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THE
DEEP DEEP SEA

OR

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

AN ORIGINAL

MYTHOLOGICAL, AQUATIC, EQUESTRIAN BURLETTA,

IN

ONE ACT

BY MESSRS.

J. R. PLANCHÉ

AND

CHARLES DANCE

AUTHORS OF

*Olympic Devils—Olympic Revels—The Paphian Bower—Blue
Beard—Telemachus—High Low Jack and the Game—
Riquet with the Tuft—Puss in Boots,
&c. &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market

LONDON.

Dec 26-33

On Thursday, December 26, 1833, for the FIRST TIME, an ENTIRELY NEW and ORIGINAL

OLYMPIC GAME,

Invented and produced by the Authors of "THE REVELS," and "THE DEVILS," &c., being a Mythological, Aquatic, Equestrian, Burlesque Burletta, in One Act, to be entitled the

'DEEP DEEP SEA'

OR

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

The SEA-*nery* by Mr. GORDON. The WEEDS by Miss IRELAND, Miss GLOVER, and Assistants. The MARINE STORES by Mr. BLAMIRE. The MACHINES by Mr. MACKINTOSH. The Sea Breezes and other AIRS, SEA-lected by the Authors, and arranged by Mr. TULLY.

In the Overture will be introduced HANDEL'S celebrated "WATER PIECE"
IMMORTALS.

Neptune.....	(Captain of "The Ocean").....	Mr. J. BLAND.
Triton.....	(his First Lieutenant).....	Mr. HUGGINS.
Ditto, of the Minnows.....	(or Middies).....	Master FENTON.
Amphitrite.....	(the Captain's Lady).....	Miss FERGUSON.
Minerva.....	Miss IRELAND.

Nereides, (a PAIR sample of the Sisterhood so called—Ladies who (mirabile dictu!) candidly owned to being FIFTY.

HALL IN THE PALACE OF KING CEPHEUS,

Overlooking the "deep deep Sea"

"Oh for a horse with wings."Shakspeare.

Fig Tree Court, Temple—of Jupiter Ammon,

With a Drop of the "deep deep Sea."

"Water parted from the Sea,

To the Sea again will rove."Dr. Arne.

COAST OF ÆTHIOPIA,

And Insulated Rock in the "deep deep Sea."

RESCUE OF ANDROMEDA FROM THE SEA SERPENT, BY PERSEUS.

"We've scotched the snake, not kill'd it."Shakspeare.

MARBLE GROUPE, FROM THE ANTIQUE.

Annual General Meeting of the Gods and Goddesses.

"**JOVE** in *the Chair*."

And an end of everything—save the Sea Serpent.

“ THE DEEP DEEP SEA.”



SCENE FIRST.—*The submarine Villa of Neptune.*

NEPTUNE *discovered asleep*—TRITONS, &c. *in attendance.*

CHORUS OF TRITONS,—“ Peaceful slumb’ring.”

Peaceful slumb’ring in the ocean,
Nep, his nap, is taking nigh ;
Cease, ye winds, your rude commotion,
While we sing his lullaby,
Lullaby ! lullaby !

NEPTUNE. (*awaking*) Avast ! Belay there ! Stow your jawing gear,

Ye noisy swabs ! Is that the way you steer ?
Shiver my timbers ha’n’t I just turned in,
And must I be disturbed by all this din !
Just as my wife and ev’ry mother’s daughter,
Of all the babbling craft that haunt salt water,
Have borne up for the straits of Babelmandel,
And gone ashore to sip tea and talk scandal ;
And I had hoped to get a moment’s quiet,
You must be making this infernal riot !

TRITON. It ar’nt our making an’ your honour pleases,
Its them there winds that kick up these here breezes ;
They blows all ways at once, and never cares,
And so we thought with our squalls to drown theirs.

NEPTUNE. Main-top !

BOREAS. (*aloft, but invisible*) Ay, ay, sir !

NEPTUNE. Stop that noisy mirth,
And when you see your captain in his berth,

Don't bother him to death in that rough slang way,
Or you shall have a dozen at the gang way.
So now to sleep again. Lieutenant Triton!

TRITON. Your honour!

NEPTUNE. You are what I call a tight'un.

You take the watch. I want a cosey snore—
Call me when I call you, and not before.

AIR,—NEPTUNE—"The deep deep sea."

A quiet nap I love,
When my wife's gone out to tea;
With Morpheus hand and glove
In the deep deep sea.

For repose she's made so rare,
In the cabin of the deep,
That my nightcap, I declare,
I had better sell than keep.
Don't you think it's rather hard
That the king of ocean's tide
From rest should be debarr'd,
By his chattering, clattering bride?
A quiet nap I love, &c.

