



Burgoyne in 1746 by Edward Haytley.

THE BEST OF BURGOYNE

It is not a little ironic that someone who so aspired to literary grace and popularity, and punctiliously sought positive public acceptance generally, should have been so roundly despised by some in consequence of his role in the Revolutionary War. Yet had Sir John Burgoyne, General, Member of Parliament (for Preston), and celebrated author, not participated in that conflict, it is more than likely that he, like Richard Brinsley Sheridan, would have come to be known to posterity as one of England's most beloved playwrights of his era. As it is the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* cites but one line from him, and which limiting would seem to more in consequence of Saratoga than his literary merit. For in truth, "Gentleman Johnny's" works, in all, hold up quite exquisitely, and he had a singular talent for composing enjoyable songs and lyrics; as well as a keen sense of the risible. Indeed, it is no little wonder his forbidding proclamation that inaugurated the upstate New York campaign (dated Camp Bouquet Ferry, June 20th, 1777) instantly invited satirical responses by the Americans, including a poem parody by Francis Hopkinson entitled "The Proclamation"¹: not only because of the incendiary nature of the thing, but because it contrasted with and acted as an ironic reminder of his efforts in stage comedy and operetta.

Even after leaving the war in America, he resumed his stage vocation with substantial success. Yet despite this, Saratoga had largely undone his literary career; just as it had utterly vanquished his one in the military. Which, again with regard to the former, is altogether unjust and a great shame; for here are dramatic writings suffused with of wit, humor, revelry, and pleasant sentiment – polished and not at all amateur or hack work. Of Burgoyne's play "The Heiress" (1786), Horace Walpole, who had hotly criticized the general during the war, stated: "Burgoyne's battles and speeches will be forgotten; but his delicious comedy...still continues the delight of the stage, and one of the most pleasing domestic compositions."

The title of this article is a bit tongue-in-cheek. Yet we thought we *would* try to present a sampling of Burgoyne's plays that will help give readers new to them a rudimentary idea of what they are like and about. For this reason, different extracts from the identical works might better have been selected. At the same time, the task of attempting to distill dramatic works by means of excerpts is sometimes a precarious venture and that typically leaves much to be desired. Moreover, Burgoyne wrote other, non-stage pieces that might also have been quoted from and included. This said, we hope the following provides you with at least near as much and immense pleasure as we first had in discovering and reading them ourselves.

Finally there would seem to be some indirect yet deliberate references in the post-1777 plays to his military failure in America, and which latter apparently and not surprisingly had caused him no little

¹ At least that verse is ascribed to Hopkinson -- or alternatively, according to some sources, Gov. William Livingston of New Jersey. Hopkinson did in any event also write a prose satire on the same theme, and which is included in volume 1 of his *Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings*, pp.146-150.

personal grief. But respecting Saratoga, could not Howe, after all, have supported him much better than he did?

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“THE MAID OF OAKS” (1774)

from Act I, scen. 1

*Sir Harry.* My own principle will answer my purpose just as well; with that perspective I have looked through the woman, and discovered the angel; and you will do the same when you see her, or never brag of your eyesight more.

*Dupeley.* Rhapsody and enthusiasm! -- I should as soon discover Mahomet's seventh heaven; but what says your uncle, Old Groveby, to this match?

*Sir Harry.* Faith I have asked him no questions, and why should I? when I know what must be his answer.

*Dupeley.* Oh, he can never disapprove a passion that soars above the stars!

*Sir Harry.* He has all the prejudices of his years, and worldly knowledge; the common old gentleman's character -- You may see it in every drama from the days of Terence to those of Congreve; though not perhaps with quite so much good humour, and so little obstinacy as my uncle shews. He is ever most impetuous, when most kind; and I dare trust his resentment will end with a dramatic forgiveness. Should it not, I may have pride in the sacrifice of his estate, but no regret -- So much forfortune, Charles -- are there any other means to reconcile me to your approbation?

*Dupeley.* 'Gad I know but one more -- Have you laid any plan for succeeding at the divorce-shop next winter? It would be some comfort to your friends, to see you had a retreat in your head.

*Sir Harry.* Charles, I have listened to your raillery with more patience than it deserves, and should at last be out of humour with such an importation of conceit and affectation, if I was not sure our good sense would soon get the better of it. This is called knowing the world -- to form notions without, perhaps, ever seeing a man in his natural character, or conversing with a woman of principle; and then, for fear of being imposed upon, be really dup'd out of the most valuable feelings in human nature, confidence in friendship, and esteem in love.

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from Act I, scen.2.

*An outside Building, Workmen of all sorts passing to-and-fro.*

*Architect.* [*As speaking to persons at work behind the side-scene.*] Come, bustle away, my lads, strike the scaffold, and then for the twelve o'clock tankard; up with the rest of the festoons there on the top of the columns.

*First Gardener.* Holloa! you sir, where are you running with those flowers?

*Second Gardener.* They're wanted for the Arcades; we can have no deceit there -- if you want store here, you may make them of paper -- anything will go off by candle-light.

*First Lamp-lighter.* [*Running.*] They want above a hundred more lamps yonder, for the illumination of the portico.

*Second Lamp-lighter.* Then they may get tallow-candles; I shan't have enough to make the sky clear in the saloon -- that damn'd Irish painter has made his ground so dingy, one might as soon make his head transparent as his portico.

*Enter Irish Painter.*

*Painter.* Arrah! what is that you say of my head, Mr. Lamp-lighter?

*Second Lamp-lighter.* I say you have spoil'd the transparency, by putting black where you should have put blue.

*Painter.* [*Dabbing his brush across his face.*] There's a black eye for you; and you may be thankful you got it so easily -- Trot away with your ladder upon your shoulder, or the devil fire we but you shall have black and blue both, my dear.

*Architect.* [*Returning.*] Good words, good words, gentlemen; no quarrelling -- Your servant, Mr. O'Daub ; upon my word you have hit off those ornaments very well -- the first painter we have here could not have done better.

*Painter.* No, faith, I believe not, for all his hard name; sure O'Daub was a scene-painter before he was born, though I believe he is older than I too.

*Architect.* You a scene-painter!

*Painter.* Ay, by my soul was I, and for foreign countries too.

*Architect.* Where was that pray?

*Painter.* Faith, I painted a whole set for the Swish, who carries the Temple of Jerusalem about upon his back, and it made his fortune, though he got but a halfpenny a-piece for his show.

