

**THE WORLD ACTING DRAMA.
PYGMALION AND GALATEA.
AN ORIGINAL MYTHOLOGICAL
COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS**

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The World Acting Drama. Pygmalion and Galatea. An Original Mythological Comedy, in Three Acts by W. S. Gilbert

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W. S. GILBERT

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BY W. S. GILBERT.

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PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

ACT I.

SCENE: PYGMALION'S STUDIO.

[Several classical statues are placed about the room; at the back a temple or cabinet containing a statue of GALATEA, before which curtains are drawn concealing the statue from the audience. The curtains must be so contrived that they will open readily and display the statue completely, without much effort on the part of the actor who opens them. They must also be fitted with mechanical appliances to close apparently of their own accord at the latter part of Act III.: doors, R. and L., L. R. L. and R., and opening V. R. R.]

[MIMOS, a slave, is discovered at work, L. C., on a half finished statue. To him enter AGESIMOS, V. R. R.; he is magnificently dressed; he comes down R. C.]

AGES. (*haughtily.*) Good day. Is this Pygmalion's studio?

MIM. (*bowing.*) It is.

AGES. Are you Pygmalion?

MIM. Ob, no;

I am his slave.

AGES. And has Pygmalion slaves?

A sculptor with a slave to wait on him;

A slave to fetch and carry—come and go—

And p'raps a whip to thrash him if he don't!

What's the world coming to? (*sits R. C.*)

MIM. What is your will?

AGES. This: Chryses will receive Pygmalion

At half-past three to-day; so bid him come.

MIM. And are you Chryses, sir?

- AGES. Well, no I'm not.
That is, not altogether, I'm in fact,
His slave.
- Mrs. (*collected*.) His slave! Ha, ha!
- AGES. (*very proudly—rises*)— My name's Agesimos?
- Mrs. And has Agesimos a master then,
To bid him fetch and carry—come and go—
And wield a whip to threaten him if he don't?
What's the world coming to? (*Resumes work*.)
- AGES. Poor purblind fool!
I'd sooner tie the sandals of my lord,
Than own five hundred thousand such as you.
Whip! why Agesimos would rather far
Be whipped by Chryses seven times a day,
Than whip you hence to the Acropolis;
What say you now?
- Mrs. Why, that upon one point
Agesimos and I are quite agreed.
And who is Chryses?
- AGES. Hear the slave, ye gods,
He knows not Chryses.
- Mrs. Verily, not I.
- Mrs. He is the chiefest man in Athens, sir;
The father of the arts—a nobleman
Of princely liberality and taste,
On whom five hundred starved Pygmalsions
May batter if they will.
- Enter PYGMALION, U. K. H., down C.*
- Pyg. Who is this man? [*Agesimos.*]
- AGES. (*humbly*) I'm Chryses' slave—(*proudly*) my name's
Chryses has heard of you; he understands
That you have talent, and he condescends
To bid you call on him. But take good care
How you offend him; he can make or mar!
- Pyg. Your master's slave reflects his insolence!
Tell him from me that, though I'm poor enough,
I am an artist and a gentleman.
He should not reckon Art among his slaves;
She rules the world—so let him wait on her.
- AGES. This is a sculptor!

PYG. (*furiously*)— And an angry one!
 Begone, and take my message to your lord.
 Insolent hound!
 [*Exit AGESIMOS, R. U. E.*]

Enter CYNISCA, R. L. E.

CYN. Pygmalion, what's amiss?
 PYG. Chrysos has sent his slave to render me
 The customary tribute paid by wealth
 To mere intelligence.
 CYN. Pygmalion!
 Brooding upon the chartered insolence
 Of a mere slave! Dismiss the thought at once.
 Come, take thy chisel, then hast work to do
 Ere thy wife-model takes her leave to-day;
 In half-an-hour I must be on the road
 To Athens. Half-an-hour remains to thee
 Come—make the most of it—I'll pose myself;
 Say will that do? (*Poses herself against base π.*)

PYG. I cannot work to-day.
 My hand's uncertain I must rest awhile.

CYN. Then rest and gaze upon thy masterpiece,
 'Twill reconcile thee to thyself—Behold!

(Draws curtain and discovers statue of GALATEA,)*

PYG. Yes—for in gazing on my handiwork,
 I gaze on heaven's handiwork—thyself—

CYN. And yet, although it be thy masterpiece,
 It has the fault thy patrons find with all
 Thy many statues.

PYG. What then do they say?

CYN. They say Pygmalion's statues have one head—
 That head, Cynisca's.

PYG. So, then, it's a fault (*raises*)
 To reproduce an hundred thousand fold,
 For the advantage of mankind at large, [*hand.*]
 The happiness the gods have given me! (*Takes her*)
 Well, when I find a fairer head than mine
 I'll give my patrons some variety.

*NOTE.—These curtains must be pushed aside by hand—not drawn apart by arrangement of cord and pulleys.

CYN. (*hastily.*) I would not have thee find another head
That seemed as fair to thee for all the world!
We'll have no stranger models if you please,
I'll be your model, sir, as heretofore,
So reproduce me at your will; and yet
It were sheer vanity in me to think
That this fair stone recalls Cynisca's face.

