

# **Miss Lucy in Town**

Henry Fielding

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# Miss Lucy in Town

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MISS LUCY IN TOWN.  
A SEQUEL TO *The Virgin Unmasqued*.  
A FARCE; With SONGS.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Goodwill,*Mr. Winstone*. Thomas,*Mr. Neal*.Ld. Bawble, *Mr. Cross*.*Mr. Zorobabel*, *Mr. Macklin*.*Signor Cantileno*, *Mr. Beard*.*Mr. Ballad*.*Mr. Lowe*.

WOMEN.

Haycock,*Mrs. Macklin*. Wife,*Mrs. Clive*.Tawdry, *Mrs. Bennet*.

## Scene

SCENE, Mrs. Haycock's.

Haycock and Tawdry.

Haycock.

And he did not give you a single Shilling?

*Taw.*

No, upon my Honour.

*Hay.*

Very well. They spend so much Money in Shew and Equipage, that they can no more pay their Ladies than their Tradesmen. If it was not for Mr. *Zorobabel*, and some more of his Persuasion, I must shut up my Doors.

*Taw.*

Besides, Ma'am, virtuous Women and Gentlemen's Wives come so cheap, that no Man will go to the Price of a Lady of the Town.

*Hay.*

I thought *Westminster–Hall* would have given them a Surfeit of their virtuous Women: But I see nothing will do; tho' a Jury of Cuckolds were to give never such swinging Damages, it will not deter Men from qualifying

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more Jurymen. In short, nothing can do us any service but an Act of Parliament to put us down.

*Taw.*

Have you put a Bill on your Door, Ma'am, as you said you would?

*Hay.*

It is up, it is up. Oh *Tawdry!* that a Woman who hath been bred, and always lived like a Gentlewoman, and followed a polite way of Business, should be reduced to let Lodgings.

*Taw.*

It is a melancholy Consideration truly.

*[Knocking.]*

But hark! I hear a Coach stop.

*Hay.*

Some Rake or other, who is too poor to have any Reputation. This is not a Time of Day for good Customers to walk abroad. The Citizens, good Men! can't leave their Shops so soon.

*Servant enters.*

Madam, a Gentleman and Lady to enquire for Lodgings; they seem to be just come out of the Country, for the Coach and Horses are in a terrible dirty Pickle.

*Hay.*

Why don't you shew them in? *Tawdry*, who knows what Fortune hath sent us?

*Taw.*

If she had meant me any Good, she'd have sent a Gentleman without a Lady.

*Servant returning with John.*

This is my Mistress, Friend.

*John.*

Do you take Volks in to live here? Because if you do, Madam and the Squire will come and live with you.

*Hay.*

Then your Master is a Squire, Friend, is he?

*John.*

Ay, he is as good a Squire as any within five Miles o' en: Tho'f he was but a Footman before, what is that to the purpose? Madam has enough for both o' 'em.

*Hay.*

Well, you may desire your Master and his Lady to walk in. I believe I can furnish them with what they want. What think you, *Tawdry*, of the Squire and his Lady, by this Specimen of them?

*Taw.*

Why I think if I can turn the Squire to as good Account as you will his Lady, (I mean if she be handsome,) we

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shall have no reason to repent our Acquaintance. You will soon teach her more Grace, than to be pleased with a Footman, especially as he is her Husband.

*Hay.*

Truly, I must say, I love to see Ladies prefer themselves. Mercy on those who betray Women to sacrifice their own Interest: I would not have such a Sin lie on my Conscience for the World.

*Enter Mr. Thomas, Wife, and Servants.*

*Tho.*

Madam, your humble Servant. My Fellow here tells me you have Lodgings to lett, pray what are they, Madam?

*Hay.*

Sir, my Bill hath informed you.

*Tho.*

Pox! I am afraid she suspects I can't read.

*Hay.*

What Conveniencies, Madam, would your Ladyship want?

*Wife.*

Why, good Woman, I shall want every thing which other fine Ladyships want. Indeed, I don't know what I shall want yet; for I never was in Town before: But I shall want every thing I see.

*Tho.*

I hope your Apartments here are handsome, and that People of Fashion use to lodge with you.

*Hay.*

If you please, Sir, I'll wait on your Honour, and shew you the Rooms.

*Tho.*

Ay do, do so; do wait on me. *John*, do you hear, do you take care of all our Things.

*Wife.*

Ay pray, *John*, take care of the great Cake and the cold Turkey, and the Ham and the Chickens, and the Bottle of Sack and the two Bottles of Strong Beer, and the Bottle of Cyder.

*John.*

I'll take the best care I can: but a Man would think he was got into a Fair. The Folks stare at one as if they had never seen a Man before.

*[Remain Tawdry and Wife.]*

*Taw.*

Pray, Madam, is not your Ladyship infinitely tired with your Journey?

*Wife.*

I tired! not I, I an't tired at all; I could walk twenty Miles further.

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*Taw.*

Oh, I am surprized at that; most fine Ladies are horribly fatigued after a Journey.

*Wife.*

Are they? Hum! I don't know whether I an't so too; yes I am, I am, horribly fatigued. (Well, I shall never find out all that a fine Lady ought to be.)

*[Aside.*

*Taw.*

Was your Ladyship never in Town before, Madam?

*Wife.*

No, Madam, never before that I know of.

*Taw.*

I shall be glad to wait on you, Madam, and shew you the Town.

*Wife.*

I am very much obliged to you, Madam: and I am resolved to see every thing that is to be seen: The Tower, and the Crowns, and the Lions, and Bedlam, and the Parliament–House, and the Abbey

*Taw.*

O fie, Madam! these are only Sights for the Vulgar; no fine Ladies go to these.

*Wife.*

No! why then I won't neither. Oh odious Tower, and filthy Lions. But pray, Madam, are there no Sights for a fine Lady to see?

*Taw.*

O yes, Madam; there are Ridottos, Masquerades, Court, Plays, and a thousand others, so many, that a fine Lady has never time to be at home, but when she is asleep.

