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HIGH, LOW, JACK & THE GAME;

OR,

The Card Party.

A MOST EXTRAVAGANT EXTRAVAGANZA,

OR

RUM-ANTICK BURLETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ,

AND

CHARLES DANCE,

AUTHORS OF "OLYMPIC REVELS," &c.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL OLYMPIC,

Monday, September 30, 1830,

"Speak by the card."—SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

1833.

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great success which has attended the previous Burlesque Burlettas at this Theatre, by the same Authors, has induced them to submit the whole of the present one to the Public, in a printed form, at the same price as, and in lieu of, *the Songs only*, as heretofore. It is intended, now that efficient protection is afforded by the late Act, to follow up this by the publication of the Classical Burlesque Burlettas, called "Olympic Revels," "Olympic Devils," and "The Paphian Bower;" which will appear in quick succession.

The Authors take this first opportunity of expressing their sincere gratitude to the Public for the encouragement accorded to their humble endeavours to increase the harmless stock of public amusement, and to congratulate themselves, in the words of "The Merry Monarch,"

"That their nonsense suits *their* nonsense."

PLAYING CARDS.

THE KING OF SPADES, (<i>flushed with victory over the King of Hearts</i>).....	}	MR. MATTHEWS.
THE QUEEN OF SPADES.....		MISS FITZWALTER.
HIS HONOUR THE LORD ACE CHANCELLOR		MR. TULLY.
HIS GRACE THE DEUCE, (<i>Lord Little Cassino to His Majesty</i>)	}	MISS PETTIFER.
THE KNAVE OF SPADES, (<i>Captain of the Life Cards, BLACK</i>)	}	MR. WYMAN.
HIS EMINENCE THE TEN OF DIAMONDS, (<i>Cardinal Legate from Pope Joan, Lord Great Cassino to the King of Diamonds, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Spades</i>).....	}	MR. MASON.
THE KING OF CLUBS, (<i>a Knight of the Round Table</i>)		MR. J. BLAND.
PAM, (<i>his Squire</i>).....		MR. COLLIER.
OMBRE OF THE KING OF HEARTS, (<i>fallen in combat against the King of Spades</i>).....	}	MR. HUGGINS.
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS, (<i>a Captive-ating Captive</i>)		MADAME VESTRIS.
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS, (<i>Ex-Valet to the late King</i>)		MR. SALTER.

Common Cards of the various Suits—Messrs. Ireland, Hitchinson, Fry, Morgan, Dowsing, and Giffin; Mesdames Crawford, Norman, Greener, Harrington, Nicholson, Melbourne, Goward, Tully.

The Music selected from the BEST HANDS, and arranged by
MR. BLEWITT.

The New SUITS, by Mr. JEFKINS, MISS IRELAND, and Partners, from original Paintings, in the possession of every body.

A DEAL of Machinery, by Mr. MACKINTOSH. The Properties MADE and CUT by MR. BUCKLEY.

The New Scenery (painted by Mr. GORDON) will be DEALT OUT in the following order:—

1. A WELL-KNOWN EXTERIOR.
2. *The COURT CARD ROOM of the KING OF SPADES.*
3. CHAMBER IN SPADE PALACE.
4. THE DUNGEON OF CARD CASTLE.
5. *Exterior of Card Castle.*
6. AS BE 4.
7. COURT YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HIGH, LOW, JACK, &c.

As the Overture commences the Curtain draws and discovers—

SCENE I.

A well-known Exterior.

(i. e.) The portrait of the Great Mogul, as seen on the cover of a new pack of cards.

At the conclusion of the Overture, a crash is heard, and the scene parting, as if torn asunder, discovers—

SCENE II.

The Court Card Room of the King of Spades.

The KING and QUEEN OF SPADES are seated on their thrones. His honour the ACE on the right of the KING, and his grace the DEUCE on the left of the QUEEN. The rest of the suit are arranged on each side of the throne, and captive Hearts, of both sexes, kneeling before it, under the guard of the Knave of Spades. Grand flourish. At a sign from the KING, the DEUCE advances to the orchestra.

