

Chrononhotonthologos

The Most Tragical Tragedy that ever was Tragedized
by Any Company of Tragedians

Henry Carey
1734

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS, King of Queerummania.

BOMBARDINIAN, his General

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO, courtier

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS, courtier

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

HERALD

COOK

DOCTOR

KING OF THE FIDDLERS

KING OF THE ANTIPODES (*non-speaking*)

FADLADINIDA, Queen of Queerummania

TATLANTHE, her Favourite

TWO LADIES OF THE COURT

TWO LADIES OF PLEASURE (*non-speaking*)

VENUS

CUPID

GUARDS AND ATTENDANTS, etc. (*non-speaking*)

POET

Scene: **Queerummania**

PROLOGUE

POET

Tonight our comic Muse the buskin wears,
And gives herself no small romantic airs;
Struts in heroics, and in pompous verse
Does the minutest incidents rehearse;
In ridicule's strict retrospect displays
The Poetasters of these modern days;
Who with big bellowing bombast read our ears,
Which, stript of sound, quite void of sense appears;
Or else their fiddle-faddle numbers flow,
Serenely dull, elaborately low;
Either extreme when vain pretenders take,
The actor suffers for the Author's sake.
The quite-tn'd audience lose whole hours; yet pay
To go un-pleas'd and un-improv'd away.
This being our scheme, we hope you will excuse
The wild excursion of the wanton Muse;
Who out of frolic wears a mimick mask,
And sets herself so whimsical a task:
'Tis meant to please; but, if it should offend,
It's very short, and soon will have an end.

SCENE I

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace

Enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

Aldoborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

Fatigued with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers;
Lull'd by the cheerful trumpets gladsome clangor,
The Noise of Drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war:
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep;
Rather a kind of doze, a waking slumber,
That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses;
For now he nods and snores; anon he starts;
Then nods and snores again: If this be sleep,
Tell me, ye Gods! what mortal man's awake!
What says my friend to this?

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

Fun. Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep;
What a plague would you have say?

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

O impious thought! O curs'd insinuation!
As if great Chrononhotonthologos
To animals detestable and vile
Had aught the least similitude!

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

My dear friend! you entirely misapprehend me;
I did not call the king dog by craft;
I was only going to tell you that the soldiers have just now receiv'd their pay,
and all as drunk as so many swabbers.

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

Give orders instantly that no more money
Be issued to the troops; mean time, my friend,
Let the baths be fill'd with seas of coffee,
To stupify their souls into sobriety.

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

I fancy you had better banish the sutlers, and
blow the Geneva casks to the devil.

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOFORNIO

Thou counsel'st well, my Rigdum-Funnidos,
And reason seems to father thy advice;
But soft!--The king in pensive contemplation
Seems to resolve on some important doubt;
His soul, too copious for his earthly fabrick,
Starts forth, spontaneous, in soliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his solitude.

Exit

Enter KING

KING

This God of Sleep is watchful to torment me,
And rest is grown a stranger to my eyes;
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumb'rer, thou detested Somnus:
For, if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs
I'll tear thine eye-balls from their leaden sockets,
And force thee to out-stare eternity.

Exit in a huff

Re-enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIFOSCOFORNIO

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

— The king is in a most cursed Passion!
Pray who the devil is this Mr. Somnus, he's so angry withal?

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOFORNIO

The son of Chaos and of Erebus,
Incestuous pair! Brother of Mors relentless,
Whose speckled robe, and wings of blackest hue,
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare;
Himself with sable plumes, to men benevolent,
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep.

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

This gentleman may come of a very good family, for aught I know;
but I would not be in his place for the world

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO

But lo! the king his footings this way bending,
His cogitative faculties immers'd
in cogibundity of cogitation;
Let silence close our folding-doors of speech,
'Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

Re-enter KING, NOBLES, and ATTENDANTS

KING

— It is resolv'd — Now, Somnus, I defy thee,
And from mankind ampute thy curs'd dominion,
These royal eyes thou never more shalt close.
Henceforth let no man sleep, on pain of death;
Instead of sleep, let pompous pageantry
Keep all mankind eternally awake.
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decoration;
Giants and giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music in its amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the magic motion
Of scene deceptiovisive and sublime.