Ah! in peace how can one dwell
In this world of liquid brine,
When one has a divine-belle,
With a clapper loud as thine?
Say you love me—that I'll prove,
Fib as great as e'er was told;
It can't be, since you, my love,
Do nothing all day but scold!
Oh, a quiet nap I love, &c.

(goes to sleep again.)

TRITON. Fast as a church. You heard, lads, what he said.

Now no palaver. Let him be obeyed.
Our captain is a good'un in the main,
So don't you make that thund'ring row again.

BOREAS. A strange sail on the weather bow!

TRITON.

Hollo!

Pass the glass forward! A strange sail! Why no—
 As sure as Neptune's monarch of the seas,
 The Amphitrite and Nereides!
 Ay, the whole fifty sail—brig, sloop, and smack!
 Which of you winds have blown 'em so soon back?

Music—Enter AMPHITRITE and the NEREIDES, L.

AMPHIT. }
 NEREIDES. } Revenge! Revenge!

NEPTUNE. (*starting up*) Again this cursed clatter!
 Heyday! my wife returned! Why, what's the
 matter?

AMPHIT. The jade!—the minx!—the creature!—to
 endeavour—

Oh, ladies! Did you ever?

ALL THE NEREIDES. No; we never!

NEPTUNE. What ails the women? Have they lost their
 wits?

AMPHIT. Where's my rock salts? I'm going into fits!
 (*faints—NEREIDES surround her.*)

NEPTUNE. Haul off, and give her sea-room! Don't crowd
 round her.

She'll right with the flood tide. I've often found her
 As queer as this when she's been out to parties.

I'll fire a shot shall bring her to, my hearties.

What cheer, ho!

(*bawling through a speaking trumpet at her.*)

AMPHIT. (*starting*) Ugh, you great sea-brute! What
 cheer?

I've been abused—insulted, sir—d'ye hear!

I and these ladies—and your sister Juno.

I don't know what you'll say; but this I *do* know,

If you have got the spirit of a mouse

You will revenge this insult on our house!

NEPTUNE. Revenge! but who's affronted you, and how?

Crack on at once, and tell us what's the row.

CONCERTED PIECE,—“Sir, these soldiers.”

Barber of Seville.

AMPHIT. Sir, that creature has abused me,
 Like a very dog she's used me;

Like a dog! like a dog!
Like a very dog she's used me!

1st NEREID. Queen Cassiope's the cause, sir!
Of this riot and this noise, sir.
She's the cause, &c.

TRITON. While together thus they chatter,
Who can tell what is the matter?
Who can tell, &c.

2nd NEREID. Sir, that queen, so pert and flighty,
Scoffed at us and Amphitrite.
Scoffed at us, &c.

ALL THE REST. Pray, sir, must we be thus slighted;
Won't you see your subjects righted?
Won't you see, &c.

NEPTUNE. Silence! I hear ye!
Are ye tipsy? Are ye tipsy?
Peace, you gipsy! Peace, I say.

TRITON. Sure she's tipsy! Silence, pray.

AMPHIT. Am I tipsy? Ladies, say.

ALL. What confusion! With the dinning
Round the giddy waves are spinning;
No one ending; all beginning.
Ocean's self in clamour drown'd!

AMPHIT. Well, then, you know, we went out to drink tea,
With Ethiopia's Queen, Cassiope,
And nought occurred to mar our recreation
Until by accident the conversation
Turned upon beauty; when that swarthy creature
Dared to compare herself in form and feature
To me and the Nereides! Compare her-
Self did I say? She vowed that she was fairer!
Fairer than us, or the great queen of Jove,
The ox-eyed Juno!

NEPTUNE. Well, what then my love?

AMPHIT. What then! O Gemini! He says, "what then!"
Why, what the deuce has come to all the men?

Have you no gall—no spirit? Hear your wife
And sister thus defamed!

NEPTUNE. My precious life!
What would you have me do? If Juno flies out,
As she is wont, she'll tear the woman's eyes out;
And there's an end of that.

AMPHIT. Indeed! D'ye think
I couldn't have done that myself? Don't wink
At your sea-hogs there! Don't make me your jest,
But give me vengeance! Vengeance, sir! You'd
best,

Or I will make the sea too hot to hold you,
And then you'll wish you'd acted as I told you.

NEPTUNE. Well! well! Be calm. (*aside*) 'Twill never
do to thwart her.

(*aloud*) What must I do to keep out of hot water?
What vengeance will content you for a word
Carelessly spoken? Come, don't be absurd;
Say what and on whose head it must be hurled?

AMPHIT. I'm not particular—drown all the world!
Annihilate all creatures made of clay;
Wash the great globe of earth itself away,
And that will do at present. No black looks!
“Do it! Nor leave the task to me!”

NEPTUNE. (*aside*) Od's zooks!
Stand by your topsail halyards! Here's a shrew!
(*aloud*) Drown all the world! Won't a few king-
doms do?
Or just one quarter?