DEUCE, (pointing with his wand to the leader,) It's your lead—play!

GLEE & CHORUS.

(“ The mighty conqueror of hearts.”)

*The mighty Conqueror of Hearts in triumph here behold!
With all his trumps, we sound his fame, our champion stout and bold!
While honours count for victory, ye Spades, in chorus sing,
“ A lucky job it was for us we turned up such a King!”*

KING OF SP. Thanks, my brave Pips! my noble black cards, thanks!

We like this adulation! Praise is nought

Unless 'tis laid on with a trowel! we
 Are king "de jure" and "de facto," and we say
 Play the whole game or nothing!

QUEEN OF SP. Yet my liege— (rising)

KING OF SP. Silence!

QUEEN OF SP. I'm dumb. (sits down)

KING OF SP. Not you, sweet partner; to the court I spoke.
 Proceed, and without further interruption.

QUEEN OF SP. Well, then, my liege, I was about to
 say (rising again)

I thought—

KING OF SP. We differ from you totally,
 And so sit down. My lords! court cards and common,
 You have just now, and justly, sung our praises.
 We scorn to laud ourselves; but we are sworn
 To speak the truth. We are the greatest monarch
 Upon the cards. Be quiet; for we know it.
 In evil hour for him, the King of Hearts
 Affronted us. On the green cloth of battle
 Soon hand to hand we met. But our hand proved
 Too strong for his—a pretty hand he made on't—
 For with our own great spade to bed we put him,
 And left him playing dumby.

DEUCE. Glorious game!

These red men thought to make us blackies slaves.
 You taught them, Sire, a trick worth two of that—

KING OF SP. Silence! we would we could induce the deuce
 To hold his tongue—deuce take him! As we said,
 The King of Hearts is playing dumby. But
 Not so his captive queen—she talks of liberty,
 And talks incessantly, as Queens and women,
 Captive or not, are but too prone to do.
 Has she a motive for so talking? Silence—

We thank your forwardness, but we can answer,
 Good people, for ourself. Has she a motive?
 We have a shrewd suspicion—we say nothing—
 The King of Diamonds is a widower;
 The Queen of Hearts good-looking—we had almost said—
 Confoundedly good-looking—we say nothing.

DEUCE } Methinks his *Majesty* talks much for one
aside. } Who constantly says nothing.

KING OF SP. Silence! I say 'tis just upon the cards
 That this same King may offer her his hand—
 Should he prefer his suit— (*Flourish without.*)
 Did we say trumpet?

(*The KNAVE OF SPADES goes out, and returns with a card.*)

KNAVE OF SP. My liege, a card.

KING OF SP. The Ten of Diamonds!

KNAVE OF SP. The cardinal, lord great Cassino to
 And envoy from his Majesty *his* king

KING OF SP. Aha! my pips! I ask you, is your Sovereign
 A good hand at a guess or not? No answer!
 Turn up the Ten of Diamonds.

Enter TEN OF DIAMONDS.)

KING OF SP. Welcome, Lord Cardinal! What says our
 Cousin

His precious Majesty of Diamonds?

TEN OF D. Diamonds sends health to Spades, and greets
 him thus:—

The Queen of Hearts—poor heart—a captive maid,
 Or rather made a captive by thy arms,
 Here languishes in prison.

KING OF SP. Wonderful!

Hast thou no news, my lord? All this we know,
 We took that trick ourself!

DEUCE. 'Twas an odd trick.

KING OF SP. Aha!

DEUCE. Because it won the game.

KING OF SP. Oho! Proceed.

TEN. Her Majesty of Hearts—

KING OF SP. Silence!

TEN. Alack! how can I tell my tale,
Great Spade, and yet be silent too?

KING OF SP. That's true—

But cut thy tale short, and let's have the heads.
Proceed from "languishes in prison,"—we
Have heard the rest before.

TEN. In prison, and
The king, *my* king, desires her instant freedom.

KING OF SP. Desires!

TEN. Entreats!

