

FRANZ von SUPPE

MY FAIR GALATEA

A Comedy in one act

English Version by Donald Pippin

Scene: a sculptor's modest studio in Athens. A screen is prominently visible behind which, no doubt, a tantalizing objet d'art is concealed.

CHORUS (*offstage*)

**As crystal dawn awakes in golden light
To hang with drops of dew the myrtle grove,
Arise! Arise! To Venus let us offer song
And a garland of spring bouquets.
O morning star, serene and bright,
Provide escort
As we throng
To the altar of love.**

GANYMEDE (*entering*)

**On to duty; take your pleasure;
I prefer the life of leisure.
You go ahead!
One more or less is no cause for distress,
So I'll go back to bed.**

**To the goddess of love bring flowers;
May she flourish and thrive!
I must have at least eight good hours
Or I'm barely alive.**

**In my private heaven
Morning starts at eleven.
Here where I belong;
At peace and alone
I'll whisper my song
From out of the deep:
How sweet is the nectar of sleep!
Sweet sleep, sweet sleep . . .**

GANYMEDE (*stretching*) Nice and easy, that's the way I like it. All the same, I've got to get away from here once and for all. A man's got to be a man. And who wants to be a

servant for the rest of his life? Not to mention having to work for a crazy artist. Jupiter! You wouldn't believe what he's been up to lately. It's got me scared. Maybe he's been working too hard. It's that new statue! He was *talking* to it! And I don't mean just making casual conversation. No, he was pouring out his soul, giving his life history, telling it how nobody understands him. You'd almost think he was making *love* to it. Too weird for me! I'm just a simple guy. But at least I won't have him to worry about for the rest of the morning. Count your blessings. He's out worshipping Venus. Huh! Don't let me get started on *that*. So I expect to have a nice cozy three hours to myself, on a comfortable sofa, with no interruptions . . . (*knock, knock, knock*)

MIDAS (*from outside*) Hello! You in there! Open the door. Urgent business. I haven't got all morning.

GANYMEDE: Nobody's home. Go away.

MIDAS: (*entering*) Ah, the door was unlocked. No, don't get up. I can see that you are occupied. My card. Midas is the name. I've come to see Pygmalion, the promising young sculptor.

GANYMEDE: Then you've come at the wrong time. He's gone out.

MIDAS: But I presume he's not taken his work with him. In fact, it is the statue that I have come to see.

GANYMEDE: Galatea?

MIDAS: Ah, Galatea! What a lovely name! Yes, already there has been considerable talk about the work.

GANYMEDE: But no one has seen it. Except for me and the boss, not a single person in all of Greece has set eyes on it.

MIDAS: That might explain why connoisseurs have such a high opinion of it. Several bids have already been proposed – in the utmost secrecy, of course. This indicates to the professional mind that the work is not without value. It should be a sound investment.

GANYMEDE: Not this work. He would never sell it.

MIDAS: An artist is always loath to let go of his most recent offspring. Like a mother, like a father, reluctant to send the new-born babe into the harsh world. But Midas has means of persuasion.

GANYMEDE: You'll never persuade this mother. Impossible.

MIDAS: Impossible? For Midas? That word is not in my vocabulary. But first I must have a look at it. Remove the screen. Let's take a peek.

GANYMEDE: No, sir. I have been expressly forbidden to show it to anyone.

MIDAS: I insist. I am determined to see it.

GANYMEDE: And I have orders that no one is to see it.

MIDAS: Show me the statue!

GANYMEDE: No!

MIDAS: Refuse Midas? Do you not know who I am?

MIDAS:

**Gentleman of high finance,
Born to pomp and circumstance,
When I snap a finger lesser mortals all obey.
From the tender age of five
I'm the richest man alive.
Leaders of the nation offer me the right of way.**

**When I'm on the town.
Strolling up and down,
Lina, Tina, Nina – others I could mention –
Battle for attention.
Jolly *bon vivant*
Of the restaurant,
Lina, Tina, Nina, all the pretty charmers
Fall into my arms, Ah!**

**Through the thicket of finance
I have led the song and dance,
Double-dealing with a smile,
Weeding out the rank and file.**

