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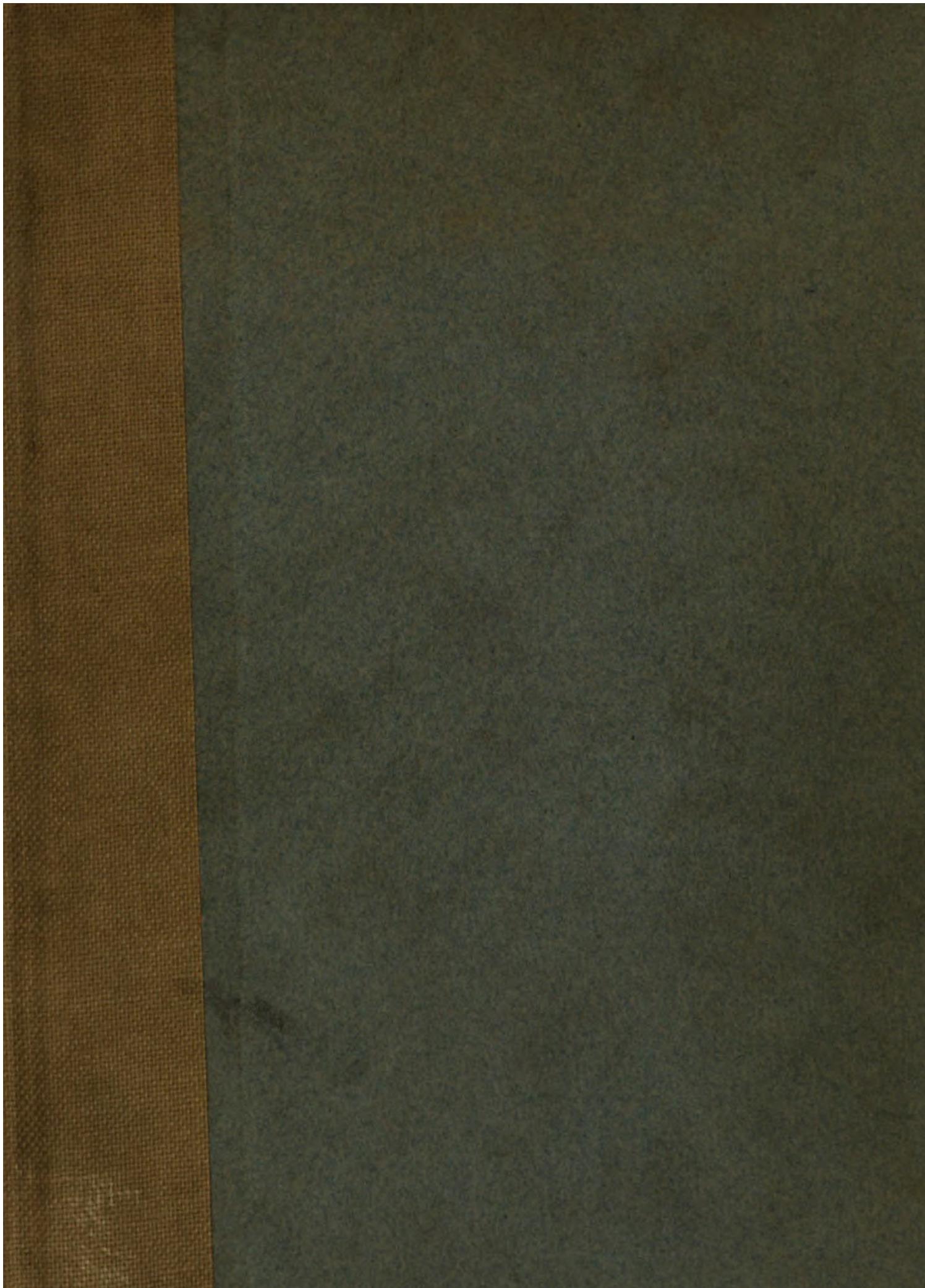
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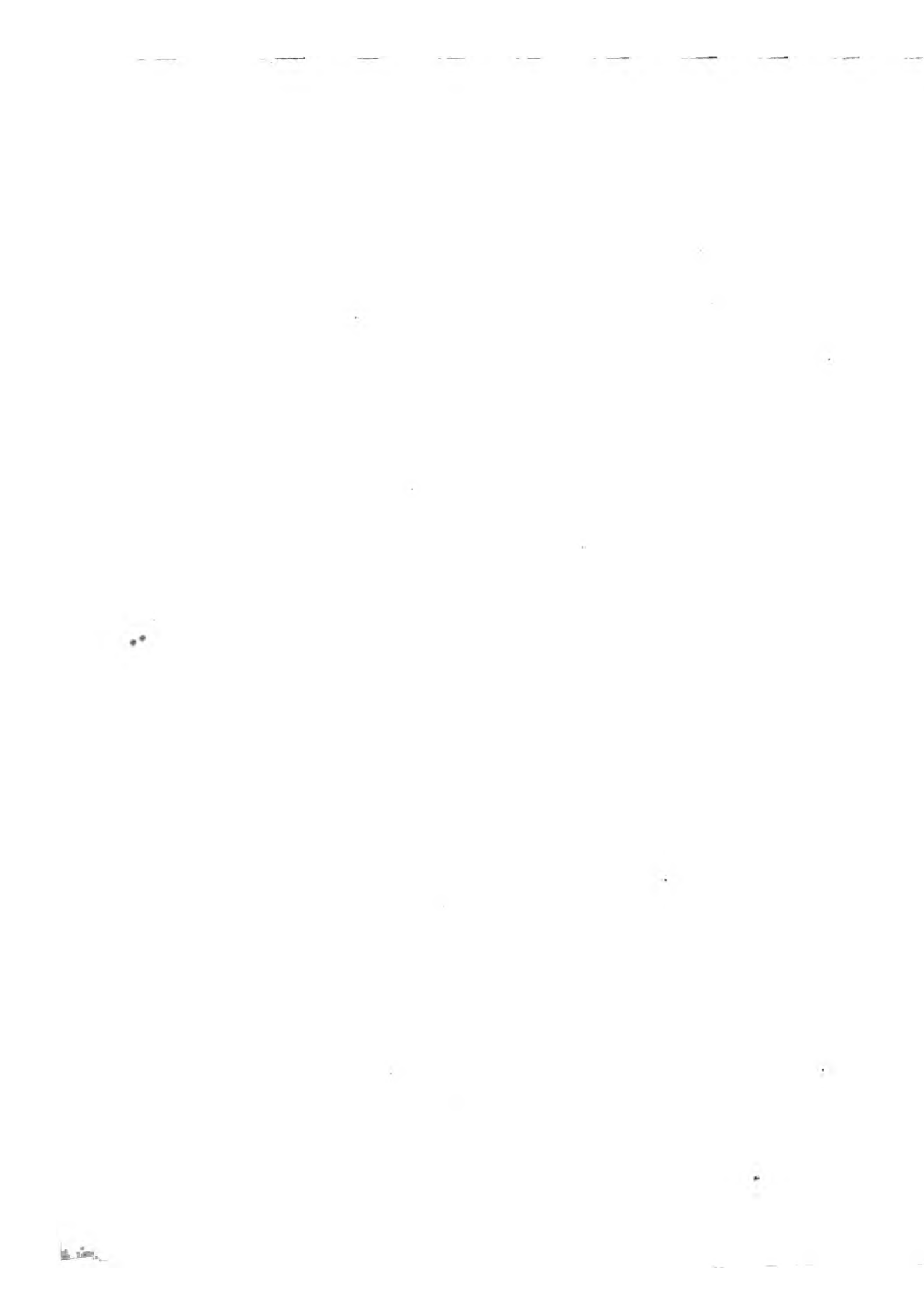
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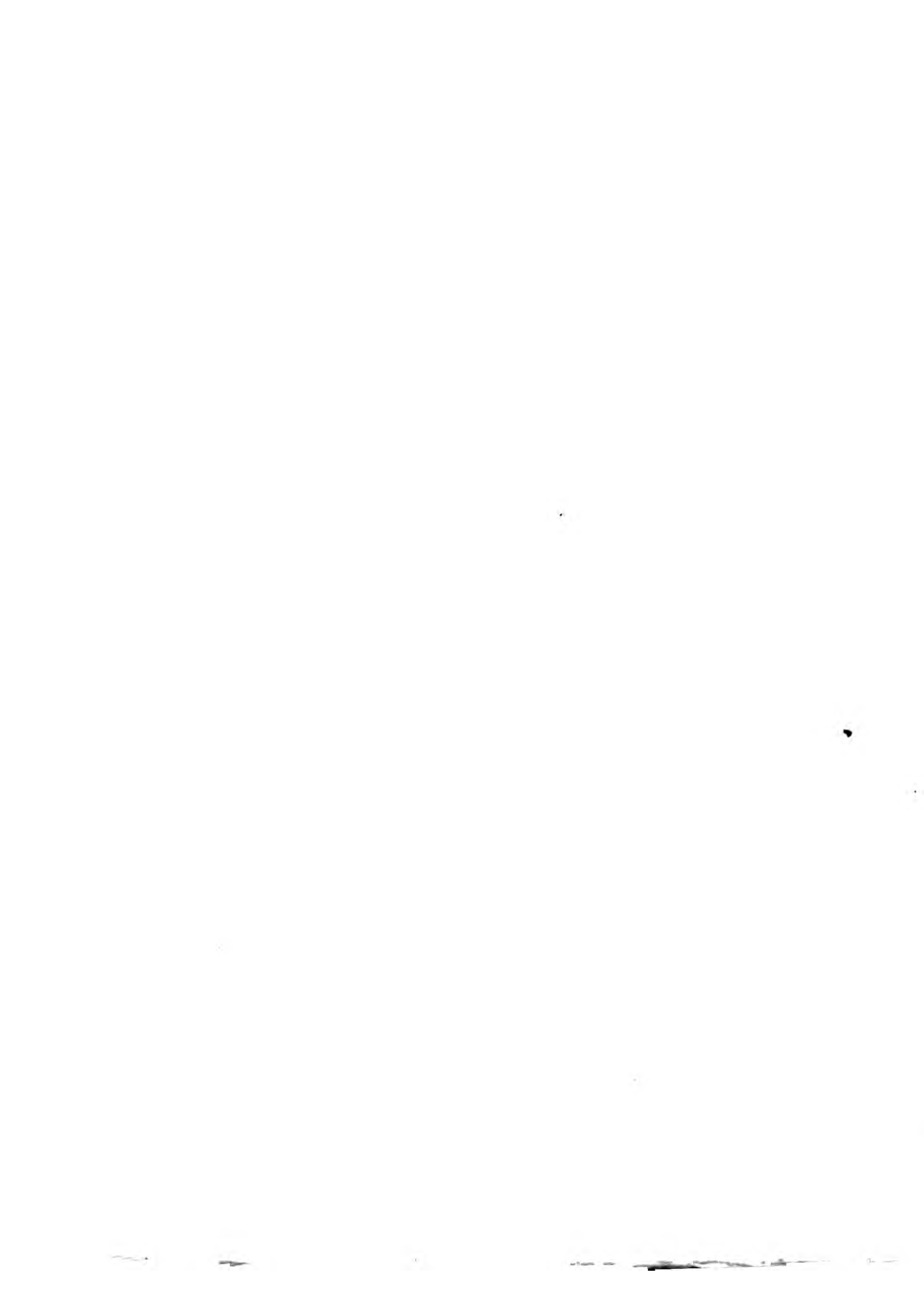
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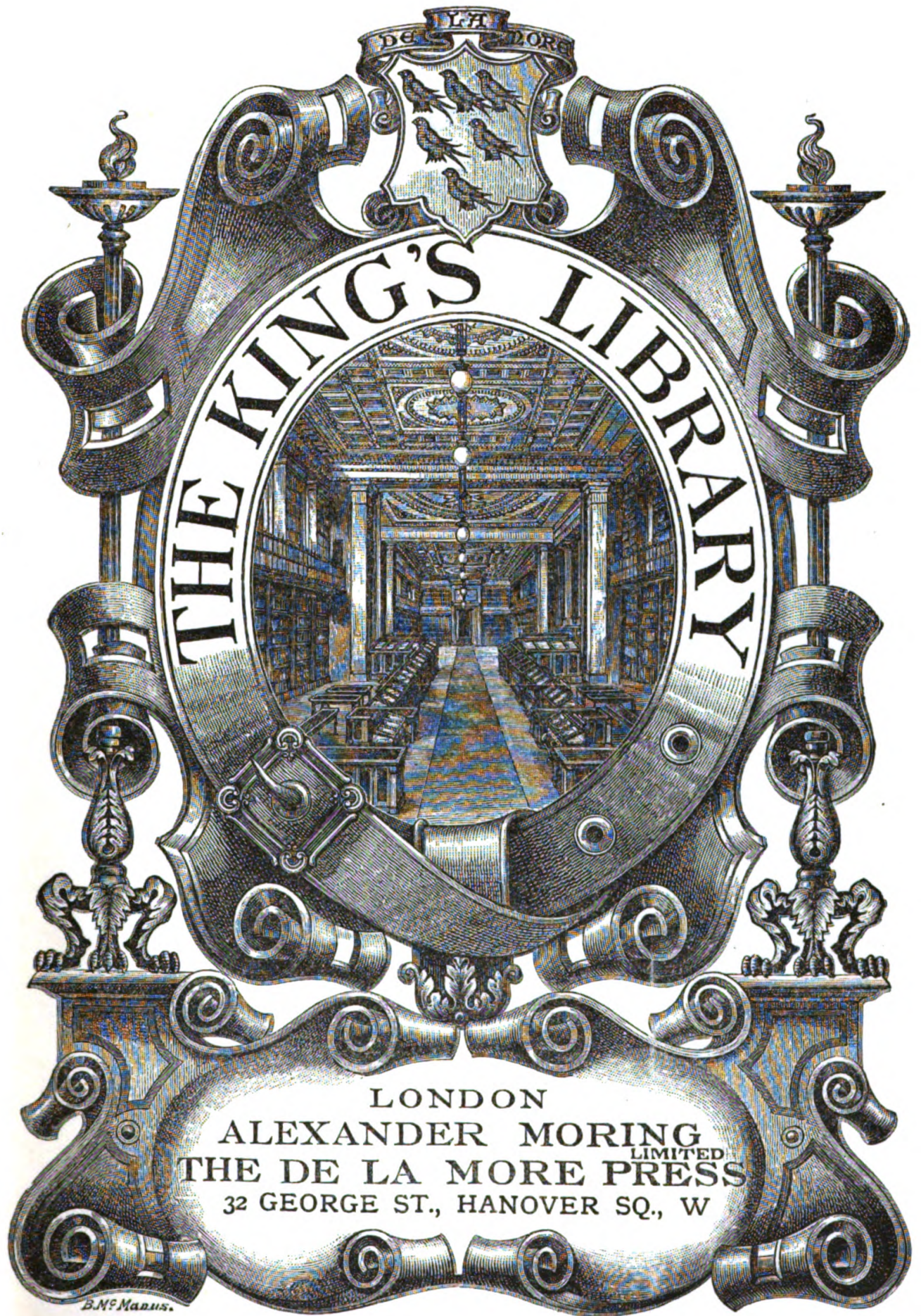


