

THE

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(3)

JOVIAL CREW.

A Logi march 14th 1731

COMIC-OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Novo Splendore resurgit.

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

MDCCXXXI.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be perhaps necessary to inform the World, That the Groundwork of this Piece is an old Comedy of *Richard Brome's*; the Prose Part of it consisting chiefly of Fragments, collected from the MERRY BEGGARS, and so disposed as to introduce the Songs with Propriety. The Songs, (except about half a Dozen) were written about three Years ago, by a Gentleman who is since Dead. This Circumstance is mentioned here only to obviate some Idle Rumours which have been spread about relating to the Author; as for the Performance, it must stand upon its own Merit, and it would be an Affront to the Reader's Taste to expect that any thing which might be said of it here, could either recommend it to Favour, or justify it against Censure.



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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Oldrents,
Hearty,
Springlove,
Randal,
Oliver,
Vincent,
Hilliard,
Justice Clack,
Patrico,
Martin,
Sentwell,
First Beggar-man,
Second Beggar-man,
Third Beggar-man,
Fourth Beggar-man,
Fifth Beggar-man,
Sixth Beggar-man,

Mr. *Shepard*.
Mr. *Harper*.
Mr. *Mills*.
Mr. *Johnson*.
Mr. *W. Mills*.
Mr. *Bridgwater*.
Mr. *Charke*.
Mr. *Griffin*.
Mr. *Boman*.
Mr. *R. Wetherill*.
Mr. *Paget*.
Mr. *Berry*.
Mr. *Oates*.
Mr. *Fielding*.
Mr. *Hallam*.
Mr. *Excell*.
Mr. *Rainton*.

W O M E N.

Rachel,
Meriel,
Amie,
First Beggar-woman,
Second Beggar-woman,
Third Beggar-woman,
Fourth Beggar-woman,

Mrs. *Heron*.
Mrs. *Cibber*.
Miss *Rafter*.
Miss *Mears*.
Miss *P. Vaughn*.
Mrs. *Shireburn*.
Mrs. *Grace*.

Dancers, Countrymen, Servants, and Beggars.

SCENE *Oldrents' and Justice Clack's House,
and the Country adjacent.*



The JOVIAL CREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Room in Oldrents' House.*

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Old. IT has indeed, Friend, much afflicted me.

Heart. And very justly, let me tell you, Sir, to give Ear, and Faith too (by your Leave) to Fortune-tellers!

Wizards! and Gypsies.

Old. I have since been frighted with it, in a thousand Dreams.

Heart. I wou'd go Drunk a thousand times to Bed, rather than dream of any of their *Riddlemy Riddlemeries*.

AIR I. Ev'ry Man take his Glafs in his Hand, &c.



*To-day let us never be Slaves,
Nor the Fate of To-morrow enquire:
Old Wizards, and Gypsies, are Knaves,
And the Devil, we know, is a Lyar.*

*Then drink off a Bumper whilst you may,
We'll laugh, and we'll sing, tho' our Hairs are grey;
He's a Fool, and an Ass,
That will baulk a full Glass,
For fear of another Day.*

Old. Wou'd I had your merry Heart!

Heart. I thank you, Sir!

Old. I mean the like.

Heart. I wou'd you had! and I such an Estate as yours. —
Four thousand Pounds a Year, with such a Heart as mine,
would defie Fortune, and all her babbling Soothsayers.

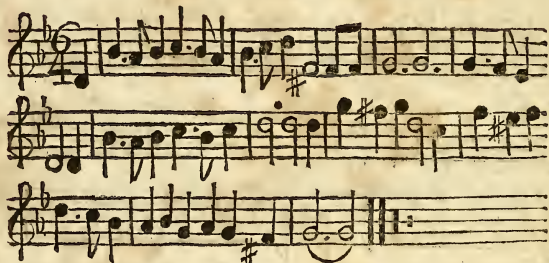
Old. Come, I will strive to think no more on't.

Heart. Will you ride forth for the Air then, and be merry?

Old. Your Council, and Example, may instruct me.

Heart. Sack must be had in sundry Places too. For Songs,
I am provided.

AIR II. *Arthur a Bland.*



*In Nottinghamshire,
Let 'em boast of their Beer;
With a Hey-down, down, and a down!
I'll sing in the Praise of good Sack:
Old Sack, and old Sherry,
Will make your Heart merry,
Without e'er a Rag to your Back,*

*Then cast away Care,
Bid Adieu to Despair,
With a Down, down, down, and a down!
Like Fools, our own Sorrows we make:
In spite of dull thinking,
While Sack we are drinking,
Our Hearts are too busy to ach.*

Enter

Enter Springlove, with Books and Papers, and a Bunch of Keys. He lays them on a Table.

Old. Yet here comes One, brings me a second Fear, who has my Care next unto my Children.

Heart. Your Steward, Sir, it seems, has Business with you: I wish you would have none with him.

Old. I'll soon dispatch it, and then be for our Journey instantly.

Heart. I'll wait your coming down, Sir. [Exit.

Old. But, why, *Springlove*, is now this Expedition?

Spr. Sir, 'tis Duty.

Old. Not common among Stewards, I confess, to urge in their Accompts before the Day their Lords have limited.

Spr. Sir, your Indulgence, I hope, shall ne'er corrupt me.--- Here, Sir, is the Balance of the several Accompts, which shews you what remains in Cash; which added to your former Bank, makes up in all ———

Old. Twelve thousand and odd Pounds.

Spr. Here are the Keys of all: The Chests are safe in your own Closet.

Old. Why in my Closet! Is not yours as safe?

Spr. O Sir! you know my Suit.

Old. Your Suit! what Suit?

Spr. Touching the Time of Year.

Old. 'Tis well nigh *May*: Why, what of that, *Springlove*? [Birds sing.

Spr. Oh Sir! you hear I am call'd!

Old. Are there Delights in Beggary? Or if to take Diversity of Air, be such a Solace, travel the Kingdom over; and if this yield not Variety enough, try farther (provided your Deportment be genteel) take Horse, and Man, and Money, you have all, or I'll allow enough.

[Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. sings.

Spr. Oh, how am I confounded! Dear Sir, return me naked to the World, rather than lay those Burdens on me, which will stifle me. I must abroad, or perish. ——— Have I your Leave, Sir?

Old. I leave you to dispute it with your self: I have no Voice to bid you go, or stay. [Exit.

Spr. I am confounded in my Obligations to this good Man.

Enter Randal, and three or four Servants with Baskets.
The Servants go off.

Now Fellows, what News from whence you came?

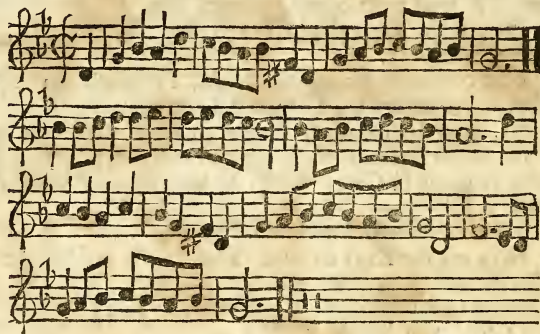
Rand. The old wonted News, Sir, from your Guest-House, the old Barn: They have all pray'd for you, and our Master,

as their Manner is, from the Teeth outward: Marry! from the Teeth inwards, 'tis enough to swallow your Alms, from whence I think, their Prayers seldom come.

Spr. Thou'rt Old *Randal* still! ever grumbling! but still officious for 'em.

Rand. Yes, hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough: I have had merry Bouts with some of 'em.

A I R III. Three merry Men of *Kent*.



And he that will not merry, merry be,
 With a pretty Lass in a Bed;
 I wish he were laid in our Church-yard,
 With a Tomb-stone over his Head.
 He, if he cou'd, to be merry, merry there,
 We, to be merry, merry here;
 For who does know, where we shall go
 To be merry another Year,
 Brave Boys! to be merry another Year.

Spr. Well, honest *Randal*! thus it is ——— I am for a Journey: I know not how long will be my Absence: But I will presently take Order with the Cook and Butler, for my wonted Allowance to the Poor. And I will leave Money with them to manage the Affair 'till my Return.

Rand. Then, up rise *Randal*, Bailey of the Beggars.

[He opens the Scene. The Beggars are discover'd in their Postures: Then they issue forth, and at last the Patrico.]

All the Beggars. Our Master! our Master! our sweet and comfortable Master!

Spr. How chear, my Hearts?

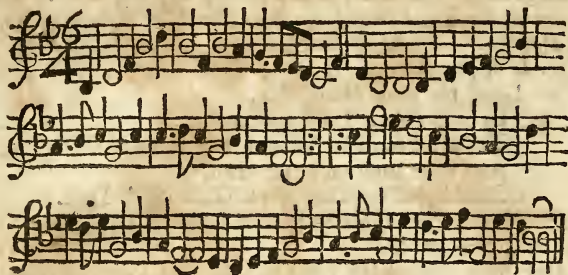
1 Beg. Most crowse! most caperingly! Shall we Dance?
 Shall we Sing to welcome our King?

A I R

The JOVIAL CREW.

5

AIR IV. Dame of Honour.



- 1 Beg. Wom. *Tho' all are discontented grown,
And fain would change Conditions;
The Courtier envies now the Clown,
The Clowns turn Politicians.*
- 2 Beg. Wom. *Ambition still is void of Wit,
And makes a woful Figure:
For none of 'em all e'er envy'd yet,
— The Life of a Jovial Beggar.*
- 3 Beg. Wom. *The Man that hourly wracks his Brain,
To encrease his useleſs Store,
Still dreads a Fall, and lives in Pain,
While we can fall no lower.*
- 4 Beg. Wom. *The Dame of rich Attire that brags,
Wou'd willingly unrig her:
Did ſhe but know the Joys of Rags,
And the Life of a Jovial Beggar.*
- Chorus of all. *The Dame, &c.*

Spr. What, is he there? that ſolemn old Fellow?

2 Beg. Man. O Sir! the rareſt Man of all! He is a Prophet; ſee how he holds up his Prognosticating Noſe: He is Divining now.

Spr. How! a Prophet!

2 Beg. Man. Yes, Sir, a Cunning-man, and a Fortune-teller. 'Tis thought he was a great Clerk before his Decay; but he is very cloſe, will not tell his Beginning, nor the Fortune he himſelf is fallen from. But he ſerves us for a Clergyman ſtill, and marries us, if need be, after a new Way of his own.

Spr. How long have you had his Company?

2 Beg. Man. But lately come among us, but a very ancient Stroler all the Land over; and has travell'd with Gypsies, and is a *Patrico*. — Shall he read your Fortune, Sir?

Spr. If it please him.

Pat. Lend me your Hand, Sir.

By this Palm, I understand

Thou art born to Wealth and Land:

And after many a bitter Gust,

Shall build with thy great Grandfire's Dust.

Spr. Where shall I find it? But come, I'll not trouble my Head with the Search.

2 Beg. Man. What say you, Sir, to our Crew, are we not well congregated?

Spr. You are a Jovial Crew! the only People whose Happiness I admire.

3 Beg. Man. Will you make us happy in serving you? Have you any Enemies? Shall we fight under ye? Will you be our Captain?

2 Beg. Man. Nay, our King!

3 Beg. Man. Command us something, Sir!

Spr. Where's the next Rendezvous?

1 Beg. Man. Neither in Village, nor in Town,
But three Miles off, at *Maple-down*.

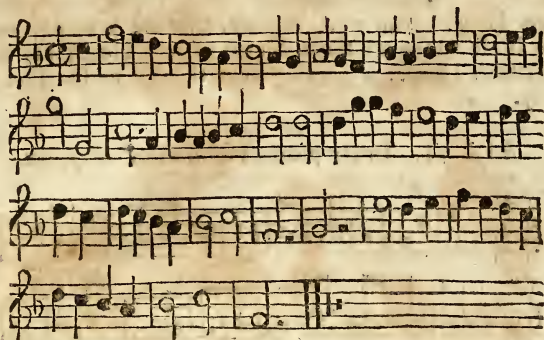
Spr. At Evening, there I'll visit you.

1 Beg. Man. And there you'll find us frolick.

The JOVIAL CREW.

7

AIR V. Round, and round, the Mill goes round.



1 Beg. Man. *We'll glad our Hearts with the best of our Cheer,
Our Spirits we'll raise with his Honour's strong Beer;
All Strangers to Hope, and regardless of Fear,
We'll make this the merriest Night of the Year.*

Chorus. *Nor Sorrow, nor Pain, amongst us shall be found,
To our Master's good Health shall the Cup be crown'd;
That long he may live, and in Bliss abound,
Shall be ev'ry Man's Wish, while the Bowl goes round.*

2 Beg. Man. *Our Wants we can't help, nor our Poverty cure;
To-morrow mayn't come, of To-night we'll make sure,
We'll laugh, and lye down, altho' we be poor,
And our Love shall remain, tho' the Wolf's at the Door.*

Chorus. *Then brisk, and smart, shall our Mirth go round,
With Antick Measures we'll beat the Ground,
To pleasure our Master in Duty bound,
We'll dance 'till we're Lame, and drink 'till we're Sound.*

[A Dance of Beggars.]

Spr. So, now away! [Exeunt Beggars.
They dream of Happiness, that live in State,
But they enjoy it, that obey their Fate. [Exit.

Enter Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, and Rachel.

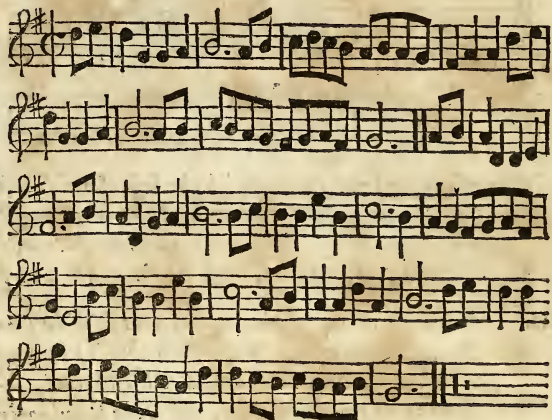
Hill. I admire the Felicity they take.

