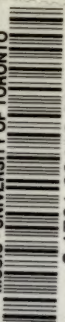


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Gay's the beggar's opera

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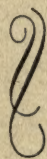
*Gay's*  
**The Beggar's Opera**

With New Settings of the Airs and additional Music

BY  
*Frederic Austin*

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C A S T

PEACHUM

LOCKIT

MACHEATH

FILCH

MAT OF THE MINT

THE BEGGAR

MRS. PEACHUM

POLLY PEACHUM

LUCY LOCKIT

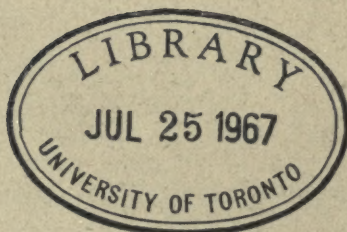
DIANA TRAPES

JENNY DIVID

DRAWER      JAILER

MACHEATH'S GANG (5)

WOMEN OF THE TOWN (8)



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1920

## INTRODUCTION

SCENE: Curtain up. Stage empty, inner tableau curtain, in front of back rostrum and steps, down. ENTER PLAYER followed by BEGGAR.

### Beggar

I am a beggar, and if poverty be a title to poetry nobody can dispute mine... I own myself of the company of Beggars and I make one of their weekly festivals at St. Gile's. I have small yearly salary for the catches I sing and I am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say. Now I have composed an Opera, both the words and the catches thereof, and -

### Player

As we Players live by the muses we encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The muses contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress. Be the Author even a Beggar, we push his play as far as it will go, so although you are in need of success, we wish you success heartily, which is out of the common, it being the custom to wish success only to those who need it not.

### Beggar

I cannot sufficiently acknowledge your charity in bringing this piece on the stage. It's a mighty strange piece. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my Opera unnatural like those in vogue. This is the most natural Opera in the world. It begins in the house of a Receiver of stolen goods, and ends in the condemned hold. Every personage in it is either a highwayman, a fence, a jailer, a pimp, a trull or a trollop - in short, there is not an honourable man nor an honest woman among 'em. But all is human.

### Player

Have done upon this topic. Foul not thine own nest. See, the actors are preparing to begin, it is time for us to withdraw. Mr. (Insert Conductor's name) play away the overture.

## OVERTURE.

(When the OVERTURE is concluded, the inner tableau curtain is raised, discovering PEACHUM seated on the steps of the rostrum.)

ACT ONESCENE ONESCENE: PEACHUM'S house.AT RISE: PEACHUM sitting on rostrum C. with a large book of accounts.

Peachum

AIR NO. 2

Through all the Employments of Life  
 Each Neighbour abuses his Brother;  
 Trull and Rogue they call Husband and  
 Wife:

All Professions be-rogue one another:  
 The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat.  
 The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine:  
 And the Statesman, because he's so  
 great,  
 Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

A Lawyer is an honest Employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double Capacity, both against Rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage Cheats, since we live by them.

(ENTER FILCH up stage R., to PEACHUM C.)

Filch

Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her Trial comes on in the Afternoon, and she hopes you will order Matters so as to bring her off.

Peachum

Why, as the Wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the Evidence.

Filch

Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

Peachum

A lazy dog! This is death without Reprieve. I may venture to Book him.

(Writes)

For informing upon Tom Gagg, forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know  
 -(cont.)-



Peachum (Cont.)

that I'll save her from Transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

(Rises and comes D.S. C.)

I love to let women escape. A good sportsman always lets the hen partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the Law allows us no reward, there is nothing to be got by the death of women - except our wives.

Filch

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

Peachum

Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We are more beholden to women than all the Professions besides.

AIR NO.3

(PEACHUM goes up stage L. FILCH sings C.)

Filch

'Tis woman that seduces all Mankind,  
By her we first were taught the wheed-  
ling Arts  
Her very eyes can cheat; when most  
she is kind  
She tricks us of our money with our  
hearts.

For her, like wolves by night we roam  
for Prey,  
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her  
charms;  
For suits of Love, like Law, are won  
by Pay,  
And Beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

(At end of song FILCH skips off R.)

Peachum

(Calls after him)

Make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend;

(Coming down stage C.)

for I love to make them easy one way or other.

(PEACHUM crosses and sits bench D.R.)

But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next Sessions. I hate a lazy Rogue, by whom one can get nothing 'till he is hang'd. A Register of the Gang.

(Reading)

Peachum (Cont.)

Slippery Sam; he goes off the next Sessions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls honest employment. A cart is absolutely necessary for him.

(MRS. PEACHUM appears and crosses down  
rostrum steps to PEACHUM)

Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty.

Mrs. Peachum

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

Peachum

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

Mrs. Peachum

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

AIR NO.4

(When this air is sung, the succeeding one should be omitted, and vice-versa.)

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

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

Peachum

What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever look'd upon the worse for killing a man in his own defense; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peachum

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

Peachum

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

Mrs. Peachum

Yes, my dear; and though the bank hath stopt payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain! If he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour, he hath promis'd to make one this evening with Polly and me, and Bob Booty at a party of Quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

Peachum

The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich, Marybone and the chocolate-houses are his undoing.

Mrs. Peachum

Really, I am sorry upon Polly's account the Captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with Lords and Gentlemen? He should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peachum

(Crosses to MRS. PEACHUM)

Upon Polly's account! What a plague does the woman mean? Upon Polly's account?

Mrs. Peachum

Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peachum

And what then?

Mrs. Peachum

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

Peachum

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

Mrs. Peachum

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

Mrs. Peachum (Cont.)  
(She curtseys and sings C.)

