THESPIS

or

THE GODS GROWN OLD

Libretto by William S. Gilbert
Music by Arthur S. Sullivan
and Colin Johnson

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GODS

JUPITER, Aged Deity .................................................. Bass-Baritone
APOLLO, Aged Deity .................................................. Baritone
MARS, Aged Deity ..................................................... Baritone
DIANA, Aged Deity ................................................... Mezzo-Soprano
MERCURY ................................................................. Soprano

THESPPIANS

THESPIS ................................................................. Baritone
SPARKEION ............................................................. Tenor
NICEMIS ................................................................. Soprano
DAPHNE ................................................................. Soprano
SILLIMON ............................................................... Tenor
TIMIDON ................................................................. Baritone
TIPSEION ................................................................. (Speaking role)
PREPOSTEROS ......................................................... (Speaking role)
STUPIDAS ............................................................... (Speaking role)
PRETTIEIA .............................................................. (Speaking role)
CYMON ................................................................. (Speaking role)
Overture

Allegro moderato (\(J = 120\))

Tempo di Treno (\(J = 180\))
Act One

Scene.—The ruins of The Temple of the Gods on summit of Mount Olympus. Picturesque shattered columns, overgrown with ivy, etc., R. and L., with entrances to temple (ruined) R. Fallen columns on the stage. Three broken pillars 2 R. E. At the back of stage is the approach from the summit of the mountain. This should be “practicable” to enable large numbers of people to ascend and descend. In the distance are the summits of adjacent mountains. At first all this is concealed by a thick fog, which clears presently. Enter (through fog) Chorus of Stars coming off duty, as fatigued with their night’s work.

No 1. Opening Chorus and Solo:
“Throughout the Night”
The Star, Men and Women

Andantino mysterioso \( \text{\( \frac{d}{4} = 72 \)} \)
Throughout the night, Throughout the night, Throughout the night, the
Throughout the night, Throughout the night, Throughout the night, the
Throughout the night, Throughout the night, Throughout the night, the
con-stel-la-tions, Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions,
con-stel-la-tions, Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions.
con-stel-la-tions, Through-out the night, the con-stel-la-tions, con-stel-la-
cions, Through-out the night, the con-stel-la-tions, con-stel-la-
con-stel-la-tions, Through-out the night, the con-stel-la-tions, con-stel-la-tions, Have

Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
gi-ven light from var-i-ous

con-stel-la-tions, Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-

Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-

Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-

Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
var-i-ous sta-
Star

light, it's true, is not worth mention;
What can we do to gain at-

Sopr.

worth mention;

Alto

worth mention;

Tenor

worth mention;

Bass

worth mention;

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Star

ten-tion.
When night and noon, night and noon with vulgar glaring A

gain attention.

Sopr.

gain attention.

Alto

gain attention.

Tenor

gain attention.

Bass

gain attention.
great big moon is always flaring.

A great big moon is always flaring.

A great big moon is always flaring.

A great big moon is always flaring.

Through-out the night, the

Through-out the night, the

Through-out the night, the

Through-out the night, the
Bass

Tenor

Alto

Sopr.

con-stel-la-tions, Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions,

con-stel-la-tions, Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions.

con-stel-la-tions, Through-out the night, the con-stel-la-tions, con-stel-la-tions, Have

con-stel-la-tions, Through-out the night, the con-stel-la-tions, con-stel-la-tions, Have

Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions, gi-ven light from var-i-ous

var-i-ous sta-tions, var-i-ous sta-tions. light from var-i-ous sta-

var-i-ous sta-tions, var-i-ous sta-tions. light from var-i-ous sta-

gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions, light from var-i-ous sta-

gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions, light from var-i-ous sta-
stations. When midnight gloom falls on all nations,

We will resume our occupations. Our occupations,

We will resume our occupations. Our occupations,
Our light, it's true, is not worth mentioning;

What can we do to gain attention. When night and noon with

can we do to gain attention. When night and noon with vulgar
DIANA (shuddering). Ugh! How cold the nights are! I don’t know how it is, but I seem to feel the night air a great deal more than I used to. But it is time for the sun to be rising. (Calls.) Apollo.
APOLLO  *(within)*  Hollo!

DIANA  I’ve come off duty—It’s time for you to be getting up.

*Enter APOLLO. He is an elderly “buck” with an air of assumed juvenility, and is dressed in dressing gown and smoking cap.*

APOLLO  *(yawning)*  I shan’t go out to-day. I was out yesterday and the day before and I want a little rest. I don’t know how it is, but I seem to feel my work a great deal more than I used to.

DIANA  I’m sure these short days can’t hurt you. Why, you don’t rise till six and you’re in bed again by five: you should have a turn at my work and see how you like that—out all night!

APOLLO  My dear sister, I don’t envy you—though I remember when I did—but that was when I was a younger sun. I don’t think I’m quite well. Perhaps a little change of air will do me good. I’ve a great mind to show myself in London this winter, they’ll be very glad to see me. No! I shan’t go out to-day. I shall send them this fine, thick wholesome fog and they won’t miss me. It’s the best substitute for a blazing sun—and like most substitutes, nothing at all like the real thing. *(To fog.)*  Be off with you.

*[Fog clears away and discovers the scene described.]*
**MERCURY** Home at last. A nice time I’ve had of it.

**DIANA** You young scamp you’ve been down all night again. This is the third time you’ve been out this week.

**MERCURY** Well you’re a nice one to blow me up for that.

**DIANA** I can’t help being out all night.

**MERCURY** And I can’t help being down all night. The nature of Mercury requires that he should go down when the sun sets, and rise again when the sun rises.

**DIANA** And what have you been doing?
MERCURY Stealing on commission. There’s a set of false teeth and a box of Life Pills—that’s for Jupiter—An invisible peruke and a bottle of hair dye—that’s for Apollo—A respirator and a pair of goloshes—that’s for Cupid—A full bottomed chignon, some auricomous fluid, a box of pearl-powder, a pot of rouge, and a hare’s foot—that’s for Venus.

DIANA Stealing! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

MERCURY Oh, as the god of thieves I must do something to justify my position.

DIANA & APOLLO (contemptuously). Your position!

MERCURY Oh I know it’s nothing to boast of, even on earth. Up here, it’s simply contemptible. Now that you gods are too old for your work, you’ve made me the miserable drudge of Olympus—groom, valet, postman, butler, commissionaire, maid of all work, parish beadle, and original dustman.

APOLLO Your Christmas boxes ought to be something considerable.

MERCURY They ought to be but they’re not. I’m treated abominably. I make everybody and I’m nobody—I go everywhere and I’m nowhere—I do everything and I’m nothing—I’ve made thunder for Jupiter, odes for Apollo, battles for Mars, and love for Venus. I’ve married couples for Hymen and six weeks afterwards, I’ve divorced them for Cupid—and in return I get all the kicks while they pocket the halfpence. And in compensation for robbing me of the halfpence in question, what have they done for me?

APOLLO Why they’ve—ha! ha! they’ve made you the god of thieves!

MERCURY Very self-denying of them—There isn’t one of them who hasn’t a better claim to the distinction than I have.
N° 2. Song: “Oh, I’m the Celestial Drudge”
Mercury

Allegretto (♩ = 140)

Oh,

I’m the celestial drudge,
For morning to night I must stop at it.
On

errands all day I must trudge,
And stick to my work till I drop at it!
In

summer I get up at one.
(As a good-natured donkey I’m ranked for it.) Then I
go and I light up the sun. And Phoebus Apollo gets thanked for it! Well,

well, it's the way of the world. And will be through all its futurity. Though

noodles are baroned, are baroned and earled, There's nothing for clever ob-

- securi-ty! I'm the
slave of the Gods, neck and heels, And I'm bound to o-bey, though I rate at 'em; And I
not on-ly or-der their meals, But I cook 'em and serve 'em and wait at 'em. Then I
make all their nec-tar— I do— (What a ter-ri-ble li-quo-rt to rack us is.) And when
-e-ver I mix them a brew, Why all the thanks-giv-ings are Bac- chu-s's! Well,
well, it's the way of the world. And will be through all its future. Though

noodles are baroned, are baroned and earled, There's nothing for clever obscurity!

Then reading and writing I teach. And spelling-books many I've edited! And for bringing those arts within
reach, That don-key Mi-ner-va gets cre-di-ted. Then I scrape at the stars with a
knife, And plate-pow-der the moon (on the days for it), And I hear all the world and his
wife A-ward-ing Di-a-na the praise for it! Well, well, it's the way of the
world. And will be through all its fu-tu-ri-ty. Though noo-dles are ba-roned, are
There's baroned and earled, There's nothing for clever obscurity. Well, well, it's the way of the world. And will be through all its futurity. Though noodies are baroned, are baroned and earled, There's nothing for clever obscurity!

attacca
**Nº 2a. Majestic Music**

**DIANA, MERCURY (looking off)**

Why, who’s this? Jupiter, by Jove!

