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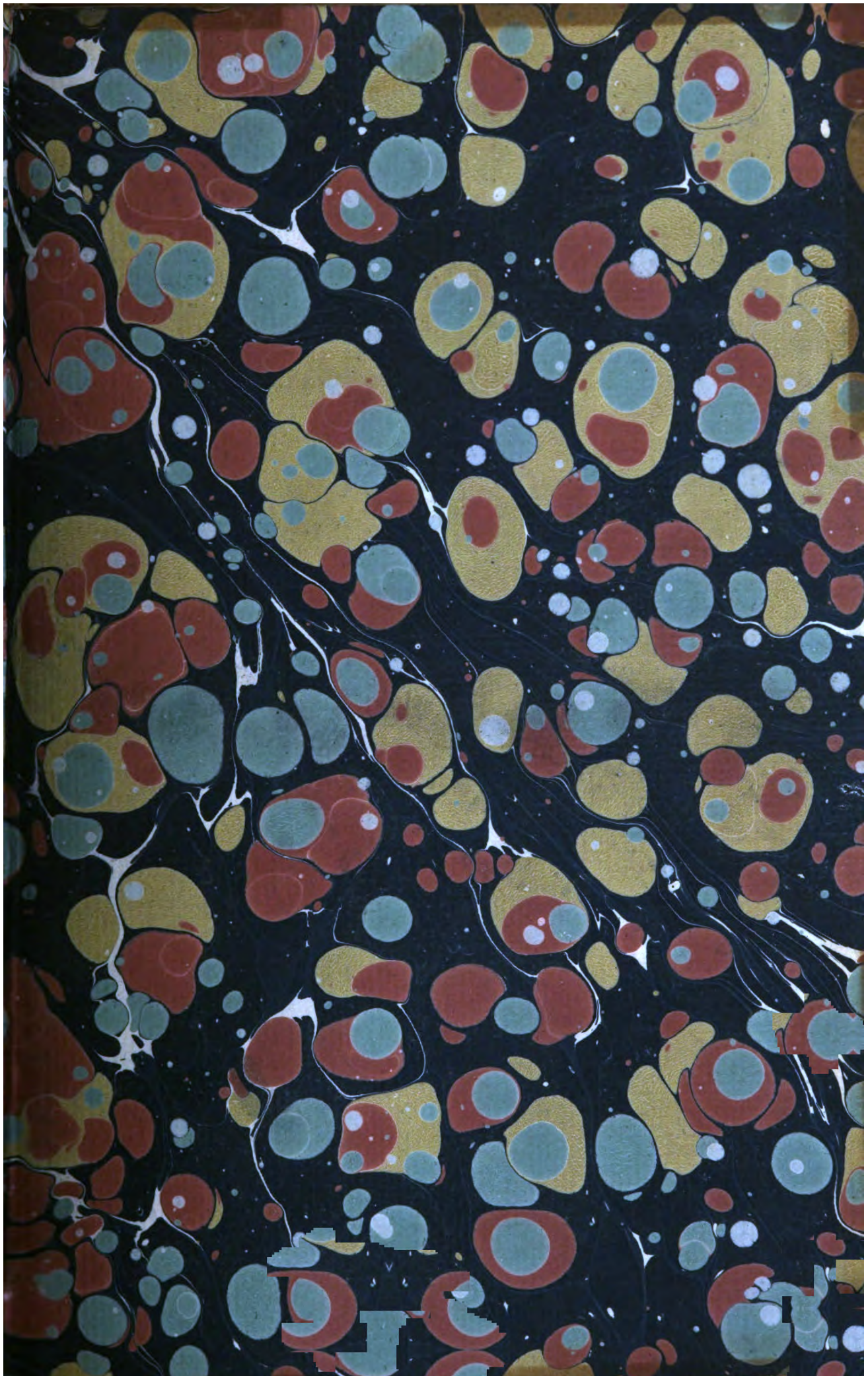
CLEMENT K.

SHORTER

Yet Ah, that Spring
Should vanish with
the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-
scented manuscript
should close!
The nightingale that
in the branches sang,
Ah whence, &
whither flown
again, who
knows?

