

**A NEW TRAVESTY
ON ROMEO AND
JULIET**

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A New Travesty on Romeo and Juliet by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**A NEW TRAVESTY
ON ROMEO AND
JULIET**

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Soule, Charles Carroll

A NEW TRAVESTY
OR
ROMEO AND JULIET

AS ORIGINALLY PRESENTED BEFORE THE

UNIVERSITY CLUB OF ST. LOUIS,

JANUARY 16, 1877.

CHARACTERS:

| | | |
|---------|-------------|-----------------|
| ROMEO, | JULIET, | LORD CAPULET, |
| TYBALT, | MERCUTIO, | FRIAR LAURENCE, |
| NURSE, | APOTHECARY, | CHORUS. |

ST. LOUIS:
G. I. JONES AND COMPANY.
1877.

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PROLOGUE.

[RUMOR, attended by CHORUS, discovered as the curtain rises.]

Air—"KAROOZALUM."

Rumor—In ancient days there lived a bard,
A man of note, who dramas wrote;
From all the centuries 'twere hard,
And all the lands, to rake his peer.
He made such perfect poetry
That critics wink, and say they think
Lord Bacon wrote, anonymously,
The works of William Shak-es-peare.

Cho.— Oh! oh! Bill Shak-es-peare,
Bill Shak-es-peare, Bill Shak-es-peare,
Oh! oh! Bill Shak-es-peare,
Judge Holmes doubts your identity.

Rumor—Although his plays are very bright,
For one who wro-te so long ago,
Viewed in our nineteenth century light,
His dramas no great shakes appear.
In these fast telegraphic times,
Some master mind we ought to find—
Some one expert in matching rhymes,
To modernize old Shak-es-peare.

Cho.— Oh! oh! Bill Shak-es-peare, etc.,
You're centuries behind the times.

Not to desert our race in need,
Though modest men, we've taken pen,
And spurred our Pegasus at speed,
In rhythmic lists to break a spear.

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To-night fair Juliet's love intense,
The wretched woe of Romeo,
With all the modern improvements,
We reproduce from Shak-es-peare.

Cho.— Lo! lo! Bill Shak-es-peare, etc.,
Re-edited at great expense.

[CURTAIN.]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE I

A STREET IN VERONA.

[Enter TYBALT and the CAPULETS, in campaign caps and capes, with a transparency, "For Congress! Carl Capulet!! Capulet and Reform!!" They march in to the air, "GALLANT 69TH."]

Tyb.— March on, my lads! we'll take this narrow street,
And if perchance the Montagues we meet,
Of "joint discussion" they shall have their fill.
We'll "bull-doze" 'em d. q. Aha!

Caps.— We will!

Tyb.— In this 'ere precinct we are two or one.
If any rash descendant of a gun
Dispute the figures, we will let him know
Which party runs the ward! h'm h'm!

Caps.— Jes' so!

Tyb.— As patriots we perambulate the ways
So long as pedal patriotism pays.
Our war cry is "Reform and Capulet!"
Therefore, re-form, and forward march!

Caps.— You bet!

Tyb.— But stay! methinks I apprehend a noise!
The Montagues approach! be brave, my boys.
Stand firm! don't budge—for we can surely lam 'em;
They're public pests and speculators!

Caps.— Damn 'em!

[Enter MERCUTIO and the MONTAGUES, also in caps and capes, with a transparency, "For Congress! Michael Montague! Montague the People's Friend!"]

Merc.— Dress up! dress up! my stalwart men,
And guide ye by the right!
Else will the villain Capulets
Assert ye to be tight.

A patriot's fire doth us inspire,
We'll march both fast and far,
For when we to our hall retire,
A lunch awaits!

Monts.— Aha!

Merc.— In this parade we seek no aid
From meretricious drum;
We only wish our thirst allayed
With good old "Rye."

Monts.— Yum, yum!

Merc.— Then, comrades dear, one rousing cheer
For Montague essay,
Free speech, free press, free lunch, free beer!
Now then, hip! hip!

Monts. [*very faintly*].— Hooray!

Merc.— Aha! the Capulets! the hour has come!
Avaunt, base wretches! rag-tag! bob-tail! scum!

Tyb.— What, *scum*? Has't come to this extreme?
Up, guards, and at 'em! let the eagle scream!!

Caps.— Ha!

Monts.— Ha!!

Caps.— Ha!!!

Monts.— Ha!!!!

Merc.— Before we fight, brave sons of warlike pas,
Suppose we raise a battle hymn to Mars?

Tyb.— Not we! If you intend sincerely to attack us,
We'll call upon a deity who'll Back-us.

Caps.— Oh! oh! Bacchus!

Monts.— Oh! oh! Bacchus!

[*Each man draws a flask.*]

Air—"DRINK IT DOWN."

Monts.—Let's take a whiff of whisky! Drink it down!

Caps.— Drink it down!

Monts.—Let's take a whiff of whisky! Drink it down!

Caps.— Drink it down!

All— Let's take a whiff of whisky,
It will make us fighting frisky! [down.
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down,
Down it trickles, trickles, down it trickles, trickles,
Down it trickles into our very boots!

Caps.— Oh, take another nip! Drink it down!

Monts.— Drink it down!

Caps.— Oh, take another nip! Drink it down!

Monts.— Drink it down!

All— Oh, take another nip, and may the best man whip!
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down,
Down it gurgles, etc. [down]

Merc.— Attention! company! and action front!
I'll seek a post where I can bear the brunt.

[Retires to the flies.]

Tyb.— Advance, my gallant soldiers! strike the foe!
If needed, I will be—six squares below.

[Retires.]

Merc. [peeps out]—
Now for the combat! on ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave!

Tyb. [peeps out]—
Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

[MONTAGUES and CAPULETS fight to music. Enter CAPULET briskly.]

Air—"STOP, BOYS, STOP."

Cap. [sings]—
Stop, boys! stop your little fighting,
Rioting like this has no excuse.
You must stop your little row,
It's a thing I can't allow,
And I tell you that I own the calaboose.

[speaks]—
Why all this fratricidal fray and fuss?
Tybalt! Mercutio! why should this be thus?
If such disorders should be common, why, sirs,
I must apply for federal supervisors!
Such shocking rows and rumpuses as this yer
Will justify my mustering the militia!
I hereby read the riot act (in verse),
And give you just—a fortnight—to disperse.
If still found fighting when that period's o'er,
We will—well, read the riot act once more.