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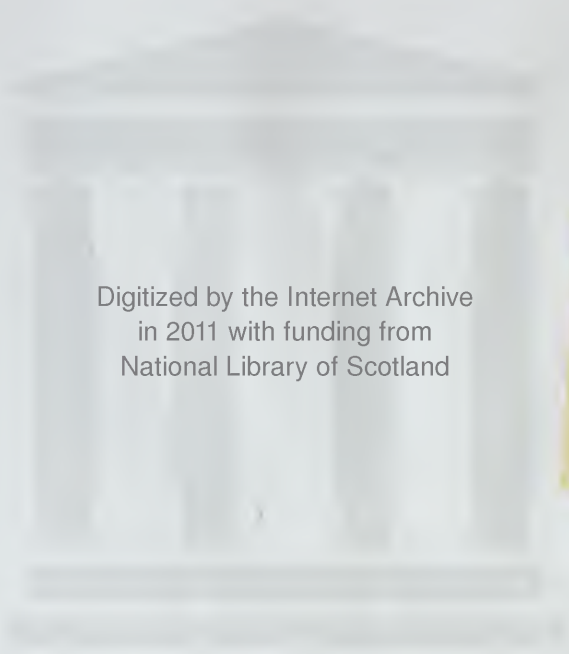
THE GLEN COLLECTION
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Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.


28th January 1927.

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THE
BEGGAR'S
OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

Written by Mr. G A T.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

Mart.

To which is Added,

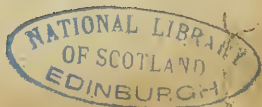
The MUSICK Engrav'd on COPPER-
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L O N D O N :

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in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

M D C C X X V I I I .

[Price 1s. 6d.]



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Peachum.

Lockit.

Macheath.

Filch.

Jemmy Twitcher.

Crook-finger'd Jack.

Wat Dreary.

Robin of Bagshot.

Nimming Ned.

Harry Paddington.

Mat of the Mint.

Ben Budge.

Beggar.

Player.

Mr. Hippestey.

Mr. Hall.

Mr. Walker.

Mr. Clark.

Mr. H. Bullock.

Mr. Houghton.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Lacy.

Mr. Pit.

Mr. Eaton.

Mr. Spiller.

Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Chapman.

Mr. Milward.

Macheath's Gang.

Constables, Drawer, Turnkey, &c.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Peachum

Polly Peachum.

Lucy Lockit.

Diana Trapes.

Mrs. Coaxer.

Dolly Trull.

Mrs. Vixen.

Betty Doxy.

Jenny Diver.

Mrs. Siammekin.

Suky Tawdry.

Molly Brazen.

Mrs. Martin.

Miss Fenton.

Mrs. Egleton.

Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Holiday.

Mrs. Lacy.

Mrs. Rice.

Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Clarke.

Mrs. Morgan.

Mrs. Palin.

Mrs. Sallee.

Women of the Town.



INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR. PLAYER.

Beggar.



I Poverty be a Title to Poetry, I am sure No-body can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars; and I make one at their Weekly Festivals at *St. Giles's*. I have a

small Yearly Salary for my Catches, and am welcome to a Dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most Poets can say.

Player. As we live by the Muses, 'tis but Gratitude in us to encourage Poetical Merit where-ever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other Ladies, pay no Distinction to Dress, and never partially mistake the Pertness of Embroidery for Wit, nor the Modesty of Want for Dulness. Be the Author who he will, we push his Play as far as it will go. So (though you are in Want) I wish you Success heartily.

Beggar. This Piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the Marriage of *James Chanter* and *Moll Lay*, two most excellent Ballad-Singers. I have introduc'd the Similes that are in all your celebrated Operas: The *Swallow*, the *Moth*, the *Bee*, the *Ship*, the *Flower*, &c. Besides, I have a Prison Scene which
the

INTRODUCTION.

the Ladies always reckon charmingly pathetick. As to the Parts, I have observ'd such a nice Impartiality to our two Ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take Offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no Recitative: Excepting this, as I have consented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it must be allow'd an Opera in all its forms. The Piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great Room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your Charity in bringing it now on the Stage.

Player. But I see 'tis time for us to withdraw; the Actors are preparing to begin. Play away the Overture.

[*Exeunt.*]





The BEGGAR'S Opera.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Peachum's House.

*Peachum sitting at a Table with a large Book of Accounts
before him.*

AIR I. An old Woman cloathed in Gray, &c.



THROUGH all the Employments of Life
Each Neighbour abuses his Brother;
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife;
All Professions be-rogue one another.
The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine;
And the Statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

A Lawyer is an honest Employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double Capacity, both against Rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage Cheats, since we live by them.

SCENE II.

Peachum, Filch.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her Tryal comes on in the Afternoon, and she hopes you will order Matters so as to bring her off.

B

Peach.

The Beggar's Opera.

Peach. Why, she may plead her Belly at worst; to my Knowledge she hath taken care of that Security. But as the Wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the Evidence.

Filch. *Tom Gagg*, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy Dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his Hand. This is Death without Reprieve. I may venture to Book him. [*writes*] For *Tom Gagg*, forty Pounds. Let *Betty Sly* know that I'll save her from Transportation, for I can get more by her staying in *England*.

Filch. *Betty* hath brought more Goods into our Lock to-year than any five of the Gang; and in truth, 'tis a pity to lose so good a Customer.

Peach. If none of the Gang take her off, she may, in the common course of Business, live a Twelve-month longer. I love to let Women scape. A good Sportsman always lets the Hen Partridges fly, because the breed of the Game depends upon them. Besides, here the Law allows us no Reward; there is nothing to be got by the Death of Women—except our Wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine Woman! 'Twas to her I was oblig'd for my Education, and (to say a bold Word) she hath train'd up more young Fellows to the Business than the Gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, *Filch*, thy Observation is right. We and the Surgeons are more beholden to Women than all the Professions besides.

A I R II. The bonny grey-ey'd Morn, &c.

Filch. 'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind,
 By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts:
 Her very Eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
 She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.
 For her, like Wolves by night we roam for Prey,
 And practise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms;
 For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
 And Beauty must be see'd into our Arms.

Peach. But make haste to *Newgate*, Boy, and let my Friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

Filch. When a Gentleman is long kept in suspense, Penitence may

may break his Spirit ever after. Besides, Certainty gives a Man a good Air upon his Tryal, and makes him risque another without Fear or Scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a Pleasure to be the Messenger of Comfort to Friends in Affliction.

S C E N E III.

Peachum.

But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent Execution against next Sessions. I hate a lazy Rogue, by whom one can get nothing 'till he is hang'd. A Register of the Gang, [reading] Crook-finger'd *Jack*. A Year and a half in the Service; Let me see how much the Stock owes to his Industry; one, two, three, four, five Gold Watches, and seven Silver ones. A mighty clean-handed Fellow! Sixteen Snuff-boxes, five of them of true Gold. Six dozen of Handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted Swords, half a dozen of Shirts, three Tye-Perriwigs, and a Piece of Broad Cloth. Considering these are only the Fruits of his leisure Hours, I don't know a prettier Fellow, for no Man alive hath a more engaging Presence of Mind upon the Road. *Wat Dreary*, alias *Brown Will*, an irregular Dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his Goods. I'll try him only for a Sessions or two longer upon his good Behaviour. *Harry Paddington*, a poor petty-larceny Rascal, without the least Genius; that Fellow, though he were to live these six Months, will never come to the Gallows with any Credit. Slippery *Sam*; he goes off the next Sessions, for the Villain hath the Impudence to have views of following his Trade as a Taylor, which he calls an honest Employment. *Mat of the Mint*; list'd not above a Month ago, a promising sturdy Fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good Contributions on the Publick, if he does not cut himself short by Murder. *Tom. Tipple*, a guzzling soaking Sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand. A Cart is absolutely necessary for him. *Robin of Bagshot*, alias *Gorgon*, alias *Bluff Bob*, alias *Carbuncle*, alias *Bob Booty*.



S C E N E IV.

Peachum, *Mrs. Peachum.*

Mrs. Peach. What of *Bob Booty*, Husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my Dear, he's a favourite Customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a Present of this Ring.

Peach. I have set his Name down in the Black-List, that's all, my Dear; he spends his Life among Women, and as soon as his Money is gone, one or other of the Ladies will hang him for the Reward, and there's forty Pound lost to us for-ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my Dear, I never meddle in matters of Death; I always leave those Affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad Judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the Brave that they think every Man handsome who is going to the Camp or the Gallows.

A I R III. Cold and Raw, &c.

*If any Wench Venus's Girdle wear,
 Though she be never so ugly;
 Lillys and Roses will quickly appear,
 And her Face look wond'rous smuggly.
 Beneath the left Ear so fit but a Cord,
 (A Rope so charming a Zone is!)*
*The Youth in his Cart bath the Air of a Lord,
 And we cry, There dies an Adonis!*

But really, Husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of Men than at present. We have not had a Murder among them all, these seven Months. And truly, my Dear, that is a great Blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the Woman always a whimpring about Murder for? No Gentleman is ever look'd upon the worse for killing a Man in his own Defence; and if Business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a Gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my Dear, you must excuse me, for No-body can help the Frailty of an over-scrupulous Conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a Crime as a Man can be guilty of. How many fine Gentlemen have we in *Newgate* every

every Year, purely upon that Article! If they have wherewithal to persuade the Jury to bring it in Manſlaughter, what are they the worſe for it? So, my Dear, have done upon this Subject. Was Captain *Macheath* here this Morning, for the Bank-notes he left with you laſt Week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my Dear; and though the Bank hath ſtopt Payment, he was ſo cheerful and ſo agreeable! Sure there is not a finer Gentleman upon the Road than the Captain! If he comes from *Bagſhot* at any reaſonable Hour he hath promis'd to make one this Evening with *Polly* and me, and *Bob Booty*, at a Party of Quadrille. Pray, my Dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich. *Mary-bone* and the Chocolate-houſes are his undoing. The Man that propoſes to get Money by Play ſhould have the Education of a fine Gentleman, and be train'd up to it from his Youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really, I am ſorry upon *Polly's* Account the Captain hath not more Diſcretion. What buſineſs hath he to keep Company with Lords and Gentlemen? he ſhould leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon *Polly's* Account! What, a Plague, does the Woman mean?--- Upon *Polly's* Account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain *Macheath* is very fond of the Girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any Skill in the Ways of Women, I am ſure *Polly* thinks him a very pretty Man.

Peach. And what then? You would not be ſo mad to have the Wench marry him! Gameſters and Highwaymen are generally very good to their Whores, but they are very Devils to their Wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if *Polly* ſhould be in love, how ſhould we help her, or how can ſhe help herſelf? Poor Girl, I am in the utmoſt Concern about her.

AIR IV. Why is your faithful Slave diſdain'd? &c.

If Love the Virgin's Heart invade,

How, like a Moth, the ſimple Maid

Still plays about the Flame!

If ſoon ſhe be not made a Wife,

Her Honour's ſing'd, and then for Liſe,

She's--- what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye, Wife. A handsome Wench in our way of Buſineſs is as profitable as at the Bar of a *Temple* Coffee-
 B 3 House,

House, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every Liberty but one. You see I would indulge the Girl as far as prudently we can. In any thing, but Marriage! After that, my Dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her Husband's Power? For a Husband hath the absolute Power over all a Wife's Secrets but her own. If the Girl had the Discretion of a Court Lady, who can have a dozen young Fellows at her Ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but *Polly* is Tinder, and a Spark will at once set her on a Flame. Married! If the Wench does not know her own Profit, sure she knows her own Pleasure better than to make herself a Property! My Daughter to me should be, like a Court Lady to a Minister of State, a Key to the whole Gang. Married! If the Affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the Example of our Neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. May-hap, my Dear, you may injure the Girl. She loves to imitate the fine Ladies, and she may only allow the Captain Liberties in the View of Interest.

Peach. But 'tis your Duty, my Dear, to warn the Girl against her Ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her Beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the mean time, Wife, rip out the Coronets and Marks of these dozen of Cambric Handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this Afternoon to a Chap in the City.

S C E N E V.

Mrs. Peachum.

Never was a Man more out of the way in an Argument than my Husband! Why must our *Polly*, forsooth, differ from her Sex, and love only her Husband? And why must *Polly's* Marriage, contrary to all Observation, make her the less followed by other Men? All Men are Thieves in Love, and like a Woman the better for being another's Property.

A I R V. Of all the simple Things we do, &c.

*A Maid is like the golden Oar,
Which hath Guineas intrinsical in't,
Whose Worth is never known, before
It is try'd and impress'd in the Mint.*

A Wife's

*A Wife's like a Guinea in Gold,
Stamp'd with the Name of her Spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is sold;
And is current in every House.*

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Peachum, Filch.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither *Filch*. I am as fond of this Child, as though my Mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a Hand at picking a Pocket as a Woman, and is as nimble-finger'd as a Juggler. If an unlucky Session does not cut the Rope of thy Life, I pronounce, Boy, thou wilt be a great Man in History. Where was your Post last Night, my Boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the Opera, Madam; and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great Hurry in getting Chairs and Coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These seven Handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Colour'd ones, I see. They are of sure Sale from our Ware-house at *Redriff* among the Seamen.

Filch. And this Snuff-box:

Mrs. Peach. Set in Gold! A pretty Encouragement this to a young Beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming Gold Watch. Pox take the Taylors for making the Fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forc'd to make my Escape under a Coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the Flower of my Youth, so that every now and then (since I was pump'd) I have thoughts of taking up and going to Sea.

Mrs. Peach. You should go to *Hockley in the Hole*; and to *Marybone*, Child, to learn Valour. These are the Schools that have bred so many brave Men. I thought, Boy, by this time, thou hadst lost Fear as well as Shame. Poor Lad! how little does he know as yet of the *Old-Baily*! For the first Fact I'll insure thee from being hang'd; and going to Sea, *Filch*, will come time enough upon a Sentence of Transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, ev'n go to your Book, and learn your Catechism; for really a Man makes but an ill Figure in the Ordinary's Paper, who cannot give a satisfactory Answer to his Questions. But, hark you, my Lad. Don't tell me a Lye; for you know I hate a Lyar. Do you

know of any thing that hath past between Captain *Macheath* and our *Polly*?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a Lye to you or to Miss *Polly*; for I promis'd her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the Honour of our Family is concern'd——

Filch. I shall lead a sad Life with Miss *Polly*, if ever she come to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own Honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my Husband and *Polly*. Come, *Filch*, you shall go with me into my own Room, and tell me the whole Story. I'll give thee a most delicious Glafs of a Cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

S C E N E VII.

Peachum, Polly.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine Ladies how to make the most of my self and of my Man too. A Woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a Court or at an Assembly. We have it in our Natures, Papa. If I allow Captain *Macheath* some trifling Liberties, I have this Watch and other visible Marks of his Favour to show for it. A Girl who cannot grant some Things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her Beauty, and soon be thrown upon the Common,

A I R VI. What shall I do to show how much I love her, &c.

*Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,
Which in the Garden enamels the Ground;
Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet,)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.*

Peach. You know, *Polly*, I am not against your toying and trifling with a Customer in the way of Business, or to get out a Secret,

Secret, or so. But if I find out that you have play'd the fool and are married, you Jade you, I'll cut your Throat, Huffy. Now you know my Mind.

S C E N E VIII.

Peachum, Polly, Mrs. Peachum.

A I R VII. Oh London is a fine Town.

Mrs. Peachum, in a very great Passion.

Our Polly is a sad Slut! nor heeds what we taught her.

I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a Daughter!

For she must have both Hoods and Gowns, and Hoops to swell her Pride,

With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and Lace; and she will have Men beside;

And when she's dress'd with Care and Cost, all-tempting, fine and gay,

As Men should serve a Cowcumber, she flings herself away.

Our Polly is a sad Slut, &c.

You Baggage! you Huffy! you inconsiderate Jade! had you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your Misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by Choice! The Wench is married, Husband.

Peach. Married! The Captain is a bold Man, and will risque any thing for Money; to be sure he believes her a Fortune. Do you think your Mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

Mrs. Peach. I knew she was always a proud Slut; and now the Wench hath play'd the Fool and married, because forsooth she would do like the Gentry. Can you support the Expence of a Husband, Huffy, in gaming, drinking and whoring? have you Money enough to carry on the daily Quarrels of Man and Wife about who shall squander most? There are not many Husbands and Wives, who can bear the Charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way. If you must be married, could you introduce no-body into our Family but a Highwayman? Why, thou foolish Jade, thou wilt be as ill-us'd, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a Lord!

Peach.

Peach. Let not your Anger, my Dear, break through the Rules of Decency, for the Captain looks upon himself in the Military Capacity, as a Gentleman by his Profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent Chances for a Wife. Tell me Huffy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. Peach. With *Polly's* Fortune, she might very well have gone off to a Person of Distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting Slut!

Peach. What, is the Wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an Answer from you. Are you really bound Wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh!

[*Screaming.*

Mrs. Peach. How the Mother is to be pitied who hath handsome Daughters! Locks, Bolts, Bars, and Lectures of Morality are nothing to them: They break through them all. They have as much Pleasure in cheating a Father and Mother, as in cheating at Cards.

Peach. Why, *Polly*, I shall soon know if you are married, by *Macheath's* keeping from our House.

A I R VIII. Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.

Polly. Can Love be controul'd by Advice?

Will Cupid our Mothers obey?

Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,

At his Flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kist me so closely he prest,

'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:

So I thought it both safest and best

To marry, for fear you should chide.

Mrs. Peach. Then all the Hopes of our Family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And *Macheath* may hang his Father and Mother-in-Law, in hope to get into their Daughter's Fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the Fashion) coolly and deliberately for Honour or Money. But, I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the Girl had been better bred. Oh Husband, Husband! her Folly makes

makes me mad! my Head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself--- Oh!

Peach. See, Wench, to what a Condition you have reduc'd your poor Mother! a Glass of Cordial, this instant. How the poor Woman takes it to Heart!

[*Polly goes out, and returns with it.*]

Ah, Huffy, now this is the only Comfort your Mother has left!

Polly. Give her another Glass, Sir; my Mama drinks double the Quantity whenever she is out of Order. This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The Girl shows such a Readiness, and so much Concern, that I could almost find in my Heart to forgive her.

A I R IX. O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been.

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist.

By keeping Men off, you keep them on.

Polly. But he so teaz'd me,

And he so pleas'd me,

What I did, you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a Highwayman.----- You sorry Slut!

Peach. A Word with you, Wife. 'Tis no new thing for a Wench to take Man without consent of Parents. You know 'tis the Frailty of Woman, my Dear.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the Sex is frail. But the first time a Woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her Fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make your self a little easy; I have a Thought shall soon set all Matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, *Polly*? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, *Polly*; as far as one Woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.----- Your Father is too fond of you, Huffy.

Polly. Then all my Sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely Speech in troth, for a Wench who is just married!

The Beggar's Opera.

A I R X. *Thomas*, I cannot, &c.

Polly. I, like a Ship in Storms, was tost;
 Yet afraid to put in to Land;
 For seiz'd in the Port the Vessel's lost,
 Whose Treasure is contrebanded.

The Waves are laid,

My Duty's paid.

O Joy beyond Expression!

Thus, safe a-shore,

I ask no more,

My All is in my Possession.

Peach. I hear Customers in t'other Room; Go, talk with 'em, *Polly*; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone.---- But, heark ye, Child, if 'tis the Gentleman who was here Yesterday about the Repeating-Watch; say, you believe we can't get Intelligence of it, till to-morrow. For I lent it to *Suky Straddle*, to make a Figure with it to-night at a Tavern in *Drury-Lane*. If t'other Gentleman calls for the Silver-hilted Sword; you know Beetle-brow'd *Femmy* hath it on, and he doth not come from *Tunbridge* till *Tuesday* Night; so that it cannot be had till then.

S C E N E IX.

Peachum, *Mrs. Peachum*.

Peach. Dear Wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your Passion run away with your Senses. *Polly*, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. Peach. If she had had only an Intrigue with the Fellow, why the very best Families have excus'd and huddled up a Frailty of that sort. 'Tis Marriage, Husband, that makes it a Blemish.

Peach. But Money, Wife, is the true Fuller's Earth for Reputations, there is not a Spot or a Stain but what it can take out. A rich Rogue now-a-days is fit Company for any Gentleman; and the World, my Dear, hath not such a Contempt for Roguery as you imagine. I tell you, Wife, I can make this Match turn to our Advantage.

Mrs.

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, Husband, that Captain *Macbeath* is worth Money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three Wives already, and then if he should dye in a Session or two, *Polly's* Dower would come into Dispute.

Peach. That, indeed, is a Point which ought to be consider'd.

A I R XI. A Soldier and a Sailor.

*A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir,
A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir,
Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir,
Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir,
A Thief your Goods and Plate.
But this is all but picking;
With Rest, Pence, Chest and Chicken,
It ever was decreed, Sir,
If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,
He steals your whole Estate.*

The Lawyers are bitter Enemies to those in our Way. They don't care that any Body should get a Clandestine Livelihood but themselves.

S C E N E X.

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum, Polly.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming *Ned*. He brought in a Damask Window-Curtain, a Hoop-Petticoat, a Pair of Silver Candlesticks, a Perriwig, and one Silk Stocking, from the Fire that happen'd last Night.

Peach. There is not a Fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more Goods out of the Fire than *Ned*. But now, *Polly*, to your Affair; for Matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it seems?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live, Child?

Polly. Like other Women, Sir, upon the Industry of my Husband.

Mrs. Peach. What, is the Wench turn'd Fool? A Highwayman's Wife, like a Soldier's, hath as little of his Pay, as of his Company.

Peach.

Peach. And had not you the common Views of a Gentlewoman in your Marriage, *Polly*?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Peach. Of a Jointure, and of being a Widow.

Polly. But I love him, Sir: how then could I have Thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! Why, that is the whole Scheme and Intention of all Marriage Articles. The comfortable Estate of Widow-hood, is the only hope that keeps up a Wife's Spirits. Where is the Woman who would scruple to be a Wife, if she had it in her Power to be a Widow whenever she pleas'd? If you have any Views of this sort, *Polly*, I shall think the Match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your Advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next Sessions, and then at once you are made a rich Widow.

Polly. What, murder the Man I love! The Blood runs cold at my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Peach. Fye, *Polly*! What hath Murder to do in the Affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say, the Captain himself would like that we should get the Reward for his Death sooner than a Stranger. Why, *Polly*, the Captain knows, that as 'tis his Employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take Robbers; every Man in his Business. So that there is no Malice in the Case.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, Husband, now you have nick'd the Matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

A I R XII. Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.

Polly. Ob, ponder well! be not severe;

So save a wretched Wife!

For on the Rope that hangs my Dear

Depends poor Polly's Life.

Mrs. Peach. But your Duty to your Parents, Hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a Wife give for such an Opportunity!

Polly. What is a Jointure, what is Widow-hood to me? I know my Heart. I cannot survive him.

A I R XIII. Le printemps rappelle aux armes.

The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,

Her Lover dying,

The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,

Laments her Dove.

Down she drops quite spent with sighing,

Pair'd in Death, as pair'd in Love.

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor *Polly*.

Mrs. Peach. What, is the Fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular: Why, Wench, thou art a Shame to thy very Sex.

Polly. But hear me, Mother. — If you ever lov'd —

Mrs. Peach. Those cursed Play-books she reads have been her Ruin. One Word more, Hussy, and I shall knock your Brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, *Polly*, for fear of Mischief, and consider of what is propos'd to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, Hussy. Hang your Husband, and be dutiful.

S C E N E XI.

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum.

[*Polly listening.*]

Mrs. Peach. The Thing, Husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of Intelligence we must take other Measures, and have him peach'd the next Session without her Consent. If she will not know her Duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my Dear, it grieves one's Heart to take off a great Man. When I consider his Personal Bravery, his fine Stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my Heart to have a Hand in his Death. I wish you could have made *Polly* undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a Case of Necessity — our own Lives are in danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we must comply with the Customs of the World, and make Gratitude give way to Interest. — He shall be taken off.

Mrs.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare Matters for the *Old-Baily*.

S C E N E XII.

Polly.

Now I'm a Wretch, indeed. — Methinks I see him already in the Cart, sweeter and more lovely than the Nofegay in his Hand! — I hear the Crowd extolling his Resolution and Intrepidity! — What Vollies of Sighs are sent from the Windows of *Holborn*, that so comely a Youth should be brought to disgrace! — I see him at the Tree! The whole Circle are in Tears! — even Butchers weep! — *Jack Ketch* himself hesitates to perform his Duty, and would be glad to lose his Fee, by a Reprieve. What then will become of *Polly*! — As yet I may inform him of their Design, and aid him in his Escape. — It shall be so. — But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar my self from his dear dear Conversation! That too will distract me. — If he keep out of the way, my Papa and Mama may in time relent, and we may be happy. — If he stays, he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever! — He intended to lye conceal'd in my Room, 'till the Dusk of the Evening: If they are abroad, I'll this Instant let him out, lest some Accident should prevent him.

[*Exit, and returns.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Polly, Macheath.

AIR XIV. Pretty Parrot, say —

Mach.

Pretty Polly, say,

When I was away,

Did your Fancy never stray

To some newer Lover?

Polly.

Without Disguise,

Heaving Sighs,

Doating Eyes,

My constant Heart discover.

Fondly let me loll!

Mach.

O pretty, pretty Poll.

Polly.

Polly. And are you as fond as ever, my Dear?

Mach. Suspect my Honour, my Courage, suspect any thing but my Love. — May my Pistols mis's fire, and my Mare slip her Shoulder while I am pursu'd, if I ever forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my Dear, I have no Reason to doubt you, for I find in the Romance you lent me, none of the great Heroes were ever false in Love.

A I R XV. Pray, Fair One, be kind—

Mach. *My Heart was so free,
It rov'd like the Bee,
'Till Polly my Passion requited;
I sipt each Flower,
I chang'd ev'ry Hour,
But here ev'ry Flower is united.*

Polly. Were you sentenc'd to Transportation, sure, my Dear, you could not leave me behind you — could you?

Mach. Is there any Power, any Force that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a Pension out of the Hands of a Courtier, a Fee from a Lawyer, a pretty Woman from a Looking-glass, or any Woman from *Quadrille*. — But to tear me from thee is impossible!

A I R XVI. Over the Hills and far away.

*Were I laid on Greenland's Coast,
And in my Arms embrac'd my Lads;
Warm amidst eternal Frost,
Too soon the Half Year's Night would pass.*

Polly. *Were I sold on Indian Soil,
Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry Toil,
When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd.*

Mach. *And I would love you all the Day,*

Polly. *Every Night would kiss and play,*

Mach. *If with me you'd fondly stray*

Polly. *Over the Hills and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh! — how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.

Mach. How! Part!

Polly. We must, we must. — My Papa and Mama are set against thy Life. They now, even now are in Search after thee. They are preparing Evidence against thee. Thy Life depends upon a Moment.

A I R XVII. Gin thou wert mine awn thing —

O what Pain it is to part!

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

O what Pain it is to part!

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?

But lest Death my Love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal Cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding Heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One Kifs and then — one Kifs — begone — farewell.

Mach. My Hand, my Heart, my Dear, is so rivited to thine, that I cannot unloose my Hold.

Polly. But my Papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of Hope. A few Weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy *Polly* hear from thee?

Mach. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not Absence change your Love?

Mach. If you doubt it, let me stay — and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble! — Go — but when Safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for 'till then *Polly* is wretched.

A I R XVIII. O the Broom, &c.

Mach. *The Miser thus a Shilling sees,* [Parting, and looking back
Which he's oblig'd to pay, at each other with fond-
With Sighs resigns it by degrees, ness; he at one Door,
And fears 'tis gone for aye. she at the other.

Polly. *The Boy, thus, when his Sparrow's flown,*
The Bird in Silence eyes;
But soon as out of Sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Tavern near Newgate.

Jemmy Twitcher, *Crook-finger'd* Jack, Wat Dreary, Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Henry Padington, Matt of the Mint, Ben Budge, and the rest of the Gang, at the Table, with Wine, Brandy and Tobacco.

Ben. BUT pr'ythee, *Matt*, what is become of thy Brother *Tom*? I have not seen him since my Return from Transportation.

Matt. Poor Brother *Tom* had an Accident this time Twelvemonth, and so clever a made Fellow he was, that I could not save him from those fleaing Rascals the Surgeons; and now, poor Man, he is among the Otamys at *Surgeon's Hall*.

Ben. So it seems, his Time was come.

Jem. But the present Time is ours, and no Body alive hath more. Why are the Law's levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of Mankind? What we win, Gentlemen, is our own by the Law of Arms, and the Right of Conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another Set of practical Philosophers, who to a Man are above the Fear of Death?

Wat. Sound Men, and true!

Robin. Of try'd Courage, and indefatigable Industry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not dye for his Friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his Interest?

Mat. Show me a Gang of Courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just Partition of the World, for every Man hath a Right to enjoy Life.

Mat. We retrench the Superfluities of Mankind. The World is avaritious, and I hate Avarice. A covetous fellow, like a Jack-daw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the Robbers of Mankind, for Money was made for the Free-hearted and Generous, and where

is the injury of taking from another, what he hath not the Heart to make use of?

Jem. Our several Stations for the Day are fixt. Good luck attend us all. Fill the Glasses.

A I R I. Fill ev'ry Glas, &c.

Matt. Fill ev'ry Glas, for Wine inspires us,

And fires us

With Courage, Love and Joy.

Women and Wine should Life employ.

Is there ought else on Earth desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry Glas, &c.

S C E N E II.

To them enter Macheath.

Mach. Gentlemen, well met. My Heart hath been with you this Hour; but an unexpected Affair hath detain'd me. No Ceremony, I beg you.

Matt. We were just breaking up to go upon Duty. Am I to have the Honour of taking the Air with you, Sir, this Evening upon the Heath? I drink a Dram now and then with the Stage-Coachmen in the way of Friendship and Intelligence; and I know that about this Time there will be Passengers upon the Western Road, who are worth speaking with.

Mach. I was to have been of that Party ——— but ———

Matt. But what, Sir?

Mach. Is there any man who suspects my Courage?

Matt. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mach. My Honour and Truth to the Gang?

Matt. I'll be answerable for it.

Mach. In the Division of our Booty, have I ever shewn the least Marks of Avarice or Injustice?

Matt. By these Questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mach. I have a fixt Confidence, Gentlemen, in you all, as Men of Honour, and as such I value and respect you. *Peachment* is a Man that is useful to us.

Matt. Is he about to play us any foul Play? I'll shoot him through the Head.

Mach.

Mach. I beg you, Gentlemen, act with Conduct and Discretion. A Pistol is your last resort.

Matt. He knows nothing of this Meeting.

Mach. Business cannot go on without him. He is a Man who knows the World, and is a necessary Agent to us. We have had a slight Difference, and till it is accommodated I shall be oblig'd to keep out of his way. Any private Dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my Friends. You must continue to act under his Direction, for the moment we break loose from him, our Gang is ruin'd.

Matt. As a Bawd to a Whore, I grant you, he is to us of great Convenience.

Mach. Make him believe I have quitted the Gang, which I can never do but with Life. At our private Quarters I will continue to meet you. A Week or so will probably reconcile us.

Matt. Your Instructions shall be observ'd. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several Duties; so till the Evening at our Quarters in *Moor-fields* we bid you farewell.

Mach. I shall wish my self with you. Success attend you.

[Sits down melancholy at the Table.]

A I R II. March in *Rinaldo*, with Drums and Trumpets.

Matt. Let us take the Road.

Hark! I hear the sound of Coaches!

The hour of Attack approaches,

To your Arms, brave Boys, and load.

See the Ball I hold!

Let the Chymists toil like Asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our Lead to Gold.

[The Gang, rang'd in the Front of the Stage, load their Pistols, and stick them under their Girdles; then go off singing the first Part in Chorus.]

S C E N E III.

Macheath, Drawer.

Mach. What a Fool is a fond Wench! *Polly* is most confoundedly bit. — I love the Sex. And a Man who loves Money,

The Beggar's Opera.

ney, might as well be contented with one Guinea, as I with one Woman. The Town perhaps hath been as much oblig'd to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted Ladies, as to any Recruiting Officer in the Army. If it were not for us and the other Gentlemen of the Sword, *Drury-Lane* would be uninhabited.

AIR III. Would you have a Young Virgin, &c.

*If the Heart of a Man is deprest with Cares,
The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears;
Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears,
Roses and Lillies her Cheeks disclose,
But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those.
 Press her,
 Carefs her
 With Blisses,
 Her Kisses
Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.*

I must have Women. There is nothing unbends the Mind like them. Money is not so strong a Cordial for the Time. Drawer. — [*Enter Drawer.*] Is the Porter gone for all the Ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every Minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as *Hockley in the Hole*, for three of the Ladies, for one in *Vinegar Yard*, and for the rest of them somewhere about *Lewkner's Lane*. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the Barr Bell. As they come I will show them up. Coming, Coming.

S C E N E IV.

Macheath, Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly Brazen.

Mach. Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the Repairs of Quality, and lay on Paint. --- *Dolly Trull!* kifs me, you Slut; are you

you as amorous as ever, Huffy? You are always so taken up with stealing Hearts, that you don't allow your self Time to steal any thing else. — Ah *Dolly*, thou wilt ever be a Coquette! — Mrs. *Vixen*, I'm yours, I always lov'd a Woman of Wit and Spirit; they make charming Mistresses, but plaguy Wives. — *Betty Doxy*! Come hither, Huffy. Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome Beer; for in troth, *Betty*, Strong-Waters will in time ruin your Constitution. You should leave those to your Betters. — What! and my pretty *Jenny Diver* too! As prim and demure as ever! There is not any Prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctify'd Look, with a more mischievous Heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful Hypocrite. — Mrs. *Slammekin*! as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine Ladies, who know your own Beauty, affect an Undress. — But see, here's *Suky Tawdry* come to contradict what I was saying. Every thing she gets one way she lays out upon her Back. Why, *Suky*, you must keep at least a dozen Tallymen. *Molly Brazen*! [*She kisses him.*] That's well done. I love a free-hearted Weuch. Thou hast a most agreeable Assurance, Girl, and art as willing as a Turtle. — But hark! I hear musick. The Harper is at the Door. *If Musick be the Food of Love, play on.* E'er you seat your selves, Ladies, what think you of a Dance? Come in. [*Enter Harper.*] Play the French Tune, that Mrs. *Slammekin* was so fond of.

[*A Dance a la ronde in the French Manner; near the End of it this Song and Chorus.*]

AIR IV. Cotillon.

*Youth's the Season made for Joys,
 Love is then our Duty,
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her Beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a Flower, despis'd in decay.
 Youth's the Season &c.*

*Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow.
 Love with Youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but Sorrow.*

The Beggar's Opera.

*Dance and sing,
Time's on the Wing,*

Life never knows the return of Spring.

Chorus. *Let us drink &c.*

Mach. Now, pray Ladies, take your Places. Here Fellow, [*Pays the Harper.*] Bid the Drawer bring us more Wine. [*Ex. Harper.*] If any of the Ladies chuse Ginn, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink Strong-Waters, but when I have the Cholic.

Mach. Just the Excuse of the fine Ladies! Why, a Lady of Quality is never without the Cholic. I hope, Mrs. *Coaxer*, you have had good Success of late in your Visits among the Mercers.

Coax. We have so many Interlopers —— Yet with Industry, one may still have a little Picking. I carried a silver flower'd Lutestring, and a Piece of black Padefoy to Mr. *Peachum's* Lock but last Week.

Vix. There's *Molly Brazen* hath the Ogle of a Rattle-Snake. She rivetted a Linnen-drapeer's Eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd of three Pieces of Cambric before he could look off.

Braz. Oh dear Madam! —— But sure nothing can come up to your handling of Laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding Tongue! To cheat a Man is nothing; but the Woman must have fine Parts indeed who cheats a Woman!

Vix. Lace, Madam, lyes in a finall Compass, and is of easy Conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your Friends.

Coax. If any Woman hath more Art than another, to be sure, 'tis *Jenny Diver*. Though her Fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his Pocket as coolly, as if Money were her only Pleasure. Now that is a Command of the Passions uncommon in a Woman!

Jenny. I never go to the Tavern with a Man, but in the View of Business. I have other Hours, and other sort of Men for my Pleasure. But had I your Address, Madam ——

Mach. Have done with your Compliments, Ladies; and drink about: You are not so fond of me, *Jenny*, as you use to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to show my Fondness among so many Rivals. 'Tis your own Choice, and not the warmth of my Inclination that will determine you.

AIR V. All in a misty Morning, &c.

Before the Barn-door crowing,
 The Cock by Hens attended,
 His Eyes around him throwing,
 Stands for a while suspended.
 Then One he singles from the Crew,
 And cheers the happy Hen;
 With how do you do, and how do you do,
 And how do you do again.

Mach. Ah *Jenny*! thou art a dear Slut.

Trull. Pray, Madam. were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I ha'nt been so long upon the Town, but I have met with some good Fortune as well as my Neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the Question; 'twas only in the way of Conversation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a Fool, I might have liv'd very handsomely with my last Friend. But upon his missing five Guineas, he turn'd me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your best sort of Keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a *Jew*; and bating their Religion, to Women they are a good sort of People.

Tawd. Now for my part, I own I like an old Fellow: for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A spruce Prentice, let me tell you, Ladies, is no ill thing, they bleed freely. I have sent at least two or three dozen of them in my time to the Plantations.

Jen. But to be sure, Sir, with so much good Fortune as you have had upon the Road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mach. The Road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the Gaming-Table hath been my ruin.

AIR VI. When once I lay with another Man's Wife, &c.

Jen. The Gamesters and Lawyers are Jugglers alike,

If they meddle your All is in danger.

Like Gypsies, if once they can finger a Souse,

Your Pockets they pick, and they pilfer your House,

And give your Estate to a Stranger.

These

These are the Tools of a Man of Honour. Cards and Dice are only fit for cowardly Cheats, who prey upon their Friends.

[She takes up his Pistol. Tawdry takes up the other.]

Tawd. This, Sir, is fitter for your Hand. Besides your Loss of Money, 'tis a Loss to the Ladies. Gaming takes you off from Women. How fond could I be of you! but before Company, 'tis ill bred.

Mac. Wanton Hufflies!

Jen. I must and will have a Kiss to give my Wine a zest.

[They take him about the Neck, and make Signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.]

S C E N E V.

To them, Peachum and Constables.

Peach. I seize you, Sir, as my Prisoner.

Mac. Was this well done, *Jenny*? — Women are Decoy Ducks; who can trust them! Beasts, Jades, Jilts, Harpies, Furies, Whores!

Peach. Your Case, *Mr. Macheath*, is not particular. The greatest Heroes have been ruin'd by Women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of Creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, Sir, take your leave of the Ladies, and if they have a Mind to make you a Visit, they will be sure to find you at home. The Gentleman, Ladies, lodges in *Newgate*. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his Lodgings.

A I R VII. When first I laid Siege to my *Chloris*, &c.

Mac. *At the Tree I shall suffer with pleasure,*
At the Tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of Ill,
I shall find no such Furies as these are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the Reckoning shall be discharg'd.

[Ex. Macheath, guarded with Peachum and Constables.]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

The Women remain.

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. *Jenny*, though Mr. *Peachum* may have made a private Bargain with you and *Suky Tawdry* for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

Coax. I think Mr. *Peachum*, after so long an acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as *Jenny Diver*.

Slam. I am sure at least three Men of his hanging, and in a Year's time too, (if he did me justice) should be set down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. *Slammekin*, that is not fair. For you know one of them was taken in Bed with me.

Jenny. As far as a Bowl of Punch or a Treat, I believe Mrs. *Suky* will join with me.----- As for any thing else, Ladies, you cannot in conscience expect it.

Slam. Dear Madam -----

Trull. I would not for the World -----

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me -----

Trull. As I hope to be fav'd, Madam -----

Slam. Nay, then I must stay here all Night -----

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt with great Ceremony.*]

S C E N E VII. *Newgate.*

Lockit, Turnkeys, Mackheath, Constables.

Lock. Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a Lodger of mine this Year and half. You know the custom, Sir. Garnish, Captain, Garnish. Hand me down those Fetters there.

Mach. Those, Mr. *Lockit*, seem to be the heaviest of the whole sett. With your leave, I should like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our Prisoners. When a Gentleman uses me with Civility, I always do the best I can to please him. ----- Hand them down I say.--- We have them of all Prices, from one Guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every Gentleman should please himself.

Mach.

Mach. I understand you, Sir. [*Gives Money.*] The Fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few Fortunes can bear the Expence of getting off handsomly, or of dying like a Gentleman.

Lock. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better.-----
Take down the further Pair. Do but examine them, Sir.-----
Never was better work.----- How genteely they are made!-----
They will fit as easy as a Glove, and the nicest Man in *England* might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the Chains.*] If I had the best Gentleman in the Land in my Custody I could not equip him more handsomly. And so, Sir-----
I now leave you to your private Meditations.

S C E N E VIII.

Macheath.

A I R VIII. Courtiers, Courtiers think it no harm, &c.

Man may escape from Rope and Gun;

Nay, some have out-liv'd the Doctor's Pill;

Who takes a Woman must be undone,

That Basilisk is sure to kill.