Rubaiyat
Omar Khayyam

BRITISH MUSEUM



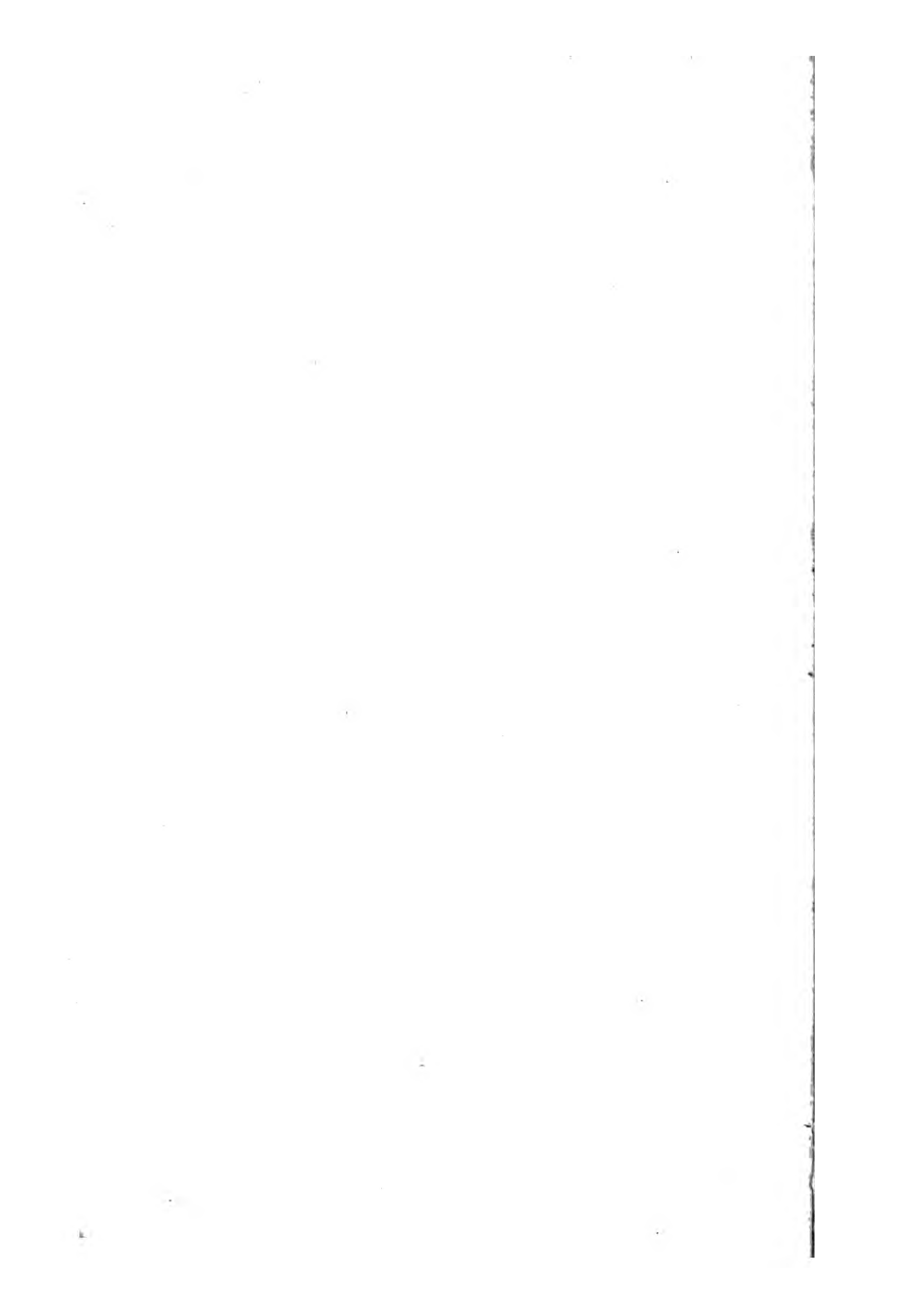
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Drawn
by H. Fulden

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Rar. E 88



T O M T H U M B.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
T H E A T R E
IN THE
H A T - M A R K E T.

Written by *Scriblerus Secundus.*

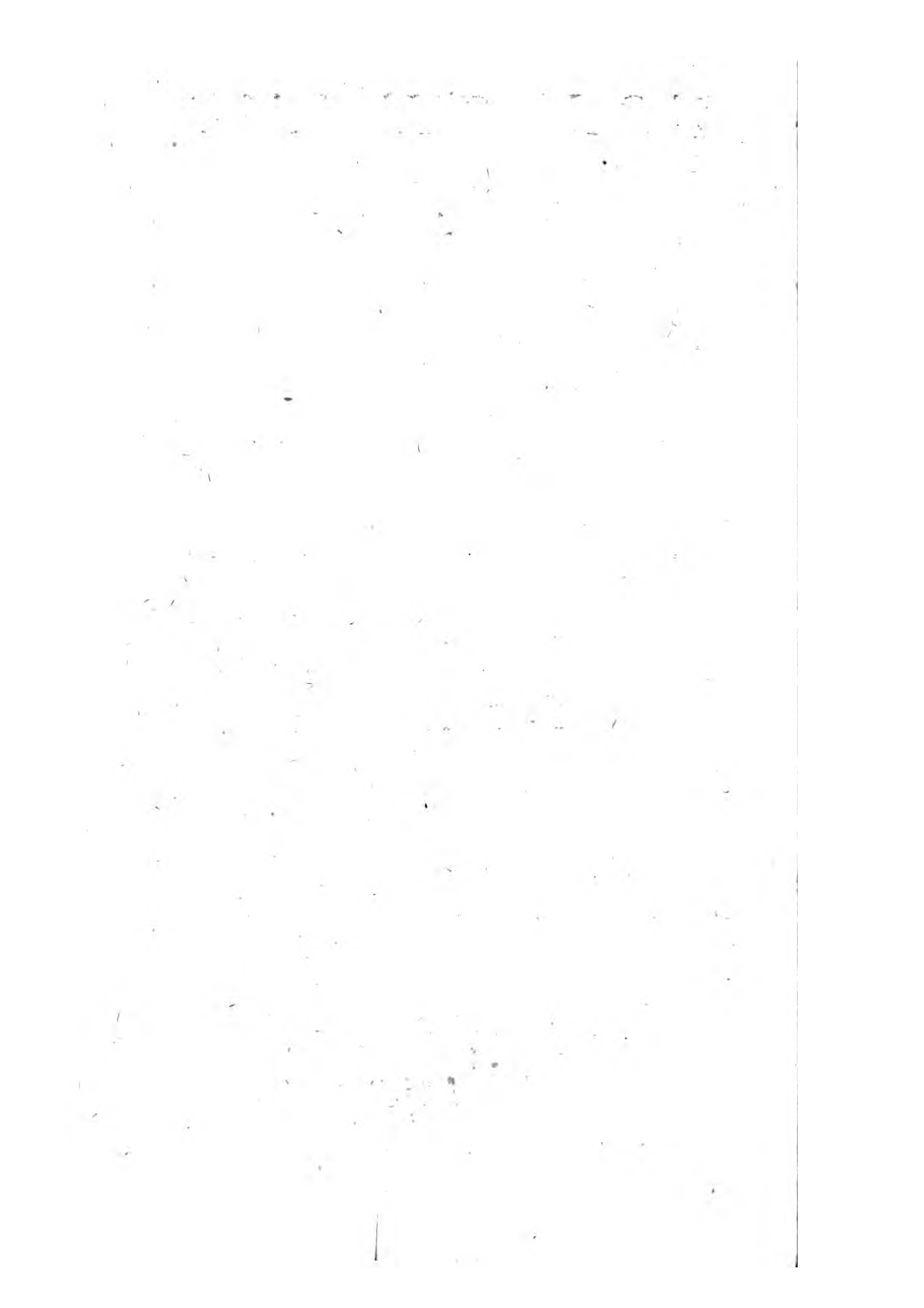
— *Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.* Hor.

