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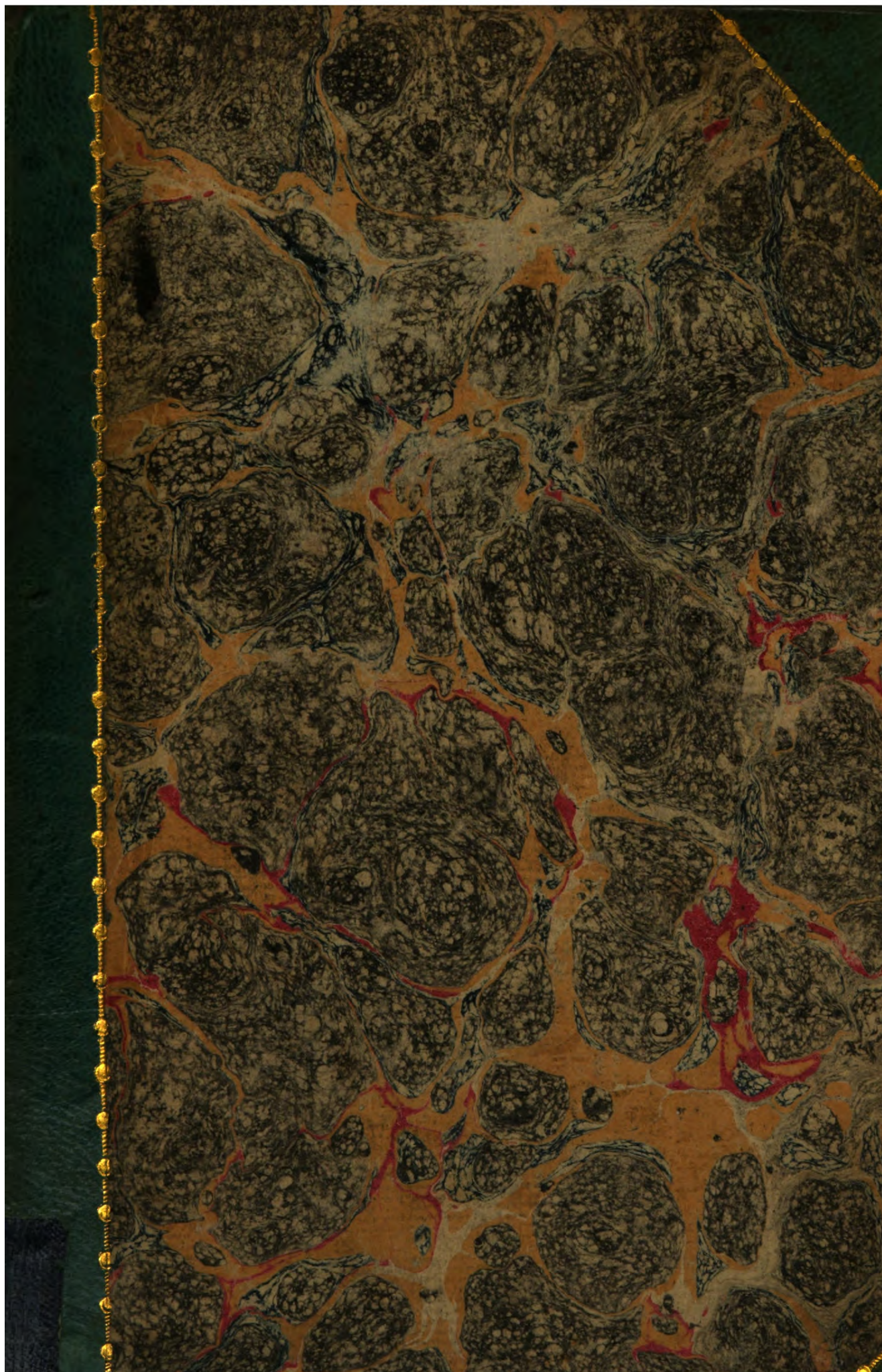
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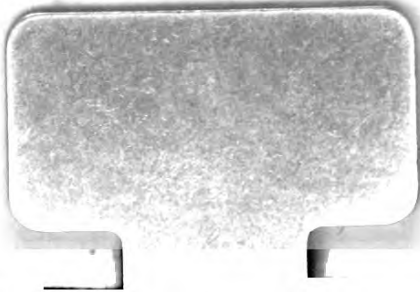


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- 26.



THE
LOVER *his own* RIVAL.

A
BALLAD OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the
THEATRE - ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

By Mr. LANGFORD.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

M DCC LIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

[illegible]



P R E F A C E.

THE kind Reception which the Town have been pleased to give to this Opera, encourages me to hope that they will receive, as kindly, the due Acknowledgments of its Author : To pay which, and to confess, likewise, the Obligations I am under to the Performers, is the sole Intention of this Preface.

THE Application with which they studied it, and the Care and Chearfulness with which they performed it, demand that Justice of me ; and I think my self obliged, in this Publick Manner, to declare it : For, as great Part of its Success was owing to their good Performance, I should justly deserve Censure, if I omitted it. In this, as

P R E F A C E.

in all others, Mrs. *Roberts* has eminently distinguished herself, and I make no doubt but due Regard will be paid to the Merit of so valuable an Actress; who, to use the Words of a celebrated Author, has even *outdone her usual Out-doing*.

THE Success of this may probably produce another Attempt of the same kind; and, if it should, I hope the same generous Disposition will be as manifest.



P R O-



PROLOGUE.

Sung by Mrs. ROBERTS.

Tune, *Second Part of the Dutch Skipper.*



I.

AS Operas now are so much in the Mode,
So much in the Mode, so much in the Mode,
And a Song's as well lik'd as a Laureat's Ode,
Give ear to my Ditty, I pray!
By our Author I'm sent, in behalf of his Cause,
To court your Indulgence, and beg your Applause!
Oh send me not back with a Nay!

II.

I'd fain have prevail'd with the scribbling young Elf,
The scribbling young Elf, the scribbling young Elf,
To have paid his Respects, and have spoke for himself,
As fitter for him, than I.
But such a Condition, poor Devil! he's in,
Half dead he's already, before we begin:
Oh! what will he be by and by!

III. He

PROLOGUE.

III.

*He begg'd I'd assure you, in this Essay,
In this Essay, in this Essay,
Which he dedicates both to the Grave and the Gay,
To neither Offence he intends:
That at Poetry tho' he's but little expert;
If the Time he has taken, your Time will divert,
In that his Ambition all ends.*

IV.

*The Scenes he exhibits to-night on the Stage,
To-night on the Stage, to-night on the Stage,
Are to shame the extravagant Follies of Age,
That Dotards Intrigues may decline:
The Enjoyments of suitable Love to promote,
Make rigid old Parents on Money less doat,
And Sixty to Twenty ne'er join.*

V.

