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Poems On Several Occasions

Gay, John

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The What D'ye Call it: A Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce.

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THE
WHAT D'YE CALL IT:

A
TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL
F A R C E.

SCENE, *A Country Justice's Hall, adorn'd with
'Scutcheons and Stags Horns.*

*Enter Steward, Squire, Kitty, Dock, and others
in Country Habits,*

S T E W A R D.



O, you are ready in your parts, and in
your drefs too, I fee; your own beft
clothes do the bufinefs. Sure never was
Play and Actors fo fuited. Come range
your felves before me, women on the
right, and men on the left. Squire *Thomas*,
you make a good figure. [*The Actors range themfelves.*

L 4

SQUIRE.

SQUIRE.

Ay, thanks to *Barnaby's* Sunday clothes; but call me *Thomas Filbert*, as I am in the Play.

STEWARD.

Chear up, daughter, and make *Kitty Carrot* the shining part: Squire *Thomas* is to be in love with you to night, girl.

KITTY.

Ay, I have felt Squire *Thomas's* love to my cost. I have little stomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into. [Aside.]

STEWARD.

Jonas Dock, dost thou remember thy name?

DOCK.

My name? *Jo-- Jo-- Jonas*. No--- that was the name my Godfathers gave me. My play name is *Timothy Pea-- Pea-- Peascod*; ay, *Peascod*--- and am to be shot for a deserter---

STEWARD.

And you, *Dolly*?

DOLLY.

An't please ye, I am *Dorcas*, *Peascod's* sifter, and am to be with child, as it were.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to take her up, as it were----- I am the Constable.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to see *Tim* shot, as it were----- I am the Corporal.

STEWARD.

But what is become of our sergeant?

DORCAS.

Why *Peter Nettle*, *Peter*, *Peter*. [Enter *Nettle*.]

NETTLE.

NETTLE.

Theſe ſtockings of *Suſan*'s coſt a woundy deal of pains the pulling on: But what's a fergeant without red ſtockings?

DOCK.

I'll drefs thee, *Peter*, I'll drefs thee. Here, ſtand ſtill, I muſt twiſt thy neckcloth; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion; but pr'ythee don't look black in the face, man. [*Rolling his Neck-cloth.*] Thou muſt look fierce and dreadful. [*Making whiſkers with a burnt cork.*] But what ſhall we do for a grenadier's cap?

STEWARD.

Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry; that is curiouſly painted before, and will make a figure.

NETTLE.

No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't: the Pope's mitre, that my maſter *Sir Roger* ſeiz'd, when they would have burnt him at our market-town.

STEWARD.

So, now let ev'ry body withdraw, and prepare to begin the play. [*Exeunt Actors.*] My daughter debauch'd! and by that booby Squire! well, perhaps the conduct of this play may retrieve her folly, and preſerve her reputation. Poor girl! I cannot forget thy tears.

Enter Sir ROGER.

Sir ROGER.

Look ye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghof; nay, I will have a competence of ghof. What, ſhall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghof? A play without a ghof is like, is like----- i'gad it is like nothing.

STEWARD.

Sir, be ſatisfied; you ſhall have ghof.

Sir R O G E R.

And is the play as I order'd it, both a Tragedy and a Comedy? I would have it a Pastoral too: and if you could make it a Farce, so much the better ---- and what if you crown'd all with a spice of your Opera? You know my neighbours never saw a Play before; and d'ye see, I would shew them all sorts of Plays under one.

S T E W A R D.

Sir Roger, it is contriv'd for that very purpose.

[Enter two Justices.]

Sir R O G E R.

Neighbours, you are welcome. Is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a Play for us these *Christmas* holydays? [Exit Steward bowing.] ---- A rare headpiece! he has it here i'faith, [Pointing to his own head.] But indeed, I gave him the hint ---- To see now what contrivance some folks have! We have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that every Man talks in his own way! ---- and then we have made just three justices in the play, to be play'd by us three justices of the *Quorum*.