*Wife.*

I am glad to hear that; for I hate to be at home: But, dear Madam, do tell me for I suppose you are a fine Lady.

*Taw.*

At your Service, Madam.

*Wife.*

What do your fine Ladies do at these Places? what do they do at Masquerades now? for I have heard of them in the Country.

*Taw.*

Why they dress themselves in a strange Dress, and they walk up and down the Room, and they cry, *Do you know me?* and then they burst out a laughing, and then they sit down, and then they get up, and then they walk about again, and then they go home.

*Wife.*

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Oh, this is charming, and easy too; I shall be able to do a Masquerade in a Minute: Well, but do tell me a little of the rest. What do they do at your what d'ye call 'ems, your Plays?

*Taw.*

Why, if they can, they take a Stage-Box, where they let the Footman sit the two first Acts, to shew his Livery; then they come in to shew themselves, spread their Fans upon the Spikes, make Curt'sies to their Acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.

*Wife.*

O delightful. By Gole, I find there is nothing in a fine Lady; any body may be a fine Lady if this be all.

AIR I.

If Flaunting, and Ranting,  
If Noise and Gallanting  
Be all in fine Ladies requir'd;  
I'll warrant I'll be  
As fine a Lady  
As ever in Town was admir'd.  
At Plays I will rattle,  
Tittle-tattle,  
Tittle-tattle,  
Prittle-prattle,  
Prittle-prattle,  
As gay and as loud as the best:  
And at t'other Place,  
With a Mask on my Face,  
I'll ask all I see  
Do you know me?  
Do you know me?  
And te he, he,  
And te, he, he!  
At nothing as loud as a Jest.

*Thomas and Haycock return.*

*Tho.*

My Dear, I have seen the Rooms, and they are very handsome, and fit for us People of Fashion.

*Wife.*

O my Dear, I am extremely glad on't. Do you know me? Ha, ha, ha, my Dear, (*stretching out her Fan before her*) ha, ha, ha!

*Tho.*

Heyday! What's the matter now?

*Wife.*

I am only doing over a fine Lady at a Masquerade or Play, that's all.

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*[She coquets apart with her Husband.]*

*Taw. (to Hay.)*

She's Simplicity itself. A Card Fortune has dealt you, which it's impossible for you to play ill. You may bring her to any Purpose.

*Hay.*

I am glad to hear it; for she's really pretty, and I shall scarce want a Customer for a Tit-bit.

*Wife.*

Well, my Dear, you won't stay long, for you know I can hardly bear you out of my Sight; I shall be quite miserable till you come back, my dear, dear *Tommy*.

*Tho.*

My dear *Lucy*, I will but go find out a Taylor, and be back with you in an Instant.

*Wife.*

Pray do, my Dear. Nay, t'other Kiss; one more, oh! thou art the sweetest Creature.

*Wife.*

Well Miss, fine Lady, pray how do you like my Husband? Is he not a charming Man?

*Taw.*

Your Husband! dear Madam, and was it your Husband that you kiss'd so?

*Wife.*

Why, don't fine Ladies kiss their Husbands?

*Taw.*

No, never.

*Wife.*

O-la! but I do not like that tho'; by Gole, I believe I shall never be a fine Lady, if I must not be kiss'd. I like being a fine Lady in other Things, but not in that; I thank you. If your fine Ladies are never kiss'd, by Gole, I think we have not so much Reason to envy them as I imagin'd.

### SONG.

How happy are the Nymphs and Swains,  
Who skip it, and trip it, all over the Plains;

How sweet are the Kisses,

How soft are the Blissés,

Transporting the Lads, and all melting their Misses? If Ladies here so nice are grown,  
Who jaunt it, and flaunt it, all over the Town,

To fly as from Ruin,

From Billing and Cooing,

A Fig for their Airs, give me plain Country Wooing.

*Taw.*

O you mistake me, Madam; a fine Lady may kiss any Man but her Husband You will have all the Beaus in Town at your Service.

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*Wife.*

Beaus! O Gemini, those are the Things Miss *Jenny* used to talk of. And pray, Madam, do Beaus kiss so much sweeter and better than other Folks?

*Taw.*

Hum! I can't say much of that.

*Wife.*

And pray then, why must I like them better than my own Husband?

*Hay.*

Because it's the Fashion, Madam. Fine Ladies do every Thing because it's the Fashion. They spoil their Shapes, to appear big with Child, because it's the Fashion. They lose their Money at Whisk, without understanding the Game; they go to Auctions, without intending to buy; they go to Operas, without any Ear; and slight their Husbands without disliking them; and all because it is the Fashion.

*Wife.*

Well, I'll try to be as much in Fashion as I can: But pray when must I go to these Beaus; for I really long to see them? For Miss *Jenny* says, she's sure I shall like them; and if I do, i'facks! I believe I shall tell them so, notwithstanding what our Parson says.

*Hay.*

Bravely said; I will shew you some fine Gentlemen, which I warrant you will like.

*Wife.*

And will they like me?

*Taw.*

Like you! they'll adore you, they'll worship you. Madam, Says my Lord, You are the most charming, beautiful, fine Creature that ever my Eyes beheld.

*Wife.*

What's that? Do, say that over again.

*Taw. (repeats)*

Madam, you are, &c.

*Wife.*

And will they think all this of me?

*Taw.*

No doubt of it. They'll swear it.

*Wife.*

Then to be sure they will, think it. Yes, yes, to be sure they will think so. I wish I could see these charming Men.

*Hay.*

O you will see them every where. Here in the House I have several to visit me, who have said the same thing to me and this young Lady.

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*Wife.*

What did they call you charming and beautiful? By Gole, I think they may very well say so to me [*aside.*] But when will these charming Men come?

*Hay.*

They'll be here immediately: But your Ladyship will dress yourself. I see your Man has brought your Things. I suppose your Ladyship has your Clothes with you.

