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**Description:** Paper-bound MSS entitled 'Jubilee New Copy 1775'

**Transcript:**

Cover: Jubilee

New Copy

1775

p. 2

### Prologue

From London your Honour to Stratford I'm come  
I'm a Waiter, your honours – you know bustling Tom  
Who proud of your Orders  
& blowing before ye,  
Till supper is ready, will tell you a Story  
'Twixt Hounslow & Colebrooke – Two Houses of fame  
Well known on that Road - The Two Magpies by name,  
The one of long Standing, - The other a new one  
This boasts he's the old one, and that he's the true one.  
Tho' we, the old Magpie, as well as the younger  
May boast that our Liquers are Clearer & Stronger  
Of huffing & bragging, you make but a Jest,  
You taste of us both, and will stick to the best.  
A Race we have had for your Pastime & laughter  
Young Mag started first with old Mag hopping after  
'tis said the old house had procur'd a Receipt  
To make a choice mixture, of sour, Strong & Sweet,  
A jubilee punch, which right skilfully made  
Insur'd the Old Magpie a good running Trade  
But think we mean to Monopolize? No, no!  
Were like Brother Ashley, pro, public, Bono [*sic*]  
Each Magpie Your honours will peck at his Brother  
And their natures were always to Crib from each other  
p. 3 Young Landlords, & old ones are taught by their calling  
To hate all engrossing – but practise Forestalling  
Our landlords are Game cocks, & fairplay but Grant 'em  
I'll warrant you pastime, from each little Bantam  
To return to the Punch – I hope from my Soul,  
That now the Old Magpie, may sell you a Bowl,

We have all sorts & sizes, a quick Trade to drive  
We've one shilling two shillings three shillings five.  
From this Town of Stratford, you'll have each (ingredient.)  
Besides a kind welcome, from me your obedient  
I'll now Squeeze my Fruit, pt my Sugar & rum in  
And be back in a moment (Bell rings) Coming Sir,  
Coming!

Exit Running

p. 4

The Jubilee

Scene 1<sup>st</sup>. Old Womans house.

An old Woman asleep in a Wicker chair a bottle by her

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman without

Goody Benson! Goody Benson! What an't you up Woman? 'Tis near five O'clock

1<sup>st</sup> Old Wom[an] (waking)

Bless me! Who's there? – I'm frighted out of my wits – who called?

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman

'Tis I, tis I Neighbour – Margery Jarvis let me speak with you.

1<sup>st</sup> Old Woman

Ay, ay, and thank you too Margery

(puts the Bottle under the Table and goes to the door)

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman

What are you up, Dame?

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1<sup>st</sup> Old Woman

Up Woman, why I hanno' been a bed not I – nor canno rest since this racket began. I durst not lay me down but was taking a little nap, in my Chair, when you knock'd at the door – I verily think Neighbour, this Jubillo, will be the Death o'me.

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman

I cannot rest neither, not I – I wish 'twas all over, and these Londoners were well out of Town, one is not safe in one's bed – I cannot guess what they'd be at:-

1<sup>st</sup> Old Woman

I darn't trust 'em neither - I have not pull'd off my Cloaths this Week – but doze, doze in my Chair, - I wish they have not more in their Yeads than we are aware of. –

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman

Our Ralph swears there's mischief in hand – and the poor soul has ne'er been his own man, since the Jubillo was talk'd of – he verily believes – that the Pope is at the bottom on' all.

p. 6

Ralph peeps in

In troth and so I do, Neighbour.

Both: O[lid] Women

Mercy on us! - who's there?

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman

Why would you startle us so, Ralph, in these frightful times – I'm glad you are come tho' – you are up I see as well as us.

Ralph

Is this a time to lye abed, when the Town maybe flown away with for ought we know; -I should not like to wake, and find myself a hundred miles off, and so I don't sleep at all, nor will I till the devil has done's worst.

1<sup>st</sup> Old Woman

Prythee don't talk so Ralph – you set my back a aching, and I tremble every Joint of me.

Ralph

And not without reason Neighbour – I'll be hang'd up alive (and may be for ought I

p. 7 I know) but there is some plot afoot with this Jubillo

Both: Old Women

Bless us!

