

PYGMALION;

OR,

THE STATUE FAIR.

An Original Burlesque.

BY

WILLIAM BROUGH,

AUTHOR OF

Perseus and Andromeda; Endymion, or the Naughty Boy who cried for the Moon; Conrad and Medora; Lalla Rookh; Perdita, the Royal Milkmaid; The Sylphide; Prince Amabel, or the Fairy Roses; Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; The Great Sensation Trial, or Circumstantial Effie-Deans; King Arthur, or the Days and Knights of the Round Table; Hercules and Omphale or, the Power of Love; Papillonetta; Ernani, &c. &c.

AND PART AUTHOR OF

The Enchanted Isle; Camaralzaman and Badoura; Second Calender; Ivanhoe.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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First Performed at the Royal Strand Theatre, (under the management of Mrs. Swanborough) on
 Saturday, April 20th, 1867.

P Y G M A L I O N !

OR, THE STATUE FAIR.

The Overture composed and Incidental Music selected by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE.

The New and Splendid Scenery by Mr. CHARLES FENTON.

The Properties and Appointments by Mr. BROGDEN and Assistants. Perruquier, Mr. CLARSON.

Gas Appointments by Mr. HINKLEY.

The Burlesque produced under the direction of Mr. PARSELLE and Mr. WILLIAM BROUGH.

Characters Represented.

IMMORTALS.

VENUS (*the Goddess of Love and Beauty, a character too well known to require any description*) Miss ADA SWANBOROUGH.

CUPID (her Son, another well known party) Miss ELISE HOLT.

PSYCHE (the same to her, and many of them) Miss NEWTON.

PRETTIPHARE } Miss WALTERS.

VERENYCE } Miss DESMOND.

MORTALS.

KING ASTYAGES { *a Heavy Father with a Daughter on his hands, whom he is anxious to "get off"* } Mr. C. FENTON.

HARPAGUS { *General of the King's Army, an old Soldier, who having seen much service in the wars, now hopes to be of some service in the piece* } Mr. H. J. TURNER.

PYGMALION { a renowned Sculptor, an artist averse to matrimony—in fact, a confirmed Bachelor } Miss RAYNHAM.
 of Arts—avoiding all women in real life, and even cutting them in marble

CAMBYSES { his Apprentice, an aspiring youth, who, commencing with dreams beyond his } Mr. D. JAMES.
 station, ultimately attains a station beyond his dreams

PHUNKEYON { Pigmalion's Servants, of whom (both being wretched parts) the less the author } Mr. FREDBRICKS.
MENIALIDES { says, the better

THE PRINCESS MANDANE (an Old Maid, whose pater is anxious to mate her) Mr. THOMAS THORNE.

MOPSA { (a Maid of all work and no play—till now—the present play being the first she } Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE.
 has appeared in

Guards, Lords, Attendants, Shepherds, Peasants, Shepherdeses, &c. &c.

SEMI-MORTAL.

THE STATUE { Pigmalion's most successful work, an unmistakable "hit," which afterwards } Miss A. HARLAND.
 becomes an equally unmistakable "miss," made for sale by the Sculptor, }
 but really soul'd by Psyche (Her first appearance at this Theatre.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

SCENE 1.—The Home of Venus in the Island of Cyprus.

Dance of the Nymphs, their *harmony* interrupted by a rapid movement in *be sharp* to escape a *discord*—The Goddess of Love and her negligent naughty boy—Cupid promises to be, for the future, a good son, and also a good darter.

SCENE 2.—THE SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

The Artist Soul—its longings—its shortcomings—in fact; the long and the short of it.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE GALLERY OF STATUES.

King Astyages is anxious his daughter should not marry too well, although he wants her to get married very badly—A *rising lad* takes a step up the *rising ladder*—Pygmalion scornful to love, Cupid's arrow makes a very *pointed* attack on him, and brings him to the *scratch*.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE FAIR!

SCENE 3.—THE FESTIVAL OF VENUS.

Merry-making of the peasantry.—The Artist Soul aspires more than ever—Approaching marriage in high life. The Goddess of Love, and her revenge—Pygmalion's prayer.

THE LIVING STATUE.

SCENE 4.—A LANDSCAPE SOMEWHERE THEREABOUTS.

Cupid and Psyche—Their love-making interrupted by the boy's mamma—The departure of the *ma'* celebrated by the execution of a *pas*—Pygmalion, finding his loved statue without a mind, nearly goes out of his own—The beggar woman!

The Soulless Statue! The Kiss and its Consequences!

SCENE 5.—THRONE ROOM IN THE PALACE.

The wedding breakfast—Singular interruption, followed by very plural interruptions of the marriage festivities—The jilted one—The deserted one—The saved one—The rejected one—The accepted one—General reconciliation, and universal pairing off, by the drawing of several prizes in the Heart Union.

SCENE 6.—UP IN THE CLOUDS.

Venus enraged—Cupid, however, proving himself a *little love*; and Psyche a *good soul*, she concludes (it is hoped a lasting *piece*, in a

Grand Allegorical Tableau, illustrating "Love's Triumph!")

APOTHEOSIS OF PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

Time in Representation—1 hour, 25 minutes.

PYGMALION;

OR, THE
STATUE FAIR.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Home of Venus, in the Island of Cyprus.*

Dance of NYMPHS.—Enter CUPID, R.

CUPID. (C.) Drop it, girls—cut your capers—make a rout of it.

Ma's in a temper, or I should say out of it.
She stormed at me so, 'twas enough to scare one ;
She'd dust my jacket, only I don't wear one.
As 'twas she boxed my ears—oh, such a tingler.

PRETTIPHARE. Yours, Cupid ?

CUPID. (C.) I'm not the first person, sing'lar—
Mars, Vulcan, they all get it. Thank the stars
I am not Vulcan, though by birth I'm Ma's.

VERENYCE. Venus beat little Love?

CUPID. Nay, had you seen us,
You would have said there's *little love be-tween us.*
(beat Venus.)

Venus, my ma, 's a caution, nothing but it;
But here she comes, take my advice, girls, cut it.

Exeunt NYMPHS, R. and L.

Music.—Enter VENUS, savagely, R.

VENUS. So here you are, you lazy little wretch !

CUPID. (*striking clown's attitude*) What can I come for to
go for to bring for to carry for to fetch ?

VENUS. (*angrily*) Fetch ! Carry !

CUPID. I'll fetch any one you choose.
Who's Carry, though?

VENUS. (R.) Peace ! Carry out my views !
You're a nice party, you are, to be trusted
With getting hearts enflamed and bosoms busted.
Why in this very isle, this very hour,
There lives a man who laughs at Venus' pow'r—
Who scorns to love.

