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HOOK - THE DOUBLE DISGUISE

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London May 20th 1784

Major March

DOUBLE DISGUISE.



W. D. P.

MISS PHILLIPS in the Character of 'EMILY'
"What words can't express, you may read in my Eyes."
Finale

London. Published for John Bell, British Library March 20th 1784.

The Double Disguise.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]



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The Double Disguise,

A

COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

THE SONGS

SET TO MUSIC

By Mr. H O O K.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BELL, at the BRITISH-LIBRARY, Strand,

MDCCLXXXIV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Lord Hartwell.....	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
Sir Richard Evergreen.....	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
Tinfel.	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>
Sam.... (<i>a Postillion</i>)	<i>Mr. Burton</i>

W O M E N.

Emily.....	<i>Miss Phillips.</i>
Miss Dorothy Evergreen.....	<i>Mrs. Hopkins.</i>
Rose.....(<i>an Irish Waiting-Maid</i>).....	<i>Mrs. Wrighten.</i>

Servants, &c.

The Double Disguise.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room at an Inn. TINSEL and SAM discovered.

S O N G. *Tinsel.*

I.

YOU may talk as you please of grandeur and pow'r,
But, give me a plenty of cash :
'Tis money alone will enliven each hour,
Tho' gravity calls it but trash.
For money the lawyers call forth all their wit,
And the law for your use turn all ways ;
For money the judges at Westminster sit :
Then to money be given all praise.

II.

When sickness prevails, and the doctor you see,
'Then the value of money both see.
When a tinker, turn'd preacher, high-mounted you see ;
'Tis money inspires his zeal.—
Our lords and great men on the woolpack display
All their eloquence, monies to raise :
If ever the national debt they shou'd pay,
Then to money be given all praise.

—Aye, Sam, money will do all things.—Why, simple as we stand here, what is wanting but money to make us as fine gentlemen as the best of them—as for your part you are positively an elegant fellow.

SAM.

Sam. Why, to be sure, Mr. Tinsel, if we had the money—we shou'd be neither of us amifs.—You have positively a vast deal of wit.—But what is wit without money? 'Tis like a bridle without a bit—'tis like a chaise without horses—'tis like a whip without a lash—'tis like——

Tinsel. A truce with your damn'd stupid similes, and tell me, what is money without wit?—Give me wit, ready wit.

Sam. Ready money will pass more current by half tho'.

Tinsel. What wou'd you say, Sam, if my wit was to put you in the way of getting money—much money—plenty of money.

Sam. O any thing, I'd say or do any thing (the law on my side) to get money.

Tinsel. Then listen, and be rich.

Sam. I'm all ears.

Tinsel. You must assist me in a scheme.

Sam. Any thing—every thing—but, Tinsel, you must insure my neck.

Tinsel. Nay, Sam, 'tis only to lie—lie with a good grace this once—and be a dull sneaking matter-of-fact fellow all the rest of your days.

Sam. O never fear me—I cou'd lie from my infancy—I took it naturally.

Tinsel. You know, Sam, about a fortnight ago, you drove me and my lord from Suffolk-Street, Charing-Cross, to this inn.

Sam. True.

Tinsel. Recollecting that he had left some papers of consequence behind him—he return'd the next day on horseback—leaving us with the carriage, and all that——

Sam. Well he did so.

Tinsel. I believe you are perfectly acquainted with his business in this part of the country, where he has never yet been.

Sam. Yes, yes—you told me as how he was going to be married to a lady he never saw—and that, moreover you said—you thought he came with an unwilling kind of a willingness.

Tinsel. I thought so, by the manner he receiv'd the news—we were then in Paris—ah! sweet Paris—'twas there I finished my education.

Sam. Finished your education—— Oh, and pray where might you begin it?

Tinsel. In a company of strolling players; where I learn'd to speak and act with propriety—but, it was in Paris I learn'd that sort of idle elegance, so pleasing to the ladies.

Sam.

Sam. Ladies——O Lord! O Lord! (I wou'd not be in his place when the moon changes.)

Tinfel. 'Twas there I learn'd to dance—gods! how I can dance—I shot a pretty brunetta by a random step.

Sam. A random step.

Tinfel. O yes—a grace beyond the reach of art—and so I won Brunetta's little heart—ha, ha, ha, 'twas the prettiest little leering rogue. (*Dances.*)

Sam. But, Mr. Tinfel, you forgot our money-matters, I'm afraid.

Tinfel. I have not forgot my last new step. (*Dances.*)

Sam. I say, Mr. Tinfel, I'm afraid you have forgot our money-matters.

Tinfel. Gadso—so I did—where was I?

Sam. In Paris—dancing without grace.

Tinfel. Ah, so I was—so I was——You must know then—an uncle of my lord's, by his mother's side, that he had never seen since he was a child, died while we were at Paris, and left him a fine estate here in Somersetsshire, where he had long resided—provided he married a little country doxey, a god-daughter of his—who has besides a large independent fortune.

Sam. Good.

Tinfel. Yes, the fortune's good—very good—but, I believe, my lord has no great fancy for the incumbrance—for he did not wear his mourning with that cheerfulness one might expect.

