

'She Stoops to Conquer', Act 3, by Oliver Goldsmith (1773)

Characters: **Miss Hardcastle** and **Marlow**

ENTER MARLOW

MARLOW: What a bawling in every part of the house; I have scarce a moment's repose.

wɒt æ bɔ:lɪŋ ɪn evrɪ pɑ:rt ɒv ðe haus ai hæv ske:rs æ mo:mɪnts ri:po:z

If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery,

ɪf ai go: tɒ ðe best ru:m ðe:r ai faɪnd maɪ ho:st ænd hɪz sto:ri ɪf ai flai tɒ ðe ɡæləri

there we have my hostess with her curtesy down to the ground. I have at last got

ðe:r wi: hæv maɪ ho:stəs wɪð hɜr kɜrtəsi daʊn tɒ ðe ɡrʊnd ai hæv æt la:st ɡɒt

a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [*walks and muses*]

æ mo:mɪnt tɒ maɪself ænd naʊ fɔr rekɒlekʃən

MISS H. Did you call, Sir? Did your honour call?

dɪd ju: kɔ:l sɜr dɪd ju:r ɒnərl kɔ:l

MARLOW: [*musings*] As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

æz fɔr mɪs hɑ:rdkɑ:sl ʃi:z tu: gre:v ænd sentɪmentl fɔr mi:

MISS H. Did your honour call? [*she still places herself before him, he turning away*]

dɪd ju:r ɒnərl kɔ:l

MARLOW: No, child [*musings*] Besides from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

nɔ: tʃaɪld bəsɑɪdz frɒm ðe ɡlɪmps ai hæd ɒv hɜr ai θɪŋk ʃi: skwɪnts

MISS H. I'm sure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

aɪm ʃu:r sɜr ai ɪ:rd ðl bel rɪŋ

MARLOW: No, no, [*musings*]. I have pleased my father, however, by coming down,

nɔ: nɔ: ai hæv pli:zd maɪ fa:ðlɜr haʊevlɜr baɪ klʌmɪŋ daʊn

and I'll tomorrow please myself by returning. [*taking out his tablets and perusing*]

ænd aɪl təmɒrɔ: pli:z maɪself baɪ ri:tɜrnɪŋ

MISS H. Perhaps the other gentleman called, Sir.

pɜræps ðl ʌðlɜr dʒentlmæn kɔ:ld sɜr

MARLOW: I tell you, no.
ai tɛl ju: no:

MISS H. I should be glad to know, Sir. We have such a parcel of servants.
ai ʃʊd bi: glæd tʌ no: sɜr wi: æv sʌtʃ ʌ pɑ:sɪ ɒv sɑ:vnt̩s

MARLOW: No, no I tell you. [Looks full in her face] Yes, child, I think I did call.
no: no: ai tɛl ju: jɪs tʃaɪld ai θɪŋk ai dɪd kɔ:l

I wanted ... I wanted ... I vow, child you are vastly handsome.
ai wɒntəd ai wɒntəd ai vaʊ tʃaɪld ju: ær væstlɪ hænsəm

MISS H. O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.
o: læ sɜr ju:l me:k ʌn æʃe:md

MARLOW: Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call.
nevɜr sɔ: æ mo:r spraitlɪ məliʃɪəs ai jɪs jɪs maɪ di:r ai dɪd kɔ:l

Have you got any of your a what d'ye call it in the house?
hæv ju: gɒt ɛni ɒv ju:r ʌ wɒt dʒi kɔ:l ɪt ɪn ðe haʊs

MISS H. No, Sir, we have been out of that these ten days.
no: sɜr wi: æv bi:n aʊt ɒv ðæt ði:z ten de:z

MARLOW: One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call
ʌn me: kɔ:l ɪn ðɪs haʊs ai faɪnd tɒ vɛrɪ lɪtəl pʊrps əs sʌpəz ai ʃʊd kɔ:l

for a taste, just by trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be
fɔr æ te:st dʒʌst baɪ traɪəl ɒv ðe nektər ɒv ju:r lɪps pərhæps ai maɪt bi:

disappointed in that too.
dɪsæpaɪntəd ɪn ðæt tu:

MISS H. Nectar! Nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose.
nektər nektər ðæts ʌ lɪkər ðe:rz no: kɔ:l fɔr ɪn ði:z pɑ:ts frɛnʃ ai sʌpəz

We keep no French wines here, Sir.
wi: ki:p no: frɛnʃ weɪnz i:r sɜr

MARLOW: Of true English growth, I assure you.
ɒv trju: ɪŋɡlɪʃ gro:θ ai æʃju:r ju:

MISS H. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house,
ðen its ɒd ai ʃʊd nɒt no: it wi: brɔ: ɔ:l sɔ:rts ɒv waɪnz ɪn ðɪs aus

and I have lived here these eighteen years.

