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M I D A S.

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A
BURLETTA.

IN TWO ACTS.

As perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN

And HAY-MARKET.

And now at The THEATRE ROYAL,

EDINBURGH

P E R T H.

Printed for, and sold by the BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCLXXVII.

Edinburgh

James Smith

Dramatis Personae.

EDINBURGH.

COVENT-GARDEN HAY-MARKET.

DEITIES.

JUPITER, APOLLO,
JUNO.

MORTALS.

MIDAS, PAN,
SILENO, *3* MYISIS,
DAMÆTAS, DAPHNE,
and NYSA

CHORUS of Gods, Nymphs and Swains, &c.

M I D A S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the clouds, in full council; They address Jupiter in chorus, accompanied by all the instruments.

CHORUS of all the Gods.

JOVE in his chair, of the sky Lord May'r,
 With his nods men and gods keep in awe,
 When he winks, heaven shrinks,
 When he speaks, hell squeaks;
 Earth's globe is but his taw.
 Of the school he bears despotic rule,
 His word tho' absurd must be law,
 Even fate, tho' so great,
 Must not prate, his bald pate,
 Jove would cuff he's so bluff for a straw,
 Cow'd Deities, like mice in cheese,
 To stir must cease, or gnaw,

Jup. (Rising) Immortals, you have heard your
 plaintive sover'n.
 And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern
 brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
 on our commands? We'll make him an example.
 As for you Juno, curb your prying temper, or
 We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your
 emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law. (to Jup.) My proctor,
 with a summons
 shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctors Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven
 you varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you, and your vile harlot

A I R II.

Think not lewd Jove, thus to wring my chaste love,

For spite of your rakehelly god-head,
 By day and by night, Juno will have her right,
 Nor be of dues nuptial, defrauded.
 I'll territ the haunts of your female gallants,
 In vain you in darkness inclose them,
 Your favourite jades I'll plunge to the shades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.

Jup. Peace termagant, I swear by Styx — our
 thunder.

Shall hurl him to the earth, nay never wonder,
 I've sworn it gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
 Papa ——— No bowels for your own relations!

A I R. III.

Be by your friends advised,
 Too harsh, too hasty dad!
 Mangle your bels, and wise head,
 The world will think you mad.
 What worse can Bacchus teach men,
 His roaring bucks, when drunk,
 Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
 And stagger to some punk.

Jup. You fancy scosndrel—there sit—Come Dis-
 order,

Down Phoebus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
 Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him,
 The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him,
 He falls.——Jupiter re-afumes his throne, and the
 Gods all ascend together, singing the initial cho-
 rus: Jove in his chair, &c.

S C E N E II.

A champaign country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs away frighted, leaving his clock, hat and guitar behind him, Apollo (as cast from heaven) falls to the earth with a rude shock and lies for a while stunn'd: At length he begins to move, rises, advances, and looking forward, speaks: After which, enter to him Silens.

Apol. Looks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble! Kind usage, Mr Jove,-----sweet sir, your humble. Well, down I am---no bones broke---tho' sore pepper'd Here doom'd to stay, --- What can I do?---turn shepherd. *[Puts on the Cloak, &c.*

A lucky thought. --- In this disguise, Apollo No more, but *Pol* the swain, some flock I'll follow. Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person, Among the Nymphs, to kick up some diversion.

Silens Whom have we here! a slightly clown! and Hum---plays, I see upon the hurdy-gurdy. (Sturdy! Seems out of place---a stranger,---all in tatters, I'll hire him---he'll divert my wife and daughters, --- Where, and what art thou, boy?

Pol. An orphan lad, sir, *Pol.* is my name;---a shepherd once my dad, sir; P' th' upper parts, here---tho' not born to serving, I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Silens. You've drawn a prize i' th' lottery, --- So have I too; Why---I'm the master you could best apply to.

A I R IV.

Sil. Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home a vest,
Feed the sheep and feed the hog. Fa la la.

With three crowns your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed ;
 Bacon, beans, salt-beef, cabbages,
 Butter-milk and oaten-bread. Fa la la
 Come strike hands you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home,
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll all dance to your strum-strum, Fa la la
 Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer,
 Further on I may fare worse ;
 Zooks I can no longer suffer,
 Hungry guts and empty purse. Fa la la
 Sil. Do, strike hands ; 'tis a kind offer ;
 Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer ;
 Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse ;
 Pol. Farther on I may fare worse.
 Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer ;
 Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer ;
 Sil. Hungry guts, and empty purse.
 Pol. Hungry guts, and empty purse. Fa la la.