AIR NO.5\*

If Love the Virgin's heart invade,  
How, like a moth, the simple maid  
Still plays about the flame!  
If soon she be not made a' wife  
Her honor's sing'd and then for life  
She's a what I dare not name.

(\*When this air is sung, Air 3  
should be omitted.)

Peachum

(Rises and crosses to MRS. PEACHUM)

Look ye, wife. A handsome wench in our way of business is as profitable as at the Bar of a Temple Coffee-House. My daughter to me should be, like a Court Lady to a Minister of State, a key to the whole gang. Married! If the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbors.

Mrs. Peachum

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

Peachum

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

(Hands handkerchiefs to MRS. PEACHUM and  
EXITS P.)

Mrs. Peachum

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

(Crosses to bench - sings sitting bench L.)

AIR NO.6

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

(MRS. PEACHUM crosses to C. FILCH appears  
door L. and is brought to C. by MRS. PEACHUM)

Mrs. Peachum

Come hither, Filch  
(To AUDIENCE)

I am as fond of this child as though my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-finger'd as a juggler.

(To FINCH)

If an unlucky Session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in History. Where was your post last night, my boy?

Filch

I ply'd at the Opera, Madam; and considering 'twas neither dark, nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These handkerchiefs, Madam.

(Gives a string of handkerchiefs to her)

Mrs. Peachum

Color'd ones, I see. They are of sure sale among the Seamen.

Filch

And this snuff box,

Mrs. Peachum

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

Filch

I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Plague take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forc'd to make my escape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then, since I was pump't, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

(Dances a hornpipe step)

Mrs. Peacham

You should go to Hockley in the Hole, or the dice houses of Marybone, child, to learn Valor. These are the schools that have bred so many brave men. But, hark you, my lad. Don't tell me a lie; for you know I hate a liar. Do you know anything that hath pass'd between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch

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

Mrs. Peachum

But when the honor of our family is concern'd--

Filch

I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever she comes to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honor by betraying anybody.

Mrs. Peachum

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

(she drags FILCH off door L.)

(POLLY appears up R. Goes C. followed by PEACHUM to L.)

Polly

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

(POLLY sings C. PEACHUM crosses, sits bench D.R.)

AIR NO.7

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

Peachum

(Rises and crosses to POLLY)

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

(MRS. PEACHUM appears door L. and quickly moves down stage)

AIR NO.8

DUET.

Mrs. Peachum  
(In a very great passion)

Our Polly is a sad slut! not heeds  
what we have taught her.

PEACHUM

I wonder any man alive will ever  
rear a daughter.  
For she must have both hoods and  
gowns and hoops to swell her pride,  
With scarfs and stays and gloves and  
lace; and she'll have men beside;  
And when she's drest with care and  
cost, all tempting fine and gay,  
As men should serve a Cowcumber, she  
flings herself away.

Our Polly is a sad slut, &c.

You baggage! you hussy! You inconsiderable Jade! had you been  
hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your  
misfortune; but to do such a bad thing by choice! The wench is  
married, husband.

(POLLY moves up C.)

Peachum

Married! the Captain is a bold man, and will risk anything for  
money; to be sure he believes her a fortune.

(goes up to POLLY'S R.)

Do you think your mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so  
long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

Mrs. Peachum

I knew she was always a proud slut; and now the wench hath play'd  
the fool and married, because forsooth she would do like the Gen-  
try. Can you support the expense of a husband, hussy, in gaming,  
drinking and whoring? Have you money enough to carry on the  
daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? If  
you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family  
but a highwayman? Why, thou foolish Jade, thou wilt be as ill-  
used and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord!

Peachum

(Crosses to MRS. PEACHUM and back, (A)  
then up to POLLY)

Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency.  
(A) Tell me, Hussy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. Peachum

With Polly's fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting slut!  
(Crosses upstage to POLLY)

Peachum

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

Polly

(Screaming)

Oh!

Mrs. Peachum

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

Peachum

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

AIR NO.9

Polly

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

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

Mrs. Peachum

Then all the hopes of our family are gone forever and ever!

Peachum

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



Polly

I did not marry him - as 'tis the fashion - coolly and deliberately for honor or money. But, I love him.

Mrs. Peachum

Love him! Worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh, husband, husband! her Folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself -- Oh!

(Faints)

Peachum

See, wench, to what a condition you have reduc'd your poor mother! A glass of cordial, this instant! How the poor woman takes it to heart!

(POLLY goes out at door R. and returns with tray and glasses to down R.C.)

Peachum

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

(Drinks, then takes glass to MRS. PEACHUM.  
He raises her to a sitting position in which she drinks)

Polly

Give her another glass, Sir! My Mama drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This you see, fetches her.

Mrs. Peachum

(Speaks, whilst getting up)

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

AIR NO.10

Mrs. Peachum

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

Polly and Mrs. Peachum

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

Mrs. Peachum

The wiles of men we should resist,  
Be woo'd at length but never won.

But he so teaz'd me, etc.

Mrs. Peachum  
Not wigh a highwayman - You sorry slut!

(POLLY moves up C.)

Peachum  
A word with you, wife.

(MRS. PEACHUM crosses to him)  
'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

Mrs. Peachum  
Yes, indeed, the sex is frail. But the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do as she pleases.

Peachum  
Make yourself a little easy;  
(BOTH to L.)  
I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights.  
(Crosses to R. then crosses to POLLY)  
Why so melancholy, Polly? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavor to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peachum  
(Goes down L., turns inwards to face POLLY.  
Walks up to POLLY'S L.)  
Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.-- Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

Polly  
Then all my sorrows are at an end.