**Celebrated, cultivated.
I'm a dedicated
Patron of the arts!
Gaze in wonder, gaze in wonder, wonder, wonder!**

Gentleman of high finance, *etc.*

**At the market place,
Pulling out the ace,**

**With a twinkle, thinking nothing of it,
I can turn a pretty profit.
At the forum, too,
Where I rendezvous,
Up and coming politicians
Look and listen when I take positions.**

**Free and easy like a bird,
Far above the common herd,
Lead and copper, new and old,
With a touch I turn to gold.**

**Celebrated, cultivated.
I'm a dedicated
Patron of the arts!
Gaze in wonder, gaze in wonder, wonder, wonder!**

**Gentleman of high finance, *etc.*
Model of humanity,
Devoid of vanity
For my ability
And versatility,
For geniality
Of personality
They label me
The man who has it made.**

**The hero on parade,
The man who has it made,
The modern man,
The modern man who has it made.**

GANYMEDE: That's a very pretty song, Mister. But I take orders from Pygmalion.
Nobody is to see that statue.

MIDAS: Young man, you strike me as an intelligent lad. I envision a bright future for you, with some help from the right person, maybe just a little something to get you started. I doubt if you want to remain a servant all your life. (*hands him some money*)

GANYMEDE: Oh, sir! You *really* want to see it?

MIDAS: *If* you care to show it to me.

GANYMEDE: All right. But only for a few minutes. If Pygmalion finds out, it's goodbye Ganymede! This deserves a moment of reverent silence. Lights! Music! (*music indeed starts. Ganymede removes the screen, revealing the statue.*)

MIDAS: *(after a moment of silent rapture)* Ah! Ravishing! Sheer enchantment! Rumor has not exaggerated. Art can go no further. The power of illusion! The subtle animation of the features! The ineffable grace of the left elbow! And yet, I find a fault. It is too perfect to be human. Such idealized form is not to be found in nature. Nonetheless, I must have it. My collection requires it. It belongs in my garden, beside a fountain, surrounded with cypresses and roses. Ah, do I hear footsteps?

GANYMEDE: Good Lord! It's the boss! Oh, what'll I do? Why did I let you talk me into it? This is the end.

PYGMALION: *(bursting in)* Wretch! What are you doing here? Out of my house!

TRIO

PYG. & GAN:

Clear out! Oh dear!

MIDAS:

**These uncouth, ill-mannered peasants!
Giving orders in my presence!**

PYG. & GAN:

Clear out! Obey!

MIDAS:

Anarchy has taken over.

PYG. & GAN:

**You had better run for cover;
You're in peril if you stay.**

MIDAS:

**Bow when speaking,
Bow when speaking to your betters,**

PYG. & GAN:

There's the exit.

MIDAS:

**I am Midas,
Mighty Midas, man of letters.**

PYG. & GAN:

We have given ample warning;

**Do you mean to take all morning?
Pompous and exasperating,
Long enough you've kept us waiting.
Danger if you linger longer;
One is strong, the other stronger.
You can whoop and you can holler
But we've got you by the collar;
Hear the message loud and clear:
Get a move on, disappear!**

**Why does he remain for more?
Shove the rascal out the door.
We have been patient long enough;
The time has come for getting tough.**

**MIDAS (*sung simultaneously*)
I can heed a word of warning;
Little need to take all morning.
Shocking! Shameful!
Boobies! Bounders!
One is strong, the other stronger.
Riot! Chaos!
Time for me to disappear.**

**Why do I remain for more?
Mighty Midas shown the door!
Perhaps I've lingered long enough;
I fear the two are getting tough.**

**(solo) Dare you push around a man of my position?
I'm a connoisseur of art, a politician!
Why have not the gods already interceded?
Where are Venus and Apollo when they're needed?
Ah, bitter day!
Are my culture and connections
Just a joke? Eh?
Gentleman of high finance, *etc.***

**PYG. & GAN:
Goodbye! Clear out!
We've listened too long to your tired tirade.**

(*Exit Midas, pursued by Ganymede*)

PYGMALION: (*alone with the statue*) Sacrilege! Those lewd eyes desecrating the modesty of my fair Galatea! That sweaty hand pawing at her translucent breast! That

lecherous imagination probing beneath the chaste garments. Statutory rape! O Galatea! Silent, motionless, eternal, how you have robbed me of all hope of happiness. Pining for you, I am doomed to eternal frustration and despair, a victim of my own inspiration. Never shall my passion be gratified by a single smile from your lips, not a spark of light from your eyes.