The **SECOND EDITION.**

L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by J. R O B E R T S in
Warwick-Lane. 1730.

[Price Six Pence.]





P R E F A C E.

A Preface is become almost as necessary to a Play, as a Prologue: It is a Word of Advice to the Reader, as the other to the Spectator: And as the Business of a Prologue is to commend the Play, so that of the Preface is to Compliment the Actors.

A Preface requires a Style entirely different from all other Writings; A Style for which I can find no Name in either the Sublime of *Longinus*, or the Profund of *Scriblerus*: which I shall therefore venture to call the Supernatural, after the celebrated Author of *Hurlobrumbo*: who, tho' no Writer of Prefaces, is a very great Master of their Style.

As *Charon* in *Lucian* suffers none to enter his Boat till stripped of every thing they have about them, so should no Word by any means enter into a Preface till stripped of all its Ideas. Mr. *Lock* complains of confused Ideas in Words, which is entirely amended by suffering them to give none at all: This may be done by adding, diminishing, or changing a Letter, as instead of *Paraphernalia*, writing *Paraphonalia*: For a Man may turn *Greek* into Nonsense, who cannot turn Sense into either *Greek* or *Latin*.

A Second Method of stripping Words of their Ideas is by putting half a dozen incoherent ones together: Such as *when the People of our Age shall be Ancestors*, &c. By which means one discordant Word, like a surly Man in Company, spoils the whole Sentence, and makes it entirely Prefatical.

Some imagine this Way of Writing to have been originally introduced by *Plato*, whom *Cicero* observes to have taken especial Pains in wrapping up his Sentiments from the Understandings of the Vulgar. But I can in no wise agree with them in this Conjecture, any more than their deriving the Word Preface, *quasi Plaface, a Plato*: whereas the Original Word is *Playface, quasi Players Face*: and sufficiently denotes some Player, who

P R E F A C E.

was as remarkable for his *Face*, as his Prefaces, to have been the Inventor of it.

But that the Preface to my Preface be not longer than that to my Play: I shall have done with the Performances of others, and speak a Word or two of my own.

This Preface then was writ at the Desire of my Bookseller, who told me that some Elegant Criticks had made three great Objections to this Tragedy: which I shall handle without any Regard to Precedence: And therefore I begin to defend the last Scene of my Play against the third Objection of these * *Kriticks*, which is, to the destroying all the Characters in it, this I cannot think so unprecedented as these Gentlemen would insinuate, having my-self known it done in the first Act of several Plays: Nay, it is common in modern Tragedy for the Characters to drop, like the Citizens in the first Scene of *OEdipus*, as soon as they come upon the Stage.

Secondly, they Object to the killing a Ghost. This (say they) far exceeds the Rules of Probability; perhaps it may; but I would desire these Gentlemen seriously to recollect, whether they have not seen in several celebrated Plays, such Expressions as these, *Kill my Soul, Stab my very Soul, Bleeding Soul, Dying Soul, cum multis aliis*, all which visibly confess that for a Soul or Ghost to be killed is no Impossibility.

As for the first Objection which they make, and the last which I answer, *viz.* to the Subject, to this I shall only say, that it is in the Choice of my Subject I have placed my chief Merit.

It is with great Concern that I have observed several of our (the *Grubstreet*) Tragical Writers, to Celebrate in their Immortal Lines the Actions of Heroes recorded in Historians and Poets, such as *Homer* or *Virgil, Livy* or *Plutarch*, the Propagation of whose Works is so apparently against the Interest of our Society; when the Romances, Novels, and Histories, *vulgo* call'd Story-Books, of our own People, furnish such abundant and proper Themes for their Pens, such are *Tom Trum, Hickathrift, &c.*

And here I congratulate my Cotemporary Writers, for their having enlarged the Sphere of Tragedy: The ancient Tragedy seems to have had only two Effects on an Audience, *viz.* It either awakened Terror and Compassion, or compos'd those and all other uneasy Sensations, by lulling the Audience in an agreeable Slumber. But to provoke the Mirth and Laughter of the Spectators, to join the Sock to the Buskin, is a Praise only due to Modern Tragedy.

