

AGEDY OF TRAGEDIES OR THE LIFE and DEATH OF Tom Thum

Henry Fielding

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THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES OR THE LIFE and DEATH OF Tom Thumb the Great

Henry Fielding

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Dramatis Personæ.

King *Arthur*, A passionate sort of King, Husband to Queen *Dollallolla*, of whom he stands a little in Fear; Father to *Huncamunca*, whom he is very fond of; and in Love with *Glumdalca* .Mr. *Mullart*.

Tom Thumb the Great, A little Hero with a great Soul, something violent in his Temper, which is a little abated by his Love for *Huncamunca*. Young *Verhuyok*.

Ghost of Gaffar Thumb, A whimsical sort of Ghost. Mr. *Lacy*.

Lord *Grizzle*, Extremely zealous for the Liberty of the Subject, very choleric in his Temper, and in Love with *Huncamunca* .Mr. *Jones*.

Merlin, A Conjuror, and in some sort Father to *Tom Thumb* .Mr. *Hallam*.

Noodle, Courtier in Place, and consequently of that Party that is uppermost.Mr. *Reynolds*.

Doodle, Courtier in Place, and consequently of that Party that is uppermost.Mr. *Wathan*.

Foodle, A Courtier that is out of Place, and consequently of that Party that is undermost.Mr. *Ayres*.

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Bailiff, Of the Party of the Plaintiff. *Mr. Peterson*.

Follower, Of the Party of the Plaintiff. *Mr. Hicks* .

Parson, Of the Side of the Church. *Mr. Watson* .

WOMEN.

Queen *Dollalolla*, Wife to King *Arthur*, and Mother to *Huncamunca*, a Woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to Drink; a little too much a *Virago* towards her Husband, and in Love with *Tom Thumb*. *Mrs.*

Mullart .

The Princess *Huncamunca*, Daughter to their Majesties King *Arthur* and Queen *Dollalolla*, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous Disposition, equally in Love with Lord *Grizzle* and *Tom Thumb*, and desirous to be married to them both. *Mrs. Jones*.

Glumdalca, of the Giants, a Captive Queen, belov'd by the King, but in Love with *Tom Thumb*. *Mrs. Dove*.

Cleora, Maid of Honour, in Love with *Noodle*.

Mustacha, Maid of Honour, in Love with *Doodle*.

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning.

SCENE the Court of King Arthur, and a Plain thereabouts.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE, The Palace.

Doodle, Noodle.

Doodle.

Sure, such a Day as this was never seen!
The Sun himself, on this auspicious Day,
Shines, like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit:

This down the Seams embroider'd, that the Beams.
All Nature wears one universal Grin. *Nood.*
This Day, O Mr. *Doodle*, is a Day
Indeed, a Day we never saw before.
The mighty *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,
Giants! to whom the Giants in *Guild-hall*

Are Infant Dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While *Thumb* regardless of their Noise rides on.
So some Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys. *Dood.*
When Goody *Thumb* first brought this *Thomas* forth,
The *Genius* of our Land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, Oh *Arthur!* did thy *Genius* reign. *Nood.*
They tell me it is whisper'd in the Books

Of all our Sages, that this mighty Hero
By *Merlin's* Art begot, hath not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle. *Dood.*
Then 'tis a Gristle of no mortal kind,
Some God, my *Noodle*, stept into the Place
Of Gaffer *Thumb*, and more than half begot,
This mighty *Tom*. *Nood.*
— Sure he was sent Express
From Heav'n, to be the Pillar of our State.
Tho' small his Body be, so very small,
A Chairman's Leg is more than twice as large;
Yet is his Soul like any Mountain big,
And as a Mountain once brought forth a Mouse,
So doth this Mouse contain a mighty Mountain.
Dood.
Mountain indeed! So terrible his Name,
The Giant Nurses frighten Children with it;
And cry *Tom Thumb* is come, and if you are
Naughty, will surely take the Child away. *Nood.*
But hark! these Trumpets speak the King's Approach. *Dood.*

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He comes most luckily for my Petition.

Flourish.

SCENE II.

King, Queen, Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Foodle.

King.

Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;
The Man who frowns this Day shall lose his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown withal.
Smile, *Dollalolla*—Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow,
Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted Brow?

Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd Cheeks,
Like a swoln Gutter, gushing through the Streets? *Queen.*

Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks say,
Gives Tears as certain as Excess of Grief. *King.*
If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,
'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;
Nay, till they overflow my utmost Land,
And leave me Nothing but the Sea to rule.

Dood.

My Liege, I a Petition have here got. *King.*
Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other Hours be set apart for Business.
To-day it is our Pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as We. *Queen.*
(Tho' I already half Seas over am)
If the capacious Goblet overflow
With *Arrack*—*Punch*—'fore *George*! I'll see it out;
Of *Rum*, and *Brandy*, I'll not taste a Drop. *King.*
Tho' *Rack*, in *Punch*, Eight Shillings be a Quart,
And *Rum* and *Brandy* be no more than Six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your Will.

[*Trumpets.*

But, ha! the Warrior comes; the Great *Tom Thumb*;
The little Hero, Giant-killing Boy,
Preserver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.

Tom Thumb, to them with Officers, Prisoners, and Attendants.

King.

Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my Arms,
What Gratitude can thank away the Debt,
Your Valour lays upon me. *Queen.*
— Oh! ye Gods!

[Aside.

Thumb.