The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets,

So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman,

He that tastes Woman, Ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought my self! Here must I (all day long, 'till I am hang'd) be confin'd to hear the Reproaches of a Wench who lays her Ruin at my Door.----- I am in the Custody of her Father, and to be sure if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my Execution.----- But I promis'd the Wench Marriage.----- What signifies a Promise to a Woman? Does not Man in Marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, Women will believe us; for they look upon a Promise as an Excuse for following their own Inclinations.----- But here comes *Lucy*, and I cannot get from her----- Wou'd I were deaf!

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

Macheath, Lucy.

Lucy. You base Man you, ----- how can you look me in the Face after what hath past between us? ----- See here, perfidious Wretch, how I am forc'd to bear about the load of Infamy you have laid upon me ----- O *Macheath!* thou hast robb'd me of my Quiet ----- to see thee tortur'd would give me pleasure.

A I R IX. A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

*Thus when a good Huswife sees a Rat
In her Trap in the Morning taken,
With pleasure her Heart goes pit a pat,
In Revenge for her loss of Bacon.
Then she throws him
To the Dog or Cat,
To be worried, crush'd and shaken.*

Mac. Have you no Bowels, no Tendernefs; my dear *Lucy*, to see a Husband in these Circumstances?

Lucy. A Husband!

Mac. In ev'ry respect but the Form, and that, my Dear, may be said over us at any time. ----- Friends should not insist upon Ceremonies. From a Man of honour, his Word is as good 'as his Bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleasure of all you fine Men to insult the Women you have ruin'd.

A I R X. 'Twas when the Sea was roaring, &c.

*How cruel are the Traytors,
Who lye and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded Creatures
Of Virtue, Fame, and Rest!
Whoever steals a Shilling,
Through shame the Guilt conceals:
In Love the perjur'd Villain
With Boasts the Theft reveals.*

Mac.

Mac. The very first opportunity, my Dear, (have but patience) you shall be my Wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Instructing Monster! And so you think I know nothing of the Affair of Miss *Polly Peachum*. ----- I could tear thy Eyes out!

Mac. Sure *Lucy*, you can't be such a Fool as to be jealous of *Polly*!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you Brute, you?

Mac. Married! Very good. The Wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good Opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the House; I chat with the Girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all Gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert my self; and now the silly Jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear *Lucy*, these violent Passions may be of ill consequence to a Woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your Assurance, you know that Miss *Polly* hath put it out of your power to do me the Justice you promis'd me.

Mac. A jealous Woman believes ev'ry thing her Passion suggests. To convince you of my Sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my Wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hang'd, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear *Lucy*, to give you satisfaction --- if you think there is any in Marriage. --- What can a Man of Honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems, you are not married to Miss *Polly*.

Mac. You know, *Lucy*, the Girl is prodigiously conceited. No Man can say a civil thing to her, but (like other fine Ladies) her Vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

A I R XI. The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.

The first time at the Looking-glass

The Mother sets her Daughter,

The Image strikes the smiling Lass

With Self-love ever after.

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,

Thinks ev'ry Charm grows stronger.

But alas, vain Maid, all Eyes but your own

Can see you are not younger.

When

When Women consider their own Beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their Lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my Father ----- perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your Word.-----For I long to be made an honest Woman.

S C E N E X.

Peachum, Lockit *with an Account-Book.*

Lock. In this last Affair, Brother *Peachum*, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in *Macheath*.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an Execution.----- But as to that Article, pray how stands our last Year's account?

Lock. If you will run your Eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peach. This long Arrear of the Government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we should hang our Acquaintance for nothing, when our Besters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the People in employment pay better, I promise them for the future, I shall let other Rogues live besides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, Brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with Contempt, as if our Profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect indeed, our Employment may be reckon'd dishonest, because, like Great Statesmen, we encourage those who betray their Friends.

Lock. Such Language, Brother, any where else, might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

A I R. XII. How happy are we, &c.

When you censure the Age,

Be cautious and sage,

Lest the Courtiers offended should be:

If you mention Vice or Bribe,

'Tis so pat to all the Tribe;

Each crys-----That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor *Ned Clincher's* Name, I see. Sure, Brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair proceeding in *Ned's* case:
for

for he told me in the Condemn'd Hold, that for Value receiv'd, you had promis'd him a Session or two longer without Molestation.

Lock. Mr. *Peachum*,—This is the first time my Honour was ever call'd in Question.

Peach. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lock. Who accuses me?

—*Peach.* You are warm, Brother.

Lock. He that attacks my Honour, attacks my Livelyhood.— And this Usage — Sir—is not to be born.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her Information-Money, for the apprehending of curl-pated *Hugh*. Indeed, indeed, Brother, we must punctually pay our Spies, or we shall have no Information.

Lock. Is this Language to me, Sirrah—who have sav'd you from the Gallows, Sirrah! [Collaring each other.]

Peach. If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the World of an arrant Rascal.

Lock. This Hand shall do the office of the Halter you deserve, and throttle you—you Dog! —

Peach. Brother, Brother,—We are both in the Wrong— We shall be both Losers in the Dispute—for you know we have it in our Power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual Interest; 'tis for the Interest of the World we should agree. If I said any thing, Brother, to the Prejudice of your Character, I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother *Peachum*—I can forgive as well as resent.—Give me your Hand. Suspicion does not become a Friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself: But I must now step home, for I expect the Gentleman about this Snuff-box, that *Filch* nimm'd two Nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour.

S C E N E XI.

Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you, Huffy?

Lucy. My Tears might answer that Question.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a Spaniel, over the Fellow that hath abus'd you.

Lucy.

Lucy. One can't help Love ; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my Power to obey you, and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your Husband's Death like a reasonable Woman. 'Tis not the fashion, now-a-days, so much as to affect Sorrow upon these Occasions. No Woman would ever marry, if she had not the Chance of Mortality for a Release. A& like a Woman of Spirit, Huffy, and thank your Father for what he is doing.

A I R XIII. Of a noble Race was *Shenkin*.

Lucy. Is then his Fate decreed, Sir ?

*Such a Man can I think of quitting ?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
O see how my Heart is splitting!*

Lock. Look ye, *Lucy* — There is no saving him. — So, I think, you must ev'n do like other Widows — Buy your self Weeds, and be cheerful.

A I R XIV.

*You'll think e'er many Days ensue
This Sentence not severe ;
I hang your Husband, Child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your Care.
Twang dang dillo dee.*

Like a good Wife, go moan over your dying Husband. That, Child, is your Duty — Consider, Girl, you can't have the Man and the Money too — so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

S C E N E XII.

Lucy, Macheath.

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my Dear, you will, upon the first opportunity, quiet my Scruples — Oh Sir! — my Father's hard Heart is not to be soften'd, and I am in the utmost Despair.

D

Mac.

Mac. But if I could raise a small Sum—Would not twenty Guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the Arguments in the way of Business, the Perquisite is the most prevailing. — Your Father's Perquisites for the Escape of Prisoners must amount to a considerable Sum in the Year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

A I R XV. London Ladies.

*If you at an Office solicit your Due,
And would not have Matters neglected;
You must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too,
To do what his Duty directed.
Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent,
She too has this palpable Failing,
The Perquisite softens her into Consent;
That Reason with all is prevailing.*

Lucy. What Love or Money can do shall be done : for all my Comfort depends upon your Safety.

S C E N E XIII.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Polly. Where is my dear Husband? — Was a Rope ever intended for this Neck! — O let me throw my Arms about it, and throttle thee with Love! — Why dost thou turn away from me? — 'Tis thy *Polly* — 'Tis thy Wife.

Mac. Was ever such an unfortunate Rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another Villain!

Polly. O *Macheath*! was it for this we parted? Taken! Imprison'd! Try'd! Hang'd! — cruel Reflection! I'll stay with thee 'till Death — no Force shall tear thy dear Wife from thee now. — What means my Love? — Not one kind Word! not one kind Look! think what thy *Polly* suffers to see thee in this Condition.

A I R XVI. All in the Downs, &c.

*Thus when the Swallow, seeking Prey,
Within the Sash is closely pent,
His Consort, with bemoaning Lay,
Without sits pining for th' Event.*

Her

*Her chat'ring Lovers all around her skim ;
She heeds them not (poor Bird!) her Soul's with him.*

Mac. I must disown her. [*Afide.*] The Wench is distracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilk'd of my Virtue? Can I have no Reparation? Sure Men were born to lye, and Women to believe them! O Villain! Villain!

Polly. Am I not thy Wife? — Thy Neglect of me, thy Aversion to me too severely proves it. — Look on me. — Tell me, am I not thy Wife?

Lucy. Perfidious Wretch!

Polly. Barbarous Husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hang'd five Months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I too — If you had been kind to me 'till Death, it would not have vex'd me — And that's no very unreasonable Request, (though from a Wife) to a Man who hath not above seven or eight Days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two Wives, Monster?

Mac. If Women's Tongues can cease for an Answer — hear me.

Lucy. I won't. — Flesh and Blood can't bear my Usage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

A I R XVII. Have you heard of a frolicksome Ditty, &c.

Mac. *How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear Charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a Word will I say;
But tol de rol, &c.*

Polly. Sure, my Dear, there ought to be some Preference shown to a Wife! At least she may claim the Appearance of it. He must be distracted with his Misfortunes, or he could not use me thus!

Lucy. O Villain, Villain! thou hast deceiv'd me — I could even inform against thee with Pleasure. Not a Prude wishes more heartily to have Facts against her intimate Acquaintance, than I now wish to have Facts against thee. I would have her Satisfaction, and they should all out.

The Beggar's Opera.

A I R XVIII. Irish Trot.

Polly. *I'm bubbled.*

Lucy. - - - - - *I'm bubbled.*

Polly. *Oh how I am troubled !*

Lucy. *Bambouzled, and bit !*

Polly. - - - - - *My Distresses are doubled.*

Lucy. *When you come to the Tree, should the Hangman refuse,
These Fingers, with Pleasure, could fasten the Noose.*

Polly. *I'm bubbled, &c.*

Mac. Be pacified, my dear *Lucy*—This is all a Fetch of *Polly's*, to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hang'd, she would fain have the Credit of being thought my Widow—Really, *Polly*, this is no time for a Dispute of this sort ; for whenever you are talking of Marriage, I am thinking of Hanging.

Polly. And hast thou the Heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the Heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, *Polly*, dost thou seek to aggravate my Misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, *Miss Peachum*, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a Gentleman in his Circumstances.

A I R XIX.

Polly. Cease your Funning ;
Force or Cunning
Never shall my Heart trapan.
All these Sallies
Are but Malice
To seduce my constant Man.
'Tis most certain,
By their flirting
Women oft' have Envy shown ;
Pleas'd, to ruin
Others wooing ;
Never happy in their own !

Polly.

Polly. Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some Reserve with the Husband, while his Wife is present.

Mac. But seriously, *Polly*, this is carrying the Joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determin'd, Madam, to raise a Disturbance in the Prison, I shall be oblig'd to send for the Turnkey to show you the Door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam; These forward Airs don't become you in the least, Madam. And my Duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my Husband, Madam.

A I R XX. Good-morrow, Gossip *Joan*.

Lucy. *Why how now, Madam Flirt?*
If you thus must chatter;
And are for flinging Dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter;
Madam Flirt!

Polly. *Why how now, saucy Jade;*
Sure the Wench is Tipsy!
How can you see me made [To him.
The Scoff of such a Gipsy?
Saucy Jade! [To her.

S C E N E XIV.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly, Peachum.

Peach. Where's my Wench? Ah Huffy! Huffy!---- Come you home, you Slut; and when your Fellow is hang'd, hang yourself, to make your Family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear Father, do not tear me from him---- I must speak; I have more to say to him---- Oh! twist thy Fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all Women are alike! If ever they commit the Folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves-- Away----- Not a Word more----- You are my Prisoner now, Huffy.

A I R XXI. Irish Howl.

Polly. *No Power on Earth can e'er divide,*
The Knot that Sacred Love hath ty'd.

The Beggar's Opera.

*When Parents draw against our Mind,
The True-love's Knot they faster bind.*

Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah--- oh, oh, &c.

[Holding *Macheath*, *Peachum* pulling her.]

S C E N E XV.

Lucy, Macheath.

Mac. I am naturally compassionate, Wife; so that I could not use the Wench as she deserv'd; which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my Dear, I was strangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the Case, her Father would never have brought me into this Circumstance--- No, *Lucy*,--- I had rather dye than be false to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you say this from your Heart! For I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hang'd than in the Arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hang'd?

Lucy. O *Macheath*, I can never live to see that Day.

Mac. You see, *Lucy*; in the Account of Love you are in my debt, and you must now be convinc'd, that I rather chuse to die than be another's.---- Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my Life to thee---- If you refuse to assist me, *Peachum* and your Father will immediately put me beyond all means of Escape.

Lucy. My Father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the Prisoners; and I fancy he is now taking his Nap in his own Room--- If I can procure the Keys, shall I go off with thee, my Dear?

Mac. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lye conceal'd. As soon as the Search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee--- 'Till then my Heart is thy Prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear Husband---- owe thy Life to me---- and though you love me not---- be grateful---- But that *Polly* runs in my Head strangely.


Mac. A Moment of time may make us unhappy for-ever.

A I R. XXII. The Lads of *Patie's* Mill, &c.

Lucy. *I like the Fox shall grieve,
Whose Mate hath left her side,
Whom Hounds, from Morn to Eve,
Chase o'er the Country wide.*

Where

Where can my Lover hide?
Where cheat the weary Pack?
If Love be not his Guide,
He never will come back!



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Newgate.*

Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. **T**O be sure, Wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this Escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been *Peachum* and his Daughter *Polly*, and to be sure they know the Ways of *Newgate* as well as if they had been born and bred in the Place all their Lives. Why must all your Suspicion light upon me?

Lock. *Lucy, Lucy*, I will have none of these shuffling Answers.

Lucy. Well then---- If I know any Thing of him I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your Temper, *Lucy*, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, Sir,--- I do wish I may be burnt. I do--- And what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?---- How much did he come down with? Come Huffy, don't cheat your Father; and I shall not be angry with you---- Perhaps, you have made a better Bargain with him than I could have done---- How much, my good Girl?

Lucy. You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and would have given Money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah *Lucy!* thy Education 'might have put thee more upon thy Guard; for a Girl in the Bar of an Ale-house is always besieg'd.

Lucy. Dear Sir, mention not my Education---- for 'twas to that I owe my Ruin.

The Beggar's Opera.

A I R I. If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

*When young at the Bar you first taught me to score,
And bid me be frèe of my Lips, and no more;
I was kiss'd by the Parson, the Squire, and the Sot.
When the Guest was departed, the Kiss was forgot.
But his Kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
That I languish'd and pin'd 'till I granted the rest.*

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair Confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous Villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape, Hussy--- Have you?

Lucy. When a Woman loves; a kind Look, a tender Word can persuade her to any thing--- And I could ask no other Bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar Slut, *Lucy*----- If you would not be look'd upon as a Fool, you should never do any thing but upon the Foot of Interest. Those that act otherwise are their own Bubbles.

Lucy. But Love, Sir, is a Misfortune that may happen to the most discreet Woman, and in Love we are all Fools alike----- Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinc'd that *Polly Peachum* is actually his Wife.----- Did I let him escape, (Fool that I was!) to go to her?----- *Polly* will wheedle herself into his Money, and then *Peachum* will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruin'd, because, forsooth, you must be in Love!----- a very pretty Excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy Strumpet:----- I gave him his Life, and that Creature enjoys the Sweets of it.----- Ungrateful *Macheath*!

A I R II. South-Sea Ballad.

*My Love is all Madness and Folly,
Alone I lye,
Toss, tumble, and cry,
What a happy Creature is Polly!
Was e'er such a Wretch as I!
With Rage I redden like Scarlet,
That my dear inconstant Varlet,
Stark blind to my Charms,
Is lost in the Arms
Of that Filt, that inveigling Harlot!*

Stark

The Beggar's Opera.

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*Stark blind to my Charms,
Is lost in the Arms
Of that Filt, that inveigling Harlot!
This, this my Resentment alarms.*

Lock. And so, after all this Mischief, I must stay here to be entertain'd with your catterwauling, Mistress Pufs! - - - Out of my Sight, wanton Strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into Reason, with now and then a little handsome Discipline to bring you to your Senses. - - - Go.

SCENE II.

Lockit.

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this Affair; but I'll be even with him. - - - The Dog is leaky in his Liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the Secret from him, and turn this Affair to my own Advantage. - - - Lions, Wolves, and Vulturs don't live together in Herds, Drovers or Flocks. - - - Of all Animals of Prey, Man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his Neighbour, and yet we herd together. - - - *Peachum* is my Companion, my Friend - - - According to the Custom of the World, indeed, he may quote thousands of Precedents for cheating me - - - And shall not I make use of the Privilege of Friendship to make him a Return?

A I R III. *Packington's Pound.*

*Thus Gamesters united in Friendship are found,
Though they know that their Industry all is a Cheat;
They flock to their Prey at the Dice-Box's Sound,
And join to promote one another's Deceit.*

*But if by mishap
They fall of a Chap,*

*To keep in their Hands, they each other entrap.
Like Pikes, lank with Hunger, who miss of their Ends,
They bite their Companions, and prey on their Friends.*

Now, *Peachum*, you and I, like honest Tradesmen, are to have a fair Tryal which of us two can over-reach the other. - - - *Lucy.* - - - [*Enter Lucy.*] Are there any of *Peachum's* People now in the House?

Lucy

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a Quartern of Strong-Waters in the next Room with Black *Moll*.

Lock. Bid him come to me.

S C E N E III.

Lockit, Filch.

Lock. Why, Boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starv'd; like a shotten Herring.

Filch. One had need have the Constitution of a Horse to go thorough the Business. ---- Since the favourite Child-getter was disabled by a Mis-hap, I have pick'd up a little Money by helping the Ladies to a Pregnancy against their being call'd down to Sentence. ----- But if a Man cannot get an honest Livelyhood any easier way, I am sure, 'tis what I can't undertake for another Session.

Lock. Truly, if that great Man should tip off, 'twould be an irreparable Loss. The Vigor and Prowess of a Knight Errant never sav'd half the Ladies in Distress that he hath done. ----- But, Boy, can'st thou tell me where thy Master is to be found?

Filch. At his * Lock, Sir, at the *Crooked Billet*.

Lock. Very well. --- I have nothing more with you. [*Ex. Filch*. I'll go to him there, for I have many important Affairs to settle with him; and in the way of those Transactions, I'll artfully get into his Secret. --- So that *Macheath* shall not remain a Day longer out of my Clutches.

S C E N E IV. *A Gaming-House.*

Macheath in a fine tarnish'd Coat, *Bèn Budge*, *Matt* of the *Mint*.

Mac. I am sorry, Gentlemen, the Road was so barren of Money. When my Friends are in Difficulties, I am always glad that my Fortune can be serviceable to them. [*Gives them Money.*] You see, Gentlemen, I am not a meer Court Friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

A I R IV. *Lillibullero*.

*The Modes of the Court so common are grown,
That a true Friend can hardly be met;*

Friendship

* A Cant Word, signifying, a Warehouse where stolen Goods are deposited.

Friendship for Interest is but a Loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis true, you find
 Some Friends so kind,
 Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend.
 In sorrowful Ditty,
 They promise, they pity,
 But shift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

But we, Gentlemen, have still Honour enough to break through the Corruptions of the World. — And while I can serve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my Heart that so generous a Man should be involv'd in such Difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill Company, and herd with Gamesters.

Matt. See the Partiality of Mankind! — One Man may steal a Horse, better than another look over a Hedge — Of all Mechanics, of all servile Handycrafts-men, a Gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the Quality are of the Profession, he is admitted amongst the politest Company. I wonder we are not more respected.

Mach. There will be deep Play to-night at *Marybone*, and consequently Money may be pick'd up upon the Road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the Hint who is worth Setting.

Matt. The Fellow with a brown Coat with a narrow Gold Binding, I am told, is never without Money.

Mach. What do you mean, *Matt*? — Sure you will not think of meddling with him! — He's a good honest kind of a Fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be sure, Sir, we will put our selves under your Direction.

Mach. Have an Eye upon the Money-Lenders. — A *Roulean*, or two, would prove a pretty sort of an Expedition. I hate Extortion.

Matt. Those *Rouleaus* are very pretty Things. — I hate your Bank Bills. — There is such a Hazard in putting them off.

Mach. There is a certain Man of Distinction, who in his Time hath nick'd me out of a great deal of the Ready. He is in my Cash, *Ben*; — I'll point him out to you this Evening, and you shall draw upon him for the Debt. — The Company are met; I hear the Dice-box in the other Room. So, Gentlemen, your Servant. You'll meet me at *Marybone*.

SCENE

S C E N E V. Peachum's Lock.

A Table with Wine, Brandy, Pipes and Tobacco.

Peachum, Lockit.

Lock. The Coronation Account, Brother *Peachum*, is of so intricate a Nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

Peach. It consists indeed of a great Variety of Articles. — It was worth to our People, in Fees of different Kinds, above ten Instalments. — This is part of the Account, Brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. A Lady's Tail of rich Brocade — that, I see, is dispos'd of.

Peach. To Mrs. *Diana Trapes*, the Tally-woman, and she will make a good Hand on't in Shoes and Slippers, to trick out young Ladies, upon their going into Keeping. —

Lock. But I don't see any Article of the Jewels.

Peach. Those are so well known, that they must be sent abroad — You'll find them enter'd under the Article of Exportation. — As for the Snuff-Boxes, Watches, Swords, &c. — I thought it best to enter them under their several Heads.

Lock. Seven and twenty Women's Pockets compleat; with the several things therein contain'd; all Seal'd, Number'd, and enter'd.

Peach. But, Brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this Affair. — We should have the whole Day before us. — Besides, the Account of the last Half Year's Plate is in a Book by it self, which lies at the other Office.

Lock. Bring us then more Liquor. — To-day shall be for Pleasure — To-morrow for Business. — Ah Brother, those Daughters of ours are two slippery Huffies — Keep a watchful Eye upon *Polly*, and *Macheath* in a Day or two shall be our own again.

A I R V. Down in the North Country, &c

Lock. *What Gudgeons are we Men!*

Ev'ry Woman's easy Prey.

Though we have felt the Hook, agen

We bite and they betray.

*The Bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling Mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry Grate.*

Peach. But what signifies catching the Bird, if your Daughter *Lucy* will set open the Door of the Cage?

Lock. If Men were answerable for the Follies and Frailties of their Wives and Daughters, no Friends could keep a good Correspondence together for two Days. — This is unkind of you, Brother; for among good Friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. *Diana Trapes* wants to speak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, Brother *Lockit*?

Lock. By all means — She's a good Customer, and a fine-spoken Woman — And a Woman who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the Conversation.

Peach. Desire her to walk in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

S C E N E VI.

Peachum, Lockit, Mrs. Trapes.

Peach. Dear Mrs. *Dye*, your Servant — One may know by your Kifs, that your Ginn is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my Liquors.

Lock. There is no perfum'd Breath like it — I have been long acquainted with the Flavour of those Lips — Han't I, Mrs. *Dye*?

Trapes. Fill it up. — I take as large Draughts of Liquor, as I did of Love. — I hate a Flincher in either.

A I R VI. A Shepherd kept Sheep, &c.

In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, fa, la, la, &c.

Like a Sparrow at all times was ready for Love, fa, la, la, &c.

The Life of all Mortals in Kissing should pass,

Lip to Lip while we're young — then the Lip to the Glass, fa, &c.

But now, Mr. *Peachum*, to our Business. — If you have Blacks of any kind, brought in of late; Mantoes — Velvet Scarfs —
Petti-

Petticoats — Let it be what it will — I am your Chap — for all my Ladies are very fond of Mourning.

Peach. Why, look ye, Mrs. *Dye* — you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the Gentlemen, who venture their Lives for the Goods, little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard Times oblige me to go very near in my Dealing. — To be sure, of late Years I have been a great Sufferer by the Parliament. — Three thousand Pounds would hardly make me amends. — The Act for destroying the Mint, was a severe Cut upon our Business — 'Till then, if a Customer stept out of the way — we knew where to have her — No doubt you know Mrs. *Coaxer* — there's a Wench now ('till to-day) with a good Suit of Cloaths of mine upon her Back, and I could never set Eyes upon her for three Months together. — Since the Act too against Imprisonment for small Sums, my Loss there too hath been very considerable, and it must be so, when a Lady can borrow a handsome Petticoat, or a clean Gown, and I not have the least Hank upon her! And, o' my Conscience, now-a-days most Ladies take a Delight in cheating, when they can do it with Safety.

Peach. Madam, you had a handsome Gold Watch of us t'other Day for seven Guineas. — Considering we must have our Profit — To a Gentleman upon the Road, a Gold Watch will be scarce worth the taking.

Trap. Consider, Mr. *Peachum*, that Watch was remarkable, and not of very safe Sale. — If you have any black Velvet Scarfs — they are a handsome Winter-wear; and take with most Gentlemen who deal with my Customers. — 'Tis I that put the Ladies upon a good Foot. 'Tis not Youth or Beauty that fixes their Price. The Gentlemen always pay according to their Dress, from half a Crown to two Guineas; and yet those Huffies make nothing of balking of me. — Then too, allowing for Accidents. — I have eleven fine Customers now down under the Surgeon's Hands, — what with Fees and other Expences, there are great Goings-out, and no Comings-in, and not a Farthing to pay for at least a Month's cloathing. — We run great Risques — great Risques indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs. *Coaxer*.

Trap. Yes, Sir. — To be sure I stript her of a Suit of my own Cloaths about two hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her Shift, with a Lover of hers at my House. She call'd him up Stairs, as he was going to *Marybone* in a Hackney Coach. — And I hope, for her own sake and mine,

she

she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the Ladies.

Lock. What Captain?

Trap. He thought I did not know him — An intimate Acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Peachum* — Only Captain *Macbeath* — as fine as a Lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. *Dye*, you shall set your own Price upon any of the Goods you like — We have at least half a dozen Velvet Scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a Present of this Suit of Night-cloaths for your own wearing? — But are you sure it is Captain *Macbeath*?

Trap. Though he thinks I have forgot him; no Body knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's Money in my Time at second-hand, for he always lov'd to have his Ladies well dress'd.

Peach. Mr. *Lockit* and I have a little business with the Captain; — You understand me — and we will satisfye you for Mrs. *Coaxer's* Debt.

Lock. Depend upon it — we will deal like Men of Honour.

Trap. I don't enquire after your Affairs — so whatever happens, I wash my Hands on't. — It hath always been my Maxim, that one Friend should assist another — But if you please — I'll take one of the Scarfs home with me, 'Tis always good to have something in Hand.

S C E N E VII. *Newgate.*

Lucy.

Jealousy, Rage, Love and Fear are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and shatter'd with distresses!

AIR VII. One Evening, having lost my Way, &c.

*I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each Billow born,
With her Rudder broke, and her Anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.*

*While thus I lye rolling and tossing all Night,
That Polly lyes sporting on Seas of Delight!*

*Revenge, Revenge, Revenge,
Shall appease my restless Sprite.*

I have the Rats-bane ready. — I run no Risque; for I can lay her Death upon the Ginn, and so many dye of that naturally that I shall never be call'd in Question. — But say, I were to be hang'd — I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater Comfort, than the poysoning that Slut.

Enter Filch.

Filch. Madam, here's our Miss *Polly* come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

S C E N E VIII.

Lucy, Polly.

Lucy. Dear Madam, your Servant. — I hope you will pardon my Passion, when I was so happy to see you last. — I was so over-run with the Spleen, that I was perfectly out of my self. And really when one hath the Spleen, every thing is to be excus'd by a Friend.

AIR VIII. Now *Roger*, I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my Son.

When a Wife's in her Pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt;)
The good Husband as meek as a Lamb,
Her Vapours to still,
First grants her her Will,
And the quieting Draught is a Dram.

Poor Man! And the quieting Draught is a Dram.

— I wish all our Quarrels might have so comfortable a Reconciliation.

Polly. I have no Excuse for my own Behaviour, Madam, but my Misfortunes. — And really, Madam, I suffer too upon your Account.

Lucy. But, Miss *Polly* — in the way of Friendship, will you give me leave to propose a Glass of Cordial to you?

Polly. Strong-Waters are apt to give me the Head-ache — I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest Lady in the Land could have better
in

in her Closet, for her own private drinking. — You seem mighty low in Spirits, my Dear.

Polly. I am sorry, Madam, my Health will not allow me to accept of your Offer. — I should not have left you in the rude Manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my Papa haul'd me away so unexpectedly — I was indeed somewhat provok'd, and perhaps might use some Expressions that were disrespectful. — But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much Contempt and Cruelty, that I deserv'd your Pity, rather than your Resentment.

Lucy. But since his Escape, no doubt all Matters are made up again. — Ah *Polly!* *Polly!* 'tis I am the unhappy Wife; and he loves you as if you were only his Mistress.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the Object of your Jealousy. — A Man is always afraid of a Woman who loves him too well — so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our Cases, my dear *Polly*, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

A I R IX. O Bessy Bell.

Polly. *A Curse attends that Woman's Love,*
Who always would be pleasing.

Lucy. *The Pertness of the billing Dove,*
Like tickling, is but teasing.

Polly. *What then in Love can Woman do?*

Lucy. *If we grow fond they shun us.*

Polly. *And when we fly them, they pursue.*

Lucy. *But leave us when they've won us.*

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both Sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting. — But my Heart is particular, and contradicts my own Observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress *Lucy*, by his last Behaviour; I think I ought to envy you. — When I was forc'd from him, he did not shew the least Tenderness. — But perhaps, he hath a Heart not capable of it.

A I R X. Would Fate to me *Belinda* give —

Among the Men, Coquets we find,
Who Court by turns all Woman-kind;

E

And

*And we grant all their Hearts desir'd,
When they are flatter'd, and admir'd.*

The Coquets of both Sexes are Self-lovers, and that is a Love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear *Lucy*, our Husband is one of those.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy Reflections, — indeed, my dear *Polly*, we are both of us a Cup too low. — Let me prevail upon you, to accept of my Offer.

A I R XI. Come, sweet Lass, &c.

*Come, sweet Lass,
Let's banish Sorrow
'Till To-morrow ;
Come, sweet Lass,
Let's take a chirping Glass.
Wine can clear
The Vapours of Despair ;
And make us light as Air ;
Then drink, and banish Care.*

I can't bear, Child, to see you in such low Spirits. — And I must persuade you to what I know will do you good. — I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical Strumpet.

[*Aside.*

S C E N E X.

Polly.

Polly. All this wheedling of *Lucy* cannot be for nothing. — At this time too! when I know she hates me! — The Dissembling of a Woman is always the Fore-runner of Mischief. — By pouring Strong-Waters down my Throat, she thinks to pump some Secrets out of me. — I'll be upon my Guard, and won't taste a Drop of her Liquor, I'm resolv'd.



S C E N E

SCENE X.

Lucy, with Strong-Waters. Polly.

Lucy. Come, Miss *Polly*.*Polly.* Indeed, Child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose. — You must, my Dear, excuse me.*Lucy.* Really, Miss *Polly*, you are so squeamishly affected about taking a Cup of Strong-Waters as a Lady before Company. I vow, *Polly*, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me. — Brandy and Men (though Women love them never so well) are always taken by us with some Reluctance — unless 'tis in private.*Polly.* I protest, Madam, it goes against me. — What do I see! *Macheath* again in Custody! — Now every glimmering of Happiness is lost.

[Drops the Glass of Liquor on the Ground.]

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the Wench hath escap'd: for by this Event, 'tis plain, she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd. [Aside.]

SCENE XI.

Lockit, Macheath, Peachum, Lucy, Polly.

Lock. Set your Heart to rest, Captain. — You have neither the Chance of Love or Money for another Escape, — for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your Tryal immediately.*Peach.* Away, Huffies! — This is not a time for a Man to be hamper'd with his Wives. — You see, the Gentleman is in Chains already.*Lucy.* O Husband, Husband, my heart long'd to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!*Polly.* Will not my dear Husband look upon his *Polly*? Why hadst thou not flown to me for Protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

A I R XII. The last time I went o'er the Moor.

Polly. Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes*Lucy.* Bestow one Glance to cheer me.

Polly. *Think with that Look, thy Polly dyes.*
 Lucy. *O shun me not — but hear me.*
 Polly. *'Tis Polly sues.*
 Lucy. *—————'Tis Lucy speaks.*
 Polly. *Is thus true Love requited?*
 Lucy. *My Heart is bursting.*
 Polly. *————— Mine too breaks.*
 Lucy. *Must I*
 Polly. *————— Must I be slighted?*

Mach. What would you have me say, Ladies? — You see, this Affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peach. But the settling this Point, Captain, might prevent a Law-suit between your two Widows.

A I R XIII. *Tom Tinker's my true Love.*

Mach. *Which way shall I turn me? — How can I decide?
 Wives, the Day of our Death, are as fond as a Bride.
 One Wife is too much for most Husbands to bear,
 But two at a time there's no Mortal can bear.
 This way, and that way, and which way I will,
 What would comfort the one, t'other Wife would take ill.*

Polly. But if his own Misfortunes have made him insensible to mine — A Father sure will be more compassionate. — Dear, dear Sir, sink the material Evidence, and bring him off at his Tryal — Polly upon her Knees begs it of you.

A I R XIV. *I am a poor Shepherd undone.*

*When my Hero in Court appears,
 And stands arraign'd for his Life;
 Then think of poor Polly's Tears;
 For Ah! Poor Polly's his Wife.
 Like the Sailor he holds up his Hand,
 Distrest on the dashing Wave.
 To die a dry Death at Land,
 Is as bad as a watry Grave.*

And

And alas, poor Polly!
 Alack, and well-a-day!
 Before I was in Love,
 Oh! every Month was May.

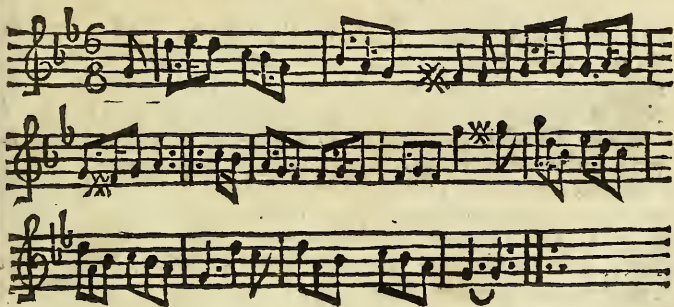
Lucy. If *Peachum's* Heart is harden'd; sure you, Sir, will have more Compassion on a Daughter. — I know the Evidence is in your Power. — How then can you be a Tyrant to me? [Kneeling.

A I R XV. *Ianthe* the lovely, &c.

When he holds up his Hand arraign'd for his Life,
 O think of your Daughter, and think I'm his Wife!
 What are Cannons, or Bombs, or clashing of Swords?
 For Death is more certain by Witnesses Words.
 Then nail up their Lips; that dread Thunder allay;
 And each Month of my Life will hereafter be May.

Lock. *Macheath's* time is come, *Lucy*. — We know our own Affairs, therefore let us have no more Whimpering or Whining.

A I R. A Cobler there was, &c.



Our selves, like the Great, to secure a Retreat,
 When Matters require it, must give up our Gang:
 And good reason why,
 Or, instead of the Fry;
 Ev'n *Peachum* and I,
 Like poor petty Rascals, might hang, hang;
 Like poor petty Rascals, might hang,

Peach.

Peach. Set your Heart at rest, *Polly.* ——— Your Husband is to dye to-day. ——— Therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's Comfort for you, you Slut.

Lock. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the *Old-Baily.*

A I R XVI. *Bonny Dundee.*

Mach. *The Charge is prepar'd; The Lawyers are met,
The Judges all rang'd (a terrible Show!)*

I go, undismay'd. ——— For Death is a Debt,

A Debt on demand. ——— So, take what I owe.

Then farewell, my Love ——— Dear Charmers, adieu.

Contented I die ——— 'Tis the better for you.

Here ends all Dispute the rest of our Lives.

For this way at once I please all my Wives.

Now, Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

S C E N E XII.

Lucy, Polly, Filch.

Polly. Follow them, *Filch*, to the Court. And when the Tryal is over, bring me a particular Account of his Behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd. ——— You'll find me here with Miss *Lucy.* [*Ex. Filch.*] But why is all this Musick?

Lucy. The Prisoners, whose Tryals are put off till next Session, are diverting themselves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing so charming as Musick! I'm fond of it to distraction! ——— But alas! ——— now, all Mirth seems an Insult upon my Affliction. ——— Let us retire, my dear *Lucy*, and indulge our Sorrows, ——— The noisy Crew, you see, are coming upon us. [*Exeunt.*]

A Dance of Prisoners in Chains, &c.

S C E N E

SCENE XIII.

The Condemn'd Hold.

Macheath, in a melancholy Posture.

A I R XVII. Happy Groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel Case!

Must I suffer this Disgrace?

A I R XVIII. Of all the Girls that are so smart.

Of all the Friends in time of Grief,

When threatening Death looks grimmer,

Not one so sure can bring Relief,

As this best Friend, a Brimmer.

[Drinks.

A I R XIX. Britons strike home.

Since I must swing, — I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine. [Rises.

A I R XX. Chevy Chase.

But now again my Spirits sink;

I'll raise them high with Wine.

[Drinks a Glass of Wine.

A I R XXI. To old Sir Simon the King.

But Valour the stronger grows,

The stronger Liquor we're drinking.

And how can we feel our Woes,

When we've lost the Trouble of Thinking?

[Drinks.

A I R XXII. Joy to great Caesar.

If thus — A Man can die

Much bolder with Brandy.

[Pours out a Bumper of Brandy.

A I R XXIII. There was an old Woman.

So I drink off this Bumper. — And now I can stand the Test.

And my Comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the Best.

[Drinks.

A I R XXIV. Did you ever hear of a gallant Sailor.

But can I leave my pretty Hussies,

Without one Tear, or tender Sigh?

A I R.

A I R XXV. Why are mine Eyes still flowing.
Their Eyes, their Lips, their Buffes
Recall my Love. ——— Ab must I die!

A I R XXVI. Green Sleeves.
Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree,
To curb Vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better Company,
Upon Tyburn Tree!
But Gold from Law can take out the Sting;
And if rich Men like us were to swing,
'Twon'd thin the Land, such Numbers to string
Upon Tyburn Tree!

Faylor. Some Friends of yours, Captain, desire to be admitted.
 ——— I leave you together.

SCENE XIV.

Macheath, Ben Budge, Mat of the Mint.

Mach. For my having broke Prison, you see, Gentlemen, I am order'd immediate Execution. ——— The Sheriffs Officers, I believe, are now at the Door. ——— That *Femmy Twitcher* should peach me, I own surpriz'd me! ——— 'Tis a plain Proof that the World is all alike, and that even our Gang can no more trust one another than other People. Therefore, I beg you, Gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some Months longer.

Matt. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your Misfortune.
 ——— But 'tis what we must all come to.

Mach. *Peachum* and *Lockit*, you know, are infamous Scoundrels. Their Lives are as much in your Power, as yours are in theirs. ——— Remember your dying Friend! ——— 'Tis my last Request. ——— Bring those Villains to the Gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Matt. We'll do't.

Faylor. Miss *Polly* and Miss *Lucy* intreat a Word with you.

Mach. Gentlemen, Adieu.

SCENE

S C E N E XV.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Mach. My dear *Lucy* — My dear *Polly* — Whatsoever hath past between us is now at an end. — If you are fond of marrying again, the best Advice I can give you, is to Ship yourselves off for the *West-Indies*, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a Husband a-piece; or by good Luck, two or three, as you like best.

Polly. How can I support this Sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great Man in Distress.

A I R XXVII. All you that must take a Leap, &c.

Lucy. Would I might be hang'd!

Polly. - - - - - And I would, so too!

Lucy. To be hang'd with you.

Polly. - - - - - My Dear, with you.

Mach. O Leave me to Thought! I fear! I doubt!

I tremble! I droop! — See, my Courage is out.

[Turns up the empty Bottle.

Polly. No token of Love?

Mach. - - - - - See, my Courage is out.

[Turns up the empty Pot.

Lucy. No token of Love?

Polly. - - - - - Adieu.

Lucy. - - - - - Farewell.

Mach. But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.

Chorus. Tol de rol lol, &c.

Fairor. Four Women more, Captain, with a Child a-piece! See, here they come. [Enter Women and Children.

Mach. What — four Wives more! — This is too much. — Here — tell the Sheriff's Officers I am ready.

[Exit Macheath guarded.

S C E N E XVI.

To them, Enter Player and Beggar.

Play. But, honest Friend, I hope you don't intend that *Macheath* shall be really executed.

Beg. Most certainly, Sir. — To make the Piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical Justice. — *Macheath* is to be hang'd; and for the other Personages of the Drama, the Audience must have suppos'd they were all either hang'd or transported.

Play. Why then, Friend, this is a down-right deep Tragedy: The Catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.