1. *J U S T I C E.*

Zooks! --- so it is; --- main ingenious --- and can we fit and smoke at the same time we act?

Sir R O G E R.

Ay, ay, --- we have but three or four words to say --- and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

2. *J U S T I C E.*

But how shall we know when we are to say these same Words?

Sir R O G E R.

This shall be the signal--- when I set down the tannard, then speak you, Sir *Humbry*----- and when
Sir

Sir *Humphry* sets down the Tankard, speak you, Squire *Statute*.

1 JUSTICE.

Ah, Sir *Roger*, You are an old dog at these things.

2 JUSTICE.

To be sure.

Sir ROGER.

Why neighbours, you know, experience, experience
---- I remember your *Harts* and your *Bettertons* ---- But
to see your *Othello*, neighbours ----- how he would rave
and roar, about a foolish flower'd handkerchief! -----
and then he would groud so manfully ----- and he would
put out the light, and put the light out so cleverly! but
huff ----- the Prologue, the Prologue.

[They seat themselves with much ceremony at the table, on
which are pipes and tobacco, and a large silver tankard.



THE

T H E
P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman.

TH E entertainment of this night ---- or day,
This something, or this nothing of a Play,
Which strives to please all palates at a time,
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhyme,
This comic story, or this tragic jest,
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best;
May exercise your good, or your ill-nature
Move with distress, or tickle you with satyr.
All must be pleas'd too with their Parts, we think:
Our maids have sweethearts, and their Worships drink:
Criticks, we know, by ancient rules may maul it;
But sure Gallants must like---- the What d'ye call it.



A C T



ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,
CONSTABLE, FILBERT, SERGEANT, KIT-
TY, DORCAS GRANDMOTHER, AUNT.

Sir ROGER.

HERE, *Thomas Filbert*, answer to your name,
Dorcas hath sworn to you she owes her shame:
Or wed her straight, or else you're sent afar,
To serve his gracious Majesty in war.

FILBERT.

'Tis false; 'tis false---- I scorn thy odious touch.

[*Pushing Dorcas from him.*]

DORCAS.

When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

KITTY.

Ah, good your Worships, ease a wretched maid,
To the right father let the child be laid.
Art thou not perjurd? mark his harmless look.
How can'st thou, *Dorcas*, kiss the Bible book?

Hast

Haft thou no confcience, doft not fear *Old Nick*?
 Sure fure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

S E R G E A N T.

Zooks! never wed, 'tis fafer much to roam;
 For what is war abroad to war at home?
 Who would not fooner bravely rifque his life;
 For what's a cannon to a fcoling wife?

F I L B E R T.

Well, if I muft, I muft, ---- I hate the wench,
 I'll bear a mufquet then againft the *French*.
 From door to door I'd fooner whine and beg,
 Both arms shot off, and on a wooden leg,
 Than marry fuch a trapes ---- No, no, I'll not:
 ---- Thou wilt too late repent when I am shot.
 But, *Kitty*, why doft cry? ---

G R A N D M O T H E R.

----- Stay, Juftice, ftay;

Ah, little did I think to fee this day!
 Muft Grandfon *Filbert* to the wars be preft?
 Alack! I knew him when he fuck'd the breaft,
 Taught him his catechifm, the fescue held,
 And join'd his letters, when the bantling fpell'd.
 His loving mother left him to my care,
 Fine child, as like his Dad as he could ftare!

Come

Come *Candlemas*, nine years ago she dy'd,
And now lies buried by the yew-tree's side.

A U N T.