Vin. Beggars! they are the only People can boast the Benefit
of a Free State, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty, Mirth, and
Ease. Who would have lost this Sight of their Revels? How
think,

think you, Ladies? Are they not the only Happy in a Nation?

Mer. Happier than we, I'm sure, that are pent up, and ty'd by the Nose to the continual Steam of hot Hospitality here in our Father's House, when they have the Air at Pleasure in all Variety.

AIR VI. In the pleasant Month of *May*, &c.



*In the charming Month of May,
 When the pretty little Birds begin to sing;
 What a Shame at Home to stay,
 Nor enjoy the smiling Spring?
 While the Beggar that looks forlorn,
 Tho' she's not so nobly born,
 With her Rags all patch'd and torn,
 While she dances and sings with the merry Men and Maids,
 In her smiling Eyes you may trace
 And her innocent chearful Face;
 Tho' she's poor, may be
 More happy than she
 That sighs in her rich Brocades.*

Rach. And tho' I know we have merrier Spirits than they, yet to live thus confin'd, stifles me.

The JOVIAL CREW.

AIR VII. Masquerade Minuet.



*See how the Lambs are sporting!
Hear how the Warblers sing!
See how the Doves are courting!
All Nature hails the Spring.
Let us embrace the Blessing,
Beggars alone are free;
Free from Employment,
Their Life is Enjoyment
Beyond expressing;
Happy they wander,
And happy sleep under
The Greenwood Tree.*

Hill. Why, Ladies, you have Liberty enough, or may take what you please.

Mer. Yes, in our Father's Rule and Government, or by his Allowance: What's that to absolute Freedom? Such as the very Beggars have; to feast and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow;

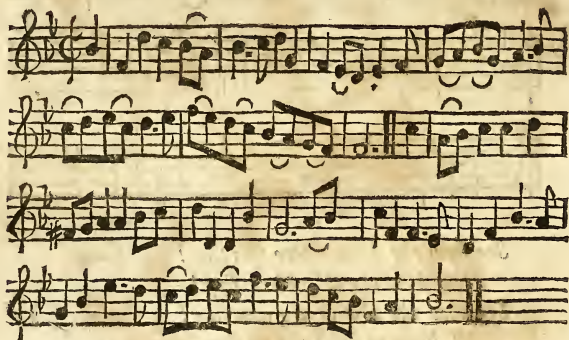
to-morrow; next Day, where they please; and so on still, the whole Country or Kingdom over. There's Liberty! the Birds of the Air can take no more.

Rach. And then, at Home here, or wheresoever he comes, our Father is so pensive (what muddy Spirit so-e'er possesses him, wou'd I cou'd conjure't out) that he makes us ever sick of his Sadness, that were wont to do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a Sigh, or Tears in his Eyes, tho' we simper never so demurely. What Tales have been told him of us, or what he suspects, I know not, but I am weary of his House.

Rach. Does he think us wanton, tro, because sometimes we talk as lightly as great Ladies?

AIR VIII. Ye Nymphs and Silvian Gods.



How sweet is the Evening Air,
 When the Lasses all prepare,
 So trim and so clean,
 To trip it o'er the Green,
 And meet with their Sweet-hearts there!
 While the pale Town Lass
 Disguises her Face,
 To squeak at a Masquerade;
 Where the proudest Prude
 May be subdu'd,
 And when she cries, You're rude,
 You may conclude
 She will not die a Maid.

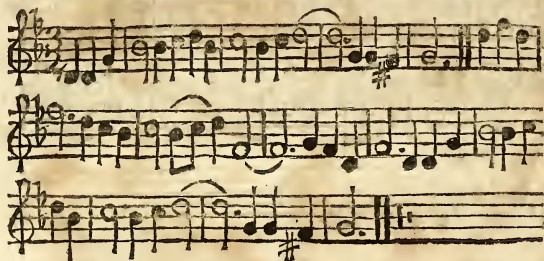
Rach. I can swear safely for the Virginity of one of us, so far as Word and Deed goes. — Marry, Thoughts are free.

Mer. Which is that One of us, I pray? Your self, or me?

Rach. Good Sister *Meriel*, Charity begins at Home: But I'll wear, I think as charitably of thee, and not only because thou art a Year younger, neither.

Mer. I am beholden to you. — But dear *Rachel*, as the Song says, a Demure Look is no Security for Virtue.

AIR IX. *Gilderoy.*



*She was not coy,
She wou'd laugh and toy,
Yet preserv'd her Virgin Fame;
She was her Father's only Joy,
And ev'ry Shepherd's Flame.
Tho' many strove,
Yet none could move;
'Till Strephon, young and gay,
Inspir'd her Soul with virtuous Love,
And stole her Heart away.*

But for my Father, I would I knew his Grief, and how to cure him, or that we were where we cou'd not see it. It spoils our Mirth, and that has been better than his Meat to us.

Vinc. Will you hear our Motion, Ladies?

Mer. Pshah! you would marry us presently out of his Way, because he has given you a foolish kind of Promise: But we will see him in a better Humour first, and as apt to Laugh, as we to Lye-down, I warrant him.

Hill. 'Tis like that Course will cure him, would you embrace it.

Rach. We will have him cur'd first, I tell you, and you shall wait that Season, and our Leisure,

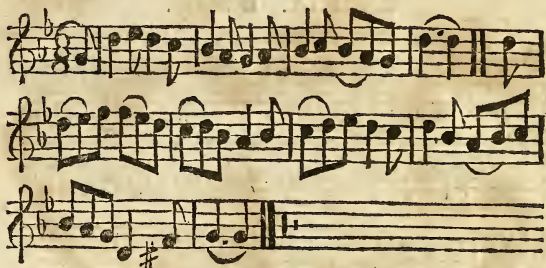
Mer.

Mer. I will rather venture my being one of the *Ape-leader* than to marry while he is so melancholy.

Vinc. We are for any Adventure with you, Ladies.

Rach. And we will put you to't. — Come aside, *Merie* I remember an old Song of my Nurfe's, every Word of which she believed as much as her *Psalter*, that us'd to make me long when I was a Girl, to be abroad in a Moon-light Night.

AIR X. There lives a Lass upon the Green.



*At Night, by Moon-light, on the Plain,
With Rapture, how I've seen,
Attended by her harmless Train,
The little Fairy Queen :
Her midnight Revels sweetly keep,
While Mortals are involv'd in Sleep ;
They tript it o'er the Green.
And where they danc'd their chearful Round,
The Morning would disclose,
For where their nimble Feet do bound,
Each Flow'r unbidden grows :
The Daisy (fair as Maids in May)
The Cowslip, in his gold Array,
And blushing Violet 'rose.*

Mer. Come hither, *Rachel*.

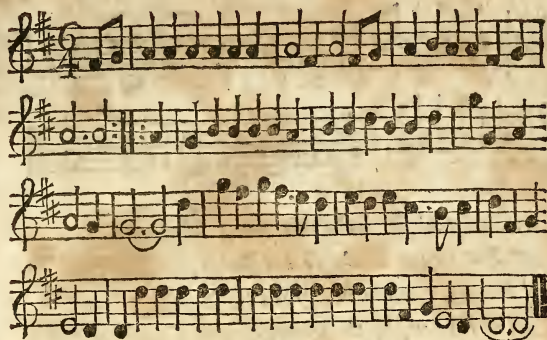
Rach. }
Mer. } Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. What's the Conceit, I wonder!

Rach. }
Mer. } Ha, ha, ha!

Hill. Some merry one it seems, but I'll never pretend to guess at a Woman's Mind.

AIR XI. Jolly Roger Twangdillo, &c.



*The Mind of a Woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright:
 I'll tell you the Reason — She knows not her own,
 It changes so often e'er Night.
 'Twon'd puzzle Apollo,
 Her Whimsies to follow,
 His Oracle won'd be a Jest;
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 Then quickly you'll find,
 She'll change with the Wind,
 And often abuses
 The Man that she chuses,
 And what she refuses,
 Likes best.*

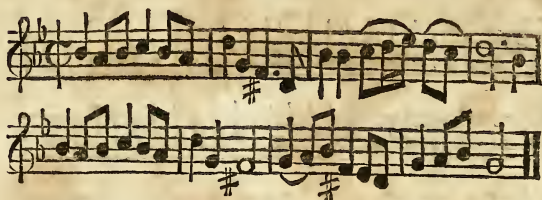
Rach. And then, *Meriel*, — Hark again — Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. How they are taken with it!

Mer. Ha, ha, ha! — Hark again, *Rachel* — I am of the Girl's Mind, who wou'd not take the Man she lik'd best, 'till he was sure he lov'd her well enough to live in a Cottage with her.

AIR

AIR XII. The Baily's Daughter of Islington.



Mer. *What, tho' she lov'd this young Man well,
 She never wou'd be his Bride,
 'Till for a while he agreed to dwell
 With her, by the Green-wood Side.*

Rach. *And he that lives by the Green-wood Side,
 Where Joy and Pleasures spring;
 May laugh at the Courtier's painful Pride,
 Nor envy the State of a King.*

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. Some wonderful new Nothing, sure! They will laugh as much to see a Swallow fly with a white Feather imp'd in her Tail.

Hill. They were born laughing, I think.

Rach. }
 Mer. } *Ha, ha, ha!*

Vinc. Now, Ladies, is your Project ripe? Possess us with the Knowledge of it.

Rach. It is more precious than to be imparted upon a slight Demand.

Hill. Pray let us hear it: You know we are your trusty Servants.

Vinc. And have kept all your Councils ever since we have been Infant Play-Fellows.

Rach. Yes, you have play'd at all kinds of small Games with us, but this is to the Purpose. Ha, ha, ha!

Hill. It seems so, by your Laughing.

Rach. And asks a stronger Tongue-tye, than tearing of Books, burning of Samplers, or making *Dirt Pies*.

Vinc. You know how, and what we have vow'd; to wait upon you, any how, and any whither.

Mer.

Mer. And you will stand to't?

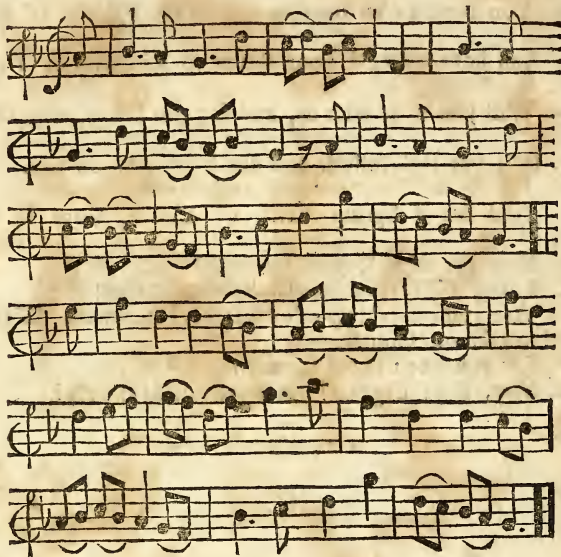
Vinc. Ay, and go to't with you, where-ever it be. — What say you, are you for a Trip to *Bath*?

Mer. No, no, not 'till the *Doctor* doesn't know what else to do with us.

Vinc. Well, would you be courted to go to *London*?

Rach. Few Country Ladies need be ask'd twice: But you're a bold Man to propose it.

AIR XIII. Fye! gar rub her o'er with Straw.



*How few, like you, won'd dare advise,
To trust the Town's deluding Arts;*

*Where Love, in daily Ambush lies,
And triumphs over heedless Hearts:*

*How few, like us, won'd thus deny
T'indulge the tempting dear Delight,
Where daily Pleasures charm the Eye,
And Joys superior crown the Night.*

Hill. In the Name of Wonder, what would you do?

Mer. Pray tell it 'em, Sister *Rachel*.

Rach.

Rach. Why, Gentlemen — Ha, ha! — Thus it is — tell it you, *Meriel*.

Vinc. O! is that all?

Mer. You are the Elder, pray tell it you.

Rach. You are the Younger, I command you tell it. — Come, out with it! they long to have it.

Hill. When?

Vinc. When?

Mer. In troth you must tell it, Sister, I can't; pray begin.

Rach. Then, Gentlemen, stand your Ground!

Vinc. Some terrible Business, sure!

Rach. You seem'd e'en now to admire the Felicity of Beggars.

Mer. And have engag'd your selves to join with us in any Course.

Rach. Will you now with us, and for our Sakes, turn Beggars?

Mer. It is our Resolution, and our Injunction on you.

Rach. But for a Time, and a short Progress.

Mer. And for a Spring-Trick of Youth, now in the Season.

Vinc. Beggars! what Rogues are these?

Hill. A simple Tryal of our Loves and Service!

Rach. Are you resolv'd upon't? If not, Farewel! We are resolv'd to take our Course.

Mer. Let yours be to keep Council.

Vinc. Stay, stay! Beggars! Are we not so already?

AIR XIV. Still I turn'd my Wheel about.



Vinc. *We beg, but in a higher Strain,
Than sordid Slaves, who beg for Gain.*

Hill. *No paltry Gold, or Gems, we want
We beg what you alone can grant.*

Vinc. *No lofty Titles, no Renown,
But something greater than a Crown.*

Hill. *We beg not Wealth, or Liberty,*

Both. *We beg your humble Slaves to be.*

Vinc. *We beg your snowy Hands to kiss,
Or Lips, if you'd vouchsafe the Bliss.*

- Hill. *And if our faithful Vows can move,
(What Gods might envy us) your Love.*
- Vinc. *The Boon we beg, if you deny,
Our Fate's decreed, we pine and die.*
- Hill. *For Life we beg, for Life implore,*
- Both. *The poorest Wretch can beg no more.*

Rach. That will not serve ——— your Time's not come for that yet. You shall beg Victuals first.

Vinc. O! I conceive your Begging Progress is, to ramble out this Summer among your Father's Tenants: And 'tis in request among Gentlemen's Daughters to devour their *Cheese-Cakes, Apple-Pies, Cream, and Custards, Flap-Jacks, and Pan-Puddings.*

Mer. No, no, not so.

