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Alfred Moffat.

1896

To Mr John Glen
with Alfred Moffat's
best compliments.

Nov. 4. 1897.



Glen 173
PATIE and *PEGGY*:

OR, THE
FAIR FOUNDLING.

A
SCOTCH BALLAD OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Vix ea nostra voco.

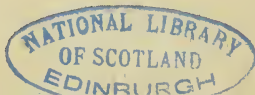
With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
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P R E F A C E.

HAT I am indebted to Mr. *Ramsay's* GENTLE SHEPHERD, (*a Scotch Pastoral Comedy*, wrote Originally in *Five Acts*) for the greatest Part of the following Piece, was not owing to my Idleness; but a Doubt of my Abilities to produce any Thing entirely New of this kind, that might plead so much Pretence to Favour: As Nature is the same in all Ages, and Climes, I thought, the Simplicity of Characters, Manners, Sentiments, and Passions, which has gain'd THAT POEM its Reputation, cou'd not prove unenterprising to an ENGLISH AUDIENCE; which

A 2 induced

P R E F A C E.

induced me to turn it into a *Ballad Opera*: and as the Beauties of the Original have been thought many, I have scarce ventur'd to make any farther Alterations than were absolutely necessary, in bringing the Tale within the Compass of *One Act*, adding to the Number of the Songs, and changing it into the *English* Dialect, without which, it had not been intelligible to our Auditors; nor indeed had I time to vary it more, my *Benefit* being fix'd before I had laid my Design, which was plan'd and finish'd in *one Day*. When I mention my Benefit, I cannot omit the Opportunity of returning my grateful humble Thanks, to All whose Favours I have been so frequently honour'd with, and hope I am not too vain, when I declare it ever was, and will be, my utmost Ambition to deserve such Kindness, by my frequent Endeavours, whenever I may have Power (and as far as my poor Capacity will allow) to add to the Variety of publick Diversions.

The

P R E F A C E.

The Warmth of my Heart might make me tedious, and impertinent, shou'd I proceed; I shall therefore only add, tho' the CHARACTERS in this OPERA are *low*, I flatter myself, they'll not appear distasteful to the politest Circle of our ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

Theatre-Royal,
April, 1730.

T. C.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER, Junior.

IN Days of Old, as antient Story shows,
When Innocence and Greatness were not Foes,
Disdaining Pride, Men follow'd Nature's Call,
And the World acted one grand Pastoral;
From Envy, Discord, and Ambition, free,
Their mutual Interests mov'd in Harmony;
No warring Passions did their Peace invade,
Soft Love was all the Passion they obey'd:
Yet such a Flame, so innocent, and chaste,
The sighing Swains scarce knew for what they ask'd;
The pitying Nymphs Coquettish Torture scorn'd,
And Love for Love was equally return'd.

*With such like Scenes, the Poet of To-night,
Hopes, from their Innocence, to raise Delight:
For where should Virtue for Reward repair,
But to the Bosoms of the British Fair?*
ENGLAND, the Nurse of Worth, and true Desert,
Receives, and Naturalizes, every Art;
With piercing Judgment every Merit spies,
Tho' in the Earth's remotest Parts it lies:
While distant Nations court her glorious Sight,
The World, by her Example, grows Polite.

Gallants!

PROLOGUE.

*Gallants! behold, the long-neglected Muse,
From distant SCOTLAND, your Applause pursues;
Warm'd by your Smiles, with double Force she'll move,
And melt her frozen Hills to flow with Love.*

*What Season could the Rural Muse have found,
Its sweet Serenity to spread around,
So fit, as when a New AUGUSTUS reigns,
And with the peaceful Olive plants our Plains?*

*To this bright Audience now I humbly bow,
To pay the Debt to your Indulgence due;
With grateful Pride, and Pleasure, I survey
The crowded Splendor of this Annual Day:
Such Favours to deserve be still my End;
If not to please, yet never to offend.
When BRITONS are to judge, who is not aw'd?
And who, but must exert, when BRITONS will applaud?*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy,

Patie,

Roger,

Glaud,

Symon,

Mr. Corey.

Mrs. Roberts.

Mr. Cibber Jun.

Mr. Fielding.

Mr. A. Hallam.

W O M E N.

Peggy,

Jenny,

Margery,


Miss Raftor.

Miss M. Vaughn.

Mrs. Shireburn.



PATIE



PATIE and PEGGY.

SCENE *a Village.*

Enter Patie and Roger.

AIR I. The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.



PATIE.



HE bonny gray-ey'd Morning begins to peep,
And Darkness flies before the rising Ray,
The hearty Hind starts from his lazy Sleep;
To follow healthful Labours of the Day.
Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,
The Lark and the Linnet he hears with Glee;

And he joins their Concert driving the Plow;
From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.

B

While

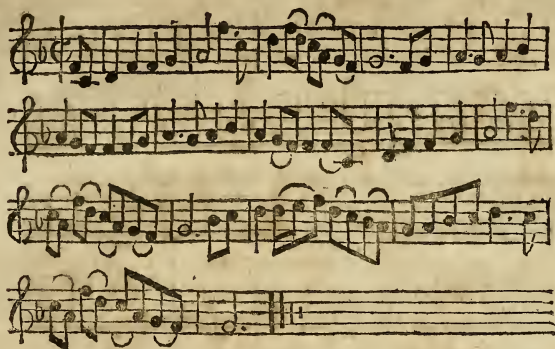
*While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loss
 Of half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,
 The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.
 Be my Portion Health and Quietness of Mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from Parties and State,
 Where neither Ambition nor Avarice blind,
 Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his Fate.*

How wholesome 'tis to snuff the cooling Air,
 And all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care!
 Freely, Friend Roger, say, what ails thee then?
 Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a froward Fate!
 I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to swell the raging Flood,
 And prowling Wolves to suck our Lambkins Blood.
 But I, oppress'd with never-ending Grief,
 Must still despair of lighting on Relief.
 You have so soft a Voice, and smooth a Tongue,
 You are the Darling both of Old and Young;
 Charm'd by your Throat, our Woods with Ecchoes ring:
 The Lasses jeer me if I try to sing.
 Nature unkind denies me that sweet Art,
 And all my Harmony is in my Heart. [Hive,

Pat. The Bees shall loath the Flower, and quit the
 Willows on marshy Grounds shall cease to thrive,
 E're scornful Maids, or Loss of worldly Gear,
 Shall spoil my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

AIR II. A New Scotch Tune.

