No. 10. Song:
“Olympus is Now in a Terrible Muddle”
Mercury

Allegro moderato (\(J = 170\))

O-lym-pus is now in a ter-ri-ble mudd-le, The
de-pu-ty de-i-ties all are at fault They split-ter and splash like a pig in a pud-dle And
dick-ens a one of 'em earn-ing his salt. For Thes-pis as Jove is a ter-ri-ble blun-der, Too
ner-vous and tim-id—too ea-sy and weak—When-ev-er he's called on to light-en or thun-der, The

thought of it keeps him a-wake for a week. Then might-y Mars has-n't the pluck of a par-rot. When

left in the dark he will quiv-er and quail; And Vul-can has arms that would snap like a car-rot, Be-

-fore he could drive in a ten-pen-ny nail. Then Ve-nus'-s freck-les are ve-ry re-pel-ling, And
Venus should not have a squint in her eyes; The learned Minerva is weak in her spelling, And

sca-ters her h's all o-ver the skies.

Then Pluto in kind-heart-ed ten-der-ness err-ing, Can't

make up his mind to let any-one die— The Times has a para-graph e-ver re-cur-ring, "Re-
Merc.

mark-able in-stance of lon-ge-vi-ty." On some it has some as a ser-i-ous o-nus, To

Merc.
o-thers it's quite an ad-va-nage—in short, While ev'-ry life of-fice de-clare a big bo-nus, The

Merc.
poor un-der-ta-kers are all in the court!

Merc.

Then Cu-pid, the ras-cal, for-get-ting his trade is To make men and wo-men im-
-par-ti-ally smart, Will on-ly shoot ar-rows at pret-ty young la-dies, And ne-ver takes aim at a

ba-che-lor’s heart. The re-sults of this freak—or what-e-ver you term it—Should

cov-er the wick-ed young scamp with dis-grace, While ev’-ry young man is as

shy as a her-mit, Young la-dies are pop-ping all o-ver the place. This
Merc.

wouldn't much matter— for bashful and shy men, When skillfully handled are

certain to fall, But, alas, that determined young bachelor Hy- men refuses to wed any-

obody at all. He swears that Love's flame is the vilest of sons, And looks upon marriage as

quite a mistake; Now what in the world's to become of the parsons, And what of the artist who
In short, you will see from the facts that I'm showing, the state of the case is exceedingly sad; If Thespis's people go on as they're going, Olympus will certainly go to the bad. From Jupiter downward there isn't a dab in it, All of 'em quibble and shuffle and shirk, A
prem-i-er in Down-ing Street form-ing a ca-bi-net, Could-n’t find peo-ple less fit for their
work.

Engraved by LilyPond, 2.1.17