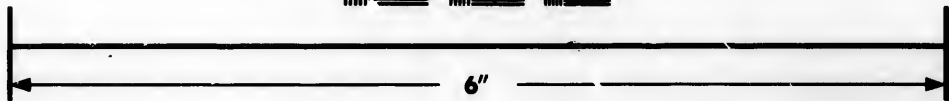
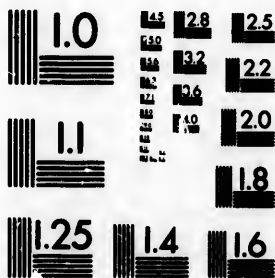


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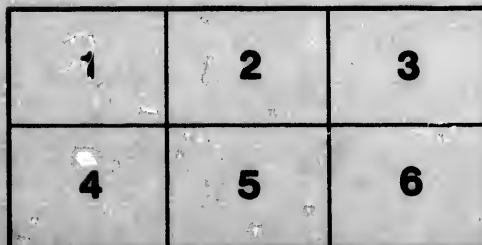
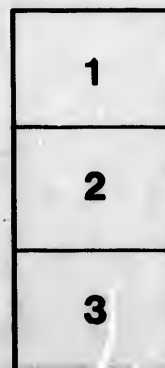
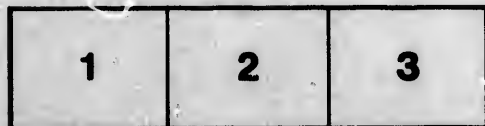
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ORPHEUS  
AND  
EURYDICE

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A CLASSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

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BY  
SAM SCRIBBLE

*Author of "DOLORSOLATIO," "NOT DEAD YET," "KING OF THE BEAVERS," &c., &c., &c*

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# ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

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## CHARACTERS.

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PLUTO, *King of Orcus, Erebus, Styx, and their dependencies.*

APOLLO, *a walking gentleman from Olympus.*

ORPHEUS, *the Wandering Minstrel of the Period.*

CHARON, *a boatman, never out of work.*

PROSERPINE, *a Queen of a certain age, and uncertain temper.*

EURYDICE, *a young Lady torn from her husband, and taken from Lempriere.*

CLOTHO, }  
LACHESIS, } *The three Fates—The three weird sisters, or Spinning*  
ATROPOS, } *Jennies, of Classical Literature.*

SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES, GHOSTS, &C., &C.

*The SCENE lies HERE and THERE.*

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Thessaly.*

SCENE II.—*In the Bowels of the Earth.*

SCENE III.—*In the Infernal Regions.*



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# ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

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## SCENE I.

*A Pastoral Landscape. The Plains of Thessaly.*

[SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES discovered.]

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS.—AIR—“SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.”

Our Thessaly is a sunny clime,  
Where we work all day in the summer time;  
But all our work is, at rest to lie,  
Under the shade, till the day slips by.

So early in the morning,  
So early in the morning,  
So early in the morning,  
We, band of Shepherds gay!

[ORPHEUS is heard crying, “*Eurydice! Eurydice!*” R. U. E. answered by Echo. SHEPHERDS listening]

1st SHEPHERD, R.C. Away! here’s Orpheus! that unhappy swain,  
Who’s always calling for his wife in vain.

1st SHEPHERDESS. The poor young man! But why make such a  
bother?

It’s not impossible to get another!

2nd SHEPHERD. There’s no one worthy to replace his treasure.

2nd SHEPHERDESS. For my part, I’d be *Number two* with pleasure!

1st SHEPHERD. At mortal female he disdains to look.

1st SHEPHERDESS. I’ll try to catch him, though, by hook or crook!

[ORPHEUS rushes on wildly from R. U. E. SHEPHERDS retire.]

ORPHEUS. Eurydice! she’s deaf!—and I’ve no choice

But to persist in ruining my voice.

By day or night, one song I never cease.

Poor Echo never gets a moment’s peace.

Eurydice ! But, O ! *in vain I bawl !*  
 She still refuses to *return my call !*  
 Yet one small comfort to myself I claim,  
 From crying nothing but that one sweet name,  
 Though such monotony may be a bore,  
 At any rate, I'm sure of an *encore !*

[Enter APOLLO, L. 2. E. with a fiddle. He remains at back listening.]

