



## Dialogue part: Minerva, act 1 & 2. [between 1860-1890?]

Burnand, F. C. (Francis Cowley), 1836-1917; Connelly, Michael [s.l.]: [s.n.], [between 1860-1890?]

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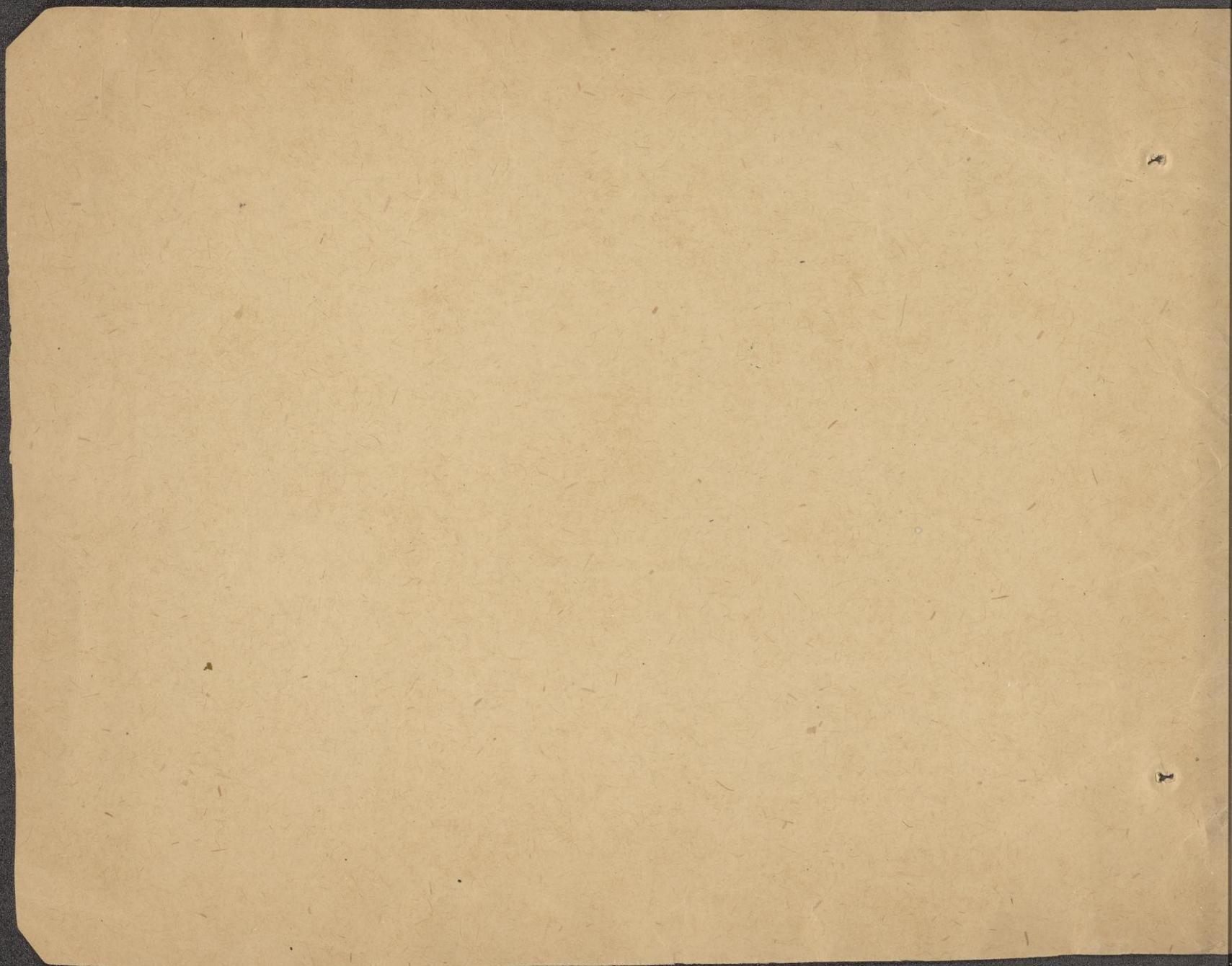
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IXION

MINERVA.

ACT I. & 2.



M I N E R V A .  
ACT I

Chorus: Blow the Bellow.

1st voice

Oh my what a disgrace what every body says  
of all our foibles oh oh it's a disgrace it  
Lions for fat tars place  
Then Chorus above.

one way to do it.

M E M O R Y



-----some way to do it.

M I N E R V A .  
ACT I.

----- by the powers Minerva.

(Minerva, outside sings "Sweet Violets".)

(Entering) You naughty, wicked, idle boy, come back.

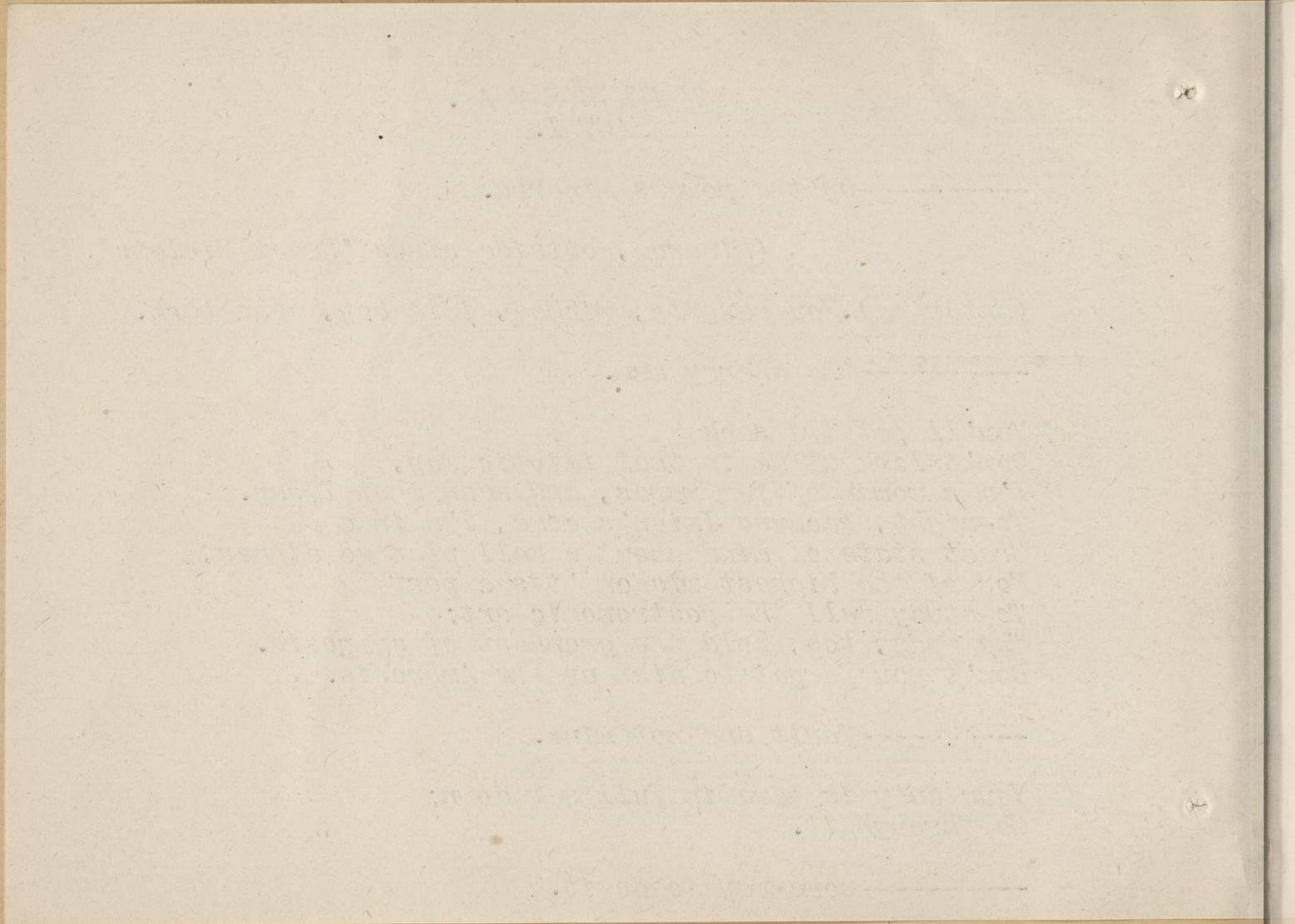
----- the sherry mum.

