THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

(Le Médecin Malgré Lui)

Music by
Charles Gounod

Based on a play by Molière

English Version by
Donald Pippin
(1995)

© 1995 Donald Pippin

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.
## CAST OF CHARACTERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Géronte</td>
<td>A wealthy landowner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucinda</td>
<td>His daughter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leander</td>
<td>Lucinda's lover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sganarelle</td>
<td>A woodcutter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martine</td>
<td>His wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacqueline</td>
<td>Lucinda's nursemaid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert</td>
<td>A neighbor of Sganarelle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valère</td>
<td>Géronte's servant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucas</td>
<td>Jacqueline's husband, Géronte's servant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thibaut</td>
<td>A peasant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perrin</td>
<td>His son</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Chorus of woodsmen, musicians, and peasants

---

THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF
(Le Médecin Malgré Lui)

Charles Gounod

English Version by Donald Pippin

**ACT I**

Sganarelle and Martine, his wife, are in the heat of argument.

SGANARELLE     Stop! Bicker, badger,
                 You gain nothing by it.
                 Here I'm the master;
                 I want some quiet!

MARTINE         And I repeat, sir, I am not your slave;
                 I shall hassle till you behave.

SGANARELLE     Such a wife
                 Would drive a saint to the bottle.
                 Wise Aristotle put it well
                 When he said married life
                 Was like a living hell.

MARTINE         Go along with your Latin
                 And your Aristotle!

SGANARELLE     My profound erudition
                 Know-nothings find unnerving.
                 In the woods, look around,
                 And where else can you find
                 A scavenger as sound
                 On the nature of the mind,
                 Who can boast on the side
                 Of seven years of serving
                 A doctor known nation-wide
                 For command of the art?
                 Who else could conjugate
                 In Latin at the age of eight?

MARTINE         All this I know by heart.

SGANARELLE     This harpy should discourage
                 Any fellow thinking of marriage!
MARTINE  Poor me! Broken down! Worn away!  
No wonder, enslaved to you,  
Enslaved to you.  
Nothing but disaster  
Since the fatal day  
I said I do.

SGANARELLE  Say goodbye to song,  
Merriment and laughter,  
Enslaved by you.  
Nothing but disaster  
Since the fatal day  
I said I do.

MARTINE  It serves you right to suffer.  

SGANARELLE  If not one thing, another.  

MARTINE  A wastrel, an idler, a lazy bum  
Who eats me out of house and home.  

SGANARELLE  You lie! For drink is half my diet.  

MARTINE  In barroom brawls, a life of riot …  

SGANARELLE  Home again, it's more of the same.  

MARTINE  You should hide your head in shame,  
Even selling our bed for liquor.  

SGANARELLE  So that you will not oversleep.  

MARTINE  A bitter harvest some day you'll reap.  
The neighbors scoff at you and snicker.  
While you gamble, squander and spend,  
I have babes-in-arms to attend.  

SGANARELLE  Put them down, dear. No need to hold them.  

MARTINE  Poor little things! All underfed,  
From dawn to dusk they cry for bread.  

SGANARELLE  They only cry because you scold them,  
They cry because you scold them.  

MARTINE  Poor me! Broken down! Worn away!  
No wonder, enslaved to you,  
Nothing but disaster  
Since the fatal day I said I do.  

SGANARELLE  Say goodbye to song,  
Merriment and laughter,
Enslaved by you.
Nothing but disaster
Since the fatal day I said I do.

MARTINE       Putting right over wrong
               Is a matter of choice.

SGANARELLE   So you're the angel, I'm the boor!
               Slow down, my dear, and save your voice.

MARTINE       The ordeal I daily endure
               From your indecent and dissolute ways.

SGANARELLE   Expected of wives nowadays.

MARTINE       That unquenchable thirst never under control!

SGANARELLE   Your testy temper takes a toll.
               I'll stomach no more of your nagging.
               I've an able arm, and a hand.

MARTINE       Of his brawn the bully is bragging.

SGANARELLE   Or a stick ready to land.

MARTINE       My tongue he's attempting to tame?

SGANARELLE   Sweet, you leave no other recourse;
               Sick and tired of playing a game,
               You force me to answer with force.

MARTINE       How manly!

SGANARELLE   I've given you warning!

MARTINE       Mister Big!

SGANARELLE   This I will not stand.

MARTINE       You sot!

SGANARELLE   I am taking command.

MARTINE       Show me! Take a swat.
               You good-for-nothing pig!

SGANARELLE   Seek and ye shall find,
               Dearest heart, dearest treasure.
               Get set, here we go!
               Otherwise inclined,
               How can I say no?

               Dear, although reluctant,
Duty now compels me;
Observation tells me
Battle has begun.

When the lightning flashes,
When the temper rages,
Husbands through the ages
Do what must be done.

We husbands through the ages
Do what we must do.
Battle lines are drawn;
Now to see it through.

We are at war,
Here to decide:
Slavery, or
Honor and pride.

My castle till the end
I shall defend.

_Sganarelle lifts his stick as Robert, a mild-tempered neighbor, approaches._

MARTINE Coward! Bully! Liar! Swine!

ROBERT (entering in haste) Hey, hey! What's going on? Why, this is outrageous! A burly brute striking his wife. Stop it at once.

MARTINE (turning on Robert in fury) And suppose I like being struck?

ROBERT Well, well then. That's a different story.

MARTINE Did anybody ask you to butt in?

ROBERT Sorry, my mistake.

MARTINE It's no concern of yours.

ROBERT None whatever.

MARTINE The nerve! Trying to stop a husband from striking his own wife.

ROBERT I take it back.

MARTINE What's it to you?

ROBERT Absolutely nothing.

MARTINE Have you any right to come barging in?

ROBERT No right at all. I was wrong.
MARTINE Then you can just mind your own business.

ROBERT I won't say another word.

MARTINE (with a whack) Idiot! Sticking your nose in where it doesn't belong.

ROBERT (turning to Sganarelle) Good neighbor, I apologize. I overstepped. Go ahead. Smack her, knock her around, and if you want a little help …

SGANARELLE And who needs a helping hand?

ROBERT Sorry, no offense intended.

SGANARELLE I shall strike her when I choose, and not strike her when I choose not to.

ROBERT Your privilege.

SGANARELLE She's my wife, not yours.

ROBERT No argument there.

SGANARELLE Am I to take orders from you?

ROBERT Not for a moment.

SGANARELLE I can handle this myself.

ROBERT Of course you can.

SGANARELLE And you are an ignoramus to come meddling. Off with you! Run along! Beat it! (He chases off Robert, then turns to his wife) Come, let's make up. Truce!

MARTINE After the way you struck me?


MARTINE I wouldn't touch it.

SGANARELLE What!

MARTINE You heard me.

SGANARELLE No hard feelings.

MARTINE Get away from me.

SGANARELLE Let's not hold on to grudges.

MARTINE Don't try to take my grudges away from me. You have abused me.

SGANARELLE Very well. I admit it, I apologize, and now let's forgive and
forget. Come, give me your hand.

MARTINE  All right. I forgive you. (But I won't forget).

