap such as girls of the middle classes wear. Octavian, followed by the old woman, moves towards the others. Valzacchi is at once aware of them, stops in his occupation, and bows to Octavian. Annina does not at once recognize him in his disguise. She cannot restrain her astonishment, and curtsies low. Octavian feels in his pocket (not like a woman, but like a man, and one sees that under his skirt he is wearing riding boots without spurs) and throws a purse to Valzacchi; Valzacchi and Annina kiss his hands. Annina puts a finishing touch to his kerchief.

Five suspicious looking men enter very cautiously from the left. Valzacchi makes them a sign- to wait. They stand at the left, near the door.

A clock strikes the half-hour. Valzacchi takes out his watch; shows it to Octavian; it is high time. Octavian hurries out to the left, followed by the old woman, who acts as his duenna. Valzacchi leads the suspicious looking men to the front, impressing on them with every gesture the necessity of extreme caution. Annina goes to the mirror (all the while cautiously avoiding every noise) completes her disguise; then draws from a pocket a piece of paper, from which she seems to be learning a part. The suspicious looking men follow Valzacchi on tiptoe to the center. He signs to one of them to follow him noiselessly, quite noiselessly, leads him to the wall on the right, noiselessly opens a trapdoor not far from the table, makes the man descend, closes the trapdoor; then he summons the others to his side, slinks in front of them to the door of the room, puts his head out, assures himself that they are not observed, makes a sign to the two to come to him, and lets them out. Then he closes the door, directs the two remaining men to precede him to the door which leads to the side room, pushes them out, signs to Annina to come to him, goes out with her silently to the left, and noiselessly closes the door behind him. He returns — claps his hands.

The man who is hidden rises to his waist from the trapdoor. At the same moment heads appear above the bed and in other places. At a sign from Valzacchi they disappear as suddenly — the secret panels close without a sound. Valzacchi again looks at his watch, goes to the back, opens the door. Then he produces a tinder-box and busily lights the candles on the table.

A Waiter and a Boy run in with tapers for lighting candles, and light the candles on the chimney, on the sideboard, and the numerous sconces. They have left the door open behind them, dance music is heard from the anteroom at the back.

Valzacchi hurries to the center door, opens it respectfully (both wings) and bowing low springs aside.

Baron Ochs appears, his arm in a sling, leading Octavian by his left, followed by his Body Servant. The Baron surveys the room. Octavian looks round, runs to the mirror and arranges his hair. The Baron notices the Waiter and the Boy, who are about to light more candles, and signs to them to stop. In their preoccupation they do not notice him. The Baron, in his impatience, pulls the Boy from the chair on to which he has climbed, and extinguishes some of the candles nearest him with his hand. Valzacchi discreetly points out the recess to him (and through an opening of the curtains the bed).

(Enter the Landlord.)

Landlord (*hurrying forward to greet the noble guest*):
Has your Lordship any further wishes?

Waiters: D'you lack more candles?

Landlord: A larger apartment?

Waiters: More lights we'll bring your Lordship if you wish —
More silver —

Baron (*busily engaged in extinguishing all the candles in his reach with a napkin which he has taken from the table and unfolded.*)

Be off! Such talk will turn the hussy's brain.
(Extinguishes more candles.)
What is that music? I commanded none.

Landlord: They can come near, if 'tis your Lordship's wish —
To play to you in yonder anteroom.

Baron: Best let them stay there, as they are.
(Notices the blind window to the right behind the table.)
Tell me, what means that window there?
(Tries it.)

Landlord: That window? That is blind.
(Bows.)
Can supper now begin?
(All five waiters make as if to hurry off.)

Baron: Stop! What mean those grinning apes?

Waiters: To wait upon your Lordship.

Baron (*makes a sign to them to go*):
I need no help. Be off!
My man there will serve all the meats to us.
Myself I'll fill the glasses. Now leave us.

(Valsacchi signing to them to respect his Lordship's wishes without demur, pushes them all out of the door. The Baron continues to extinguish the candles, among them some high on the walls which he reaches with difficulty.)

Baron: You are an honest fellow. If you can help me reduce the reckoning,
There will be vails for you. 'Tis surely very costly here.
(Exit Valsacchi, bowing.)

(Octavian has now finished arranging his hair. The Baron leads him to the table. The Body Servant at the sideboard contemplates the developments of the tête-à-tête with impudent curiosity. He places bottles of wine from the sideboard on the table. The Baron

pours out wine. Octavian takes a sip. The Baron kisses Octavian's hand. Octavian withdraws his hand. The Baron signs to the lackey to withdraw, but he has to repeat the signal several times before he goes.)

Octavian (*pushing back his glass*):

What do you think? No wine I drink.

Baron: Come, sweetheart, why not? Now let's have no flim-flams.

Octavian: No, no, no, no, I will not stay.

