

PYGMALION AND GALATEA

AN ORIGINAL MYTHOLOGICAL COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS

BY

W. S. Gilbert

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PYGMALION, an Athenian Sculptor	Mr. Kendal
LEUCIPPUS, a Soldier	Mr. Howe
CHRYSOS, an Art Patron	Mr. Buckstone
AGESIMOS, Chrysos's Slave	Mr. Braid
MIMOS, Pygmalion's Slave	Mr. Weathersby
GALATEA, an Animated Statue	Miss M. Robertson
CYNISCA, Pygmalion's Wife	Miss Caroline Hill
DAPHNE, Chrysos's Wife	Mrs. Chippendale
MYRINE, Pygmalion's Sister	Miss Merton

SCENE: PYGMALION'S STUDIO

The action is comprised within the space of twenty-four hours.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA

ACT I

SCENE: *Pygmalion's Studio.*

Several classical statues are placed about the room; at the back a temple or cabinet containing a statue of GALATEA, before which curtains are drawn concealing the statue from the audience.

MIMOS, a slave, is discovered at work on a half-finished statue. To him enters AGESIMOS.

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

MIM. (*bowing*) It is.

AGES. Are you Pygmalion?

MIM. Oh, no:

I am his slave.

AGES. And has Pygmalion slaves?

A stone-cutter with slaves to fetch and carry – come and go –

And bend submissive uncomplaining backs

To whips and scourges, at a sculptor's whim!

What's the world coming to?

MIM. What is your will?

AGES. This: Chrysos will receive Pygmalion
At half past three today; let him attend.

MIM. And are you Chrysos, sir?

AGES. (*disconcerted*) Well, no, I'm not.

That is, not altogether: I'm, in fact,

His slave.

MIM. (*relieved*) His slave!

AGES. (*very proudly*) My name's Agesimos!

MIM. And has Agesimos a master then,

To bid him fetch and carry – come and go –

And does he bend an uncomplaining back

To whips and scourges at that master's whim?

What's the world coming to?

AGES. Poor purblind fool!

I'd sooner tie the sandals of my lord

Than own a dozen bondsmen such as you.

As for the scourge – to be by Chrysos flogged

Is honour in itself. I'd rather far

Be flogged by Chrysos seven times a day,

Than whip you hence to the Acropolis;

What say you now?

MIM. Why, that upon one point

Agesimos and I are quite agreed.

Pygmalion and Galatea

And who is Chrysos?

AGES. Hear the slave, ye gods!
He knows not Chrysos!

MIM. Verily, not I.

AGES. He is the chiefest man in Athens, sir;
The father of the arts – a nobleman
Of princely liberality and taste,
On whom five hundred starved Pygmalions
May batten if they will.

Enter PYGMALION.

PYG. Who is this man?

AGES. I'm Chrysos's slave – my name's Agesimos.
Chrysos has heard of you: he understands
That you have talent, and he condescends
To bid you call on him. But take good care
How you offend him: he can make or mar.

PYG. Your master's slave reflects his insolence!
Tell him from me that, though I'm poor enough,
I am an artist and a gentleman.
He should not reckon Art among his slaves:
She rules the world – so let him wait on her.

AGES. This is a sculptor!

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

Enter CYNISCA.

CYN. Pygmalion, what's amiss?

PYG. Chrysos has sent his slave to render me
The customary tribute paid by wealth
To mere intelligence.

CYN. Pygmalion!
Brooding upon the chartered insolence
Of a mere slave! Dismiss the thought at once.
Come, take thy chisel; thou hast work to do
Ere thy wife-model takes her leave today;
In half an hour I must be on the road
To Athens. Half an hour remains to thee –
Come – make the most of it – I'll pose myself;
Say – will that do?

PYG. I cannot work today.
My hand's uncertain – I must rest awhile.

CYN. Then rest and gaze upon thy masterpiece,
'Twill reconcile thee to thyself – Behold!
(*Draws curtain and discovers statue of GALATEA.*)

Pygmalion and Galatea

- PYG. Yes – for in gazing on my handiwork,
I gaze on heaven’s handiwork – thyself!
- CYN. And yet, although it be thy masterpiece,
It has the fault thy patrons find with all
Thy many statues.
- PYG. What then do they say?
- CYN. They say Pygmalion’s statues have one head –
That head, Cynisca’s.
- PYG. So then it’s a fault
To reproduce, maybe an hundredfold,
For the advantage of mankind at large
The happiness the gods have given me!
Well, when I find a fairer head than thine
I’ll give my patrons some variety.
- CYN. I would not have thee find another head
That seemed as fair to thee for all the world!
We’ll have no stranger models if you please,
I’ll be your model, sir, as heretofore,
So reproduce me at your will; and yet
It were sheer vanity in me to think
That this fair stone recalls Cynisca’s face!
- PYG. Cynisca’s face in every line!
- CYN. No, no!
Those outlines softened, angles smoothed away,
The eyebrows arched, the head more truly poised,
The forehead ten years smoother than my own
Tell rather of Cynisca as she was
When, in the silent groves of Artemis,
Pygmalion told his love ten years ago:
And then the placid brow, the sweet sad lips,
The gentle head down-bent resignedly,
Proclaim that this is not Pygmalion’s wife,
Who laughs and frowns, but knows no meed between.
I am no longer as that statue is! (*Closes curtain.*)
- PYG. Why here’s ingratitude, to slander Time,
Who in his hurried course has passed thee by!
Or is it that Cynisca won’t allow
That Time *could* pass her by, and never pause
To print a kiss upon so fair a face?

Enter MYRINE.

- MYR. Pygmalion; I have news.
- PYG. My sister, speak.
- MYR. (*bashfully*) Send Mimos hence.
- PYG. (*signs to MIMOS.*) Now we are quite alone.
- MYR. Leucippus –
- CYN. Well!

Pygmalion and Galatea

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

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

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

PYG. Why this is news, Myrine – kiss me girl,
I'm more than happy at thy happiness,
There is no better fellow in the world!

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

LEUCIPPUS *appears at door.*

MYR. Why –
He's here – and he shall tell the how it was.

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

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

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

PYG. (*taking it*) Angry? overjoyed!
I wish I had been there, unseen, to see;

LEUC. No sight could give me greater happiness!
What! say you so? Why then, Myrine, girl,
We'll reproduce it for his benefit. (*They embrace.*)
See here, Pygmalion, here's a group for thee!
Come, fetch thy clay, and set to work on it,
I'll promise thee thy models will not tire!

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

LEUC. The coating was but thin, we've rubbed it off! (*Kisses MYRINE.*)

Pygmalion and Galatea

PYG. Take care of him, Myrine; thou hast not
The safeguard that protects *her*. (*Indicating CYNISCA.*)

MYR. What is that?

CYN. It's a strange story. Many years ago
I was a holy nymph of Artemis,
Pledged to eternal maidenhood!

LEUC. Indeed!

MYR. How terrible!

CYN. It seemed not so to me;
For weeks and weeks I pondered steadfastly
Upon the nature of that curious step
Before I took it – lay awake at night,
Looking upon it from this point and that,
And I at length determined that the vow,
Which to Myrine seems so terrible,
Was one that I, at all events, could keep.

MYR. How old wast thou, Cynisca?

CYN. I was ten!

Well – in due course, I reached eleven, still
I saw no reason to regret the step;
Twelve – thirteen – fourteen saw me still unchanged;
At fifteen it occurred to me one day
That marriage was a necessary ill,
Inflicted by the great gods to punish us,
And to evade it were impiety;
At sixteen the idea became more fixed;
At seventeen I was convinced of it!

PYG. In the meantime she'd seen Pygmalion.

MYR. And you confided all your doubts to him?