CUPID. (L.) His name? Who is he—tell?
 Some king no doubt, at least some awful swell ?
 VENUS. Swell ? a mere artist—sculptor—nothing bigger.
 CUPID. Sculptors, like swells, know how to *cut a figure*.
 VENUS. His art but cuts in stone. Be it your part
 From his *stone art* to move his *stony heart*.
 Cold marble beauty serves his hopes to crown.
 CUPID. He plays at marbles? He shall knuckle down.
 VENUS. He swears he'll ne'er love woman.
 CUPID. That job I'm in.
 VENUS. Nor many.
 CUPID. That I leave to my friend Hymen.
 VENUS. In stone or marble beauty sees alone.
 CUPID. I'll make him marble-ously change his (s)tone.
 VENUS. You'll make him love?
 CUPID. That's just my little game.
 Now tell me, what's this sculptor fellow's name ?
 VENUS. Pygmalion.
 CUPID. Pyg—what ? Never mind—deuce take him!
 The chap says he won't fall in love—I'll make him !
 Pyg—pyg—confound the name!—what matters what.
 Pig shall obey me, *please the pigs* or not.
 VENUS. Thanks, Cupid, my own pet, my darling child!
 CUPID. Mother, be kind enough to draw it mild;
 You punched my head.
 VENUS. 'Twas but in jest.
 CUPID. I see:
 A punch and joke—a Punch and *Jeu d'esprit*.
 VENUS. Among the gods and goddesses, you know,
 Punching one's head is rather *comme il faut*.
 CUPID. It may be; but with me 'twill be, I swear,
 To quote the good old song (*shewing fight*) "*comme*
il faut dare!" (" come if you dare.")
 VENUS. No more, my son; this scorner of our sex
 I leave to you.
 CUPID. 'Bout him yourself don't vex;
 I'm not so blind, but I, with aim the smartest,
 Can *see to dart* at this *conceited artist*.
 VENUS. Tickle his heart; of mercy shew no particle!
 CUPID. All right! as drapers say, what's the next heart-
 tickle ?
 VENUS. Nothing at present, so adieu, my pet. (*going, L.*)
 CUPID. Hold on a minute—let's have a duet.

Duet.—Air, " The Engine Driver."

VENUS. (L.) To make the sculptor love's your task.

CUPID. (R.) I'll soon bring that to pass;
With more than railway speed, in fact.

VENUS. That railway speed's first class,
Yet railway speed is sometimes slow.

CUPID. Cheap trips are, if you like.

VENUS. Likewise to Brighton if you'd go
When engine-drivers strike.

But, Cupid, you're the driver of a big en-gine,
On that railway fine, the grand junction line.
To put things in a train to make two hearts combine,
You're Cupid, that engine-driver.

BOTH. Yes, Cupid is the driver, &c. *Exeunt, L.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Pygmalion's Studio. A curtained recess, c; statues, models, &c, painted on Scene. Window, L. ; clock strikes twelve.*

Enter PHLUNKEYON and MENIALIDES, R.—*the former having a coarse housemaid's apron over classic costume, and a broom in his hand, with which he sweeps room—the latter polishing a classical sandal with blacking brush.*

PHLUNK. (L. C.) There's twelve o'clock, and master's room not done.

MENIAL. (R. C.) Well, what's the odds?—he won't be up till one.

PHLUNK. Master's a rising genius all declare.

He ain't an *early* rising one, I'll swear!

MENIAL. These geniuses are rum 'uns!

PHLUNK. Right you are.

Master's a rum 'un, in particular;
He hates all women—ne'er a female sees—
He vows the *she's* quite rob him of his (h)ease;
Won't keep a maid-servant—the duties thus
Of *maid of all work's made to fall* on us.

MENIAL. These geniuses, I think, ain't *compos mentis*.

PHLUNK. Hush, here he comes! (*looking off*) Eh! no—
it's the apprentice! (*Music*)

Enter CAMBYSES, R.

CAMBYSES. Hail, smiling morn! It's late, p'raps, in the day,
Hail, smiling afternoon, then, s'pose we say.

My Artist Soul, escaped from sleep's dark prison,
 Would greet the rising sun, but that he's risen!
 (*sees SERVANTS*) Cut it!

PHLUNK. What's vexed you ?
 CAMB. You ! go—quit the room!
 Your style—your carriage !
 PHLUNK. Carriage ?
 CAMB. (*pointing to broom*) Well, your broom.
 PHLUNK. My *broom* ! It isn't a four-wheeler, though.
 CAMB. Go, I entreat; leave *me for weal or woe*.

Exeunt SERVANTS, R.

Woe ? yes, my soul's a yearning—a misgiving,
 That here I'm scarcely (y)earning my own living;
 While genius' fire within me burns and frizzles,
 I'm fettered down to grinding master's chisels;
 With artist visions rushing through my noddle,
 I have to knead the clay for him to model.
 To carve his way to fame he has succeeded,
 My work his clay in *kneading* goes *un(h)eeded*.
 So 'tis! some carve their way to wealth and ease,
 Others have nought to carve but bread and cheese;
 Some cut a dash, while others, p'raps, less plucky,
 Get into debt, and only *cut their lucky!*

Song.—Air, " Skidamalink."

Some are born great, so Shakespeare says—his words,
 I often con them ;
 Some achieve greatness, others have greatness thrust
 upon them.
 Loving the arts, though bound by Fate to drudgery's vile
 fetters,
 I feel I could shine in any line, as well, p'raps, as my
 betters.

Air, " Dancing Mad."

Sculpture, painting—either'd suit me very well I'm sure;
 Song I'm great in, while in dancing I'm a perfect cure.
 Every art could I shine in, if but the chance I had;
 But thus no chance for song or dance—I feel I'm dancing
 mad
 Yes, mad—quite mad—I feel I'm dancing mad!
 Quite mad—quite mad—for art I'm dancing mad!

Dances off, R.

PHLUNKEYON *and* MENIALIDES *brings on couch, R.*

PHLUNK. There's master's couch. He ain't up yet, but when
He does get up, he'll just lie down again!
These geniuses sleep half their time away;
Theirs is an *nappy* lot, as one may say.

Enter CAMBYSES, R.

CAMB. Leave me—once more!

Exeunt MENIALIDES, R., *and* PHLUNKEYON, L.

(*at window*) Who trips yon gutter o'er?
Mopsa, the maid of all work from next door!
To female charms my Artist Soul's susceptible,
Though master deems all sweet-hearting *disrep'table*.
I'll call her in. (*whistles*) One moment, Mopsa, dear!

Enter MOPSA, L, *with a classic vase, and a modem street door
key on her finger.*

Where goest thou?

MOPSA. I'm going for the beer.

CAMB. Maiden, couldst thou love one whose Artist Soul
Hears music of the spheres as on they roll;
Adores the Beautiful—the True—the Good?

MOPSA. If he'd meet me my Sundays out.

CAMB. You could!

Oh, joy! then in love's lottery I'm a winner!

MOPSA. But I must get the beer; they've nigh done
dinner.

CAMB. Nay, leave them drinkless to their indigestion;

To beer or not to beer, that is the question!

Whether 'tis nobler, with a love like ours,

To keep your master waiting a few hours,

Or to take measures-----

MOPSA. Measure—never fear!

I'll take good measure when I get the beer.

Good bye!

CAMB. One fond embrace, (*approaching her*)

MOPSA. Now, mind the jug!

CAMB. What's that poor vase to your own classic mug!

MOPSA. (*struggling with him*) Let go, I say!

CAMB. One kiss to your adorer!

You are a Venus! (*kneeling and holding her hand*)

MOPSA. Rather say a *floorer*.

Take that! (*pushes him over—he falls—MOPSA runs out, L.*)

CAMBS. (*sitting on the floor*) She's gone! Down, throbbing heart, be steady—

Yet hold on, throbbing heart, you're down already.

(*a loud knocking at the door*)

Who's there ? (*rises hastily*)

Enter PHLUNKEYON, L.

PHLUNK. The king—the princess.

CAMB. (R.) Shew them in. *Exit* PHLUNKEYON, L.

My Artist Soul doth to aspire begin.

A princess—if—but then—yet why?—just so.

She might—but then suppose she shouldn't though !

Music.—Enter KING, MANDANE (*an old maid*) and HARPAGUS, L.

KING. (*a, looking round*) This is the sculptor's, then.

MAND. (L. C.) HOW sweet! how scrumptious !

KING. (*angrily*) Don't be so gushing!

MAND. Don't you be so bumptious!

I ne'er saw anything so grand, sublime,

In all my days.

KING. And that's a goodish time.

MAND. Pa, these low jests of yours my feelings sicken.

KING. Well, you must own, my dear, you're not a chicken.

