

Polly: An Opera (1777)

Music composed and arranged by Dr Samuel Arnold (1740-1802)
after *Polly*, a ballad opera by Johann Christoph Pepusch (1667-1732)

Libretto by John Gay (1685-1732)
Revised by George Colman, The Elder (1732-1794)
Edited by Robert Hoskins

Polly - Laura Albino, Soprano
Mrs. Ducat - Eve Rachel McLeod, Soprano
Damaris, Indian Scout - Gillian Grossman, Soprano
Jenny Diver - Marion Newman, Mezzo-soprano
Trapes - Loralie Kirkpatrick, Mezzo-soprano
Cawwawkee - Bud Roach, Tenor
Culverin - Lawrence J. Willford, Tenor
Vanderbluff - Andrew Mahon, Baritone
Morano - Matthew Grosfeld, Bass
Ducat - Jason Nedecky, Baritone

INTRODUCTION

(Enter POET, PLAYER)

POET

A Sequel to a Play is like more last words. 'Tis a kind of absurdity; and really, Sir, you have prevail'd upon me to pursue this subject against my judgment.

FIRST PLAYER

Consider, Sir, you have prepossession on your side.

POET

But then the pleasure of novelty is lost; and in a thing of this kind, I am afraid I shall hardly be pardon'd for imitating myself.

FIRST PLAYER

You should not disparage your own works; you will have criticks enough who will be glad to do that for you.

POET

Since I have had more applause than I can deserve, I must, with other authors, be content, if criticks allow me less.

FIRST PLAYER

I hope, Sir, in the catastrophe you have not run into the absurdity of your first part.

POET

I know that I have been unjustly accus'd of having given up my moral for a joke, like a fine gentleman in conversation; but whatever be the event now, I will not so much as seem to give up my moral.

FIRST PLAYER

Really, Sir, an author should comply with the customs and taste of the town.

(Enter SECOND PLAYER)

SECOND PLAYER

'Tis impossible to perform the Opera to-night; all the fine singers within are out of humour with their parts. Signora Crotchetta says, she finds her character so low, that she had rather die than sing it.

FIRST PLAYER

Tell her, we'll make her sing it.

(Enter SIGNORA CROTCHETTA)

CROTCHETTA

Make me sing it! Barbarous Tramontane! Where are all the lovers of *Virtù*? Will they not all rise in arms in my defence? Make me sing it! Good Gods! should I tamely submit to such usage, I should debase myself through all Europe.

FIRST PLAYER

In the Opera nine or ten years ago, I remember Madam, your appearance in a character little better than a fish.

CROTCH.

A fish! monstrous! Let me inform you, Sir, that a Mermaid or Syren is not many removes from a Sea Goddess; or I had never submitted to have been that fish which you are pleased to call me; but at present, Sir, you shall find me as mute as a fish, I promise you. - I have a cold, Sir; I am sick. I don't see why I may not be allowed the privilege of sickness now and then as well as others. If a singer may not be indulg'd in her humours, I am sure she will soon become of no consequence with the Town. And so, Sir, I have a cold; I am hoarse. I hope now you are satisfied.

(Exit CROTCHETTA in a fury)

FIRST PLAYER

There is no governing caprice. But how shall we make our excuses to the house?

SECOND PLAYER

All the other Comedians upon this emergency are willing to do their best, and hope for favour and indulgence.

FIRST PLAYER

Ladies and Gentlemen, as we wish to do every thing for your diversion, and that singers only will come when they will come, we beg you to excuse this unforeseen accident, and instead of the high-flown Italian Signora Crotchetta, to accept of the performance of a young

English female, new to the Stage, who relies wholly on your courtesy and protection.

POET

Play away the Overture.

(Exeunt)

01 THE OVERTURE Composed by Dr. Arnold

ACT 1

Scene An Apartment in DUCAT's House

Enter DUCAT, TRAPES

TRAPES

Though you were born and bred and live in the Indies, as you are a subject of Britain, you should live up to our customs. Prodigality there, is a fashion among all ranks of people. Why, our very younger brothers push themselves into the polite world, by squandering more than they are worth. You are wealthy, very wealthy, Mr. Ducat; and I grant you the more you have, the taste of getting more should grow stronger upon you. 'Tis just so with us: but then the richest of our Lords and Gentlemen, who live elegantly, always run out - 'Tis genteel to be in debt - Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar.

DUCAT

I never thought to have heard thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in all the Indies, who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

TRAPES

There it is now! Who ever heard a man of fortune in England talk of the necessaries of life? If the necessaries of life would have satisfied such a poor body as me, to be sure I had never come to mend my fortune to the Plantations. As to women now, why, look ye, Mr. Ducat, a man hath, what we may call, every thing that is necessary in a wife.

DUCAT

Ay, and more!

TRAPES

But for all that, d'ye see, your married men are my best customers.

DUCAT

As I have a good estate, Mrs. Trapes, I would willingly run into every thing that is suitable to my dignity and fortune. I have a fine library of books that I never read: I have a fine stable of hurses that I never ride: I build, I buy plate, jewels, pictures, or any thing that is valuable and curious, as your great men do, merely out of ostentation. But indeed I must own, I do still cohabit with my wife; and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon accounts of my visits to you.

TRAPES

Indeed, indeed, Mr. Ducat, you shou'd break through all this usurpation at once, and keep - . Now too is your time; for I have a fresh cargo of ladies just arrived; nobody alive shall set eyes upon 'em till you have provided yourself. We are not here, I must tell you, as we are at London, where we can have fresh goods

every week by the waggon. My maid is again gone aboard the vessel; she is perfectly charn'd with one of the ladies. I have obligations to you, Mr. Ducat, and I would part with her to no man alive but yourself. If I bad her at London, such a lady would be sufficient to make my fortune; hut, in truth, she is not impudent enough to make herself agreeable to the sailors in a public house in this country. By all accounts, she hath a behaviour only fit for a private family.

DUCAT

But I am afraid it will be hard to make my wife think like a gentlewoman upon this subject; so that if I take her, I must act discreetly, and keep the whole affair a dead secret.

TRAPES

As to that, Sir, you may do as you please.

DUCAT

I have a fortune, Mrs. Trapes, and would fain make a fashionable figure in life; if we can agree upon the price I'll take her into the family.

TRAPES

I'm glad to see you fling yourself into the polite taste with spirit. Few, indeed have the turn or talents to get money; but fewer know how to spend it handsomely after they have got it.

DUCAT

Sure, you cannot think me such a clown as to be really in love with my wife! We are not so ignorant here as you imagine; why, I married her in a reasonable way, only for her money.

02 Air I. Noel Hills

DUCAT

*He that weds a beauty,
Soon will find her cloy;
When pleasure grows a duty,
Farewell love and joy!
He that weds for treasure,
(Though he hath a wife);
Hath chose one lasting pleasure,
In a married life.*

DUCAT *(calling at the door).*

Damaris!

Enter DAMARIS

Damaris, I charge you not to stir from the door, and the instant you see your lady at a distance returning from her walk, be sure to give me notice.

TRAPES

She is in most charming rigging; she won't cost you a penny, Sir, in clothes at first setting out. But, alack-a-day! no bargain could ever thrive with dry lips; a glass of liquor makes every thing go so glibly.

DUCAT

Here, Damaris; a glass of rum for Mrs. Dye.

(DAMARIS goes out and returns with a bottle and glass)

TRAPES

But as I was saying, Sir, I would not part with her to any body alive but yourself; for to be sure, I could turn her to ten times the profit by jobs and chance customers. Come, Sir, here's to the young lady's health.

(Enter FLIMZY)

TRAPES

Well, Flimzy: are all the ladies safely landed, and have you done as I order'd you?

FLIMZY

Yes, Madam. The three ladies for the run of the house are safely lodg'd at home; the other is without in the hall to wait your commands. She is a most delicious creature, that's certain. Such lips, such eyes, and such flesh and blood! If you had her in London, you could not fail of the custom of all the foreign ministers. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, I was forc'd to tell her ten thousand lies before I could prevail upon her to come with me. Oh, Sir, you are the most lucky, happy man in the world! Shall I go call her in?

TRAPES

'Tis necessary for me first to instruct her in her duty, and the ways of the family. The girl is bashful and modest; so I must beg leave to prepare afterwards, Sir, I shall leave you to your private conversations.

FLIMZY

But I hope, Sir, you won't forget poor Flimzy; for the richest man alive could not be more scrupulous than I am upon these occasions, and the bribe only can make me excuse it to my conscience. I hope, Sir, you will pardon my freedom.

