

But finding that the Shrowds inclin'd  
 To slack their pace, for want of Wind,  
 Now lends a hand in time of need,  
 That does at once obstruct their speed,  
 And, like a kind good-natur'd Clown,  
 Helps his poor giddy Master down,  
 Depriv'd of Sense by panick Fear,  
 And drunk with Motion and with Air,  
 Who, at first Landing, reels about,  
 As if o'ercome with Ale or Stout,  
 And belches out the swallow'd Wind,  
 Not only upwards, but behind,  
 Till, by degrees, poor *Ralpho* gains  
 His Legs and reconciles his Brains;  
 Which he's no sooner done, but in  
 Again comes merry *Harlequin*,  
 Disguis'd like an odd looking Fellow,  
 I'th' shape of a huge Punchionello,  
 With artificial Head and Hat  
 Fix'd o'er his own unlucky Pate,

And

And two false Arms upon his Shoulders,  
 To cheat the Eyes of the Beholders,  
 A wonderful surprizing Piece  
 Of Art, unknown to *Rome* or *Greece*,  
 Contriv'd upon this grand Occasion,  
 To gain the House a Reputation.

*For when our Players please the tast  
 Of Fools, they always thrive the best :  
 The wiser few are sorry Friends,  
 The Stage upon the Crowd depends,  
 They raise the Pence, and by their Praise  
 Direct that Fools-cap call'd, the Baies.  
 Therefore no wonder Wit should fail,  
 And idle Whims succeed so well,  
 Since in these Times we may discern  
 Men love to laugh, and not to learn.*

Punch nimbly dances to and fro,  
 His great activity to show,  
 And with distorted Back and Breast  
 Makes e'ery Step he takes, a Jest ;

But.

But had the Butterfly been there,  
 Which always should with Punch appear,  
 The Lords and Ladies must have hurt  
 Their Sides with laughing at the Sport.  
 But since the Butterfly was missing,  
 Which made the Show not half so pleasing,  
 They shou'd have turn'd their *Claps* to *Hissing* }

The Miller and his trusty Fellow,  
 Stood gaping now at Punchionello.  
 At length, for Reasons good, surmis'd,  
 That Punch was *Harlequin* disguis'd,  
 The very Knave that had of late  
 So plagu'd him and defil'd his Mate,  
 Therefore resolv'd to have his Blood,  
 Or at least cripple him, if he cou'd ;  
 The Clowns accordingly advancing,  
 Seize Punchionello as he's dancing,  
 And, without Mercy, drawing out  
 Their stick-pig Knives to cut his Throat,

Pursue their Rage, and with a jirk  
 Whip off his Head, to make sure work.  
 Punch troubles not his Brains about it,  
 But dances full as well without it :  
 Th'Assassins both seem greatly frightened,  
 But the Spectators much delighted :  
 'Twas very pritty, all Folks said,  
 To see Punch dance without his Head,  
 And keep true Time when's Ears were gone,  
 As well as if he'ad had 'em on.  
 The Miller and his Man stood quite  
 Confounded at so odd a sight,  
 At last take courage and agree,  
 Once more t'attack their Enemy ;  
 And now, whilst their Revenge is warm,  
 Each Ruffain amputates an Arm,  
 And in a Fury tosses by  
 The same, where they neglected ly,  
 Punch keeps on dancing, not regarding  
 The loss of Head or Arms a Farthing,

But

But seems as brisk to the Beholders,  
 As if they still were on his Shoulders,  
 Tho' numbers stood amaz'd and said,  
 'Twas strange, in all the Steps he made,  
 His Heels should never miss his Head.

His cruel Foes perplex'd to see  
 This long surviving Prodigy,  
 Once more resolve to have his Blood,  
 And rip his Guts out, if they cou'd;  
 Accordingly, a third Essay  
 They make, to take his Life away;  
 But as the Clowns are cutting ope  
 Poor Punch, to let his Garbish drop,  
 Out skuttles *Harlequin*, and saves  
 His Intrails from the bloody Knaves:  
 Thus flies their Rage, as quick as Wind,  
 And leaves his mangl'd Case behind.  
 The frighted Miller claws his Ears,  
 His Man, worse gally'd, gapes and stares,

Both looking as profoundly silly,  
 As Tipstaff, Constable, or Bailly,  
 When to their Scandal and their Cost,  
 They have some scuffling Pris'ner lost.