The flat scene draws.

*The KING is seated, and a grand Pantomime, Entertainment is performed,
in the midst of which enters a CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS*

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

To arms! to arms! great Chrononhotonthologos!
Th' Antipodean pow'rs, from realms below,
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such cataracts of forces forth,
This world is too incopious to contain 'em;
Armies on armies march in form stupendous;
Not like our earthly regions, rank by rank,
But teer o'er teer, high pil'd from earth to heaven;
A blazing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes.

KING

Peace, Coward! were they wedg'd like Golden ingots,
Or pent so close, as to admit no vacuum;
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall scare them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,

Bid Bombardinian draw his legions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerummania.
This very now ourselves shall there conjoin him:
Mean time, bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph, let the singing singers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out vociferize
Even sound itself. So be it as we have ordered.

Exeunt OMNES

SCENE 2: A magnificent apartment

Enter QUEEN, TATLANTHE, and two LADIES

QUEEN

Day's curtain's drawn, the morn begins to rise,
And waking nature rubs her sleepy eyes:
The pretty little fleecy bleating flocks
In baa's harmonious warble through the rocks;
Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whispering oziers tattle to the clouds.
What think you, ladies, if an hour we kill,
At Basset, Ombre, Picquet, or Quadrille?

TATLANTHE

Your majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

QUEEN

My mind is alter'd, bring some ratifia.

They are served round with a dram

I have a famous Fiddler sent from France,
Bid him come in. What think ye of a dance?

Enter KING OF THE FIDDLERS

KING OF THE FIDDLERS

Thus to your Majesty, says the suppliant muse,
Wou'd you a solo or sonata chuse;
Or bold concerto, or soft Sicilinia,
Alla Francese overo in Gusto Romano?
When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

QUEEN

A civil fellow! — play us the Black Foke.

Music plays

QUEEN and LADIES dance the Black Foke

So much for dancing, now let's rest awhile.
Bring in the tea-things, does the kettle boil?

TATLANTHE

The water bubbles, and the tea-cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip.

Tea brought in

QUEEN

Come, ladies, will you please to choose your tea;
Or green imperial, or Pekoe bohea?

1ST LADY

Never, no, never sure on earth was seen,
So gracious, sweet, and affable a queen.

2ND LADY

She is an angel.

1ST LADY

She's a goddess rather.

TATLAN THE

She's angel, queen, and goddess, altogether.

QUEEN

Away! you flatter me.

1ST LADY

We don't indeed;
Your merit does our praise by far exceed.

QUEEN

You make me blush; pray help me to a fan.

1ST LADY

That blush becomes you —

TATLAN THE

— Would I were a man.

QUEEN

I'll hear no more of these fantastic airs

Bell rings

The bell rings in; come, ladies, let's to pray'rs.

They dance off

SCENE 3: An Anti-Chamber

Enter RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO.

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

Egad, we're in the wrong box —
who the devil would have thought that Chrononhotonthologos
should beat that mortal fight of Tippodeans?
Why, there's not a mother's child of them to be seen 'egad;
they footed it away a fast as their hands cou'd carry 'em;
but they have left their king behind 'em.
We have him safe, that's one comfort.

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO

Wou'd he were still at amplest liberty!
But, oh! my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos,
I have a riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a statue.
Our queen's in love with this Antipodean.

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

The devil she is? Well, I see the mischief is
going forward with a vengeance.

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO

But, lo! the conq'ror comes all crown'd with conquest!
A solemn triumph graces his return.
Let's grasp the forelock of this apt occasion,
To greet the victor, in his flow of glory.

*Enter CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS, GUARDS and ATTENDANTS met by
RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS and ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO.*

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO

All hail to Chrononhotonthologos!
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal subjects.
Myself and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,
Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty,
Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,
And read in them what tongue can never utter.

KING

Aldiborontiphoscophornio,
To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded;
Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty,

Which shall with int'rest be repaid e're long.
But where's our queen! where's Fadladinida?
She should be foremost in this gladsome train,
To grace our triumph; but I see she flights me.
This haughty queen shall be no longer mine,
I'll have a sweet and gentle concubine.