KING OF SP. That's better. We'll consult
His honour here, the Ace. Lord Chancellor,
You hear the King of Diamonds doth propose
To take the Queen of Hearts, and in exchange
To give us—nothing. The advantage thus,
Being all upon one side, 'twere crooked policy,
Methinks, to grant this boon. But how say you?

ACE. I doubt—I'll take the papers home and look at
them

Ere I give judgment in this card case.

KING OF SP. Pshaw!

Doubt me no doubts! Chief Justice Hoyle hath ruled,
When in doubt win the trick. We do refuse—

TEN. My answer is then?—

KING OF SP. Flat denial; unless
He offer every diamond in the pack
By way of ransom! Go, inform our cousin
We'll see him—he knows what first. For yourself,

Your stick is in your hand, sir—cut it.

TEN. Ah! this to me! Remember, haughty Spade,
Pope Joan is our near kinswoman! There's but
One pip between us and her Holiness!
Beware of excommunication! There's
A bull—

KING OF SP. A bull! we'll take it by the horns.
The Pope! Poh, poh!
Thou canst not, Cardinal, in all the cards
Find one so slight and so ridiculous
To charge me with an answer as the Pope:
Go tell her so. She'll find that in her game
The King of Spades's a stop! Despising too
You and your Master—thus we turn our back—
You'll find our answer plain!—

(The King and court turn their backs upon the Cardinal.)
Break up the court— *(Exit Cardinal.)*
We're for the chase! Go order Hunt and Son
To let our pack out. Whatsoe'er the game,
Be sure you follow suit!

AIR AND CHORUS.—DER FRIESCHUTZ.

(“Hark! follow; hark!”)

KING.

Away, hie away to the table's green cover;
Ourselves will be poney and make up the pack;
The hounds shall play points, and when land games are over,
There's fish in the pool, and we'll turn up a Jack.
Let Jew money-lenders play “Beggars my neighbour;”
Let merchants play “Commerce,” and soldiers “Picquet;”
At vain “Speculation” philosophers labour;
We're for “Whist”—and our crown on the rubber we'll bet.

CHORUS.

Then, Cards, follow suit, follow suit, follow suit, &c.

(Exeunt Omnes.)

SCENE III.

*A Room in the Palace.**Enter the KNAVE OF HEARTS.*

KNAVE OF H. So far my game goes well. The King of
Hearts

Is slain—his suit dispersed—his queen a captive ;
All, all through me ! 'Twas I finessed the Tyrant,
I overlooked his hand, and told the foe
Exactly what he held. O, sweet revenge !
What ! For I eat a paltry score of tarts
Made on a summer-day by his fair queen,
Must I be scorned, discarded, rhymes made on me
And set to filthy tunes ? Forbid it, fate !
No, no ; I'll not be call'd a knave for nothing,
Vengeance is fed crop-full ; but Love ! ah, Love !
Almighty Love is yet unsatisfied.
I'm sore perplexed. The Queen of Spades' blue eyes
Have driven the black ones of the Queen of Hearts
Almost from out my nob ; I must win both.
Intrigue and Matrimony ! By Pope Joan !
The Knave—the poor despised Knave—will be
Within an ace of clearing all the board.

AIR—KNAVE OF HEARTS.

(The Minstrel Boy.)

The King of Spades to the chace is gone,
In the midst of the pack you'll find him ;
He leads his suit to the black game on,
But his Queen he has left behind him :
An honour she is called to his throne,
And she bears like a saint her slavery ;
But, like the rest of her sex, I own
She doats on a bit of knavery.

(Exit Knave.)

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

The QUEEN OF HEARTS is discovered, attended by four of her Ladies-Maids of Honour, one of whom, kneeling, holds before her a miniature of the King, her late husband, (a playing-card in a case.)

QUEEN, (*advancing to the air of "Portrait charmant,"*)

Yes, thou sweet image of my sainted lord,

By day I hold thee ever in my hand:

Night comes, and finds thee laid out in my crib!

Well I remember, I was sweet fifteen,

And you were fifteen too; (ah, what a pair!

