



Dialogue part: Bacchus. [between 1860-1890?]

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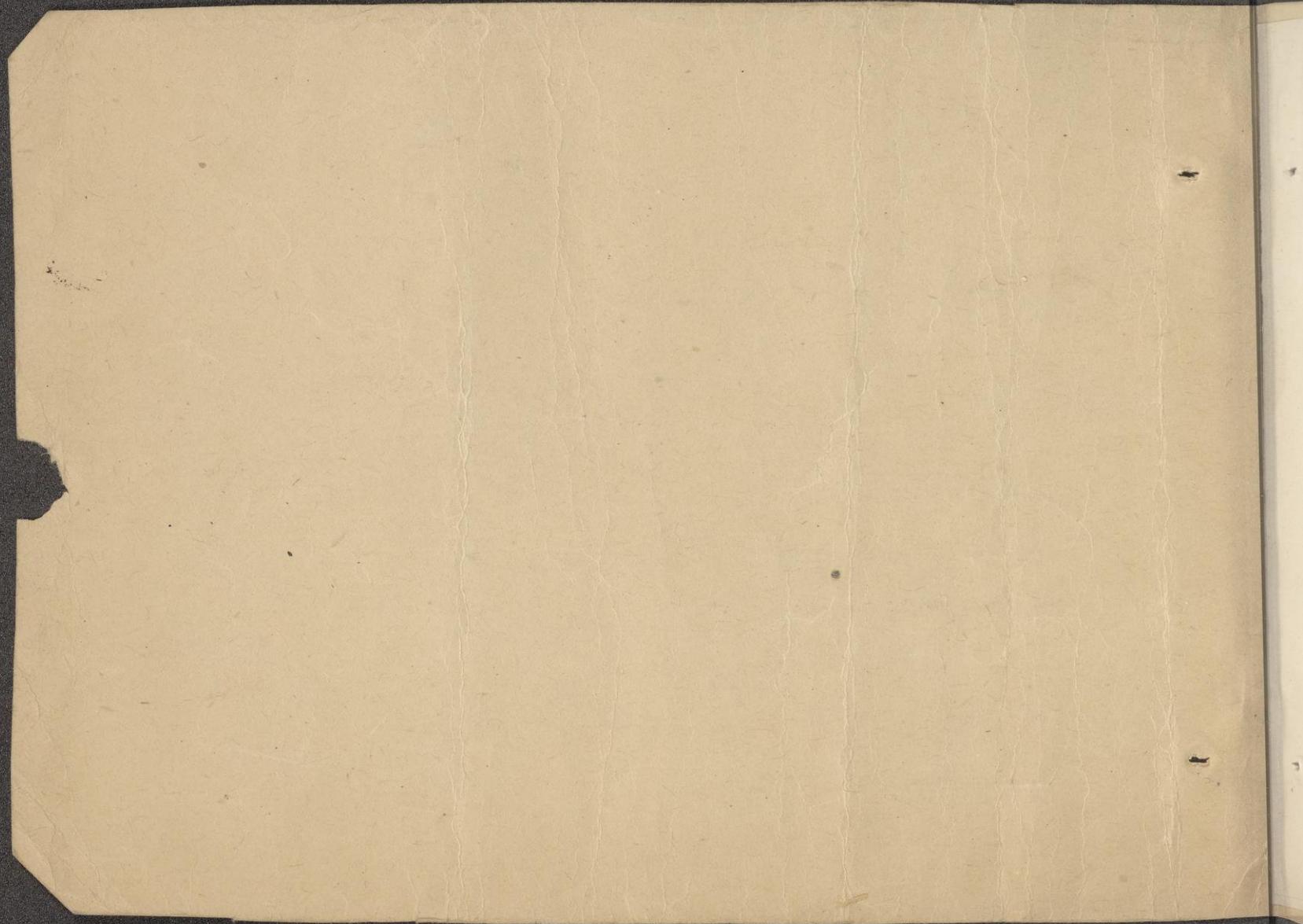
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IXION

BACCHUS.



B A C C H U S .
ACT I.

----- it's all right.

(Within) I say it isn't.

----- low language too.

(Enter Bacchus carrying lantern and keys.
Bacchus drunk.)

(Huskily.) The wine you take my master's sure to missh,
Now look here, Ganymede, what I shay is thish.

----- one horse shay.