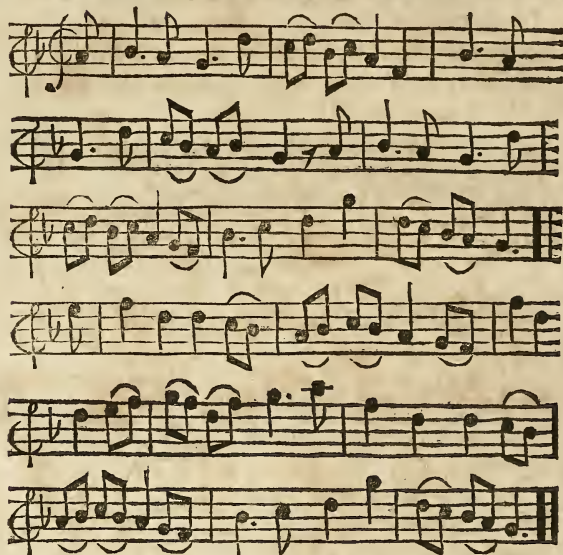


*My Peggy smiles so kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on all the Town,
That I look down upon a Crown.
My Peggy smiles so kindly,
It makes me blith and bold;
My Peggy is a gay young Thing,
And I'm not very old.*

In vain from me you wou'd your Sorrows hide,
Your well-seen Love, and scornful Jenny's Pride:
With freedom to your Friend, your Grief impart;
I'll share your Grievs, or ease your o'er-fond Heart.
Confess, fair Jenny causes all this Smart.

Rog. I wish I cou'd not love her, but in vain,
I still must doat and feed her proud Disdain;
No other Lass, tho' fair, my Heart alarms,
They but remind me of my Jenny's Charms;
Not Time or Absence can abate my Flame,
She still is beauteous, and my Love the same.

Pat. Fond Swain! leave off that silly whining Way;
Seem careless, there's my Hand, you'll win the Day.

AIR III. *Fy Gar rub her o'er with Straw.*

*Ne'er feed her Pride with fond Respect,
 Who pays your Kindness with a Slight;
 Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect:
 All Women in a Man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple Face give way
 To a Repulse, — then ne'er retreat,
 Push boldly on, and win the Day.*

*When Maidens, innocent and young,
 Their fond and tender Hearts belye;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue,
 But mark the Language of the Eye:
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your Love with Hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

[Exeunt.

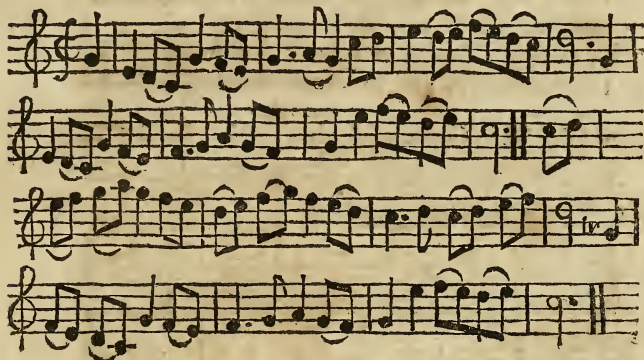
Enter

A Scotch Ballad OPERA.

Enter Peggy and Jenny.

Peg. Nay, tell me now, dear *Jenny*, why the Swain
Who Loves so well you treat with cold Disdain;
Faith, you'll repent it, shou'd his Love grow cold.
What's like a scornful Maiden, when she's old?

A I R IV. *Polwart on the Green.*



Coy *Jenny*, you'll repent,
Shou'd Roger's Heart grow cold;
None will your Smiles regard,
Soon as your Face looks old.
The froward Child thus in a Pet,
Tho' 'tis by Hunger prest,
Whimpers and quarrels with its Meat,
'Till laugh'd at by the rest,
They jest it 'till the Dinner's past;
Thus by it self abus'd,
The foolish Chit's oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Ah, *Jenny*, think, and do not lose your Time.

Jenny. I never thought a single Life a Crime,

Peg. Indeed!—but Love in whispers tells me then,
That Men were made for Us, and We for Men.

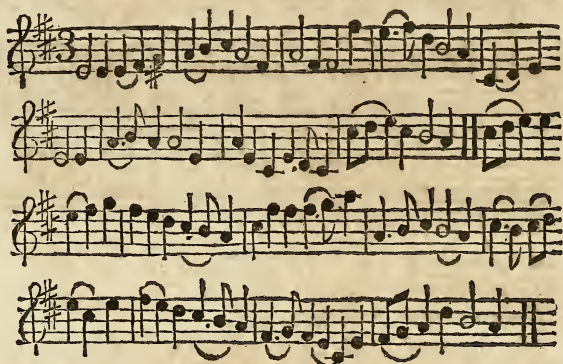
But do you as you list; for me, I find,
I shall be yielding, as my *Patie's* kind.

Jen. We soon shall hear what a distracted Life
You two will lead, when once you're Man and Wife.

Peg. I'll run the Risque, nor have I any Fear,
But ratler think each tedious Day a Year,
'Till I with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed,
Where on my *Patie's* Breast I'll lean my Head.
Then he may kifs as long as Kissing's good,
And what we do, there's none dare call it rude.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen Days,
Be fondly lavish of his Love and Praise;
But Love once cloy'd, what then are your Delights?
Dull tedious Days, and lonesome restless Nights!

AIR V. O dear Mother, what shall I do.

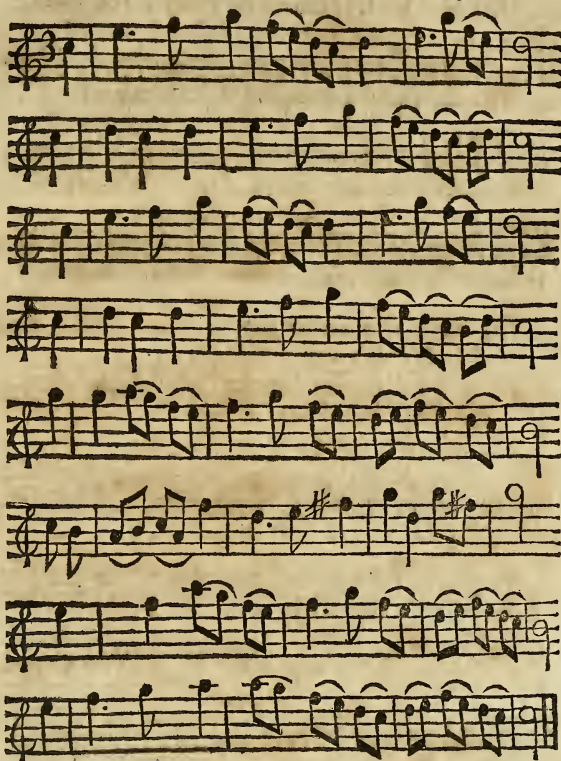


O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his Smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder Luck betide you.
Lasses, when their Fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a Life destroys
Gladsome, free and youthful Joys.