Made for each other;) when your first fond suit

Brought a wild flush into my maiden cheeks,

Which counted, made you out. For years I wore thee

"Here, in my heart of hearts." For years we pegg'd

At the same board together. Oh, my husband,

Now thou hast shuffled off thy mortal coil,

I have no heart to cut for partners more!

(*Enter the KNAVE OF HEARTS.*)

Ha! Can I trust my sight? Avaunt, base Knave—

Ruffian—Rascallion—Rebel—Regicide—

Thief—Coward—Jackanapes—and Jack-a-dandy.

In short—thou every thing but gentleman.

KNAVE OF H. In short! That's personal; marry come up,

Shorts are the fashion; and Bob Short is called

A high authority! "In short" forsooth!

Short-sighted lady, I'll be short with you:

I love you, and would take you for my bride,

QUEEN OF H. Take me ! *you* take the Queen ! you cannot do it :

I am a cut above you, sir, and sooner
Than I'd take you, and make myself the Jil of such a Jack,
I'd take the meanest spade, and dig my grave with it.

KNAVE OF H. Indignant Queen—

QUEEN OF H. Impudent Knave ! talkest thou of love to me ?

KNAVE OF H. Alack, Madame !

AIR.—KNAVE.

(“ *Is there a heart.*”)

Is there a heart that never loved ?

If so, it is not mine :

Is there a Knave can mark unmoved

A point that should be thine ?

Oh, bear him to some distant shores,

Or shabby “ silver hell,”

Where monsters only play “ All Fours,”

Where honours never tell.

QUEEN OF H. Honours ! I never reckoned upon thine, be sure !

KNAVE OF H. Hear me in prose my ardent passion tell.

QUEEN OF H. Thy passion ! thine ! begone, or thou shalt find

Thy passion, saucy Knave, a joke to mine !

KNAVE OF H. Madam, I go. How's this ! (*aside*) the King of Spades !

So, so ; fair Queen, *you* are his game to-day ;

To mark the King, I'll play at *ecarté*.

(*Conceals himself.*)

Enter the KING OF SPADES.

KING OF SP. How fares our fairest prisoner of war?

QUEEN OF H. With the humility which best befits
Our sad condition, briefly we reply,
We're none the better, sir, for seeing you.

KING OF SP. Most captivating captive, we in turn
Do wear *your* chains; so we have cut the pack,
And slipped away to pay our duty here:

See at thy feet a spade— *(kneeling.)*

QUEEN OF H. A rake you mean.

KING OF SP. Well, be it so; thou art the mould of form!
And I propose—

QUEEN OF H. And I refuse—

KING OF SP. Hard heart!
Before thou knowest what.

QUEEN OF H. I know what's what, and therefore do refuse

AIR.—QUEEN.

(“ My heart with love is beating.”)

When spades our hearts were beating,
And doubling them all down,
I felt it was by cheating
My husband lost a crown.
Fair play could ne'er have done it,
For, when our colour fled,
E'en you yourself must own it,
The run was on the red.

KING OF SP. Never! Beware the sequence; you have ruffed
me

When leading from my weakest suit; but now
I'll change it Queen, and play a forward game! *(seizing her.)*

QUEEN OF H. I'll call a card. Help! help!

*(KNAVE OF HEARTS, who has slipped out, returns with
the QUEEN OF SPADES.)*

KING OF S. The Knave of Hearts! my wife too! I've misdealt,
And lost the game by it.

QUEEN OF SP. So, sir, I've caught you.
What! fling down your own hand, and take up *Miss*
Before my face!

KING OF SP. It was amiss, I own; but I repent,
And ask my partner, can you one—forgive?

QUEEN OF SP. Your partner scorns to answer; you have
scored

A point that honours do not count at.

KING OF SP. Nay,
That's nine, you know, and we are but at sixes
And sevens; all may yet be well.

QUEEN OF SP. Away!

KING OF SP. Slight of hand! I'll not bear this!
Spades are still trumps, and I of spades am King,
And the last player too; the trick is mine:
So, madam, as you choose to say we're nine,
I'm out by cards. What, ho! there! take 'em up;
I'll make a brulé of 'em all!

