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POLLY, by Mr. GAY.

ACHILLES, by Mr. GAY.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD, by ALLAN RAMSAY.

COMUS, by JOHN MILTON.

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MDCCLXXVII.

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 If thus a Man can Duel,
 Much bolder with Brandy.

BELL'S EDITION.



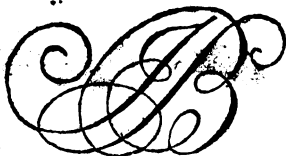
THE
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

As written by JOHN GAY.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
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— *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* MART.



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Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the Strand;
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MDCCLXXVII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
<i>Peachum,</i>	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Lockit,</i>	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Macbeath,</i>	Mr. Vernon.	Mr. Mattocks.
<i>Filch,</i>	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Wewitzer.
<i>Jemmy Twitcher,</i>	} <i>Macbeath's Gang.</i>	Mr. Wright.
<i>Crook-finger'd Jack,</i>		Mr. Wrighten.
<i>Wat. Dreary,</i>		Mr. Norris.
<i>Robin of Bagshot,</i>		Mr. Carpenter.
<i>Nimring Ned,</i>		Mr. Griffith.
<i>Harry Paddington,</i>		Mr. Marr.
<i>Mat. of the Mint,</i>		Mr. Kear.
<i>Ben Budge,</i>		Mr. Baker.
<i>Beggar,</i>		Mr. Burton.
<i>Player,</i>		Mr. Waldron.
		Mr. Whitfield.

Constables, Drawers, Turnkey, &c.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Peachum,</i>		Mrs. Love.	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Polly Peachum,</i>		Mrs. Smith.	Miss Brown.
<i>Lucy Lockit,</i>		Mrs. Wrighten.	Miss Catley.
<i>Diana Trapes,</i>		Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. White.
<i>Mrs. Coaxer,</i>	} <i>Women of the Town.</i>	Mrs. Millidge.	Mrs. Whitefield.
<i>Dolly Trull,</i>		Mrs. Musgrove.	
<i>Mrs. Vixen,</i>		Miss Platt.	
<i>Betty Doxy,</i>		Mrs. Palmer.	
<i>Jenny Diver,</i>		Mrs. Davies.	Mrs. Pouffin.
<i>Mrs. Slammekin,</i>		Mrs. Johnston.	Mrs. Green.
<i>Suky Fawdry,</i>		Mrs. Smith.	
<i>Molly Brazen,</i>		Mrs. Brathwait.	

I N.

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

BEGGAR.

IF poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the company of beggars; and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

Player. As we live by the Muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So (though you are in want) I wish you success heartily.

Beggar. This piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced the families that are in all your celebrated operas: the Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, &c. Besides I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them take offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no recitative; excepting this, as I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue, it must be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

Player. But I see it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

•• The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I.

SCENE, Peachum's House.

Peachum sitting at a table, with a large book of accounts before him.

AIR I. An old woman clothed in grey.

THROUGH all the employments of life
 Each neighbour abuses his brother ;
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife :
 All professions be-rogue one another.
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine ;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues and for 'em ; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by 'em.

Enter Filch.

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

Peach. Why, she may plead her belly at worst ; to my knowledge she hath taken care of that security. But

6 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to, if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. I may venture to book him: [*Writes.*] for 'Tom Gagg, forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock to-year, than any five of the gang; and in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelve-month longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen-partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education, (to say a bold world) she hath trained up more young fellows to the business, than the gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women, than all the professions besides.

AIR. II. *The bonny grey-ey'd morn, &c.*

Filch. 'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,

By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 37

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in suspense, penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risque another without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. *[Exit.]*

Peach. But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing 'till he is hanged. A register of the gang. *[Reading.]* Crook-fingered Jack. A year and a half in the service: let me see how much the stock owes to his industry; one, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them of true gold. Six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tye-perriwigs, and a piece of broad cloth. Considering these are only fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will, an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a sessions or two longer upon his good behaviour. Harry Paddington, a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius; that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Slippery Sam; he goes off the next sessions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a taylor, which he calls an honest employment. Mat of the Mint; lifted not above a month ago, a promising sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder. Tom Tiddle, a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand. A cart is absolutely necessary for him. Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty.

Enter Mrs. Peachum.

Mrs. Peach. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a present of this ring.

Peach.

8 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black-list, that's all, my dear; he spends his life among women, and as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR III. *Cold and raw, &c.*

If any wench Venus's girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly,
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous smuggly.
Beneath the left ear, so fit but a cord,
(A rope so charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis!

But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all, these seven months. And truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear, you must excuse me, for nobody can help the frailty of an over-scrupulous conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in Newgate every year, purely upon that article? If they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring it in manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? So, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning, for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

Mrs.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear; and though the bank hath stoppt payment, he was so chearful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain! if he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate-houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play, should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really, I am sorry, upon Polly's account, the Captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! What, a plague, does the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then? 2

Mrs. Peach. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be so mad to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highway-men are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl, I'm in the utmost concern about her.

‘AIR IV. *Why is your faithful slave disdain'd?*

‘If love the virgin's heart invade,

‘How, like a moth, the simple maid

‘Still plays about the flame!

‘If soon she be not made a wife,

‘Her honour's sing'd, and then for life,

‘She's—what I dare not name.’

Peach. Look ye, wife. A handsome wench, in our way of business, is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-

coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You see I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can, in any thing, but marriage! after that, my dear, how shall we be safe? are we not then in her husband's power? for a husband hath the absolute power over all a wife's secrets, but her own. If the girl had the discretion of a court-lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear, without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a spark will at once set her on a flame. Married! If the wench does not know her own profit, sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property! My daughter to me should be like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! If the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. May-hap, my dear, you may injure the girl. She loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the Captain liberties in the view of interest.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [Exit.]

Mrs. Peach. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument, than my husband! Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? And why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR V. *Of all the simple things we do, &c.*

A maid is like the golden ore,
Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,
Whose worth is never known, before.
It is try'd and imprest in the mint.

A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamp'd with the name of her spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is sold;
And is current in every house.

Enter

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 11

Enter Filch.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither, Filch. I am as fond of this child as though my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky fession does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy.

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

Mrs. Peach. Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff among the seamen.

Filch. And this snuff-box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in gold! A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the taylors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then, (since I was pumpt) I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. Peach. You should go to Hockley in the Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour. These are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old-Bailey! For the first fact I'll insure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough upon a sentence of transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, even go to your book, and learn your catechism; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the ordinary's paper, who cannot give a satisfactory answer to his questions. But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie; for you know I hate a liar. Do you know of any thing that hath past between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

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

Mrs.

12 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Mrs. Peach. But when the honour of our family is concerned—

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

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Peachum and Polly.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly. We have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR VI. *What shall I do to show how much I love her?*

Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground!
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolick around.
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer in the way of business, or to get out a secret, or so. But if I find out that you have play'd the fool and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, huffy. Now you know my mind.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Peachum.

AIR VII. *O London is a fine town.*

Mrs. Peachum, [in a very great passion.]

Our Polly is a fad slut ! nor heeds what we have taught her,

I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter !

For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell her pride,

With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace ; and she will have men beside ;

And when she's drest with care and cost, all-tempting, fine and gay,

As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

You baggage ! you hussy ! you inconsiderate jade ! had you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your misfortune ; but to do such a mad thing by choice ! The wench is married, husband.

Peach. Married ? The Captain is a bold man, and will risque any thing for money ; to be sure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married ? Baggage !

Mrs. Peach. I knew she was always a proud slut ; and now the wench hath played the fool and married, because forsooth she would do like the gentry. Can you support the expence of a husband, hussy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring ? Have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most ? There are not many husbands and wives, who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way. If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman ? Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord !

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the captain looks upon himself in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying ; and both these ways, let me tell

B

you,

14 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruin'd, or no?

Mrs. Peach. With Polly's fortune, she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting slut!

Peach. What, is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking?

[*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh!

[*Screaming.*

Mrs. Peach. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality are nothing to them: they break through them all. They have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother, as in cheating at cards.

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

AIR VIII. *Grim king of the ghosts, &c.*

Polly. Can love be controul'd by advice?
Will cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kist me so sweetly he prest,
'Twas so sweet, that I must have complied:
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry, for fear you should chide.

Mrs. Peach. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money—But, I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh, husband, husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh!

[*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial, this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

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

Ah,

Ah, huffy, now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glass, Sir; my mama drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The girl shows such a readiness, and so much concern, that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. *O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been?*

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist.
By keeping men off, you keep them on.

Polly. But he so teaz'd me,
And he so pleas'd me,
What I did, you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a high-wayman—You for-ry slut!

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

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

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

Mrs. Peach. Well, Polly; as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, huffy.

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

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

AIR X. *Thomas, I cannot, &c.*

Polly. I like a ship in storms, was tost;
Yet afraid to put into land;
For seiz'd in the port the vessel's lost,
Whose treasure is contraband.

B 2

The

The waves are laid,
 My duty's paid.
 O joy beyond expression !
 Thus, safe a-shore,
 I ask no more,
 My all is in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room ; go, talk with 'em, Polly ; but come again, as soon as they are gone.—But hark ye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating watch, say, you believe we can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Suky Straddle, to make a figure with to-night at a tavern in Drury-lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know beetle-brow'd Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night ; so that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit Polly.*] Dear wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your passion run away with your senses. Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. Peach. If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But, money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations, there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue now-a-days is fit company for any gentleman ; and the world, my dear, hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That, indeed, is a point which ought to be considered.

'AIR XI. *A soldier and a sailor.*

' A fox may steal your hens, Sir,

' A whore your health and pence, Sir,

' Your

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 17.

- ' Your daughter rob your chest, Sir,
- ' Your wife may steal your rest, Sir,
- ' A thief your goods and plate.
- ' But this is all but picking,
- ' With rest, peace, chest, and chicken :
- ' It ever was decreed, Sir,
- ' If lawyer's hand is fee'd, Sir,
- ' He steals your whole estate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way. They don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter Polly.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned. He brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a perriwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happen'd last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair ; for matters must not be as they are. You are married then, it seems ?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

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

Polly. Like other women, Sir, upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. Peach. What, is the wench turn'd fool ? A highway-man's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly ?

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

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

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

Peach. Parting with him ! Why, that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage-articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased ? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

18 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA:

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

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

Polly. What, murder the man I love ! The blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it.

Peach. Fie, Polly ! what hath murder to do in the affair ? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say, the Captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows, that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers ; every man in his business. So that there is no malice in the case.

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

AIR XII. *Now ponder well, ye parents dear.*

Polly. Oh, ponder well ! be not severe ;
 So save a wretched wife !
 For on the rope that hangs my dear,
 Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. Peach. But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity !

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood to me ? I know my heart. I cannot survive him.

AIR XIII. *Le printemps rappelle aux armes.*

The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
 Her lover dying,
 The turtle thus with plaintive crying
 Laments her dove.
 Down she drops quite spent with sighing,
 Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

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

Mrs. Peach. What, is the fool in love in earnest then ?
 I hate

I hate thee for being particular : why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

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

Mrs. Peach. Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin. One word more, huffy, and I shall knock your brains, out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, huffy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful. [*Polly listening.*] The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peach'd the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have an hand in his death. I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a case of necessity---our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest——He shall be taken off.

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

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt Peachum and Mrs. Peachum.*]

Polly. Now I'm a wretch, indeed.---Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand!——I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!——What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace!——I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears!——even butchers weep!——Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee, by a reprieve. What then will become of Polly!——As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape.——It shall be so.——But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! that too will distract me.——If he keeps out of the way, my
papa

20 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

papa and mama may in time relent, and we may be happy.—If he stays, he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my room, 'till the dusk of the evening? If they are abroad I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him. *[Exit, and returns with Macheath.]*

AIR XIV. *Pretty Parrat, say, &c.*

Mac. Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

Polly. Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!

Mac. O pretty, pretty Poll.

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear?

Mac. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my love.—May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if I ever forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear, I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

AIR XV. *Pray, fair one, be kind.*

Mac. My heart was so free.
It rov'd like the bee,
'Till Polly my passion requited;
I sapt each flower,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flower is united.

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

Mac. Is there any power, any force that could tear me
from

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 21

from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from quadrille.—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR XVI. *Over the hills and far away.*

Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass;
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

Polly. Were I fold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

Mac. And I would love you all the day,

Polly. Every night would kiss and play,

Mac. If with me you'd fondly stray

Polly. Over the hills and far away.

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

Mac. How! Part!

Polly. We must, we must.—My papa and mama are set against thy life. They now, even now, are in search after thee. They are preparing evidence against thee. Thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR XVII. *Gin thou wert my own thing.*

O what pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee? Can I leave thee?
O what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But lest death my love should thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiss and then—one kiss—begone—farewel.

Mac.

22 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear, is so riveted to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold.

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should loose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

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

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

AIR XVIII. *O the broom, &c.*

[*Parting and looking back at each other with fondness; he at one door, she at the other.*]

Mac. The miser thus a shilling fees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And tears 'tis gone for aye.

Polly. The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whins, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Tavern near Newgate.*

Jemmy Twitcher, Crook-finger'd Jack, Wat. Dreary,
Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Henry Paddington,
Matt. of the Mint, Ben Budge, *and the rest of the gang,*
at the table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.

BEN.

BUT, pr'ythee, Matt, what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

Mat.

Matt. Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelvemonth; and so clever made a fellow he was, that I could not save him from those flexing rascals, the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the otanys at Surgeon's-hall.

Ben. So it seems, his time was come.

Jem. But the present time is ours; and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levelled at us? Are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms, and the right of conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who, to a man, are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men, and true!

Robin. Of tried courage, and indefatigable industry!

Ned. Who is there here, that would not die for his friend?

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

Matt. Shew me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just partition of the world; for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Matt. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jack-daw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the free-hearted and generous; and where is the injury of taking from another, what he hath not the heart to make use of?

Jem. Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all. Fill the glasses.

AIR XIX. *Fill ev'ry glass, &c.*

Matt. Fill ev'ry glass; for wine inspires us,
And fires us

With courage, love, and joy.

Women and wine should life employ;

Is there ought else on earth desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

Enter Macheath.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met. My heart hath been with you this hour; but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

Matt. We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, Sir, this evening, upon the Heath? I drink a dram now and then with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the western road, who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party—but——

Matt. But what, Sir?

Mac. Is there any man who suspects my courage?

Matt. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Matt. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty, have I ever shewn the least marks of avarice or injustice?

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

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

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

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Matt. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Business cannot go on without him. He is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference; and till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine, shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction; for the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

Matt. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do, but with life. At our private quarters

ters I will continue to meet you. A week, or so, will probably reconcile us.

Matt. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties: so, till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.
[Sits down melancholy at the table.]

AIR XX. *March in Rinaldo, with drums and trumpets.*

Matt. Let us take the road.

Hark, I hear the sound of coaches!

The hour of attack approaches,

To your arms, brave boys, and load.

See the ball I hold!

Let the chymists toil like asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our lead to gold.

[The gang, ranged in the front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles, then go off, singing the first part in chorus.]

Mac. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex: and a man who loves money, might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited.

AIR XXI. *Would you have a young virgin, &c.*

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,

The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;

Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly

Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.

Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,

But her ripe lips are more sweet than those:

Press her,

Carefs her,

With blisses,

Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

C

I must

16 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

I must have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them. Money is not so strong a cordial for the time——Drawer!

Enter Drawer.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley in the Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's-lane. Sure some of them are below; for I hear the bar bell. As they come, I will shew them up. Coming, coming. [*Exit.* *Enter Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly Brazen.*

Mac. Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome: you look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint——Dolly Trull! kiss me, you slut; are you as amorous as ever, hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else. Ah, Dolly, thou wilt ever be a coquette!——Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours; I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives——Betty Doxy! come hither, hussy: do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome beer; for, in troth, Betty, strong waters will, in time, ruin your constitution: you should leave those to your betters——What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! There is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look, with a more mischievous heart. Ah, thou art a dear, artful hypocrite!——Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever! All you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress——But see, here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying: every thing she gets one way, she lays out upon her back. Why, Suky, you must keep at least a dozen tally-men——Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] 'That's well done. I love a free-hearted wench: 'thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle'——But, hark! I hear music. 'The harper is at the door.' "If music be the food of love, play on." Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance! Come in.

Enter

Enter Harper.

Play the French tune, that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of.

[A dance à la ronde in the French manner; near the end of it, this song and chorus.]

AIR XXII. *Cotillon.*

Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.

Chorus. Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love, with youth, flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

Chorus. Let us drink, &c.

Mac. Now, pray, ladies, take your places. Here, fellow. [*Pays the Harper.*] Bid the drawer bring us more wine. [*Exit Harper.*] If any of the ladies choose gin, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

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

Mac. Just the excuse of the fine ladies! Why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late, in your visits among the mercers.

Coax. We have so many interlopers. Yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking. I carried a silver-flowered lutestring, and a piece of black padufoy, to Mr. Peachum's lock but last week.

Vix. There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattlesnake. She rivetted a linen-draper's eye so fast upon her,

her, that he was nicked of three pieces of cambric before he could look off.

Braz. Oh, dear Madam!—But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces; and then you have such a sweet deluding tongue. To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts indeed, who cheats a woman.

Vix. Lace, Madam, lies in a small compass and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coax. If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure, 'tis Jenny Diver. Though her fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his pocket as coolly as if money were her only pleasure. Now, that is a command of the passions uncommon in a woman.

Jenny. I never go to the tavern with a man, but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sort of men for my pleasure. But had I your address, Madam——

Mac. Have done with your compliments, ladies; and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to shew my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

AIR XXIII. *All in a misty morning.*

Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock, by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended:
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen,
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

Mac. Ah, Jenny, thou art a dear flut.

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

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I han't been so long upon the town, but I have met with some good fortune, as well as my neighbours.

Trull.

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

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have lived very handsomely with my last friend. But upon his missing five guineas, he turned me off. Now, I never suspected he had counted them.

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

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

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew; and, bating their religion, to women they are a good sort of people.

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

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

Jenny. But, to be sure, Sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mac. The road, indeed, hath done me justice; but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

A I R XXIV. *When once I lay with another man's wife, &c.*

Jenny. The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,

If they meddle, your all is in danger:

Like gypsies, if once they can finger a fouse,

Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,

And give your estate to a stranger.

A man of courage should never put any thing to the risque, but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his pistol. Tawdry takes up the other.*]

Tawd. This, Sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company, 'tis ill bred.

Mac. Wanton huffies!

Jen. I must and will have a kiss, to give my wine a zest.
[They take him about the neck, and make signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.]

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

Mac. Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them? Beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

Peach. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, Sir, take your leave of the ladies: and if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR XXV. *When first I laid siege to my Chloris.*

Mac. At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
 At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
 Let me go where I will,
 In all kinds of ill,
 I shall find no such furies as these are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning shall be discharged.

[Exit Macheath guarded, with Peachum and Constables; the women remain.]

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

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

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

Trull. Mrs. Slámmekin, that is not fair; for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jen. As far as a bowl of punch, or a treat, I believe Mrs. Suky will join with me. As for any thing else, ladies, you cannot, in conscience, expect it.

Slam.

Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the world——

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be saved, Madam——

Slam. Nay, then, I must stay here all night——

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt with great ceremony.*]

SCENE, Newgate.

Enter Lockit, Turnkeys, Macheath, and Constables.

Lock. Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the custom, Sir; garnish, Captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there.

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

Lock. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him——Hand them down, I say——We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mac. I understand you, Sir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expence of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better.——Take down the further pair.——Do but examine them, Sir——Never was better work.——How genteely they are made!——They will fit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, Sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt Lockit, Turnkeys, and Constables.*]

AIR XXVI. *Courtiers, courtiers think it no harm.*

Mac. Man may escape from rope and gun ;
 Nay, some have out-liv'd the doctor's pill :
 Who takes a woman must be undone,
 That basilisk is sure to kill.
 The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
 So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
 He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myself ! Here must I (all day long, 'till I am hanged) be confined to hear the reproaches of a wench, who lays her ruin at my door.—I am in the custody of her father, and to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.—But I promised the wench marriage.—What signifies a promise to a woman ? Does not man in marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform ? Do all we can, women will believe us ; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations.—But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her—would I were deaf.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. You base man, you,—how can you look me in the face, after what hath past between us ?—See here, perfidious wretch, how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me—Oh, Mac-heath ! thou hast robbed me of my quiet—to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR XXVII. *A lovely lass to a friar came.*

Thus when a good huswife sees a rat,
 In her trap in the morning taken,
 With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat,
 In revenge for her loss of bacon.
 Then she throws him
 To the dog or cat,
 To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.

Mac.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 33

Mac. Have you no bowels, no tenderneſs, my dear Lucy, to ſee a huſband in theſe circumſtances ?

Lucy. A huſband !

Mac. In every reſpect but the form, and that, my dear, may be ſaid over us at any time.—Friends ſhould not inſiſt upon ceremonies. From a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleaſure of all you fine men to inſult the women you have ruined.

AIR XXVIII. *'Twas when the ſea was roaring.*

How cruel are the traitors,
Who lie and ſwear in jeſt,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and reſt !
Whoever ſteals a ſhilling,
Through ſhame the guilt conceals :
In love the perjur'd villain
With boaſts the theft reveals.

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

Lucy. Inſinuating monſter ! And ſo you think I know nothing of the affair of Miſs Polly Peachum.—I could tear thy eyes out !

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

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

Mac. Married ! Very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the houſe ; I chat with the girl, I kiſs her, I ſay a thouſand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myſelf ; and now the ſilly jade hath ſet it about that I am married to her, to let me know what ſhe would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy, theſe violent paſſions may be of ill conſequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your aſſurance, you know that Miſs Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the juſtice you promiſed me.

Macb.

Macb. A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife: and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

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

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage.—What can a man of honour say more?

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

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited. No man can say a civil thing to her, but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR XXIX. *The sun had loosed his weary teams.*

The first time at the looking-glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.
Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger;
But, alas! vain maid, all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father—perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word—for I long to be made an honest woman. [Exit.]

Enter Peachum and Lockit, with an account book.

Lock. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution.—But as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account?

Lock.

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

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

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

Peach. In one respect indeed, our employment may be reckoned dishonest; because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

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

AIR XXX. *How happy are we, &c.*

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe;
Each cries——That was levell'd at me,

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see. Sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case: for he told me in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

Lock. Mr. Peachum,—this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

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

Lock. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm, brother,

Lock. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood.—And this usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you

you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money, for the apprehending of Curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

Lock. Is this language to me, firrah—who have saved you from the gallows, firrah! [*Collaring each other.*]

Peach. If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an errant rascal.

Lock. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!—

Peach. Brother, brother,—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest; 'tis for the interest of the world we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent.—Give me your hand. Suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself: but I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box, that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you, hussy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a spaniel, over the fellow that hath abused you.

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

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman. 'Tis not the fashion, now-a-days, so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry, if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR XXXI. *Of a noble race was Shenkin.*

Lucy. Is then his fate decreed, Sir,
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
Oh, see how my heart is splitting!

Lock. Look ye, Lucy—there is no saving him—So,
I think, you must even do like other widows—buy your-
self weeds, and be chearful.

AIR XXXII.

You'll think, e'er many days ensue,
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying husband.
That, child, is your duty—consider, girl, you can't
have the man and the money too—so make yourself as
easy as you can by getting all you can from him. [*Exit.*
Enter Macheath.

Lucy. Though the ordinary was out out of the way to
day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the first oppor-
tunity, quiet my scruples—Oh, Sir!—my father's
hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost
despair.

Mac. But if I could raise a small sum—would not
twenty guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the
arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the
most prevailing.—Your father's perquisites for the
escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable sum in
the year. Money well timed, and properly applied,
will do any thing.

AIR XXXIII. *London Ladies.*

If you at an office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.

D

Or

38 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent;
That reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do, shall be done: for
all my comfort depends upon your safety.

Enter Polly.

Polly. Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever
intended for this neck!—Oh, let me throw my arms about
it, and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn
away from me?—'Tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

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

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. Oh, Macheath! was it for this we parted?
Taken! Imprisoned! Tried! Hanged!—cruel reflec-
tion! I'll stay with thee 'till death—no force shall tear
thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?
—Not one kind word! not one kind look! think what
thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR XXXIV. *All in the Downs, &c.*

Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the fath is closely pent,
His consort with bemoaning lay,
Without, sits pining for th' event.
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim;
She heeds them not (poor bird) her soul's with him.

Mac. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is dis-
tracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? Can I have
no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women
to believe them! Oh, villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy
aversion to me, too severely proves it.—Look on me.—
Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had
been happy.

Polly.

Polly. And I too—If you had been kind to me 'till death, it would not have vexed me—And that's no very unreasonable request (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

Mac. If women's tongues can cease for an answer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Flesh and blood can't bear my usage.

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

AIR XXXV. *Have you heard of a frolicksome ditty.*

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

Polly. Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shewn to a wife! At least she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with his misfortunes, or he could not use me thus!

Lucy. Oh, villain, villain! thou hast deceived me—I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXVI. *Irish Trot.*

Polly. I'm bubbled.

Lucy. ——— I'm bubbled.

Polly. Oh, how I am troubled!

Lucy. Bamboozled, and bit!

Polly. ——— My distresses are doubled.

Lucy. When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,
These fingers, with pleasure, could fasten the noose.

Polly. I'm bubbled, &c.

D 2

Mac.

Mac. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—This is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow—Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

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

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

Lucy. Really, Miss Peachum, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

AIR XXXVII.

Polly. Cease your funning;
Force or cunning
Never shall my heart trepan.
All these fallies
Are but malice,
To seduce my constant man,
'Tis most certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy shewn:
Pleas'd, to ruin
Others wooing;
Never happy in their own!

Decency, Madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband, while his wife is present.

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

Lucy. If you are determined, Madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the turnkey to shew you the door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam; these forward airs don't become you in the least, Madam. And my

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 41

my duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, Madam.

AIR XXXVIII. *Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.*

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

Polly. Why ~~how~~ now, sauey jade;
Sure the wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made [To him.
The scoff of such a gypsy?
Sauey jade! [To her.

Enter Peachum.

Peach. Where's my wench? Ah, hussy! hussy!—
Come you home, you slut; and when your fellow is
hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some
amends.

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

Peach. Sure all women are alike! If ever they com-
mit one folly, they are sure to commit another by ex-
posing themselves—Away---Not a word more---You are
my prisoner now, hussy.

AIR XXXIX. *Irish Howl.*

Polly. No power on earth can e'er divide
The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.
When parents draw against our mind,
The true-love's knot they faster bind.
Oh, Oh ray, Oh, Amborah—Oh, Oh, &c.
[Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her.
[Exeunt Peachum and Polly.

Mac. I am naturally compassionate, wife; so that I
could not use the wench as she deserved; which made
you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

42 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

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

Mac. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance—No, Lucy,—I had rather die than be false to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! For I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

Lucy. Oh, Macheath, I can never live to see that day.

Mac. You see, Lucy, in the account of love you are in my debt; and you must now be convinced, that I rather chuse to die than be another's.—Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners: and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room—If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear.

Mac. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee—'Till then my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear husband---owe thy life to me---and though you love me not---be grateful---But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XL. *The Last of Patie's Mill.*

Lucy. I like the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side,
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide,
Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Lockit, Lucy.

LOCKIT.

TO be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum and his daughter Polly, and to be sure they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling answers.

Lucy. Well then——If I know any thing of him, I wish I may be burnt!

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

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

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?——How much did he come down with? Come, huffy, don't cheat your father; and I shall not be angry with you——Perhaps, you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done——How much, my good girl?

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

Lock. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard; for a girl in the bar of an alehouse is always besieged.

Lucy. Dear Sir, mention not my education——for 'twas to that I owe my ruin.

‘AIR XLI. *If love's a sweet passion, &c.*

- ‘ When young at the bar you first taught me to score,
- ‘ And bid me be free of my lips, and no more;
- ‘ I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the sot:
- ‘ When the guest was departed, the kiss was forgot.

‘ But

44 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

- But his kifs was fo sweet, and fo clofely he preft,
- That I languish'd and pin'd til I granted the reft.'

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair confeffion ; for, to be fure, he hath been a moft barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And fo you have let him efcape, huffy——have you ?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can perfuade her to any thing——and I could afk no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar flut. Lucy——If you would not be looked upon as a fool, you fhould never do any thing but upon the foot of intereft. Thofe that act otherwife are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, Sir, is a miffortune that may happen to the moft difcreet women ; and in love we are all fools alike——Notwithftanding all he fwore, I am now fully convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife.——Did I let him efcape (fool that I was !) to go to her ?——Polly will wheedle herfelf into his money, and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruined, becaufe, forfooth, you muft be in love !——a very pretty excufe !

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy ftumpet :——I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the fweets of it.——Ungrateful Macheath !

AIR XLII. *South-Sea ballad.*

My love is all madnefs and folly,
 Alone I lye,
 Tofs, tumble, and cry,
 What a happy creature is Polly !
 Was e'er fuch a wretch as I !
 With rage I redder-like fcarlet,
 That my dear inconstant varlet,
 Stark blind to my charms,
 Is loft in the arms
 Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot !
 Stark blind to my charms,
 Is loft in the arms
 Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot !
 This, this my resentment alarms.

Lock.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 45

Lock. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your catterwauling, mistress Puss! — Out of my sight, wanton strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with now and then a little handsome discipline to bring you to your senses. — Go. [*Exit Lucy.*] Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair; but I'll be even with him. — The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage. — 'Lions, wolves, and vultures don't live together in herds, droves, or flocks. — Of all animals of prey, man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together' — Peachum is my companion, my friend — According to the custom of the world, indeed, he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me. — And shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return?

‘ AIR XLIII. *Packington's pound.*

- ‘ Thus gamesters united in friendship are found,
- ‘ Though they know that their industry all is a cheat;
- ‘ They flock to their prey at the dice-box's sound,
- ‘ And join to promote one another's deceit.
- ‘ But if by mishap
- ‘ They fail of a chap,
- ‘ To keep in their hands, they each other entrap.
- ‘ Like pikes, lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
- ‘ They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.’

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

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a quartern of strong waters in the next room with black Moll.

Lock. Bid him come to me.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

Enter Filch.

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved; like a shotten herring.

‘ *Filch.*

Filch. One had need have the constitution of a horse to go through the business.—Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap, I have picked up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being called down to sentence.—But if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure, 'tis what I can't undertake for another session.

Lock. Truly, if that great man should tip off, it would be an irreparable loss. The vigor and prowess of a knight-errant never saved half the ladies in distress that he hath done.—But, boy, can'st thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

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

Lock. Very well.—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him; and in the way of those transactions, I'll artfully get into his secret.—So that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A Gaming-house.*

Macheath in a fine tarnished coat, Ben Budge, Matt of the Mint.

Mach. I am sorry, gentlemen, the road was so barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. [*Gives them money.*] You see, gentlemen, I am not a mere court-friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIV. *Lillibulero.*

The modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true, you find
Some friends so kind,
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend:
In sorrowful ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

But

* A cant word, signifying a warehouse where stolen goods are deposited.

But we, gentlemen, have still honour enough to break through the corruptions of the world—And while I can serve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involved in such difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill company, and herd with gamesters.

Matt. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may steal a horse, better than another look over a hedge.—Of all mechanics, of all servile handycraftsmen, a gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the quality are of the profession, he is admitted amongst the politest company. I wonder we are not more respected.

Mach. There will be deep play to-night at Marybone, and consequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth setting.

Matt. The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told, is never without money.

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

Ben. To be sure, Sir, we will put ourselves under your direction.

Mach. Have an eye upon the money-lenders.—A rouleau, or two, would prove a pretty sort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Matt. Those rouleaus are very pretty things.—I hate your bank bills—there is such a hazard in putting them off.

Mach. There is a certain man of distinction, who in his time hath nicked me out of a great deal of the ready. He is in my cash, Ben;—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt.—The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room. So, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

Matt. Upon honour.

SCENE, *Peachum's Lock.*

A table with wine, brandy, pipes and tobacco.

Peachum, Lockit.

Lock. The coronation account, brother Peachum, is

48 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

of so intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

Peach. It consists indeed of a great variety of articles. — It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten instalments. — ‘ This is part of the account, brother, that lies open before us.

‘ *Lock.* A lady’s tail of rich brocade — that, I see, is disposed of.

‘ *Peach.* To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the tally-woman, and she will make a good hand on’t in shoes and slippers, to trick out young ladies, upon their going into keeping. —

‘ *Lock.* But I don’t see any article of the jewels.

‘ *Peach.* Those are so well known, that they must be sent abroad — you’ll find them entered under the article of exportation — As for the snuff-boxes, watches, swords, &c. — I thought it best to enter them under their several heads.

‘ *Lock.* Seven and twenty women’s pockets complete ; with the several things therein contained ; all sealed, numbered, and entered.’

Peach. But, brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this affair — We should have the whole day before us — Besides, the account of the last half year’s plate is in a book by itself, which lies at the other office.

Lock. ‘ Bring us then more liquor’ — To-day shall be for pleasure — to-morrow for business — Ah, brother, those daughters of ours are two slippery hussies — keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two shall be our own again.

AIR XLV. *Down in the North Country.*

Lock. What gudgeons are we men !

Ev’ry woman’s easy prey :

Though we have felt the hook, agen,
We bite, and they betray.

The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he’s clapt
Within the wiry grate.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 49

Peach. But what signifies catching the bird, if your daughter Lucy will set open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were answerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters, no friends could keep a good correspondence together for two days. — This unkind of you, brother; for among good friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter Filch.

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

Peach. Shall we admit her, brother Lockit?

Lock. By all means——she's a good customer, and a fine spoken woman—and a woman who drinks and talks so freely will enliven the conversation.

Peach. Desire her to walk in.

[*Exit Filch.*]

Enter Mrs. Trapes.

Dear Mrs. Dye, your servant—one may know by your kifs, that your gin is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors.

Lock. There is no perfumed breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the flavour of those lips—han't I, Mrs. Dye?

Trapes. Fill it up—I take as large draughts of liquor, as I did of love—I hate a flincher in either.

AIR XLVI. *A shepherd kept sheep, &c.*

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, &c.

Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la, &c.

The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,

Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glass, fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our business. If you have blacks of any kind, brought in of late; mantuas—velvet scarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will—I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

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

Trap. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing—To be sure, of late years I have been a great suf-

E

ferer

ferer by the parliament.—Three thousand pounds would hardly make me amends—The act for destroying the Mint was a severe cut upon our business——till then, if a customer stepped out of the way——we knew where to have her——no doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer——there's a wench now (till to-day) with a good suit of cloaths of mine upon her back, and I could never set eyes upon her for three months together——Since the act too against imprisonment for small sums, my loss there too hath been very considerable; and it must be so, when a lady can borrow a handsome petticoat, or a clean gown, and I not have the least hank upon her! And, o' my conscience, now-a-days most ladies take delight in cheating, when they can do it with safety.

Peach. Madam, you had a handsome gold watch of us t'other day for seven guineas——Considering we must have our profit——to a gentleman upon the road, a gold watch will be scarce worth the taking.

Trap. Consider, Mr. Peachum, that watch was remarkable, and not of very s. f. sale——If you have any black velvet scarfs——they are a handsome winter wear; and take with most gentlemen who deal with my customers——'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot. 'Tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price. The gentlemen always pay according to their dress, from half a crown to two guineas; and yet those hussies make nothing of bilking of me——Then too, allowing for accidents,——I have eleven fine customers now down under the surgeon's hand——what with fees and other expences, there are great goings-out, and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at least a month's cloathing——We run great risques——great risques indeed.

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

Trap. Yes, Sir,—To be sure I stripped her of a suit of my own cloaths about two hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her shift, with a lover of hers at my house. She called him up stairs, as he was going to Marybone in a hackney-coach——And I hope, for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock.

Lock. What Captain?

Trap. He thought I did not know him —— An intimate acquaintance of yours, Mr. Peachum —— only Captain Macheath —— as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye, you shall set your own price upon any of the goods you like —— We have at least half a dozen velvet scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of this suit of night-cloaths for your own wearing? —— But are you sure it is Captain Macheath!

Trap. Though he thinks I have forgot him; nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's money in my time, at second-hand, for he always loved to have his ladies well drest.

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

Lock. Depend upon it —— we will deal like men of honour.

Trap. I don't enquire after your affairs —— so whatever happens, I wash my hands on't —— It hath always been my maxim, that one friend should assist another —— But if you please, I'll take one of the scarfs home with me; 'tis always good to have something in hand. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter Lucy.

Jealousy, rage, love, and fear are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and shattered with distresses!

AIR XLVII. *One evening having lost my way.*

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,

Now high, now low, with each billow borne,

With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,

Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,

That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!

Revenge, revenge, revenge,

Shall appease my restless sprite.

I have the rats-bane ready. —— I run no risque; for I can lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally,

52 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

naturally, that I shall never be called in question——But say I were to be hanged——I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort, than the poisoning that slut.

Enter Filch.

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

Lucy. Show her in.

Enter Polly.

Lucy. Dear Madam, your servant——I hope you will pardon my passion, when I was so happy to see you last—I was so over-run with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself. And really when one hath the spleen, every thing is to be excused by a friend.

AIR XLVIII. *Now, Roger, I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my son.*

When a wife's in her pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt)
The good husband as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still,
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram.

Poor man! And the quieting draught is a dram;

——I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, Madam, but my misfortunes——And really, Madam, I suffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miss Polly——in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong-waters are apt to give me the head-ach——I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet, for her own private drinking——You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear.

Polly. I am sorry, Madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer——I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, Madam, had
not

my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly——I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful——But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity, rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape, no doubt all matters are made up again——Ah, Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife; and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

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

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

AIR XLIX. *O Bessy Bell, &c.*

Polly. A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing.

Lucy. The pertness of the billing dove,
Like tickling, is but teasing.

Polly. What then in love can woman do?

Lucy. If we grow fond they shun us.

Polly. And when we fly them, they pursue:

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

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting——But my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last behaviour, I think I ought to envy you——When I was forced from him, he did not shew the least tenderness——But perhaps, he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR L. *Wou'd fate to me Belinda give.*

Among the men, coquets we find,
Who court by turns all woman-kind;
And we grant all their hearts desir'd,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

54 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

The coquets of both sexes are self-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear Lucy, our husband is one of those.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy reflections, ——— indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low. Let me prevail upon you, to accept of my offer.

AIR LI. *Come, sweet lass:*

Come, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair;
And make us light as air;
Then drink, and banish care.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits ——— And I must persuade you to what I know will do you good ——— I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy cannot be for nothing ——— At this time too! when I know she hates me! ——— The dissembling of a woman is always the fore-runner of mischief ——— By pouring strong-waters down my throat, she thinks to pump some secrets out of me ——— I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

Enter Lucy, with strong-waters.

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose ——— You must, my dear, excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong-waters, as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me ——— Brandy and men (though women love them never so well) are always taken by us with some reluctance ——— unless 'tis in private.

Polly. I protest, Madam, it goes against me ——— What do I see! Macheath again in custody! ——— Now every glimmering of happiness is lost.

[*Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.*]

Lucy.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 55

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

Enter Lockit, Macheath, and Peachum.

Lockit. Set your heart to rest, Captain.---You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape; for you are ordered to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away, hussies!—This is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives.—You see, the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O husband, husband, my heart long'd to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

AIR LII. *The last time I came o'er the moor.*

Polly. Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes,

Lucy. Bestow one glance to cheer me.

Polly. Think with that look, thy Polly dies.

Lucy. O shun me not, but hear me.

Polly. 'Tis Polly sues.

Lucy. - - - - - 'Tis Lucy speaks.

Polly. Is thus true love requited?

Lucy. My heart is bursting.

Polly. - - - - - Mine too breaks.

Lucy. Must I, - -

Polly. - - - - - Must I be slighted?

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

Peach. But the settling this point, Captain, might prevent a law-suit between your two widows.

AIR LIII. *Tom Tinker's my true love, &c.*

Mac. Which way shall I turn me—how can I decide,

Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.

One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,

But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.

This

56 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would
take ill.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine—a father sure will be more compassionate—Dear, dear Sir, sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial---Polly upon her knees begs it of you.

AIR LIV. *I am a poor shepherd undone.*

When my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of your Polly's tears ;
For, ah ! poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,
Distrest on the dashing wave ;
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a watery grave :
And, alas, poor Polly !
Alack, and well-a-day !
Before I was in love,
Oh ! every month was May.

Lucy. If Peachum's heart is hardened ; sure you, Sir, will have more compassion on a daughter—I know the evidence is in your power.—How then can you be a tyrant to me ? [Kneeling.

AIR LV. *I am the lovely, &c.*

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life
O think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife !
What are cannons or bombs, or clashing of swords !
For death is more certain by witnesses words.
Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder allay ;
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock. Macheath's time is come, Lucy.—We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR

AIR CVI. *A cobbler there was, &c.*

- ' Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat,
- ' When matters require it, must give up our gang ;
- ' And, good reason why,
- ' Or instead of the fry,
- ' Ev'n Peachum and I,
- ' Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang ;
- ' Like poor petty rascals, might hang.'

Peach. Set your heart at rest, Polly.—Your husband is to die to-day,—Therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut.

Lock. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR LVII. *Bonny Dundee.*

Mac. The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met ;
 The judges all rang'd (a terrible show !)
 I go undismay'd,—for death is a debt,
 A debt on demand,—so take what I owe.
 Then farewell, my love,—dear charmers, adieu.
 Contented I die,—'tis the better for you.
 Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,
 For this way at once, I please all my wives.

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt Peachum, Lockit, and Macheath.*]

Polly. Follow them, Filch, to the court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happened.—You'll find me here with Miss Lucy. [*Exit Filch.*] But why is all this music ?

Lucy. The prisoners, whose trials are put off till next session, are diverting themselves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing so charming as music ! I'm fond of it to distraction.—But alas !—now all mirth seems an insult upon my affliction.—let us retire, my dear

58 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

dear Lucy, and indulge our sorrows. — The noisy crew,
you see, are coming upon us. [Exeunt.

A dance of prisoners in chains, &c.

SCENE, *The condemn'd hold.*

Macheath, in a melancholy posture.

AIR LVIII. *Happy Groves.*

O cruel, cruel, cruel case !
Must I suffer this disgrace ?

AIR LIX. *Of all the girls that are so smart.*

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief,
As this best friend a brimmer. [Drinks.

AIR LX. *Britons strike home.*

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

AIR LXI. *Chevy Chase.*

But now again my spirits sink ;
I'll raise them high with wine.
[Drinks a glass of wine.

AIR LXII. *To old Sir Simon the king.*

But valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking.
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking ? [Drinks.

AIR LXIII. *Joy to great Cæsar.*

If thus --- a man can die
Much bolder with brandy.
[Pours out a bumper of brandy.

AIR

AIR LXIV. *There was an old woman, &c.*

So I drink off this bumper---And now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the best.
[Drinks.]

AIR LXV. *Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor.*

But can I leave my pretty hussies,
Without one tear or tender sigh ?

AIR LXVI. *Why are mine eyes still flowing.*

Their eyes, their lips, their buffes,
Recall my love---ah, must I die !

AIR LXVII. *Green sleeves.*

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we han't better company
Upon Tyburn tree !
But gold from law, can take out the sting ;
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Sailor. Some friends of yours, Captain, desire to be
admitted.---I leave you together.

Enter Ben Budge, and Mat of the Mint.

Mac. For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution.---The sheriffs officers, I believe, are now at the door.---That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprized me !---'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people. Therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for in all probability, you may live some months longer.

Mat. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your misfortune---But 'tis what we must all come to.

Mac.

60 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels. Their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in their——Remember your dying friend!——'Tis my last request.——Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do't.

Jailor. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy intreat a word with you.

Mach. Gentlemen, adieu.

[*Exeunt Ben Budge and Mat of the Mint.*]

Enter Lucy and Polly.

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

Polly. How can I support this sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress.

AIR LXVIII. *All you that must take a leap.*

Lucy. Wou'd I might be hang'd!

Polly. ————— And I would so too.

Lucy. To be hang'd with you,

Polly. ————— My dear, with you.

Mach. O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt!

I tremble! I droop!——See my courage is out.

[*Turns up the empty bottle.*]

Polly. No token of love?

Mac. ————— See my courage is out.

[*Turns up the empty pot.*]

Lucy. No token of love?

Polly. ————— Adieu.

Lucy. ————— Farewel.

Mach. But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

Chorus. Tol de rol lol, &c.

Enter Jailor:

Jailor. Four women more, Captain, with a child a-piece. See, here they come.

Enter

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 31

Enter women and children.

Mac. What, four wives more!—This is too much—
Here—tell the Sheriff's officers I am ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Beggar and Player.

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

Beg. Most certainly, Sir: to make the piece perfect, I
was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be
hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the
audience must suppose they were all either hanged or
transported.

Play. Why, then, friend, this is a downright deep
tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong; for an
opera must end happily.

Beg. Your objection is very just, and is easily removed;
for you must allow, that in this kind of drama, 'tis no
matter how absurdly things are brought about. So, you
rabble there—run and cry a reprieve—let the prisoner be
brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we must do, to comply with the taste of
the town.

Beg. Through the whole piece you may observe such
a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is dif-
ficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the
fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the
gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the play
remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most
excellent moral; 'twould have shewn that the lower sort
of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich:
and that they are punished for them.

Enter to them Macheath, with rabble, &c.

Mac. So, it seems I am not left to my choice, but
must have a wife at last—Look ye, my dears, we will
have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth,
and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife, will testify
her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance, a dance.

Mac. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to pre-
sent a partner to each of you. And (if I may without
offence) for this time, I take Polly for mine—and for
life, you slut, for we were really married—As for the rest
—But, at present, keep your own secret. [*To Polly.*

F

A DANCE.