AMPHIT. No! I'll grant no quarter
To any—lay the whole four under water!

NEPTUNE. Then if I do, I do; but if I do
May I be—hanged. So now, ma'am! That's for
you!

Do as you please; wash all away you dare.

I wash my hands, mind, of the whole affair;

AMPHIT. Well, then, here goes. (*snatchss his trident*) 'Tis
Amphitrite speaks

In Neptune's name! Blow, winds, and crack your
cheeks!

Rage! blow! Ye cataracts and hurricanoes,
Spout till the ocean neither bound nor stay knows,
But breaking over all 'twixt earth and sky,
Leaves nothing but Olympus high and dry!

AIR AND CHORUS.—AMPHITRITE, NEREIDES, AND TRITONS.—“Non piu mesta.”—Cenerentola.

Let the lightning flash and the thunder roll,
And the ocean rise like winking!
Till it break the banks from pole to pole,
And make each fund a sinking!
Set the mighty storm a brewing,
Heavy wet—till all's blue ruin!

Thunder and Lightning, Storm, &c,—enter the BLACK COOK of “the Ocean,” L.

COOK. Help! murder! massa captain! only look!

NEPTUNE. Look! Look at what? you son of a sea cook!

Hast seen the Phantom Ship or Flying Dutchman?

COOK. No, Massa! Nebber see him any such man,

Him sarpent!—dan a tousand cable bigger!

AMPHIT. A serpent!

Music.—SERPENT appears above.

SERPENT. I say! You eternal Nigger!

Your boiler must have burst, I calculate,

To stir the sea up at this mortal rate—

You've made me figure in tarnation attitudes;

I've lost my way, I swear, in these strange latitudes!

Descends.

AMPHIT. You give yourself strange latitude of speech,

And for your longitude—Gods! what a reach

It makes! I ne'er beheld a snake so lanky!

NEPTUNE. Sir, by your accent you should be a Yankee.

SERPENT. (*advancing*) Guess I am, stranger. A United Stater!

Half man, half horse, and half an alligator.

NEPTUNE. I ought to be no stranger, sir, to you;

My name is Neptune.

SERPENT.

Mister! how d'ye do?

I've heard of you before.

NEPTUNE.

And now *your* name

And purpose,—whither bound, and whence you came?

SERPENT. Neptune, I shan't say no when you say yes;

My tale's a mortal long one, though, I guess,

So long you'll hardly stop while I unfold it;

But you may hear, although you can't behold it.

All bones but yours will rattle when I say,

I'm the sea serpent from America.

Mayhap you've heard that I've been round the world;

I guess I'm round it now, mister, twice curled.

D'ye call that nothing? Don't think me a dreamer.

Listen—you'll find I'm nothing but a screamer!

Of all the monsters through the deep that splash,

I'm "number one" all to immortal smash.

When I lie down, and would my length unroll,

There arn't half room enough 'twixt pole and pole.

In short, I grow so long, that I've a notion

I must be measured soon for a new ocean.

Then I swim faster—dive deeper—stand higher—

Stay longer under water—come up drier—

Eat more—drink more—do more—do less or either;

Sometimes one—sometimes both—sometimes neither.

In short, again, as I've my jawing tacks on,

I outrank Washington and General Jackson,

Paul Jones and Quintus Curtius—I'm a teaser—

I'm rich as cream, and brave as Julius Cæsar.

To model me at one inch to a mile,

I'll tell you what 'twould take—I guess you'll smile—

Something that's longer far than anything,

And a tarnation quantity of string—

Ten thousand cables—twenty thousand men—

Canvass from here to there, and back again.

'Twould take all these, thrice multiplied by two;

And when you'd took 'em all—it wouldn't do.

NEPTUNE. It wouldn't! I can tell you, though, what would.

SERPENT. Well, what?

NEPTUNE. The yarns you spin

SERPENT. Oh, yes, that's good!

Now listen, mister.—'Bout this time last year,
 As I was dozing handsome off Cape Clear,
 A galley laden with the Golden Fleece,
 Bore down upon my beam, as slick as grease.
 I guess the captain thought me a first rater!
 He took me for the visible equator.
 Well—he made sail for sixteen weeks, to see
 If there was any end at all to me;
 And finding neither head nor stern to double,
 Alter'd his course, and took no further trouble.

AMPHIT. A thought!—Make signals to cease firing
 there!

Haul down the waves and brail the clouds up fair;
 I've hit on a revenge that's far more savage,
 This monster shall the coast of Afric ravage.
 Say! canst thou swallow millions—

SERPENT. What of—treasure?

AMPHIT. No, mortal creatures.

SERPENT. Oh, yes, with great pleasure;
 My breadroom's cruel empty!

AMPHIT. Then away!
 Eat every living thing till I cry stay.