Excessive Claps, profusely loud,  
 Were now most lavishly bestow'd.  
 No wonder, for what Tongue could hiss  
 At such a grand Device as this?  
 Not only worthy of the Smiles  
 Of those that rule the *British* Isles,  
 But e'ery Mortal that delights,  
 In Raree-Shows and pritty Sights,  
 Next, to compleat this artful Scene,  
 Aloft appears a fine Machine,  
 A Chariot, such as Play-house Gods  
 Oft take a turn in thro' the Clouds,  
 When they descend near Earth, to know  
 How merry Mortals live below,  
 Upon the flying Horse or Mare,  
 That whirls this Chariot thro' the Air,

The Miller and his Man *Lol-poop*,  
 Sit highly mounted, Cock-a-hoop,  
 And in the Body of the Machine,  
 The Miller's Wife and *Harlequin*,  
 He toying, she as ripe for Jading,  
 As if just come from Masquerading ;  
 And thus the Rivals, who, of late,  
 Were greater Foes than Dog and Cat,  
 Now ride aloft, 'twixt Earth and Sky,  
 As Witches do on Hurdles fly,  
 And after all their snarling Ruffles,  
 Revengeful Broils and bloody Scuffles,  
 They in a Moment seem to be  
 In perfect Love and Amity ;  
 So, without further jealous Feuds,  
 The Scene, *in nubibus*, concludes.

*Hereby we see how Men that dread  
 The scandal of a forked Head,  
 Bluster like Bullies, to secure  
 Their Wives from any loose Amour;*

*But*

*But when, by chance, they shall discover  
 The thing they fear'd is done and over,  
 Their Courage flags, and they become  
 Obedient Slaves to Cuckoldom,  
 Fondle their Wives, like tame Wiseakers.  
 And fawn upon their Cuckoldmakers.*



Act III. Scene, *The Doctor's House.*

**N**OW *Faustus* having gain'd renown,  
 In e'ery neighb'ring School and Town,  
 For thus reducing to obedience  
 The Dev'l and all his airy Legions,  
 Some learn'd Collegiats have a Fausy  
 To pry into his Necromancy,  
 And see by what strange Conjunction,  
 He'ad merited such Reputation,

Accordingly, in Scholars-Gowns  
 And Trenchard-Caps upon their Crowns,  
 They knock at *Faustus* Gate, and gain  
 Admittance by the Doctor's Man;  
 Apologies they seem to make,  
 By Signs, but not a Word they speak;  
 Which to an Audience from the City,  
 Seems wondrous Fine, prodigious Pritty,  
 Because they give, as it appears,  
 Their Eyes the pref'rence of their Ears,  
 And wave their Intellects to fix  
 Their minds on *hocus pocus* Tricks

The Scholars being usher'd in,  
 To Doctor *Faustus Harlequin*,  
 Find several other Gownmen there,  
 Conversing with the Conjuror;  
 For Students touch'd with Melancholick,  
 Are prone to Mysteries Diabolick,

And

And love to talk with Men that know  
 The Secrets of the Pow'rs below,  
 Who by infernal Arts can bring  
 The Dev'l to follow'm in a String,  
 And, *Hibre Biske*, make him Shew  
 What ever Tricks they bid him do.

