

THESEUS AND ARLADNE

OR THE

MARRIAGE OF BACCHUS

A CLASSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

IN

TWO ACTS

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

Fortunio—Blue Beard—Sleeping Beauty—Bee and the Orange Tree—Birds of Aristophanes—Drama at Home—Fair One with the Golden Locks—Golden Fleece—Graciosa and Percinet—White Cat—Island of Jewels—King Charming—King of the Peacocks—Golden Branch—Invisible Prince—Beauty and the Beast—Good Woman in the Wood—Buckstone's Ascent of Mount Parnassus—Buckstone's Voyage Round the Globe—Camp at the Olympic—Once upon a Time there were Two Kings—Yellow Dwarf—Cymon and Iphigenia—Prince of Happy Land—Queen of the Frogs—Seven Champions—Haymarket Spring Meeting—Discreet Princess—

AND JOINTLY OF

The Deep, Deep Sea—Olympic Revels—Olympic Devils—Paphian Bower—Riquet with the Tuft—Telemachus—High Low Jack and the Game—Puss in Boots, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE.

*First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre.
Thursday, March 2nd, 1848.*

The Music arranged by Mr. R. HUGHES. The Costumes by Mrs. BAILY, Mrs. RANOE, Mr. SMITHYES. The Machinery by Mr. H. SLOMAN. The Properties by Mr. J. W. BROGDEN. The Incidental Dances and Action, by Mr. OSCAR BYRNE.

CHARACTERS.

IMMORTALS.

| | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|------------------|
| BACCHUS | . | . | . | Mr. H. HALL. |
| CUPID | . | . | . | Miss MARSHALL. |
| PAN | . | . | . | Mr. H. MARSHALL. |
| SILENUS | . | . | . | Mr. MUCKLOW. |
| DIANA | . | . | . | Miss MARTINDALE. |
| DANCING FAUNS | . | . | . | { Mr. GILBERT. |
| | | | | { Mr. MARSHALL. |
| BACCHANTE | . | . | . | Miss BALLIN. |

Tritons, Nereids, Zephyrs, Bacchantes, Bacchanals, Fauns, Satyrs, &c.

GREEKS.

| | | | | |
|---------|---|---|---|----------------------|
| THESEUS | . | . | . | MADAME VESTRIS, |
| DÆDALUS | . | . | . | Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS. |
| OFFICER | . | . | . | Mr. BURT. |

CRETANS.

| | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| MINOS II. (<i>King of Crete</i>) | . | Mr. S. SMITH. |
| ARIADNE | } <i>his Daughters</i> { | Miss KATHLEEN FITZWILLIAM. |
| PHEDRA | | Miss J. COLEMAN. |
| THE MINOTAUR | . | Mr. F. COOKE. |

The Scenery by Mr. BEVERLY and Mr. J. MEADOWS, will
exhibit in

ACT FIRST, THE OCEAN.

"Great Dædalus, of Athens, was the man
That made the draught, and formed the wond'rous plan."

Ovid. Met. Book VIII.

"The first who sailed in air."

Virgil. Æneis, Book VI.

THE PORT AND CITY OF HERACLEUM, IN THE ISLAND OF CRETE.

"— the kind artist, moved with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief."

Virgil. Æneis, Book VI.

THE DUNGEON.

"And in a prison fettered fast is he,
Till the time he should yfreten be."

Chaucer. Legend of Ariadne.

THE LABYRINTH.

"A thousand doors—a thousand winding ways."

Virgil. Æneis, Book V.

"Such was the work, so intricate the place,
That scarce the workman all its turns could trace.

* * * * *

These private walls the Minotaur include,
Who twice was glutted with Athenian blood,
But the third tribute more successful proved,
Slew the foul monster, and the plague removed."

Ovid. Met. Book VIII.

THE GALLEY UNDER WEIGH.

"When Theseus, aided by the virgin's art,
Had traced the guiding thread through every part,
He took the gentle maid that set him free,
And, bound for Dias, cut the briny sea."

Ovid. Met. Book VIII.

ACT SECOND.

THE GROTTO

IN THE ISLAND OF NAXOS.

"When Ariadne, his wife, aslepe was,
 For that her sister fairer was than she,
 He taketh her in his honde, and forth goeth he
 To ship, and as a traitor, stole away."

Chaucer. Legend of Ariadne.

THE PRECIPICE.

"A hill was nigh, whose summit thinly crown'd
 With shrubs, above the beating billows frown'd."

Ovid. Epistles, X.

THE VINES,

BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF BACCHUS.

"And now the God of Wine comes driving on,
 High on his chariot, by swift tigers drawn."

Ovid. Art of Love, Book I.

"Bacchus turning from his Indian war,
 By tigers drawn triumphan' in his car,
 * * * * *

With curling vines around his purple reins."

Virgil. Æneis, Book VI.

THE DOOM OF THESEUS.

"Unhappy Theseus! doomed for ever there,
 Is fixed by fate on his eternal chair."

THE CONSTELLATION

OF THE

CROWN OF ARIADNE.

"With Heaven I will endow thee, and thy star
 Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
 And guide o'er seas the doubtful mariner."

Ovid. Art of Love, Book I.

THESEUS AND ARLADNE.



ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Sea-shore.*

Enter DÆDALUS, L. U. E.

DÆD. My gentle Public—one word in your ear :—
I come incog.—for I have much to fear.
In former times my name was very famous ;
I'm Dædalas—the son of Eupulamus.
To me mechanics owe one half their tools,
Their axes, wedges, wimbles, levels, rules.
Don't be alarmed, though what I say is true,
I came not here to make a tool of you.
I only think it right the fact to mention.
The sails of ships were also my invention ;
And one day, for a freak, by dint of stitches,
I made myself this pair of satin—which is
A novelty in dress—the Greeks can't bear 'em,
But times may come when e'en our wives will wear
'em !
And amongst other very useful things,
I made myself this pretty pair of wings ;

By means of which I 'scaped a king tyrannical,
 Who found my genius for him too mechanical.
 I mean old Minos here—the king of Crete,
 Whom for a hundred pounds I wouldn't meet—
 Except in this disguise—in which I doubt
 If my own mother would know that I was out.
 But here I am—'tis fit that you should know it,
 At the request of the poor trembling poet.
 Just to explain in the old classic way.
 The more intricate portions of his play.
 For of the Labyrinth you'll here inspect,
 I was the celebrated architect ;
 And if unguided through its winding ways,
 You might be all left really in a maze !
 So at great risk—for Minos would for certain
 Hang, if he caught me here behind the curtain.
 I of our story just the heads will through go,
 And from your memories rub the classical *erugo*.