SGANARELLE  Now wasn't it silly to get all steamed up about nothing? These little flare-ups bring people together. An exchange of whacks between a loving couple stimulates affection. So now it's off to the woods. I'll be back with a hundred bundles.

(exits merrily)

MARTINE  Some proud women seek satisfaction,
Slyly stepping out with a lover
To pay a wayward husband back.

Pushed and prodded, goaded into action,
I wrack my brain to discover
A bolder method of attack.
No light tap am I forecasting;
Give me vengeance deep and lasting.

Husband dear, bear in mind,
When with me you collide,
You will find no cringing martyr,
But a Tartar, a Tartar inside.
One tough Tarter, a Tartar inside.

On the surface smirking and smiling,
I'll wait until the time is ripe.
Spurred by clashes past reconciling,
I'm not the meek and gentle type.

No faint heart, no idle bluffer,
For these blows I'll see you suffer.
Husband dear, bear in mind,
When with me you collide,
You will find no cringing martyr,
But a Tartar, a Tartar inside.
One tough Tarter, a Tartar inside.

Lucas and Valère enter, not seeing Martine

LUCAS  A wild goose chase! And then home again with an empty bag.

VALÈRE  No use grumbling. The master commands, the servant obeys.
And remember, we both have an interest in the health of his daughter. If we can bring off that marriage which has been postponed because of her illness, I would expect a suitable expression of gratitude. And Horace is an excellent match.

LUCAS  She wants Leander …

VALÈRE  Her father knows best.

MARTINE  (brooding) How to get even!
LUCAS  Do you expect to find a cure yourself? The doctors are baffled.

VALÈRE  Yes, but solutions are sometimes just around the corner. You have to keep looking.

MARTINE  (still absorbed) Get even I shall, come what may. Those whacks on the back went straight to the heart. They are not to be tolerated, and — gentlemen! I beg your pardon. I didn't see you. Preoccupied. Some personal matters on my mind. Problems.

LUCAS  Problems! You've got problems? What about us?

MARTINE  Could I be of help?

VALÈRE  Not very likely. What we need is a medical wizard, a specialist. It's for our master's daughter. She has been seized all of a sudden by a mysterious disease that has made her speechless. She can't make a sound. The local doctors are at their wits end.

MARTINE  (Aha! Revenge!) Gentlemen, believe it or not, you have come to the right place. I've got the very man you are looking for — a miracle worker. There is nothing he cannot cure.

VALÈRE  My word! What luck! Where can we find him?

MARTINE  Just a few steps away. This will amuse you — he's chopping wood.

LUCAS  A physician chopping wood?

VALÈRE  Culling herbs, you mean.

MARTINE  No, this is a man not to be judged by ordinary standards. Bizarre, capricious, crotchety — you would never take him for what he really is. He dresses outlandishly, as if to hide his knowledge, and will go to any lengths to avoid using his marvelous talent for medicine.

VALÈRE  Yes, these brainy fellows sometimes have a touch of madness. Not like the rest of us.

MARTINE  But his madness defies imagination. He will not even admit to being a doctor until thrashed from head to toe. And that is what you must do if you want him to help you.

VALÈRE  An odd way to ask for a favor.

MARTINE  True, but once you have gained his cooperation, he is incomparable, second to none.

VALÈRE  What is his name?

MARTINE  Sganarelle. You'll recognize him instantly — in green and yellow.
LUCAS  Green and yellow!  A man or a parrot?

VALÈRE  Is he really all that wonderful?

MARTINE  Words cannot do him justice.  Only six weeks ago, a woman was given up for dead.  No sign of life for seven hours!  As they are about to bury her, the gentleman we're speaking of is literally dragged onto the scene.  After one quick look, he puts a drop of I don't know what under her tongue, and she leaps from the grave and rushes home to finish sorting the laundry.

VALÈRE  This was no over-the-counter remedy.

MARTINE  I suspect not.  And less than three weeks ago, a twelve-year-old lad fell from the top of a church steeple.  His skull was smashed.  Ribs, arms, legs — all broken.  Our man is roped into action.  He rubs the child's body with a certain ointment known only to himself.  And the boy, up on his feet, runs off to resume a game of hopscotch.

LUCAS  By Jove!  He's just the man we're looking for.  Quick, let's go find him.

VALÈRE  How can we thank you?

MARTINE  Don't mention it.  But I warn you, he will protest, deny, resist … you know what to do.

(she exits)

LUCAS  Never fear!  With a good thrashing, this fox is in the bag.

VALÈRE  Today is our lucky day.

LUCAS  Listen!  I hear someone singing.  And look!  He's been chopping wood.

SGANARELLE  (entering)  Well, well!  After work comes the reward.

(He takes out a jug of wine)  
Little jug, little jug,  
Soothe me with your soft, gentle voice;  
Little jug, little jug,  
Say again glug glug,  
And again glug glug.

Ah!  My music, my music, my music of choice!  
Ah!  A song, a song to give the heart a tug.  
Dull cares I sweep beneath the rug;  
In higher regions I rejoice.
Little jug, little jug
Soothe me with your soft gentle voice.
Little jug, say again glug glug.
And again glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug,
Little jug, little jug.

Lovers, cry farewell to woe;
Dry the tears of lamentation;
When the winds of winter blow,
Here is sweeter consolation
As the juice begins to flow.

Little jug, little jug,
Soothe me with your soft, gentle voice.
Little jug, little jug
Little jug, say again glug glug.
And again glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug,
Little jug, little jug.

When the marriage comes to grief,
Man and wife in daily deadlock,
Here is comfort and relief
From the strife and strain of wedlock.
Learn to laugh and give a shrug;
Love is after all, humbug.

Ah! my music, my music, my music of choice!
A song, a song to give the heart a tug.
Dull cares I sweep beneath the rug;
In higher regions I rejoice.

Little jug, little jug,
Soothe me with your soft, gentle voice;
Little jug, little jug,
Little jug, say again glug glug.
And again glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug glug,
Say again, little jug,
Glug glug glug glug, ...
Glug glug!

VALÈRE That's him!

LUCAS I think you're right. Here under our nose.

SGANARELLE Ah, dear little jug! A friend in need.
(noticing Lucas and Valère) What the devil are these fellows after?

VALÈRE No mistaking.

LUCAS Yes siree! He fits the description.

SGANARELLE Why are they giving me the eye? What gives?
VALÈRE   Oh, sir!

LUCAS    Oh, sir!

VALÈRE   A moment, please!

LUCAS    A moment, please!

VALÈRE   Is it Sganarelle we're addressing?

LUCAS    Is it Sganarelle we're addressing?

SGANARELLE   Me?  Could be.

VALÈRE   Are you not the man?
          Do not be coy, time is pressing.

SGANARELLE   Maybe.  Entirely up to you.

VALÈRE   A man of genius and compassion!
          Known as a pillar of society!

SGANARELLE   If that's the case, you've got it right.
          I'm Sganarelle, and what you say rings true.

VALÈRE   Oh, sir!  Oh, sir!  A pleasure and delight!

VALÈRE and LUCAS
          (Here no doubt is the great M.D.;
          Yes, we're in luck, if you're asking me.)