Ralph

Why there are a hundred Taylors in town and all from London – 'tis certainly a plot of the Jews and Papishes [Papists, i.e. Roman Catholics].

1<sup>st</sup> Old Woman

Terrible indeed!

Ralph

Why Dame the Taylorrs and Barbers alone wou'd breed a Famine – then they have brought Canon guns down with them, and a mortal deal of gunpowder, what's gunpowder for? – to blow us all up in fillip – another power plot Heaven preserve us! Little Dolly Dobson will take her affidavit that she saw fifty Devils at work in farmer Thornton's Barn and Cow house! – she has been partly out of her mind ever since!

p. 8

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman

They are at the same work in the Colledge here; - such a Cargo of all sorts of Conjuraction!

Ralph

O yes, they keep all their Hobgoblins there – and if they're let loose about the town not all our Parson's preaching will drive them out again. –

1<sup>st</sup> Old Woman

Prithee Ralph – does know why they build such a large great round House in the Meadow for?

Ralph

Why to drive all us poor folks in to be sure, like cattle into a pound – then lock us in, while they may be firing the town and running away and ravish ay that's what they will, Ravish man woman and Child – how can one sleep with such thoughts in one's head.

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman

And yet there's no mischief a foot –

there's

p. 9 there's a power of money to be got - I might have let my little Room for a good sum an I would – but auld you said I – gold may be bought too dear – and yet I'de have ventur'd for t'other Guinea.

Ralph

More shame for you! Do you think they wou'd make such a rout about our Shakspur the Poet if they had not other things in their Pates? – I knew something was brewing when they would not let his Image alone in the Church; but had the Shew people to paint it in such fine Colours to look like a popish Saint – ay, ay, that was the beginning of it all.

1<sup>st</sup> Old Woman

Have you seen Ralph the Mon that is the Ringleader of the Jubillo? – who is to fly about the Town by conjuration?

2<sup>d</sup> Old Woman

Ay, the Mon that came from London – The Steward as they call en – have you seen he Ralph?

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Ralph

Yes, I ha' seen him – not much to be seen tho' – I did not care to come near him – he's not so big as I but a great deal plumper- he's auld enough to be wiser too – but he knows what he's about I warrant 'un – he has brought the pipers, and ecod, he'll make us pay for en - let him alone for that – he's a long head of his own.

(Cannon fires without)

All starting & trembling

Lud have mercy on us!

Ralph

(Fires again) Ralph starts

Now they are at it – we shall all be blown up – but I'll go and take a peep at distance, and bring you word when I see any mischief. (fires again) O Lud have mercy on us – nay, nay, don't you be frightened – What the devil shou'd you be frightened for – (fire again) O lud have mercy upon us.

Exit

p.11

Scene 2<sup>d</sup>

The Street, with a post Chaise on one Side

Enter musicians with Singers in Domino's to give a Serenade – Ladies look out at a Window

Air

Let Beauty with the sun arise

To Shakespeare Tribut pay

With Heavny Smiles and sparkling Eyes

Give Grace and Lustre to the Day

2<sup>d</sup>

Each smile she gives protects his name

What face shall dare to frown?

Not Envy's self can blast the fame,

Which Beauty deigns to Crown

Irishman /peeping out of the Chaise Window

What a plague do you mean there below, with your noise, and your Music, and your colour'd Surplusses, disturbing gentlemen in their Beds before they are got to sleep?

Musician

Oh Sir, this is part of the Jubilee Sir

(I. Man)

p.12 Irish] Man

Yes, and I dare say you think it very entertaining – I could not get to the Jubilee till Twelve O'clock last night, and I walk'd about the streets for two hours to get a bed, and a bit of supper, but the Devil a toothful of neither nor t'other could I get, and so I was forced to take Lodgings in the first floor of this Post Chaise at a half a Crown a head, and here they have cramm'd a bedfellow with me, into the Bargain – not being able to lye down upright in my bed; I could not get a wink of Sleep 'till you were pleas'd to wake

me with your damn'd Scraping and Caterwauling; and this is what you call a Jubilee – It's truly worth while to Travel from Dublin to be sure for such a Recreation.

Musician

If your Honour pleases to come out, I'll sing you a Song about the Jubilee.