*Architect.* [*Ironically.*] I wish we had known your merits, you should certainly have been employ'd in greater parts of the work.

*Painter.* And, by my soul, it would have been better for you if you had -- I would have put out Mr. Lanterbug's stars with one dash of my pencil, by making them five times more bright -- Ho! if you had seen the sign of a setting sun, that I painted for a linendraper, in Bread-Street, in Dublin -- Devil burn me but the Auroree of O'Guide was a fool to it.

*Architect.* O'Guide! -- Who is he? Guid-o, I suppose you mean.

*Painter.* And if he has an O to his name, what signifies whether it comes before or behind -- Faith, I put it like my own of O'Daub, on the right side, to make him sound more like a gentleman -- besides it is more melodious in the mouth, honey.

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*Architect.* Rest you merry, Master Carpenter -- take a draught of the 'Squire's liquor, and welcome, you shall swim in it, when all is over.

*Painter.* Faith let me have one merry quarter of an hour before we at it again, and it will be no loss of time neither -- we will make the next quarter after, as good as an hour -- and so his honour and the *sham-peter* will gain by the loss.

*First Gardener.* Well said, O'Daub! and if you will give us the song you made, the quarter of an hour will be merrier still.

*Architect.* Can you rhyme, O'Daub?

*Painter.* Yes, faith, as well as paint -- all the difference is, I do one with a brush, and t' other with a pen; I do one with my head, and both with my hands -- and if any of the poets of 'em all can produce better rhymes and raisins too within the gardens, I'll be content to have one of my own brushes ramm'd down my throat, and so spoil me for a singer as well as a poet hereafter.

*Architect.* Well said, Master Painter!

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from Act II, scen. 1.

*Lady Bab.*... -- Well, Mr. Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your Fête; it is so novel, so French, so expressive of what every body understands, and no body can explain; then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expence, where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

*Oldworth.* I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady, but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here.

'Laugh where you must, be candid where you can.'

I only hope that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan, that neither hurts the morals nor politeness of the company, and at the same time sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blame-worthy.

*Lady Bab.* Oh, quite the contrary, and I am sure it will have a run; a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste, and it holds good from a cucumber at Christmas, to an Italian opera.

*Maria.* Is the rule the same among the ladies, Lady Bab? Is it also a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

*Lady Bab.* Not absolutely in all things, though more so than people are apt to imagine; for even in circumstances that seem most natural, fashion prompts ten times, where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry at once in this country, if it was not for the sake of reputation.

*Oldworth.* What do you mean?

*Lady Bab.* Why, that a woman without a connection grows every day a more awkward personage; one might as well go into company without powder -- if one does not really/ despise old vulgar prejudices, it is absolutely necessary to affect it, or one must sit at home alone.

*Oldworth.* Indeed!

*Lady Bab.* Yes, like Lady Sprose, and talk morals to the parrot.

*Maria.* This is new, indeed; I always supposed that in places where freedom of manners was most countenanced, a woman pf unimpeached conduct carried a certain respect.

*Lady Bab.* Only fit for sheep-walks and *Oakeries* -- I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldworth -- in town it would just raise you to the whist-party of old Lady Cypher, Mrs. Squabble, and Lord Flimzey; and at every public place, you would stand amongst the footmen to call your own chair, while all the macaronies passed by, whistling a song through their tooth-picks, and giving a shrug -- 'Dem it, 'tis a pity that so fine a woman shou'd be lost to all common decency.'

*Maria.* [*Smiling.*] I believe I had better stay in the Oakery, as you call it; for I am afraid I shall never procure any *civility* in town, upon the terms required.

*Lady Bab.* Oh, my dear, you have chose a horrid word to express the intercourse of the bon ton; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer, when one is choosing a silk, but familiarity is the life of good company. I believe this is quite new since your time, Mr. Oldworth, but 'tis by far the greatest improvement the beau monde ever made.

*Oldworth.* A certain ease was always an essential part of good breeding; but Lady Bab must explain her meaning a little further, before we can decide upon the improvement.

*Lady Bab.* I mean that participation of society, in which the French used to excel, and we have now so much outdone our models -- I maintain, that among the *superior set* -- mind, I only speak of them -- our men and women are put more upon a footing together in London, than they ever were before in any age or country.

*Oldworth.* And pray how has this happy revolution been effected ?

*Lady Bab.* By the most charging of all institutions, wherein we shew the world, that liberty is as well understood by our women as by our men; we have our *Bill of Rights* and our *Constitution* too, as well as they -- we drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and in every circumstance (petticoats excepted) are true, lively jolly fellows.

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from Act II, scen. 1.

*Enter first SHEPHERD, very gaily, followed by a group of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

SONG.

*Shepherd.*

Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,  
Join your bands in sportive measure;  
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song,  
Merrily, merrily, trip it along:  
'Tis holiday, lads, from the cares of your tillage,  
Life, health, and joy, to the lord of the village.  
Scenes of delight,  
Round you invite,  
Harmony, beauty, love, and pleasure:  
Hither, ye swains, with dance and song.  
Join your bands in sportive measure,  
*Chorus.* -- Hither ye swains, &c.

*Shepherdess.*

Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around  
Every sweet the spring discloses;  
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter them round.  
With the bloom of the hour enamel the ground:  
The feast of the day is devoted to beauty.  
Sorrow is treason, and pleasure a duty:  
Love shall preside,  
Sovereign guide!  
Fetter his winks with links of roses:  
Hither, ye nymphs, and scatter around

Every sweet the spring discloses.  
*Chorus.* -- Hither ye nymphs, &c.

*Both.*

Lasses and lads, with dance and song.  
Join your bands in sportive measure:  
Lasses and lads, with dance and song,  
Merrily, merrily trip it along:  
An hour of youth is worth ages of reason,  
'Tis the sunshine of life, take the gift of the season;  
Scenes of delight,  
Round you invite.  
Harmony, beauty, love, and pleasure.  
*Chorus.* -- Lasses and lads, &c.

*Hurry.* So much for singing, and now for dancing; pray give 'em room, ladies and gentlemen.

[*Here a grand dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

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from Act III, scen 3.