Beg. Your Objection, Sir, is very just; and is easily remov'd. For you must allow, that in this kind of Drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about. — So — you Rabble there — run and cry a Reprieve — let the Prisoner be brought back to his Wives in Triumph.

Play. All this we must do, to comply with the Taste of the Town.

Beg. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a similitude of Manners in high and low Life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable Vices) the fine Gentlemen imitate the Gentlemen of the Road, or the Gentlemen of the Road the fine Gentlemen — Had the Play remain'd, as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent Moral. 'Twould have shown that the lower Sort of People have their Vices in a degree as well as the Rich: And that they are punish'd for them.

S C E N E XVII.

To them, Macheath with Rabble, &c.

Mach. So, it seems, I am not left to my Choice, but must have a Wife at last. — Look ye, my Dears, we will have no Controversie now. Let us give this Day to Mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my Wife will testify her Joy by a Dance.

All.

All. Come, a Dance — a Dance.

Mach. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a Partner to each of you. And (if I may without Offence) for this time, I take *Polly* for mine. — And for Life, you Slut, — for we were really marry'd. — As for the rest. — But at present keep your own Secret. [To *Polly*.

A DANCE.

A I R XXVIII. Lumps of Pudding, &c.

*Thus I stand like the Turk, with his Doxies around;
From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his Inconstancy burns,
And the different Beauties subdue him by turns:
Each calls forth her Charms, to provoke his Desires:
Though willing to all; with but one he retires.
But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow,
The Wretch of To-day, may be happy To-morrow.*

Chorus. *But think of this Maxim, &c.*

To the F I N I S. same Tune.

With an honest Old Friend



Feb. 10, 1727.

BOOKS Printed for J. TONSON and J. WATTS.

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* * Fifty One NEW FABLES in Verse (invented for the Amusement of His Highness WILLIAM, Duke of Cumberland) By Mr. GAY: With fifty one Cuts, design'd by Mr. Kent and Mr. Wotton, and Engrav'd by Mr. Baron, Mr. Vanderghucht and Mr. Fourdrinier.

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ACT I.

I

Air I

Musical score for Air I, measures 1-4. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. It features a melody in the upper voice with some accidentals (marked with asterisks) and a bass line. The first measure is a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The second measure is a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The third measure is a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The fourth measure is a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.

Air 2

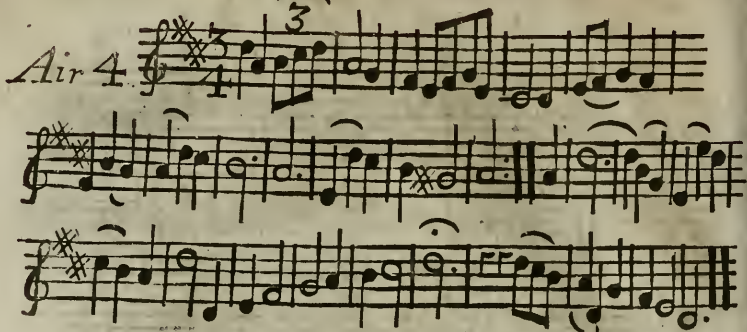
Musical score for Air 2, measures 1-4. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It features a melody in the upper voice with some accidentals (marked with asterisks) and a bass line. The first measure is a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The second measure is a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The third measure is a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The fourth measure is a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.

Air 3

Musical score for Air 3, measures 1-4. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 6/4 time. It features a melody in the upper voice with some accidentals (marked with asterisks) and a bass line. The first measure is a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The second measure is a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The third measure is a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The fourth measure is a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4.

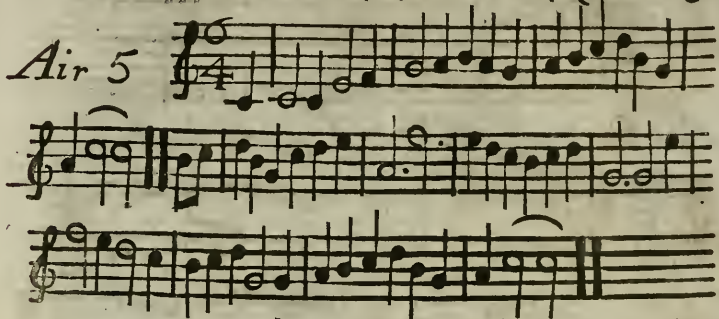
G

Air 4



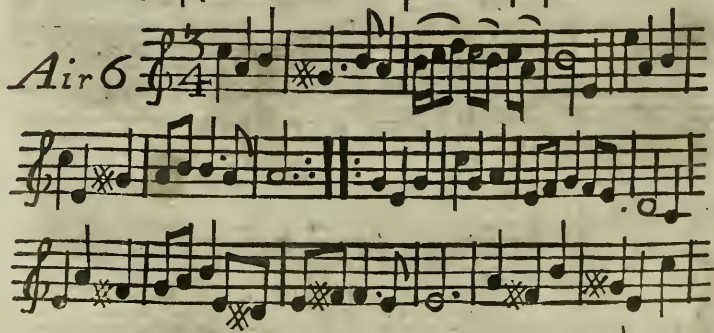
Musical score for *Air 4*, measures 1-3. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure contains a triplet of eighth notes. The second measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The third measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Air 5



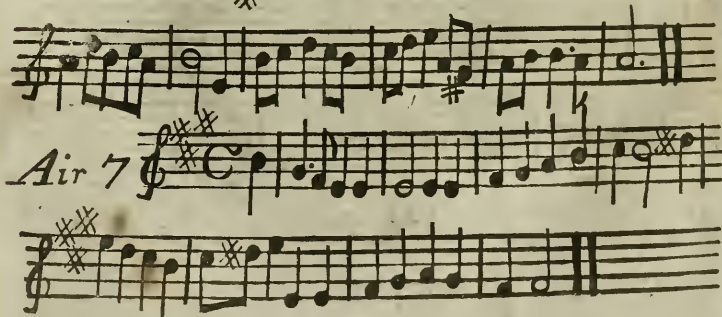
Musical score for *Air 5*, measures 1-3. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The second measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The third measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Air 6



Musical score for *Air 6*, measures 1-3. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The second measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The third measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Air 7



Musical score for *Air 7*, measures 1-3. The piece is in D major (two sharps) and common time (C). It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The first measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The second measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The third measure contains a quarter note followed by a dotted quarter note. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Air 8 *Air 8* *Air 8*

Musical notation for Air 8, consisting of three staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The second and third staves continue the melody with repeat signs at the beginning and end.

Air 9 *Air 9*

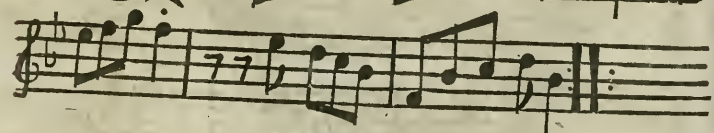
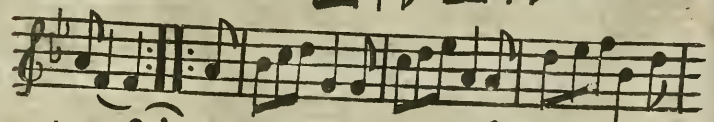
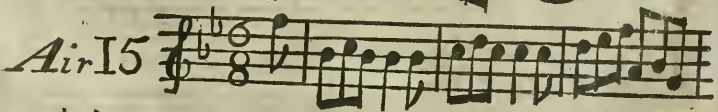
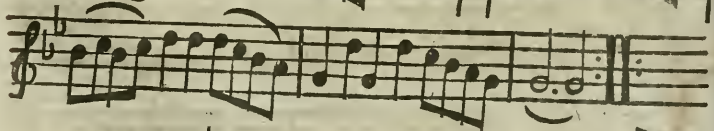
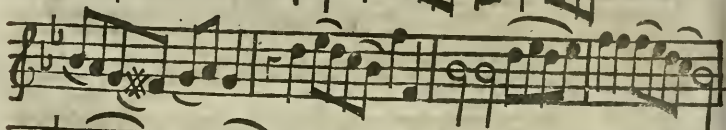
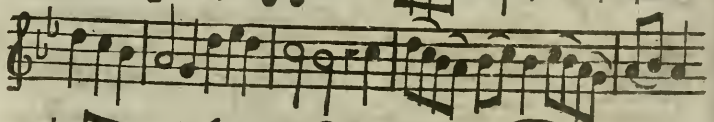
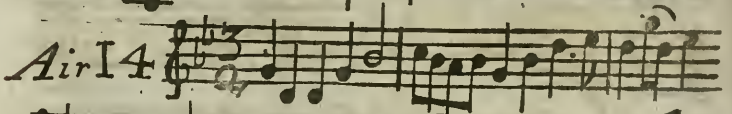
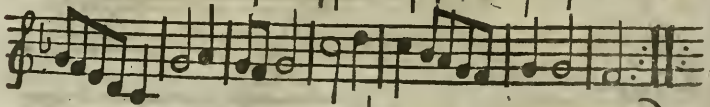
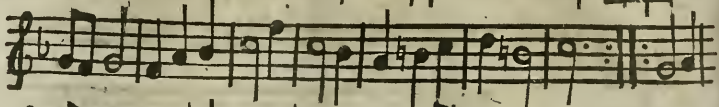
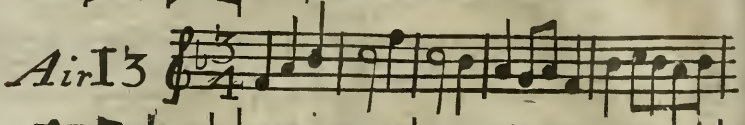
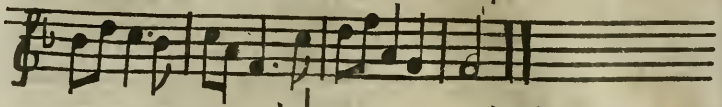
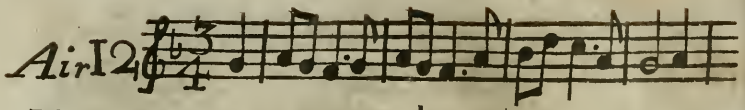
Musical notation for Air 9, consisting of two staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The second staff continues the melody with a repeat sign at the end.

Air 10 *Air 10* *Air 10*

Musical notation for Air 10, consisting of three staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The second and third staves continue the melody with repeat signs at the end.

Air 11 *Air 11* *Air 11* *Air 11*

Musical notation for Air 11, consisting of four staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 6/4 time. The second, third, and fourth staves continue the melody with repeat signs at the end.



Over the hills

Air I6

fin. (then rest my own thing)

Air I7

Ma. Pizzoni

Air I8

tr

End of the First Act

Air 1

Musical notation for *Air 1*, measures 1-4. Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 2

Musical notation for *Air 2*, measures 1-4. Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), common time (C). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 3

Musical notation for *Air 3*, measures 1-4. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F#, C#), 6/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 4

Musical notation for *Air 4*, measures 1-4. Treble clef, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), common time (C). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 5

Musical notation for Air 5, consisting of three staves in treble clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 6

Musical notation for Air 6, consisting of two staves in treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 7

Musical notation for Air 7, consisting of two staves in treble clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 8

Musical notation for Air 8, consisting of two staves in treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 9

Musical notation for Air 9, consisting of three staves in treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air IO

Three staves of musical notation for *Air IO*. The first staff is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves continue the melody with various rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

Al. Andante

Air II

Two staves of musical notation for *Air II*. The first staff is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The second staff continues the melody with various rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

Air I2

Two staves of musical notation for *Air I2*. The first staff is in common time (C) with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The second staff continues the melody with various rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

Air I3

Two staves of musical notation for *Air I3*. The first staff is in common time (C) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff continues the melody with various rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

song

Two staves of musical notation for a *song* section. The first staff is in common time (C) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff continues the melody with various rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

song

Two staves of musical notation for a *song* section. The first staff is in common time (C) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff continues the melody with various rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

Air I4

Two staves of musical notation for *Air I4*. The first staff is in common time (C) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff continues the melody with various rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

Two staves of musical notation for *Air I4*. The first staff is in common time (C) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff continues the melody with various rhythmic patterns and accidentals.

Air I 5 6/4 $\text{F}^{\#}$

Air I 6 6/4 $\text{F}^{\#}$

Air I 7 6/4 F^{\flat}

Air I 8 6/4 $\text{F}^{\#}$

IO

bring your fan

Air 19

Air 20

Air 21

X Air 22

End of the Second Act.

ACT III II

Air 1

Musical score for Air 1, consisting of four staves of music in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff contains a repeat sign. The third and fourth staves include various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like ':s:'.

Air 2

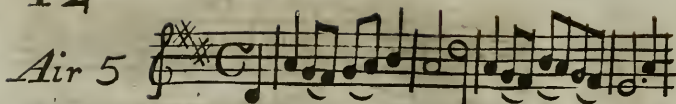
Musical score for Air 2, consisting of three staves of music in 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature. The second and third staves continue the melody with various note values and rests.

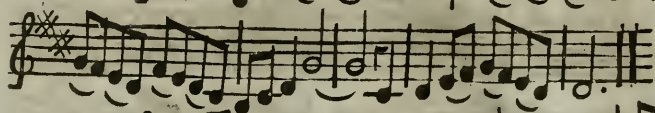
Air 3

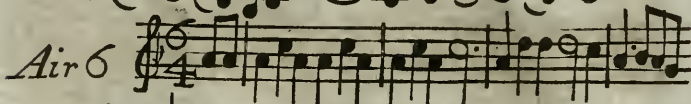
Musical score for Air 3, consisting of three staves of music in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The second and third staves contain musical notation with repeat signs and various note values.

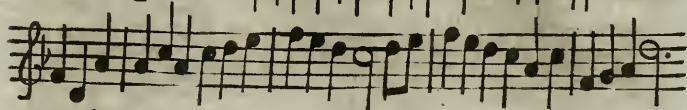
Air 4

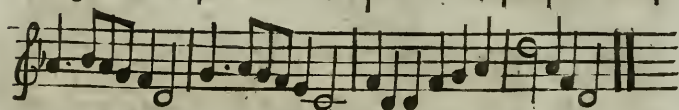
Musical score for Air 4, consisting of three staves of music in 6/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second and third staves contain musical notation with repeat signs and various note values.

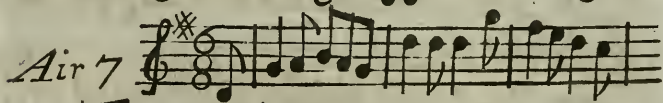
Air 5 

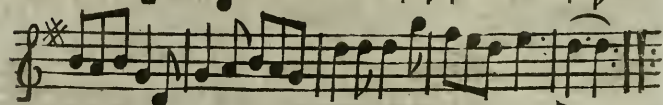


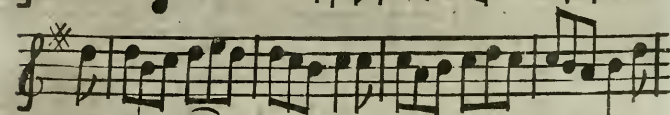
Air 6 

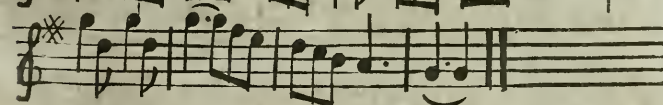


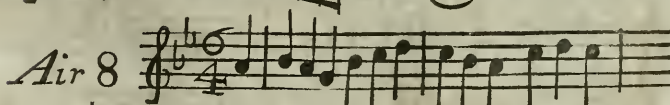


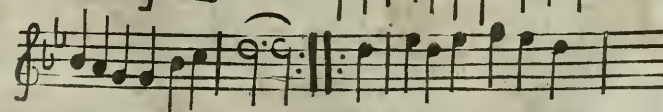
Air 7 

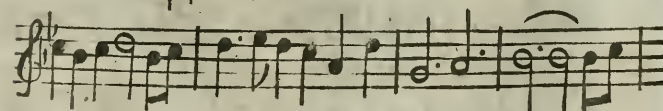


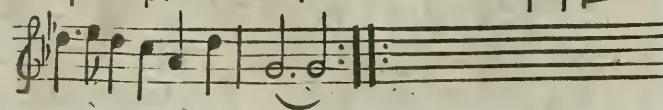




Air 8 







Air 9

Air 9 is a piece in G major (one sharp) and 3/8 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/8 time signature. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Air 10

Air 10 is in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Air 11

Air 11 is in G major and common time (C). It consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody is composed of quarter and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Air 12

Air 12 is in G major and common time. It consists of four staves. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The melody is primarily composed of quarter notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

come sweetly

The last time I saw her

Air 13 $\frac{3}{4}$

Air 14 $\frac{6}{8}$

Air 15 C

Memo 7 notes

Air 16 $\frac{6}{4}$

Air 17 G^{\flat} C

Air 18 F^{\flat} 4/4

Air 19 F^{\flat} 4/4

Air 20 G^{\flat} 6/8

Cherry Blase

Air 21 G^{\flat} 4/4

Joy to Great God

Air 22 G^{\flat} 4/4

Air 23 G^{\flat} 4/4

There was an old woman

Green Blase

Air 24 G^{\flat} 2/4

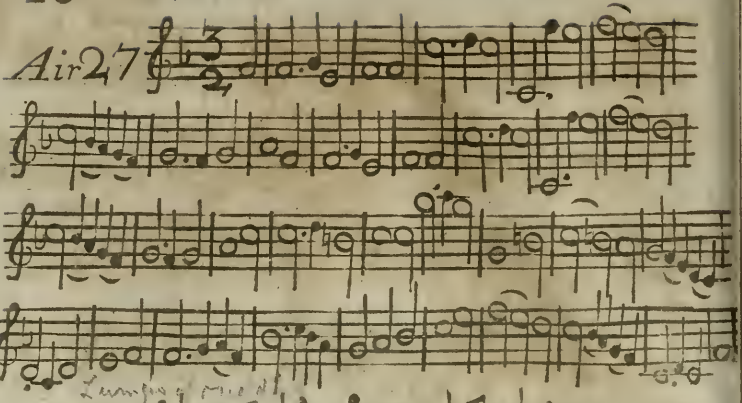
Air 25 G^{\flat} 4/4

Air 26 G^{\flat} 4/4

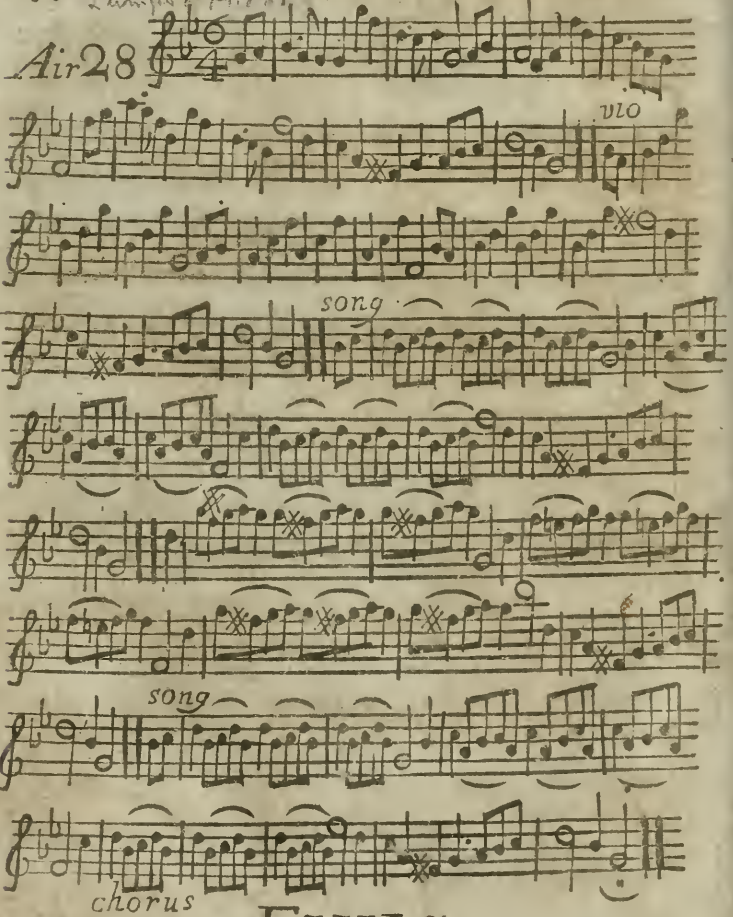
Green Blase

Air 27 G^{\flat} 4/4

Air 27



Air 28



vto

song

song

chorus

FINIS

P O L L Y :

A N

O P E R A .

B E I N G T H E

S E C O N D P A R T

O F T H E

B E G G A R ' s O P E R A .

Written by Mr. G A Y .

*Rarò antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo. Hor.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. THOMSON, and sold by the Book-
sellers of London and Westminster. 1729.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

1950

RECORDS

1950

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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1950

1950

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1950



P R E F A C E.

AFTER Mr. *Rich* and I were agreed upon Terms and Conditions for bringing this Piece on the Stage, and that every thing was ready for a Rehearsal; the Lord Chamberlain sent an Order from the Country to prohibit Mr. *Rich* to suffer any Play to be rehears'd upon his Stage, till it had been first of all supervis'd by His Grace. As soon as Mr. *Rich* came from His Grace's Secretary (who had sent for him to receive the before-mention'd Order) he came to my Lodgings, and acquainted me with the Orders he had received.

Upon the Lord Chamberlain's coming to Town, I was confined by Sickness, but in four or five Days, I went abroad on purpose to wait on His Grace with a faithful and genuine Copy of this Piece, excepting the Errata's of the Transcriber.

It was transcrib'd in great Haste by Mr. *Stede* the Prompter of the Playhouse, that it might be ready against His Grace's Return from the Country. As my Illness at that time would not allow me to read it over, I since find in it many small Faults, and here and there a Line or two omitted. But lest it should be said I had made any one Alteration from the Copy I deliver'd to the Lord Chamberlain: I have caus'd every Error in the said Copy to be * printed (literal Faults excepted)

* We refer the Reader to the Quarto Edition for those Errors and Emendations, which are trifling, and publish'd only for the Author's Justification, in relation to the Copy he leit with the Lord Chamberlain.

and have taken Notice of every Omission. I have also pointed out every Amendment I have made upon the Revival of my own Copy for the Press, that the Reader may, at one View, see what Alterations and Amendments have been made.

Excepting these Errors and Emendations, this Edition is a true and faithful Copy, as I myself, in my own Hand-writing, delivered it to Mr. *Rich*, and afterwards to the Lord Chamberlain, for the Truth of which I appeal to his Grace.

As I have heard several Suggestions and false Insinuations concerning the Copy: I take this Occasion, in the most solemn manner to affirm, That the very Copy I delivered to Mr. *Rich* was written in my own Hand, some Months before, at the *Bath*, from my own first foul blotted Papers; from this that for the Playhouse was transcribed, from whence the above-mention'd Mr. *Stede* copied that which I delivered to the Lord Chamberlain; and, excepting my own foul blotted Papers, I do protest I know of no other Copy whatsoever, than those I have mention'd.

The Copy I gave into the Hands of Mr. *Rich* had been seen before by several Persons of the greatest Distinction and Veracity, who will be ready to do me the Honour and Justice to attest it; so that not only by them, but by Mr. *Rich* and Mr. *Stede*, I can (against all Insinuation, or positive Affirmation) prove in the most clear and undeniable manner, if Occasion required, what I have here upon my own Honour and Credit asserted. The Introduction indeed was not shewn to the Lord Chamberlain, which as I had not then quite settled, was never transcribed in the Playhouse Copy.

'Twas on *Saturday* Morning, *Dec. 7. 1728*, that I waited upon the Lord Chamberlain; I desir'd to have the Honour of reading the Opera to His Grace, but he order'd me to leave it with him, which I did, upon Expectation of having it return'd on the *Monday* following; but I had it not till *Thursday, Decemb. 12.* when I receiv'd it from His Grace with this Answer,

That

That it was not allow'd to be acted, but commanded to be suppress'd. This was told me in general, without any Reasons assign'd, or any Charge against me of my having given any particular Offence.

Since this Prohibition, I have been told, that I am accused in general Terms, of having written many disaffected Libels and seditious Pamphlets. As it hath ever been my utmost Ambition (if that Word may be us'd upon this Occasion) to lead a quiet and inoffensive Life, I thought my Innocence in this Particular would never have requir'd a Justification; and as this kind of Writing is what I have ever detested, and never practis'd, I am persuaded so groundless a Calumny can never be believ'd but by those who do not know me. But when general Aspersions of this sort have been cast upon me, I think myself call'd upon to declare my Principles; and I do with the strictest Truth affirm, that I am as loyal a Subject, and as firmly attach'd to the present happy Establishment, as any of those who have the greatest Places or Pensions. I have been inform'd too, that in the following Play I have been charg'd with writing Immoralities; that it is fill'd with Slander and Calumny against particular great Persons, and that Majesty it self is endeavour'd to be brought into Ridicule and Contempt.

As I knew that every one of these Charges was, in every Point, absolutely false, and without the least Grounds, at first I was not at all affected by them; but when I found they were still insisted upon, and that particular Passages, which were not in the Play, were quoted and propagat'd to support what had been suggested, I could no longer bear to lye under these false Accusations; so, by printing it, I have submitted and given up all present Views of Profit which might accrue from the Stage, which undoubtedly will be some Satisfaction to the worthy Gentlemen who have treated me with so much Candour and Humanity, and represented me in such favourable Colours.

But


But as I am conscious to myself, that my only Intention was to lash in general the reigning and fashionable Vices, and to recommend and set Virtue in as amiable a Light as I could; to justify and vindicate my own Character, I thought myself obliged to print the Opera without Delay, in the Manner I have done.

As the Play was principally design'd for Representation, I hope, when it is read, it will be consider'd in that Light: And when all that hath been said against it, shall appear to be entirely misunderstood or misrepresented; if some time hence it should be permitted to appear on the Stage, I think it necessary to acquaint the Publick, that as far as a Contract of this kind can be binding, I am engag'd to Mr. *Rich* to have it represented upon his Theatre.

March 25. 1729.



I N T R O.



INTRODUCTION.

POET. PLAYER.

Poet. A SEQUEL to a Play is like more last Words. 'Tis a kind of Absurdity; and really, Sir, you have prevail'd upon me to pursue this Subject against my Judgment.

1st. Player. Be the Success as it will, you are sure of what you have contracted for; and, upon the Inducement of Gain, no body can blame you for undertaking it.

Poet. I know I must have been look'd upon as whimsical, and particular, if I had scrupled to have risk'd my Reputation for my Profit; for why should I be more squeamish than my Betters? and so, Sir, contrary to my Opinion, I bring *Polly* once again upon the Stage.

1st. Player. Consider, Sir, you have Prepossession on your side.

Poet. But then the Pleasure of Novelty is lost; and in a thing of this kind I am afraid I shall hardly be pardon'd for imitating my self; for sure Pieces of this Sort are not to be followed as Precedents. My Dependance, like a tricking Bookseller's, is, that the kind Reception the first Part met with will carry off the second, be it what it will.

1st. Player. You should not disparage your own Works; you will find Criticks enough who will be glad to do that for you: And let me tell you, Sir, after the Success you have had you must expect Envy.

Poet. Since I have had more Applause than I can deserve, I must, with other Authors, be content, if Criticks allow me less. I should be an arrant Courtier, or an arrant Beggar indeed, if as soon as I have receiv'd one undeserv'd Favour I should lay claim to another; I don't flatter my self with the like Success.

1st. Player. I hope, Sir, in the Catastrophe you have not run into the Absurdities of your last Piece.

Poet. I know that I have been unjustly accus'd of having given up my Moral for a Joke, like a fine Gentleman in Conversation; but whatever be the Event now, I will not so much as seem to give up my Moral.

1st. Player. Really, Sir, an Author should comply with the Customs, and Taste of the Town—— I am indeed afraid too that your Satyr here and there is too free. A Man should be cautious

tious how he mentions any Vice whatsoever before good Company; lest somebody present should apply it to himself.

Poet. The Stage, Sir, hath the Privilege of the Pulpit to attack Vice, however dignified or distinguish'd; and Preachers and Poets should not be too well bred upon these Occasions: No body can overdo it, when he attacks the Vice and not the Person.

1st. Player. But how can you hinder malicious Applications?

Poet. Let those answer for 'em who make 'em. I aim at no particular Person; my Strokes are at Vice in general: But if any Men particularly vicious are hurt, I make no Apology, but leave them to the Cure of their Flatterers. If an Author write in Character, the lower People reflect on the Follies and Vices of the rich and great, and an *Indian* judges and talks of *Europeans* by those he hath seen and convers'd with, &c. And I will venture to own, that I wish every Man of Power or Riches were really and apparently virtuous, which would soon amend and reform the common People, who act by Imitation.

1st. Player. But a little Indulgence and Partiality to the Vices of your own Country, without doubt, would be look'd upon as more discreet. Though your Satyr, Sir, be on Vices in general, it must and will give Offence; every vicious Man thinks you are particular, for Conscience will make Self-application. And why will you make your self so many Enemies? I say no more upon this Head. As to us, I hope you are satisfy'd we have done all we could for you; for you will now have the Advantage of all our best Singers.

Enter *2d. Player.*

2d. Player. 'Tis impossible to perform the Opera to Night, all the fine Singers within are out of Humour with their Parts. The Tenor says he was never offer'd such an Indignity, and in a Rage flung his clean Lambskin Gloves into the Fire; he swears that in his whole Life he never did sing, would sing, or could sing, but in true Kid.

1st. Player. Musick might tame and civilize wild Beasts, but 'tis evident it never yet could tame and civilize Musicians.

Enter *3d. Player.*

3d. Player. Sir, *Signora Crotchetta* says she finds her Character so low, that she had rather die than sing it.

1st. Player. Tell her by her Contract I can make her sing it.

Enter *Signora Crotchetta.*

Crotchetta. Barbarous Tramontane! Where are all the Lovers of *Virtu*? Will they not all rise in Arms in my Defence? make
me

me sing it! good Gods! should I tamely submit to such Usage, I should debase my self through all *Europe*.

1st. Player. In the Opera nine or ten Years ago, I remember, Madam, you appear'd in a Character little better than a Fish.

Crotchetta. A Fish! monstrous! Let me inform you, Sir, that a Mermaid or Syren is not many Removes from a Sea-Goddes; or I had never submitted to be that Fish which you are pleas'd to call me by way of Reproach. I have a Cold, Sir; I am sick. I don't see why I may not be allow'd the privilege of Sickness now and then as well as others. If a Singer may not be indulg'd in her Humours, I am sure she will soon become of no Consequence with the Town. And so, Sir, I have a Cold; I am hoarse. I hope now you are satisfied.

[*Exit Crotchetta in a Fury.*]

Enter 4th. Player.

4th. Player. Sir, the base Voice insists upon pearl-colour'd Stockings and red-heel'd Shoes.

1st. Player. There is no governing Caprice. But how shall we make our Excuses to the House?

4th. Player. Since the Town was last Year so good as to encourage an Opera without Singers, the Favour I was then shewn obliges me to offer my self once more, rather than the Audience should be dismiss'd. All the other Comedians upon this Emergency are willing to do their best, and hope for your Favour and Indulgence.

1st. Player. Ladies and Gentlemen, as we wish to do every thing for your Diversion, and that Singers only will come when they will come, we beg you to excuse this unforeseen Accident, and to accept the Proposal of the Comedians, who rely wholly on your Courtesie and Protection. (*Exeunt.*)

The O U V E R T U R E.

B

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

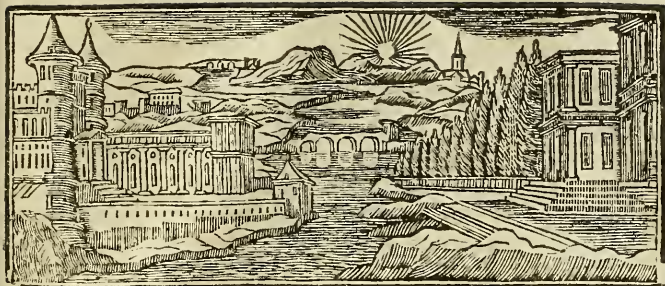
Ducat.
Morano.
Vanderbluff.
Capstern.
Hacker.
Culverin.
Laguerre.
Cutlace.
Pohetohee.
Cawwawkee.

Servants, Indians, Pyrates, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Polly.
Mrs. Ducat.
Trapes.
Jenny Diver.
Flimzy.
Damaris.

S C E N E, *In the West Indies.*



POLLT: An OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Ducat's House.*

DUCAT. TRAPES.

Trap. **T**HO' you were born and bred, and live in the *Indies*, as you are a Subject of *Britain*, you should live up to our Customs. Prodigality there, is a fashion that is among all ranks of People. Why, our very younger Brothers push themselves into the polite world by squandering more than they are worth. You are wealthy, very wealthy, Mr. *Ducat*; and I grant you, the more you have, the Taste of getting more should grow stronger upon you. 'Tis just so with us. But then the richest of our Lords and Gentlemen, who live elegantly, always run out. 'Tis Genteel to be in debt. Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expensive in your pleasures.

A I R I. *The Disappointed Widow.*

*The Manners of the Great affect,
Stint not your Pleasure:
If Conscience had their Genius checkt,
How got they treasure?*

P O L L Y:

*The more in Debt, run in Debt the more,
Careless who is undone;
Morals and Honesty leave to the Poor,
As they do at London.*

Duc. I never thought to have heard thrift laid to my Charge. There is not a Man, though I say it, in all the *Indies* who lives more plentifully than my self; nor enjoys the Necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

Trap. There it is now. Who ever heard a man of fortune in *England* talk of the necessaries of life? If the necessaries of life would have satisfied such a poor body as me, to be sure I had never come to mend my fortune to the Plantations. Whether we can afford it or no, we must have superfluities. We never stint our expence to our own fortunes, but are miserable if we do not live up to the Profuseness of our Neighbours. If we could content ourselves with the necessaries of life, no man alive need ever be dishonest. As to Woman now; why, look ye, *Mr. Ducat*, a man hath what we may call every thing that is necessary in a Wife.

Duc. Ay, and more!

Trap. But for all that, d'ye see, your married men are my best Customers. It keeps wives upon their good behaviours.

Duc. But there are jealousies and family lectures, *Mrs. Trapes*.

Trap. Bless us all! how little are our Customs known on this side the Herring-pond! Why, Jealousy is out of Fashion, even among our common country gentlemen. I hope you are better bred than to be jealous. A husband and wife should have a mutual complaisance for each other. Sure your wife is not so unreasonable to expect to have you always to her self.

Duc. As I have a good estate *Mrs. Trapes*, I would willingly run into every thing that is suitable to my dignity and fortune. No body throws himself into the extravagancies of life with a freer Spirit. As to Conscience and musty Morals, I have as few draw-backs upon my profits or pleasures as any man of Quality in *England*; in those I am not in the least vulgar. Besides, Madam, in most of my expences I run into the polite taste. I have a fine Library of Books that I never read; I have a fine Stable of Horses that I never ride; I build, I buy Plate, jewels, pictures, or any thing that is valuable and curious, as your great Men do, meerly out of Ostentation. But indeed I must own, I do still cohabit with my Wife; and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon account of my visits to you.

Trap. Indeed, indeed, *Mr. Ducat*, you should break thro' all this Usurpation at once, and keep—Now too is your time; for I have a fresh Cargo of Ladies just arriv'd; no body alive shall set Eyes upon 'em till you have provided your self. You should keep

keep your Lady in awe by your Maid; place a handsome sprightly Wench near your Wife, and she will be a Spy upon her into the bargain. I would have you shew your self a fine Gentleman in every thing.

Duc. But I'm somewhat advanc'd in Life, Mrs. *Trapes*, and my Duty to my Wife lyes very hard upon me. I must leave Keeping to younger Husbands and old Batchelors.

Trap. There it is again now! Our very vulgar pursue pleasures in the Flush of youth and inclination; but our great Men are modishly profligate when their Appetite hath left 'em.

A I R II. *The Irish Ground.*

BASS.

Duc. *What can Wealth
When we're old?
Youth and Health
Are not sold.*

TREBLE.

Trap. *When Love in the Pulse beats low,
As haply it may with you,
A Girl can fresh Youth bestow,
And kindle Desire anew.
Thus numb'd in the Brake,
Without Motion, the Snake
Sleeps cold Winter away:
But in ev'ry Vein
Life quickens again
On the Bosom of May.*

We are not here, I must tell you, as we are at *London*, where we can have fresh goods every week by the Waggon. My maid is again gone aboard the Vessel; she is perfectly charm'd with one of the Ladies; 'twill be a credit to you to keep her. I have Obligations to you, Mr. *Ducat*, and I would not part with her to no man alive but your self. If I had her at *London*, such a Lady would be sufficient to make my fortune; but in truth, she is not impudent enough to make herself agreeable to the Sailors in a publick-house in this Country. By all account, she hath a Behaviour only fit for a private family.

Duc. But how shall I manage matters with my Wife?

Trap. Just as the fine gentlemen do with us. We could bring you many great precedents for treating a Wife with indifference, contempt, and neglect, but that, indeed, would be running into too high Life. I would have you keep some decency,

decency, and use her with Civility. You should be so obliging as to leave her to her Liberties, and take them too your self. Why, all our fine Ladies, in what they call pin-money, have no other Views; 'tis what they all expect.

Duc. But I am afraid it will be hard to make my wife think like a Gentlewoman upon this Subject; so that if I take her, I must act discreetly, and keep the affair a dead secret.

Trap. As to that, Sir, you may do as you please. Should it ever come to her knowledge, custom and education perhaps may make her at first think it somewhat odd. But this I can affirm with a safe Conscience, that many a Lady of Quality have Servants of this sort in their Families, and you can afford an Expence as well as the best of 'em.

Duc. I have a Fortune, Mrs. *Trapes*, and would fain make a fashionable Figure in Life; if we can agree upon the Price, I'll take her into the Family.

Trap. I am glad to see you fling your self into the polite Taste with a Spirit. Few, indeed, have the Turns or Talents to get Money; but fewer know how to spend it handsomely after they have got it. The Elegance of Luxury consists in Variety; and Love requires it as much as any of our Appetites and Passions; and there is a time of Life when a Man's Appetite ought to be whetted by a Delicacy.

Duc. Nay, Mrs. *Trapes*, now you are too hard upon me. Sure you cannot think me such a Clown as to be really in Love with my Wife! We are not so ignorant here as you imagine; why, I married her in a reasonable way, only for her Money.

A I R III. Noel Hills.

*He that weds a Beauty,
 Soon will find her cloy;
 When pleasure grows a duty,
 Farewel Love and Joy.
 He that weds for treasure,
 Tho' he hath a Wife,
 Hath chose one lasting pleasure,
 In a marry'd Life.*

S C E N E II.

Ducat, Trapes, Damaris.

Duc. Damaris (calling at the Door) Damaris, I charge you not to stir from the Door, and the Instant you see your Lady at a distance returning from her walk, besure to give me notice.

Trap. She

Trap. She is in most charming Rigging; she won't cost you a Penny, Sir, in Clothes, at first setting out. But alack-a-day! no Bargain could ever thrive with dry Lips. A Glass of Liqueur makes every thing go so glibly.

Duc. Here, *Damaris*, a Glass of Rum for Mrs. *Dye*. (*Damaris goes out, and returns with a Bottle and Glass.*)

Trap. But, as I was saying, Sir, I would not part with her to any body alive but your self; for, to be sure, I could turn her to ten times the Profit by Jobs and Chance-Customers, Come, Sir, here's to the young Lady's Health.

SCENE III.

Ducat, Trapes, Flimzy.

Trap. Well, *Flimzy*; are all the Ladies safely landed, and have you done as I order'd you?

Flim. Yes, Madam. The three Ladies for the Run of the House are safely lodg'd at home; the other is without in the Hall to wait your Commands. She is a most delicious Creature, that's certain. Such Lips, such Eyes, and such Flesh and Blood! If you had her in *London*, you could not fail of the Custom of all the foreign Ministers. As I hope to be fav'd, Madam, I was forc'd to tell her ten thousand Lies before I could prevail upon her to come with me. Oh Sir, you are the most lucky, happy Man in the World! Shall I go call her in?

Trap. 'Tis necessary for me first to instruct her in her Duty and the Ways of the Family. The Girl is bashful and modest, so I must beg Leave to prepare her by a little private Conversation; and afterwards, Sir, I shall leave you to your private Conversations.

Flim. But I hope, Sir, you won't forget poor *Flimzy*; for the richest Man alive could not be more scrupulous than I am upon these Occasions, and the Bribe only can make me excuse it to my Conscience. I hope, Sir, you will pardon my Freedom. *(He gives her Money.)*

A I R IV. Sweetheart, think upon me.

My Conscience is of courtly Mold

Fit for highest Station:

Where's the Hand when touch'd with Gold,

Proof against Temptation?

(Ex. Flimzy.)

Duc. We can never sufficiently encourage such useful Qualifications. You will let me know when you are ready for me.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Trap. I wonder I am not more wealthy, for o' my Conscience, I have as few Scruples as those that are ten thousand times as rich. But alack-a-Day! I am forc'd to play at small Game. I now and then betray and ruine an innocent Girl; and what of that? Can I in Conscience expect to be equally rich with those who betray and ruine Provinces and Countries? In troth, all their great Fortunes are owing to Scituation; as for Genius and Capacity I can match 'em to a Hair: Were they in my Circumstance they would act like me; were I in theirs, I should be rewarded as a most profound penetrating Politician.

