THESPIS
or
THE GODS GROWN OLD

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

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GODS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GOD</th>
<th>VOICE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>JUPITER, Aged Deity</td>
<td>Bass-Baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APOLLO, Aged Deity</td>
<td>Baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARS, Aged Deity</td>
<td>Baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DIANA, Aged Deity</td>
<td>Mezzo-Soprano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCURY</td>
<td>Soprano</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THESPIANS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THESPIAN</th>
<th>VOICE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THESPIS</td>
<td>Baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPARKEION</td>
<td>Tenor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NICEMIS</td>
<td>Soprano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAPHNE</td>
<td>Soprano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SILLIMON</td>
<td>Tenor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIMIDON</td>
<td>Baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIPSEION</td>
<td>(Speaking role)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PREPOSTEROS</td>
<td>(Speaking role)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STUPIDAS</td>
<td>(Speaking role)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRETTEIA</td>
<td>(Speaking role)</td>
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<tr>
<td>CYMON</td>
<td>(Speaking role)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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Allegro grazioso (d = 120)
Allegretto ($d = 128$)

molto rall.

a tempo
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
Sopr.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Through-out the night, the

Through-out the night, the

Through-out the night, Through-out the night, the

Through-out the night, Through-out the night, Through-out the night, the
Sopr.
con-stel-lations, Have gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions,

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

Tenor
con-stel-lations, Through-out the night, the con-stel-lations, con-stel-lations, Have

Bass

Sopr.
cresc.
gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions, gi-ven light from var-i-ous

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

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

Bass
cresc.

Sopr.
cresc.
gi-ven light from var-i-ous sta-tions. light from var-i-ous sta-

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

Bass
cresc.
Star

light, it's true, is not worth mention;

What can we do to gain attention;

Sopr.

worth mention;

Alto

worth mention;

Tenor

worth mention;

Bass

worth mention;

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
constellations, Have given light from various stations,

constellations, Have given light from various stations.

constellations, Through-out the night, the constellations, constellations, Have

constellations, Through-out the night, the constellations, constellations, Have

given light from various stations, given light from various stations, light from various stations, Have given light from various stations. light from various stations.

given light from various stations, light from various stations.

constellations, Have given light from various stations. light from various stations.

constellations, Have given light from various stations. light from various stations.

constellations, Have given light from various stations. light from various stations.
stations.

We will resume our occupations. our occupations.

We will resume our occupations. our occupations.

When midnight gloom falls on all nations,

Our occupations.

Our occupations.

Our occupations.

Gloom falls on all nations.
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.
"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 Phoe-beus Ap-ol-lo gets thanked for it! Well,

well, it’s the way of the world. And will be through all its fu-tu-ri-ty. Though

nood-les are ba-roned, are ba-roned and earled, There’s no-thing for cle-ver ob-

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 only order 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-quiz 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

nooodles are Baroned, are Baroned and earled, There's nothing for clever ob-

-scurity!

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 no-thing for cle-ver ob-scru-ry. Well, well, it's the way of the world.

And will be through all its fu-tu-ry. Though noo-dles are baroned, are

ba-roned and earled, There's no-thing for cle-ver ob-scru-ry!

attacca
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
Nº 3. Quintet: “Oh Incident Unprecedented”
Mercury, Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Diana

Allegro agitato ( \( J = 160 \) )

(coming forward in great alarm)

5

Merc.  \( \text{f} \)

Oh inci-dent un-pre-ce-den-ted. I hard-ly can be-lieve it's true.

9

Mars  \( \text{f} \)

Why, bless the boy, he's quite de-men-ted. Why, what's the mat-ter, sir,

12

Mars

with you?

Apollo

Speak quick-ly, or you'll get a warm-ing.
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
clear. Goodness gracious How audacious Earth is spacious Why come here? Our impending Their proceeding Were good breeding That is
53

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

end to!

(looking over precipice)

What fools to give themselves so much exertion!

(looking over precipice)

A government survey I’ll make assertion!

Perhaps the
They seem to be more like an Al-pine club at their di-ver-sion!

(looking over precipice)
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
flight-y, Make 'em all lu-na-tics in var-ious styles.

