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ENGLISH BALLAD OPERAS.

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The Beggar's Opera,  
No Song, No Supper,  
Rosina,

AND

Love in a Village.





LOVE IN A VILLAGE

ROSINA

# ENGLISH BALLAD OPERAS

EDITED BY

JOHN OXENFORD & J.L.HATTON.



BEGGAR'S OPERA

NO SONG NO SUPPER

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THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

BY

JOHN GAY

THE TEXT REVISED BY JOHN OXENFORD,

WITH

NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS,

BY

J. L. HATTON.

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# P R E F A C E.

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THE works of John Gay, author of the *Beggar's Opera*, although less read than formerly, still hold their place among the British Classics, and the English language must perish before his *Fables* are completely forgotten. He was born in Devonshire in the year 1688, and received his education at the free-school of Barnstaple, under the care of Mr. William Rayner, a classical scholar of good repute. His family, though ancient, was in depressed circumstances, and he was bound apprentice to a silk-mercier in London. However, he had a small independence, and as trade was not to his mind, he soon abandoned it for literature. A poem, entitled *Rural Sports*, made a favourable impression, and he speedily became the associate of the most noted wits of the age; his most intimate friend being Alexander Pope, to whom the poem was addressed, and who was born in the same year with himself.

The profits of his literary labour were not adequate to his tastes, and in 1712 we find him installed as the secretary of the Duchess of Monmouth. The duties of this situation did not occupy the whole of his time, and he found leisure to compose his *Shepherd's Week*, which he published, with a dedication to Lord Bolingbroke. He resigned his place in the beginning of 1714, to accompany the Earl of Clarendon, who had been despatched to Hanover by Queen Anne.

After the death of the Queen, in the course of the same year, he returned to England, where he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy with many persons of the highest rank, and was particularly noticed by the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Caroline), to whom he read in manuscript his tragedy, *The Captives*, at Leicester House. Victor, a writer, who contributes to the history of the London stage, tells the following anecdote in connexion with the important event: "The day was fixed, and Mr. Gay was commanded to attend. He waited for some time in a presence-chamber, with his play in his hand; but being a very modest man, and unequal to the task he was going to, when the door of the drawing-room—where the Princess sat with her ladies—was opened for his entrance, he was so much confused and concerned about his proper obeisance, that he did not see a low footstool that happened to be near him, and, stumbling over it, he fell against a large screen, which he overset, and threw the ladies into no small disorder." Clumsiness seems indeed to have been one of the author's characteristics; for in *The Confederates* Mr. Oldfield was made to say:

"But hark, who's entering here? I'll run away,  
For by the clumsy tread it should be Gay."

The tragedy was brought out on the 15th of January, 1724, at Drury Lane, where it was played with great applause for nine nights—in those days no inconsiderable "run."

From the countenance shown to him by the great, and the numerous promises that were made to him of preferment, Gay expected to be appointed to some acceptable office, and when in 1727, on the accession of George II, he was offered the place of gentleman-usher to one of the youngest princesses, he felt himself aggrieved, and his sentiments were shared by his zealous patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who withdrew from the court in disgust.

On the 29th of January, 1728, the *Beggar's Opera*, of all Gay's works the most celebrated, except, perhaps, the *Fables*, was brought out at Drury Lane with the following cast:—

<i>Macheath</i> .. .. .	Mr. Walker.	<i>Player</i> .. .. .	Mr. Milward.
<i>Peacum</i> .. .. .	Mr. Hippisley.	<i>Polly Peacum</i> .. .. .	Miss Featon.
<i>Lockit</i> .. .. .	Mr. Hall.	<i>Lucy Lockit</i> .. .. .	Mrs. Egleton.
<i>Filch</i> .. .. .	Mr. Clark.	<i>Mrs. Peacum</i> .. .. .	Mrs. Martin.
<i>Jemmy Twitchee</i> .. .. .	Mr. Bullock.	<i>Mrs. Coaxer</i> .. .. .	Mrs. Holiday.
<i>Robin of Bagshot</i> .. .. .	Mr. Lacy.	<i>Mrs. Vixen</i> .. .. .	Mrs. Rice.
<i>Mat-o'-the-Mint</i> .. .. .	Mr. Spiller.	<i>Jenny Diver</i> .. .. .	Mrs. Clarke.
<i>Ben Budge</i> .. .. .	Mr. Morgan.	<i>Mrs. Stammekin</i> .. .. .	Mr. Morgaz.
<i>Beggar</i> .. .. .	Mr. Chapman.		

Walker, the original "Macheath," was not a singer by profession, but his acting as the gallant highwayman was so excellent that his society was eagerly sought by all the dissipated young gentlemen of the day, among whom he acquired habits of intemperance by no means favourable to the performance of his professional duties. Miss Fenton, the original Polly, was afterwards married to the Duke of Bolton.

The success of the opera was so unprecedented that it was said to have made "Gay rich and Rich (the manager) gay." It had an uninterrupted run in London of sixty-three nights



in the first season, and was revived in the ensuing one with equal approbation. It spread into all the great towns in England, was acted fifty times in Bath and Bristol, and made its progress into Scotland, Ireland and Majorca. The songs decorated the fans of the ladies of quality, and the screens of fashionable drawing-rooms. Miss Fenton, previously obscure, became the favourite of the public; her portrait was engraved and largely sold; her life was written, and pamphlets were made of her reported sayings and jests.

The music of the *Beggar's Opera* is almost entirely composed of old English airs, and has supplied many "ditties" to Mr. W. Chappell's valuable history. The piece is supposed to have been written in ridicule of the Italian Opera, but we now regard it as a severe satire on the vices and follies of its time, though perhaps the author tried to bring into vogue national music in lieu of foreign compositions.

The origin and progress of the piece has been recorded by Spence in the words of Pope: "Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd, pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This is what gave rise to the *Beggar's Opera*. He began on it, and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction or a word or two of advice, but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who said it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly. We were all, on the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event, till we were much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say: 'It will do—it must do; I see it in the eyes of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the Duke, besides his own good taste, had a particular knack in discovering the taste of the people. He was right in this as usual. The good-nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger in every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."

The success of the *Beggar's Opera* induced Gay to write a second part to it, entitled *Polly*, the performance of which was prohibited in the most arbitrary manner by the Lord Chamberlain. He accordingly published it in quarto, on the strength of a very large subscription, due partly to the belief that he was a wrongfully persecuted man. His staunch friends, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, adhered to him on this occasion, and during the remainder of his life he commonly resided at their seat at Amesbury, near Stonehenge, coming with them in the winter to their house in Burlington Gardens. Here in the year 1732 he was attacked by an inflammatory fever, and after an illness of three days, died on the 4th of December. On the 23rd of the same month he was buried in Westminster Abbey, the pall being supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, Vicount Cornbury, the Hon. W. Berkeley, General Dornier, and Alexander Pope, and the service being performed by the Dean. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory, with this inscription by his brother in letters, Pope:—

Of manners gentle; of affections mild,  
In wit a man, in simplicity a child;  
Above temptation in a low estate,  
And uncorrupted e'en among the great.  
A safe companion and an easy friend,  
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end;  
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust  
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;  
But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY.

Here lie the ashes of MR. JOHN GAY,  
The warmest friend,  
The most benevolent man;  
Who maintained  
Independence  
In low circumstances of fortune,  
Integrity

In the midst of a corrupt age;  
And that equal serenity of mind,  
Which conscious goodness alone can give,  
Through the whole course of his life.

Favourite of the Muses,  
He was led by them to every elegant art;  
Refined in taste,  
And fraught with graces all his own:  
In various kinds of poetry  
Superior to many  
Inferior to none.  
His works continue to inspire  
What his example taught,  
Contempt of folly, however advanc'd,  
Detestation of vice, however dignified,  
Reverence of virtue, however disgraced.

The following is the costume now recognized as appropriate to the *Beggar's Opera*:—

**MACHEATH.**—Cream-coloured breeches and waistcoat, scarlet square-cut coat, trimmed with gold, jack boots, three-cornered hat, trimmed with gold lace, ringlets, white lace neckcloth and ruffles, sword and spurs.

**PEACHUM.**—Black square-cut coat and breeches, trimmed with gold lace, crimson waistcoat, trimmed with gold lace, white woollen stockings pulled over the knees, lace neckcloth and ruffles, Midas wig, square shoes and buckles, and sword.