CYN. I did, and he endorsed them – so we laid
The case before my mistress Artemis;
No need to tell the arguments we used,
Suffice it that they brought about our end.
And Artemis, her icy steadfastness
Thawed by the ardour of Cynisca's prayers,
Replied "Go, girl, and wed Pygmalion;
"But mark my words, whichever one of you,
"Or he or she, shall falsify the vow
"Of perfect conjugal fidelity –
"The wronged one, he or she, shall have the power
"To call down blindness on the backslider,
"And sightless shall the truant mate remain
"Until expressly pardoned by the other."

LEUC. It's fortunate such powers as thine are not
In universal use; for if they were,
One half the husbands and one half the wives
Would be as blind as night; the other half
Having their eyes, would use them on each other!

Pygmalion and Galatea

MIMOS enters, and gives PYGMALION a scroll, which he reads.

MYR. But then, the power of calling down this doom
Remains with thee. Thou wouldst not burden him
With such a curse as utter sightlessness,
However grievously he might offend?

CYN. I love Pygmalion for his faithfulness;
The act that robs him of that quality
Will rob him of the love that springs from it.

MYR. But sightlessness – it is so terrible!

CYN. And faithlessness – it is so terrible!
I take my temper from Pygmalion;
While he is god-like – he’s a god to me,
And should he turn to devil, I’ll turn with him;
I know no half-moods, I am love or hate!

MYR. (to LEUC.) What do you say to that?

LEUC. Why, on the whole
I’m glad *you’re* not a nymph of Artemis!

Exeunt MYRINE and LEUCIPPUS.

PYG. I’ve brought him to his senses. Presently
My patron Chrysos will be here to earn
Some thousand drachmas.

CYN. How, my love, to earn?
He is a man of unexampled wealth,
And follows no profession.

PYG. Yes, he does;
He is a patron of the Arts, and makes
A handsome income by his patronage.

CYN. How so?

PYG. He is an ignorant buffoon,
But purses hold a higher rank than brains,
And he is rich; wherever Chrysos buys,
The world of smaller fools comes following,
And men are glad to sell their work to him
At half its proper price, that they may say,
“Chrysos has purchased handiwork of ours.”
He is a fashion, and he knows it well
In buying sculpture; he appraises it
As he’d appraise a master-mason’s work –
So much for marble, and so much for time,
So much for working tools – but still he buys,
And so he is a patron of the Arts!

CYN. To think that heaven-born Art should be the slave
Of such as he!

PYG. Well, wealth is heaven-born too.

Pygmalion and Galatea

And hath no temper, sir, and hath no tongue!
Thou hast thy license, make good use of it.
Already I'm half jealous – (*draws curtains*)

There, it's gone.

The thing is but a statue after all,
And I am safe in leaving thee with her;
Farewell, Pygmalion, till I return. (*Kisses him, and exit.*)

PYG. “The thing is but a statue after all!”

Cynisca little thought that in those words
She touched the very key-note of my discontent –
True, I have powers denied to other men;
Give me a block of senseless marble – Well,
I'm a magician, and it rests with me
To say what kernel lies within its shell
It shall contain a man, a woman – child –
A dozen men and women if I will.
So far the gods and I run neck and neck;
Nay, so far I can beat them at their trade!
I am no bungler – all the men I make
Are straight-limbed fellows, each magnificent
In the perfection of his manly grace:
I make no crook-backs – all my men are gods,
My women goddesses – in outward form.
But there's my tether! I can go so far,
And go no farther! At that point I stop,
To curse the bonds that hold me sternly back.
To curse the arrogance of those proud gods,
Who say, “Thou shall be greatest among men,
“And yet infinitesimally small!”

GALATEA. Pygmalion!

PYG. Who called?

GAL. Pygmalion!

PYG. *tears away curtain and discovers GALATEA alive.*

PYG. Ye gods! It lives!

GAL. Pygmalion!

PYG. It speaks!

I have my prayer! My Galatea breathes!

GAL. Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion;
Give me thy hand – both hands – how soft and warm!
Whence came I? (*Descends.*)

PYG. Why, from yonder pedestal!

GAL. That pedestal? Ah, yes, I recollect,
There was a time when it was part of me.

PYG. That time has passed for ever, thou art now
A living, breathing woman, excellent
In every attribute of womankind.

Pygmalion and Galatea

GAL. Where am I, then?
PYG. Why, born into the world
By miracle!
GAL. Is this the world?
PYG. It is.
GAL. This room?
PYG. This room is a portion of a house;
The house stands in a grove; the grove itself
Is one of many, many hundred groves
In Athens.
GAL. And is Athens then the world?
PYG. To an Athenian – Yes –
GAL. And am I one?
PYG. By birth and parentage, not by descent.
GAL. But how came I to be?
PYG. Well – let me see,
Oh – you were quarried in Pentelicus;
I modelled you in clay – my artisans
Then roughed you out in marble – I, in turn,
Brought my artistic skill to bear upon you,
And made you what you are – in all but life –
The gods completed what I had begun,
And gave the only gift I could not give!
GAL. Then this is life?
PYG. It is.
GAL. And not long since
I was cold, dull stone! I recollect
That by some means I knew that I was stone:
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold immovable identity,
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more!
Then, by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen – darkly and imperfectly – yet seen –
The walls surrounding me, and I, alone.
That pedestal – that curtain – then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,
That which was dim before, became evident.
Sounds, that had hummed around me, indistinct,
Vague, meaningless – seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;
I felt my frame pervaded by a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold hard substance throbbed with active life,
My limbs grew supple, and I moved – I lived!
Lived in the ecstasy of new-born life!

Pygmalion and Galatea

Lived in the love of him that fashioned me!
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,
Love, gratitude – thoughts that resolved themselves
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion! (*Kneels to him.*)

PYG. I have no words to tell thee of my joy,
O woman – perfect in thy loveliness!

GAL. What is that word? Am I a woman?

PYG. Yes.

GAL. Art thou a woman?

PYG. No, I am a man.

GAL. What *is* a man?

PYG. A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her, that she may live!

GAL. (*after a pause*) I'm glad I am a woman.

PYG. So am I. (*They sit.*)

GAL. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?

PYG. That I may undergo these pains for thee.

GAL. With whom then wouldst thou fight?

PYG. With any man
Whose deed or word gave Galatea pain.

GAL. Then there are other men in this strange world?

PYG. There are indeed!

GAL. And other women?

PYG. (*taken aback*) Yes;
Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!
Yes, other women.

GAL. And for all these
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep and fight?

PYG. It is man's duty, if he's called upon,
To fight for all – he works for those he loves.

GAL. Then by thy work I know thou lovest me.

PYG. Indeed I love thee! (*Embraces her.*)

GAL. With what kind of love?

PYG. I love thee (*recollecting himself and releasing her*)
as a sculptor loves his work!

(*aside*) There is a diplomacy in that reply.

GAL. My love is of a different kind to thine:
I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,
Yet do I love thee: say – what love is mine?

PYG. Tell me its symptoms, then I'll answer thee.

GAL. Its symptoms? Let me call them as they come:
A sense that I am made *by the* for thee;
That I've no will that is not wholly thine:
That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprise

Pygmalion and Galatea

That does not own *thee* as sovereign;
That I have life, that I may live for thee,
That I am thine – that thou and I are one!
(*embraces him passionately – then, frightened at her earnestness, she
withdraws from him, still kneeling*)

What kind of love is that?

PYG. A kind of love
That I shall run some risk in dealing with!

GAL. And why, Pygmalion?

PYG. Such love as thine
A man may not receive, except indeed
From one who is, or is to be, his wife.

GAL. Then I will be thy wife!

PYG. That may not be;
I have a wife – the gods allow but one.