SONG,—“ I remember, I remember.”

You remember, you remember, when you read Ovidius
 Naso,

A second Minos ruled in Crete, who had his cruel way so,
 That on such terms he forced the poor Athenians to treat
 The major part, with all their heart, wished he was minus
 Crete.

You remember, you remember'd this at school, you will
 allow.

If you don't—pray just remember that you don't forget it
 now.

You remember a fine labyrinth I built him for his sport.
 You may have seen one if you've been as far as Hampton
 Court.

A monster he kept in it, who was called the Minotaur,
 And half a man and half a bull, was reckoned quite a
 bore.

You remember, oh, I'm sure you do, all this you'd to
 translate,

From Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in Fable 2, Book 8.

You remember the Athenians then, to such despair Fate
drove 'em,
That they agreed each year to feed this "semi virumque
bovem."

Seven fine young men, seven nice young maids, 'twas
quite enough to tire 'em—
Consigned per annum to the jaws of this "semi bovemque
virum."

You remember the quotation—'tis from Ovid as before,
You'll find it in his Art of Love, Book 2, verse 24.

(a ship appears in sight.)

Well—there's the ship put up for sail, that passes the
next lot,

And in it comes young Theseus—but stop, here begins the
plot,

And Minos on the pier appears to see the victims land.

Whence arise misunderstandings, which I hope you'll
understand.

For remember, I've remembered thus far to remember you
If you don't, you must remember—I can't find you memory
too.

*(the scene moves, and the coast of Crete, with Pharos,
Seaport, Palace, and other buildings gradually appear ;
the quay crowded with people, guards, &c. MINOS
seated, surrounded by his court—At the same time the
ship, which has passed over the back of the stage, enters
the harbour, and THESEUS, with six other Grecian
youths and seven Grecian girls, are landed in charge of
an officer.)*

CHORUS—" Lombardi."

On our shore see the victims are landing
Athens sends us her tribute again.

For his food

To the monster her sons over-handing
In return for Androge slain.

Very good.

Of our customs no doubt they are haters,
Thus in bond to be seen hurts their pride,
And though envying e'en our tide-waiters,
They had rather be waiters untied,
So they would.

OFFICER. (L. C.) Oh, son of great Lycastes! hail and reign!
To feed your monster, Athens once again
In duty bound commands me here to render
Seven lovely virgins, warranted most tender,
And seven nice young men—for a small party,
On whom, no doubt, he'll make a dinner hearty!

MINOS. (R.) Let him alone for that—he'll soon begin it;
These will be eaten boys in half a minute;
And these dear little ducks be pretty pickings—

THESEUS. Before they're hatched 'tis wrong to count one's
chickens.

MINOS. Whose voice was that? What slave is so
facetious?

OFFICER. So please your majesty, it's Master Theseus.

MINOS. Who's he when he's at home? So much pre-
sumption

Argues a lamentable lack of gumption.

OFFICER. Dread King, he is the son of old Egeus,
By Ethra, daughter of the sage Pittheus,
Who from great Pelops—

MINOS. Bother Pelops!—say
How fell the lot on this young fellow, eh?

THESEUS. It didn't fall—I came a volunteer!

MINOS. A volunteer! There must be something queer,
I should imagine, in his upper story.

(to THESEUS) On what fool's errand cam'st thou
hither?

THESEUS. Glory!

MINOS. An errand many a fool before has run of;
And one that I have ceased to see the fun of.
When a young soldier, I had just your view of it,
But an old soldier knows a trick worth two of it!
Answer distinctly, what was it brought you here—
What did you come for to go for to do here?

THESEUS. Relieve from this poll-tax a groaning nation,
And in Greek bonds defeat your speculation.

MINOS. Indeed!—and how?

THESEUS.

By literally taking

The bull by the horns ; my life ' gainst his beef staking.

MINOS. To use a common phrase, I am afraid

'Twill be the greatest beefsteak you e'er made ;

But you shall have a speedy opportunity

Of trying—and if you 'scape with impunity—

Say that *this* Minos is no judge, whate'er

The other Minos may be—you know where.

THESEUS. My brave companions—partners of my toil,

My feelings and my fame !—The sport, I'll spoil

Of this inhuman bull in human shape,

And get you all out of this ugly scrape.

With this good arm I'll bravely tussle for you ;

"There's life in a mussel!"—and here's muscle for you!

MINOS. Off to the station-house with every sinner,

Until the monster rings his bell for dinner!

AIR.—MINOS—"Non piu andrai."

I've no doubt you're a famous bull-baiter,

But no man ever made a bull greater.

Say, good bye, to your Pater and Mater,

For you'll never see them any more;

Taken to the Monster's station,

For his special mastication.

Though you may be very brave, I

Think you will soon cry "pecavvi,"

Introduced to the Minotaur, he

Will assuage your thirst for glory.

Now upon the horns a fixture,

Of this man and Oxford mixture,

Now in air ungraceful sprawling—

Now to earth a jelly falling.

Till having beaten hollow you,

And finding more to follow you,

He'll condescend to swallow you,

As the Red Cow did Tom Thumb!

CHORUS.

“Go,” my boy, “where glory waits you,”
 Since for glory here you come!

Exeunt MINOS, GUARDS, &c., R., THESEUS, CAPTIVES,
 and OFFICERS.

Enter DÆDALUS, L. U. E.

DÆDALUS. (*advancing*) I'm sure it greatly would distress
 the ladies

Should such a brave young man dance off to Hades.

To a bull's-horn gallop—or make a feast

For any such a monstrous nasty beast.

But there's a friend at court, or I'm mistaken,

Who'll go the total hog to save his bacon.

Fair Ariadne—the king's eldest daughter,

Was at her window, and by Jove he's caught her.

Enter CUPID, R. U. E.

CUPID. (R.) No, master Dædalus—'twas not by Jove.

DÆDALUS. (L.) Discovered!

CUPID. Don't be frightened—'tis but Love.

Who, though called blind, sees all disguises through.

DÆDALUS. It is young Love!—old fellow, how d'ye do?

You won't betray me?

CUPID. When was love a traitor?

DÆDALUS. Oh! when?—I like that!—

CUPID. Sir, I am a hater

Of anything like treason. Love is Truth

If man be false, am I to blame forsooth.

'Tis Fancy, and not Love, that makes him so.

DÆDALUS. Well, there's no arguing with Love, I know.

But what of Theseus?

CUPID. Why this, you stupid,

'Twas not by Jove he caught the wench—but Cupid.

He is a great pet with my mother, Venus,

And to protect him we are bound, between us,

I count upon your aid.

