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M. adds.

108. f. 185

Bought from Blackwell. cat. 536/1502

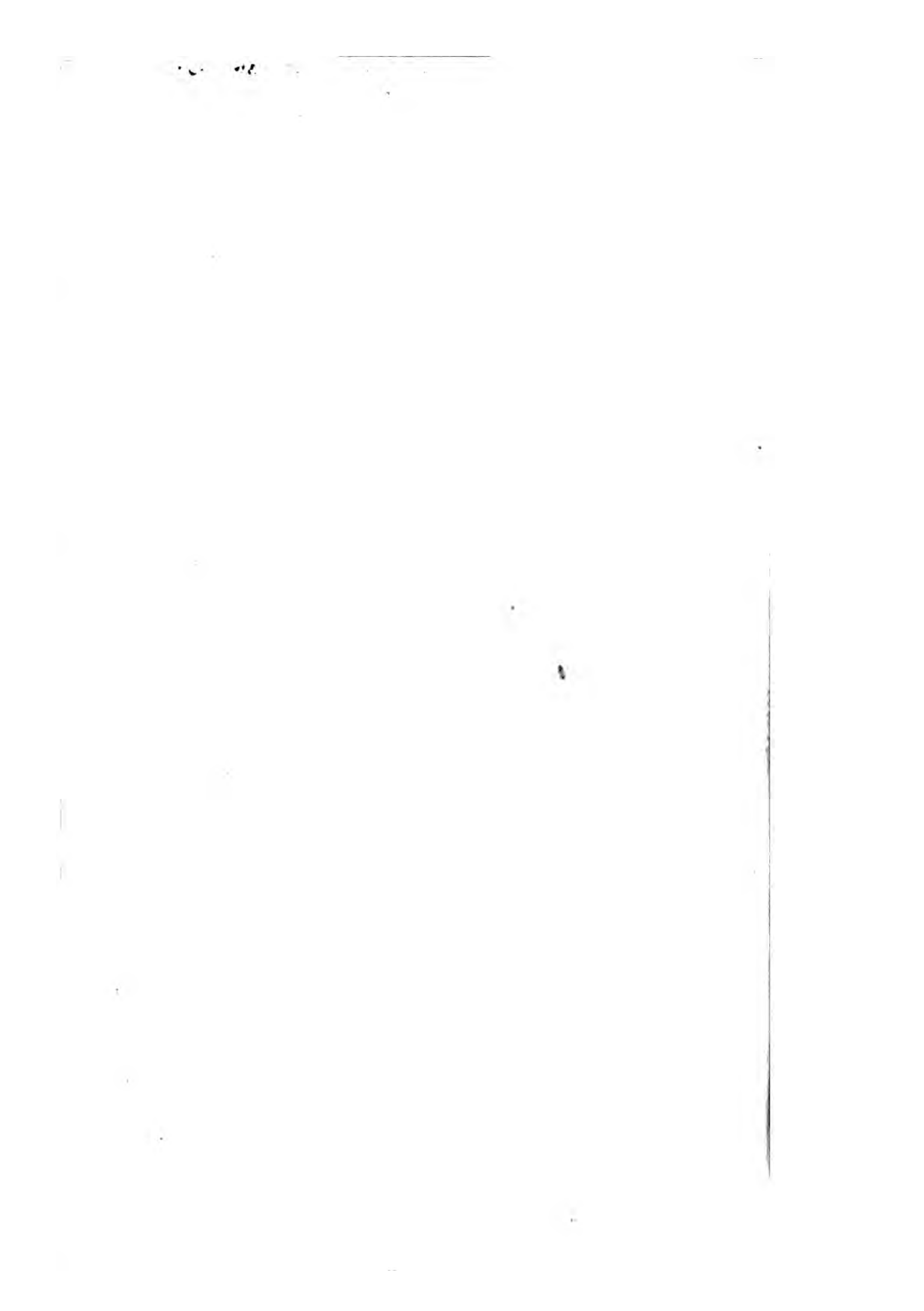
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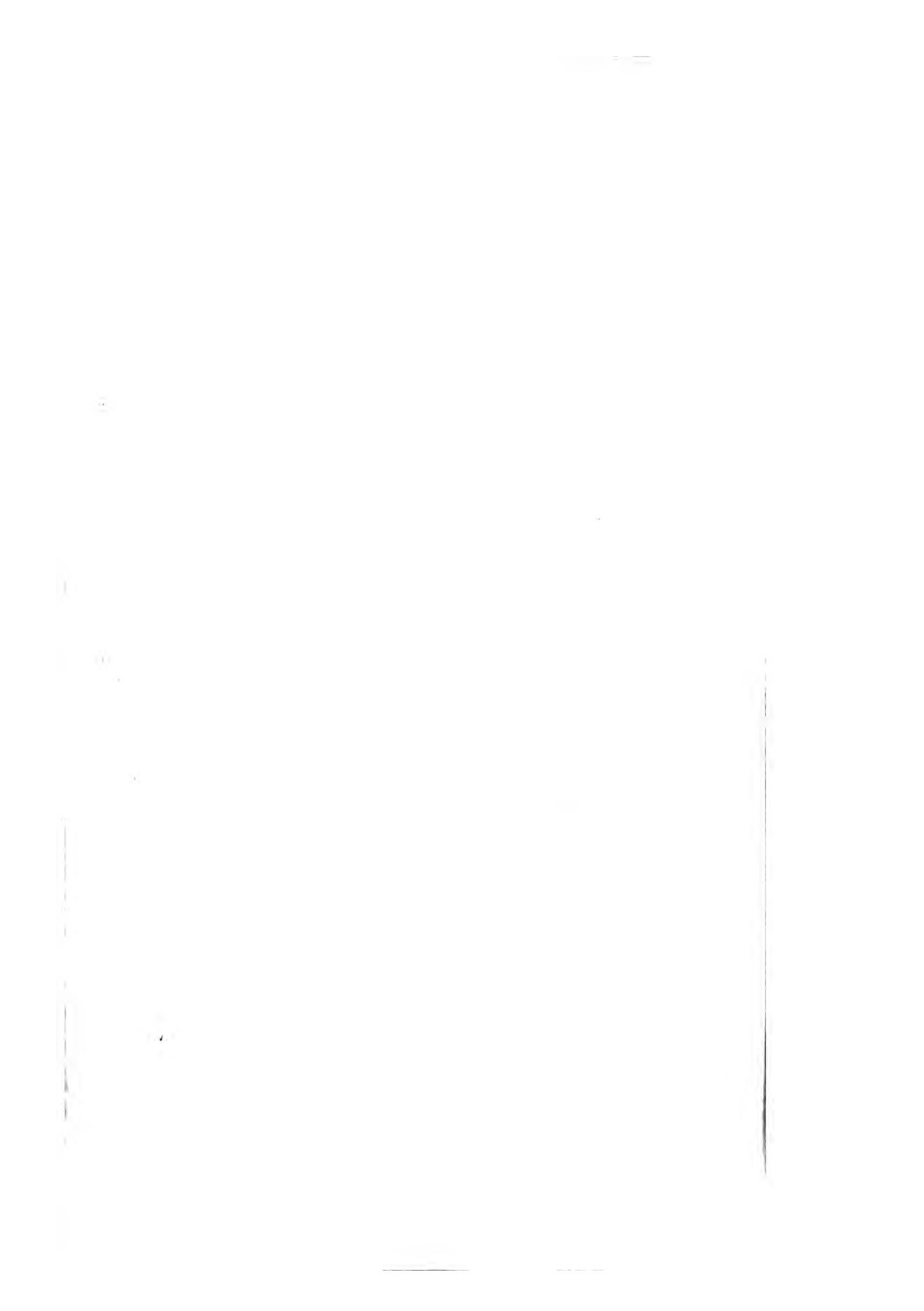
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*R. Cruikshank, Del.*

*G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

### **Peeping Tom of Cobentry.**

**CHORUS—*Peeping Tom, Crazy and the Mayor.***

**Merry is your ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,  
Merry is your sing-song, merry let us be.**

*Act I. Scene 4.*

# PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY :

A MUSICAL FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY JOHN O'KEEFFE,

*Author of The Agreeable Surprise, Highland Reel, Son in Law, Poor Soldier,  
The Prisoner at Large, Wild Oats, Love in a Camp, The Farmer, &c.*

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PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF  
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the

**THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.**

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EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by  
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

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**LONDON :**

**JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,  
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.**



## REMARKS

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### Peeping Tom of Coventry.

