

## ACT III

### Scene 1

Meanwell, Modely, Drama, Ballad *half drunk, with a Bottle and a Glass in his Hand.*

**Ballad:**

Come, sit you down — sit you down, I say. Now let me tell you, honest Drama, among Friends — tho' some Parts of your Opera are well enough — yet, the whole Scheme does not like me. Fore George! I have a Scheme of my own that's a thousand times better; I may venture to say, a thousand times better.

**Drama:**

Prey, Sir, be so good as to favour us with it then.

**Ballad:**

Ay, who's Fool then? I shall have you steal it, as great Men do Projects, and get all the Reputation to your self.

**Meanwell:**

I dare swear there's no Danger; 'tis as safe as a Mill-stone at a Stone-Cutter's Door; so, pray, let's hear it.

**Ballad:**

*Imprimis*, then, d'ye mark me? I would have it all intirely new; new, d'ye see, in every Circumstance; and yet there should not be one Character, but what had been on the Stage before; Ha, ha, ha!

**Drama:**

How the Devil can that be, I wonder?

**Ballad:**

What a dull Rogue! Ha, ha, ha! Why, look you, Sir, Ha, ha, ha! All the Persons of the Drama should be Heroes and Heroins, Persons of the first Quality, the very Choice of all our Tragedies.

**Meanwell:**

How! in an *English* Opera?

**Ballad:**

Ay, in an *English* Opera, Sir; — None but your Tamerlane, Cato, Brutus, Phocyas, Othello, Desdemona, Monimia, Isabella, Belvidera, and so forth; except now and then a Chorus of Pick-pockets, Oyster-women, Orange-wenches, and such sort of People, their Attendants.

**Drama:**

This is very new, indeed!

**Ballad:**

Ha, ha, ha! I pity your Ignorance, Drama, faith, I do; you understand Parodies, I find, no more than a pert Citizen the great Horse. — But you'll be wiser, when I have made you so.

**Meanwell:**

I believe it, heartily; but how can you bring all these Heroes together in one Play, Mr. Ballad? For my Part, I can't imagine.

**Ballad:**

No, truly Sir, I believe not; you are not the worshipful Chaunter Ballad, Esq; you are only plain Mr. Meanwell. But, mark me, all these fine Folks should be transmographyed in passing thro' my Hands.

**Drama:**

I dare be sworn they would.

**Ballad:**

Othello could be a Serjeant in the Guards, and keep an Ale-house at Charing Cross; Desdemona should be a Bar-keeper; and Cato make him a Cuckold; Hah! Tamerlane should be one of the Quorum; Brutus, a fat, cheating, miserly Alderman; and Phocyas a Stock-Jobber, turn'd Jew.

**Drama:**

Excellent! I protest your Transformations infinitely exceed Ovid's.

**Modely:**

Or the Persian Tales, either.

**Meanwell:**

But what will you do with the Ladies?

**Ballad:**

Oh, Sir! I'll provide as well for them, I'll warrant you. Let me see — Ay — Monimia shall be an Exchange Girl; Isabella, a Sea-Captain's Widow; and Belvidera, a Bankrupt Attorney's Wife, and an Evidence in Layer's Plot.

**All:**

Ha, ha, ha!

**Ballad:**

Now, Sir! 'tis beyond all Sufferance to ask so many Questions together; — Plot, Fable, Manners, Incidents, and a — a — a Devil knows what! — Sir, I'll tell you no more 'till my own Time. Death! he asks Questions as fast as a peevish Justice, or a bawdy Midwife. — Play away there. — Mr. Meanwell, my Service to you, with all my Heart.

**Scene 2**

Sir Peevish Terrible, *the Inquisitor; several Poets, as Assistants, in the maner of a Court of Justice; Harlequin, Prisoner at the Bar; Punch, Pierot, Scaramouch, Pantaloon, Voice, Merit, Smooth, Foible.*

**AIR 45.** Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation [p. 395]

**Clerk:**

*Come, ye Poets, small and greater!  
All you Sons of Rhyme and Metre!  
Leave, awhile, your sacred Fury,  
And commence Apollo's Jury:*

*Come, 'tis Justice calls you; know  
Justice now prepares her Thunder,  
See, the Victim trembles under!  
Now his Arts no more deceive us,  
Of our Wits no one bereave us;  
Lost his Cunning,  
Vain his Funning,  
Scorn'd his Passion,  
Damn'd the Fashion;  
Justice strikes the fatal Blow.*

**AIR 46.** Gillian of Croydon [p. 402]

**Inquisitor:**

*Now let's lay our Heads together,  
And gravely hear the Culprit's Plea;  
'Twas Justice call'd us Sages hither;  
And Justice speaks her Mind in me.*

**Clerk:**

*Hold up your guilty Hand,  
And hear the Court's Command,  
That you should now, with low Intreaty,  
Sue for Pity,  
The Committee,  
And break your Magick Wand.*

**AIR 47.** Sweet are the Charms of her I love [p. 409]

**Voice:**

*Spare, O spare the Hum'rous Sage!*

**Smooth:**

*O, let him still adorn the Stage!*

**Foible:**

*O, let him still divert the Town!  
Still let his pleasing Arts go down!*

**Inquisitor:**

*'Tis all in vain, the Wretch shall know  
A publick Shame, and publick Woe.*

**AIR 48.** Over the Hills and far away [p. 412]

**Inquisitor:**

*To Italy's enervate Shore,  
Or France's Fiddling Nation, stray;  
Thy Tricks shall here enchant no more.  
Fly, wiley Traitor, far away.*

**Chorus of Poets:**

*Over the Hills, and over the Main,  
Far let the wiley Traitor stray;  
No longer bear his idle Reign,  
But waft him far, ye Winds, away.*

**Foible:**

Poor Signior Harlequin! Unfashionable Creatures!

**Smooth:**

Ay, poor Signior Harlequin, indeed! — [*Aside.*] 'Tis certainly a Judgment on him from frightening me so confoundedly.

**Foible:**

Mr. Merit, say something in his Defence, immediately; or bribe the Wretches in his Favour: Other Courts of Justice are sensible to Bribes, and why not this?