Diana

lunar 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

Their proceeding Were good breeding
That

That

That

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.
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.
N° 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 wonders 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-ting, And we say things we

do not mean In mo-ments less e-la-ting. So please to

wait— For thoughts that crop En tête-à-tête 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, PREPOSTÉROS, STUPIDAS, TIPSEION, CYMON, and other members of THESPIS’ company climbing over rock at back.
All carry small baskets.

Allegro grazioso (♩ = 120)
Sopr.
Climbing over rocky mountain Skipping rivulet and fountain,

Alto
Climbing over rocky mountain Skipping rivulet and fountain,

Tenor
Climbing over rocky mountain Skipping rivulet and fountain,

Bass
Climbing over rocky mountain Skipping rivulet and fountain,

Sopr.
Passing where the willows quiver Passing where the willows quiver

Alto
Passing where the willows quiver Passing where the willows quiver

Tenor
Passing where the willows quiver Passing where the willows quiver

Bass
Passing where the willows quiver Passing where the willows quiver
By the ever rolling river, Swollen with the summer rain, the summer rain.

Thread ing long and leaf y ma zes, Dotted with un num bered dai sies, Dotted, dotted

Thread ing long and leaf y ma zes, Dotted with un num bered dai sies, Dotted, dotted

Thread ing long and leaf y ma zes, Dotted with un num bered dai sies, Dotted, dotted

Thread ing long and leaf y ma zes, Dotted with un num bered dai sies, Dotted, dotted
with un-numbered daisies, Scaling rough and rugged passes,

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

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

Climb the hearty lads and lasses, Til the mountain top they gain.
Scaling rough and rugged passes, Climb the hearty lads and lasses, Til the mountain top they gain.
Solo

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

Soprano soloist:

Hail it as a true ally, Though it perish by and by.
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,

Alto soloist:
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.

please.

please.

please.

please.

please.

Bass

please.

please.

ff
cresc.  f  p  cresc.

ff

ff

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

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

though it perish bye and
Ally, a true
ally, a true
ally, a true
ally, a true

Ally, a true
tally, a true
ally, a true
ally, a true
thespis Bless you, my people, bless you. Let the revels commence. After all, for thorough, unconstrained unconventional enjoyment give me a pic-nic.

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

thespis Be quiet, Preposteros—don’t interrupt.

preposteros Ha! Ha! Shut up again! But no matter.

stupidas endeavours, in pantomime, to reconcile him. Throughout the scene Preposteros 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!

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

[ Laughing melodramatically.]

stupidas Well, Preposteros, what have you brought?

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

thespis Oh—is that all?

preposteros 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?
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.

PREPOSTEROS 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  \textit{(taking it).} Thank you. \textit{(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  \textit{(as guessing a riddle).} Why did the gods make him a manager?

SPARKEION  Why did the \textit{gods} make him a manager?

DAPHNE  Why did the gods make \textit{him} a manager?

PRETTEIA  Why did the gods make him a \textit{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  \textit{(annoyed).} It isn’t a conundrum—It’s a misanthropical question. Why cannot I join you?

\textit{[Retires up center.]}  

DAPHNE  \textit{(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—aren’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?

\textit{[Embracing DAPHNE.]}  

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

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

\textit{[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  \textit{(furiously).} I do not know it! It’s ever thus! Doomed to disappointment from my earliest years—

\textit{[STUPIDAS endeavours to pacify him.]}  

THESPIS  There—that’s enough. Preposteros—you \textit{shall} hear it.
№ 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 Did - dile - sex Junc - tion. He was con - 

-spic - u - ous exceed - ing, For his af - fa - ble ways, and his ea - sy bref - ding.
Al - though a chair - man of di - rec - tors, He was hand in glove with the
tic - ket in - spec - tors. He tipped the guards with brand new fi - vers, And sang lit - tle
songs to the en - gine dri - vers. 'Twas told to me with great com -
punc-tion, By one who had dis-charged with un-c-tion A chair-man of di-

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

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Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!

Oo - wooo!
Junc-tion.
Fol did-dle, lol did-dle, lol lol lay. Fol
deed.
Junc-tion.
}
Junc-tion.
}
Junc-tion.
}
Junc-tion.

cresc.
}

3

Fol
deed.
lew,
Fol
lay.

3

Fol
deed.
lew,
Fol
lay.

3

Fol
deed.
lew,
Fol
lay.