WE like a bold, bluff, Bobadil of a romancer—not a shuffling, shamefaced, son of equivocation, who just hints a lie, and hesitates a bouncer; but a fellow of excellent fancy and a facing of brick, who, in scientific phrase, *floors* every competitor with his fables, and hammers them hard with some such asseveration as Major Longbow's " 'Pon my soul it is true! What will you lay it's a lie?"

Such a one is a jewel in society; he puts not his hearers to the torture of examining details and calculating possibilities. We nod the entertaining fabulist our silent acquiescence, and anticipate a fresh chapter of wonders with calm endurance and decent gravity; a species of homage that we have paid to few authors but such veracious chroniclers as "The Wild Irish Girl" and "Baron Munchausen."

There is one kind of conversation which most people aim at, and in which almost every one fails; it is that of *story-telling*. It is very common for these gentry to lay one under the persecution of a long story, and be as much in earnest, as if the lives, and fortunes, and felicity of the three kingdoms depended upon it. A humour most unaccountable! that a man should be letting off words for an hour or two, with a very inno-



cent intention, and after he has done his best, only make himself and his companions uneasy. Story-tellers may be divided into the *short*, the *long and insipid*, the *delightful*, and the *wonderful and marvellous*. The *short story-teller* is he who tells a great deal in a few words; who engages your attention, pleases your imagination, or quickly provokes your laughter. The *long and insipid* is he who goes plodding on in a heavy, dull relation of unimportant facts, with an “*and so*” at the beginning of every sentence—and, “*to make short of my story*—and, “*as I was saying,*” with a forest of expletives of equal signification. It is a sad thing, when men have neither the talent of speaking, nor the discretion of holding their tongues! The *delightful story-teller* speaks not a word too much or too little; he shows a good understanding and a pleasing turn of wit, and is more ambitious of entertaining his hearers than of being applauded himself. The *wonderful and marvellous story-monger* is fond of telling such things as no man alive can believe. This humour prevails much in travellers; such as have seen the world, as the phrase is. We happened once to be present where a gentleman, who had travelled to Damascus, told the company that the *bees* of that country were as big as *turkies*. “Pray, sir,” said another gentleman (begging pardon for the question), “how large were the *hives*?” “The same size as ours,” replied the traveller. “Very strange!” said the other; “but how *got* they into their hives?” “That’s none of *my* business; egad, let them look to that *themselves*!”

And we are told of another, who desired his man *Robin* to keep close to his chair, and whenever he very much exceeded the bounds of truth, to punch him be-

hind, that he might correct himself. It happened one day that our Gascon affirmed that he saw a *monkey*, on the island of *Borneo*, which had a tail three score yards long. *Robin*, true to his orders, punched his master. "I am certain it was fifty at least!" *Robin* punched him again. "I believe, to speak within compass, it must have been forty, but I did not measure it." *Robin* gavē t'other touch. "I remember it lay over a quickset hedge, and therefore could not be less than thirty." *Robin* at him again. "I could take my oath it was twenty!" This did not satisfy *Robin*; upon which the master turned round in a passion, and cried, "D—mn you for a puppy! Would you have the monkey without any tail at all?"

Whether ancient chroniclers looked upon the story of Peeping Tom as fabulous, we cannot say; but we have not been able to meet with the least account of it in any of our English authors—we mean those who have written histories in that tongue. Leofrick, or Leofricus, Duke of Mercia, or, according to others, Earl of Chester, is indeed mentioned by every writer who has given us the life of Edward the Confessor; and the Earl is described by most of them, not only as a brave and wise general, but also as a saint: and they add that he died at an advanced age, in the year 1057, and the fifteenth of King Edward. But as for the history of his wife, we must have reference to Bromton, abbot, in whose Latin chronicle are recorded the most material transactions in this island, from the year 588 to 1198. By him, Godiva is celebrated as one of the most pious women of the age, and he gives a long catalogue of the religious houses which she founded. The City of Coventry at that time groaned under very

heavy taxes that they paid to Leofric. Godiva, seeing to what poverty the people were reduced by these burthens and exactions, asked her husband to remit them, which he would by no means consent to, they being one of the most profitable branches of his revenue; but the Countess still pressing him, he thought to silence her at once, by declaring that he never would do it, unless she promised to ride in buff from one end of the city to the other—well knowing the strict virtue of his wife, and believing her modesty would never permit her to think of such a thing. But she having a fine head of hair, distributed it over her person so effectually that her modesty suffered no offence.—Thus far Abbot Bromton. But at Coventry they tell another story. “Godiva,” say they, “commanded the doors and windows of every house to be shut up, while she was riding through the city, and that nobody should presume to look out under pain of death; and a poor tailor, who would needs be peeping, was struck blind.” In commemoration of which, his figure, there called “The Peeper,” is put in the same window to this day; and that of Lady Godiva is once a year carried in procession through every street in Coventry.

The English are inordinate lovers of traditionary tales and ballads founded on popular passages in history, and the more marvellous the greater their passport to favour. Peeping Tom has not escaped this visitation of the Muse. Wedded to immortal verse, the curious tailor bids fair to live, when time or vandalism shall have destroyed his effigy, that still greets the antiquary in the far-famed City of Coventry. Tom has met with the fate of most public characters—not only is he condemned to unwilling immortality in merry ballad, but he is made

to figure on the boards, and peep through a long series of dramatic annals, till time and the stage shall be no more. The playwright has done him far greater justice than the "metre-ballad-monger;" and his scenic representatives have been actors we can hardly hope to look upon the like again.

This farce exhibits the frolics of Peeping Tom, the tricks and stratagems of a concupiscent old Mayor, and the humours of Crazy, a superannuated Beadle, who remembers Edward the Martyr, glorious Alfred, and Canute the Dane. The Lady Godiva is introduced, but *not* on horseback; yet surely, in the present state of the drama, this great omission of the author might still be remedied, and a steed be found, an actress to ride it, and audiences to applaud so unique and novel a performance.

His worship makes love to Tom's wife, conceals himself, and is carried away in a hamper. The said hamper (which is supposed to contain wine) is brought back again by Tom into the Mayor's house, and opened in the presence of the magistrate's lady. His worship resolves to have a sly peep at the procession from a window in Tom's house. Tom is smitten by the like curiosity. They encounter each other just as Lady Godiva is "turning the corner." The magistrate accuses Tom of the flagitious act of peeping, and the tailor is sentenced to be hanged. The secret of the hamper, however, transpires—the treacherous functionary is deposed—Tom receives full pardon from the Earl, and is appointed Mayor of Coventry.

The gesticulation of Edwin, in the scene relative to the procession of Lady Godiva, is pronounced by those who beheld that masterly performance, most wonderful!



