

THE
OPERA of OPERAS;
OR,
TOM THUMB the Great.

ALTER'D

From the LIFE and DEATH

OF

TOM THUMB the Great.

AND

Set to MUSICK after the ITALIAN Manner.

As it is Performing at the

NEW THEATRE in the *Hay-Market*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM RAYNER, Prisoner
in the KING'S-BENCH, and to be sold at the
THEATRE, and likewise at the Printing-Office
in *Marigold-Court*, over-against the *Fountain-*
Tavern in the *Strand*. M DCC XXIII.

[Price One Shilling.]



THE A R G U M E N T.

TOM THUMB was the Son of *Gaffer Thumb*, tho' some Authors assert, *Thumb* was not the Father's Name, but a Surname given the Son from the Diminitiveness of his Stature, agreeable to a Wish his Parents made, that they might have a Son and Heir, tho' he were no bigger than their *Thumb*. Like another *Homer*, his Birth is much contended, and many claim the Honour of it. Some will have him of *German* Extraction, Others of *French*, but the most received Opinion is, that he was an *Englishman*, born of very honest, but simple Parents, living in the Reign of *King Arthur*, a *British* Monarch of the sixth Century, who was Chief General against the *Saxons*; but whether ever *Arthur* existed, is a Point much controverted.

However that be, *Tom Thumb* is the Hero of the subsequent Opera, and Favourite of *Arthur*. He returns about this Time from the Wars, leading a Captive Giantess in Triumph. The King gives him a most gracious Reception, and in Recompence of his signal Services, bestows on him his Daughter the Princess *Huncamunca* in Marriage. At the same Time, his Majesty conceives a violent Passion for the fair Captive *Glumdalca*, whose Heart is already devoted to *Tom Thumb*. The Queen, who is likewise enamour'd of the Generalissimo *Thumb*, strenuously opposes the Match agreed to by the King, upon which a great Quarrel arises between their Majesties. On the other Hand, Lord *Griazle*, a

The ARGUMENT.

Courtier, is passionately fond of the Princess *Hucamunca*, whose Pretensions her Majesty seems to care less, as a Means to frustrate the intended Nuptials, and thereby gratify her own Inclinations; but perceiving her Policy of espousing his Interest does not answer her Design, but on the contrary, adds Fuel to the inflam'd *Grizzle*, and makes him breathe nothing but Detraction on his Rival, she immediately breaks with *Grizzle*; who, in Return, vows Revenge on *Thumb*, and also threatens to involve the Nation in the Disappointment of his Love.

Tom Thumb is not content to gain Glory only in the Field, but he likewise gives a singular Mark of Prowess, and Heroick Virtue, soon after his Arrival; for his Friend *Noodle* being arrested, he gallantly assails the Bailiff, and triumphant kills both him and his Follower.

Thumb's intended Spouse being of a Disposition, apt for the State of Matrimony, appears in a very fair, and languishing Condition, till the Proposition the King her Royal Father makes of a Husband, when her heavy Melancholy soon dissipates, and she is transported beyond Expression with the Idea of changing her Condition. Lord *Grizzle* paying his Respects at this Juncture, she faintly rejects his Suit, alledging her being promis'd to *Thumb*; and *Grizzle* using the Rhetorick of a slighted Lover, detaching from his Rival's Merit, but above all urging his Insufficiency, she is overcome by his prevailing Arguments, and gives her Consent to marry him privately. Wing'd with the high Thoughts of Possession, *Grizzle* flies to fetch the Licence. In the mean Time *Tom Thumb* waits on the Princess to commence his Courtship. He makes some amorous Speeches, but is told by her Highness, that she is promis'd to another. *Glum-lalca*, who thinks herself injur'd in her Love by *Hucamunca*, enters at this Crisis,

The ARGUMENT.

Crisis, and a Scene of Contention between the two fair Rivals ensues, but *Glumdalca* is defeated, *Tom* giving the Preference to *Huncamunca*. *Glumdalca* is left full of Fury and Resentment. The King, like a solitary Lover, throws himself in her Way, which occasions a Scene of Groans, finely wrought up.

Tom Thumb, who a little before found the Princess wavering in her Love, has now remov'd all her late Difficulties, and the Ceremony is perform'd, which puts an End to a Lover's Anxieties. *Huncamunca* soon after sees *Grizzle*, and tells him that, rather than incur his Displeasure, she will marry him likewise; but the incens'd *Grizzle* rejects the Proposal with the greatest Contempt, and vows Destruction on *Thumb*, and the whole Kingdom, which puts *Huncamunca* in a terrible Pannick.

The Ghost of Gaffer *Thumb* appears to *Arthur*, who is first retold of the Rebellion of *Grizzle*. The Queen having some Presage of this in her Sleep, quits her Bed in Search of *Arthur*, when a Messenger arrives, who informs their Majesties, that *Grizzle* is in Arms. *Tom Thumb* is appointed to go against him. *Grizzle* with the Rebels appear. *Tom Thumb* marching in Pursuit of them, is told by *Merlin* the Manner of his being begot, and withal shews him his Fate. The two Armies come to an Engagement. *Glumdalca* is slain by *Grizzle*, and he by *Tom Thumb*. The King causes Rejoicings to be made on this Success, but in the midst, a Messenger arrives, that brings Word of *Tom Thumb*'s being devour'd by a huge Red Cow, as he was bearing off *Grizzle*'s Head to his Majesty. This News puts a Damp on the King's Liberality, and he is much in Wrath. The Queen stabs the Messenger, and like Children at the Play of *Strike your next Neighbour*, &c. they stab one another all round.

But

The ARGUMENT.

But this Scene of Horror is soon transform'd. *Tom Thumb* by Conjuratation, is emitted from the Belly of the Cow, and all the rest are rais'd to Life again, by Virtue of *Merlin's* Wand, in perfect Harmony with each other.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