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

AIR NO.11

Polly

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

Peachum

I hear customers. Go, talk with 'em, Polly; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone.

(EXIT POLLY through door R.)

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

Mrs. Peachum

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

Peachum

But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations, there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. Peachum

I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should die in a Session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peachum

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

(MRS. PEACHUM goes L. and sits on bench)

AIR NO.12

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

DANCE.

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

(POLLY RE-ENTERS from Door R. to C.)

Polly

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

Peachum

There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters must not be left as they are. You are married, then it seems?

Polly

Yes, Sir.

Peachum

And how do you propose to live, child?

Polly

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

Mrs. Peachum

(Rises)

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

Peachum

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

Polly

I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Peachum

Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly

But I love him, Sir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peachum

Parting with him! Why, this is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits.

(Moves to down R. to audience)

Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow, whenever she pleas'd? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

Polly

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

Peachum

(Walks back to POLLY'S R. close to her)

Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next Sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly

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

Peachum

Fie, Polly! What hath murder to do in the affair?

(Walks to down R.)

Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I daresay, the Captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. So that there is no Malice in the case.

Mrs. Peachum

Ay, husband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR NO.13

Polly

(Two verses sung kneeling first to MRS. PEACHUM R. and then TO PEACHUM L.)

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

(Repeat for Second Verse)

Mrs. Peachum

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

Polly

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

AIR NO.14

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

Polly

(Rising and moving up C.)

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

Mrs. Peachum

(Rising)

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

Polly

But hear me, Mother -- if you ever lov'd--

Mrs. Peachum

Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin.

(Moving up L. of POLLY with arms raised to audience)

One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peachum

Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is propos'd to you.

Mrs. Peachum

Away, hussy. Hang your husband and be dutiful.

(She takes PEACHUM down stage L. POLLY listens)

The thing, husband, must and shall be done. We must have him peach'd the next Session without her consent. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peachum

But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man.

Mrs. Peachum

But in a case of necessity - our own lives are in danger.

Peachum

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

Mrs. Peachum

I'll undertake to manage Polly.

(Speaks last line at door L. and EXITS)

Peachum

And I'll prepare matters for the Old Baily.

(He exits door R.)

Polly

Now I'm a wretch, indeed - Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! I

-(Cont.)-

## Polly (Cont.)

hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! - What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace! - I see him at the tree! The whole circle are in tears! -- even butchers weep! -- Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee, by a reprieve. What then will become of Polly! --

(Moves a little towards C.)

He intended to lie conceal'd in my room, 'till the dusk of the evening, I'll this instant let him out.

(She runs out at door R. returns to C., throws a kiss towards door. Gets stool from above door R. places it C. curtseys and runs out at door R. She re-enters leading MACHEATH by the hand, who enters singing as follows:-)

AIR NO.15

Macheath

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

Polly

Without disguise (On repeat, POLLY  
sits on his left knee)  
Heaving sighs,  
Doting eyes,  
My constant heart discover,  
Fondly let me loll!

Macheath

O pretty, pretty Poll.

Polly

(Rises)

And are you as fond as ever, my dear?

Macheath

(Rises, raises stool and puts it down at end  
of speech)

Suspect my honor, my courage, suspect anything but my love. --  
May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I  
am pursu'd, if I ever forsake thee!

Polly

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

AIR NO.16

Macheath

(Bows to POLLY up S.C. and crosses D.S. for song)

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

(Goes up stage to POLLY)

Polly

Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you -- could you?

Macheath

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

(He kisses POLLY'S hands and crosses D.S. R.)

AIR NO.17

Macheath

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

Polly

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

Macheath

And I would love you all the day,

Polly

Every night would kiss and play,

Macheath

If with me you'd fondly stray,



(THEY skip to R.)

Polly

Over the hills and far away.

(REPEAT. MACHEATH and POLLY skip to L.)

Polly

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

Macheath

How! Part!

Polly

We must, we must -- My Papa and Mama are preparing evidence  
against thee. Thy life depends upon a moment. One kiss and  
then - one kiss - begone - farewell.

Macheath

My hand, my heart, my dear, is so riveted to thine, that I can-  
not unloose my hold.

Polly

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

Macheath

Must I then go?

Polly

And will not absence change your love?

Macheath

If you doubt it, let me stay - and be hang'd.

Polly

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

AIR NO.18

Oh what Pain it is to part!  
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?  
O what pain it is to part!  
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?  
But lest death my love should thwart,  
And bring thee to the fatal cart,  
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding  
heart!

Fly hence and let me leave thee.

(SYMPHONY. BOTH move to doors R. and L. Pose  
on last chord looking at one another.)

C U R T A I N .

ACT TWO  
SCENE ONE

SCENE: A Tavern near Newgate.

AT RISE: FILCH, JEMMEY TWITCHER,  
CROOK-FINGER'D JACK, WAT DREARY,  
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED,  
HENRY PADINGTON, MATT OF THE MINT,  
BEN BUDGE, and the rest of the  
GANG.

CHORUS discovered dancing in line.  
At end of song, MEN move to table  
D.R. FILCH and HIGHWAYMAN remain C.

AIR NO.19

CHORUS: "Fill every glass."

Highwayman

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

Filch

Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelvemonth, and so  
clever a made fellow he was, that I could not save him from those  
fleaing Rascals the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the  
specimens at Surgeons Hall.

Highwayman

So it seems, his time was come.