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,
I've done my Duty, and I've done no more. *Queen.*
Was ever such a Godlike Creature seen!

[Aside.

King.

Thy Modesty's a Candle to thy Merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy Merit too.
But say, my Boy, where did'st thou leave the Giants? *Thumb.*
My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,
The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance. *King.*
What look they like? *Thumb.*
Like Nothing but Themselves. *Queen.*
And sure thou art like nothing but thy Self. *King.*
Enough! the vast Idea fills my Soul.

[Aside.

I see them, yes, I see them now before me.
The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores.

But, Ha! what Form Majestick strikes our Eyes?
So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn
By all the Gods in Council: So fair she is,
That surely at her Birth the Council paus'd,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a Woman! *Thumb.*
Then were the Gods mistaken.—She is not
A Woman, but a Giantess—whom we
With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the Town: for she is by a Foot,
Shorter than all her Subject Giants were. *Glum.*
We yesterday were both a Queen and Wife,
One hundred thousand Giants own'd our Sway,

Twenty whereof were married to our self. *Queen.*
Oh! happy State of Giantism—where Husbands
Like Mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one. *Glum.*
But then to lose them all in one black Day,
That the same Sun, which rising, saw me wife

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To Twenty Giants, setting, should behold
Me widow'd of them all.— My worn out Heart,
That Ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy Lading,
My Soul, will quickly sink. *Queen.*

—Madam, believe,

I view your Sorrows with a Woman's Eye;
But learn to bear them with what Strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our Grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall chose
What Husbands you think fit. *Glum.*

— Madam, I am

Your most obedient, and most humble Servant. *King.*
Think, mighty Princess, think this Court your own,
Nor think the Landlord me, this House my Inn;
Call for whate'er you will, you'll Nothing pay.

I feel a sudden Pain within my Breast,

Nor know I whether it arise from Love,
Or only the Wind-Cholick. Time must shew.
Oh *Thumb!* What do we to thy Valour owe?
Ask some Reward, great as we can bestow. *Thumb.*

I ask not Kingdoms, I can conquer those,
I ask not Money, Money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For Giants slain, and Giants yet unborn,
Which I will slay—if this be call'd a Debt,
Take my Receipt in full—I ask but this,
To Sun my self in *Huncamunca's* Eyes. *King.*
Prodigious bold Request.

[*Aside.*

Queen.

— Be still my Soul.

[*Aside.*

Thumb.

My Heart is at the Threshold of your Mouth,

And waits its answer there—Oh! do not frown,
I've try'd, to Reason's Tune, to tune my Soul,
But Love did overwind and crack the String.
Tho' *Jove* in Thunder had cry'd out, You Shan't,
I should have lov'd her still—for oh strange fate,
Then when I lov'd her least, I lov'd her most. *King.*
It is resolv'd—the Princess is your own. *Thumb.*

Oh! happy, happy, happy, *Thumb!* *Queen.*
Consider, Sir, reward your Soldiers Merit,
But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb.* *King.*
Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended Realm
Knows not a Name so glorious as *Tom Thumb.*

Let *Macedonia*, *Alexander* boast,
Let *Rome* her *Cæsar's* and her *Scipio's* show,
Her Messieurs *France*, let *Holland* boast *Mynheers*,

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Ireland her *O's* , her *Mac's* let *Scotland* boast,
Let *England* boast no other than *Tom Thumb*. *Queen*.
Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,
He shall not have my Daughter, that is *Pos'*. *King*.
Ha! sayst thou *Dollalolla?* *Queen*.
—I say he shan't. *King*.
Then by our Royal Self we swear you lye: *Queen*.
Who but a Dog, who but a Dog,
Would use me as thou dost. Me, who have lain

These twenty Years so loving by thy Side.
But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang my self,
Then tremble all who did this Match persuade,
For riding on a Cat, from high I'll fall,
And squirt down Royal Vengeance on you all. *Food*.
Her Majesty the Queen is in a Passion. *King*.
Be she, or be she not—I'll to the Girl
And pave thy Way, oh *Thumb*—Now, by our self,
We were indeed a pretty King of Clouts,
To truckle to her Will—For when by Force
Or Art the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Peticoat, and her the Breeches. *Thumb*.
Whisper, ye Winds, that *Huncamunca's* mine;
Echoes repeat, that *Huncamunca's* mine!
The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is o'er,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns my Toils,
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,
And *Hymeneal* Sweets invite my Bride.
So when some Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,
Hath through dark Paths pursu'd the sooty Way,
At Night, to wash his Hands and Face he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickdusta* lies.

SCENE IV.

Grizzle solus.

Where art thou *Grizzle*? where are now thy Glories?
Where are the Drums that waken'd thee to Honour?
Greatness is a lac'd Coat from *Monmouth-Street*,
Which Fortune lends us for a Day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's Back.
The spiteful Sun but yesterday survey'd
His Rival, high as Saint *Paul's* Cupola;
Now may he see me as *Fleet-Ditch* laid low

SCENE V.

Queen, Grizzle.

Queen.

Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded *Grizzle*.
Mountain of Treason, ugly as the Devil,
Teach this confounded hateful Mouth of mine,
To spout forth Words malicious as thy self,
Words, which might shame all *Billingsgate* to speak. *Griz.*
Far be it from my Pride, to think my Tongue
Your Royal Lips can in that Art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without Offence, wherefore my Queen would scold? *Queen.*
Wherefore, Oh! Blood and Thunder! han't you heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)
That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made. *Griz.*
I heard it, I confess—for who, alas!