AIR—NURSERY RHYME—"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

ORPHEUS. Sorrow so deep,  
 Won't let me sleep.  
 I don't know where to find her !  
 If I let her alone,  
 She'll never come home.

APOLLO, L. [*suddenly*] What a fool you are to mind her !

ORPHEUS. And who are you ?

APOLLO. A friend !—so stop your sighs.

Apollo ! dropped this moment from the skies.

ORPHEUS. Give me *Eurydice*.

APOLLO. You're too absurd

*Your idiocy, I think, is more the word.*

ORPHEUS. Unfeeling Phœbus, you my hopes destroy.

APOLLO. You've only lost your wife, I wish you joy.

[*Shakes hands.*]

ORPHEUS. No ! Phœbus ! not so lightly can you sever,

My heart from other days, gone by for ever !

[*à la Othello.*]

Adieu, ye hats, the latest fashion made for,

Ye wondrous bonnets,—that I hav'nt paid for !

Adieu, the waterfall, on that sweet head

. That *died for love*,—its jet black hair to red !

Goodbye, "SANS-FLECTUM CRINOLINES !" and farewell,

Ye "SPECIAL NOVELTIES,"—that did'nt wear well !

Cosmetics ! *blanc de perle* ! and ev'ry mess

That makes the pomf and circumstance of dress !

DUET—AIR—"YANKEE DOODLE."

APOLLO. Oh, you Noodle, cease to groan—

Quite a trifle, this is—  
 You to Pluto must go down,  
 If you want your *missis*,  
 Oh, you Noodle, not a word,  
 More with you I'll bandy,

[*offering fiddle.*]

Take this, for I know, you will  
 Find the fiddle handy!

ORPHEUS. Thankye! Noodle's not the name,  
 I expect from you, Sir!

APOLLO. You only have yourself to blame,  
 Your *Missis'* if you lose, Sir!

ORPHEUS. Thankye! Noodle's not my name,—  
 I don't understand ye!  
 Tell me, how I ever can,  
 Find the fiddle handy.

(*Together.*)

APOLLO,	{	Oh, you Noodle, not a word.
ORPHEUS,	{	Thankye! Noodle's not my name.
APOLLO,	{	More with you, I'll bandy.
ORPHEUS,	{	I don't understand ye!
APOLLO,	{	Take this, for I know you will,
ORPHEUS,	{	Tell me how I ever can,
APOLLO,	{	Find the fiddle handy!
ORPHEUS,	{	Find the fiddle handy!

[*Dance.*]

APOLLO. Armed with this fiddle you can make your way  
 To Hades, and without a cent to pay—  
 You'll just catch Charon's ferry-boat, or you  
 Can paddle, if you like, your own canoe—  
 Demand your wife—for when you sing, I know,  
 Pluto will cry "Move on",—and then, you go—  
 ORPHEUS. But where's the road?

[*APOLLO stamps on ground. Trap opens.*]

APOLLO. The road? down there, old chap!

ORPHEUS [*Aside.*] It strikes me this look rather like a trap.

APOLLO. With music you so long have charmed us here,  
Try this new opening in another sphere.

ORPHEUS. That way's beneath me, and my pride is bent  
On smiling at your "claims of long descent."

APOLLO. Think of your wife!

ORPHEUS. If I'm to find who stole  
My better half give me a better hole!

APOLLO. There, down you go—no danger—not a bit!

[ORPHEUS gets on Trap.]

ORPHEUS. I always was a fav'rite with the Pit!

[ORPHEUS half down.]

Here goes! So with respectful thanks I'll follow  
The kind advice you offer me, Apollo!

[Crash. Trap closes. SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES rush in.  
Tableau.]

FINALE TO SCENE—AIR, "I'm off to Charlestown."

APOLLO. c. Come listen to me, rustics, I a trifle have to say, [play,  
Young Orpheus has gone down below while you have been at  
And there are some among your band, unless I greatly err,  
Who thought our friend just gone downstairs to be a widower.

