[Pushing the Doctor] imagine the enemy on one side of the trench and our people on the other. [Indicates letter to Rosine.] Take out your handkerchief. [Spits on the floor.] That's the ditch, you see.

[Rosine takes out her handkerchief. The Count drops the letter between them.]

Bartolo [stooping for it]: Ha ha!

The Count [picking it up]: Steady! Just when I was going to teach you my professional secrets... A discreet young woman I must say? She lets a love-letter fall out of her pocket and...

Bartolo: Give it me.

The Count: Dulciter! Gently, Papa! Everyone to his own business. Suppose a prescription for a purgative had fallen out of your pocket, now...

Rosine: Ah! [Puts out her hand.] I know what it is Mr Soldier. [Takes letter and puts it in her apron pocket.]

Bartolo: Are you going or not?

The Count: Right! I'm going. Good-bye, Doctor. No offence, eh? A little suggestion to you, my dear: pray that death may spare me for another campaign or two. I never felt that life was so dear to me.

Bartolo: Do be off. If I had any influence with death...

The Count: If you had any influence with death? Aren't you a doctor? You do so much for death, how could it refuse you anything in return? [Goes.]

Bartolo: He's gone at last. [Aside] I must dissimulate.

Rosine: You must agree that he's very lively. In spite of his being drunk, one could see that he was not wanting in intelligence or even a certain degree of breeding.

Bartolo: We are lucky to have got rid of him, my dear. And now wouldn't you like to read me the letter he left with you?

Rosine: Which letter?
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

BARTHOLO: One's wife's?

ROSINE: I'm not your wife yet, but why subject a wife to an indignity you wouldn't show anyone else?

BARTHOLO: You are trying to involve me in argument and distract my attention from the letter. It undoubtedly comes from some lover. I insist upon seeing it!

ROSINE: You shan't see it. If you come near me I'll run out of the house and throw myself on the mercy of the first person I meet.

BARTHOLO: And a lot of notice he'd take of you.

ROSINE: That we shall see.

BARTHOLO: This isn't France where women are allowed to do as they like, so put that idea out of your head. I'll go and shut the door.

ROSINE [as he is out of the room]: Heavens! What am I to do? I must change it for my cousin's letter and let him have the pleasure of reading that. [Changes the letters and allows her cousin's letter to protrude from her pocket a little.]

BARTHOLO [returning]: Now I am going to see it!

ROSINE: By what right, if you please?

BARTHOLO: The right that is universally acknowledged—that of the stronger.

ROSINE: I'll die rather than give it up.

BARTHOLO [stamping with rage]: Now then, Miss! Now then! ROSINE [sinking into a chair and pretending to be ill]: Ah! What an outrage!

BARTHOLO: Give me the letter or take the consequences.

ROSINE: Unhappy Rosine! [Collapses.]

BARTHOLO: What's wrong with you?

ROSINE: Oh! Hideous prospect!

BARTHOLO: Rosine!

ROSINE: I'm choking with rage.

BARTHOLO: She's ill.

ROSINE: I feel faint—I'm dying.

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BARTHOLO: I'm not asking to know who it comes from—

ROSINE: Forgive you! And yet you still don't believe that the letter is from my cousin.

BARTHOLO: I am not asking to know who it comes from—from him or from anyone else.

ROSINE [giving him the letter]: You see. Behave reasonably to me and you can have anything you ask. Read it.
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

BARTHOLO: Such frankness would remove all suspicion even if I still had any.
ROSINE: Read it, then, Sir.
BARTHOLO [stepping back]: Heaven forbid that I should do such a thing!
ROSINE: I would much rather you read it.
BARTHOLO: Let me give you a mark of my confidence in return. I'm going up to see poor Marceline whom that Figaro has been bleeding - goodness knows why! Will you come too?
ROSINE: I'll come up in a minute.
BARTHOLO: Since peace is made, my dear, give me your hand on it. If only you could love me - Ah! How happy you would be!
ROSINE [lowering her glance]: If you knew how to please me - Ah! How I should love you.
BARTHOLO: I will please you. I will. And when I say it I mean it. [He goes out.]
ROSINE [watching him go]: Ah, Lindor! He says he will please me! I must read this letter which so nearly brought trouble upon me. [Exclaiming as she reads] Ha! I'm too late. He advises me to seek an occasion for a quarrel with my guardian. I had one and let it go. When I took the letter I felt myself blushing up to my eyes. Ah! How right my guardian was! - I am far from having that knowledge of the world which, I'm told, enables some women to maintain their composure in any circumstances. But a tyrant like this would contrive to make innocence itself become cunning.

ACT THREE

BARTHOLO [alone and melancholy]: What whims! What caprices! It seemed as if she was quite satisfied and now... What the Devil has put it into her head to refuse to have any more lessons from Don Bazile, that's what I would like to know! She knows he has something to do with the marriage... [Knock at the door.] You can do anything in the world to please women and if you overlook one item... one single thing... [Knock repeated.] I must see who it is.

[Enter the COUNT as a young music master.]