**LOCKIT.**—Snuff-coloured coat and waistcoat, black breeches, brown striped worsted stockings pulled over the knees, shoes and buckles, blue spotted neckerchief, iron-grey wig.

PREFACE.

- MAT-O-THE-MINT.**—Dark green square-cut coat and breeches, blue stockings, shoes and buckles, three-cornered hat, and white cravat.
- THE GANG.**—Square-cut coats and breeches of brown, grey, puce, and drab, jack boots, square-toed shoes, buckles, &c.
- FILCH.**—Square-cut fustian coat and breeches, red waistcoat, blue hose, square shoes, and blue handkerchief.
- PLAYER.**—Square-cut dark blue coat and waistcoat, flowered satin, blue silk hose over the knees, shoes, buckles, ruffles, and curled white wig.
- BEGGAR.**—Red-brown, square-cut coat, patched, and breeches, grey worsted stockings, darned, brown handkerchief, and three-cornered hat.
- POLLY.**—Dove-coloured brocade tucked-up gown or sack, trimmed with blue quilled ribbon, white silk brocade petticoat, old English lace cap, trimmed with blue, white satin shoes, lace handkerchief, hair clubbed.
- LUCY.**—Brocade flowered cream-coloured tuck-up gown, old English lace cap, trimmed with scarlet, scarlet silk petticoat, net handkerchief, row of black beads, black lace mits, bright shoes, buckles, hair clubbed.
- MRS. PEACHUM.**—Brocade cream-coloured dress and petticoat, with blue and yellow trimming, stomacher, lace cap and handkerchief, trimmed with blue and yellow, grey hair, clubbed, and high-heeled white satin shoes.
- JENNY DIVER.**—Dove-coloured silk dress, white satin petticoat, apron, bound with white satin ribbon, lace handkerchief, net cap, trimmed with white satin ribbon, black shoes, and mits.
- MRS. COAXER.**—Blue satin quilted petticoat, scarlet flowered satin dress, apron, bound with pink satin, net handkerchief, black velvet hat, scarlet feathers, blue satin bow under hat, the hat trimmed with blue, green and white ribbon, black satin shoes and buckles and black lace mits.

It should be observed, however, that before Madame Vestris's management of Covent Garden, which began in 1839, the characters were dressed according to the fashion of the time in which the piece happened to be played, and that Madame Vestris herself, in her early days, acted "Macheath" in the frock-coat of the period. Her reforming spirit was not fairly manifested until she became directress of the Olympic, where, under the guidance of Mr. J. R. Planché, she produced little dramas, with the strictest regard to accuracy of detail, and this became more conspicuous, under the same guidance, at the larger house. The following is the cast by which the above costumes were first worn in the present century, the "Beggars" and the "Player," without whom the title of the piece is unmeaning, being then, for the first time, revived:—

<i>Captain Macheath</i> . . . . .	Mr. W. Harrison.	<i>Robin of Bugshot</i> . . . . .	Mr. Kerridge.
<i>Peachum</i> . . . . .	Mr. W. Farren.	<i>Filch</i> . . . . .	Mr. Harley.
<i>Lockit</i> . . . . .	Mr. Bartley.	<i>Player</i> . . . . .	Mr. Selby.
<i>Mat-o-the-Mint</i> . . . . .	Mr. S. Jones.	<i>Beggar</i> . . . . .	Mr. Granby.
<i>Ben Budge</i> . . . . .	Mr. Davies.	<i>Mrs. Peachum</i> . . . . .	Mrs. C. Jones.
<i>Crook-fingered Jack</i> . . . . .	Mr. Counel.	<i>Polly</i> . . . . .	Miss Rainforth.
<i>Jenny Twitchee</i> . . . . .	Mr. Hughes.	<i>Lucy</i> . . . . .	Madame Vestris.
<i>Wat Dreary</i> . . . . .	Mr. Furness.	<i>Mrs. Coaxer</i> . . . . .	Mrs. Emden.
<i>Nimming Ned</i> . . . . .	Mr. Atkins.	<i>Jenny Diver</i> . . . . .	Miss Jackson.

In latter days the most celebrated "Macheath" has been Mr. Sims Reeves.

As some readers may possibly be interested about the fate, reserved by Gay for Macheath and his wife, we briefly give the plot of the sequel to the *Beggars' Opera*, entitled *Polly*. The scene is laid in the West Indies. Macheath has been transported, Peachum has been hanged, and Polly, in quest of her husband, has come to the West Indies, where she falls into the hands of the designing woman, Diana Trapeze, one of the many "ladies" who appeared in the "Tavern scene" in the original version of the *Beggars' Opera*. Diana sells her to a wealthy planter, named Ducat, whose wife assists her in making her escape, and provides her with a suit of boy's clothes. She is, however, captured by a band of pirates, headed by Macheath, now called Morano, who is living with Jenny Diver as his wife, and Jenny, mistaking her for a young man, falls in love with her. Cawwawhee, son of the Indian king Pohetohee, has been made prisoner by the pirates, but with Polly's assistance regains his liberty, and the pirates are defeated by the Indians. Morano, whom, as he was disguised as a negro, Polly did not recognize, is condemned to death. Informed by Jenny Diver that he is no other than Macheath, she now intercedes for his life. Pohetohee accordingly recalls his order, but Morano is executed. Polly, now a widow, is happily married to the prince Cawwawhee, after being allowed "to give a decent time to her sorrows."

This opera was first played at the Haymarket in June, 1777, long after the author's death, and it is a noteworthy fact that his patroness, the Duchess of Queensberry, then in very advanced years, was present at the performance. Since that time it has been twice revived, but never with success, and it would be totally forgotten were it not for its association with the immortal *Beggars' Opera*, and the place it takes in the history of the powers exercised by the Lord Chamberlain.

## INTRODUCTION.

*Enter before the Curtain a Beggar and a Player.*

**BEGGAR.**—If poverty be a title to poetry, I'm sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the company of Beggars, and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I earn a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

**PLAYER.**—As we live by the Muses, 'tis but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So, though you are in want, I wish you success heartily.

**BEGGAR.**—This piece, I own, was originally writ for celebrating the marriage of John Chanter and Moll Day, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have

introduced the similes that are in all your celebrated operas: the swallow, the moth, the bee, the ship, the flower, &c. Besides, I have a prison-scene, which the ladies always reckon charming pathetic. As to the parts, I have shewed such a charming impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made an opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue, for I have no recitative. Excepting this, as I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue,\* it must be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece, indeed, hath been already represented by ourselves in our great room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

**PLAYER.**—But see, 'tis time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture. [*Exeunt.*

## OVERTURE.

*Maestoso.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Maestoso'. The score includes various musical notations: trills (tr), dynamics (f, p, dim.), and articulation marks. The first system starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system has a trill (tr) over the first measure. The third system has a trill (tr) over the first measure and a dim. dynamic marking. The fourth system starts with a piano (p) dynamic and has a trill (tr) over the first measure.

\* At the time of the *Beggar's Opera*, and long afterwards, a prologue and epilogue were deemed indispensable on the first representation of a tragedy or a comedy.

tr tr *Sua.....*

The first system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note, followed by eighth-note patterns. The lower staff also features a trill (tr) over a quarter note and continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a fermata over a half note in the upper staff, with the text "Sua....." written above it.

*Sua.* tr tr *cresc.*

The second system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff starts with a trill (tr) over a quarter note, followed by eighth-note patterns. The lower staff begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note and continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a fermata over a half note in the upper staff, with the text "cresc." written above it.

*mf* tr

The third system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note, followed by eighth-note patterns. The lower staff starts with a trill (tr) over a quarter note and continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a fermata over a half note in the upper staff.

*cresc.*

The fourth system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note, followed by eighth-note patterns. The lower staff starts with a trill (tr) over a quarter note and continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a fermata over a half note in the upper staff, with the text "cresc." written above it.

*f* tr

The fifth system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note, followed by eighth-note patterns. The lower staff starts with a trill (tr) over a quarter note and continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a fermata over a half note in the upper staff.