VALÈRE   (to Sganarelle)
          From a nearby town we come seeking;
          Your skill and advice we require.

SGANARELLE   And of what talents are we speaking?

VALÈRE   Your hat!  Put it on,
          For the sun's very bright.

LUCAS    From heat and glare you need protection.
          Cover up carefully!

SGANARELLE   (putting on his hat)
          How's that? (These men are extremely polite.)

VALÈRE and LUCAS
          Too much on his mind!
          Now that we have found him
          We shall get around him,
          Wriggle though he may.

SGANARELLE   What have they in mind?
Have they come to hound me,
Riddle and confound me?
I am on my way.

VALÈRE    You must already have a notion,
            Good man, of why we come to call.

SGANARELLE    Of course! Of course!
            Far worse you could have chosen.

LUCAS    A man of such renown!
            The name is known to one and all.

SGANARELLE    "What's in a name?" said one great writer.

VALÈRE    No other name is shining brighter.

SGANARELLE    True enough … On gathering of wood
            I dare you find somebody better.

VALÈRE    Ha ha ha ha ha! Very, very good!
            But here's no laughing matter.

SGANARELLE    Do I cheat? Do I overcharge?

LUCAS    Oh, come! Why dither, duck and dodge?

SGANARELLE    I have to make a modest profit.
            No, no! I cannot sell for less.

VALÈRE    The joke has gone too far, come off it!

LUCAS    You're laughing up your sleeve, confess.

SGANARELLE    My price already under par —
            No wrangling, I entreat you.

VALÈRE    Sir, why do you force us to beat you?

SGANARELLE    (Good Lord! Some people are bizarre!)

VALÈRE and LUCAS    Too much on his mind!
            Now that we have found him
            We shall get around him,
            Wriggle though he may.

SGANARELLE    What have they in mind?
            Have they come to hound me,
            Riddle and confound me?
            I am on my way.
VALÈRE  To common sense am I appealing;  
Sir, why conceal a gift for healing?  
Depriving the world is never justified.

LUCAS  Can proven talent be denied?

SGANARELLE  Deprive? Deny?

LUCAS  You take us both for babies.

SGANARELLE  But for what are you taking me?

VALÈRE  For a great man of medicine,  
No buts or maybes.

SGANARELLE  Yes, and you're another. (Both insane!)

LUCAS  Admit, you're putting us on trial.  
Your persistence in flat denial  
Is a joke that's getting old.

SGANARELLE  Absurd! I've never once, never once  
Been a doctor, unless I was and wasn't told.

VALÈRE  For shame! You deny your profession!

SGANARELLE  (My word! I myself start to doubt.  
The plot I cannot figure out.)

VALÈRE and LUCAS  Confess, you're the doctor we need.

SGANARELLE  No!

VALÈRE and LUCAS  No?

SGANARELLE  A thousand nos!

VALÈRE and LUCAS  Then we're forced to proceed.  
(they start to whack him)

SGANARELLE  Ah! Ah! Ah! Murder! Help! Police!  
On second thought, I now agree;  
Just tell me who I am to be.  
Ah! Ah! Ah!  
Any role necessary!  
I agree, I concur —  
M.D. extraordinary!  
Doctor or apothecary,  
Name the title you prefer.  
But the stick that you carry
Lay aside, put it down.
Put on my cap and gown.

Gladly, gladly
I'll go whichever way the wind is blowing;
Maybe, maybe
I did become a doctor without knowing.

VALÈRE and LUCAS
Though perverse and contrary,
We have found our man,
No mere apothecary,
To carry out the plan.

Despite his odd maneuvers,
If beaten black and blue
The doctor will come through.
What we can, we shall do,
And Lucinda recovers.

Though perverse and contrary,
We have found our man,
No mere apothecary,
To carry out the plan.

VALÈRE and LUCAS
The M.D. to a tee,
No mere apothecary,
Not a mere apothecary,
We have found our man.

SGANARELLE Rather worse now for wear,
I am your man,
A mere apothecary,
Whatever you may plan.
As you will,
The M.D. to a tee,
Or mere apothecary,
But a mere apothecary,
You are looking at the man.

VALÈRE So you've come to your senses. You have decided to behave yourself.
I am delighted.

LUCAS It does my heart good.

VALÈRE And we humbly beg your pardon.

LUCAS Taking such a liberty …

SGANARELLE Good heavens! Is it my mistake? Did I become a doctor without knowing it?
VALÈRE  Sir, you will have no cause for regret. I assure you, you will be given every satisfaction.

SGANARELLE  But gentlemen! Are not you yourselves perhaps mistaken? Are you quite sure that I am a doctor?

LUCAS  As sure as I'm standing here.

SGANARELLE  The real thing?

VALÈRE  The most amazing physician alive.

LUCAS  Universally acknowledged.

SGANARELLE  Nobody ever told me.

VALÈRE  Taking on the most hopeless cases.

LUCAS  A lady dead for seven hours, about to be buried. You have her up and running.

VALÈRE  A twelve year old boy. Head, legs, arms, all broken. Up on his feet and playing hopscotch.

LUCAS  In short, if you will come with us, you can name your own fee.

SGANARELLE  Name my own fee?

VALÈRE  And it will be yours.

SGANARELLE  Yes, yes, of course I'm a doctor. How could I have forgotten. Lead me to the patient.

VALÈRE  Come with us. It concerns a lady who has lost her speech.

SGANARELLE  My word! You don't suppose I've found it?

VALÈRE  Ha, ha, ha! The doctor is fond of a joke. Come, sir.

LUCAS  Here's a doctor after my own heart. Bring on the clowns.

(they exit, chorus enters)

MEN  Wise are the few
    That know their own vocation!
    Some that bring home the wood
    Are doctors in disguise.
    You, rich or poor,
    May undergo a transformation;
    Snug and secure,
    You may be heading for surprise.

WOMEN  Here where all appears serene
    Are private tales worth the telling
Tucked away behind the scene,
Husbands barking, wives rebelling:
Dare we rush to intervene?

If pears were ever in season,
Or if favors came for free,
Or if others listened to reason,
How happy the world would be!
If pears and parsnips were ever in season,
Or if others bowed to reason,
How happy the world would be!

WOMEN
Life has daily ups and downs,
But on and on flows the river.
April smiles, November frowns;
Still the rain will fall as ever
On the saints and on the clowns.

If pears and parsnips
Were ever in season,
How surprised the world would be!
If parents and children
Would listen to reason,
How surprised the world would be!

End of Act I

ACT II

Scene: Old Géronte's living room; young Leander sings from outside.

LEANDER
While we linger
For love to ripen,
We but squander brief youth away.

Spring is ever
Time to savor
Playful colors in life's mixed bouquet.

Comes December
With cold reminder
Of shy and tender buds that bloomed in May.

We that waken
When love is calling
Hear a message none can explain.

Spurning freedom,
Taken captive,
What true lover would cast off the chain?
In surrender,
Two hearts discover
Heaven can offer no sweeter pain.

GÉRONTE The devil take these lovers with their serenades. I'll teach that fine young Leander to go singing under my daughter's window.

Lucas and Valère rush in, followed by Jacqueline.