(Jumps up as if he would go away.)

Baron (*seizing him with his left hand*):

Sit down now, take your place, here.

They'll soon bring supper . . . Then we'll fall to with appetite.

(Puts his arm round his waist. Octavian casts languid glances at him.)

Octavian: Oh dear! Oh! to think you're promised and all!

(Keeping him off.)

Baron: Have done with such old wives' tales once for all.

You see here nothing but a gentleman,

None of your common fellows —

A gentleman forgets

And leaves behind him everything

That is not to his taste. Here sits no promised man,

Here at my side no waiting-maid —

Here sit we two and sup, a lover and his lass. That merely, — nothing more.

(Draws him to his side. Octavian leans back coquettishly in his chair, with half-closed eyes. The Baron rises. The moment for the first kiss seems to have come. As his face is close to that of his companion, the resemblance to Octavian strikes him like a blow. He starts back and half-unconsciously feels his wounded arm.)

Baron: One face, I swear. Accursed boy . . .

Pursues me when I'm waking and all night.

Octavian (*opening his eyes and looking at him with impudent coquetry*):

Lawk! How you talk!

Baron: You're like to someone — an accursèd scurvy boy —

Octavian: Have done! Who can it be I'm like?

(The Baron has once again assured himself that it is the waiting-maid, and forces a smile. But he is not quite rid of his fright. He must take breath, and the kiss is postponed. The man under the trapdoor opens it too soon and appears. Octavian who is sitting opposite to him makes violent signs to him to get out of sight. He vanishes at once. The

Baron, who to shake off the unpleasant impression, has taken a few steps and is on the point of embracing Octavian from behind, just catches a last glimpse of him. He is violently alarmed and points to the spot.)

Octavian (*does as if he did not understand.*)
What's wrong with you?

Baron: Gad! What was that?
(Points to the spot where the apparition has vanished.)
Did you see that man there?

Octavian: There's nothing there.

Baron: Nothing there?
(Again anxiously scanning Octavian's face.)
No?
(Passing his hand over his face.)
Nothing there, neither?

Octavian: That is my face.

Baron (*breathing heavily, pours out a glass of wine*):
There is your face, and nothing there. It seems I have a feverish brain —

(The door opens. The music from outside is heard again. The Body Servant comes and serves.)

Octavian (*very sweetly*):
The pretty music!

Baron: 'Tis the song that I like best.

Octavian: It sets me weeping —

Baron: What?

Octavian: It is that pretty —

Baron: What? Weeping? Why, what next?
'Tis merry you should be. The music fires the blood.
(Sentimentally.)
Do you still doubt, my dear?
(Signs to the Lackey to go.)
Do you not see how 'tis with me?
You now can make of me
Your willing slave.

(The Lackey goes reluctantly — then opens the door again, and looks in with insolent curiosity and does not go till the Baron has made an angry sign.)

Octavian: 'Tis all one— 'tis all one —
All our joys, and all our bitter pain,
In the end are they not all in vain?

(Leaning back in his chair as though to himself with exaggerated melancholy. The Baron takes his hand.)

Baron *(dropping his hand)*:
Why? What's this? No, sweetheart, not in vain.
(Octavian casts languishing glances at him.)

Octavian *(still very melancholy)*:
As the hours that go, as the winds that blow,
So we twain will pass away;
Flesh and blood are we, ruled by Fate's decree.
(With another languishing glance.)
When we die there's none to cry for us — not for you and not for me.

Baron: Does wine make you so sad always?
'Tis surely your stomacher, that is pressing on your heart.

(Octavian with closed eyes docs not answer. The Baron rises and tries to open his dress.)

It grows warm — I will take my ease.

(Without ado he takes off his wig, and seeks a place to deposit it. At this moment he espies a face which shows itself in the recess and glares at him. The face vanishes in a trice. He says to himself "Brainsick" and struggles with his fright, hut has to mop his forehead. His eyes fall once again on the waiting-maid, sitting there helpless with relaxed limbs. That decides him, and he approaches tenderly. Then again he sees Octavian's face close to his own. He starts back again. "Mariandel" scarcely stirs. Once more the Baron fights with his terror, and forces himself to take a cheerful mien. Then his eyes alight again on a strange face, staring at him from the wall. Now he is beside himself with fright — he gives a muffled scream, seizes the handbell from the table and swings it distractedly.)

Baron: There! and there! and there! and there!

(Suddenly the presumed blind window is torn open. Annina in mourning appears and with outstretched arms points to the Baron.)

Baron *(beside himself with fear)*:
There! and there! and there! and there!

Annina: My husband! Yes, it is ho! 'tis he! 'tis he!
(Vanishes.)

Baron: Zounds, what was that?

Octavian (*crosses himself*):

The room is bewitched!