*Adagio (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 84 \))*

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**Enter JUPITER, an extremely old man, very decrepit, with very thin struggling white beard, he wears a long braided dressing-gown, handsomely trimmed, and a silk night-cap on his head.**

*MERCURY falls back respectfully as he enters.*

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**JUPITER**  Good day, Diana—ah Apollo—Well, well, well, what’s the matter? What’s the matter?

**DIANA**  Why, that young scamp Mercury says that we do nothing, and leave all the duties of Olympus to him! Will you believe it, he actually says that our influence on earth is dropping down to nil.

**JUPITER**  Well, well—don’t be hard on the lad—to tell you the truth, I’m not sure that he’s very far wrong. Don’t let it go any further, but, between ourselves, the sacrifices and votive offerings have fallen off terribly of late. Why, I can remember the time when people offered us human sacrifices—no mistake about it—human sacrifices! Think of that!
DIANA  Ah! Those good old days!

JUPITER  Then it fell off to oxen, pigs, and sheep.

APOLLO  Well, there are worse things than oxen, pigs and sheep.

JUPITER  So I’ve found to my cost. My dear sir—between ourselves, it’s dropped off from one thing to another until it has positively dwindled down to preserved Australian beef! What do you think of that?

APOLLO  I don’t like it at all.

JUPITER  You won’t mention it—It might go further—

DIANA  It couldn’t fare worse.

JUPITER  In short, matters have come to such a crisis that there’s no mistake about it—something must be done to restore our influence, the only question is, What?

Enter MARS
Mars

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Apollo

Speak quickly, or you'll get a warning.
Why, mortals up the mount are swarming
Our temple on Olympus storming,
In hundreds—aye in thousands, too.

Goodness gracious How audacious

Goodness gracious How audacious

Goodness gracious How audacious

Goodness gracious How audacious

Goodness gracious How audacious
Merc. Earth is spacious Why come here? Our impeding

Diana Earth is spacious Why come here? Our impeding

Mars Earth is spacious Why come here? Our impeding

Apollo Earth is spacious Why come here? Our impeding

Jup. Earth is spacious Why come here? Our impeding

Merc. Their proceeding Were good breeding That is
cresc.

Diana Their proceeding Were good breeding That is
cresc.

Mars Their proceeding Were good breeding That is
cresc.

Apollo Their proceeding Were good breeding That is
cresc.

Jup. Their proceeding Were good breeding That is
cresc.
clear.  Good-ness gra-cious How au-da-cious Earth is spa-cious Why come

here?  Our im-ped-ing Their pro-ced-ing Were good breed-ing That is

here?  Our im-ped-ing Their pro-ced-ing Were good breed-ing That is
clear.

clear.

clear.

clear.

clear.

Merc.

Diana

Mars

Apollo

Jup.

Ju-pi-ter, hear my plea. Up-on the mount if they light. There'll be an end, an end of me. I won't be seen by day-light.

Tar-tar-us is the place, the place These
Apollo:

scoundrels you should send to— Should they behold my face. My influence there's an

Apollo:

end to!

(looking over precipice)

Jup.:

What fools to give themselves so much exertion!

(looking over precipice)

Diana:

A government survey I'll make assertion!

(looking over precipice)

Apollo:

Perhaps the
They seem to be more like an Alpine club at their diversion!

"Cook's excursion."

Goodness gracious How au-

Goodness gracious How au-

Goodness gracious How au-

Goodness gracious How au-

Goodness gracious How au-
If, mighty Jove, you value your existence,  
Send them a thunderbolt with your regards.

My thunderbolts, though valid at a distance,  
Are not effective at a hundred yards.

Let the moon’s rays, Diana, strike ’em!
Merc. flight-y, Make 'em all lu-na-tics in var-i-ous styles.

Diana lu-nar rays un-hap-pi-ly are might-y On-ly at ma-ny hun-dred thou-sand
Their proceeding Were good breeding That
Their proceeding Were good breeding That
Their proceeding Were good breeding That
Were good breeding That
Were good breeding That
Enter SPARKEION and NICEMIS climbing mountain at back.

SPARKEION Here we are at last on the very summit, and we’ve left the others ever so far behind! Why, what’s this?

NICEMIS A ruined palace! A palace on the top of a mountain. I wonder who lives here? Some mighty king, I dare say, with wealth beyond all counting, who came to live up here—

SPARKEION To avoid his creditors! It’s a lovely situation for a country house though it’s very much out of repair.

NICEMIS Very inconvenient situation.

SPARKEION Inconvenient?

NICEMIS Yes—how are you to get butter, milk, and eggs up here? No pigs—no poultry—no postman. Why, I should go mad.

SPARKEION What a dear little practical mind it is! What a wife you will make!

NICEMIS Don’t be too sure—we are only partly married—the marriage ceremony lasts all day.

SPARKEION I’ve no doubt at all about it. We shall be as happy as a king and queen, though we are only a strolling actor and actress.

[ Exeunt Jupiter, Apollo, Diana, and Mercury into ruined temple. ]
NICEMIS  It’s very kind of Thespis to celebrate our marriage day by giving the company a pic-nic on this lovely mountain.

SPARKEION  And still more kind to allow us to get so much ahead of all the others. Discreet Thespis! (Kissing her.)

NICEMIS  There now, get away, do! Remember the marriage ceremony is not yet completed.

SPARKEION  But it would be ungrateful to Thespis’s discretion not to take advantage of it by improving the opportunity.

NICEMIS  Certainly not; get away.

SPARKEION  On second thoughts the opportunity’s so good it don’t admit of improvement. There! (Kisses her.)

NICEMIS  How dare you kiss me before we are quite married?

SPARKEION  Attribute it to the intoxicating influence of the mountain air.

NICEMIS  Then we had better go down again. It is not right to expose ourselves to influences over which we have no control.
No. 4. Duet: “Here Far Away”
Sparkeion and Nicemis

Here far away from all the world, Dis-sen-sion and de-ri-sion, With

Nature’s won-ders all un-furled To our de-light-ed vi-sion,

With no one here (At least in sight) To in-ter-fere With our de-light, And
two fond lovers sever,

Oh do not free, Thine hand from

mine,

I swear to thee My love is thine For e -

On mountain

- ver and for e-ver.
top the air is keen, And most ex-hi-la-ra-tion, And we say things we

do not mean In mo-men-ta less e-la-tion. So please to

wait— For thoughts that crop En tete-a-tete On moun-tain top May not ex-act-ly

tal-ly With those that you May en-ter-tain,
Sparkeion: Very well—if you won’t have anything to say to me, I know who will.

Nicemis: Who will?

Sparkeion: Daphne will.

Nicemis: Daphne would flirt with anybody.

Sparkeion: Anybody would flirt with Daphne. She is quite as pretty as you and has twice as much back-hair.

Nicemis: She has twice as much money, which may account for it.

Sparkeion: At all events, she has appreciation. She likes good looks.

Nicemis: We all like what we haven’t got.

Sparkeion: She keeps her eyes open.

Nicemis: Yes—one of them.

Sparkeion: Which one?

Nicemis: The one she doesn’t wink with.

Sparkeion: Well, I was engaged to her for six months and if she still makes eyes at me, you must attribute it to force of habit. Besides—remember—we are only half-married at present.
NICEMIS  I suppose you mean that you are going to treat me as shamefully as you treated her. Very well, break it off if you like. I shall not offer any objection. Thespis used to be very attentive to me. I'd just as soon be a manager’s wife as a fifth-rate actor’s!

*Nº 5. Chorus and Solos:*
*“Climbing Over Rocky Mountain”*
*Men and Women*

*Chorus heard, at first below, then enter DAPHNE, PRETTEIA, PREPOSTEROS, STUPIDAS, TIPSEION, CYMON, and other members of THESPIS’ company climbing over rock at back. All carry small baskets.*

*Allegro grazioso (d = 120)*
Climbing over rocky mountain Skip-ping riv-u-let and foun-tain,
Pass-ing where the wil-lows qui-ver
Pass-ing where the wil-lows qui-ver
Pass-ing where the wil-lows qui-ver
Pass-ing where the wil-lows qui-ver
By the ever rolling river, Swollen with the summer rain, the summer rain.

Threading long and leafy mazes, Dotted with unnumbered daisies, Dotted, dotted

Threading long and leafy mazes, Dotted with unnumbered daisies, Dotted, dotted
Bass
Tenor
Alto
Sopr.

Climb with un-numbered daisies, Scaling rough and rugged passes,

Climb with un-numbered daisies, Scaling rough and rugged passes,

Climb with un-numbered daisies, Scaling rough and rugged passes,

Climb with un-numbered daisies, Scaling rough and rugged passes,

Climb the hearty lads and lasses, Till the mountain top they gain.

Climb the hearty lads and lasses, Till the mountain top they gain.

Climb the hearty lads and lasses, Till the mountain top they gain.

Climb the hearty lads and lasses, Till the mountain top they gain.
Sca-ling rough and rug-ged pas-ses, Climb the heart-y lads and las-ses, Til the

moun-tain-top they gain.