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EDITED BY PROFESSOR GOLLANCZ

DE LA MORE PRESS QUARTOS
III. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA





LONDON
ALEXANDER MORING
LIMITED
THE DE LA MORE PRESS
32 GEORGE ST., HANOVER SQ., W

B.N.F. Manus.



THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, EDITED
BY G. HAMILTON MACLEOD



THE BEGGAR'S OPERA BY JOHN GAY



Beggar's Opera, Act III, from the engraving after Hogarth.

AT THE DE LA MORE PRESS
32 GEORGE STREET HANOVER
SQUARE LONDON W MDCCCV

“Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;
In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child ;
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age ;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev’n among the great ;
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.—
These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay !”

(Pope's Epitaph on Mr. Gay, in Westminster Abbey, 1732.)

PREFACE



PREFACE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.—John Gay was born at Barnstaple in 1685 (date of baptism, 16th September, 1685). The family to which he belonged was ancient but impoverished, and when his parents died (mother, 1694; father, 1695), the boy was left to the care of his uncle, Thomas Gay, resident in Barnstaple. One of his masters at the free grammar school of Barnstaple was Mr. Robert Luck, A.M., whose miscellaneous poems were published by Cave in 1736, with a dedication to the Duke of Queensberry:—

“O Queensberry! could happy Gay
This offering to thee bring,
'Tis his, my lord (he'd smiling say),
Who taught your Gay to sing.”

Whatever influence his poet teacher had upon his career, the plays performed by the pupils of the school must have affected him much. On leaving school he was apprenticed to a London mercer, but growing tired of this occupation, he returned to Barnstaple, and then back to London, “where he lived for a time as a private gentleman.” In 1708, *Wine*, a poem in blank verse appeared, but it was not printed in the collected edition of his poems in 1720. In 1711 (May), his pamphlet, *The Present State of Wit, etc.*, supposed to be addressed to a friend in the country, was published. By this time he seems to have been acquainted with Pope, whose *Essay on Criticism* appeared a few weeks later than this pamphlet. (See letter from Mr. Cromwell to Pope, dated October 26th, 1711.) In 1712, Gay contributed a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* to Lintot's *Miscellany*, and earlier in the same year *The Mohocks*, a tragi-comical farce, was advertised as having been acted “near the Watch-house in Covent Garden;” but, as a matter of fact, it was never performed. In this year he was appointed secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, wife of the ill-fated Duke. This position must have entailed upon Gay all the humiliation of dependence, but

throughout his life he seems to have unable to stand alone without the support of friends and patrons. In 1713 (January), *Rural Sports* appeared, dedicated to Pope; to Steele's *Guardian* he contributed an article on dress, and to the *Poetical Miscellanies* of the same editor he gave two elegies (*Panthea* and *Araminta*), and the *Contemplation on Night*. In this year his first dramatic piece, *The Wife of Bath*, was played before the public, but it met with great indifference, and was withdrawn from the stage. Early in 1714 appeared *The Fan*, a poem of no great merit, although it received a little touching at the hands of Pope. It was followed by the pastoral poem, *The Shepherd's Week*, consisting of six eclogues, and written as an aid to Pope in his "reciprocation of malevolence" with Ambrose Philips. In this year Gay resigned his position in the household of the Duchess of Monmouth, and obtained through the influence of Swift, or of Swift's friends, the post of secretary to Lord Clarendon, who set out, accompanied by Gay, for the Court of Hanover in a diplomatic capacity in June, 1714. Lord Clarendon's mission came to an end with the death of Queen Anne (August 1st), and Gay returned to England in September. Pope and Arbuthnot advised him to write "something on the king, or prince, or princess," and this advice caused him to write the *Epistle to a Lady, occasioned by the Arrival of Her Royal Highness* (i.e. the Princess of Wales, who arrived in England on October 13th). As a result, the production of *The What-d'ye-call-It* was honoured by the appearance of royalty at Drury Lane. This piece Gay calls a tragi-comi-pastoral, and it was written to cast ridicule upon the bombast of the heroic play, and especially upon Otway's *Venice Preserved*. The farce made a hit, and even the Templars, who had come for the purpose of hissing on behalf of Otway, were forced to give their applause. During the summer of 1715 Gay lived in Devonshire at the expense of Lord Burlington (see epistle, *A Journey to Exeter*), and in 1716 he published *Trivia*, one of the poems by which he is best known now. The poem is very valuable, not for its poetical worth, but for the