(He gives her money. Exit FLIMZY)

DUCAT

We can never sufficiently encourage such useful qualifications. You will let me know when you are ready for me.

(Exit DUCAT)

TRAPES (alone)

I wonder I am not more wealthy; for o' my conscience, I have as few scruples as those that are ten thousand times as rich. But, alack-a-day! I am forc'd to play at small game. In troth, all their great fortunes are owing to situation; as for genius and capacity, I can match them to a hair: were they in my circumstance, they would act like me: were I in theirs, I should be rewarded as a most profound penetrating politician.

03 Air 2. Polwart on the Green

*Observe the Statesman's ways,
The Pimp's are just the same;
And both their own conditions raise
On others guilt, and shame.
Weak fools with flatt'ry to beguile,
They play the tempter's part;
And have, when most they fawn and smile,
Most mischief in their heart.*

(Re-enter Flimsy with Polly)

TRAPES

Bless my eye sight! What do I see? I am in a dream, or it is Miss Polly Peachum! Mercy upon me! Child, what brought you on this side of the water?

POLLY

Love, Madam, and the misfortunes of our family. But I am equally surpriz'd to find an acquaintance here; you cannot be ignorant of my unhappy story, and perhaps from you, Mrs. Dye, I may receive some information that may be useful to me.

TRAPES

You need not be much concerned, Miss Polly, at a sentence of transportation: for a young lady of your beauty hath wherewithal to make her fortune in any country.

POLLY

Pardon me, Madam; you mistake me, I never engag'd in my father's affairs as a thief, or a thief catcher; for indeed I abhorr'd his profession. Would my papa had never taken it up, he then still had been alive, and I had never known Macheath!

04 Air 3. Dr. Arnold

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

You must have heard, Madam, that I was unhappy in my marriage. When Macheath was transported, all my peace was banished with him; and my papa's death hath now given me liberty to pursue my inclinations.

TRAPES

Good lack-a-day! poor Mr. Peachum! Death was so much oblig'd to him, that I wonder he did not allow him a reprieve for his own sake. Truly, I think he was oblig'd to nobody more, except the physicians: but they die, it seems, too. Death is very impartial; he takes all alike, friends and foes.

POLLY

Every monthly sessions-paper, like the apothecary's files, (if I may make the comparison) was a record of his services. But my papa kept company with gentlemen, and ambition is catching. He was in too much haste to be rich. I wish all great men would take warning. 'Tis now seven months since my papa was hang'd.

TRAPES

This will be a great check indeed to your men of enterprizing genius. But sure, child, you are not so mad as to think of following Macheath.

POLLY

In following him I am pursuit of my quit. I love him, and like a troubled ghost shall never be at rest till I appear to him. If I can receive any information of him from you, it will be cordial to wretch in despair.

TRAPES

My dear, Miss Polly, you must not think of it. 'Tis now above a year and a half since he robb'd his master, ran away from the plantation, and turn'd pirate. Then too, what puts you beyond all possibility of redress, is, that since he came over, he married a transported slave, one Jenny Diver, and she is gone off with him. Besides, he would disown you; for, like an upstart, he hates an old acquaintance. I am sorry to see those tears, child, but I love you too well to flatter you.

POLLY

Why have I a heart so constant? Cruel love!

05 Air 4. [Newly-composed by Samuel Arnold]

*Farewell, farewell, all hope of bliss!
For Polly always must be thine.
Shall then my heart be never his,
Which never can again be mine?
O Love, you play a cruel part,
Thy shaft still festers in the wound;
You should reward a constant heart,
Since 'tis, alas, so seldom found!*

TRAPES

I tell you once again, Miss Polly, you must think no more of him. But, my dear girl. I hope YOU took care, at your leaving England, to bring off wherewithal to support you.

POLLY

Since he is lost, I am insensible of every other misfortune. I brought, indeed, a sum of money with me, but my chest was broke open at sea. and I am now a wretched vagabond, exposed to hunger and want, unless charity relieve me.

TRAPES

Poor child! your father and I have had great dealings together, and I shall be grateful to his memory. I will look upon you as my daughter; you shall be with me.

POLLY

As soon as I can have remittances from England. I shall be able to acknowledge your goodness: I have still five hundred pounds there, which will be returned to me upon demand; but I had rather undertake any honest service that might afford me a maintenance, than be burthensome to my friends.

TRAPES

Sure never any thing happened so luckily' Madam Ducat just now wants a servant, and I know she will take my recommendation; and one so tight and handy as you, must please her: then too, her husband is the civilest, best-bred man alive. You are now in her house. and I won't leave it till I have settled you. You are in a rich creditable family, and I dare say your person and behaviour will soon make you a favourite. As to Captain Macheath, you may safely look upon yourself as a widow; and who knows, if Madam Ducat should tip off, what may happen? Be chearful, my dear child; for who knows but these misfortunes may turn to your advantage?

07 Air 5. [Newly-composed by Samuel Arnold]

*Despair is all folly,
Hence, melancholy,*

*Fortune attends you while youth is in flow'r.
By beauty's possession
Us'd with discretion,
Woman at all times hath joy in her pow'r.*

POLLY

The service, Madam, you offer me, makes me as happy as I can be in my circumstance, and I accept of it with ten thousand obligations.

TRAPES

Take a turn in the hall with my maid for a minute or two, and I'll take care to settle all matters and conditions for your reception. Be assured Miss Polly, I'll do my best for you.

(Exeunt POLLY and FLIMZY)

TRAPES

Mr. Ducat, Sir! You may come in.

(Enter DUCAT)

I have had this very girl in my eye for you ever since you and I were first acquainted; and to be plain with you, Sir, I have run great risques for her; I had many a stratagem, to be sure, to inveigle her away from her relations! she too herself was exceeding difficult. I can be answerable for it too, that you will be the first. I am sure I could have disposed of her for at least a hundred guineas to an alderman of London; and then too I might have had the disposal of her again as soon as she was out of keeping; but you are my friend, and I shall not deal hard with you.

DUCAT

But if I like her I would agree upon terms beforehand; for should I grow fond of her, I know you have the conscience of other tradespeople, and would grow more imposing; and I love to be upon a certainty.

TRAPES

Sure you cannot think a hundred pistoles too much; I mean for me. I leave her wholly to your generosity.

DUCAT

But, dear Mrs. Dye, a hundred pistoles say you? why, I could have half a dozen negro princesses for the price.

TRAPES

But sure you cannot expect to buy a fine handsome Christian at that rate. You are not used to see such goods on this side of the water. For the women, like the clothes, are all tarnished and half worn out before they are sent hither. Do but cast your eye upon her, Sir; the door stands half open; see, yonder she trips, in conversation with my maid Flimzy, in the hall.

DUCAT

Why truly, I must own she is handsome.

TRAPES

Bless me; you are no more moved than if she were your wife. Handsome! what a cold husband-like expression is that! nay, there is no harm done. If I take her home I don't question the making more money of her. She was never in any body's house but your own since she was landed. She is neat, as imported, without the least adulteration.

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DUCAT

I'll have her. I'll pay you down upon the nail. You shall leave her with me. Come. Count your money, Mrs. Dye.

TRAPES

What a shape is there! she's of the finest growth.

DUCAT

You make me mis-reckon.

TRAPES

What a curious pair of sparkling eyes!

DUCAT

As vivifying as the sun. I have paid you ten.

TRAPES

What a racy flavour must breath from those lips!

DUCAT

I want no provoking commendations. I'm in youth; I'm on fire! twenty more makes thirty; and this here makes it just fifty

TRAPES

What a most inviting complexion! how charming a colour!

DUCAT

This fifty then makes it just the sum. So now, Madam, you may deliver her up.

Enter DAMARIS hastily

DAMARIS

Sir, Sir, my mistress is just at the door.

(Exit)

DUCAT

Get you out of the way this moment dear Mrs. Dye; for I would not have my wife see you. But don't stir out of the house till I am put in possession. I'll get rid of her immediately.

(Exit TRAPES)

(Enter Mrs. DUCAT)

MRS. DUCAT

I can never be out of the way for an hour or so, but you are with that filthy creature. If you were young, and I took liberties, you could not use me worse; such usage might force the most virtuous woman to resentment. I don't see why the wives in this country should not put themselves upon as easy a foot as in England. In short, Mr. Ducat, if you behave yourself like an English husband, I will behave myself like an English wife.