THE COUNT: May peace and happiness be upon this house.
BARTHOLO [brusquely]: Never was wish more timely! What do you want?
THE COUNT: Sir, my name is Alonzo, qualified master of...
BARTHOLO: I'm not needing a tutor.
THE COUNT: Pupil of Don Bazile, organist of the grand convent, who has the honour to teach singing to the young lady you...
BARTHOLO: Bazile! Organist! He has the honour! I know all about that.
THE COUNT [aside]: What a man! [To Bartholo] He's confined to his bed by a sudden indisposition.
BARTHOLO: Confined to bed? Bazile? He did right to let me know. I'll go see him at once.
THE COUNT [aside]: The Devil you will! [To Bartholo] When I said bed, I really meant bedroom....
BARTHOLO: Let's hope it's not serious. Go ahead and I'll follow.
THE COUNT: Sir, I was charged to... can anyone hear us?
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

BARTHOLO [aside]: He's a rogue of some sort or other! [To Count] No, Master Mystery Monger, don't worry about being heard—speak out—if you can.

THE COUNT [aside]: Confound the old fogey! [To Bartholo] Don Bazile charged me to inform you...

BARTHOLO: Speak up! I'm deaf in one ear.

THE COUNT [loudly]: Willingly...to inform you that Count Almaviva who was lodging in the Plaza Major...

BARTHOLO: Not so loud. Not so loud.

THE COUNT [louder than before]: Left there this morning. As it was from me that he learned that Almaviva...

BARTHOLO: Please, not so loud.

THE COUNT [as before]: ...that Almaviva was in town and as I had discovered that Signora Rosine had written to him...

BARTHOLO: She had written to him? My dear fellow, do speak more quietly, I implore you. Come, let us sit down and have a friendly chat together. You discovered, you say, that Rosine...

THE COUNT [proudly]: I certainly did! Bazile, alarmed on your behalf, asked me to come and show you her letter. Unfortunately you are taking things the wrong way...

BARTHOLO: Heavens! I'm not taking anything the wrong way. But can't you possibly speak a bit more quietly?

THE COUNT: Didn't you say you were deaf in one ear?

BARTHOLO: I'm sorry, Signor Alonzo, if my manner seemed a little rude and suspicious, but I'm so surrounded by intrigue and intriguers...and then your appearance, your age, your manner...You must forgive me. Well now, you have the letter?

THE COUNT: That's more like the way to talk. But I'm concerned lest we should be overheard.

BARTHOLO: Why! Who could there be? The servants are all down and out! Rosine has shut herself up in a temper. The
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THE COUNT [repressing an exclamation of delight]: That's just what Bazile thought. But how is it to be done? It's late and there's little time left now.

BARTHOLO: I'll say you've come in his place. Couldn't you give her a lesson?

THE COUNT: I'll do whatever you like, but, you know, the singing-master story is a very old trick - it has a stagey look about it. Suppose she were to suspect?

BARTHOLO: There's no likelihood of that if I introduce you. Anyhow, you look more like a lover in disguise than the obliging friend of Bazile.

THE COUNT: Really? You think my manner might assist the deception?

BARTHOLO: I defy anyone to guess the truth. She's in a dreadful temper tonight, but she's only to see you and... her harpsichord is in this closet. Amuse yourself while you are waiting. I'll do all I can to bring her to reason.

THE COUNT: Be careful not to mention the letter.

BARTHOLO: Not until the vital moment! It would spoil the effect. You don't need to tell me things twice. No, I don't need to be told twice. [He goes out.]

THE COUNT [alone]: Saved! What a devilish awkward fellow to deal with! Figaro had him weighed up. The fact that I knew I was lying made me appear dull and stupid, but hasn't he sharp eyes? Upon my word, but for the sudden inspiration about the letter I should have been shown the door like a numbskull. Heavens! They are arguing. Suppose she continues to refuse to come out? I must listen! If she does refuse I lose all the advantage of my scheme. [Listens at the door.] Here she comes. I mustn't show myself yet. [Goes into the closet.]

ROSINE [entering in simulated fury]: It's no use your talking. I have made my decision. I want to hear no more talk about music.

BARTHOLO: Listen, child! It's Signor Alonzo, Don Bazile's friend and pupil - chosen by him to be one of our witnesses...

ROSINE: Well, you can get that out of your head. If I sing this evening I'll... Where is this fellow whom you are afraid to send packing? I'll give him his dismissal and Don Bazile as well and I won't waste any words on them either. [Sees her lover.] Ah!

BARTHOLO: What's the matter with you?

ROSINE [her hands on her heart]: Oh Heavens!

BARTHOLO: She's ill again. Signor Alonzo!

ROSINE: No, I'm not ill. It was in turning... Oh!

THE COUNT: You twisted your ankle?

ROSINE: Yes, I twisted my ankle. I hurt myself dreadfully.

THE COUNT: Yes, I saw that you did.

ROSINE [looking at the Count]: I'm quite overcome.

BARTHOLO: A chair! A chair! Why are there no chairs here!

[He brings a chair.

THE COUNT: Ah, Rosine!

ROSINE: What imprudence!

THE COUNT: I have a thousand things I must tell you.

ROSINE: He'll never leave us alone.

THE COUNT: Figaro will come to our aid.

BARTHOLO [bringing a chair]: There, dearie, sit down. It doesn't look as if she'll be having her lesson this evening, young man. It will have to be another day. Good-bye.