*On You, for Protection, he wholly depends,
He wholly depends, he wholly depends;
Success he's assur'd of, if you are his Friends,
Have Pity then on a young Chap!
In Support of his Cause, as he begg'd I wou'd sue,
I beg, for his Sake, you wou'd let us go thro',
And begin, and go off, with a Clap.*





A

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

FRETFULL, Father to HARRIOT.	Mr. Penkethman.
MATCHWOOD, an Old Citizen, in love with HARRIOT.	} Mr. Rosco.
CLERIMONT, a Young Gentleman, in Love with HARRIOT.	} Mr. Kelly.
FREDERICK, his Friend.	Miss Jones.

W O M E N.

HARRIOT, Daughter to FRETFULL, in Love with CLERIMONT.	} Miss Gerrard.
LUCY, her Maid.	Mrs. Roberts.
A Porter, &c.	

S C E N E, *London-Bridge.*





THE
LOVER *his own* RIVAL.
A BALLAD OPERA.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Matchwood and Frederick, meeting.

MATCHWOOD.



H A T, Mr. *Frederick*! Good-morrow to you!
I am heartily glad to see you.

Fred. Mr. *Matchwood*! your most Obedient! —

Match. No Ceremonies, I beseech you, they're needless amongst Friends — Troth, Mr. *Frederick*, I must tell you, you are mightily in my Favour; you are a Man after my own Heart! one that will speak your Mind freely! a downright honest Man! and really, now-a-days, there are very few to be met with.

Fred. Very true, Sir; every Man is grown so selfish, that Friendship is out of Fashion; and few care by what Means they grow Great, so they can but be so.

B

A I R

The Lover his own Rival.

A I R I. Dame of Honour.



*The Statesman sitting at the Helm,
Still greater Pow'r pursuing;
Usurps Dominion o'er the Realm,
And humbles all in Ruin.
The Politician in Disgrace,
Is furious as a Dragon;
And so is the Courtier out of Place,
Because he has none to brag on.*

*The Priest, Pimp, Lawyer, and the Quack,
Each preys upon his Neighbour;
The Peasant too would learn the Knack,
To live by others Labour.
In Court, in Country, and in Town,
Of ev'ry Rank and Station;
Down from the Noble to the Clown,
Is Strife and Emulation.*

Match. Well done, Mr. Frederick! Od! thou art a charming Man, and I am glad I met you, for I wanted to ask your Advice about a very important Affair.

Fred. What the Devil can that be? [*Aside.*

Match. But you must promise me to let it go no further.

Fred. I do. — This must be something extraordinary, no doubt. [*Aside.*

Match. You must know then, that I have a great mind to marry.

Fred. A very important Affair, indeed! [*Aside.*] — Who you, Sir?

Match.

The Lover his own Rival.

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Match. Ay, Marry, I myself! I wou'd not tell this to every young Fellow, you may be sure on't.

Fred. You'd be laugh'd at, if you did. [*Aside.*]

Match. But as I know you to be a Man of Sense, and the like, why, d'ye see, I make no Secret on't.

Fred. Well, Sir; and pray how old may the Lady be, that you intend to marry?

Match. Od! of a rare Age! I shall nuzzle so close to her! — Why, how old do you think she is? Pr'ythee guess a little.

Fred. May be, about Forty.

Match. Forty! Ha, ha, ha! about Forty! Why, she is not half so much; she's just in her Prime; Sixteen is the utmost.

Fred. Then she is of a rare Age indeed, Sir.

Match. Adod! and so she is: She's an Angel of a Girl!

Fred. Don't be too sure, Sir; a Woman can never be known till she's try'd; and he's the best off who knows the least of her.

A I R II. *Winchester Wedding.*



*Of all the Diseases in Life,
That trouble the rest of Mankind,
None equal can be to a Wife,
By woful Experience we find.*

The Lover his own Rival.

*Free only from Care is his Breast,
Who is with a Wife not accurst;
For on all sides a Woman's confest
The greatest of Plagues, and the worst.*

Match. Indeed, Master *Frederick*, it may happen so sometimes, but I can't think that will be my Case; you don't know what she is, Man!

Fred. But don't you think she's rather too young for you?

Match. Not at all! Why you don't reckon me old, I hope?

Fred. You can't reckon yourself young at Threescore.

Match. Threescore! What d'ye mean, Mr. *Frederick*? wou'd you have me fancy myself old at Threescore? — Why, 'tis a Man's ripe Age!

Fred. And his rotten one too.

[*Aside.*

Match. I have the Vigour of a Man of Thirty; am as hard as Oak; sound Wind and Limb, I warrant ye. Old, quotha! let's ha' no more on't.

Fred. But do you think her Father will marry her, where there's no Hopes of her having Children?

Match. Psha! no more on't, I tell you; when I am marry'd, I'll do as a marry'd Man ought, I warrant. — An old Cock treads sure!

Fred. Yes, but a young one treads much surer.

Match. Ah! you will play the Rogue.

Fred. In short, Sir, to tell you the plain Truth, Marriage won't do for you; Men of your Age should never think on't at all. Matrimony is like an old Bawd, who conceals her Age and Deformity under a borrow'd Face, passes upon the World for a young Whore, and so proves a *Tartar*.

A I R

The Lover his own Rival.

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A I R III. Would you have a young Virgin, &c.



*If you wed a young Virgin of Sixteen Years,
 Bid Adieu to your Peace, and prepare for Cares!
 She'll vex ye, perplex ye, decoying, toying,
 Night and Day teasing, increase your Fears.
 Dressing and Conquest so charm her Brain,
 For fine powder'd Sparks she neglects her Swain:
 If her Want's not supply'd, you will be hornify'd;
 Fly then the Marriage-State as your Bane!*

Match. Out upon you, Mr. Frederick! I did not think you would have serv'd me so. I'll swear, you have almost put me out of Conceit with you.

Fred. I hope not, Sir; I meant no Harm, upon my Word; you bid me speak my Mind freely, you know.

Match. I did so; but did not think you had been of this Opinion tho'. However, Sir, to be plain with you, the Match is concluded on, and I'm resolv'd to have her.

Fred. With all my Heart, Sir; if you have won her, wear her. — But, pray, who is this Lady?

Match. Why, her Name is Harriot.

Fred. Harriot! what, Mr. Fretfull's Daughter?

Match. The very same, indeed.

Fred. S'death! what do I hear? Clerimont's Mistress, by all that's good!

[Aside.
Match.

Match. What d'ye think on't, Mr. *Frederick*?

Fred. That you have made an admirable Choice, indeed, Sir.

Match. Why, so do I too. — Don't you think I know what I'm about?

Fred. Certainly, Sir. — But I'm mistaken if you have her, for all this. [*Aside.*

Match. Well, I invite you to the Throwing of the Stocking. Your humble Servant. — Ha! you'll wish yourself in my Place, you will, you young Rogue! [*Exit.*

Fred. I have a great Fancy I shall put you out of your Place, old Gentleman. — Poor *Clerimont*! what a Condition are his Affairs in! But he must not be serv'd so, neither; there shall be no foul Play, if I can help it. — Oh! here he comes!

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. *Frederick*! your Servant.

Fred. *Clerimont*! Yours. I was just wishing for you.

Cler. Why, what's the Matter?

Fred. Matter enough! you must look out for another Mistress, I'm afraid.