Can always stop his Ears—but wou'd my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had first been set on Edge. *Queen.*
Would I had heard at the still Noon of Night,
The Hallaloo of Fire in every Street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang my self,
To think I shou'd a Grandmother be made
By such a Raskal.—Sure the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stile
Was drop'd.—O, good Lord *Grizzle!* can I bear
To see him from a Pudding, mount the Throne?
Or can, Oh can! my *Huncamunca* bear,
To take a Pudding's Offspring to her Arms? *Griz.*
Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! cease my Queen,
Thy Voice like twenty Screech—Owls, wracks my Brain. *Queen.*
Then rouse thy Spirit—we may yet prevent
This hated Match.— *Griz.*
—We will not Fate it self,
Should it conspire with *Thomas Thumb*, should cause it.
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the Man whom smiling Dolphins bore,
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore.

I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces. *Queen.*
Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet can we kill the Man that kill'd the Giants? *Griz.*
I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them;

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As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to the Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again. *Queen.*
How! have you seen no Giants? Are there not
Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants? *Griz.*

Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not One. *Queen.*
Hence! from my Sight! thou Traitor, hie away;
By all my Stars! thou enviest *Tom Thumb.*
Go, Sirrah! go, hie away! hie!—thou art,
A setting Dog be gone.

Griz.

Madam, I go.

Tom Thumb shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd:
So, when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, one of the two Dogs meets,
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog smarts for what that Dog had done.

SCENE VI.

Queen sola.

And whither shall I go?—Alack—a—day!
I love *Tom Thumb*—but must not tell him so;
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't—I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb*.
Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb*.
Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.

But hold!—perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine:
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.
So, when some Wench to *Tothill–Bridewell's* sent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging she's content:
She hopes in time to ease her present Pain,
At length is free, and walks the Streets again.
The End of the First ACT.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE The Street.

Bailiff, Follower.

Bail.

Come on, my trusty Follower, come on,
This Day discharge thy Duty, and at Night
A Double Mug of Beer, and Beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this Way must *Noodle* pass. *Follow.*
No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! every Word
Inspires my Soul with Virtue.—Oh! I long
To meet the Enemy in the Street—and nab him;
To lay arresting Hands upon his Back,
And drag him trembling to the Spunging–House. *Bail.*
There, when I have him, I will sponge upon him.
Oh! glorious Thought! by the Sun, Moon, and Stars,
I will enjoy it, tho it be in Thought!
Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it. *Follow.*
Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our Prey approaches. *Bail.*
Let us retire.

SCENE II.

Tom Thumb, Noodle, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb.

Trust me my *Noodle*, I am wondrous sick;

For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca*,
Yet at the Thought of Marriage, I grow pale;
For Oh!— but swear thoul't keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a Tale will make thee stare. *Nood.*
I swear by lovely *Huncamunca's* Charms. *Thumb.*
Then know— my Grand-mamma hath often said,
Tom Thumb, beware of Marriage. *Nood.*
Sir, I blush

To think a Warrior great in Arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma;
Can an old Woman's empty Dreams deter
The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms?
Think of the Joy that will your Soul alarm,
When in her fond Embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting Breast dissolv'd in Bliss,
You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in every Kiss. *Thumb.*
Oh! *Noodle*, thou hast fir'd my eager Soul;
Spight of my Grandmother, she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with Love.
Whole Days, and Nights, and Years shall be too short
For our Enjoyment, every Sun shall rise
Blushing, to see us in our Bed together.

Nood.

Oh Sir! this Purpose of your Soul pursue. *Bail.*

Oh, Sir! I have an Action against you. *Nood.*

At whose Suit is it? *Bail.*

At your Taylor's, Sir.

Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,
And I arrest you, Sir, at his Commands. *Thumb.*
Ha! Dogs! Arrest my Friend before my Face!
Think you *Tom Thumb* will suffer this Disgrace!
But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,
Tom Thumb shall shew his Anger by his Sword.

[Kills the Bailiff and his Follower.]

Bail.

Oh, I am slain! *Follow.*

I am murdered also,
And to the Shades, the dismal Shades below,
My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go. *Nood.*
Go then to Hell, like Rascals as you are,
And give our Service to the Bailiffs there. *Thumb.*
Thus perish all the Bailiffs in the Land,
Till Debtors at Noon-Day shall walk the Streets,

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And no one fear a Bailiff or his Writ.

SCENE III.

The Princess Huncamunca's Apartment.

Huncamunca, Cleora, Mustacha.

Hunc.

Give me some Musick—see that it be sad.

Cleora sings.

[I.]

Cupid, ease a Love-sick Maid,
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow thro' his Heart;
When One you wound, you then destroy;
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy. *Hunc.*

O, *Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb!* wherefore art thou *Tom Thumb* ?

Why had'st thou not been born of Royal Race?

Why had not mighty *Bantam* been thy Father?

Or else the King of *Brentford*, *Old* or *New*? *Must.*

I am surpriz'd that your Highness can give your self a Moment's Uneasiness about that little insignificant Fellow,
Tom Thumb the Great—One properer for a Play-thing, than a Husband.—Were he my Husband, his Horns
should be as long as his Body.—

If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I should not have wonder'd at it—If you had fallen in Love with
Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

Hunc.

Cease, my *Mustacha*, on thy Duty cease.

