

Edexcel GCE

**Unit 6 – Text 1: The Beggar's Opera by John Gay**

**Advanced  
GCE  
Drama and Theatre Studies  
First examination of AL 2002  
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*Notes on the Music:*

A Vocal Score to accompany this edition is available separately from Edexcel Publications.

The music is also available on CD-ROM as a MIDI file and audio file from Edexcel Publications.

The songs in “The Beggar’s Opera” are set to traditional tunes. Producers may wish to substitute their own arrangements or alternative music in line with their interpretation of the play.

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# CHARACTERS:

## MEN:

Mr. Peachum

Lockit

Macheath

Filch

Beggar

Player

Jemmy Twitcher

Crook-Fingered Jack

Wat Dreary

Robin of Bagshot

Nimming Ned

Harry Paddington

Matt of the Mint

Ben Budge

Members of Macheath's Gang

## WOMEN:

Mrs. Peachum.

Polly Peachum.

Lucy Lockit.

Diana Trapes.

Mrs. Coaxer

Dolly Trull

Mrs. Vixen

Betty Doxy

Jenny Diver

Mrs. Slammekin

Sukey Tawdrey

Molly Brazen

Women of the Town.

# MUSICAL NUMBERS:

## ACT I

- No1: PEACHUM: “Through All The Employments Of Life”
- No2: FILCH: “ 'Tis Woman That Seduces All Mankind”
- No3: MRS. PEACHUM: “If Any Wench Venus's Girdle Wear”
- No4: MRS. PEACHUM: “If Love The Virgin's Heart Invade”
- No5: MRS. PEACHUM: “A Maid Is Like The Golden Ore”
- No6: POLLY: “Virgins Are Like The Fair Flower”
- No7: PEACHUM & MRS PEACHUM: “Our Polly Is A Sad Slut!”
- No8: POLLY: “Can Love Be Controlled By Advice?”
- No9: MRS PEACHUM: “O Polly, You Might Have Toyed And Kissed”
- No10: PEACHUM: “A Fox May Steal Your Hens, Sir”
- No11: POLLY: “O Ponder Well! Be Not Severe”
- No12: POLLY: “The Turtle Thus With Plaintive Crying”
- No13: POLLY: “I Like A Ship In Storms, Was Tossed”
- No14: MACHEATH & POLLY: “Pretty Polly, say”
- No15: MACHEATH: “My Heart Was So Free”
- No16: MACHEATH & POLLY: “Were I Laid On Greenland's Coast”
- No17: POLLY: “Oh What Pain It Is To Part!”
- No18: MACHEATH & POLLY: “The Miser Thus A Shilling Sees”

## ACT II

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- No21: MACHEATH: “If The Heart Of A Man Is Depressed With Cares”
- No22: DANCE MUSIC/ MACHEATH & LADIES: “Youth's The Season Made For Joys”
- No23: JENNY: “Before The Barn-Door Crowing”
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- No28: LUCY: “How Cruel Are The Traitors”

No29: MACHEATH: “The First Time At The Looking-Glass”  
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No53: PRISONERS: Dance Music (Instrumental)  
No54: MACHEATH: “O Cruel, Cruel, Cruel Case!”  
No55: LUCY & POLLY: “Would I Might Be Hanged!”  
No56: MACHEATH & CHORUS: “Thus I Stand Like The Turk”



# ACT I

## Introduction

### BEGGAR:

If poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the company of beggars; and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

### PLAYER:

As we live by the Muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So, though you are in want, I wish you success heartily.

### BEGGAR:

This piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced a prison-scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no recitative; excepting this, it must be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

### PLAYER:

But I see it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the Overture.

[Exeunt.]

## Scene 1

Scene: Peachum's House.

*Peachum sitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.*

### No1

#### PEACHUM (sings):

THROUGH ALL THE EMPLOYMENTS OF LIFE  
EACH NEIGHBOUR ABUSES HIS BROTHER;  
WHORE AND ROGUE THEY CALL HUSBAND AND WIFE:  
ALL PROFESSIONS BE-ROGUE ONE ANOTHER:  
THE PRIEST CALLS THE LAWYER A CHEAT,  
THE LAWYER BE-KNAVES THE DIVINE:  
AND THE STATESMAN, BECAUSE HE'S SO GREAT,  
THINKS HIS TRADE AS HONEST AS MINE.

#### PEACHUM (spoken):

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.



*(Enter Filch).*

**FILCH:**

Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

**PEACHUM:**

The wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

**FILCH:**

Tom Gagg, sir, is found guilty.

**PEACHUM:**

A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. [*Writes*] *For Tom Gagg, forty pounds.*

Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England. I love to let women escape: there is nothing to be got by the death of women - except our wives.

**FILCH:**

Without dispute, she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education, and she hath trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming table.

**PEACHUM:**

Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women than all the professions besides.

**No2**

**FILCH: (sings)**

'TIS WOMAN THAT SEDUCES ALL MANKIND,  
BY HER WE FIRST WERE TAUGHT THE WHEEDLING ARTS:  
HER VERY EYES CAN CHEAT; WHEN MOST SHE'S KIND,  
SHE TRICKS US OF OUR MONEY WITH OUR HEARTS.  
FOR HER, LIKE WOLVES BY NIGHT WE ROAM FOR PREY,  
AND PRACTISE EV'RY FRAUD, TO BRIBE HER CHARMS;  
FOR SUITS OF LOVE, LIKE LAW, ARE WON BY PAY,  
AND BEAUTY MUST BE FEE'D INTO OUR ARMS.

**PEACHUM:**

But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend.

*(Exit Filch)*



**PEACHUM:**

But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing 'till he is hanged. A register of the gang:  
[reading] *Crook-fingered Jack. A year and a half in the service. Let me see: five gold watches, seven silver ones, sixteen snuff-boxes, six dozen handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords and half a dozen shirts.* A mighty clean-handed fellow! *Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will*, an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a sessions or two longer upon his good-behaviour. *Harry Paddington*, a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius; that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. *Mat of the Mint*, listed not above a month ago, a promising sturdy fellow. *Robin of Bagshot*, alias Bob Bluff, alias Bob Booty...

*(Enter Mrs Peachum)*

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a present of this ring.

**PEACHUM:**

I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear; he spends his life among women, and as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us forever.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the brave that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

**No3**

**MRS. PEACHUM: (sings)**

IF ANY WENCH VENUS'S GIRDLE WEAR,  
THOUGH SHE BE NEVER SO UGLY;  
LILIES AND ROSES WILL QUICKLY APPEAR,  
AND HER FACE LOOK WOND'ROUSLY SMUGLY.  
BENEATH THE LEFT EAR SO FIT BUT A CORD,  
(A ROPE SO CHARMING A ZONE IS!)  
THE YOUTH IN HIS CART HATH THE AIR OF A LORD,  
AND WE CRY, THERE GOES AN ADONIS.

**MRS. PEACHUM (spoken):**

But really husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all, these seven months. And truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

**PEACHUM:**

What a dickens is the Woman always a whimpering about murder for? No Gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defense; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a Gentleman do?



**MRS. PEACHUM:**

If I am in the wrong, my dear, you must excuse me, for no body can help the frailty of an over-scrupulous conscience.

**PEACHUM:**

Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine Gentlemen have we in Newgate every year, purely upon that article! If they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring it in manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? So, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning for the Bank-Notes he left with you last week?

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Yes, my dear; and though the Bank hath stopped payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer Gentleman upon the road than the Captain! Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

**PEACHUM:**

The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine Gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Really, I am sorry upon Polly's account the Captain hath not more discretion.

**PEACHUM:**

Upon Polly's account! What a plague does the woman mean? Upon Polly's account!

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

**PEACHUM:**

And what then?

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

**PEACHUM:**

And what then? You would not be so mad as to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl, I am in the utmost concern about her.

**NO4**

**MRS PEACHUM: (sings)**

IF LOVE THE VIRGIN'S HEART INVADE,  
HOW, LIKE A MOTH, THE SIMPLE MAID  
STILL PLAYS ABOUT THE FLAME!  
IF SOON SHE BE NOT MADE A WIFE,  
HER HONOUR'S SINGED, AND THEN FOR LIFE  
SHE'S WHAT I DARE NOT NAME.



**PEACHUM:**

Look ye, wife. I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can. In anything, but marriage! After that, my dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her husband's power? For a husband hath the absolute power over all a wife's secrets but her own. If the girl had the discretion of a Court- Lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a spark will at once set her on a flame. Married! If the wench does not know her own profit, sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property. Married! If the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

May-hap, my dear, you may injure the girl. She loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the Captain liberties in the view of interest.

**PEACHUM:**

But 'tis your duty, your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the City.

*(Exit Peachum)*

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? And why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

**No5**

**MRS. PEACHUM: (sings)**

A MAID IS LIKE THE GOLDEN ORE,  
WHICH HATH GUINEAS INTRINSICAL IN'T,  
WHOSE WORTH IS NEVER KNOWN, BEFORE  
IT IS TRIED AND IMPRESSED IN THE MINT.  
A WIFE'S LIKE A GUINEA IN GOLD,  
STAMPED WITH THE NAME OF HER SPOUSE;  
NOW HERE, NOW THERE; IS BOUGHT, OR IS SOLD;  
AND IS CURRENT IN EVERY HOUSE.

*(Enter Filch)*

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Come here, Filch. I am as fond of the child, as though he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

**FILCH:**

I plied at the opera, Madam; and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These seven handkerchiefs, Madam.



