Nº 11. Quartet and Trio:
“You’re Diana, I’m Apollo”
Sparkeion, Nicemis, Daphne, Thespis
Jupiter, Apollo, Mars

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Sparkeion, Nicemis, Daphne, Thespis
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Allegro ma non troppo (♩= 90)

You’re Di-ana.

You’re an-o-ther. He has

He’s your bro-ther.

I’m Apol-lo And Cal-li-o-pe is she.
fairly married me.

By the rules of this fair spot I’m his wife and you are not. By the

rules of this fair spot She’s my wife and you are not.
I'm his wife, and you're a “thing.” By this golden wedding ring, I'm his wife and you're a

By this golden wedding ring, She's his wife and I'm a

By this golden wedding ring, She's my wife and you're a

“thing.” Please will someone kindly tell us. Who are our respective kin? All of us are

“thing.” Please will someone kindly tell us. Who are our respective kin? All of us are

“thing.” Please will someone kindly tell us. Who are our respective kin? All of them are

Please will someone kindly tell us. Who are our respective kin? All of them are
very jealous Neither of us will give in. He's my husband, I declare, I espoused him properly.

very jealous Neither of us will give in.
Daph.  

"go by Lem-pri-ère."

Spar.  

"So she is, up-on my life. Really, that seems very fair."

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Nice.  

"You're my husband and no other."

Daph.  

"I'm his wife, and you're his brother."

Spar.  

"That is true enough I swear."
It will surely be unfair, It will surely be quite fair, It will
If we go by Lem-pri-ère, How you

surely be unfair, To decide by Lem-prière.
surely be quite fair, To decide by Lem-prière.
settle I don't care, Leave it all to Lem-prière.
settle I don't care, Leave it all to Lem-prière.

Andante (d = 64)
(Spoken.) The Verdict.

As Sparkeion is Apollo, Up in this Olympian clime, Why,

Nice-mis, it will follow, He's her husband, for the time. When Sparkeion turns to

mortal Joins once more the sons of men. He may take you to his portal He will

be your husband then. That, oh that is my decision, 'Cording to my mental vision, Put an

Allegretto (\( \text{d} = 80 \))
That, oh that is end to all collision, My decision, my decision, my decision.

That is his decision, 'Cord-ing to his mental vision, Put an end to all col
his decision, 'Cord-ing to his mental vision, Put an end to all col li-sion,

That is my decision, 'Cord-ing to my vi-sion,
Ereunt THESPIS, NICEMIS, SPARKEION and DAPHNE.
SPARKEION with DAPHNE, NICEMIS weeping with THESPIS.

My decision.

Enter JUPITER, APOLLO and MARS from below, at the back
back of stage. All wear cloaks as disguise and all are masked.

Three Gods:

Oh rage and

Allegro moderato ( \( \text{d} = 120 \) )
fury, Oh shame and sorrow. We'll be resuming our ranks tomorrow.

Since from Olympus we have departed, We've been distracted and broken-hearted,

Oh wicked Thespis. Oh villain, villain scurvy. Through him, through him Olympus is topsy-turvy, topsy-turvy. Compelled to silence to grin and bear it. He's
Gods

caused our sorrow, and he shall share it. Where is the monster, monster? A.

venge, Avenge his blunders. He has awakened Olympian thunders, O

Olympian thunders.

lym pian thunders.

lym pian thunders.

Engraved by LilyPond, 2.1.17