

TOM THUMB;

A Burletta,

ALTERED FROM HENRY FIELDING,

BY KANE O'HARA.

WITH DESIGNS

BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

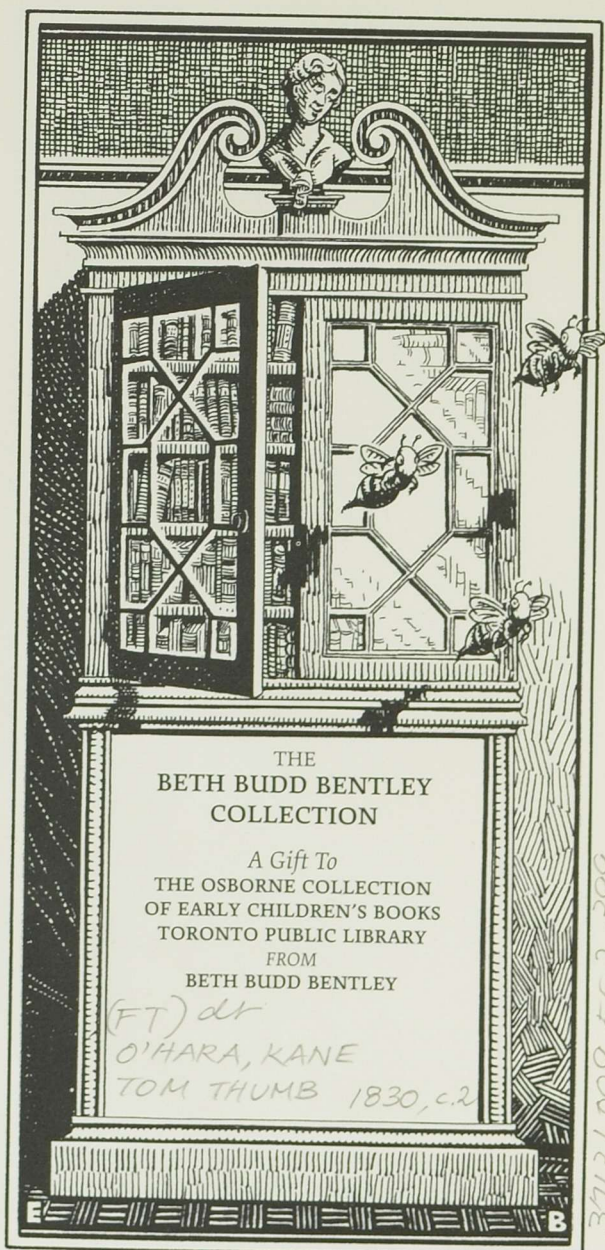


LONDON :

THOMAS RODD, GREAT NEWPORT STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

Printed by Lowndes and White,
Crane Court, Fleet Street.



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Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb !

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IN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY THOMAS

BY KANE OWANA

WITH DESIGNS

BY

GEORGE ORRICKSHANK

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TOM THUMB, to whose exploits we have listened with delight in our childhood, and witnessed on the stage with laughter and amusement in our later years, is a hero whose origin is enveloped in equal obscurity with that of many others of eld and later time; rival nations contend for the honour of his birth, and rival antiquaries advance their several theories respecting him, with equal confidence and pertinacity.

The Author of "*Tom Thumbe his Life and Death*," 8vo. 1630, asserts him to have been of British origin:

" In Arthur's Court *Tom Thumb* did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight.*"

And the erudite Commentator on that work, (*edit.* 1711,) takes the same side of the question; but the learned namesake of our Hero, TOM HEARNE, degrades him to the rank of a dwarf in the court of King Edgar.† Mr. E. Taylor,‡ with greater probability, traces him to the Däumbling, or Little-Thumb, of the Northern nations, and considers him to have formed one of that hardy band of the descendants of Odin, whom Hengist and Horsa led into Britain. Leaving the decision of this important national question to the very learned, *The Society of Antiquaries*, and *The Royal Society of Literature*, we proceed to the history of the drama founded on his exploits.