SCENE III. *A Flower Garden.*

*Enter Lady Bab, dressed as a Shepherdess, passing over the Stage, Oldworth following.*

*Oldworth.* Hist, hist. Lady Bab. Here comes your prize ; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

*Lady Bab.* Not for the world; you see I am dress'd for the purpose. I have been out of my wits this half hour, for fear the scene should be lost, by interruption of the company -- what, is that he?

*Oldworth.* Yes, he is looking out for us.

*Lady Bab.* Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made, if fortune had not luckily brought me into the world an earl's daughter.

*Oldworth.* Don't be too hasty, for it is a pity Sir, Harry should not be a witness; he owes him vengeance too.

*Lady Bab.* Away, away.

[*Exit Oldworth.* -- *Lady Bab retires to a corner of the stage.*

*Enter Dupeley.*

*Dupeley.* Where the devil is Sir Harry? this is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by and by, like two pheasants in pairing-time -- [*Observing Lady Bab.*] Hah! I wish that was a piece of game, she should not want a mate: is that a dress now for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region? -- Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing but daisy hunting; they are as awkward to her, when she looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berline.

*Lady Bab.* [*Aside.*] My spark does not seem to want observation, he is only deficient in expression; but I will help him to that presently. Now to my character. [*Settles herself.*]

*Dupeley.* [*Aside.*] What a neck she has! how beautifully nature works, when she is not spoil'd by a damn'd town stay-maker; what a pity she is so awkward! I hope she is not foolish.

[*During this observation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady Bab looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nose-gay, and with an air of the most perfect naiveté; presents it to him.*]

*Lady Bab.* You seem to wish for my nosegay, sir, it is much at your service.

[*Offers the flower and curtsies awkwardly.*]

*Dupeley.* Oh, the charming innocent! -- my wishes extend a little further. A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

*Lady Bab.* To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers to grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet; pray smell 'em, they are charming sweet I assure you, and have such fine colours -- law! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think. [*Simpers and looks at him.*]

*Dupeley.* Exquisite simplicity! [*Half aside.*] sweet contrast to fashionable affectation -- Ah, I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

*Lady Bab.* Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

*Dupeley.* By a certain instinct I have; for I have seen few, or none of the sort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

*Lady Bab.* Situation!

*Dupeley.* Ay, what are you?

*Lady Bab.* I am a bridemaide [sic].

*Dupeley.* But, my sweet image of simplicity, when you are not a bridemaide, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

*Lady Bab.* I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employed, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content. [*With an innocent curtsy.*]

*Dupeley.* O, the delicious description! -- beachen shades, bleating flocks, and pipes, and pastorals. [*Aside.*] What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of Champêtre! -- 'tis but an annuity job -- I'll do it.

[*During this soliloquy she examines him round and round.*]

*Lady Bab.* And pray, what may you be? for I never saw any thing so out of the way in all my life! -- he, he, he! [*Simpering.*]

*Dupeley.* Me, my dear -- I am a gentleman.

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from Act V, scen 1.

*[Short flourish of instruments.]*

VAUDEVILLE.

SHEPHERD.

Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities and courts,  
By your presence enliven the fields,  
Accept for your welcome the innocent sports,  
And the fruits that our industry yields.

*Chorus.* -- Ye fine fangled folks, &c.

No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,  
No altar to interest smokes,  
To the blessings of love, kind seasons and health  
Is devoted the Feast of the Oaks.

*Chorus.* -- No temple we raise, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt.  
The villagers hasten away.  
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want.  
To compensate the toils of the day.

*Chorus.* -- From the thicket, &c.

The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,  
In the furrow the ploughman unyokes,  
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,  
To assist at the Feast of the Oaks.

*Chorus.* -- The milk-maid, &c.

SHEPHERD.

The precept we teach b contentment and truth.  
That our girls may not learn to beguile;  
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,  
And decorate age with a smile.

*Chorus.* -- The precept we teach, &c.

No serpent approaches with venomous tooth.  
No raven with ominous croaks,  
Nor rancorous critic, more fatal than both.  
Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.

*Chorus.* --- No serpent approaches, &c.

SHEPHERDESS.

Bring roses and myrtles, new circlets to weave.  
Ply the flutes in new measures to move,  
And lengthen the song to the star of the eve,  
The favouring planet of love.

*Chorus.* -- Bring roses and myrtles, &c.

Oh, Venus! propitious attend to the lay,  
Each shepherd the blessing invokes;

May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,  
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.  
*Chorus.* -- Oh, Venus! propitious, &c.

Druid. [*Stopping the Musicians.*]

Yet hold -- though Druid now no more,  
He's wrong who thinks my spells are o'er,  
Thus midst you all I throw them round,  
Oh, may they fell on genial ground!  
May ev'ry breast their influence prove!  
The magic lies in truth of Love.  
'Tis that irradiates ev'ry scene,  
Restores from clouds the blue serene,  
And makes, without a regal dome,  
A palace of each humble home.

[*The whole finishes with -- A Grand Dance.*]

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“THE LORD OF THE MANOR” (1780)

from Act I, scen. 1

Rashly. Our claims were upon the *virtues*, not the weaknesses of the heart; and when they failed, obscurity was not only choice but prudence. Why give our children the name and knowledge of a rank, that might alienate their minds from the humble life to which they were destined?

Rental. What a sacrifice! how strange this situation must have appeared to you at first !

Rashly. My Anna was equally fitted for a cottage or a court. Her person, her accomplishments, her temper -- the universal charm of her society, made our new life a constant source of delight --

.....'The desert smil'd.
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.'

Encompass'd in an angel's frame.
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
And call its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return!
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
Ah, me I my Anna's urn!

Rental. Not so, my good sir, you have two living images of her; and for their sakes you must try to work upon this old obdurate -- Heaven has sent you together for that purpose.

Rashly. No, my friend; he is inflexibility itself -- I mean to fly him -- it must be your part to dispose of my farm and little property.

Rental. Your intention is too hasty -- I pretend to no skill in plotting, but I think I see my way clearly in your case -- dear sir, be advised by me --

from Act I, scen. 2

Annette. Dear sister, sing the song my father made upon a butterfly -- I have laugh'd at the insect ever since.

[*Sophia sings*]

Hence, reveller of tinsel wing.
Insipid, senseless, trifling thing;
Light spendthrift of thy single day.
Pert insignificance, away!

