

K POLLY;

AN OPERA.

Being

The Second Part of the Beggar's Opera.

For the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

LONDON:

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243

TRAPES

AIR. I.

The disappointed Widow

The manners of the Great affect, Stint not your pleasure: The more in debt, run in debt the more,  
 If conscience had their genius checkt, How got they treasure?

Careless who is undone, Morals and honesty leave to the poor, As they do at London.

DUCAT

TRAPES

AIR. II.

The Irish ground

What can wealth When we're old? Youth and health Are not sold. When love in the pulse beats low, As haply it may with

you A girl can fresh youth bestow, And kindle desire anew. Thus numb'd in the brake Without motion the snake Sleeps cold winter away but in every vein Life quickens a

DUCAT

AIR. III.

Noel Hills

gain On the bosom of May

He that weds a beauty Soon will find her cloy, When pleasure grows a duty, Farewel love and

joy: He that weds for treasure, Tho he hath a wife, Hath chose one lasting pleasure In a married life.

FLIMZY

AIR. IV.

Sweetheart think upon me.

My conscience is of courtly mold, Fit for highest station, Where's y hand when touch with gold, Proof against temptation!

TRAPES.

In pimps and politicians the genius is the same; Both raise their own conditions on others guilt and shame: With a tongue well tipt with lies Each the want of parts sup-  
 d with a heart that's all disguise Keeps his schemes un-known, Seducing as the devil, They play the tempter's part, And have, when most they're civil, Most mischief in their  
 Each a secret commerce drives, First corrupts and then connives, And by his neighbour's vices thrives, For they are all his own.

POLLY.

She who has felt a real pain by Cupid's dart, Tho' from my lover cast Far as from pole to pole, Still the pure flame must last, For love is in the soul.  
 Finds that all absence is in vain to cure her heart.

POLLY.

Fare-wel, farewell, all hope of blifs. For Polly always must be thine! O love! you play a cruel part, Thy shaft still festers in the wound;  
 Shall then my heart be ne-ver his, Which never can a-gain be mine: You should re-ward a constant heart, Since 'tis a-las so seldom found.

TRAPES.

Despair is all folly; Hence, melancholy, Fortune attends you while youth is in flower. By beauty's possession Ufd with discretion, Woman at all times hath joy in her power.

M<sup>rs</sup> DUCAT.

AIR: IX. Red Houfe

I will have my humours, I'll please all my senses, I will not be fittid in love or expences, I'll drels with profufion, I'll game without meafure; You fhall have the bufinets I will

have the pleaſure: Thus ev'ry day I'll paſs my life, My home ſhall be my leaſt reſort; For ſure 'tis fitting that your wife ſhould copy ladies of the court.

DUCAT.

AIR: X. Old Orpheus tickled

When billows come breaking on the ſtrand, The rocks are deaf, and unſhaken ſtand: Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar, &

I can ſtand woman's tongue, that's more, I can ſtand woman's tongue, that's more, that's more, that's more, with a twinkum, twankum, twinkum, twankum, twinkum; wankum, twang.

DUCAT. M<sup>rs</sup> DUCAT. DUCAT.

AIR: XI. Chriſt-Church Bells

When a woman jealous grows, farewel all peace of life. But e'er man roves, he ſhould pay what he owes, And with her due content his wife. 'Tis'

M<sup>rs</sup> DUCAT. DUCAT. M<sup>rs</sup> DUCAT. DUCAT. M<sup>rs</sup> DUCAT.

man's the weaker ſex to ſway. We too, whene'er we liſt, obey. 'Tis juſt and fit You ſhould ſubmit. But, ſweet kind husband, not to day. Let your clack be ſtill, Not till I have my will: If

thus you reaſon flight, there's never an hour, While breath has power, But I will aſſert my right.

DAMARIS

AIR. XII.

When kings by their huffing Have blown up a squabble, All the charge and cuffing Light upon the rabble. Thus when man

Cheshire-rounds

and wife By their mutual snubbing, Kindle civil strife, Servants get the drubbing.

POLLY. flow

AIR. XIII.