Cler. What d'ye mean?

Fred. Why, this Moment I parted with your old Rival, who has taken such a Liking to me, that he ask'd my Advice about Marrying. I was glad of the Opportunity, and rail'd at the poor Women most terribly; but nothing wou'd set him against it; the Match is concluded on, and he's resolv'd to have her.

Cler. Then Fortune is a Jade!

Fred. What signifies blaming her? 'Tis Ten to One if she knows any thing of the Matter. Don't you know he has more Money than you have?

Cler. Curse on him, and his Money! — But Avarice will always get the better of Honour; and he that is richest, is the best Man.

A I R

The Lover his own Rival.

7

A I R IV. Lillibullero.



*Mankind are become a degenerate Crew,
And Honour and Honesty quite out of Date;
Each makes it his Business his Friend to undo,
And at last the worst Villain enjoys the best State.
'Tis Gold's the Thing!*

*Poor Rogues must swing,
While rich Ones securely jog on in their Road;
Since the World first began, Sir,
'Twas Gold made the Man, Sir,
No matter how gain'd — to be Rich is the Mode.*

Fred. Never vent your Spleen in Railing! The Business is, to prevent it if you can.

Cler. What's to be done?

Fred. That you must know. — However, if I can be of any Service, I am yours at Command.

Cler. You know *Lucy* has an excellent Talent at Plotting; if we had but her with us, I shou'd not fear my Rival's Interest.

To them a Porter.

Port. Sir, is not your Name *Clerimont*?

Cler. Yes, Friend.

Port. Here's a Letter for you, Sir.

Cler. Where did you bring it from?

Port. From one Mr. *Fretfull*'s.

Cler. Ha! a Woman's Hand! by the Character, it shou'd be *Lucy*'s. — Here, Friend. (*Pays the Porter.*) Do you know the Person who gave it you?

Port. No, Master, but she's a crummy Lass! as delicate a Morfel as ever Man wou'd wish to lay his Legs over. She has such

The Lover his own Rival.

such a Pair of Eyes, and they do so roll, and shine, and twinkle
 — Then she has such a Mouth! and such a Pair of Lips! Oh.
 how I cou'd smack 'em! Then she has such a Pair of Bubbies!
 so round, and so plump! and they do so pout, and swell, and
 fall, and rise, and stick so close! — Oh Sir! — And such
 a pretty Woman, to be sure, has such a pretty, pretty, pretty,
 Ha, ha, ha! Master, your Servant. [Exit.

Fred. A comical Fellow!

Cler. And he has given us a comical Account. But I'm im-
 patient to know the Contents; so we'll step to the *Bear*, and
 examine 'em over a Bottle.

Fred. Ay, ay, nothing like a Bottle; I hate your drivelling
 Fools, who for a little ill Luck, will sit like *Bartholomew* Babies,
 and mope away their Senses.

A I R V. Man in Imagination.



*When an ignorant Lover is slighted,
 With nothing can he be delighted;
 He groans, and he sighs,
 And to Cupid applies,
 To sweeten his angry Lass:
 But the Lover who has Bravery,
 Will submit to no such Slavery;
 Briskly he drinks,
 Of his Mistress ne'er thinks,
 While the Bottle round does pass.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

The Lover his own Rival.

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SCENE II. *Harriot's Chamber.*

Harriot and Lucy discover'd.

A I R VI. Set by Mr. Stanley.



Har. *Like me, the tender Dove laments,
Like me, in Sighs her Sorrow vents;
When cruel Fowlers force her Love,
For Safety far from her to rove.
Till she again her Charmer sees,
Her Breast, like mine, refuses Ease;
He too, till then, denies Relief,
And lives, poor Bird! like her, in Grief.*

Lucy. Dear Madam, don't make yourself so uneasy. Who knows but Things may take a Turn in your Favour yet?

Har. Oh *Lucy*! I have no Hopes; my Father is worse than ever, and vows Revenge, unless I marry *Matchwood*.

Lucy. A fine Husband, truly! just such another curmudgeonly Hunk as himself, old enough to be your Grandfather — So
C covetous

covetous, there's no living with him. He's in Love with nothing but Money, and starves himself to save it. An excellent Match, o' my Conscience! Who wou'd not be ready to split their Sides to hear a couple of old Fools, both of one Age, call one another Father and Son?

Har. Don't talk of it, dear *Lucy*! I can't bear to hear it.

Lucy. I don't know how you should; why, he puts you up to Auction, Madam, and the highest Bidder has you. O, this Money! 'tis the devilishest thing in the World! — If your Estate is in danger, will the Lawyer advise you? If your Life is in danger, will the Physician attend you? If your Soul is in danger, will the Priest pray for you? No, the Devil a bit will they do any thing, without you cram their Fists full.

A I R VII. Abbot of *Canterbury*.



*The Priests, like the Lawyers, are all of a Gang,
And the Doctors, like Bees, together do hang;
The former won't pray, nor the latter prescribe,
Unless you induce 'em thereto by a Bribe.*

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

*The Religion of both is in Int'rest compris'd;
The poor Man is seldom by either advis'd:
But if they're well fee'd — they'll be sure to attend,
And pray, and prescribe, till your Stock's at an end.*

Derry down, down, &c.

Har. But how shall I let *Clerimont* know my Intentions? He dares not come nigh the House; for my Father has threatned, if ever he sets Foot in't again, to have him duck'd in the Horse-Pond.

Lucy.

The Lover his own Rival.

I I

Lucy. A rare way to cool his Courage, truly! But if he has any left in him, he'll be here by and by, for all that.

Har. Which way?

Lucy. Why read that, Madam, and you'll see: 'Tis a Copy of a Letter I sent him just now, and I dare say he'll come.

Har. Well, you have an admirable Brain!

Lucy. Ay, ay, Madam, leave it to me and I'll take care, I warrant: 'Slife! here's my Master coming up Stairs, I know him by the Tread.

Har. What shall I do? I shall have such a Lecture!—

Lucy. Let's see. — Oh! do as I tell you, Madam, put on a most dismal sad Countenance, and stand stock still; let him say what he will, don't answer him a Word. Let me alone to bring you off.
[Retires to a Corner of the Stage.

Enter Fretfull.

Fret. So, Mistress; have you consider'd of what I told you this Morning? Don't you begin to think I am a very careful Father? And ought not you to bless yourself for having such a one? If it were not for my Care, you'd be a Beggar. You ought to pray Night and Day for me. — Hush! you're mighty thoughtful, methinks! What, you're thinking of that young Dog, *Clerimont*, I suppose? Very hot upon't, to be sure! But I'll cool you, with a Vengeance! Oons! put on better Looks, or I — I — I — odd! I wou'd not have Mr. *Matchwood* see you in these Fits, for the World! why, it wou'd break his Heart.

Har. Then I wish he was here now! [Aside.

Fret. He'll be here presently, and see, you look sweet upon him, or I'll send you to the Devil, I will so. — What! are you dumb too? Have you lost your Tongue? I'll make you find it, I warrant.

Har. Oh!

[Pinches her.

To them Lucy.

