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THE

FARMER.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

DRAWN FROM:

A COLLECTION OF
FARCES
AND OTHER AFTER-PIECES

SELECTED BY

MRS INCHBALD

VOLUME II

London, 1815

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE,	<i>Mr Incedon.</i>
FAIRLY,	<i>Mr Waddy.</i>
TOTAL,	<i>Mr Davenport.</i>
Farmer BLACKBERRY,	<i>Mr Taylor.</i>
JEMMY JUMPS,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
Counsellor FLUMMERY,	<i>Mr Wilde.</i>
RUNDY,	<i>Mr Simmons.</i>
Farmer STUBBLE,	<i>Mr Atkins.</i>
LOUISA,	<i>Miss Bolton.</i>
BETTY BLACKBERRY,	<i>Mrs Liston.</i>
MOLLY MAYBUSH,	<i>Miss Meadows.</i>
Landlady,	<i>Mrs Whitmore.</i>

Waiters, Tradesmen, Peasants, &c.

SCENE—Kent and London.



THE FARMER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Rural Prospect.*—VALENTINE'S *House*
at a Distance.

Enter FAIRLY and TOTAL.

Fair. Your master's a rascal!—unknown to me marrying my daughter, then leaving her behind him at Canada, and here stepping into all the vices of London. A single gentleman forsooth! Deny his marriage!—but I'll strip him of his new-got wealth.

Total. Hush! that's likely to happen without your help. You know that old humourist his uncle, Colonel Dormont, wishing to avoid the bustle and etiquette of rank, gave my master here the enjoyment of his fortune; but of which hearing he makes so ill a use, he has absolutely advertised in the newspapers, to find if he has not some other relations living to transfer it to.

Fair. Then he has another relation hereabouts too, and to find him is what brought me now into Kent.

Total. What's his name?

Fair. I won't tell.

Total. Me you may! I'm Captain Valentine's steward to be sure; but I was placed here by his uncle merely as a guard over him; and harkee, Mr Fairly, you know the Colonel, from being so long abroad, hasn't seen him since the height of a pen-case; I told him though of his deserting your daughter, and all his profligate exploits! He's so much incensed that—here's a letter in his own hand, commanding my master to resign every shilling's worth belonging to him, without beat of drum this very evening to march out of his house yonder, and for the first time appear before him on the parade, St James's Park, to-morrow morning.

Fair. [*With joy.*] Then he's ruin'd! ha, ha, ha! good Captain Valentine! Isn't that he [*Looking out.*] cajoling some simple country girl? And his wife—my poor child, Louisa! Oh! how I should like to break his bones! but no sword or pistol work for me; no, I'll find the honest farmer that's to supersede him: I'll teach a captain to wrong a lawyer!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter VALENTINE and BETTY BLACKBERRY.

AIR.

Valentine.

Charming village maid!
If thou wilt be mine,
In gold and pearls array'd,
All my wealth is thine.
If not shared with thee,
E'en nature's beauties fade,
Sweetest, do but love me,
Charming village maid!

Had I yon shepherd's care,
Yon lambs to feed and fold,
The Dog-star heat I'd bear,
And winter's piercing cold:

Well pleased I'd toil for thee,
At harrow, flail, or spade;
Sweetest, do but love me,
Charming village maid!

This morn at early dawn
I had a hedge rose wild,
(Its sweets perfumed the lawn,
'Twas sportive nature's child,
My lovely fair for thee,
Transplanted from the glade;
Sweetest, do but love me,
Charming village maid!

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY with a Milking Pail.

Farmer B. Where is this daughter of mine? Ah! hey!

Betty. I vow, your honour, all these fine things should make me vastly conceited.

Farmer B. Ah! ha! he won't have much trouble to do that. [*Aside.*]

Val. My adorable angel!

Farmer B. I've heard say fairies are good at it, but now I'll see an angel milk my cow.

Betty. La, father, talk of a cow to a gentleman!

Farmer B. Yes, and I'll keep my heifer from a gentleman. [*Gives her the Pail, and puts her off.*]

Val. Stop, farmer! Yes, I'll propose—he dare not refuse his landlord. [*Aside.*] Blackberry, I shall deal with you fair and open: your daughter Betty pleases me; name any settlement, or I'll sign a carte blanche. You know the world, and I dare say understand me.

Farmer B. Why, yes, sir, I think I do understand you.

Val. I'm inclined to be your friend—I've company waiting at home, so your answer will oblige.

Farmer B. Pray, sir, did you ever feel the weight of an English cudgel?

Val. A what!

Farmer B. Only a twig of oak like this, laid on with an old tough arm, pretty strong from labour, and a heart stung by honest resentment.

Val. Why, fellow! I fancy you forget who you're talking to.

Farmer B. Sir, you may yet be a parent; then you'll be capable of a father's feelings, at the cruel offer to make him a party in the prostitution of his child.

AIR.

Farmer Blackberry.

Ere around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dared to entwine,
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built her nest in the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a much earlier date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserved it, unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall go free.

[*Exit.*

Val. Cudgel! A reptile sting! A weed dare to raise its insolent head, and wag defiance in my face!

Total. [*Advancing.*] My good sir, hear your poor steward: instead of ill-will to the farmer, as a gentleman you should cherish his spirit of a yeoman.

Val. I hadn't a thought clowns had any feeling.

Total. Clown!—he's a man, and a father. For the affront you offered, your honour wouldn't at all suffer by making him an apology.

Val. Apology! Dem'd impertinent this! [*Aside.*] *Total*, will you take it?

Total. That I will, sir, and, as an atonement, I suppose present him from you an acquittance for his rent, as this is quarter day.

Val. A pretty proposal! but ha, ha, ha! fit my busy steward. [*Aside.*] Come, I'll write a few lines of apology, you draw out a receipt, I'll inclose it, and you shall take it to him immediately—but his daughter, my bonny Bet!—*Total*, can you blame me?

AIR.

Valentine.