(Annina, followed by Valsacchi who makes pretense of holding her back, the Landlord, and three Waiters, rushes in at the center door.)

Annina (*speaking with a Bohemian accent, but like a woman of education*):

I am his wife! I make a claim to him!
 Heav'n is my witness — you shall be my witness!
 The Law, the Ministers, Her Majesty
 Must restore him to my arms!

Baron (*to the Landlord*):

Landlord, what does this female want of me?
 What does he want? and he? and that one there?
(Pointing all round the room.)
 Hell is let loose in this foul den of thieves.

(The Baron has put a cold compress on his head, holds it in its place with his left hand, then goes close up to the Landlord, the Waiters and Annina in turn, and scans them closely, as if to convince himself that they are real.)

Annina: Leopold, reflect!
 Anton of Lerchenau,
 Above us dwells a Judge that knoweth all!

Landlord and Waiters:
 Poor ill-used lady! Oh wretched, ill-used lady!

Baron (*stares in amazement at Annina*):
 Surely I know you!
(Looks towards Octavian again.)
 They all have double faces! All of them together!

(Four children between the ages of ten and four, entering too soon, rush towards the Baron.)

The Four Children: Papa! Papa! Papa!

(Annina at first starts violently, so that her speech is interrupted, but soon regains her composure.)

Annina: Hear you the voices of your offspring?
 My children, raise your hands to him in pray'r!

(The Baron hits out at the children with a napkin which he takes from the table.)

Baron (*to the Landlord*):

Take all this crew away from here at once —
Take her, take him, and him, and him!

Octavian: (*aside to Valzacchi*):

Have messengers been sent for Faninal?

Valzacchi: Ere you 'ad come 'ere: in a moment you vill see 'im.

Landlord (*behind the Baron*):

Asking your pardon, venture not too far,
Else might it end in harm for you — in harm most serious.

Baron: What? Harm to me from that old beldam there?
Ne'er have I touched her — no, not with a pitchfork's end.

Annina (*screams shrilly*):

Ah!

Landlord: For bigamy is not a trifle,
It is a hanging matter —

Valzacchi: I counsel zat your Lords'ip 'ave a care,
Ze police in zis town, it 'ave no mercy, Sir!

Baron: Bigamy! Pooh! A fig for your police!

(Mimicking the voices of the children.)

Papa! Papa! Papa!

(Striking his head as if in despair, then furiously.)

Turn out that whining Jezebel! Who? What? You will not?

What? The Watch here! The rascals will not stir!

Is all this scurvy crew

Plotted to do me mischief?

Are we 'mong heathens? Or in France, or Turkey?

Or in this Empire's foremost city.

(Tears open the window that looks on to the street.)

The Watch!

The Watch, here! Hurry! Here! Quick, here, to quell a riot!

Here is a man of quality in danger!

(Loud cries of "The Watch" are heard from the street.)

Landlord: Oh! my old inn disgraced! Oh, my fair reputation!

The Children (*whining*):

Papa! Papa! Papa!

(A Commissary of Police enters with two Constables. All stand back to make way for them.)

Valzacchi: Alas! What can we do?

Octavian: Put all your trust in me and happy chance.

Valzacchi: Your humble servant to command.

Commissary (*roughly*):

Stop! No one stirs now! What's amiss?

Who was it called for help? Who was it broke the peace?

Baron (going towards him with the self-confidence of a great gentleman):

The trouble now is passed. Right well done! I commend you,

I knew at once that in Vienna there's no danger.

(*Relieved.*)

Drive me this crowd from out the room. I wish to sup unhindered.

Commissary: Who are you, pray? By what right do you meddle?

Is this your house?

(*The Baron stands open-mouthed.*)

Then hold your peace, withdraw,

And wait in patience till I need your evidence.

(*The Baron retires in perplexity, begins to look for his wig, which had disappeared in the confusion and is not to be found. The Commissary seats himself. The two Constables take up their position behind him.*)

The Landlord first.

Landlord: By'r leave. Report myself. I'm landlord here, very much at your service.

Commissary: These goings-on do not speak well for you.

Now your report — The whole truth!

Landlord: It happened thus — His Lordship there . . .

Commissary: That very fat man there? Where have you put your wig, Sir?

Baron (*who has been searching all the time*):

That I would from you.

Landlord: That is his Lordship, Baron Lerchenau —

Commissary: First prove it.

Baron: What?

Commissary: Is any person near at hand

Whom you can call as witness?

Baron: Yes, close at hand. There! My secretary, an Italian.

Valzacchi (*exchanges glances of intelligence with Octavian*):

I can say nozzing! I not know. 'E may
Be Lerchenau — 'e may be not. I do not know.

Baron (*beside himself*):

That is too much. Lying Italian scum, you!
(Goes toward him with raised fist.)

Commissary:

'Twere best you keep a civil tongue.