*Wife.*

Oh yes, I have Clothes enough; I have a fine Thread Satin Suit of Clothes of all the Colours in the Rainbow; then I have a fine red Gown flower'd with Yellow, all my own Work; and a fine lac'd Suit of Pinner's, that was my Great Grandmother's! that has been worn but twice these forty Years, and my Mother told me, cost almost four Pounds when it was new, and reaches down hither. And then I have a great Gold Watch that hath

continued  
in our Family, I can't tell how long, and is almost as broad as a moderate Punch Bowl; and then I have two great Gold Ear-Rings, and six or seven Rings for my Finger, worth above twenty Pound all together; and a thousand fine Things that you shall see.

*Hay.*

Ay, Madam, these Things would have drest your Ladyship very well an hundred Years ago: But the Fashions are altered. Laced Pinner's, indeed! You must cut off your Hair, and get a little Perriwig, and a *French* Cap; and instead of a great Watch, you must have one so small, that it is impossible it should go; and But come, this young Lady will instruct You. Pray, Miss, wait on the Lady to her Apartment, and send for proper Tradesmen to dress her; such as the fine Ladies use. Madam, you shall be drest as you ought to be.

*Wife.*

Thank you, Madam; and then I shall be as fine a Lady as the best of them. By Gole, this *London* is a charming Place. If ever my Husband gets me out of it again, I am mistaken. Come, dear Miss, I am impatient. *Do you know me?* ha, he, ha!

[*Ex. Wife and Tawdry.*]

*Enter Lord Bawble.*

Ld. B.

So, Old Midnight, what Schemes art thou plodding on?

*Hay.*

O fie! my Lord; I protest, if Sir *Thomas* and you don't leave off your Midnight Riots, you will ruin the Reputation of my House for ever. I wonder too, you have no more Regard to your own Characters.

Ld. B.

Why, thou old canting Offspring of Hypocrisy, dost thou think that Men of Quality are to be confined to the Rules of Decency, like sober Citizens, as if they were ashamed of their Sins, and afraid they should lose their Turn of being Lord Mayor?

*Hay.*

We ought all to be ashamed of our Sins. O my Lord, my Lord, had you but heard that excellent Sermon, on *Kennington* Common, it would have made you ashamed: I am sure it had so good an Effect upon me, that I

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shall be ashamed of my Sins as long as I live.

Ld. B.

Why don't you leave them off then, and lay down your House?

Hay.

Alas, I can't, I can't; I was bred up in the Way: But I repent heartily; I repent every Hour of my Life; and that I hope will make Amends.

Ld. B.

Well, where is my *Jenny Ranter*?

Hay.

Ah, poor *Jenny*! Poor *Jenny* is gone. I shall never see her more; she was the best of Girls; it almost breaks my tender Heart to think on't: Nay, I shall never out-live her Loss, (*crying.*) My Lord, Sir *Thomas* and you forgot to pay for that Bowl of Punch last Night.

Ld. B.

Damn your Punch, is my dear *Jenny* dead?

Hay.

Worse if possible. She is she is turn'd Methodist, and married to one of the Brethren.

Ld. B.

O, if that be all, we shall have her again.

Hay.

Alas! I fear not; for they are powerful Men, and put such good Things into Women. But pray, my Lord, how go the Finances, for I have such a Piece of Goods, such a Girl just arrived out of the Country! upon my Soul as pure a Virgin for I have known her whole bringing up: She is a Relation of mine; her Father left me her Guardian. I have just brought her from a Boarding-School to have her under my own Eye, and complete her Education.

Ld. B.

Where is she? let me see her.

Hay.

Not a Step without the *Ready*. I told you I was her Guardian, and I shall not betray my Trust.

Ld. B.

If I like her upon my Honour

Hay.

I have too much value for your Lordship's Honour, to have it left in pawn. Besides, I have more Right Honourable Honour in my hands unredeemed already, than I know what to do with. However, I think you may depend on my Honour; deposite a cool Hundred, and you shall see her; and then take either the Lady or the Money. Ld. B.

I know thee to be inexorable. I'll step home and fetch the Money. I gave that Sum to my Wife this Morning to buy her Clothes. I'll take it from her again, and let her tick with the Tradesmen. Look'e, if this be stale Goods, I'll break every Window in the House.

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*Hay.*

I'll give you leave. He'll be tir'd of her in a Week, and then I may dispose of her again. I am afraid I did wrong in putting her off for a Virgin, for she'll certainly discover she is married. However, I can forswear the knowing it.

*[Zorobabel brought in, in a Chair, with the Curtains drawn.]*

O here's one of my sober Customers. Mr. *Zorobabel*, is it you? I am your Worship's most obedient Servant.

*Zor.*

How do you do, Mrs. *Haycock*? I hope no body sees or over-hears. This is an early Hour for me to visit at. I have but just been at home to dress me, since I came from the *Alley*.

*Hay.*

I suppose your Worship's Hands are pretty full there now with your Lottery-Tickets?

*Zor.*

Fuller than I desire, Mrs. *Haycock*, I assure you. We hoped to have brought them to seven Pounds before this; that would have been a pretty comfortable Interest for our Money. But, have you any worth seeing in your House?

*Hay.*

O Mr. *Zorobabel*! such a Piece! such an Angel!

*Zor.*

Ay, ay, where? where?

*Hay.*

Here in the House.

*Zor.*

Let me see her this instant.

*Hay.*

Sure nothing was ever so unfortunate!

*Zor.*

Hey! what?

*Hay.*

O Sir! not thinking to see your Worship this busy Time, I have promised her to Lord *Bawble*.

*Zor.*

How, Mrs. *Haycock*, promise her to a Lord without offering her to me first? Let me tell you, 'tis an Affront not only to me, but to all my Friends: And you deserve never to have any but Christians in your House again.

*Hay.*

Marry forbid! Don't utter such Curses against me.

*Zor.*

Who is it supports you? Who is it can support you? Who have any Money besides us?

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*Hay.*

Pray your Worship forgive me.

