

THE
COBBLER'S
OPERA.

As it is now Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL
IN
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

To which is Added,
The MUSICK Engrav'd on COPPER-
PLATES.

Cobbler.



L O N D O N.

Printed for T. WOOD, and Sold by J. ROBERTS
in *Warwick-Lane*, and at the Theatre.

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M DCC XXIX.

[Price 1 s.]



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Melton, <i>an Oyster-Meeter, in Love</i> <i>with Welfleet.</i>	} Mr. Hall.
Pyefleet, <i>Master of an Oyster-Vessel.</i>	Mr. Hippisley.
Harry Pyefleet, <i>his Son, in Love</i> <i>with Jenny Melton.</i>	} Mr. Laguerre.
Lieutenant.	Mr. Chapman.
Player.	Mr. Milward.
Cobler.	Mr. Hippisley.
Sailor.	Mr. H. Bullock.

W O M E N.

Peg Welfleet, <i>a Fish-Woman, in Love</i> <i>with Harry Pyefleet.</i>	} Mrs. Egleton.
Jenny Melton, <i>in Love with Harry</i> <i>Pyefleet.</i>	} Miss Warren.
Ap-leek, <i>a Welsh Oyster-Woman, with</i> <i>Child by Harry Pyefleet.</i>	} Mr. Hippisley.

Sailors, Oyster-Wenches, &c.

S C E N E, *Billingsgate.*



INTRODUCTION.

P L A Y E R. C O B L E R.

Cobler. **N**AY, Sir, don't take it amiss of me, I have no ill Design in what I have done. I wish you had been in Town before it had gone so far, and then, if you had not liked it, I would have carried it back again. But, I pray, Sir, put by this resenting Eye, and see it: I hope there is nothing in it will offend, tho' it should fail to please you.

Player. Friend, you are a Stranger to the Proceedings of a Play-house; they that encourag'd you in this, had only a mind to banter you. How shou'd one, in your Station, come at Knowledge enough to entertain the Town?

Cobler. Nay, I don't know, indeed, Sir, but I had a mind to try: And, I have been told, that's no very great Fault, if I don't succeed. But, Sir, I don't presume to bring this as a Thing dependent on itself, or, in the least worthy of drawing an Audience together; but, being mer, makes its Attempt to amuse a little longer, and shew its Wish to please, however short in Power. And, Sir, I have been told, that it has been your constant Endeavour to give the Town Variety; and have ever left it to their Choice to determine: You don't pretend to see into the Merit of a Proceeding, without even so much as reading it.

Play. I confess, 'tis with the utmost Pleasure I submit every Thing to their Dislike or Approbation; and where

6 INTRODUCTION.

where there is the least Prospect of Success, in any Kind, no Body shall give more Encouragement. I must also confess, I have small Expectation, from your Appearance, that you should find the Art of Pleasing in the Theatrical Way.

Cob. Sir, I don't pretend to say my Apparel has so good a Title to Wit and Humour, as Toupets and Clock'd-Stockings; but, I vow, I would not change Heads with some of 'em.

Play. But you don't imagine how severely the Criticks attack every Thing that comes upon the Stage.

Cob. That's according as they are introduc'd. If you promise nothing but Humour, they look for nothing beyond it; they won't expect the Sparklings of a Diamond from a Pebble: And were the Stage kept to its former Dignity, I should not presume to think, but that such a Piece as this, would justly be exploded, in the severest Manner; but since Farce and Whims of several Kinds have taken Place, what must the Person do, who is to depend upon drawing an Audience by Dint and Power of a good Play alone, when even *Antony* and *Cleopatra* were forced to claim the kind Assistance of *A Devil upon two Sticks*? Therefore I took an Opportunity to represent a Scene that happened some little Time since at *Billingsgate*; with the Hope of doing Myself, and a few of your Performers, some little Service at their Benefits; thinking it more excusable to introduce half a Score Ballads, in proper Characters, than between the Acts of any serious Play. In short, Sir, if you find it gives the least Offence, or is not received to your Satisfaction, I'll own your Apprehensions were just, and commit it to everlasting Silence.

Play. Well, you're an uncommon Poet, and I give my Consent that you may have this reasonable Tryal. I suppose you have an Overture?

Cob. An Overture! Yes, to be sure.

Play. Well, you may bid 'em play it.

Cob. D'you hear, Friends? — But be sure to play the Audience into good Humour, or I'll lay all the Blame on you; and then, — *no Rosin* —; remember that.

[*Exeunt.*]



The COBLER's Opera.

SCENE, *Billingsgate.*

Enter Peg Welfleet.

Peg.



ASSIST me all ye malicious Arts of a despairing Woman, to thwart this happy Huffy's State of Blifs! I cannot bear the Thought of those sweet Pleasures she will soon enjoy, when wrapt within her lovely *Harry's* Arms. Her *Harry*! it must never be. Have I, for Seven long Years, been held the Terror, Beauty, and the Pride of *Billingsgate*? Had every Master Sighing at my Stand, and offering me the Choice of every Freight! Shall then a little tawdry Huffy, command the only Heart I wish to gain, and rob me of the only Man I like? No: It sha' not be; she shall be burnt first. His Father knows by this of their intended Marriage: Her Father is still Fool enough to love me; and though I hate the Wretch, I will dissemble, and promise any Thing to ruin her. O *Harry Pyefleet*! shall I see thee take her Arm, and every *Sunday*, in thy best Attire, lead her to *Hornsey, Islington, or Tottenham*, to revel with thee over Cakes and Ale? 'twill drive me mad, and burst with Rage my Bosom.

A I R

AIR I. De'l take the Wars.

De'l take the Slut that snatches Harry from me,
Whom the Drayman bravely fought;
That very Hour he did o'ercome me,
And a double Victory got.

Above a hundred Hearts did dance for Joy,
And eke a hundred Tongues did praise
The nimble Strength he did employ;
But mine, alas, my Heart did blaze.

Then his Skin so white did shine,
And as soft it felt as mine,
When I carefully did my Apron bind
About his wounded Head,
And, kissing me, he said,
For this thy Care,

Dear Peggy, here I swear,
Thou wilt for ever dwell in Harry's Mind.

But sure I han't lost the Cunning of my Sex, to let her go thus swimmingly into his Arms! No, I'll warrant I prevent her: And the next Pleasure a Woman has, after making her own Sport, is spoiling another's. Oh, here comes her Father.