(Octavian, who up to now has stood quiet, now does as if, running about in despair, he could not find the way out, and mistook the window for the door.)

Octavian: Oh! I pray that the earth may start open
Under my feet and swallow me up!

(The Body Servant, who is much alarmed at the situation, suddenly has a hopeful inspiration and hastily rushes out by the center door.)

Commissary: And that young woman there, who is she?

Baron: That? No one — she stands under my protection here —

Commissary:

Yourself will find protection needful soon.
Who is that girl, I say. Why is she here?
(Looks round.)

Baron: 'Tis young Mistress Faninal,
Sophia Anna Barbara, heiress and daughter
In lawful wedlock born to the most noble Lord
Faninal, domiciled here in the Hof.

(The servants of the inn, other guests, also some of the musicians from the next room have crowded around the door and look in curiously. Herr von Faninal forces his way through the crowd, much perturbed, in hat and cloak.)

Faninal: The same, Sir. What might you desire of me?

(Goes to the Baron.)

Why, how you look,
I scarce expected you would need my presence
At this untimely hour, here in a common pot-house.

Baron (*very much surprised and annoyed*):

And who asked you to meddle, in the name of mischief?

Faninal: Why ask such questions, like a fool, Sir son-in-law,

When messengers from you came batt'ring at my house-door
 And shouting I must come in hottest haste to rescue you from gravest danger.
 Which by no fault of yours was threatening your liberty.
(The Baron seizes his head in his hand.)

Commissary: Whom have we here? What is your talk with him?

Baron: 'Tis nothing — nothing. We are scarce acquainted —
 'Tis but a chance that he is staying here.

Commissary *(to Faninal)*:
 Your name — and tell me why you're here.

Faninal: I am the Baron of Faninal.

Commissary: Yes, yes, I follow. Then you recognize
 This gentleman for your son-in-law?

Faninal: For sure; how should I fail to recognize him?
 Maybe because his pate is bald?

Commissary *(to the Baron)*:
 And you now recognize this gentleman to be
 For good or evil, the young lady's father?

Baron *(taking the candlestick from the table and holding it up to Faninal's face)*.
 So, so! La, la! Yes, yes! May be that it is he —
 My head to-day has been quite giddy and confused —
 I can no longer trust my eyes. I feel
 There's here a something in the air that gives a man a fever'd brain.

Commissary *(to Faninal)*:
 You on the other hand deny you are
 The father of this girl here who is said
 To be your daughter?

Faninal *(now for the first time noticing Octavian)*:
 That my (daughter?
 Summon my daughter here. She waits in her sedan-chair —
 Bid her come up at once.

(Again going to the Baron.)

You'll pay this dearly! I will go to law!

Baron: What mighty pother you are making
 About a little thing — To be your son-in-law a man must have
 The patience of an ass, parole d'honneur!
 Now bring my wig here!

(Shakes the Landlord.)

Find my wig! Find me my wig!

(In his wild hunt for his wig, he seizes some of the children and pushes them aside.)

The Four Children *(automatically)*:
Papa! Papa I Papa!

Faninal *(starts back)*:
What brats are those?

Baron *(in his wild search he has come across his hat and hits out at the children with it)*:
Nothing I A lie! Till now I never saw her!
She says that she's my lawful wedded wife!
Heav'n only knows why things like this are sent to try us!

(At the door appear servants of Faninal, each one holding the pole of a sedan-chair. Sophia comes in in hat and cloak. All make room for her. The Baron tries to conceal his bald pate from Sophia with his hat, while Sophia goes towards her father.)

Chorus: The bride! Oh, what a sad disgrace!

Muffled Voices from all Sides:
A disgrace! A disgrace!
For him and all his race!

Faninal: From the cellar! From the air! I dare not show my face —
(Going towards the Baron with clenched fist.)
The villain! I am not well! An armchair!

(His servants run forward and save him from falling. Two of them had already given their poles to the onlookers. Sophia hurries to his aid. They lift him up and carry him to the next room. Several waiters precede them, showing the way and opening the door. At this moment the Baron is aware of his wig, which has reappeared, as if by magic, darts towards it, clasps it on his pate and, going to a mirror, sets it straight. With this change he regains some of his lost self-confidence, but satisfies himself with turning his back on Annina and the Children, whose presence, after all, he regards with uneasiness.)

(The door to the left is closed behind Herr von Faninal and his following. The waiters and the Landlord after a time emerge quietly and go to fetch drugs, bottles with water and other things, which they carry as far as the door and hand to Sophia through the opening.)

Baron *(going towards the Commissary with self-confidence now fully restored)*:
This clears our path but the sooner.
I pay, and go.
(To Octavian.)
And you I'll now take home.

Commissary: Pray, not so fast. A few more questions ere you go —

(At a sign from the Commissary, the Constables remove from the room everybody except Annina and the Children, who remain standing by the wall to the left.)