How joyless to thy touch or taste
Seems all the spring's profuse repast;
Thy busy, restless varied range
Can only pall the sense by change.

from Act I, scen. 3

SCENE III. *The Outside of the House.*

Enter Contrast, La Nippe, and Huntsmen.

La Nippe. The huntsmen, sir, have been practising a new chorus song; will you hear it?

Contrast. A hunting song quite breaks my ears, it is a continued yell of *horn* and *morn*, *wake the day* and *hark away* -- but they may begin; I shall hear enough as I walk off.

When the orient beam first pierces the dawn.
And printless yet glistens the dew on the lawn.
We rise to the call of the horn and the hound,
And Nature herself seems to live in the sound.

CHORUS.

Repeat it, quick Echo, the cry is begun,
The game is on foot, boys, we'll hunt down the
sun.

The Chase of old Britons was ever the care,
Their sinews it brac'd, 'twas the image of war.
Like theirs shall our vigour by exercise grow,
Till we turn our pursuit to our country's foe.

CHORUS.

Repeat it, shrill Echo, the war is begun.
The foe is on foot, boys, we'll fight down the
sun.

With spirits thus fir'd, to sleep were a shame,
Night only approaches to alter the game.

Diana's bright crescent fair Venus shall grace.
And from a new goddess invite a new chase.

Chorus.

Be silent, fond Echo, the whisper's begun,
The game is on foot, boys, we want not the sun.

[*Exeunt.*

from Act II, scen. 1

SCENE I. *A Shrubbery.*

Enter Sophia and Annette, arm in arm.

Sophia. I CONFESS, Annette, you are a very forward scholar in affairs of the heart: but would you really persuade me, that the women in France scorn to be in love?

Annette. Just the contrary. Love, there, is the passion of all ages. One learns to lisp it in the cradle; and they will trifle with it at the brink of the grave; but it is always the cherup [sic] of life, not the moping malady, as it is here.

Sophia. And according to the notions of that fantastical people, how is the passion to be shewn?

Annette. Oh! in a woman, by any thing but confessing it.

Sophia. Surely, Annette, you must now be wrong: insincerity and artifice may, for aught I know, be the vices of fine folks in courts and cities; but in the rural scenes, where you as well as myself have been bred, I am persuaded the tongue and the heart go together in all countries alike.

Annette. So they may too: it would be wrong if the tongue told fibs of the heart; but what occasion for telling *all* the truth? -- I wish you saw a girl in Provence as she trips down the mountain with a basket of grapes upon her head, and all her swains about her, with a glance at one, and a nod at another, and a tap to a third -- 'till up rises the moon, and up strikes the tabor and pipe -- away go the baskets -- '*Adieu panniens, Vendage est faite!*' -- her heart dances faster than her feet, and she makes ten lads happy instead of one, by each thinking himself the favourite.

Sophia. But the real favourite is not to be in suspense for ever?

Annette. No, no; she solves the mystery at last, but in a lively key. -- [*"A short French song."*]

Sophia. I admire your vivacity, Annette; but I dislike your maxims. For my part, I scorn even the shadow of deceit towards the man I love, and would sooner die than give him pain.

Annette. So wou'd I too, dear sister -- but why not bestow pleasures with a smile?

Sophia. Giddy girl -- you know not love.

Annette. Oh ! but you are mistaken -- I understand sentiment perfectly, and could act it to admiration. I cou'd gaze at the moon, prattle to the evening breeze, and make a companion of a rose for hours together -- "only I don't like to prick my fingers "with it" -- *à propos* now; here's a charming bush in full blow, and you shall hear me address it exactly in your character -- [*Sings to a rose.*

Rest, beauteous flow'r, and bloom anew,
To court my passing love;
Glow in his eyes with brighter hue.
And all thy form improve.

And while thy balmy odours steal
To meet his equal breath.
Let thy soft blush for mine reveal
The imprinted kiss beneath.

Sophia. Get you gone, you trifler -- you'll make me angry.

Annette. Well, I'll only stroll with you as far as yonder great tree, and leave you to kiss the rest of the roses to the same tune. [*Exeunt.*]

Sophia. Sir, I have tried while I could to treat you with some degree of respect -- you put it out of my power -- resentment and contempt are the only --

Contrast. Clarissa Harlow² in her altitudes! -- what circulating library has supplied you with language and action upon this occasion? or has your antiquated father instructed you, as he has me, in the mode of his days? -- Things are reversed, my dear -- when we fellows of superior class shew ourselves, the women throw themselves at us; and happy is she we deign to catch in our arms. [*Offers to take hold of her.*]

Sophia. [*Enraged; and at last bursting into a passion of tears.*] Unheard-of assurance! What do you see in me to encourage such insolence? Or is it the very baseness of your nature, that insults a woman because she has no protector? [*Breaks from him -- at the instant,*]

Enter Trumore.

Trumore. Protection is not so distant as you imagined -- compose yourself, my Sophia -- I have heard all -- cleave to me to settle the difference with this unworthy ruffian.

Contrast. Way-laid, by all that's desperate -- a rustic bully -- but I must submit, for I conclude he has a forest mob within call.

Trumore. A mob to encounter thee! -- a mob of fleas -- of gnats -- of pismires -- a wasp would be a sure assassin. -- But to be serious, sir -- though the brutality of your behaviour calls for chastisement, the meanness of it places you beneath resentment.

Contrast. How he assumes! because I know as little of a quarter-staff, as he of the weapons of a gentleman.

Trumore. It would indeed be profanation of English oak to put it into such hands -- thou outside without a heart -- when the mind is nerveless, the figure of a man may be cudgelled with a nettle.

Sophia. For heaven's sake, Trumore, be not violent, you make me tremble -- no further quarrel.

Trumore. Another word, sir, and no more -- could I suppose you a real sample of our fashionable youth, I should think my country indeed degraded -- but it cannot be -- away! -- and tell your few fellows, if even few exist, that there is still spirit enough among common people to defend beauty and innocence; and when such as you dare affronts like these, it is not rank nor estate, nor even effeminacy, that shall save them.

² In reference to the central character of Samuel Richardson's widely popular and influential novel, *Clarissa* (1748).

Contrast. Very sententious truly -- quite Rashly's flourish, -- In Italy now I could have this fellow put under ground for a sequin -- in this damned country, we can do nothing but despise him. Boxing was once genteel; but till the fashion returns, it would be as low to accept the challenge of a vulgar as to refuse it to an equal. [*Exit.*]

Trumore. How is my Sophia? happy, happy moment that brought me to your rescue!