DUCAT

Husbands, like colts, are restive, and they require a long time to break 'em. A woman's tongue, like a trumpet, only serves to raise my courage.

07 Air 6. Old Orpheus tickl'd

*When billows come breaking on the strand,
The rocks are deaf and unshaken stand:
Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar,
And I can stand woman's tongue - that's more,*

With a twinkum, twankum, &c.

'Tis the whole business of my life to please you; hut wives are like children, the more they are flatter'd and humour'd, the more perverse they are. Here now have I been laying out my money, purely to make you a present, and I have nothing but these freaks and reproaches in return. You wanted a maid, and I have bought you the handiest creature; she will indeed make a very creditable servant.

MRS. DUCAT

I will have none of your hussies about me. And so, Sir, you would make me your convenience. Out upon it!

DUCAT

But I bought her on purpose for you, my dear.

MRS. DUCAT

For your own filthy inclinations, you mean. I won't bear it. What, keep an impudent strumpet under my nose! Here's fine doings indeed!

DUCAT

I will have the directions of my family. 'Tis my pleasure it shall be so. So, Madam, be satisfy'd.

08 Air 7. Christ-Church Bells**DUCAT**

*When a woman jealous grows,
Farewell all peace of life!*

MRS. DUCAT

*But e'er man roves, he should pay what he owes,
And with her due content his wife.*

DUCAT

'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.

MRS. DUCAT

We too, when'er we list, obey.

DUCAT

*'Tis just and fit
You should submit.*

MRS. DUCAT

But sweet kind husband - not to-day.

DUCAT

Let your clack be still!

MRS. DUCAT

*Not till I have my will.
If thus you reason slight,
There's never an hour
While breath has pow'r,
But I will assert my right.*

(Exit Mrs. DUCAT)

DUCAT

If by these perverse humours, I should be forced to part with her, and allow her a separate maintenance, the thing is so common among people of condition, that it could not prove to my discredit. Poor people are happy in marriage out of necessity, because they cannot afford to disagree. Damaris, saw you my wife?

Enter DAMARIS

Is she in her room? What said she? Which way went she?

DAMARIS

Bless me, I was perfectly frighten'd, she look'd so like a fury. Woe be to the servants that fall in her way! I'm sure I'm glad to be out of it.

09 Air 8. Cheshire-rounds

*When kings by their huffing,
Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cuffing,
Light upon the rabble.
Thus when man and wife,
By their mutual snubbing,
Kindle civil strife,
Servants get the drubbing.*

DUCAT

I would have you, Damaris, have an eye upon your mistress. You should have her good at heart, and inform me when she has any schemes a-foot; it may be the means to reconcile us.

DAMARIS

She's wild, Sir. There's no speaking to her. She's flown into the garden! Mercy upon us all, say!! How can you be so unreasonable to contradict a woman, when you know we can't bear it?

DUCAT

I depend on you, Damaris, for intelligence. You may observe her at a distance; and as soon as she comes into her own room, bring me word. Damaris, you know your instructions.

(Exit)

DAMARIS *(alone)*.

Sure all masters and mistresses, like politicians, judge of the conscience of mankind by their own, and require treachery of their servants as a duty! I am employ'd by my master to watch my mistress, and by my mistress to watch my master. What party shall I espouse? To be sure my mistress's. For in hers, jurisdiction and power, the common cause of the whole sex, is at stake. But my master, I see, is coming this way. I'll avoid him and make my observations.

(Exit)

(Re-enter DUCAT and POLLY)

DUCAT

Be chearful, Polly; for your good fortune hath thrown you into a family, where if you rightly consult your own interest, as every body now-a-days does, you may make yourself perfectly easy. Those eyes of yours, Polly, are a sufficient fortune for any woman, if she have but conduct, and knew how to make the most of 'em.

POLLY

As I am your servant, Sir, my duty obliges me not to contradict you; and I must hear your flattery tho' I know myself undeserving. But sure, Sir, in handsome women, you must have observ'd that their hearts often oppose

their interest; and beauty certainly has ruin'd more women than it has made happy.

10 Air 9. Johnny Fa'

*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 pursuing.
Beware, fair maids; so 'scape the net
That other beauties fell in;
For sure at heart was never yet
So great a wretch as Helen!*

If my lady, Sir, will let me know my duty, gratitude will make me study to please her.

DUCAT

I have a mind to have a little conversation with you, and I would not be interrupted.

POLLY

I wish, Sir, you would let me receive my lady's commands.

DUCAT

Yours you would have me believe you don't know you are handsome, and that you have no faith in your looking-glass. In troth, a man can never know how much love is in him by conversations with his wife. A kiss on those lips would make young again.

(Kisses her)

11 Air 10. Bury Fair

POLLY

How can you be so teasing?

DUCAT

*Love will excuse my fault. (Going to kiss her)
How can you be so pleasing!*

POLLY

I vow I'll not be naught.

DUCAT

*All maids I know at first resist.
A master may command. (Struggling)*

POLLY

*You're monst'rous rude; Ill not be kiss'd:
Nay, fye, let go my hand.*

DUCAT

'Tis foolish pride -

POLLY

*'Tis vile, 'tis base,
Poor innocence to wrong;*

DUCAT

I'll force you.

POLLY

*Guard me from disgrace!
You find that virtue's strong. (Pushing him away)*

POLLY

'Tis barbarous in you, Sir, to take the occasion of my necessities to insult me.

DUCAT

Nay, hussy, I'll give you money.

POLLY

I despise it.

DUCAT

I shall humble these saucy airs of yours, Mrs. Minx. Is this language from a servant? from a slave?

POLLY

Am I then betray'd and sold?

DUCAT

Yes, hussy, that you are; and legally my property.

POLLY

My freedom may be lost, but you cannot rob me of my virtue and integrity.

DUCAT

What noise is that?

DAMARIS (*without*).

Sir, Sir!

DUCAT

Step into the closet; I'll call you out immediately to present you to my wife.

(*Exit POLLY*)

DAMARIS

Open the door, Sir. This moment, this moment!

Enter DAMARIS

DUCAT

What's the matter? Was any body going to ravish you? Is the house o' fire? Or my wife in a passion?

DAMARIS

O Sir the whole country is in an uproar! The pirates are all coming down upon us; and if they should raise the militia, you are an officer you know. I hope you have time enough to fling up your commission.

Enter FOOTMAN

FOOTMAN

The neighbours, Sir, are all frightened out of their wits; they leave their houses and fly to yours for protection. Where's my lady, your wife? Heaven grant they have not taken her!

DUCAT

If they only took what one could spare - How are the musquets?

FOOTMAN

Rusty, Sir, all rusty and peaceable! For we never clean 'em But against training day.

(*Enter Mrs. DUCAT*)

MRS. DUCAT

O dear husband, I'm frighten'd to death! What will become of us all? I thought a punishment for your wickedness would light upon you at last.

(*Enter MAIDS one after another*)

FIRST MAID

The pirates, Sir, the pirates! Mercy upon us, what will become of us poor helpless women!

SECOND MAID

We shall all be ravish'd

FIRST MAID

All be ravish'd!

OLD WOMAN

Ay, to be sure, we shall be ravished; all be ravish'd!

Enter SECOND FOOTMAN

SECOND FOOTMAN

A soldier, Sir, from the Indian camp desires admittance.

(*Enter INDIAN*)

He's here, Sir.

INDIAN

I come, Sir, to the English colony, with whom we are in alliance, from the mighty King Pohetohee, my lord and master, and address myself to you, as you are of the council, for succours. The pirates are ravaging and plundering the country, and we are now in arms, ready for battle, to oppose 'em.

DUCAT

Does Macheath command the enemy?

INDIAN

Report says he is dead. Above twelve moons are passed since we first heard of him. Morano, a Negro villain, is their chief, who in rapine and barbarities is even equal to him.

DUCAT

I shall inform the council, and we shall soon be ready to join you. So acquaint the King your master.

(*Exit INDIAN*)

But before I go to council - come hither Polly; I intreat you, wife, to take her into your service.

(*Enter POLLY*)

And use her civilly. Indeed, my dear, your suspicions are very frivolous and unreasonable.

MRS. DUCAT

I hate to have a handsome wench about me; they are always so saucy!

DUCAT

Why you are a proof, my dear, that a handsome woman may be honest.

MRS. DUCAT

I find you can say a civil thing to me still.

DUCAT

Affairs you see, call me hence. And so I leave you under her protection. Come, fellow soldiers! follow your general.

