



Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!

TOM THUMB.

A Burlesque Burletta,

IN ONE ACT.

ALTERED FROM HENRY FIELDING,

BY

KANE O'HARA.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden,)

LONDON.

93702

TOM THUMB.

First performed at the Haymarket Theatre, 1730.

KING ARTHUR	<i>(a passionate sort of King, Husband to Queen Dollalolla, of whom he stands a little in fear; Father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of; and in love with Glumdalca)</i>	Mr. DOWTON.	Mr. MULLART.
TOM THUMB	<i>(a little Hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca)</i>	... MASTER WEST.	YOUNG VERHUYCK
MERLIN	<i>(a Conjuror, and in some sort Father to Tom Thumb)</i>	Mr. COOKE.	Mr. HALLAM.
LORD GRIZZLE	<i>(extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca)</i> Mr. MATHEWS.	Mr. JONES.
NOODLE	<i>(Courtiers in Place, and consequently of that party that is uppermost)</i>	Mr. PURSER. Mr. BANNISTER.	Mr. REYNOLDS. Mr. WATHEN.
GHOST OF GAFFER THUMB	<i>(a whimsical sort of Ghost)</i>	... QUEEN DOLLALOLLA	Mr. LACY.
PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA	<i>(Wife to King Arthur, and Mother to Huncamunca, a woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to drink; a little too much a virago towards her husband, and in love with Tom Thumb)</i>	MISS DE CAMP.	Mrs. MULLART.
GLUMDALCA	<i>(of the Giants, a Captive Queen, beloved by the King, but in love with Tom Thumb)</i>	... FRIZALETTA PLUMANTE	Mrs. MATHEWS. Mrs. BARRYMORE. Miss MENAGE. Miss SAUNDERS.
Ladies, Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder, and Lightning.			
SCENE—THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.			

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Costumes.

KING ARTHUR.—A crimson velvet square-cut coat, long waistcoat and breeches, all embroidered with gold, full-bottomed wig, three-cornered gold laced hat, red silk stockings, with gold clocks, gartered above the knee, red-heeled square-toed shoes, buckles, garter on the left leg, ribbon round the neck, lace cravat and ruffles, gauntlets, baton, and sword.

TOM THUMB.—Complete Roman dress, flesh legs, bare arms, gilt breast-plate, lambrequins, helmet and high plumes of feathers, sword, and sandals.

MERLIN.—Large black gown with cabalistic characters, high black cap with ditto, belt with ditto, gray wig, and long beard.

LORD GRIZZLE—An antique velvet court suit, satin embroidered waistcoat, scarlet clocked stockings, square-toed shoes and buckles, three-cornered hat, belt and sword.

NOODLE and DOODLE.—Square-cut court dresses, much like Grizzle's.

GHOST.—Smock frock, white face, lank grey wig, and countryman's hat.

QUEEN.—Full court suit of flowered satin, head dress fully curled and powdered, ornamented with various coloured feathers, a richly embroidered stomacher, hoop petticoat, high-heeled shoes, &c.

HUNGAMUNCA.—Richly embroidered court dress, after the same fashion.

GLUMDALCA.—Full hooped satin dress, with richly studded silver breast plate and helmet, with plume of feathers, sandals, &c.

FRIZALETTA and PLUMANTE.—Richly embroidered antique court dresses.

LADIES OF THE COURT.—Ibid.

TOM THUMB, to whose exploits we have listened with delight in our childhood, and witnessed on the stage with laughter and amusement in our later years, is a hero whose origin is enveloped in equal obscurity with that of many others of old and later time; rival nations contend for the honour of his birth, and rival antiquaries advance their several theories respecting him with equal confidence and pertinacity.