GAL. Why did the gods then send me here to thee?

PYG. I cannot say – unless to punish me
For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer!
I prayed that thou shouldst live – I have my prayer,
And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it!

GAL. Yet thou lovest me?

PYG. Who could look on that face and stifle love?

GAL. Then I am beautiful?

PYG. Indeed thou art.

GAL. I wish that I could look upon myself.
But that's impossible.

PYG. Not so indeed.

This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold! (*Hands her a mirror.*)

GAL. How beautiful! I'm very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I beheld myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I'm a woman!

PYG. There is no doubt of that!

GAL. Oh happy maid to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze,
At will, upon so beautiful a face!

PYG. Hush! Galatea – in thine innocence
Thou sayest words that never should be said.

GAL. Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?

PYG. Well, it's a confidential sentiment
That women cherish in their heart of hearts;
But, as a rule, they keep it to themselves.

GAL. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?

Pygmalion and Galatea

- PYG. No, Galatea, for in forming thee
I took her features – lovely in themselves –
And in the marble made them lovelier still.
- GAL. (*disappointed*) Oh! Then I am not original?
- PYG. Well – no –
That is – thou hast indeed a prototype;
But though in stone thou dost resemble her,
In life the difference is manifest.
- GAL. I'm very glad I'm lovelier than she.
And am I better?
- PYG. That I do not know.
- GAL. Then she has faults?
- PYG. But very few indeed;
Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
That she and I are of one common kin.
I love her all the better for such faults!
- GAL. (*after a pause*) Tell me some faults, and I'll commit them now.
- PYG. There is no hurry; they will come in time:
Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.
- GAL. Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
Why I could sin all day! But tell me, love
Is this great fault that I'm committing now
The kind of fault that only serves to show
That thou and I are of one common kin?
- PYG. Indeed, I'm very much afraid it is.
- GAL. And dost thou love me better for such fault?
- PYG. Where is the mortal that could answer "no"?
- GAL. Why then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion;
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms.
She loves thee?
- PYG. Very much.
- GAL. I'm glad of that.
I like thy wife.
- PYG. And why?
- GAL. Our tastes agree;
We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,
Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife;
I'm sure we shall agree.
- PYG. (*aside*) I doubt it much!
- GAL. Is she within?
- PYG. No, she is not within.
- GAL. But she'll come back?
- PYG. Oh, yes, she will come back.
- GAL. How pleased she'll be to know, when she returns
That there was someone here to fill her place!
- PYG. (*dryly*) Yes, I should say she'd be extremely pleased.

Pygmalion and Galatea

- GAL. Why, there is something in thy voice which says
That thou art jesting! Is it possible
To say one thing and mean another?
- PYG. Yes,
It's sometimes done.
- GAL. How very wonderful;
So clever!
- PYG. And so very useful.
- GAL. Yes.
Teach me the art.
- PYG. The art will come in time.
My wife will *not* be pleased; there – that's the truth.
- GAL. I do not think that I *shall* like thy wife.
Tell me more of her.
- PYG. Well –
- GAL. What did she say
When last she left thee?
- PYG. Humph! Well, let me see
Oh! True, she gave thee to me as my wife, –
Her solitary representative;
She feared I should be lonely till she came,
And counselled me, if thoughts of love should come,
To speak those words to thee, as I am wont
To speak to her.
- GAL. That's right.
- PYG. But when she spoke
Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference!
- GAL. It's a strange world!
A woman loves her husband very much
And cannot brook that I should love him too;
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness;
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And when that stone is brought to life – be dumb!
It's a strange world – I cannot fathom it!
- PYG. (*aside*) Let me be brave, and put an end to this
(*aloud*) Come, Galatea – till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home;
Her house is close at hand.
- GAL. (*astonished and alarmed*) Send me not hence,
Pygmalion, let me stay.
- PYG. It may not be.
Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.
- GAL. (*resignedly*) Do with me as thou wilt, Pygmalion!
But we shall meet again? – and very soon?
- PYG. Yes, very soon.
- GAL. And when thy wife returns,

Pygmalion and Galatea

She'll let me stay with thee?

PYG. I do not know.
(*aside*) Why should I hide the truth from her; (*aloud*) alas!
I may not see thee then.

GAL. Pygmalion!

What fearful words are these?

PYG. The bitter truth.

I may not love thee – I must send thee hence.

GAL. Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love!
Was it for this that Heaven gave me life?
Pygmalion, have mercy on me; see,
The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine,
Thine! Only and unalterably thine!
This is the thought with which my soul is charged.
Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,
That thou hast love for her alone: Alas!
I do not know these things – I only know
That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee!
Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,
Of vows that thou wilt love but her; Alas!
I do not know these things – I only know
That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me
One all-absorbing duty to discharge
To love thee, and to make thee love again!

During this speech Pygmalion has shown symptoms of irresolution; at its conclusion he takes her in his arms, and embraces her passionately.

ACT II

SCENE: *Same as Act I.*

PYGALION *discovered at work on an unfinished statue.*

PYG. Tomorrow my Cynisca comes to me;
Would that she had never departed hence!
It took a miracle to make me false,
And even then I was but false in thought;
A less exacting wife might be appeased
By that reflection. But Pygmalion
Must be immaculate in every thought,
Even though Heaven's armaments be ranged
Against the fortress of his constancy!

Enter MYRINE, in great excitement.

MYR. Pygmalion!

PYG. Myrine!

Pygmalion and Galatea

MYR. Touch me not,
Thou has deceived me, and deceived thy wife!
Who is the woman thou didst send to me
To share my roof last night?

PYG. Be pacified;
Judge neither of us hastily; in truth
She is as pure, as innocent as thou.

MYR. Oh, miserable man – confess the truth!
Disguise not that of which she boasts aloud!

PYG. Of what then does she boast?

MYR. To all I say
She answers with one parrot-like reply,
“I love Pygmalion” – and when incensed
I tell her that thou hast a cheated wife,
She only says, “I love Pygmalion,
“I and my life are his, and his alone!”
Who is this shameless woman, sir? Confess!

PYG. Myrine, I will tell thee all. The gods
To punish my expressed impiety,
Have worked a miracle, and brought to life
My statue, Galatea!

MYR. (*incredulously*) Marvellous,
If it be true!

PYG. It’s absolutely true.

MYRINE opens the curtains and sees the pedestal empty.

MYR. The statue’s gone!

GALATEA appears at the door.

PYG. The statue’s at the door!

GAL. At last we meet. Oh! My Pygmalion!
What strange, strange things have happened since we met.

PYG. Why, what has happened to thee?

GAL. Fearful things!

(to MYR.) I went with thee into thine house –

MYR. Well, well.

GAL. And then I sat alone and wept – and wept
A long, long time for my Pygmalion.
Then by degrees, by tedious degrees,
The light – the glorious light! – the god-sent light!
I saw it sink – sink – sink – behind the world!
Then I grew cold – cold – as I used to be,
Before my loved Pygmalion gave me life.
Then came the fearful thought that, by degrees,
I was returning into stone again!
How bitterly I wept and prayed aloud

Pygmalion and Galatea

That it might not be so! "Spare me, ye gods!
"Spare me," I cried, for my Pygmalion.
"A little longer for Pygmalion!
"Oh, take me not so early from my love;
"Oh, let me see him once – but once again!"
But no – they heard me not, for they are good,
And had they heard, must needs have pitied me;
They had not seen *thee*, and they did not know
The happiness that I must leave behind.
I fell upon thy couch (*to MYRINE*); my eyelids closed
My senses faded from me one by one;
I knew no more until I found myself,
After a strange dark interval of time,
Once more upon my hated pedestal,
A statue – motionless – insensible;
And then I saw the glorious gods come down!
Down to this room! The air was filled with them!
They came and looked upon Pygmalion,
And, looking on him, kissed him one by one,
And said, in tones that speak to me of life,
"We cannot take her from such happiness!
"Live, Galatea, for his love!" And then
The glorious light that I had lost came back –
There was Myrine's room, there was her couch,
There was the sun in heaven; and the birds
Sang once more in the great green waving trees,
As I had heard them sing – I lived once more
To look on him I love!