No more I'd court the town-bred fair,
Who shine in artificial beauty;
Her native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

O my bonny, bonny Bet, sweet blossom!
Were I a king, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple,
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye gods! one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is, lovely woman!
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing:
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture every sense entrancing.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

SCENE II.—*Farmer BLACKBERRY'S House.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and BETTY.

Farmer B. There—stay within doors, since you can't walk out without having gentlemen after you.

Betty. La! Father, the gentlemen are so tempting, ha, ha, ha!

Farmer B. I command you not to let him speak to you.

Betty. If a gentleman's going to speak, wouldn't it be very rude in me to stop his mouth?

Farmer B. Then always get out of his way.

Betty. That I certainly shall, if he's on horseback.

Farmer B. Hussy! couldn't you turn and walk from him?

Betty. So I did, and he turn'd and walk'd from me; but both walking on all round the field till we came to the opposite side, there we met face to face you know, and then—ha, ha, ha! oh precious!

AIR.

Betty.

To hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
This morning I put on my bonnet,
But scarce in the meadow, pies on it!
When the captain appear'd in my view.
I felt an odd sort of sensation,
My heart beat a strange palpitation,
I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
When, says he, "My dear, how do you do?"
The dickens thinks I here has popp'd him,
I thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,

So my very best curtsey I dropt him;
With an air then he took off his hat:
He seem'd with my person enchanted,
He squeez'd my hand—how my heart panted,
He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,
And pray now what harm was in that?

Says I, sir, for what do you take me,
He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
"No, dem him, he'd never forsake me,"
And then on his knee he flopp'd down.
His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
His white teeth he shew'd so completely,
He managed the matter so neatly,
I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

Enter Farmer STUBBLE.

Stubble. Hey! Betty! my step-son your sweetheart Jemmy's without.

Farmer B. What, Jemmy Jumps! ecod now I'm happy.

Betty. Pray has London made him very like a gentleman?

Stubble. Wasn't it for that, merely to please you, that I sent him there? [*JEMMY sings without.*]

Farmer B. Here he comes, gay as a lark, fine as a butterfly, and merry as a cricket.

Betty. Ay, here comes the London beau!

*Enter JEMMY JUMPS, dressed in the extravagance
of Fashion.*

Jemmy. Gemmen, I'm yours! Mem, I'm your most—Dad, [*Apart to STUBBLE,*] hope you didn't tell them you had me 'prentice to a stay-maker in London?

Betty. Lud! he looks quite rakish. [*Admiring him.*]

Jemmy. Betty Blackberry, my dear, I kiss your hand.

Farmer B. Ecod, if you go no nigher, your dear must stretch a long arm.

Betty. Why that was only compliment, what they say in London.

Farmer B. Oh, then, in London saying and doing are two things.

Stubble. But, Jemmy, here's neighbour Blackberry.

Jemmy. Eh! ah! [*Looking at Farmer B. through a flat eye-glass.*]

Farmer B. Oh, ho! [*Takes out a large Key, and looks at JEMMY.*]

Betty. Oh, Jemmy, you can tell us all the new fashions in town!

Farmer B. Ah, what price does corn bring at the London market?

Jemmy. Corn!

Farmer B. How are oats?

Jemmy. Ask my ponies. Oats! think I'm from Bear quay? I'm a gentleman of—ha, ha, ha!—Canaille!

Betty. Indeed, father, you ask such uncouth questions.—Pray, Jemmy, what makes you a gentleman?

Jemmy. My share in a Pharaoh bank, my boots to fling over the benches in the play-houses; a glass to squint at a face not six inches from mine; my nag to kick up a dust in Rotten-row; short waistcoat, long breeches, two watches, twenty-inch cane, umbrella-hat, chin beau-dash, and shoe-string.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

AIR.

Jemmy Jumps.

Look, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,
Natibus hey, tipity ho,

In my shoe I wear a string,
Tied in a black bow, so;
Cards and dice I've monstrous luck,
I'm no drake, yet keep a duck,
Though not married I'm a buck,
Lantherum swash qui vi.

Sometimes I mount a smart cockade,
Puppydum hey, struttledom ho,
From Hyde Park to the Parade,
Cockymacary key;
As I pass a sentry-box,
Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,
Each about his musket knocks,
Rattledum slap to me.

Rotten Row, my Sunday ride,
Trottledum hey, tumble off O!
Poney, eighteen pence a-side,
Windgall, glanderum ho!
Cricket I famed Lumpey nick,
Daddles smouch Mendoza lick,
Up to all I'm just the kick,
Allemande caperum toe.

Betty. Oh, Lord! he's quite rakish! [*Enraptured.*]

Stubble. Then, Jemmy, I warrant on your going to London you soon got up stairs into gentlemen's company?

Farmer B. Ay, and I warrant you he soon got down stairs out of gentlemen's company, ha, ha, ha!

[*Making a motion with his Foot.*]

Jemmy. Sir, I belonged to a coterie.

Betty. La! what's a coterie?

Jemmy. Ma'am, it's a club, a thing we establish'd—fitted up a house in style—select—to be by ourselves for the purpose of play.

Farmer B. Oh, then there was a gang of you?

Jemmy. Gang! What, do you call——? Party—Men of fashion—deep play—Egad the rouleaus flew about like shuttle-cocks.

Betty. And what's a rouleau?

Jemmy. A parcel of—shillings—neatly rolled up like—a—

Farmer B. Ay, like a pennyworth of tobacco, I suppose?

Jemmy. Tobacco! 'gad, sir, you suppose the strangest—what—eh?

Stubble. And, Jemmy, who was of your party?

Jemmy. I and Sir Bruin Vickery, Marquis Delpini, Colonel Pimlico, and my Lord Piccadilly.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jemmy. [*Apart to STUBBLE.*] Must bounce a little; Betty's so uppish—likely wouldn't have me else.

Farmer B. Right, neighbour; we'll have Betty and Jemmy married this very night—then she'll be out of the way of this wicked devil of a landlord. [*Aside.*]

[*Pipe and Tabor without.*]—True, we have won our cricket-match to-day, the lads and lasses are all in such high glee, so your wedding shall add to the joy of the day, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt all but JEMMY JUMPS.*]

Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH.

