

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

Henry Fielding

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The Covent–Garden Tragedy

Henry Fielding

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THE COVENT–GARDEN TRAGEDY.

quæ amanti parcat, eadem fibi parcat parum.
Quafi piscis, itidem est amator lenæ: nequam est nisi recens.
Is habet succum; is suavitatem; eum quovis pacto condias;
Vel patinarium vel assum: verses, quo pacto lubet.
Is dare volt, is se aliquid posci. nam ubi de pleno promitur,
Neque ille scit, quid det, quid damni faciat; illi rei studet:
Volt placere sese amicæ, volt mihi, pedissequæ,

The Covent–Garden Tragedy

Volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis: & quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut quum videat, gaudeat.

Plautus. Asinar.

PROLOGUE. Spoken by Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

*In Athens first (as Dictionaries write)
The Tragick Muse was midwif'd into Light;
Rome knew her next, and next she took a Dance,
Some say to England, others say to France.
But when, or whence, the tuneful Goddess came,
Since she is here, I think, is much the same:
Oft have you seen the King and Hero rage,
Oft has the Virgin's Passion fill'd the Stage;
To–night, nor King, nor Hero shall you spy,
Nor Virgin's Love shall fill the Virgin's Eye.
Our Poet from unknown, untasted Springs,
A curious Draught of Tragic Nectar brings.
From Covent–Garden, culls delicious Stores,
Of Bullies, Bawds, and Sots, and Rakes, and Whores.
Examples of the Great can serve but few,
For what are Kings and Heroes Faults to you?
But these Examples are of general Use.
What Rake is ignorant of King's Coffee–House?
Here the old Rake may view the Crimes h' as known,
And Boys hence dread the Vices of the Town:
Here Nymphs seduc'd may mourn their Pleasures past,
And Maids, who have their Virtue, learn to hold it fast.
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EPILOGUE. Spoken by Miss Raftor, who acted the Parts of Isabel in the Old Debauchees, and of Kissinda in this Tragedy.

*In various Lights this Night you've seen me drest.
A virtuous Lady, and a Miss confest,
Pray tell me, Sirs, in which you like me best?
Neither averse to Love's soft Joys you find,
'Tis hard to say, which is the best inclin'd;
The Priest makes all the Diff'rence in the Case,
Kissinda's always ready to embrace,
And Isabel stays only to say Grace.
For several Prices ready both to treat,
This takes a Guinea, that your whole Estate.
Gallants, believe our Passions are the same,
And virtuous Women, tho' they dread the Shame,
Let 'em but play secure, all love the Game.
For tho' some Prude her Lover long may vex,*

The Covent–Garden Tragedy

*Her Coyness is put on, she loves your Sex;
At you, the pretty things, their Airs display;
For you we dance, we sing, we smile, we pray;
On you we dream all Night, we think all Day.
For you the Mall and Ring with Beauties swarm;
You teach soft Senesino's Airs to charm.
For thin wou'd be th'Assembly of the Fair
At Operas were none but Eunuchs there.
In short, you are the Business of our Lives,
To be a Mistress kept, the Strumpet strives,
And all the modest Virgins to be Wives.
For Prudes may cant of Virtues and of Vices,
But faith! we only differ in our Prices.*

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Dramatis Personæ.

GENTLEMEN.

Captain *Bilkum*. Mr. *Mullart*. *Lovegirlo*. Mr. *Cibber*, jun. *Gallono*. Mr. *Paget*. *Leathersides* . Mr. *Roberts*. Chairman. Mr. *Jones*.

LADIES.

Mother *Punchbowl*. Mr. *Bridgewater* . *Kissinda*. Miss *Raftor*. *Stormandra*. Mrs *Mullart*. *Nonparel* . Miss *Mears*.

SCENE An Antichamber, or rather Back–Parlour in Mother Punchbowl's House.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE An Antichamber.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, LEATHERSIDES, NONPAREL, INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

MOTHER.

Who'd be a Bawd in this degen'rate Age!
Who'd for her Country unrewarded toil!
Not so the Statesman scrubs his plotful Head,
Not so the Lawyer shakes his unseed Tongue,
Not so the Doctor guides the doseful Quill.

Say *Nonparel*, industrious *Jenny*, say,
Is the Play done and yet no Cull appears?

NONPAREL.

The Play is done: For from the Pigeon–hole
I heard them hiss the Curtain as it fell.

ACT I.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

MOTHER.