A DANCE.

AIR LXIX. *Lumps of Pudding, &c.*

Thus I stand, like a Turk, with his doxies around;
 From all sides their glances his passion confound;
 For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
 And the different beauties subdue him by turns:
 Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his desires:
 Though willing to all, with but one he retires.
 Then think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
 The wretch of to-day, may be happy to-morrow.

Chorus. Then think of this maxim, &c.

END of the THIRD ACT.



A TABLE

A
T A B L E
OF THE
S O N G S.

A C T I.

A I R	Page
I. <i>Through all the employments of life.</i>	5
II. <i>'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.</i>	6
III. <i>If any wench Venus's girdle wear.</i>	8
IV. <i>If love the virgin's heart invade.</i>	9
V. <i>A maid is like the golden ore.</i>	10
VI. <i>Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre.</i>	12
VII. <i>Our Polly is a sad slut, nor needs what we have taught her.</i>	13
VIII. <i>Can love be controul'd by advice?</i>	14
IX. <i>Oh, Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd.</i>	15
X. <i>I, like a ship in storms, was toss'd.</i>	ibid.
XI. <i>A fox may steal your hens, Sir.</i>	16
XII. <i>Oh, ponder well! be not severe.</i>	18
XIII. <i>The turtle thus, with plaintive crying</i>	ibid.
XIV. <i>Pretty Polly, say.</i>	20
XV. <i>My heart was so free.</i>	ibid.
XVI. <i>Were I laid on Greenland's coast.</i>	21
XVII. <i>Oh, what pain it is to part!</i>	ibid.
XVIII. <i>The miser thus a shilling sees</i>	22

A C T II.

A I R	Page
XIX. <i>Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us.</i>	23
XX. <i>Let us take the road.</i>	25
XXI. <i>If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares.</i>	ib.
XXII. <i>Youth's the season made for joys.</i>	27
XXIII. <i>Before the barn-door crowing.</i>	28
XXIV. <i>The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike.</i>	29
XXV. <i>At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure.</i>	30
XXVI. <i>Man may escape from rope and gun.</i>	32
XXVII. <i>Thus when a good housewife sees a rat.</i>	ibid.
XXVIII. <i>How cruel are the traitors.</i>	33
XXIX. <i>The first time at the looking-glass.</i>	34
XXX. <i>When you censure the age.</i>	35
XXXI. <i>Is then his fate decreed, Sir?</i>	37
XXXII. <i>You'll think, ere many days ensue.</i>	ibid.
XXXIII. <i>If you at an office solicit your due.</i>	ibid.
XXXIV. <i>Thus when the swallow seeking prey.</i>	38
XXXV. <i>How happy could I be with either.</i>	39
XXXVI. <i>I'm bubbled.</i>	ibid.
XXXVII. <i>Cease your funning.</i>	40
XXXVIII. <i>Why, how now, Madam Flirt.</i>	41
XXXIX. <i>No power on earth can e'er divide.</i>	ibid.
XL. <i>I like the fox shall grieve.</i>	42

A C T III.

XLI. <i>When young at the bar you first taught me to score.</i>	43
XLII. <i>My love is all madness and folly.</i>	44
XLIII. <i>Thus gamesters united in friendship, &c.</i>	45
XLIV. <i>The modes of the court so common are grown.</i>	46
XLV. <i>What gudgeons are we men!</i>	48
XLVI. <i>In the days of my youth, I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, &c.</i>	49
XLVII. <i>I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost.</i>	51
XLVIII. <i>When a wife's in her pout.</i>	52
XLIX. <i>A curse attends that woman's love.</i>	53
L. <i>Among the men, coquettes we find.</i>	ibid.
LI. <i>Come, sweet lass.</i>	54
LII. <i>Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes.</i>	55

LIII.

A TABLE of the SONGS.

65

A I R

Page

- LIII. *Which way shall I turn me?* 55
 LIV. *When my hero in court appears.* 56
 LV. *When he holds up his hand, arraign'd for his life.* ibid.
 LVI. *Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat.* 57
 LVII. *The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met.* ib.
 LVIII. *Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel case.* 58
 LIX. *Of all the friends in time of grief.* ibid.
 LX. *Since I must saving—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine.* ibid.
 LXI. *But now again my spirits sink.* ibid.
 LXII. *But valour the stronger grows.* ibid.
 LXIII. *If thus—A man can die.* ibid.
 LXIV. *So I drink off this bumper—And now I can stand the test.* 59
 LXV. *But can I leave my pretty buffies.* ibid.
 LXVI. *Their eyes, their lips, their buffies.* ibid.
 LXVII. *Since laws were made for ev'ry degree.* ibid.
 LXVIII. *Would I might be hang'd!* 60
 LXIX. *Thus I stand like a Turk, with his doxies around.* 62



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MONTHLY REVIEW,



BELL'S EDITION.

P O L L Y.

AN OPERA,

As written by JOHN GAR.

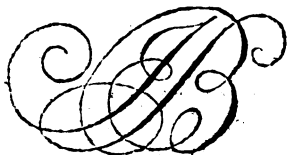
BEING THE SECOND PART

OF THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

*Rare antecedentem scelestum
Deservit pede pœna claudo.*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand;

MDCCLXXVII.

P R E F A C E.

AFTER Mr. Rich and I were agreed upon terms and conditions for bringing this piece on the stage, and that every thing was ready for rehearsal, the lord chamberlain sent an order from the country to prohibit Mr. Rich to suffer any play to be rehearsed upon his stage till it had been first of all supervised by his grace. As soon as Mr. Rich came from his grace's secretary (who had sent for him to receive the before-mentioned order) he came to my lodgings and acquainted me with the orders he had received.

Upon the lord chamberlain's coming to town, I was confined by sickness, but in four or five days I went abroad, on purpose to wait upon his grace, with a faithful and genuine copy of this piece, excepting the errata of the transcriber.

As I have had several suggestions and false insinuations concerning the copy; I take this occasion in the most solemn manner to affirm, that the very copy I delivered to Mr. Rich, was written in my own hand, some months before, at the Bath, from my own first foul blotted papers; from this, that for the playhouse was transcribed, from whence Mr. Stede, the prompter, copied that which I delivered to the lord chamberlain: and, excepting my own foul blotted papers, I do protest I know of no other copy whatsoever, than those I have mentioned.

The copy which I gave into the hands of Mr. Rich had been seen before by several persons of the greatest distinction and veracity, who will be ready to do me the honour and justice to attest it; so that not only by them, but by Mr. Rich and Mr. Stede, I can (against all insinuation or positive affirmation) prove in the most clear and undeniable manner, if occasion required, what I have here upon my own honour and credit asserted. The introduction indeed was not shewn to the lord cham-

berlain, which, as I had not then quite settled, was never transcribed in the playhouse copy.

It was on Saturday morning, December 7th, 1728, that I waited upon the lord chamberlain; I desired to have the honour of reading the opera to his grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did, upon expectation of having it returned on the Monday following; but I had it not till Thursday, December 12, when I received it from his grace with this answer; "that it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded "to be suppressed." This was told me in general, without any reasons assigned, or any charge against me of my having given any particular offence.

Since this prohibition I have been told, that I am accused, in general terms, of having written many disaffected libels and seditious pamphlets. As it hath ever been my utmost ambition (if that word may be used upon this occasion) to lead a quiet and inoffensive life, I thought my innocence in this particular would never have required a justification; and as this kind of writing is what I have ever detested, and never practised, I am persuaded so groundless a calumny can never be believed, but by those who do not know me. But as general aspersions of this sort have been cast upon me, I think myself called upon to declare my principles; and I do, with the strictest truth, affirm, that I am as loyal a subject and as firmly attached to the present happy establishment, as any of those who have the greatest places or pensions. I have been informed too, that, in the following play, I have been charged with writing immoralities; that it is filled with slander and calumny against particular great persons; and that majesty itself is endeavoured to be brought into ridicule and contempt.

As I knew that every one of these charges was in every point absolutely false and without the least grounds, at first I was not at all affected by them; but when I found they were still insisted upon, and that particular passages, which were not in the play, were quoted and propagated to support what had been suggested, I could no longer bear to lie under these false accusations; so by printing it, I have submitted and given up all present views of profit which might accrue from

from the stage, which undoubtedly will be some satisfaction to the worthy gentlemen who have treated me with so much candour and humanity, and represented me in such favourable colours.

But as I am conscious to myself, that my only intention was to lash, in general, the reigning and fashionable vices, and to recommend and set virtue in as amiable a light as I could; to justify and vindicate my own character, I thought myself obliged to print the opera without delay, in the manner I have done.

As the play was principally designed for representation, I hope, when it is read, it will be considered in that light: and when all that hath been said against it shall appear to be entirely misunderstood or misrepresented; if, some time hence, it should be permitted to appear on the stage, I think it necessary to acquaint the public, that, as far as a contract of this kind can be binding, I am engaged to Mr. Rich, to have it represented upon his theatre.

March 25, 1729.

INTRODUCTION.

Poet and Player.

POET.

A Sequel to a play is like more last words. It is a kind of absurdity ; and really, Sir, you have prevailed upon me to pursue this subject against my judgment.

1st Play. Be the success as it will, you are sure of what you have contracted for ; and, upon the inducement of gain, nobody can blame you for undertaking it.

Poet. I know, I must have been looked upon as whimsical, and particular, if I had scrupled to have risked my reputation for my profit ; for why should I be more squeamish than my betters ? and so, Sir, contrary to my opinion, I bring Polly once again upon the stage.

1st Play. Consider, Sir, you have prepossession on your side.

Poet. But then the pleasure of novelty is lost ; and in a thing of this kind, I am afraid I shall hardly be pardoned for imitating myself ; for sure, pieces of this sort are not to be followed as precedents. My dependance, like a tricking bookseller's, is that the kind reception the first part met with, will carry off the second, be it what it will.

1st Play. You should not disgrace your own works ; you will have critics enough who will be glad to do that for you : and let me tell you, Sir, after the success you have had, you must expect envy.

Poet. Since I have had more applause than I can deserve, I must, with other authors, be content, if critics allow me less. I should be an arrant courtier, or an arrant beggar, indeed, if as soon as I have received one undeserved favour, I should lay claim to another ; I do not flatter myself with the like success.

1st Play.

1st Play. I hope, Sir, in the catastrophe you have not run into the absurdity of your last piece?

Poet. I know that I have been unjustly accused of having given up my moral for a joke, like a fine gentleman in conversation; but whatever be the event now, I will not so much as seem to give up my moral.

1st Play. Really, Sir, an author should comply with the customs and taste of the town.—I am indeed afraid too that your satire here and there is too free. A man should be cautious how he mentions any vice whatsoever before good company, lest somebody present should apply it to himself.

Poet. The stage, Sir, hath the privilege of the pulpit, to attack vice however dignified or distinguished; and preachers and poets should not be too well bred upon these occasions: nobody can overdo it when he attacks the vice and not the person.

1st Play. But how can you hinder malicious applications?

Poet. Let those answer for them who make them. I aim at no particular persons; my strokes are at vice in general; but if any men particularly vicious are hurt, I make no apology, but leave them to the cure of their flatterers. If an author write in character, the lower people reflect on the follies and vices of the rich and great, and an Indian judges and talks of Europeans, by those he hath seen and conversed with, &c. And I will venture to own, that I wish every man of power or riches were really and apparently virtuous; which would soon amend and reform the common people, who act by imitation.

1st Play. But a little indulgence and partiality to the vices of your own country, without doubt, would be looked upon as more discreet. Though your satire, Sir, is on vices in general, it must and will give offence; every vicious man thinks you particular, for conscience will make self-application. And why will you make yourself so many enemies? I say no more upon this head. As to us, I hope you are satisfied we have done all we could for you; for you will now have the advantage of all our best fingers.

Enter

Enter 2d Player.

2d Play. It is impossible to perform the opera to-night, all the fine singers within are out of humour with their parts. The tenor says, he was never offered such an indignity, and in a rage flung his clean lamb-skin gloves into the fire; he swears that in his whole life he never did sing, would sing, or could sing, but in true kid.

1st Play. Music might tame and civilize wild beasts; but it is evident it never yet could tame and civilize musicians.

Enter 3d Player.

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

1st Pla. Tell her, by her contract I can make her sing it.

Enter Signora Crotchetta.

Crotch. Barbarous tramontane! Where are all the lovers of vertu? Will they not all rise in arms in my defence? Make me sing it! good gods! should I tamely submit to such usage, I should debase myself through all Europe.

1st Play. In the opera, nine or ten years ago, I remember, Madam, your appearance in a character little better than a fish.

Crotch. A fish! monstrous! Let me inform you, Sir, that a mermaid or syren is not many removes from a sea-goddess; or I had never submitted to be that fish which you are pleased to call me, by way of reproach. I have a cold, Sir; I am sick. I do not see why I may not be allowed the privilege of sickness now and then as well as others. If a singer may not be indulged in her humours, I am sure she will soon become of no consequence to the town. And so, Sir, I have cold; I am hoarse. I hope now you are satisfied.

[*Exit Crotchetta, in a fury.*]

Enter 4th Player.

4th Play. Sir, the base voice insists upon pearl-coloured stockings and red-heeled shoes.

1st Play. There is no governing caprice. But how shall we make our excuses to the house?

4th Play.

4th Play. Since the town was last year so good as to encourage an opera without fingers; the favour I was then shewn obliges me to offer myself once more, rather than the audience should be dismissed. All the other comedians, upon this emergency, are willing to do their best, and hope for your favour and indulgence.

1st Play. Ladies and gentlemen, as we wish to do every thing for your diversion, and that fingers only will come when they will come, we beg you to excuse this unforeseen accident, and to except the proposal of the comedians, who rely wholly on your courtesy and protection.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE OVERTURE.

D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Mr. Ducat, a West-Indian planter.
Morana (alias Macheath) captain of the pirates.
 Vanderbluff, }
 Capstern, }
 Hacker, } *Pirates.*
 Culverin, }
 Laguerre, }
 Cutlace, }
Pohetohee, an Indian king.
Cawwawkee, his son.

Servants, Indians, Pirates, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Polly Peachum.
Mrs. Ducat.
Diana Trapes.
Jenny Diver.
 Flimzy, }
 Damaris, } *Servants to Trapes.*

SCENE, in the West-Indies.

POLLY.

P O L L Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E, Ducat's House.

Ducat and Trapes.

TRAPEs.

THOUGH you were born and bred and live in the Indies, as you are a subject of Britain you should live up to our customs. Prodigality there, is a fashion that is among all ranks of people. Why, our very younger brothers push themselves into the polite world by squandering more than they are worth. You are wealthy, very wealthy, Mr. Ducat; and I grant you, the more you have, the taste of getting more should grow stronger upon you. 'Tis just so with us. But then the richest of our lords and gentlemen, who live elegantly, always run out. 'Tis genteel to be in debt. Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expensive in your pleasures.

AIR I. *The disappointed widow.*

The manners of the great affect :

Stint not your pleasure :

If conscience had their genius checkt,

How got they treasure ?

The more in debt, run in debt the more,

Careless who is undone :

Morals and honesty leave to the poor,

As they do at London.

Duc. I never thought to have heard thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in the whole

whole Indies who lives more plentifully than myself ; nor who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

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

Duc. Ay, and more !

Trap. But for all that, d'ye see, you married men are my best customers. It keeps wives upon their good behaviour.

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

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

Duc. As I have a good estate, Mrs. Trapes, I would willingly run into every thing that is suitable to my dignity and fortune. Nobody throws himself into the extravagancies of life with a freer spirit. As to conscience and musty morals, I have as few drawbacks upon my profits or pleasures as any man of quality in England ; in those I am not in the least vulgar. Besides, Madam, in most of my expences I run into the polite taste. I have a fine library of books that I never read ; I have a fine stable of horses that I never ride ; I build, I buy plate, jewels, pictures, or any thing that is valuable and curious, as your great men do, merely out of ostentation. But indeed I must own, I do still cohabit with my wife ;

and

and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon account of my visits to you.

Trap. Indeed, indeed, Mr. Ducat, you should break through all this usurpation at once, and keep. Now too is your time; for I have a fresh cargo of ladies just arrived: nobody alive shall set eyes upon 'em till you have provided yourself. You should keep your lady in awe by her maid; place a handsome, sprightly wench near your wife, and she will be a spy upon her into the bargain. I would have you shew yourself a fine gentleman in every thing.

Duc. But I am somewhat advanc'd in life, Mrs. Trapes, and my duty to my wife lies very hard upon me; I must leave keeping to younger husbands and old bachelors.

Trap. There it is again now! Our very vulgar pursue pleasures in the flush of youth and inclination, but our great men are modestly profligate when their appetite hath left them.

AIR II. *The Irish ground.*

BASS.

Duc. What can wealth
When we're old?
Youth and health
Are not sold.

TREBLE.

Trap. When love in the pulse beats low,
(As haply it may with you)
A girl can fresh youth bestow,
And kindle desire anew.
Thus, numb'd in the brake,
Without motion, the snake
Sleeps cold winter away:
But in every vein
Life quickens again
On the bosom of May.

B

We

We are not here, I must tell you, as we are at London, where we can have fresh goods every week by the wagon. My maid is again gone aboard the vessel; she is perfectly charmed with one of the ladies; it will be a credit to you to keep her. I have obligations to you, Mr. Ducat, and I would part with her to no man alive but yourself. If I had her at London, such a lady would be sufficient to make my fortune; but, in truth, she is not impudent enough to make herself agreeable to the sailors in a public house in this country. By all accounts, she hath a behaviour only fit for a private family.

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

Trap. Just as the fine gentlemen do with us. We could bring you many great precedents for treating a wife with indifference, contempt, and neglect; but that, indeed, would be running into too high life. I would have you keep some decency, and use her with civility. You should be so obliging as to leave her to her liberties, and take them to yourself. Why, all our fine ladies, in what they call pin-money, have no other views; it is what they all expect.

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

Trap. As to that, Sir, you may do as you please. Should it ever come to her knowledge, custom and education perhaps may make her at first think it somewhat odd. But this I can affirm with a safe conscience, that many ladies of quality have servants of this sort in their families, and you can afford an expence as well as the best of them.

Duc. I have a fortune, Mrs. Trap, and would fain make a fashionable figure in life; if we can agree upon the price, I'll take her into the family.

Trap. I am glad to see you fling yourself into the polite taste with a spirit. Few, indeed have the turn or talents to get money; but fewer know how to spend it handsomely after they have got it. The elegance of luxury consists in variety, and love requires it as much as any of our appetites and passions, and there is a time

time of life when a man's appetite ought to be whetted by delicacy.

Don. Nay, Mrs. Trapes, now you are too hard upon me. Sure, you cannot think me such a clown as to be really in love with my wife! We are not so ignorant here as you imagine; why, I married her in a reasonable way, only for her money.

AIR III. *No! Hills.*

He that weds a beauty
Soon will find her cloy;
When pleasure grows a duty,
Farewel love and joy;
He that weds for treasure
(Though he hath a wife)
Hath chose one lasting pleasure
In a married life.

Enter Damaris.

Damaris [*Calling at the door.*] Damaris, I charge you not to stir from the door, and the instant you see your lady at a distance, returning from her walk, be sure to give me notice.

Trap. She is in most charming rigging; she won't cost you a penny, Sir, in clothes at first setting out. But alack-a-day! no bargain could ever thrive with dry lips: a glass of liquor makes every thing go so glibby.

Duc. Here, Damaris; a glass of rum for Mrs. Dye.

[*Damaris goes out, and returns with a bottle and glass.*]

Trap. But as I was saying, Sir, I would not part with her to any body alive but yourself; for, to be sure, I could turn her to ten times the profit by jobs and chance customers. Come, Sir, here's to the young lady's health.

Enter Flimzy.

Well, Flimzy; are all the ladies safely landed, and have you done as I ordered you?

Film. Yes, Madam. The three ladies for the run of the house are safely lodg'd at home; the other is without in the hall to wait your commands. She is a

most delicious creature, that's certain. Such lips, such eyes, and such flesh and blood ! If you had her in London you could not fail of the custom of all the foreign ministers. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, I was forc'd to tell her ten thousand lies before I could prevail upon her to come with me. Oh, Sir, you are the most lucky, happy man in the world ! Shall I go call her in ?

Trap. 'Tis necessary for me, first to instruct her in her duty and the ways of the family. The girl is bashful and modest, so I must beg leave to prepare her by a little private conversation ; and afterwards, Sir, I shall leave you to your private conversations.

Flim. But, I hope, Sir, you won't forget poor Flimzy ; for the richest man alive could not be more scrupulous than I am upon these occasions, and the bribe only can make me excuse it to my conscience. I hope, Sir, you will pardon my freedom. [*He gives her money.*]

AIR IV. *Sweetheart, think upon me.*

My conscience is of courtly mold,
Fit for highest station.

Where's the hand, when touch'd with gold,
Proof against temptation ? [*Exit Flimzy.*]

Duc. We can never sufficiently encourage such useful qualifications. You will let me know when you are ready for me. [*Exit.*]

Trap. I wonder I am not more wealthy ; for o' my conscience, I have as few scruples as those that are ten thousand times as rich. But, alack-a-day ! I am forc'd to play at small game. I now and then betray and ruin an innocent girl. And what of that ? Can I in conscience expect to be equally rich with those who betray and ruin provinces and countries ? In troth, all their great fortunes are owing to situation ; as for genius and capacity I can match them to a hair : were they in my circumstance, they would act like me ; were I in theirs, I should be rewarded as a most profound penetrating politician.

AIR

AIR V. *'Twas within a furlong.*

In pimps and politicians
 The genius is the same ;
 Both raise their own conditions
 On others guilt and shame :
 With a tongue well-tip'd with lies
 Each the want of parts supplies,
 And with a heart that's all disguise,
 Keeps his schemes unknown.
 Seducing as the devil,
 They play the tempter's part,
 And have, when most they're civil,
 Most mischief in their heart.
 Each a secret commerce drives,
 First corrupts and then connives,
 And by his neighbour's vices thrives,
 For they are all his own.

Enter Flimzy and Polly.

Trap. Bless my eye-sight ! what do I see ? I am in a dream, or it is Miss Polly Peachum ! Mercy upon me ! child, what brought you on this side of the water ?

Polly. Love, Madam, and the misfortunes of our family. But I am equally surprized to find an acquaintance here : you cannot be ignorant of my unhappy story, and perhaps from you, Mrs. Dye, I may receive some information that may be useful to me.

Trap. You need not be much concern'd, Miss Polly at a sentence of transportation ; for a young lady of your beauty hath wherewithal to make her fortune in any country.

Polly. Pardon me, Madam ; you mistake me. Tho' I was educared among the most profligate in low-life, I never engag'd in my father's affairs as a thief or thief-catcher, for indeed I abhorr'd his profession. Would my papa had never taken it up, he then still had been alive, and I had never known Macheath !

AIR VI. *Sortez de vos retraites.*

She who hath felt a real pain
 By Cupid's dart,
 Finds that all absence is in vain
 To cure her heart.
 Though from my lover cast
 Far as from pole to pole,
 Still the pure flame must last,
 For love is in the soul.

You must have heard, Madam, that I was unhappy in my marriage. When Macheath was transported, all my peace was banished with him ; and my papa's death hath now given me liberty to pursue my inclinations.

Trap. Good lack-a-day ! poor Mr. Peachum ! Death was so much oblig'd to him, that I wonder he did not allow him a reprieve for his own sake. Truly, I think he was obliged to nobody more, except the physicians : but they die, it seems, too. Death is very impartial ; he takes all alike, friends and foes.

Polly. Every monthly sessions-paper, like the apothecary's files (if I may make the comparison) was a record of his services. But my papa kept company with gentlemen, and ambition is catching. He was in too much haste to be rich. I wish all great men would take warning. 'Tis now seven months since my papa was hang'd.

Trap. This will be a great check indeed to your men of enterprising genius ; and it will be unsafe to push at making a great fortune, if such accidents grow common. But sure, child, you are not so mad as to think of following Macheath.

Polly. In following him I am in pursuit of my quiet. I love him ; and, like a troubled ghost, shall never be at rest till I appear to him. If I can receive any information of him from you, it will be a cordial to a wretch in despair.

Trap. My dear, Miss Polly, you must not think of it. 'Tis now above a year and a half since he robb'd his master, ran away from the plantation, and turn'd pirate. Then too what puts you beyond all possibility of redress, is, that since he came over he married a transported slave,

slave, one Jenny Diver, and she is gone off with him. You must give over all thoughts of him, for he is a very devil to our sex ; not a woman of the greatest vivacity shifts her inclinations half so fast as he can. Besides, he would disown you ; for, like an upstart, he hates an old acquaintance. I am sorry to see those tears, child, but I love you too well to flatter you.

Polly. Why have I a heart so constant ? Cruel love !

AIR VII. *O Waly, Waly, up the bank.*

Farewel, farewel, all hopes of bliss !

For Polly always must be thine.

Shall then my heart be ever his,
Which never can again be mine ?

O love, you play a cruel part,

Thy shaft still festers in the wound ;

You should reward a constant heart,

Since 'tis, alas, so seldom found !

Trap. I tell you once again, Miss Polly, you must think no more of him. You are like a child who is crying after a butterfly, that is hopping and fluttering upon every flower in the field ; there is not a woman that comes in his way, but he must have a taste of ; besides, there is no catching him. But, my dear girl, I hope you took care, at your leaving England, to bring off wherewithal to support you.

Polly. Since he is lost, I am insensible of every other misfortune. I brought indeed a sum of money with me, but my chest was broke open at sea, and I am now a wretched vagabond expos'd to hunger and want, unless charity relieve me.

Trap. Poor child ! your father and I have had great dealings together, and I shall be grateful to his memory. I will look upon you as my daughter ; you shall be with me.

Polly. As soon as I can have remittances from England, I shall be able to acknowledge your goodness : I have still five hundred pounds there, which will be return'd to me upon demand ; but I had rather undertake any honest

nest service that might afford me a maintenance than be burthensome to my friends.

Trap. Sure never any thing happen'd so luckily ! Madam Ducat just now wants a servant, and I know she will take my recommendation ; and one so tight and handy as you, must please her : then too, her husband is the civilest, best-bred man alive. You are now in her house, and I won't leave it till I have settled you. Be chearful, my dear child, for who knows but all these misfortunes may turn to your advantage ? You are in a rich agreeable family, and I dare say your person and behaviour will soon make you a favourite. As to Captain Macheath, you may now safely look upon yourself as a widow ; and who knows, if Madam Ducat should tip off, what may happen ? I shall recommend you, Miss Polly, as a gentlewoman.

AIR VIII. *O Jenny, come tie me.*

Despair is all folly ;

Hence, melancholy !

Fortune attends you while youth is in flower.

By beauty's possession

Us'd with discretion,

Woman at all times hath joy in her power.

Polly. The service, Madam, you offer me, makes me as happy as I can be in my circumstance, and I accept of it with ten thousand obligations.

Trap. Take a turn in the hall with my maid for a minute or two, and I'll take care to settle all matters and conditions for your reception. Be assur'd, Miss Polly, I'll do my best for you. [*Exeunt Polly and Flimzy.*]

Enter Ducat.

Trap. Mr. Ducat. Sir. You may come in. I have had this very girl in my eye for you ever since you and I were first acquainted ; and, to be plain with you, Sir, I have run great risques for her. I had many a stratagem, to be sure, to inveigle her away from her relations ! she too herself was exceeding difficult ; and I can assure you, to ruin a girl of severe education is no small addition to the pleasure of our fine gentlemen.

I can

I can be answerable for it too, that you will have the first of her. I am sure I could have dispos'd of her upon the same account, for at least a hundred guineas to an alderman of London; and then too I might have had the disposal of her again as soon as she was out of keeping; but you are my friend, and I shall not deal hard with you.

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

Trap. Sure you cannot think a hundred pistoles too much; I mean for me. I leave her wholly to your generosity. Why your fine men, who never pay any body else, pay their pimps and bawds well; always ready money. I ever dealt conscientiously, and set the lowest price upon my ladies; when you see her, I am sure you will allow her to be as choice a piece of beauty as ever you laid eyes on.

Duc. But, dear Mrs Dye, a hundred pistoles say you? why, I could have half a dozen negro princesses for the price.

Trap. But sure you cannot expect to buy a fine handsome Christian at that rate? You are not us'd to see such goods on this side of the water. For the women, like the clothes, are all tarnished and half worn out before they are sent hither. Do but cast your eye upon her, Sir; the door stands half open; see, yonder she trips in conversation with my maid Flimzy in the hall.

Duc. Why truly I must own she is handsome.

Trap. Bless me! you are no more mov'd by her, than if she were your wife. Handsome! what a cold husband-like expression is that! Nay, there is no harm done. If I take her home, I don't question the making more money of her. She was never in any body's house but your own, since she was landed. She is pure as she was imported, without the least adulteration.

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

Trap.

Trap. What a shape is there! she's of the finest growth.

Duc. You make me mis-reckon. She even takes off my eyes from gold.

Trap. What a curious pair of sparkling eyes!

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

Trap. What a racy flavour must breathe from those tips!

Duc. I want no provoking commendations. I'm in youth; I'm on fire! Twenty more makes it thirty; and this here makes it just fifty.

Trap. What a most inviting complexion! how charming a colour! In short, a fine woman has all the perfections of fine wine, and is a cordial that is ten times as restorative.

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

Enter Damaris.

Dama. Sir, Sir, my mistress is just at the door. [*Ex.*

Duc. Get you out of the way this moment, dear Mrs. Dye; for I would not have my wife see you. But don't stir out of the house till I am put in possession. I'll get rid of her immediately. [*Exit Trapes.*

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Duc. I can never be out of the way, for an hour or so, but you are with that filthy creature. If you were young, and I took liberties, you could not use me worse; you could not, you beastly fellow. Such usage might force the most virtuous woman to resentment. I don't see why the wives in this country should not put themselves upon as easy a foot as in England. In short, Mr. Ducat, if you behave yourself like an English husband, I will behave myself like an English wife.

AIR IX. *Red bonse.*

I will have my humours, I'll please all my senses,

I will not be stinted—in love or expences.

I'll dress with profusion, I'll game without measure;

You shall have the business, I will have the pleasure:

Thus

Thus every day I'll pass my life,
My home shall be my least resort;
For sure 'tis fitting that your wife
Should copy ladies of the court.

Duc. All these things, I know, are natural to the sex, my dear. But husbands, like colts, are restif, and they require a long time to break 'em. Besides, 'tis not the fashion as yet, for husbands to be govern'd in this country. That tongue of yours, my dear, hath not eloquence enough to persuade me out of my reason. A woman's tongue, like a trumpet, only serves to raise my courage.

AIR X. *Old Orpheus tickl'd, &c.*

When billows come breaking on the strand,
The rocks are deaf and unshaken stand:
Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar,
And I can stand woman's tongue—that's more;
With a twinkum, twankum, &c.

With that weapon, women, like pirates, are at war with the whole world. But, I thought, my dear, your pride would have kept you from being jealous. 'Tis the whole business of my life to please you; but wives are like children, the more they are flatter'd and humour'd, the more perverse they are. Here now have I been laying out my money, purely to make you a present, and I have nothing but these freaks and reproaches in return. You wanted a maid, and I have bought you the handiest creature; she will indeed make a very creditable servant.

Mrs. Duc. I will have none of your huffies about me. And so, Sir, you would make me your convenience, your bawd. Out upon it!

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

Mrs. Duc. For your own filthy inclinations, you mean. I won't bear it. What, keep an impudent strumpet under my nose! Here's fine doings, indeed!

Duc. I will have the directions of my family. 'Tis my pleasure it shall be so. So, Madam, be satisfy'd.

AIR XI. *Christ-church bells.*

When a woman jealous grows,
Farewel all peace of life!

Mrs. Duc. But ere man roves, he should pay what he
owes,

And with her due content his wife.

Duc. 'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.

Mrs. Duc. We too, whene'er we list, obey.

Duc. 'Tis just and fit

You should submit.

Mrs. Duc. But sweet kind husband—not to-day.

Duc. Let your clack be still.

Mrs. Duc. Not till I have my will.

If thus you reason flight,

There's never an hour,

While breath has power,

But I will assert my right.

Would I had you in England ; I should have all the women there rise in arms in my defence. For the honour and prerogative of the sex, they would not suffer such a precedent of submission. And so, Mr. Ducat, I tell you once again, that you shall keep your trollops out of the house, or I will not stay in it.

Duc. Look'ee, wife ; you will be able to bring about nothing by pouting and vapours. I have resolution enough to withstand either obstinacy or stratagem. And I will break this jealous spirit of yours before it gets a head. And so, my dear, I order, that upon my account, you behave yourself to the girl as you ought.

Mrs. Duc. I wish you would behave yourself to your wife as you ought ; that is to say, with good manners and compliance. And so, Sir, I leave you and your minx together. I tell you once again, that I would sooner die upon the spot, than not to be mistress of my own house.

[*Exit, in a passion.*]

Duc. If by these perverse humours, I should be forc'd to part with her, and allow her a separate maintenance ; the thing is so common among people of condition, that it could not prove to my discredit. Family divisions, and matrimonial controversies are a kind

of

proof of a man's riches ; for the poor people are happy in marriage out of necessity, because they cannot afford to disagree.

Enter Damaris.

Damaris, saw you my wife ? Is she in her own room ? What said she ? Which way went she ?

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

AIR XII. *Cheshire-rounds.*

When kings by their huffing
Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cuffing
Light upon the rabble.
Thus when man and wife
By their mutual snubbing,
Kindle civil strife,
Servants get the drubbing.

Duc. I would have you, Damaris, have an eye upon your mistress. You should have her good at heart, and inform me when she has any schemes a-foot ; it may be the means to reconcile us.

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

Duc. I depend upon you, Damaris, for intelligence. You may observe her at a distance ; and as soon as she comes into her own room, bring me word. There is the sweetest pleasure in the revenge that I have now in my head ! I'll this instant go and take my charge from Mrs. Trapes. [*Aside.*] Damaris, you know your instructions.

[*Exit.*

Dam. Sure all masters and mistresses, like politicians, judge of the conscience of making by their own, and require treachery of their servants as a duty ! I am employ'd

ploy'd by my master to watch my mistress, and by my mistress to watch my master. Which party shall I espouse? To be sure my mistress's. For in hers, jurisdiction and power, the common cause of the whole sex, are at stake. But my master I see is coming this way. I'll avoid him, and make my observations. [Exit.]

Enter Ducat and Polly.

Duc. Be chearful, Polly, for your good fortune hath thrown you into a family, where, if you rightly consult your own interest, as every body now-a-days does, you may make yourself perfectly easy. Those eyes of yours, Polly, are a sufficient fortune for any woman, if she have but conduct, and know how to make the most of 'em.

Polly. As I am your servant, Sir, my duty obliges me not to contradict you; and I must hear your flattery, tho' I know myself undeserving. But sure, Sir, in handsome women, you must have observed that their hearts often oppose their interest: and beauty certainly has ruin'd more women than it has made happy.

AIR XIII. *The bush aboon Traquair.*

The crow or daw thro' all the year
No fowler seeks to ruin;
But birds of voice or feather rare
He's all day long pursuing.
Beware, fair maids, to 'scape the net
That other beauties fell in;
For sure at heart was never yet
So great a wretch as Helen!

If my lady, Sir, will let me know my duty, gratitude will make me study to please her.

Duc. I have a mind to have a little conversation with you, and I would not be interrupted. [Bars the door.]

Polly. I wish, Sir, you would let me receive my lady's commands.

Duc. And so, Polly, by these downcast looks of yours, you would have me believe you don't know you are handsome, and that you have no faith in your looking-glass.

glafs. Why every pretty woman fludies her face, and a looking-glafs to her is what a book is to a pedant; ſhe is poring upon it all day long. In troth a man can never know how much love is in him by converſations with his wife. A kiſs on thoſe lips, would make me young again. [*Kiſſes her.*]

AIR XIV. *Bury Fair.*

Polly. How can you be ſo teasing?

Duc. Love will excuſe my fault.

How can you be ſo pleaſing? [*Going to kiſs her.*]

Polly. I vow I'll not be naught.

Duc. All maids I know at firſt reſiſt. [*Struggling.*]

A maſter may command

Polly. You're monſtrous rude; I'll not be kiſs'd :

Nay, fye, let go my hand.

Duc. 'Tis fooliſh pride——

Polly. 'Tis vile, 'tis baſe,

Poor innocence to wrong.

Duc. I'll force you.

Polly. Guard me from diſgrace.

You find that virtue's ſtrong. [*Pushing him away.*]

'Tis barbarous in you, Sir, to take the occaſion of my neceſſities to inſult me.

Duc. Nay, huſſy, I'll give you money.

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

Duc. I ſhall humble theſe ſaucy airs of yours, Mrs. Minx. Is this language from a ſervant! from a ſlave!

Polly. Am I then betray'd and ſold!

Duc. Yes, huſſy, that you are; and as legally my property, as any woman is her huſband's, who ſells herſelf in marriage.

Polly. Climates, that change conſtitutions. have no effect upon manners. What a profligate is that Trapeſ!

Duc. Your fortune, your happineſs depends upon your compliance. What, proof againſt a bribe! Sure, huſſy,

huffy, you belie your cuntry, or you must have had a very vulgar education. 'Tis unnatural.,

AIR XV. *Bobbing Joan.*

Maids like courtiers must be woo'd,
Most by flattery are subdu'd :
Some capricious, coy, or nice,
Out of pride protract the vice,
But they fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to their price.

Besides, huffy, your consent may make me your slave ; there's power to tempt you into the bargain. You must be more than woman if you can stand that too.

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

Duc. I'll have none of these airs. 'Tis impertinent in a servant, to have scruples of any kind. I hire honour, conscience and all, for I will not be serv'd by halves. And so, to be plain with you, you obstinate slut, you shall either contribute to my pleasure or my profit ; and if you refuse play in the bed-chamber, you shall go work in the fields among the planters. I hope now I have explain'd myself.

Polly. My freedom may be lost, but you cannot rob me of my virtue and integrity : and whatever is my lot, having that, I shall have the comfort of hope, and find pleasure in reflection.

AIR XVI. *Aswain long tortur'd with disdain.*

Can I or toil, or hunger fear ?
For love's a pain that's most severe.
The slave with virtue in his breast,
Can wake in peace, and sweetly rest.

But love, when unhappy, the more virtuous it is, the more it suffers. [Aside.]

Duc. What noise is that ?

Damaris. [Without.] Sir, Sir.

Duc.

Duc. Step into the closet; I will call you out immediately to present you to my wife. Don't let bashfulness ruin your fortune. The next opportunity, I hope, you will be better dispos'd. [*Exit Polly,*

Dam. Open the door, Sir. This moment, this moment.

Enter Damaris.

Duc. What's the matter? Was any body about to ravish you? Is the house o'fire? Or my wife in a passion?

Dam. O Sir, the whole country is in an uproar! The pirates are all coming down upon us; and if they should raise the militia, you are an officer you know. I hope you have time enough to fling up your commission.

Enter 1st Footman.

1st Foot. The neighbours, Sir, are all frighted out of their wits; they leave their houses, and fly to yours for protection. Where's my lady, your wife? Heaven grant, they have not taken her!

Duc. If they only took what one could spare——

1st Foot. That's true, there were no great harm done.

Duc. How are the musquets?

1st Foot. Rusty, Sir; all rusty and peaceable! For we never clean them but against training-day.

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

Enter 2d Footman.

2d Foot. The Indians, Sir, with whom we are in alliance, are all in arms: there will be bloody work to be sure. I hope they will decide the matter before we can get ready.

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Duc. O dear husband, I'm frighten'd to death! What will become of us all! I thought a punishment for your wicked lewdness would light upon you at last.

Duc. Presence of mind, my dear, is as necessary in dangers as courage.

Dam. But you are too rich to have courage. You should fight by deputy. 'Tis only for poor people

ple to be brave and desperate, who cannot afford to live.

Enter Maids, &c. one after another.

1st Maid. The pirates, Sir, the pirates ! Mercy upon us, what will become of us poor helpless women !

2d Maid. We shall all be ravish'd !

1st Old Woman. All be ravish'd !

2d Old Woman. Ay to be sure, we shall be ravish'd ; all be ravish'd !

1st Old Woman. But if fortune will have it so, patience is a virtue, and we must undergo it.

2d Old Woman. Ay, for certain, we must all bear it, Mrs. Damaris.

3d Foot. A soldier, Sir, from the Indian camp, desires admittance. He's here, Sir.

Enter an Indian.

Ind. I come, Sir, to the English colony, with whom we are in alliance, from the mighty king Pohetohee, my lord and master, and address myself to you, as you are of the council, for succours. The pirates are ravaging and plundering the country, and we are now in arms, ready for battle, to oppose them.

Duc. Does Macheath command the enemy.

Ind. Report says he is dead. Above twelve moons are pass'd since we heard of him. Morano, a Negro villain, is their chief, who in rapine and barbarities is even equal to him.

Duc. I shall inform the council, and we shall soon be ready to join you. So acquaint the king your master.

[Exit Indian.]

AIR XVII. *March in Scipio.*

Brave boys, prepare.

[To the men.]

Ah ! cease, fond wife, to cry.

[To her.]

Serv. For when the danger's near,

We've time enough to fly.

Mrs. Duc. How can you be disgrac'd !

For wealth secures your fame.

Serv. The rich are always plac'd

Above the sense of shame.

Mrs.

Mrs. Duc. Let honour spur the slave,
To fight for fighting's sake :

Duc. But even the rich are brave
When money is at stake.

Be satisfy'd my dear, I shall be discreet. My servants here will take care that I be not over-rash, for their wages depend upon me. But before I go to council—come hither, Polly ; I intreat you, wife, to take her into your service,

Enter Polly.

and use her civilly. Indeed, my dear, your suspicions are very frivolous and unreasonable.

Mrs. Duc. I hate to have a handsome wench about me. They are always so saucy !

Duc. Women, by their jealousies, put one in mind of doing that which otherwise we should never think of. Why you are a proof, my dear, that a handsome woman may be honest.

Mrs. Duc. I find you can say a civil thing to me still.

Duc. Affairs, you see, call me hence, And so I leave her under your protection. *[Exit.*

Mrs. Duc. Away, into the other room again. When I want you, I'll call you. *[Exit Polly.]* Well, Damaris, to be sure you have observed all that has passed. I will know all. I'm sure she's a huffy.

Dam. Nay, Madam, I can't say so much. But——

Mrs. Duc. But what ?

Dam. I hate to make mischief.

AIR XVIII. *Jig-it-o'Foot.*

Better to doubt
All that's doing,
Than to find out
Proofs of ruin.

What servants hear and see,
Should they tattle,
Marriage all day would be
Feuds and battle.

A ser-

A servant's legs and hands should be under your command, but, for the sake of quiet, you should leave their tongues to their own discretion.

Mrs. Duc. I vow, Damaris, I will know it.

Dam. To be sure, Madam, the door was bolted, and I could only listen. There was a sort of a bustle between them, that's certain. What past I know not. But the noise they made, to my thinking, did not sound very honest.

Mrs. Duc. Noises that did not sound very honest, said you?

Dam. Nay, Madam, I am a maid, and have no experience. If you had heard them, you would have been a better judge of the matter.

Mrs. Duc. An impudent slut! I'll have her before me. If she be not a thorough profligate, I shall make a discovery by her behaviour. Go call her to me.

[*Exit Damaris and returns with Polly.*
In my own house! Before my face! I'll have you sent to the house of correction, strumpet. By that over-honest look, I guess her to be a horrid jade. A mere hypocrite, that is perfectly white-washed with innocence. My blood rises at the sight of all strumpets, for they are smugglers in love, that ruin us fair traders in matrimony. Look upon me, Mrs. Brazen. She has no feeling of shame. She is so used to impudence, that she has not a blush within her. Do you know, Madam, that I am Mr. Ducat's wife?

Polly. As your servant, Madam, I think myself happy.

Mrs. Duc. You know Mr. Ducat, I suppose. She has beauty enough to make any woman alive hate her.

[*Aside.*

AIR XIX. *Trumpet minuet.*

Abroad after misses most husbands will roam,
Tho' sure they find woman sufficient at home.
To be nos'd by a strumpet! Hence, huffy, you'd best.
Would he give me my due, I would give her the rest.

I vow, I had rather have a thief in my house. For to be sure she is that besides.

Polly

Polly. If you were acquainted with my misfortunes, Madam, you could not insult me.

Mrs. Duc. What does the wench mean?

Dam. There's not one of these common creatures, but like common beggars, hath a moving story at her finger's ends, which they tell over, when they are maudlin, to their lovers. I had a sweetheart, Madam, who was a rake, and I know their ways very well, by hearsay.

Polly. What villains are hypocrites! for they rob those of relief, who are in real distress. I know what it is to be unhappy in marriage.

Mrs. Duc. Married!

Polly. Unhappily.

Mrs. Duc. When? where? to whom?

Polly. If woman can have faith in woman, may my words find belief. Protestations are to be suspected, so I shall use none. If truth can prevail I know you will pity me.

Mrs. Duc. Her manner and behaviour are so particular, that is to say, so sincere, that I must hear her story. Unhappily married! That is a misfortune not to be remedied.

Polly. A constant woman hath but one chance to be happy; an inconstant woman, tho' she hath no chance to be very happy, can never be very unhappy.

Dam. Believe me, Mrs. Polly, as to pleasures of all sorts, 'tis a much more agreeable way to be inconstant.

AIR XX. *Polwarth on the Green.*

Love now is nought but art,
 'Tis who can juggle best;
 To all men seem to give your heart,
 But keep it in your breast.
 What gain and pleasure do we find,
 Who change whene'er we list!
 The mill that turns with every wind
 Must bring the owner grist.

Polly.