SERPENT. Look sharp, then, or, to speak in moderation,
 Swamp me, if I shan't swallow all creation!

DUET AND CHORUS—SERPENT, AMPHITRITE, &c.—
 “Yankee Doodle.”

AMPHIT. Yankee Doodle! munch 'em down,
 Fat and lean and bony,

SERPENT. I can swallow human kind,
 As fast as macaroni.
 Mister, (to NEPTUNE) now, upon my soul,
 It's true as any rifle;
 Only you ask uncle Ben,
 Who owes me that 'ere trifle.

AMPHIT. Yankee Doodle! munch 'em up,

SERPENT. Since for me you cater;
 See if I a'n't half a horse,
 And half an alligator.

CHORUS. Yankee Doodle! munch 'em up,
 Yankee Doodle Dandy;
 Breakfast, lunch, and dine and sup,
 And with your jaws be handy.

*Exeunt OMNES—the SERPENT leading AMPHITRITE—
 the scene closing on “the awful tail.”*

SCENE SECOND.—*Hall in the Palace of King Cepheus.
 Arch in centre, closed in by rich curtains.*

*Enter KING CEPHEUS, QUEEN CASSIOPE, and
 ANDROMEDA, R.*

KING. Don't talk to me! Prepare to go to church
 With Phineus *instante*.

ANDROM. (*aside*) In the lurch,
 I'll leave him at the door.

KING. What's that you mutter?

QUEEN. Weak girl! to quarrel with your bread and
 butter

ANDROM. He's not my bread and butter.

QUEEN. You're his toast,
 And suit him to a T.

ANDROM. A mighty boast!
 I'd rather wed a hippopotamus.

KING. You'd rather wed a hippo—*what* amus?
 My duck, d'ye hear that goose? Romantic fool!
 She's picked these notions up at boarding school.

Enter 'an ATTENDANT, L.

ATTENDANT. One Captain Perseus, of the First Winged
 Horse,
 Requests an audience of the king.

KING. Of course.
 Some mere adventurer who wants a dinner.

Well, show him in. (*the curtains at back open.*)

ANDROM. (*aside*) 'Tis he, as I'm a sinner!
 The very man who, at the Lord Mayor's ball,
 I danced with.

KING. Zound's he's coming, horse and all!

Musie—*Enter* PERSEUS, mounted on PEGASUS, and bearing the head of Medusa in a rich velvet bag.

AIR,—PERSEUS.—(*Nursery Ballad*)—" Ride a Cock-horse."

Ride a wing'd horse,
The country across,
I've kill'd an old woman,
Both ugly and cross ;
Ringlets of vipers hung down to her toes ;
Her name was Medusa, as all the world knows.

KING. Is the man mad! to come in with his beast!

Your pony might have scraped his shoes, at least.

PERSEUS. On horseback, sir, I make my salutation,
Like the king's champion at the coronation ;
But if you mean to make a broil the end on't,
I shan't *back out* like him, you may depend on't.

KING. (*aside*) As hot as mustard! (*aloud*) Sir, I say again—

PERSEUS. I shan't apologise, but I'll explain,
Provided you are not so high and mighty,
My horse is like myself, a little flighty ;
I tried to rein him up, sir, in the lobby.
But when a man once gets upon his hobby,
It's rather difficult, you know, to stop him ;
And mine, unless, sir, of his wings you'd lop him,
Is very likely in a mood extatic,
To gallop right up stairs into your attic.
But there—(*dismounting*) your groom may take him,
if he wishes, *Exit* ATTENDANT, with horse, L.
While I report—(*sees* ANDROMEDA) Ye gods and
little fishes!
What do I see?

KING. Our daughter.

PERSEUS. Is she married?

KING. She is about to be.

PERSEUS. 'Tis well you tarried
Till my arrival. None but I must marry her—
Refuse, and, *nolens volens*, off I carry her.

QUEEN. She's to her uncle pledged.

PERSEUS.

Uncle! what then?

I've pledged a thousand things to mine, and when
I wanted, I redeem'd them. Go and supplicate
Your uncle, love; tell him I have your duplicate
Here in my heart, and ready am to pay
The tender interest to this very day.
O cruel fortune! must the hopes that we
Saw born at *one* ball be destroyed by *three*.

AIR,—PERSEUS.—“We met.”

We met! 'twas at the ball,
Upon last Easter Monday;
I press'd you to be mine,
And you said, “Perhaps, one day.”
I danced with you the whole
Of that night, and you only;
Ah, ne'er “*Cavalier seul*”
Felt more wretched and lonely.
For when I squeezed your hand,
As we turned one another,
You frowned, and said “Have done!
Or I'll speak to my mother!”

They called the Spanish dance,
And we flew through it fleetly—
'Twas o'er—I could not breathe,
For you'd blown me completely.
I led you to a seat
Far away from the dancers;
Quadrilles again began,
They were playing “the Lancers;”
Again I squeezed your hand,
And my anguish to smother,
You smiled and said “Dear sir,
You may speak to my mother.”