Lucy. What's the Matter, Sir?

Fret. Matter! the stubborn Jade will make me mad!

Lucy. Why, what has she said, Sir?

Fret. I can't make her say any thing. I can't get a Word from her.

Lucy. Lud! what can be the matter with her?

Fret. Ha! you don't know, I suppose? Harkye, Mistress, tell me the Truth, or I'll shake you to pieces. Has not that Rascal *Clerimont* been here?

Lucy. *Clerimont*! d'ye think I'm bewitch'd, Sir, to let him into the House?

C 2

Fret.

Fret. No, to be sure; you wou'd not do such a thing for the World — Speak, you Baggage, this Moment, or I'll —

Lucy. Lud! Sir, you'll frighten her out of her Wits! Let me alone with her a little; perhaps she may speak to me. [Be sure don't say a Word till I give you the Hint.] What's the matter, Madam? What makes you look so? If you have any thing upon your Spirits, why don't you tell it to your poor Father?

Fret. The stubborn Slut makes my Blood run cold!

Lucy. You know he loves you, and wou'd do any thing for you; why do you keep it from him then? See how he grieves! Do, tell him, dear Madam! tell him.

Fret. I am out of my Wits! I shall break her Bones.

Lucy. Once more, Sir; I fancy I have hit upon it now. Come, Madam, had not you better tell your Father? How can you be so to him? Do but see how he looks! Does not he deserve to be pity'd? Come, tell the Truth. Don't your Head run upon *Clerimont*? And don't you wish you were marry'd to him?

Har. [Sighs.]

Lucy. That's it, Sir; I told you I shou'd hit upon't.

Fret. I can't bear it any longer. — You insolent Baggage!

Lucy. Now! Madam.

Har. Since I must speak, Sir —

Fret. I'll hear nothing! get you out of my Sight! be dumb for ever!

Lucy. But, Sir! —

Fret. Am I thus rewarded for my Tendernefs? I that have taken so much Pains to bring you up? [Wipes his Eyes.]

Har. Forgive, Sir!

Fret. I'll forgive nothing; so say nothing, for nothing will I do for you any more.

Lucy. Nay, Sir —

Fret. Don't Nay me, I have done with her.

Lucy. But confider, Sir, she's your Daughter.

Fret. I'll confider nothing! I disown her! I hate her! I don't care what becomes of her.

Lucy. How can you be so cruel, Sir? You see Mr. *Clerimont* has got her Heart, and even let him have her too.

Fret. I'll bury her alive first. — If she has not Mr. *Matchwood* —

Lucy. Mr. *Clerimont*!

Fret. A perverse Baggage!

Lucy. Mr. *Clerimont*!

Fret. An ungrateful Slut!

Lucy. Mr. *Clerimont*!

Fret. She shan't have a brass Farthing.

Lucy.

The Lover his own Rival.

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Lucy. Mr. Clerimont !

Fret. I'll disinherit her.

Lucy. Mr. Clerimont !

Fret. I cou'd find in my Heart to——

Lucy. Mr. Clerimont !

Fret. Take her out of my Sight this Moment ; and let me never see her Face again, I charge you ! I'll Clerimont her, with a Pox to her ! [Exit.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha ! Get thee gone, thou Limb of the Devil !

Har. Why, you have made him almost mad, *Lucy.*

Lucy. And I'll make him quite mad, before I have done with him ; I will play him such Pranks ! —— *Clerimont* shall be yours in spite of his Teeth ; I warrant, I know how to deal with such Chaps as he.

A I R VIII. Millers Dance in *Cephalus*.



*Parents will be ever chiding ;
Never what we like, approve ;
Maids soon won, are soon confiding,
Seldom doubting him they love.
Half denying,
Half complying,
Meaning, Yes ; but answering, No !
Faintly struggling,
Closely smuggling,
Down we go, down, down we go.*

Har. But what do you propose from this Project, *Lucy* ?

Lucy. Why, to introduce *Clerimont* to you ; but I see your Father loitering about there ; so let us step away, for fear he shou'd overhear us. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E III. *Fretfull's Room.**Enter Fretfull.*

'Twas well I went away as I did, or that Jade, *Lucy*, wou'd have crack'd the Drum of my Ear. Never was Man so plagu'd! I need to be a second *Job*! Some Children are Comforts; but mine — S'death! if she does not marry Mr. *Matchwood*, she shall go out of the World as arrant a Maid as ever she came into't.

Enter Lucy, behind him.

Lucy. So, there he is! now for a Trial of Skill! — [*Comes forward hastily, and pretends not to see him.*] Oh wretched Misfortune! My poor Master! Where shall I find him, or how shall I let him know it?

Fret. What does she say?

Lucy. Oh, miserable Father! What will he do? What will become of him?

Fret. What can she mean?

Lucy. My poor Mistress!

Fret. I am astonish'd! — *Lucy!*

Lucy. Such a Misfortune!

Fret. *Lucy!*

Lucy. Such an Accident!

Fret. *Lucy!*

Lucy. Ah! I shall never get such another.

Fret. Ha! how! what! *Lucy! Lucy!*

Lucy. Oh Sir! I'm glad I've found you.

Fret. Why, why, why; what's the matter?

Lucy. I dare not tell you; 'twill break your poor Heart.

Fret. Tell me, *Lucy*, what is it?

Lucy. Such sad News!

Fret. What News? Speak!

Lucy. Your Daughter! Oh!

[*Pretending to cry.*

Fret. Oh! Oh!

[*Weeps.*

Lucy. I shall split my Sides presently. [*Aside.*] — Oh, Sir! your Daughter, quite dishearten'd with what you said to her, fell into a most bitter Agony, and immediately open'd the great Casement that looks into the River.

Fret. Ah!

Lucy. Then, lifting up her Hands and Eyes to Heaven; I can never, *said she*, endure to live under my Father's Displeasure; and since he's so barbarous to his only Child, Death shall ease me.

Fret. What, and did she leap out? Ha!

Lucy.

The Lover his own Rival. 15

Lucy. No, Sir, she shut it gently again, and flung herself upon the Bed; there she fell a sobbing and sighing, as if her poor Heart wou'd break: At length, overcome with Grief, she fetch'd two piteous Groans, and ——

Fret. Died! Oh, my poor Daughter!

Lucy. It works as I cou'd wish. [*Aside.*] —— No, Sir, she fell into a Swoon, and there I left her in it, like one dead; she's so ill, I don't think she can live this Day to an end.

Fret. Run, run, dear *Lucy*! send for a Surgeon, let her be bled directly. [*Exit Lucy.*] Oh my poor Daughter! What will become of me! if the poor Girl dies, I shall soon follow her. [*Weeps.*]

Re-enter Lucy, Clerimont following, with a Case of Instruments in his Hands.

Lucy. Oh, Sir! as good Luck wou'd have it, this Gentleman was in the House, and had been fetch'd to bleed our *John*.

Fret. Thank Heaven! Come, Sir, let's go to my Daughter; save my Girl's Life, and you shall have any thing.