**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Coloured ones, I see.

**FILCH:**

And this snuff-box.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Set in Gold! A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

**FILCH:**

I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Going to sea, Filch, will come time enough upon a sentence of transportation. But hark you, my lad. Don't tell me a lie; for you know that I hate a liar. Do you know of anything that hath passed between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

**FILCH:**

I beg you, Madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a lie to you or to Miss Polly; for I promised her I would not tell.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

But when the honour of our family is concerned...

**FILCH:**

I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if she ever comes to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying anybody.

*(Enter Peachum and Polly)*

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Yonder comes my husband and Polly.

Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a most delicious glass of a Cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

*(Exit Mrs Peachum and Filch)*

**POLLY:**

I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly. We have it in our natures, Papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.



**No6**

**POLLY: (sings)**

VIRGINS ARE LIKE THE FAIR FLOWER IN ITS LUSTRE,  
WHICH IN THE GARDEN ENAMELS THE GROUND;  
NEAR IT THE BEES IN PLAY FLUTTER AND CLUSTER,  
AND GAUDY BUTTERFLIES FROLICK AROUND.  
BUT, WHEN ONCE PLUCKED, 'TIS NO LONGER ALLURING,  
TO COVENT-GARDEN 'TIS SENT (AS YET SWEET),  
THERE FADES, AND SHRINKS, AND GROWS PAST ALL ENDURING  
ROTS, STINKS, AND DIES, AND IS TROD UNDER FEET.

**PEACHUM:**

You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer in the way of business, or to get out a secret, or so. But if I find out that you have played the fool and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now you know my mind.

*(Enter Mrs. Peachum, in a great passion)*

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

You baggage! You hussy! You inconsiderate jade! Had you been hanged, it would not have vexed me, for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by choice! The wench is married, husband.

**PEACHUM:**

Married!

**No7**

**PEACHUM AND MRS PEACHUM: (sing)**

OUR POLLY IS A SAD SLUT! NOR HEEDS WHAT WE HAVE TAUGHT HER.  
I WONDER ANY MAN ALIVE WILL EVER REAR A DAUGHTER!  
FOR SHE MUST HAVE BOTH HOODS AND GOWNS, AND HOOPS TO SWELL HER PRIDE,  
WITH SCARFS AND STAYS, AND GLOVES AND LACE; AND SHE WILL HAVE MEN  
BESIDE;  
AND WHEN SHE'S DRESSED WITH CARE AND COST, ALL TEMPTING, FINE AND GAY,  
AS MEN SHOULD SERVE A CUCUMBER, SHE FLINGS HERSELF AWAY.

**PEACHUM:**

The Captain is a bold man, and will risk anything for money; to be sure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

I knew she was always a proud slut; and now the wench hath played the fool and married, because forsooth she would do like the gentry. Can you support the expense of a husband, hussy, in gaming, drinking and whoring? Have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? There are not many husbands and wives, who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way. If you must be married, could you introduce no body into our family but a highwayman? Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill-used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a Lord!



**PEACHUM:**

Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the Captain looks upon himself in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruined or no?

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

With Polly's fortune, she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting slut!

**PEACHUM:**

What is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*]

**POLLY:**

[*Screaming.*] Oh!

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

How the mother is to be pitied who has handsome daughters! Lock, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality are nothing to them: They break through them all. They have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother, as in cheating at cards.

**PEACHUM:**

Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our House.

**No8**

**POLLY: (Singing)**

CAN LOVE BE CONTROLLED BY ADVICE?  
WILL CUPID OUR MOTHERS OBEY?  
THOUGH MY HEART WERE AS FROZEN AS ICE,  
AT HIS FLAME 'TWOULD HAVE MELTED AWAY.  
WHEN HE KISSED ME SO CLOSELY HE PRESSED,  
'T WAS SO SWEET THAT I MUST HAVE COMPLIED;  
SO I THOUGHT IT BOTH SAFEST AND BEST  
TO MARRY, FOR FEAR YOU SHOULD CHIDE.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Then all the hopes of our family are gone forever and ever!

**PEACHUM:**

And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hope to get into their daughter's fortune.

**POLLY:**

I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money. But, I love him.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Love him! Worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh, husband, husband! Her folly makes me mad! My head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself... Oh! [*Faints.*]



**PEACHUM:**

See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial, this instant.

*[Polly goes out, and returns with it.]*

How the poor woman takes it to heart! Ah, hussy, this is now the only comfort your mother has left!

**POLLY:**

Give her another glass, Sir! My mama drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This, you see, fetches her.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

The girl shows such a readiness, and so much concern, that I could almost find it in my heart to forgive her.

**No9**

**MRS PEACHUM: (sings)**

O POLLY, YOU MIGHT HAVE TOYED AND KISSED.  
BY KEEPING MEN OFF, YOU KEEP THEM ON.

**POLLY: (sings)**

BUT HE SO TEASED ME,  
AND HE SO PLEASED ME,  
WHAT I DID, YOU MUST HAVE DONE.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Not with a Highwayman: you sorry slut!

**PEACHUM:**

I hear customers in the other room. Go, talk with 'em, Polly; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone.

*(Polly exits)*

A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Yes, indeed, the sex is frail. But the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

**PEACHUM:**

Dear wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your passion run away with your senses. Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing but I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into a dispute.



**PEACHUM:**

That, indeed, is a point which ought to be considered.

**No10**

**PEACHUM (sings)**

A FOX MAY STEAL YOUR HENS, SIR,  
A WHORE YOUR HEALTH AND PENCE, SIR,  
YOUR DAUGHTER ROB YOUR CHEST, SIR,  
YOUR WIFE MAY STEAL YOUR REST, SIR.  
A THIEF YOUR GOODS AND PLATE  
BUT THIS IS ALL BUT PICKING,  
WITH REST, PENCE, CHEST AND CHICKEN;  
IT EVER WAS DECREED, SIR,  
IF LAWYER'S HAND IS FEE'D, SIR,  
HE STEALS YOUR WHOLE ESTATE.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way. They don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

*(Enter Polly)*

**POLLY:**

'Twas only Nimming Ned. He brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

**PEACHUM:**

There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters must be left as they are. You are married, then, it seems?

**POLLY:**

Yes, Sir.

**PEACHUM:**

And how do you propose to live, child?

**POLLY:**

Like other Women, Sir, upon the Industry of my Husband.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

What, is the wench turned fool? A highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay, as of his company.

**PEACHUM:**

And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

**POLLY:**

I don't know what you mean, sir.

**PEACHUM:**

Of a jointure, and of being a widow.



**POLLY:**

But I love him, sir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

**PEACHUM:**

Parting with him! Why, this is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widow-hood, is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow, whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

**POLLY:**

How I dread to hear your advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

**PEACHUM:**

Secure what he hath got, have him peached the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

**POLLY:**

What, murder the man I love! The blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

**PEACHUM:**

Fie, Polly! What hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say, the Captain himself would like rather that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business. So there is no malice in the case.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Ay, husband, now you have nicked the matter. To have him peached is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

**No11**

**POLLY: (sings)**

O PONDER WELL! BE NOT SEVERE:  
SO SAVE A WRETCHED WIFE!  
FOR ON THE ROPE THAT HANGS MY DEAR  
DEPENDS POOR POLLY'S LIFE.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

**POLLY:**

What is a jointure, what is Widow-hood to me? I know my heart. I cannot survive him.

**No12**

**POLLY: (sings)**

THE TURTLE THUS WITH PLAINTIVE CRYING,  
HER LOVER DYING,  
THE TURTLE THUS WITH PLAINTIVE CRYING,  
LAMENTS HER DOVE.  
DOWN SHE DROPS QUITE SPENT WITH SIGHING  
PAIRED IN DEATH, AS PAIRED IN LOVE.

Thus, sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.



**MRS. PEACHUM:**

What, is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular: Why wench, thou art a shame to they very sex.

**POLLY:**

But hear me, mother...if you ever loved...

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin. One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

**PEACHUM:**

Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider what is proposed to you.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful.

*(Polly exits, but to a place where we can see she is listening)*

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peached the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

**PEACHUM:**

But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine strategem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find it in my heart to have a hand in his death. I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

But in a case of necessity----our own lives are in danger.

**PEACHUM:**

Then, indeed, we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest. He shall be taken off.

**MRS. PEACHUM:**

I'll undertake to manage Polly.

**PEACHUM:**

And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

*(Exit Peachum and Mrs. Peachum)*

*(Polly comes forward from her hiding place)*



**No13**

**POLLY: (sings)**

I LIKE A SHIP IN STORMS, WAS TOSSED;  
YET AFRAID TO PUT IN TO LAND:  
FOR SEIZED IN THE PORT THE VESSEL'S LOST,  
WHOSE TREASURE IS CONTREBAND.  
THE WAVES ARE LAID,  
MY DUTY'S PAID.  
O JOY BEYOND EXPRESSION!  
THUS, SAFE A-SHORE,  
I ASK NO MORE,  
MY ALL IS IN MY POSSESSION.

**POLLY(spoken):**

Now I'm a wretch, indeed. What then will become of Polly! As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape...It shall be so...But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear conversation! That too will distract me...If he keep out of the way, my Papa and Mama may in time relent, and we may be happy...If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever! He intended to lie concealed in my room, 'till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad, I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him.

*(Polly exits)*



**Scene 2**

Scene: Polly's room.