ænd ai æv lɪvd ɪ:r ði:z e:ti:n ji:rz

MARLOW: Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born.

e:ti:n ji:rz wai ʌn wʊd θɪŋk tʃaɪld ju: keɪpt ðe bæɪr befo:r ju: wɜ:l bɔ:rn

How old are you?

hau o:ld ær ju:

MISS H. O! Sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music would never

o: slɜ: ai mʌst nɒt tel maɪ e:dʒ ðe: se: wɪmɪn ænd mju:zɪk wʊd neɪv
be dated.

bi: de:ted

MARLOW: To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty [approaching]

tə ɡes æt ðɪs dɪstəns ju: kənt bi: mʌtʃ æbʌv fɔ:rtɪ

Yet nearer I don't think so much [approaching]

jet ni:rɪər ai do:nt θɪŋk so: mʌtʃ

By coming close to some women they

baɪ kʌmɪŋ klo:s tə sʌm wɪmɪn ðe:

look younger still, but when we come very close indeed [attempting to kiss her].

lʊk jʌŋgɪər sti:l bʌt wen wi: kʌm vɛrɪ klo:s ɪndi:d

MISS H. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age

pre: slɜ: ki:p ju:r dɪstəns ʌn wʊd θɪŋk ju: wɒntəd tʌ no: ʌnz e:dʒ

as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

æz ðe: du: ɔ:rseɪz baɪ mɑ:k ɒv maʊθ

MARLOW: I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance,

ai pro:tɛst tʃaɪld ju: ju:z mi: ɛkstri:mli ɪl ɪf ju: ki:p mi: æt ðɪs dɪstəns

how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted.

hau ɪz ɪt pɒsɪbəl ju: ænd ai kæn ɛvɜ:l bi: ækwɛ:ntəd

MISS H. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance,

ænd hu: wɒnts tʌ bi: ækwɛ:ntəd wɪð ju: ai wɒnt no: sʌtʃ ækwɛ:ntəns

not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here a while ago in this
nɒt ai aim ju:r ju: did nɒt tri:t mis a:dka:sl ðæt wɒs i:r ʌ wail ægo: ɪn ðɪs
obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dash'd, and kept bowing
ɒbstɹɒpæləs məenlɹ ail wɒrənt mi: ju: lʊkd dæʃd ænd keɪpt baʊɪŋ
to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world, as if you was a justice of the peace.
tə ðə grʌnd ænd tɔ:kɪd fɹ ɔ:l ðə wɜ:ld æs ɪf ju: wɒz æ dʒʌstɪs ɒv ðe pi:s

MARLOW: [*aside*] Egad! She has hit it, sure enough. [*to her*] In awe of her, child? Ha! Ha! Ha!,
ɪgæd ʃi: hæz hɪt ɪt ju:r enʌf. ɪn ɔ: ɒv hɹ tʃaɪld ha: ha: ha:

A mere, awkward, squinting thing, no, no. I find you don't know me. I laugh'd and;
æ mi:r ɔ:kærd skwɪntɪŋ θɪŋ no: no: ai faɪnd ju: do:nt no: mi: ai la:fd ænd
rallied her a little but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe,
ræli:d hɹ æ lɪt| bʌt ai wɒz ʌnwɪlɪŋ tə bi: tu: səvi:r no: ai kʊd nɒt bi: tu: səvi:r

curse me!

kɹs mi:

MISS H. O! Then, Sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?
o: ðen sɹ ju: ær ʌ fe:vʌrɪt ai faɪnd æmʌŋ ðə le:dɪz

MARLOW: Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find
jɪs mai di:r æ gre:t fe:vʌrɪt ænd jet hæŋ mi: ai do:nt si: wɒt ðe: faɪnd

in me to follow. At the Ladies Club in town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child,
ɪn mi: tə fɒlo: æt ðe le:dɪz klʌb ɪn tə:n aim kɔ:ld ðe:r ægri:æb| ræt| ræt| tʃaɪld

is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons.

