

Thomas Duffett, The empress of Morocco (London, 1674).

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THE
EMPRESS
OF
MOROCCO.

A Farce.

ACTED
By His Majesties Servants.

LONDON,
Printed for Simon Neal, at the Sign of
the three Pidgeons in Bedford-street
in Covent-Garden. 1674.

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An Epilogue spoken by Witches,
after the mode of Macbeth.

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EPILOGUE
Being a new Fancy after the old,
and most surprising way
OF
MACBETH,
Perform'd with new and costly
MACHINES.
Which were invented and managed
by the most ingenious Operator
Mr. Henry Wright. P. G. Q.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1674.

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THE
ACTORS NAMES.

Heccate. Mr. Powel.
1 Witch. Mr. Harris.
2 Witch. Mr. Adams.
3 Witch. Mr. Lyddal.
Thunder. Mr. Goodman.
Lightning. Mr. Kew.

Spirits, Cats, and Musicians.

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AN
EPILOGUE
Spoken by
Heccate and three WITCHES,
According
To the Famous Mode of
MACBETH.

The most renowned and melodious
Song of John Dory, being heard as
it were in the Air sung in parts by
Spirits, to raise the expectation,
and charm the audience with
thoughts sublime, and worthy of
that Heroick Scene which follows.

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The Scene opens.

Thunder and lightning is discover'd,
not behind Painted Tiffany to
blind and amuse the Senses, but
openly, by the most excellent way
of Mustard-bowl, and Salt-Peter.

Three Witches fly over the Pit,
Riding upon Beesomes.

Heccate descends over the Stage in a

Glorious Charriot, adorn'd with
Pictures of Hell and Devils, and
made of a large Wicker Basket.

Heccate and 3 Witches.

Hec. What, you have been at Hot-Cockles I see,
Beldames! how dare you traffick thus, and not call me?
'Tis I must bear the Brunt -----
Where's W----?

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Within. Here.

Hec. Where's W----?

Within. Here.

Hec. Where's Mack'rel back and Jilting-Sue.

All the three)
Witches.) We want but you: We want but you.

Hec. You Lazie Hags! what mischief have you done?

1 Witch. I was with Templer lock'd from Night till Noon,
My case he open'd thrice and once
Actions he entred three and one,
But grown with study dull as dunce
His deeds I burnt, his Fees I spent;
And till next Term or quarters Rent
I left him poor, and Male-content.

Hec. Thou shalt have a Spirit --- What hast thou done?

2 Witch. I pick'd Shop-keeper up, and went to th'Sun.
He Houncht ---- and Houncht ---- and Houncht;
And when h' had done,
Pay me quoth I,
Be damn'd you Whore! did fierce Mechanick cry,
And most unlike a true bred Gentleman,
Drunk as a Bitch he left me there in Pawn.

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Hec. His Shop is in Fleetstreet -----

2. Witch. In Hackney Coach, I'll thither sail,
Like wanton Wife with sweeping Tail;

I'll do! I'll do! and I'll do!

3. Witch. A running Nag I'll thee lend;

2. Witch. Thou art my Friend;

1. Witch. I'll give thee Shancker and Bubo.

2. Witch. I can have all the rest of Friends below.

(pointing to

(the Pit.

To sweating Tub I'll youth confine,

Where he shall dwind'le flux and pine,
Though white Witch Surgeon drench and noint.

I'le have at least a Joint.

Hec. And what hast thou done?

3. Witch. With Cock of Game I fought a Match,
While his ----- my ----- did catch,
I stole his money and Gold Watch.

Hec. Thou shalt have an Incubus;

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Come to our Friends to make their charms more quicker,
Here's six go-downs of humming Stygian Liquor.

Enter two Spirits with Brandy burning, which
drink while it flames, Heccate and the
three Witches Sing.

To the Tune of, A Boat, a Boat, &c.

Hec. A health, a health to Mother C-----
From Moor-fields fled to Mill-bank Castle,
She puts off rotten new rig'd Vessel.

1. Witch. A health, a health to G----- that Witch,
She needs must be in spite of fate Rich,
Who sells tough Hen for Quail and Partridg.

2. Witch. A health, a health to Sister T-----
Her Trade's chief beauty and example,
She'll serve the Gallant, or the Pimp, well.

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3. Witch. A health, a health to Betty B-----
Though she began the Trade but newly,
Of Country Squires there's not a few lye.

Chorus.

But of all the brisk Bawdes 'tis M----- for me,
'Tis M----- the best in her degree;
She can serve from the Lord, to the Squire and Clown,
From a Guinny she'll fit ye to half a Crown.

1 Witch. Fei! Fah! Fum!

By the itching of my Bum,
Some wicked Luck shou'd that way come.

(pointing to the
(Audience.

Hec. Stand still --- by yonder dropping Nose I know,
That we shall please them all before we go.

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Heccate speaks to the Audience.

Hec. Hail! hail! hail! you less than wits and greater!
Hail Fop in Corner! and the rest now met here,
Though you'l ne're be wits --- from your loins shall spread,
Diseases that shall Reign when you are dead.

Deed is done!
War's begun!
Great Morocco's lost and won.

Bank-side Maulkin thrice hath mew'd, no matter:
If puss of t' other house will scratch, have at her.
T' appease your Spirits and keep our Farce from harm,
Of strong Ingredients we have powerful charm,
To catch Bully Critick whose wit but thin is:
Yonder sits empty Cully stuf't with Guinnies,
Then for the wary squeamish Critick Lover,
A Dainty Virgin Pullet sits above there,

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And those two Vizards hide a brace of Jinnyes,
Enough to hamper all the Critick Nynnyes:
Besides all this, our charm is stronger made yet,
With Dock of Harlot hasht and grylliaded,
Carcass of Country Girl that's fresh and wholesome,
Haunch of whetstone Doe, but that is fulsome.
Moreover Friends! in ev'ry place to fit ye,
Goose Giblets, Rumps, and Kidneys for the City.

Heccate and) (a Hellish noise
all the three) Huff no more! (is heard with-
Witches.) (in.

Hec. He that wou'd damn this Farce does strive in vain
This charm can never be o'recome by man,
'Till Whetstones Park remove to Distaff Lane.

Within Singing.
Heccate! Heccate! Come away.

Hec. Hark I am call'd ----

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She Sings.

I come; I come; Alack and well a-day.
Alack and well a-day.

Within.

The Pot boyls over while you stay ---

Heccate.

Vanish ----

In Basket Chariot I will mount,
'Tis time I know it by my count.

Thunder and Lightning: while they
are flying up Heccate Sings.

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The Goose and the Gander went over the Green,
They flew in the Corn that they could not be seen.

Chorus.

They flew, &c.

The three Witches Sing.

Rose-mary's green, Rose-mary's green,
derry, derry, down.
When I am King, thou shalt be Queen,
derry, derry, down.

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If I have Gold, thou shalt have part,
derry, derry, down.
If I have none thou hast my heart.
derry, derry, down.

FINIS.

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