You'll get the sack  
Don't look at me in that idiotic way,  
I'm a woman of few words, and mean what I say.  
To-night, because Ixion's come, I'm in a  
Great state of mind about a well planned dinner,  
For of the highest wisdom 'tis a part  
To study well the gastronomic art;  
The Gods, too, hold the grandest of symposia.  
Don't you forget to dish up the Ambrosia.

----- fault and not mine.

Your duty is here in full set down;  
Go through it.

----- some-way to do it.



That boy won't suit.

-----Why.

For his situation I propose to hold a Civil Service Examination; not e'en a gardner my place now suits but who can write a treatise on Greek roots.

-----whose that?

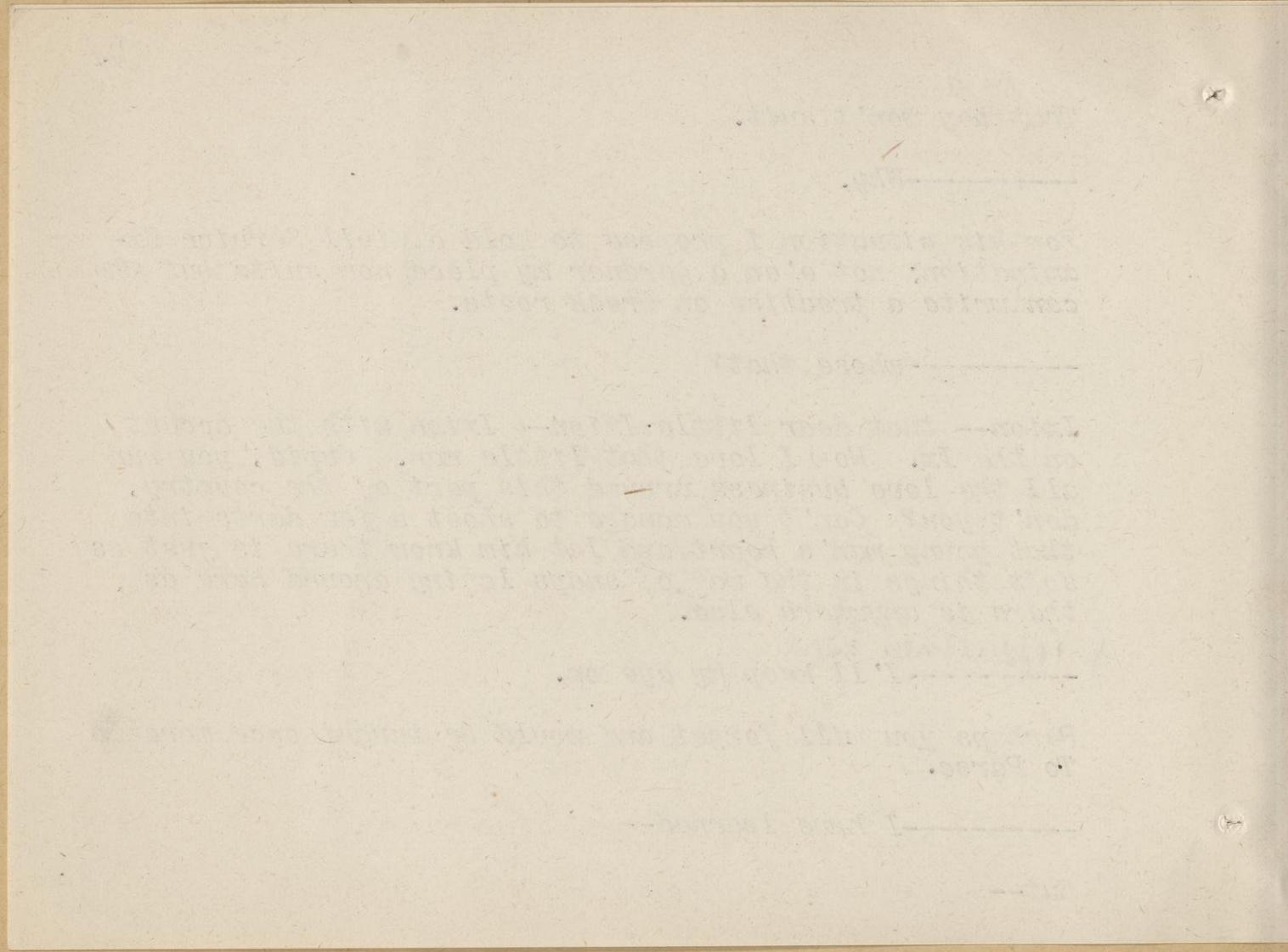
Ixion-- that dear little Ixion-- Ixion with the accent on the Ix. How I love that little man. Cupid, you run all the love business around this part of the country, don't you? Can't you manage to shoot a few darts into that young man's heart and let him know there is just as soft things in the way of snaps laying around here as there is anywhere else.