Vinc. Why so we may be a kind of Civil Beggars.

Rach. I mean, stark, errant, downright Beggars. Ay, without Equivocation, Statute Beggars.

Mer. *Couchant, and Passant, Guardant, and Rampant Beggars.*

Vinc. *Current and Vagrant.*

Hill. *Stockant, and Whippant Beggars.*

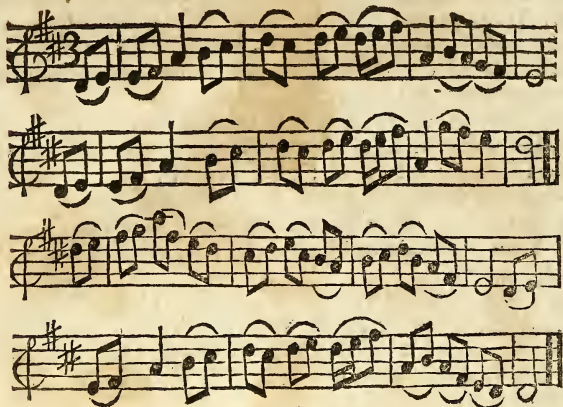
Vinc. 'Fore Heaven! I think they are in Earnest; for they were always mad.

Hill. And we were madder than they, if we should lose 'em.

Vinc. 'Tis but a mad Trick of Youth, as they say, for the Spring, or a short Progress; and Mirth may be made out of it, if we knew how to carry it.

Rach. Pray Gentlemen, be sudden. [*Cuckow without.*] Hark! you hear the Cuckow?

AIR XV. Yellow-hair'd Laddie.



- Rach. *Abroad we must wander to hear the Birds sing,
T'enjoy the fresh Air, and the Charms of the Spring.*
- Mer. *We'll beg for our Bread, then if the Night's raw,
We'll keep our selves warm on a Bed of clean Straw.*
- Rach. *How blest is the Beggar, who takes the fresh Air?*
- Mer. *Tho' hard is his Lodging, and coarse is his Fare.*
- Rach. *Confinement is hateful,——*
- Mer. *————— And Pleasure destroys.*
- Both. *'Tis Freedom alone, is the Parent of Joys.*

Enter Spring-love.

Vinc. O! here comes *Spring-love*! His great Benefactorship among the Beggars, might prefer us with Authority, into a ragged Regiment, presently. Shall I put it to him?

Rach. Take heed what you do! His Greatness with my Father will betray us.

Vinc. I will cut his Throat, then. ——— My noble *Spring-love*! the great Commander of the *Maunders*, and King of *Canzers*: We saw the Gratitude of your Loyal Subjects, in the large Tributary Content they gave you in their Revels.

Spr. Did you so, Sir?

Hill. We have seen all, with great Delight and Admiration.

Spr. I have seen you too, kind Gentlemen and Ladies, and over-heard you in your strange Design, to be Partakers, and Co-Actors too, in those vile Courses, which you call Delights, ta'en by those despicable and abhorred Creatures.

Vinc. Thou art a Despiser, nay a Blasphemer, against the Maker of those happy Creatures.

Rach. He grows zealous in the Cause: Sure, he'll beg indeed.

Vinc. Art thou an Hypocrite, then, all this while? only pretending Charity, or using it to get a Name and Praise unto thy self; and not to cherish and increase those Creatures in their most happy way of Living.

Mer. They are more zealous in the Cause, than we.

Spr. But are you, Ladies, at Defiance too with Reputation, and the Dignity due to your Father's House, and you?

Rach. Hold thy Peace; good *Springlove*; and tho' you seem to dislike this Discourse, and reprove us for it, do not betray us in it. Your Throat's in Question; I tell you for Good-Will, good *Springlove*.

Spr. I have sounded your Faith, and am glad to find you all right. And for your Father's Sadness, I'll tell you the Cause on't; I over-heard it but this Day, in private Discourse with his merry Mate, *Hearty*; he has been told by some Wizard, you both were born to be Beggars.

All. How! how!

Spr. For which he is so tormented in Mind, that he cannot sleep in Peace, nor look upon you, but with Heart's Grief.

Vinc. This is most strange!

Rach. Let him be griev'd then, 'till we are Beggars, we have just Reason to become so now; and what we thought on but in Jest before, we'll do in Earnest now.

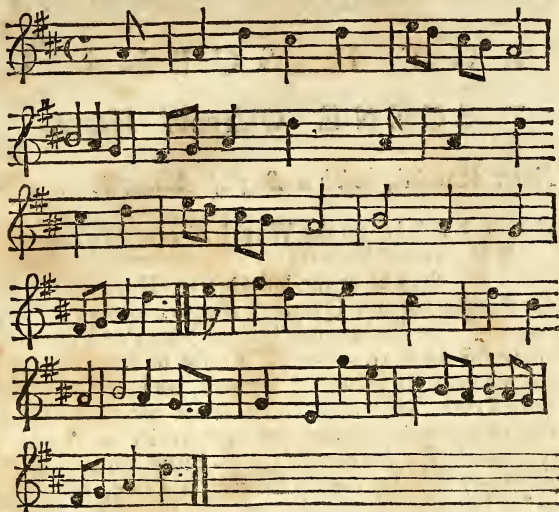
Spr. I applaud this Resolution in you; wou'd have perswaded it; will be your Servant in't. For, lookye, Ladies; the Sentence of your Fortune does not say that you shall Beg for Need, Hunger, or cold Necessity. If therefore you expose your selves on Pleasure into it, you shall absolve your Destiny, nevertheless, and cure your Father's Grief: I am overjoy'd to think on't! — I am prepar'd already for the Adventure, and will with all Conveniences, furnish, and set you forth; give you Rules, and Directions, how I us'd to accost Passengers, with a—*Good your good Worship! the Gift of one small Penny to a poor Cripple.* For here I was with 'em [*Counterfeits Lameness*] and even to bless, and restore it to you in Heaven.

All. A *Springlove*! a *Springlove*!

Spr. Follow me, Gallants, then, as chearful as — [*Birds whistle without.*] We are summon'd forth.

All. We follow thee.

AIR XVI. To you, fair Ladies, now at Land.



Rach. To you, dear Father, and our Home,
 We bid a short Adieu:
 The tempting Frolick has o'ercome,
 By Force of being New.
 But let not that your Patience vex,
 For, dear Papa, you know our Sex.
 With a fal, la, &c.

Mer. Ner hope, good Sir, to spare your Cost,
 Nor think our Fortune's paid;
 No Woman yet was ever lost,
 Tho' sometimes she's mis-laid:
 For when the Pleasure turns to Pain,
 Be sure we shall come home again.
 With a fal, la, &c.

The End of the First Act.





ACT II. SCENE I.

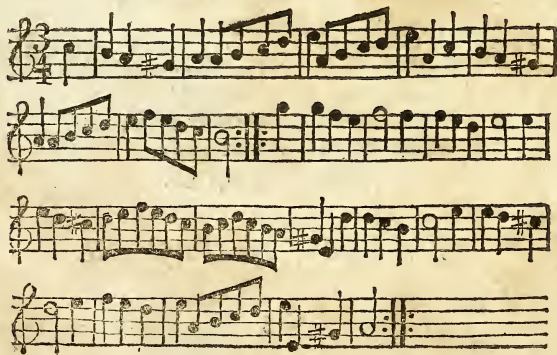
SCENE Oldrents' House.

Enter Randal, with a Bag of Money in his Hand.

Rand. **W**ELL, go thy Ways! If ever any just and charitable Steward was commended, surely thou shalt be at the last Quarter-Day. Here's Five and twenty Pounds for this Quarter's *Beggars Charge*: And (if he return not by the End of this Quarter) here's Order to a Friend to supply for the next. — If I now should venture for the Commendation of an unjust Steward, and turn this Money to my own Use? Ha! dear Devil tempt me not! I'll do thee Service in a greater Matter; but to rob the Poor (a poor Trick) every *Church-Warden* can do't. — Now something whispers me, that my Master, for his Steward's Love, will supply the Poor, as I may handle the Matter — then I rob the Steward, if I restore him not the Money at his Return. — Away, Temptation! leave me! I'm frail Flesh, yet I will fight with thee. — But say the Steward never return — O! but he will return! — Perhaps he may not return — Turn from me, Satan! strive not to clog my Conscience. — I wou'd not have this Weight upon me, for all thy Kingdom.

Enter Hearty Singing, and Oldrents.

AIR XVII. Let Burgundy flow.



Let Pleasure go round,
 Let us laugh and sing, let us laugh and sing, Boys!
 Let Humour abound,
 And Joy fill the Day.
 If Sorrow intrude,
 Drive it out again, drive it out again, Boys!
 If by Grievs we're pursu'd,
 Let us drink 'em away;
 The Pleasures of Wine
 Make a Mortal divine.
 For get but a Bottle once into your Noddle
 No Power, or Art,
 Can such Virtue impart,
 For raising the Spirits, and cheering the Heart.

Remember, Sir, your Covenant to be merry.

Old. I strive, you see, to be so. — But do you see yon Fellow?

Heart. I never noted him so sad before; he neither sings, nor whistles.

Old. Why, how now, *Randal*! Where's *Springlove*?

Rand. Here's his Money, Sir; I pray that I be charg'd with it no longer. The Devil and I have strain'd Courtesie these two Hours about it. — I would not be corrupted with the Trust of more than is my own. Mr. *Steward* gave it me, Sir, to order it for the Beggars: He has made me *Steward* of the *Barn*, and them; while he is gone, he says, a Journey to survey and measure Lands abroad about the Countries; some Purchase, I think, for your Worship.

Old. I know his Measuring of Land! He's gone his old Way, and let him go. — Am not I merry, *Heart*?

Heart. Yes, but not hearty merry.

Old. The Poor's Charge shall be mine; Carry you the Money to one of my Daughters, to keep for *Springlove*.

Rand. I thank your Worship.

[Exit.]

Old. He might have ta'en his Leave, tho'.

Heart. I hope he's run away with some large Trust: I never lik'd such demure, down-look'd Fellows.

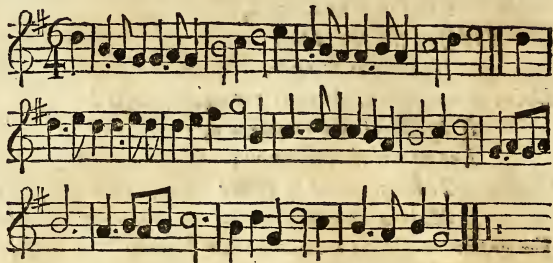
Old. You are deceiv'd in him.

Heart. If you be not, 'tis well. — But this is from the Covenant.

Old. Well, Sir, I will be merry: I'm resolv'd to force my Spirit only unto Mirth. — Shou'd I hear now my Daughters were mis-led, or run away, I would not send a Sigh to fetch 'em back.

Heart. T'other old Song for that.

AIR XVIII. *Taunton Dean.*



*There was an old Fellow at Waltham-Crofts,
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the Loss,
He cheer'd up his Heart when his Goods went to rack,
With a Hem! Boys, Hem! and a Cup of old Sack.*

Old. Is that the Way on't? Well, it shall be mine then.

Enter Randal.

Rand. My Mistresses are both abroad, Sir.

Old. How! since when?

Rand. On Foot, Sir, two Hours since, with the two Gentlemen their Lovers. Here's a Letter they left with the Butler, and there's a Mutt'ring in the House.

Old. I will not read, nor open it, but conceive within my self the worst that can befall them; that they are lost, and no more mine. Grief shall lose her Name, where I have Being, and Sadness from my farthest Foot of Land, while I have Life, be banish'd.

Heart. What's the Whim now!

Old. My Tenants shall sit Rent-free for this Twelvemonth, and all my Servants have their Wages doubled; and so shall be my Charge in House-keeping: I hope my Friends will find and put me to't.

Heart. For them, I'll be your Undertaker, Sir. But this is over-done! I don't like it.

Old. And for thy News, the Money that thou hast, is now thy own: I'll make it good to *Springlove*. Be sad with it, and leave me; for I tell thee I'll purge my House of stupid Melancholy.

Rand. I'll be as merry, as the Charge that's under me.

[*A confus'd Noise of Singing and Laughing without.*]

The Beggars, Sir! d'ye hear them in the Barn?

Old. I'll double their Allowance too; that they may double their Numbers, and increase their Noise.

Old.

Rand. Now you are so nigh, Sir, if you'll look in, I doubt not but you'll find 'em at their high Feast already.

Heart. Pray let's see 'em, Sir.

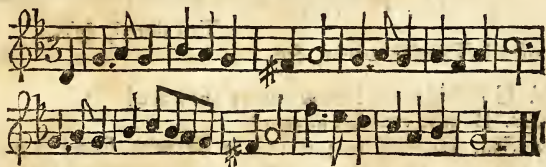
Old. With all my Heart.

SCENE draws, and discovers the Beggars.

All Beg. Bless his Worship! his good Worship! Bless his Worship!

1 Beg. M. Come, Friends, let's give his Worship a Taste of our Mirth! — Hem! Let us sing the Part-Song that I made for you, that which contains all our Characters, I mean those we had in better Times: There is not such a Collection of Oddities, perhaps, in all *Europe*. — Hem! be silent there!

AIR XIX. My Name is Old *Hewson* the Cobler.



1 Beg. Man. I once was a Poet, at London,
 I keep my Heart still full of Glee;
 There's no Man can say that I'm undone,
 For Begging's no new Trade to me.
 Tol derol, &c.

2 Beg. Man. I was once an Attorney at Law,
 And after, a Knight of the Post:
 Give me a brisk Wench in clean Straw,
 And I value not who rules the Roast.
 Tol derol, &c.

3 Beg. Man. Make room for a Soldier in Buff,
 Who valiantly strutted about:
 'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
 And then he most wisely — sold out.
 Tol derol, &c.

4 Beg. Man. I still am a merry Gut-Scraper,
 My Heart never yet felt a Qualm:
 Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
 And sing any Tune, but a Psalm.
 Tol derol, &c.

