

THE
P L O T.

As it is Perform'd

By His MAJESTY's Company of
COMEDIANS at the THEATRE-
ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

With the MUSICK *prefix'd to each* SONG.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office
in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

M D C C X X V.

Price One Shilling.



P R O L O G U E.

Notorious Falshood, Avarice, and Rage,
May well expect the Satyr of the Stage.
The Satyr looks round, with keen impartial Eyes,
On Vice, and Folly seizes as its Prize;
But ever has rever'd the Just and Wise.
Let none at Random think we deal our Blows,
And, like Drawcansir, kill both Friends and Foes;
The Stage applauds the Wise, the Learn'd, the Good,
But Knaves and Fools are properly our Food.
The knowing Lawyer sties not into Rage,
But laughs at Ignoramus on the Stage:
Thus when Moliere an Emperick attacks,
He finds no Censure, but among the Quacks.
Our Poet says, He fits his Cap to none,
But if some Fool will wear it — 'tis his own.

A

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Dramatis Personæ.

D R. Chronos,	Mr. <i>Harper</i> .
Dr. Thickskull,	Mr. <i>Turbutt</i> .
Dr. Mildman,	Mr. <i>Shepard</i> .
Dr. Phlebotomy,	Mr. <i>Oatet</i> .
Dr. Cathartick,	Mr. <i>Berry</i> .
Dr. Proby,	Mr. <i>Cole</i> .
Mr. Crocus,	Mr. <i>Raftor</i> .
Mr. Emetick,	Mr. <i>Este</i> .
Undertaker,	Mr. <i>Mechlin</i> .
Clerk,	Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
1 st Coffin-maker,	Mr. <i>Gray</i> .
2 ^d Coffin-maker,	Mr. <i>Wright</i> .
Torchbearer,	Mr. <i>Woodburn</i> .
1 st Russian,	Mr. <i>Hallam</i> .
2 ^d Russian,	Mr. <i>Beckham</i> .
Porter,	Mr. <i>B. Turbutt</i> .
English Harlequin,	Mr. <i>L'Brune</i> .
His Valet,	Mr. <i>Salway</i> .
French Harlequin,	Mr. <i>Laguerre</i> .
English Lady,	Mrs. <i>Pritchard</i> .
Nurse,	Mrs. <i>Willis</i> .
1 st French-woman,	Mrs. <i>Charke</i> .
2 ^d French-woman,	Mrs. <i>Shireburn</i> .

A Troop of *French* Comedians; several Patients.

The Tradgetitive and Airs mark'd with a Comma thus (,) are left out in the Representation, as being thought too long.

T H E



T H E
P L O T.

S C E N E, *A Street.*

Enter Harlequin, Valet, and a Porter with a Portmanteau. The Valet sings the following Air.

V A L E T.



U E ſçai you come not here for Wealt,
Mais vor to give Relief:
But ere you give the *Englis* Healt
Morbleu let's taſte der Beef:
Roaſt Beef! Marbleu let's taſte Roaſt
Beef.

Relieve the Sick, de tout mon Cœur,
Aſſuage de Patient's Grief :

But

THE PLOT.

But still ma foy, mon cher Monsieur,
Me hungar for Roast Beef:
Roast Beef! &c.

[They go off]

SCENE changes to a Study, and discovers rang'd round
a Table a Consultation of Doctors attended by a Por-
ter; on the Table lie several Pamphlets, &c. Doctor
Chronos, Dr. Thickscull, Dr. Mildman, Dr. Phle-
botomy, Dr. Cathartick, and Dr. Probe.

TRADGETITIVE.

Dr. Chronos, to Misoquack.

Oh thou, who'rt Champion for our Cause,
Receive our Thanks and just Applause;
Thy brave Attack thou well may'st brag on,
Since Truth's as sturdy as a Dragon.

THE PLOT.

A I R. I. O'er the Hills &c.