Ha, did they hiss? Why then the Play is damn'd,
And I shall see the Poet's Face no more.
Say, *Leathersides*, 'tis thou that best canst tell:
For thou hast learnt to read, hast Play-bills read,
The *Grubstreet Journal* thou hast known to write,
Thou art a Judge; say, wherefore was it damn'd?

LEATHERSIDES.

I heard a Tailor sitting by my side,
Play on his Catcal, and cry out, *sad Stuff*.
A little farther an Apprentice sat,
And he too hiss'd, and he too cry'd, 'twas *low*.
Then o'er the Pit I downward cast my Eye,
The Pit all hiss'd, all whistled, and all groan'd.

MOTHER.

Enough. The Poet's lost, and so's his Bill.
Oh! 'tis the Tradesman, not the Poet's Hurt:
For him the Washerwoman toils in vain,
[25] For him in vain the Taylor sits cross'd-legg'd,
He runs away and leaves all Debts unpaid.

LEATHERSIDES.

The mighty Captain *Bilkum* this way comes.
I left him in the Entry with his Chairman
Wrangling about his Fare.

MOTHER.

Leathersides, 'tis well.
Retire, my Girls, and patient wait for Culls.

SCENE II.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, CHAIRMAN.

CHAIRMAN.

Your Honour, Sir, has paid but half my Fare.
I ask but for my Fare.

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Thy Fare be damn'd.

SCENE II.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

CHAIRMAN.

This is not acting like a Gentleman.

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Begone, or by the Powers of Dice I swear,
Were there no other Chairman in the World,
From out thy empty Head, I'd knock thy Brains.

CHAIRMAN.

Oh, that with me, all Chairmen would conspire,
No more to carry such sad Dogs for Hire,
But let the lazy Rascals straddle thro' the Mire.

SCENE III.

CAPTAIN BILKUM, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

MOTHER.

What is the Reason, Captain, that you make
This Noise within my House? Do you intend
To arm reforming Constables against me?
Wou'd it delight your Eyes to see me dragg'd
By base *Plebeian* Hands to *Westminster*,
The Scoff of Serjeants and Attornies Clerks,
And then exalted on the Pillory,
To stand the Sneer of ev'ry virtuous Whore?
Oh! cou'dst thou bear to see the rotten Egg
Mix with my Tears, and trickle down my Cheeks,
Like Dew distilling from the full blown Rose:
Or see me follow the attractive Cart,
To see the Hangman lift the Virgal Rod,
That Hangman you so narrowly escap'd!

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Ha! that last Thought has stung me to the Soul;
Damnation on all Laws and Lawyers too:
Behold thee carted oh! forefend that Sight,
May *Bilkum's* Neck be stretch'd before that Day.

MOTHER.

Come to my Arms, thou best belov'd of Sons,
Forgive the Weakness of thy Mother's Fears:
Oh! may I never, never see thee hang'd!

SCENE III.

The Covent–Garden Tragedy

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

If born to swing, I never shall be drown'd:
Far be it from me, with too curious Mind,
To search the Office whence eternal Fate
[25] Issues her Writs of various Ills to Men;
Too soon arrested we shall know our Doom,
And now a present Evil gnaws my Heart.
Oh! Mother, Mother

MOTHER.

Say, what wou'd my Son?

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Get me a Wench, and lend me half a Crown.

MOTHER.

Thou shalt have both.

CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Oh! Goodness most unmatch'd,
What are your *Nelope's* compar'd to thee?
In vain we'd search the Hundreds of the Town,
From where, in *Goodman's–Fields*, the City Dame
Emboxed sits, for two times Eighteen Pence.
To where at Midnight Hours, the nobler Race
In borrow'd Voice, and mimick Habit squeak.
Yet where, oh where is such a Bawd as thou?

MOTHER.

Oh! deal not Praise with such a lavish Tongue,
If I excel all others of my Trade,
Thanks to those Stars that taught me to excel!

SCENE IV.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, LEATHERSIDES.

LEATHERSIDES.

A Porter from *Lovegirlo* is arriv'd,
If in your Train one Harlot can be found,
That has not been a Month upon the Town;
Her, he expects to find in Bed by two.

SCENE IV.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

MOTHER.