He was meretricious without coarseness. The varied workings of his imagination, from the first engendering of his curiosity, to the voluptuous burst of, "*Talk of a coronation!*" was an instance of a conception as perfect, and of execution as fitly managed, as Garrick himself could exhibit in the zenith of his fame, when his powers triumphed over all competition. For many joyous seasons at the *Little Theatre* in the Haymarket was "Peeping Tom" a standing dish of mirth. Every contemporary play-goer must have seen Bannister, and heard him sing "*The little farthing Rushlight,*" that he was wont to introduce and chaunt with such unapproachable humour. Harley displays much of his great master's whim. Without Bannister, we might perchance have had a *dash* of Harley—but not the *identical Jack*, who so often reminds us of his never-to-be-forgotten original.

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We have to record the death of that dramatic Patriarch, John O'Keeffe, who died on Monday, February 4, 1833, at Bedford Cottage, Southampton, in the 86th year of his age.

☞ D.—G.

## Costume.

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**PEEPING TOM.**—Black serge doublet and trunks, puffed with orange—orange hose—ruff—russet shoes—little hat and feather.

**MAYOR OF COVENTRY.**—Gray and crimson doublet—trunks—mayor's red cloak and chain—red hose—russet shoes—hat to match

**HAROLD.**—Green tunic and hose, trimmed with yellow braid—russet shoes—hat to match—sword and belt.

**CRAZY.**—Green doublet—red cloak—orange pantaloons, with puffs—hat to match—russet shoes, with red and green rosettes.

**EARL OF MERCIA.**—Black velvet and crimson tunic—cloak—cap—red hose—russet shoes.

**COUNT LEWIS.**—Crimson tunic—yellow hose—white cloak, richly embroidered.

*Lords.*—Gray, green, and blue *ibid.*

*Mob.*—Brown tunics—fleshings—caps, &c.

**MAUD.**—Black velvet trimmed with point lace—lace apron—witch's hat.

**EMMA.**—White satin, point lace and beads.

**MAYORESS.**—Black velvet, trimmed with pink and point lace—hat to match—kerchief—apron—ruffles.

**LADY GODIVA.**—Blue satin and point lace—head-dress of beads and point lace—ruffles.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

\* \* \* *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

**Cast of the Characters,**

**As Performed at the Theatres Royal, London.**

	Drury Lane.	Haymarket.
	1826.	1832.
<i>Earl Mercia</i> . . . . .	Mr. Younge.	Mr. Bartlett.
<i>Count Lewis</i> . . . . .	Mr. Comer.	Mr. Coveney.
<i>Mayor of Coventry</i> . . . . .	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Strickland.
<i>Harold</i> . . . . .	Mr. Mercer.	Mr. Newcombe.
<i>Crazy</i> . . . . .	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Webster.
<i>Peeping Tom</i> . . . . .	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Lady Godiva</i> . . . . .	Mrs. Webster.	Mrs. Coveney.
<i>Mayoress</i> . . . . .	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Tayleure.
<i>Emma</i> . . . . .	Miss Smithson.	Miss J. Scott.
<i>Maud</i> . . . . .	Mrs. Waylett.	Mrs. Humby.
	1816.	
	Mr. Halliwell.	
	Mr. Menage.	
	Mr. Watkinson.	
	Mr. Duruset.	
	Mr. Burton.	
	Mr. Fawcett.	
	Miss Taylor.	
	Mrs. Davenport.	
	Miss Matthews.	
	Mrs. Gibbs.	

# PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A View of Stoke Green.*

*Enter* COUNT LEWIS, EMMA, and *Attendants*, R.

*Emma.* (c.) I can scarce believe I am safe ; but where's that young peasant that rescued me ?

*Lew.* That young fellow behaved very well—he did indeed, my lovely Emma—but you are safe now. I give you joy.

*Emma.* Give me joy—no, that you never shall—

*Lew.* Now you are angry ; but when we are married—

*Emma.* You and I married ! that we never shall.

*Lew.* Oh ! that will be fine indeed, to be forced from Normandy—Your father, the Earl of Mercia, says, you, Count Lewis, shall wed my daughter Emma—But the enemy of all sport, a wicked Dane, darted like a ravenous falcon on you, my pretty little dove, and because I would not fight, you will not marry me—Now if I did, I might be killed, and you would not be married.

*Emma.* To run away, and not even draw your sword.

*Lew.* It is ill manners to draw—in the presence of the ladies.

*Emma.* To be sure you're a gallant champion for the ladies.

*Lew.* I love the ladies—and love myself—for the ladies' sake.—Besides the Danes are a barbarous enemy, and I made a vow never to encounter a Dane.

*Emma.* Here comes my benefactor and deliverer.

*Enter* HAROLD, R.

*Har.* Madam, I have chastised the villains that have

dared to insult you, but hope you have received no hurt?

*Emma.* [*Crossing to R.*] Thanks to your kindness—but what is your name?

*Har.* William, madam.

*Emma.* William—while I am here in Coventry, this token will remind you, who it is you have obliged. [*Gives a ring.*]

*Lew.* (L.) And, young man, if you were a little more polished, I would prefer you to be squire, to my lady wife here.

*Emma.* Your wife! never. [*Exit Harold, R.*]

*Lew.* Never; Oh, I will go, and tell your father—  
Oh! I— [*Exit, L.*]

*Emma.* No, nothing shall ever unite me to a creature so contemptible. [*Exeunt Emma and Attendants, L.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Street.*

*Enter HAROLD, R.*

*Har.* Charming Emma, when she knows me to be Harold, the son of Earl Goodwin, her father's professed enemy, my blooming hopes will be blasted in the birth.

*Enter PEEPING TOM, followed by the Mob.*

*Tom.* Is any body here? joy! joy! huzza!

*Har.* For what?

*Tom.* Because Earl Goodwin and his sons are banished.

*Har.* [*Aside.*] My father, myself, and my brother banished.

*Tom.* Huzza! Bishop Dunstan has commanded King Edward, to command the Earl, to command the Mayor, to command me, to make proclamation at the cross, that the Earl Goodwin and his sons are traitors in the land—and I am now going to do the job—come along, good folks—God bless the king, and the crier, knights, yeomen, young and old men—women and children—O yes! —O yes! [*Exeunt Peeping Tom and the Mob, R.*]

*Har.* Shall I venture into the town? if once Emma returns to her father's castle, probably I may never see her again: she is lodged here in the Mayor's house. If I am known to be Harold, it is instant death; but life without my Emma is not worth my care. [*Exit, L.*]



SCENE III.—*A Chamber, Doors in the Flat, R. and L.—**Enter MAUD and the MAYOR, L.*

*Maud.* Nay, now, don't I tell your worship you know, don't you believe any such thing. Lord, what will the folks say, to see his honour the Mayor of Coventry make so free with Tom the tailor's wife?

*May.* Let me hear them talk, and I'll set them in the stocks—Zounds! dare they censure a magistrate—Let me see them wink, and there's the ducking-stool—for a nod, the cage—inuendo, the pillory—and for a malicious whisper, five hundred twirls in the whirligig.

*Maud.* You know, your worship, I was virtuous—you know I was forced to leave madam, your wife's service, because I would not let you—you know I would not be naughty with you, and sooner than do so—I was forced to take up with Tom, who, though a tailor, was honest!

*May.* Ay! Tom's a rogue!

*Maud.* A rogue, and like your worship!—Why, he is a bit of a magistrate—was not he a parish clerk, beadle, and sexton at one time; and is he not now overseer and churchwarden?

*May.* Ay—but who made him all this? He was no better than a clown till I took him under my wing.