Orpheus has gone down,

All coquetry scorning,

Orpheus has gone down, but doesn't mean to stay—  
Spite of little Shepherdesses setting all their caps at him,  
Orpheus has gone down to fetch his wife away.

CHORUS. Orpheus has gone down, &c., &c.

[Dance till Scene closes.]

## SCENE II.

*A Rocky Cavern in the Bowels of the Earth.*

[*Enter ORPHEUS very Disconsolate down Rocks L.*]

ORPHEUS. The road to Orcus in the Poet's story  
Is plain and straighter than the nose before ye;  
But if reality you wish to see,  
Allow me to observe, "just look at me!"

AIR—"THE LOST CHILD."

[*N.B.—The first four lines to be sung to the chant.*]

ORPHEUS. O, will no one come to help me? I'm a lost Orpheus  
sure as fate!

And I've brought this on myself all through being too affectionate!

Will no one come? but they couldn't find me, if they did, so far away—

For a man as is lost in the Bowels of the Earth is like a heedle in a bundle of hay!

Oh! my clothes are very badly torn—

My poor old legs are nearly gone—

I wish I never had been born—

I've lost, I've lost my way!

ORPHEUS. Thus buried in the Earth, in vain I may  
Attempt a Geological Survey.

[*Gropes about and stumbles over rocks.*]

O my poor shins! Who wouldn't be a hater

Of crooked paths among so many strata?

Aha! here's something lying in the road!

"Come, let me clutch thee!" if you're not a toad!

[*Picks up bunch of ringlets from Rocks, and kisses them rapturously.*]

Eurydice! and have I found a trace  
 Of my lost darling in this dismal place?  
 You've passed this way,—for, in these tell-tale locks,  
 I read the "*Testimony of the Rocks.*"

[*With an altered manner*]

To try the fiddle now my fingers itch,  
 My spirits being up to concert pitch!  
 So find a passage to the Stygian shores  
 Obliging mother Earth, and "ope thy jaws."

[*Trap opens. Orpheus gets on it.*]

Hurrah! for Erebus! 'Tis downwards, ho!  
 I come, Eurydice! Look out below!

[*Sinks. Music at change of Scene—"Down among the Dead Men."*]

## SCENE III.

PLUTO'S Parlour in the Infernal Regions. Large door, C, with view of River Styx Fireplace, L. 2 E. A Table laid for Tea near Fireplace.

[CLOTHO, LACHESIS, and ATROPOS discovered sitting R. of C. door. They hold the Distaff, Spindle and Scissors, and are engaged in spinning, &c. Ghosts seen flitting about outside. PROSERPINE dozing in arm chair at Fire.]

CLOTHO. Sweet sisters, who can do such things as we  
Who work out destiny by Rule of Three?

LACHESIS. 'Tis I that hold the thread—

ATROPOS. And I that sever—

CLOTHO. For my part, I could spin a yarn for ever.

ATROPOS. Delicious task! with ears to mercy shut,  
We give our friends, at any time, *thè cut!*

[Action with Scissors.]

CLOTHO. The arbiters of Fate no man can wheedle,—  
We hold the *Thread*, and give to man the "*Needle*"!

[They come forward.]

## SONG AND CHORUS. AIR—"JOLLY DOGS."

CLOTHO. Of all the jolly gods, by far  
The jolliest of all,  
We sisters three! who make or mar  
The lives of great and small.

CHORUS. [Ghosts outside joining in.]  
For we always are so jolly, Oh! so jolly, Oh! so jolly, Oh!  
We always are so jolly, Oh!  
And up to any spree!



We dance, we sing! we laugh, ha! ha! we laugh, ha! ha!  
 We dance, we sing,  
 We jolly sisters three!  
 Fal, la, la, fal, la, la, &c., &c.,  
 Slap! Bang! &c., &c., &c.

ATROPOS. We laugh at all the upper gods  
 With their celestial airs—  
 Olympus cannot show the fun  
 Of our high life downstairs!