ROSINE [to the Count]: No, wait a while. The pain is passing off a little. [To Bartholo] I feel I perhaps did you an injustice, Sir. Let me follow your example and make prompt amends...

BARTHOLO: Ah! There's a good little woman, but after a shock like that I wouldn't have you try to do anything. Good-bye, young man. Good-bye!
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ROSINE [to the Count]: A moment, please. [To Bartholo] I shan’t believe that you want to please me if you prevent me from giving proof of my contrition by having my lesson.

THE COUNT [to Bartholo]: If you take my advice you’ll let her have her own way.

BARTHOLO: Well then, my love, that’s all right. So far from not wanting to please you I’ll stay here while you have your lesson.

ROSINE: Oh, no, Sir! I know you aren’t interested in music.

BARTHOLO: I assure you that I shall take the greatest possible interest in it this evening.

ROSINE [aside to the Count]: I’m in despair!

THE COUNT [taking up a sheet of music]: Is this what you would like to sing, Madam?

ROSINE: Yes. It’s a charming passage from The Futile Precaution.

BARTHOLO: Still harping on your Futile Precaution!

THE COUNT: It’s the very latest thing. It gives a kind of impression of spring and it’s in a very lively style. If the young lady cared to try it . . .

ROSINE: With pleasure. An impression of spring would be delightful. Spring is nature’s own season of youthfulness. It seems as if with the passing of winter the heart acquires a greater sensibility – as a captive long imprisoned and given an offer of freedom savours to the full the joys of liberation.

BARTHOLO [to the Count]: Her head’s always full of these romantic ideas.

THE COUNT [whispers to Bartholo]: Don’t you see the point?

BARTHOLO: Good Lord! [He sits in the chair which Rosine has left.]

ROSINE [sings]:

When spring returns again
Cupid resumes his reign.

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All life pervading,
All things invading,
Flowers and lovers’ hearts
Spring new warmth imparts.

From fold and grange
The flocks do range.
Young lambs abound
With their cries the hills resound.

Love doth resume its reign
For spring is come again.
Lindor can think of naught
Save what in him hath wrought
Love for his shepherdess
Wherein lies her happiness.

[BARTHOLO dozes off. The COUNT takes Rosine’s hand and covers it with kisses. ROSINE’s emotion causes her voice to falter and stops her song in mid-phrase. The orchestra stops also.

The silence wakes BARTHOLO, whereon the COUNT resumes his position. ROSINE continues her song and BARTHOLO dozes off again – and so on.]

THE COUNT: It certainly is a very charming little piece, and the young lady sings it very well indeed.

ROSINE: You flatter me. The credit lies entirely with the teacher.

BARTHOLO [yawning]: I think I must have dozed off during this charming little piece. I have my patients . . . I’m here and there and everywhere till I can hardly stand, and as soon as I sit down my poor feet . . . [Gets up and pushes the chair away.]

ROSINE [aside to the Count]: Figaro doesn’t come.

THE COUNT: We must play for time.

BARTHOLO: I’ve already asked Bazile, young man, whether
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she can't be given something a bit more lively than these arias which go up up up and then down down down and up up up... dismal as a funeral to me they sound. What about some of the little tunes they sang when I was young... anybody could get hold of them without any trouble. I used to know one, for example –

[During the introduction he scratches his head to recall the words, snaps his fingers as he sings, and bends and sways his knees in time with the song as old men do.]

Sings

Wilt thou have me Rosinette?
A prince of husbands
You would get...

[Laughingly to the Count] It's Fanchonette in the song, but I sing Rosinette for fun and to make it fit in with us. Ha, ha! Good, eh?

THE COUNT [laughing]: Yes, very good!

[Enter FIGARO unobserved upstage.]

BARTHOLO: Have you come to purge, bleed, and drug the whole house into bed again?

FIGARO: We don't have a celebration every day, Sir, but apart from my daily attentions you will have perceived that when need arises my zeal doesn't wait for instruction...

BARTHOLO: You and your zeal! What are you going to say to the unfortunate fellow you've set yawning and dozing and to the other who's sneezing his head off? What are you going to say to them?

FIGARO: What am I going to say to them?

BARTHOLO: Yes.

FIGARO: I'll say... Lord, yes! I shall say to the sneezer, 'God preserve you!' And to the sleeper, 'Away to your bed!' And for that I shall charge you nothing, Sir!

BARTHOLO: I should think not. But you'd charge for your bleedings and purgings and drugs if I would let you. I suppose it was your zeal that made you blindfold my mule? Will your poultice give it its sight back I want to know?

FIGARO: If it doesn't give it its sight back at any rate it won't be what stops it from seeing!

BARTHOLO: Don't let me catch you putting that on the bill, I won't have that sort of nonsense.

FIGARO: Upon my word, Sir, mankind has no choice between one sort of folly and another, so where I can't have the profit at least let me have the pleasure. Here's to a life of mirth and jollity, say I! Who knows whether the world will last another three weeks?

BARTHOLO: You would do much better, Master Philosopher,
to pay me my hundred crowns and the interest you owe me without any more shilly-shallying, I warn you.

**Figaro:** Do you doubt my honesty, Sir? Your hundred crowns! I would rather owe you them for a lifetime than deny you them for a single moment.

*Bartolo:* Yes! And now perhaps you will tell me how your little girl enjoyed the sweets you took her.

