

F

84

Ti

bye!

Ch

*f*  
Hail it as a true ally, Though it perish by and bye!

Hail it as a true ally, Though it perish by and bye!

Pno.

*f*

Pretteia

89

Pr

*mf*  
Ev - 'ry mo - ment brings a trea - sure Of its

Pno.

*p*

52  
94

Pr

own— es - pe - cial— plea - sure, Though the mo - ments

Pno.

99

Pr

quick - ly die, Greet them gai - ly — as they

Pno.

104

Pr

fly! Greet them gai - - - ly — as they

Pno.

G

108

Pr

fly!

Ch

Though the mo-ments quick - ly die, — Greet them gai - ly as they fly!

Pno.

Though the mo-ments quick - ly die, — Greet them gai - ly as they fly!

113

Pno.

H

Daphne

117

Da

Far a - way from grief and care,

Pno.

## **ACT II**

*(SCENE.-The same scene as in Act I with the exception that in place of the ruins that filled the foreground of the stage, the interior of a magnificent temple is seen, showing the background of the scene of Act I, through the columns of the portico at the back. High throne. Low seats below it. All the substitute gods and goddesses (that is to say, THESPIANS) are discovered grouped in picturesque attitudes about the stage, eating, drinking, and smoking, and singing the following verses:—)*

### **No. 12 – Of All Symposia**

#### **CHORUS:**

OF ALL SYMPOSIA,  
THE BEST BY HALF,  
UPON OLYMPUS, HERE, AWAIT US,  
WE EAT AMBROSIA,  
AND NECTAR QUAFF—  
IT CHEERS BUT DON'T INEBRIATE US.  
WE KNOW THE FALLACIES  
OF HUMAN FOOD,  
SO PLEASE TO PASS OLYMPIAN ROSY,  
WE BUILT UP PALACES,  
WHERE RUINS STOOD,  
AND FIND THEM MUCH MORE SNUG AND COSY.

#### **SILLIMON:**

TO WORK AND THINK, MY DEAR,  
UP HERE, WOULD BE,  
THE HEIGHT OF CONSCIENTIOUS FOLLY,  
SO EAT AND DRINK, MY DEAR,  
I LIKE TO SEE,  
YOUNG PEOPLE GAY – YOUNG PEOPLE JOLLY.  
OLYMPIAN FOOD, MY LOVE,  
I'LL LAY LONG ODDS,  
WILL PLEASE YOUR LIPS – THOSE ROSY PORTALS,  
WHAT IS THE GOOD, MY LOVE  
OF BEING GODS,  
IF WE MUST WORK LIKE COMMON MORTALS?

#### **CHORUS:**

OF ALL SYMPOSIA,  
THE BEST BY HALF,  
UPON OLYMPUS, HERE, AWAIT US,  
WE EAT AMBROSIA,  
AND NECTAR QUAFF—  
IT CHEERS BUT DON'T INEBRIATE US.

*(Exeunt all but NICEMIS, who is dressed as DIANA, and PRETTEIA, who is dressed as VENUS. They take SILLIMON'S arm and bring him down.)*

**SILLIMON.** Bless their little hearts, I can refuse them nothing. As the Olympian stage-manager I ought to be strict with them and make them do their duty, but I can't. Bless their little hearts, when I see the pretty little craft come sailing up to me with a wheedling smile on their pretty little figure-heads, I can't turn my back on 'em. I'm all bow, though I'm sure I try to be stern!

**PRETTEIA:** You certainly are a dear old thing.

**SILLIMON:** She says I'm a dear old thing! Deputy Venus says I'm a dear old I thing!

**NICEMIS:** It's her affectionate habit to describe everybody in those terms. *I* am more particular, but still even *I* am bound to admit that you are certainly a very dear old thing.

**SILLIMON:** Deputy Venus says I'm a dear old thing, and deputy Diana, who is much more particular, endorses it! Who could be severe with such deputy divinities?

**PRETTEIA:** Do you know, I'm going to ask you a favour.

**SILLIMON:** Venus is going to ask me a favour!

**PRETTEIA:** You see, I am Venus.

**SILLIMON:** No one who saw your face would doubt it.

**NICEMIS:** (*aside*) No one who knew her *character* would.

**PRETTEIA:** Well Venus, you know, is married to Mars.

**SILLIMON:** To Vulcan, my dear, to Vulcan. The exact connubial relation of the different gods and goddesses is a point on which we must be extremely particular.

**PRETTEIA:** I beg your pardon – Venus is married to Mars.

**NICEMIS:** If she isn't married to Mars, she ought to be.

**SILLIMON:** Then that decides it – call it married to Mars.

**PRETTEIA:** Married to Vulcan or married to Mars, what does it signify?

**SILLIMON:** My dear, it's a matter on which I have no personal feeling whatever.

**PRETTEIA:** So that she is married to someone!

**SILLIMON:** Exactly! so that she is married to someone. Call it married to Mars.

**PRETTEIA:** Now here's my difficulty. Timidon takes the place of Mars, and Timidon is my father!

**SILLIMON:** Then why object to Vulcan?

**PRETTEIA:** Because Vulcan is my grandfather!

**SILLIMON:** But, my dear, what an objection! You are playing a part till the real gods return. That's all! Whether you are supposed to be married to your father – or your grandfather, what does it matter? This passion for realism is the curse of the stage!

**PRETTEIA:** That's all very well, but I can't throw myself into a part that has already lasted a twelvemonth, when I have to make love to my father. It interferes with my conception of the characters. It spoils the part.

**SILLIMON:** Well, well, I'll see what can be done. (*Exit PRETTEIA.*) That's always the way with beginners, they've no imaginative power. A true artist ought to be superior to such considerations. (*NICEMIS comes down R.*) Well, Nicemis – I should say Diana – what's wrong with you? Don't you like your part?

**NICEMIS:** Oh, immensely! It's great fun.

**SILLIMON:** Don't you find it lonely out by yourself all night?

**NICEMIS:** Oh, but I'm *not* alone all night!

**SILLIMON:** But – I don't want to ask any injudicious questions – but who accompanies you?

**NICEMIS:** Who? why Sparkeion, of course.

**SILLIMON:** Sparkeion? Well, but Sparkeion is Phoebus Apollo. (*Enter SPARKEION*) He's the Sun, you know.

**NICEMIS:** Of course he is; I should catch my death of cold, in the night air, if he didn't accompany me.

**SPARKEION:** My dear Sillimon, it would never do for a young lady to be out alone all night. It wouldn't be respectable.