Polly. My case, Madam, may in these times be look'd upon as singular ; for I married a man only because I lov'd him. For this I was look'd upon as a fool by all my acquaintance ; I was used inhumanly by my father and mother ; and, to compleat my misfortunes, my husband, by his wild behaviour, incurred the sentence of the law, and was separated from me by banishment. Being informed he was in this country, upon the death of my father and mother, with most of my small fortune, I came here to seek him.

Mrs. Duc. But how then fell you into the hands of that consummate bawd, Trapes ?

Polly. In my voyage, Madam, I was robb'd of all I had. Upon my landing in a strange country, and in want, I was found out by this inhuman woman, who had been an acquaintance of my father's : she offer'd me at first the civilities of her own house. When she was inform'd of my necessities, she propos'd to me the service of a lady ; of which I readily accepted. 'Twas under that pretence that she treacherously sold me to your husband as a mistress. This, Madam, is in short the whole truth. I fling myself at your feet for protection. By relieving me, you make yourself easy.

Mrs. Duc. What is't you propose ?

Polly. In conniving at my escape, you save me from your husband's worrying me with threats and violence, and at the same time quiet your own fears and jealousies. If it is ever in my power, Madam, with gratitude I will repay you my ransom.

Dam. Besides, Madam, you will effectually revenge yourself upon your husband ; for the loss of the money he paid for her will touch him to the quick.

Mrs. Duc. But have you considered what you request ? We are invaded by the pirates : the Indians are in arms ; the whole country is in commotion, and you will every where be expos'd to danger.

Dam. Get rid of her at any rate. For such is the vanity of man, that when once he has begun with a woman, out of pride he will insist upon his point.

Polly. In staying with you, Madam, I make two people unhappy. And I chuse to bear my own misfortunes, without being the cause of another's.

Mrs.

Mrs. Duc. If I let her escape before my husband's return, he will imagine she got off by the favour of this bustle and confusion.

Polly. May Heaven reward your charity.

Mrs. Duc. A woman so young and handsome must be expos'd to continual dangers. I have a suit of clothes by me of my nephew's, who is dead. In a man's habit you will run fewer risques. I'll assist you too for the present with some money ; and, as a traveller, you may with greater safety make enquiries after your husband.

Polly. How shall I ever make a return for so much goodness ?

Mrs. Duc. May love reward your constancy. As for that perfidious monster, Trapes, I will deliver her into the hands of the magistrate. Come, Damaris, let us this instant equip her for her adventures.

Dam. When she is out of the house, without doubt, Madam, you will be more easy. And I wish she may be so too.

Polly. May virtue be my protection ; for I feel within me hope, chearfulness, and resolution.

AIR XXI. *St. Martin's Lane.*

As pilgrims thro' devotion
To some shrine pursue their way,
They tempt the raging ocean,
And thro' desarts stray.
With zeal their hope desiring,
The faint their breast inspiring
With chearful air,
Devoid of fear,
They every danger bear.
Thus equal zeal possessing,
I seek my only blessing.
O love, my honest vow regard !
My truth protect,
My steps direct,
His flight detect,
A faithful wife reward.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE, *The View of an Indian Country.*Polly, in *Boy's Clothes.*AIR XXII. *La Villanella.*

WHY did you spare him,
 O'er seas to bear him,
 Far from his home, and constant bride ?
 When papa 'peach'd him,
 If death had reach'd him,
 I then had only sigh'd, wept, and dy'd !

If my directions are right I cannot be far from the village. With the habit, I must put on the courage and resolution of a man ; for I am every where furrounded with dangers. By all I can learn of these pirates, my dear Macheath is not of the crew. Perhaps I may hear of him among the slaves of the next plantation. How sultry is the day ! the cool of this shade will refresh me. I am jaded too with reflection. How restless is love ! [*Musick, two or three bars of the dead march.*] My imagination follows him every where, would my feet were as swift ; the world then could not hide him from me. [*Two or three bars more.*] Yet even thought is now bewilder'd in pursuing him. [*Two or three bars more.*] I'm tir'd, I'm faint. [*The Symphony.*]

AIR XXIII. *Dead March in Coriolanus.*

Sleep, O sleep,
 With thy rod of incantation,
 Charm my imagination,
 Then, only then, I cease to weep.

By thy power,
 The virgin, by time o'ertaken,
 For years forlorn, forsaken,
 Enjoys the happy hour.

What's to sleep ?
 'Tis a visionary blessing ;
 A dream that's past expressing,
 Our utmost wish possessing ;

So may I always keep.

[*Falls asleep.*]*Enter*

Enter Capstern, Hacker, Culverin, Laguerre, and Cutlace. Polly asleep in a distant part of the stage.

Hacker. We shall find but a cool reception from Morano, if we return without either booty or intelligence.

Culverin. A man of invention hath always intelligence ready. I hope we are not exempted from the privilege of travellers.

Capstern. If we had got booty, you know we had resolved to agree in a lie. And, gentlemen, we will not have our diligence and duty called in question, for that which every common servant has at his fingers ends for his justification.

Laguerre. Alack, gentlemen, we are not such bunglers in love or politics, but we must know that either to get favour or keep it, no man ever speaks what he thinks, but what is convenient.

AIR XXIV. *Three Sheep-skins.*

Cutlace. Of all the sins that are money-supplying;
Consider the world, 'tis past all denying.

With all sorts,
In towns or courts,
The richest sin is lying.

Culverin. Fatigue, gentlemen, should have refreshment. No man is required to do more than his duty. Let us repose ourselves a while. A sup or two of our cag would quicken invention.

[They sit and drink.]

All. Agreed.

Hacker. I had always a genius for ambition. Birth and education cannot keep it under. Our profession is great, brothers. What can be more heroic than to have declared war with the whole world?

Culverin. 'Tis a pleasure to me to recollect times past, and to observe by what steps a genius will push his fortune.

Hacker. Now, as to me, brothers, mark you me. After I had rubbed through my youth with variety of adventures, I was preferred to be footman to an eminent gamester, where, after having improved myself by his manners and conversation, I left him, betook myself to

D

his

his politer profession, and cheated like a gentleman. For some time I kept a Pharaon-bank with success; but, unluckily, in a drunken bout, was stripped by a more expert brother of the trade. I was now, as 'tis common with us upon these occasions, forced to have recourse to the highway for a recruit to set me up; but making the experiment once too often, I was tried, and received sentence, but got off for transportation; which hath made me the man I am.

Laguerre. From a footman I grew to be a pimp to a man of quality. Considering I was for some time in that employment, I look upon myself as particularly unlucky, that I then missed making my fortune. But, to give him his due, only his death could have prevented it. Upon this, I betook myself to another service, where my wages not being sufficient for my pleasures, I robbed my master, and retired to visit foreign parts.

Capstern. Now, you must know, I was a drawer to one of the fashionable taverns; and, of consequence, was daily in the politest conversations. Tho' I say it, nobody was better bred. I often cheated my master; and, as a dutiful servant, now and then cheated for him. I had always my gallantries with the ladies that the lords and gentlemen brought to our house. I was ambitious, too, of a gentleman's profession, and turned gamester. Tho' I had great skill, and no scruples, my play would not support my extravagancies; so that, now and then, I was forced to rob with pistols too. So I also owe my rank in the world to transportation.

Culverin. Our chief, Morano, brothers, had never been the man he is, had he not been trained up in England. He has told me, that, from his infancy, he was the favourite page of a lady. He had a genius, too, above service, and, like us, ran into higher life. And, indeed, in manners and conversation, tho' he is black, nobody has more the air of a great man.

Hacker. He is too much attached to his pleasures. That mistress of his is a clog to his ambition. She is an arrant Cleopatra.

Laguerre. If it were not for her, the Indies would be our own.

AIR

AIR XXV. *Rigadoon.*

By women won,
 We're all undone,
 Each wench hath a syren's charms.
 The lover's deeds
 Are good or ill,
 As whim succeeds
 In woman's will :
 Resolution is lull'd in her arms.

Hacker. A man in love is no more to be depended on than a man in liquor ; for he is out of himself.

AIR XXVI. *Ton humeur est Catharine.*

Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean ;
 Who 'her pathless ways can find ?
 Every blast directs her motion ;
 Now she's angry, now she's kind.
 What a fool's the vent'rous lover,
 Whirl'd and toss'd by ev'ry wind ?
 Can the bark the port recover,
 When the silly pilot's blind ?

Hacker. A good horse is never turned loose among mares, till all his good deeds are over. And really, your heroes should be served the same way ; for after they take to women, they have no good deeds to come. That inveigling gypsey, brothers, must be haul'd from him by force ; and then—the kingdom of Mexico shall be mine. My lot shall be the kingdom of Mexico.

Capstern. Who talks of Mexico ? [*All rise.*] I'll never give it up. If you outlive me, brother, and I die without heirs, I'll leave it to you for a legacy. I hope now you are satisfied. I have set my heart upon it, and nobody shall dispute it with me.

Laguerre. The island of Cuba, methinks, brother, might satisfy any reasonable man.

Culverin. That I had allotted for you. Mexico shall not be parted with, without my consent. Captain Morano, to be sure, will chuse Peru ; that's the country of gold ; and all your great men love gold. Mexico hath

only silver, nothing but silver. Governor of Carthage-
na, brother, is a pretty snug employment. That I shall
not dispute with you.

Capst. Death, Sir! I shall not part with Mexico so easily.

Hacker. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Laguerre. Nor I.

Culverin. Nor I.

Hacker. Draw, then, and let the survivor take it.

[*They fight.*]

Polly. Bless me! what noise was that? Clashing of
swords and fighting! Which way shall I fly? How shall
I escape?

Capstern. Hold, hold, gentlemen; let us decide our
pretensions some other time. I see booty. A prisoner.
Let us seize him.

Culverin. From him we will extort both ransom and
intelligence.

Polly. Spare my life, gentlemen. If you are the men
I take you for, I fought you to share your fortunes.

Hacker. Why, who do you take us for, friend?

Polly. For those brave spirits, those Alexanders, that
shall soon, by conquest, be in possession of the Indies.

Laguerre. A mettled young fellow.

Capstern. He speaks with respect, too, and gives us our
titles.

Culverin. Have you heard of Captain Morano?

Polly. I came hither in mere ambition to serve under him.

AIR XXVII. *Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.*

I hate those coward tribes,
Who by mean sneaking bribes,
By tricks and disguise,
By flattery and lies,
To power and grandeur rise.
Like heroes of old,
You are greatly bold,
The sword your cause supports.
Untaught to fawn,
You ne'er were drawn
Your truth to pawn
Among the spawn
Who practise the frauds of courts.

I would

I would willingly chuse the more honourable way of making a fortune.

Hacker. The youth speaks well. Can you inform us, my lad, of the disposition of the enemy? Have the Indians joined the factory? We should advance towards them immediately. Who knows but they may side with us? Mayhap they may like our tyranny better.

Polly. I am a stranger, gentlemen, and entirely ignorant of the affairs of this country: but, in the most desperate undertaking, I am ready to risque your fortunes.

Hacker. Who, and what are you, friend?

Polly. A young fellow, who has genteely run out his fortune with a spirit, and would now, with more spirit, retrieve it.

Culverin. The lad may be of service. Let us bring him before Morano, and leave him to his disposal.

Polly. Gentlemen, I thank you.

A I R XXVIII. *Minuet.*

Cul. Cheer up, my lads, let us push on the fray,
For battles, like women, are lost by delay.
Let us seize victory, while in our power;
Alike war and love have their critical hour.]
Our hearts, bold and steady,
Should always be ready;
So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dower.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another country prospect.*

Enter Morano and Jenny:

Morano. Snre, hussy, you have more ambition, and more vanity, than to be serious in persuading me to quit my conquests. Where is the woman who is not fond of title? And one bold step more may make you a queen, you gypsey. Think of that.

A I R XXIX. *Mirleton.*

When I'm great, and flush of treasure,
Check'd by neither fear or shame,
You shall tread a round of pleasure,
Morning, noon, and night the same.
With a Mirleton, &c.

P O L L Y.

Like a city wife or beauty,
You shall flutter life away ;
And shall know no other duty,
But to dress, eat, drink, and play.
With a Mirleton, &c.

When you are a queen, Jenny, you shall keep your coach and fix, and shall game as deep as you please. So, there's the two chief ends of a woman's ambition satisfied.

A I R XXX. *Savney was tall, and of noble race.*

Shall I not be bold when honour calls ?
You've a heart that would upbraid me then.

Jen. But, ah ! I fear, if my hero falls,
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.

Mor. To deck their wives fond tradesmen cheat ;
I conquer but to make thee great.

Jen. But if my hero falls—ah, then,
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again !

Morano. Insinuating creature ! but you must own, Jenny, you have had convincing proofs of my fondness : and if you were reasonable in your love, you should have some regard to my honour, as well as my person.

Jenny. Have I ever betrayed you, since you took me to yourself ? That's what few women can say, who ever were trusted.

Morano. In love, Jenny, you cannot out-do me. Was it not entirely for you that I disguised myself as a black, to screen myself from women who laid claim to me wherever I went ? Is not the rumour of my death, which I purposely spread, credited thro' the whole country ? Macheath is dead to all the world but you. Not one of the crew have the least suspicion of me.

Jenny. But, dear Captain, you would not, sure, persuade me that I have all of you. For tho' women cannot claim you, you now and then lay claim to other women. But my jealousy was never teasing or vexatious. You will pardon me, my dear.

Morano. Now you are silly, Jenny. Pr'ythee—poh !
Nature,

Nature, girl, is not to be corrected at once. What do you propose? What would you have me do? Speak out; let me know your mind.

Jenny. Know when you are well.

Morano. Explain yourself; speak your sentiments freely.

Jenny. You have a competence in your power. Rob the crew, and steal off to England. Believe me, Captain, you will be rich enough to be respected by your neighbours.

Morano. Your opinion of me startles me: for I never in my life was treacherous, but to women; and you know, men of the nicest punctilio make nothing of that.

Jenny. Look round among all the snug fortunes that are made, and you will find most of them were secured by a judicious retreat. Why will you bar yourself from the customs of the times?

AIR XXXI. *Northern Nancy.*

How many men have found the skill,
Of power and wealth acquiring?
But sure there's a time to stint the will,
And the judgment is in retiring.
For to be displac'd,
For to be disgrac'd,
Is the end of too high aspiring.

Enter Sailor.

Sailor. Sir, Lieutenant Vanderbluff wants to speak with you, and he hopes your honour will give him the hearing. *[Exit.]*

Morano. Leave me, Jenny, for a few minutes. Perhaps he would speak with me in private.

Jenny. Think of my advice before it is too late. By this kiss, I beg it of you. *[Exit.]*

Enter Vanderbluff.

Van. For shame, Captain! What, hampered in the arms of a woman, when your honour and glory are all at stake! While a man is grappling with these gill-flirts, pardon the expression, Captain, he runs his reason a-ground; and there must be a woundy deal of labour to set it a-float again.

AIR

AIR XXXII. *Amante fugitte cadente belta.*

Fine women are devils, complete in their way,
 They always are roving and cruising for prey—
 When we flounce on their hook, their views they obtain,
 Like those too their pleasure is giving us pain.

Excuse my plain speaking, Captain; a boatswain must swear in a storm; and a man must speak plain, when he sees foul weather a-head of us.

Mor. Do you think me like the wheat-ear, only fit for sun-shine, who cannot bear the least cloud over him? No, Vanderbluff, I have a heart that can face a tempest of dangers. Your blustering will but make me obstinate. You seem frightened, Lieutenant.

Van. From any body but you, that speech would have had another-guess answer than words. Death, Captain! are not the Indies in dispute? An hour's delay may make their hands too many for us. Give the word, Captain, this hand shall take the Indian king prisoner, and keel-haul him afterwards, till I make him discover his gold. I have known you eager to venture your life for a less prize.

Mor. Are Hacker, Culverin, Capstern, Laguerre, and the rest, whom we sent out for intelligence, returned, that you are under this immediate alarm?

Van. No, Sir; but from the top of yon hill, I myself saw the enemy putting themselves in order of battle.

Mor. But we have nothing at all to apprehend; for we have still a safe retreat to our ships.

Van. To our women, you mean. Furies! you talk like one. If our Captain is bewitched, shall we be bewitch'd, and lose the footing we have got? [*Draws.*]

Mor. Take care, Lieutenant; this language may provoke me. I fear nothing, and that you know. Put up your cutlafs, Lieutenant; for I shall not ruin our cause by a private quarrel.

Van. Noble Captain, I ask pardon.

Mor. A brave man should be cool till action, Lieutenant. When danger presses us, I am always ready. Be satisfied! I will take my leave of my wife, and then take the command.

Van. That's what you can never do, till you have her leave.

leave. She is but just gone from you, Sir. See her not, hear her not ; the breath of a woman has ever proved a contrary wind to great actions.

Mor. I tell you I will see her. I have got rid of many a woman in my time, and you may trust me——

Van. With any woman but her. The husband that is governed, is the only man that never finds out that he is so.

Mor. This, then, Lieutenant, shall try my resolution. In the mean time, send out parties and scouts, to observe the motions of the Indians.

AIR XXXIII. *Since all the world's turn'd upside down.*

Tho' different passions rage by turns,
 Within my breast fermenting.
 Now blazes love, now honour burns,
 I'm here, I'm there consenting.
 I'll each obey, so keep my oath,
 That oath by which I won her :
 With truth and steadiness in both,
 I'll act like a man of honour.

Doubt me not, Lieutenant ; but I'll now go with you to give the necessary commands, and after that, return to take my leave, before the battle.

Enter Jenny, Capstern, Culverin, Hacker, Laguerre,
and Polly.

Jen. Hacker, Sir, and the rest of the party, are returned with a prisoner. Perhaps from him you may learn some intelligence that may be useful. See, here they are——A clever sprightly young fellow—I like him. *[Aside.*

Van. What cheer, my lads ? Has fortune sent you a good prize ?

Jen. He seems some rich planter's son.

Van. In the common practice of commerce, you should never slip an opportunity ; and for his ransom, no doubt there will be room for comfortable extortion.

Mor. Hath he informed you of any thing that may be of service ? Where picked you him up ? Whence is he ?

Hack. We found him upon the road. He is a stranger, it seems, in these parts. And as our heroes generally set out, extravagance, gaming, and debauchery have qualified him for a brave man. *Mor.*

Mor. What are you, friend?

Polly. A young fellow, who hath been robbed by the world; and I came on purpose to join you, to rob the world by way of retaliation. An open war with the whole world is brave and honourable. I hate the clandestine, pilfering war that is practised among friends and neighbours in civil societies. I would serve, Sir.

AIR XXXIV. *Hunt the squirrel.*

The world is always jarring;
 This is pursuing
 T'other man's ruin,
 Friends with friends are warring,
 In a false cowardly way.
 Spurr'd on by emulations,
 Tongues are engaging,
 Calumny raging,
 Murders reputations,
 Envy keeps up the fray.
 Thus, with burning heat,
 Each, returning hate,
 Wounds and robs his friends.
 In civil life,
 Even man and wife
 Squabble for selfish ends.

Jen. He really is a mighty pretty man. [*Aside.*]

Van. The lad promises well, and has just notions of the world.

Mor. Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. The youth pleases me; and if he answers in action—Do you hear me, my lad? your fortune is made. Now, Lieutenant Vanderbluff, I am for you.

Van. Discipline must not be neglected.

Mor. When every thing is settled, my dear Jenny, I will return to take my leave. After that, young gentleman, I shall try your mettle. In the mean time, Jenny, I leave you to sift him with farther questions. He has lived in the world, you find, and may have learnt to be treacherous. [*Exit with the rest of the Pirates.*]

Jen. How many women have you ever ruined, young gentleman?

Polly.

Polly. I have been ruined by women, Madam. But I think, indeed, a man's fortune cannot be more honourably disposed of; for those have always a kind of claim to their protection, who have been ruined in their service.

Jen. Were you ever in love?

Polly. With the sex.

Jen. Had you never a woman in love with you?

Polly. All the women that ever I knew were mercenary-

Jen. But sure you cannot think all women so.

Polly. Why not, as well as all men? The manners of courts are catching.

Jen. If you have found only such usage, a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why so bashful, young spark? You don't look as if you would revenge yourself on the sex.

Polly. I lost my impudence with my fortune. Poverty keeps down assurance.

Jen. I am a plain-spoken woman, as you may find; and I own I like you: and, let me tell you, to be my favourite may be your best step to preferment.

AIR XXXV. *Young Damon once the loveliest swain.*

In love and life the present use;

One hour we grant, the next refuse;

Who then would risque a nay?

Were lovers wise, they would be kind,

And in our eyes the moment find;

For only then they may.

Like other women, I shall run to extremes. If you won't make me love you, I shall hate you. There never was a man of true courage, who was a coward in love. Sure you are not afraid of me, stripling?

[*Taking Polly by the hand.*]

Polly. I know you only rally me. Respect, Madam, keeps me in awe.

Jen. By your expression and behaviour, one would think I were your wife. If so, I may make use of her freedoms, and do what I please, without shame or restraint. [*Kisses her.*] Such raillery as this, my dear, requires replication.

Polly. You'll pardon me, then Madam. [*Kisses her.*]

Jen. What, my cheek! Let me die, if, by your kiss, I should not take you for my brother or my father.

Polly. I must put on more assurance, or I shall be discovered. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, Madam, if a woman will allow me liberties, they are never flung away upon me. If I am too rude—— [*Kisses her.*]

Jen. A woman never pardons the contrary fault.

A I R XXXVI. *Catharine Ogie.*

We never blame the forward swain,
Who puts us to the trial.

Polly. I know you first would give me pain,
Then baulk me with denial.

Jen. What mean we, then, by being try'd?

Polly. With scorn and flight to use us.
Most beauties, to indulge their pride,
Seem kind, but to refuse us.

Jen. Come, then, my dear, let us take a turn in yonder grove. A woman never shews her pride, but before witnesses.

Polly. How shall I get rid of this affair? [*Aside.*] Morano may surprise us.

Jen. That is more a wife's concern. Consider, young man, if I have put myself in your power, you are in mine.

Polly. We may have more easy and safe opportunities. Besides, I know, Madam, you are not serious.

Jen. To a man who loses one opportunity, we never grant a second. Excuses! consideration! He hath not a spark of love in him. I must be his aversion. Go, monster!——I hate you, and you shall find I can be revenged.

A I R XXXVII. *Roger a Coverly.*

My heart is by love forsaken,
I feel the tempest growing;
A fury the palace hath taken,
I rage, I burn, I'm glowing.

Tho'

Though Cupid's arrows are erring,
Or indifference may secure ye,
When woman's revenge is stirring,
You cannot escape that fury.

I could bear your excuses, but those looks of indifference kill me.

Enter Morano.

Jenny. Sure never was such insolence! How could you leave me with this bawdy-house bully? for if he had been bred a page, he must have made his fortune. If I had given him the least encouragement, it would not have provoked me. Odious creature!

Mor. What a vengeance is the matter?

Jenny. Only an attempt upon your wife. So ripe an assurance! he must have sucked in impudence from his mother.

Mor. An act of friendship only. He meant to push his fortune with the husband. 'Tis the way of the town, my dear.

AIR XXXVIII. *Bacchus m'a dit.*

By halves no friend
Now seeks to do you pleasure;
Their help they lend
In every part of life:
If husbands part,
The friend hath always leisure;
Then all his heart
Is bent to please the wife.

Jenny. I hate you for being so little jealous.

Mor. Sure, Jenny, you know the way of the world better, than to be surprized at a thing of this kind. 'Tis a civility that all you fine ladies expect; and, upon the like occasion, I could not have answered for myself. I own, I have a sort of partiality to impudence. Perhaps too, his views might be honourable. If I had been killed in battle, 'tis good to be beforehand. I know it is a way often practised to make sure of a widow.

E

Jenny.

Jenny. If I find you so easy in these affairs, you may make my virtue less obstinate.

AIR XXXIX. *Healib to Betty.*

If husbands sit unsteady,
Most wives for freaks are ready.
Neglect the rein,
The steed again
Grows skittish, wild, and heady.

Your behaviour forces me to say, what my love for you will never let me put in practice. You are too safe, too secure, to think of pleasing me.

Mor. Though I like impudence, yet 'tis not so agreeable when put in practice upon my own wife; and, jesting apart, young fellow, if ever I catch you thinking this way again, a cat-o'-nine-tails shall cool your courage.

Enter Vanderbluff, Capstern, Laguerre, &c. with Cawwawkee prisoner.

Vander. The party, Captain, is returned with success. After a short skirmish, the Indian prince Cawwawkee here was made prisoner, and we want your orders for his disposal.

Mor. Are all our troops ready and under arms?

Vander. They wait but for your command. Our numbers are strong. All the ships crews are drawn out, and the slaves that have deserted to us from the plantations are all brave determined fellows, who must behave themselves well.

Mor. Look'e, lieutenant, the trussing up this prince, in my opinion, would strike a terror among the enemy. Besides, dead men can do no mischief. Let a gibbet be set up, and swing him off between the armies before the onset.

Van. By your leave, Caytain, my advice blows directly contrary. Whatever may be done hereafter, I am for putting him first of all upon examination. The Indians to be sure have hid their treasures, and we shall want a guide to shew us to the best plunder.

Mor. The counsel is good. I will extort intelligence from him. Bring me word when the enemy are in motion,

ion, and that instant I'll put myself at your head. [*Exit Sailor.*] Do you know me, prince?

Caw. As a man of injustice I know you, who covets and invades the properties of another.

Mor. Do you know my power?

Caw. I fear it not.

Mor. Do you know your danger?

Caw. I am prepared to meet it.

AIR XL. *Cappe de Bonne Esperance.*

The body of the brave may be taken,

If chance bring on our adverse hour;

But the noble soul is unshaken,

For that still is in our power;

'Tis a rock whose firm foundation

Mocks the waves of perturbation;

'Tis a never-dying ray,

Brighter in our evil day.

Mor. Mere downright barbarians, you see, Lieutenant. They have our notional honour still in practice among them.

Van. We must beat civilizing into 'em, to make 'em capable of common society, and common conversation.

Mor. Stubborn prince, mark me well. Know you, I say, that your life is in my power?

Caw. I know too, that my virtue is in my own.

Mor. Not a mule, or an old out-of-fashioned philosopher could be more obstinate. Can you feel pain?

Caw. I can bear it.

Mor. I shall try you.

Caw. I speak truth, I never affirm but what I know.

Mor. In what condition are your troops? What numbers have you? How are they disposed? Act reasonably and openly, and you shall find protection.

Caw. What, betray my friends! I am no coward, European.

Mor. Torture shall make you squeak.

Caw. I have resolution; and pain shall neither make me lie or betray. I tell thee once more, European, I am no coward.

Van. What, neither cheat nor be cheated ! There is no having either commerce or correspondence with these creatures.

Jenny. We have reason to be thankful for our good education. How ignorant is mankind without it !

Cap. I wonder to hear the brute speak.

Laguerre. They would make a shew of him in England.

Jenny. Poh, they would only take him for a fool.

Cap. But how can you expect any thing else from a creature, who hath never seen a civilized country ? Which way should he know mankind ?

Jenny. Since they are made like us, to be sure, were they in England they might be taught.

Laguerre. Why we see country gentlemen grow into courtiers, and country gentlewomen, with a little polishing of the town, in a few months become fine ladies.

Jenny. Without doubt, education and example can do much.

Polly. How happy are these savages ! Who would not wish to be in such ignorance. [*Aside.*

Mor. Have done, I beg you, with your musty reflections : you but interrupt the examination. You have treasures, you have gold and silver among you, I suppose.

Carw. Better it had been for us if that shining earth had never been brought to light.

Mor. That you have treasures then you own, it seems. I am glad to hear you confess something.

Carw. But, out of benevolence, we ought to hide it from you. For, as we have heard, 'tis so rank a poison to you Europeans, that the very touch of it makes you mad.

AIR XLI. *When bright Aurelia tripp'd the plain.*

For gold you sacrifice your fame,

Your honour, life, and friend :

Your war, you fawn, you lie, you game,

And plunder without fear or shame ;

Can madness this transcend ?

Mor. Bold savage, we are not to be insulted with your
igno-

ignorance. If you would save your lives, you must, like the beaver, leave behind you what we hunt you for, or we shall not quit the chase. Discover your treasures, your hoards, for I will have the ransacking of 'em.

Jenny. By his seeming to set some value upon gold, one would think that he had some glimmering of sense.

AIR XLII. *Peggy's Mill.*

When gold is in hand,
It gives us command ;
It makes us lov'd and respected.
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and sense, when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected.
Though peevish and old,
If women have gold,
They have youth, good-humour, and beauty :
Among all mankind
Without it we find
Nor love, nor favour, nor duty.

Mor. I will have no more of these interruptions. Since women will be always talking, one would think they had a chance now and then to talk in season. Once more I ask you, obstinate, audacious savage; if I grant you your life, will you be useful to us? For you shall find mercy upon no other terms. I will have immediate compliance, or you shall undergo the torture.

Caw. With dishonour life is nothing worth.

Mor. Furies! I'll trifle no longer.

RECITATIVE, *Sia suppetta la plebe, in Coriolan.*

Hence, let him feel his sentence.
Pain brings repentance.

Laguerre. You would not have us put him to death, Captain?

Mor. Torture him leisurely, but severely. I shall stagger your resolution, Indian.

RECITATIVE.

Hence, let him feel his sentence.

Pain brings repentance.

But hold, I'll see him tortured. I will have the pleasure of extorting answers from him myself. So keep him safe till you have my directions.

Laguerre. It shall be done.

Mor. As for you, young gentleman, I think it not proper to trust you till I know you farther. Let him be your prisoner too till I give orders how to dispose of him.

[*Exeunt Caw. and Polly guarded.*]

Vander. Come, noble Captain, take one hearty smack upon her lips, and then steer off; for one kiss requires another, and you will never have done with her. If once a man and woman come to grappling, there's no hawling of them asunder. Our friends expect us.

Jenny. Nay, lieutenant Vanderbluff, he shall not go yet.

Vander. I'm out of all patience. There is a time for all things, Madam. But a woman thinks all times must be subservient to her whim and humour. We should be now upon the spot.

Jenny. Is the Captain under your command, Lieutenant?

Vander. I know women better than so: I shall never dispute the command with any gentleman's wife. Come, Captain, a woman will never take the last kiss; she will always want another. Break from her clutches.

Mor. I must go——But I cannot.

AIR XLIII. *Excuse me.*

Honour calls me from thy arms

[*To her.*]

With glory my bosom is beating.

[*To him.*]

Victory summons to arms: then to arms

Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.

One look more—and then—

[*To her.*]

Oh, I am lost again!

What

What a power has beauty !

But honour calls, and I must away.

[To him.

But love forbids, and I must obey.

[To her.

You grow too bold ; [Vanderbluff *pulling him away*.

Hence, loose your hold,

[To him.

For love claims all my duty.

[To her.

They will bring us word when the enemy is in motion. I know my own time, Lieutenant.

Vander. Lose the Indies then, with all my heart. Lose the money, and you lose the woman, that I can tell you, Captain. Furies, what would the woman be at !

Jenny. Not so hasty and cholerick, I beg you, Lieutenant. Give me the hearing, and perhaps, whatever you may think of us, you may once in your life hear a woman speak reason.

Vander. Dispatch then. And if a few words can satisfy you, be brief.

Jenny. Men only slight women's advice through an over-conceit of their own opinions. I am against hazarding a battle. Why should we put what we have already got to the risque ? We have money enough on board our ships to secure our persons, and can reserve a comfortable subsistence besides. Let us leave the Indies to our comrades.

Vander. Sure you are the first of the sex that ever flinted herself in love or money. If it were consistent with our honour, her counsel were worth listening to.

Jenny. Consistent with our honour ! For shame, Lieutenant ; you talk downright Indian. One would take you for the savage's brother, or cousin-german at least. You may talk of honour, as other great men do : but when interest comes in your way, you should do as other great men do.

AIR XLIV. *Ruben.*

Honour plays a bubble's part,

Ever bilk'd and cheated ;

Never in ambition's heart,

Int'rest there is seated.

Honour

Honour was in use of yore,
 Though by want attended :
 Since 'twas talk'd of, and no more ;
 Lord, how times are mended !

Vander. What think you of her proposal, noble Captain ? We may push matters too far.

Jenny. Consider, my dear, the Indies are only treasures in expectation. All your sensible men, now-a-days, love the ready. Let us seize the ships then, and away for England, while we have the opportunity.

Vander. Sure you can have no scruple against treachery, Captain. 'Tis as common a money-getting vice as any in fashion ; for who, now-a-days, ever boggles at giving up his crew ?

Mor. But the baulking of a great design—

Vander. 'Tis better baulking our own designs, than have them baulked by others ; for then our designs and our lives will be cut short together.

AIR XLV. *Troy Town.*

When ambition's ten years toils
 Have heap'd up mighty hoards of gold ;
 Amid the harvest of the spoils,
 Acquir'd by fraud and rapine bold,
 Comes justice. The great scheme is crost,
 At once wealth, life, and fame, are lost.

This is a melancholy reflection for ambition, if it ever could think reasonably.

Mor. If you are satisfied, and for your security, Jenny. For any man may allow that he has money enough, when he has enough to satisfy his wife.

Vander. We may make our retreat without suspicion, for they will readily impute our being missed to the accidents of war.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. There is just now news arriv'd, that the troops of the plantation have intercepted the passage to our ships ; so that victory is our only hope. The Indian forces

forces too are ready to march, and ours grow impatient for your presence, noble Captain.

Mor. I'll be with 'em. Come then, Lieutenant, for death or the world.

Jenny. Nay then, if affairs are desperate, nothing shall part me from you. I'll share your dangers.

Mor. Since I must have an empire, prepare yourself, Jenny, for the cares of royalty. Let us on to battle, to victory. Hark, the trumpet. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

AIR XLVI. *We've cheated the Parson.*

Despair leads to battle, no courage so great :
They must conquer or die who've no retreat.

Vander. No retreat.

Jenny. No retreat.

Mor. They must conquer or die who've no retreat. [*Ex.*]

SCENE, *a room in a poor cottage.*

Cawwawkee in chains, Polly.

Polly. Unfortunate prince ! I cannot blame your disbelief, when I tell you that I admire your virtues, and share in your misfortunes.

Caw. To be oppressed by an European implies merit. Yet you are an European. Are you fools ? Do you believe one another ? Sure speech can be of no use among you.

Polly. There are constitutions that can resist a pestilence.

Caw. But sure vice must be inherent in such constitutions. You are ashamed of your hearts, you can lie, How can you bear to look into yourselves ?

Polly. My sincerity could even bear your examination.

Caw. You have cancelled faith. How can I believe you ? You are cowards too, for you are cruel.

Polly. Would it were in my power to give you proofs of my compassion.

Caw. You can be avaritious. That is a complication of all vices. It comprehends them all. Heaven guard our country from the infection.

Polly. Yet the worst of men allow virtue to be amiable, or there would be no hypocrites.

Caw.

Caw. Have you then hypocrisy still among you? For all that I have experienced of your manners is open violence, and barefaced injustice. Who that had ever felt satisfaction of virtue would ever part with it?

AIR XLVII. *T'amo tanto.*

Virtue's treasure,
Is a pleasure,
Cheerful even amid distress;
Nor pain nor crosses,
Nor grief nor losses,
Nor death itself can make it less.
Here relying,
Suff'ring, dying,
Honest souls find all redress.

Polly. My heart feels your sentiments, and my tongue longs to join in 'em.

Caw. Virtue's treasure
Is a pleasure,

Polly. Cheerful even amid distress;

Caw. Nor pain nor crosses,

Polly. Nor grief nor losses,

Caw. Nor death itself can make it less.

Polly. Here relying,

Caw. Suff'ring, dying,

Polly. Honest souls find all redress.

Caw. Having this, I want no other consolation. I am prepared for all misfortune.

Polly. Had you means of escape, you could not refuse it. To preserve your life is your duty.

Caw. By dishonest means, I scorn it.

Polly. But stratagem is allowed in war; and 'tis lawful to use all the weapons employed against you. You may save your friends from affliction, and be the instrument of rescuing your country.

Caw. Those are powerful inducements. I seek not voluntarily to resign my life. While it lasts, I would do my duty.

Polly.

Polly. I'll talk with our guard. What induces them to rapine and murder, will induce them to betray. You may offer them what they want; and from no hands, upon no terms, corruption can resist the temptation.

Caw. I have no skill. Those who are corrupt themselves know how to corrupt others. You may do as you please. But whatever you promise for me, contrary to the European custom, I will perform. For, though a knave may break his word with a knave, an honest tongue knows no such distinctions.

Polly. Gentlemen, I desire some conference with you, that may be for your advantage.

Enter Laguerre and Capstern.

Polly. Know you that you have the Indian prince in your custody.

Laguerre. Full well.

Polly. Know you the treasures that are in his power?

Laguerre. I know too that they shall soon be ours.

Polly. In having him in your possession they are yours.

Laguerre. As how, friend?

Polly. He might well reward you.

Laguerre. For what?

Polly. For his liberty.

Caw. Yes, European, I can and will reward you.

Capstern. He's a great man, and I trust no such promises.

Caw. I have said it, European: and an Indian's heart is always answerable for his words.

Polly. Think of the chance of war, gentlemen; conquest is not so sure when you fight against those who fight for their liberties.

Laguerre. What think you of the proposal?

Capstern. The prince can give us places; he can make us all great men. Such a prospect, I can tell you, Laguerre, would tempt our betters.

Laguerre. Besides, if we are beaten, we have no retreat to our ships.

Capstern. If we gain our ends, what matter how we come by it.

Laguerre. Every man for himself, say I. There is no being even with mankind, without that universal maxim. Consider, brother, we run no risk.

Cap

Capstern. Nay, I have no objections.

Laguerre. If we conquered, and the booty were to be divided among the crews, what would it amount to? Perhaps this way we might get more than would come to our shares.

Capstern. Then too, I always liked a place at court. I have a genius to get, keep in, and make the most of an employment.

Laguerre. You will consider, prince, our own politicians would have rewarded such meritorious services: we'll go off with you.

Capstern. We want only to be known to be employed.

Laguerre. Let us unbind him then.

Polly. 'Tis thus one able politician outwits another; and we admire their wisdom. You may rely upon the prince's word as much as if he was a poor man.

Capstern. Our fortunes then are made.

AIR XLVIII. *Down in a Meadow.*

Polly. The sportmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain;

Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.

What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd!

Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.

The spaniel they cherish, whose flattering way
Can as well as their masters cringe, fawn and betray.

Thus staunch politicians, look all the world round,
Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel, or hound.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Indian Camp.**Pohetohee and Attendants.*

INDIAN.

SIR, a party from the British factory have joined us. Their chief attends for your majesty's orders for their disposition.

Pob. Let them be posted next my command; for I would be witness of their bravery. But first let their officer know I would see him. [*Exit Indian.*]

Enter Ducat.

Ducat. I would do all in my power to serve your majesty. I have brought up my men, and now, Sir,—I would fain give up. I speak purely upon your majesty's account. For as to courage and all that—I have been a colonel of the militia these ten years.

Pob. Sure, you have not fear. Are you a man?

Ducat. A married man, Sir, who carries his wife's heart about him, and that indeed is a little timorous. Upon promise to her, I am engaged to quit in case of a battle; and her heart hath ever governed me more than my own. Besides, Sir, fighting is not our business; we pay others for fighting; and yet 'tis well known we had rather part with our lives than our money.

Pob. And you have no spirit then to defend it? Your families, your liberties, your properties are at stake. If these cannot move you, you must be born without a heart.

Ducat. Alas, Sir! we cannot be answerable for human infirmities.

AIR XLIX. *There was an old man, and he liv'd.*

What man can on virtue or courage repose,
Or guess if the touch 'twill abide?
Like gold, if intrinsic sure nobody knows,
Till weigh'd in the balance and try'd.

Pob. How different are your notions from ours! We
F think

think virtue, honour, and courage, as essential to man as his limbs, or senses; and in every man we suppose the qualities of a man, 'till we have found the contrary; but then we regard him only as a brute in disguise. How custom can degrade nature!

Ducat. Why should I have any more scruples about myself, than about my money? If I can make my courage pass current, what matter is it to me whether it be true or false? 'Tis time enough to own a man's failings when they are found out. If your majesty then will not dispense with my duty to my wife, with permission, I'll to my post. 'Tis wonderful to me that kings ever go to war, who have so much to lose, and nothing essential to get. [Exit.

Pob. My son a prisoner! Tortured perhaps and inhumanly butchered! Human nature cannot bear up against such afflictions. The war must suffer by his absence. More then is required from me. Grief raises my resolution, and calls me to relieve him, or to a just revenge. What mean those shouts?

Enter Indian.

Indian. The prince, Sir, is returned. The troops are animated by his presence. With some of the pirates in his retinue, he waits your majesty's commands.

Enter Cawwawkee, Polly, Laguerre, Capstern, &c.

Pob. Victory then is ours. Let me embrace him. Welcome, my son. Without thee my heart could not have felt a triumph.

Caw. Let this youth then receive your thanks. To him are owing my life and liberty. And the love of virtue alone gained me his friendship.

Pob. This hath convinced me that an European can be generous and honest.

Caw. These others, indeed, have the passion of their country. I owe their services to gold, and my promise is engaged to reward them. How it galls honour to have obligations to a dishonourable man!

Laguerre. I hope your majesty will not forget our services.

Pob. I am bound for my son's engagements.

Caw. For this youth I will be answerable. Like a gem found in rubbish, he appears the brighter among these his countrymen.

AIR

AIR L. *Iris la plus charmante.*

Love with beauty is flying,
At once 'tis blooming and dying;
But all seasons defying,
Friendship lasts on the year.
Love is by long enjoying,
Cloying,
Friendship, enjoy'd the longer,
Stronger.
Oh, may the flame divine
Burn in your breast like mine!

Polly. Most noble price, my behaviour shall justify the good opinion you have of me; and my friendship is beyond professions.

Pob. Let these men remain under guard, 'till after the battle. All promises shall then be made good to you.

[*Exeunt Pirates, guarded.*]

Caro. May this young man be my companion in the war? As a boon I request it of you. He knows our cause is just, and that is sufficient to engage him in it.

Pob. I leave you to appoint him his command. Dispose of him as you judge convenient.

Polly. To fall into their hands is certain torture and death. As far as my youth and strength will permit me, you may rely upon my duty.

Enter Indian.

Indian. Sir the enemy are advancing towards us.

Pob. Victory then is at hand. Justice protects us, and courage shall support us. Let us then to our posts.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the field of battle.*

Culverin, Hacker, and Pirates.

AIR LI. *There was a jovial beggar.*

1 *Pir.* When horns, with chearful sound,
Proclaim the active day;
Impatience warms the hound,
He burns to chase the prey.

Chorus. Thus to battle we will go, &c.

F 3.

2 *Pir.*

2 *Pir.* How charms the trumpet's breath !
 The brave, with hope possess'd,
 Forgetting wounds and death,
 Feel conquest in their breast.

Chorus. Thus to battle, &c.

Culverin. But yet I don't see, brother Hacker, why we should be commanded by a neger. 'Tis all along of him that we are led into these difficulties. I hate this land fighting. I love to have sea-room.

Hacker. We are of the council, brother. If ever we get 'on board again, my vote shall be for calling of him to account for these pranks. Why should we be such fools to be ambitious of satisfying another's ambition ?

Culverin. Let us mutiny. I love mutiny as well as my wife.

1 *Pir.* Let us mutiny.

2 *Pir.* Ay, let us mutiny.

Hacker. Our captain takes too much upon him. I am for no engrosser of power. By our articles he hath no command but in a fight or in a storm. Look'ee, brothers, I am for mutiny as much as any of you, when occasion offers.

Culverin. Right, brother, all in good season. The pass to our ships is cut off by the troops of the plantation. We must fight the Indians first, and we have a mutiny good afterwards.

Hacker. Is Morano still with his doxy ?

Culverin. He's yonder on the right, putting his troops in order for the onset.

Hacker. I wish this fight of ours were well over. For, to be sure, let soldiers say what they will, they feel more pleasure after a battle than in it.

Culverin. Does not the drum-head here, quarter-master, tempt you to fling a merry main or two ?

[Takes dice out of his pocket.]

Hacker. If I lose my money, I shall reimburse myself from the Indians. I have set.

Culverin. Have at you. A nick. [Flings.]

Hacker. Throw the dice fairly out. Are you at me again.

Culverin. I'm at it. Seven or eleven. [Flings.] Eleven.

Hacker.

Hack. Furies ! A manifest cog ! I won't be bubbled, Sir. This would not pass upon a drunken country gentleman. Death, Sir, I won't be cheated.

Culv. The money is mine. D'you take me for a sharper, Sir ?

Hack. Yes, Sir.

Culv. I'll have satisfaction.

Hack. With all my heart. [*Fighting.*]

Enter Morano, Vanderbluff, &c.

Mor. For shame, gentlemen ! [*Parting them.*] Is this a time for private quarrel ? What do I see ! Dice upon the drum-head ! If you have not left off those cowardly tools, you are unworthy your profession. The articles you have sworn to, prohibit gaming for money. Friendship and society cannot subsist where it is practised. As this is the day of battle, I remit your penalties. But let me hear no more of it.

Culv. To be call'd sharper, Captain, is a reproach that no man of honour can put up.

Hack. But to be one, is what no man of honour can practise.

Mor. If you will not obey orders, quarter-master, this pistol shall put an end to the dispute. [*Claps it to his head.*] The common cause now requires your agreement. If gaming is so rife, I don't wonder that treachery still subsists among you.

Hack. Who is treacherous ?

Mor. Capstern and Laguerre have let the prince and the stripling, you took prisoner, escape, and are gone off with them to the Indians. Upon your duty, gentlemen, this day, depends our all.

Culv. Rather than have ill-blood among us I return the money. I value your friendship more. Let all animosities be forgot.

Mor. We should be Indians among ourselves, and shew our breeding and parts to every body else. If we cannot be true to one another, and false to all the world beside, there is an end of every great enterprize.

Hack. We have nothing to trust to but death or victory.