CHORUS. [*As before.*] For we always are, &c., &c., &c.  
 [*Dance and Exeunt, R.*]

[*PROSERPINE wakes up and comes forward slowly.*]

PROS. Heigho! I'm very sad for *entre nous*  
 Old Charon's ferry must be nearly due—  
 In all my troubles, what I fear the most,  
 Is the arrival of a female Ghost:  
 For Pluto, careless of a husband's duty,  
 Has got a most uncommon eye for beauty—  
 (But *that* I must forgive; for don't you see,  
 'Twas for my beauty that he married *me!*)  
 Yet I can't trust him: if an eye I close,  
 To snatch a few short moments of repose,  
 Out of my sight the gay deceiver thinks  
 My slumber just the time for "*forty winks.*"

[*Boatswain's whistle heard—PROSERPINE starts.*]

Ah! Charon's whistle! footsteps on the stair!  
 I'd best retire—

[*Retires, R. U. E., as CHARON appears at C. from R., laden  
 with handboxes, &c.: speaking off R.*]

CHARON. Now, Mum, I'll take your fare!

[*CERBERUS barks loudly. CHARON comes down followed by  
 EURYDICE, who enters C. from R. EURYDICE holds a Telegram  
 in her hand.*]

CHARON. Don't mind the dog—he's really not a snarler,  
 Besides we don't allow him in the parlour.

EURYDICE. A thousand thanks! I've matters to arrange  
My ancient mariner—

[*gives money.*]

You can keep the change.

[CHARON *puts down handboxes and exit, c.*]

This modern science passes understanding!  
A Telegram I've just received on landing.  
Dear Orpheus! so he knows where I have got to—  
" *Toujours fidele* " ! a true Musician's motto!  
Sweet boy! he's on his way to fetch me back;  
So there's one comfort, I need not unpack!  
And this is Erebus! I hardly know  
How I shall feel in coming down so low!  
Yet things look snug—they might be worse 'tis true—  
Why, if there is'nt tea and toast for two!

[*Sits L. of Table. Enter PLUTO, R.*]

PLUTO. " So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time " to take an easy chair;  
And sip, apart from all our cares of state,  
The cup that cheers, but don't inebriate!

[*Turns L., sees EURYDICE, and bows.*]

A Visitor?

EURYDICE. Yes. From the upper world, old feller,  
I've just arrived by Charon's screw propeller.

PLUTO. Pray be at home.

[*Sits R. of Table.*]

EURYDICE. All sorts of things I'm stuffing,  
You're very kind!

PLUTO. Might I suggest a muffin!

EURYDICE. Plutonian manners most enticing seem.

PLUTO. Bewitching mortal, shall I pass the cream?

EURYDICE. Th' Infernal regions do surprise me, quite!

PLUTO. You find me so infernally polite?

[*During the above, PROSERPINE is seen watching at back.*]

SONG.—Air—" SPIDER AND THE FLY."

PROSERPINE. [*Aside, and very vindictively.*]

As she stepped into the parlor, here, I spied her, and I'll try  
To be even with the pair of them, for such audacity!  
I never let a chance escape—I find the mice at play,  
And luckily, this time the cat is not too far away.

I could kill you, kill you, as you've walked in on the sly.

I could kill you, kill you, as you've walked in on the sly.

EURYDICE. I stepped into your parlor, Mr. Pluto, on the sly,  
You'll forgive me this intrusion, as I'm going by and by;  
My Orpheus (as he telegraphs) is coming down to me,  
To take his darling back with him, his lost Eurydicé.

Will you, will you, will you, Mr. Pluto, let me fly.

Will you, will you, will you, Mr. Pluto, let me fly.

[PLUTO and EURYDICE come forward—PROSERPINE still watching  
at L. U. E.]

PLUTO. Orpheus be hanged! from such a *singing life*  
He must have learned to *whistle for his wife*.  
You must'nt go,—for when we're more acquainted,  
You'll find I'm not so black as I am painted!  
Enchanting mortal!

EURYDICE. You my patience tax,  
I've not the slightest sympathy *with blacks!*  
Release me, Sir!—your manners, free and easy,  
Are most improper—What would Mrs. P. say?