12 Air 11. March in Scipio

[i.e. from Handel's *Scipione*]

DUCAT

Brave boys, prepare! (To the men)
Ah! Cease, fond wife to cry. (To her)
For when the danger's near,
We've time enough to fly.

MRS. DUCAT

How can you be disgrac'd!
For wealth secures your fame.
Tire rich are always plac'd
Above the sense of shame.
Let honour spur the slave,
To fight for fighting's sake!

DUCAT

But even the rich are brave
When money is at stake.

(Exit DUCAT with the SERVANTS)

MRS. DUCAT

Away, into the other room again. When I want you, I'll call you.

(Exit POLLY)

Well, Damaris, to be sure you have observ'd all that has pass'd. I will know all. I'm sure she's a hussy.

DAMARIS

Nay, Madam, I can't say so much. But -

MRS. DUCAT

But what?

DAMARIS

I hate to make mischief.

13 Air 12. Jig-it-o' Foot

Better to doubt
All that's doing,
Than to find out
Proofs of ruin.
What servants hear and see
Should they tattle,
Marriage all day would be
Feuds and battle.

MRS. DUCAT

I vow, Damaris, I will know it.

DAMARIS

To be sure, Madam, the door was bolted and I could only listen. There was a sort of bustle between 'em, that's certain. What past I know not. But the noise they made, to my thinking, did not sound very honest.

MRS. DUCAT

Noises that did not sound very honest, said you?

DAMARIS

Nay, Madam, I have no experience. If you had heard them, you would have been a better judge of the matter.

MRS. DUCAT

An impudent slut! I'll have her before me. If she be not a thorough profligate, I shall make a discovery by her behaviour. Go call her to me.

(Exit DAMARIS and returns with POLLY)

In my own house! Before my face! I'll have you sent to the house of correction, strumpet. By that over-honest look, I guess her to be a horrid jade. A mere hypocrite, that is perfectly white wash'd with innocence. My blood rises as the sight of all strumpets; for they are smugglers in love, that ruin us fair traders in matrimony. Look upon me, Mrs. Brazen! Do you know, madam, that I am Mr. Ducat's wife?

POLLY

As your servant, madam, I think myself happy.

MRS. DUCAT

You know Mr. Ducat, I suppose. She has beauty enough to make any woman alive hate her.

14 Air 13. [Newly-composed by Samuel Arnold]

Abroad after misses most husbands will roam,
Tho' sure they find women sufficient at home.
To be nos'd by a strumpet!
Hence, hussy! you'd best.
Would he give me my due, I would give her the rest.

I vow I had rather have a thief in my house. For to be sure she is that besides.

POLLY

If you were acquainted with my misfortunes, madam, you could not insult me.

MRS. DUCAT

What does the wench mean?

POLLY

I know what it is to be unhappy in marriage.

MRS. DUCAT

Married!

POLLY

Unhappily.

MRS. DUCAT

Unhappily married! That is a misfortune not to be remedied.

POLLY

My case, madam, may in these times be looked upon as singular; for I married a man only because I lov'd him. For this I was look'd upon as a fool by all my acquaintance; I was used inhumanly by my father and mother; and to compleat my misfortunes, my husband, by his wild behaviour, incur'd the sentence of the law, and was separated from me by banishment. Being inform'd he was in this country, upon the death of my father and mother, with most of my small fortune, I came here to seek him.

MRS. DUCAT

But how then fell you into the hands of that consummate procuress, Trapes?

POLLY

In my voyage, madam, I was robb'd of all I had. Upon my landing in a strange country, and in want, I was found out by this inhuman woman, who had been an acquaintance of my father's: she offer'd me at first the civilities of her own house. When she was inform'd of my necessities, she propos'd to me the service of a lady; of which I readily accepted. 'Twas under that pretence that she treacherously sold me to your husband as a mistress. This, madam, is in short the whole truth. I fling myself at your feet for protection. By relieving me, you will make yourself easy.

MRS. DUCAT

What is't you propose?

POLLY

In conniving at my escape, you deliver me from your husband's threats and violence, and at the same time quiet your own fears and jealousies.

DAMARIS

Besides, madam, you will effectually revenge yourself upon your husband; for the loss of the money he paid for her will touch him to the quick.

MRS. DUCAT

But have you consider'd what you request? We are invaded by the pirates: the Indians are in arms; the whole country is in commotion, and you will every where be expos'd to danger.

DAMARIS

Get rid of her at any rate. For such is the vanity of man, that when once he has begun with a woman, out of pride he will insist upon his point.

POLLY

In staying with you, madam, I make two people unhappy: and I chuse to hear my own misfortunes, without being the cause of another's.

MRS. DUCAT

A woman so young and so handsome must be expos'd to continual dangers. I have a suit of clothes by me of my nephew's, who is dead. In a man's habit you will run fewer risques. I'll assist you too for the present with some money; and, as a traveller, you may with greater safety make enquiries after your husband.

POLLY

How shall I ever make a return for so much goodness!

MRS. DUCAT

May love reward your constancy! Come Damaris, let us this instant go and get things ready to equip her for her adventures.

(Exeunt DAMARIS and Mrs. DUCAT)

POLLY (alone).

May virtue be my protection; for I feel within me hope, cheerfulness, and resolution. Let me but discover Macheath, my pilgrimage will be rewarded.

15 Air 14. Tweedside

*The stag, when chas'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 returns to his hind,
Can her joy, call her pleasure be told?
Such joy and such pleasure I find.*

(Exit)

End of the FIRST ACT

Entra'cte DANCES OF THE PIRATES

(Newly-composed by Samuel Arnold)

- 16 I. March**
- 17 II. Hornpipe I**
- 18 III. Andante**
- 19 IV. Hornpipe II**
- 20 V. Allegro**

ACT 2

Scene 1 A Country Prospect

(Enter POLLY in Boy's Clothes)

21 Air 1. La Villanella

*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 oniy sigh'd, wept, and dy'd!*

If my directions are right, I cannot be far from the village. With the habit, I must put on the courage and resolution of a man; for I am every where surrounded with dangers. By all I can learn of these pirates, my dear Macheath is not of the crew. Perhaps I may hear of him among the slaves of the next plantation. How sultry is the day! this shade will refresh me. I am jaded too with reflection. How restless is love!

22 *(Music, two or three bars of a dead March).*

I'm tir'd, I'm faint.

(Lies down on a bank, and while the March is playing, she falls asleep).

(Enter CAPSTERN, HACKER, CULVERIN, LAGUERRE. POLLY asleep in a distant part of the stage)

HACKER

We shall find but a cool reception from Morano, if we return without either body or intelligence.

CULVERIN

A man of invention hath always intelligence ready.

CAPSTERN

If we had got booty, you know we had resolv'd to agree in a lie.

LAGUERRE

Alack, gentlemen, we are not such bunglers in love or politicks, but we must know that either to get favour or keep it, no man ever speaks what he thinks, but what is convenient.

23 Air 2. La Cavalliere

CULVERIN

*Patriots at first aloud declare,
Old England's honour they'll pursue;
Each sells himself at last, and swears,
Int'rest alone was all his view.
All the world thro', there's no denying,
Profit attends all fraud and lying;
Ev'ry man liberty! property! crying,
Nobody, nobody's true.*

Fatigue, gentlemen, should have refreshment. A sup or two of our cag will quicken invention.

(They drink)

ALL

Agreed.

HACKER

I had always a genius for ambition. Birth and education cannot keep it under. Our profession is great, brothers. What can be more heroic than to have declared war with the whole world?

CULVERIN

'Tis a pleasure to me to recollect times past, and to observe by what steps a genius will push his fortune.

HACKER

Now as for me, brothers, mark you me. After I had rubb'd through my youth with a variety of adventures, I was preferr'd to be footman to an eminent gamester, where, after having improv'd myself by his manners and conversation, I was forced to have recourse to the highway for a recruit to set me up; but making the experiment once too often, I was tried, and received sentence; but got off for transportation: which hath made me the great man I am.

CAPSTERN

Now, you must know, I was a drawer of one of the fashionable taverns, and tho' I say it, nobody was better bred. I often cheated my master, and as a dutiful servant, now and then cheated for him. I was ambitious too of a gentleman's profession, and turn'd gamester. Tho' I had great skill and no scruples, now and then I was forc'd to rob with pistols too. So I also owe my rank in the world to transportation.

CULVERIN

Our chief, Morano, brothers, had never been the man he is, had he not been train'd up in England. He has told me, that from his infancy he was the favourite page of a lady. He had a genius too above service, and, like us, ran into higher life. And, indeed, in manners and conversation, tho' he is black, nobody has more the air of a great man.