5 Beg. Man. *I was a Fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd;
But my Hearers had half starv'd their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one Word that I said.*
Tol derol, &c.

4 Beg. Man. *Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
Was bred up a Page from his Youth;
Poor, hungry, and ready to bite, Sir,
And tell any Story — but Truth.*
Tol derol, &c.

1 Beg. Man. *Whoe'er wou'd be merry and free,
Let him list, and from us he may learn;
In Palaces who shall you see,
Half so happy as we in a Barn!*
Tol derol, &c.

Cho. of all. *Whoe'er wou'd, &c.*

Old. Good Heaven! how merry they are!

Heart. Be not you sad at that?

Old. Sad, *Heart*! no; unless it be with Envy at their full Happiness. — What is an Estate of Wealth and Power, balanc'd with their Freedom?

Heart. I have not so much Wealth to weigh me down, nor so little, I thank Chance, as to dance naked.

Enter Patrico.

All Beg. Bless his Worship! his good Worship! Bless his Worship!
[*Exeunt* Beggars.]

Manet Patrico.

Heart. How think you, Sir? or what? or why d'ye think at all, unless on *Sack*, or Supper-time? D'ye fall back? D'ye not know the Danger of Relapses?

Old. Good *Heart*! thou mistak'st me: I was thinking upon this *Patrico*, and that he has more Soul than a born Beggar in him.

Heart. Rogue enough, though I warrant him.

Old. Pray forbear that Language.

Heart. Will you then talk of *Sack*, that can drown Sighing? Will you in to Supper, and take me there your Guest? or must I creep into the *Barn* among your welcome ones?

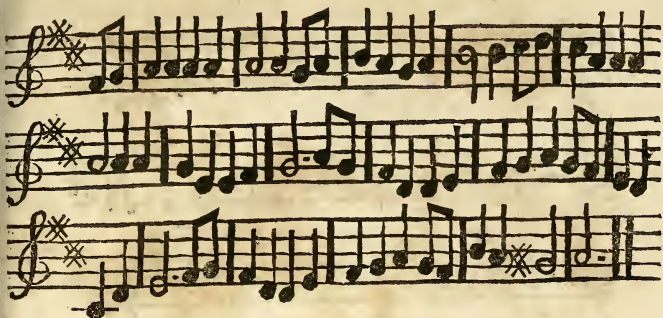
Old. You have rebuk'd me timely, and most friendly. [*Exit.*

Heart. Wou'd all were well with him!

[*Exit, Patrico follows.*

Rand. It is with me.

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



*What, tho' these Guineas bright, Sir,
 Be heavy in my Bag;
 My Heart is still the Lighter,
 The more my Pockets swag:
 Let musty Fools
 Find out by Rules
 That Money Sorrow brings;
 Yet none can think
 How I love their Chink;
 Alas, poor Things!*

[Exit.

S C E N E *The Fields.**Enter Vincent and Hilliard in their Rags.*

Hill. Is this the Life we admired in others, with Envy of their Happiness?

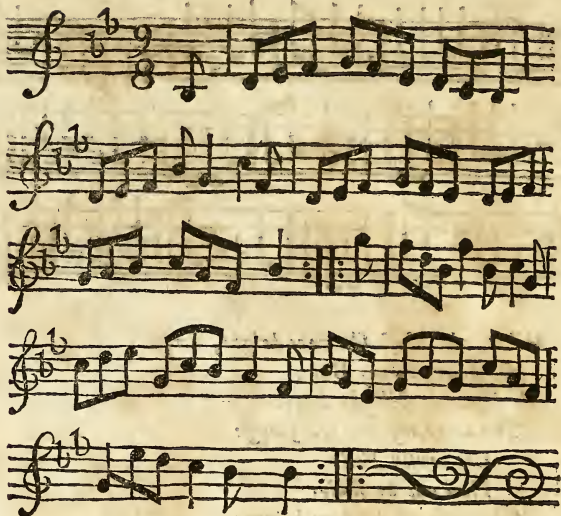
Vinc. Pray let us make a virtuous Use of it, and repent us of that deadly Sin, before a greater Punishment than that of Famine and Lice fall upon us, by steering our Course Homewards. — Before I'll endure such another Night! —

Hill. What wou'dst thou do? I wish thy Mistress heard thee!

Vinc. I hope she does not; for I know there's no altering our Course before they make the first Motion: But 'tis strange we shou'd be weary already, and before their softer Constitution of Flesh and Blood.

Hill. They are the stronger in Will, it seems.

AIR XXI. Winchester Wedding.



Tho' Women, 'tis true, are but tender,
 Yet Nature does Strength supply;
 Their Will is too strong to surrender,
 They're obstinate still 'till they dye.
 In vain you attack 'em with Reason,
 Your Sorrows you only prolong;
 Disputing is always High-Treason,
 No Woman was e'er in the Wrong.
 Your only Relief is to bear;
 And when you appear content,
 Perhaps, in Compassion, the Fair
 May perswade herself into Consent.

Enter Springlove.

Spr. How now, *Camrades!* repining already at your Fulness of Liberty? Do you complain of Estate?

Vinc. Ease, call'st thou it! Did'st thou sleep to-night?

Spr. Not so well these eighteen Months, I swear, since my last Walks.

Hill. Lightning and Tempest is out of thy *Littany*. Cou'd not the Thunder wake thee?

Spr.

Spr. Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. Nor the Noise of the Crew in the Quarter by us? Well! never did *Knights-Errant* in all Adventures, merit more of their Ladies, than we *Beggars-Errant*, or *Errant Beggars*, do of Ours.

Spr. The greater will be your Reward, think upon that: And shew no manner of Distaste to turn their Hearts from you: You are undone then.

Vinc. Are they ready to appear out of their Privy Lodgings in the Pigs Palace of Pleasure? Are they coming forth?

Spr. I left 'em almost ready, sitting on their Pads of Straw, helping to dress each other's Head; the one's Eye, is t'other's Looking-Glass; with the prettiest Coyle they keep to fit their Fancies in the most graceful Way of wearing their new Dressing, that you wou'd admire.

Vinc. I hope we are as gracefully set out, are we not?

Spr. Indifferent well. But will you fall to Practice? Let me hear how you can Maund, when you meet with Passengers.

Hill. We do not look like Men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Suppose some Persons of Worth, or Wealth passing by now: Note me. — *Good your good Worship, your Charity to the Poor, that will duly and truly pray for you Day and Night!*

Vinc. Away, you idle Rogue! You wou'd be set to work, and whipt! —

Spr. *That is Lame, and Sick, Hungry, and Comfortless! —*

Vinc. If you were well serv'd —

Spr. *And Heav'n to bless you, and reward you for't —*

Vinc. Pr'ythee hold thy Peace! (Here be doleful Notes indeed!) and leave us to our own Genius. If we must beg, let us let it go as it comes, by Inspiration. — I love not your set Form of Begging.

Spr. Let me instruct you, tho'.

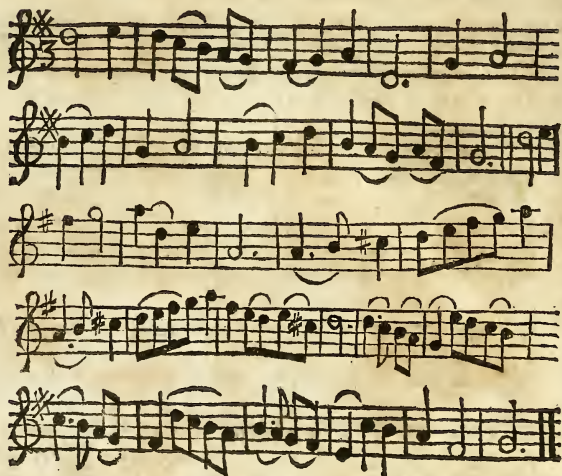
[*Springlove instructs them.*

Enter Rachel and Meriel in Rags.

Rach. Have a care, good *Meriel*; what Hearts or Limbs soever we have, and tho' never so feeble, let us set our best Faces on't, and laugh our last Gasps out, before we discover any Dislike, or Weariness to them. Let us bear it out 'till they complain first, and beg to carry us home *a-Pick a-Pack*.

Mer. I am sorely surbated with Hoofing already tho', and so Crupper-crampt with our hard Lodging, and so Bumfiddled with the Straw, that —

AIR XXII. Charming is your Shape and Air.



*Did our fighting Lovers know,
 What a Pain we undergo ;
 Sweeter wou'd their Wooing prove,
 Shorter were the Way to Love.
 Unkind Commands when they obey,
 We suffer more, much more than they :
 And to rebel, were kinder still,
 Than to obey against our Will.*

Rach. Think not on't. I am numm'd i'th' Bum, and Shoulders too, a little; and have found the Difference between a hard Floor, with a little Straw, and a Down Bed with a Quilt upon't. But no Words, nor a sower Look, I pr'ythee.

Hill. O! here they are! Madam *Few cloaths*, and my Lady Bonny-rag.

Vinc. Peace! they see us.

Rach. {
Mer. { Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. We are glad the Object pleases you.

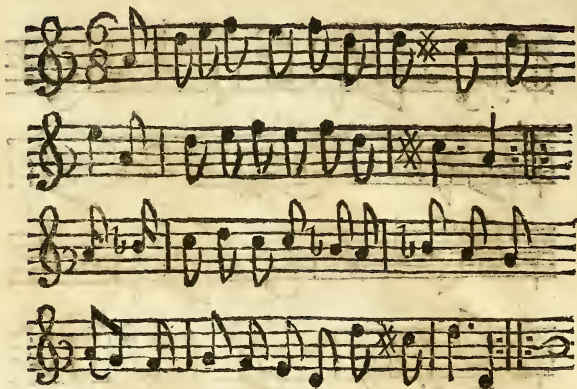
Rach. So does the Subject: Now you appear the Glories of the Spring, Darlings of *Phœbus*, and the Summer's Heirs.

AIR XXIII. Young Philander lov'd me long.



*Woe betide each tender Fair,
 Who now beholds you, must adore ye.
 Such a Shape, and such an Air,
 Must make each Beauty fall before ye.
 Narcissus' Fate, and yours were one,
 Cou'd you but your own Charms discover,
 You'd die, as many a Fop has done,
 Only of himself a Lover.*

AIR XXIV. I love thee, by Heav'n!



Hill. *As naked almost, and more fair you appear,
Than Diana, when spy'd by Actæon:
Yet that Stag-hunter's Fate, your Votaries here
We hope you're too gentle to lay on.*

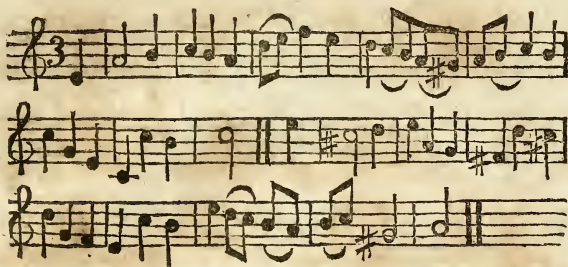
Vinc. *For he, like a Fool, took a Peep, and no more,
So she gave him a large pair of Horns, Sir:
What Goddess, undrest, such Neglect ever bore,
Or what Woman e'er pardon'd such Scorns, Sir?*

Hill. *The Man, who with Beauty, feasts only his Eyes,
With the Fair always works his own Ruin;
You shall find by our Actions, our Looks, and our Sighs,
We're not barely contented with Viewing.*

Rach. }
Mer. { *Ha, ha, ha! We are glad you're so merry!*

Vinc. *Merry, and lusty too: This Night will we lye together,
as well as the proudest Couple in the Barn.*

AIR XXV. Ye Beaux of Pleasure.



Dear noble 'Squire,
 I fear this Fire,
 Won'd soon expire
 E'er Morning come.
 So hard a Lodging,
 You won'd be grudging,
 And soon be trudging,
 To look for Home.

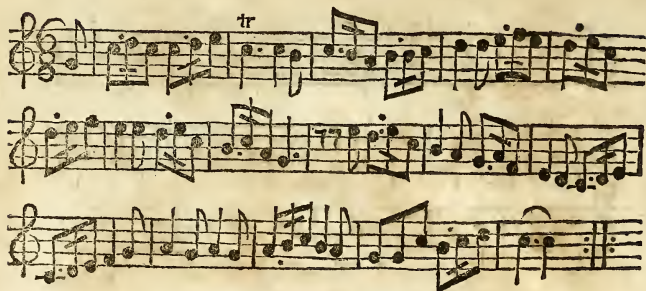
'Till we're consenting,
 There's no Relenting,
 There's no Repenting
 Shall set you free;
 A lazy Rover,
 That gives it over,
 May be a Lover —
 But not for me.

Spr. What! do we come for this? Laugh and lye down when your Bellies are full! Remember, Ladies, you have not begg'd yet, to quit your *Destiny*: but have liv'd hitherto on my Endeavours. — Who got your Supper, pray, last Night, but I? of dainty Trencher-Fees from a Gentleman's House, such as the Serving-men themselves, sometimes wou'd have been glad of: And this Morning now, what comfortable Chippings, and sweet Butter-milk, had you to Breakfast!

Rach. O! 'twas excellent! I feel it good still, here.

Mer. There was a brown Crust amongst it, that has made my Neck so white, methinks! Is it not, *Rachel*?

Rach. Yes, yes, you gave me none on't; you ever covet to have all the Beauty.

AIR XXVI. *Peggy of Wandsworth.*

No Woman her Envy can sinother,
 Tho' never so vain of her Charms;
 If a Beauty she spies in another,
 The Pride of her Heart it allarms.
 New Conquests she still must be making,
 Or Fancies her Power grown less:
 Her poor little Heart is still aching,
 At sight of another's Success.
 But Nature design'd,
 In love to Mankind,
 That different Beauties shou'd move,
 Still pleas'd to ordain,
 None ever shou'd reign,
 Sole Monarch in Empire or Love.
 Then learn to be wise,
 New Triumphs despise,
 And leave to your Neighbours their Due;
 If one can't please,
 You'll find by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two.