3

Fol
deed.
lew,
Fol
lay.

3

Fol
deed.
lew,
Fol
lay.

3

Fol
deed.
lew,
Fol
lay.

3

Fol
deed.
lew,
Christmas day he gave each stoker A silver shovel and a golden poker. He'd

but-hole flowers for the ticket sorters And rich Bath-buns for the outside

porters. He'd mount the clerks on his first-class hunters, And he
built little vil-las for the road-side shun-ters, And if an-y were fond of pi-geon shoo-ting, He’d ask them down to his place at Toot-ing,

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!
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!

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

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
80
Sopr.  
\[ \text{lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay. Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,} \]
Alto  
\[ \text{lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay. Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,} \]
Tenor  
\[ \text{lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay. Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,} \]
Bass  
\[ \text{lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay. Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,} \]

84
Thes.  
\[ \text{In course of time there spread a rumour That he did all this from a} \]
Sopr.  
\[ \text{Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Sh!} \]
Alto  
\[ \text{Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Sh!} \]
Tenor  
\[ \text{Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Sh!} \]
Bass  
\[ \text{Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Sh!} \]
sense of humour. So instead of signalling and stoking, 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 a coming through the
The words are not clearly visible or legible in the image provided.
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

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

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

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

If he
wished to go to Perth or Stirling, His train through several counties 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 concern, By one who had discharged with

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh!

function 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

wooh!
lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay. Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,

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

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

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

lol lol lay. Fol did-dle, did-dle, lol lol lay. Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex, Did-dle-sex,
shares went down to a nominal figure. These are the sad re-

sults proceeding From his affable ways and his easy breathing.

The line, with its rails and guards and peelers, Was sold for a song to ma-

rine store dealers The share-holders all are in the work'us, And he sells
pipe-lights in the Regent Circus.

'Twas told to me with great compunction, By one who had discharged with function a chairman of directors function,

A director's function!

A director's function!

A director's function!

A director's function!
Thes.

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

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.

Presto (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 220 \))
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.

JUPITER  Stop, you evidently don’t know me. Allow me to offer you my card.

[ Throws flash paper.]

THESPIS  Ah yes, it’s very pretty, but we don’t want any at present. When we do our Christmas piece, I’ll let you know. (Changing his manner.) Look here, you know, this is a private party and we haven’t the pleasure of your acquaintance. There are a good many other mountains about, if you must have a mountain all to yourself. Don’t make me let myself down before my company. (Resuming) Don’t know yah! Don’t know yah!

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

[ All kneel to them except THESPIS.]

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.

THESPIS  (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?

THESPIS  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?

THESPIS  Well to be candid with you, I am not. In fact I’m disappointed.

JUPITER  Disappointed?

THESPIS  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!

THESPIS  To be sure I have.

JUPITER  And how have you dressed the part?

THESPIS  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?

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

JUPITER  Burlesque!

[ Offended, walks up.

THESPIS  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.

THESPIS  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?

THESPIS  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.)
№ 7. Act One Finale: “So That’s Arranged”

Ensemble

Jupiter:
So that’s arranged— you take my place, my boy,
While (grazioso)

we make trial of a new existence.
At length I will be

Mercury:
Com−
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. Apollo: mf

To

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

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

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 candle.

Merc.

Compelled upon Olympus here to stop, While the

dle.

I, the moon with crescent bow. Have always

Apollo

Away to join in mortal acts. And

Jup.

So that's arranged— 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.
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." The
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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you best are suited to.

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

parts you 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.
Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity.

Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity.

Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity.

Jupiter's perplexity is Thespis's opportunity.

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 god-des-ses fly. Tis mine the task to wake the world, In

slum-ber curled, in slum-ber curled. By me her charms are all un-furled The god of day am
Sopr.

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

Alto

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

Tenor

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! That part shall our

Bass

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! 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.

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 grey beards sleep away their care, The lamp of night am
Nice.

The lamp of night— the lamp of night. Nice-mis plays, to

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

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

The lamp of night— the lamp of night.

Her de-light. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! That e-ver fell to

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

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

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

Timidon:

Mighty old Mars, the god of war, I'm
total share.
mortal share.
mortal share.
mortal share.