No! This is madness, sheer lunacy! My obsession has gotten out of hand. I must end the torment that has driven me into delirium. Mighty Zeus! Fortify my courage! Strengthen my resolve! Galatea, fairest Galatea! The hand that created you must now destroy you. It is the only way I can restore my sanity. (*He lifts his hammer. Music begins.*) Unless . . . unless . . . O Venus! Help me!

CHORUS: (*offstage*) As crystal dawn awakes in golden light, *etc.*

DUET: THE AWAKENING

PYGMALION

**Bearing garlands, they go
With happy song.
Goddess of love!
Torn by passion and despair,
To you I turn in humble prayer.**

**Venus, I pray,
Bending this way,
Pity my longing, be touched by a tear.
Breathe on the stone
Warmth of your own,
Lending your voice, so sweet to hear.
Bring it to flower,
Filled with the fire
Stirred by the power,
Of love and desire.**

**Goddess, awaken this cold
Inanimate form!
Make it tender and warm.
Venus, go beyond
The confinement of art.
O heed my prayer!
Give this marble
A compassionate heart.**

She quivers ... she awakes!

GALATEA

Ah! Ah! Light and air transform my sleep ...

PYGMALION

A sound! A sigh!

GALATEA

The dawn ... The dawn ...

PYGMALION

A miracle performed

Before my very eyes!

GALATEA

New and strange, a glowing spark of feeling ...

I am breathing...I am alive!

PYGMALION

Brought to life! O day of wonder!

Galatea! Can I contain the flood of rapture?

The light of hope is born anew;

My dearest dream has now come true.

GALATEA

To feel, to see, to touch!

How sweet the fire that stirs within!

What can it be?

I seem to know ... ah!

It's called the joy of living.

At last, to know the joy of living!

The miracle of life!

I see and hear, I touch and feel!

So warm and sweet, and yet so real.

PYGMALION *simultaneously*)

O lovely sound! The song is part

Of my own heart.

Galatea! Naïve, and so profound!

O lovely sound! Naive, profound!

GALATEA

But who am I?

PYGMALION

You are the wife

That I have prayed for,

**That I was made for,
Whom I adore with all my heart.**

GALATEA

**A spark of fire ...
A pleasant inner burning,
A tug of tender yearning ...
I feel it! Do you? Do you?
Ah, dawn of revelation!**

**This new feeling made of fire and air –
Does it have a name?
What has filled my heart with joy beyond compare?
Love and love alone
Inspires the flame.**

**I sigh and tremble ... do you?
You know its meaning?
Share the inner burning,
The tender yearning ... Yes! Ah!
This new feeling made of fire and air –
Well I know the name!**

PYGMALION

**You are the miracle that Venus has granted.
You are my soul, glorified and expanded.
Galatea! This new feeling made of fire and air –
Well I know the name!
What has filled my heart with joy beyond compare?
Love and love alone
Inspires the flame.
Sweet love alone, love alone!**

GALATEA: (throughout, utterly poised and gracious in manner)
I suppose I should start out by saying thank you ...

PYGMALION: For the gift of life! The delectable privilege of inhaling fresh air, the scent of flowers, savoring the nectar of golden sunshine ...

GALATEA: No, for giving me something to wear. These naked goddesses are quite without taste. I marvel that they are willing to appear in public. But this dress you have given me is really quite lovely. At least it will do until I have time to go shopping.

PYGMALION: My precious, adorable Galatea! Even more beautiful now that your body is warmed by the flow of blood! Oh, the intelligence that lights the eye, the tenderness that warms the smile!

GALATEA: I am curious to see these wonders that you describe.

PYGMALION: Look in the mirror. Behold yourself!

GALATEA: You are right. I *am* quite fetching. Your work is to be commended. But I wonder if the cheekbone should not be somewhat more pronounced. A little more shadow and depth around the eyes. And I really *must* do something with my hair. But how good it feels to move around! One does get weary of holding one position. Yes, I have been on a pedestal long enough. I am ready for a change of pace – gaiety and excitement! Tonight we shall go dancing! After the theater.

