



## Dialogue part: Jupiter. [between 1860-1890?]

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

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/HOYB6XRDT4XF78H>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

IXION

JUPITER.



J U P I T E R .  
ACT I.

-----cheek begins to blanch.

(Appearing back.) Blanch! I am here.  
Who summons us by journey atmospherical?  
Whose bawling has made Juno quite hysterical?  
Is it this worm.  
What means the stupid dolt?  
I've half a mind to hurl a thunder-bolt.

-----royal carriage humble.

Carriage! I came in that volcanic rumble.  
Whose is the cry raised by gross mortal fears--  
That reaches from our temples to our ears?

-----'twas mine!

Oh, was it-- and your name? (Comes down)

-----Ixion.

King of Thessaly?

-----Shake old man.



I thought you happy-- rich-- this change explain.

-----wet through I have got.

(Going up L.) I see. Aquarius, drop that watering pot!

-----light up the moon?

Well this is cool! (Goes up R.)

Diana, daughter mine,  
To stop this mortal's noise just make a shine.

-----Thanks.

(Comes down R.) For your explanation I have tarried  
The cause of all your misery--?

-----I'm married!

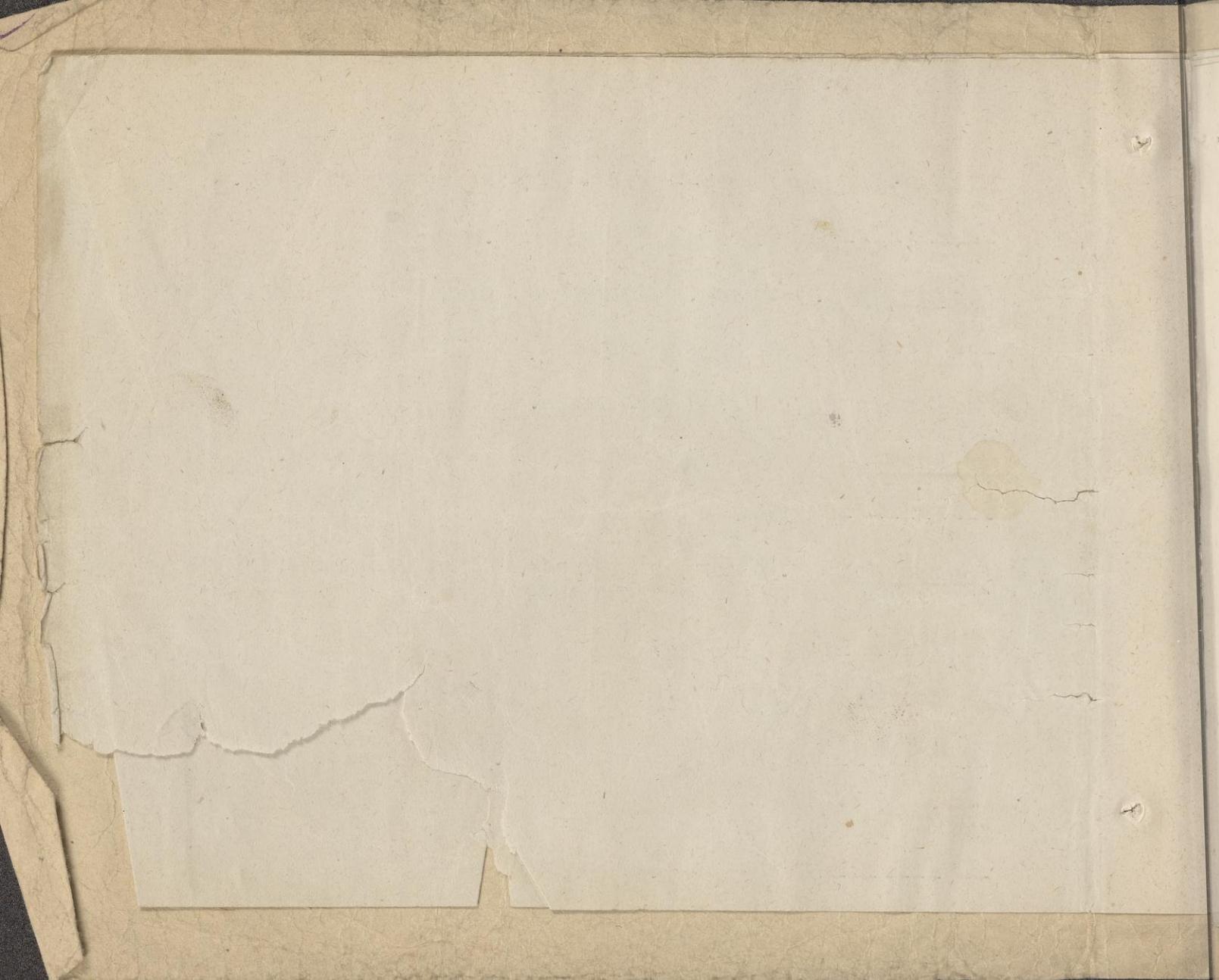
Unhappy mortal, that's a good excuse.