[Irish] Man

With all my heart fait, for I am Ready drest,

tho

p.13 tho I'm in Bed you see – and if you'll do me the honour to open my chamber door ~~upon~~  
~~my bedfellow~~ you'll greatly Oblige me?

Musician opens the door and he comes out

Mr Musitioner, I'm your humble Servant – but stay let me shut my chamber door upon my Bedfellow that he may not catch Cold; upon my conscience I was forc'd to make Night Cap of my Wig that the hair may keep me warm – and now pray inform me, what is this Same Jubilee that i am come so far to see and know nothing of the Matter.

Song

This is Sir a Jubilee

Crowded without Company

Riot without Jollity

That is a Jubille

Critic's thus will say sir

To see our Jubilee

~~Critic's~~ & 2

On the road such Crosses sir

Cursing Jolts & tosses Sir

Posting

p.14 Posting without Horses, Sir,

That's a Jubilee

Critics &c.

3

Odes Sir without Poetry

Music without Melody

Singing without Harmony

That's a jubilee                      Critics &c

4

Holes to thrust your Head in Sir

Lodgings without Bedding Sir

Beds as they'd Lead in sir

That's a Jubilee                      Critics &c

Irishman

This is a comical kind of a Song to be sure he did not steal that from what they say of little Kilkenny – there we have

Fire without Smoak

Wit without Joke

p.15

Air without Fog

Land without Bog

Men without heads

Lodgings without Beds

O no! That's your Jubilee Rig Ecce Signum – (pointing to the post chaise) We have –

Water without mud

Beds without Bugs

Pudding without Eggs

Rabbets without Legs

Musician

Rabbets without Legs?

Irishman

Yes Rabbets without Legs – Welsh ones – but what are we to have next? For I went to the great Big Inn, where all the Plays are writ upon the doors, and so I thought to see a Play, and pop'd my Head into Much ado about nothing, and there was nothing at all but the Steward with his Mulberry Box upon his breast spaking his fine Ode to Music

2

p.16                      2 Ballad Singers (behind)

This is entitled and call'd – O Rare Warwickshire!

Bannister

O Sir, here's something will rouse you if you are not awake – here they come.

Enter Ballad Singers &c

Man

Ye Warwickshire Lads, and ye Lasses

See what at our Jubilee passes,

Come revel away, Rejoice and be glad,

For the Lad of all Lads was Warwickshire Lad.

Warwickshire lad

All be glad,

For the Lad of all Lads, was a Warwickshire Lad

Woman

Be proud of the Charms of your country

Where nature has lavish'd her Bounty,  
Where much she has giv'n, & some to be spar'd,  
For the bard of bards, was a Warwickshire bard,  
Warwickshire bard,  
Never pair'd,  
For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire bard

p.17

3<sup>d</sup> Man

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,  
And half a score more, we take pride in,  
Of Famous Will Congreve, we boast too the Skill,  
But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will  
Warwickshire Will  
Matchless still,  
For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire Will

Woman

4

As Ven'son is very inviting,  
To steal it our Bard took delight in,  
To make his Friends merry he never was lag,  
And the Wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire Wag  
Warwickshire Wag  
Ever brag  
For the Wag of all Wags, was a Warwickshire Wag.

Man

5

There never was seen such a Creature,  
Of all she was worth, he robb'd nature;  
He took all her Smiles, & he took all her grief,  
And the Thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire Thief

p. 18            Warwickshire thief

He's the Chief.

For the thief of all thieves, was Warwickshire thief

He took, &c

Exit Singing

Scene 3<sup>d</sup> The White Lyon inn Yard

(Barr Bell rings)        Servant        (at a Window)

Here Waiter! Why don't you bring the hot rolls to the Julius Caesar?

1<sup>st</sup> Waiter

Coming Sir! – hot rolls to the Julius Caesar

Barr Bell rings

Enter 3 Ladies

What do you want, Ladies?

1<sup>st</sup> Lady                    (whispers the Waiter)

Pray is Cap[tai]n Patrick O'Shoulder here?

p.19            Waiter

He is Ladies – Here will, shews these Ladies into Harry the 8<sup>th</sup>

(Barr Bell rings)

(Exit Ladies)

Fribble (at a Window)

Waiter! Will ye or will ye not bring the refreshment I order'd an hour ago.