Vinc. They are pleas'd, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more must we, if we'll be theirs.

Spr. Peace! here comes Passengers: Forget not your Rules,
 quickly disperse your selves, and fall to your Calling. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Let me see! here am I sent by my Father, the worship-
 ful Justice Clack, in great Haste to Mr. Oldrents, in search of
 my

my Cousin *Amie*, who is run away with *Martin*, my Father's Clerk, and *Hearty's* Nephew, just when she shou'd have been coupled to another: My Business requires Haste; but my Pleasure, and all the Search that I intend is, by hovering here, to take a Review of a Brace of the handsomest Beggar-Wenches, that ever grac'd Ditch, or Hedge-side: I past by 'em in Haste, but something so possesses me, that I must — What the Devil must I? — A Beggar! why, Beggars are Flesh and Blood, and Rags are no Diseases; and there is more wholesomer Flesh, under Country Dirt, than City Painting.

Enter Rachel and Meriel.

O! here they come! they are delicately skin'd and limb'd! now they spy me.

Rach. Sir, I beseech you look upon us with the Favour of a Gentleman. We are in a present Distress, and utterly unacquainted in these Parts, and therefore forc'd by the Calamity of our Misfortunes, to implore the Courtesy, or rather Charity, of those to whom we are Strangers.

Ol. Very fine, this!

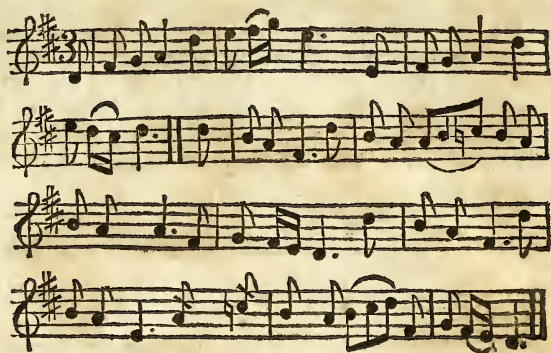
Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble Sir, not only valuing us by our outward Habits, which cannot but appear loathsome or despicable unto you, but as we are forlorn Christians, and in that Estimation, be compassionately mov'd to cast a Handful or two of your Silver, or a few of your golden Pieces unto us, to furnish us with Linnen, and some decent Habiliments.

Ol. They beg in a high Strain! Sure they are mad, or bewitch'd into a Language they understand not. — The Spirits of some decay'd Gentry talk in 'em, sure.

Rach. May we expect a gracious Answer from you, Sir?

Mer. And that as you can wish our Virgin Prayers to be propitious for you.

AIR XXVII. Wale', wale' up yon Bank, &c.



Rach. O! may your Mistress ne'er deny,
 The Suit, which you shall humbly move!
 Mer. And may the fairest Virgins vye,
 And be ambitious of your Love!
 Rach. If Honour lead,
 Mer. May you succeed,
 Rach. By Love inspir'd, with Conquest crown'd.
 Mer. And when you wed,
 Rach. Your Bridal Bed
 Both. With Wealth, and endless Joys abound.

Ol. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and strikes me into Wonder. Pray tell me how long you have been Beggars? or how chanc'd you to be so.

Rach. By Influence of our Stars, Sir.

Mer. We were born to no better Fortune.

Ol. How came you to talk, and sing thus? and so much above the Beggars Dialect?

Rach. Our Speech came naturally to us; and we ever lov'd to learn by Rote, as well as we cou'd.

Mer. And to be ambitious above the Vulgar, to ask more than common Alms, whate'er Men please to give us.

Ol. Sure some well-dispos'd Gentleman, as my self, got these Wenches. They are too well grown to be my own, and I cannot be Incestuous with 'em.

Rach. Pray, Sir, your noble Bounty.

Ol. What a tempting Lip that little Rogue moves there! and what an enticing Eye, the other!

AIR XXVIII. There was a pretty Lass, and a Tenant, &c.



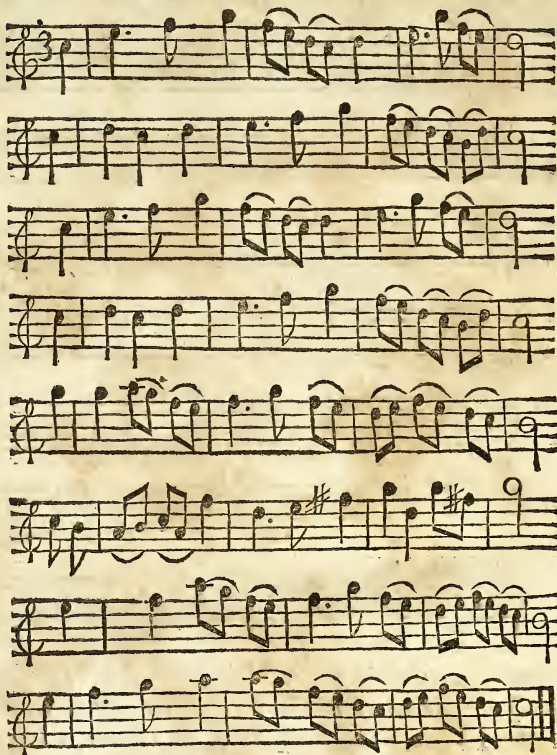
- [To Rach.] *Come hither pretty Maid, with a black rolling Eye:*
 [Aside.] *What a Look wasthere! does all my Senses charm.*
 [To Mer.] *Come hither, pretty Dear, for I swear, I long to try*
 A little, little Love, which will do thee Child no Harm.
 [To Rach.] *That Air, that Grace,*
 [To Mer.] *That lovely Milk-white Skin!*
 [To both.] *Oh! which shall I embrace?*
 Oh! where shall I begin!
 For if I stay
 I both of them must woo;
 [Aside.] *I had better run away,*
 Than deal at once with two.

What's this? a Flea upon thy Bosom?

Mer. Is it not a Straw-colour'd one, Sir?

Ol. O what a provoking Skin is there! That very Touch inflames me.

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



- Rach. *Can nothing, Sir, move you, our Sorrows to mend?
Have you nothing to give? Have you nothing to lend?*
- Mer. *You see the sad Fate we poor Damsels endure,
Can't Charity move you to grant us a Cure?*
- Rach. *My Heart does so heave, I'm afraid it will break!
Of Victuals we've scarce had a Morsel this Week.*
- Mer. *How hard is your Heart! how unkind is your Eye!
If nothing can move you, good Sir, to comply.*
- Both. *How hard is your Heart, &c.*

*Rach. Are you mov'd in Charity towards us yet?
Ol. Mov'd! I am mov'd; no Flesh and Blood more mov'd.
Mer. Then, pray Sir, your Benevolence.*

Ol. Benevolence! which shall I be benevolent to? or which first? I am puzzled in the Choice. Wou'd some sworn Brother of mine were here to draw a Cut with me.

Rach. Sir, noble Sir.

Ol. First let me tell you, Damsels, I am bound by a strong Vow to kiss all of your Sex I meet this Morning.

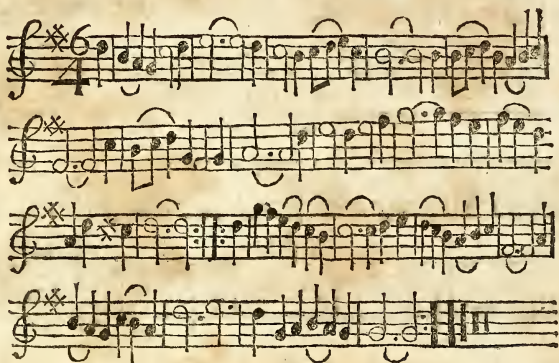
Mer. Beggars and all, Sir!

Ol. All, all; let not your Coyness cross a Gentleman's Vow, I beseech you.

[*Kisses 'em both.*]

Mer. You'll tell now.

AIR XXX. One Evening as I lay, &c.



*Fair Maidens, O! beware
Of using Men too well!
Their Pride is all their Care,
They only Kiss, to tell.
How hard the Virgin's Fate!
While ev'ry way undone;
The Coy grow out of Date,
They're ruin'd, if they're won.*

Ol. Tell, quotha! I cou'd tell a thousand on those Lips, and as many upon those. — What Life-restoring Breaths they have! Milk from the Cow steems not so sweetly. — I must lay one of 'em aboard; both, if my Tackling hold.

Rach. } Sir! Sir!

Mer. }

Ol. But how to bargain, now, will be the Doubt: They that beg so high, as by the Handfuls, may expect for Price above the Rate of good Men's Wives.

Rach. Now will you, Sir, be pleas'd?

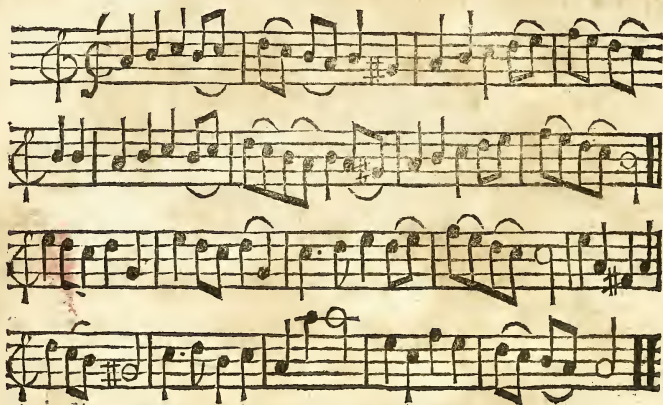
Ol. With all my Heart, Sweet! and I am glad thou know'st my Mind. — Here's Twelve-pence a-piece for you.

Rach. { We thank you, Sir.

Mer. }

Ol. That's but as Earnest; I'll jest away the rest with you. --- Look here! all this — Come, you know my Meaning.

AIR XXXI. When the Kine had given a Pailful.



Rach. Wou'd you hurt a tender Creature,
Whom your Charity shou'd save?

Mer. Is it in your gentle Nature
Thus to triumph o'er a Slave?

Rach. Eye, for shame, Sir!

Mer. You're to blame, Sir;
Can your Worship stoop so low?

Rach. Tho' you're above me,

Mer. 'Twill behove me,
Still to answer, No, no, no!

Both. Still to answer, No, no, no.

Mer. All your Gold can never buy me,
Or from Virtue set me free:

Rach. Thou art meaner, thus to try me;
Poorer, baser far than we.

Mer. Ladies gay, Sir,

Rach. May sport and play, Sir;

But she that's poor, and honest too,

Mer. *May nobler be,*

Rach. *Than the proudest she,*

While thus she answers, No, no, no!

While thus she answers, No, no, no.

Both. *Ladies gay, Sir, &c.*

Ol. Must you be drawn to't? then I'll pull. Come away!

Rach. } Ah! ah!
Mer. }

Enter Springlove, Vincent, and Hilliard.

Vinc. Let's beat his Brains out.

Ol. Come, leave your Squeaking.

Spr. O! do not hurt 'em, Master.

Ol. Hurt 'em! I meant 'em but too well. — Shall I be so prevented?

Spr. They be but young, and simple; and if they have offended, let not your Worship's own Hands drag 'em to the Law, or carry 'em to Punishment: Correct 'em not your self, it is the Beadle's Office.

Ol. D'ye talk! Shag-rag?

Vinc. } Shag-rag!
Hill. }

[Offer to beat him with their Crutches; he runs off.]

Vinc. He is prevented, and ashamed of his Purpose.

Rach. Look you here, Gentlemen, Twelve-pence a-piece!

Mer. Besides fair Offers, and large Promises. What have you got to Day, Gentlemen?

Vinc. More than (as we are Gentlemen) we wou'd have taken.

Hill. Yet we put it up in your Service.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha! Switches and Kicks! Ha, ha, ha!
Mer. }

Spr. Talk not here of your Gettings, we must quit this Quarter: The eager Gentleman's Repulse may Arm, and return him with Revenge upon us; we must therefore leap Hedge, and Ditch, 'till we escape out of this Liberty, to our next Rendezvous, where we shall meet the Crew, and then, *Hay tofs!* and laugh all Night.

Mer. As we did last Night.

Rach. Hold out, Meriel.

Mer. Lead on, brave General.

Vinc. What shall we do? they are in Heart still: Shall we go on?

Hill. There's no flinching back, you see.

Enter

Enter Martin, and Amie, in poor Habits.

Spr. Stay, here comes more Passengers; single your selves a gain, and fall to your Calling, discreetly.

Hill. I'll single no more; if you'll beg in full Cry, I am for you.

Mer. Ay, that will be fine! let's charm altogether.

Spr. Stay first, and listen a little.

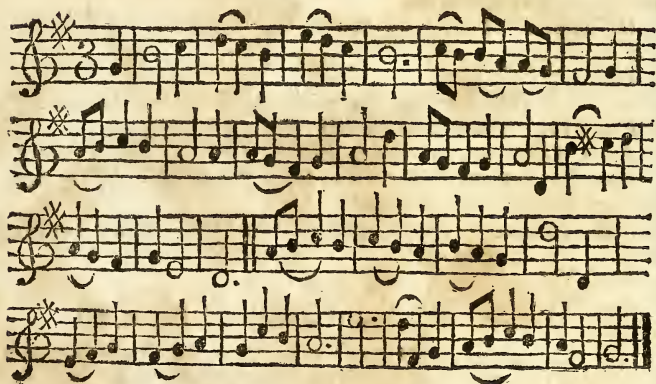
Mar. Be of good cheer, Sweetheart, we have escap'd hitherto, and I believe that all the Search is now retir'd, and we may safely pass forward.

Am. I shou'd be safe with thee. But that's a most lying Proverb that says, *Where Love is, there's no Lack.* I am faint, and cannot travail further without Meat; and if you lov'd me, you wou'd get me some.

Mar. We'll venture at the next Village to call for some; the best is, we want no Money.

Am. We shall be taken then, I fear; I'll rather pine to Death.

AIR XXXII. The poor Shepherd.