Sca-ling rough and rug-ged pas-ses, Climb the heart-y lads and las-ses, Til the

moun-tain-top they gain.
Soprano soloist:

Fill the cup and

tread the measure Make the most of fleeting leisure. Hail it as a true al-

-ly Though it perish bye and bye.

Hail it as a true al-ly, Though it perish by and

Hail it as a true al-ly, Though it perish by and

Hail it as a true al-ly, Though it perish by and

Hail it as a true al-ly, Though it perish by and

Hail it as a true al-ly, Though it perish by and
Ev'ry moment brings a treasure Of its own especial pleasure,

Though the moments quickly die, Greet them gaily as they fly. Greet them
Though the moments quickly die, Greet them gaily as they fly.
Far away from grief and care, High up in the mountain air, Let us live and reign alone,

In a world that’s all our own. Here enthroned in the sky,
Far away from mortal eye, We'll be gods and make decrees, Those may

honour them who please.

We'll be gods and make decrees, Those may honour them who

We'll be gods and make decrees, Those may honour them who

We'll be gods and make decrees, Those may honour them who

We'll be gods and make decrees, Those may honour them who
Please.

Fill the cup and tread the measure. Make the most of
fleeing leisure. Hail it as a true ally Though it perish

bye and bye. Hail it as a true ally Though it perish bye and

bye and bye. Hail it as a true ally Though it perish bye and

bye and bye. Hail it as a true ally Though it perish bye and
Bass  Tenor  Alto  Sopr.

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Sopr.  

Alto  

Tenor  

Bass  

bye.  Fill the cup and tread the measure Make the most of fleeting leisure. Hail it as a

true

true

true

true

al-ly.

al-ly.

al-ly.

al-ly.

al-ly.

al-ly.
**thespis** Bless you, my people, bless you. Let the revels commence. After all, for thorough, unconstrained unconventional enjoyment give me a pic-nic.

**preposterous** *(very gloomily).* Give him a pic-nic somebody!

**thespis** Be quiet, Preposterous—don’t interrupt.

**preposterous** Ha! Ha! Shut up again! But no matter.

**stupidas** endeavours, in pantomime, to reconcile him. Throughout the scene **preposterous** shows symptoms of breaking out into a furious passion, and **stupidas** does all he can to pacify and restrain him.

**thespis** The best of a pic-nic is that everybody contributes what he pleases, and nobody knows what anybody else has brought till the last moment. Now, unpack everybody and let’s see what there is for everybody.

**nicemis** I have brought you—a bottle of soda water—for the claret-cup.

**daphne** I have brought you—lettuce for the lobster salad.

**sparkeion** A piece of ice—for the claret-cup.

**pretteia** A bottle of vinegar—for the lobster salad.

**cymon** A bunch of burrage for the claret-cup!

**tipseion** A hard boiled egg—for the lobster salad!

**stupidas** One lump of sugar for the claret-cup!

**preposterous** He has brought one lump of sugar for the claret-cup? Ha! Ha! Ha!

[ Laughing melodramatically.]

**stupidas** Well, Preposterous, what have you brought?

**preposterous** I have brought two lumps of the very best salt for the lobster salad.

**thespis** Oh—is that all?

**preposterous** All! Ha! Ha! He asks if it is all!

[ **stupidas** consoles him.]

**thespis** But, I say—this is capital so far as it goes - nothing could be better, but it doesn’t go far enough. The claret, for instance! I don’t insist on claret—or a lobster—I don’t insist on lobster, but a lobster salad without a lobster, why it isn’t lobster salad. Here, Tipseion!

**tipseion** *(a very drunken bloated fellow, dressed, however, with scrupulous accuracy and wearing a large medal round his neck)* My master?
[ Falls on his knees to Thespis and kisses his robe.

Thespis: Get up—don’t be a fool. Where’s the claret? We arranged last week that you were to see to that?

Tipseion: True, dear master. But then I was a drunkard!

Thespis: You were.

Tipseion: You engaged me to play convivial parts on the strength of my personal appearance.

Thespis: I did.

Tipseion: Then you found that my habits interfered with my duties as low comedian.

Thespis: True—

Tipseion: You said yesterday that unless I took the pledge you would dismiss me from your company.

Thespis: Quite so.

Tipseion: Good. I have taken it. It is all I have taken since yesterday. My preserver!

[ Embraces him.

Thespis: Yes, but where’s the wine?

Tipseion: I left it behind that I might not be tempted to violate my pledge.

Tipseion: Minion!

[ Attempts to get at him, is restrained by Stupidas.

Thespis: Now, Preposteros, what is the matter with you?

Preposteros: It is enough that I am down-trodden in my profession. I will not submit to imposition out of it. It is enough that as your heavy villain I get the worst of it every night in a combat of six. I will not submit to insult in the day time. I have come out, Ha! Ha! to enjoy myself!

Thespis: But look here, you know—virtue only triumphs at night from seven to ten—vice gets the best of it during the other twenty-three hours. Won’t that satisfy you?

[ Stupidas endeavours to pacify him.

Preposteros: (irritated to Stupidas). Ye are odious to my sight! Get out of it!

Stupidas: (in great terror). What have I done?

Thespis: Now what is it, Preposteros, what is it?

Preposteros: I a—hate him and would have his life!

Thespis: (to Stupidas). That’s it—he hates you and would have your life. Now go and be merry.

Stupidas: Yes, but why does he hate me?

Thespis: Oh—exactly. (to Preposteros). Why do you hate him?

Preposteros: Because he is a minion!

Thespis: He hates you because you are a minion. It explains itself. Now go and enjoy yourselves. Ha! Ha! It is well for those who can laugh—let them do so—there is no extra charge. The light-hearted cup and the convivial jest for them—but for me—what is there for me?
SILLIMON There is some claret-cup and lobster salad.

[Handing some.]

THESPIS (taking it). Thank you. (Resuming.) What is there for me but anxiety—ceaseless gnawing anxiety that tears at my very vitals and rends my peace of mind asunder? There is nothing whatever for me but anxiety of the nature I have just described. The charge of these thoughtless revellers is my unhappy lot. It is not a small charge, and it is rightly termed a lot, because they are many. Oh why did the gods make me a manager?

SILLIMON (as guessing a riddle). Why did the gods make him a manager?

SPARKEION Why did the gods make him a manager?

DAPHNE Why did the gods make him a manager?

PRETTEIA Why did the gods make him a manager?

THESPIS No—no—what are you talking about? What do you mean?

DAPHNE I've got it—don't tell us—

ALL No—no—because—because—

THESPIS (annoyed). It isn't a conundrum—it's a misanthropical question. Why cannot I join you?

[Retires up center.]

DAPHNE (who is sitting with SPARKEION to the annoyance of NICEMIS who is crying alone). I'm sure I don't know. We do not want you. Don't distress yourself on our account—we are getting on very comfortably—are'n't we Sparkeion?

SPARKEION We are so happy that we don't miss the lobster or the claret. What are lobster and claret compared with the society of those we love?

[Embracing DAPHNE.]

DAPHNE Why, Nicemis, love, you are eating nothing. Aren't you happy dear?

NICEMIS (spitefully). You are quite welcome to my share of everything. I intend to console myself with the society of my manager.

[ Takes THESPIS’ arm affectionately.]

THESPIS Here I say—this won't do, you know—I can't allow it—at least before my company—besides, you are half-married to Sparkeion. Sparkeion, here's your half-wife impairing my influence before my company. Don't you know the story of the gentleman who undermined his influence by associating with his inferiors?

ALL Yes, yes,—we know it.

PREPOSTEROS (furiously). I do not know it! It's ever thus! Doomed to disappointment from my earliest years—

[STUPIDAS endeavours to pacify him.]

THESPIS There—that's enough. Preposteros—you shall hear it.
Nº 6. Solo with Chorus: “I Once Knew a Chap”
Thespis and Chorus

I once knew a chap who discharged a function
On the North South East West Diddlesex Junction.
He was conspicuous, for his affable ways, and his easy breeding.
Although a chairman of directors, He was hand in glove with the ticket inspectors. He tipped the guards with brand new fivers, And sang little songs to the engine drivers. 'Twas told to me with great com-

Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!
unction, By one who had discharged with unction A chairman of di-

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

rec-tors function, On the North South East West Did-dle-sex

A di-rector's function! On the North South East West Did-dle-sex

A di-rector's function! On the North South East West Did-dle-sex

A di-rector's function! On the North South East West Did-dle-sex
Junc-tion.

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol
did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol
Each

Thes. | Sopr. | Alto | Tenor | Bass

\[\text{did}, \text{did}, \text{lol lol lay.} \quad \text{Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,}\]

\[\text{did}, \text{did}, \text{lol lol lay.} \quad \text{Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,}\]

\[\text{did}, \text{did}, \text{lol lol lay.} \quad \text{Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,}\]

\[\text{did}, \text{did}, \text{lol lol lay.} \quad \text{Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,}\]
Christ- mas day he gave each sto- ker A sil- ver sho- vel and a gol- den po- ker. He'd

but- ton hole flowers for the tic- ket sort- ers And rich Bath- buns for the out- side

por- ters.