+ Valentines here  
-----I'll keep my eye on.

Perhaps you will forget and would be taught once more  
To Parse.

-----I have learned--

But--



-----Treason! treason!

Mars, Mars, what's the matter,  
You're always making an awful clatter.

-----summer in Olympus.

(Aside.) Oh joy! At last I may catch on.

-----my Venus' hand.

Where's the arm

-----her Celestial guff.--Draw.

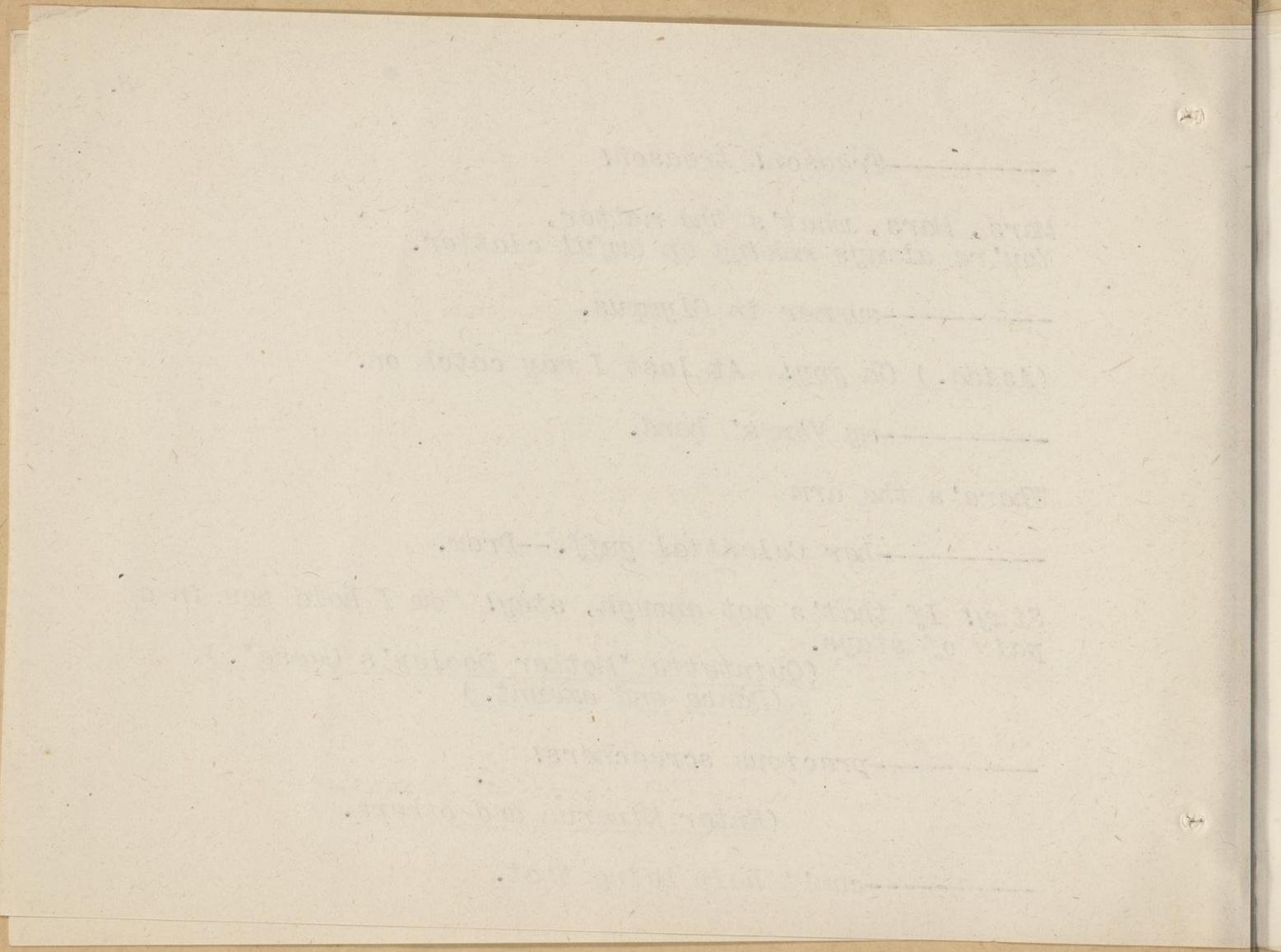
Stay! If that's not enough, stay! Now I hold you in a  
pair of stays.

(Quintette "Mother Dooley's Geese".)  
(Dance and exeunt.)

-----precious screechers!

(Enter Minerva and others.)

-----can't help being that.



Not bad for Juno; but don't waste remarks like that, you may want them for a new comic opera.

-----Minerva, do.

Do and do and a hoop de dooden do.

-----no, not that.

Well, suppose I read you "Watts on the Mind".

-----On the Understanding.