*The tuneful Lark, who from her Nest,
 E'er yet well-fledg'd, is stol'n away,
 With Care attended and caress'd,
 She sometimes sings the live-long Day.
 Yet still her native Fields she mourns,
 Her Goaler hates, his Kindness scorns,
 For Freedom pants, for Freedom burns.*

*That darling Freedom once obtain'd,
Unskill'd, untaught to search for Prey;
She mourns the Liberty she gain'd,
And hungry, pines her Hours away.
Helpless, the little Wand'rer flies,
Then homeward turns her longing Eyes,
And warbling out her Grief, she dies.*

Mar. Be not so fearful; who can know us in these Clownish Habits?

Am. Our Cloaths indeed are poor enough to beg with; wou'd I cou'd beg, so it were of Strangers that cou'd not know me, rather than buy of those that wou'd betray us.

Mar. And yonder be some that can teach us.

Spr. These are the young Couple of run-away Lovers disguis'd; that the Country is so laid for; observe, and follow now. Good loving Measter and Meestress, your blessed Charity to the Poor, Lame, and Sick, Weak and Comfortless, that will Night and Day —

All. Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly pray for you.

Spr. Pray hold your Peace, and let me alone — — Good young Measter and Meestress, a little Comfort among us all; and to bless you where-e'er you go, and —

All. Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly —

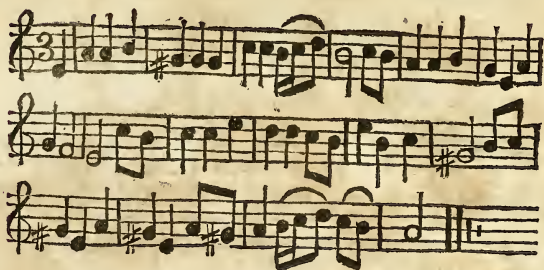
Spr. Pray do not use me thus. — Now sweet young Measter and Meestress, to look upon your poor, that have no Relief or Succour, no Bread to put in our Heads.

Vinc. Would'st thou put Bread in thy Brains? — No Lands or Livings.

Spr. No House, nor Home, nor Covering from the Cold; no Health, no Help, but your sweet Charity.

Mer. No Bands, or Shirts, but lousy on our Backs.

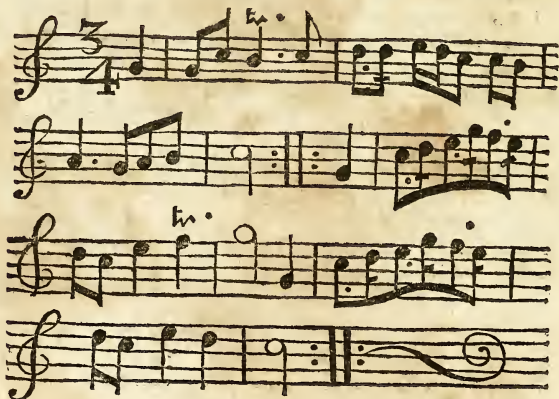
AIR XXXIII. I'll tell you a Story, &c.



*Mer. Oh! turn your Eyes on me, and view my Distress!
Did you know my hard Fate, you would pity my Case.
Such a kind-hearted Gentleman sure wou'd grant
To a tender young Virgin, what-e'er she did want.*

Hill. No Smocks, or Petticoats to hide our Scratches.

AIR XXXIV. Did you not hear of a Spanish Lady, &c.

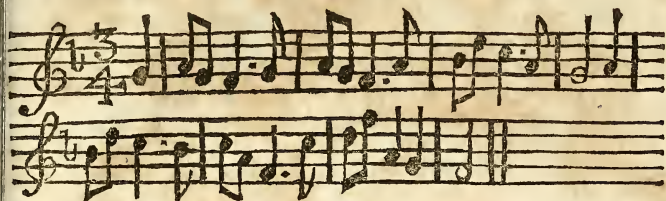


*Hill. Oh, hear my Story, gentle Lady,
I am a wealthy Farmer's Son;
Who once was gay, and rich as may be,
But now by Love I am undone.*

*Reduc'd to Want and Wretchedness,
And starv'd must be,
Unless you grant to my Distress
Your Charity.*

Vinc. No Skin to our Flesh, nor Flesh to our Bones, shortly.

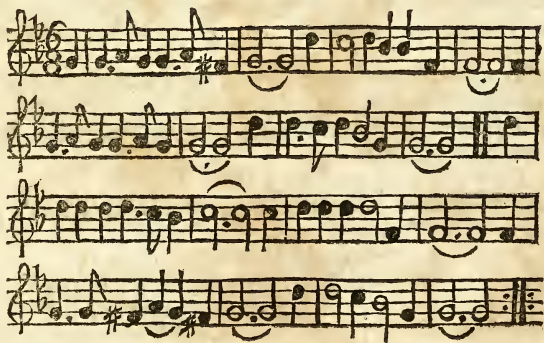
AIR XXXV. Now ponder well, &c.



Vinc. I like a Gentleman did live,
I ne'er did beg before;
A little thing you sure might give,
That wou'd not make you poor.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

AIR XXXVI. My Daddy's a Delver, &c.



Rach. My Daddy is gone to his Grave;
My Mother lies under a Stone;
And never a Penny I have,
Alas! I am quite undone.
My Lodging is in the cold Air,
And Hunger is sharp, and bites;
A little Sir, good Sir, spare,
To keep me warm o' Nights.

Rach.

Rach. No Shoes to our Legs, or Hose to our Feet.

Spr. I'll run away from you, if you beg a Stroke more
— Good worshipful Measter and Meestress —

Mar. Good Friend, forbear, here's no Measter, nor Meestress. we are poor Folks; thou seest no Worship upon our Backs. I'm sure; and for within, we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Spr. Alack for Pity! you may have enough; and what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholesome Food, from a good Gentleman's Gate. — Alas! good Mistress — much Good do your Heart! How favourly she feeds.

Mar. What, do you mean to poison your self?

Am. Do you shew Love, in grudging me?

Mar. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall too. I'll not beguile you. And here, mine Host, something towards your Reckoning.

Am. This Beggar is an Angel, sure!

Spr. Nothing by way of Bargain, gentle Master; 'tis against Order, and will never thrive: But pray, Sir, your Reward in Charity.

Mar. Here then, in Charity. — This Fellow wou'd never make a good Clerk.

Spr. What! all this, Master?

Am. What is it? Let me see it.

Spr. 'Tis a whole silver Three-pence, Mistress.

Am. For Shame! ungrateful Miser. — Here Friend, a Golden Crown for thee.

Spr. Bountiful Goodness! Gold? If I thought a dear Year were coming, I would take a Farm now.

Am. I have robb'd thy Partners of their Shares too, there's a Crown more for them.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

Mar. What have you done? less wou'd have serv'd; and your Bounty will betray us!

Am. Fye on your wretched Policy!

Spr. No, no, good Master; I knew you all this while, and my sweet Mistress too. And now I'll tell you, the Search is every way, the Country all laid for you, 'tis well you staid here. Your Habits, were they but a little nearer our Fashion, wou'd secure you with us. But are you married, Master and Mistress? Are you joyn'd in Matrimony? In Heart, I know you are. And I will (if it please you) for your great Bounty, bring you to a Curate that lacks no License, nor has any Living to lose, that shall put you together.

Mar. Thou art a heavenly Beggar!

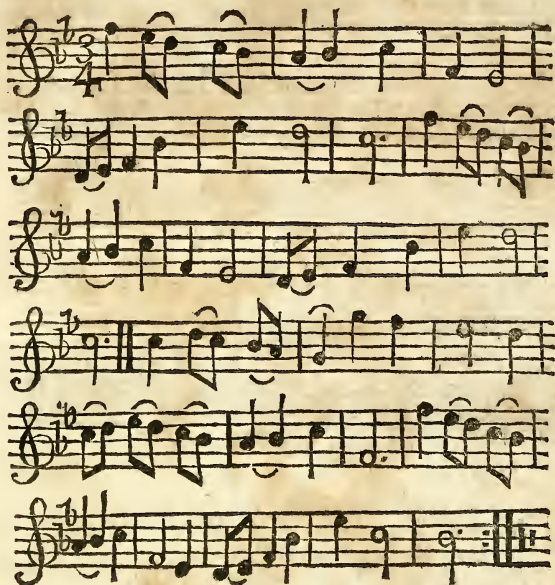
Spr. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise, that unless you, Mistress, will affirm that you are with Child by the Gentleman,

Gentleman, that you have at least slept together, he will not marry you. But if you have lain together, then 'tis a Case of Necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Mar. You may say you have.

Am. I would not have it so, nor make that Lye against my self, for all the World.

AIR XXXVII. Come from the Groves.



*Is there on Earth a Pleasure;
 Dearer than Virtue's Fame?
 In vain's the real Treasure,
 When we have lost the Name.
 Then let each Maid maintain it,
 'Twill ask the nicest Care;
 Once lost, she'll ne'er regain it,
 All, all is then Despair.*

Spr. That I like well, and her exceedingly.

[*Aside.*

Mar. I'll do that for thee, — thou shalt never beg more.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd scarce, for the Price of your Mistress. Will you walk, Master? — We use no Compliments.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

[*Exeunt.*

AIR

AIR XXXVIII. *Peggy, I must love thee.*

Am. *How cruel is that Parent's Care,
 Who Riches only prizes;
 When finding out some Booby Heir,
 He thinks he wond'rous wise is.
 While the poor Maid, to shun her Fate,
 And not to prove a Wretch in State,
 To 'scape the Blockhead she must hate,
 She weds where she despises.*

*The harmless Dove thus trembling flies,
 The rav'nous Hawk pursuing,
 Awhile her tender Pinions tries,
 'Till doom'd to certain Ruin.
 Afraid her worst of Foes to meet,
 No Shelter near, no kind Retreat,
 She drops beneath the Falkner's Feet,
 For gentler Usage suing.*

Om̃. Duly and truly pray for you. ———

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT



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

SCENE *The Fields.*

Enter Amie, Rachel, and Meriel.

Am. **H**ERE's a Wedding with a Witness, and a Holiday with a Hoigh. Let us out of the Noise, as we love our Ears.

Rach. Yes, and here we may pursue our own Discourse, and hear one another.

Mer. Concerning *Springlove* and your self, Mrs. *Amie*?

Am. Well, Ladies, my Confidence in you, that you are the same that you have protested your selves to be, hath so far won upon me, that I confess my self well-affected both to the Mind and Person of that *Springlove*; and if he be (as fairly as you pretend) a Gentleman, I shall easily dispence with Fortune.

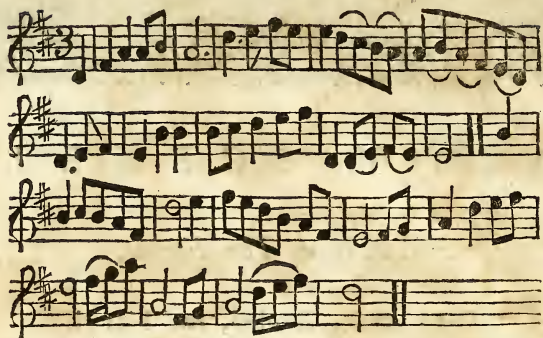
Rach. } He is a Gentleman, upon our Honours!
Mer. }

Am. How well that high Engagement suits your Habits!

Rach. Our Minds and Blood are still the same.

Am. I have past no Affiance to the other, that stole me from my Guardian, and the Match he wou'd have forc'd me to; from which I would have fled with any, or without a Guide. Besides, to offer to marry me under a Hedge, without a Book or Ring, by the Chaplain of the Beggars Regiment, your *Patrico*, only to save Charges, was a Piece of Gallantry I shall not easily excuse.

AIR XXXIX. One Sunday after Mass.



One Evening on the Grass,
While no One did pass,
Lay Strephon, and his Lass,
 All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone.
He kiss'd, and caress'd;
The fair one he press'd,
Hard, hard to his Breast.
 Oh hone! Oh hone! Oh hone!

He look'd in her Eyes,
He saw her Neck rise;
Ah who can be wise!
 All alone, &c.
'Till at Honour's Alarms,
She springs from his Arms,
And veils all her Charms.
 Oh hone, &c.

It grew past a Jest,
She cry'd, Fetch the Priest,
I'll grant you the rest.
 All alone, &c.
In doubt to comply,
She bad him, Good-bye,
And left him to cry.
 Oh hone, &c.

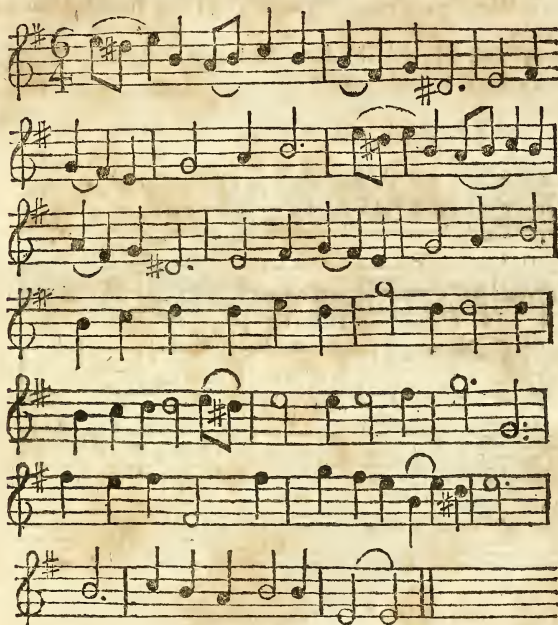
Rach. I have not seen the Wretch these three Hours; whether is he gone?

Am. He told me, to fetch Horse, and fit Raiment for us, so to Post me hence; but I think it was to leave me on your Hands.

Mer. He has taken some great Distaste sure, for he is very jealous.

Rach. Ay! didst thou mark what a wild Look he cast, when *Springlove* tumbled her, and kiss'd her on the Straw this Morning?

AIR XL. Some say Women, &c.