Sam. I suppose he is not oblig'd to marry her.

Tinfel. Why, no—not absolutely oblig'd—but he is to forfeit one half of the fortune, if the refusal comes from him—but, to business——I have just received a letter, by which I find my lord cannot return this week—which gives us time to make our fortunes.

Sam. Make our fortunes—as how, pray?

Tinfel. Why, Sam, you are dull—horrid dull—dull as a losing gamester! Why I intend to go to Sir Richard Evergreen's, which I find is not more than fifteen miles from this place; personate my lord Hartwell; marry the lady; and——

Sam. Ha, ha, ha—you pass for a lord—that's good—good, ifaith—ha, ha, ha—I shall laugh myself fat.

Tinfel. Come, come, Sam, be merry and wise, there is a tide in the affairs of men, as Shakespeare tells us (and he knew a little) which, if once lost, can never be recovered.—The tide now serves, to your oars my lad, and tug away.

Sam.

Sam. I'm afraid we shall have a hard tug with the wind and tide against us.

Tinzel. Well, well, tug away this once—then rest upon your oars for life—I have wrote a letter—here it is—in which I modestly acquaint Sir Richard, that I, lord Hartwell, am at this place—he, of course, invites me to his house—I marry the lady—and settle an annuity on you.—'Tis as soon done as said, Sam.

Sam. I cannot help laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Tinzel. What does the fool laugh at? Do you think, I, that can dance *alamode de Paris*, cannot accost a lady; or, do you suppose, that I, who have play'd the parts of Barbarossa, Cato, and Abel Dragger, till the barn has been ready to tumble over my head with applause, cannot make love to a country girl.—In vain have I studied to act kings and princes, if I cannot represent a lord—why, you simpleton, 'tis the easiest thing in the world—a mere walking gentleman, with picktooth conversation, or rather no conversation at all—what, you are laughing again.

Sam. Well, indeed I will not laugh any more (if I can help it.) *Afide.*

Tinzel. Since I have been here, I have inquired into the family-affairs, and find, that the girl, besides her fortune, independent and dependent on her father, has great expectations from an aunt who lives with them, one that has spent the last twenty years of her life in repenting the follies of her youth; an arrant old maid, who has read romances till her brain is turn'd.

Sam. But if we should be discovered.

Tinzel. If we shou'd we must turn it off as a joke.

Sam. But if they shou'd turn us off the other way—or suppose they should lick us!

Tinzel. Lick us! (vulgar dog) *afide*, I shou'd be glad to see the man that dare attempt such a thing; zounds! I'd kill him and eat the rascal!

Sam. That's right; promise to eat all you kill I beseech you.

Tinzel. Why do you suppose, you sneaking dog, that I have no metal in me?

Sam. All metal—a man of metal—brass from head to foot.

Tinzel. Well, well my lad, if you follow my advice we shall accomplish the transmutation without the philosopher's stone; my brass will be converted into gold, and you and I converted into good gentlemen.

Sam. But if the lady shou'd refuse you.

Tinzel. Refuse me! that's good—refuse me!

S O N G.

Tinsel. I can dance and sing and chatter ;
 I can flirt and I can flatter ;
 Then why shou'd the lady refuse me.
 I can shake my elbow neatly ;
 I can drive a phaeton sweetly ;
 Pray shew me a lord that outdoes me.
 Small talk to be sure they expect from a lord,
 With small talk I fancy I'll fit them :
 White teeth they expect—and at every word
 Thus simp'ring their beauty shall hit them.
 Da Capo. I can, &c.
 Exeunt Tinsel and Sam.

S C E N E II. A Garden.

Emily, Solus.

S O N G.

In vain I seek the lonely grove ;
 In vain I shun all social joys :
 For here I meet the tyrant love,
 Whose cruel dart my peace destroys.

This is sure the most unfortunate circumstance, to take a fancy to my father's steward, who I have not known a fortnight ; and that just at a time when I was to have been introduced to a husband of my father's choice, if I may so call a man he never saw. My worthy old godfather little thought how much uneasiness he was bequeathing me when he took measures to make me one of his own family. Cupid, offended because he was not consulted on this business, has certainly thrown this misfortune in my way—there is something so amiable and gentleman-like about the youth, that I cou'd almost adopt my old romantic aunt's notions, and imagine him a nobleman or gentleman in disguise. Heigh ho ! I have certainly acted imprudently however, in giving him an opportunity to declare himself my lover till I had more rational authority for such a supposition. I carefully avoided him all day yesterday, and will if possible for ever.

Enter Rose.

Rose. What ! all alone by your own dear self : O my sweet little jewel of a mistress, I have found you out !

B

Emily.

Emily. I see you have.

Rose. But you do not understand my meaning madam; have found out that you are in love.

Emily. You have.

Rose. Troth I have, honey.

Emily. And how did you make this wonderful discovery, Rose?

Rose. Faith and troth, the same way that wiser persons than myself find out failings of their neighbours. I judge by myself.

Emily. Then you have been in love by your own confession.

Rose. Oh, you may say that; hang it, never look so sorrowful, but open your heart, and it will ease you mightily.