The Author of "*Tom Thumbe his Life and Death*," 8vo., 1630, asserts him to have been of British origin:

"In Arthur's Court, Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight."*

And the erudite commentator on that work, (*edit. 1711*) takes the same side of the question; but the learned namesake of our hero, **TOM HEARNE**, degrades him to the rank of a dwarf in the Court of King Edgar.† Mr. E. Taylor,‡ with greater probability, traces him to the Däumpling, or Little-Thumb, of the Northern nations, and considers him to have formed one of that hardy band of the descendants of Odin, whom Hengist and Horsa led into Britain. Leaving the decision of this important national question to the very learned, *The Society of Antiquaries*, and *The Royal Society of Literature*, we proceed to the history of the drama founded on his exploits.

The muse of Fielding, a name sacred to genius, first presented him before the world as a dramatic hero in 1730, in burlesque of the then favourite tragedies, filled with turgid and bombast speeches, and vapid declamations. To encounter these and drive them from the stage, no weapon was so proper as ridicule; and, wielded by such a hand, none was more effective. The putting into the mouths of Arthur and his mock Court the same speeches parodied, or slightly altered, had the most ludicrous effect, and immediately succeeded in opening the eyes of the public to the glare and tinsel by which they had been dazzled. The genuine wit and satire in the piece, kept it a favourite long after the purpose which called it forth was answered; and, as altered by O'Hara, it is still deservedly popular with the play-going public.

The pencil of the Artist has in these times the power which in days of yore was ascribed to the wand of the enchanter Merlin—by it **TOM THUMB** is again called into an existence, which promises to be lasting as the well-earned fame of his facetious historian, **GEORGE CRUIKSHANK**.

* Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 8vo. 1791.

† Benedictus Abbas, *Appendix ad Praefationem*, p. lv.

‡ German Popular Stories, vol. i. notes.

Enter DOODLE, R., and NOODLE, L., meeting—They bow very formally, then embrace.

TOM THUMB.

SCENE.—*A Palace—Throne, c., and two state chairs; a sofa, r.*

Enter DOODLE, r., and NOODLE, l., meeting—They bow very formally, then embrace.

Duet.

DOODLE. Sure such a day,
So renowned, so victorious—
Such a day as this was never seen;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uproarious—
Nature seems to wear an universal grin.

NOODLE. Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbish and uxorious;
While both she and Huncamunca tipple, talking tawdry,
Even Mr. Sol,
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

DOOD. Oh, 'tis a day
Of jubilee, cajollery;
A day we never saw before;
A day of fun and drollery.

NOOD. That you may say,
Their majesties may boast of it;
And since it never can come more,
'Tis fit they make the most of it.

DOOD. Oh, 'tis a day, &c.

NOOD. That you may say, &c.

DOOD. Sure such a day, &c.

NOOD. Courtiers so gay, &c.

DOOD. Yes, Noodle, yes:—to-day the mighty Thumb
 Returns triumphant. Captive giants swarm
 Like bees behind his car. (*flourish of trumpets*)
 NOOD. But hark! These trumpets
 Speak the King at levee—I go.

DOOD. And I also—to offer my petition.

NOOD. Doodle, do. *Exeunt DOODLE and NOODLE, r.*

*Trumpets.—Enter KING ARTHUR, QUEEN, LORD GRIZZLE,
 COURTIERS, DOODLE and NOODLE, and ATTENDANTS, r.,
 in procession—they take their state.*

KING. (c.) Let no face but a face of joy be seen!
 The man who this day frowns shall lose his head,
 That he may have no face to frown withal—
 Smile, Dollalolla!

DOOD. (*kneeling*) Dread liege, this petition—

KING. (*dashes it away*) Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
 To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
 And this, our Queen, shall be as drunk as we.

QUEEN. (c.) Is't so? Why then perdition catch the failers.
 Let's have a rouse and get as drunk as tailors.

Air.—QUEEN.

What though I now am half seas o'er,
 I scorn to baulk this bout—
 Of stiff rack punch fetch bowls a score,
 'Fore George I'll see them out.
 'Fore George, &c.

