

S C E N E VII.

*To him Enter Doctor.*

**M**Y Case is really deplorable : I am reduc'd to this Dilemma ; if I give him his Life, I give him an Opportunity only to kill me ; If I put him to Death ; though in the most methodical way, the World, the censorious World, (and what is worse than all, the Triumvirate) will report I have drown'd him in a Jar of *Florence Oil*——. No matter ; he shall die, and in so publick a manner, and so differently from my Patients, that I need not fear the Legislature to forbid me the Use of my universal Medicine.

*Pier.* 'Tis well remember'd. Now You mention your Medicines, I must acquaint You that Mr. *Diascordium* is within with his Patient, and would know whether your Worship is at Leisure to oversee the Vomit You prescrib'd.

*Doct.*

*Doct.* No: The Unreasonableness of these *Valitudinarians*! Do they think I am made for all Mankind but Myself! I gave my Opinion before, that by all his Symptoms he must be in a fair Way. Tell Him I am not at Leisure; I won't be at Leisure: Tell him any thing: Tell Him He may inspect the Operation Himself. ——— But do You hear, *Pierrot*! let Him be sure to remember the Application of the Feather ——— Yet hold a little.



SCENE VIII.

S C E N E VIII.

*To them Enter Colombine in Tears.*

**O** Dear Guardian! if ever you had the least Affection for poor me, reverse your cruel Sentence!

*Doct.* That is altogether in *Harlequin's* Power: Let him but resign you, and he is Master of his own Destiny.

*Col.* Barbarous Man! is this all your Comfort? No; he is not capable of accepting Life upon such mean Terms: And for me, if he must die, I am resolv'd to die with him.

*Doct.* Poor Girl! don't take on so; I have been but in Jest all this time. My real Design is that you shall be marry'd to *Harlequin* before Night. [*Aside to Pierrot.*] Do, carry *Harlequin* this Moment to the Bear-Garden, to be expos'd to the young Lyon.

*Col.* Then you are my dear, dear Guardian again.

Doctor singing.

*Constant still, I strive to please her ;  
Thus to ease her,*

*May*

---

*Col raggio placido  
Della speranza*

*La*

*My occasion some Return :  
A Beam of Hope still tempts my View,  
Constancy may Wonders do,  
And Her with equal Passion burn.*

[Exit Doctor and Pierrot.]

*La mia costanza  
Lusinghi in me ;  
Così quest' anima  
Di più non chiede,  
Che la sua fede  
La sua merce.*

Idaspe.



SCENE IX.

S C E N E IX.

*Colombine alone.*

**S**HALL I believe Him? Is it possible He  
but jested; or could alter his Mind so sud-  
denly? My Mind misgives me strangely, that  
there is some Treachery in this seeming Con-  
descension; and that He lifts Me up to make  
my Fall the greater.

*She sings.*

\* *No, no, my Pains at last shall cease;  
My Heart at Peace,  
And from its Fetters free,  
Can die; but not its Passion chase  
For him, who dies for me.*

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\* *No, non può piu star in pene,  
Spezzo le mie catene,  
E bramo di morir:  
Ma il cor che vive amante  
Sara sempre costante  
Voglio per lei soffrir.*

[*Exit.*

H S C E N E X.

## SCENE X.

*The Stage represents a Bear-Garden, with  
several People on Horse-back.*

[Enter Harlequin brought in to die, and Pi-  
errot ushering Colombine.

*Pier.* MY Master, Madam ! has rais'd Me  
to the Honour of being your Squire,  
and has order'd Me to attend your Ladyship  
to this place, an't please your Ladyship.

*Col.* What is this the Place where I am to  
be wedded to *Harlequin*? I thought this would  
be one of his bloody Tricks. O egregious,  
O villainous Quack! if ever I get in among  
your *China Balons*, and your *Mummies* again,  
I'll make such Havock of your Catalogue,  
that I shall fully revenge me of You. [To  
*Pierrot*.] And for You, I shall take Care to re-  
member your Reward at a proper Season.