LUCAS Oh, sir!
VALÈRE Oh, sir!
GÉRONTE What's all this?
LUCAS We've got him.
VALÈRE Got him.
GÉRONTE Got who? Leander?
LUCAS No, no! The doctor!
VALÈRE The foremost in the world.
LUCAS Fantastic!
VALÈRE Awesome!
LUCAS Miracles one after another.
VALÈRE Folks cured even after they were dead. But don't be misled by appearances.
LUCAS He's a little odd.
VALÈRE Absent-minded, that's all. Sign of genius.
LUCAS And he can talk just like it's coming out of a book.
GÉRONTE Then we must get to the head of the line. Bring him here at once.
VALÈRE I'll go get him.

(he exits)

JACQUELINE Take my word for it, he'll turn out just like the others. There's only one doctor that will do your daughter any good, and that's the right husband.

GÉRONTE Well, well! Dear lady! Such an authority, such an expert!
LUCAS  Hold your tongue, woman!  I didn't marry you to hear your opinions.

JACQUELINE  This is fact.  All the doctors in the world won't help her out. She doesn't need tonics and ointments.  I've told you what she needs.

GÉRONTE  A husband, is it?  What husband would have her in her present condition?  And besides, when I expressly ordered her to get married, she was dead set against it.  In fact, that was when the trouble began.

JACQUELINE  But you are backing the wrong man.  You want to saddle her with a husband she can't stand.  Whisper Leander and see what happens.  A different story, I assure you.  You will find her most obedient.  And I have an idea that he will gladly take her just as she is.

GÉRONTE  And I say again, this Leander will not do.  No money, no property, no income …

JACQUELINE  But he has an uncle, rich and childless.

GÉRONTE  A fortune in the offing — poppycock!  A bird in the hand, that's what I want.  Why, this uncle could outlive him.  Death is not always so obliging.  A sturdy young fellow can turn grey and wrinkled waiting for an old relative to kick off.

JACQUELINE  Money's not everything.

Go ask a wife or bride-to-be
What riches they secretly covet.
Yes, gold is good, they all agree,
But love is a level above it.

Close by, under your eye,
This rule we can apply:
Women, given the chance,
Take a stand for romance.

Pity these fathers when a daughter weds
Though she would sooner die;
Look at them wring their hands and shake their heads
And wonder what's awry.
When girls are free to do the choosing,
Pile up the gold however high,
You play on the side that is losing.

Go ask around if you would find
The reason we make a selection.
Though glist'ning gold may come to mind,
My vote is for warmth and affection.

Right here, under your roof,
Let me offer the proof:
Women, now as before,
Want the man they adore.
Take the example of Farmer Jake  
Who gave to Jack his daughter's hand,  
Ready to cause her heart to break  
To gain a paltry piece of land.  
To greed the girl became a martyr;  
A father's wish was her command,  
Her heart a mere item for barter.

To wed for love, so I've been taught,  
Not only is sweeter but wiser,  
For bags of gold add up to naught  
When held in the hands of a miser.

With love under the gun,  
Lay off, leave 'em alone:  
Women, twenty to one,  
Can decide on their own.

GÉRONTE That's enough out of you. If you get all heated up, your milk will curdle.

LUCAS You heard what he said. Your thoughts on the subject have not been asked for. The master knows what he is doing. I'll say it again, and again, and again! *(rapping on Géronte to emphasize each word.)*

GÉRONTE Gently, please! Gently!

LUCAS *(continuing to hammer home each point)* She should learn manners, respect, courtesy, civility …

GÉRONTE Yes, but not on me.

Valère returns, with Sganarelle.

VALÈRE Sir, meet the doctor!

GÉRONTE Ah, what a pleasure and relief! Delighted that you can pay us a call. You are just the man we need.

SGANARELLE *(to Géronde)* Glad to be of service, doctor.

GÉRONTE Doctor? You don't mean me?

SGANARELLE Who else?

GÉRONTE But I'm no doctor. Perish the thought.

SGANARELLE Not a doctor?

GÉRONTE Certainly not. Never have been.

SGANARELLE Are you sure?

GÉRONTE Of course I'm sure. *(Sganarelle starts whacking him)* Aie! Aie!
What are you doing?

SGANARELLE  Making a doctor out of you. Same way it happened to me.

GÉRONTE  Where did you find this madman?

VALÈRE  We warned you that he was a bit eccentric.

GÉRONTE  He can take his eccentricities elsewhere.

LUCAS  You mustn't take him seriously, sir. A little joke, that's all.

GÉRONTE  It's no laughing matter.

SGANARELLE  Sir, if I have taken a liberty …

GÉRONTE  Well, let's get on with it.

SGANARELLE  I would feel crushed, mortified, humiliated … (continuing to drive home each point)

GÉRONTE  Yes, yes. We'll overlook it.

SGANARELLE  Striking you on the head, on the shoulder, on the backside …

GÉRONTE  Please! No more apologies. Sir, I have a daughter who has come down with a strange affliction.

SGANARELLE  How delightful! What a treat! An opportunity to serve! I only wish that you and your whole family were in similar need.

GÉRONTE  Most obliging. I'll go get her. (he limps out)

SGANARELLE  (indicating Jacqueline) And who might this lady be?

JACQUELINE  Wet-nurse.

SGANARELLE  Wet-nurse! Succulent nurse! My medicine pales beside yours. Lucky infant who imbibes that delicious milk! For a sip, I would trade my entire pharmacy.

LUCAS  Doctor, I will thank you to keep your hands off my wife.

SGANARELLE  Your wife?

LUCAS  Yes, my wife!

SGANARELLE  Fortunate man! How happy I am for you! (throwing his arms around Jacqueline)

LUCAS  And you can keep your happiness to yourself.
SGANARELLE  It goes without saying that a case involves not just the patient, but the people around her as well. I must start by sampling the nurse's milk and examining her breast.

LUCAS  Oh, no you won't!

SGANARELLE  Contradicting the doctor? Rejecting science?

LUCAS  Standing up for decency, that's what.

SGANARELLE  If the patient succumbs, I disclaim all responsibility.

JACQUELINE  (to Lucas)  Stay out of this. I'm a big girl, and I can take care of myself.

LUCAS  Well, don't let him go poking around.

SGANARELLE  Ah, jealousy! Petty minds, forever holding back the advance of knowledge.

*Géronte returns with Lucinda*

GÉRONTE  Doctor, my daughter Lucinda.

SGANARELLE  Lucinda! What a lovely name! Our patient.

GÉRONTE  Yes, my one and only daughter. Too young to die!

SGANARELLE  Heaven forbid! Not without a doctor's help.

GÉRONTE  She's laughing.

SGANARELLE  The first step towards a cure.

        My dear! Speak up, without delaying!
        Hold nothing back, do not be shy.
        So what's the complaint?
        Do you ache? You're feeling faint?
        Come, come, reply!

LUCINDA  Han! Hi! Ho! Han!

SGANARELLE  What is she saying?

LUCINDA  Han! Hi! Ho! Han!

SGANARELLE  What? Here's a language unknown to me.

VALÈRE  Oh, sir! But that is just the point!

SGANARELLE  How so? Now what is just the point?