Octavian (*speaking*):

I have something that I would say to the Officer
Gentleman, but the Baron must not listen.

(At a sign from the Commissary the two Constables shepherd the Baron to the front of the stage to the right. Octavian says something to the Commissary which seems to surprise him very much. The Commissary accompanies him to the recess and he disappears behind the curtain.)

Baron (*familiarly to the Constables, pointing to Annina*):

I ne'er did see that slut till now. We were at supper —
I have no inkling what she seeks.

(The Commissary seems to be vastly entertained and unconcernedly approaches the open curtain.)

Baron: Else would I surely not have asked your aid.

(Suddenly much perturbed at the inexplicable proceeding.)

What is happening there? Can I believe my eyes?
The scoundrel! Look! He too, who dared to threaten me!
It is an outrage, yes, an outrage!

(They have difficulty in holding him back.)

She's under my protection. I warn you,
You'll smart for this behavior.

(He makes himself free and goes towards the recess; they pursue him and seize him again. From the recess are thrown Mariandel's clothes, piece by piece. The Commissary makes a bundle of them. The Baron struggles with his captors. They hold him with difficulty, while Octavian puts his head out of the opening of the curtains.)

Landlord (*rushes in*):

The Princess, her Highness the Princess of Werdenberg.

(First some men in the Princess's livery appear, then the Baron's Body Servant. They form a line. Then the Princess enters, the Little Black Boy carrying her train. The Baron has shaken off his captors, mops his forehead and hurries towards the Princess.)

Baron: Your Highness overwhelms me. This is more than I deserve.
Your presence, here, your Highness, does betoken truest friendship.

Octavian (*his head appearing behind the curtain*):

Marie Theres'! How came you here?

(The Princess stands motionless and does not answer. She looks round with a questioning glance.)

(The Body Servant, proud and pleased with himself, goes towards the Baron. The Baron gives him signs of his satisfaction.)

Commissary *(going towards the Princess, at attention):*

May't please your Highness, my most humble duty.
The Commissary of this district.

Baron Her Highness, as you see, has deigned to come in person to my aid.
And now perhaps you'll know the man I am.

Princess: You know me? Do I know you too? I almost think. —

Commissary: Right well.

Princess: Were you not long ago the Prince Field Marshal's orderly?

Commissary: 'Tis so, your highness, to command.

(Octavian again puts his head through the curtains.)

(The Baron makes a sign to Octavian to vanish, and is at the same time in great anxiety lest "the Princess should observe him.")

Baron: Plague on you, stay there! Hide yourself.

(The Baron hears steps approaching the door on the left to the front, rushes there and places himself with his back to the door, trying by means of gestures in the direction of the Princess to appear quite at his ease. The Princess steps towards the left and looks at the Baron expectantly. Octavian comes from behind the curtain, in male clothes, as soon as the Baron has turned his back.)

Octavian: It was not this we hoped! Marie Theres', I wonder much!

(The Princess, as though not hearing Octavian, fixes a courteous expectant look on the Baron, who in the utmost perplexity is dividing his attention between the Princess and the door. The door on the left is opened violently, so that the Baron, who has been leaning against it in a vain attempt to keep it closed, is pushed forward. Two of Paninal's servants now stand aside to let Sophia pass.)

Sophia *(without seeing the Princess, who is hidden from her by the Baron):*

I have to bring you a message from my father...

Baron *(interrupting her, in an undertone):*

'Tis most untimely now, can you not wait!
Can you not wait until the proper time has come?
Think you this pothouse here is fitting for an introduction?

Octavian *(who now comes quietly from the recess, aside to the Princess):*

That is the lady — who — to whom you sent me —

Princess (*aside to Octavian, over her shoulder*):

Surely there's here a little haste, Rofrano.

'Tis easy guessing who she is. Your taste is good.

(Octavian slips back behind the curtain.)

Sophia (*her back to the door, so angrily that the Baron instinctively starts back a step*):

You will not here, nor anywhere, to anyone present me,

Know that from henceforth I have done with you once and for all.

(The Princess converses in a low voice with the Commissary.)

And this my father bids me tell you: should you ever

So far carry your presumption, as to dare to let your face

Be seen within a hundred yards of where our mansion is,

You'll have yourself alone to thank for all that may befall you.

That is the message that my father sends to you.

Baron (*very angrily*):

Corpo di Bacco!

What impertinence is this, what ill-bred language?

Sophia: 'Tis your dessert.

Baron (*beside himself, tries to pass her and reach the door*):

Ha, Faninal, I must —

Sophia: Stand back. Sir! Do not dare!

(The two footmen of Faninal come forward, bar his passage and push him back. Sophia passes out. The door is closed behind her.)

Baron (*shouting against the door*):

I am content that all that's happened

Shall henceforth be forgiven and forgotten.