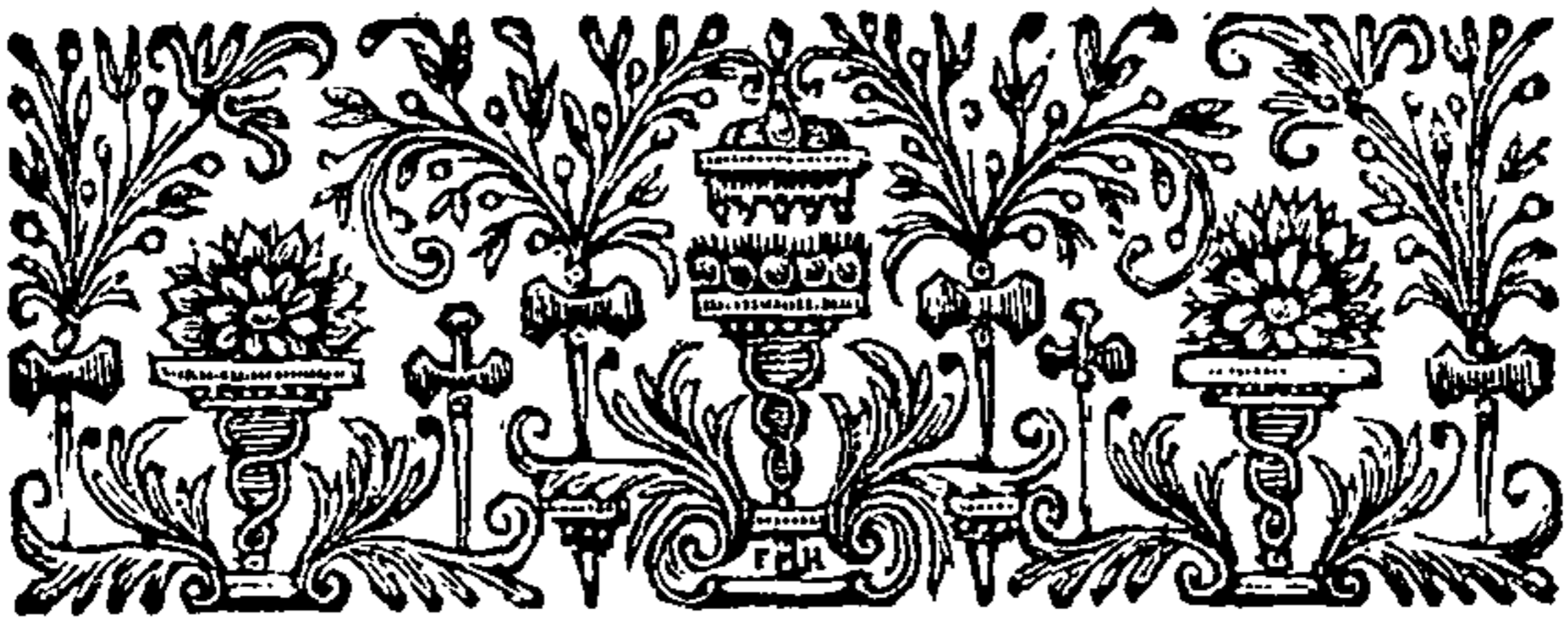
KING ARTHUR.
TOM THUMB the Great.
GHOST of Gaffer THUMB.
Lord GRIZZLE.
MERLIN.
NOODLE, }
DOODLE, } COURTIERS.
FOODLE.
BAILIFF.
FOLLOWER.
PARSON.

W O M E N.

QUEEN DOLLALOLLA.
HUNCAMUNCA her Daughter.
GLUMDALCA Captive Giantess.
CLEORA, }
MUSTACHA, } MAIDS of Honour.

COURTIERS, GUARDS, REBELS, DRUMS, TRUMPETS,
'THUNDER and LIGHTNING.

SCENE the Court of KING ARTHUR,
and a PLAIN thereabouts.



THE
OPERA of OPERAS;
OR,
Tom Thumb the Great.

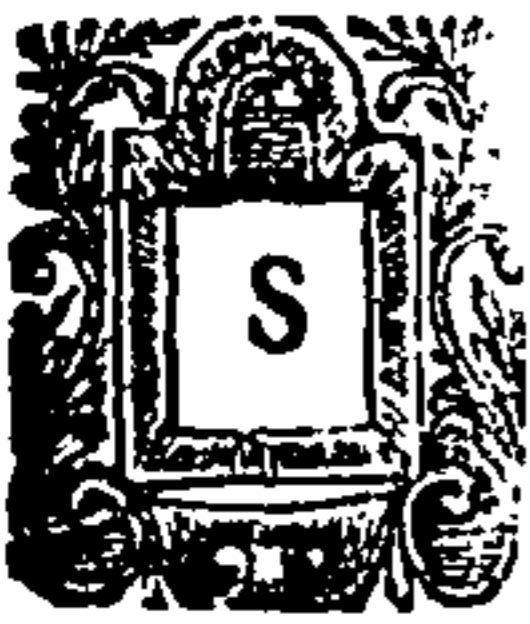
ACT I. SCÈNE I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Doodle, and Noodle.

RECITATIVO.

DOODLE.



SURE, such a day was never seen!
The sun himself on this harmoni-
ous day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-
day suit;

All nature wears one universal grin.

Noodle. This day, O *Doodle!* doubtless is a
day,

A day we never saw before.

The mighty *Thumb*, call'd *Tom*, victorious comes;
Millions

Millions of *Giants*, like as many *Bees*,
Swarm round his chariot wheels,
Giants! to whom the *Giants* in *Guild-Hall*
Are fools, are infant dwarfs.

They frown, they foam, they roar, while *Tom*,
Regardless of their din, rides on.

A I R I.

So the Cock-Sparrow, at barn-door,
Huge flocks of Turkeys hops before;
The lubberd Red-Heads does despise,
Nor at their noisy gurgling flies.

Doodle. 'Tis whisper'd in the books of all
our sages,
This mighty little hero,
By *Merlin's* art begot,
Has not a bone within his skin,
But is a lump of Gristle.

Noodle. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind!

Doodle. Some god, O *Noodle!* stept into the
place
Of gaffer *Thumb*, and more than half begot
This matchlets warrior *Tom*.

Noodle. Sure he was sent express from Heav'n,
To be the pillar of our state
Tho' small his carcass be, so very small,
A chairman's Leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his soul like any mountain big,
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse,
So does this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

Doodle. Mountain indeed!

Noodle. But hark! [Flourish.]
Those trumpets speak the King's approach.

Doodle.

Doodle. He comes most luckily for my petition.

Enter King, Queen, Grizzle, and Doodle.

King. Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his
head,

That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile *Dollal la* --- ha! what wrinkled sorrow
Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow.
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blub-
ber'd cheeks,

Like a swollen gutter, gushing thro' the streets?

Queen. Excess of joy, folks say, my lord,
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.

King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
'Till my whole Court be drown'd with tears,
Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing
But a sea of tears to rule.

Doodle. My liege! I humbly petition —
[*Kneeling.*]

King. Petition me no petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business;
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen Already I am half seas over,
Yet let the cistern overflow
With good Rack punch—'fore George, I'll see
it out ———

Of *Rum* and *Brandy* I'll not taste a drop.

B

King.

King. Tho' *Rack* in punch 10 s. be a quart,
And *Rum* and *Branay* be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your will.

A I R II.