Filch

But the present time is ours, and no body alive hath more. Why  
are the Laws levell'd at us? Are we more dishonest than the rest  
of Mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the Law of  
Arms, and the Right of Conquest.

Highwayman

Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers?

Filch

Sound men, and true!

Highwayman

Of try'd courage and indefatigable industry!

Filch

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

Highwayman

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

Filch

Show me a gang of Courtiers that can say as much.

Highwayman

Every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Filch

We retrench the superfluities of mankind. Money was made for the free-hearted and generous, and where is the injury of taking from another, what he hath not the heart to make use of?

Highwayman

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

AIR NO.20 (Second Version)

Filch

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

(Optional. Not to be sung when  
first chorus is encored.)

Chorus

Fill every glass, &c.

(NOISE OF HORSE HOOFS. All listen in various  
defensive attitudes)

(MACHEATH ENTERS door L.)

Macheath

Gentlemen, well met. My heart hath been with you this hour; but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

(CHORUS sits. MACHEATH is D.L. FILCH is C.)

Filch

We were just breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honor of taking the air with you.

Macheath

I was to have been of that party -- but --

Filch

But what, sir?

Macheath

Is there any man who suspects my courage?

(THE MEN shout "No.")

Filch

We have all been witnesses of it.

Macheath

My honor and truth to the gang?

THE MEN shout "No!")

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

(CHORUS "N-n-no!")

(FILCH conducts a definite "No." CHORUS provide a very indefinite one)

Filch

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

Macheath

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

Filch

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

Macheath

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

Filch

He knows nothing of this meeting.

Macheath

We have had a slight difference and 'till it is accommodated, I shall be oblig'd to keep out of his way. Business cannot go on without him.

Filch

I grant you, he is of great convenience to us.

Macheath

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

Filch

Your instructions shall be observ'd. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so 'till the evening at our quarters, in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Macheath

I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.  
(Sits down melancholy at the table)

All

Good luck!

Filch

Gentlemen, let us take the road.

AIR NO.21

(At first note, CHORUS rise and cross in single file to L. where they line facing house. Towards end, march out through door L. cross to R. single file)

Matt and Chorus

(As they go)

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

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

Macheath

What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundly bit. - I love the sex. And a man who loves money, might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town perhaps have been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any Recruiting Officer in the Army. If it were not for us, and the other Gentlemen of the Sword, Drury Lane would be uninhabited.

(Sits D.R.)

AIR NO.22

If the heart of a man is deprest with  
cares  
The mist is dispell'd when a woman ap-  
pears;  
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly,  
sweetly  
Raises the spirits, and charms our Ears,  
-(Cont.)-

Macheath (Cont.)

Roses and Lilies her cheeks disclose,  
But her ripe lips are more sweet than  
those

Press her  
Caress her,  
With Blissés,  
Her Kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them.

(ENTER DRAWER to L.C. from L.)

Is the Porter gone for all the ladies according to my directions?

Drawer

I expect him back every minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley in the Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-Yard and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's Lane.

(Bell. CHORUS laugh off S.R.)

Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come I will show them up. Coming, coming.

(MACHEATH rises and takes a position up S.)

(ENTER MRS. COAXER)

Macheath

Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome. You look charmingly today.

(ENTER DOLLY TRULL C.)

Dolly! Kiss me, you slut! are you as amorous as ever, hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal anything else.- Ah, Dolly, thou wilt ever be a coquette!

(MRS. VIXEN ENTERS)

Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours, I always lov'd a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguey wives.

(ENTER BETTY DOXY)

Betty, tell me, do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to a good wholesome beer; for in troth, Betty, strong waters will in time ruin your constitution. You should leave those to your betters.

Macheath (Cont.)

(JENNY DIVER ENTERS)

What! and my pretty Jenny Diver too! As prim and demure as ever! There is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctify'd look, with a more mischievous heart. Ah, Jenny! thou art a dear artful hypocrite.

(MRS. SLAMMEKIN, SUKY TAWDRY, and MOLLY BRAZEN ENTER)

Mrs. Slammekin! Suky Tawdry! Molly Brazen!

MUSIC NO.23.

(She kisses him)

That's well done. I love a free-hearted wench. Thou hast a most agreeable assurance girl, and art as willing as a turtle-  
But hark! I hear music. If music be the food of love, play on.  
Ere you seat yourselves, Ladies, what think you of a dance? I dote on dancing. Play the French tune, that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of.

AIR NO.24

Macheath and Chorus.

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

Let us drink and sport today  
Ours is not tomorrow  
Love with youth files swift away,  
Age is nought but sorrow.  
Dance and sing,  
Time's on the wing,  
Life never knows the return of Spring

DANCE.

Macheath

Now, pray ladies, take your places. Drawer, bring us more wine.

Betty

I dote upon drinking!

Macheath

If any of the ladies choose gin, I hope they will be so free as to call for it.

Jenny

(Crosses to MACHEATH)

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

Macheath

Just the excuse of the fine ladies! Why, a lady of quality is never without the colic.

(Crosses R. sits at table)

I hope Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the Mercers.

Coaxer

We have so many interlopers. - Yet with industry one may still have a little picking.

Vixen

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

Brazen

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

AIR NO.25

Brazen

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

Vixen

Why how now, saucy Jade;  
 Sure the wench is tipsy!  
 How can you see me made (To Him)  
 The scoff of such a gipsy?  
 Saucy Jade! (To Her)

(At end of number, tug of war up stage.  
 MACHEATH breaks line and comes D.S. C.)



Macheath

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

Jenny

'tis not convenient, Sir, for me to show my fondness among so many rivals.