Exeunt dancing and singing.

S C E N E III.

Enter DAPHNE and NYSA, MYSSIS following.

Daph. But how goes on squire Midas courtship ?

Nys. Your sweet Dametas, pimp to his great worship
 Brought me from him a purse,—but the conditions—
 —I've cur'd him I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon calf ! this must blast him with
 my Father.

Nys. Right. So wear erid of these two frights together

Both. Ha ! ha ! ha !—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Nys. Hey day ! what mare's nest's found ?—For
 ever grinning :

Ye randipoles—it's thus you mind your spinning !

A I R V.

Girls are known to mischief prone,
 If ever they be idle,

Who would rear two daughters fair,
 Must hold a steady bridle :
 For here they skip and there they trip,
 And thus and that way sidle
 Giddy maids poor silly jades.
 All after men are gadding ;
 They flirt pell-mell, their train to swell,
 To coxcomb, coxcomb adding ;
 To ev'ry top they're cock a hoop,
 And set their mothers madding.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sileno introducing POL.

Sil. Now, dame, and girls, no more let's hear you
 grumble

At too hard toil ;—I chanc'd just now, to stumble
 On this stout drudge—and hit'd him—fit for labour.
 'To 'em lad—than he can play, and sing, and caper.

Myf Fine rubbish to bring home a strolling thummer
 (To Pol) What are thou good for? speak thou ragged
 mummer.

Nysf. Mother, for shame——

Myf. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol Goody my strength and parts you under-value
 For his, and your work, I'm brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else——

Myf. What you jack-a-dandy.

A I R VI.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
 Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes [tongue
 Remember when the judgement's weak, the preju-
 Astranger why will you despise? (dice is strong

Ply me, try me,

Prove, e're you deny me :

If you cast me off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

S C E N E V.

Enter Myfis, Sileno, Nyfa and Daphne.

Myf. Sirra, this insolence deserves a daubing.

Nys. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing!
(*Aside*)

Sil Oons, no more words, go boy and get your dinner
Fye, why so cross grain'd to a young beginner?

Nys So modest?

Daph. So genteel?

Sil. (To *Nys*) not pert, nor lumpish.

Nys. Would he were hang'd!

Nys and *Daph.* La! Mother, why so frumpish?

A I R VII.

Nys. Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd
To the gentle handsome swain?

Daph. To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain, Sure 'tis cruel &c.

Nys. Girls for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account:

Sil. Wife in vain you tease and vex me,
I will rule depend upon't

Nys. Ah! ah,

Daph. Mama!

Nys. and *Daph.* } Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd
Ah! ah! to a lad so limb'd so featur'd?

Daph. } To the gentle, handsome swain,
Sure 'tis cruel, to give pain,

Nys. and *Daph.* } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
To the gentle handsome swain.

Nys. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account

Sil. Wife in vain you teize and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nys. } Mama,

Nys. } Psha! pshal

Daph. } Papa,

Sil. } Ah, ah,

Daph. } Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Sil. } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;

Nys. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?

Daph } To the gentle handsome swain.
 Sil } He's a gent'e handsome swain ;
 Nyl } Sure 'tis cruel to give him pain,
 Myf } 'Tis my pleasure to give him pain.
 Daph } Sure 'tis cruel to give him pain,
 Sil } He's a gentle handsome swain,
 Nyl } To the gentle handsome swain,
 Myf } To your odious favourite swain,

S C E N E VI.

Enter MIDAS and DAMETAS.

Mid. Nyfa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.

Dam. Ah! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.

Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs—
I'll force her——

Dam. The halter——

Mid. As for Madam, I'll divorce her——

Some favoured lout in cog our bliss opposes.

Dam. Aye, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.

Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks,——of his fly tampering.

To fling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scampering
'Sblood I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?

Dam. Tippling, sir, at th' ale-house.

Mid. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedi-
To rout this Pol. (ent——

Dam. I fly; (*going returns*) Sir, your obedient, [*Ex.*

S C E N E VII.