Thou, *Leathersides*, best know'st such Nymphs to find,
To thee, their Lodgings they communicate.
Go, thou procure the Girl, I'll make the Punch,
Which she must call for when she first arrives.
Oh! *Bilkum*, when I backward cast my Thoughts,
When I revolve the glorious Days I've seen,
(Days I shall see no more) it tears my Brain.
When Culls sent frequent, and were sent away.
When Col'nels, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants,
Here spent the Issue of their glorious Toils;
These were the Men, my *Bilkum*, that subdu'd
The haughty Foe, and paid for Beauty here.
Now we are sunk to a low Race of Beaus,
Fellows unfit for Women or for War;
And one poor Cull is all the Guests I have.

SCENE V.

LEATHERSIDES, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, BILKUM.

LEATHERSIDES.

Two Whores, great Madam, must be straight prepar'd,
A fat one for the 'Squire, and for my Lord a lean.

MOTHER.

Be that thy Care. This weighty Bus'ness done,
A Bowl of humming Punch shall glad my Son.

SCENE VI.

BILKUM solus.

Oh! 'tis not in the Pow'r of Punch to ease
My Grief-stung Soul, since Hecatissa's false,
Since she could hide a poor half Guinea from me.
Oh! had I search'd her Pockets ere I rose,
I had not left a single Shilling in them.
But lo! *Lovegirlo* comes, I will retire.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGIRLO, GALLONO.

GALLONO.

SCENE V.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

And wilt thou leave us for a Woman thus!
Art thou *Lovegirlo*? Tell me, art thou he,
Whom I have seen the Saffron-colour'd Morn
With rosy Fingers beckon home in vain?
Than whom none oftner pull'd the pendent Bell,
None oftner cry'd, *another Bottle bring*;
And canst thou leave us for a worthless Woman?

LOVEGIRLO.

I charge thee, my *Gallono*, do not speak
Ought against Woman; by *Kissinda's* Smiles,
(Those Smiles more worth than all the *Cornwall* Mines)
When I drank most, 'twas Woman made me drink,
The Toast was to the Wine an Orange-Peel.

GALLONO.

Oh! wou'd they spur us on to noble Drink,
I too wou'd be a Lover of the Sex.
And sure for nothing else they were design'd,
Woman was only born to be a Toast.

LOVEGIRLO.

What Madness moves thy slander-hurling Tongue?
Woman! What is there in the World like Woman?
Man without Woman is a single Boot,
Is half a Pair of Sheers. Her wanton Smiles

Are sweeter than a Draught of cool small Beer
To the scorch'd Palate of a waking Sot.
Man is a Puppet which a Woman moves
And dances as she will Oh! had it not
[25] Been for a Woman, thou hadst not been here.

GALLONO.

And were it not for Wine I would not be.
Wine makes a Cobler greater than a King;
Wine gives Mankind the Preference to Beasts,
Thirst teaches all the Animals to drink,
But Drunkenness belongs to only Man.

LOVEGIRLO.

If Woman were not, my *Gallono*, Man
Wou'd make a silly Figure in the World.

GALLONO.

SCENE V.

The Covent–Garden Tragedy

And without Wine all Human–kind wou'd be
One stupid, sniveling, sneaking, sober Fellow.

LOVEGIRLO.

What does the Pleasures of our Life refine?
'Tis charming Woman.

GALLONO.

Wine.

LOVEGIRLO.

'Tis Woman.

GALLONO.

Wine.

SCENE VIII.

BILKUM.

Much may be said on both sides of this Question;
Let me consider what the Question is:
If Wine or Woman be our greater Good,
Wine is a Good and so is Woman too,
But which the greater Good [*Along Pause*] I cannot tell
Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
But he does wisest who takes most of both.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGIRLO, KISSINDA.

LOVEGIRLO.

Oh! my *Kissinda*! oh! how sweet art thou?
Nor *Covent–Garden*, nor *Stocks–Market* knows
A Flower like thee; less sweet the *Sunday* Rose,
With which, in Country Church, the Milk–maid decks
Her ruddy Breast: Ne'er wash'd the courtly Dame
Her Neck with Honey–water half so sweet.
Oh! thou art Perfume all; a Perfume Shop.

KISSINDA.

Cease, my *Lovegirlo*, oh! thou hast a Tongue
Might charm a Bailiff to forego his Hold.

SCENE VIII.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

Oh! I cou'd hear thee ever, cou'd with Joy

Live a whole Day upon a Dish of Tea,
And listen to the Bagpipes in thy Voice.

LOVEGIRLO.