The muse of Fielding, a name sacred to genius, first presented him before the world as a dramatic hero in 1730, in burlesque of the then favorite tragedies, filled with turgid and bombast speeches, and vapid declamations. To encounter these and drive them from the stage, no weapon was so proper as ridicule; and, wielded by such a hand, none was more effective. The putting into the mouths of Arthur and his mock Court the same speeches parodied, or slightly altered, had the most ludicrous effect, and immediately succeeded in opening the eyes of the public to the glare and tinsel by which they had been dazzled. The genuine wit and satire in the piece, kept it a favourite long after the purpose which called it forth was answered; and, as altered by O'Hara, it is still deservedly popular with the play-going public.

The pencil of the Artist has in these times the power which

* Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 8vo. 1791.

† Benedictus Abbas, *Appendix ad Præfationem*, p. LV.

‡ *German Popular Stories*, vol. i. notes.

in days of yore was ascribed to the wand of the Enchanter Merlin—by it TOM THUMB is again called into an existence, which promises to be lasting as the well-earned fame of his facetious historian, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Dramatis Personæ, Costume, and Stage Directions.

KING ARTHUR—Antique square-skirted royal embroidered suit, flowing wig, three-cornered hat with feathers, red stockings rolled over, high-heeled shoes, with square toes and buckles, sword, gauntlet, belt, and baton.

TOM THUMB—Flesh legs and arms, Roman breast-plate, shirt, &c. the dress studded with steel, helmet with plume of feathers, belt, sword, red sandals, &c.

MERLIN—Large black gown, high black cap and belt, all with cabalistic characters, grey wig, and long beard.

LORD GRIZZLE—Antique velvet court suit, satin waistcoat, scarlet stockings, square-toed shoes with buckles, three-cornered hat, belt, and sword.

NOODLE and DOODLE—Antique court dresses, &c.

GHOST of GAFFER THUMB—Smock frock, white face, grey wig, and countryman's hat.

QUEEN DOLLALOLLA—Full antique court satin dress, wig fully curled, powdered and ornamented with various coloured flowers, embroidered stomacher, hooped petticoat, high-heeled shoes, &c.

HUNCAMUNCA—Embroidered antique court dress, &c.

GLUMDALCA—Full hooped satin dress, silver breast-plate, and helmet with plume of feathers, &c.

FRIZALETTA, PLUMANTE, and LADIES OF THE COURT—Antique court dress.

R. means Right. L. Left. C. Centre.

TOM THUMB.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Palace yard.*

Enter DOODLE on the right, and NOODLE on the left—after a long obeisance, they embrace.

DUET.

DOOD. Sure such a day,
So renown'd, so victorious—
Such a day as this was never seen ;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uproarious—
Nature seems to wear an universal grin.

NOOD. Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbish and uxorious ;
While both she and Huncamunca tipple, talking
tawdry,
Even Mr. Sol,
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

DOOD. Oh, 'tis a day
Of jubilee, cajollery ;
A day we never saw before,
A day of fun and drollery.

NOOD. That you may say,
 Their majesties may boast of it ;
 And since it never can come more,
 'Tis fit they make the most of it.

DOOD. Oh, 'tis a day, &c.

NOOD. That you may say, &c.

DOOD. Sure such a day, &c.

NOOD. Courtiers so gay, &c.

DOOD. Yes, Noodle, yes ;—to-day the mighty
 Thumb

Returns triumphant. Captive giants swarm
 Like bees behind his car. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

NOOD. These trumpets speak the King at levee, I go.

DOOD. And I also—to offer my petition.

NOOD. Doodle, do. [*Exeunt DOODLE. R. NOODLE. L.*]

SCENE II.—*Inside of the Palace.*

The KING and QUEEN seated on a throne. Lord GRIZZLE, Courtiers, and Attendants. DOODLE and NOODLE apart. They all come forward.

KING. Let no face but a face of joy be seen ;
 The man who this day frowns, shall lose his head,
 That he may have no face to frown withal—
 Smile, Dollalolla !

DOOD. (*kneeling*) Dread liege
 This petition—

KING. (*dashes it away*) Petition me no petitions,
 sir, to-day ;

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this, our queen, shall be as drunk as we.