-----the ladder.

Money?

i.e.

-----on the turf.



Ah, I see, you played upon the green.

-----in the races.

Oh I see.

-----and withdrew them.

It was then the plans of vengeance arose in your mind.

-----snatch him baldheaded.

Well.

-----and so he did.

Of course they hunted for him?

-----through the city.

At last they searched the pit?

-----they've razed the palace.

Is it insured.



-----won't get a cent.

A pit--live coals, wife's father's life to take.  
What a sensation novel this would make.

-----can make one write.

To show that I am in sympathy with your cause and that  
the blackest man is not always he who wears the darkest  
varnish I'll invite you to be my guest in Olympus. Per-  
haps you've heard of Olympus.

-----think much of it.

I will send young Mercury, who this very night!  
Will with you safely wing his upward flight,  
Thus to the ~~wonders~~ of the skies he'll raise yer.

~~mirrors~~

-----I'm not a glazier.

Still you shall see the skies, the real skies.

-----is too much.

Don't mention it. It's the way we do things in the  
skies. ("Duett.")

Take this or the  
next day that is  
to fed a day  
the only open  
I have

(After Duett, exit Jupiter behind bush.)

-----they are a holy show.

(Enter Jupiter with others.)

-----you couldn't get here before.

Juno, you mustn't jump down my throat like that in the presence of company. I can't stand it.

-----let's be divorced.

~~The Celestial Divorce Mill~~ will begin running again next week and ours shall be the first case.

-----for cold feet.

(They go up.)

-----what a beauty.

Juno is flirting with Ixion now.

-----Don't shoot.



J U P I T E R .  
ACT II.

(Venus sings Gavotte. All dance off.  
Enter Jupiter L.I.F.)

I am lonely. I long. I sigh. Is there anything so long as loneliness or so lonely as a length, or so sighing as long loneliness? Oh! my heart aches, and I dream of Leda until life has become mere somnambulism.

-----Poor Jupiter!

For gracious' sake, what does all this emotion mean?

-----clinging to you.

But, explain, explain-

-----Your wife Juno.

An

*another. That's nothing when you get used to it.*

-----she cantelope!

Oh,

-----t all? That's nothing when you get used to it!



(March. Change of scene.)

(Bell rings.)

(Enter Jupitor, followed by all the  
Gods and goddesses, L.)

(L. C.) They're somewhere here! Juno and Ixion were last  
seen coming this way--

-----he's quite safe.

Now then Cupid, where are the fugitives.

-----Ask your scout.

Call in the guard! We'll search the place.

(Enter Ixion.)

(Astonished) Ixion!

And alone!

-----Jove!

Oh, serve you now this coolness won't.



Say, where is Juno.

-----I don't!

Tell me!

(Enter Juno.)

Juno!

-----been with--

(Pointing to Ixion.) Your adorer!

-----that's a floorer!

With useless rage Jove is now ~~not~~ used to fume.

(Aside and looking towards Juno)  
I'll try her now. (Aloud) Gods, what shall be his doom?

-----for vivisection.

I have an idea.

2 verle

We never grieve on Sunday  
nor for that's our meeting night  
With sweethearts dear so grand  
and proud Oh my! I aint me  
a sight Our ladies may be  
black or brown no matter they  
an fair We do the grand with  
cane in hand oh my how  
we pose

-----'tis so rare.

Have you a chariot wheel to spare?

-----at your frown.

You're merry now, but soon you'll be cast down.

-----fault of youth.

This plea you bring.

Bind, throw him over! Youth must have its fling.

-----turn has come.

Not yet, but (pointing to wheel) his soon will.

Tied to Apollo's chariot wheel, we'll whirl him  
Through realms of blackest space, and thus we'll hurl  
him

Into the deepest depths.

-----what a fuss!

To Tartarus!

-----Ta-ta.

For lovely belles and charming girls  
Birth avene takes the cream; on  
Sunday night when skies are bright  
these darkies can be seen.