Lucy. Mercy on me! if he follows us, all's ruin'd. [*Aside.*] Dear Sir, do you step down to your Closet, and take a Glass of something to comfort you; Lud! you look as pale as Death! Why you'll be as bad as her, if you don't take care. Do, Sir, be rul'd by me; we'll take care of my young Lady.

Fret. Well, I will —— be quick, dear Sir! See what you can do.

Lucy. All's safe again. [*Aside.*] —— Come, Sir.

[*Exit with Clerimont.*]

Fret. I'll take *Lucy*'s Advice, for I am half dead with the Fright. My poor Daughter! [*Exit weeping.*]

SCENE IV. *Harriot's Chamber.*

[*Harriot Sola.*]

This *Lucy* is a dextrous Girl; the best in the World at an Intrigue! She's never at a Loss. If it were not for her ——

To her, Clerimont and Lucy.

My Clerimont!

Cler. My dearest *Harriot*! this, this is Rapture! [*Embracing.*] If we may guess by this, what Fate we are design'd for, we shall still be happy.

A I R IX. Of all Comforts I miscarry'd.



Cler. *Thus for ever will you treat me,
And as swiftly fly to meet me?*

Har. *Ever will you be this Lover?
Shall I ne'er a Change discover?*

Cler. *Here I swear to love but thee,*

Har. *And here I vow but thine to be:*

Cler. *Thus with my Hand, my Heart receive,*

Har. *And thus with mine, my Heart I give.*

Cler. *Never ranging,*

Har. *Never changing,*

Both. *Happy thus for ever may we live!*

Lucy. Come, Lovers, make the best Use of your Time;
for he's so terrify'd, he'll be quickly upon our Heels again!

Cler. This, *Lucy*, was a Masterpiece, and cannot be too
well rewarded. — This is but an Earnest of my future Gra-
titude. *[Giving her a Purse.]*

Lucy. Humh! this will do; 'there's some Sense in this!
Who'd grudge their Labour, when they're so well paid for't!
'There's nothing got by starving a Cause. I have been hand-
somerly fee'd already, but this is better and better, and he de-
serves all I can do for him. — Well, after all, I must own this
Money is a charming Thing!

A I R

The Lover his own Rival.

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A I R X. Sir Thomas, I cannot.



*The Power of Gold does all others surpass,
It gives us Wit, Beauty, Decorum;
Tho' old and deform'd, for an Angel you'll pass,
If you've Plenty of ready Rhinorum.
The Lover who wou'd with the Mistress succeed,
Must always take care that the Maid is well fee'd;
No Lawyer whate'er will your Cause better plead,
Give her but your ready Rhinorum.*

Cler. Now, *Harriot*, I hope I have convinc'd you of my Sincerity.

Har. You have too much Interest in my Heart to be distrust-ed; and to convince you of my Belief, from this Moment I am yours. [*Gives him her Hand.*]

Cler. And may nothing but Death part us!

[*Salutes her, and they all confer together.*]

To them Fretful and Matchwood.

Fret. Come, Mr. *Matchwood*, come along; speak to my Girl before she dies.

Match. Oh!

[*Wipes his Eyes.*]

Fret. He's mighty close to her. [*Seeing Clerimont saluting Har.*] Sure she is not in her Fit yet!

Lucy. [*Sees him, and runs to him.*] Oh, Sir! my Mistress is infinitely better; this Gentleman has done her a world of good.

Fret. I am glad on't. Go, speak to her, Mr. *Matchwood*.

D

Match.

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Match. How dost thou, Dearee? Ha! Can'st speak to thy *Matchwood*? How art, Lovee?

Fret. How do you find my Daughter, Sir?

Cler. Much better, Sir; but not so well as to bear talking.

Fret. Ha! what! Mr. *Clerimont*! [*Stares at him.*] Your Servant, Sir.

Match. Who is that? *Clerimont*!

Fret. How long have you been a Surgeon, pray? My Daughter is much better, I see; I am mightily oblig'd to you, indeed.

Match. And so am I too, Mr. *Clerimont*. What, you thought to sheer off with her, did you?

Cler. I had best sheer off myself. [*Is a going.*]

Fret. Hold, hold, hold, Sir! Pray don't go without your Fee. 'Tis a Pity but you shou'd be paid for your Trouble; there, take that, Sir. [*Beats him.*]

Match. And this too, pray Sir. [*Beats him.*]

Fret. You cozening Dog, I'll Surgeon you, with a Pox to you. [*Beats him out.*]

Match. Lud! Lud! what a Piece of Treachery is here!

Fret. Treachery indeed! This is your Doings, Mistress. [*To Lucy.*] but I'll part you. — Get you out of my Sight, go.

Lucy. I won't go far. [*Goes to a Corner, and listens.*]

Match. A brazen young Rascal!

Fret. A young Dog! pretend to be a Surgeon! if ever I catch him again, I'll cut his Throat. — Come, Madam, I hope you can bear Talking now. One Denial more, and I'll be the Death of you!

Har. Well, Sir, since I see nothing but my Submission will appease you, I am ready to obey you. [*Kneeling.*]

Fret. So, there's my good Child! now you talk something like.

Match. Ha! what! and will you? ha! then I am the happiest Man upon Earth!

Lucy. And she the unhappiest Woman, if she has you. [*Aside.*]

Fret. Adod! and so thou art, and so thou shalt be: Give me thy Hand, old Boy! Thou shalt marry her to-night; the sooner the better. Take her with all my Heart; she shall be thine now; take her, send for her, fetch her, do what you will. I am ev'n out of my Wits with Joy.

Match. And I am quite giddy! I don't know how I am, what I am, nor where I am.

Lucy. I wish you were at the Devil! [*Aside.*]

Match. Well, Chicken, about Ten o' Clock to-night, I'll be here. [*Pulls out his Watch.*] 'Tis now about Six. — About Nine I'll send Mr. *Frederick* to divert you till I come [*To Fretful.*] for I intend he shall give her away.

Lucy.

The Lover his own Rival.

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Lucy. So, that's well; humour him, Madam; something may be done yet, and I'll go about it directly. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Match. You'll be ready, Deeree, won't you?

Fret. Ay, she shall be ready, never fear. Up to her, old Boy! up to her! — Take care and get yourself ready, Child, d'ye hear? — Up to her, my Boy! Adod! I'll have a Dance before I sleep. [*Exit.*]

Match. And so will I.

Har. What will become of me! I must humour him, to get rid of him. [*Aside.*]

Match. Well, Deeree, we shall be very happy, shan't we?

Har. Extremely, Sir, I am quite alter'd, since I've spoke my Mind; and I long to follow my Mother's Example.

A I R XI. Buffcoat.



When I was a Child,
Was I never so wild,
My Mother, good Woman, ne'er chid me;
The chief of my Joys,
Was to ramp with the Boys,
And my Mother, she never forbid me.

At Twelve I began
To have Thoughts of a Man,
As well as my Mother who bore me;
And now I'm Sixteen,
To be marry'd, I mean;
For my Mother did so before me.