The crow or daw thro' all the year No fowler seeks to ruin; But birds of voice or feather rare He's all day long pur-

The bush Aboon Traquair.

suing. Be-ware fair maids; so scape the net That other beauties fell in; For sure at heart was ne- ver yet So great a

wretch as He- len!

AIR. XIV.

POLLY.

How can you be so teasing How can you be so pleasing

Bury Fair.

DUCAT. DUCAT.

POLLY.

Love will excuse my fault. All maids I know at first resist. A master may com- mand. 'Tis foo- lish pride 'Tis I vow I'll not be naught. You're monstrous rude; I'll not be kiss'd. Nay, fye, let go my hand. I'll force you. Guard me

POLLY.

POLLY.

DUCAT.

POLLY.

vile, 'tis base, Poor in- no- cence to wrong. from disgrace. You find that vir- tue's strong.

DUCAT.

**AIR XV.**  
Bobbing Joan.  
Maids like courtiers must be woo'd, Most by flattery are subdu'd; But they fall, One and all, When we bid up to 'their price.  
Some ca - pricious, coy or nice, Out of pride protract the vice;

POLLY.

**AIR XVI.**  
A Swain long  
tortur'd with  
Dissdain.  
Can I - - - or toil - - - or hun - - ger fear! For love's a pain that's more se - vere. The slave, with

vir - - tue in - - his breast, Can wake in peace, and sweetly rest.

DUCAT.

SERVANT.

Mrs. DUCAT.

**AIR XVII.**  
March in Scipio  
Brave boys pre - pare. Ah! cease, fond wife to cry: For when the danger's near, We've time enough to fly. How can you be dif -

SERVANT.

Mrs. DUCAT.

grac'd! For wealth secures your fame. The rich are always plac'd A bove the sense of shame, Let honour spur the slave, To fight for fighting's

DUCAT.

fake; But even the rich are brave When money is at stake,

DAMARIS.

**AIR XVIII.**  
Jig - it - o' Foot.  
Better to doubt All that's doing, Then to find out Proofs of ruin. What servants hear & see Should they tattle, Marriage all day would be Feuds & battle.

Mrs. DUCAT.

AIR XIX.

Trumpet Minuet

Abroad after milles most husbands will roam, Tho' sure they find woman sufficient at home, To be nos'd by a strumpet. hence,

huffy you'd best. Would he give me my due, I would give her the rest.

DAMARIS.

AIR XX.

Polwart on the Green.

Love now is nought but art, 'Tis who can juggle best; To all men seem to give your heart, But keep it in your breast. What gain and

pleasure do we find, Who change when'er we list! The mill that turns with every wind Must bring the owner gift.

POLLY.

AIR XXI.

St. Martin's Lane

As pilgrims thro' de-votion To some shrine pursue their way, They tempt the raging ocean, And thro' defarts stray. With

zeal their hope desiring, The faint their breast inspiring With cheerful air, Devoid of fear, They every danger bear. Thus equal zeal possessing, I seek my only

bleffing. O love, my honest vows regard: My truth protect, My steps direct, His flight detect, A faithful wife re-ward.



**ACT II.**  
**AIR XXII.**  
 La Vallanella.

**POLLY (in Boys Cloaths)**

Why did you spare him, O'er seas to bear him, Far from his home, and constant bride; When papa peach'd him, If death had reach'd him, I then had only sigh'd, wept & dy'd.

**AIR XXIII.**  
 Dead March in  
 Coriolanus.

**POLLY.**

Sleep, O sleep, With thy rod of incantation, Charm my imagination. Then, only then, I cease to weep. By thy pow'r, The

virgin, by time o'er-taken, For years forlorn, for-taken, En-joys the happy hour, What's to sleep? 'Tis a visionary blessing; A dream that's

past ex-pressing; Our utmost wish possessing; So may I always keep.

**CUTLACE.**

**AIR XXIV.**  
 Three Sheep-  
 skins.

Of all the sins that are money supplying; Consider the world 'tis past all denying; With all forts, In towns or courts, The richest sin is lying.