Enter Melton.

Mel. Dear Mrs. Welfleet, good Morrow. How many Vessels came in this Morning? Has my Daughter dealt for any Thing?

Peg. Your Daughter! Yes, yes, your Daughter has dealt; and dealt you such a Hand, 'twill make your Heart ake to play it out.

Mel. What do you mean?

Peg. What do I mean? — I find there is no more Sincerity in one in a low Station, than in the most stately Office. You are as faithless as Mr. Prim, the Common-Council-Man, prov'd to me, who paid me
Courtship

Courtship sixteen Months, and I found at last it was upon dishonourable Terms.

Mel. Pray, Mrs. *Welfleet*, don't express such bitter Things to him that trembles every Time he sees you.

AIR II. O the bonny Moggy.

O my lovely Peggy,
 On my Knee I beg you
 Cease to frown, and snatch my Heart from Pain :
 Do but view my Anguish,
 How I pine and languish,
 When those Eyes are pointed with Disdain.
 Give Resentment over,
 Hear your faithful Lover,
 Or my throbbing Heart wilt split in twain:
 Let my Ditty
 Move your Pity;
 Bind me in the happy Lover's Chain.

Peg. Oh, you Men, you Men ! Well, I'll say no more ; but if you are not a base, false Wretch, convince me, and prevent that forward Slut, your Daughter's Marriage.

Mel. My Daughter's Marriage ! I vow you surprize me.

Peg. Well then, let me surprize you more : She's to meet *Harry Pyefleet*, at the *George Ale-house*, within this half Hour, to go and be married.

Mel. How, *Harry Pyefleet* ! Why, is their Vessel come up ?

Peg. Yes, Sir, this Morning. There, Sir, that will convince you. I got Mr. *Collogne*, at the *Brandy-Skop*, to read it to me. You'll find how fond she is.

Mel. Reads.

Dear Fenny.

'Twas with much to do I prevail'd with my Fa-
 ther to let me make this Trip, before I was sacri-
 fic'd to One my Heart's an utter Stranger to: But

for the Sake of two hundred Pounds, he would have married me to a Caulker's Daughter at Ipswich. Therefore, if that Tenderness does still possess you, for the many Dangers I have past, resolve to marry me without Consent of Friends. On Thursday Morning, I shall be at Billingsgate; and have prepar'd a Sum sufficient to defray the Charges. I'll meet you at the George Ale-house, at Seven exactly, to seal the eternal Contract.

Yours,

Dear Jenny,

Entirely Yours,

Henry Pyefleet.

How's this! Is this a Style for a *Sprat-Merchant* to write to a *Fish-Wench*!

Peg. Nay, Mr. *Collogne* said he was certainly mad, and that he could understand no more, but that they are to be married. But I suppose she taught him this t'other-End-of-the-Town Way of Writing. To say the Truth, tho' I did not care to make Mischief, she is no more fit for a *Fish-woman*, than he is to manage the Vessel; tho' his Father intends to leave it him next Spring; for the Minute your Back is turn'd, instead of minding the Market, they are reading one silly, romancing Book or other. But what cou'd you expect? I said she'd never come to Good, when you put her to that *Oyster-woman* in *St. James's-street*. What can they learn of our Business, at that End of the Town, pray?

Mel. Be patient, good Mrs. *Welfleet*. I think I see *Jenny* talking yonder with *Kitty Smelt*. We'll examine into the Truth of this Affair.

Peg. Oh curse the handsome Slut! How spruce she has made herself! How can they say she is genteel! Till she brought her affected Modesty from *St. James's*, I had the whole Gate to myself. What can they see in her? she won't so much as scold, forsooth; a good-for-nothing Creature.

A I R

AIR III. Transported with Pleasure.

*Transported with Anger,
My Passion grows stronger,
And swells ev'ry Vein,
And swells ev'ry Vein,
To see such a Hussy
So happy and easy,
Whilst I burst with Pain.*

But do Women ever lose their Purpose for the Want of a little Dissembling? No sure. — Then let their subtlest Arts assist my Tongue. [*Afide.*] Well Mr. Melton, if you expect I should hope to live comfortably in your Family, let me see you oblige Jenny to pay a proper Duty to a Mother's Will; and defer her Marriage, at least, till we have consider'd whether he is an equal Match for her. If she obliges me, you know 'tis in my Power to make her a very pretty Fortune: And since I have gotten great part of it with the Sweat of my Brow, it should not be thrown away, when I have put it into the Hands of my dear Mr. Melton; should it? [*Puts her Arms about his Neck*] O bless me! What were my Arms going to do! As I hope to be sav'd, all the Blood of my Body is in my Face! Don't I blush like Scarlet? [*Looking amorously on him.*
Mel. Am I at Billingsgate! Am I Roger Melton!

AIR IV. And never be drunk again.

*Like a Vessel that's toss'd on the Seas,
My Heart it has busk'd to and fro;
But now it is certain of Ease,
Since Peggy its Pilot will go.
Then, blustering Boreas, 'twill stand,
Make angry Neptune its Sport;
If you take the Tiller in Hand,
And steer for bright Hymen's Port.*

Peg. Let me first receive this Proof of your Sincerity, and then, Mr. *Melton*, my every Thing is yours. But *Jenny* is coming this Way; I'll retire. — But she'n't be satisfy'd with his fair Promises. I know this Fellow's a Man, and may be Rogue enough to like this Match, and wink at it. Therefore, lest *Harry's* Father should not be met with by the Wench I sent to inform him, I have another Game to play. I saw the Lieutenant at the *Gun Door*, just now, that gave me half a Crown yesterday for three Kisses, and I'll try if I can't persuade him to break the Match. I'll purchase him at any Rate to do it. [*Aside.*]

AIR V. On a Bank of Flowers.

*I'll die but I'll my Purpose gain,
And check this saucy Slut,
From tickling of the wanton Vein,
Where Cupid makes our Sport.*

*No Sheets I'll gnaw, no Pillow hug,
Whilst she's as blest as Molly Mog:
Clasping in her Arms,
With all her Charms,*

That handsome strong young Dog. [Exit.]

Enter Jenny, crossing the Stage.

Mel. So, *Jenny*, good Morrow: What, were you going to the Stand?

Jen. How, my Father! What Excuse shall I make for having my best Cloaths on. [*Aside.*]

Mel. Why don't you answer me? Were you going to the Stand?

