

W A T T L E R

A N D

J A C K S T R A W;

O R,

The M O B R E F O R M E R S.

A Dramatick Entertainment.

As it is Perform'd at

PINKETHMAN's and *GIFFARD's*

G R E A T T H E A T R I C A L B O O T H

I N

B A R T H O L O M E W F A I R.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. W. And Sold by J. R O B E R T S
in *Warwick-Lane.* 1730.

[Price Six-Pence.]

PROLOGUE.

A Prologue to a Droll is something strange,
And yet, methinks, as you delight in Change,
'Tis not so odd. — The Taylor and the Beau
To gallant Paris for new Fashions go:
New Whims the Politician's Pate o'er turns;
For fresh Enjoyments the hot Lover burns;
Fresh Conquests rolls the pretty Madam's Eyes,
And for a new gilt Coach my Lady sighs:
Ev'n at the Play-house, the delighted View
With Novelty and Change is raptur'd too;
Nonsense can please, because, forsooth, tis new.

Why shou'd not we as well your Favour move,
Since dear Variety you all approve,
And we but treat you with what most you love.
Avaunt, Censorious Brows, nor enter here;
Nor Hiss, nor dreadful Cat-call do we fear;
The Lion roars not at the Asses Den,
And on a Droll no Critick draws his Pen.

To-night, asleep old Homer lies and Maro,
Nor have we pillag'd Plutarch for a Hero.
Why shou'd the Muse for Foreign Actions roam,
When she can find Heroick ones at Home;
Our English Annal nobler Feats displays,
Than e'er were told of antient Roman Days;
In the bright Page immortal Walworth shines,
And stands recorded in the fairest Lines.
Who ever acted a more Roman Part? —
The loyal Dagger in a Rebel's Heart,
Shall still unstain'd thy glorious Name secure,
White without Spots, and without Mixture pure.

Britons be just — the Loyal Aet approve,
Strive, who to serve his King will foremost move,
And, by applauding his, express your forward Love.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King Richard the Second.

Duke of Lancaster.

Earl of Suffolk.

Sir Robert Knolles.

Sir William Walworth, Lord-Mayor.

Young Walworth, his Son.

Wat Tyler.

Jack Straw.

Zekiel Pease-Stack.

1st Mob, 2d Mob, 3d Mob, 4th Mob.

W O M E N.

Aurelia, Daughter to Suffolk.

Mrs. Tyler.

Suky Tyler, her Daughter.

Goody Tyler, Wat's Mother.

The Genius of England.





Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *KENT.*

Enter Wat Tyler and Mob.

MOB.

HUZZAH! Huzzah! *Wat Tyler* and Liberty!

Tyl. Friends, hear me speak; nor let your smoaky Brains hurry you on to do you know not what: Is it sufficient that I lead you on, thro' Hedges, Bogs, thro' Woods and shaking Quagmires? Or will you let your Reasons coolly judge, and hear me tell, what you must fear and hope?

1 *Mob.* Ay, ay, let us hear a little Reason, — I love Reason, like Money, because they are both Rarities to me.

2 *Mob.* What a bold Voice the noble *Wat* has!

3 *Mob.* How fine a Face for a Conspirator!

4 *Mob.* Let us hear him — let us hear him —
Peace.

Wat. Wou'd you, *Slice*, kill an Ox before you knew his Price? Or you, *Scythe*, mow a Field e'er you
you

6 *Wat Tyler and Jack Straw; Or,*

you were told your Wages? Wou'd you, *Slash*, drive a Coach without your Hire? Or, *Grubby Squeeze*, lend Money not to gain by't? — Certainly no — then hear, my hearty Lads, the great Reward our Enterprize prepares — *Slice* on a Bench shall reverently sit, and he who butcher'd Oxen, butcher Men — Exalted *Scythe* a Lawyer shall commence, and mow Estates instead of Meadows — *Slash* loudly crack the Politician's Whip, and lash the bounding Steeds of State — while the projecting Head of *Grubby Squeeze*, with some new taking Bubble shall be fraught — a *Mississippi*, or a new *South-Sea*.

1 *Mob.* Huzzah! long live *Wat* the first —

2 *Mob.* *Tyler* the great!

3 *Mob.* The Prince of popular Princes!

4 *Mob.* The mighty Head of us, the Quarters of Rebellion!

Tyl. You all then swear to follow and pursue these Heels and Feet, that have resolv'd to kick the Tyrant *Dick*, and lay him sprawling down?

All. We do, we do —

1 *Mob.* By the Cleaver of Justice.

2 *Mob.* By the Sickle of the Law.

3 *Mob.* By the Axle-Tree of State.

4 *Mob.* And by the Bags in the Treasury.

All. We swear to follow till our Heads are broke — huzzah! huzzah! —

Tyl. O glorious Men! that I cou'd hug ye all,
And make you ride upon my panting Heart —
But Hugs are nothing — Action must decide
The mighty S. rife — To *London* now, my Boys —
Swift as the cleaving Pidgeon cuts the Sky,
On the proud Wings of great Revenge I fly;
Tyrant sit fast, or you may chance to know,
The mighty Kick of *Watty Tyler's* Toe.

[*Exeunt, Mob shouting.*]

S C E N E

The Mob Reformers.

S C E N E II. *London.*

Enter King Richard, Lancaster, Suffolk, &c.

King. You hear, my Lords, that hitherwards from
Kent

Th' audacious Rebels bend their impious Course :
Plots in their Infancy must be suppress'd ;
Or else with Time th' increasing Pigmy grows,
And like a Whirlwind gathers as it flies.

Consult we then, what Methods and what Means
Best suit our Safety, and the Traytors Crimes.

Lanc. What can we fear from an inglorious Rout ?
A wild, undisciplin'd, unknowing Mob ?
Who nurst in too much Idleness and Ease,
Now quarrel with the Plough that found 'em Bread.