*Zor.*

No, I will deal higher for the future, with those who are better acquainted with Lords; they will know whom to prefer. I must tell you, you are a very ungrateful Woman. I know a Woman of Fashion at St. *James*'s end of the Town, where I might deal cheaper than with yourself; tho' I own indeed, yours is rather the more reputable House of the two.

*Hay.*

But my Lord hath never seen her yet.

*Zor.*

Hath he not? Why then he never shall, 'till I have done with her: She'll be good enough for a Lord half a year hence. Come, fetch her down, fetch her down. How long hath she been in Town?

*Hay.*

Not two Hours. Pure Country innocent Flesh and Blood. But what shall I say to my Lord?

*Zor.*

Say any thing: Put off some body else upon him; a stale Woman of Quality, or somebody who hath been in *Westminster-Hall* and the News-Papers.

*Hay.*

Well, I'll do the best I can; tho', upon my Honour, I was to have had 200 Guineas from my Lord.

*Zor.*

Two hundred Promises you mean; but had it been ready Cash, I'll make you amends if I like her; we'll never differ about the Price; so fetch her, fetch her.

*Hay.*

I will, an't please your Worship.

*[Exit.*

*Zor.*

Soh! the Money of Christian Men  
pays for the Beauty of Christian Women. A good Exchange!

*Enter Haycock.*

*[A Noise without.*

*Hay.*

O Sir, here are some noisy People coming this way; slip into the next Room: I am as tender of your Reputation as of my own.

*Zor.*

You are a sensible Woman, and I commend your Care; for Reputation is the very Soul of a *Jew*.

*Hay.*

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Go in here, I will quickly clear the Coast for you again.

*[Exit Zor.]*

Now for my Gentlemen; and if I mistake not their Voices, one is an Opera-Singer, and the other a Singer in one of our Playhouses.

*Enter Signior Cantileno and Mr. Ballad.*

*Hay.*

What is the matter, Gentlemen? what is the matter?

*Cant.*

Begar I vil ave de Woman; begar I vil ave her.

*Bal.*

You must win her first, Signor; and if you can gain her Affections, I am too much an *Englishman* to think of restraining her from pursuing her own Will.

*Cant.*

Never fear, me vin her. No *English* Woman can withstand the Charms of my Voice.

*Hay.*

If he begins to sing, there will be no end on't. I must go look after my young Lady.

SONG.

*Cant.*

Music sure hath Charms to move,  
With my Song, with my Song I'll charm my Love.  
This good Land, where Money grows,  
Well the Price of Singing knows:  
Hither all the Warblers throng;  
    Taking Money,  
    Milk and Honey,  
    Taking Money for a Song. *Bal.*  
Ha, ha, ha! What the devil should an *Italian* Singer do with a Mistress?

*Cant.*

Ask your Women, who are in love with the *Italian* Singers.

SONG.

See, while I strike the vocal Lyre,  
    Beauty languish, languish and expire:  
Like Turtle-Doves, in wooing Fit,  
See the blooming Charmers sit;

    Softly sighing,  
    Gently dying,  
While sweet Sounds to Raptures move:  
    Trembling, thrilling,

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Sweetly killing,  
Airs that fan the Wings of Love.  
SONG.

Bal.

[1.]

Be gone thou Shame of Human Race,  
The noble Roman Soil's Disgrace;  
Nor vainly with a Briton dare  
Attempt to win a British Fair.

2.

For manly Charms the British Dame  
Shall feel a fiercer nobler Flame;  
To manly Numbers lend her Ear,  
And scorn thy soft enervate Air.

*Enter a Porter.*

*Por. to Cant.*

Sir, the Lady's in the next Room.

*Cant.*

Ver vel. Begar I vil ave her.

*Bal.*

I'll follow you, and see how far the Charms of your Voice will prevail.

*Enter Zorobabel, Haycock, and Wife.*

*Hay. (to her entering.)*

I am going to introduce your Ladyship to one of our fine Gentlemen whom I told you of.

*Wife. (surveying him awkwardly.)*

Is this a Beau, and a fine Gentleman? By Goles Mr. *Thomas* is a finer Gentleman, in my Opinion, a thousand times.

*Zor.*

Madam, your humble Servant; I shall always think myself obliged to Mrs. *Haycock* for introducing me to a young Lady of your perfect Beauty. Pray, Madam, how long have you been in Town?

*Wife.*

Why, I have been in Town about three Hours: I am but a Stranger here, Sir; but I was very lucky to meet with this civil Gentlewoman and this fine Lady, to teach me how to dress and behave myself. Sir, I would not but be a fine Lady for all the World.

*Zor.*

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Madam, you are in the right on't: And this soft Hand, this white Neck, and these sweet Lips were formed for no other purpose.

*Wife.*

Let me alone mun, will you; I won't be pull'd and hall'd about by you, I won't. For I am very sure you don't kiss half so sweet as Mr. *Thomas*.

*Zor.*

Nay, be not coy, my Dear; if you will suffer me to kiss you, I will make you the finest of Ladies; you shall have Jewels equal to a Woman of Quality: Nay, I will furnish a House for you in any Part of the Town, and you shall ride in a fine gilt Chair, carried by two stout Fellows, that I will keep for no other purpose.

*Hay.*

Madam, if you will but like this Gentleman, he'll make you a fine Lady: 'Tis he, and some more of his acquaintance, that make half the fine Ladies in Town.

*Wife.*

Ay! Why then I will like him. I will say I do, which I suppose is the same thing. [*aside.*] But when shall I have all these fine Things? for I long to begin.

*Zor.*

And so do I, my Angel.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

*Wife.*

Nay, I won't kiss any more, 'till I have something in my Hand; that I am resolved of.

*Hay. to Zor.*

Fetch her some Bawbles; any Toys will do.

*Wife.*

But if you will fetch me all the Things you promised me, you shall kiss me as long as you please.

*Zor.*

But when I have done all these things, you must never see any other Man but me.