*(Polly and Macheath together)*

**No14**

**MACHEATH:(sings)**

PRETTY POLLY, SAY,  
WHEN I WAS AWAY,  
DID YOUR FANCY NEVER STRAY  
TO SOME NEWER LOVER?

**POLLY: (sings)**

WITHOUT DISGUISE,  
HEAVING SIGHS,  
DOTING EYES,  
MY CONSTANT HEART DISCOVER,  
FONDLY LET ME LOLL!

**MACHEATH:**

O PRETTY, PRETTY POLL.

**POLLY:**

And are you as fond as ever, my dear?



**MACHEATH:**

Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my Love. May my pistols misfire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if I ever forsake thee!

**POLLY:**

Nay, my dear, I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

**No15**

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

MY HEART WAS SO FREE,  
IT ROVED LIKE THE BEE,  
'TILL POLLY MY PASSION REQUITED;  
I SIPPED EACH FLOWER,  
I CHANGED EV'RY HOUR,  
BUT HERE EV'RY FLOWER IS UNITED.

**POLLY:**

Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you. Could you?

**MACHEATH:**

Is there any power, any force that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a fee from a lawyer or a pretty woman from a looking glass. But to tear me from thee is impossible!

**No16**

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

WERE I LAID ON GREENLAND'S COAST,  
AND IN MY ARMS EMBRACED MY LASS;  
WARM AMIDST ETERNAL FROST,  
TOO SOON THE HALF YEAR'S NIGHT WOULD PASS.

**POLLY: (sings)**

WERE I SOLD ON INDIAN SOIL,  
SOON AS THE BURNING DAY WAS CLOSED,  
I COULD MOCK THE SULTRY TOIL  
WHEN ON MY CHARMER'S BREAST REPOSED.

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

AND I WOULD LOVE YOU ALL THE DAY,

**POLLY: (sings)**

EVERY NIGHT WOULD KISS AND PLAY,

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

IF WITH ME YOU'D FONDLY STRAY

**POLLY: (sings)**

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

**POLLY:**

Yes, I would go with thee. But oh! How shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.

**MACHEATH:**

How! Part!



**POLLY:**

We must, we must...my Papa and Mama are set against thy life. They now, even now are in search after thee. They are preparing evidence against thee. Thy life depends upon a moment.

**No17**

**POLLY: (sings)**

OH WHAT PAIN IT IS TO PART!  
CAN I LEAVE THEE, CAN I LEAVE THEE?  
O WHAT PAIN IT IS TO PART!  
CAN THY POLLY EVER LEAVE THEE?  
BUT LEST DEATH MY LOVE SHOULD THWART,  
AND BRING THEE FROM MY BLEEDING HEART!  
FLY HENCE, AND LET ME LEAVE THEE.

One kiss and then. One kiss...begone...farewell.

**MACHEATH:**

My hand, my heart, my dear, is so riveted to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold.

**POLLY:**

But my Papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of Hope. A few Weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

**MACHEATH:**

Must I then go?

**POLLY:**

And will not absence change your love?

**MACHEATH:**

If you doubt it, let me stay and be hanged.

**POLLY:**

O how I fear! How I tremble! Go... but when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for 'till then Polly is wretched.

**No18**

*(Parting, and looking back at each other with fondness; he at one Door, she at the other.)*

**MACHEATH:**

THE MISER THUS A SHILLING SEES,  
WHICH HE'S OBLIGED TO PAY,  
WITH SIGHS RESIGNS IT BY DEGREES,  
AND FEARS 'TIS GONE FOR AYE.

**POLLY:**

THE BOY, THUS WHEN HIS SPARROW'S FLOWN,  
THE BIRD IN SILENCE EYES;  
BUT SOON AS OUT OF SIGHT 'TIS GONE,  
WHINES, WHIMPERS, SOBS AND CRIES.



## ACT II

### Scene 1

Scene: A Tavern near Newgate.

*(Jemmy Twitcher, Crook-Fingered Jack, Wat Dreary, Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Henry Paddington, Matt of the Mint, Ben Budge, and the rest of the gang at the table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.)*

**No19**

**MATT:**

FILL EVERY GLASS, OR WINE INSPIRES US,  
AND FIRES US  
WITH COURAGE, LOVE AND JOY.  
WOMEN AND WINE SHOULD LIFE EMPLOY.  
IS THERE OUGHT ELSE ON EARTH DESIROUS?

**THE GANG:**

FILL EVERY GLASS, OR WINE INSPIRES US,  
AND FIRES US  
WITH COURAGE, LOVE AND JOY.  
WOMEN AND WINE SHOULD LIFE EMPLOY.  
IS THERE OUGHT ELSE ON EARTH DESIROUS?

**JEMMY:**

The present time is ours, and no body alive hath more. Why are the laws levelled at us? Are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms, and the right of conquest.

**CROOK:**

Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who to a man are above the fear of death?

**WAT:**

Sound men, and true!

**ROBIN:**

Of tried courage, and indefatigable industry!

**NED:**

Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

**HARRY:**

Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

**MATT:**

Show me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.



**BEN:**

We are for a just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

**WAT:**

We retrench the superfluities of mankind.

**ROBIN:**

The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice.

**CROOK:**

A covetous fellow, like a Jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it.

**MATT:**

These are the robbers of mankind, for money was made for the free hearted and generous, and where is the injury of taking from another, what he hath not the heart to make use of?

**JEMMY:**

Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all. Fill the Glasses.

*(Enter Macheath)*

**MACHEATH:**

Gentlemen, well met. My Heart hath been with you this Hour: but an unexpected Affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

**MATT:**

We were just breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, Sir, this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram now and then with the stage-coachmen in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the Western Road, who are worth speaking with.

**MACHEATH:**

I was to have been of that party, but...

**MATT:**

But what, Sir?

**MACHEATH:**

Is there any Man who suspects my courage?

**MATT:**

We have all been witnesses of it.

**MACHEATH:**

My honour and truth to the gang?

**MATT:**

I'll be answerable for it.



**MACHEATH:**

In the division of our booty, have I ever shown the least marks of avarice or injustice?

**MATT:**

By these questions something seems to have ruffled you.

**BEN:**

Are any of us suspected?

**MACHEATH:**

I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

**MATT:**

Is he about to play us any foul play?

**NED:**

I'll shoot him through the head.

**MACHEATH:**

I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

**MATT:**

He knows nothing of this meeting.

**MACHEATH:**

Business cannot go on without him. He is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and 'till it is accommodated I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

**HARRY:**

As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

**MACHEATH:**

Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

**MATT:**

Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so 'till the evening at our quarters in Moorfields we bid you farewell.

**MACHEATH:**

I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

(Macheath sits down melancholy at the Table)



**No20**

**MATT: (sings)**

LET US TAKE THE ROAD.  
HARK! I HEAR THE SOUND OF COACHES!  
THE HOUR OF ATTACK APPROACHES,  
TO YOUR ARMS, BRAVE BOYS, AND LOAD.

SEE THE BALL I HOLD!  
LET THE CHYMISTS TOIL LIKE ASSES,  
OUR FIRE THEIR FIRE SURPASSES,  
AND TURNS ALL OUR LEAD TO GOLD.

*(The gang, ranged in the front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles; then go off singing the first part in chorus)*

**GANG: (sing)**

LET US TAKE THE ROAD.  
HARK! I HEAR THE SOUND OF COACHES!  
THE HOUR OF ATTACK APPROACHES,  
TO YOUR ARMS, BRAVE BOYS, AND LOAD.

**MACHEATH:**

What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex. And a man who loves money, might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman.

**No21**

**MACHEATH (sings):**

IF THE HEART OF A MAN IS DEPRESSED WITH CARES,  
THE MIST IS DISPELLED WHEN A WOMAN APPEARS;  
LIKE THE NOTES OF A FIDDLE, SHE SWEETLY, SWEETLY  
RAISES THE SPIRITS, AND CHARMS OUR EARS,  
ROSES AND LILIES HER CHEEKS DISCLOSE,  
BUT HER RIPE LIPS ARE MORE SWEET THAN THOSE.  
PRESS HER,  
CARESS HER,  
WITH BLISSES,  
HER KISSES  
DISSOLVE US IN PLEASURE, AND SOFT REPOSE.

I must have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them. Money is not so strong a cordial for the time. Drawer!

*(Enter Drawer)*

Is the Porter gone for all the ladies according to my directions?



**DRAWER:**

I expect him back every minute. Some of them are below, for I hear the bar-bell. As they come I will show them up. Coming, Coming.

*(Exit Drawer)*

*(Enter Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly Brazen)*

**MACHEATH:**

Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint...

Dolly Trull! Kiss me, you slut; are you as amorous as ever, hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal anything else... Ah Dolly, thou wilt ever be a coquette!...

Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours, I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguey wives...

Betty Doxy! Come hither, hussy. Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome beer; for in troth, Betty, strong-waters will in time ruin your constitution. You should leave those to your betters...

What! And my pretty Jenny Diver too! As prim and demure as ever! There is not any prude, though ever so high-bred, hath a more sanctifid look, with a more mischievous heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful hypocrite...

Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever!

All you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress...

But see, here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I am saying. Everything she gets one way she lays out upon her back. Why, Suky, you must keep at least a dozen talley-men.

Molly Brazen!

*(She kisses him)*

That's well done. I love a free hearted wench. Thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle.

**No22**

*(Music starts)*

But hark! I hear music. If music be the food of love, play on. Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance?