Suff. The very Heads and Leaders of their Faction
Are only basely resolute in Ill :

Slaves, who unmeriting, and basely born,
Envy the splendid Worth that shines above 'em,
And are but factious to promote a Change,
Because they know that they can fall no lower.

King. But 'tis our Duty to disperse their Tumults.
Why do we weild the Sceptre, but for Justice ?
It suits not with our wholesome Constitution,
To wink at the Infringement of our Laws.
Therefore propose we how to quell their Broils,
To bring the headstrong Rabble to their Duty,
And strictly punish the offending Leaders.

Enter Sir Robert Knolles.

Speak, worthy Knight, what dost thou bring of
News,
Lest, by the wild Disorder of your Looks,
We magnify the Pigmy in our Thoughts.

Sir Rob. My Leige, the near Advancement of the
Rebels,

Makes

Wat Tyler *and* Jack Straw ; Or,

Makes me intrude in this disorder'd manner ;
High on a Hill th' increasing Mob is seen,
And send their threatening Clamours far before 'em.

King. Draw out our Soldier — you, my Lord of
Suffolk,

Straight to the good Lord Mayor and Aldermen ;
Bid 'em prepare the City Bands, and lead 'em
Where, by a second Order, we'll appoint —
Let your Affection in your Haste be seen.

Suff. I shall, my Leige. — [Exit:

King. Post you, Sir *Robert*, quickly to the Rebels ;
Say, 'tis our Royal Pleasure they inform us,
Why they are thus assembled ; what their Grievances :
Temper Intreaty with Command, and try
If by a proffer'd Pardon for all past,
You can prevail upon 'em to disperse :—
Be diligent — we shall reward your Care.

[Exit Sir Robert:

Lanc. In the mean time, I wou'd advise your Ma-
jesty

To order double Guards about the Court :
Who knows what discontented Men there are about,
Who wait but an Occasion to discharge
The Malice that lies throbbing at their Hearts.

King. Thou counsell'st well — and be thou, *Lancaster* ;
As near my Person, as thou'rt to my Heart :
When the tumultuous Riot 'gins to roar,
Our self will awe the threatening Storm of Faction ;
And bring the Rays of Majesty amongst 'em.

So when the angry Lion stalks around ;
The leafy Forest trembles at the Sound ;
From his fir'd Eyes new Flashes dart their way ;
And with a Look th' inferior Brutes obey.

[Excunt:

SCÈNE

S C E N E III. *Kent.*

Enter Mrs. Tyler and Suky.

Suky. O Mother, Mother! is it true indeed, that we must go to Court? They tell me that my Father must be a King, and you a Queen, and I a fine Lady! — but what must my Grandmother be?

Mrs. Tyl. Hold, hold, Hussy; you must not make your Speech so farmiliar. — You must take up Airs with your Quality.

Suky. O Mamma! I believe you need not fear that. I shall have Air enough, for they tell me 'tis a great way to *London.*

Mrs. Tyl. I mean, affected Airs, Child — Well, the Girl may yet come to it in time. — The Truth of it is indeed, she might have known a little more; but *Wat* wou'd never be advis'd, nor let her stir from her Stitching.

Suky. Ay, Mamma, and you know I never lov'd it in my Life.

Mrs. Tyl. No more thou did'st, my Dear. — Well, I always said that *Suky* had as expiring Thoughts as any Girl in the Parish — and when I told the Fortune-teller that, you know she then told you, That you wou'd be a great Lady.

Suky. Yes, Mamma, and you know when she told me so, you went and borrow'd the t'other Six-pence from *Goody Lender*, to give her: Besides giving her the very last Dram of *Gin* in the Bottle. — But pray, Mother, must not *Mr. Fathom* the Excise-man go with us? — What will my Papa make him? — You know he promis'd to marry me once —

Mrs. Tyl. *Mr. Fathom!* — marry come up — No, no, Hussy, his Instruments are too pitiful. — He shall never fathom you. — Hussy, hussy, don't shame your Family, nor think of ascending so low. — Your Father, you Jade you, has provided a Husband

10 Wat Tyler *and* Jack Straw; Or,

for you, a great Man, Huffy, one that is as brave as St. George, or *Legsander* himself.

Suky. Nay, dear Mamma, don't be angry; you know I am easily adviz'd another way; so I have a Husband at all, I don't care who it is ——— but indeed I can't lie alone any longer.

Enter Goody Tyler, smoaking a Pipe.

Good. Tyl. Daughter! Daughter! Why Daughter, where are you? O Varfal! have I found you? There's a fine, fine Gentleman within, that says he comes from *Watty*, and has brought a Coach and six Horses for you and us, to carry us to *London*.

Mrs. Tyl. O Laud! *Suky*, tight your self, Huffy — See if your clean Apron be dry; never mind smoothing it now — O Laud! — A Coach and Six! ——— Who ever thought we shou'd come to this! — Come along, *Suky* ———

Suky. Yes, Mamma.

Good. Tyl. [*Pulling Mrs. Tyler back.*] Daughter! Daughter! Is there ever a Drop of *Gin* left in the Bottle?

Mrs. Tyl. No, no, never mind that — you must learn to drink *Cypron*, and *Drams*, and *Rattlefy*, and *Rum* — Come along, Mother. — *Suky*. ———

Suky. Here, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *London.*

Enter Young Walworth and Aurelia.

Wal. And wilt thou leave me thus, without one
Hope,
One gentle Dawn of Comfort to my Soul?
How many tedious Hours of Life are past!
(How many do I fear there are to come)
Fill'd only with the Prospect of Despair!
Can my *Aurelia* thus protract my Pain,
Nor think at length I have deserv'd her Love?

Aur.

Aur. Is this, O *Walworth!* a fit Time for Courtship?
This a fit Language for your Father's Son?
Methinks his Office, and your Loyalty,
Might better teach your Tongue to speak, your Hands
to act:

Thunder thy Speech against thy Country's Foes,
Sooth, with thy Eloquence, the Storm of Faction;
Or failing so, assert the Right of Man,
And force th'audacious Rebels to their Duty.