O tyrant Justices! have you forgot
How my poor brother was in *Flanders* shot?
You pres'd my brother---he shall walk in white,
He shall---and shake your curtains ev'ry night.
What though a paltry hare he rashly kill'd,
That cross'd the furrows while he plough'd the Field?
You sent him o'er the hills and far away;
Left his old mother to the parish pay,
With whom he shar'd his ten pence ev'ry day.
Wat kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out;
You took the law of *Thomas* for a trout:
You ruin'd my poor uncle at the sizes,
And made him pay nine pound for *Nisprifes*.
Now will you pres my harmless nephew too?
Ah? what has conscience with the rich to do!

[*Sir Roger takes up the Tankard.*

Though in my hand no silver tankard shine,
Nor my dry lip be dy'd with claret wine,
Yet I can sleep in peace---

Sir R O G E R. [After having drunk.

Woman, forbear.

Sir

Sir HUMPHRY. [Drinking.

The man's within the act——

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also.

—— The law is clear.

SERGEANT.

Haste, let their Worships orders be obey'd.

KITTY. [Kneeling.

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid.

Thus to your Worships on my knees I sue,

(A posture never known but in the pew)

If we can money for our taxes find,

Take that--but ah! our sweethearts leave behind.

To trade so barb'rous he was never bred,

The blood of vermin all the blood he shed:

How should he, harmless youth, how should he then

Who kill'd but poulcats, learn to murder men?

*DORCAS.*O *Thomas, Thomas*, hazard not thy life;

By all that's good, I'll make a loving wife;

I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,

I'll spin and card, and keep our children tight.

I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn;

If you earn ten-pence, I my groat can earn.

How

How shall I weep to hear this infant cry ?

[her hand on her belly.

He'll have no father ---- and no husband I.

K I T T Y.

Hold, *Thomas*, hold, nor hear that shameless witch:

I can sew plain-work, I can darn and stitch ;

I can bear sultry days and frosty weather ;

Yes, yes, my *Thomas*, we will go together ;

Beyond the seas together will we go,

In camps together, as at harvest, glow.

This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,

I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed :

There, while thou sleep'st, my apron o'er thee hold,

Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.

Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd, and shall I do

That for the pigs, I would not bear for you ?

F I L B E R T.

Oh, *Kitty*, *Kitty*, canst thou quit the rake,

And leave these meadows for thy sweetheart's sake ?

Canst thou so many gallant soldiers see,

And captains and lieutenants slight for me ?

Say, canst thou hear the guns, and never shake,

Nor start at oaths that make a christian quake ?

Canst

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Canst thou bear hunger, canst thou march and toil
A long long way, a thousand thousand mile?
And when thy Tom's blown up, or shot away,
Then canst thou starve? ---they'll cheat thee of my pay.

Sir R O G E R. [*Drinking.*

Take out that wench ---

Sir H U M P H R Y. [*Drinking.*

----- But give her penance meet.

Justice S T A T U T E. [*Drinking also.*

I'll see her stand --- next Sunday --- in a sheet,

D O R C A S.

Ah! why does nature give us so much cause
To make kind hearted lasses break the laws?
Why should hard laws kind-hearted lasses bind,
When too soft nature draws us after kind?



SCENE

SCENE II.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,
FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY, GRANDMOTHER,
AUNT, SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Sergeant, the captain to your quarters sent;
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went.
Our Corp'ral now has the deserter found;
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

SERGEANT. [To Filbert]

Come, foldier, come —

KITTY.

— Ah! take me, take me too.

GRANDMOTHER.

Stay, forward wench; —

AUNT.

— What would the creature do?
This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

KITTY.

Brew then she may herself, or wash or bake;
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.
O justice most unjust? —

FILBERT.

FILBERT.

————— O tyranny!

KITTY.

How can I part? —————

FILBERT.

————— Alas! and how can I?

KITTY.

O rueful day! —————

FILBERT.

————— Rueful indeed, I trow.

KITTY.

O woeful day?

FILBERT.

————— A day indeed of woe!

KITTY.

When gentlefolks their sweethearts leave behind,
They can write letters, and say something kind;
But how shall *Filbert* unto me endite,
When neither I can read, nor he can write?