Match. Od! thou art a dear Rogue! One Kifs, Precious! One Kifs! Oh sweet, sweet! — Here, Dearee, here's a Diamond-Ring of the first Water, it cost me 400*l.* — Come, t'other Kifs!

Har. I wish it was your last!

[*Aside.*

Match. Odd! I'll give thee all I have in the World, so thou wilt but love me.

Har. Really, Sir, you are so engaging —

Match. Am I so? Hi, hi, am I? Adod! I am all on Fire! 'Tis well I am to be marry'd to-night; I will so love thee! — I wish it were Bed-time; Od! I wou'd so tickle thee! Hi, hi, hi!

Har. What a Rapture the Wretch is in!

[*Aside.*

Match. Od! I'll be the best-natur'd Husband in the World! You shall have what you will, say what you will, and do what you will. I'll keep thee a Coach and Six, a Country-House, and be so fond of thee! —

Har. You Promise a great deal; but will you keep your Word?

Match. Will I! Ay, that I will. Why, you shall command me.

Har. Well, Sir, I must confess your Goodness has made a Convert of me; for such a Husband must surely make his Wife happy.

AIR

A I R XII. With a Stand-by, clear the Way.



*Attir'd in rich Brocades most gay,
Give me the Park, the Ball, the Play,
Oh then, how I'll frolick the Time away,
With Beaux, and Ladies fair!
With thee, my Dearest, by my Side,
In Triumph round the Ring I'll ride;
And, may be, do something else beside, [Chucks him.
Which none of us can forbear.*

Match. Ah! thou wanton Rogue! — Thou dost love me, I see.

Har. Out of my Sight, I do! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I'll in, and dress. — At Ten o' Clock — [*Exit.*

Match. Dead, or alive, I'll be here. — She's a delicious Girl! and I'll make sure of her as fast as I can, for fear that Dog *Clermont* shou'd trick me. — Ten a Clock; that's the Hour.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

The Lover his own Rival.

SCENE V. *The Street.*

Enter Frederick.

I am impatient to know *Clerimont's* Success; and yet, methinks, the Scheme was so happily contriv'd, that no common Penetration cou'd discover it: That such an old Fool as *Matchwood* should have Thoughts of Marrying! Tho' I abhor Knavery, yet wou'd I willingly deceive him, to compleat his Rival's Happiness. — But here he comes, and from *Fretfull's* House, I see; in all likelihood I shall hear something of *Clerimont* now.

To him Matchwood.

You look merry, Sir; I wish you Joy.

Match. Ay, wish me Joy, wish me to live Fifty Years longer, for I am all over Joy; we are to be married to-night.

Fred. To-night?

Match. Ay, this very Night, at ten o'Clock: --- I have but just left her, and the little Rogue is as fond already! --- Od! what do you think? Why that brazen young Dog *Clerimont* was there, and had the impudence to go for a Surgeon! If it had not been for her Father and me, I don't know but he'd have run away with her.

Fred. (I wish he had!) You surprize me.

Match. But he won't Masquerade again in haste, I warrant; for we did pay him to some purpose. Well, I'll go and get Things in order. Fare thee well. — Od! I had almost forgot, I promised Mr. *Fretfull* to send you there about Nine o' Clock, to divert him till I come, for I have pitch'd upon you to give her away.

Fred. You do me a great deal of Honour.

Match. Well, your humble Servant; about Nine o' Clock, you'll remember the Hour. *[Exit.]*

Fred. I'll not forget, Sir; — Poor *Clerimont*! He'll be badly off at this Rate; I wish my giving her away cou'd be of any Service to him.

To him Clerimont in the same Dress.

Cler. Perhaps it may; I saw you before, but perceiving who was with you, I kept at a Distance.

Fred. You have been but scurvily used, I find; how happen'd it?

Cler.

Cler. Why, as the Devil wou'd have it, Old *Fretfull* knew me by my Voice; so he and that Old Rascal fell upon me together, and drub'd me out of Doors.

Fred. Has it not put you out of Conceit with Intriguing?

Cler. Not at all: I am going to prepare for it again; *Lucy* has furnish'd me with a new Scheme, and such a One——

Fred. But do you know he's to be married to-night?

Cler. She has told me every thing; and I don't fear having her yet: I shall have Occasion for your Assistance, so if you'll step with me to my Lodgings——

Fred. With all my Heart: —— A Good-natur'd Action rewards it self, and I wou'd venture a Limb to give Success to your Wishes.

A I R XIII. Free Masons Tune.



I.

Fred. Did all Couples agree,
Like thy Mistress and thee,
How blest wou'd each Husband and Wife be!

Cler. Of both Sexes then,
Nine wou'd Wed out of Ten,
So lov'd wou'd a conjugal Life be.

II.

Fred. To a Partner like her,
Who wou'd Wantons prefer?
Or who would a Batchelor tarry?

Cler. When at home he wou'd find,
With a Wife to his Mind,
How much for his Good 'tis to Marry.

Both. When at home, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI. *Harriot's Chamber.**Enter Harriot and Lucy.*

Lucy. I told you, Madam, something might be done yet; and if this don't, I can't tell what will do. Mr. *Clerimont* has a bold Heart, and will go thro' Stitch, I warrant.

Har. Indeed, I have very great Hopes from this last Contrivance.

Lucy. And if this thou'd do, then, Madam —

Har. Then, *Lucy*, I shall be happy.

Lucy. Then you will be happy indeed; especially when Bed-time draws near.

A I R XIV. A Tenant of my own.



Lucy. *We Maids for Husbands fit, Sir,*
To tempt do all we can,
With a fal &c.

The Lover his own Rival.

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*In Gallery, Box, and Pit, Sir,
There's none but loves a Man,
With a fal &c.*

*When we frown, and bid you go,
Be bolder than before;
For tho' we vow we hate it so,
There's nothing we love more,
Than a fal &c.*

Enter Fretful.

Fret. So, Daughter, you are ready, I see.

Har. Yes, Sir, as ready as you cou'd wish.

Fret. Ha! piping hot! Her Father's Blood, I find. You'll have your Belly full on't by and by.

Lucy. I wish she may, but I'm afraid on't.

Fret. Why so, Huffy, ha?

Lucy. Because, Sir, they say an old Man is like a silent Clock; and that, you know, goes, tick, tick, tick, but never strikes the Hour.

Fret. Huffy, Huffy, you're enough to spoil the Girl — Well, Child, I expect Mr. *Frederick* quickly, 'tis much about the time. [*A Bell rings.*] Ha! I suppose that's her Ringing at the Door: Come, and take a Glass with us, there's a good Girl.

[*Exit one way, Har. and Lucy the other. Lucy making Mouths at him.*]

SCENE VII. *A Parlour, a Table with Wine, Pipes and Tobacco.*

Enter Fretfull and Frederick.

Fret. Come, Mr. *Frederick*, come along; I was just wishing for you; my Son-in-law tells me you're a merry Man; and I'm in a merry Mood, and we'll make a merry Hour on't. I have been drinking Part of a Bottle already: But come sit you down; where did you leave him, pray?

Fred. Going to get Things in order; he'll be punctual to his Time, I warrant; he desired we might make our selves merry upon such a joyful Occasion.