*The Crocodile infests the Nile,
The Wolves the Shepherd's care beguile;
Tempestuous Winds plough up the Deep,
And Plagues o'er Eastern Countries sweep;
The Rhine's fair Banks no Comfort know,
And Sorrow triumphs o'er the Po;
But these are all but puny Ills,
When nam'd with Ward, his Drops and Pills;*

TRADGETITIVE.

Dr. Thick. Our Practice *Ward* will all englut a;
Some sure Stop en't instant put-a
his curs'd Pilula, and his Gutta.
When at his Name, my Blood runs chill,
Doing Good, yet wanting Skill.
The Case I'll plainly state, is thus,
Cures the Sick, gives Death to us:

Have you not seen a Troler strike
 With a Snap-hook a well grown Pike?
 First give him Line and let him sheer,
 Then check his Course and draw him near;
 And dally with him till at length,
 The Fish exerting all his Strength,
 Breaks with a flounce the Line in twain,
 And does his Liberty regain?
 Yet this grieves not the Troler's Heart,
 He dally'd by the Rules of Art.

Dr. Mild. You're talking here of Angler's Tricks;
 Brother, I pray, don't be Prolix.

Dr. Thick. I pray you, Sirs, you will observe
 I shall not from my Subject swerve.

Dr. Proby. Oh, Brothers, I'll to *Thickscul* trust,
 I'll warrant you, th' Allusion's just.
 Say what you will, nay, say the worst,
 He only speaks what e'er comes first.
 No Interest yet cou'd check his Tongue,
 He'll out with all, be't right or wrong.

Dr. Thick. Thus a Physician rightly bred,
 That carries *Galen* in his Head;
 Who knows what's Practice, trusts to Skill,
 Shou'd dally with his Patient still.
 Give the Distemper scope, and then,
 With prudent hand draw back the Rein:
 To Hectick-Fever raise a Cold,
 (For each Prescription brings in Gold)
 But if the Fever gets too high,
 And the poor Patient chance to die,
 The Doctor cannot bear the Blame,
 The Rules of Art, secure his Fame.

Dr. Chro. We've heard you, Sir, with great Regard;
 but what's all this to Mr. *Ward*?

Dr. Thick. I think 'tis plain by what I've said,
 that *Ward*'s a Stranger to his Trade,
 and like a Poacher does at once
 and with a Net, ere Fish can flounce.

Dr. Phle. To all Diseases we lay Claim,
 and properly they are our Game,
 and who's no Dr. yet dare cure
 of, Apoplex, or Calenture,
 does on the Faculty encroach, Sir,
 and shou'd be treated like a Poacher.

A I R II. Joan's Placket, &c.



*Physick's a deep and spacious Lake,
 Diseases are our Fish,
 Which as our Right, no one shou'd take
 But for the Doctor's Dish:
 Ward is an Otter, which I fear
 Will much our Pool annoy,
 Him we shou'd hunt with Hound and Spear,
 Lest he our Store destroy.*

TRADGETIVE.

Dr. Chro. Then, Brothers, *Misoquackus* here,
Who first has boldly launch'd his Spear,
And struck this Otter thro' the Flanks,
Shou'd from this Board receive our Thanks.

Dr. Mild. I fear while he'd this Otter gore,
His ill-aim'd Stroke will wound us more.

AIR. III. Chevy Chace.



*Have you not known an idle Lad
At Play instead of Church,
And then by Lyes make worse of bad,
As fearing of the Birch?
Thus when the Town shall come to see,
That Lyes are our Resource;
What now is bad, I fear will be
A hundred times made worse.*

TRADGETIVE.

Dr. Chro. For Vermin ev'ry Snare we set,
Employ the Gun, the Gin, the Net.

THE PLOT.