account it gives of out-door life in London in the reign of Anne. It was very popular, although it did not reach a third edition till 1730, and brought its author a very respectable sum. In 1717 *Three Hours after Marriage* was staged. The title-page bears the names of Gay, Pope, and Arbuthnot as collaborators, but as it was a rather scurrilous attack upon Dr. Woodward, the geologist, it was received with distinct disapprobation. In July of the same year he was taken by William Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath) to Aix, and in 1718 he stayed at Courthope, a seat belonging to Lord Harcourt. Pope was at this time at Stanton Harcourt, another of Lord Harcourt's estates, working at the fifth volume of the *Iliad*, and Gay occasionally visited him. In 1720 Tonson & Lintot published an edition of his collected poems, among which, however, his poem *Wine* does not appear. In this collection there were several pieces published for the first time. It contains also the pastoral tragedy, *Dione*, and *Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan*, one of the most delightful of his songs, and perhaps the only one which retains its popularity. This publication brought Gay about £1,000, and his friends immediately came forward with good counsel as to the disposing of this money. "Lewis [Erasmus], the steward of Lord Oxford, advised him to trust it to the funds, and live upon the interest; Arbuthnot bade him entrust it to Providence and live upon the principal; Pope directed him, and was seconded by Swift, to purchase an annuity." Gay, however, was deaf to good advice. The younger Craggs, at that time Secretary of State, had made him a present of some South Sea stock, and Gay, carried away by dreams of wealth, invested this money in the same scheme. The value of the stock increased enormously, but, refusing to sell out, he lost everything when the crash came. About this time he seems to have been taken into the care of his faithful patroness, the Duchess of Queensberry. He had lodgings in Whitehall, granted to him by the Earl of London, but his time was mostly spent in the houses of his great patrons and of his friends. His expectations of some

well-paid sinecure still remained unfulfilled, a disappointment he had earlier voiced in his address to the princess,—

“Places, I found, were daily giv’n away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mentioned Gay.”

Yet he held the post of lottery commissioner from 1722 to 1731, with a salary of £150 attached to it, an emolument which many would consider far beyond his merit as a contributor to literature, and one which, in less happy times for literary men, he probably would not have enjoyed. In 1724 he produced *The Captives* at Drury Lane, where it ran for seven nights. It is a tragedy somewhat stilted in diction, and even Booth, as the Persian captive, Sophernes, and Mrs. Oldfield, as Cydene, the wife of Sophernes, could not make it live beyond the seven times it occupied the stage. For some time after this he was engaged upon his first series of tales, written for Prince William (Duke of Cumberland). They were published in 1727 by Tonson & Watt, with plates by Wootton and Kent, and a dedication to the prince. He had no reason to be disappointed at the reception of the work by the public, but at the accession of George II., instead of the preferment he expected, he received only the appointment of gentleman-usher to the young Princess Louisa, a position which he declined in a letter to the Queen. At the end of a letter to Swift, dated October, 1727, he says: “As I am used to disappointments I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can be no more disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition.” By this time he seems to have finished *The Beggar’s Opera*, which was produced at Lincoln’s Inn Fields on January 29th of the next year (1728). Its success was instantaneous and complete, and he immediately followed up his triumph with the sequel *Polly*. When quite ready for the stage, however, the play was forbidden to be acted by the Lord Chamberlain, acting under direct commands from the court. Although the sequel is vastly inferior to the first opera, the court interference raised it into an

unwonted popularity, and the veto was made the occasion of a far-reaching political strife, and placed Gay before the eyes of the town as a much-injured martyr. Its publication realised for him about £1,200. Overtaken by a severe illness at the end of this great year in his career, he continued in a state of weakness during the short remainder of his life, during which he lived entirely with the Queensberrys. During the year 1730 his *Wife of Bath*, touched up, was again produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, but met with no better reception than at its former appearance. During this period he wrote his second series of *Tales*, which were chiefly political in character, but were not produced until 1738, when they were published by Knapton from the manuscript in possession of the Duke of Queensberry. He probably wrote at this time his opera of *Achilles*, which appeared at Covent Garden in 1733. His pastoral drama, *Acis and Galatea*, was produced at the Haymarket in May, 1732. The music was by Handel, and the words had been written ten years previously. *The Rehearsal at Gotham*, a farce, and *The Distress'd Wife*, were not printed until over twenty years after his death. There is a letter from him to Swift, dated November 16th, 1732, telling of his arrival in London, but he was shortly afterwards seized by an attack of inflammatory fever, and died on December 4th, 1732. He was buried with all honours in Westminster Abbey, and on his monument was placed a couplet taken from one of his letters to Pope,—

“Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once and now I know it.”

His “rooted laziness” and “utter impatience of fatigue,” probably the cause of his almost abject dependence, do not make him a great character, but his disposition was so kindly and amiable that it gained him many friendships, and he was evidently a most delightful companion. He preserved, until his death, an unbroken friendship with Pope, and the intimate relationship he held with Arbuthnot and Swift certainly raise the estimation of his memory.

ACCOUNT OF THE PLAY.—In a letter, from Gay to Swift, dated October, 1727, where he laments his want of success in receiving preferment at the accession of George II. (*vide supra*), he refers to *The Beggar's Opera* as being finished. It was Swift who had first suggested the idea. As early as 1716 Swift had, in a letter to Pope, expressed the belief that the "pastoral ridicule" (referring of course to the attack upon Philips) was not exhausted, and "that a porter, chairman or footman's pastoral might do as well. Or what think you of a Newgate Pastoral?" As the work proceeded Pope says it was shown to him and to Swift; and that they "now and then gave a correction or a word or two of advice, but it was wholly of his own writing." Congreve pronounced the verdict that it would be either a great success or a complete failure. On the night of its production Pope reports that the Duke of Argyll said, "It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them." Quin had declined playing the part of Macheath, which was undertaken by Walker, who is said to have been scarcely able to sing in tune, but who was "supported by his inimitable action, by his speaking to the eye and charming the ear." Lavinia Fenton, "the Queen of English song," who afterwards married the Duke of Bolton, made Polly the darling of the town. The fate of the piece on the night of its production (29th January, 1728) was for some time doubtful, but soon the doubt was dispelled and the play's success became assured. The enthusiasm reached its height with the tenderness displayed by Lavinia Fenton in singing—

"For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life."

The audience appreciated to the full the political allusions. The quarrel between Lockett and Peachum, said to have been designed in imitation of that between Brutus and Cassius, was at once understood by the public as being a representation of the strife between Walpole and Townshend. Sir Robert Walpole was present at the first performance, and during the acting of this scene, when he was regarded

by everyone, he had the good sense and presence of mind to be the first to applaud. The popularity of the piece was enormous. In his note upon the line, "Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends," in the *Dunciad* (Bk. III., l. 330), Pope says:—"It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together; it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only, the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved and sold in great numbers, her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

"Furthermore, it drove out of England for that season the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic, Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. . . . Yet so great was his [Gay's] modesty that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*" Gay's receipts from the production reached between £700 and £800, while Rich (the manager of the theatre) cleared about £4,000, whence it has been said that the opera made "Gay rich and Rich gay." *The Beggar's Opera* was the prototype of the ballad opera, and many productions of a similar nature, too numerous to mention, followed its first appearance. The class is not of great literary importance beyond the fact that it produced many fine songs, but is interesting on account of its descent from the masque through the "heroic" opera.

In the preparation of this edition I am much indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Professor Eggeling and Mr. Anderson of the Library of the University of Edinburgh, and to the Officials of the British Museum Library for their ever ready willingness to help me in my research. My more intimate thanks are due to Professor Grierson, University of Aberdeen, for hints and suggestions, and to my friends, Mr. John Wilson, M.A., and Mr. Thomas Paterson, M.A., for their assistance in reading my manuscript and suggesting improvements.

EDINBURGH,

G. HAMILTON MACLEOD.

September, 1903.

The
BEGGAR'S
O P E R A .

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL

IN
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

Written by Mr. *GAY.*

— *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

Mart.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-Office
in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

MDCCXXVIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

[ORIGINAL CAST]

MEN

Peachum		Mr. <i>Hippesley</i>
Lokit		Mr. <i>Hall</i>
Macheath		Mr. <i>Walker</i>
Filch		Mr. <i>Clark</i>
Jemmy Twitcher	} Macheath's Gang {	Mr. <i>H. Bullock</i>
Crook-finger'd Jack		Mr. <i>Houghton</i>
Wat Dreary		Mr. <i>Smith</i>
Robin of Bagshot		Mr. <i>Lacy</i>
Nimming Ned		Mr. <i>Pit</i>
Harry Paddington		Mr. <i>Eaton</i>
Mat of the Mint		Mr. <i>Spiller</i>
Ben Budge		Mr. <i>Morgan</i>
Beggar		Mr. <i>Chapman</i>
Player		Mr. <i>Milward</i>

Constables, Drawer, Turnkey, etc.

WOMEN

Mrs. Peachum		Mrs. <i>Martin</i>
Polly Peachum		Miss <i>Fenton</i>
Lucy Lokit		Mrs. <i>Egleton</i>
Diana Trapes		Mrs. <i>Martin</i>
Mrs. Coaxer	} Women of the Town {	Mrs. <i>Holiday</i>
Dolly Trull		Mrs. <i>Lacy</i>
Mrs. Vixen		Mrs. <i>Rice</i>
Betty Doxy		Mrs. <i>Rogers</i>
Jenny Diver		Mrs. <i>Clarke</i>
Mrs. Slammekin		Mrs. <i>Morgan</i>
Suky Tawdry		Mrs. <i>Palin</i>
Molly Brazen		Mrs. <i>Sallee</i>

INTRODUCTION

BEGGAR, PLAYER

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

Player. As we live by the muses, t'is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dulness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So (though you are in want) I wish you success heartily.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

SCENE I—*Peachum's House.*

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

AIR I—An old woman clothed in gray, etc.

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

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

SCENE II

Peachum, Filch.

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

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

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

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE II

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

AIR II—*The bonny grey-ey'd morn, etc.**Filch.*

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

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

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

SCENE III

Peachum.

