

**ALL AT COVENTRY: OR,  
LOVE AND  
LAUGH; A MUSICAL  
FARCE, IN TWO ACTS**

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All at Coventry: Or, Love and Laugh; a Musical Farce, in two acts by W. T. Moncrieff

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**W. T. MONCRIEFF**

**ALL AT COVENTRY: OR,  
LOVE AND  
LAUGH; A MUSICAL  
FARCE, IN TWO ACTS**





ALL AT COVENTRY;

OR,

LOVE AND LAUGH;

A Musical Farce,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET, &c. &c.

WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN BY

W. T. MONCRIEFF,

AUTHOR OF "GIOVANNI IN LONDON," "MONSIEUR TONSON,"  
"BASHFUL MAN," "SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM,"  
"ROCHESTER," "TOM AND JERRY,"  
&c., &c.

Get thee before me on to Coventry.—SHAKESPEARE.

A NEW AND CORRECTED EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, DRAMATIC  
REPOSITORY, 104, DRURY LANE, CORNER OF  
CLARE COURT;

SOLD BY J. LIMBIRD, MIRROR OFFICE, STRAND; G. SWEETON,  
OLD BAILY; KIRBY, WARWICK LANE; CHAPPEL, FLEET  
MALL; AND ALL THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN  
AND COUNTRY.

(Price Two Shillings.)

1825.

1149

## ADVERTISEMENT.



THIS Piece was written before the age of sixteen, to enliven the tedium of the author's then profession, the Law; and has in public and private—in town and country—attained a popularity, not even the sanguine hopes of boyhood had anticipated. In the present Edition, the songs have been adapted to popular airs, some difficulty having occurred to Managers in procuring the original music; and the whole has been revised, to render it more worthy the patronage of the Public. Like most initial and juvenile productions, this Farce will furnish the dramatic reader with many reminiscences of better pieces. Youth is the season of imitation, and man, as Aristotle has before remarked, is an imitative animal. To the gratification arising from those recollections, the popularity of this piece may, perhaps mainly be ascribed.

The characters of Tommy and his Father, were sketched from the life: the translating barber and his classical son, really lived on Mutton Hill, and were first pointed out to me by my friend Mr. George Smith, who was occasionally taken by the nose, both by father and son. I regret I could not render this congenial pair as amusing in public as I found them in private; not but they have excited their share of merriment.

W. T. M.

104, Drury Lane,  
May 28, 1825.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



|                   | Olympic, 1816.         | Adelphi, 1825. |
|-------------------|------------------------|----------------|
| Timothy - - - -   | Mr. RUSSELL.           | Mr. WRENCH.    |
| Bramble - - - -   | Mr. MEREDITH.          | Mr. MEREDITH.  |
| Ramble - - - -    | Mr. HUCKEL.            | Mr. PHILLIPS.  |
| Lively - - - -    | Mr. FITZWILLIAM.       | Mr. J. REEVES. |
| Gabblewig - - - - | Mr. SLOMAN.            | Mr. SALTER.    |
| Tommy - - - -     | Mr. ELLIOT.            | Mr. ELLIOT.    |
| Redtail - - - -   | Mr. MIDDLETON.         | Mr. DALEY.     |
| Gregory - - - -   | Mr. TRUMAN.            | Mr. SAUNDERS.  |
| Waiter - - - -    | Master C. FITZWILLIAM. | Mr. COOPER.    |
| Dora - - - -      | Mrs. HAYWOOD.          | Miss S. BOOTH. |
| Catherine - - - - | Mrs. HUGHES.           | Miss CARR.     |



# ALL AT COVENTRY.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The common Room of a Country Inn.—Door in the Centre, leading to the Village.—Doors on each Side leading to inner Apartments.—Timothy, Ramble, and Gabblewig enter as the Curtain rises to the Symphony of the following Quartetto.—Timothy from Door in the Centre, Ramble and Gabblewig from side Doors : they ring the Bells very violently.*

### QUARTETTO.

*Timothy, Ramble, Gabblewig, and Waiter.*

AIR—“ *Je suis un petit Tambour ;*” or, “ *Where the Southern Breezes play.*”