Emily. Why, Rose, I think I may trust you.

Rose. To be sure you may, and never repent it—faith and troth, you may trust little Rose with all the secrets of your heart.

Emily. Lady O'Halloran, when she left you with me at Bath, told me you were sensible, affectionate, and honest.

Rose. Oh, to be sure she did without any partiality at all, at all! for she was nurs'd by my mother, and so she is my foster-sister—but to have made short of the matter, she might have said that I was an Irish woman.

Emily. I thought that politeness was more the characteristic of the Irish than sincerity.

Rose. O, my dear miss, in the little I have seen since I cross'd the seas, I have observ'd many that brag of their sincerity, while their only reason for telling disagreeable truths is, to gratify the rancour of their own hearts—but you will always find an Irish woman as willing to make others happy as she is to be happy herself—oh, they are merry little creatures!

Emily. I observe, Rose, that you boast more of the good qualities of your country women than of your countrymen.

Rose. Oh, then, indeed you wrong my meaning mightily! but I need not say much for my countrymen, faith they can speak for themselves, and they are mightily belov'd wherever they go—I am sure at Bath they are all the fashion with widow, wife, and maid.

S O N G.

I.

Each pretty young miss, with a long heavy purse,

Is courted, and flatter'd, and easily had:

She longs to be taken for better or worse,

And quickly elopes with an Irish lad.

To be sure, she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

II. -

The wife, when forsaken for bottle or dice,
 Her dress all-neglected, and sighing and sad,
 Finds delight in sweet converse, and changes her sighs
 For the good-humour'd chat of an Irish lad.
 To be sure, she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

III.

The widow, in sorrow, declines the sweet joys
 Of public amusement, in sable all clad.
 The widow, her twelvemonth in sorrow employs;
 Then hasten to church with an Irish lad.
 To be sure she don't like a brisk Irish lad.

Emily. Leave me, Rose, I see Henry coming this way and want to give him some orders—wait on the terrace and I shall follow you in a few minutes.

Rose. Oh! to be sure you don't redden in the cheeks at all, at all—but mum. *Exit.*

Emily. He has turn'd down another walk I see, not observing me. Ah! my fond heart rebels, and prudence at the sight of Henry yields to love. Am I to blame?—The lovely youth, to every personal charm, adds a soft elegance of manners, uncommon even in the highest station; his education has, I'm sure, been liberal; fortune then alone is wanting. I will again converse with him, and try to learn how a man, with his elegant accomplishments, could submit to his present humiliating situation—there is surely some mystery in it, which I will, if possible, draw from him.

S O N G.

I.

When first I met young Henry's eyes,
 His bosom heav'd with tender sighs;
 His eyes so bright, and sighs did move
 My heart, to give him love for love

II.

But when my praise he sweetly sung—
 Such honey'd words dropp'd from his tongue;
 In vain against such charms I strove,
 I gave my Henry love for love.

III.

If truth adorns the gentle swain,
 No more of fate shall he complain;
 While all my actions fondly prove,
 I give my Henry love for love.

Enter Lord Hartwell.

L. Hart. My dearest Emily!

Emily. Dearest Emily! upon my word, sir.

L. Hart. Overjoy'd that I had at last gain'd the wish'd-for opportunity of speaking with you alone, forgive me if I forgot.

Emily. 'Tis plain, sir, you have forgot the difference of our situations.

L. Hart. How cou'd you so cruelly avoid me yesterday?

Emily. Convinc'd of the impropriety of my late conduct, I confess I did endeavour to shun you; and by that means avoid a repetition of what was as unfit for me to hear, as you to utter, in your situation.

L. Hart. If I was sure my situation was your only objection, and that I was not disagreeable to my beauteous Emily, I shou'd be the happiest man in the world.

Emily. How?

L. Hart. I will confess the truth: I am not what I appear, but—

Emily. But what?

L. Hart. The happy lord Hartwell, design'd by your father and my late worthy uncle to be your husband.

Emily. To what purpose this disguise?

L. Hart. Though convinc'd by this miniature of your beauty, I cou'd not resolve upon a marriage with a woman whose manners might be truly disgusting, I therefore determin'd to see and converse with you, and if I had not found you all lovely, as you are, I was also determin'd to pay the forfeiture without shocking your delicacy, by letting you suppose I had seen and disapprov'd.

Emily. I am all astonishment! but how did you contrive to—

L. Hart. I set off about a fortnight ago from London; on my arrival at a village, about fifteen miles from this, across the country, I stopp'd at the principal inn—told my servants I had forgot some papers of consequence, and set off, as they suppos'd, for London; instead of which I went to the house of Mr. Sharp, the attorney, who you know receiv'd my uncle's rents.

Emily.

Emily. O! I know him very well—'twas he that recommended you to my father.

L. Hart. I made myself and my doubts known to him, and he being well convinc'd of your powerful attractions, knew also it was a certain way to fulfil the will of his late friend and benefactor; he therefore consented to introduce me into the family as steward, being employed by sir Richard to procure him one: in that humble situation I have had an opportunity of observation, which as a visitor I cou'd never have had. At the first glance your beauty won a heart, which sweetness of disposition, wit, and accomplishments, will for ever keep enslav'd.