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

Now, my dear little Phoscophorny, for a swinging lie to bring the queen off,
and I'll run with it to her this minute, that we may be all in a story.
Say she has got the thorough-go-nimble.

Whispers, and steals off

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,
In accents so injuriously severe
Of Fadladinida, your faithful queen;
By me she sends an embassy of love,
Sweet blandishment and kind congratulations,
But, cannot, oh! she cannot, come herself.

KING

Our rage is turn'd to fear — what ails the queen?

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

A sudden diarrhoea's rapid force
So stimulates the peristaltic motion,
That she by far out-does her late out-doing,
And all conclude her royal life in danger.

KING

Bid the physicians of the world assemble
In consultation, solemn and sedate;
More, to corroborate their sage resolves,
Call from their graves the learned men of old;
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus;
Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,
All! all! attend; and see they bring their med'cines.
Whole magazines of galli-potted nostrums,
Materializ'd in pharmaceutic order.
The man that cures our queen shall have our empire.

Exeunt Omnes

SCENE 4: A Garden.

Enter *TATLAN THE* and *QUEEN*

QUEEN

Heigh ho! my heart!

TATLAN THE

What ails my gracious queen?

QUEEN

O would to Venus I had never seen!

TATLAN THE

Seen what, my royal mistress?

QUEEN

– Too, too much!

TATLAN THE

Did it affright you?

QUEEN

– No, 'tis nothing such.

TATLAN THE

What was it, madam?

QUEEN

– Really I don't know.

TATLAN THE

It must be something!

QUEEN

– No!

TATLAN THE

Or nothing?

QUEEN

– No.

TATLAN THE

Then I conclude of course, since it was neither,
Nothing, and something, jumble well together.

QUEEN

Oh! my Tatlanthe, have you never seen!

TATLANTHE

Can I guess what, unless you tell, my queen!

QUEEN

The king I mean.

TATLANTHE

— Just now return'd from war;
He rides like Mars in his triumphal car.
Conquest precedes with laurels in his hand;
Behind him Fame does on her tripos stand;
Her golden trump shrill thro' the air she sounds,
Which rends the earth, and thence to heaven rebounds;
Trophies and spoils innumerable grace
This triumph, which all triumphs does deface;
Haste then, great queen! your hero then to meet,
Who longs to lay his laurels at your feet.

QUEEN

Art mad, Tatlanthe? I meant no such thing.
Your talk's distasteful.

TATLANTHE

Didn't you name the king?

QUEEN

I did Tatlanthe, but it was not thine;
The charming king I mean, is only mine.

TATLANTHE

Who else, who else, but such a charming fair,
In Chrononhotonthologos should share?
The queen of beauty, and the god of arms,
In him and you united blend their charms
Oh! had you seen him, how he dealt out death,
And at one stroke robb'd thousands of their breath;
While on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise,
In pyramids of conquest to the skies;
The gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay;

But your bright charms have call'd him thence away.

QUEEN

This does my utmost indignation raise;
You are too pertly lavish in his praise.
Leave me for ever!

TATLANTHE *kneeling*

TATLANTHE

Oh! what shall I say?
Do not, great queen, your anger thus display!
O frown me dead! let me not live to hear
My gracious queen and mistress so severe!
I've made some horrible mistake, no doubt;
Oh! tell me what it is!

QUEEN

No, find it out.

TATLANTHE

No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow
Till you some token of forgiveness show.
Oh! all ye pow'rs above, come down come down!
And from her brow dispel that angry frown.

QUEEN

Tatlanthe, rise, you have prevail'd at last;
Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

TATLANTHE *aside, rising*

TATLANTHE

Why, what a fool was I, not to perceive her
passion for the topsy-turvy king, the gentleman that
carries his head where his heels should be? But I
must tack about I see.

To the QUEEN

Excuse me, gracious madam! if my heart
Bears sympathy with yours in ev'ry part;
With you alike I sorrow and rejoice,
Approve your passion, and commend your choice;
The captive king —

QUEEN

That's he! that's he! that's he!
I'd die ten thousand deaths to set him free:
Oh! my Tatlanthe! have you seen his face,
His air, his shape, his mein, his ev'ry grace?
In what a charming attitude he stands,
How prettily he foots it with his hands!
Well, to his arms, no to his legs I fly,
For I must have him, if I live or die.