Mor. Then hey for victory and plunder, my lads !

AIR LII. *To you, fair ladies.*

By bolder steps we win the race.

1st Pir. Let's haste where danger calls.

Mor. Unless ambition mend its pace,
It totters, nods, and falls.

1st Pir. We must advance or be undone.

Mor. Think thus, and then the battle's won.

Chorus. With a fa la la, &c.

Mor. You see your booty, your plunder, gentlemen. The Indians are just upon us. The great must venture death some way or other, and the less ceremony about it, in my opinion, the better. But why talk I of death! Those only talk of it, who fear it. Let us all live and enjoy our conquests. Sound the charge.

AIR LIII. *Prince Eugene's march.*

When the tyger roams,

And the timorous flock is in his view,

Fury foams,

He thirsts for the blood of the crew.

His greedy eyes he throws,

Thirst with the number grows,

On he pours, with a wide waste pursuing,

Spreading the plain with a general ruin,

Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn.

Vander. Let us on, one and all!

1st Pir. How they fly, how they fall!

Mor. For the war, for the prize I burn.

Vander. Were they dragons, my lads, as they sit brooding upon treasure, we would fright them from their nests.

Mor. But see, the enemy are advancing to close engagement. Before the onset, we'll demand a parley, and, if we can, obtain honourable terms—We are overpowered by numbers, and our retreat is cut off.

Enter

Enter Pohetohee, Cawwawkee, Polly, &c. with the Indian army drawn up against the Pirates.

Pob. Our hearts are all ready. The enemy halts,
Let the trumpets give the signal.

AIR LIV. *The Marlborough.*

Caw. We the sword of justice drawing,
Terror cast in guilty eyes;
In its beam false courage dies;
'Tis like lightning keen and awing.
Charge the foe,
Lay them low,
On then, and strike the blow.
Hark! victory calls us. See guilt is dismay'd:
The villain is of his own conscience afraid.
In your hands are your lives and your liberties
held,
The courage of virtue was never repell'd.

Pir. Our chief demands a parley.

Pob. Let him advance.

Art thou, Morano, that fell man of prey?
That foe to justice?

Mor. Tremble and obey.
Art thou great Pohetohee styl'd?

Pob. _____ The same.
I dare avow my actions and my name.

Mor. Thou know'st then, king, thy son there, was
my prisoner. Pay us the ransom we demand, allow us
safe passage to our ships, and we will give you your
lives and liberty.

Pob. Shall robbers and plunderers prescribe rules to
right and equity? Insolent madman! Composition with
knaves is base and ignominious. Tremble at the sword
of justice, rapacious brute.

AIR

AIR LV. *Lies rats.*

Mor. Know then, war's my pleasure.

Am I thus controll'd ?

Both thy heart and treasure

Ill at once unfold.

You, like a miser, scraping, hiding,

Rob all the world ; you're but mines of gold.

Rage my breast alarms,

War is by kings held right-deciding ;

Then to arms, to arms ;

With this sword I'll force your hold.

By thy obstinacy, king, thou hast provok'd thy fate ;
and so expect me.

Pob. Rapacious fool ; by thy avarice thou shalt perish.

Mor. Fall on.

Pob. For your lives and liberties.

[*Fight, Pirates beat off.*

Enter Ducat.

Duc. A slight wound now would have been a good certificate ; but who dares contradict a soldier ? 'Tis your common soldiers who must content themselves with mere fighting ; but 'tis we officers that run away with the most fame as well as pay. Of all fools, the fool-hardy are the greatest, for they are not even to be trusted with themselves. Why should we provoke men to turn again upon us, after they are run away ? For my own part, I think it wiser to talk of fighting, than only to be talk'd of. The fame of a talking hero will satisfy me ; the sound of whose valour amazes and astonishes all peaceable men, women, and children. Sure a man may be allow'd a little lying in his own praise, when there's so much going about to his discredit. Since every other body gives a man less praise than he deserves, a man, in justice to himself, ought to make up deficiencies. Without this privilege, we should have fewer good characters in the world than we have,

AIR.

AIR LVI. *Mad Robin.*

How faultless does the nymph appear,
When her own hand the picture draws !

But all others only feign
Her wrinkles, cracks, and flaws.
Self-flattery is our claim and right,
Let men say what they will ;
Sure we may set our good in fight,
When neighbours set our ill.

So, for my own part, I'll no more trust my reputation in my neighbour's hands, than my money ; but will turn them both myself to the best advantage.

Enter Pohetohee, Cawwawkee, and Indians.

Pob. Had Morano been taken or slain, our victory had been complete.

Duc. A hare may escape from a mastiff. I could not be a greyhound too.

Pob. How have you dispos'd of the prisoners ?

Caw. They are all under safe guard, till the king's justice, by their exemplary punishment, deters others from the like barbarities.

Pob. But all our troops are not as yet return'd from the pursuit : I am too for speedy justice, for in that there is a sort of clemency. Besides I would not have my private thoughts worried by mercy to pardon such wretches. I cannot be answerable for the frailties of my nature.

Caw. The youth who rescued me from these cruel men is missing ; and amidst all our successes I cannot feel happiness. I fear he is among the slain. My gratitude interested itself so warmly in his safety, that you must pardon my concern. What hath victory done for me ? I have lost a friend.

AIR LVII. *Thro' the wood, laddy.*

As sits the sad turtle alone on the spray ;

His heart sorely beating,

Sad murmur repeating,

Indulging his grief for his consort astray ;

For force or death only could keep her away.

Now

Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare ;
 If guns have not slain her,
 The net must detain her,
 Thus he'll rise in my thoughts, every hour with a tear,
 If safe from the battle he do not appear.

Pob. Dead or alive, bring me intelligence of him ;
 for I share in my son's affliction. [*Exit Indian.*]

Duc. I had better too be upon the spot, or my men
 may embezzle some plunder which by right should be
 mine. [*Exit.*]

Enter Indian.

Ind. The youth, Sir, with a party is just return'd
 from the pursuit. He's here to attend your majesty's
 commands.

Enter Polly and Indian.

Caw. Pardon, Sir, the warmth of my friendship, if
 I fly to meet him, and for a moment intercept his duty.
 [*Embracing.*]

AIR LVIII. *Clasp'd in my dear Melinda's arms.*

Polly. Victory is ours.

Caw. ———— My fond heart is at rest.

Polly. Friendship thus receives it guest.

Caw. O what transport fills my breast !

Polly. Conquest is compleat.

Caw. Now the triumph's great.

Polly. In your life is a nation blest.

Caw. In your life I'm of all possess'd.

Pob. The obligations my son hath receiv'd from you,
 makes me take a part in his friendship. In your safety
 victory has been doubly kind to me. If Morano hath
 escap'd, justice only reserves him to be finish'd by ano-
 ther hand.

Polly. In the rout, Sir, I overtook him, flying with
 all the cowardice of guilt upon him. Thousands have
 false courage enough to be vicious ; true fortitude is
 founded upon honour and virtue ; that only can abide
 all tests. I made him my prisoner, and left him with-
 out

out under strict guard, till I receiv'd your majesty's commands for his disposal.

Pob. Sure this youth was sent me as a guardian. Let your prisoner be brought before us.

Enter Morano guarded.

Mor. Here's a young treacherous dog now, who hangs the husband to come at the wife. There are wives in the world, who would have undertaken that affair to have come at him. Your son's liberty, to be sure, you think better worth than mine; so that I allow you a good bargain if I take my own for his ransom, without a gratuity. You know, king, he is my debtor.

Pob. He hath the obligations to thee of a sheep who hath escap'd out of the jaws of the wolf, beast of prey!

Mor. Your great men will never own their debts, that's certain.

Pob. Trifle not with justice, impious man. Your barbarities, your rapine, your murders are now at an end.

Mor. Ambition must take its chance. If I die, I die in my vocation.

AIR LIX. *Parson upon Dorothy.*

The soldiers, who by trade must dare
 The deadly cannon's sounds,
 You may be sure, betimes prepare
 For fatal blood and wounds.
 The men, who with advent'rous dance,
 Bound from the cord on high,
 Must own they have the frequent chance
 By broken bones to die.
 Since rarely then
 Ambitious men,
 Like others, lose their breath;
 Like these, I hope,
 They know a rope
 Is but their natural death.

We

We must all take the common lot of our professions.

Pob. Would your European laws have suffer'd crimes like these to have gone unpunish'd ?

Mor. Were all I am worth safely landed, I have wherewithal to make almost any crime fit easy upon me.

Pob. Have ye notions of property ?

Mor. Of my own.

Pob. Would not your honest industry have been sufficient to have supported you ?

Mor. Honest industry ! I have heard talk of it indeed, among the common people, but all great genius's are above it.

Pob. Have you no respect for virtue ?

Mor. As a good phrase, Sir. But the practisers of it are so insignificant and poor, that they are seldom found in the best company.

Pob. Is not wisdom esteem'd among you ?

Mor. Yes, Sir : but only as a step to riches and power ; a step that raises ourselves, and trips up our neighbours.

Pob. Honour, and honesty, are not those distinguish'd ?

Mor. As incapacities and follies. How ignorant are these Indians ! But indeed I think honour is of some use ; it serves to swear upon.

Pob. Have you no consciousness ? Have you no shame ?

Mor. Of being poor.

Pob. How can society subsist with avarice ! Ye are but the forms of men. Beasts would thrust you out of their herd upon that account, and man should cast you out for your brutal dispositions.

Mor. Alexander the Great was more successful. That's all.

AIR LX. *The collier has a daughter.*

When right or wrong's decided,

In war or civil causes.

We by success are guided

To blame or give applauses.

Thus

Thus men exalt ambition,
 In power by all commended,
 But when it falls from high condition,
 Tyburn is well attended.

Pob. Let justice then take her course, I shall not interfere with her decrees. Mercy too obliges me to protect my country from such violences. Immediate death shall put a stop to your further mischiefs.

Mor. This sentence indeed is hard. Without the common forms of trial ! Not so much as the counsel of a Newgate attorney ! Not to be able to lay out my money in partiality and evidence ! Not a friend perjur'd for me ! 'Tis hard, very hard !

Pob. Let the sentence be put in execution. Lead him to death. Let his accomplices be witnesses of it, and afterwards let them be securely guarded till further orders.

AIR LXI. *Mad Moll.*

Mor. All crimes are judg'd like fornication ;
 While rich we are honest no doubt :
 Fine ladies can keep reputation,
 Poor lasses alone are found out.
 If justice had piercing eyes,
 Like ourselves, to look within,
 She'd find power and wealth a disguise
 That shelter the worst of our kin.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

Pob. How shall I return the obligations I owe you ? Every thing in my power you may command. In making a request, you confer on me another benefit. For gratitude is oblig'd by occasions of making a return : and every occasion must be agreeable ; for a grateful mind hath more pleasure in paying than receiving.

Carv. My friendship too is impatient to give you proofs of it. How happy would you make me in allowing me to discharge that duty !

AIR LXII. *Prince George.*

All friendship is a mutual debt,

Polly. The contract's inclination :

Carv. We never can that bond forget
Of sweet retaliation.

Polly. All day, and every day the same,
We are paying and still owing ;

Carv. By turns we grant, by turns we claim
The pleasure of bestowing.

Both. By turns we grant, &c.

Polly. The pleasure of having serv'd an honourable man is a sufficient return. My misfortunes, I fear, are beyond relief.

Carv. That sigh makes me suffer. If you have a want, let me know it.

Polly. If it is in a king's power, my power will make me happy.

Carv. If you believe me a friend, you are unjust in concealing your distresses from me. You deny me the privilege of friendship ; for I have a right to share them, or redress them.

Poh. Can my treasures make you happy ?

Polly. Those who have them not, think they can ; those who have them, know they cannot.

Poh. How unlike his countrymen !

Carv. While you conceal one want from me, I feel every want for you. Such obstinacy to a friend is barbarity.

Polly. Let not my reflection interrupt the joys of your triumph. Could I have commanded my thoughts, I would have reserv'd them for solitude.

Carv. Those sighs, and that reservedness, are symptoms of a heart in love. A pain that I am yet a stranger to.

Polly. Then you never have been completely wretched.

AIR

AIR LXIII. *Blithe Jockey, young and gay.*

Can words the pain express
 Which absent lovers know ?
 He only mine can guess,
 Whose heart hath felt the woe.
 'Tis doubt, suspicion, fear,
 Seldom hope, oft' despair,
 'Tis jealousy, 'tis rage, in brief
 'Tis every pang and grief.

Caw. But does not love often deny itself aid and comfort, by being too obstinately secret ;

Polly. One cannot be too open to generosity ; that is a fun of universal benignity. In concealing ourselves from it, we but deny ourselves the blessing of its influence.

AIR LXIV. *In the fields in frost and snow.*

The modest lily, like the maid,
 Its pure bloom defending,
 Is of noxious dews afraid,
 Soon as even's descending.
 Clos'd all night,
 Free from blight,
 It preserves the native white ;
 But at morn' unfolds its leaves,
 And the vital fun receives.

Yet why should I trouble your majesty with the misfortunes of so inconsiderable a wretch as I am ?

Pob. A king's beneficence should be like the sun. The most humble weed should feel its influence, as well as the most gaudy flower. But I have the nearest concern in any thing that touches you.

Polly. You see then at your feet the most unhappy of women. *[Kneels, he raises her.]*

Caw. A woman ! O my heart !

Pob. A woman !

Polly. Yes, Sir ; the most wretched of her sex. In love ! married ! abandon'd, and in despair !

Pob. What brought you into these countries ?

Polly. To find my husband. Why had not the love of virtue directed my heart ? But, alas ! 'tis outward appearance alone that generally engage a woman's affection ! And my heart is in the possession of the most profligate of mankind.

Pob. Why this disguise ?

Polly. To protect me from the violences and insults to which my sex might have expos'd me.

Caw. Had she not been married, I might have been happy. [*Aside.*]

Polly. He ran into the madness of every vice. I detest his principles, tho' I am fond of his person to distraction. Could your commands for search and enquiry, restore him to me, you reward me at once with all my wishes. For sure my love still might reclaim him.

Caw. Had you conceal'd your sex, I had been happy in your friendship ; but now, how uneasy, how restless is my heart !

AIR. LXV. *Whilst I gaze on Chloe.*

Whilst I gaze in fond desiring,
Every former thought is lost ;
Sighing, wishing, and admiring,
How my troubled soul is tost !
Hot and cold my blood is flowing,
How it thrills in every vein !
Liberty and life are going,
Hope can ne'er relieve my pain.

Enter Indian.

Ind. The rest of the troops, Sir, are return'd from the pursuit with more prisoners. They attend your majesty's commands.

Pob. Let them be brought before us. [*Exit Indian.*]
Give not yourself up to despair ; for every thing in my power you may command. [*To Polly.*]

Caw. And every thing in mine. But, alas ! I have none ; for I am not in my own !

Enter

Enter Ducat and Jenny, guarded, &c.

Jen. Spare my husband, Morano is my husband.

Pob. Then I have reliev'd you from the society of a monster.

Jen. Alas, Sir ! there are many husbands who are furious monsters to the rest of mankind, that are the tamest creatures alive to their wives. I can be answerable for his duty and submission to your majesty, for I know I have so much power over him, that I can even make him good.

Pob. Why then had not you made him so before ?

Jen. I was, indeed, like other wives, too indulgent to him ; and as it was agreeable to my own humour, I was loth to baulk his ambition. I must, indeed, own too, that I had the frailty of pride. But where is the woman who hath not an inclination to be as great and rich as she can be ?

Pob. With how much ease and unconcern these Europeans talk of vices, as if they were necessary qualifications.

AIR LXVI. *The Jamaica.*

Jen. The sex, we find,
Like men inclin'd
To guard against reproaches ;
And none neglect
To pay respect
To rogues who keep their coaches.

Indeed, Sir, I had determin'd to be honest myself, and to have made him so too, as soon as I had put myself upon a reasonable foot in the world ; and that is more self-denial than is commonly practis'd.

Pob. Woman, your profligate sentiments offend me ; and you deserve to be cut off from society, with your husband. Mercy would be scarce excusable in pardoning you. Have done then. Morano is now under the stroke of justice.

Jen. Let me implore your majesty to respite his sentence. Send me back again with him into slavery, from

whence we escap'd. Give us an occasion of being honest, for we owe our lives and liberties to one another.

Duc. Yes, Sir, I find some of my run-away slaves among the crew ; and I hope my services at least will allow me to claim my own again.

Jen. Morano, Sir, I must confess, hath been a free liver, and a man of so many gallantries, that no woman could escape him. If Macheath's misfortune were known, the whole sex would be in tears.

Polly. Macheath !

Jen. He is no black, Sir ; but under that disguise, for my sake, screen'd himself from the claims and importunities of other women. May love interceed for him ?

Polly. Macheath ! Is it possible ? Spare him, save him, I ask no other reward.

Pob. Haste, let the sentence be suspended.

[*Exit Indian,*

Polly. Fly ; a moment may make me miserable. Why could not I know him ? All his distresses brought upon him by my hand ! Cruel love, how could'st thou blind me so ?

AIR LXVII. *Tweed side.*

The stag, when chas'd all the long day
O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake ;
Now panting for breath and at bay,
Now stemming the river or lake ;
When the treacherous scent is all cold,
And at eve he returns to his hind,
Can her joy, can her pleasure be told ?
Such joy and such pleasure I find.

But, alas ! now again reflection turns fear upon my heart. His pardon may come too late, and I may never see him more.

Pob. Take hence that profligate woman. Let her be kept under strict guard till my commands.

Jen. Slavery, Sir, slavery is all I ask. Whatever becomes of him, spare my life ; spare an unfortunate woman. What can be the meaning of this sudden turn !

Consider, Sir, if a husband be never so bad, a wife is bound to duty.

Pob. Take her hence, I say; let my orders be obeyed.
[Exit Jenny, guarded.]

Polly. What, no news yet? Not yet returned?

Caw. If justice hath overtaken him, he was unworthy of you.

Polly. Not yet!—Oh, how-I fear!

AIR LXVIII. *One evening as I lay.*

My heart forebodes he's dead;
That thought how can I bear?
He's gone, for ever fled;
My soul is all despair!
I see him pale and cold,
The noose hath stopp'd his breath,
Just as my dream foretold:
Oh, had that sleep been death!

Enter Indians.

He's dead, he's dead!—their looks confess it!—
Your tongues have no need to give it utterance, to confirm my misfortunes! I know, I see, I feel it! Support me! Oh, Macheath!

Duc. Mercy upon me! now I look upon her nearer, bless me! it must be Polly. This woman, Sir, is my slave; and I claim her as my own. I hope, if your majesty thinks of keeping her, you will reimburse me, and not let me be a loser. She was an honest girl, to be sure, and had too much virtue to thrive; for, to my knowledge, money could not tempt her.

Pob. And if she is virtuous, European, dost thou think I'll act the infamous part of a ruffian, and force her? 'Tis my duty, as a king, to cherish and protect virtue.

Caw. Justice hath relieved you from the society of a wicked man. If an honest heart can recompense your loss, you would make me happy in accepting mine. I hope my father will consent to my happiness.

Pob. Since your love of her is founded upon the love of virtue and gratitude, I leave you to your own disposal.

Caw.

Caw. What, no reply?

Polly. Abandon me to my sorrows, for in indulging them is my only relief.

Pob. Let the chiefs have immediate execution. For the rest, let them be restored to their owners, and return to their slavery.

AIR LXIX. *Buff-coat.*

Caw. Why that languish!

Polly. Oh, he's dead! Oh, he's lost for ever!

Caw. Cease your anguish, and forget your grief.

Polly. Ah, never!

What air, grace, and stature!

Caw. How false in his nature!

Polly. To virtue my love might have won him.

Caw. How base and deceiving!

Polly. But love is believing.

Caw. Vice, at length, as 'tis meet, hath undone him.

By your consent, you might, at the same time, give me happiness, and procure your own. My titles, my treasures are all at your command.

AIR LXX. *An Italian ballad.*

Polly. Frail is ambition, how weak the foundation!

Riches have wings as inconstant as wind;

My heart is proof against either temptation,

Virtue, without them, contentment can find.

I am charmed, prince, with your generosity and virtues. 'Tis only by the pursuit of those we secure real happiness. Those that know and feel virtue in themselves, must love it in others. Allow me to give a decent time to my sorrows. But my misfortunes, at present, interrupt the joys of victory.

Caw. Fair princess, for so, I hope, shortly, to make you, permit me to attend you, either to divide your griefs, or, by conversation, to soften your sorrows.

Pob. 'Tis a pleasure to me, by this alliance, to recompense your merits. *[Exit Caw. and Polly.]*

Let the sports and dances, then, celebrate our victory.

[Exit.]
DANCE.

P O L L Y.
D A N C E.

81

AIR LXXI. *The Temple.*

- 1 *Ind.* Justice long forbearing,
Power or riches never fearing,
Slow, yet persevering,
Hunts the villain's pace.
- Chor.* Justice long, &c.
- 2 *Ind.* What tongues, then, will defend him?
Or what hand will succour lend him?
Ev'n his friends attend him,
To foment the chace.
- Chor.* Justice long, &c.
- 3 *Ind.* Virtue subduing,
Humbles in ruin
All the proud wicked race,
Truth, never failing,
Must be prevailing,
Falshood shall find disgrace.
- Chor.* Justice long forbearing, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.



A TABLE

A TABLE of the SONGS.

A C T I.

A I R. Page

I. <i>The manners of the great affect.</i>	11
II. <i>What can wealth.</i>	13
III. <i>He that weds a beauty.</i>	15
IV. <i>My conscience is of courtly mold.</i>	16
V. <i>In pimps and politicians.</i>	17
VI. <i>She who hath felt a real pain.</i>	18
VII. <i>Farewel, farewel, all hopes of blifs.</i>	19
VIII. <i>Despair is all folly.</i>	20
IX. <i>I will have my humours, I'll please all my senses.</i>	22
X. <i>When billows come breaking on the strand.</i>	23
XI. <i>When a woman jealous grows.</i>	24
XII. <i>When kings by their buffing.</i>	25
XIII. <i>The crow or daw thro' all the year.</i>	26
XIV. <i>How can you be so teasing.</i>	27
XV. <i>Maids like courtiers must be woo'd.</i>	28
XVI. <i>Can I or toil or hunger fear.</i>	ibid.
XVII. <i>Brave boys, prepare.</i>	30
XVIII. <i>Better to doubt.</i>	31
XIX. <i>Abroad after misses most husbands will roam.</i>	32
XX. <i>Love now is nought but art.</i>	33
XXI. <i>As pilgrims thro' devotion.</i>	35

A C T II.

XXII. <i>Why did you spare him?</i>	36
XXIII. <i>Sleep, Oh, sleep!</i>	ibid.
XXIV. <i>Of all the sins that are money-supplying.</i>	37
XXV. <i>By women won.</i>	39
XXVI. <i>Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean.</i>	ibid.
XXVII. <i>I hate those coward tribes.</i>	40
XXVIII. <i>Cheer up, my lads, let us push on the fray.</i>	41
XXIX. <i>When I'm great, and flush of treasure.</i>	ibid.
XXX. <i>Shall I not be bold when honour calls.</i>	42
XXXI. <i>How many men have found the skill.</i>	43
XXXII. <i>Fine women are devils, complete in their way.</i>	ib.
XXXIII. <i>Tho' different passions rage by turns.</i>	45
XXXIV.	

A I R	Page
XXXIV. <i>The world is always jarring.</i>	46
XXXV. <i>In love and life the present use.</i>	47
XXXVI. <i>We never blame the forward swain.</i>	48
XXXVII. <i>My heart is by love forsaken.</i>	ibid.
XXXVIII. <i>By halves no friend.</i>	49
XXXIX. <i>If husbands sit unsteady.</i>	50
XL. <i>The body of the brave may be taken.</i>	51
XLI. <i>For gold you sacrifice your fame.</i>	52
XLII. <i>When gold is in hand.</i>	53
XLIII. <i>Honour calls me from thy arms.</i>	54
XLIV. <i>Honour plays a bubble's part.</i>	55
XLV. <i>When ambition's ten years toils.</i>	55
XLVI. <i>Despair leads to battle, no courage so great.</i>	57
XLVII. <i>Virtue's treasure.</i>	58
XLVIII. <i>The sportsmen keep hawks, &c.</i>	60
A C T III.	
XLIX. <i>What man can on virtue or courage repose.</i>	61
L. <i>Love with beauty is flying.</i>	63
LI. <i>When horns with cheerful sound.</i>	ib.
LII. <i>By bolder steps we win the race.</i>	66
LIII. <i>When the tyger roams.</i>	ib.
LIV. <i>We the sword of justice drawing.</i>	67
LV. <i>Know then, war's my pleasure.</i>	68
LVI. <i>How faultless does the nymph appear.</i>	69
LVII. <i>As sits the sad turtle alone on the spray.</i>	ib.
LVIII. <i>Victory is ours.</i>	70
LVIX. <i>The soldiers, who by trade must dare.</i>	71
LX. <i>When right or wrong's decided.</i>	72
LXI. <i>All crimes are judg'd like fornication.</i>	73
LXII. <i>All friendship is a mutual debt.</i>	74
LXIII. <i>Can words express the pain.</i>	75
LXIV. <i>The modest lily, like the maid.</i>	ib.
LXV. <i>Whilst I gaze in fond desiring.</i>	76
LXVI. <i>The sex, we find.</i>	77
LXVII. <i>The stag, when chas'd all the long day.</i>	78
LXVIII. <i>My heart forebodes he's dead.</i>	79
LXIX. <i>Why that languish.</i>	80
LXX. <i>Frail is ambition, how weak the foundation.</i>	ib.
LXXI. <i>Justice long forbearing.</i>	81





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Thos. G. Smith sculp.

*MR. MATTOCKS in the Character of ACHILLES.
How I pant! How I burn for the fight.*

BELL'S EDITION.

ACHILLES.

AN OPERA.

As written by JOHN GAY.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED,
IN TWO ACTS,
AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. WILD, Prompter.

deceperat omnes.
(*In quibus Ajacem*) *sumptæ fallacia vestis.*
OVID. METAM. lib. 13.

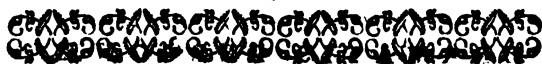
Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret. HOR.



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MDCCLXXVII.



P R O L O G U E.

I Wonder not our author doubts success,
 One in his circumstance can do no less.
 The dancer on the rope that tries at all,
 In each unpractis'd caper risques a fall:
 I own I dread his ticklish situation,
 Critics detest poetic innovation.
 Had Ic'rus been content with solid ground,
 The giddy, vent'rous youth had ne'er been drown'd.
 The Pegasus of old had fire and force,
 But your true modern is a carrier's horse,
 Drawn by the foremost bell, afraid to stray,
 Bard following bard, jogs on the beaten way.
 Why is this man so obstinate an elf?
 Will he, alone, not imitate himself?
 His scene now shows the heroes of old Greece;
 But how? The monstrous! in a comic piece.
 To buskins, plumes and helmets what pretence,
 If mighty chiefs must speak but common sense?
 Shall no bold diction, no poetic rage,
 Foam at our mouths, and thunder on the stage?
 No——'tis Achilles, as he came from Chiron,
 Just taught to sing, as well as wield cold iron;
 And whatsoever critics may suppose,
 Our author holds, that what he spoke was prose.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Covent-Garden.

<i>Lycomedes,</i>	-	-	Mr. Du-Bellamy.
<i>Diphilus,</i>	-	-	Mr. Dyer.
<i>Achilles,</i>	-	-	Mr. Mattocks.
<i>Ulysses,</i>	-	-	Mr. Owenfon.
<i>Diomedes,</i>	-	-	Mr. Fox.
<i>Ajax,</i>	-	-	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Periphas,</i>	-	-	Mr. Reinhold.
<i>Agyrtes,</i>	-	-	Mr. Baker.

W O M E N.

<i>'Thetis.'</i>			
<i>Theaspe,</i>	-	-	Miss Catley.
<i>Deidamia,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Lesbia,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Pouffin.
<i>Philoe,</i>	-	-	Miss Valois.
<i>Artemona,</i>	-	-	Miss Brown.

Courtiers, Guards, &c.

S C E N E, S C R O S.

ACHILLES.

A C H I L L E S.

* * The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in *Italics* are the additions of the Theatre.

A C T I.

' SCENE, *the Palace.*

' *Enter Thetis and Achilles.*

' THETIS.

' **B**EFORE I leave you, child, I must insist upon your
' promise, that you will never discover yourself
' without my leave. Don't look upon it as capricious
' fondness, nor think (because 'tis a mother's advice).
' that, in duty to yourself, you are obliged not to fol-
' low it.

' *Ach.* But my character, my honour——Would you
' have your son live with infamy?——On the first step
' of a young fellow, depends his character for life. I
' beg you, goddess, to dispense with your commands.

' *Thet.* Have you, then, no regard to my presentim-
' ment? I can't bear the thoughts of your going; for I
' know that odious siege of Troy would be the death
' of thee.

' *Ach.* Because you have the natural fears of a mother,
' would you have me insensible that I have the heart of
' a man? The world, Madam, must look upon my ab-
' scending in this manner, and at this particular junc-
' ture, as infamous cowardice.

' AIR I. *A clown in Flanders once there was,*

' What's life? No curse is more severe,

' Than bearing life with shame.

' Is this your fondness, this your care?

' Oh, give me death with fame!

A 3

' *Thet.*

‘ *Thet.* Keep your temper, Achilles, ’Tis both impious and undutiful to call my prescience in question.

‘ *Ach.* Pardon me, goddess; for had you, like other mothers, been a mere woman only, I should have taken the liberty of other sons, and should (as ’tis my duty) have heard your advice, and followed my own.

‘ *Thet.* I positively shall not be easy, child, unless you give me your word and honour—You know my commands.

‘ *Ach.* My word, Madam, I can give you; but my honour is already sacrificed to my duty. That I gave you, when I submitted to put on this woman’s habit.

‘ *Thet.* Believe me, Achilles, I have a tender regard for your honour, as well as life. By preventing your running headlong to your destiny, I preserve you for future glory. Therefore, child, I once more insist upon your solemn promise.

‘ *Ach.* Was I a woman, (as I appear to be) I could, without difficulty, give you a promise, to have the pleasure of breaking it; but when I promise, my life is pledged for the performance. Your commands, Madam, are sacred. Yet I intreat you, goddess, to consider the ignominious part you make me act. In obeying you, I prove myself unworthy of you.

‘ *Thet.* My will, Achilles, is not to be controverted. Your life depends upon your duty; and, positively, child, you shall not go to this siege.

‘ A I R II. *Gudgeon’s Song.*

‘ Why am I thus held at defiance ?

‘ A mother, a goddess obey.

‘ Will men never practise compliance,

‘ Till marriage hath taught them the way ?

‘ *Ach.* But why must I lead the life of a woman ?

‘ Why was I stolen away from my preceptor ? Was I not as safe under the care of Chiron ? I know the love he had for me ; I feel his concern ; and I dare swear that good creature is now so distressed for the loss of me, that he will quite founder himself with galloping from place to place to look after me.

Thet. I'll hear no more. Obey, and seek to know no further. Can you imagine that I would have taken all this trouble to have lodged you under the protection of Lycomedes, if I had not seen the absolute necessity of it?

Ach. Were I allowed to follow my inclinations, what would you have to fear? I should do my duty, and die with honour. Was I to live an age, I could do no more.

Thet. You are so very obstinate, that, really, child, there's no enduring you. Your impatience seems to forget that I am a goddess. Have I not degraded myself into the character of a distressed Grecian princess? 'Tis owing to my artifice and insinuation that we have the protection of the king of Scyros. Have I not won Lycomedes's friendship and hospitality to that degree, as to place you, without the least suspicion, among his daughters? And for what, dear Achilles? Your safety and future fame required it.

Ach. 'Tis impossible, Madam, to bear it much longer! my words, my actions, my aukward behaviour, must one day inevitably discover me—I had been safer under the tuition of Chiron.

Thet. Hath not the prophet Calchas persuaded the confederates, that the success of their expedition against Troy, depends upon your being among them? Have they not emissaries and spies almost every where in search of you? 'Tis here, only, and in this disguise, that I can believe you out of the reach of suspicion—You have so much youth, and such a bloom, that there is no man alive but must take you for a woman. What I am most afraid of, is, that when you are among the ladies, you should be so little master of your passions, as to find yourself a man.

AIR III. *Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor?*

Ach. The woman always in temptation,
Must do what Nature bids her do :
Our hearts feel equal palpitacion ;
For we've unguarded minutes too,

By

' By nature greedy,
 ' When lank and needy,
 ' Within your fold the wolf confine;
 ' Then bid the glutton
 ' Not think of mutton;
 ' Can you persuade him not to dine?

' *Thet.* Now, dear child, let me beg you to be discreet. I have some sea affairs that require my attendance, which (much against my will) oblige me, for a time, to leave you to your own conduct.

' *Enter Artemona.*

' *Art.* The princesses, Lady Pyrrha, have been sitting at their embroidery above a quarter of an hour, and are perfectly miserable for want of you.

' *Thet.* Pyrrha is so very unhandy, and so monstrously awkward at her needle, that I know she must be diverting. Her passion for romances (as you must have observed in other girls) took her off from every part of useful education.

' *Ach.* For the many obligations I have to the princesses, I should, no doubt, upon all occasions, shew myself ready to be the butt of their ridicule; 'tis a duty that all great people expect from what they call their dependants.

' *Art.* How can you, Lady Pyrrha, misinterpret a civility? I know they have a friendship, an esteem for you; and have a pleasure in instructing you.

' *Thet.* For Heaven's sake, Pyrrha, let not your capitious temper run away with your good-manners. You cannot but be sensible of the king's and their civilities, both to you and me. How can you be so horribly out of humour?

' *Ach.* All I mean, Madam, is, that when people are sensible of their own defects, they are not the proper objects of ridicule.

' *Thet.* You are so very touchy, Pyrrha, that there is no enduring you? How can you be so unforgivable a creature, as to deny a friend the liberty of laughing at your little follies and indiscretions? For what, do you think, women keep company with one another?

' *Ach.* Because they hate one another, despise one another,

A C H I L L E S.

‘ another, and seek to have the pleasure of seeing and exposing one another’s faults and follies.

‘ *Thet.* Now, dear Pyrrha, tell me, is work a thing you pique yourself upon? Suppose too, they should smile at an absurdity in your dress, it could not be such a mortification, as if, like most women, you had made it the chief business of your life.

‘ *Art.* Don’t they treat one another with equal familiarity?

‘ *Ach.* But a reply from me (whatever was the provocation) might be looked upon as impertinent. I hate to be under the restraint of civility when I am ill used.

‘ *Art.* Will you allow me, Madam, to make your excuses to the princesses?—The occasion of your highness’s leaving her, I see, troubles her—Perhaps I may interrupt conversation.

‘ *Thet.* ’Tis astonishing, child, how you can have so little complaisance. This sullen behaviour of yours must be disagreeable. I hope, Madam, she is not always in this way?

‘ *Art.* Never was any creature more entertaining! Such spirits, and so much vivacity! The princesses are really fond of her to distraction. The most cheerful tempers are liable to the spleen; and ’tis an indulgence that one woman owes to another.

‘ *Ach.* The spleen, Madam, is a female frailty that I have no pretensions to, nor any of its affections.

‘ AIR IV. *Si vous vous moquez de nous.*

‘ When a woman sullen fits,

‘ And wants breath to conquer reason,

‘ Always these affected fits

‘ Are in season.

‘ Since ’tis in her disposition,

‘ Make her be her own physician.

‘ Nay, dear Madam, you shall not go without me——

‘ Though I have my particular reasons to be out of humour, I cannot be deficient in good-manners.

‘ *Art.* I know they would take it mortally ill, if they thought your complaisance had put yourself under the least restraint.

‘ *Ach.*

' *Ach.* I can't forgive myself for my behaviour. You must excuse me, Madam; for absence in conversation is an incivility that I am but too liable to.

' *Are.* You know we all rally you upon your being in love, as that is one of its most infallible symptoms.

' *That.* I charge you, upon my blessing; as you expect fame, glory, immortality, obey me. [*To Achilles.*

' [*That is kisses him. Exit Achilles and Artemona.*

' As for his face, his air, his figure, I am not under the least apprehension; all my concern is from the impetuosity of his temper. Yet, after all, why should I fear a discovery? For women have the same passions, though they employ them upon different objects.

' A I R. V. *A minuet.*

' Man's so touchy, a word that's injurious

' Wakes his honour; he's sudden as fire.

' Woman kindles, and is no less furious

' For her trifles, or any desire.

' Man is testy,

' Or sour, or resty,

' If balk'd of honours, or pow'r, or pelf.

' Woman's passions can no less molest ye,

' And all for reasons she keeps to herself.

' He is sudden, he is impatient. What then? Are women less so? Ask almost all servants what they know of their mistresses. He is wilful, testy, and untractable: can't thousands of husbands say as much of their wives? Then, as for his obstinacy, that can never shew him less a woman. But he hath not that command of his tongue I could wish him: he is too vehement, too severe in his expressions. In this particular, indeed, few women take equal liberties to one another's faces; but they make ample amends for it behind each other's backs: so that, with all these infirmities of man, he may, with the least conduct, very well pass for a spirited woman. This reflection hath cured my anxiety, and will make me believe him secure.

' *Enter Lycomedes.*

' *That.* 'Tis with the utmost gratitude, that I return
' your

‘ your majesty thanks for the honours and hospitable favours shewn to me and my daughter.

‘ *Lycom.* You would oblige me more, Madam, if your affairs would allow you to accept them longer.

‘ *Theb.* I have presumed, Sir, to trespass further on your generosity, in leaving my daughter under your protection. I hope Pyrrha’s behaviour will deserve it.

‘ AIR VI. *To you, my dear, and to no other.*

‘ Must, then, alas ! the fondest mother

‘ Desert her child ?

Lycom. - - - - - Ah, why this tear ?

‘ She’ll in Theaspe find another ;

‘ In me, paternal love and care.

‘ Had you taken her with you, my daughters would have been miserable beyond expression : theirs and her education shall be the same.

‘ *Theb.* I beg you, Sir, not to regard my gratitude like the common obligations of princes ; for neither time nor interest can ever cancel it.

‘ *Lycom.* Affairs of consequence may require your presence. Importunity, upon these occasions, is troublesome and unhospitable. I ask no questions, Madam, because I choose not to pry into secrets.

‘ *Theb.* I can only thank, and rely upon your majesty’s goodness—My duty to the queen, Sir, calls me hence, to own my obligations, and receive her commands.’

[*Exit.*

* *Enter Diphilus.*

Lyc. The princess Calista hath taken her leave ; she is but just gone out of the room.

Diph. The daughter, Sir, was a most delicious piece.

Lycom. With all her little vixen-humours, to my taste she is infinitely agreeable.

Diph. Your parting with her, Sir, in this easy manner, is astonishing—One, too, so excessively fond of you—

Lycom. Parting with her, Diphilus !

* In the representation, the first Act begins here.

Diph.

‘ *Diph.* But no prince alive hath so great a command
of his passions.

‘ *Lycom.* Dear Diphilus, let me understand you.

‘ *Diph.* To my knowledge, you might have had her.

‘ *Lycom.* Can I believe thee?

‘ *Diph.* I really thought the queen began to be a little
uneasy; and, for the quiet of the family, (since she is
gone) I must own I am heartily glad of it.

‘ **AIR VII.** *John went sitting unto Joan.*

‘ How your patience had been try’d,

‘ Had this haughty dame comply’d!

‘ What’s a mistress and a wife?

‘ Joy for moments, plague for life.’

Lycom. I am not so unhappy, Diphilus—Her mother
hath left her to my care.

Diph. Just as I wish’d.

‘ *Lycom.* Would she had taken her with her!

‘ *Diph.* It might have been better; for, beyond dis-
pute, Sir, both you and the queen would have been
easier.

‘ *Lycom.* Why did she trust her to me?

‘ *Diph.* There could be but one reason.

‘ *Lycom.* I cannot answer for myself.

‘ *Diph.* ’Twas upon that very presumption you was
trusted.

‘ *Lycom.* Would I could believe thee.’

Diph. ’Tis an apparent manifest scheme, Sir; and you
would disappoint both mother and daughter, if your ma-
jesty did not betray your trust. ‘ You love her, Sir,
you say.

‘ *Lycom.* To distraction, Diphilus.

‘ *Diph.* And was the betraying a trust ever, as yet, an
obstacle to that passion? What would you have a mother
do more upon such an occasion? Ladies of her rank
cannot transact an affair of this kind, but with some
decorum.’

Lycom. But you can never suppose Pyrrha knows any
thing of the matter.

Diph. Why not, Sir?

‘ *Lycom.*

‘ *Lycom.* From me she cannot; for I have never, as yet, made any downright professions.

‘ *Diph.* There lies the true cause of her thoughtfulness; ’tis nothing but anxiety, for fear her scheme should not take place; for, no doubt, her mother hath instructed her not to be too forward, to make you more so.’—Believe me, Sir, you will have no difficulties in this affair, but those little ones that every woman knows how to practise to quicken a lover.

Lycom. Be it as it will, Diphilus, I must have her.

Diph. Had I been acquainted with your pleasure sooner, your majesty by this time had been tired of her. —How happy shall I make her, if I may have the honour of your majesty’s commands to hint your passion to her.

Lycom. Never did eyes receive a passion with such coldness, such indifferenpe!

AIR VIII. *Groom’s Complaint.*

Dissembling words, too cruel maid,

Or love or hate may feign,

By looks the passions are betray’d,

For eyes the heart explain.

Whene’er my soul hath breath’d desire,

I sigh’d, I gaz’d in vain;

No glance confess’d her secret fire;

And eyes the heart explain.

Diph. Though ’tis what she wishes, what she longs for, what she sighs for, respect and awe are a restraint upon her eyes as well as tongue. I have often told you, Sir, she dares not understand you; she dares not believe herself so happy.

Lycom. Take this ring, Diphilus. —I must leave the rest to your discretion.

Diph. There may be a manner in giving it her, a little hint or so——but the present will speak for itself; ’tis the most successful advocate of love, and never wants an interpreter.

‘ *Lycom.* Say every thing for me, Diphilus; for I feel I cannot speak for myself.

B

‘ *Diph.*

Dipb. Could I be as successful in all my other negotiations ! Yet there may be difficulties, for, if I mistake not, the lady hath something of the coquette about her ; and what self-denial will not those creatures suffer to give a lover anxiety ?

AIR IX. *O'er Bogie.*

Observe the wanton kitten's play,
 Whene'er a mouse appears ;
 You there the true coquette survey
 In all her flirting airs :
 Now pawing,
 Now clawing,
 Now in fond embrace,
 Till 'midst her freaks,
 He from her breaks,
 Steals off, and bilks the chase.

Lycom. Dear Diphilus, what do you mean ? I never saw a woman so little of that character.

Dipb. Pardon me, Sir ; your situation is such, that you can never see what mankind really are. In your presence every one is acting a part ; no one is himself, and was it not for the eyes and tongues of your faithful servants, how little would your subjects be known to you ! Though she is so prim and reserved before you, she is never at a loss for airs to draw all the young flirting lords of the court about her.

Lycom. Beauty must always have its followers.

Dipb. If I mistake not, general Ajax too (who is sent to solicit your quota for the Trojan war) hath another solicitation more at heart.——But suppose she had ten thousand lovers ; a woman's prevalent passion is ambition, which must answer your ends.—The queen is coming this way, and her commands may detain me.—I go, Sir, to make Pyrrha the happiest creature upon earth. [Exit.

Enter Theaspe.

Theasf. I think the princess Calista might as well have taken her daughter with her.——That girl is so intolerably forward, that I cannot imagine such conversation can possibly

possibly be of any great advantage to your daughters education.

Lycom. You seem of late to have taken an aversion to the girl. She hath spirit and vivacity, ' but not more ' than is becoming the sex ; and ' yet I never saw any thing in her behaviour but what was extremely modest.

Theaf. For heaven's sake, Sir, allow me to believe my own eyes. ' Her forwardness must give the fellows some ' encouragement, or there would not be that intolerable ' flutter about her.—But, perhaps, she hath some ' reasons to be more upon her guard before you.'

Lycom. How can you be so unreasonably censorious ?

Theaf. I can see her faults, Sir. I see her as a woman sees a woman. The men, it seems, think the awkward creature handsome.

' AIR X. *Dutch Skipper. First part.*

Lycom. ' When a woman's censorious,
' And attacks the meritorious ;
' In the scandal she shews her own malicious thought ;
' If real guilt she blames,
' Then pride her heart inflames,
' And she fancies she's better's for another's fault :
' Thus seeking to disclose,
' The slips of friends and foes,
' By her envy she does herself alone expose.'

Nay, dear child, your attacking her in this peevish way can be nothing but downright antipathy.

Theaf. Nay, dear Sir, your defending her in this feeling manner, can be nothing but downright partiality.

' *Lycom.* I own myself partial to distress, and I see ' her in that circumstance.

' *Theaf.* But there are other reasons that may make a ' man partial.

' AIR XI. *Dutch Skipper. Second part.*

' As you, Sir, are my husband, no doubt you're prone:
' To turn each new face
' To a wife's disgrace ;
' And for no other cause but that she's your own ;
B 2 ' Nay

- ‘ Nay, Sir, ’tis an evident case.
 ‘ ’Tis strange that all husbands should prove so blind,
 ‘ That a wife’s real merits they ne’er can find,
 ‘ Tho’ they strike all the rest of mankind.

‘ *Lycom.* How can you be so ridiculous? By these
 ‘ airs, Madam, you would have me believe you are
 ‘ jealous.

‘ *Theaf.* Whence had you this contemptible opinion of
 ‘ me? Jealous! If I was so, I have a spirit above own-
 ‘ ing it. I would never heighten your pleasure by let-
 ‘ ting you have the satisfaction of knowing I was un-
 ‘ easy.