He'd mount the clerks on his first- class hun- ters, And he
built little villas for the roadside shunters, And if any were fond of pigeon shooting, He'd ask them down to his place at Tooting.
68

'Twas told to me with great compunction, By one who had discharged with

func tion A chair man of di rec tors func tion, On the North South

A di rect or's func tion! On the North South

A di rect or's func tion! On the North South

A di rect or's func tion! On the North South

A di rect or's func tion! On the North South
In course of time there spread a rumour That he did all this from a
sense of humour. So instead of signalling and stoiking, They gave themselves
up to a course of joking. When ever they knew that he was riding, They shunted his train on a lonely siding, Or stopped all night in the middle of a tunnel, On the plea that the boiler was acom ing through the
Thes.

fun-nel.

’Twas told to me with great com-

Sopr.

Oo - wooh! Oo - wooh!

Alto

Oo - wooh! Oo - wooh!

Tenor

Oo - wooh!

Bass

Oo - wooh!

106

punc- tion, By one who had dis-charged with unc-tion A chair-man of di-

Sopr.

Oo - wooh!

Alto

Oo - wooh!

Tenor

Oo - wooh!

Bass

Oo - wooh!
If he

Sopr.

did-lle, did-lle, lol lol lay. Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex,

Alto

did-lle, did-lle, lol lol lay. Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex,

Tenor

did-lle, did-lle, lol lol lay. Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex,

Bass

did-lle, did-lle, lol lol lay. Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex, Did-lle-sex,
wished to go to Perth or Stirling, His train through several countries whirling, Would

set him down in a fit of larking, At four a. m. in the wilds of

Barking. This pleased his whim and seemed to strike it, But the
The general public did not like it. The receipts fell, after a few repeatings, And he got it hot at the annual meetings. 'Twas
told to me with great compunction, By one who had discharged with

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

func tion A chairman of directors function, On the North South

A director's function! On the North South

A director's function! On the North South

A director's function! On the North South

A director's function! On the North South

A di-rec-tor's func tion! On the North South

A di-rec-tor's func tion! On the North South

A di-rec-tor's func tion! On the North South
lols
lol
lol
lol

lay.
lay.
lay.
lay.

3
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p
p
p
p

Did -dle -sex,
Did -dle -sex,
Did -dle -sex,
Did -dle -sex,

He fol - lowed out his whim with vi - gour, The

Did -dle -sex,
Did -dle -sex,
Sh!

Did -dle -sex,
Did -dle -sex,
Sh!

Did -dle -sex,
Did -dle -sex,
Sh!

Did -dle -sex,
Did -dle -sex,
Sh!
shares went down to a nominal figure. These are the sad results proceeding from his affable ways and his easy breezing.

The line, with its rails and guards and peelers, was sold for a song to marine store dealers. The shareholders all are in the work 'us, and he sells...
182

pipe-lights in the Regent Circus.

Twas

186

told to me with great compunction, By one who had discharged with

189

function A chairman of directors function, A director's function!

A director's function!

A director's function!

A director's function!
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.
THESPIS It’s very hard. As a man I am naturally of an easy disposition. As a manager, I am compelled to hold myself aloof, that my influence may not be deteriorated. As a man I am inclined to fraternize with the pauper—as a manager I am compelled to walk around like this: Don’t know yah! Don’t know yah! Don’t know yah!

*Strides haughtily about the stage, JUPITER, MARS, and APOLLO, in full Olympian costume appear on the three broken columns. Thespians scream.*

THESPIS *(same business).* Don’t know yah! Don’t know yah!
Thespis I do not know you. I do not know you.

Thespis I am Jupiter, the King of the Gods. This is Apollo. This is Mars.

Thespis Oh! Then as I'm a respectable man, and rather particular about the company I keep, I think I'll go.

Jupiter No—no—stop a bit. We want to consult you on a matter of great importance.

Thespis I can give you five minutes.
JUPITER No matter. It will suffice.

THESPI (to Thespians.) I have been invited to confer with a brother manager. As our discussion is not for the ears of the *oi polloi*, I should be very much obliged if you would withdraw to a respectable distance.

[ They are reluctant to go.

JUPITER (steps forward). Allow me—

[ Throws thunderbolt. Thespians scream and go out.

There! Now we are alone. Who are you?

THESPI I am Thespis of the Thessalian Theatres.

JUPITER The very man we want. Now as a judge of what the public likes, are you impressed with my appearance as father of the gods?

THESPI Well to be candid with you, I am not. In fact I'm disappointed.

JUPITER Disappointed?

THESPI Yes, you see you're so much out of repair. No, you don't come up to my idea of the part. Bless you, I've played you often.

JUPITER You have!

THESPI To be sure I have.

JUPITER And how have you dressed the part?

THESPI Fine commanding party in the prime of life. Thunderbolt—full beard—dignified manner—a good deal of this sort of thing “Don’t know yah! Don’t know yah! Don’t know yah!”

[ Imitating, crosses L.

JUPITER (much affected). I—I’m very much obliged to you. It’s very good of you. I—I—I used to be like that. I can’t tell you how much I feel it. And do you find I’m an impressive character to play?

THESPI Well no, I can’t say you are. In fact we don’t use you much out of burlesque.

JUPITER Burlesque!

[ Offended, walks up.

THESPI Yes, it’s a painful subject, drop it, drop it. The fact is, you are not the gods you were—you’re behind your age.

JUPITER Well, but what are we to do? We feel that we ought to do something, but we don’t know what.

THESPI Why don’t you all go down to Earth, *incog.*, mingle with the world, hear and see what people think of you, and judge for yourselves as to the best means to take to restore your influence?

JUPITER Ah, but what’s to become of Olympus in the meantime?

THESPI Lor bless you, don’t distress yourself about that. I’ve a very good company, used to take long parts on the shortest notice. Invest us with your powers and we’ll fill your places till you return.

JUPITER (aside). The offer is tempting. (aloud). But suppose you fail?
THESPIS Fail! Oh, we never fail in our profession. We’ve nothing but great successes!
JUPITER Then it’s a bargain?
THESPIS It’s a bargain.

[ They shake hands on it.

JUPITER And that you may not be entirely without assistance, we will leave you Mercury, and whenever you find yourself in a difficulty you can consult him.

Enter MERCURY (trap C.)
Act One Finale: “So That’s Arranged”

Ensemble

So that’s arranged—you take my place, my boy, while we make trial of a new existence. At length I will be able to enjoy the pleasures I have envied from a distance.
Merc.

peled up-on O-lym-pus here to stop, While the o-ther gods go down to play the he-ro.

Don't be sur-prised if on this moun-tain top You find your Mer-cu-ry is down at ze-ro.

To earth a-way to join in mor-tal acts. And ga-ther fresh ma-ter-ial-als to write on.
vestigate more closely, several facts, That I for centuries have thrown some

I, as the modest moon with crescent bow. Have always

light on.

shown a light to nightly scandal, I must say I'd like to
Diana: go below, And find out if the game is worth the can - -

Merc.: Com - pelled up-on O-lym - pus here to stop, While the

dle. I, the moon with cres-cent bow. Have al - ways

Apollo: A - way to join in mor-tal acts. And

Jup.: So that's ar - ranged— you take my place, my boy, While
other gods go down to play the hero. Don’t be surprised if on this
shown a light to nightly scandal, I must say I’d like to
gather fresh materials to write on. Investigate more closely,
we make trial of a new existence. At length I will be
mountain top. You find your Mercury is down at zero.
go below, And find out if the game is worth the candle.
several facts, That I for centuries have thrown some light on.
able to enjoy The pleasures I have envied from a distance.
Here come your people.

Enter all thespians, summoned by MERCURY

While mighty Jove goes down below
With all the other deities. I fill his place and wear his "clo."
very part for me it is. To mother earth to make a track, They

are all spurred and boot-ed, too. And you will fill, till they come back, The
parts you best are suited to.

Yes, we will fill, till they come back, The

Here's a pretty tale for future Il-i-ads and O-dys-seys

parts we best are suited to.

Here's a pretty tale for future Il-i-ads and O-dys-seys

parts we best are suited to.

Here's a pretty tale for future Il-i-ads and O-dys-seys

parts we best are suited to.

Here's a pretty tale for future Il-i-ads and O-dys-seys
Mortals are about to personate the gods and goddesses.

Now to set the world in order, we will work in unity.

Sopr.  Alto  Tenor  Bass
72
Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity.

75
Sparkeion:
Phoebus am I, with golden ray, The
god of day, the god of day. When shadowy night has held her sway, I
make the goddesses fly. Tis mine the task to wake the world, In

slumber curled, in slumber curled. By me her charms are all unfurled The god of day am
Bass

The god of day, the god of day, That part shall our

Sopr.

I.