Jen. Yes, Sir, directly.

Mel. You were. — Is this the direct Way to that Place?

Jen. O dear, Sir, — What Excuse shall I make to get away? I'm in such Confusion, we shall certainly be discover'd. — Why, Sir, I was stepping for my Knife; I left it last Night at the *Three Compasses*. I'll be back immediately. [*Going.*]

Mel.

Mel. Stay, I command you stay. Why dost thou, *Jenny*, tell me so plain a Lye? Is not your Knife there, hanging by your Side? Why do you tremble? Why in this Attire? As if the *Sabbath Day* were come again.

Jen. Ha, old *Pyefleet* coming! Then somebody has certainly found the Letter which I dropt, and he knows our Design. How hard is *Jenny's* Fate! [*Aside.*]

AIR VI. Death and the Lady.

*Thus when at Night the start'd Linnet sees
A glimmering Light come piercing thro' the Trees,
Her Feathers plume, and now, with Wing expand,
She on a Twig prepar'd to sing does stand:
When soon a dreadful Noise invades her Ear,
And fills her little Breast with fatal Fear;
To'ards the false Light she swift for Safety flies,
Is met by Fate, and in a Moment dies.*

So will it prove to me; for, Father, you have spread the Net, and here comes one to close it.

Enter Old Pyefleet.

Pye. So, Mr. *Melton*, so, my Lady *Sly*! Is this the Reward for all my past Friendship? Have I, for this, pack'd my choicest Oysters, my best of Fish, and spar'd 'em still for you! Ungrateful Dog! Thus to reward my Kindness!

AIR VII. To all the Ladies now at Land.

*But if no more than Vengeance come
My injur'd Mind to heal,
For ruin of an only Son,
Yet, Sirrah, you shall feel.
It shall be great, such Care I'll take,
Your Fish shall stink, and you shall break,
With a fa, la, la, la.*

Mel.

Mel. Hold, Mr. *Pyefleet*, chatter not so fast. You talk of Favours, pray remember mine. I own you've let me have the best of Goods; and Reason just, for who dispos'd your bad? How have I prais'd 'em, how enhaunc'd their Price: Nay, seem'd to buy, that I might make you sell!

No Alley Thieves, when the grand Scheme ran high,
Did e'er more careful for fit Bubbles pry.

AIR VIII. O the charming Month of *May*.

And dare you thus my Faith upbraid?

Were I to ask all

If you're a Rascal,

Yes, is the Answer would be made.

Yes, is the Answer would be made.

Pye. You had your Snack, then how was I oblig'd? Two Pence in the Shilling; sometimes more: Therefore you have acted, Sir, like a Rascal. What, don't I know you and your Course of Life! How much the Law's Repentment you have escap'd.

AIR IX. Brisk *Tom* and jolly *Kate*.

Pray, Sir, did I not give to you a Passage free,

When Hemp did threaten,

Hemp did threaten,

And the fatal Tree!

Nay more, have I not seen that bulk the Pillory grace,

When well aim'd Dirt

And rotten Eggs

Be-smear'd that perjur'd Face?

And was not this the Cause, each Hand receiv'd a Bribe

With fool-like Cunning,

Fool-like Cunning,

True to neither Side.

Mel.

Mel. *Why how now, silly Wretch, do you term that a Fault?*
'Tis plainly seen
That thou hast been
Much better fed than taught.

But why am I so calm? Thy Folly to chastise,
I'll box you, Sir,
I'll box you, Sir,
And beat out both your Eyes.

Jen. O my dear Father, lay aside this Passion. And, Sir [*to Pye.*] do you be patient and forgive me. We are not married; upon my Word we are not.

Pye. Nay, Wench, if you are not married, I do forgive you. But for that graceless Rogue, my Son, I'll clap a Slip-Knot about his Neck, fasten him to a running Bowling, and when I get him a little down the River, half hang and half drown the Dog. I'll cure him of his Love-Fit, with a Pox to him. [*Exit.*]

AIR X. The Yorkshire Lady.

Mel. *Now tell me, dear Jenny, and tell me the Truth,*
Are you married or not unto that hopeful Youth?
That is, of his Love has he given a Proof?
With a dozen, down, down, &c.

Jen. *Oh no, my dear Father, we are not yet one;*
But if you will smile upon Jenny's Return,
We both shall be happy e'er next rising Sun,

Mel. *With a dozen, down, &c.*

Within. Master *Pyefleet*, Master *Pyefleet*.

Mel. What's the Matter there?

Within. Give the Word about the Gate, to come to the *Gun*; his Son *Harry's* prest.

Mel. How, *Harry* prest!

Jen. What do I hear! Dear Sir, run after Mr. *Pyefleet*; he's just turn'd the Corner. While I go lay my Heart and Life at stake to get him off. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter

Enter Lieutenant and Welfleet.

Lieut. So, Mrs. *Welfleet*, the Gang have got him. I hope you'll prove a Woman of Honour now, and Sup with me at our Rendezvous to Night. For, I assure you, from the first Time I saw you, I have had a strong Desire to have an Hour's Conversation with you; and upon my Honour, I will use my utmost Endeavours to make this Evening as agreeable to you, as I shall find it, my dear, dear *Peggy*.

A I R XI. As down in a Meadow.

Peg. *How sweetly he talketh and presseth my Hand!*
The Pleasures he offers, ah, who can withstand?
Not only Resentment, our Sex's Delight,
But something that's sweeter, if I can guess right.

Beside, his Proportion and delicate Size,
The Warmth of his Bosom, and sparkling Eyes,
All speak him well freighted, with certain Redress,
To comfort the Woman he finds in Distress.

Lieut. My dear Girl, I must leave you. They are going into the *Gun*, I see; and here is one of the Sailor's coming to fetch me. Be sure you don't forget. I must give you this Kifs of Remembrance. [*Exit.*

Peg. 'Tis thus I have been ever address'd. This is not the only Gentleman has granted my Desires, with the bare Hopes of having his. Nay, Knights and 'Squires have come on Purpose to *Billingsgate*, to see how neatly, and how like a Gentlewoman, *Peg Welfleet* open'd an Oyster.

A I R

A I R XII. My Chloe why d'you slight me.

