Bodleian Libraries
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

Rebound Feb. 1927

Theobald (L.) Harlequin sorcerer. 1752

8°. : A-C^4 : 12 leaves.

Mal. B. 165(10)

THE

SORCERER.

[Price Six-pence.]

Harlequin Sorcerer:

With the Loves of

PLUTO and PROSERPINE.

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

Printed by H. WOODFALL, in *Paternoster-Row*; and
Sold at the *Theatre-Royal* in *Covent-Garden.*

M.DCC.LII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WITCHES *by* *Mr.* Legge,
Mrs. Lampe,
Mrs. Arne,
Miſs Young,

And Others.

Pluto,	*Mr.* Howard.
Aſcalax, Chief Miniſter, and Attendant on *Pluto*,	*Mr.* Baker.
Proſerpine,	*Mrs.* Storer.

Several Shades, Infernals, and others.

THE SORCERER.

SCENE I.

After the Overture, the Curtain rises, and discovers dark rocky Caverns, illumin'd by the Moon; Flashes of Lightning faintly striking.

While the SYMPHONY is playing, divers Witches enter severally.

First VOICE.

WHY Sisters, why—Why thus d'ye stay?
Our Works admit of no Delay.
The Noon of Night is hurrying on,

When

When all muſt meet, ſalute and own
Our Maſter's new contracted Son:
Mean while, on all the Winds that blow,
Our new-wrought Miſchiefs let us throw.

3d Vo. This——To the *Eaſt.*

4th Vo. This——To the *Weſt.*

2d Vo. This——To the *South.*

1ſt Vo. This——To the *North.*

All. Let dire Contagion now go forth.

[*A Noiſe in the Air.*

A SYMPHONY,

While ſeveral WITCHES *and* HARLEQUIN *fly acroſs.*

1ſt Vo. Our new Companion's poſting here,
To welcome him, let's all prepare.

WITCHES

WITCHES *and* HARLEQUIN *enter.*

3*d Vo.* Welcome.

4*th Vo.* Welcome.

2*d Vo.* Welcome.

1*st. Vo.* Welcome.

A I R.

Welcome to our Place of Sporting:
Health and Treasure
Ev'ry Pleasure
Now command.

Here each Night, at our Resorting,
We redouble
Ev'ry Trouble,
Through the Land.

Welcome, &c.

1ſt Vo. Let us embrace——
——————Thou ſhalt be wiſe,
And overcome thy Enemies.

A I R.

Let the Thunder crack and roll;
No Pow'r thy Charms ſhall e'er controul.
Nature ſhall yield to your great Skill:
Your Art, with Eaſe,
Shall, when you pleaſe,
Transform all Things to what you will.
Let the, &c.

3d Vo. Now let our Art a Dance prepare,
To Notes that may regale the Ear,
Whilſt merry Sprights obey the Sound,
And, in brisk Meaſure, beat the Ground.

A Dance of WITCHES.

1ſt. Vo.

1ſt Vo. The hated Morn comes on apace;
'Tis Time we ſhould depart this Place,
Till the great Planet of the Sun
His vig'rous Courſe of Light has run,
Which ſtill creates more Miſchiefs to be done.
Now throw off all Remorſe and Fear,
Revenge ſhall be to thee moſt dear;
On ſweet Revenge ſtill fix thy Mind,
With us 'tis Joy to plague Mankind.

CHORUS *of All.*

With us 'tis Joy to plague Mankind.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes, and the Actions of* HARLEQUIN *go on.*

The Harvest Home.

Sung by Mr. LOWE.

I.

Come Roger *and* Nel, *come* Simkin *and* Bell,
Each Lad with his Lass hither come;
With Singing and Dancing, in Pleasure advancing,
To celebrate Harvest Home.

CHORUS.

'Tis Ceres *bids Play,*
And keep Holiday,
To celebrate Harvest Home.

II.

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store,
Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land;
Let each Man then take, for the Prong and the Rake,
His Can and his Lass in his Hand.

CHORUS.

For Ceres *bids,* &c.

III.

III.

No Courtiers can be, ſo happy as we,
In innocent Paſtime and Mirth;
While thus we carouſe, with our Sweet-
heart or Spouſe,
And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,

CHORUS.

When Ceres, *&c.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Barren Desart.

Enter first WITCH.

1st Witch. Here in this barren Wild and desart Place,
Where none resort of human Race,
Where Rocks o'er Rocks their Fronts extend,
And the bare Trees with Tempests bend,
Assemble.

AIR.

Pow'rful Daughters of the Night,
Hither bend your airy Flight.

Enter

Enter ſeveral WITCHES.

SONG.