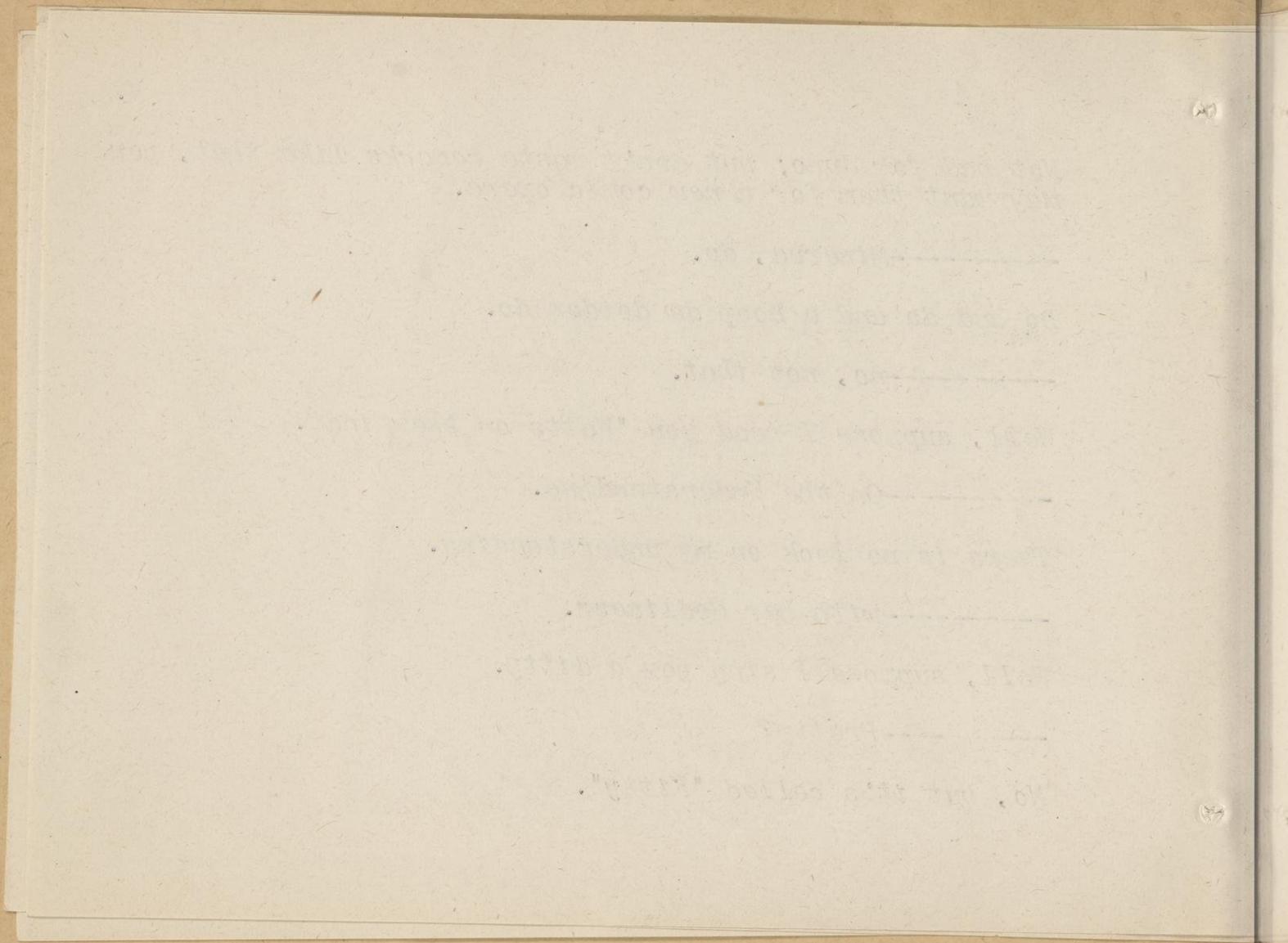
There is no lock on my understanding.

-----with her Godliness.

Well, suppose I sing you a ditty.

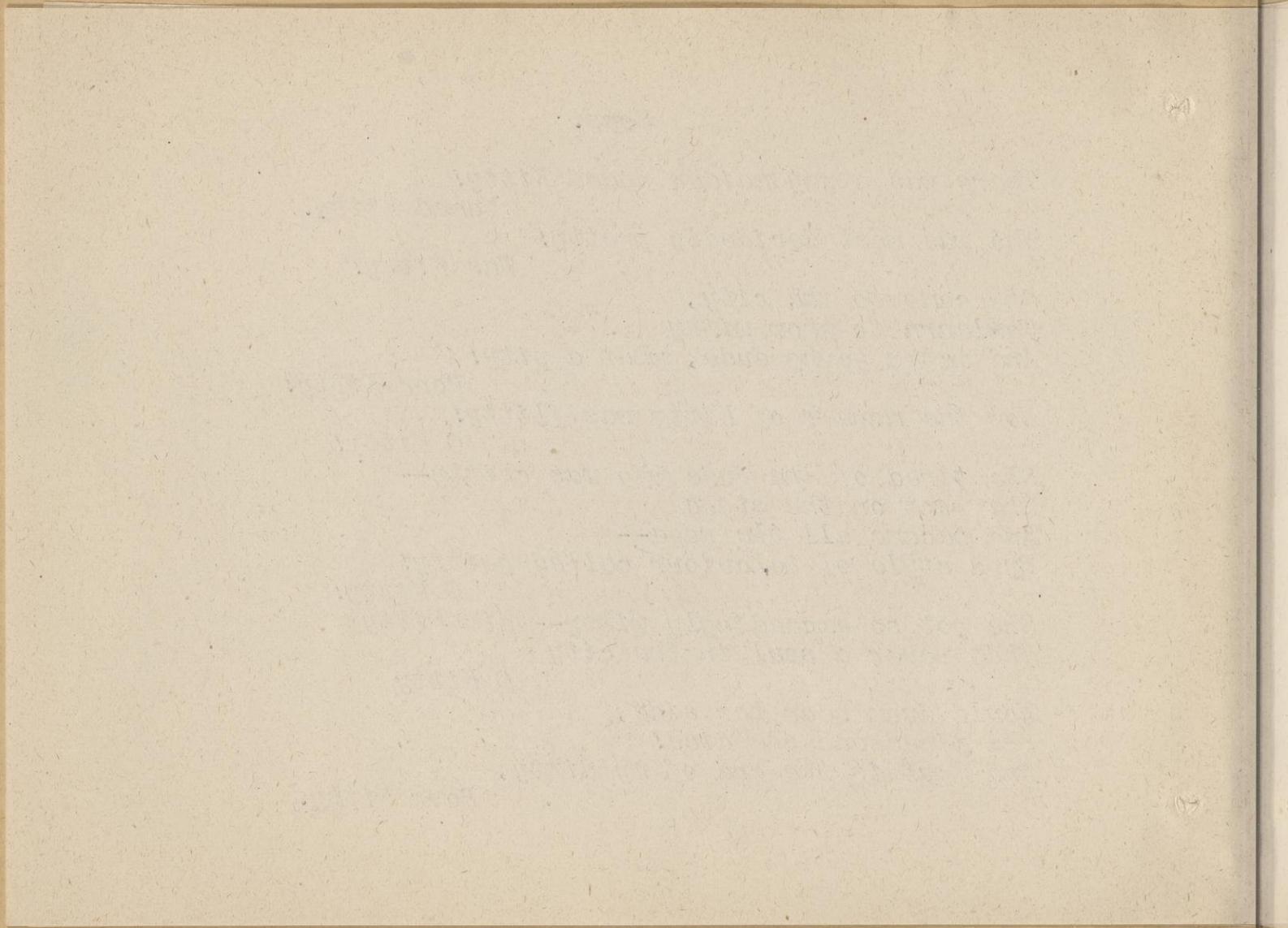
-----Pretty?

No, but it's called "Kitty".



## Song.

There was a gay maiden named Kitty!  
Named Kitty.  
Who was most decidedly pretty!  
Was Kitty!  
She came to the city,  
To learn to grow witty  
And met a young dude, what a pity!  
Poor Kitty!  
Now the manner of Kitty was flitty!  
O Kitty!  
She tired of the dude who was chitty--  
She went on the stage  
And became all the rage--  
By a style of behaviour called gritty!  
O Kitty!  
She got so exceedingly witty-- did Kitty  
That never a soul in the city  
O Kitty  
Would draw near her side,  
She pined and she died!  
And that is the end of my ditty,  
Poor Kitty.