[PROSERPINE gets tongs from fireplace, and gets back to R. U. E.  
*threatening.*]

PROSERPINE. [*Aside.*]

He's making love before my face! Such wrongs  
Can even justify the use of tongs!

PLUTO. In vain you struggle—you will quickly learn,  
That *here*, we give no tickets *for return!*  
Here you must stop, though you it's not much fun for;  
A lodger *here*, when taken in, is done for!

EURYDICE. Unhappy me!

PLUTO. So vain are all your tricks,  
Shiver *my timbers*, if you cut the *Styx!*

[PROSERPINE. *runs forward R. sharply, holding the tongs behind her.*]

PROS. Indeed!

PLUTO. [*Aside.*]

My wife!—so now the storm begins!

I've scarcely strength to stand upon my pins!

[PLUTO C. *turns to PROSERPINE R., who pinches his nose with tongs.*—

[*Tableau.*]

PROS. You brute! Take that!

PLUTO. O, my poor nose! Oh! Lud!

She's nipped all my grog-blossoms in the bud!

DUET. AIR—"BEAUTIFUL STAR."

EURYDICE, L. } [*Together.*]  
PROSERPINE, R. }

Flirt that you are! it serves you right,  
For how you've behaved to me this night—

See on your nose what a beautiful scar!

Think of this evening! Flirt that you are!

Flirt that you are!

Think of this evening! Flirt that you are!

MUSIC *changes to* "THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

PROSERPINE. This comes of your misplaced devotion.

With your guest you've been making too free!

EURYDICE. You can't make with a gallon of lotion,

Your nose as your nose ought to be!

For your nose it appears black and blue,

For your nose it appears black and blue,

You will want a good gallon of lotion

For your nose that is pinched black and blue!

[*Repeat last four lines ensemble.*]

[*Loud barking outside, c.*]

PLUTO. That dog again! It's too bad, I declare!

I wish the brute would *steer his bark* elsewhere!

Hang him! or if a Rope you can't afford,

Ask our Orchestra to supply *the Chord*!

[*Chord. Enter CHARON, C. from R., down L.*]

CHARON. Your most infernal Majesty, I came  
To say a gent (which Orpheus is his name)  
Is fiddling there outside, and sits and sings on—

EURYDICE. He's waiting then for me to put my things on.  
My husband! yes, his fame as a musician,  
Has gained for him the very first position!

PLUTO. O, yes, I know his magic reels and jigs  
Have soothed the porcupines, and "pleased the pigs"—  
His witching melodies, so softly deep,  
Can catch the artful weasel while asleep,  
Till, charmed into a most fantastic hōp,  
The interesting animal goes "*Pop*"!

CHARON. His *voice* has, through the upper world, they say,  
Pursued the even *tenor* of his way:—  
And here he's coming with melodious flow,  
To take the shine out of the shades below!  
His *singing* must (for vain is all resistance)  
Be *instrumental* to his wife's assistance.  
Such notes to any height can dare aspire—  
You'll own *the truth* when once you've heard the *Lyre*.

SONG. AIR—"RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER."

CHARON. O, Orpheus has such a tuneful tongue,  
He makes the trees quite limber:  
He gets up a new Plantation dance,  
When he fiddles to the timber?  
The Poplars go on fantastic toe  
Most nimbly to his rhyming—  
And, up from the valleys, with a hop, step and jump,  
Come little copses climbing!  
Doodle dum, doodle de,  
Di dum, doodle da.

This *maitre de danse* makes the yew tree prance,  
And the maple is mad with pleasure,  
And the fir-trees thick, give a comical kick,  
And stir their stumps to the measure!  
The elms rejoice in his sweet low voice,  
When he strikes up his forlorn pipes;

And the gouty old oak quite enjoys the joke,  
 And flounders into hornpipes !  
 Doodle dum, &c., &c.

PLUTO. I'll not believe it. Stop your silly jokes—  
 The *elms* go dancing? Is not that a *Hoax*?  
 I'll not believe it, for whoever saw  
 “*Life in the Bush*” so realised before?  
 But trees may *valse*, and all their *branches jig*,  
 Eurydice at least don't *hop the twig* !

