

Glen 174

T H E

Q U A K E R's

O P E R A.

As it is Perform'd at

LEE's and HARPER's

Great Theatrical Booth

I N

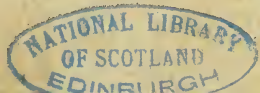
BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR.

By Tho: Walker.

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. W: And sold by J. Roberts in
Warwick-Lane; A. Dodd, at the Peacock with-
out Temple-Bar; and E. Nutt and E. Smith at
the Royal-Exchange. 1728. [Price 1 s.]





A

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Old Quaker.
Player.

Rust.

Careful.

Shepard.

Jonathan Wile.

Bulk.

Hempseed.

File.

Coaxthief.

Quaker.

Dr. Anatomy.

Blunder.

Welch Lawyer.

Authority Hardhead *the Constable.*

Tommy Padwell *the Boy.*

W O M E N.

Mrs. Frisky.

Mrs. Hackabout.


Mrs. Coaxthief.

Mrs. Poorlean.

The Lawyer's Maid.

Watchmen, Women of the Town, &c.

The SCENE London.



INTRODUCTION.

An Old Quaker and a Player.

Player. **W**HY, Sir, I thought you had intended that this Piece of your Son's shou'd never have been Expos'd to the Prophanè; how comes it then, that you have alter'd what you had so strongly determin'd? — We were at the trouble of getting it up, and when it was just ready to be perform'd, at your earnest Request it was laid aside.

Quaker. I'll tell thee Friend, I had no Inclination that any of my Offspring shou'd have to do with the gay part of Mankind; and (as I have been inform'd) the Stage, which in it self is a well-instituted thing, if not Corrupted, has been often of late Years debas'd and revert from its Original Intention — the exposing of Follies and Vice in an agreeable manner, and generally concluding with some Instructive Moral, beneficial to Mankind — to set odious and abominable Characters off in the most Ornamental Colours, and thereby encourage Lewdness and Immorality.

Player. Sir, the Stage must be complaisant to the reigning Humours of Mankind.

Quaker. Ah, Friend, I shou'd rather suspect thee of Hypocrisy, than Want of Understanding. Thou art knowingly in the wrong. In short, my Boy has left me, and where he is gone no Man

INTRODUCTION.

can tell; I suppose he concluded that he had an Obstinate Old Fool of a Father, and was weary of my Company for suppressing his Spirit. — In short, I have had the Curiosity, in his Absence, to peruse this little Piece of his, and believe it harmless, and am therefore willing it shall appear, tho' some of my Brethren may be offended at it. — Good Sense is the same thing in every Persuasion — and perhaps this Indulgence may recover my Boy, and keep him from greater Extravagancies.

Player. Sir, You talk like a Reasonable Man, and a good Parent — we shall therefore proceed to perform it, and hope to give you Satisfaction by it.

Quaker. Excuse me, Friend, I will not see it — but if I am inform'd it has a good effect, I shall rejoyce for the sake of my Son, and then may be see it too; if not, the young Man will be Self-convinced, and obliged to own his Father has given him fair Play.

Player. Well, as you please then — Play the Overture. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Here the Overture is Play'd.*]





The QUAKER'S Opera.

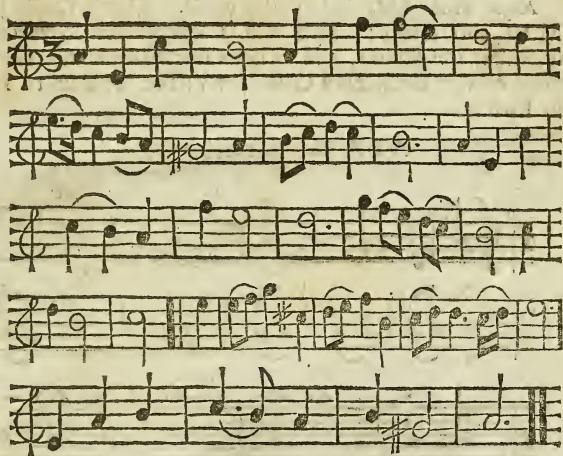
ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Newgate.*

Mrs. Poorlean sitting at a Distance, with Bottles, Glasses and Pots on a Table before her.

Enter Rust.

AIR I. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*



HOW weak are the vile Arts of Men,
Who will themselves to Destruction bring!
If Snares they 'scape, they will again
Act as before, and plunge headlong in.
Unmov'd by Mercy, untaught by Good,
'Till for their Crimes they pay their Blood.

A strong Example of this Truth is *Shepard*, who notwithstanding the many Indulgencies he has receiv'd, will always be playing some Rogue's Trick or other to get himself into our Clutches — It may be he likes it. — Why much good may it do him.

Enter Careful.

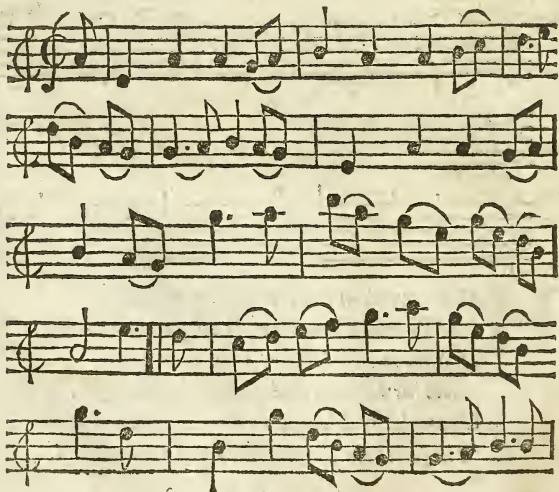
Care. Morrow, Mr. *Rust*.

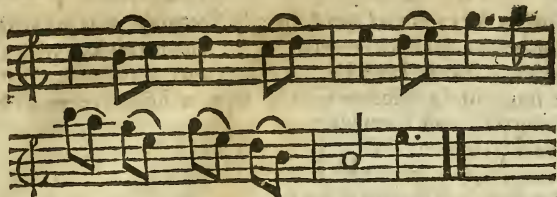
Rust. I thank you, my good Friend. Have you visited your Wards this Morning? Are all things safe? Ha!

Care. Ay, ay, there's nothing out of Order, I promise you, except it be my Head, for it akes consumedly. I made a little too bold with my Constitution last Night; but who can avoid drinking when there comes such a Glut of Company to see this Fellow, this *Shepard*? To tell you the Truth, Master *Rust*, he's worth to us as much as a Rebellion, and may turn to a very good Account.

Rust. Hift, hift, he's pretty well. Don't speak your Mind too freely: You and I know the Sweets of touching the Rhino, and so does our Master, the Governour of this Enchanted Castle; a Virtue peculiar to Men in Power.

A I R II. Katherine Ogie.





*We, like Superiors, sure shou'd know
 The Sweets of getting Money;
 'Tis That which gives us All below,
 And makes us blith and bonny.
 'Tis That which gives us all an Air,
 And makes ill Fortune sweeter;
 'Tis That commands a gilded Chair,
 And makes great Bad-men better.*

But let us not blab, let us be merry and wise, good Mr. Careful.

Care. I hope we shan't lose him again; I'd have him hang'd as soon methinks —

Rust. No, no, they can't hang him but according to the Rules of Law; and tho' he be dead in Law, yet we must prove him to be the individual, numerical, identical living Person that was condemn'd by the Name of *John Shepard*, which can't be done 'till next Sessions.

Care. While we in the mean time reap the Advantage of him, — but if he's hang'd once, then —

Rust. Ay, then farewell to him, and the Profits rising from him. No, I wou'd not have him hang'd yet — But here's Company coming; some Fools who are curious to see a dextrous Knave; tho' I think 'tis a little too early in the Morning to have Visitors — Who are they, Mr. Careful?

Care. Our best Friend, our *Primum Mobile*, that sets all our Springs o' going — *Jonathan Wile*.

Rust. You are happy in a choice Phrase, *Primum Mobile* is very pretty. But Mr. Careful, I allow no Servant in the Goal to talk *Latin*, 'tis your Business to be a Block-head, — I can tell you, Friend, if you are suspected to have any Parts, or Penetration, 'tis as much as your Office is worth.

Car. Why then I am a Fool, if I am not a Blockhead — I'll keep my Place — my Wit shall never ruin me.

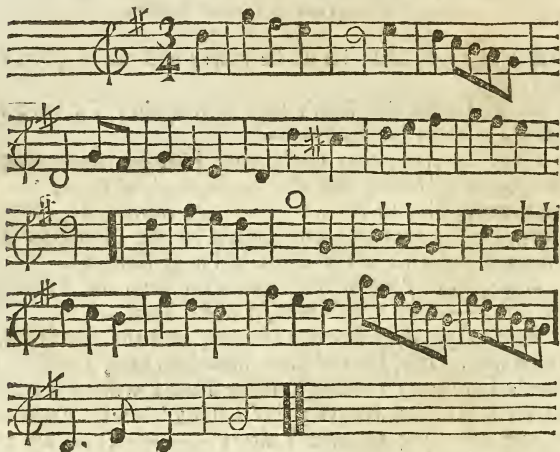
Rust. Now I have a Right to speak *Latin*; 'tis as necessary for a Master-Goaler to be a Linguist, as to be a Lawyer; and I am as good a Lawyer as any that ply at the *Old-Bailey*: Nay, I am as good a Lawyer as I am a Linguist. I have had more Experience than half of 'em I'm sure. But why does not Mr. *Wild* come in?

Care. He's gone to give *Blueskin* a Quartern of *Geneva*.

Rust. Has *Blueskin* any Weapon about him? for if he has, he may cut poor *Jonathan's* Throat again. Brother *Careful*, we must not lose *Jonathan*.

Enter Jonathan, singing.

A I R III. Here's to thee, my Boy, &c.



O fear me not, Lad,
 I am hearty and glad,
 Tho' *Blueskin* has been so severe,
 Has been so severe;
 Altho' I was bang'd,
 He soon shall be hang'd;
 And then he will pay for it dear.