That song you must all admit has the one great merit of meaning absolutely nothing.

-----Good eyes.

Fine head! Big head! Wooden head! Chuckle head!

-----a hairless love?

Ask the baldheads Juno. You are acting dreadfully.

-----yourself what it cost.

Think of a number, bouble it, then take away the number you originally thought of---

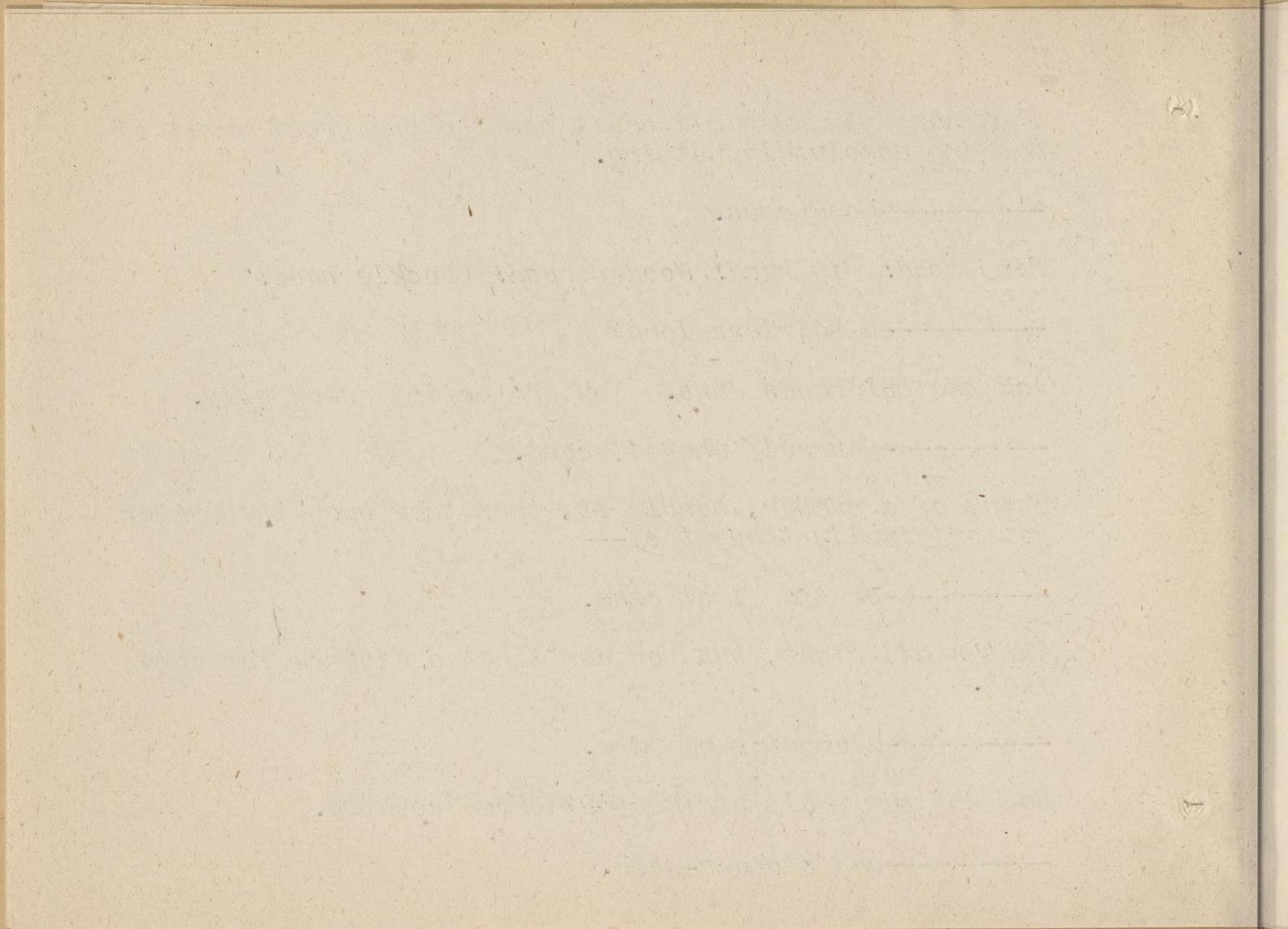
-----be the first case.

That's all right, but you can't get a divorce for cold feet.

-----alongside of mine.

How do your meals strike you? Home cooking.

-----and stomach-ache.



How did you like the sinkers?

-----The sinkers?

The pan-cakes. Juno uses the toughest of them to make crazy quilts with and Ganymede has got one for a sucker on his purp. But how did you like rainbow hash.

-----with Ixion now.

(Minerva gives que for topical song.)

-----like so much dirt.