Exeunt

SCENE 5: A Bed Chamber

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS asleep

Rough music, Viz. Salt Boxes and Rolling Pins, Grid-Irons and Tongs, Sow-Gelders Horns, Marrow-Bones and Cleavers, &c. &c.

He wakes

KING

What heav'nly sounds are these that charm my ears?
Sure 'tis the musick of the tuneful spheres.

Enter CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS

A messenger from General Bombardinian
Craves instant audience of your majesty.

KING

Give him admittance.

Enter HERALD

HERALD

Long life to Chrononhotonthologos!
Your faithful general, Bombardinian,
Sends you his tongue, transplanted in my mouth,
To pour his soul out in your royal ears.

KING

Then use thy master 's tongue with reverence,
Nor waste it in thine own loquacity,
But briefly and at large declare thy message.

HERALD

Suspend a-while, great Chrononhotonthologos,
The fate of empires and the toils of war;
And in my tent let's quaff Phalernian wine,
Till our souls mount, and emulate the gods.
Two captive females, beauteous as the morn,
Submissive to your wishes, court your option.
Haste then, great king, to bless us with your presence,
Our scouts already watch the wish'd approach,
Which shall be welcom'd by the drum's dread rattle,
The cannon's thunder, and the trumpet's blast;
While I, in front of mighty myrmidons,
Receive my king in all the pomp of war.

KING

Tell him I come; my flying steed prepare,
Ere thou art half on horseback I'll be there.

Exeunt

SCENE 6: A Prison

The King of the Antipodes discovered sleeping on a Couch
Enter QUEEN

QUEEN

Is this a place, oh! all ye gods above!
This a reception for the man I love?
See in what sweet tranquility he sleeps,
While Nature's self at his confinement weeps.
Rise, lovely Monarch! see your friend appear,
No Chrononhotonthologos is here;
Command your freedom by this sacred ring;
Then command me: what says my charming king?

She puts the ring in his mouth, he bends the Sea-Crab, and makes a roaring noise

What can this mean! he lays his feet at mine,
Is this of love or hate his country's sign?
Ah! wretched queen! how hapless is thy lot,
To love a man that understands thee not!
Oh! lovely Venus, goddess all divine!
And gentle Cupid, that sweet son of thine,
Assist, assist me, with your sacred art,
And teach me to obtain this stranger's heart.

VENUS descends in her Chariot, and sings

VENUS

See Venus does attend thee,
My Dilding, My Dolding,
Love's Goddess will befriend thee,
Lilly bright and shinee.
With Pity and Compassion,
My Dilding, My Dolding,
She sees thy tender Passion,
Lilly bright and shinee.
To thee I yield my Pow'r divine,
Dance over the Lade Lee,
Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
My gay Lady.
Take this magic Wand in Hand,
Dance over the Lade Lee,
All the World's at thy Command,

My gay Lady.

CUPID descends, and sings

CUPID

Are you a Widow, or are you a Wife?

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

Or are you a Maiden, so fair and so bright?

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

QUEEN

Would I were a Widow, as I am a Wife,

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

But I'm, to my Sorrow, a Maiden as bright,

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

CUPID

You shall be a Widow before it is Night,

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

No longer a Maiden so fair and so bright,

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

Two jolly young Husbands your Person shall share,

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

And twenty fine Babies, all lovely and fair,

As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

QUEEN

O Thanks, Mr.Cupid! for this your good News,

Gilly Flow'r, gentle Rosemary.

What Woman alive would such favours refuse?

While the Dew that flies over the Mulberry-Tree.

VENUS and CUPID re-ascend;

the QUEEN goes off, and the King of the Antipodes follows, walking on his hands.

Scene 7: BOMBARDINIAN'S Tent.

CHRONONHOTOLOGOS and BOMBARDINIAN, at a Table, with two Ladies

BOMBARDINIAN

This honour, royal sir! so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here? fill the goblet with Phalernian wine,
And, while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trumpet
Tell all the Gods, that we propine their healths.