A I R V. 'Twas within a Furlong.

*In Pimps and Politicians,
The Genius is the same,
Both raise their own Conditions
On others Guilt and Shame.
With a Tongue well tipt with Lies,
Each the want of Parts supplies,
And with a Heart that's all Disguise,
Keeps his Schemes unknown.
Seducing as the Devil,
They play the Tempter's Part,
And have, when most they're civil,
Most Mischief in their Heart.
Each a secret Commerce drives,
First corrupts and then connives,
And by his Neighbours Vices thrives,
For they are all his own.*

S C E N E V.

Trapes, Flimzy, Polly.

Trap. Bless my Eye-sight! what do I see? I am in a Dream, or it is Miss Polly Peachum. Mercy upon me! Child, what brought you on this Side of the Water?

Polly. Love, Madam, and the Misfortunes of our Family. But I am equally surpriz'd to find an Acquaintance here; you cannot be ignorant of my unhappy Story, and perhaps from you, Mrs. Dye, I may receive some Information that may be useful to me.

Trap. You need not be much concern'd, Miss Polly, at a Sentence of Transportation; for a young Lady of your Beauty hath wherewithal to make her Fortune in any Country.

Polly. Par-

Polly. Pardon me, Madam, you mistake me. Though I was educated among the most profligate in low Life, I never engag'd in my Father's Affairs as a Thief, or a Thief-catcher, for indeed I abhorr'd his Profession. Would my Papa had never taken it up, he then still had been alive, and I had never known *Macheath*!

A I R VI. Sortez de vos retraites.

*She who has felt a real Pain
By Cupid's Dart,
Finds that all Absence is in vain
To cure her Heart: -
Tho' from my Lover cast
Far as from Pole to Pole,
Still the pure Flame must last,
For Love is in the Soul.*

You must have heard, Madam, that I was unhappy in my Marriage. When *Macheath* was transported, all my Peace was banished with him; and my Papa's Death hath now given me Liberty to pursue my Inclinations.

Trap. Good lack-a-day! poor Mr. *Peachum*! Death was so much oblig'd to him, that I wonder he did not allow him a *Recaprievé* for his own Sake. Truly, I think he was oblig'd to nobody more, except the Physicians; but they die, it seems, too. Death is very impartial; he takes all alike, Friends and Foes.

Polly. Every monthly Sessions-paper, like the Apothecary's Files (if I may make the Comparison) was a Record of his Services. But my Papa kept Company with Gentlemen, and Ambition is catching. He was in too much *Haste* to be rich. I wish all great Men would take warning. 'Tis now seven Months since my Papa was hang'd.

Trap. This will be a great Check indeed to your Men of enterprizing Genius; and it will be unsafe to push at making a great Fortune, if such Accidents grow common. But sure, Child, you are not so mad as to think of following *Macheath*.

Polly. In following him I am in Pursuit of my Quiet. I love him, and, like a troubled Ghost, shall never be at rest till I appear to him. If I can receive any Information of him from you, it will be a Cordial to a Wretch in Despair.

Trap. My dear Miss *Polly*, you must not think of it. 'Tis now above a Year and a Half since he robb'd his Master, ran away from the Plantation, and turn'd *Pyrate*. Then too what puts you beyond all Possibility of Redress, is, that since he came over he married a transported Slave, one *Jenny Diver*,

and she is gone off with him. You must give over all thoughts of him, for he is a very Devil to our Sex; not a Woman of the greatest Vivacity shifts her Inclinations half so fast as he can. Besides, he would disown you; for, like an Upstart, he hates an old Acquaintance. I am sorry to see those Tears, Child, but I love you too well to flatter you.

Polly. Why have I a Heart so constant? cruel Love!

A I R VII. O waly, waly, up the Bank.

*Farewel, farewel, all Hope of Blifs,
For Polly always must be thine:
Shall then my Heart be never his,
Which never can again be mine?
O Love, you play a cruel Part,
Thy Shaft still festers in the Wound,
You should reward a constant Heart,
Since 'tis alas! so seldom found.*

Trap. I tell you once again, Miss *Polly*, you must think no more of him. You are like a Child who is crying after a Butterfly, that is hopping and fluttering upon every Flower in the Field; there is not a Woman that comes in his Way but he must have a Taste of; besides, there is no catching him. But, my dear Girl, I hope you took Care, at your leaving *England*, to bring off wherewithal to support you.

Polly. Since he is lost, I am insensible of every other Misfortune. I brought, indeed, a Sum of Money with me, but my Chest was broke open at Sea, and I am now a wretched Vagabond, expos'd to Hunger and Want, unless Charity relieve me.

Trap. Poor Child! Your Father and I have had great Dealings together, and I shall be grateful to his Memory. I will look upon you as my Daughter; you shall be with me.

Polly. As soon as I can have Remittances from *England*, I shall be able to acknowledge your Goodness. I have still Five Hundred Pounds there, which will be return'd to me upon Demand; but I had rather undertake an honest Service, that might afford me a Maintenance, than be burthensom to my Friends.

Trap. Sure never any thing happen'd so luckily! Madam *Ducat* just now wants a Servant, and I know she will take my Recommendation; and one so tight and handy as you, must please her: Then too her Husband is the civilest, best-bred Man alive. You are now in her House, and I won't leave it, till I have settled you. Be cheartful, my dear Child, for who knows but all these Misfortunes may turn to your Advantage?

vantage? You are in a rich creditable Family, and, I dare say, your Person and Behaviour will soon make you a Favourite. As to Captain *Macheath*, you may now safely look upon your self as a Widow, and who knows, if Madam *Ducat* should tip off, what may happen? I shall recommend you, Miss *Polly*, as a Gentlewoman.

A I R VIII. O *Jenny*, come tye me.

Despair is all Folly,
Hence Melancholly,
Fortune attends you while Youth is in Flow'r;
By Beauty's Possession
Us'd with Discretion,
Woman at all times has Joy in her Pow'r.

Polly. The Service, Madam, you offer me, makes me as happy as I can be in my Circumstance, and I accept of it with Ten Thousand Obligations.

Trap. Take a Turn in the Hall with my Maid for a Minute or two, and I'll take care to settle all Matters and Conditions for your Reception. Be assur'd, Miss *Polly*, I'll do my best for you.

SCENE VI.

Trapes, Ducat.

Trapes. Mr. *Ducat*, Sir, you may come in. I have had this very Girl in my Eye for you ever since you and I were first acquainted; and to be plain with you, Sir, I have run great Risques for her. I had many a Stratagem, to be sure, to inveigle her away from her Relations! she too herself was exceeding difficult. And I can assure you, to ruine a Girl of severe Education is no small Addition to the Pleasure of our fine Gentlemen. I can be answerable for it too, that you will have the first of her. I am sure I could have dispos'd of her upon the same Account, for at least a Hundred Guineas, to an Alderman of *London*; and then too I might have had the Disposal of her again, as soon as she was out of Keeping; but you are my Friend, and I shall not deal hard with you.

Duc. But if I like her I would agree upon Terms beforehand; for should I grow fond of her, I know you have the Conscience of other Trades-people, and would grow more imposing; and I love to be upon a Certainty.

Trap. Sure you cannot think a Hundred Pistoles too much; I mean for me. I leave her wholly to your Generosity. Why your fine Men, who never pay any body else, pay their Pimps and Bawds well; always ready Money. I ever dealt conscientiously, and set the lowest Price upon my Ladies; when

you see her, I am sure you will allow her to be as choise a Piece of Beauty as ever you laid Eyes on.

Duc. But, dear Mrs. *Dye*, a Hundred Pistoles say you? why I could have half a Dozen Negro Princesses for the Price.

Trap. But sure you cannot expect to buy a fine handsome Christian at that Rate. You are not us'd to see such Goods on this Side of the Water. For the Women, like their Clothes; are all tarnish'd and half worn out before they are sent hither. Do but cast your Eye upon her, Sir; the Door stands half open; see yonder she trips in Conversation with my Maid *Flinzy* in the Hall.

Duc. Why truly I must own she is handsome.

Trap. Bless me, you are no more mov'd by her, than if she were your Wife. Handsome! what a cold Husband-like Expression is that! nay, there is no Harm done. If I take her home, I don't question the making more Money of her. She was never in any body's House but your own since she was landed. She is pure, as she was imported, without the least Adulteration.

Duc. I'll have her. I'll pay you down upon the Nail. You shall leave her with me. Come, count your Money, Mrs. *Dye*.

Trap. What a Shape is there! she's of the finest Growth.

Duc. You make me mis-reckon. She even takes off my Eyes from Gold.

Trap. What a curious Pair of sparkling Eyes!

Duc. As vivifying as the Sun. I have paid you ten.

Trap. What a racy Flavour must breathe from those Lips!

Duc. I want no provoking Commendations. I'm in Youth; I'm on fire! twenty more makes it thirty; and this here makes it just fifty.

Trap. What a most inviting Complexion! how charming a Colour! In short, a fine Woman has all the Perfections of fine Wine, and is a Cordial that is ten times as restorative.

Duc. This fifty then makes it just the Sum. So now, Madam, you may deliver her up.

SCENE VII.

Ducat, Trapes, Damaris.

Dam. Sir, Sir, my Mistress is just at the Door. (*Exit.*)

Duc. Get you out of the way this Moment, dear Mrs. *Dye*; for I would not have my Wife see you. But don't stir out of the House till I am put in Possession. I'll get rid of her immediately. (*Exit Trapes.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Ducat, Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Duc. I can never be out of the way, for an Hour or so, but you are with that filthy Creature. If you were young, and I took Liberties, you could not use me worse; you could not, you beastly Fellow. Such Usage might force the most virtuous Woman to Resentment. I don't see why the Wives in this Country should not put themselves upon as easy a Foot as in *England*. In short, *Mr. Ducat*, if you behave your self like an *English* Husband, I will behave my self like an *English* Wife.

A I R IX. Red House.

*I will have my Humours, I'll please all my Senses,
I will not be stinted—in Love, or Expences;
I'll dress with Profusion, I'll game without Measure;
You shall have the Bus'ness, I will have the Pleasure.
Thus ev'ry Day I'll pass my Life,
My Home shall be my least Resort.
For sure 'tis fitting that your Wife
Shou'd copy Ladies of the Court.*

Duc. All these things I know are natural to the Sex, my Dear. But Husbands, like Colts, are restif, and they require a long time to break 'em. Besides, 'tis not the Fashion as yet, for Husbands to be govern'd in this Country. That Tongue of yours, my Dear, hath not Eloquence enough to persuade me out of my Reason. A Woman's Tongue, like a Trumpet, only serves to raise my Courage.

A I R X. Old Orpheus tickl'd, &c.

*When Billows come breaking on the Strand,
The Rocks are deaf, and unshaken stand;
Old Oaks can defy the Thunder's Roar,
But I can stand Woman's Tongue, that's more,
I can stand Woman's Tongue, that's more,
With a Twinkum, Twankum, Twang.*

With that Weapon, Women, like Pyrates, are at War with the whole World. But I thought, my dear, your Pride would have kept you from being jealous. 'Tis the whole Business of my Life to please you; but Wives are like Children, the more they are flatter'd and humour'd, the more perverse they are. Here now have I been laying out my Money, purely to make you a Present, and I have nothing but these Freaks and Re-
proaches

proaches in Return. You wanted a Maid, and I have bought you the handiest Creature; she will indeed make a very creditable Servant.

Mrs. *Ducat*. I will have none of your Huffies about me. And so, Sir, you would make me your Convenience, your Bawd. Out upon it!

Ducat. But I bought her on purpose for you, Madam.

Mrs. *Ducat*. For your own filthy Inclinations, you mean. I won't bear it, What! keep an impudent Strumpet under my Nose! Here's fine Doings indeed!

Ducat. I will have the Directions of my Family. 'Tis my Pleasure it shall be so. So, Madam, be satisfy'd.

A I R XI. Christ-Church Bells.

*When a Woman jealous grows,
Farewel all Peace of Life;
But e'er Man roves,
He shou'd pay what he owes,
And with her Due content his Wife.
'Tis Man's the weaker Sex to sway;
We too, whene'er we list, obey.
'Tis just and fit
You should submit;
But sweet kind Husband, not to Day.
Let your Clack be still.
Not till I have my Will.
If thus you Reason slight,
There's never an Hour,
While Breath has Pow'r,
But I will assert my Right.*

Would I had you in *England*; I should have all the Women there rise in Arms in my Defence. For the Honour and Prerogative of the Sex, they would not suffer such a Precedent of Submission. And so, Mr. *Ducat*, I tell you once again, that you shall keep your Trollops out of the House, or I will not stay in it.

Ducat. Look'ee, Wife, you will be able to bring about nothing by pouting and Vapours. I have Resolution enough to withstand either Obstinacy or Stratagem; and I will break this jealous Spirit of yours, before it gets a Head. And so, my Dear, I order, that, upon my Account, you behave yourself to the Girl as you ought.

Mrs. *Ducat*. I wish you would behave yourself to your Wife as you ought; that is to say, with good Manners and Compliance. And so, Sir, I leave you and your Minx together.

I tell

I tell you once again, that I would sooner die upon the Spot, than not be Mistress in my own House. *(Exit in a Passion.)*

S C E N E IX.

Ducat, Damaris.

Ducat. If by these perverse Humours I should be forc'd to part with her, and allow her a separate Maintenance; the thing is so common among People of Condition, that it could not prove to my Discredit. Family Divisions, and matrimonial Controversies, are a kind of Proof of a Man's Riches; for the poor People are happy in Marriage out of Necessity, because they cannot afford to disagree. *Damaris,* saw you my Wife? *(Enter Damaris.)*

Is she in her own Room, What said she? Which Way went she?

Dam. Bless me, I was perfectly frighten'd, she look'd so like a Fury! Thank my Stars, I never saw her look so before in all my Life; tho' mayhap you may have seen her look so before a thousand times. Woe be to the Servants that fall in her Way! I'm sure I'm glad to be out of it.

A I R XII. Cheshire Rounds.

*When Kings by their buffing
Have blown up a Squabble,
All the Charge and Cuffing
Light upon the Rabble:
Thus when Man and Wife,
By their mutual Snubbing,
Kindle Civil Strife,
Servants get the Drubbing.*

Duc. I would have you, *Damaris,* have an Eye upon your Mistress. You should have her good at Heart, and inform me when she has any Schemes a-foot; it may be the Means to reconcile us.

Dam. She's wild, Sir. There's no speaking to her. She's flown into the Garden! Mercy upon us all, say I! How can you be so unreasonable to contradict a Woman, when you know we can't bear it?

Duc. I depend upon you, *Damaris,* for Intelligence. You may observe her at a Distance; and as soon as she comes into her own Room, bring me Word. There is the sweetest Pleasure in the Revenge that I have now in my Head! I'll this instant go and take my Charge from Mrs. *Trapes.* *(Aside.)*
Damaris, you know your instructions. *(Exit.)*

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

Damaris.

Dam. Sure all Masters and Mistresses, like Politicians, judge of the Consciences of Mankind by their own, and require Treachery of their Servants, as a Duty! I am employ'd by my Master to watch my Mistress, and by my Mistress to watch my Master. Which Party shall I espouse? To be sure my Mistress's; for in 'her's, Jurisdiction and Power, the common Cause of the whole Sex, are at Stake. But my Master I see is coming this Way, I'll avoid him, and make my Observations. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E XI.

Ducat, Polly.

Duc. Be chearful, *Polly*, for your good Fortune hath thrown you into a Family, where, if you rightly consult your own Interest, as every body now-a-days does, you may make your self perfectly easy. Those Eyes of yours, *Polly*, are a sufficient Fortune for any Woman, if she have but Conduct, and knew how to make the most of 'em.

Polly. As I am your Servant, Sir, my Duty obliges me not to contradict you; and I must hear your Flattery, tho' I know my self undeserving. But, sure, Sir, in handsome Women, you must have observ'd, that their Hearts often oppose their Interest; and Beauty certainly has ruin'd more Women than it has made happy.

A I R XIII. The Bush aboon *Traquair*.*The Crow or Daw thro' all the Year**No Fowler seeks to ruin;**But Birds of Voice or Feather rare**He's all Day long pursuing.**Beware, Fair Maids; so scape the Net**That other Beauties fell in;**For sure at Heart was never yet**So great a Wretch as Helen.*

If my Lady, Sir, will let me know my Duty, Gratitude will make me study to please her.

Duc. I have a mind to have a little Conversation with you, and I would not be interrupted. (*Bars the Door.*)

Polly. I wish, Sir; you would let me receive my Lady's Commands.

Duc. And so, *Polly*, by these downcast Looks of yours, you would have me believe you don't know you are handsome,

some, and that you have no Faith in your Looking-glass. Why, every Woman studies her Face, and a Looking-glass to her is what a Book is to a Pedant; she is poring upon it all Day long. In troth, a Man can never know how much Love is in him by Conversations with his Wife. A Kiss on those Lips would make me young again. (*Kisses her.*)

A I R XIV. Bury Fair.

Polly. *How can you be so teasing?*
 Ducat. *Love will excuse my Fault.*
 Polly. *How can you be so pleasing?* (*going to kiss her.*)
 Polly. *I vow I'll not be naught.*
 Ducat. *All Maids I know at first resist.* (*struggling.*)
 A Master may command.
 Polly. *You're monstrous rude; I'll not be kiss'd:*
 Nay, fye, let go my Hand.
 Ducat. *'Tis foolish Pride—*
 Polly. *'tis vile, 'tis base*
 Poor Innocence to wrong;
 Ducat. *I'll force you—*
 Polly. *Guard me from disgrace.*
 You find that Virtue's strong. (*pushing him away.*)

'Tis barbarous in you, Sir, to take the Occasion of my Necessities to insult me.

Duc. Nay, Huffle, I'll give you Money.

Polly. I despise it. No, Sir, tho' I was born and bred in England, I can dare to be poor, which is the only thing now-a-days Men are ashamed of.

Duc. I shall humble these saucy Airs of yours, Mrs. Minx. Is this Language from a Servant! from a Slave!

Polly. Am I then betray'd and sold!

Duc. Yes, Huffle, that you are; and as legally my Property, as any Woman is her Husband's, who sells her self in Marriage.

Polly. Climates, that change Constitutions, have no Effect upon Manners. What a Profligate is that Trapes!

Duc. Your Fortune, your Happiness, depends upon your Compliance. What, Proof against a Bribe! Sure, Huffle, you belye your Country, or you must have had a very vulgar Education. 'Tis unnatural.

A I R XV. Bobbing Joan.

*Maid, like Courtiers, must be woo'd,
Most by Flattery are subdu'd;
Some capricious, coy, or nice,
Out of Pride protract the Vice;
But they fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to their Price.*

Besides, Huffle, your Consent may make me your Slave; there's Power to tempt you into the Bargain. You must be more than Woman, if you can withstand that too.

Polly. Sure you only mean to try me! but 'tis barbarous to trifle with my Distresses.

Duc. I'll have none of these Airs. 'Tis impertinent in a Servant to have Scruples of any kind. I hire Honour, Conscience and all, for I will not be serv'd by Halves. And so, to be plain with you, you obstinate Slut, you shall either contribute to my Pleasure or my Profit; and if you refuse Play in the Bed-chamber, you shall go work in the Fields among the Planters. I hope now I have explain'd my self.

Polly. My Freedom may be lost, but you cannot rob me of my Virtue and Integrity; and whatever is my Lot, having that, I shall have the Comfort of Hope, and find Pleasure in Reflection.

A I R XVI. A Swain long tortur'd, &c.

*Can I or Toil or Hunger fear?
For Love's a Pain that's more severe.
The Slave, with Vertue in his Breast,
Can wake in Peace, and sweetly rest.*

But Love, when unhappy, the more virtuous it is, the more it suffers. *(Aside.)*

Duc. What Noise is that?

Dam. *(Without.)* Sir, Sir,

Duc. Step into the Closet; I'll call you out immediately to present you to my Wife. Don't let Bashfulness ruin your Fortune. The next Opportunity I hope you will be better dispos'd. *(Exit Polly.)*

Dam. Open the Door, Sir. This Moment, this Moment.

S C E N E

SCENE XII.

Ducat, Damaris, *Servants, Mrs. Ducat, &c.*

Duc. What's the matter? Was any body about to ravish you? is the House o' fire? Or my Wife in a Passion?

Dam. O Sir, the whole Country is in an Uproar! The Pyrates are all coming down upon us; and if they should raise the Militia, you are an Officer, you know. I hope you have Time enough to fling up your Commission.

Enter 1st. Footman.

1st. Footm. The Neighbours, Sir, are all frighted out of their Wits; they leave their Houses, and fly to yours for Protection. Where's my Lady, your Wife? Heaven grant they have not taken her!

Duc. If they only took what one could spare.

1st. Footm. That's true, there were no great Harm done.

Duc. How are the Musquets?

1st. Footm. Rusty, Sir, all rusty and peaceable! For we never clean 'em but against Training-day.

Dam. Then, Sir, your Honour is safe, for now you have a just Excuse against fighting.

Enter 2d. Footman.

2d. Footm. The *Indians*, Sir, with whom we are in Alliance, are all in Arms; there will be bloody Work to be sure. I hope they will decide the Matter before we can get ready.

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Duc. O dear Husband, I'm frighten'd to Death! What will become of us all! I thought a Punishment for your wicked Lewdness would light upon you at last.

Duc. Presence of Mind, my Dear, is as necessary in Dangers as Courage.

Dam. But you are too rich to have Courage. You should fight by Deputy. 'Tis only for poor People to be brave and desperate, who cannot afford to live.

Enter Maids, &c. one after another.

1st. Maid. The Pyrates, Sir, the Pyrates! Mercy upon us, what will become of us poor helpless Women!

2d. Maid. We shall all be ravish'd.

1st. Old Woman. All be ravish'd!

2d. Old Woman. Ay to be sure, we shall be ravish'd; all be ravish'd!

1st. *Old Woman*. But if Fortune will have it so, Patience is a Vertue, and we must undergo it.

2d. *Old Woman*. Ay, for certain we must all bear it, Mrs. *Damaris*.

3d. *Footm*. A Soldier, Sir, from the *Indian* Camp, desires admittance. He's here, Sir.

Enter Indian.

Indian. I come, Sir, to the *English* Colony, with whom we are in Alliance, from the mighty King *Pohetohec*, my Lord and Master; and address my self to you, as you are of the Council, for Succours. The Pyrates are ravaging and plund'ring the Country, and we are now in Arms, ready for Battle to oppose 'em.

Duc. Does *Macheath* command the Enemy?

Indian. Report says he is dead. Above twelve Moons are pass'd since we heard of him. *Morano*, a Negro Villain, is their Chief, who in Rapine and Barbarities is even equal to him.

Duc. I shall inform the Council, and we shall soon be ready to join you. So acquaint the King your Master. (*Exit Indian*.)

A I R XVII. March in *Scipio*.

Brave Boys prepare. (to the Men.

Ab! cease, fond Wife, to cry. (to her.

Servant. *For when the danger's near,
We've time enough to fly.*

Mrs. Ducat. *How can you be disgrac'd?
For Wealth secures your Fame:*

Servant. *The Rich are always plac'd
Above the Sense of Shame.*

Mrs. Ducat. *Let Honour spur the Slave,
To fight for fighting's sake:*

Ducat. *But even the Rich are brave,
When Money is at Stake.*

Be satisfy'd, my Dear, I shall be discreet. My Servants here will take care that I be not over-rash, for their Wages depend upon me. But before I go to Council—come hither *Polly*; I intreat you, Wife, to take her into your Service. (*Enter Polly*.) And use her civilly. Indeed, my Dear, your Suspicions are very frivolous and unreasonable.

Mrs. *Duc*. I hate to have a handsome Wench about me; they are always so saucy!

Duc. Wo-

Duc. Women, by their Jealousies, put one in Mind of doing that which otherwise we should never think of. Why you are a Proof, my Dear, that a handsome Woman may be honest.

Mrs. Duc. I find you can say a civil thing to me still.

Duc. Affairs, you see, call me hence. And so I leave her under your Protection.

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. Ducat, Damaris.

Mrs. Duc. Away, into the other Room again. When I want you, I'll call you. (*Exit Polly.*) Well, *Damaris*, to be sure you have observ'd all that has pass'd. I will know all. I'm sure she's a Huffy.

Dam. Nay, Madam, I can't say so much: But——

Mrs. Duc. But what?

Dam. I hate to make Mischief.

A I R XVIII. Jig-it-o'-foot.

*Better to doubt
All that's doing,
Than to find out
Proofs of Ruin.
What Servants hear and see
Should they tattle,
Marriage all day would be
Fends and Battle.*

A Servant's Legs and Hands should be under your Command; but, for the sake of Quiet, you should leave their Tongues to their own Discretion.

Mrs. Duc. I vow, *Damaris*, I will know it.

Dam. To be sure, Madam, the Door was bolted, and I could only listen. There was a sort of Bustle between 'em, that's certain. What pass I know not. But the Noise they made, to my thinking, did not sound very honest.

Mrs. Duc. Noises that did not sound very honest, said you?

Dam. Nay, Madam, I am a Maid, and have no Experience. If you had heard them, you would have been a better Judge of the Matter.

Mrs. Duc. An impudent Slut! I'll have her before me. If she be not a thorough Profligate, I shall make a Discovery by her Behaviour. Go call her to me. (*Exit Damaris and returns.*)

S C E N E

S C E N E. XIV.

Mrs. Ducat, Damaris, Polly.

Mrs. Duc. In my own House! Before my Face! I'll have you sent to the House of Correction, Strumpet. By that over-honest Look, I guess her to be a horrid Jade. A meer Hypocrite, that is perfectly white-wash'd with Innocence. My Blood rises at the Sight of all Strumpets; for they are Smugglers in Love, that ruin us fair Traders in Matrimony. Look upon me, *Mrs. Brazen*. She has no Feeling of Shame: She is so us'd to impudence, that she has not a Blush within her. Do you know, Madam, that I am *Mr. Ducat's* Wife?

Polly. As your Servant, Madam, I think my self happy.

Mrs. Duc. You know *Mr. Ducat*, I suppose. She has Beauty enough to make any Woman alive hate her.

A I R XIX. Trumpet Minuet.

*Abroad after Misses most Husbands will roam,
Tho' sure they find Woman sufficient at home.
To be nos'd by a Strumpet! Hence, Hussy, you'd best:
Would be give me my due, I would give her the rest.*

I vow I had rather have a Thief in my House: For to be sure she is that besides.

Polly. If you were acquainted with my Misfortunes, Madam, you could not insult me.

Mrs. Duc. What does the Wench mean?

Dam. There's not one of these common Creatures, but, like common Beggars, hath a moving Story at her Fingers Ends; which they tell over, when they are maudlin, to their Lovers. I had a Sweetheart, Madam, who is a Rake; and I know their Ways very well, by hear-say.

Polly. What Villains are Hypocrites! For they rob those of Relief, who are in real Distress. I know what it is to be unhappy in Marriage.

Mrs. Duc. Married!

Polly. Unhappily.

Mrs. Duc. When, where, to whom?

Polly. If Woman can have Faith in Woman, may my Words find Belief. Protestations are to be suspected, so I shall use none: If Truth can prevail, I know you will pity me.

Mrs. Duc. Her

Mrs. Duc. Her Manner and Behaviour are so particular, that is to say, so sincere, that I must hear her Story. Unhappily married! That is a Misfortune not to be remedied.

Polly. A constant Woman hath but one Chance to be happy; an inconstant Woman, tho' she hath no Chance to be very happy, can never be very unhappy.

Dam. Believe me, *Mrs. Polly*, as to Pleasures of all Sorts, 'tis a much more agreeable Way to be inconstant.

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

*Love now is nought but Art,
'Tis who can juggle best;
To all Men seem to give your Heart,
But keep it in your Breast.
What Gain and Pleasure do we find,
Who change whene'er we list?
The Mill that turns with every Wind
Must bring the Owner Grist.*

Polly. My Case, Madam, may, in these Times, be look'd upon as singular; for I married a Man only because I lov'd him. For this I was look'd upon as a Fool by all my Acquaintance; I was us'd inhumanly by my Father and Mother; and to compleat my Misfortunes, my Husband, by his wild Behaviour, incurr'd the Sentence of the Law, and was separated from me by Banishment: Being inform'd he was in this Country, upon the Death of my Father and Mother, with most of my small Fortune, I came here to seek him.

Mrs. Duc. But how then fell you into the Hands of that most consummate Bawd, *Trapes*?

Polly. In my Voyage, Madam, I was robb'd of all I had. Upon landing in a strange Country, and in Want, I was found out by this inhuman Woman, who had been an Acquaintance of my Father's: She offer'd me at first the Civilities of her own House; when she was inform'd of my Necessities, she propos'd to me the Service of a Lady, of which I readily accepted. 'Twas under that Pretence, that she treacherously sold me to your Husband as a Mistress. This, Madam, is, in short, the whole Truth. I fling myself at your Feet for Protection. By relieving me, you make yourself easy.

Mrs. Duc. What is't you propose?

Polly: In

Polly. In conniving at my Escape, you save me from your Husband's worrying me with Threats and Violence, and at the same time quit your own Fears and Jealousies. If it is ever in my Power, Madam, with Gratitude I will repay you my Ransom.

Dam. Besides, Madam, you will effectually revenge your self upon your Husband; for the Loss of the Money he paid for her will touch him to the quick.

Mrs. Duc. But have you consider'd what you request? We are invaded by the Pyrates: The *Indians* are in Arms; the whole Country is in Commotion, and you will every where be expos'd to Danger.

Dam. Get rid of her at any Rate. For such is the Vanity of Man, that when once he hath begun with a Woman, out of Pride he will insist upon his Point.

Polly. In staying with you, Madam, I make two People unhappy. And I chuse to bear my own Misfortunes, without being the Cause of another's.

Mrs. Duc. If I let her escape before my Husband's Return, he will imagine she got off by the Favour of this Bustle and Confusion.

Polly. May Heaven reward your Charity.

Mrs. Duc. A Woman so young and so handsome must be expos'd to continual Dangers. I have a Suit of Cloths by me of my Nephew's, who is dead. In a Man's Habit you will run fewer Risques. I'll assist you too for the present with some Money; and, as a Traveller, you may with greater safety make Enquiries after your Husband.

Polly. How shall I ever make a Return for so much Goodness?

Mrs. Duc. May Love reward your Constancy. As for that perfidious Monster, *Trapes*, I will deliver her into the Hands of the Magistrate. Come, *Damaris*, let us this instant equip her for her Adventures.

Dam. When she is out of the House, without Doubt, Madam, you will be more easy. And I wish she may be so too.

Polly. May Vertue be my Protection; for I feel within me, Hope, Chearfulness, and Resolution.

A I R XXI. *St. Martin's Lane.*

*As Pilgrims thro' Devotion
To some Shrine pursue their Way,
They tempt the raging Ocean,
And thro' Desarts stray.*

With

*With Zeal their Hope desiring,
The Saint their Breast inspiring
With chearful Air,
Devoid of Fear,
They every danger bear.
Thus equal Zeal possessing,
I seek my only Blessing,
O Love, my honest Vow regard!
My Truth protect,
My Steps direct,
His Flight detect,
A faithful Wife reward. (Exit.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

*The View of an Indian Country.*POLLY *in Boy's Clothes.*

A I R XXII. La Villanella.

WHY did you spare him,
 O'er Seas to bear him,
 Far from his Home and constant Bride?
 When Papa peach'd him,
 If Death had reach'd him,
 I then had only sigh'd, wept and dy'd!

If my Directions are right, I cannot be far from the Village. With the Habit, I must put on the Courage and Resolution of a Man; for I am everywhere surrounded with Dangers. By all I can learn of these Pyrates, my dear *Macheath* is not of the Crew. Perhaps I may hear of him among the Slaves of the next Plantation. How sultry is the Day! the Cool of this Shade will refresh me. I am jaded too with Reflection. How restless is Love! (*Musick, two or three Bars of the dead March.*) My imagination follows him every where; would my Feet were as swift. The World then could not hide him from me. (*two or three Bars more.*) Yet even Thought is now bewilder'd in pursuing him. (*two or three Bars more.*) I'm tir'd, I'm faint. (*The Symphony.*)

A I R XXIII. Dead March in *Coriolanus*.

Sleep, O Sleep,
 With thy Rod of Incantation,
 Charm my Imagination,
 Then, only then, I cease to weep.
 By thy Power,
 The Virgin, by Time o'ertaken,
 For Years forlorn, forsaken,
 Enjoys the happy Hour.

What's

*What's to sleep ?
'Tis a visionary Blessing ;
A Dream that's past expressing ;
Our utmost Wish possessing :
So may I always keep.* (falls asleep.

SCENE II.

Capstern, Hacker, Culverin, Laguerre, Cutlace. Polly asleep
in a distant Part of the Stage.

Hac. We shall find but a cool Reception from *Morano*, if we return without either booty or intelligence.

Cul. A Man of invention hath always intelligence ready. I hope we are not exempted from the Privilege of Travellers.

Cap. If we had got Booty, you know we had resolv'd to agree in a Lie. And, Gentlemen, we will not have our Diligence and Duty call'd in Question for that which every common Servant has at his Fingers End for his Justification.

Lag. Alack, Gentlemen, we are not such Bunglers in Love or Politicks, but we must know that either to get Favour or keep it, no Man ever speaks what he thinks, but what is convenient.

A I R XXIV. Three Sheep-skins.

Cutlace. *Of all the Sins that are Money-supplying,
Consider the World; 'tis past all denying,
With all Sorts
In Towns or Courts,
The richest Sin is Lying.*

Cul. Fatigue, Gentlemen, should have Refreshment. No Man is requir'd to do more than his Duty. Let us repose our selves a-while. A Sup or two of our Cag would quicken invention. *(They sit and drink.*

All. Agreed.

Hack. I had always a Genius for Ambition. Birth and Education cannot keep it under. Our Profession is great, Brothers. What can be more heroick than to have declar'd War with the whole World?

Cul. 'Tis a Pleasure to me to recollect Times past, and to observe by what Steps a Genius will push his Fortune.

Hac. Now as to me, Brothers, mark you me. After I had rubb'd through my Youth with Variety of Adventures, I was preferr'd to be Footman to an eminent Gamester; where, after having improv'd my self by his Manners and Conversation, I left him, betook my self to his politer Profession, and cheated like a Gentleman. For some time I kept a *Pharaon-Bank* with Success, but unluckily in a drunken Bout was stripp'd by a more expert Brother of the Trade. I was now, as 'tis common with us upon these Occasions, forc'd to have Recourse to the Highway for a Recruit to set me up; but making the Experiment once too often, I was try'd and receiv'd Sentence; but got off for Transportation. Which hath made me the Man I am.

Lag. From a Footman I grew to be a Pimp to a Man of Quality. Considering I was for some time in that Employment, I look upon my self as particularly unlucky, that I then miss'd making my Fortune. But, to give him his due, only his Death could have prevented it. Upon this, I betook my self to another Service; where my Wages not being sufficient for my Pleasures, I robb'd my Master, and retir'd to visit foreign Parts.

Cap. Now, you must know, I was a Drawer of one of the fashionable Taverns, and of Consequence was daily in the politest Conversations. Tho' I say it, no body was better bred. I often cheated my Master, and as a dutiful Servant, now and then cheated for him. I had always my Gallantries with the Ladies that the Lords and Gentlemen brought to our House. I was ambitious too of a Gentleman's Profession, and turn'd Gamester. Tho' I had great Skill and no Scruples, my Play would not support my Extravagancies: So that now and then I was forc'd to rob with Pistols too. So I also owe my Rank in the World to Transportation.

Cul. Our Chief, *Morano*, Brothers, had never been the Man he is, had he not been train'd up in *England*. He has told me, that from his infancy he was the favourite Page of a Lady. He had a Genius too above Service; and, like us, ran into higher Life: And, indeed, in Manners and Conversation, tho' he is black, no body has more the Air of a great Man.

Hac. He is too much attach'd to his Pleasures: Thar Mistress of his is a Clog to his Ambition: She's an arrant *Gleopatra*.

Lag. If it were not for her, the *Indies* would be our own.

AIR XXV. Rigadoon.

By Women won,
 We're all undone,
 Each Wench hath a Syren's Charms.
 The Lover's Deeds
 Are good or ill,
 As Whim succeeds
 In Woman's Will:
 Resolution is lull'd in her Arms.

Hac. A Man in Love is no more to be depended on than a Man in Liquor; for he is out of himself,

AIR XXVI. Ton humeur est Catharine.

Woman's like the flatt'ring Ocean,
 Who her pathless Ways can find?
 Every Blast directs her Motion,
 Now she's angry, now she's kind.
 What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,
 Whirl'd and toss'd by every Wind!
 Can the Bark the Port recover,
 When the silly Pilot's blind?

Hac. A good Horse is never turn'd loose among Mares, till all his good Deeds are over. And really your Heroes should be serv'd the same way; for after they take to Women, they have no good Deeds to come. That inviegling Gipsy, Brothers, must be hawl'd from him by Force. And then—the Kingdom of *Mexico* shall be mine. My Lot shall be the Kingdom of *Mexico*.

Cap. Who talks of *Mexico*? (*All rise.*) I'll never give it up. If you outlive me, Brother, and I die without Heirs, I'll leave it to you for a Legacy. I hope now you are satisfy'd. I have set my Heart upon it, and no body shall dispute it with me.

Lag. The Island of *Cuba*, methinks, Brother, might satisfy any reasonable Man.

Cal. That I had alloted for you. *Mexico* shall not be parted with without my Consent: Captain *Morano* to be sure will chuse *Peru*; that's the Country of Gold; and all your great
 Men

Men love Gold. *Mexico* hath only Silver, nothing but Silver. Governour of *Cartagena*, Brother, is a pretty snug Employment: That I shall not dispute with you.

Cap. Death, Sir,—— I shall not part with *Mexico* so easily.

Hac. Nor I.

Cul. Nor I.

Lag. Nor I.

Cul. Nor I.

Hac. Draw then, and let the Survivor take it. (*They fight.*)

Polly. Bless me, what Noise was that! Clashing of Swords and Fighting! Which way shall I fly, how shall I escape?

Cap. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, let us decide our Pretensions some other time. I see Booty. A Prisoner. Let us seize him.

Cul. From him we will extort both Ransom and Intelligence.

Polly. Spare my Life, Gentlemen. If you are the Men I take you for, I fought you to share your Fortunes.

Hac. Why, who do you take us for, Friend?

Polly. For those brave Spirits, those *Alexanders*, that shall soon by Conquest be in Possession of the *Indies*.

Lag. A mett'd young Fellow.

Cap. He speaks with Respect too, and gives us our Titles.

Cul. Have you heard of Captain *Morano*?

Polly. I came hither in meer Ambition to serve under him.

A I R XXVII. Ye Nymphs and sylvan Gods.

*I hate those coward Tribes,
Who by mean sneaking Bribes,
By Tricks and Disguise,
By Flattery and Lies,
To Power and Grandeur rise.
Like Heroes of old,
You are greatly bold,
The Sword your Cause supports:
Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your Truth to pawn
Among the Spawn
Who practise the frauds of Courts.*

I would willingly chuse the more honourable way of making a Fortune.

Hac. The

Hack. The Youth speaks well: Can you inform us, my Lad, of the Disposition of the Enemy? Have the *Indians* join'd the Factory? we should advance towards 'em immediately. Who knows but they may side with us? May-hap they may like our Tyranny better.

Polly. I am a Stranger, Gentlemen, and intirely ignorant of the Affairs of this Country: But in the most desperate Undertaking, I am ready to risque your Fortunes.

Hack. Who, and what are you, Friend!

Polly. A young Fellow, who has genteely run out his Fortune with a Spirit, and would now with more Spirit retrieve it.

Genl. The Lad may be of Service: Let us bring him before *Morano*, and leave him to his Disposal.

Polly. Gentlemen, I thank you.

A I R XXVIII. Minuet.

Culverin. *Cheer up, my Lads, let us push on the Fray,
For Battles, like Women, are lost by Delay.
Let us seize Victory while in our Power,
Alike War and Love have their critical Hour.
Our Hearts bold and steady
Should always be ready,
So, think War a Widow, a Kingdom the Dow'r.*

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

Another Country Prospect.

Morano, Jenny.

Mor. Sure, Huffy, you have more Ambition and more Vanity than to be serious in persuading me to quit my Conquests: Where is the Woman who is not fond of Title? And one bold Step more, may make you a Queen, you Gipsy. Think of that.

A I R XXIX. Mirleton.

*When I'm great, and flush of Treasure,
Check'd by neither Fear or Shame,
You shall tread a Round of Pleasure,
Morning, Noon, and Night the same.
With a Mirleton, &c.*

Like

Like a City Wife, or Beauty,
You shall flutter Life away;
And shall know no other Duty,
But to dress, eat, drink and play.
 With a Mirleton, &c.

When you are a Queen, *Jenny*, you shall keep your Coach and Six, and shall game as deep as you please. So there's the two chief Ends of Woman's Ambition satisfy'd.