The god of day, the god of day, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Alto

That part shall our

Tenor

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Bass

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sopr.

Spar.-kei-on play, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! That e-ver fell to

Alto

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! The rar-est fun and fare That e-ver fell to

Tenor

Spar-kei-on play, The rar-est fun and rar-est fare That e-ver fell to

Bass

Ha! ha! ha! ha! The rar-est fun and rar-est fare That e-ver fell to
I am the moon, the lamp of night. I show a light—

mortal share.

mortal share.

mortal share.

mortal share.

mortal share.

mortal share.

show a light. With radiant sheen I put to flight The shadows of the
sky. By my fair rays, as you're aware, Gay lovers swear—gay

lovers swear, While greybeards sleep away their care, The lamp of night am
Nice.

I.

Sopr.

The lamp of night—
the lamp of night.

Nice—mis plays, to

Alto

The lamp of night—
the lamp of night.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Nice—mis plays, to

Tenor

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Nice—mis plays, to

Bass

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

123

Sopr.

her de-light.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! That e-ver fell to

Alto

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! The rar-est fun and fare That e-ver fell to

Tenor

her de-light. The rar-est fun and rar-est fare, That e-ver fell to

Bass

Ha! ha! ha! ha! The rar-est fun and rar-est fare That e-ver fell to
Might-y old Mars, the god of war, I'm mortal share.

mortal share.

mortal share.

mortal share.

des-tined for— I'm des-tined for. A ter-ri-bly fa-mous con-que-ror, With sword up-on his
thigh. When arm-ies meet with ea-ger shout And war-like rout, and war-like rout, You'll
With war-like rout,
With war-like rout,
With war-like rout,
With war-like rout,
find me there without a doubt. The God of War am I.

The god of war, the god of war

Great Timidone is destined for.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Great Timidone is destined for

The
Sopr.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! That ever fell to mortal share.

Alto

Ha! ha! The rarest fun and fare That ever fell to mortal share.

Tenor

rarest fun and rarest fare That ever fell to mortal share.

Bass

rarest fun and rarest fare That ever fell to mortal share.

Daphne:

When, as the fruit of warlike deeds, The soldier bleeds, the

solider bleeds, Calliope crowns heroic deeds, With immorality
-ty. From mere ob-li-vi-on I re-claim The sol-dier’s name, the

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Here's a pretty tale for future Il•i•ads and O•dys•seys mortal share.

Here's a pretty tale for future Il•i•ads and O•dys•seys mortal share.

Here's a pretty tale for future Il•i•ads and O•dys•seys mortal share.

Here's a pretty tale for future Il•i•ads and O•dys•seys mortal share.
Now to set the world in order, we will work in unity.

Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity.

Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity.
Enter procession of old Gods, they come down much astonished at all they see, then passing by, ascend the platform that leads to the descent at the back.

We will

We will
We will share. With a gay Holiday

share. With a gay Holiday All un-

All un-
All unknown, And alone.

We will go,

known, All unknown, And alone We will go,

known, All unknown, And alone We will go,

Down be-

Here's a pretty tale for future

Here's a pretty tale for future

Here's a pretty tale for future

Here's a pretty tale for future

be
Il

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Il

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low,

= low,

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low,

Revels rare,

We will

Il - i - ads and O - dys - seys

Mortals are about to person -

Il - i - ads and O - dys - seys

Mortals are about to person -

Il - i - ads and O - dys - seys

Mortals are about to person -

Il - i - ads and O - dys - seys

Mortals are about to person -

Il - i - ads and O - dys - seys

Mortals are about to person -
We will share.

With a gay Holy...
Diana

-A

Apollo

-we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is

Jup.

-we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is

Sopr.

-we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is

Alto

-we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is

Tenor

-we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is

Bass

we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is
known, And a - lone

Thespis's op- por-tu-ni-ty. Here's a pret-ty tale for fu-ture R-i-ads and O-dys-seys

Thespis's op- por-tu-ni-ty. Here's a pret-ty tale for fu-ture R-i-ads and O-dys-seys

Thespis's op- por-tu-ni-ty. Here's a pret-ty tale for fu-ture R-i-ads and O-dys-seys

Thespis's op- por-tu-ni-ty. Here's a pret-ty tale for fu-ture R-i-ads and O-dys-seys
Sopr.

212

Mortals are about to personate the gods and goddesses.

213
cresc.

Now to set the world in order, we will work in unity.

Alto
cresc.

Mortals are about to personate the gods and goddesses.

Tenor
cresc.

Now to set the world in order, we will work in unity.

Bass
cresc.

Now to set the world in order, we will work in unity.
Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity. Jupiter's perplexity is rall.

Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity. Jupiter's perplexity is rall.

Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity. Jupiter's perplexity is rall.

Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity. Jupiter's perplexity is rall.

Meno mosso ($\frac{d}{2} = 72$)

Thespis's opportunity.

Thespis's opportunity.

Thespis's opportunity.

Thespis's opportunity.

string.

...
The Gods, including those who have lately entered in procession, group themselves on rising ground at back. The Thespians (kneeling) bid them farewell.
Act Two

Scene.—The same scene as in Act I with the exception that in place of the ruins that filled the foreground of the stage, the interior of a magnificent temple is seen showing the background of the scene of Act I, through the columns of the portico at the back. High throne. L.U.E. Low seats below it.

All the substitute gods and goddesses (that is to say, Thespians) are discovered grouped in picturesque attitudes about the stage, eating and drinking, and smoking and singing the following verses:—

Nº 8. Opening Chorus and Solo: “Of All Symposia”
Chorus and Sillimon
Of all sym-po-si-a The

Of all sym-po-si-a The

Of all sym-po-si-a The

Of all sym-po-si-a The

best by half Up-on O-lym-pus, here a-wait us.

best by half Up-on O-lym-pus, here a-wait us.

best by half Up-on O-lym-pus, here a-wait us.

best by half Up-on O-lym-pus, here a-wait us.
eat ambrosia. And nectar quaff, It cheers but don't inebriate us. We know the fallacies, Of human food So please to pass Olympian
We built up palaces, Where ruins stood, And find them much more

To work and think, my dear, Up here would be, The
height of conscientious folly. So eat and drink, my dear, I like to see, Young people gay—young people jolly. Olym-pian food, my love, I'll lay long odds, Will please your lips—those rosy portals, What is the good, my love, Of being gods, If we must
If we must work like common mortals?

If we must work

If we must work

If we must work

Of all symposia The best by half

Of all symposia The best by half

Of all symposia The best by half

Of all symposia The best by half
lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And

lym-pus, here a-wait us. We eat am-bro-si-a. And
know the fal-lacies, Of hu-man food So please to pass O-lym-pian ro-sy, We

built up pa-la-ces, Where ru-ins stood, And find them much more snug and co-

L'isstesso ma poco meno
Exeunt all but Nicemis, who is dressed as Diana and Pretteia, who is dressed as Venus. They take Sillimon’s arm and bring him down.

Sillimon  Bless their little hearts, I can refuse them nothing. As the Olympian stage-manager I ought to be strict with them and make them do their duty, but I cant. Bless their little hearts, when I see the pretty little craft come sailing up to me with a wheedling smile on their pretty little figure-heads, I can’t turn my back on ’em. I’m all bow, though I’m sure I try to be stern!

Pretteia  You certainly are a dear old thing.

Sillimon  She says I’m a dear old thing! Deputy Venus says I’m a dear old thing!

Nicemis  It’s her affectionate habit to describe everybody in those terms. I am more particular, but still even I am bound to admit that you are certainly a very dear old thing.

Sillimon  Deputy Venus says I’m a dear old thing, and Deputy Diana who is much more particular, endorses it! Who could be severe with such deputy divinities?

Pretteia  Do you know, I’m going to ask you a favour.

Sillimon  Venus is going to ask me a favour!

Pretteia  You see, I am Venus.

Sillimon  No one who saw your face would doubt it.

Nicemis  (aside) No one who knew her character would.

Pretteia  Well Venus, you know, is married to Mars.

Sillimon  To Vulcan, my dear, to Vulcan. The exact connubial relation of the different gods and goddesses is a point on which we must be extremely particular.