Sophia. If the thoughts you most wish I should entertain of my deliverer can repay you, trace them by your own heart, Trumore; they will harmonize with its tenderest emotions.

Trumore. Oh, the rapture of my Sophia's preference! thus let me pour forth my gratitude.
[*Kneeling y and kissing her hand.*]

from Act II, scen. 2

Rashly. Be comforted, Sophia, with the reflection, that I lament, and do not blame your attachment; you know I agree, both upon experience and principle, that the only basis for happiness in every station of life is disinterested love.

When first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of wealth was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd ;
 The stream our drink bestow'd ;
But, when her lips the brim had press*d,
 The cup with Nectar flow'd.

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh,
In them was given, though gold was spar'd.
 What gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid lot
 But as the means to prove,
That from the castle to the cot
 The all of life was love.

from Act III, scen. 2

Rental. By your dress you should belong to the army; pray, sir, what is your real business?

Trepan. I am a manufacturer of honour and glory -- vulgarly call'd a recruiting dealer -- or, more vulgarly still, a skin merchant. I come to a country wake as to a good market -- a little patience, and you shall see my practice -- come, paste up more bills -- and the devices -- they are not half thick enough -- where's the lion rampant, with a grenadier's cap upon his head?

First Workman. Here, sir, here.

Trepan. And the marine device?

Second Workman. Here it is -- done to life -- the prize boarded; the decks running with arrack punch, and dammed up with gold dust.

Trepan. Right, lad, place that next the lion. I don't see the London tailor with his foot upon the neck of the French king.

Third Workman. Here he is in all his glory.

Trepan. Paste him up on the other flank of the lion -- so, so, pretty well -- what have you left for the corner?

Fourth Workman. The East-Indies, Captain, a nabob in triumph, throwing rough diamonds to the young fifiers to play at marbles..

Trepan. [*To Rental.*] Very well, very well -- sir, how do you like my shop? "the wall" -- See how my new Colonels stand over the old ones, with their names in capitals as tall as their spontoons.

Rental. Arranged with a great deal of fancy indeed.

Trepan. Aye, and meaning too -- I can tell you -- but do only look at my recruits -- do but look at them -- [*Crimp gives the word March.*] there's stuff for all work -- southern rangers, and northern hunters -- lowlanders and highlanders, and loyals and royals, and chasseurs and dasheurs -- I suppose now you would like such a fellow as that. [*Pointing at a smart recruit.*]

Rental. It is a thousand pities he should be shot at.

Trepan. Be in no apprehension, he'll never die by powder.

Rental. What do you mean?

Trepan. Lord help you! how you might be imposed upon -- he's my decoy-duck -- mere shew goods for the shop-window -- not an inch of wear and tear in the whole piece. The dog inherited desertion from his family. His brother was called Quicksilver Jack, he was hanged at last at Berlin, after having served six different princes in the same pair of shoes.

Crimp. [*To Trepan.*] Here's a fine set of country fellows getting round us, a march and a song might do well.

Trepan. [*Aside.*] You are right! -- [*Aloud.*] Come, my lads, we'll give you a taste of a soldier's life. Corporal Snap, give them the song our officers used to be so fond of; it will please their sweet-hearts as well as themselves -- strike up drums.

[*Corporal Snap sings.*]

Gallant comrades of the blade,
Pay your vows to beauty;
Mars's [sic] toils are best repaid
In the arms of beauty.

With the myrtle mix the vine,
Round the laurel let them twine;
Then to glory, love, and wine
Pay alternate duty.

CHORUS.

Gallant comrades, &c.

from Act III, scen. 3.

Sophia. Oh my fears! what means that ribband in your hat?

Trumore. The ensign of honour, when worn upon true principles, A passion for our country is the only one that ought to have competition with virtuous love -- when they unite in the heart our actions are inspiration.

From thine eyes imbibing fire,
I a conqueror mean to prove;
Or with brighter fame expire.
For my country and my love:

But ambition's promise over.
One from thee I still shall crave;
Light the turf my head shall cover
With thy pity on my grave.

Sophia. Trumore, this is too much for me -- heaven knows how little I am formed for the relish of ambition -- these heroic notions, how often do they lead to the misery of ourselves! -- of those we leave! --I claim no merit in my apprehensions -- alas they are too selfish.

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“THE HEIRESS” (1786)

from Act 1, scen. 1.

*Blandish.* Thank you, my dear Letty; this is not the only tap you have hit me to-day, and you are right; for if you and I did not sometimes speak truth to each other, we should forget there was such a quality incident to the human mind. [*Exeunt.*]

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from Act 1, scen. 2.

SCENE II. -- *Lord Gayville's Apartment.*

*Lord Gayville.* She [i.e., Miss Alton] has never known me, but by the name of Mr. Heartly. Since my ambition has been to be loved for my own sake, I have been jealous of my title.

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*Enter Prompt.*  
[*Starts at seeing his master.*]

*Lord Gayville.* Don't be afraid, Prompt -- your peace is made.

*Prompt.* Then there is my return for your lordship's goodness. [*Giving the letter.*] This letter was just now brought to the place appointed, by a porter.

*Lord Gayville.* By a cupid, honest Prompt, and these characters were engraved by the point of his arrow! [*Kissing the superscription.*] "To -- Heartly, Esq." Blandish, did you ever see any thing like it?

*Blandish.* If her style be equal to her hand-writing

*Lord Gayville.* If it be equal! -- Infidel! you shall have proof directly. [*Opens the letter precipitately.*] Hey-day! what the devil's here? my bills again, and no line -- not a word -- Death and disappointment, what's this!

*Prompt.* Gad, it's well if she is not off again -- 'faith, I never asked where the letter came from.

*Lord Gayville.* Should you know the messenger again?

*Prompt.* I believe I should, my lord. For a cupid he was somewhat in years, about six feet high, and a nose rather given to purple.

*Lord Gayville.* Spare your wit, sir, till you find him.

*Prompt.* I have a shorter way -- my life upon it I start her myself.

*Blandish.* And what is your device, sirrah?

*Prompt.* Lord, sir, nothing so easy as to bring every living creature in this town to the window: a tame bear, or a mad ox; two men, or two dogs fighting; a balloon in the air -- (or tied up to the ceiling, 'tis the same thing) -- make but noise enough, and out they come, first and second childhood, and every thing between -- I am sure I shall know her by inspiration.