PRG. Cynisca's face in every line!

CYN. No, no! [*up L.*]

These outlines softened, angles smoothed away
The eyebrows arched, the head more truly poised,
The forehead ten years smoother than mine own,
Tell rather of Cynisca as she was
When, in the silent groves of Artemis,
Pygmalion told his love ten years ago;
And then the placid brow, the sweet, sad lips,
The gentle head down-bent resignedly,
Proclaim that this is not Pygmalion's wife, [twice!]
Who laughs and frowns, but knows no need be-
I am no longer as that statue is (*down L.*) (*Closes*
[*curtains.*])

PRG. Why here's ingratitude, to slander Time,
Who in his hurried course has passed thee by!
Or is it that Cynisca won't allow
That Time *could* pass her by, and never pause
To print a kiss upon so fair a face?

Enter MYRTLE, R. U. E., running.

MYR. (*down R. C.*) Pygmalion I have news.

PRG. (*C.*)— My sister, speak.

MYR. (*bashfully.*) Send Mimos hence. [*quite alone.*]

PRG. (*signs to Mimos, who exits L. and D.*) Now we are

MYR. Leucippe—

CYN. (*L. C.*) Well!

MYR. (*to PRG.*)— He was thy schoolfellow,
And thou and he are brothers save in blood;
He loves my brother as a brother.

PRG. Yes,
I'm sure of that; but is that all thy news?
There's more to come!

MYR. (*bashfully.*) He loves thy sister too.

Pyg. Why this is news, Myrine—kiss me girl.
(Kisses her and puts her to c.)

I'm more than happy at thy happiness,
 There is no better fellow in the world.

Cyn. But tell us all about it dear. How came
 The awkward, bashful, burly warrior,
 To nerve himself to this confession?

LEUCIPPE *appears at door* U. E. E.

Myr. Why—
 He's here—*(goes to him and brings him down)*—
 and he shall tell thee how it was.

Leuc. *(awkwardly.)* In truth I hardly know, I'm new at it;
 I'm but a soldier. Could I fight my way
 Into a maiden's heart, why well and good;
 I'd get there somehow. But to talk and sigh,
 And whisper pretty things, I can't do that;
 I tried it, but I stammered, blushed and failed.
 Myrine laughed at me—but bless her heart,
 She knew my meaning and she pulled me through!

Myr. I don't know how, Pygmalion, but I did.
 He stammered, as he tells you, and I laughed;
 And then I felt so sorry, when I saw
 The great, big, brave Leucippe look so like
 A beaten schoolboy—that I think I cried. *(Pause.)*
 And then—I quite forgot what happened next.
 Till, by some means, we, who had always been
 So cold and formal, distant and polite,
 Found ourselves—

Leuc. Each upon the other's neck!
 You are not angry? *(offering his hand.)*

Pyg. *(taking it.)* Angry? overjoyed!
 I wish I had been there, unseen, to see;
 No sight could give me greater happiness!

Leuc. What! say you so? Why then, Myrine, girl,
 We'll reproduce it for his benefit. *(They embrace.)*
 See here, Pygmalion, here's a group for thee!
 Come, fetch thy clay, and set to work on it,
 I'll promise thee thy models will not tire.

Cyn. How now, Leucippe, where's the schoolboy blush,
 That used to coat thy face at sight of her?

- LEUC. The coating was but thin, we've rubbed it off!
(Kisses MYRINE and takes her to seat L.)
- PRG. Take care of him, Myriæ; thou hast not
 The safeguard that protects her.
(Indicating CYNISCA, who crosses R. C.)
- MYR. *(sits L.)*— What is that?
- CYN. *(seated R.)* It's a strange story. Many years ago
 I was a holy nymph of Artemis,
 Pledged to eternal maidenhood.
- LEUC. Indeed!
- MYR. How terrible!
- CYN. It seems not so to me;
 For weeks and weeks I pondered steadfastly
 Upon the nature of that serious step
 Before I took it—lay awake at night,
 Looking upon it from this point and that,
 And I at length determined that the vow,
 Which to Myrine seems so terrible,
 Was one that I, at all events could keep.
(I. КНИПЕР whispers MYRINE.)
- MYR. How old was thou, Cynisca?
- CYN. I was ten.
 Well—in due course, I reached eleven, still
 I saw no reason to regret the step; *(changed;*
 Twelve—thirteen—fourteen saw me still un-
 At fifteen, it occurred to me one day
 That marriage was a necessary ill,
 Inflicted by the gods to punish us,
 And to evade it were impiety;
 At sixteen the idea became more fixed;
 At seventeen I was convinced of it.
- PRG. In the meantime she'd seen Pygmalion.
(PRG. is up L. working on unfinished statue.)
- MYR. And you confided all your doubts to him?
- CYN. I did, and he endorsed them—so we laid
 The case before my mistress Artemis;
 No need to tell the arguments we used,
 Suffice it that they brought about our end.
 And Artemis, her icy steadfastness
 Thawed by the ardor of Cynisca's prayers,
 Replied, "Go girl, and wed Pygmalion;