EURYDICE. My husband's voice has charmed the brutes, 'tis true,  
 P'raps that might give him some slight chance with *you*.  
 Music hath charms—

PLUTO. Of that I have no fear,  
 For Nature has not blessed me with an ear !

PROSERPINE. [*Aside.*]  
 When Pluto sings, his warmest friends allege,  
 They think a jackass hee-haws from a hedge !

PLUTO. Let Orpheus do his worst.

EURYDICE. But when you try him,  
 He'll put some music in you.

PLUTO. I defy him !

[ORPHEUS is heard outside c., singing in operatic manner, and with  
*Italian pronunciation, “Eurydicé ! Eurydicé !”*]

SONG.—Air—“**BONNY DUNDEE.**”

EURYDICE. My husband is calling, he sings at the gate,—  
 “All aboard,” is his cry—I'm not going to wait.  
 Soon on Styx's dark waters afloat I shall be !  
 So good evening, Pluto !—Goodbye Mrs. P !  
 Get your steam up, old Charon, as fast as you can,  
 Get ready your boat for our journey, old man !  
 Unhook the front gate, and let us gang free,  
 For it's on with your bonnet, Miss Eurydicé !  
[*goes up, CHARON in attendance.*]

PROSERPINE. [*very bitterly, and aside.*]  
 When Styx she crosses, to the Fates I'll pray,  
 To make her very sea-sick, all the way ;—

Or, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 To let that minx in Acheron be drowned !  
 'A jiddle at back heard playing piano, "Merrily dance the Quaker's  
 [wife.]"

EURYDICE. [*coming down.*]

Hark ! what a merry tune !

CHARON. [*at G. door.*]

And O, I say,

The Phantoms have got up a *Ba! Masqué*,—  
 [*comes down.*]

The sober Fates, delighted at the chance,  
 Are very "*spinning Jennies*" in the dance !  
 As Orpheus fiddles there, the whole community  
 Of *valtzing*, takes the earliest *hop*-portunity !

PLUTO. If that's the case, I may as well adjourn,  
 To see if our old ale, is *on the turn* !

[*Fiddle heard again as before. PROSERPINE, EURYDICE, and CHARON  
 keeping time to music.*]

PROSERPINE. [*to Pluto.*]

It's very catching ! What a tune to go to !  
 Let's have a turn.

PLUTO. I disapprove *in toto* !

My dancing days are over—I find fault  
 With *hops*—my weakness rather leans *to malt* !

[*Characters on stage, except PLUTO, are now dancing. Enter, R., the  
 three Fates dancing over to L., CLOTHO riding on her distaff, LACHESIS  
 behind her holding the thread, and ATROPOS, in rear, driving her  
 sisters with scissors. PLUTO at back sulky.*]

CHORUS. THE THREE FATES.

(*piano.*) Merrily dance old Pluto's wife,

(*forte.*) Merrily dance old Pluto !

(*piano.*) Merrily dance old Pluto's wife,

(*forte.*) Merrily dance old Pluto.

[*All characters join in chorus.*]

CHARON. [*to PLUTO.*]

What ails my liege ?

PLUTO.

That noise !

CHARON.

It's very plain.

His Majesty is suffering from a *strain*.

PLUTO. I cant a-bear it !

EURYDICE. If he will not share

Our fun, suppose we try *a change of air* ?

SONG AND CHORUS.—Ajr—" THE PERFECT CURE."

EURYDICE. [*dancing.*]

I'm tired to death, and short of breath,

But yet I cannot stop !

PROSERPINE. [*dancing.*]

As sure as eggs, I'll break my legs,

I feel inclined to drop !

CHARON. [*dancing.*]

Such spring I feels, in both my heels !

'Tis India Rubber, sure !

CLOTHO,  
LACHESIS, } [*dancing.*]  
ATROPOS, }

We jump still higher, and we perspire—

O ! is'n't this a cure !

CHORUS.—A cure ! a cure ! O yes ! a cure !

O ! is'n't this a cure !

With our hoppity, kickity, high and low,

O ! is'n't this a cure !