AIR NO.26

Jenny and Chorus.

Before the barn-door crowing,  
The cock by hens attended,  
His eyes around him throwing,  
Stands for a while suspended.  
Then one he singles from the crew,  
And cheers the happy hen;  
With how do you do, and how do you do,  
And how do you do again.

DANCE.

Macheath

(Embraces her)

Ah, Jenny! Thou art a dear slut.

Jenny

(Binding a handkerchief over his eyes)

Catch me if you can!

(THE GIRLS push him around until he is seized by PEACHUM, who has entered C. followed by TURNKEY.)

Peachum

I seize you, Sir, as my prisoner.

Macheath

Was this well done, Jenny? -- Women are decoy ducks! Who can trust them! Beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies!

Peachum

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

(Struggle. MACHEATH shakes off TURNKEY who goes to rostrum. MACHEATH, held by PEACHUM, sings song C.)

Macheath

AIR NO.27

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

(EXIT. JENNY throws pistol down and sobs on  
table as CURTAIN FALLS).

ACT DROP DOWN.

NO. 28 INTERLUDE.

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

SCENE: Newgate. Small table and two stools D. Stage R. Stool L.

AT RISE: LOCKIT discovered sitting stool L. ENTER MACHEATH with JAILOR up R. to C. LOCKIT rises)

NO. 29 CURTAIN MUSIC.

Lockit

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

Macheath

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

Lockit

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

(Holds out his hand)

Macheath

I understand you, Sir.

(Gives money)

The fees here are so many that few fortunes can bear the expense of dying like a gentleman.

Lockit

Those, I see, will fit the Captain better - Take down the further pair. Do but examine them, Sir - Never was better work - How genteely they are made! -- They will fit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them.

(He puts on the chains)

If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, Sir - I now leave you to your private meditations.

(Exits door L. followed by Turnkey)

(MACHEATH struggles with chains, gives up the effort, crosses to stool R. and sings)

AIR NO.30

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

To what a woeful plight have I brought myself! Here must I - all day long, 'till I am hang'd - be confin'd to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door -- I am in the custody of her father and to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution -- But I promis'd the wench marriage -- What signifies a promise to a woman?

(Crash and voices off L.)

Lucy, and I cannot get from her. Wou'd I were deaf!

(LUCY ENTERS L.)

Lucy

You base man, you - how can you look me in the face after what hath passed between us? O Macheath,

(Crosses to him)

thou hast robb'd me of my quiet -- to see thee tortur'd would give me pleasure.

AIR NO.31

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

Macheath

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

Lucy

A husband?

Macheath

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

Lucy

'Tis the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruin'd.

(Sings C. and sits stool L. at end)

NO. 1 APPENDIX VOCAL SCORE.

(Omitted when preceding air is sung)

How cruel are the traitors  
Who lie and swear in jest  
To cheat unguarded creatures  
Of virtue, fame and rest!  
Whoever steals a shilling,  
Through shame the guilt conceals;  
In love the perj' d villain  
With boasts the theft reveals.

Oh, how I long to be made an honest woman.

Macheath

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

Lucy

(Rises and crosses to him)

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

Macheath

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

Lucy

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

Macheath

Married! Very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee.

NO.2 APPENDIX V.S. (OPTIONAL)

The first time at the looking glass  
The mother sets her daughter,  
The image strikes the smiling lass  
With self-love ever after.  
Each time she looks, she fonder grown,  
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger.  
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your  
own  
Can see you are not younger.

To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the Chaplain, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequences of having two at a time.

Lucy

That you are only to be hang'd, and so get rid of them both.

Macheath

I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction -

(Leading her to up R.)

if you think there is any in marriage. -- What can a man of honor say more?

(EXIT LUCY and MACHEATH A. PEACHUM and LOCKIT  
ENTER. LOCKIT with an account book)

Lockit

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

Peachum

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

(THEY sit at table down R. LOCKIT R.  
PEACHUM L.)

Lockit

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

Peachum

This long arrear of the Government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we would hang our acquaintance for nothing.

Lockit

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

Peachum

In one respect indeed our employment may be reckon'd dishonest, because, like great Statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lockit

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

NO. 3 APPENDIX may be sung here.

Peachum

Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see. He told me in the Condemn'd Hold, that for value receiv'd, you had promis'd him a Session or two longer without molestation.

Lockit  
 Mr. Peachum--this is the first time my honor was ever call'd in question.

Peachum  
 Business is at an end - if once we act dishonorably.

Lockit  
 Who accuses me?

Peachum  
 You are warm, brother.

Lockit  
 He that attacks my honor, attacks my livelihood. And this usage-- Sir -- is not to be borne.  
 (Rises and moves down R. having thumped table with fist)

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

Lockit  
 (Following him to C.)  
 Is this language to me sirrah -- who have sav'd you from the gallows, sirrah!  
 (Collaring each other)

Peachum  
 If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal.

Lockit  
 This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you -- you dog!  
 (When LOCKIT collars him, PEACHUM goes on his knees L.C.)

Peachum  
 Brother, brother -- We are both in the wrong -- We shall be both losers in the dispute -- for you know we have it in our power to hang each other.

(LOCKIT releases PEACHUM and moves to R.C.)  
 PEACHUM rises)  
 You should not be so passionate.

Lockit

Nor you so provoking.

Peachum

If I said anything, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself.

Lockit

(Holds out his hand)

Brother Peachum - Give me your hand.

AIR NO. 32.

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

DANCE.

(EXIT PEACHUM. LOCKIT goes to door L. shakes his fist after PEACHUM and sits on stool down L.)