DÆDALUS. On mine!—the deuce!

But, if you think that I can be of use—

He looks such a smart young lad,
 And he cast on me such an eye,
 That I really think I should go mad,
 If the dear little fellow should die.
 Oh ! love in my breast a fire, &c.

PHÆDRA, DÆDALUS, *and* CUPID.

Oh ! love in her breast a fire
 Is lighting with passion wild,
 That youth in the Grecian attire
 Exactly suits this child,
 Yes, suits, just suits,
 Exactly suits this child.

DÆDALUS. You couldn't meet a counsellor more meet,
 To lend a hand at any dextrous feat,
 A most inventive genius I possess.

ARIADNE. By your direction, then, prove your address.

PHÆDRA. If of the labyrinth we had a plan—

DÆDALUS. To give you that I am the very man.

For—'twixt ourselves—I made it—

BOIH. Made it !—you ?

ARIADNE. This is indeed important news—if true.

DÆDALUS. Upon my honour !—You are still incredulous.

But, sure as you're alive, ma'am, I am Dædalus.

PHÆDRA. Oh, Jupiter ! what wonders come to pass !

You Dædalus !

DÆDALUS. I had been dead—alas !

But for these wings, which bore me through the
 skies ;

But—apropos of wings—Time also flies.

And therefore we must seize him by the forelock ;

Here is a key will open any door-lock,

Bramah—or Chub ; next for the youth's inspection,

Here of the labyrinth, the ground plan and section.

Also a ball of cotton-twist, which through

Its winding ways will serve him for a clue.

And last—this blade, with which, if he have pluck, he

May first the bull's throat cut, and then his lucky.

QUARTETTE.—“ The Boatman dance.”—ARIADNE,
PHÆDRA, CUPID, and DÆDALUS.

ARIADNE } With joy we'll dance, with joy we'll sing,
PHÆDRA. } The brute if he can over fling.
CUPID } I never knew a pretty girl in my life,
DÆDALUS } But she wished to be a hero's wife.

SOLO.—ARIADNE.

Give him but a chance,
O give but a chance, O.
He'll take a sight
At the Bull to-night,
And go home with his pals in the morning.

TUTTI. O! Oh! away he'll row,
Going down the river in his galley O.
(closed in by

SCENE SECOND.—*A Prison.*

Enter THESEUS, R. 2 E.

THESEUS. How long, I wonder, in this horrid limbo,
Shall I be left to stand with arms a-kimbo.
(noise of a key turning in lock.

The door, L., opens, and ARIADNE appears at it.

They come to lead me to my fate, no doubt.

ARIADNE. Are you at home?

THESEUS. Would I could say—I'm over.

ARIADNE. You shall say so, whate'er the consequences.

THESEUS. Mine eyes are made the fools of my other
senses,

Or else worth all the rest!—I'll bet a pony

You are the girl I saw in the balcony.

ARIADNE. I am—and daughter of the King of Creta.

THESEUS. In Creta never was a creature sweeter!

A flood of rapture through my system rushes!

Say, is it love that brought you?

ARIADNE. Spare my blushes.

THESEUS. No—I could not spare anything so pretty.

ARIADNE. I pity you, and love's akin to pity;

And I will save you from the monster's jaws.

THESEUS. Ha!—in your will, honour has stuck her clause.

I cannot profit by the kind bequest.

I've sworn to die, or ransom all the rest.

ARIADNE. But if I brought you means the rest to ransom?

THESEUS. That would be like yourself—uncommon handsome.

ARIADNE. Take then these articles—mind you don't lose 'em.

And follow me! I'll tell you how to use 'em.

Yet stay—one moment—for my heart is beating,

To think this may be our last time of meeting.

AIR.—ARIADNE—"Jeannette and Jeannot."

You'll be going far away when the monster you've upset.

And teco from my father I instead of yam shall get.

But still I'll think of you love, wherever you may go,

Can you look me in the face, and say the same? No, no!

When you've killed the Minotaur, and no longer need my aid,

You'll pretty soon forget the fine speeches that you made.

With some lady on your arm, that you left the other side,

You'll be marching off to church with her, and making her your bride.

THESEUS. By all the gods to whom I am related;

By Neptune, who was once my father stated.

By Venus, who has always called me her man;

By mighty Hercules, my cousin-german;

By Phœbus, to whose shrine I dragged for sticking

The Bull of Marathon alive and kicking;

I swear, if out of this scrape you can get me,

To make you Mrs. Theseus—if you'll let me.

AIR.—THESEUS—" Cheer up my own Jeannette."

Cheer up—cheer up—if I'm not eat
 By this mad bull, we'll go
 To Athens, dear, across the sea,
 And there be spliced you know.
 And surely you need not be told
 To bear this truth in mind.
 That if we go together,
 You cannot be left behind.

There's not a girl on Grecian land
 That ever I have seen,
 Could cut out you, my pretty pet,
 So kind as you have been.
 Nor should I care a button,
 Had fate cast the lot on me,
 To be the monster's dinner love,
 If my *desert* you'd be.

ARIADNE. (*aside*) Methinks this gentleman protests too much.

But sure he'll keep his word, if he be such.
 Oh, yes—to doubt the darling were a sin.
 (*aloud*) Come to the labyrinth, go in and win.

DUO.—THESEUS and ARIADNE—" Norma."

Then we together will live, will die,
 Hymen's sweet bonds our hearts so tight in!
 First fighting boldly, then fighting shy,
 Taking French leave our bark so light in.

Roused is { *my* } Grecian mettle
 { *his* }
 The tough bull's hide to tan.
 Soon { *I* } the hash will settle
 { *he* }
 Of this wild Oxon man.

Exeunt L.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Labyrinth.**Enter THESEUS, with the clue, L. 2 E.*

THESEUS. Thus far into the middle of the maze,
 Through thousand doors and thousand winding ways,
 I have marched on without impediment,
 And cool as if to go to bed I meant,
 Instead of battle with a monster dread,
 My life, I may say, hanging on a thread.
 So on we goes again—to fear a stranger !
 With such a clue, I cotton to the danger.
 But here I take it does the monster dwell,
 I'll take the liberty to pull his bell.
 If at my ring he will but ope the lock,
 I warrant you he'll answer to my knock. *(rings.*

The MINOTAUR appears at gate of building, c.

MINO. (R. C.) Hollo ! what's all this row about, I wonder !

THESEUS. (L. C.) I've come to call you out.

MINO. Lightning and thunder !

A chap like you tug at my tintinabulum,
 And that, too, just when I'm in want of pabulum !
 Run, you young dog, before I masticate you.