The Scholars having humbly paid  
 Their silent Compliment, and made  
 A tacit Signal, that exprest  
 A dumb but mannerly Request,  
 That the learn'd Doctor would impart,  
 A Spec'men of his Magick Art.  
 In answer, *Faustus* signifies,  
 By courteous Signs, that he complies;  
 Accordingly he strikes his Wand  
 Against the Ground, and does command,  
 The Shades of *Hero* and *Leander*,  
 To cross the *Styx* and hither wander,  
 A strange long Journey from below:  
 But if the Reader wants to know

Th'important Bus'ness they have here,  
 I'll tell him why they do appear ;  
 These Lovers who had long been drown'd,  
 Tho' living now upon dry Ground,  
 Are conjur'd from *Elysium* hither,  
 To chant a doleful Song together,  
 In the fine new familiar way  
 Of Singing, as a Man may say ;  
 'Tis true, Old *Charon* Acts his part,  
 And Sings a Ballad with some Art,  
 Wherein he proves that *Thunder, Plunder,*  
*And Wonder,* gingle well with *Blunder* ;  
 Yet without Scandal to the rest,  
 Of all their Devils *D---k's* the best,  
 Who has acquir'd, by Time, and Study,  
 The knack of pleasing e'ery Body ;  
 A happy Talent, which the Great,  
 That Rule in Pomp and Ride in State,  
 Could never boast-----except of late.

The Lovers having fung their Song,  
 Not short and sweet, but dull and long,  
 Seen vanish'd from this grosser Air,  
 To live in Bliss, we know not where;  
*Charon* attending in his Post  
 To ferry 'm to the happy Coast,  
 A Paradise, or place of Joy,  
 To which departed Spirits fly,  
 But ne'er possess'd until we Die.

Now Ladies, you that have been bedded  
 By trusty Friends, or fairly wedded,  
 If powerful Love's prolifick Dart  
 Has touch'd you in a tender Part,  
 Pray fortify the fruits of Marriage,  
 And all stol'n Leaps, against Miscarriage,  
 That what I shall describe, to please ye,  
 May make no pregnant Dame uneasy;  
 For lo, a Monster next appears,  
 Not seen till now, this Thousand Years,

As big and long from Teeth to Tail,  
 As *Trojan* Horse or *Greenland* Whale,  
 And at one Meal can swallow down  
 A Church, or little Country Town,  
 Provided neither are too large  
 For his extensive Throat to gorge:  
 No fam'd *St. George*, or *Moor* of *Essex*,  
 Those Valiant Champions for the *She-sex*,  
 E'er kill'd, to save fair Maids or Wives,  
 A Beast like this, in all their Lives;  
 For Serpents in those early Days,  
 When Stout Knight-Errants fought for Praise,  
 Were not much bigger than a Horse,  
 Poor weakly Creatures starv'd at Nurse,  
 But the bare Head of our Proud Dragon,  
 Were it cut off, would load a Waggon;  
 And when he gapes, his Mouth may par  
 With *Ludgate*, or with *Temple-bar*;  
 His glaring Rainbow-colour'd Eyes  
 Give all Spectators great Surprise,

And

And shine as dazling in the Night,  
 As any new-rub'd Convex-light:  
 His Wings, a due proportion bear,  
 As Sails do to a Man of War,  
 And thro' the Air convey the Creature,  
 As t'other does the Ship thro' Water:  
 His scaly Tail, that's twisted round,  
 To save it from the dusty Ground,  
 Stands always ready cock'd, to Dart  
 His Sting into a Gyant's Heart,  
 Or sturdy Knight, that should attack  
 His Rump, or flinch behind his Back.  
 For Dragons fierce like Women frail  
 Bear venom both in Tongue and Tail,  
 And if one End can't Execute  
 Revenge, they'll make the other do't:  
 His clumsy Legs, which are no more  
 Than two behind and two before,  
 On which he crawls sometimes for Ease,  
 Are hollow, like old trunks of Trees:  
 And in his huge Surprising Heels  
 Four dancing Devil's he conceals;  
 I Which

Which active Spirits, once a Day,  
 He sends abroad to seek his Prey,  
 As hungry Lyons do Jackalls,  
 To hunt down other Animals.

In this Condition, does appear<sup>d</sup>  
 Old *Draco*, hov'ring in the Air,  
 Till by degrees he does descend,  
 The Doctor's Fun'ral to attend ;  
 Then from his Legs four Devils start,  
 And e'ery Demon, plays his Part,  
 With other Spirits conjur'd in,  
 To highten this amusing Scene,  
 And make the Doctor's last Farewel,  
 To humane Eyes, more terrible.