But, sir, your queen 'twould ill become,
 T' indulge in vulgar sips;
 No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
 Should pass these royal lips.
 Shall pass, &c.

Chorus. Rum ti iddity row, row, row,—
 If we'd a sup, we'd take it now.

KING. Though rack in punch, ten shillings were a quart,
 And rum and brandy be but half a crown,
 Rather than quarrel thou shalt have thy fill.
 (*trumpets L.*)

NOOD. These martial sounds, my liege, announce the
 General.

KING. Haste we to meet, and meetly to receive him.
(rises and advances—Martial Music)

Enter TOM THUMB, GUARDS, and GLUMDALCA, in chains, in procession, L.

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb
 Thou tiny hero—pigmy giant-queller!

What gratitude can thank away the debt?

Thy valour puts upon us.

QUEEN. *(advances, R.—aside)* Oh! ye gods!

TOM. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough.

I've done my duty, and I've done no more. *(bows)*

QUEEN. Was ever such a god-like creature seen?

KING. *(c.)* Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit
 It shines itself, and shows thy merit too—

O Tom! what to thy prowess do we owe?

Ask some reward—great as we can bestow.

TOM. *(L. c.)* I ask not kingdoms—I can conquer those;
 I ask not money—money I've enough:

If this be call'd a debt, take my receipt in full.

I ask but this, to sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

KING. *(aside)* Prodigious bold request!

QUEEN. Be still, my soul!—*(goes up)*

KING. *(after a pause)* It is resolved! The princess is
 thy own.

TOM. O happy Tommy! Super happy Thumb!
 Whisper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!

The bloody business of grim war is o'er,

And beauty, heavenly beauty, crowns my toils.

Air.—Tom.

As when the chimney-sweeper

Has, all the live-long day,

Through darksome paths a creeper,

Pursued his sooty way—

At night to wash with water

His hands and face he flies;

And in his t'other tatter,

With his Brickdusta lies.

Flourish.—Exit Tom, L.

KING. (*looking fondly at GLUMDALCA, L.*) I feel a sudden
pain across my breast—

(*aside*) Nor know I whether it proceeds from love,
Or the wind cholic.—Hugeons Queen of Hearts,
Sure thou wer't made by all the gods in council :
Who having made a lucky hit, beyond their journey-
work.

Cried out—"This is a woman!"

GLUM. Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken—
We are a giantess.—I tell thee, Arthur,
We, yesterday, were both queen and wife ;
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway ;
Twenty whereof were wedded to ourself.

QUEEN. (r.) Oh, bless'd prerogative of giantism! (*aside*)
KING. Be cheer'd, vast princess. Think our court thy own,
Call for whate'er thou lik'st—there's naught to pay.
Nor art thou captive, but thy captive we.

(*takes off her chain*)

QUEEN. (*aside*) Ha ! Arthur faithless,
This hag my rival too, in dear Tom Thumb !
Revenge !—but I'll dissemble—— (*crosses to GLUM.*)
Madam, believe that with a woman's eye
I view your loss—take comfort—for to-morrow,
Our grenadiers shall be called out; then chuse
As many husbands as you think you'll want.

GLUM. (L.) Madam, I rest your much obliged servant.

Exit, L., with GUARDS.

QUEEN. (c.) Though greater yet Tom's boasted merit was,
He shall not have my daughter, that is pos.

(*advancing to the KING*)

KING. (r.) Ha ! say'st thou ?

QUEEN. Yes, I say ; he shan't.

KING. How, shan't !

Now, by our royal self, we swear he shall !

Air.—QUEEN.

Then tremble all, who weddings ever made,
And tremble more who did this match persuade ;
For, like a worried cat, I'll spit, I'll squall,
I'll scratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all !

Exit QUEEN and LADIES, L.

DOOD. Her majesty the queen is in a passion.
 KING. Be she, or be she not, who cares? We were, indeed,
 A pretty king of clouts, were we to truckle
 To all her maudlin humours!