Yet Justices, permit us ere we part
To break this nine-pence, as you've broke our heart.

FILBERT.

FILBERT.

[Breaking the Nine-pence.

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

KITTY.

[Joining the Pieces.

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

[She is drawn away on one side of the Stage by
Aunt and Grandmother.

Yet one look more —————

FILBERT.

[Haul'd off on the other side by the Sergeant.

————— One more ere yet we go.

KITTY.

To part is death. —————

FILBERT.

————— 'Tis death to part.

KITTY.

————— Ah!

FILBERT.

————— Oh!



SCENE

SCENE III.

*Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,
and CONSTABLE.*

Sir ROGER. [Drinking.

See, constable, that ev'ry one withdraw.

Sir HUMPHRY. [Drinking.

W've bufiness ———

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also.

————— To discuss a point of Law.

SCENE IV.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE.

They seem in earnest discourse.

Sir ROGER.

I say the pres-act plainly makes it out.

Sir HUMPHRY.

Doubtless, Sir Roger. ———

Justice STATUTE.

————— Brother, without doubt.

A Ghost rises.

I GHOST.

I'm *Jeffry Cackle*. ——— You my death shall rue;

For

For I was pres'd by you, by you, by you.

[Pointing to the Justices.

Another Ghost rises.

2 G H O S T.

I'm *Smut* the farrier. --- You my death shall rue ;

For I was pres'd by you, by you, by you.

A Woman's Ghost rises.

3 G H O S T.

I'm *Befs* that hang'd my self for *Smut* so true ;

So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

A Ghost of an Embryo rises.

4 G H O S T.

I was begot before my mother married,

Who whipt by you, of me poor child miscarried.

Another Woman's Ghost rises.

5 G H O S T.

Its mother I, whom you whipt black and blue ;

Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.

[All Ghosts shake their heads.

Sir R O G E R.

Why do you shake your mealy heads at me ?

You cannot say I did it. ———

B O T H J U S T I C E S.

————— No — nor we.

1 G H O S T.

1 G H O S T.

All three ———

2 G H O S T.

———— All three ———

3 G H O S T.

———— All three ———

4 G H O S T.

———— All three ———

5 G H O S T.

———— All three.

A SONG sung dismally by a G H O S T.

YE goblins, and fairies,
 With frisks and vagaries,
 Ye fairies and goblins,
 With hoppings and hobblings,
 Come all, come all
 To Sir Roger's great hall.

*All fairies and goblins,
 All goblins and fairies,
 With hoppings and hobblings,
 With frisks and vagaries.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Sing, goblins and fairies,
Sing, fairies and goblins,
With frisks and vagaries,
And hoppings and hobblings.*

[*The ghosts dance round the Justices, who go off in a
fright, and the ghosts vanish.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Field.

TIMOTHY PEASCOD *bound*; CORPORAL, SOLDIERS
and COUNTRYMEN.

CORPORAL.

Stand off there, countrymen; and you, the guard,
Keep close your prisoner--- see that all's prepar'd.
Prime all your firelocks --- fasten well the stake.

PEASCOD.

'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake,
O fellow-soldiers, countrymen and friends,
Be warn'd by me to shun untimely ends:

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For

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For evil courses am I brought to shame,
And from my soul I do repent the same.
Oft my kind *Gramam* told me --- *Tim*, take warning,
Be good---and say thy pray'rs---and mind thy learning.
But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime ;
I play'd at nine-pins first in sermon time :
I robb'd the parson's orchard next ; and then
(For which I pray forgiveness) stole---a hen.
When I was pres'd, I told them the first day
I wanted heart to fight, so ran away ;

[Attempts to run off, but is prevented.]

For which behold I die. 'Tis a plain case,
'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

[The soldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.]

Hold, hold, my friends ; nay hold, hold, hold, I pray ;
They may go off---and I have more to say.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

Come, 'tis no time to talk---

2 COUNTRYMAN.

----- Repent thine ill,
And pray in this good book--- [Gives him a Book.]