*Wife.*

Must not I? But I don't like that. And will you stay with me always then?

*Zor.*

No; I shall only come to see you in the Evening.

*Wife.*

(O then it will be well enough, for I will see whom I please all the Day, and you shall know nothing of the matter.)

[*Aside.*]

Indeed I won't see any body else but you; indeed I won't. But do go and fetch me these fine Things.

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*Zor.*

I go, my Dear. Mrs. *Haycock*, pray take care of her. I never saw any one so pretty nor so silly.

*Wife.*

I heard you, Sir; but you shall find I have sense enough to out-wit you. Well, Miss *Jenny* may stay in the Country if she will; and see nothing but the great jolly Parson, who never gives any thing but a Nosegay, or an handful of Nuts for a Kiss. But where's the young Lady that was here just now? for to my mind I am in a new World, and my Head is quite turn'd giddy.

*Hay.*

It is a common Effect, Madam, which the Town-Air hath on young Ladies, when first they come into it.

*Enter Cantileno.*

*Cant.*

Begar dat dam *English* Ballad-singing Dog hath got away de Woman. ah, *pardie voila une autre*

*[going towards her,*

*Hay.*

Hold, hold, Signor; this Lady is not for you. She is a Woman of Quality, and her Price is a little beyond your Pocket.

*Cant.*

Begar I like none but de Woman of Quality. And you no know the Price of my Pocket. See here begar here are fifty Guineas dey are not above the Value of two Song.

SONG.

To Beauty compar'd, pale Gold I despise;  
No Jewels can sparkle like Cælia's bright Eyes:  
Let Misers with pleasure survey their bright Mass;  
With far greater Raptures I view my fine Lass:  
Gold lock'd in my Coffers for me has no Charms;

Then its Value I own,

Then I prize it alone,

When it tempts blooming Beauty to fly to my Arms. *Wife.*

This is certainly one of those Operish Singers Miss *Jenny* used to talk of, and to mimic: She taught me to mimic them too.

Recitative.

*Cant.*

Brightest Nymph turn here thy Eyes,  
Behold thy Swain despairs and dies.

*Wife.*

A Voice so sweet cannot despair,  
Unless from Deafness, of the Fair;  
Such Sounds must move the dullest Ear:

Less sweet the warbling Nightingale;  
Less sweet the Breeze sweeps thro' the Vale.

SONG.

Cant.

Sweetest Cause of all my Pain,  
Pride and Glory of the Plain,  
See my Anguish,  
See me languish:

Pity thy expiring Swain. Wife.

Gentle Youth, of my Disdain,  
Ah, too cruel you complain;

My tender Heart  
Feels greater smart;

Pity me expiring Swain. Cant.

Will you then all my Pangs despise?

Will Nothing your Disdain remove? Wife.

Can you not read my wishing Eyes?

Ah, must I tell you that I love? Cant.

I faint, I die. Wife.

And so do I.

Ballad enters, and sings.

SONG.

Turn hither your Eyes, bright Maid,

Turn hither with all your Charms;

Behold a jolly young Blade,

Who longs to be clasp'd in your Arms:

To sighing and whining,

To sobbing and pining,

Then merrily bid adieu. Cant.

See how I expire. Bal.

See how I'm on fire,

And burn, my dear Nymph, for you. Wife.

Thus strongly pursu'd,

By two Lovers woo'd,

What shall a poor Woman do?

But a Lover in Flames,

Sure most Pity claims,

So, jolly Lad, I'm for you.

*Enter Haycock.*

*Hay.*

Gentlemen, I must beg you would go into another Room; for my Lord *Bawble* is just coming, and he hath bespoke this.

*Cant.*

*Le Diable!* one of our Directors! I would not ave him see me here for de Varld.

Miss Lucy in Town

*Wife.*

Is my Lord come? How eagerly I long to see him!

*Cant.*

*Allons*, Madam.

*Wife.*

No, I will stay with my Lord.

*Hay.*

He is just coming in. Upon my Soul I will bring her to you presently.

*Cant.*

Well, you are de Woman of Honour.

*Bal.*

This new Face will not come to my Turn yet; so I will to my dear *Tawdry*.

*Enter Ld. Bawble.*

*Ld. B.*

Well, I have kept my Word; I have brought the Ready. [*seeing Wife.*] Upon my Soul, a fine Girl! I suppose this is she you told me of?

*Hay.*

What shall I do? [*aside.*] Yes, yes, my Lord, this is the same: But pray come away; for I can't bring her to any thing yet; she is so young, if you speak to her, you will frighten her out of her Wits; have but a little Patience, and I shall bring her to my Mind.

*Ld. B.*

Don't tell me of Patience; I'll speak to her now; and I warrant, I bring her to my Mind.

*[they talk apart.*

*Wife. [at the other End of the Stage, looking at my Lord.]*

O la! That is a fine Gentleman,

indeed; and yet who knows, but Mr. *Thomas* might be just such another, if he had but as fine Clothes on? I wonder he don't speak to me, to be sure he don't like me; if he did, he would speak to me; and if he does not presently, the old Fellow will be back again, and then I must not talk with him.

*Hay.*

Consider, she is just fresh and raw out of the Country.

*Ld. B.*

I like her the better. It is in vain to contend; for, by *Jupiter*, I'll at her. I know how to deal with Country Ladies. I learnt the Art of making Love to them at my Election.

*Hay.*

What will become of me! I'll get out of the way, and swear to Mr. *Zorobabel*, I know nothing of my Lord's seeing her.

*[Ex.*

Miss Lucy in Town

Ld. *B.*

It is generous in you, Madam, to leave the Country, to make us happy here, with the Sunshine of your Beauty.

*Wife.*

Sir, I am sure, I shall be very glad, if any thing in my power can make the Beaus and fine Gentlemen of this fine Town happy. He talks just like Mr *Thomas*, before I was married to him, when he first came out of his Town—Service.