CAMB. (*who has been ogling MANDANE*) Oh, sire !

HARPA. (L.) Attention!

CAMB. Eh!

MAND. I feel I'm blushing—

Dear, excellent young man! (*crosses to CAMBYSES, R.C.*)

KING. Now *don't* be gushing!

(*to CAMBYSES*) We've come this sculptor's gallery to see.

CAMB. You've free admission to the gallery.

Come, Princess! (*offering his arm*)

HARPA. Halt!

CAMB. My prince of fighting cocks,

D'ye want the gallery *or a private box* ? (*showing fight*)

KING. Order!

CAMB. Aye, order—that's the ticket.

KING. Go ;

My daughter these much-talked-of statues shew,

MAND. (*enthusiastically*) Oh! I do love the arts!
 CAMB. And artists too?
 MAND. Are you an artist ?
 CAMB. (*proudly*) Rather!
 MAND. Then I do. *Exeunt arm in arm, R.*
 HARPA. Pardon, your majesty, but are you right
 To let her go with that low fellow ?
 KING. Quite;
 I should prefer a fellow lower still.
 HARPA. Should he make love to her ?
 KING. I hope he will.
 HARPA. You hope he will! and you'd consent ?
 KING. Like winking!
 HARPA. Pardon the question, sire, have you been drinking ?
 KING. Listen, my friend, 'twas prophesied long since
 That should she e'er be mother to a prince,
 That prince would me of crown and kingdom rob,
 So I would have her wed some low-born snob,
 Whose sons could ne'er presume to claim a throne.
 HARPA. Snobs is the most presuming things that's
 known.
 Now, an old soldier like myself you see-----
 KING. Don't try to come "old soldier" over me ! [folks,
 You're much too high—'mongst artists, actors, show
 Authors, burlesque writers, and such like low
 I seek; but see, they're here—come ! [folks,
 (*retires with HARPAGUS, L. C.*)

Enter CAMBYSES and MANDANE, R.

MAND. It's delicious!
 Charming !
 CAMB. (*aside*) I'll risk it. Fate, be thou propitious!
 (*aloud*) Princess, couldst thou love one whose Artist
 Soul
 Hears music of the spheres as on they roll;
 Adores the Beautiful—the True—the Good !
 (*aside*) I think I've said all that before.
 MAND. I could.
 CAMB. You could?
 MAND. I do—yes, thus my love confessing!
 (*KING rushes forward*)
 KING. Huzzah ! (*joining their hands*) Be happy ! take a
 father's blessing.

CAMB. (*surprised*) Your Majesty !

MAND. (*surprised*) Papa!

HARPA. (*coming forward*) Sire, I must say-----

KING. Say nothing. We've but now to name the day
And marriage dowry—I'll do all I can for her.

CAMB. I've not a shilling.

KING. Ha, the very man for her!

Concerted Music—Air, " Jog along, Boys."

CAMB. My Artist Soul filled with delight-----

MAND. My maiden heart with bliss outright
Bounds rapturously!

KING. Hold your row!

Let's jog off home—all's settled now.

HARPA. Such a match, sire, I must say-----

KING. Just shut up, old soldier, pray.

Or wrong or right, or right or wrong,
We've given our word, so come along!

HARPA. Jog along, jog along, jog along, boys !

CAMB. Jog along home—you, old soldier, hold your noise!

MAND. Jog along, jog along, jog along, boys !

KING. Jog along, boys!

ALL. Hurrah!

(*chorus*) Jog along, &c.,
Jog along, boys, with a rattle and a noise!
Jog along, &c.

Exeunt, L.

Enter PYGMALION, with letters, R.

PYGMAL. More work—more orders—have they no
compassion

On a poor artist, just 'cause he's the fashion ?

I, once a *supplicant* for patrons' aid,

Now *supply can't* the calls upon me made.

I can't work fast enough, the more I hurry,

The more fresh customers for statues worry;

They will not wait—I was too long, they swear,

O'er certain lions, for a certain square.

Statues aren't like a newspaper report,

They take long cutting, you can't cut 'em short.

Well, I shan't work just now at any rate;

If any one wants statues, let 'em wait, (*lies on
couch, yawning*)

Heigho! This fame we strive for when we win it.
As Sir Charles Coldstream says, there's nothing in it.

Music—he sleeps, R.—Enter CUPID, stealthily, L

CUPID. So, there he lies; and now to do the trick,
With this charmed arrow, I'll bis bosom prick.
So shall his heart, inflamed by love's sharp p'ison,
Love the first female form he claps his eyes on.
(wounds him with arrow, and exit hastily, L.)

PYGMAL. *(starting up)* What's that? Who's there?
Help!—what am I about?

And yet I felt----- *(pressing his hand to his breast)*

Pshaw! 'twas a dream, no doubt,
But now to work. Behind yon curtain stands
The fairest form e'er fashioned by these hands;
My *magnum opus*—my *chef d'oeuvre*. One
That must cast a *shade over* all I've done.

It's only fault is, it's a female figure,
A sex I hate, as Yankees hate a nigger.
One touch or two, just wanting to complete—
Here goes to work.

*(Music—he draws curtain, c.—STATUE clothed
entirely in white, with strong lime light on her,
discovered on pedestal—PYGMALION starts)*

What charms my vision meet,
What feeling strange is in my heart awaking?
'Tis love! and for a thing of my own making.
Yes, though of my own chisel—my own mallet—'tis
The work—I love her—feel a living gal it is.
Sweet maid, one smile to your true lover grant!
Speak to me! She's but stone, I know, and can't.

(curtain closes)

Fool that I've been at woman's charms to mock,
I'm punished now, I love a marble block.

Exit, L.

Enter VENUS, through vampire, R. c, laughing.

VENUS. Oh, Cupid, what a little rogue you are;
This trick beats all I could conceive—by far.
For vengeance I gave you a task to do,
And you have done it, *with a vengeance* too.
To make this sculptor love! But 'pon my word,
To make him love a stone! 'tis too absurd!

It serves him right! Woman's warm heart he'd
 See how cold marble will his love return. [spurn.
 The statue's priceless—that each critic owns.
 Well, men oft fall in love with *precious stones*;
 And though to love a heartless block seems funny;
 Men do so if the heartless block's worth money.
 Yes, though himself chipped out her eyes, nose, lips,
 She's not the first that's been loved for "the chips."

*Song.—Air, "Celia."**

Yes, he's in love, he feels it now;
 That statue fair's undone him;
 And yet I'll swear he can't tell how
 The pleasing plague came on him.
 Her face so fair himself cut out,
 Her form 'twas his own making;
 Yet her he loves—beyond a doubt
 Thus my revenge I'm taking.
 Yes, he's in love, &c. *Exit, L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Festival of Venus. An open plain,
 with Temple of Venus, R.*

*Dance of PEASANTS, SHEPHERDESSES, &c. At its end
 all exeunt, R. and L. Enter MOPSA, L.*

MOPSA. I've got a holiday like all the rest;
 I've decked myself out in my very best,
 To meet that chiselling artist chap. Oh dear,
 He's chiselled me out of my heart it's clear.
 He has such style—such manners—such a look!
 And then his talk—oh, ain't it like a book.

Enter CAMBYSES, R.

'Tis he! (*to him affectionately*) I knew you'd come.
 CAMB. (R. C.) Oh, get along.
 You knew I'd come—you're coming it too strong.
 Your station's me beneath!

MOPSA. (L. C.) This to my face?
 CAMB. A servant! You should try to keep your place;
 To scrub the floor—to clean the stove's your fate
 Among the cinders—mine's among *the great*.
 I love a princess.

* Published by METZLER & Co., Great Marlborough Street.