*Lord Gayville.* Shall I describe her to you?

*Prompt.* No, my lord, time is too precious—I'll be at her last lodgings, and afterwards half the town over, before your lordship will travel from her forehead to her chin.

*Lord Gayville.* Away, then, my good fellow. He cannot mistake her; for when she was formed, nature broke the mould. [*Exit Prompt.*]

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from Act II, scen. 1.

*Sir Clement.* Emily, I protest you seem to study after me; proceed, child, and we will read together every character that comes in our way.

*Lady Emily.* Read one's acquaintance -- delightful! What romances, novels, satires, and mock heroics present themselves to my imagination! Our young men are flimsy essays; old ones, political pamphlets; coquets, fugitive pieces; and fashionable beauties, a compilation of advertised perfumery, essence of pearl, milk of roses, and Olympian dew. Lord, I should now and then though turn over an acquaintance with a sort of fear and trembling.

*Clifford.* How so?

*Lady Emily.* Lest one should pop unaware upon something one should not, like a naughty speech in an old comedy; but it is only skipping what would make one blush.

*Sir Clement.* Or if you did not skip, when a woman reads by herself, and to herself, there are wicked philosophers, who doubt whether her blushes are very troublesome.

*Lady Emily.* [To *Sir Clement.*] Do you know now that for that speech of yours -- and for that saucy smile of yours. [To *Clifford.*] I am strongly tempted to read you both aloud!

*Sir Clement.* Come try I'll be the first to open the book.

*Lady Emily.* A treatise of the Houyhnhnms, after the manner of Swift, tending to make us odious to ourselves, and to extract morose mirth from our imperfections. -- [Turning to *Clifford.*] Contrasted with an exposition of ancient morality addressed to the moderns: a chimerical attempt upon an obsolete subject.

*Sir Clement.* we must double down that page. And now we'll have a specimen of her ladyship.

*Lady Emily.* I'll give it you myself, and with justice; which is more than either of you would.

*Sir Clement.* And without skipping.

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*Sir Clement.* But your uncle, the present lord, made amends?

*Clifford.* Amply. He offered to send me from Cambridge to an academy in Germany, to fit me for foreign service: well judging that a cannon ball was a fair and quick provision for a poor relation.

*Sir Clement.* Upon my word I have known uncles less considerate.

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*Sir Clement.* You need not go out of the room for that purpose. The schedule of an heiress's fortune is a compendium of her merits, and the true security for marriage happiness.

*Lady Emily.* I am sure I guess at your system -- That union must be most wise, which has wealth to support it, and no affections to disturb it. *Sir Clement.* Right.

*Lady Emily.* That makes a divorce the first promise of wedlock; and widowhood the best blessing of life; that separates the interest of husband, wife, and child

*Sir Clement.* To establish the independent comfort of all --

*Lady Emily.* Upon the broad basis of family hatred. Excellent, my dear uncle, excellent indeed; and upon that principle, though the lady is likely to be your niece, and my sister, I am sure you will have no objection to my laughing at her a little.

*Sir Clement.* You'll be puzzled to make her more ridiculous than I think her. What is your plan?

*Lady Emily.* Why, though her pride is to be thought a leader in fashions, she is sometimes a servile copyist. Blandish tells me I am her principal model; and what is most provoking, she is intent upon catching my manner as well as my dress, which she exaggerates to an excess that vexes me. Now if she will take me in shade, I'll give her a new outline, I am resolved; and if I do not make her a caricature for a printshop.

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*Sir Clement.* Well, Clifford! What do you think of her [i.e., Lady Emily]?

*Clifford.* That when she professes ill-temper, she. is a very awkward counterfeit.

*Sir Clement.* But her beauty, her wit, her improvement, since you went abroad? I expected from a man of your age and taste, something more than a cold compliment upon her temper. Could not you, compatibly with the immaculate sincerity you profess, venture as far as admiration?

*Clifford.* I admire her, sir, as I do a bright star in the firmament, and consider the distance of both as equally immeasurable.

*Sir Clement.* [*Aside.*] Specious rogue! [*To him.*] Well, leave Emily then to be winked at through telescopes; and now to a matter of nearer observation. What is Gayville doing?

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from Act III, scen. 1.

*Miss Alton.* [*Aside.*] A very strange old man. [*To him, more confused.*] Sir, you'll pardon me, I believe Miss Alscrip is waiting.

*Alscrip.* Don't be afraid, my dear, enchanting diffident (zounds, what a flutter am I in!) don't be afraid -- my disposition, to be sure, is too susceptible; but then it is likewise so dove-like, so tender, and so innocent. Come, play me that tune, and enchant my ear, as you have done my eye.

*Miss Alton.* Sir, I wish to be excused, indeed it does not deserve your attention.

*Alscrip.* Not deserve it! I had rather hear you, than all the signoritininies together. -- These are the strings to which my senses shall dance. [*Sets the harp.*]

*Miss Alton.* Sir, it is to avoid the affectation of refusing what is so little worth asking for.

[*Takes the harp and plays a few bars of a lively air. Alscrip kisses her fingers with rapture.*]

*Alscrip.* Oh ! the sweet little twiddle-diddles!

*Miss Alton.* For shame, sir, what do you mean?

[*Alscrip gets hold of both her hands and continues kissing her fingers.*]

*Miss Alton.* [*Struggling.*] Help!

*Enter Miss Alscrip.*

*Miss Alscrip.* I wonder what my papa is doing all this time?

[*A short pause --Miss Alscrip surprised -- Miss Alton confused. -- Alscrip puts his hand to his eye.*]

*Alscrip.* Oh, child! I have got something in my eye, that makes me almost mad. -- A little midge -- I believe. -- 'Gad, I caught hold of this young lady's hand in one of my twitches, and her nerves were as much in a flutter as if I had bit her.

*Miss Alscrip.* [*Significantly.*] Yes, my dear papa, I perceive you have something in your eye, and I'll do my best to take it out immediately Miss Alton, will you do me the favour to walk into the drawing room?

*Miss Alton.* I hope, madam, you will permit me, at a proper opportunity, to give my explanation of what has passed? [*Retires.*]

*Miss Alscrip.* There's no occasion -- Let it rest among the catalogue of wonders, like the Glastonbury thorn, that blooms at Christmas. To be serious, papa, though I carried off your behaviour as well as I could, I am

really shocked at it -- A man of your years, and of a profession where the opinion of the world is of such consequence!