*[Aside.*

Ld. *B.*

She seems delightfully ignorant. A Quality which is to me a great Recommendation of a Mistress, or a Friend. O, Madam, can you doubt of your Power, which is as extensive as your Beauty; which lights such a Fire in the Heart of every Beholder, as nothing but your Frowns can put out.

*Wife.*

I'll never frown again; for if all the fine Gentlemen in Town were in love with me, icod, with all my Heart, the more the merrier.

Ld. *B.*

When they know you have my Admiration, you will soon have a thousand other Adorers. If a Lady hath a mind to bring Custom to her House, she hath nothing more to do but to hang one of us Lords out for a Sign.

*Wife.*

A Lord! *Gemini*, and are you a Lord?

Ld. *B.*

My Lord *Bawble*, Madam, at your Service.

*Wife.*

Well, my Lord *Bawble* is the prettiest Name I ever heard; the very Name is enough to charm one. My Ld. *Bawble!*

Ld. *B.*

Why, truly, I think it hath something of a Quality Sound in it.

*Wife.*

Heigh, ho!

Ld. *B.*

Why do you sigh, my Charmer?

*Wife.*

At what, perhaps, will make you sigh too, when you know it.

Ld. *B.*

Ay, what?

*Wife.*

I am married to an odious Footman, and can never be my Lady *Bawble*. I am afraid you won't like me, now I

Miss Lucy in Town

have told you. But I assure you, if I had not been married already, I should have married you of all the Beaus and fine Gentlemen in the World: But tho' I am married to him, I like you the best; and I hope that will do.

Ld. B.

Yes, yes, yes, my Dear; do! very well: (Is this Wench an Idiot, or a Bite? marry me, with a Pox!)  
[aside.] And so you are married to a Footman, my Dear?

Wife.

Yes, I am; I see you don't like me, now you know I am another Man's Wife.

Ld. B.

Indeed you are mistaken; I dislike no Man's Wife but my own.

Wife.

O-la: What are you married then?

Ld. B.

Yes, I think I am: But I have almost forgot it; for I have not seen my Wife, 'till this Morning, for a Twelvemonth.

Wife.

No! by Godes, you may marry somebody else for me. And now I think on't; if I should be seen speaking to him, I shall lose all the fine things I was promised.

Ld. B.

What are you considering, my Dear?

Wife.

I must not stay with you any longer, for I expect an old Gentleman every Minute, who promised me a thousand fine Things, if I would not speak to any body but him: He promised to keep two tall lusty Fellows for no other Business but to carry me up and down in a Chair.

Ld. B.

I will not only do that, but I will keep you two other tall Fellows for no other Use but to walk before your Chair.

Wife.

Will you? Nay, I assure you, I like you better than him, if I shall not lose any fine Things by the bargain. But hold, now I think on't: Suppose I stay here till he come back again with his Presents, I can take the Things, promise him, and go with you afterwards, you know, my Lord. Oh, how pretty *Lord* sounds! Ld. B.  
No, you will have no need on't; I will give you Variety of fine things. ('Till I am tired of you, and then I'll take them away again.) But, my Dear, these Lodgings are not fine enough; I will take some finer for you.

Wife.

O la! what are there finer Houses than this in Town? Why, my Father hath five Hundred a Year in the Country, and his House is not half so fine.

Ld. B.

O, my Dear, Gentlemen of no hundred Pounds a Year scorn such an House as this: No body lives now in any thing but a Palace.

Miss Lucy in Town

*Wife.*

Nay, the finer the better, by Goles, if you will pay for it.

*Ld. B.*

Pugh, p'shaw, pay! never mind that: That Word hath almost put me in the Vapours. Come, my dear Girl  
*[kisses her.]*

*Wife.*

O fie, my Lord, you make me blush. He kisses sweeter than my Husband, a thousand times; I did not think there had been

such a Man as my Husband in the World, but I find I was mistaken. *Ld. B.*

Consider, my Dear, what a Pride you will have in hearing the Man you love call'd, Lordship.

*Wife.*

Lordship! it is pretty. Lordship! But then you won't see me above once in a Twelvemonth.

*Ld. B.*

I will see you every Day, every Minute: I like you so well, that nothing but being married to you could make me hate you.

*Wife.*

O *Gemini!* I forgot it was the Fashion.

*Ld. B.*

Let us lose no time, but hasten to find some Place where I may equip you like a Woman of Quality.

*Wife.*

I am out of my Wits. My Lord, I am ready to wait on Lordship, wherever Lordship pleases. Lordship! Quality! I shall be a fine Lady immediately now.

*Enter Haycock.*

*Hay.*

What shall I do? I am ruin'd for ever! My Lord hath carried away the Girl. Mr. *Zorobabel* will never forgive me; I shall lose him and all his Friends, and they are the only Support of my House. Foolish Slut, to prefer a rakish Lord to a sober *Jew*: But Women never know how to make their Market 'till they are so old, no one will give any thing for them.

*Enter Thomas.*

*Tho.*

Your humble Servant, Madam. Pray, Madam, how do you like my Clothes?

*Hay.*

Your Taylor hath been very expeditious, indeed, Sir.

*Tho.*

Yes, Madam, I should not have had them so soon, but that I met with an old Acquaintance, *Tom Shabby*, the Taylor in *Monmouth-Street*, who fitted me with a Suit in a moment. But where's my Wife?

*Hay.*

(What shall I say to him?) I believe she is gone out to see the Town.

Miss Lucy in Town

*Tho.*

Gone out! hey! what, without me! Who's gone with her?

*Hay.*

Really, Sir, I can't tell. Here was a Gentleman all over Lace: I suppose, some Acquaintance of hers. I fancy she went with him.

*Tho.*

A Gentleman in Lace! I am undone, ruin'd, dishonour'd! Some Rascal hath betray'd away my Wife. Zounds, why did you let her go out of the House 'till my Return?

*Hay.*

The Lady was only a Lodger with me. I had no Power over her.