Jealousy, like a Canker-worm,
 Nips the tender Flower of Love;
 Jealousy, raging like a Storm
 Pray'rs can't mollify, Tears can't move.
 Love is the Root of Pleasures and Joys;
 Jealousy all its Fruit destroys
 'Tis Love, Love, Jealousy, Love,
 Our Heav'n or Hell still prove.

Enter Springlove, Vincent, and Hilliard.

But who comes here?

Spr. O Ladies! you have left as much Mirth as would have filled up a Week of Holidays.

[Springlove takes Amie aside, and courts her in a genteel way.]

Vinc. I am come about again for the Beggar's Life, now.

Rach. You are! I'm glad on't.

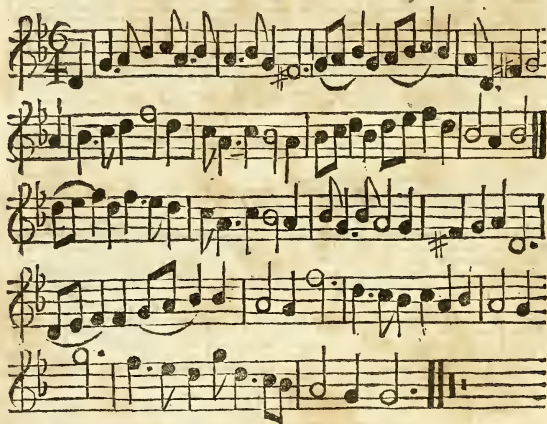
Hill. There is no Life, but it.

Rach. I am glad you are so taken with your Calling.

Mer. We are no less, I assure you; we find the Sweetness of it now.

Rach. The Mirth! the Pleasure! the Delights! No Ladies live such Lives.

A I R XLI. How vile are the fordid, &c.



*Tho' Ladies look gay, when of Beauty they boast,
And Misers are envy'd when Wealth is increas'd;
The Vapours oft kill all the Joys of a Toast;
And the Miser's a Wretch, when he pays for the Feast.
The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair,
May Pity bespeak, but Envy can't move;
My Thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond Heart is desiring,
Than Freedom, Content, and the Man that I love.*

Vinc.

Vinc. They will never be weary.

Hill. Whether we seem to like, or to dislike, all's one to them.

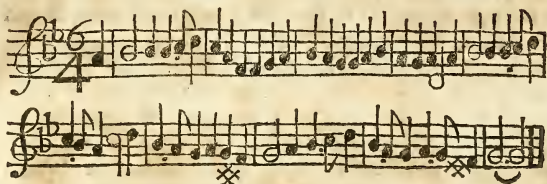
Vinc. We must do something to be taken by, and discover'd, we shall never be our selves, and get home again else.

[*Springlove and Amie come to the rest.*

Spr. I am yours for ever. Well, Ladies, you have mist rare Sport; these Beggars lead such merry Lives, as all the World might envy. But here they come; their Mirth few partake off, tho' their Vocation is in some measure practis'd by all Mankind.

Enter all the Beggars.

AIR XLII. Which no body can deny.



Hill. That all Men are Beggars, you plainly may see,
For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we.
Which no body can deny.

Vinc. The Tradesman, he begs that his Wares you won'd buy;
Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high;
And swears 'tis his Trade, when he tells you a Lye.
Which no body can deny.

Hill. The Lawyer, he begs you won'd give him a Fee,
Tho' he reads not your Brief, and regards not your Plea;
Then advises your Foe how to get a Decree.
Which no body can deny.

Mer. The Courtier, he begs for a Pension, a Place.
A Ribbon, a Title, a Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit, is writ in his Face.
Which no body shou'd deny.

Rach. But if by mishap, he shou'd chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone;
There's but one honest Man — and himself is that One.
Which no body dares deny. Am.

Am. The fair One, who labours whole Mornings at home,
New Charms to create, and much Paint to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.

Which no body shou'd deny.

Hill. The Lover, he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone; but her languishing Eye
Still begs he wou'd stay——for a Maid she can't dye.

Which none but a Fool wou'd deny.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Alack and Welladay! this is no time to sing, our Quarter is beset, we are all in the Net; leave off your merry Glea.

Spr. Why, what's the Matter?

Within. Bing awast, bing awast; the Quear Cove, and the Harman-beck.

[Some Beggars run over the Stage.]

Spr. We are beset indeed! What shall we do?

Vinc. I hope we shall be taken.

Hill. If the good Hour be come, welcome be the Grace of good Fortune.

Enter Sentwell, Constable, Watch. The Crew slip away.

Sent. Beset the Quarter round; be sure that none escape.

Spr. Blessed Master, to a many distressed.—

Sent. A many counterfeit Rogues! so frolick, and so lamentable all in a Breath? You were dancing and singing but now, incorrigible Vagabonds! If you expect any Mercy, own the Truth; we come to search for a young Lady, an Heiress, among you; Where is she? What have you done with her?

Am. Who do you want, Mr. Sentwell?

Sent. Precious! How did my Haste oversee her! O Mistress Amie! cou'd I, or your Uncle, Justice Clack, a wiser Man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you in such Company?

Am. Of me, Sir, and my Company, I have a Story to delight you, which on our March towards your House, I will relate to you.

Sent. And thither will I lead you, as my Guest,
But to the Law surrender all the rest.

I'll make your Peace.

Am. We must fare all alike.

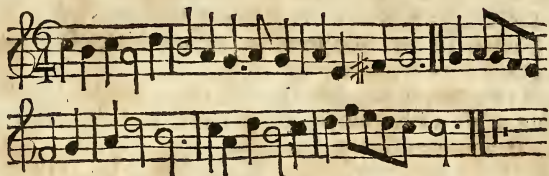
[*Exeunt. Sent. and Amie.*]

Hill. Pray how are we to fare.

Rach. That's as you behave.—

[*Smiling.*]

AIR XLIII. *French Tune.*



Hill. *Sure, by that Smile my Pains are over!*

Rach. *Don't be too sure.*

Hill. *Won'd you then kill a faithful Lover?*

Rach. *Wait for your Cure.*

Hill. *Women, regardless of our Fate,
Often prove kind, but kind too late.*

Rach. *Women, alas! too soon surrender!*

Hill. *That I deny.*

Rach. *Men oft' betray a Heart too tender,*

Hill. *Take me and try.*

Rach. *Love is a Tyrant, under whose Sway,
They suffer least, who best obey.*

Both. *Love is, &c.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE *Justice Clack's House.*

Enter Justice Clack, and Martin.

Cla. I have forgiven you, provided that my Neice be safely taken, and so to be brought home safely, I say; that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undishonour'd; that is to say, with no more Faults, Criminal, or Accusative, than those she carried with her.

Mar. Sir, I believe ———

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another? You believe her Virtue is Armour of Proof, without your Council or your Guard, and therefore you left her in the Hands of Rogues and Vagabonds, to make your own Peace with me; You have it, provided, I say (as I said before) that she be safe; that is to say, uncorrupted, undefiled; that is to say — as I said before.

Mar. Mine Intent, Sir, and my only way ———

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Enter Sentwell.

O Master *Sentwell*! good News!

Sent. Of Beggary News, the best you have heard.

Cla. That is to say, you have found my Neice among the Beggars; that is to say ———

Sent. True, Sir, I found her among them. And they were contriving to act a Play among themselves, just as we surpriz'd 'em, and spoil'd their Sport.

Cla. A Play! are there Players among 'em. I'll pay them above all the rest.

Enter Randal.

Rand. Sir, my Master, Mr. *Oldrents*, and his Friend Mr. *Hearty*, are come to wait upon you, and are impatient to behold the Mirrour of Justices; and if you come not at once, twice, thrice! he's gone.

Cla. Good Friend, I will satisfy your Master, without telling him --- he has a saucy Knave to his Man. [*Exit Clack.*]

Rand. Thank your Worship.

Sent. Do you hear, Friend, you serve Master *Oldrents*.

Rand. I cou'd ha' told you that.

Sent. Your Name is *Randal*.

Rand. Are you so wise?

Sent. Ay; and the two young Ladies, your Master's Daughters, with their Lovers, are hard by, at my House. They directed me to find you, *Randal*, and bring you to 'em.

Rand. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw! — Why do we not go then?

Sent. But secretly, not a Word to any Body, for a Reason I'll tell you.

Rand. Mum. ———

AIR XLIV. There was a bonny Blade.



The greatest Skill in Life,
For avoiding Noise and Strife,
Is to know when a Man shou'd be Dumb, dumb, dumb.
When a Knave to gain his End,
Sifts you to betray your Friend,
Let your Answer be only, Mum, mum, mum.

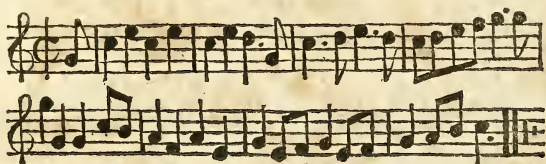
Won'd

*Wou'd you try to perswade
A pretty, pretty Maid,
As ripe as a Peach, or a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb?
You've nothing more to do,
But to swear you will be true,
And then you may kiss! but — Mum, mum, mum. [Exeunt.*

Enter Clack, Oldrents, Hearty, Oliver, and Martin.

Cla. A-hay! Boys; A-hay! this is right; that is to say, as I wou'd have it: that is to say — A-ha! Boys! a-hay! they are as merry without, as we are within. A-hay! Master *Oldrents*, and A-hay! Master *Hearty*! and A-hay! Son *Oliver*! and A-hay! Clerk *Martin*! Clerk *Martin*! the Virtue of your Company turns all to Mirth and Melody; with a-hay trololly, lolly, lolly, is't not so, Master *Hearty*?

A I R XLV. There was an Old Woman liv'd, &c.



Heart. *There was a Maid, and she went to the Mill,
Sing Trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.*

The Mill turn'd round, but the Maid stood still.

Cla. *Oh ho! did she so? did she so? did she so?*

Heart. *The Miller he kiss'd her, away she went;
Sing Trolly, &c.*

The Maid was well pleas'd, and the Miller content;

Cla. *Oh ho! was he so, &c.*

Heart. *He danc'd, and he sung, while the Mill went Clack;
Singing Trolly, &c.*

And he cherish'd His Heart with a Cup of old Sack;

Cla. *Oh ho! did he so, &c.*

Old. Why, thus it shou'd be! now I see you are a good Fellow.

Ol. He was never so before; if it be a Lightning before Death, the best is, I am his Heir. Ha, ha, ha!

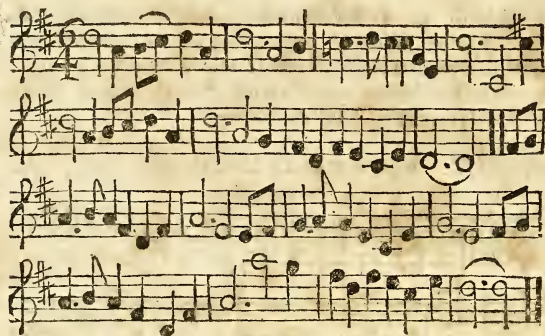
Cla. Again Boys, again; that is to say. A-hay, Boys! ah-hay! ---
Heart.

Heart. What is the Motive of your Mirth, Sir, let us laugh with you?

Old. Was that spoke like my Friend *Hearty*? Lack we Motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laugh'd at?

Heart. Right, Sir; the laughing Philosopher, old *Democritus*, for that; we'll laugh at all the World, and let the Laugh go round.

AIR XLVI. My Wife's a Whore and a Drunkard.



*We'll laugh at the Whore and the Cully;
We'll laugh at the Coward and Bully;
To be too much in earnest is Folly,
When all the World's but in Jest.*

*The busy Man laughs at the Wit, Sir;
The Courtier, he laughs at the Cit, Sir;
And ev'ry poor Bubble that's bit, Sir,
Contentedly laughs at the rest.*

Old. But is there a Play to be expected and acted by Beggars?

Gla. That is to say, by Vagabonds; that is to say, by strolling Players; they are upon their Purgation; if they can present any thing to please you, they may escape the Law; that is, (A-hay!) if not, to-morrow, Gentlemen, shall be acted, Abuses stript and whipt among 'em; with a-hay, Master *Hearty*, you are not merry.

Enter Sentwell.

And a-hay! Master *Sentwell*, where are your *Drammatis Personæ*? your *Prologus*? and your *Actus Primus*? Ha' they given you the Slip, for fear of the Whip? A-hay!

Sent.

Sent. A Word aside, an't please you. ———

[*Sentwell takes Clack aside, and gives him a Paper.*

Cla. Send 'em in Master *Sentwell*. [*Exit Sent.*] Sit, Gentlemen, the Players are ready to enter; and here's a Bill of their Plays; you may take your Choice.

Old. Are they ready for them all in the same Cloaths? Read 'em, good *Heart*.

Heart. First, here's *The Two lost Daughters*.

Old. Put me not in mind of the two lost Daughters, I pr'y-thee. What's the next?

Heart. *The Vagrant Steward*.

Old. Nor of a Vagrant Steward; sure some Abuse is meant me!

Heart. *The Old Squire, and the Fortune-Teller*.

Old. That comes nearer me; away with it.

Heart. *The Beggar's Prophecy*.

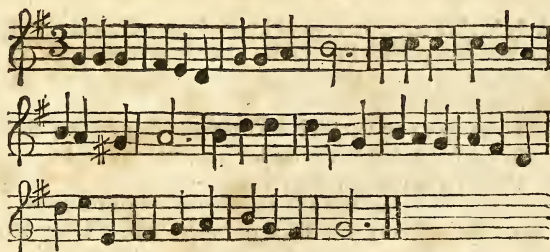
Old. All these Titles may serve to one Play of a Story that I know too well, I'll see none of them.

Heart. Then here's the *Jovial Crew*.

Old. Ay, that; and let 'em begin.
See, a most solemn Prologue!

Enter a Beggar, for the Prologue.

AIR XLVII. You gallant Ladies all.



Beg. To Knight, to Squire, and to the Genteels here
We wish our Play may with Content appear;
We promise you no dainty Wit of Court,
Nor City Pageantry, nor Country Sport;
But a plain Piece of Action, very short and sweet,
In Story true, you'll know it when you see't.