*Pier.* Don't be angry with me, Madam !  
I'm no more than as to say, the Doctor's  
Coachman, Valet de Chambre, Butler, Groom,  
and

and Oilman, Madam: Therefore pray, lay the Saddle on the right Horse. Besides, Madam! if you would, Madam! I might perhaps, Madam! do as well as *Harlequin* in some Cafes, Madam!

Col. Insolent Coxcomb! [*She strikes him.*]

*Pierrot singing.*

*Now let me die! 'twas bravely done,  
T' attempt the Chariot of the Sun;  
(Brave the Attempt, though vain!)  
And then like glorious Phaeton,  
Come tumbling down again.*



## SCENE XI.

Harlequin *advancing to Colombine.*

*Harl.* THIS is kind however, to let me see  
my Love once more.

*Col.* But oh! [*Turning and seeing him.*] how  
shall I support the Sight of this cruel Sentence?

[*The Trumpet sounds.*]

*Pier.* Pray, make short: The Signal of your  
Marriage, and of his Death is given. Give  
me your Hands; now make the most of your  
Time.

Both sing.

*Col.* \* *With thee, my Life! I ne'er must dwell.*

*Harl.* *Death opens, Dearest! to my View.*

*Col.* *O Harlequin, my Love! farewell.*

*Harl.* *Ad Colombine! my Soul! adieu.*

\* *Ti lascio, Idolo mio!*

*Vado a morir, o cara!*

*Arlecchino! mia vita, addio.*

*Colombina! mio ben, addio.*

*Idaspe, Act. 3. Scena 2.*

## SCENE XII.

S C E N E XII.

[Enter all the Actors, to see the Combat; and likewise the Lyon, who struts about at the Sound of Trumpet.

Harlequin *singing.*

\* *Why dost thou, horrid Monster! pause!  
Come on; now fate thy ravenous Jaws;  
This naked Bosom tear:  
But thou within shalt find a Heart,  
Guarded by Flames will make thee start,  
And turn thy Rage to Fear.*

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\* *Mostro crudel che fai?  
Vieni col tuo rigore  
A lacerarmi il sen!  
Ma non toccare il core  
Il cor, che già serbai  
Fedele al caro ben.*

*Ib. Scen. 14.*



S C E N E XIII.

## S C E N E XIII.

[The Fight begins : Harlequin kills the Lyon ; but being faint with the long Encounter, he falls down for dead : All the Actors come about him ; and finding he is alive, they cry out for Pardon.]

Doct. likewise ap- **W**ELL, I am glad it so  
proaching Harl. fell out: For after all, my  
Passion out-run my Wit, in  
thus exposing him ; and 'tis probable had he  
been hurt, a certain Distemper might have fallen  
upon my Lung-pipe, which all my Medicines  
would not have been able to assuage. Live,  
*Harlequin* ! I forgive thee, and to compleat the  
Favour, I give thee *Colombine* ; and *Isabella* to  
*Scaramouch* : But upon this Condition, that  
You never for the future interrupt me in the  
Administration of my Oils and Emeticks. —  
Now for a Dance : Strike up, Musick !

*Harl.* My dear *Colombine* ! O Gods, *Colombine* !  
Cause at last my Pains to cease.

*Col.* Of You no other Boon I crave  
But this, that You to me prove always  
true.

*Harl.* My Soul is quite oppress'd with Joy.

*Col.* I give myself to him who sav'd my Life.  
Both

Both singing.

Harl. \* *For a Blessing!*

Col. *Past Expressing!*

Harl. *All Heart-easing!*

Col. *Sweetly pleasing!*

Both. *Let Us both thus lowly kneel.*

Harl. *But such a Pleasure!*

Col. *So void of Measure!*

Both. *None can speak, so well as feel!*

*An Entertainment of Dancing*

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\* *Un Contento :*

*Un bel diletto!*

*Nel mio core,*

*Nel mio petto,*

*Gia lo sento ritornar :*

*Ma qual sia la gioia mia?*

*Ma del seno il bel sereno,*

*L'alma mia non sa spiegar.*

*Pyrrhus, Act. 3. Scen. 2.*

F I N I S.