



**The Tragedy of Star-crossed Lovers Princess Aïda and Captain Radames  
– A One-Act Play \***

Captain Radames: To thee returned, Aïda, my brow entwined with laurel —  
Tell thee, for thee I battled, for thee I conquered!

Heav'nly Aïda, beauty resplendent,  
Radiant flower blooming and bright;  
Queenly thou reignest o'er me transcendent,  
Bathing my spirit in beauty's light.

Would that thy bright skies once more beholding,  
Breathing the soft airs of thy native land;  
Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,  
Thine were a throne next the sun to stand.

Princess Aïda: You had plenty money nineteen-  
twenty-two;  
you let other women make a  
fool of you;  
Why don't you do right  
like some other men do?  
Get out of here and  
get me some money too!

Captain Radames: Ah, no! We'll fly then!  
Yes, we'll fly these walls now hated,  
In the desert hide our treasure.  
Here the land to woe seems fated,  
There all seems to smile with love.

Princess Aïda: You're sitting down, wondering what it's  
all about.  
If you ain't got no money, they will  
put you out.  
Why don't you do right  
like some other men do?  
Get out of here and  
get me some money too!

Captain Radames: Boundless deserts naught can measure  
Where our bridal couch soon spreading,  
Starry skies shall lustre shedding  
Be our canopy above.

Princess Aïda:        If you had prepared some twenty  
                              years ago,  
                              you wouldn't be wanderin' now from  
                              door to door.  
                              Why don't you do right,  
                              like some other men do?  
                              Get out of here and  
                              get me some money too!

Captain Radames:    Come, from hence together flying  
                              Where all woe seems to abide,  
                              Thou art lov'd with love undying,  
                              Come, and love our steps shall guide!

Princess Aïda:        I fell for your jivin' and I  
                              took you in;  
                              now all you got to offer me's a  
                              drink of gin.  
                              Why don't you do right  
                              like some other men do?  
                              Get out of here and  
                              get me some money too!

\* All quotes in Times New Roman font are from Peggy Lee version of the song *Why Don't You Do Right?* first recorded in 1942. Written by "Kansas" Joe McCoy in 1936. All quotes in Arial font are from Giuseppe Verdi's *Aïda* (1871) Act I, Scene 1 and Act III. (Libretto by Antonio Ghislanzoni. English version by Dale McAdoo.) Pastiche by Pascual Delgado © July 22<sup>nd</sup> 2015.