Wal. This I might do, if certain of your Love:
Let me thrive there, what Faction is too strong?
What Face can black Rebellion wear too horrid,
But the blest favour'd Lover can confront?
Teach but your Tongue the Name of Love to me,
See how the Spirits dance their chearful Round,
Immortal Energy inspires the Soul,
And stretches it with Vigour, not its own:
But you wou'd send me hence unspirited,
Sinking beneath the Burden of Despair,
And bid me Conquer — O impossible!
As well you may command the fainting Wretch
To climb the Summit of a steepy Hill,
When his exhausted Spirits sink him down.

Aur. Hence with this idle Prattle! 'tis in vain —
Think you to merit by inglorious Ease,
And not attest your boasted Love by Loyalty?
Think not our *Briton*, or our Sex so low,
But we can boast as many Virtues still,
As *Greece* e'er form'd, or ancient *Romans* knew.

Wal. O lovely Zeal! how charming she appears!
How ev'ry Sense is wrapt in Ecstasie!
The vast Profusion overpow'rs my Soul,
Life leaps, and scarcely holds her doubtful Seat.

Aur. No, *Walworth*, no, unequal Destiny
Mistook, when she design'd us for each other:
Impossibilities attend that Hope,
And bid thee think no more of Love and me.
Look back into the great Records of Time,

12 *Wat Tyler and Jack Straw; Or,*

And place some fair Example in your View:
See the stern *Scipio*, and triumphant Honour,
While the Deceiver, *Love*, is blown away.

Wal. O speak no more! Your Eloquence is vain:
Tho' Angels' Accents pleaded in thy Cause,
And soft Persuasion melted from thy Tongue,
'Twere all in vain — for nothing you can say
Can move against the Language of those Eyes;
Your labour'd Arguments retort again,
By Contradiction, charm and fix me more.

Aur. Hence, *Walworth*, hence, nor fear a Rebel's
Arm:

Approve thy Loyalty to Love, and *Richard*:
Be resolute, and you succeed. — *Aurelia's* Love
Waits the Return of *Walworth*, and of Conquest —
The God of Love inglorious Ease disdains,
Enervate Sighings, and unactive Strains;
To such soft Wishes he denies his Ear,
Scatters in Winds their unregarded Pray'r:
For only Merit shou'd obtain the Fair.

Wal. O glorious Sounds! Of *Walworth* and of
Conquest! [Exit

Let the Spheres ring with *Walworth* and with Conquest
Out, faithful Sword, and know the destin'd Prize,
See where the Heap of prostrate Rebels lies,
Conquest is sure — the Word — *Aurelia's* Eyes.

[Exit

The End of the First Act.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *London.*

Enter Tyler, Pease-stack, and Mob.

Tyl. **H**OLD, honest Friends; since the last Pint of Brandy, I find my Senses overcome a little— Bring us a Chair—one with two Elbows, quick—— A little Sleep I fancy may do me Service. In the mean time do thou, my faithful *Pease-stack*, High-Chancellor of *England* (so we call thee from this Time forth) Harrangue the Populace, and tell 'em what I mean while I'm asleep. You four, unsheath your Cut-lashes, and guard me.

[*Sits down to sleep in the Chair; four of the Mob guard him with their Swords drawn, two before, and two behind.*]

1 Mob. No Noise while his Majesty sleeps.

4 Mob. He's fast already; he snoars like the Lions in the Tower.

2 Mob. He drinks rarely, almost as well as he fights.

3 Mob. By the Mass! I am almost gone too. — I believe I must call for another Chair — but hold, I fancy the Ground may serve me this time; I am not got into the Coach-box of State yet.

Pease. Friends and Companions ———

1 Mob. Peace, hear his Highness's Chancellorship.

Pease. That you may imagine, Friends, that what you are about to undertake does not as well want the Cloak of Religion, as of Justice, give me leave to tell you, That I have upon this Occasion turn'd over the Scripture; and tho' it does not encourage us (that I
can

can find) to undertake this Rebellion, yet this I am positively assur'd of, that it does not say one Word against it: And you must be inform'd, Countrymen, that as Silence in a Maiden is a sure Token of her Consent, so not expressly forbidding our Enterprize in the Scripture, is a certain Sign of its approving it—
And ———

2 *Mob.* How like an Angel he argues! — Did you hear that, Neighbours? We have the Scripture on our Side as well as *Wat Tyler*. O, he's a rare Man!

1 *Mob.* Ay, and I'll warrant him a Wag too, *Scythe*, for did not you hear him talk about the Maiden and Consent? Ah, ———

Pease. Will you indulge me, Friends, a Moment longer?

3 *Mob.* Peace, there!

4 *Mob.* Silence ho!

Pease. 'Tis true, indeed, I in some Places find Obedience very strenuously recommended to the Subject ———

3 *Mob.* Ay! do you so?

1 *Mob.* Hold, hold Neighbour, I warrant you he'll bring all off again.

Pease. I say, the Subjects Duty to their Kings is thus strongly urg'd; but then I ask, What King? I'm sure it does not mention *Richard*. ——— But still to strengthen it — *England* is not once mentioned in the whole Bible.

1 *Mob.* There's for you, Man; Did not I tell you what he cou'd do? Why, I myself was a little puzzled about Obedience, and all that; but you see he has clear'd it all up again. Ah! I told you what he cou'd do ——— A meer Dab! ———

2 *Mob.* But please your Eminence, my good Lord Chancellor, will you give me leave to ask my Question?

Pease. Freely, honest Fellow.

2 *Mob.* Thank you, forsooth—I grant your Excellence,

cellence, there is not one Word of *England* mention'd in the Bible; but I am sure that in the latter End of the first Side of my Bible at home, I read—*London, printed by*——

2 *Mob.* Ay, so there is, I'll swear.

Pease. Hold, Countrymen, are you such Fools, such Asses? Why, I imagin'd you were Men of Sense; as such I spoke to you.——Cou'd you be so stupid as not to know that it was only Printed here in *London*?