Peg. Such homespun Thoughts as these want Force to
My settled Mind, I am far gone in Love. [move
My *Patie* speaks with such a taking Art,
His Words they thrill like Musick through my Heart.
And his good Sense will long his Love secure;
Ill Nature rests in Souls are weak and poor.

AIR

AIR VI. As down in a Meadow, &c.



*How can I be sad when a Husband I've chose,
 That has better Sense, than any of those
 Sour weak silly Fellows, that study like Fools,
 To sink their own Joy, and make their Wives Tools.
 The Man who is prudent ne'er brawls with his Wife,
 Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
 He praises her Virtue, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.*

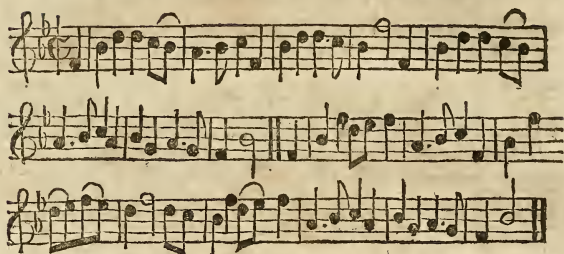
Jen. But what if some young Wanton he shou'd spy,
 With dimpled Cheek, and a bewitching Eye?

Peg. No more of that — dear Jenny, to be free,
 Some Men in Love more constant are than we:
 Nor is the Wonder great, when Nature kind
 Has blest 'em with Solidity of Mind.

AIR

PATIE and PEGGY.

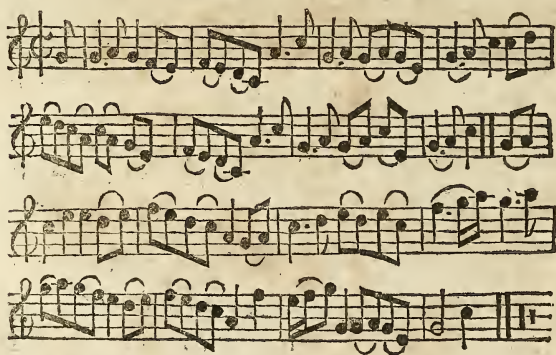
AIR. VII. Corn Riggs are bonny.



*My Patie is a Lover gay,
 His Mind is never muddy;
 His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
 His Face is fair and ruddy:
 His Shape is handsome middle size,
 He's comely in his walking,
 The shining of his Eyes surprize,
 'Tis Heaven to hear him talking.*

*Jen. Peggy, I've done — dear Laffie, I must yield;
 Your better Sense has fairly won the Field.*

AIR VIII. Nancy's to the Green Wood gone.



*I yield, dear Laffie, you have won,
 And there is no denying,
 That sure as Light flows from the Sun,
 From Love proceeds complying;*

A Scotch Ballad OPERA.

For all that we can say or do
'Gainst Love, no Thinker heeds us,
They know our Bosoms lodge the Foe,
That by the Heartstrings leads us.

[Exeunt.

Enter Glauf and Symon.

Glauf. Good-Morrow, Neighbour Symon.

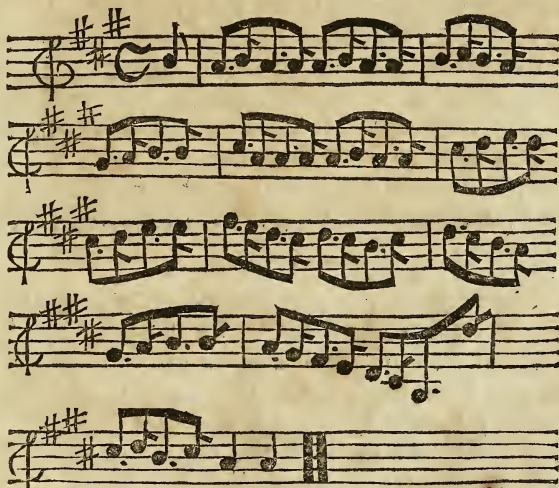
Sym. — Ah old Boy!

I've gather'd News will fill your Mind with Joy;
'Tis fifteen Years since wise Sir *William* fled,
And left a fair Estate to save his Head;
But with the King return'd, each Thing's in Tune,
And we shall see our dear Sir *William* soon.

Glauf. This makes me blithe indeed, — but, is it true?
Tell o'er your News again — and swear it too.

Sym. They who fore grip'd us 'till they made us groan,
Have lost their Power, and away are flown;
And good Sir *William* shall enjoy his own.

A I R IX. *Moggy Lawther.*



Unhappy be the Rebel's Fate,
Oppressors base and greedy,
Who with hard and cruel Hearts,
Alike gripe Rich and Needy:

Blest

*Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
And ever high his Station,
That bravely stands in the Defence
Of Conscience, King, and Nation.*

Glaud. My Heart's o'erjoy'd; dear Neighbour, will you stay,

And take your Dinner here with me to-day?
I'll yoke my Beast, and send to the next Town,
To fetch a Stoop of Ale, both Stout and Brown.

Sym. Spoke like your self, old *Glaudy*; never fear,
But at your Banquet I will straight appear.

Glaud. I'faith, we'll fill each Can, and look so bold,
'Till we forget all Cares, or that we're old;
Old, said I? — Troth! I'm younger by a Score,
With this good News, than what I was before.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William, Solus.

Whilst thus I view around each fertile Plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again,
Amidst my Joys some Prospects Pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
But that shall be repair'd; and now my Joy
Forbids all Grief. — When I'm to see my Boy,
Whom, e're the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,
'Till we shou'd see what changing Times brought forth.

Enter Symon.

Sym. My Master! my dear Master! blessed Sight!
How your Return will all our Plains delight!

Sir Will. Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy
A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy:
But pr'ythee, honest *Symon*, quickly run
O'er all your Observations on my Son.
A Parent's Fondness eas'ly finds Excuse;
But do not, with Indulgence, Truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his Praise, the longest Summer's Day
Wou'd be too short. — Wou'd I his Worth display.