A I R XXX. *Sawny* was tall, and of noble Race.

Shall I not be bold, when Honour calls?
You've a Heart that would upbraid me then.
Jenny. *But ah! I fear, if my Hero falls,*
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know Pleasure again.
Moran. *To deck their Wives fond Tradesmen cheat,*
I conquer but to make thee Great:
Jenny. *But if my Hero falls—ah then*
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know Pleasure again.

Mor. Insinuating Creature! but you must own, *Jenny*, you have had convincing Proofs of my Fondness? and if you were reasonable in your Love, you should have some Regard to my Honour, as well as my Person.

Jen. Have I ever betray'd you, since you took me to your self? That's what few Women can say, who ever were trusted.

Mor. In Love, *Jenny*, you cannot out-do me. Was it not entirely for you that I disguis'd my self as a Black, to skreen my self from Women who laid Claim to me wherever I went? Is not the Rumour of my Death, which I purposely spread, credited thro' the whole Country? *Macheath* is dead to all the World but you. Not one of the Crew have Suspicion of me.

Jen. But, dear Captain, you would not sure persuade me that I have all of you. For tho' Women cannot claim to you, you now and then lay claim to other Women. But my Jealousy was never teasing or vexatious. You will pardon me, my Dear.

Mor. Now you are silly, *Jenny*: Pr'ythee——— poh! Nature, Girl, is not to be corrected at once. What do you propose? What would you have me do? Speak out, let me know your Mind.

Jen. Know when you are well.

Mor. Explain

Mor. Explain yourself; speak your sentiments freely.

Fen. You have a competence in your power. Rob the crew, and steal off to *England*. Believe me, Captain, you will be rich enough to be respected by your neighbours.

Mor. Your opinion of me startles me: For I never in my life was treacherous but to women; and you know men of the nicest punctilio make nothing of that.

Fen. Look round among all the snug fortunes that are made; and you'll find most of 'em were secur'd by a judicious retreat: Why will you bar yourself from the customs of the times?

A I R XXXI. Northern Nancy.

*How many men have found the skill
Of power and wealth acquiring?
But sure there's a time to stint the will
And the judgment is in retiring.
For to be displac'd,
For to be disgrac'd,
Is the end of too high aspiring.*

Enter Sailor.

Sailor. Sir, Lieutenant *Vanderbluff* wants to speak with you. And he hopes your honour will give him the hearing. [*Exit.*

Mor. Leave me, *Fenny*, for a few minutes. Perhaps he would speak with me in private.

Fen. Think of my advice before it is too late. By this kiss I beg it of you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Morano, Vanderbluff.

Van. For shame, Captain; what, hamper'd in the arms of a woman, when your honour and glory are all at stake! while a man is grappling with these gil-flirts, pardon the expression, Captain, he runs his reason a-ground; and there must be a woundy deal of labour to set it a-float again.

A I R XXXII. Amante fuggite cadente belts

*Fine women are devils, compleat in their way;
They always are roving and cruising for prey.
When we flounce on their hook, their views they obtain,
Like those too, their pleasure is giving us pain.*

Excuse my plain speaking, Captain; a boatswain must swear in a storm; and a man must speak plain, when he sees foul weather a-head of us.

Mor. D'you think me like the wheat-ear, only fit for sunshine, who cannot bear the least cloud over him? No, *Vanderbluff*, I have a heart that can face a tempest of dangers. Your blust'ring will but make me obstinate. You seem frighten'd,

Lieutenant.

F

Van

Van. From any body but you, that speech should have had another-guess answer than words. Death, Captain, are not the *Indies* in dispute? an hour's delay may make their hands too many for us. Give the word, Captain, this hand shall take the *Indian* King pris'ner, and keel-hawl him afterwards, till I make him discover his gold. I have known you eager to venture your life for a less prize.

Mor. Are *Hacker, Culverin, Capstern, Laguerre*, and the rest, whom we sent out for intelligence, return'd, that you are under this immediate alarm?

Van. No, Sir; but from the top of yon hill, I myself saw the enemy putting themselves in order of battle.

Mor. But we have nothing at all to apprehend; for we have still a safe retreat to our ships.

Van. To our woman, you mean. Furies! you talk like one. If our Captain is bewitch'd, shall we be be-devil'd, and lose the footing we have got? [Draws.]

Mor. Take care, Lieutenant. This language may provoke me. I fear no man. I fear nothing, and that you know. Put up your Cutlace, Lieutenant, for I shall not ruin our cause by a private Quarrel.

Van. Noble Captain, I ask Pardon.

Mor. A brave man should be cool till Action, Lieutenant; when danger presses us, I am always ready. Be satisfy'd, I'll take my leave of my wife, and then take the command.

Van. That's what you can never do till you have her leave. She is but just gone from you, Sir. See her not; hear her not; the breath of a woman has ever prov'd a contrary wind to great actions.

Mor. I tell you I will see her. I have got rid of many a woman in my time, and you may trust me —

Van. With any woman but her. The husband that is govern'd is the only man that never finds out that he is so.

Mor. This then, Lieutenant, shall try my resolution. In the mean time, send out parties and scouts to observe the motions of the *Indians*.

A I R XXXIII.

Since all the world's turn'd upside down.

*Tho' different passions rage by turns,
 Within my breast fermenting;
 Now blazes love, now honour burns,
 I'm here, I'm there consenting.
 I'll each obey, so keep my oath,
 That Oath by which I won her:
 With truth and steddiness in both,
 I'll act like a man of honour.*

Doubt

Doubt me not, Lieutenant: But I'll now go with you, to give the necessary commands, and after that return to take my leave before the battle.

S C E N E V.

Morano, Vanderbluff, Jenny, Capstern, Culverin, Hacker, Laguerre, Polly.

Jen. Hacker, Sir, and the rest of the party, are return'd with a prisoner. Perhaps from him you may learn some intelligence that may be useful. See, here they are. — A clever sprightly young fellow! I like him. [*Aside.*

Van. What cheer, my lads? has fortune sent you a good prize?

Jen. He seems some rich planter's son.

Van. In the common practice of commerce, you should never slip an opportunity, and for his ransome, do doubt, there will be room for comfortable extortion.

Mor. Hath he inform'd you of any thing that may be of service? where pick'd you him up? whence is he?

Hack. We found him upon the road. He is a stranger, it seems, in these parts. And as our heroes generally set our, extravagance, gaming, and debauchery, have qualify'd him for a brave man.

Mor. What are you, friend?

Pol. A young fellow, who hath been robb'd by the world; and I came on purpose to join you, to rob the world by way of retaliation. An open war with the whole world is brave and honourable. I hate the clandestine pilfering war that is practis'd among friends and neighbours in civil societies. I would serve, Sir.

A I R XXXIV. Hunt the Squirrel.

*The world is always jarring;
This is pursuing
T'other man's ruin,
Friends with friends are warring,
In a false cowardly way.
Spurr'd on by emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny, raging
Murders reputations,
Envy keeps up the fray.
Thus with burning hate,
Each, returning hate,
Wounds and robs his friends.
In civil life,
Even man and wife
Squabble for selfish ends.*

Jen. He really is a mighty pretty man. [Aside.]

Van. The lad promises well, and has just notions of the world.

Mor. Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. The youth pleases me; and if he answers in action — d'you hear me, my lad? — your fortune is made. Now, Lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, I am for you.

Van. Discipline must not be neglected.

Mor. When every thing is settled, my dear *Jenny*, I will return to take my leave. After that, young gentleman, I shall try your mettle. In the mean time, *Jenny*, I leave you to sift him with farther questions. He has liv'd in the world, you find, and may have learnt to be treacherous.

SCENE VI.

Jenny, Polly.

Jen. How many women have you ever ruin'd, young gentleman!

Pol. I have been ruin'd by women, madam; but I think, indeed, a man's fortune cannot be more honourably dispos'd of; for those have always a kind of claim to their protection, who have been ruin'd in their service.

Jen. Were you ever in love?

Pol. With the sex.

Jen. Had you never a woman in love with you?

Pol. All the women that ever I knew were mercenary.

Jen. But sure you cannot think all women so.

Pol. Why not as well as all men. The manners of courts are catching.

Jen. If you have found only such usage, a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why so bashful, young spark? You don't look as if you would revenge yourself on the sex.

Pol. I lost my impudence with my fortune. Poverty keeps down assurance.

Jen. I am a plain-spoken woman, as you may find, and I own I like you. And, let me tell you, to be my favourite, may be your best step to preferment.

A I R XXXV.

Young *Damon* once the loveliest swain,

In love and life the present use.

One hour we grant, the next refuse;

Who then would risque a nay?

Were lovers wise, they would be kind,

And in our eyes the moment find;

For only then they may.

Like other women I shall run to extremes. If you won't make me love you, I shall hate you. There never was a man of true courage who was a coward in love. Sure you are not afraid of me, stripling? *[taking Polly by the hand.]*

Pol. I know you only rally me. Respect, madam, keeps me in awe.

Jen. By your expression and behaviour, one would think I were your wife. If so, I may make use of her freedoms, and do what I please without shame or restraint. *[Kisses her.]* Such raillery as this, my dear, requires replication.

Pol. You'll pardon me then, Madam. *[Kisses her.]*

Jen. What, my cheek! let me die, if by your kisses, I should not take you for my brother or my father.

Pol. I must put on more assurance, or I shall be discover'd. *[Aside.]* Nay then, Madam, if a woman will allow me liberties, they are never flung away upon me. If I am too rude *—————* *[Kisses her.]*

Jen. A woman never pardons the contrary fault.

A I R XXXVI. Catharine Ogye.

*We never blame the forward swain,
Who puts us to the tryal.*

Pol. *I know you first would give me pain,
Then baulk me with denial.*

Jen. *What mean we then by being try'd?*

Pol. *With scorn and slight to use us.
Most beauties, to indulge their pride,
Seem kind but to refuse us.*

Jen. Come then, my dear, let us take a turn in yonder grove. A woman never shews her pride but before witnesses.

Pol. How shall I get rid of this affair? *[Aside.]* *Morano* may surprize us.

Jen. That is more a wife's concern. Consider, young man, if I have put myself in your power, you are in mine.

Pol. We may have more easy and safe opportunities. Besides, I know, Madam, you are not serious.

Jen. To a man who loses one opportunity, we never grant a second. Excuses! consideration! he hath not a spark of love in him. I must be his aversion! go, monster, I hate you, and you shall find I can be reveng'd.

A I R XXXVII. Roger a Coverly.

*My heart is by love forsaken,
I feel the tempest growing.
A fury the place hath taken,
I rage, I burn, I'm glowing.*

*Tho' Cupid's arrows are erring,
Or indifference may secure ye,
When woman's revenge is stirring,
You cannot escape that fury.*

I could bear your excuses, but those looks of indifference kill me.

S C E N E VII.

Jenny, Polly, Morano.

Jen. Sure never was such insolence! how could you leave me with this bawdy-house bully? for if he had been bred a page, he must have made his fortune. If I had given him the least encouragement, it would not have provok'd me. Odious creature!

Mor. What-a-vengeance is the matter?

Jen. Only an attempt upon your wife. So ripe an assurance! he must have suck'd in impudence from his mother.

Mor. An act of friendship only. He meant to push his fortune with the husband. 'Tis the way of the town, my dear.

A I R XXXVIII. Bacchus m'a dit.

*By halves no friend
Now seeks to do you pleasure.
Their help they lend
In every part of life;
If husbands part,
The friend hath always leisure;
Then all his heart.
Is bent to please the wife.*

Jen. I hate you for being so little jealous.

Mor. Sure, Jenny, you know the way of the world better than to be surpriz'd at a thing of this kind. 'Tis a civility that all you fine ladies expect; and, upon the like occasion, I could not have answer'd for myself. I own, I have a sort of partiality to impudence. Perhaps too, his views might be honourable. If I had been kill'd in battle, 'tis good to be beforehand. You know 'tis a way often practis'd to make sure of a widow.

Jen. If I find you so easy in these affairs, you may make my virtue less obstinate.

A I R XXXIX. Health to Betty.

*If husbands sit unsteady,
Most wives for freaks are ready.
Neglect the rein,
The steed again
Grows skittish, wild, and heady.*

Your

Your behaviour forces me to say, what my love for you will never let me put in practice. You are too safe, too secure, to think of pleasing me.

Mor. Tho' I like impudence, yet 'tis not so agreeable when put in practice upon my own wife: And jesting apart, young fellow, if I ever catch you thinking this way again, a cat-o'-nine-tails shall cool your courage.

S C E N E VIII.

Morano, Jenny, Polly, Vanderbluff, Capstern, Laguerre, &c.
with *Cawwawkee* Prisoner.

Van. The party, captain, is returned with success. After a short skirmish, the *Indian* prince *Cawwawkee* here was made prisoner, and we want your orders for his Disposal.

Mor. Are all our troops ready and under arms?

Van. They wait but for your command. Our numbers are strong. All the ships crews are drawn out, and the slaves that have deserted to us from the plantations, are all brave determin'd fellows, who must behave themselves well.

Mor. Look'e, lieutenant, the trussing up this prince, in my opinion, would strike a terror among the enemy. Besides, dead men can do no mischief. Let a gibbet be set up, and swing him off between the armies before the onset.

Van. By your leave, captain, my advice blows directly contrary. Whatever may be done hereafter, I am for putting him first of all upon examination. The *Indians*, to be sure, have hid their treasures, and we shall want a guide to shew us the best plunder.

Mor. The counsel is good. I will extort intelligence from him. Bring me word when the enemy are in motion, and that instant I'll put myself at your head. [*Exit Sailor.*] Do you know me, prince?

Caw. As a man of injustice I know you, who covets and invades the properties of another.

Mor. Do you know my power?

Caw. I fear it not.

Mor. Do you know your danger?

Caw. I am prepar'd to meet it.

A I R XL. *Cappe de bonne Esperance.*

*The body of the brave may be taken,
If chance bring on our adverse hour;
But the noble soul is unshaken,
For that still is in our power:
'Tis a rock whose firm foundation
Mocks the waves of perturbation;
'Tis a never-dying ray,
Brighter in our evil day.*

Mor.

Mor. Meer downright Barbarians you see, lieutenant. They have our notional honour still in practice among 'em.

Van. We must beat civilizing into 'em, to make 'em capable of common society, and common conversation.

Mor. Stubborn prince, mark me well. Know you, I say, that your life is in my power?

Caw. I know too, that my virtue is in my own.

Mor. Not a mule, or an old out-of-fashion'd philosopher could be more obstinate. Can you feel pain?

Caw. I can bear it.

Mor. I shall try you.

Caw. I speak truth, I never affirm but what I know.

Mor. In what condition are your troops? What numbers have you? How are they dispos'd? Act reasonably and openly, and you shall find protection.

Caw. What, betray my friends! I am no coward, *European*.

Mor. Torture shall make you squeak.

Caw. I have resolution; and pain shall neither make me lie or betray. I tell thee once more, *European*, I am no coward.

Van. What, neither cheat nor be cheated! There is no having either commerce or correspondence with these creatures.

Jen. We have reason to be thankful for our good education. How ignorant is mankind without it!

Cap. I wonder to hear the brute speak.

Lag. They would make a shew of him in *England*.

Jen. Poh, they would only take him for a fool.

Cap. But how can you expect an thing else from a creature, who hath never seen a civiliz'd country? Which way should he know mankind?

Jen. Since they are made like us, to be sure, were they in *England* they might be taught.

Lag. Why we see country gentlemen grow into courtiers, and country gentlewomen, with a little polishing of the town, in a few months become fine ladies.

Jen. Without doubt, education and example can do much.

Pol. How happy are these savages! Who would not wish to be in such ignorance? [*aside*.

Mor. Have done, I beg you, with your musty reflections: You but interrupt the examination. You have treasures, you have gold and silver among you, I suppose?

Caw. Better it had been for us, if that shining earth had never been brought to light.

Mor. That you have treasures then you own, it seems. I am glad to hear you confess something.

Caw. But out of benevolence we ought to hide it from you. For, as we have heard, 'tis so rank a poison to you *Europeans*, that the very touch of it makes you mad.

A I R XLI. When bright Aurelia tripp'd the plain.

*For gold you sacrifice your fame,
Your honour, life, and friend:
You war, you fawn, you lie, you game,
And plunder without fear or shame;
Can madness this transcend?*

Mor. Bold savage, we are not to be insulted with your ignorance. If you would save your lives, you must, like the beaver, leave behind you what we hunt you for, or we shall not quit the chase. Discover your treasures, your hoards, for I will have the ransacking of 'em.

Fen. By his seeming to set some value upon gold, one would think that he had some glimmering of sense.

A I R XLII. Peggy's Mill.

*When gold is in hand,
It gives us command;
It makes us lov'd and respected.
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and sense, when poor,
Are scorn'd o'erlook'd, and neglected,
Tho' pcevisish and old,
If women have gold,
They have youth, good-humour, and beauty:
Among all mankind
Without it we find
Nor, love, nor favour, nor duty.*

Mor. I will have no more of these interruptions. Since women will be always talking, one would think they had a chance now and then to talk in season. Once more I ask you, obstinate, audacious savage, if I grant you your life, will you be useful to us? For you shall find mercy upon no other terms. I will have immediate compliance, or you shall undergo the torture.

Caw. With dishonour life is nothing worth.

Mor. Furies! I'll trifle no longer:

RECITATIVE. *Sia suggesta la plebe in Coriolan.*

*Hence let him feel his sentence,
Pain brings repentance.*

Lag. You would not have us put him to death, captair?

Mor. Torture him leisurely, but severely. I shall stagger your resolution, *Indian*.

RECITATIVE.

Hence let him feel his sentence.

Pain brings repentance.

But hold, I'll see him tortur'd. I will have the pleasure of extorting answers from him myself. So keep him safe till you have my directions.

Lag. It shall be done.

Mor. As for you, young gentleman, I think it not proper to trust you till I know you farther. Let him be your prisoner too till I give order how to dispose of him.

[*Exeunt Caw. and Polly guarded.*]

S C E N E IX.

Morano, Jenny, Vanderbluff.

Van. Come, noble captain, take one hearty smack upon her lips, and then steer off; for one kiss requires another, and you will never have done with her. If once a man and a woman come to grappling, there's no hawling of 'em asunder. Our friends expect us.

Jen. Nay, lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, he shall not go yet.

Van. I'm out of all patience. There is a time for all things, Madam. But a woman thinks all times must be subservient to her whim and humour. We should be now upon the Spot.

Jen. Is the captain under your command, lieutenant?

Van. I know women better than so. I shall never dispute the command with any gentleman's wife. Come, captain, a woman will never take the last kiss; she will always want another. Break from her clutches.

Mor. I must go — But I cannot.

A I R XLIII. Excuse me.

Honour calls me from thy arms.

[to him.

With glory my bosom is beating.

Victory summons to arms: then to arms

Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.

One look more — and then —

[to her.

Oh, I am lost again!

What a Power has beauty!

But honour calls, and I must away.

[to him.

But love forbids, and I must obey.

[to her

You grow too bold; [Vanderbluff pulling him away.

Hence, loose your hold,

[to him.

For love claims all my duty.

[to her

They

They will bring us word when the enemy is in motion. I know my own time, lieutenant.

Van. Lose the *Indies* then, with all my heart. Lose the money, and you lose the woman, that I can tell you, captain. Furies, what would the woman be at!

Jen. Not so hasty and cholerick, I beg you, lieutenant. Give me the hearing, and, perhaps, whatever you may think of us, you may once in your life hear a woman speak reason.

Van. Dispatch then, and if a few words can satisfy you, be brief.

Jen. Men only slight womens advice through an over-conceit of their opinions. I am against hazarding a battle. Why should we put what we have already got to the risque? We have money enough on board our ships to secure our persons, and can reserve a comfortable subsistence besides. Let us leave the *Indies* to our comrades.

Van. Sure you are the first of the sex that ever stinted herself in love or money. If it were consistent with our honour, her counsel were worth listening to.

Jen. Consistent with our honour! For shame, lieutenant; you talk downright *Indian*. One would take you for the savage's brother, or cousin-germain, at least. You may talk of honour, as other great men do: But when interest comes in your way, you should do as other great men do.

A I R XLIV. Ruben.

*Honour plays a bubble's part,
Ever bilk'd and cheated;
Never in ambition's heart,
Int'rest there is seated.
Honour was in use of yore,
Tho' by want attended:
Since 'twas talk'd of, and no more;
Lord, how times are mended!*

Van. What think you of her proposal, noble captain? We may push matters too far.

Jen. Consider, my dear, the *Indies* are only treasures in expectation. All your sensible men, now-a-days, love the ready. Let us seize the Ships then, and away for *England*, while we have the opportunity.

Van. Sure you can have no scruple against treachery, captain. 'Tis as common a money-getting vice, as any in fashion; for who now-a-days ever boggles at giving up his crew?

Mor. But the baulking of a great design. —

Van. 'Tis better baulking our own designs, than have 'em baulk'd by others ; for then our designs and our lives will be cut short together.

A I R XLV. Troy Town.

*When ambition's ten years toils
Have heap'd up mighty boards of gold ;
Amid the harvest of the spoils,
Acquir'd by fraud and rapin bold,
Comes justice. The great scheme is cross'd,
At once wealth, life, and fame, are lost.*

This is a melancholy reflection for ambition, if it ever could think reasonably.

Mor. If you are satisfy'd, and for your security, *Jenny*: For any man may allow that he has money enough, when he hath enough to satisfy his wife.

Van. We may make our retreat without suspicion, for they will readily impute our being mist to the accidents of war.

S C E N E X.

Morano, Jenny, Vanderbluff, Sailor.

Sail. There is just now news arriv'd, that the troops of the plantation have intercepted the passage to our ships ; so that victory is our only hope. The *Indian* forces too are ready to march, and ours grow impatient for your presence, noble captain.

Mor. I'll be with 'em. Come then, lieutenant, for death or the world.

Jen. Nay then, if affairs are desperate, nothing shall part me from you. I'll share your dangers.

Mor. Since I must have an empire, prepare yourself, *Jenny*, for the cares of royalty. Let us on to battle, to victory Hark, the trumpet !

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

A I R XLVI. We've cheated the Parson.

*Despair leads to battle, no courage so great.
They must conquer or die who've no retreat.*

Van. No retreat.

Jen. No retreat.

Mor. They must conquer or die who've no retreat.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E XI. *A room of a poor cottage.*

Cawwawkee in chains, *Polly*.

Pol. Unfortunate prince! I cannot blame your disbelief, when I tell you that I admire your virtues, and share in your misfortunes.

Caw. To be oppress'd by an *European* implies merit. Yet you are an *European*. Are you fools? Do you believe one another? Sure speech can be of no use among you.

Pol. There are constitutions that can resist a pestilence.

Caw. But sure vice must be inherent in such constitutions. You are ashamed of your hearts, you can lie. How can you bear to look into yourselves?

Pol. My sincerity could even bear your examination.

Caw. You have cancell'd faith. How can I believe you? You are cowards too, for you are cruel.

Pol. Would it were in my power to give you proofs of my compassion.

Caw. You can be avaritious. That is a complication of all vices: It comprehends them all. Heaven guard our country from the infection.

Pol. Yet the worst men allow virtue to be amiable, or there would be no hypocrites.

Caw. Have you then hypocrisy still among you? For all that I have experienc'd of your manners is open violence, and barefac'd injustice. Who that had ever felt the satisfaction of virtue would ever part with it?

A I R XLVII. *T'amo tanto.*

Virtue's treasure
Is a pleasure,
Cheerful even amid distress;
Nor pain, nor crosses,
Nor grief, nor losses,
Nor death itself, can make it less:
Here relying,
Suff'ring, dying,
Honest souls find all redress.

Pol. My heart feels your sentiments, and my tongue longs to join in 'em.

Caw. *Virtue's treasure*
Is a pleasure,

Cheer-

Pol. *Cheerful even amid distress;*

Caw. *Nor pain nor crosses,*

Pol. *Nor grief nor losses,*

Caw. *Nor death itself can make it less.*

Pol. *Here relying,*

Caw. *Suff'ring, dying.*

Pol. *Honest souls find all redress.*

Caw. Having this, I want no other consolation. I am prepar'd for all misfortune.

Pol. Had you means of escape, you could not refuse it. To preserve your life is your duty.

Caw. By dishonest means, I scorn it.

Pol. But stratagem is allow'd in war; and 'tis lawful to use all the weapons employ'd against you. You may save your friends from affliction, and be the instrument of rescuing your Country.

Caw. Those are powerful Inducements. I seek not voluntarily to resign my life. While it lasts, I would do my duty.

Pol. I'll talk with our guard. What induces them to rapine and murder, will induce 'em to betray. You may offer them what they want; and from no hands, upon no terms, corruption can resist the Temptation.

Caw. I have no skill. Those who are corrupt themselves, know how to corrupt others. You may do as you please. But whatever you promise for me, contrary to the *European* custom, I will perform. For though a knave may break his word with a knave, an honest tongue knows no such Distinctions.

Pol. Gentlemen, I desire some conference with you, that may be for your advantage.

S C E N E XII.

Polly, Cawwawkee, Laguerre, Capstern.

Pol. Know you that you have the *Indian* prince in your custody?

Lag. Full well.

Pol. Know you the treasures that are in his power?

Lag. I know too that they shall soon be ours.

Pol. In having him in your possession they are yours.

Lag. As how, friend?

Pol. He might well reward you.

Lag. For what?

Pol. For his liberty.

Caw. Yes, *European*, I can, and will reward you.

Cap. He's a great man, and I trust no such promises.

Caw.

Cap. I have said it, *European*: And an *Indian's* heart is always answerable for his words.

Pol. Think of the chance of war, gentlemen. Conquest is not so sure when you fight against those who fight for their liberties.

Lag. What think you of the proposal?

Cap. The prince can give us places; he can make us all great men. Such a prospect I can tell you, *Laguerre*, would tempt our betters.

Lag. Besides, if we are beaten, we have no retreat to our Ships.

Cap. If we gain our ends, what matter how we come by it?

Lag. Every man for himself, say I. There is no being even with mankind, without that universal maxim. Consider, brother, we run no risque.

Cap. Nay, I have no objections.

Lag. If we conquer'd, and the booty were to be divided among the crews, what would it amount to? Perhaps this way we might get more than would come to our shares.

Cap. Then too, I always lik'd a place at court. I have a genius to get, keep in, and make the most of an employment.

Lag. You will consider, prince, our own politicians would have rewarded such meritorious services: We'll go off with you:

Cap. We want only to be known to be employ'd.

Lag. Let us unbind him then.

Pol. 'Tis thus one able politician outwits another; and we admire their wisdom. You may rely upon the prince's word, as much as if he was a poor man.

Cap. Our fortunes then are made.

A I R XLVIII. Down in a meadow.

Pol. *The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain;
Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.
What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd!
Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.
The spaniel they cherish, whose flattering way
Can as well as their masters cringe, fawn, and betray.
Thus stanch politicians, look all the world round,
Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel, or hound.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Indian Camp.**Pobetobee, Attendants, Ducat.*

Ind. Sir, a party from the *British* factory have join'd us. Their chief attends your majesty's orders for their disposition.

Pobe. Let them be posted next my command; for I would be witness of their bravery. But first let their officer know I would see him. [*Exit* Indian.]

Enter Ducat.

Duc. I would do all in my power to serve your majesty. I have brought up my men, and now, Sir, ---- I would fain give up. I speak purely upon your majesty's account. For as to courage, and all that ---- I have been a colonel of the militia these ten years.

Pob. Sure, you have not fear. Are you a man?

Duc. A married man, Sir, who carries his wife's heart about him, and that indeed is a little timorous. Upon promise to her, I am engag'd to quit in case of a battle; and her heart hath ever govern'd me more than my own. Besides, Sir, fighting is not our Business; we pay others for fighting; and yet 'tis well known we had rather part with our lives than our money.

Pob. And have you no spirit then to defend it? Your families, your liberties, your properties are at stake. If these cannot move you, you must be born without a heart.

Duc. Alas, Sir, we cannot be answerable for human Infirmities.

AIR XLIX. There was an old man, and he liv'd.

What man can on virtue or courage repose,

Or guess if the touch 'twill abide?

Like gold, if intrinsick sure no body knows,

Till weigh'd in the Ballance and try'd.

Pob. How different are your notions from ours! We think virtue, honour, and courage, as essential to man as his limbs, or senses; and in every man we suppose the qualities of a man, till we have found the contrary. But then we regard him only as a brute in disguise. How custom can degrade nature!

Duc. Why should I have any more scruples about myself, than about my money? If I can make my courage pass current, what matter is it to me whether it be true or false? 'Tis Time enough to own a man's failings when they are found out. If your majesty then will not dispense with my duty to my wife,
with

with permission, I'll to my post. 'Tis wonderful to me that kings ever go to war, who have so much to lose, and nothing essential to get. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Pobetobee, Attendants.

Pob. My son a prisoner! Tortur'd, perhaps, and inhumanly butcher'd! Human nature cannot bear up against such afflictions. The war must suffer by his absence. More then is requir'd from me. Grief raises my resolution, and calls me to relieve him, or to a just revenge. What mean those shouts?

[Enter Indian.]

Ind. The prince, Sir, is return'd. The troops are animated by his presence. With some of the pyrates in his retinue, he waits your majesty's commands.

SCENE III.

Pobetobee, Cawwawkee, Polly, Laguerre, Capstern, &c.

Pob. Victory then is ours. Let me embrace him. Welcome, my son. Without thee my heart could not have felt a triumph.

Caw. Let this youth then receive your thanks. To him are owing my life and liberty. And the love of virtue alone gain'd me his friendship.

Pob. This hath convinc'd me that an *European* can be generous and honest.

Caw. These others, indeed, have the passion of their country. I owe their services to gold, and my promise is engag'd to reward them. How it gauls honour to have obligations to a dishonourable man!

Lag. I hope your majesty will not forget our services:

Pob. I am bound for my son's engagements.

Caw. For this youth, I will be answerable. Like a gem found in rubbish, he appears the brighter among these his Countrymen.

A I R L. Iris la plus charmante:

*Love with beauty is flying,
At once 'tis blooming and dying,
But all seasons defying,
Friendship lasts on the year.
Love is by long enjoying,
Cloying;
Friendship, enjoy'd the longer,
Stronger.*

*O may the flame divine
But burn your breast like mine!*

H

Pob.

Pol. Most noble prince, my behaviour shall justify the good opinion you have of me; and my friendship is beyond professions.

Pob. Let these men remain under guard, till after the battle. All promises shall then be made good to you.

[*Ex.* *Pyr.* guarded.]

SCENE IV.

Pohetobee, Cawwawkee, Polly.

Caw. May this young man be my companion in the war. As a boon I request it of you. He knows our cause is just, and that is sufficient to engage him in it.

Pob. I leave you to appoint him his command. Dispose of him as you judge convenient.

Pol. To fall into their hands is certain torture and death. As far as my youth and strength will permit me, you may rely upon my duty.

Enter Indian.

Ind. Sir, the enemy are advancing towards us.

Pob. Victory then is at hand. Justice protects us, and courage shall support us. Let us then to our posts. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Field of Battle.*

Culverin, Hacker, Pyrates.

A I R L I. There was a Jovial Beggar.

1 *Pyr.* *When horns, with cheerful sound,
Proclaim the active day;
Impatience warms the bound,
He burns to chase the prey.*

Chorus. *Thus to battle we will go, &c.*

2 *Pyr.* *How charms the trumpet's breath!
The brave, with hope possess'd,
Forgetting wounds and death,
Feel conquest in their breast.*

Chorus. *Thus to battle, &c.*

Cul. But yet I don't see, Brother *Hacker*, why we should be commanded by a Negroe. 'Tis all along of him that we are led into these difficulties. I hate this land fighting. I love to have sea room.

Hac. We are of the council, brother. If ever we get on board again, my vote shall be for calling of him to account for these pranks. Why should we be such fools to be ambitious of satisfying another's ambition?

Cul. Let us mutiny. I love mutiny as well as my wife.

1 *Pyr.*

1 *Pyr.* Let us mutiny.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, let us mutiny.

Hac. Our captain takes too much upon him. I am for no engrosser of power. By our articles he hath no command, but in a fight, or in a storm. Look'ee, brothers, I am for mutiny as much as any of you, when occasion offers.

Cul. Right, brother, all in good season. The pass to our ships is cut off by the troops of the plantation. We must fight the *Indians* first, and we have a mutiny good afterwards.

Hac. Is *Morano* still with his doxy?

Cul. He's yonder on the right, putting his troops in order for the onset.

Hac. I wish this fight of ours were well over. For, to be sure, let soldiers say what they will, they feel more pleasure after a battle than in it.

Cul. Does not the drum-head here, quarter-master, tempt you to sling a merry main or two? [*takes dice out of his pocket.*]

Hac. If I lose my money, I shall reimburse myself from the *Indians*. I have set.

Cul. Have at you. A nick. [*flings.*]

Hac. Throw the dice fairly out. Are you at me again!

Cul. I'm at it. Seven or eleven. [*flings*] eleven.

Hac. Furies! A manifest cog! I won't be bubbled, Sir. This would not pass upon a drunken country gentleman. Death, Sir, I won't be cheated.

Cul. The money is mine. D'you take me for a sharper, Sir?

Hac. Yes, Sir.

Cul. I'll have satisfaction.

Hac. With all my heart. [*fighting.*]

SCENE VI.

Hacker, Culverin, Pyrates, Morano, Vanderbluff, &c.

Mor. For shame, gentlemen! [*parting them,*] is this a time for private quarrel? What do I see! Dice upon the drum-head! If you have not left off those cowardly tools, you are unworthy your profession. The articles you have sworn to, prohibit gaming for money. Friendship and society cannot subsist where it is practis'd. As this is the day of battle, I remit your penalties: But let me hear no more of it.

Cul. To be call'd sharper, captain! is a reproach that no man of honour can put up.

Hac. But to be one, is what no man of honour can practice.

Mor. If you will not obey orders, quarter-master, this pistol shall put an end to the dispute. [*claps it to his head.*] The common cause now requires your agreement. If gaming is so rife, I don't wonder that treachery still subsists among you.

Hac. Who is treacherous?

Mor. *Capstern* and *Laguerve* have let the prince, and the stripling you took prisoner, escape; and are gone off with them to the *Indians*. Upon your duty, gentlemen, this day depends our all.

Cul. Rather than have ill blood among us, I return the monecy. I value your friendship more. Let all animosities be forgot.

Mor. We should be *Indians* among ourselves, and shew our breeding and parts to every body else. If we cannot be true to one another, and false to all the world beside, there is an end of every great enterprize.

Hac. We have nothing to trust to but death or victory.

Mor. Then hey for victory and plunder, my lads!

A I R LII. To you fair ladies.

By bolder steps we win the race.

I Pyr. *Let's haste where danger calls.*

Mor. *Unless ambition mends its pace,
It totters, nods, and falls.*

I Pyr. *We must advance, or be undone.*

Mor. *Think thus, and then the battle's won.*

Chor. *With a fa la la, &c.*

Mor. You see your booty, your plunder, gentlemen. The *Indians* are just upon us. The great must venture death some way or other, and the less ceremony about it, in my opinion, the better. But why talk I of death! Those only talk of it, who fear it. Let us all live, and enjoy our conquests. Sound the charge.

A I R LIII. Prince Eugene's march.

When the tyger roams,

And the timorous flock is in his view,

Fury foams,

He thirsts for the blood of the crew.

His greedy eyes he throws,

Thirst with their number grows,

On he pours, with a wide waste pursuing,

Spreading the plain with a general ruin,

Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn:

Van. *Let us on one and all!*

I Pyr. *How they fly, how they fall!*

Mor. *For the war, for the prize I burn.*

Van. Were they dragons, my lads, as they sit brooding upon treasure, we would fright them from their nests.

Mor. But see, the enemy are advancing to close engagement. Before the onset, we'll demand a parley, and if we can, obtain

tain honourable terms ----- We are overpower'd by numbers,
and our retreat is cut off.

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Pohetohee, Cawwawkee, Polly, &c. with the Indian
Army drawn up against the Pyrates.*

Pob. Our hearts are all ready. The enemy halts. Let the
trumpets give the signal.

A I R LIV. The marlborough.

Caw. *We the sword of justice drawing,
Terror cast in guilty eyes;
In its beam false courage dies;
'Tis like light'ning keen and awing.
Charge the foe,
Lay them low,
On them and strike the blow.
Hark, victory calls us. See, guilt is dismay'd:
The villain is of his own conscience afraid.
In your hands are your lives and your liberties held,
The courage of virtue was never repell'd.*

Pyr. Our chief demands a parley.

Poh. Let him advance.

*Art thou, Morano, that fell man of prey?
That foe to justice?*

Mor. Tremble and obey.

Art thou great Pohetohee styl'd?

Poh. *the same.*

I dare avow my actions and my name.

Mor. Thou know'st then, king, thy son there was my pri-
soner. Pay us the ransom we demand, allow us safe passage
to our ships, and we will give you your lives and liberties.

Pob. Shall robbers and plunderers prescribe rules to right
and equity? Insolent madman! Composition with knaves is
base and ignominious. Tremble at the sword of justice, rapa-
cious brute.

A I R LV. Les rats.

Mor. *Know then, war's my pleasure.*

Am I thus controll'd?

Both thy heart and treasure

I'll at once unfold.

*You, like a miser, scraping, hiding,
Rob all the world; you're but mines of gold.*

Rage my breast alarms;

War is by kings held right-deciding;

Then to arms, to arms;

With this sword I'll force your hold.

By



By thy obstinacy, king, thou hast provok'd thy fate; and so expect me.

Pob. Rapacious fool; by thy avarice thou shalt perish.

Mor. Fall on.

Pob. For your lives and liberties. [*sight, Pyrates beat off.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Ducat.

Duc. A slight wound now would have been a good certificate; but who dares contradict a soldier? 'Tis your common soldiers who must content themselves with mere fighting; but 'tis we officers that run away with the most fame as well as pay. Of all fools, the fool-hardy are the greatest, for they are not even to be trusted with themselves. Why should we provoke men to turn again upon us, after they are run away? For my own part, I think it wiser to talk of fighting, than only to be talk'd of. The fame of a talking hero will satisfy me; the sound of whose valour amazes and astonishes all peaceable men, women, and children. Sure a man may be allow'd a little lying in his own praise, when there's so much going about to his discredit. Since every other body gives a man less praise than he deserves, a man, in justice to himself, ought to make up deficiencies. Without this privilege, we should have fewer good characters in the world than we have.

A I R LVI. Mad Robin.

*How faultless does the nymph appear,
When her own hand the picture draws!*

But all others only smear

Her wrinckles, cracks, and flaws.

Self-flattery is our claim and right,

Let men say what they will;

Sure we may set our good in sight,

When neighbours set our ill.

So, for my own part, I'll no more trust my reputation in my neighbour's hands than my money. But will turn them both myself to the best advantage.

S C E N E IX.

Pohetobee, Cawwawkee, Ducat, Indians.

Pob. Had *Morano* been taken or slain, our victory had been compleat.

Duc. A hare may escape from a mastiff. I could not be a grevhound too.

Pob. How have you dispos'd of the prisoners?

Caw. They are all under safe guard, till the king's justice,
by

by their exemplary punishment, deters others from the like barbarities.

Pob. But all our troops are not as yet return'd from the pursuit; I am too for speedy justice, for in that there is a sort of clemency. Besides, I would not have my private thoughts worried by mercy to pardon such wretches. I cannot be answerable for the frailties of my nature.

Caw. The youth who rescu'd me from these cruel men is missing; and amidst all our successes I cannot feel happiness. I fear he is among the slain. My gratitude interested itself so warmly in his safety that you must pardon my concern. What hath victory done for me? I have lost a friend.

A I R LXVII. Thro' the wood laddy.

As sits the sad turtle alone on the spray,

His Heart sorely beating,

Sad murmur repeating,

Indulging his grief for his consort astray;

For force or death only could keep her away.

Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare;

If guns have not slain her,

The net must detain her,

Thus he'll rise in my thoughts, every hour with a tear,

If safe from the battle he do not appear.

Pob. Dead or alive, bring me intelligence of him; for I share in my son's affliction. [Exit Indian.]

Duc. I had better too be upon the spot, or my men may embezzle some of the plunder which by right should be mine. [Exit.]

Enter Indian.

Ind. The youth, Sir, with a party, is just return'd from the pursuit. He's here to attend your majesty's commands.

S C E N E X.

Pobetobee, Cawwawkee, Polly, Indians.

Caw. Pardon, Sir, the warmth of my friendship, if I fly to meet him, and for a moment intercept his Duty. [Embracing.]

A I R LVIII. Clasp'd in my dear Melinda's arms.

Pol. *Victory is ours.*

Caw. *My fond heart is at rest.*

Pol. *Friendship thus receives its guest.*

Caw. *O what transport fills my Breast!*

Pol. *Conquest is compleat,*

Caw. *Now the triumph's great.*

Pol. *In your life is a nation blest.*

Caw. *In your life I'm of all possess'd.*

Pol.

Pob. The obligations my son hath receiv'd from you, makes me take a part in his friendship. In your safety victory has been doubly kind to me. If *Morano* hath escap'd, justice only reserves him to be punish'd by another hand.