- MYR. 'Twas but a dream!
Once every day this death occurs to us,
Till thou and I and all who dwell on earth
Shall sleep to wake no more!
- GAL. To wake no more?
- PYG. That time must come – may be not yet awhile –
Still it must come, and we shall all return
To the cold earth from which we quarried thee.
- GAL. See how the promises of new-born life
Fade from the bright hope-picture, one by one!
Love for Pygmalion, a blighting sin;
His love a shame that he must hide away;
Sleep, stone-like senseless sleep, our natural state;
And life a passing vision born thereof!
How the bright promises fade one by one!
- MYR. Why, there are many men whom thou mayst love;
But not Pygmalion – he has a wife.
- GAL. Does no one love him?
- MYR. Certainly – *I* do.
He is my brother.

Pygmalion and Galatea

GAL. Did he give thee life?
MYR. Why no; but then –
GAL. He did not give thee life,
And yet thou lovest him! And why not I
Who owe my very being to his love?
PYG. Well, thou mayst love me – as a father.
MYR. Yes;
He *is* thy father, for he gave thee life.
GAL. Well, as thou wilt; it is enough to know
That I may love thee. Wilt thou love me too?
PYG. Yes, as a daughter; there, that's understood.
GAL. Then I am satisfied.
MYR. (*aside*) Indeed I hope
Cynisca also will be satisfied! (*Exit MYRINE.*)
GAL. (*To PYG.*) Thou art not going from me?
PYG. For a while.
GAL. Oh, take me with thee; leave me not alone
With these cold emblems of my former self! (*Alluding to statues.*)
I dare not look on them!
PYG. Leucippus comes,
And he shall comfort thee till I return;
I'll not be long!
GAL. Leucippus! Who is he?
PYG. A man
Who's hired to kill his country's enemies.
GAL. (*horrified*) A paid assassin!
PYG. (*annoyed*) Well, that's rather strong.
There spoke the thoroughly untutored mind;
So coarse a sentiment might fairly pass
With mere Arcadians – a cultured state
Holds soldiers at a higher estimate.
In Athens – which is highly civilized –
The soldier's social rank is in itself
Almost a patent of nobility.
GAL. He kills! And he is paid to kill!
PYG. No doubt.
But then he kills to save his countrymen.
GAL. Whether his countrymen be right or wrong?
PYG. That's no affair of his – it's quite enough
That there are enemies for him to kill:
He goes and kills them when his orders come.
GAL. How terrible! Why, my Pygmalion,
How many dreadful things thou teachest me!
Thou tellest me of death – that hideous doom
That all must fill; and having told me this –
Here is a man, whose business is to kill:
To filch from other men the priceless boon
That thou hast given me – the boon of life –

Pygmalion and Galatea

And thou defendest him!

PYG. I have no time
To make these matters clear – but here he comes,
Talk to him – thou wilt find him kind and good,
Despite his terrible profession.

GAL. (*in great terror*) No!
I'll not be left with him, Pygmalion. Stay!
He is a murderer!

PYG. Ridiculous!
Why, Galatea, he will harm thee not:
He is as good as brave. I'll not be long.
I'll soon return. Farewell! (*Exit.*)

GAL. I will obey,
Since thou desirest it; but to be left
Alone with one whose mission is to kill!
Oh, it is terrible!

Enter LEUCIPPUS with a Fawn that he has shot.

LEUC. A splendid shot,
And one that I shall never make again!

GAL. Monster! Approach me not! (*Shrinking into corner*)

LEUC. Why, who is this?
Nay, I'll not hurt thee, maiden!

GAL. Spare me, sir!
I have not done thy country any wrong!
I am no enemy!

LEUC. I'll swear to that!
Were Athens' enemies as fair as thou,
She'd never be at loss for warriors.

GAL. Oh miserable man, repent! repent!
Ere the stern marble claim you once again.

LEUC. I don't quite understand –

GAL. Remember, sir,
The sculptor who designed you little thought
That when he prayed the gods to give you life,
He turned a monster loose upon the world!
See, there is blood upon those cruel hands!
Oh, touch me not!

LEUC. (*aside*) Poor crazy little girl!
Why – there's no cause for fear – I'll harm thee not –
As for the blood, this will account for it. (*showing fawn*)

GAL. What's that?

LEUC. A little fawn.

GAL. It does not move!

LEUC. No, for I wounded her.

GAL. Oh, horrible!

LEUC. Poor little thing! 'Twas almost accident;

Pygmalion and Galatea

I lay upon my back beneath a tree,
Whistling the lazy hours away – when, lo!
I saw her bounding through a distant glade;
My bow was handy; in sheer wantonness
I aimed an arrow at her, and let fly,
Believing that at near a hundred yards
So small a being would be safe enough,
But, strange to tell, I hit her. Here she is;
She moves – poor little lady! Ah, she’s dead!

GAL. Oh, horrible! oh, miserable man!
What have you done? – (*Takes fawn into her arms*)
Why, you have murdered her!
Poor little thing! I know not what thou art;
Thy form is strange to me; but thou hadst life,
And he has robbed thee of it! (*Gives it back to LEUC.*)
Get you hence!
Ere vengeance overtake you!

LEUC. Well, in truth,
I have some apprehension on that score.
It was Myrine’s – though I knew it not!
’Twould pain her much to know that it is dead;
So keep the matter carefully from her
Until I can replace it. (*Exit LEUCIPPUS with fawn.*)

GAL. Get you hence;
I have no compact with a murderer!

Enter MYRINE.

MYR. Why, Galatea, what has frightened thee?
GAL. Myrine, I have that to say to thee
That thou must nerve thyself to hear. That man –
The man thou lovest – is a murderer!

MYR. Poor little maid! Pygmalion, ere he left,
Told me that by that name thou didst describe
The bravest soldier that our country owns!
He’s no assassin, he’s a warrior.

GAL. Then what is an assassin?
MYR. One who wars
Only with weak, defenceless creatures. One
Whose calling is to murder unawares.
My brave Leucippus is no murderer.

GAL. Thy brave Leucippus is no longer brave,
He is a mere assassin by thy showing.
I saw him with his victim in his arms,
His wicked hands dyed crimson with her blood
There she lay, cold and stark – her gentle eyes
Glazed with the film of death. She moved but once,
She turned her head to him and tried to speak,

Pygmalion and Galatea

But ere she could articulate a word
Her head fell helplessly, and she was dead!
MYR. Why, you are raving, girl! Who told you this?
GAL. He owned it; and he gloried in the deed.
He told me how, in arrant wantonness,
He drew his bow, and smote her to the heart!
MYR. Leucippus did all this! Impossible!
You must be dreaming!
GAL. On my life, it's true.
See, here's a handkerchief which still is stained
With her life-blood – I staunched it with my hand.
MYR. Who was his victim?
GAL. Nay – I cannot tell.
Her form was strange to me – but here he comes;
Oh, hide me from that wicked murderer!

Enter LEUCIPPUS.