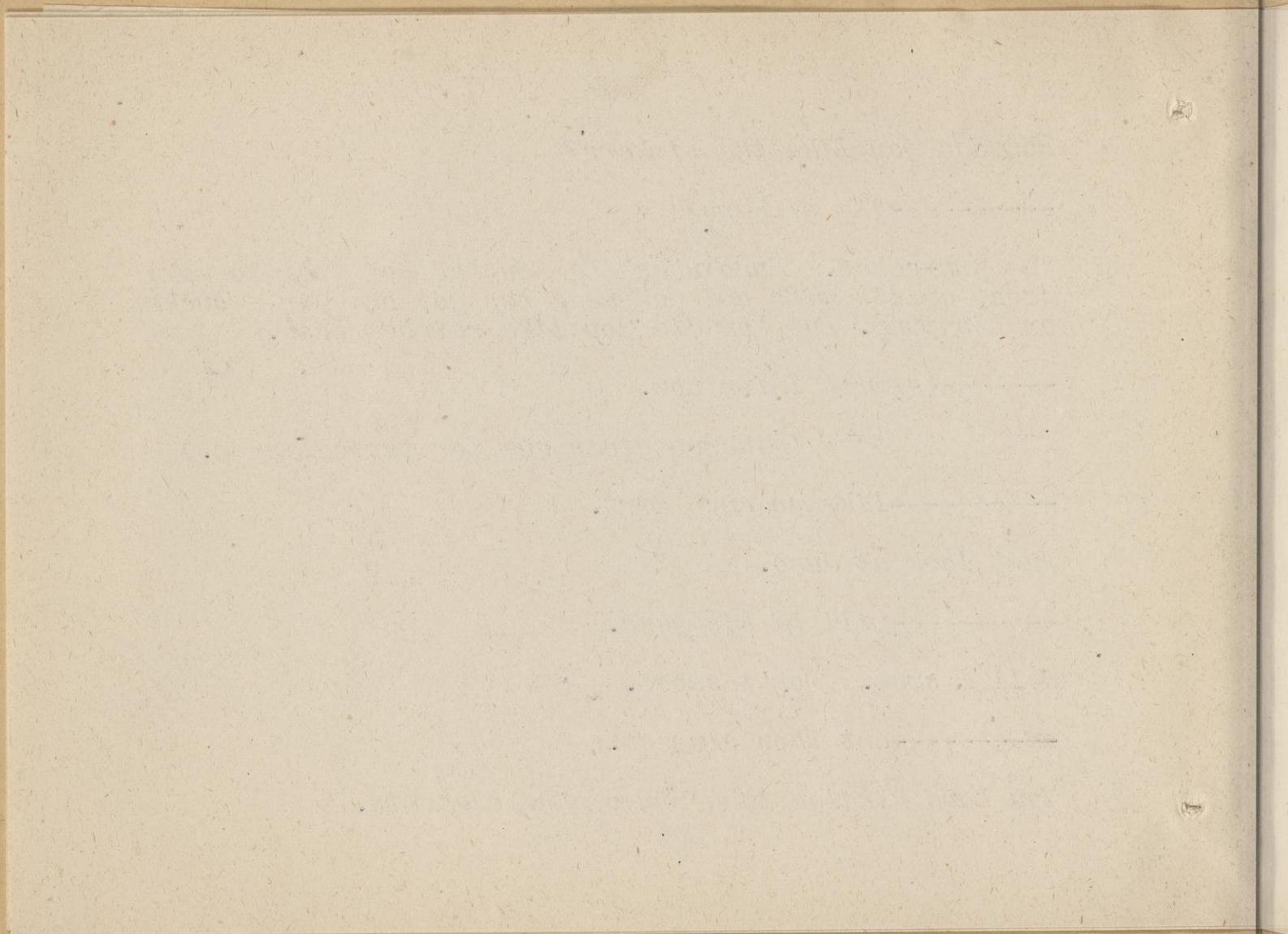
Just look at Juno.

-----will be his game.

Well I swan. Don't shoot.

~~an~~-----ant thou slugger.

You have kindled the fury of the elements.



M I N E R V A .  
ACT II.

-----we come in, Pol?

(Minerva's head appears from door in flat L.)

Are you quite alone?

(Enter Minerva L. and Ganymede R.)

(Quickley.) Oh! have you heard the news?

-----then, I say--

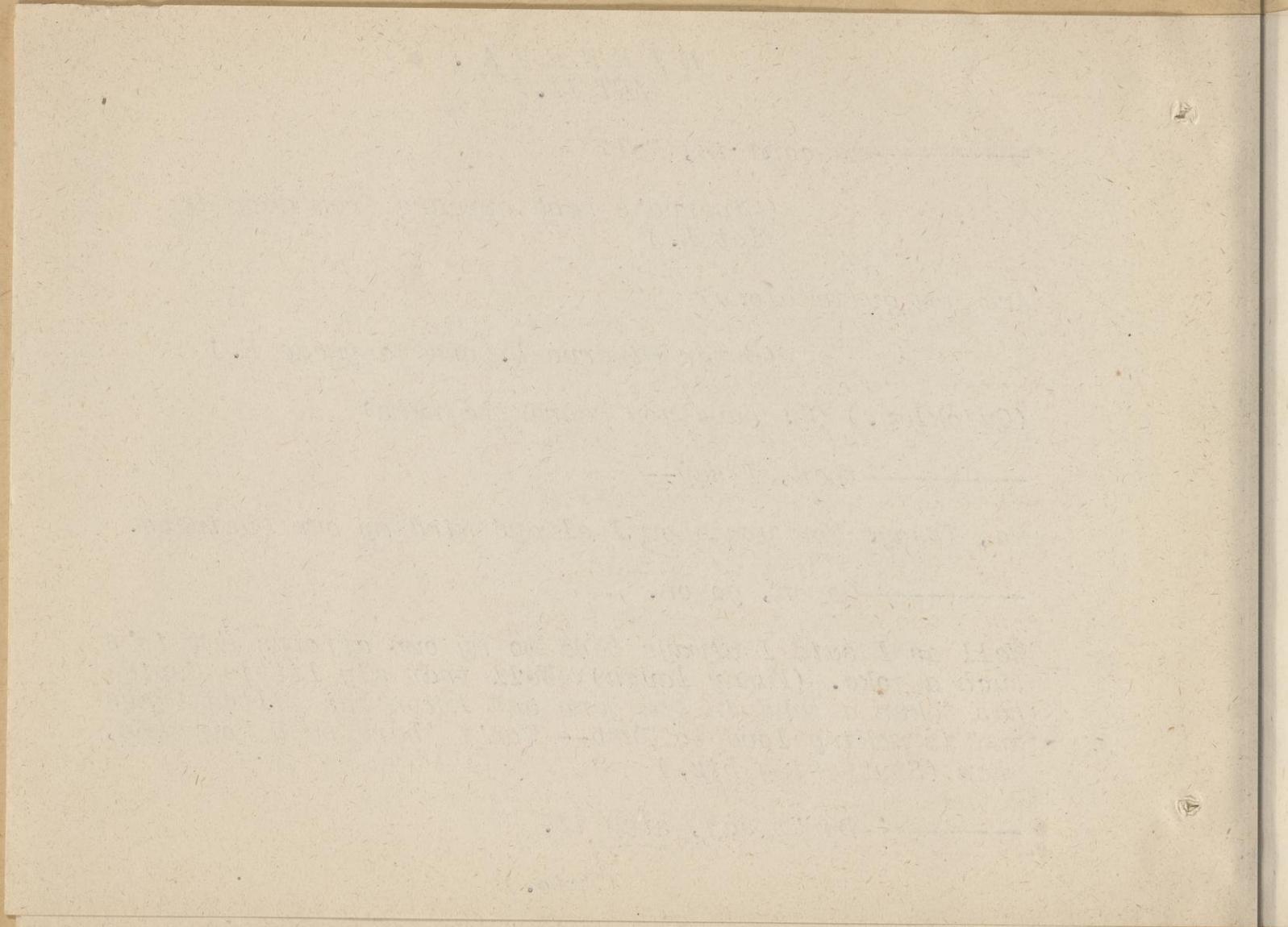
No, I say! Now you know I always mind my own business.

-----Go on, go on.

Well as I said I always tend to my own affairs but it's such a joke. (Funny laugh) Well that sly little Cupid has taken a hand in the game and Ixion has jilted Venus and is making love to Juno-- Won't there be a row when, when (Stuttering biz.)

-----Don't say, sing it.

(Trio.)