Air.—KING.

We kings, who are in our senses,
 Mock our consorts' violences;
 Pishing at their moods and tenses,
 Our own will we follow.
 When the husband once gives way
 To his wife's capricious sway,
 For his breeches he next day
 May go whoop and holloa.

Exeunt KING, COURTIERS., &c., R.

Enter GRIZZLE, moody, L.

GRIZZLE. Arthur wrongs me—
 Cheats me of my Huncamunca!
 Rouse thee, Grizzle! 'Sblood! I'll be a rebel.
 Alas! what art thou, glory?
 A Monmouth-Street laced coat, gracing to-day
 My back—to-morrow, glittering on another's!
 To arms!—to arms!

Enter the QUEEN, in a rage, R.

QUEEN. Teach me to scold, O Grizzle!
 GRIZ. Scold, would my queen? Say, wherefore.
 QUEEN. Wherefore?
 Faggots and fire!—My daughter to Tom Thumb!
 GRIZ. I'll mince the atom into countless pieces.
 QUEEN. Oh, no; prevent the match, but hurt not him.
 Him!—Thou—Thou kill the man
 Who kill'd the giants?
 GRIZ. Giants! Why, madam, 'tis all my eye and Betty
 Martin!
 He made the giants first and then he kill'd them.
 QUEEN. How!—hast thou seen no giants!—are there not
 Now in our yard ten thousand proper giants?
 GRIZ. Madam shall I tell you what I am going to say?

I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.
 QUEEN. Out from my sight, base Pickthank!—hie, begone!
 By all my stars, thou enviest Tom Thumb!
 GRIZ. Yes, yes, I go; but Madam know,
 (Since your Majesty's so pert)
 That a flood
 Of Tommy's blood,
 To allay this storm shall squirt.

Exeunt QUEEN R., GRIZZLE L. (Stage becomes dark)

The KING enters distractedly—he walks about disturbed, then lies on the sofa, but after a vain attempt to sleep, he starts up.

KING. Methought I heard a voice say, "Sleep no more!
 Glumdalca exiles sleep." And therefore Arthur
 Can sleep no more.

The Ghost of GAFFER THUMB rises, with a lantern on a pitchfork, c.

GHOST. Oh, Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!
 Soon shalt thou sleep enough.
 KING. Ah! what art thou?
 GHOST. The ghost of Gaffer Thumb.
 KING. A ghost!—Stand off!
 I'll have thee laid in the Red Sea.
 GHOST. Oh, Arthur, take heed!
 Thy thread is spun. List! list! Oh, list!

Air.—GHOST.

Pale death is prowling,
 Dire omens scowling,
 Doom thee to slaughter,
 Thee, thy wife, and daughter;
 Furies are growling,
 With horrid groans.
 Grizzle's rebellion,
 What need I tell you on?
 Or by a red cow
 Tom Thumb devour'd?



A ghost!—stand off!

Hark ! the cock crowing, (*cock crows*)
 I must be going.
 I can no more ! (vanishes)

(*the KING throws a bolster at the GHOST as it sinks —stage light*)

KING. No more ! And why no more ? or why so much ?
 Better quite ignorant than half instructed.
 By Jove, this bo-peep ghost makes game of us ;
 Therefore, Fate, keep your secret to yourself.

Air.—KING.

Such a fine king as I don't fear your threats a rush ;
 Do show your sweet phiz again, and I'll quickly call up
 a blush.

For I am up, up, up,
 But you are down, down, down ;
 Do pop up your nob again,
 And, egad, I'll crack your crown !

Who cares for you, Mr. Ghost ? or all that you can do ?
 I laugh at your stupid threats, and your cock-a-doodle-do.

For I am up, up, up,
 But you are down, down, down ;
 Draw your sword like a man,
 Or I'll box you for a crown.