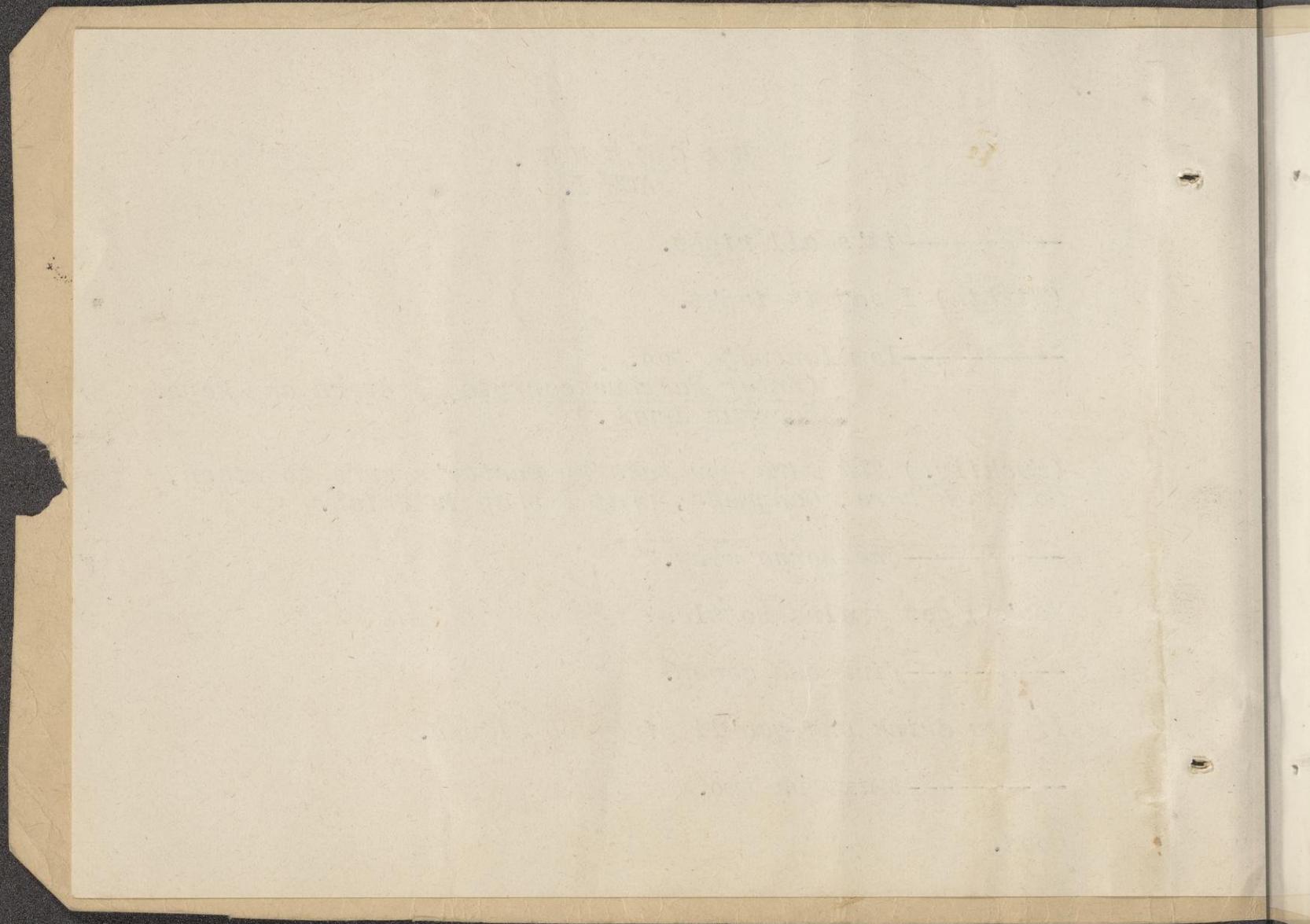
You've got twelve bottles?

----- five and seven.

If you drink one you'll give Job eleven.

----- twixt us two.

Good.



-----back us up.

Well, business calls, on this occasion I am preparing a
wine still, no I mean a still wine association, I don't
mind taking it if you'll give it--gold, upon the comp
pany's behalf.

-----What Cupid.

Well, excuse me, I have to 'range a bin;
For when such wit is out (Bowing to Cupid.)
Wine should be in.

(Exit L.)

-----are a holy show.

(Enter Bacchus with others.)

-----have evidently dined.

(Bowing to Juno.) Yes, they are all muzzy, but you muzzy
mind.