Tim:

destined for— I'm destined for. A terribly famous conqueror, With sword upon 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,

With war-like rout,

With war-like rout,

You'll
find me there without a doubt. The God of War am I.
The god of war, the
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

The god of war, the

God of war, Great Timidion is destined for.

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

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Great Timidion is destined for The

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! The
150

Sopr.

Ha! ha! 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.

155

Daphne:

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

159

Daphne

soldier bleeds, Calliope crowns heroic deeds, With immortality
ty. From mere obli-vi-on I re-claim The sol-dier’s name, the

Daph. The
Sopr. The
Alto The
Tenor The
Bass The

sol-dier’s name And write it on the roll of fame, The muse of fame am

Daph.
Sopr.
Alto
Tenor
Bass

soldier's name, soldier's name, soldier's name, soldier's name,
Daphne's name. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! The rarest fun and fare, That ever fell to
Here's a pretty tale for future Il-ads and O-dys-seys mortal share. Mor- tals are about to personate the gods and gods ses.

Moderato ( \( \text{\textit{J = 88}} \) )
Tenor

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

Alto

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

Tenor

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

Bass

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

Sopr.

Ju-pi-ter's perplexity is Thes-pis' s op-port-u-ni-ty.

Alto

Ju-pi-ter's perplexity is Thes-pis' s op-port-u-ni-ty.

Tenor

Ju-pi-ter's perplexity is Thes-pis' s op-port-u-ni-ty.

Bass

Ju-pi-ter's perplexity is Thes-pis' s op-port-u-ni-ty.
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 go, Down below, Revels rare,
We will share. With a gay Holiday

share. With a gay Holiday All un-

share. With a gay Holiday All un-
All unknown, And alone.

We will go,

known, All unknown, And alone We will go,

Down be-

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
Il - i - ads and O - dys - seys Mor - tals are a - bout to per - son -
We will share. With a gay Holi-
share. With a gay Holi-

ate the gods and goddesses. Now to set the world in order,

ate the gods and goddesses. Now to set the world in order,

ate the gods and goddesses. Now to set the world in order,

ate the gods and goddesses. Now to set the world in order,
we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is known, All un
we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is known, All un
we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is known, All un
we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is known, All un
we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is known, All un
we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is known, All un
we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is known, All un
we will work in unity. Jupiter's perplexity is known, All un
Mortals are about to personate the gods and goddesses.

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

Meno mosso (d = 72)
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 best by half Up-on O-lym-pus, here a-wait us. We
Bass

Tenor

Alto

Sopr.

eat am-bro-si-a. And nectar quaff, It cheers but don’t in-e-br-

Sopr.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

eat am-bro-si-a. And nectar quaff, It cheers but don’t in-e-br-
ten.

Sopr.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

-ate us. We know the fal-la-cies, Of hu-man food So please to pass O-lym-pian

Sopr.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

-ate us. We know the fal-la-cies, Of hu-man food So please to pass O-lym-pian

Sopr.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

-ate us. We know the fal-la-cies, Of hu-man food So please to pass O-lym-pian

Sopr.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

-ate us. We know the fal-la-cies, Of hu-man food So please to pass O-lym-pian

Sopr.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

-ate us. We know the fal-la-cies, Of hu-man food So please to pass O-lym-pian
We built up palaces, Where ruins stood, And find them much more rosy, 

To work and think, my dear, Up here would be, The snug and cozy.
height of conscientious folly. So eat and drink, my dear, I like to see, Young

people gay—young people jolly. Olympian 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
work, If we must work like common mortals?

If we must work

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

Up-on O-
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 falsehoods, Of human food So please to pass O-lympian ro-sy, We
know the falsehoods, Of human food So please to pass O-lympian ro-sy, We
know the falsehoods, Of human food So please to pass O-lympian ro-sy, We
know the falsehoods, Of human food So please to pass O-lympian ro-sy, We

built up palaces, Where ruins stood, And find them much more snug and co-
built up palaces, Where ruins stood, And find them much more snug and co-
built up palaces, Where ruins stood, And find them much more snug and co-
built up palaces, Where ruins 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 Phoebus 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 (\( \text{\textit{J}} = 104 \))

Little maid of Arcadee

Sat on Cousin Robin’s knee,

Thought in form and face and limb,

Nobody could rival him.

He was brave and she was fair,

Truth they made a
pret-ty pair. Hap-py lit-tle mai-den she—

Happy maid of Ar-ca-dee.

molto rall.