(LUCY enters up R. She moves down R.C.)

Lockit

Whence come you, hussy?

Lucy

My tears might answer that question.

Lockit

(Rises and moves up L. takes handcuffs and polishes them)  
You have been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel, over the fellow that hath abus'd you.

Lucy

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



Lockit

Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman.

(LUCY sits on stool L. of table. He stands C.)

'Tis not the fashion nowadays, so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. -- So, I think you must ev'n do like other widows -- buy yourself weeds and be cheerful.

AIR NO.33

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

(Showing LUCY out up R.)

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

(EXITS D.S. C.)

(MACHEATH ENTERS with LUCY and crosses D.S. C.)

Lucy

Though the Chaplain be not yet returned from the George and Dragon, I hope, my dear, you will upon the first opportunity, quiet my scruples - Oh, sir! -- my father's hard heart is not to be soften'd, and I am in the utmost despair.

Macheath

Would not twenty guineas, think you, move him? Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing -- Your Father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable sum in the year.

Lucy

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

(POLLY appears door L.)

Polly

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

(Crosses to him)

'Tis thy Polly, - 'Tis thy wife.

Macheath

Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy  
Was there ever such another villain!

Polly  
O Macheath! Was it for this we parted? Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee 'till death.

AIR NO.34

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

Macheath  
(Aside)  
I must disown her.  
(to LUCY aside)  
The wench is distracted.

Lucy  
Am I then bilk'd of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure man were born to lie and women to believe them! O villain! villain!

(Up to MACHEATH)

Polly  
(Up to MACHEATH)  
Am I not thy wife? Look on me -- tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy  
Perfidious wretch!

Polly  
Barbarous husband!

Lucy  
Hadst thou been hang'd five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly  
And I, too.

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

Macheath  
If woman's tongues can cease for an answer - hear me.

Polly

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

AIR NO.35

Macheath

How happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away.  
But while you thus tease me together,  
To neither a word will I say;  
But tol de rol, &c.

Polly

Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shown to a wife.

Lucy

Oh villain, villain! thou hast deceiv'd me -- I could even in-  
form against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heart-  
ily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance than I now  
wish to have facts against thee.

AIR NO.36

Polly

I'm bubbled.

Lucy

I'm bubbled!

Polly

Oh how I am troubled!

Lucy

Bambouzled, and bit!

Polly

My distresses are doubled.

Lucy

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

Polly

I'm bubbled, & C.

(BOTH cross to PROSC.)

Lucy

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

Polly

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

Lucy

If you are determin'd, Madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be oblig'd to send for the Turnkey to show you the door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly

Give me leave to tell you, Madam:

(Courtsey)

These forward airs don't become you in the least, Madam. And my duty, Madam -

(Repeats curtseys as marked, each time more defiantly, finally runs up to MACHEATH round to his Left)

obliges me to stay with my husband, Madam--

(Curtsey)

AIR NO.37

Polly

Cease your funning;  
Force or cunning  
Never shall my heart trapan

All these sallies  
Are but malice  
To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain  
By their flirting  
Women oft have envy shown  
Pleas'd, to ruin  
Others wooing;  
Never happy in their own!

(PEACHUM ENTERS L. LOCKIT R.)

Peachum

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

Polly

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

Peachum

Sure all women are alike! If ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another -- Away -- Not a word more!

AIR NO.38

Polly and Ensemble.

No power on earth can e'er divide  
The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.  
When parents draw against our mind,  
The true-love's knot they faster bind,  
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah - oh, oh, &c.

(PEACHUM drags POLLY to L. LOCKIT drags LUCY  
to R. MACHEATH left C.)

ACT DROP DOWN.

(Momentary interval only.)

ACT TWO

SCENE THREE

AT RISE: LUCY and MACHEATH discovered embraced C.

Macheath

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

Lucy

Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled.

Macheath

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

Lucy

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

Macheath

But could'st thou bear to see me hang'd?

Lucy

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

Macheath

Lucy; in the account of love you are in my debt, make me if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee - if you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy

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

Macheath

Would it were possible! but if we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie conceal'd. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee - 'Till then my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy

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

(She goes down L.)

Macheath

A moment of time lost, may make us unhappy forever.

AIR NO.39 MELODRAMA

(LUCY strikes his chains and takes them out L. Both EXIT R.)

(Lights change. LUCY crosses with key and lamp to L., followed by MACHEATH. THEY again enter and cross front stage R to L. MACHEATH with valise and coat.)

C U R T A I N

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

SCENE: A gaming house. Wall flats at back, away, large rostrum behind pillars backed by flats or curtains, steps down to stage.

AT RISE: On rostrum MRS. VIXEN R. BETTY, MRS. TRAPES sitting L. CHORUS discovered dancing.

Solo and Chorus.

AIR NO. 40

In a humour I was of late,  
As many good fellows be,  
To think of no matters of state,  
But to seek for good company.  
Which best might seek my mind.  
So I travelled up and down,  
But no company could I find  
Till I came to the sight of the Crown.

For drinking will make a man quaff  
And quaffing will make a man sing  
And singing will make a man laugh  
And laughing long life doth bring.

Says old Sir Simon the King  
Says old Sir Simon the King,  
With his ale-dropt hose and his  
Malmsey nose,  
"Sing hey ding-a-ding a-ding-ding.

(DANCE, after which CHORUS move up to rostrum)

(ENTER MACHEATH with mask)

(FILCH enters R. attracts MACHEATH'S attention  
and shows empty pockets)

Macheath

I'm sorry the road was so barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I'm always glad if my fortune can be serviceable to them.