Hear this, ye Harlots, hear her and reform;
Not so the Miser loves to see his Gold,
Not so the Poet loves to see his Play,
Not so the Critick loves to see a Fault,
Not so the Beauty loves to see herself,
As I delight to see *Kissinda* smile.

KISSINDA.

Oh! my *Lovegirlo*, I must hear no more,
Thy Words are strongest Poison to my Soul;
I shall forget my Trade and learn to dote.

LOVEGIRLO.

Oh! give a Loose to all the Warmth of Love.
Love like a Bride upon the Second Night;
I like a ravish'd Bridegroom on the First.

KISSINDA.

[25] Thou know'st too well a Lady of the Town
If she give way to Love must be undone.

LOVEGIRLO.

The Town! thou shalt be on the Town no more,
I'll take thee into Keeping, take thee Rooms
So large, so furnish'd, in so fine a Street,
The Mistress of a *Jew* shall envy thee,
By *Jove*, I'll force the sooty Tribe to own,
A Christian keeps a Whore as well as they.

KISSINDA.

And wilt thou take me into Keeping ?

LOVEGIRLO.

Yes.

KISSINDA.

Then I am blest indeed and I will be

SCENE VIII.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

The kindest, gentlest, and the cheapest Girl.
A Joint of Meat a Day is all I ask,
And that I'll dress my self A Pot of Beer
When thou din'st from me, shall be all my Wine;
Few Clothes I'll have, and those too Second-hand;
Then when a Hole within thy Stocking's seen,
(For Stockings will have Holes) I'll darn it for thee,
With my own Hands I'll wash thy soopen'd Shirt,
And make the Bed I have unmade with thee.

LOVEGIRLO.

Do virtuous Women use their Husbands so?
Who but a Fool wou'd marry that can keep
What is this Virtue that Mankind adore?
Sounds less the scolding of a virtuous Tongue!
Or who remembers, to increase his Joy,
[50] In the last Moments of excessive Bliss,
The Ring, the License, Parson, or his Clerk?
Besides, whene'er my Mistress plays me foul,
I cast her, like a dirty Shirt, away.
But oh! a Wife sticks like a Plaister fast,
Like a perpetual Blister to the Pole.

KISSINDA.

And wilt thou never throw me off ?

LOVEGIRLO.

Never,
'Til thou art soil'd.

KISSINDA.

Then turn me to the Streets,
Those Streets you took me from.

LOVEGIRLO.

Forbid it all
Ye Powers propitious to unlawful Love.
Oh! my *Kissinda*, by this Kiss I swear,
(This Kiss, which at a Shilling is not dear)
I wou'd not quit the Joys this Night shall give,
For all the virtuous Wives or Maids alive.
Oh! I am all on Fire, thou lovely Wench,
Torrents of Joy my burning Soul must quench,
Reiterated Joys!
Thus burning from the Fire, the Washer lifts
The red-hot Iron to make smooth her Shifts,

SCENE VIII.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

With Arm impetuous rubs her Shift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it oe'r again;
Nor sooner does her rubbing Arm withhold,
[75] 'Till she grows warm, and the hot Iron cold.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

STORMANDRA, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

STORMANDRA.

Not, tho' you were the best Man in the Land,
Shou'd you, unpaid for, have from me a Favour?
Therefore come down the Ready, or I go.

BILKUM.

Forbid it, *Venus*, I shou'd ever set
So cursed an Example to the World:
Forbid, the Rake, in full Pursuit of Joy
Requir'd the unready Ready to come down,
Shou'd curse my Name, and cry, *thus Bilkum did*;
To him this cursed Precedent we owe.

STORMANDRA.

Rather forbid, that, bilk'd in after-time,
The Chair-less Girl should curse *Stormandra's* Name,
That as she walks with draggled Coats the Street,
(Coats shortly to be pawn'd) the hungry Wretch
Shou'd bellow out, *for this, I thank Stormandra!*

BILKUM.

Trust me to-night and never trust me more,
If I do not come down when I get up.

STORMANDRA.

And dost thou think I have a Soul so mean?
Trust thee! dost think I came last Week to Town,
The Waggon Straws yet hanging to my Tail?
Trust thee! oh! when I trust thee for a Groat,
Hanover-Square shall come to *Drury-Lane.*

BILKUM.

Madam, 'tis well, your Mother may perhaps,

ACT II.

The Covent–Garden Tragedy

Teach your rude Tongue to know a softer Tone.
And see, she comes, the smiling Brightness comes.