Mid. What boots my being Squire
Justice of Peace, and Quorum;
Church-warden——Knight o' th' shire,
And Custos Rotulorum;
If fancy little Nyfa's heart rebellious, (lows?
My squireship slights, and hankers after sel-

A I R VII.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes

Dare my amours to cross?

Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woes,
Her nose up at him tofs?

No. I'll kidnap—then possess her.

I'll sell her Pól a slave, get Mundungus in exchange;

So. glut to the height of pleasure

My love and my revenge,—No, I'll kidnap, &c. (Ex

S C E N E VIII.

PAN *is discover'd sitting at a table, with a tankard
pipes and tobacco before him, his bagpipes lying by him*

A I R IX

Jupiter wenches and drinks,

He rules the roast in the sky,

Yet he's a fool if he thinks,

'That he's as happy as I.

Juno rates him and grates him,

And leads his highness a weary life,

I have my lass, and my glass,

And stroll a bachelor's merry life,

Let him fluster and bluster.

Yet cringe to his harridan's surbelow;

To my fair tulips, I glew lips,

And clink the cannisin here below.

S C E N E IX.

Damatas Pan

(sing little

Dam. There sits the old soaker—his pate troubl-

How the world wags—so he gets drink and vittles;

Ho, master Pan—Gad you've trod on a thistle!

You may pick up your all, sir and go whistle.

'The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck ranter,

Tickled by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

A I R X.

All around the may pole how they trot,

Hot pot and good ale have got;

Routing, shouting at your flouting,

Fleering jeering, and what not.

There is old Sleno frisks like a mad

Lad, glad, to see us sad,

Cap'ring, vap'ring, while Pól. scraping,

Coaxes the lassies as he did the dad

S C E N E X.

MYSIS PAN (frantic!

Mys. O Pan! the devil to pay—both my fluts
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antis
But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em. [*Going*

Pan. Soa, soa---don't flounce:

A vast---disguise your fury;

Pol we shall ircuit;

Midas is judge and jury,

A I R XI.

Mys. Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
'To see my purposes thus counteracted,
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters projecting their ruin and shame,

Fathers neglecting the care of their fame;

Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;

Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper (Ex.

S C E N E XI.

*A wood and lawn, near Sileno's farm flocks grazing at
a distance—a tender slow symphony Daphne cresses
melancholic and silent; Nyssa watching her.*

(*Then Daphne returns running.*

Nyssa. O ho? is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?

Mum—soug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance

Shall make her, stir her slumps.

To all her secret haunts,

Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her:

And faith, mama shall hear on't if I catch her [*Retires*

Daph Lo: how my heart goes pit-a-pit? what thumping

E'er my father brought us home this bumpkin.

A I R XII.

He's as tight a lad to see to,

As e'er stept in leather shoe,

And, what's better, he'll love me too,

And to him I'll prove true bleu.

'Tho my sister casts a hawk's eye,

I defy what she can do,
 He o'erlock'd the little doxy,
 I'm the girl he means to woo,
 Hither I stole out to meet him,
 He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue,
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

S C E N E XII. *Daphne, Pol.*

Pol. Think o' the Devil--tis said, he's at your shou'der
 This wench was running in my head and pop-b. hold her

A I R XIII.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish:
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad who courts you,
 He not long needs sue in vain;
 Prince of song, of dance of sports—you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph sir: you're such an oglio of perfections in
 No damsel can resist you: (solio,

Your face so attractive, limbs so supple and active,
 That by this light at the first sight

I could have run and kiss'd you.

A I R XIV.

If you can caper, as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o'late,
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
 His beard so frousy, his gestures so awkward are,
 And his bagpipe so drousy a drone,
 That if they find, you as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the gir's as your own.
Myf. (from within *Pol*, *Pol*, make haste, come hither.
Pol. Death, what a time to call,

Oh! rot your o'd lungs of leather—By'e *Daph*.

Daph. B'ye *Pol*.

S C E N E XIII. *Nysa, Daphne.*

Nysa, Marry come up forsooth,
 Is't me, you foreward vixen,

You choose to play your tricks on ;

And could your liquorish tooth

Find none but my sweetheart to fix on ?

Daph. Marry come up again,

Indeed my dirty cousin ?

Have you a right to every swain ?