A&I. The *QUAKER's* OPERA.

5

Lose Jonathan! No, my Buffs, he's worth twenty lost Persons yet; tho' the Dog has smash'd me damnably. But how does *Shepard*? Have you seen him To-day?

Caref. Not yet.

Jona. Well, when you see him, remember me to him-- I can't stay with you now, I must go and drink with the Fellows I condemn'd last Sessions; they dye To-morrow, and old Friends shou'd part like Friends.

Rust. You are very kind to 'em, *Mr. Wile.*

Jona. Ay, so you'd say if you knew all. Well, I shall send you half a Dozen Fellows by and by, I have a dead Set upon the Rogues; see I'm in Order, and prepar'd for 'em. My old Pistols that I took from *Spiggot*, see, and my Favourite here, the Arm-pit Pistol. Oh this dear little Rogue, he makes my Pot boil, he does more Execution than a great Cannon.

Care. That will demolish a Thief as soon as you can take an Oath, and that's pretty expeditious.

Rust. Ah! thou art an unthinking Creature. Take an Oath! If it were not for a little moderate Perjury now and then, to wet the Way, as they say—Practice wou'd be so dry, that some of our Topping Fellows wou'd have no Shoes to their Heels.

Jona. Well, get your Lodgings in order against Night for your New-comers; fare you well, I wish you as good a Day as you had Yesterday. [Exit *Jona.*

Care. Well, I'll say that for my Friend *Jonathan*, he's a diligent Soul; he does not meet tho' with half the Encouragement from the Government he does from us; 'tis pity.

Rust. Ah, Brother *Careful*, you always look thro' the wrong End of the Perspective at things. *Jonathan* is very well in his way, but—he's our Friend, therefore I won't rail at him; for tho' we have no Aversion to a good Man, 'tis often our Interest to wink at the Crimes of a bad one. Who comes here?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. I have a Desire, Gentlemen, to see this famous *Shepard*, and if you'll gratifie me, 'twill oblige me.

[Gives Money.]

Rust. Do you take the Gentleman's Favour: Sir, we must intreat your Patience for a while, and you shall see him.

Enter

Enter Quaker.

Qu. Friends, I am told that in this Den of Thieves, you have a wondrous expert Fellow worth the seeing: Canst thou oblige me?

Care. Have you any Business with him?

Qu. Yea, to rebuke him; my Spirit is full of Exhortation.

Care. Why then let your Heart be full of Generosity, or he'll laugh at you, and your Exhortation too.—This Fellow looks like a wet Quaker. [*Aside.*]

Qu. Verily I wou'd do any thing to save his Soul; but then for his Body, I can give no more than a Sixpenny Piece

Rust. Well, every thing helps; wait a-while.

Enter Mrs. Hackabout with a Pye.

Hack. Pray Mr. *Rust*, is Mr. *Shepard* stirring yet? I have brought him his Breakfast.

Rust. Breakfast! 'tis a lusty one: What have you got in your Pye, Mrs. *Nancy*?

Hack. Oh dear Sir, no body must see it.

Rust. By your Favour, but I will. [*Takes it from her.*]

Hack. Nay, then 'tis time to run for it. [*Exit running.*]

Rust. What's here? A Spring Saw, and a Rope! Oh the Harlot! What, is she gone? 'Tis well for her she is— I wou'd have given her a Taste of her Rope for her Breakfast, if she had staid.

Gent. How's this! Had she any thing to help him to escape?

Rust. Yes Sir, 'tis common; we are forc'd to examine every thing that comes to him.

Enter Blunder.

Blun. Well, Arrah, where is this same *Shepard*? I want to be after seeing him, for they say he'll be hang'd soon, and then the Devil won't see him.

Rust. Sir, if you'll be so kind to step over to the other Side of the way, and amuse your self with some of your Countrymen for a Quarter of an Hour, then perhaps I may oblige you.

Blun. My Countrymen! Dear Honey, you mistake, I am not an *Irishman*.

Rust. Then your Tongue belies you most damnably.

Blun.

Blun. Tho' I speak very like 'em; indeed I have some great Relations in *Ireland*, the Marquis of *Ballyporeen* is my Foster-Sister's Husband, and my Lord Viscount *Balruddery* is my Nurse's Godson.

Qu. I find my outward Man wanteth Refreshment, I will therefore confabulate with that well-grown Damsel-wife Virgin. [*To Poorlean*] Thou hast abundance of Oyl in thy Lamp, if I am not mistaken; the Morning being cold, I would willingly qualifie it with something comforting and refreshing; what hast thou got?

Poor. Sir, you may have what you please; *Wind*, or *right Nantz*, or *South-Sea*, or *Cock-my-Cap*, or *Kill-Grief*, or *Comfort*, or *White-Tape*, or *Poverty*, or *Bunter's-Tea*, or *Apricock-Water*, or *Roll-me-in-the-Kennel*, or *Diddle*, or *Meat-Drink-Washing-and-Lodging*, or *Kill-Cobler*, or in plain *English*, *Geneva*.

Qu. That is a prophane Liquor, tho' its Name is holy; can I not have right *French Brandy*? tho' I shou'd hate that Liquor because 'tis *Popish*.

Poor. Yes, Sir, — and because you are a Friend, I'll entertain you with my own favourite Bottle.

[*Fills a Glass and drinks to him.*]

Qu. Pray, do the Frogs of this Lake of Darkness regale with such choice Liquors?

Poor. Some of the better Sort that can afford it, do; but for the Generality they are such poor Rogues — my Service to you.

Qu. Thou needest not say that, thy Love is sufficient: Verily this Creature warmeth [*Drinks.*] Thou art as round as a Full Moon, and as fleshy as the Goats that wanton upon the delectable Mountains, thy Tabernacle is surrounded with Mammon. Hast thou not an Idol in thy inward Woman to whom thou sacrificest Daily, and Nightly, as of old the Heathen gave up their Babes to be devour'd of *Moluch*?

Poor. Ha, ha, you are a comical Gentleman; no, no, mine is nothing but sheer Fat. I have neither Pope nor Idol in my Belly; pure sheer Fat. Grief and Brandy, indeed Sir, nothing else — you don't drink, Sir!

Qu. Verily, fill then unto me, I am a very upright Person — Vouchsafe me a Kiss.

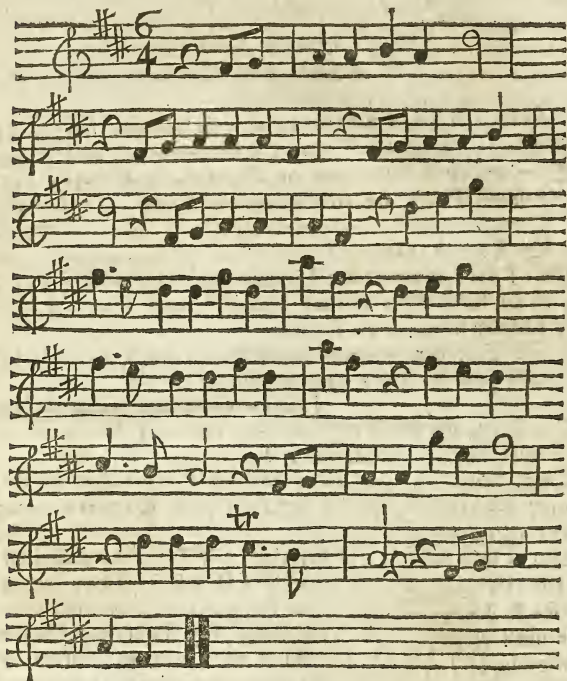
Poor. Odsme! 'tis more than I allow to any Stranger, none but the Gentlemen of the Goal ever presume to kiss me.

Qu.

8 The QUAKER'S OPERA. ACT I.

Qu. Verily thou billest most salaciously, and art a most delightful Piece of Flesh; I am inspir'd with thy Love, and will sing unto thee a Song.

AIR IV. *Phillada flouts me.*



Twice. { *If thou canst like a Friend,*
He'll take it kind, ah;
As truly in the End
Thou'lt sweetly find ah;
He'll give thee a new Gown,
In thy Purse too a Crown,
And kiss thee up and down
Like a stiff Quaker.

Twice. { *I have good Flesh and Blood,
Damsel, believe me,
Good as on Legs e'er stood;
I'll not deceive thee.
Oh how thy Beauty warms!
Good now, resign thy Charms
Into the glowing Arms
Of a stiff Quaker.*

Poor. Ah Sir, I have been very unfortunate in my Husbands, I lost two of 'em in one Sessions; so I'll marry no more, but e'en take my Chance like other honest Women; come, Sorrow's dry, my Love, as thou say'st.

[*Drinks.*

Qu. I greet thee — Verily Flesh is prevailing — Woman, I shall come and see thee often. But no more now — The Eyes of the Prophane are fix'd upon our Lamb-like Amusements.

Poor. Mercy on us! Lamb-like indeed, poor Fools, we only suck, and wag our Tails.

[*Gives him a Glass, and Curtsies.*

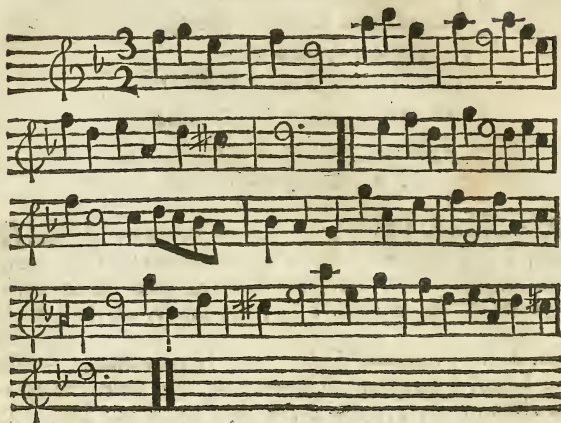
Enter Dr. Anatomy.