*Allegro.*  
*p*

The sixth system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note, followed by eighth-note patterns. The lower staff starts with a trill (tr) over a quarter note and continues with eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a fermata over a half note in the upper staff. The word "PIANO." is written to the left of the staves, and the tempo marking "Allegro." and dynamic marking "p" are written above the upper staff.

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth-note chords. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *f*.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues the melodic development with slurs and ties. The left hand maintains the accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has a more active melodic line with slurs. The left hand accompaniment is consistent. Dynamics include *f*.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand features a complex melodic line with many slurs. The left hand accompaniment is steady. Dynamics include *f*.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with some rests. The left hand accompaniment is active. Dynamics include *p* and *f*.

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand accompaniment is steady. Dynamics include *cresc.*

Seventh system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand accompaniment is steady. Dynamics include *f*.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music is in a minor key. The bass line starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

Second system of musical notation. The bass line begins with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation. The bass line concludes with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The bass line begins with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking.

Fifth system of musical notation.

Sixth system of musical notation. The bass line includes dynamic markings: *dim.* (diminuendo), *p* (piano), and *cresc.* (crescendo).

Seventh system of musical notation. The tempo changes to *Adagio*. The bass line includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *riten.* (ritardando), *f* (forte), and *rall.* (rallentando).

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PEACHUM'S HOUSE.

PEACHUM sitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.

THRO' ALL THE EMPLOYMENTS OF LIFE.

(SONG.)

Tune.—"An old woman clothed in gray."

*Andante.* PEACHUM.

Thro'

PIANO. *f* *dim.*

all the employments of life, Each neighbour a - bu - ses his bro - ther, Ug - ly

*p*

names they call husband and wife; All pro - fes - sions be - rogue one a - no - ther! The

priest calls the law - yer a cheat, . . . The law - yer be - knaves the di - vine; . . . . And the

*cresc.* *p*

statesman, because he's so great, Thinks his trade as ho-nest as mine..... The

priest calls the law-yer a cheat,.... The law-yer be-knaves the di-vine;..... And the

states-man, be-cause he's so great, Thinks his trade as hon-est as mine.....

not mend his hand. This is death without retri-ue. I may venture to book him; (writes.) for Tom Gagg, forty pounds! Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

PEACH.—A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like me, too, he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues, and for them; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats since we live by them.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

FILCH.—Sir, Black Moll has sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

PEACH.—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.

PEACH.—A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did

not mend his hand. This is death without retri-ue. I may venture to book him; (writes.) for Tom Gagg, forty pounds! Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

FILCH.—Betty hath brought more goods to our lock this year than any five of the gang! and, in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

PEACH.—If none of the gang take her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelvemonth longer. 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 she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education. To say a bold word, she has trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming table.



# 'TIS WOMAN THAT SEDUCES ALL MANKIND.

(SONG.)

Tune.—"The bonny grey-ey'd morn."  
FILCH.

*Allegro.*

*Brillante.*

PIANO. *f* *p*

wo-man that se - du - ces all man - kind; By her we first were taught the

wheel - ling arts; Her ve - ry eyes can cheat—When most she is kind, She

tricks us of our mo - ney with our hearts. For her, like wolves by night, we

*sf sf sf*

roam for prey, And prac-tice ev'-ry fraud to bribe her charms; For

*sf* *sf* *sf*

suits of love, like law, are won by pay: And beau-ty must be feed in -

*cresc.* *colla voce.* *p*

*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

- to our arms. (*Exit, L. H.*)

*mf* *p*

PEACH.—But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next session. I hate a lazy rogue by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. "A register of the gang!" (*Reading.*) "Crook-fingered Jack"—a year and half in the service. Let me see how much the stock owes to his industry. One, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff boxes, five of them true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half-a-dozen shirts, three tie-per-

riwigs, and a piece of broadcloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. "Wat Dreary, *alias* Brown Will"—an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a session or two longer upon his good behaviour. "Harry Paddington"—a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius. That fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows

with any credit. "Sam Slippery"—he goes off the next session; for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. "Mat o' the Mint"—listed not above a month ago—a promising, sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way—somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public if he does not cut himself short by murder. "Tom Tiddle", a guzzling, soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand—a cart is absolutely necessary for him. "Robert of Bagshot, *alias* Gordon, *alias* Bluff Bob, *alias* Caruncle, *alias* Bob Booty—"

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, R. H.

MRS. PEACH.—What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine; 'twas he made me a present of this ring.

PEACH.—I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear. He spends his life among the fair sex; 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. PEACH.—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. But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, 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.

PEACH.—What a dickens is the woman always whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do? So, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning, for the bank notes he left with you last week?

MRS. PEACH.—Yes, my dear—and though the bank hath stopped 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 promised to make one this evening with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the captain rich?

PEACH.—The captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

MRS. PEACH.—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.

PEACH.—Upon Polly's account! What a plague doth the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

MRS. PEACH.—Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

PEACH.—And what then?

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

PEACH.—And what then? You would not be so mad as have the wench marry him? Gamsters and highwaymen are generally very good to their mistresses, but they are very devils to their wives.

MRS. PEACH.—But if Polly should be in love, how

should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl! I'm in the utmost concern about her.

PEACH.—But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin. 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. [Exit, L. H.]

MRS. PEACH.—Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex? (Enter FILCH, L. H.) Come hither, Filch; 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 plied 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. (*Draws handkerchiefs from up his sleeves, under each side of his waistcoat, from each leg, and one from his neck; as he draws it up, looking as if he were hanging.*) These seven handkerchiefs, madam!

MRS. PEACH.—Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff\* among the seamen.

FILCH.—And this snuff-box.

MRS. PEACH.—Set in gold. A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

FILCH.—I had a fair 'ug at a charming gold ticker. Plague take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow. It struck by the way, and I was forced 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 pumped, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

MRS. PEACH.—You should go to Hockley in the Hole and to Marybone, child, to learn valour. These are the schools that have had so many brave men. Poor lad! how little does he know yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact, I'll insure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough, upon a sentence of transportation. But hark you, my lad—don't tell me a lie, for you know I hate a liar. Do you know of anything that hath passed 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 promised her I would not tell.

MRS. PEACH.—But when the honour of our family is concerned—

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

MRS. PEACH.—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 glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking. [Exeunt, R. H.; as they are going off, FILCH picks MRS. PEACHUM'S pocket of a white handkerchief.]

Enter PEACHUM and POLLY, L. H.

PEACH.—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 played the fool, and are married, you jade, I'll cut your throat, hussy! Now, you know my mind.

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, R. H., in a very great passion.

\* Rotherhithe.

# OUR POLLY IS A SAD SLUT

Tune—"Oh, London is a fine town."

Mrs. PEACHUM.

*Allegro assai.*

Our Pol - ly is a

PIANO.

The first system of the musical score features a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cresc.*) leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic, and then a sforzando (*sf*) dynamic. The vocal line is written in a single treble clef staff, starting with a whole note rest followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The lyrics "Our Pol - ly is a" are written below the vocal line.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment and the vocal line. The piano part maintains the same dynamics and rhythmic pattern. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her—I won-der a - ny man a - live will". The piano part features a prominent bass line with a descending eighth-note pattern.

The third system continues the piano accompaniment and the vocal line. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a descending eighth-note pattern. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "e - ver rear a daugh - ter; For she must have both hoods and gowns, and". The piano part features a prominent bass line with a descending eighth-note pattern.

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment and the vocal line. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a descending eighth-note pattern. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "hoops to swell her pride, With scarfs, and stays, and gloves, and lace: And". The piano part features a prominent bass line with a descending eighth-note pattern.

who knows what be - side; And when she's dress'd in all her best, all

tempting, fine, and gay, As men would serve a cu - cum - ber, she flings her - self a -

- way!.....

MRS. PEACH.—You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hanged it would not have vexed me, for that might have been your misfortune—but to do such a mad thing by choice. The wench is married, husband!

PEACH.—Married! The captain is a bold man, and will risk anything for money—to be sure he believes her to have a fortune.

MRS. PEACH.—I knew she was always a proud slut, and now the wench hath played the fool and married, because, forsooth, she would do like the gentry. If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, you foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill-used and as much neglected as if thou hadst married a lord!

PEACH.—Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency; for the captain looks upon himself, in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already,

I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying—and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife.