**LAGUERRE.**

**AIR XXV.**  
 Rigadoon.

By women won, We're all undone, Each wench hath a syren's charms. The lover's deeds Are good or ill, As whim succeeds In

woman's will: Resolution is lull'd in her arms.

HACKER.

AIR XXVI.  
Ton humeur est  
Catharine.

Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean, Who her pathless way can find!  
 Ev'ry blast directs her motion Now she's angry, now she's kind.  
 What a fool's the ventrous lover, Whirl'd and tofs'd by  
 ev'ry wind. Can the bark the port recover When the silly pilots blind?

POLLY.

AIR XXVII.  
Ye nymphs and  
Sylvan gods.

I hate those coward tribes, Who by mean sneaking bribes, By tricks and disguise, By flattery and lies, To power and grandeur rise, Like heroes of  
 old You're greatly bold, The sword your cause supports, Untaught to fawn, You ne'er were drawn Your truth to pawn Among the spawn, Who practice the frauds of courts.

CULVERIN

AIR XXVIII.  
Minuet.

Cheer up my lads, let us push on the fray. For battles, like women, are lost by delay. Let us seize victory while in our pow'r; A-like war and  
 love have their critical hour. Our hearts bold and steady Should always be ready, So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dow'r.

MORANO.

AIR XXIX.  
Mirliton.

When I'm great and flush of treasure, Check'd by neither fear or shame, You shall tread a round of pleasure, Morning, noon, and night the same.

With a mirliton, mirliton, mirlitain, With a mirliton don don.

Like a city wife or beauty  
 You shall flutter life away;  
 And shall know no other duty,  
 But to dress, eat, drink, and play:  
 With a Mirliton &c.

AIR XXX.  
 Sawny was tall,  
 and of noble race

MORANO. JENNY. MORANO.

Shall I not be bold when honour calls! You've a heart that would upbraid me then. But, ah! I fear, if my hero falls, Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again. To

JENNY.

deck their wives fond tradesmen cheat, I conquer but to make thee great. But if my hero falls, ah! then, ah! then, ah! then, Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again!

AIR XXXI  
 Northern Nancy

JENNY

How many men have found the skill Of pow'r and wealth ac-quiring! But sure there's a time to stib the will And the judgment is in re-iring. For

to be displac'd, For to be disgrac'd, Is the end of too high aspiring.

AIR XXXII.  
 Amante fuggite  
 cadente belta.

VANDERBLUFF.

Fine women are devils, compleat in their way, They always are roving and cruising for prey, When we flounce on their hook, their views they ob

tain! Like those too their pleasure is giving us pain, their pleasure, their pleasure is giving us pain.

MORANO.

AIR XXXIII.  
Since all the world's turn'd upside down.

Tho' different passions rage by turns, Within my breast fermenting; Now blazes love, now honour burns, I'm here, I'm there consenting. I'll each obey, to keep my oath; that oath by which I won her: With truth and steadiness in both, I'll act like a man of honour.

POLLY.

AIR XXXIV.  
Hint the Squim!

The world is always jarring; This is pursuing, To other man's ruin, Friends with friends are warring, In a false cowardly way. Spurr'd on by emulations, Tongues are engaging, Calumny, raging, Murders, reputations, Envy keeps up the fray. Thus, with burning hate, Each, returning hate, Wounds and robs his friends. In civil life, Ev'n man and wife, Squabble for selfish ends.

JENNY

AIR XXXV.  
Young Damon  
Once the love  
I felt swain.

In love and life the present use. One hour we grant, the next refuse; Who then would risque a nay? Were lovers wife they would be kind, And in our eyes the moment find; For on-ly then they may.

**AIR XXXVI**  
Citharine Ogye

JENNY. POLLY.

We never blame the forward fwain, Who puts us to the trial. I know you first would give me pain, Then baulk me with de\_ni\_al.

JENNY. POLLY

What mean we then by being try'd? With scorn and flight to use us. Most beauties, to in\_dulge their pride, Seem kind but to re\_fuse us.

**AIR XXXVII**  
Roger a Coverly

JENNY.