Pretteia  I beg your pardon—Venus is married to Mars.
NICEMIS  If she isn’t married to Mars, she ought to be.
SILLIMON  Then that decides it—call it married to Mars.
PRETTEIA  Married to Vulcan or married to Mars, what does it signify?
SILLIMON  My dear, it’s a matter on which I have no personal feeling whatever.
PRETTEIA  So that she is married to someone!
SILLIMON  Exactly! So that she is married to someone. Call it married to Mars.
PRETTEIA  Now here’s my difficulty. Timidon takes the place of Mars, and Timidon is my father!
SILLIMON  Then why object to Vulcan?
PRETTEIA  Because Vulcan is my grandfather!
SILLIMON  But, my dear, what an objection! You are playing a part till the real gods return. That’s all! Whether you are supposed to be married to your father—or your grandfather, what does it matter? This passion for realism is the curse of the stage!
PRETTEIA  That’s all very well, but I can’t throw myself into a part that has already lasted a twelvemonth, when I have to make love to my father. It interferes with my conception of the characters. It spoils the part.
SILLIMON  Well, well. I’ll see what can be done. (Exit PRETTEIA L.U.E.) That’s always the way with beginners, they’ve no imaginative power. A true artist ought to be superior to such considerations. (NICEMIS comes down R.) Well, Nicemis—I should say Diana—what’s wrong with you? Don’t you like your part?
NICEMIS  Oh, immensely! It’s great fun.
SILLIMON  Don’t you find it lonely out by yourself all night?
NICEMIS  Oh, but I’m not alone all night!
SILLIMON  But—I don’t want to ask any injudicious questions—but who accompanies you?
NICEMIS  Who? Why Sparkeion, of course.
SILLIMON  Sparkeion? Well, but Sparkeion is Phœbus Apollo. (Enter SPARKEION) He’s the Sun, you know.
NICEMIS  Of course he is; I should catch my death of cold, in the night air, if he didn’t accompany me.
SPARKEION  My dear Sillimon, it would never do for a young lady to be out alone all night. It wouldn’t be respectable.
SILLIMON  There’s a good deal of truth in that. But still—the Sun—at night—I don’t like the idea. The original Diana always went out alone.
NICEMIS  I hope the original Diana is no rule for me. After all, what does it matter?
SILLIMON  To be sure—what does it matter?
SPARKEION  The sun at night, or in the daytime!
SILLIMON  So that he shines. That’s all that’s necessary. (Exit NICEMIS R.U.E) But poor Daphne, what will she say to this?
SPARKEION  Oh, Daphne can console herself; young ladies soon get over this sort of thing. Did you never hear of the young lady who was engaged to Cousin Robin?
SILLIMON  Never.
SPARKEION  Then I’ll sing it to you.
Sparkeion

Moderato e semplice (d = 104)

Lit-tle maid of Ar-ca-

dee

Sat on Cous-in Ro-bin’s knee,

Tho-u-ght in form and face and limb,

No-bo-dy could ri-val him.

He was brave and she was fair,

Truth they made a
A pretty pair. Happy little maiden she—
Happy maid of Arcadie.

Happy little maiden she, Happy maid of Arcadie—Happy maid of Arcadie!

Moments fled as moments will happily enough, until

After, say, a month or two, Robin did as Robins do. Weary of his lover's
play, Jilted her and went away, Wretched little maiden, she—

Wretched maid of Arcadee. Wretched maid of Arcadee. To her little home she crept, There she sat her down and wept, Maiden wept as maidens will—

Grew so thin and pale—until Cousin Richard came to woo. Then again the roses grew.
SILLIMON  Well, Mercury, my boy, you’ve had a year’s experience of us here. How do we do it? I think we’re rather an improvement on the original gods—don’t you?

MERCURY  Well, you see, there’s a good deal to be said on both sides of the question; you are certainly younger than the original gods, and, therefore, more active. On the other hand, they are certainly older than you, and have, therefore, more experience. On the whole I prefer you, because your mistakes amuse me.

[ Exit SPARKEION. ]
No 10. Song:

“Olympus is Now in a Terrible Muddle”

Mercury

Allegro moderato (\(J = 170\))

Olympus is now in a terrible muddle,

The deputy deities all are at fault

They splutter and splash like a pig

And dickyens a one of 'em's earning his salt. For Thespis as Jove is a
terrible blunder, Too nervous and timid—too easy and weak—When

ever he's called on to lighten or thunder, The thought of it keeps him a-

wake for a week. Then mighty Mars hasn't the pluck of a parrot. When

left in the dark he will quiver and quail; And Vulcan has arms that would
snap like a carrot, Before he could drive in a ten-penny nail. Then

Venus's freckles are very repelling, And Venus should not have a

squint in her eyes; The learned Minerva is weak in her spelling, And

scatters her h's all over the skies.
Then Pluto in kind-hearted tenderness erring, Can't

make up his mind to let anyone die— The Times has a paragraph ever recurring, “Re

markable instance of longevity.” On some it has some as a serious omen, To

others it's quite an advantage in short, While ev'ry life office de-
clares a big bonus, The poor undertakers are all in the court!

Then Cupid, the rascal, forgetting his trade is To

make men and women impartially smart, Will only shoot arrows at
pretty young ladies, And ne-ver takes aim at a ba-chel-or's heart. The re-

-sults of this freak—or what-e-ver you term it—Should co-ver 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 would-n't much mat-ter—for
bashful and shy men, When skillfully handled are certain to fall, But, al-
as, that determined young bachelor Hy- men Re- fuses to wed any body at all. He
swears that Love's flame is the vilest of ar- sons, And looks up- on mar- riage as
quite a mis- take; Now what in the world's to be- come of the par- sons, And
what of the artist who sugars the cake?

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, O-

lym-pus will cer-tain-ly go to the bad. From Ju-pi-ter down-ward there is-n't a dab in it,
thespis
Sillimon, you can retire.

sillimon
Sir, I—

thespis
Don’t pretend you can’t when I say you can. I’ve seen you do it—go! (Exit SILLIMON bowing extravagantly, THESPIS imitates him.) Well, Mercury, I’ve been in power one year to-day.

mercury
One year to-day. How do you like ruling the world?

thespis
Like it! Why it’s as straightforward as possible. Why there hasn’t been a hitch of any kind since we came up here. Lor! The airs you gods and goddesses give yourselves are perfectly sickening. Why it’s mere child’s play!

mercury
Very simple, isn’t it?

thespis
Simple? Why I could do it on my head?

mercury
Ah—I daresay you will do it on your head very soon.

thespis
What do you mean by that, Mercury?
MERCURY  I mean that when you’ve turned the world quite topsy-turvy you won’t know whether you’re standing on your head or your heels.

THESPI  Well, but, Mercury, it’s all right at present.

MERCURY  Oh yes—as far as we know.

THESPI  Well, but, you know, we know as much as anybody knows; you know, I believe, that the world’s still going on.

MERCURY  Yes—as far as we can judge—much as usual.

THESPI  Well, then, give the Father of the Drama his due, Mercury. Don’t be envious of the Father of the Drama.

MERCURY  Well, but you see you leave so much to accident.

THESPI  Well, Mercury, if I do, it’s my principle. I am an easy man, and I like to make things as pleasant as possible. What did I do the day we took office? Why I called the company together and I said to them: “Here we are, you know, gods and goddesses, no mistake about it, the real thing. Well, we have certain duties to discharge, let’s discharge them intelligently. Don’t let us be hampered by routine and red tape and precedent, let’s set the original gods an example, and put a liberal interpretation on our duties. If it occurs to any one to try an experiment in his own department, let him try it, if he fails there’s no harm done, if he succeeds it is a distinct gain to society. Take it easy,” I said, “and at the same time, make experiments. Don’t hurry your work, do it slowly and do it well.” And here we are after a twelvemonth, and not a single complaint or a single petition has reached me.

MERCURY  No—not yet.

THESPI  What do you mean by “no, not yet?”

MERCURY  Well, you see, you don’t understand these things. All the petitions that are addressed by men to Jupiter pass through my hands, and it’s my duty to collect them and present them once a year.

THESPI  Oh, only once a year?

MERCURY  Only once a year.

THESPI  And the year is up—?

MERCURY  To-day.

THESPI  Oh, then I suppose there are some complaints?

MERCURY  Yes, there are some.

THESPI  (disturbed) Oh. Perhaps there are a good many?

MERCURY  There are a good many.

THESPI  Oh. Perhaps there are a thundering lot?

MERCURY  There are a thundering lot.

THESPI  (very much disturbed) Oh!

MERCURY  You see you’ve been taking it so very easy—and so have most of your company.

THESPI  Oh, who has been taking it easy?

MERCURY  Well, all except those who have been trying experiments.

THESPI  Well but I suppose the experiment are ingenious?

MERCURY  Yes; they are ingenious, but on the whole ill-judged. But it’s time to go and summon your court.
What for?

To hear the complaints. In five minutes they will be here.

(very uneasy). I don’t know how it is, but there is something in that young man’s manner that suggests that the Father of the Gods has been taking it too easy. Perhaps it would have been better if I hadn’t given my company so much scope. I wonder what they’ve been doing. I think I will curtail their discretion, though none of them appear to have much of the article. It seems a pity to deprive ’em of what little they have.

Enter DAPHNE, weeping.

Now then, Daphne, what’s the matter with you?

Well, you know how disgracefully Sparkeion—

(correcting her). Apollo—

Apollo, then—has treated me. He promised to marry me years ago and now he’s married to Nicemis.

Now look here. I can’t go into that. You’re in Olympus now and must behave accordingly. Drop your Daphne—assume your Calliope.

Quite so. That’s it!

Oh—that is it?

That is it, Thespis. I am Calliope, the Muse of Fame. Very good. This morning I was in the Olympian library and I took down the only book there. Here it is.