*Then why should Harry slight me,
 Since all he wants I have?
 Revenge, Revenge shall right me;
 I'll win him, or a Grave.
 I'll shew the worthless Nature,
 Of that insipid Creature,
 And mangle ev'ry Feature,
 E're she shall Harry have.*

[Exit.



SCENE, *A Room in the Gun Tavern.*

Enter Lieutenant and Press-Gang, with Harry.

Lieu. **T**AKE him on Board the Smack directly.
Har. Pray Sir, be patient: There's no Man living more willing to serve his Majesty than *Harry Pyefleet*. But, I confess, my Thoughts were otherwise employ'd. I was preparing for an Engagement indeed, but 'twas one that might have got the King Sailors, not lost him any.

Enter Jenny.

Jen. O my dear *Harry*, they will not take thee from me, sure. I have never yet committed Crimes worthy so dread a Punishment.

A I R XIII. Under the Green Wood Tree.

*Oh, Cupid, come to my Relief,
 Ah, don't one Moment stay :
 For all my Joy will turn to Grief,
 Should he take dear Harry away.
 Oh wound his Breast, that he may know
 The Anguish that I feel;
 For the Power of Love
 Must surely move,
 And soften a Heart of Steel:*

Har. Have Patience, *Jenny*, the King's Business must be done. I wanted but little Compulsion to face his boldest Enemy. Weep not, my Love, the Wars may cease, and we may meet again.

A I R XIV. Farewel Chloe. Part I.

*Farewel, Jenny, oh Farewel!
 I my Monarch's Call obey.
 Here in Peace and Safety dwell.
 Whilst English Courage we display.
 Come, ye briny Billows, rowl,
 And convey me from my Soul.*

Jen. Oh, how cruel are you, to set so light on Parting! Shew some Concern, or I shall think you hate me;

Part II.

*And that my Heart will wound,
 Each peaceful Thought confound;
 For if you once should prove,
 Unfaithful to my Love,
 It will raise my Desperation,
 And distract my Soul with Passion,
 To think, dear Harry, you could rove.*

Har. Hate thee! Rove! How can my *Jenny* use such unkind Expressions!

Jen. How can you shew so much Indifference, when, perhaps, you may never see me more.

Har. Let not such Thoughts come cross my *Jenny's* Mind. Believe my Heart is fill'd with Love and thee.

A I R XV. To Arms.

*And when the Cannons loudly roar,
 And when, &c.
 Destruction wasting to the Shore,
 Destruction, &c.
 Then, then, shall Cupid reign,
 And smi—ling view the furrow'd Main.
 See, Victory for Love declares,
 And vows Revenge for charming *Jenny's* Tears.*

Jen. Alas, poor *Jenny*! How different is the State of this, from that delightful Day, when we at *Croydon-Fair* acknowledg'd mutual Love! How many little Emblems of a tender Passion did thy *Harry* there present thee! How many Vows did he make, that he would never, leave thee? How vain we promise to our selves a Life of Pleasure, when the next Hour, perhaps, Mischance, or Sicknes blasts all our Hopes, and leads us into Misery.

A I R XVI. In the pleasant Month of *May*.

*Oh, how sweet's the Spring of Love,
 When, with pretty, pretty Toys our Hearts are won,
 And our Passions still improve,
 Till its full-blown Joys are known!
 But even its Summer's Wings,
 A blasting Autumn brings,
 When Cupid sighing sings,
 And the Splendor of our Joys dire Absence calls.
 Love's Beams no longer shine,
 But to chilling Frosts resign;
 And what was replete
 In its Spring with Heat,
 Like Snow on our Bosom falls.*

With me 'tis Autumn now, and soon will my Winter come; even such as *Greenland* feels! For, alas, my Sun's declining, and will, with my *Harry*, leave me.

[Looks on him weeping.]

Har. How like a *Lilly*, o'ercharg'd with Dew, she now declines her Head; and with what haste those trickling Drops speed to their soft Retreat, as if they knew her tender Bosom would enfold and warm 'em!

A I R XVII. The Battle of

*Lo, the Sun, as its Sweetness he knew,
 Darts swiftly his Beams thro' the Air;
 Leaving Violets wrapt in their Dew,
 Carnations their Burthens to bear:
 Whilst thus he devours,
 Love's soft pearly Showers,
 And drinks of the Tears that fall there.*

Be comforted: Think but for what and whom we fight, 'twill drive away thy Cares. Come, smile, my Love; for, as my Honour does encrease, my Constancy shall grow.

Jen. O Harry, you know not the Uncertainty of War! Think you the angry Bullets will regard the Groans, the Sighs of poor unhappy *Jenny*?

A I R XVIII. Hear me ye Nymphs.

Hear me, ye Powers, that rule the Main,

Hear, whilst poor Jenny sues you!

Let Tempests sleep, till here again

My faithful Harry woos me.

Guard him, O Love, when Battles joyn,

Still gently hover round him;

For on his Life dependeth mine:

Let none but Cupids wound him.

Lieut. Gad, she's a very pretty Wench; I like her. Hark'ee, Child, I am so well pleas'd with what you say, that if you'll grant me one Favour, I'll let your Sweet-heart go.

Jen. Grant you one Favour! Yes, with all my Soul. My Pocket you shall strip, tho' it were fill'd with Gold. Nay, in my Prayers I'll beg the Powers above to grant you all you ask.

Lieut. As for your Prayers, they'll be of little Service. Your Money, Child, you may give among the Gang; and, for my Part, step to our Rendezvous but for an Hour or two, and, upon my Honour, I'll ask no more. You shall bring your Lover back with you in Triumph.

Jen. Thou art a proper Instrument of Power. No.

A I R XIX. To Morrow is St. *Valentine's* Day.

*My Vertue it shall be my Pride,
Howe'er I am betray'd ;
For if I'm not my Harry's Bride,
I'll surely die a a Maid.
Then cease to think, tho' in this State,
Bereav'd of all I love,
That 'tis within the Power of Fate,
My Chastity to move.*

Enter Welfleet.

Peg. Pray, noble Captain, what's the Matter? Is any Body prest? What will become of me! I find the Wretch is rivetted to her. For tho' he turn'd and look'd full in my Face, he took no more Notice, than if he had never said a civil Thing to me. Now, I remember, I foresaw my Ruin; for when *Molly Whiting* and I were Yesterday at my Stall, at our Tea, I threw one Cup, in which she plainly did describe a base, inconstant Lover.