Molly. Jemmy, you sha'n't marry Betty Blackberry—you know afore you went up to London, you was book-sworn to me.

Jemmy. I went a clown, and I'm come home a gemman.

Molly. I'm sure all the difference I see is, that going you had brown hair, a round face, and an honest heart; and you've come home with a white head, lank cheeks, and an ill-natured soul.

Jemmy. As to the hair and face—and head—I'm just the—tippy; and as to soul—that is with us gents, like our honour, a thing we know nothing about, only to swear by: as "'pon my soul, sir!"—"pon my honour, mem!"—just as you country folks say, "oddsbodikins!"—"gadzookers!" and "by the living jingo!"

Molly. For sartin my father can't leave me quite so well as Betty; we ha'n't so much corn in our granary, but I've ten times as much love in my heart, Jemmy.

Jemmy. Piping for me, Molly, is—I'm not come-at-able.

Molly. But your promise——

Jemmy. Keep a promise! What do you take me for?

Molly. Did I think you ever could forget the day you left our village? Don't you remember as you were stepping on the coach-roof, as I stood crying, you with one foot on the little wheel, and t'other just on the boot; your right hand you stretched to the coachman, and your left as I held in mine, washing it with my tears, the postman at that moment sounding his horn: Gee! up! says the coachman, and I soon lost sight of my Jemmy!

Jemmy. I protest I've such an absence of mind—that—

Molly. You must remember your promise to marry me—you can't forget the horn!

Jemmy. Horn? A damn'd odd marriage memorandum you've hit upon, *Molly.*

[*Exit.*]

Molly. Oh, Jemmy!

AIR.

Molly Maybush.

My daddy, O, was very good,
To make me fine he spared no pelf,
And scrape up money all he could,
He'd give it to my bonny self.

My handsome cap from Dover came,
Some thought from France, so gay to see,
Though sigh'd for by each maid and dame,
'Twas not my cap was dear to me.

So softly, O, to yonder grove,
The moon so kind the while did blink,
I stole to meet my own true love,
Yet on false love I fell to think.

The rustling leaves increase my fears,
A footstep falls! who can it be?
Oh joy, my Jemmy now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Green before Farmer BLACKBERRY'S
House.—Music without.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and JEMMY JUMPS.

Farmer B. Ah! ha! featly done! Jemmy, why don't you take a dance?

Jemmy. Me sport a toe among such clodhoppers! Ah! ha! dance away my Vestris and Vetcheli's!

Farmer B. Well, my boy, you shall have Betty;—then no fear of our Squire. [*Aside.*]—Hey! what can his steward want? [*Looking out.*]

Enter TOTAL.

Total. My master is now sorry, Farmer, for the affront he offered you, and requests you'll accept here enclosed a receipt and full acquittance for your quarter's rent.

Jemmy. Something towards Betty's portion!—

[*Aside.*

Enter RUNDY.

Rundy. Why, Lord! Farmer, the 'Squire's men are got driving your cattle away, and they say it's for your rent.

Total. What!

Farmer B. On quarter-day—this his receipt!

Total. Oh! some mistake of that scoundrel the bailiff!—Farmer, open that—or here, you young fellow, [*To JEMMY.*] read aloud that paper, if your scholarship reaches so far.

[*Gives the Letter exultingly.*]

Jemmy. Scholarship!

[*Conceitedly—opens and reads.*]

"For golden grain I bring you chaff,
"So, neighbours, at the bearer laugh!"

Ha, ha, ha! [*Looking at TOTAL.*] how d'ye like my scholarship? [*Reads.*]

"If this for quarter's rent won't pass,
"Why then the reader is—

Rundy. [*Who had been looking over him, reads.*] "An Ass"—ha, ha, ha! [*Looking at JEMMY.*]

Farmer B. Does he make a jest of his cruelty?

Total. And me the tool—be assured, Farmer, his uncle will do you justice; the captain won't be long a landlord.
[*Walks up.*]

Enter BETTY BLACKBERRY.

Betty. Oh, father! father! yonder they are, driving away all our cattle.

Farmer B. Jemmy, I must borrow this rent from the portion I thought to pay down with Betty.

Jemmy. Eh!

Farmer B. I say, Jemmy, I must borrow this rent from the portion I thought to pay you down with Betty.

Jemmy. Borrow! eh! 'odso!—it happens so unlucky, but I now remember I promised to marry Molly Maybush, and dinner's ready. [*Exit singing.*]

Betty. There now, if Jemmy ha'n't gone from me!

Farmer B. And a good riddance of such a sordid rascal: but there's your London gentleman!

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. Ay, this should be the house, and you the master; let's see my instructions. [*Peruses a Paper.*]—Blackberry—mother's name—yes—I hope here my search is at an end.—Your name is Blackberry, your mother was niece to Edward Timbertop, Esq.

Betty. Yes, sir, we have had 'squires in our family. [*Curtseys.*]

Farmer B. Ay, but I never knew any good on't, but to make you conceited.

Fair. I have authority to inform you, that by this descent, you're likely soon to be master of those very lands from whence your cattle were drove by your worthless landlord.

Total. Eh! what! Mr Fairly, is this true? Farmer, are you really related to Colonel Dormont?

Farmer B. Why, I did hear of some relation that made a huge fortune in America by army contracts, or so, but I know nought about'n.

Fair. To prove your affinity to the Colonel, and hear what he intends, you must go to London; ay, and appear in splendour as his adopted heir; I'll have such a triumphant revenge on that puppy your master for his usage to my poor Louisa. [*To TOTAL.*]

Total. But had we not better first apprise the Colonel?

Fair. What d'ye talk? I'm a person of property, and if he disapproves of what I've done, let my pocket answer.

Total. Well, since you're resolved, I'll instantly deliver to my master the Colonel's letter of dismissal—take charge of every thing yonder, and if you'll undertake to get the farmer and his family to town, I transfer to them my duty of steward, and shall be there in time to have lodgings prepared for their reception.