MYR. Leucippus, can this dreadful tale be true?
LEUC. (*to GAL., aside*) Thou should have kept my secret. See, poor girl,
How it distresses her. (*To MYR.*) It's true enough,
But Galatea should have kept it close,
I knew that it would pain thee grievously.
MYR. Some devil must have turned Leucippus' brain!
You did all this?
LEUC. Undoubtedly I did.
I saw my victim dancing happily
Across my field of view – I took my bow,
And, at the distance of a hundred yards,
I sent an arrow right into her heart.
There are few soldiers who could do as much.
MYR. Indeed I hope that there are very few.
Oh, miserable man!
LEUC. That's rather hard.
Congratulate me rather on my aim,
Of which I have some reason now to boast;
As for my victim – why, one more or less,
What does it matter? There are plenty left!
And then reflect – indeed, I never thought
That I should hit her at so long a range,
My aim was truer than I thought it was,
And the poor little lady's dead!
MYR. Alas;
This is the calmness of insanity.
What shall we do? Go, hide yourself away –
LEUC. But –
MYR. Not a word – I will not hear thy voice,
I will not look upon thy face again;

Pygmalion and Galatea

Begone!

GAL. Go, sir, or I'll alarm the house!

LEUC. Well, this is sensibility, indeed!

Well, they are women – women judge these things

By some disjointed logic of their own,

That is not given to man to understand.

I'm off to Athens – when your reason comes

Send for me, if you will. Till then, farewell. (*Exit angrily.*)

MYR. Oh, this must be a dream, and I shall wake

To happiness once more!

GAL. A dream! no doubt!

We both are dreaming, and we dream the same!

But by what sign, Myrine, can we tell

Whether we dream or wake?

MYR. There are some things

Too terrible for truth, and this is one.

Enter PYGMALION, with fawn.

PYG. Why, what's the matter with Leucippus, girl?

I saw him leave the house, and mount his horse

With every show of anger.

MYR. He is mad,

And he hath done a deed I dare not name.

Did he say ought to thee before he left?

PYG. Yes; when I asked him what had angered him.

He threw me this. (*showing fawn*)

GAL. (*in extreme of horror*) His victim! take it hence!

I cannot look at it!

MYR. Why, what is this?

GAL. The being he destroyed in wantonness;

He robbed it of the life the gods had given.

Oh! take it hence; I dare not look on death!

MYR. Why, was this *all* he killed?

GAL. (*astonished*) All!!! And enough!

MYR. Why, girl – thou must be mad! Pygmalion –

She told me he had murdered somebody,

But knew not whom!

PYG. The girl will drive us mad!

Bid them prepare my horse – I'll bring him back.

Exit MYRINE.

GAL. Have I done wrong? Indeed, I did not know:

Thou art not angry with me?

PYG. Yes, I am:

I'm more than angry with thee – not content

With publishing thine unmasked love for me,

Pygmalion and Galatea

Thou hast estranged Leucippus from *his* love
Through thine unwarrantable foolishness.

Enter MIMOS.

MIM. Sir, Chrysos and his lady are without.

PYG. I cannot see them now. Stay – show them in. (*Exit MIMOS.*)

(*to GAL.*) Go, wait in there. I'll join thee very soon.

Exit GALATEA. Enter DAPHNE.

DAPH. Where is Pygmalion?

PYG. Pygmalion's here.

DAPH. We called upon you many months ago,
But you were not at home – so being here,
We looked around us and we saw the stone
You keep so carefully behind that veil.

PYG. That was a most outrageous liberty.

DAPH. Sir! Do you know me?

PYG. You are Chrysos' wife.

Has Chrysos come with you?

DAPH. He waits without.

I am his herald to prepare you for
The honour he confers. Be civil, sir,
And he may buy that statue; if he does
Your fortune's made!

PYG. (*to MIMOS*) You'd better send him in. (*Exit MIMOS.*)

Enter CHRYSOS.

CHRY. Well – is the young man's mind prepared?

DAPH. It is;
He seems quite calm. Give money for the stone,
I've heard that it is far beyond all price,
But run it down; abuse it ere you buy.

CHRY. (*to PYG.*) Where is the statue that I saw last year?

PYG. Sir – it's unfinished – it's a clumsy thing.
I am ashamed of it.

CHRY. It isn't good.
There's want of tone; it's much too hard and thin;
Then the half distances are very crude –
Oh – very crude indeed – then it lacks air,
And wind and motion, massive light and shade;
It's very roughly scumbled; on my soul
The scumbling's damnable!

DAPH. (*aside to him*) Bethink yourself!

That's said of painting – this is sculpture!

CHRY. Eh?

Pygmalion and Galatea

It's the same thing, the principle's the same;
Now for its price. Let's see – what will it weigh?
DAPH. A ton, or thereabouts.
CHRY. Suppose we say
A thousand drachmas?
PYG. No, no, no, my lord!
The work is very crude and thin, and then
Remember, sir, the scumbling –
CHRY. Damnable!
But never mind, although the thing is poor,
'Twill serve to hold a candle in my hall.
PYG. Excuse me, sir; poor though that statue be,
I value it beyond all price.
CHRY. Pooh, pooh!
I give a thousand drachmas for a stone
Which in the rough would not fetch half that sum!
DAPH. Why, bless my soul, young man, are you aware
We gave but fifteen hundred not long since
For an Apollo twice as big as that!
PYG. But pardon me, a sculptor does not test
The beauty of a figure by its bulk.
CHRY. Ah! Then *she* does.
DAPH. Young man, you'd best take care,
You are offending Chrysos! (*Exit.*)
CHRY. And his wife. (*going*)
PYG. That's a calamity I must endure.
Sir, once for all, the statue's not for sale. (*Exit.*)
CHRY. Sir, once for all, I will not be denied;
Confound it – if a patron of the arts
Is thus to be dictated to *by* art,
What comes of that art patron's patronage?
He must be taught a lesson – where's the stone?
(*Goes to pedestal and opens curtains.*)
It's gone! (*Enter GALATEA, he stares at her in astonishment.*)
Hallo! What's this?
GAL. Are you unwell?
CHRY. Oh, no – I fancied just at first – pooh, pooh!
Ridiculous. (*aside*) And yet it's very like!
(*aloud*) I know your face, haven't I seen you in –
In – in (*puzzling himself*)
GAL. In marble? Very probably.
CHRY. Oh, now I understand. Why this must be
Pygmalion's model! Yes, of course it is.
A very bold-faced woman, I'll be bound
These models always are. Her face is fair,
Her figure, too, is shapely and compact;
Come hither, maiden.
GAL. (*who has been. examining him in great wonder*)

Pygmalion and Galatea

Tell, me, what *are* you?

CHRY. What *am* I?

GAL. Yes, I mean, are you a man?

CHRY. Well, yes; I'm told so.

GAL. Then believe them not,
They've been deceiving you.

CHRY. The deuce they have!

GAL. A man is very tall, and straight, and strong,
With big brave eyes, fair face, and tender voice.
I've seen one.

CHRY. *Have* you?

GAL. Yes, you are no man.

CHRY. Does the young person take me for a woman?

GAL. A woman? No; a woman's soft and weak,
And fair, and exquisitely beautiful.
I am a woman; you are not like me.

CHRY. The gods forbid that I should be like you,
And farm my features at so much an hour!

GAL. And yet I like you, for you make me laugh;
You are so round and red, your eyes so small,
Your mouth so large, your face so seared with lines,
And then you are so little and so fat!

CHRY. (*aside*) This is a most extraordinary girl.

GAL. Oh, stay – I understand – Pygmalion's skill
Is the result of long experience.
The individual who modelled you
Was a beginner very probably?

CHRY. (*puzzled*) No I have seven elder brothers,
Strange
That one so young should be so very bold.

GAL. This is not boldness, it is innocence;
Pygmalion says so, and he ought to know.

CHRY. No doubt but I was not born yesterday. (*sits*)

GAL. Indeed! – *I* was. (*He beckons her to sit beside him.*)
How awkwardly you sit.