THESEUS. I'll run at you like a bull-dog and bait you !

“ Monstrum horrendum et informe ingens,”

Prepare to get the soundest of all swingeings !

Beneath my blows this spot you shall expire on,

Though your ox-hide may be oxide of iron !

MINO. By ox-eyed Juno ! this is past belief !

Come on !—you'll not require two rounds of beef.

THESEUS. I thirst for glory—so look out, Bull-calf,

For I shall pitch into your half-and-half !

MINO. If you pitch—I can toss, as you shall find.

THESEUS. Calve's-head, I win—ox-tail you lose—behind !

DUO.—THESEUS and MINOTAUR—“ Haydn's Surprise.”

MINO. You another tale shall tell,
 These two horns shall sound your knell,
 And toss you up, my precious swell,
 Therefore mind your fool's eye !

THESEUS. Short your ox-tail I will cut
 And stave in your occiput.
 Spite of horns you'll be my butt,
 So, sir, mind your bull's eye! *Exeunt fighting, R.*

Enter ARIADNE, L. 2 E.

ARIADNE. By this time the decisive blow is struck ;
 Either the monster is by Theseus stuck,
 Or I have lost my stake in this sad broil ;
 Anxiety—thou work'st me to an oil !
 So stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
 O'er Minden's plains, spectatress of the fight.
 With this exception—there's no height for me
 To stand on—so the fight I cannot see.

AIR,—ARIADNE.—“ My Skiff is on the Shore.”

 I'm going to sea with my gallant Theseus,
 Down among the Greeks in the Peloponesus,
 Happy there we'll be, so fond and gay,
 Courting till the break of day. Tra, la, la.
 Our galley's off the shore, there on the sea,
 Oh ! kill the Minotaur, and come with me ;
 And as we paddle on, my song shall be,
 None love you better than Ariadne. Tra, la, la

Enter THESEUS, R.

THESEUS. (R.) The tyrannous and blustering bull is dead.
 And we are free and easy on that head.

ARIADNE. (C.) Victorious and unhurt ! oh, joy of joys !

THESEUS. Release the other Grecian girls and boys,
 And let us bolt.

ARIADNE. To that I'll be no bar—
 But where is Phœdra ?

Enter PHŒDRA, L.

PHŒDRA. (L.) Here !

ARIADNE. Ah ! there you are.

 My sister—(*introducing her to THESEUS*) with us we
 must carry her too.

THESEUS. (*crosses to PHŒDRA*) If you insist on it—I'll
 marry her too.

ARIADNE. (R.) By no means! we will find a spouse in Greece for her.

THESEUS. (*aside*) So young—so fair! my heart will have no peace for her!

(*aloud*) Come!

Enter DÆDALUS, L.

DÆDALUS. Stop!

THESEUS. For what?

DÆDALUS. For me.

THESEUS. For you!

ARIADNE. Oh, true!

This is the gentleman lent me the clue.

THESEUS. Indeed! it served me many a good turn,

And he deserves the others. May I learn

Your pleasure, sir? (*crosses to DÆDALUS*)

DÆDALUS. For Athens you'll set sail,

But in so long a run, your wind may fail;

And I've invented something that will do

Instead of wind.

THESEUS. Steam?

DÆDALUS. No.

THESEUS. What then?

DÆDALUS. A screw,

Which through the water will with speed propel you.

THESEUS. Zounds! Neptune won't much like that, I can tell you;

He's not so fond of steam his kingdom through driving,

And I suspect he'll never stand your screw-driving,

DÆDALUS. Let him with Eolus no tempests brew;

If either grumbles, just put on the screw.

Behold!

Enter CAPTIVES, L.

From prison I have let your crew loose;

On board—ere Minos dreams there is a screw loose.

(*Music—Exeunt* THESEUS, ARIADNE, PHÆDRA, and CAPTIVES, L.)

Enter CUPID, L.

DUET—DÆDALUS and CUPID.—“Billy Taylor.”

DÆDALUS. Master Theseus is a brisk young fellow,
Full of mirth and full of glee,
But his mind I can discover—
He'll with Phœdra make too free.

CUPID. Fiddle, diddle, dee!
“Make too free.”

DÆDALUS. Ri tol de riddle lol—well you'll see!
He will break his first engagement,
All along of that wench so sly.
But if it gets wind, his wife'll dust his jacket
When she discovers his treachery.

CUPID. Fiddle, diddle, di!
“Treachery!”

DÆDALUS. Ri tol de riddle lol—won't she cry!
Yes! when the poor creature she comes for to
know of it,
She'll very much upbraid him for what he has
done.
And she'll take up with the first lieutenant
On half pay—that comes under her thumb.

CUPID. Fiddle, diddle dum
“Under her *thumb!*”

DÆDALUS. Well, that rhyme is rather rum!

CUPID. Well, I'm their Bowswain—so here goes, my boy,
To pipe all handy winds and waves ahoy!
(waves his bow and exits, L.)

*(The scene changes, gradually discovering the Sea Shore.
Group of NYMPHS, NEREIDS, TRITONS, ETC., and the
Galley under Weigh, with THESEUS, ARIADNE,
PHÆDRA, and CUPID on board—Grand Tableau, and*

END OF ACT FIRST.

A C T S E C O N D .

SCENE FIRST.—*A Grotto on the Sea Shore in the Island of Naxos.*

Enter DÆDALUS, R.

DÆDALUS. Well, there's nothing like wings—as you'd find, if you wore 'em.

Here am I, in the island of Naxos before 'em.

Although, ere I started, they'd cleared out of dock, I'm sure a full hour—"by Shrewsbury clock."

That precious young scamp, Master Cupid, would go with them,

And, one way or other, he'll tamper. I know, with them.

Here they come, sure enough in the captain's own gig,

With Cupid for coxswain—and there! dash my wig!

If the rogue isn't poor Ariadne diverting.

While Theseus with Phœdra is shamefully flirting!

And then the young villain says—oh, dear! he never Was guilty of treason! well, well—if I ever!

However—of mine it's no business—that's clear,

Only there'll be a pretty row presently here,

And how to ward off, or to heal the dissension,

Is something beyond e'en my my powers of invention.

Enter CUPID, R.

DÆDALUS. So, my fine fellow—you're at your old game.

CUPID. What game?

DÆDALUS. Cross-purposes! oh, fie for shame!
To think of shooting Phœdra!

CUPID. You be shot!

DÆDALUS. I'm much obliged to you—I'd rather not.

CUPID. If she be wounded, 'twas by accident ;

My bow was not at all on mischief bent.

DÆDALUS. I wish for her beau I could say as much.