Pol. In the rout, Sir, I overtook him, flying with all the cowardice of guilt upon him. Thousands have false courage enough to be vicious; true fortitude is founded upon honour and virtue; that only can abide all tests. I made him my prisoner, and left him without under strict guard, till I receiv'd your majesty's commands for his disposal.

Pob. Sure this youth was sent me as a guardian. Let your prisoner be brought before us.

S C E N E XI.

Pobetohee, Cawwawkee, Polly, Morano guarded.

Mor. Here's a young treacherous dog now, who hangs the husband to come at the wife. There are wives in the world who would have undertaken that affair to come at him. Your son's liberty, to be sure, you think better worth than mine; so that I allow you a good bargain if I take my own for his ransom, without a gratuity. You know, king, he is my debtor.

Pob. He hath the obligations to thee of a sheep who hath escap'd out of the jaws of a wolf, beast of prey!

Mor. Your great men will never own their debts, that's certain.

Pob. Trifle not with justice, impious man. Your barbarities, your rapine, your murders are now at an end.

Mor. Ambition must take its chance. If I die, I die in my vocation.

A I R. LIX. Parson upon Dorothy.

*The soldiers, who by trade must dare
The deadly cannon's sounds;
You may be sure, betimes prepare
For fatal blood and wounds.
The men who with advent'rous dance,
Bound from the Cord on high,
Must own they have the frequent chance
By broken bones to die.
Since rarely then
Ambitious men
Like others lose their breath;
Like these, I hope,
They know a rope
Is but their natural death.*

We must all take the common lot of our professions.

Pob.

Pob. Would your *European* laws have suffer'd crimes like these to have gone unpunish'd!

Mor. Were all I am worth safely land, I have wherewithal to make almost any crime fit easy upon me.

Pob. Have ye notions of property?

Mor. Of my own.

Pob. Would not your honest industry have been sufficient to have supported you?

Mor. Honest industry! I have heard talk of it indeed among the common people, but all great genius's are above it.

Pob. Have you no respect for virtue?

Mor. As a good phrase, Sir; but the practisers of it are so insignificant and poor, that they are seldom found in the best company.

Pob. Is not wisdom esteem'd among you?

Mor. Yes, Sir: But only as a step to riches and power; a step that raises ourselves, and trips up our neighbours.

Pob. Honour and honesty, are not those distinguish'd?

Mor. As incapacities and follies. How ignorant are these *Indians!* But indeed I think Honour is of some use: it serves to swear upon.

Pob. Have you no conscioufness? Have you no shame?

Mor. Of being poor.

Pob. How can society subsist with avarice! Ye are but the forms of men. Beasts would thrust you out of their herd upon that account, and man should cast you out for your brutal dispositions.

Mor. *Alexander the great* was more successful; that's all.

A I R LX. The collier has a daughter.

*When right or wrong's decided
In war or civil causes,
We by success are guided
To blame or give applauses.
Thus men exalt Ambition,
In power by all commended,
But when it falls from high condition,
Tyburn is well attended.*

Pob. Let justice then take her course, I shall not interfere with her decrees. Mercy too obliges me to protect my country from such violences. Immediate death shall put a stop to your further mischiefs.

Mor. This sentence indeed is hard: Without the common forms of trial! Not so much as the counsel of a *Newgate* attorney! Not to be able to lay out my money in partiality and evidence! Not a friend perjur'd for me! This is hard, very hard,

Pop. Let the sentence be put in execution. Lead him to death. Let his accomplices be witnesses of it, and afterwards let them be securely guarded till farther orders.

A I R LXI. Mad Moll.

Mor. *All crimes are judg'd like fornication ;
While rich we are honest no doubt.
Fine ladies can keep reputation,
Poor lasses alone are found out.
If justice had piercing eyes,
Like ourselves, to look within,
She'd find power and wealth a disguise
That shelter the worst of our kin.* [Exit, guarded.

S C E N E XII.

Pohetohce, Carrawawkee, Pelly.

Pop. How shall I return the obligations I owe you ? Every thing in my power you may command. In making a request, you confer on me another benefit ; for gratitude is obliged by occasions of making a return : And every occasion must be agreeable ; for a grateful mind hath more pleasure in paying than receiving.

Caw. My friendship too is impatient to give you proofs of it. How happy would you make me in allowing me to discharge that duty !

A I R LXII. Prince George.

Pol. *All Friendship is a mutual debt,
The contract's inclination ;*
Caw. *We never can that bond forget,
Of sweet retaliation.*
Pol. *All day, and every day the same.
We are paying, and still owing ;*
Caw. *By turns we grant, by turns we claim
The pleasure of bestowing.*
Both *By turns we grant, &c.*

Pol. The pleasure of having serv'd an honourable man is a sufficient return. My misfortunes, I fear, are beyond relief.

Caw. That sigh makes me suffer. If you have a want let me know it.

Pop. If it is in a king's power, my power will make me happy.

Caw. If you believe me a friend, you are unjust in concealing your distresses from me. You deny me the priviledge of friendship ; for I have a right to share them, or redress them.

Pop. Can my treasures make you happy ?

Pol. Those who have them not think they can ; those who have them know they cannot.

Pol. How unlike his countrymen !

Caw. While you conceal one want from me, I feel every want for you. Such obstinacy to a friend is barbarity.

Pol. Let not my reflection interrupt the joys of your triumph. Could I have commanded my thoughts, I would have reserved them for solitude.

Caw. Those sighs, and that reservedness, are symptoms of a heart in love : A pain that I am yet a stranger to.

Pol. Then you have never been completely wretched.

A I R LXIII. Blithe Jackey young and gay.

*Can words the pain express,
Which absent lovers know ?
He only mine can guess
Whose heart hath felt the woe.
'Tis doubt, suspicion, fear,
Seldom hope, oft' despair ;
'Tis jealousy, 'tis rage, in brief,
'Tis every pang and grief.*

Caw. But does not love often deny itself aid and comfort, by being too obstinately secret ?

Pol. One cannot be too open to generosity ; that is a sin of universal benignity. In concealing ourselves from it we but deny ourselves the blessings of its influence.

A I R LXIV. In the fields in frost and snow.

*The modest lilly, like the maid,
Its pure bloom defending,
Is of noxious dews afraid,
Soon as even's descending.
Clos'd all night,
Free from blight,
It preserves the native white ;
But at morn unfolds its leaves,
And the vital sun receives.*

Yet why should I trouble your majesty with the misfortunes of so inconsiderable a wretch as I am ?

Pol. A king's beneficence should be like the sun ; the most humble weed should feel its influence, as well as the most gaudy flower : But I have the nearest concern in any thing that touches you.

Pol. You see then at your feet the most unhappy of women.

[kneels, he raises her.]

Caw. A woman ! Oh my heart !

Pol. A woman!

Pol. Yes, Sir, the most wretched of her sex. In love! married! abandon'd! and in despair!

Pol. What brought you into these countries?

Pol. To find my husband. Why had not the love of virtue directed my heart? But, alas! 'tis outward appearance alone that generally engages a woman's affections! And my heart is in the possession of the most profligate of mankind.

Pol. Why this disguise?

Pol. To protect me from the violences and insults to which my sex might have expos'd me.

Caw. Had she not been married I might have been happy.

[*Aside.*

Pol. He ran into the madness of every vice: I detest his principles, tho' I am fond of his person to distraction. Could your commands for search and enquiry restore him to me, you reward me at once with all my wishes; for sure my love still might reclaim him.

Caw. Had you conceal'd your sex, I had been happy in your friendship; but now, how uneasy, how restless is my heart!

A I R L X V. Whilst I gaze on Chloe.

*Whilst I gaze in fond desiring,
Every former thought is lost:
Sighing, wishing, and admiring,
How my troubled soul is tost!
Hot and cold my blood is flowing,
How it thrills in every vein!
Liberty and life are going,
Hope can ne'er relieve my pain.*

Enter Indian:

Ind. The rest of the troops, Sir, are returned from the pursuit with more prisoners. They attend your majesty's commands.

Pol. Let them be brought before us. [*Ex. Ind.*] Give not yourself up to despair for every thing in my power you may command.

[*to Pol.*

Caw. And every thing in mine: But, alas, I have none; for I am not in my own!

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Pobetobee, Cawwawkee, Polly, Ducat, Jenny guarded, &c.

Jen. Spare my husband ; *Morano* is my husband.

Pob. Then I have reliev'd you from the society of a monster.

Jen. Alas, Sir, there are many husbands who are furious monsters to the rest of mankind, that are the tamest creatures alive to their wives. I can be answerable for his duty and submission to your majesty ; for I know I have so much power over him, that I can even make him good.

Pob. Why then had you not made him so before ?

Jen. I was, indeed, like other wives, too indulgent to him ; and as it was agreeable to my own humour, I was loth to baulk his ambition. I must, indeed, own too, that I had the frailty of pride ; but where is the woman who hath not an inclination to be as great, and as rich as she can be ?

Pob. With how much ease and unconcern these *Europeans* talk of vices, as if they were necessary qualifications.

A I R LXVI. The Jamaica.

Jen. *The sex, we find,*
 Like men, inclin'd
To guard against reproaches ;
 And none neglect
 To pay respect
 To rogues who keep their coaches.

Indeed, Sir, I had determin'd to be honest myself, and to have made him so too ; as soon as I had put myself upon a reasonable foot in the world ; and that is more self-denial than is commonly practis'd.

Pob. Woman, your profligate sentiments offend me ; and you deserve to be cut off from society, with your husband. Mercy would be scarce excusable in pardoning you. Have done then, *Morano* is now under the stroke of justice.

Jen. Let me implore your majesty to respite his sentence. Send me back again with him into slavery, from whence we escap'd. Give us an occasion of being honest, for we owe our lives and liberties to another.

Duc. Yes, Sir, I find some of my run-away slaves among the crew ; and I hope my services, at least ; will allow me to claim my own again.

Jen. *Morano*, Sir, I must confess, hath been a free liver, and a man of so many gallantries, that no woman could escape him. If *Macheath's* misfortunes were known, the whole sex would be in tears.

Pol. Micbeath!

Fen. He is no black, Sir, but under that disguise, for my sake, skreen'd himself from the claims and importunities of other women. May love intercede for him!

Pol. Micbeath! is it possible? Spare him, save him, I ask no other reward.

Pob. Hasté, let the sentence be suspended. [*Ex. Ind.*]

Pol. Fly; a moment may make me miserable. Why could not I know him? All his distresses brought upon him by my hand! Cruel love, how couldst thou blind me so?

A I R LXVII. Tweed Side.

*The stag, when chas'd all the long day,
O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake;
Now panting for breath, and at bay,
Now stemming the river or lake:
When the treacherous scent is all cold,
And at eve he returns to his hind,
Can her joy, can her pleasure be told?
Such joy and such pleasure I find.*

But, alas! now again reflection turns fear upon my heart. His pardon may come too late, and I may never see him more.

Pob. Take hence that profligate woman. Let her be kept under strict guard till my commands.

Fen. Slavery, Sir, slavery is all I ask. Whatever becomes of him, spare my life; spare an unfortunate woman. What can be the meaning of this sudden turn! Consider, Sir, if a husband be never so bad, a wife is bound to duty.

Pob. Take her hence, I say; let my orders be obey'd.

[*Ex. Jenny guarded.*]

S C E N E XIV.

Pobetobee, Cawwawkee, Polly, Ducat, &c.

Pol. What, no news yet? Not yet return'd!

Caw. If Justice has overtaken him, he was unworthy of you.

Pol. Not yet: O how I fear!

A I R LXVIII. One Evening as I lay.

*My heart forbodes he's dead,
That thought how can I bear?
He is gone, for ever fled;
My soul is all despair!
I see him pale and cold,
The noose hath stopp'd his breath,
Just as my dream foretold;
I had that sleep been death.*

SCENE.

SCENE XV.

Pobetobee, Cawwawkee, Polly, Ducat, Indians.

Enter Indians.

Pol. He's dead, he's dead! Their looks confess it. Your tongues have no need to give it utterance to confirm my misfortunes! I know, I see, I feel it! Support me! O *Mucbeath!*

Duc. Mercy upon me! Now I look upon her nearer, bless me, it must be *Polly*. This woman, Sir, is my slave, and I claim her as my own. I hope, if your majesty thinks of keeping her, you will reimburse me, and not let me be a loser. She was an honest girl to be sure, and had too much virtue to thrive; for, to my knowledge, money could not tempt her.

Pob. And if she is virtuous, *European*, dost thou think I'll act the infamous part of a ruffian, and force her? 'Tis my duty as a king to cherish and protect virtue.

Caw. Justice hath reliev'd you from the society of a wicked man. If an honest heart can recompence your loss, you would make me happy in accepting mine. I hope my father will consent to my happiness.

Pob. Since your love of her is founded upon the love of virtue and gratitude, I leave you to your own disposal.

Caw. What, no reply?

Pol. Abandon me to my sorrows; for in indulging them is my only relief.

Pob. Let the chiefs have immediate execution. For the rest, let 'em be restor'd to their owners, and return to their slavery.

A I R XLIX. Buff-Coat.

Caw. *Why that languish!*

Pol. *O he's dead! O he's lost for ever!*

Caw. *Cease your anguish, and forget your grief.*

Pol. *Ah, never!*

What air, grace, and stature!

Caw. *How false in his nature!*

Pol. *To virtue my love might have won him.*

Caw. *How base and deceiving,*

Pol. *But love is believing.*

Caw. *Vice, at length, as 'tis meet, hath undone him.*

By your consent you might at the same time give me happiness, and procure your own. My titles, my treasures are all at your command.

A I R LXX. An Italian Ballad.

Pol. *Frail is ambition, how weak the foundation!*

Riches have wings as inconstant as wind;

My heart is proof against either temptation,

Virtue, without them, contentment can find.

I am charm'd, Prince, with your generosity and virtues. 'Tis only by the pursuit of those we secure real happiness. Those that know and feel virtue in themselves, must love it in others. Allow me to give a decent time to my sorrows. But my misfortunes at present interrupt the joys of victory.

Caw. Fair princess, for so I hope shortly to make you, permit me to attend you, either to divide your griefs, or, by conversation, to soften your sorrows.

Pol. 'Tis a pleasure to me, by this alliance, to recompence your merits. [*Ex. Caw. and Pol.*] Let the sports and dances then celebrate our victory. [*Exit.*]

D A N C E.

A I R LXXI. The temple.

1 Ind. *Justice long forbearing,
Power or riches never fearing,
Slow, yet persevering,
Hunts the villain's pace.*

Chor. *Justice long, &c.*

2 Ind. *What tongues then defend him?
Or what hand will succour lend him?
Even his friends attend him,
To foment the chace.*

Chor. *Justice long, &c.*

3 Ind. *Virtue, subduing,
Humbles in ruin*

All the proud wicked race.

Truth, never-failing,

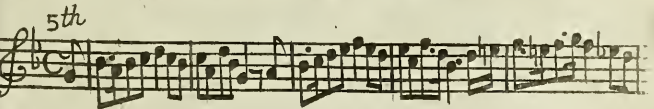
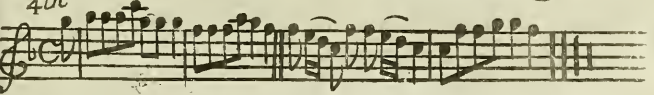
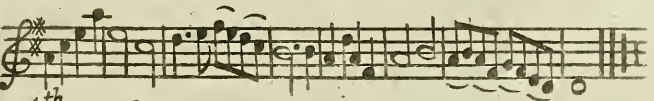
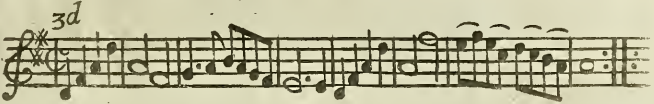
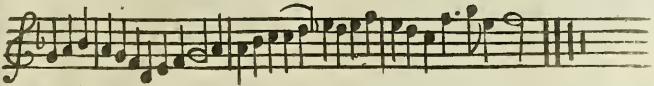
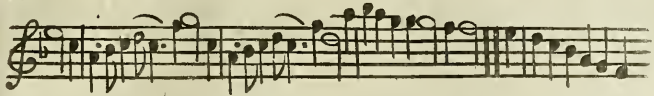
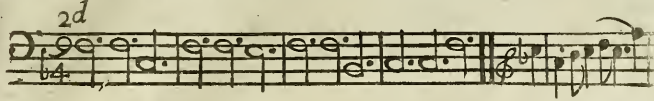
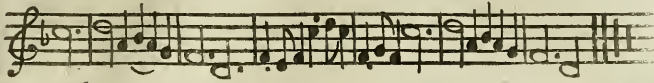
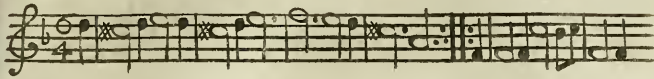
Must be prevailing,

Falshood shall find disgrace.

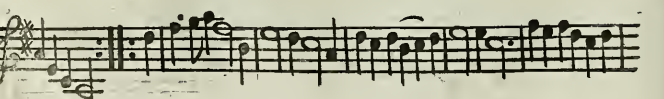
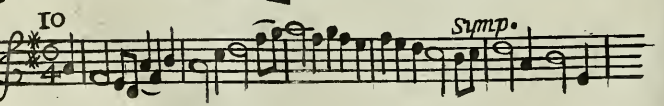
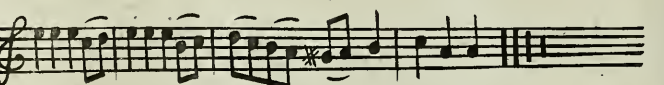
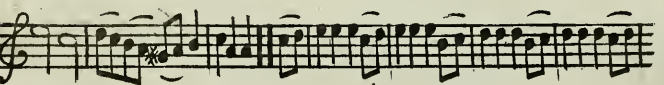
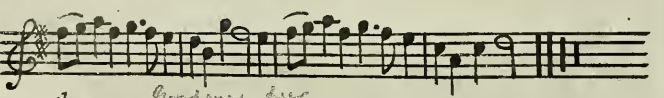
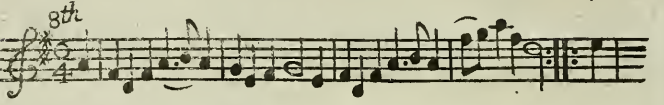
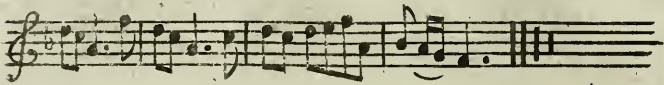
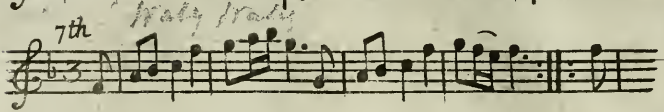
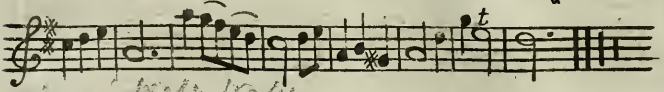
Chor. *Justice long forbearing, &c.*

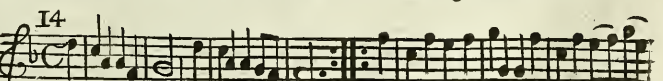
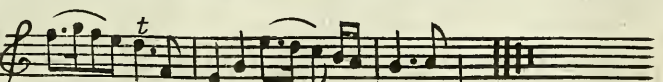
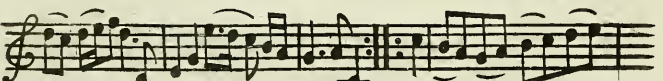
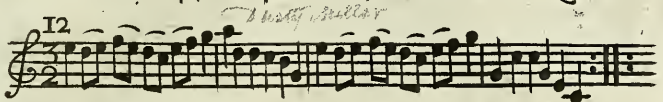
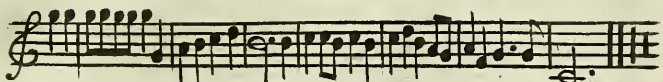
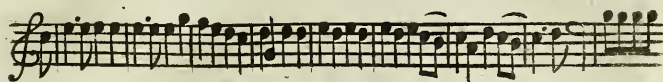
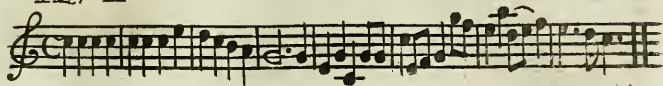
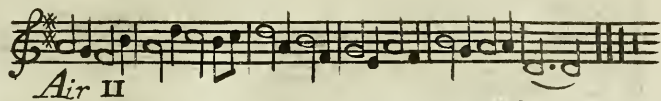
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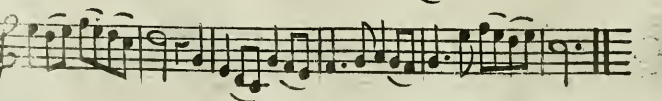
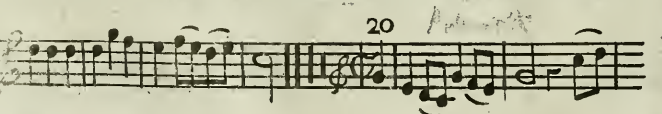
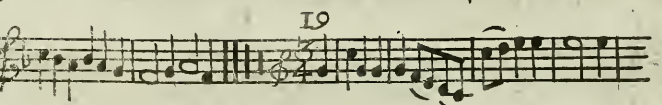
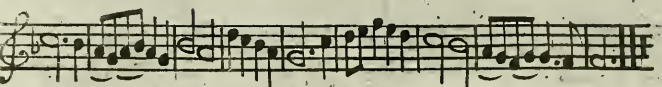
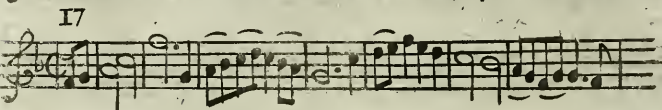
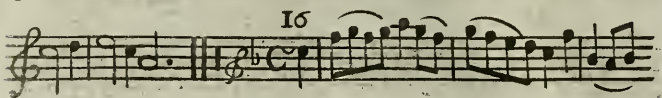
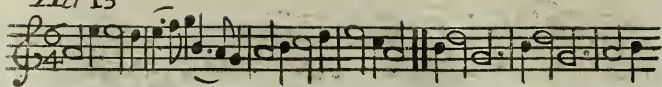
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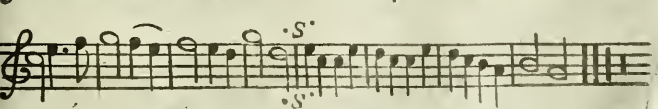
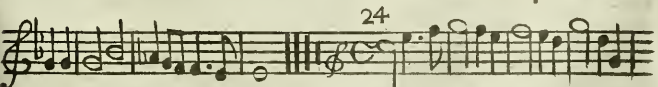
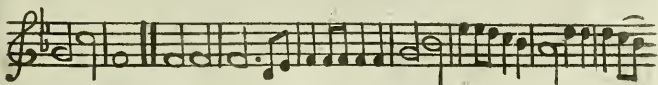
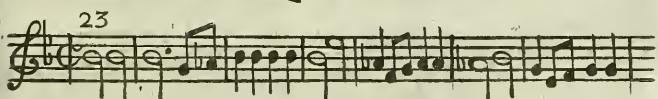
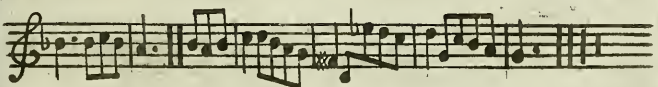
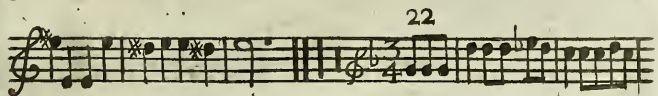
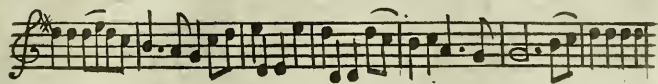
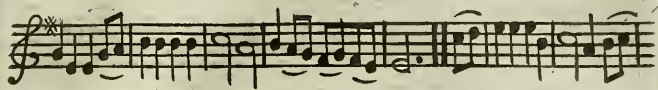
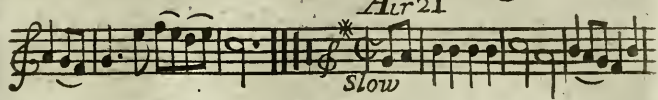
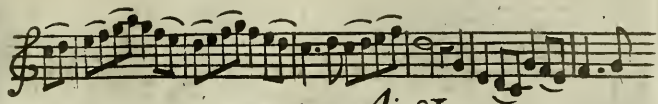


Airoth





Air I5



6
Air 25

A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Air 25". The score is written on ten staves of five-line music paper. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/4. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals. Measure numbers 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30 are clearly marked above the staves. A trill is indicated with a "t" above a note in the third staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the tenth staff.

Air 31

First musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Second musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Third musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line. A measure number '32' is written above the staff.

Fourth musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Fifth musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Sixth musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line. A measure number '33' is written above the staff.

Seventh musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Eighth musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Ninth musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line. A measure number '34' is written above the staff.

Tenth musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Eleventh musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Twelfth musical staff, treble clef, 4/4 time signature, key signature of one sharp (F#). The staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Air 35

Handwritten musical score for "Air 35". The score is written on ten staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a single melodic line. The score includes several measures with measure numbers: 30, 37, 38, 39, and 40. The text "fathazine Ojies" is written in cursive above measure 30. The text "My Mother's ay glowran" is written in cursive above measure 39. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

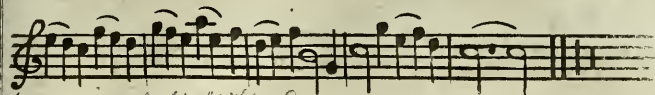
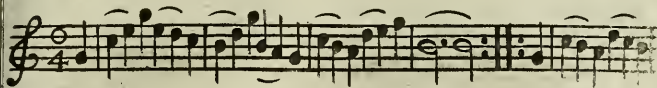
30 *fathazine Ojies*

37

38

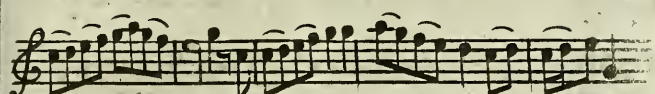
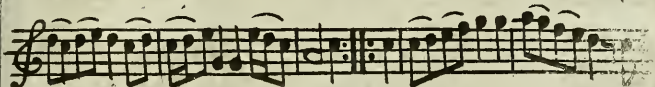
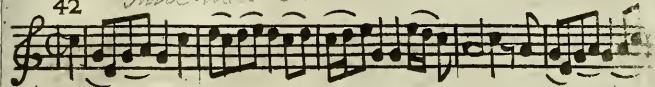
39 *My Mother's ay glowran*

40

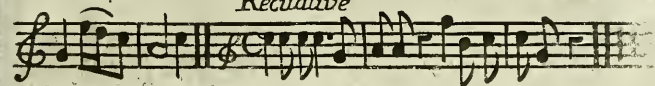


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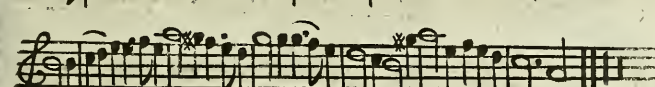
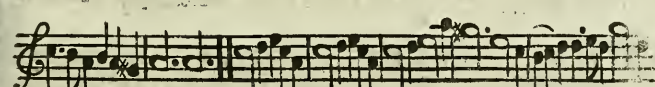
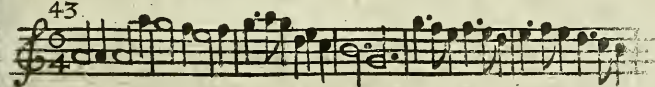
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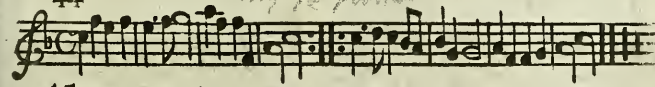


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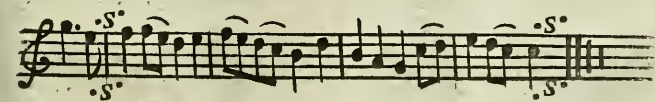
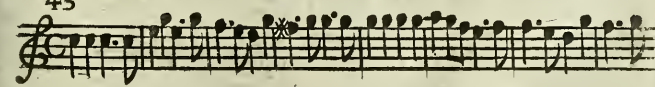


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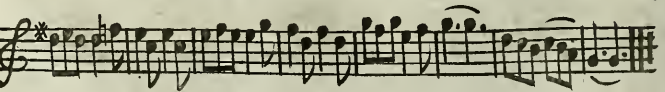
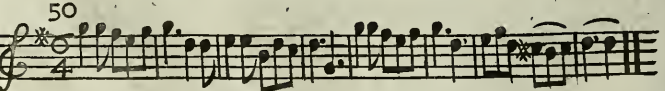
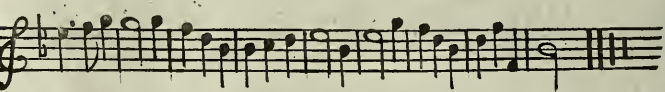
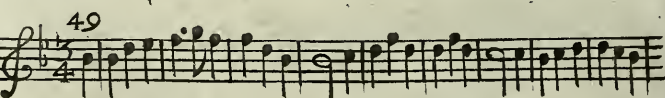
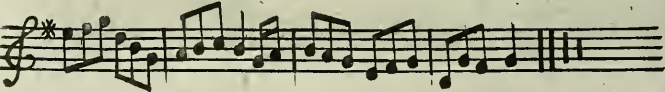
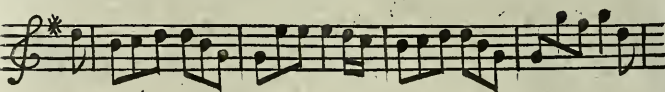
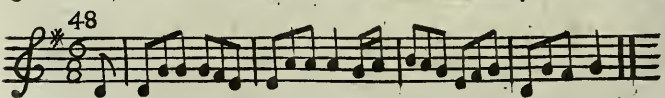
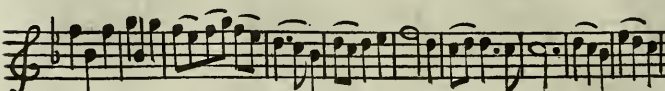
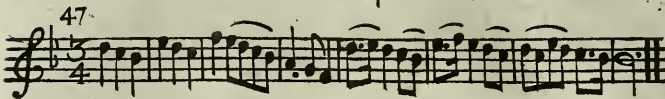
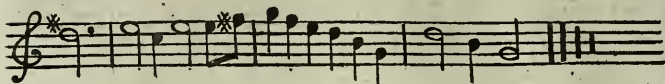
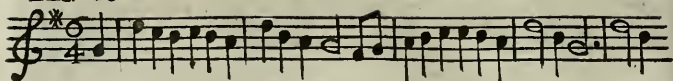
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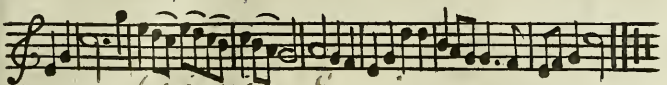
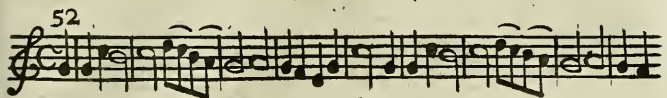
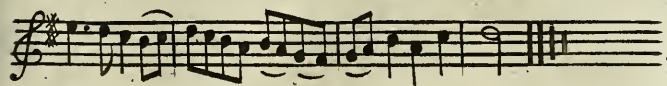
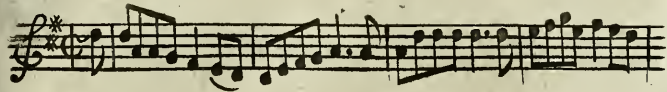


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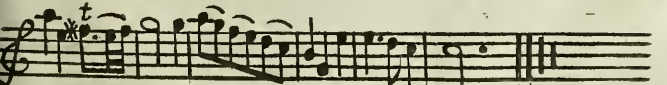
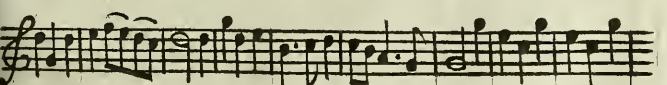
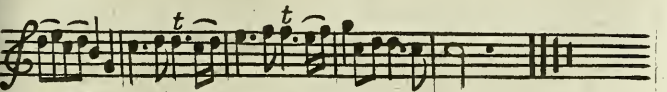
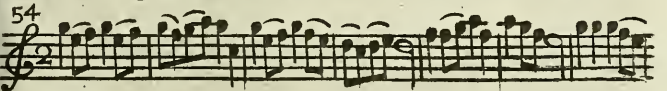
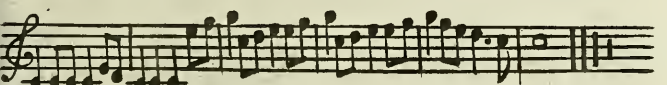
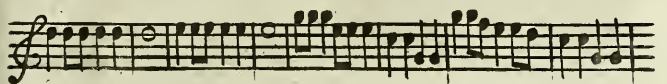
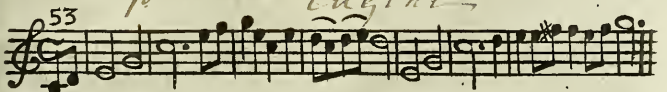


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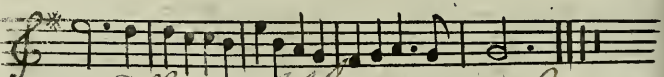
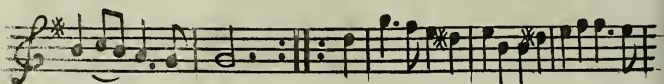
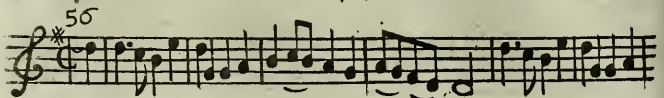
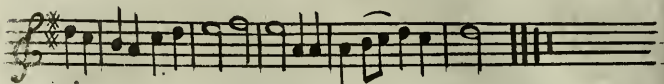
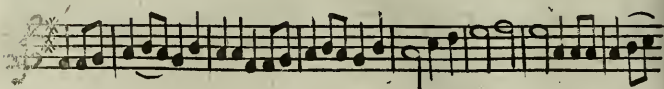
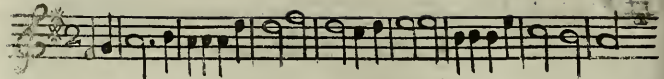




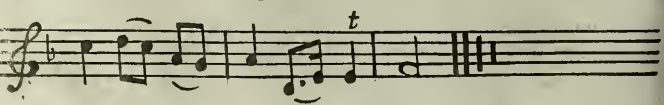
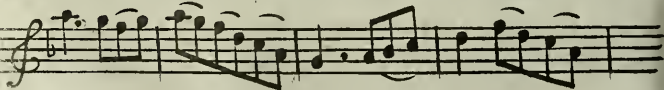
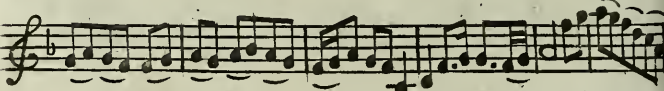
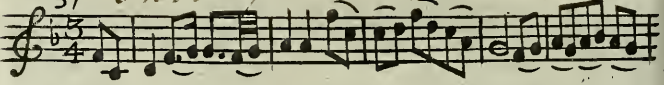
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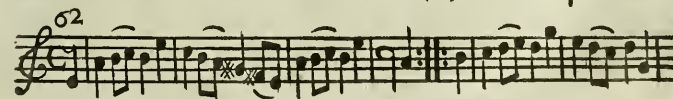
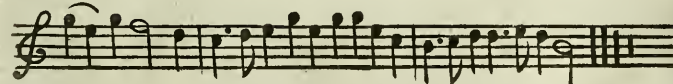
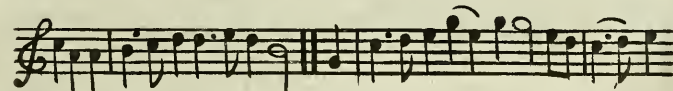
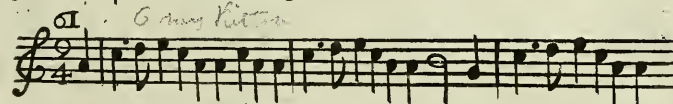
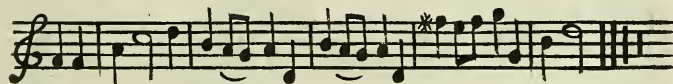
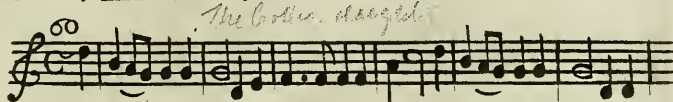
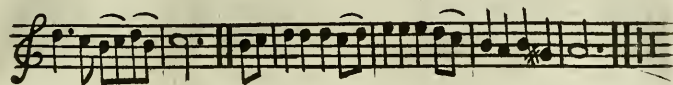
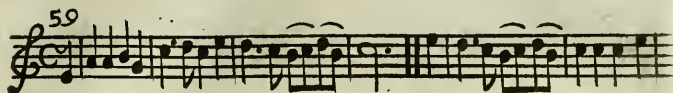
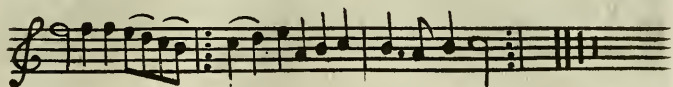
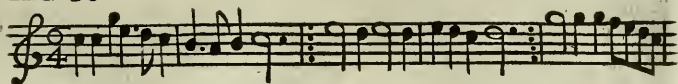


12 Air 55



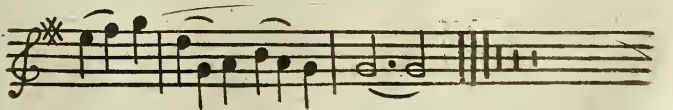
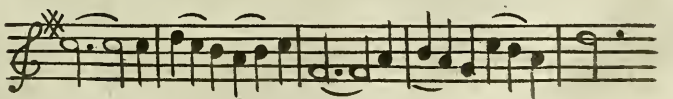
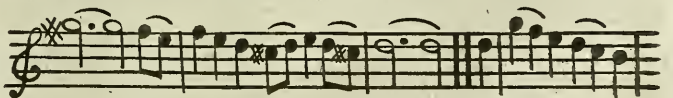
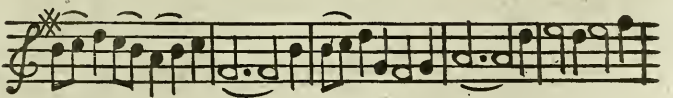
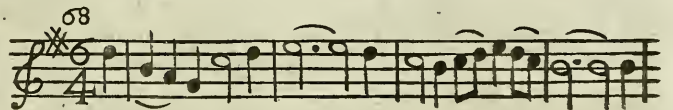
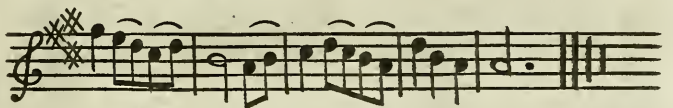
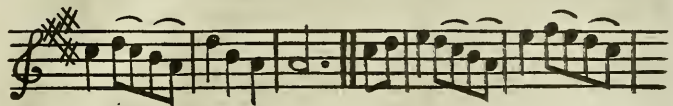
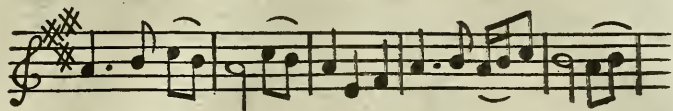
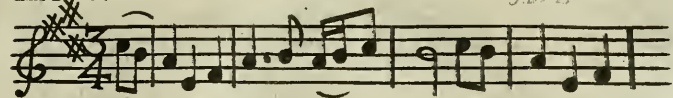
57 *Through the woods Ladie*





14
Air 03

A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Air 03". The score is written on ten staves, each containing a single melodic line. The notation is in a single system, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#) on the first staff. The time signature is 3/4. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. There are several measures with repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) and some measures with fermatas. Measure numbers 64, 65, and 66 are clearly marked at the beginning of their respective staves. The handwriting is clear and legible, typical of an 18th or 19th-century manuscript.



16 Air 69 Buff Coat

The first system of music consists of four staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with a melodic line. The second and third staves continue the melody with various note values and rests. The fourth staff begins with the number '70' and continues the piece, ending with a double bar line.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody from the previous system. The second staff begins with the number '71' and is labeled '1st. Indian'.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff is labeled 'Chorus'.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff is labeled '2d. Indian'.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff is labeled 'Cho.'.

The sixth system of music consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff is labeled '3d. Indian'.

The seventh system of music consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff is labeled 'Cho.'.