OTHERS  Yes, indeed! That is just the point.
Her speech, her speech is out of joint,
For reasons no one seems to know.

GÉRONTE  Because of this untimely blow,
Her marriage daily grows more distant.

SGANARELLE  How so?

GÉRONTE  Her future husband is kind, though insistent:
No wedding bells will sound
Until a cure is found.

SGANARELLE  This man's out of his mind!
Ass and donkey combined!
For such a fool there's no explaining.
A silent wife and he's complaining?
While he is fretting,
Morning till midnight I'm regretting
My own wife has not the same
Charming problem you name.
From morn till night I'm regretting
My own wife has not the same
Charming problem you name.

GÉRONTE  My jilted daughter put to shame!

OTHERS  The merry doctor plays a game.

SGANARELLE  The same affliction that you name!

GÉRONTE  Have a heart! Oh, please go ahead!
Help a father close to despair.

SGANARELLE  In my hands you are not misled;
I shall have her soon in repair.

OTHERS  A doctor brilliant though bizarre!
Unorthodox, he should go far.

GÉRONTE  Ah! The blow caught us unaware,
Unaware! Unaware!

SGANARELLE  So, taking on the case —
Are there signs of distress?

GÉRONTE  Yes, indeed!

SGANARELLE  (in deep thought)
Excellent! Hm! Hm! Is she often in pain?

GÉRONTE  To say the least!

SGANARELLE  Better yet!
Would you hazard a guess,
Your daughter would prefer
To have her voice back again?

GÉRONTE  One and all would rejoice.
            No dispute.

SGANARELLE  (to Lucinda) Good! Now the pulse … hold steady …
    (to Géronte) Aha! Because she cannot speak,
          Your daughter now is a mute, sir!

OTHERS    Astonishing! You've gone to the source!
The crux of her complaint you've diagnosed.

SGANARELLE  Of course! Of course! Though loath to boast —
        Savvy and clever, savvy and clever,
            Smarter then ever,
                To great acclaim
                    From coast to coast,
                      I'm known by name.

        Given the mission
            Of a physician,
                I pass the test
                    And frankly rank among the best.

        Master of science!
            Ask grateful clients.
                Doctor on call,
                    Topping them all.

OTHERS    Savvy and clever,
        Smarter than ever,
            Known by name from East to West.
        Given the mission
            Of a physician,
                Frankly ranking with the best.

        Master of science!
            Ask grateful clients.
                Doctor on call,
                    Topping them all.
            Best of all!

SGANARELLE  We experts in the art
        Know what it's all about.
            Though others, no doubt,
                May assert this or that —
                    They misread, they distort.
                        I, that know more and preach less,
                        Venture to report
                        That your daughter is speechless.
OTHERS    Mercy! What a mind!
         Vast! One of a kind!

GÉRONTE  But … It's the cause of her complaint
         That we are seeking.

SGANARELLE  I maintain …
            Because she's lost the power of speaking.

GÉRONTE  But why has she no longer the power of speaking?

SGANARELLE  Through failure of the lip, or the tongue.
            Apropos —
            On this point Aristotle has concurred.
            Let me see …
            You're fluent in Latin, of course?

GÉRONTE  Not so much as a word.

SGANARELLE  No Latin, not even a word?

(continues in dialogue over music:)

SGANARELLE  Cabricias arcithuram catalamus, etc. Yes! And the result?
            Qui substantive, …

Now to review my line of reasoning: I maintain that this impediment in the action of the
tongue is caused by certain humours which we in learned circles call the peccant
humours, or in other words, the humours that are peccant. Passing from the liver on the
left to the heart on the right, they converge in the lungs, where they encounter vapours
emanating from the venticles of the scapula, or shoulder blade. I urge you to follow my
reasoning closely —

JACQUELINE, LUCAS and VALÈRE  Yes, indeed!

SGANARELLE  Ossabandus, nequis, naquer, potarium, quipsa, milus — And that,
in simple words, is precisely why your daughter is speechless.

(singing resumes)

ALL    Savvy and clever,
       Smarter than ever,
       With acclaim from East to West,
       {He's/I'm} known by name.

       Given the mission
       Of a physician
       He meets the test
       {And/I} frankly ranks among the best.

       Master of science!
       Ask grateful clients.
       Doctor on call,
Topping them all.  
Best of all! 
Far best of all!

GÉRONTE  If I'd only kept on with my studies!

JACQUELINE  So this is what they call education.

VALÈRE  Brilliant!  I don't understand a word of it.

GÉRONTE  You can't expect a learned man to talk like everybody else.  
But sir, there is one thing that bothers me — the location of the liver and  
the heart.  Haven't you got them mixed up?  The liver is on the right, the  
heart on the left.

SGANARELLE  No longer. That's been modernized. 
Medicine is constantly advancing.

GÉRONTE  You must excuse my ignorance.

SGANARELLE  The layman is not expected to keep up with the expert.

GÉRONTE  Heavens no!  But sir, about the present case, what do you advise?

SGANARELLE  You want my professional advice?

GÉRONTE  Very much so.

SGANARELLE  Then I recommend that you send the patient back to her room  
and give her bread with wine several times a day.

GÉRONTE  Bread and wine?

SGANARELLE  Yes, taken together they have long been known to loosen  
the tongue.  Note well that we use the same treatment for parrots when  
training them to talk.

GÉRONTE  That certainly makes sense.  Quick!  Bread and wine, at once!

SGANARELLE  I'll be back this evening to find out how the cure is progressing.  
(to Jacqueline)  Just a moment.  Don't go.  (to Géronte)  Sir, I have in mind  
a treatment for your nurse.

JACQUELINE  For me?  I've never felt better in my life.

SGANARELLE  An ominous sign.  Perfect health can only get worse.  It calls  
for immediate bloodletting.

GÉRONTE  Bloodletting?  When there is no disease?

SGANARELLE  The disease is superfluous.  Bear in mind, we drink to ward off  
thirst.  Likewise, we purge to ward off illness.
JACQUELINE Fine theory, but I'll not have my body turned into a workshop.

(*she exits, with Lucas and Valère*)

SGANARELLE I would urge you to be more open-minded. I, too, must be leaving.

GÉRONTÉ One thing we're forgetting.

SGANARELLE You want more of me?

GÉRONTÉ I want to pay you for your service.

SGANARELLE I deplore money.

GÉRONTÉ But I insist.

SGANARELLE Money is beneath me.

GÉRONTÉ Nonetheless …

SGANARELLE It violates my principles.

GÉRONTÉ I beg you.

SGANARELLE It is degrading.

GÉRONTÉ (*slipping money into his pocket*) There, it's yours.

SGANARELLE Base material profit.

GÉRONTÉ We live in a material world. Good day, sir. (*he exits*)

SGANARELLE Hm! Not bad, not bad. (*starting to count*)
Solid silver. And tomorrow …

LEANDER (*entering*) Doctor, I've been watching from outside. I'm desperate. You must help me.

SGANARELLE I see. Flushed complexion, rapid pulse …

LEANDER I'm perfectly healthy. That's not the issue.

SGANARELLE If you're not sick, why do you need a doctor?