Fret. Adod, and so we will: Drink about; [*Fills his Glass.*] we'll drink, and laugh, and sing. — Come, here's to thee; [*They drink.*] Od, I am glad Mr. *Matchwood* has got such a trusty Friend; — ha, ha, ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how that young Dog *Clerimont* will be bit.

E

Fred.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha! merry enough! Why, it will make the poor Creature run mad.

Fret. Stark staring mad, to be sure. Come, about with it, my Boy; a Bottle and a Friend are the best Companions upon Earth: Here's to thee; [*Drinks,*] ha, ha, ha! I can't get it out of my Head.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha! Come, Sir, here's your Son-in-law's Health in a Bumper. [*Drinks.*]

Fret. With all my Heart! I'll pledge you if the Glass had a Mile to the Bottom. [*Drinks.*] And now, Sir, you must give me leave to toast my Daughter's; the Girl has been a little obstinate, that's true, but you see she's come to, at last. Here goes, [*They drink.*] It goes down, ugh, purely.

Fred. So, he's a going I find. [*Aside.*]

Fret. Now, Mr. Frederick, ugh, what think you of a, ugh, Song?

Fred. If you please, Sir; but first let us clear our Pipes.

Fret. Ay, that, ugh, that's right; let's first clear our, ugh, our Pipes. [*They drink.*]

Fred. Well, Sir, what must it be?

Fret. Be, ugh, why suppose it is that, with a, ugh, with a dumb, dumb, dumb at the End on't; come, my Boy, sing a-way.

A I R XV. There was a bonny Blade.



Fred. No greater Plague in Life,
Needs he who has a Wife,
Who roars in his Ears like a Drum, Drum, Drum;
Who ne'er by her good Will
Would let her Tongue lie still,
Yet he must submit, and be mum, mum, mum.

If such a Wife had I,
Soon still I'd make it lie,
Or her Sides I wou'd handsomely thrum, thrum, thrum.
For

The Lover his own Rival.

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*For the Way her Noise to quell,
Is to thrum her Jacket well;
And a Wife is a Blessing when dumb, dumb, dumb.*

Fret. And a Wife is a Blessing, &c. [Sings.]

Fred. Bravely done, Sir; you have a melodious Voice.

Fret. I, ugh, don't know as for that; but, ugh, I think I sing well enough too. Where's my Daughter? Ugh, she'll let my Son-in-law have but, ugh, a poor Night on't. She's like a bit of, ugh, of Tinder by this time, I suppose, ugh, touch and take.

Enter Harriot and Lucy.

Fred. Madam, I give you Joy! [Salutes her.] Your Father and I have been making our selves merry upon this joyful Occasion. — I have done my Part, you see. [Aside.]

Fret. Pox o' your Compliments: Sit you down, and, ugh, drink.

Lucy. Now, old Gentleman, I fancy we shall outwit you. [Aside.]

Fret. Here, ugh, bring us some more Wine! [Lucy goes out and returns with a Bottle.] Well, Daughter, how, ugh, do you find your Stomach set for, ugh, Matrimony?

Lucy. Lord, Sir, she thinks it so strange to go to Bed to a Man! ----

Fret. Ha, ha, ha! ugh, strange; never fear, Girl; he, ugh, won't hurt you.

Lucy. I'm sure I shou'd not fear it, if I was she. [Aside.]

Har. It's pretty near the time, Sir, is it not? [To Fred.]

Fred. Within two Minutes, Madam.

Fret. Ay, ugh, she wants to be at it. So here's wishing you well, ugh, Married. [Drinks.]

[Fred. Har. and Lucy confer together.]

Enter Clerimont appearing like Matchwood.

Cler. I hope they have got the old Fellow drunk, or all may be ruin'd again. ---- What, my little Rogue: I am come you see: ---- And I hope to some purpose too. [Aside.]

Har. Heav'n grant it! ---- He mimicks him to a Nicety; if *Matchwood* and he were Face to Face, my Father could not tell one from t'other. [Aside.]

Fret. What, ugh, Son-in-law! I'm glad, ugh, to see thee, Boy. Come, let's take, ugh, a Glas; do nothing, ugh, rashly; consider what, ugh, you're to do; a Glas of Wine, ugh, will strengthen you!

Cler. Why, so it will. Od! I'll be about her by and by!

The Lover his own Rival.

Lucy. I'll swear, he does it so well, that I my self should not suspect him. [*Aside.*]

Fret. Come, load all. [*They fill.*] Now, Sir, this is a, ugh, is a Health to the Bride and Bridegroom----Fire. [*They all drink.*] Now, go, ugh, go about your Business, and, ugh, get married as soon as you can.

Lucy. Ay, ay, my Master's a Man of Business; he's for doing things to the purpose.

Cler. Od, and so will I too.

Lucy. You'll always be welcome, I dare say.

A I R XVI. She got Money by the Bargain.



*We Women wou'd be forc'd to Bliss,
Compliance damps the Blessing:
The young Gallant who knows not this,
Has learnt but half his Lesson.*

*Tho' Shy we seem,
And vow we'll Scream,
It signifies not a Farthing:*

*We'll be as still
As a Thief in a Mill;*

And—thank you too in the Bargain. [*Curtfying.*]

[*Ex. Cler. Har. and Lucy.*]

Fret. [*Pulling Fred. back.*] Oons, Sir! where, ugh, where are you going? You won't go and, ugh, leave me? Pr'ythee stay, and, ugh, and see the Bottle out.

Fred. Sir, there's no Body to give your Daughter away but me; we shan't be gone long. ---- 'Sdeath! I was afraid he'd spoil all. [*Exit.*]

Fret. Well, ugh, get thee gone; we'll have t'other Bottle, when, ugh, when you come back——ugh, I like the Man; he's a, ugh, he's an honest Fellow, and fit, ugh, and fit to be trusted.

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trusted. Now, ugh, *Clerimont* ! may go and, ugh, and whistle for a Wife. How finely, ugh, how finely be's bit !

To him Matchwood.

Match. Mr. *Fretfull*, your Servant ; you see I'm punctual.

Fret. Ha ! ugh, who are you ?

Match. Who am I ? Why don't you know your Son-in-law ?

Fret. Son-in-law ! ugh, you my Son-in-law.

Match. Yes, I am to be married to your Daughter to-night.

Fret. Ugh, it's a Lye.

Match. Hey-day ! What, don't you know me ?

Fret. Yes, ugh, to be a Scoundrel. He thinks I don't, ugh, I don't know him to be *Clerimont*. [*Aside.*

Match. What do you mean, Sir ? Where's your Daughter ?

Fret. What's that, ugh, what's that to you, Puppy ?

Match. Why, did not you promise I should have her when I wou'd ?

Fret. No.

Match. And did not you bid me come for her ?

Fret. No.

Match. And did not you say we shou'd be married to-Night ?

Fret. No.

Match. And don't you know any thing at all of it ?

Fret. No.

Match. Mercy on me ! What can this mean ! He has drank all his Senses away.