1<sup>st</sup> Waiter

Coming Sir! Coming Sir!

Fribble

You're always coming and never stir a step – the Lady and I are almost perish'd – Waiter – let me have half a dozen more Jellies

Exit

1<sup>st</sup> Waiter

I shall, Sir – Tom carry half a dozen Jellies to that Fribbling Gentleman; and the Tall Lady in the Love's Labour Lost

(Bar Bell rings)

Enter Gentleman in Slippers

Ostler! Bootcatcher! – Where are these fellows? I can get nobody near me -

Damn

p.20 Damn the Jubilee I can neither eat or drink or sleep here – nor get my Boots to go somewhere else – why Bootcatcher you Sirrah! Where are my boots?

Enter Bootcatcher

I wish I could tell you, sir, but you mun do as the rest on 'em – The Boots are all thrown together in a heap Yonder, and first come first serv'd.

1<sup>st</sup> Gent

Zounds mine's a new pair, made a purpose for the jubilee and never worn before – I would not lose them for all the Jubilees and Shakespeares –

(runs off)

Bootcatcher

You need not run so fast Measter for all the new boots been gone this half hour.

Exit Bootcatcher

Enter 2<sup>d</sup> Gentleman            (Barr Bell rings)

I shall be too late for the Pageant – where's my Breakfast waiter?

p. 21            enter 2<sup>d</sup> Waiter with Breakfast

2<sup>d</sup> Waiter

Here, Sir

2<sup>d</sup> Gent

Bring it this way then.

(Exit 2<sup>d</sup> Gent.)

Enter 3<sup>d</sup> Gent. (Meeting the Breakfast)

This is my breakfast, where are you carrying it?

2<sup>d</sup> Wait[er]

To the other Gentleman.

3<sup>d</sup> Waiter

One is as good as another – there's for you – he's a Book Customer – ready money is always serv'd first.            (BARR Bell rings)

Exit Waiter with Breakfast crying coming up Sir

Enter 4<sup>th</sup> Gentleman

(running with some ribs of Beef)

I have got something at last – come along this is better than Starving

p.22            Enter fat cook (running after him)

Here you, with the Three Ribs of Beef – don't touch 'em, they are for my Lords Servants, & they must not be serv'd first – See, see, hunger has no manners, they are at it already – what shall I do? – here boy, Roger!

Enter Roger

What mun ye ha' Measter, look I'm ready to do anything for you, so I am.

Cook

Hold your tongue then.

Boy

I'll do any thing for you Measter, Indeed I will

Cook

Hold your tongue then you dog, & hear what I have to say – (strikes him) Run to the butchers as fast as you can, bid him send me all he has, fat & lean, fresh or not fresh, & bid him Kill away – or I must run away.

Ex[eunt] Severally

Bar bell rings

p.23

Enter I[rish] Man

Faith & troth I never complain of want of Sleep whilst I am drinking – but to have no Sleep & or drink is a little too much upon the Jubilee Rig.

Waiter at the Window

Here, where are you all, John Tom, Harry

I[rish] Man

Hollow! Fait here is affine hurry, & Boddering & confusion. – There's no pleasure at all like a Jubilee, the delight is to be wanting and get nothing – to see everybody Busy, and not know what they are about

Waiter (at the window)

John Tom, Harry!

I[rish] Man

Hey dey – what's the matter now?

Enter Waiter

Where's my Master? – do you call him John there's the Devil to do, the Gentlemen and Ladies are quarrelling again in the Catherine & Petruchio.

Ex[it] Waiter

p.24

I[ri]sh] Man

O let 'em alone – they know what they are about, it is some of the Married gentry from the playhouse it is a family Business, and must be settled by themselves, the only way to make peace, is to let them fight it out.

Enter Fellow with a Box &c

Toothpick Cases, Needle Cases, punch Ladles, Tobacco stoppers, Inkstands, nutmeg Graters and all sorts of Boxes, made out of the famous Mulberry Tree.