QUEEN. Is't so? why then perdition catch the
failers,
Let's have a rouse and get as drunk as tailors.

AIR.

What though I now am half seas o'er,
I scorn to baulk this bout—
Of stiff rack punch fetch bowls a score,
'Fore George, I'll see them out.

What though, &c.

But, sir, your queen 'twould ill become,
T' indulge in vulgar sips;
No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
Should pass these royal lips.

But, sir, &c.

Chorus.—Rum ti iddity, row, row, row,
If we'd a good sup, we'd take it now.

KING. Though rack, in punch, ten shillings were
a quart,
And rum and brandy be but half-a-crown,
Rather than quarrel, thou shalt have thy fill.

[*Flourish of trumpets. L.*

NOOD. These martial sounds, my liege, announce
the general.

KING. Haste we to meet, and meetly to receive him.
[*Martial music.*

*L. Enter TOM THUMB, Soldiers, and GLUMDALCA
in chains.*

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!
Thou tiny hero—pigmy giant queller!
What gratitude can thank away the debt

Thy valour puts upon us.

[*Takes him up and embraces him.*

QUEEN. Oh! ye gods!

[*Aside.*

TOM. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough—

I've done my duty, and I've done no more. [*Bows.*

QUEEN. Was ever such a god-like creature seen!

KING. Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit;
It shines itself, and shows thy merit too.

O Tommy, Tommy Thumb! what to thy prowess
do we owe?

Ask some reward—great as we can bestow.

TOM. I ask not kingdoms—I can conquer those;
I ask not money—money I've enough:

If this be call'd a debt, take my receipt in full,

I ask but this, to sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

KING. (*aside*) Prodigious bold request!

QUEEN. Be still my soul—

KING. (*after a pause*) It is resolv'd!

The princess is thy own.

[*To THUMB.*

TOM. O happy Tommy! super happy Thumb!

Whisper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!

The bloody business of grim war is o'er,

And beauty, heavenly beauty, crowns my toils.

AIR.

As when the chimney-sweeper,

Has all the live-long day,

Through darksome paths a creeper,

Pursu'd his sooty way:

At night, to wash with water

His hands and face he flies;

And, in his t'other tatter,

With his Brickdusta lies.

[*Flourish of trumpets. Exit. L.*

KING. (*looking fondly at GLUMDALCA*) I feel a sudden pain across my breast— [*Aside.*
Nor know I whether it proceed from love
Or the wind cholic—but time will shew.—Hugeous
Queen of Hearts,
Sure thou wer't form'd by all the gods in council;
Who, having made a lucky hit beyond their journey-
work,
Cry'd out—"This is a woman!"

GLUMD. Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken—

We are a giantess—I tell thee, Arthur,
We yesterday were both a queen and wife;
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway;
Twenty whereof were wedded to ourself.

QUEEN. Oh blest prerogative of giantism! [*Aside.*

KING. Oh! vast queen!—Think our court thine own;

Call for whate'er thou likest—there's nought to pay,
Nor art thou captive, but thy captive we.

[*Takes off her chain.*

QUEEN. [*aside*] Ha! Arthur faithless!

This gag my rival too, in dear Tom Thumb!

Revenge!—but I'll dissemble— [*To Glumdalca.*

Madam, believe that with a woman's eye

I view your loss—take comfort—for to-morrow

Our grenadiers shall be called out, then choose

As many husbands as you think you'll want.

GLUMD. Madam, I rest your much obliged and very humble servant. [*Exit with Guards. L.*

QUEEN. Though greater yet Tom's boasted merit was,

He shall not have my daughter, that is pos.

[*Advancing to the King.*

KING. Ha! say'st thou?

QUEEN. Yes, I say he shan't.

KING. How, shan't!

Now by our royal self, we swear—I'll be damn'd
but he shall.

AIR.—*Queen.*

Then tremble all, who weddings ever made,
And tremble more who did this match persuade;
For like a worried cat, I'll spit, I'll squall,
I'll scratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all.

[*Exeunt Queen and ladies. L. The King
throws his hat after the Queen.*]

DOOD. Her majesty, the Queen, is in a passion.