MOPSA. What, did you not swear
 But yesterday your Artist Soul-----
 CAMB. There, there.
 Granted that yesterday I took that view of it,
 My Artist Soul now knows a trick worth two of it.

Duet—Air, " Apples or Oranges, Bills of the Play."

CAMB. So I must say to you good-day,
 Adieu, ta-ta, and so on.
 MOPSA. Ta-ta, indeed! Oh, sir, take heed
 How thus with me you go on.
 CAMB. Your wrath restrain, I say again,
 Ta-ta ! it's all I can say.
 MOPSA. Me thus to leave, thus to deceive!
 What worse could any man say?
 You'd now my acquaintance drop,
 Who once did the question pop.
 Then sighing, with "oh" and "ah !"
 Now can say only " adieu" and " ta-ta! "
 CAMB. True, I'd your acquaintance drop,
 Though once I'd the question pop.
 Then I thought I lov'd, but ah!
 Now I can but say " adieu" and "ta-ta !"
 Waves his hand to her and exit, L.

Enter PEASANTS, gradually, R. and L.

MOPSA. Ta-ta, indeed ! Oh, but I'll let you see!
 Ta-ta ! yes, you've a *tar-tar* caught in me.
 Tremble, deceiver! here I vengeance vow;
 For this I'll punish you—let's see, though, how?
 A breach of promise action? no, that's not enough,
 A jury wouldn't give it him half hot enough.
 I'll follow him—nay, that his pride would flatter—
 Poison him!—stop, though, that's a hanging matter.
 I have it—yes—since me thus scorn you treat with,
 I'll—*(pause)* fall in love with the first man I meet
 with, *(retires up L.)*

Enter PYGMALION, L.

PYGMAL. (C.) In vain in search of loveliness I roam
 To equal that fair form I've left at home.
 'Mongst all this festal throng none such I see.
 MOPSA. *(comes down, L.)* Beg pardon, sir, but have you
 looked at me?

PYGMAL. Pooh ! (*turns to PEASANTS who have re-entered*)
 But resume your dance, my friends, I pray you.

MOPSA. You'll be my partner for a hop—how say you ?
 We'll go the pace—hop at a rate.

PYGMAL. My lass,
 I'm not one of the *hop-a-rative* class.
 (*looking off*) But see, the King and Princess coming
 hither;
 And—no—yes—my apprentice walking with her.

*Music.—Enter KING, MANDANE and CAMBYSES arm in
 arm—HARPAGUS and GUARDS following, L.*

KING. (R. C.) My subjects all, I greet you.

CAMB. (C.) That's right—do, sir;
 I greet all likewise, (*seeing PYGMALION*) More par-
 ticular you, sir.

PYGMAL. (R.) You ! Back, sir, to my studio.

CAMB. Shan't—that's flat!

PYGMAL. How!

CAMB. I'm engaged.

MAND. (L. C.) Don't be too sure of that.
 (*crossing to PYGMALION*) You're the great sculptor,
 then, whose talent rare
 Carves all, I'm told, that's beautiful and fair.
 I do so love the arts !

PYGMAL. So, I've heard say.

MAND. And you're so clever!

PYGMAL. Possibly; good day.
Retires up and exit, R.

MAND. The brute! cut all that's fair and lovely ?—he!
 Well, p'raps he does—he's certainly *cut me*.

KING. (R. C.) Friends, your festivities we've come to share,
 So partners choose.

HARPA. Might an old soldier dare ? (*crosses
 to MANDANE, R.—offering hand for dance*)

MAND. Oh, sir! (*taking his hand*)

CAMB. Here ; none of this !

HARPA. (*drawing sword*) What ?

MOPSA. (*coming between them, c.*) Are you mad ?
 (*to CAMBYSES*)

Don't mind him, sir, he's but a 'prentice lad.

HARPA. A 'prentice! If within my reach he ventures,
 His head will get some 'prentices' indentures.

KING. (L.) No quarrels; on this happy, festive, jolly day,
Gen'ral, just give your sword a gen'ral holiday.

(HARPAGUS *puts up sword*)

And now, strike up the liveliest, gayest measure.

MOPSA. (*curtseying*) You'll be my partner, sire ?

(*crosses to KING, L.*)

KING. I!—Oh, with pleasure!

CAMB. (*aside*) To join the mazy dance, I'm not inclined,

In fact, I'm far from (*m*)aisy in my mind;

Snubbed by the princess, slighted by her pa';

I've only one remark to make, (*in a sepulchral voice*)

Ha! ha ! *Exit, tragically, L.*

(*grotesque dance by the CHARACTERS and BALLET*)

KING. Hold on! we're out of breath—we've had enough;

I'm like cheap drapers, rather given to puff.

HARPA. I'm winded too ; if truth, sir, must be told,

We're all a " blowing and a growing " old.

HAND. All growing old!—speak for yourself.

KING. Shut up!

Come, friends! I bid you home with me to sup,

To finish the glad-day—all—peasants—troopers—

Likewise the *corps de ballet*, and the supers!

All shout—exeunt OMNES, L. U. E.

Enter CAMBYSES, L. 1 E.

CAMS. Alone Once more I stand at Venus' portal;

I know its threshold can't be crossed by mortal!

Her temple I can love at any rate.

Can temple love—let me con-temple-hate !

Can Venus help me ?

Enter VENUS from temple, R., suddenly.

VENUS. To be sure she can.

CAMB. (*falling on his knees, frightened*) What have I
done ? Oh, mercy!

VENUS. Rise, young man.

You called on Venus!

CAMB. Oh, don't name it pray;

I'd better call again another day! (*rising to go*)

VENUS. Stay, sir, you love a princess ?

CAMB. Well, p'raps, I

Had once some thoughts—'twas wrong of me.

VENUS. And why?

Why wrong to love?

- CAMB. Her rank mine so above.
- VENUS. What's rank ? A *rank* imposture, sir, in love!
 Love levels all distinctions, ranks, gradations;
 Like an express train, takes no heed of *stations* !
 The fire once lighted rush along it must,
 Till, like the train, it reach the goal or bust.
- CAMB. How can love level all thus—tell me that!
- VENUS. How level ? By all lovers making flat.
- CAMB. I to a princess may aspire ?
- VENUS. You may.
 E'en I've had mortal lovers ere to-day.
- CAMB. You, Venus?
- VENUS. I!
- CAMB. (*aside*) Strange thoughts my heart enthrall.
 What's a mere mortal princess after all?
- VENUS. Yes, though a goddess, I've had human *beaux*—
 Nor could reject them.
- CAMB. Couldn't you ? (*aside*) Here goes !
 (*aloud*) Venus, couldst thou love one whose Artist
 Soul
 Hears music of the spheres as on they roll;
 Adores the Beautiful—the Good—the True !
- VENUS. Take that, you upstart little monkey, do! (*boxes
 his ears*)
- Duet—Air, " Mary Blane."*
- CAMB. Oh once I loved a servant girl,
 And Mopsa was her name;
 My Artist Soul aspiring thence,
 Would at a princess aim.
- Air, " Still so gently."*
- VENUS. Still thus gently upward stealing,
 To a goddess next appealing,
 All your vanity revealing;
 Shews the upstart snob in you.
- Air, " Flip up with a skid-a-ma-link."*
- CAMB. Still so gently o'er me stealing,
 All my anger now concealing,
 I'll sing flip up with a skidamalink;
 Jube up in the jube and jue.

Air, " My Ardent Fond Confusion" (Daughter of the Regiment.)

VENUS. Your ardent fond confessions
Of love I've quite enjoyed;
Don't think by your professions,
I feel the least annoyed.

Not a bit, not a whit, far from it.
CAMB. You'll pardon the expression;
Those queer words I employed,
To give you the impression
I was not the least annoyed.
Not a bit, not a whit, far from it.