A I R XX. On yonder high Mountain.

*Ah, foolish Peg Welfleet,
How could'st thou e'er believe
That on Land, or in the whole Fleet,
Is the Man that won't deceive?
'Tis the Nature
Of the Creature,
As of Wolves, to seek for Prey ;
So 'tis common
In the Woman,
To throw herself away.*

Enter

Enter Ap-leek, and several Oyster-Wenches.

I Wom. What's the Matter, Jenny? What, is Harry Pyefleet prest?

Ap. How, Harry Pyefleet prest! What will become of hur then? Hur is nine or ten Months gone with Child by hur, and hur did promise hur self, hur should marry hur as soon as hur was prought to ped.

A I R XXI.

Meibon a Merched, dewch yn gheed,

Y gewch y glowed Gaine, y Geed:

Vel y fe rhing Mab a Merch,

Ar bwoint priodi trwy vawr Serch.

I wish hur was sick in hur Grave,

Before hur saw that handsome Knave;

For now he's prest, and going to Sea,

What will hur do, O! byee, O! byee.

O Harry Pyefleet, you have stole hur Firginitities! Oh what will hur do! What shall become of hur? Hur will e'n go hang hur self to save the Reputations of the Families of *Ap-leeks*. [Exit.

Enter Melton, out of Breath.

Mel. O my dear Jenny, did Pyefleet go that Way? I cannot find him; but I suppose the noble Captain is not in such haste. I have sent two or three to look for him.

Lieut. What does the Fellow mean? Do you think the King's Business must be delay'd for the Ceremony of taking Leave? He shall go on Board the Smack directly.

Jen. Did the King know how ill you do his Business, what Wrongs his Subjects suffer in his Name, his
just

just Resentment would pursue your Steps, and sure Redress bring Comfort to the injur'd.

Peg. Oh, how the saucy Strumpet abuses you! Nay, and quite out of the *Billingsgate* Stile. If you don't take him away directly, I shall think you have a guilty Conscience.

Lieut. Will and *Jack*, lay hold on him; *Tom*, lead you the Way. If there should be any Attempt to rescue him, I charge you lay about you.

Jen. Oh, Sir, forbear one Minute! O *Harry*, *Harry*, my poor Heart will break. [Embrace.

Lieut. Why don't you force him hence, you Rascals?

Sail. Nay, good Lieutenant, have a few Bowels. The Gentlewoman, perhaps, may never see him again. I don't know how hard your Heart may be, but I am sure I pity her.

Lieut. Pity her, you Puppy —

Har. Come, noble Captain, don't take amiss his receiving some Impressions from the Tears a pretty Girl let's fall. I'll lay my Life, he'll not fight the worse for it. I never heard the Man that was a Lover, could dare to be a Coward. Come, my Lad, give me your Hand: I should be glad to Man the same Gun with you; and shall, with Pleasure, mingle Blood with him that mingles Tears with me.

A I R XXII.

I.

Then let our Foes with Terror know,

We can Love's Softness leave;

From all our Joys thro' Dangers go;

Our Honour to retrieve.

Sure they forget Eliza's Days,

When for less Wrongs their Fleet did blaze,

Which Philip's Heart did grieve.

II. *And*

II.

*And Britain sure is still the same,
Or should more dreadful be;
If that adorns a Female's Fame,
What may we hope to see
When led by such a warlike Hand,
As gently sways this happy Land,
From all rash Passions free?*

III.

*Then let their Steps more wary be,
And Caution quickly take,
Lest, like a waken'd Lyon, he
Upon their Sportings break.
With Heart and Hand we'll live and dye,
For such a King, and Liberty:
What then can Britain shake?*

Peg. Dear Captain, take him away directly, or I shall certainly run mad. Nay, here I promise you, upon my Honour, I will not only sup with you to Night, but stay and drink Tea with you in the Morning.

Lieut. Hum. — I wish I could be rid of this Affair; for I like that Girl so well, I wou'd give five Guineas to have an Hour's Sport with her. Hark'ee, Mrs. *Welfleet*, I'll only ask *Jenny* one Question, and then I'll send him away directly.

Peg. Pray do, for I can have no longer Patience.

AIR XXIII. The Clock had struck.

*Oh, how it frets my Soul to see
So silly a Wretch preferr'd to me!
But, by my dear Revenge, I swear
When he is gone, I'll poyson her.*

*Or, at the Gate,
Should she prate,
To'ss her into the River and drown her.
Again they kiss,
Again embrace!*

What would I give this Minute to confound her?

Lieu. Look'ee, my Dear, [*to Jenny*] be advis'd, and prevent your Lover's being taken from you. Upon my Honour I'll be very secret, and will not only fend your Sweet-heart back, but give you a Sattin Gown and Petty-coat, to be married in to Morrow.

Jen. Tho' all the Pleasure of my Life is seated in his Safety, I could with more Satisfaction submit to see him standing on the Deck, even in the Heat of the most dangerous Conflict, than yield to thy Desires. Yes, my *Harry*, I will sooner smiling part with thee than Virtue. [*Aside.*] I am now resolv'd, [*to Harry*] my Love, to let thee go. But give me that little, tho' my only Comfort, to hear from those dear Lips that 'tis with some Regret you leave your faithful *Jenny*.

A I R

AIR XXIV. The loving Landlady.

Har. Here could my Eyes for ever dwell;
 Each fondly begs to stay with thee.
 Observe how they together swell,
 Rais'd by this Wish to Jealousy.
 My Heart-Strings too require a Part
 As if the Token of Love they wou'd be;
 But is there one Grain of thy Harry's Heart
 That would not gladly tarry with thee?

Jen. Come then, my Love, and take a Kiss,
 This Gold about thy Wrist I'll tye;
 And ever when thou look'st on this,
 Think on her who for thee would dye.

Lieu. You Rascals, why do you thus Delay? Force 'em afunder.

Jen. Oh now the dreadful Tryal's come, and all my promis'd Resolution fails me. O Harry, my Heart can never reconcile itself to think of parting! And of the Dangers you must undergo, 'twill surely thro' my Bosom beat its Way, to be itself the Pledge of Jenny's Love.

Lieu. Ye Villains, force 'em afunder, or I'll have you made Examples for disobeying Command.