KING. She may be damn'd. Who cares? We
were, indeed,

A pretty king of clouts, were we to truckle
To all her maudlin humours.

AIR.

We kings, who are in our senses,
Mock our consorts violences;
Pishing at their moods and tenses,
Our own will we follow.

If the husband once gives way
To his wife's capricious sway,
For his breeches he next day

May go to whoop and hollow. [*Exeunt. R.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of the Palace.**L. Enter Lord GRIZZLE.*

GRIZ. ——— Arthur wrongs me!
Cheats me of my Huncamunca!
Rouse thee, Grizzle! 'Sblood, I'll be a rebel.
Alas! what art thou, honour?
A Monmouth street lac'd coat, gracing to-day
My back; to-morrow glittering on another's—
To arms! to arms!

R. Enter QUEEN, in a rage.

QUEEN. Teach me to scold, O Grizzle!

GRIZ. Scold, would my Queen?—say, wherefore?

QUEEN. Wherefore?

Faggots and fire—my daughter to Tom Thumb!

GRIZ. I'll mince the atom into countless pieces.

QUEEN. Oh! no! prevent the match, but hurt
not him—

Him!—thou!—thou kill the man
Who kill'd the giants?

GRIZ. Giants!—why madam, 'tis all flummery,
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them.

QUEEN. How! hast thou seen no giants? Are
there not

Now in our yard ten thousand proper giants?

GRIZ. Madam, shall I tell you what I'm going to
say? I do not positively know, but, as near as I can
guess, I cannot tell; though I firmly do believe there
is not one.

QUEEN. Out from my sight, base Pickthank ! hie,
begone !

By all my stars, thou enviest Tom Thumb.

GRIZ. Yes, yes, I go ; but, madam, know,
(Since your majesty's so pert)

That a flood of Tommy's blood
To allay this storm shall spirt.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN. R. GRIZZLE. L.]

SCENE IV.—*An Anti-Chamber.*

The KING on a couch.

KING. ———Methought
I heard a voice say, "Sleep no more !
Glumdalca exiles sleep"—and, therefore, Arthur
Can sleep no more.

*The GHOST of GAFFER THUMB rises, with a lantern
on a pitchfork.*

GHOST. Oh, Arthur ! Arthur ! Arthur !
Soon shalt thou sleep enough.

KING. Ah ! what art thou ?

GHOST. The ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

KING. A ghost !—stand off !
I'll have thee laid in the Red Sea.

GHOST. Oh, Arthur ! take heed !
My thread is spun—list, list, oh list !

AIR.

Pale death is prowling,
Dire omens scowling,



W. WILKINS. Sc.

A ghost!—stand off!

Doom thee to slaughter,
Thee, thy wife and daughter ;
Furies are growling,

With horrid groans :
Grizzle's rebellion,
What need I tell you on ?

Or by a red cow
Tom Thumb devoured ? *[cock crows.*
Hark ! the cock crowing.

I must be going,
I can no more. *[vanishes.*

KING. No more ! and why no more, or why so much ?

Better quite ignorant than half-instructed.
By Jove, this bo-peep ghost makes game of us
Therefore, fate, keep your secret to yourself.

AIR.

Such a fine King as I don't fear your threats of a rush,
Do shew your sweet phiz again, and I'll quickly call
up a blush.

For I am up, up, up,
But you are down, down, down,
Do pop up your nob again,
And egad I'll crack your crown.

Who cares for you, Mr. Ghost ? or all that you can do ;
I laugh at your stupid threats, and your cock-a-
doodle-do ;

For I am up, up, up,
But you are down, down, down ;
Draw your sword like a man,
Or I'll box you for a crown.

[Dances round the trap, and exit. L.

SCENE V.—HUNCAMUNCA'S *Dressing-Room*.

HUNCAMUNCA at her *Toilette*, FRIZALETTA waiting.

HUNC. Give me some music,—see that it be sad.

[*Band plays a strain.*]

Oh, Tommy Thumb! why art thou Tommy Thumb?

Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?

Why not the king of Brentford, old or new?

FRIZ. Madam, Lord Grizzle.