My heart is by love forsaken, I feel the tempest growing. A fury the place hath taken, I rage, I burn, I'm glowing. Tho'

Cupid's arrows are erring. Or in-difference may secnre ye, When woman's revenge is stirring You cannot escape the fury.

**AIR XXXVIII**  
Bacchus m'a dit.

MORANO.

By halves no friends, Now seeks to do you pleasure. Their help they lend, In every part of life; If husbands part, The friend hath always

leisure; Then all his heart, Is bent to please the wife.

**AIR XXXIX.**  
Health to Betty

JENNY.

If husbands sit un - steady, Most wives for freaks are ready. Neglect the rein The steed again Grows skittish, wild, and heady.

AIR XL.  
Cap de bonne  
Espérance.

The body of the brave may be taken, If chance bring on our adverse hour; But the noble soul is unshaken, For that still is in our power:

'Tis a rock whose firm foundation, Mocks the waves of perturbation; 'Tis a never dying ray, Brighter in our evil day.

CAWWAWKEE.

AIR XLI.  
When bright  
Aurelia tripp'd  
the plain.

For gold you sacrifice your fame, Your honour, life and friend: You war, you fawn, you lie, you game; And plunder

without fear or shame; Can madness this transcend?

JENNY.

AIR XLII.  
Peggy's Mill.

When gold is in hand, It gives us command; It makes us lov'd and respected. 'Tis now, as of yore, Wit and sense, when poor, Are scorn'd o'er-

look'd and neglected. Tho' peevish and old, If women have gold, They've youth, good humour and beauty: Among all mankind, Without it we find, Nor

love nor favour nor duty.

RECIT:  
Sia suggesta la  
plebe in Coriolan

MORANO.  
Hence let him feel his sentence. Pain brings repentance.

MORANO, not too fast.

AIR. XLIII.

Honour calls me from thy arms, With glory my bosom is beating. Victory summons, to arms! then to arms! Let us haste for were sure of defeating.

Excuse me.

One look more and then. Oh! in lost again What a pow'r has beauty! But honour calls and I must away, But love forbids, and I must obey. You grow too bold, Hence, loose your hold for

JENNY.

AIR. XLIV.

love claims all my duty. Honour plays a bubble's part, Ever bilkd and cheated; Honour was in use of yore, though by want at...tended; Never in ambition's heart, Intrest there is seated. Since twas talk'd of and no more, Lord how times are mended!

Ruben.

VANDERBLUFF.

AIR. XLV.

When ambition's ten years toils hath Heap'd up mighty hoards of gold, A mid the harvest of his spoils, Acquir'd by fraud, or rapine bold, Comes Troy Town, justice the great scheme is cross, At once wealth, fame, and life are lost.

MORANO.

VANDER: JENNY. MORANO.

AIR. XLVI.

Despair leads to battle, no courage, so great, They must conquer or die who have no retreat, No retreat, No retreat, They must conquer or die who have no retreat.

We've cheated the Parson.

CAWWAWKER.

AIR. XLVII.

Virtue's treasure Is a pleasure, Cheerful even a - - midst dif...tress; Nor pain nor crof...ses.

T'am tanto.

16 CAW: POLLY. CAW: POLLY. CAW: POLLY.

Nor pain nor crosses, Nor grief nor losses, Nor death it self can make it less. Here relying, Suffering dying, Honest souls find all redress.

AIR XLVIII POLLY.

The sports-men keep hawks, and their quarry they gain; Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain! The spaniel they cherish,  
Down in the meadow, What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd; Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.

whose flattering way Can, as well as their masters, cringe, fawn and betray: Thus staunch politicians, look all the world round, Love the men who can serve as hawk,

Act. III. DUCAT. AIR XLXIX.

spaniel, or hound. What man can on virtue or courage repose, Or guess if the touch 'twill abide! Like gold, if in-trinsefure no body.  
There was an old man, and he liv'd,

knows, Till weigh'd in the balance and try'd, and try'd: Till weigh'd in the balance and try'd.

AIR. L. CAWWAWKEE.