*(A dance a la ronde in the french manner that leads into the next song and chorus)*



**MACHEATH: (sings)**  
YOUTH'S THE SEASON MADE FOR JOYS,  
LOVE IS THEN OUR DUTY,  
SHE ALONE WHO THAT EMPLOYS,  
WELL DESERVES HER BEAUTY.  
LET'S BE GAY,  
WHILE WE MAY,  
BEAUTY'S A FLOWER, DESPISED IN DECAY.

**LADIES: (sing)**  
YOUTH'S THE SEASON MADE FOR JOYS,  
LOVE IS THEN OUR DUTY,  
SHE ALONE WHO THAT EMPLOYS,  
WELL DESERVES HER BEAUTY.  
LET'S BE GAY,  
WHILE WE MAY,  
BEAUTY'S A FLOWER, DESPISED IN DECAY.

**MACHEATH: (sings)**  
LET US DRINK AND SPORT TO-DAY,  
OURS IS NOT TO-MORROW.  
LOVE WITH YOUTH FLIES SWIFT AWAY,  
AGE IS NOUGHT BUT SORROW.  
DANCE AND SING,  
TIME'S ON THE WING.  
LIFE NEVER KNOWS THE RETURN OF SPRING.

**LADIES: (sing)**  
LET US DRINK AND SPORT TO-DAY,  
OURS IS NOT TO-MORROW.  
LOVE WITH YOUTH FLIES SWIFT AWAY,  
AGE IS NOUGHT BUT SORROW.  
DANCE AND SING,  
TIME'S ON THE WING.  
LIFE NEVER KNOWS THE RETURN OF SPRING.

**MACHEATH:**  
Now, pray ladies, take your places. Bid the drawer bring us more wine. If any of the ladies choose Gin, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

**JENNY:**  
You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink strong-waters, but when I have the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the Mercers.

**COAXER:**  
We have so many interlopers. Yet with industry, one may still have a little picking. I carried a silver-flowered lutestring, and a piece of black padesoy to Mr. Peachum's lock but last week.



**VIXEN:**

There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattlesnake. She riveted a linen-drapeer's eye so fast upon her, that he was nicked of three pieces of cambric before he could look off.

**BRAZEN:**

Oh dear Madam! But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman.

**VIXEN:**

Lace, Madam, lies in a small compass, and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your friends.

**COAXER:**

If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure, 'tis Jenny Diver. Though her fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his pocket as coolly, as if money were her only pleasure. Now that is a command of the passions in a woman!

**JENNY:**

I never go to the tavern with a man, but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sorts of men for my pleasure. But had I your address, Madam...

**MACHEATH:**

Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you use to be.

**JENNY:**

'Tis not convenient, Sir, to show my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination that will determine you.

**No23**

**JENNY: (sings)**

BEFORE THE BARN-DOOR CROWING,  
THE COCK BY HENS ATTENDED,  
HIS EYES AROUND HIM THROWING,  
STANDS FOR AWHILE SUSPENDED.  
THEN ONE HE SINGLES FROM THE CREW,  
AND CHEERS THE HAPPY HEN;  
WITH HOW DO YOU DO, AND HOW DO YOU DO,  
AND HOW DO YOU DO AGAIN.

**MACHEATH:**

Ah Jenny! thou art a dear slut.

**TRULL:**

Pray, madam, were you ever in keeping?



**TAWDRY:**

I hope, madam, I hadn't been so long upon the town, but I have met with some good-fortune as well as my neighbors.

**TRULL:**

Pardon me, madam, I meant no harm by the question; 'twas only in the way of conversation.

**TAWDRY:**

Indeed, madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have lived very handsomely with my last friend. But upon his missing five guineas, he turned me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

**SLAMMEKIN:**

Who do you look upon, madam, as your best sort of keepers?

**TRULL:**

That, madam, is thereafter as they be.

**SLAMMEKIN:**

I, madam, was once kept by a Jew; and bating their religion, to women they are a good sort of people.

**TAWDRY:**

Now for my part, I own I like an old fellow: for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

**VIXEN:**

A spruce prentice, let me tell you ladies, is no ill thing, they bleed freely. I have sent at least two or three dozen of them in my time to the plantations.

**JENNY:**

But to be sure, Sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

**MACHEATH:**

The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

**No24**

**JENNY: (sings)**

THE GAMESTERS AND LAWYERS ARE JUGGLERS ALIKE,  
IF THEY MEDDLE, YOUR ALL IS IN DANGER.  
LIKE GYPSIES, IF ONCE THEY CAN FINGER A SOUSE  
YOUR POCKETS THEY PICK, AND THEY PILFER YOUR HOUSE  
AND GIVE YOUR ESTATE TO A STRANGER.

**JENNY: (SPOKEN)**

Cards and dice are fit only for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

*(She takes up his pistol. Tawdry takes up the other)*



**TAWDRY:**

This, sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! But before company 'tis ill bred.

**MACHEATH:**

Wanton hussies!

**JENNY:**

I must and will have a kiss to give my wine a zest.

*(They take him about the neck and make signs to Peachum and Constables who rush in upon him)*

*(Peachum and Constables enter)*

**PEACHUM:**

I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

**MACHEATH:**

This was well done, Jenny. Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them! Beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

**PEACHUM:**

Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies, and if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

**No25**

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

AT THE TREE I SHALL SUFFER WITH PLEASURE,  
AT THE TREE I SHALL SUFFER WITH PLEASURE,  
LET ME GO WHERE I WILL,  
IN ALL KINDS OF ILL,  
I SHALL FIND NO SUCH FURIES AS THESE ARE.

**PEACHUM:**

Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning shall be discharged.

*(Exit Macheath, guarded with Peachum and Constables. The women remain.)*

**VIXEN:**

Look ye, Mrs. Jenny though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Suky Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

**COAXER:**

I think Mr. Peachum, after so long an acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

**SLAMMEKIN:**

I am sure at least three men of his hanging should be set down to my account.



**TRULL:**

Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair. For you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

**JENNY:**

As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. Suky will join with me. As for anything else, ladies, you cannot in conscience expect it.

**SLAMMEKIN:**

Dear madam...

**TRULL:**

I would not for the world...

**SLAMMEKIN:**

'Tis impossible for me...

**TRULL:**

As I hope to be saved, madam...

**SLAMMEKIN:**

Nay then, I must stay here all night...

**TRULL:**

Since you command me.

*(Exeunt with great ceremony)*



## **Scene 2**

Scene: Newgate Prison.

*(Lockit And His Turnkeys With Macheath And Constables)*

**LOCKIT:**

Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a lodger of mine this year and a half. You know the custom, Sir. Garnish, Captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there.

**MACHEATH:**

Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the further pair better.

**LOCKIT:**

Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentlemen uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him. Hand them down I say. We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.



**MACHEATH:**

I understand you, sir. (*Gives money*) The fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense, of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

**LOCKIT:**

Those, I see, will fit the Captain better. Take down the further pair. Do but examine them, sir. Never was better work How genteely they are made! They will fit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. (*He puts on the chains*) If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, sir, I now leave you to your private meditations.

*(Lockit, the turnkeys and the constables exit)*

**No26**

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

MAN MAY ESCAPE FROM ROPE AND GUN;  
NAY, SOME HAVE OUTLIVED THE DOCTOR'S PILL;  
WHO TAKES A WOMAN MUST BE UNDONE,  
THAT BASILISK IS SURE TO KILL.  
THE FLY THAT SIPS THE TREACLE IS LOST IN THE SWEETS,  
SO HE THAT TASTES WOMAN, WOMAN, WOMAN,  
HE THAT TASTES WOMAN, RUIN MEETS.

To what a woeful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long, 'till I am hanged) be confined to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door. I am in the custody of her father, and to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution. But I promised the wench marriage. What signifies a promise to a woman? Does not man in marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations.

*(Enter Lucy)*

But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her. Would I were deaf!

**LUCY:**

You base man you. How can you look me in the face after what hath passed between us? See here, (*Indicating her belly*) perfidious wretch, how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me. O Macheath! Thou hast robbed me of my quiet. To see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

**No27**

**LUCY: (sings)**

THUS WHEN A GOOD HOUSEWIFE SEES A RAT  
IN HER TRAP IN THE MORNING TAKEN,  
WITH PLEASURE HER HEART GOES PIT-A-PAT,  
IN REVENGE FOR HER LOSS OF BACON.  
THEN SHE THROWS HIM  
TO THE DOG OR CAT  
TO BE WORRIED, CRUSHED AND SHAKEN.



**MACHEATH:**

Have you no bowels, no tenderness, my dear Lucy, to see a husband in these circumstances?

**LUCY:**

A husband!

**MACHEATH:**

In every respect but the form, and that, my dear, may be said over us at any time. Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond.

**LUCY:**

'Tis the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

**No28**

**LUCY: (sings)**

HOW CRUEL ARE THE TRAITORS,  
WHO LIE AND SWEAR IN JEST,  
TO CHEAT UNGUARDED CREATURES,  
OF VIRTUE, FAME, AND REST! WHOEVER STEALS A SHILLING,  
THROUGH SHAME THE GUILT CONCEALS:  
IN LOVE THE PERJURED VILLAIN  
WITH BOASTS THE THEFT REVEALS.

**MACHEATH:**

The very first opportunity, my dear, (have but patience) you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

**LUCY:**

Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum. I could tear thy eyes out!

**MACHEATH:**

Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly!

**LUCY:**

Are you not married to her, you brute, you.