**Merit:**

O, Madam! your Poet never refuses Money; but the Criminal does not deserve any Favour.

**Foible:**

Ridiculous! — Mr. Smooth!

**Smooth:**

Upon my Soul, Mem, I shou'd be glad to obey your La'ship; but a —  
I have lost almost all my ready Cash at Quadrille.

**Foible:**

What a Vexation is this? However, 'twas lost in a fashionable way.

### Scene 3

Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama

**Ballad:**

Blood! if no Body else will save poor Signior Harlequin, I'll do't my  
self; and, by the Lord Harry, he shall not be Transported. — S' death!  
I'd rather transport all the Poets in the Nation.

**Drama:**

I thank you, Sir; I believe you, most sincerely. — But sure you don't  
imagine I would do so unpopular a thing, as transport the Doctor;  
what, the fashionable Doctor! surely, you have a better Opinion of  
me!

**Ballad:**

Nay, then 'tis well enough — 'tis well enough — I am pacified; save  
the Doctor, and I am pacified.

**Meanwell:**

But pray, Mr. Drama, what is the Reason that this Scene is nothing  
but Sing-Song? I think 'tis the greatest Impropriety imaginable, in  
a Court of Justice.

**Drama:**

O, Sir! for that very Reason I contriv'd it so.

**Modely:**

Stupid enough o' Conscience!

**Drama:**

Beside, Mr. Meanwell, you must consider this is only an Imitation of  
our modern Operas, both Italian and English; the more absurd, the  
more fashionable; their Authority will justify the most ridiculous  
things in Nature.

**Meanwell:**

Ay, that's true, the Italian justifies the most egregious Nonsense.

**Modely:**

And the English, the most abominable Musick.

**Ballad:**

Ay, ay, Mr. Drama, modern Operas will justifie any thing. — I'gad!  
'tis a good Scene. Here's my Service to you on the same.

#### **Scene 4**

*The same as before*

**1<sup>st</sup> Poet:**

Well, but is the Ship ready, Brother Bayes?

**2<sup>nd</sup> Poet:**

Ay, ay, all's ready, Brother Rhyme; away with him

**Voice:**

Hold, hold, Gentlemen, a Moment, I beseech you. — Suppose, now,  
only suppose we should compound the Matter.

**1<sup>st</sup> Poet:**

Compound, Sir! as how?

**Voice:**

Don't be angry, sweet Sir! — Why, by letting you, Gentlemen, into  
the Secret, and giving you a Share in the Pofits. — So, the Doctor,  
shall play the Fool, as before — I, the Knave — and you — some-  
thing between both. — You'll pardon me, Gentlemen.

**1<sup>st</sup> Poet:**

But, mark me, Sir, this is on condition the Doctor turns Stroller, and  
plays his Tricks only in Country Towns, and at yearly Fairs.

**Voice:**

A hard Condition, Gentlemen! — What shall we do with the  
Quality?

**2<sup>nd</sup> Poet:**

Let them follow the Fashion.

**Voice:**

Henceforth we are free from the Criticks, and that's some Comfort

however. They say Interest is the Devil; if it is, I am sure the Devil governs the World, beyond all dispute.

**AIR 49.** *Second part of the Dutch Skipper* [p. 420]

*If e'er you see a Villain smile,  
An Atheist pray, a Miser pay,  
A Statesman give his Wealth away,  
A Lawyer own his Guile;  
If e'er a Poet praise the Great,  
A Whore among the Godly wait,  
'Tis Int'rest forms the Wile.*

But pray, Master, have the Poets inclos'd you like an Evil Spirit in a Magick Circle, and exorcis'd away your very Power of doing Mischief? — Pray, dear Doctor, give them a little Touch with your Wand, and turn them into a Groupe of Old Women. — Believe me, Sir, the Transformation is as easy as a Maggot to a Butterfly. *[On a Sign given by Harlequin, the Inquisitor sinks under the Stage, and Colombine rises in his Stead; Harlequin runs off the Stage, she follows him, with Punch, Pierot, Scaramouch, Pantaloon, and the Poets in a Train behind.]* Ha! ha! ha! *[Sings.]* A very pretty Fancy! A rare Galantée Show, &c.

**Smooth:**

Hark, a Word with you, Mr. Voice.

**Voice:**

O, Mr. Smooth! your most obedient, most dutiful, and most humble Servant. Are you for t'other Journey to the Moon?

**Smooth:**

No more of that, if you love me, dear Mr. Voice. — Pr'ythee, is the Captain in Limbo still? — that's my Business.

**Voice:**

Why, Sir, if you'll come along with us, and — a — you understand me, Sir — you shall have the Merit of setting him free, and afterwards you'll be as great as a cunning Lawyer and his rich Client.

**Smooth:**

*Allons*, dear Mr. Voice. — Madam, your most superlatively obedient, humble Servant. — I am only going with the Doctor and Mr. Voice, to give my Advice in a new Entertainment; I shall expect your La'ship at their Apartment. Merit, your most obedient.

**Foible:**

Oh, dear Mr. Smooth! you are very obliging.

### Scene 5

Merit, Foible

**Foible:**

Well, Mr. Merit, I protest I am glad the dear Conjurer is at Liberty again. La! if those Rogues had transported him, 'twould have been such a Loss to the *Beau-Monde*, as nothing could have aton'd.

**Merit:**

Pardon me, Madam; the Italian Opera, or even a Puppet-Show, recommended by Fashion, in my Opinion, would do as well.

**Foible:**

O, Sir! Fashion will recommend any thing in the Universe.

**Merit:**

Then I shall be vain enough to imagine Fashion would recommend Me.

**Foible:**

Yes, I vow, Mr. Merit, Fashion would be your only Recommendation; your very Man of Quality would be an insignificant Creature, without the Fashion.

**Merit:**

But Fashion is so various, that 'twould be the whole Business of one's Life to follow it.

**Foible:**

Reason! Ha, ha, ha! Why, Reason has been out of Fashion, among Persons of Figure, Time out of Mind. I wonder you should affront my Taste with so unpolite a Word. — Reason! O, hideous! a Lover and a Gentleman talk of Reason! Ha, ha, ha!