In

In Word and Deed his Birth's so well confest,
That out of Sight he runs before the rest:

With a firm Look, and a commanding way,
He makes the proudest of our Herds obey.

Whene'er he walks to *Edinburgh* Port,

He buys some Books of Hist'ry, Songs, or Sport:

About one *Shakespear*, and the famous *Ben*,

He often speaks, and calls them best of Men.

Sir Will. He's now arriv'd the Age when little Loves
Flutter around young Hearts, like cooing Doves;

Has no young Maiden, with inviting Mein,

And rosc Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,

Engag'd his Eye, and caught his youthful Heart?

Sym. I fear'd the worst, but knew the smallest Part,
'Till lately I have seen him, Sir, more sweet

With *Glaud's* fair Neice, than I thought right or meet.

Sir Will. This Night must end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.

Hasten then, *Symon*, bring him quick to me,

None but yourself shall our first Meeting see.

[*Exit* *Symon*.]

For from his rustick Business and Love,

I must, in haste, my *Patrick* soon remove,

To Courts, and Camps, that may his Soul improve. }

Like the rough Diamond, as it leaves the Mine,

Only in little Breakings shows its Light,

'Till artful Polishing has made it shine:

Thus Education makes the Genius bright. [*Exit*.]

Enter *Patie* and *Peggy*.

Peg. Oh *Patie*! let me go, I must not stay;

We're both call'd home, and *Jenny*, she's away.

Pat. I'm loth to part so soon, now we're alone,

And *Roger* is away with *Jenny* gone;

They're as content, for ought I hear or see,

To be alone themselves, I judge, as we.

Here, where Prim-roses thickest paint the Green,

Near to this purling Riv'let, let us lean.

Hark,

Hark, how the little Larks chaunt round our Heads,
How soft the western Winds sigh thro' the Reeds.

Peg. The scented Meadows, Birds, and healthy
Breeze,

For ought I know, may more than *Peggy*, please.

Pat. You wrong me, Fair, to doubt my being
kind;

In speaking so, you call me Dull and Blind.

Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier;

Thy Check and Breast the finest Flow'rs appear;

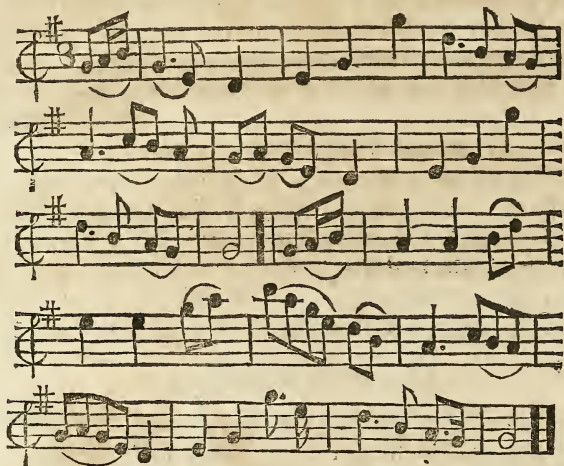
Thy Words excel the most delightful Notes,

That warble thro' the Nightingale's soft Throats.

The sweetest Fruits that hang upon the Tree,

Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

A I R X. *Auld Rob. Morris.*



Peg. When first my dear Patie went to the Green Hill,
And I at Ewe-milking first try'd my young Skill,
The Toil of the Day no Pain was to me,
So at Close of the Ev'ning I met but with thee.

Pat.

*Pat. When the Corn it wav'd yellow, the fair flow'ry Field,
If my Peggy was absent, no Pleasure cou'd yield;
But Bryers and Thorns gave no Trouble to me,
If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.*

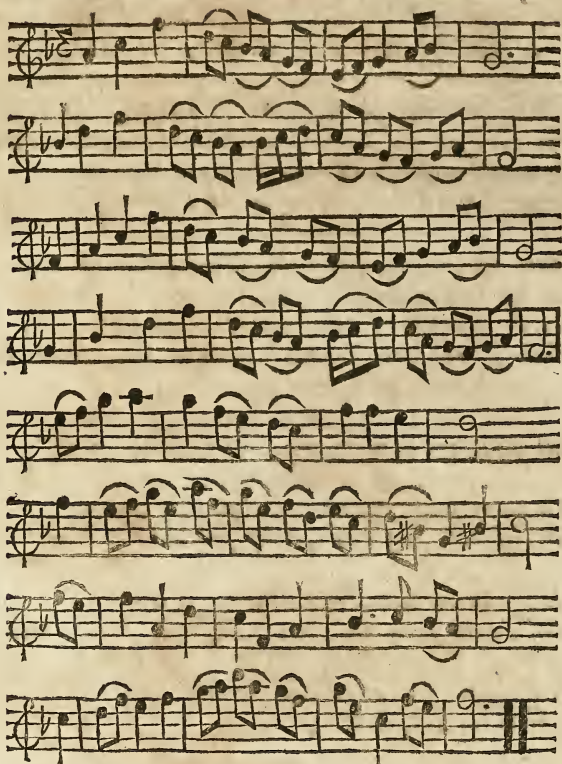
*Peg. When you Ran, or Wrestled, or pleasingly Danc'd,
And came off the Victor, my Heart was entranc'd;
Thy each manly Sport gave Pleasure to me;
For none can Dance, Wrestle, or Run swift as thee.*

*Pat. Young Jenny sings softly the Cowden Broom knows,
And Kitty sings briskly the Milking the Ewes;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing;
With 'Thro' the Wood Laddie, Bess makes our
Ears ring.*

*But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or The Lads of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter, and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they sing not like thee.*

*Peg. How soon we believe whate'er we desire!
And Praise from our Lovers increases Love's Fire;
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make my self better and sweeter for thee.
Give me still, &c.*

AIR XI. As Jockey and Jenny, &c.



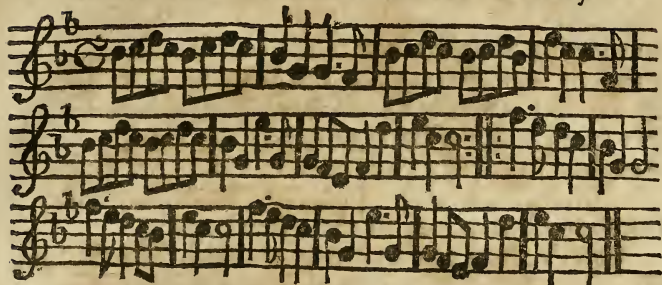
Peg. You need not to pull me thus, gently I fall
 Into my kind Patie's Arms, for Good and all;
 But your Wishes confine to this kind Embrace,
 And offer no farther 'till the Priest has said Grace.