MRS. PEACH.—With Polly's fortune, she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction. Yes, that you might, you pointing slut!

PEACH.—What, is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead, by squeezing out an answer from you. (*Pinches her—she cries out.*)

MRS. PEACH.—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.

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

[POLLY crosses to c.

# "CAN LOVE BE CONTROLL'D BY ADVICE."

(SONG.)

Tune.—"Grim king of ghosts."

*Andante con moto.*

PIANO.

POLLY.

Can love be con - troll'd by ad -

- vice? Will Cu - pid our mo - thers o - bey? Tho my heart were as

fro - zen as ice, At his flame 'twould have melt - ed a - way. When he

kiss'd me, so close - ly he press'd, 'Twas so sweet, that I must have com -

*p e sosten.*

*ad lib.*

- plied; So I thought it both sa - fest and best To mar - ry, for

*colla voce.*

*ad lib. tr*

fear you should chide.

*colla voce.*

*dim. p*

Mrs. PEACH.—Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

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

POLLY.—I did not marry him, as 'tis the fashion, coolly and deliberately, for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. PEACH.—Love him! worse and worse. I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh, husband! husband! (*Crosses to c.*) her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—oh—(*Faints in a chair.*)

PEACH.—See, wench, to what a condition you have re-

duced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant! (*POLLY goes out, R. H., and returns with it; Mrs. PEACHUM drinks.*) How the poor woman takes it to heart! (*POLLY pours out a second glass, giving it to Mrs. PEACHUM—as she is about to drink he takes it from her, and drinks.*) This is the only comfort your mother has left.

POLLY.—(R.) Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is in this way.

Mrs. PEACH.—(C.) The girl shows such readiness, and so much concern, that I almost could find in my heart to forgive her.

# DUET.

(MRS. PEACHUM AND POLLY.)

Tune—"Oh Jenny where hast thou been?"

*Allegretto.*

PLANO.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Oh Pol - ly, you might have been more coy; By

POLLY.  
*andante.*

keep - ing men off, you keep them on! But he so teas'd me,

*tempo lmo.*

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



Mrs. PEACH.—Not a highwayman, you sorry slut!  
 PEACH.—(L.) A word with you, wife. 'Tis no evil thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of women, my dear. Make yourself a little easy. I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. (Crosses to POLLY.) Why so melancholy, Polly? Since what is done cannot be undone, we must endeavour to make the best of it. (Crosses to R. H.)  
 Mrs. PEACH.—Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee; your father is too fond of you hussy. (Crosses to R. H.)  
 POLLY.—Then all my sorrows are at an end.

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

PEACH.—I hear customers in t'other room; go, talk with them, Polly, but come again as soon as they are gone. (Exit POLLY, L. H.) 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; but money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputation: there is not a spot or stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue now-a-days is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not such a contempt for rognery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. PEACH.—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.

PEACH.—That, indeed, is a point which ought to be considered. The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way. They don't care that anybody should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY, L. H.

POLLY.—'Twas only Nimming Ned: he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a perriwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

PEACH.—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 affairs—for matters must not be left as they are. You are married, then, it seems?

POLLY.—Yes, sir.

PEACH.—And how do you expect to live, child?

POLLY.—Like other women, sir—upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. PEACH.—What! is the wench turned fool? A highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

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

POLLY.—I don't know what you mean, sir.

PEACH.—Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

POLLY.—But I love him, sir. How then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

PEACH.—Parting with him! why that 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. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so unreasonable.

POLLY.—How I dread to hear you advise! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

PEACH.—Secure what he hath got, have him 'peached 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 at the very thought of it!

PEACH.—Fie, Polly! What hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say that the captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business, so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. PEACH.—To have him 'peached is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

## OH! PONDER WELL!

(AIR.)

Tune.—"Now ponder well, ye parents dear."

*Andante.* POLLY. (kneeling to Mrs. Peachum.)

Oh! pon-der well, be not se-vere, So

PIANO.

save a wretch - ed wife; For on the rope that hangs my dear, De -

(sings to Peachum.)  
 - pends poor Pol - ly's life. Oh! pon-der weil, be

not se - vere; So save a wretch - ed wife; For on the rope that

hangs my dear, De - pends poor Pol - ly's life.

MRS. PEACH.—But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity! (PRACHUM shakes his head and sighs.)

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

MRS. PEACH.—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 loved—

MRS. PEACH.—Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin. One more word, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any!

PEACH.—(c.) Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

MRS. PEACH.—Away, hussy! Hang your husband, and be dutiful. (PEACHUM pushes POLLY off, L. H.) The thing, husband, must and shall be done. If she will not know her duty, we know ours. (POLLY returns and hides, L. U. E.)

PEACH.—But, really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have

a hand in his death. I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

MRS. PEACH.—But in case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

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

MRS. PEACH.—I'll undertake to manage Polly.

PEACH.—And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

(Event PEACHUM, L. H., and MRS. PEACHUM, R. H.; the latter returns for the bottle.)

POLLY.—Now I'm a wretch, indeed! I see him at the tree!—the whole circle are in tears! What, then, will become of Polly? As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape. It shall be so. But then he flies—absents himself—and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation!—that, too, will distract me. If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mamma in time may relent, and we may be happy! If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever! He intended to lie concealed in my room till the dusk of the evening. I'll this instant let him out lest some accident should prevent him. (Knocks at door, L. H.)

## PRETTY POLLY, SAY.

(DUET.)

POLLY AND MACHEATH.

Tune.—“Pretty Polly, say.”

PIANO.

The piano accompaniment is written for a grand piano in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score begins with a piano (p) dynamic and features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. There are dynamic markings of piano (p) and forte (f) throughout the piece.

MACHEATH.

Pret - ty Pol - ly, say, When I was a - way, Did your fan - cy ev - er

The vocal score for Macheath is written in a single system with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "Pret - ty Pol - ly, say, When I was a - way, Did your fan - cy ev - er". The music is in 3/4 time and includes dynamic markings of piano (p) and accents (>).

stray To some new - er lov - er?..... Pret - ty Pol - ly, say,

When I was a - way, Did your fan - cy ev - er stray To some new - er

*POLLY.*  
*pù lento.*

lov - er? With - out dis - guise, Heav - ing sighs, Do - ting eyes,

*tempo.* *ad lib.*

My con - stant heart dis - co - ver. Fond - ly let me loll!

MACHRATH. POLLY  
*ad lib.*

*tempo.*

Fond - - ly let me loll! O pret - ty, pret - ty, pret - ty Poll.... With -

*tempo.*

- out dis - guise, Heav - ing sighs, Do - ting eyes, My con - stant heart dis -

*ad lib.*

- co - ver. Fond - - ly let me loll! Fond - - ly let me

MACHRATH.  
*tempo.*

loll! O pret - ty, pret - ty, pret - ty Poll.....

POLLY.—And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear!  
 MAC.—Suspect my honour, my courage—suspect anything but my love. May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I 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 false in love.

# "MY HEART WAS SO FREE."

(SONG.)

Tune—"Pray, fair one, be kind."

MACHHEATH

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

My

heart was so free, It rov'd like the bee, Till Pol - ly my pas - sion re -

- quit - ed;..... My heart was so free, It rov'd like the bee, Till

Pol - ly my pas - sion re - quit - ed; I sipp'd each flow'r, I

chang'd ev' - ry hour; I sipp'd each flow'r. I chang'd ev' - ry hour; But

*colla voce.*

*tempo.*

here ev' - ry flow'r is u - nit-ed,.... I sipp'd each flow'r, I chang'd ev' - ry hour, I

sipp'd each flow'r, I chang'd ev' - ry hour; But here ev' - ry flow'r is u -

*colla voce.*

- nit - ed.

*f* *p*

POLLY.—Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you, could you?

MAC.—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, or any woman from cards—but to tear me from thee is impossible!

# DUET.

(MACHEATH AND POLLY.)

Tune.—“Over the hills and far away.”

PIANO.

*Allegro.*

*sf sf*

MACHEATH.

Were I laid on Greenland's coast, And in my arms em - brac'd my lass;

*p*

Warm a - gainst e - ter - nal frost, Too soon the half year's night would pass.

*ten. pp*

POLLY.

Were I sold on In-dian soil, Soon as the burn - ing day was clos'd,

*p*



I could mock the sul - try toil, When on my charmer's breast re - pos'd.

