

**Accession number:** 1992-24-9e

**Description:** Large sheet of paper, originally folded in half to form four pages, with a small slip of paper attached by sealing wax to the right hand side of page one. Rough draft, not in Garrick's hand, of a 'Prologue for Mother Shipton to a new speaking Pantomime'. n.d.

**Transcript:**

Page 1: Prologue for Mother Shipton  
to  
a new speaking Pantomime'

Upon the drawing up the Curtain – Thunder and lightning – mother Shipton rides across the Stage on a broomstick – and then enters.

A Plague of this Whirlwind (coughs) 'has almost stopped my breath,  
A hundred miles More – would have near been my Death:  
I rode post in a Cloud – almost wet to the Skin –  
To wish you much joy – ere the Gambols begin –  
The Joy of the Season (curtsies) for I hope like your Sirs  
You love merry Christmas, good Cheer, and large fires!  
~~Plumb porridge, minc'd pyes and Capons, Spareribs & Turkeys~~  
~~Who does not love those, both a Heathen and Turk is~~  
\*

[on attached sheet]

Plumb porridge, minc'd Pyes, Capons, Spareribs, & Turkeys  
For the Palate and Grinders how pleasant such work is:  
M<sup>r</sup> Alderman Cram, have I your fancy hit?  
By the Smacking your Lips, You would fain pick a bit:

Tho much you're bedevil'd Since France took to teach you,  
Keep a bit of Old England I beg and beseech you:  
Your foes <sup>those French</sup> as you ought, you will thank, when you meet 'em  
But Ape Em no more – 'tis better to beat 'em:  
Mother Shipton you see full of parent-affection,  
Since I bought him before you, I've taught him to Speak  
Not French parlez-vous, soft Italian, nor Greek;  
But ~~good~~ true English ~~rigmarole~~ lingo, (rigdum fun jokes  
Fit for rantipole Christmas, & Holiday folks!  
Laugh out my good friends (to ye Gallery) till y[ou]r buttons all fly, }  
Your honest rough Musick, no fiends will come nigh, }  
Give a loose to your kindness, & malice will die }

Page 2: [blank]

Page 3: Flying, sinking & singing, will make such a pother }  
Your ears we will charm, & your senses so Smother, }  
That your Mouths shall be open from one End to to'other [sic] }  
Let me take a peep at you (spectacles) I like all your faces –  
They've the true native mark – no foreign grimaces –  
Of the right British breed – I know you good Sirs,  
Brave, surly & gen'rous – No Yelpers, no Curs –

No Critical Snarlers, who grumbling and growling  
Will set all the puppies about 'em a howling

What's the noise in that box (looks up) if Malice is in it,  
I'll mount my swift Nag, & whisk round in a minute –  
~~You virgins sit still – or I'll claw and I'll scratch ye~~  
~~In the Shape of Cat – I know how to watch ye –~~  
There's a Face that looks glum – full of mischief & strife, (looks in Pit)  
O No sir – your pardon – You sit by your wife –  
Be but kind, my good friends, to my son's Christmas pranks,  
I'll give you a prophecy mix'd with my thanks –  
What, Ladies, of you I foretell Strange, and odd is –  
Cut off half your heads, and they'll just fit your bodies –  
And as for fine Gentlemen, tho<sup>fast</sup> their tongues run –  
If their heads were quite off, no harm will be done –  
Ye Girls who want husbands, & forward are reckon'd,  
If a first Offer's made, you'll not stay for a Second –  
Each Youth, whose Estate is burnt down to the Socket,  
If He Weds to repair, he becomes a Pick-pocket;  
For before the moon's past, that they say is ale honey,  
The Wife may go whistle for Husband and Money –

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The Trade fail with Lawyers, they ne'er should forsake it  
For should mischief decline, I foretell they will make it

3 Ye Soldiers and Sailors don't think I forget ye  
4 you will always do well, if your Leaders will let ye  
1 Ye patriots and Courtiers don't snarl for your prey,  
2 Lest the Foe on the Watch, with the Bone run away –  
Be muzzled ye Criticks, that ye may'nt [sic] bark, & bite,  
And our happy Year will begin from this night –  
But I tarry too long – so I wish you good bye;  
My Broom's ready Saddled & away I will fly

**Notes:** See also 1992-24/9 g the wrapper for this prologue and 1992-24/9h a scrap with a couple of lines apparently from this prologue.

Aileen Osborn, 'The Literary Material in the Hereford Garrick Papers' M.Phil. thesis, University of Birmingham, 1999, 167-71.

Other versions: Knapp 429; Folger, autograph W.a. 154.

p. 170 'The date for the prologue of 1770 is given by Knapp. According to John Genest, *Mother Shipton* was a popular pantomime, first performed at Covent Garden in 1770 [John Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage from the Reformation in 1660 to 1832*, 10 vols, (Bath 1832), v, 307].

p. 171

'*Title: Mother Shipton* a prophetess and with first mentioned in a pamphlet of 1641. In 1677 Richard Head brought out a *Life and Death of mother shipton*. She was born in a cave at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, in 1488 and married Tony Shipton at age 24. She made many famous predictions. (Brewer).

*Harlequin:* 'The pantomime character, famously played by John Rich under the name of "Lun". Garrick rewrote the popular pantomime *Harlequin Student* as *Harlequin's invasion* in 1759, giving spoken lines to the character for the first time. After Lun's death in 1761 he rewrote the piece as a tribute to him and explained that Harlequin now needed words since none could mime the part as eloquently as Lun.

*Rigdum:* 'Rigdum Funnidos was "the witty, sober courtier in Henry Carey's farce "Chronohonthologos" (*Letter* 45 n.3). It was also Garrick's nickname for his friend John Hoadly. (see p. 39 of thesis).