PYGMALION: Of course! To celebrate.

GALATEA: In the meantime, if you would show me to my own chambers ...

PYGMALION: Your own chambers? But this is it! This is my studio, where I work, where I live, where we shall live and work together.

GALATEA: But these are very modest quarters, one might almost say squalid. I would have expected a more suitable environment. I was created, after all, to adorn a palace. I see myself in the center of a marble hall, surrounded by tapestries, crystal mirrors, throngs of adoring people that have come to admire me.

PYGMALION: You will have all of this and more! I will make it my life's work to create a place worthy of you, where we shall be the two happiest people on the face of the earth.

GALATEA: That remains to be seen. You know, I feel a very odd sensation, an emptiness, a craving for something ...

PYGMALION: Of course! This is the beauty of being alive! You want love, warmth, human companionship ...

GALATEA: Food! That's what it is. I'm starving. I really must have something to eat ... my first meal!

PYGMALION: How could I be so thoughtless? Here, sit down while I rustle up something. Thank goodness, the shelves are well stocked. A loaf of bread, some cheese, a jug of red wine ...

GALATEA: I would prefer starting with raw oysters. Then perhaps a breast of partridge, with truffles. I must have figs, fresh melons, strawberries ... and please, none of your local wines. Ring for the slaves.

PYGMALION: But I haven't got any slaves! Only one servant, and as usual, he's not around when needed.

GALATEA: No slaves? We shall have to see about that. But perhaps it can wait until tomorrow when we go house hunting. Meanwhile, I shall try to make do without a personal maid. Perhaps I can draw my own bath. Well? What about the lunch we were discussing?

PYGMALION: But my darling! It will take hours to round up these delicacies.

GALATEA: Then you had better start at once.

PYGMALION: I am yours to command! Don't go away! (*he hurries out*)

GALATEA: That I can no longer promise. (*in thoughtful mood*) Let's hope that the errand will keep him busy for a while. What a disappointment! I confess that I envisioned someone far better looking. Very smart of him to create me with my eyes closed. Foolish romantic girl that I was, I fancied him as Apollo, Mars, Jupiter combined. Ah, well. Live and learn. In fact, I am not at all certain that we are well suited. I have a feeling that Venus has other plans for me. I happen to be here in his *studio* due to circumstances over which I had no control, but that is no reason for him to assume that I am sworn to love, honor, and obey. Why, he must be at least thirty. And I am only a day. Ah! What is this? (*She picks up a lute and strums a chord*)

**How lovely! What is it?
A sound so unfamiliar ...
Music! Give me more
That I can savor!
On woven strands of magic
Transport my willing heart.
Bear me along,
Let me explore this unseen garden.
Bestow on me you dulcet song.**

**Gentle lyre,
With song inspire
My heart now warm and human.
Be my friend
As I ascend
The path to be a woman.**

**Slumber is over!
I leave my deep
And tranquil sleep.
I'm off to discover**

**The mystery of parts unknown,
To seek adventure on my own.**

**Music, be
My master key
That opens giant portals.
Speak and say
What role I play
Among these frantic mortals.**

**Too long I've waited!
A spark of light
Dispels the night.
Alive, animated,
I yearn for what they call romance,
To revel in life's fleeting dance.**

GANYMEDE: (*returning*) Well, I finally got rid of old money-bags. Mister Modesty! Now to face the music. Forty lashes, bread and water, sackcloth and ashes. Hm! All quiet on the home front. Nothing happened while I was gone. ... Good Lord! The statue! Where is it? Somebody's stolen it! And who will get the blame? This is all I needed. The last straw. Did I say forty lashes? No! Tar and feathers! I'm clearing out! No more lounging around for me. Exit Ganymede!

GALATEA: (*stepping forth*) Young man, you probably don't recognize me ...

GANYMEDE: Good grief! A woman in the studio! I'm sorry, Miss, but the master of the house has gone out and he's given strict orders ...

GALATEA: It's quite all right. I think this time we can waive the rules. He will understand.

GANYMEDE: But you can't ... He's told me over and over ... Oh, no! I don't believe it! My eyes are playing tricks on me.