HACKER

He is too much attach'd to his pleasure. That mistress of his is a clog to his ambition. That inveigling gipsy, brothers, must be hawl'd from him by force. And then - the kingdom of Mexico shall be mine. My lot shall be the kingdom of Mexico.

CULVERIN

No, no: Mexico shall not be parted without my consent; Captain Morano to be sure will choose Peru; that's the country of gold, and all your great men love gold. Mexico hath only silver, nothing but silver. Governor of Carthagen, brother, is a pretty snug employment. That I shall not dispute with you.

(All rise)

HACKER

Death, Sir, - I shall not part with Mexico so easily.

CAPSTERN

Nor I.

CULVERIN

Nor I.

LAGUERRE

Nor I.

HACKER

Draw then, and let the survivor take it.

(They fight, POLLY wakes)

Hold, hold gentlemen! I see booty. A prisoner. Let us seize him.

POLLY

Spare my life gentlemen. If you are the men I take you for, I sought you to share your fortunes.

HACKER

Why who do you take us for, friend?

POLLY

For those brave spirits, those Alexanders, that shall soon, by conquest, be in possession of the Indies.

LAGUERRE

A rnettled young fellow!

CAPSTERN

He speaks with respect too, and gives us our titles.

CULVERIN

Have you heard of Captain Morano?

POLLY

I came hither in mere ambition to serve under him. I would willingly chuse the more honourable way of making a fortune.

HACKER

Who, and what are you, friend?

POLLY

A young fellow, who has genteely run out his fortune with a spirit, and would now with more spirit retrieve it.

CULVERIN

The lad may be of service. Let us bring him before Morano, and leave him to his disposal.

POLLY

Gentlemen, I thank you.

24 Air 3. Minuet

CULVERIN

*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;
Alike 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.*

(Exeunt)

Scene 2 Another Part of the Country

(Enter MORANO and JENNY)

MORANO

Sure, hussy, you have more ambition and more vanity than to be serious in persuading me to quit my conquests. Where is the woman who is not fond of title? And one bold step more, may make you a queen, you gipsy. Think of that. When you are a queen, Jenny, you shall keep your coach and six, and game as deep as you please. So, there's the two chief ends of woman's ambition satisfied.

25 Air 4. Dr. Arnold

MORANO

*Shall I not be bold when honour calls?
You've a heart that would upbraid me then.*

JENNY

*But, ah, I fear, if my hero falls,
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.*

MORANO

*To deck their wives fond tradesmen cheat;
I conquer but to make thee great.*

JENNY

*But if my hero falls, - ah then Thy Jenny shall
ne'er know pleasure again!*

MORANO

Insinuating creature! but you must own, Jenny, you have had convincing proofs of my fondness; and if you were reasonable in your love, you should have some regard to my honour, as well as my person.

JENNY

Have I ever betrayed you since you took me to yourself? That's what few women can say, who ever were trusted.

MORANO

In love, Jenny, you cannot out-do me. Was it not entirely for you that I disguis'd myself as a black, to skreen myself from women who laid claim to me wherever I went? Is not the rumour of my death, which I purposely spread, credited thro' the whole country? Macheath is dead to all the world but you. Not one of

the crew have the least suspicion of me. What do you propose? What would you have me do? Speak out, let me know your mind.

JENNY

Know when you are well.

MORANO

Explain yourself; speak your sentiments freely.

JENNY

You have competence in your power. Rob the crew, and steal off to England.

MORANO

Your opinion of me startles me. For I never in my life was treacherous but to women; and you know men of the nicest punctilio make nothing of that.

JENNY

Look round among all the snug fortunes that are made, and you will find most of 'em were secur'd by a judicious retreat. Why will you bar yourself from the customs of the times? Believe me Captain, you will be rich enough to be respected by your neighbours.

26 Air 5. 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 scorm'd, o'erlook'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.*

(Enter SAILOR)

SAILOR

Sir, Lieutenant Vanderbluff wants to speak with you. And he hopes your honour will give him the hearing.

(Exit)

MORANO

Leave me, Jenny, for a few minutes. Perhaps he would speak with me in private.

JENNY

Think of my advice before it is too late. By this embrace I beg it of you.

(Exit)

(Enter VANDERBLUFF)

VANDERBLUFF

For shame, Captain; what, hamper'd in the arms of a woman, when your honour and glory are at stake! while a man is grappling with these gill-flirts, he runs his reason a-ground; and there must be a woundy deal of labour to set it a-float again.

27 Air 6. Dr. Arnold

*Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean,
Who her pathless ways can find!
Ev'ry blast directs her motion,
Now sire's angry, now she's kind.
What a fool's the vent'rous lover,
Whirl'd and toss'd by every wind!
Can the bark the port recover
When the silly pilot's blind?*

Excuse my plain speaking, Captain; a boatswain must swear in a storm, and a man must speak plain, when he sees foul weather a-head of us.

MORANO

You seem frighten'd Lieutenant.

VANDERBLUFF

From any body but you, that speech should have had another-guess answer than words. Death, Captain, are not the Indies in dispute? An hour's delay may make their hands too many for us. Give the word, Captain, this hand shall take the Indian King prisoner, and keel-hawl him afterwards, till I make him discover his gold. I have known you eager to venture your life for a less prize.

MORANO

Are Hacker, Culverin, Capstern, Laguerre, and the rest, whom we sent out for intelligence, returned, that you are under this immediate alarm?

VANDERBLUFF

No, Sir; hut from the top of yon hill, I myself saw the enemy putting themselves in order of battle.

MORANO

But we have nothing at all to apprehend; for we have still a safe retreat to our ships.

VANDERBLUFF

To our women you mean. Furies! you talk like one. If our Captain is bewitch'd, shall we be be-devil'd, and lose the footing we have got? *(Draws)*

MORANO

Take care, Lieutenant. This language may provoke me. I fear nothing, and that you know. Put up your cutlass, for I shall not ruin our cause by a private quarrel.

VANDERBLUFF

Noble Captain, I ask a pardon.

MORANO

A brave man should be cool till action, Lieutenant; when danger presses us, I am always ready. Be satisfied; I'll take my leave of my wife, and then take the command.

VANDERBLUFF

That's what you can never do till you have her leave. She is but just gone from you, Sir. See her not; hear her not; the breath of a woman has ever prov'd a contrary wind to great actions.

MORANO

I tell you I will see her. I have got rid of many a woman in my time, and you may trust me -

VANDERBLUFF

With any woman but her. The husband that is govern'd is the only man that never finds out that he is so.

MORANO

This then, Lieutenant, shall try my resolution. In the mean time, send out parties and scouts to observe the motions of the Indians.

28 Air 7. The Boatman

*Tho' diff'rent 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, so keep my oath,
That oath by which I won her:
With truth and steadiness in both,
I'll act like a man of honour.*

(Enter JENNY, CAPSTERN, CULVERIN, HACKER, LAGUERRE, and POLLY)

JENNY

Hacker, Sir, and the rest of the party are returned with a prisoner. Perhaps from him you may learn some intelligence that may be useful. See, here they are. - *(Aside)* A clever sprightly young fellow! I like him.

VANDERBLUFF

What cheer, my lads? has fortune sent you a good prize?

JENNY

He seems some rich planter's son.

MORANO

Hath he inform'd you of any thing that may be of service? where pick'd you him up? whence is he?

HACKER

We found him upon the road. He is a stranger it seems in these parts.

MORANO

What are you, friend?

POLLY

A young fellow, who hath been robb'd by the world; and I came on purpose to join you, to rob the world by way of retaliation. I would serve, Sir.

29 Air 8. Hunt the Squirrel.

*The world is always jarring;
This is pursuing
T'other man's ruin,
Friends with friends are warring,
In a false cow'rdly way.
Spurr'd all by emulation,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny raging,
Murthers reputation,
Envy keeps up the fray.
Thus, with burning hate,
Each, returning hate,
Wounds and robs his friends.
In civil life,
E'en mall and wife
Squabble for selfish ends.*

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JENNY (*aside*).

He really is a mighty pretty man.

VANDERBLUFF

The lad promises well, and has just notions of the world.

MORANO

Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. The youth pleases me; and if he answers in action - d'you hear me, my lad? - your fortune is made. Now, Lieutenant Vanderbluff, I am for you.

VANDERBLUFF

Discipline must not be neglected.

MORANO

When every thing is settled, my dear jenny, I will return to take my leave. After that, young gentleman, I shall try your mettle.