The eighth system of music consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff continues the piece, ending with a double bar line.

The ninth system of music consists of two staves. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff continues the piece, ending with a double bar line.

(3)

THE
BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

A NEW
OPERA.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE in *Dublin*, with great Applause.

AND

At the THEATRE in the *Hay-Market*.

To which are added the New

PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

By Mr. *CHAR. COFFET*.

*Sometimes we frame our Selves to be lame,
And when a Coach comes we hop to our Game;
We seldom miscarry, and seldomer marry,
By Gown, Common Prayer, or Cloak Directory;
But Simon and Susan like Birds of a Feather,
First kiss, sing, and laugh, and lie down together:
And therefore brave, bonny, bold Beggars we'll be,
For none leads a Life so merry as we.*

Pills to purge Melancholy.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JAMES and JOHN KNAPTON. at the *Crown* in *St. Paul's*
Church-Yard. MDCCLXXXIX. (Price One Shilling.)

1870

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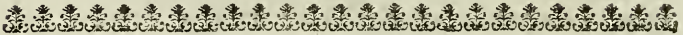


PROLOGUE.

*THIS Stage has long with fond Endeavours strove
Your kind Applause, and Patronage to move;
Pleasure to all, to none Offence to give,
And, Proteus like, your Grief and Mirth revive:
But vain our Hopes to gain the wish'd Success,
Since only Tricks and Transformations please,
Since deprav'd Fancy lords it oe'r the Town,
And the best Plays and Actors can't go down;
Then poor indeed must prove our Callow Flight;
For Eaglets cannot soar an Eagle's Height.
Now to harmonious Nonsense Wit gives way,
And Song and Dance or Damn or save a Play.*

*Fruitless has Nature join'd the Poet's Art,
Vice to suppress, and Virtue to impart;
A good Machine alone can win the Heart.
Our Fathers did indeed good Sense prefer,
And to improve the Mind was all their Care;
But we, thank Zany's, now are wiser grown,
All Sense in Entertainments we disown.
What, please the Mind! No, rather take the Eye,
On Carpenters, not Poets we rely,
For what are Morals to a Sink or Fly?
Farquhar with pleasing Humour dully writ,
Ev'n Shakespear and soft Otway must submit,
For Supernatural is the reigning Wit.
Hab! says a Bon Garzoon, Gad demme my Soul!
Who shall the Taste of a Beaumonde controul?
From Shakespear, Cheshire-Bard should bear the Bell,
One Writes, 'tis true, but 'tother Fiddles well.*

*Thus Sing-Song only can be sure of Praise,
 And Congreve must to Johnson yield the Bays:
 In strict Compliance to the present Taste
 A Modish OPERA is to Night your Feast-----
 A Begging one-----And that throughout the Nation
 Has been, you'll own, too too long, Sirs, the Fashion ;
 " And if we chance in any Part to fail,
 " We've now no Dragon with a spiry Tail---
 And real Merit seldom does prevail ;
 As by Experience hard our Betters prove,
 Who oft, like us, in vain their Causes move :
 But I'm to Beg, that, Custom to confute,
 You'll come Indulgent to our humble Hutt.
 And in Return-----The all, we can, we'll give,
 Your Favours ever gratefully receive,
 And your Obedient Servants ever live.*



EPILOGUE.

*THE Scene now clos'd, and OPERA gone thro',
 In all their Names I'm hither come to know
 If we in vain have Begg'd your Smiles ---- or no.*

*Each one was fearful on the Task to venture,
 And swore our Case so bad, they durst not enter. -----
 I told 'em, to dispel their rising Fear,
 The Bold and Forward still were Fortune's Care,
 And none could Win that did not bravely Dare.*

*'Tis true, said I, we want the pleasing Art
 To force Attention, and to move the Heart :
 But, to give my Opinion of the Matter,
 Most People love the genuine Works of Nature ;*

And by the Fair 'tis a Resolve confess,
Never to baulk the Man that does his Best.
They would have strove to imitate the Air,
And graceful Action of your true-bred Play'r ;
But faith, said I, that Project ne'er rely on,
The Ass does most appear in Skin of Lyon.
What, tho' the Wise this Maxim ever hold,
He that would push his Fortune must be bold ;
Yet none can so unreasonable prove,
T' expect the Air of Wilks, or Grace of Booth.
'Tis Time alone can crown us with Success,
And arduous Heights are gain'd but by Degrees.

A prostrate Wretch the Brave will ne'er annoy,
'Tis great to save those that you could destroy.
Beggars are privileged to ask your Favour,
If done with humble and a fit Behaviour ;
And, [tho' like some, who by their Brags succeed,
We can't in such pathetick Manner plead]
We beg to say, if we don't hap'ly Cant,
We've too sure Reason-----That of Real Want.

Since then on You alone our Fates depend,
Smile on our Begging ——— our poor Cause defend ;
Nor let a Comick Scene with Sorrow end :
Whilst we, with Joy exulting ever boast
That, they who judge the Best can pardon Most.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Alderman <i>Quorum</i> , a Justice of the Peace.	}	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
<i>Chaunter</i> , King of the Beggars.		Mr. <i>Hulett</i> .
<i>Hunter</i> , his reputed Son.		Mr. <i>Chardin</i> .
<i>Grigg</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Reynolds</i> .
<i>Cant</i> ,		Mr. <i>Webster</i> .
<i>Gage</i> ,		Mr. <i>Dove</i> .
<i>Mump</i> ,		Mr. <i>Pearce</i> .
<i>Scrip</i> ,		Mr. <i>Watben</i> .
<i>Swab</i> ,		Mr. <i>Gillow</i> .
<i>Dash</i> , Clerk to the Justice.		Mr. <i>Ware</i> .
Constable,	Mr. <i>Michen</i> .	

W O M E N.

<i>Phebe</i> , the Alderman's reputed Daughter.	}	Mrs. <i>Mountford</i> .
Mrs. <i>Chaunter</i> , Queen of the Beggars.		Mrs. <i>Thomas</i> .
<i>Tippet</i> , Maid to <i>Phebe</i> .		Mrs. <i>Nokes</i> .
<i>Strummer</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Clarke</i> .
<i>Mopsey</i> ,		Miss <i>Russell</i> .
<i>Blouze</i> ,		Miss <i>Mann</i> .
<i>Drab</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Carter</i> .
<i>Manchet</i> ,		Miss <i>Jones</i> .
<i>Tib Tatter</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Palmer</i> .



T H E

BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

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

Quorum, Dash.

Quor. **H**A S old *Chaunter* been here lately ?

Dash. No, Sir.

Quor. Hum ! Methought I heard a Noise
in the Office just now.

Dash. Yes, Sir, occasioned by some of your Worship's
daily Visitants.

Quor. A Beggar to be sure — These Raskals are
more troublesome than all the rest of the Town — but
the Truth on't is, they pay heartily for it — let me see
— ay — by a moderate Computation, I believe what
I have lost by the Reduction of the Work-house for
some Years past has been doubly made up to me by the
pretty Villanies of these industrious Rogues — What's
the Crime now ?

Dash. Only a Breach of Trust, Sir, as usual : He
was overtaken with a Silver Spoon in his Pocket, which
he had stol'n out of a Dish of Broth a poor Servant had
given him for Charity.

Quor.

Quor. Sad Dog ! since the Goods were found, send him to the rest of his Brethren, where he shall be whipt for his ill Management, that he may learn next Time a more dextrous Conveyance of his Prize — I love to encourage Art in every Profession, that when a Man leaves the World (tho' untimely) he may die with the Reputation of a Master in his Business.

Dash. Sir, there are several other People waiting to be bound over.

Quor. Good again — were it not for these two Articles of binding and unbinding, every Justice of Peace in Town might go whistle — How mistaken are the Notions of Men in this particular of ours ? I'll maintain 'tis both a publick and a private Good ; for Scandal and Resentment are grown Evils so common, that were it not for our Management, the whole Town would go together by the Ears in a little Time — The many half Crowns we get for gratifying People's Passions for the verriest Trifles, and a few Moments after for appeasing them, beget so much Remorse when they reflect on their Folly ; that they strive to avoid for the Future such unnecessary Expence, and resolve to live more neighbourly together. But, by the By ; our Interest rather obliges us to excite Animosities than promote Peace — 'tis the way of the World — we must submit to Custom ; for —

A I R I. *Diogenes* furly and proud.

'Tis Int'rest that governs Mankind,

In every State and Degree ;

For Justice itself waxes blind,

When brib'd with a competent Fee :

However the Truth we disguise,

In order to make our selves great ;

Yet he that will open his Eyes

May see the whole World's but a Che---at.

Dash. But, Sir, I'm afraid that Taylor will be troublesome, he threatens hard, and swears he'll shake your Commission for compounding of Felony.

Quor.

Quor. Does he so? — then I must threaten as fast as he; — impudent Dog! — to talk against Felony, when he himself lives by it — 'Tis what I would do again for the same Consideration. If he comes any more on the like Errand, tell him I shall convert his cabbag'd Shreads into a Stone Doublet, and his Goose and Shears into a swinging Pair of Bolts — for a cross-leg'd Scoundrel.

[*Exit.*

Darb. 'Tis the Devil to deal with one of those Tyrants in Power; especially, if a Man be poor or any way dependent — I myself was threaten'd t'other Day with the same Fate, only for knowing more of his secret Villanies than he thought convenient — if Perjury, Bribery, Avarice and Subornation be essential, my Master is certainly the most thorough pac'd Rogue of his whole Brotherhood: But these are now by a long Habit grown so familiar, that they are rather esteem'd Virtues than the contrary.

A I R II. Since all the World is distracted in Wars.

If Equity is but a specious Pretence

To colour a Villain's Ambition;

Mankind must be void of all Justice and Sense,

When Vice mends alone our Condition?

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Pbebe, Tippet,

Pheb. Did you not observe, *Tippet*, a strange Alteration in my Father's Behaviour to *Hunter* when last he was here?

Tip. What do you infer from thence, Madam?

Pheb. No Good I fear — my anxious Heart forebodes some approaching Evil — I wish I may be mistaken.

Tip. Lord, Madam, you are always boding and divining, as if there were any Cause to suggest those Fears; his Indifference might have proceeded from some Accident

B

dent

dent in his Affairs, which for that time had a little cha-green'd him.

Pheb. I wish it be no other—I am always willing to hope the best—Besides, you know a Heart like mine is ever perplex'd, and in doubt, till possess'd of it's Desire.

AIR III. Young *Phileret* and *Celia* met.

The Youth whom I, to save wou'd die,
Surpasses all Desire ;

Love's fatal Dart, enflames my Heart,
and sets me all on Fire :

The plaintive Dove, without her Love,
Thus mourns like me oppress'd ;

But when her Mate arrives, tho' late,
Joy triumphs in her Breast.

Tip. You find, Madam, what a Tyrant this little God of Love is, how he triumphs over our Hearts, and sports with our Misery.

AIR IV. As *Chloe* full of harmless Thought, &c.

The Fish in Innocence secure,

Once tempted by the Bait ;

Pursues and snaps the treach'rous Lure,

And meets her certain Fate :

So Virgins when to Love betray'd,

Indulge the pleasing Pain ;

The Passion does each Sense invade,

They ne'er are free again.

Enter Quorum.

Quor. Hey dey ! —whither now Child ? you are as finely bedizen'd, as if this were to be your Wedding-day.

Pheb. I hope, Sir, 'tis no such Wonder to see me drest : 'Tis my Ambition always to appear as your Daughter.

Quor. But I fear those fine Clothes may draw you into Temptations ; for a young Girl well drest now a-days, is like a gaudy Butterfly in Summer ; which not only attracts the Eyes, but is in Danger of being catch'd by every Gazer ; therefore I must have no gadding abroad.

Pheb

Pheb. You don't allow me, Sir, to see Company at home, and methinks 'tis very hard to be debarr'd the Pleasure of visiting my Friends sometimes, especially when 'tis no Expence to you.

Quor. Tho' it be not, it may prove of ill Consequence to us both — but, my Dear, I have a Request to make you.

Pheb. I wait your Pleasure, Sir.

Quor. Which is, that you resolve to forget *Hunter*, and not to receive any more Visits from him for the future.

Pheb. Pray, Sir, your Reason?

Quor. That you shall have at a proper Time; till when I hope you will remain satisfy'd, I have something greater for you in my View: Besides that young Fellow is in a manner a Stranger to us, and who knows but he may be the opposite of what he seems: At least I shall suspect him without other Assurances than his own.

Pheb. Consider, Sir, what a difficult Task you impose upon me; I am afraid 'tis not in my Power to forget one, who already has too sure a Possession of my Heart; If I am to blame, 'tis only the Performance of my Duty, since you your self first recommended him to me, and made me promise to accept of him for an Husband; nor am I more answerable for it, than you, Sir, for commanding it.

Quor. True— I own I was somewhat precipitate in my Resolutions before I thoroughly knew him: But now I have weigh'd Matters, I find him not fit for our Purpose, having a Match propos'd me, much more to our Advantage: And in Cases of this Nature, Int'rest ought always to be first consider'd; therefore without more Excusations, I must be obey'd.

AIR V. *Polwart* on the Green.

Pheb. Since I by your Consent,
Did first bestow my Heart;
Think on our lost Content,
If thus oblig'd to part:

The BEGGARS' WEDDING.

*When faithful Souls in Love unite,
We live but to adore ;
Each other's Passions we requite,
Nor can recall it more.*

Quor. Was it for this I always brought you up with the tenderest Care, and ever nourish'd you in my Bosom; till under my paternal Wings you are now ripen'd into Woman; and will you thus like a Viper, ungratefully sting me to the Heart by your Disobedience? away —

A I R VI. *Moggy Lawther on a Day.*

*Sure Woman was at first design'd,
As Nature's richest Treasure,
To sooth the Passion of Mankind,
With each bewitching Pleasure :
But she in ev'ry State of Life,
E'er since the first Creation,
Whether as Widow, Maid, or Wife,
Still proves our whole Vexation.* [Exit.]

Tipp. Go thy ways for an ill-natur'd avaritious old — what an unreasonable Creature is your Father, Madam? first to engage you in an Amour with an agreeable pretty Fellow, and then command you to break off with him, without any Reason, more than some unaccountable Caprice of his own.

Pheb. Right, and as if my Heart were now at my own Disposal — vain Supposition! But let me canvass the Matter fairly —

Tipp. Now for a hard Struggle between Love and Obedience — Madam, I'll venture my Life on Love's Side.

Pheb. If it were in my Power to disengage my self — and admit it already done — what have I afterwards in view to counterballance the loss of the present only Joy of my Life? — I am here to be eternally immur'd as a gawdy Piece of Furniture, amongst the other old-fashion'd Moveables of this antiquated Mansion —

to

to converse with none but my Goaler of a Father, and the rest of his nauseous Brotherhood: to be excluded the Society of my own Species; except once a Year at my Lord-Mayor's Ball, and associate with none but our fulsome Clerk and my own Hoyden of a Maid — blest Condition? —

Tipp. So much for Obedience — now for Love — an ample Theme I must confess.

Pheb. But on the other Hand, if I pursue my Inclinations, what luxuriant Scenes of Pleasure appear in Prospect? — Such as a happy Deliverance from this Cloister — a Communication with the World — the Possession of an only Lover — Freedom — Marriage — Diversion, and a Thousand other nameless bewitching Joys of Life — then *Phebe*, love on and live.

Tipp. Apropos — just as I guess'd.

A I R. VII. With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee.

Pheb. *Transporting are the solid Joys,
Which faithful Love bestows;
All other Pleasures are but Toys,
Which yield to faint Repose:
Thus when I spy
My Charmer nigh,
My tender Glances prove;
That not a part,
Of this fond Heart,
But teems all o'er with Love.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. III.

Grigg, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab.

Grigg. Come, Gentlemen of the Rag, here let us expect our King, who will be with us instantly: Let us range our selves in proper Order to receive him — Whilst I speak for ye all — O here he comes —

[*Enter*

Enter Chaunter.

Welcome, most noble Monarch, thus your poor Liegemen greet you,

May your Crutch never slip, your Beard cease to grow ;
Nor you leave the World, till your Head's white as Snow.

Omnes. Long live the mighty King *Chaunter*.

Chaun. Thanks to my People all — come, each Man sit down — let all take their Places according to their several Degrees.

Omnes. We obey with pleasure.

Chaun. Now proceed we to Business — You all know there are a great many of our Friends and Subjects now in Confinement for their Art and Industry, which the mistaken World calls Theft and Robbery, and as the Term is coming on, they must be speedily releas'd, lest the consequence brings a Scandal on our State: We must have Recourse to our old Friend, Alderman *Quorum*.

Grig. Right, Sir.-----

Chaun. You are all acquainted with our grand Design of establishing an Alliance with the Justice, by a Marriage between his Daughter and our Son, which if brought to pass will prove most advantagious to our Interest ; ye are well assur'd of our constant Care of your Rights and Priviledges, our general Support of your Liberty (Blessings we enjoy above all other States.)

Grigg. Do you hear that, Brother *Cant* ?

Cant. Most sweet King !

Gage. Courteous Prince !

Mump. How freely he talks !

Scrip. O happy Monarch !

Swab. And happiest of People, who are blest with such a Monarch !

Chaun.

Chaun. As this is one of our Days of meeting or grand Councils of State, we have thus early call'd you together, that against the Hour appointed ye may be all prepar'd; and we hope ye will be ready to bring in your usual Contributions at our Request.

Omnes. All, all, to a Man—— One and all.

Grigg. For who is he that would not risque his Life for such a Prince?

Cant. Under whose wise Government we enjoy the Liberty of a Common-wealth.

Gage. Whilst each Man can tofs off his own Bouze---

Mump. And kifs his own, or another's Wench on his own Straw——

Scrip. Without danger of being lamb'd——

Swab. In Honour of which let every Maunder clap his Hands and cry Huzza.

Omnes. Huzza, huzza, huzza!

Chaun. Business being over for this Time, we proclaim a general Suspension of all counterfeited Pains or Aches whatsoever. Let false Blindness and Lameness be now far from you: let every Brother resume his natural Shape; throw away Rags and Crutches, whilst nothing but Mirth and Glee go round—— Come fill round the Bouze, and crown it with a Song and a Chorus.

Omnes. A Song, a Song, a Song-----

A I R VIII. There was a jovial Beggar.

Grig. Whilst Discord and Envy in mighty Kingdoms dwell,
The Beggar lives at ease within his humble Cell.

And a begging we will, &c.

Cant. No Taxes oppress us, nor Honours wreck our Brain,
State Maxims ne'er perplex us, nor Parties give us Pain.

And a begging, &c.

Gage. Exempt from all Duty by Land or yet by Sea,
We hope not to command, nor care much to obey.

And a begging, &c.

Mump.

- Mump. *Whatever we get we seldom keep in Store,
We spend it all to Day---to Morrow beg for more.
And a begging, &c.*
- Scrip. *Our Lasses in common we ev'ry one possess,
Marriage is a Priestcraft which makes Enjoyment less.
And a begging, &c.*
- Swab. *We live as we list and skulk beneath the Laws,
For none but a Beggar should judge a Beggar's Cause.
And a begging, &c.*
- Chaun. *Contented when Death thro' Age approaches nigh,
In Pleasure thus we live, and with Pleasure thus we
die.
And a begging, &c.*

Thus my jolly Hearts, and loyal Subjects, may we ever live and reign: May our Coffers never want Cole, whilst we have Power to maund, or Fingers to pilfer with---but one thing I had almost forgot---late last Night arriv'd a Lord to take possession of an Estate: You must all away to his Lodgings instantly and welcome him after the usual Manner, perhaps ye may move his Bowels of Compassion to open his Purse---but first let me hear your congratulating Speech---who is Orator to Day?

Grig. That am I, ---let me alone to harangue ---

Chaun. Come, *Grig*, Imagine your self there --- adjust your Phiz --- skrew up your Notes, and address his Lordship like a true Son of the Crutch, whilst all range themselves in a pitiful Confusion.

Grig. Hem --- the Prince of Pity preserve the right Honourable the Lord such a one; a miserable Company of Wretches come to welcome you to Town, and wish your Lordship Wealth and Happiness; May your Tenants never break, nor your Rents be ill paid, but Fortune still flow upon you: May Glory bless your Days, and Pleasure crown your Nights. The Prayers of the Poor are before either Drums or Musick. Old and Lame, Dumb and Blind, beg the Gift of your Honour's

Honour's Charity, who will ever, (as in Duty bound,) pray for your Lordship's long Life and good Prosperity.

Chaun. Well strain'd, *Grigg*——but methinks 'tis now time to lay aside that Speech; 'tis grown old and common; 'twill be notic'd, and we shall lose by it---we should alter our Form of Speech, as often as we do our Rags and Sores, to gain us the more Commiseration---If ye succeed now, I will pen another ready for the next Occasion, with the proper Tones of Voice suitable thereto-----

A I R IX. Glorious first of *August*.

The Beggars King, tho' thus in State,
Supports it all by Begging;
My Subsidies still make me great,
Collected too by Begging:
And thro' the World we daily see,
Priest, Courtiers, Lawyers-----all agree,
To live and act as well as we,
In the noble State of Begging.
[*Exeunt singing the Chorus.*]

S C E N E IV.

Hunter with Musick.

A I R X. Coal-black Joak.

Hunt. *Of all the Girls in our Town,*
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
With their soft Eyes and Faces so bright;
Give me a Girl that's blith and gay.
As warm as June and as sweet as May,
With her Heart free and faithful as Light:

*What lovely Couple then cou'd be
So happy and so blest as we,
On whom eternal Joys wou'd smile,
And all the Cares of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Blifs each rapturous Night.*

Who wou'd take *Harry Hunter* for a Beggar's Son, thus equipp'd, and thus lodg'd? and yet, how many pretty Fellows are there in Town, who cut a smart Figure, but as mere Outsides as I am? whose Estates, like mine, are situate, lying and being in *Nubibus* ----- But egad, I begin to think there is some Secret at the Bottom of all this which I am yet a Stranger to: Nor can I help imagining that either my Father is an occasional Beggar, or that I am not his Son----- Well, be it as it may ----- if I am always thus supply'd, I shall never seek any farther ----- and if I can but obtain my dear *Phebe* ----- then Fortune do thy worst -----

A I R XI. Ye Nymphs and Sylvian Gods.

*Ye Minutes swiftly move,
That bear me to my Love;
When Phebe's near,
I'm de-bon-air,
And happier far than Jove:
Her every Charm,
Has Power to warm
The coldest Cynick's Breast;
In each fond Sigh,
My Wishes fly,
To tell how I
In Absence die,
Till of my dear possess.*

*Mrs. Chaun. within.] Harry----- why Harry Hunter---
Hunt. Ha! my Mother's Voice ---- away, Gentlemen,
as fast as you can ----- Quick----fly----begone ---- so all's
well again.*

*[Exeunt Musick.
Mrs.*

Mrs. Chaunter.

Mrs. Chaun. Bless me, *Hall* ——— methought I heard Fiddles this way.

Hunt. I was only diverting my self, Madam, with a Tune or so.

Mrs. Chaun. But sure, my Dear, you han't been a Bed yet ———

Hunt. You wou'd not have me be so unfashionable, Madam, to go to Bed with the Sun and rise with the Lark ; there is not a pretty Fellow in Town, but wou'd for ever forfeit his Character, if he were once known to sleep before this Hour.

Mrs. Chaun. But I'm afraid you'll break your Constitution, and impair your Health by your nightly Revels.

Hunt. Not in the least, Madam ——— let your dull heavy Rogues of Business, Politicians, Fools and Husbands rest all Night : But for us Gentlemen of Pleasure, who know how to improve our Hours, and relish the Joys of Life, no Time is comparable to the Night ; in whose silent Minutes, when the rest of the World are dead in Appearance, we live in Reality : Every Moment brings with it it's peculiar Blisses ——— what Life ——— what Joys ——— what Transports, does every beautiful Toast inspire ! Why, Madam, there is not a Charm from Head to Foot in my divine *Phebe*, but I have swallow'd down in a full Glas of sparkling *Burgundy*, and yet was never better in all my Life.

Mrs. Chaun. Ay now, dear *Hall*, you begin to talk indeed ; she is a Mistress well worth your Addresses : Pursue her close, and I'll warrant you'll win and wear her ———

A I R XII. When Beauty will its Power pursue.

*When Youth and Beauty join with Art,
To charm a tender Virgin's Heart ;*

*Who can the dear Temptation shun?
The Bait allures, they forward run,
And willing yield to be undone.*

Hunt. *But when some heavenly Nymph we view,
Languishing, soft, and blooming too:
How many Youths distracted fly
To catch the fair Enchanter's Eye,
And round her Charms expiring lie?*

Enter Grig.

Ha! my dear *Mercury*, thou'rt welcome ——— What News from the Island of Love?

Grig. Oh! Sir, I am as much jaded as a Carrier's Horse ——— I have walk'd till I am tir'd, waited till almost famish'd, and have groan'd under the Weight of this Wax, Ink and Paper ——— till my Heart is e'en broke again.

Hunt. Quick, quick, Sirrah ----- thus wou'd I devour the dear Hand that wrote it ----- My Impatience will scarce give me leave to open it.

Reads.] “ If you regard your own Happiness, or my
“ Welfare, you will as soon as possible, let me see you
“ about an Affair which equally concerns us both: My
“ Father will be out of the Way till Dinner. Remem-
“ ber your Absence will prove dangerous to her, who
“ only lives in your Presence. P H E B E.
Raptures unspeakable -----

A I R XIII. Deel take the Wars.

*Behold, I fly on Wings of soft Desire,
Whilst gentle Zephyrs waft me on;
Eager as when a Bridegroom all on fire,
Longs from the Company to be gone:
She blushing flies the Pleasure,
He rushing grasps his Treasure,*

*'Till with mutual Tenderneſs each other they warm :
 Since Phebe's my Guide,
 And Love does preſide,
 Each Monarch tho' great,
 Wou'd envy my State,
 For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Power to charm. [Exit.*

Mrs. Chaun. Why *Grig*, I think your Maſter's Affairs go on ſwimmingly ----- You are a rare Manager in Matters of Love.

Grig. Yes, Madam, Thanks to my Induſtry ; I'm ſure I ſpare no Pains to bring it to a Match ; then, Madam, you know I'm ſerviceable to the Family in a double Capacity, both as a Servant and a Beggar.

Mrs. Chaun. I'll ſay that for you, you were always a promiſing Fellow. I hate your dull unactive Rogues, who ſtill drudge on the ſame Way they firſt ſet in : Give me a Man of an enterprizing Spirit, that loves Variety ; one that will not be cramped in his Genius, but ſhoots at every Game that offers, who rather than be idle will ſtick at nothing-----

A I R XIV. Here is a Penny-worth of Wit.

*The Man that bravely ventures all,
 A noble Fortune once may get ;
 The Gameſter's Stock at firſt tho' ſmall,
 Increaſes by a lucky Hit.*

Grig. Right, Madam ; there's nothing like a good Reſolution.

Mrs. Chaun. Be ſure, *Grig*, let me know what Succeſs attends your Maſter on this Summons. [Exit.

Grig. I ſhall, Madam. ----- If my Maſter obtains his Ends on the Miſtreſs, perhaps I may mine on the Maid. She knows not yet that I am a Beggar, and if when ſhe does, ſhe likes me not, ſhe may go to the Devil for *Grig*, for I would not alter my Condition for the beſt Commiſſion of Peace in the City ----- however I'll try her,

'tis but taking up with *Tib* at the worst; in order to which I'll first take a chirping Glass, and then -----

AIR XV. Highland Lilt.

*For when the Head is full of Wine,
The Heart is brisk and jolly;
The present Minutes shall be mine,
In spite of Melancholy:
Let sober Fools indulge their Spleen,
Without a Flask or Charmer;
Give me a Girl of sweet fifteen,
With Love and Wine I'll warm her. Tol, lol, &c.
[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

Phebe, Tippet.

Pheb. Oh! my dear *Tippet*, how long he stays? methinks 'tis an Age since I writ to him; perhaps some new Accident detains him.

Tip. 'Tis but the Excess of your Passion, Madam, which suggests to you a thousand needless Fears.

Pheb. But do you think I can ever forego my Love? ah no! — sooner shall Courtiers keep their Words, City Magistrates distribute Justice, and Lawyers plead for Charity.

AIR XVI. Once I had a Sweet-heart.

*Oh! how can I think from my True-Love to part,
Oh! how can I think from my True-Love to part,
The Moment I lose him, the Moment I lose him,
The Moment I lose him, 'twill break my fond Heart.*

Tip. And wou'd you disobey your Father — so good, so careful a Parent?

Pheb.

Pheb. Rather a Tyrant to me — do not vex me into longer Life; for if my *Hunter* finds not an Expedient to relieve me, certain Death will be my Doom.

Tip. At Eighteen! — talk of dying at Eighteen —
Prodigious —

Pheb. Without Love and Youth preserve me.

Tip. What a Monster art thou, *Cupid*, over poor Creatures of Eighteen! There is not one amongst an hundred of us, but is more taken with a Toy at eighteen, than at eight and twenty —

AIR XVII. The Spring's a coming, &c.

*Young Virgins love Pleasure,
As Misers do Treasure,
And both alike study to beighten the Measure;
Their Hearts they will rife,
For ev'ry new Trifle,
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song:
But soon as they marry,
And find Things miscarry,
Oh! how they sigh that they were not more wary,
Instead of soft wooing,
They run their own Ruin,
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.*

Enter Hunter.

Hunt. Oh! my Life---my Love---my *Phebe*.

Pheb. At sight of thee, my Joy's too great too last: for oh! how shall I speak it? my cruel Father has forbid me e'er to see you more; regardless of his first Proposal to you, which was the unhappy Reason of my sending for you.

Hunt. Hard-hearted Wretch! — can you not guess the Cause, my Love?

Pheb. I know no other, than his positive Commands I shou'd obey him.

Hunt.

Hunt. And can my dearest *Phebe* ever think of parting with her *Hunter*, who only lives to love and to adore her?

Pheb. Heart-breaking Thought! I cannot bear it— O no, my Love, I'm wholly yours in spite of all Obedience — I will never forsake you whilst there is Swiftneſs in Thought, Pleaſure in Flattery, or Conſtancy in Malice.

Hunt. Sooner then ſhall Tygers live in Water, Fiſh on Land, and Bees forſake their ſweeteſt Flowers, than I'll forego my deareſt *Phebe*: Not all the Powers on Earth ſhall e'er divide thee from me.

Pheb. Then Fortune I deſpiſe thee ———

AIR XVIII. Young *Damon* once the happy Swain.

*Thus bleſt in thee, I'll brave my Fate,
Nor envy all the mighty Great;
In thee I doubly live:
For oh! what Tranſports do enſue
The Paſſion that's inſpir'd by you,
Which you alone can give.*

Hunt. Not all the Service of my Life is ſufficient to requite this Fondneſs.

Pheb. Contrive but ſome means for my Deliverance hence, and you will over-pay me.

Hunt. Conclude it already done; for I'll this Day redeem you tho' it coſt my Life; for what is Life without my deareſt lovelieſt *Phebe*?

AIR XIX. One *April* Morn when from the Sea.

*When the Bright Sun at Noon of Day
His genial Beams diſpenſes,
Nature revives and ſeems all gay,
Reſreſhing human Senſes:*

*So the soft Raptures of thy Love
My ravish'd Heart possessing,
Do to my Soul more grateful prove
Than any Earthly Blessing.*

Pheb. Ah me, how soon my Fears controul my
Bliss — methinks I hear my Father call----you must be
gone.

Hunt. Must we then part so soon? — dreadful
Sound! — — hard Fate for Lovers!

Pheb. When you are gone, and out of Sight; ah!
think upon your *Phebe*: Let not other Objects interpose
between my Love and me----remember I'm a Prisoner,
and must be so without you — One last farewell ———

Hunt. One dear — one soft Embrace — and now---

AIR XX. *Peggy grieves me.*

*Since we must part, — my Love, adieu,
But oh! I die to leave thee;*

Phebe. *Your Absence will my Fears renew,
And of all Joy bereave me:*

Hunter. *We part, my Life, to meet again,
Tho' now we must retire:*

Phebe. *Then haste! oh!----haste to ease my Pain,
Lest I with Grief expire.*

[*Exeunt severally.*

D

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Quorum and Chaunter.

Quor. COME, honest *Chaunter*, sit thee down, and be welcome---you are grown a great Stranger of late; I suppose you are now come upon the old score of Redemption; there are some Friends of yours in *Limbo*.

Chaunt. How many, Sir?

Quor. About half a Dozen, or so.

Chaun. All Men, Sir?

Quor. No, I think there are of both Sexes; my Clerk can tell you their Names.

Chaun. Hum---what a pity 'tis Mr. *Alderman*, that Industry shou'd be so much discourag'd as 'tis?

Quor. I believe, Mr. *Chaunter*, if some others were of your Principles, the Gifts of Fortune wou'd be more equally distributed than they are.

Chaun. Right---how happy was the primitive World, when there were no other Laws to govern by, than those of Nature? when Men enjoy'd every thing in common; and no such Crimes were heard of as Robbery or petty Larceny: When if a poor Man wanted any thing his rich Neighbour possess'd, he might take it without farther Ceremony, and be in no Danger of a Goal; but it was look'd upon as a Loan, which he was again to repay in some other kind---But Hospitality is long since banish'd the World, and the Laws of Nature quite perverted.

A I R

AIR I. Captain *Mc. Can.*

*How hard is the Fate
 Of Men in each State,
 All Slaves to Ambition and Riches, and Riches.
 No Vices or Pain,
 They'll stick at for Gain,
 For Money all People bewitches, bewitches.
 But who can there be
 So happy as we?
 For Beggars ne'er study for Treasure ;
 So we live and no more,
 We value no Store,
 We think of nought else but our Pleasure, our
 Pleasure.*

Quor. Why, as you say, if every thing was in common as formerly, Men wou'd not have these Temptations to be wicked ; for then 'twere in their own Power to enjoy their Desires, without having Recourse to Fraud or Circumvention to obtain them : and I am sure whilst you and I live in the World, we shall never see a Reformation ; so drink about.

AIR II. In the merry Month of *June.*

*Here's to thee, honest Fellow,
 Come roundly play your part ;*
Chaun. *I'll drink 'till I am mellow, ———*
Your Health with all my Heart :
Quor. *Let Men live as they list,*
So we our Ends obtain ;
Then here's to thee---Chaun. *And here's to thee,*
Quor. *And here's to thee again.*

Chaun. But I had almost forgot, your Worship said there were half a Dozen Friends of mine in Custody : of what Order are they ?

Quor. Order, say you?---I understand you not---I never in the least suspected you had any Order amongst ye.---Pray explain your self.

Chaun. Why, Sir, by this time I thought you had been better acquainted with the Beggar's Constitution---Order, Sir!---there is not a State or Monarchy in *Europe* better regulated and more in Subjection to its Laws than ours. We are a free-born People, and enjoy Liberty to a greater extent than any Nation under the Sun---we are not confin'd to any one Kingdom, or Empire; no, Sir,---the whole Globe is ours, which we range over at Pleasure---then for Property, who can equal us?----for tho' we know not any such thing among our selves, yet we make every Man's Property our own, as far as Art and Industry will permit us---and as for Pleasure---in that particular we are envy'd by all Mankind.

Quor. Ha, ha, ha!---I must confess till now, I ever thought Poverty and Pleasure incomparable.

Chaun. Good Words, Mr. *Alderman*---tho' you seem to despise Poverty, I doubt not but the Beggar's Purse is the best Feather in your Cap.

Quor. My Cap, Mr. *Chaunter*? I don't understand what you aim at---I am not us'd to such kind of Language---I hope you know who I am.

Chaun. Ay, Sir, and I know I have purchas'd my Knowledge of you at a dear rate---must I be contemn'd, and pay for't too?---lookee, Mr. *Alderman*, were it not for us Beggars, your Commission wou'd not be worth Two-pence.

Quor. Is this Treatment in my own House?---you are an impudent Imposter----and I will not bear it-----
begone-----

AIR III. This great World is a Bubble.

*Hence, you sawcy Fellow,
Know you thus to whom you prate ?
Dare such Varlets bellow,
In their abject State ?
Fly, nor more provoke me,
Lest thro' Rage I choak thee :
Nothing else shall save
So vile, so base a Slave.*

AIR IV. Come let us prepare.

Chaun. *Pray good Mr. Bluff,
Why in such a Huff ?
Upbraid me not with my Condition,
Tho' Justice of Peace
I wou'd not change Place
With you, for your---dirty Commission.*

Quor. *Insolence unparallell'd !*

Chaun. You are---no better than you shou'd be ; and I would not tarry under one Roof with you, wou'd you hire me---I am glad I know you ---you shall be no Gainer by it, I assure you---this I design'd to drop here (*shews a Purse*) but now---I shall take it home again.

Quor. (*Aside*) I must not part with him in this Humour---lookee, Mr. Chaunter, I am the farthest of any Man in the World from giving Abuse without a sufficient Cause ; what I said was only the Effects of a sudden Passion I am subject to, but 'tis soon over ; and since you rais'd it, you shou'd not take two or three hasty words so ill-----come, you must be appeas'd : we were both in the wrong, and must pardon each other.

Chaun.

Chaun. Why, Mr. Alderman, tho' I'm a Beggar, yet I'm a sturdy one; I have a Spirit of Resentment as well as any Man——I affront no Person, nor shall any Man abuse me——besides, above all People, you and I shou'd never fall out, for you know there's an old saying——I hope you'll pardon me——when Knaves fall out, honest People hear of their own, ha, ha, ha! As for my Part, I confess I'm no better than my Neighbours, nor are you, Mr. Alderman, I believe infallible, ha, ha, ha!

Quor. Ha, ha, ha! very right——ha, ha, ha! we all have our Failings as you say, ha, ha, ha! methinks I don't relish this Wine: Come, we'll go into my Closet, and there over a Bottle of good *Burgundy* cement our Friendship.

Chaun. With all my Heart——and there we'll treat of my poor Brethren in Affliction.

A I R V. Here's to thee my Boy.

*'Tis Wine that creates
And salves our Debates,
It makes us both captive and free; both, &c.
No Bus'ness can pass,
Without a dear Glass,
For Wine can make all Things agree. For, &c.*

S C E N E II.

*Mrs. Chaunter, Strumer, Mopsy, Blouze, Drab, Manchet,
Tib Tatter.*

Mrs. Chaun. I must confess a Glass of good Liquor is the best Remedy in the World for most kinds of Disorders, and however reserv'd we seem before People, Custom, not our Inclinations, is in the Fault, for there is no Woman but loves a Glass privately——now since we are here met to be merry, let each chuse that which is most agreeable to her Palate.

Strum.

Strum. I am for a Mug of Stout — a good Quart and half Pint, with a Toast and Nutmeg — O 'tis a wonderful Cordial in a Morning.

Mop. Ay, if you had added a little Brandy and Sugar, it wou'd have been delicious, for there is nothing comparable to a Hot-pot.

Blouz. Now what do you think of a Quart of *March-Beer* mull'd?

Drab. Faugh — give me an enlivening Dram of plain *Nantz*.

Manc. Or what is better, a hearty Bouze of *Usquebagh*.

Tib Tatt. And to my Mind there is nothing like a Glas of honest *Gin*.

Mrs. Chaun. As for my Part, I have always been very nice in my Liquor, and must own there is not any Thing that relishes with me, nor agrees so well with my Constitution as a little burnt Brandy — so let each have her Inclination.

Strum. No, no, Madam, in Complaisance to you, we'll all drink of your Liquor.

Omnes. Ay, ay, burnt Brandy — burnt Brandy for ever —

A I R VI. High way to *Dublin*.

Mrs. Chau. Then fill up each Glas,
 With powerful *Nantz*;
 'Twill brighten each Face,
 And Pleasure enhance:
 No Rum or Champaign,
 Like *Nantz* can impart
 Such Wit to the Brain,
 Or Joy to the Heart.

Strum. What a strange Pass this World is come to--- there is hardly any Thing to be had for Charity now a-days---I remember when I was a young Girl, I cou'd raise Compassion with a pitiful whine, and an affected Distemper, better than now, I can with a Child at my Breast, and half a Dozen borrow'd ones more at my Heels.

Mops. As you say, Charity is at a very low Ebb indeed, for between the Church-Wardens and the Work-House we are greatly Sufferers! If at a Door we beg an Alms, they bid us apply to the Church, where half the daily Contributions stick to the Fingers of the Collectors.

Blouz. And if we offer to complain, we are immediately whipt into the Work-House, where we must work our Fingers to the Bone, and be half-starv'd for our Labour, in order to enrich our Tyrannical Masters.

Drab. As for my Part, I can't much complain, for what I lose one way I make up another: You must know, I have hitherto been so fortunate with the Men, that within these half a dozen Years, I have had above a dozen Husbands, so that almost ev'ry Month has been Honey-Moon with me.

Manch. Cousin *Tib* and I live after another Manner-----we have the Luck to be always pregnant, and besides what we get for letting out our Brats, we make a pretty good hand on't; for if we find an Opportunity wherever we go, we are a little nimble Finger'd or so.

