

from
TARTUFFE
by Molière
Translated by Peter Hoidway

Act I Scene iv lines 232-258

DORINE The day before yesterday, Madame had a fever,
And a headache so monstrous, I just couldn't leave her.

ORGON And Tartuffe?

DORINE Tartuffe? Well, he's as well as can be,
Rosy cheeks, rosy lips, fat and fit as a flea.

ORGON The poor man!

DORINE In the evening, she had no appetite,
She sent back her supper, she'd throw up at the sight,
Her head throbbed with the cruellest pain she'd ever known!

ORGON And Tartuffe?

DORINE He was with her but ate on his own,
And devotedly shoved down a partridge or two
Then a half leg of mutton he worked his way through.

ORGON The poor man!

DORINE And then the whole night went slowly by
For not even a second did she close her eyes;
Hot night fever prevented her going to sleep,
Until dawn we stayed with her a vigil to keep.

ORGON And Tartuffe?

