

**ARIA DA CAPO: A
PLAY IN ONE ACT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649328994

Aria Da Capo: A Play in One Act by Edna St. Vincent Millay

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BY

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Publishers

HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

ARIA DA CAPO

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By Edna St. Vincent Millay

Printed in the U. S. A.

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Drama

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ARIA DA CAPO

PERSONS

PIERROT

COLUMBINE

COTHURNUS, MASQUE OF TRAGEDY

THYRSIS }
CORYDON } Shepherds

ARIA DA CAPO

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

SCENE

A Stage

THE curtain rises on a stage set for a Harlequinade, a merry black and white interior. Directly behind the footlights, and running parallel with them, is a long table, covered with a gay black and white cloth, on which is spread a banquet. At the opposite ends of this table, seated on delicate thin-legged chairs with high backs, are Pierrot and Columbine, dressed according to the tradition, excepting that Pierrot is in lilac, and Columbine in pink. They are dining.

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, a macaroon! I cannot live without a macaroon!

PIERROT: My only love,
You are so intense! . . . Is it Tuesday, Colum-
bine? —

I'll kiss you if it's Tuesday.

COLUMBINE: It is Wednesday,
If you must know. . . . Is this my artichoke,
Or yours?

PIERROT: Ah, Columbine,— as if it mattered!
Wednesday. . . . Will it be Tuesday, then,
to-morrow,
By any chance?

COLUMBINE: To-morrow will be — Pierrot,
That isn't funny!

PIERROT: I thought it rather nice.
Well, let us drink some wine and lose our heads
And love each other.

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, don't you love
Me now?

PIERROT: La, what a woman! — how should I know?
Pour me some wine: I'll tell you presently.

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, do you know, I think you
drink too much.

PIERROT: Yes, I dare say I do. . . . Or else
too little.
It's hard to tell. You see, I am always wanting

A little more than what I have,—or else
 A little less. There's something wrong. My dear,
 How many fingers have you?

COLUMBINE: La, indeed,
 How should I know?—It always takes me one
 hand
 To count the other with. It's too confusing.
 Why?

PIERROT: Why?—I am a student, Columbine;
 And search into all matters.

COLUMBINE: La, indeed?—
 Count them yourself, then!

PIERROT: No. Or, rather, *noy*.
 'Tis of no consequence. . . . I am become
 A painter, suddenly,—and you impress me—
 Ah, yes!—six orange bull's-eyes, four green pin-
 wheels,
 And one magenta jelly-roll,—the title
 As follows: *Woman Taking in Cheese from Fire-
 Escape*.

COLUMBINE: Well, I like that! So that is all I've
 meant
 To you! *1/2 M*