SCENE II.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, STORMANDRA.

STORMANDRA.

Oh! Mother *Punchbowl*, teach me how to rail;
Oh! teach me to abuse this monstrous Man.

MOTHER.

What has he done?

STORMANDRA.

Sure a Design so base,
Turk never yet conceiv'd.

MOTHER.

Forbid it, Virtue.

STORMANDRA.

It wounds me to the Soul he wou'd have bilk'd me.

MOTHER.

Ha! in my House! oh! *Bilkum*, is this true?
Who set thee on, thou Traitor, to undo me,
Is it some envious Sister, such may be;
For even Bawds, I own it with a Blush,
May be dishonest in this vicious Age.
Perhaps, thou art an Enemy to us all,
Wilt join malicious Justices against us.
Oh! think not thus to bribe th'ungrateful Tribe,
The Hand to *Bridewel* which thy Mother sends,
May one Day send thee to more fatal Goal;
And oh! (avert the Omen all ye Stars)
The very Hemp I beat may hang my Son.

BILKUM.

Mother, you know the Passage to my Heart,
But do not shock it with a Thought so base.
Sooner *Fleet–Ditch* like Silver *Thames* shall flow,
The *New–Exchange* shall with the *Royal vye*,

SCENE II.

The Covent–Garden Tragedy

Or *Covent–Garden's* with *St. Paul's* great Bell:
[25] Give no Belief to that ungrateful Woman;
Gods! who wou'd be a Bully to a Woman?
Canst thou forget (it is too plain thou canst)

When at the *Rummer*, at the Noon of Night,
I found thee with a base Apprentice boxing?
And tho' none better dart the clinched Fist,
Yet wast thou over–match'd, and on the Ground
Then like a Bull–Dog in *Hockleian* Holes,
Rush'd I tremendous on the snotty Foe,
I took him by the Throat and kick'd him down the Stairs.

STORMANDRA.

Dost thou recount thy Services, base Wretch,
Forgetting mine? Dost thou forget the Time,
When shiv'ring on a Winter's icy Morn,
I found thy doatless Carcase at the Roundhouse,
Did I not then forget my proper Woes,
Did I not send for half a Pint of Gin,
To warm th'ungrateful Guts? pull'd I not off
A Quilted–Petticoat to clothe thy Back?
That unskinn'd Back, which Rods had dress'd in red,
Thy only Title to the Name of Captain?
Did I not pick a Pocket of a Watch,
A Pocket pick for thee?

BILKUM.

Dost thou mention
So slight a Favour? Have I not for thee
Fled from the Feather–bed of soft Repose,
[50] And as the Watch proclaim'd approaching Day,
Robb'd the Stage–Coach? Again, when Puddings hot,
And *Well–fleet* Oisters cry'd, the Evening come,
Have I not been a Foot–pad for thy Pride!

MOTHER.

Enough, my Children, let this Discord cease,

Had both your Merits had, you both deserve
The Fate of greater Persons Go, my Son,
Retire to rest gentle *Stormandra* soon
Will follow you. See kind Consent appear,
In softest Smiles upon her lovely Brow.

BILKUM.

And can I think *Stormandra* will be mine!

SCENE II.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

Once more, unpaid for mine! then I again
Am blest, am paid for all her former Scorn.
So when the doating Hen-peck'd Husband long
Hath stood the Thunder of his Deary's Tongue;
If, Supper over, she attempt to toy,
And laugh and languish for approaching Joy,
His raptur'd Fancy runs her Charms all o'er,
While Transport dances Jiggs thro' ev'ry Pore,
He hears the Thunder of her Tongue no more.

SCENE III.

STORMANDRA, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

MOTHER.

Daughter, you use the Captain too unkind,
Forbid it, Virtue, I shou'd ever think
A Woman squeezes any Cull too much,
But Bullies never shou'd be us'd as Culls.
With Caution still preserve the Bully's Love,
A House like this, without a Bully left,

Is like a Puppet-Show without a Punch.
When you shall be a Bawd, and sure that Day
Is written in the Almanack of Fate,
You'll own the mighty Truth of what I say.
So the gay Girl whose Head Romances fill,
By Mother married well against her Will;
Once past the Age that pants for Love's Delight,
Herself a Mother, owns her Mother in the Right.

SCENE IV.

STORMANDRA sola.