**Merit:**

I shall never condescend to be a Man of Fashion, I see.

**Foible:**

Then you'll never succeed with the Ladies, I see. Why, without the Mode, you'll look as inconsiderable, as a Nobleman's Estate in the Corner of a Map. La! I should be perfectly asham'd of an unfashionably reasonable Husband. When I was for a Party at Quadrille, he'd



be for reasonable Conversation, forsooth; When I talk'd Scandal at the Tea-Table, he'd rail against Malice; if I was for the dear Opera, he'd grown after some hideous Tragedy; when I talk of Fashions, he'd rave against Whim and Caprice. Ged! such a Husband would be my absolute Aversion, — or, at best, he could be only tolerable, like a bad Picture hiding a crack'd Wainscot.

**Merit:**

I am afraid, Madam, I shall never be the happy, variable Creature, that will please you: 'Tis impossible to run thro' the various Changes necessary to the Character.

**AIR 50.** Red House [p. 429]

*Old Time, that leads the Seasons,  
And turns the fickle Weather,  
With Fashions freights his Pinions,  
And burthens ev'ry Feather:*

*Hence, ev'ry fleeting Moment  
To some new Whim is hasting;  
The Moment swiftly varies,  
Nor is the Whim more lasting.*

*Then how can I the Round pursue,  
Or quit the Old, or learn the New?  
Alike they both are ranging,  
And still, too late my Changing.*

**Foible:**

Oh, Sir! if you'll follow my Example, you'll easily overcome than Inconvenience. — You must know I am always the first in a new Fashion, and by that time the dull Creatures that mimick your fine Lady, have made their scurvy Imitation, whisk! we jump into another, and mortify the poor Wretches with the Change. Ged! I love Change. — I love to wander. — 'Tis the pleasantest thing in Nature, as I am a Toast. If 'twas the Fashion to love one's Husband, I should abhor Marriage. — 'twould be always the same dull Amusement, over and over again, like a cold Pasty. But, to my Comfort, Intrigue is the very Height of the Mode, and whoever is my Husband, must expect that I'll never be out of the Fashion; for, indeed, I shall mark him with a Cypher, like a piece of old-fashion'd Furniture in a Sale.

**AIR 51.** Some say Women are like the Sea [p. 432]

*Some say Women change like Wind,  
Some like Fortune's flatt'ring Smile;  
Some, like Friends, when she's unkind;  
Some, the hunted Statesman's Wife:  
I grant it all; 'tis right to range,  
And Woman's fav'rite Joy, is Change:  
Change, Change, and Wom[e]n agree,  
In perfect Simile.*

**Merit:**

I am sorry, Madam, our Tastes agree no better. — You are an Enemy of Reason, and I to Fashion; and I doubt those two Opposites can no more be reconcil'd, than a Patriot, and a Courtier.

**Foible:**

I don't desire they should, truly. I see the Difference already; — my Humour makes me merry — yours, makes you sad — Ha, ha, ha! You look like the Bust of some old Philosopher.

**Merit:**

I thought, Madam, you had known it long ago.

**Foible:**

Humh! I believe I did hear some such thing a long Time ago. — Excuse me; new Fashions put such Trifles out of my Head. — But, are you really in Love? Ha, ha, ha!

**Merit:**

Yes, really, to my very great Sorrow.

**Foible:**

Sorrow! Oridiculous! the unfashionable Creature! — Sorrowfully in Love! Ha, ha, ha! Surely you are only in Jest! Ged! you can never be so singularly unpolite?

**Merit:**

'Tis serious Truth, I can assure you.

**AIR 52.** Whilst I gaze on Cloe trembling [p. 436]

*Have you seen a lovely Creature,  
In the Eye of Fancy bred,  
Angel-like in ev'ry Feature?  
Such, my easy Heart betray'd.*

**Foible:**

As I am Toast, you shall sing no more. — Oh, hideous! Such melancholy Ditties give me the Vapours. — La! they are worse than a Psalm at an Execution, or an Owl at Midnight. — Come, come, let's go to the dear Conjuror's directly. Sweet Signior Harlequin! I long to see Mr. Smooth's Entertainment — Some dancing Chairs — a few Witches on Broomsticks — or a Dance or two of Monsters. — Oh, Ged! I love such diverting Humours, mightily — they are agreeable to my Taste — they are as much in the Mode, as Horse-Racing or Quadrille.

**Merit:**

Madam, I wait on you. — *[Aside.]* I see she is lost for ever, and with her, or without her, I shall be miserable.

**AIR 53.** Vain Belinda [p. 439]

**Foible:**

*When Fashion wakes the gloomy Spleens,  
And Fancy tortures all within;  
Again 'tis Fashion makes me gay,  
And Fashion drives the Gloom away.*

**Scene 6**

*The Conjuror's. Sprightly, Prattle*

**Prattle:**

Well, I vow and protest, Mem, I am exceedingly oblig'd to your La'ship, for bringing me to the dear, dear, Conjuror's.

**Sprightly:**

I find Signior Herlequin hits your Taste, Prattle, as well as your Lady's.

**Prattle:**

O Mem, I have as much Right to her La'ship's Taste, as her old Cloaths, or her old Fashions; and I protest, Mem, by such helps I pass for a Wit all over our Family.

**Sprightly:**

A Wit! Ha! ha! ha!

**Prattle:**

You may laugh, Mem, if you please. — But I can tell you, Mem, I have the Vapours as well [as] my Lady, I laugh at good Sense as well

as my Lady, I sing Opera Songs as well as my Lady, admire Entertainments as much as my Lady, and —

**Sprightly:**

Hold! hold! Mrs. Prattle, for Goodness sake — I believe you heartily - you are perfectly a modern Wit, as well as your Lady - nay, you are as like your Lady, as a Footman, with a Toupée, is like his Master.

**AIR 54.** Windsor Terras [p. 446]

*Pert Tom, and modish Sue,  
As small Expense, are made  
A sparkling Belle, a shinig Beau,  
And grow genteel by Trade:  
Alike they both aspire  
With courtly Airs to shine;  
'Till, tumbled down, they take their own,  
And swing on Alehouse Sign.*

**Prattle:**

Indeed, Mem, I must take the Freedom to tell your La'ship, you —

**Sprightly:**

La'ship again? Pr'ythee don't Burlesque me with such ridiculous imaginary Titles.