LEANDER Let me explain. My name is Leander, and I'm in love with Lucinda, your patient. But I'm not allowed even to see her, thanks to her testy old father. You must help a lover out. I've got to speak to her. My life, my happiness depend on it.

SGANARELLE And what do you take me for? A bawd, a pimp, a pander?

LEANDER Please, not so loud.
SGANARELLE  I will shout it from the rooftops. Oh, this wicked world that we
live in! Full of rude people … insolent, unscrupulous …

LEANDER  Softer, please! Lower your voice.

SGANARELLE  People who go about corrupting …

LEANDER  Pardon, please.

SGANARELLE  Undermining morality, insulting my profession …

LEANDER  Take this … *(taking out a purse)*

SGANARELLE  Offering bribes. *(taking it)* Of course, I'm not talking about
you. You're an honest, decent fellow whom I'd like to help out.

LEANDER  Forgive me if I have taken a liberty.

SGANARELLE  Not at all. What can I do for you?

LEANDER  First, you must understand the situation. The illness you are called
on to cure is a sham. Doctors have uttered their usual gibberish. Her disease has
been traced to the brain, the liver, the pulse, the nerve, you name it. But the
real cause pertains to the heart. She is in love, and has taken on this affliction
in order to avoid an odious marriage.

SGANARELLE  Not so dumb, after all. Ha, ha! Young man, you have stirred
me to the depths of my soul. I feel deeply concerned for the outcome of
this thwarted romance. We must work together. Does her father know you?

LEANDER  I doubt it. We've barely met.

SGANARELLE  Enough! I will stake my medical reputation on it. The invalid
will be yours. You've come to the right doctor.

CHORUS  *(enters)*

Today, not tomorrow,
You are back on course
By means we can borrow
From an age-old source.

Restore vim and vigor;
Put the pills aside.
Tonic cheap and quicker
Song and dance provide.

The tough city slicker,
The buckeroo,
The farmer, too,
A list including you and you
Are refortified.
Restore vim and vigor;  
Put the pills aside.  
Tonic cheap and quicker  
Song and dance provide.  

The tough city slicker,  
The buckeroo,  
The farmer, too,  
A list including you and you  
Are refortified.  

Today, not tomorrow,  
You are back on course  
With a cure we borrow  
From a trusty source.  

LEANDER  
Pining in a cage I carried  
Perched a silent turtle dove,  
Separated from her love.  
Gone the melodious tone;  
Down, though not yet broken-hearted,  
Sustained by hope alone,  
Too long the pair has been parted.  

Alas, poor little bird!  
Pensive in grief, your music unheard.  
Be of cheer; repair the drooping feather!  
Love all the more!  
Later as one, together,  
When love at last prevails,  
Your song again will soar.  

Soon will sparkling dawn  
Lift the veil of sorrow;  
Oh, sweet bird, sing on,  
And hail bright tomorrow.  

Night is nearly over,  
The dark of despair.  
When the clouds uncover,  
Receive an unwavering lover  
With song in the air.  
Receive a worshipping lover  
With song in the air.  

SGANARELLE  
As you can see, sir, the song has already had a soothing effect  
upon the patient. There is a sparkle in her eye that I have not detected before.  
A round of dance will lead us closer yet to a complete cure.  

GÉRONTE  
Well, if you recommend it.  

CHORUS  
Today, not tomorrow,
You are back on course
By means we can borrow
From an age-old source.

Restore vim and vigor;
Put the pills aside.
Tonic cheap and quicker
Song and dance provide.

The tough city slicker,
The buckeroo,
The farmer, too,
A list including you and you
Are refortified.

Restore vim and vigor;
Put the pills aside.
Tonic cheap and quicker
Song and dance provide.

The tough city slicker,
The buckeroo,
The farmer, too,
A list including you and you
Are refortified.

Today, not tomorrow,
You are back on course
With a cure we borrow
From a trusty source.

End of Act II

ACT III

The scene is an adjacent courtyard, or garden.

SGANARELLE (alone) For the life of me, I can't figure it out. Why the devil
do they all take me for a great doctor? But the change is not for the worse. In
fact, I've half a mind to stick to my new vocation.

What profession is finer?
Qualms and quibbles are minor.
From a life cutting wood,
Now I've made good.

The doctor, right and wrong,
Is immune from attack,
For the distressed
When laid to rest
Seldom talk back.
Quote a phrase from Hippocrates,
Refer to this or that disease,
Sing your own chorus of acclaim,
And you have made the Hall of Fame.

Name a trade or vocation
So free of preparation.
Lawyers, teachers, earn their degree.
For me, credentials lacking,
All it took was a whacking,

And lo, behold!
I'm an M.D.
In record time
Uplifted, I'm
The great M.D.

Opportunity knocking!
Closed doors are unlocking.
Made a quack with a whack
Laid on the back.

The doctor in his wisdom
Leaves nothing to chance,
He leaves nothing to chance.
For come the worst
He's reimbursed,
Paid in advance.

If we kill or cure, does it matter?
Our purses grow fatter and fatter.
Money in the bank guaranteed;
Little does it take to succeed.
If in doubt,
Look about:
Out and out gall is all you need.

By a blow elevated,
I'm a pro dedicated,
Nor would I change it if I could.
For gulling my good neighbor
I count as less a labor,
Less a labor
Than a long, back-breaking, racking day
Hacking wood.

Glorified and promoted!
Worshipped by the devoted!
People cheer and applaud,
Drawn by the fraud;
Some are thrilled, some enthralled,
Some overawed.
The doctor, high and mighty,
Need bear no rebuke,
He need bear no rebuke,
For if mistook,
No dirty look
Comes from a spook.

What vocation can match it?
Drop the knife and the hatchet.
From a life cutting wood
I've now made good.

Opportunity knocking!
Closed doors are unlocking!
Made a quack with but a whack
Laid on the back.

No profession finer!
Qualms and quibbles minor!
People love and applaud
The happy fraud.

Leander enters, in the robe of an apothecary

SGANARELLE  Ah, there you are!
LEANDER  Do I look like an apothecary? Will her father fall for it?
SGANARELLE  He's fallen for bigger impostors.
LEANDER  I don't suppose you could supply me with a few medical terms to throw out in conversation. I want to come across like a professional.
SGANARELLE  Jargon is unnecessary. The robe will do it. And besides, on the subject of medicine I'm as ignorant as you.
LEANDER  You? Ignorant? You're joking!
SGANARELLE  It's the truth, so help me God. You've been honest with me, so I'll be honest with you.
LEANDER  Then you are not really …
SGANARELLE  You have hit the nail on the head. They've made me a doctor over my own dead body. Frankly, all of this Latin is Greek to me. Don't ask me why, but they have got it into their heads that I am a medical wizard, and there's no talking them out of it. What can I do but go along?
LEANDER  No choice.
SGANARELLE  Ah, here come two who look as if they are coming to consult. I must put on my dignity again. Go, wait for me in front of the house.
(Valère presents Thibaut and Perrin, father and son, to Sganarelle)

PERRIN Sir, two more, knocking at your door.

THIBAUT Come to plead, argue and implore.

PERRIN Man of science, eloquence and learning …

THIBAUT To your proven talents we are turning.