**MACHEATH:**

Married! Very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true, I go the house; I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her. Indeed, my dear Lucy, these violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

**LUCY:**

Come, come, Captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.



**MACHEATH:**

A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the Parson, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequences of having two at a time.

**LUCY:**

That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

**MACHEATH:**

I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction. If you think there is any in marriage. What can a man of honour say more?

**LUCY:**

So then, it seems, you are not married to Miss Polly.

**MACHEATH:**

You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited. No man can say a civil thing to her but (like other fine Ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own forever and ever.

**No29:**

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

THE FIRST TIME AT THE LOOKING-GLASS  
THE MOTHER SETS HER DAUGHTER,  
THE IMAGE STRIKES THE SMILING LASS  
WITH SELF-LOVE EVER AFTER,  
EACH TIME SHE LOOKS, SHE, FONDER GROWN,  
THINKS EV'RY CHARM GROWS STRONGER.  
BUT ALAS, VAIN MAID, ALL EYES BUT YOUR OWN  
CAN SEE YOU ARE NOT YOUNGER.

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

**LUCY:**

Yonder is my father. Perhaps this way we may light upon the Parson, who shall try if you will be as good as your word. For I long to be made an honest woman.

*(Enter Peachum and Lockit with an account-book to another part of the stage)*

**LOCKIT:**

In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

**PEACHUM:**

We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account?

**LOCKIT:**

If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.



**PEACHUM:**

This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we would hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future, I shall let other rogues live besides their own.

**LOCKIT:**

Perhaps, brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

**PEACHUM:**

In one respect indeed our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

**LOCKIT:**

Such language, brother, any where else, might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

**No30**

**LOCKIT (SINGS)**

WHEN YOU CENSURE THE AGE,  
BE CAUTIOUS AND SAGE,  
LEST THE COURTIERS OFFENDED SHOULD BE:  
IF YOU MENTION VICE OR BRIBE,  
'TIS SO PAT TO ALL THE TRIBE;  
EACH CRIES: "THAT WAS LEVELLED AT ME."

**PEACHUM:**

Here's poor Ned Clincher's Name, I see. Sure brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case: for he told me in the condemned hold that for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

**LOCKIT:**

Mr. Peachum: this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

**PEACHUM:**

Business is at an end if once we act dishonourably.

**LOCKIT:**

Who accuses me?

**PEACHUM:**

You are warm, brother.

**LOCKIT:**

He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood. And this usage, sir, is not to be borne.



**PEACHUM:**

Since you provoke me to speak, I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money, for the apprehending of curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no Information.

**LOCKIT:**

Is this language to me, sirrah, who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah!

*(They grab each other by the collar)*

**PEACHUM:**

If I am hanged it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal.

**LOCKIT:**

This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you, you Dog!

**PEACHUM:**

Brother, brother...we are both in the wrong. For you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

**LOCKIT:**

Nor you so provoking.

**PEACHUM:**

'Tis our mutual interest. 'Tis for the interest of the world we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

**LOCKIT:**

Brother Peachum. I can forgive as well as resent. Give me your hand. Suspicion does not become a friend.

**PEACHUM:**

I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box, that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour.

*(Exit Peachum). (Enter Lucy)*

**LOCKIT:**

Whence come you, hussy?

**LUCY:**

My tears might answer that question.

**LOCKIT:**

You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a spaniel, over that fellow that hath abused you.

**LUCY:**

One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you, and hate him.



**LOCKIT:**

Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman. 'Tis not the fashion nowadays, so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry, if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

**No31**

**LUCY: (sings)**

IS THEN HIS FATE DECREED, SIR?  
SUCH A MAN CAN I THINK OF QUITTING?  
WHEN FIRST WE MET, SO MOVES ME YET,  
SEE HOW MY HEART IS SPLITTING!

**LOCKIT:**

Look ye, Lucy. There is no saving him. So, I think, you must even do like other widows: buy yourself weeds and be cheerful.

**No32:**

**LOCKIT: (sings)**

YOU'LL THINK ERE MANY DAYS ENSUE  
THIS SENTENCE NOT SEVERE;  
I HANG YOUR HUSBAND, CHILD, 'TIS TRUE,  
BUT WITH HIM HANG YOUR CARE.  
TWANG DANG DILLO DEE.

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying husband. That, child, is your duty. Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too, so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

*(Exit Lockit. Lucy goes back to Macheath's condemned cell.)*

**LUCY:**

Oh sir! My father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

**MACHEATH:**

But if I could raise a small sum. Would not twenty guineas move him?

**LUCY:**

What love or money can do shall be done: for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

*(Enter Polly)*

**POLLY:**

Where is my dear husband? Was a rope ever intended for this neck! O let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love. Why dost thou turn away from me? 'Tis thy Polly. 'Tis thy Wife.

**MACHEATH:**

Was there ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

**LUCY:**

Was there ever such another villain!



**POLLY:**

O Macheath! Was it for this we parted? Taken! Imprisoned! Tried! Hanged! I'll stay with thee 'till death. No force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now. What means my love? Not one kind word! Not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

**MACHEATH:**

I must disown her. (*Aside*) The wench is distracted.

**LUCY:**

Am I then bilked of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! O Villain! Villain!

**POLLY:**

Am I not thy wife? Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me too severely proves it Look at me. Tell me, am I not thy wife?

**LUCY:**

Perfidious wretch!

**POLLY:**

Barbarous husband!

**LUCY:**

Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

**POLLY:**

And I too. If you had been kind to me 'till death, it would not have vexed me. And that's no very unreasonable request, (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

**LUCY:**

Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

**MACHEATH:**

If women's tongues can cease for an answer: hear me.

**LUCY:**

I won't. Flesh and blood can't bear my usage.

**POLLY:**

Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

**No33**

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER,  
WERE T'OTHER DEAR CHARMER AWAY!  
BUT WHILE YOU THUS TEAZE ME TOGETHER,  
TO NEITHER A WORD WILL I SAY;  
BUT TOL DE ROL, TOL DE ROL etc..



**POLLY:**

Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shown to a wife!

**LUCY:**

O Villain, Villain! Thou hast deceived me: I could even inform against thee with pleasure.

**No34**

**POLLY: (sings)**  
I AM BUBBLED.

**LUCY: (sings)**  
I'M BUBBLED.

**POLLY:**  
O HOW I AM TROUBLED!

**LUCY:**  
BAMBOUZLED, AND BIT!

**POLLY:**  
MY DISTRESSES ARE DOUBLED.

**LUCY:**  
WHEN YOU COME TO THE TREE, SHOULD THE HANGMAN REFUSE,  
THESE FINGERS, WITH PLEASURE, COULD FASTEN THE NOOSE.

**POLLY:**  
I AM BUBBLED.

**LUCY:**  
I'M BUBBLED.

**POLLY:**  
O HOW I AM TROUBLED!

**LUCY:**  
BAMBOUZLED, AND BIT!

**POLLY:**  
MY DISTRESSES ARE DOUBLED.

**LUCY:**  
WHEN YOU COME TO THE TREE, SHOULD THE HANGMAN REFUSE,  
THESE FINGERS, WITH PLEASURE, COULD FASTEN THE NOOSE.

**MACHEATH:**

Be pacified, my dear Lucy. This is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am to be hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow. Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.



**POLLY:**

And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

**MACHEATH:**

And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

**LUCY:**

Really, Miss Peachum, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

**POLLY:**

Decency, madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband, while his wife is present.

**MACHEATH:**

But seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

**LUCY:**

If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the Turnkey to show you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

**POLLY:**

Give me leave to tell you, madam: these forward airs don't become you in the least, madam. And my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

**No35**

**LUCY: (sings)**

WHY HOW NOW, MADAM FLIRT?  
IF YOU THUS MUST CHATTER;  
AND ARE FOR FLINGING DIRT,  
LET'S SEE WHO BEST CAN SPATTER;  
MADAM FLIRT!

**POLLY: (sings)**

WHY HOW NOW, SAUCY JADE;  
SURE THE WENCH IS TIPSY! (*To him*)  
HOW CAN YOU SEE ME MADE  
THE SCOFF OF SUCH A GIPSY? (*To her*)  
SAUCY JADE!

*(Enter Peachum)*

**PEACHUM:**

Where's my wench? Ah, hussy! hussy! Come you home, you slut; and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.



**POLLY:**

Dear, dear father, do not tear me from him. I must speak; I have more to say to him. Oh! twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

**PEACHUM:**

Sure all women are alike! If ever they commit the folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves. Away! Not a word more. You are my prisoner now, hussy.

**No36:**

**POLLY: (sings)**

*(Holding on to Macheath, but being pulled away by Peachum)*

NO POWER ON EARTH CAN E'ER DIVIDE  
THE KNOT THAT SACRED LOVE HATH TIED.  
WHEN PARENTS DRAW AGAINST OUR MIND,  
THE TRUE-LOVE'S KNOT THEY FASTER BIND,  
OH, OH RAY, OH AMBORAH...OH, OH, ETC...

*(Exit Polly and Peachum)*

**MACHEATH:**

I am not naturally compassionate, wife; so I could not use the wench as she deserved; which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

**LUCY:**

Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled.

**MACHEATH:**

If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance. No, Lucy: I had rather die than be false to thee.

**LUCY:**

How happy I am, if you say this from your heart! For I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged than in the arms of another.

**MACHEATH:**

But could'st thou bear to see me hanged?

**LUCY:**

O Macheath, I can never live to see that day.