Fair. My good fellow!

Farmer B. I live in town, 'mongst smoke, noise, and back-bitings! no, no, no.

Fair. And instead of Blackberry, you must take the name of Timbertop!

Total. But, Farmer, why didn't you acquaint the Colonel with your distress?

Farmer B. Distress I never knew before to-day; so I never thought of brushing up a grand relationship for sake of a dinner or so, while here I could enjoy my homely meal with the sweet sauce of independence; but come in and take a bit of mutton over a glass of my home-brewed—we'll hear this story, and before I turn a gentleman, you shall see what a jolly fellow is an English farmer. *[Exeunt.*

Betty. To London!—yes—instead of Betty Blackberry, I shall be Miss Eliza Timbertop.

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. *[Aside.]* Old Blackberry fall'n into this house! and great fortune! Oh, I must tack about.

Betty. Yes, we shall have a coach.

Jemmy. A coach! *[Aside.]*

Betty. Precious! I shall be so tasty this summer; round my neck I'll have a charming thick barcelona handkerchief, with a beautiful double gauze one over it; a marsella quilted petticoat, stout and white as a counterpane; over that a rich paduasoy gown that shall stand an end; and over that again, my choice long sattin cardinal, furr'd with cat's skin.

Jemmy. *[Aside.]* A cool summer's dress!

Betty. In my calimanco shoes, I'll have such a thumping pair of silver buckles, and in my pink hat, a bunch of cherry-colour'd ribbon!

Jemmy. Ha! my Betty—I'm come to wish you joy!

Betty. Joy? oh, the bellman.

Jemmy. Bellman! my dear, your own Jemmy Jumps.

Betty. Jumps! now what is this person talking about?

Jemmy. Hem! Mem! may I presume to beg—

Betty. Beg! I havn't got no small change!

[Exit stately and affected.]

Jemmy. *[Whistles.]* Beg!—small change! take me for a beggarman! Yes, I must tack about again—Molly Maybush—she's a hundred pounder—that, and a little credit at Manchester, open a smart shop—yes, get to town and buckle to business—Eh, here's Molly: how rejoiced she'll be at my coming back to her!

Scene changes.—Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH *and* RUNDY.

Rundy. And, Molly, ben't you ashamed to leave such a true loving boy as I be?

Molly. Yes, I now see Jemmy courted me all along only for the lucre of gain: Yonder he is, let's laugh at him—I'll pretend not to see him.

Jemmy. Your most devoted, lovely Molly! *[Bows.]* Rundy, what brings you here? *[Fiercely.]*

Rundy. To see a little fun, sir.

Jemmy. Fun!

Molly. Ha, ha, ha!

Rundy. Ha, ha, ha!

[*They stand on each side of him.*]

Jemmy. Molly, I left you crying. Methinks I find you wondrous frisky.

Molly. Yes, sir. [*Curtsies.*]

Rundy. Yes, sir. [*Bows.*]

Jemmy. Amazing civil!

Molly. Rundy, sure this is a gentleman!

Rundy. Is it, indeed?

Molly. Oh, yes, for his soul is only a thing to swear by, as, "'pon my soul, sir!"—"pon my honour, mem!"—just as us country folks might say "oddsbodikins!"—and "by the living jingo!" Ha, ha, ha!

Rundy. Ha, ha, ha!

Jemmy. [*Disconcerted.*] Ha, ha, ha! again, if that's what you're both for; indeed, Molly, as second thoughts are best, I'll return to my first design, and have you.

Molly. No, sir; sure you wouldn't be so good?

[*Ironically.*]

Jemmy. Do you think I'd break my engagement! Molly, I claim your promise.

Molly. "I keep a promise! what d'ye take me for?"

Rundy. What d'ye take us for?

Molly. Jemmy, my father has engaged me to Rundy here, so, "I am not come-at-able."

Jemmy. Have I figured in London for this? the tulip of Kensington Gardens to be ousted by a cabbage stalk! Oh, ye gods and goddesses, tags, laces, whalebone, busks, and boddices!

TRIO.

Jemmy, Molly, Rundy.

Jemmy.

Dear madam, how you clack away
King George's English hack away:
Go press your cheese,
And feed your geese,
Tuck up your duds and pack away.

Molly.

Go hop, my pretty pet, along;

Rundy.

And down the dance lead Bet along;

Molly.

But Rundy's stick,

Rundy.

Your back shall lick,

Molly.

You saucy monkey, get along!

Jemmy.

Ma chere ami tout autre chose,
Though gentleman, of bully knows.

Lord, nothing yet,

Before my Bet,

I'd kick a shin or pull a nose.

Dans votre lit, sweet Moll, adieu,

Rundy.

And if so be, what's that to you?

Jemmy.

If e'er we meet

In London street,

I'll honour you with, how d'ye do.

Rundy.

A fig for you and your how d'ye do.

Molly.

That for you and your how dy'e do.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LOUISA'S *Lodgings in London.*

Enter TOTAL *and* LANDLADY.

Total. The apartments, ma'am, are for a family from the country.

Land. Well, sir, the lady here moves to-day to her own house in Kent;—will you please to see the other rooms, sir?

Total. Ma'am.

[*Exit, following Landlady.*

Enter LOUISA.

AIR.

Louisa.

Winds, softly tell my love
You have brought home his dove,
Say poor Louisa flies to her mate;
Smooth was the ocean,
And swift was our motion,
He was my haven, and absence my fate.

Yet the lambs straying,
Through the meads playing,
Cropping wild flowers on the precipice' brink;
Joys surrounding,
Sporting, bounding,
Nor on fond Phillis the wanton will think.
Winds, softly tell, &c.

Total. [*Without.*] They'll do exceedingly well, ma'am; but—[*Enters.*] I must apologise to this lady for my intrusion before she had given up her apartments. [*Bows.*]

Louisa. Sir. [*Curtsies.*]

[*A loud knocking without.*]

Total. Hey! they are here! 'Squire Timbertop and his whole family!

Fair. [*Without.*] Then Mr Total is here?