The *Zephyr*, when in flowry Vales it plays,

Is not so soft, so sweet as *Thummy's* Breath.

The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate. *Must.*

The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband —Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court looks so little
like a Man—He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Substance, and almost without Shadow too.

Hunc.

This Rudeness is unseasonable, desist;

Or, I shall think this Railing comes from Love.

Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,

That no one can abuse, unless they love him. *Must.*

Madam, the King.

SCENE IV.

King Huncamunca.

King.

Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.

[Ex. Cleora, and Mustacha.

Daughter, I have observ'd of late some Grief,
Unusual in your Countenance—your Eyes,
That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew
The lovely Beauty of the Rooms within,
Have now two Blinds before them—What is the Cause?

Say, have you not enough of Meat and Drink?
We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted. *Hunc.*
Alas! my Lord, I value not my self,
That once I eat two Fowls and half a Pig;
Small is that Praise; but oh! a Maid may want,
What she can neither eat nor drink. *King.*
What's that? *Hunc.*

O spare my Blushes; but I mean a Husband. *King.*
If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whose warlike Sword

Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants.
Whose Name in *Terrâ Incognitâ* is known,
Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,
Great as the Kettle-Drums of twenty Armies. *Hunc.*
Whom does my Royal Father mean? *King.*
Tom Thumb. Hunc.
Is it possible? *King.*
Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
A Country Dance of Joy is in your Face,
Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef. *Hunc.*
O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,
I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cause of all my Grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets. *King.*
Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender Sheets no more,
A Husband thou shalt have to mumble now. *Hunc.*
Oh! happy Sound! henceforth, let no one tell,
That *Huncamunca* shall lead Apes in Hell.
Oh! I am over-joy'd! *King.*

I see thou art.

Joy lightens in thy Eyes, and thunders from thy Brows;
Transports, like Lightning, dart along thy Soul,
As Small-shot thro' a Hedge.

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Hunc.

Oh! say not small. *King.*

This happy News shall on our Tongue ride Post,

Our self will bear the happy News to *Thumb.*

Yet think not, Daughter, that your powerful Charms

Must still detain the Hero from his Arms;

Various his Duty, various his Delight;

Now is his Turn to kiss, and now to fight;

And now to kiss again. So, mighty *Jove,*

When with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,

Comes down to Earth, and takes a Bit—and then,

Flies to his Trade of Thund'ring, back again.

SCENE V.

Grizzle, Huncamunca.

Griz.

Oh *Huncamunca*, *Huncamunca*, oh,
Thy pouting Breasts, like Kettle–Drums of Brass,
Beat everlasting loud Alarms of Joy;
As bright as Brass they are, and oh, as hard;
Oh *Huncamunca*, *Huncamunca*! oh! *Hunc.*
Ha! do'st thou know me, Princess as I am,
That thus of me you dare to make your Game.

Griz.

Oh *Huncamunca*, well I know that you
A Princess are, and a King's Daughter too.
But Love no Meanness scorns, no Grandeur fears,
Love often Lords into the Cellar bears,
And bids the sturdy Porter come up Stairs.
For what's too high for Love, or what's too low?
Oh *Huncamunca*, *Huncamunca*, oh! *Hunc.*
But granting all you say of Love were true,
My Love, alas! is to another due!
In vain to me, a Suitoring you come;
For I'm already promis'd to *Tom Thumb*. *Griz.*
And can my Princess such a Durgen wed,
One fitter for your Pocket than your Bed!
Advis'd by me, the worthless Baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy Arms and never flinch,
Who am a Man by *Jupiter* ev'ry Inch.

Then while in Joys together lost we lie
I'll press thy Soul while Gods stand wishing by. *Hunc.*
If, Sir, what you insinuate you prove
All Obstacles of Promise you remove;
For all Engagements to a Man must fall,
Whene'er that Man is prov'd no Man at all. *Griz.*
Oh let him seek some Dwarf, some fairy Miss,
Where no Joint–stool must lift him to the Kiss.
But by the Stars and Glory, you appear
Much fitter for a *Prussian* Grenadier;
One Globe alone, on *Atlas* Shoulders rests,
Two Globes are less than *Huncamunca*'s Breasts:
The Milky–way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy Breasts are full as large as that.
Hunc.

Oh, Sir, so strong your Eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind. *Griz.*
Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the Sound
From one Pole to another Pole rebound;
The Earth and Sky, each be a Battledoor

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And keep the Sound, that Shuttlecock, up an Hour;
To *Doctors Commons*, for a License I,
Swift as an Arrow from a Bow will fly. *Hunc.*
Oh no! lest some Disaster we should meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet. *Griz.*
Forbid it, all ye Powers, a Princess should
By that vile Place, contaminate her Blood;
My quick Return shall to my Charmer prove,
I travel on the Post–Horses of Love. *Hunc.*
Those Post–Horses to me will seem too slow,
Tho' they should fly swift as the Gods, when they
Ride on behind that Post–Boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Thumb.

Where is my Princess, where's my *Huncamunca*?
Where are those Eyes, those Cardmatches of Love,

That Light up all with Love my waxen Soul?
Where is that Face which artful Nature made.
In the same Moulds where *Venus* self was cast?

Hunc.

Oh! What is Musick to the Ear that's deaf,
Or a Goose-Pye to him that has no taste?
What are these Praises now to me, since I
Am promis'd to another? *Thumb.*

Ha! promis'd. *Hunc.*

Too sure; it's written in the Book of Fate. *Thumb.*

Then I will tear away the Leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if Fate won't allow
So large a Gap within its Journal-Book,
I'll blot it out at least.