(taking it). Lemprière’s Classical Dictionary. The Olympian Peerage.

Open it at Apollo.

(opens it). It is done.

Read.

“Apollo was several times married, among others to Issa, Bolina, Coronis, Chymene, Cyrene, Chione, Acacallis, and Calliope.”

And Calliope.

(musing). Ha! I didn’t know he was married to them.

(severely). Sir! This is the Family Edition.

Quite so.

You couldn’t expect a lady to read any other?

On no consideration. But in the original version—

I go by the Family Edition.

Then by the Family Edition, Apollo is your husband.
Enter Nicemus and Sparkeion.

Nicemis  Apollo your husband? He is my husband.
Daphne  I beg your pardon. He is my husband.
Nicemis  Apollo is Sparkeion, and he’s married to me.
Daphne  Sparkeion is Apollo, and he’s married to me.
Nicemis  He is my husband.
Daphne  He’s your brother.
Thespis  Look here, Apollo, whose husband are you? Don’t let’s have any row about it; whose husband are you?
Sparkeion  Upon my honour I don’t know. I’m in a very delicate position, but I’ll fall in with any arrangement Thespis may propose.
Daphne  I’ve just found out that he’s my husband and yet he goes out every evening with that “thing”!
Thespis  Perhaps he’s trying an experiment.
Daphne  I don’t like my husband to make such experiments. The question is, who are we all and what is our relation to each other.
Nº 11. Quartet and Trio:
“You’re Diana, I’m Apollo”
Sparkeion, Nicemis, Daphne, Thespis Jupiter, Apollo, Mars

You're Diana, I'm Apollo

You're Di-a-na.

Allegro ma non troppo \( \left( \text{d} = 90 \right) \)

You're an-o-ther. He has

He's your bro-ther.

I'm A-pol-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

By the

rules of this fair spot I'm his wife and you are not.

rules of this fair spot She's my wife and you are not.
wed-ding ring, I'm his wife, and you're a "thing." By this gol-den
wed-ding ring, She's his wife and I'm a "thing." Please will some-one kind-ly tell us.
wed-ding ring, She's my wife and you're a "thing." Please will some-one kind-ly tell us.

Please will some-one kind-ly tell us.
Who are our respective kin? All of us are very jealous Neither of us

Who are our respective kin? All of us are very jealous Neither of us

Who are our respective kin? All of us are very jealous Neither of them

Who are our respective kin? All of them are very jealous Neither of them

He's my husband, I declare, I espoused him properly.

That is true, for I was
He's your brother— I'm his wife. If we go by Lem-pri-
there, And I saw her marry me.

You're my husband—ère.

So she is, upon my life. Really, that seems very fair.
and no other.

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

That is true enough I swear.

If we go by

It will surely be unfair,

It will surely be quite fair,

Lem-prière.

How you settle

How you settle
be unfair, To decide by Lemprière.
be quite fair, To decide by Lemprière.
I don't care, Leave it all to Lemprière.
I don't care, Leave it all to Lemprière.

Andante (\( \text{Andante} \))

(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

(indicating DAPHNE)
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

Allegretto (\( \frac{d}{80} \))

to my mental vision, Put an end to all collision, My decision, my decision, my de-
That, oh that is his decision, 'Cording to his mental vision.

That is my decision, 'Cording to all collision, collision, His decision.

Put an end to all collision, His decision, his decision.

To my vision, My decision.

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

Exeunt THESPIS, NICEMIS, SPARKEION and DAPHNE, SPARKEION with DAPHNÉ, NICEMIS weeping with THESPIS.
Three Gods:

Oh rage and

Allegro moderato

fu-ry, Oh shame and sor-row.

We'll be re-sum-ing our ranks to-
Gods

-mor-row. Since from O-lym-pus we have de-part-ed, We've been dis-trac-ted and

Gods


Gods

him, through him O-lym-pus is top-sy tur-vy, top-sy tur-vy. Com-pelled to si-lence to

Gods

grin and bear it. He's caused our sor-row, and he shall share it.
Where is the monster, monster? A-venge, A-venge his blunders. He has awakened Olympian thunders, Olympian thunders.

He has awakened Olympian thunders, Olympian thunders.
Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY (in great terror). Please sir, what have I done sir?

JUPITER What did we leave you behind for?

MERCURY Please sir, that’s the question I asked for when you went away.

JUPITER Was it not that Thespis might consult you whenever he was in a difficulty?

MERCURY Well, here I’ve been, ready to be consulted, chockful of reliable information—running over with celestial maxims—advice gratis ten to four—after twelve ring the night bell in cases of emergency.

JUPITER And hasn’t he consulted you?

MERCURY Not he—he disagrees with me about everything.

JUPITER He must have misunderstood me. I told him to consult you whenever he was in a fix.

MERCURY He must have thought you said insult. Why whenever I opened my mouth he jumps down my throat. It isn’t pleasant to have a fellow constantly jumping down your throat—especially when he always disagrees with you. It’s just the sort of thing I can’t digest.


Enter THESPIS. He is much terrified
THESPIS sings in great terror, which he endeavours to conceal.

JUPITER Well Sir, the year is up to-day.
APOLLO And a nice mess you’ve made of it.
MARS You’ve deranged the whole scheme of society.
THESPIS (aside). There’s going to be a row! (Aloud and very familiarly.) My dear boy—I do assure you—

THESPI I don’t know what you allude to. With the exception of getting our scenepainter to “run up” this temple, because we found the ruins draughty, we haven’t touched a thing.
Enter THESPIANS

THESPIS My dear fellows, you’re distressing yourselves unnecessarily. The court of Olympus is about to assemble to listen to the complaints of the year, if any. But there are none, or next to none. Let the Olympians assemble!

THEPSIS takes chair. JUPITER, APOLLO, and MARS sit below him.

THESPIS Ladies and gentlemen. It seems that it is usual for the gods to assemble once a year to listen to mortal petitions. It doesn’t seem to me to be a good plan, as work is liable to accumulate; but as I am particularly anxious not to interfere with Olympian precedent, but to allow everything to go on as it has always been accustomed to go—why, we’ll say no more about it. (Aside.) But how shall I account for your presence?

JUPITER Say we are the gentlemen of the press.

THESPIS That all our proceedings may be perfectly open and above-board I have communicated with the most influential members of the Athenian press, and I beg to introduce to your notice three of its most distinguished members. They bear marks emblematic of the anonymous character of modern journalism. (Business of introduction. THESPIS very uneasy.) Now then, if you’re all ready we will begin.

MERCURY (brings tremendous bundle of petitions). Here is the agenda.

THESPIS What’s that? The petitions?

MERCURY Some of them. (Opens one and reads.) Ah, I thought there’d be a row about it.

THESPIS Why, what’s wrong now?

MERCURY Why, it’s been a foggy Friday in November for the last six months and the Athenians are tired of it.

THESPIS There’s no pleasing some people. This craving for perpetual change is the curse of the country. Friday’s a very nice day.

MERCURY So it is, but a Friday six months long!—it gets monotonous.
THESPIS (calling them). It shall be arranged. Cymon!

CYMON (as Time with the usual attributes). Sir!

THESIS (introducing him to the three gods). Allow me—Father Time—rather young at present but even time must have a beginning. In course of Time, Time will grow older. Now then, Father Time, what’s this about a wet Friday in November for the last six months.

CYMON Well, the fact is, I’ve been trying an experiment. Seven days in the week is an awkward number. It can’t be halved. Two’s into seven won’t go.

THESPIS (tries it on his fingers). Quite so—quite so.

CYMON So I abolished Saturday.

JUPITER, (Rising). Oh but—

APOLLO,

MARS

THESPIS Do be quiet. He’s a very intelligent young man and knows what he is about. So you abolished Saturday. And how did you find it answer?

CYMON Admirably.

THESPIS You hear? He found it answer admirably.

CYMON Yes, only Sunday refused to take its place.

THESPIS Sunday refused to take its place?

CYMON Sunday comes after Saturday—Sunday won’t go on duty after Friday, Sunday’s principles are very strict. That’s where my experiment sticks.

THESPIS Well, but why November? Come, why November?

CYMON December can’t begin until November has finished. November can’t finish because he’s abolished Saturday. There again my experiment sticks.

THESPIS Well, but why wet? Come now, why wet?

CYMON Ah, that is your fault. You turned on the rain six months ago and you forgot to turn it off again.
Oh this is mon-strous, mon-strous, mon-strous!

ALL Order, order.

THESPIS Gentlemen, pray be seated. (To the others.) The liberty of the press, one can’t help it. (To the three gods.) It is easily settled. Athens has had a wet Friday in November for the last six months. Let them have a blazing Tuesday in July for the next twelve.

JUPITER, But—

APOLLO, MARS

ALL Order, order.

THESPIS Now then, the next article.

MERCURY Here’s a petition from the Peace Society. They complain because there are no more battles.

MARS (springing up). What!