CHRY. I'm not aware that there is anything
Extraordinary in my sitting down.
The nature of the seated attitude
Does not leave scope for much variety.

GAL. I never saw Pygmalion sit like that.

CHRY. Don't he sit down like other men?

GAL. Of course!
He always puts his arm around my waist.

CHRY. The deuce he does! Artistic reprobate

GAL. But you do not. Perhaps you don't know how?

CHRY. Oh yes; I *do* know how!

GAL. Well, do it then!

CHRY. It's a strange whim, but I will humour her.

Pygmalion and Galatea

You're sure it's innocence? (*Does so.*)
GAL. Of course it is.
I tell you I was born but yesterday.
CHRY. Who is your mother?
GAL. Mother! what is that?
I never had one. I'm Pygmalion's child;
Have people usually mothers?
CHRY. Well,
That is the rule.
GAL. But then Pygmalion
Is cleverer than most men.
CHRY. Yes, I've heard
That he has powers denied to other men.
And I'm beginning to believe it!

Enter DAPHNE.

DAPH. Why!
What's this? (*CHRYOSOS quickly moves away from GALATEA.*)
CHRY. My wife!
DAPH. Can I believe my eyes? (*GAL. rises.*)
CHRY. No!
DAPH. Who's this woman? Why, how very like –
CHRY. Like what?
DAPH. That statue that we wished to buy
The self-same face, the self-same drapery,
In every detail it's identical.
Why, one would almost think Pygmalion,
By some strange means, had brought the thing to life,
So marvellous her likeness to that stone!
CHRY. (*aside*) A very good idea, and one that I
May well improve upon. It's rather rash,
But desperate ills need desperate remedies.
Perceptive Daphne, you have guessed the truth.
You say she's like the statue – so she is,
And well she may be, for the gods have worked
A miracle, and brought the stone to life!
DAPH. Bah! Do you think me mad?
GAL. His tale is true
I was a cold unfeeling block of stone,
Inanimate – insensible – until
Pygmalion, by the ardour of his prayers,
Kindled the spark of life within my frame
And made me what I am!
CHRY. (*aside to GAL.*) That's very good;
Go on and keep it up.
DAPH. You brazen girl,
I am his wife!

Pygmalion and Galatea

GAL. His wife? (*to* CHRYSOS.) Then get you hence.
I may not love you when your wife is here.
DAPH. Why, what unknown audacity is this?
CHRY. It's the audacity of innocence;
Don't judge her by the rules that govern you,
She was born yesterday, and you were *not*!

Enter MIMOS.

MIM. My lord, Pygmalion's here.
CHRY. (*aside*) He'll ruin all.
DAPH. (*to* MIMOS.) Who is this woman?
CHRY. Why, I've told you, she –
DAPH. Stop, not a word! I'll have it from *his* lips!
GAL. Why ask him when I tell you – ?
DAPH. Hold *your* tongue!
(*to* MIMOS.) Who is this woman? If you tell a lie
I'll have you whipped.
MIM. Oh, I shall tell no lie!
That is a statue that has come to life.
CHRY. (*aside to* MIMOS.) I'm very much obliged to you! (*Gives him money.*)

Enter MYRINE.

MYR. What's this?
Is anything the matter ?
DAPH. Certainly.
This woman –
MYR. Is a statue come to life.
CHRY. I'm very much obliged to you!

Enter PYGMALION.

PYG. How now, Chrysos?
CHRY. The statue! –
DAPH. Stop!
CHRY. Let me explain.
The statue that I purchased –
DAPH. Let me speak.
Chrysos - this girl, Myrine, and your slave,
Have all agreed to tell me she is –
PYG. The statue, Galatea, come to life?
Undoubtedly she is!
CHRY. It seems to me,
I'm very much obliged to every one!

Enter CYNISCA.

Pygmalion and Galatea

- CYN. Pygmalion, my love!
- PYG. Cynisca here!
- CYN. And even earlier than hoped to be.
(*aside*) Why, who are these? (*aloud*) I beg your pardon, sir,
I thought my husband was alone.
- DAPH. (*maliciously*) No doubt.
I also thought *my* husband was alone:
We wives are too confiding.
- CYN. (*aside to PYGMALION*) Who are these?
- PYG. Why, this is Chrysos, this is Daphne. They
Have come –
- DAPH. On very different errands, sir.
Chrysos has come to see this brazen girl;
I have come after Chrysos –
- CHRY. As you keep
So strictly to the sequence of events,
Add this – Pygmalion came after you!
- CYN. Who is this lady? (*alluding to GALATEA*) Why impossible!
- DAPH. Oh, not at all!
- CYN. (*turning to pedestal*) And yet the statue's gone!
- PYG. Cynisca, miracles have taken place;
The gods have given Galatea life!
- CYN. Oh, marvellous! Is this indeed the form
That my Pygmalion fashioned with his hands?
- PYG. Indeed it is.
- CYN. Why, let me look at her!
Yes, it's the same fair face – the same fair form;
Clad in the same fair folds of drapery!
- GAL. And dost thou know me then?
- CYN. Hear her! she speaks!
Our Galatea speaks aloud! Know thee?
Why! have sat for hours, and watched thee grow;
Sat – motionless as thou – wrapped in his work,
Save only that in very ecstasy
I hurried ever and anon to kiss
The glorious hands that made thee all thou art!
Come – let me kiss thee with a sister's love. (*Kisses her.*)
See, she *can* kiss!
- DAPH. Yes, I'll be bound she can!
- CYN. Why, my Pygmalion, where is the joy
That ought to animate that face of thine,
Now that the gods have crowned thy wondrous skill?
- CHRY. (*aside to PYG.*) Stick to our story; bold-faced though she be,
She's very young, and may perhaps repent;
It's terrible to have to tell a lie,
But if it must be told – why, tell it well!
- CYN. I see it all. I have returned too soon.
- DAPH. No, I'm afraid you have returned too late;

Pygmalion and Galatea

Cynisca, never leave that man again,
Or leave him altogether!

CYN. (*astonished*) Why, what's this?

GAL. Oh, madam, bear with him, and blame him not;
Judge him not hastily; in every word,
In every thought he has obeyed thy wish.
Thou badst him speak to me as unto thee;
And he and I have sat as lovingly
As if thou hadst been present to behold
How faithfully thy wishes were obeyed!

CYN. Pygmalion! What is this?

PYG. (*to GAL.*) Go, get thee hence;
Thou shouldst not see the fearful consequence
That must attend those heedless words of thine!

GAL. Judge him not hastily, he's not like this
When he and I are sitting here alone.
He has two voices, and two faces, madam,
One for the world, and one for him and me!

CYN. Thy wife against thine eyes! those are the stakes!
Well, thou hast played thy game, and thou hast lost!

PYG. Cynisca, hear me! In a cursed hour
I prayed for power to give that statue life.
My impious prayer aroused the outraged gods,
They are my judges, leave me in their hands;
I have been false to them, but not to thee!
Spare me!

CYN. Oh, pitiful adventurer!
He dares to lose, but does not dare to pay!
Come, be a man! See, I am brave enough,
And I have more to bear than thou! Behold!
I am alone, thou hast thy statue bride!
Oh, Artemis, my mistress, hear me now,
Ere I remember how I love that man,
And in that memory forget my shame!
If he in deed or thought hath been untrue,
Be just and let him pay the penalty!

PYGMALION, *with an exclamation, covers his eyes with his hands.*

GAL. Cynisca, pity him!

CYN. I know no pity, woman; for the act
That thawed thee into flesh has hardened me
Into the cursed stone from which thou cam'st.
We have changed places; from this moment forth
Be *thou* the wife and I the senseless stone!