KING. All this is mighty fine, upon my honour,
But who are you, to set your heart upon her?
A half-pay captain hope to be thus matched!

PERSEUS. Half-pay, perhaps—but not, sir, *unattached*.

And for my birth and parentage—why I
 Can boast a lineage than yours more high.
 I am the son of Danaë, by Jove
 I am! and though compelled by fate to rove
 In quest of fame, I'll bet you any odds
 There's no one more in favour with the gods!
 This helm, for instance (you ne'er saw a rarer),
 With power to make invisible the wearer,
 A present was from Pluto. Sage Minerva
 Gave me this shield, for which I'll ever serve her!
 Hermes was kind enough to lend his wings,
 With sundry other useful little things;
 Amongst the rest, this keen and crooked dagger,
 With which I cut not only a great swagger,
 But cropped the hair and head off of Medusa;
 Which was a pretty decent job to do, sir.
 For, as 'tis well by every school-boy known,
 Who looked her in the face was turned to stone,
 So that one glance would make the daring elf,
 A lithographic portrait of himself

QUEEN. How did you find her out? to her abode
 I never yet knew one who knew the road.

PERSEUS. I made a morning call upon the Graiæ,
 The sisters of Medusa—said, "How are ye?
 Then took a chair, and talked about the weather,
 Until they all three went to sleep together.
 They're pretty creatures—have you ever seen 'em?
 They've got but one eye and one tooth between 'em,
 So that at dinner, it's a curious truth,
 They're forced to help themselves, and pass the tooth.
 As soon as I beheld them fast asleep,
 This tooth I stole; and fearing they might weep,
 (No gentleman would make the ladies cry),
 I took the liberty to take their eye.
 "Give us our eye," they cried, "and our tooth, too,
 sir."

"Tell me," said I, then, "where to find Medusa."
 And so they did; and so I said good-bye,
 Flung 'em their tooth, and begged they'd mind their
 eye.

KING. And have you slain the witch?

- PERSEUS. I scorn to brag,
But there's the Gorgon's head, sir, in that bag!
Would you behold it, mighty monarch?
- KING. What!
Be turn'd to stone—I had much rather not.
(*aside*) Wife, we must mind this youth—he's got the
organ
Of head-cut-off-a-tiveness—we're no Gorgon;
And he would make still shorter work of us.
What's to be done?
- QUEEN. Hush! Don't you make a fuss;
Say you'll consider—bid him stay and dine,
And pop a little poison in his wine!
- KING. Amiable woman! I approve your plan.
(*aloud to ANDROMEDA*) You love him, miss?
- ANDROM. "The captain's a bold man."
- KING. And that means yes. Well, we must think upon't.
Perhaps, you'll stay and eat and drink upon't.
- PERSEUS. You are too good.
- KING. But here comes Phineus. Mum!
No word to him at present.
- PERSEUS. Sir, I'm dumb.
- QUEEN. Is he of your first meeting, pray, aware?
- PERSEUS. No mortal knows it—not e'en Lempriere!
- KING. (*looking out*) "What haste looks through his
eyes!" With fear they're quite full.
- ANDROM. I'm certain something's happened very frightful.

Enter PHINEUS, PRIESTS OF JUPITER, and
INHABITANTS, L.

AIR,—PHINEUS.—French Air, from the Vaudeville of
"Promotion."

Mighty monarch, stir your stumps as if Old Nick
were following;
A serpent with an awful twist has landed on your
shore;
Our gallant soldiers, guns and all, by regiments he's
swallowing,
And munching up musicians and composers by the
score!

Of counsel learned in the law, but *brief* work he is making.—

Apothecaries just as they were pills, sir, he is taking;

He snaps the parson right in two, as well as his oration;

And ere the beadle bolts the door, he bolts the congregation!

Mighty monarch, stir your stumps, for court and caravansery

Are emptied of inhabitants all crazy with affright,
The monster he is longer far than any suit in Chancery,

And beats the Court of Aldermen, by chinks, for appetite!

KING. What story of a cock and bull is here?

PHINEUS. A cock and bull! Great king, whom all revere,

The story's of a serpent who is munching

Your subjects up like fun! Just hear 'em crunching!
(*noise without.*)

PERSEUS. Like fun! No doubt *they* think it very funny;
Will none the reptile kill for love or money?

PHINEUS. No, all must die; he's got a writ to end 'em.
A capias ad satisfaciendum.

QUEEN. For what offence? Tell me, I do beseech!

PHINEUS. Your gracious majesty's ungracious speech
'Gainst the Nereides and Juno.

ANDROM. Ah!

I told you how 'twould be, you know, mamma!