2 *Mob.* Faith Neighbour, that's true, that was a damnable Blunder indeed. Dear, mighty Sir, I ask you Pardon on my Knees.

3 *Mob.* Ay, ay, dear Sir, we ask your Pardon, and are satisfy'd; we are thoroughly convinc'd that we have You, Religion, a good Conscience, and *Wat Tyler* on our Side.

Pease. Rise, Countrymen, and hear me yet a little farther:—— To answer all Objections, and come directly to the Point— Who is there here that does not love a pretty Wench? Who wou'd refuse a glorious Pint of *Gin*? Or insolently turn his churlish Back on Beef and Pudding?

All Mob. None, my Lord, none.

Pease. Wou'd any here ev'n wish his Wife to stay, altho' the Devil pull'd her from him? Does any here love Work or Taxes?

All Mob. No, no, Dam Work and Taxes!

Pease. If there be any such as these, I heartily beg Pardon, and wou'd by all means advise 'em to return to their original Dunghil and Plough; and not incorporate with growing Spirits, that love Liberty and hate Oppression.—— Liberty, my Boys!—— Oh, what a Sound it has! Will it not be delicious, when not a Lad here who likes a Countess, or first Dutches, but may enjoy her before Night, and she think herself honour'd by the Embrace!

All

16 Wat Tyler *and* Jack Straw; Or,

All Mob. Huzzah! Huzzah! Liberty and a Councils!

Pease. Then let us resolutely throw down Nobility and Women at once, and magnanimously lift up Ourselves and Petticoats afterwards; to the Accomplishment of which, I throw in my hearty Huzzah, and expect every Body that likes the Cause to follow me.

All Mob. Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

[*Trumpets and Drums sound within. Exit Pease-stack.*

Tyler starts from his Sleep, and draws his Sword.

Tyl. Saddle my Sorrel Nag. — Where, where is Richard?

See how the Coward trembles! — Ha! have at thee—

'Twas a fair Trip: How his Heels kick the Air!

Pluck me his Crown off. — O, I want some Drink!

1 *Mob.* How wild the Brandy and the Nap have made him!

2 *Mob.* Yet warring in his Liquor!

Tyl. Fill me that Cistern there — some Burgundy—

Bring me the Tun upon the Table, Drawer;

Let me drink deep. — Alas! what am I saying?

[*Trumpets again.*

What warlike Sound is that?

Enter Pease-stack.

Pease. The great Jack Straw
Salutes your Majesty, and comes to join
His fair Ten Thousand to augment your Force,
And seat the mighty Tyler on the Throne.

Tyl. Ha! by my glowing Hopes he's greatly welcome!

Enter Jack Straw attended, embraces Tyler.

Welcome, thou dearest Partner of my Breast,
Welcome as Sugar to a crying Child,
Welcome as Gin to Oyster-bawling Moll;
To Whores a Cully, or a Writ to Bailiffs.

Straw

Straw. O let me hold my Gratitude and Speech;
For shou'd I once begin to speak, my Tongue
Wou'd tire and deaf thy overloaded Ear
With an eternal Crack of Thanks and Praises.

Tyl. Excellent *Jack!* O let me hug thee to me!
Dost thou forget when in the Wilds of *Kent*
We chas'd the trigging Hare thro' all her Mazes;
When those swift Feet, and eke also when mine
O'ertop'd the Ditches, mill'd along the Plains,
And almost robb'd the Grey-hounds of their Prey.

Straw. O glorious Time! and when in milder Play
We struck the well-stitch'd Leather o'er the Field
In artful Cricket, how the Maids wou'd sigh!
So fast wou'd sigh, — 'till they cou'd sigh no more.

Tyl. My *Jacky* still! Yes, 'tis my dearest Friend;
And, by my Sword! we'll see far better Times:
See how our Men in many loud Huzzahs
Salute and court us to be Great and Royal:
Fate pulls the Strings of this enormous Fiddle, —
This ill-tun'd City. — Hark! the Base the Treble
cracks,

And we, my Friend, are destin'd to new-string her.

Straw. Still what thou wer't! — what *Watty Tyler*
shou'd be!

But still there wants to crown my Happiness,
Light of the Moon, and fairer than the Lamps,
My dearest *Suky* — O, I see not her! —
Whiter than new-peel'd Turnips is her Skin,
Her Breath far sweeter than the Smell of *Gin*:
Her Eyes —

Tyl. Pr'ythee, *Jack*, spare your Raptures now.
Thou shalt have her, my Lad; thou shalt eat her too
as well as the Turnips, if you please. She's coming,
my Lad; each Instant I expect her here, with my dear
Juggy, and my old Mamma.

Straw. O happy *Straw!* [Trumpets sound.

Tyl. Why sounds that Trumpet?

Pease. From *Richard*, Sir,

18 *Wat Tyler and Jack Straw ; Or,*

A Message to your Majesty.

Tyl. Let the Fellow in.

Enter Sir Robert Knolles.

Well, what with us, Sir?

Sir Rob. Thus from his Majesty I come to speak —
Richard the Second, King of *England*:

He wills to know why you assemble thus?

Wherefore these Riots, and this wild Disturbance?

If you complain of Wrongs and Injuries,

Why do you not address him calmly then?

Humble Petitions wou'd become you better,

And Justice sooner lean her Ear to Prayer,

Than Threats — so says my Royal Master —

He likewise wills you to dismiss your Train,

And each betake him to his sev'ral State,

Lest he account you Rebels, and proceed

With utmost Rigour of the Laws against you.

Tyl. How dare thy Master send — or thou convey,
A Message of such Insolence and Arrogance?

Is it because he once was call'd a King?

And that thou wear'st a Harness there of Lace?

Hence to thy saucy Master back — and tell him,

My Will is all the Answer I return,

For what I have, or what I yet shall do —

Tell him but this — the People are abus'd —

Wat Tyler is their Friend, and will redress 'em.