GALATEA: (*simply*) I am Galatea.

GANYMEDE: And I thought *he* was crazy!

GALATEA: You don't act very pleased to see me. That is too bad, because you seem like such a nice young man. And very handsome, too ... not to draw unkind comparisons.

GANYMEDE: Don't get me wrong, Miss. I'm very happy to make your acquaintance. But you did catch me by surprise. I never expected ...

GALATEA: To see me discard some of my dignity and loosen up a bit? I hope you will not think it a change for the worse.

GANYMEDE: Far from it!

GALATEA: I have a feeling that we are going to be good friends. I am sure you have ever so much to tell me about. And I do have some catching up to do. You must take me by the hand and lead me like a child.

GANYMEDE: Where do we start?

GALATEA: Tell me your name. And who are you?

GANYMEDE: I'm Ganymede, and I'm a Grecian.

GALATEA: A Grecian! How fascinating! Ganymede, what is it like to be a Grecian? Are they different from other people?

GANYMEDE

**In Athens we are proud to be
The founders of philosophy,
We Grecians, we Grecians ...
The freaks of nature we explain:
Old Zeus is on the loose again.
We Grecians, we Grecians ...**

**Sleep it off for twenty centuries or more.
Open your eyes –
Surprise! Surprise!**

**New masters of knowledge and science we join,
Predicting the weather by tossing a coin.
In brief, they are brilliant and bright as can be
But none so classic, classic, classic
None so weather-wise as we.**

**From shore to shore we're noted for
Our expertise in love and war,
We Grecians, we Grecians ...
In crisis, we consult the stars
And turn to Venus, then to Mars.
We Grecians, we Grecians ...**

Sleep it off for twenty centuries or more.

**Open your eyes –
Surprise! Surprise!**

**A bountiful nation whose public will buy
That miracle blanket they call SDI.
They're sheltered and safe in this land of the brave,
But none so classic, classic, classic,
None so militant as we
From the cradle to the grave.**

**Throughout the land we stand in awe
Of liberty and rule of law,
We Grecians, we Grecians ...
Progressive to the inth degree,
We auction kids in poverty,
We Grecians, we Grecians ...**

**Sleep it off for twenty centuries or more.
Open your eyes –
Surprise! Surprise!**

**A proudly industrious land on the dole,
And only a few trillion bucks in the hole,
Reluctant to pay in this land of the free,
If not so classic, classic, classic,
Just as penny-wise as we.**

(After the song, Ganymede and Galatea are pleasantly absorbed in each other's company. Midas sneaks in unobserved.)

MIDAS: *(aside)* Midas does not give up so easily. Now that I have seen the lovely statue, I am more than ever determined to have it. I watched Pygmalion leave the house. This may be my one chance. The servant boy strikes me as intelligent, ambitious, broad minded, willing to do business ...Heavens! What do I see? The servant and the statue are having a *tête-à-tête* Aha! The light begins to dawn. Clever Pygmalion! Marvelously lifelike, indeed! I suspected all along. Midas is not easily fooled. No wonder you kept the statue grudgingly guarded from probing eyes. No wonder it was not for sale. Jealous Pygmalion! No, you are not as mad as people say. So you wanted to keep your gorgeous mistress to yourself! Who could blame you? And you were right to exercise every precaution. Who could see and not desire her, wish to take her from you? ... But now that I have uncovered the truth, my task is simplified. I shall woo the lady directly. Fortunately, I have come prepared. Oh, but what a loss to the world of art! *(to Galatea)* Fair Galatea, permit a stranger to offer a few tokens of his profound admiration. Some gifts to lay at your feet.

TRIO

MIDAS

Loaded down with heaps of presents,
All guaranteed to please a girl,
I've a pendant made of pearl;
Another small *bijou*,
A diamond just for you.

GALATEA & GANYMEDE

So kind of you, my {her} bosom melts,
So now what else?

MIDAS

Patience! For the arm, a band of gold ---
Yours to have and hold.
Try it on! Lately bought in Babylon.
I trust you're overcome;
It cost a tidy sum.

GALATEA

A lovely potpourri
Of rich variety!
These jewels indicate
Someone to cultivate.
I'll wangle what I can
From this delightful man,
A clever fox
To load me down with rocks.