P E A S C O D.

----- I will, I will.
Lend me thy handkercher---*The Pilgrim's pro*-----

[Reads and weeps.] (I can-

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(I cannot see for tears) *Pro---Progress---* Oh!

The Pilgrim's Progress---eighth---edi-ti-on

Lon-don--prin-ted--for---Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton:

With new ad-di-tions never made before.

Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more. [*Drops the Book.*]

S C E N E II.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT.

S E R G E A N T.

What whining's this?---boys, see your guns well ramm'd.

You dog, die like a soldier---and be damn'd.

F I L B E R T.

My friend in ropes!

P E A S C O D.

————— I should not thus be bound,

If I had means, and could but raise five pound.

The cruel Corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,

Five pounds, if rightly tipt, would set me clear.

F I L B E R T.

Here---*Peascod*, take my pouch---'tis all I own.

(For what is means and life when *Kitty's* gone!)

'Tis my press-money --- can this silver fail?

'Tis all, except one sixpence spent in ale.

M 2

This



This had a ring for *Kitty's* finger bought,
Kitty on me had by that token thought.
 But for thy life, poor *Tim*, if this can do't;
 Take it with all my soul --- thou'rt welcome to't.

[Offers him his purse.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

And take my fourteen pence ----

2 COUNTRYMAN.

----- And my cramp ring.

Would, for thy sake, it were a better thing.

3 COUNTRYMAN.

And master Sergeant, take my box of copper.

4 COUNTRYMAN.

And my wife's thimble -----

5 COUNTRYMAN.

----- And this 'bacco-stopper.

SERGEANT.

No bribes. Take back your things---I'll have them not.

PEASCOD.

Oh! must I die?-----

CHORUS of COUNTRYMEN.

----- Oh! must poor *Tim* be shot!

PEASCOD.

But let me kiss thee first----- [Embracing Filbert.

SCENE

SCENE III.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

————— Ah, brother *Tim*.

Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him.
He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;
In a white sheet poor I must stand at church.
O marry me--[*To Filbert.*] Thy sifter is with child.[*To Tim.*
And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguil'd.

PEASCOD.

Couldst thou do this? couldst thou--- [*In anger to Filb.*

SERGEANT.

————— Draw out the men:
Quick to the stake; he must be dead by ten.

DORCAS.

Be dead! must *Tim* be dead! —————

PEASCOD.

————— He must ——— he must.

DORCAS.

Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst.
---Hold, Sergeant, hold,--- yet ere you sing the Psalms,
Ah let me ease my conscience of its qualms.

M 3

O

O brother, brother! *Filbert* still is true.

I foully wrong'd him---do, forgive me, do. [*To Filb.*

The Squire betray'd me; nay,---and what is worse,

Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,

To swear the child to *Filbert* -----

P E A S C O D.

----- What a *Jew*

My sister is! ----- Do, *Tom*, forgive her, do. [*To Filb.*

F I L B E R T. [*kisses Dorcas.*

But see thy base-born child, thy babe of shame,

Who, left by thee, upon our parish came,

Comes for thy blessing -----

S C E N E IV.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS, JOYCE.

P E A S C O D.

----- Oh! my sins of youth!

Why on the haycock didst thou tempt me, *Ruth*?

O save me, Sergeant: --- how shall I comply?

I love my daughter so --- I cannot die.

J O Y C E.

Must father die! and I be left forlorn?

A lack a day! that ever *Joyce* was born!

No

No grandfire in his arms e'er dandled me,
And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.
They said, if ever father got his pay,
I should have two pence ev'ry market-day.

P E A S C O D.

Poor child; hang forrow, and cast care behind thee,
The parish by this badge is bound to find thee.

[Pointing to the badge on her arm.

J O Y C E.