Mob. Ay, ay, *Wat Tyler* is our Friend, and so is
the Bible — tell him that — do, Fool —

Straw. Thinks he, because he from his Infancy
Plaid with a Globe, as I have done at Tennis:

Thinks he to crap our Liberties away,

Like Horses Tails — and with enormous Paw

To knock us down like Nine-pins?

Tyl. Well said, *Jack.* —

Sir Rob. Hear, ye mistaken Ideots —

Tyl. Hold, no more — if you regard your Bones,
or Life, not one word more — this is our Answer, and
fo

So bear it to him — but make good haste, or we'll be there before you. [Exit Sir Robert.

2 *Mob.* Huzzah! *Wat Tyler* and Liberty! Huzzah!

3 *Mob.* Lead us on, noble *Wat Tyler*, lead us on.

1 *Mob.* We'll burn the Palace, fire the City.

4 *Mob.* Huzzah! *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Straw* —
Huzzah!

Peas. We'll rifle Matrons and deflower Virgins —
burn the old Bankers, Tallymen, and Usurers, and
make Bank Notes as plenty as bad Poetry —

1 *Mob.* Or stinking Meat in the Dog-days. Huzzah!

Enter on the other side young Walworth with a Party.

Wal. Thanks gentle Heav'n, see where th' Occasion
offers,

At once to serve my Loyalty and Love:

I cannot doubt th' Event — the mighty Pow'r,

That still presides o'er Innocence and Virtue,

Will guide my Arm to reach the Rebel's Heart: —

Fall on, my Friends ———

Serve your great King, and free your Country.

[Falls on Tyler's Party.

Tyl. Ha! On my Lads! and prove whose Blows are
hardest.

[Several of Walworth's Party are kill'd, and be
taken Prisoner.]

Wal. Unhappy Fate! — what art thou, Providence? —
But let me suffer only, and 'tis well.

Tyl. So, so, Loyal Sir, we shall tame you, I believe —
Why, what has all this Bustle of yours purchas'd?

Straw. Only a Halter — but harkee *Wat* — this
Fellow dies immediately. ———

Tyl. Right, to terrify the rest, and shew 'em with
what Rigour we shall treat those that dare resist —
string him, my Lads. ———

1 *Mob.* You must Morrice indeed, Friend.

2 *Mob.* You shall have a fine easy Swing-swang. —

20 Wat Tyler *and* Jack Straw; Or,

3 *Mob.* I believe you never danc'd between Heav'n and Earth before.

4 *Mob.* You need not pray, Sir; the Loyalty of the Action has prepar'd you for going up Stairs —
Come, Sir — [Offers a Rope.]

Wal. Then do it, Slaves —
Mercy were Murder from such Brutes as you.

[As they are putting the Rope about his Neck]

Enter Mrs. Tyler, Goody, and Suky.

Straw. Ha! my dear *Suky*, do I dream or not?

Suky. No, Sir, I think that you are broad awake.

Tyl. My *Juggy*, oh! — Truce, Ministers of Death,
Turn not the Stomachs of my Wife and Mother
With the distorted Visage of that Traytor —
He shan't die yet. — Your Blessing, good Mamma.
[Kneels to Goody.]

Straw. What shall I say to thee for all this Goodness?

Tho' I ne'er told thee so, I long have lov'd: —
To find thee thus, thus ripe as bursting Cherries,
Ready to drop their Sweetness in my Mouth —
Is Joy so great — I know not how to bear it.

Suky. What shall I say to him, Mamma?

Mrs. Tyl. Tell him 'tis very well; and you are satisfy'd.

Suky. 'Tis very well, and I am satisfy'd —

Tyl. Subjects, behold the Consort of our Bed —
Juggy, salute our People with a Nod: —

Suky, come hither — tip me your Fist, you Jade —
Take her, *Jack Straw*, and with her half my Pow'r —
Now let the Trumpet sound its sprightly Note,
And three Huzzahs denote our Peoples Joy.

1 *Mob.* Long live King *Wat*, and Queen *Juggy*.

All. Long live, &c.

1 *Mob.* Long live Prince *Straw* and Princess *Suky*.

All. Long live, &c. — Huzzah —

Tyl.

Tyl. Thanks, gallant Lads: now to our Warlike Enterprize.

All draw their Swords, and follow where I lead —
So, if we believe what lying Writers tell,
When *Jove* was tir'd with Scolding and with Love,
From *Juno's* Arms he took his furious Way,
Threw down what Mountains in his Passage lay,
And dash'd th' aspiring Giants into Clay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London.*

Enter Lancaster and Suffolk meeting.

Lanc. My Lord, you're well encounter'd — from the City.

I guess you bend your Course; where late your Zeal
To serve his Majesty had posted you — what News?
Have they assembled all their Force and Courage?
Or do their Fears enervate their Designs?

Suff. Not so, my Lord; they seem determin'd fully,
To stand or perish in the Royal Cause:
They greatly join their Fortunes to the King's,
And both must sink, or brave the Storm together.

Lanc. Coming from thence, you must belike have heard

Of the unhappy *Walworth's* late Misfortune,
Son to the Mayor from whom you just now parted,
Who greatly bold, and resolutely brave,
Warm and intrepid in the Cause of Loyalty,
Too eagerly rush'd on to free his Country,
And fell into their Hands, oppress'd by Numbers.

Suff. Alas, I did — and was my self a Witness
Of the uncommon Patience of a Parent;
Nature and Reason had the dreadful Tug;
That call'd for Tears, and This for Resolution:
At length the doubtful Struggle was decided,
And the Majestick *Cato* cry'd — I'm satisfy'd.

Lanc.

22 Wat Tyler *and* Jack Straw ; Or,

Lanc. Heroick Lord! what now has *Rome* to boast,
Of her long Train of Heroes and of Kings?
Her *Brutus* sitting on the Seat of Justice,
And sternly dooming both his Sons to Death?
Her Consuls? and her self-devoted *Curtius*?
How must she blush to view a little Tract,
A Spot of Earth, out-rival all her Glories,
And boast of Virtues which she never knew?