Pat. My dear charming Angel! my Caves hence away;
 Thus I'll kiss my Treasure all the Live-long Day;
 Those Kisses at Night I will dream o'er again,
 'Till that Day arrive, that rewards Love's soft Pain.

Both. Those Kisses at Night, &c.

AIR

AIR XII. O'er the Hills and far away.



Both. *Sun, gallop down the western Skies,
Go soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridal Day;
And if you're wearied, honest Light,
Sleep, if you please, a Week that Night.*

Repeat. *And if you're wearied, &c.*

[Exeunt.]

Enter Roger and Jenny.

Rog. I must speak, *Jenny*, tho' I risk your Scorn;
You're never from my Thoughts, Night, Noon, or
Morn.

Ah! cou'd I love you less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

Jen. And who knows, honest Lad, but that I may?
You cannot say, that e'er I said you Nay.

Rog. Alas! my frightened Heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I strive to tell you out my Tale,
For fear some worthier Lad, more rich than I,
Has won your Love, and near your Heart may lie.

Jen. I love my Father, and my Cousin love;
But to this Day, no Man my Heart cou'd move,
Except my Kin; each Lad's alike to me,
And from you all I best had keep me free.

Rog. Oh dearest *Jenny*, say not that again;
What Pleasure can you take in giving Pain?
I'm glad however that you yet stand free;
Who knows! you may relent, and pity me?

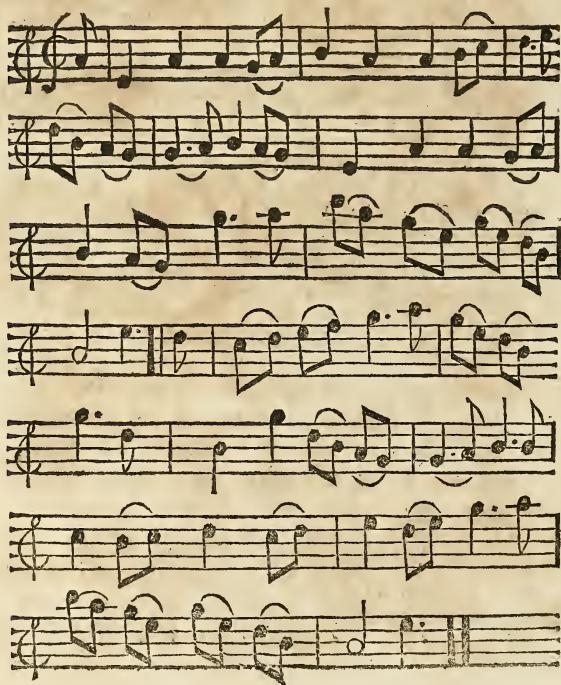
Jen.

Jen. What soft'ning Words from Wooers Lips can fall!

But palling Marriage comes and ends 'em all.
 I've seen with shining Fair the Morning Rise,
 And soon a low'ring Cloud dark all the Skies.
 I've seen the Silver Spring a-while run clear,
 And soon in Mossy Puddles disappear.
 The Bridegroom may rejoice, the Bride may smile,
 But soon Contentions all their Joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the Morning rife with fairest Light,
 The Day unclouded, sink in calmest Night.
 I've seen the Spring run winding thro' the Plain,
 Increase and join the Ocean without Stain.
 The Bridegroom may be blith, the Bride may smile,
 Rejoice thro' Life, and all your Fears beguile.

AIR XIII. *Katharine Ogie.*

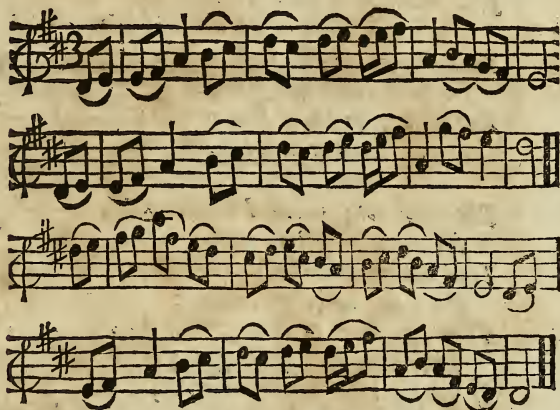


Jen. *I well cou'd pass my Days with thee,
Cou'd I with Love secure thee;
But when thou'st had thy Fill of me,
How shall I then allure thee?*

*Alas! I fear too soon to love,
Lest thou shou'dst soon forsake me;
Yet from thy Sight I can't remove:
Then ease my Heart, and take me.*

Rog. Oh! I'm too happy. Let my aching Head
Upon thy snowy Bosom be reclin'd;
The rushing Joy I fear will strike me dead.
Is't possible! and is my Jenny kind!

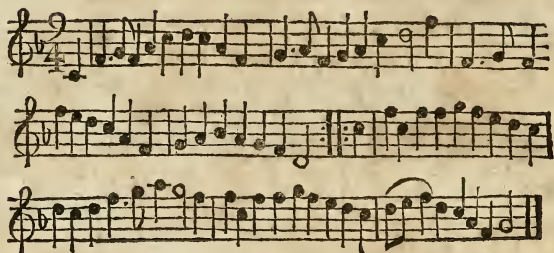
A I R XIV. Yellow-hair'd Ladie.



Jen. *Oh Roger, I own since now you speak free,
'Bove all other Swains I lik'd your Company;
And ever a Warmness I felt in my Breast,
That made you still dearer to me than the rest.
And ever, &c.*

Rog. O let me press thee, Dearest, to my Heart,
And round thy Waste my fondling Arms entwine;
Delightful Thought! we'll never, never part!
Be hush'd my Fears, my charming Jenny's mine.

AIR XV. The blithsome Bridal.