(The Princess approaches the Baron from behind and taps him on the shoulder.)

Princess: Leave well alone, and ere I count to three, withdraw!

(The Baron turns round and stares at her.)

Baron: What mean you?

Princess (*gaily, sure of victory*):

Think of your dignity and take your leave 1

Baron (*speechless*):

I? How?

Princess: If you would still preserve your name

As gentleman, make virtue of necessity.

(The Baron stares at her m speechless amazement. Sophia again comes quietly out of the other room. Her eyes seek Octavian.)

Princess *(to the Commissary, who is standing at the back on the right with the two Constables)*:
 And now, 'tis all quite clear;
 It all has been just a diversion — nothing more.

Commissary: Enough! I humbly beg leave to withdraw.
(Exit, followed by the two Constables.)

Sophia *(aside, afraid)*:
 The whole has been just a diversion — nothing more.

(The eyes of the two women meet; Sophia makes an embarrassed curtsy.)

Baron *(standing between Sophia and the Princess)*:
 Not so, your Highness!

Princess *(impatiently, stamping her foot)*:
 Mon cousin, explain to him!
(Turns her back on the Baron.)

Octavian *(approaches the Baron from behind. Very mannish)*:
 Will you permit me?

Baron *(turns on him sharply)*:
 Who? What?

Princess *(on the right, where she now takes up her position)*:
 The Count Rofrano, my dear kinsman, who but he?

Baron *(resignedly, after careful scrutiny of Octavian's face)*:
 I thought as much!
(To himself.)
 That face, I'm sick of it,
 My eyes did not mislead me then. For sure, 'twas he.
(Octavian stands there, arrogant and defiant.)

Princess *(approaching a step nearer)*:
 A masquerade, as we in Vienna practice, — nothing more.

Sophia *(half sadly, half ironically to herself)*:
 A masquerade, as we in Vienna practice, — nothing more.

Baron *(greatly amazed)*:
 Aha!
(To himself.)
 I see now they are all conspiring to befool me!

Princess (*haughtily*):

'Tis well for you it was not
Really my Mariandel whom you villainous persuasions have misled!
(*Baron as before deep in thought.*)

Princess (*as before and without looking at Octavian*):

I feel just now a bitter grudge, a deep resentment
Against all men in general!

Baron (*gradually realizing the situation*):

God bless my soul! I'm in a maze without a due!

(*With a comprehensive glance which wanders from the Princess to Octavian and from Octavian back to the Princess.*)

In all this crazy comedy I'm at a loss to know
What I should think.

Princess (*looking at him fixedly, then emphatically*):

It best befits a gentleman in such case to refrain from thinking.
That is what I expect of you.

Baron (*with a bow and the manner of a man of the world*):

Sure, sentiments so exquisite with admiration fill me quite.
And none could ever say of any Lerchenau that he would spoil good sport.
(*Approaching the Princess.*)

I find this whole diversion vastly droll,
But in return I need your Highness's help and interest.
I am content to let these incidents
And all that's passed from henceforth be forgotten.

(*Pause.*)

Eh bien, may I tell Faninal —

(*Approaching the door to the left.*)

Princess: You may — you may say nothing, and so leave us.

(*The Baron is thunderstruck with surprise.*)

Princess: Do you not know when you can go no further?
Your great alliance and whate'er it means both now
And in the future

(*Emphatically.*)

From this hour you must renounce.

Sophia (*in great astonishment, aside*):

His great alliance from this hour he must renounce.

Baron (*aside, indignantly, softly*):

From now I must renounce! From now I must renounce!

Princess (*seems to look for a chair. Octavian hurries forward and gives her one. The Princess takes a seat to the right and says significantly, aside*):

I must renounce!

Sophia (*on the left, pale*):

He must renounce.

(The Baron finds it difficult to realize the new developments and rolls his eyes in anger and perplexity. In this moment the man emerges from the trap-door. Valzacchi enters from the left, his suspicious accomplices following him. Annina takes off her widow's cap and veil, wipes off the paint and shows her natural face. The Baron watches this in growing astonishment. The Landlord carrying a long bill in his hand enters by the center door, followed by the Waiters, Musicians, Boots and Coachmen.)

Baron (*when he sees this knows that his game is lost, calls out quickly and decidedly*):

Leopold, we go!

(Makes a deep but angry bow to the Princess. His Body Servant takes a candle from the table and precedes his master.)

Annina (*insolently bars the Baron's passage*):

"For sure I have the luck of all the Lerchenaus."

(Pointing to the Landlord with his bill.)

"Come when I've dined, I'll give the answer then in writing."

(The Children run between the Baron's legs. He hits out at them with his hat.)

Children: Papa! Papa! Papa!

Waiters (*pressing round the Baron*):

May it please you, your Lordship,
Item, the candlelight!