2d Witch. *Hither we weird Siſters come.*
Some on Switch, and ſome on Broom,
From where the Elf and bloating Toad,
In dreary Damps make their Abode;
From culling Hemlock, Henbane, Rue,
And other Plants of pois'nous Dew.
Hither we weird Siſters come,
Some on Switch, and ſome on Broom,
We weird Siſters hither come.

1ſt Witch. What have ye done ſince Yeſternight?
What Deeds perform'd for our Delight?

3d Witch. On the new Juſtice and the 'Squire,
We've had our Will, our full Deſire;
We've fool'd them to the higheſt Pitch,
And ſous'd 'em both into a Ditch.
Ho, ho, ho.

4th Witch. The Farmer's Hogs too we have drown'd,
And laid his Barns flat to the Ground,
Ho, ho.

3d Witch. The May'r o'th' Town I lugg'd by the Ears,
And threw him headlong down the Stairs;
The Beadle in my Way I found,
And whipp'd him nine Times round the Pound.

A I R.

Revenge is compleat,
Thus Mortals to treat,
That our pow'rful Charms they may know,
While great is our Pleasure,
And sweet beyond Measure,
To triumph in Mischief and Woe.

1st Witch. Now let us for our Flight prepare,
And mounted on the foggy Air,
To our nightly Cave repair.

2d Witch *and* CHORUS.

There in our dark Cell,
With Poison and Spell,
We'll do all we can,
To terrify Man;
We triumph in Joy,
While their Bliss we destroy.

SCENE III.

A Chamber; Harlequin *repoſing himſelf on a Couch*; *Thunder and Lightning*; *ſeveral Demons ariſe*; *ſeize and bear away* Harlequin *in Triumph, in the following Chorus.*

CHORUS.

With our Prey let's take our Flight,
Then Hell will be in full Delight.

[*As they diſappear, a Colonade, leading to the* Elyſian Fields, *is diſcover'd, where ſeveral Shades and Infernal Spirits are ranged on each Side, waiting the Approach of* Pluto.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Machine deſcends with PLUTO *and* PROSERPINE, *and fixes on the Stage.*

PLUTO.

Lov'd Partner of my gloomy Reign,
Theſe boundleſs Realms of Pow'r ſurvey,
No more in vain ſigh, to regain
The taſteleſs Sweets of Earth and Day.
Put on thy Smiles of Joy again,
Such Smiles as once bleſs'd *Enna*'s Plain;
Then *Jove* and *Neptune* ſhall repine,
Whilſt thou the faireſt Lot, art mine.

PROSERPINE.

So well you know to ſoothe my Fears,
To ſoften and aſſwage my Cares,
That, ſmiling, I deſpiſe, from hence,
The Thoughts that once o'er-came my Senſe,
When firſt you ſnatch'd me to your Arms,

Virgin Sports no more delighting;
Sylvan Joys no more inviting,
I the Call of Love purſue.

Earthly Beauties greatly charming,
Ev'ry tender Boſom warming,
Fields, and Springs, and Groves, adieu.

Virgin Sports, &c.

Enter

Enter ASCALAX.

Joy, Sovereign Liege, the News I bring,
Will make your Realms with Triumph ring;
The late Impoſtor, who with Zeal
Has reign'd the Miniſter of Hell;
By thy permiſſive Pow'r renown'd,
For Magick Skill and Arts profound,
At length has reach'd th' Infernal Ground.

PLUTO.

Moſt welcome are thy Tidings——Hence
To Hell's far Bounds the Sound diſpenſe.
Let not a Fiend preſume to wear
The Face of Sorrow or Deſpair;
Let each in earthly Form and Dreſs,
With ſprightly Dance their Joys confeſs;
And all, in merrieſt Mood, unite,
To give their mighty Queen Delight.
This is my Will——proclaim it round,
And in loud Triumphs ſpread the Sound.

[*Exit* Aſcalax.

Fly

Fly Despair, be Sorrow vanish'd,
Hence be every Torment banish'd,
Since possessing
Such a Blessing,
Such a Treasure,
Such a Pleasure,
Let my Regions ring with Joy.
Now the Fates with Love have crown'd us,
Let our sooty Slaves around us,
All their Hours in Mirth employ.

Fly, &c.

[*The Machine, in which* Pluto *and* Proserpine *descended, rises and discovers a Prospect of the* Elysian Fields; *where several* Dæmons *in Earthly Forms and antick Dress, come to pay Homage to* Pluto *and* Proserpine *in Dancing.*

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

In new Delights for ever join
Great Pluto, *and lov'd* Proſerpine;
Thus let applauding Triumph riſe,
Till Jove *with Envy quits his Skies.*

FINIS.