Nys. Aye, tho' a dozen.

A I R XV.

Daph. My miniken miss, do you fancy that Pol

Can ever be caught by an infant's dol ?

Nys. Can you miss Maypole, suppose he will fall

In love with the giants of Guild hall ?

Daph. Pigy elf,

Nys. Colossus itself,

Both, You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

Daph. You stump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,

A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

Nys. You stalking sheeple, you gawky stag,

Your husband must come from Brogdignag.

Daph. Sour grapes,

Nys. Lead apes,

Both, I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.

Daph. Miss, your assurance

Nys. And, miss ; your high airs

Daph. Is past all endurance.

Nys. Are at their last pray'rs.

Daph. No more of those freedoms, miss Nyfa, I beg,

Nys. Miss Daphae's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

Daph. } Poor spite !

Nys. } Pride hurt !

Daph. } Liver white !

Nys. } Rare sport ! [can't bite

Daph. } Do, shew your teeth, spit fire, do, but you

Nys. } This haughtiness soon will be laid in the

Poor spite, &c.——Pride hurt, &c. [dirt

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A G R O V E. Enter Nyfa, followed by Midas.

Mid. T U R N, tygress, turn ; nay fly not—

I have thee at a why not.

How comes it little Nyfy,
That heart to be so icy
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up t' a very cinder ?

Nyf. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,
Firm as a rock

I scorn your shock ;

But why this attack ?

A miss can you lack

Who have a wife already ?

Mid. Ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly
And would my Nyfa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—Her I'll marry.

A I R I.

O what pleasures will abound

When my wife is laid in ground !

Let earth cover her, well dance over her,

When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh how happy should I be,

Would little Nyfa pig with me !

How I'd mumble her, tonze and tumble her,

Would little Nyfa pig with me

Nyf. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,

At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows.—

Nyf. I would not take your bond, fir,——

Myd. Half my estate——

Nyf No, nor the whole——my fond fir.

A I R II.

Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch ;

Cease your bribes and wheedling :

'Till I'm made a bride i' the church

I'll keep man from meddling.

What are riches and soft speeches ?

Baits and fetches to bewitch us ;

When you've won us and undone us,

Cloy'd you shun us, frowning on us,

For our heedless piddling. [Exit,

S C E N E II.

MIDAS, then PAN and POL, listening.

Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle:
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle.
When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity-toity miss

Will slick her arms a kimbo, [nefs,

Pan So squire, well met—I flew to know your busi-

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on
his knees

Pan. That were a feat indeed:—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a sagon.
I'll make him skip,——

Pan. As St. George did the dragon.

A I R III.

If into your hen-yard the treacherous reynard

Steals silyly your poultry to ravage,

With gun you attack him, with beagles you track him,

All's fair to destroy the fell savage.

So Poll, who comes picking, up my tender chicken,

No means do I scruple to banish; [him,

With power I'll o'erbear him, with fraud I'll ensnare

By hook or by crook he shall vanish. [Exeunt

S C E N E III.

A Lawn before MIDAS's House. Enter NYSA.

Nyfa. Good lack! what is come o'er me?

Daphne has step'd before me!

Envy and love devour me

Pol, doats upon her Phiz hard,

'Tis that slicks in my gizzard. [ous,

Midas appears now twenty times more hide-

Ah, Nyfa, what resource?——a cloyster.

Death alive—yet thither must I run,

And turn a nun. Prodigious.

A I R IV.

In these greasy old tattars

His charms brighter shine;
 Then his guitar he clatters
 With tinkling divine;
 But, my sister, ah! he kiss'd her,
 And me he pass'd by;
 I'm jealous of the fellow's
 Bad taste and blind eye.

S C E N E IV. Midas's Parlour.

MIDAS, MYFIS, and PAN, in consultation over a large
bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast——

Pan Here goes, our noble Umpire,

Myf. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Harg him, in every scheme that whelp has
 cross'd us.

Myf. Sure he's the Devil himself,

Pan. Or doctor Faustus. (stickle

Myf. Ah! Squire—for Pan would you but stoutly
 This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. you reason right——

Mid. His toby I shall tickle, (price is

Myf. Look, squire, I've sold my butter, here it is
 At your command do but this jobb for Myfis.