What shall I do? Shall I unpaid to Bed?
Oh! my *Lovegirlo!* oh! that thou wert here;
How my Heart dotes upon *Lovegirlo's* Name,
For no one ever paid his Girls like him.
She, with *Lovegirlo* who had spent the Night,
Sighs not in vain for next Day's Masquerade,
Sure of a Ticket from him Ha! ye Powers,
What is't I see? Is it a Ghost I see?
It is a Ghost. It is *Lovegirlo's* Ghost.
Lovegirlo's dead; for if he were not dead,
How cou'd his living Ghost be walking here?

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

SCENE V.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA.

LOVEGIRLO.

Surely this is some Holiday in Hell,
And Ghosts are let abroad to take the Air,
For I have seen a Dozen Ghosts to-night
Dancing in merry Mood the winding Hayes,
If Ghosts all lead such merry Lives as these,
Who wou'd not be a Ghost!

STORMANDRA.

Art thou not one?

LOVEGIRLO.

What do I see, ye Stars? Is it *Stormandra*?

STORMANDRA.

Art thou *Lovegirlo*? oh! I see thou art.
But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead?

LOVEGIRLO.

No, by my Soul I am not.

STORMANDRA.

May I trust thee?
Yet if thou art alive, what dost thou here
Without *Stormandra*? but thou needst not say,
I know thy Falshood, yes, perfidious Fellow,
I know thee false as Water or as Hell;
Falsar than any thing but thy self

LOVEGIRLO.

Or thee.
Dares thus the Devil to rebuke our Sin!
Dares thus the Kettle say the Pot is black!
Canst thou upbraid my Falshood! thou! who still
Art ready to obey the Porter's Call,
At any Hour, to any sort of Guest;
Thy Person is as common as the Dirt,
[25] Which *Pickadilly* leaves on ev'ry Heel.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

STORMANDRA.

Can I hear this, ye Stars! injurious Man!
May I be ever bilk'd! May I ne'er fetch
My Watch from Pawn, if I've been false to you.

LOVEGIRLO.

Oh! Impudence unmatch'd! canst thou deny
That thou hast had a thousand different Men?

STORMANDRA.

If that be Falshood, I indeed am false,
And never Lady of the Town was true;
But tho' my Person be upon the Town,
My Heart has still been fix'd on only you.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, KISSINDA.

KISSINDA.

Where's my *Lovegirlo*? point him out, ye Stars,

Restore him panting to *Kissinda's* Arms.
Ha! do I see!

STORMANDRA.

Hast thou forgot to rail?
Now call me false, perfidious, and Ingrate,
Common as Air, as Dirt, or as thy self.
Beneath my Rage, hast thou forsaken me?
All my full Meals of luscious Love, to starve
At the lean Table of a Girl like that?

KISSINDA.

That Girl you mention with so forc'd a Scorn,
Envies not all the large Repasts you boast,
A little Dish oft furnishes enough;
And sure Enough is equal to a Feast.

STORMANDRA.

The puny Wretch such little Plates may choose,
Give me the Man who knows a stronger Taste.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

KISSINDA.

Sensual and base! to such as you we owe
That Harlot is a Title of Disgrace,
The worst of Scandals on the best of Trades.

STORMANDRA.

That Shame more justly to the Wretch belongs,
Who gives those Favours which she cannot sell.

KISSINDA.

But harder is the wretched Harlot's Lot,
Who offers them for nothing and in vain.

STORMANDRA.

Shew me the Man, who thus accuses me,
I own I chose *Lovegirlo*, own I lov'd him,
[25] But then I chose and lov'd him as a Cull;
Therefore prefer'd him to all other Men,

Because he better paid his Girls than they.
Oh! I despise all Love but that of Gold,
Throw that aside and all Men are alike.

KISSINDA.

And I despise all other Charms but Love.
Nothing could bribe me from *Lovegirlo's* Arms;
Him, in a Cellar, wou'd my Love prefer
To Lords in Houses of six Rooms a Floor.
Oh! had I in the World a hundred Pound,
I'd give him all. Or did he, (Fate forbid!)
Want three half Crowns his Reckoning to pay,
I'd pawn my Under-petticoat to lend them.

LOVEGIRLO.