*Tho.*

How did any Man come to see her? for I am sure she did not know one Man in Town. It must be somebody that used to come here.

*Hay.*

May the Devil fetch me, if ever I saw him before; nor do I know how he got in. But there are Birds of Prey lurking in every Corner of this wicked Town: It makes me shed Tears to think what Villains there are in the World, to betray poor innocent young Ladies.

*[cries.*

*Tho.*

Oons and the Devil! the first six Weeks of our Marriage!

*Hay.*

That is a pity indeed, if you have been marry'd no longer: Had you been together half a Year, it had been some Comfort. But be advised, have a little patience; in all probability whoever the Gentleman is, he'll return her again soon.

*Tho.*

Return her! ha! stain'd, spotted, sullied! Who shall return me my Honour? S'Death! I'll search her thro' the Town, the World. Ha! my Father here!

*Goodwill. (entering.)*

Son, I met your Man *John* at the Inn, and he shew'd me the way hither. Where is my Daughter, your Wife?

*Tho.*

Stolen! lost! every thing is lost, and I am undone.

*Good.*

Hey-day! What's the matter?

*Tho.*

The matter! O curse this vile Town; I did but go to furnish myself with a Suit of Clothes, that I might appear like a Gentleman, and in the mean time your Daughter hath taken care that I shall appear like a Gentleman all the Days of my Life; for I am sure I shall be ashamed to shew my Head among

Miss Lucy in Town

Footmen.

*Good.*

How! My Daughter run away?

*Hay.*

I am afraid it is too true.

*Good.*

And do you stand meditating?

*Tho.*

What shall I do?

*Good.*

Go advertise her this Minute in the News–Paper; get my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant.

*Hay.*

As for the latter, it may be advisable; but the former will be only throwing away your Money; for the Papers have been of late so crammed with Advertisements of Wives running from their Husbands, that no body now reads them.

*Tho.*

That I should be such a Blockhead to bring my Wife to Town!

*Good.*

That I should be such a Sot as to suffer you!

*Tho.*

If I was unmarried again, I would not venture my Honour in a Woman's keeping, for all the Fortune she could bring me.

*Good.*

And if I was a young Fellow again, I would not get a Daughter, for all the Pleasure any Woman could give me.

*Enter Zorababel.*

*Zor.*

Here, where's my Mistress? I have equipp'd her; here are Trinkets enough to supply an Alderman's Wife.

*Hay.*

(I must be discover'd.) Hush, hush, consider your Reputation; here are Company. Your Mistress is run away with my Lord *Bawble* .

*Zor.*

My Mistress run away! Damn my Reputation: Where's the Girl? I will have the Girl.

*Good.*

Miss Lucy in Town

This Gentleman may have lost a Daughter too.

*Tho.*

Or a Wife, perhaps You have lost your Wife, Sir, by the Violence of your Rage?

*Zor.*

O worse, worse, Sir; I have lost a Mistress. While I went to buy her Trinkets, this damn'd Jade of a Bawd (where is she?) lets in a young Rake, and he is run away with her: The sweetest bit of Country Innocence, just come to Town. S'Blood, I would have given an hundred Lottery-Tickets for her.

*Good.*

How, Hell-hound!

*Tho.*

How, Hell-hound!

*Hay.*

I am an innocent Woman, and shall fall a Sacrifice to an unjust Suspicion.

*Good.*

Oh! my poor Daughter!

*Tho.*

My Wife, that I had so much delight in!

*Zor.*

My Mistress, that I propos'd such Pleasure in.

*Hay.*

O the Credit of my House, gone for ever!

*Zor.*

Ha! here she is again.

*Enter Wife.*

*Wife.*

Such Joy! such Rapture! Well, I'll never go into the Country again. Faugh! how I hate the Name. Oh! Father, I am sure you don't know me; nor you, Mr. *Thomas*, neither; nor I won't know you. Ah, you old fusty Fellow, I don't want any thing you can give; nor you shan't come near me, so you shan't. Madam, I am very much oblig'd to you, for letting me see the World. I hate to talk to any one I can't call Lordship.

*Good.*

And is this be-powder'd, be-curl'd, be-hoop'd Madwoman my Daughter?

*[She coquets affectedly.]*

Why, Hussy, don't you know your own Father?

*Tho.*

Nor your Husband?

Miss Lucy in Town

*Wife.*

No, I don't know you at all; I never saw you before. I have got a Lord, and I don't know any one but my Lord.

*Tho.*

And pray what hath my Lord done to you, that hath put you in such Raptures?

*Wife.*

O, by Gole! who'd be fool then? When I liv'd in the Country, I used to tell you every thing I did; but I am grown wiser now, for I am told I must never let my Husband know any thing I do, for he'd be angry; tho' I don't much care for your Anger, for I design always to live with my Lord now; and he's never to be angry, do what I will Why, prithee, Fellow, do'st thou think that I am not fine Lady enough to know the Difference between a Lord and a Footman?

*Zor.*

A Footman!

*Hay.*

I thought he was a Servant, by his talking so much of his Honour.

*Tho.*

You call me Footman! I own I was a Footman, and had rather be a Footman still, than a tame Cuckold to a Lord. I wish every Man, who is not a Footman, thought in the same manner.

*Good.*

Thou art a pretty Fellow, and worthy a better Wife.

*Tho.*

Sir, I am sorry that from henceforth I cannot, without being a Rascal, look on your Daughter as my Wife; I am sorry I can't forgive her.

*Wife.*

Forgive me, ha, ha, ha; ha, ha, ha! comical! why I won't forgive you, mun.

*Good.*

What hath he done, which you will not forgive?

*Wife.*

Done! why I have found out somebody I like better; and he's my Husband, and I hate him, because it is the Fashion: That he hath done.

*Zor.*

Sir Skip, a word with you: If you intend to part with your Wife, I will give you as much for her as any Man.

*Tho.*

Sir!

*Zor.*

Sir, I say, I will give you as much, or more for your Wife, than any Man.