*When your dames of superior class,
Submit to the pow'r of drams,
This virtue attends the kind glass,
It makes 'em as quiet as lambs.
If then without brandy, or Rum,
Your Wives will not study to please,
Let 'em swill till they're tight as a drum
Or they'll live the longer to teaze.*

But, ha! the warrior's come—the great *Tom
Thumb* ——— [*Trumpets.*
The little hero ——— giant killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom is arriv'd!

Enter Tom Thumb.

With Officers, Prisoners, and Attendants.

O welcome! most welcome to my arms!
What gratitude can thank—away the debt,
Thy valour lays ——— upon me!

Queen. Oh! ye gods! [*Aside.*]

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

I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a god-like creature
seen! [*Aside.*]

King. Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit;
It shines itself, and shews thy merit too —
But

But say, my Boy —

Where didst thou leave the *Giants*?

Thum. My liege, without the castle gates,
The castle gates too low for their admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thum. Like nothing but themselves.

Queen. And sure thou'rt like to nothing but
thyself? [*Aside.*]

King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul.
I see them — yes, I see them before me —
The monstrous, ugly, barb'rous sons of whores! —
But, ha!

What finish'd piece of human nature strikes us!
Sure she was drawn by all the gods in council!
Who paus'd, and then cry'd out ---- this is a
woman!

Thum. Then, were the gods mistaken —
She's not a woman, but a giantess,
A *High-German* Giantess.

Glandalca. We yesterday were both a queen
and wife;
One hundred thousand *Giants* own'd our sway,
'Tweny whereof were marry'd to ourself.

Queen. Oh: happy state of giantism!

A I R III.

*Our Passions are of Giant kind,
And have to th' full as large a sense;
'Tis hard to one to be confid'd,
When with a score we could dispense.*

Glum. But then to lose full twenty in one
day!

Queen Madam, believe,
I view your sorrows with a woman's eye,
But be as patient as you can,
To morrow we will have our Grenadiers
Drawn out before you, when you may chuse
What Husband you think fit.

Glum. Madam, I am your most obedient
Servant.

King. Think, lovely princess, think this
court your own,
Nor think my house an Inn, myself the
landlord ;
Call for whate'er you will, you'll nothing pay.
I feel a sudden pain within my breast ;
Nor know I whether it proceeds from love,
Or only the wind-cholick --- time must shew,
[*Aside.*]

Oh! *Tom!* what do we to thy valour owe?
Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

Thum. I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer
those ;
I ask not money, money I've enough ;
If what I've done be call'd a debt,
Take my receipt in full --- I ask but this ;
To sun myself in *Huncamunca's* Eyes.

King. Prodigious bold request! } [*Aside.*]

Queen. Be still my Soul!

Thum. My heart is at the threshold of your
Mouth,
And waits it's answer there.

King. It is resolv'd -- the princess is your own.
Thumb.

Thumb. Oh! happy, happy, happy *Thumb!*

Queen. Consider, Sir, --- reward your Soldiers merit,

But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb!*

King. *Tom Thumb!*

Odzooks! my wide extended Realm

Knows not a name so glorious as *Tom Thumb!*

A I R. IV.

*Your Alexander's, Scipio's,
Inferior are to Tommy,
While others brag of Mac's and O's,
Let England boast of Thummy.*

*A Title is an empty name,
Like many we have knighted;
His merit bids us aid his fame,
So Tom shall not be slighted.*

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted merit
was,

He shall not have my daughter, that is pos!

King. Ha! sayst thou *Dollalolla?*

Queen. I say he shan't.

King. Then, by our royal self we swear you
lie.

Queen. Who but a dog --- who but a Dog
Wou'd use me thus?

But I will be reveng'd, or hang myself.

A I R. V.

*Then tremble all, who ever weddings made,
But tremble more, who did this match perswade;
For riding on a Cat, from high I'll fall,
And squirt down royal vengeance on you all.*

[Exit Queen.

Doodle. Her majesty, the queen, is in a
passion.

King Be she, or be she not -- now, by ourself,
We were indeed a pretty king of clouts,
To truckle to our consort's will,

A I R VI.

*We politic Kings,
Know far better things
Than e'er to our consorts to stoop;
For once you give way
To Petticoat sway,
You may for your Breeches go w ho op.*

Come Thumb -- I'll to the girl, and pave thy
way. [Exeunt all but Grizzle.

Griz. Where are now thy glories, *Grizzle*?
Where the drums that waken'd thee to honour?
O, what art thou greatness!
A lac'd coat from *Monmouth-street*,
Worn to day, put on anothers back to-morrow.
Yesterday as *St. Paul's* high,
To day as *Fleet-ditch* low.

Enter

Enter Queen.

Queen. Teach me to scold, oh, *Grizzle!*
Mountain of treason! ugly as the devil!
Teach this confounded mouth
To spout forth words might shame
All *Billingsgate* to speak.

Grizzle. But first I beg to ask,
Wherefore my Queen wou'd scold?

Queen. Wherefore? oh! blood and thunder!
 han't you heard,
What ev'ry corner of the court resounds,
That little *Tom* will be a great man made?

Grizzle. I heard it, I confess.

Queen. Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang
 myself,

A grand-mother by such a rascal.

Sure, the King forgets

His mother put the bastard in a pudding,

And on a stile was drop'd?

O, good lord *Grizzle!* can I bear

To see him from a pudding mount the throne?

Or can my *Huncamunca* bear

To take a pudding's offspring to her arms?

Grizzle. Oh, horror! horror!

Queen. Then rouse thy spirit --- we may yet
 prevent

This hated Match.

Grizzle. We will, in spite of fate.

A I R

A I R VII.

*The Spaniel, when bid, does obey,
And twenty fine tricks shew with all;
The Soldier's observant as Tray,
And both will come to a call.*

*The Lover's more fawning than these,
Or any Court Sycophant spark,
He'll shoot, fetch, and carry to please,
And all for a touch in the dark.*

I'll tear the scoundrel into twenty pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him not;

For tho' I should not like him for a son,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the *Giants*?

Grizzle. I tell you, madam, it was all a trick;
He made the *Giants* first, and then he kill'd them.

Queen. How! have you seen no *Giants*?
are there not

Now in the yard, ten thousand proper *Giants*?

Grizzle. I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Hence! from my sight! thou traitor!
hie away!

By all my stars! thou enviest *Tom Thumb*.

Go, firrah! go! hie away! hie!

Thou art a setting dog! begone!

Grizzle. Madam, I go ---
And *Thumb* shall feel the vengeance you have rais'd.

A I R

A I R VIII.

*I'll roar, I'll rant, I'll rave;
I'll ride on clouds; thro' seas I'll swim,
I'll for the nation dig a grave,
And bury it for my whim*

[Exit Grizzle.