Suff. Most truly spoke. But now each Moment lost,
Is an Injustice to the Royal Cause,
And proves us Laggards in the Loyal Race.

Lanc. Hence then, my Friend, and let Rebellions
fall,
Before the Presence of tremendous Justice;
Let Sov'reign Majesty exert its Pow'r,
And prove that Opposition but exalts it. —

The skilful Pilot, thus, when Tempests roar,
And the Waves beat indignant 'gainst the Shoar,
Exerts his Pow'r, his utmost Art displays,
And steers his Vessel thro' the watry Maze. [*Exeunt*]

The End of the Second Act.





A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *London.*

Enter Aurelia in a Disguise.

Aur. U Nlucky Stars! oh ill-concerted Art!
Foolish Diffimulation in our Sex!
Why are we fated to conceal our Thoughts,
And speak a Language which our Hearts disown?
As if our Natures were not prone to Love;
Or if 'twere faulty to declare a Passion,
Which Man, superior Man, confesses daily.
O *Walworth!* then am I thy Murderer,
And my unhappy Folly has undone thee;
Yes, thou dear Youth, cou'dst thou not see I lov'd?
My trembling Limbs, my ev'ry Action spoke it,
And tho' my Tongue denied, my Eyes consented.
In this Disguise, O *Walworth,* will I follow,
And court that Danger which I sent thee to. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the King, Lord Mayor, Lancaster, &c.

King. Thanks, good my Lord; I see your hasty Love
Has left no Path of Diligence untrack'd,
To win our best Acknowledgments; and still
Tho' the o'er-bearing Torrent of Rebellion
Keeps its Gigantick Form of Terror on,
The Presence of our Majesty, we hope,
Will dissipate the Storm, and awe the Traytors.

With

With that Intention therefore have we sent
A Message to the Rebels, to demand
An Interview in *Smithfield*: Adverse Fortune
Hardens the noble Mind, and makes it strong.

May. My Royal Leige, distrust not the Success ;
Think not we Citizens can only Trade :
Our Arms, great Sir, can lift the Sword as well,
And know when Justice and our King wou'd strike.
Already have I lost an only Son,
And I thank Heav'n, since in this publick Place
I'm fix'd, that I first feel a publick Loss.

King. Heroick Lord ! Friends in Adversity
Are rarely found ; but in our prosperous Sun-shine,
Like Flies they teize us with their empty buzzing.

Lanc. Last Night they butcher'd the good of
Archbishop,
And Massacred the Prior of *St. Johns*.
Where their disorder'd Fury will have end
None can imagine ; but 'tis strange and dreadful.

Enter Suffolk.

King. Say, worthy *Suffolk*, hast thou seen the Rebels
And will they grant an Interview ?

Suff. They will, my Leige.
Haughty and Insolent was their Behaviour,
Disdainful of your Mercy and your Threats :
No Reason to distinguish Manhood in 'em ;
But resolutely bold as well as wicked.

King. 'Tis well. To *Smithfield* now, my worthy Lords
Collect your Forces, bring your strongest Powers,
As well as Resolutions ; 'tis in vain
To sink beneath, but struggle with ill Fortune.

Rebels their unsuccessful Cause may mourn,
And Peace in all her golden Days return. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Shouts, Drums and Trumpets.

Enter Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw, Mob, &c.

Tyl. Command an Halt.

Straw. Halt.

1 *Mob.* Halt.

2 *Mob.* Halt.

Tyl. Bid the first Flank divide, and guard the Street, while we confer in private. — Come near me, *Straw.* I have about my Heart some sad Prefage, something I know not what, that shocks I know not how — wou'd it were over.

Straw. Belike your Spirits are o'ercome with Turmoil, and need a chearful Dram to raise 'em up — I cannot think it Fear — I know thy Heart, invincible was made without that Passion.

Tyl. No, 'tis not so; attend and hear me out — This is my Goody's Birth-day — on this very Day, did she that gave me Birth first find her own — and ever as this fatal Day has roll'd, the Fates have seiz'd and mark'd it for some Ill — I once upon it broke my Leg at Wrestling — another time I lost Ten Shillings at Play — once I remember I was sent to *Bridewell* — and on this very Day I marry'd *Fuggy Belch.*

Straw. Great Ills indeed!

Tyl. And yet I dread a greater than 'em all — for now my Heart is heavier than a Clock-weight, and Death seems to have wound the Strings up even to cracking.

Straw. Dreadful indeed!

Tyl. Yet think not they dismay the mighty Soul of *Wat* — tip us a Royal Dram — full — let it be a *Brimmer* — Now noble Fellows, Countrymen, and Lads, behold your Prince and Leader — think what you win, and what you have to lose — but first there's to thee, *Jack.*

1 *Mob.* Lose! — Nothing but an old Shirt and a very old Conscience.

2 *Mob.* As for my part, I have one thing, I wou'd willingly

D

willingly lose, sink or swim, which is a scolding Wife ; but if I grow great I'll divorce her, like the rest of the Quality, and keep a Mistrefs.

Tyl. Fill to our Prince and Son a Brimmer, and to me another ; sound Trumpets and beat Drums.

[*Drink Bumpers round*

Now on, my Lads, and meet this poultry King.

[*As he is going off the Genius of England meets him.*
Who dares to stop our Warlike Expedition ?

Gen. Thy Evil Genius, *Tyler.*

Tyl. Wherefore com'st thou ?

Gen. To warn thee of thy coming Fate.

Repent, repent, e'er 'tis too late ;

If thou persist'st, thou shall not live an hour :

Repent, and Happiness in thy Pow'r. [*Exit.*

Tyl. Dam your Advice and you, I'll not Repent.
Ha ! that again — no matter — come what will —
tho' the Sky rains, *Wat Tyler* shall go on.

