

TILL THE MOUNTAIN-TOP THEY GAIN.

[TIMIDON]:

[orig. FIRST VOICE]

FILL THE CUP AND TREAD THE MEASURE,
MAKE THE MOST OF FLEETING LEISURE,
HAIL IT AS A TRUE ALLY,
THOUGH IT PERISH BYE AND BYE!

CHORUS:

HAIL IT AS A TRUE ALLY,
THOUGH IT PERISH BYE AND BYE!

[PRETTEIA]:

[orig. SECOND VOICE]

EVERY MOMENT BRINGS A TREASURE
OF ITS OWN ESPECIAL PLEASURE,
THOUGH THE MOMENTS QUICKLY DIE,
GREET THEM GAILY AS THEY FLY!
GREET THEM GAILY AS THEY FLY!

CHORUS:

THOUGH THE MOMENTS QUICKLY DIE,
GREET THEM GAILY AS THEY FLY!

[DAPHNE]:

[orig. THIRD VOICE]

FAR AWAY FROM GRIEF AND CARE,
HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAIN AIR,
LET US LIVE AND REIGN ALONE,
IN A WORLD THAT'S ALL OUR OWN.

[SILLIMON]:

[orig. FOURTH VOICE]

HERE ENTHRONED IN THE SKY,
FAR AWAY FROM MORTAL EYE,
WE'LL BE GODS AND MAKE DECREES,
[THEY] MAY HONOUR THEM WHO PLEASE.

[orig., "Those may honour them who please."]

CHORUS:

WE'LL BE GODS AND MAKE DECREES,
[THEY] MAY HONOUR THEM WHO PLEASE.
FILL THE CUP AND TREAD THE MEASURE,
MAKE THE MOST OF FLEETING LEISURE,
HAIL IT AS A TRUE ALLY,
THOUGH IT PERISH BYE AND BYE!
HAIL IT AS A TRUE ALLY,
THOUGH IT PERISH BYE AND BYE!
FILL THE CUP AND TREAD THE MEASURE,
MAKE THE MOST OF FLEETING LEISURE,
HAIL IT AS A TRUE ALLY,
A TRUE ALLY.

(After CHORUS and COUPLETS enter THESPIS climbing over rocks.)

THESPIS: Bless you, my people, bless you. Let the revels commence. After all, for thorough, unconstrained unconventional enjoyment, give me a pic-nic.

PREPOSTOROS: *(very gloomily)* Give him a pic-nic somebody!

THESPIS: Be quiet, Preposteros – don't interrupt.

PREPOSTOROS: Ha! ha! shut up again! But no matter.

(STUPIDAS endeavours, in pantomime, to reconcile him. Throughout the scene PREPOSTOROS shows symptoms of breaking out into a furious passion, and STUPIDAS does all he can to pacify and restrain him.)

THESPIS: The best of a pic-nic is that everybody contributes what he pleases, and nobody knows what anybody else has brought till the last moment. Now, unpack everybody, and let's see what there is for everybody.

NICEMIS: I have brought you – a bottle of soda water – for the claret-cup.

DAPHNE: I have brought you – a lettuce for the lobster salad.

SPARKEION: A piece of ice – for the claret-cup.

PRETTEIA: A bottle of vinegar – for the lobster-salad.

CYMON: A bunch of burrage for the claret-cup!

TIPSEION: A hard-boiled egg – for the lobster-salad!

STUPIDAS: One lump of sugar for the claret-cup!

PREPOSTOROS: He has brought one lump of sugar for the claret-cup? Ha! Ha! Ha! *(Laughing melodramatically.)*

STUPIDAS: Well, Preposteros, and what have *you* brought?

PREPOSTOROS: *I* have brought *two* lumps of the very best salt for the lobster salad.

THESPIS: Oh – is that all?