I[ri]sh] Man

Here you Mulberry Tree, let me have some of the true Dandy, to carry back to my Wife & Relations in Ireland. (looks at the Ware)

Enter 2<sup>d</sup> Man (with Ware)

Don't buy of that fellow your honour, he never had an Inch of the Mulberry tree in his life, his goods are made out of old Chairs and Stools and Colour'd to cheat Gentle folks with – it was I your honour that bought all the true Mulberry Tree and heres my Affidavit

p.25

1<sup>st</sup> Man

Yes, you villain, but you Sold it all two years ago, and you have purchas'd since more mulberry Trees than would serve to hang your whole Generation upon – he has got a little money your honour, and so nobody must turn a penny or cheat Gentlefolks but himself – I wonder you an't asham'd Robin – do your honour take this punch Ladle

I[ri]sh] Man

I'll tell you what you Mulberry Scoundrels you, if you don't clear the Yard of yourselves this minute and let me see you out of my Sight, you Thieves of the World my Oak plant shall be about your Trinkets, and make Mulberry Juice run down your rogue pates – get away you spalpeen you.

(Beats 'em off)

A Parcel of Rascal, want to impose upon a Gentleman that has travell'd in all the Foreign parts both at home & abroad they may talk as they will of their Mulberry

Bushes

p.26 Bushes – but commend me to a bit of old Shellalee

Enter a Man leading a large Bird }

And another beating a drum with a crowd following }

The notified Porcupine man and all sorts of outlandish Birds, and other strange animals to be seen without loss of time on the great Meadow near the Amphi-Theatre at so small a price as one shilling a piece.

Exit

Irishman

This foolish Fellow won't make his fortune at the Jubilee, to ax a Tirteen to see, strange animals in a house, when one may see 'em for nothing going along the Streets.

Enter Trumpeter & M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Samson &C

Trumpeter

Ladies and Gentlemen – the famous Samson is just going to begin – Just going to mount four horses at once with his Feet upon two Saddles – also the most wonderful surprizing

p.27 surprizing Feats of horsemanship by the most notorious M<sup>rs</sup> Sampson.

Exeunt blowing the Trumpet

Irishman

This is a new way of riding upon one's feet Tho' fait and trot, many a good Gentleman rides upon his feet from Ireland and Scotland too.

Enter Waiter

Thankee young Fellow here's tree tirteens for you let me have a Bowl of hot Punch and a little something to ate in any snug little corner, and here's another thirteen for yourself.

Waiter

Follow me, Sir, and I'll take care of you. I'll take care of you – upon my honour,  
Sir.

Exit

Irishman

Upon my Soul d'ye see now, there is nothing to be done at the Jubilee, nor nowhere  
else fait, without a little bribery and corruption

Upon

P28 upon my conscience I am very cold with going to Bed in the Post Chaise, so I'll warm  
myself with a little hot Punch and steal a Nap for nothing into the Bargain to refresh me  
for their Pageant & Fringes and the Rest of their Jubilee.

Exit Irishman

Enter Bannister & Vernon &c (Fuddled)

M<sup>r</sup> Vernon with the Mulberry Cup in his hand.

Vernon

Hello! Boys!- don't let us selfishly and niggardly confine our Joys to ourselves – but let  
every Jubilee soul partake of our mirth, and our Liquor, at least kiss the Cup and be  
happy.

Bannister

With all my heart, my boy – we have fuddled ourselves in the House, and now we'll  
sober ourselves in the Open air – Let us take t'other taste of the <sup>dear</sup> Mulberry Tree

p.29

Sings

Behold this fair Goblet, 'twas carv'd from the Tree

Which, o my Sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee

As a Relick I kiss it, and bow at the Shrine,

What comes from thy hand must be ever Divine!

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree,

Bend to thee

Bless Mulberry,  
Matchless was he  
Who planted thee

And thou like him immortal be!

(Vernon)      2

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the Tree,  
From him and his merits this takes its degree;  
Let Phoebus and Bacchus their glories resign;  
Our Tree shall surpass both the Laurel & vine

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree &c

3

The Genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day  
More Rapture than wine to the heart can convey,

So

p.30      So the Tree which he planted, by making his own,  
Has Laurel & bays, and the Vine all in one.

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree &c.

