

Whether the Uncle made confession,  
 I have never heard them say—  
 You can fill up the rest at your own discretion—  
 Fiddle, iddle iddle iddle, I fol-lay !

[PLUTO *who has been dozing during the story, wakes up, and comes forward with Eurydice.*]

EURYDICE. Bravo ! Encore !

PLUTO. The audience think, no doubt,  
 Your "link of sweetness," rather "long drawn out."  
 Be off !

ORPHEUS. And take my wife ?

PLUTO. You ask in vain !

ORPHEUS. Then I must sing my little song again.

PLUTO. Pray don't distress yourself—I'd rather wait—  
 I'll take your *note* at three months after date.

ORPHEUS. Be serious, answer!—For we've sworn to go,  
*Plus-tard*, at any rate,—if not *plus-tôt* !

[*Threatens to play fiddle.*]

PLUTO. No ! no more music—keep that fiddle steady !  
 Go to the —, I forgot, you're there already !  
 And "stand not on the order of your going" ! Stay,  
 I am an ass ! That's in another play !  
 But never mind.

EURYDICE, L. C. One fond embrace—one more !  
 And then we're off.

[ORPHEUS and EURYDICE *Embrace. Enter PROSERPINE and CHARON, R., the THREE FATES, L.*]

CHARON. My boat is on the shore !

PROSERPINE. And so you're off. Goodbye. A pleasant trip !  
 A host of friends will see you to the ship.

[*Aside.*]

And a good riddance truly!—for I find  
 She's too good-looking for my peace of mind.  
 Abuse is always ready to my tongue,—  
 It's most impertinent to look so young.

[*Aloud to PLUTO.*]

And you've relented—