Count 'em——six guineas and an old Jaccobus,
 Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace coram nobus.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,
 I pocket this here stuff

And I as for that there p'rafast.

Trust me I'll work him off.

At the musical struggle, I'll bully and juggle;
 My award's your fore card.

Blood, he shall fly his country——that's enough.

Pan. we I said, my lad of wax.

Mid. Let's end the tankard

have no read for businets till I've drank hard.

Pan Nor have my guts braies in them till they're
 When I'm most recky, I best fit my saddle. (addle

Mid Well. come. let's take one bouze and rear
 Then part to our affairs—— (a catch,

Pan A match.

Myf. A match.

A I R V.

Mid. Master Pol, and his toll-de-roll-loll.
I'll buffet away from the plain, fir,

Pan. And I'll assist, your worship's fist,
With all my might and main, fir;

Myf. And I'll have a thump, tho' he is so plump,
And make such a woundy racket.

Mid. I'll blouff,

Pan. I'll ruff.

Myf. I'll huff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

Om. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Mid. For all his cheats, and wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em,

Or skip by goles, as high as Paul's
Like ugly witch on belom;

Arraign'd he shall be, of treason to me!

Pan. And I with my davy will back it;
I'll swear,

Mid. I'll snare,

Myf. I'll tear.

Om. O rare!—And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket

S C E N E V.

Enter Sileno and Damatas, in warm argument.

Sil. My Daph. a wife for thee; the squire's-bafe
To the plantations sooner would I send her. (pandar

Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, Hag of Endor,
What knew she of thee but thy coffers?

Dam. And shall this ditch born whelp, this jackanapes.
By dint of congees and of scrapes——

Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's—

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

Sil. If a rival thy character draw,

In perfection he'll find out a flaw,
With black he will paint, make a de'il of a faint,
And change to an owl a maccaw:

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,

Who his friend's good advice will despise?
Who, when danger is nigh, throws his spectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
Your betters you scrub.

Sil. Who will lead me a club,

This insolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub,

Dam. Whom the price of impostures I dub;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. Your bald pate you'll rub,

Sil. This muckworm to drub.

Dam. When you find that your cub

Sil. Rub off, firrah, rub, firrah, rub.

Dam. Is debauch'd by a whip'd syllabub, [Exeunt,

S C E N E VI.

Enter MYSIS, attended by DAPHNE and NYSA.

Mys Soh!—you attend the trial,—we shall driv'e
Your vagabond——— [hence

Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.

Daph. Ah Ny, our fate depends upon this issue---

Nys. *Daph.*—for your sake, my claim I here fore-
And with your Pol much joy I wish you. [go;

Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?

Dear creature, let me kiss you.

Nys. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will

Daph. Mana will storm. [back us.

Nys. What then, she can but whack us.

A I R VII.

- Daph. Mother, sure you never will endeavour
To dissolve from my favour
So sweet a swain!
None so clever e'er trod the plain.
- Nys. Father, hopes you gave her, don't deceive her
Can you leave her, sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her from black despair.
- Daph. Think of his modest grace,
His voice shape and face;
- Nys. Hearts alarming,
- Daph. Refoms warming,
- Nys. Wrath disarming,
- Daph. With his soft lay:
- Nys. He's so charming,
Ay, let him stay,
- Both. He's so charming, &c.
- Nys. Sluts, are you lost to shame?
- Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.
- Myf. This is madness!
- Sil. Sober sadness!
- Myf. I with gladness cou'd see him swing,
For his badness.
- Sil. 'Tis no such thing,
- Dam. Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?
Must I, to him, yield of Daph, the enjoyment?
- Myf. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish, Daph. shall blandish.
- Dam. Will you reject my income, herds and clinkum?
- Sil. Rot and sink 'em.
- Dam. Midas must judge.
- Myf. And Pol must fly
- Sil. Zounds, Pol, shan't budge,
- Myf. You lye,
- Dam. You lye,
- Myf. }
Dam. } You lye, you lye.
Sil. }

Nys. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak moun-
tains,

Daph. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear

Nys. Pol is young and merry fountains

Daph. Light and airy

Sil. As a fairy.

Nys. Pan is old and mussy,

Daph. Stiff and fusty,

Syl. Sour and crusty.

Daph. Can you banish Pol!

Nys. No, no, no, no.