Louisa. Heavens! my father!

Total. What! Mr Fairly, madam!

Louisa. Oh, sir! shut the door! I'm lost if he sees me.

Total. Then, madam, I presume you are Mrs Valentine?

Louisa. Sir, since you know me——Dear sir, I dare not see my father until acknowledged by my husband.

Total. You're just from Canada, madam? And is this the amiable woman he has deserted! Don't be alarmed at my discovering you, I'm your steward.

Louisa. Perhaps my husband's, sir! Oh! bring me to him!

Total. He's now in disgrace with his uncle, Colonel Dormont, who is one of your very odd sort of persons; means well, but always doing something that nobody else would think of; and I'm convinced he wouldn't have you see your husband before he tries the success of a scheme he has plann'd for his reformation.

Re-enter Landlady.

Land. Sir, here's your country family arrived; ma'am, won't you make use of my parlour till your chaise comes—Jenny!

[*Calls, and exit.*]

Total. Madam, you had better remain here, if you can keep out of your father's sight; in the evening I'll give you convincing reasons for postponing your journey to Kent. The colonel, madam, has heard of your wrongs, and is determined to punish his nephew: he'll teach him, in the school of poverty, the use of riches. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*St James's Park.*

Enter TOTAL.

Total. Follow you to the Park! but where——[*Looking round.*]—Eh! Isn't this the young fellow that read the curious receipt for me?

Enter JEMMY JUMPS with a Parcel.

Jemmy. Eh! it is—Master steward, who thought to have met you in London! Well, how have you left Ploughman Blackberry and his clumsy family?

Total. True, I thought you were to have had his daughter and her clumsy fortune.

Jemmy. Have me! certainly they were all upon the scramble for me, as if I was a tit bit for a city feast—I was such a neat—tol lol! hey! Betty dressed at me—Jenny skimm'd the cream—Molly robbed the hen-roost, and Susan baked the round little hot loaves for my breakfast—Becky sung to me—Sal hopp'd, and Pol hobb'd at me; but, poor things! it wasn't on the cards—couldn't be—

AIR.

Jemmy Jumps.

Gad a-mercy! devil's in me,
All the damsels wish to win me;
Like a maypole round me cluster,
Hanging garlands fuss and fluster.

Jilting, capering, grinning, smirking,
Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking,
Cocking bills up, chins up perking,
Kates and Betties,
Polls and Letties,
All were doating, gentle creatures,
On these features;

Pretty damsels,
Ugly damsels,
Black-hair'd damsels,
Red-hair'd damsels,
Six-feet damsels,
Three-feet damsels,
Pale-faced damsels,
Plump-faced damsels,
Small-legg'd damsels,
Thick-legg'd damsels,
Dainty damsels,
Dowdy damsels,
Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
Six-feet, three-feet, pale-faced, plump-faced,
Small-legg'd, thick-legg'd, dainty, dowdy,
All run after me, sir, me;
For when pretty fellows we,
Pretty maids are frank and free.

Gad-a-mercy! devil's in me,
All the ladies wish to win me:
For their stays, taking measure
Of the ladies, oh the pleasure!

Oh, such tempting looks they gi'me,
Wishing of my heart to nim me!
Pat, and cry, you devil Jemmy!
Pretty ladies,
Ugly ladies,

Black-hair'd ladies,
Red-hair'd ladies,
Six-feet ladies,
Three-feet ladies,
Pale-faced ladies,
Plump-faced ladies,
Small-legg'd ladies,
Thick-legg'd ladies,
Dainty ladies,
Dowdy ladies,
Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
Six-feet, three-feet, pale-faced, plump-faced,
Small-legg'd, thick-legg'd, dainty, dowdy,
All run after me, sir, me:
For when pretty fellows we,
Ladies all are frank and free.

Old one, in the country I was a gentleman—In town I'm a staymaker. [*Points to the Parcel.*]

Total. A staymaker!

Jemmy. I never saw 'Squire Valentine—but hear he is a fine flashy fellow! one of us—ha, ha! I'm about setting up in business—want only a partner with a little ready—Molly's penny would have been apropos—raising capital is difficult—I'm going now after a person who advances money—but, my old steward, you're among the monied men, you could put a body in the way of raising a little cash—I can give undeniable security.

Total. [*Pausing.*] I'll try it—yonder he comes—it may bring him into great embarrassment; and if any thing can reclaim him, extreme necessity must be the means. [*Aside.*] Why—I do know a gentleman that does these things.

Jemmy. [*With joy.*] Where does he live?

Total. This happens lucky enough—See that gentleman coming strait from Storey's Gate.

Jemmy. What! he in the brown coat?

Total. No.

Jemmy. Oh! in the smart little buckled wig.

Total. Psha! what think you of that red coat?

Jemmy. That officer! ha! ha! ha! a captain lend money! a good joke!

Total. He is agent to fifteen regiments.

Jemmy. Is he? then he can lend me the king's money.

Total. There—you see with what authority he leans against the Treasury wall.

Jemmy. Like a prop to the Treasury; a rich fellow, I'll warrant: If you know him, my dear boy, will you propose it?

Total. Well, I'll speak to him.

Jemmy. Much obliged to you—here he is!

Total. Be you in the way.

Jemmy. I've only to drop this in Fludyer-street—two hundred will just fit me—I'll do the handsome thing—Housekeeper's security—Premium to you, and the neatest pair of dimity jumps for your girl—mum!

[*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Total, when did you get to town? Whose house was that I saw you lounging in, in Suffolk-street?

Total. Then he hasn't seen his wife. [*Aside.*]

Val. Here have I been parading this half hour, and no uncle, as his letter appointed.

Total. You don't know his person, sir; perhaps he has been parading too, and surveying you.

Val. I'll wait no longer—I discard him—talk of me! he's made up of caprice and uncertainty.