Weandering so gracefully to while  
the time a way we do the ground  
with care in hand oh my! how  
we pose,

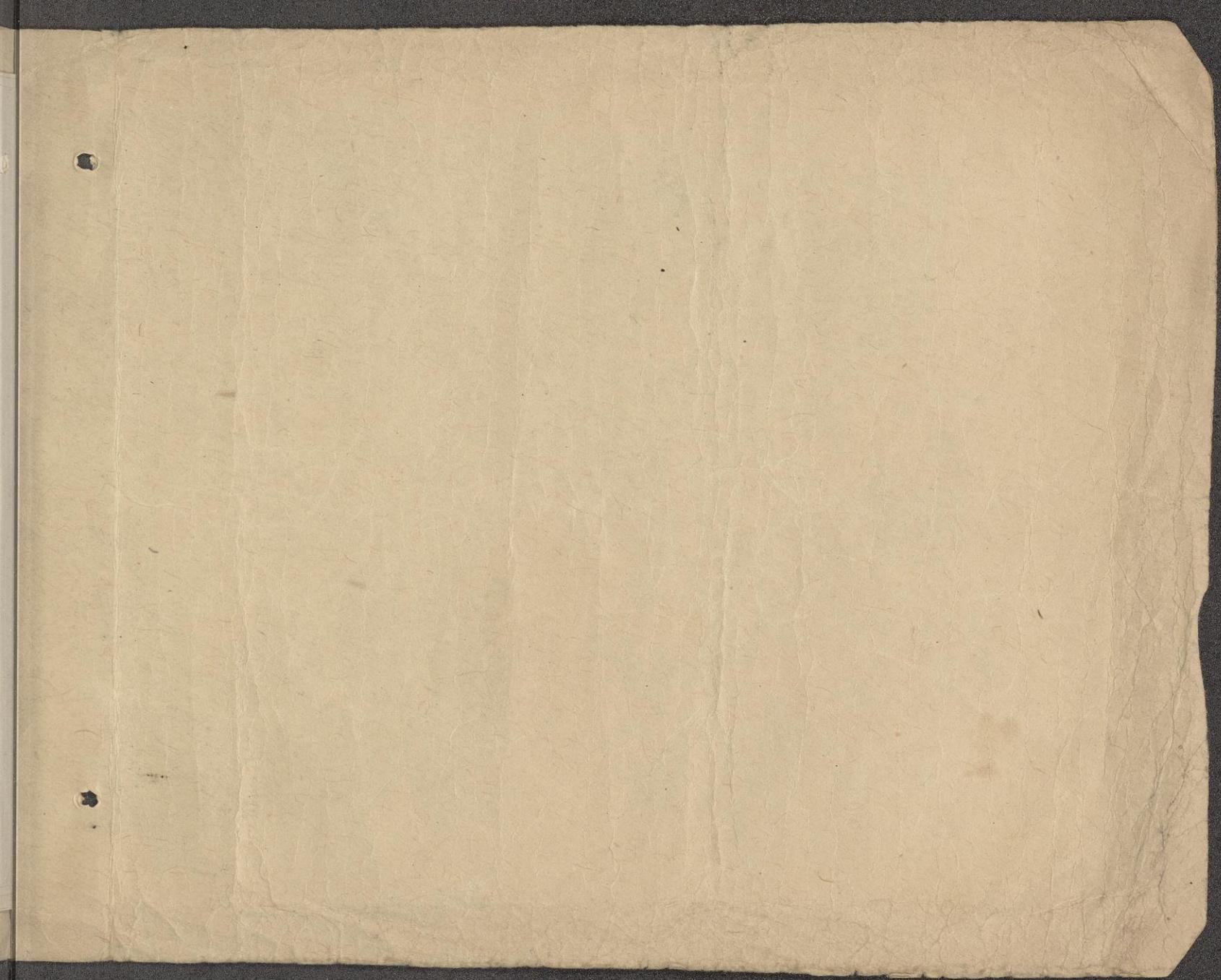
oh gaily gaily  
such delicious music for one and  
all our moments of leisure we  
we pose! oh my oh dear home

Don't "Ta-ta" us!  
Yes, in the prison where you will be thrown,  
Tickets of leave are luxuries unknown.

-----One word!

We'll listen to no last harangues--  
This is our fixed degree. The endless pangs  
Of solitary confinement he shall feel:  
No one shall speak to the Man at the Wheel.





Mr. W. J. Gould

1406 1/2  
Whale