The parish finds indeed---but our church-wardens
Feast on the silver, and give us the farthings.
Then my school-mistress, like a vixen *Turk*,
Maintains her lazy husband by our work:
Many long tedious days I've worried spun;
She grudg'd me victuals when my task was done.
Heav'n send me a good service! for I now
Am big enough to wash or milk a cow.

P E A S C O D.

O that I had by charity been bred!
I then had been much better --- taught than fed.
Instead of keeping nets against the law,
I might have learnt accounts, and sung *Sol-fa*.
Farewel, my child; spin on, and mind thy book,
And send thee store of grace therein to look.

M 4.

Take



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Take warning by thy shameless Aunt ; lest thou
Shouldst o'er thy ballard weep --- as I do now.
Mark my last words --- an honest living get ;
Beware of Papishes and learn to knit.

[Dorcas leads out Joyce sobbing and crying.]

SCENE V.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT.

FILBERT.

Let's drink before we part --- for sorrow's dry.

To *Tim's* safe passage ---

[Takes out a brandy-bottle, and drinks.]

1 COUNTRYMAN.

----- I'll drink too.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

----- And I.

PEASCOD.

Stay, let me pledge --- 'tis my last earthly liquor. [Drinks.]

----- When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker.

[They lead him to the stake.]

1 COUNTRYMAN.

He was a special ploughman ----- [Sighing.]

2 COUNTRYMAN.

----- Harrow'd well!

3 COUN-

3 COUNTRYMAN.

And at our may-pole ever bore the bell!

PEASCOD.

Say, is it fitting in this very field,

Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd;

This field, where from my youth I've been a carter,

I, in this field, should die for a deserter?

FILBERT.

'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard!----

SERGEANT.

————— Zooks here's a pother.

Strip him; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

PEASCOD.

[Distributing his things among his friends.]

Take you my 'bacco-box---- my neckcloth, you.

To our kind Vicar send this bottle-skew.

But wear these breeches, Tom; they're quite bran-new.

FILBERT.

Farewel —————

1 COUNTRYMAN.

————— B'ye, Tim. —————

2 COUNTRYMAN,

————— B'ye, Tim.

3 COUNTRYMAN.

————— Adieu.

4 COUN-

4 COUNTRYMAN.

Adieu.

[They all take leave of Peascod by shaking hands with him.]

SCENE VI.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT, *to them* a SOLDIER. *in great haste.*

SOLDIER.

Hold --- why so furious, Sergeant? by your leave,
Untye the pris'ner --- see, here's a reprieve.

[Shows a paper.]

CHORUS of COUNTRYMEN. *[Huzzaing.]*
A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve!

[Peascod is unty'd, and embraces his friends.]

SCENE VII.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN,
SERGEANT, FILBERT, CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE.

Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there.

SERGEANT.

For what? ———

G O N.

CONSTABLE.

————— For stealing gaffer Gap's gray mare.

[*They seize the Sergeant.*]

PEASCOD.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, friend; you'll go to pot.
Would you be rather hang'd--hah! --- hang'd or shot!

SERGEANT.

Nay, hold, hold, hold ———

PEASCOD.

————— Not if you were my brother.

Why, friend, should you not hang as well's another?

CONSTABLE.

Thus said Sir *John* --- the law must take its course;

'Tis law that he may 'scape who steals a horse.

But (said Sir *John*) the statutes all declare,

The man shall sure be hang'd --- that steals a mare.

PEASCOD.

[*To the Sergeant.*]

Ay---right---he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

He shall be hang'd---that's certain; and good cause.

A rare good sentence this---how is't?---the laws,

No---not the laws--the statutes all declare,

The man that steals a mare shall sure --- be --- hang'd,

No, no---he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

[*Exit Sergeant guarded, countrymen, &c.
buzzaing after him.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

KITTY, *with her hair loose*, GRANDMOTHER,
AUNT, HAYMAKERS, CHORUS of SIGHS
and GROANS:

KITTY.

Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks, and you
Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:
And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,
Giv'n by my mother in my younger years:
With thee the toils of full eight Springs I've known,
'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown;
On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,
While Tom gaz'd on me, propt upon his fork:
Farewel, farewell; for all thy task is o'er,
Kitty shall want thy service now no more.

[Flings away the rake.]

CHORUS of SIGHS and GROANS.
Ah——O! — Sure never was the like before!

KITTY.

Happy the maid, whose sweetheart never hears
The soldier's drum, nor writ of Justice fears.
Our bans thrice bid! and for our wedding-day
My kerchief bought! then press'd, then forc'd away!

CHORUS of SIGHS and GROANS.
Ah! O! poor soul! alack! and well a day!

KITTY.

K I T T Y.

You, *Bess*, still reap with *Harry* by your side;

You, *Jenny*, shall next *Sunday* be a bride;

But I forlorn! --- This ballad shews my care;

[Gives *Susan* a ballad.]

Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair:

Susan can sing----do you the burthen bear.

A B A L L A D.

I.

TWAS when the seas were roaring

With hallow blasts of wind;

A damsel lay deploring,

All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the roaring billows

She cast a wistful look;

Her head was crown'd with willows

That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,

And nine long tedious days.

Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,

Why didst thou trust the seas?

Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,

And let my lover rest:

Ah! what's thy troubled motion

To that within my breast?

III. The



III.

*The merchant rob'd of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.*

IV.

*How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.*

V.

*All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear;
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corps she spy'd;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.*

KITTY.

K I T T Y.

Why in this world should wretched Kitty stay?

What if these hands should make my self away?

I could not sure do otherways than well.

A maid so true's too innocent for hell.

But harkye, Cis—— [*Whispers and gives her a penknife.*]

A U N T.

——— I'll do't——'tis but to try

If the poor soul can have the heart to die.

[*Aside to the Haymakers.*]

Thus then I strike——but turn thy head aside.

K I T T Y.

'Tis shameless sure to fall as pigs have dy'd.

No— take this cord—— [*Gives her a cord.*]

A U N T.

——— With this thou shalt be sped.

[*Putting the noose round her neck.*]

K I T T Y.

But curs are hang'd.——

A U N T.

——— Christians should die in bed.

K I T T Y.

Then lead me thither; there I'll moan and weep,

And close these weary eyes in death.

A U N T.

AUNT.

————— Or sleep. [*Aside.*]

KITTY.

When I am cold, and stretch'd upon my bier,
My restless sprite shall walk at midnight here!
Here shall I walk——for 'twas beneath yon tree
Filbert first said he lov'd---lov'd only me. [*Kitty faints.*]

G R A N D M O T H E R.

She swoons, poor Soul--- help, *Dolly.*

AUNT.

————— She's in fits.

Bring water, water, water————— [*Screaming.*]

G R A N D M O T H E R.

————— Fetch her wits.

[*They throw water upon her.*]

KITTY.

Hah!--- I am turn'd a stream--- look all below;
It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.
The meads are all afloat--- the haycocks swim.
Hah! who comes here!---my *Filbert!* drown not him.
Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains,
Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk, and honey mountains.



S C E N E

SCENE IX.

KITTY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, HAYMAKERS,
FILBERT.

KITTY.

It is his ghost — or is it he indeed ?

Wert thou not sent to war ? hah, dost thou bleed ?

No — 'tis my *Filbert*.

FILBERT. [*Embracing her.*

————— Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he,
Dorcas confess'd ; the Justice set me free.

I'm thine again. —————

KITTY.

————— I thine —————

FILBERT.

————— Our fears are fled.

Come, let's to Church, to Church. —————

KITTY.

————— To wed.

FILBERT.

————— To bed.

CHORUS of HAYMAKERS.

A wedding, a bedding ; a wedding, a bedding.

[*Exeunt all the Actors.*

Sir ROGER.