Having spoken thus much of the Play, I shall proceed to the Performers, amongst whom if any shone brighter than the rest it was *Tom Thumb*. Indeed such was the Excellence thereof, that no one can believe unless they see its Representation, to
which

* *Prefatical Language,*

P R E F A C E.

which I shall refer the Curious: Nor can I refrain from observing how well one of the Mutes set off his Part: So excellent was his Performance, that it out-did even my own Wishes: I gratefully give him my share of Praise, and desire the Audience to refer the whole to his beautiful Action.

And now I must return my hearty Thanks to the Musick, who, I believe, played to the best of their Skill, because it was for their own Reputation, and because they are paid for it: So have I thrown little *Tom Thumb* on the Town, and hope they will be favourable to him, and for an Answer to all Censures, take these Words of *Martial*,

*Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, Tu, Causa es ———*



P R O-

PROLOGUE.

By no Friend of the Author's.

Spoken by Mr. J O N E S.

WITH *Mirth and Laughter to delight the Mind*
The modern Tragedy was first design'd:
'Twas this made Farce with Tragedy unite,
And taught each Scribler in the Town to Write.

The Glorious Heroes who, in former Years,
Dissolv'd all Athens and all Rome in Tears;
Who to our Stage, have been transplanted too;
Whom Shakespear taught to Storm, and Lee to Woo, }
And could to Softness, ev'ry Heart subdue,
Grub-Street has turn'd to Farce. — Oh glorious Lane!
O, may thy Authors never write in vain!
May crowded Theatres ne'er give Applause
To any other than the Grub-Street Cause!

Since then, to laugh, to Tragedies you come,
What Heroe is so proper as Tom Thumb?
Tom Thumb! whose very Name must Mirth incite,
And fill each merry Briton with Delight.

Britons, awake! — Let Greece and Rome no more
Their Heroes send to our Heroick Shore.
Let home-bred Subjects grace the modern Muse,
And Grub-Street from her Self, her Heroes chuse:
Her Story-Books immortalize in Fame,
Hickathrift, Jack the Giant-Killer, and Tom Tram.
No Venus shou'd in Sign-Post Painter shine;
No Roman Hero in a Scribler's Line:
The monst'rous Dragon to the Sign belongs,
And Grub-Street's Heroes best adorn her Songs.
To-Night our Bard, Spectators, would be true
To Farce, to Tragedy, Tom Thumb, and You.
May all the Hissing Audience be struck Dumb;
Long live the Man who cries, Long live Tom Thumb.

EPILOGUE.

Sent by an Unknown Hand.

Spoken by Miss JONES.

TOM Thumb, *twice Dead, is a third Time Reviv'd,*
And, by your Favour, may be yet long-liv'd.
But, more I fear the snarling Critick's Brow,
Than Grizzle's Dagger, or the Throat of Cow!
Well then — Toupees, I warrant you suppose
I'll be exceeding witty on the Beaus;
But faith! I come with quite a diff'rent View,
To shew there are Tom Thumbs, as well as you.
Place me upon the awful Bench, and try
If any Judge can sleep more sound than I.
Or let me o'er a Pulpit-Cushion peep,
See who can set you in a sounder Sleep.
Tom Thumb can feel the Pulse, can give the Pill;
No Doctor's Feather shall more surely kill.
I'll be a Courtier, give me but a Place;
A Title makes me equal with his Grace:
Lace but my Coat, where is a prettier Spark?
I'll be a Justice — give me but a Clerk.
A Poet too — when I have learnt to read,
And plunder both the Living and the Dead:
Any of these, Tom Thumb with Ease can be,
For Many such, are nothing more than He.

But, for the Ladies, they, I know, despise
The little Things of my inferior Size.
Their mighty Souls are all of them too large
To take so small a Heroe to their Charge.
Take Pity, Ladies, on a young Beginner;
Faith! I may prove, in time, a thumping Sinner.
Let your kind Smiles our Author's Cause defend;
He fears no Foes, while Beauty is his Friend.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King Arthur,
Tom Thumb,
Lord Grizzle,
Mr. Noodle,
Mr. Doodle,
1 Physician,
2 Physician,

Mr. *Mullart*.
Miss *Jones*.
Mr. *Jones*.
Mr. *Reynolds*.
Mr. *Marshall*.
Mr. *Hallam*.
Mr. *Dove*.

W O M E N.

Queen Dollalolla,
Princess Huncamunca,
Cleora,
Mustacha,

Mrs. *Mullart*.
Mrs. *Jones*.
Mrs. *Smith*.
Mrs. *Clark*.

Courtiers, Slaves, Bailiffs, &c.

SCENE *The Court of King Arthur.*



T O M



TOM THUMB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Mr. Doodle, Mr. Noodle.

D O O D L E.



URE, such a Day as this was never seen!
The Sun himself, on this auspicious
Day,
Shines like a Beau in a new Birth-Day
Suit:

All Nature, O my *Noodle*! grins for Joy.