Love with beauty is flying; At once tis blooming and dying; But all seasons de-fying, Frindship lasts on the year, Love is by  
Iris la plus charmante.

long enjoyng, Cloying; Friendship, enjoy'd the longer, Stronger: O! may the flame di-vine Burn in your breast like mine!



AIR. LI.

There was a jovial beggar.

1<sup>st</sup> PIRATE.

When horns with chearful found, Proclaim the active day; Im-patience warms the hound, He

Chorus.

burns to chace the prey, Thus to battle we will go, will go, will go, Thus to battle we will go.

2<sup>d</sup> Pirate.

How charms the trumpet's breath!  
The brave with hope possess'd,  
Forgetting wounds and death,  
Feel conquest in their breast,  
Chor': Thus to battle, &c.

AIR. LII.

To you fair ladies.

MORANO.

1<sup>st</sup> PIRATE.

MORANO.

By bolder steps we win the race. Let's haste where danger calls; Un-lets ambi-tion mends it's pace, It totters nods, and

1<sup>st</sup> PIRATE.

MORANO.

falls. We must advance or be undone, Think thus, and then the battle's won. With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

MORANO.

AIR. LIII.

Prince Eugene's march.

When the tyger roams, And the timorous flock is in his view, Fury foams, He thirsts for the blood of the crew.

His greedy eyes he throws, Thirst with their number grows, On he pours, with a wide waste pursuing, Spreading the plain with a

VANDERBLUFF.

1<sup>st</sup> PIRATE.

MORANO.

genral ruin; Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn. Let us on, one and all! How they fly, how they fall! For the war, for the prize I burn.

CAW WAW KEE.

AIR. LIV.

The Marlborough

We, the sword of justice drawing, Terror cast in guilty eyes; In it's beam false courage dies; 'Tis like lightning keen and awing

Charge the foe, Lay them low: On then and strike the blow. Hark! vic-to-ry calls us. See, guilt is dif... may'd; The

vil-lain is of his own conf-ience a...-fraid, In your hands are your lives, and your liberties held; The courage of virtue was

ne-ver re-pell'd: Hark! vic-to-ry calls us, See, guilt is dif... may'd; The vil-lain is of his own conf-ience a...-fraid.

MORANO.

AIR. LV.

Les Rats.

Know then war's my pleasure; Am I thus controul'd? Both thy heart and treasure I'll at once unfold, You, like a miser, scraping,

hiding Rob all the world; you're but mines of gold. Rage my breast alarms: War is by kings held right de... ci... ding; Then to arms! to

arms! With this sword I'll force your hold.

DUCAT.

AIR. LVI.

Mad Robin.

How faultless does the nymph appear, When her on hand the

picture draws; But all others only smear Her wrinkles, cracks and flaws. Self flattery is our claim and right, Let men say what they will Sure w

set our good in fight, When neighbours set our ill.

AIR . LVII.

CAWWAWKEE. *hr*  
As fits the sad turtle a lone on the  
Thro' the wood Laddie.

spray; His heart sorely beating, Sad murmurs repeating, In indulging his grief for his confort a stray; For force or death on ly could

keep her a way. Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare; If guns have not slain her, The net must detain her, Thus hell rise in m

thoughts every hour with a tear, If safe from the battle he do not ap-pear.

POLLY. CAWWAWKEE.  
AIR . LVIII. Vic to ry's ours, My fond heart is at rest.  
Clas'd in my dear Melinda's arms.

POLLY. POLLY. CAW: POLLY.  
Friendship thus re ceives its guest. Conquest is compleat Now the triumph's great. In your life is a nation blest.  
O what transport fills my breast! You may be sure by times prepare For fatal blood and wounds. Must own they have the frequent chance by bro ken bones to d

CAW: MORANO.  
AIR . LIX. The soldiers who by trade must dare The deadly cannon's sounds. The men who with ad ventrous dance bound from the cord on hi  
Parson upon Dorothy You may be sure by times prepare For fatal blood and wounds. Must own they have the frequent chance by bro ken bones to d

Since rarely then Ambitious men Like others lose their breath.  
Like those, I hope, They know are Is but their natural death.