[*Exeunt with Harry.*]

Jen. O my dear Father, do you entreat the Captain to have some Pity on 'me! [To Lieu.] O Sir, if you did ever love, let that awake Compassion. Sally, Molly dear Mrs. *Welfleet*, joyn, joyn your Prayers with mine, that he may call my faithful Harry back!

Peg. I joyn my Prayers! Yes; but mine shall be that you may never see him more. [*Aside.*]

Lieu. Pr'ythee, Child, get up. You know the Way to prevail with me, which if you won't take, is it my Fault? For nothing else can move me.

Jen. Then I'm undone! Why should I hope to soften one whom Custom does inspire with Cruelty.

AIR XXV. I'll strip the Garden.

*The tender Thrush, that has lost her Mate,
Sits in her Nest and calls in vain;
Her young Ones wants she does repeat,
But never can his Aid obtain.
For he, alas, with equal Pain,
In Bondage held, does there complain.*

Oh I can't out-live his Loss! See, cruel Wretch, the
Effect of what you do. *[Offers to stab herself.]*

Enter Old Pyefleet, and Gentleman.

Pye. *[Stopping Jenny.]* Hold, hold, pretty Mrs. *Jenny*, you need not be in such haste to quit the World, for your Sweet-heart will be restor'd. My Lad, hail the Boat, and bid 'em bring him back. *[Exit one of the Sailors.]* For, noble Captain, here is an honest Gentleman that has just brought an Order from the Admiralty to all the Gangs to leave off the Pres. A most gracious Act being pass'd, which must rejoice the greater Number, tho' the poorer Sort, of his Majesty's Subjects, and make 'em think they are in a Land of Liberty indeed.

Gent. 'Tis true, Sir, if you please, read this Order.

Jen. What an unexpected Change in this!

Enter Gang with Harry.

O let me fly into his Arms! O *Harry, Harry!*

Har. O my charming *Jenny.* *[They Embrace.]*

A I R

AIR XXVI. We oft have drank stinking Water.

Now all our Joys will be compleat,
 If, Sir, you will but smile, [To Pye.
 Whilst in these Arms, and Love's soft Net,
 I seek a pleasing Toil,

Omn. *Ta ra dal lal, &c.*

Jen. With Raptures Jenny's Heart does burn
 To see her Harry free;
 And from the jaws of Ruin born
 To Love and Liberty.

Omn. *Ta ra dal lal, &c.*

Pye. Why Look ye, Harry, I am convinc'd the Girl loves you, and think it is but reasonable, that she who would die for you, ought to live with you: And so, blefs you together. And now Brother *Melton*, I hope all Animofities will be forgot. Bus. But I have one Word of Advice to give you. I don't pretend to bid you forgo the reasonable Advantages of your Office, but I wou'd not have you so open. I have heard some of the other *Oyster-Meeters*. own you have done Things a little too apparent; and there are several Fellows I know are upon the Watch, and swear they will take the first Opportunity of making a Complaint of your Proceedings.

Mel. Brother, I know what I do. I was bred an Attorney. What Trifles I do openly, will never shock me in my Office: Beside, from that seeming Openness, they think I can do nothing in secret. But were I as honest as *Solomon* was wise, still they must complain.

A I R

AIR XXVII. My Wife she is dumb.

'Tis the Nature, and the State,
Of the Little, and the Great
For to rail at the Person that's in, in, in:
But it is often seen,
'Tis not the Man they mean,
But his Office that raises their Spleen, Spleen, Spleen.
And most certain if it be
A Post of such Degree,
Where the Perquisites sweetly rowl free, free, free.
They all cry out, to see
Who receives 'em on a Tree
But who shall succeed him? Why me, me, me.

Pye. Why, to say the Truth; Brother, it has been
always so. Come, Son, take your Bride, and let's to St.
Mary Overies; for there your Father, Grand-Father, and
Great Grand-Father were all turn'd off.

AIR XXVIII. As I was walking.

Peg. What shall I do for to hinder this Wedding?
Oh I wou'd, yes I wou'd, that I wou'd, if cou'd!
What shall I do for to hinder this Wedding!
Oh I would do it with Pleasure.
Change to a Lions or to a Tyger;
And in the Height of it, just in the Height of it,
Change to a Lions or to a Tyger,
And in the Height of it blast all his Vigour!
E'er in the Arms of that Slut he shall revel,
Go to a Conjurer, nay to the Devil!
Yes I will, that I will, yes I will, that I will,
Go to a Conjurer, nay to the Devil!

Yes,

The Cobler's Opera.

31

*E'r in the Arms of that Slut he shall revel,
Go to a Conjurer, nay to the Devil!*

Tho', rot him, I hate him!

Tal, lal, lal, &c.

I love him, cou'd eat him!

Tal, lal, lal, &c.

What wox't a Woman in Jealousy do? [Exit.

Lieu. Sir, I assure you 'tis with Pleasure I obey this Order. Well, my Lad, you are now at your Liberty. Pretty Mrs. *Fenny*, I here restore your Lover to you, and heartily wish you Joy.

AIR XXIX. Open the Door sweet Betty.

Jen. Now open thy Arms, dear Harry,

Har. I'll open my Heart to thee.

Jen. Receive her, who ne'er can vary;

Har. Till Death I will constant be.

Ambition ne'er knew the Pleasure

Jen. That in Bosoms sincere does grow;

Har. For Constancy it is a Treasure,

Jen. Which Palaces seldom know.

Har. Then learn to be happy of Harry, [To Sailors.

Let him an Example prove!

Jen. And, Virgins, whene'er you marry, [To Women.

Let the Dower you bring be Love.

Mel. Ay, ay, now Things are as they should be. Come, smile, my Girl.

A I R

AIR XXX. Country Bumpkin.

*Now all your Fears are flown,
The Act has past, the Act has past;
Now all your Fears are flown,
And he will ne'er be prest again.*

Chor. Now all your Fears, &c.

*Har. Therefore let's exert our Power,
I will Pleasure bring, I will Pleasure bring;
Therefore let's exert our Power,
To get willing Sailors for the King.*

Chor. Therefore let's exert, &c.

F I N I S.