Landlord (*pressing forward with his bill*):

May it please you your Lordship.

Annina (*dancing backwards in front of the Baron*):

"I surely have the luck of all the Lerchenaus!"

Valzacchi (*ironically*):

"I surely have the luck of all the Lerchenaus!"

Musicians (*coming in front of the Baron*):

Item, music two hours and over.

(The Body Servant forces a passage to the door. The Baron tries to follow him.)

Coachmen (*pressing round the Baron*):

Coach hire, coach hire! Our poor horses whipped to death!

Boots (*insolently shouting at the Baron*):
For opening the doors, your Lordship!

Landlord (*still presenting his bill*):
May it please you, your Lordship.

Waiters: Two score candles, item, the candlelight!

Baron (*in the middle of the crowd*):
Make room, make room, deuce take you all!

Children: Papa! Papa! Papa!

(The Baron struggles violently towards the door, all follow him in confusion.)

Boots: I am the boots that opened the doors, may it please your Lordship!

(The whole crowd is in the doorway, someone wrests the candlestick from the Body Servant. The Baron rushes off. All tear after him. The noise grows fainter. Faninal's two Footmen have in the meanwhile gone through the door on the left. Sophia, Princess and Octavian are left alone.)

Sophia (*standing on left, pale*):
The whole affair has been a mere diversion
And nothing more —
How he leans o'er her, and I am but as empty air for him.

Octavian (*behind the Princess's chair, embarrassed*):
It was not thus we hoped, Marie Therese? — I stand amazed —
(In extreme perplexity.)
Perchance you wish it Shall I not The lady Her father

Princess: Go quickly, go, and do all that your heart commands.

Sophia (*in despair*):
But empty air! O help me, gracious Heav'n!

Octavian: Therese', I have no words!

Princess: Woo her and win her love —

Octavian: I wonder —

Princess: 'Tis no matter —

Octavian: On my honor, what you mean —

Princess (*laughs angrily*):

How like the rest! How manlike! Go to her!

Octavian: As you command!

(Crosses to Sophia, who stands silent.)

Eh bien, have you no kindly word for me?
No smile, no look, no greeting, not one sign?

Sophia: I had hoped, truly, that your Lordship would quite otherwise
Befriend me, and would bring me help and comfort —

Octavian: What, are you then not glad?

Sophia (*angrily*):

And tell me, pray, what cause I have?

Octavian: Is it not cause enough that you are rid of him?

Sophia: Had it been done quite otherwise, 'twould have been well,
Angered and shamed am I — I feel the smart
Of every glance of scorn and pity that her Highness casts at me.

Octavian: You wrong her, on my soul, by such a thought!

Sophia: Leave me in peace!

Octavian: That cannot be!

(Seizes her hand.)

Sophia: My father needs my help —

Octavian: My need is greater far —

Sophia: 'Tis lightly said —

Octavian: I love you with a mighty love —

Sophia: Nay — 'tis not so
Your love is not as great as you declare —
Forget me quite —

Octavian: You are my all — you are my all.

Sophia: Forget me quite —

Octavian (*vehemently*):

Beside you, the whole world is nothing worth!

Sophia (*passionately*):

Forget me quite —

Octavian: My thoughts are ever of you alone!
Nothing but you I see.
(Seizes both her hands in his.)

Sophia *(defending herself weakly)*:
Forget me quite —

Princess: “Now or tomorrow: if not tomorrow, very soon” —
Did I not say the words myself?
There is no woman can escape her fate!
Did I not know the truth?
Did I not swear by all the Saints
That I with chastened heart and tranquil spirit
Would bear the blow . . .
“Now or tomorrow: if not tomorrow, very soon” —
(Wipes her eyes and rises.)

Sophia *(softly)*:
Her Highness! Look! She calls to you! Then go to her!

(Octavian, after advancing a few steps towards the Princess, now stands undecided between the two.)

(Sophia in the doorway, hesitating whether to go or to remain.)

(Octavian, between them, turns his head from one to the other. The Princess notices his perplexity and a melancholy smile flits over her countenance.)

Sophia *(by the door)*:
I must go in and ask how my dear father does.

Octavian: Much fain would I tell her, but thought and language fail.

Princess: The boy, look how he stands beside her there, perplexed and pale.

Octavian *(to Sophia)*:
Stay here, by all you love.
(To the Princess.)
How? did you speak to me?

(The Princess, paying no heed to Octavian, crosses to Sophia and looks at her, critically but kindly. Sophia, much embarrassed, makes a curtsy. Octavian retreats a step.)

Princess: So quickly did you learn to love him?

Sophia *(very quickly)*:
Indeed, Madam, your question I can hardly understand.

Princess: Your cheek so pale gives me the answer plain enough.