‘ *Lycom.* Let me beg you, my dear, to keep your
 ‘ temper.

‘ *Theaf.* Since I have been so unguarded as to own
 ‘ it; give me leave to tell you, Sir, that was I of a
 ‘ lower rank, it would keep you in some awe, because
 ‘ you would then know I could take my revenge.

‘ *Lycom.* You forget your duty, child.

‘ *Theaf.* There is a duty too due from a husband.’

Lycom. How can you give way to these passions?

Theaf. Because you give way to yours.

Lycom. But to be so unreasonably jealous!

Theaf. Unreasonably! Would it were so!

‘ AIR XII. *Black Joke.*

‘ *Lycom.* Then must I bear eternal strife,

‘ Both night and day put in mind of a wife,

‘ By her pouts, spleen, and passionate airs!

‘ *Theaf.* D’ye think I’ll bear eternal slight,

‘ And not complain when I’m robb’d of my right?

‘ Call you this, Sir, but whimsical fears?

‘ *Lycom.* Can nought then still this raging storm?

‘ *Theaf.* Yes. What you promis’d if you wou’d perform.

‘ *Lycom.* Pr’ythee teaze me no more.

‘ *Theaf.* I can never give o’er,

‘ Till I find you as fond and as kind as before.

‘ *Lycom.* Will you ne’er ask

‘ A possible task?

‘ Would

“ Would you have me so unhospitable as to deny her my protection ?”

Theaf. ’Tis not, Sir, that I presume to controul you in your pleasures.—Yet you might, methinks, have shewed that tendernefs for me to have acted with a little more reserve. ‘ Women are not so blind as husbands ‘ imagine.—Were there no other circumstances, your ‘ coolnefs to me, your indifference.—How I despise my- ‘ self for this confession !— Pardon me, Sir, love made ‘ me thus indiscreet.

‘ AIR XIII. *Ye Shepherds and Nymphs.*

‘ *Theafpe weeping.*

‘ Oh, love, plead my pardon, nor plead it in vain ;
 ‘ ’Twas you that was jealous, ’twas you was in pain ;
 ‘ Yet why should you speak ? To what purpose or end ?
 ‘ I must be unhappy if love can offend.

‘ Yet was ever a design of this kind so manifest, so
 ‘ bare-faced !

‘ AIR XIV. *The Goddesses.*

‘ *Theafpe angry.*

‘ To what a pitch is man profuse,
 ‘ And all for ostentatious pride !
 ‘ Ev’n misses are not kept for use,
 ‘ But for mere show, and nought beside.
 ‘ For might a wife speak out,
 ‘ She cou’d prove, beyond all doubt,
 ‘ With more than enough he was supply’d.”

The princess Calista hath shewn an uncommon confidence in your majesty. The woman, no doubt, depends upon it, that her daughter’s charms are not to be resisted.

Lycom. Nay, dear child, don’t be scandalous.

‘ AIR XV. *Joan’s Placket.*

‘ Reputations hack’d and hew’d,
 ‘ Can never be mended again ;
 ‘ Yet nothing stints the tattling prude,
 ‘ Who joys in another’s pain.

B. 3

‘ Thus

' Thus while she rends
 ' Both foes and friends,
 ' By both she's torn in twain.
 ' Reputations hack'd and hew'd,
 ' Can never be mended again.

' *Theas.* You are in so particular a manner obliged to
 ' her, that I am not surpris'd at your taking her part.

' *Lycom.* But, dear Madam, why at present is all this
 ' violent flutter?

' *Theas.* Ask your own heart, ask your own conduct.
 ' Those can best inform you.—'Twould have been
 ' more obliging, if Pyrrha and you had kept me out of
 ' this impudent secret.—You know, Sir, I have rea-
 ' son.

' *Lycom.* If one woman's virtue depended upon ano-
 ' ther's suspicions, where should we find a woman of
 ' common modesty? Indeed, child, I think you in-
 ' jure her; I believe her virtuous.

' *Theas.* When a man hath ruined a woman, he thinks
 ' himself obliged in honour to stand up for her reputa-
 ' tion.

' *Lycom.* If you will believe only your own unac-
 ' countable suspicions, and are determined not to hear
 ' reason, I must leave you to your perverse humours.
 '—What would you have me say? What would you
 ' have me do?

' *Theas.* Shew your hospitality (as you call it) to me,
 ' and put that creature out of the palace.

' *Lycom.* I have a greater regard to yours and my own
 ' quiet, than ever to comply with the extravagant pas-
 ' sions of a jealous woman.

' *Theas.* You have taken then your resolutions, I find;
 ' and I am sentenced to neglect.—Did ever a woman
 ' marry but with the probability of having at least one
 ' man in her power?—What a wretched wife am I!

[Weeps.]

' *Lycom.* Jealousy from a wife, even to a man of
 ' quality, is now looked upon as ill-manners, though the
 ' affair be never so public.—But without a cause!—
 ' I beg you, Madam, to say no more upon this subject.

' *Theas.* Though you, Sir, may think her fit company
 ' for

for you ; methinks the very same reasons might tell you that she is not so very reputable a companion for your daughters.

Lycom. Since a passionate woman will only believe herself, I must leave you, Madam, to enjoy your obstinacy, I know but that way of putting an end to the dispute.

AIR XVI. *We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

Though woman's glib tongue, when her passions are fir'd,
Eternally go, a man's ear can be tir'd.
Since woman will have both her word and her way,
I yield to your tongue ; but my reason obey.

I obey,

Nothing say,

Since woman will have both her word and her way. [*Ex.*]

Theaf. Would I had been more upon the reserve ! But husbands are horridly provoking ; they know the frailty of the sex, and never fail to take the advantage of our passions to make us expose ourselves by contradiction.—
Artemona.

Enter Artemona.

Art. Madam.

Theaf. Is that creature, that (what do you call her ?) that princess, gone ?

Art. Yes, Madam.

Theaf. Why did not she take that aukward thing, her daughter, with her ?

Art. The advantages she might receive in her education, might be an inducement to leave her.

Theaf. Might that be an inducement ?

Art. ' Besides,' in her present circumstance, it might be inconvenient to take her daughter with her.

Theaf. Can't you find out any other reason for leaving her ?

Art. Your courtesy, Madam ; your hospitality.

Theaf. No other reason !

Art. No other reason ?——

Theaf. Would I could believe there was no other !

Art. 'Tis not for me to pry into your majesty's secrets,

Theaf. I hate a girl that is so intolerably forward.

Art.

‘ *Art.* I never observed any thing but those little liberties that girls of her age will take, when they are among themselves.—Perhaps those particular distinctions the princesses shew her, may have made her too familiar.—I am not, Madam, an advocate for her behaviour.

‘ *Theaf.* A look so very audacious! Now the filthy men, who love every thing that is impudent, call that spirit.—But there are, Artemona, some particular distinctions from a certain person, who of late hath been very particular to me, that might indeed make her too familiar.

‘ *Art.* Heaven forbid!

‘ *Theaf.* How precarious is the happiness of a wife, when it is in the power of every new face to destroy it!—Now, dear Artemona, tell me sincerely, don’t you, from what you yourself have observed, think I have reason to be uneasy?

‘ *Art.* That I have observed!

‘ *Theaf.* Dear Artemona, don’t frighten thyself.—I am not accusing you, but talking to you as a friend.

‘ AIR XVII. *Fairy Elves.*

‘ *Art.* Oh, guard your hours from care,
 ‘ Of jealousy beware;
 ‘ For she with fancy’d sprites,
 ‘ Herself torments and frights.
 ‘ Thus she frets, and pines, and grieves,
 ‘ Raising fears that she believes.’

Theaf. I hate myself too for having so much condescension and humility as to be jealous. ‘ ’Tis flattering the man that uses one ill; and ’tis wanting the natural pride that belongs to the sex. What a wretched, mean, contemptible figure is a jealous woman!’ How have I exposed myself!

‘ *Art.* Your majesty is safe in the confidence reposed in me.

‘ *Theaf.* That is not the case, Artemona. Lycomedes knows I am unhappy. I have owned it, and was so unguarded as to accuse him.’

Art.

Art. Upon mere suspicion only?

**Theasf.* Beyond dispute he loves her. I know it, Artemona; and can one imagine that girl hath virtue enough to withstand such a proposal?

* AIR XVIII. *Moll Peatly.*

' All hearts are a little frail,
' When temptation is rightly apply'd.
' What can shame or fear avail
' When we sooth both ambition and pride?
' All women have power in view:
' Then there's pleasure to tempt her too.
' Such a sure attack there's no defying,
' No denying;
' Since complying
' Gives her another's due.


' —I can't indeed (if you mean that) positively affirm,
' that he hath yet had her.

* *Art.* Then it may be still only suspicion.'

Theasf. I have trusted too my daughter Deidamia with my weakness; that she, by her intimacies and friendship with Pyrrha, may get into her secrets. In short, I have placed her as my spy about her.—' That girl (out of good-nature, and to prevent family-disputes) may deceive me.' She insists upon it, that I have nothing to fear from Pyrrha; and is so positive in this opinion, that she offers to be answerable for her conduct.

* *Art.* Why then, Madam, will you still believe your own jealousies?

Theasf. All I say is, that Deidamia may deceive me; for whatever is in the affair, 'tis impossible but she must know it; I have it ordered it so, that she is scarce ever from her; they have one and the same bed-chamber; yet 'such is my distemper, that' I suspect every body, and can only believe my own imaginations. —' There must be some reason that Deidamia hath not been with me this morning. —I am impatient to see her.'

* In the performance, the nineteenth Air is sung here, and this speech and song of Theaspe are transposed to this mark .

AIR

AIR XIX. *John Anderson my Jo.*

- ' *Art.* Let jealousy no longer
 ' A fruitless search pursue;
 ' You make his flame the stronger,
 ' And wake resentment too.
 ' This self-tormenting care give o'er;
 ' For all you can obtain
 ' Is, what was only doubt before,
 ' To change for real pain.
 ' END of the FIRST ACT.
-

' A C T II.

- ' *Enter Diphilus and Achilles.*

' ACHILLES.

- ' **I** Am very sensible, my Lord, of the particular hon-
 ours that are shewn me.
 ' *Diph.* Honours, Madam! Lycomedes is still more
 ' particular. How happy must that woman be whom he
 ' respects.
 ' *Ach.* What do you mean, my Lord?
 ' *Diph.* Let this speak both for him and me: the
 ' present is worthy him to give, and you to receive.
 ' *Ach.* I have too many obligations already.
 ' *Diph.* 'Tis in your power, Madam, to return 'em
 ' all.
 ' *Ach.* Thus I return 'em. And, if you dare be
 ' honest, tell him this ring had been a more honourable
 ' present to Theaspe.

' AIR XX. *Abroad as I was walking.*

- ' [*Offering the ring a second time.*]
 ' *Diph.* Such homage to her beauty,
 ' What coyness can reject?
 ' Accept, as 'tis your duty,
 ' The tribute with respect.

' What

- ‘ What more can beauty gain thee ?
- ‘ With love I offer power,
- ‘ What shame can ever stain thee,
- ‘ Restrain thee,
- ‘ Or pain thee,
- ‘ When blest with such a dower ?

‘ *Diph.* ’Tis but an earnest, Madam, of future favours.—When Lycomedes’s power is yours, I intreat your highness not to forget your servant.

‘ *Acch.* I shall remember thee with contempt and abhorrence.

‘ *Diph.* I beg you, Madam, to consider your present situation.—This uncommon distinction requires a softer answer.

‘ *Acch.* I shall give no other, my Lord.—I dare say, Diphilus, you think yourself highly honoured by your present negotiation.—Is there no office too mean for ambition?—Was you not a man of quality, was you not a favourite, the world, my Lord, would call you a pimp, a pandar, a bawd, for this very honourable proposal of yours.

‘ *Diph.* What an unmerciful weapon is a woman’s tongue!—I beg your highness to confine yourself within the bounds of common civility, and to consider who I am.

‘ *Acch.* I do consider it, Diphilus, and that makes thee a thousand times the more contemptible.

‘ AIR XXI. *Buttered Pease.*

- ‘ Shou’d the beast of the noblest race
- ‘ Act the brute of the lowest class ;
- ‘ Tell me, which do you think more base,
- ‘ Or the lion or the ass ?
- ‘ Boast not then of thy rank or state ;
- ‘ That but shews thee the meaner slave,
- ‘ Take thy due then of scorn and hate,
- ‘ As thou’rt but the greater knave.

‘ *Diph.* Though the sex have the privilege of unlimited expression, and that a woman’s words are not to
‘ be

' be resenting; yet a lady, Madam, may be ill-bred.
 ' Ladies too are generally passionate enough without a
 ' provocation, so that a reply at present would be un-
 ' necessary.

' *Act.* Are such the friends of power?—How unhappy
 ' are princes to have their passions so very readily put in
 ' execution, that they seldom know the benefit of re-
 ' flection! Go, and for once make your report faithfully
 ' and without flattery. [Exit.

' *Diph.* The girl is so excessively ill-bred, and such
 ' an arrant termagant, that I cou'd as soon fall in love
 ' with a tigress. She hath a handsome face, 'tis true,
 ' but in her temper she is a very fury.—But Lycomedes
 ' likes her; and 'tis not for me to dispute either his
 ' taste or pleasure.---Notwithstanding she is such a spit-
 ' fire, 'tis my opinion the thing may still do: things of
 ' this nature should be always transacted in person, for
 ' there are women so ridiculously half-modest, that they
 ' are ashamed in words to consent to what, (when a man
 ' comes to the point) they will make no difficulties to
 ' comply with.'

Enter Lycomedes.

Lycom. Well, Diphilus, in what manner did she re-
 ceive my present?

Diph. 'Tis my opinion, Sir, that she will accept it
 only from your hands. From me she absolutely refuses
 it.

' AIR XXII. *Come open the Door, sweet Betty.*

' *Lycom.* What, must I remain in anguish?

' And did not her eyes consent?

' No sigh, not a blush, nor languish

' That promis'd a kind event!

' It must be all affectation,

' The tongue hath her heart be'y'd;

' That oft hath withstood temptation,

' When ev'ry thing else comply'd.

' *Lycom.* How did she receive you? Did you watch
 ' her eyes? What was her behaviour when you first told
 ' her I loved her?

' *Diph.* She seem'd to be desperately disappointed,
 ' that you had not told her so yourself.'

Lycom. But when you pressed it to her——

Diph. She had all the resentment and fury of the most complying prude.

Lycom. But did not she soften upon consideration?

'*Diph.* She seemed to take it mortally ill of me, that my meddling in the affair had delayed your majesty's application.'

Lycom. What no favourable circumstance !

Diph. Nay, I was not in the least surpris'd at her behaviour. Love at second-hand to a lady of her warm constitution ! It was a disappointment, Sir ; and she could not but treat it accordingly.—‘ Whatever was my opinion, ’twas my duty, Sir, to obey you, but I found just the reception I expected. Apply to her yourself, Sir ; answer her wishes, and (if I know any thing of woman) she will then answer yours, and behave herself as she ought.

Lycom. But, dear Diphilus, I grow more and more impatient.

‘ *Diph.* That too by this time is her case.---To save the appearances of virtue, the most easy woman expects a little gentle compulsion, and to be allowed the decency of a little feeble resistance. For the quiet of her own conscience a woman may insist upon acting the part of modesty, and you must comply with her scruples.---You will have no more trouble but what will heighten the pleasure.’

Lycom. Pyrrha!—This is beyond my hopes.—‘*Di-*
‘*philus, lay your hand upon my breast. Feel how my*
‘*heart flutters.*

' *Diph.* Did Pyrrha feel these assurances of love she would not appear so thoughtful.

'*Lycom.*' Deidamia too not with her!

' *Diph.* She is with the queen, Sir.

Lycom. My other daughters, who seem less fond of her, are in the garden; so all's safe.—Leave me, Diphilus, and let none, upon pain of my displeasure, presume to intrude. [Exit Diph.

Enter Achilles.

Lycom. Lady Pyrrha, my dear child, why so thoughtful?

Act. Thoughts may not be so respectful; they may

‘ be too familiar, too friendly, too true : and who about
 ‘ you presumes to communicate ‘em ? Words and forms
 ‘ only are for your ear, Sir.

‘ *Lycom.* You know, Pyrrha, you was never received
 ‘ upon the foot of ceremony, but friendship ; so that’ it
 ‘ would be more respectful if you was less shy and less re-
 ‘ served ——’Tis your behaviour, Pyrrha, that keeps me
 at a distance.

Ach. If I was wanting, Sir, either in duty to you or
 myself, my own heart would be the first to reproach me.
 ‘ ——Your majesty’s generosity is too solicitous upon
 ‘ my account ; and your courtesy and affability may even
 ‘ now detain you from affairs of importance.’——If you
 have no commands, Sir, the princesses expect me in the
 garden.

Lycom. Nay, positively, my dear Pyrrha, you shall
 not go.

‘ *Ach.* But why, Sir ? —— For heaven’s sake, what
 ‘ hath set you a trembling ?——I fear, Sir, you are out of
 ‘ order.——Who waits there ?

‘ *Lycom.* I did not call, Pyrrha.

‘ *Ach.* Let me then, Sir, know your commands.—

‘ AIR XXIII. *Altro giorno in compagnia.*

‘ *Lycom.* If my passion want explaining,

‘ This way turn and read my eyes ;

‘ These will tell thee, without feigning,

‘ What in words I must disguise.

‘ *Ach.* Why do you fix your eyes so intensely upon
 ‘ me ?——Speak your pleasure, speak to me then.——
 ‘ Why am I seized ?——Spare me, Sir, for I have a
 ‘ temper that can’t bear provocation.

‘ *Lycom.* I know there are a thousand necessary affec-
 ‘ tations of modesty, which women, in decency to them-
 ‘ selves, practise with common lovers before compliance.
 ‘ ——But my passion, Pyrrha, deserves some distinc-
 ‘ tion.’

Ach. I beg you then, Sir, don’t lay violent hands
 upon me.

Lycom. The present you refused from Diphilus accept
 from me.

▲

‘ *Ach.*



See Act.

Published for Wells, Brigham Theatre Feb 1777.

MISS BROWN in the Character of POLLY.

*As I am your Servant, Sir, my duty obliges me
not to contradict you: —*

- ‘ *Ach.* Why will you persist?—Nay, dear Sir, I can’t answer for my passions.
 ‘ *Lycom.* ’Tis not Diphilus, but I give it you.’
Ach. That Diphilus, Sir, is your enemy.
 ‘ *Lycom.* ’Tis I that offer it.
 ‘ *Ach.* Your very worst enemy, your flatterer.
 ‘ *Lycom.* You should strive, child, to conquer these extravagant passions.
 ‘ *Ach.* How I despise that fellow! that pimp, that pandar!’

AIR XXIV. *Trip to the Landry.*

How unhappy are the great,
 Thus begirt with servile slaves!
 Such with praise your reason cheat.
 Flatt’rers are the meanest knaves.
 They, in friendship’s guise, accost you;
 False in all they say or do.
 When these wretches have ingross’d you,
 Who’s the slave, Sir, they or you?

- ‘ *Lycom.* Is this reproachful language, Pyrrha, besetting my presence?
 ‘ *Ach.* Nay, dear Sir, don’t worry me. By Jove, you’ll provoke me.’
Lycom. Your affectation, Pyrrha, is intolerable.
 ‘ There’s enough of it.—Those looks of aversion are insupportable.’—I will have no struggling.
Ach. Then, Sir, I must have no violence.

‘ AIR XXV. *As I walked along Fleet-Street.*

- ‘ *Lycom.* When the fort on no condition
 ‘ Will admit the gen’rous foe,
 ‘ Parley but delays submission;
 ‘ We by storm shou’d lay it low.’
 ‘ I am in earnest, lady.’—I will have no trifling, no coquetting; ‘ you may spare those little arts of women, for my passion is warm and vehement enough without ’em.’—Do you know, Pyrrha, that obedience is your duty?

Ach. I know my duty, Sir; and, had it not been for that sycophant, Diphilus, perhaps you had known yours.

Lycom. 'I am not, lady, to be awed and frightened by stern looks and frowns.'——Since your obstinate behaviour then makes violence necessary——

Ach. You make self-preservation, Sir, as necessary.

Lycom. I won't be refused.

AIR XXVI. *The Lady's New-Year's Gift.*

Lycom. Why such affectation?

Ach. Why this provocation?

Lycom. Must I bear resistance still!

Ach. Check your inclination.

Lycom. Dare you then deny me?

Ach. You too far may try me,

Lycom. Must I then against your will!

Ach. Force shall never ply me.

' *Lycom.* Never was such a termagant!

' *Ach.* By Jove, never was such an insult!

' *Lycom.* Will you? —— Dare you? —— Never was such strength! ——'

[*Achilles pushes him from him with great violence, and throws him down.*]

' *Ach.* Desist then.

' *Lycom.* Audacious fury, know you what you have done?

' AIR XXVII. *Puppet Shew Trumpet Tune.*

' [*Achilles holding Lycomedes down.*]

' *Ach.* What heart hath not courage, by force assail'd,

' To brave the most desperate fight?

' 'Tis justice and virtue that hath prevail'd;

' Power must yield to right.

' *Lycom.* Am I so ignominiously to be got the better of!

' *Ach.* You are.

' *Lycom.* By a woman!

' *Ach.* You now, Sir, find you had acted a greater part,

‘ part, if (in spite of your flatterers) you had got the
‘ better of your own passions.’

Enter Diphilus and Courtiers.

1 *Court.* An attempt upon the king’s life!—The
guards! where are the guards?

‘ 2 *Court.* Such an open, bare-faced assassination!’

[They seize Achilles, and raise Lycomedes.

‘ 3 *Court.* And by a woman too!

‘ 1 *Court.* Where are your wounds, Sir?

‘ 2 *Court.* Take the dagger from her, that she do no
‘ farther mischief.

‘ 3 *Court.* The dagger! Where? What dagger?

‘ 1 *Court.* You will find it some where or other con-
‘ cealed; examine her, search her.’

Ach. Save your zeal, Sire, for times of real danger.
Let Lycomedes accuse me.—He knows my offence.

Lycom. How have I exposed myself!—Diphilus,
bid these over-officious friends leave me, and, as they
value my favour, that they say nothing of what they
have seen.—*[Diphilus talks apart with the courtiers,
who go out.]* ‘ Though the insult from any other person
‘ had been unpardonable; there are ways that you, Ma-
‘ dam, might still take to reconcile me.

‘ *Ach.* Self-defence, Sir, is the privilege of mankind.
‘ I know your power, but as I have offended no law, I
‘ rely upon your justice.

‘ *Lycom.* ‘Twould be safer, Madam, to rely on your
‘ own future behaviour.

‘ *Ach.* Who was the aggressor, Sir?

‘ *Lycom.* Beauty, inclination, love. If you will
‘ merit favour, you know the conditions.

‘ AIR XXVIII. *Old King Cole.*

‘ No more be coy;

‘ Give a loose to joy,

‘ And let love for thy pardon sue.

‘ A glance cou’d all my rage destroy,

‘ And light up my flame anew.

‘ For though a man can stand at bay

‘ Against a woman’s will;

‘ And keep, amid the loudest fray,

‘ His resolution still:

‘ Yet when consenting smiles accost,
 ‘ The man in her arms is lost.

‘ *Ach.* If your resentment wants only the show of justice, let this honourable man here be my accuser; it may be necessary for him to trump up a horrid conspiracy to skreen his own infamous practices.

‘ *Diph.* Your majesty hath had too much confidence in this woman. The lives of kings are sacred, and the matter (trivial as it seems) deserves further inquiry.— There must be some secret villainous design in this affair.

‘ *Ach.* And are not you, Diphilus, conscious of that secret villainous design?

‘ *Diph.* ’Tis an offence, Sir, that is not to be pardoned. Your dignity, Sir, calls upon you (notwithstanding your partiality to her) to make her an example. There must be things of consequence that we are still ignorant of; and she ought to undergo the severest examination.— My zeal for your service, Sir, was never as yet at a loss for witnesses upon these occasions.

[*To Lycomedes.*

‘ *Lycom.* Don’t you see the queen coming this way? Have done with this discourse, dear Diphilus, and leave me.’—[*Exit Diphilus.*] Would I could forget this ridiculous affair! ‘ For the present, Pyrrha, I trust you to return to the ladies; though (considering your passionate temper) I have little reason to rely on your discretion.’

[*Exit Ach.*

Enter Theaspe.

Theas. I thought I had heard Pyrrha’s voice.

Lycom. A jealous woman’s thoughts are her own and her husband’s eternal plague; so I beg you, my dear, say no more of her.

Theas. And have I no reason but my own thoughts, my liege?

‘ AIR XXIX. *Dicky’s Walk in Dr. Faustus.*

‘ *Theas.* What give o’er!

‘ I must and will complain.

‘ *Lycom.* You plague us both in vain.

‘ *Theas.* You won’t then hear a wife!

‘ *Lycom.*

‘ *Lycom.* I must, it seems, for life.

‘ Teaze no more.

‘ *Theaf.* Nay, Sir, you know ’tis true,

‘ That ’tis to her I owe my due.

‘ No thanks to you !

‘ It behoves kings, Sir, to have the severest guard upon
‘ their actions ; for as their great ones are trumpeted by
‘ fame, their little ones are as certainly and as widely
‘ conveyed from ear to ear by a whisper.’

Lycom. These chimerical jealousies, Madam, may
provoke my patience.

Theaf. Chimerical Jealousies ! — And do you really,
Sir, think your ignominious affair is still a secret ? —
Am I to be ignorant of a thing that is already whispered
every where ?

‘ AIR XXX. *Puddings and Pies.*

‘ *Lycom.* The slips of a husband, you wives

‘ Will never forget ;

‘ Your tongue for the course of our lives

‘ Is never in debt.

‘ ’Tis now funning,

‘ And then dunning ;

‘ Intent on our follies alone,

‘ ’Tis so fully employ’d, that you never can think of
your own.

‘ *Theaf.* My suspicions have, indeed, wronged Pyrrha.
‘ —How I respect and honour that girl ! — Deidamia,
‘ that honourable, that virtuous creature Pyrrha, well
‘ deserves both your friendship and mine. — As soon
‘ as you have found her bring her to me, that I may ac-
‘ knowledge the merits she hath to me. [*Exit Deid.*

‘ *Theaf.* But after the repulse and disgrace you have
very justly met with, you might with reason censure me
for want of duty and respect shou’d I upbraid you. —
’Tis past ; and if you will never again put me in mind,
I choose to forget it. — Yet, would you reward virtue,
and had you any regard for my quiet —

AIR

AIR XXXI. *My Dilding, my Dalding.*

Ah ! should you ever find her
 Complying and kinder ;
 Though now you have resign'd her ;
 What then must ensue !
 Your flame, though now 'tis over,
 Again will recover ;
 You'll prove as fond a lover,
 As I'm now of you.

Lycom. What would you have me do ?

Theas. I would have you distrust yourself, and remove the temptation. I have long had it at heart to find a match for my nephew Periphas, and I really think we can never meet with a more deserving woman.

Lycom. Whatever scheme you have for her, I shall not interfere with you. I have had enough of her ter-magant humours ; she hath not the common softness of the sex.

Theas. Marriage, Sir, hath broke many a woman's spirit, and that will be only Periphas's affair. When he takes her with him, your own family, at least, will be easy.

Lycom. Her presence, just now, would be shocking. I could not stand the shame and confusion. I see her, and Deidamia with her.—Do with her as you please ; you have my consent : but 'tis my opinion, that Periphas will not find himself much obliged to you ; for the man that marries her must either conquer his own passions or hers ; and one of them (according to my observation) is not to be conquered.

AIR XXXII.

*A maiden that's tender,
 Her heart may surrender,
 And light in your bosom the raptures of love ;
 But such a curs'd wixen
 As her, if you fix on,
 Vexation and endless disquiet you prove.*

[Exit.]

Enter Deidamia and Achilles.

Theas. The character Deidamia hath given of you,
 and

A C H I L L E S.

and your own behaviour, child, have so charmed me, that I think I never can sufficiently reward your merits.

Acb. Deidamia's friendship may make her partial. My only merit, Madam, is gratitude.

Theas. To convince you of the opinion I have of you — But first I must ask you a question — Don't you think, Lady Pyrrha, that my nephew, Periphas, is very agreeable?

Acb. That impatience of his, to serve as a volunteer with the troops of Lycomedes, at the siege of Troy, [is becoming his birth—So much fire, and so much spirit!— I don't wonder your majesty is fond of him.

Theas. But, I am sure, Pyrrha, you must think his person agreeable.

Acb. No woman alive can dispute it.*

Theas. I don't know, every way, so deserving a young man; and I have that influence upon him, and, at the same time, that regard for him, that I would have him happy. Don't think, child, that I would make him happy at your expence; * for, knowing him, I know you will be so. Was the princess Calista here, 'tis a match she could not disapprove of; therefore, let that be no obstacle, for every thing, in regard to her, I take upon myself.

Acb. Would you make me the obstacle to his glory? *
 * Pardon me, Madam, I own myself undeserving.

* AIR XXXIII. *How happy are you and I.*

* First let him for honour roam,
 * And martial fame obtain :
 * Then (if he should come home)
 * Perhaps I may explain.

* Since

* In the representation the following Air is introduced here, altered from Air I.

A I R.

*What's life? Can ought be more severe,
 Than bearing life with shame?
 Is that your fondness, that your care!
 Ob, give him death with fame!*

- ‘ Since then alone the hero’s deeds
 ‘ Can make my heart give way ;
 ‘ Till Ilium falls, and Hector bleeds,
 ‘ I must my choice delay.’

Theas. Nay, Pyrrha, I won’t take these romantic notions of yours for an answer. Deidamia is so much your friend, that, I am sure, she must be happy with this alliance: so, while I make the proposal to my nephew, I leave you two to talk over the affair together. *And however coy you may appear at present, Pyrrha, when my nephew throws himself at your feet, I dare say you will approve of his addresses.*

A I R XXXIV.

*How oft the fair will speak with scorn,
 And rail against a fav’rite swain ;
 Yet, after blushing like the morn,
 She bears him plead, and feels his pain.
 Might maidens but speak out,
 They’d shew, beyond all doubt,
 They, more than enough, can love again. [Exit.*

Ach. Was there ever a man in so whimsical a circumstance !

Deid. Was there ever a woman in so happy and so unhappy a one as mine !

Ach. Why did I submit ? Why did I plight my faith, thus infamously to conceal myself ? What is become of my honour ?

Deid. Ah, Pyrrha, Pyrrha ! what is become of mine ?

‘ *Ach.* When shall I behave myself as a man ?

‘ *Deid.* Would you had never behaved yourself as one !

‘ A I R XXXV. *Fy gar rub her o’er with straw.*

- ‘ Think what anguish tears my quiet,
 ‘ Since I suffer’d shame for thee ;
 ‘ Man at large may rove and riot,
 ‘ We are bound, but you are free.
 ‘ Are thy vows and oaths mistaken ?
 ‘ See the birds that wing the sky ;
 ‘ These their mates have ne’er forsaken,
 ‘ Till their young at least can fly.’

Ach.

Ach. Pestered and worried thus from every quarter, 'tis impossible, much longer, to prevent discovery.

Deid. Dear, dear Pyrrha, confide in me. Any other discovery, but to me only, would be inevitable perdition to us both. 'Am I treated like a common prostitute?' Can your gratitude (would I might say love!) refuse to let me know the man to whom I owe my ruin?

Ach. You must rely, my dear princess, upon my honour; for I am not, like a fond, weak husband, to be teased into the breaking my resolution.

A I R XXXVI. *Beggar's Opera. Hornpipe.*

Ach. Know that importunity's in vain.

Deid. Can then nothing move thee?

Ach. Ask not, since denial gives me pain.

Deid. Think how much I love thee.

Ach. What's a secret in a woman's breast?

Deid. Canst thou thus upbraid me?

Ach. Let me leave thy heart and tongue at rest.

Deid. Love, then, hath betray'd me.

Ach. For Heaven's sake, Deidamia, if you regard my love, give me quiet—Intreaties, fondness, tears, rage, and the whole 'matrimonial' rhetoric of woman, to gain her ends, are all thrown away upon me; for, by the gods, my dear Deidamia, I am inexorable.

Deid. But, my dear Pyrrha, (for you oblige me still to call you by that name) only 'imagine what must be the consequence of a month or two.' Think of my unhappy condition. To save my shame (if you are a man of honour) you must then come to some resolution.

A I R XXXVII. *My time, Oh, ye Muses!*

How happy my days; and how sweet was my rest,
Ere Love, with his passions, my bosom distress'd!
Now I languish with sorrow, I doubt and I fear;
But love hath me all, when my Pyrrha is near.
Yet, why have I griev'd? Ye vain passions, adieu!
I know my own heart, and I'll think thee as true;
And as you know my heart, 'twould be folly to range;
For who'd be inconstant, to lose by the change?

Ach.

Ach. Till I deserve these suspicions, Deidamia, methinks it would be more becoming your professions of love, to spare them. I have taken my resolutions, and when the time comes, you shall know them: till then, be easy, and press me no farther.

Deid. My life, my honour, then, I implicitly intrust with you.

Ach. Who would have the trouble of putting on a character that does not naturally belong to him! The life of a hypocrite must be one continual scene of anxiety. When shall I appear as I am, and extricate myself out of this chain of perplexities! I have no sooner escaped being ravished, but I am immediately to be made a wife.

Deid. But, dear Pyrrha, for my sake, for your own, have a particular regard to your behaviour, till your resolution is ripe for execution. You, now and then, take such intolerable strides, that I vow you have set me a blushing.

Ach. Considering my continual restraint, and how much the part I act differs from my inclinations, I am surprized at my own behaviour.

AIR XXXVIII. *I am come to your house.*

- ‘ Your dress, your conversations,
- ‘ Your airs of joy and pain,
- ‘ All these are affectations
- ‘ We never can attain.
- ‘ The sex so often varies,
- ‘ ’Tis nature more than art:
- ‘ To play their whole vagaries,
- ‘ We must have woman’s heart.

Deid. Your swearing, too, upon certain occasions, sounds so very masculine; an oath startles me. Would I could cure myself of these violent apprehensions!

Ach. As for that matter, there are ladies, who, in their passions, can take all the liberties of speech.

Deid. Then, too, you very often look so agreeably impudent upon me, that, let me die, if I have not been mortally afraid my sisters would find you out.

Ach.

Ach. Impudent! Are women so censorious, that looks cannot escape them? May not one woman look kindly upon another without scandal?

Deid. But such looks——Nay, perhaps, I may be particular, and it may be only my own fears; for (notwithstanding your dress) whenever I look upon you, I have always the image of a man before my eyes.

Ach. Do what we will, love, at some moments, will be unguarded. But what shall I do about this Periphas? *I have no sooner escaped being ravished, but I am immediately to be made a wife.*

Deid. His heart is so set upon the siege, that I know you can have but very little persecution upon his account.

Ach. Would I could go with him!

Deid. And could you leave me thus?

Ach. Have you only a womanish fondness? I thought, Deidamia, you loved me. And you cannot truly love and esteem, if, in every circumstance of life, you have not a just regard for my honour.

Deid. Dear Pyrrha, don't mention it; the very thought of it kills me. You have set my heart in a most violent palpitation. Let us talk no more upon this disagreeable subject. My sisters will grow very impatient. Should we stay longer together, I might again be importunate, and ask to know you; and I had rather bear the eternal plague of unsatisfied curiosity, than give you a moment's disquiet. They are now expecting us in the garden, and, considering my present circumstances, I would not give them occasion to be impertinent: for, of late, they have been horridly prying and inquisitive. Let us go to them.

Ach. I envy that Periphas. His honour, his fame, his glory is not shackled by a woman.

AIR XXXIX. *The Clarinette.*

Ah, why is my heart so tender!

My honour incites me to arms:

To love shall I fame surrender?

By laurels I'll merit thy charms.

D

Deid.

Deid. How can I bear the reflection ?

Ach. I balance, and honour gives way.

Deid. Reward my love by affection ;
I ask thee no more than I pay.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

* A C T III.

Enter Theaspe, Periphas, and ' Artemona.'

THEASPE.

PERIPHAS, I have a favour to ask of you, and positively I will not be refused.

Per. Your majesty may command.

Theasp. Nay, nephew, 'tis for your own good.

Per. To obey your commands, Madam, must be so.

Theasp. I am not, Periphas, talking to you as a queen, but as a relation, a friend. I must have no difficulties ; therefore I insist upon your absolute promise.

Per. I am not in my own power, Madam. Lycomedes, you know, hath acceded to the treaty of alliance ; that to furnish his quota, his troops are already embarked, and that I have engaged myself in his service.

Theasp. Why will you raise obstacles before you know the conditions ? 'Tis a thing I have set my heart upon ; and I tell you, 'tis what, in honour, you can comply with.

Per. My duty, my obligations, put me entirely in your disposal.

Theasp. You promise, then, solemnly, faithfully——

Per. I do.

Theasp. I have remarked, Periphas, that you are prodigiously fond of the princess Calista's daughter.

Per. I fond of her, Madam !

Theasp. Nay, Periphas, are not you eternally at her ear ?

Art. How have I seen that formidable hero, General Ajax, suffer upon your account ! Of all his rivals, you

* In the representation, the second Act begins here.

‘ are his eternal torment—He reddens, sighs, and (as much as is consistent with such a blustering soldier’s valour) languishes whenever you are near her.’

Theaf. You may safely own your passion, Periphas; for I know you think her agreeable.

‘ *Art.* Besides her being the fashionable beauty of the court (which is sufficient vanity to make all the young fellows follow her) you, of all mankind, in gratitude, ought to like her. I know all of them envy the particular distinction she shews you.’

‘ *Theaf.* I am convinced of her merits;’ and your marrying her, I know, would make you both happy.

‘ *Per.* Let me perish, Madam, if I ever once thought of it.’

‘ *Theaf.* Your happiness, you see, hath been in my thoughts—I take the settling this affair upon myself.’

Per. How could you, Madam, imagine I had any views of this kind? What, be a woman’s follower, with intention to marry her! ‘ Why, the very women themselves would laugh at a man who had so vulgar a notion of gallantry, and knew so little of their inclinations:’ the man never means it, and the woman never expects it; and, for the most part, they have every other view but marriage.

Theaf. But I am serious, nephew, and insist upon your promise.

— ‘ **AIR XL.** *No sooner had Jonathan leap’d from
the boat.*

‘ What are the jests that on marriage you quote?

‘ All ignorant bachelors censure by rote;

‘ Like critics, you view it with envy or spleen.

‘ You pry out its faults, but the good is o’erseen.

‘ *Per.* ’Tis not in my power, Madam; ’tis not in my inclinations. A soldier can have but one inducement to marry, (and a woman may have the same reason too) which is, the opportunities of absence.

‘ *Theaf.* You know, nephew, you have promised.

‘ *Per.* But suppose I am already engaged.

‘ *Theaf.* That will be another merit to her.’

Per. 'Tis impossible, Madam. In a day or two, you know, I am to set out for the campaign.

Theaf. A lady of her romantic spirit can have no objections to following the camp.

AIR XLI. Love's a dream of mighty pleasure.

- ' Soldier, think before you marry ;
- ' If your wife the camp attends,
- ' You but a convenience carry,
- ' For (perhaps) a hundred friends.
- ' If at home she's left in sorrow,
- ' Absence is convenient too ;
- ' Neighbours now and then may borrow
- ' What is of no use to you.

Theaf. I, indeed, feared Pyrrha might have started some difficulties ; but if you rightly consider the proposal, you can have none.

Per. What is the cause of the war we are now engaged in ? Does not the fate of Menelaus stare me in the face ?

Theaf. I will have no more of your trifling objections, Periphas ; ' and, as to your part,' from this time, I will look upon the affair as happily concluded. ' All that now remains to be done, is with Pyrrha. I have left her to Deidamia's management ; and, without doubt, her good offices must prevail ; for you can never have a better advocate. But should the girl be perverse and obstinate——'Tis impossible. For however her heart is already engaged, no woman alive can resist the ambition of such an alliance.'

A I R XLII.

*Think, Oh, think ! that love and glory
Fire at once the gallant breast,
Claiming equal empire o'er you ;
Each shall plume the hero's crest.
Mars shall make thee fam'd in story.
Cupid, Cupid, make you blest'd.*

[Exeunt Theafes and Artemona.]

Per.

Per. Had I so little taste of liberty as to be inclined to marry, that girl is of so termagant a spirit—The bravest man must have the dread of an eternal domestic war. ‘In a tongue-combat, woman is invincible, and the husband must come off with shame and infamy; for though he lives in perpetual noise and tumult, the poor man is only ridiculous to his neighbours. How can we ever get rid of her? Hercules conquered the seven-headed hydra; but his wife was a venom’d shirt that stuck to him to the last.’ *We have but one inducement to marry, (and the woman may have the same reason too) which is, the opportunities of absence; tho’, indeed, a lady of Pyrrha’s romantic disposition may have no objection to following the camp.**

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. This rencounter, Periphas, is as I wished. The liberties you have taken—you know what I mean—when my honour is concerned—an indignity, and all that—’Tis not to be put up; and I must insist upon an explanation—‘There is a particular affair, my Lord—’

Per. Your accosting me in this particular manner, Lord Ajax, requires explanation; for, let me die, if I comprehend you.

Ajax. Death, my Lord, I explain! I am not come here to be asked questions. ’Tis sufficient that I know the affront, and that you know I will have satisfaction.—So, now you are answered.

Per. I can’t say much to my satisfaction, my Lord; for I can’t so much as guess at your meaning.

Ajax. A man of honour, Periphas, is not to be trifled withal.

Per. But a man of honour, Ajax, is not obliged, in courage, to be unintelligible.

Ajax. I hate talking; the tongue is a woman’s weapon. Whenever I am affronted, by the gods, this sword is my only answer.

Per. ’Tis not, Ajax, that I decline the dispute, or would, upon any account, deny you the pleasure of fighting; yet (if it is not too much condescension in a

* In the representation, *Air XII.* is introduced here.

man of honour) before I fight, I would willingly know the provocation.

AIR XLIII. *Maggy Lawther.*

Ajax. ' What is all this idle chat ?
 ' Words are out of season.
 ' Whether 'tis or this or that,
 ' The sword shall do me reason.
 ' Honour call'd me to the task ;
 ' No matter for explaining :
 ' 'Tis a fresh affront to ask
 ' A man of honour's meaning.

' Be it as it will, Periphas, we have gone too far already
 ' to retract.' You know, I suppose, of my pretensions
 to a certain lady. Now are you satisfied ?

' *Per.* If you had her, my Lord, it had been much
 ' more to my satisfaction. I admire your courage.

' AIR XLIV. *Lord Frog, and Lady Mouse.*

' Oh, then, it seems you want a wife !
 ' Should I consent,
 ' You may repent,
 ' And all her daily jars and strife
 ' You may on me resent.
 ' Thus ev'ry day and ev'ry night,
 ' If things at home should not go right,
 ' We three must live in constant fight.
 ' Take her at all event.

' *Ajax.* Hell and furies ! I am not to be rallied out of
 ' my resentment.'

Per. Now, in my opinion, 'tis flinging away your courage,
 to fight without a cause ; ' though, indeed, the men
 ' of uncommon prowess, by their loving to make the most
 ' of every quarrel, seem to think the contrary.'

Ajax. You are not so sure of the lady, Periphas, as
 you flatter yourself ; for whenever I am a rival, by Jove,
 'tis not her consent, but my sword, that must decide the
 question.

' *Per.* Sure never a rival (as you will call me) had a
 ' better reason for fighting than I have at present ; for
 ' if

‘ if I am killed, I shall be out of danger of having the woman.’

Ajax. If I fall, Pyrrha may be yours : you will then deserve her—Till then —

Per. So he that conquers, as a reward, I find, is to be married—Now, dear Ajax, is that worth fighting for ?

Ajax. ‘ Your passion for that lady, Periphas, is too public to bear dispute.’——Spare your jokes ; for my courage wants no farther provocation. Have not I seen you whisper her, laugh with her ? And, by some particular looks at the same time, ’twas too evident that you were laughing at me.

Per. Looks, Ajax !

Ajax. Yes, looks my Lord ; and I never did, or will take an impertinent one from any man.

Per. Impertinent one !

Ajax. Furies ! this calm mockery is not to be borne. I won’t have my words repeated.

‘ *Per.* Such language, Ajax, may provoke me.

‘ AIR XLV. *Richmond Ball.*

‘ What means all this ranting ?

‘ *Ajax.* Cease your joking,

‘ ‘Tis provoking.

‘ *Per.* I to my honour will ne’er be wanting.

‘ *Ajax.* Will you do me right ?

‘ *Per.* What means all this ranting ?

‘ *Ajax.* Cease your joking,

‘ ‘Tis provoking.

‘ *Per.* I to my honour will ne’er be wanting.

‘ *Ajax.* Talk not, then, but fight.

‘ Give then by action

‘ Satisfaction.

‘ *Per.* I’m not in awe, Sir.

‘ *Ajax.* Death ! will you draw, Sir ?

‘ Tittle-tattle

‘ Is a battle

‘ You may safer try.

‘ *Per.* Yet, first, I’d fain know why.’

Ajax. Draw, Sir.

Per.

Per. Pr'ythee, put up, *Ajax*.

Ajax. By Jupiter, *Periphas*, 'till now I never thought you a coward.

Per. Nay then——since my own honour calls upon me.—Take notice, *Ajax*, that I don't fight for the woman. *[They fight.]*

Enter Theaspe, Artemona, and Guards.

1 Guard. Part 'em.—Beat down their swords.

[They are parted.]

2 Guard. How dared you presume to fight in the royal gardens?

1 Guard. Nay, in the very presence!—For see, the queen.'

Ajax. 'Tis very hard, Sirs, that a man should be denied the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Theasf. Lord *Ajax*, for this unparalleled presumption we forbid you the palace.