(*The Ghost of the KING OF HEARTS appears.*)

KING OF SP. (*starting.*) Mother-o'-pearl! What carte-
blanche have we here?

GHOST. I am the Ombre of the King of Hearts.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. My husband!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. My late king.

KING OF SP. Avaunt, and quit my sight—let the earth
hide thee!

There is no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare withal!

GHOST. I do not play
At speculation.

KN. OF HRTS. (*aside.*) No; he plays at fright.

KING OF SP. What game is now a foot?

GHOST. Whist! whist! oh whist!

KING OF SP. Whence comest thou?

GHOST. From a—hem!

A Pandemonium—a shocking place

At the court-end o' the town.

KING OF SP. And what thine errand?

GHOST. I have come to warn you;

You have revoked—

KING OF SP. Poh, poh!

GHOST. I say you have.

A heart was led; and when you trumped this trick

My Queen was in your hand.

KING OF SP I care not. I—I'll not give up a point.

GHOST. Then D. I. O.

QU. of HRTS. Oh! Say before you go

Two words of comfort to your wretched wife.

GHOST. Red wins. (*The ghost disappears.*)

QUEEN OF H. Ah tyrant! hearest thou that? red wins!

KING OF SP. Red wins! red shall not win—that ghost
shall lie

In the Red Sea!—What, Ho! My guards here!—

Without there!

CONCERTED PIECE.—PIANO PIANISSIMO.

(*From the "Barber of Seville."*)

KNAVE OF HEARTS, QUEEN OF HEARTS, AND QUEEN OF SPADES.

Piano! Pianissimo:—Keep within bounds,

For such high airs you have no grounds.

ALL BUT KING.

Of the sequence pray take heed, Sir,

Such vile play can ne'er succeed, Sir!

Fate will soon return your lead, Sir—

Conscience wont be mute!—
 And you'll rue the day, indeed, Sir,
 You refused your partner's suit!

KING.

Silence! Silence! Cease your bawling:
 By the heels I'll lay you sprawling;
 For a new deal Vengeance calling
 Makes me deaf to Pity's suit.

SCENE V.

Exterior of Card-Castle.

March in Blue Beard.—Enter the KING OF CLUBS and PAM.

KING OF C. Behold the King of Clubs! who has become
 An errant knight for the sweet Queen of Hearts;
 And Pam, an arrant knave, who leads him on
 With idle hopes unlimited, in lieu
 Of dealing reason out with friendly hand.

PAM. To deal out reason to a lover is
 To lose a deal of time. Odd's fish and counters!
 I've served too many knights at the round table
 Not to know that, my master!

KING OF C. Pam, be civil,
 And tell me if thou seest a card house near
 That may contain my love.

PAM. Your most majestic Majesty of Clubs
 Has but to follow your own nose three steps,
 And you may ring it soundly at the gate
 Of a fair castle.

KING OF C. Hah! my grief's so great
 It blinds me! As thou sayest, there is a castle—

And built with cards! my sympathetic soul
 Tells me that here my love in limbo lies.
 E'en while her husband lived, across the board
 Oft have her black eyes on my blue beard cast
 Their whistful glances. Hah! I know the play
 Will fetch her out. From Blue-Beard I will pull
 The finest air. Come forth, my dulcet lute,
 And you, my sharp set squire, a while be mute,
 While I, with lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
 Attempt to move this gentle heart to pity!

AIR.—KING OF CLUBS.

(“ *Twilight glimmers,*” &c.—BLUE BEARD.)

Sky light open, and play bo-peep,
 Lady love—Lady love—never fear
 Wall to climb and ditch to leap,
 Lady love—Lady love—See limbs here!

The QUEEN OF HEARTS appears on the battlements.

QUEEN OF H. What airy sound floats o'er the area rails,
 And to the high top garret of my tower
 Adds a new story, built by hope and joy?
 I've heard *that air* before—I'll try *this here* :—

AIR.—QUEEN OF HEARTS.