-----order is disgraced.

We know.

-----Not half.

For goodness' sake, make haste.

-----I not Venus.

You are, so far as heard from.

-----every tobacco label?

You are! You are! (Gag.)

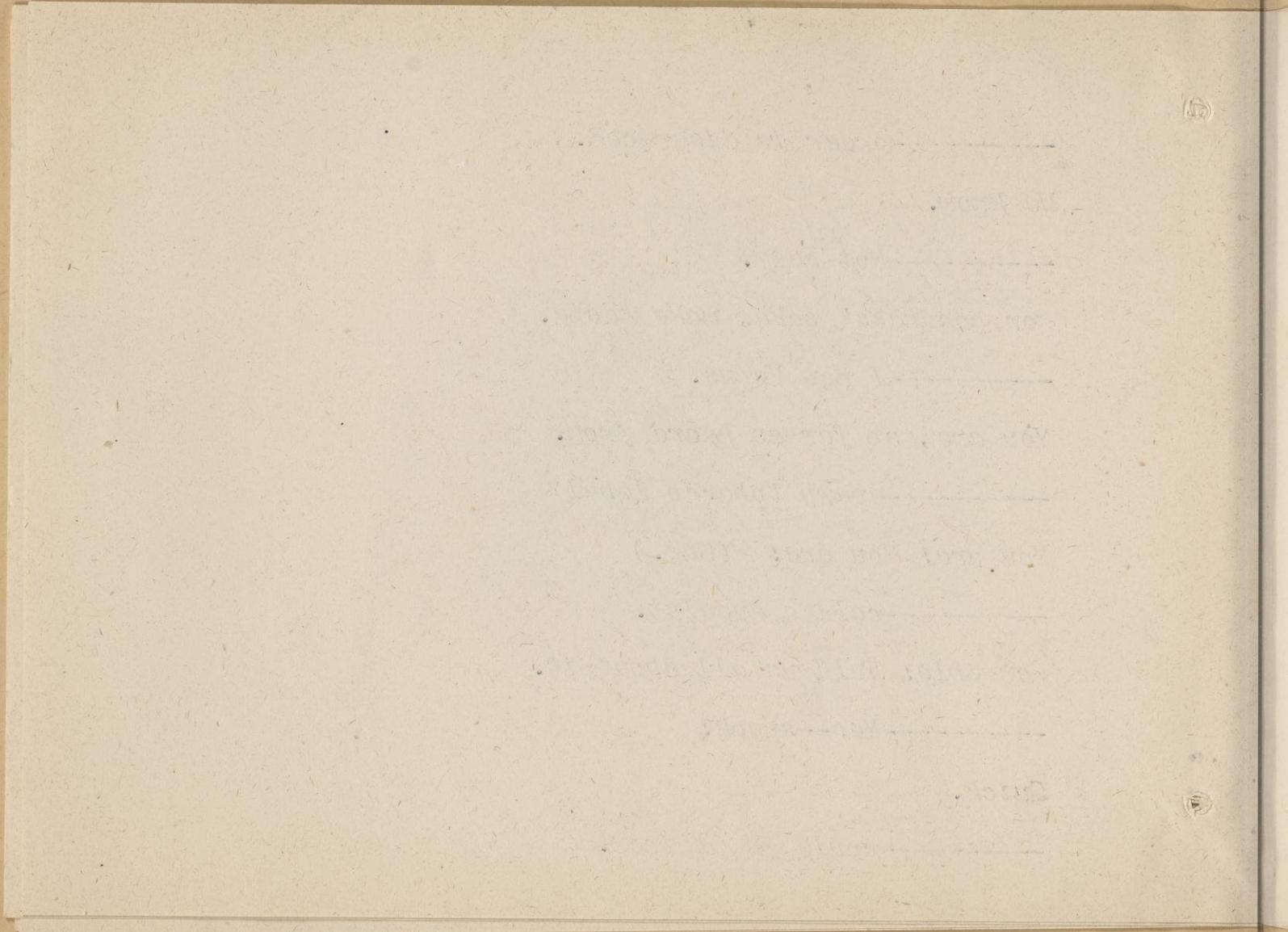
-----call a dudelet.

Horrible! Tell us all about it.

-----Yes--speak!

Quick.

-----could be plainer.



Well, but what is it?

-----must know--you mustn't--

Well, if it's about Juno and Ixion, I sprung that on 'em  
an hour ago!

-----Ixion!

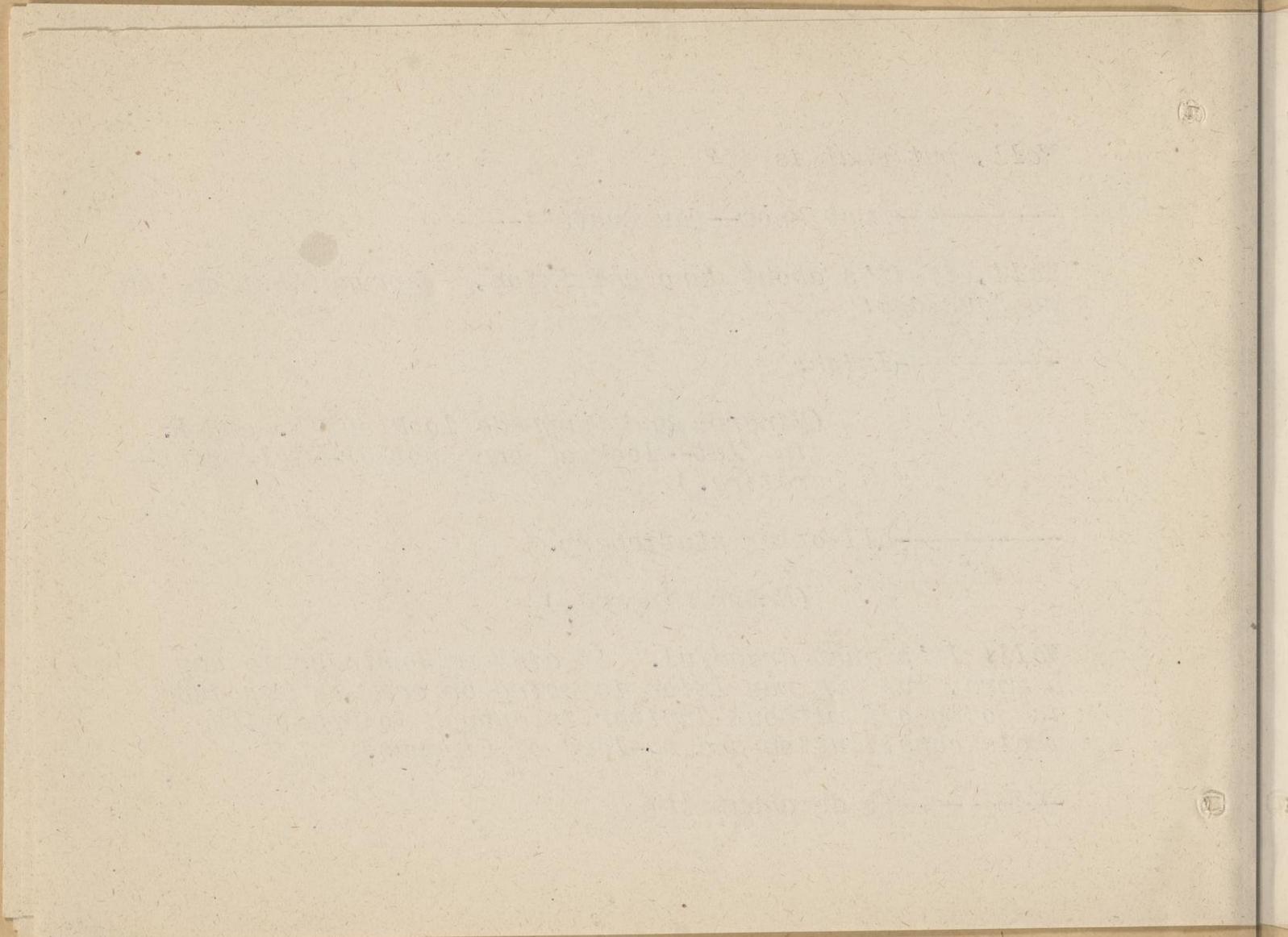
(Minerva and Ganymede look out L. and R.  
in flat--look at one another--telegraph--  
retire.)