S O N G.

When beauty's smiling queen alone,
Prepares the silken chain of love,
The slave not long love's pow'r shall own:
For time will beauty's chain remove.
But when Minerva lends her aid,
With magic spells each link is join'd.
Tho' light as rosy wreaths they're made,
Enslav'd for life they hold mankind.

Enter Rose in a Hurry.

Rose. O, my dear miss, here is sir Richard and your comical aunt coming this way talking very loud.

L. Hart. Let us retire my love; I wou'd not be interrupted now for the world. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Richard and Miss Dorothy.

Dor. Sir Richard? sir Richard! I'm flock'd at your indelicacy! what marry an infant, as I may call her—and to resolve upon it without giving her lover time for hopes and fears; he shou'd sigh away whole ages before.

Sir R. But, hold Doll—do you consider the consequence of sighing away whole ages?

Dor. The consequences! what consequences?

Sir R. Wrinkles, Doll, wrinkles; why, damn it, you want her to be like yourself, an old maid—but I hate to be rude.

Dor. An old maid, brother!

Sir R.

Sir R. Yes: an old maid—I hope you don't disclaim that title for a worse.

Dor. Go, you rude monster, wou'd you marry your daughter to the first that offers?

Sir R. Aye, to be sure, for fear she might never have a second offer—you know that was your case when you was about twenty; I remember it perfectly, tho' it is many, many years ago.

Dor. Well, sir, to the point if you please, we do not want to know how long.

Sir R. Why, you know you had an offer and might have been well married—but you, forsooth, banish'd the young man for seven years, truly, because he had presumptuously declar'd his passion out of the forms your romances laid down: damn all romances, I say!

Dor. To be sure, sir Richard, there is a delicacy and decorum.

Sir R. Damn all delicacy and decorum! but it does not signify talking, I expect my friend's nephew, lord Hartwell, every moment—he is ready to fulfil his engagement; and my daughter must and shall obey, for fear he shou'd do as your lover did.

Dor. And what was that pray?

Sir R. Why, he left you to repent your delicacy (false delicacy I mean) and decorum—and there's wrinkles for you as I told you before—tho' I hate to be rude.

Dor. Rude, brother Richard, why I am astonish'd at your impertinence! but indeed one shou'd not be surpriz'd at any thing you do or say, after the very wise determination you have made of giving your daughter a husband—a new baby-house wou'd have been a more suitable present.

Sir R. I'll be sworn she does not think herself too young for a husband, any more than you think yourself too old for one; matrimony is look'd upon by the women as their natural home, where one day or other they must all come—the young think they are never too young, and the old think they are never too old. *Ecce signum*—but I hate to be rude. *Exit.*

Enter Emily.

Emily. What, in the name of good fortune, my dear aunt, have you been doing or saying to my father? he seems quite out of temper.

Dor.

Dor. He is always out of temper if one talks reason to him. So, miss, I hear your baby husband is expected.

Emily. Oh, this has been the subject of your debate then! I own, my dear aunt, I did feel some reluctance to this marriage; but I don't know how it is, I find myself now as willing as my father wou'd have me.

Dor. Willing! mercy on me! the age grows more and more indelicate every day—but my advice is never attended to—so I leave you to repent it your own way. *Exit.*

Enter Rose and Lord Hartwell.

(Both laughing, Ha! ha! ha!)

Rose. What a comical old creature it is.

L. Hart. Let us not waste a thought upon her—my lovely Emily! I shall immediately make myself known to your father—there is no occasion for further disguise where love and truth presides.

G L E E.

Lord Hartwell, Emily, and Rose.

Fair truth, thou bright auspicious pow'r,
 To thee we humbly bend the knee;
 'Tis thine to bless th' hymenial hour,
 All social joys we seek in thee.
 Thy smile serene shall cheer our way,
 Tho' clouds or storms shou'd intervene;
 Thy smile, fair truth, shall bless each day,
 And brightly gild each future scene.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

*Scene, a Parlour.**Sir Richard, and Tinsel (disguised as Lord Hartwell) discovered.**Tinsel.*

I Don't know how it is sir Richard, but I have been frequently complimented on the family likenesses.

Sir R. Not a whit: you are no more like the family of the Hartwell's (no disparagement to your lordship) than Harrico, my sister Dorothy's monkey; but I hate to be rude—come, come, let me see, (*putting on his spectacles*) your mother had a fine hazle eye, but your's is of a queer walnut cast; then she had a high forehead, a Roman nose, and——but 'tis no matter, you are still less like your father than your mother: you have a whimsical physiognomy indeed, my lord, egad. But come, don't let me put your lordship out of countenance with yourself—it is for my daughter, and not me, to take exceptions to your person—sit down, sit down; I'll step and see where she is. (A damn'd queer face, indeed, but I hate to be rude) *aside*. *Exit.*

Tinsel. So far so good—a whimsical old fellow this with his family face. I hope the young lady will not be so scrupulous about the family likenesses. She comes, she comes to crown my wishes.

Enter Rose.