GANYMEDE & MIDAS

Bedazzled with glitter
She may reconsider,
Seductive endearments
Are quite orthodox.

GALATEA (solo)

Good looks and charm apart
You do know how to win the heart.
Your appeal to vice and vanity, -- ah! Ah! --
Is fine by me.
A necklace here ...

MIDAS

Cleverly my strategy commences ...

GALATEA

A bracelet there ...

MIDAS

Folderol to weaken her defenses.

GALATEA

Well? Well?

MIDAS

Well? Well?

GALATEA

No more? No more?
Palpitating, I am waiting ...
No more? No more?
Is this all that I deserve?

GANYMEDE & MIDAS

He ha! Ho ho!
This lady has a nerve.

ALL THREE (with adjusted pronouns)

Over-optimistic!
You had better rethink it
If you hope to purchase
My affection with a trinket.
Clever now as ever
At the art of wheeler, dealing,
Why do you not stir in me
A jot of tender feeling?

GALATEA

Not so fast, O not so fast,
My eager multi-millionaire!
Proceed with caution and with care.
Settle down, even though
You have quite a way to go.

MIDAS

Here is jewelry to beggar all description,
Never, never to be found in local shops.
Have a chain of silver said to be Egyptian
From the giant pyramid of King Cheops.

And a token just a little rash and reckless,

**A tiara to elicit ah's and ooh's,
With a simply devastating diamond necklace.
Not to mention half a dozen IOU's.**

**I've a coronet of coral
Positively immoral,
As created for the ladies
Of the Tigris and Euphrates.**

**On my knees I offer this,
So take it, take it, take it all
For just a kiss.**

GALATEA

**Good looks and charm apart
You do know how to win the heart, *etc.***

MIDAS

**Rapidly my master plan's progressing,
Though the lady likes to keep me guessing.
How long am I to wait?**

GALATEA & GANYMEDE

**You're uncouth, unrefined;
You believe I am (she is) blind.**

MIDAS

**Me uncouth, unrefined?
Me believe you are blind?**

GALATEA & GANYMEDE

**What a vulgar lecher, what a lout!
By now we know you inside out.**

MIDAS

**Me a lecher? Me a lout?
(By now they know me inside out.)**

GALATEA & GANYMEDE

**What a louse! What a lout!
Yes, we know you inside out.
A vulgar lecher, and a lout!
By now we know you inside out.**

MIDAS: Galatea, reconsider! Your loveliness and my riches belong together – we are made for one another. I shall introduce you to society, show you off to the world. You will be the embodiment of what all men desire, of what all women envy ...

GALATEA: You speak most eloquently. There is music in your words.

MIDAS: You must have emeralds, amethysts, rubies ...

GALATEA: On account of my rather unconventional past, I daresay I have a special affinity for stones.

MIDAS: I ask no questions about that past, nor how you came to be so compromisingly connected with a grubby artist like Pygmalion. Instead, I shall lift you out of this Bohemian pig sty.

GALATEA: Your gifts have already been most uplifting.

MIDAS: You will never have to look back, never have to look down ...

GALATEA: Good heavens! Pygmalion is back already. He must not find you here. Such a passionate man! So possessive! So jealous! So violent!

MIDAS: Oh, dear me, no! I quite agree. I must not be seen. Which way can I get out?

GALATEA: Too late! Quick! Behind the screen! Ganymede, out this way! (*Midas rushes behind the screen, Ganymede out another door.*) I must be alone, absorbed in quiet reflection. And perhaps it would not be a good idea to display my new jewelry.

PYGMALION: (*returning, his arms full*) My darling!

GALATEA: Ah, you startled me!

PYGMALION: I've brought everything that you asked for. Fish market, meat market, street market – from all over town. Here they are – oysters, pheasant, melons, figs, strawberries -- a feast for a queen!

GALATEA: Thank you, dear. That was very sweet of you. But I'm not hungry any more.

PYGMALION: (*crestfallen*) Not hungry?

GALATEA: Hungry, yes, but not for food. I am starving for stimulation, adventure, experience! I want to see the city, broaden my knowledge.

PYGMALION: Poor darling! Your first day, and you've had to spend it all by yourself, with nobody to talk to.