[*Exit.*

Old.

Old. True Stories, and true Jest, do seldom thrive on Stages.

Gla. They are best to please you with this tho', or, A-hay! with a Whip for them to-morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they shall suffer, I will be pleas'd, 'let 'em play their worst.

A Flourish.

Enter Patrico, with 1st Beggar, habited like Oldrents,

See our *Patrico* among 'em.

Pat. Your Children's Fortunes I have told,
Now hear the Reason why;
That they shall beg, e'er they be old,
Is their just Destiny.

Your Grandfather, by crafty Wile,
An Heir of half his Lands,
By shameless Fraud did much beguile
Then left them to your Hands.

1 Beg. That was no Fault of mine, nor of my Children.

Old. Dost note this, *Hearty*?

Heart. You said you wou'd be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

[*1st Beggar walks sadly, beats his Breast, &c.*]

Enter 2d Beggar, drest like Hearty, and seems to comfort him.

Old. It begins my Story, and by the same Fortune-teller that told me my Daughters Fortunes, almost in the same Words; and he speaks in the Play to one that Personates me, as near as they can set him forth.

Gla. How like you it, Sir? You seem displeas'd; shall they be whip'd yet? A-hay! if you say the Word——

Old. O! by no means, Sir; I am pleas'd.

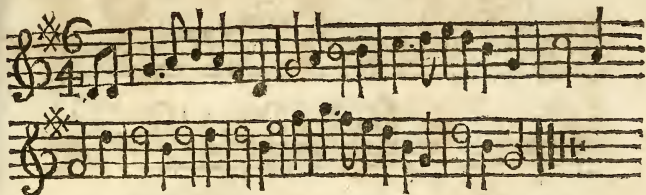
2 Beg. Sad, for the Words of a base Fortune-teller? Believe him! hang him; I'll trust none of 'em. They have all Whims, and double, double Meanings in all they say.

Old. Whom do's he talk, or look like, now?

Heart. It is no matter whom; you are pleas'd, you say.

2 Beg. Ha' you no Sack i'th' House? Am not I here? And never without a merry old Song.

AIR XLVIII. We've cheated the Parson.



*Old Sack, and old Songs, and a merry old Crew,
Will fright away Cares, when the Ground looks blue.*

And can you think on Gypsie Fortune-tellers?

1 Beg. I'll think as little of 'em as I can.

2 Beg. Will you abroad then? But here comes your Steward.

Enter Springlove, as an Actor.

Old. Bless me! is not that *Springlove*?

Heart. Is that You, that talks to him; or that Coxcomb, I, do you think? Pray let 'em play their Play; the Justice will not hinder 'em, you see; he's asleep.

Spr. Here are the Keys of all my Charge, Sir; and my humble Suit is, that you will be pleas'd to let me walk upon my known Occasions this Summer.

1 Beg. Fie! can't not yet leave off those Vagrancies? But I will strive no more to alter Nature. I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.

Old. My own Words at his Departure.

Heart. No Matter; pray attend.

1 Beg. Come, Friend, I'll take your Council.

[Exeunt Beggars.]

Spr. I've striven with my self, to alter Nature in me
For my good Master's Sake, but all in vain;
For Beggars (Cuckow-like) fly out again
In their own Notes, and Season.

Enter Rachel, Meriel, Vincent, and Hilliard.

Rach. Our Father's Sadness will not suffer us
To live in's House.

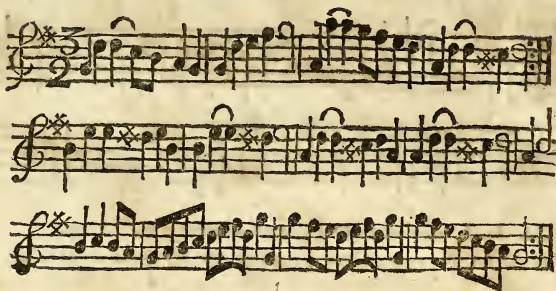
Mer. And we must have a Progress.

Vinc. The Assurance of your Love hath engaged us.

Hill. We are determin'd to wait on you in any Course.

Rach. Suppose we'll go a Begging!

AIR XLIX. Room, room for a Rover.



Rach. *Still obey your Fancy,
Is all Nature's Voice;
What-e'er the wisest can say,
Happiness is Choice.*

Mer. *Men, without their Passions,
Stupid Figures make;
Each one's Inclinations
Keep the World awake.*

Rach. *Talk no more of Reason,
Or of Joys at Home;
This delightful Season
Calls us out to roam.*

Both. *Whilst on the Hawthorn Tree
Merrily sings the Black-bird;
Those are the Joys for me.*

[Fiddles.

Hill. We are for you.

Spr. And that must be your Course, and suddenly,
To cure your Father's Sadness, who is told
It is your Destiny, which you may quit,
By making it a Trick of Youth, and Wit,
I'll set you in the Way.

All. But how? but how?

[All talk aside.

Old. My Daughters, and their Lovers too! I see the Scope of
their Design, and the whole Drift of all their Action now, with
Joy and Comfort.

Heart. But take no Notice yet; see a Whim more of it. But
the mad Rogue that acted Me, I must make drunk, anon.

Spr. Now are you all resolv'd?

All. Agreed, agreed.

Spr.

Spr. You beg to absolve your Fortune, not for Need.

[*Exeunt.*]

Old. I must commend their Act in that; pr'ythee let's call 'em, and end the Matter here. The Purpose of their Play is but to work my Friendship, or their Peace with me, and they have it.

Heart. But see a little more, Sir.

Enter Randal.

Old. My Man *Randal* too! Has he a Part with 'em?

Ran. They were well set to Work when they made me a Player! What is that I must say? And how must I act now? Oh! that I must be Steward for the Beggars in Master Steward's Absence, and tell my Master he's gone to measure Land for him to purchase.

Old. You, Sir, leave the Work you can do no better and call the Actors back again to me.

Ran. With all my Heart, and glad my Part is so soon done.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Since you will then break of our Play,
Something in Earnest I must say;
But let affected Rhiming go;
I'll be no more a *Patrico*.

My Name is *Wrought-on* ——— Grandson to that unhappy *Wrought-on*, whom your Grandfather craftily wrought out of his Estate, by which all his Posterity were since expos'd to Beggary. [*Patrico takes Oldrents aside.*] I had a Sister, who among the Race of Beggars was the fairest; a Gentleman by her, in Heat of Youth, did get a Son, who now must call you Father.

Old. Me?

Pat. Yet attend me, Sir; your Bounty then dispos'd your Purse to her, in which, besides
Much Money (I conceive by your Neglect)
Was thrown this Jewel: Do you know it?

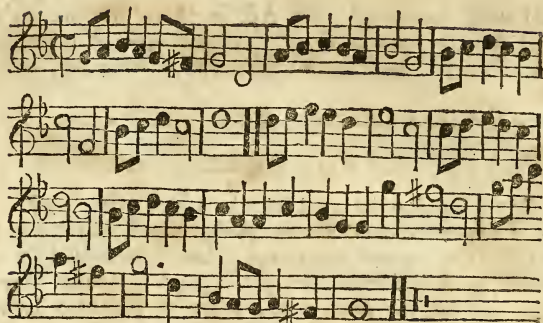
Old. The Bracelet that my Mother gave me!
Does the young Man live?

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachel, and Meriel.

Pat. Here, with the rest of your fair Children, Sir.

Old. My Joy begins to be too great within me.
My Blessing, and a Welcome to you all;
n [another's, and you all are mine.

AIR L. The Impertinent.



Hearty. [To the Men.] { Now then, tell him fairly,
You will love 'em dearly,
May each of them be yearly,
Mother of a Boy.

[To the Women.] { Ladies fair, adieu t'ye,
Manage well your Beauty,
Keep your Spouses true t'ye;
Be their only Joy.

[To Old-
rents.] { Come, my Lads, be merry,
Bring us Sack and Sherry;
Call the Pipe and Tabor;
Now, Sir, cut a Caper;
Here ends all your Labour.
This happy Wedding Day.

Come, my Lads, &c.

Vinc. } We are agreed on that.
Hill. }

Rach. Long since; we only stay'd 'till you shook off your Sadness.

Mer. For which we were fain to go a Begging, Sir.

Old. Now I can read the Justice of my Fate, and yours.----

Cla. Ha! Justice? Are they handling of Justice?

Old. But more applaud great Providence in both.

Cla. Are they jeering of Justices? I watch'd for that.

Heart. Ay, so me thought: no, Sir, the Play is done.

Enter

Enter Sentwel, Amie, and Oliver.

Sent. See, Sir, your Neice presented to you.

[*Springlove takes Amie.*]

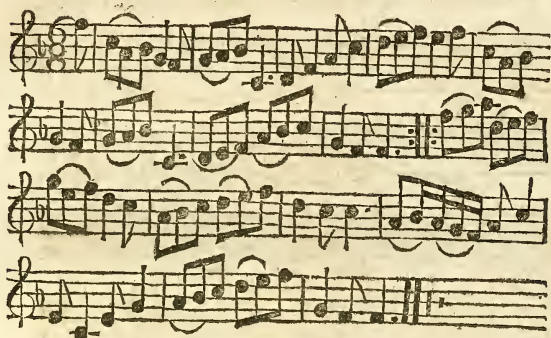
Cla. What, with a Speech by one of the Players? Speak, Sir, and be not daunted, I am favourable.

Spr. Then, by your Favour, Sir, this Maiden is my Wife.

Cla. Sure you are out o' your Part! that is to say, you must begin again.

Spr. She's mine by solemn Contract, Sir.

AIR LI. I often for my Jenny strove.



Alas! Sir, I have prov'd your Clown,

Ey'd him,

Try'd him,

But must own,

So wretched a Mortal ne'er was known;

I had been with him undone.

If I must in Bondage be,

To chuse my Chains at least I'm free;

Since I am willing

To be Billing,

Here's the Man, the Man for me.

Cla. You will not tell me that: Are not you my Neice?

Am. I dare not, Sir, deny't; we are contracted.

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Old. Hear me then for all. This Gentleman that shall marry your Neice, is my Son, on whom I will settle a thousand Pounds a Year, to make the Match equal. — Do you hear me now?

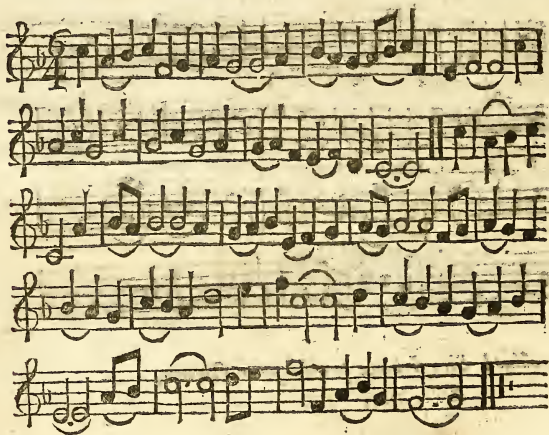
Gla. Now I do hear you, and must hear you; that is to say, It is a Match; that is to say — as I said before.

Spr. [To Oldrents.] Now, on my Duty, Sir, I'll Beg no more, but your continual Love, and daily Blessing.

Rach. You, Sir, are the Gentleman that wou'd have made Beggar's Sport with us; Two at once.

Mer. For Twelve-pence a-piece, Sir.

AIR LII. Like gentle Turtles cooing, &c.



Mer. What Haste you were in to be doing,
When two at a time you were wooing!
Yet quickly you'd find,
If any prov'd kind,
You'd Work enough meet with one.

Rach. What Haste you were in to be Billing,
With two at a time, for a Shilling!
You Men are so keen,
When once you begin,
You fancy you ne'er shall have done.

Mer. How cou'd the Ladies so starve ye,
That ragged poor Beggars cou'd serve ye?

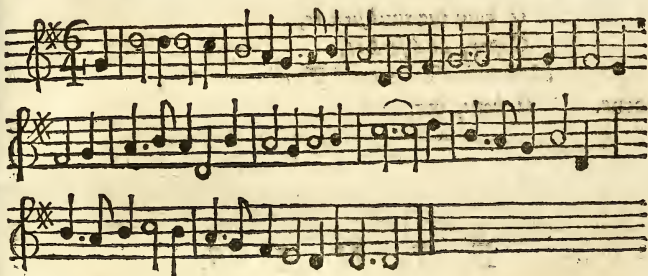
Rach. *What Virgin's Heart,
Can 'scape the Dart!
Tho' cruel. — Where-e'er you drop your Glove,
Such a Swain must needs successful prove.*

Both. *Such a Swain, by Nature form'd for Love.*

Ol. I hope we are all Friends, tho' some Misunderstandings happen'd.

Old. Yes, we are all Friends, and shall continue so; to shew we are Friends, let us be merry; and to shew we are merry, let us have a Song.

AIR LIII. Under the Greenwood Tree.



Old. *To all a Parent's Doubts and Fears,
For ever now adieu;*

Heart. *Away, at once with anxious Cares,
Let's only Mirth pursue.*

Vinc. *Our Joys at last,
Pay all that's past,
Nor wou'd we again be free;
Now, now let us whisk it,
Frolick, and frisk it,
Under the Greenwood Tree.*

Chorus. *Now, now, &c.*

Rach. *Our dancing Days, I doubt, are done,
For now we must obey;*

Hill. *Our Joys of Life are just begun,
For Each, by Turns, shall sway.*

Mer. *Be you but kind,
Your Heart shall find*

The JOVIAL CREW.

A constant Mate in me.

Then, then we will chaunt it,

Revel, and rant it,

Under the Greenwood Tree.

Chorus. *Then, then, &c.*

Heart. *No more shall Springlove range the Fields,
To rove from Amie's Charms.*

Am. *Nor Amie form a Wish that yields
Not Amie to his Arms.*

Be You but true,

As I to you,

Our Joys no End shall see.

O how we will firk it,

Caper, and jerk it,

Under the Greenwood Tree.

Chorus. *O how, &c.*

F I N I S.