**Prattle:**

La! Mem, there is not a single Person, at this end of the Town, who has ever seen the Court, or rid in a Chariot, but takes that ridiculous imaginary Title, as you are pleas'd to call it, for her due.

**Sprightly:**

Their Pride and Folly would no more excuse me, than justifie themselves. I desire I may be never affronted with it any more.

**Prattle:**

Affronted, Mem!

**Sprightly:**

Yes, I say affronted; tho' such gross Flattery appear like Respect, it insinuates we need such a Farce or Honour to make our selves considerable. — Our Footmen do no more, when they adorn themselves with their Masters Titles.

**Prattle:**

Indeed, Mem, that's what I was going to say before; 'tis as much a

Question, in my Opinion, whether the Quality take up our Manners, or we theirs.

**Sprightly:**

On my Life, the Jade's in the right; and, of the two, these Creatures are the more pardonable — they Copy their Superiors, while the others too frequently take Pains to degrade themselves below the Meanest; by indulging a false Taste, despising the true, taking pleasure in Extravagance, laughing at Virtue, insulting Ingenuity, avoiding Humanity; jesting with the most solemn Promises, trifling in the most serious Offices in Life, serious in the most trifling. — How often are their Lives only a Compound of Madness, and Folly? How seldom are they distinguish'd but by their Quality, and their Vices?

**Prattle:**

I don't know, Mem, whether 'twill become me to add any thing to your Satire. — But I am sure if we go half way towards them, they come the other half to meet us.

**AIR 55.** The Twitcher [p. 449]

*If thoughtless of Hell, poor Prattle should sell  
Her Mistress to the Love;  
The Courtier himself, in hoarding the Pelf,  
Is as much a Slave all over.  
A Slave!  
If Tom should procure a Bawd or a Whore,  
To merit his Master's Favour;  
What Statesman, if try'd, has ever deny'd  
To Pimp with his best Endeavor?  
A Knave!*

**Scene 7**

Sprightly, Prattle, Trifle

**Sprightly:**

So, Mr. Trifle, I see you are true to your Assignment.

**Trifle:**

Verily, Madam, I always hated your Carthaginians; your *Punica Fides* is my Aversion — I always keep my Promises, in Opposition to Courtiers.

**Sprightly:**

I perceive our Plot has succeeded admirably hitherto.

**Trifle:**

Ay verily has it, Madam — 'sbud I wish I was as sure of the Philosopher's Stone — we would rejoice like Archimedes on a new Demonstration in the Mathematicks. — Ay, ay, I found Sir Peevish Terrible, and his testy Brethren, according to your Directions, and no sooner mention'd the Dumb Conjuror, but he rav'd like the Cumean Sybil, and threaten'd nothing less than utter Destruction to that Heretick in Science. — Verily I will engage we have no more Gadding to the Dumb Conjuror's. — No, no, i'faith I have spoil'd his Roguery — 'tis over with him, I can assure you.

**Scene 8**

*Enter Voice, and Smooth; Harlequin on the Shoulders of his Companions, as in Triumph; Colombine and the Poets behind, bearing his Cap, Wand, and Wooden Sword.*

**Voice:**

*[Sings.] A very pretty Fancy! A rare Gallantée Show! &c. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Harlequin's Triumph, Gentlemen and Ladies, with the merry Humours of his Man Voice, just going to begin — walk in, walk in.*

**Ballad:**

Huzza! Huzza! well said, Voice — Gad, Voice has an admirable Huzza — that Huzza deserves a Bumper before George — stay you Rogues, and drink round — you'll Huzza the better for it. *[They all drink.]*

**Scene 9**

Sprightly, Pattle, Trifle

**Trifle:**

By the Vatican, I am astonished — I am thunder-struck — I have seen Medusa's Head — 'death! this Fellow is not only a Conjuror, but the Devil himself. — None but the Devil cou'd have escap'd out of the Hands of an angry Critick. — O miserable! What shall we do now, Madam? — Verily, here will be more villanous Assignations, and Masquerading Revels. — O the blessed Days of Antiquity! Your ancient Britons, Saxons, Normans — O they were brave Times! — Queen Elizabeth and her old Courtier were the last Reliques of Antiquity!

**AIR 56.** The Queen's old Courtier [p. 455]

*Your old English Courtiers were Men of Renown,  
By their old English Virtue their Value was known;  
But those old English Courtiers are vanish'd and gone,  
    Oh the old Courtiers of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's old Courtiers.*

*Your old English Soldiers were gallant and brave,  
They'd fight like old Harry — if once they had leave,  
And, like your old Heroes, had Fame and a Grave.  
    Oh the old Soldiers of the Queen's, &c.*

**Sprightly:**

You must have more Patience, Mr. Trifle — why you are more outrageous than a Stage Hero, and more impatient than a peevish Husband. — You may depend on't, Foible will be here presently, and most of her Lovers in Consequence; they stick as close to her, as Gamesters to a young Heir.

**Trifle:**

Yes, yes, I know they will be all here, Madam; undoubtedly they will be here. — But their Company serves only to plague me, I hate them all worse than a Abuser of Antiquities, or a Contemner of Rarities.

**Sprightly:**

But suppose you hate them as much as a Priest does an Atheist, can't you, when you are all together, press Mrs. Foible to a Declaration, insist upon her chusing one, and dismissing the rest. — If the Lot fall upon you, you'll be as happy — as you can expect to be with a fine Lady — if on another, there's an end to Uncertainty and tedious Expectation.

**AIR 57.** My Chloe, why d'ye fight me [p. 463]

*Of all that racks the Lover,  
    What Pain soe'er he know,  
Of all that Wretches suffer,  
    Thro' their whole Lives below,  
More Expectation grieves them,  
More fatally deceives them,  
In greater Anguish leaves them,  
    Than all their certain Woe.*

**Trifle:**

Verily, Madam, you are in the right — I will do what you advise, as sure as I am a Virtuoso.