CUPID. Besides, I told her not the string to touch.

DÆDALUS. Because you know she'd then be sure to do it.

You're a nice boy—I don't think—but you'll rue it.

And so will Theseus for his vile ingratitude,

Fifty degrees out of all decent latitude.

CUPID. Ingratitude to whom?

DÆDALUS. His life-preserver!

Fair Ariadne, who with so much fervour

Loves him. But I will give her warning.

CUPID. You!

You'll stop the piece, remember, if you do!

DÆDALUS. The pièce!

CUPID. Of course ; such inconsiderate chatter

Would end the plot.

DÆDALUS. Ah, that's another matter.

DUO.—DÆDALUS and CUPID—"Clari."

DÆDALUS. Little Love, you're a mischievous boy,

And every one's peace *you* destroy.

I would take you, you wicked chap you !

If I were your mother, and slap you.

CUPID & DÆDALUS. } Fal lal de ral, &c.

CUPID. 'Tis false, there is no mischief in me,
But all the world wishes to win me,
And when by their own fault they lose me,
They think they can't too much abuse me.

CUPID & DÆDALUS. { Tra la de ral, &c. *Exeunt, I.*

Enter THESEUS, ARIADNE, and PHÆDRA, R.

THESEUS. (c.) Sweet Ariadne—I am sure you're weary.
Suppose you take a nap?

ARIADNE. (R.) No thank you, dearv.

PHÆDRA. I'm sure you'd better—I'll watch whilst you sleep.

THESEUS. And I with Phœdra company will keep.

In this deep cave, (*crosses to L. U. E.*) dug by no mortal hand,

I'll spread my paletôt for you on the sand,

My carpet bag shall that dear head sustain—

PHÆDRA. My victorine shall be your counterpane.

ARIADNE. Well—I will do as kindly you advise,

For a few moments I'll just shut my eyes.

THESEUS. (*aside*) If to my conduct you'd do so for life,

I could'nt wish for a more charming wife.

But after marriage, any bet I'll make,

The woman will be always wide awake.

DUO.—THESEUS and ARIADNE—"Lullaby."

ARIADNE. Softly slumbering near the ocean,

Ariadne now will lie ;

Whilst her love with fond devotion,

Soothes her with a lullaby.

Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

THESEUS. Softly slumbering near the ocean ;

Ariadne now will lie ;

Having not the slightest notion,

Of the dodge I mean to try.

Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

THESEUS. (*aside*) She's fast already—I must not be slow.

(*drawing PHÆDRA to the front of the stage.*)

I've much to say to you.

PHÆDRA. You don't say so !

THESEUS. Hush!—you can guess why hither I have brought her.

PHÆDRA. You said you must put in to wood and water,

And she'd rest here to-night.

THESEUS. And when go hence ?

PHÆDRA To-morrow—as she purposes.

THESEUS. Nonsense !

Oh, never shall the sun that morrow see.

PHÆDRA. What can you mean ? Is this our home to be ?

THESEUS. Thy face, my Phædra, I've but in to look,

And find that it much better suits my book,

Than Ariadne's.

PHÆDRA. Oh, fie! you can't mean it;
Or if you do, I wish you'd never seen it.

THESEUS. From the first moment that you met my sight,
I felt that it was over with me quite!

Your image took the place of her's my heart in,
You're fair as day—she's dark as Day and Martin.

PHÆDRA. Remember, 'tis my sister you are blacking;
I ought to blush, but feel the power is lacking.

THESEUS. Oh, brush with me, and you shall shine in
Greece,

At Athens' highly-polished court!

PHÆDRA. Ah, cease
To tempt me with this flummery and frippery,
Young men, all over Greece, must needs be slippery.
Besides, you haven't known me long enough
To love me.

THESEUS. Long enough to love you—stuff!
Love's not a flower in a garden plot,
That must be watered with a watering pot,
That long preparing for a blow out you see,
That takes its time to blossom, like Miss Lucy.
A nod—a wink—a fresh eye—or a new lip,
And in a jiffey—there you are my tulip!

AIR.—THESEUS—"Come o'er the Sea."

Come o'er the sea,
Pretty Miss Phœ,
Ariadne leave to doze,
You are my prize,
Your lovely eyes,
Out of joint have put her nose.
I'll hang or drown, if with me you start not.
My blessing thou art, I'm blest if thou art not.
So come o'er to Ce-
cropia, with me.
Ariadne leave to doze.
You are my prize,
Your lovely eyes
Out of joint have put her nose.
Some may think me
Rather too free,

Talking in this kind of tone.
 "Hang him," they'll say,
 "That's just his way,
 He never will leave the girls alone."
 But I can prove that I now have done so.
 For in this island I surely leave one so.
 Then come o'er, &c.

PHÆDRA. It is no use 'gainst love and fate to strive !
 Sweet Theseus !—I am yours—so look alive.
 For Athens quickly get your sails unfurled,
 I'll follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
 Unhappy sister !—you'll be much offended,
 To find I've run away with your intended.
 But search through history, and I suspect
 You'll find it's classical—though not correct !

THESEUS. Adieu—adieu !—my bride that's not to be —
 I leave you my paletôt and sac-de-nuit.
 To other climates my own trunk I bear,
 And give the sack to one I well can spare !

AIR.—THESEUS—"The Minstrel Boy."
 Your Grecian boy to his bark is gone,
 When you wake you'll be puzzled to find him.
 To his father's court he has cut and run,
 And has left his baggage behind him ;
 And says, "Who likes may marry thee,
 But I'm for no such slavery ;
 For love has ne'er such charms for me
 As when spiced with a little bit of knavery."

Exit, R.

Enter DÆDALUS, L.

DÆDALUS. Alas, I told you so !—and there—by Jupiter !
 They've hoisted at the fore the Blue Peter.
 Up goes the anchor—the ship's under weigh,
 When Ariadne wakes, what will she say ?
 In this dark cavern left alone to dwell,
 As in a dungeon !—what a shocking cell !
 Now o'er one half the world, nature seems dead,
 And wicked dreams confuse the sleeper's head.
 I'd one just now—left me in trepidation,
 A most astonishing conglomeration.

SONG,—DÆDALUS.