A I R. IV. *Bessy Bell, &c.*



*Sure never Vermin yet broke in,
To rob the Farmer's Yard, - Sir,
Which merited so well the Gin,
As does this Pole-Cat, Ward, Sir:
Wherefore fair Play he don't deserve,
Or Lyes, or Knives employ, Sir,
For this plain is, we all must starve,
Or we must Ward destroy, Sir.*

Dr. Cath. I fear these Pamphlets will alarm,
And *Ward's* refuting do us harm.
What's more, I wish we're not bereft
Of what small Reputation's left;
For Truth we know in Time prevails,
But dead Men, Brothers, tell no Tales.

Dr. Chro. Why, as my learned Brother says,
Cutting his Throat will end these Frays.

Dr. Cath.

Dr. Cath. It is an Argument confuting,
It will prevent his e'er refuting,
And put an End to all disputing.

Dr. Mild. How! murder Him! my Blood runs chill.

Dr. Chro. Yet you can murder with your Quill.

Dr. Cath. And gravely with Prescription kill.

What signifies a single Life?

Let's drop the Pen and take the Knife.

Oh, wretched were our sad Condition,

If the Dead cou'd speak agen,

For, on my truth! of the Physician

Nine at least have dy'd in Ten.

When e'er our Interest asks a Murder,

No Physician sure can pause,

To boggle at it nought's absurder,

As 'tis for the Common Cause.

[*A Noise without.*

Within. We must come in.

Porter. Have patience, pray.

Within. If you resist, we'll force our way.

Porter. Nay, pray you, Friends, be not so curst,
Let me acquaint the Doctors first.

Enter to them a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are here, at least, Threescore
Poor starving Wretches at the Door.

Of you they ask, grave Sirs, Redress,

And for Admittance earnest press;

Apothecaries, Undertakers,

Your Flambeaux-men, and Coffin-makers,

Nurses, Grave-diggers, Parish-Clerks,

And all as hungry set as Sharks.

These

These, think they merit your Regard,
As Fellow-Sufferers by *Ward*.

Dr. Chro. You see what Mischiefs daily come,
He'll ruin all.——

Dr. Thick. Ay, all and some.

Dr. Chro. O *Ward!* thou art an eating Cancer,
What crying Sins hast thou to answer!

Let 'em all in——what shall we do

To change this cruel Scene of Woe?

Thus the poor helpless trembling Swain,

' Sees Torrents from the Mountains fall;

Which spread resistless o'er the Plain,

' And sweep away his All.

His lowing Herds, his bleating Flocks,

' He views with wishful watry Eyes;

His Griefs, his Fears, the Tempest mocks,

' And rolls triumphant with its Prize.

*Enter Undertaker, Apothecaries, Coffin-makers, Pa-
rish-Clerks, Grave-digger, Nurses and Flambeaux-
men, &c.*

Croc. Redress, grave Sirs, or we're undone.

Under. Ay, turn'd out to starve, and that's all one.

1 *Cof.* Our Tale of Coffins fell this Year,

Three thousand, Sirs, or very near.

2 *Cof.* Nay, hold ye, Brother, it was more,

Three thousand, and some seven score:

Consider, Sirs, the growing Ill,

This is within the Year of Pill.

Clerk. 'Tis true indeed, meer Ruination!

'Tis we Sir, make the Calculation.

This

This *Ward* deserves our bitterest Curses.

Nurse. He's ruin'd, well-a-day! us Nurses.
No one now will keep his Bed.

Alas the Day! all Trading's dead.

For now, Sirs, when a Man falls ill,
He takes a Coach, to take *Ward's* Pill.

Erne. Ay, curse the Rogue! his Pill and Drop,
Will force us all to shut up Shop.

[Apothecaries talk to the Doctors]

Grave. This *Ward* can ne'er expect to thrive,
He kept my dying Wife alive:

Thus, doubly am I wretched made,
I've kept my Wife, but lost my Trade.

And then he undertakes you all,

The Rich, the Poor, the Great, the Small;

The Dropsy, nay, a whole Complexion,

If you'll but follow his Direction.