I'll call at ev'ry Gin-Shop in my way,

Toss off the Quarterns, not one Farthing pay ;

Break Windows, batter Signs, Drink, Whore and Sing,

And make all Mankind trust me 'till I'm King.

[*Exit with Mob.*

[*As Jack Straw is going off, Suky enters in Mens Cloaths, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Suky. Whither so fast ? alas ! must rude Alarms

Tear gentle *Straw* from his dear *Suky's* Arms ;

Thou hast not yet a Bridegroom's Office done :

Oh ! must I always, always live alone ?

Why was I vainly told, that I should be,

Another Creature when I marry'd thee ?

Art thou already fated with thy *Sue*,

And wilt thou not like other Husbands do ?

Straw. My Female Warrior, do not Pout and Whine

Tell me, my Jewel, if thou didst not dine :

But do not wound me with thy plaintive Note,

Far sweeter than the Catcall's Leathern Throat ;

Oaths I can hear, and look at streaming Blood,

Thy Tears, my *Suky*, cannot be withstood ;

Oh stop the Progress of their scalding Race,

Left the o'er-boiling Pot destroy thy Face.

Suky.

Suky. What is my Face! ah, what are Lips or Eyes,
What are all Charms, when *Straw* from *Suky* flies?
My Lillies wither, and my Roses fade,
And I am still that hated thing, a Maid.

Straw. Fall angry Tiles, from rotten Houses down,
Burn blasing Streets, but let not *Suky* frown;
Her Frown more dreadful is than falling Tiles,
Than tumbling Houses, or than burning Piles.

Suky. Come gentle *Straw*, and let us take a Walk:
This, this you know is nothing else but Talk.

Straw. When from the Post of Honour I return,
Thou canst not think nor hope how I will burn.

Suky. Wilt thou return indeed my Love again?

Straw. Why dost thou fear it? banish ev'ry Pain.

Suky. You'll come again?

Straw. I will, my dearest *Sue*.

Suky. Think how I languish.

Straw. Oh! we'll make it do. [Exit *Straw*.

Suk. My trembling Flesh some dreadful Ill foretels;
My Heart beats dismaller than Midnight Bells.

dare not trust the Fates with *Jacky's* Life;

Must I a Widow be, e'er yet a Wife?

No — thus accouter'd I'll his Steps pursue,

And he who Murders *Jacky* Murthers *Sue*. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter young Walworth wounded.

At length, thro' all their Odds and Opposition,
have escaped the Fury of the Rabble;
The few, that were my Guard, I have dispers'd,
and now am free to serve my King again.
At this fast-streaming Blood, these mangled Limbs,
sit ill with my untir'd, unconquer'd Heart.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Ha! 'tis my *Walworth*! 'tis my much-lov'd
Lord,

Joy too great! O ecstasy of Transport!

28 Wat Tyler and Jack Straw; Or,

Away ye false Disguises of our Sex;
Away Dissimulation — let me hold him,
Press him to Life, to Love, and his *Aurelia*.

Wal. Ha! my *Aurelia*! yes it must be she,
None else cou'd give me Ecstasies like these.
What shall I say,

What Raptures can express my flowing Joy!
The Words half-born, are lost in Ecstasy!
Each Sense is stunn'd, and hasting to my Eyes,
Looks out in Rapture on the fair Idea,
And gazes ev'ry Faculty away.

Aur. O painful Joy! — But ha! what Streams are
these?

Art thou not wounded, *Walworth*? O! 'tis I,
'Tis I have done all this. — Ill-fated Woman!

Wall. Blame not the best and fairest of thy Sex;
Looks it not glorious to be thus adorn'd
In the red Drops of Loyalty and Love?
Glow not my Cheek as lively as this Crimson,
To shew the Pride I take in bleeding thus?
But oh! how great is the Reward I find,
In hearing that you Love — Spout, gushing Vein
Bleed, 'till you leave your inmost Fountain dry.
The Sound of Love from her can new-create me,
Pull me from Death, and fix me ever here.

Aur. O thou dear Youth! — But wherefore should
I talk,
And lavish with the Time thy precious Blood?
Haste to some Help. — How can I think of Joy,
And see thee thus?

Wal. O thou transcending Softness!
Doubt not the happy Welfare of thy *Walworth*.
To Heaven submit the fair Event of Things,
As well the Judge of Lovers, as of Kings;
That Pow'r supream will fix great *Richard* sure,
Still bless his Reign, and make our Loves secure.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE

S C E N E V. *Smithfield.*

*Enter King Richard, Lord-Mayor and Aldermen,
Suffolk, Lancaster, Attendants, &c.*

King. My Lords, I doubt not of your Love and
Loyalty.

Here we attend the coming of the Rebels :
Th' o'erbearing Torrent, Sirs, must have some Way,
Left, rudely stopp'd, it over-swell the Damms,
And bear an undistinguish'd Ruin all along.

May. Try what the milder Sway of Peace can do,
Promise Redress of ev'ry Thing they ask ;
But if they insolently dare persist,
Assume the Monarch, and by Force subdue them.
Of this be certain, That your Majesty
Has loyal Citizens, who boldly promise
To empty all their Veins before you fall.

All. We all, all swear to die before you fall.

King. O loyal Sirs! what can I give but Thanks?
My Heart ye long, long since have shar'd among ye.
But noble Souls disdain a Bribe to Glory ;
Their sole Reward is found in doing Good :
But hark! these Shouts proclaim the Rebels near.

[*Shouts.*

Enter Wat Tyler, &c. [Looks insolently on the King.]

Tyl. So, there he is.—— Now must I look as great
as He, and put on full as many Airs of Grandeur.——
Bring in our Elbow-Chair there.—— So, that's well.
—— Well, Sir, what wou'd you with us? You see
we have obey'd your Summons, Sir.

Enter Walworth and Aurelia, and go to the King's Side.

King. Yes, with Amazement, and with aking Hearts
We see the Tumults, Murthers, and Disorders
Which your mistaken Frenzy has committed.

Where are your Wrongs? and what shou'd we redress?