Queen. Alack-a-day! oh! whither shall I go?
I love *Tom Thumb*, but must not tell him so;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone?
A coat that's got no lace -- wig out of buckle--
A stocking with a hole in't --- I can't live
Without my virtue, or *Tom Thumb* :
Then let me weigh them in two equal scales ;
In this put virtue, that *Tom Thumb* ---
Alas : *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my virtue;
But hold ! --- cou'd I prevent the match,
And shou'd be left a widow,
Then *Tom Thumb* is mine.

A I R IX.

*In that dear hope how many live ?
I'm not the only one ;
Oh ! what wou'd some fine Ladies give
To have their husbands gone !
All things new,
Ever wanting ;
Joys in view,
More enchanting ;
'Tis the mode e'er husbands die,
To have another in one's Eye.*

The End of the first ACT.

C

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Bailiff and Follower:

RECITATIVO.

Bail. COME, trusty follower, come on,
This day stand by me, and at night
Three doub'le mugs of beer and beer expect---
This way must *Noodle* pass.

Foll. No more, oh, *Bailiff*! ev'ry word
Inspires my soul with virtue.
Oh! I long to meet the fish, and nab him;
To lay arresting hands upon his back,
And nobly drag him to the spunging-house.

Bail. Oh! glorious thought!
But see our prey! let us retire --- [*they go aside.*]

Enter Tom Thumb, and Noodle.

Thum. O *Noodle*! I am wondrous sick;
For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca*,
Yet at the thought of marriage, I grow pale;
For oh! ---

Noodle. Oh! what?

Thum. My grand-mamma hath often said,
Tom Thumb, beware of marriage!

Noodle

Noodle. Cou'd you indeed the princess gain
without,
I would not have you marry,
But Sir, be jealous of old women's sayings,
If they're against it, 'tis because they're past it.
Oh! think of all the joy your soul will have.
While on her panting breast, dissolv'd in bliss,
You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in every kiss.

Thum. Oh! friend. thou fir'st my eager soul;
Spight of my grand-mother, she shall be mine.

A I R X.

*I'll hug, I'll eat her up with love,
Whole days, and nights and years:
Our Bed shall be a shady grove
A soft retreat from cares.*

*I will my loving gut so cram,
I never will give o'er,
Like baby, wh at breast of Mam,
Tho' bursting, cries for more.*

Noodle. Oh, Sir! this purpose of your soul
[pursue,

Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an action against you.

Noodle. At whose suit?

Bail. At your *Taylor's* Sir.

Thum. Ha! dogs! arrest my friend before
my face!

Take here your fees -- [draws and stabs 'em both.

Bail. Oh! I'm slain!

Fol. And I also.

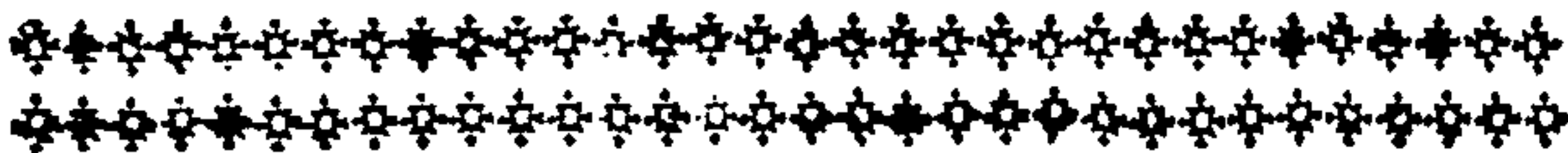
Nood Go both to hell like rascals as ye are.

Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land.

A I R XI.

*Come triumph, ye Debtors, a Bailiff, vile Foe,
I've genteely sent to th' Infernals below;
And tell me where else shou'd Bailiffs go,
Who Fiendlike infest this great Town?*

*Let all such rank weeds of the State go to pot,
My stewing and boiling fall out to their lot;
Without more ado pluck 'em up by the root,
We cannot destroy them too soon.* [Exeunt.



SCENE II.

HUNCAMUNCA'S Apartment.

HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Hunc. Give me some musick—see that it
be sad. [Solemn Musick.

Oh!

Oh! Thumb! Oh! wherefore art thou Thumb?

Why not born of Royal Race?

Why had not mighty Bantam been thy Father?

Or else the King of Brentford, Old, or New?

Cle. Madam, the King.

Enter the King.

King Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the
room. [*Exeunt Cleora and Must.*

*Daughter, I have observ'd of late,
Some Grief unusual in your Countenance.*

Say, what's the Cause?

Ha'n't you enough of Meat and Drink?

*Hunc. Alas! my Lord, I value not myself,
That once I ate two fowls, and half a Pig;
Small is that Praise; but Oh! a Maid may
want,*

What she can neither eat or drink.

King. What's that?

*Hunc. O spare my Bushes; but I mean a
Husband.*

*King. If that be all, I have provided one;
A Husband great in Arms,
Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue, make a Noise,
Great as the Kettle-Drums of twenty Armies.*

Hunc. Whom does my Royal Father mean?

King. Tom Thumb.

Hunc. Is it possible?

[*Smiling.*

King.

King. A Country Dance of Joy is in your
Face;
Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red
as Beef.

Hunc. Yes, I will own, since licens'd by
your Word,
I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cause of all my Grief:
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd
my Sheets.

King. Then thou shalt gnaw thy Holland-
Sheets no more,

A Husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

Hunc. O happy Sound.

A I R XII.

*Long my Maiden-head in keeping
I have had against my Will;
It has cost me much sad weeping,
Lest I should lead Apes in Hell.
I thank my Stars that Fright is over,
I shall try the Marriage-State;
Twenty sure deserves a Lover,
Or too hard's a Princess' Fate.*

Oh! I am over-joy'd.

King. I see thou art.
This joyful News shall on our Tongue ride
Post,
And we ourself will bear it to *Tom Thumb*.

A I R XIII.

*Yet you that take a Hero to your Arms,
 Can't hope t'engross him always by soft Charms:
 Various his Duty, various his Delight,
 Now is his turn to kiss, and now to fight;
 And now to kiss again — so mighty Jove,
 When with excessive thundering tir'd above;
 Comes down to Earth -- and takes a Bit -- and then
 Flies to his Trade of thundering back again.*

[Exit King.]

Enter Grizzle.

Griz. Oh! *Huncamunca, Huncamunca, Oh!*
 Thy Breasts, like Kettle-Drums of Brals,
 Beat loud Alarms of Joy;
 As bright as Brals they are, and Oh! as hard.
 Oh! *Huncamunca! Huncamunca, Oh!*

Hunc. Ha! what Boldness' this!
 Yes, Princess, well I know your Rank;
 But Love nor Meanness scorns, nor Grandeur
 dreads.