Anat. Rust! how is't? I'm come to survey the Bodies; you'll give the Coffin to the Fellow I design to dissect; he'll die the easier, believing that he shan't be made a Skeleton. But I have a great Desire to get *Shepard*; Pr'ythee *Rust* let's see him.

Rust. Doctor, you are always impatient; you long for the dead Rogues, as we do for the Living. Well, I'll oblige you; Physicians and fair Ladies must not be deny'd.

Poor. Mr. *Rust*, the Gentlemen have drank nothing yet; Gad's-my-Life! 'tis a tiresome thing to subsist by People's coming in and out, and spending nothing.

AIR V. Enfield-Common.



I'm sure you wrong me,
 Nay, look upon me,
 And do not think that you shall treat me so:
 To pay my Rent, Sir,
 I am content, Sir;
 But if you think to fool me, you shall know,
 Tho' I'm a Woman,
 And it is common
 To make the Weakest go against the Wall;
 You'll quickly find, Sir,
 I am not blind, Sir,
 Adsheart! you soon shall see I'll rout you all.

I desire tho' they pay you, you'll make 'em call for something.

Rust. Hift, hift; they'll have something above; don't be passionate, *Mary*; every thing in time, my Dear. Come, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt through the Scene.*

The SCENE changes to the Room call'd the Castle.
Chains on the Floor. All Re-enter.

Rust. Now, Gentlemen, you shall see. Mr. *Shepard*, where are you? Ha! Here are his Chains, but where's himself? Gone up the Chimney, I suppose — Not there! What's here, a Breach in the Wall? Nay, then he's certainly gone. [*Rings a Bell.*] Careful, Lockfast, where are you? The Bird is flown! *Shepard* is gone again.

Blun. By my Shoul it is a very pretty Shight, and worth the Money. Arrah, where's the Man, Honey?

Rust. I wish I cou'd tell.

Blun. Well, I wou'd not be without seeing him again another time, for twice as much; for faith it cost me nothing. [*Aside.*] He is a Sight indeed. By my Shoul the Rogues they always keep in Prison in *Ireland* never make their Escapes, but when they carry 'em out and hang 'em a little.

Qua. Verily he is fled; he is gone like the Flower of the Field; and the Flower fadeth away, and the Man Vanisheth, and then shall be said in these Days, Woe to *England*, for *Shepard* is escaped; Woe to the Shopkeepers, and Woe to the Dealers in Ware, for the roaring Lion is Abroad, and their Goods will not lie on their Hands. Oh that my Head were a Fountain of Water, streaining pure Milk, to weep Salt Tears for the Crying Sins of the Nation.

Blun. By my Shoul, I believe this Quaker is some Presbyterian, faith he preaches good sound Doctrine, if a Body did but know what it was.

Doct. Well, I shall have one of the Bodies that are to be executed To-morrow, so I am easy. I had promis'd my Wife to see *Shepard*; it was a Providence I did not bring her.

Gent. This is indeed surprizing; what he has done in the compass of one Night, wou'd take up a Month's time for any Artificer to perform.

Rust. Well, I am sorry you are disappointed, Gentlemen. I'm sure 'tis a greater Disappointment to Us; but we shall certainly have my Gentleman again in a little time. I shall remember your Faces if ever you come to

Chappel, and you shall be admitted *gratis*. I must to the Governour, and acquaint him with this Adventure. Come, Gentlemen.

[*Excunt omnes, præter Blunder and Quaker.*

Blund. The Devil take this Fellow for going away. If I was to be hang'd, I shou'd as soon break my Neck by my Gossip's Hand, as make my Escape; but come, the better Luck now, the worse another time, so I'll come again when he finds his way back, for *Newgate* is a fine place to keep a Man from the Bayliffs, Honey.

[*Exit.*

Qua. And I will go and solace my self with that Lilly of the Valley, in what they call *the Lodge*. I will hold forth unto her, I will shew her the forepart of the Man of Sin; I will fathom the depth of her Iniquity, and drain the Bottle of Spiritual Delight.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E *the Street.*

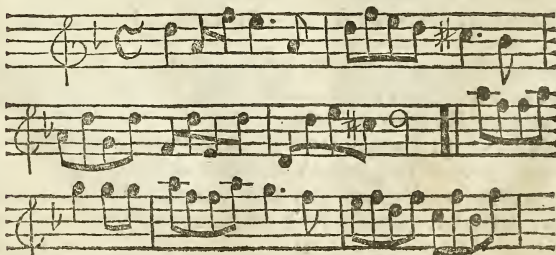
Enter Shepard throwing away his Darbies.

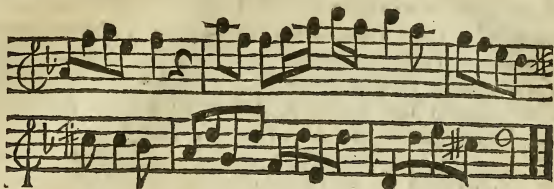
Shep. Lie there, ye vile Disgracers of my Limbs. *Newgate*, farewell; and sudden Ruin seize thee. There is the Path which once my *Frisky* trod; Where *Hackabout* did all her Charms display. But soft; I view a Prig of our Alliance, Who will inform me when our Band of Heroes Shall meet at *Coaxthief's* Ken; him I'll acquaint With my Escape, then turn to seek my Love, And having rioted in her Embrace, Appear again in Arms, and Win or Swing.

[*Exit.*

Enter Frisky.

AIR VI. Windfor Terras.





Give me a Knife, a Draught of Gin, or Flames,
 They are alike, they're all alike,
 Tho' under different Names ;
 Ah foolish foolish Frisky,
 All, all, thy Peace is flown :
 Thou'st lost thy Prig,
 He's dead or fled,
 Thou'st lost thy darling John.
 I shall never save him,
 Never, never retrieve him.
 That Cursed Slut, Nan Hackabout,
 Nan Hackabout will have him.

Ha! Or my Eyes are false, or I see, I see the dear
 perjurd Rascal. I thought the Gallows or that Jade
 wou'd have him, but now I fear the latter most — Sup-
 port me Earth, — Oh for a Glass of Brandy.

Re-enter Shepard.

Shep. Ah Frisky, Frisky, Frisky — but no more :
 Why dost thou whimper thus ? Thou fairest Whore
 That ever grac'd a Bulk, or mill'd a Clie,
 Relate the Cause, or here behold me die.

Frisky. Oh stay, my Love, give not thy Rage such scope ;
 That lovely Neck may one Day — grace a Rope.
 Tell me if *Hackabout* has felt thy Charms,
 Or trundle me this Minute from thy Arms.

Shep. People of Gallantry can't Exist without their A-
 mours, *Molly* ; but I am so convinc'd of thy Sincerity, that
 I am determin'd to drop the scandalous Affair with that
 Termagant *Hackabout*, and hang, or live alone for thee ;
 but we must part, my Love, my Honour is engag'd, and
 my Comrades wait ; each moment I expect to hear the
 fatal Whistle to tear me from thy Arms ; this Campaign

will be short, and when I return again you'll find me at *Coaxthief's*, there I will lose my self in Raptures with my adorable *Frisky*.

Frisky. And why not now, my Dear? — [*Coaxingly*.

Shep. By all that's lovely, it shall be so. [*Whistle*.

Hark I am summoned! On, the fatal Call!

AIR VII. Lovely, Charming Woman.



Shep. Farewell, dearest Molly,
Adieu, my Charming Creature;
To Weep is but a Folly;
Our Fortune will be better.

Frisky. And wilt thou leave thy Molly?
Adieu, too cruel Creature:
I find all Love is Folly:
My Fortune ne'er will Better. [*Exeunt severally*.





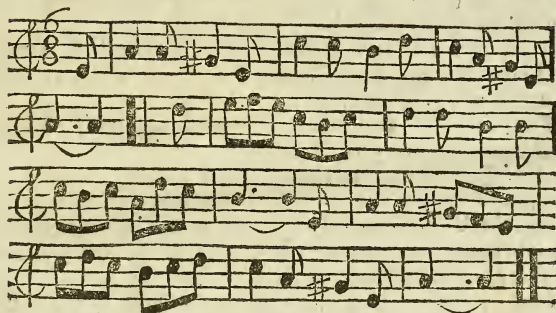
ACT II. SCENE I.

Coaxthief's House.

Wine, Ale, &c. on a Table.

Shepard, Nym, File, Hempseed and Boy; Coaxthief waiting:

AIR VIII.



Shep.

AND when we come unto the Whit,
 Our Darbies to behold,
 Our Lodging it is on the bare Ground,
 And we bouze the Water Cold :

But as I've liv'd to come out again,
 If the merry Old Roger I meet,
 I'll tout his Muns, and I'll snabble his Poll
 As he Pikes along the Street.

At St. Martins, St. Giles's, we shall have Burial still.
 And here the Bowman Prig stands Buff,
 And the Pimps have mis'd their Will.

[The three last Lines repeat in Chorus.]

B 3

Omnes.

Omnes. O Brave *John Shepard!*

Nym. Well, this last Escape of yours was a Master-peice; none but your self, my Blood, cou'd contrive or execute so well.

Hemp. Plague o'that Word Execute, it makes my Heart ache.

Shep. Well, but my Lads, don't let us sot away our Time here; there's Work to be done. I did not make my Escape for nothing. I was more concern'd during my Confinement for the lazy Life I lead, than the fear of Botts or Hanging; now I am at Liberty, let me not be Idle — Idleness is the Road to the Gallows — *File,* have you made any Discoveries lately, is there any House hereabouts worth robbing?

File. You know I only go the sneaking Budge, I don't deal in Houses.

Shep. Ah *File,* thou'lt never make any Figure in Life, if thou art so modest in thy Pretensions.

Nym. Sir, I have a young Lad here that is fir'd with the Love of your great Actions, who has a vast Ambition to be your Servant.

Boy. Yes, Sir, I wou'd be Apprentice to you, to learn the Art and Mystery of Thieving.

Shep. Ours is not a Trade, it is a Calling, Child; we never take Apprentices, ---- but you may be a Clerk.