Peach. But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang, (*reading*) "Crook-fingered Jack. A year and a half in the service" Let me see how much the stock owes to his industry; one, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean handed fellow! Sixteen

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

snuff-boxes, five of them of true gold. Six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tie-periwigs, and a piece of broadcloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. "Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will"—an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a sessions or two longer upon his good behaviour. "Harry Paddington"—a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius; that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. "Slippery Sam"—he goes off the next sessions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. "Mat of the mint"—listed not above a month ago, a promising sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way: somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder. "Tom Tipple"—a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand. A cart is absolutely necessary for him. "Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bob Bluff, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty."

SCENE IV

Peachum, Mrs. Peachum.

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

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

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

AIR III—*Cold and raw, etc.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peach. And what then?

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

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

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

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

If love the virgin's heart invade,
How, like a moth, the simple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If soon she be not made a wife,
Her honour's singed, and then, for life,
She's———what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye, wife. A handsome wench in our way of business is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You see I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can—in any thing but marriage! After that, my dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her husband's power? For a husband hath the absolute power over all a wife's secrets but her own. If the girl had the

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

discretion of a court lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a spark will at once set her on a flame. Married! If the wench does not know her own profit, sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property! My daughter to me should be, like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

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

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

SCENE V

Mrs. Peachum.

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

SCENE VI

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

AIR V—*Of all the simple things we do, etc.*

A maid is like the golden ore,
Which hath guineas intrinsical in't
Whose worth is never known, before
It is try'd and imprest in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamp't with the name of her spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is sold;
And is current in every house.

SCENE VI

Mrs. Peachum, Filch.

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

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

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

Filch. And this snuff-box.

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

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

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

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

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

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever she

come to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying anybody.

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

SCENE VII

Peachum, Polly.

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

AIR VI—*What shall I do to show how much I love her, etc.*

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

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

SCENE VIII

Peachum, Polly, Mrs. Peachum.

AIR VII—*Oh London is a fine town.*

Mrs. Peachum in a very great passion.

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we taught her.
 I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
 For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to
 swell her pride,
 With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace; and she will
 have men beside;
 And when she's dressed with care and cost, all-tempting
 fine and gay,
 As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.
 Our Polly is a sad slut, etc.

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

Peach. Married! The captain is a bold man, and will risk anything for money; to be sure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived

comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

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

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the captain looks upon himself in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruined or no?

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

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

Polly. Oh! [Screaming.

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

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

AIR VIII—*Grim king of the ghosts, etc.*

Polly.

Can love be controll'd by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kiss'd me so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry, for fear you should chide.

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

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

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

Mrs Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. O husband, husband! her folly

SCENE VIII THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh! [Faints.

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

[Polly goes out and returns with it.

Ah, hussy, now this is the only comfort your mother has left!

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Peach. Not with a highwayman. . . . You sorry slut!

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

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the sex is frail. But the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice, methinks,

for then or never is the time to make her fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

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

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

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

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

AIR X—*Thomas, I cannot, etc.*

Polly.

I, like a ship in storms, was tost;
 Yet afraid to put into land;
 For, seiz'd in the port, the vessel's lost,
 Whose treasure is contraband.
 The waves are laid,
 My duty's paid,
 Oh joy beyond expression!
 Thus, safe ashore,
 I ask no more,
 My all is in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room. Go, talk with 'em, Polly; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone.—But, heark ye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here

SCENE IX

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

yesterday about the repeating watch; say, you believe, we can't get intelligence of it, till to-morrow. For I lent it to Suky Straddle, to make a figure with it to night at a tavern in Drury Lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword; you know beetle-brow'd Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night; so that it cannot be had till then.

SCENE IX

Peachum, Mrs. Peachum.

Peach. Dear wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your passion run away with your senses. Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

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

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

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

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

AIR XI—*A soldier and a sailor.*

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

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

SCENE X

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum, Polly.

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

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of fire than Ned. But now, Polly,

to your affair ; for matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it seems ?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

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

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

Mrs. Peach. What, is the wench turned fool ? A highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AIR XIII—*Le printemps rappelle aux armes.*

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

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

Mrs. Peach. What, is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

Polly. But hear me, mother,—if you ever loved—

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

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

Mrs. Peach. Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful.

SCENE XI

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum.

[*Polly listening.*

Mr. Peach. The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peached the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE XII

Polly.

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

SCENE XIII THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

myself from his dear, dear conversation! That too will distract me. If he keep out of the way, my papa and mama may in time relent, and we may be happy. If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever! He intended to lie concealed in my room, till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad, I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him. [*Exit, and returns.*]

SCENE XIII

Polly, Macheath.

AIR XIV—*Pretty Parrot, say.*

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

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

Mach. O pretty, pretty Poll.

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

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

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

AIR XV—*Pray, fair one, be kind.*

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

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

Mach. Is there any power, any force that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking glass, or any woman from quadrille. But to tear me from thee is impossible!

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

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

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

Mach. And I would love you all the day,

Polly. Every night would kiss and play,

Mach. If with me you'd fondly stray

Polly. Over the hills and far away.

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

Mach. How! Part!

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

AIR XVII—*Gin thou wert mine awn thing.*

Oh what pain it is to part!

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

Oh what pain it is to part!

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?

But lest death my love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

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

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT I

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

Mach. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mach. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hanged.

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

AIR VIII—*Oh the broom, etc.*

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

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

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

ACT II

SCENE I—*A Tavern near Newgate.*

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

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

Matt. Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelve-month, and so clever a made fellow he was, that I could not save him from those flaying rascals the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the atomies at Surgeons' Hall.

Ben. So, it seems, his time was come.

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

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

Wat. Sound men, and true!

Robin. Of tried courage, and indefatigable industry!

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT II

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

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

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

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

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

AIR XIX—*Fill ev'ry glass, etc.*

Matt. Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love and joy.
Women and wine should life employ.
Is there ought else on earth desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry glass, etc.

SCENE II

To them enter Macheath.

Mach. Gentlemen, well met. My heart hath been with

you this hour; but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

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

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

Matt. But what, Sir?

Mach. Is there any man who suspects my courage?—

Matt. We have all been witnesses of it.—

Mach. My honour and truth to the gang?

Matt. I'll be answerable for it.

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

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

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

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

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

Matt. He knows nothing of this meeting.

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

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

Mach. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

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

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

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

Matt. Let us take the road.
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load.

SCENE III

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

See the ball I hold!
 Let the chymists toil like asses,
 Our fire their fire surpasses,
 And turns all our lead to gold.

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

SCENE III

Macheath, Drawer,

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

AIR XXI—*Would you have a young virgin, etc.*

If the heart of a man is deprest with cares,
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
 Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.

Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,
 Press her,
 Caress her
 With blisses,
 Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

I must have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them. Money is not so strong a cordial for the time. Drawer.—[*Enter Drawer.*] Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley in the Hole, for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar Yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's Lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming! coming!

SCENE IV

Macheath, Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly Brazen.

Mach. Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome. You look charmingly to day. I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint. Dolly Trull! kiss me, you slut; are you as amorous as ever, hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal anything else. Ah Dolly, thou wilt ever be a coquette. Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours, I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives. Betty Doxy! come hither, hussy. Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome beer; for in troth, Betty, strong waters will, in time, ruin your

constitution. You should leave those to your betters. What! and my pretty Jenny Diver too! As prim and demure as ever! There is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look, with a more mischievous heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful hypocrite. Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress. But see, here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying. Everything she gets one way, she lays out upon her back. Why, Suky, you must keep at least a dozen tally-men. Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] That's well done. I love a free-hearted wench. Thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle. But hark! I hear music. The harper is at the door. *If musick be the food of love, play on.* Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance? Come in. [*Enter harper.*] Play the French tune, that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of.

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

AIR XXII—*Cotillion.*

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT II

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

Chorus. Let us drink, etc.

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

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

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

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

Vix. There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattlesnake. She riveted a linen-draper's eye so fast upon her, that he was nicked of three pieces of cambric before he could look off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AIR XXIII—*All in a misty morning, etc.*

Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT II

Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen ;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

Mach. Ah Jenny ! thou art a dear slut.

Trull. Pray, madam, were you ever in keeping ?

Tawd. I hope, madam, I ha'nt been so long upon the town, but I have met with some good fortune as well as my neighbours.

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

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

Slam. Who do you look upon, madam, as your best sort of keeper ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

AIR XXIV—*When once I lay with another man's wife, etc.*

Jenny.

The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle your all is in danger :
Like gypsies, if once they can finger a souse,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
And give your estate to a stranger.

[A man of courage should never put anything to the risk but his life.] These are the tools of men of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

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

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

Mac. Wanton hussies!

Jenny. I must and will have a kiss, to give my wine a zest.

[They take him about the neck, and make signs to Peachum and constables, who rush in upon him.]

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT II

SCENE V

To them, Peachum and Constables.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Exit Macheath, guarded, with Peachum and constables.]

SCENE VI—*The women remain.*

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

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

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

Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair. For you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

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

Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the world——

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be saved, madam——

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

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt with great ceremony.*]

SCENE VII—*Newgate.*

Lockit, Turnkeys, Macheath, Constables.

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE VIII

Macheath.

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

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

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

SCENE IX

Macheath, Lucy.

Lucy. You base man, you, how can you look me in the face after what hath past between us ? See here, perfidious

wretch, how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me—O Macheath ! thou hast robbed me of my quiet—to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR XXVII—*A lovely lass to a friar came, etc.*

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

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

Lucy. A husband !

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

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

AIR XXVIII—*'Twas when the sea was roaring, etc.*

How cruel are the traitors,
Who lie and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest !

Whoever steals a shilling
Through shame the guilt conceals ;
In love the perjur'd villain
With boasts the theft reveals.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mach. A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find

the ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife ; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

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

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

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

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

AIR XXIX—*The sun had loos'd his weary teams, etc.*

The first time at the looking-glass

The mother sets her daughter,

The image strikes the smiling lass

With self-love ever after.

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,

Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger.