**Scene 10**  
Sprightly, Prattle, Trifle, Whim

**Sprightly:**

Here comes one of your Rivals, as gloomy as wet Weather, and as sullen as a condemn'd Malefactor. — So, Mr. Whim, what Chance has driven you hither? — I thought you hated a Conjurer like an East Wind — I should have as soon expected you at the Drawing-Room on a Birth-day to shew your embroideries, as at a Conjurer's to enquire your Fortune.

**Whim:**

Oons, Madam, at this Rate I need not enquire my Fortune any where — I have often imagin'd, that a sharp Winter, a blasting Spring, a hot Summer, or a sickly Autumn would be my Death. — But I own my Mistake — a Woman's Tongue wil certainly be my Bane at last — I shall be stunn'd to Death with Female Thunder.

**Sprightly:**

Poor Mt. Whim, — I really pity your Misfortune — 'tis a terrible thing to be talk'd to Death, that's certain; and if any Woman in England can do such Execution —

**Whim:**

As I'll swear there are Thousands —

**Sprightly:**

My Cousin Foible will dispatch you most effectually — if 'tis your Fortune to have her. — Positively, she talks as much, as fast, and as loud, as any one of them all — I wish I cou'd say as well too, that you might die in a more comfortable manner.

**Whim:**

Comfortable! as if 'twas in a Woman's Power to give Comfort at any rate.

**Prattle:**

You thought so, Sir, when you wanted a Woman to comfort your Constitution. Ha! ha! ha!

**Whim:**

What a Devil, are you there, Mrs. Spit-Fire? — Upon my Life, Madam, this Hussey had the Assurance to expect me for a Husband, and told me, for my Comfort, she could correct my Constitution as well as her Lady.



**Trifle:**

Ha! ha! ha! verily, Mr. Whim, I believe she cou'd.

**Sprightly:**

How Prattle! What, Rival your Lady?

**Prattle:**

No, as I hope to be sav'd, Mem, I had no such Design — I — I — only offer'd my Service in a jocular way, Mem — I —

**Sprightly:**

O was that all! then you were mistaken, Mr. Whim.

**Prattle:**

Yes indeed, Mem, Mr. Whim was mistaken, I can assure you; for I vow and protest, Mem, were I married to Mr. Whim, I should dream of nothing but wet Weather every Night, and, at Nine Months end, be brought to Bed of a Cloud.

**AIR 58.** Sweet if you love me come away [p. 467]

*Should e'er I whisper, come away.*

*Come away, come away,*

*Now, now, my Dearest, come away;*

*With sullen Snore, he'd groaning turn,*

*What, now while Fever-like you burn?*

*At least, if you're resolv'd to — come away, come away;*

*At least, my Dearest, stay till Morn.*

**Trifle:**

Ha! ha! ha! very pretty truly, very pretty, ha! ha! ha! Poor Mr. Whim, verily you look as mortified, as a discarded Member of the Royal Society, or a Mathematician disappointed of the Longitude. Ha, ha, ha!

**Whim:**

What a Pox! all against me? was ever poor Devil so miserably tormented? Oons! what had I to do with a fine Lady? What a Fool was I to dream of Comfort in Matrimony?

**Sprightly:**

True, Mr. Whim — I am much of your Opinion — I protest, were I a Man of your Accomplishments, I would not wait on a Woman of Leisure any longer — I'd insist on a Declaration one way or another — a Man of your Accomplishments, believe me, may succeed any where.

**Whim:**

Really, Madam, I think you have more Prudence than all your Sex beside — it shall be so — your Cousin Foible shall declare, ay, marry shall she — if I'm refus'd, no matter, let her go I say — a Man of my Accomplishments, as you observe, Madam, may succeed any where.

**Scene 11**

Sprightly, Prattle, Trifle, Whim, Merit, Foible

**Foible:**

O Gentlemen! I am glad you are here — Signior Harlequin is at Liberty again, he has triumph'd, he is free — we shall have more Witches, Devils, Monsters, Dancing, Singing, Fidling, Jumping, Fooling, and all that. — Come along, Gentlemen, come along — I am impatient till I see Mr. Smooth's Entertainment; come along, 'tis after the newest Fashion, you may believe me.

**Sprightly:**

Now's your time, Gentlemen; follow her, while I persuade Mr. Merit to fall into your Measures, and make the Scheme as effectual as you your selves can desire.

**Prattle:**

O ay, the Entertainment! the Conjurer! Witches, Devils, Monsters, Dancing, Singing, Fidling, Jumping, Fooling, and all that.

**Scene 12**

Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama

**Ballad:**

Look ye Friend, Drama, I won't be fobb'd off with this paltry Chit-chat any longer — 'fore George, I'll have the Entertainment directly — I say bring me on the Harlequin — let me have the Dances — a few Monsters — a little Witchcraft — or some Intrigues — ay, ay, some Intrigues. — By the Lord Harry, Harlequin's a sad Dog among the Girls; i'fack, he tickles them off, and if the Cuckoldy Rogues, their Husbands, presume to interpose, he flourishes his Wand thus, and, slap Sir, a huge pair of Horns sprout on their Heads immediately, while he runs off in Triumph with the Lady. — Come, come, Mr. Drama, the Intrigues, and the Horns, and the Husbands, and the Monsters, and the Wives. — Before George, I'll have them all, in spite of Morality, and the Fathers.

**Drama:**

Hold, Sir, pray have a little Patience — all in good time — you would not interrupt the Plot of the Play, wou'd you?

**Ballad:**

Oons, but I would tho' — confound the Plot and the Play too. There is more Wit in one fiery Dragon, than in all the Plays in Europe — Pox! give me the Entertainment — I must have some Entertainment. *[Drinks.]*

**Meanwell:**

Pr'ythee, Ballad, don't be so noisy. Why you roar like a twelve-penny Critick in the upper Gallery, for a favourite Song; or a saucy Footman before a Nobleman's Chair. For shame, let the Play proceed, and, if you must have an Entertainment, can't you drink in the mean time?