Thrusts GALATEA from her. GALATEA falls senseless at CYNESCA'S feet.

Pygmalion and Galatea

ACT III

SCENE: *Same as Acts I. and II.*

Enter DAPHNE.

DAPH. It seems Pygmalion *has* the fearful gift
Of bringing stone to life. I'll question him
And ascertain how far that power extends.

Enter MYRINE, weeping.

MYR. Myrine – and in tears! Why, what's amiss?
Oh, we were all so happy yesterday,
And now, within twelve miserable hours,
A blight has fallen upon all of us.
Pygmalion is blind as death itself,
Cynisca leaves his home this very day,
And my Leucippus hath deserted me!
I shall go mad with all this weight of grief!

DAPH. All this is Galatea's work?

MYR. Yes, all.

DAPH. But can't you stop her? Shut the creature up.
Dispose of her, or break her? Won't she chip?

MYR. No, I'm afraid not.

DAPH. Ah, were I his wife,
I'd spoil her beauty! There'd be little chance
Of finding him and her alone again!

MYR. There's little need to take precautions now,
For he, alas! is blind.

Daph. Blind! What of that?

Man has five senses; if he loses one
The vital energy on which it fed
Goes to intensify the other four.
He had five arrows in his quiver; well,
He has shot one away, and four remain.
My dear, an enemy is not disarmed
Because he's lost one arrow out of five!

MYR. The punishment he undergoes might well
Content his wife!

DAPH. A happy woman, that!

MYR. Cynisca, happy?

DAPH. To be sure she is;
She has the power to punish faithlessness,
And she has used it on her faithless spouse.
Had I Cynisca's privilege, I swear
I'd never let my Chrysos rest in peace,

Pygmalion and Galatea

Until he warranted my using it!
Pygmalion's wronged her, and she's punished him.
What more could woman want?

Enter CYNISCA.

CYN. What more? Why, this

The power to tame my tongue to speak the words
That would restore him to his former self!
The power to quell the fierce, unruly soul
That battles with my miserable heart!
The power to say, "Oh, my Pygmalion,
"My love is thine to hold or cast away,
"Do with it as thou wilt; it cannot die!"
I'd barter half my miserable life
For power to say these few true words to him!

MYR. Why, then there's hope for him?

CYN. There's none indeed!

This day I'll leave his home and hide away
Where I can brood upon my shame. I'll fan
The smouldering fire of jealousy until
It bursts into an all-devouring flame,
And pray that I may perish in its glow!

DAPH. That's bravely said, Cynisca! Never fear;
Pygmalion will give thee wherewithal
To nurture it.

CYN. (*passionately*) I need not wherewithal!

I carry wherewithal within my heart!
Oh, I can conjure up the scene at will
When he and she sit lovingly alone.
I know too well the devilish art he works,
And how his guilty passion shapes itself.
I follow him through every twist and turn
By which he wormed himself into *my* heart,
I hear him breathing to the guilty girl
The fond familiar nothings of *our* love;
I hear him whispering into *her* ear
The tenderness that he rehearsed on me.
I follow him through all his well-known moods –
Now fierce and passionate, now fanciful;
And ever tuning his accursed tongue
To chime in with the passion at her heart:
Oh, never fear that I shall starve the flame!
When jealousy takes shelter in *my* heart,
It does not die for lack of sustenance!

DAPH. Come to my home, and thou shall feed it there;
We'll play at widows, and we'll pass our time
Railing against the perfidy of man.

Pygmalion and Galatea

CYN. But Chrysos?
DAPH. Chrysos? Oh, you won't see him.
CYN. How so?
Daph. How so? I've turned him out of doors!
Why, does the girl consider jealousy
Her unassailable prerogative?
Thou hast thy vengeance on Pygmalion –
He can no longer feast upon *thy* face.
Well, Chrysos can no longer feast on mine!
I can't *put out* his eyes (I wish I could!)
But I can *shut* them out, and that I've done.
CYN. I thank you, madam, and I'll go with you.
MYR. No, no; thou shalt not leave Pygmalion;
He will not live if thou desertest him.
Add nothing to his pain – this second blow
Might well complete the work thou hast begun!
CYN. Nay, let me go - I must not see his face;
For if I look on him I may relent.
Detain me not, Myrine – fare thee well!

Exit CYNISCA, MYRINE follows her.

DAPH. Well, there'll be pretty scenes in Athens now
That statues may be vivified at will. (*CHRYSOS enters unobserved.*)
Why, I have daughters – all of them of age –
What chance is there for plain young women, now
That every man may take a block of stone
And carve a family to suit his tastes?
CHRY. If every woman were a Daphne, man
Would never care to look on sculptured stone!
Oh, Daphne!
DAPH. Monster – get you hence away!
I'll hold no converse with you, get you gone.
(*aside*) If I'd Cynisca's tongue I'd wither him!
(*imitating CYNISCA.*) "I Oh, I can conjure up the scene at will
"Where you and she sit lovingly alone!
"Oh, never fear that I will starve the flame.
"When jealousy takes shelter in *my* heart,
"It does not die for lack of sustenance!"
CHRY. I'm sure of that! your hospitality
Is world-renowned. Extend it, love, to me!
Oh, take me home again!
DAPH. Home? no, not I!
Why I've a gallery of goddesses,
Fifty at least – half-dressed bacchantes, too –
Dryads and water-nymphs of every kind;
Suppose I find, when I go home to day,
That they've all taken it into *their* heads

Pygmalion and Galatea

To come to life – what would become of them
Or me, with Chrysos in the house? No – no,
They're bad enough in marble – but in flesh!!!
I'll sell the bold-faced hussies one and all,
But till I've sold them, Chrysos stops outside!

CHRY. What *have I* done?

DAPH. What have you *not* done, sir?

CHRY. I cannot tell you – it would take too long!

DAPH. I saw you sitting with that marble minx,
Your arm pressed lovingly around her waist.
Explain *that*, Chrysos.

CHRY. It explains itself:

I am a zealous patron of the arts,
And I am very fond of statuary.

DAPH. Bah – I've artistic tastes as well as you.
But still, you never saw *me* sitting with
My arms around a stone Apollo's waist!
As for this "statue" – could I see her now,
I'd test your taste for fragments!

CHRY. Spare the girl,
She's very young and very innocent;
She claims your pity.

DAPH. *Does she?*

CHRY. Yes, she does.

If I saw Daphne, sitting with her arm
Round an Apollo, I should pity *him*.

DAPH. (*relenting*) *Would you?*

CHRY. I should, upon my word, I should.

DAPH. Well, Chrysos, thou art pardoned. After all
The circumstances were exceptional.

CHRY. (*aside*) Unhappily, they were!

DAPH. Come home, but mind

I'll sell my gallery of goddesses;
No good can come of animating stone.

CHRY. Oh, pardon me – why every soul on earth
Sprang from the stones Deucalion threw behind.

DAPH. But then Deucalion only *threw* the stones,
He left it to the gods to fashion them.

CHRY. (*aside - looking at her*) And we who've seen the work the gods turn out,
Would rather leave it to Pygmalion!

DAPH. (*taking CHRYSOS' arm, who is looking at a statue of Venus.*)
Come along, do! (*Exeunt.*)

Enter MYRINE, in great distress.

MYR. Pygmalion's heard that he must lose his wife,
And swears, by all the gods that reign above,
He will not live if she deserts him now!

Pygmalion and Galatea

What – what is to be done?

Enter GALATEA.