Ajax. I shall take some other opportunity, my Lord.

[Exit Ajax.]

Theasf. And as for you, *Periphas*——

Per. Your majesty's rigor can do no less than forbid me the woman.

Theasf. The woman, *Periphas*, is the only thing that can reconcile me to your behaviour.

Per. That blundering hero *Ajax* will have it that I am his rival. The man will be almost as miserable without her, as 'tis probable he might be with her.—Oblige us both then, Madam, and let the general be miserable in his own way.

Theasf. I could not have imagined that obstinate girl could have had any scruples to the match; but *Deidamia* tells me she finds her as difficult as you.

Per. Since you know, Madam, that *Pyrtha* will have her own way; for both our sakes, and to save yourself unnecessary trouble, your majesty had better give up this impossibility.'

Enter Diphilus and Guards.

Diph. To prevent future mischief, my Lord, his majesty puts you under arrest; and commands you to attend him. General *Ajax* is already in custody.—'Tis his pleasure too, that (after you have paid your duty to him)

‘ him) you’ embark with the troops immediately; and you are not to come ashore again upon pain of his majesty’s displeasure.*

AIR XLVI.

‘ In war we’ve nought but death to fear,
 ‘ How gracious is the sentence!
 ‘ For that is easier far to bear,
 ‘ Than marriage with repentance.
 ‘ Begirt with foes, by numbers brav’d,
 ‘ I’d blest the happy crisis;
 ‘ The man from greater danger sav’d,
 ‘ The lesser ones despises.

‘ *Per.* Your majesty then, you find, must dispense with my promise ’till after the expedition.—If the general should be so happy, to bring Pyrrha with him to the camp, perhaps we may like one another better.

‘ *Diph.* The king, Madam, wants to talk to your majesty upon affairs of consequence.—You will find him in the royal apartment.

‘ *Theas.* My daughters with Pyrrha have just turned the walk, and are coming this way.—You may stay with ’em, Artemona, till I send for you.

‘ [*Exeunt Theas. Per. and Diph.*]

* In the performance, the following air is introduced.

Per. The queen then must dispense with my promise ’till after the expedition.—I think myself infinitely obliged to his majesty.

A I R.

*In war, though wounds and death we fear,
 How gracious those events,
 Compared to what the wretch must bear,
 Who marries and repents.*

*The foes surround in numbers brave,
 Soon ends the martial strife,
 But once by wedlock’s chain a slave,
 The contest lasts for life.*

‘ *Enter*

Enter Philoe, and Lesbia.

Phil. 'Tis horridly mortifying that these trades-people will never get any thing new against a birth-day. They are all so abominably stupid, that a woman of fancy cannot possibly have the opportunity of shewing her genius.

Lesb. The fatigue one hath of talking to those creatures for at least a month before a birth-day, is insupportable; for you know, sister, when the time draws so very near, a woman can think of nothing else.

Phil. After all, sister, though their things are detestable, one must make choice of something or other. I have sent to the fellows to be with me this morning.

Lesb. You are so eternally sending for 'em, one would imagine you was delighted with their conversation. For those hideous stuffs they will shew us from year to year are frightful, are shocking. How can a woman have so ill a taste as to expose herself in a last year's pattern!

Phil. Dear Madam, I beg your pardon. Let me die, if I saw you!

Lesb. Our meeting her was lucky beyond expression, for I never felt so uneasy a thing as a secret.

Phil. You know, sister, we had agreed to trust her with our suspicions.

Lesb. Yet after all, when a sister's reputation is concerned.

Phil. But is not the honour of a family of greater consequence?

Lesb. Though she is a woman and a favourite, I dare say, if Artemona promises, whatever she suffers, she will inviolably keep it to herself.

Art. If I had not this quality, I had little deserved Theaspe's friendship.——Be assured, ladies, you may safely trust me.

Phil. 'Tis impossible, sister, but she herself must have observed it.

Lesb. Whatever people have observed, 'tis a thing, you know, that no creature alive can presume to talk upon.

Phil. Deal fairly and openly with us, Artemona.——

Have

Have you remarked nothing particular of Deidamia yonder of late?

Art. Of Deidamia!

Lesb. Only look upon her, Madam.

Phil. Well——what do you think of her?

Lesb. Are you blind, Artemona, or dare not you believe your eyes?

Art. Her particular intimacy with Pyrrha do you mean?

Phil. Dear Madam!——Then I find we must speak first.

Lesb. Now, dear Artemona, can any woman alive imagine that shape of hers within 'the' compass 'of common modesty?'

Art. But how can one possibly have those suspicions?

Phil. She is a woman, Madam; she hath inclinations, and may have had her opportunities 'that we know nothing of.'

AIR XLVII. *Minuet of Corelli in the Ninth Concerto.*

Phil. We may resolve to resist temptation;
And that's all we can do;
For in the hour of inclination
What cou'd—I or you?

But the happy man? There, Artemona, is still the secret.

Lesb. Though the thing is improbable, 'tis so monstrously evident, that it cannot bear a dispute.

Phil. Then her bosom too is so preposterously impudent!—One would think a woman in her condition was not conscious of her own shame.

Lesb. Or imagined other people could overlook it as well as herself.

Phil. Then she is so squeamish and so frequently out of order.——

Lesb. That she hath all the outward marks of female frailty must be visible to all womankind.

Phil. But how she came by them, there, Artemona, is still the secret.

Lesb. I must own that, by her particular intimacies
with

‘ with that forward creature, Pyrrha, I suspect her to be
 ‘ her confident in this accident.’

Art. I beg you, ladies, to turn this discourse; for
 Deidamia and Pyrrha are just coming upon us to join the
 conversation.

Enter Deidamia and Achilles.

Lesb. Now I dare swear that careless creature Pyrrha
 hath not once thought of her clothes.

‘ *Art.* Nay, dear lady Pyrrha, the thing is not such a
 ‘ trifle, for ’tis the only mark of respect that most people
 ‘ are capable of shewing. And though that is not your
 ‘ case, I know your gratitude can never omit this public
 ‘ occasion.

‘ AIR XLVIII. *Tom and Will were Shepherds twain.*

‘ Think of dress in ev’ry light;
 ‘ ’Tis woman’s chiefest duty;
 ‘ Neglecting that, ourselves we flight
 ‘ And undervalue beauty.
 ‘ That allures the lover’s eye,
 ‘ And graces ev’ry action;
 ‘ Besides, when not a creature’s by,
 ‘ ’Tis inward satisfaction.

Ach. As I am yet a stranger, ladies, to the fashions of
 the country, ’tis your fancy that must determine me.

Phil. How can a woman of common sense be so un-
 solicitous about her dress!

Art. Nay, dear lady Pyrrha, the thing is not such a
 trifle.

‘ *Lesb.* And trust a woman to choose for her! ’Tis a
 ‘ temper to be spiteful that very few of us can resist;
 ‘ for we have not many pleasures that can equal that of
 ‘ seeing another woman ridiculous.

‘ *Phil.* But you have not, Pyrrha, misplaced your
 ‘ confidence.

‘ *Enter Servant.*

‘ *Serv.* Your embroiderer, Madam.

‘ *Phil.* That woman is everlastingly pestering me for
 ‘ employment. Now can she imagine, that to promote
 ‘ her tawdry trade, I can be talked into making myself
 ‘ ridi-

‘ ridiculous by appearing eternally in her odious embroidery ?——I can’t see her now.——But, perhaps, I may want her for some trivial thing or other.—Let her call again to-morrow.’

Serv. The anti-chamber, Madam, is crowded with tradespeople.

Phil. Did not I tell you that I would not be troubled with those impertinent creatures ?——But hold—I had forgot I sent for ‘em.—Let ‘em wait.

Lesb. But if those foreign merchants who lately came into port are among ‘em——

‘ *Phil.* There, sister, is all my hope. I shall be horribly disappointed if they don’t shew us something charming.

‘ *Lesb.* Should any woman alive get sight of their things before us——

‘ *Phil.* I could not bear it.—To appear in what another woman had refused would make the creature so intolerably vain !

‘ *Lesb.* Are those merchants, I ask you, among ‘em ?’

Serv. They have been waiting, Madam, above this half hour.

Lesb. ‘ And did not you know our impatience ?——How could you be so stupid ?’——Let us see them this instant.

Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, Agyrtes, disguised as merchants.

Art. Unless you have any thing that is absolutely new and very uncommon, you will give us and yourselves, gentlemen, but unnecessary trouble.

‘ *Ulys.* Our experience, Madam, must have profited very little by the honour of dealing with ladies, if we could imagine they could possibly be pleased twice with the same thing.

‘ *Diom.* You might as well offer ‘em the same lover.

‘ *Ulys.* We have learned the good manners, Madam, to distinguish our customers.—To produce any thing that had ever been seen before, would be a downright insult upon the genius of a lady of quality.

‘ *Diom.* Novelty is the very spirit of dress.

‘ *Lesb.* Let me die, if the fellows don’t talk charmingly !

‘ *Phil.* Sensibly, sister.

E

‘ *Lesb.*

‘ *Leſb.* ’Tis evident they muſt have had dealings with ladies of condition.

‘ *Diom.* We only wait your commands.’

Ulyſ. We have things of all kinds, ladies.

Phil. Of all kinds! — Now that is juſt what I wanted to ſee.

‘ *Leſb.* Are not theſe, fiſter, moſt delightful creatures?’

Ulyſ. We know a lady can never fix, unleſs we firſt cloy her curioſity.

Diom. And if variety can pleaſe, we have every thing that fancy can wiſh.

‘ AIR XLIX. *The Bob-tail Laſs.*

‘ In dreſs and love by like deſires

‘ Is woman’s heart perplex’d ;

‘ The man and the gown ſhe one day admires,

‘ She wiſhes to change the next.

‘ The more you are fickle, we’re more employ’d,

‘ And love hath more customers too ;

‘ For men are as fickle, and ſoon are cloy’d,

‘ Unleſs they have ſomething new.

‘ *Leſb.* But, dear man, conſider our impatience.

‘ *Ulyſ.* Would you command the things, ladies, to be brought here, or would you ſee ’em in your own apartment ?

‘ *Phil.* How intolerably theſe fellows love talking !

‘ *Leſb.* How canſt thou, man, aſk ſuch a queſtion !

‘ *Phil.* Here — immediately.

‘ *Ulyſ.* Nay, ’tis not, Madam, that our goods can be put out of countenance by the moſt glaring light — as for that matter —

‘ *Leſb.* Nay, pr’ythee, fellow have done.

‘ [*Diomedes goes out and returns with Agyrtes.*]

Ulyſ. I would not offer you theſe pearls, ladies, if the world could produce ſuch another pair.

Phil. A pair, fellow — Doſt thou think that jewels pair like men and women, becauſe they were never made to agree ?

Diom. Now, ladies, here is all that art can shew you.
—Open the packet.

Lesb. This very individual pattern, in a blue pink, had been infinitely charming.

Phil. Don't you think it pretty, Deidamia?

Ulys. Look upon it again, Madam.—Never was so delightful a mixture!

Diom. So soft! so mellow!

Ulys. So advantageous for the complexion!

Lesb. I can't bear it, man; the colour is frightful.

Phil. I hate our own tame home-bred fancy.—I own I like the design—but take it away, man.

Art. There must be something pretty in every thing that is foreign. [*Ulysses shews another piece.*]

Deid. I am sure, Madam, this must convince you to the contrary.—Never was any thing so detestable!

Lesb. For heaven's sake, Sir, open that other packet; and take away this hideous trumpery.

Ulys. How could'st thou make this mistake?—Never was such an eternal blunderer. [*Opens the armour.*]

Phil. How ridiculous is this accident!

Diom. Pardon the mistake, ladies.

Lesb. A suit of armour!—You see, Philoe, they can at least equip us for the camp.

Phil. Nay, Lesbia, for that matter it might serve many a stiff awkward creature that we see every day in the drawing-room; for their dress is every way as absurd and preposterous. [*Another packet opened.*]

Ulys. If your expectations, ladies, are not now answered, let fancy own herself at a stand. 'Tis inimitable! 'Tis irresistible!

Ulys. For heaven's sake, lady Pyrrha—Nay, dear child, how can any creature have so little curiosity?

[*As the ladies are employed in examining the stuffs, Achilles is handling and poising the armour. Ulysses observing him.*]

Achil. The workmanship is curious; and justly mounted! This very sword seems fitted to my hand.—The shield too is so little cumbersome; so very easy!—Was Hector here, the fate of Troy should this instant be decided.—How my heart burns to meet him!

Ulys. [*Aside to Diom.*] That intrepid air! That god-like

like look! It must be he! His nature, his disposition shews him through the disguise. [*To Achilles.*] Son of Thetis, I know thee, Greece demands thee, and now, Achilles, the house of Priam shakes,

Ach. But what are you, friend, who thus presume to know me?

Ulyf. You cannot be a stranger, Sir, to the name of Ulysses.

Ach. As I have long honoured, I shall now endeavour, Sir, to emulate your fame.

Ulyf. Know, Sir, Diomedes; he too is ambitious to attend you, and partake your glory.

Diom. Come, Agyrtes; with him we carry conquest to the confederates.

[Agyrtes takes a trumpet which lays amongst the armour, and sounds.]

AIR L. *My Dame bath a lame lame Crane.*

Ulyf. Thy fate then, Oh, Troy, is decreed.

Diom. How I pant!

Achil. How I burn for the fight.

Diom. Hark, glory calls.

Achil. Now great Hector shall bleed.

Agyr. Fame shall our deeds requite.

[As Achilles is going off, he turns and looks on Deidamia,

' AIR LI. Geminiani's Minuet.

' Ach. Beauty weeps.—Ay, why that languish?

' See, she calls, and bids me stay.

' How can I leave her? my heart feels her anguish!

' Hence, fame and glory! Love wins the day.

' [He drops the sword and shield.

' Trumpet sounds, and he takes 'em up again..

*' AIR LI. My Dame bath a lame, &c. as before, sung
' in Four Parts as a Catch.*

' Ulyf. Thy fate then, Oh, Troy, is decreed.

' Ach. How I pant! How I burn for the fight!

' Diom. Hark, glory calls. Now great Hector shall bleed.
Agyr.

‘ *Aggr.* Fame shall our deeds requite.

‘ [*As they are going, Achilles stops with his eyes fixed on Deidamia.*]

Art. For heaven’s sake, ladies, support Deidamia.

‘ *Phil.* Never was any thing so astonishing!’

Lesb. Run then, Artemona, and acquaint the king and queen with what hath happened. [*Exit Art.*]

Phil. Ah, sister, sister, the mystery then of that particular intimacy between you and Pyrrha is at last unravelled.

‘ *Lesb.* Now if it had not been a man of this prodigious consequence, it had been the same thing.——

‘ Sure never was unguarded woman so unaccountably lucky!’

Deid. Can you leave me, Achilles?——Can you?

Ulys. Consider your own glory, Sir.

‘ AIR LII. *Gavotti of Corelli.*

‘ *Ach.* Why this pain?

‘ Love adieu,

‘ Break thy chain,

‘ Fame pursue.

‘ Ah, false heart,

‘ Canst thou part?

‘ Oaths and vows have bound me.

‘ Fame cries, go;

‘ Love says, no.

‘ Why d’ye thus confound me?’

Deid. Think of my situation.——Save my honour.

Ulys. Think of the honour of Greece.

‘ *Deid.* Think of your solemn oaths and promises.

‘ *Ulys.* Nations depend upon you.’——Victory, Sir, calls you hence.

Deid. Can you, Achilles, be perfidious?

Ulys. Can you lose your glory in the arms of a woman?

Deid. Can you sacrifice the fame of your faithful Deidamia?

‘ AIR LIIL. *The Scheme.*

- ‘ *Ach.* Oh, what a conflict’s in my breast !
 ‘ *Ulyf.* What, still in suspense ? bid fame adieu.
 ‘ *Deid.* See me with shame oppress :
 ‘ I curse, yet I love thee too.
 ‘ *Ulyf.* Let not her sighs unman your heart.
 ‘ *Deid.* ‘ Can you then go, and faith resign ?
 ‘ *Ach.* Shou’d I ! ——— How can I part ?
 ‘ *Deid.* Your honour is link’d with mine.’

Enter Artemona, Lycomedes, Theaspe, Diphilus, Periphas, and Ajax.

- ‘ *Lycom.* Hence, Diphilus ; and presume no more to
 ‘ come into my presence. ’Twas your paltry flattery that
 ‘ made me ridiculous. ——— Such a genius can never be at
 ‘ a loss for employment, for I have found you qualified
 ‘ for the very meanest offices. [*Exit Diphilus.*’

Theasf. My daughter, Sir, I hope, hath put confidence in a man of honour.

Ach. My word, Madam, is as sacred as the most religious ceremony. — Yet (though we are already solemnly betrothed to each other) ’tis my request, Madam, that before I leave the court the priest may confirm the marriage. [*Theaspe whispers Artemona, who goes out.*

- ‘ *Theasf.* This might have proved a scurvy affair, Deidamia ; for a woman can never depend upon a man’s honour after she hath lost her own to him.

‘ [*Achilles talks apart to Ulysses, Periphas, &c.*

- ‘ *Lycom.* You must own, Madam, that ’twas your own jealousies that were the occasion of Deidamia’s disgrace.

‘ *Theasf.* How can you have the assurance to name it ? Does it not put you in mind of your own ? ——— Let her marriage to Achilles make us forget every thing past.

- ‘ *Ach.* As you was so furiously in love, lord Ajax, I hope I shall still retain your friendship.

‘ *Ajax.* No joking I beg you, young man ——— But, pr’ythee how came you here ? and in a woman’s dress too ! ——— Your setting out, stripling, did not seem to promise much.

‘ *Ach.*

‘ *Ach.* The adventure would be too long to tell you.
‘ —I shall reserve the story for the camp.

‘ [*Artemona returns with the priest.*]

‘ *Art.* The priest, Sir, is ready.

‘ *Lycom.* The ceremony waits you.

‘ *Ach.* It shall be my study, *Lycomedes*, to deserve this alliance.

‘ *Lycom.* May you be happy.

‘ *Theasf.* Let the priest then join your hands.

‘ [*Achilles, Deidamia, Lycomedes, Theaspe, Lesbia,*

‘ *Philoe, Artemona, retire to the back part of the stage.*

‘ *The priest performs the ceremony.*

‘ *Per.* Our duel, *Ajax*, had made a much better figure if there had been a woman in the case.——But you know, like men of violent honour, we were so very valiant that we did not know what we were fighting for.

‘ *Ajax.* If you are too free with your wit, *Periphas*, perhaps we may know what we quarrel about.

‘ *Ulys.* What testy, *Ajax*! Petticoats have led many a man into an error. How lucky was the discovery! for had you found a real complying woman you had irretrievably been married.——The presence of *Achilles* shall now animate the war.

‘ AIR LIV. *The Man that is drunk, &c.*

‘ *Per.* Was ever a lover so happily freed!

‘ *Ajax.* Try me no more; and mention it never.

‘ *Ulys.* Suppose you had found her a woman indeed.

‘ *Ajax.* Must I be teaz’d and worried for ever!

‘ *Diom.* By conquest in battle we finish the strife;

‘ *Per.* But marriage had kept you in quarrels for life.

‘ *Ajax.* Must you be sneering?

‘ Truce with your jeering.

‘ Know that you wits oft’ pay for your sneering.

‘ *Per.* If you had been deceived by a woman——’tis what we are all liable to.

‘ *Diom.* But *Ajax* is a man of warm imagination.

‘ *Ajax.* After this day let me hear no more of this ridiculous affair.

Per.

‘ *Per.* Nay, for that matter, any man might have been deceived: for love, you know, is blind.

‘ *Ajax.* With my sword I can answer any man.——
‘ I tell you, I hate joking.

[*Lycomedes, &c. come forward.*

‘ *Lycom.* I have the common cause so much at heart,
‘ that I would not, son, detain you from the siege.

‘ *AIR LV. There lived long ago in a Country Place.*

‘ *Daïd.* How short was my calm! in a moment ’tis past;
‘ Fresh sorrows arise, and my day is o’ercast.
‘ But since ’tis decreed.—Let me stifle this tear.
‘ Be bold, yet be cautious; my life is thy care;
‘ On thine it depends; ’tis for thee that I fear.

‘ *Lycom.* As both her country and your glory are concerned, Deïdamia must learn to bear your absence.—
‘ In the mean time, Achilles, she shall be our care.—As
‘ the marriage is confirmed; let the dancers, who were
‘ preparing for th’ approaching festival, celebrate the
‘ wedding.

Lycom. May you be happy! the priest shall join your hands immediately.

Theas. And let her marriage to Achilles make us forget every thing past.

A I R LVI.

*Hark! Hark! drums and trumpets call forth to the field,
Quit, quit thy disguise, for the sword and the shield!
Thy prowess and valour shall vanquish the foe,
The towers of proud Troy shall at last be laid low.
Thy honour in arms like thy constancy prove
Victorious in battle as faithful in love.*

Ajax. But, hearkee, young fellow! this is the old soldier’s play; for we seldom leave quarters, but the landlord’s daughter is the better for us.—Hah!

Ulys. Thanks to the gods, the hero could not be concealed; the presence of Achilles shall now animate the war. There he will act in his proper sphere. We may, for a while, put on a feigned character, but nature will shew itself at last.
—’Tis to the armour we owe Achilles.

‘ *AIR*

‘ AIR LVII. *Minuet of Corelli.*

- ‘ *Single.* Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded ;
 ‘ *Chorus.* Through all disguise she herself must betray.
 ‘ *Single.* Heav’n with success hath our labours rewarded.
 ‘ *Chorus.* Let’s with Achilles our genius obey.

‘ AIR LVIII. *Saraband of Corelli.*

- ‘ *Ulys.* Thus when the cat had once all woman’s graces ;
 ‘ Courtship, marriage won her embraces :
 ‘ Forth leapt a mouse ; she, forgetting enjoyment,
 ‘ Quits her fond spouse for her former employ-
 ment.’

C H O R U S.

Minuet of Corelli.

Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded ;
 Through all disguise she herself must betray.
 Heav’n with success hath our labours rewarded ;
 Let’s with Achilles our genius obey.

END of the THIRD ACT.



A TABLE of the SONGS.

A C T I.

* Those *Airs* marked thus (*) were introduced on its being performed at Covent-Garden Theatre in Two Acts.

A I R	Page
I. <i>What's life? No curse is more severe</i>	5
II. <i>Why thus am I held at defiance?</i>	6
III. <i>The woman always in temptation.</i>	7
IV. <i>When a woman sullen fits.</i>	9
V. <i>Man's so touchy, a word that's injurious.</i>	10
VI. <i>Must then, alas, the fondest mother.</i>	11
VII. <i>How your patience had been try'd.</i>	12
VIII. <i>Dissembling words, too cruel maid.</i>	13
IX. <i>Observe the wanton kitten's play.</i>	14
X. <i>When a woman's censorious.</i>	15
XI. <i>As you, Sir, are my husband, no doubt you're prone.</i>	ibid.
XII. <i>Then must I bear eternal strife.</i>	16
XIII. <i>Oh, Love, plead my pardon, nor plead it in vain.</i>	17
XIV. <i>To what a pitch is man profuse.</i>	ibid.
XV. <i>Reputations back'd and bew'd.</i>	ibid.
XVI. <i>Though woman's glib tongue, when her passions are fir'd.</i>	19
XVII. <i>Oh, guard your hours from care.</i>	20
XVIII. <i>All hearts are a little frail.</i>	21
XIX. <i>Let jealousy no longer.</i>	22

A C T II.

XX. <i>Such homage to her beauty.</i>	ibid.
XXI. <i>Should the beast of the noblest race,</i>	23
XXII. <i>What, must I remain in anguish?</i>	24
XXIII. <i>If my passion want explaining.</i>	26
XXIV. <i>How unhappy are the great.</i>	27
XXV. <i>When the fort on no condition.</i>	ibid.
XXVI. <i>Why such affectation?</i>	28
XXVII. <i>What heart hath not courage by force assailed.</i>	ibid.
XXVIII.	

A I R	Page
XXVIII. <i>No more be coy.</i>	29
XXIX. <i>What give o'er !</i>	30
XXX. <i>The slips of a husband, you wives</i>	31
XXXI. <i>Ah, should you ever find her.</i>	32
*XXXII. <i>A maiden that's tender</i>	32
XXXIII. <i>First let him for honour roam.</i>	33
*XXXIV. <i>How oft the fair will speak with scorn.</i>	34
XXXV. <i>Think what anguish tears my quiet.</i>	ibid.
XXXVI. <i>Know that importunity's in vain.</i>	35
XXXVII. <i>How happy my days, and how sweet was my rest.</i>	ibid.
XXXVIII. <i>Your dress, your conversations.</i>	36
XXXIX. <i>Ay, why is my heart so tender.</i>	37

A C T III.

XL. <i>What are the jests that on marriage you quote ?</i>	39
XLI. <i>Soldier, think before you marry.</i>	40
XLII. <i>Think, Oh, think, that love and glory.</i>	ibid.
XLIII. <i>What is all this idle chat ?</i>	42
XLIV. <i>Oh, then it seems you want a wife !</i>	ibid.
XLV. <i>What means all this ranting ?</i>	43
XLVI. <i>In war we've nought but death to fear.</i>	45
XLVII. <i>We may resolve to resist temptation.</i>	47
XLVIII. <i>Think of dress in ev'ry light.</i>	48
XLIX. <i>In dress and love by like desires.</i>	50
L. <i>Thy fate then, Oh, Troy, is decreed.</i>	52
LI. <i>Beauty weeps.—Ah, why that languish ?</i>	ib.
LII. <i>Why this pain ?</i>	53
LIII. <i>Oh, what conflict's in my breast !</i>	54
LIV. <i>Was ever a lover so happily freed !</i>	55
LV. <i>How short was my calm ! in a moment 'tis past.</i>	56
*LVI. <i>Hark ! Hark ! drums and trumpets call forth to the field.</i>	ibid.
LVII. <i>Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded.</i>	57
LVIII. <i>Thus when the cat had once all woman's graces.</i>	ibid.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.



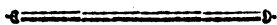
J. Roberts del.

Published for Dells British Theatre Feb 26. 1777.

Thornthwaite Sculp.

M^{rs} WRIGHTEN in the Character of PEGGY.

BELL'S EDITION.



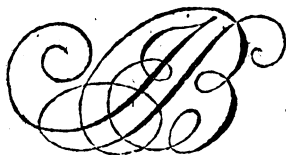
THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

As written by ALLAN RAMSAY.

*The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin bight, which well cou'd pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did here.*

SPENCER, p. III3.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Susannah Countess of Eglinton.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the poets to finish their designs with chearfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my patroness says, the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretended judges, who condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglinton, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with

numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of Kennedy and Montgomery. Be that the care of the herald and the historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect. For whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries a sour-plumb of better sense than good-nature; but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true: but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed, there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence, with a hand that trembles between hope and fear; but if I should prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,
And most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edinburgh, June,
1725.

D R A.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON,

With the following

P A S T O R A L.

ACCCEPT, Oh, Eglington ! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays :
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blisful plains ;
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love ;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delightful through the verdant meads to stray.
Oh, come, invoc'd and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade ;
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires !
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise !
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes !
When first the fair-one, piteous of his fate,
Kill'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,

A 3

With

With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
 And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent !
 Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
 In Charlot's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
 Love courted beauty in a golden age ;
 Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
 As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the rural state bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes ;
 Secure alike from envy and from care ;
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear :
 Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content.
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost ;
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Now happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
 The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat ;
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race ;
 When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 She, uninvited, came a welcome guest.
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts :
 Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
 Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed ;
 Then dow'rlless beauty lost the pow'r to move ;
 The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.

Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
 The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood :
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,
 And semblant falshood puts on truth's disguise.
 The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms :
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around :
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd :
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh, happiness ! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd ?
 Nun sober and devout ! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head ?
 Virgin of aspect mild ! ah, why, unkind,
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind ?
 Oh, teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy fire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball ?
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?
 Or, with th' industrious planter, dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk ?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold ?
 Seeks knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the morning hour ?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 In Stairs's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms ?

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast ;
 But many passions mull the blessing coit ;
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy, grieving at another's state.

Re-

Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human bosom nurst,
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst ?
 Unlike, Oh, Eglinton ! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heav'nly guest ;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions free'd,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
 How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame ?
 Bold in thy presence bashfulness appears,
 And backward merit loses all its fears.
 Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
 Concest is thine, an early blooming race,
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
 Divine instruction ! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest !
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit or the dance to shine.
 Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely Eglintons of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native poet's strains ;
 In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
 The garb our muses wore in former years ;
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
 Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own ;
 While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
 To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
 Let this, Oh, Eglinton ! delight thee most,
 I' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

W. H.

PATIE AND ROGER:

A

PASTORAL.

Inscribed to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.

Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping frosts and driving sna
 Are o'er the hills and far awa;
 Bauld Boreas sleeps. the Zephyrs blaw,
 And ilka thing
 Sae dainty, youthfu, gay, and bra,
 Invites to sing. 4

Then let's begin by creek of day;
 Kind muse, skiff to the bent away,
 To try anes mair the landart lay,
 With a' thy speed,
 Since Burchet awns that thou can play
 Upon the reed. 8

Anes,

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously.

To weaker fight,
Set these rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light.

32

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine ;
Sma' need he has of fangs like mine,
To beet his name :
For frae the north to southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

16

His fame, which ever shall abide,
While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly strave upon the tide
T' invade these lands,
Where Briton's royal fleet doth ride,
Which still commands.

20

These doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,
How free-born Britons faught like men,
Their saies like slaves.

24

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
This country sang, my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue ;
But, ah ! I fear,
In giving praises that are due,
I grate your ear.

28

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r ;
May pow'rs aboon with kindly care

Grant

[11. *To weaker fight, set these, &c.*] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

21. *Frae his pen.*] His valuable Naval History.

[11]

Grant you a lang and muckle shair
Of a' that's good,
Till unto longest life and mair
You've healthfu' stood. 32

May never care your blessings fowr,
And may the muses ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r:
I'm but a callan;
Yet may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN. 36

DRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir William Worthby.

Patie, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

Roger, a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.

Symon and Gland, two old Shepherds, Tenants to

Sir William.

Bauldy, a Hind, engaged with Neps.

W O M E N.

Peggy, thought to be Gland's Niece.

Jenny, Gland's only Daughter.

Mause, an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.

Elspa, Symon's Wife.

Madge, Gland's Sister.

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles
from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, within Twenty Hours.

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

*Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where chrystal springs their halefome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds in the gowant lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blithen Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

Patie and Roger.

SANG I. *Tune, The waking of the fauld.*

PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waking of the fauld.

B

My

14 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And nathing gi'es me sic delight,
 As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest, it is confels'd,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
 At waking of the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartfom is't to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants !
 How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears when void of care !
 What ails thee, Roger, then ? What gars thee grane ?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, Oh, Patie ! to a thrawart fate ;
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
 Corbies and tods to grane for lambkins blood :
 But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flower, and quit the hive,
 The faughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' queans, or los of warldly geer,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say ; but it's no easy done
 By ane whafe saul's sae sadly out of tune.
 You hae sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
 You are the darling of baith auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleck ;

And

And jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.

For ilka sheep ye hae, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But, ablins, nibour, ye hae not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were (moor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs ye wad loss, and lefs ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
The o'ercome only fashies fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross;
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss,
Oh, may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench;
'Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na, I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens.
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Tak courage, *Roger*, me, your sorrows tell,
And safely think nae kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed, now, *Patie*, you hae guess'd o'er true;
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.

16 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco' blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy, that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Patie. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat,
He sighs for Neps; sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd nae loo her—but in vain;
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Ev'n while he fawn'd she strack the poor dumb Tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha' shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I play'd—(ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin spear'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dianna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help milluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?

Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all houp,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's loup.

Roger. I need na mak such speed my blood to spill,
I warrant Death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly, whingeing way;
Seem careless; there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear how I serv'd my las, I love as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay, and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glow'ring about.
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw nae me:
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist.
Her coats were kiltir, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw;

Her

Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
 Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
 And, Oh, her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waitcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon aileer:
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew—
 She scour'd awa', and said, what's that to you?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came with a right thieveless errand back;
 Miscaw'd me first—then bad me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she; then, wi' great haste,
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist,
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came lowping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me, 'tween ilka smack;
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear Roger, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
 Do you sae too, and never fash your thumb:
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood:
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er with strae.*

Dear Roger, if yout Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a flight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise, who're soon defait,
 And wi' a simple face give way
 To a repulse; then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een;

18 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blift,
And let her sigh, when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind Patie ! now fair fa' your honest heart ;
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane : for now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
(My mither, rest her faul ! she made it fine)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo',
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,
With spraings like gowd and siller cross'd with black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, who ha'e sae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel, hald ye there ; and since ye've frankly
A present to me of your braw new plaid, [made
My flute's be your's ; and she too, that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't ;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't :
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring ;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding reight :
By that time, bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please :
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysel. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flowrie bonny, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes,
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round.*

*Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
First please your eye; next gratify your ear;
While Fenny, what she wishes discommends,
And Meg, with better sense, true love defends.*

Peggy and Jenny.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleech our linen clean;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blew
Will mak them like a lily wet with dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow;
Between twa birks out-o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a singand din:
A pool, breast-deep, beneath, as clear as gla's,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering gra's;
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourselfs—It's healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie! when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? That jeering fallow, Pate.
Wad, taunting, say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loo's ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaimes his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He faukds his owrelay down his breast with care,
And sew gang trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, How d'ye?—or, There's a bonny day.

Peg.

20 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Peg. Ye dast the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide;
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.
 What's like a dorty maiden when she's auld?
 Like dawted wean that tarrows at its meat.
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:
 The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III. Tune, *Pokwart on the green.*

The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld;
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laugh'd at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus, by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fie, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

Jen. I never thought a fingle life a crime.

Peg. Nor I—but love, in whispers, lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my Jo, he kens himsel;
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and fighs, and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free?
 The chieles may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lafs! how can you loo that rattle-skull?
 A very deel, that ay maun hae his wull.

We'll

We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head,
There we may kifs as lang as kissing's gude,
And what we do, there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will; why no? 'Tis good my parr,
To gi' him that, and he'll gi' me his heart.

Jen. He may, indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco phraise,
And dawt ye, baith afore fowk and your lane;
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead, then, of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
And, may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV. Tune, *Oh, dear mother, what shall I do?*

Oh, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust to smiling:
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him, I dreed nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green,
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music throw my heart.
How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!

Ilk

22 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is—but what need I say that or this,
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is !
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure :
 Ill-nature hets in fauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V. *How can I be sad on my, &c.*

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae
 Sour, weak, silly fallows, that study, like fools ;
 To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife ;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

Jenny. Hey, Bonny Lads of Branksome, or't be lang
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 Oh, it's a pleasant thing to be a bride ;
 Syne whindging gets about your ingle side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fashous din :
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, and scauds itsel wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The Deel gaes o'er Jock Wabster : hame grows hell ;
 When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsom thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
 To hear their little complaints, and keep them right.
 Wow, Jenny ! can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;
 When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs ?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love maks care delight ?

Jenny. But poorth, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw,

But

But little love or canty chear can come

Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom :

Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away

Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—

The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,

May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.

A dyvor buys your butter, woo and cheese,

But on the day of payment breaks and flees,

Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent :

'Tis not to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.

His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear :

Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?

Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life ;

Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she

Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.

Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best ;

Nae mair's requir'd : let Heaven mak out the rest.

I've heard my honest uncle aften say,

That lads should a' for wives, that's vertuous pray :

For the maist thrifty man could never get

A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :

Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part

To gather walth to raise my shepherd's heart.

What'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,

And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,

For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.

A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,

Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due,

Syne a' behind's our ain ;—thus, without fear,

Wi' love and rowth we throw the warld will steer ;

And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rise,

He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglit on the green,

With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,

Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,

And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg—

Peggy. Nae mair of that—dear Jenny, to be free,

There's some men constanter in love than we :

Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind

Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.

They'll

24 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile :
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art,
To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart,
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane ;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff.

Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.

Good-humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of marry'd love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.

See yon twa elms that grow up side by side ;
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride .

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.

This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
That in return defends it frae the west.

Sic as stand single (a-state sae lik'd by you !)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little sae,
Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane.*

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,

And there is nae denying,

That sure as light flows frae the sun,

Frae love proceeds complying ;

For

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 25

For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
 That by the heartstrings lead us.

Peggy. Alake! poor pris'ner! Jenny that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air;
 Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the fun
 Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
 To freath the graith:—if canker'd Madge our aunt
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
 For this seems true, nae lafs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green;
 Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen:
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byer:
 A peet-stack joins and forms a rural square.
 The house is Glaud's;—there you may see him lean,
 And to his divet-seat invite his frien'.*

Glaud and Symon.

GLAUD.

GOOD-morrow, nibour Symon, come sit down,
 And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in town?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 And fald your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld boy,
 I've gather'd news, will kittle your mind wi' joy.

C

I cou'd

16 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw!—Ay, Symmie! ratling chieles ne'er
stand

To cleck and spread the groffest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or false, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*; and I ha'e seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been,
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fou well, he bravely chose
To stand his hege's friend, wi' great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick, and ane ca'd Monk,
Has plaid the Rump a right sleet begunk;
Restor'd king Charles, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG VII. *Tune, Cald kaile in Aberdeen.*

Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'.
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now, God be thanked, that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir William fall enjoy his ane.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;

Nor

Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise,
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claithis.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

Put on your bonnet, *Symon*—tak a seat—

“How's a' at hame,—How's Elspa?—How does Kate?—

How sells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?”

And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

The laird who in riches and honour

Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,

Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour

To rise aboon poverty :

Else, lik the pack-horse that's unfother'd

And burthen'd, will tumble down faint,

Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd

And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen

The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,

Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,

As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame.

My heart e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,

And tak your dinner here with me the day.

We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' fight,

I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.

I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,

And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,

And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,

Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna baulk my friend his blyth design,

Gif that it had na first of a' been mine :

For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,

Yestreen I slew two wathers prime and fat ;

A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,

And a large ham hings reestling in the nook.

I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,

Our meikle pat, that sca'ds the whey, put on,

A mutton bouk to boil ;—and ane we'll roast,

And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost.

28 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Sma' are they shorn ; and she can mix fou nice
 The gussy ingans with a curn of spice,
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel sung ;
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'rsell. Auld Birky, never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear :
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld,
 Auld, said I !—Troth, I'm younger by a score,
 Wi' you good news than what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en ! Hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear ?

Enter Madge.

Madge. The man's gain gyte ! Dear Symon, welcome
 here :

What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din ?
 Ye never let a body fit to spin.

Glaud. Spin ? Stuff !—Gae break your wheel, and burn
 your tow.

And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low :
 Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed.--And wha waist told you o't ?

Glaud. What's that to you ?—gae get my Sunday's
 Wale out the whitest of my bobbitt bands ; [coat.
 My whyt skin hose, and mittens for my hands ;
 Then frae their washin cry the bairns in haste,
 And make ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waift,
 As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en ;
 For we're gawn o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the
 gait,

And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II

PROLOGUE.

*The open field—a cottage in a glen,
As auld wife spinning at the sunny end.—
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and ha'f rais'd looks, ye see.*

Bauldy, *his lane.*

Bauldy. What this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than
To be fae brunt with love, yet darna tell! [hell,
Oh, Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay:
Blyther than lambs that frisk out-o'er the knows,
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty times.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate looes her—waes me! and she looes Pate,
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow!—Oh, but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy,
'Tis fair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To brak wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips, and gi'e me advice.
She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,
And make the deels obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
And howks uncristen'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow;
Rins withershins about the humlock low;
And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom of black raiids and snakes:
Of this, unsopfy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates;—and gars expire
With flaw and racking pains afore a fire,

30 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Stuck fou of prins ; the dev'lish pictures melt,
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe ; ay, ay, she kens fou weel,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deel.
 She and her cat fit beeking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, faith, amaisf I'm fear'd :
 But I maun do't, though I should never thrive ;
 They gallop fast, that deels and lasses drive. [Exit.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*A green keil yard, a little fount,
 Where water poplin springs,
 There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle, an' the king come.*

Maufe. Peggy, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the king's come :
 Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding-coat for filk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky of the glen ?
 Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Maufe. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
 And beeking my cauld limbs before the sun.
 What brings my bairn this gait fae air at morn ?
 Is there nae muck to lead,—to thresh, nae corn ?

Bauldy. Enough of baith,—but something that requires
 Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Maufe. My helping hand, alake ? what can I do,
 That underneith beith eild and poortith bow ?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
 Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Maufe. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
 That lifts my character aboon the rest ?

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 31

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're fae wife and
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. [fell,

Maufe. What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me-hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing hae to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell you a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn,
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn,
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsel amaisf amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the Howdy under night.
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about;
And fae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlet of them mixt wi' pease.

Maufe. I thank ye, lad—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then—I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me—
Peggy likes Pate;—and Patie's bauld and slee,
And looes sweet Meg—But Neps I downa see—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
Peggy's to me—I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and grots: take ye nae care.

Bauldy. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the Deel, he'll raise the wind;
Synne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night fae mirk, I'll tine the gait.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
Oh, will ye come like bādrans for a jest;
And there ye can our different haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe.

32 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Mause. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mause. [*Her lane.*] Hard luck, alake! when poverty
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild, [and eild,
Wi'a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, a wrinkled witch.

This fool imagines as do mony sic,
That I'm a witch, in compact with auld Nick,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.

Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the royal Charles, and right's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.

The bonny Foundling that's brought up by Glau'd,
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to the usurper, and her death design'd;
To establish him and his in all these plains
That by right heritage to her 'pertain's,
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms,
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.

Nane kens't but me;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them all sing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

Patie and Peggy.

Peg. Oh, Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay;
Were baith cry'd bame, and Jenny she's away.

Patie. I'm faith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.

Here

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds sough through the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows, birds, and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind ;
In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I could fancy aught's fae sweet or fair
As my sweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merl or mavis' throtes.
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay ;—ye joker, let me gang,
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap.
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall do thee wrang, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a year :
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel ;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye need na fear,
Though we're but young I loo'd you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand
Aft to the tansy-know or rashy strand ;
Thou smiling by my side—I took delite
To pou the rashes green, with roots fae white,

Of

34 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

SANG X. *Tune, The yellow hair'd ladie.*

PEGGY.

When first my dear ladie gade to the green-hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the boughting forgather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells,
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nae can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the ews,
'There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring.

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the lafs of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,

Nae

Nae birns, or briers, or whims e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At a' thae sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

Patie. Jenny sings fast the Broom of Cowdenknows,
And Rosie lilt the Milking of the Ews;
There's nane like Nanse, Jenny Nettles sings:
At turns in Maggy Lauder, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill
The Boatman, or the Lass of Patie's Mill;
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me,
Though they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lassies trow what they desire,
And roos'd, by them we love, blows up that fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At naught they'll ferly,—senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—
Sic ne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

Patie. And let them ferly,—now a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad not be amiss:
And syne we'll sing the song with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire—

Patie. —Well I agree.

S A N G XI.

PATIE [*Sings.*]

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I.
 Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

PEGGY [*Sings.*]

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
 The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE [*Sings.*]

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine, and fae may ye.
 Red-checked ye completely ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f-year.

PEGGY [*Sings, falling into Patie's arms.*]

Then dinna pou' me, gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms for good and a' :
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
 And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace.

PATIE [*with his left hand about her waist.*]

Oh, charming armfu', hence, ye cares, away ;
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day,
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
 Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
 Oh, lash your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day ;
 And, if ye're weary'd, honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
 And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd with time;
 An elwan fills his band, his habit mean,
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:
 But whisht, it is the knight in masquerad,
 That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
 To throw his auld aw'nues, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir William solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
 With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
 Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:
 But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
 No Jaccacincths or Eglantines appear.
 How fail'd and broke's the rising ample shade,
 Where, peach and nect'rine trees their branches spread,
 Basking in rays, and early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use;
 All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,——when I'm to see my boy,

D

My

38 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heav'n, too soon, call'd home his mother fair :
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A calm contented mortal spends his time
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

SANG XII. Tune, *Happy clown.*

Hid from himself, now, by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleating flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day,
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,
 When truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfully'd with a crime.
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and un-afraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rs good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day.
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[*Exit Sir William.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round,
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found:
 Yet all is clean; a clear peet ingle
 Glances amidst the floor;
 The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

Symon, Glaud, and Elspa.

Glaud. We anes were young oursel—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrily.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade:
 Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the clev'rest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith;
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith:
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
 That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, good wife, if I be not mista'en,
 He seems to be with Peggy's beauty ta'en;
 And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye weel ken; a bonnyer needna be,
 Nor better—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
 My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
 And, or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
 I'd rather be mix'd with the mools mysel.

Glaud. What reason can ye hae? There's nane, I'm
 Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor: . [sure,
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ane Jenny kind;
 Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ane birn,
 Five ky that at ae milking fill a kirn,

40 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride ;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them givē.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud ; but dinna speer
What, may be, is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight days, likely, he shall learn
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't—come, gie's the other bend ;
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gas round.*]

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud—by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran, Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

[*Enter Jenny.*]

Jenny. Oh, father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen ;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look ;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard :
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in ; we'll hear what he can say ;
Nane shall gang hungry by my house this day.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my grey mare.

Glaud. Spae-men ! the truth of a' their saws I doubt ;
For greater liars never ran there out.

Re-enter Jenny, bringing Sir William : with them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle—Here, tak a seat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, good man, Ise be no blate.

Glaud. [*Drinks.*] Come, t'ye, friend—How far cam
ye the day ?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour—e'en but little way :
Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang ;
Twa miles, or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi'me,
And tak sic bed and bord as we can gie.