**Ballad:**

Cod so! cod so! an — excellent Ex—pedition truly — well, well, for the sake of the Joke, I will drink — your drinking is an excellent Entertainment. *[Drinks.]*

**Modely:**

So, his Mouth is stopt at last, however.

**Drama:**

I am oblig'd to the Bottle for this Indulgence — 'tis not often so serviceable, I can assure you.

**Scene 13**

Merit, Sprightly

**Sprightly:**

So, Mr. Merit, you are as melancholy as ever, I perceive.

**Merit:**

I am sure, Madam, I have as much Reason as ever to be so.

**Sprightly:**

I don't in the least question it — as long as you help to make up the Equipage of a fashionable Lady, you can't expect to be otherwise.

**Merit:**

Faith, Madam, I am grown weary of the Honour she did me, and have — at last — discharg'd my self from her Service. 'Tis true, for

Folly, and your Reason, have done more for me, than all my own Philosophy. A Woman so affectedly presuming, is fit for nothing but the Ridicule of good Sense, and the Laugh of the Stage.

**AIR 59.** Coal black Joak [p. 473]

*Were I to chuse my fav'rite Charms,  
The Beauty that should bless my Arms;  
The dearest Friend! and the fondest Bride!  
No more the modish trifling Dame  
Should lure my Vow, or taint my Fame;  
Her Joy is Dress, and her Passion Pride!  
The blushing Fair my Vows employ,  
Whose Soul is Love, whose Eyes are Joy;  
Whose Heart, from ev'ry Folly free,  
In gentle Transport beats for me,  
The dearest Friend! and the fondest Bride!*

**Sprightly:**

Really this is a Change indeed! I have some Hopes of you now. Before, I imagin'd one part of your Conduct was a Satire on the other; or at least, you were grown so very happy, that some Affliction was necessary to qualify it. If so, my Cousin had answer'd that End to Advantage — like other good Husbands, you would have had no Torment but your Wife.

**Merit:**

Truce with your Railery now, Madam, however. — When a Town is surrender'd, all Hostilities should cease; 'tis a little inhumane to insult a conquer'd Enemy.

**Sprightly:**

'Tis now intended as an Insult, you may believe me, but only a Trial of your Fidelity.

**AIR 60.** With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee [p. 481]

*When Anger fires the Lover's Heart,  
And Fondness slumbring lies,  
He thinks Desire is on the Wing,  
And all his Passion dies;  
But Anger soon  
Forgets its Frown,  
And fond Desire returns;  
The Lover's Pain  
Succeeds again,  
And Sorrow vainly mourns.*

**Merit:**

O Madam, I see the Danger I have escap'd in the strongest Light imaginable, and, if I return, may I be chronicled for a Fool, in every new Lampoon, for a Year together.

**AIR 61.** Farewell, thou false Philander [p. 485]

*The Wretch who 'scapes the Ocean,  
Tho' shipwreck'd on the Strand,  
Yet dares the rude Commotion,  
To drag his Wealth to Land:  
The Wretch, so madly daring,  
His Fate deserves to find;  
Let ev'ry Billow hear him!  
The Sport of ev'ry Wind!*

**Sprightly:**

I am glad to find you so reasonable resolv'd. I have a Design to mortify my Cousin into a Reformation, if possible. Do you think you can look calmly on the Charms you so lately desir'd, and make a voluntary Resignation? Nay, can you look as pleas'd all the while, as a bearded Jew in Change-Alley, cheating one of the Gentiles? Consider, she has a fine Out-side, — 'twas that you lov'd, and, while it continues as beautiful and as enchanting as ever, are not you as liable as ever to the snare?

**AIR 62.** Young Phioret [p. 491]

*If to your Arms, with all her Charms,  
In soft Desire she flew;  
If fondly kind, to Fashion blind,  
She liv'd alone for you;  
Could you for ever Love resign,  
For ever quit her Snare,  
With Heart unmov'd, attend the Moan,  
And scorn the dying Fair?*

**Merit:**

Upon my Life, Madam, you have touch'd me to the Quick indeed: Such a Picture as this has Charms enough to ensnare a Statesman, and tempt a Hermit. — 'Tis like describing a delicious Prospect in the Bloom of Spring, giving a double Pleasure to every Circumstance. — But I'll think it all Inchantment, that Devils guard it, Ruin attends it, and obstinately shut my Eyes on all its Beauty.

**AIR 62.** When Palatines came o'er [p. 497]

*Smooth o'er the green Sea's Wave  
The Syrens dance along,  
Display their fatal Charms,  
And trill their tempting Song;  
But vain the tempting Lay,  
As vain as their sportive Play;  
The Pilot sails away,  
Secure away.*

**Sprightly:**

Then, Sir, you have gain'd a Victory indeed. 'Tis certainly as hard to overcome a Passion, as humanize a Miser.

**AIR 63.** Thro' the Wood, Laddie [p. 499]

*The Pleasure of Love is the Cause of its Pain;  
Amid all our Anguish,  
For Pleasure we languish;  
But Love without Pleasure should lure us in vain,  
We love for the Pleasure, and not for the Pain.*

**Merit:**

*For Pleasure we love; but in Love there is Pain;  
For Pleasure we languish,  
Yet groan with our Anguish,  
For Love and its Pleasure we labour in vain,  
We love for the Pleasure, but meet with the Pain.*

**Scene 14**

*Scene drawing, discovers Harlequin in his Chair, Punch, Scaramouch, Pierot, Pantalooch, in the Manner and Posture of Statues, behind him: Two Giants, one on each Side of the Stage, by one stands Cerberus, by the other Pegasus: beyond them Angles and Furies promiscuously ranged; the Devil and Death ending the Line: Above are Machines of Gods and Goddesses, Dragon, with Witches astride them; the back Scene decorated with the Sun and Moon, one Range of the Scenery a Colonade, the other a Wood.*

### Scene 15

Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama

**Ballad:**

Oons, you little Dog, what a Scene is here? Faith the very Essence and Quintessence of every Entertainment extant. Drama, I'll love thee as long as I live for this — O my poor Boy's Wedding! 'twill be a glorious Wedding! it makes me weep for very Joy. Meanwell, Modely, you grumbling Rogues! here's a Scene! Shakespeare, Johnson, Otway! Oons, they never saw such a Scene in their whole Lives.