Love often Lords into the Cellar bears,
 And bids as oft the Porter come up-stairs.
 For what's too high for Love, or what too low?
 Oh! *Huncamunca! Huncamunca, Oh!*

Hunc. But granting all you say is true,
 My Love, alas! is to another due.
 In vain you come,
 I'm promis'd to Tom Thumb.

Griz,

Griz. And can you such a Durgen wed?
 One fitter for your Pocket than your Bed?
 Oh! fie! the puny Baby shun,
 Or you will ne'er be brought to Bed of one.

Hunc. If what you say be true,
 This Instant I renounce my Promise.

A I R XIV.

*By Promise I'm no longer bound;
 The strongest Vows must fall,
 When once a seeming Man is found,
 In Fact, no Man at all.*

Griz. Ah! sing that o'er again ----- let the
 sweet Sound attend me as I fly
 to *Dictor's Commons* for a Licence.

Hunc. O no! lest some Disaster we shou'd
 meet,
 'Twere better to be marry'd at the *Fleet*.

Griz. Forbid it, all ye Powers!

A I R XV.

*To gain the lov'd, the beauteous Fair,
 What various Dangers Man must run!
 But when for Love your Women dare,
 How greatly is he then outdone?
 Between two wide Extremes all Women move,
 And more than Man, they either hate or love.
 They'll*

They'll jump from Windows, run away,
 They will employ their utmost Skill;
 They'll marry, to prevent Delay,
 Both when, and how, and where you will.
 Between two wide Extr mes all Women move,
 And more than Man, they either hate or love,
 [Exit Gizzles]

Enter Tom Thumb.

Thumb. Where's my Princess? where's my
Huncamunca?

Where are those Eyes, those Card-matches
 of Love,

That light up all with Love my waxen Soul?

Hunc. Oh! what is Musick to the Ear
 that's deaf?

Or a Goose-Pye to him that has no Taste?

What are these Praises now to me,

Since I am promis'd to another?

Thumb. Ha! promis'd?

Hunc. Too sure ----- 'tis written in the
 Book of Fate.

Thumb. Then will I tear away the Leaf.

A I R XVI.

Fond to Madness,

Up to the Ears in whining Sadness,

'Sdeath! what's Fate to him that doats!

Pillag'd and robb'd,

Of one we love fobb'd,

I'd not be i' th' Filcher's Coats;

He that worships God of Love,

Minds not the Decrees of Jove.

D

Enter

Enter Glumdalca:

Glum. I need not ask if you are *Huncamunca*.

Hunc. I am a Princess - - - and Thou - - -

Glum. A Giantess; the Queen of those,
Who made and unmade Queens.

Hunc. The Man, whose chief Ambition
is to be
My Sweetheart, has destroy'd these mighty
Giants.

Glum. Your Sweetheart?
Think you the Man, who once hath worn
My easy Chains, will e'er wear thine?

Hunc. Well may your Chains be easy,
Since try'd on twenty Husbands;
The Glove and Boot, pull'd on so many times,
May well set easy on the Hard or Foot.

Glum. I glory in the Number.

Hunc. Let me view nearer what this
Beauty is,
That captivates the Hearts of Men by Scores.
[holds a Candle to her Face.

O Heav'n! thou art ug'y as the Devil.

Glum. The best Shoes in your Shop you'd
give
To be but half so handsome.

Hunc. Since you come to that,
I'll put my Beauty to the Test;
Tom Thumb, I'm thine, if thou wilt go with me.

Glum. O stay, and thou alone shalt fill
That Bed, where twenty Giants us'd to lie.

Thumb. Aias! I ne'er can do the Work of
twenty.

A I R XVII.

*Madam, pray excuse the task,
Faith! I am unequal to't;
Some robusfer Hero ask,
Who can better grant your Suit.*

[*Exeunt Thumb and Huncamunca.*

Glum. What, left! scorn'd! loath'd for such
a Chit!

I feel a Storm arising in my Mind;
Tempests and Whirlwinds rise, and rowl and
roar;

I'm all a Hurricane, as if
The World's four Winds were pent within
my Carkals.

Confusion! Horror! Murder! Guts and Death

Enter the King.

King. Sure never was so sad a King as I!
To love a Captive and a Giantess!
O Love! O Love! how great a King art thou!
O *Glumdalca!*

Glum. What do I hear?

King. What do I see?

Glum. Oh!

King. Ah!

Glum. Ah! wretched Queen!

King. Oh! wretched King!

Glum. Ah!

King. Oh!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tom Thumb, Huncamunca, and Parson.

Parson. Happy's the wooing
That's not long a doing,
And if I guess right,
Tom Thumb this Night

Shall give a Being to a new *Tom Thumb*.

Thumb. It shall be my Endeavour so to do.

Hunc. Oh tye! I vow you make me blush.

Thumb. It is the Virgin's Sign, and suits you well.

A I R XVIII.

*But Blushes, these crimson Invaders,
O strange! are now criminal thought;
In Scanda: and Censure the Traders,
Bye ana bye will call Blushing a Fault.
A: innocent Blush in us Lasses
Is Virtue but at second-hand;
If we blush, we are told by these Asses,
It is because we understand.*

R E C I T A T I V O.

Parson. Long may ye live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole Land be peopled with *Tom Thumbs*.

A I R XIX.

*So when the Cheshire-Cheese a Maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:
By hundreds and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continu'd Maggot fills the rotten Cheese.*

Enter Noodle.

Nood. Never was Court more *Bedlam*-like,
All Things are so confus'd! The King's in Love,
The Queen is drunk, the Princess marry'd is.

Enter

Enter Grizzle.

Griz. O *Noodle*, hast thou *Huncamunca* seen?

Nood. I've seen a thousand Sights to-day:

The King, the Queen, and all the Court are Sights.

Gri. But what of *Huncamunch*?

Nood. By this time she is marry'd to *Tom Thumb*. —

Gri. My *Huncamunca*?

Noodle. Your *Huncamunca* ———

Tom's Huncamunca ——— *Every Body's Huncamunca*.

A I R XX.

Desp'rate is thy Case, I swear,

Women love not shill I, shall I;

Ten to one you lose the Fair,

If in Love-Affairs you dally.

There's a Crisis, which, when over,

Makes you certain of their State;

They will take the next new Lover,

And cry, sneering — You're too late.

Gri. If this be true, all *Womankind* are damn'd.

Nood. If she be not, may I be so myself.

And see she comes to prove I'm not a *Lyar*.