**MORANO.**  
**AIR . LX.** When right and wrongs decided In war or  
The collier has a Daughter.

civil causes, We by success are guided To blame or give ap- plauses. Thus men ex- alt am- bition, In powr. by all commended But when it

falls from high con- dition, Tyburn is well at- ten- ded.

**MORANO.**  
**AIR . LXI.** All crimes are judg'd like fornication; While  
Mad Moll.

rich, we are honest no doubt. Fine ladies can keep re- pu- ta- tion Poor lasses alone are found out. If justice had piercing eyes. Like our

selves to look within; She'll find powr and wealth a disguise, That shelter the worst of our kin.

**AIR . LXII.**  
Prince George.  
**CAWWAWKEE.** All friendship is a mutual debt, The contracts in- cli- nation. All day, and evry day the same, We  
We ne- ver can that bond for- get Of sweet re- ta- li- a- tion.

are paying and still owing, By turns we grant by turns we claim The pleasure of bef- to- wing.

POLLY.

AIR. LXIII.

Blithe Jockey  
Young and gay.

Can words the pain exprefs Which ab..sent lovers know? He on..ly mine can guefs Whoſe heart hath felt the wo

'Tis doubt, ſuſp - - icion, fear, Sel..dom hope, oft' deſpair; 'Tis jealousy 'tis rage, in brief, 'Tis ev'ry pang and grief.

POLLY.

AIR. LXIV.

In the fields in  
Froſt and ſnow.

The modeſt lily like the maid, Its pure bloom de - -fending, Is of noxious dews afraid, Soon as even's deſ..cending.

Cloſ'd all night, Free from blight, It preſerves the native white: But at morn un - -folds the leaves, and the vi..tal fun re..ceives.

CAWWAWKEE.

AIR. LXV.

Whilſt I gaze on Chlo

Whilſt I gaze in fond de..ſiring, Ev'ry former thought is loſt, Sighing, wiſhing and ad..miring, How my troubled ſoul is toſt!

Hot and cold my blood is flowing, How it thrills thro' ev'ry vein! Liber..ty and life are going, Hope can ne'er re..lieve my pain.

JENNY.

AIR. LXVI.

The Jamaica.

The ſex we find, Like men inclin'd To guard againſt reproaches; And none neglect To pay reſpect To rogues who keep the coaches, And

none neglect To pay respect To rogues who keep their coaches.

AIR. LXVII.  
Tweed Side.

The stag, when chac'd all the long

day O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake; Now panting for breath and at bay, Now stemming the river or lake; When the

treacherous scent is all cold, And at eve he re- turns to his hind, Can her joys, can her pleasure be told! Such joy and such pleasure I find.

AIR. LXVIII.  
One Evening as I lay,

POLLY.  
My heart forebodes he's dead, The thought how can I bear! He's gone for ever fled; My soul is all despair! He's gone, for ever fled; My

soul is all despair. I see him pale and cold, The noose hath stopt his breath, Just as my dream foretold; Oh! had that sleep been death!

AIR. LXIX.  
Buff. coat.

CAW: very slow POLLY. CAW: POLLY.

Why that languish! Oh! he's dead! O he's lost for ever! Cease your anguish, and forget your grief. Ah! never! What

air, grace and stature! How false in his nature! To virtue my love might have won him. How base and deceiving! But love is believing. Vice, at length, as tis

meet, hath un-done him.

AIR . LXX.  
An Italian Ballad.

POLLY.

Frail is am-bition, how weak the foundation! Riches have wings as in

constant as wind; My heart is proof against either temp.ta.tion, Virtue, without them, contentment can find.

AIR LXXI  
The Temple.

1<sup>st</sup> INDIAN.

Chorus.

Justice long for-bearing, Pow<sup>r</sup> and riches never fearing, Slow, yet persevering, Hunts the villain's pace. Justice long for-bearing,

2<sup>d</sup> INDIAN.

Pow<sup>r</sup> and riches never fearing, Slow, yet persevering, Hunts the villain's pace. What tongues, then, defend him! Or what hand will succour lend him!