Chanted on one note.

VENUS. For as I have already said, love never yet disturbance made, in rank or condition, wealth or position; but treats all alike, whether

Air, " Jessie at the Railway Bar."

A tinker, or a tailor, or a soldier, or a sailor.

CAMB. Do you mean to say in love such folks with kings are on a par?

VENUS. Yes, a butcher, or a baker, or of candlesticks a maker—

CAMB. May aspire to wed. princesses, say you ?

VENUS. Right you are!

Duet.—"I Martini."

VENUS. For } love knows naught of rank or state,
CAMB. So }

BOTH. Distinctions all forswearing,
The lowest may the highest mate,
For wealth or grade not caring.
In love no difference there's between
A cottager and a king.

VENUS. The } I'd } snob to love a queen
CAMB. } You'd }

VENUS. Yes, quite the thing!

CAMB. 'Twere quite the thing!

VENUS. 'Tis quite the thing !

CAMB. 'Tis quite the thing!

Exit CAMBYSES, L., and VENUS, R.

Enter PYGMALION, L. U. E.

PYGMAL. Once more I've viewed that form of beauty rare,
So cold ! so lifeless ! but alas, so fair!

Re-enter VENUS, R.

VENUS. (*aside*) 'Tis he; now to enjoy my triumph.
(*aloud*) Stay!

Why gloomy thus upon this festive day?
While every face smiles rosy to satiety,
You're *pale*—beyond the *pale* of all society.
You're like a ghost—come, cheer up, don't be sappy.
To-day the very poorest e'en are happy.

PYGMAL. Lady, I am not poor—good my position.

VENUS. Rich ? Stead of *ghost* then, be a *happy-rich-'un*.

PYGMAL. Did you but know my cause of grief-----

VENUS. Oh, stuff!

You are in love—a common case enough.

PYGMAL. Nay, that's not all.

VENUS. Of course—in vain you plead ;
She's *stone* deaf to your suit.

PYGMAL. Stone deaf, indeed.

VENUS. Her heart is as hard as *marble*, and as cold.

PYGMAL. Marble!

VENUS. Her finely *chiselled* features-----

PYGMAL. Hold!

My fatal secret how could you discover ?

VENUS. Secret! I but described a hapless lover—
They're all alike.

PYGMAL. Nay you've found out—but how ?
Who are you ?

VENUS. Venus! one you've scorned till now.

PYGMAL. (*kneeling*) Venus ! Bright goddess ! pardon
grant and aid,

Show me her likeness in a living maid ;
Or if the world has no such maid to give,
Then bid my peerless statue move and live.

VENUS. A living statue! such a thing's ne'er thought on,
At least not since the days of Madame Wharton.

(*aside*) Yet stay ; him with a marble bride to suit,
Would of my vengeance show a rich *stone-fruit* ;
Living—yet heartless shall his statue be,

(*aloud*) Rise, sir! your prayer I grant—she's
coming—see. (*music*)

PYGMAL. (*looking off*) She! can I trust my eyes.
 VENUS. Oh! dullard dronish—
 PYGMAL. But she ! a stone!
 VENUS. I thought 'twould you *a-ston-ish*.
 PYGMAL. (*still looking off*) My living marble ! I'd embrace
 thee!
 VENUS. Do!
 Your game of marbles I will leave you to.

Exit, R.

Enter STATUE, L.

PYGMAL. My beautiful—my own! (*embracing her*)
 STATUE. Oh ! don't, sir, please;
 I'm sure I'm much too soft to stand a squeeze.
 PYGMAL. Too soft ! What mean you ?
 STATUE. Nay, I hardly know,
 I was so firm and hard an hour ago ;
 Suddenly I grew soft-----
 PYGMAL. Nay, speak no farder,
 Your getting softer, but renews my (*h*)ardour ;
 Unrivalled maid!
 STATUE. You rivals talk about,
 Who've done your best yourself to cut me out;
 With chisel—mallet—sir, 'tis my conviction,
 Your mallet ought to have my *mallet-diction*.
 PYGMAL. Your sculptor *amorous*, implores you madly.
 STATUE. Yes! sculptors (*h*)ammer-us poor statues sadly;
 Yet, I ne'er felt it till an hour ago,
 I stood, *heigho !* there in your *stud-i-o*,
 Within a niche!
 PYGMAL. Speak on, oh form bewitching!
 STATUE. Standing the *niche-m*, straight I felt an *itching*,
 Throughout my frame a feeling seemed to tingle;
 Bade me go forth with human kind to mingle.
 PYGMAL. Oh, joy! 'twas life! and life you must go through
 with me?
 STATUE. Well, having made me, what d'ye mean to do
 with me,
 Of course I can't *disparage* what you've done;
 But say, can I *dis parish* claim upon,
 Or must I trust of casual wards the mercy ?
 Have I a settlement, or *vice versy!*
 PYGMAL. Come to my arms!

STATUE. Nay, as the matter stands,
 It's not your arms—I'm left upon your hands.
 What's to be done with me ? I never sought
 Into a human figure to be wrought.
 You're great at figures—I, a wretched sad stone;
 Know nought of figures—I'm far from a Glad-stone!

PYGMAL. Say but that you've a heart for me will throb.

STATUE. A heart? Not I—that's where you've spoiled
 the job;

I'm as you made me, fair outside, no doubt,
 But cold within.

PYGMAL. Say rather cold without!
 Without a heart for me to beat the quicker,
 I'm *licked*—that *cold without* for me's the *licker* !
 At least, say that you're mine, and mine alone.

STATUE. Of course I'm yours, you carved me from the
 stone.

How you'll provide for me seems now the question,
 Though I've no heart, I feel I've a digestion.

PYGMAL. Can you not love a little bit ? Confess !

STATUE. If it's a *little bit of dinner*—yes.

A chop and tater, say, at eight—not later.

PYGMAL. (*sorrowfully*) Thus ends our *tete-d-tete* at *eight
 a tater*.

*Duet.—Air, " I'm the Girl that's always laughing."
 (Offenbach).*

STATUE. I'm a girl now—you one made me ;
 I was very happy while a stone—

PYGMAL, Fate, a nice trick you have played me,
 Would I'd let the female sex alone ;
 There's no woman, stone or human,
 But seems made to vex us,
 Bother, torture, and perplex us!

STATUE. Don't blame me, sir—you must see, sir,
 If aught's wrong in me, the fault's your own!

Air, " Bear it like a Man."

PYGMAL. I can't deny a word you say.

STATUE. I don't suppose you can

PYGMAL. It serves me right !

STATUE. Cheer up, sir, pray,
 And bear it like a man.

BOTH. For what's done can't be helped, I say,
 Let who will think it can;
 When trouble comes, the only way
 Is—bear it like a man. (*repeated*)

Exeunt, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Landscape. Practicable cave, L.*

Enter CUPID and PSYCHE, R.

PSYCHE. Be quiet, Cupid, do; you plague one so.

CUPID. Give us a kiss then, and I'll let you go.

PSYCHE. D'ye wish to make me hate you ?

CUPID. Hate? Can't be, dear
 Psyche; that word's not in Love's *Psyche-lopcedia*.
 Come! (*coaxingly*)

PSYCHE. Shan't; do what you like.

CUPID. Then what I like is—
 Psyche won't kiss my lips—thus *Psyche's, I kiss*.
 (*kisses her*)

PSYCHE. You naughty boy! Reflect what you're about;
 Think, if with me your mother knew you're out,
 Deem you she'd *be compassionate* or kind ?

CUPID. She'd *become passionate* enough, you'd find.