L. Enter Lord GRIZZLE.

GRIZ. (*kneeling*) Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca,
oh!

HUNC. This to my rank,—bold man?

GRIZ. Ah, beauteous princess!

Love levels rank—lords down to cellar bears,

And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs.

Nought is for love too high, nor ought too low—

Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

HUNC. My lord, in vain, a suitoring you come,
For I'm engaged this instant to Tom Thumb.

GRIZ. Play not the fool—that less than baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.

HUNC. Am I thus fobb'd?—then I my words recall.

GRIZ. Shall I to Doctor's Commons?

HUNC. Do so pray——

I now am in the mood, and cannot stay.

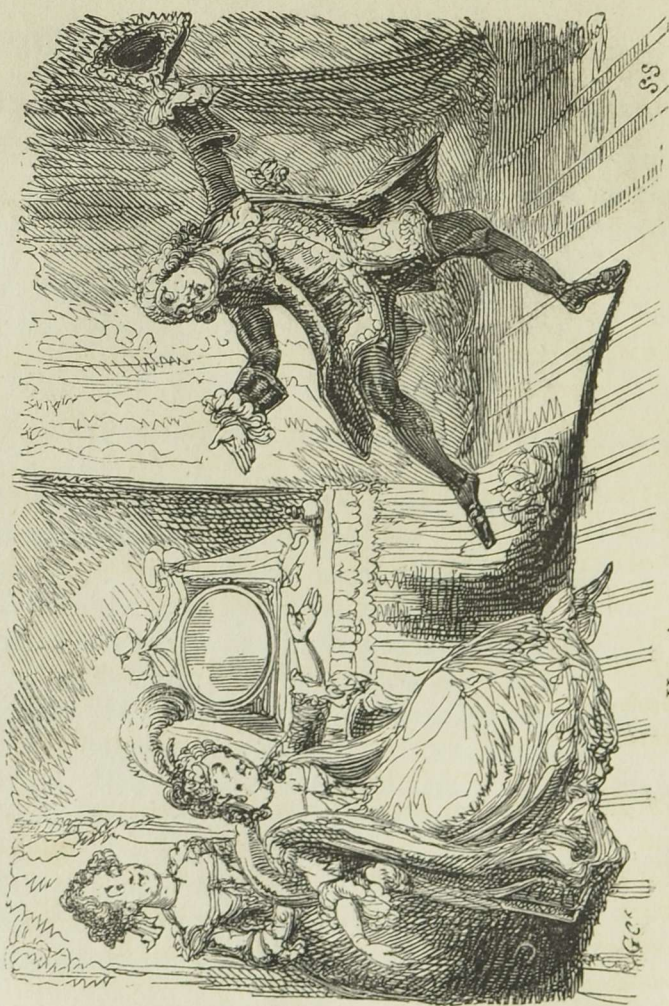
AIR.—GRIZZLE.

In hurry post for a licence,

In hurry, ding dong, I come back;

For that you shan't need bid me twice hence,

I'll be there, and here in a crack.



Hey ting, my heart's on the wing.

Hey ting,
 My heart's on the wing,
 I now could leap over the moon ;
 Let the chaplain
 Set us grapp'ling,
 And we'll stock a baby-house soon. [Exit. L.]

R. Enter TOM THUMB.

TOM. Where is my Huncamunca? where's my princess?

Where those bright eyes, the card-matches of Cupid,
 That light up all with love my waxen soul?

HUNC. Put out the light, nor waste thy little taper.

TOM. Put out the light? impossible!

As well Sir Solomon might put out his rushlight.

HUNC. I am to Lord Grizzle promis'd.

TOM. Promis'd?

HUNC. Too sure—'tis enter'd in fate's journal.

TOM. Enter'd?

Zounds! I'll tear out the leaf—I'll blot the page—

I'll burn the book!

I tell thee, princess, had I been thy helpmate,
 We soon had peopled this whole realm with Thumbs.

HUNC. O fie! I shudder at the gross idea!

TOM. Then go we to the King—let him decide
 Whether you shall be Grizzle's or my bride.