Tib Tatt. And if we chance to fail that way, we generally pass for a couple of Gypsies; and you know the young Girls are as full of Questions about Sweet-hearts as we are fond of gulling them.

A I R VII. Lestrum pone.

*By dint of Assurance our Projects we carry,
We know by Experience young Girls love to marry;
We promise good Fortunes and Husbands in Store,
So chouse 'em and leave 'em as they were before.*

Strum. Come, my Girls, let's bouze about, I hate to talk when we have better Business in Hand-----fill Bumpers round, and drink her Majesty's Health.

Mop. Ay, ay, drink and sing for ever.

Blouz. Right-----and to grace the Health let's have a Song, we hope, Madam, you'll lead the way in this as in every thing else.

Mrs. Chain. O by all means-----I love Diver-
sion with all my Heart.-----

A I R VIII. Talk no more of Whig or Tory.

I.

*How blest are Beggars Lasses,
Who never Toil for Treasure;
We know no Care but how to share
Each Days successive Pleasure:
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with Blifs abound;
Mirth and Foy, ne'r can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling Glas goes round.*

II.

Strum. A Fig for gawdy Fashions,
No want of Clothes oppresses;
We live at ease with Rags and Fleas,
We value not our Dresses.

Drink away, &c.

E

III. Mopf.

III.

Mopf. *We scorn all Ladies Washes,
 With which they spoil each Feature ;
 No Patch or Paint, our Beauties taint,
 We live in simple Nature.*

Drink away, &c.

IV.

Blouz. *No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours,
 At Morn or Ev'ning tease us ;
 We drink not Tea, or Ratifa,
 When sick a Dram can ease us.*

Drink away, &c.

V.

Drab. *What Ladies act in private,
 By Nature's soft Compliance ;
 We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
 To kiss without a License.*

Drink away, &c.

VI.

Mancht. *We know no Shame or Scandal,
 The Beggars Law befriends us ;
 We all agree in Liberty,
 And Poverty defends us.*

Drink away, &c.

VII.

Tib Tatt. *Like jolly Beggar-Wenches,
 Thus, thus we drown all Sorrow,
 We live to day, and ne'r delay
 Our Pleasure 'till to morrow.*

Drink

*Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with bliss abound;
Mirth and Joy, ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.*

Mrs. Chaun. Thus may we ever indulge our selves in dear Delight-----the Hour is come which calls me hence, let us now depart till another Opportunity-----thus I lead the Way-----

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Phebe and Tippet.

Tipp. Make no doubt on't, Madam, he'll be as good as his Word; I never yet heard of a Lover that wou'd slip an Opportunity of rescuing a Mistress in your Circumstances.

Pheb. But when I consider the Difficulties he has to surmount, I almost despair of his Success.

Tipp. Leave that to him, Madam; the greater Hardship, the more Glory: Difficulty heightens Love, and he that wou'd obtain a Kernel, must first hazard his Teeth in breaking the Shell before he comes at it.

A I R IX. On a Bank of Flowers, &c.

*When a Lover's Sighs his Mistress gains,
What Joys his Soul possess?
The Mem'ry of his former Pains,
Augments his Happiness:
T' enjoy the Fair then strait he flies,
No Danger can the Youth surprize,
With a fal, lal, lal, la, &c.
Till in her Arms he dies.*

Thus will it prove with your *Hunter* and you, Madam.

Pheb. Fain wou'd I believe it, but have little hopes ——— this Day is fix'd for our Escape, but how, or after what manner I am yet to learn-----well-----sooner or later, I am prepar'd-----
O *Tippet!* did you but know my Heart, you wou'd certainly pity me.

A I R X. Past one a Clock in a cold frosty, &c.

*Show'd the dear Youth now fail to relieve me,
Or be successless in his Design;
What Pow'r on Earth from Death can reprieve me,
If the dear Charmer must ne'er be mine?
O God of Love, do but propitious smile,
Lend him thy Wings to bear me hence away;
Favour our Flight, and all my Fears beguile,
And I'll adore thee both Night and Day.*

Enter Quorum.

Quor. Come hither, *Phebe*-----have you not always found me an indulgent Parent?

Pheb. Yes, Sir, and I hope I have ever behav'd as a dutiful Child.

Quor. And such I expect you still to be; for to convince you how well I deserve your Duty, and how anxious I am for your welfare, I am come to bestow on you a Lover highly deserving your Acceptance, in Recompence for the one you have lost-----'tis the young-----the rich, the sprightly *Tradelove*, my Brother Alderman's Son, just come from the Temple.

Pheb. Then, Sir, he deserves a better Fortune: he'll ne'er accept of me.

Quor. I tell you, Child, 'tis his own Proposal, he'll be here himself to Day, and then defend your Heart if you can.

Tipp.

Tipp. Mind that, Madam, there's nothing like Variety.

AIR XI. Young Jockey blith and gay.

*That Maid ne'er knows her Heart,
But by one Spark carefs'd ;
The Pain is small to part,
When in another blest :
'Tis sweet Variety
That Beauty does controul,
But Interest still should be
Ascendant o'er the Soul.*

Enter Grigg in disguise.

Grig. Pray, Sir, does the worthy Alderman *Quorum* live here ?

Quor. Yes, Friend, I am the Person.

Grig. Sir, I must humbly beg your Worship's Pardon——hearing, Sir, that you Worship had been a great Traveller, and a Gentleman of much Curiosity, I have made bold to bring one of the most surprizing Rarities that ever was seen in *Europe*, to shew your Honour.

Quor. Ay, pray what may that be ?

Grig. Why, Sir, you must know that once making a Trading Voyage to the *Indies*, it was my Misfortune to be cast away on the Coast of *Tartary*, where I lost both Ship and Cargo, and very narrowly escap'd with my Life : When I reach'd the Shore, I was taken up by some of the great *Cham's* Officers, who carry'd me to Court, where I remain'd for some Years very much esteem'd by the *Tartars*.

Quor. Very well —— go on Friend —— I love to hear such odd kind of Adventures.

Grig. It happen'd that one of the petty Princes of the Empire rais'd a great Rebellion, against whom the *Cham* himself was oblig'd to march with his whole Army, amongst whom I had the Honour to be one: In short, Sir, we met, fought and destroy'd all our Enemies, where I had the good Fortune to take the Prince Prisoner, who was afterwards bestow'd upon me for a Servant by the great *Cham*, for my good Services in this Expedition, together with my Liberty to depart his Dominions when I pleas'd; both which I accepted of, and am at last, as you see, arriv'd in my own Country, where I am necessitated to shew him publickly, as a means to repair my broken Fortunes, and humbly hope your Worship will grant me your Licence to expose him at this End of the Town.

Quor. Well, but what sort of a Creature is he, and how call'd?

Grig. His Name, Sir, is *Aboubekir Cracomonopow*----- but of so prodigious a Shape and Bulk, that without your Worship was to see him personally, all Description could not paint him.

Quor. Indeed! ——— and pray where is this Wonder of a Man?

Grig. My Servants have him in a Coach at the Door: will your Worship please to see him?

Quor. O yes, by all means; I am a kind of a *Virtuoso*, and love strange Sights with all my Heart.

Grig. Without there————bring in the great *Aboubekir Cracomonopow*, I believe I must go my self for him.

[*Exit.*

Quor. Phebe, Child, don't be afraid; you will immediately see something surprizing.

Pheb. I am not over curious, Sir——come, *Tippet*, let us be gone.

Tipp. O Madam, how can you be so indifferent? 'twill serve to amuse you a little.

Quor. What, not stay to behold so prodigious a Wonder? I say you shall see him—— I am resolv'd you shall.

shall. 'Tis plain this Girl is not the Offspring of these Loins by her want of Curiosity.

Tipp. Besides, Madam, who knows but there may be something at the Bottom of all this that may prove to our Advantage.

Pheb. I fear not ——— I see not any Probability of Hope.

Enter Grigg with Hunter disguis'd.

Pheb. } Oh !
Tipp. }

Quor. Bless my Eyes ! ——— pray, Sir, is he mischievous ? methinks I don't much like his Physiognomy.

Grig. Lord, Sir, he's as tame as one of us, except he be provok'd ——— pray, Ladies, fear him not, he's doatingly fond of your Sex, and is as complaisant to the Ladies as any Courtier in *Christendom* ——— come hither Prince *Aboubekir Crocomonopow*.

Quor. Pray, Sir, keep him at a distance, I desire not a nearer Acquaintance ——— can he speak pray ?

Grig. Most admirably in his own Language ; but 'tis a little barbarous or so : however you shall here how he addresses the Ladies,

Be de akeon para thina poluphlos boiou thalasses.

Hunt. *Cbauluchong auk gund a luck aleiger ludor senng adoukel.* Madam-----Madam-----don't you know me.

[*Advancing*

Pheb. } Oh ! ———
Tipp. }

Quor. Oons ! he'll devour 'em both ——— call in the Constables there.

Grig. Hold, Sir, don't provoke him ——— he's very terrible sometimes ——— why, Sir, I have seen him eat up half a dozen *Tartars* for a Breakfast, and not have the worse Stomach for his Dinner. He is one of your Man-eaters, or *Indian Canibals* ——— we must use him gently, so, so, so. ———

Enter

Enter Dash.

Dash. Sir, the Office is full of People waiting for your Worship.

Quor. Tell 'em I'll come presently.

Dash. But, Sir, they have already stay'd so long, they swear they will not wait any longer.

Quor. I'll be there before you can draw their Examinations — well, Sir, how is he now

Dash. Why, Sir, they are already drawn : besides, Sir, the People are impatient ; they threaten to go to another Justice, and your Worship will lose a great many Half Crowns.

Quor. Well, well, go in — I'll follow you this Moment, (*Exit Dash.*) Friend, I must beg your Pardon a little ; I'll be with you again instantly : I leave my Daughter with you ; pray see that she receives no hurt from your Man-Monster.

Grig. Not in the least, Sir, he is entirely obedient to my Will. Now the Coast is clear, be as speedy as possible, Sir.

Hunt. Look on me, Madam, am I wholly a Stranger to you ? hence all Disguise, and know your faithful Hunter.

Pheb. O lucky Moment-----happy, happy *Phebe* ! How stupid was I and blind to my Felicity ? my Heart shou'd have convinc'd my Eyes that you were present and have flown to meet you.

Hunt. You see, my Dear, how Love disguises us ; and since I have thus far succeeded, let us improve the Opportunity, and fly this hated Place, whilst *Grig* amuses your Father, lest he suspects a Counterfeit.

Pheb. Now all my Fears are over, I'm at your Disposal : But, my dear *Tippet*, can I leave you behind me ?

Tip. No, Madam, I'm resolv'd to follow you where'er you go, and share in all your Fortunes.

Pheb.

Pheb. Then am I compleatly happy-----now lead me where you please.

AIR XII. Tho' cruel you seem to my Pain.

*Thus like some poor Captive in Chains,
Redeem'd from a merciless Crew,
I now bid adieu to my Pains,
To fly from Confinement with you.
Were Millions to bribe here my stay,
Whilst Poverty round you did fly;
I'd spurn the vile Treasure away,
Contented with you live and die.*

AIR XIII. As Jockey and Jenny together were laid.

Hunt. *The Merchant possess'd of his Cargo on Shore,
Forgets all the loss he had suffer'd before;
Enrich'd thus my Charmer, with Pleasure I view,
The Joys of my Life all redoubled by you,
For oh! I would forfeit whole Empires to be
Thus blest and thus happy for ever in thee.*

[*Exeunt.*

Grig. I am glad they are gone, for I hear *Quorum*:
I must detain him whilst they escape.

Enter Quorum.

Well, Sir, I was just coming to take my leave of you for this time.

Quor. Ha! where's the Monster and my Girl?

Grig. Why, Sir, your Daughter was afraid to stay after you were gone, and so quitted the Chamber, and I have sent him home again till another Opportunity. I have a great many other Curiosities well worth your

Worship's Observation which I shall be proud to shew you some other time.

Quor. Other Rarities say you-----what are they?

Grig. Why, Sir, I have the Ashes of a *Phœnix* found in the Desarts of *Arabia*, which incorporated with the Jelly of a fallen Star, perfectly restores the Dead to Life.

Quor. Incredible!

Grig. Then, Sir, I have the Corpse of a noble *Tartar*, who kill'd himself at the Burial of his deceas'd Master, the great *Cham*, in order to accompany him in t'other World; who, tho' dead these Thousand Years, is as fresh and sweet as if he dy'd but Yesterday; and when your Worship pleases, you shall see him restor'd to Life, by the help of the aforesaid Medicine.

Quor. Wonderful indeed!

Grig. I have many more, Sir, as extraordinary in their Natures as these I have already mention'd: I shall make bold to wait on you in a Day or two, and must now take leave of your Worship with the following Catch, which I learn'd since my Arrival.

AIR XIV. There was a poor Couple.

When old Men grow peevish and will not come to,
Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

When old Men are peevish and will not come to,
Their Children forsake 'em, as now I leave you.

Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

So, Sir, your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*]

Quor. What can all this mean-----gone abruptly too?-----Egad I begin to smell a Rat-----ho, *Phebe*-----*Phebe*-----*Tippet*-----No body within there-----I'm robb'd, ruin'd and undone----was ever Man so bamboozl'd by a lying Son of a Whore-----It was all a Contrivance, a Plot-----a damn'd Plot, to rob my House and steal my Daughter-----O that Dog *Hunter*-----I'll
be

be-hang'd but it was he in Disguise-----what's to be done?----I shall be disgrac'd, pointed at, and sung about the Streets in Ballads; a Pox of his *Cracobow wow* *wow*.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Chaunter, Grigg, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab, and others.

Chau. Come, Princes of the Seven Orders, as this is our Day of Assembly or grand Council of State; 'tis our royal Pleasure that the principal of each Order answer to his Name when call'd, and receive our proper Instructions according to Custom-----come read a-way.

Grig. *Jeremy Crupper, Alias Cant,* Prince of the Lip-pineers or blind Men.

Cant. Here.

Chau. You are hereby requir'd to bring in the Contributions of your Order for Whites of Eggs, Ising-Glass and other Ingredients, wherewith you counterfeit Blindness, which you have had out of our general Magazine or Store-house this Quarter, but see that the few real Blind go Scot-free.

Grig. *Roger Shallow, alias Whimble, alias Gage,* Prince of the Filchers or Lame-men.

Gage. Here.

Chau. You are much in Arrears for Rosin, Brimstone, Birdlime and Cream, to make false Sores and Cancers; besides wooden Legs, Stools and Crutches: discharge your Debts, and shift your Stations.

Grig. *Barnaby Bumpkin, alias Hobnail, alias Truckle, alias Mump,* Prince of the Maundareens or general Counterfeits.

Mum. Here.

Chau. As you are much the larger and more numerous Order of the Seven, and consequently bring in a Revenue greater than all the rest put together; I have taken Pains to render ye compleat Rogues. I have study'd a new Exercise of the Crutch, with the different ways to cry, halt and stammer. We hope you will be as industrious in collecting your Tribute, as we have been in our Productions.

Grig. *Robert Rymer*, alias *Scrip*, Prince of the Carabances or Fools.

Scrip. Here.

Chau. As there are many of ye more Knaves than Fools, I need not recommend any Thing to you, but Care that you are not discover'd, and that you frequent not one Place too often----you are ordered to bring in your Supplies.

Grig. *Jeffery Trott*, alias *Juggle*, alias *Swab*, Prince of the Beaucracks, or real Objects.

Swab. Here.

Chau. Since you are the fewest in Number of any of the Seven, and can scarce procure a bare Maintenance, by your pitiful Diseases, and Infirmities; we remit you all Taxes due, or that shall become due for the future. But as Roguery is necessary in every Station of Life, if People would live in the World now-a-days, you must counterfeit even Death it self to raise Compassion.

Grig. *Tim Simple*, alias *Blunder*, alias *Gibbet*, alias *Grigg*. Prince of the Gypsies----that's I, please your Majesty.

Chau. O Sir, you are Head of a numerous Gang, and a profitable one too; we have little Occasion to instruct you, your own Industry is sufficient: But I have for the good of the Publick in general, set down a new congratulating Speech for Welcomes, Marriages, &c. besides one for Funerals: As for the several Phrases of Begging in their most moving Tones, with proper Flats and Sharps occasionally, we have inserted them after a new Method for the Instruction of
all :

all : So that now ye are, if ye know it, the happiest of People, and I the greatest Monarch under the Sun.

Grig. Let each gratefully cry Huzza, and bless the King.

Omnes. Huzza, huzza, huzza !-----Heaven preserve the noble King *Chaunter.*

Chau. As for the seventh Order, whereof we our self are Chief in a more particular manner, we shall take Care, that every Thing be regularly manag'd. And now my worthy People, and true Liegemen, as ye are all acquainted with the intended Marriage of Prince *Grig*, and *Tib. Tatter*, the Celebration of which we intend to honour with the Nuptials of our Son *Harry*; and Justice *Quorum's* Daughter *Pkebe*, we therefore invite ye all to the Festival on that solemn Occasion, where ye shall see the Grandure of a *Beggar's* Wedding: Our self will send you notice of the Time; till when, be ready to appear in Case of any Accident.

Omnes. One and all-----we'll die to serve our King.

Chau. Come, my merry Hearts, fill about, and drink Success to the *Beggar's* Wedding.

Omnes. Success to the Wedding---Huzza-----

Grig. Now for a Song-----

AIR XV. Come Neighbours now we've made our
Hay.

*Let now each jolly Beggar sing,
For who can be,
Happy as we,
Thus govern'd by our gracious King?
No Monarchy, tho' ne'er so great,
But envies still the Beggar's State:
Then let's carouze
Our sparkling Bouze,
Our sparkling Bou-----ze
This will new Joys create.*

CHO.

C H O R U S.

*Let us drink Bumpers round,
 Let us drink Bumpers round,
 To the seven great Orders ;
 To all poor ragged Rogues,
 To all poor, poor, poor ragged Rogues,
 And the King of the Beggars.*

Chau. Now adjourn we till another Opportunity :
Grigg, dismiss 'em for this Time.

Grig. Let each Man repair to his respective Station,
 and there attend the King's farther Pleasures.

Omnes. We joyfully obey his Majesty, and thank the
 kind, the learn'd Prince *Grig.*

[Exeunt singing the last Chorus.]





ACT III. SCENE I.

Hunter, Phebe, Mrs. Chaunter, Tippet.

Hunt. WELCOME, my dearest *Phebe*, to this safe Retreat; here may you remain secure from the Persecution of your Father; call this House from hence your own, and this Gentlewoman will take Care you are provided with every Necessary.

Mrs. Chaun. That I shall with Pleasure ----- and shall think my self happy in the Company of so much Sweetness.

Pheb. You are too kind, Madam, my poor Merit deserves not half this Goodness. Thus blest, sure nothing can disturb me, whilst my *Hunter* is thus near me, for every Place with him is Paradise.

Hunt. My dearest ----- worthiest *Phebe* ----- thou art more than Woman, and I more happy than Mankind. I must now leave you for a few Moments, to give some necessary Directions about our approaching Nuptials; for I'm resolv'd this Day shall make you mine for ever.

A I R I. To all ye Ladies now on Land.

*Since Love and Fortune both incline
To crown our Hopes with Joy;
Soft Hymen shall our Bliss refine,
And all our Lives employ:
To this poor World I bid adieu,
For Thousands such I find in you.
With a fal lal lal la, &c.*

[*Exit.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Chaun. Come, Madam, be chearful and gay, command this House as your own, and I hope you'll find no other Change in your new Lodgings than a greater Enjoyment of your Liberty. Please, Madam, to excuse me, 'till I give some necessary Orders about your Apartment. [Exit

Pheb. Now, my dear *Tippet*, what are your Thoughts about our Flight?

Tipp. Thoughts, Madam? the most pleasant in the World: I can't but laugh to think what a terrible Fright our Escape has occasioned in my poor Master, ha, ha, ha! ----- Pardon me, Madam,----- now are there search Warrants in every Corner of the Town after us: I am the only Butt his Resentment aims at----- O, if ever he gets me in his Clutches again ----- Mercy on me-----

Pheb. Talk no more on't I beseech you, the very Thought on't makes me tremble; if we be discover'd, I am undone for ever.

Tipp. Fear not, Madam, we are as safe here as in a Convent; let the Knot be first ty'd, and then you need not care a Button for 'em all ----- you know, Madam, this is to be your Wedding-Day, 'tis time to prepare your self.

Pheb. O *Tippet*, 'tis what I always wish'd for, but now 'tis so near, methinks I dread it.

A I R II. Once I was a Fool enough to love a Woman.

*When Maids to love are won,
Like mine their Wishes soar,
The Passion leads us on
To Joys unknown before :
With Extasy,
We forward fly,
To taste the mighty Blessing :
But when we come
To meet our Doom,
We tremble at possessing.*

Tipp.

Tipp. Never fear, Madam, 'tis but venturing bravely once for all; Marriage is but a Leap which most Women take sooner or later; and you know, Madam, as in War, so in Love, Fortune generally favours the Brave.

A I R III. There was a pretty Girl.

*Sure Marriage is a fine thing,
It is so common grown; fal, lal, lal, &c.
It is a Bait which all
Do swallow glibly down; fal, lal, lal, &c.
To answer Expectation,
Such Joys it shou'd dispence;
To recompence the Fools it makes,
By charming ev'ry Sense.*

fal, lal, lal, &c.

Pheb. Come, *Tippet*, I shall want your Assistance.
[*Exit.*

Enter Grigg.

Grig. Thus let me welcome thee, my Dear, to our Habitation. [*kissing.*

Tipp. Out----- begone-----

Grigg. I'm sure you love kissing, my Dear, or you are no Waiting-Maid.

Tipp. I'm sure nothing in that Garb shall ever tempt me.----- Who have we got here, in the Name of Wonder? ----- Our Gentleman's Gentleman metamorphis'd into a down-right Beggar----- ha, ha, ha!-----

Grig. 'Tis a Title I glory in, my Dear, and wou'd rather be an humble Beggar, than the best Lord's Footman in the Kingdom----- Tho' we be poor, we are our own Masters; and the Clothes we wear, tho' ragged, are still our own.

Tipp. Ha, ha, ha!----- diverting enough ----- and so you want a Mistress to carry your Wallet for you ----- ha, ha, ha!

A I R IV. When first I saw my Nancy's Face.

*'Tis time to wed when Beggars woo,
Can Love and Poverty agree?
When nought but Rags appear in view,
What Fool would sell her Liberty?
Amongst your Tribe then never fear,
You will obtain a Spouse, my Dear;
Whose Back and Sides shall ever bear
The Curse of Want, and Load of Care.*

A I R V. Collier's Daughter.

Grig. My Dear, why thus uneasy?
Let's be blith and merry O;
I'll sing a Tune to please thee,
And make thy Heart full cheary O.
Fal, lal, lal, la, &c. [dances about her.

Since you're for singing, my Dear, have at you ----- well, how do you like me now ----- ha!

Tipp. Not half so well as you like your self, I dare swear.

Grig. I should be sorry for that, my Dear, for I know you love me, and I love you, and so we'll love whilst loving is good.

Tipp. Impudence to excess! ----- I should be highly prefer'd indeed ----- Away ----- I'm call'd ----- remember as you deserve, I'll reward you. [Exit.

Grig. Go thy ways for a true Daughter of Eve ----- now for my Embassy ----- I'll first call upon my Brother Guests, and then deliver my Letter in my way home.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab.

Cant. Come, come along, here we'll expect the Summons.

Gage. Ay, as you say, here we must attend; the Time is near at hand.

Mump. We shall have a Messenger shortly.

Scrip. To invite us to a rare living, my Lads.

Swab. I'll warrant ye your Bellies full, for the King is no Flincher.

Gage. Ay, ay, We shall All fare deliciously.

AIR VI. Abbot of Canterbury.

*When Beggars do marry for better for worse,
Tho' it happens we have not one Souse in our Purse;
Like true Man and Wife in Wedlock we swing,
Tho' we beg all the Day, still at Night we can sing*

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

To them Grigg.

Grig. Well met, my Friends, I see ye're punctual to a Minute.

Cant. Always, Brother Grigg, when there's steck and Bouze in the Cafe.

Gage. Are all Things in a Readiness? shall we live to Day, you young Dog you, ha?-----

Mum. And shall we get drunk into the Bargain, Sirrah, eh?-----

Grig. Without Doubt-----what, a Wedding and not drunk-----out you puny Raskals: Come, come tuck up your Rags, and away; I'll but step for a Parson to stitch my Master and his young Doxy together, and will be with you in an Instant.

Omnes. Away, away to the Wedding Boys all.

Grig. Hold,----I hear a noise of Passengers----to your Postures.

Enter Quorum and Constables.

Cant. Bless your noble Honour.

Grig. One poor Penny amongst us all.

Gage. Deaf and Dumb-----

Mum. Lame and Blind-----

Scrip. Aw, aw, aw-----

Swab. Heaven reward your Worship, consider the Poor.

Grig. Poor Objects of Pity and Compassion; who will pray for your Honour Night and Day.

Quor. Take this amongst you, Villains.

[Strikes 'em.]

Grig. May Health and Happiness attend you.

Quor. Ha! -----methinks I know that Voice and Face. *[aside]* Honest Friend, a word with you.

Grig. *[aside]* Sure I'm not discover'd-----if he shou'd know me, I'm undone for ever. Bless your good Worship-----

Quor. 'Tis the very same-----here seize this Fellow instantly-----I know you, Rogue, through all your Disguise.

Constab. Come, Sirrah, have we found you at last?

Grig. Dear Sir, your Worship must be mistaken: I'm but a poor Beggar, as you see, that lives by Charity.

Quor. No, you Rogue, you are the very Villain that entertain'd me with a pack of Lies, 'till your
Accomplice

Accomplice stole away my Daughter; away with him this Instant.

Grig. O worthy Sir, but one Word before I go — hear me one Word in private.

Constab. By no means, you Dog, have you a Design upon his Worship's Life, you Scoundrel?

Quor. Hold, let us hear what he can say for himself however — but first search him for fear of Danger.

Grig. Then all's discover'd — no hopes left — poor me must suffer — Well, *Grigg*, thou art an unfortunate Dog, that's certain — dear *Tib*, my Spouse that thou'd ha' been, adieu —

Cant. Alas! poor Brother!

Gage. What shall we do?

Mump. I fear all our Feasting is turn'd into nothing.

Scrip. Let us away lest we share his Fate.

Swab. Bloody Rogues! let us sneak off one by one, and acquaint the King of this Disaster — softly for fear of Suspicion. [*Exeunt.*

Quor. Ha! a Letter, say you? let me see it — perhaps it may make a Discovery. [*Reads.*

“ Sir, please to let the Bearer wait upon you to my
 “ Lodgings, where a young Lady and I wait your Pre-
 “ sence, in order to be for ever united: be as expedi-
 “ ditious as possible, lest Delays thou'd prove dange-
 “ rous to yours

Henry Hunter.

I'll hunt you with a Vengeance — Come, Sirrah, this moment conduct me thither, or I'll send you where you shall never more behold the Light, but at your Execution.

Grig. Dear honourable Sir —

Quor. Not another Syllable, or you are immediately gone — be quick, lead on, or die.

Grig. Then shall I be hang'd for a Traytor: So that either way nothing but Death is before me — but of

two Evils, the least is to be chosen -- come, Sir, I submit-----ah, poor *Grigg*.

AIR VII. As I gang'd down to yonder TOWN.

*Alas poor Grigg !-----I must away,
Where pity ne'er can find me ;
Hard Fate upon my Wedding-Day,
To leave my Bride behind me :
What tho' to day my Back does bleed,
With Anguish, Pain and Sorrow ;
I'll bear it all, so 'tis decreed
That Tib be mine to Morrow.*

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Hunter, Phebe, Tippet.

Hunt. Now, my Dear, the Time is come which makes me the happy Possessor of the most lovely of her Sex, I hope a few Moments more will make us one for ever.

Pheb. And if Love and Obedience can recompence your Goodness, and reward your wond'rous Care, you shall be doubly happy-----but methinks I hear a strange kind of Noise in the House.

Hunt. O my dear, 'tis an odd kind of an Entertainment, which the kind Gentleman of the House has prepar'd to celebrate our Nuptials with ; who, by me, entertains your strefence to a Beggar's Wedding, which he is curious to have perform'd in his own House, in order to divert you.

Pheb. His good Nature gives him too much trouble ; I'd rather not go.

Tip. O Madam, that wou'd be unkind indeed.

Hunt.

Hunt. Let me prevail upon you, Madam; the Company are all this Minute seated in the next Room, and only wait your coming.

Pheb. If you request it, sure I must comply: for what is there in *Phebe's* Power she can deny her *Hunter*.

AIR VIII. In ancient Days in *Britain's* Isle.

Hunt. Soft Turtles thus on every Spray
Their tenderest Love impart;

Pheb. Sit fondly cooing all the Day,
To charm each other's Heart:

Hunt. My ravish'd Fancy still cou'd dwell,
On thy superior Charms;

Pheb. Without thee every Place is Hell,
But Heav'n within thy Arms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Chaunter, Cant, Gage, Mump, Scrip, Swab, Mrs. Chaunter, Strumer, Mopsey, Blouze, Drab, Manchet, Tib Tatter.

Chaun. This is a Misfortune indeed, my Friends, to have our Bridegroom snatch'd away on his Wedding-Day; but we must take care to get him off as soon as possible-----in the mean time, since we are all met, I'm resolv'd to have a Wedding some way or other.

Omnes, A Wedding, a Wedding, a Wedding.

AIR IX. Let's be merry, fill your Glasses.

Chaun. Why shou'd Sorrow discompose us,
When we meet thus o'er our Bowls?

What, tho' Fortune does oppose us,
Spite of Fate we're jolly Souls.

Fa, la, la, la, &c.
Hunter,

Hunter, Phebe, Tippet.

Most kindly welcome, fair Lady-----be seated pray-----
now all salute the happy Pair.

Omnes. Long live our Prince, and strincefs.

Hunt. We thank you heartily-----Well, Sir is every
thing ready?

Chaun. Anon, good Sir.

Quorum and Constables with Grigg.

Quor. Bless my Eyes! what do I see? my Daughter
amongst a Crew of Beggars-----this instant seize 'em
all.

Chaun. Hold, Gentlemen, not a Man stir on pain of
Death.

Quor. Fly, fly, ye Villains-----seize 'em-----knock 'em
down---fly-----

Chaun. Nay then have at ye.

[The Beggars beat off the Constables.]

Constables. A Rescue, a Rescue, a Rescue,-----

[Exeunt.]

Grig. Now, Mr. Alderman, in my turn, I arrest you
in the noble King *Chauuter's* Name.

Chaun. Well done, *Grigg*; and we'll teach him to
break the Peace again in our strerence; for know,
Mr. *Quorum*, your Commission of the Peace, will not
avail you here a Rag. You are now in the King of
the Beggars Jurisdiction, and be assur'd we'll assert our
Power.

Quor. This is Insolence insupportable--- ll trounce
ye all---and as for you, you Robber of my House and
Daughter, you shall be doubly punish'd.

Hunt. Sir, I never meant to wrong you: what I
have done was occasion'd by your unjust dealing with
'me.

Quor. Racks and Tortures! upbraided to my Face.---

Chaun.

Chaun. Looke, Sir, Passion signifies nothing here, what's past we graciously oversee; and to convince you of our Respect towards you, you are now at your Liberty to depart when you please; but if you stay, you shall be welcome to the Beggar's Wedding, which we are just about to celebrate for the diversion of my Son and your Daughter there.

Quor. Your Son!-----Death and Hell----- is *Hunter* your Son?

Chaun. Ay, Sir, and what then?----- without Disparagement he is not inferior to you or your Daughter either: For tho' I'm but a Beggar, I here engage to lay down Penny for Penny, if not double the Fortune you can give her.

Quor. Pray, Sir, restore me my Girl, and every thing else is forgiven.

Chaun. Nay, Sir, to let you see I don't think her so great a Bargain, I don't care if you do take her.

Pheb. Wonders incredible!----O how I dread my angry Father: If you forsake me now I shall surely die: Tho' you have deceiv'd me in Appearance, I can't think of parting with you.

Hunt. Alas, my Dear! and still I fear we must —— by Heaven I will not bear it.

Pheb. Ah me! I wou'd rather suffer a thousand Deaths than go Home again, or be expos'd to the Severity of my Father.

A I R XI. Conforzo Escossa.

O can I leave thee,
 Thou dearest Treasure?
 Cease to bereave me
 Of ev'ry Pleasure.
 Think on our lost Joy,
 Just at possessing,
 'Twill Life destroy
 Of ev'ry Blessing.

[bis]

AIR XII. Did ever Swain a Nymph adore.

Hunt. *Sooner shall Fish in Waters burn,
The scorching Sun congeal'd appear;
Sooner shall Ages past return,
And Seasons quite invert the Year:
Sooner shall all Things cease to be,
Than I will part from lovely thee.*

Mrs. Chaun. Sure I'm deceived, or that shou'd be my Brother.

Quo. Hey day! are you distracted too?

Mrs. Chaun. Hold, Sir, had you not once a Sister, and an only Son?

Quor. I had-----methinks I begin to know that Face.

Mrs. Chaun. Look well upon me-----were they not both missing at one and the same time?

Quorum. Too true, and never heard of since.

Mrs. Chaun. Then I'm that Sister, and here's your only Son-----your true Name is *Hunter*.

Quor. O all ye Powers! What Wonders do you tell me!-----

Chaun. The Story, Mr. Alderman, is too long to acquaint you with now; let it suffice that they were both carry'd away by me amongst a Gang of Gypsies, when you was in Confinement-----your Sister I have since marry'd, and brought up your Son like a Gentleman, but never knew him to be yours till this Moment, and shou'd be glad to hear the particulars which occasion'd this Revolution in your Fortune.

Quor. In a Word then, I made my Escape with some others out of Prison, and taking with me all I had in the World, I embark'd on Board a Merchant-Man, made a few Trading Voyages, and not many Years after return'd to *Dublin*, with something considerable, settled in this End of the Town, chang'd my Name, and am at last arriv'd to what you now see me, an
Alderman

Alderman of this City-----And now ye're welcome, welcome all: This Day has made my Happiness compleat.

Pheb. Alas poor *Phebe!* now are thy Hopes blasted indeed: This is an unexpected Turn of Fortune; you cannot wed a Brother.

A I R XIII. As I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay musing.

*Sure at my Birth malignant Stars presided,
And shed their baleful Influ'nce around;
Since from my Love by Nature thus divided,
O Power's above! lessen my Torment,
Pity a tender languishing Maid,
To Ruin thus by Love betray'd.*

Quor. No, my dearest *Phebe*, you shall be no less happy than the rest; I will unravel a Secret, which, perhaps you had never known, were it not upon this Occasion: for know, you are no Child of mine, but an Orphan left in my Care, when so young, that you never knew a Parent but me. The Estate which was left you I have rather encreas'd than diminish'd, which now I will restore you, and if you please, may share it with my Son, who henceforward is Heir to all I have.

Hunt. O happy, happy Change! now, my Dear, we shall be blest indeed-----nothing now remains to obstruct our mutual Happiness for ever.

A I R XIV. A Damsel I'm told.

*Of Phebe possess'd,
I'm doubly blest,
No Power on Earth shall us sever,
Secure of thy Charms,
I'll live in those Arms;
And thus we'll be happy for ever, my Dear.
And, &c.*

Chaun. And as an Addition to your Felicity, at my decease, I'll bequeath you a vast Fortune I have amass'd by Begging. And now to crown our universal Joy: Let us first see this Ceremony perform'd, and then prepare to join this lovely Pair.

Omnes. Huzza-----now for a Song.

We've sail'd the Seas for many a League.

I.

Grig. Thus crown'd with Ease and every Joy,
By Beggary we thrive;
No doubtful Cares our Peace destroy,
In Pleasure still we live.

II.

Cant. On Charity our Hopes depend,
We seldom beg in vain:
For Poverty's our only Friend,
Which brings us in our Gain.

III.

Gage. And if our Cant shou'd not prevail,
To get us daily Food;
By Stratagems we never fail,
To make our Party good.

IV.

Chaun. Then fill about, my jolly Boys,
Let's Drink, Dance, Laugh and Sing:
For who can boast of nobler Joys,
Than Beggars and their King!

Grig. And cou'd my *Tib* think of another Spouse whilst I was in Distress----inconstant Girl!

Tib Tat. Rather unhappy *Grigg*-----you know I'm not of an Humour to die for Love, if one won't another may.

A I R XV. Molly *St. George*.

Grig. *In thy Arms, my dear Tib, will I end all Debate,
Thus bappy despise all the Frowns of the Great ;
What State can like Beggar's in Wedlock agree,
When cloy'd with Possession that Moment we're free.*

Chaun. Come, Princes of the Crutch, and Ladies of the Ragg, all, all to the Wedding ----- You that are to be marry'd, stand forth, and let the Ceremony begin---- Who's Priest?

Cant. That am I, most noble King.

Chaun. And a sanctify'd one too----- exert your Parts, and shew your self worthy your Vocation.

Cant. I'm ready, Sir: All attend the Solemnity ----- that you both stand here to be tack'd together, is not the Question, but whether ye be qualify'd is the Query ----- First then, as ye are true Beggars, without Cant or Quibble, answer me to the Questions following ---- How long, Mr. *Bridgroom*, have you been Master of a Crutch?

Grig. Ever since I was able to handle one.

Cant. And you, Mrs. *Bride*, how long have you been one of the Sisterhood?

Tib Tat. So long that I can't remember I ever was any other.

Cant. Very well-----thro' what Degrees have ye past?

Grig. Thro' every Station of Beggary----- I have been Pimp, Juggler, Rogue and Maunder.

Tib Tat. And I, Whore, Thief, Bawd and Gypsey.

Cant.

Cant. Right ----- ye fit like two Tallies-----no two are better match'd, nor more proper to go together -----now attend-----

Chaun. Silence-----the Ceremony begins.

Cant. *Without Book or Ring,*
 Or Priestcraft or Law,
I wed ye to lie
 Both together in Straw :
And when by Consent
 Of Wedlock ye're tir'd,
Then part Whore and Rogue,
 Which is all that's requir'd.

Chaun. Let the Bride advance, and in token of Obedience to her Lord and Husband, perform the Ceremony of the Crutch, and the Bridegroom as a Mark of Superiority take the usual Marriage-leap.

[A Crutch is held by two, which she passes under, and he leaps over each thrice.

Let both Kneel, and receive the Beggar's Blessing.

[Kneels.

May Knits, Lice, and Fleas
Divert you at leisure,
Whilst padding and mumping
Be each other's Pleasure.

Now each salute 'em according to Custom.

[The Men all kiss her, and the Women him.

A I R XVI. Come all ye pretty Maidens.

Grig. *Like jolly Beggars thus we'll prove,*
 Since now the Wedding's o'er ;
 We'll love and live, and live and love,
 Till we can love no more, fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

Tib.

Tib. Tat. With all my Heart, my Dear, I warrant
I'll not be behind-hand with you in Matters of Love.

A I R XVII. *Ellen a Roon.*

*How bashful Maids appear,
Till once they're try'd,
But they soon banish Fear,
Commencing Bride:
Were Wives assur'd to be
Possess'd of Liberty,
Sure Marriage then wou'd be
Wholly our Pride.*

Chaun. 'Tis now time to partake of our Banquet,
Grigg, see that every Thing be ready.

A I R XVIII. *Bonny Lad, come lay thy Pipe down.*

Hunt. *Now my, dear Charmer, our Troubles are o'er,
At last Love triumphant ill Fortune controuls;
Thus happy ten thousand new Joys we'll explore,
And with mutual Constancy solace our Souls.
No more shall false Pleasure enervate my Mind,
I here bid adieu to all Bus'ness and Strife;
By Woman alone all our Bliss is refin'd,
For Phebe's the Joy of my Life.*

A I R XIX. *An Irish Tune.*

Phebe. *Thus with thee delighted,
All my Love's requited,
For thine my Heart shall never part,
Till both in one united:
Now our Hopes possessing,
We'll enjoy the Blessing,
All our Days crown'd with ease,
Whilst in Love caressing.*

Quor. Now Brother *Chaunter*, if you'll be content to share my House with me for the future, and quit this way of Life, I shall think my self happy in your Friendship.

Chaun. What, cease to be a Beggar, and a Monarch too! ---no, Sir---I would not change my Condition with the greatest Prince in *Europe*; for there is not one of 'em all, but envies the Freedom of us Beggars: whether it be Peace or War, we still are unconcern'd; we are neither prest for Soldiers, nor put upon hard Duties: The State never concerns it self with us; and if we do any Thing unlawful, who'll sue a Beggar? Mankind pay a kind of Reverence to us, and make a Conscience of it not to abuse us. As for our Dirt and Uncleaness, they are without us, and signify nothing at all to true Happiness; and for our Raggs, 'tis to them we chiefly owe our Felicity.

A I R XX. Did you not hear of Boccough.

*Whilst Riches and Honours are courted by the Great,
The Beggar contented enjoys his humble State:
Our Poverty's a Blessing alone which makes us free,
Then who'd not be, of Beggars, a Monarch thus like me?*

F I N I S.



set I . . . V Polveria
VI . . .
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