**Drama:**

Really, Sir, I am very much of your Opinion.

**Modely:**

Pr'ythee, Ballad, don't be so impertinent — let the Players proceed. By the Universe, I'm tir'd to Death with his Nonsense.

**Meanwell:**

Be patient a little longer, Modely — let the old Gentleman rejoice over his good Fortune — his Humour is as good as the Play.

**Ballad:**

Sweet Signior Harlequin! let me see thee, old Boy; and you my little dumb Rascals; but mum for that; cry Mercy, here's the Devil too — my service to you, you black Whoresbird, with all my Heart. O Death, thou long-liv'd Mortal, give me thy Hand, and let's lead up a Dance. Oons, we'll have Death's Dance more to the Life than Holben's — but Gad forgive me, we'll see the End of the Opera first; and then we'll dance all together, like a Medly of Fools as a Masquerade.

### Scene 16

Merit, Smooth, Hackum, Whim, Trifle,  
Foible, Sprightly, Prattle, Voice

**Voice:**

Look ye, noble Captain, you may be as quarrelsome as a surly Justice, or a Town-Rake, if you please; but you know 'tis not convenient for you to quarrel here; these Gentlemen will spare you their Seats again, if you care to accept the Favour. Beside, Mr. Smooth is the civilest Man alive, and pleaded for your Enlargement like a begging Courtier, or a Borough Candidate; what can you desire more?

**Smooth:**

Yes, indeed Captain I did now; and what can a reasonable Man desire more?

**Foible:**

Mr. Smooth, give your self no farther Trouble about the ill-bred Creature — I'll be your Protection.

**Hackum:**

Ill-bred Creature! s' death she takes his Part — what a Devil, Madam, do you prefer this trifling Silk-Worm, this gaudy Butterfly, this chirping Cock-Sparrow, to a Man of my Courage and Renown? Blood and Thunder! I'll be revenge'd.

**Smooth:**

Indeed, Sir, but you shan't — I intend to keep out of his Way. *[Aside.]* Dem if he flares like his Ship's Lion, and is as testy as a proud Church-Warden.

**AIR 65.** Fye now pr'ythee John [p. 503]

**Voice:**

*Fye, fye, think of Peace,  
Pray let Quarrels cease;  
Let's be friendly — De'el take Dispute.*

**Smooth:**

*'Twas Hackum's fault, he rav'd and swore,  
Like Ruffian Swiss, or drunken Whore;  
Not that I heed the Roar  
Of such a surly Brute!*

**Hackum:**

*Sirrah, you lie, I scorn your Word,  
You Dog, I'll make you eat my Sword.*

**Smooth:**

*Go, Baily Huff, and storm abroad,  
Why, what are you ashore?*

**Voice:**

Look ye, Gentlemen, here's the Doctor *[Harlequin interposes.]* I fancy a Touch of his Art will silence all, like a Justice's Warrent.

**Hackum:**

Confound this Wizard, I hate him worse than a Pirate or a Spaniard.



**Smooth:**

O dear Sir Harlequin, I am infinitely oblig'd to you for this Favour, I forgive you my Journey to the Moon with all my Heart. *[Harlequin waves his Wand, and leads up his Mutes in a Dance – p. 509.]*

**Scene 17**

Ballad, Modely, Meanwell, Drama

**Ballad:**

Oons, Drama, take the Bottle — take the Bottle this Instant — I'll lead up the Dance my self, and Death or the Devil shall be my Partner. *[He puts the Dancers in Confusion.]*

**Modely:**

Sink me, this is insufferable — he has spoil'd the very best Scene in the whole Play.

**Meanwell:**

Pr'ythee be quiet — 'twas only in search of a proper Partner.

**Drama:**

Indeed, Mr. Ballad, you disorder us strangely, we shall never end the rehearsal at this Rate.

**Modely:**

Devil take him, he's as troublesome as Advice to a losing Gamester.

**Meanwell:**

Then we'll thrust him out of the Company, for his Folly.

**Modely:**

With all my Heart, by the Universe — I wish we had serv'd him so an Hour ago — come Drama, let's away with him.

**Ballad:**

Oons, Gentlemen, what do you mean? why, 'tis my Son Rattle's Wedding — my very own Play.

**Meanwell:**

You may be as dumb as your own Harlequin, if you please — so take your Bottle and troop off — that's the only Entertainment you understand.

**Ballad:**

Confound these damn'd Criticks — they are as arbitrary as the Turk, and as unmannerly as the Devil. *[They push him off.]*

**Scene 18**  
*The same as before*

**Foible:**

As I am a Toast, the Doctor is a most facetious Person — I am prodigiously charm'd with his Entertainment — I never saw a more fashionable Thing in my Life, I vow and protest.

**Prattle:**

Nor I neither, Mem, as I am a Person.

**Trifle:**

Verily, Madam, by the Doctor's leave, I must intrude on his Entertainment, and ask your Ladyship a very serious Question.

**Foible:**

Then you'll be very impertinent, I assure you, Sir, — I hate every thing that is serious, mortally.

**Trifle:**

Verily, Madam, I must persist in my Intreaty, tho' the Bust of Cicero should plead to the contrary — therefore, Madam, be so good as inform us who is the happy Person you will select from your humble Servants, as your most particular Rarity? I appeal to them all, whether it is not a very reasonable Question.

**Whim:**

Ay, ay, Mr. Trifle, a very reasonable Question.

**Smooth:**

Captain, will you do me the Honour of speaking first?

**Hackum:**

Ay, and last too, Mr. Flutter: Blood I say 'tis reasonable.

**Merit:**

I am of the same Opinion, Gentlemen.

**Smooth:**

Dem it, and I too.

**Sprightly:**

I think your Ladyship has a very fair Election.

**Prattle:**

Yes indeed, Mem, her La'ship has Variety enough.

**Foible:**

Well, Gentlemen, since you are so importunate to insist on a Declaration—

**Merit:**

Hold! Madam, a Moment, if you please — I beg Leave to prevent your Refusal of me — by giving up the Cause — From henceforward this Lady receives my Addresses — Where Reason will justify Inclination, and Friendship recommend Love.