I'm still in a flutter—I scarcely can utter,
The words to my tongue that come dancing—come
dancing,
I've had such a dream—that I'm sure it must seem
To incredulous ears like romancing—romancing.
No doubt it was brought on by that Madame Warton,
Who muddled me quite with her models—her
models,
Or Madame Tussaud, who in wax-work can show
Of all possible people the noddles—the noddles.
I dreamt I was walking with Homer, and talking
The very best Greek I was able—was able.
When Guy, Earl of Warwick, with Johnson and
Garrick,
Would dance a Scotch Reel on the table—the
table,
Then Hannibal rising declared 'twas surprising
That gentlemen made such a riot—a riot,
And sent in a bustle to beg Lord John Russell
Would hasten and make 'em all quiet—all quiet.
He came and found Cato at cribbage with Plato,
And Zimmerman playing the fiddle—the fiddle.
And snatching a rapier from Admiral Napier,
Ran Peter the Great through the middle—the
middle.
Then up jump'd Alboni, and looked at Belzoni,
Who sat by her side like a mummy—a mummy.
But pious Æneas said "This mustn't be, as
I never play whist with a dummy—a dummy."
I am almost perplexed to say what I saw next,
But I think it was Poniatowski—atowski
Who was driving Nell Gwynne with Commissioner
Lin,
Over Waterloo Bridge in a drosky—a drosky.
When Sardanapalus, who thought fit to hail us,
Remarked it was very cold weather—cold weather!
And flinging his jasey at Prince Esterhazy,
They both began waltzing together—together.
The news next was spread, that Queen Dido was dead,
And Alderman Gibbs in a huff, sir—a huff, sir,

Had seized Lola Montes, at Fribourg and Pontet's,
For feeding her bulldog with snuff, sir—with snuff,
sir.

Whilst Bunn in a hurry ran off to the Surrey,
And clapped Abdel-Kader in irons—in irons,
And engaged Julius Cæsar to play Adelgiza,
To Widdicomb's Lady of Lyons—of Lyons.

I caught up a candle, and whispered to Handel,
There must be an end of the matter—the matter.
When bang through the skylight, came down upon my
light

Lord Brougham with a deuce of a clatter—a clatter.
In terror I woke—crying “this is no joke,”
And jump'd smack out of bed, like King Priam—
King Priam.

And I've but to remark—if you're still in the dark,
That you're not a bit worse off than I am—than I am.

ARIADNE. (*within*) My Theseus!

DÆDALUS. Her voice! here'll be a shindy!

ARIADNE. Phædra! it's very dark, and very windy.

Enter ARIADNE, L.

Why have you left me here without a light?

I've had the nightmare, and I'm in a fright.

Methought my Theseus was beset with thieves,

I grasped his arms—they were but his coat sleeves.

DÆDALUS. (*aside*) Alas! he's laughing in his sleeve at
you!

ARIADNE. Where are you, Theseus? Answer me! pray
do!

DÆDALUS. He's got enough to answer for—that's plain.

ARIADNE. Diana! take a rise out of the main;

That by thy beam my spouse I may discover,
Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover!

AIR.—ARIADNE.—“Rise, Gentle Moon.”

I just laid down here beside the broad billow,

A coat for my bed, and a bag for my pillow—

He's hurried off—he's hurried off, where I cannot
discover—

Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover.

The moon rises, DIANA seated in it—she sings.

Would that my light could shew something to soothe thee,

Lighter than me—has his conduct been to thee!

With another girl he the blue sea rows over—

Light is the loss, sure, of so light a lover,

Gentle maid. *(the moon enters a mist.)*

ARIADNE. Fled with another! me, his wife forsaking!

DÆDALUS. "The devil's in the moon for mischief-making."

ARIADNE, Theseus return! perfidious as unkind;

You've left both bag and baggage here behind!

Ho! change your course—it's anything but proper;

What ship ahoy! for love's sake back her! stop her!

DÆDALUS. I pity her with all my heart, poor soul—

ARIADNE. Ah! I will stick his paletôt on a pole,

And wave it from yon mountain's scraggy summit.

Exit R.

DÆDALUS. 'Twill be no go, though very strong she'll come it.

Enter CUPID, L.

The woman's wits you'll certainly unsettle;

Of fish, you must own, here's a pretty kettle.

CUPID. Fish! there's as good fish always in the sea

As you take out of it—leave all to me.

Whom love has wounded, love alone can cure;

I've got a spouse for her.

DÆDALUS. Don't make too sure;

A mate has no charms for one so check-mated.

CUPID. Oh, by my friend she'll be intoxicated.

DÆDALUS. What! will he out of Theseus take the shine?

CUPID. Completely; spirit, sparkling—form, divine!

DÆDALUS. Rich?

CUPID. There's no saying sometimes what he's worth.

DÆDALUS. And powerful?

CUPID. Few so powerful on earth.

DÆDALUS. Well, if you can bring such a match about—

CUPID. Can! why, with Love can there be any doubt?

DÆDALUS. You're mighty clever in your own opinion.

CUPID. Clever! who does not bow to my dominion?

What can I not do? and where am I not?
 You know what's said of me by Walter Scott.
 In peace: love tunes a pipe, Sweet as Gardoni;
 In war: he mounts a horse, à la Franconi!
 In courts of crowned heads he is the crony;
 In hamlets, dances like a Taglioni!
 Love rules, the court, the camp, the railway-station,
 And gods above, and men of every nation!
 For heaven is love, and love is—

DÆDALUS. Botheration!
Don't stand here making such a long oration,
But introduce me to your friend.
CUPID. With pleasure!
I only fear you'll like him beyond measure.

AIR—CUPID.—“ Il Segreto.”

A rare master he is of the revels,
And the sworn foe of all the blue devils !
He the wonderful secret possesses,
Of assuaging all earthly distresses.
He can dry up the salt tear of sorrow,
Leave the grumbler no last word to say.
Make the poor man forget that to-morrow
Will be (sure as it comes) quarter day !—
Could he but tell him where he might borrow,
The cash he is called on to pay !
While you thus by his aid lose your trouble,
Every pleasure you sometimes see double ;
And though cynics are found who abuse him,
He hurts none but those who misuse him.
With his drops I have known him soothe pain,
Which hydropathy couldn't allay.
And a friend with a very bad sprain, sir,
In a polka send whirling away !
But I won't say he didn't complain, sir,
Of the headache he had the next day.

SCENE SECOND.—*A Mountain Top.*

Enter ARIADNE, R., with a paletot on the top of a pole.

ARIADNE. 'Tis all in vain—his ship is nearly hull-down,
And I am left to die upon this dull down.

O, wilder than the wildest of wild men, are!
 More savage than the savagest hyena!
 Oh, perjured wretch, to cut off in your cutter,
 And leave me here with neither bread nor butter!
 Oh, had I but a boat to row to Crete in!
 Yet there a foe my father I should meet in!
 Isle of the hundred cities, which was my nurse,
 Fair Crete, where Jupiter was once at dry nurse!
 Beloved cliffs, where as an infant lone
 I walked your chalks, before I walked my own.
 Why did I leave you for a faithless sinner,
 Who but for me had been a monster's dinner?
 Oh worse than monster to leave me in trouble:
 Talk of the Minotaur as being double!
 You who could thus a trusting maid trepan,
 Are more a brute, and less a gentleman!