[Going out hand-in-hand, are met by GLUMDALCA. L.]

GLUMD. Stop, brandy-nose! hopest thou the wight,
 Who once hath worn my easy chains, will toil in thine?

HUNC. Easy, no doubt, by twenty husbands worn.

TOM. In the balcony which o'erhangs the stage,
 I've seen one wench two 'prentices engage:

This half-a-crown doth in his fingers hold,
 That just lets peep a little bit of gold:
 Miss the half-guinea wisely does purloin,
 And scorns the bigger and the baser coin.

TRIO.

GLUMD. Oh, the vixen pigmy brat,
 Of inches scarce half six,
 To slight me for a chit like that!
 Ah! Mr. Tom, are these your tricks?

HUNC. Oh! the coarse salacious trull,
 Who giant paramours twice ten
 To bed can pull,
 With hugs can lull,
 Yet still would gull
 Young gentlemen!

TOM. Little though I be,
 I scorn the sturdy strum;
 Nor ever she,
 My dear, from thee
 Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.

GLUMD. Oh the vixen, &c.

HUNC. Oh the coarse, &c.

TOM. Little though I be, &c.

[*Exeunt*, GLUMDALCA. *L.* TOM and HUN-
 CAMUNCA. *R.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.**L. Enter NOODLE.*

NOOD. Sure Nature means t'unhinge the solid globe!
Chaos is come again—all's topsy-turvy.

AIR.

King Arthur in love ankle deep—speed the plough,
Glumdalca will soon be his punk-a;
The Queen Dollalolla's as drunk as a sow,
In bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

R. Enter Lord GRIZZLE hastily.

GRIZ. If this be true, all women kind are damn'd.

NOOD. If it be not, may I be damn'd myself.

[*Exit. R.*]GRIZ. Then, get out, patience! oh, I'm whirlwind
all;Havock, let loose the dogs of war, halloo! [*Exit. L.*]SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the Palace.**R. Enter QUEEN.*

QUEEN. Ah! wherefore from his Dollalolla's arms
Doth Arthur steal? Why all alone,
And in the dark, leave her, whose feeble nerves
He knows, are harrow'd up with fears of spirits?

L. Enter KING.

KING. We hop'd the fumes, sweet Queen, of last
 night's punch
 Had glued thy lovely eyes; but, ah! we find
 There is no power in drams to quiet wives.

R. Enter NOODLE.

NOOD. Long life to both your majesties—if life
 Be worth a fig! Lord Grizzle, at the head
 Of a rebellious rout, invests the palace;
 He swears, unless the princess straight
 Be yielded up with Tom Thumb's pate,
 About your ears he will beat down the gate.

KING. The devil he will!—But see, the princess.

R. Enter HUNCAMUNCA.

Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our sword and
 buckler?

Though 'gainst us men and giants league with gods,
 Yet Thumb alone is equal to more odds.

HUNC. About an hour and a half ago
 Tom sallied forth to meet the foe,
 And soon who's who he'll make them know.

KING. Oh! oh!
 Come, Dollalolla, Huncamunca, come;
 Within we'll wait in whole skins for Tom Thumb.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and HUNCAMUNCA. L.*

NOODLE. *R.*

SCENE III.—*A Plain.*

L. Enter Lord GRIZZLE, NOODLE, and Rebels. The orchestra playing a march.

GRIZ. Thus far with victory our arms are crown'd;
For, tho' we have not fought, yet have we found
No enemy to fight withal. [*Drums and trumpets.*]

R. Enter THUMB, DOODLE, and Soldiers.

TOM. Art thou the man, whom men fam'd Grizzle
call?

GRIZ. Art thou the much more fam'd Tom Thumb
the small?

TOM. The same.

GRIZ. The same.

TOM. His prowess now each prove.

GRIZ. For liberty I stand.

TOM. And I for love. [*Charge of trumpets. A battle between the two armies, they fight off. R. & L.*]

Enter GLUMDALCA. L. and meets GRIZZLE. R.

GLUMD. Turn, coward, turn! nor from a woman fly!

GRIZ. Thou art unworthy of my arm.

GLUMD. Am I?