Sophia (*very timid and embarrassed. Still very quickly*):

Small wonder too it is, your Highness, if I am pale.
 But my dear father's sickness I was sorely frightened.
 Did not that monster the Baron, too, give me just cause
 For great offence by all that he has said and done?
 And to your Highness I shall be most grateful always
 Because your timely intervention —

Princess (*deprecatorily*):

Waste not your words on me, you're pretty, that's enough!
 And for your worthy father's humors, a most sovereign cure I think I know.
 I'll go, say a word to him, and bid him come
 With me and you and Count Octavian,
 In my own coach, and bring him homeward — Will that not,
 Think you, soon to his wonted health restore him quite.
 And cheer his drooping spirits?

Sophia: Such graciousness puts me to shame.

Princess: And for your poor pale checks I think my cousin there will know the cure.

Octavian (*with deep feeling*):

Marie Theres', how good are you,
 Marie Theres', I do not know —

Princess (*with an enigmatical expression, softly*):

And I know nothing.

(*Quite toneless.*)

Nothing —

(*She makes a sign to him to remain.*)

Octavian (*uncertain, as if he wished to follow her*):

Marie Theres'!

(*The Princess remains standing in the door. Octavian stands next to her, Sophia further to the right.*)

Princess (*to herself*):

I made a vow to love him rightly as a good woman should,
 Nay, e'en to love the love he bore another
 I promised! But in truth I did not think
 That all so soon my vow would claim fulfillment.

(*Sighing.*)

Full many a thing is ordained in this world,
 Which we should scarce believe could be,
 If we heard others tell of them . . .
 But soon he whom they woud believes in them, and knows not how —

There stands the boy, and here stand I, and with his love, new found this day,
 He will have happiness.
 After the manner of men, who think they know it all. 'Tis done — so be it.

Octavian (*together with the Princess and Sophia, first aside, then gazing into Sophia's eyes*):

What has come o'er me, what has come to pass?
 I fain would ask her. Can it be? And just that question,
 I know I cannot ask of her.
 I fain would ask her: oh, why trembles all my soul? —
 Has bitter wrong, a sinful deed been done? And just of her
 I may not ask the question — and then on your dear face
 I gaze, and see but you, and know but you,
 Sophia, and I know but this:
 You, you I love!

Sophia (*together with the Princess and Octavian, first aside, then gazing into Octavian's eyes*):

As one at worship, thoughts most holy fill my soul,
 And yet thoughts most unholy too possess me: I'm distraught.
 (*With much expression.*)
 At yonder lady's feet I fain would kneel, yet would I too
 Fain harm her, for I feel that she gives him to me
 And yet robs me of part of him. So strangely I'm perplexed!
 I would know all things, yet I fear to know the truth.
 Now longing to ask, all now fearing, hot am I and cold.
 And know but you and know but this one thing, that I love you!

*(The Princess goes quickly into the room on the left; the two others do not notice her.
 Octavian has come quite near to Sophia. A moment later she is clasped in his arms.)*

Octavian (*together with Sophia*):

You alone I know, only you
 That you love me and I love you —
 All besides like a vision seems
 Of fleeting dreams. *

Sophia (*together with Octavian*):

'Tis a dream of heaven: is it true.
 That you love me and I love you?
 Never in this world to part,
 One soul, one heart!

Octavian (*louder*):

In a great house was your bower.
 They sent me there in a happy hour
 Straight to you and paradise.
 Oh, they were wise.

Sophia:

Dare you laugh so? I fear my fate,
 As a soul that trembles at Heav'n's own gate!

Clasp me closer, friendless and weak.
Your arms I seek.

(She leans on him for support. At this moment Faninal's footmen open the door and enter, each carrying a candlestick. Faninal, leading the Princess by the hand, enters through the door. The two young people stand for a moment confused, then they make a deep bow, which Faninal and the Princess return. Faninal pats Sophia with paternal benevolence on the cheek.)

Faninal: 'Tis just their way, — youth will be young!

(Faninal gives his hand to the princess, conducts her to the center door which the suite of the Princess, among them the little Black Boy, at that moment throw open.)

Princess: Yes, yes.

(Bright light outside, within a half-light, as the two Footmen with the candlesticks precede the Princess.)

Octavian (dreamily):

You alone I know, only you,
That you love me and I love you!
All besides like a vision seems
Of fleeting dreams.

Sophia (dreamily):

'Tis a dream, of heaven: is it true,
That you love me and I love you?
Never in this world to part —
One soul, one heart.

Octavian and Sophia:

I know you alone!

(She sinks into his arms. He kisses her quickly. Without her noticing it, her handkerchief drops from her hand. Then they run off quickly, hand in hand. The stage remains empty. Then the center door is opened again. Through it comes the little Black Boy with a taper in his hand. Looks for the handkerchief — finds it — picks it up — trips out.)

(The curtain falls quickly.)