He cures the Apoplex and Phthifick,

Altho' he is unlearn'd in Physick,

The Rheumatis, nay e'en the Gout.

Torch. I fear he'll put our Flambeaux out.

Dr. Chro. Friends we will study your Relief,
This *Ward's* a Rogue——

Nurse. A very Thief!

Dr. Chro. No more——our Interest demands
Both pregnant Brains, and daring Hands.

Go, calm your Fears, they soon will end;

The Faculty, and I'm your Friend.

These stormy Clouds you'll see blow o'er.

All. But dear, dear Doctor write no more.

Under. We own your Zeal, but 'tis our Curse,
That your redressing makes things worse.

AIR V. The merry Songster.



*So Tinkers, we are told,
 Who do your Kettles mend,
 Your New ones will make Old,
 Your whole ones break or bend:
 They'll patch it to the Eye, Sir,
 With hammering make ado;
 Yet when you come to try, Sir,
 For one hole you'll find two.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a ———

Enter Crocus, Emetick, and two Ruffians.

TRADGETITIVE.

Croc. What says the warlike Son of Mars?

Eme. He's ready now to draw his Sword,

But makes some Boggle at a Word.

C

To

To kill's not much, he makes that slight,
 But cannot think that Murder's right.
 I say they're Words, nor differ more
 Than Punk and Trull; than Mifs and Whore.
 ' Colours, we see, by different Light
 ' Seem to change, and cheat the Sight.
 ' Thus what is green, if seen by Day,
 ' To th' Eyes at Night will blue display;
 ' And yet the Colour's still the same.
 ' Tho' different Light, gives different Name.
 ' Thus, in a King, 'tis nobly Great,
 ' To bring Destruction on a State;
 ' To seize a Neighbour Monarch's Crown,
 ' And mow like Corn whole Armies down.
 ' In private Men, the Case does alter,
 ' A single Murder finds the Halter.
 ' Tho' one reaps Glory, t'other Shame,
 ' Yet are the Facts the very same.

Ruff. My Honour, Sir, I wou'd not stain
 With one foul Spot, the World to gain.

Croc. If yours were lost, I cou'd supply ye;
 I've that of many Nobles by me.

Honour, like Weeds, affords large Crops,
 Great Men oft leave it in our Shops.

And tho' they ne'er demand it more,

They've still to pawn an endless Store.

Tradesmen must husband Honour well,

But Beaux may pawn, may give or sell.

So may the Rakes, or Men of Sword,

But Traders must regard their Word;

Shou'd Honour once their Shops forsake,

They've no Resource, the Wretches break.

Ruff. But still to murder unawarè,
 I do not, cannot think it fair.

THE PLOT.

Croc. 'Tis Stratagem, and that is fair,
Whether in Love employ'd, or War.

Eme. Don't Men of Honour ev'ry Day,
By Oaths the lovely Sex betray?

AIR VI. When the bright God of Day.



*They'll tremble and sigh,
They'll ogle and lye,
Like Spaniels be fawning upon her:
And if they deceive,
The fair One they leave,
And yet are they all Men of Honour.*

TRADGETTIVE.

' *Croc.* Our ev'ry Word affects the Mind,
 ' By the Idea to it join'd.
 ' Murder may make the Blood run chill,
 ' Yet it's Extent is but to kill.
 ' To put to Death, to kill, to slay
 ' In Battle, or in Tavern Fray,
 ' It matters not, Death's still the same.
 ' 'Tis true, it differs in the Dress,
 ' But Death is Dying ne'ertheless:
 ' Terms are distinguish'd by the Laws,
 ' From both the Manner and the Cause;
 ' Thus, Killing in our Self-Defence,
 ' Is ever counted Innocence,
 ' You do no Murder in this Sense.
 ' This *Ward* attempts to starve us all,
 ' And in th' Attempt does justly fall.
 ' As to the Method of his Killing,
 ' It matters not one single Shilling,
 ' Whether his Sword does strike me dead,
 ' Or he does kill by Want of Bread.