ɪz nɒt mai ri:æl ne:m bʌt ʌn aim nɔ:n baɪ mai ne:m ɪz sɒləmɒnz

Mr Solomons, my dear, at your service. [*offering to salute her*]

mɪstɹ sɒləmɒnz mai di:r æt ju:r sɹvɪs

MISS H. Hold, Sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're
ho:ld sɹ ju: wɹ ɪntɹɒdu:sɪŋ mi: tə ju:r klʌb nɒt tə ju:rsɛlf ænd ju:r

so great a favourite there you say?

so: gre:t ʌ fe:vʌrɪt ðe:r ju: se:

MARLOW: Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess
jɪs maɪ di:r ðe:rz mɪsɪz mæntɹæp le:dɪ bɛtɪ blækleg ðe kauntəs

of Sligo, Mrs Langhorns, old Miss Biddy ,Buckskin, and your humble servant,
ɒv slɪgo: mɪsɪz læŋhɔ:rnz o:ld mɪs bɪdɪ blʌkskɪn ænd ju:r hʌmbəl sʌrvænt

keep up the spirit of the place.

ki:p ʌp ðe spɪrɪt ɒv ðe ple:s

MISS H. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

ðen ɪts ʌ vɛrɪ mɛrɪ ple:s aɪ sʌpəʊz

MARLOW: Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

jɪs æz mɛrɪ æz kɑ:rdz sʌpərz ænd o:ld wɪmɛn kæn me:k ʌs

MISS H. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! Ha! Ha!

ænd ðe:r ægrɪ:æbəl rætəl ha: ha: ha:

MARLOW: [aside] Egad I don't like this chit. She looks knowing methinks. You laugh, child!

ɪgæd aɪ do:nt laɪk ðɪs tʃɪt ʃi: lʊks no:ɪŋ mi:θɪŋks ju: la:f tʃaɪld

MISS H. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work

aɪ kænt bʌt la:f tʌ θɪŋk wɒt taɪm ðe: ɔ:l æv fɔr maɪndɪŋ ðe:r wɜ:k

or their family.

ɔr ðe:r fæmɪlɪ

MARLOW: [aside] All's well, she don't laugh at me. [To her] Do you ever work, child?

ɔ:lz wɛl ʃi: do:nt la:f æt mi: du: ju: ɛvɜ wɜ:k tʃaɪld

MISS H. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear

a:ɪ ju:r ðe:rz nɒt ʌ skri:n ɔr ʌ kwɪlt ɪn ðɪ ɔ:l aus bʌt wɒt kæn be:r:

witness to me

wɪtnəs tʌ mi

MARLOW: Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns
oɔso: ðɛn ju: mʌst ʃo: mi: ju:r ɛmbrɔɪdɪərɪ aɪ ɛmbrɔɪdɪər ænd drɔ: pæʔlɜrnz

myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me [seizing her hand]
maɪsɛlf æ lɪtəl ɪf ju: wɒnt æ dʒʌdʒ ɒv ju:r wɜrk ju: mʌst æplai tə mi:

MISS H. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning.
aɪ bʌt ðə kɒlərz do:nt lʊk wɛl baɪ kændlɪlaɪt ju: ʃæl si: ɔ:l ɪn ðə mɔ:rnɪŋ

MARLOW: And why not now my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power
ænd waɪ nɒt naʊ maɪ e:ndʒl̩ sʌtʃ bju:tɪ faɪəz beɪjɒnd ðe paʊər

of resistance Pshaw! The father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that
ɒv rɪ:zɪstəns ʃɔ: ðe fa:ðər hi:r maɪ o:ld lʌk aɪ nəvər nɪkd sɛvən ðæt

I did not throw ames ace three times following!
aɪ dɪd nɒt θrɔ: ə:mz e:s θri: taɪmz fɒlə:ɪŋ