KING

Hold, Bombardinian, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

BOMBARDINIAN

See that the table instantly be spread,
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe,
Bring every eatable that can be eat;
The king shall eat, though all mankind be starv'd.

COOK

I am afraid his majesty will be starv'd, before
I can run round the world for a dinner —
Besides, where's the money?

Enter POET

KING

Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave?
Guards, seize the villain! broil him, fry him, stew him;
Ourselves shall eat him out of mere revenge.

COOK

O pray your majesty, spare my life;
there's some nice cold pork in the pantry;
I'll hash it for your majesty in a minute.

KING

Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave.

Kills him, and turns to BOMBARDINIAN

Hash'd pork! shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?
Now, by the Gods! thou dost insult us, general!

BOMBARDINIAN

The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your Majesty to other flesh than this
Had ought the least propensity.

Pointing to the ladies

KING

Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

BOMBARDINIAN

Monarchs, as great as Chrononhotonthologos,
Have made a very hearty meal of worse.

KING

Ha! traitor! dost thou brave me to my teeth?
Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.

Strikes him

POET

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

BOMBARDINIAN

A blow! shall Bombardinian take a blow?
Blush! blush, thou sun! start back, thou rapid ocean!
Hills! vales! seas! mountains! all commixing crumble,
And into Chaos pulverize the world;

For Bombardinian has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die.

Draws. The women run off, crying, help, murder, &c.

KING

What means the traitor?

BOMBARDINIAN

– traitor, in thy teeth
Thus I defy thee!

They fight – he kills the KING

– Ha! what have I done?
Go call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But coach! coach! coach! oh! for a coach, ye gods!

Exit raving

Returns with DOCTOR

BOMBARDINIAN

How fares your Majesty?

DOCTOR

– My lord, he's dead.

BOMBARDINIAN

Ha! dead! impossible! it cannot be!
I'd not believe it, though himself should swear it.
Go join his body to his soul again,
Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body

DOCTOR

My lord, he's far beyond the power of physic,
His soul has left his body and this world.

BOMBARDINIAN

Then go to t'other world and fetch it back.

Kills him

And if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chace thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.
Ha!----Call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?
I come! your faithful Bombardinian comes!
He comes in worlds unknown to make new wars;
And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.

He kills himself

POET

. . . Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

Enter QUEEN, and Others

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

O horrid! horrible, and horridest horror!
Our king! our general! our cook! our doctor!
All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!
Ohhhhh! —

All groan, a tragedy groan

QUEEN

My husband dead! ye gods! what is't you mean,
To make a widow of a virgin queen?
For, to my great misfortune, he, poor king,
Has left me so; isn't that a wretched thing?

TATLANTHE

Why then, dear madam! make no farther pother,
Were I your majesty, I'd try another.

QUEEN

I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

POET

. . . It brought into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery;

TATLANTHE

I'll fit you with a husband in a trice:
Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;
If any one can please a queen, he can.

POET

We find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

Ay, that I can, and please your majesty.
So, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.

POET

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.

QUEEN

Oh! but the mourning takes up all my care
I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.

POET

But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

Never talk of mourning, madam,
One ounce of mirth, is worth a pound of sorrow,
Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow.

POET

Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind.

to ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO, aside

I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscophorny.

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

I scorn your bounty, I'll be king, or nothing,
Draw, miscreant, draw!

RIGDUM-FUNNIDOS

— No, Sir, I'll take the law.

Runs behind QUEEN

QUEEN

Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy,
I'll have you both; and that, I hope will please ye.
And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care;
Where shall I find thee such another pair?
Pity that you, who've serv'd so long, so well,
Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell.
Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round,
Your portion is, twelve hundred thousand pound.

ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO

Here! take these dead and bloody corpse away;
Make preparation for our wedding-day.
Instead of sad solemnity, and black,
Our hearts should swim in claret, and in Sack.

POET

. . . The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

The dead: KING, BOMABARDINIAN, COOK, and DOCTOR arise

TUTTI

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

POET

And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,

POET, QUEEN, KING, TATLANTHE
Where ignorant armies clash by night.