Sir

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 41

Sir Will. That's kind, unfought. Weel, gin ye have a
That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn, [bairn
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. [*Pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad—alack, I
hae nae mae!

Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand—What gars
ye sneer?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point—but, billy, bide;
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Beteech us to! and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deel's owre grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since first he wore a fark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair: if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird! Hear ye, good man? What think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken. Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; 'tis good to bode o' wealth:
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

Patie. A laird o' twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be;
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie, let the man look owre your hand:
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits
falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him
right.*]

Elspa. Preserv's!—the man's a warlock, or posses'd
With some nae good, or second-sight at least.
Whar is he now?—

Glaud. ——— He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fowk, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb—wow! can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel)

42 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

How soon we'll see Sir William. Whisht! he heaves;
And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better—Elspa, haste ye, gae,
And fill him up a tafs of usquebae.

Sir Will. [*Starts up and speaks.*]
A knight that for a lion fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.
But now again the lion rears,
And spreads joy o'er the plain;
The lion has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.

That knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld;
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bauld.
He mair Patrick shall be call'd —
All you that hear me now,
May weel believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep:
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward:
Bet I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That a' I prophesy will soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fowk are odd kind men;
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
The wimpled meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whisht, doubtfu' carle! for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 43

Glaud. Weel, be't sae, friend; I shall say naithing mair,
But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump, ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent:
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play,
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be grey.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And throw his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet:
See, Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!*

Roger and Jenny.

Roger. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he could speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn.
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.
Ah, cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be!
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

44 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Roger. Alake, my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale!
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jenny. I loo my father, coufin Meg I love;
But, to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move.
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny?—Say na that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free.
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
Wow, but we're bonny, good, and ev'ry thing!
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gie consent,
Than we our daffin, and tint pow'r repent:
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife, right tame,
Altho' the first the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind,
Of diff'rent tempers that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me
(Tho' you shou'd scorn) still to delight in thee

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooer's lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes, and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
I've seen the filler spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear.
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin wimpling throw the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean, without stain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

SANG

SANG XIII. Tune, *Lieb-Wynd*.

Jenny. Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain ;
 The easy maid, beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain ;
 For I must own, now, since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 With'd to be pair'd with thine.

Roger. I'm happy now ; ah, let my head
 Upon thy breast recline !
 The pleasure strikes me near hand dead—
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?
 Oh, let me bris thée to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine !
 Delyteful thought ! We'll never part !
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.

Jenny. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
 The fewest words my easy heart could gain ;
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company ;
 And ever had a warmness in my breast,
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now ! o'er happy ! ha'd my head !—
 This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
 Come to my arms—or strike me—I'm a' fir'd
 Wi' wond'ring love—Let's kifs till we be tir'd.
 Kifs, kifs ! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
 And ferly at the quick return o' day.
 Oh, Jenny, let my arms about thee twine,
 And bris thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*]

Jenny. With equal joy my easy heart gives way,
 To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
 Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast ta'en,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jenny.

46 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Jenny. Weel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent ; he'll hardly say ye nay ;
Ye ha'e what will commend him to ye weel ;
Auld fowks, like them, that want nae milk and meal.

SANG XIV. Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

Weel, I agree, ye're sure of me ;
Neist to my father gae :
Mak him content to gi'e consent,
He'll hardly say ye nay :
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel ;
Since parents auld, think love grows cauld,
When bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na-by,
He'd contradict in vain ;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee, I will ha'e nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree :
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rowt :
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell :
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a' ; which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee ;
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
My love and a' is yours ; now ha'd them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best—But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg—besides, I mauna stay.
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn ;
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

Roger.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 47

Roger. Towhere the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool;
Keep triste, and meet me there; there let us meet,
To kifs, and tell our love; there's nought sae sweet

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This scene presents the knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place.
Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the baron shewn his face;
But, joking wi' his shepherd leet,
Aft speers the gate he keeps fu' weel.*

Sir William and Simon.

Sir Will. To whom belongs this house, so much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

[*Sir William draps his masking beard;*

*Symon, transported, sees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And clasps him round the knees.*

*My master! my dear master!—Do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith;
Return'd to chear his wifling tenants' fight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight?*

Sir Will. Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy;
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'it securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock—neist my ane judgment fand
Out reasons plenty—since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks bauch and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime;
Hang on their friends, which gi'es their sauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Symon.

48 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Symon. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true ;
 For there's Laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few.
 His father steght his fortune in his wame,
 And left his heir nought but a gentle name :
 He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
 As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace,
 Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin,
 That are within his tenth degree o' kin :
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
 To his ane fam'ly as to gi'e him trust.

Sir Will. Such useless branches of a common-wealth
 Should be lopt off, to gi'e the state mair health.
 Unworthy bare reflection—Symon, run
 O'er all your observations on my son ;
 A parent's fondness eas'ly finds excuse ;
 But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
 Wad be o'er short, cou'd I them right display.
 In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
 That out o' fight he rins afore the lave ;
 And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
 Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best,
 And his decreet stands good—he'll gar it stand :
 Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand :
 Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleaseth—my good friend,
 proceed :
 What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Symon. Baith wonder weel ; for, troth, I didna spare
 To gi'e him, at the school, enough o' lair ;
 And he delytes in books—he reads and speaks,
 Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read, and of what kind ?
 Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep t' Edinburgh port,
 He buys some books of hist'ry, fangs, or sport :
 Nor does he want o' them that rowth at will,
 And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best o' men.

How

How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He ken's fu' weel, and gars the verses ring.
 I sometimes thought, he made o'er great a phras
 About fine poems, histories and plays.

}

When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,
 Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
 When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
 'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our sell.

Sir Will. Well jested, Symon—but one question more
 I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age, when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
 Has nae young lassie, wi' inviting mein
 And rosie cheeks, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the sma'est part;
 (Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 With Glaud's fair niece) than I thought right or meet.
 I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
 Syn, like yoursel, your son will soon appear.
 A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
 May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir Will. This night must end his unambitious fire,
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
 None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
 They come just at the time I gave command:
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nane can know that is not down-right me.

[Exit Symon
Sir Will.

E

50 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Sir Wil. Whene'er th' event of hope's success appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares vanish like a morning dream ;
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past, enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,
 I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps, that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine :
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. Tune, *What ye wba I met yestreen.*

Now from rusticity, and love,
 Whose flames but over-lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn :
 As the rough di'mond, from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine.
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

[*Exit.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former Page.
Glaud's onjet—Enter Maufe and Madge.

MADGE.

O UR Laird's come hame, and owns young Pate his heir !

Maufe. That's news indeed !

Madge.

Madge. — As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Ha'd ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd mickle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch, he whirled forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een ;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

Mause. Then fure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and ha'd out their loof.

Madge. As fast as fleas sk'p to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee Tod Lawrie ha'ds without his mow,
When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backward in a pool :
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretel,
Without the help of conjuring or spell ;
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome master ; round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he !
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon ;
And troth it's e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no, sae meikle as to Pate himsel.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be fae ; wha kens, and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain :
Even kings have tane a queen out of the plain,
And what has been before may be again. }

Madge. Sic nonsense ! Love tak root bot tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood !
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be ;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain, }
Yonder he comes, and wow ! but he looks fain,
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

52 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Madge. He get her! flaverin doof! it fets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil!
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

Maufe. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
And so wad I: but, whisht! here Bauldy comes.

Enter Bauldy, singing.

Jocky said to Jenny: Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good;
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let it be.

Madge. Weel liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.
[Sings again.]

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I have seven good owfen gangin in a pleugh;
Gangin in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' heuse, a barn and a byer.
A peatstack 'fore the door, we'll mak a rantin fire;
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry fall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free:
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

I trow sae,——lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Maufe. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a'?——

Bauldy.——Faith unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, this night.

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane? If we may ask.

Bauldy. To find out that, is nae difficult task.

Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me,

I'll

I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove ;
 Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
 Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.
 Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard ;
 What ither lafs will throw a mansworn herd ?
 'The curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
 'That's ever guilty of sic finfu' deeds.
 I'll ne'er advise my niece so gray a gate,
 Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate ! mansworn ! and a' the rest ;
 Ye leed, auld roudes,—and in faith had best
 Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand
 Wi' a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand ? ye sheveling-gabit brock,
 Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
 And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
 Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out-o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
 That I'm mansworn,——I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too he ca'd me bonny names,
 And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims.

Ye filthy dog !——— [*Flees to his hair like a fury—*
A stout battle—Maufe endeavours to redd them.

Maufe. Let gang your grips ; fy, Madge ! how't,
 Bauldy, leen

I wadna wish this tuilzie had been seen,
 'Tis sae daft-like———

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.*]

Madge. ——'Tis daster-like to thole
 An Ether-cap like him, to blaw the coal.

It sets him wi' a vile unscrapit tongue

To cast up whether I be auld or young.

They're aulder yet than I have marry'd been,

And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Maufe. That's true ; and, Bauldy, ye was far to
 blame,
 To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the
 same.

Madge. Auld roudes ! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

54 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Maufe. Howt, no ;—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farther gae :
Ye maun forgi'e 'ni : I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Maufe, I hae at Madge nae spite ;
But she abusing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon ! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.
Vow and lowp back—was e'er the like heard tell ?
Swith tak him deel, he's o'er lang out of hell.

Bauldy. [*Running off.*] His presence be about us !
Curst were he,
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Madge. [*Laughing.*] I think I hae towzled his hari-
galds a wee ;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Maufe. Ye towz'd him tightly—I commend ye for't,
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport :
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith, to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch !—how had ye parience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear ?

Maufe. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
Obliges folk resentment to decline, [mine,
Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supplie ;
Thus I put aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark ;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryft ; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool my fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll hae, as I protest :
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.

A linen

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 55

A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Maufe. Then let us gae, for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin cloud shines with a setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green-swaired grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.*

Roger. Wow ! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps
light !

O, maister Patrick, ay your thoughts were right :
Sure gentle-fowk are farrer seen than we,
That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding, sweet, and nae mair scorn.
I spak my mind, she heard, I spak again,
She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patic. I'm glad to hear't—But O my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me boon the lave.
With looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast :
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth !
Who set too soon ! And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail ;
That speechless lang, my late-ken'd fire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.

Unusual

56 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself with rising raptures found,
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard—too faithfu' Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids—ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :
 But were't my case, ye'd clar it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause :
 But what cares love for reason, rules and laws ?
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI. Tune, *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty and part of reason
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love so superior calls treason ;
 The strongest must be obey'd :

For now tho' I'm ane of the gentry,
 My constancy falshood repels :
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Roger. Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won :
 Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
 And fra these bonds nae fate my mind shall move.
 I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,
 But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master and yoursel to stay
 Amang us here—or are ye gawn away
 To London court, or ither far aff parts,
 To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts,

Patie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
 vance,
 To London neist, and afterwards to France,
 Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
 An twa three ither monkey-tricks—that done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.

Then 'tis design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel :
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Roger. " They wha have just enough can soundly
sleep,

The owrecome only fashes fowk to keep."——

Good, Mr. Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought at night's
the same: }

The poor and rich but differ in the name,
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae boon the list—without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pike it scantily on the bent :
Fine claiaths, fast beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends whene'er ye dine,
Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease,
Wha's no content with these is ill to please.

Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er their bliss :
The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour :
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang, like the sharpest goads, in gentry's side,
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowlk o'erlaid with ease,
While o'er the moor, the shepherd wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Roger. Lord, man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Patie. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,
Thae best can teach what's real good and ill :
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy :
Faith I'll ha' books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky :

But

58 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies : his will maun be obey'd ;
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride :
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;
I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'il's defy. [Exit Roger.]

Patie. [Solus.] Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart !
I ken she looes ; and her fast saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.—Heav'n, support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red !——

Enter Peggy.

My Peggy, why in tears ?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears :
Though I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare na think sae high : I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
What can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost ?
Like to be carry'd, by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land ?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own :
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate : come, kifs thy cares away ;
I ken to love, as weel as to obey.
Sir William's generous ; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on !—speak ever thus, and still my grief :
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire ;
Then I, poor me !—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my hartsome Pate ;

Nae

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest :
 Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang.
 Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin ha'f breathless round the rucks of hay ;
 As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fa'n on purpose, that I might be ta'en.
 Nae mair around the Foggy-know I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease ;
 May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife !

SANG XVII. *Woes my heart that we shou'd funder.*

Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy funder :
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell :
 Ah, I can die, but never funder.
 Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the know wi' silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Though thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
 Through life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

Pai.

60 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Pat. Sure heav'n approv's—and be assur'd o' me,
I'll near gang back o' what I've sworn to thee :
And time, though time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle ;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightrfu' maid !
For thee I'd soon leave these inferiour things,
To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear ? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst ; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear ;
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms :
I'll gain on uncle Glaud ;—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me through ilk school ;
Where I may manners learn.—

SANG XVIII. *Tweed-side.*

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break ;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him e'er in sight.

With patience I'll wait the lang year,
And study the gentlest charms ;
Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in those arms.

Whist

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 65

Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life ;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,
Must fade, like the gowans in May ;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband ha'e sense to approve.

Pat. That's wisely said ;
And what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
Though, without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart :
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unken'd,
Affect a' times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state :
Laugh, whan we're sad ; speak, whan we've nought to
say ;

And, for the fashion, whan we're blyth, seem wae ;
Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
'Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still ;—but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes ; for still amangst the best
Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleez,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense ;
Then why, ah ! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve ;
Yet I would stun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook off my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

F

Peg.

62 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
And to the hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XIX. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

At setting day, and rising morn,
Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the Birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush
Whilst round thou didst infald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To greenwood-shaw or fountain,
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kifs and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When it's with kisses on the heart imprest. [Exeunt.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.
SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
Sec, the auld man comes forward to the fot.*

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glowr, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale;
My head's grown giddy,—legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be mysel again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! Oh, Symon! Oh!

Symon gives him a drink.

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd: I hear his tread.

Enter Sir William.

Sir W. How goes the night? Does day-light yet ap-
Symon, you're very timeously asteer. [pear?

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest:
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress;
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

Baul. Oh, ay,—dear Sir, in troth it's very true;
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir William smiling.

Sir W. I lang to hear't ———

Baul. ——— Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill among the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!

F 2

For

64 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

For the curs'd hag, instead o' doing me good,
 (The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood !)
 Rais'd up a ghaist, or deel, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk :
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 And gat me down ; while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I won't to be at school.
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup ;
 I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
 Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
 Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

Sir W. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be ;
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour ; soon shall I obey :
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Sir W. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
 hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions crowd the clouded mind
 That is, through want of education, blind !

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,
 As witches raising deels up through a ring,
 Syne playing tricks ? a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir W. Such as, the devil's dancing in a moor
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp ;
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
 Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow :
 Then wi' his train through airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride ;
 Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :

Then

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 65

Then aft by night bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools :
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich :
But, Maufe, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life ;
That gars me think this hoblefshew that's past
Will land in nothing but a joke at last.

Sir W. I'm sure it will : but see, increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night ;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

The bonny-grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray :
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day.

Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow ;
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair :
Glaud by his morning ingle tak's a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek ;*

F 3

A pipe

66 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.]

*A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
Ye dinna use fae soon to see the light.
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.
But do you think, that now, whan he's a laird,
That he poor lannward lasses will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very fure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he as a shepherd sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means ought
He'll never be't; else I ha'e tint my skill. [ill,

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair;
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name:
Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never slap
To brag how aften they have had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' yondith
Aush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say; and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bour'd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true; and mony gentry mae than be,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn: they're fae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heav'n.—I've heard mysell,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 67

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink;
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Mad. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house: the knight fits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the outer-
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. [door.

[*Exit Glaud.*

Mad. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But, Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

68 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Gland, and Maufe,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
For now it's tell'd him that the tax
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good-breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

Sir W. And was that all? Weel, Bauldy, ye was
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd. [serv'd
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauld. Sir, I confets my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mau. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel:
Yet, wi' your honour's leave, though she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengfu' —
And that my some-place finds:— but I had best
Ha'd in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist;
And the young bonny witch, whose rosie cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the deel to seek.

Enter Madge, l'eggy, and Jenny.

Sir William, looking at Peggy.

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this? I find
The girl brings all my sifter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Gland? — — —

Gland. — — — Sir, she's my niece, —
And yet she's not:— but I shou'd hald my peace.

Sir

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 69

Sir W. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year—

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir W. Speak soon; I'm all impatience—

Pat. ————— So am I!

For much I hope, and hard'ly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey.—

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd

Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: she has past since syne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:

Of whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir W. This tale seems strange!—

Pat. ————— The tale delights mine ear.

Sir W. Command your joys, young man, till truth
appear.

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush;

Peggy may smile;—thou hast nae cause to blush.

Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,

The best and nearest friend that she can claim:

He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace

His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir W. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat.

70 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?
But how, or why, it shou'd be truth, I grant,
I, every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnès. The story's odd ! we wish we heard it out.

Sir W. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each
doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Mau. Sir, view me weel ; has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand ?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand. }

Sir W. Ha ! honest nurse, where were my eyes before ?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more :
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]
Yes, surely thou'rt my niece ; truth must prevail :
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, gae on ; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
'The story's lang ; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now posses't,
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed !
'That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour, the floor I fastly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away ;
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day :
All day I hid me ;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains ;
Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.

Here

THE GENTLE HEPHERD. 71

Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon, may
Remember weel, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. [*With tears of joy happing down his beard.*] I
weel remember't; Lord reward your love;
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows; and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir W. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my cares;
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd-flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir W. [*Raises them.*] I give you both my blessing;
may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm haff d zzy wi' the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless the happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e;
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me. }

Glaud. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir W. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains.
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:

76 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day?
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon hae away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky-Mause's plot.

Sir W. Kindly old man, remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray;
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough time begins to clear.

Glaud. Gad save the king, and save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Reg. Wha winna dance; wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Bauld. I'm friends wi' Mause,—wi' very Madge I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid. [greed,
I'm now su' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, Lang may Sir William live.

Mad. Lang may he live: and, Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' herauld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Naeither name I'll ever for you learn.—
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchless kindness done to me?

Mau. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir W. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,
The malien ye possess, as justly duc,

For

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heav'n return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie. [*Presenting Roger to Sir William.*] Sir, here's
my trusty friend, that always shar'd

My bosom-secrets, ere I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb; at last he spake, and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir W. My son's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me crave,
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we
But that we're dy vours that can ne'er repay? [*say,* }
Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
And still our master's right your business mak.
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise:
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir W. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd:
Aft, when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care. }
Now, all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest shou'd obey;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XX. *Corn-riggs are bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy ;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy :
 His shape is handsome, middle size :
 He's comely in his wauking ;
 The shining of his een surprise ;
 It's heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing ;
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing sin syne,
 Oh, corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzel air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny. [Exeunt Omnes.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



A

G L O S S A R Y;

O R,

EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* words used by the author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *English* language.

Some general rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many words ending with an l after an a or u, the l is rarely sounded.

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
A'	All.	Bow,	Boll.
Ba,	Ball.	Bowt,	Bolt.
Ca,	Call.	Caff,	Calf.
Fa,	Fall.	Cow,	Coll, or Clip.
Ga,	Gall.	Faut,	Fault.
Ha,	Hall.	Fause,	False.
Sma,	Small.	Fowk,	Folk.
Sta,	Stall.	Fawn,	Falien.
Wa,	Wall.	Gowd,	Gold.
Fou, or Fu,	Full.	Haff,	Half.
Pou, or Pu.	Pull.	How,	Hole, or Hollow.
Woo, or U,	Wool.	Howms,	Holms.
		Maut,	Mals.
		Pow,	Poll.
		Row,	Roll.
		Scawd,	Scald.
		Stown,	Stoln.
		Wawik,	Walk.

II. The l changes to a, w, or u, after o or a, and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as,

Bawm,	Balm.
Bauk,	Baulk.
Bouk,	Bulk.

III. An o before ld, changes to an a or au; as,

Auld,	Old.
Bauld,	Bold.

Cauld,

Scots.	English.	Mane,	Moan.
Cauld,	Cold.	Maw,	Mow.
Fauld,	Fold.	Na,	No.
Hald, or ha'd,	Hold.	Nane,	None.
Sald,	Sold.	Naithing,	Nothing.
Tald,	Told.	Pape,	Pope.
Wad,	Would.	Rae,	Roe.

IV. The o, oe, or ow, is changed to a, ac, or ai; as,

Ac, or ane,	One.
Aeten,	Oaten.
Aff,	Off.
Aften,	Often.
Aik,	Oak.
Aith,	Oatb.
Ain, or awn,	Own.
Alane,	Alone.
Amairst,	Almost.
Amang,	Among.
Airs,	Oars.
Aits,	Oats.
Apen,	Open.
Awner,	Owner.
Bain,	Bone.
Bair,	Bore.
Baith,	Botb.
Blaw,	Blow.
Braid,	Broad.
Claith,	Cloth.
Craw,	Crow.
Drap,	Drop.
Fae,	Fie.
Frae,	Fro, or from.
Gae,	Go.
Gaits,	Goats.
Grane,	Grain.
Haly,	Holy.
Hale,	Whole.
Halefome,	Wholesome.
Hame,	Home.
Hait, or het,	Hot.
Laith,	Loatb.
Laid,	Load.
Lain, or len,	Lean.
Lang,	Long.
Law,	Low.
Mae,	Moe.
Ma it,	Most.
Mair,	More.

Rair,	Roar,
Raip,	Rope.
Raw,	Row.
Safr,	Soft.
Saip,	Soap.
Sair,	Sore.
Sang,	Song.
Slaw,	Slow.
Snaw,	Snow.
Strake,	Stroak.
Staw,	Stale.
Stane,	Stone.
Saul,	Soul.
Tae,	Toe.
Taiken,	Token.
Tangs,	Tongs.
Tap,	Top.
Thrang,	Throng.
Wae,	Wee.
Wame,	Womb.
Wan,	Won.
War,	Worse.
Wark,	Work.
World,	World.
Wha,	Who.

V. The o or u frequently changed into i; as,

Anither,	Another.
Bill,	Bull.
Birn,	Burn.
Brither,	Brother.
Fir,	Foot.
Fither,	Foster.
Hinny,	Honey.
Ither,	Other.
Mither,	Mother.
Nits,	Nuts.
Nife,	Noise.
Pir,	Put.
Rin,	Run.
Sin,	Sun.

- Eild**, age.
Eildeens, of the same age.
Eitb, easy. **Eitbar**, easier.
Elbuck, elbow.
Elf-shot, bewitched, shot by fairies.
Elson, a shoemaker's awl.
Elritch, wild; hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.
Endlang, along.
Ergb, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution.
Erst, time past.
Esler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *esler-work*.
Ether, an adder.
Ettle, to aim, design.
Even'd, compar'd.
Eydent, diligent, laborious.
- Fa**, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.
Fae, a foe, an enemy.
Fadge, a spongy sort of bread, in shape of a roll.
Fag, to tire, or turn weary.
Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.
Fain, expresses earnest desire; as *Fain would I*. Also, joyful, tickled with pleasure.
Fait, neat, in good order.
Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or *fair* fate may besal him.
Fang, the talons of a fowl. To *fang*, to grip, or hold fast.
Fash, vex or trouble. **Fashous**, troublesome.
Faugh, a colour between white and red. **Faugh riggs**, fallow ground.
Feck, a part, quantity; as, *Maist feck*, the greatest number; *nae feck*, very few.
Feckfaw, able, active.
Feckless, feeble, little, and weak.
- Feed or fead**, feud, hatred, quarrel.
Feil, many, several.
Fen, shift. **Fending**, living by industry. *Mak a fen*, fall upon methods.
Ferlie, wonder.
Fernzier, the last, or fore-run year.
File, to defile or dirty.
Fireslaught, a flash of lightning.
Fistle, to stir. A stir.
Fistled, the print of the foot.
Fixxing, whizzing.
Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.
Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.
Flane, an arrow.
Flang, flung.
Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.
Flaw, lie or fib.
Flectb, to cox or flatter.
Fleg, fright.
Flewet, a smart blow.
Fley or flie, to affright. *Fleyt*, afraid or terrified.
Flinders, splinters.
Flit, to remove.
Flite or flyte, to scold, chide.
Flet, did scold.
Flushes, floods.
Fog, moss.
Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day light.
Forby, besides.
Forobearers, forefathers, ancestors.
Forfairn, abused, bespattered.
Forfaughten, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting.
Forgainst, opposite to.
Forgether, to meet, encounter.
Forlet, to forsake or forget.
Forestem, the forehead.
Fouth, abundance, plenty.
Foxyz, spongy, soft.
Frais, to make a noise. We use to say one *maks a frais*, when they

they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of or will bear.

Fray, bustle, fighting.

Frick, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.

Fremit, strange, not a-kin.

Fristed, trusted.

Frust, brittle, like bread baked with butter.

Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.

Furder, prosper.

Furthy, forward.

Fush, brought.

Furlet, four pecks.

Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.

Gab, the mouth. To prat, *Gab* *fac gab*.

Gabbing, prattling pertly. To *gab* again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded.

Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*.

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.

Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter. To *gawf*, laugh.

Gait, a goat.

Gams, gums.

Gar, to cause, make, or force.

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing.

Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gash-gabbet*, *gash-beard*.

Gate, way.

Gaunt, yawn.

Gawky, idle, staring, idiotical person.

Gawp, going.

Gaww, galls.

Gawsy, jolly, buxome.

Geck, to mock.

Gied or *gade*, went.

Geny, handsome, genteel.

Get or *brat*, a child, by way of contempt or derision.

Gielangar, an ill debtor.

Gif, if.

Gillygacus, or *gillygapus*, a staring gaping fool; a gormandizer.

Gilpy, a roguish boy.

Gimmen, a young sheep (ew.)

Gin, if.

Gird, to strike, pierce.

Girn, to grin, snarl; also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds.

Girth, a hoop.

Glaiks, an idle good-for-nothing fellow. *Glaiked*, foolish, wanton, light. To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaister, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards, or jugglers, deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glamour* over the eyes of the spectator.

Glar, mire, oozy, mud.

Glee, to squirt.

Gleg, sharp, quick, active.

Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.

Gloom, to scowl or frown.

Glowming, the twilight, or evening-gloom.

Glowr, to stare, look stern.

Glunsh, to hang the brow, and grumble.

Goan, a wooden dish for meat.

Goolie, a large knife.

Gorlings or *gorblings*, young unfledged birds.

Gossie, gossip.

Gowans, daisies.

Gowe, to look broad and steadfast, holding up the face.

Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chops, we call a *gowf on the baffet*.

Gowk, the cuckow. In derision we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a *gowk*.

Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry.

Gowsty,

- Goufly*, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful.
Grany, grandmother, any old woman,
Grape, a trident fork; also to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Geen, to long for.
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept.
Grieve, an overseer.
Groff, gross, coarse.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouf, to lie flat on the belly.
Grounche or *glunfche*, to murmur, grudge.
Grutten, wept.
Gryse, a pig.
Gumption, good sense.
Garly, rough, bitter, cold (weather.)
Gysened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness.
Gytlings, young children.

Haffet, the cheek; side of the head.
Hagabag, coarse napery.
Haggise, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
Halesome, wholesome; as, *bale*, whole.
Hallen, a screen.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind.
Hanty, convenient, handsome.
Harle, drag.
Harns, brains. *Harr-pan*, the scull.
Harship, ruin.
Hash, a sloven.
Haveren or *bauvel*, id.
Haugbs, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers.
Havins, good breeding.
Haviour, behaviour.

Hass, the throat, or fore part of the neck.
Heal or *beel*, health, or whole.
Heepy, a person hypocondriac.
Heeyrsteen, the night before yesternight.
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A *beezy* is a good lift.
Hefiit, accustomed to live in a place.
Hegbt, promised; also, named.
Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows,
Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.
Hesp, a clasp or hook, bar, or bolt; also, in yarn, a certain number of threads.
Hetber-bells, the heath-blossom.
Heugb, a rock or steep hill; also, a coal-pit.
Hiddils or *lidlings*, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in *bidlings*, i. e. privately.
Hirple, to move slowly and lamely.
Hirple or *birdfale*, a flock of cattle.
Ho, a single stocking.
Hobblebrow, a confused racket, noise.
Hool, hulk. *Hool'd*, inclosed.
Hooly, slow.
Hoft or *wobost*, to cough.
How or *bu*, a cap or roof-tree.
How, low ground, a hollow.
How! ho!
Howdered, hidden.
Howdy, midwife.
Howk, to dig.
Howms, plains, or river-sides.
Howt, fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen.
Hurkle, to crouch, or bow to—her like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare.
Hut, a hovel.
Hyt, mad.

Jack, jacket.
Jag, to prick as with a pin.
Jaw,

Jaw, a wave or gush of water.
Jawp, the dashing of water.
Iceshogles, icicles.
Jee, to incline to one side. To jee back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side.
Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.
Jimp, slender.
Jip, gypsie.
Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every.
Ingan, onion.
Ingle, fire.
Jo, sweetheart.
Jowk, a low bow.
Jrie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also, melancholy.
I'se, I shall; as, *I'll*, for I will.
Isles, embers.
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.
Jute, sour or dead liquor.
Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.

Kaber, a rafter.
Kale or *kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth.
Kacky, to dung.
Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.
Kame, comb.
Kanny or *canny*, fortunate; also wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy.
Kedgy, jovial.
Keck, to peep.
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.
Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time.
Ken, to know; used in England as a noun. A thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.
Kent, a long staff, such as shep-

herds use for leaping over ditches.
Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.
Kiest, did cast. *Vid. Coof*.
Kilted, tucked up.
Kimmer, a female gossip.
Kirn, a churn, to churn.
Kirtle, an upper petticoat.
Kitchen, all sort of eatables except bread.
Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.)
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.
Knacky, witty and facetious.
Knoit, to beat or strike sharply.
Knoos'd, buffeted and bruised.
Knoost or *knuist*, a lare lump.
Knoo, a hillock.
Knublock, a knob.
Knuckles, only used in Scotch for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand.
Know, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears.
Ky, kine or cows.
Kyrb, to appear. *He'll kyrb in his ain colours*.
Kyte, the belly.

Laggert, bespattered, covered with clay.
Laigh, low.
Laits, manners.
Lak or *lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, *He that laks my mare, would buy my mare*.
Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Rustic.
Lane, alone.
Langour, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *langour*, *i. e.* divert him.
Lankale, coleworts uncut.
Lap, leaped.
Lapper'd, curdled or clotted.
Laree a place for laying, or that has been lain in.
Lare, bog.

- Lave*, the rest or remainder.
Lawin, a tavern reckoning.
Lowland, low country.
Lavrock, the lark.
Lawty or *lawritb*, justice, fidelity, honesty.
Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. *A leal heart never lied.*
Leam, flame.
Lear, learning, to learn.
Lee, untilled ground; also, an open grassy plain.
Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug or handle.
Leman, a kept miss.
Lends, buttocks, loins.
Leugb, laughed,
Lew-warm, lukewarm.
Libbit, gelded,
Lick, to whip or beat; *item*, a wag or cheat; we call a great lick.
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.
Lift, the sky or firmament.
Liggs, lies.
Lits, the holes of a wind instrument of music; hence, *Lilt up a spring*. *Lilt it out*, take off your drink merrily.
Limmer, a whore.
Limp, to halt.
Lis, a cataract.
Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.
Lingle, cord, shoemaker's thread.
Linkau, walking speedily.
Lire, breasts; *item*, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.
Lisk, the flank.
Litb, a joint.
Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.
Loch, a lake.
Loo, to love.
Loof, the hollow of the hand.
- Looms*, tools, instruments in general, vessels.
Loot, did let.
Low, flame.
Lowan, flaming.
Lown, calm. *Keep lown*, be secret.
Loun, rogue, whore, villain.
Lounder, a sound blow.
Lout, to bow down, making courtesy. To stoop.
Luck, to inclose, shut up, fasten. Hence *Lucken-handed*, close-fisted; *Lucken Gowans*, *Boots*, &c.
Lucky, grandmother or goody.
Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.
Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lure, rather.
Lyart, hoary, or grey-haired.
- Magil*, to mangle.
Maik or *make*, match, equal.
Maiklefs, matchless.
Mailen, a farm.
Makly, seemly, well-proportioned.
Maksna, it is no matter.
Malison, a curse, malediction.
Mangit, gall'd or bruised by toil or stripes.
Mank, a want.
Mant, to stammer in speech.
March or *merch*, a land-mark, border of lands.
Marb, the marrow.
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal; comrade.
Mask, to mash, in brewing.
Masking-loom, mash-vat.
Maun, must. *Mauna*, must not, may not,
Meikle, much, big, great, large.
Meitb, limit, mark, sign.
Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. *To make a mends*, to make a grateful return.
- Men-*

Mense, discretion, sobriety, good-breeding, *Mensou*, mannerly.

Menzie, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.

Messen, a little dog, lap-dog.

Midding, a dunghill.

Midges, gnats, little flies.

Mim, affectedly modest.

Mint, aim, endeavour.

Mirk, dark.

Miskaw, to give names.

Miskance, misfortune.

Misken, to neglect, or not take notice of one; also, let alone.

Misustous, malicious, rough.

Mistfers, necessities, wants.

Mittans, woolen gloves.

Mony, many.

Mools, the earth of the grave.

Mou, mouth.

Mucp, to eat, generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow.

Mow, a pile or hing, as of feuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.

Mows, jests.

Muckle, see *Meikle*.

Murgullied, mismanaged, abused.

Mutch, coif.

Mutchken, an English pint.

Nacky or *knacky*, clever, active in small affairs.

Neese, nose.

Nettle, to fret or vex.

Newfangle, fond of a new thing.

Newel, a sound blow with the nive or fist.

Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated: also, as a cant word to drink heartily; as, *He nicks fine*.

Niest, next.

Niffer, to exchange or barter.

Niffuafan, trifling.

Nignays, trifles.

Nips, bits.

Nitber, to straiten. *Nitbered*, hungred, or half starved in maintenance.

Nive, the fist.

Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.

Noit, see *knoit*.

Nowt, cows, kine.

Nowtber, neither.

Nuckle, new calved (cows.)

Oe, a grandchild.

O'er or *ower*, too much; as, *A o'ers is vice*.

O'ercome, superplus.

Ony, any.

Or, sometimes used for ere, or before. *Or day*, i. e. before day-break.

Ora, any thing over what's needful.

Orp, to weep with a convulsive pant.

Oughtlens, in the least.

Owk, week.

Owrlay, a cravat.

Owsen, oxen.

Owtber, either.

Oxter, the arm-pit.

Paddock, a frog.

Paddock-ride, the spawn of frogs.

Paiks, chastisement. *To paik*, to beat or belabour one soundly.

Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack, one thing into another.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pawky, witty, or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad design.

Peer, a key or wharf.

Peets, turf for fire.

Pegb, to pant.

Perfy, finical, foppish, conceited.

Perquire, by heart.

Pett, a favourite, a fondling. *To pettle*, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the

- pett*, is to be peevish or sul-
len, as commonly *petts* are
when in the least disobliged.
- Pibroghs*, such highland tunes
as are played on bag-pipes be-
fore them when they go out to
battle.
- Pig*, an earthen pitcher.
- Pike*, to pick out, or chuse.
- Pimpin*, pimping, mean, scur-
vy.
- Pine*, pain or pining.
- Pingle*, to contend, strive, or work
hard.
- Pirn*, the spool or quill within
the shuttle, which receives the
yarn. *Pirny* (cloth) or a web
of unequal threads or colours,
stripped,
- Pitb*, strength, might, force.
- Plack*, two bodles, or the third
of a penny English.
- Pople* or *paple*, the bubbling,
purling, or boiling up of wa-
ter.
- Poorthib*, poverty.
- Powny*, a little horse or gallo-
way; also a turkey.
- Poufe*, to push.
- Pouch*, a pocket.
- Pratrick*, practice, art, stratagem.
Priving pratrick, trying ridicu-
lous experiments.
- Prats*, tricks, rogueries. We
say, *He plaid me a pret*, i. e.
cheated. *The callan's fou o'*
prets, i. e. has abundance of
waggish tricks.
- Prig*, to cheapen, or importune
for a lower price of goods one
is buying.
- Prin*, a pin.
- Prive*, to prove or taste.
- Propine*, gift or present.
- Pryme* or *prime*, to fill or stuff.
- Putt a stane*, throw a big stone.
- Quey*, a young cow.
- Rackless*, careless; one who does
things without regarding whe-
- ther they be good or bad, we
call him *rackless banded*.
- Rae*, roe.
- Raffan*, merry, roving, hearty.
- Raird*, a loud sound.
- Rair*, roar.
- Rak* or *rook*, a mist or fog.
- Rampage*, to speak and act fu-
riontly.
- Rashtes*, rushes.
- Rave*, did rive or tear,
- Raught*, reached.
- Rax*, to stretch. *Raxed*, reach-
ed.
- Ream*, cream. Whence *reaming*;
as, *reaming liquor*.
- Redd*, to rid, unravel. To se-
parate folks that are fighting.
It also signifies clearing of any
passage. *I'm redd*, I'm appre-
hensive.
- Rede*, counsel, advice; as, *I wad
na rede ye to do that*.
- Reek*, reach; also smoak.
- Reest*, to rust, or dry in the
smoke.
- Reft*, bereft, robbed, forced or
carried away.
- Reif*, rapine, robbery.
- Reik* or *rink*, a course or race.
- Rever*, a robber or pirate.
- Rewsb*, pity.
- Rice* or *rife*, bulrushes, bramble-
branches, or twigs of trees.
- Ryse* or *ryse*, plenty.
- Rift*, to belch.
- Rigging*, the back or rig-back,
the top or ridge of a house.
- Ripples*, a weakness in the back
and reins.
- Rock*, a distaff.
- Roofe* or *rufe*, to commend, ex-
tol.
- Roove*, to rivet.
- Rottan*, a rat.
- Roundel*, a witty, and often a sa-
tyric kind of rhyme.
- Rowan*, rolling.
- Rowt*, to roar, especially the low-
ing of bulls and cows.
- Rowtb*, plenty.

Ruck,

- Ruck**, a rick or stack of hay or corn.
Rude, the red taint of the complexion.
Ruefu, doleful.
Rug, to pull, take away by force.
Rumple, the rump.
Rungs, small boughs of trees lepped off.
Runtle, a wrinkle.
Runckle, to ruffle.
Saebeins, seeing it is. Since.
Saiklefs, guiltless, free.
Sained, blessed.
Sall, shall. Like *soud* for *should*.
Sand-blind, pur-blind, short-sighted.
Sar, favour or smell.
Sark, a shirt.
Saugb, a willow or fallow tree.
Saw, an old saying, or proverbial expression.
Scad, scald.
Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washed down with rain.
Scart, to scratch.
Scawp, a bare dry piece of stony ground.
Seon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a *bannock*.
Scowp, to leap or move hastily from one place to another.
Scowth, room, freedom.
Scrimp, narrow, straitened. little.
Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briers.
Straggy, thorny.
Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders.
Scunner, to loath.
Sell, self.
Seuch, furrow, ditch.
Sey, to try.
Seybow, a young onion.
Skan, pitiful, silly, poor.
Sharn, cow's dung.
Shaw, a wood or forest.
Shawul, shallow.
Shawps, empty husks.
Sheen, shining.
Sbill, shrill, having a sharp sound.
Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *shire*; also, a clever wag, a *shire* lick.
Shog, to wag, shake, or jock backwards and forwards.
Shool, shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to threaten.
Shotle, a drawer.
Sib, a-kin.
Sic, such.
Sicke, firm, secure.
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.
Siller, silver.
Sindle or fule, seldom.
Sinsyne, since that time. *Langsinsyne*, long ago.
Skaill, to scatter.
Skair, share.
Skaith, hurt, damage.
Skeigh, skittish.
Skelf, shelf.
Skelp, to run. Used when one runs *barefoot*. Also, a small splinter of wood. *Item*, To slog the hips.
Skiff, to move smoothly away..
Skink, a kind of strong broth, made of cows horns or knuckles; also to fill drink in a cup.
Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.
Sklate, slate. *Skailie*, is a fine blue slate.
Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.
Skreed, a rent.
Skybald, a tatterdemalion.
Skyt, fly out hastily.
Slade or slaid, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily.
Slap or slak, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills. *Slap*, a breach in a wall.
Sleek, smooth.
Sleet, a shower of half-melted snow.
Slog,

- Slerg*, to hedawb or plaister.
Slid, smooch, cunning, slippery;
 as, *He's a slid down*. *Slidry*,
 slippery.
Slippery, sleepy.
Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough;
 to wade throw a mire.
Sloze, a bar or bolt for a door.
Slough, husk or coat.
Smaik, a silly little pitiful fel-
 low; the same with *smatchbet*.
Smirky, smiling.
Smittle, infectious or catching.
Smoor, to smother.
Snack, nimble, ready, clever.
Sned, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in derision.
Sneg, to cut; as, *Sneg'd off at*
the web's end.
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter,
 firm.
Snib, snub, check or reprove,
 correct.
Snifer, to snuff or breathe thro'
 the nose a little stopt.
Snod, metaphorically used for
 neat, handsome, tight.
Snood, the band for tying up a
 woman's hair.
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard
 labour, and the like; also, a
 pitiful groveling slave.
Snoowe, to whirl round.
Snotter, snot.
Snurl, to ruffle, wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky;
 sometimes used for large and
 lusty.
Sore, sorrel, reddish-coloured.
Sorn, to spunge.
Sos, the noise that a thing makes
 when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the sound of wind amongst
 trees, or of one sleeping.
Sowens, flummery, or oat-meal
 sowered amongst water for
 some time, then boiled to a
 consistency, and eaten with
 milk or butter.
- Soruf*, to conn over a tune on an
 instrument.
Spae, to foretel or divine. *Spae-*
men, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breast.
Spait, a torrent, flood, or inunda-
 tion.
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, shoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to ask, enquire.
Spelder, to split, stretch, draw
 asunder.
Spence, the place of the house
 where provisions are kept.
Spill, to spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.
Spraisings, stripes of different co-
 lours.
Spring, a tune on a musical in-
 strument.
Sprush, spruce.
Spruttled, speckled, spotted.
Spunk, tinder.
Stalwart, strong and valiant.
Stang, did sting; also a sting or
 pole.
Stank, a pool of standing water.
Stark, strong, robust.
Starns, the stars. *Starn*, a small
 moiety. We say, *Ne'er a*
starn.
Stay, steep; as, *Set a stout beart*
to a stay brae.
Steek, to shut, close.
Stegb, to cram.
Stend or *sten*, to move with a
 hasty long pace.
Stent, to stretch or extend.
Stipend, a benefice.
Stirk, a steer or bullock.
Stit or *stot*, to rebound or reflect.
Stoor, rough, hoarse.
Stou, to cut or crop. *A flou*, a
 large cut or piece.
Stound, a smarting pain or stitch.
Stour, dust agitated by winds,
 men or horse feet. *To flour*,
 to run quickly.
Stoutb, stealth.

Strapan,

Strapan, clever, tall, handsome.

Stratb, a plain on a river side.

Stresk, to stretch.

Striddle, to stride; applied commonly to one that's little.

Strinkle, to sprinkle or straw.

Stroot or *strut*, stuff'd full, drunk.

Strunt, a pet. *To take the strunt*, to be petted or out of humour.

Studdy, an anvil, or smith's smithy.

Sturdy, giddy-headed; *item*, strong.

Sture or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse.

Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.

Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing.

Suddle, to sully or defile.

Sumpb, blockhead.

Sunkun, splenetic.

Sunkots, something.

Swak, to throw, cast with force.

Svankies, clever young fellows.

Svarfy, to swoon away.

Swasb, squat, fuddled.

Swatch, a pattern.

Swats, small ale.

Swecht, burden, weight, force.

Sweer, lazy, slow,

Sweeties, confections.

Swelt, suffocated, choked to death.

Switb, begone quickly.

Switber, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.

Syne, afterwards, then.

Tackle, an arrow.

Taid, toad.

Tane, taken.

Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff, is called a *Lint-tap*.

Tape, to use any thing sparingly.

Tappit-ben, the Scotch quart stoup.

Tarroo, to refuse what we love, from a cross humour.

Tartan, cross striped stuff of various colours, chequered. The Highland plaid.

Tast, a little dram-cup.

Tate, a small lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.

Taunt, to mock.

Tawpy, a foolish wench.

Taz, a whip or scourge.

Ted, to scatter, spread.

Tee, a little earth on which gamesters at the *gowf* set their balls before they strike them off.

Teen or *Tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow.

Teet, to peep out.

Ten some, the number of ten.

Tent, attention. *Tenty*, cautious.

Thack, thatch. *Thacker*, thatcher.

Thae, those.

Tharmes, small tripes.

Theek, to thatch.

Thig, to beg or borrow.

Thir, these.

Thile, to endure, suffer.

Thow, thaw.

Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.

Thrawart, stoward, cross, crabbed.

Thrawin, stern and cross-grained.

Threep, to aver, alledge, urge, and affirm boldly.

Thrimal, to press or squeeze thro' with difficulty.

Tbud, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these.

Cry'd beb at ilka tbud; i. e. gave a groan at every blow.

Tid, tid or time; proper time; as, *He took the tid*.

Tift, good order, health.

Tine, to lose. *Tint*, lost.

Tinsel, loss.

Tip or *tippony*, ale sold for 2d. the Scotch pint.

Tirl or *tir*, to uncover a house, or undress a person; strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a *Tirle*; as, *They took a tirlle of dancing, drinking, &c.*

Titty, sister.