[*The three FATES dance out L, CHARON and PROSERPINE F. ORPHEUS appears at C. door with his fiddle.*]

ORPHEUS, C. Good morning—pray don't stop for me young ladies ;

My name is Orpheus,—just arrived in Hades,

From both th' Italian Operas,—the great

Composer, Singer, Poet Laureate,

The first *musician* of the age,—and soI my own *trumpet*, pretty loudly blow !

I want my wife !

PLUTO, R. [*crossing to L.*]

That Lady stops with me—

Now of your wife, my boy, *you're rid, d'ye see* ?EURYDICE. [*Crossing to ORPHEUS.*] Save me, dear Orpheusthe Quaker's  
[wife.]

and CHARON

Enter, R.. the  
of, LACHESIS  
driving her



- ORPHEUS. Well, I cannot bear,  
 After my *journey*, thus to lose my *fair*!  
 I'll charm him—
- EURYDICE. There's a dear!
- ORPHEUS. You should be told,  
 I'm suffering from the regulation cold—
- EURYDICE. Of course, dear,—
- ORPHEUS. And that I forgot to bring  
 My music, as I didn't mean to sing—  
 And that I'm nervous,—
- EURYDICE. Yes; but we'll dispense  
 With such formalities.
- ORPHEUS. Then I'll commence.

[PLUTO and EURYDICE sit at table.]

GRAND MEDLEY—ORPHEUS. "YE BABES IN YE WOOD."

RECITATIVE.

In the early time of history,  
 When ev'rything is a mystery  
 That one can't make long or short of:—  
 When the Joneses, Browns, and Jacksons,  
 Were simply Anglo-Saxons,  
 And the family of Smith was nothing but a myth.  
 And the Robinsons not born or thought of,—  
 There happened this Tragedye, which be it understood,  
 I'm going to tell you, of the Babes in the Wood!

AIR—"OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

There lived a fine old gentleman who, free from wedded strife,  
 Had lived for years in happiness with a fine old-fashioned wife,—  
 And this fine old wife presented him (before the tale begins),  
 In a fine old-fashioned manner with a bouncing pair of Twins!  
 Like a fine old-fashioned matron, one of the olden time.  
 But when these twins were little, and their hair began to curl  
 (One was a boy, the story says, the other was a *girl*),  
 Their parents both fell sick at once,—the Twins were doomed to grief,—

PAINKILLERS failed to cure them, and no RADWAY brought relief,  
To this fine old-fashioned couple who had nearly served their  
[time !

AIR—" LORD LOVELL."

The Uncle, he came, for he grieved at the state  
His poor dear relations were in !  
He came, as he wished, to be " in at the death,"  
As his poor, dear relations, had tin, tin, tin,  
As his poor, dear relations, had tin !

The Uncle, he stood by the four-post bed :—  
The girl, she shed tears with her brother ;  
And the dying old gentleman, lay on one side,  
And his dying old wife on the other, other, other,  
And his dying old wife, on the other !

[Spoken.]

And this is what the dying old gentleman, said,

Air.—" ODER SIDE OF JORDAN."

I've put down in my will,  
An annuity for Bill :  
So you must treat him *accordin'* ;  
And you'll kindly not disdain,  
To look after Mary Jane,  
When I'm gone to the oder side of Jordan

So your energies devote,  
To the kids on whom I dote !  
Jordan is hard a road to travel !  
Don't be laughing in your sleeve,  
Now I take this sudder leave.  
Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe

Air.—" BOBBING AROUND."

To this the Uncle did agree,  
Bobbing around, around, around ;  
Then she kissed him and him kissed she,  
And they all went bobbing around.

## Air.—“KITTY CLOVER.”

Now the Uncle, of tears, made a pretty good show,  
 Blubbering, oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !  
 He buried the parents, and thought he would go,  
 And pocket the children's rhin-o /  
 So his time, this bad man, without ceasing, devote',  
 To find out two ruffians, for two fi'-pun notes,  
 Who would cut his poor Nephew's and Niece's small throats.  
 Bow, wow, wow, wow ! oh, oh, oh, oh !  
 In order to sow a new crop of wild oats,  
 A scoundrel he was ! That's so !