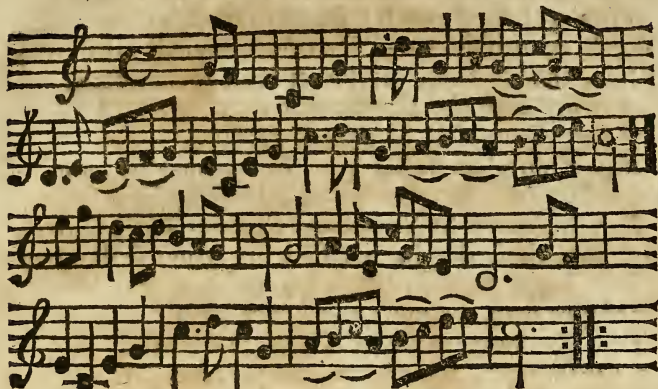


Jen.

*Well, I agree to Wed you.**Now to my Father go,**Nor doubt that he'll forbid you;**Lads wealthy are seldom said No.**Your Flocks and Possessions are large,**So he'll commend you well;**But Love, he says, soon grows cold,**Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.**But fear not; while I not scorn ye,**He'd contradict in vain;**Had all my Kindred forsworn ye,**I'll have no other Swain:**Then learn not to change your Love,**Like those in high Degree:**If constant for ever you prove,**You'll find no Fault in me.*

[Exeunt.]

Enter

*Enter Patie.*AIR XVI. The Lass of *Patie's* Mill.

*Duty, and Part of Reason,
 Plead on the Parents Side;
 But they 'gainst Love talk Treason,
 Whose Power will be obey'd:
 Tho' now I'm of the Gentry,
 My Truth Falshood repells,
 Nor in my Heart finds Entry;
 My Peggy there excells.*

Enter Roger.

Rog. Friend *Patie*, *Jane* who broke my Heart, this
 Morn

Has taught her tender Heart no more to scorn.

Pat. But now a Father took me to his Breast
 With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confest:
 Possess'd of Lands that lifts me 'bove the rest.
 Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth
 Of thy lov'd Mother, blessing of my Youth!
 Who set too soon! and while he Praise bestow'd,
 A-down his graceful Cheeks a Torrent flow'd.
 My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
 Did (mingled thus) o'er all my Thoughts prevail.

That speechless long, my late-known Sire I view'd;
 While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.
 But he has heard — too-faithful *Symon's* Fear!
 Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear;
 Which he forbids; — 'Tis this confounds my Peace;
 While, thus to beat, my Heart must sooner cease.
 Fixt in my Soul the Shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new Happiness repels.

Rog. Enjoy 'em both; your Father may be won,
 Your *Peggy's* bonny — you his Darling Son.

Pat. She's mine by Vows, and stronger Ties of Love;
 And from those Bonds, not Fate my Mind shall move.

Rog. Is not your Father and yourself to stay
 Among us here, or must you hence away?

Pat. To-morrow we to *Edinburgh* advance,
 'To *London* next, and afterwards to *France*;
 Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
 That I must be some Purse-proud Maid's dull Slave.
 But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,
 Sooner than hear such News, shall hear my Death.
 My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride:
 But I some time this last Design must hide.
 Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here,
 I sent for *Peggy*: Yonder comes my Dear.

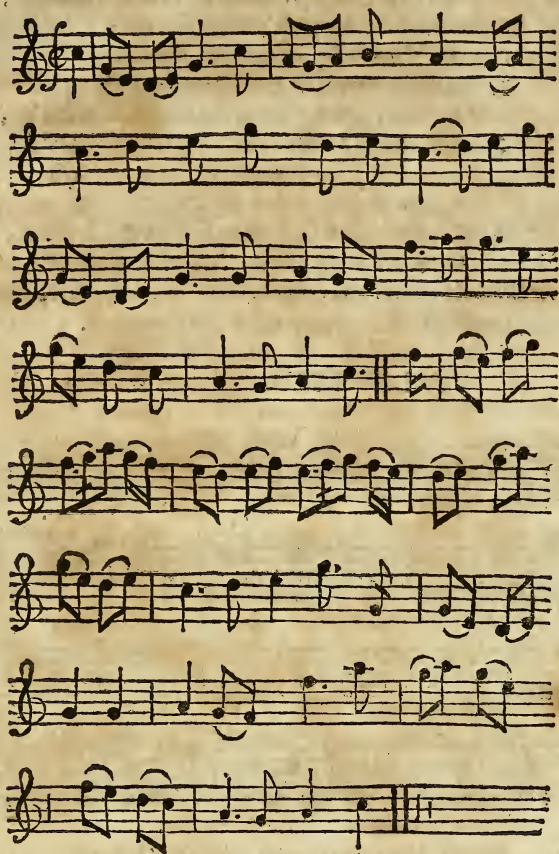
[*Exit Roger.*

With what a Struggle must I now impart
 My Father's Will to her that holds my Heart:
 Kind Heaven, propitious smile upon my Fair,
 And let her Comfort claim your tend'rest Care.
 Alas, she weeps —

Enter Peggy.

————— My *Peggy*, why in Tears?
 Smile as you wont, allow no Room for Fears:
 But chide 'em hence, nor let thy Heart repine;
 Tho' I'm no more a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

A I R XVII. Waes my Heart, that we shou'd sunder.



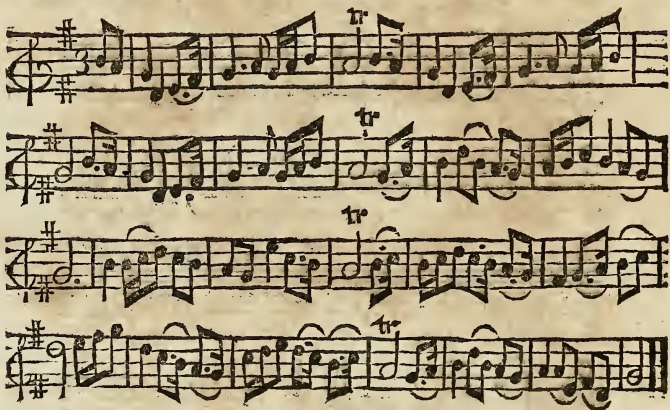
Peg. *Speak on, speak thus, and still my Grief
 Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
 These Fears, that soon will want Relief,
 When Patie must from Peggy sunder,
 A gentler Face, and Silk Attire,
 A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
 Alas poor me! will soon conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.*

Na

No more the Shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's Praises tell;
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye Banks where we were wont to wander;
 Sweet-scented Fields round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder.

Pat. My Father has forbid our Loves, I own;
 But Lov's superior to a Parent's Frown.
 Sir William's generous; leave the Task to me,
 To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

AIR XVIII. Tweed-Side.