PREPOSTOROS: All! Ha! Ha! He asks if it is all! *(STUPIDAS consoles him.)*

THESPIS: But, I say – this is capital so far as it goes – nothing could be better – but it doesn't go far enough. The claret, for instance! I don't insist on claret – or a lobster – I don't insist on lobster, but a lobster salad without a lobster, why, it isn't lobster salad. Here, Tipseion!

TIPSEION: *(a very drunken bloated fellow, dressed, however, with scrupulous accuracy and wearing a large medal around his neck)* My Master? *(Falls on his knees to THESPIS and kisses his robe.)*

THESPIS: Get up – don't be a fool. Where's the claret? We arranged last week that you were to see to that.

TIPSEION: True, dear master. But then I was a drunkard!

THESPIS: You were.

TIPSEION: You engaged me to play convivial parts on the strength of my personal appearance.

THESPIS: I did.

TIPSEION: You then found that my habits interfered with my duties as low comedian.

THESPIS: True–

TIPSEION: You said yesterday that unless I took the pledge you would dismiss me from your company.

THESPIS: Quite so.

TIPSEION: Good. I have taken it. It is all I have taken since yesterday. My preserver! *(Embraces him.)*

THESPIS: Yes, but where's the wine?

TIPSEION: I left it behind, that I might not be tempted to violate my pledge.

PREPOSTOROS: Minion! *(Attempts to get at him, is restrained by STUPIDAS.)*

THESPIS: Now, Preposteros, what *is* the matter with you?

PREPOSTOROS: It is enough that I am down-trodden in my profession. I will not submit to imposition out of it. It is enough that as your heavy villain I get the worst of it every night in a combat of six. I will *not* submit to insult in the day time. I have come out, ha! ha! to enjoy myself!

THESPIS: But look here, you know – virtue only triumphs at night from seven to ten – vice gets the best of it during the other twenty-three hours. Won't that satisfy you? (*STUPIDAS endeavours to pacify him.*)

PREPOSTOROS: (*irritated to STUPIDAS*) Ye are odious to my sight! get out of it!

STUPIDAS: (*in great terror*) What have I done?

THESPIS: Now *what* is it, Preposteros, *what* is it?

PREPOSTOROS: I a-hate him and would have his life!

THESPIS: (*to STUPIDAS*) That's it – he hates you and would have your life. Now go and be merry.

STUPIDAS: Yes, but why does he hate me?

THESPIS: Oh – exactly. (*To PREPOSTOROS*) Why do you hate him?

PREPOSTOROS: Because he is a minion!

THESPIS: He hates you because you are a minion. It explains itself. Now go and enjoy yourselves. Ha! ha! It is well for those who *can* laugh – let them do so – there is no extra charge. The light-hearted cup and the convivial jest for them – but for me – what is there for me?

SILLIMON: There is some claret-cup and lobster salad. (*Handing some.*)

THESPIS: (*taking it*) Thank you. (*Resuming*) What is there for me but anxiety – ceaseless gnawing anxiety that tears at my very vitals and rends my peace of mind asunder? There is nothing whatever for me but anxiety of the nature I have just described. The charge of these thoughtless revellers is my unhappy lot. It is not a small charge, and it is rightly termed a lot, because they are many. Oh why did the gods make me a manager?

SILLIMON: (*as guessing a riddle*) Why did the gods make him a manager?

SPARKEION: Why did the *gods* make him a manager?

DAPHNE: Why did the gods make *him* a manager?

PRETTEIA: Why did the gods make him a *manager*?

THESPIS: No-no-what are you talking about? what do you mean?

DAPHNE: I've got it-don't tell us-

ALL: No – no – because – because –

THESPIS: (*annoyed*) It isn't a conundrum – it's a misanthropical question. Why cannot I join you? (*Retires up centre.*)

DAPHNE: (*who is sitting with SPARKEION to the annoyance of NICEMIS who is crying alone*) I'm sure I don't know. We do not want you. Don't distress yourself on our account – we are getting on very comfortably – aren't we, Sparkeion?