Boy. Well, I hope I shall Clerk it as I ought then. But I don't desire you to trust me in any thing, 'till you find I have done something to deserve it.

Shep. That's a brave Lad — a fine Spirit — I'll undertake whenever this Boy dies it will be for the good of the Publick. Where did you get this Livery, my Boy?

Boy. I won it of a Lady's Foot-Boy at All-Fours, Sir.

Nym. Oh here comes our Intelligence *Bulk.*

Enter Bulk.

Bulk. Come, come, all's snug; let us be gone, I saw where they put the Goods; so I am sure there is no Body to squeak in the whole House. Where's the Bouze? Master *Shepard!* Lud have Mercy upon me, who thought to see you here?

Shep. Ha, Old *Brawn* and *Chine!* how is it with thee?

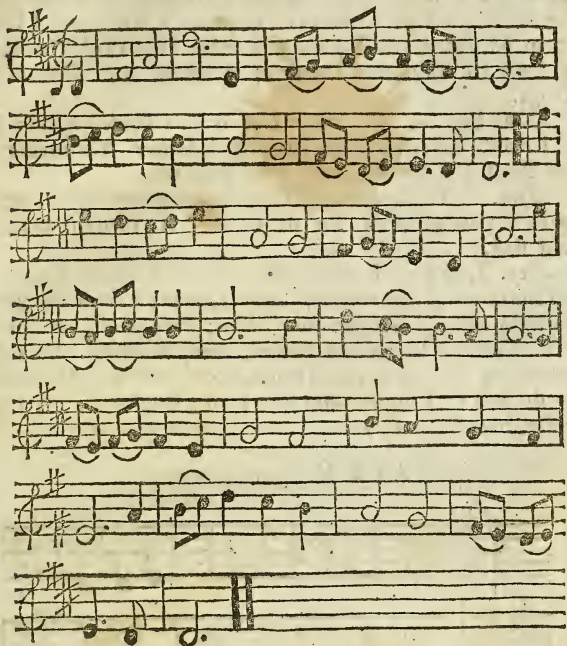
Bulk. The better to see you, Master.

Shep. How are all the Bloods in the Market?

Bulk.

Bulk. All rug, all well, Master; they'll be glad to see you among 'em again.

Shep. I'll be there by and by, but we must mount first. I can't go among 'em but like a Gentleman, as I always appear'd.

AIR IX. March in *Scipio*.

*Poor Thieves are scorn'd the Universe around,
Yet have their Friends and Parties when with Success
they're Crown'd.*

*Wou'd you be great, my Friends, and fortunate? be Gay:
Your Outside must shew Fairer than your cover'd Play.
'Tis but to fix your Character, and get a Name
Then plunder whom you please, for all Mankind's your
Game.*

Bulk. I hear *Jonathan* is abroad again, Mr. *Hempseed*.

Hemp. Damn the Prig, I don't value him of a Louse. I know the worst if he does take me.

Bulk. Besides, the Bum who has the Writ against you, swears he'll nap you, unless you come down another Ounce.

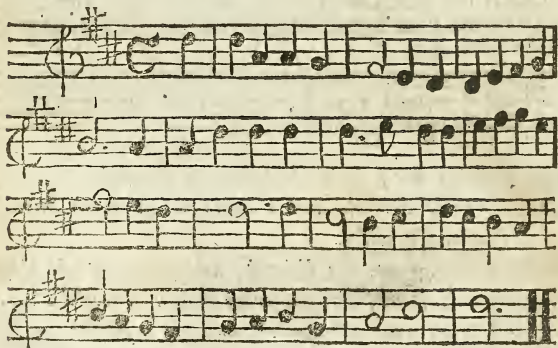
Hemp. Well, am not I going in order to get some Money for him? These damn'd Rogues the Bailiffs, are for tearing a Man in Pieces I think — I Rob, and I Rob, from Morning till Night, and from Night till Morning, and all to stop their Mouths; a parcel of Cut-throat Dogs.

Shep. But tell me, what Lay is this you're upon? for if I don't approve of it, (having a better Adventure in my Eye) I'll not be concern'd with you.

Nym. A Warehouse of Cloaths only — Well, what wou'd you propose for us to do? if yours is best, at that first.

Shep. Last time I broke out, I took a plaguy Fancy to a House on *Saffron-Hill*; 'tis a Lawyer's who has got a damn'd deal of Money this Term; he's a *Welch* Attorney. You all know the Place; meet me there. I'll soon force my way into the House, you shall have nothing to do but to Plunder and carry off; don't fail, for I am going thither dire&ly.

A I R X. Jovial Beggar.



To plunder a Lawyer,
Who lives by Debate,

Undoing

*Undoing and Ruin,
Let's hazard our Fate.*

And a Milling we will go, &c.

*Whatever shall betide us
From our Attempt To-night,
No Mortal can deride us
If we a Biter bite.*

And a Milling we will go, &c.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE *Frisky's Lodgings.*

Mrs. Hackabout, and Miss Frisky.

Frisky. Madam, I am extremely glad to see you.

Hack. Madam, I am very much your Servant, but really Madam you must pardon me, if I don't immediately believe, you are so glad to see me.

Frisky. Oh Dear, pray why Madam?

Hack. In short, Madam, your Hypocrisy sits so awkwardly about you, that I'll save you the trouble of unveiling, by telling you I see through it, and am come at once to assert my Pretensions to *Shepard's Heart*, and solemnly to forbid your attempting any thing hereafter, that may disturb our Amour.

Frisky. Ha! ha! ha! Why *Mrs. Hackabout*, you are as stiff as a Taylor against a good Time (as the Saying is.) I am your Rage's very humble Servant.



AIR XI. Moggy Lawther.



*My Johnny ne'er cou'd take Delight
In kissing such a Fury,
A Lass made up of Rage and Spight ;
You know he can't endure Ye.*

*Hack. Why sure you Slut, you saucy Put,
He ne'er can love a Woman,
Who Sips and Tips, and smacks her Lips
With all the World in Common.*

Frisky. Look ye, Madam, I am so much out of the Road of common Lovers, that I am not at all out of Humour with you for thinking in the same manner that I do-----for upon my Honour, Madam, I think him a pretty Fellow-----and in Compassion to your Unhappiness, I assure you-----it is impossible that you shou'd ever meet in Love, for look ye, Madam, I, I am the Uncontrollable Sovereign of his Heart-----that's all.

Hack. 'Till he has inform'd me so himself, Madam, I shall be mighty easy----- why Madam, you're not Handsome.

Frisky. No!

Hack.

Hack. Nor Genteel.

Frisky. No!

Hack. Nor agreeable.

Frisky. No!

Hack. I'll tell you Madam, you are, Madam, an indifferent, ungenteel, disagreeable, affected, Ill-shap'd Gentlewoman.

Frisky. Madam *Hackabout*, you are ----

Hack. What am I, Madam?

Frisky. You are very Angry, Madam *Hackabout*, and I ----

Hack. What are you, Madam?

Frisky. Very well pleas'd with your Anger, Madam *Hackabout*.

Hack. Fire and Furies, am I become your Sport? I assure you Madam, 'tis owing to my exceeding Moderation that --- your Pinner's are safe upon your Head ---

Frisky. Pray, Madam, keep off your Fists, ----- because that's what you must not do.

Hack. Well, I'll find this Villain out, and if he be base enough to desert me ----- tremble for the Consequence.

AIR XII. *Bartholomew Fair.*



*If the Traytor be falsly Vile, and treats my love-sick Heart
With Audacious Contempt, I'll*



I'll ne'er be Content

Till we do part.

*But Revenge shall supply the place of Treach'rous Love,
It shall, Madam, it shall, as you shall prove.*

Oh may my Curses for evermore prove most compleat,

If while I am viewing

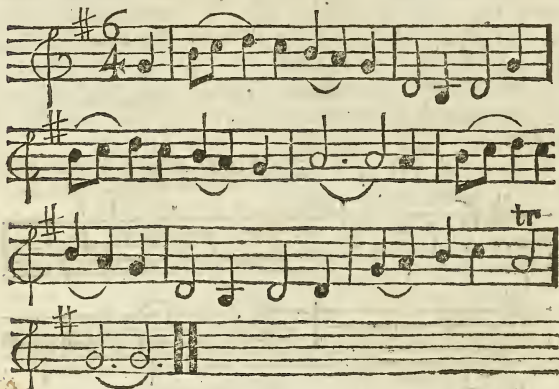
Approaching Ruin,

Yours I forget.

*Stern Revenge shall supply the Place of Treacherous Love,
It shall--- Madam--- it shall, as you shall prove. [Exit.*

Frisky. Oh Madam, at your Discretion. :

AIR XIII. To-morrow is *St. Valentine's* Day.



My Johnny still will Faithful be,

I know he loves me well,

I'll never doubt his Constancy ;

Such Truth no Tongue can tell.

My Soul shall ever hold him dear,

By Night, and eke by Day.

I find him kind, sweet and sincere ;

He ne'er will from me stray.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE *the Street.**Enter a Watchman.*

Watch. Past Two o' Clock and a Cloudy Morning---
Tol-----lol, lol. Morrow my Masters all, good Mor-
row.

Enter Thieves.

Hemp. Zoons there's all the Watch and a new Con-
stable; he is not in our Secret yet, so it is proper to Pike
off. [*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Watch. Say you so ----- you'll come again tho', as soon
as we are gone; you shan't want an Opportunity, that
we may snap you the better. Tol, Tol; past Two a
Clock; Tol, lol. [*Exit.*]

*The Lawyer discovered in his Bed, his Maid waiting
with a Candle.*

Law. *Shane*, hark you *Duehomma*, go, you may go
your ways now; I think I would be sleepy ----- But re-
member I charge you, taake care of the Doors, and
make 'em faist and strong; for I tell you *Shane*, I have a
great charge of Money in my Chamber, look you, and
if I find 'tis gone To-morrow, py *St. Tavy* I shall play
the Tevil with you, and hang my self to the Bargain;
and then *Shane* what will become of my Clients in
Caermarthenshire?