Peg. When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
 My Heart it was going to break;
 My Life seem'd unworthy my Care,
 Which now I will save for thy sake.

Pat. Where-e'er thy Love travels by Day,
 Where-ever he lodges by Night,
 With him thy dear Image shall stay,
 And his Soul keep thee ever in Sight.

Peg.

Peg. *With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
And study the gentlest Charms;
Hope Time away 'till thou appear,
Then lock thee for aye in these Arms.
Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I priz'd
No higher Degree in this Life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a Height is becoming thy Wife.*

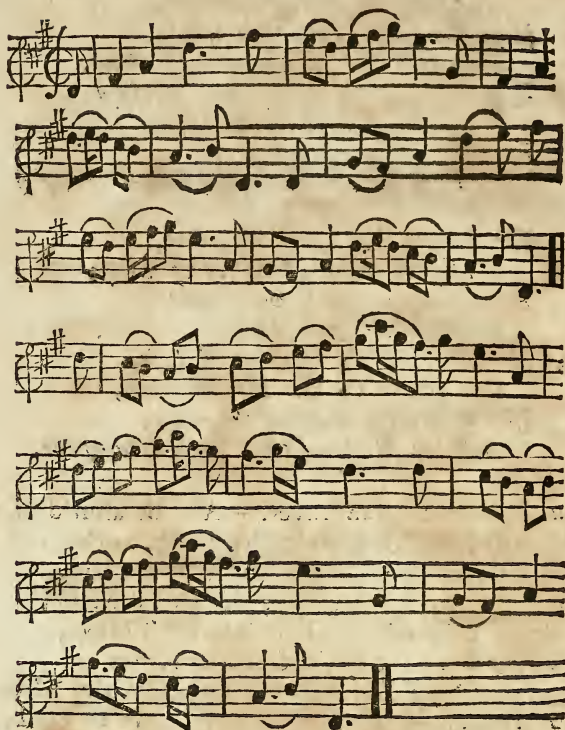
Pat. *The Beauty that's only Skin-deep,
Must fade like the Flowers of May;
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever without a Decay.*

Both. *Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
And the Husband have Sense to approve.*

Pat. Sure Heaven approves. — And be assur'd of me,
I'll never swerve from what I've sworn to thee:
If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,
To bribe my Soul from thee, delightful Maid;
For thee, I'd soon leave those inferior Things,
To such as have the Patience to be Kings.
Wherefore that Tear? believe, and calm thy Mind.

Peg. I weep for Joy, to hear my Love so kind;
With Patience then I'll wait each wheeling Year,
Dream thro' that Night, 'till my Day-Star appear:
And all the while I'll study gentler Charms
To make me worthy of my Loyer's Arms.

AIR XIX. Bush aboon Traquair.



*At setting Day and rising Morn
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the Hawthorn Bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and bid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our Haunts I will repair,
 By Green Wood-Shade, or Fountain;
 Or where the Summer-Day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon Mountain.*

There

*There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By Vows you're mine; by Love, is yours
A Heart which cannot wander.*

Both. *By Vows you're mine, &c.*

*Enter Sir William, Glaud, Symon, Roger, Jenny,
and Margery.*

Sir Will. What Maiden's this who does my Son embrace?

*Beauty and Innocence are in her Face;
Is this your Daughter, Glaud? ———*

Glaud. Troth, Sir, I doubt if I can make appear }
What I have kept a Secret Fifteen Year. }

Mar. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon, I'm all Impatience!

Glaud. Then since my Master orders, I obey, ———
This pretty Fondling, one clear Morn of *May*,
Close by the Threshhold of my Door I found,
In Infant Weeds of rich and gentle Make:
The Story I conceal'd, and since that Time,
She pass'd, Sir, for an Orphan Niece of mine.

Sir Will. This Tale seems strange!

Pat. ——— The Tale delights my Ear.

Sir Will. Command your Joys, young Man, 'till
Truth appear.

Marg. That be my Task. ———

Long have I wish'd to see this happy Day,
That I may now Sir *William Worthy* name
The best and nearest Parent she can claim.

Sir Will. Good Woman, do not rave.

Marg. Sir, view me well; has fifteen Years so plow'd
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown Stranger stand.

Sir Will. My honest Nurse! I recollect thee now.

Marg. Know then, 'twas I that sav'd her Infant Life,
Her Death being threaten'd by an Uncle's Wife.

The

The Story's long; but I the Secret knew,
 How they pursu'd with avaricious View
 Her rich Estate, of which they're now possess:
 All this to me a Confident confess.

I heard with Horror and with trembling Dread,
 They'd kill the helpless Orphan in her Bed.
 That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,
 At Midnight-Hour the Floor I softly prest,
 And stole the sleeping Innocent away.

Fearful to be found out, I to secure
 My Charge, did lay her at this Shepherd's Door,
 And took a Neighbouring Cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
 Wonder I see is fixt in every Eye.

Sir Will. My Niece, thou'rt welcome to thy Uncle's
 Care.

My Boy, receive her from a Father's Hand,
 With as good Will as either wou'd demand.

[They embrace and kneel.]

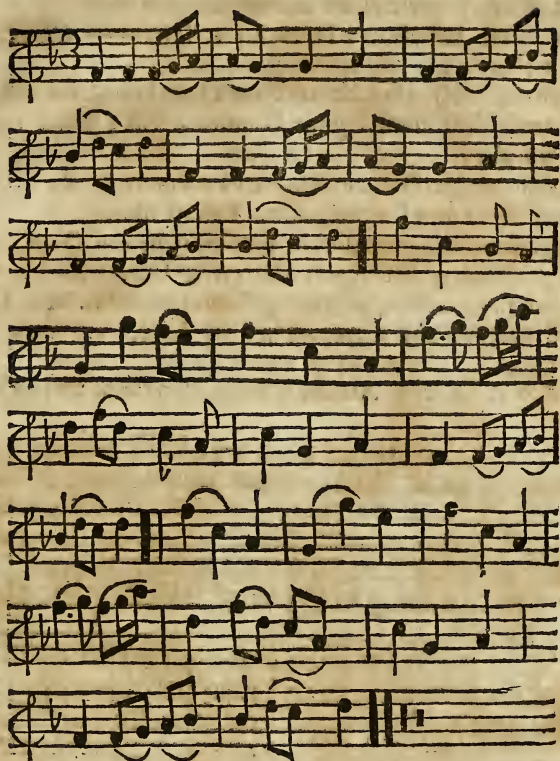
Pat. With as much Joy this Blessing I receive,
 As one wou'd Life, just sinking in a Wave.