Miss Lucy in Town

*Tho.*

Those Words, which suppose me a Villain, call me so, and thus should be return'd.

*[Gives him a Box on the Ear.*

*Zor.*

S'Death, Sir! do you know whom you use in this manner?

*Tho.*

Know you, yes, you Rascal, and you ought to know me. I have indeed the greatest reason to remember you, having purchas'd a Ticket of you in the last Lottery for as much again as it was worth. However, you shall have reason to remember me for the future; a Footman shall teach such a low, pitiful, stock-jobbing Pickpocket to dare to think to cuckold his Betters.

*[Kicks him off the Stage.*

*Zor.*

You shall hear of me in *Westminster-Hall*.

*Good.*

Your humble Servant.

*[Kicking him off.*

*Zor.*

Very fine! very fine! a Ten-Thousand-Pound Man is to be kick'd!

*Good.*

A Rascal, a Villain.

*Enter Lord Bawble.*

*Wife.*

O my dear Lord, are you come?

*Ld. B.*

Fie, my Dear, you should not have run away from me while I was in an inner Room, *promising* the Tradesman to pay him for your fine Things.

*Wife.*

O my Lord, I only stept into a Chair, as you call it, to make a Visit to a fine Lady here. It is pure Sport to ride in a Chair.

*Ld. B.*

Bless me! what's here? My old Man *Tom* in masquerade?

*Tho.*

I give your Lordship Joy of this fine Girl

Miss Lucy in Town

Ld. B.

Stay 'till I have had her, *Tom*. Egad she hath cost me a round Sum, and I have had nothing but Kisses for my Money yet.

*Tho*.

No, my Lord! Then I am afraid your Lordship never will have any thing more, for this Lady is mine.

Ld. B.

How! what Property have you in her?

*Tho*.

The Property of an *English* Husband, my Lord.

Ld. B.

How, Madam! are you married to this Man?

*Wife*.

I married to him! I never saw the Fellow before.

Ld. B.

*Tom*, thou art a very impudent Fellow.

*Good*.

Mercy on me! what a Sink of Iniquity is this Town? She hath been here but five Hours, and learnt Assurance already to deny her Husband.

Ld. B.

Come, *Tom*, resign the Girl by fair Means, or worse will follow.

*Tho*.

How, my Lord, resign my Wife! Fortune, which made me poor, made me a Servant; but Nature, which made me an *Englishman*, preserv'd me from being a Slave. I have as good a Right to the Little I claim, as the proudest Peer hath to his great Possessions; and whilst I am able, I will defend it.

Ld. B.

Ha! Rascal!

*[They draw.*

*Good*.

Hold, my Lord; this Girl, ungracious as she is, is my Daughter, and this honest Man's Wife.

*Wife*.

Whether I am his Wife or no, is nothing to the purpose; for I will go with my Lord. I hate my Husband, and I love my Lord. He's a fine Gentleman, and I am a fine Lady, and we are fit for one another. Now, my Lord, here are all the fine Things you gave me; he will take them away, but you will keep them for me.

Ld. B.

So, now I think every Man hath his own again; and since she is your Wife, *Tom*, much good may do you with her. I question not but these Trinkets will purchase a finer Lady.

*[Exit.*

Miss Lucy in Town

*Wife.*

What, is my Lord gone?

*Tho.*

Yes, Madam, and you shall go, as soon as I can get Horses put into a Coach.

*Wife.*

Ay, but I won't go with you.

*Tho.*

No, but you shall go without me: Your good Father here will take care of you into the Country; where, if I hear of your Amendment, perhaps, half a year hence I may visit you; for since my Honour is not wrong'd, I can forgive your Folly.

*Wife.*

I shall shew you, Sir, that I am a Woman of Spirit, and not to be govern'd by my Husband. I shall have Vapours and Fits, (these they say are infallible) and if these won't do, let me see who dares carry me into the Country against my Will: I will swear the Peace against them.

*Good.*

Oh! oh! that ever I should beget a Daughter!

*Tho.*

Here, *John!*

*John (enters.)*

An't please your Worship.

*Tho.*

Let all my Things be pack'd up again in the Coach they came in; and send *Betty* here this Instant with your Mistress's Riding-Dress. Come, Madam, you must strip yourself of your Puppet-Shew Dress, as I will of mine; they will make you ridiculous in the Country, where there is still something of Old *England* remaining. Come, no Words, no delay; by Heavens! if you but affect to loiter, I will send Orders with you to lock you up, and allow you only the bare Necessaries of Life. You shall know I'm your Husband, and will be obey'd.

*Wife. (crying.)*

And must I go into the Country by myself? Shall I not have a Husband, or a Lord, or any body? If I must go, won't you go with me?

*Tho.*

Can you expect it? Can you ask me, after what hath happened?

*Wife.*

What I did, was only to be a fine Lady, and what they told me other fine Ladies do, and I should never have thought of in the Country; but if you will forgive me, I will never attempt to be more than a plain Gentlewoman again.

*Tho.*

Well, and as a plain Gentlewoman you shall have Pleasures some fine Ladies may envy. Come, dry your Eyes; my own Folly, not yours, is to blame; and that I am only angry with.

## Miss Lucy in Town

*Wife.*

And will you go with me then, *Tommy*?

*Tho.*

Ay, my Dear, and stay with thee too: I desire no more to be in this Town, than to have thee here.

*Good.*

Henceforth, I will know no Degree, no Difference between Men, but what the Standards of Honour and Virtue create: The noblest Birth without these is but splendid Infamy; and a Footman with these Qualities, is a Man of Honour.

### SONG.

*Wife.*

Welcome again, ye rural Plains;  
Innocent Nymphs, and virtuous Swains:  
Farewell Town, and all its Sights;  
Beaus and Lords, and gay Delights:  
All is idle Pomp and Noise;  
Virtuous Love gives greater Joys.  
Chorus.

All is idle Pomp and Noise;  
Virtuous Love gives greater Joys.

## Back matter

*FINIS.*