Rose. (Well, to be sure, I always said that one handsome man was worth a thousand of these lords—O honey! O honey! what a creature it is—I'd rather marry a bog-trotter without shoes or stockings.) *Aside.*

Tinsel. My dear.*Rose.*

Rose. Sir—

Tinsel. Did you speak?

Rose. Oh no—I said nothing at all, at all, to be sure. (I hope he did not hear what I was thinking.) [*Aside.*

Tinsel. (A little Irish girl, by all that's savage—O, this must be the waiting gentlewoman—here I'm more at home—she is exactly the kind of thing I like.) *aside.* How long have you been caught my little dear? [*Taking hold of her hand.*

Rose. Long enough to know a fool when I see him.

Tinsel. Can you love me, you little devil you?

Rose. Mercy on me, my lord, I thought you came here to marry my young lady.

Tinsel. So I did: I came to marry her, and fall in love with you.

Rose. Oh, then, faith you came to mighty little purpose, honey.

Tinsel. Why so?

Rose. Because, my mistress means to marry a man—and I hate strange faces.

Tinsel. (O, the devil! she don't like the family face neither.) *aside.* Come, come, confess the truth; you don't dislike my face so much, as you like some happier swain.

Rose. O you may say that.

Tinsel. Come, tell me who he is—what is he like?

Rose. I can't so well tell you what he is like, but 'tis all the same, I suppose, if I tell you what he is not like.

Tinsel. O, exactly.

Rose. Then he is not like you at all, at all, faith and troth, honey.

Tinsel. Most likely, but I can do more for you than he can, perhaps: I can give you fine clothes, jewels, and a palace fit for a queen to live in: I die for that little round unthinking face of yours.

Rose. O, keep your fine things for her who has a heart to sell; while I enjoy my Paddy's love and a clean cabin on the banks of Killarney.

S O N G.

I.

On the lake of Killarney, I first saw the lad—

Who with fong and with bagpipe could make my heart glad:

And his hair was so red, and his eyes were so bright—

They shone like the stars in a cold frosty night.

So tall and so straight my dear Paddy was seen—
 Oh, he look'd like the fairies that dance on the green.
 On the lake of Killarney, I first saw the lad—
 Who with song and with bagpipe could make my heart glad.

II.

All the girls of Killarney wore green willow tree—
 When first my dear Paddy sung love-*tales* to me ;
 Oh, he sung and he danc'd, and he won my fond heart :
 And to save his dear life with my own I wou'd part.
 On the lake of Killarney, &c. [Exit.]

Enter Miss Dorothy Evergreen.

Tinsel. What a vixen ! (Gadso, I am taken by surprise—
 what tawdry old devil have we here—O, this must be the
 romantic old aunt—well, I must talk to her in her own
 style, a little.) *aside.* What more than earthly light breaks
 upon my sight—so breaks the morning o'er the wond'ring
 West—I presume I see Miss Evergreen—the fairest maid
 my eyes e'er saw—vouchsafe, most divine divinity, to smile
 and make me happy.

Dor. My lord, my lord, I am no divinity : but, as you say
 my smiles can make you happy—dread the effects of my
 frowns.

Tinsel. Excuse the folly, my pretty miss ; it was inspir'd by
 your incomprehensible charms.

Dor. (What an air accompanies all he says and does—tho'
 an old maid—as my kind brother was pleas'd to call me this
 morning : I find I have still charms to strike at first sight.)

Aside.

Tinsel. (A thought comes into my head—as an old maid is
 easier had in the way of marriage than a young one, I give
 up the idea of being my lord's rival ; for I find this old tabby
 has most of the spankers.) *aside.* I fear my fairest fair that
 I have, presuming on the purpose of my visit, declar'd the
 rapture of my heart too suddenly for your delicacy ; but who
 can behold such beauty and be silent.

Dor. Why, my lord, is it possible that you conceive me to
 be your intended bride.

Tinsel. Most certainly, or I must be wretched for ever.

Dor. Why, it is my niece that my brother has hitherto
 designed for your wife.

Tinsel.

Tinsel. Never, never—I ne'er felt love till now—and shall I, in the first moment of my joy, give up the hope of happiness eternal! ah, no: most lovely fair, behold me at your feet, imploring, kneeling, dying—I live and die for you—(the devil's in it if that won't do for the old cat.) [*Aside.*]

Dor. O heavens! what can you expect from me? (O, I wish my brother saw this.) [*Aside.*]

Tinsel. My happiness from you, and you alone.

Dor. But decorum and delicacy, my Lord, requires time: whole years, I flatter myself, wou'd not be ill-spent to gain a heart like mine.

Tinsel. (O the unreasonable old snap-dragon.) *aside.* But surely this is losing a great deal of time, or spending it to very little purpose.

Dor. How, Sir: do you think it wou'd be to little purpose, if you gain'd the lady's hand at last?

Tinsel. O no, no, no; I don't absolutely mean so—but when a man loves as I do—he cannot brook delay.

Dor. Indeed, my lord, I don't know what to say to you: you know our situation; it is a delicate one: I blush to own your person and manners have made an impression upon my tender heart: but, do you consider the forfeiture? half the estate.