Chorus.

Ev'n his friends attend him To foment the chase. Justice long for-bearing Power and riches never fearing, Slow, yet persevering, Hunts the villain's

3<sup>d</sup> INDIAN.

pace. Virtue, subduing, Humbles in ruin All the proud wicked race. Truth, never failing, Must be prevailing, Falshood shall find dis-grace.

Chorus.

Justice long for-bearing, Power and riches never fearing, Slow, yet persevering, Hunts the villain's pace.

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XX.	Love now is nought but art - - - - - ibid
XXI.	As pilgrims thro' devotion - - - - - ibid

## ACT II.

AIR	
XXII.	Why did you spare him - - - - - Page 9
XXIII.	Sleep, O sleep - - - - - ibid
XXIV.	Of all the sins - - - - - ibid
XXV.	By women won - - - - - ibid
XXVI.	Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean - - - - - 10
XXVII.	I hate those coward tribes - - - - - ibid
XXVIII.	Cheer up my lads - - - - - ibid
XXIX.	When I'm great and flush of treasure - - - - - ibid
XXX.	Shall I not be bold when honour calls - - - - - 11
XXXI.	How many men have found the skill - - - - - ibid
XXXII.	Fine women are devils - - - - - ibid
XXXIII.	Tho' different passions rage by turns - - - - - 12
XXXIV.	The world is always jarring - - - - - ibid
XXXV.	In love and life the present use - - - - - ibid
XXXVI.	We never blame the forward swain - - - - - 13
XXXVII.	My heart is by love forsaken - - - - - ibid
XXXVIII.	By halves no friend - - - - - ibid
XXXIX.	If husbands sit unsteady - - - - - ibid
XL.	The body of the brave may be taken - - - - - 14
XLI.	For gold you sacrifice your fame - - - - - ibid
XLII.	When gold is in hand - - - - - ibid
XLIII.	Honour calls me from thy arms - - - - - 15
XLIV.	Honour plays a bubble's part - - - - - ibid
XLV.	When ambition's ten years toils - - - - - ibid
XLVI.	Despair leads to battle - - - - - ibid
XLVII.	Virtue's treasure is a pleasure - - - - - 16
XLVIII.	The sportsmen keep hawks - - - - - ibid

## ACT III.

AIR	
XLIX.	What man can on virtue or courage - Page 16
L.	Love with beauty is flying - - - - - ibid
LI.	Where horns with cheerful sound - - - - - 17
LII.	By bolder steps we win the race - - - - - ibid
LIII.	When the tyger roams - - - - - 18
LIV.	We the sword of justice drawing - - - - - 19
LV.	Know then war's my pleasure - - - - - ibid
LVI.	How faultless does the nymph appear - - - - - ibid
LVII.	As sits the sad turtle alone - - - - - 19
LVIII.	Victory's ours - - - - - ibid
LIX.	The soldiers who by trade must dare - - - - - ibid
LX.	When right and wrong's decided - - - - - 20
LXI.	All crime's are judg'd like fornication - - - - - ibid
LXII.	All friendship is a mutual debt - - - - - ibid
LXIII.	Can words the pain express - - - - - 21
LXIV.	The modest lily like the maid - - - - - ibid
LXV.	Whilst I gaze in fond desiring - - - - - ibid
LXVI.	The sex we find like men inclin'd - - - - - ibid
LXVII.	The stag when chac'd - - - - - 22
LXVIII.	My heart forebodes he's dead - - - - - ibid
LXIX.	Why that languish! ah! he's dead - - - - - ibid
LXX.	Frail is ambition - - - - - 23
LXXI.	Justice long forbearing - - - - - ibid



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN.

DUCAT,  
MORANO,  
VANDERBLUFF,  
HACKER,  
CULVERIN,  
LAGUERRE,  
CUTLACE,  
POHETOHEE,  
CAWWAWKEE,  
SERVANTS,

WOMEN.

POLLY,  
M<sup>rs</sup> DUCAT,  
TRAPES,  
JENNY DIVER,  
FLIMZY,  
DAMARIS,

Chorus &c.