RECITATIVE AND AIR—ARIADNE. "Il Pirata."

He's gone—he's mizzled—the wretch I saved from
 slaughter.
 He's bolted with my sister—to Greece, across the
 water;
 Though he vow'd he'd to *me* stick—like bricks and
 mortar!

Who'd have thought, scarce one day a'ter
 He swore I was his deary,
 Upon this coast so dreary,
 He'd cut me—he'd cut me to the core.
 But soon I'll seek my tomb—ah!
 And that, false-hearted gent—he
 May when too late repent—he
 Can find but the bones of his rib on the shore!
 The bones of his rib on the shore. *Exit L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Vines, before the Temple of
 Bacchus.*

*Grand march and triumphant entry of BACCHUS, R. U. E.,
 returning from the Indian War.*

BACCHUS. Here, from the Indian war, return'd victorious,
 I mean to get particularly glorious.

Put up my tigers, and fill up the bowls,
 We'll make a day of it, my jolly souls.
A fig for Mars! If contests there must be,
 This is the field, and these the arms for me!
 Pleased, I discharge my pistol for a flask,
 Put off my helm, and get upon my cask.
 Blow gunpowder and shot, in every shape,
 And pour me in a shower of my own grape!
 "Ultima ratio regum" is all fun,
 No reason like the raisin' of the sun!
 There, in close order, hang the tempting masses.
 And so—"Up lads and at 'em"—charge your glasses.
*(Music. — The BACCHANALS, &c., gather the grapes,
 and press them into the goblets)*

AIR AND CHORUS.—**BACCHUS, &c.**—"Der Frieschutz."

BACCHUS. Up and at 'em, lads and lasses!
 To their muzzles charge your glasses!
 Drink and shout "Victoria!"
 Hip, hip, hip!—hurrah, hurrah!
 Bacchus leads you!—ha, ha, ha!

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Bravo, Bacchus!—ha, ha, ha!

BACCHUS. Talk of chloroform and æther!
 Balm for pain I fancy neither—
 Here's the true Panacea
 In this goblet! Æther?—Psha!
 Wine for ever!—Ha, ha, ha!

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Bravo, Bacchus!—ha, ha, ha!

*(BACCHUS sits on a barrel, at the R. table, on which are
 cups and tankards, placed for him by SATYRS)*

BALLET.

Enter CUPID and DÆDALUS, L. U. E.

CUPID. There sits the bridegroom.

DÆDALUS. He astride the tun?
 Why zounds!—that must be Bacchus!

CUPID. Ay—the son
 Of Semele, who flared up so for Jove
 What do you think of him?

DÆDALUS.

His port I love !

CUPID. I'll introduce you. (*advancing*) Bacchus, how d'ye do ?

BACCHUS. Cupid, my boy !—who thought of seeing you !

CUPID. Why, love and wine give zest to one another.

BACCHUS. You're right—I'm glad to see you. How's your mother ?

CUPID. Complains of cold.

BACCHUS. No doubt—with seas between us,
We all know, without Bacchus "frigit Venus."Her better health ! (*drinks*) You'll join us ?(*table taken from B., placed in C. of stage.*)

CUPID.

I intend.

I took the liberty to bring a friend.

(*presenting DÆDALUS.*)

BACCHUS. The more the merrier !—Sit down, my good man.

My foster dad, Silenus—my friend, Pan.

(*introducing them to DÆDALUS.*)

Wine here !—your health !

CUPID. (*aside to DÆDALUS*) He's set in for a soaking.

BACCHUS. Here's pipe—and baccy—if you're fond of smoking.

DÆDALUS. You're very kind—permit me to refuse.

(*aside to CUPID*) Yonder's the sort of Bacchæ I should choose. (*pointing to BACCHANTES*)

BACCHUS. Come—bumpers round ! No day-lights—let's be cozy !

(*dances*) A song—a dance !—Ho, music ! Play up, Nosy !BACCHUS. (*to DÆDALUS*) Now, Mr. What-d'ye call, I call on you

To sing a song, or tell a story.

CUPID.

Do !

DÆDALUS. Me !—sing !—I can't.

CUPID.

You can sing very well.

And heaven knows, what a story you can tell !

DÆDALUS. You mean about—

CUPID. Of course—(*aside to him*) it's just the season.

You try with rhyme, and I will try with reason.

BACCHUS. Now—silence !—sir, for you we're all attention !

DÆDALUS. Well—it's a fact I am about to mention.

So you'll excuse the real names. To scandal
I should be sorry to afford a handle.

The hero—of a great nob—is the nobby son—

BACCHUS. Oh, call him anything you please—Jack
Robi'son !

DÆDALUS. Jack Robi'son ?—oh, well with all my heart.

BACCHUS. Come, fire away ! Pan, pitch the note—now
start !

SONG.—DÆDALUS—" Jack Robinson."

The perils and dangers of the voyage past,
The ship in port here arrived at last.
The captain of her he was a rayther fast
Young fellow of the name of Jack Robi'son.
He brought with him a fine young woman ashore,
Who had got him out of a mess before ;
And was now his messmate because he swore
That he'd make her, honour bright, Mrs. Jack Robi'-
son.

But this young woman's sister was with 'em d'ye see,
And the captain, he says to her, " my dear," says he,
" Shall we cut and run together ? " and by jingo, she
Said " yes ! " instead of " no ! " to Jack Robi'son.

So away they went together aboard the ship,
And were soon under sail—and over his flip,
" There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip ! "
Says this precious young rip, Jack Robi'son.

Now, poor Mrs. Jack, she had laid her down
In the arms of Morpheus her cares to drown.
Not dreaming she was done so uncommonly brown
By her good-for-nothing sister, and Jack Robi'son.
But when she woke up, as night did fall,
You may guess there was soon a pretty squall ;
" My eyes ! " says she, " why, I can't see Jack at all ! "
And she screeched and she shouted, " Hey ! Jack
Robi'son ! "

Then the tell-tale moon arose to state
That Jack was off ; for he couldn't wait !
" Why, you don't mean to say, that he's got another
mate ? "

" Indeed I do," says the Moon to Mrs. Robi'son.

"The wretch," says she, "while you were a-bed,
With somebody else has somewhere fled ;
And you'll read in some newspaper, as how you are
dead !"