Happy lit-tle mai-den she, Happy maid of Ar-ca-dee— Happy maid of Ar-ca-dee!

Mo-ments fled as mo-ments will Hap-pi-ly en-ough, un-til

a tempo

Af-ter, say, a month or two, Ro-bin did as Ro-bins do. Wea-ry of his lo-ver's
play, Jilted her and went away, Wretched little maiden, she—

Wretched maid of Arcadie. Wretched maid of Arcadie. To her little home she crept, There she sat her down and wept, Maiden wept as maids 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)

O-lym-pus is now in a ter-ri-ble mud-dle, The de-pu-ty de-i-ties all are at fault They splutter and splash like a pig in a pud-dle And dick-ens a one of 'em's earn-ing his salt. For Thes-pis 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

squin 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 of...
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 never takes aim at a bachelor's heart. The results of this freak—or whatever you term it—Should cover the wicked young scamp with disgrace, While ev'ry young man is as shy as a hermit, Young ladies are popping all over the place. This wouldn't much matter—for
bashful and shy men, When skillfully handled are certain to fall, But, al-
as, that determined young bachelor Hymen Refuses to wed anybody at all. He
swears that Love's flame is the vilest of arson, 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 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 certainly go to the bad. From Jupiter downward there isn'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.

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

MERCURY Oh yes—as far as we know.

THESPIS 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.

THESPIS 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.

THESPIS 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.

THESPIS 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.

THESPIS Oh, only once a year?

MERCURY Only once a year.

THESPIS And the year is up—?

MERCURY To-day.

THESPIS Oh, then I suppose there are some complaints?

MERCURY Yes, there are some.

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

MERCURY There are a good many.

THESPIS Oh. Perhaps there are a thundering lot?

MERCURY There are a thundering lot.

THESPIS (very much disturbed) Oh!

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

THESPIS Oh, who has been taking it easy?

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

THESPIS 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.
Thespis

What for?

Mercury

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

[ Exit Mercury

Thespis

(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.

Thespis

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

Daphne

Well, you know how disgracefully Sparkeion—

Thespis

(correcting her). Apollo—

Daphne

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

Thespis

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

Daphne

Quite so. That’s it!

[ Mysteriously.

Thespis

Oh—that is it?

[ Puzzled.

Daphne

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.

Thespis

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

Daphne

Open it at Apollo.

Thespis

(opens it). It is done.

Daphne

Read.

Thespis

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

Daphne

And Calliope.

Thespis

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

Daphne

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

Thespis

Quite so.

Daphne

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

Thespis

On no consideration. But in the original version—

Daphne

I go by the Family Edition.

Thespis

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
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 I'm his wife and you are not.

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

wedding ring, She's his wife and I'm a "thing." Please will someone kindly tell us.

wedding ring, She's my wife and you're a "thing." Please will someone kindly tell us.

Please will someone kindly 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 us

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

Nice.

Daph.

Spar.

Thes.

mf

f

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

will give in.

will give in.

That is true, for I was

will give in.

will give in.
there, And I saw her marry me.

You're my husband

So she is, upon my life. Really, that seems very fair.
and no o-ther.

I'm his wife, and you're his bro-ther.

That is true e-nough I swear.

If we go by

It will sure-ly be un-fair,

It will sure-ly be quite fair, It will sure-ly

Lem-pri-ère.

How you set-tle

How you set-tle
Thes.  

(Spoken.) The Verdict.  

As Spar-keion is A-po-lo, Up in this O-lym-pian

Thes. (indicating DAPHNE)

clime, Why, Nice-mis, it will fol-low, He’s her hus-band, for the time. When

Thes.  

Verdict. (Spoken.)
Sparkeion turns to mortal Joins once more the sons of men. He may take you to his

pu - por - tal He will be your husband then. That, oh that is my de - ci - sion, 'Cord - ing

rit.

Allegretto ( \( \text{d} = 80 \) )

to my mental vi - sion, Put an end to all col - li - sion, My de - ci - sion, my de - ci - sion, my de -
That, oh that is his decision, "Cord-ing to his mental

vi-sion. That is my de-ci-sion, "Cord-ing

to my vi-sion, My de-ci-sion.