Maid. Every thing is secure, and please you.

Law. Well *Shane*, if I find you be truth and honest, I
shall not forgetto remember your Care ----- I will -----
hark you ----- when I come home to *Landilo* I was send
you a piece of our *Welsh* Flannel to make you some goot
Hollan Shifts: go your ways, that's my brave Girl -----
Hey, ho! Mercy on me, I am very sleepy [*Gapes.*] You
may taak the Cannol, for I cannot sleep if I do see a
Light.

Maid. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Shepard with a dark Lantborn.

Shep. I have had a damnable deal of Trouble with this
Old Rogue's Locks and Bars ---but where am I now?

Oh,

Oh, in his Bed-chamber ----- here then he must keep his Money, and now I'll gratify my self for my Labour. The Old Sinner! how he snores! Let me examine your Pockets, Lawyer. A Purse! well: the Keys too! Oh then I shall have the less Trouble with your Escritore [*Rifles it.*] A Bag! so, what's here! Bonds, Writs, Papers ----- an Account of the Escape, and the several Robberies committed by *John Shepard*. This the Old Rogue designs to send into the Country, I suppose. Why are not my Comrades come, I wonder. I must be forc'd to do all my self I see, for I can't find in my Heart to leave any thing valuable behind me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Harkee, are you sure 'twas on this side of the way?

1 Watch. Ay, marry was it; but between you and I Mr. *Constable*, 'tis no great matter, we had as good let it alone. I suppose they are only plundering the Lawyer that lately came to Town, and he knows best how to manage 'em.

Const. I think I had a Glimpse of 'em my self, and if I were sure they were only plundering a Lawyer, I wou'd not expose the King's Authority in my Person to any Danger whatsoever. But I am sure if I am not mistaken, tho' I won't be positive neither, but I cou'd take my Oath that one of them went in at the *Green Door*; therefore follow me all with the Courage that becomes your Cause, and secure a Hundred and Forty Pounds a Man for the Honour of *Old England*.

Watch. Adzooks done Master.

Const. That's the Door, the *Green Door* there; do you wake the Sleepers on that side of the Way, while I and my Dragons ----- keep the Peace on this.

1 Watch. Thieves, Thieves! open your Doors; you are rob'd and undone, open your Doors.

Shep. Who's there? [*Shepard above.*]

Const. Authority *Hardhead* the Constable and all his magnamacious Companions.

Shep. What's the matter, Master *Hardhead*?

Const.

Const. You have a Gang of Thieves in your House.

Shep. I thank you, Friends; make no Noise. I knew there would be a Thief here To-night before, but I was provided for him. The Street Door is only upon the Latch, so if you'll come in and search the Cellar, I am sure you'll find him. The Rascal held a Pistol just now to my Head, and told me he was Master of the House, and all I cou'd do, wou'd not convince him to the contrary. So he has put on my Master's Gown and Cap, on purpose to delude the Watch, shou'd they come; I'm sure he's in the Cellar, so come in honest Gentlemen, my Master will be mightily oblig'd to you when he comes home.

Const. Ay, ay, we'll have him, I warrant you ----- But are you sure you have no Thieves above Stairs?

Shep. Here is but one; and him I'll take care of. But pray Gentlemen, come in quickly. [Exit.]

Const. Come, let's all go in, since there is but one of 'em. [Exeunt.]

Enter Shepard at the same Door.

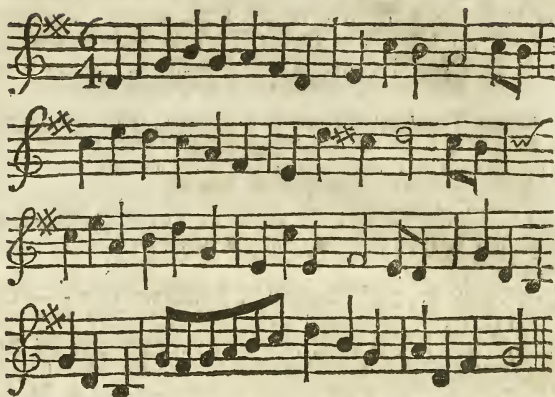
Shep. So, I think this was well manag'd; while they were searching the Cellar, I slip'd out; they have awaken'd the Lawyer, he's up I see — but this is no Place for me at present. [Exit.]

Re-enter Constable and Watch, with the Lawyer in his Gown and Cap.

Const. Come, bring the Rogue to the Round-House. I thought we should have you at last.

Law. Ha! for Cot's Sake, what is the Matter with you? ha — kill ho, kill ho; stand off I charge you with your Perils, I am a Lawyer; look you, I will play the Devil with you: You will not be content to steal my Money, but you will steal my Self too; let me go.

Const. Ay, you shall go ----- to Tyburn, Sirrah.

AIR XIV. *Yorkshire* Ballad.

*You must not think, Friend, to go on with your Show,
 Authority Hard-head will now make you know,
 That Paddington is the last Road you will go.*

With a Down, &c.

*Since therefore our Wisdom you cannot deceive,
 I'll never encourage you once to believe
 That you'll be Transported, or have a Reprieve.*

With a Down, &c.

Watch. Oh, you are harden'd Rogue, to take the
 Gentleman's Gown and Cap.

Law. I am no Rogue, Gentlemen.

Const. What are you then, Sicrah?

Law. A fery honest *Welch* Attorney.

Const. A *Welch* Attorney! why that's as bad as a House-
 breaker at any time; bring him along.

Law. I dare you to meddle with me; I dare you; for
 if you do, I shall *Capias* you; I'll swear the Peace to you,
 and Intite you to the Crown-Office — Thiefs! Mur-
 ther! oh my Money — Killo, Thiefs! Thiefs!

Const. Come away with him, bring him along.

Enter Maid, from the House.

Maid. Why, Mr. Constable, are you bewitch'd, to pull

a Gentleman thus? why, you may be aſham'd of your ſelves; this is my Maſter; the Maſter of the Houſe.

Conſt. Aha, are you ſure of this?

Maid. He'll make you all find it ſo, to your Coſt.

Law. Ay, that I will, py St. *Taffy*.

Conſt. Why, Sir, really — I muſt confeſs —

Enter Tommy Padwel in a Livery, with a Candle and Lanthorn.

Law. Confeſs! I will hang you all.

Tom. O Lud have Mercy upon me! pray Mr. Conſtable, is this Man and Woman in Cuſtody?

Conſt. Why, I don't know.

Tom. Don't know! you're a fine Conſtable indeed; why, theſe are two of the greateſt Thieves in *England*--- that Woman wou'd have pick'd my Maſter up laſt Night, and the Fellow that you have got there follow'd him with a Piſtol to have murder'd and robb'd him, if he cou'd have got an Opportunity. Seize 'em.

Con. Why who is thy Maſter, my Boy?

Tom. My Maſter? why Mr. *Cobble-Cauſe* the *Welch* Lawyer — he is coming home preſently — and I ſuppoſe theſe People have ſet him To-night — he's at a Tavern hard by — I was going to fetch his Cloak — If you'll carry 'em to the Round-Houſe, I'll bring my Maſter there preſently, and he ſhall prove what I ſay to be true.

Conſt. Why we took him out of that Houſe.

Tom. O dear! I ſhall be murder'd then — they have been robbing the Houſe: Oh dear! oh dear!

Law. Why, you little Fillain — Rascal you — I am the —

Maid. Ay, he is the Lawyer — and I his Maid Servant.

Tom. Oh hang you both! ſo you ſay indeed.

Law. Why, you Dog —

Maid. Ah, you lying little Rascal!

Conſt. Hold your Peace! don't diſturb the Court.

Watch. [*Puts on his Spectacles, and looks on 'em both.*] I don't know the Man, but I believe the Woman is an Ill Woman — nay, I can ſwear it too, I have had her in Cuſtody ſeveral times.

Conſt. Come, bring 'em along, bring 'em along.

Tom. Mr. Conſtable! —

28 The *QUAKER'S* OPERA. ACT II.

Const. What say'st thou, my Boy?

Tom. If you'll send one of your Watchmen to the *Plume-of-Feathers* Tavern to tell my Master, I am sure he'll give you something to drink.

All the Watch.] I'll go.

Const. Why who must take care of the Prisoners then? Do you go, *Jack*.

Watch. Thank you, Master; come, will you go with me, my Boy?

Tom. No, I'll be there as soon as you, — I must fetch the Cloak. [Exit.

Const. Come, bring 'em away — *Nodfast*, come along. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boy, laughing.

Boy. A Parcel of wise Fellows for Business, to be banter'd so by a Boy! here comes my Master.

Re-enter Shepard.

Shep. Oh thou excellent little Villain — Well, now I have dispos'd of my Prey in a proper Lock, I am a little easy — my Companions were certainly scar'd by the Watch — They are inglorious Rogues; this little Boy is worth Fifty of 'em. Since I am upon the Cruize, I'll not into Harbour without another Prize, if I can meet one — Activity is the Soul of Business; perish Fear and Idleness — *Alexander! Caesar!* — *Cartouch* and *Shepard*.

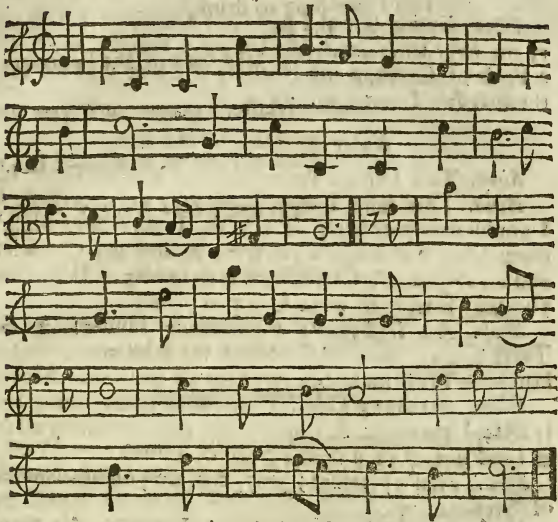
Boy. And little *Tommy Padwell*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *The Street.*

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. So, now we have secur'd our Prisoners, let us be merry — It is time the Watch should break up, therefore let us have a Song and a Dance among our selves, and then go home to Bed to our Wives, and make 'em sensible of the Comforts of Matrimony.