Enter *Huncamunca*:

Gri. Where has my *Huncamanca* been?

See here the *Licence* in my *Hand*!

Hunc. Alas! *Tom Thumb*.

Gri. Why do you mention him?

Hunc. Ah, me! *Tom Thumb*. ———

Gri. Ah, me! I see you're false, and I am curs'd.

Hunc. O be not hasty to proclaim your *Doom*,
My ample *Heart* for more than one has *Room*;
A *Maid* like me *Heav'n* form'd at least for two;
I marry'd him, and now I'll marry you.

A I R

257

A I R XXI.

*Prithee no frowning — let's have no resenting,
For both I've enough, if all thou didst know:
A Day or two hence you wou'd be repenting,
And wish I had kept two Strings to my Bow:*

Gri. Ha! dost thou own thy Falshod to my Face?
Think'st thou I am so base to share thy Bed?

A I R XXII.

*No, — no, — I will no Rival bear,
Nor unreveng'd the Willow wear.
Where's the puny modern Beau,
Can such Legs and Shoulders shew?
Modish Dame, two Lovers take,
I will have you all, or none,
But beware — the Court shall shake —
So you may go pick that Bone. [Exit.*

Hunc. O fatal Rashness! should his Fury slay
My hapless Bridegroom on his Wedding-Day,
I, who this Morn, of two chose which to wed,
May go again this Night alone to Bed.

A I R XXIII.

*My Heart misgives me sadly!
Some Lovers wo'n't be Fools;
And Oh! I've acted madly,
To fall between two Stools!
Oh! wretched Situation!
By wishing more than one,
Oh! fatal Separation!
I shall be left with none.*

End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Arthur's Palace.*

Ghost solus.

RECITATIVO.

Ghost **H**AIL! ye black horrors of mid-night's
mid-noon!

You *Fairies, Goblins, Bats, and Screech-owls* hail!
And on! ye mortal watch-men, whose hoarse throats
Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
All hail!

Enter King:

King. What noise is this? what villain dares,
At this dread hour, disturb our royal walls?

Ghost. One who defies thy empty pow'r to hurt him.

King. Presumptuous slave! thou diest!

Ghost. Threat others with that word,
I am a *Ghost*, and am already dead.

King. Have at thee Man, or *Ghost* —
Thou fly'st! 'tis well — [*Ghost retires.*]

I thought what was the courage of a *Ghost*!
Yet dare not walk again within these walls
On pain of the *Red-Sea*;

For if henceforth I ever find thee here,
Sure as a Gun I'll have thee laid.

Ghost. Were the *Red-Sea*, a Sea of *Holland's-Gin*,
The liquor, when alive, I did detest,
Yet for the sake of *Thomas Thumb*,
I wou'd be laid therein.

King. Ha! said you?

Ghost. Yes, my liege, I said *Tom Thumb*,

Whose

Whose Father's Ghost I am,
Once not unknown to mighty *Arthur*.

A I R XXIV.

*I am a civil, friendly sprite,
And come not hitber to affright :
I throw not topsy-turvy chairs,
Nor tables rumbling down the stairs ;
Nor yet behind the Wainscot rap,
Nor sudden make the casement flap :
The doors not jar, nor curtains spread,
Nor peep I in at feet of bed.*

King: 'Tis he — it is the honest gaffer *Thumb*,
Oh! let me press thee in my eager arms,
Thou best of Ghosts! thou something more than
Ghost!

But say, thou dearest air! oh! say, what dread
Important business sends thee back to earth?

Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear —
Thy Subjects are in arms, by *Grizzle* led,
Intending to besiege thy royal palace.

King. Thou ly'st, and thy intelligence is false
Hence — or by all the torments of thy *Hell*,
I'll run thee thro' the body, tho' thou hast none.

Ghost. *Arthur*, beware! — I must this moment
hence,
Not frightened by thy voice, but by the cocks.

A I R XXV.

*Slight not the warnings of us rambling sprites,
Sent, for your good, thro' air, on dismal nights ;
Strive to avert thy yet impending Fate ;
For kill'd to day, to morrow, care's too late.*

[*Ghost exit.*

King. Oh! stay! and leave me not 'twixt *Hawk*
and *Buzzard*. *Enter*

Enter Queen.

Queen. Oh! what's the cause, my *Arthur*, that you
steal

Thus silently from *Dollalolla's* breast?
Why dost thou leave me in the dark alone,
When well thou know'st, I'm so afraid of *Sprites*,
I cannot sleep?

King. Prithee, *Dollalolla*, do not blame me;
I hop'd the fumes of last night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eye-lids fast — but on! I find
There is no pow'r in dreams to quiet wives,

Queen. Think, what must be thy wretched wife's
surprise,
When, stretching — out her arms to hold thee fast,
She folds her useless Bolster in her arms.
Think! think on that! oh think! think well on that.

A I R XXVI.

*In bed we often lie awake,
We cannot always sleep;
When winds are high, and house does shake,
We gladly closer creep.
We simple women, when alone,
Are nat'rally afraid;
Least motion puts us in a swoon,
Except when dear's in bed.*

King. Oh! didst thou know one quarter what I
know,
Then wou'dst thou know — alas! what thou wou'dst
know?

Queen. What can I gather hence? why dost thou
speak
Like men who carry *Raree-shows* about,
Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see?
Oh, tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

E

Enter.

Enter Noodle.

Noodle. Long life attend your Majesties—
 Lord *Grizzle*, with a bold, rebellious crowd,
 Advances to the palace, storming loud,
 Unless the princess be deliver'd trait,
 And the victorious *Thumb*, without his pate,
 They are resolv'd to batter down the gate.

Enter Huncamunca.

King. See, where the princess comes! where is
Tom Thumb?

Hunc. Oh! Sir, about an hour and a half ago,
 He sallied out to fag the Foe,
 And swore upon his great, his warlike soul,
 He'd make a *Grizzle's* Head a Nine-pin bowl.
 Come, *Dollalolla*, *Huncamunca*, come,
 Within we'll wait securely for brave *Thumb*.
 Tho' Men and Giants shou'd conspire with Gods,
 Yet he alone is equal to those odds.

Queen. He is indeed a Helmet to us all,
 While he supports, we need not fear to fall.

A I R XXVII.

*His Life to us is what of yore,
 Was Pallas to the Trojan Loons;
 While that's preserv'd, the State may snore,
 And safely we may spend our Crowns.
 Best watch-men of a nodding State;
 In this a monarch's wisdom lies,
 To chuse such servants as are great,
 And fit for ev'ry enterprise.* [Exeunt,

SCENE.



SCENE II. A PLAIN.

Enter Lord Grizzle, Foodle, and Rebels.