*Maud.* He's certainly a little behold'en to your worship.

*May.* Oh! he owes it all to your pretty face, Maud—it was all for your sake,—your beauty—for you have provisions of all sorts—why you have got a beadle in that arched dimple—a constable's staff in that pretty mole—an overseer in that hazel eye—a churchwarden in those auburn locks—and a pair of plump aldermen in that panting bosom.

*Maud.* Oh! lord, I did not think I was such a great body.

*May.* Yes, you are, indeed you are. Talk of Godiva, the Earl's new-married lady, and his daughter Emma!—why, I will wager that smile against the whole kingdom of Mercia—Egad! if those stars were to twinkle in the court of Gloster, King Edward would soon forget his vow of chastity.

DUET—*The MAYOR and MAUD.*

*May*     The deuce a one but you, pretty Maud,  
I love indeed 'tis true, pretty Maud,

- Maud.* One kiss, nay prithee hush,  
 I vow you make me blush ;  
*May.* Like a rose-bud in a bush, pretty Maud.  
*Maud.* Do let me go away, Mr. Mayor,  
 What will the people say, Mr. Mayor ?  
*May.* Let them prattle as they will,  
 Of love I'll have my fill,  
 Like a dove I'll coo and bill ;  
*Maud.* You shall not coo and bill, Mr. Mayor.  
*May.* Pretty Maud, pretty Maud,  
 By all that's great and grand, pretty Maud ;  
 Golden chain, and lily wand, pretty Maud !  
*Maud.* 'Tis all of little use,  
 Chain and wand I must refuse,  
 For the thimble, needle, goose,  
 Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

*Enter PEEPING TOM, listening, L. D. F.*

*Maud.* I tell you what now, Mr. Mayor, you shall not talk to me in that way any more ; that's what you shall not.

*May.* But I will—I will tell you what—I will call upon you by and by—do not be out—I know Tom will be ringing his bells.

*Maud.* Lord, your honor, if your lady should know.

*May.* My lady, poh ! poh ! she's at home, God bless her, let her stay there.

*Maud.* Ay, but then the neighbours—

*May.* Neighbours!—the pillory—the stocks—the whirligig.—I'll tell you, Maud, I'll send you a present of some French wine, that I had from Count Lewis ; and egad we'll be so snug and so comfortable. You go home, and I'll be with you by and by.

*Tom.* [*Listening.*] My wife will be a Mayor soon and I shall be an alderman.

[*Advances, R. unseen by the Mayor—lays hold of his wife, pushes her out, and takes her place.*]

*May.* I'll send you the wine, and there's something to buy a bit of dinner. [*Gives Tom money.*]

*Tom.* I'm obliged to your worship.

*May.* [*Surprised at seeing Tom instead of Maud.*] Tom, ay, ay, how do you do, Tom—how do you do, how do you do ?

*Tom.* Pretty well, I thank your worship ;—but, sir, is this for a corporation dinner ?

*May.* No, no. [*Aside.*] What the devil brings this fellow here? Pray have not you a ringing to-day at the Guy of Warwick, Tom.

*Tom.* Oh yes, we jingle a peal of triple bobs, for a leg of mutton and trimmings.

*May.* [*Aside.*] Egad, that's very lucky, I shall have Maud all to myself. Tom, you are a good ringer

*Tom.* Pretty well, sir.

*May.* Yes, you are, Tom, you are—you will certainly win. Mind your bells, Tom—Do not neglect going, you'll certainly win, Tom.—But what brought you to me now, Tom ?

*Tom.* Though merry I be, I never was so treated in my life. Why, you know our old mad Crazy, the beadle, I thought he might make some blunder in proclaiming the proclamation of Earl Goodwin and his sons as traitors, so I took the bell and rung the people all about me, and there I stood like a hen and chickens, but I no sooner cried O yes ! O yes ! than I heard a voice like a gander in the marshes, screaming out, O no ! O no ! and who should this be, but Old Crazy ; for I having got the city bell, he hobbled with the 'pothecary's pestle and mortar, and clattered with such a devil of a noise, folks could not hear, and because I told him to be quiet, he flew at me and tripped up the leg of old Corporal Standfast, tumbled over Kit the tinker, and overturned father Fogarty, the fat friar, and has mauled my nose in this manner—look—he fit for an office, indeed, an old driveller.

*May.* Why, you most impudent of all rascals, who am I ?

*Tom.* Why, sir, you are the Mayor of Coventry.

*May.* And did not I appoint him beadle ?

*Tom.* Why, lord sir, he is so infirm, that when he stands at the church door with the poor's box, his hands shake so, that the gentlefolks' charity-farthings fall out of the box—why he has not one of his twelve senses left but his scratching.

*May.* Sirrah, he has all his talents about him—he's been a devilish shrewd fellow.

*Tom.* Yes, he is a man of sharp talons, as my nose can testify.

*May.* Oh ! here he comes.



*Enter CRAZY, L.*

*Cra.* You a Mayor—there's a fig for your crown and sceptre.

*Tom.* There, your worship, the fellow has made a king of you.

*Cra.* Tell me of kings—I that have seen Edward the Martyr, the glorious Alfred, and Canute the Great!

*Tom.* Yes, but did Canute the Great give you authority to scratch my nose?

*Cra.* I'll Canute you—I that have been beadle here ever since the days of Edmond Ironside.

*Tom.* Ay, and a devilish clever fellow he was.

*Cra.* What do you mean?

*Tom.* I mean that you are cursed shabby about the noddle,—you have lived a great while.

*May.* (c.) Come, be quiet, Tom—here I command you to read the proclamation—now show him you can proclaim it right—mind in King Edward's name, you are to offer a reward of five hundred marks, to any man that will bring in Goodwin, Earl of Warwick, dead or alive.

*Cra.* Yes, I will. This is to give notice, that by command of Earl Goodwin, King Edward shall have five hundred marks for bringing in the head of the Mayor of Coventry, dead or alive.

*Tom.* That sensible fellow has made a pretty proclamation.

*Cra.* Now, an't I an old chaunter.

*May.* Yes—I'll trust you with the public affairs, but you shall have nothing to do with mine.

*Tom.* So—between the magistrate and his deputy, the affairs of the public are likely to fare well—he has not sense enough to help you in your love affairs with the girls, as he used to do.

*May.* [*Aside.*] I'll try him. [*Apart to Crazy.*] Cannot keep Tom from going home?

*Cra.* What, you are going to Maud? Well, I will, I will.

*May.* Mind your bells, Tom, mind your bells.

*Tom.* I will.

TRIO—TOM, CRAZY, and the MAYOR.

*Tom.* Merry are the bells,  
And merry do they ring.

*Cra.* Merry was myself, and merry could I sing.

*Chorus.* Merry to your ding-dong, happy, gay, and free;  
Merry with a sing-song, merry let us be.

*May.* Waddle goes your gait.

*Tom.* Hollow are your hose.

*May.* Noddle goes your pate,

*Tom.* And purple is your nose.

*Chorus.* Merry is your ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,  
And with a merry sing-song, merry let us be.

[*Exeunt, l.*

SCENE IV.—*Peeping Tom's House, High Street, Coventry.*

*Enter MAUD, R.*

*Maud.* There never was a young woman so beset as I am by his worship. If I tell Tom, there's a quarrel, and then there's no staying; for in Coventry the mayor has such a power of interest—I've a great mind to tell madam, his lady. Now I will be quit of him one way or other for his bad opinion of me, that I will. When people get up a little in the world—Lord, they think there's nothing but to use poor folks as they please. Hang the town—how is my Tom altered since I came into it.

SONG.—MAUD.