PSYCHE. Yet I no malice—cruel though she be—
 Can ever bear her, and she can't bear me.

CUPID. Psyche, I love you.

PSYCHE. You've said that before ;
 But I could listen to it o'er and o'er,
 Nor e'er grow weary of it. Little boys
 Should sooner tire of hardbake, apples, toys—
 Fundholders weary of the sameness found
 In drawing dividends the whole year round—
 Doctors with wealthy patients deem a bore,
 The constant writing, " Mixture as before."
 Or London aldermen the sameness dread,
 Of turtle soup at every Lord Mayor's spread.

CUPID. Hold on—here's ma'!

PSYCHE. She!

CUPID. Fly! yon cave will screen you.
 Keep up your pecker ! Go, she hasn't seen you.

PSYCHE. What I ? Hide like some culprit or vile slavey !
 Cave—pecker ! p'raps you're right—I cry *pec-cavi*.

Exit into cave, L.

Enter VENUS, R.

VENUS. My son, I thank you; you've done all.

CUPID. (*aside*) That's true.

I have done all this time, including you.
Psyche lodged out of sight, a clever dodge I call—
It stands to reason, it's quite *Psyche-logical*.

VENUS. You've made the sculptor fall in love.

CUPID. Past doubt.

VENUS. He fallen *in* love, we'll no more fall *out*.

He loves a stone ! (*laughing*)

CUPID. Stone ! him I work'd a spell on,

To love the female form his eyes first fell on.

VENUS. The marble maid they fell on.

CUPID. Fell on she!

VENUS. His heart she stole.

CUPID. Stole! Then 'twas *fell on he* !

VENUS. Of love-making, he's really caught the trick,

Though she's pure *stone*, he woos her like a *brick*.

Her love he craves—she answers she has none of it
I've given her life.

CUPID. No love though!

VENUS. That's the fun of it

CUPID. Sculptors should sell their statues. What you've
told

Shows it's the artist, not his work, is sold.

VENUS. To love a stone ! I scarce can speak for laughter.

Come, boy, let's home. *Exit, laughing, L.*

CUPID. Go you, I'll follow after.

PSYCHE peeps from cave, L. F.

PSYCHE. She's gone—why don't you follow ?

CUPID. Well, d'ye know

I'd like just one more kiss before I go.

Duet, " Up a Tree."

PSYCHE. Nay, Cupid, dear, 'tis wrong of us

To meet so oft in secret thus.

You know your mother'd make a fuss

If she of this but knew.

CUPID. What matter ma's disdainful airs,

For all her crustiness who cares?

Let her just mind her own affairs ;

If she'll leave me with you.

PSYCHE. But, Cupid dear, can you not see,
 Though I delight to meet you,
 Your ma's enraged with you—with me—
 All is with us U P.

CUPID. Nay, dearest, think no more of her,
 Nor talk thus I entreat you;
 Though found to hide in caves you be,
 While I am up a tree.

BOTH. Nay there's no impropriety in courting your
 society;
 Heart to heart—ne'er to part—we'll united be.
 All Venus' rage together dare—
 Together we'll her anger share,
 Nor for her high displeasure care,
 Though we're both up a tree.



*Exeunt CUPID, R.—PSYCHE *pro cave*, L.*

Enter PYGMALION, R.

PYGMAL. In vain I sue. With love when I would win
 her,
 She only asks where's she to get a dinner.
 I crave her heart—she says, I, life who give her,
 Made her no *heart*, when I made her a *liver*.
 Would she make up her mind with me to take up ?
 Make up her mind ? Alas ! she's none to make up.
 In vain with praise her loveliness I flatter;
 Tell her she's fair—as for no *mind*—no *matter*.
 If she'd but love me! She replies she can't.
 I've heard of folks with a white elephant;
 Of a strange thing made by one Frankenstein;
 But all their troubles never equalled mine.
 A thing of beauty I would fain adore,
 Left on my hands a burden—nothing more.

Enter MANDANE, L.

MAND. At length from home I've managed to escape,
 To seek that sculptor, (*seeing* PYGMALION) Eh! that
 noble shape!
 Tis his, I feel.

PYGMAL. You here!

MAND. Sir, I entreat,
 Don't let folks know that thus alone we meet,
 As though by assignation; pray, sir, don't.

PYGMAL. Madam, I'm deemed a man of taste—I won't.

MAND. You think me bold and forward, I'll engage.

PYGMAL. Well, some might call you forward—for your age.

But I must go—I'm studying here, you see,
Fair nature's charms.

MAND. Then pray don't study me.

PYGMAL. I won't

MAND. Now could you copy *my* face—speak.

PYGMAL. I never copy, ma'am, from the antique.

MAND. That's rude.

PYGMAL. Naught *rude I meant*; but you'll allow,

I'm past such *rud-i-ments* as copying now.

MAND. True; young beginners copy.

PYGMAL. I could name
Some old hands, too, that still keep up the game.
But I must leave you.

MAND. Right! art has its duties ;
But see you nothing *here* of nature's beauties ?

PYGMAL. Not while I gaze on you.

MAND. Sir!

PYGMAL. Nay, 'tis true.

While you are here, I can see naught but you.

Bows to her and exit, R.

MAND. A charming person that; but I've my fears.

With me in love he's scarce o'er head and ears.

Why is it he denies me his affection ?

I've made my cheeks the *rose pink of perfection*;

My vainly pencilled brows in state remain here;

Yankees would call the state of *Pencil vain-here*.

E'en my false front seems, though so unpretending,

The very *head* and *front* of my offending.

What shall I do ? There's that old soldier. Eight!

I'll at the captain set my *cap* to night.

Yet no ; what am I at ? who comes ? Oh ! joy !

My early love! the sculptor's 'prentice boy.

Enter CAMBYSES moodily, L.

CAMB. Oh, Artist Soul! Oh, all that's great within me !

How everything conspires to go agin' me !

Oh, earth ! air ! sky! Oh, nature, all and *every*-----

MAND. Sweet sir !

CAMB. Who wakes my Artist Soul from reverie ?

MAND. Your promised bride.

CAMS. Eh ? let's have no mistake!
That bride once made me feel a bridal cake,
And cut me.

MAND. Now no troubles haunt our path.

CAMB. No ? Then my artist woes may go to Bath!
To marry me you're ready, dear one, say!
When ? Will to-morrow do?

MAND. Why not to-day?

CAMB. To-day! my Artist Soul bounds with hilarity;
O'erflows with happiness, with love, and-----

PSYCHE appears from cave, disguised as an old beggar.

PSYCHE. (L., *holding out her hand*) Charity !

CAMB. Certainly not

PSYCHE. One copper.

CAMB. Let us pass !
Ask me for copper—come, that's like your brass!

PSYCHE. While you're so happy, can you thus pass by
A fellow being's need?

CAMB. Well, yes—I'll try. (*trying to pass*)

MAND. Who is this hag obstruction thus creating
By waiting here?

CAMB. Yes, it is *hag-are-a-waiting!*

PSYCHE. The smallest mite.

CAMB. The usual beggar's drawl;
The smallest mite, you all sing *mitey small*.

MAND. Why don't you work, good woman?

PSYCHE. Why don't you ?

MAND. I?

PSYCHE. Yes; in life we've all *some* work to do.
The glorious sun, uprising every morn,
Has work to do, in ripening fruits and corn.
Monareh or peasant—none their duty shirk!
Prime Minister or pot-boy, each must work ;
Each serve his " public"—thus 'tis fate allots,
One carrying *measures*, t'other *pewter pots* !
But high or low, all have their destined tasks, [asks.

MAND. (*disgusted*) This is the class then that the suffrage

PSYCHE. You'll give me naught? (to CAMBYSES)

MAND. If you don't hold your peace,
I'll give you—

PSYCHE. What ?