Griz. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd ;
For too' we have not fought, yet we have found
No enemy to fight withal.

Food. And yet, methinks, we'd best avoid this day,
This first of *April* to engage our foe .

Griz. This day, at all the days of the year, I'd chuse ;
Go ! ? I will make *Tom Thumb* an *April Fool*.

Foodle. I'm glad to find our army is so stout.

Griz. What friends we have, and how we came
so strong,
I'll softly tell you as we march along. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Tom Thumb, Glumdalca, cum suis.

Thumb. Is this the noise of thunder, or of coaches ?
Ha k ! [*Merlin calls from behind.*

Merlin. *Tom Thumb !*

Thumb. What voice is this I hear ?

Merlin. *Tom Thumb !*

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merlin. *Tom Thumb !*

Thumb. Thrice I've heard my name.
Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.

Enter Merlin.

Merlin. Thou hast no cause to fear--I am thy friend--
Merlin by name, a conjuror by trade,

And to my art thou dost thy being owe.

Tom. How!

Merlin. Hear then the mystick getting of *Tom Thumb*.

A I R XXVIII.

*His Father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a son,
This couple knew not how.*

*Until such time the good old Man,
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him in great distress,
In secret manner shews;*

*How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, tho' it might be
No bigger than his Thumb.*

*Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his wish shou'd have;
And so a son of stature small,
The charme to him gave.*

Tho' I heard the past, look, -- up and see the future.

Tom. H! my sense is in a wood:
See there, *Glumialca*, see another me.

Glum O sight of horror! see you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a *Red Cow*.

Merl. Be not dismay'd; for this heroic Act
Shall gain thee fame immortal;
Ages unborn shall warble this soft theme,
In tuneful Opera,
Exceeding far *Hedaspes*, *Rosamond*,
Camilla, or *Arfinoe*.

Thumb,

Thum. Enough—'er ev'ry warlike music sound,
We fall contented if we fall renown'd.

A I R XXIX.

*To have my Actions in soft musick told,
What great renown can I crave?
Oh! the pleasure will be, like the hero's of old.
To be ha, ha, ha'd, in my grave!*

*Lords subscribing gold galore;
Oh what clap ing will be there!
Such a thundring loun Encore,
As will make a dead man stare!*

*Enter Grizzle, Foodle, Rebels, on the other side of the
Stage.*

Foodle. At length, the enemy advances nigh,
I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.

Griz. Draw all your swords—for Liberty we fight,
And Liberty the mustard is of life.

Thum. Are you the man, whom men fam'd *Grizzle*
call?

Griz. Are you the much more fam'd *Tom Thumb*?

Thum. The same.

Griz. Come on—for Liberty I fight.

Thum. And I for Love.

*[A bloody engagement between the two armies
here drums beating, trumpets sounding, thun-
der and lightning—they fight off and on seve-
ral times—some fall—*

Grizzie and Guadalca remain.

Glum. Turn, coward, turn, nor from a woman fl:

Griz. Away——thou art not worthy of my arm.

Glum. Have at thy heart then——

Griz. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum.

Glum. Too well you thrust, you've run me thro'^d
the Guts.

Oh! I'm dead, but not with joy——

Griz. Then, there's an end of one.

Re-enter Thumb, &c.

Thum. When thou art dead, then there's an end
of two.

Villain!

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thum. Rebel!

Griz. Tom Thumb.

Thum. Hell!

Griz. Huncamunca!

Thum. Thou hast it there.

Griz. Too sure I have.

Thum. To hell, thou rebel!

Griz. Triumph not, *Thumb*, nor think thou shalt
enjoy

Thy *Huncamunca* undisturb'd —— I'll send
My Gost to fetch her to the other world;
It shall but bait at heav'n, and then return.
But ha! I feel death rummaging my spirits.

A I R XXX.

*My body's like a bankrupt's shop,
My creditor is cruel death,
Who puts to trade of life a stop
And will be paid with this last breath;
Oh! [groans and dies.]*

Thum. With those last words he vomited his soul,
Which he hath voided in the devil's close-stool ——
Bear off the body, and cut off the head,
For me to lug in triumph to the King ——
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to break-fast.

A I R

A I R XXXI.

*An artist who has overcome,
Antagonist at skittle-ground,
Withdraws unto some private room,
And smokes, and bands the full pot round.*

*We must take breath in all we do,
An interval whets appetite ;
Unless we eat and drink, you know,
We cannot either love, or fight.*

Enter King, Queen, Huncamunca, and Courtiers.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse six pounds
To pay their debts — come, sit we down;
Here seated let us view the dancers sports —
Bid them advance — this is the wedding-day,
Of Princess *Huncamunca*, and *Tom Thumb* ;
Tom Thumb ! who wins two victories to-day,
And this way marches, bearing *Gizzle*'s head.

A Dance here.

Enter Noodle.

Noodle. Oh ! monstrous ! dreadful ! terrible ! oh ! oh !
Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes !
Dumb be my tongue ! feet lame ! all senses lost !
Howl Wolves ! grunt Bears ! hiss Snakes !
Shriek all ye Ghosts !

King. What does the blockhead mean ?

Noodle. Only to grace my tale with decent horror:
Whilst from my garret, twice two stories high,
I look abroad to take the air,
I saw *Tom Thumb* attended by a mob ;
Twice twenty shoe-boys, twice two dozen links,
Chairmen

Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen -- whores,
 A loft he bare the grizly head of G.izzle,
 When on a sudden thro' the streets there came
 A C.w, much larger than the usual size,
 And in a moment — Oh! guets the lest
 And in a moment, swallow'd up Tom Tumb'

King. Shut up again the prisons — bid my treasurer
 Not give three farthings out --- hang all the *Culprits*,
 Guilty, or not, -- no matter — ravish virgins —
 Go bid the school-maisters whip all their boys;
 Let lawyers, parsons, and physicians loose
 To rob, impose on, and to kil the world.

Noodle. Her Majesty the Queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but I have still
 Strength to reward the messenger of ill news.

[Stabs him.

Noodle. Oh! I am slain.

Cleora. My lover's kill'd, and I revenge him so.

[Stabs the Queen,

Hunc. My mamma kill'd! vile murtherers! there.

[Stabs Cleora.

Doodle. This for an old grudge, to thy heart.

[Stabs Huncamunca.

Mustacha. And this I drive to thine,

O *Doodle* for a new one.

[Stabs Doodle.

King Ha! murther's vile! take that [Stabs Mustacha.

And take thou this —

[Kills himself and falls,

A I R XXXII.

*A monarch, when his people's gone,
 Wou'd look ut aukward on a throne.
 With pleasure hen resign thy crown,
 Since all thy subjects are o'er thrown.
 What signifies it to survive,
 When only thou art left alive?*

So!

