

**THE POET: A  
TRAGEDY IN  
THREE ACTS**

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The Poet: A Tragedy in Three Acts by Gabriel Boudousquie

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**GABRIEL BOUDOUSQUIE**

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THREE ACTS**



THE POET.

(-07)

# THE POET.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

BY  
GABRIEL BOUDOUSQUIE.



F. TENNYSON NEELY,  
PUBLISHER,  
LONDON. NEW YORK.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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COSMAS BAY, the Poet.  
PROSPER BAY, Cousin and Secretary to the Poet.  
DR. TRICHIN, Physician to the Poet's Household.  
JUDGE GOWRON, Friend to Prosper.  
MALE GYPSY FIRST.  
VALET, a Detective.  
FASTON, } Neighbors and Friends to the Poet.  
MADDOW, }  
IVY MUTE, an Effeminate Beau.  
HOGG, a Wealthy Hotel-keeper.  
PARETIC, an Insane Man.  
FIRST DECORATOR.  
SECOND DECORATOR.  
POORHOUSE KEEPER.  
DIPSOMANIAC.  
DAPHNE DE BERCY, Beloved by the Poet.  
JINNY HOGG, a Flirt.  
MISTRESS HOGG, her Mother.  
MISTRESS PENNYWEIGHT.  
PARANOLIAC, an Insane Negress.  
MELANCHOLIAC.  
MISS PENNYWEIGHT.  
MISTRESS DEBOTOCH.  
Insane Persons, Gypsies, Attendants, Dancers, Musicians, Servants, etc., etc.





# THE POET.

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## ACT I.

*The sea entrance to the POET's domain.*

### SCENE I.

*[Enter a party of flounderers.]*

FASTON.

If we do catch more fish, the sport shall pall;  
And so instead of taking fish out of  
The sea, it shall be sport to toss them in.

MADDOW.

Complain not, man; for here's a rare find I  
Have caught—a woman—see!

*[A corpse is discovered.]*

FASTON.

Great mercy, yes!  
A handsome woman, too. Such beauty dies,

Yet Nature is not more disturbed than if  
 It were a dying savage scowling at  
 The moon; ah me!

MADDOW.

Do not complain; for look  
 How nature made her fair, and fair enough  
 To tell, in sweetness and not flattery.  
 And thus was nature a near friend to her  
 Through life.

FASTON.

Sweet maid; whose heart would warm itself  
 In greeting at our praise wer't not so dead.  
 How thus we speak aloud to make her hear!  
 But our sweet words that praise the dead do  
     warm  
 None but ourselves; and better it would be  
 To mourn by ceasing all our thoughts and like  
 The Voodoo darkly use a fetish for  
 A thought.

MADDOW.

Behold! here comes the poet, Bay,  
 And some o' his retinue; for he lives like  
 A Grecian prince, dressed in that ancient way,

So do not be transfigured with the sight.  
 Alack! it is not he; it is that villain,  
 His cousin, whom they say will be the heir  
 Unto his great estates; most probably  
 The Poet has no other kin and he  
 Seems not to care for marriage; so this man  
 Called Prosper Bay, a bawdy-mouth, bull-sneak,  
 Doth play such tricks as win a heritage.

[*Enter PROSPER BAY and JUDGE  
 GOWRON.*]

PROS. B.

Hello! What's this? A woman—ye gods! And  
 who's  
 Custodian of this cargo? Ha—what's this?  
 A bottle tied around her neck, a note  
 Within. Humph, sirs, what tales we hear;  
 how's this  
 For woe?

[*Reads.*]

“To the beloved of all the world—  
 To the, to the—oh, O my God, my God!  
 The doctor promised me a baby boy;  
 And when it came it was a girl—my God!  
 The devil—doctor joked and said 'twould be