Wou'dst thou, my Sweet? Now by the Powers of Love,
I'll mortgage all my Lands to deck thee fine.
Thou shalt wear Farms and Houses in each Ear,
Ten thousand Load of Timber shall embrace
Thy necklac'd Neck. I'll make thy glitt'ring Form
Shine thro' th'admiring Mall a blazing Star.
Neglected Virtue shall with Envy die,
The Town shall know no other Toast but thee.
So have I seen upon my Lord-Mayor's Day,
While Coaches after Coaches roll away,
The gazing Crowd admire by Turns and cry,

SCENE VI.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

See such and such an Alderman pass by;
[50] But when the mighty Magistrate appears,
No other Name is sounded in your Ears;
The Crowd all cry unanimous *see there,*
Ye Citizens, behold the Coach of the Lord Mayor.

SCENE VII.

STORMAMDRA, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

BILKUM.

Why comes not my *Stormandra*? Twice and once
I've told the striking Clock's increasing Sound,
And yet unkind *Stormandra* stays away.

STORMANDRA.

Captain, are you a Man?

BILKUM.

I think I am;
The Time has been when you have thought so too,
Try me again in the soft Fields of Love.

STORMANDRA.

'Tis War not Love must try your Manhood now,
By Gin, I swear, ne'er to receive thee more,
'Till curs'd *Lovegirlo's* Blood has dy'd thy Sword.

BILKUM.

Lovegirlo! Whence this Fury bent on him?

STORMANDRA.

Ha! dost thou question, Coward? Ask again,
And I will never call thee Captain more.
Instant obey my Purpose, or by Hemp
Rods, all the Horrors *Bridewel* ever knew,
I will arrest thee for the Note of Hand,

Which thou hast given me for twice one Pound;
But if thou dost, I call my sacred Honour
To witness, thy Reward shall be my Love.

BILKUM.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

Lovegirlo is no more. Yet wrong me not,
It is your Promise, not your Threat, prevails.
So when some Parent of Indulgence mild,
Wou'd to the nauseous Potion bring the Child;
In vain to win or frighten to its good,
[25] He cries, *my Dear*, or lifts the useless Rod;
But if by chance, the Sugar Plumb he shows,
The simp'ring Child no more Reluctance knows;
It stretches out its Finger and its Thumb,
It swallow first, the Potion, then the Sugar Plumb.

SCENE VIII.

STORMANDA sola.

Go, act my just Revenge, and then be hang'd,
While I retire and gently hang my self.
May Women be by my Example taught,
Still to be good, and never to be naught;
Never from Virtue's Rules to go astray,
Nor ever to believe what Man can say.
She who believes a Man, I am afraid,
May be a Woman long, but not a Maid.

If such blest Harvest my Example bring,
The female World shall with my Praises ring,
And say, that when I hang'd my self, I did a noble thing.

SCENE IX.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, KISSINDA, NONPAREL.

MOTHER.

Oh! *Nonparel*, thou loveliest of Girls,
Thou latest Darling of thy Mother's Years;
Let thy Tongue know no Commerce with thy Heart,
For if thou tellest Truth thou art undone.

NONPAREL.

Fogive me, Madam, this first Fault henceforth
I'll learn with utmost Diligence to fib.

MOTHER.

Oh! never give your easy Mind to Love,
But poise the Scales of your Affection so,
That a bare Six-pence added to his Scale,

SCENE VIII.

The Covent–Garden Tragedy

Might make the Cit Apprentice or the Clerk
Outweigh a flaming Col'nel of the Guards.
Oh! never give your Mind to Officers,
Whose Gold is on the outside of the Pocket.
But fly a Poet as the worst of Plagues,

Who never pays with any thing but Words.
Oh! had *Kissinda* taken this Advice,
She had not now been bilk'd.

KISSINDA.

Think me not so,
Some hasty Business has *Lovegirlo* drawn
To leave me thus but I will hold a Crown
To Eighteen–pence, he's here within an Hour.

SCENE X.

To them LEATHERSIDES.

MOTHER.

Oh! *Leathersides*, what means this newsful Look?

LEATHERSIDES.

Through the *Piaches* as I took my way
To fetch a Girl, I at a distance view'd
Lovegirlo, with great Captain *Bilkum* fighting,
Lovegirlo push'd, the Captain parry'd, thus
Lovegirlo push'd, he parried again;
Oft did he push, and oft was push'd aside.
At length the Captain with his Body thus,
Threw in a cursed Thrust in Flanconade.
'Twas then oh! dreadful Horror to relate!
I at a Distance saw *Lovegirlo* fall,
And look as if he cry'd *oh! I am slain.*

[Kissinda sinks into Nonparel's Arms.]

SCENE XI.

To them GALLONO.

GALLONO.