MAND. In charge of the police,

(to CAMBYSES) Come, love, the Hymen feast awaits us.

CAMB. True!

With *Hy-men*—not *low women* we've to do.

PSYCHE. And you can feast while others fast ?

CAMB. I can.

I prefer feasts—I'm not a *fast* young man.

PSYCHE. The man who would-----

CAMB. Nay; drop that style clap-trappy.

PSYCHE. True. What's the odds so long as *you* are

MAND. Insolent beggar! [happy?

CAMB. She no more shall bore you.

Let's go. (to PSYCHE) Old party, we have nothing
for you. *Exeunt* CAMBYSES and MANDANE, L.

PSYCHE. So, these are folks with human hearts endowed,
The one so mean, the other one so proud.

{*calling off*} But who's this maid now moves the
path along.

Enter STATUE, R.

Good day, my lass !

STATUE. *Good dame, alas, you're wrong*

Calling me lass !

PSYCHE. So, all young maids we call,

Howe'er high born.

STATUE. I ne'er was born at all.

PSYCHE. What?

STATUE. Nay; 'twas not my fault—I'm very sorry.

PSYCHE. Ne'er born ?—how then ?

STATUE. They dug me from a quarry.

PSYCHE. I see; you're out of temper.

STATUE. Things that come

Thus from *some quarry*'ll ne'er be *quarrel-some*.

PSYCHE. Who—what, then are you ?—say!

STATUE. A block of stone

Endowed with human life by powers unknown.

PSYCHE. A stone! you're pitching it too strong. In

I fancy the *stone pitcher's* slightly cracked. [fact,

I meant to beg of you—'twas but to try you,

But you've no money, p'raps—no small change

STATUE. What's change ? I never heard of it. [by you.

PSYCHE. That's strange-----

Stone turned to life, and yet know naught of *change*.

Can her wild tale be true ? One more attempt.
Are you from human feeling quite exempt?
Have you no pride or prejudices?

STATUE. None.

PSYCHE. Say that I asked a kiss!

STATUE. I'd give you one.

PSYCHE. You would ?

STATUE. Take one.

PSYCHE. I will; (*aside*) and with that kiss
Breathe into you a human mind.

Kisses her and exit rapidly, L.—chord.

STATUE. What's this?

New feelings through my form in every *part arise*,
Thrill through my *veins*, and likewise in my *heart*
arise,

Till now stone cold, with human love now burning,
The sculptor's passion I'm, I feel, returning.
Where shall I seek him though ? from me he's
First carved me into life, then cut me dead, [fled;

Song.—Air, " The Railway Belle."

STATUE. Cold marble no longer, my heart beats fast,

My lover in hopes to meet,

Though when we last met, but a short time past,

I hadn't a heart to beat.

He's left me, for 'twas clear as mud,

He could never love heartless stone;

But now I feel I'm flesh and blood,

Him none from me shall " bone."

So I'll try to be merry and forget the past,

I will seek him far and near.

I feel somehow all will turn out right at last,

I shall marry that sculptor dear. *Exit, L.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Throne Room in the Palace; wedding banquet set out, &c.*

KING, HARPAGUS, CAMBYSES and MANDANE (*as bride and bridegroom*), LORDS, &c, *discovered*—GUARDS *in attendance*—*scene opens with loud huzzahs and knocking of drinking cups on table.*

KING. (C.) Friends, let me call on you for one cheer more.

Come, here's the bride and bridegroom as before.

(*all drink and cheer*)

Chorus.

For they are jolly good fellows,
 They both are jolly good fellows,
 And they'll prove jolly good partners,
 Andso say all of us, &c.

[more rapping of table, &c.]

CAMB. (*rising, R.*) Gents, in the Morning, as you know, of
 The Truthful made the Beautiful his wife. [Life,
 Love was their offspring.

ALL. Bravo!

CAMB. Through all time
 The Artist Soul has worshipped the Sublime.

ALL. Hear! hear!

CAMB. You follow me, I trust?

ALL. We do.

CAMB, I having wed this lovely princess-----

ALL. True.

CAMB. Taking her, blushing from her father's hand,
 Would ask—(*a pause*) what dowry that old party'll

KING. (C.) Is this a time----- [stand.

ALL. (*excepting HARPAGUS*) Shame!

HARPA. (L.) Silence in the ranks!

KING. To check our mirth by thoughts of cheques on banks.

Here, at your wedding feast, it's scarce the thing—
 Mated yourself, to cry " check" to the king.

MAND. (R. C) Shame! E'en your bride such meanness
 must denounce.

CAMB. Look here; the Artist Soul don't stand *your* bounce.

MAND. For money only me you've wed.

CAMB. Not so,

MAND. (*pleased*) No?

CAMB. I want rank and title too, you know.

KING. No more of this; break up the court. (*all rise*)

MOPSA *runs in, L.*

MOPSA. Oh, stop!

Justice, great king!

KING. Too late! we've closed the shop.

MOPSA. Yon bridegroom's mine.

KING. You've proofs of that?

MOPSA. Quite plain.

KING. Then the shop's not closed—open it again, (*all sit*)

(*aside*) We of our son-in-law may yet get rid.

(*aloud*) Now, girl!

MOPSA. He promised me—he knows he did.

CAMB. Her claim but to a civil action reaches.

MOPSA. A civil action; and such civil speeches!

Such civil vows—if one, at least a million !

Civil! Oh villain ! Look at me ! *See, villain !*

MAND. (*to* CAMBYSES) This scandal, sir! Why me you
cast a slight on—

I knew not. It this (*s*)*candle* throws a light on.

HARP. (*aside*) She's lovely in her rage, (*to* MOPSA) Fair

Might an old soldier----- [maid, you charm me.

MOPSA. Oh, I love the army!

HARPA. If of your heart I could but gain possession—

MOPSA. Sir, it surrenders—say 'tis at discretion.

(*they retire up*)

KING. (*who has been whispering to attendant LORDS*) So
since we've of this woman's case disposed,

We may say once more that the court is closed. (*all me*)

STATUE *runs in*, L.

STATUE. Not yet, oh king, not yet.

KING. Here come—I say
We can't keep opening—shutting shop all day. (*all sit*)

STATUE. I've lost my lover ! Say, oh king, where is he ?

KING. Oh, bother ! call some other day, we're busy.

STATUE. I ne'er could love him till to-day.

KING. Then borrow

Fresh patience, and don't bore him till to-morrow.

STATUE. Me from a marble block did this man hew,

Though *hew'd* by *man*, I've become *hew-man*, too.

I ask you, though a kipp, don't think me rude,

If *you'd* not feel like me—like me, if *hew'd* !

KING. Your tale's absurd, girl! (*the* STATUE *weeps*) There,
don't pipe your eye !

First 'twas all *hewing*, now it's *hue* and *cry*.

Besides, your rudeness has your tale demolished;

You say you're marble ! Marble should be *polished*.

STATUE. A poor stone figure—pardon, I beseech!

CAMB. A speaking figure !—a *mere figure of speech* !

The chap you seek's a sculptor—is he not?

STATUE. He is.

CAMB. I know him—a right down bad lot.

STATUE. 'Tis false ! Though me—stone turned life—
he's spurned

To do what's right, he'd leave *no stone unturned*.
Great King, can you not help me find him ?

KING. I!

Certainly not; I don't intend to try.
Business is over for to-day. In short,
We're in a fog; guards, lead her out of court.

HARPA. (to GUARDS) Right about face! (*aside*) I know—
not what I'm quite about.

She is so fair! Poets might that *face write about*.
Come, sweet one ! (*to STATUE—crosses, R.*)

CAMB. Pretty one, adieu!