QUEEN. Hold *your* tongue, miss. What if I ask their pardon? (*to PHINEUS*)

PHINEUS. It won't avail your majesty a farden.

Vain hope to stop the mouth that's fed by law,

There's nought can make *that* monster hold his jaw!

PERSEUS. I'll lock it so that he can't pick his teeth,

If I once draw this falchion from its sheath.

I'll pen a challenge, if you'll take the letter.

PHINEUS. I take it! Thank you kindly! I know better.

If you write notes to this "*monstrum horrendum*,"
I recommend you by the post to send 'em.

PERSEUS. Well, you're a post.

PHINEUS. If so, for him I'm no bit,
He'd soon turn my post into a *post obit*.

PERSEUS. Poltroon! But I will find a way to send it;
He's broken the king's peace of mind and mend it
He shall ere dinner time, or I'll know why.

Order my Pegasus! My one-horse fly!
I'll dine with you, my love, if I'm alive,

(to ANDROMEDA.

But don't you wait a moment after five.

PHINEUS. (*aside*) His love! False jade—the snake shall
squeeze her weasen,

For if she won't be mine, she shan't be his'n!

(*aloud*) Come to the temple, sir; our special plead-
ings

Perchance may move the court to stay proceedings.

QUINTETTE AND CHORUS,—PERSEUS, ANDROMEDA,
CEPHEUS, PHINEUS, AND ATTENDANTS.—Finale to
Second Act of "*Gustavus III.*"

PERSEUS. O lady bright, dismiss your fright,
And trust to me, your own true knight;
Soon this snake, I will make
Eat humble pie, and no mistake!
In one good round, a beating sound,
I'll give the monster, I'll be bound.
And back to thee, with fondest hope,
Sweet girl! I'll gallantly gallope.

ALL. This odd fish $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} I \\ he \end{array} \right\}$ in *port* will stew,
Like carp, and carve him like Carpué;
To roll him out $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} I'll \\ he'll \end{array} \right\}$ make no bones,
And send him straight to Davy Jones.

(*Tableau.*—*Scene closed in.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Fig-tree Court, Temple—of Jupiter Ammon.*

Enter NEPTUNE, R.

NEPTUNE. Steady she goes! Hold on! It's pretty calmish;
And yet, somehow, I always feel so qualmish
Ashore. My head can't stand the rolling motion
Of this old bluff-built earth—give me the ocean!
That is, without its queen; in all my life
I ne'er was sea-sick till I got a wife.

AIR,—NEPTUNE.—“The Sea! The sea!”

'Tis she! 'tis she! who spoils the sea;
The precious shrew! a tongue hath she!
Without a check, without a bound,
It runneth like mad the whole year round.
Complain it's too loud, and out she flies,
And like a sea-gull screams and cries!
I rule the sea! I rule the sea!
But happy there I can never be.
I've the blues above, and the blues below,
And I can't get silence where'er I go,
If I try to snatch a wink of sleep,
A clatter still her tongue will keep.

Well! to her vengeance I will be no party,
And so I've cut and run. What cheer, my hearty?

Enter PERSEUS, L.

PERSEUS. What cheer ho! (*aside*) By his hailing, this
should be
Some rude and boisterous captain of the sea.
Neptune! as large as life!

NEPTUNE. What, nephew! zounds!
You here?

PERSEUS. And you! The ocean out of bounds!

NEPTUNE. And out of spirits, too; they're daily sinking,
That wife of mine will drive me, sir, to drinking.

PERSEUS. The ocean—dry?

NEPTUNE. Don't joke—her conduct's scurvy,
 Last night she turned the sea all topsy turvy,—
 Capsized the world, sir, nearly, with a squall,
 For little—nay, in fact, for nought at all;
 And now she's sent a hungry snake ashore
 With such a tail as ne'er was seen before,
 Nor yet behind—to eat all he can see,
 Because a woman was as vain as she!

PERSEUS. But I have vowed that very snake to slay,
 All for the sake of fair Andromeda!

NEPTUNE. "Of fair Andromeda!" Oh, that's the way
 The cat jumps, is it?

PERSEUS. Look ye! here's my note,
 Will you go stuff the challenge down his throat!

NEPTUNE. With all my heart—(*reading the superscription*)
 "To the sea serpent"—Oh,

He gets it never fear—What's this?—Hollo!

"Please not to eat the bearer" Mighty pleasant!

PERSEUS. Ha, ha! That doesn't signify at present—
 I thought to send it by some mortal stranger,
 But as you take it, Neptune, there's no danger.

NEPTUNE. I wish that I could say as much for you.

PERSEUS. I'll mince this Yankee doodle!

NEPTUNE. "Doodle doo!"

DUO,—PERSEUS AND NEPTUNE.—"Mighty Jove."—
 Barber of Seville.