THESPIS Quiet there! Good dog—soho; Timidon!

TIMIDON (as MARS). Here.

THESPIS What’s this about there being no battles?

TIMIDON I’ve abolished battles; it’s an experiment.

MARS (springing up). Oh come, I say—

THESPIS Quiet then! (To TIMIDON.) Abolished battles?

TIMIDON Yes, you told us on taking office to remember two things, to try experiments and to take it easy. I found I couldn’t take it easy while there are any battles to attend to, so I tried the experiment and abolished battles. And then I took it easy. The Peace Society ought to be very much obliged to me.

THESPIS Obliged to you! Why, confound it! Since battles have been abolished, war is universal.

TIMIDON War universal?

THESPIS To be sure it is! Now that nations can’t fight, no two of ’em are on speaking terms. The dread of fighting was the only thing that kept them civil to each other. Let battles be restored and peace reign supreme.

MERCURY (reads). Here’s a petition from the associated wine merchants of Mytilene.

THESPIS Well, what’s wrong with the associated wine merchants of Mytilene? Are there no grapes this year?

MERCURY Plenty of grapes; more than usual.
THESPIS (to the gods). You observe, there is no deception; there are more than usual.

MERCURY There are plenty of grapes, only they are full of ginger beer.

THREE GODS Oh, come I say

[ Rising, they are put down by THESPIS.]

THESPIS Eh? what. (Much alarmed.) Bacchus?

TIPSEION (as BACCHUS). Here!

THESPIS There seems to be something unusual with the grapes of Mytilene. They only grow ginger beer.

TIPSEION And a very good thing too.

THESPIS It’s very nice in its way but it is not what one looks for from grapes.

TIPSEION Beloved master, a week before we came up here, you insisted on my taking the pledge. By so doing you rescued me from my otherwise inevitable misery. I cannot express my thanks. Embrace me!

[ Attempts to embrace him.]

THESPIS Get out, don’t be a fool. Look here, you know you’re the god of wine.

TIPSEION I am.

THESPIS (very angry). Well, do you consider it consistent with your duty as the god of wine to make the grapes yield nothing but ginger beer?

TIPSEION Do you consider it consistent with my duty as a total abstainer to grow anything stronger than ginger beer?

THESPIS But your duty as the god of wine—

TIPSEION In every respect in which my duty as the god of wine can be discharged consistently with my duty as a total abstainer, I will discharge it. But when the functions clash, everything must give way to the pledge. My preserver!

[ Attempts to embrace him.]

THESPIS Don’t be a confounded fool! This can be arranged. We can’t give over the wine this year, but at least we can improve the ginger beer. Let all the ginger beer be extracted from it immediately.
N° 12. Act Two Finale: “We Can’t Stand This”
Ensemble

Mars

Apollo

Jup.

We can’t stand this.

We can’t stand this.

We can’t stand this.

Allegro moderato (\( \text{\textit{f}} \) = 160)

We can’t stand this,

It’s much too strong. We can’t stand this.

It’s much too strong. We can’t stand this.

It’s much too strong. We can’t stand this.

We can’t stand this.

It’s much too strong.

It’s much too strong.

It’s much too strong.
would be wrong. Ex-teme-ly wrong. If we stood this.

would be wrong. Ex-teme-ly wrong.

If we stand this.

would be wrong. Ex-teme-ly wrong.

If

We can't stand this.

We can't stand this.

we stand this We can't stand this.
(kneeling with their foreheads on the ground)

Ju-pi-ter, Mars, and A-pol-lo Have quit- ted the dwel- lings of men; The
Other gods quickly will follow. And what will become of us then. Oh

Other gods quickly will follow. And what will become of us then. Oh

Other gods quickly will follow. And what will become of us then. Oh

Other gods quickly will follow. And what will become of us then. Oh

Par—don us, Jove and Apollo, Par—don us, Jupi—ter, Mars: Oh

Par—don us, Jove and Apollo, Par—don us, Jupi—ter, Mars: Oh

Par—don us, Jove and Apollo, Par—don us, Jupi—ter, Mars: Oh

Par—don us, Jove and Apollo, Par—don us, Jupi—ter, Mars: Oh

Oh, Jove, Jupi—ter, and Mars! Oh, Jove, Jupi—ter, and Mars! Oh, Jove, Jupi—ter, and Mars! Oh, Jove, Jupi—ter, and Mars!
see us in misery wallow. Cursing our terrible stars. Let us re-

see us in misery wallow. Cursing our terrible stars. Let us re-

see us in misery wallow. Cursing our terrible stars. Let us re-

see us in misery wallow. Cursing our terrible stars. Let us re-
Enter DIANA

Let them re-main, they beg, they beg of us

Let them re-main, they beg of us

Let them re-main, they beg of us

Let them re-main, they beg of us

main, we beg of you pleading-ly.

main, we beg of you pleading-ly.

main, we beg of you pleading-ly.

main, we beg of you pleading-ly.

Let them re-main, they beg of us

main, we beg of you pleading-ly.

main, we beg of you pleading-ly.

main, we beg of you pleading-ly.

f
plead-ing-ly.

plead-ing-ly.

plead-ing-ly.

plead-ing-ly.

Life on O-lym-pus suits us ex-
Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

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Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let us remain, we pray in humility.
If they have shown some little ability.

Let us remain, we beg of you.
plead-ingly.

Let us re-main, we beg of you plead-ingly. Life on O-lym-pus suits us ex-ceed-ing-ly.

Let us re-main, we beg of you plead-ingly. Life on O-lym-pus suits us ex-ceed-ing-ly.

Let us re-main, we beg of you plead-ingly. Life on O-lym-pus suits us ex-ceed-ing-ly.

Let us re-main, we beg of you plead-ingly. Life on O-lym-pus suits us ex-ceed-ing-ly.
E - nough, your reign is shown some little ability.

shown some little ability.

shown some little ability.

shown some little ability.

Allegro moderato ( \( \text{d} = 90 \) )

end-ed. Up-on this sacred hill. Let him be appre-hend-ed And learn our aw-ful will. A-

-away to earth, con-temp-ti-ble co-me-dians, And hear our curse, be-fore we set you free,
You shall all be eminent tragedians, Whom no one ever goes to see!

We go to earth, contemptible comedians, We hear his curse, before he sets us

We go to earth, contemptible comedians, We hear his curse, before he sets us

We go to earth, contemptible comedians, We hear his curse, before he sets us

We go to earth, contemptible comedians, We hear his curse, before he sets us
free, We shall all be e-mi-nent tra-ge-dians, Whom no one ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

free, We shall all be e-mi-nent tra-ge-dians, Whom no one ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

free, We shall all be e-mi-nent tra-ge-dians, Whom no one ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

free, We shall all be e-mi-nent tra-ge-dians, Whom no one ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

Whom no one ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

Whom no one ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

Whom no one ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

Whom no one ev-er, ev-er goes to see.
Sillimon:

Whom no one ever, ever goes to see.

Sill.

Whom no one ever, ever goes to see.

Thes.

Whom no one ever, ever goes to see.

Sopr.

Ever, ever goes to see.

Alto

Ever, ever goes to see.

Tenor

Ever, ever goes to see.

Bass

Ever, ever goes to see.

114 accel.

103
Now, here you see the
ar-rant fol-ly Of do-ing your best to make things jol-ly. I've ruled the world like a
chap in his sen-ses, Ob-serve the ter-ri-ble con-se-quent-ces. Great
Ju-pi-ter, whom no-thing plea-ses, Splut-ters and swears, and kicks up bree-zes, And
185

sends us home in a mood a-ven-gin' In dou-ble quick time, like a rail-road

† a 3 † in mood: 

/ a 3 / gin' 

/ † a 3 /rail 

/ † a 3 /road/ 

138

142

en-gine. And this he does with-out com-punc-tion, Be-
cause I have discharged with function A highly complicated function

Complying with his own injunction, complying with his own injunction,

Complying with his own injunction, complying with his own injunction,
Thes.

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol

Sopr.

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol

Alto

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol

Tenor

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol

Bass

cresc.  

Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol
Sopr.
lay. And this he does without compunction, Because we have discharged withunction

Alto
lay. And this he does without compunction, Because we have discharged withunction

Tenor
lay. And this he does without compunction, Because we have discharged withunction

Bass
lay. And this he does without compunction, Because we have discharged withunction

161
Sopr. 3
A highly complicated function Complying with his own junction,

Alto 3
A highly complicated function Complying with his own junction,

Tenor
A highly complicated function Complying with his own junction,

Bass
A highly complicated function Complying with his own junction,
Sopr.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Alto
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Tenor
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Bass
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

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177
rall.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Alto
rall.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Tenor
rall.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Bass
rall.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

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A tempo ma meno e stringendo (d = 160)

Sopr.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Alto
rall.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Tenor
rall.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

Bass
rall.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay.

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A tempo ma meno e stringendo (d = 160)
The gods drive the Thespians away. The Thespians prepare to descend the mountain as the curtain falls.