What pleasure to think on the times we have seen,  
'Twas May-day I first saw my Tom on the green;  
So neat was I drest, and sprightly a mien,  
A king was my love, and I was his queen.

The garland presented by Tommy—  
From the hands of my Tommy.

A side-look I stole at my lover by chance,  
Which straight he return'd with so tender a glance;  
My heart leap'd with joy when I saw him advance,  
And well did I guess 'twas to lead off the dance.

For none danc'd so neat as my Tommy;  
In all things complete was my Tommy.

*Maud.* Oh! here comes the wicked mayor.

*Enter the MAYOR, and two Countrymen with a hamper.*

*May.* Now, here—bring the hamper this way—bring it along—make haste—there, now get along with you.

[*Drives the two men out, l.*

*Maud.* [*Aside.*] What shall I do?

*May.* Come along—come, there, get along! Now to bolt the door. [*Fastens the door, L.*]

*Maud.* [*Aside.*] I am undone! No creature in the house but myself. He must not know that, or he may be immodest, indeed.

*May.* Egad, here I am, Maud—and Tom is abroad with the ringers, practising his bells. Here am I—but, you little rogue, how nicely you gave me the slip just now.

*Maud.* I ask your pardon, but you know I must obey my husband. Why would you bring me all this wine?

*May.* All under the rose. You shall treat me with a glass; it will make your veins thrill—your cheeks glow—your bosom pant—your heart beat—your eyes sparkle with love and rapture!

*Maud.* Lord, sir! will wine bewitch a body so

*May.* Yes, it will. Do you know that Love has summoned you before me as a witch? And, by the virtue of my authority, I commit you to these arms!

*Maud.* Oh, sure your worship is a little maddish!

*May.* I am at this time as mad a magistrate as ever devoured a haunch of venison.

*Maud.* Nay, now, do not talk that way to me now—do not, now! [*A loud knocking at the door, L.*]

*Tom.* [*Without, L.*] Maud! Maud! why have you bolted the door?

*Maud.* That's my Tom!

*May.* Where shall I go?

*Maud.* Oh, Lord! if he sees you—

*May.* I'll go up-stairs.

*Maud.* You must not, indeed, he will go up there.

*May.* What shall I do? Oh, my reputation! Hide me, hide me somewhere!

*Maud.* Suppose you hide in this hamper that brought the wine.

*May.* Oh, excellent! right woman for invention, faith! [*Gets into the hamper, C.*]

*Tom.* Why don't you open the door, Maud?

*Maud.* I'm coming, I'm coming, Tom.

*Tom.* [*Pushes open the door.*] Why the deuce did you bolt the door, Maud? Now I have broke the bolt.

*Maud.* Because I was alone, and one can't tell what might happen to a body. But what brought you home, Tom?

*Tom.* Why, grand news?

*Maud.* News!

*Tom.* Yes; there is his lordship the Earl of Mercia coming to our town—and there's the wedding liveries to be finished—and you are to pay your honours to the bride before she leaves the mayor's house, and goes back to the castle. I have won the wager, Maud, at the Guy of Warwick.

*Maud.* Have you?

*Tom.* I have won it, *tol de rol*—I'm come home half fuddled with joy—I'll now go and see how the clothes go on. What hamper is that, Maud?

*Maud.* Oh, that!—Ay, that's a hamper of wine that the mayor desires you to see left safe at home, and delivered to madam, his lady.

*Tom.* Wine! O, I'll carry it immediately. As I am an officer, I should do the mayor's business.

*Maud.* So you should, Tom—for the mayor is willing enough to do your business.

*Tom.* I'll see the hamper delivered to none but his lady.

*Maud.* [*Aside.*] Egad, you'll trim his worship neatly.

*Tom.* You are a happy wife to have so clever a husband as I am—such a rare husband, Maud!

*Maud.* And you have a rare wife of me, if you knew all. Lord, what good spirits you've come home in, Tom!

*Tom.* How loving good cheer makes a body!

#### SONG.—TOM.

Egad, we had a glorious feast!  
So good in kind, so nicely drest,  
Our liquor too was of the best—I'll tell you;  
One leg of mutton, two fat geese,  
With beans and bacon, ducks and peas,  
In short, we'd every thing to please—the belly.

The clock struck twelve in merry chime,  
The priest said grace in Saxon rhyme,  
Says I, to me this is no time—for playing.  
The room was full when I came in,  
But soon I napkin'd up my chin,  
With knife and fork I now begin—to lay in.

The curate, who at such a rate  
Of dues and tithe-pigs used to prate,  
In silence sat behind his plate—a peeping.



Most churchmen like the vicar, too,  
A shepherd to his flock below,  
Like any wolf, good mutton now—was deep in.

We nodded health, for no one spoke,  
The cloth roll'd off, we crack'd a joke,  
And drunk the king, and sang, and smok'd tobacco.  
Our reck'ning out, they call a whip,  
I steals my hat and home I trip,  
My pretty Maud, your velvet lip—to smack O.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Mayor's House.*

EMMA *discovered sleeping, R.*

*Enter HAROLD, L.*

*Har.* The people of this town are all running after news, mobs, and proclamations. It is bold of me to venture here, even into the mayor's house, when a price is set upon my head by command of the earl. Cruel fate! But I will see Emma again, though at the risk of my life—Oh! what, my lovely Emma sleeping! Sweet emblem of innocence! [Retires up.]

*Tom.* [*Without.*] There, leave the hamper of wine till I find out madam, the mayoress.

*Enter TOM, L.*

Where the plague are all the servants? O dear! oh! oh! there is young Lady Emma taking a nap after dinner. Egad, those great folks eat so hearty of so many dishes—She looks so rosy, and for all the world like a pretty picture. What a charming landscape! I fancy you great folks never snore—even Maud does not snore much. Perhaps she's dreaming. I dreamed once I should be extoll'd above the whole town, by the means of a great lady. May be this is my lucky minute. What if I—Oh, dear! I've a great mind—Egad, I'll give her a kiss—I will. [*Harold advances and draws his sword—Tom falls on his knees, L.*] I'm dead!

*Har.* (R. c.) Tom, you are the only person that has seen me enter here: betray me, and here is instant death—assist me, and here is the means of living well.

[*Shows a purse.*]

*Tom.* Sir, I always choose to live well—because—because—I am a good Christian.

*Har.* Take your choice—gold or steel.

*Tom.* Gold is a very pretty thing; I am out of conceit with steel, since last Monday, when I run the needle into my thumb.

*Har.* When she wakes, give her this ring; and if she questions, tell her the owner is at hand. [*Retires, L.*]

*Tom.* Yes, sir, I'll tell her it's in the owner's hands. [*Advancing towards Emma, who rises.*] Madam! A handsome gentleman, [*Aside*] an ill-looking cobbler—with great civility, and a sword to my throat, said—Sir, be so good as to show that lady this ring—  
[*Aside*] you villain—you dog—give her this.

*Emma.* That ring I gave my benefactor, my dear, my generous William.

*Har.* [*Advancing, c.*] Heavens! what do I hear?

*Tom.* [*Going off and peeping.*] Oh, oh!—well, I will go and carry the hamper to the mayoress. Oh, ho!—I suppose so—oh! well—what's that to Tom? Ay, oh! ay!—Oh, oh!—oh, oh! [*Exit Tom, L.*]

*Har.* Madam, if I am so happy as to hold a place in your affections, while I acknowledge your condescension, permit me to say, it reflects no dishonour on your choice; for in poor William the peasant you behold Harold, son to Goodwin, Earl of Kent—and happy only in being hated by the father of her he loves.