(*Exit MORANO, VANDERBLUFF, CAPSTERN, CULVERIN, HACKER, LAGUERRE*)

JENNY

How many women have you ever ruin'd, young gentleman?

POLLY

I have been ruin'd by women, madam. But I think indeed a man's fortune cannot be more honourably dispos'd of; for those have always a kind of claim to their protection, who have been ruin'd in their service.

JENNY

Were you ever in love?

POLLY

With the sex.

JENNY

Had you never a woman in love with you?

POLLY

All the women that ever I knew were mercenary.

JENNY

But sure you cannot think all women so.

POLLY

Why not as well as all men?

JENNY

If you have found only such usage, a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why so bashful, young spark? You don't look as if you would revenge yourself on the sex.

POLLY

I lost my impudence with my fortune. Poverty keeps down assurance.

JENNY

I am a plain-spoken woman, as you may find, and I own I like you. And, let me tell you, to be my favourite may be your best step to preferment.

30 Air 9. Dr. Arnold

*In love and life the present use,
One hour we grant, the next refuse;*

Who then would risque a nay?

*Were lovers wise they would be kind,
And in our eyes the moment find;
For only then they may.*

There never was a man of true courage, who was a coward in love. Sure you are not afraid of me, stripling?

(*Taking POLLY by the hand*)

POLLY

I know you only rally me.

JENNY

Such raillery as this, my dear, requires replication.

(*Fondling*)

POLLY

You'll pardon me then, Madam.

(*Kisses her*)

JENNY

What, my cheek! let me die, if by your kiss, I should not take you for my brother or my father.

POLLY

I must put on more assurance, or I shall be discover'd. (*Aside*) ay then, Madam, if a woman will allow me liberties, they are never flung away upon me. If am too rude -

(*Kisses her*)

JENNY

A woman never pardons the contrary fault.

31 Air 10. Dr. Arnold

JENNY

*We never blame the forward swain,
Who puts us to the trial.*

POLLY

*I know you first would give me pain,
Then baulk me, with denial.*

JENNY

*What mean we then by being try'd?
With scorn and slight to use us.*

POLLY

*Most beauties, to indulge their pride,
Seem kind but to refuse us.*

JENNY

Come then, my dear, let us take a turn in yonder grove. A woman never shews her pride but before witnesses.

POLLY

How shall I get rid of this affair? (*Aside*)
Morano may surprize us.

JENNY

That is more a wife's concern. Consider, young man, if I have put myself in your power, you are in mine.

POLLY

We may have more easy and safe opportunities.

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JENNY

To a man who loses one opportunity, we never grant a second. Excuses! consideration! he hath not a spark of love in him. I must be his aversion! go, monster, I hate you, and you shall find I can be reveng'd.

(Enter MORANO)

Sure never was such insolence! how could you leave me with this bully? If I had given him the least encouragement, it would not have provok'd me. Odious creature!

MORANO

What-a-vengeance is the matter?

JENNY

Only an attempt upon your wife. So ripe an assurance! he must have suck'd in impudence from his mother.

MORANO

Perhaps his views might be honourable. If I had been kill'd in battle, 'tis good to be beforehand. You know it is a way often practis'd to make sure of a widow.

JENNY

I hate you for being so little jealous.

MORANO

Tho' I like impudence, yet 'tis not so agreeable when put in practice upon my own wife: and jesting apart, young fellow, if I ever catch you thinking this way again, a cat-o'-nine tails shall cool your courage.

Enter VANDERBLUFF, CAPSTERN, LAGUERRE, &c. with CAWWAWKEE, prisoner.

VANDERBLUFF

The party, Captain, is return'd with success. After a short skirmish, the Indian Prince, Cawwawkee, here, was made prisoner, and we want your orders for his disposal.

MORANO

Are all our troops ready and under arms?

VANDERBLUFF

They wait but for your command.

MORANO

Look'e, Lieutenant, the trussing up this Prince, in my opinion, would strike a terror among the enemy. Besides, dead men can do no mischief. Let a gibbet be set up, and swing him off between the armies before the onset.

VANDERBLUFF

By your leave, Captain, my advice blows directly contrary. I am for putting him first of all upon examination. The Indians to be sure have hid their treasures, and we shall want a guide to shew us the best plunder.

MORANO

The counsel is good. I will extort intelligence from him. Bring me word when the enemy are in motion, and that instant I'll put myself at your head.

(Exit SAILOR)

Do you know me, Prince?

CAWWAWKEE

As a man of injustice I know you.

MORANO

Do you know my power?

CAWWAWKEE

I fear it not.

MORANO

Do you know your danger?

CAWWAWKEE

I am prepar'd to meet it.

MORANO

Stubborn Prince, mark me well. Your life is in my power.

CAWWAWKEE

My virtue is in my own.

MORANO

Can you feel pain?

CAWWAWKEE

I can bear it.

MORANO

In what condition are your troops? What numbers have you? How are they dispos'd? Act reasonably and openly, and you shall find protection.

CAWWAWKEE

What, betray my friends! I am no coward, European.

MORANO

Torture shall make you speak.

CAWWAWKEE

Pain shall neither make me lie or betray.

VANDERBLUFF

What, neither cheat nor be cheated! There is no having either commerce or correspondence with these creatures.

POLLY *(aside)*.

How happy are these savages! Who would not wish to be in such ignorance?

MORANO

You have treasures, you have gold and silver among you, I suppose.

CAWWAWKEE

But out of benevolence we ought to hide it from you. For, as we have heard, 'tis so rank a poison to you Europeans, that the very touch of it makes you mad.

MORANO

Discover your treasures, your hoards, for I will have the ransacking of 'em. I will have immediate compliance, or you shall undergo the torture.

CAWWAWKEE

With dishonour life is nothing worth.

MORANO

Furies! I'll trifle no longer. Torture him leisurely, but severely. I shall stagger your resolution, Indian.

CAWWAWKEE

Your menaces do but move my contempt, European.

32 Air 11. Dr. Arnold

*The body of the brave may be taken,
If chance bring all our adverse hour;
But the liable soul is unshaken,
For that still is in our pow'r:
'Tis a rock whose firm foundation,
Mocks the waves of perturbation;
'Tis a never-dying ray,
Brighter in our evil day.*

(Exit CAWWAWKEE guarded)

MORANO

Hold! I'll see him tortur'd. I will have the pleasure of extorting answers from him myself. So keep him safe till you have my directions.

LAGUERRE

It shall he done.

MORANO

As for you, young gentleman, I think it not proper to trust you till I know you farther. Let him be your prisoner too till I give order how to dispose of him.

(Exit POLLY guarded)

VANDERBLUFF

Come, noble Captain, take one hearty smack upon her lips, and then steer off; for one kiss requires another, and you will never have done with her. If once a man and woman come to grappling, there's no hawling of 'em asunder. Our friends expect us.

JENNY

Nay, Lieutenant Vanderbluff, he shall not go yet.

VANDERBLUFF

I'm out of all patience. There is a time for all things, Madam. We should be now upon the spot.

JENNY

Is the Captain under your command, Lieutenant?

VANDERBLUFF

I know women better than so. I shall never dispute the command with any gentleman's wife. Come Captain, a woman will never take the last kiss; she will always want another. Break from her clutches.

MORANO

I must go - But I cannot.

33 Air 12. Excuse me

*Honour calls me from thy arms, (To her)
With glory my bosom is beating.
Victory summons to arms: then to arms (To him)
Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.
One look more - and then - (To her)
Oh, I'm lost again!
What a pow'r has beauty!
But honour calls, and I must away. (To him)
But love forbids, and I must obey. (To her)
You grow too bold;*

*(VANDERBLUFF pulling him away)
Helice, loose your hold, (To him)
For love claims all my duty. (To her)*

VANDERBLUFF

Lose the treasure then, with all my heart. Lose the money, and you lose the woman, that I can tell you, Captain. Furies, what would the woman be at!

JENNY

Not so hasty and choleric, I beg you, Lieutenant. Give me the hearing, and perhaps, whatever you may think of us, you may once in your life hear a woman speak reason.

VANDERBLUFF

Dispatch then.

JENNY

I am against hazarding a battle. Why should we put what we have already got to the risque? We have money enough on board our ships to secure our persons, and can reserve a comfortable subsistence besides.

VANDERBLUFF

Sure you are the first of the sex that ever stinted herself in love or money. If it were consistent with our honour, her counsel were worth listening to.