SCENE VII.

Glumdalca, Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Glum.

I need not ask if you are *Huncamunca*,
Your Brandy Nose proclaims— *Hunc.*
I am a Princess;

Nor need I ask who you are. *Glum.*

A Giantess;
The Queen of those who made and unmade Queens. *Hunc.*
The Man, whose chief Ambition is to be
My Sweetheart, hath destroy'd these mighty Giants. *Glum.*
Your Sweetheart? do'st thou think the Man, who once
Hath worn my easy Chains, will e'er wear thine? *Hunc.*
Well may your Chains be easy, since if Fame
Says true, they have been try'd on twenty Husbands.

The Glove or Boot, so many times pull'd on,
May well sit easy on the Hand or Foot. *Glum.*
I glory in the Number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this Face for one as bad as thine. *Hunc.*
Let me see nearer what this Beauty is,
That captivates the Heart of Men by Scores.

[Holds a Candle to her Face.]

Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the Devil. *Glum.*
You'd give the best of Shoes within your Shop,
To be but half so handsome. *Hunc.*

—Since you come

To that, I'll put my Beauty to the Test;
Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.
Glum.

Oh! stay, *Tom Thumb*, and you alone shall fill
That Bed where twenty Giants us'd to lie. *Thumb.*
In the Balcony that o'er-hangs the Stage,
I've seen a Whore two 'Prentices engage;
One half a Crown does in in his Fingers hold,
The other shews a little Piece of Gold;
She the Half Guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser Coin. *Glum.*
Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a Chit as this;

I feel the Storm that's rising in my Mind,
Tempests, and Whirlwinds rise, and rowl and roar.
I'm all within a Hurricane, as if
The World's four Winds were pent within my Carcass.
Confusion, Horror, Murder, Guts and Death.

SCENE VIII.

King Glumdalca.

King.

Sure never was so sad a King as I,

My Life is worn as ragged as a Coat

A Beggar wears; a Prince should put it off,

To love a Captive and a Giantess.

Oh Love! Oh Love! how great a King art thou!

My Tongue's thy Trumpet, and thou Trumpetest,

Unknown to me, within me. oh *Glumdalca!*

Heaven thee design'd a Giantess to make,

But an Angelick Soul was shuffled in.

I am a Multitude of Walking Griefs,

And only on her Lips the Balm is found,

To spread a Plaister that might cure them all. *Glum.*

What do I hear? *King.*

What do I see?

Glum.

Oh! *King.*

Ah! *Glum.*

Ah Wretched Queen! *King.*

Oh! Wretched King! *Glum.*

Ah! *King.*

Oh!

SCENE IX.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca, Parson.

Parson.

Happy's the Wooing, that's not long adoing;
For if I guess aright, *Tom Thumb* this Night
Shall give a Being to a New *Tom Thumb*. *Thumb.*
It shall be my Endeavour so to do. *Hunc.*
Oh! fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

Thumb.

It is the Virgin's Sign, and suits you well:
I know not where, nor how, now what I am,
I'm so transported, I have lost my self.

Hunc.

Forbid it, all ye Stars, for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find your self no more.
So the unhappy Sempstress once, they say,
Her Needle in a Pottle, lost, of Hay;
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan,
For ah, the Needle was for ever gone. *Parson.*
Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole Land be peopled with *Tom Thumbs*.
So when the *Cheshire* Cheese a Maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds.
By thousands, and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued Maggot fills the rotten Cheese.

SCENE X.

Noodle, and then Grizzle.

Nood.

Sure Nature means to break her solid Chain,
Or else unfix the World, and in a Rage,
To hurl it from its Axle—tree and Hinges;
All things are so confus'd, the King's in Love,
The Queen is drunk, the Princess married is. *Griz.*
Oh! *Noodle*, hast thou *Huncamunca* seen? *Nood.*
I've seen a Thousand Sights this day, where none

Are by the wonderful Bitch herself outdone,
The King, the Queen, and all the Court are Sights. *Griz.*

D—n your Delay, you Trifler, are you drunk, ha?
I will not hear one Word but *Huncamunca*. *Nood.*
By this time she is married to *Tom Thumb*. *Griz.*

My *Huncamunca*. *Nood.*

Your *Huncamunca*.

Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every Man's *Huncamunca*. *Griz.*

If this be true all Womankind are damn'd: *Nood.*

If it be not, may I be so my self. *Griz.*

See where she comes! I'll not believe a Word
Against that Face, upon whose ample Brow,
Sits Innocence with Majesty Enthron'd.

Grizzle, *Huncamunca*.

Griz.

Where has my *Huncamunca* been? See here
The Licence in my Hand! *Hunc.*

Alas! *Tom Thumb*. *Griz.*

Why dost thou mention him? *Hunc.*

Ah! me *Tom Thumb*. *Griz.*

What means my lovely *Huncamunca*? *Hunc.*

Hum! *Griz.*

Oh! Speak. *Hunc.*

Hum! *Griz.*

Ha! your every Word is Hum.

You force me still to answer you *Tom Thumb*.