Let Pan fall.

Daph. Ay, let him go.

Nys.

Daph. } Ay, let him go.

Sil.

S C E N E VII.

MIDAS *comes forth enrag'd, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains.*

Mid. Peace ho! is hell broke loose? what means
this jawing?

Under my very nose this clapperclawing!

A I R VIII.

What the devil's here to do,

Ye logger heads and gypsies?

Sirra you, and hussy you,

And each of you tipsey is;

But I'll as sure pull down your pride as

A gun, or as I am justice Midas.

C H O R U S.

O tremendous Justice MIDAS,

Who shall oppose wise justice MIDAS!

[All fall prostrate.

A I R IX.

Mid. I'm given to understand that you're all in a pothor
here,

Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall play to you
another year.

Dare you think your clumsy legs so proper to
decide as

The delicate ears of justice Midas

CHOR. *O tremendous, &c.*

Mid. So you allow it then — Ye mobbith rabble!

S C E N E VIII.

Enter POL and PAN severally.

Oh, here comes Pol, and Pan — now stint your gabble,
Fetch my great chair — I'll quickly end this squabble.

A I R X.

Now I'm seated, I'll be treated
Like the sopher on his throne,
In my presence scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their souls their own,
My behest is, he who best is,
Shall be fix'd musician chief:
Ne'er the loser shall shew nose here,
But be transported like a thief.

CHOR. *O tremendous, &c.*

Pol. Masters, will you abide by this condition?

Pan. I ask no better.

Pol. — I am all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet Sir.

Pol. — Sir, I attend your leisure.

Mid. Pan, take the lead.

Pan. — Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

A I R XI.

A pox of your pother about this or that,
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol,
So here goes a set-to at toll-de-roll loll.
When beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o' the Whisp the fools scamper,
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol;
Pray what's all this fuss for, but — doll-de-roll loll,
Mankind are a medley — a chance medley race;
All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chace;

There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all,
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long,
I only meant life is but an old song;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
Where all act the scene of toll loll-de roll.

Mid By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
How, hang dog, don't you blush to shew yout vilage?

Pol. Why matter Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion

One of the candidates bespatter.

With so much partial passion

[Midas falls asleep]

A I R XII.

Ah happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danc'd on down away;
When my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when Sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage,
Each hour will seem an hundred,
Each day appear an age.

Mid. Silence——this just decree all, at your oril,
Obedient hear, ——else I shall use you very ill.

The D E C R R E E.

Pan shall remain,

Pol quit the plain.

CHORUS. *Ob tremendus, &c.*

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan ——enthronc
him——

No posting ——and with festal chorus crown him——

[The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays]

C H O R U S.

See triumphant sits the bard
Crown'd with bays, his due reward.
Exil'd Pol shall wander far,
Exil'd twang his faint guittar,
While, with echoing shouts of praise
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

Mid. 'Tis well! — what keeps you here — you ragamuffin?
Go trude — or do you wait for a good cuffing?
Pol Now, all attend — [throws off his disguise, and appears as Appollo] The wrath of Jove,
for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch — Thou'lt stretch'd thy utmost tether;
Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

A I R XIII.

Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music and king of Parnass:
Thy scurvey decree
For Pan against me.
I reward with the ears of an ass.

Mid. Detected, baulk'd, and small.
On our marrow bones we fall.

Myf. Be merciful.

Dam. Be pitiful.

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol — — — alas, alas!

Pol. Thou Billingsgate queen,
Thou a Pander obscene,

[to Myf.

[to Dam.

With strumpet and bailiff; shall clasp;
 Thou, driven from man, [to Mid.]
 Shalt wander with Pan.

He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.

Apol. Be thou squire—his estate [to Sil.]
 To thee I translate.

To you his strong chests, wicked mass { *to Daph*
 Live happy, while I { *and Nys.*
 Recall'd to the sky,

Make all the Gods laugh at Midas.

Daph. } Together with { To the bright God of day
Sil. } the other nymphs } Let us dance, sing & play,
Nys. } and swains. } Clap hands every lad with
 his lads.

Now critics, lie saug,

Not a hiss, groan or shrug,

Remember the fate of Midas,

Midas,

Remember the fate of Midas.

C H O R U S.

Now critics, lie saug, &c.

F I N I S.