Peg. To me the Views of Wealth and Grandeur
 prove

Trifles, when put in balance with my Love.
 For his Sake only I'll still thankful bow,
 For such a Kindness, best of Men, to you.

AIR

A I R XX. I'll never leave thee.



Pat. *No more, my dear Peggy, let Sorrows oppress ye;
For while my Blood's warm I'll kindly careſs ye.*

Peg. *Dear Patie, thy Sweets in my Heart are indented,
And Love will preſerve ſtill, what Love has imprinted,*

Both. *O deareſt Jewel, you may believe me,
Let Fortune ſmile, or frown, I'll ne'er deceive thee.*

Rep. *O deareſt Jewel, &c.*

Pat. Sir, here's a truſty Friend, that always knew
My Boſom Secrets, e're I wealthy grew;
Glaud's Daughter, Jenny, (*Jenny owns the ſame*)
Raiſ'd and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:

Be

Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,
That none may wear a Face of Discontent.

Sir Will. My Son's Demand is fair — *Glaud*, let
me crave,

That trusty Shepherd may your Daughter have.

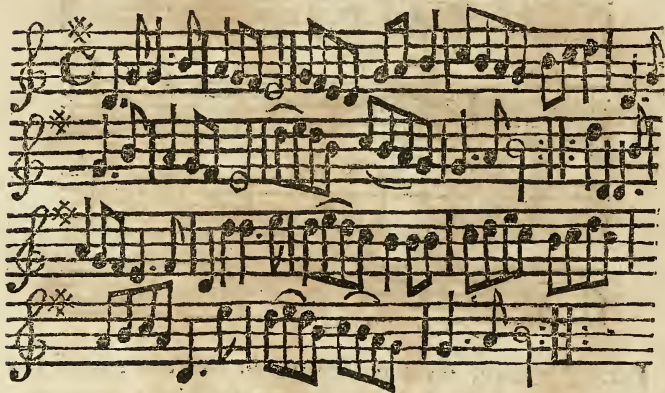
Glaud. You crowd your Bounties, Sir; what can
we say,

But that we're Debtors that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking in my Days,
Nor ever learnt a Courtly flattering Phrase;
But for my Master, Father, Friend and Wife,
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

A I R XXI. An thou wert mine ain Thing.



Jen.

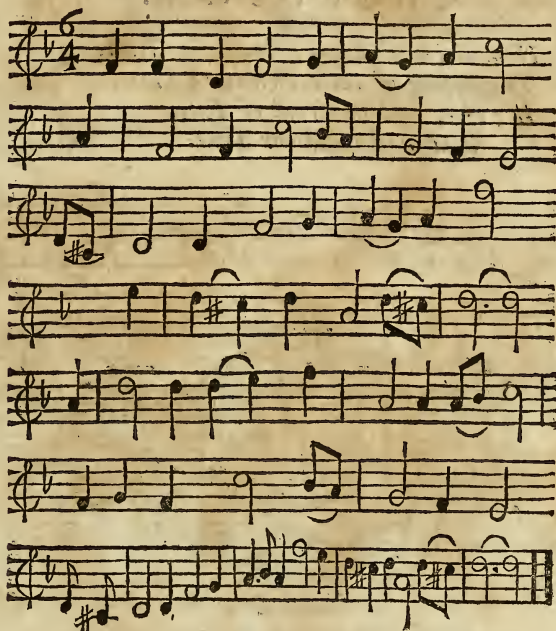
*When I am to my true Love wed,
I will love him, I will love him:
Soon as the Priest the Grace has said,
How dearly will I love him.
To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I love, and for his Sake,
What Lass cou'd do, I'd undertake,
So dearly do I love him.*

Sir Will.

Sir Will. I shall remain Friends with you from this Day,

And never from these Fields again will stray.
Let Courtiers sweat in State, and toil for Fame,
The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name;
Content's the greatest Bliss we can procure
Beneath the Sun—— Without it Kings are Poor;

AIR XXII: Muirland Willy.



Pat. The Shepherd early with the Dawn
Rises as fresh as Roses blown,
And ranges over the Heights and Lawn,
After his bleating Flocks.

Peg. Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chaunts and whistles out the Day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like Courty Weather-Cocks.

Pat.

Pat. *Life happy, from Ambition free,
 Envy, and vile Hypocrisy,
 When Truth and Love with Joy agree,
 Un sullied with a Crime :*

Peg. *Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
 In propping of their Pride and State,
 We live, and unafraid of Fate,
 Contented spend our Time.*

CHORUS of All.

*Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
 In propping of their Pride and State,
 We live, and unafraid of Fate,
 Contented spend our Time.*





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER,

Dress'd like a Petit-Maître.

LADIES, permit me, like a modern Beau,
At once my Thanks and Vanity to show :
To boast the Favours you have done To-night,
By Smiles indulg'd, for — innocent Delight.
But Beaux and I are much upon a Lay ;
Poor Souls ! They less can do, than I can say !
Nay turn the Case, whene'er they Silence break,
I've Parts to do, much more than They to speak.
Your Favours done to me are visible,
But they of Favours ne'er receiv'd, will tell !
However, fair Ones, be not greatly griev'd ;
For let them tell their Worst, — they're ne'er believ'd !

I'm thinking, were our Sex, like Petit-Mâîtres,
Sometimes to rake it, how they'd rout these Traitors !
I'm sure we're, every way, more finish'd Creatures.
How easy 'twere to strut with Lapwing Air,
To grin, and chatter nothing to the Fair,
And drive such flat-skull'd Rivals to Despair ?
Wretches that blow with Sighs their winking Fire,
But bring no solid Fuel, to Desire ;
Now Women better know, what Womens Hearts require.
And as we're bred more tenderly to say Things,
Might make, a thousand times, much prettier Play-things.

But

EPILOGUE.

*But while these Wasps are buzzing round the Fruit,
And keep sound Appetites from coming to't,
How can we hope, that Men of Sense will taste,
What Swarms of Insects make their daily Feast?
Ladies, look out, and when their Wings they spread,
Give their thin Skulls a Rap, and pat 'em dead.
Then may with Honour nobler Flames advance,
While Peacock Fops retire, to prune, and dance;
Then soon you'll find, while with Contempt you strike 'em,
The Noblest Creature is a Man unlike 'em.*

F I N I S.