Vernon      4

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd Tree,  
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;  
To honour the Country, do honour to him

All shall yield to the mulberry Tree,

Bend to thee

Blest Mulberry,

Matchless was he  
Who planted thee,  
And thou like him immortal be!

Drums, fifes & Bells Ring

They all Exit in a hurry going to see the Pageant

Exeunt

There follows the Pageant with Bells ringing fifes playing Drums beating & Cannons firing. –

P31

Chorus for the pageant

Hence ye prepare! And only they,  
Our Pageant Grace our pomp survey,  
Whom Love of Sacred Genius brings;  
Let pride, let flattery decree,  
Honours to deck the memory  
Of Warriors, Senators, and kings,  
Nor less in Glory, and desert,  
The poet here receives his part

A Tribute from the feeling heart

Sukey

There was a sight for you! There was a Pagan – If I had not a Shakspur ribbon to pin upon my breast, I could not have shewn my face – the dear Creature is nearest my heart – I doat upon Shakspur.

Nancy

p.32

Nancy

Law, Cousin Sue, how do you talk to a body – I swear I know no more about the Jubillo and Shakspur as you call him, than I do about the Pope of Rome.

Sukey

Nancy, you have not been out of this poor hole of a Town or you would not have such low vulgar fancies in your head – had you liv'd at Birmingham or Coventry, or any other polite Cities as I have done, you would have known better than to talk so of Shakspur and the Jewbill.

Nancy

Why who is this Shakspur, that they make such a rout about 'en – he was not a Lord?

Sukey

Lord help you Cousin – he is worth fifty Lords. Why he could write finely – Your Plays and your Tragedies – and make your heart leap, or sink in you bosom as

He

p.33 he pleas'd, 'twas a wonder of a Man! I'm sure I cry'd for a whole night together after hearing his Romy and July at Birmingham, by the London Gentlemen & Ladies Player people – I never let M<sup>r</sup> Robin keep me company 'till I had been mov'd by that fine piece. O the sweet Creature – the dear Willy Shakspur!

The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O.

The first of all Swains,

He Gladden'd the Plains,

None ever was like to sweet Willy O.

2

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,

He melted each Maid

So Skilful he play'd,

No Shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

3

He would be a soldier, the Sweet Willy O,

When arm's in the Field

With Sword and with Shield

The Laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

p. 34 He charm'd 'em when living, the sweet Willy O,

And when Willy dy'd,

'Twas nature that sigh'd,

To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

Nancy

I know nothing of what you talk about not I – but I can't think all this crowding,  
Trumpeting, Drumming, eating, drinking, ringing, Cannon firing and all this Mummery  
would be for a poor Poet that liv'd I don't know how many Hundred Years Ago – I cannot  
believe what you tell me.

All this for a poet – o no,

Who liv'd Lord knows how long ago?

How can you Jeer one,

How can you fleer one,

A poet, a poet, - o No,

'tis not so

Who liv'd Lord knows how long ago.

A Prince or a State Man

p.35 It can't be a poet – o no:

Your poet is poor,

And nobody sure,

Regards a poor poet I trow:

The rich ones we prize

Send them up to the Skies,

But not a poor Poet – o No –

Who liv'd Lord knows how long ago

Sukey

If you are so Vulgar Cousin Nance – I vow you shan't go along with me to the Ample  
Theatres – don't you remember the Verses Parson Shrimp wrote upon him.

If he saw ye he knew ye,

Would look thro' & thro' ye,

Thro' Skin, and your flesh & your Cloathes,

Had you Vanity, pride,

Fifty follies beside,

He wou'd seem, as plain as your Nose.

Nancy

Tho' sins I have none

I'm glad he is gone

p.36 no maid would Live near such a Man.

Duet by Sukey and Nancy

Let us sing it, and dance it

Rejoice it, and prance it,

That no man has now such an art;

What would come of us all,

Both the great ones, and Small,

Should he live to peep it now in each heart.

Tho' sins I have none,

I'm glad he is gone,

No Maid could live near such a Mon.

Exeunt Singing & Dancing

Enter Irishman

(Drunk)

Hollo! You sweet Jubilee Wenches, come hear you dear Cratures, you don't know who you are running away from you little precious devils – here's Old Ireland for you <sup>you</sup> dear Cratures I'll follow you.