*So the poor Convict, when he's drawn  
 Thro' London Streets to Paddington,  
 The greater Croud surrounds the Tree,  
 More solemn and more sad must be  
 The dying Rogue's Catastrophe.*

Now up and down the Devils frisk,  
 And e'ery Fiend seems wond'rous brisk,

As if they waited for the Ghost  
 Of some great Man from some high Post,  
 Who when alive had been the bane  
 Of thousands, for immod'rate Gain,  
 Too tame and passive to complain.

Now all the speechless Merriment,  
 That Jovial Demons could invent,  
 Pass'd round the Diabolick Crew,  
 As Mirth, which Drunkards us'd to do,  
 Some capering from side to side,  
 With Kimbo'd Arms, to shew their Pride,  
 Whilst others rowl'd their Saucer-Eyes  
 About, to give the Croud surprize:  
 Among the rest, who thus attend  
 The Doctor to his dismal End,  
 A strange infernal ill-look'd Fellow,  
 Hump-back'd and dress'd like Punchionelle,  
 Appear'd so very Brisk and Airy,  
 So Active and profusely Merry,  
 As if he was of high degree,  
 Some ruling Dev'l of Quality,

For in Proud *Pluto's* wealthy Court,  
 Are gainful Posts of e'ery Sort,  
 Which makes so many Thousands here,  
 So vile and wicked as they are,  
 In hopes of great Preferments there.

At length the fatal Hour is struck,  
 By some adjacent doleful Clock,  
 Which found informs the Doctor's Ear,  
 That his sad End was drawing near,  
 And told him he had sin'd beyond  
 Relief, in signing Satan's Bond.

The Doctor, starting, looks aghast,  
 To hear the Clock proclaim his last,  
 A dismal Passing-Bell indeed,  
 When no Repentance can succeed;  
 He having left no spark of Hope,  
 In *Pater-Noster*, Priest, or Pope,  
 But from the last tremendous Hour,  
 Was sold, in the Devil's Power,  
 Who now with awful Looks and Signs,  
 Commands his dancing Underlings,

To seize with speed the reptile Sinner  
 And give him *Draco* for his Dinner.  
 Accordingly, a Sumpter Devil,  
 Crook-back'd like *Æsop*, was so civil  
 To mount the Doctor's dripping Rump,  
 Upon his huge distorted Hump;  
 And thus, by th' help of two Supporters,  
 Conveys him to his last new Quarters,  
 The Dragon roaring, opens wide  
 His Sparrow-Mouth, from side to side,  
 And down he gulps him at one swallow,  
 As glib as if he'd all been Tallow;  
 Then bellow'd like a greedy Beast,  
 In pain for such another Feast;  
 Now peals of Thunder roarl aloud,  
 To terrify the gazing Croud,  
 And render the tremendous Scene,  
 More frightful than it need have been;  
 The Dragon roaring mounts up higher,  
 And gapes, to show his Mouth's on fire,  
 Which like a flaming Oven looks  
 When heating at the Pastry-Cooks.

The Devils, to conclude the Jest,  
 Cling close to the departing Beast,  
 Among the rest the Doctor's Zany,  
 Who made the Croud more sport than any,  
 Catch'd hold o'th' Dragons Duggs and there  
 He held and hung 'twixt Earth and Air,  
 Resolving boldly to pursue  
 His Master's Steps, and like a true  
 Kind Friend, to give the Dev'l his due: }  
 And thus, like Witches in a Seive,  
 They mount the Skies and take their leave.  
 The Scholars, or some other Youngsters,  
 Singing the while, like doleful Songsters;  
 By which we do suppose they mean  
 To hide the screams of the Machine,  
 That as aloft the Dragon flies,  
 Our Ears sha'n't undeceive our Eyes.

*So, when an injur'd Peer is brought;*

*To die for some new Party-Plot,*

*Lest Truth the Peoples Ears should reach,*

*With Noise they drown his dying Speech.*

F I N I S.