**Figaro:** What sweets? What are you talking about?

*Bartolo:* The sweets you took this morning in the bag made from writing paper.

**Figaro:** The Devil take me if I understand a word. . . .

**Rosine** [intervening]: I hope you said they were from me as I asked you, Mr Figaro. . . .

**Figaro:** Oh, you mean the sweets this morning! I'm stupid. I had forgotten all about them. Oh, yes, they were excellent, Madam, splendid!

*Bartolo:* Excellent! Splendid! That's better, Master Barber! Cover up your mistakes. It's a pretty sort of business, I must say!

**Figaro:** What's the trouble, Sir?

*Bartolo:* You'll get yourself a fine reputation.

**Figaro:** I'll try not to let it down, Sir.

*Bartolo:* You won't let her down, you mean.

**Figaro:** Have it which way you please, Sir.

*Bartolo:* You are very hoity-toity, my good fellow, but let me warn you that when I'm involved with a knife I face him out to the end.

**Figaro** [turning his back]: That's where we differ, Sir. I always give way to him.

*Bartolo:* Hey! What's that he said, young man?

**Figaro:** The fact is, you think you have some village barber to deal with, a fellow with no ideas beyond his own trade. Let me tell you, Sir, that I have lived by my pen in Madrid and but for the envy of . . .

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**Bartolo:** Then why didn't you stop there instead of coming here and changing professions!

**Figaro:** A man must live as he can. Put yourself in my place.

**Bartolo:** Put myself in your place! I should talk nonsense then!

**Figaro:** You aren't doing too badly now. I call on your colleague there who's day-dreaming to testify.

**Count:** I am not the gentleman's colleague.

**Figaro:** No? Seeing you here in consultation I thought you were on the same job.

*Bartolo* [angrily]: Look here! What did you come for? Is there another letter to be handed to her? Speak up. Are you trying to get me out of here?

**Figaro:** How you do go on at folks! I came in to shave you. That's all. Is it your day or isn't it?

**Bartolo:** You can come back again later.

**Figaro:** Come back! And I with the whole garrison to physic tomorrow morning. I got the contract through influence, so you can guess whether I have any time to spare. Will you go into your own room, Sir?

**Bartolo:** No, I shall not go into my own room! What's to prevent your shaving me here?

**Rosine** [scornfully]: You are polite! Why not in my bedroom?

**Bartolo:** Now you are getting annoyed. Forgive me, my child, you are going to finish your lesson, and I don't want to miss the pleasure of hearing it. Not a minute of it.

**Figaro** [aside]: We shan't get him out of here. [Calling] Wakeful! Youthful! Basin, water, bring everything the master needs.

**Bartolo:** That's right! Call them! Worn out and weary, aching all over from your ministrations. Can't you leave them to sleep?
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

FIGARO: All right. I'll go and find what I need. Is it in your bedroom? [To the Count in a whisper] I am determined to get him out.

BARTHOLO [fingering his key-ring]: No, no! I'll go myself. [Whispers to the Count as he goes] Keep an eye on them.

FIGARO: Ah! To think what we missed! He was going to give me his keys. Was the key of the lattice there?

ROSINE: It's the new one...

BARTHOLO [coming back]: I can't think what I'm doing to leave that accursed barber here. [To Figaro] Here. [Hands him the keys.] In my room, under the desk, but don't go touching anything.

FIGARO: Confound you! It would serve you right if I did, suspicious old thing that you are! [Aside as he goes] See how Heaven defends the righteous!

BARTHOLO [to the Count]: He's the joker who took the letter to the Count.

THE COUNT [whispering]: He has the look of a rogue to me. BARTHOLO: He'll not catch me out again though.

THE COUNT: I think in that respect the worst is over.

BARTHOLO: All things considered, I thought it wiser to send him to my room rather than leave him here with her.

THE COUNT: They couldn't have said anything without my hearing.

ROSINE: Don't you think it rather rude to keep on whispering like this, gentlemen? What about my lesson?

BARTHOLO: Whatever's that? It's that dreadful barber letting everything fall down the stairs - all the best things I possess. [He rushes out.]

THE COUNT: We must use the moment Figaro's cleverness has given us. I implore you to accord me an interview this evening. I must save you from the bondage into which you are about to fall.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

ROSINE: Ah, Lindor!

THE COUNT: I can climb to your balcony. As for the letter which I received from you this morning I found I had to...

[THE COUNT in a whisper:]

BARTHOLO: I wasn't mistaken. Everything broken - smashed to smithereens.

FIGARO: You see now what comes of so much hurry. I couldn't see a thing on the stairs. [Show the Count the key.] Coming up the steps I got caught on a key.

BARTHOLO: You should look what you are doing. Caught on a key! You are a clever fellow, I must say.

FIGARO: My goodness, you find a cleverer!

[Enter BAZILE.]

ROSINE [aside - in alarm]: Don Bazile!

THE COUNT [aside]: Good Heavens!

FIGARO [aside]: Oh, the Devil!

BARTHOLO [going up to him]: Ah, Bazile, my dear friend, how good to see you better again. You are better, aren't you? No after-effects? Signor Alonzo really made me quite alarmed about you. I would have set off to see you at once if he hadn't restrained me.

BAZILE [puzzled]: Signor Alonzo?