(“ *Tink a tink.*”—BLUE BEARD.)

Here sighing, sick dying, sorrow hanging over me,
 Faint, weary, sad, dreary, I in prison lie!
 My moaning, deep groaning, surely must discover me
 To some kind gentleman who may be passing by.
 Clink! clink a clink a clink; I clank my chains in madness:
 Tink! tink a tink a tink, and in despair I sing:
 Wink! wink a wink a wink; I cannot sleep for sadness.
 Tink! tink a tink a tink; while thus my hands I wring.

To give thee freedom ! That I swear to do,
Or "go up one life" in the great attempt.

QUEEN. That's what I call a trump. Propitious fate !
Good day, good knight ; and mind you call at eight.

KING. Oh *sink* your doubts, nor to your *sighs* give way,
I'll *cater* for your good, and ne'er *betray*.

AIR.—KING.

(" *Had I a heart,*" &c.)

The Knave of Hearts, for falsehood framed,
Alone could injure you :
Believe me, I should feel ashamed
To cheat a Queen so true.
Go, lady, to St. James's-street,
At White's or Brookes's ring,
A friend in ev'ry Club you'll meet,
A lover in their King !

QUEEN. I'll doubt no more ; till eight, dear love, adieu,
And I'll believe thee, like thy beard, true-blue.

(*Exit Queen*)

KING OF CLUBS. (*To Pam.*) Go, summon up my stoutest
clubs to handle

These spades as they deserve, and let the hearts
That have escaped the fray come bounding now
Around the standard of their injured Queen.

Enter Clubs and Hearts with standards, &c.

AIR—KING OF CLUBS.

(" *Scots, wha ha'e.*")

Hearts that have for freedom bled,
Clubs that I have often led,
Welcome suits, both black and red,
Up for victory !
Now's the time, and now's the hour,
See of spades the sable show'r,
Playing "Brag," while in their power
Tricks and knavery.

Who would spare a traitor knave?
 Who would call on Pope to save?
 Lest a spade should dig his grave,
 Let him cut and flee:
 Who for Hearts' fair Queen and Pam,
 Caring not for spades a D—n!
 Will lose the rub or win the slam!
 Let him on with me!

(*Exit King of Clubs.*)

PAM. Cards!—Face!—Shuffle and Cut!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

Interior of Prison, as before.

The QUEEN OF HEARTS discovered.

QUEEN OF H. Was ever card so kept upon the rack
 As I am? How long must I here remain
 To play at Patience by myself? Alack!
 The King of Clubs! Where sticks he by the way?
 Sure Time has grown club-footed, it doth limp
 So tardily along. He said he'd call
 At eight; and see, the turret clock is just
 About to score it. Strike, O clock! strike hard;
 Knock down the spades by which I'm double-guarded,
 And lead up to the Queen!

AIR.—QUEEN.

(*Gavotte de Vestris.*)

“ I can't get out :”

(*I quote the words of Yorick's starling.*)

“ I cant get out,”

So Sterne-ly here I sing.

King of Spades is cruel,

Keeps me without fuel,

Gives me water gruel :
Kill him in a duel,
King of Clubs, do—there's a jewel.
“ I can't get out.”

Strike, strike, O ! clock ;
As yet you've only struck three-quarters :
Strike, strike, O ! clock ;
One more will make a *whole*.
Soon that King provoking,
His nose here 'll be poking,
If I cry out “ Woah ! King,”
He'll pretend I'm joking.
To protect me now I've no King.
Strike, strike, O ! clock.

(1st Verse repeated.)

(To the slow part.)

Unless he his promise breaks,
He'll come in a brace of shakes.

(Clock strikes to “Haydn's” (and the Queen's) “Surprise.”
Flourish without. The wall of the prison is knocked in.
Enter the KING OF CLUBS.)

QUEEN OF H. Methought I heard a noise.

KING OF CLUBS (*advancing.*) If you did not,
Sweetheart, you must be very deaf indeed.