Tocher,

- Tocher*, portion, dowry.
Tod, fox.
Tooly, to fight. A fight or quarrel.
Toom, empty; applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c. *Item*, to empty.
Toss, right, neat.
Tossic, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.
To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed.
Touse or *touffe*, to rumple, tease.
Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet.
Tow, a rope. A Tyburn neck-lace, or St. Johnstoun ribband.
Townmond, a year or twelve-month.
Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece.
Trig, neat, handsome.
Troke, exchange.
True, to true, trust, believe; as, *True ye sae?* or, *Love gars me true ye*.
Truf, steal.
Tryst, appointment.
Turs, turfs, trufs.
Twin, to part with, or separate from.
Twitch, touch.
Twintere, sheep of two years old.
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.
Tynd, vide *Teen*.
Tyst, to entice, stir up, allure.
Ugg, to detest, hate, nauseate.
Ugsome, hateful, nauseous, horrible.
Umwile, the late, or deceased some time ago. Of old.
Undocht or *wandocht*, a silly, weak person.
Uneith, not easy.
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed.
Unko or *unco*, uncouth, strange.
Unloesome, unlovely.
Vougy, elevated, proud. That boasts or brags of any thing.
Wad or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would.
Waff, wandering by itself.
Wak, moist, wet.
Wale, to pick and chuse. *The wale*, i. e. the best.
Wallop, to move swiftly, with much agitation.
Wally, chosen, beautiful, large. *A bonny wally*, i. e. a fine thing.
Wame, womb.
Wandought, want of dought, impotent.
Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace.
War, worse.
Warlock, wizard.
Wat or *wit*, to know.
Waught, a large draught.
Waughts, drinks largely.
Wee, little; as, *A wanton wee thing*.
Wean or *wee ane*, a child.
Ween, thought, imagined, suppose.
Weer, to stop or oppose.
Weir, war.
Weird, fate or destiny.
Weit, rain.
Wersb, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt.
Wbawk, whip, beat, flog.
Wbid, to fly quickly. *A wbid* is a hasty flight.
Wbilk, which.
Wbilly, to cheat. *Wbillywba*, a cheat.
Wbingeing, whining, speaking with a doleful tone.
Wbins, furze.
Wbisht, hush. Hold your peace.
Wbisk, to pull out hastily.
Wbomilt, turned upside down.
Wight, stout, clever, active; *item*, a man or person.
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win or *won*, to reside, dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.

Winsom,

Wifom, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large; we say,
My wifom love.

Wirykow, a bugbear.

Wifant, parched, dry, withered.

Wifle, to exchange (money.)

Witberfins, cros motion, or against the fun.

Woo or *W.* wool; as in the whim of making five words out of four letters, thus, *z, a, e, w*; i *e.* Is it all one wool?

Wood, mad.

Woody, the gallows.

Wordy, worthy.

Wow! strange! wonderful!

Wreatbs (of snow), when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.

Wyfing, inclining. *To wyfe*, to lead, train.

Wyfon, the gullet.

Wyt, to blame. Blame.

Tamph, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.

Tap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready.

Tealtou, yea wilt thou.

Ted, to contend, wrangle.

Teld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.

Terk, to do any thing with celebrity.

Tesh, the hiccup.

Tett, gate.

Tefreen, yesternight.

Touditb, youthfulness.

Towden, wearied.

Towf, a swinging blow.

Tuke, the itch.

Tule, Christmas.



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L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVII.



MISS CATLEY, in the Character of **EUPHROSINE**.
*All I hope of Mortal Man,
 Is to Love me—whilst he can.*

BELL'S EDITION.

COMUS:
A
MASQUE.

As originally adapted to the Stage,
And altered from MILTON.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,
AS PERFORMED,
IN TWO ACTS,

AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

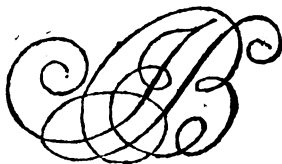
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By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. WILD, Prompter.

*Of Forests and Incantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.*

IL PENSEROSO.

*Quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit
Verborum sensusque vacans numerique loquacis.*

MILTON, ad Patrem.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand,

MDCCLXXVII.

P R E F A C E.

THIS Masque was first represented at Ludlow-Castle, on Michaelmas-day, 1634; before the right honourable the earl of Bridgwater, lord president of Wales. The principal performers were the lord Brackly, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and the lady Alice Egerton.* In the year 1774, it was abridged, and has ever since been performed as an afterpiece at the Theatre Royal, in Covent-Garden. The following were the reasons offered to the public in favour of the abridgment, and were prefixed to an edition of the piece then published in its curtailed state.

“ Pure poetry unmixt with passion, however admired in the closet, has scarce ever been able to sustain itself on the stage. In this abridgment of Milton’s *Comus*, no circumstance of the Drama contained in the Original Masque, is omitted. The divine arguments on temperance and chastity, together with many descriptive passages, are indeed expunged or contracted: but, divine as they are, the most accomplished declaimers have been embarrassed in the recitation of them. The speaker vainly laboured to prevent a coldness and languor in the audience; and it cannot be dissembled, that the Masque of *Comus*, with all its poetical beauties, not only maintained its place on the theatre chiefly by the assistance of music, but the music itself, as if overwhelmed by the weight of the drama, almost sunk with it, and became

* The music was originally composed by Mr. Henry Lawes, who also represented the attendant Spirit: the present music is the composition of Dr. Arne.

In a manner lost to the stage, That music, formerly heard and applauded with rapture, is now restored ; and the Masque on the above considerations is curtailed.

As a further argument in favour of the drama in its present form, it might perhaps be urged, that the festivity of the character of Comus is heightened by his assisting in the vocal parts, as well as in the dialogue ; and that theatrical propriety is no longer violated in the character of the lady, who now invokes the Echo in her own person, without absurdly leaving the scene vacant, as heretofore, while another voice warbled out the song which the Lady was to be supposed to execute.

To conclude : it may not be impertinent to observe, that the Faithful Shepherdess, of Beaumont and Fletcher, which is esteemed one of the most beautiful compositions in our language, not only afforded our author the first hint of this Masque, but that several brilliant passages of Comus are imitated from that excellent performance. Yet it is remarkable, that the play of the Faithful Shepherdess, being merely poetical, was condemned on its first representation ; for which hard fate, though succeeding critics have reprehended the barbarism of that age, yet no attempt has ever been hazarded to restore the hapless drama to the stage."

PRO.

P R O L O G U E.

OUR stedfast bard, to his own genius true,
 Still had his muse, **" fit audience find, though few."*
 Scorning the judgment of a trifling age,
 To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
 He too was scorn'd, and to Britannia's shame,
 She scarce for half an age knew Milton's name.
 But now, his fame by ev'ry trumpet blown,
 We on his deathless trophies raise our own.
 Nor art nor nature did his genius bound,
 Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, he survey'd around.
 All things his eye, through wit's bright empire thrown,
 Beheld, and made what it beheld his own.

Such Milton was: 'Tis ours to bring him forth,
 And yours to vindicate neglected worth.
 Such heav'n-taught numbers should be more than read,
 More wide the manna through the nation spread.
 Like some bless'd spirit he to-night descends,
 Mankind he visits, and their steps befriends;
 Through mazy error's dark perplexing wood,
 Points out the path of true and real good;
 Warns erring youth, and guards the spotless maid
 From spell of magic vice, by reason's aid.

Attend the strains; and should some meaner phrase
 Hang on the style, and clog the nobler lays,
 Excuse what we with trembling hand supply,
 To give his beauties to the public eye;
 His the pure essence, ours the grosser mean,
 Through which his spirit is in action seen.
 Observe the force, observe the flame divine,
 That glows, breathes, acts, in each harmonious line.
 Great objects only strike the gen'rous heart;
 Praise the sublime, o'erlook the mortal part;
 Be there your judgment, here your candour shewn;
 Small is our portion,—and we wish 'twere none.

* Paradise Lost, Book VII. Ver. 31.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

		Covent-Garden.
<i>Comus,</i>	— — — — —	Mr. Mattocks.
<i>First Spirit,</i>	— — — — —	Mr. Hull.
<i>Elder Brother,</i>	— — — — —	Mr. Whitefield.
<i>Younger Brother,</i>	— — — — —	Mr. Robson.
<i>Bacchanals,</i>	— — — — —	} Mr. Reinhold, Mr. Mahon, &c.
<i>Second Spirit,</i>	— — — — —	
		Mr. L'Estrange.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady,</i>	— — — — —	Mrs. Jackson.
<i>Euphrosyne,</i>	— — — — —	Miss Catley.
<i>Bacchantes,</i>	— — — — —	} Miss Dayes. Miss Ambrose, &c.
<i>Sabrina and Pastoral Nymph,</i>		
		Miss Brown.

Bacchanals, Naiads, Spirits, &c.

COMUS.

C. O M U S.

* * * *The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

A C T I.

The first SCENE discovers a wild wood.

The first Attendant Spirit enters.

‘ **B**EFORE the starry threshold of Jove’s court
 ‘ My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 ‘ Of bright ærial spirits live inspir’d
 ‘ In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 ‘ Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 ‘ Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
 ‘ Confin’d and pester’d in this pinfold here,
 ‘ Strive to keep up a frail and fev’rish being,
 ‘ Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
 ‘ After this mortal change, to her true servants
 ‘ Amongst the enthron’d gods on sainted seats.
 ‘ Yet some there are, that by due steps aspire
 ‘ To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 ‘ That opes the palace of eternity :
 ‘ To such my errand is : and but for such,
 ‘ I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 ‘ With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
 ‘ But whence yon flanting stream of purer light,
 ‘ Which streaks the midnight gloom, and hither darts
 ‘ Its beamy point ? Some messenger from Jove,
 ‘ Commission’d to direct or share my charge ;
 ‘ And, if I ken him right, a spirit pure
 ‘ As treads the spangled pavement of the sky,

‘ The

‘ The gentle Philadel : but swift as thought
 ‘ He comes —

‘ *The second Attendant Spirit descends.*

‘ Declare, on what strange errand bent,
 ‘ Thou visitest this clime, to me assign’d,
 ‘ So far remote from thy appointed sphere ?

‘ *Sec. Spirit.* On no appointed task thou seest me now :

‘ But as returning from Elysian bow’rs
 ‘ (Whither from mortal coil a soul I wafted)
 ‘ Along this boundless sea of waving air
 ‘ I steer’d my flight, betwixt the gloomy shade
 ‘ Of these thick boughs thy radiant form I spy’d
 ‘ Gliding, as streams the moon through dusky clouds ;
 ‘ Instant I stoop’d my wing, and downward sped
 ‘ To learn thy errand, and with thine to join
 ‘ My kindred aid, from mortals ne’er with-held,
 ‘ When virtue on the brink of peril stands.

‘ *First Spirit.* Then mark th’ occasion that demands it

‘ Neptune, I need not tell, besides the sway [here.
 ‘ Of ev’ry salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 ‘ Took in by lot ’twixt high and nether Jove
 ‘ Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 ‘ That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
 ‘ The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 ‘ Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
 ‘ By course commits to several government,
 ‘ And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 ‘ And wield their little tridents : but this isle,
 ‘ The greatest and the best of all the main,
 ‘ He quarters to his blue-hair’d deities ;
 ‘ And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
 ‘ A noble peer of mickle trust and power
 ‘ Has in his charge, with temper’d awe to guide
 ‘ An old and haughty nation, proud in arms.

‘ *Sec. Spirit.* Does any danger threat his legal sway,
 ‘ From bold sedition, or close-ambush’d treason ?

‘ *First Spirit.* No danger thence. But to his lofty seat,
 ‘ Which borders on the verge of this wild vale,
 ‘ His blooming offspring, nurs’d in princely lore,
 ‘ Are coming to attend their father’s state,
 ‘ And new entrusted sceptre, and their way
 ‘ Lies through the perplex’d paths of this drear wood,

‘ The

- ' The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 ' Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger ;
 ' And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 ' But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
 ' I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard.
 ' *Sec. Spirit.* What peril can their innocence assail
 ' Within these lonely and upeopled shades ?
 ' *First Spirit.* Attend my words. No place but har-
 bours danger :
 ' In ev'ry region virtue finds a foe.
 ' Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 ' Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 ' After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 ' Coasting the Tyrrhenne shore, as the winds list'd,
 ' On Circe's-island fell : (who knows not Circe,
 ' The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
 ' Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 ' And downward fell into a grov'ling swine ?)
 ' This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
 ' With ivy-berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 ' Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 ' Much like his father, but his mother more,
 ' Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd.
 ' *Sec. Spirit.* Ill-omen'd birth to virtue and her sons !
 ' *First Spirit.* He ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
 ' Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 ' At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 ' And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 ' Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 ' Off'ring to ev'ry weary traveller
 ' His orient liquor in a chrystal glass,
 ' To quench the drought of Phoebus; which as they taste,
 ' (For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
 ' Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 ' Th'express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 ' Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 ' Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 ' All other parts remaining as they were.
 ' Yet when he walks his tempting rounds, the forcerer
 ' By magic pow'r their human face restores,
 ' And outward beauty to delude the sight.

' *Sec.*

‘ *Sec. Spirit.* Lose they the mem’ry of their former state?

‘ *First Spirit.* No, they (so perfect is their misery)
 ‘ Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 ‘ But boast themselves more comely than before,
 ‘ And all their friends and native home forget,
 ‘ To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty

‘ *Sec. Spirit.* Degrading fall! from such a dire distress
 ‘ What pain too great our mortal charge to save?

‘ *First Spirit.* For this, when any favour’d of high Jove
 ‘ Chances to pass through this advent’rous glade,
 ‘ Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 ‘ I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 ‘ As now I do: and opportune thou com’st
 ‘ To share an office, which thy nature loves.
 ‘ This be our task: but first I must put off
 ‘ These my sky-robcs, spun out of Iris’ woof,
 ‘ And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 ‘ That to the service of this house belongs,
 ‘ Who with his soft pipe and smooth-ditty’d song,
 ‘ Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 ‘ And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
 ‘ And in this office of his mountain watch
 ‘ Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 ‘ Of this occasion. Veil’d in such disguise,
 ‘ Be it my care the sever’d youths to guide
 ‘ To their distressed and lonely sister; thine
 ‘ To cheer her footsteps through the magic wood,
 ‘ Whatever blessed spirit hovers near,
 ‘ On errands bent to wand’ring mortal good,
 ‘ If need require, him summon to thy side.
 ‘ Unseen of mortal eye, such thoughts inspire,
 ‘ Such heaven-born confidence, as need demands
 ‘ In hour of trial.

‘ *Sec. Spirit.* Swift as winged winds
 ‘ To my glad charge I fly.

[*Exit.*

‘ *First Spirit.* —I’ll wait a while
 ‘ To watch the forcerer; for I hear the tread
 ‘ Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

Comus

C O M U S.

11

*Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of men and women, dressed as Bacchanals; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.**

Comus. [Speaks.] The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east:
Mean while welcome joy and feast.

S O N G.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the west.
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'ulous head,
Strict age and sour severity,
With their grave faws in slumber lie.

Comus. We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry choir,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.

* The Masque, as now performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, begins here.

SONG,

SONG. *By a Woman.*

By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What has night to do with sleep ?

Night has better sweets to prove ;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love :
 Come, let us our rites begin :
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

Comus. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cocytto, t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon-womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Heed', and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

SONG. *By Comus and Woman.*

From tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety ;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul ?
 No dull stinting hour we own :
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

Comus. Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

A DANCE.

Break off, break off, I feel the diff'rent pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright : some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may her business hear.

Enter the Lady.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
 ' Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
 ' Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 ' When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 ' In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 ' And thank the gods amiss.' I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late rioters; yet, Oh, where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

Comus. [*Aside.*] I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.

B

Lady.

Lady. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd out
 ' With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 ' Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit,
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 ' They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
 ' Like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds,
 ' Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain ;
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far :
 ' This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 ' Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 ' Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear ;
 ' Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 ' What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
 ' Begin to throng into my memory,
 ' Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 ' And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 ' On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 ' These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 ' The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 ' By a strong-siding champion, conscience.
 ' Oh, welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
 ' Thou hov'ring angel, girt with golden wings,
 ' And thou unblemish'd form of chastity ;
 ' I see you visibly, and now believe
 ' That he, the supreme good (t'whom all things ill
 ' Are but as slavish officers of vengeance)
 ' Would send a glist'ring guardian, if needst were,
 ' To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 ' Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 ' Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 ' I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 ' Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 ' And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.'
 I cannot hollow to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture ; for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow Mæander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 'That likest thy Narcissus are?
 Oh, if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Comus. [*Aside.*] Can any mortal mixture of earth's
 mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 ' Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 ' And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 ' To testify his hidden residence:
 ' How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 ' Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
 ' At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven-down
 ' Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
 ' My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
 ' Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
 ' Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
 ' Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 ' And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
 ' And chid her barking waves into attention,
 ' And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
 ' Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 ' And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself.
 ' But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 ' Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 ' I never heard till now'——I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen.——Hail, foreign wonder,
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine

Dwell't here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest's'd song,
 Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
 That is address'd to unattending ears :
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus ?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ush'ring guides ?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why ?

Lady. To seek i'th'valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady ?

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them ?

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit !

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, ' what time the labour'd ox

' In his loose traces from the furrow came,

' And the swink't hedger at his supper sat ;

' I saw them' under a ' green' mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;

Their port was more than human : ' as they stood,

' I took it for a fairy vision

' Of some gay creatures of the element,

' That in the colours of the rainbow live,

' And play i'th'plaited clouds. I was awe struck,

' And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd ;' if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heav'n,

To help you find them.

Lady. Gentler villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

' *Comus.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

' *Lady.* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,

' In such a scant allowance of star-light,

' Would

' Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,
' Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.'

Comus. I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood.
' And ev'ry bosky bourn from side to side,'
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, 'or the low-roosted lark
' From her thatch'd pallat rouse: if,' or grant it other-
I can conduct you, lady, to a low [wise,
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till farther quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
' Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
' With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
' And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
' And yet is most pretended.' In a place,
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength — Shepherd, lead on.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Comus's crew from behind the trees.

SONG. *By a Man.*

Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
Love and wine give, ye gods! or take back what you
gave.

C H O R U S.

Away, away, away,
 To Comus' court repair;
 There night out-shines the day,
 There yields the melting fair.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter the two Brothers.

ELDEST BROTHER.

U Nmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,
 That won't to love the traveller's benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades:
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light;
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian cynosure.

T. Broth. Or, if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cot,
 Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops;
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village-cock
 Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet; some little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
 But, Oh! that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement and affright,

Or,

- ' Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 ' Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
 ' *E. Broth.* Peace, brother; be not overexquisite
 ' To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 ' For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 ' What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 ' And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 ' Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 ' How bitter is such self-delusion!
 ' I do not think my sister so to seek,
 ' Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 ' And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 ' As that the single want of light and noise
 ' (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 ' Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 ' And put them into misbecoming plight.
 ' Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 ' By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 ' Were in the flat sea sunk: and wisdom's self
 ' Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
 ' Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 ' She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 ' That in the various bustle of resort
 ' Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 ' He that has light within his own clear breast,
 ' May sit i'th'center, and enjoy bright day:
 ' But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 ' Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 ' Himself is his own dungeon.
 ' *Y. Broth.* 'Tis most true,
 ' That musing meditation most affects
 ' The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 ' Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
 ' And sits as safe as in a senate house:
 ' For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 ' His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 ' Or do his grey hairs any violence?
 ' But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 ' Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 ' Of dragon watch with unincharmed eye,
 ' To save her blossoms and defend her fruit

' From

' From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 ' You may as well spread out the unfunn'd heaps
 ' Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
 ' And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 ' Danger will wink on opportunity,
 ' And let a single helpless maiden pass
 ' Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 ' Of night or loneliness it recks me not :
 ' I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 ' Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person.
 ' Of our unowned sister.

' *E. Broth.* I do not, brother,
 ' Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 ' Secure without all doubt or controversy :
 ' Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
 ' Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 ' That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 ' And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 ' My sister is not so defenceless left
 ' As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
 ' Which you remember not.

' *T. Broth.* What hidden strength,
 ' Unless the strength of heav'n, if you mean that ?

' *E. Broth.* I mean that too ; but yet a hidden strength,
 ' Which, if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
 ' 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity.
 ' She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 ' And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
 ' May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 ' Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
 ' Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 ' No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
 ' Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
 ' Yea there where very desolation dwells,
 ' By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 ' She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 ' Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

' *T. Broth.* How gladly would I have my terrors
 hush'd,

' By crediting the wonders you relate !

' *E. Broth.* Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,

- ' In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 ' Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 ' That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 ' No goblin, or swift fairy of the mine,
 ' Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity;
 ' Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 ' Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
 ' To testify the arms of chastity?
 ' Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 ' Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 ' Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lionsess
 ' And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
 ' The friv'lous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 ' Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.
 ' What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 ' That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin.
 ' Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 ' But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 ' And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 ' With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
 ' *T. Broth.* But what are virtue's awful charms to those,
 ' Who cannot rev'rence what they never knew?
 ' *E. Broth.* So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
 ' That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 ' A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
 ' Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 ' And in clear dream and solemn vision
 ' Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear;
 ' Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 ' Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 ' The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 ' And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 ' Till all be made immortal.
 ' *T. Broth.* Happy state,
 ' Beyond belief of vice!
 ' *E. Broth.* But when vile lust,
 ' By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 ' But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 ' Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 ' The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 ' Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 ' The divine property of her first being.

' Such

' Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 ' Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
 ' Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
 ' As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 ' And link'd itself in carnal sensuality
 ' To a degen'rate and degraded state
 ' *Youngest Brother.* How charming is divine philosophy!
 ' Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 ' But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 ' And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 ' Where no crude surfeit reigns.'

E. Broth. ——— List, list; I hear
 Some far-off hallow break the silent air.

Y. Broth. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Broth. For certain
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour wood-man, or at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Broth. Heav'n keep my sister. Again! again!
 and near!

Best draw and stand upon our guard.

E. Broth. I'll hallow;
 If he be friendly, he comes well; if not;
 Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

Enter the first Attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

Y. Broth. That hallow I should know ——— What are
 you? Speak;

' Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.'

' *First Spirit.* What voice is that? My young lord?
 Speak again.

Y. Broth. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd sure.

E. Broth. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft de-
 lay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweeten'd ev'ry must-rose of the dale?
 How cam'st thou here, good swain? Has any ram
 Slip'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forlook?
 How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

' *First Spirit.* O my lov'd mæller's heir, and his next
 joy,

' I came

' I came not here on such a trivial toy,
 ' As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 ' Of pilf'ring wolf; not all the fleecy wealth,
 ' That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
 ' To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 ' But Oh, ' *where is my virgin lady! where is she?*
 How chance she is not in your company?

E. Broth. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without
 blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

' *First Spirit.* Ah, me! unhappy! then my fears are
 true.

E. Broth. What fears, good Thyrsis? prithee briefly
 shew.

' *First Spirit.* I'll tell ye; 'tis not in vain, nor fa-
 bulous,
 ' (Tho' so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
 ' What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly muse,
 ' Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
 ' Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
 ' And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell;
 ' For such there be; but unbelief is blind.

' *E. Broth.* Proceed, good shepherd; I am all atten-
 tion.'

' *First Spirit.* Within the bosom of this hideous
 wood,
 Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And wanton as his father;

' And here to ev'ry thirsty wanderer,
 ' By sly enticements, gives his baneful cup,
 ' With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
 ' The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 ' And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 ' Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage,
 ' Character'd in the face.' This have I learnt
 Tending my flock hard by, ' i' th' hilly crofts,
 ' That brow this bottom glade,' whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
 ' Like stabled wolves, or tygers at their prey,
 ' Doing abhorred rites to Hecate

' In

E. Broth. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd sweets,
That thus have render'd thee thy sex's shame,
All sense of honour banish'd from thy breast.

S O N G.

' Fame's an Echo, prattling double,
' An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble;
' A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
' The wise, not worth their keeping think it.

' Why then, why such toil and pain
' Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
' Like her sister Fortune, blind,
' To the best she's oft unkind,
' And the worst her favour find.

E. Broth. By her own sentence Virtue stands absolv'd,

' Nor asks an echo from the tongues of men,
' To tell what hourly to herself she proves.
' Who wants his own, no other praise enjoys;
' His ear receives it as a fulsome tale,
' To which his heart in secret gives the lie.
' Nay, slander'd innocence must feel a peace,
' An inward peace, which flatter'd guilt ne'er knew.'

First Woman. Oh! how unseemly shews in blooming youth

Such grey severity! ——— But come with us,
We to the bow'r of blifs will guide your steps;
There you shall taste the joys that nature sheds
On the gay spring of life, youth's flow'ry prime,
From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
Each rising hour by rising pleasures mark'd.

S O N G. *By a woman in a pastoral habit.*

Would you taste the noon-tide air?
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes,
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round, the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone ———— and in her arms
Your breast may beat to Love's alarms,
Till blest'd, and blessing, you shall own
The joys of Love are joys alone.

' *Y. Broth.* How low sinks beauty, when by vice debas'd!

' How fair that form, if virtue dwelt within!

' But, from this shameless advocate of shame,

' To me the warbled song harsh discord grates.

' *Y. Brother.* Short is the course of ev'ry lawless pleasure;

' Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,

' Scarce visible in joy's meridian height;

' But downward as its blaze declining speeds,

' The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.'

First Woman. No more; these formal maxims misbecome you,

They only suit suspicious shrivell'd age.

S O N G. *By a Man and two Women.*

Live, and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to-day.

From the fruits of sweet delight
Let not scare-crow virtue fright.
Here in pleasure's vineyard we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree.
Careless, airy, gay and free.

E. Broth. How can your impious tongues profane the name

Of sacred virtue, and yet promise pleasure

In lying songs of vanity and vice?

From virtue sever'd, pleasure phrenzy grows,

' The

- ' The gay delirium of the fev'rish mind,
 ' And always flies at reason's cool return.
 First Woman. Perhaps it may ; perhaps the sweetest
 joys
 ' Of love itself from passion's folly spring ;
 ' But say, does wisdom greater bliss bestow ?
 E. Broth. Alike from love's and pleasure's path you
 stray,
 ' In sensual folly blindly seeking both,
 ' Your pleasure riot, lust your boasted love ;
 ' Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust
 ' Is meanly selfish, when resisted, cruel,
 ' And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
 ' Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.
 ' But love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath,
 ' Repays the flow'r that sweetness which it borrows ;
 ' Un-injuring, un-injur'd, lovers move
 ' In their own sphere of happiness content,
 ' By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame.'
 But we forget : who hears the voice of truth,
 In noisy riot and intemp'rance drown'd ?
 Thyrsis be then our guide ! we'll follow thee
 And some good angel bear a shield before us !

[*Exeunt Brothers and Spirit.*]

- First Woman.* Come, come, my friends, and partners
 of my joys,
 Leave to these pedant youth their bookish dreams ;
 ' Poor blinded boys, by their blind guides misled !
 ' A beardless Cynic is the shame of nature,
 Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup ;
 ' And my contempt, at best, my pity moves.'
 Away, nor waste a moment more about 'em,

Chorus. Away, away, away,
 To Comus' court repair ;
 There night outshines the day,
 There yields the melting fair.

[*Exeunt singing **]

- ' *E. Broth.* She's gone ! may scorn pursue her wanton
 arts,

* The first Act ends here as now performed.

- ‘ And all the painted charms that vice can wear.
- ‘ Yet oft o’er credulous youth such syrens triumph,
- ‘ And lead their captive sense in chains as strong
- ‘ As links of adamant. Let us be free,
- ‘ And, to secure our freedom, virtuous.
- ‘ *T. Broth.* But should our helpless sister meet the
rage
- ‘ Of this insulting troop, what could she do ?
- ‘ What hope, what comfort, what support were left ?
- ‘ *Spirit.* She meets not them : but yet, if right I
guess,
- ‘ A harder trial on her virtue waits.
- ‘ *E. Broth.* Protect her, heaven ! But whence this sad
conjecture ?
- ‘ *Spirit.* This evening late, by then the chewing
flocks
- ‘ Had ta’en their supper on the fav’ry herb
- ‘ Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
- ‘ I sat me down to watch upon a bank
- ‘ With ivy canopy’d, and interwove
- ‘ With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
- ‘ Wrap’d in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
- ‘ To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
- ‘ Till fancy had her fill ; but ere a close,
- ‘ The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
- ‘ And fill’d the air with barbarous dissonance,
- ‘ At which I ceas’d, and listen’d them a while.
- ‘ *T. Broth.* What follow’d then ? O ! if our helpless
sister ———
- ‘ *Spirit.* Streight an unusual stop of sudden silence
- ‘ Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds,
- ‘ That draw the litter of close curtain’d sleep.
- ‘ At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
- ‘ Rose like a steam of rich distill’d perfumes,
- ‘ And stole upon the air, that ev’n silence
- ‘ Was took ere she was ’ware, and wish’d she might
- ‘ Deny her nature, and be never more,
- ‘ Still to be so displac’d. I was all ear,
- ‘ And took in strains, that might create a soul
- ‘ Under the ribs of death——But, oh ! ere long,
- ‘ Too well I did perceive it was the voice
- ‘ Of my most honour’d lady, your dear sister.
- ‘ *T. Broth.*

‘ *R. Broth.* O my foreboding heart! Too true my fears —

‘ *Spirit.* Amaz’d I stood, harrow’d with grief and fear;

‘ And O! poor hapless nightingale, though I,
 ‘ How sweet thou sing’st, how near the deadly snare;
 ‘ Then down the lawns I ran with headstrong haste,
 ‘ Thro’ paths and turnings often trod by day,
 ‘ Till guided by my ear, I found the place,
 ‘ Where the damn’d wizard, hid in fly disguise,
 ‘ (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 ‘ Already, ere my best speed to prevent,
 ‘ The aidless innocent lady, his wish’d prey;
 ‘ Who gently ask’d if he had seen such two,
 ‘ Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 ‘ Longer I durst not stay: but soon I guess’d
 ‘ Ye were the two she meant: with that I sprung
 ‘ Into swift flight, till I had found you here:
 ‘ But farther know I not.

‘ *R. Broth.* O night and shades!

‘ How are ye joined with hell in triple knot
 ‘ Against th’ unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 ‘ Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
 ‘ You gave me, brother?

‘ *E. Broth.* Yes; and keep it still,

‘ Lean on it safely; not a period
 ‘ Shall be unsaid for me: Against the threats
 ‘ Of malice, or of sorcery, or that pow’r
 ‘ Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 ‘ Virtue may be assail’d, but never hurt,
 ‘ Surpris’d by unjust force, but not inthral’d;
 ‘ Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
 ‘ Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 ‘ But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 ‘ And mix no more with goodness; when at last
 ‘ Gather’d like scum, and settled to itself,
 ‘ It shall be in eternal restless change,
 ‘ Self-fed, and self-consum’d. If this fail,
 ‘ The pillar’d firmament is rottenness,
 ‘ And earth’s base built on stubble. But come, let’s on;
 ‘ Against th’ opposing will and arm of heav’n
 ‘ May never this just sword be lifted up;

' But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 ' With all the griesly legions that troop
 ' Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 ' Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 ' 'Twixt Africa and Inde, I'll find him out,
 ' And force him to restore his purchase back,
 ' Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 ' Curs'd as his life.

' *Spirit.* Alas ! good vent'rous youth,
 ' I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ;
 ' But here thy sword can do thee little stead :
 ' Far other arms, and other weapons must
 ' Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
 ' He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 ' And crumble all thy sinews.

' *E. Broth.* Why prithee, shepherd,
 ' How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 ' As to make this relation ?

' *Spirit.* A shepherd lad,
 ' Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 ' In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 ' That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray,
 ' Has shewn me simples of a thousand names,
 ' Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
 ' Among the rest a small unfightly root,
 ' But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ;
 ' And bad me keep it as of sov'reign use
 ' 'Gainst all enchantment, mildew, blast, or damp,
 ' Or ghastly fury's apparition.
 ' I purs'd it up. If you have this about you
 ' (As I will give you when you go) you may
 ' Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
 ' Where if he be, with dauntless hardyhood
 ' And brandished blade rush on him, break his glass,
 ' And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;
 ' But seize his wand, tho' he and his curs'd crew
 ' Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 ' Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 ' Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.'

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

‘SCENE opens, and discovers’ a magnificent hall in Comus’s palace, ‘set off with all the gay decorations proper for an ancient banquetting-room.’ Comus and attendants stand on each side of the lady, who is seated in an enchanted chair; ‘and by her looks and gestures expresses great signs of uneasiness and melancholy.’

COMUS speaks.

‘HENCE, loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn.
‘Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon-shades, and low-brow’d rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But’ come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep’d Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe’s cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.

[Whilst these lines are repeating, enter a nymph representing Euphrosyne, or Mirth; who advances to the lady, and sings the following song.

S O N G

S O N G.

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony live here.
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
 In my presence will appear;
 Love and harmony reign here.

Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those wishes wanting,
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the woes you need to fear;
 Love and harmony reign here.

Lady. How long must I, by magic fetters chain'd
 To this detested seat, hear odious strains
 Of shameless folly, which my soul abhors?

Comus. Ye sedge-crown'd Naiades, by twilight seen
 Along Mæander's mazy border green,
 At Comus' call appear in all your azure sheen.

[He waves his wand, the Naiades enter, and range themselves in order to dance.]

Now softly flow let Lydian measures move,
 And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.
 ' In swimming dance on air's soft billows float,
 ' Soft swell your bosoms with the swelling note;
 ' With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
 ' Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high;
 ' Till lively gesture each fond care reveal,
 ' That music can express, or passion feel.'

[' The Naiades dance a slow dance agreeable to the subject of the preceding lines, and expressive of the passion of love.]

[' After this dance' the pastoral nymph advances slow, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the stage, and repeats, by way of soliloquy, the first fix.]

six lines, and then sings the ballad. In the mean time she is observ'd by Euphrosyne, who by her gesture expresses to the audience her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to the character of their several songs.

R E C I T A T I V E.

How gentle was my Damon's air !
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales,
 How hard such beauties to resign !
 And yet that cruel task is mine !

A B A L L A D.

On every hill, in every grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

' Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 ' Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 ' Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 ' As o'er the airy steep they hung.
 ' The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 ' But Damon there I seek in vain.

' Now through the winding vale I pass,
 ' And sigh to see the well-known shade ;
 ' I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 ' Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
 ' The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 ' But Damon there I seek in vain.'

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

R E C I T A.

R E C I T A T I V E. *By Euphrosyne.*

Love, the greatest bliss below,
 How to taste few women know;
 Fewer still the way have hit
 How a fickle swain to quit.
 Simple nymphs, then learn of me,
 How to treat inconstancy.

B A L L A D.

The wanton god, that pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel lovers, when they're cloy'd;
 If I am scorn'd, because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms whilst mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my ease;
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me whilst he can.

Comus speaks.

Cast thine eyes around and see,
 How from every element,
 Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
 And her choicest blessings sent.

' Fire, water, earth, and air combine
 ' To compose the rich repast,
 ' Their aid the distant seasons join,
 ' To court thy smell, thy sight, thy taste.'

Hither, summer, autumn, spring,
 Hither all your tributes bring;

All

All on bended knee be seen,
Paying homage to your queen.

[After this 'they put on their chaplets, and prepare for the feast; while Comus is advancing with his cup, and one of his attendants offers a chaplet to the lady (which she throws on the ground with indignation) the preparation for the feast is interrupted by lofty and solemn music from above, whence the second attendant Spirit enters gradually in a splendid machine, repeating the following lines to the lady, and sings, remaining still invisible to Comus and his crew.]

From the realms of peace above,
From the source of heav'nly love,
From the starry throne of Jove,
Where tuneful muses, in a glitt'ring ring,
To the celestial lyre's eternal string,
Patient Virtue's triumph sing:
To these dim labyrinths, where mortals stray,
Maz'd in passion's pathless way,
To save thy purer breast from spot and blame
Thy guardian spirit came.

S O N G.

Nor on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride;
Nor with swains in Syren bowers,
Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful virtue's hill sublime,
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
Who wins her height, must patient climb,
The steps are peril, toil and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain,
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

[Exit the Spirit, the music playing loud and solemn.]

Lady. Thanks, heav'nly songster! whosoe'er thou
art,

Who

Who deign'd to enter these unhallow'd walls,
 To bring the song of Virtue to mine ear!
 O cease not, cease not the melodious strain,
 Till my rapt soul high on the swelling note
 To heav'n ascend — far from these horrid fiends!

Comus. Mere airy dreams of air-bred people these?
 Who look with envy on more happy man,
 ' And would decry the joys they cannot taste.
 ' Quit not the substance for a stalking shade
 ' Of hollow virtue, which eludes the grasp.'
 Drink this, and you will scorn such idle tales.

[*He offers the cup, which she puts by, and attempts to rise.*]

Nay, lady, fit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
 And you a statue: ' or, as Daphne was,
 ' Root-bound that fled Apollo.'

Lady. Fool, do not boast;
 Thou can'st not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, altho' this corp'ral rind
 Thou hast immanacl'd, while heav'n sees good.

Comus. Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 ' When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 ' Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.'
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 ' With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd,
 ' Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
 ' In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 ' Is of such pow'r to stir up joy, as this,
 ' To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.'

Lady. Know base deluder, that I will not taste it.
 Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

[*Points to his crew.*]

S O N G. *By a man.*

Mortals, learn your lives to measure
 Not by length of time, but pleasure;

Soon

Soon your spring must have a fall ;
 Losing youth, is losing all :
 Then you'll ask, but none will give,
 And may linger, but not live.

Comus. Why shou'd you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?

' But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 ' And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
 ' With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 ' Scorning the unexempt condition,
 ' By which all human frailty must subsist,
 ' Refreshment after toil. ease after pain ;'
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted: But, fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor !
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of ? Hence with thy brew'd enchant-
 ments.

' Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 ' With vizard'd falsehood, and base forgery ?
 ' And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 ' With liqu'rish baits, fit to ensnare a brute ?'
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I wou'd not taste thy treas'nous offer—None,
 But such as are good men, can give good things ;
 And that which is not good is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

' *Comus.* O, foolishness of men ! that lend their ears
 ' To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 ' And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 ' Praising the lean and fallow abstinence.
 ' Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
 ' With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 ' Cov'ring the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 ' Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 ' But all to please and sate the curious taste ;
 ' And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 ' That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,

' To deck her sons ; and, that no corner might
 ' Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 ' She hutch'd th' all-worship'd ore, and precious gems
 ' To store her children with ; if all the world
 ' Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
 ' Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frize,
 ' Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
 ' Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 ' And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 ' As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 ' And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons ;
 ' Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 ' And strangled with her waste fertility.

' *Lady.* I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
 ' In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 ' Wou'd think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 ' Obtruding false rules, prank'd in reason's garb.
 ' I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 ' And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 ' Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
 ' As if she would her children should be riotous
 ' With her abundance. She, good eaterefs,
 ' Means her provision only to the good,
 ' That live according to her sober laws,
 ' And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
 ' If ev'ry just man, that now pines with want,
 ' Had but a mod'rate and befitting share
 ' Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 ' Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 ' Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 ' In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 ' And she no whit encumber'd with her store ;
 ' And then the Giver wou'd be better thank'd,
 ' His praise due paid. For swinish Gluttony
 ' Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 ' But with besotted, base ingratitude
 ' Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.' Shall I go on ?
 Or have I said enough ?

Comus. Enough to shew
 That you are cheated by the lying boasts
 Of starving pedants, that affect a fame
 From scorning pleasures, which they cannot reach.
Euphrosyne

Euphrosyne *sings* *.

Preach not to me your musty rules,
 Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
 The heart is wiser than the schools,
 The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
 To pass a single pleasure by;
 An hour is long, if lost in care;
 They only live, who life enjoy.

- * *Comus*. These are the maxims of the truly wise,
- * Of such as practise what they preach to others.
- * Here are no hypocrites, no grave dissemblers;
- * Nor pining grief, nor eating cares approach us,
- * Nor sighs, nor murmurs——but of gentle Love,
- * Whose woes delight: What must his pleasures then?

* Euphrosyne *sings*.

- * Ye Fauns, and ye Dryads, from hill, dale, and
 grove,
- * Trip, trip it along, conducted by Love;
- * Swiftly resort to *Comus*' gay court,
- * And in various measures shew Love's various sport.

- * *Enter the Fauns and Dryads, and attend to the following
 directions. The tune is play'd a second time, to which
 they dance.*

- * Now lighter and gayer, ye tinkling strings, sound;
- * Light, light in the air, ye nimble nymphs, bound.
- * Now, now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat;
- * Now with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat, &c.
 - * Now cold and denying,
 - * Now kind and complying,
 - * Consenting, repenting.
 - * Disdaining, complaining,
 - * Indifference now feigning.
- * Again with quick feet the ground beat, beat, beat.

* [*Exeunt dancers.*

- * Sung by *Comus*, as now performed at Covent-garden theatre.

Comus. List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.

- Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
- But must be current, and the good thereof
- Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
- Unfavoring in th' enjoyment of itself:
- If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
- It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
- Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
- In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
- Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
- It is for homely features to keep home,
- They had their name thence: Coarse complexions,
- And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
- The sampler, and to teaze the housewife's wool.

What need a vermeil tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd: you are but young yet;
This will inform you soon.

- *Lady.* To him that dares
- Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
- Against the sun clad power of chastity,
- Fain would I something say, yet to what purpose?
- Thou hast no ear, nor soul to apprehend;
- And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
- More happiness than this thy present lot.
- Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
- That has so well been taught her dazzling fence;
- Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd,
- Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
- Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
- To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
- That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
- And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
- Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
- Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

- *Comus.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear
- Her words set off by some superior pow'r;
- And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
- Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
- Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
- To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,

• And

‘ And try her yet more strongly——Come, no more,
 ‘ This is meer moral babble, and direct
 ‘ Against the canon laws of our foundation ;
 ‘ I must not suffer this, yet ’tis but the lees
 ‘ And settlings of a melancholy blood ;
 ‘ But this will cure all streight,’ one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise, and taste.——

*[The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest the
 glass out of his hand, and break it against the
 ground ; his rout make signs of resistance, but are all
 driven in.]*

Enter the first Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape ?
 O, ye mistook, you should have snatch’d his wand
 And bound him fast ; without his rod revers’d,
 ‘ And backward mutters of dissev’ring pow’r,
 We cannot free the lady, that sits here
 In stony fetters fix’d, and motionless.
 Yet stay, be not disturb’d ; now I bethink me,
 ‘ Some other means I have, which may be us’d,
 ‘ Which once of Melibæus old I learn’d,
 ‘ The footest shepherd that e’er pip’d on plains :
 ‘ I learn’d ’em then, when with my fellow swain,
 ‘ The youthful Lycidas, his flocks I fed.’
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 That sways the Severn stream ;
 ‘ And, as the old swain said,’ she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invok’d in warbled song ;
 ‘ For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 ‘ To aid a virgin, such as was herself.
 ‘ And see the swain himself in season comes.’

Enter the second Spirit.

Haste, Lycidas, and try the tuneful strain,
 Which from her bed the fair Sabrina calls.

S O N G. *By a second Spirit.*

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twilted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.

Sabrina rises and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure shewn
 Of Turkis blue, and em'rald green,
 That in the channel strays;
 • Whilst from off the waters fleet
 • Thus I set my printless feet
 • O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 • That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle swain, at thy request,
 I am here.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Second Spirit.

Goddeſs dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here diſtreſs'd,
 Thro' the force, and thro' the wile,
 Of unbleſs'd enchanter vile.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
 To help enſnared chaſtity:
 Brighteſt lady, look on me;
 Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
 Drops, that from my fountain pure
 I have kept, of precious cure;

Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy ruby'd lip;
 Next this marble venom'd feat,
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste, ere morning-hour,
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

[Sabrina descends, and the lady rises out of her seat; the
 Brothers embrace her tenderly.

' *E. Broth.* I oft had heard, but ne'er believ'd till
 now,

' There are, who can by potent magic spells
 ' Bend to their crooked purpose nature's laws,
 ' Blot the fair moon from her resplendent orb,
 ' Bid whirling planets stop their destin'd course,
 ' And thro' the yawning earth from Stygian gloom
 ' Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light:
 ' It may be so, ——— for some mysterious end!'

R. Broth. Why did I doubt? Why tempt the wrath of
 heav'n

To shed just vengeance on my weak distrust?

' Here spotless innocence has found relief,
 ' By means as wond'rous as her strange distress.'

E. Broth. The freedom of the mind, you see, no charm,
 No spell can reach; that righteous Jove forbids,
 Lest man should call his frail divinity
 The slave of evil, or the sport of chance.
 Inform us, Thyrsis, if for this thine aid,
 We aught can pay that equals thy desert.

First Spirit discovering himself.

Pay it to heaven! There my mansion is:

' But when a mortal, favour'd of high Jove,
 ' Chances to pass thro' yon advent'rous glade,
 ' Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 ' I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy.
 That lent you grace to escape this cursed place;
 To heaven, that here has try'd your youth,
 Your faith, your patience, and your truth,
 And sent you thro' these hard essays
 With a crown of deathless praise.

[Then

[Then the two first Spirits advance and speak alternately the following lines, which Milton calls Epiloguizing.]

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lye
Where day never shuts his eye
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his Daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree.

Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.

Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free :
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Chorus. Taught by virtue, you may climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

END of the THIRD ACT.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by EUPHROSYNE, with the Wand and Cup.

SOME critic, or I'm deceived, will ask,
*"What means this wild, this allegoric masque?
 Beyond all bounds of truth this author shoots;
 Can wands or cups transform men into brutes?
 'Tis idle stuff!"*——And yet I'll prove it true;
 Attend; for sure I mean it not of you.
 The mealy fop, that tastes my cup, may try,
 How quick the change from beau to butterfly;
 But o'er the Insect should the Brute prevail,
 He grins a monkey with a length of tail.
 One stroke of this, * as sure as Cupid's arrow,
 Turns the warm youth into a wanton sparrow.
 Nay, the cold prude becomes a slave to love,
 Feels a new warmth, and cooes a billing dove.
 The sly coquet, whose artful tears beguile
 Unwary hearts, weeps a false crocodile.
 Dull poring pedants, shock'd at truth's keen light,
 Turn moles, and plunge again in friendly night;
 Misers grow vultures, of rapacious mind,
 Or more than vultures, they devour their kind;
 Flatt'ers cameleons, creeping on the ground,
 With ev'ry changing colour changing round.
 The party-fool, beneath his heavy load,
 Drudges a driven ass thro' dirty road.
 While guzzling sots, their spouses say, are hogs;
 And snarling criticks, authors swear, are dogs.
 But to be grave, I hope we've prov'd at least,
 All vice is folly, and makes man a beast.

* The Wand.



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