FIGARO [stamping his foot]: Look! Am I to be held up again? Two hours over one miserable beard ... a bitch of a trade, this.

BAZILE [looking at them]: Would you be so kind as to tell me, gentlemen...

FIGARO: You can talk to him when I have gone.

BAZILE: But mustn't I really...

THE COUNT: You really must shut up, Bazile! Do you think you can tell the gentleman anything he doesn't know already? I told him that you had arranged for me to come and give the music lesson in your place.
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

BAZILE [more surprised than ever]: The music lesson? ... Alonzo?

ROSINE [aside to Bazile]: Oh, do be quiet!

BAZILE: She as well?

THE COUNT [whispering to Bartholo]: Whisper to him what we have arranged.

BARTHOLO [aside to Bazile]: Don’t contradict us, Bazile. If you say he’s not your assistant you’ll spoil everything.

BAZILE: Ah!

BARTHOLO: There’s no doubt, Bazile, that your assistant really is a very talented fellow.

BAZILE [stupefied]: My assistant! [Whispering] I came to tell you that the Count has left his lodging.

BARTHOLO: I know. Be quiet.

BAZILE [in a whisper]: Who told you?

BARTHOLO [whispering]: He did of course.

THE COUNT [in a whisper]: Of course I did. Now listen.

ROSINE [whispering to Bazile]: Can you really not keep quiet?

FIGARO [whispering to Bazile]: You great oaf! Are you deaf?

BAZILE [aside]: Who the Devil are we supposed to be deceiving? Everybody’s in the secret.

BARTHOLO [to Bazile]: Well now, Bazile, what about the lawyer?

FIGARO: You’ve all the evening to talk about your lawyer.

BARTHOLO: One word. Are you satisfied with the lawyer?

BAZILE [alarmed]: With the lawyer?

THE COUNT [smiling]: Haven’t you seen the lawyer?

BAZILE [impatient]: No, I haven’t seen any lawyer!

THE COUNT [aside to Bartholo]: Do you want him explaining it all in front of her? Send him away.

BARTHOLO [whispers to the Count]: You are right. [To Bazile] How did you come to be taken ill so suddenly?

BAZILE [furious]: I don’t understand you.

THE COUNT [slipping a purse into his hand]: The gentleman wants to know what you are doing here at all in the state you are in.

FIGARO: He’s as pale as death!

BAZILE: Ah, now I understand.

THE COUNT: Go straight to bed, my dear Bazile. You are not well. You are frightening us to death. Go to bed.

FIGARO: His face is all haggard. Go to bed!

BARTHOLO: Upon my word! One can diagnose fever a mile off! Go to bed!

ROSINE: Why ever did you come out? They say it’s infectious. Go to bed!

BAZILE [more astonished than ever]: I’m to go to bed?

ALL: Of course. Go to bed.

BAZILE [looking from one to another]: Well then, gentlemen, I think I had better retire. I don’t think I am quite myself.

BARTHOLO: Tomorrow then, if you are better.

THE COUNT: I’ll be with you first thing.

FIGARO: Take my advice. Keep warm in bed.

ROSINE: Good night, Don Bazile.

BAZILE [aside]: Devil take me if I understand a word of it! If it weren’t for the purse ... ALL: Good night, Bazile.

BAZILE: Very well, then, good night!

[They all laugh as they see him to the door.]

BARTHOLO [in a serious tone]: The fellow really isn’t at all well.

ROSINE: He has a wild look in his eye.

THE COUNT: He must have picked up a chill.

FIGARO: Did you notice how he talked to himself? It’s as well it isn’t one of us. [To Bartholo] Well, are you ready now?

[He puts the chair a long way from the Count and offers Bartholo the towel.]

THE COUNT: Before we finish, Madam, I must just tell you
one important thing about the art which I have the honour

_to be teaching you._ [Goes up to her and whispers in her ear.]

BARTHOLO: Hey! It seems as if you are deliberately

trying to keep in front of me so that I can't see...

THE COUNT: We have the key to the lattice. We'll be here at midnight!

FIGARO: What is there to see? If it were a dancing lesson one could understand your

wanting to watch, but singing... Ah!

BARTHOLO: What is it?

FIGARO: Something in my eye.

BARTHOLO: Don't rub it.

FIGARO: It's the left one. Do you mind looking into it for me?

[BARTHOLO takes Figaro's head, looks at it, pushes him violently away, and steals across to listen to the conversation.]

THE COUNT: As for your letter... I was unable to remain here earlier and...

FIGARO: Hem! Hem!

THE COUNT: In despair at finding my disguise was of no avail...

BARTHOLO: Your disguise was of no avail!

ROSINE: Ah!

BARTHOLO: Very well, Miss. Don't disturb yourself. What! Under my very eyes, in my presence - you have the audacity to put such an outrage upon me.

THE COUNT: What's the matter, Sir?

BARTHOLO: Perfidious Alonzo!

THE COUNT: Signor Bartholo! If you often have the sort of hallucinations I have just had the misfortune to witness I don't wonder at the lady's reluctance to become your wife.

ROSINE: His wife! Me! Spend all my days with a jealous old man who can offer a young girl nothing but a life of horrible slavery!

BARTHOLO: What's this I hear?