**MACHEATH:**

You see, Lucy; in the account of love you are in my debt, and you must now be convinced, that I rather choose to die than be another's. Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my Life to thee. If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

**LUCY:**

My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners; and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room. If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?



**MACHEATH:**

If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee. 'Till then my heart is thy prisoner.

**LUCY:**

Come then, my dear husband: owe thy life to me and, though you love me not, be grateful. But that Polly runs in my Head strangely.

**MACHEATH:**

A moment of time may make us unhappy forever.

**No37**

**LUCY:**

I LIKE THE FOX SHALL GRIEVE,  
WHOSE MATE HATH LEFT HER SIDE,  
WHOM HOUNDS FROM MORN TO EVE,  
CHASE O'ER THE COUNTRY WIDE.  
WHERE CAN MY LOVER HIDE?  
WHERE CHEAT THE WEARY PACK  
IF LOVE BE NOT HIS GUIDE,  
HE NEVER WILL COME BACK!

*(Music continues.*

*The scene changes to another part of the Prison where Lockit lies sleeping. Lucy steals the keys from his person. Lucy unlocks Macheath's irons and passes him the keys. Macheath frees himself from Prison but is spotted by the Turnkey who blows his whistle. Locket awakes and a chase ensues. In the commotion, Macheath manages to escape.*

*Lockit confronts Lucy)*

**LOCKIT:**

And so you have let him escape, hussy, have you?

**LUCY:**

When a woman loves; a kind look, a tender word can persuade her to anything and I could ask no other bribe.

**LOCKIT:**

Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut, Lucy. If you would not be looked upon as a fool, you should never do anything but upon the foot of interest. Those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

**LUCY:**

But love, sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet woman, and in love we are all fools alike. Notwithstanding all that he swore, I am now fully convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife. Did I let him escape (fool that I was) to go to her? Polly will wheedle herself into his money, and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

**LOCKIT:**

And so I am to be ruined, because, forsooth, you must be in love! A very pretty excuse!



**LUCY:**

I could murder that impudent happy strumpet. I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it. Ungrateful Macheath!

**No38**

**LUCY: (sings)**

MY LOVE IS ALL MADNESS AND FOLLY,  
ALONE I LIE,  
TOSS, TUMBLE, AND CRY,  
WHAT A HAPPY CREATURE IS POLLY!  
WAS E'ER SUCH A WRETCH AS I!  
WITH RAGE I REDDEN LIKE SCARLET,  
THAT MY DEAR INCONSTANT VARLET,  
STARK BLIND TO MY CHARMS,  
IS LOST IN THE ARMS  
OF THAT JILT, THAT INVEIGLING HARLOT!  
STARK BLIND TO MY CHARMS,  
IS LOST IN THE ARMS  
OF THAT JILT, THAT INVEIGLING HARLOT!  
THIS, THIS MY RESENTMENT ALARMS.

**LOCKIT:**

And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling. Mistress Puss! Out of my sight, wanton strumpet! You shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with now and then a little handsome discipline to bring you to your senses. Go.

*(Exit Lucy)*

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair; but I'll be even with him. The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.

**No39**

**LOCKIT: (sings)**

THUS GAMESTERS UNITED IN FRIENDSHIP ARE FOUND,  
THOUGH THEY KNOW THAT THEIR INDUSTRY ALL IS A CHEAT;  
THEY FLOCK TO THEIR PREY AT THE DICE-BOX'S SOUND,  
AND JOIN TO PROMOTE ONE ANOTHER'S DECEIT.  
BUT IF BY MISHAP  
THEY FAIL OF A CHAP,  
TO KEEP IN THEIR HANDS, THEY EACH OTHER ENTRAP.  
LIKE PIKES, LANK WITH HUNGER, WHO MISS OF THEIR ENDS,  
THEY BITE THEIR COMPANIONS AND PREY ON THEIR FRIENDS.

Now, Peachum, you and I, like honest tradesmen are to have a fair trial which of us can overreach the other. *(Calling) Lucy!*



*(Enter Lucy)*

**PEACHUM:**

Are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

**LUCY:**

Filch, sir, is drinking strong-waters in the next room with black moll.

**LOCKIT:**

Bid him come to me.

*(Exit Lucy)*

Of all animals of prey, man is the only sociable one. Everyone of us preys upon the other and yet we herd together. Peachum is my companion, my friend, and I shall make use of the privilege of friendship for cheating him.

*(Enter Filch, unsteadily)*

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved, like a shotten herring.

**FILCH:**

One had need have the constitution of a horse to go through with the business. Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap, I have picked up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being called down to sentence. But if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure, 'tis what I can't undertake for another session.

**LOCKIT:**

Truly, if that great man should tip off, 'twould be an irreparable loss. The vigor and prowess of a knight-errant never saved half the ladies in distress that he hath done. But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

**FILCH:**

At his lock, sir, at the Crooked Billet.

**LOCKIT:**

Very well. I have nothing more with you.

*(Exit Filch)*

I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him; and in the way of these transactions, I'll artfully get into his secret, so that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches.



## ACT III

### Scene 1

Scene: A Gaming-House.

(Macheath in a fine tarnished coat with Ben Budge and Matt of the Mint)

#### MACHEATH:

I am sorry, gentlemen, the road was so barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. (*Gives them money*) You see, gentlemen, I am not a mere Court friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

#### No40

#### MACHEATH: (sings)

THE MODES OF THE COURT SO COMMON ARE GROWN,  
THAT A TRUE FRIEND CAN HARDLY BE MET;  
FRIENDSHIP FOR INTEREST IS BUT A LOAN,  
WHICH THEY LET OUT FOR WHAT THEY CAN GET,  
'TIS TRUE, YOU FIND  
SOME FRIENDS SO KIND,  
WHO WILL GIVE YOU GOOD COUNSEL THEMSELVES TO DEFEND.  
IN SORROWFUL DITTY,  
THEY PROMISE, THEY PITY,  
BUT SHIFT YOU FOR MONEY, FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

But we, gentlemen, still have honour enough to break through the corruptions of the world. And while I can serve you, you may command me.

#### BEN:

It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involved in such difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill company, and herd with gamesters.

#### MATT:

See the partiality of mankind! One man may steal a horse, better than another may look over a hedge. Of all mechanics, of all servile handicraftsmen, a gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the quality are of the profession, he is admitted among the politest company. I wonder we are not more respected.

#### MACHEATH:

There will be deep play tonight at Marylebone, and consequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth setting.

#### MATT:

The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told, is never without money.

#### MACHEATH:

What do you mean, Matt? Sure you will not think of meddling with him! He's a good honest kind of a fellow, and one of us.



**BEN:**

To be sure, sir, we will put ourselves under your direction.

**MACHEATH:**

There is a certain man of distinction, who in his time hath nicked me out of a great deal of the ready. He is in my cash, Ben. I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt. The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room. So, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at Marylebone.

*(Exeunt)*



**Scene 2**

Scene: Peachum's Lock.

*(A table with wine, brandy, pipes, and tobacco)*

**LOCKIT:**

The coronation account, brother Peachum, is of so intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

**PEACHUM:**

It consists indeed of a great variety of articles. It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten instalments. This is part of the account, brother, that lies open before us.

**LOCKIT:**

A lady's tail of rich brocade: that, I see, is disposed of.

**PEACHUM:**

To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the tally-woman.

**LOCKIT:**

But I don't see any article of the jewels.

**PEACHUM:**

Those are so well known that they must be sent abroad. You'll find them entered upon the article of exportation. But, brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this affair. We should have the whole day before us.

**LOCKIT:**

Bring us then more liquor. Today shall be for pleasure: tomorrow for business. Ah, brother, those daughters of ours are two slippery hussies. Keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two shall be our own again.



**No41**

**LOCKIT: (sings)**

WHAT GUDGEONS ARE WE MEN!  
EV'RY WOMAN'S EASY PREY.  
THOUGH WE HAVE FELT THE HOOK, AGAIN  
WE BITE AND THEY BETRAY.  
THE BIRD THAT HATH BEEN TRAPPED,  
WHEN HE HEARS HIS CALLING MATE,  
TO HER HE FLIES, AGAIN HE'S CLAPPED  
WITHIN THE WIREY GRATE.

**PEACHUM:**

But what signifies catching the bird, if your daughter Lucy will set open the door of the cage?

**LOCKIT:**

If men were answerable for the follies and frailties of the wives and daughters, no friends could keep a good correspondence together for two days. This is unkind of you, brother; for among good friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

*(Enter a Servant)*

**SERVANT:**

Sir, here's Mrs. Diana Trapes wants to speak with you.

**PEACHUM:**

Shall we admit her, brother Lockit?

**LOCKIT:**

By all means.

**PEACHUM:**

Desire her to walk in.

*(Exit Servant)*

**LOCKIT:**

She's a good customer, and a fine-spoken woman... and a woman who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the conversation.

*(Enter Mrs. Trapes)*

**PEACHUM:**

Dear Mrs. Dye, your servant. One may know by your kiss, that your Gin is excellent.

**TRAPES:**

I was always very curious in my liquors.



**LOCKIT:**

There is no perfumed breath like it. I have been long acquainted with the flavour of those lips, han't I, Mrs. Dye.

**TRAPES:**

Fill it up. I take as large draughts of liquor, as I did of love: I hate a flincher in either.