(CHORUS creep down and listen)



Filch

It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involved in such difficulties as oblige him to herd with gamesters.

Macheath

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

AIR NO. 41

DUET. MACHEATH FILCH and CHORUS.

Macheath

The modes of the Court so common are  
grown  
That a true friend can hardly be met;  
Friendship for interest is but a loan  
Which they let out for what they can  
get.

Filch

'Tis true, you find  
Some friend so kind,  
Who will give you good counsel them-  
selves to defend,  
In sorrowful ditty,  
They promise, they pity,  
But shift you for money, from friend  
to friend.

Macheath

Envy and hate are scarcely restrain'd  
Gratitude's claims avail not a jot;  
Friendship is valued for what may be  
gained,  
Benefits given are quickly forgot.

Filch

'Tis true, you find, &c.

Mrs. Trapes.

(Coming down to MACHEATH. HE puts up his mask)  
A nobleman? Son of a noble father, who frowns on the follies of  
a youth of spirit?

Macheath

Just so. But I fear I am somewhat of a greenhorn and know not  
profoundly the ways of these places.

Mrs. Trapes  
Pass along, Greenhorn. Tempt the jade fortune; tickle her ribs.

(MACHEATH joins players. Laughter)

The turn of his pretty leg pleases me. But, alas, poor man, there is a price upon his head, and I am but a poor woman.

(She draws the curtain. Inner tableau curtain cutting off rostrum and steps)

NO.42 INCIDENTAL MUSIC (See  
"Whistle" for Peachum off stage)

(ENTER PEACHUM and LOCKIT R.)

Peachum

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

Mrs. Trapes

I take as large draughts of liquor as I did of love. I hate a flincher in either.

NO.43

TRIO. MRS. TRAPES, PEACHUM & LOCKIT.

In the days of my youth I could bill  
like a dove, fa, la, la, &cc.

(See Vocal Score)

Like a sparrow at all times was ready  
for love, fa, la, la, &c.

The life of all mortals in kissing  
should pass,

Lip to lip while we're young, then  
the lip to the glass, fa, la, &c.

DANCE DURING REFRAIN.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to business.

(Pointing to curtain, from behind which  
laughter is heard)

An intimate acquaintance of yours - Captain Macheath, as fine  
as a lord.

Lockit

Macheath in your house.

Peachum

Tomorrow, dear Mrs. Dye, you shall set your own price on any of  
the goods you like. We have at least half a dozen velvet scarfs,  
and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a  
present of a suit of night clothes for your own wearing?

-(cont.)-

Peachum (Cont.)

(Takes packet out of his pocket and gives it to her)

But are you sure it is the Captain?

Mrs. Trapes

(Undoing parcel which contains night dress)

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

Peachum

Mr. Lockit and I have a little business with the Captain; you understand me.

Lockit

Depend upon it, we'll deal like men of honor. Bring him to us - entice him.

Mrs. Trapes

Entice him.

(To PEACHUM - struck with a sudden idea)

A wench.

(Putting night dress on PEACHUM)

It hath always been my maxim, that one friend should assist another.

Peachum

Only bring out the Captain.

(Crosses to LOCKIT)

(EXIT MRS. TRAPES L.)

Heaven smiles, at midnight.

Lockit

Brother Peachum, it is a just world. Would I had such luck at the dice as is ours tonight.

(PEACHUM holds pistol behind his back and pretends to swoon in LOCKIT'S arms)

Mrs. Trapes

(Entering with MACHEATH)

A most fair wench, in her shift - Fainting from love.

(MACHEATH goes to PEACHUM and LOCKIT, who spring at him and seize him)

(CHORUS ENTER from the right and left singing the second part of "LILLI-BULLERO," finally forming picture pointing at MACHEATH.)

C U R T A I N

NO.44 INTERLUDE.

ACT THREE

SCENE TWO

NO.45 FOR CURTAIN.

SCENE: NEWGATE PRISON.

AT RISE: LUCY discovered up stage  
R. She crosses D.S. C. for song.

Lucy

Jealousy, rage, love and fear are at once tearing me to pieces.  
How I am weather-beaten and shatter'd with distress!

AIR NO. 46

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,  
Now high, now low, with each billow  
born,  
With her rudder broke and her anchor  
lost,  
Deserted and all forlorn,  
While thus I lie rolling and tossing  
all night,  
That Polly lies sporting on seas of  
delight;  
Revenge, revenge, revenge,  
Shall appease my restless sprite.

(JAILOR ENTERS R.)

Jailor

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

Lucy

Show her in.

(POLLY enters)

Dear Madam, your servant.

Polly

I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we  
met last, Madam, had not my Papa hauled me away so unexpectedly.

Lucy

I have no excuse for my own behaviour.

(POLLY sighs. LUCY takes POLLY to stool R.  
where she sits)

Indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low. Let me  
prevail upon you to accept a glass of cordial.

AIR NO. 47

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

(Going to POLLY and putting her hands on her  
 shoulders)

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits. - And I  
 must persuade you to what I know will do you good.

(Crosses to door L. before speaking)

I have the Rats-bane ready. I shall now soon be even with the  
 hypocritical strumpet.

(Aside)

(She exits through door L.)

Polly

(Rises and moves D.S. C. before speaking)

All this wheedling of Lucy cannot be for nothing. -- At this time  
 too! when I know she hates me! -- The dissembling of a woman is  
 always the fore-runner of mischief. - By pouring strong-waters  
 down my throat, she thinks to pump some secrets out of me.

(Moving towards stool R.)