Give me my Friend, thou most accursed Bawd,
Restore him to me drunken as he was,

SCENE X.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

Ere thy vile Arts seduc'd him from the Glass.

MOTHER.

Oh! that I cou'd restore him but alas!
Or drunk or sober, you'll ne'er see him more,
Unless you see his Ghost his Ghost, perhaps,
May have escap'd from Captain *Bilkum's* Sword.

GALLONO.

What do I hear! oh damn'd accursed Jade,
Thou art the Cause of all With artful Smiles
Thou didst seduce him to go home ere Morn.
Bridewel shall be thy Fate, I'll give a Crown
To some poor Justice to commit thee thither,
Where I will come and see thee flogg'd my self.

KISSINDA.

One flogg'd as I am can be flogg'd no more;
In her *Lovegirlo*, Miss *Kissinda* liv'd:
The Sword that pass'd thro' poor *Lovegirlo's* Heart,
Pass'd eke thro' mine, he was three fifths off me.

SCENE XII.

To them BILKUM.

BILKUM.

Behold the most accursed of humankind,
I for a Woman with a Man have fought;
She, for I know not what, has hang'd herself,
And now *Jack-Ketch* may do the same for me.
Oh! my *Stormandra*!

MOTHER.

What of her?

BILKUM.

Alas!
She's hang'd herself all to her Curtain's Rod,
I saw her swinging and I ran away.
Oh! if you lov'd *Stormandra*, come with me;
Skin of your Flesh, and bite away your Eyes;
Lug out your Heart, and dry it in your Hands;
Grind it to Powder, make it into Pills,

SCENE XII.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

And take it down your Throat.

MOTHER.

Stormandra's gone!
Weep all ye Sister-Harlots of the Town;
Pawn your best Clothes, and clothe yourselves in Rags.
Oh! my *Stormandra*!

KISSINDA.

Poor *Lovegirlo's* slain.
Oh! give me way, come all you Furies, come,
Lodge in th'unfurnish'd Chambers of my Heart,
My Heart which never shall be let again
To any Guest but endless Misery,
Never shall have a Bill upon it more.
[25] Oh! I am mad methinks, I swim in Air,
In Seas of Sulphur and eternal Fire,
And see *Lovegirlo* too.

GALLONO.

Ha! see him! where?
Where is the much-lov'd Youth oh! never more
Shall I behold him. Ha! Distraction wild
Begins to wanton in my unhing'd Brain:
Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild *March Hare*;
My muddy Brain is addled like an Egg,
My Teeth, like Magpies, chatter in my Head;
My reeling Head! which akes like any mad.

Omnes.

Oh!

LEATHERSIDES.

Was ever such a dismal Scene of Woe?

SCENE the last.

To them LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, and a FIDLER.

Where's my *Kissinda*? bear me to her Arms,
Ye winged Winds and let me perish there.

KISSINDA.

SCENE the last.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

Lovegirlo lives oh! let my eager Arms

Press him to Death upon my panting Breast.

BILKUM.

Oh! all ye Powers of Gin, *Stormandra* lives.

STORMANDRA.

Nor Modesty, nor Pride, nor Fear, nor Rep,
Shall now forbid this tender chaste Embrace.
Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.

GALLONO.

Lovegirlo!

LOVEGIRLO.

Oh, Joy unknown, *Gallono.*

MOTHER.

Come all at once to my capacious Arms,
I know not where I shou'd th'Embrace begin;
My Children! oh! with what tumultuous Joy
Do I behold your almost virtuous Loves.
But say, *Lovegirlo*, when we thought you dead;
Say, by what lucky Chance we see you here?

LOVEGIRLO.

In a few Words I'll satisfy your Doubt,
I through the Coat was, not the Body, run.

BILKUM.

But say, *Stormandra*, did I not behold
Thee hanging to the Curtains of thy Bed?

STORMANDRA.

No, my dear Love, it was my Gown, not me,
I did intend to hang my self, but ere
The Knot was ty'd, repented my Design.

KISSINDA.

Henceforth, *Stormandra*, never rivals more,

SCENE the last.

The Covent-Garden Tragedy

[25] By *Bilkum* you, I by *Lovegirlo* kept.

LOVEGIRLO.

Foreseeing all this sudden Turn of Joy,
I've brought a Fidler to play forth the same.

MOTHER.

I too will shake a Foot on this blest Day.

LOVEGIRLO.

From such Examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know I know not what.