**No42**

**TRAPES (sings)**

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH I COULD BILL LIKE A DOVE,  
FA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA.  
LIKE A SPARROW AT ALL TIMES WAS READY FOR LOVE,  
FA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA.  
THE LIFE OF ALL MORTALS IN KISSING SHOULD PASS,  
LIP TO LIP WHILE WE'RE YOUNG--THEN THE LIP TO THE GLASS,  
FA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our business. If you have blacks of any kind, brought in of late: mantoes, velvet scarfs, petticoats. Let it be what it will. I am your chap. For all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

**PEACHUM:**

Why, look ye, Mrs. Dye: you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen, who venture their lives for the goods, little or nothing.

**TRAPES:**

The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing. No doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer: there's a wench now with a good suit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never set eyes upon her for three months together 'till today. To be sure I stripped her of that suit of my own clothes about two hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her shift, with a lover of hers at my house. She called him upstairs, as he was going to Marylebone in a Hackney coach. And I hope, for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the ladies.

**LOCKIT:**

What Captain?

**TRAPES:**

He thought I did not know him: an intimate acquaintance of yours, Mr. Peachum. Only Captain Macheath: as fine as a Lord.

**PEACHUM:**

Tomorrow, Mrs. Dye, you shall set your own price upon any of the goods you like. We have at least half a dozen velvet scarves, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of the suit of nightclothes for your own wearing? But are you sure it is Captain Macheath?

**TRAPES:**

Though he thinks I have forgotten him; nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's money in my time at second-hand, for he always loved to have his ladies well dressed.



**PEACHUM:**

Mr. Lockit and I have a little business with the Captain. You understand me? And we will satisfy you for Mrs. Coaxer's debt.

**LOCKIT:**

Depend upon it. We will deal like men of honour.

**TRAPES:**

I don't enquire after your affairs. So whatever happens, I wash my hands on't. It hath always been my maxim, that one friend should assist another. But if you please: I'll take one of the scarves home with me. 'Tis always good to have something in hand.

*(Exit Mrs. Trapes singing)*

**No42a**

**TRAPES (sings)**

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH I COULD BILL LIKE A DOVE,  
FA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA.  
LIKE A SPARROW AT ALL TIMES WAS READY FOR LOVE,  
FA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA.  
THE LIFE OF ALL MORTALS IN KISSING SHOULD PASS,  
LIP TO LIP WHILE WE'RE YOUNG--THEN THE LIP TO THE GLASS,  
FA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA.



**Scene 3**

Scene: Newgate Prison.

*(Enter Lucy)*

**LUCY:**

Jealousy! Rage! Love and fear are at once tearing me to pieces. How am I weather-beaten and shattered with distresses!

**No43**

**LUCY: (sings)**

I'M LIKE A SKIFF ON THE OCEAN TOSSED,  
NOW HIGH, NOW LOW, WITH EACH BILLOW BORN,  
WITH HER RUDDER BROKE, AND HER ANCHOR LOST,  
DESERTED AND ALL FORLORN.  
WHILE THUS I LIE ROLLING AND TOSSING ALL NIGHT,  
THAT POLLY LIES SPORTING ON SEAS OF DELIGHT!  
REVENGE, REVENGE, REVENGE,  
SHALL APPEASE MY RESTLESS SPRITE.



**LUCY: (spoken)**

I have the rats-bane ready. I run no risk for I can lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally that I shall never be called in question. But say, I were to be hanged. I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort, than the poisoning of that slut.

*(Enter Filch)*

**FILCH:**

Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

**LUCY:**

Show her in.

*(Exit Filch. Enter Polly)*

**LUCY:**

Dear madam, your servant. I hope you will pardon my passion, when I was so happy to see you last. I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

**POLLY:**

I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes. And really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

**LUCY:**

But, Miss Polly, in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

**POLLY:**

Strong-waters are apt to give me the headache. I hope, madam, you will excuse me.

**LUCY:**

Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet, for her own private drinking. You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear.

**POLLY:**

I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer. I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, madam, had not my Papa hauled me away so unexpectedly. I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might have used some expressions that were disrespectful. But really, madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity, rather than your resentment.

**LUCY:**

But since his escape, no doubt all matters are made up again. Ah Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife; and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

**POLLY:**

Sure, madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy. A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well, so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

**LUCY:**

Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.



**No44**

**POLLY: (sings)**

A CURSE ATTEND THAT WOMAN'S LOVE,  
WHO ALWAYS WOULD BE PLEASING.

**LUCY: (sings)**

THE PERTNESS OF THE BILLING DOVE,  
LIKE TICKLING, IS BUT TEASING.

**POLLY:**

WHAT THEN IN LOVE CAN WOMAN DO;

**LUCY:**

IF WE GROW FOND THEY SHUN US.

**POLLY:**

AND WHEN WE FLY THEM, THEY PURSUE:

**LUCY:**

BUT LEAVE US WHEN THEY'VE WON US.

**LUCY: (spoken)**

Love is so very whimsical in both sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting. But my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

**POLLY:**

But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last behaviour, I think I ought to envy you. When I was forced from him, he did not show the least tenderness But perhaps, he hath a heart not capable of it.

**No45**

**POLLY: (sings)**

AMONG THE MEN, COQUETS WE FIND,  
WHO COURT BY TURNS ALL WOMAN-KIND;  
AND WE GRANT ALL THE HEARTS DESIRED,  
WHEN THEY ARE FLATTERED, AND ADMIRERD.

The coquets of both sexes are self-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can dispossess. I hear, my dear Lucy, our husband is one of those.

**LUCY:**

Away with these melancholy reflections, indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low. Let me prevail upon you to accept of my Offer.



**No46**

**LUCY: (sings)**

COME, SWEET LASS,  
LET'S BANISH SORROW  
'TILL TO-MORROW;  
COME, SWEET LASS,  
LET'S TAKE A CHIRPING GLASS.  
WINE CAN CLEAR  
THE VAPOURS OF DESPAIR  
AND MAKE US LIGHT AS AIR;  
THEN DRINK, AND BANISH CARE.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits. And I must persuade you to what I know will do you good. *(Aside)* I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet.

*(Lucy exits)*

**POLLY:**

All this wheedling of Lucy cannot be for nothing. At this time too! When I know she hates me! The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief. By pouring strong-waters down my throat, she thinks to pump some secrets out of me. I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor: I'm resolved.

*(Enter Lucy, with a glass of strong-waters)*

**LUCY:**

Come, Miss Polly.

**POLLY:**

Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose. You must, my dear, excuse me.

**LUCY:**

Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong-waters as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me. Brandy and men (though women love them ever so well) are always taken by us with some reluctance unless 'tis in private.

**POLLY:**

I protest, madam, it goes against me.

*(Macheath is brought in by Constables, followed by Lockit, Peachum and Filtch)*

What do I see! Macheath again in Custody! Now every glimmering of happiness is lost.

*(Polly drops the glass of liquor on the ground)*

**LUCY:**

*(Aside)* Since things are thus, I'm glad the wench hath escaped; for by this event, 'tis plain, she was not happy enough to deserve to be poisoned.



**LOCKIT:**

Set your heart to rest, Captain. You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

**LUCY:**

O husband, husband, my heart longed to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me.

**POLLY:**

Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? With me thou hadst been safe.

**PEACHUM:**

Away, hussies! This is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives. You see, the gentleman is in chains already.

**No47**

**POLLY: (sings)**

HITHER, DEAR HUSBAND, TURN YOUR EYES.

**LUCY: (sings)**

BESTOW ONE GLANCE TO CHEER ME.

**POLLY:**

THINK WITH THAT LOOK, THY POLLY DIES.

**LUCY:**

O SHUN ME NOT----BUT HEAR ME.

**POLLY:**

'TIS POLLY SUES.

**LUCY:**

'TIS LUCY SPEAKS.

**POLLY:**

IS THUS TRUE LOVE REQUITED?

**LUCY:**

MY HEART IS BURSTING.

**POLLY:**

MINE TOO BREAKS.

**LUCY:**

MUST I

**POLLY:**

MUST I BE SLIGHTED?



**MACHEATH:**

What would you have me say, ladies? You see this affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

**PEACHUM:**

But the settling of this point, Captain, might prevent a law-suit between your two widows.

**No48**

**MACHEATH: (sings)**

WHICH WAY SHALL I TURN ME: HOW CAN I DECIDE?  
WIVES, THE DAY OF OUR DEATH, ARE AS FOND AS A BRIDE.  
ONE WIFE IS TOO MUCH FOR MOST HUSBANDS TO HEAR,  
BUT TWO AT A TIME THERE'S NO MORTAL CAN BEAR.  
THIS WAY, AND THAT WAY, AND WHICH WAY I WILL,  
WHAT WOULD COMFORT THE ONE, T'OTHER WIFE WOULD TAKE ILL.

**POLLY:**

But if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine, a father sure will be more compassionate. Dear, dear sir, sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial. Polly, upon her knees begs it of you.

**No49**

**POLLY: (sings)**

WHEN MY HERO IN COURT APPEARS,  
AND STANDS ARRAIGNED FOR HIS LIFE;  
THEN THINK OF POOR POLLY'S TEARS;  
FOR AH! POOR POLLY'S HIS WIFE.  
LIKE THE SAILOR HE HOLDS UP HIS HAND,  
DISTRESSED ON THE DASHING WAVE.  
TO DIE A DRY DEATH AT LAND,  
IS AS BAD AS A WAT'RY GRAVE.  
AND ALAS, POOR POLLY!  
ALACK, AND WELL-A-DAY!  
BEFORE I WAS IN LOVE,  
OH! EVERY MONTH WAS MAY.