But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own

Can see you are not younger.

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

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

SCENE X

Peachum, Lockit *with an account-book.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AIR XXX—*How happy are we, etc.*

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be.

If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe ;
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

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

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

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

Lock. Who accuses me ?

Peach. You are warm, brother.

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

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak, I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money, for the apprehending of curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

Lock. Is this language to me, Sirrah, who have saved you from the gallows, Sirrah ? [Collaring each other.]

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

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

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

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

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

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

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

SCENE XI

Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you, hussy !

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

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

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

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman. 'Tis not the fashion, now-a-days, so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would

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ACT II

ever marry, if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

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

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

Lock. Look ye, Lucy—there is no saving him——so, I think, you must ev'n do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR XXXII

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

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

SCENE XII

Lucy, Macheath.

Lucy. Though the ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the first opportunity, quiet

SCENE XIII THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

my scruples—Oh, Sir!—my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

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

AIR XXXIII—*London ladies.*

If you at an office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent;
That reason with all is prevailing.

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

SCENE XIII

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

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

Mach. Was there ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. O Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprisoned! tried! hanged!—cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death—no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?—not one kind word! not one kind look! think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR XXXIV—*All in the Downs, etc.*

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

Mach. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is distracted.

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

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

Lucy. Pertidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

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

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

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

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

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

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

AIR XXXV—*Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty, etc.*

Mach.
How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus teaze me together,
To neither a word will I say:
But tol de rol, etc.

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

Lucy. O villain, villain! thou hast deceived me—I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance,

than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXVI—*Irish Trot.*

Polly. I'm bubbled.

Lucy. — I'm bubbled.

Polly. Oh how I am troubled!

Lucy. Bamboozled, and bit!

Polly. — My distresses are doubled.

Lucy.

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

Polly. I'm bubbled, etc.

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

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

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

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

AIR XXXVII

Polly.

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

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

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

Lucy. If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the Turnkey to

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ACT II

shew you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, madam; these forward airs don't become you in the least, madam. And my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

AIR XXXVIII—*Good-morrow, gossip Joan.*

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

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

SCENE XIV

Lucy, Macheath, Polly, Peachum.

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

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

Peach. Sure all women are alike! If ever they commit the folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves.—Away—not a word more—you are my prisoner now, hussy.

AIR XXXIX—*Irish howl.*

Polly. No power on earth can e'er divide
The knot that sacred love hath tied.
When parents draw against our mind,
The true-love's knot they faster bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh amborah—Oh, oh, etc.

[*Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her.*]

SCENE XV

Lucy, Macheath.

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

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

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

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

Mach. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

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

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

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

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

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

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

AIR XL—*The lass of Patie's mill, etc.*

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

ACT III

SCENE I—*Newgate.*

Lockit, Lucy.

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

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

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

Lucy. Well then—if I know anything of him, I wish I may be burnt!

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

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

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

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

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

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

AIR XLI—*If love's a sweet passion, etc.*

When young at the bar you first taught me to score,
And bid me be free of my lips, and no more;
I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the sot.
When the guest was departed, the kiss was forgot.
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape, hussy—Have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word can persuade her to anything, and I could ask no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut, Lucy. If you would not be looked upon as a fool, you should never do anything but upon the foot of interest. Those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, Sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet woman, and in love we are all fools alike. Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife. Did I let him escape.

(fool that I was!) to go to her? Polly will wheedle herself into his money, and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruined, because, forsooth, you must be in love!—a very pretty excuse!

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

AIR XLII—*South-sea Ballad.*

My love is all madness and folly,
 Alone I lie,
 Toss, tumble, and cry,
 What a happy creature is Polly!
 Was e'er such a wretch as I!
 With rage I redden like scarlet,
 That my dear inconstant varlet,
 Stark blind to my charms,
 Is lost in the arms
 Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
 Stark blind to my charms,
 Is lost in the arms
 Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
 This, this my resentment alarms.

Lock. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, mistress Puss! Out of my sight, wanton strumpet! You shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with now and then a little handsome discipline to bring you to your senses. Go.

SCENE II

Lockit.

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair; but I'll be even with him. The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage. Lions, wolves, and vultures don't live together in herds, droves or flocks. Of all animals of prey, man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together. Peachum is my companion, my friend. According to the custom of the world, indeed, he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me. And shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return?

AIR XLIII—*Packington's Pound.*

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

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

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

Lock. Bid him come to me.

SCENE III

Lockit, Filch.

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

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

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

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

Lock. Very well. I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him; and in the way of those transactions, I'll

* A cant word, signifying a warehouse where stolen goods are deposited. (Author's original note.)

artfully get into his secret. So that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches.

SCENE IV—*A gaming-house.*

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

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

AIR XLIV—*Lillibullero.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mach. There is a certain man of distinction, who in his time hath nicked me out of a great deal of the ready. He is in my cash, Ben. I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt. The company

are met ; I hear the dice-box in the other room. So, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

SCENE V—*Peachum's lock.*

A table with wine, brandy, pipes and tobacco.

Peachum, Lockit.

Lock. The coronation account, brother Peachum, is of so intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

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

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

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

Lock. But I don't see any article of the jewels.

Peach. Those are so well known that they must be sent abroad. You'll find them entered under the article of exportation. As for the snuffboxes, watches, swords, etc., I thought it best to enter them under their several heads.

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

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

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

AIR XLV—*Down in the North Country, etc.*

Lock.

What gudgeons are we men?
 Ev'ry woman's easy prey,
 Though we have felt the hook, again
 We bite and they betray.
 The bird that hath been trapt,
 When he hears his calling mate,
 To her he flies, again he's clapt
 Within the wiry grate.

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

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

Enter a Servant.

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

Peach. Shall we admit her, brother Lockit?

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

Peach. Desire her to walk in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

SCENE VI

Peachum, Lockit, Mrs. Trapes.

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

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors.

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

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

AIR XLVI—*A Shepherd kept sheep, etc.*

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, *fa, la, la, etc.*
Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, *fa, la, la, etc.*
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young—then the lip to the glass, *fa, etc.*

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

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

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

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

Trapes. Consider, Mr. Peachum, that watch was remarkable

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

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

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

Lock. What captain?

Trapes. He thought I did not know him—an intimate acquaintance of yours, Mr. Peachum—only captain Mac-heath—as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye, you shall set your own price upon any of the goods you like. We have at

least half a dozen velvet scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of this suit of nightclothes for your own wearing? But are you sure it is Captain Macheath?

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

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

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

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

SCENE VII—*Newgate.*

Lucy.

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

AIR XLVII—*One evening, having lost my way, etc.*

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.

I have the ratsbane ready. I run no risk; for I can lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally that I shall never be called in question. But say I were to be hanged—I never could be hanged for anything that would give me greater comfort, than the poisoning that slut.

[Enter Filch.

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

Lucy. Show her in.

SCENE VIII

Lucy, Polly.

Lucy. Dear madam, your servant. I hope you will pardon my passion, when I was so happy to see you last. I was so overrun with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself. And really when one hath the spleen, everything is to be excused by a friend.

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

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

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

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

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

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the headache—I hope, madam, you will excuse me.

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

Polly. I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer. I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly. I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful. But really, madom, the captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity, rather than your resentment.

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

Polly. Sure, madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy. A man is always afraid

of a woman who loves him too well—so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

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

AIR XLIX—*O Bessy Bell.*

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

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

Polly. What then in love can woman do?

Lucy. If we grow fond they shun us.

Polly. And when we fly them, they pursue.

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

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

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

AIR L—*Would fate to me Belinda give.*

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

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

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

AIR LI—*Come, sweet lass, etc.*

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

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

[*Aside.*

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT III

SCENE IX.

Polly.

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

SCENE X

Lucy, *with strong waters.* Polly.

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

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

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

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

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

Lucy. Since things are thus, I am glad the wench hath escaped: for by this event, 'tis plain, she was not happy enough to deserve to be poisoned.

[*Aside.*]

SCENE XI

Lockit, Macheath, Peachum, Lucy, Polly.

Lock. Set your heart to rest, captain.—You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape,—for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

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

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

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

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

Polly. Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes.

Lucy. Bestow one glance to cheer me.

Polly. Think, with that look, thy Polly dies.

Lucy. Oh shun me not—but hear me.

Polly. 'Tis Polly sues.

Lucy. —'Tis Lucy speaks.

Polly. Is thus true love requited?

Lucy. My heart is bursting.

Polly. ————Mine too breaks.

Lucy. Must I?

Polly. ————Must I be slighted?

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

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

AIR LIII—*Tom Tinker's my true love.*

Mach.

Which way shall I turn me? How can I decide?
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

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

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

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

[*Kneeling.*

AIR LV—*Ianthe the lovely, etc.*

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

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

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT III

AIR LVI—*A cobbler there was, etc.*

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

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

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

Mach. AIR LVII—*Bonny Dundee.*

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

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

SCENE XII

Lucy, Polly, Filch.

Polly. Follow them, Filch, to the court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour,

SCENE XIII THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

and of everything that happened.—You'll find me here with Miss Lucy. [*Exit* Filch.] But why is all this music?

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

Polly. Sure there is nothing so charming as music! I'm fond of it to distraction!—But alas!—now, all mirth seems an insult upon my affliction.—Let us retire, my dear Lucy, and indulge our sorrows.—The noisy crew, you see, are coming upon us.

[*Exeunt*

A dance of prisoners in chains, etc.

SCENE XIII—*The Condemned hold.*

Macheath, in a melancholy posture.

AIR LVIII—*Happy groves.*

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

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

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

[*Drinks.*

AIR LX—*Britons, strike home.*

Since I must swing,—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine.

[*Rises.*

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

ACT III

AIR LXI—*Chevy Chase.*

But now again my spirits sink ;
I'll raise them high with wine.

[*Drinks a glass of wine.*]

AIR LXII—*To old Sir Simon the king.*

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

[*Drinks.*]

AIR LXIII—*Joy to great Cæsar.*

If thus———a man can die.
Much bolder with brandy.