ROSINE: I don't mind who hears. I will give my heart and my hand to the man who will snatch me from this terrible prison in which both my wealth and my person are illegally detained. [She goes out.]

BARTHOLO: I'm choking with rage.

THE COUNT: It is indeed difficult, Signor, for a young woman to...

FIGARO: Yes... a young woman and old age... that's what brings trouble on an old man's head.

BARTHOLO: What! When I catch them in the very act! Accursed barber! It makes me want to...

FIGARO: I'm going. He's mad!

THE COUNT: Me too! Upon my word, he is mad!

FIGARO: He's mad! Mad. Mad. Mad!

[They go.]

BARTHOLO: Mad, am I? Infamous scoundrels! Devil's emissaries come here to do his foul work. May he carry you off, every one of you! I'm mad! I saw them as plain as I see this desk. To brazen it out in front of me like that. Ah! Bazile's the only person who can make sense of this for me. I must go and find him... Hello, somebody!... Ah, I forgot, there is nobody!... A neighbour, a passer-by, never mind who it is! It's enough to drive anyone mad! [Repeats.]

*During the Interval the theatre darkens and the noise of a storm is heard. The orchestra plays the fifth piece of the music for The Barber.*
ACT FOUR

[The stage is in darkness. Bartholo and Don Bazile discovered. Bazile carries a paper lantern.]

Bartholo: What? You don't know him? How can you say such a thing, Bazile?

Bazile: If you asked me a hundred times I should still make the same answer. If he gave you Rosine's letter then he must beyond question be one of the Count's emissaries, but from the size of his tip he could well be the Count himself.

Bartholo: How could he be? But, by the way—talking of the tip—why did you accept it?

Bazile: You seemed to be all friends together. I knew nothing about what was going on. In a case where it's difficult to make up one's mind a purse of gold always seems to me to be a conclusive argument. Then again, as the proverb says, Easy come—

Bartholo: I understand... [Holds out his hand.]

Bazile: No—Easy kept!

Bartholo [surprised]: Oh!

Bazile: I have arranged quite a number of little variations on well-known proverbs. But, to come to the point, what are you waiting for?

Bartholo: If you were in my place, Bazile, wouldn't you go to any lengths to possess her?

Bazile: Upon my word, Doctor, I would not. With any sort of property it isn't possession that matters, it's the enjoyment of it that gives satisfaction. In my opinion marrying a woman who doesn't love you is running the risk of...
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

Figaro has put all my servants out of action? I'm alone in the house.

Bazile: I have my lantern.

Bartholo: Look, Bazile. Here's my master key. I'll wait for you. I'll stay up come what may - apart from you and the notary not a soul shall come in here tonight.

[They go out. Rosine comes out of her bedroom.]

Rosine: I thought I heard someone talking. It has struck midnight and Lindor hasn't come. This weather was favourable to his plan. He was certain of meeting no one. Ah, Lindorf! If you have deceived me ... what's that I hear? Heavens! It's my guardian. I must go in.

[Re-enter Bartholo.]

Bartholo [holding light]: Ah, Rosine, since you haven't yet retired to your room...

Rosine: I was just going to bed.

Bartholo: You won't sleep this wild night. I have some things I particularly want to tell you.

Rosine: What do you want with me, Sir? Isn't it enough that I should be tormented by day?

Bartholo: Listen to me, Rosine.

Rosine: Tomorrow.

Bartholo: A moment, please.

Rosine [aside]: If only he would come!

Bartholo [showing her the letter]: Do you recognize this letter?

Rosine [recognizing it]: Great Heavens!

Bartholo: I have no intention of reproaching you, Rosine. It is easy to make mistakes at your age. I am your friend. Listen to me.

Rosine: I can bear no more.

Bartholo: This letter that you wrote to Count Almaviva...

Rosine: Count Almaviva!

Bartholo: You see what a monster the Count is. No sooner had he received the letter than he used it as evidence of his triumph. I got it from a woman he gave it to.

Rosine: Count Almaviva!

Bartholo: You find it difficult to persuade yourself of such a horrible thing. Inexperience makes your sex credulous and confiding, Rosine, but you see now what a trap you have been led into. This woman told me the whole story - apparently with a view to getting rid of a dangerous rival. I shudder to think of it! A most horrible conspiracy between Almaviva, Figaro, and this supposed pupil of Don Bazile - Alonzo! That isn't his real name. He's no more than the vile instrument of the Count. This conspiracy was leading you into the abyss from which there could have been no rescuing you...

Rosine [overwhelmed]: Horrible! Lindor! What ... the young man who...

Bartholo [aside]: Ah! Lindor, is it?

Rosine: To act for Count Almaviva - for another...

Bartholo: That's what I was told when I was given the letter.

Rosine: Ah! What a shameful thing to do! He shall be punished! Sir, you wished to marry me?

Bartholo: You know the strength of my feelings.

Rosine: If you are still of the same mind, I am yours.

Bartholo: Good! The notary shall come this very night.

Rosine: That is not all. Oh, Heavens! Am I sufficiently humiliated? I must tell you that ... that perfidious wretch will shortly be here - he intends to get in by this lattice with the key which they have contrived to deprive you of.

Bartholo [looking at his key-ring]: Ah! The scoundrels! My child! I won't leave you for a moment.