JENNY

Consistent with our honour! For shame, Lieutenant; you may talk of honour, as other great men do: But when interest comes in your way, you should do as other great men do.

34 Air 13. Ruben

*Honour plays a bubble's part,
Ever bilk'd and cheated. Never in ambition's heart,
Int'rest there is seated.
Honour was in use of yore,
Tho' by want attended:
Since 'twas talk'd of, and no more;
Lord, how times are mended!*

VANDERBLUFF

What think you of her proposal, noble Captain? We may push matters too far.

JENNY

Consider, my dear, the Indies are only treasure in expectation. All your sensible men, now a days, love the ready. Let us seize the ships then, and away for England, while we have the opportunity.

VANDERBLUFF

We may make our retreat without suspicion, for they will readily impute our being mist to the accidents of war.

MORANO

If you are satisfy'd, and for your security, Jenny. For any man may allow that he has money enough, when he hath money enough to his wife.

(Enter SAILOR)

SAILOR

There is just now news arriv'd, that the troops of the plantation have intercepted the passage to our ships;

so that victory is our only hope. The Indian forces too are ready to march, and ours grow impatient for your presence, noble Captain.

MORANO
I'll be with 'em.

JENNY
Nay then, if affairs are desperate, nothing shall part me from you. I'll share your dangers.

MORANO
Let us on to battle, to victory!

35 Air 14. The Marlborough

*We the sword of justice drawing,
Terror cast in guilty eyes;
In its beam false courage lies;
'Tis like lightning keen and awing.
Charge the foe, lay them low;
On then and strike the blow!
Hark, victory calls us! See guilt is dismay'd
The villain is, of his own conscience, afraid!
In your hands are your lives and your liberties held:
The courage of virtue was never repell'd.*

(End of the SECOND ACT)

ACT 3

Scene 1 A Room of a poor Cottage

(CAWWAWKEE in chains, and POLLY)

POLLY
Unfortunate Prince! I cannot blame your disbelief, when I tell you that I admire your virtues, and share in your misfortunes. Would it were in my power to give you proofs of my compassion. Had you means of escape, you could not refuse it. To preserve your life is your duty.

CAWWAWKEE
By dishonest means I scorn it.

POLLY
But stratagem is allowed in war. You may save your friends from affliction and be the instrument of rescuing your country.

CAWWAWKEE
Those are powerful inducements.

POLLY
I'll talk with our guard. What induces them to rapin and murder, will induce 'em to betray.

CAWWAWKEE
You may do as you please. But whatever you promise for me, I will perform. For tho' a knave may break his word with a knave, an honest tongue knows no such distinctions.

POLLY
Gentlemen, I desire some conference with you, that may be for your advantage.

(Enter LAGUERRE and CAPSTERN)

POLLY
Know you that you have the Indian Prince in your custody?

LAGUERRE
Full well.

POLLY
Know you the treasures that are in his power?

LAGUERRE
I know too that they shall soon be ours.

POLLY
In having him in your possession they are yours.

LAGUERRE
As how, friend?

POLLY
He might well reward you.

LAGUERRE
For what?

POLLY
For his liberty.

CAWWAWKEE
Yes, European, I can and will reward you.

CAPSTERN
He's a great man, and I trust no such promises.

CAWWAWKEE
I have said it, European; and an Indian's heart is always answerable for his words.

POLLY
Think of the chance of war, gentlemen.

LAGUERRE
What think you of the proposal? Every man for himself, say I. Consider, brother, we run no risque.

CAPSTERN
Nay, I have no objections.

POLLY
You may rely upon the Prince's word as much as if he was a poor man.

LAGUERRE
Let us unbind him then.

CAPSTERN
Our fortunes then are made.

(Exeunt LAGUERRE and CAPSTERN)

POLLY
Now, Prince, I shall have the happiness of restoring you to your father. [*In Colman's hand C2:*] I've been too cunning for the thieves; 'tis thus one able politician outwits another; and we admire their wisdom!

36 Air I. [Newly-composed by Samuel Arnold]

*The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain;
Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.
What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd!
Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.
The spaniel they cherish, 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, spaniel or hound.*

[End of Colman's insertion]

CAWWAWKEE

Thou noble, generous youth! Your virtue and fidelity
have even redeemed your country in my good opinion.
But who that had ever felt the satisfaction of virtue,
would ever part with it.

(Exeunt)

Scene 2 The Indian Camp

(POHETOHEE with ATTENDANTS)

POHETOHEE

My son a prisoner! Tortur'd perhaps and inhumanly
butcher'd! Human nature cannot bear up against such
afflictions. The war must suffer by his absence. More
then is requir'd from me. Grief raises my resolution, and
calls me to relieve him, or to a just revenge. What mean
those shouts?

Enter INDIAN

INDIAN

The Prince, Sir, is return'd. The troops are animated by
his presence. With some of the pirates in his retinue, he
waits your Majesty's commands.

*(Enter CAWWAWKEE, POLLY, LAGUERRE,
CAPSTERN, &c.)*

POHETOHEE

Victory then is ours. Let me embrace him. Welcome,
my son! Without thee my heart could not have felt a
triumph.

CAWWAWKEE

Let this youth then receive your thanks. To him are
owing my life and liberty. And the love of virtue alone
gain'd me his friendship.

POHETOHEE

This hath convinc'd me that an *European* can be
generous and honest.

CAWWAWKEE

These others, indeed, have indifferent motives. I owe
their services to gold, and my promise is engaged to
reward them.

LAGUERRE

I hope your Majesty will not forget our services.

POHETOHEE

I am bound for my son's engagements.

CAWWAWKEE

May this young man be my companion in the war! As a
boon I request it of you.

POHETOHEE

I leave you to appoint him his command. Dispose of
him as you judge convenient.

POLLY

To fall into their hands is certain torture and death. As
far as my youth and strength will permit me, you may
rely upon my duty.

CAWWAWKEE

I rely upon your friendship.

37 Air 2. O saw ye my father

*Love with beauty's flying,
'Tis blooming and dying,
But friendship lasts all the year.
All seasons defying,
No trial denying,
That flame burns ever clear.*

*Love's by long enjoying,
Disgusting and cloying,
But friendship's a flame divine.
Enjoying it the longer,
Still stronger and stronger,
May it burn ill your breast like mine!*

(Exeunt)

Scene 3 The field of battle

*(Enter MORANO, HACKER, CULVERIN, PIRATES,
VANDERBLUFF, &c.)*

MORANO

Treachery, treachery, rank treachery!

HACKER

Who is treacherous?

MORANO

Capstern and Laguerre have let the Prince and the
stripling you took prisoner escape, and are gone off
with them to the Indians. Upon your duty, gentlemen,
this day depends on our all.

HACKER

We have nothing to trust to but death or victory.

VANDERBLUFF

Were they dragons, my lads, as they sit brooding upon
treasure, we would fright them from their nests.

MORANO

But see the enemy are advancing to close engagement
- We are overpower'd by numbers, and our retreat is
cut off. Fall on then. Sound the charge.

38 Air 3. 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 general 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 hum.*

(Exeunt)

(Alarm)

(Enter DUCAT)

DUCAT

A slight wound now would have been a good certificate; but who dares contradict a soldier? 'Tis your common soldiers who must content themselves with mere fighting; but 'tis we officers that run away with the most fame, as well as pay. For my own part, the fame of a talking hero will satisfy me; the sound of whose valour amazes and astonishes all peaceable men, women, and children. Since every body gives a man less praise than he deserves, a man, in justice to himself, ought to make up deficiencies.

(Enter POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, and INDIANS)

POHETOHEE

Had Morano been taken or slain, our victory had been compleat.

DUCAT

A hare may escape from a mastiff. I could not be a greyhound too.

POHETOHEE

How have you dispos'd of the prisoners?

CAWWAWKEE

They are all under safe guard. The youth who rescu'd me from these cruel men is missing; and amidst all our successes I cannot feel happiness. I fear he is among the slain. What hath victory done for me? I have lost a friend.

39 Air 4. Kate of Aberdeen.

*The turtle thus upon the spray,
In murmurs moans his mate;
Dreads the sad cause that makes her stray,
The gun or net her fate.
O bring me, bring me back my friend!
My bosom throbs with fear,
My life and sorrow soon will end,
Unless he soon appear.*

POHETOHEE

Dead or alive, bring me intelligence of him; for I share in my son's affliction.

(Exit INDIAN)

DUCAT

I had better too be upon the spot, or my men may embezzle some plunder which by right should be mine.