[*Pours out a bumper of brandy.*]

AIR LXIV—*There was an old woman.*

So I drink off this bumper.—And now I can stand the test.
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.

[*Drinks.*]

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

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

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

Their eyes, their lips, their busses,
Recall my love.—Ah, must I die?

AIR LXVII—*Green sleeves.*

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

Failor. Some friends of yours, captain, desire to be admitted. I leave you together.

SCENE XIV.

Macheath, Ben Budge, Matt of the Mint.

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

Matt. We are heartily sorry, captain, for your misfortune, —But 'tis what we must all come to.

Mach. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels. Their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs. Remember your dying friend!—'Tis my last

request. Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Matt. We'll do it.

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

Mach. Gentlemen, adieu.

SCENE XV

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

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

Polly. How can I support this sight?

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

AIR LXVIII—*All you that must take a leap, etc.*

Lucy. Would I might be hang'd!

Polly. —And I would so too!

Lucy. To be hang'd with you.

Polly. —My dear, with you.

Mach. Oh leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt!
I tremble! I droop!—See, my courage is out.
[Turns up the empty bottle.]

Polly. No token of love?

Mach. —See, my courage is out. [Turns up the empty pot.]

Lucy. No token of love?

Polly. —Adieu.

Lucy. —Farewell.

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

Chorus. Tol de rol lol, etc.

Jailor. Four women more, captain, with a child apiece!
See, here they come. [Enter women and children.]

Mach. What—four wives more!—This is too much.
—Here—tell the sheriff's officers I am ready.
[Exit Macheath, guarded.]

SCENE XVI

To them, enter Player, and Beggar.

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

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

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

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

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

Beg. Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the play remained, as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral. 'T would have shown that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich; and that they are punished for them.

SCENE XVII

To them, Macheath, with rabble, etc.

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

SCENE XVII THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

All. Come, a dance—a dance.

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

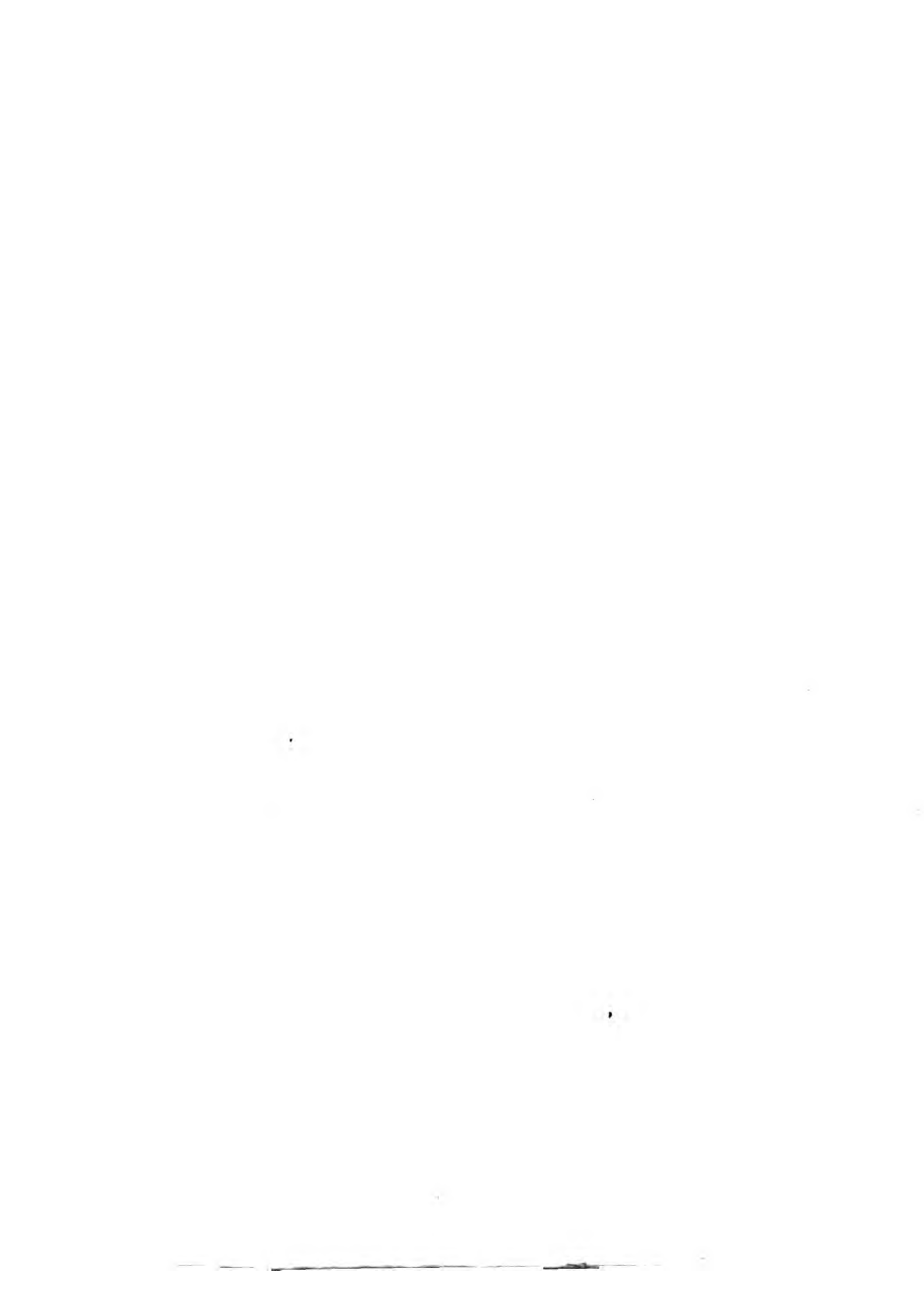
A DANCE.

AIR LXIX—*Lumps of pudding, etc.*

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

Chorus—But think of this maxim, etc.

FINIS.



NOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

H



NOTES

Title page. The motto is taken from the *Epigrammata*, Lib. XIII., Ep. 2. "In Detractorem."

ACT I

Scene I., Air I. The song, *An Old Woman Clothed in Gray*, is in the *Collection of Old Ballads* printed in 1726, Vol. II., p. 230, to be sung to the tune of *Kind Husband and Imperious Wife*, but Chappell says that the air is better known by the name here quoted. *Kind Husband and Imperious Wife* is found in *Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems*, 1682. In Dr. Burney's *Collection of Songs* in the British Museum, a copy of *An Old Woman Clothed in Gray* has a manuscript date of 1662.

Sc. I., l. 9. *Lawyer*. Changed to *lawyer's* in the 1794 edition of Bell's *British Theatre*.

Scene II., l. 18. *take*. *takes* in later edition.

Sc. II., l. 23. *except our wives*. This of course means "except by our wives' death."

Air II. In Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, Song XIX. is called *Bonny Grey-ey'd Morn*. In D'Urfey's *Pills*, Vol. III., p. 234 (1719) there is a song beginning thus,—

"The bonny grey-eyed morn began to peep
When Jockey rowz'd with love came blithly on ;" etc.

Air III. This air is found under the various names of *Stingo* (*i.e.* old beer, or ale), *Oyle of Barley*, *Sir John Barleycorn*. It is found in the first edition of *The English Dancing Master*, published by Playford in 1651, and in that work down to the year 1686, it is called *Stingo or Oyle of Barley*. Later, however, it is called *Cold and Raw*, from a song written by D'Urfey. The air seems to have been very popular, and Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music* (Vol. IV., p. 6, note), relates a story showing the liking of Queen Mary, consort of William III., for it.

Scene IV., l. 45. Quadrille was a card game played by four people with a pack of cards, from which the tens, nines, and eights were left out. The following extract is from a letter from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, written in 1749 :—
“Your new-fashioned game of brag was the genteel amusement
“when I was a girl; crimp succeeded to that, and basset and hazard
“employed the town when I left it to go Constantinople [1716]. At
“my return [1718] I found them all at commerce, which gave place
“to quadrille, and that to whist.”

Sc. IV., l. 47. Marybone, a notorious gambling-den in London.

Air IV. The words of this air are in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. III., p. 211. The first verse is:—

“Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my heart you gain'd!
Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my passion last,
If you will make it once possess
Of what I dare not name.

Sc. IV., l. 99. chap, probably abbreviation from *chapman*, one who buys and sells, and so, a peddler or hawker.

Air V. This air appears in several ballad-operas. It is used, for instance, in Fielding's *An Old Man taught Wisdom* (performed at the Theatre Royal, 1734). In D'Urfey's *Pills* it is called *Marriage, or, The Mouse Trap*, and in *The Dancing Master* it is called *Old Hab, or The Mouse Trap*. It begins thus:—

“Of all the simple things we do,
To rub over a whimsical life,
There's no one folly is as true
As that very bad bargain, a wife.
We're just like a Mouse in a Trap,
Or a rat that is caught in a gin;
We start, and fret, and try to escape,
And rue the sad hour we came in.”

Air V., l. 1. *Ore*, is found in later editions.

Scene VI., l. 21-22. *Since I was pumpt* refers to the rough-and-ready justice meted out to the pickpocket caught in the act. Cf. Gay's *Trivia*, Book III., l. 58 *et seq.*

Sc. VI., l. 23. See *The Dunciad*, Book I., l. 325: "And 'Coll!' each Butcher roars at Hockley-Hole." There is a description of the bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole in the *Spectator*, No. 436, where it is called "a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower order."

Sc. VI., l. 27. The Old Bailey. The famous Criminal Court of Justice.

Sc. VI., l. 47. In later editions, *a glass of a most delicious cordial.*

Air VI. This air is in D'Urfey's *Pills*, Vol. II., p. 235. Covent Garden then, as now, was used as a flower and fruit market.