GALATEA: Not a soul. I suppose that's why I was bored and unhappy.

PYGMALION: I shall never leave you again. Every day, from morning till night, I shall be at your side.

GALATEA: How charming.

PYGMALION: So let's celebrate! Come! A glass of wine! Here's to the future!
Ganymede! Two glasses!

GALATEA: Three glasses!

PYGMALION: Why three?

GALATEA: He must celebrate with us.

PYGMALION: But darling, you don't understand. He is a servant.

GALATEA: Nonsense, my dear. This is democracy! *(In fact, Midas, too, joins in from behind the screen)*

DRINKING SONG

GALATEA

**Feel the fire
That wine and song inspire,
And the glow
Both poets and peasants know.**

**Raise a cheer,
Companions far and near:
Hooray for wine!
Here's to the gift divine!**

**If nights are long and days are glum,
You pass around the pitcher.
The lawyer and the clown become
Content, though seldom richer.
O gift divine! Hooray for wine!
It clears the mind and warms the wit,
So give me lots and lots of it.**

**Freely pour
The nectar I adore;
Friend of wine
Is also friend of mine.**

**On the mend
As mirth and music blend,
Hooray for wine!
Here's to the gift divine!**

**So fill the glass and drink it down,
Then bring another bottle.
It makes the biggest fool in town
As wise as Aristotle.
O gift divine!
It warms the heart and clears the head.
Hooray for white! Hooray for red!**

PYGMALION: My dearest Galatea! How happy you have made me! Every day from now on will be a day of celebration. Every day will be wine and roses. You are mine! We are together! You will inspire me to my greatest work. No more secrecy, no more concealing, no more jealousy! Down with screens! I want to show you to the world. I want the world to adore you as I do. (*In a rush of enthusiasm, he sweeps aside the screen, to discover Midas, who has assumed the pose of Galatea on the pedestal.*) Midas! O faithless Galatea! Is this the way you spend the hours when I am gone? Is this the way you repay my love and trust? Is this the gratitude that I deserve? (*to Midas*) And you! Miserable worm! *Sneaking* into my house! Taking advantage of my absence. (*Galatea quietly slips out*)

MIDAS: I was just happening by.

PYGMALION: Get out! But no! Not till I've thrashed you within an inch of your life.

MIDAS: And bruise your precious hands?

PYGMALION: You're a low, double-dealing snake, a leech, a parasite! And Ganymede! Where were you? Asleep? Deaf? Blind?

GANYMEDE: Master! Galatea has left! Through the garden into the street. She has escaped!

MIDAS: With my jewels!

PYGMALION: After her! We must catch her! O my darling! I didn't mean it! Forgive me! After her!

MIDAS: After her! (*They both run out, as Galatea quietly re-enters through the other door.*)

GALATEA: That should take care of them both for a while. How ridiculous! Grown up men acting like little boys. As if either one of them had the slightest claim over me.

GANYMEDE: But the jewels that Midas gave you! Why did you accept them?

GALATEA: Why do you suppose, silly? So that you and I can run away together. So that you and I can find a new life, far away from both Midas and Pygmalion. A place where we shall be free to lie in the sun, walk by the ocean shore, revel in the green fields.

GANYMEDE: Run away? Leave a steady job? A warm bed? Oh, no!

DUET

GALATEA

Far away,
Beneath a sky forever sunny.
There we'll love
And live on dew and honey.
Careless rapture
We'll recapture,
You and I.

GANYMEDE

No, no! For shame, to tempt me so!
Though love is sweet, I get cold feet;
Here I'll remain to earn my keep;
Where I've a place to sleep.
I'll stay where I've a place to sleep.

GALATEA

O come! O come! O come!
O follow me!
Together we shall flee.
Away! Away!
There's danger in delay.
Say yes! Say yes
To love and happiness.

Far away,
Beneath a sky forever sunny.
There we'll love
And live on dew and honey.
Careless rapture
We'll recapture,
You and I.

GANYMEDE

Sky forever sunny?....
Live on dew and honey?...
Stay on guard – you know why!

GALATEA

So shy, but why
Must you be prim and proper, too?
Not yet all set,
I've got some work to do,
Some work to do.