AIR XV. *Tipling John.*



*As Thieving John went gayly on,
 Defying Law and Right,
 Our Game was he, his Hunters we,
 And snapt the sharpening Bite.*

*We did him tout : then drink about,
 And mark the Rogue's Conclusion;
 He thought to cheat the Magistrate,
 And put us in Confusion.*

*But we who wise, with strong Surmise,
 Did find the sneaking Villain,
 Shall, to his Woe, soon let him know
 His Life's not worth a Shilling.*

*Cuckold, or not, away e'ery Sot,
 Away, and mend your Lives ;
 Since it is Day, drink, and away,
 Go home, and Kiss your Wives.*

Chorus
 to the
 last two
 Lines.

[Dance, and go off singing the Chorus.

Enter Blunder.

Blun. By my Shoul I hove got a Case of Pistols to carry me over to *Ireland*, but I want a Horse; well, I have a Pack of Cards in my Pocket, and that will do as well the first Inn I come to.

Enter Shepard behind him.

Shep. This Fellow seems to have Money about him.

Blun. Tho' faith I have been very unsuccessful, for if I cou'd not win fairly of a Man, I have been oblig'd to cheat him, and that always went against my Conscience; and an *Irishman's* Conscience is as tender as Whit-leather, you may turn it to what Use you please.

Shep. An *Irishman's* Conscience tender! a *French* Thief's is as merciful — but I must be acquainted with him — Well met, Sir, whither so early this Morning?

Blun. Arrah my Dear, I am after going home to Bed it self; I have been shitting up and merry-making all Night at the Funeral of a dear Friend of mine.

Shep. That's pleasant; pray, Sir, do you hear any News of *Shepard*?

Blun. Oh bad Luck wid him! I was to see him Yesterday.

Shep. And did you, pray Sir?

Blun. Ay fait did I, for he was gone befose I came; but then I did see the Room he lay in, and that's the same thing.

Shep. Pray, Sir, did you hear how he made his Escape?

Blun. Why, faith, very strangely they say.

Shep. Strangely! how strangely?

Blun. By my Shoul, by breaking out of the Goal.

Shep. Aiter what manner?

Blun. By Cressht, after no manner, for he was so unmannerly not to take his Leave of the Door-keepers — Fait I wish I cou'd find him, I cou'd get Twenty Guineas for him.

Shep. And wou'd you betray him, if it lay in your Power?

Blun. Ay, fait wou'd I; for 'tis the old Saying, *Set a Thief to catch a Thief.*

Shep. But, Sir, he is a near Friend of mine, and I hope you have more Charity than to oppress any unhappy Person. — I am oblig'd also to demand your Benevolence in
his

ACT II. The *QUAKER'S* OPERA. 31

his Behalf, which, if you refuse, here is the Council that I have feed to plead for it. [Presents a Pistol.

Blun. By my Shalvation, this is not my way of Robbing — Arrah, there Honey, 'tis but two Guineas; which I borrow'd from a private Pharro Bank in *Covent-Garden*, when I was gaming there.

Shep. 'Tis not worth my while to strip you, I have more Conscience than a Gamester — Fare you well, and when you go to *Newgate* next, tell 'em you saw *Shepard*, and that little *St. George* was too hard for old sturdy *St. Patrick*.

AIR XVI. *Peggy* in Devotion.



*Con'd you think to take me?
I have your Money got;
You must not now forsake me,
My dearest Irish Sot.*

*Go and seek a better Prey,
Oh my dearest Shoul!
You are fairly bit To-day,
Shepard has your Cole.*

[Exit.]

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Adswauns *Jo!* it is a sad Blunder we have committed; this Lawyer it seems is the real Lawyer, and 'twas that Rogue *Shepard* who robb'd the House, and spoke to us out of the Window as one of the Servants; several Gentlemen that came to the Round-House, knew the Lawyer; we are all undone.

Watch. Unless we cou'd take that Dog *Shepard*; that wou'd make some Amends; that little Bastard belong'd to *Shepard* to be sure, for they know nothing of him at the Tavern.

Blun. By my Shoul if you have a mind to catch him, I can help you to him.

Const. Can you?

Blun. Ay, Fait, he was here just now, and robb'd me of all I had in the World.

Const. And where is he?

Blun. Aboo! Fait he is run away, Honey.

Const. Which way went he?

Blun. Down that Street, Honey; if you make haste and catch him, you'll soon overtake him.

Watch. Follow, follow. [*Exeunt Const. and Watch.*]

Blun. Upon my Shoul my Misfortune is greater than nothing at all.

AIR XVII. Dear Catholick Brother.



Arrab

Arrah Fait, he has taken my Money away;

O vat wil I do! arrah vat wil I say?

*By the Blood of St. Patrick, 'tis greater Disgrace,
Than if I'd been seen — with a Blush on my Face.*

Tol, lol, &c.

[Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Shepard Solus, finely Dress'd.

Obsequious Fortune follows me in every thing I attempt, and every Calamity that threatens, turns to my Advantage — Endeavouring to escape the Constable and Watch, that were in full Cry after me, I stumbled into a Pawn-broker's Shop, which I have rifled, and brought out above two Hundred Pounds, and all this Finery — Ha! it may be you won't meet a prettier Fellow in a Mile, than I am — Suppose I should reform now, and be honest — Ah! that will never do — I love a Life of Hazard and Difficulties — And now I begin to taste the Profits of my Roguery; I find it as hard to turn out of my Road, as People of more Consequence than my self do. I will be a fine Gentleman, and there's an End on't.

Enter Hackabout.

Hack. Ha! it is my Love, my dearest *Johnny*; what Charms the Rogue's gay Habit have added to his handsome Person! I must speak to him or dye, for sure he loves me still.

Shep. Ha! here's an old Mistress of mine — she advances; now will I use her very ill, — like a fine Gentleman.

Hack. Dear Mr. *Shepard*, I am glad my Stars have directed me this way — that I may be convinc'd from your own Mouth of the Falsity of Madam *Frisky's* Report, which says that you are entirely hers, and have rejected your once lov'd darling *Hackabout*.

C 4

Shep.

Shep. Hackabout may have her Charms, and I may love her still — tho' not my Passion's Slave, I may in time give Proof that I am a Lover, but never must forget — that I am a fine Gentleman.

AIR XVIII. Look from your Window.



Hack. Look, look kindly on me, my Dear;
 See, see your Vassal distrest appear;
 Think, think, altho' now you are gay,
 Think what may happen another Day.

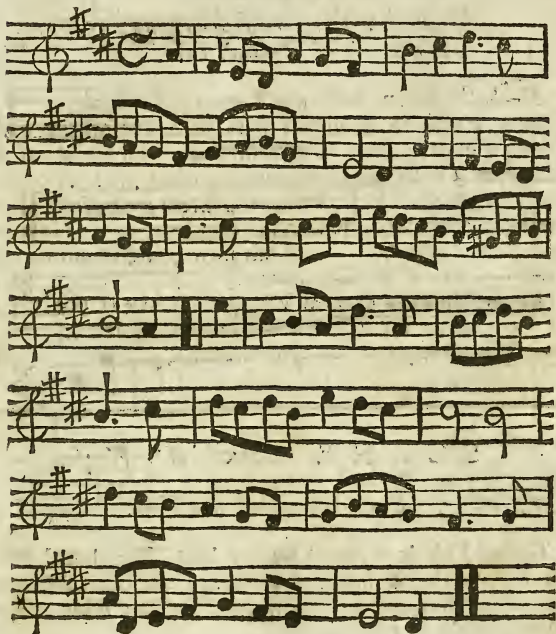
If

*If still you're unkind, and refuse
My Love, and my Passion abuse;
Altho' I despair, I'd have you beware,
You'll decently dye in your Shoes.*

Shep. If any thing wou'd give me a greater Distaste of thee, it is this Impertinence; cease thy Persecution, for I am Adamant.

Hack. O pardon me this Transport, my Soul is thine.

A I R XIX.



*O Johnny, thou hast done me wrong,
For Love's sake, use me better.*

Shep. I pr'ythee, Nancy, hold thy Tongue,
Thou art an irksome Creature.

Hack.

Hack. Since you have done now what you have,
I fear you'll but abuse me;
I am your most submissive Slave,
Then do not thus misuse me.

Shep. When, Nancy, you first turn'd a Fool,
To yield to my Embraces,
I fear'd you soon wou'd be a Trull,
And so have all your Paces.
Therefore do not depend on me,
To be your faithful Lover;
For since you've been so frank and free,
My height of Passion's over.

Hack. Barbarous insulting Tyrant! ———

Shep. Faith, to be serious with thee, for all thy Folly,
I wou'd have as much Compassion on thee, Child, as possible;
but it is so unfashionable at present, that 'tis quite inconsistent
with my Honour — Genteel People are always the most cruel
to those they have undone ——— However, my Dear, I pity thee
— and am now going to another Mistress ——— like a fine Gentleman. [Exit.]

Hack. Oh thou Eternal Villain! if there is such a thing
as Vengeance upon Earth — thou shalt feel it ———
tho' I perish my self the same Minute. [Exit.]

S C E N E Coaxthief's House.

Enter Coaxthief, and Wife.

Coax. This is a rare Life we lead, *Peg*, but I am afraid it won't last long; we always lose our Customers, as soon as they come to grow good for any thing, they're either hang'd or transported:

Wife. Well, but Thanks to our Stars, there's still a new Supply.

Coax. Ay, ay, we shall never want for Thieves and Lawyers in this wicked World. What did you lend Mr. *File* upon the Silver-hilted Sword he brought in t'other Day?

Wife.