*Emma.* Is it possible! Are you Harold, for whose life the proclamation is out! Oh, heavens! if you are discovered, you are lost, and I miserable.

*Har.* Charming Emma! that tender anxiety for my safety rewards a life of exile; but this evening is appointed for the celebration of your nuptials with the count. This moment the equipage is on the road to convey you away to the castle.

*Emma.* Oh, heavens! doom'd to a wretch I despise.

*Har.* Trust to my honour, madam, and I will instantly convey you to my father's court: thus you will avert the impending storm; and there, in safety, you may determine the fate of him who adores you.

*Emma.* It would be ungrateful to distrust your sincerity—I resign myself entirely to your protection. Free me from this odious match with Count Louis, and it will be a favour I shall ever acknowledge and esteem as a generous obligation. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Mayor's House.*

*Enter PEEPING TOM, L. with the hamper, and places it, c.*

*Tom.* Yes, that poor fellow must be some rich man from the money he gave me. Here is love—O, yes, there is certainly love in the case. Well, what's that to Tom? My business is to deliver this wine to the mayoress. I am a great favourite—she smiles upon me whenever she sees me. Now if she should be the great lady who is to exalt me—who knows? Here comes the mayoress herself.

*Enter MAYORESS, R.*

*Mayoress.* Not a servant in this house; all gone, I suppose, to see the young Lady Godiva come into town. Oh, good Tom!

*Tom.* [*Aside.*] She always calls me good Tom; that's no bad sign.

*Mayoress.* What's this, Tom?

*Tom.* Madam, when I went home, I found my door locked, and bursting it open, my wife Maud had got this hamper in her custody; which his worship, the mayor, had told her to tell me, to fetch it to your ladyship.

*Mayoress.* More nonsense of my blockhead of a husband.

*Tom.* It's no nonsense, madam; because it is wine.

*Mayoress.* Oh! wine, I suppose, that he has purchased from the French Count.

*Tom.* It's no purchase, it's a present.

*Mayoress.* Oh! a present from the French Count, I suppose. Well, for this trouble, Tom, you shall have the first glass.

*Tom.* I long to drink your ladyship's health—you are a tulip of Coventry.

*Mayoress.* You have a good taste, Tom.

*Tom.* Taste, madam! I could drink a bottle, when you are the toast.

*Enter MAUD, L.*

*Maud.* [*Aside, L.*] Ay, and you will have a bottle filled presently.

*Mayoress.* What brings you here?

*Maud.* I come to empty the hamper, madam.

*Mayoress.* You !

*Maud.* Yes, madam, for it was last filled at my house.

*Tom.* So, Maud, you was toping when you locked yourself in. [*Opens the hamper, and discovers the Mayor.*] There, madam !

*Mayoress.* My husband !

*Tom.* Egad, this is indeed a big-bellied bottle !

*Mayoress.* What, you have been at your old tricks, I suppose.

*Tom.* (L. c.) Well done, Maud ; egad, you have hampered his worship.

*Mayoress.* You are a right worshipful magistrate.

*May.* [*Coming out of the hamper, c.*] So I am, wife. Tom, remember I am the father of you all.

*Tom.* Ay, and so you want to be the father of all my children ?

*May.* Come here, wife, come here. Well, Tom, as this was only a frolic, you'll send home the wine.

*Tom.* Oh ! it's at home now ?

*May.* Yes ; but you'll send it home to me.

*Tom.* O no—the devil a drop you get. I'll keep it to drink to my wife's virtue, and the like success to your worship's intrigues.

*May.* Dear wife, forgive this.

DUET.—PEEPING TOM and MAUD.

*Maud.* Who would destroy domestic joy,  
Be ever sham'd like you, sir ;  
Then girls agree to do like me,  
Out with each sly seducer.

The deuce may mend and shame attend,  
Who thus with virtue tamper ;  
Then, master mayor, pray have a care,  
And recollect the hamper.

*Tom.* Well pleas'd to find my wife so kind,  
So cunning, and so clever,  
The bells shall ring, her praise I'll sing,  
For ever and for ever.

The bells shall ring, &c. [*Exeunt, l.*]

END OF ACT I.



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Coventry, L.*

*Enter PEEPING TOM, followed by a Mob, c.*

*Tom.* (c.) Huzza! huzza! Neighbours, neighbours, where are you all going

*Mob.* Huzza! To meet the Earl of Mercia and Lady Godiva.

*Tom.* Why, neighbours, what will they think of our town? Let us welcome them in order. If we must roar, let us roar like men and Christians. I'll cheer them with a choice chaunt—and then I'll make a fine speech—and then, when I am making the speech—not a grunt from one of you—not a grunt!

*Mob.* (L.) Why, what will you say?

*Tom.* Why, suppose now you to be the countess. I desire you to make a low curtsy to me, because you are very civil—now, you frown with your under lip more—now curl up your nose—so now, Mr. Countess, take your fingers out of your mouth, do—now settle your diamond necklace—show your fine ring and white hand.

*Mob.* But, Mr. Tom, as I have got no diamond necklace, won't it do as well to stroke my beard?

*Tom.* No, no, it won't. Did you ever hear of a countess stroking her beard? Now I will make a speech—May it please your lordship and ladyship, the great honour you have done us in coming to our beggarly town—

*Mob.* What! Coventry a beggarly town? Why, you deserve a good kicking!

*Tom.* Now did you ever know a countess kick a churchwarden?

*Enter the MAYOR and CRAZY, c.*

*Mob.* No speech! no speech! A speech from the mayor, to be sure.

*Tom.* The mayor's an ignorant man!

*May.* What's the matter here?

*Mob.* Here's Tom abusing the whole town.

*May.* Is he? Get you gone all of you! Tom, you are a very impudent fellow. So, Tom, I'm an ignorant man!

*Tom.* Are you, sir?

*May.* And you are an impudent rascal!

*Tom.* My impudence is in having a wife too pretty for me—and too virtuous for your worship!

## SONG.—PEEPING TOM.

Your worship your wings may clap,  
 And think yourself a great city cock;  
 You'll never my Maud entrap,  
 For she is the hen of a pretty cock.

Have done with your winks and your leers,  
 For Tom is a tailor that's knowing, sir;  
 He'll trim you himself with his shears,  
 And then you'll have done with your crowing, sir.  
 Your worship, &c.

My wife is a white-legged fowl,  
 Can bill like a thrush or dove in a tree,  
 But never will pair with an owl—  
 My worshipful Mayor of Coventry.  
 Your worship, &c.

*May.* (R.) Tom, I discharge you from all public offices. The public good demands it.

*Tom.* (L.) The public good! Why, can you forget when you collected the poor's rate, you lent out money at threepence a week for a shilling? and when churchwarden, you were detected in putting in sixpence and taking out half-a-crown.

*May.* I put in half-a-crown.

*Tom.* Ay, that was compound.

*May.* Tom, I discharge you down to a common constable.

*Cra.* He is no constable; that office belongs to me.

*May.* Tom, I supersede you—I must be ready to receive the Earl of Mercia.

*Enter the EARL OF MERCIA, LADY GODIVA, and Attendants, L.*

*Earl.* (L. c.) Mr. Mayor, my daughter has made a long visit at your house.

*May.* (c.) She does my house, my lord, much honour.

*God.* (L. c.) Has not your fair at Coventry lasted much longer than usual?

*May.* My lady, in order to compensate for the great honour done us, we have had a greater variety of entertainments than ever was known in Coventry.

*Tom.* (R. c.) We have, indeed, had great diversions, my lady. [*Aside.*] Lord, how beautiful she is!

*Cra.* (R.) Yes, we had much merry-making.