' 1 *Ruff.* But will not Murder hurt my Fame?

' *Croc.* The *Romans* never knew that Name.
 ' *Occidere*, or *Mortem dare*,
 ' Our Lawyers construe *Murderare*.
 ' And yet, in Troth, for all their Skill,
 ' The Word means nothing more than, Kill.

2 *Ruff.* The Captain, Sir's of Honour chary,
 So you'll forgive him if he's wary?
 Ten Pieces more — heark! in your Ear —
 May solve his Doubts, and make things clear.

THE PLOT

But Conscience is a Thing so tender,
To Argument 'twill ne'er surrender.

Eme. Rogues! I have paid 'em down Threescore,
And yet they're gaping still for more.

Croc. It must be giv'n, we hold the Plough,
And 'tis too late to boggle now.

[*Aside.*

Come, Sir, I find your Conscience winching,
This Gold, perhaps, may be convincing.

[*Gives a Purse.*

Ruff. I pray you, Sir, urge this no further,
My Honour's shock'd at Thoughts of Murder.
If killing *Ward* will do——d'ye see——

Croc. Oh! quite as well——

Ruff. Depend on me.

Croc. Enough; may Justice guide your Sword!

[*Ex. Crocus and Emetick.*

Ruff. Let us consider on the Attack——
What, tho' the Work be somewhat black,
Honour denies our looking back.

[*Exeunt.*

AIR

AIR VII. How happy the Man that like you, Sir



- ‘ *This Honour is alluring,*
- ‘ *It leads us on to Fame,*
- ‘ *Which, by the Sword procuring,*
- ‘ *Does give immortal Name.*
- ‘ *It is the Hero’s Fuel,*
- ‘ *And makes his Courage blaze;*
- ‘ *And Cut-Throats in a Duel,*
- ‘ *Their Characters do raise.*

THE PLOT,

- *The Heroe is applauded,*
- *By Senates is harang'd,*
- *By a Nation is rewarded*
- *For what we should be hang'd.*
- *Then Murder is no Sin, Sir,*
- *By this it does appear;*
- *So let our Work begin, Sir,*
- *Our Consciences are clear.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter the Troop of French Comedians.

[Drum beats.]

TRAGEDITIVE.

1 *Wom.* Here, Monsieur, at length we come,
But yet so poor as when at home.

Vat you propose now? Vat you do?

To get us Hoop, Mardi and Shoe?

De Case is now, ma Foy, ver hard.

2 *Wom.* But hold, Je connois, Monsieur *Vard*,
He bring vone Day, two Pill to me,

Dat put me quite in Ecstasy,

And cure sometime ma *Gueuserie*.

1 *Wom.* His Pill, dey say, vill cure de Poor,
Dere's few in *England* now so more;

But

But if nor Pill, nor Drop shou'd do't,
 We'll kiss some noble Lady's Foot.
 ' Lay in de way, for dem to tread,
 ' Hang on her Coats, and plead for Bread.
 ' Trembling approach vid downcast Eyes,
 ' And speak vid intercepting Sighs,
 ' Swear we depend upon her Breat,
 ' Which can alone give Life or Deat.

AIR VIII.

*Vy shou'd de Englis grumble
 Ve Vrens folk be caress'd;
 Great Lords reward de Humble,
 De Sawcy dey detest.*

*De Spaniel's fed at Table,
 Nay, in de Lady's Lap,
 De Mastiff in de Stable,
 Vid only Bone and Scrap.*

TRADGETITIVE.

Arle. Begar, me take no Pill, no Drop,
 Me vaite vid Patience for de Crop.
 Me ave come here one time before,
 And me be den, as now ——— ver poor.

2 *Wom.* Dere be Lors, great Vits, Monsieur,
 Ill starve de *Englis*, de bon Cœur,
 ey'll let dem walk vid empty Poche,
 and us, mes Cheres, dey'll put in Coach.