Tyl. Nothing—— We'll do it all our selves.——
Where are our Wrongs! and what shou'd you redress!
Why, the Laws wrong us, and the Parliament;

You

30 Wat Tyler and Jack Straw; Or,

You wrong us, every body wrongs us, and in short we'll bear it no longer.

Mob. Let *Wat* alone, *Scythe*, I'll warrant he's fit to talk to an Emperor.

King. Blindly you argue, and wou'd blindly lead These poor unthinking Wretches to Destruction.

Accept our gracious Pardon for all past,
Disperse your Numbers, and we love you still.

Tyl. Ay, pr'ythee, who is Fool then? — No, you insignificant Prig, I won't disband even a Taylor, the ninth Part of a Man. — But if you please you may hear our Conditions:

Pull from that sawcy, lousy Head, the Crown,
And put it where it should be — upon mine.

As for your Carcass, take it where you please,
To *France*, or to the Devil — as you please.

King. This is all Madness — hear, you mistaken Men —

Tyl. No wheedling, by the Blood! else we fall on.
What! you wou'd Coax, wou'd you, and draw our easy Subjects from their Duty? — No, no, that won't do.

Enter Pease-stack hastily.

Pease. O mighty Sir! betake you to your Arms!
Destruction seems to threaten all around:
As the great *Straw* was drinking of a Dram,
A sudden Party of the Mob rush'd on,
And seiz'd the drunken Hero by the Collar.

Tyl. Ha! said'st thou?

Pease. Yes, my gracious Lord.
Behold him dragg'd now in a wretched Plight,
The Throat which late a Kenten Neckcloth grac'd,
Is now surrounded by one far more coarse,
Which the triumphing Vulgar call a Halter.

[*Straw led in by a Party, with a Halter about his Neck.*

Tyl. And is it true! — Now by my *Juggy's* Head,
I will have Vengeance ample as my Soul,
And rescue him in spite of Fate or Odds.
Fall on, my Lads, fall on, and follow *Wat*.

[*Draws; as he is going to fall on, Walworth stabs him, and he falls down immediately.*]

May. Be thou the first to fall, perfidious Villain.
Thus thro' thy Thousands wou'd I rush upon thee,
And send this loyal Dagger to thy Heart.

King. O glorious Deed! O great, O noble *Walworth!*

Tyl. Confusion! must I thus be pelted from the World,
Like Bullets from a Pot-gun. — O ye Stars!

Why did you vainly promise I shou'd rise,
Mount all at once, and greatly hit the Skies?

Farewel ye Quarterns of Immortal *Gin*,
Which I so many times have poured in!

Must I for ever bid a long Adieu

To Port, to Beer, and to my *Fuggy* too?

Farewel ye Bar-boards that have held my Score!

Farewel ye Drawers that loudly bawl and roar;

A long Farewel to all---*Wat Tyler* is no more. [*Dies.*]

3 Mob. Who shall drive us now, *Slice*, since our
Coachman-General's kill'd?

1 Mob. Why, I think we had e'en as good chop the
Body afunder, and each particular Marrowbone hop
home as fast as he can.

All Mob. Ay, ay.

King. Be not dismay'd, my Countrymen and Friends,
You all are safe, and have our Royal Pardon;
Only repent, and you are still good Subjects.

All Mob. Long live King *Richard* the Second!
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Enter Suky, still in Men's Cloaths.

Suk. Where is my Love, my Darling, and my Sweet?
O let me catch him in my open Arms!

Now, Tyrants, do your worst, you shall not part us,
For you must pardon him, or string us both.

King. Drag hence the Traitor — take the Woman out,
Send him to Justice — to the Gallows — hence.

Straw. Weep not, my *Sue*, nor let thy falling Tears,
Brighter than orient Pearls, enrich the Earth.

The Royal Mercy will preserve thee safe,
And seal that Pardon which thy *Jacky* wants.

But when thou see'st me in the open Cart,
Steering from *Newgate* to the Port of *Tyburn*,

Say, 'Tis a Pity that so great a Man

Shoud

Shou'd be so soon cut off ——— so dear a Husband;
Then wipe your Eyes, and look out for another.

[Exit, dragg'd off.]
1 *Mob.* I told you, Neighbour Squeeze, 'twou'd never do
Why we were all got into the wrong Box.

4 *Mob.* Indeed, I had no Opinion on't when I found
Wat was so extravagant.

King. But here — Oh Friends! what can we say or do
To recompence such great such god-like Worth:
Speak *Suffolk*, *Lancaster*, my Heart's so full,
That the vast Torrent cuts my Language short.

Lan. Nor can I speak, or if I cou'd, my Liege,
The greatest Praise is lost in Admiration.

May. You over-rate my Service ——— as my Duty
'Twas well perform'd. — And yet I dare believe
There's not a loyal Citizen stands here
But wou'd have done much more to serve his Prince,
Your gracious Favour ——— Ha! my Son alive!
In That and This I am by much o'erpaid.

King. Alive!

Wall. Yes, Royal Sir, escap'd by Miracle,
To be a Witness of awaken'd Justice,
And beg a Blessing from your Mouth and his.

[Kneels with *Aurelia* to the *King* and *Suffolk*.]

King. *Aurelia*! This is fortunate indeed!

Suff. Thou hast it, Boy; be happy both, and loyal.

May. And live distinguish'd by the Royal Favour.

King. Now to our Work of Justice, and of Recompence:
'That Dagger which thy loyal Hand so well
Employ'd in the Deliverance of thy Country,
Shall to the City's Arms, a glorious Ornament,
Be added, to display thy Worth and Honour;

Succeeding Ages shall with Pleasure read

'The bold Relation of th' Immortal Deed,

'Till in the happy Years of *George's* Reign,

Another Race shall grace our Isle again,

Loyal as this, undaunted, and as free,

Great, and not proud — yet proud of Liberty.

United *Europe* shall be lull'd in Peace,

And only then the loyal Wonder cease.