**Foible:**

Sir, I must tell you, as I never valued your Love — I shall never lament the Loss, you may assure your self — and so — Mrs. Sprightly, you are very welcome to your unfashionable Man of Sense. Ha! ha! ha!

**Sprightly:**

And you to your fashionable Fools, Mrs. Foible. Ha! ha! ha!

**AIR 66.** Let Burgandy flow [p. 513]

**Foible:**

*While Dress and while Play  
Is our whole Delight,  
At the Wild, Young, and Gay,  
Let my Darts wing their Flight;  
Let Love be their Guide,  
Their Pleasure, their Pride,  
And Wisdom be Husband when you are a Bride.*

**Sprightly:**

*Let Wisdom be mine,  
Let Folly be Thine,  
And both will be blest, as their Wishes incline.*

**Foible:**

*Let Love be their Guide,  
Their Pleasure, their Pride,  
Let Wisdom,*

**Sprightly:**

*Let Folly,*

**Foible:**

*Let Wisdom,*

**Sprightly:**

*Let Folly,  
Let Wisdom be mine,  
Let Folly be Thine,*

**Both:**

*And both will be blest, as their Wishes incline.*

**Hackum:**

By the Wars, this Merit is a gallant Fellow — Blood, I'll discharge her too, — and then I shall be reveng'd for her slighting me — Madam, I am a rough Seaman, d'ye see — and don't care a Rope's End for all the Women in England, sink, or swim — You may take me at my Word, Lady — I speak my Mind bluntly.

**Whim:**

If he does not, Madam — I can tell your Ladyship I shall — I am weary of courting the Fashion, and giving my self the Torment of a Wild-goose Chace.

**Foible:**

I must tell you, Sir, I am as weary of your Humours, as you are of the Fashion — You may do what you please — Such Creatures are not worth my Notice!

**Prattle:**

I fancy, Mr. Whim, you'll lose your Time on Mrs. Sprightly — You had better accept my Offer to correct your Constitution.

**Whim:**

Any one, rather than a fashionable Lady.

**Trifle:**

Verily this is the greatest Rarity I ever saw in my Life. — The Daw, stript of her borrow'd Plumes in the Fable, is nothing comparable to a Fashionable Lady, deserted by her Lovers — Verily, I will not spoil the Joke, by an unseasonable Constancy — Madam, I humbly beg your Ladyship's Leave, to dismiss my self from your Collection of Lovers.

**Foible:**

O Sir, you are very welcome — I assure you — I can dispense with a Virtuoso as any Time — He is no such Rarity — To be as free with you, Gentlemen, as you have been with me — 'twas my Design to have refus'd you all, except the fashionable Mr. Smooth, and He — shall be my Choice notwithstanding.

**Smooth:**

Pardon me, Mem — Dem it, I wonder your La'ship should be so mistaken — Not when you are out of Fashion your self, Mem; not when your out of Fashion your self, for the World — Such an Absurdity would be an eternal Affront to a Man of my Genius.

**All:**

Ha! ha! ha!

**Foible:**

Dem your Genius, Fopling — This is unsufferable — What, forsaken! despis'd! laugh'd at! impossible! — Prattle! — the Hartshorn — the Hartshorn, Prattle! [*Swoons.*]

**Voice:**

So, so, she recovers — Madam, the Doctor, presumed to offer his Service in lieu of these Deserters — What say you, Madam? — The Doctor is perfectly in Fashion, and can transform himself to any Shape to please you; even Baboon, Dog, or any other Beast in Æsop's Fables.

**Foible:**

The Doctor! ay, Fellow, the Devil! any fashionable Thing in the Universe, to mortify these ill-bred Fellows.

**Voice:**

Huzza! Noble Doctor, Gallant Doctor! let's have a Chorus and t'other Dance, and a Fig for Merry-Andrews and Country Fairs, I say.

**AIR 67.** Come follow, follow me [p. 525]

*Come, follow, follow me,  
I'faith we'll merry be;  
The Musick of the Spheres  
Shall lead us by the Ears:  
Hand in Hand we'll dance around;  
This is all enchanted Ground.  
Hand in Hand, &c.*

**A GRAND DANCE**

AIR 68. Butter'd Peas [p. 537]

**Merit:**

*Had you, fair Lady, deign'd to smile  
Upon a wretched Lover's Pain,  
Still on your Breast I'd breath'd my Vows,  
Nor ever wish'd to rove again.*

**Sprightly:**

*But Fashion, Fashion was the Charm  
The Wanton courted ev'ry Hour;  
For Fashion, Fashion you was scorn'd:  
But now her Scorn will sting no more.*

**Chorus:**

*By Pride, and Folly, cur'd at last  
Of idle Love's fantastick Pain;  
As once we all were Slaves alike,  
Alike we all are free again.*

**Scene 19**

Meanwell, Modely, Drama

**Drama:**

Gentlemen, I thank you for your Patience. I wish my Opera has given you any Entertainment — Such as 'tis, I throw it on the Mercy of the Town; in hope 'twill be receiv'd favourably, for its Intention Sake.

**Modely:**

By the Universe, Mr. Drama, if you had not sneer'd so often at Italian Operas, I could almost wish you good Success.

**Meanwell:**

The Intention is really good, — and if 'twas not an Opera, I too would wish you the fame with all my Heart — But as the Case is, I am really ashamed to see a British Audience shout to insipid Farces, that have mistaken their Climate, and intruded on the Theatre Royal, instead of Bartholomew-Fair or the Borough.

**Drama:**

Way, Sir, to be free, I am as much asham'd as you; and, for that very Reason, made my humble Essay in this Kind of Entertainment, to prevent a worse — For every little Creature now, who has ever scribbled a Popular Ballad, or an amorous Song, thinks himself

capable of writing an English Opera, and charming the politest Audience.

But now the Muses fav'rite Sons arise,  
Politely learn'd, and elegantly wise,  
Arise Majestick to reform the Stage,  
And, with a nobler Scene, delight th' admiring Age.

*FINIS.*