Tinsel. The whole estate, my angel, rather than resign my happiness—lovers all but love despite—shall we be happy?

S O N G.

I.

How swift our time will pass along—
When Hymen crowns our blisses—
The hours we'll tell with cheerful song,
The minutes count by kisses.

II.

We'll dance and sing, we'll sport and play,
No joy like lovers blisses—
With melting music wake the day—
And keep the time with kisses.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, there is no resisting; but I fear you will change your mind, when you see my niece.

Tinsel.

Tinsel. When I prove false to thee, may my best hopes forsake me.

Dor. I'll see my brother, and endeavour to soften matters a little.

Tinsel. Name the happy day.

Dor. Indeed, my lord, I—

Tinsel. Shall it be to-morrow.

Dor. To-morrow—heavens and earth, to-morrow—well let it be so—from this time I have no will but your's. (I must retire and endeavour to recover from the confusion this confession has thrown me into.) *aside.* Adieu, my lord—
(An old maid, indeed!) *aside.* [Exit.

Tinsel. Thus far we rush before the wind, as king Thinga'me says in the play; but I'll follow her close, and not lose sight of her, till she and her moveables are mine. [Exit.

Scene, a Garden.

Lord Hartwell and Emily discovered.

Lord H. How sweet the sun-beams play o'er the current of of yon stream—how sweet the zephyrs sporting on each hawthorn hedge, perfumes this beauteous spot—sweet the eglantine, and sweet the rose—but not so sweet, my Emily, as mutual love.

S O N G and D U E T.

I.

Lord H. Hark, my fair, thro' every bush,
Songs of rapture fill the grove;
The linnet sweet and tuneful thrush
Warble tales of mutual love.
Songs of rapture fill the grove,
Warbling tales of mutual love.

II.

Emily. Hark, o'er yonder flow'ry plain,
How sweetly cooes the plaintive dove,
The simple dove my thoughts explain:
All innocence and mutual love.
How sweetly cooes the plaintive dove,
All innocence and mutual love.

III.

Both. May Cupid hear our vows of truth,
 And grant those vows propitious prove.
 No joy I wish in age or youth,
 Unblest with thee and mutual love.

Emily. Well, my lord, your scheme was certainly a good one; but supposing you had not lik'd me, or I had not lik'd you, which, you know, was possible.

Enter Rose, in a Hurry.

Rose. Madam, madam, Sir Richard desires you will be pleas'd to walk into the house, as my lord Hartwell is just arriv'd.

Emily. How, Sir——what am I to think of this——I fear your scheme was deeper laid than I, in the innocence of my heart, imagined.

Lord H. What can be the meaning of all this!

Emily. You seem confus'd, Sir.

Lord H. Why, to be sure, madam, I am a little astonish'd: but surely no change of situation can alter the sentiments you have just now profess'd for me in so solemn a manner.

S O N G.

I.

Ah why, my love, that falling tear—
 My tender doubts and fears remove:
 If thou art just, I still am dear,
 While true to thee and true to love.

II.

What tho' no title grace my name,
 If you my artless flame approve:
 Such gaudy trifles I disclaim;
 Still true to thee and true to love.

Emily. The conflict's over——take my hand, Sir——with a man of your sentiments I cannot be unhappy——my simple education has not given me a relish for the pleasures of high life——I do not wish for them——and am determin'd to share your fate, however humble.

Rose.

Rose. That's right, that's right—now, you are the generous good creature, I took you for: ah, my dear lady, how happy you have made me—love for love, say I, and a fig for fortune! I have seen this fine thing of a lord; he has been making love to me, truly—but he is no more to be compared to Mr. Henry——

Lord H. Rose, you are a girl of spirit, and shall be rewarded for the generous concern you have expressed upon my account; my sweet Emily, I know, will join with me in encouraging sentiments that flow pure from nature, and charm by their simplicity. Where did you pick up this little Irish rustic?

Emily. My servant left me while at Bath, and an Irish lady whom I visited requested I wou'd take Rose into my service till her ladyship's return from Paris, where she intended spending some months, as Rose did not understand the language; she might have stay'd with my aunt at Bath, but the Bath air did not agree with her.

Rose. Oh, it did not agree with me at all, at all; and I am mightily obliged to you for taking me away from it, for I am certain, if I had liv'd there till this time, I shou'd have been dead long ago.

Emily. Well, Rose, if you prefer this country to your own, I shall be glad to make it as agreeable as possible to you.

Rose. O, my dear miss, I shall be mighty sorry to leave you; but little Ireland and the man I love, before all the world!

S O N G.

I.

For the grassy turf o'erhung with willow,
 Where reeds and oziers fringe the lake,
 At early dawn I left my pillow,
 One among the merry maids to make;
 The first of May,
 So blithe and gay,
 Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

II.

One drooping willow form'd a bower—
 Where Paddy's voice soon caught my ear;
 The morn was sweet, and soft the hour,
 But sweeter far his song to hear.
 Of me he sung,
 My praises rung,
 Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

III.

