

my farm is a pig-stye, the vineyard a dust-heap covered with thistles, and the Mausoleum, ugh! an urinal! When I think of the green wood, the foliage looks as brown as tobacco, the clear stream looks as if it flowed from a dunghill and the blue vault of heaven appears a sooty ceiling. The sun I only remember as a name, and what was called the moon, which hung like a lamp over bays and groves in the evenings of one's youth, I only remember as——no, I remember it no more. But I still have the words, though they are only sounds without significance——love, wine, song, flowers, children, joy! Don't they sound pretty: and that is all we have left. (*Looking at his watch.*) The watch has stopped. I am so hungry, but I am thirsty too, and long for tobacco. I am tired also, and want to sleep. All my desires are awake; they tear and worry me, but not one of them can I satisfy. Ah! we are wretched, wretched!

*The Lagmanska.* I have an indescribable longing for a cup of tea.

*The Lagman.* Hot, green tea. That is exactly what I want——with a dash of rum in it.