*Earl.* Who are you, my old friend?

*Cra.* Please your worship—I am Mayor of Coventry.

*May.* The devil you are!

*Tom.* Please your worship, that old gentleman's wits are a little out at the elbows; and though my brain is quite new, and I've been so active in every office, yet the mayor has put him over my head—and he's mad!

*May.* Crazy there has merit.

*Tom.* I've done nothing.

*Earl.* So, then, you are the active officer that has done nothing?

*Cra.* I do all myself.\*

*Earl.* This same town of Coventry seems to be well governed, if one may judge by the appearance of the magistrates.

*Tom.* His lordship seems to be in a plaguy ill-humour—he looks damn'd glum. Come, clear up your pipes, and give him a song

#### DUET AND CHORUS.

*Tom.* Your lordship's welcome among us,  
Because you are the peer;  
Your ladyship never will wrong us,  
Because you're not severe.

*Chorus.* This is joyful news,  
What citizen will refuse  
To stick up their houses with holly?  
To broach a tub of humming bub,  
And welcome home with a rub-a-dub?  
So, neighbours, let us be jolly.

*May.* At our fair you'll be delighted,  
The bells shall ring merrily;  
And when, my lord, I'm knighted,  
Sir Gregory Goose I'll be.

*Chorus.* This is joyful news, &c.  
[A dance at the end of each verse.]

*Enter* COUNT LEWIS, R.

*Lew.* Emma, my lord, your daughter is fled! Gone off—and accompanied by a young peasant. That, I dare say, must be the peasant that rescued her from the Danes. It seems Harold, Earl Goodwin's son, has been lurking about the town.

*Earl.* [*Looking at the Mayor.*] Is this your fidelity to me? Since you have joined in the treason, all partake in the punishment. For this offence, I amerce your city in a thousand marks; and, by Heaven! the power of man shall not induce me to abate one scruple. See that this be complied with in an hour's notice, or rigour shall enforce my sentence!

[*Exeunt the Earl, Godiva, and Attendants, L.*]

*Tom.* There's a pretty job!

*Cra.* I remember, Alfred the Great laid a tax upon horn combs.

*Enter MAYORESS, R.*

*Mayoress.* Fine care you have taken of us!

*May.* Fire, sword, and famine are come upon us! Oh, grief! Oh, ruin!

*Tom.* You see, when my lord takes a thing into his head, he says, I'll do it—and in that case he surely does it—and then it is done.

*Mayoress.* We all know that Lady Godiva is as sweet-tempered as her husband is crabbed and crusty. Now, I will summon all the good wives in a body, and I'll go at their head, and, with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes, will beseech the lady to beseech her husband to take off the tax.

*Tom.* An excellent thought!

*May.* I must get the consent of the corporation. I will go summon the livery.

*Mayoress.* Summon the livery! you had better go summon the petticoats—

*Tom.* I'm for the petticoats.

*Cra.* And I love the petticoats. [*Exeunt, L.*]

## SCENE II.—*High Street, Coventry.*

*Enter EMMA and HAROLD.*

*Emma.* What a dilemma!

*Har.* The city guard being posted, prevented our escape.

*Emma.* When my father knows you are the person that assisted in my escape, he will be in such a rage—

*Har.* A separation from my Emma alone, is a terror for her faithful Harold.

*Emma.* Was my father to consider your valour, he would certainly be reconciled.

*Har.* True, my love, I have bled in my country's cause, and shall again: not the fire of love, nor the



frost of age, shall check my spirit in the cause of Britain.

*Emma.* Oh, do not have an idea of separation; if you could but find a place of safety here, for the present—this is the house of poor honest Tom, the tailor, I have seen so often at the mayor's. [*They retire, L.*]

*Enter PEEPING TOM from the House, R. C. F.*

*Tom.* Ay, there they go—what a fine string of them! I did not think there were so many women in Coventry, at least, so many pretty girls in it—I love the pretty girls, because they are generally so handsome—they always snigger at me as they pass; how can they help it, when I cast such sly looks at them?—there they all march in a body—egad, it's a delicate body, and the mayoress at their head; she's a fine head. Well, if this scheme succeeds, I will get drunk to-night, like a sober citizen, and drink success to the petticoat-corporation. [*Coming down, L.*] Oh, lord, madam!—Emma, there they are gone up to Lady Godiva.

*Emma.* You'll not betray me!

*Har.* Mind, Tom, money or steel.

*Tom.* No, sir, I have gold enough, and keep the sword to defend the lady. You will find in my house, perhaps, as good shelter as in a rich man's; for, lord, I am as great a friend to love as the woman's favourite, the fat Friar Fogarty.

[*Exeunt Emma and Harold into the house.*]

SONG.—PEEPING TOM.

When I was a younker, and lived with my dad,  
The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad;  
My mammy she call'd me a white-headed boy,  
Because with the girls I lik'd for to toy.  
There was Ciss, Priss, Letty and Betty and Doll,  
With Meg, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll;  
I flatter'd their chatter so sprightly and gay,  
I rumble 'em, tumble 'em, that's my way.

One fine frosty morning, a-going to school,  
Young Meggy I met, and she call'd me a fool;  
Her mouth was my primer, a lesson I took,  
I swore it was pretty, and then kiss'd the book:  
But school, fool, primer and trimmer and birch,  
And boys for the girls I have left in the lurch.

I flatter'd, &c. &c.

'Tis very well known I can dance a good jig,  
 And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig ;  
 I wrestle a fall, and a bar I can fling,  
 And when o'er a flaggon most sweetly can sing ;  
 But pig, gig, wicket and cricket and ball,  
 I'd give up to wrestle with Meggy of all.

I flatter'd, &c. &c.

[Exit into the house, R. C. F.]

SCENE III.—A Chamber in Tom's House.—Table and  
 Chairs.—A Window, C. F.

Enter PEEPING TOM, L.

*Tom.* I have a great fancy to know what Maud and  
 the Mayoress have done.—Lord, how I long to know  
 what success they have had, or whether they will for-  
 give the tax. Oh, there's Maud come back, I hear her  
 voice.

*Maud.* [Without, L.] Oh, Madam, I'll only tell Tom.

Enter MAUD, L.

*Maud.* Oh, Tom, here we have got the young lady  
 Emma in the house—have you seen the Countess ?

*Tom.* I know what we have got—but tell me, shall  
 we get the tax off ; you all went, and were you all  
 there ?

*Maud.* Yes, there we went, and we were all admitted  
 to Lady Godiva's presence.

*Tom.* O, lord, that was pleasant.

*Maud.* So it was, Tom—we all fell a-crying.

*Tom.* How did you manage that, Maud ?—I never  
 saw you cry in all my life.

*Maud.* I only made believe—then we all fell on our  
 knees, then we got up again.

*Tom.* Yes, yes, oh I see—I see you did.

*Maud.* Then the Countess she heard our petitions,  
 and she asked my lord to pardon the city—no, says his  
 lordship, that I will not ; I have sworn that the power  
 of man shall not persuade me—yes, but says she, the  
 power of woman may, and I am a woman, says she.

*Tom.* Oh, she need not have told him that.

*Maud.* And, says her ladyship, I am a good woman  
 and your wife ; and you, as a good husband, ought to  
 do as I bid you.

*Tom.* She was a little out there.

*Maud.* Says the Earl, as you are a good woman, I will forgive the tax only on one condition—What's that, says my lady? It is, says he, only if you will ride through the city of Coventry naked, without a rag of clothes on.

*Tom.* What!

*Maud.* Now he only joked; having no notion she would do it—but she having the good of our city at heart, took him at his word, and is actually now preparing for it.