Wife. Only a Crown, and I sold it presently after for Thirty Shillings.

Coax. But what will you say when he calls for't?

Wife. Say! why I'll bid him pay what he owes me.

Coax. But then he may grow angry, and swear he'll leave the House.

Wife. Why, then I'll tell him, I know very well where Mr. *Jonathan* lives, and if he neglects coming to my House, he shall use none, unless it be *Newgate*.

Coax. Well, well, Love, you will have your Way.

Wife. My Way! ay, and so I will; do you think I'll have the Scandal of entertaining Thieves in my House, and not reap Advantage by 'em?

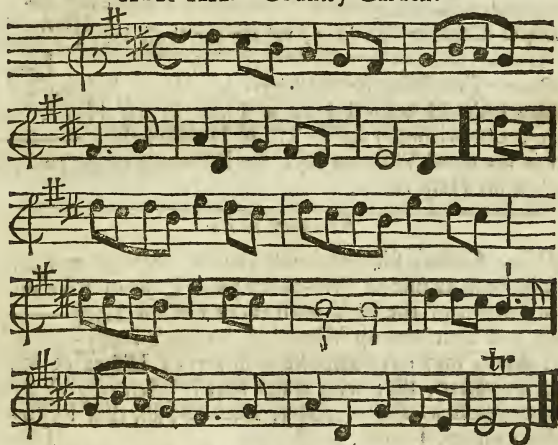
Coax. Nay, it is but reasonable indeed, *Peg*.

Wife. Besides, none but such an Oaf as you wou'd let 'em flourish so long.

Coax. Why, my Dear ———

Wife. Be dumb; let me hear none of your foolish Excuses.

AIR XX. Country Garden.



O Goodman Roger, hold your Tongue,

And let your Wife direct you.

If you think you are knowing,

And fain wou'd be doing,

No longer I'll protect you;

You'd be a Fool, and very dull,

If I did not correct you.

They're

They're so poor, 'tis a Pity to let 'em live any longer; there is but *Johnny Shepard* among the whole Crew worth hanging, and he, I suppose, you wish at the Devil, because he's pretty a Fellow; here you might have had Five Guineas a-piece last Night, for three of the Hulks that drink and sot with you, and you refus'd the Proffer.

Coax. Why, I was timberfome, my Love, I was timberfome.

Wife. Timberfome! ay, you're always so; but if you'll be a Fool and lose Opportunities of getting Money, I won't, I assure you; why that's all clear Gains: Faith some of 'em shall go to Pot, one Day or other, and then for the Fear of losing their Custom upon that Account, that is a Joke; for there is a Fate that always draws that sort of People to the Places and Persons where they are sure to be betray'd.

Coax. Faith, that's well remember'd, *Peg.*

Wife. Besides, you don't consider that the Brewer and the Landlord must be paid.

Coax. Well, as you will, *Wife*; I am contented.

[*Bell Rings.*

Wife. Coming — here, where are these lazy Fellows?

[*Exit.*

Coax. This Woman will have her Way, so I wash my Hands on't. I own I love a Thief in my Heart, and wou'd not willingly hang 'em if I cou'd help it — but as the good Woman says, the Brewer must be paid; so there's no Help for it.

Re-enter Wife.

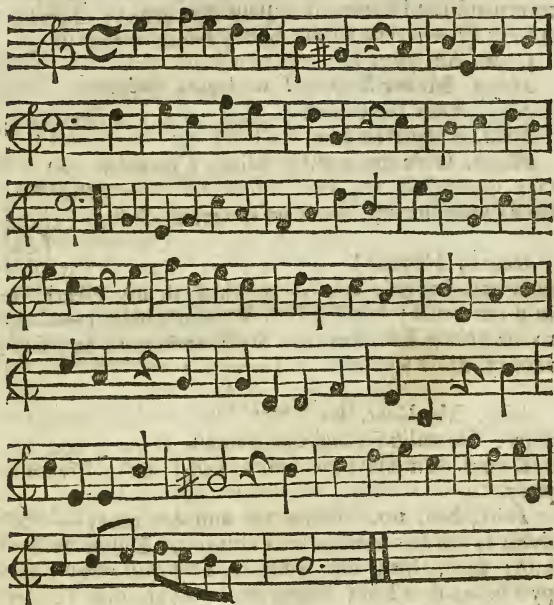
Wife. Come, stir Husband, there's *Shepard* and Miss *Frisky*, both as fine as Five-pence; and Four or Five more Gentlement of the Pad, with every one his Lady — I have just sent 'em up Wine 'till Supper's ready — Stir, stir, Man, they have bespoke a dozen of Dishes at least; stir, stir, Man, stir; who waits here? [*Bell rings.*] Send for the Musick. *Robin, Mary, Andrew*; ah, that Fellow's always asleep, I think. [*Exit.*

Coax. Alack-a-day! this is nothing at all to what she is when she's a little angry. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE draws, and discovers Shepard, Frisky, File, Bulk, Nym, and Hempseed, with several Ladies of the Town, Drinking.

AIR XXI. Of all the World's Enjoyments.



Shep. *Of all the gay Enjoyments,
That can be valu'd rare,
None give such sweet Employments,
As Women Fine and Fair.
To them and Wine,
Most Men incline,*

And

And think it charming Duty;

But he's a Slave,

A sneaking Knave,

That is not fir'd with Beauty.

These
Lines re-
peated.

*Then drink about, brave Fellows,
And make the Welkin ring;
We'll kiss and clasp each lively Lass,
And jovially we'll sing.*

Shep. Gentlemen and Ladies, you are entirely welcome; command the House, command me, and every thing — but *Frisky* — Are all the Doors fast, Landlord?

Coax. Ah, your Honour cou'd not be safer in *Newgate*.

Hemp. Master *Shepard*! will you give me a Toast?

Shep. Polly *Peachum*.

Bulk. Polly *Peachum* the First, or the Second?

Hemp. Give me another Glass, I'll drink 'em both; if they quarrel in my Belly, they are welcome, they shall be Friends in my Mouth I'll engage you.

[*Drinks two Glasses.*

Omnes. Huzzah!

[*Drink.*

Frisky. Indeed, Mr. *Shepard*, you are very particular in your Toast; I am sure there are other People deserve to be taken notice of as well as she — I always took you for an Inconstant — this is extremely cruel —

[*Weeps.*

Shep. My Dear, we never Toast any Person in Company; 'tis unlike a fine Gentleman.

Omnes. Oh Madam! never Toast any Body in Company.

Frisk. No, no, Gentlemen and Ladies, he design'd it as an Insult upon me — upon my foolish Fondness for him; well, this is my Comfort, I am not the only unhappy Person that Lady has given the Vapours to. [*Weeps.*

Shep. My Dear, you'll spoil the Company; we came here to be merry; I am quite angry with you.

AIR XXII. Bonny Bush.



Frisk. My dearest Johnny, ease my Pain:

Alas! how much I love thee;

Ah let me never meet Disdain,

But let my Sorrow move thee.

In thee alone is all my Joy,

Oh! thou hast near undone me,

Then do not quite my Bliss destroy,

For pity, smile upon me.

Shep. [Kissing her.] Come, come, no more of this — there, we are Friends, my Dear; come, no more of this —

Frisk. Indeed —

[Weeps.]

Shep. Ay, upon my Honour, as I am a Gentleman.

1st Woman. Come, Madam, 'tis your Toast now.

Frisk.

Frisk. Is it? [*Half weeping.*] Well, then charge your Glasses.

Omnes. We are all ready.

Frisk. [*Standing.*] Why, then ——— Here's Captain *Mackbeath*, to you, Sir.

Omnes. Huzzah ———

[*Drink.*

Bulk. Odsso! she has fitted him, he can't endure the Captain.

Shep. [*Rings a Bell.*] So hey! where's Supper —

Within. Coming, Sir —

Enter Hackabout, Jonathan, Constable, Watch, &c.
Coaxthief and his Wife behind.

Hack. Here is your Supper, Sir.

Jon. No, Madam, you are mistaken, 'tis just taking up at *Newgate*; we must beg you to make haste, the Company is impatient 'till you come.

Shep. Now shall I be hang'd! — like a Fine Gentleman.

Hack. Madam *Frisky*, I'm your obedient Servant: you seem to be uneasy, Madam *Frisky*, and I am very well pleas'd with your Calamity.

Shep. Avaunt, Eternal Fury — Oh, my Unhappy Girl!

AIR XXIII. *Spanish Lady.*



Farewel, Oh my lovely Molly,
You and I must ever part,

*I cou'd meet my Fortune coolly,
But thy Loss distracts my Heart.*

*Oh lead me, lead me far, from this tormenting Sight,
That I may close these wretched Eyes in endless Night.*

Frisky. Farewel ob my dearest Johnny,
Alas, alas, must we then part?

Death will quickly seize upon me;

Ah, now I feel him pierce my Heart,

Oh lead me, &c. [Swoons away.]

Jon. Take her away ---- Come, Sir, will you march? All these honest Gentlemen must bear you Company. Well, Mrs. Hackabout, this can be no Misfortune now, for he has been a lost Lover long since to you ---- you have Charms enough to subdue any Man ---- but such an insensible Fellow as this.

Hack. Oh, Sir, a little Revenge will serve my turn at present.

Jon. Which you shall have, Madam, and every thing else you please to Command from your humble Servant.

Shep. Come, Hempseed, thy Hand, thine Bulk, and thine my Friend,

We have been Fellow Soldiers in the Field,

Now we are Fellow Slaves,

I wonnot say Farewell, for you must follow me.

Jon. Ha, the Coaches are come ---- Gentlemen, will you please to Travel? Make Way there --- a parcel of very pretty Fellows ---- they look sickly tho', a little Hanging will do 'em a great deal of good ---- March. [Exeunt.]

Coaxthief and his Wife come forward, looking at each other.

Coax. I have been so surprized at this Circumflurry, that I cou'd not tell how to ask for the Reckoning.