The OVERTURE

Viol.º e
Oboe
I ma

Viol.º 2º

Tenor

Basso

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The Violin I staff is marked with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It features a melodic line with several trills (tr) and accents. The Violin II staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, playing a similar melodic line. The Tenor staff uses a tenor clef (C4) with the same key signature and time signature. The Bass staff uses a bass clef (C2) with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a single system with repeat signs at the end of each staff.

tr

tr

tr

Allegro

This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The Violin I staff continues the melodic line with trills (tr) and accents. The Violin II staff follows a similar pattern. The Tenor and Bass staves provide harmonic support. The word 'Allegro' is written below the Violin I staff, indicating the tempo. The system concludes with repeat signs on all staves.

Handwritten musical score for the first system, consisting of four staves. The notation is in a single system, with a brace on the left side. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and a bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Handwritten musical score for the second system, consisting of four staves. The notation is in a single system, with a brace on the left side. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music continues with a complex melodic line, featuring many accidentals (sharps and naturals) and a bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Hautt.

A single musical staff for the Harp (Hautt.) instrument. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with asterisks above them, indicating specific playing techniques or ornaments. The staff concludes with a few quarter notes.

Viol^s

A musical staff for Violins (Viol^s). It starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes marked with asterisks. The staff ends with a few quarter notes.A musical staff for Violins (Viol^s). It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notation is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes at the end of the staff.

Viol^s

A musical staff for Violins (Viol^s). It starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes marked with asterisks. The staff concludes with a few quarter notes.A musical staff for Violins (Viol^s). It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notation is dense with eighth and sixteenth notes, some marked with asterisks. The staff ends with a few quarter notes.A musical staff for Violins (Viol^s). It starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notation consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes marked with asterisks. The staff concludes with a few quarter notes.

Handwritten musical score for the first system, consisting of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and a rhythmic accompaniment with frequent sixteenth-note patterns. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical score for the second system, consisting of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and a rhythmic accompaniment with frequent sixteenth-note patterns. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Air 1 Del take y^e wars

Air 2 O y^e bonny Mog gy

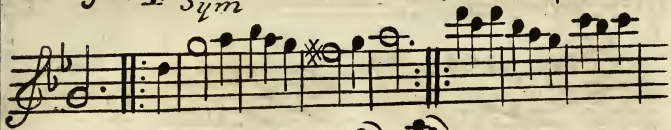
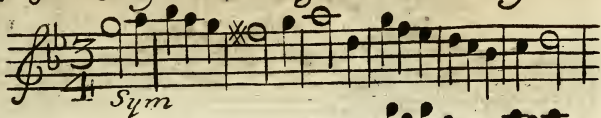
Air 3 Tranported with pleasure

Air 5 On a bank of flowe rs

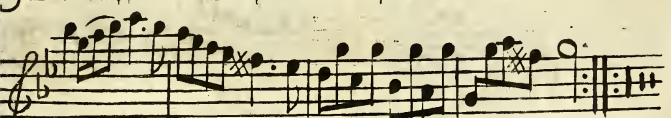
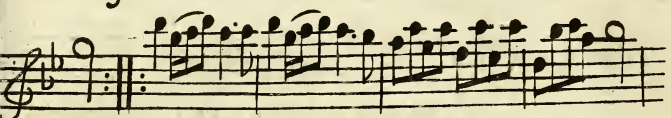
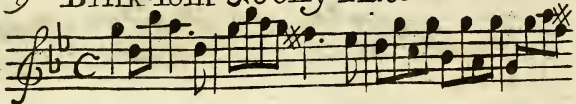
Air 6 Death and y^e Lady

Air 7 To all ye Ladies now at land

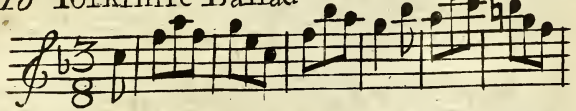
Air 8 Oh y^e charming month of May



Air 9 Brisk Tom & Jolly Kate



Air 10 Yorkshire Ballad



First system of musical notation for Air 11, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 3/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Air 12 My Cloe why d'ye flight me

First system of musical notation for Air 12, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and an 8/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system of musical notation for Air 12, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and an 8/8 time signature. The melody continues on a single staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill (tr) marking.

First system of musical notation for Air 13, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with quarter and eighth notes.

Second system of musical notation for Air 13, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues on a single staff with quarter and eighth notes.

Third system of musical notation for Air 13, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues on a single staff with quarter and eighth notes.

First system of musical notation for Air 14, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time (C) signature. The melody is written on a single staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill (tr) marking.

Second system of musical notation for Air 14, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time (C) signature. The melody continues on a single staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill (tr) marking.

Air 14 Farewell Cloe

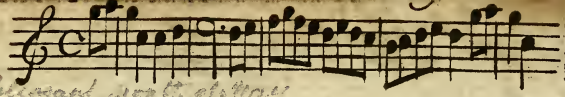
The first two staves of the page contain the beginning of 'Air 15'. The notation is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The music features a complex, flowing melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, characteristic of a 'cloche' or 'cloche' style. The first staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Air 15 The 2^d part of Farewell Clo^e

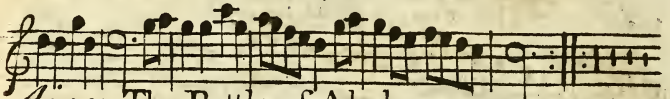
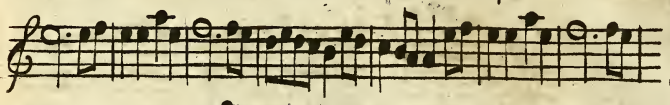
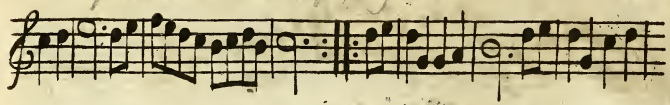
The third and fourth staves continue the melodic line of 'Air 15'. The notation remains in treble clef and common time. The fourth staff concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Air 16 To arms

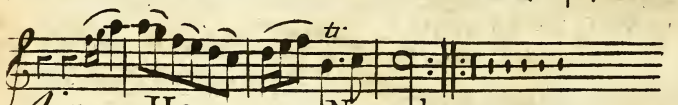
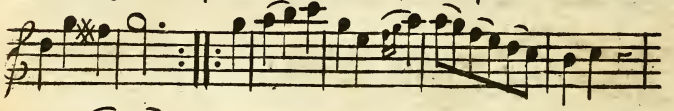
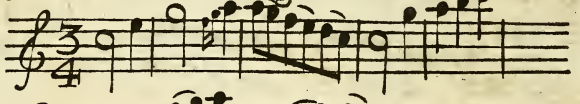
The fifth through eighth staves contain the music for 'Air 16'. The notation is in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The piece begins with a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). The music is characterized by a very fast, rhythmic melodic line consisting of many sixteenth notes. The eighth staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