Exit

p.37

Re-enter

Where are you – you dear precious Cratures after your Pageant fringes are gone

Enter Roger

Crossing the Stage

Irishman

Here you boy with the strait colour'd head of hair.

Boy

What would you have master make haste for I'm in a wonderful hurry.

Irishman

When will the Pageant fringes be after coming here?

Roger

La! Sir, the Pagans are all gone by already and now they are all crowding like mad folks into the great Round House on the Meadow – and I'm going there too – Your Servant – I mun go – I munno lose the fine sight – Your Servant – The Pagans are all gone by.

Exit (running)

p.38

Irishman

O this is fine Usage faith! After coming all the way from Ireland to see the Shakespear Fringes and Pageant, and them thieves of the World , them Waiters, to let a Gentleman Sleep all the while it was going past, because they knew very well, I could not see it if I was not awake – (Rain behind) Och home! – it does not Rain to be sure 'tis a fine affair to bring Gentlemen out in such weather, this would not be suffer'd in Dublin, without calling this fellow of a Steward to an account – I shall give a fine Account of my Travels, I came here Three hundred miles to lye in a Post Chaise without Sleep, and to sleep when I should be awake, to get nothing to eat, and pay double for that – and now I must return back in the rain, as great a fool as those who hate to stay in their own Country, and return from their Travels

As

p.39 as much Improved as myself shall when I go back to Kilkenny.

Exit

Last Scene

Is a Magnificent One, in which the Capital characters of Shakespear are exhibited at full Length with Shakespare's statue in the middle Crown'd by Tragedy & Comedy Fairies & Cupids Surrounding him and all the Banners waving at the upper end then enter the Dancers.

Enter the Dancers, and then the Tragic & comic Troop – and range themselves in the Scene.

Chorus from the first Entrance singing

This is the day, a holiday! A holiday!

Drive spleen and rancour far away,

This is the Day, a holiday! A holiday!

Drive care and sorrow far away.

A Dance

p.40 After the Dance they all come forward and Sing the following roundelay

M<sup>rs</sup> Baddeley

Sisters of the tuneful strain  
Attend your parents Jocund train  
'Tis fancy calls you, follow me  
To celebrate the Jubilee

2

M<sup>r</sup> Vernon

On Avon's Banks where Shakespear's bust  
Points out and guards his sleeping dust,  
The Sons of Scenic Mirth decree  
To Celebrate his Jubilee

3

Miss Radley

Come, Daughters come, & bring with You  
Th'Aerial Sprite and Fairy Crew,  
And the Sister Graces three  
To Celebrate our Jubilee.

4

M<sup>r</sup> Vernon

Hang around the Sculptur'd tomb  
The braided vest, the nodding plume  
And the Mark of comic Glee;  
To Celebrate our Jubilee

5

M<sup>r</sup> Bannister

From Birnam wood, and Bosworth's Field,  
Bring the Standard, bring the shield  
With Drums, and Martial Symphony

To Celebrate our Jubilee

6

M<sup>rs</sup> Baddeley

In Mournful Numbers now relate  
Poor Desdemona's Hopeless Fate  
With Frantick Deeds of Jealousy

To Celebrate our Jubilee

7

Miss Radley

Nor be Windsor Wives forgot  
With their harmless merry Plot  
The Whit'ning Mead and haunted Tree

To Celebbrate our Jubilee

8

~~M<sup>r</sup> Vernon~~ M<sup>r</sup> Bannister

Now in Jocund Strains recite  
The Revels of the Braggard Knight  
Fat Night and Antient Pistol he!

To Celebrate or Jubilee

9

M<sup>r</sup> Vernon

But see in Crowds, the Gay, the fair,

To the Splendid Scene repair

A Scene as fine, as fine can be

To Celebrate our Jubilee

Every Character Tragic & Comic Join in the Chorus & go back, during which Guns fire &  
Bells Rings &c &c

**Notes:** See Aileen Osborn, 'The literary Material in the Hereford Garrick papers', MPhil. Thesis, University of Birmingham, 1999, 69-108, for a full discussion of the background of the Jubilee and of this text.