Tom Thumb, I'm on the Rack, I'm in a Flame,

Tom Thumb, *Tom Thumb*, *Tom Thumb*, you love the Name;

So pleasing is that Sound, that were you dumb

You still would find a Voice to cry *Tom Thumb*. *Hunc.*

Oh! Be not hasty to proclaim my Doom,

My ample Heart for more than one has Room,

A Maid like me, Heaven form'd at least for two,

I married him, and now I'll marry you. *Griz.*

Ha! dost thou own thy Falshood to my Face?

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Think'st thou that I will share thy Husband's place,
Since to that Office one cannot suffice,
And since you scorn to dine one single Dish on,
Go, get your Husband put into Commission,
Commissioners to discharge, (ye Gods) it fine is,
The duty of a Husband to your Highness;
Yet think not long, I will my Rival bear,
Or unreveng'd the slighted Willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding Tempest now confin'd,
Within the hollow Caverns of my Mind.
In dreadful Whirl, shall rowl along the Coasts,
Shall thin the Land of all the Men it boasts,
And cram up ev'ry Chink of Hell with Ghosts.

So have I seen, in some dark Winter's Day,
A sudden Storm rush down the Sky's High-Way,
Sweep thro' the Streets with terrible ding dong,
Gush thro' the Spouts, and wash whole Crowds along.
The crowded Shops, the thronging Vermin skreen,
Together cram the Dirty and the Clean,
And not one Shoe-Boy in the Street is seen. *Hunc.*
Oh! fatal Rashness should his Fury slay,
My hapless Bridegroom on his Wedding Day;
I, who this Morn, of two chose which to wed,
May go again this Night alone to Bed;
So have I seen some wild unsettled Fool,
Who had her Choice of this, and that Joint Stool;

To give the Preference to either, loath
And fondly coveting to sit on both:
While the two Stools her Sitting Part confound,
Between 'em both fall Squat upon the Ground.
The End of the Second ACT.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE King Arthur's Palace.

Ghost solus.

Hail! ye black Horrors of Midnight's Midnight!
Ye Fairies, Goblins, Bats and Screech-Owls, Hail!
And Oh! ye mortal Watchmen, whose hoarse Throats
Th' Immortal Ghosts dread Croakings counterfeit,
All Hail!—Ye dancing Fantoms, who by Day,
Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in Fire;
Now play in Church-yards, skipping o'er the Graves,

To the loud Musick of the silent Bell,
All Hail!

SCENE II.

King, and Ghost.

King.

What Noise is this?—What Villain dares,
At this dread Hour, with Feet and Voice prophane,
Disturb our Royal Walls? *Ghost.*

One who defies

Thy empty Power to hurt him; one who dares

Walk in thy Bed—Chamber. *King.*

Presumptuous Slave!

Thou diest: *Ghost.*

Threaten others with that Word,

I am a Ghost, and am already dead. *King.*

Ye Stars! 'tis well; were thy last Hour to come,

This Moment had been it; yet by thy Shrowd
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a Bladder,
'Till thou dost groan thy Nothingness away.

[Ghost retires.

Thou fly'st! 'Tis well.

I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost!

Yet, dare not, on thy Life—Why say I that,
Since Life thou hast not?—Dare not walk again,
Within these Walls, on pain of the *Red—Sea.*

For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,

As sure, sure as a Gun, I'll have thee laid— *Ghost.*

Were the *Red—Sea*, a Sea of *Holland's Gin*,

The Liquor (when alive) whose very Smell

I did detest, did loath—yet for the Sake

Of *Thomas Thumb*, I would be laid therein. *King.*

Ha! said you? *Ghost.*

Yes, my Liege, I said *Tom Thumb*,

Whose Father's Ghost I am—once not unknown

To mighty *Arthur*. But, I see, 'tis true,

The dearest Friend, when dead, we all forget. *King.*

'Tis he, it is the honest Gaffer *Thumb*.

Oh! let me press thee in my eager Arms,

Thou best of Ghosts! Thou something more than Ghost! *Ghost.*

Would I were Something more, that we again

Might feel each other in the warm Embrace.

But now I have th' Advantage of my King,

For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me. *King.*

But say, thou dearest Air, Oh! say, what Dread,

Important Business sends thee back to Earth? *Ghost.*

Oh! then prepare to hear—which, but to hear,

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Is full enough to send thy Spirit hence.
Thy Subjects up in Arms, by *Grizzle* led,
Will, ere the rosy finger'd Morn shall ope
The Shutters of the Sky, before the Gate
Of this thy Royal Palace, swarming spread:
So have I seen the Bees in Clusters swarm,
So have I seen the Stars in frosty Nights,
So have I seen the Sand in windy Days,
So have I seen the Ghosts on *Pluto's* Shore,
So have I seen the Flowers in Spring arise,
So have I seen the Leaves in *Autumn* fall,
So have I seen the Fruits in Summer smile,
So have I seen the Snow in Winter frown. *King*.
D—n all thou'st seen!—Dost thou, beneath the Shape
Of Gaffer *Thumb*, come hither to abuse me,
With Similies to keep me on the Rack?
Hence—or by all the Torments of thy Hell,

I'll run thee thro' the Body, tho' thou'st none. *Ghost*.
Arthur, beware; I must this Moment hence,
Not frighted by your Voice, but by the Cocks;
Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending Fate;
For if thou'rt kill'd To-day,
To-morrow all thy Care will come too late.

SCENE III.

King solus.

King.

Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And whilst thou tellest me what's like my Fate,
Oh, teach me how I may avert it too!
Curst be the Man who first a Simile made!
Curst, ev'ry Bard who writes!—So have I seen
Those whose Comparisons are just and true,
And those who liken things not like at all.
The Devil is happy, that the whole Creation
Can furnish out no Simile to his Fortune.

SCENE IV.

King, Queen.

Queen.

What is the Cause, my *Arthur*, that you steal
Thus silently from *Dollallolla's* Breast?
Why dost thou leave me in the Dark alone,

When well thou know'st I am afraid of Sprites? *King.*

Oh *Dollallolla!* do not blame my Love;
I hop'd the Fumes of last Night's Punch had laid
Thy lovely Eye-lids fast.—But, Oh! I find
There is no Power in Drams, to quiet Wives;
Each Morn, as the returning Sun, they wake,
And shine upon their Husbands. *Queen.*

Think, Oh think!

What a Surprize it must be to the Sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd World away.
What less can be the wretched Wife's Surprize,
When, stretching out her Arms to fold thee fast,
She folds her useless Bolster in her Arms.

Think, think on that—Oh! think, think well on that.

I do remember also to have read

In *Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphosis*,

That *Jove* in Form inanimate did lie
With beauteous *Danae*; and trust me, Love,

I fear'd the Bolster might have been a *Jove*. *King.*

Come to my Arms, most virtuous of thy Sex;

Oh *Dollallolla!* were all Wives like thee,

So many Husbands never had worn Horns.

Should *Huncamunca* of thy Worth partake,

Tom Thumb indeed were blest.—Oh fatal Name!

For didst thou know one Quarter what I know,

Then would'st thou know—Alas! what thou would'st know! *Queen.*

What can I gather hence? Why dost thou speak

Like Men who carry *Raree-Shows* about,

Now you shall see, Gentlemen, what you shall see?

O tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

SCENE V.

King, Queen, Noodle.

Noodle.

Long Life attend your Majesties serene,
Great *Arthur*, King, and *Dollallolla*, Queen!
Lord *Grizzle*, with a bold, rebellious Crowd,
Advances to the Palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the Princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious *Thumb*, without his Pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the Gate.

SCENE VI.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, Noodle.

King.

See where the Princess comes! Where is *Tom Thumb*? *Hunc.*

Oh! Sir, about an Hour and half ago

He fallied out to encounter with the Foe,

And swore, unless his Fate had him mis-led,

From *Grizzle's* Shoulders to cut off his Head,

And serve't up with your Chocolate in Bed. *King.*

'Tis well, I find one Devil told us both.

Come, *Dollallolla*, *Huncamunca*, come,

Within we'll wait for the victorious *Thumb*;

In Peace and Safety we secure may stay,

While to his Arm we trust the bloody Fray;

Tho' Men and Giants should conspire with Gods,

He is alone equal to all these Odds. *Queen.*

He is indeed, a Helmet to us all,

While he supports, we need not fear to fall;

His Arm dispatches all things to our Wish,

And serves up every Foe's Head in a Dish.

Void is the Mistress of the House of Care,

While the good Cook presents the Bill of Fare;

Whether the Cod, that Northern King of Fish,

Or Duck, or Goose, or Pig, adorn the Dish;

No Fears the Number of her Guests afford,

But at her Hour she sees the Dinner on the Board.

SCENE VII.

a Plain.

Lord Grizzle, Foodle, and Rebels.

Grizzle.

Thus far our Arms with Victory are crown'd;
For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found
No Enemy to fight withal. *Foodle.*
Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this Day,
This First of *April*, to engage our Foes. *Griz.*
This Day, of all the Days of th' Year, I'd choose,
For on this Day my Grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make *Tom Thumb* an *April Fool*;
Will teach his Wit an Errand it ne'er knew,
And send it Post to the *Elysian Shades*. *Food.*
I'm glad to find our Army is so stout,
Nor does it move my Wonder less than Joy. *Griz.*
What Friends we have, and how we came so strong,
I'll softly tell you as we march along.

SCENE VIII.

Thunder and Lightning.

Tom Thumb, Glumdalca cum suis.

Thumb.

Oh, *Noodle!* hast thou seen a Day like this?

The unborn Thunder rumbles o'er our Heads,
As if the Gods meant to unhinge the World;
And Heaven and Earth in wild Confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring Ball. *Merl.*

Tom Thumb! Thumb.

What Voice is this I hear? *Merl.*

Tom Thumb! Thumb.

Again it calls. *Merl.*

Tom Thumb! Glum.

It calls again. *Thumb.*

Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not. *Merl.*

Thou hast no Cause to fear, I am thy Friend,
Merlin by Name, a Conjuror by Trade,
And to my Art thou dost thy Being owe. *Thumb.*
How! *Merl.*

Hear then the mystick Getting of *Tom Thumb.*

His Father was a Ploughman plain,
His Mother milk'd the Cow;
And yet the way to get a Son,
This Couple knew not how.

Until such time the good old Man
To learned *Merlin* goes,
And there to him, in great Distress,
In secret manner shows;
How in his Heart he wish'd to have
A Child, in time to come,
To be his Heir, tho' it might be
No bigger than his Thumb:
Of which old *Merlin* was foretold,
That he his Wish should have;
And so a Son of Stature small,
The Charmer to him gave.