Air VII. This is the air given by D'Urfey to the song *Bonny Peggy Ramsey* (*Pills*, 1719), and to it he wrote the song *O London is a fine Town*, which (according to Chappell) is printed in a book entitled *Le Prince D'Amour* (1660), and is also found in the *Pills* (1719), Vol. IV. The tune, under the name of *Peg-a-Ramsey*, is referred to in *Twelfth Night*, Act II., Scene III. :—

"*Sir Toby.* My lady is a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.'"

Air VIII. There is a black-letter copy of the ballad *Grim King of the Ghosts* in the British Museum. Rowe's ballad of the *Despairing Shepherd*, in which he laments his unsuccessful rivalry with Addison for the hand of the Dowager Duchess of Warwick, was written to this tune. Gay's words, in this case, are said to be a parody on a song written by Berkeley, and which is said to have been composed for Lady Vane, the lady of quality of the *Letters in Peregrine Pickle*. Berkeley's song also begins with the words, "Can love be controlled by advice?"

Air IX. In D'Urfey's *Pills* there are two songs to this tune; the one is called *The Willoughby Whim*, and the other *O Jenny, Jenny!* The name of the present air is taken from the latter of these two songs.

Air X. This air is found in the seventh edition of *The Dancing Master*. It is made use of in several ballad operas.

Scene VIII., l. 117. *Drury Lane*. A notorious quarter of London. For an account of its character see *Trivia*, III., 259 *et seq.*

Scene IX., l. 8. *Fuller's earth*. The expression is interesting. A fuller is one whose occupation is to full cloth, *i.e.*, to thicken the cloth by moistening, heating, and pressing. A special variety of earth was used in scouring and cleansing the cloth.

Air XI. This tune was composed by John Eccles to the song, *A soldier and a sailor*, sung by Benjamin Sampson in Congreve's *Love for Love* (Act III., Scene XV.). The song is in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. III., p. 221.

Scene X., l. 1. *Nimming Ned*. *To nim* (A.S. *niman*, to take) is to filch, or steal. The word is now obsolete, unless in its cant use.

Sc. X., l. 23. Compare *The Man of Feeling* (1771), Chap. XXI.: "Nor are your females trained to any more useful purpose . . .
"a young woman is a creature to be married; and when they are
"grown somewhat older, are instructed that it is the purpose of
"marriage to have the enjoyment of pin-money, and the expecta-
"tion of a jointure."

Air XII. This is the first tune given in Chappell's *Collection of National Airs*. It and the one immediately following it in the same collection were both called *Chevy Chase*. The second is used by Gay in Air LXI. of the present play. The first was also called *Now ponder well, you parents dear; or, The Children in the Woods* and *New Rogers*. The latter name is used in the black-letter copies of *The*

Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament, and in *A Handfull of Pleasant Ditties*, printed in 1584. Both tunes are very old, and many ballads were set to them. Chappell mentions, as curious, the following one which appears among the *King's Pamphlets* (No. 5) in the British Museum: "Strange and true newes of an Ocean of Flies "dropping out of a cloud upon the towne of Bodnam in Cornwall, "to the tune of Chevy Chace, Printed in the Yeare of Miracles, "1647."

Air XIII. This song appears in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. II., p. 189, followed by a translation. The first verses of each are as follows:—

(1) "Le printemps r'appelle aux armes, couller mes larmes ;
Le printemps r'appelle aux armes, ah, quel tourment,
Grand Dieu, parmis tant d'allarmes, epargnez mon
Cher amant." *bis*.

(Two verses follow.)

(1) "Spring invites, the troops are going, let tears be flowing,
Spring invites, the troops are going, ah, cruel smart,
'Midst alarming, dreadful harming,
Spare him, Fate, who charms my heart."

(Two verses follow.)

Scene XII., l. 1-8. Here there is a generic description of a prisoner being taken in a cart to execution at Tyburn, which was near the spot where the Marble Arch now stands.

Air XIV. Given in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. V., p. 280, and called *A New Song. Translated from the French*. In the preface to Bullock's *Woman's Revenge* there is the following parody upon this air:—

"Pretty Polly, say
What makes Johnny Gay
To call, to call, his Newgate scenes
The Beggar's Opera?
Silly, wretched man,
Such a flame to fan,
To think of quenching lover's pains
That any dungeon can."

Air XV. Printed in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. IV., p. 338, and called *A Song*. Set by Mr. Leveridge, sung by Mr. Wilks in the Comedy call'd "*The Recruiting Officer*." It occurs in Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* (1706) in Act III., Scene I., and is sung by Captain Plume.

Air XVI. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. V., p. 136, this air is called *Jockey's Lamentation*. The song begins:—"Jockey met with Jenny dear."

Air XVII. The song, *Gin thou wert mine ain thing*, is by Allan Ramsay.

Air XVIII. Chappell says that this air is of very questionable origin, and the evidence of its being Scottish, doubtful. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quotes *O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom* as "a country tune." The tune is old, and its origin is, therefore, not to be easily traced.

Act II

Scene I., l. 7. *Otamys* is probably a corruption for *anatomies*, used to mean *skeletons*. Cf. *atomy*, in Shakespeare; Galt's *Annals of the Parish* (ch. vii.)

Air XIX. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. I., p. 180. The song is called, *Fill every glass, etc. A drinking Song, in praise of our Three fam'd Generals* (Marlborough, Eugene, Auverquerque). It is given in French followed by a translation, of each of which versions the first two lines are as follows:—

"Que chacun remplisse son verre,
Pour boire a nos trois Généraux," etc.

"Fill every glass and recommend 'em,
We'll drink our three Generals' health at large," etc.

Air XX. Aaron Hill, director of the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, asked Handel to compose an opera, immediately after the arrival of the latter in England in 1710. Hill sketched out the

plan on the subject of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. The writing of the libretto was done by Rossi, an Italian poet. *Rinaldo* was the first of the thirty-five operas which Handel composed for the English stage, and it was first acted in 1711.

Scene III., l. 7. For this reference to Drury Lane, see note on Act I., Scene VIII., l. 126.

Air XXI. In *The Dancing Master*, Vol. II., of 1728, this tune is entitled *Would you have a yong virgin; or, Poor Robin's Maggot*. D'Urfey wrote, to the tune, a song beginning, "Would you have a young virgin?" The song appears in the *Pills* (1719), Vol. I., p. 132, and has as an explanatory title, *A song in the last act of the Modern Prophets*.

Sc. III., l. 26. *Lewkner's Lane*. The following title of a prose piece in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. V., p. 70, gives a list of the quarters of London in which the *ladies* of Macheath's choice were most likely to be found:—"Some orders agreed upon at a General Consultation of the Sisterhood of Nightingale-lane, Ratcliff-high-way, Tower Ditch, Rosemary-lane, Hutton-Wall, Saffron-Hill, Wetstone's Park, Lutener's Lane, and other places adjacent for the general Encouragement and Advancement of their Occupation."

Scene IV., l. 25. This quotation is from the opening line of *Twelfth Night*. D'Urfey has a song in his *Pills* (1719), Vol. III., p. 74, beginning:—

"If Musick be the Food of Love,
Sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on," etc.

Sc. IV., l. 57. *Lutestring*, a corruption of *lustring*, a stout, glossy kind of silk used for ladies' dresses and for ribbons.

Ibid. *Padesoy*, also written *Paduasoy* (from the name of the town, Padua, and Fr. *soie*), a heavy silk stuff.

Air XXIII. The song, *All in a Misty Morning*, is by D'Urfey, and is found in the *Pills* under the title, *The Wiltshire Wedding* (Vol. IV., p. 148). The tune is found under a variety of names, such as,

The London Prentice; and Chappell says that the oldest name appears to be, *Friar Fox-tail, or the Friar and the Nun*, which is mentioned by Henry Chettle in a curious black-letter tract, called *King Hart's Dreame*, 1592.

Scene IV., l. 120. The words in brackets do not occur in the first edition of 1728, but are in subsequent ones.

Air XXV. In D'Urfey's *Pills*, Vol. VI., p. 308.

Air XXVI. The air is in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. II., p. 142:—

“Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm,
That silly, poor swains in love should be;
For love lies hid in rags all torn,
As well as silks and bravery,” etc.

Air XXVII. Chappell says: “This quaint and characteristic melody is to be admired, not merely for its antiquity, but from its intrinsic merit and aptitude for the words to which it was first adapted. The original song is in the sixth volume of the *Musical Miscellany* (1721).—*A Collection of National Airs, etc.*”

Air XXVIII. This song, *'Twas when the sea was roaring*, occurs in Gay's *What d'ye call it*, Act II., Scene VIII. *The Dictionary of National Biography* calls it “one of Gay's most musical songs.” In the *Musical Miscellany* it is entitled “*The Faithful Maid*, set by Mr. Handel.”

Scene IX., l. 75. In English law the *ordinary* was the clergyman appointed to hold divine service for condemned criminals, and to prepare them for death.

Air XXIX. The real name of this air is *The Hemp Dresser, or The London Gentlewoman*, found in *The Dancing Master* of 1650-1. D'Urfey wrote to the air a song beginning, “The sun had loosed his weary team,” and from that song Gay adopts the name of the air. Chappell says that Burns's song, *The deil's awa' wi' the Excise-man*, was written to this tune.

Scene IX., l. 76. The word *as* within brackets is not printed in the first edition by a mere slip.

Air XXX. The song, *How happy are we*, is in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. VI., p. 319.

Air XXXI. In D'Urfey's *Pills*, Vol. II., p. 172, the first verse runs:—

“Of a noble race was Shinking,
The line of Owen Tudor,
Thum, thum, thum, thum.
But *her* renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel Love pursu'd *her*.”

(*Her* is used as the Welsh equivalent for *his*.)

Air XXXIII. This air is in D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. II., p. 9, but the song is called, *Advice to the Ladies in the choice of their Husbands, to an excellent new Court tune*. The song is also in the collection of *Ancient Songs and Ballads collected by the Earl of Oxford* (Roxburghe Collection, II., 5).