MACHREATH, *piu lento.*

And

*ten. pp*

Ne'er would you my trust be - tray,

I would love you all the day.

*p e sostenuto.*

*tempo lmo.* *piu lento.*

O - ver the hills and far a - way, And

If with me you'd fond - ly stray, O - ver the hills and far a - way.

*p* *colla voce.*

I would love you all the day.

Ne'er would you my trust be - tray,

*ten.* *mf*

*tempo 1mo.*

If with me you'd fond - ly stray, O - ver the hills and far a - way.

O - ver the hills and far a - way.

*p* *collu voce.* *p* *f* *tr*

*>* *p* *rall. un poco.*

POLLY.—Yes, I would go with thee; but, oh—how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee! We must part!

MAC.—How! part!

POLLY.—We must—we must! My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they are now, even now, in search after thee. They are preparing evidence against thee—thy life depends upon a moment! Begone—farewell!

MAC.—My hand—my heart, my dear, are so rivetted to thine, that I cannot 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?

MAC.—Must I then go?

POLLY.—And will not absence change your love?

MAC.—If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hanged!

POLLY.—Oh, 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.

# DUET.

(MACHEATH AND POLLY.)

Tune.—"The broom of Cowdenknoves."

*Andante.* MACHEATH.

The mi - ser thus a shil - ling sees, Which

PIANO.

he's o - blig'd to pay; With sighs re - signs it by de - grees, And

POLLY.

The boy thus, when his spar - row's flown, The  
fears it's gone for aye.

bird in si - lence eyes; But soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines,

whim-pers, sobs, and cries. The boy thus, when his spar - row's frown, The

The boy thus, when his spar - row's frown, The

*pp*

bird in si - lence eyes; But soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines,

bird in si - lence eyes; But soon as out of sight 'tis gone, Whines,

*p*

*(Exit, R.)*

whim - pers, sobs, and cries...

*(Exit, L.)*

whim - pers, sobs, and cries...

*p*

SCENE II.—A Tavern near Newgate.\*

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOK-FINGERED JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT-O'-THE-MINT, BEN BUDGE, and the rest of the GANG, at the table, with wine, brandy and tobacco. FILCH at a small table, R. H.

"FILL EVERY GLASS."

(AIR AND CHORUS.)

French air—"Remplis ton verre."

*Allegro con spirito.*

PIANO. *f*

MAT-O'-THE-MINT.

Fill ev' - ry

glass, for wine in - spires us, And fires us with cou - rage, love, and

CHORUS.  
1ST TENOR.

Fill ev' - ry glass, for wine in - spires us, And

2ND TENOR.

joy.

BASS.

Fill ev' - ry glass, for wine in - spires us, And

*ff*

\* In the three-act version of the piece, the second act begins here.

fires us With cou - rage, love, and joy. *MAR.*

fires us With cou - rage, love,.... and joy. Wo - men and wine should

fires us, With cou - rage, love, and joy.

*mf*

life em - ploy; Is there aught else on earth de - si - rous.

Fill ev' - ry glass, for wine in - spires us, And fires us, With cou - rage,

*mf marcato.*

Wo-men and wine should life em - ploy;

love, and joy. Wo-men and wine should life em - ploy;

Wo-men and wine should life em - ploy;

*ff*

Is there aught else on earth de - sir - ous? Fill ev' - ry

Is there aught else on earth de - sir - ous? Fill ev' - ry

Is there aught else on earth de - sir - ous? Fill ev' - ry

glass, for wine in - spires us, And fires us, With cou - rage,

glass, for wine in - spires us, And fires us, With cou - rage,

glass, for wine in - spires us, And fires us, With cou - rage,

love, and joy.

love, and joy.

love, and joy.

*cresc.*

*ff il basso marcato.*

*sf sf sf sf*

Enter MACHEATH, L. H., singing the last line of Chorus.

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

MAT.—We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram, now and then, with the stage coachman, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that, about this time, there will be passengers upon the Western Road, who are worth speaking with.

MAC.—I was to have been of that party, but—

ALL.—But what, sir?

FILCH.—(R., last.) But what?

MAC.—Is there any one that suspects my courage?

MAT.—We have all been witnesses of it.

MAC.—My honour and truth to the gang?

MAT.—I'll be answerable for it.

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

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

ALL.—Are any of us suspected?

FILCH.—(last.) Are any of us suspected?

MAC.—I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all as men of honour—

ALL.—(flattered.) Oh!

MAC.—And as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

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

ALL.—And I!

FILCH.—And I.

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

MAT.—He knows nothing of this meeting.

MAC.—Business cannot go on without him. He is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and, till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends.

ALL.—Oh!

MAC.—You must continue to act under his direction; for the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

MAT.—He is, to us, of great convenience.

MAC.—Make him believe I have quitted the gang.

ALL.—How!

MAC.—Which I can never do but with life.

ALL.—Oh!

MAC.—At your private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

MAT.—Your instructions shall be observed. '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.

MAC.—I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you! (*sits down melancholy at the table.*)



# "LET US TAKE THE ROAD."

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Tune.—March in "Rinaldo."

MAT-O'-THE-MINT.

*Maestoso.*

PIANO.

*ff* *ten.* *p*

Let us take the

road— Hark! I hear the sound of coach - es, The hour of at-tack ap -

-proach - es, T'your arms, brave boys, and load. See the ball I

*cresc.* *f* *p*

hold! Let chem - ists toil like ass - es, Our fire their fire sur -

*f* *p*

CHORUS.  
1ST TENOR.

Let us take the  
2ND TENOR.  
- pass - es, And turns all our lead to gold. Let us take the  
BASS.  
Let us take the

*sf* *sf* *f*

road— Hark! I hear the sound of coach - es, The hour of at-tack ap -  
road— Hark! I hear the sound of coach - es, The hour of at-tack ap -  
road— Hark! I hear the sound of coach - es, The hour of at-tack ap -

- proch - es, T'your arms, brave boys, and load. See the ball I  
- proch - es, T'your arms, brave boys, and load. See the ball I  
- proch - es, T'your arms, brave boys, and load. See the ball I

hold! Let chem - ists toil like ass - es, Our fire their fire sur -

hold! Let chem - ists toil like ass - es, Our fire their fire sur -

hold! Let chem - ists toil like ass - es, Our fire their fire sur -

*il basso marcato.*

- pass - es, And turns all our lead to gold.

- pass - es, And turns all our lead to gold.

- pass - es, And turns all our lead to gold.

*sf sf ff sf*

(The GANG, ranged in the front of the stage, prime their pistols, and stick them under their girdles. MAT heads them, they go off in procession, R. H., bowing to MACHEATH, and singing the first part in Chorus. FILCH, who is last, picks the pocket of the man before him. When all off they give three cheers—the last in the distance.)

MAC.—What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex generally—(rises) and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman.

# "IF THE HEART OF MAN IS DEPRESS'D."

(SONG.)

Tune—"Would you have a young virgin."

MACHEATH.

*Andantino.*

If the

heart of a man is de - press'd with cares, The mist is dis - pell'd when a

wo - man ap - pears; Like the notes of a fid - dle, she sweet - ly, sweet - ly,

Rai - ses our spi - rits, and charms our ears. Ro - ses and li - lies her

cheeks dis - close, But her ripe lips are more sweet than those—

*pp*

*ad lib*

Press her, Ca - ress her, With bliss - es, Her kiss - es Dis - solve us in plea - sure and

*colla voce.*

soft re - pose.

*mf*

*pp rall.*

MAC.—There is nothing unbends the mind like woman. Money is not so strong a cordial for the time. Drawer!

*Enter DRAWER, R. H. D.*

Is the porter gone for 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. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar-bell. I will shew them up. Coming, coming! [*Exit, R. H.*]

*Enter MRS. COAXER and JENNY DIVER, R. H.*

MAC.—Now, dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome; you look charmingly to-day—what, and my pretty Jenny Diver, too! Now pray, ladies, take chairs. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers. (*DRAWER brings wine.*)

MRS. COAX.—(R.) We have so many interlopers; yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking. If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 'tis Jenny Diver.

MAC.—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, to shew my fondness before company. But, to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must have grown immensely rich.