Nood. This Day, O Mr. *Doodle*! is a Day
Indeed, a Day we never saw before.

The mighty *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,
Who bite their Chains, and frown and foam like Mad-
Dogs.

He rides, regardless of their ugly Looks.
So some Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.

Dood. When *Goody Thumb* first brought this *Thomas*
forth,

The *Genius* of our Land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O *Arthur*! did thy *Genius* reign.

B

Nood.

2 *The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.*

Nood. They tell me, it is whisper'd in the Books
Of all our Sages, That this mighty Hero
(By *Merlin's* Art begot) has not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle.

Dood. Wou'd *Arthur's* Subjects were such Gristle,
all !

He then might break the Bones of ev'ry Foe.

Nood. But hark ! these Trumpets speak the King's
Approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my Petition !
Let us retire a little.

S C E N E II.

King, Queen, *Lord* Grizzle, Doodle, Noodle.

King. Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear ;
The Man who frowns this Day, shall lose his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown again.
Smile, *Dollalolla* ; — Ha ! what wrinkled Sorrow
Sits, like some *Mother Demdike*, on thy Brow ?
Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd
Checks,

Like a swoln Gutter, gushing through the Streets ?

Queen. Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks say,
Gives Tears, as often as Excess of Grief.

King. If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,
'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears ;
Nay, 'till they overflow my utmost Land,
And leave me nothing but the Sea to rule.

Dood. My Liege ! I've a Petition —

King. Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day ;
Let other Hours be set apart for Bus'ness.

To-day it is our Pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as Us.

Queen. If the capacious Goblet overflow
With *Arrack-Punch* — 'fore *George* ! I'll see it out ;
Of *Rum*, or *Brandy*, I'll not taste a Drop.

King. Tho' *Rack*, in *Punch*, Eight Shillings be a
Quart,

And

The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.

And *Rum* and *Brandy* be no more than Six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your Will.

But, ha! the Warrior comes; *Tom Thumb* approaches;
The welcome Hero, Giant-killing Lad,
Preserver of my Kingdom, is arrived. [*Trumpets.*]

SCENE III.

Tom Thumb, attended; King, Queen, Lord Grizzle,
Doodle, Noodle.

King. O welcome, ever welcome to my Arms,
My dear *Tom Thumb*! How shall I thank thy Merit?

Thumb. By not b'ing thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;

My Duty I have done, and done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a lovely Creature seen! [*Aside.*]

King. Thy Modesty's a Candle to thy Merit,
It shines Itself, and shews thy Merit too.

Vain Impudence, if it be ever found

With Virtue, like the Trumpet in a Consort,
Drowns the sweet Musick of the softer Flute.

But say, my Boy, where didst thou leave the Giants?

Thumb. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,

The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like twenty Things, my Liege;
Like twenty thousand Oaks, by Winter's Hand
Strip'd of their Blossoms, like a Range of Houses,
When Fire has burnt their Timber all away.

King. Enough: The vast Idea fills my Soul;
I see them, yes, I see them now before me.
The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores,
Which, like as many rav'nous Wolves, of late
Frown'd grimly o'er the Land, like Lambs look now.
O *Thumb*, what do we to thy Valour owe!
The Princess *Huncamunca* is thy Prize.

4 *The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.*

Queen. Ha! Be still, my Soul!

Thumb. Oh, happy, happy Hearing!
Witness, ye Stars! cou'd *Thumb* have ever set
A Bound to his Ambition — it had been
The Princess *Huncamunca*, in whose Arms
Eternity would seem but half an Hour.

Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your Soldier's Merit,
But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb*.

King. *Tom Thumb!* Odzooks, my wide extended
Realm

Knows not a Name so glorious as *Tom Thumb*.
Not *Alexander*, in his highest Pride,
Could boast of Merits greater than *Tom Thumb*.
Not *Cæsar*, *Scipio*, all the Flow'rs of *Rome*,
Deserv'd their Triumphs better than *Tom Thumb*.

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,
He shall not have the Princess, that is Pos'.

King. Say you so, Madam? We will have a Trial.
When I consent, what Pow'r has your Denyal?
For, when the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Petticoat, and her the Breeches.

Nood. Long Health and Happiness attend the Ge-
neral!

Long may he live, as now, the Publick Joy,
While ev'ry Voice is burthen'd with his Praise.

Thumb. Whisper, ye Winds! that *Huncamunca's*
mine;

Ecchoes repeat, that *Huncamunca's* mine!
The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is over,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns the Toil.
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,
And *Hymeneal* Sweets invite my Bride.

So when some Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,
Has through dark Paths pursu'd the Sooty Way,
At Night, to wash his Face and Hands he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickdust* lies.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Lord Grizzle, Solus.

See how the cringing Coxcombs fawn upon him!
The Sun-shine of a Court can, in a Day,
Ripen the vilest Insect to an Eagle:
And ev'ry little Wretch, who but an Hour
Before had scorn'd, and trod him under Feet,
Shall lift his Eyes aloft, to gaze at distance,
And flatter what they scorn'd.

S C E N E V.

Enter Queen, to Lord Grizzle.

Queen. Well met, my Lord.
You are the Man I sought. Have you not heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)
That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made.

Griz. I heard it, I confess — for who, alas!
Can always stop his Ears — but would my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had first been set on Edge.