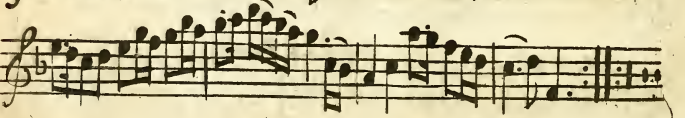
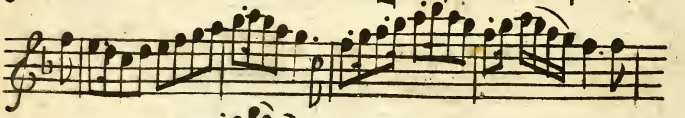
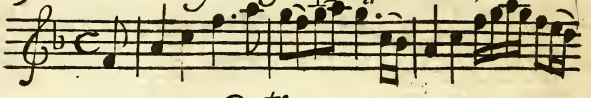
In the pleasant month of May

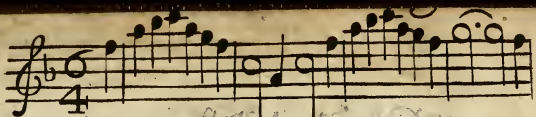


Air 18 The Battle of Aghrum

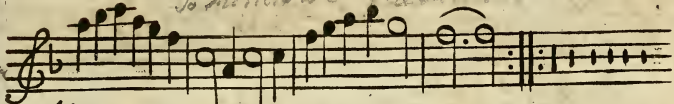


Air 19 Hear me ye Nymphs

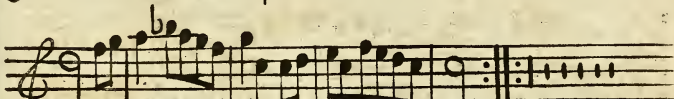
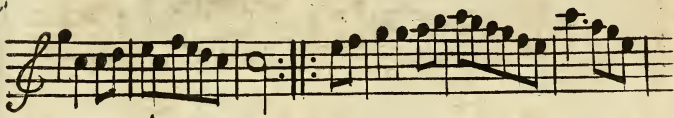
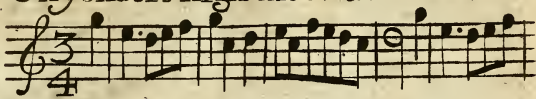




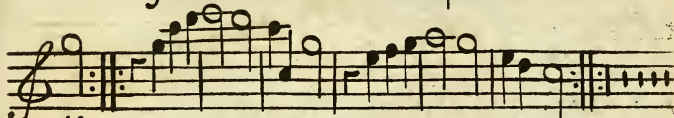
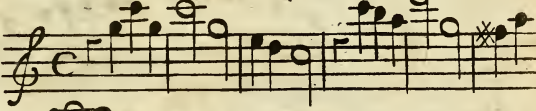
To Morrow is St. Valentine's Day



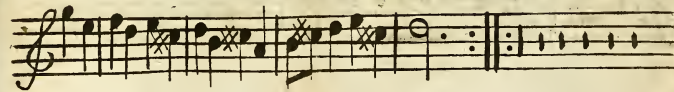
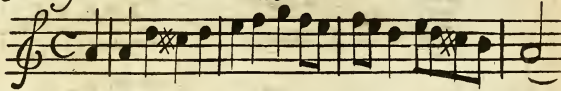
Air 21 On yonders high mountain

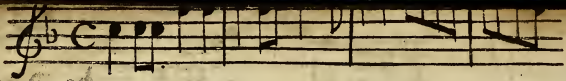


Air 22 Near Woodstock town in Oxfordshire



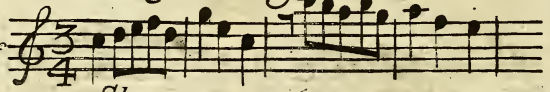
Air 23 To you who live at home at ease



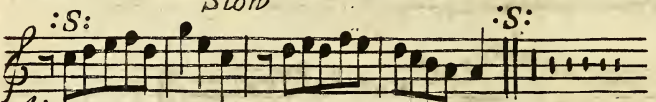


Air 25 The loving Landlady

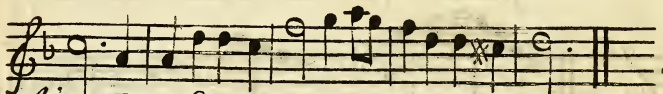
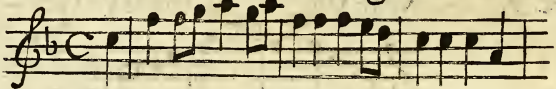
Air 26 is
attend of
4 Tunes



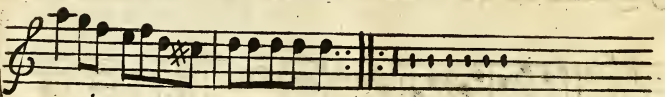
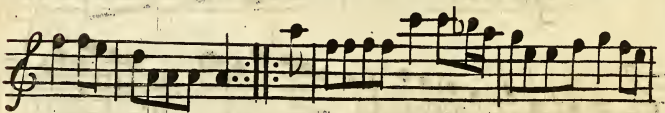
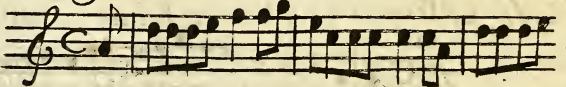
Slow



Air 27 We have oft drank stinking water



Air 28 I am y^e Duke of Norfolk



Air 29 As I was walking

Musical notation for Air 29, 'As I was walking'. The piece is written in treble clef with a 6/4 time signature. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several lines of music, including a repeat sign at the end of the second line.

Air 30 Open y door sweet Betty

Musical notation for Air 30, 'Open y door sweet Betty'. The piece is written in treble clef with a 6/4 time signature. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of several lines of music, including a repeat sign at the end of the second line.

Air 31 Country Bumpkin

Musical notation for Air 31, 'Country Bumpkin'. The piece is written in treble clef with a 6/4 time signature. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of two lines of music, ending with a repeat sign.

1c

Air 26 I'll range around