MAC.—(C.) The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

JENNY.—(L.) A man of courage should never put anything to the risk but his life. (*Takes up his pistols.*) These are the tools of a man of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends. (*They take him about the neck, and make signs to PEACHUM and CONSTABLES, who rush in upon him, R. H.*)

PEACH.—(Down R.) I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

MAC.—Was this well done, Jenny? Women are decoy-ducks—who can trust them? Jades—jilts—harpies—furies!

PEACH.—Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creature, 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.

# "AT THE TREE I SHALL SUFFER."

(SONG.)

Tune.—"When first I laid siege to my Chloris."  
MACHBETH.

*Allegretto.*

At the tree I shall suf-fer with

plea-sure— At the tree I shall suf-fer with plea-sure; Let me

go where I will, In all kinds of ill, I shall find no such fu-ries as

these are.

*act drop descends.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Newgate.*

*Enter LOCKIT and MACHEATH, L. H.*

LOCKIT.—Noble captain, you are welcome! You have not been a lodger of mine this year and a half. You know the custom, sir. Garnish, captain—garnish. Hand me down those fetters, there. *(Noise of fetters behind, r.)*

MAC.—Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the furthest 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. Hand them down, I say! *(Chains heard.)* We have them at all prices, from one guinea to ten; and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

MAC.—I understand you, sir. *(Gives money.)* The fees here are so many and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

LOCKIT.—Those, I see, will fit the captain better. Take down the further pair.

*Enter TURNKEY with the chains, R. H., and puts them on.*

LOCKIT.—Do but examine them, sir; never was better work. How genteely they are made! They will sit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. 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.

*[Exeunt LOCKIT and TURNKEY, L. H.]*

MAC.—To what a woeful plight have I brought myself. Here must I, all day long till I am hanged, be confined to bear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door—here she comes, and I cannot get away from her—would I were deaf!

*Enter LUCY, R. H.*

LUCY.—You base man, you! how can you look me in the face! Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet. To see thee tortured would give me pleasure!

## "THUS, WHEN A GOOD HOUSEWIFE."

(SONG.)

Tune—"A lovely lass to a Friar came."

*Allegro.* LUCY.

Thus,

when a good house - wife sees a rat In her trap in the morn - ing

tak - en, With plea - sure her heart goes pit - a - pat, In re -

PIANO. *p* *cresc.* *p*

- venge for her loss of ba - con. Then she throws him

*leggiero. p*

to the dog or cat, To be wor - ried, crush'd, and sha - ken—Then she

*tr....*

throws him to the dog or cat, To be wor - ried, crush'd, and

*ad lib.*

*f colla voce.*

sha - ken.

*tr.*

*f accel.*



MAC.—(L.) Have you no tenderness, my dear Lucy, to see your husband in these circumstances?

LUCY.—(R.) A husband!

MAC.—In every 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 honour, his word is as good as his bond!

LUCY.—It is the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined!

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

LUCY.—Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum? I could tear your eyes out!

MAC.—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?

MAC.—Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house—I chat with the girl—

LUCY.—Oh!—

MAC.—I say a thousand things to her, as all gentlemen do, that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade has set it about that I am married to her.

LUCY.—Come, come, captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

MAC.—A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

LUCY.—That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

MAC.—I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage. What can a man of honour say more?

LUCY.—So, then, it seems, you are not married to Miss Polly?

MAC.—You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited. No man can say a civil thing to her but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever! When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

LUCY.—Yonder is my father. Perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word. [Exit, R. H.]

Enter PEACHUM and LOCKIT, with an account book, L. H.

LOCKIT.—In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macbeath.

PEACH.—We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to this article, pray how stands our year's account? (They sit at table.)

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

PEACH.—This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it? Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live beside their own.

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.

PEACH.—In one respect, indeed, our employment may be reckoned 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 of you.

PEACH.—Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see. Sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case; for he told me in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

LOCKIT.—Mr. Peachum, this is the first time my honour was ever called in question!

PEACH.—Business is at end if once we act dishonestly.

LOCKIT.—Who accuses me?

PEACH.—You are warn, brother!

LOCKIT.—He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood; and this usage, sir, is not to be borne!

PEACH.—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. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

LOCKIT.—Is this language to me, sirrah, who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah?

PEACH.—If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal. (Collaring each other.)

LOCKIT.—This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you, you dog!

PEACH.—Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong—(They release each other.)—we shall be both losers in the dispute, for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

LOCKIT.—Nor you so provoking.

PEACH.—'Tis our mutual interest—'tis for the interest of the world we should agree. If I said anything, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

LOCKIT.—Brother Peachum, I can forgive as well as resent; give me your hand—suspicion does not become a friend.

PEACH.—I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box that Fitch nimm'd two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour. [Exit, L. H.]

Enter LUCY, R. H.

LOCKIT.—Whence come you, hussy?

LUCY.—My tears might answer that question.

LOCKIT.—You have been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel over the fellow that hath wronged 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; 'tis not the fashion now-a-days so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

# "IS THEN HIS FATE DECREED?"

(SONG.)

*In moderate time.*

*Tune.—"Of noble race was Shenkin."*

PIANO.

The piano accompaniment for the first system consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. This is followed by a half note chord of G4-B4-D5. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note chord of G2-B2-D3, followed by a series of eighth notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2. The system concludes with a half note chord of G2-B2-D3.

LUCY.

Is then his fate de - creed, sir?

The first vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note chord of G4-B4-D5, followed by a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note chord of G2-B2-D3, followed by a series of eighth notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2. The system concludes with a half note chord of G2-B2-D3.

Is then his fate de - creed?.....

The second vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note chord of G4-B4-D5, followed by a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note chord of G2-B2-D3, followed by a series of eighth notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2. The system concludes with a half note chord of G2-B2-D3.

Such a man can I think of quit-ting?

The third vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note chord of G4-B4-D5, followed by a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature. It begins with a half note chord of G2-B2-D3, followed by a series of eighth notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2. The system concludes with a half note chord of G2-B2-D3.

*Con espressione.*

When first we met, so moves me yet, Oh,

see how my heart is split - ting.

LOCKIT.—Look ye, Lucy, there is no saving him—so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful. 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. [*Exit, L. H.*]

*Enter MACHEATH, R. H.*

LUCY.—Though the ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the first opportunity, satisfy my scruples. Oh, sir, my father's hard heart is not to be softened—and I am in the utmost despair.

MAC.—But if I could raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas, think you, move him? Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing. Money, well-timed and properly applied, will do anything.

LUCY.—What love or money can do shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety. (*Crosses, R.*)

*Enter POLLY, L. H.*

POLLY.—Where is my dear husband? Was a rope ever intended for this neck? Why dost thou turn away from me? 'Tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife!

MAC.—Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am?

LUCY.—Was there ever such another villain?

POLLY.—Oh, Macheath, was it for this we parted? Taken, imprisoned, tried, hanged! Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death—no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now. What means my love? not one kind word—not one kind look? Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition!

MAC.—I must disown her. (*Aside.*) The wench is distracted!

LUCY.—Sure men are born to lie, and women to believe them. Oh, villain—villain!

POLLY.—Am I not thy wife? Thy neglect of me—thy aversion to me, too severely proves it. Look on me; tell me—am I not thy wife?

LUCY.—Perfidious wretch!

POLLY.—Barbarous husband!

LUCY.—Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

POLLY.—And I, too. If you had been kind to me till death it would not have vexed me.

LUCY.—Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster!

MAC.—(C.) If women's tongues can cease for an answer—hear me.

LUCY.—(R.) I won't! Flesh and blood can't bear my usage!

POLLY.—(L.) Shall not I claim my own? Justice bids me speak!

# "HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER."

(SONG.)

Tune.—"Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty."

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *mf*

MACHRATH.

How hap - py could I be with ei - ther,..... Were

*p*

t'o - ther dear charm - er a - way;... But while you thus tease me to -

- geth - er,..... To nei - ther a word will I say,..... But

tol de rol lol de rol lad - dy,..... Tol lol de rol lol de rol

lay;..... Tol de rol de rol tol de rol lad - dy,..... Tol

*ad lib.*

lol de rol tol lol li day.....

*colla voce.* *f*

(During song, he crosses to each, they turn away, &c.  
 End of song, he sits on table, c., swinging his legs,  
 and singing last line.)