Total. Why, faith, he is a little queerish, sir; but no caprice—no, no; cursed inflexible in what he thinks right—yes, he'll certainly settle his fortune on this new-found relation—your conduct to your wife—that affair of distraining Farmer Blackberry—

Val. Give me a taste of life, and now turn me adrift, only for a few fashionable gallantries! I got a dinner party to pass dice too before I left home—haven't one guinea in my pocket—If I could but raise a little money just for an outset.

Total. Couldn't some be raised on your commission?

Val. Eh—but I don't know any of those money-brokers.

Re-enter JEMMY JUMPS, smiles at TOTAL, then walks up.

Total. Sir, d'ye see that gentleman?

Val. That fellow that nodded to you?

Total. Fellow! You've seen an advertisement of a person that has twenty thousand lying at his banker's; that's he! X. Y. the most liberal money-lender in town.

Val. Why, he gave you a very familiar nod, Total; see if he'll advance the cash to me.

Total. I'll try—about two hundred will do?

Val. Capital!

Total. Sir, [*Goes over to JEMMY, and speaks apart to him.*] he'll do't.

Jemmy. My dear friend! does he know the sum I want, and the security I can give?

Total. All: step to any tavern hard-by, and I'll bring him to you.

Jemmy. Eh—the Rummer—the landlady is a customer of mine—Do you think he'll have the money about him?

Total. Isn't Drummond's over the way? Have you a purse or good strong pocket for the cash when you get it; for he always lends in cash.

Jemmy. I've a good pocket, but no purse.

Total. Take my glove—it is stout ramskin—the guineas will lie there so snug in the fingers.

Jemmy. And the half-guineas drop so pat in the little one.

Total. You'll have your cash between finger and thumb.

Jemmy. Snug as a pinch o' snuff.

Total. [*Aloud to VALENTINE.*] Sir, the gentleman will see you at the Rummer over the way.

Val. [*Bowing to JEMMY.*] Sir, I shall attend you.

Jemmy. Sir—Oh, sir!—[*Apart to TOTAL.*] A country family just come to town, over in Suffolk-street, must step and take measure of a young lady—new customer—be with you in five minutes.

[*Exit, bowing to VALENTINE.*]

Total. Yes, he'll lend you the money.

Val. You're a devilish good fellow, Total.

Total. But then he's so cursed fond of the table: nothing to be done with him without giving him a dinner; and he drinks Burgundy, I assure you.

Val. I'll give him a bottle and a bird with all my soul. Yonder's Supple and Captain Palaver! they must have heard of my misfortune, for they seem to avoid me. My friends!

Total. Ah! my good sir, the civility of the world hangs on the success of the moment: and let your empty pocket now convince you, that distress is the touchstone of friendship. Suppose, to cut a flash, I ask 'em to the dinner you'll be obliged to give this gentleman; ha, ha! sir, to carry it on, I'll desire Mr X. Y. before them to seem as if you were the lender.

Val. Ha, ha, ha! well done, Total! ha, ha, ha! Hey! Counsellor Flummery, too! [*Looking out.*]—True: I owe him twenty guineas.

Total. Well, sir, you'll now be able to pay him! 'Gad, sir, he can draw up the necessary writings between you and the gentleman. I'll invite him too.

Val. Run—bespeak a good room, and order dinner for six. [*Pushes TOTAL off.*] This supply will set me going—I'll let uncle see I can shine without his dirty acres.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Farmer BLACKBERRY'S Lodgings.*

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. What accommodation has old Total provided for the farmer and his family here?

Enter RUNDY in a Livery.

So, Rundy, you've got to London.

Rundy. Yes, sir.

Fair. Well, and how d'ye like it?

Rundy. Oh, hugely, sir; I think it's a deadly fine place. Master thought I should not come with him, but he was so good to me, that, to shew my kindness and gratitude, I comed up here to town with him, because I know'd I couldn't better myself.

Fair. Well, and you're preferred from the plough to the coach.

Rundy. Ay, sir; Miss Bett would make master and she go all round the town in chairs. I walked afore, he, he, he! Master's so grand, and Miss Betty's quite my lady: my Molly is her maid, and I am my own gentleman.

Fair. Tell your master I am here.

Rundy. Tell! why in London one can tell a body from the top of the house to the bottom, and from bottom to top, without opening one's mouth. [*Rings the bell.*]—That does it.

Fair. Ha, ha, ha! why sure you don't ring for your master?

Rundy. Why, sir, he rings for me, and one good turn deserves another: Lord! you can't think what a beau I intend to be here in London!

AIR.

Rundy.

A flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough-boy, I whistled o'er the lea;
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face;
When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill;
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself;
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose,
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes;
I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tired on my legs, I'll then sit down a peer;
In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er the lea.

[*Exit.*

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and BETTY, dressed.

Fair. Ah, ha! who comes here?

Betty. Sir, I have the honour to be monstrous proud to see you.

Farmer B. Yes, sir, you see she has the honour to be monstrous——

Fair. She's fashionable!

Farmer B. What, with her coal-black hair full of brown dust, and her hat all on one side, as if she'd got fuddled!

Betty. Fuddled! oh, fashion; ay, sir, and Mrs Fallal the milliner says I shall soon set the fashions; she'll be asked for the Eliza cap, the Timbertop bonnet.

Enter Landlady.

Land. A person from Tavistock-street, miss.

Betty. Oh, la! it's the stay-maker Mrs Fallal promised to send me. Do send him in, Mrs What's your name?

Land. You may walk up, Mr What d'ye call it!

[*Exit.*

Jemmy. I'm coming, Mrs Thing-em-bob.

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. Hem! Mem! please your ladyship, Mrs Fallal of Tavistock-street sent me to take measure of your ladyship for your ladyship's new stays: I'll fit your ladyship with a waist neat as a topsy-turvy sugar-loaf.

Betty. Turn me topsy-turvy! la! is that the fashion?

Jemmy. [*Preparing his measure.*] Now, ma'am! [*Advances.*] Betty Blackberry!

Betty. Jemmy Jumps! What, our London gentleman only a stay-maker!

Jemmy. I protest this is the most immensely strange! I came to one Miss Timbertop.