Have at thy heart then! [*Thrusts at, but misses him.*]

GRIZ. Rampant queen of sluts!

Now have at thine.

[*Strikes.*]

GLUMD. You've run me through the guts.

GRIZ. Then there's an end of one.

[*Going, is met by TOM THUMB, who runs him through.*]

TOM. An end of two !
 Thou hast it. [*Exit. R. GLUMD. staggers off. L.*
 GRIZ. Oh, Tom Thumb ! (*falls*) thy soul beshrew !
 I die—Ambition ! the fates have made their tour,
 And the black cart is waiting at the door.

AIR.

My body is a bankrupt's shop,
 My cruel creditor, grim death ;
 Who puts to life's brisk trade a stop,
 And will be paid with my last breath.
 Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! [*Dies.*

Enter TOM THUMB and Attendants.

TOM. Bear off the carcasses ; lop off his knob,
 'Twill witness to the King, Tom Thumb's good job.
 Rebellion's dead, and now—I'll go to breakfast.

[*Exit. R.*

[*Attendants lay hold of GRIZZLE.*]

GRIZ. Why dost thou call me from the peaceful
 grave ?

ATTEN. Sir, we came to bear your body off.

GRIZ. Then I'll bear it off myself. [*Exeunt. L.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber.*

*The KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLU-
 MANTE, FRIZALETTA, and Attendants.*

KING. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
 And bid our treasurer disburse five guineas



Tom. An end of two! Thou hast it.

To pay their debts.—Let our arch necromancer,
Sage Merlin, straight attend us :—we the while
Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.

HUNC. Take note, sir, that on this our wedding day
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

L. Enter NOODLE.

NOOD. Oh, monstrous, dreadful, terrible! oh! oh!

KING. What means the blockhead?

NOOD. But to grace my tale with decent horror,
Tom Thumb is no more!

A huge red cow, just now i' th' open street,
Before my eyes, devour'd the great Tom Thumb!

[A general groan.]

KING. Shut—shut again the prisons :

Let our treasurer

Not issue out three farthings. Hang all the culprits,
And bid the schoolmasters whip all their little boys.

NOOD. Her majesty the Queen is in a swoon.

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

[Kills Noodle with her dagger.]

FRIZ. *(seizing the dagger)* My lover kill'd—

His death I thus revenge. *[Kills the Queen.]*

HUNC. *(seizing the dagger)* Kill my mamma!

O base assassin! there! *[Kills Frizaletta.]*

DOOD. *(seizing the dagger)* For that take this!

[Kills Huncamunca.]

PLUM. *(seizing the dagger)* And thou take that.

[Kills Doodle.]

KING. *(seizing the dagger)* Die murderess vile!

[Kills Plumante.]

Ah! death makes a feast to-day,

And but reserves ourselves for his bon bouche.
 So when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
 Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
 Kings, queens, and knaves, tip one another down,
 Till the whole pack lay scatter'd and o'erthrown.
 Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
 And my sole boast is, that I will die the last.
[Stabs himself in the back and lies down.]

C. MERLIN rises. Thunder and Lightning.

MERLIN. Blood, what a scene of slaughter's here !
 But I'll soon shift it, never fear.
 Gallants, behold ! one touch of Merlin's magic,
 Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.
[Waves his wand.]

The SCENE changes and discovers the Cow.

First at my word, thou horned cannibal,
 Return again our England's Hannibal.