POLLY.—Sure, my dear, there ought to be some prefer-  
 ence shown to a wife—at least, she may claim the  
 appearance of it. (*Aside.*) He must be distracted  
 with misfortunes or he could not use me thus.

LUCY.—Oh, villain, villain! thou hast deceived me!  
 I could even inform against thee with pleasure.  
 Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts  
 against her intimate acquaintance, than I now  
 wish to have facts against thee. I would have  
 satisfaction, and they should all out.

# "I'M BUBBLED, I'M TROUBLED."

(D U E T.)

*Tune.*—"Irish Trot."

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef, the same key signature and time signature, and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

POLLY.

I'm bub-bled, Oh, how I am trou-bled! My dis -

I'm bub-bled, Bam - boo-zled and bit!

The first line of music for Polly features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). Dynamics include piano (p).

- tress - es are dou - bled. I'm bub - bled, Bam -

I'm bub - bled, Oh how I am trou-bled!

The second line of music for Polly continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- tress - es are dou - bled. I'm bub - bled, Bam -" and "I'm bub - bled, Oh how I am trou-bled!".

- boo - zled and bit! When you come to the tree, Should the

My dis - tress - es are dou - bled.

The third line of music for Polly concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- boo - zled and bit! When you come to the tree, Should the" and "My dis - tress - es are dou - bled."

hang-man re - fuse, These fin - gers, with plea - sure, should fast - en the noose.

When you

come to the tree, Should the hang - man re - fuse, These fin - gers, with plea - sure, would

*presto.*

These fin - gers, with plea - sure, These fin - gers, with plea - sure, These fast - en the noose. These fin - gers, with plea - sure, These

fin - gers, with pleasure, Would fast - en the noose.

fin - gers, with plea - sure, Would fast - en the noose.

MAC.—Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desparate with you, in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow! Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort! for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging!

POLLY.—And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

MAC.—And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

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

## "CEASE YOUR FUNNING."

(SONG.)

Andantino.

PIANO.

*p semplice.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The left hand is in bass clef and starts with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' and the dynamics are 'p semplice'.

POLLY.

Cease your fun-ning, Force or cun-ning Nev - er shall my

*dim.* *p*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The dynamics are marked 'dim.' and 'p'.

heart tre - pan; All these sal-lies, Are but ma-lice, To se - duce my

*pp*

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The dynamics are marked 'pp'.

con - stant man! 'Tis most cer-tain, By their flirt-ing, Wo - men oft have

*mf*

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. The dynamics are marked 'mf'.



en - vy shewn; Pleas'd to ru - in O - ther's woo - ing, Nev - er hap - py

*pp*

in their own! 'Tis most cer - tain, By their flirt - ing, Wo - men oft have

*mf*

en - vy shown; Pleas'd to ru - in O - ther's woo - ing, Nev - er hap - py

*pp* *colla voce.*

*ad lib.*

in their own!

*rall. e dim.*

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

MAC.—But seriously, Polly—this is carrying the joke a little too far.

LUCY.—If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send

for the turnkey to shew you the door! I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred, madam!

POLLY.—Give me leave to tell you, madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

# "WHY, HOW NOW, MADAM FLIRT?"

(DUET.)

Tune.—"Good-morrow, gossip Joan."  
J. ADDISON.

*Allegro.*

Lucy.

Why, how now, Ma-dam Flirt?

PIANO. *f p f*

Why, how now, Ma-dam Flirt? If you thus must

*p*

chat-ter, And are for fling-ing dirt,..... Let's

*p cresc. f*

POLLY.

Why,  
try who best can spat - ter! Ma - dam Flirt!

*Brillante.* *sf* *sf* *sf* *dim.*

how now, sau - cy jade? Why, how now, sau - cy

*p* *f* *dim.* *p*

jade? Sure the wench is tip - sy! How can you see me made.....

(to Mncheath.)  
(Buss.)

*sf* *p*

..... The scoff of such a gip - sy? Sau - cy

(to Lucy.)

*cresc.* *brillante.* *f* *sf* *sf*

\* LUCY.—(Speaks.) Topsy! (Flies at her—MACHEATH interposes.)  
"The Beggar's Opera."—(49)

jade!

Enter PEACHUM, L. H.

PEACH.—Where's my wench? Ah, hussy, hussy! Come home, you slut! and when your fellow is hanged, 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.

PEACH.—Sure all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves. Away! not a word more. You are my prisoner now, hussy!

(*Exit PEACHUM and POLLY, L.—LUCY pulls MACHEATH away—sits herself, R.—locks her chair—MACHEATH goes to her, looks over each shoulder—she turning away.*)

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

LUCY.—Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled!

MAC.—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.—(*Rises.*) How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love you so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged than in the arms of another.

MAC.—But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

LUCY.—Oh, Macheath! I could never live to see that day.

MAC.—You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt. Make me, if possible, love thee still 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, has 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? (*Pause.*) I say, shall I go off with thee, dear?

MAC.—If we are together 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. 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.

MAC.—A moment of time will make us unhappy for ever. [*Exit, R.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Prison.*

Enter LUCY, R.

LUCY.—Jealousy, rage, love, and fear are at once tearing me to pieces. I find that Macheath has deceived me—he has tricked me to aid him to escape, and has gone to Polly, to whom he is really married.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

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

LUCY.—Shew her in. [*Exit FILCH, L. H.*]

Enter POLLY, L. H., both curtsy formally.

LUCY.—Dear madam, your servant. I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last—I was so overrun with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself! and really when one hath the spleen, everything is to be excused by a friend.

POLLY.—I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes; and really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

LUCY.—But, Miss Polly, in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a cordial to you?

POLLY.—Strong waters are apt to give me the headache! I hope, madam, you will excuse me.

LUCY.—Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking. You seem low in spirits, my dear! Indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low; let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer. (*Aside.*) I have the ratsbane ready! [*Exit, R. H.*]

POLLY.—All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time, too, when I know she hates me! I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

Re-enter LUCY, with strong waters, R. H.

# "COME, SWEET LASS."

(SONG.)

Tune—"Come, sweet lass."  
Lucy.

*Andante (quasi Allegretto).*

PIANO.

Coma, sweet

*p* *ppw*.....

Detailed description: This system shows the beginning of the piece. It consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante (quasi Allegretto)'. The piano part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a section marked *ppw* (pianissimo with a wavy line). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Coma, sweet'.

lass, Let's ban-ish sor-row 'Till to-mor-row; Come, sweet lass, Let's

Detailed description: This system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are 'lass, Let's ban-ish sor-row 'Till to-mor-row; Come, sweet lass, Let's'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

take a chirp-ing glass.... Come, sweet lass, Let's ban-ish sor-row

*pp*  
*dim.* *pp*

Detailed description: This system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are 'take a chirp-ing glass.... Come, sweet lass, Let's ban-ish sor-row'. The piano part includes a section marked *pp* (pianissimo) and *dim.* (diminuendo).

'Till to-mor-row; Come, sweet lass, Let's take a chirp-ing glass..

Detailed description: This system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are ''Till to-mor-row; Come, sweet lass, Let's take a chirp-ing glass..'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

Wine can clear The va-pours of de-spair, And make us, make us

*mf* *ten.* *dim.*

light as air; Then drink, and ban-ish care. Wine can clear The

*più lento.* *tempo.*

*pp colla voce.* *mf*

va-pours of de-spair, And make us, make us light as air; Then

*più lento.*

*cresc.* *ten.* *pp*

drink and ban-ish care.....

*ad lib.*

*colla voce.* *ten.* *rall.*

LUCY.—Come, Miss Polly, I must persuade you to what I know will do you good.

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.

POLLY.—What do I see? Macheath again in custody!  
*(Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.)*

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, PEACHUM, and CONSTABLES, R. H.

LOCKIT.—(R.) Set your heart at rest, captain—you have neither the chance of love or money for another escape; for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

PEACH.—(Gets L.) Away, hussies! this is not a time

for a man to be hampered with his wives—you see the gentleman is in chains already.

LUCY.—(R. C.) Oh, husband! my heart longed to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!

POLLY.—(L. C.) Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly?

MAC.—What would you have me say, ladies? You see the affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

PEACH.—But the settling of this point, captain, might prevent a lawsuit between your two widows. Set your heart at rest, Polly—your husband is to die to-day; 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 Bailey.