Queen. Would I had heard at the still Noon of
Night,
The dreadful Cry of Fire in ev'ry Street!
Odsbobs! I could almost destroy my self,
To think I should a Grand-mother be made
By such a Rascal. — Sure, the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stile
Was drop'd. — O, good Lord *Grizzle!* can I bear
To see him, from a Pudding, mount the Throne?

Griz. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! cease my
Queen,
Thy Voice, like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my
Brain.

Queen. Then rouse thy Spirit — we may yet prevent
This hated Match. —

Griz.

6 *The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.*

Griz. We will. — Not Fate, itself,
Should it conspire with *Thomas Thumb*, should cause it.
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rush; I'll rise; I'll roar
Fierce as the Man whom smiling Dolphins bore,
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore. }
I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him
not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet, can we kill the Man who kill'd the Giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to a Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! Have you seen no Giants? Are there
not

Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants?

Griz. Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not One.

Queen. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traytor, hie
away;

By all my Stars! thou enviest *Tom Thumb*.

Go, Sirrah! go; hie away! hie! — thou art
A Setting-Dog — and like one I use thee.

Griz. Madam, I go.

Tom Thumb shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd.

So when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, one of the two Dogs meets,
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog smarts for what that Dog had done. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

Queen, Sola.

And whither shall I go? — Alack-a-day!
I love *Tom Thumb* — but must not tell him so,
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?

A

The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.

7

A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't. — I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb*.
Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb*.
Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.
But hold! — Perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine,
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.

So when some Wench to *Totbill-Bridewell's* sent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging, she's content;
She hopes, in Time, to ease her present Pain;
At length is free, and walks the Streets again. [*Exit.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Bailiff, Follower.

Bailiff. COME on, my trusty Follower, inur'd
To ev'ry kind of Danger; cudgell'd oft;
Often in Blankets toss'd — oft Pump'd upon:
Whose Virtue in a Horse-Pond hath been try'd.
Stand here by me. — This way must *Noodle* pass.

Foll. Were he an Half-pay Officer, a Bully,
A Highway-man, or Prize-fighter, I'd nab him.

Bail. This Day discharge thy Duty, and at Night
A double Mug of Beer and Beer shall glad thee.
Then in an Ale-house may'st thou sit at Ease,
And quite forget the Labours of the Day.

So wearied Oxen to their Stalls retire,
And rest from all the Burthens of the Plough.

Foll. No more, no more, O Bailiff! ev'ry Word
Inspires my Soul with Virtue. — O! I long
To meet the Enemy in the Street — and nab him;
To lay arresting Hands upon his Back,

And

8 *The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.*

And drag him trembling to the Spunging-House.

Bail. There, when I have him, I will sponge upon him.

O glorious Thought! By the Sun, Moon, and Stars,
I will enjoy it, tho' it be in Thought!

Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it.

So Lovers, in Imagination strong,
Enjoy their absent Mistresses in Thought,
And hug their Pillows, as I now do thee:

And as they squeeze its Feathers out — so I
Would from his Pockets squeeze the Money out.

Foll. Alas! too just your Simile, I fear,
For Courtiers often nothing are but Feathers.

Bail. Oh, my good Follower! when I reflect
On the big Hopes I once had entertain'd,
To see the Law, as some devouring Wolf,
Eat up the Land, — 'till, like a Garrison,
Its whole Provision's gone. — Lawyers were forc'd,
For want of Food, to feed on one another.

But Oh! fall'n Hope. The Law will be reduc'd
Again to Reason, whence it first arose.

But Ha! our Prey approaches — let us retire.

S C E N E II.

Tom Thumb, Noodle, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Trust me, my *Noodle*, I am wond'rous sick;
For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca*,
Yet at the Thought of Marriage, I grow pale;
For Oh! — but swear thou'lt keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a Tale will make thee stare.

Nood. I swear by lovely *Huncamunca's* Charms.

Thumb. Then know — My Grand-mamma hath of-
ten said —

Tom Thumb, beware of Marriage. —

Nood. Sir, I blush

To think a Warrior great in Arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma.
Can an old Woman's empty Dreams deter
The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms?

Think

The Tragedy of TOM THUMB. 9

Think of the Joy which will your Soul alarm,
When in her fond Embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting Breast dissolv'd in Bliss,
You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in ev'ry Kifs.

Thumb. Oh, *Noodle!* thou hast fir'd my eager Soul;
Spight of my Grandmother, she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with Love.
Whole Days, and Nights, and Years shall be too short
For our Enjoyment; ev'ry Sun shall rise
Blushing, to see us in our Bed together.

Nood. Oh, Sir! this Purpose of your Soul pursue.

Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an Action against you.

Nood. At whose Suit is it?

Bail. At your Taylor's, Sir.

Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,
And I arrest you, Sir, at his Commands.

Thumb. Ha! Dogs! Arrest my Friend before my Face!
Think you *Tom Thumb* will swallow this Disgrace!
But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,
Tom Thumb shall show his Anger by his Sword.

[*Kills the Bailiff.*]

Bail. Oh, I am slain!

Foll. I'm murdered also,
And to the Shades, the dismal Shades below,
My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go.

Thumb. Thus perish all the Bailiffs in the Land,
'Till Debtors at Noon-day shall walk the Street,
And no one fear a Bailiff, or his Writ.

S C E N E III. *The Princess Huncamunca's
Apartment.*

Huncamunca, Cleora, Mustacha.