Betty. Then I am she, Master Timbertop. [*Patting him on the head with her fan.*]

Farmer B. So this is your rouleaus and your coteries! a stay-maker! oh, you make no stay here.

Jemmy. Then I'll go—hey! my—Mr Jumps's carriage—lal, lal, lal!

[*Exit singing.*

Betty. La! what an impudent fellow!

Enter TOTAL.

Total. Farmer, the colonel desires me to conduct you to him. He has sent his coach.

Betty. Coach! Oh, if Jemmy Jumps was but to see us now!

Fair. And pray what has become of his hopeful nephew, my good son-in-law?

Farmer B. Ay, where's the squire?

Total. Now at the Rummer Tavern, and soon in the hands of the bailiffs. Madam, give me leave to have the honour of conducting you to the carriage.

[*Takes BETTY'S hand, and exeunt.*

Fair. Now, Farmer, you and I will have a complete revenge.

Farmer B. Ah, sir, I want no revenge. I am something of the humour of my countrymen, willing to shake hands, but prepared for a blow, if the enemy design to give it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room at the Rummer Tavern, Charing-cross.—*
(*Loud laughing without.*)

Enter JEMMY JUMPS, and Waiter with Wine.

Jemmy. Very well. Oh, the gentleman desired you'd call me out from the company, and he'd settle the affair with me here?

Wait. Yes.

Jemmy. Now I shall pocket the cash—Oh! and, Jack, if your mistress sends me up her stays, I'll take them home with me, and alter them to her liking. [*Exit Waiter.*] That will shew this gentleman I'm a man of business, then he won't be afraid to lend the cash. I hope he has it about him, though I should like he'd send me over to Drummond's—it's so pretty to see those bankers' clerks shovel up the gold with a back paw, slide a handful of guineas along the counter, then tip, tip, tip! reckon so nimble. [*Mimicks.*] With this money such a smart shop I shall open!

Val. [*Without.*] Push about, lads! the gentleman and I will return to you instantly.

Jemmy. Oh, here he is?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Well, sir, are not my friends jolly fellows?

Jemmy. Very jolly, sir, and we'd a choice fine dinner! but there will be a monstrous great bill to pay!

Val. A vulgar fellow this; I'll touch his cash, and then get rid of him. [*Aside.*] Won't you please to sit, sir?

Jemmy. Now, if he isn't as condescending as if he wasn't worth a guinea. [*Aside.*]

Val. True, Total said he loved his bottle. [*Aside.*]

Waiter enters.

Wait. Sir?

Val. A batch of Burgundy here!

Jemmy. More Burgundy! my shot will make a vast hole in the money I'm to get. [*Aside.*]

Val. Sir, I esteem myself so much obliged!

Jemmy. Sir. [*Bows and smiles.*] What genteelness to me that's going to borrow his cash from him! [*Aside.*] Sir, it's what I never shall forget the longest day I have to live.

Val. The civillest money-lender I ever met with. [*Aside.*]—Though I flatter myself the security is unexceptionable.

Jemmy. Security! Sir, I'll have two of the warmest housekeepers in Norton Falgate.

Val. Norton Falgate! really, sir, I don't know any body in that quarter of the town.

Jemmy. Lord, sir, it's one of the most substantialist and the most opulentist places——

Val. I hav'n't a doubt, sir—but had hopes of giving you up a lieutenant's commission.

Jemmy. Give me a commission, ah, ah, ah!

Val. Oh, well, sir; since that is not agreeable—if Mr Total joins in a bond——

Jemmy. Sir, I've no objection to a bond, if you think that requisite; asking Mr Total to join in it is a liberty that I cannot expect, oh, no!

Val. My dear sir, if he dare refuse, I'd break every bone in his body.

Jemmy. Oh, Lord! what force him to join? Oh, sir, by no means. He's almost a stranger to me, though he has so kindly brought about this business.

Val. Oh, well, sir, if you think it can be done between ourselves.

Jemmy. Sir. [*Bows.*] How good! the sum I suppose you understand is—

Val. Two hundred pounds?

Jemmy. Just.

Val. Sir, won't you take a glass of wine? [*Fills.*]

Jemmy. Sir, won't you take another? [*Fills.*]

Val. Sir.

Jemmy. Sir. [*They touch glasses.*]

Val. Here is X. Y. against the whole alphabet.

Jemmy. A new toast amongst the money-lenders. [*Aside.*] Sir, here is X. Y. in the alphabet. [*Drinks.*]

Val. Now, if you please, I'll call in my friend the lawyer, and we'll settle the affair at once.

Jemmy. Sir—now I shall touch—that for Molly Maybush's fortune. [*Aside and snapping his fingers.*]

Val. This two hundred will make a man of me. [*Aside.*] Counsellor Flummery, come into court.

Enter Counsellor FLUMMERY.

Flum. Well, gentlemen, if you're quite agreed—

Val. and Jemmy. Oh, yes, we're quite agreed.—[*FLUMMERY takes out a bond and begins to read.*]

Val. Psha! [*Snatching it.*] We both know the sum and terms, so here goes to sign and seal, and all settled. [*Writes and gives the bond to JEMMY.*]

Jemmy. [*Signs.*] I deliver that as my hand and pen.

Flum. Your hand and pen! Oh, my dear sir, it's your act and deed you mean. Valentine, I've drawn out a bill and receipt for that twenty guineas. [*Apart.*]

Val. My dear fellow, I'll pay you this moment.—[*Apart.*]

Flum. Then, now, gentlemen, nothing's to be done but down with the gold. [*VALENTINE and JEMMY stand some time looking at each other with expectation.*]

Val. Here's a repository for the two hundred.—[*Takes out a purse.*]

Jemmy. And here's my ramskin budget. [*Shews the glove.*]

Val. What's that for, sir?

Jemmy. To put the money in; or if you'll give me a draft, I'll step over to Drummond's?

Val. What draft, sir?

Jemmy. To receive the cash!

Val. To receive! True, Total told me he had always twenty thousand at his banker's. [*Aside.*]—Then, sir, I'll wait here till you bring the money.