*Tom.* Lady Godiva ride a horseback—all through the city, without any—well, if ever—

*Maud.* Now you are all agog with your nonsensical curiosity.

*Tom.* I have no curiosity.

*Maud.* Tom, Tom, our fortune is made, for as Lady Emma has taken shelter in our house—

*Tom.* Our house—ride—so, so—

*Maud.* But here's a young peasant in her company

*Tom.* Company; then I suppose she will have nothing at all.

*Maud.* 'Tis very odd, for he seems to have a sight of money.

*Tom.* Sight of money—such a sight!

*Maud.* Hang the man, is he grown stupid?—What are you thinking of, Tom?

*Tom.* I was thinking of a side saddle.

*Maud.* Was there ever such a fool. But I must go and attend Lady Emma, so I will leave you to ride on your side saddle. [Exit, L.

*Tom.* Talk of a coronation, 'tis no more to this—Lady Godiva is a procession in herself—I must go in time to procure a good place.—Shall I ask our Maud to go?—No, no, the sight would be lost upon Maud—but I'll go—

*Enter the MAYOR, L.*

*Tom.* What brings you here, sir?

*May.* Well, Tom, I suppose you have heard—

*Tom.* Yes, sir.

*May.* Lady Godiva, in her progress through the city, passes by your house here.

*Tom.* Gad, sir, that's lucky; I shall have an opportunity of seeing her nicely.

*May.* Yes, and you will have an opportunity of hang-

ing in hemp nicely at your own door—the streets are to be cleared—all the windows and the houses to be fastened up—no person, on pain of death, to be seen of the male kind.

*Tom.* Me! do you think I would look, sir? [*Aside.*] I wish I could get him out of the house. [*Aside.*] Why, what need your worship be in a hurry to go?

*May.* I am in a hurry to go, Tom.

*Tom.* It's a fine day abroad, sir.

*May.* But every body must stay at home.

*Tom.* Well, if you will go home, you must. Good bye to you. [*Going, R.*]

*May.* What, are you going, Tom?

*Tom.* Yes, sir; I wish you a good bye, sir; I will not stay in this room while Lady Godiva passes, it commands such a prospect.

*May.* [*Aside.*] Gad, that's true; from that window I could have a charming peep, if that fellow was but out of the way.

*Tom.* I'll go down and lock myself in the cellar to avoid temptation.

*May.* Do, Tom—that's a good boy, and I'll go home, Tom. [*Going, L.*]

*Tom.* Good bye to you, sir.

*May.* Good bye to you, Tom.

*Tom.* So you are going home, sir.

*May.* Yes, I am going home; now, do you go and lock yourself up in the cellar.

*Tom.* (R.) Yes, I will, sir; good bye sir.

*May.* (L.) Good bye, Tom.

*Tom.* Good bye, sir.

*May.* Good bye.

[*Each of them come on and off several times without speaking, and seeing each other, run off.*]

*Re-enter the MAYOR, L.*

*May.* By this time Lady Godiva's past the cross; all is clear; and foolish Tom has locked himself up in the cellar, and thinks I am gone home. She cannot be far off now—I shall have a charming peep at her from that window—I'll go and look for something to put on the table. [*Exit, L.*]

*Enter PEEPING TOM, R.*

*Tom.* By this time his worship's at home—curst troublesome old hound—and Lady Godiva must be at



hand. I think I hear her horse's feet—the clinking of his hoofs is far sweeter than a hautboy. [*Drags forward a stool, puts it on the table, and gets up.*] There, there, she is turning the corner.

*May.* I can find nothing—I'll try to reach the window upon my tip-toes, though I break my neck for it. [*In striving to get up, he catches Tom in his arms.*] Oh, you villain, I have caught you peeping. \*

*Tom.* Sir, I was only going to take in the cock-chaffinch.

*May.* Come down, I'll have you hang'd—I came here only on the look-out. [*Exeunt, L.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*A Street in Coventry.*

*Enter* PEEPING TOM, CRAZY, &c., followed by the EARL OF MERCIA, the MAYORESS, and Attendants.

*Earl.* (R. c.) You shall be hang'd, Tom.

*Tom.* Then your lordship must get me another neck, for this is engaged already.

*Earl.* How, sirrah! did you know it was instant death?

*Tom.* True, my lord, but I thought it was no harm.

*Enter* MAUD, L.

*Maud.* Oh, my dear, what's the matter? It is all along with this wicked mayor; he wants to make me a widow. It would be for the public good if he was hanged instead of my husband.

*Earl.* Then we should leave his wife here a sorrowful widow.

*Mayoress.* Oh, my lord, I should not mind my private sorrows for the public good.

*Earl.* So then, Mr. Mayor, all this was to forward your designs upon the young woman. If this culprit here will give up my daughter, his life shall be saved.

*Tom.* Then I have a dull chance, my lord; but, my lord, tho' I am but a poor fellow, the richest jewel in your lordship's coronet could not make me betray a person, after once giving him the protection of my roof.

*Earl.* See him to execution—Try him no further

*Tom.* No mercy, my lord!

*Earl.* Yes, if you can produce Harold in your place that may save your life.

*Enter HAROLD and EMMA.*

*Har.* Then save his life, and take mine—I am Harold ; but now the husband of your unhappy daughter.

*Earl.* Disobedient child.—Of all men upon earth, is this your wretched choice ?

*Emma.* My choice—my pride.

*Earl.* I would sooner have bestowed you on that peasant that rescued you from the Danes, for his valour at least has a claim upon my gratitude.

*Emma.* Then let Harold have that claim ; he was that peasant, the protector of my life and honour.

*Earl.* I see now that my prejudice against Earl Goodwin has blinded me to his son's peculiar virtues ; and what you have saved, take as your reward.

*Enter COUNT LEWIS, L.*

*Lew.* My lord, your daughter I claim, according to promise.

*Earl.* No, he is unworthy of a lady's love that has not courage to protect her.

*Tom.* So here I stand all this while with the rope about my neck.

*May.* I must do my duty. Bring in the constables.

*Earl.* 'Tis your duty to resign an office to which you are a disgrace. Here, I grant Tom a full pardon, for his adherence to his word ; and in your place, I appoint him Mayor of Coventry.

*May.* What, Peeping Tom !

*Tom.* Hold your tongue, you dog, or I'll put you in the stocks !

*Cra.* Whoever is mayor, I'll be churchwarden.

*Earl.* I believe I have been too severe upon your city ; but, since it has produced one honest man, I relinquish my claims.

*Cra.* Yes, I am an honest man—and you have found me out !

*Tom.* Then I hope our friends will be equally indulgent ; and every man that loves a fine woman, will pardon PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY.

FINALE.

*Har.* Let ev'ry care and tumult cease,  
Bands of love unite us ;  
Kind friendship, joy, and lasting peace,  
For ever shall delight us.

*Maud.* I wish you joy of your disgrace,  
Let his wife alone, sir ;  
For since by her you've lost your place,  
Better kiss your own, sir.

*May.* I've brought things to a pretty pass,  
By my own gallanting ;  
Though late a mayor—I'm now an ass  
This is my gala-ganting.

*Cra.* Why, what a deuce is all this rout ?  
Cease your idle singing !  
Or, by this hand, I'll put you out,  
And set the bells a ringing !

*Tom.* Though you have, as poets see,  
Rods in pickle steeping ;  
Forgive poor Tom of Coventry,  
And pardon him his peeping.

**DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE  
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.**

**CRA. HAR. EM. EARL M. TOM. MAUD. MAY. COUNTESS.**

**R.]**

**[L.**



**THE END.**