1 *Wom.* Oh Ventre gris! but dat is just,
 e in mi Lores vill put my Trust.

AIR IX. O rare Show.



le. ' Have you not seen a dusky Day,
 ' Scarce diff'ring from a Night,
 ' When Clouds deny'd a friendly Ray,
 ' By intercepting Light?

Chorus.

A very pretty Fancy, a fine Gallanty Show, &c.

D

' Ave

THE PLOT.

- ' Ave you not seen these Clouds dispell'd,
 ' The glorious Sun appear,
 ' The Mists like Rebels fly de Field,
 ' Who awful Justice fear?

CHORUS.

- ' Ve'll make de pretty Fancy, vid fine Gallanty Shows,
 ' Sell Nonsense come from Fransey, tout Nouveaux

- ' Thus, we who are beneath a Cloud,
 ' Shall like the Sun break fort,
 ' The Lofs our Theatre will crowd,
 ' Drawn by our innate Wort.

CHORUS.

- ' A very pretty, &c.

Dere Players shall before us fly,
 And starve like Englis Dogs;
 'Tis we who are de serene Sky,
 But dey de noisome Fogs.

CHORUS.

- ' A very pretty, &c.

De Vrens Asteur in good England,
 May his own Fortune carve;
 Dey pay for wat none understand,
 While Englis Players starve.

CHORUS.

- ' A very pretty, &c.

*De Englis of us have got de Odds,
Ma Chere, in Complaisance:
Dey treat our Scum like little Gods,
We chase der Scum from France.*

Chorus.

*To France ven we return again,
We'll be great Lors, and dey poor Men;
Der playing Sense dey'll find is vain,
We'll down vid Rish and Drury-Lane.*

A very pretty, &c.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to Ward's Apartment.*

Several People addressing Ward for his Assistance.

Enter the Two Ruffians, &c.

T R A D G E T I T I V E.

Ruff. Let us be sure and cautious now,
ready you have mis'd your Blow.

Ruff. First let the Crowd be settled, then
we'll give the just Stroke, and act like Men.

[*They pursue Ward, but are disappointed;*

[*Exeunt.*

AIR X. The Rummer.



Lady. *As Riv'lets fertilize the Plain,*
And paint the flow'ry Mead;
As Charioteers with Whip and Rein,
Check in the fiery Steed:
So Ward to all does Health impart,
Turns wint'ry Age to Spring,
Curbs fierce Distempers by his Art,
And takes away their Sting.

Chorus.

His Skill exacts our grateful Praise,
Which shall our Tongues employ;
'Tis He, who gives our lengthen'd Days
To taste of Bliss and Joy.

EPILOGUE.

TO praise, or pardon, can our Bard pretendre?
When this Hodge-podge affords no doubl' entendre!
How wou'd some Wits work'd up this Drop and Pill,
What warm Ideas wou'd their Pages fill!
How fine a Field our Hum-drum had to prove
The Virtue of his Pills and Drops, in Love!
But, if in this, they are allow'd specifick,
They cou'd not make our Poet's Brains prolifick.
When I wou'd give him Hints, the Fool cry'd, Hush,
Such pau-- pau-- Thoughts will make the Ladies blush.
Why sure, said I, the Devil's in the Man,
If you don't make the fair One spread her Fan,
Whisper a Friend, take Snuff, or feign a Cough,
The Beaux, be sure, will damn you for an Oaf.
Pho, pho, said he, these are all wild Vagaries;
But much I fear prescribing 'Pothecaries,
Scribbling Licentiate, advertising Quack;
These are, indeed, a most tremendous Pack!
What think you of Physicians, and the College?
I apprehend them not, they're Men of Knowledge.
The Pictures, I have drawn, are Foils to Merit;
The Bully kick'd, can touch no Man of Spirit.
This is his Plea; how good I leave to you
Who are his Jury, all good Men, and true.

F I N I S.