Put an end to all colli-sion, His de-ci-sion, his de-ci-sion.

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

Gods: Three Gods:}

Oh rage and

Allegro moderato

We'll be resuming our ranks to-

fu-ry, Oh shame and sor-row.

Gods

130
-mor-row. Since from O-lym-pus we have de-part-ed, We've been dis-trac-ted and


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

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

He has

a

ff

mf

ff

mf

f

pp cresc.

f
dim.
P

fff
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 though 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—

THESPIS 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 THESPrians

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.
TESPIS *(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.

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

CYMON So I abolished Saturday.

JUPITER, APOLLO, MARS *(Rising).* Oh but—

TESPIS 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.

TESPIS You hear? He found it answer admirably.

CYMON Yes, only Sunday refused to take its place.

TESPIS 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.

TESPIS 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.

TESPIS 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.
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.
We can’t stand this.

We can’t stand this.

We can’t stand this.

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

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

It’s much too strong. We can’t stand this. It
would be wrong. Ex-treme-ly wrong. If we stood this.

would be wrong. Ex-treme-ly wrong. If we stand this.

would be wrong. Ex-treme-ly wrong. If

Nice.

Daph.

Spar.

Mars

We can't stand this.

Apollo

We can't stand this.

Jup.

we stand this We can't stand this.
Nice.

interference. Is more than we can stand; Of them make a clearance, With

Daph.

interference. Is more than we can stand; Of them make a clearance, With

Spar.

interference. Is more than we can stand; Of them make a clearance, With

Jup.

This cool audacity, it beats us hollow. I'm

removing mask)
Ju-pi-ter, Mars, and Apollo Have quit-ted the dwel-lings of men; The
ted the dwel-lings of men; The
ted the dwel-lings of men; The
Bass

Tenor

Alto

Sopr.

o - ther gods quick - ly will fol - low. And what will be - come of us then. Oh

Sopr.

par - don us, Jove and A - pol - lo, Par - don us, Ju - pi - ter, Mars: Oh
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 pleadingly.

main, we beg of you pleadingly.

main, we beg of you pleadingly.

main, we beg of you pleadingly.

Let them re-main, they beg of us

main, we beg of you pleadingly.

main, we beg of you pleadingly.

Let them re-main, they beg of us

main, we beg of you pleadingly.
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.

If we have shown some little a-

Life on Olympus suits them exceedingly.

Let 'em remain, they pray in humility.

Let 'em remain, they pray in humility.

Let 'em remain, they pray in humility.
If they have shown some little ability.

If they have shown some little ability.

If they have shown some little ability.

If they have shown some little ability.

-bility. Let us remain, we beg of you

...
plead-ing-ly.
Let us re-main, we beg of you plea-ding-ly. Life on O-lym-pus suits us ex-
ceed-ing-ly. Let us re-main, we pray in hu-mi-li-ty. If we have
ceed-ing-ly. Let us re-main, we pray in hu-mi-li-ty. If we have
ceed-ing-ly. Let us re-main, we pray in hu-mi-li-ty. If we have
ceed-ing-ly. Let us re-main, we pray in hu-mi-li-ty. If we have
E-nough, your reign is shown some little ability.

Allegro moderato (\( \dot{J} = 90 \))

end-ed. Upon this sacred hill. Let him be apprehended And learn our awful will.

A tempo (\( \dot{J} = 90 \))

—way to earth, contemptible comedians, And hear our curse, before 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 eminent tragedians, Whom no one ever, ever goes to see.
Whom no one ever, ever goes to see.

Ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

Ev-er, ev-er goes to see.

Ev-er, ev-er goes to see.
Now, here you see the arrant folly of doing your best to make things jolly. I've ruled the world like a chap in his senses, observe the terrible consequences. Great Jupiter, whom nothing pleases, Splutters and swears, and kicks up breezes, And
sends us home in a mood a-ven-gin' In double quick time, like a railroad engine.

And this he does without compunction, Be-

Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh!

Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh! Oo-wooh!
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,
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.
lay. And this he does without compunction, Because we have discharged withunction
lay. And this he does without compunction, Because we have discharged withunction
lay. And this he does without compunction, Because we have discharged withunction
lay. And this he does without compunction, Because we have discharged withunction

...
The gods drive the Thespians away. The Thespians prepare to descend the mountain as the curtain falls.