Hunc. Give me some Musick to appease my Soul:
Gentle *Cleora*, sing my fav'rite Song.

Cleora sings.

Cupid, ease a Love-sick Maid,
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

C

Let

10 *The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.*

*Let him feel the pleasing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow through his Heart;
When One you wound, you then destroy;
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy.*

Hunc. O, *Tom Thumb!* *Tom Thumb!* wherefore art thou *Tom Thumb?*

Why had'st thou not been born of Royal Blood?
Why had not mighty *Bantam* been thy Father?
Or else the King of *Brentford*, *Old* or *New?*

Must. I am surprized that your Highness can give your self a Moment's Uneasiness about that little insignificant Fellow, *Tom Thumb*. One properer for a Play-thing, than a Husband. — Were he my Husband, his Horns should be as long as his Body. — If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I should not have wondered at it. If you had fallen in Love with Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my *Mustacha*, on your Duty cease.
The *Zephyr*, when in flowry Vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as *Thummy's* Breath.
The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate.

Must. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband. Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court that looks so little like a Man. He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Substance, and almost without Shadow too.

Hunc. This Rudeness is unseasonable; desist,
Or I shall think this Railing comes from Love.
Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Cle. Madam, the King.

S C E N E IV.

King, *Huncamunca*.

King. Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.

[*Ex. Cleora, and Mustacha,*
Daughter, I have of late observ'd some Grief
Unusual in your Countenance, your Eyes

That,

The Tragedy of TOM THUMB. 11.

That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew
The lovely Beauty of the Room within,
Have now two Blinds before them — What is the Cause?
Say, have you not enough of Meat or Drink?
We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted.

Hunc. Alas! my Lord, a tender Maid may want
What she can neither Eat nor Drink —

King. What's that?

Hunc. Oh! Spare my Blushes, but I mean a Husband.

King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whose Warlike Sword
Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants.
Whose Name in *Terrâ incognitâ* is known,
Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,
Great as the Kettle Drums of twenty Armies.

Hunc. Whom does my Royal Father mean?

King. *Tom Thumb.*

Hunc. Is it possible?

King. Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
A Country Dance of Joys is in your Face,
Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.

Hunc. O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,
I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cause of all my Grief.
For him I've Sigh'd, I've Wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

S C E N E V.

King, Huncamunca, Doodle.

Dood. Oh! fatal News — the great *Tom Thumb* is dead.

King. How dead!

Dood. Alas! as dead as a Door-Nail.

Help, help, the Princess faints!

King. Fetch her a Dram.

Hunc. Under my Bed you'll find a Quart of Rum.

[*Ex.* Doodle.

King. How does my pretty Daughter?

Hunc. Thank you, Papa,
I'm something better now.

12 *The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.*

Enter Slave.

King. What Slave waits there?
Go order the Physicians strait before me,
That did attend *Tom Thumb* — now by my Stars,
Unless they give a full and true Account
Of his Distemper, they shall all be hang'd.

Dood. [*returns.*] Here is the Bottle, and here is the
Glas.

I found them both together —

King. Give them me. [*fills the Glass,*
Drink it all off, it will do you no harm.

S C E N E VI.

King, Huncamunca, Doodle, Physicians.

1 Physf. We here attend your Majesty's Command.

King. Of what Distemper did *Tom Thumb* demise?

1 Physf. He died, may it please your Majesty, of a
Distemper which *Paracelsus* calls the *Diaphormane*,
Hippocrates the *Catecumen*, *Galen* the *Regon* — He was
taken with a Dizziness in his Head, for which I bled
him, and put on Four Blisters — he then had the
Gripes, wherefore I thought it proper to apply a Gli-
ster, a Purge, and a Vomit.

2 Physf. Doctor, you mistake the Case; the Distem-
per was not the *Diaphormane*, as you vainly imagine; it
was the *Peripilufis* — and tho' I approve very much of
all that you did — let me tell you, you did not do half
enough — you know he complained of a Pain in his
Arm, I would immediately have cut off his Arm, and
have laid open his Head, to which I would have ap-
plied some *Trabifick* Plaister; after that I would have
proceeded to my *Catharticks*, *Emeticks*, and *Diureticks*.

1 Physf. In the *Peripilufis* indeed these Methods are
not only wholesome but necessary: but in the *Dia-
phormane* otherwise.

2 Physf. What are the Symptoms of the *Diaphor-
mane*?

1 Physf. They are various — very various and un-
certain. *1 Physf.*

The Tragedy of TOM THUMB. 13

2 *Phys.* Will you tell me that a Man died of the *Diaphormane* in one Hour — when the Crisis of that Distemper does not rise till the Fourth Day?

1 *Phys.* The Symptoms are various, very various and uncertain.

S C E N E VII.

[*To them.*] Tom Thumb attended.

Thumb. Where is the Princess? where's my *Huncamunca*?

Lives she? O happy *Thumb*! for even now
A Murmur humming skips about the Court,
That *Huncamunca* was defunct.

King. Bless me!

Ye Blazing Stars ——— sure 'tis Illusion all.
Are you *Tom Thumb*, and are you too alive?

Thumb. *Tom Thumb* I am, and eke also alive.

King. And have you not been dead at all? —

Thumb. Not I.

1 *Phys.* I told you, Doctor, that *Cathartick* would do his Business.