Dances round the trap and exit, L.

Enter HUNCAMUNCA, R.—FRIZALETTA following.

HUNCA. Give me some music—see that it be sad.

(*the band plays a strain of the Black Joke*)
 Oh, Tommy Thumb ! Why art thou Tommy Thumb ?
 Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father ?
 Why not the King of Brentford, old or new ?

FRIZ. Madam, Lord Grizzle.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE, L.

GRIZ. (*kneeling*) Oh, Huncamunca ! Huncamunca, oh !

HUNCA. This to my rank, bold man ?

GRIZ. Ah, beauteous Princess !

Love levels rank—lords down to cellar bears,
 And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs ;

Naught is for love too high, nor aught too low—
Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

HUNCA. My lord, in vain, a suitoring you come,
For I'm engaged this instant to Tom Thumb.

GRIZ. Play not the fool—that less than baby shun,
Or you will never be mamma to one.

HUNCA. Am I thus fob'd? Then I my words recal.

GRIZ. Shall I to Doctors' Commons?

HUNCA. Do so, pray.

I now am in the mood, and cannot stay.

Air.—GRIZZLE.

In hurry post for a license
In hurry, ding dong, I come back;
For that you shan't need bid me twice hence,
I'll be there and here in a crack.

Hey ting,
My heart's on the wing;
I now could leap o'er the moon:
Let the chaplain
Set us grapp'ling,
And we'll stock a baby-house soon.

Exit, L.

Enter Tom THUMB, R.

TOM. Where is my Huncamunca? Where's my princess?
Where those bright eyes, the card-matches of Cupid,
That light up all with love my waxen soul?

HUNCA. Put out the light, nor waste thy little taper.

TOM. Put out the light? Impossible!

HUNCA. I am to Lord Grizzle promis'd.

TOM. Promis'd!

HUNCA. Too sure—'tis entered in fate's journal.

TOM. Enter'd?

Zounds! I'll tear out the leaf! I'll blot the page!
I'll burn the book!

I tell thee, Princess, had I been thy helpmate,
We soon had peopled this whole realm with Thumbs.

HUNCA. Oh, fie! I shudder at the gross idea!

TOM. Then go we to the King—let him decide.

Whether you shall be Grizzle's or my bride.

(going out hand-in-hand, are met by GLUMDALCA, L.)

FRANCIS KID



Hey ting, my heart's on the wing,

GLUM. Stop, brandy-nose ! Hopest thou the wight,
Who once hath worn my easy chains, will toil in thine?

HUNCA. Easy, no doubt, by twenty husbands worn.

TOM. In the balcony which o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen one wench two 'prentices engage.
This, half-a-crown doth in his fingers hold,—
That, just lets peep a little bit of gold ;
Miss the half-guinea wisely does purloin,
And scorns the bigger and the baser coin.

Trio.

GLUM. Oh, the vixen pigmy brat,
Of inches scarce half six !
To slight me for a chit like that !

HUNCA. Ah, Mr. Tom, are these your tricks ?

Tom. Oh, the coarse salacious trull,
Who giant paramours twice ten
To bed can pull,
With hugs can lull,
Yet still would gull
Young gentlemen !

GLUM. Little though I be,
I scorn the sturdy strum ;
Nor ever she
HUNCA. My dear, from thee
Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.

Tom. Oh, the vixen, &c.

GLUM. Oh, the coarse, &c.

Tom. Little though I be, &c.

Exeunt, GLUMDALCA, L., TOM and HUNCAMUNCA, R.

Enter NOODLE, L. U. E.

NOOD. Sure, nature means t'unhinge the solid globe !
Chaos is come again—all's topsy-turvy.

Air.

King Arthur in love ankle deep—speed the plough,
Glumdalca will soon be his punk-a ;
Good Queen Dollalolla's as drunk as a sow,
And a bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca. *Exit, L.*

Ad libitum Enter QUEEN, R.