## Air.—“CORK LEG.”

Two ruffians he found, who both agreed,  
 To scuttle the children, and do the deed—  
 In business-like manner,—that is, if he'd  
 Come down with the ready, and stand them a feed.  
 Ri-too-ral-too, &c., &c., &c.

## Air.—“HIGHLAND LADDIE.”

With the children they did start,  
 Injured babbies, injured babbies !  
 To the woods in Uncle's cart,  
 Injured babbies, injured babbies !  
 The ruffians tried the twins to fool,  
 Injured babbies, injured babbies !  
 And said, “you're on your way to school,”  
 Injured babbies, injured babbies !

## Air.—“LOW-BACKED CAR.”

One ruffian was soft-hearted,  
 And to his mate did say,  
 “'Tis an ugly job, this butchering, Bob,  
 And not quite in my way !”  
 But the other, he answered, bold as brass,  
 “You chicken-hearted churl,  
 Never mind the boy's howls, but just rip up his bowels !  
 Whilst I do the likes by the girl.”

For he was such a *low blackguard*,  
 From his purpose, he'd not be debarred,—  
 For better, for worse, he cared not a curse,  
 For he was such a *low blackguard* !

[*Spoken.*] So they fought. [*descriptive chord.*] Please to observe the terrific combat in the Orchestra, the *low blackguard* is killed accordingly, and the soft-hearted ruffian continues, as follows :

Air.—“*LUCY LONG.*”

My little ducks, you'll please to stay,  
 About here to be handy,  
 I'll just run on a little way,  
 To buy my pets some candy.  
 A little time, my darlings, don't think I'm doing wrong.  
 A little time, my darling, and you'll see I'll not be long.

Air.—“*LORD LOVELL.*”

Now he had'nt been gone but an hour away,  
 As he said, to the town that was near oh,  
 When it grew very dark, and it blew like the deuce:  
 And the glass it went down below zero, ero, ero,  
 And the glass it went down below zero !  
 Now Miss Mary, she cried, and she made a to-do,  
 A-thinking how sad was their muddle ;  
 And the little Billee, he blubbered a few,  
 Till he stood to his knees in the puddle, uddle, uddle,  
 Till he stood to his knees in the puddle !  
 Then they flung themselves down at the roots of the trees,  
 (This story is tragic if true,)  
 And they DIED ! for this reason, remember it, please,  
 They'd got nothing better to do, to do,  
 They'd got nothing better to do.

Air.—“*BILLY TAYLOR.*”

Wakened by the children's sobbing,  
 (If this story you believes,)  
 Up flew an undertaker Robin,  
 And hid their corpuses with leaves.

Fiddle, iddle, iddle, &c., &c.

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—

PLUTO, R. C. Yes,—my darling wife,  
I'd give my kingdom for a quiet life!  
I want *no music*.

PROSERPINE, Well, whoever's seen us,  
Will know there's *little harmony* between us!  
So I'm a model wife to share your throne—

PLUTO. That's not exactly clear to me, my own.  
You're far too jealous—

PROSERPINE. Oh! that only shows  
My deep devotion, Pluto! How's your nose?

ORPHEUS [*To CHARON.*]  
Come on, old Salt—and now before we start  
With one more tune in harmony we'll part!

### FINALE.

AIR—"BOBBING JOAN."

CHARON. If our little play,  
Has not failed to suit, O,  
PROSERPINE. Smile on Proserpine!  
EURYDICE. Eurydice! and  
PLUTO. Pluto!  
ORPHEUS. Orpheus don't forget,  
With your praises chime in!  
Say that you have met  
Reason in his rhyming!  
ATROPOS. Tu ral, tu ral, la,  
CLOTHO. Tu ral, lu ral, laddi.  
LACHESIS. Tu ral, lu ral, la,  
ATROPOS. Tu ral, lu ral, laddi!

[*Repeat Chorus. Dance by Characters.*]

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS AT FALL OF THE CURTAIN:

R., CHARON. PROSERPINE. PLUTO. EURYDICE. ORPHEUS.  
THREE FATES, L.

CURTAIN.