Air XXXIV. This popular song, *All in the Downs, etc.*, was written by Gay, and the music to it was composed by Leveridge, who was a bass singer in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Air XXXV. The air, *Have you heard, etc.*, was well known. The full title of the ballad is:—“The Jolly Gentleman's Frolic, or “the City Rambler, being an account of a young Gallant who wager'd “to pass any of the watches, without giving them an answer; but “being stopped by the Constable at Cripplegate, was sent to the “Counter, afterwards had before my Lord Mayor, and was clear'd “by the intercession of my Lord Mayor's Daughter. To a pleasant “new tune.”

Air XXXVIII. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. IV., p. 315:—

“Good morrow, Gossip Joan,
Where have you been a-walking?
I have for you at home
A budget-full of talking,
Gossip Joan,” etc.

ACT III

Air XL. *The Lass of Patie's Mill* is by Allan Ramsay.

Air XLI. The words of this air are in Durfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. III., p. 288.

Air XLII. *The South Sea Ballad* first appeared in September, 1720, and was sung with great success in the streets of London. It did much to check the craze for stock-jobbing, created by the South Sea scheme.

Air XLIII. *Packington's Pound* is an extremely interesting air on account of its frequent occurrence. It is found in many collections, such as Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, in the *Collection of English Songs* (Amsterdam, 1634), in the *Choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs* (1685), in Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion* (1687), in the *Musical Miscellany*, etc.; and the songs set to it are very numerous. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew's Fair* it is introduced, and referred to under the name, *Paggington's Pound*. Whalley, in his note upon this passage, hazards the opinion that the name *pound* may be derived from a figure of the dance in which the dancers were *pounded* or enclosed by each other. As for the first part of the name, Chappell derives it from Thomas Pagington, who was one of the musicians retained in the service of the Protector Somerset after Henry VIII.'s death, and who probably composed a country dance of this name. Chappell supposes that later it may have received the name *Packington* from Sir John ("Lusty") Packington, one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, one who wagered that he would swim from the bridge at Westminster to that at Greenwich for the sum of £3,000. Chappell draws this conclusion by analogy from the fact that several of the tunes in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book* were renamed from courtiers and eminent men.

Air XLIV. The historical associations of this air are perfectly familiar to every one. The words were written by Lord Wharton, who boasted of having rhymed King James out of his kingdom,

but Purcell's music had probably more to do with the popularity of the song than had the words. It is said that the words of the burden of the song, *Lilliburlero* and *Bullen-u-lah*, were words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in massacring the Protestants in 1641, and reference to the air in Shadwell's *Scowerers* (1691), offers a proof of its popularity. Eugenia says:—"And another music master from "the next town to teach one to tinkle out *Lilliburlero* upon an old "pair of virginals, that sound worse than a tinker's kettle, that he "cries his work upon." All readers of *Tristram Shandy* will remember, too, that to whistle it was the frequent occupation of Corporal Trim.

Air XLV. This air seems to take its name from the ballad called, *The Farmer's Daughter of Merry Wakefield*, which begins:—

"Down in the North Country,
As ancient reports do tell,
There lies a famous country town,
Some call it Merry Wakefield," etc.

This ballad is printed in *The Merry Musician, or a Cure for the Spleen*, and there are also copies of it in several collections.

Air XLVI. The words of this air are in D'Urfy's *Pills* (1719), Vol. V., p. 35; but the air in D'Urfey is different from that in the first edition of *The Beggar's Opera*.

Air XLVII. The original words of this air were written by Burkhead, but the air came to be better known by the title, *I'm like a skiff on ocean tossed*, from the song set to it in *The Beggar's Opera*.

Air XLIX. Allan Ramsay's song begins:—

"Oh Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny lasses;
They bigg'd a bower on yon Burn-Brae
And deck'd it o'er wi' rashes," etc.

Air L. This song begins:—

"Would Fate to me Belinda give,
With her alone I'd chuse to live;
Variety I'd ne'er desire
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater bliss desire," etc.

Air LI. Originally called *Greenwich Park*, in *The Dancing Master* (2nd ed., 1698), for instance. It took the name *Come Sweet Lass*, however, from the popularity of a song, beginning with these words, in D'Urfey's *Pills*. The title of the song in D'Urfey is, *Slighted Jockey; or, Coy Moggy's Unspeakable Cruelty*.

Air LII. The words of *The last time I came o'er the moor* are by Allan Ramsay.

Air LIII. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. VI., p. 265. The air is found in *The Dancing Master* of 1650, but there is another tune under the same name in some earlier editions of *The Dancing Master*. The tune of *Tom Tinker* is referred to in a black-letter tract called *The World's Folly*.

Air LIV. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. VI., p. 284.

Air LV. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. V., p. 300:—

“Ianthe the lovely, the joy of her swain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,
Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care,
No time, no enjoyment their dotage withdrew;
But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
Still the fonder they grew,” etc.

Air LVI. This song did not appear in the first edition (1728) of *The Beggar's Opera*, but appeared in the second and subsequent editions. In Chappell's *Collection of National Airs, etc.*, there is an air in connection with which he says:—“In the first volume of Watts' *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, is a song to the old tune of *The Abbot of Canterbury* (or *Derry Down*); and in the second volume of the same work, *A cobbler there was*, set by Mr. Leveridge, who was then living. The tunes are, however, evidently the same; but Leveridge's alterations having been adopted, it has generally been called by the latter name. There is, nevertheless, but the difference of one note in the first six bars of the two copies.” For remarks

concerning the former of these, see Dr. Percy. Prior's ballad of *The Thief and the Cordelier* is set to the tune of *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury*.

Air LVII. In *A Second Tale of a Tub* appears the following:—
“Each party calls for particular tunes . . . the blue bonnets”
(i.e. the Scotch) “had very good voices . . . they split their
“throats in hollowing out, *Bonny Dundee, Valiant Jockey, Sawney was*
“*a dawdy lad, and 'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough Town.*”

Bonny Dundee commences thus:—

“Where gott'st thou the haver-meal bannock?

Blind booby, can'st thou not see?

Ise got it out of the Scotchman's wallet,” etc.

The subject of the ballad is *Jockey's Escape from Dundee* (see D'Urfey's *Pills*, Vol. V., p. 17), and it finishes with *Adieu to Bonny Dundee*, from which the tune takes the titles of *Adieu, Dundee* (Skene manuscript) and *Bonny Dundee (The Dancing Master)*.

Air LVIII. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. IV., p. 310. The song begins:—

“Oh! happy, happy Groves,

Witness of our tender loves,” etc.

The air was composed by John Barrett.

Air LIX. This air is named from the opening words of *Sally in our Alley*, a song composed by Henry Carey.

Air LX. This air is from Purcell's opera of *King Arthur*, produced in 1691. *Come if you dare* and *Britons, strike home* were the only pieces which long outlived the rest of the work.

Air LXI. See note upon Air XII.

Air LXII. In a copy of Sir J. Hawkins' *History of Music*, now in the British Museum, and formerly belonging to Dr. Burney, there is the following marginal note in the Doctor's hand-writing:—
“This is the tune to an old Song, which occurs in *Pills to purge*
“*Melancholy*, Vol III.; p. 144. It is conjectured that the subject of

“ it was Simon Wadloe, who kept the Devil Tavern [at Temple “ Bar] at the time when Ben Jonson’s club, called the Apollo Club, “ met there. In the verses over the Apollo Room was the “ couplet :—

“ ‘ Hang up all poor hep-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the King of Shinkers.’ ”

The tune was popular among the Cavaliers as a party tune, and Fielding quotes it as being the favourite air of Squire Western.

Air LXIII. The words are by D’Urfey (see *Pills*, Vol. II., p. 152), and are set to a tune called *Farinel’s Ground*, from Farinelli, who was a Papist. D’Urfey’s words were written in execration of the Papists, and hence the remark of Addison that his friend Tom had made use of Italian tunes and sonatas for promoting the Protestant interest, and had turned a considerable part of the Pope’s music against himself. (See *Guardian*, 67.)

Air LXV. In D’Urfey’s *Pills* (1719), Vol. V., p. 80, under the title, *The Unconstant Woman*.

Air LXVI. In D’Urfey’s *Pills* (1719), Vol. II., p. 198.

Air LXVII. *Green Sleeves* was a scurrilous song composed in Reformation times against the Roman Catholic doctrines and clergy. It is frequently mentioned in the old dramatists, e.g. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act II., Scene I., and Act V., Scene V.), *The Loyal Subject*, *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, etc. In Thackeray’s *Esmond* we are told that Harry Esmond “ could scarce distinguish between “ *Green Sleeves* and *Lillibulero*.” That the original was a “ wanton ditty ” might be imagined from a tract published by Elderton the ballad-maker, in 1580, called: “ A reprehension against *Green Sleeves*.” *Green Sleeves* had an immense popularity, and was followed by many others of similar titles. *A new Court Sonnet of the Lady Green Sleeves, to the Tune of Green Sleeves* appeared in the *Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, published in 1584, and it was followed shortly by an answer, *A ballade beinge the Ladie Greene Sleeves, answered to Jenkyn*

her friend. Later it became a favourite party tune of the Cavaliers, and (according to Chappell) there are fourteen different songs set to the tune, in the collection of songs written against the Rump Parliament. There are an equal number of songs in D'Urfey's *Pills* set to the tune. In *The Dancing Master* it is called *Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies*, and later *Green Sleeves and Yellow Lace*.

Air LXVIII. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. VI., p. 327, entitled, *A Hymn upon the Execution of two Criminals by Mr. Ramondon*. Lewis Ramondon, who made his first appearance in the opera of *Arsinol*, was a singer in several of the English Italian operas.

Scene XVI., l. 8. A tragedy, according to our accepted idea of it, should have a fatal issue, although it should be remembered that to the ancient Greeks a tragedy was simply a drama written in an intense and serious style, and not necessarily ending disastrously.

Air LXIX. In D'Urfey's *Pills* (1719), Vol. VI., p. 300. It begins thus:—

“When I was in the low country,
When I was in the low country,
What slices of pudding and pieces of bread,
My mother gave me when I was in need,” etc.



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