QUEEN OF H. What do I see ? Ah, liberty ; I'm out!—

KING OF C. You shall be *by a hole*. The enemy
Gave in at my first show. The King and Queen
Of Spades are prisoners. Clubs are trumps this round,
And Hearts shall be the next ! What news with you ?

(To PAM, who enters hastily.)

PAM. My liege, the Knave of Hearts defies your Majesty
To single combat and at single stick.

KING OF C. We do accept his challenge. Tell the Knave
We'll beat him out of doors !

DUO.—QUEEN OF HEARTS AND KING OF CLUBS.

(from Tancredi.)

Clubs shall the trump be! The scamp O, shall decamp O,
 Off he shall tramp O—While laughter roars.

Be not afraid O!
 I'm not.

I've
 He's

quelled the spade O,

And soon this rebel

I'll
 He'll

beat out o'doors.

The saucy knave, he
 Shall cry peccavi!

And on his marrow bones play at all fours.

He! He!

Shall on his marrow bones play at all fours.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.

The Court-yard of the Palace.

Grand March, from Faust. Entrée of Clubs, Hearts, &c. with the KING and QUEEN OF SPADES, and others of their suite, prisoners; PAM, the QUEEN and KNAVE OF HEARTS.

KNAVE OF HEARTS. What says the oracle? We sent to ask
 Which party should prevail.

PAM. Sir Knave, the oracle
 Has answered, "Cherry colour."

KNAVE OF HEARTS. Cherry colour!
 Victoria! That's our own! I do remember
 The Ghost did also say that red should win!
 I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds.
 Courage, my heart! Trump out! (*Trumpet sounds*) Again!
 again!

(The trumpet is answered.) Enter the KING OF CLUBS.

KING OF CLUBS. Of one or both of us the time is come.

KNAVE OF HEARTS. With all my heart; but 'tis your
 suit will fail:

I bear a charmed life! The oracle
Has said that cherry colour shall prevail.

KING OF CLUBS. Despair thy charm!
And let the demon thou so long hast served
Tell thee, false Knave, that there are cherries black
As well as cherries red!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
And ditto ditto to the juggling fiends
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. Lay on, great Club!

KING OF CLUBS. My crown and sceptre both upon the rub.
(*Flourish.—They fight.*)

KING OF CLUBS (*hitting him on the head.*) One for his nob!
(*Trips him up.*) Two for his heels!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. I'm low!

KING OF CLUBS. I'm high!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. I'm Jack!

KING OF CLUBS. And I the game!

Laugh and lay down your cares, fair Queen of Hearts,
The pool is yours!

QUEEN OF HEARTS. It looks a rich one!—Have you all
put in?

And are you all content that I should win?

I drest the board in trembling and in fear,
For even Pope might fail to save me here.

Mine is a ticklish game of speculation,
And I but play to gain your approbation.

Oh! on this point pray let it be decided;

I trust your honours will not be divided.

Come, let me see your hands—I hope you're strong
In hearts for me, and mean to hold them long.

Ye, who subscribe to all the clubs in town,

Will scarce club up to put my poor club down :
 Ye, who have left your counters for my shop,
 Say, will ye make the Queen of Hearts a stop ?
 Don't *put out* hastily a pair of Bards,
 But deal with them and me for " Playing Cards."

(*To the Orchestra.*)

Our new Olympic Game, thus safe from ill,
 We'll draw for partners and have one quadrille,
 The Beaten Knave shall on the fiddle play,
 And call the figure which we cut to day.

(*The Ace of Spades produces a violin and bow from his Chancellor's bag, and hands them to the Knave of Hearts.*)

KNAVE OF HEARTS (*mounting a seat*). " En place !"
 Hart's New Set!

The King of Clubs leads out the Queen of Hearts,—The King of Spades, his own royal partner,—The Knave of Spades, a Maid of Honour,—and Pam, the Deuce.

Quadrille.

Knave of Hearts calling the figures in the following order:—
 " Matrimony,"—" Intrigue,"—" Pam Seul,"—" Pool,"—
 " Game,"—

And the curtain falls on a general shuffle by the whole pack.





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