PERSEUS. Mighty Jove! whose mighty showers
 Once my mother, Danae, blest!
 Shall this wretch, who all devours,
 Eat the fair whom I love best?

NEPTUNE. Soon this monster I'll be hailing;
 But, I say, my jolly dog!
 Ere I signal make for sailing,
 Shan't we take a glass of grog?

BOTH. To our cause, then, bumpers filling!

Soon this monster { I'll } be killing
 { you'll }

Bravo! Bravo! &c.

Exit NEPTUNE, R.

Enter CEPHEUS, L.

KING. O horror! misery! woe! woe!

PERSEUS. 'Tis plain
You call out "whoa"—to stop some load of pain.
What is it, may I ask!

KING. Oh, such a shock
To my paternal heart! Chain'd to a rock,
Andromeda my daughter dear must be
The prey of this vile monster of the sea.

PERSEUS. The prey!—why pray?

KING. 'Cause Phineus' petition
To Jove is granted on that sole condition.

PERSEUS. Phineus! the traitor! he shall perish, rather
Than father such an act upon *my* father:
Depend upon't, he's bribed the priests of Ammon,
And hopes to save his bacon by their gammon.
Ah! would you let your lovely daughter go a
Victim to this *unfashionable* boa!
Run—fly—the dreadful sacrifice delay
Till my arrival. I will only stay
To sing a song—As Opera heroes choose
Always to do, when they've no time to lose!

Exit CEPHEUS L.

RECITATIVE AND AIR,—PERSEUS.—“O! Patria”
Tancredi.

RECITATIVE.

Oh, pa! try her. Won't you, my great papa,
try her
Again, ere out you turn her
To tea with Pluto! Oh, cara Sposa!
They yearn from me to part you!
In quest of thy foe, I turn now my rein O!
To mince you this snake ere anyone can say, “No.”

ARIA.

Oh! shan't I palpitate!
Oh! wont it pain me!
If I should be too late
My deary to see.

Quick let me fly!
 Ah, let me go!
 Soon, my Andro-
 Meda, will I
 Thy heart cheer, O!
 Oh! moment, momentous!
 Tremendous! portentous!
 Oh! shan't I palpitate, &c.

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Coast of Ethiopia.* ANDROMEDA is discovered bound to a rock jutting into the sea—KING CEPHEUS, QUEEN CASSIOPE, the PRIESTS of Jupiter, and the few PEOPLE left alive, grouped on the shore in expectation of the monster.

ANDROM. Mamma! papa! I feel so faint,

KING. }

QUEEN. }

Dear daughter!

ANDROM. Could you oblige me with a glass of water?

QUEEN. The water here is brackish, if not salt,

Suppose you were to try a little malt?

ANDROM. Well, since you press me and my time grows shorter,

I don't mind if I take a pint of porter.

QUEEN. I hasten to indulge my suffering child!

ANDROM. One moment, dearest mother--draw it mild!

Music.—QUEEN goes out and returns with a goblet of stout, R.

QUEEN. I've brought you some of Barclay's double stout.

ANDROM. Is anybody coming—pray look out,

To save me from this Blue Beard of the deep!

QUEEN. No; I see nothing but a flock of sheep.

KING. Nothing but sheep! Then she's as dead as mutton.

SERPENT. (*without*) Prepare!

KING. I hear the voice of that sea-glutton.

ANDROM. A moment longer! just to say one pray'r.

Is no one coming yet?

QUEEN.

Yes! There!

ALL.

Where?

QUEEN.

There.

SERPENT. (*without*) Prepare! I can't wait *longer*, that I swear!

ANDROM. Ah, like a meteor streaming through the air—

AIR.—ANDROMEDA.—“ Blue beard.”

I see him a galloping! I see him a-galloping!
I see him a galloping o'er sea and shore.
Now faster galloping—now faster galloping!
I never saw the like before.

(*speaking*) Chorus, ladies!

CHORUS. I see him, &c.

Enter PERSEUS on the rock, L. U. E.

PERSEUS. I'm here.

SERPENT *appears in the sea, R. U. E.*

SERPENT. And so am I! Your servant, stranger.

I guess that you don't calculate your danger.

PERSEUS. This lady, sir, I say's engaged to me,

And shan't be eaten with impunity.

You got my challenge!

SERPENT. Calculate I did.

PERSEUS. Hence! Or accept it, and I'll quickly rid
The world of the worst plague that does infest it.

SERPENT. Call me what name you please, I can digest it.

PERSEUS. No insolence! your latter end is nigh.

SERPENT. I guess it's too far off for you to spy;

All nature could'nt with the naked eye!

Touch me, and sure as I'm an alligator,

I'll make you drop me like a hot potater.

PERSEUS. For etiquette, of course, sir, you're a stickler.

SERPENT. Pretty considerable d—d particular!

So don't look down at me so slantendicular.

PERSEUS. Well, then, we'll measure weapons.