QUEEN. Ah, wherefore from his Dollolalla's arms
Doth Arthur steal? Why, all alone,
And in the dark, leave her, whose feeble nerves
He knows are harrowed up with fears of spirits?

Enter KING, L.

KING. We hoped the fumes, sweet Queen, of last night's
punch
Had glued thy lovely eyes! but, ah! we find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives!

Enter NOODLE, L.

NOOD. Long life to both your majesties—if life
Be worth a fig! Lord Grizzle, at the head
Of a rebellious rout, invests the palace:
He swears, unless the Princess straight
Be yielded up, with Tom Thumb's pate,
About your ears he will beat down the gate.

KING. The devil he will! But see, the Princess.

Exit NOODLE, R. U. E.

Enter HUNCAMUNCA, R.

Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our sword and
buckler?

Though 'gainst us men and giants league with gods,
Yet Thumb alone is equal to more odds.

HUNCA. About an hour and half ago,
Tom sallied forth to meet the foe,
And soon who's who he'll make them know.

KING. Come, Dollalolla—Huncamunca, come;
Within we'll wait, in whole skins, for Tom Thumb.

Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and HUNCAMUNCA, R.

Enter GRIZZLE, DOODLE, and REBELS, L. U. E.—A March.

GRIZ. Thus far with victory our arms are crowned;
For, though we have not fought, yet have we found
No enemy to fight withal.

Enter THUMB, NOODLE, and SOLDIERS, R. U. E.

TOM. Art thou the man whom men famed Grizzle call?

GRIZ. Art thou the much more fam'd Tom Thumb the
small?

TOM. The same.

GRIZ. The same.

TOM. His prowess now each prove.

GRIZ. For liberty I stand.

TOM. And I for love.

(charge of trumpets—a fierce engagement between
the two armies—they fight off, R. and L.—NOODLE
and DOODLE prepare for a desperate combat,
but after much ceremony and reflection, they
shake hands, sheath their swords and go off
amicably arm-in-arm, R.)

Enter GLUMDALCA, L., and GRIZZLE, R., meeting.

GLUM. Turn, coward, turn! nor from a woman fly.

GRIZ. Thou art unworthy of my arm.

GLUM. Am I?

Have at thy heart, then! (*thrusts at, but misses him*)

GRIZ. That was miss, thou rampant queen!

Now have at thine.

GLUM. Oh! through the gizzard thou hast run me, clean!

Staggers off, L.

GRIZ. Then there's an end of one.

(going R., is met by TOM THUMB, who runs him through)

TOM. An end of two!

Thou hast it. *Exit, L. U. E.*

GRIZ. (falling) Oh, Tom Thumb! thy soul beshrew!

I die!—Ambition!—The fates have made their tour,
And the black cart is waiting at the door!

Air.—GRIZZLE.

My body is a bankrupt's shop,
My cruel creditor, grim death;
Who puts to life's brisk trade a stop,
And will be paid with my last breath.

Oh! oh! oh!

(*dies*)

Enter THUMB and two GUARDS, R.

TOM. Bear off the carcasses; lop off his knob,—

'Twill witness to the king Tom Thumb's good job.

Rebellion's dead, and now—I'll go to breakfast.

Exit, R.—the GUARDS lay hold of GRIZZLE.

GRIZ. Why do you call me from the peaceful tomb.

GUARD. Sir, we come to bear your body off.



TOM. An end of two! Thou hast it.

GRIZ. I'm much obliged—but the body will bear itself off.

(*gets up and goes off, L.—the GUARDS bow and follow*)

The KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLUMANTE, and FRIZALETTA, enter, R.

KING. Open the prisons—set the wretched free,
And bid our treasures disburse five guineas
To pay their debts. Let our arch necromancer,
Sage Merlin straight attend us; we the while
Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.

HUNCA. Take note, sir, that on this our wedding day,
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

Enter NOODLE, L. U. E.