When troops of village lads and lasses,
 Hail'd and crown'd me queen of May,
 My Rose, he cry'd, each maid surpasse;
 So shall my love feel no decay.
 Then vows of truth
 I gave the youth,
 Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

[Exit.

Lord II. Thy truth shall be rewarded, sweet Rose.—How happy am I, my dearest Emily, that you will be no loser by a generosity that makes me the happiest of men. I am, as I before told you, the very identical lord Hartwell, designed for your husband.

Emily. Then who can it be that usurps your name and title?

Lord II. Indeed I know not—but who have we here—as I live, my postillion!—from him I hope for some explanation.

Enter Sam.

Sam. Zounds! my lord—by all that's unlucky—nothing in the world, my lord, but a frolic—an innocent frolic of Tinsel's. He thought while your lordship was in London, he might amuse this family in disguise a little—that's all, I assure you, my lord, that's all.

Lord II. Disguis'd! I am astonish'd.

Emily. I find, by this fellow's confession, that you are the true lord Hartwell, and no counterfeit; which, upon my father's account, gives me great pleasure; and I feel myself in such perfect good humour upon the occasion, that I cannot help interceding in your servant's behalf—come, my lord, you will not let anger come across this happy hour—; you must suppose this frolic as innocently meant, as it is like to prove in its consequences.

Lord II. Begone, fir, and thank this lady that you come off so easily—and, do you hear, fir, as you value your ears, say not a word of this to Tinsel.

Sam. O, no, my lord, to be sure: mercy on us! what a commence!

[Exit.

Lord II. Sir Richard, as I live, I'll away and change my dress; which, I foresee, will produce some sport, if Tinsel is not appriz'd of my being in the house—adieu, my love.

[Exit.

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir R. Why, girl! where have you been? I have been wand'ring about the gardens and grounds this hour seeking you: why, my girl, there has been my lord Hartwell in the house I don't know how long—and by this time, I dare say, is quite impatient to see you.

Emily. The gentleman you mention, sir, I think cannot be very anxious about a person he never saw—I am sure I am perfectly indifferent about him.

Sir R. Emily, Emily, zounds! what is the meaning of all this—you won't pretend to dislike a man you never saw—

Emily. No, sir, nor will I pretend to like a man I never saw—if, as my aunt says—

Sir R. Let me not hear another word upon the subject.

Emily. Dear sir, you will not hear me—I am all obedience, and am as ready to marry lord Hartwell, as you can desire: he has been with me till this moment, and is only gone to change his dress.

Sir R. Change his dress! what a coxcomb!

Emily. Indeed, sir, I think him a most agreeable man.

Sir R. (That's more than I do.) *aside.* That's well, that's well: and pray, did he seem to be mightily pleas'd with that baby-face of yours?

Emily. Indeed, sir, he said much upon that subject—but men, *you know*, will flatter.

Sir R. Yes: and women, *I know*, will believe ---but I hate to be rude.

S O N G. *Emily.*

Amidst a thousand fighting swains,
 Ne'er hope one true to find—
 Soft tales of love, and artful strains
 Oft hide a fickle mind—
 Each hill, each grove,
 Where lovers rove;
 Each purling stream, each noontide shade,
 All, all declare,
 How false men are,
 How females are by love betray'd.

Sir R. Aye, aye, child, 'tis very true; but you are in no danger of being betray'd or deceiv'd, for, to do our sex justice, they seldom endeavour to betray any but the poor and unprotected.

Enter

Enter Miss Dorothy Evergreen.

Sir R. Hah! Dorothy, are you there? I have been running about the grounds, the Lord knows how long, hunting for my daughter; but my lord has been more successful, he found his love, and has been conversing with her this half hour.

Dor. Yes, brother——he has found his love——and, tho' delicacy requires a longer time, yet has he gain'd the hand and heart of her he adores.

Sir R. Why, I tell you, Dorothy, I am better pleas'd to find the young folks like each other; but was determin'd at all events, to keep my word with my late worthy friend, his lordship's uncle.

Dor. I am sorry, dear brother, for your disappointment; nor shou'd I have consented, but I fear'd the lovely youth wou'd have fallen on his sword.

Sir R. What the devil is all this? I don't understand a single syllable of it!

Emily. I believe, sir, I understand my aunt.

Dor. Sir, to be short with you, my lord Hartwell prefers me, an old maid (as you vulgarly call'd me this morning) to your beautiful daughter——has declar'd his passion, and vow'd eternal truth.

Sir R. Why, how now, Emily!——did not you say you had a long conference with my lord?——sure he does not mean to marry you both!

Emily. I told you, sir, if I might believe——

Sir R. Zounds! he's a man of business I find——spends no idle time. I suppose, by this time, he has declar'd the violence of his passion for Doll, the dairy-maid——and Phœbe, the house-maid——

Enter Rose.

Rose. ——And Rose, the waiting-maid.

Sir R. The devil he has!

Rose. Oh! he has indeed.

Emily. False man; he vow'd to live for me alone.

Rose. He swore he'd die for me.

Dor. For me he vow'd to live and die.

Sir R. Why, what the devil am I to make of all this! the fellow has not been in my house two hours, and he has gain'd over every female in the family already!