*[THUMB is thrown out of the Cow's mouth,
 and starts fiercely.]*

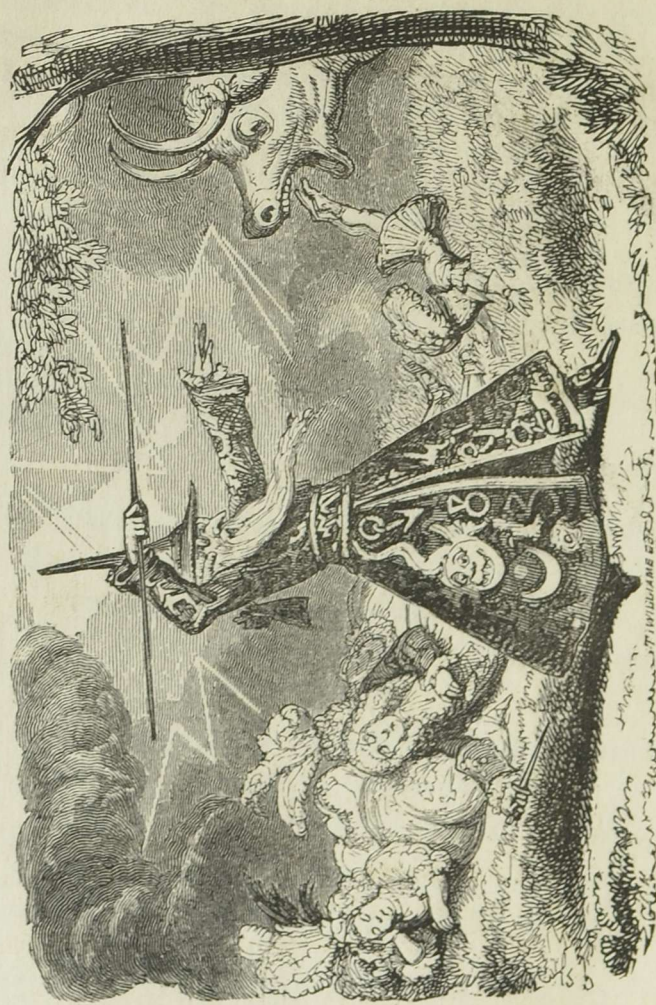
Next to you, King, Queen, Lords, and Commons,
 I issue my hell-bilking summons.

[The dead all start up as MERLIN touches them.]

——— Here ends jar,
 Live, love, and all this will be right.

KING. *(to the QUEEN)* One kind buss, my Dolly
 Queen ;

When we two last parted,
 We scarce hoped to buss again ;
 My heart ! Lord, how it smarted !



Return again our England's Hannibal

QUEEN. (*to the KING*) Dear King Atty, pitty patty,
Mine too went a fleeting;
Now we in a nipperkin
May toast this merry meeting. [*Chorus.*

TOM. (*to HUNC.*) Come my Hunky, come my pet,
Love's in haste, don't stay him;
Deep we are in hymen's debt,
And 'tis high time we pay him.

HUNC. (*to TOM.*) Have, dear Tommy,
Pity on me;
I'm by shame restricted!
Yet I obey,
So take your way,
I must not contradict it. [*Chorus.*

R. Enter GRIZZLE and GLUMDALCA.

GRIZ. (*to GLUM.*) Grandest Glum, in my behoof,
To love's law be pliant;
Me you'll find a man of proof,
Although not quite a giant.

GLUM. (*to GRIZ.*) Indeed, Lord Griz,
Though for that phiz
Few amorous-queens would choose you;
Yet thus bereft,
Not one chum left,
I think I can't refuse you. [*Chorus*

MERLIN. Now love and live, and live and love.

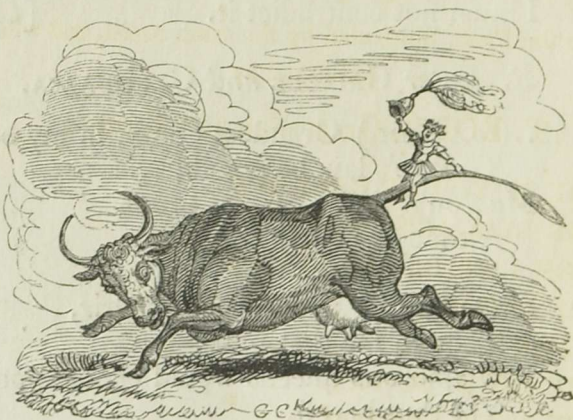
ALL. Sage Merlin's in the right on't;

MERLIN. Each couple prove like hand in glove !

ALL. Agreed.

QUEEN. 'Fore George, we'll make a night on't.

ALL. Let discord cease,
 Let all in peace
Go home and kiss their spouses ;
 Join hat and cap
 In one loud clap,
And wish us crowded houses.



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