MAND. I say!

Don't begin flirting on our wedding day.

MOPSA. (L., *to HARPAGUS*) Gen'ral, to say the least, your
conduct's vile;

I hope and trust it's not your *gen'ral* style, [charms !

STATUE. Ladies, fear naught from my poor worthless

HARPA. (R.—*aside*) Those arms—those shoulders ! (*aloud*
to GUARDS) Halloa! shoulder arms!

(HARPAGUS and GUARDS lead STATUE out, R.)

KING. I'm glad she's gone. Her charms me near upset;
At last I may say the court's closed, (*all rise*)

PYGMALION runs in, L.

PYGMAL. Not yet; [you.

One moment's speech, oh, King, let me implore of

KING. That's right. Go on—pray, are there many more
of you ? (*all sit*)

PYGMAL. I ask your daughter's hand ?

MAND. (*starting*) What, after all,
I might have had him. Hold me—I shall fall.

(*to CAMBYSES*)

KING. This insult!

PYGMAL. I'm in earnest, sire, downright;

I'd marry her, if but myself to spite.

KING. You're mad—or drunk.

PYGMAL. Your epithets up pile 'em!

I *am* mad!

KING. Still, this isn't an asylum.

PYGMAL. Call me ass—idiot! Than myself there's no thing
I more could *loathe*, I do feel such a *low thing* !

I loved a marble statue-----

KING. Eh? what's that?

(*aside*) Our royal nose begins to smell a rat.

It must be he ! why then it must be she!

(to PYGMALION) Go to yon room, and see what you will see;

Your fate's in that apartment.

PYGMAL. I obey!

Since there my fate's *a-part-meant* me to play,

That room be mine, though like my fate, dark, gloomy, 'tis;

Cold, damp, who cares? my fate to take the *room*

it is !

Exit, R.

MAND. Pa', on one's wedding day, it's scarce expected

The bride should be so totally neglected.

CAMB. My Artist Soul for knighthood looked—I'm slighted.

To her *united*, I'm not by *you knighted*.

KING. No more ! At length the court's closed we may say.

(*all are going*)

HARPAGUS *runs in, R., and crosses to L.*

HARPA. Oh, sir, such news!

KING.

What now ?

PYGMALION *runs in with* STATUE, R.—GUARDS *following*.

PYGMAL. (R.) One moment, pray!

STATUE. (R. C.) If a poor Statue, sire, might speak her thanks—

GUARDS, &c. Long live the Statue!

HARPA. Silence in the ranks !

PYGMAL. I've found her, sire—she now can love !

KING. All right.

But as we've no wish to stay here all night,

And joy seems to have filled of all the cup;

The wisest course for you is to shut up.

PYGMAL. (*embracing* STATUE) Oh, bliss! you have a heart!

STATUE. No more doubt that o' me.

CAMB. A heart! We don't want questions in anatomy.

PYGMAL. My beautiful! my own! you love me!

STATUE.

Don't I.

PYGMAL. And will love me thus throughout life!

STATUE.

Just won't I!

Concerted Music (Original Air by Frank Musgrave).

MAND. Pa, these interruptions really are most trying.

CAMB. 'Tis a downright insult, that there's no denying.

PYGMAL. (*approaching MANDANE*) Pardon me, I pray you,
I'm the cause, I fear me.

MAND. That you are, young man ; I beg you won't come
near me.

Chorus.

Now the court is closed,
Let no more business be proposed;
We've of all disposed.
Now for dancing, fun, and merrymaking!

(dance—and Chorus repeated)

STATUE. I am satisfied—in fact, I am delighted.

To my sculptor-lover I'm at length united.

MOPSA. This old soldier is a catch, there's no denying;
So the state of things to me seems gratifying.

(Chorus and dance repeated—scene closed in)

SCENE SIXTH.—*Clouds.*

Enter VENUS, angrily, R.

VENUS. My old foe Psyche's been at work, I find
She's to that statue given a human mind.
I aim'd at punishing the sculptor's pride ;
She's given him instead a loving bride.
She comes—and Cupid with her—there's no knowing,
He going *with her*—whither is he going ?
They're coming here—together they advance,
He *with her*, I'll give him a *withering* glance.

Enter CUPID and PSYCHE, lovingly, L.

CUPID. Eh, ma! what's up ?

VENUS. You bad boy, what should be up ?

CUPID. Can't say—except your monkey—that's I see up.

VENUS. That Psyche's thwarted me again.

PSYCHE. Believe me,
I never meant to.

VENUS. Think not to deceive me;
You gave that living statue reason.

PSYCHE. True!

VENUS. Say why ?

PSYCHE. Nay, I've no reason to give you.

CUPID. Come, ma, all's for the best you must allow,
 The sculptor wouldn't love—he does so now.
 The King, who'd have a low-bred son-in-law,
 Has got the lowest one you ever saw.
 E'en the old soldier settles down in life,
 And takes the maid-of-all-work for his wife.
 Thus we've secured — your wrath you'll now let
 slumber,

The greatest happiness of the greatest number.

VENUS. Boy, you've done well; you, Psyche, too. (*giving
 her hand to PSYCHE*) I'm loth

To own I have been wrong ; but thank you both.

PSYCHE. (L.) Is peace concluded 'twixt us, then?

CUPID. (R.) Just so.

Our piece is near conclusion, as you know.

Ma, there's another marriage on the *tapis*.

(*takes PSYCHE'S hand—they both kneel to VENUS*)

VENUS. (C.) Ah, yes, I know ! There—bless you both—
 be happy!

CUPID. All's settled, then, except-----

VENUS. I know ; you mean—

(*calling off*) Call everybody on for the last scene !

A final tableau's now all we require,

Lighted up by the usual coloured fire.

*Music.—Enter KING, CAMBYSES, HARPAGUS, MANDANE,
 MOPSA, and GUARDS, L.*

So; you're all satisfied ?

HARPA. If I might mention

One fact, 'tis the old soldier'd like a pension,

Or royal grant—you, sire, might him allot one,

Since both the poets, Close and Young, have got one.

KING. Shut up, old soldier, (*to VENUS*) Satisfied we are.

VENUS. Still there are others more important far.

(*to audience*) May we hope you are also satisfied

With the new dish that we to-night provide ?

A grand old classic tale our author rash

Has cooked up; say it isn't quite a hash.

The Power of Love is his one theme to-night.

So, as our final tableau meets your sight,

The Power of Love in allegory shewing,

Grant you a *power of loving*, loud, bravo-ing.

*(Clouds disperse and discover Allegorical Tableau:
PYGMALION and the STATUE in Venus's triumphal
car, surrounded by CUPIDS, &c.—car descends
with them)*

Finale.—"The Royal Strand Galop" (Frank Musgrave.)*

VENUS. So before the curtain falls, your kind applause
inviting,
Smile on what we've done now ; all loving hearts uniting
(pointing to group at back)
With your cheers, now all our ears and all our hearts
delighting.
Make a row, you all know how—we'll do our share.

Chorus, (every one with cymbals)

Stamping, clapping, both hands and feet keep moving,
All doubt or fear removing of our piece that you're
approving.
Cheering, shouting, a great noise somehow making,
That there's no mistaking.

Solo.—VENUS.

We your interest awaking,
All their former troubles them now forsaking,
If you're pleased with Pygmalion
And with his Statue Fair!
So throughout the house a row all making,
We'll for our part do our share—
A clatter and a din awaking.

Chorus.

Stamping, clapping, &c. *(da capo)*
So before the curtain falls, your kind applause inviting,
Smile on what we've done now; all loving hearts uniting
With your cheers, now all our ears and all our souls
delighting.
Make a row, you all know how—we'll do, our share.

Curtain.

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