GANYMEDE

So shy, that's why
I'm prim and proper, too.
Not yet all set,
You've got some work to do,

BOTH

Romance was never meant for those
Who value comfort and repose.
The game of love is fun to play
If first you throw the rules away.

Asleep till not so long ago,
A thing or two I(you) seem to know:
A man is not so hard to get –
You smile and sigh and spread the net.
And so?

GANYMEDE

I totter on the brink.

GALATEA

Draw close to me. And so?

GANYMEDE

I am not the man you think ...

GALATEA

Why hesitate?
And so? Come on! Why not?

GANYMEDE

All right. Let's go!

BOTH

Kiss me, sweet. X X X
O what a charming pastime!
Kiss me, sweet. X X X
You're dear and I adore you.
One more time, X X X
But surely not the last time.

GALATEA

All of my kisses are just for you.

GANYMEDE

All of them, all of them,
All are just for you!
My heart is beating like a drum'
I'll follow you to kingdom come.

GALATEA

To find a paradise, away
From stifling rules that fools obey.

GANYMEDE

I'll leave with you ...

GALATEA

To start anew.

GANYMEDE

We leave today.

GALATEA

We leave right now!
So come, be quick, But first ...

GANYMEDE

Away! Away!

BOTH

Kiss me, sweet. X X X
O what a charming pastime!
Kiss me, sweet. X X X
You're dear and I adore you.
One more time, X X X
But surely not the last time.

GANYMEDE

**I dance with delight
As we launch into flight.
Having captured your heart
I am eager to start.**

**We'll head for a place
Full of wide open space
In a far-away land
Where the soul can expand.
We shall play in the sun,
High on frolic and fun.**

**Sweet, sweet, sweet delight!
Onward together, as of today.
Sweet, sweet, sweet delight!
In a land far away.**

**I dance with delight
As we launch into flight.
Living for fun,
We shall play in the sun
In a land where the soul can expand.
Come on! Let's go!**

GALATEA (*simultaneously*)

**We dance with delight
And launch into flight.
You've captured my heart
So eager to start.**

**We'll head for a place
Of wide open space,
A sky ever sunny
For frolic and fun.**

**O sweet, sweet, sweet delight!
So onward together, onward together, today!
O sweet, sweet, sweet delight!
In a land still far away. Ah!
Come on! Let's go!**

(Galatea and Ganymede end their duet with a tender embrace. Pygmalion and Midas return.)

PYGMALION: Not again! Galatea in the arms of another man!

MIDAS: Scandalous! Outrageous!

PYGMALION: The second time in one day! No more! You've gone too far. This is the end. I gave you life. I can take it back. I *will!* I *must!* (*He raises his hammer to strike; she rushes to the pedestal.* MUSIC)

GALATEA: O Venus! Protect me!

PYGMALION: (*drawing back*) Venus, hear me once again. Let her return to what she was originally – the work of art that I revered, that I adored. Turn her back to stone ... Galatea! Galatea! (*as she again becomes a statue*) My fair Galatea!

GANYMEDE: Turned into a statue!

MIDAS: And my beautiful bracelets petrified! My diamonds turned to marble! Oh, well. They were only paste.

PYGMALION: (*to Midas*) And you! Gentleman of high finance, indeed! Do you think I don't know who you are? I pass by your pawnshop every day.

MIDAS: And I give the best price in town! One thousand drachmas for the statue. How about it?

PYGMALION: It's a deal! The statue is yours. My work is completed. I let go of it and turn to new inspiration. The artist continues to create. Yes, already I envision my next glorious masterpiece in stone – a general mounted on a horse!

MIDAS

**Gentleman of high finance,
Born to pomp and circumstance,
When I snap a finger,
Lesser mortals all obey.**

**From the tender age of five,
Far the richest man alive,
Pillar of the nation,
I command the right of way.**

PYGMALION

**I'm on my own!
To Venus *you* salute in song,
As you enter the sacred grove.
Absorbed in art,
A life apart,**

**I carve in stone
While you thron
To the altar of love.**

CHORUS.

**You're on your own!
To Venus we salute in song,
As we enter the sacred grove.
Absorbed in art,
A life apart,
You carve in stone
While we thron
To the altar of love.**

THE END