I'll be upon my guard and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm  
 resolv'd.

(Sits)

(ENTER LUCY with strong-waters, L.)

Lucy

Come, Miss Polly.

Polly

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

Lucy

Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking  
 a cup of strong-waters as a lady before company. I vow, Polly,  
 I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me.

Polly

I protest, Madam, it goes against me.

(ENTER MACHEATH between LOCKIT and PEACHUM  
 up R.)

What do I see! Macheath again in custody! -- Now every glim'ring  
 of happiness is lost.

Lockit

Set your heart to rest, Captain -- You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, -- for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

(THE WOMEN rush up to MACHEATH)

Peachum

Away, hussies! -- This is not a time for a man to be hamper'd with his wives. - You see, the gentleman is in chains already.

AIR NO. 48

"Hither, dear Husband."

Lucy

O husband, husband, my heart long'd to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me.

Polly

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

Macheath

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

Peachum

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

AIR NO. 49

Macheath

Which way shall I turn me -- How can I decide?

Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.

One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,

But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.

This way, and that way, and which way I will,

What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

Polly

(Crosses to PEACHUM L.)

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

Lucy

(Crosses to LOCKIT)

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

(Kneeling)

Lockit

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

Peachum

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

Lockit

We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the Old Baily.

(PEACHUM and LOCKIT rise and go to MACHEATH.  
A hand on each shoulder and escort him out  
to up R.)

Macheath

Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

AIR NO. 50 "Bonny Dundee."

"The charge is prepared," etc.  
See Vocal Score No.50.

(On EXIT, POLLY and LUCY rise and fly into one  
another's arms. FILCH ENTERS L.)

Polly

Follow them, Filch, to the court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behavior and of everything that happened - You'll find me here with Miss Lucy.

(EXIT FILCH)

MUSIC-HORNPIPE- NO.51 V.S. played  
through dialogue and afterwards for  
dance.

But why is all this music?

Lucy

The prisoners, whose trials are put off 'till next Session, are diverting themselves.

Polly

Sure there is nothing so charming as music! I'm fond of it to distraction! - But alas! - now, all mirth seems an insult upon  
-(cont.)-

Polly (Cont.)  
my affliction. Let us retire, my dear Lucy, and indulge our sor-  
rows. The noisy crew, you see, are coming upon us.

(LUCY and POLLY EXIT R.)

(A dance of PRISONERS in chains, etc.)

(CURTAIN DOWN while prisoners are still dancing,  
music continues during change of Scene.)

C U R T A I N

(THE BEGGAR ENTERS and sits in Proscenium corner  
in front of curtain L.)



ACT THREE

SCENE THREE

SCENE: The condemned hold.

AT RISE: MACHEATH discovered standing behind grill - up stage C.

AIR NO.52

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

Of all the friends in time of grief,  
When threatening death looks grimmer,  
Not one so sure can bring relief,  
As this best friend, a brimmer.  
(Drinks from tankard)

But can I leave my pretty hussies,  
Without one tear or tender sigh?  
Their eyes, their lips, their busses  
Recall my love -- Ah must I die!

(JAILOR ENTERS R.)

Jailor  
Some friends of yours, Captain, desire to be admitted--

(FILCH and HIGHWAYMAN ENTER. HIGHWAYMAN to  
L. of MACHEATH. FILCH to R. of him)

I leave you together.  
(EXITS)

Macheath  
For my having broke Prison, you see, gentlemen, I am order'd immediate execution. The sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door. Therefore, I beg you, look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some months longer.

Filch  
We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your misfortune. But 'tis what we must all come to.

Macheath  
Remember your dying friend! 'Tis my last request. - Bring those villains Peachum and Lockit to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Filch

We'll do't.

Jailor

Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you.

Macheath

Gentlemen, adieu.

(EXIT HIGHWAYMAN up L. FILCH up R. From R.  
ENTER LUCY to L. of MACHEATH POLLY to R.)

Macheath

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

Polly

How can I support this sight?

Lucy

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

AIR NO. 53

Lucy

Would I might be hang'd!

Polly

And I would so, too!

Lucy

To be hang'd with you.

Polly

My dear with you!

Macheath

O, leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I droop! -- See, my courage is out.

(Turns up the empty tankard)

Polly

No token of love?

Polly

Adieu

Lucy

Farewell

Macheath

But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

(ENTER FILCH)

Filch

Four more women, Captain, with a child apiece!

(ENTER WOMEN and CHILDREN)

Macheath

What -- four wives more! - This is too much - here - tell the Sheriff's Officers I am ready.

(EXITS Guarded R.)

(EXIT POLLY and LUCY to R.)

(Up stage tabs down.)

(ENTER FILCH and drags up BEGGAR from L.R.)

Player

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

Beggar

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

Player

Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy, the catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.

Beggar

Your objection, Sir, is very just, and is easily remov'd. -- So - cry a reprieve! -- let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph!

(EXIT FILCH to R.)

(ENTER LADIES of Town and HIGHWAYMEN. When all Chorus is on, Tabs up. Curtains up stage.)

(MACHEATH discovered on Rostrum under gallows with rope round neck. LUCY on step L. POLLY on step R.)

(On entry of FILCH R. crying "A reprieve" MACHEATH comes D.S.C., speaking, he is surrounded by his wives. For song, same position)

Macheath

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

(Takes POLLY by the hand)

All

Come, a dance -- a dance!

AIR NO. 54

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

Chorus

But think of this maxim, &c.

(THE GALLOWES is converted into a Maypole round which the characters dance. See Vocal Score.)

F I N I S

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