**PEACHUM:**

Set your heart at rest, Polly. Your Husband is to die today. Therefore if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut.

**LUCY:**

If Peachum's heart is hardened; sure you, sir, will have more compassion on a daughter. I know the evidence is in your power. How then can you be a tyrant to me? (*Kneeling*)



**No50**

**LUCY: (sings)**

WHEN HE HOLDS UP HIS HAND ARRAIGNED FOR HIS LIFE,  
O THINK OF YOUR DAUGHTER, AND THINK I'M HIS WIFE!  
WHAT ARE CANNONS OR BOMBS, OR CLASHING OF SWORDS?  
FOR DEATH IS MORE CERTAIN BY WITNESSES WORDS.  
THEN NAIL UP THEIR LIPS; THAT DREAD THUNDER ALLAY;  
AND EACH MONTH OF MY LIFE WILL HEREAFTER BE MAY.

**LOCKIT:**

Macheath's time is come, Lucy. We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

**No51**

**LOCKIT: (singing)**

OURSELVES, LIKE THE GREAT, TO SECURE A RETREAT,  
WHEN MATTERS REQUIRE IT, MUST GIVE UP OUR GANG:  
AND GOOD REASON WHY,  
OR, INSTEAD OF THE FRY,  
EV'N PEACHUM AND I.  
LIKE POOR PETTY RASCALS, MIGHT HANG, HANG;  
LIKE POOR PETTY RASCALS, MIGHT HANG.

**LOCKIT:**

We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

**No52**

**MACHEATH: (singing)**

THE CHARGE IS PREPARED; THE LAWYERS ARE MET,  
THE JUDGES ALL RANGED (A TERRIBLE SHOW!)  
I GO, UNDISMAYED: FOR DEATH IS A DEBT,  
A DEBT ON DEMAND: SO TAKE WHAT I OWE.  
THEN FAREWELL, MY LOVE: DEAR CHARMERS, ADIEU.  
CONTENTED I DIE: 'TIS THE BETTER FOR YOU.  
HERE ENDS ALL DISPUTES FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES,  
FOR THIS WAY AT ONCE I PLEASE ALL MY WIVES.

**MACHEATH: (spoken)**

Now, Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

*(Macheath is taken off in chains by the Constables, followed by Peachum and Lockit)*

**POLLY:**

Follow them, Filch, to the Court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of everything that happened. You'll find me here with Miss Lucy.



*(Exit Filch)*

**No53**  
**DANCE MUSIC (Instrumental)**

**POLLY:**

But why is all this music?

**LUCY:**

The prisoners, whose trials are put off 'till next session, are diverting themselves.

**POLLY:**

Sure there is nothing so charming as music! I'm fond of it to distraction! But alas! Now, all mirth seems an insult upon my affliction. Let us retire, my dear Lucy, and indulge our sorrows.

*(Enter the Prisoners in Chains who perform a dance)*

The noisy crew, you see, are coming upon us.

*(Exit Lucy and Polly)*



**Scene 4**

Scene: The Condemned Hold

**No54**  
**MACHEATH: (singing)**

*(In a melancholy posture)*

O CRUEL, CRUEL, CRUEL CASE!  
MUST I SUFFER THIS DISGRACE?

OF ALL THE FRIENDS IN TIME OF GRIEF,  
WHEN THREATENING DEATH LOOKS GRIMMER,  
NOT ONE SO SURE CAN BRING RELIEF,  
AS THIS BEST FRIEND, A BRIMMER.

*(Drinks)*

SINCE I MUST SWING:  
I SCORN, I SCORN,  
TO WINCE OR WHINE.

*(Rises)*

BUT NOW AGAIN MY SPIRITS SINK;  
I'LL RAISE THEM HIGH WITH WINE.

*(Drinks a glass of wine)*



**MACHEATH: (singing)**  
BUT VALOUR THE STRONGER GROWS,  
THE STRONGER LIQUOR WE'RE DRINKING;  
AND HOW CAN WE FEEL OUR WOES  
WHEN WE'VE LOST THE TROUBLE OF THINKING?

*(Drinks)*

IF THUS A MAN CAN DIE  
MUCH BOLDER WITH BRANDY

*(Pours out a bumper of brandy)*

SO I DRINK OFF THIS BUMPER.  
AND NOW I CAN STAND THE TEST.  
AND MY COMRADES SHALL SEE,  
THAT I DIE AS BRAVE AS THE BEST.

*(Drinks)*

BUT CAN I LEAVE MY PRETTY HUSSIES,  
WITHOUT ONE TEAR, OR TENDER SIGH?

THEIR EYES, THEIR LIPS, THEIR BUSSES  
RECALL MY LOVE: AH MUST I DIE?

SINCE LAWS WERE MADE FOR EV'RY DEGREE,  
TO CURB VICE IN OTHERS, AS WELL AS ME,  
I WONDER WE HAN'T BETTER COMPANY,  
UPON TYBURN TREE!  
BUT GOLD FROM LAW CAN TAKE OUT THE STING;  
AND IF RICH MEN LIKE US WERE TO SWING,  
'TWOULD THIN THE LAND, SUCH NUMBERS TO STRING  
UPON TYBURN TREE!

*(Enter Jailer, followed by Ben Budge and Matt of the Mint)*

**JAILER:**

Some friends of yours, Captain, desire to be admitted. I leave you together.

**MACHEATH:**

For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution. The Sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprised me! 'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people. Therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some months longer.

**MATT:**

We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your misfortune. But 'tis what we must all come to.



**MACHEATH:**

Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels. Their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs. Remember your dying friend! 'Tis my last Request: bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

**MATT:**

We'll do it.

*(Enter Jailer)*

**JAILER:**

Miss Polly and Miss Lucy intreat a word with you.

**MACHEATH:**

Gentlemen, adieu.

*(Exit Matt and Ben with Jailer. Lucy and Polly enter)*

**MACHEATH:**

My dear Lucy. My dear Polly. Whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end. If you are fond of marrying again, the best advice I can give you is to ship yourselves to the West Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a husband a-piece, or by good luck, two or three, as you like best.

**POLLY:**

How can I support this sight!

**LUCY:**

There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress.

**No55**

**LUCY: (singing)**

WOULD I MIGHT BE HANGED!

**POLLY: (singing)**

AND I WOULD SO TOO!

**LUCY:**

TO BE HANGED WITH YOU.

**POLLY:**

MY DEAR, WITH YOU.

**MACHEATH: (singing)**

O LEAVE ME TO THOUGHT!

I FEAR! I DOUBT!

I TREMBLE! I DROOP!

SEE, MY COURAGE IS OUT!

*(Turns the empty bottle upside down)*



**POLLY: (singing)**  
NO TOKEN OF LOVE?

**MACHEATH:**  
SEE, MY COURAGE IS OUT.  
*(Turns up the empty glass)*

**LUCY:**  
NO TOKEN OF LOVE?

**POLLY:**  
ADIEU.

**LUCY:**  
FAREWELL.

**MACHEATH:**  
BUT HARK! I HEAR THE TOLL OF THE BELL.

**CHORUS:**  
TOL DE ROL LOL, ETC.

*(Enter Jailer)*

**JAILER:**  
Four women more, Captain, with a child apiece! See, here they come.

*(Enter 4 women with children)*

**MACHEATH:**  
What? Four wives more? This is too much. Here: tell the Sheriff's officers I am ready.

*(Exit Macheath guarded)*

*(To them, enter Player and Beggar)*

**PLAYER:**  
But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

**BEGGAR:**  
Most certainly, sir. To make the piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must have supposed they were all hanged or transported.

**PLAYER:**  
Why then friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an opera must end happily.



**BEGGAR:**

Your objection, sir, is very just, and is easily removed. For you must allow, that in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about. So: you rabble there run and cry: "A Reprieve!" Let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

**PLAYER:**

All this we must do, to comply with the taste of the town.

**BEGGAR:**

Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road, the fine gentlemen. Had the play remained, as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral. 'Twould have shown that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich and that they are punished for them.

*(Enter Macheath brought in by the Rabble)*

**MACHEATH:**

So, it seems, I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last. Look ye, my dears, we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife will testify her joy by a dance.

**ALL:**

Come. A dance. A dance.

**MACHEATH:**

Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you. And (if I may without offence) for this time, I take Polly for mine and for life, you slut, for we were really married. As for the rest... but at present keep your own secret.

**No56 (A DANCE)**

**MACHEATH: (singing)**

THUS I STAND LIKE THE TURK, WITH HIS DOXIES AROUND;  
FROM ALL SIDES THEIR GLANCES HIS PASSION CONFOUND;  
FOR BLACK, BROWN, AND FAIR, HIS INCONSTANCY BURNS,  
AND DIFFERENT BEAUTIES SUBDUE HIM BY TURNS:  
EACH CALLS FORTH HER CHARMS, TO PROVOKE HIS DESIRES;  
THOUGH WILLING TO ALL, WITH BUT ONE HE RETIRES.  
BUT THINK OF THIS MAXIM, AND PUT OFF YOUR SORROW,  
THE WRETCH OF TODAY, MAY BE HAPPY TO-MORROW.

**CHORUS:**

BUT THINK OF THIS MAXIM, AND PUT OFF YOUR SORROW,  
THE WRETCH OF TODAY, MAY BE HAPPY TO-MORROW.

**FINIS**





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