Wife. Oh you Thick-skull! This comes of your fine Company. I wonder Mr. Jonathan did not take you among 'em; if it had not been for some Body that shall be nameless, I won't say my self, you had been carried with the Gentry that you like so much.

Coax. Why, here are three very Misfortunate things.

Wife. Well, and what are they, pray?

Coax. Why, first we have lost the Money for taking 'em.

Wife. Thank your self for that.

Coax. What does that Argify now---- then we have lost the Reckoning.

Wife. Thank your self for that.

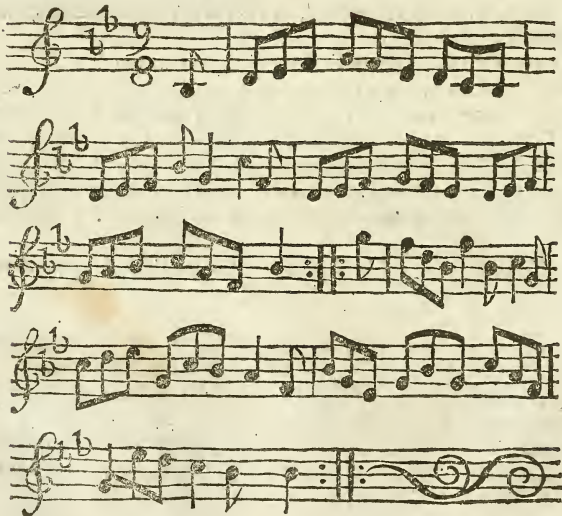
Coax. Then we have lost a fine Supper.

Wife. Thank your self for that too.

Coax. No, I thank you for that, for I'll fall too, and try if I can't eat it my self ---- If you will bear me Company so, if not your Servant---- For I am very Hungry. [*Exit.*

Wife. No, Sir, I shall bear you Company. Mr. *Coax-thief* is always governable, but when his Stomach's up, then he's a Devil at it ---- well, let him alone, one shall have it again in Meal, or in Malt ---- besides he is a very good-natur'd Man ---- I have us'd him too hardly ---- I will make him amends, and redeem him from these Rascals, poor Man ---- well.

A I R XXIV. At *Winchester* was a Wedding.



*A little Love will not hurt one ;
Conjugal Love I mean :*

Since

*Since we have had such ill Fortune
As sure never was seen.
Our Crosses and Losses came thick,
And troubled us every Day,
Our Customers ran upon Tick;
And then they ran quite away.
Therefore with what we've left,
In time away we'll move;
Bid adieu to Rogues and Theft,
And spend all our Days in Love.* [Exit.

S C E N E *Newgate.*

Enter Rust, Careful, &c.

Rust. Well, this is blessed News, we have got *Shepard* again.

Car. Now Mr. *Rust* we shall see good Times again.

Rust. Psha' hold your Tongue, the whole Town is alarm'd with the News already, we shall have 'em come hither faster and faster to see if it be true or no. Are the Irons ready, and the Staples and the Handcuffs?

Car. All, all in order ---- See the People begin to come already. When do you expect him?

Rust. Every Moment.

[*without.*] Room for *John Shepard* and more Lodgers.

Enter Shepard, Jonathan, Constable, Watch, with Nym and Hempseed Prisoners on one side. Enter Quaker, Gentleman and Irishman on the other.

Jon. Your Servant Mr. *Rust*, take care of these Gentry, Mr. *Nym*, and Mr. *Hempseed*; but for Mr. *Shepard*, we'll have a Word or two with him before he goes up.

Rust. Your Servant Mr. *Shepard*, you are welcome home. Well, I shall take care to have you accommodated better this time, I hope you'll excuse the want of care we were guilty of.

Car. Well, Mr. *Shepard*, I find the Old Proverb is true, that says he that is born to _____

Rust. It is a strange thing that you'll never hold your Tongue.

Car. I have done.

Blun. Arra fait, you wont be after spakeing now, I wish you had been so modest when you borrowed my Two Guineas Honey.

Shep. Here take 'em again, I believe you want 'em more than I do.

Blun. Faith and thank you with all my Shoul, I'll keep one to Drink your Health, Honey, after you are Hang'd.

Enter the Welch Lawyer, and Hardhead the Constable.

Hard. Here he is Master, safe enough.

Law. Mr. *Shepart*, I am yours look you, *Doehomma*, I was carried to the Round-house for you, you shall go to the Gallows for me.

Hard. I hope you'll forgive me, Master, I am very sorry.

Law. Are you fery Miserables, look you fery Poor?

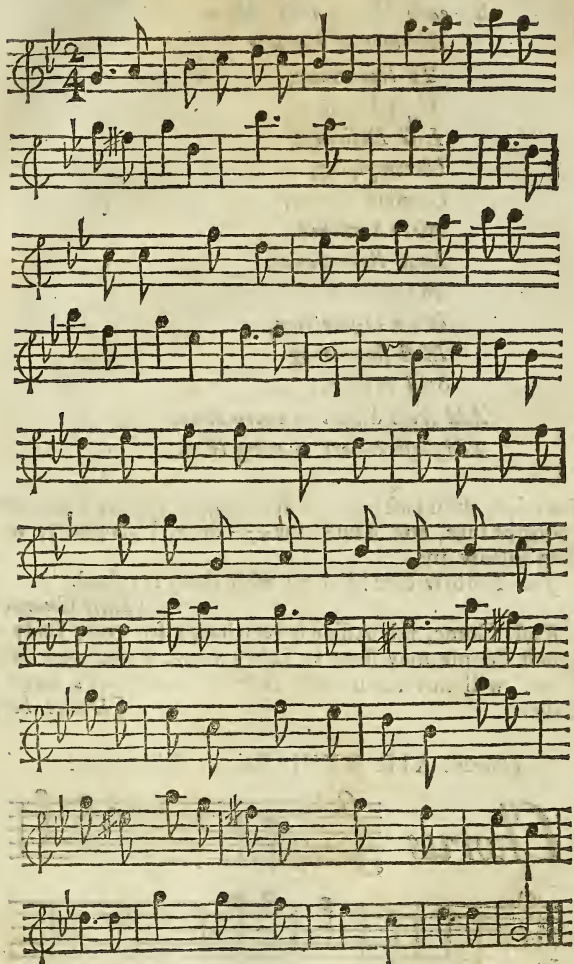
Hard. Yes indeed Master.

Law. Then I forgive you look you, and Cot forgive you too.

Jon. Well, Mr. *Shepard*, I'll take care that the last Scene of your Life shall be supported with a Dignity suitable to your Character ---- you have been reckon'd a good Fencer in your Time, now if you can Parry a Cart, or clear the Line, it may be of Service to you.

Shep. Well, Gentlemen, I have been your But ---- the subject of your Ridicule and Cruelty, which as I have suffer'd with Patience, I hope you will not be so Barbarous as to repeat ---- I suppose there is no Person here but wou'd have endeavour'd to have sav'd his Life by an Escape if he had been in my Circumstances. The Follies I have committed since are unanswerable, but with my Life, which the Law demands, and I must pay.

AIR XXV. Ghosts of every Occupation.



*Farewell every vicious Pleasure,
I've indulg'd you above Measure ;*

Farewell

Farewell Gaming, Drinking, Swearing;
Farewell Raking, Theiving, Daring:
To each Vice a long Adieu.

Wretched Fortune
To Importune,
Hope Expiring,
Life Desiring,
Uncomplying,
Comfort Flying;
After Sentence
Late Repentance,
Malefaction
With Distraction,
Most surprizing
Still arising,

Add fresh Smart to every Woe.

Add fresh Smart to every Woe.

Jonathan, thou hast been most triumphant in my Calamity. I forgive thee, and Mark me----- thou, I prophecy, wilt soon follow me.

Jon. Follow thee! I'll go with thee, my Lad.

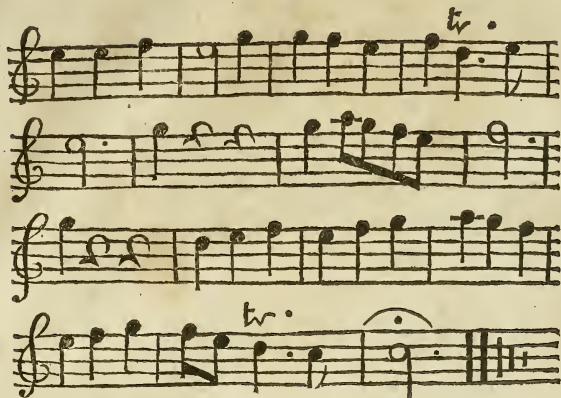
[*Exit Guarded.*]

Rust. Come, this Affair is very happy for every Body -- honest People may sleep in Safety now, therefore a little Mirth will not be unseasonable. Come, let's have a Dance.

[*Dance here.*]

Chorus. AIR XXVI. *Britons* strike home.

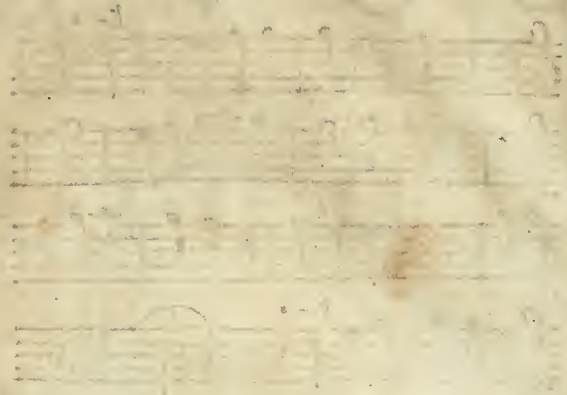
Chorus



*Let us Rejoyce! Revenge and Justice assume their Seat:
 Vice shall be punish'd, and Virtue and Virtue again be great.
 Sing, Sing and Rejoyce, Sing, Sing and Rejoyce,
 Sing, Sing with a general Voice.
 Sing, Sing and Rejoyce, Sing, Sing and Rejoyce,
 Sing, Sing and Rejoyce with a general Voice.*

F I N I S.





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