Ay now for the Wedding. Where's he that plays the
Parson ? Now, neighbours, you shall see what was never

V o l. I.

N

shewn

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shewn upon the *London* stage.---Why, heigh day? what's our Play at a stand?

Enter a Countryman.

COUNTRYMAN.

So please your worship, I should have plaid the Parson, but our Curate would not lend his gown, for he says it is a profanation.

Sir R O G E R.

What a scrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing.

[The Justices assent by nods and signs.]

Enter Stave the Pariss-clerk.

S T A V E.

Master Doctor saith he hath two and twenty good reasons against it from the Fathers, and he is come himself to utter them to your Worship.

Sir R O G E R.

What, shall our Play be spoil'd? I'll have none of his reasons — call in Mr. *Inference*.

Stave goes out and re-enters.

S T A V E.

Sir, he saith he never greatly affected stage Plays.

[W I T H I N.]

Stave, Stave, Stave.

Sir R O G E R.

Tell him that I say —

[W I T H I N.]

Stave, Stave.

Sir R O G E R.

What, shall the Curate controul me? have not I the presentation? tell him that I will not have my play spoil'd; nay, that he shall marry the couple himself--I say, he shall.

Stave goes out and re-enters.

S T A V E.

The steward hath perswaded him to join their hands in
the.

the parlour within--- but he saith he will not, and cannot in conscience consent to expose his character before neighbouring gentlemen; neither will he enter into your worship's hall; for he calleth it a stage *pro tempore*.

Sir H U M P H R Y.

Very likely: The good man may have reason.

Justice S T A T U T E.

In troth, we must in some sort comply with the scrupulous tender conscienc'd doctor.

Sir R O G E R.

Why, what's a Play without a marriage? and what is a marriage if one fees nothing of it? Let him have his humour--- but set the doors wide open, that we may see how all goes on.

[Exit Stave.

[Sir Roger at the door pointing.

So natural! d'ye see now, neighbours? the ring i' faith. To have and to hold! right again--well play'd; doctor; well play'd, Son Thomas. Come, come, I'm satisfy'd ---now for the fiddles and dances.

Enter Steward, Squire Thomas, Kitty, Stave, &c.

S T E W A R D.

Sir Roger, you are very merry.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er.

The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.

I wish you joy of your Play, and of your daughter, I had no way but this to repair the injury your son had done my child--- she shall study to deserve your favour.

[Presenting Kitty to Sir Roger.

Sir R O G E R.

Married! how married! can the marriage of *Filbert* and *Carrot* have any thing to do with my son?

S T E W A R D.

But the marriage of *Thomas* and *Katharine* may, Sir Roger.

Sir R O G E R.

What a plague, am I trick'd then? I must have a stage Play, with a pox!

Sir

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Sir HUMPHRY.

If this speech be in the play, remember the tankard,
Sir Roger.

Squire THOMAS.

Zooks these stage plays are plaguy dangerous things---
but I am no such fool neither, but I know this was all
your contrivance.

Justice STATUTE.

Ay, *Sir Roger*, you told us it was you that gave him the hint.

Sir ROGER.

Why blockhead! puppy! had you no more wit than
to say the ceremony? he should only have married you
in rhyme, fool.

Squire THOMAS.

Why, what did I know, ha? but so it is---and since mur-
der will out, as the saying is; look ye, father, I was under
some sort of a promise too, d'ye see---so much for that---
If I be a husband, I be a husband, there's an end on't---
sure I must have been married some time or other.

[*Sir Roger walks up and down fretting, and
goes out in a passion.*]

Sir HUMPHRY.

In troth, it was in some sort my opinion before; it is
good in law.

Justice STATUTE.

Good in law, good in law---but hold, we must not
lose the dance.

A D A N C E.

E P I L O G U E.

S T A V E.

*Our stage Play has a moral---and no doubt,
You all have sense enough to find it out.*

End of the First Volume,