Rofe. Oh, indeed, I believe he is a mighty great rogue.

Sir R. A rogue!

Rofe. As great a rogue as ever I faw in my life—the prefent good company excepted.

Sir R. O! we are prodigioufly oblig'd to you for the compliment—but here comes my lord to anfwer for himfelf.

Dor. Aye, here comes my lord to anfwer for himfelf.

Emily. Yes, madam, my lord will anfwer for himfelf.

Enter Lord Hartwell at one Door, and Tinfel at the other.

Emily. This, my dear Father, is the husband defign'd me by—

Sir R. Peace, foolifh girl—did you fuppofe I fhould not know my own fteward again, becaufe he had chang'd his clothes?

Emily. Indeed, fir, this is my intended husband.

Sir R. What! marry my fteward!—you mean fpirited baggage!

Emily. Believe me, fir, this is the true lord Hartwell, and the gentleman who has declar'd his paffion for my aunt, is no other than his valet:—his reafon for appearing in this family in difguife, he will himfelf explain—(*turning to her aunt*) you will foon be undeceiv'd aunt.

Dor. Yes, yes, we fhall foon fee which is really a lord, and which a fervant.

Enter Sam.

Sir R. Come here, rafcal, and tell me which is your mafter.

Sam. My lord, fir.

Sir R. Direclly tell me, without equivocation, which is your lord.

L. Hart. Speak, you rafcal, and fpeak the truth, or you fhall lofe your ears.

Tinfel. The annuity Sam. (*afide to Sam.*)

Sir R. Come, fpeak firrah—no coaxing, gentlemen, no coaxing.

Sam. (*looking firft at one and then at the other*) Both.

Sir R. Which are you afraid of?

Sam. Both.

Sir R. Don't trifle thus, but fpeak the truth boldly.

Sam. O, fir, I cannot fpeak the truth; for if I fay one thing I fhall lofe my ears, and if I fay the other I fhall lofe my annuity.

Sir R.

Sir R. Oh, Oh! is that the case? most likely then they are both impostors, and I shall have my house robb'd—here, John! Tom! Gregory! Hodge! Gregory, I say!

Enter Servants.

Sam. Hold, hold, sir, 'tis an innocent frolic as I hope to be sav'd.

Sir R. You hope to be sav'd, you scoundrel!—cou'd you find no place for your frolics but my house?

Tinzel. Nay, Sam, this is not fair (I am betray'd and deserted) since 'tis so, I will confess the whole matter, and make all possible amends by owning my true and lawful lord and master.

Sir R. You impudent rascal! did you think you cou'd impose upon me with that phiz?—why I see the rouge in your face.

Tinzel. What the devil have I a looking-glass in my forehead!

Sir R. No reflections, sir; no reflections.

L. Hart. Begone, sir, to the duty of your station; and if I am not thoroughly convinc'd of the innocence of your intention, expect no mercy.

Tinzel. I've not only lost my title, my wife, and fortune, but my place into the bargain—I'll go hang myself—a rope! a rope! my kingdom for a rope! *Exit.*

Sam. I hope your lordship will forgive—I hope your lordship's good nature.

L. Hart. Follow your leader; and thank my good nature that you exist. *Exit Sam.*

Emily. I told you, aunt, we shou'd soon find which was the true lord Hartwell.

Sir R. But, Doll, you was in great haste, sure, to snap up this suppos'd lord—I'm afraid you forgot delicacy and decorum—a lover thou'd sigh whole ages you know, ha! ha! ha!—but I hate to be rude.

Dor. Go, you provoking monster! I detest you and your whole sex; I disclaim you all for ever. *Exit.*

Rosé. O faith, that's only tit for tat, honey!—for they have all disclaim'd you a long while ago.

L. Hart. You'll excuse me, sir Richard, that I chose to put on any disguise to assure myself that I was not disagreeable to your beautiful daughter, before I made an offer of my hand and heart; and be assured that—

Sir R. Hold! hold! I see the house fills with company—I sent to invite, on the arrival of this sham lord, to enliven us a little—egad, they come in good time—had they appear'd sooner I shou'd not have known which to have introduc'd them to, my lord or his valet—when they retire I shall be glad to have some reasons for your conduct—at present it seems to me to be a little in Doll's way, damn'd romantic—but you know I hate to be rude. Come, my girl, I here present you, I hope, with a good husband, and be assured my blessing shall not be wanting.

Rose. You may say that: a good husband is a mighty pretty present, and a blessing into the bargain, honey.

L. Hart. Tell me, my Emily, is your heart like mine, all-harmony, love, and joy?

F I N A L E.

Emily. What words can't express,
You may read in my eyes,
For love to excess
Will admit no disguise.

L. Hart. I told my fond tale,
And you pity'd my sighs;
Maz love thus prevail
Over ev'ry disguise.

Sir R. I hate to be rude,
But you're not over wise,
On friends to intrude,
With further disguise.

Rose. Those friends to our cause,
I most humble advise,
To crown with applause
Our DOUBLE DISGUISE.

C H O R U S.

Those friends to our cause,
We most humbly advise,
To crown with applause
Our DOUBLE DISGUISE.

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