2 *Phys.* Ay, and I am very much surprized to find it did not.

S C E N E VIII.

King, Thumb, Huncamunca, Physicians,
Doodle, Noodle.

Nood. Great News, may it please your Majesty, I bring,

A Traytor is discover'd, who design'd
To kill *Tom Thumb* with Poison.

King. Ha! say you?

Nood. A Girl had dress'd her Monkey in his Habit,
And that was poisoned by mistake for *Thumb*.

King. Here are Physicians for you, whose nice Art
Can take a dress'd up Monkey for a Man.

Come to my Arms, my dearest Son-in-Law!

Happy's the wooing, that's not long a doing;

Proceed

14 *The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.*

Proceed we to the Temple, there to tye
The burning Bridegroom to the blushing Bride.
And if I guess aright, *Tom Thumb* this Night
Shall give a Being to a new *Tom Thumb*.

Thumb. It shall be my Endeavour so to do.

Hunc. O fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

Thumb. It is the Virgin's sign, and suits you well —
I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,
I'm so transported, I have lost my self.

Hunc. Forbid it, all the Stars; for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find your self no more.
So the unhappy Sempstress, once, they say,
Her Needle in a Pottle, lost, of Hay.
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan;
For ah! the Needle was for ever gone.

King. Long may ye live, and love, and propagate,
'Till the whole Land be peopled with *Tom Thumbs*.
So when the *Cheshire-Cheese* a Maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds;
By thousands and ten thousands they encrease,
Till one continu'd Maggot fills the rotten Cheese.

SCENE IX.

Manent Physicians.

1 *Phys.* Pray, Doctor *Church-yard*, what is your *Peripilufis*? I did not care to own my Ignorance to the King; but I never heard of such a Distemper before.

2 *Phys.* Truly, Doctor *Fillgrave*, it is more nearly allied to the *Diaphormane* than you imagine — and when you know the one, you will not be very far from finding out the other. But it is now past Ten; I must haste to Lord *Weekleys*, for he'll be dead before Eleven, and so I shall lose my Fee.

1 *Phys.* Doctor, your Servant. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE X.

Enter Queen sola.

How am I forc'd to wander thus alone,
As if I were the *Phoenix* of my Kind;

Tom

The Tragedy of TOM THUMB. 15

Tom Thumb is lost — yet *Hickathrift* remains,
And *Hickathrift's* as great a Man as *Thumb*.
But he then our Gallant — but ha! what Noise
Comes trav'ling onward, bellowing as loud
As Thunder rumbling through th' Ætherial Plains?

S C E N E XI.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, *Courtiers*.

King. Open the Prisons, set the Wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse Six Pounds
To pay their Debts. — Let no one weep to-day.
Come, my fair Consort, sit thee down by me.
Here seated, let us view the Dancers Sport;
Bid them advance. — This is the Wedding-Day
Of Princess *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*.

Dance, *Epithalamium*, and Sports.

S C E N E *The Last.*

Noodle, King, Queen, Huncamunca, *Courtiers*.

Nood. Oh monstrous! dreadful! terrible! Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind my Eyes,
Dumb be my Tongue, Feet lame, all Senses lost.

King. What does the Blockhead mean?

Nood. Whilst from my Garret
I look'd abroad into the Street below,
I saw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,
Twice Twenty Shoe-boys, twice two Dozen Links,
Chairmen, and Porters, Hackney-Coachmen, Whores;
When on the sudden through the Streets there came
A Cow, of larger than the usual Size,
And in a Moment, gues, oh! gues the rest,
And in a Moment swallow'd up *Tom Thumb*.

King. Horrible indeed!

Ld *Griz*. Swallowed she him alive?

Nood. Alive, alive, Lord *Grizzle*; so the Boys
Of Fishmongers do swallow Gudgeons down.

Ld *Griz*.

16 *The Tragedy of TOM THUMB.*

Ld Griz. Curse on the Cow that took my Vengeance
from me. [*Aside.*

King. Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Tresaurer
Not give three Farthings out — hang all the *Culprits*,
Guilty or not — no matter. — Ravish Virgins,
Go bid the School-masters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parsons, and Physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the World.

Ghost of Tom Thumb rises.

Ghost. *Tom Thumb* I am — but am not eke alive:
My Body's in the Cow, my Ghost is here.

Griz. Thanks, O ye Stars, my Vengeance is restor'd,
Nor shalt thou fly me ——— for I'll kill thy Ghost.

[*Kills the Ghost.*

Hunc. O barbarous Deed! — I will revenge him so,

[*Kills Griz.*

Dood. Ha! *Grizzle* kill'd — then Murtherers be-
ware. [*Kills Hunc.*

Queen. O Wretch! — have at thee. [*Kills Dood.*

Nood. And have at thee too. [*Kills the Queen.*

Cle. Thou'st kill'd the Queen. [*Kills Nood.*

Must. And thou hast kill'd my Lover. [*Kills Cle.*

King. Ha! Murtherers vile, take that. [*Kills Must.*

And take thou this. [*Kills himself, and falls.*

So when the Child whom Nurse from Mischief guards,
Sends *Jack* for Mustard with a Pack of Cards;

Kings, Queens and Knaves, throw one another down,

'Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;

So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,

And all I boast is, that I fall the last.

[*Dies.*

F I N I S.