BOTH Here because of urgent need,
How fortunate to catch you!
Wise and profound,
Word's got around:
For results guaranteed,
No man alive can match you.

THIBAUT, PERRIN and VALÈRE
So we come, knocking at your door
To persuade, pester and implore.

SGANARELLE Enough! What do you want?

THIBAUT and PERRIN
Your skill as a physician.

THIBAUT His aunt — my cousin — down!

PERRIN Daily declining condition.

BOTH Doctor, you must take on the case.

SGANARELLE Sorry, but I fail to follow.

PERRIN Confined and convulsive, her forces fail;
We see her shake and shiver
And fear collapse of lung and liver.
Daily bleedings have been of no avail.

SGANARELLE I simply can't imagine what
You gentlemen are driving at.

THIBAUT, PERRIN and VALÈRE
Oh, sir! We have a hazy notion
You may have some pill or potion …
For your service you will be paid, of course.
Count 'em out — seven pieces!

SGANARELLE Ah! How my compassion increases!
Do overlook the oversight.
Suddenly I see the light.
Yes, silver helps me understand you.
THIBAUT, PERRIN and VALÈRE

Then here you are,
Shiny and brand new.
As before, doctor, we implore:
Drive us not from your door.

SGANARELLE

In short,
You speak about a near and dear relation,
Aunt, or cousin — lung, liver
In revolution.
I am called to the rescue.

THIBAUT and PERRIN

We merely mention one reason why …

SGANARELLE

Reason why?

THIBAUT and PERRIN

You must not let her die.

SGANARELLE

Understood.

THIBAUT and PERRIN

It goes against the grain,
Throwing money down the drain.
Why should we pay a fee
For what people do for free?

SGANARELLE

Very wise! Listen well —
For a cure, give her cheese.

THIBAUT and PERRIN

Only cheese? Only cheese?

SGANARELLE

Ah, but — cheese enriched!
It contains powdered pearl,
Some coral, a pinch of gold.
Loaded with minerals, so I am told.
Discover it yourself:
From the earth for the ailing,
With benefits unfailing,
And seldom found upon the shelf.

THIBAUT, PERRIN and VALÈRE

At once! At once! We have no time to dally.
Here's a cheese that touches the heart,
Rich with pearl and laden with stone.
If she now refuses to rally,
We have done at least our part;
The fault is entirely her own.
We dare not dally!
Today, modern science goes on the line!
If she now refuses to rally,
The failure is no fault of mine.

**SGANARELLE**

Away! You'll find her feeling better
If orders are followed to the letter.
Down with disease! Give cheese a try,
And only then
The grandest funeral that gold can buy.

**THIBAUT and PERRIN**

At once! At once! We have no time to dally.
Here's a cheese that touches the heart,
Rich with pearl and laden with stone.
If she now refuses to rally,
We have done at least our part;
The fault is entirely her own.
We dare not dally!
Today, modern science goes on the line!
If she now refuses to rally,

**THIBAUT, PERRIN and VALÈRE**

The failure is no fault of mine.

*(Thibault, Perrin and Valère leave)*

**Jacqueline enters**

**SGANARELLE** Ah, just as I hoped! We meet again. The nurse I've always dreamed of. My calomel, my magnesia, my epsom salts …

**JACQUELINE** None of this romantic talk for me, doctor. I speak a different language.

**SGANARELLE** Dear nurse, do me a favor. Catch a disease, come down with a fever. I've a cure that I'm longing to try.

**JACQUELINE** Thanks. But I don't need any such cure.

**SGANARELLE** But tomorrow, who knows? A lovely girl, in the springtime of life, saddled with a bad-tempered, jealous husband.

**JACQUELINE** I brought it on myself. When you make your bed you have to lie in it.

**SGANARELLE** Come, come! Sharing a bed with a lout like that? With an old crank who spies on you, who won't even allow you a little conversation with an intelligent man.

**JACQUELINE** You don't know the half of it. He's not even faithful.

**SGANARELLE** Incredible!

Ah! I know someone close at hand,
A friend inclined to fill the slot.
An understanding man, he awaits your command
To show a husband what is what.
As the Good Book says,
Vengeance satisfies.
And like the wind, time flies!

JACQUELINE

Turned-off wives do indeed complain
When saddled with a husband like mine.
When marriage weighs upon us like a ball and chain,
We, too, would venture out of line,
Even cast an eye
On the fruit forbidden,
Tasted on the sly.

SGANARELLE

Oh, your husband has it coming —
Turn to one I could name.
While his restless eye is roaming
You could also do the same,
Do the same, do the same.

JACQUELINE

Wayward husbands have it coming —
There is one I could name.
While his restless eye is roaming
Mine could also do the same,
Do the same, do the same.

(Lucas enters without being seen)

SGANARELLE

So fair, with cheeks like budding roses!
Thrown away on a clumsy clod,
On a blockhead who supposes
He can rule with iron rod.
Why should you abide
A husband stern as Moses?
Pleasure on the side
Someone else close at hand
Can provide.

JACQUELINE

You have painted a pretty picture,
And revenge would serve him right.
Nor do I need the guiding light
Of holy scripture
On the pathway where you invite.
Not to be outdone,
Merely getting even,
Justice can be fun,
Justice can be fun.

SGANARELLE

Oh, your husband has it coming,
Turn to one I could name.
While his restless eye is roaming
You could also do the same,
Do the same, do the same.

JACQUELINE

Wayward husbands have it coming —
There is one I could name.
While his restless eye is roaming
Mine could also do the same,
Do the same, do the same.

(Sganarelle and Jacqueline exit on opposite sides)

GÉRONTE (entering) Say, Lucas! Have you seen our doctor about?

LUCAS (who has been eavesdropping during the duo) Have I seen him? I'll say! Giving my wife a close examination.

GÉRONTE Always on duty. Go, see how my daughter is doing.

(Lucas exits as Sganarelle enters, with Leander in apothecary garb)

GÉRONTE Ah, doctor! I was just asking about you.

SGANARELLE Taking a brief stroll about the courtyard. How is your daughter?

GÉRONTE Somewhat worse after your medication.

SGANARELLE An excellent sign! The cure is working.

GÉRONTE If she doesn't die first.

SGANARELLE No cause for alarm. My best remedies I save till I hear the death rattle.

GÉRONTE Who is the gentleman with you?

SGANARELLE (while pantomiming measuring dosages, pouring out liquids, etc.) My head of state …

GÉRONTE Your what?

SGANARELLE My prime minister …

GÉRONTE Huh!

SGANARELLE My first lieutenant …

GÉRONTE Ah, the apothecary!

SGANARELLE Essential for your daughter's recovery.

JACQUELINE (appearing briefly) Sir, your daughter wants to walk around a bit.

SGANARELLE The air will do her good. (to Leander) Go with her. Keep your hand on her pulse, check her breathing. Bring back a full report. (drawing Géronte aside and continually distracting him from the lovers) Sir, one of the profound and subtle questions that we doctors put to ourselves — which is easier to cure, a man or a woman? Attention, please! Some say the one, some say the other. I say both the one and the other. Because of
the incongruity of the opaque humors — sir, you're not following — frequently found in women, the instinctual anima collides with the intellectual matrix, both relating to the oblique orbit of the moon. One must conclude …

LUCINDA  (to Leander, in a firm, clear voice) I know my own heart. Nothing will ever induce me to change.