NOOD. Oh, monstrous! dreadful! terrible!—Oh! oh!

KING. What means the blockhead?

NOOD. But to grace my tale with decent horror:

Tom Thumb is no more.

A huge red cow, just now i' th' open street,
Before my eyes, devour'd the great Tom Thumb!

(*a general groan*)

KING. Shut—shut again the prisons;

Let our treasurer

Not issue out three farthings; hang all the culprits;
And bid the schoolmasters whip all their boys.

NOOD. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

QUEEN. Not so much in a swoon but to have still
Strength to reward a messenger of ill.

(*kills NOODLE with her dagger, who falls, R.*)

FRIZ. (*snatches the dagger from her*) My lover kill'd!
His death I thus revenge.

(*kills the QUEEN, who falls next, R.*)

HUNCA. (*snatching the dagger from her*) Kill my mamma!
Oh, base assassin!—There!

(*kills FRIZ., who falls next, R. C.*)

DOOD. (*seizing dagger*) For that, take this. (*kills HUNC.*)

PLUM. (*seizing dagger*) And thou take that. (*kills DOODLE*)

KING. (*seizing the dagger*) Die, murderer vile! (*kills PLUMANTE*) Death makes a feast to-day.

And but reserves ourselves for his bonbouche.
So, when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,

Kings, queens, and knaves tip one another down,
Till the whole pack lie scatter'd and o'erthrown.
Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And my sole boast is, that I fall the last.

(*stabs himself in the back, and lies down last of the row of bodies, which extends from R. to C.*)

Enter MERLIN, L.—Thunder and Lightning.

MERLIN. Blood! what a scene of slaughter's here!

But I'll soon shift it, never fear.

Gallants, behold! one touch of Merlin's magic
Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.

(*waves his wand—thunder and lightning*)

Cow appears, L. U. E.

MERLIN. First at my word, thou horned cannibal,
Return again our England's Hannibal. (*thunder*)

THUMB comes out of the Cow's mouth, R. U. E., and starts
fiercely.

Next to your King, Queen, Lords, and Commons,
I issue my death-cheating summons.

(*MERLIN touches them with his wand and they start up*)
KING. (to QUEEN) One kind kiss, my Dolly Queen;
When we two last parted,

We scarce hoped to kiss again;

My heart! Lord how it smarted!

QUEEN. (to KING) Dear King Atty, pitty patty,
Mine too went a fleeting;
Now we in a nipperkin
May toast this merry meeting. (*chorus*)

TOM. (to HUNCAMUNCA) Come, my Hunky—come, my pet
Love's in haste, don't stay him;
Deep we are in Hymen's debt,
And 'tis high time we pay him.

HUNCA. (to TOM) Have, dear Tommy,
Pity on me;
I'm by shame restricted!
Yet I obey,
So take your way,
I must not contradict it. (*chorus*)

IN WHICH THEY ARE EXCELLING
IN THE USE OF GUNS AND FAMOUS FOR IT AND
IN THE USE OF SWORDS AND FAMOUS FOR IT
IN THE USE OF HORSES AND FAMOUS FOR IT
IN THE USE OF CANNONS AND FAMOUS FOR IT



Return again our England's Hannibal.

Enter GLUMDALCA and GRIZZLE, R.

GRIZ. (*to GLUMDALCA*) Grandest Glum, in my behoof.
 To love's law be pliant;
 Me you'll find a man of proof,
 Although not quite a giant.

MERLIN. Now love and live, and live and love.

ALL. Sage Merlin's in the right on't.

MERLIN. Each couple prove like hand in glove!

All. Agreed.

QUEEN. 'Fore George, we'll make a night on't.

ALL. Let discord cease,

Let all in peace

Go home and kiss their spouses;

Join hat and cap
to make a ball

In one loud clap,

And wish us crowded houses.

Curtas

(*a general dance*)

Curtain.