Thou'st heard the past, look up and see the future. *Thumb.*

Lost in Amazement's Gulph, my Senses sink;
See there, *Glumdalca*, see another Me! *Glum.*
O Sight of Horror! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded Jaws of a red Cow. *Merl.*
Let not these Sights deter thy noble Mind,
For lo! a Sight more glorious courts thy Eyes;

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See from a far a Theatre arise;
There, Ages yet unborn, shall Tribute pay
To the Heroick Actions of this Day:

Then Buskin Tragedy at length shall choose
Thy Name the best Supporter of her Muse. *Thumb.*
Enough, let every warlike Musick sound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX.

Lord Grizzle, Foodle, Rebels, on one Side. Tom Thumb, Glumdalca, on the other.

Food.

At length the Enemy advances nigh,
I hear them with my Ear, and see them with my Eye. *Griz.*
Draw all your Swords, for Liberty we fight,
And Liberty the Mustard is of Life. *Thumb.*
Are you the Man whom Men fam'd *Grizzle* name? *Griz.*
Are you the much more fam'd *Tom Thumb*? *Thumb.*
The same. *Griz.*
Come on, our Worth upon our selves we'll prove,
For Liberty I fight. *Thumb.*
And I for Love.

[A bloody Engagement between the two Armies here, Drums beating, Trumpets sounding, Thunder and Lightning.—They fight off and on several times. Some fall. Grizzle and Glumdalca remain.]

Glum.

Turn, Coward, turn, nor from a Woman fly. *Griz.*
Away—thou art too ignoble for my Arm. *Glum.*
Have at thy Heart. *Griz.*
Nay then, I thrust at thine. *Glum.*
You push too well, you've run me thro' the Guts,
And I am dead. *Griz.*
Then there's an End of One. *Thumb.*
When thou art dead, then there's an End of Two,
Villain. *Griz.*
Tom Thumb! *Thumb.*
Rebel! *Griz.*
Tom Thumb! *Thumb.*
Hell! *Griz.*
Huncamunca! *Thumb.*
Thou hast it there. *Griz.*
Too sure I feel it. *Thumb.*
To Hell then, like a Rebel as you are,
And give my Service to the Rebels there. *Griz.*
Triumph not, *Thumb*, nor think thou shalt enjoy
Thy *Huncamunca* undisturb'd, I'll send
My Ghost to fetch her to the other World;

It shall but bait at Heaven, and then return.
But, ha! I feel Death rumbling in my Brains,
Some kinder Spright knocks softly at my Soul.
And gently whispers it to haste away:
I come, I come, most willingly I come.
So; when some City Wife, for Country Air,
To *Hampstead*, or to *Highgate* does repair;

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Her, to make haste, her Husband does implore,
And cries, My Dear, *the Coach is at the Door.*
With equal Wish, desirous to be gone,
She gets into the Coach, and then she cries—*Drive on! Thumb.*
With those last Words he vomited his Soul,
Which, like whipt Cream, the Devil will swallow down.

Bear off the Body, and cut off the Head,
Which I will to the King in Triumph lug;
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to Breakfast.

SCENE X.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, and Courtiers.

King.

Open the Prisons, set the Wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse six Pounds
To pay their Debts.—Let no one weep To-day.
Come, *Dollallolla*; Curse that odious Name!
It is so long, it asks an Hour to speak it.
By Heavens! I'll change it into *Doll*, or *Loll*,
Or any other civil Monosyllable
That will not tire my Tongue.—Come, sit thee down,
Here seated, let us view the Dancer's Sports;
Bid 'em advance. This is the Wedding-Day
Of Princess *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*;
Tom Thum! who wins two Victories To-day,
And this way marches, bearing *Grizzle's* Head.

A Dance here.

Nood.

Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind, my Eyes!
Dumb be my Tongue! Feet lame! All Senses lost!

Howl Wolves, grunt Bears, hiss Snakes, shriek all ye Ghosts! *King.*
What does the Blockhead mean? *Nood.*

I mean, my Liege
Only to grace my Tale with decent Horror;
Whilst from my Garret, twice two Stories high,
I look'd abroad into the Streets below;
I saw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,
Twice Twenty Shoe-Boys, twice two Dozen Links,
Chairmen and Porters, Hackney-Coachmen, Whores;
Aloft he bore the grizly Head of *Grizzle*;
When of a sudden thro' the Streets there came
A Cow, of larger than the usual Size,
And in a Moment—guess, Oh! guess the rest!
And in a Moment swallow'd up *Tom Thumb*. *King.*
Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Treasurer
Not give three Farthings out—hang all the *Culprits*,
Guilty or not—no matter—Ravish Virgins,
Go bid the Schoolmasters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parsons, and Physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the World. *Nood.*
Her Majesty the Queen is in a Swoon. *Queen.*
Not so much in a Swoon, but I have still

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Strength to reward the Messenger of ill News.

[Kills Noodle.]

Nood.

Oh! I am slain. *Cle.*

My Lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.

[Kills the Queen.]

Hunc.

My Mamma kill'd! vile Murtheress, beware.

[Kills Cleora.]

Dood.

This for an old Grudge, to thy Heart.

[Kills Huncamunca.]

Must.

And this

I drive to thine, Oh *Doodle!* for a new one.

[Kills Doodle.]

King.

Ha! Murtheress vile, take that

[Kills Must.]

And take thou this.

[Kills himself, and falls.]

So when the Child whom Nurse from Danger guards,

Sends *Jack* for Mustard with a Pack of Cards;

Kings, Queens and Knives throw one another down,

'Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;

So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,

And all I boast is—that I fall the last.

[Dies.]

FINIS.