(Exit)

(Enter INDIAN)

INDIAN

The youth, Sir, with a party, is just return'd from the pursuit. He's here to attend your Majesty's commands.

(Enter POLLY and INDIANS)

CAWWAWKEE

Let me fly to embrace him!

(Runs and introduces POLLY)

POHETOHEE

The obligations my son hath receiv'd from you, makes me take a part in his friendship. In your safety victory has been doubly kind to me. If Morano hath escap'd, justice only reserves him to be punish'd by another hand.

POLLY

In the rout, Sir, I overtook him, made him my prisoner, and left him without, under strict guard, till I receiv'd your Majesty's commands for his disposal.

POHETOHEE

Sure this youth was sent me as a guardian! Let your prisoner be brought before us.

(Enter MORANO, guarded)

MORANO

Here's a young treacherous dog now, who hangs the husband to come at the wife. Your son's liberty, to be sure, you think better worth than mine; so that I allow you a good bargain if I take my own for his ransom, without a gratuity. You know, King, he is my debtor.

POHETOHEE

He hath the obligations to thee of a sheep who hath escap'd out of the jaws of the wolf, beast of prey!

MORANO

Your great men will never own their debts, that's certain.

POHETOHEE

Trifle not with justice, impious man. Your barbarites, your rapin, your murders are now at an end. Would not your honest industry have been sufficient to have supported you?

MORANO

Honest industry! All great genius's are above it.

POHETOHEE

Have you no respect for virtue?

MORANO

The practisers of it are seldom found in the best company.

POHETOHEE

Is not wisdom esteemed among you?

MORANO

Yes, Sir; as a step to riches and power; a step that raises ourselves, and trips up our neighbours.

POHETOHEE

Honour, and honesty, are not those distinguish'd?

MORANO

Honour is of some use; it serves to swear upon.

POHETOHEE

Let justice take her course. Immediate death shall put a stop to your further mischiefs.

MORANO

This sentence indeed is hard. Without the common forms of trial! Not so much as the counsel of a Newgate attorney! Not to be able to layout my money in partiality and evidence! Not a friend perjur'd for me! This is hard, very hard! Well! Ambition must take its chance. If I die, I die in my vocation. Alexander the Great was more successful - that's all.

40 Air 5. Dr. Arnold.

*The soldiers, who by trade must dare
The deadly cannon's sounds;
You may be sure, betimes prepare
For fatal blood and wounds.
The men, who with advent'rous dance,
Bound from the cord on high,
Must own they have the frequent chance,
By broken bones to die.
Since rarely then,
Ambitious men,
Like others lose their breath;
Like these, I hope,
They know a rope
Is but their nat'ral death.*

(Exit guarded)

POHETOHEE

How shall I return the obligations I owe you? Every thing in my power you may command. For gratitude is oblig'd by occasions of making a return.

POLLY

The pleasure of having serv'd an honourable man is a sufficient return. My misfortunes, I fear, are beyond relief.

CAWWAWKEE

Those sighs, and that reservedness, are symptoms of a heart in love. A pain I am yet a stranger to.

POLLY

Then you have never been compleatly wretched.

CAWWAWKEE

But does not love often deny itself aid and comfort, by being too obstinately secret?

POLLY

One cannot be too open to generosity; yet why should I trouble your Majesty with the misfortunes of so inconsiderable a wretch as I am?

POHETOHEE

I have the nearest concern in any thing that touches you.

POLLY

You see then at your feet the most unhappy of women.

(Kneels, he raises her)

CAWWAWKEE

A woman! Oh my heart!

POHETOHEE

A woman!

POLLY

Yes, Sir, the most wretched of her sex. In love! married! abandon'd, and in despair!

POHETOHEE

What brought you into these countries?

POLLY

To find my husband.

POHETOHEE

Why this disguise?

POLLY

To protect me from the violences and insults to which my sex might have expos'd me.

CAWWAWKEE *(aside).*

Had she not been married, I might have been happy.

(Enter INDIAN)

INDIAN

The rest of the troops, Sir, are return'd from the pursuit, with more prisoners. They attend your Majesty's command.

POHETOHEE

Let them be hrought before us.

(Exit INDIAN)

(To POLLY) Give not yourself up to despair; for every thing in my power you may command.

CAWWAWKEE

And every thing in mine. But, alas, I have none; for I am not in my own.

(Enter DUCAT, with JENNY guarded)

JENNY

Spare my husband! Morano is my husband.

POHETOHEE

Then I have reliev'd you from the society of a monster. Have done then. Morano is now under the stroke of justice.

JENNY

Let me implore your majesty to respite his sentence. If Macheath's misfortunes were known, the whole sex would be in tears.

POLLY

Macheath!

JENNY

He is no black, Sir; but under that disguise, for my sake, skreen'd himself from the claims and importunities of other women. May love intercede for him?

POLLY

Spare him, save him! I ask no other reward.

POHETOHEE

Haste, let the sentence be suspended!

(Exit INDIAN)

POLLY

Fly! a moment may make me miserable. His pardon may come too late, and I may never see him more.

POHETOHEE

Take hence that profligate woman. Let he be kept under strict guard.

JENNY

Spare my life! Spare an unfortunate woman!

POHETOHEE

Take her hence, I say; let my orders be obeyed.

POLLY

What, no news yet? Oh, how I fear!

41 Air 6. Shall Man, &c. in Arne's Abel

[i.e. Thomas Arne, *The Death of Abel*]

*My heart forebodes he's dead,
That thought how can I bear?
He's gone, for ever fled,
My soul is all despair'
I see him pale and cold,
The noose hath stop'd his breath;
Just as my dream foretold,
Oh had that sleep been death!*

(Enter INDIANS)

POLLY

He's dead, he's dead. Their looks confess it. Support me! O Macheath!

CAWWAWKEE

Justice hath reliev'd you from the society of a wicked man. If an honest heart can recompence your loss, you would make me happy in accepting mine. What, no reply?

POLLY

Abandon me to my sorrows. For in indulging them is my only relief.

CAWWAWKEE

By your consent you might at the same time give me happiness, and procure your own. My titles, my treasures, are all at your command.

POLLY

I am charn'd, Prince, with your generosity and virtues. Those that know and feel virtue in themselves, must love it in others. Allow me to give some time to my sorrows.

CAWWAWKEE

Fair princess, for so I hope shortly to make you, permit me to attend you, either to divide your griefs, or, by conversation, to soften your sorrows.

POLLY

'Tis a pleasure to me by this alliance to recompence your merits. Let the sports and dances then celebrate our victory!

DANCES OF THE INDIANS

[Newly-composed by Samuel Arnold]

42 I. Allegro**43 II. Andante****44 III. Allegro****45 IV. Andante****46 V. Allegro****47 Air 7. The Temple**

[Jeremiah Clarke's "Trumpet Voluntary"]

CAWWAWKEE

*Justice long forbearing,
Pow'r or riches never fearing,
Slow, yet persevering,
Hunts the villian's pace.*

CHORUS

Justice, long, &c.

INDIAN SOLO

*What tongues then defend him?
Or what hand will succour lend him?
Ev'n his friends attend him,
To foment the chace.*

CHORUS

Justice, long, &c.

POLLY

*Virtue, subduing,
Humbles in ruin
All the proud wicked race.
Truth, never failing,
Must be prevailing,
Falsehood shall find disgrace.*

CHORUS

Justice, long forbearing, &c.

THE END**Appendix**

Three items included on this disc, newly composed by Arnold, were cut before the first performance.

48 Act III Appendix: What Man Can Virtue or Courage Repose**DUCAT**

*What man can on virtue or courage repose,
Or guess if the touch 'twill abide?
Like gold, if intrinsic sure nobody knows,
Till weigh'd in the balance and try'd.*

49 Act III Appendix: I Hate the Foolish Elf**DUCAT**

*I hate the foolish elf,
Who dare not praise himself,
But tricks and disguise,
Or flatt'ry and lies
Regrets at the ladder to rise.
Like heroes of old,
Be greatly bold,*

Let lies your fame support!

Abuse, you know,
Would lay you low;
Then ward the blow,
And make the foe
Your honour and worth report.

50 Act III Appendix: Victory is Ours

POLLY Victory is ours.

CAWWAWKEE My fond heart is at rest.

POLLY Friendship thus receives its guest.

CAWWAWKEE O what transport fills my breast!

POLLY Conquest is compleat.

CAWWAWKEE Now the triumph's great.

POLLY In your life is a nation blest.

CAWWAWKEE In your life I'm of all possess'd.