SERPENT. Mine's no trifle—

I've borrow'd uncle Ben's eternal rifle. (*produces it.*)

PERSEUS. A water-snake with fire arms.

SERPENT. Oh, yes!

You took me for a sword-fish, then, I guess?

Oh, no!

NEPTUNE rises, c., and whispers PERSEUS.

NEPTUNE. Fear nothing he can only show off:

'I've damped the priming, and the gun can't go off.

PERSEUS. Well, blaze away—I care not for your swagger;
But if you miss me—tremble at my dagger.

Music.—SERPENT pulls the trigger, and the rifle misses fire—PERSEUS rushes upon him, and stabs him in the shoulder.

SERPENT. I'm stumped right up! But there's no use crying,

My length will make me awful long a dying.

Guess you don't know that though you've killed my head,

Ages will pass before my tail be dead.

PERSEUS. Go! tell that story to the sub-marines!

NEPTUNE. (*who has unchained and brought forward AN-
DROMEDA to PERSEUS*) You are her husband;
(*aside*) would you were my queen's!

Enter PHINEUS and SOLDIERS, L.

PHINEUS. Andromeda, alive! and Perseus too!

Rebellion! friends! run everybody through!

KING and his PARTY. Treason!

PERSEUS. Be quiet! (*snatching the head of Medusa out of his bag, and presenting it to PHINEUS, &c.*) there's for you, and you, sir! (*they are turned into stone forming "a group from the Antique."*)

I'd quite forgot the noddle of Medusa!

They'll make a wedding present for my wife—

A group in marble—modelled from the life.

Hence, but take care that you don't meet Macadam, he

Would pulverize the whole Antique Academy!

Music.—*The group sinks—thunder.*

NEPTUNE. Hark! By the sky saluting, I should say
The flag ship, Jupiter, was under weigh.

Ay! Sure enough! and by my ocean crown,

The whole celestial squadron, bearing down

Under a cloud of canvas, breasts the breakers!

Top-gallants, royals, sky-scrappers, moon rakers!

The Mercury, mail-packet, bearing letters—
 The fire-ship, Pluto, used to burn his betters—
 Well stored Minerva, put into commission
 On every scientific expedition.
 The Bacchus, fonder of the cup than race ;
 The Dian, fastest sailer in the chase ;
 The Venus, “ transport No. 1,” for tars !
 'Longside that first-rate man of war, the Mars !
 The Phœbus looking bright about the bows ;
 The Juno who the Io beat at *Cowes* ;
 The Amphitrite, my catamaran ;
 Built on the celebrated blow-up plan !

*During this speech the various DEITIES have descended,
 and appeared as described.*

PERSEUS. I vow I'm highly honoured by this meeting ;
 Your presence is my happiness completing.
 Hermes, your sword, and thank you. Pluto, there's
 Your helmet. How are all our friends down stairs ?
 Madam, (to MINERVA) your Ægis back I beg you'll
 take
 And wear this head upon it for my sake. (*fixing
 Medusa's head upon the shield*)

MINERVA. But till you're sure you're master of the field
 Wisdom would counsel you to keep the shield ;
 The critic's dart may wound you yet—severely.

PERSEUS. Ah, my sage Mentor ! There you touch me
 nearly !
 Now comes my fit again ! The old appeal.
 Your pulses, friends, once more I crave to feel !
 Perseus, no more—how flutters now my *own* ?
 For, ah ! your suppliant away has thrown
 Her manly courage with her manly part,
 And comes with all the woman in her heart.
 Say ! if the olive crown by right she claims,
 Once more a victor in the Olympic Games.
 You praised her air in the Olympic Revels,
 You stood the fire of the Olympic Devils ;
 On earth you patronised her Paphian Bower,
 And now in water she has tried her power.

Four seasons, with success her zeal increasing,
 She's studied all the elements of pleasing—
 At home in each, for while to please you bent,
 She feels she's always in *her* element.
 When first she made a plunge, to land you brought
 her,
 Still lend a hand to keep her above water ;
 And send her home—if 'tis no impropriety—
 Again preserved by this " Humane Society."

FINALE,—“ The Deep Deep Sea.”

PERSEUS. O come, if mirth you love,
 Or feel at home *ennui*,
 Where our merry spirits rove
 In “ the deep deep sea.”

CHORUS. In “ the deep deep sea,” &c.

NEPTUNE. For the best of spirits here,
 In our *public* house we keep ;
 Though we do not charge you dear,
 Pr'ythee, don't you hold us cheap.

PERSEUS. Good entertainment, mind,
 While I remain head-waiter—
 For man and horse you'll find—

SERPENT. And, I hope, for alligator!

CHORUS. Then come, if mirth you love,
 Or find at home *ennui*,
 To our “ Deep Deep Sea—”
 To our “ Deep Deep Sea.”

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