"Why, I've not been dead at all!" says Mrs. Robi'son.

Then she met a man, and she says, "I say !"

"Mayhap you can tell which road they went away ?
It was somewhere here about." The man said "Nay—
Indeed I cannot!" to Mrs. Jack Robi'son.

"But to fret and stew about it now is all in vain ;
So you'd better take and go to Holland, France, or
Spain,

For it arn't of any use your running after him again,
As he's got another Mrs. Jack Robi'son."

Then the poor creature sank down upon the grass,
And she wrung her hands and she cried "Alas !"

That ever I should come to such a shocking pass,
To be sold by such a fellow as Jack Robi'son !"

Now, young ladies, all take warning by her fate, I pray,
And don't believe a word what the young chaps say ;
But insist on being married in the regular way,
Or they'll be off before you can say "Jack Robi'son."

BACCHUS. The saddest story that I ever heard.

DÆDALUS. True, every bit of it—upon my word.

CUPID. It happened here, upon this very island.

DÆDALUS. This very day—

BACCHUS. A lady left on my land !—

CUPID. Without a friend—or penny in her purse
To buy a drop of comfort !

BACCHUS. How ?—My curse

Upon the villain ! Leave the girl to sink

For want of cash to buy a drop of drink !

And whil'st we're swimming in good claret here,
She may be driven to a watery bier !

Run !—those that can—and seek her out—poor soul !

We'll drown her sorrows in our own deep bowl !

I'd run myself—but don't much think I could.

Exeunt several BACCHANTE, L.

DÆDALUS. Kind Bacchus—who shall say that wine's not
good ?

CUPID. I say, (*to BACCHUS*) why don't you marry?

BACCHUS. Well, some day,

When I am very drunk—perhaps I may.

DÆDALUS (*aside*) He's not far off, then, a united state.

CUPID. Why, till you're very tipsy, should you wait,
Before you enter on a married life?

BACCHUS. Because—I think—to venture on a wife,

One must be much in love—or much in liquor.

CUPID. Well, much in love you scarcely could be quicker.

*Re-enter the BACCHANTE, bearing ARIADNE, L.—CUPID
shoots BACCHUS.*

There—what d'ye say to that?

BACCHUS. Oh, the deuce take you!

CUPID. If now you're not in love, nothing can make you.

BACCHUS. I'm shot right through the heart! A goddess,
surely!

CUPID. Ought to be one—

DÆDALUS. How are you?

BACCHUS. Very poorly.

CUPID. You have no wound but what her smiles can
heal.

ARIADNE. Ogygian Bacchus, at thy feet I kneel.

BACCHUS. Rise, madam. Queen of such a world of charms,

We here salute you with presented arms!

This gentleman has told us your sad story,

To cheer your heart, we should esteem a glory.

I whining hate, though God of Wine I am,

Your real pain I'll drown in floods of *cham*.

ARIADNE. An action, worthy sir, of generous wine.

BACCHUS. Fair dame, I cannot make you more divine;

But if you'll condescend my throne to share,

You never more shall know a worldly care.

ARIADNE. Alas! but won't the wicked world be thinking

That I was crossed in love, and took to drinking.

BACCHUS. Let the world wag, and don't you be a sappy,

For what's the odds, as long as you are happy!

ARIADNE. May I believe you?—I've been once so sold!

BACCHUS. "In vino veritas;" the priest behold!

I've my own license—here's the ring, you gipsy!

ARIADNE. Then here's my hand.

BACCHUS.

With joy I now am tipsy !

ARIADNE. But Theseus—

BACCHUS.

The Jack who left his Jill—

CUPID. Oh, he has had a precious trip down hill!

The scene opens at the back, and discovers

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Infernal Regions.*

THESEUS is seen seated on a rock.

See where in Tartarus 'twixt pitchy Styx

And fiery Phlegethon, he's in a fix.

Stuck to a stone, which as his heart is hard,

For such inconstancy a fit reward.

DÆDALUS. To earth he couldn't e'en his tricks confine,

But stole down stairs to flirt with Proserpine ;

But grim King Pluto found what he was arter,

And so in Tartarus he caught a Tartar!

AIR.—THESEUS—"Sitting on a Rail."

Old Charon rowed me o'er the Styx,

But Pluto caught me at my tricks—

And Justice Minos did me fix,

In this infernal jail,

Sitting on a rail of rocks I weep and wail !

Will no one be my bail? O, pity my sad tale!

For Proserpine I angled, but

She wouldn't bite, the cunning slut!

The Styx I'd cross'd, I couldn't cut—

So here they did me nail!

Sitting on a rail of rocks I weep and wail !

If I Old Scratch

Could only catch—

I'd pull him by the tail!

BACCHUS. It serves you right.

THESEUS. I'm not the only goose

Who for a woman has gone' to the deuce!

Where Orpheus sought Eurydice's well known,

DÆDALUS. Yes, but the wife he went for was his own.

You sought another's—that's the rock you split on.

THESEUS. But this is such a horrid rock to sit on.

Love, intercede for me, I do implore.

CUPID. Well, will you never act so any more?

THESEUS. I can't say that; because if all goes right,
I hope to act the same to-morrow night.

CUPID. You would come out again—like Don Giovanni?

THESEUS. Yes, if I could but get permission—can I?

CUPID. Try; you're at liberty upon parole.

THESEUS. (*rising, and advancing*) Ladies and—

BACCHUS. Stop, I haven't said the whole
Of what I've got to say.

THESEUS. Let me conclude it.

Our play is done—if you have kindly view'd it,

Your praise will shed a lustre round the name

Of Ariadne and her fickle flame;

Which may for many a merry evening shine,

And like her starry crown (which hands divine

Hung in the skies—the wandering seaman's mark)

Into safe harbour guide our little bark.

Do you protect, whatever ills attack us,

We ask no better friends than you to *Bacchus*!

*The scene changes, and discovers the constellation of the
Crown of Ariadne.*

FINALE.—CHORUS—"The Eclipse Polka."

CHORUS. Join your hands and theirs,

Banish all our cares—

Pass the wine,

And don't decline

To drink success to our affairs.

Bacchus 'twould delight,

Bumpers ev'ry night

Here to view,

For filled by you

Our cup of joy, indeed, is bright.

THESEUS. E'en that most inconstant swain,

Theseus never more would range.

Of your favour, justly vain,

He ne'er wishes for a change.

ARIADNE. Placed amongst the starry skies

Ariadne's crown may shine,

But the crown for which she sighs,

Is the wreath your hands entwine.

CHORUS. Join your hands, &c.

CURTAIN.