Oh!

[Dies.
 Enter

Enter Sir Crit-Operatical and Modely.

Mod. Well, *Sir Crit-Operatical*, how like you the Entertainment so far?

Sir Crit. Faith, Sir, 'tis as pretty a Banquet of dead Bodies as a Sexton could wish, and Variety—but I hope *Mr. Modely* has a better Opinion of the Tenderness, as well as Regularity of my musical Disposition, than to imagine I can see such a stupid, irregular, bloody, abominable Catastrophe, without Indignation.

Mod. Have Patience, till you see the Catastrophe.

Sir Crit. I would be glad to know who ever saw an *Italian Opera* end tragically? By Gad, when we *English* imitate any Thing that's foreign, we do it so awkwardly! There's something of Whim in the Opera, but split me, this will infallibly damn it in the Eyes of all good Judges ——— I could almost cudgel the Rogue, that committed so unparallel'd a Blunder.

Mod. But good *Sir Crit*, keep your Temper till you see the Catastrophe.

Sir Crit. Catastrophe! Why, the Actors are all dead, and unless the Author can give them a new Being, he will never be able to give his Opera another Ending.

Mod. But I hear they are not really dead.

Sir Crit How! not dead?

Mod. No, Sir; they are only enchanted; for you must know, *Merlin* interpos'd in their Fall, and intends, by Virtue of the same magick Art, to make them all rise again, in Order to give a happy Conclusion to the Opera. And see — he comes.

F

Enter

Enter Sir Crit-Operatical and Modely.

Mod. Well, Sir *Crit-Operatical*, how like you the Entertainment so far?

Sir Crit. Faith, Sir, 'tis as pretty a Banquet of dead Bodies as a Sexton could wish, and Variety—but I hope Mr. *Modely* has a better Opinion of the Tenderness, as well as Regularity of my musical Disposition, than to imagine I can see such a stupid, irregular, bloody, abominable Catastrophe, without Indignation.

Mod. Have Patience, till you see the Catastrophe.

Sir Crit. I would be glad to know who ever saw an *Italian Opera* end tragically? By Gad, when we *English* imitate any Thing that's foreign, we do it so awkwardly! There's something of Whim in the Opera, but split me, this will infallibly damn it in the Eyes of all good Judges ——— I could almost cudgel the Rogue, that committed so unparallel'd a Blunder.

Mod. But good *Sir Crit*, keep your Temper till you see the Catastrophe.

Sir Crit. Catastrophe! Why, the Actors are all dead, and unless the Author can give them a new Being, he will never be able to give his Opera another Ending.

Mod. But I hear they are not really dead.

Sir Crit How! not dead?

Mod. No, Sir; they are only enchanted; for you must know, *Merlin* interpos'd in their Fall, and intends, by Virtue of the same magick Art, to make them all rise again, in Order to give a happy Conclusion to the Opera. And see — he comes.

F

Enter

Enter Merlin.

RECITATIVO.

Merl. Sweet Goddess of enchanting Strains,
That steal't, like Drink, into Men's Brains;
Great Trader in sott, melting, Wane;
Thou best of Cradles to our Care,
Lend thy harmonious Aid to free
From magick Spell this Company. [*solemn Music.*
And first arise, thou fell — thou hideous Brute --
[*waves his wand.*
Thou rav'nous Cow! --- I do conjure thee to't.

A Red Cow appears.

[*Curtain drops.*
Now by emetick Power, Red Canibal,
[*waves his Wand.*
Cast up thy Pris'ner, *England's Hannibal.*
Forth from her growling Guts, brave Worthy, come,
And be thyself --- the Little Great TOM THUMB.
[*he comes out of her Mouth, after which she disappears.*
Now King, now Lords, now Commons, all arise;
[*waves his Wand over each as he speaks.*
Be loose your Tongues, and open all your Eyes;
Be chang'd from what ye were --- let Faction cease,
And ev'ry one enjoy his Love in Peace. [*they rise up.*

Sir Crit. Wond'rous, astonishing Plot! more sudden
than the Reprieve in the *Beggars Opera* — a
Transformation exceeding all Transformation —
even the Comical Transformation, or any in *Ovid's*
Metamorphosis.

RECITATIVO.

King. O *Dallalolla!* O my Queen!
Thou only art my Queen!
Queen. O *Arthur!* O my King!
Thou only my King!

Music.

Hunc. O TOM THUMB!

Thumb. O Huncamunca!

Grz. Rub well thy Eyes, O Grizzle, to see clear?
Hast thou been in the Moon, or in a Sleep?

That matters not, but this I know,
I've slept myself into a better Mood.

Pardon my late Rebellion, good my Liege ———

Tom Thumb, be happy in thy *Hunky's* Love ———

O sweet *Glumdulca*! could'st thou be so with me,
But halt a Giant, yet an able Man.

Glum. The Offer's kind, and not to be rejected
By one in my sad Case ——— a Stranger here ———
Some hundred thousand Leagues, or more,
From any of my Giant Country-men.

A I R XXXIII.

Dimension, in Lovers, takes all knowing Lasses,

From twenty to thirty, or more;

But little or great, no matter, he passes

With longing Old Maids of two Score.

For be he short, or be he tall,

One's better, sure, than none at all.

Thumb. Rebellion's dead, tho' we are all alive;
Cur'd by a Miracle, by giving Life,
While others heal by taking it away ———
Inchantment happy! Conjuror most blest!
Among the Faculty of Quacks the best.

D U E T T E.

Thum. Tell me, *Hunky*, without feigning,
Dost thou longer like abstaining?

Hunc. View my eyes, and know my meaning;

Thum. I see the lent of love is past;

Hunc. And yet I have not broke my fast;

Thum. But soon you shall ——— I'm in the fit. ———

Hunc.

Hunc. For what?

Thum. To love.

Hunc. Then, prithee humour it.

Both. Ay, prithee let us humour it.

Hunc. But dear *Tommy*, prithee say,
Wilt thou never go astray?

Thum. I'll be constant as time go;
I'll sap abroad a night or so.

Hunc. But what if I should do the same?

Thum. You'd only do like modish dame.

Hunc. Pshaw! rather let us faithful prove;
Who shares a lover, does not love.

Both. Who shares a lover does not love.

King. *Bravo! Bravissimo!*

Thrice three! full nine times happy *Arthur!*

Shew me the King, who is so bless'd as I?

My Subjects now no longer by the ears,

But all shake hands, like friends, with one another.

CHORUS.

*Let fierce animosities cease,
Let all marry'd couples agree,
Let each his own wife kiss in peace,
And end all their Cavils as we.*

F I N I S.