Rosine [alarmed]: But supposing they were armed?
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

BARTHOLO: True. I should lose my revenge. Go up to Marceline’s room and lock yourself in. I must go and seek assistance and lie in wait for them near the house. If we can arrest them as thieves we shall have the pleasure of being avenged and delivered from them at one stroke. My love will be your recompense, . . .

ROSINE [in despair]: Only forget my error. [Aside] Ah! I’m sufficiently punished!

BARTHOLO [going]: I’ll go prepare an ambush for them. I have her after all! [Goes out.]

ROSINE [alone]: His love as my recompense! Unhappy girl that I am! [She weeps.] What can I do? He will be coming. I’ll remain here and keep up the pretence with him so that I can see him for a moment in all his wickedness. The baseness of his behaviour will preserve me from . . . and how I shall need it! Such nobility of countenance, such gentleness of manner, so tender a voice . . . to be no more than the vile instrument of a seducer!

[She runs out. FIGARO in a cloak appears at the window.]

FIGARO [talking to someone outside]: Somebody ran out of the room. Shall I go in?

THE COUNT [without]: A man?

FIGARO: No.

THE COUNT: Then it’s Rosine. Your horrible appearance has frightened her.

FIGARO [jumping down into the room]: Upon my word, I believe it. Here we are at last in spite of rain, thunder, and lightning.

THE COUNT [wrapped in a long cloak]: Give me a hand. [Jumps down.] Victory is ours.

FIGARO [throwing off his cloak]: And we are wet to the skin! Charming weather to be out in search of adventure! How does the night suit you, My Lord?

THE COUNT: Splendid for a lover!

FIGARO: And for his assistant? Suppose someone were to surprise us here?

THE COUNT: Aren’t you with me? I have something quite different to worry about. How am I to bring her to leave the Doctor’s house here and now?

FIGARO: You have three all-powerful passions on your side. Love, hate, and fear.

THE COUNT [looking into the darkness]: How to break it to her that the notary is at your house waiting to unite us? She may well think my plans go too far. She may think me presumptuous.

FIGARO: If she says you presume too far reproach her with her cruelty. Women like being told they are cruel. Then, if her love proves to be all you wish, you reveal who you are. She won’t have any more doubts about your sincerity then.

[Enter ROSINE. FIGARO lights the candles.]

THE COUNT: There she is . . . Ah! My lovely Rosine!

ROSINE [in a formal tone]: I was beginning to think, Sir, that you were not coming.

THE COUNT: Charming anxiety! Madam, I ought not to take advantage of circumstances to propose that you should share the lot of a man without fortune, but whatever refuge you may choose I swear on my honour . . .

ROSINE: Sir, if the gift of my hand had not had to follow immediately on that of my heart you would not be here. Let necessity be your justification for any irregularity there may be in this meeting.

THE COUNT: But Rosine, to become the companion of a luckless fellow without birth or fortune . . .

ROSINE: Birth and fortune! Let us put aside such fortuitous accidents. If you assure me that your intentions are pure . . .

THE COUNT [on his knees]: Rosine! I adore you!
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

ROSINE [indignantly]: Stop! Miserable man! You dare to profane.... You adore me!... Go! You no longer have any influence over me. It only needed that word to make me detest you. But before I leave you to your own remorse [weeping] learn that I did love you, that all my happiness lay in sharing your unhappy lot ... wretched Lindor! I was about to give up everything to go with you. But your own wickedness in taking advantage of my tenderness for you and the unworthy purposes of this horrible Almaviva to whom you betrayed me have put into my hands this proof of my folly. Do you recognize this letter?

THE COUNT: Your guardian handed it to you?
ROSINE [proudly]: Yes, and I thank him for doing so.

THE COUNT: Heavens! What happiness for me! He had it from my own hands. In my embarrassment last evening I used it as a means of gaining his confidence, and I never found an opportunity of warning you. Ah! Rosine! So it is true then that you love me.

FIGARO: My Lord, you were seeking ... a woman who would love you for yourself alone!
ROSINE: What does he say? 'My Lord!'

THE COUNT [throwing off his cloak and showing his magnificent habit]: Ah, most adorable of women! The time has come to undeceive you. The happy man whom you see at your feet is no Lindor. I am Almaviva, and I love you to distraction. I have been searching for you in vain these six months past.

ROSINE [falling into his arms]: Ah!
THE COUNT [alarmed]: Figaro!
FIGARO: Nothing to worry about, My Lord. Happiness never did anyone any harm. See, she's coming round already. Gad! isn't she beautiful!

ROSINE: Ah, Lindor ... Ah, Sir! How much I was to blame! I was going to give myself to my guardian this very night.

THE COUNT: You were going to do what, Rosine?
ROSINE: Only think what my punishment would have been! I should have spent my whole life in hating you. Ah, Lindor! Isn't that the most dreadful fate imaginable - to hate when one knows that love is what one is made for?

FIGARO [looking at the window]: My Lord, escape is cut off! Someone has removed the ladder.

THE COUNT: Removed the ladder!
ROSINE [in concern]: Yes, I did it ... it's the Doctor. This is the consequence of my credulity. He deceived me and I admitted everything. I told him of our plan. He knows that you are here and he will be bringing armed assistance....

FIGARO [looking out]: My Lord, someone is opening the street door.