- Tim.* Landlord ! Waiter ! Boots ! oddsfish  
You Job himself would vex ;  
I've rung your bells until I wish  
Their ropes were round your necks.
- Ram.* The dead might hear this din ;  
What are you all about ?  
Zounds ! how can this be call'd an inn  
When every soul is out ?
- Wait.* Coming !
- Omnes.* — Come, or hear your doom,—  
'Tis fit that you should know,  
That if you don't, Sir, quickly come,  
That we shall quickly go.
- Tim.* Why, zounds ! will no one move ?  
I'faith 'tis mighty well !  
So deaf unto your bells you prove,  
One would think they rung your knell !

*Ram.*   Cookey! Ostler! Landlord! Waiter!  
           I have not yet broke my fast.  
 Keep me but a moment later  
           And that moment is your last.

*Wait.*   Coming!

*Omnes.* ——— Come, or hear your doom,—  
           'Tis fit that you should know,  
 That if you do not quickly come,  
           That we shall quickly go.

*Enter WAITER.*

*Wait.* Very sorry, your honours, to keep you waiting, but master, mistress, the maid, and I, have all been obliged to listen to Squire Bramble's speech on the sinking fund.

*Tim.* Sinking fund! Egad, your funds will soon sink if you treat your customers in this manner. But come, you dog, now you are here, get me a glass of brandy and water, and put in it—

*Ram.* (*not seeing Tim.*) A mutton chop, waiter.

*Tim.* Eh! a mutton chop in my brandy and water?

*Ram.* Or a rump steak and oyster sauce.

*Tim.* Very odd, but no matter, put in it—

*Gab.* Any thing hot in the house? eh, young man?

*Tim.* Some ginger, waiter; and let the water be boiling.

*Wait.* Yes, your honour. Here, cookey—A beef-steak and ginger in No. 1.—Brandy and water and oyster sauce for the third box; and something hot for the gentleman in the wig here.

*Gab.* Gentleman in the wig! What does he mean by that? I've a great mind to trim his wig for him. What if I have been a barber—does that signify? Never was so treated since I resigned the tongs! Egad I must leave this saucy inn I see; yes, I will, I'll go and find out Tommy—pay my bill, and off to Miss Dora directly. Here Tommy! Tommy! (*calling*) [*Exit.*]

*Ram.* Come, waiter, look sharp, you dog, for I can assure you I'm sharp set. [*Exit Waiter.*]

*Tim.* (*turning round.*) Why surely I know that voice! Can it be—yes, it must be—Pray, Sir, are you, (*recognizing him.*)—Ramble?

*Ram.* Timothy! Why what the devil brought you to Coventry?

*Tim.* A damn'd slow diligence—a Yorkshire waggon, half the way, and my legs, as I feel to my cost, the other half. But what brings you to Coventry? surely you hav'n't been *sent* here, eh?

*Ram.* No! oh, no! "A truant disposition, good my lord." But tell me what the plague made you leave your master, old Redtail?

*Tim.* Season your admiration with patience, and you shall hear. You know the old scoundrel?

*Ram.* I do—as errant a fiend as ever hunted a poor undone devil to despair with a couple of bailiffs; why he's a sharper practitioner than old Bailey, Bouverie-street, Hanson; and that you'll say is impossible.

*Tim.* You will not be surprised then that I've long wish'd to leave his service, though prevented by poverty. The old dog has lately been worse than ever; no old maid's footman was ever more nagged and fagged—Oh, the luxury of scribbling twelve hours a day in the infernal den he called his office! let me not think on't. The plain fact is, that happening to stay five minutes after my dinner half-hour yesterday, he abused me so much, I began to cane his coat, and forgot in my rage that he was in it.

*Ram.* Well! and what then?

*Tim.* Why, then, contrary to modern tactics—having gained a victory over my enemy, I showed him a fair pair of heels—ran away—and here I am, with my wardrobe in my waistcoat pocket—a light heart in my bosom—a little silver in my