- GAL. Myrine here!
Where is Pygmalion?
- MYR. Oh, wretched girl!
Art thou not satisfied with all the ill
Thy heedlessness has worked, that thou art come
To gaze upon thy victim's misery?
Well, thou hast come in time!
- GAL. What dost thou mean
- MYR. Why this is what I mean – he will not live
Now that Cynisca has deserted him.
Oh, girl, his blood will be upon thy head!
- GAL. Pygmalion will not live! Pygmalion die!
And I, alas, the miserable cause!
Oh, what is to be done?
- MYR. I do not know.
And yet there is one chance, but one alone;
I'll see Cynisca, and prevail on her
To meet Pygmalion but once again.
- GAL. (*wildly*) But should she come too late? He may not live
Till she returns.
- MYR. I'll send him now to thee,
And tell him that his wife awaits him here.
He'll take thee for Cynisca, when he speaks
Answer thou him as if thou wast his wife.
- GAL. Yes, yes, I understand.
- MYR. Then I'll begone;
The gods assist thee in this artifice! (*Exit MYRINE.*)
- GAL. The gods will help me, for the gods are good.
Oh, Heaven, in this great grief I turn to thee.
Teach me to speak to him, as, ere I lived,
Cynisca, spake to him. Oh, let my voice
Be to Pygmalion as Cynisca's voice,
And he will live – for her and not for me –
Yet he will live. I am the fountain head.

Enter PYGMALION, unobserved, led by MYRINE.

Of all the horrors that surround him now,
And it is fit that I should suffer this;
Grant this, my first appeal – I do not ask
Pygmalion's love; I ask Pygmalion's life!
(*PYGMALION utters an exclamation of joy. She rushes to him and
seizes his hand.*)
Pygmalion!

Pygmalion and Galatea

PYG. I have no words in which
To tell the joy with which I heard that prayer.
Oh, take me to thine arms, my dearly loved!
And teach me once again how much I risked
In risking such a heaven-sent love as thine.

GAL. (*believing that he refers to her*) Pygmalion my love! Pygmalion!
Once more those words! again! say them again!
Tell me that thou forgivest me the ill
That I unwittingly have worked on thee!

PYG. Forgive *thee*? Why, my wife, I did not dare
To ask *thy* pardon, and thou askest mine.
The compact with thy mistress Artemis
Gave thee a heaven – sent right to punish me,
I've learnt to take whate'er the gods may send.

GALATEA, *at first delighted, learns in the course of this speech that PYGMALION takes her for CYNISCA, and expresses extreme anguish.*

GAL. (*with an effort*) But then, this woman, Galatea –

PYG. Well?

GAL. Thy love for her is dead?

PYG. I had no love.

GAL. Thou hadst no love?

PYG. No love. At first, in truth.
In mad amazement at the miracle
That crowned my handiwork, and brought to life
The fair creation of my sculptor's skill,
I yielded to her god – sent influence,
For I had worshipped her before she lived,
Because she called Cynisca's face to me;
But when she lived – that love died, word by word.

GAL. That is well said: thou dost not love her then
She is no more to thee than senseless stone?

PYG. Speak not of her, Cynisca, for I swear

Enter CYNISCA, unobserved.

The unhewn marble of Pentelicus
Hath charms for me, which she, in all her glow
Of womanly perfection, could not match.

GAL. I'm very glad to hear that this is so.
Thou art forgiven! (*Kisses his forehead.*)

PYG. Thou hast pardoned me,
And though the law of Artemis declared
Thy pardon should restore to me the light
Thine anger took away, I would be blind,
I would not have mine eyes lest they should rest
On her who caused me all this bitterness!

Pygmalion and Galatea

GAL. Indeed, Pygmalion - 'twere better thus –
If thou couldst look on Galatea now,
Thy love for her, perchance, might come again!

PYG. No, no.

GAL. They say that she endureth pains
That mock the power of words!

PYG. It should be so!

GAL. Hast thou *no* pity for her ?

Pyg. No, not I.

The ill that she hath worked on thee – on me –
And on Myrine - surely were enough
To make us curse the hour that gave her life.
She is not fit to live upon this world!

GAL. (*bitterly*) Upon this worthy world, thou sayest well,
The woman shall be seen of thee no more.

(*Takes CYNISCA'S hand and leads her to PYGMALION.*)

What wouldst thou with her now? *Thou hast thy wife!*

She substitutes CYNISCA, and retires, weeping. CYNISCA takes him to her arms and kisses him. He recovers his sight.

PYG. Cynisca! see! the light of day is mine!
Once more I look upon thy well-loved face!

Enter MYRINE and LEUCIPPUS.

LEUC. Pygmalion! Thou hast thine eyes again
Come – this is happiness indeed!

PYG. And thou!

Myrine has recalled thee?

LEUC. No, I came,
But more in sorrow than in penitence;
For I've a hardened and a blood-stained heart!
I thought she would denounce me to the law,
But time, I found, had worked a wondrous change
The very girl, who half a day ago
Had cursed me for a ruthless murderer,
Not only pardoned me my infamy,
But absolutely hugged me with delight,
When she, with hungry and unpitying eyes,
Beheld my victim – at the kitchen fire!
The little cannibal!

Enter GALATEA.

PYG. Away from me,
Woman or statue! Thou the only blight
That ever fell upon my love - begone,

Pygmalion and Galatea

For thou hast been the curse of all who fell
Within the compass of thy waywardness!

CYN. No, no - recall those words, Pygmalion,
Thou knowest not all.

GAL. Nay – let me go from him
That curse – *his* curse - still ringing in mine ears,
For life is bitterer to me than death. (*She mounts the steps of pedestal.*)
Farewell, Pygmalion! Farewell! Farewell! (*The curtains conceal her.*)

CYN. Thou art unjust to her as I to thee!
Hers was the voice that pardoned thee - not mine.
I knew no pity till she taught it me.
I heard the words she spoke, and little thought
That they would find an echo in my heart;
But so it was. I took them for mine own,
And asking for thy pardon, pardoned thee!

PYG. (*amazed*) Cynisca! Is this so?

CYN. In truth it is!

GAL. (*behind curtain*) Farewell, Pygmalion! Farewell! Farewell!

PYGMALION *rushes to the veil and tears it away, discovering GALATEA as a statue on the pedestal, as in Act I.*

Pygmalion and Galatea in Art, Literature, and Everyday Life. The myth of Pygmalion and his sculpture has appealed to many artists over the centuries, perhaps because the myth speaks directly to the act of artistic creation. Artist Jean-Leon Gerome created an astounding pair of paintings, both titled *Pygmalion and Galatea*, depicting similar scenes of sculptor and sculpture from two different angles. Images of Pygmalion and his creation have also been captured by modern artists, such as Boris Vallejo. The story of Pygmalion and Galatea is an enchanting myth about a Cypriot sculptor who fell in love with his own sculpture. He prays to goddess Aphrodite (aka Venus) to bring the sculpture to life, because he plans for it to be his wife. The goddess grants his wish, and as a result, Pygmalion and his creation lived happily ever after. Ovid (43 BCE-17 CE) turned the myth into an erotic novel when he adapted the story in his *Metamorphoses* (8 CE). *Pygmalion and Galatea* (French: *Pygmalion et Galatée*) is an 1890 painting by the French artist Jean-Léon Gérôme. The motif is taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and depicts the sculptor Pygmalion kissing his statue Galatea at the moment the goddess Aphrodite brings her to life. Jean-Léon Gérôme painted *Pygmalion and Galatea* in the summer of 1890. In 1891 he made a marble sculpture of the same subject, possibly based on a plaster version also used as model for the painting. He made several alternative... The Pygmalion and Galatea effect describes how supervisors look at employees and how employees look at themselves, and both are important to office management. The power of the supervisor's expectations and the power of your own. [â€¢â€¢â€¢](#) [Stockbyte/GettyImages](#). [Table of Contents](#).