## "THE CHARGE IS PREPAR'D."

(SONG.)

Tune.—"Bonny Dundee."

*Larghetto.* MACHEATH.

The charge is pre-par'd, the

PIANO. *p* *cresc.* *f* *mf*

law-yers are met, The jud-ges all rang'd, a ter-ri-ble show; I go un-dis-may'd, for

*dolce.*

death is a debt, A debt on de-mand, so take what I owe. Then,

fare-well, my love— dear charm-er, a - dieu— Con - tent - ed I die— 'tis the

bet - ter for you. Here ends all dis-pute, for the rest of our lives, For

this way, at once, I please both my wives.



SCENE II.—The condemned hold. Table B. with brandy Table C. with wine.

MACHEATH in a melancholy posture, sitting L. of C. table.

## MEDLEY.

*Largo.* MACHEATH. Tune.—"Happy groves."

Oh, cru - el, cru - el, cru - el case—

PIANO. *p*

Must I suf - fer this dis - grace? Oh, cru - el, cru - el, cru - el case—

"Sally in our alley."

Must I suf - fer this dis - grace? Of all the

*dim.* *p*

friends, in time of grief, When threat'ning death looks grim-mer;. . . Not one so

*cresc. f* *p*

(drinks.)

sure... can bring re - lief.. As this best friend a brim - mer...

*cresc.* *f*

"Britons, strike home."  
*Andante maestoso.*

*f marcato.*

Since I must swing... I scorn— I scorn... to

*dim.* *mf*

"Chevy Chase."  
*Larghetto.*

wince or whine! But now a - gain my spi - rits sink,

*p*

*allegro.* (drinks.) "To old Sir Simon, the King."  
*Allegro.*

I'll raise them high with wine. But

*f marcato.* *f*

valour the stron-ger grows, The stronger liquor we're drinking—And how can we feel our woes, When we've

*p* *cresc.* *f*

(drinks) "Joy to great Caesar."  
*Largo.*

lost the trou-ble of think-ing?

*f* *sempre stacc.*

If thus a man can die, Much bold-er with

*p dim.* *sempre stacc.*

bran - dy.

*cresc.* *ff*

"There was an old woman."

*Allegro.*

So I take off this bump-er; and now I can stand the test, And my

*p*

com-rades shall see that I die as brave as the best...

*cresc.*

"Green sleeves."

*Vivace.*

Since

*f* *mf*

laws were made for ev'-ry de-gree, To curb vice in o-thers, as well as in me, I

*p*

won - der we han't bet - ter com - pa - ny Up - on Ty - - - burn

tree..... But gold from law can take out the sting, And if rich men like

us were to swing, 'Twould thin the land such num - bers to string Up - on

Ty - - - burn tree.....

Enter FILCH, L.

FILCH.—Some friends of yours, captain, desire to be admitted. [Exit FILCH.]

Enter BEN BUDGE, and MAT-O'-THE-MINT, L. H.

MAC.—For having broken prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered for immediate execution. The sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should 'peach me, I own surprised me—'tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, to look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some months longer.

MAT.—We are all heartily sorry, captain, for your misfortune; but 'tis what we must all come to.

MAC.—Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels! their lives are as much in your power as yours are in theirs. Remember your dying friend—'tis my last request. Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

MAT.—We'll do it, captain. Good bye, captain, good bye. (Shake hands.) [Exit BEN and MAT, L. H.]

Re-enter FILCH, L. H.

FILCH.—Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you. [Exit, L. H.]

Enter LUCY and POLLY, L. H.

MAC.—My dear Lucy! my dear Polly! whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end

## "WOULD I MIGHT BE HANG'D."

(TRIO.)

Tune—"All you that must take a leap."  
POLLY.

Andante.

Lucy. And I would so  
Would I might be hang'd—

PIANO.

too. My dear,.. with you.  
To be hang'd with you,.....

MACHEATH.  
Oh,

leave me to thought— I fear,... I doubt! I trem - ble— I

*cresc.*

No to - ken of love?

*(turns up the empty glass.)*

droop!... See, my cou - rage is out, See, my

*dim.* *p*

A - dieu!

No to - ken of love?... Fare -

cou - rage is out!

*f* *p*

A - dieu!.. (Bell tolls.)  
 - well! No to - ken of love? Fare - well!  
 But

No to - ken of  
 No to - ken of  
 hark! hark! I hear..... the toll of the Bell. No to - ken of  
 (bell.) (bell.)

love? A - dieu!... Fare - well! But hark! hark! I  
 love? A - dieu!... Fare - well! But hark! hark! I  
 love?... A - dieu! Fare - well! But hark! hark! I  
 (bell.)



hear..... the toll of the Bell.

hear..... the toll of the Bell.

hear the toll of the Bell.

rall. e dim.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three are vocal staves in G major (one flat) with lyrics. The fourth is a piano accompaniment in G major, marked 'rall. e dim.' at the end.

*Enter FILCH, L. H.*

MAC.—Tell the sheriff's officer I am ready.

[*Exeunt L.\**]

*Enter BEGGAR and PLAYER.*

PLAYER.—(L.) But honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be executed?

BEGGAR.—Most certainly, sir. To make the piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must suppose that they were all either hanged 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 removed: for you must allow that in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about—So, you rabble there—(*calls off*) run and cry a "Reprieve:" let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph!

MOB.—(*Without.*) Reprieve! reprieve! (*Shouts.*)

PLAYER.—All this we must do to comply with the taste of the town.

BEGGAR.—Through the whole piece you may observe

such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral: 'twould have shewn that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich, and that they are punished for them.

[*Exeunt, L. H.*]

(*Shouts and cries of "Reprieve!" "Reprieve!" as the scene changes.*)

SCENE III.—*The Yard of the Prison.*

LUCY, MACHEATH, PEACHUM, MRS. PEACHUM POLLY,  
LOCKIT, FILCH, and MOB.

MAC.—So it seems I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last. For this time, I take Polly for mine—and for life, you slut, for we are really married. As for the rest—but at present keep your own secret, and we'll testify our joy with a dance.

*A dance by all the characters.*

\* When the Beggar and Player are omitted, the mob simply shout "Reprieve! Reprieve!" behind the scenes, and the concluding speech and dance take place at once.

## APPENDIX.

The following is the well-known song in the *School for Scandal*, which is inserted here, because, when Mr. Sims Reeves played Macheath, he introduced it at the end of the opera.

### SONG AND CHORUS.

*Allegro con spirito.*

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble clef staff with a whole rest, and two bass clef staves. The right bass staff has a melody starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes. The left bass staff has a bass line with quarter notes and eighth notes. Dynamics include a forte *f* marking and a hairpin crescendo.

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. It consists of a treble clef staff with a whole rest, and two bass clef staves. The right bass staff has a melody with a piano *p* marking, followed by a forte *f* marking. The left bass staff has a bass line with quarter notes and eighth notes.

Here's to the maid-en of bash-ful fif-teen, Here's to the wi-dow of fif-ty;

The vocal line is in a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in two bass clef staves, with a piano *p* marking.

Here's to the flaunt-ing ex-tra-va-gant quean, And here's to the house-wife that's

The vocal line is in a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in two bass clef staves.

thrif - ty. Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex -

CHORUS.

- cuse for the glass. Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex -

*ff*

- cuse for the glass.

*brillante.*  
*ff*

Here's to the charm - er, whose dim - ples we prize, Now to the maid that has none, sir;

*p*

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but

one, sir: Let the toast pass drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex -

The first system consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "one, sir: Let the toast pass drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex -". The piano accompaniment includes a piano (p) dynamic marking.

CHORUS.

- cuse for the glass. Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- cuse for the glass. Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex -". The piano accompaniment includes a forte (f) dynamic marking.

- cuse for the glass.

The third system shows the vocal line ending with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with a *brillante.* marking and a forte (f) dynamic marking.

Here's to the maid with a bo - som of snow, Now to her that's as brown as a ber - ry,

The fourth system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Here's to the maid with a bo - som of snow, Now to her that's as brown as a ber - ry,". The piano accompaniment includes a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe! And here's to the dam-sel that's

mer - ry. Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll make an ex -

CHORUS.

- cuse for the glass. Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex -

- cuse for the glass.