Fret. Ugh, Son-in-law ! A, ugh, Son of a Whore. Does he think, ugh, I'm drunk ? [*Aside.*

Match. Pr'ythee, Mr. *Fretful*, recollect your self : Have you forgot me ?

Fret. Forgot you, ugh, No ; I remember you was, ugh, you was a Surgeon to-day.

Match. A Surgeon ! Oh Patience ! Sure he takes me to be *Clerimont* : What have you forgot your old Friend *Matchwood* ? look at me !

Fret. The Fellow's drunk ; ugh, and takes me to be so too. [*Aside.*

Match. Why, I am he.

Fret. That's, ugh, that's another Lye ; for he's just gone, ugh, to Church with my Daughter ; and they are married by this time.

Match. What d'ye mean ? Just gone to Church with her ? It can't be : I tell you, I am he.

Fret. Then I tell you, ugh, you lye ; I'm sure he, ugh, carried her away just now ; and Mr. *Frederick's*, ugh, gone to give her away.

Match.

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Match. O monstrous! He dreams! Some Trick of *Clerimont's* to be sure! They have made him drunk, and so got her away.

Fret. Who's drunk; ugh, Coxcomb? I never was soberer, ugh, in my Life.

Match. Mercy on me! I'm trick'd! abus'd! send for your Daughter, or I'll ———

Fret. What will you, Puppy?

Match. Ruin you! that I will. Give me my Ring, or my Four Hundred Pound; I won't stir without.

Fret. His Ring, or his Four Hundred Pound! The Fellow's mad.

Match. Mr. *Fretfull*, you're a Knave, I doubt in my Conscience.

Fret. That may be.

Match. I tell you so, that I do.

Fret. Ugh, I know that.

Match. You're a drunken old Rogue, and I won't be made a Fool of by you; you did it only to put a Trick upon me, and I won't put up th' Affront, I won't.

Fret. Then you may, ugh, let it alone.

Match. That shan't do; I'll have Satisfaction.

Fret. I'll give you a Bottle.

Match. Don't tell me: Draw, you old Rogue, draw.

Fret. Ugh, the Cork is out.

Match. I mean your Sword, Sir; your Sword.

Fret. Not as you know of. ——— Ugh, a young Dog! He wants to run me, ugh, thro' the Guts.

Match. Then take that; do, you old Rogue. [*Beats him.*]

Enter Clerimont, Frederick, Harriot, and Lucy as from a Wedding.

Lucy. Hey-day! What's the matter here?

Fret. Matter! Why that, ugh, Puppy there calls himself, ugh, my Son-in-law.

Lucy. Your Son-in-law! Poor Creature! Let's take care of him. Do but see how he stares; he's raving Mad, to be sure.

Match. A damn'd Jade! Why, don't you know I was to be married to-night to your Mistress?

Lucy. I know! I know nothing at all of you.

Match. Patience! Nor don't you know of it? [*To Har.*]

Har. I know, Sir, who I am married to.

Lucy. In short, you had set him in such a longing Condition, that he cou'd stay no longer; and so he was forc'd to take Mr. *Clerimont*.

Match. *Clerimont*! The Devil! My Money! my Ring! my Four

The Lover his own Rival.

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Four Hundred Pounds! ——— What, Mr. *Frederick* too! have you had a Hand in this?

Fred. You know, Sir, you pitch'd upon me to give her away; and really, I thought I could not give her to any Body she lik'd better than this Gentleman. [Pointing to *Clerimont*.]

Match. Here's a Plot! here's Treachery! What has the Devil been doing here?

Lucy. Nothing, Sir; 'tis I have been doing, and the Parson has been doing, and by and by Mr. *Clerimont* will be doing; ha, ha, ha!

Fret. The Devil, ugh, do you all together; what, ugh, a damn'd Noise here is! Kick, ugh, kick, ugh, kick that Puppy down Stairs. [Exit.]

Cler. Indeed, Sir, you had best be quiet, or I shall fling you out of the Window.

Match. O the Villain! Murder! Fire! Thieves! I'll fetch a Warrant, and send you all to the Devil. [Exit.]

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Lucy. What a Racket the old Rogue made! 'Tis well if he don't go and hang himself to be reveng'd of us.

Cler. Well, *Harriot*, since our Difficulties are all overcome, let this Night be devoted to Pleasure.

Lucy. Ay, this Night! What a Night wou'd she have had on't, if t'other Chap had had her!



A I R

The Lover his own Rival.

A I R XVII. Lumps of Pudding:

Cler. *Our Fears are now ended, our Trouble's all o'er.*Har. *Reward'd with thee, I desire no more.*Cler. *Thus who can more happy or blest be than we?*Har. *Thus blest, and thus happy for e'er may we be!*

Lucy. *Since Love, and not Money, most Females entice,
 Take with you, good Parents, this Piece of Advice.
 To the Man they detest, for his Money ne'er wed 'em,
 For 'tis not the Money, but Man that must Bed 'em.*

Chorus. *Since Love, &c.*



E P I L O G U E;

Sung by Mrs. R O B E R T S.

Tune of Sir Tho. I cannot. See Air X.

I.

G Allants, I am come, dispatch'd by our Bard,
To pay a Poetical Visit;
To thank you for shewing him so much Regard,
And more, by the by, to solicit.
As to-Night you have join'd in his Int'rest so strong,
To-Morrow hold on, I intreat you!
And if, in return, you'll accept of a Song,
With one I am ready to greet you.

II.

The World is of late become so polite,
That Virtue is reckon'd a Bubble;
The Lady at Court her Lord to requite,
Won't scruple to carry double.
While some are lain sprawling by Powder and Ball,
And others keep snug in their Trenches;
Thank Heaven for Peace! our Soldiers ne'er fall,
Unless in the Arms of young Wenches.

III.

Tho' so much we boast of our Taste in Attire,
Our Fashions are none of our own, Sir;
French Airs and French Habits so much we admire,
No English ones now will go down, Sir.
Even Songs in Old English are so much disdain'd,
That Italians come flocking from Rome, Sir,
And till by their Squeaking, your Pockets are drain'd,
They'll ne'er think it Time to go Home, Sir.

F

IV. Too

E P I L O G U E.

IV.

*Too long have we suffer'd them here to dwell:
Our Sex are much better without 'em;
All my Grief will be that they've paid them too well,
For the —— little they carry about 'em.
If you were like them, Oh, what shou'd we do! ——
But, Thanks to our Stars! you are not, Sirs;
The Task Nature set you, you briskly pursue,
And prudently keep what you've got, Sirs.*

V.

*In Behalf of our selves, give me leave now t' appear,
And put up our Pray'rs for your Favour;
Good Ladies and Gentlemen, do but come here,
To please you we'll always endeavour:
Tho' a Song in Italian such Pleasure now yields,
We'll strive to make English as pleasant:
Oh, do but come often to Goodman's-Fields,
And a Song shall be often your Present.*

F I N I S.



*** The TRAGEDY of ZARA. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, by His Majesty's Servants. By Aaron Hill, Esq; Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and Sold by the Bookfellers both of Town and Country. Of whom may be had, lately Publish'd, the following

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