Jemmy. Then you'll wait a long while. [*Aside.*] Lord, sir, Drummond wouldn't give his daddy money without your order.

Val. Really, sir, I know nothing about Drummond or his daddy; I wait for the money that you——

Jemmy. Sir!

Val. The two hundred pounds you're going to lend me.

Jemmy. I going to lend you!

Val. Why, sir, you know that's what brought you here.

Jemmy. Oh, Lord! no sir; no, no. I came here for you to lend me two hundred pounds.

Flum. Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my honour here's a fine Irish bargain; all borrowers and no lenders. But who's to pay costs? As you don't want the receipt—John Doe and Richard Roe.

[*Apart to VALENTINE, and exit.*]

Enter Waiter.

Val. Sir! who are you? [*To JEMMY.*]

Wait. [*Giving stays to JEMMY.*] Here, my mistress desires that you'll add two bones to her stays, and bring them against to-morrow.

Val. Stays and bones! Pray, friend, do you know this gentleman?

Wait. Oh, yes, sir; that gentleman is Mr Jemmy Jumps the stay-maker.

[*Exit.*]

Jemmy. Yes, sir; and if your lady should want me, I have the neatest stitch——

Val. Pray, sir, are not you X. Y.?

Jemmy. No, sir; nor P. Q. Pray, sir, do you prop the Treasury? Oh, I suspect here has been a hum!

Val. Total has either played me a trick, or made some cursed blunder here! (*Aside.*) Retire!

Jemmy. Retire!

Val. Withdraw, you rascal!

Enter Waiter.

Wait. The other gentlemen are stepped out, and desired me to bring the bill up to you, gentlemen. (*Offers it to JEMMY.*)

Jemmy. Bill! Lord, a bill to me! I'm no gentleman!

Val. (*To JEMMY.*) Withdraw, you rascal!

Wait. It's twenty-two pounds ten—

Jemmy. Twenty-two pounds ten? (*Looking at it in the Waiter's hand.*) "Withdraw, you rascal!"

Val. This infernal old badger to draw me into a tavern bill, and not a guinea in my pocket! (*Aside.*) Is Counsellor Flummery gone too?

Wait. Yes, sir, but he has left a bailiff below.

Val. A bailiff!

Jemmy. A bailiff! oh Lord!

Wait. You won't go, I hope, sir, till the bill is settled.

Jemmy. But I will if I can though. (*Runs off.*)

Val. Confusion! Now I am punished for my cruelty to my amiable wife—is it possible, my Louisa in England!

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. Here, Valentine; (*Gives him a pocket-book.*) nor blush to receive liberty from your affectionate Louisa.

Val. My kind! my generous love!

Enter FAIRLY and TOTAL.

Louisa. My father!

Val. Mr Fairly, I have wronged you, but shall make atonement here. (*To LOUISA.*)

Fair. Do, sir.

Val. Total! ha, you old humming good-natured fellow! but now all's forgiveness—love and liberty! here! (*Calls.*)

Enter Waiter.

Send up Counsellor Flummery's bailiff.

Wait. Sir, he's gone; the country gentleman that came with you, sir, (*To TOTAL,*) paid the debt and costs, and discharged the bill of the house.

[*Exit.*]

Total. Old Blackberry do this!

Enter Farmer BLACKBERRY and BETTY.

Farmer B. There, 'squire, is a different sort of receipt from what you sent me for my rent. (*Gives a Paper.*) Mr Fairly, you're a wise lawyer; but a simple farmer thinks good for evil is the most complete revenge!

Total. Ah, ha! what say you to Colonel Dormont's heir?

Val. What, was the farmer my successor to the colonel's estate? Blackberry—you're the king of spades! Total, now where's my uncle? (*Slapping TOTAL on the shoulder.*)

Total. You needn't hit your uncle quite so hard, Valentine.

Val. How! Total, Colonel Dormont! it must be—a thousand circumstances crowd upon my recollection—Oh, sir! have you been all along the witness of my follies—

Colonel D. Follies! vices! and by corrosives I attempted a cure—

Louisa. Which I hope by lenitives to perform.

Farmer B. If you are the colonel, sir, thank ye; but take your grandeur from me again. I find my hands are too hard, and my head too soft, for a gentleman.

Colonel D. Well, my honest kinsman, if you can enjoy more happiness in your farm, I'll take care your stock shall never again be seized by a landlord.

Farmer B. Then, come, child, from our little sample of fashion we shall return with a double relish for peace, happiness, and Blackberry farm.

Betty. I don't love peace and happiness, I won't leave London—I won't go home again—I won't leave London without a beau!

Enter JEMMY JUMPS.

Jemmy. And here's one for you, miss. 'Squire Timberhead, a gentleman would ask a thousand with miss; I'll take her with half the money, and set up a smart shop without the help of your money-lender. (*To Colonel D.*) and I hope your friends will drop their guineas into my ramskin budget.

FINALE.

Farmer Blackberry.

Welcome joy, and hence with sorrow,
Laugh to-day and cry to-morrow;
Smiles succeeding fortune's frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

Louisa.

Blooming maid, and sprightly belle,
All charms preferred to mine;
Yet, none loved you half so well,
My Valentine.

Valentine.

Joy and truth in generous wine,
Friends sooth the cares of life,
Joy, friend, truth, in you combine,
My faithful wife.

Betty.

Four in hand I'll spank away,
Harp tinkle, twang my bow,
To a circle read a play—
When I know how.

Rundy.

Sweet to kiss upon the grass,

'Gadzooks! I can't in town
Give my merry willing lass
A neat green gown.

Molly.

Farewell fields and sweet hay-mow,
No more my lambs I'll see,
Rundy says I must be now—
A gay lady.

Jemmy.

Pretty girls, who fine things lack,
All come and deal with me,
I'm myself a nice nick knack,
Your own Jemmy.

Chorus.

Welcome joy and hence with sorrow,
Laugh to-day and cry to-morrow;
Smiles succeeding fortune's frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

[*Exeunt.*

[The end of *The Farmer* by John O'Keeffe]