GÉRONTE Good Lord! My daughter just spoke! Success! A miracle! Doctor, how can I repay you?

SGANARELLE I never abandoned faith.

LUCINDA Yes, father. My speech has been restored.

GÉRONTE Yes, but …

LUCINDA And I've only one thing to say. I shall marry Leander and no one else.

GÉRONTE Yes, but …

LUCINDA You are wasting your time trying to force Horace on to me.

GÉRONTE Yes, but … but …

LUCINDA Rant and rave at me, dear father. Even with my back to the wall, I can save you fuss and bother, For I've chosen once and for all.

Never shall I be divided From Leander, him I shall wed.

GÉRONTE But I —

LUCINDA So consider it decided — Nothing further need be said.

LUCINDA Understand: I want Leander! I say it, now no longer mute, And dare to speak in simple candor, Fortified by a mind resolute, Resolute, resolute!

SGANARELLE Surrender, give her to Leander.

GÉRONTE To her caprice I shall not pander; Who but a father should decide? And I'll have none of this Leander, A fellow so unqualified.

OTHERS Surrender, give her to Leander; For her own self must she decide; Sir, you may guide but not command her;
Not you but she will be the bride.

**LUCINDA**

Though your motives are paternal,  
You shall not prevail by force;  
True to larger laws eternal  
I must pursue my rightful course.

I have chosen, I have spoken;  
It is my life that I defend.  
If my heart is to be broken,  
In the convent, my pain will end.

Understand: I want Leander,  
I say it, now no longer mute,  
And dare to speak in simple candor,  
Fortified by a mind resolute,  
Resolute, resolute!

**OTHERS**

Surrender, give her to Leander;  
For her own self must she decide;  
Sir, you may guide but not command her;  
Not you but she will be the bride.

**LUCINDA**

Any other wouldn't do.  
Listen, father: no, no, no, … no!

**GÉRONTE**

Must a father undergo his overthrow?

**OTHERS**

Who can misconstrue  
When the word is no?

GÉRONTE What a flood of words! No stopping it! Doctor, I implore you.  
Make her speechless again.

SGANARELLE That is beyond my skill. However, I might suggest an alternative.  
I could make you deaf.

GÉRONTE No, thank you. (to Lucinda) Now listen here!

LUCINDA There's no point in arguing. Nothing that you can say will have  
the slightest effect on me.

GÉRONTE You will marry Horace this evening.

LUCINDA I will die first.

SGANARELLE Stop! Let the doctor handle this. It is clear to me that her  
illness has taken a new turn.

GÉRONTE And can you cure this one?

SGANARELLE Possibly. But I shall need the help of our apothecary here.  
(to Leander) A word. You can see that her passion for Leander is utterly contrary
to her father's wishes and must be dealt with. We've not a minute to lose. Her symptoms are already severe, and delay will only make her condition worse. I can think of only one remedy: elopenol, an immediate application of scrampoo, followed by matrimonisia. The patient may resist, but I rely on your tact and skill to bring her round. Start with a stroll in the garden in order to prepare her mentally, while I hold hands with her father. Above all, lose no time.

(Leander hurries off with Lucinda)

GÉRONTE And what are these drugs you are prescribing?

SGANARELLE Remedies that I use only as a last resort.

GÉRONTE A point that we have certainly reached. Have you ever seen anyone so obstinate, so headstrong, so inconsiderate? …

SGANARELLE Daughters can be difficult.

GÉRONTE Leander's to blame. She's out of her mind.

SGANARELLE Fever in the blood. Young people are dangerously susceptible.

GÉRONTE I spotted the danger right away and had her locked up.

SGANARELLE Very wise of you.

GÉRONTE Cut off all communication.

SGANARELLE Naturally.

GÉRONTE Even one secret meeting could be dangerous.

SGANARELLE Catastrophic.

GÉRONTE Who knows? She might even try to run off with him.

SGANARELLE Who knows better than a father?

GÉRONTE It's not been easy. I am told that he is desperate to see her and will stop at nothing. Trickery, slight of hand, disguise …

SGANARELLE Surely not!

GÉRONTE He'll have to try harder than that.

SGANARELLE Aha!

GÉRONTE Yes, sir! He'll keep his distance while I'm around.

SGANARELLE I should think so! Does he take you for an idiot? A blockhead? A nincompoop?

LUCAS (rushing in) Heaven help us! What a mess! Sir, your daughter has run off with the apothecary! I mean Leander! That was him. And it was our
great doctor here who masterminded the whole thing.

GÉRONTE What! My daughter! Leander! Quick, call the police. And don't let that doctor get away. Oh, you traitor! The law will punish you for this.  
(he exits)

LUCAS Lord, sir. It looks like the rope. And not a minute too soon.

MARTINE (entering) Goodness gracious! The trouble I've had finding this house! Any news about that doctor I recommended?

LUCAS News! He's made the headlines. See for yourself. About to be hanged.

MARTINE My husband hanged! But why? What has he done?

LUCAS He has helped our master's daughter to elope.

MARTINE My dear husband! Is it true that they're going to hang you?

SGANARELLE You see what you've brought me to.

MARTINE To die in public! How can you let this happen?

SGANARELLE What do you suggest I do about it?

MARTINE And all that wood still to be cut! I would feel so much better if you had finished.

SGANARELLE Go, leave me. You're breaking my heart.

MARTINE No, I shall remain to give you courage to meet your death. And I shall not leave until the last gasp.

SGANARELLE (wincing) Aie!

GÉRONTE (returning) An officer of the law is on the way. You will be locked up until …

SGANARELLE Oh, take pity, sir! Couldn't the sentence be changed? Something that would give me a good, stiff lesson?

GÉRONTE Certainly not. Justice will be served. But what's this?

LEANDER (returning with Lucinda) Sir, I return to reintroduce myself as Leander, the person that I really am, and to deliver Lucinda back into your charge. Also to bring you news. I have just received a letter informing me that my uncle has died, naming me the heir to all of his property. Read it for yourself.

GÉRONTE Dear young man! I have always had the highest regard for you. Gladly, from the bottom of my heart, I give you my daughter.

SGANARELLE And medicine lives on!
MARTINE  You mean they are not going to hang you? In that case, you can
thank me for having made you a doctor.

SGANARELLE  Yes, and for a good many whacks on the back as well.

LEANDER  Now, now. All has turned out for the best. Such a gloriously
happy ending leaves no room for squabbling.

SGANARELLE  All right. I'll forget the blows and the bruises in exchange for the honor
and glory that you have promoted me to. But hereafter, please, a little respect to a man of
my dignity. Otherwise, watch out! Your doctor gets the last word.

CHORUS     Wise are the few
             That find their own vocation!
             Some that bring home the wood
             Are doctors in disguise.
             You, rich or poor,
             May undergo a transformation;
             Snug and secure,
             You may be heading for surprise.

             Wise are the few
             That find their own vocation!
             Some that gather the wood
             Are doctors in disguise.

End of the Opera