ROSINE [running to his arms]: Lindor!

THE COUNT [with composure]: Rosine. You love me! I fear no man living! You shall be my wife and I shall have the pleasure of punishing this odious old man to my heart's content.

ROSINE: No, no! Have mercy on him, dear Lindor. My heart is so full that vengeance can find no place there.

[Enter notary and don bazile.]

FIGARO: It's the notary, My Lord.
THE COUNT: And friend Bazile with him.
BAZILE: Ah! What's this I see?
FIGARO: What brings you here, friend?
BAZILE: What, gentlemen, how ...

NOTARY: Are these the parties to the marriage?
THE COUNT: Yes, Sir. You were to have united Signora Rosine and myself tonight at Figaro's house, but we have decided to have the ceremony here for reasons you will be informed of later. Have you the contract ready?
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

NOTARY: Have I the honour to be addressing His Excellency Count Almaviva?

FIGARO: Precisely.

BAZILE [aside]: Is that why he gave me the master key?

NOTARY: I inquire because I have two marriage contracts prepared, My Lord. Let us not confuse them. Here is yours and here is one for Signor Bartholo with a lady — also called Rosine. Apparently the brides are sisters and bear the same name.

THE COUNT: Let us sign, nevertheless. Don Bazile will no doubt serve as our second witness.

[They sign.]

BAZILE: But ... Your Excellency ... I don’t understand....

THE COUNT: My dear good Bazile, the slightest thing confuses you and everything fills you with astonishment.

BAZILE: My Lord — but if the Doctor....

THE COUNT [throwing him a purse]: You are being childish.

BAZILE [astonished]: Oh! Ah!

FIGARO: What’s the difficulty about signing?

BAZILE [weighing the purse]: No difficulty whatever now. It’s like this with me — once I’ve given my word it takes a great deal to .... [Signs.]

[Enter BARTHOLO with Alcalde and Alguazils and servants with lights.

Seeing the COUNT kissing Rosine’s hand and FIGARO grotesquely embracing Don Bazile, BARTHOLO takes the notary by the throat.]

BARTHOLO: Rosine with these scoundrels! Arrest the lot!

I’ve got my hands on one of them!

NOTARY: I’m your notary.

BAZILE: He’s your notary. Are you mad?

BARTHOLO: Ah, Don Bazile! How do you come to be here?

BAZILE: I might as well ask how do you come not to be here?

ALCALDE [pointing to Figaro]: One moment. I recognize this man. What are you doing here at this time of night?

FIGARO: Night? Your Worship can see it’s nearer morning than night. For that matter I’m here in the company of His Excellency Count Almaviva.

BARTHOLO: Almaviva!

ALCALDE: They are not thieves then, after all?

BARTHOLO: We’ll worry no more about that! [To the Count] Anywhere else, Your Excellency, I am your most humble servant, but you will agree that here in this house your superiority of rank carries no prerogative. Kindly have the goodness to retire.

THE COUNT: It is true that my rank carries no prerogative here. What gives me prerogative is this lady’s preference, which she has just made clear by giving me — of her own free will — her hand.

BARTHOLO: What’s this he says, Rosine?

ROSINE: What he says is the truth. Why are you so astonished? Did you not say yourself that I should be avenged on my deceiver this very night? I am.

BAZILE: Didn’t I tell you it was the Count himself?

BARTHOLO: What’s that to me! A farcical marriage! Where are the witnesses?

NOTARY: Everything is in due form. I had the assistance of these gentlemen.

BARTHOLO: What, Bazile — did you sign?

BAZILE: What do you expect? He’s the very deuce of a fellow. He always has his pockets full of irresistible arguments.

BARTHOLO: I care nothing for his arguments. I rely on my authority as guardian.

THE COUNT: You forfeited it by abusing it.

BARTHOLO: The lady is a minor.
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

FIGARO: She's just come of age.
BARTHOLO: Who's talking to you - you arch-scoundrel?
THE COUNT: The lady is fair and of noble birth. I am a man of rank, young and rich. She is my wife. Does anyone presume to dispute a title which confers honour on both of us?
BARTHOLO: You'll never get her out of my hands.
THE COUNT: She is no longer in them. I place her under the jurisdiction of the law. The gentleman whom you yourself brought here will protect her from the violence you threaten her with. True magistrates are ever the defenders of the oppressed.
ALCALDE: True, and this futile resistance to a most honourable marriage is sufficient indication of his concern about his own ill-administration of his ward's possessions - for which he will be called to account.
THE COUNT: Ah! Let him give his consent and I ask nothing more.
FIGARO: Except acquittance of my hundred crowns. There's no point in losing our heads!
BARTHOLO: They are all against me. I've put my head into a hornet's nest.
BAZILE: Hornet's nest! No - remember, Doctor, though you lose the lady, you've still got her money. Oh, yes, you've still got her money!
BARTHOLO: Let me alone, Bazile. You can think of nothing but money. Much I care for that! I shall keep it all right, but do you think that's the motive that matters with me? [He sighs.]
FIGARO: There you see, My Lord! They are all alike when it comes to the point.
NOTARY: Gentlemen, I'm afraid I don't understand this at all. Are there not two ladies who bear the same name?
FIGARO: No, Sir. The two are one and the same.