*Alscrip.* My dear Molly, have not I quitted the practice of attorney, and turned fine gentleman, to laugh at the world's opinion; or, had I not, do you suppose the kiss of a pretty wench would hurt a lawyer? My dear Molly, if the fraternity had no other reflections to be afraid of!

*Miss Alscrip.* Oh! hideous; Molly indeed! you ought to have forgot I had a christened name long ago; am not I going to be a countess? If you did not stint my fortune, by squand'ring yours away upon dirty trulls, I might be called your grace.

*Alscrip.* Spare your lectures, and you shall be called your highness, if you please.

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from Act III, scen. 2.

*Lady Emily.* Do you know there is more than one duchess who has been seen in the same carriage with her husband -- like two doves in a basket, in the print of Conjugal Felicity; and another has been detected -- I almost blush to name it

*Mrs. Blandish.* Bless us! where? and how? and how?

*Lady Emily.* In nursing her own child!<sup>3</sup>

*Miss Alscrip.* Oh, barbarism! -- For heaven's sake let us change the subject. You were mentioning a revived cap, Lady Emily; any thing of the Henry Quatre?

*Lady Emily.* Quite different. An English mob under the chin, and artless ringlets, in natural colour, that shall restore an admiration for Prior's Nut-brown Maid.

*Miss Alscrip.* Horrid! shocking!

*Lady Emily.* Absolutely necessary. To be different from the rest of the world, we must now revert to nature: make haste, or you have so much to undo, you will be left behind.

*Miss Alscrip.* I dare say so. But who can vulgarise all at once? What will the French say?

*Lady Emily.* Oh, we shall have a new treaty for the interchange of fashions and follies, and then say, they will complain, as they do of other treaties, that we out manufactured them.

*Miss Alscrip.* Fashions and follies! O, what a charming contention!

*Lady Emily.* Yes, and one, thank heaven, so perfectly well understood on both sides, that no counter declaration will be wanted to explain it.

*Miss Alscrip.* [*With an affected drop of her lip in her laugh.*] He! he! he! he! he! he!

*Lady Emily.* My dear Miss Alscrip, what are you doing? I must correct you as I love you. Sure you must have observed the drop of the under-lip is exploded since Lady Simpermode broke a tooth -- [*Sets her mouth affectedly.*] -- I am preparing the cast of the lips for the ensuing winter thus -- It is to be called the Paphian Mimp.

*Miss Alscrip.* [*Imitating.*] I swear I think it pretty -- I must try to get it.

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<sup>3</sup> The allusion here and in what follows is to "natural" ways and approaches to living as were propounded by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

*Lady Emily.* Nothing so easy. It is done by one cabalistical word, like a metamorphosis in the fairy tales. You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself nimini-pimini -- the lips cannot fail taking their ply.

*Miss Alscrip.* Nimini—pimini—imini, mimini—oh! it's delightfully infantine -- and so innocent, to be kissing one's own lips.

*Lady Emily.* You have it to a charm—does it not become her infinitely, Mrs. Blandish?

*Mrs. Blandish.* Our friend's features must succeed in every grace! but never so much as in a quick change of extremes.

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from Act III, scen. 3.

*Rightly.* No, Mr. Alscrip; though I acknowledge your skill, I do not subscribe to your doctrine. The English law is the finest system of ethics, as well as government, that ever the world produced, and it cannot be too generally understood.

*Alscrip.* Law understood! Zounds! would you destroy the profession?

*Rightly.* No, I would raise it. Had every man of sense the knowledge of the theory, to which he is competent; the practice would revert to the purity of its institution, maintain the rights, and not promote the knavery, of mankind.

*Alscrip.* [*Aside.*] Plaguy odd maxims! Sure he means to try me. -- [*To him.*] Brother Rightly, we know the world, and are alone -- I have locked the door.

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from Act IV, scen. 1

*Enter Sir Clement.*

*Sir Clement.* Well, Clifford, what do you think of her?

*Clifford.* Make yourself perfectly easy, sir: this girl, when known, can make no impression on Lord Gayville's mind; and I doubt not but a silk gown and a lottery ticket, had they been offered as an ultimatum, would have purchased her person.

*Sir Clement.* [*With a dry sneer.*] Don't you sometimes, Clifford, form erroneous opinions of people's pretensions? Interest and foolish passion inspire strange notions -- as one or the other prevails, we are brought to look so low, or so high --

*Clifford.* [*With emotion.*] That we are compelled to call reason and honour to our aid.

*Sir Clement.* And then?

*Clifford.* We lose the intemperance of our inclinations in the sense of what is right.

*Sir Clement.* [*Aside.*] Sententious impostor! -- [*To him.*] But to the point.

*Clifford.* Sir, I would please you if I could -- I am thinking of a scheme to restore Lord Gayville to his senses, without violence or injury to any one of the parties.

*Sir Clement.* Let me hear it.

*Clifford.* Why, the wench being cut short of marketing by word of mouth, desired me to write proposals. I am inclined to do so. We will show the answer to Lord Gayville, and, depend upon it, there will be character enough displayed to cure him of the sentimental part of his attachment.

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from Act V, scen. 2

SCENE II. -- *Hyde Park. Enter Lord Gayville impetuously, looking at his watch.*

*Lord Gayville.* Not here! I am sure I marked the hour as well as the place, precisely in my note. [*Walks about.*] Had I been told three days ago, that I should have been the appellant in a premeditated duel, I should have thought it an insult upon my principles -- That Clifford should be the cause of my transgressing the legal and sacred duties, we have ever both maintained -- oh, it would have seemed a visionary impossibility -- But he comes to cut reflections short.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Lord Gayville.* I waited for you, sir.

*Clifford.* [*Bows in silence.*]

*Lord Gayville.* That ceremonial would grace an encounter of punctilio, but applies ill to the terms upon which I have called you here.

*Clifford.* What terms are those, my lord?

*Lord Gayville.* Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! Draw, sir.

*Clifford.* No, my lord; my sword is reserved for more becoming purposes: it is not the instrument of passion; and has yet been untried in a dispute with my friend.