-----all other stationery.

(Enter Minerva.)

Well! It's just dreadful. It aint my business to say  
a word, but the way Ixion is going on and the way Juno  
is going off without Jupiter is enough to upset the  
whole constitution and by-laws of Olympus.

-----to do about it?



Let's put our heads together and think. (They put their heads together.)

----- to pronounce it.

You know, I think it is our duty to let Jupiter know what's happening to him.

(Venus sings Gavotte. All dance off.)

----- become mere somnambulism.

(Enter Venus, Minerva, Mars and Ganymede)

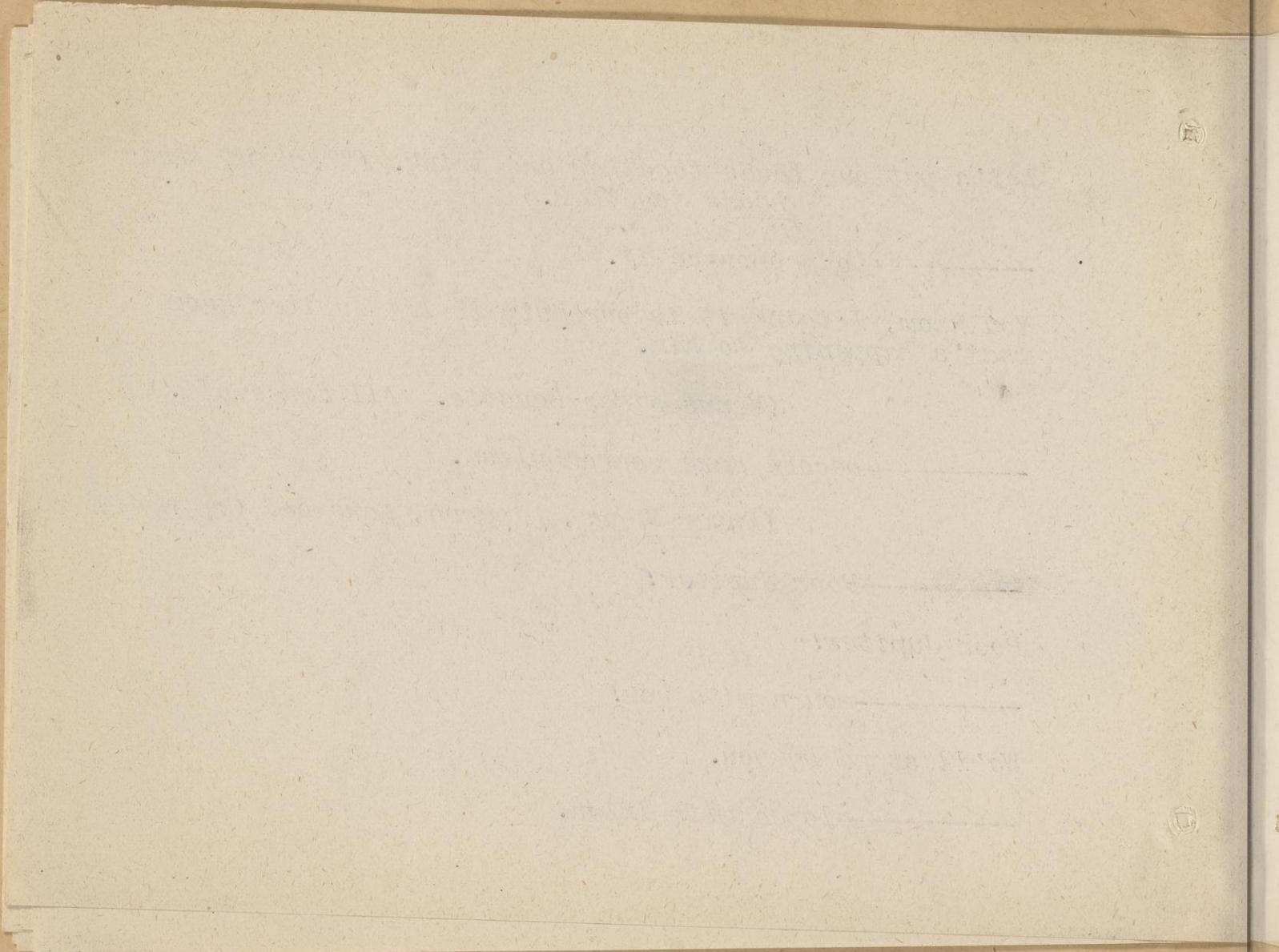
----- Poor Jupiter!

Poor Jupiter!

----- mourn with you!

We'll stand by you.

----- eloped with Ixion.



Why don't you feed her on *Mush melon*, then she *cantelope*!

(Bell rings. Enter Jupiter, followed by  
all the Gods and Goddesses, L.)

-----seen coming this way--

I'm sure of it, I say.

-----What has occurred?

Oc-curd! we've lost our whey.

-----of any assistance?

Yes, teach us how to pose.

-----Quartered.

Drowned.