SPARKEION: We are so happy that we don't miss the lobster or the claret. What are lobster and claret compared with the society of those we love? (*Embracing DAPHNE.*)

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

NICEMIS: (*spitefully*) You are *quite* welcome to my share of *everything*. I intend to console *myself* with the society of my manager. (*Takes THESPIS' arm affectionately.*)

THESPIS: Here I say – this won't do, you know – I can't allow it – at least before my company – besides, you are half-married to Sparkeion. Sparkeion, here's your half-wife impairing my influence before my company. Don't you know the story of the gentleman who undermined his influence by associating with his inferiors?

ALL: Yes, yes, – we know it.

PREPOSTOROS: (*furiously*) I do not know it! It's ever thus! Doomed to disappointment from my earliest years –

(*STUPIDAS endeavours to console him.*)

THESPIS: There – that's enough. Preposterous – you shall hear it.

No. 8 – I Once Knew a Chap

THESPIS:

I ONCE KNEW A CHAP WHO DISCHARGED A FUNCTION
ON THE NORTH SOUTH EAST WEST DIDDLESEX JUNCTION,
HE WAS CONSPICUOUS EXCEEDING,
FOR HIS AFFABLE WAYS AND HIS EASY BREEDING.
ALTHOUGH A CHAIRMAN OF DIRECTORS,
HE WAS HAND IN GLOVE WITH THE TICKET INSPECTORS,
HE TIPPED THE GUARDS WITH BRAND-NEW FIVERS,
AND SANG LITTLE SONGS TO THE ENGINE DRIVERS.

'T WAS TOLD TO ME WITH GREAT COMPUNCTION,
BY ONE WHO HAD DISCHARGED WITH UNCTION,
A CHAIRMAN OF DIRECTORS' FUNCTION,
ON THE NORTH SOUTH EAST WEST DIDDLESEX JUNCTION.
FOL [DA-]DIDDLE, LOL [DA-]DIDDLE, LOL LOL LAY.

EACH CHRISTMAS DAY HE GAVE EACH STOKER
A SILVER SHOVEL AND A GOLDEN POKER,
HE'D BUTTON-HOLE FLOWERS FOR THE TICKET SORTERS,
AND RICH BATH-BUNS FOR THE OUTSIDE PORTERS.
HE'D MOUNT HIS CLERKS ON HIS FIRST-CLASS HUNTERS,
AND HE BUILT LITTLE VILLAS FOR THE ROAD-SIDE SHUNTERS,
AND IF ANY WERE FOND OF PIGEON SHOOTING,
HE'D ASK THEM DOWN TO HIS PLACE AT TOOTING.

'T WAS TOLD TO ME WITH GREAT COMPUNCTION,
BY ONE WHO HAD DISCHARGED WITH UNCTION,
A CHAIRMAN OF DIRECTORS' FUNCTION,
ON THE NORTH SOUTH EAST WEST DIDDLESEX JUNCTION.
FOL [DA-]DIDDLE, LOL [DA-]DIDDLE, LOL LOL LAY.

IN COURSE OF TIME THERE SPREAD A RUMOUR
THAT HE DID ALL THIS FROM A SENSE OF HUMOUR,
SO INSTEAD OF SIGNALLING AND STOKING,
THEY GAVE THEMSELVES UP TO A COURSE OF JOKING.
WHENEVER THEY KNEW THAT HE WAS RIDING,
THEY SHUNTED HIS TRAIN ON LONELY SIDING,
OR STOPPED ALL NIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A TUNNEL,
ON THE PLEA THAT THE BOILER WAS A-COMING THROUGH THE FUNNEL.

CHORUS:

'T WAS TOLD TO [HIM] WITH GREAT COMPUNCTION,
BY ONE WHO HAD DISCHARGED WITH UNCTION,
A CHAIRMAN OF DIRECTORS' FUNCTION,
ON THE NORTH SOUTH EAST WEST DIDDLESEX JUNCTION.
FOL [DA-]DIDDLE, LOL [DA-]DIDDLE, LOL LOL LAY.

CHORUS (cont'd):