*Lord Gayville.* But why is it not ready for a different trial, the vindication of perfidy, the blackest species of perfidy, that ever the malignant enemy of mankind infused into the human breast -- perfidy to the friend who loved and trusted you, and in the nearest interests of his heart.

*Clifford.* Take care, my lord; should my blood boil like yours, and it is rising fast, you know not the punishment that awaits you. I came temperate, your gross provocation and thirst of blood make temperance appear disgrace -- I am tempted to take a revenge.

*Lord Gayville.* [*Draws.*] The means are ready. Come, sir, you are to give an example of qualities generally held incompatible -- bravery and dishonour.

*Clifford.* Another such a word, and by heaven! -- How have I deserved this opinion?

*Lord Gayville.* Ask your conscience -- Under the mask of friendship you have held a secret intercourse with the woman I adore; you have supplanted me in her affections, you have robbed me of the very charm of my life -- can you deny it?

*Clifford.* I avow it all.

*Lord Gayville.* Unparalleled insolence of guilt!

*Clifford.* Are you sure there is nothing within the scope of possibility that would excuse or atone

*Lord Gayville.* Death -- Death only -- no abject submission -- no compromise for infamy -- choose instantly -- and save yourself from the only stretch of baseness left -- the invention of falsehood to palliate --

*Clifford.* [*In the utmost agitation, and drawing his sword.*] Falsehood! -- You shall have no other explanation. -- [*After a struggle within himself, Clifford drops the point, and exposes his breast.*]

*Lord Gayville.* Stand upon your defence, sir -- What do you mean?

*Clifford.* You said nothing but my life would satisfy you, take it, and remember me.

*Lord Gayville.* I say so still -- but upon an equal pledge -- I am no assassin.

*Clifford.* [*With great emotion.*] If to strike at the heart of your friend, more deeply than that poor instrument in your hand could do, makes an assassin, you have been one already.

*Lord Gayville.* That look, that tone, how like to innocence! Had he not avowed such abominable practices

*Clifford.* I avow them again: I have rivalled you in the love of the woman you adore -- her affections are rivetted -- to me. I have removed her from your sight; secured her from your recovery

*Lord Gayville.* D—nation!

*Clifford.* I have done it to save unguarded beauty; to save unprotected innocence; to save -- a sister.

*Lord Gayville.* A sister!

*Clifford.* [*With exultation.*] Vengeance! Ample, final vengeance! [*A pause.*] It is accomplished -- over him -  
- and over myself -- my victory is complete.

*Lord Gayville.* Where shall I hide my shame!

*Clifford.* We'll share it, and forget it here. [*Embraces.*]

*Lord Gayville.* Why did you keep the secret from me?

*Clifford.* I knew it not myself, till the strange concurrence of circumstances, to which you were in part witness a few hours since, brought it to light. I meant to impart to you the discovery, when my temper took fire -- Let us bury our mutual errors in the thought, that we now for life are friends.

*Lord Gayville.* Brothers, Clifford -- Let us interchange that title, and doubly, doubly ratify it. Unite me to your charming sister; accept the hand of Lady Emily in return -- her heart I have discovered to be yours. We'll leave the world to the sordid and the tasteless; let an Alscip, or a Sir Clement Flint, wander after the phantom of happiness, we shall find her real retreat, and hold her by the bonds she covets, virtue, love, and friendship.

*Clifford.* Not a word more, my lord, the bars against your proposal are insuperable.

*Lord Gayville.* What bars? Clifford. Honour, propriety -- and pride.

*Lord Gayville.* Pride, Clifford!

*Clifford.* Yes, my lord; Harriet Clifford shall not steal the hand of a prince; nor will I -- though doting on Lady Emily with a passion like your own, bear the idea of a clandestine union in a family, to whom I am bound by obligation and trust. Indeed, my lord, without Sir Clement's consent, you must think no more of my sister.

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[*Editor's Note.* After some at length legal surprises that follow in the concluding scene, it turns out that not only is Miss Alston in truth Clifford's sister, Harriet, but also a rich heiress. *Finis.*]

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“RICHARD COEUR DE LION” (1786)

from Act I, scen. 1.

Mathew. You love dancing, Antonio?

Song -- Antonio.

The merry dance I dearly love.
For then Collette thy hand I seize.
And press it too whene'er I please,
And none can see, and none reprove;
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

II.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say.
But we know better, sure, than they,
Youth should not listen to threescore;
And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low.
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.
[*Exit.*]

Song.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot ;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.
I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithless world forgot;
I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.

Delusive glory! faithless pow'r
Thus the valiant you repay,
In disasters heavy hour,
Faithless friendhip's [sic] far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tenderest truth,
Tho' hopeless, never shall depart.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love !
By the faithless world forgot ;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.

from Act I, scen. 2.

Air -- Matilda *and* Lauretta.

Mat.

The god of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded ;
'Tis to shew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrowded.

Laur.

Good Sir, repeat that pretty strain,
Pray again, again.
A lesson kind it does impart,
To guard against a lover's art.

Mat......With all my heart.

from Act I, scen. 3.

[Richard.]

Song.

Lost to the world, forgot, forlorn.
In vain to me returns the morn
That brings no more my glorious toils,
Yet bless the beams that give to sight
This image of my soul's delight,
This heaven of soothing smiles.
Vain is the thought of former power
To sooth the present mournful hour:
O Death! be thou my friend ;
Hopeless I live, my sorrows end.

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For other works by Burgoyne, including more from the preceding plays, see:

The Dramatic and Poetical Works of the late Lieut. Gen. J. Burgoyne, vol. I (1807) at:

http://books.google.com/books?id=xJQDAAAAQAAJ&printsec=frontcover&dq=dramatic+and+poetical+works+Burgoyne&source=bl&ots=bnD_O5OC1P&sig=8iNr2Abuy_9uCDTrZQ18g7ItJUJ&hl=en&ei=7k67Te3fCYuosAOlheXQBQ&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=7&ved=0CEMQ6AEwBg#v=onepage&q&f=false

The Dramatic and Poetical Works of the late Lieut. Gen. J. Burgoyne, vol. II (1807) at:

http://books.google.com/books?id=2ZQDAAAAQAAJ&pg=PA207&dq=john+Burgoyne+poems&hl=en&ei=IKi4TfaCFJTWtQPv8vz1Bw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=1&ved=0CEEQ6AEwAA#v=onepage&q&f=false

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