

**POLLY, AN OPERA: BEING THE
SEQUEL TO THE BEGGAR'S
OPERA NOW FREELY
ADAPTED BY CLIFFORD BAX**

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Polly, an Opera: Being the Sequel to the Beggar's Opera Now Freely Adapted by Clifford Bax by
John Gay & Clifford Bax

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JOHN GAY & CLIFFORD BAX

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POLLY
AN OPERA

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AN OPERA
BY
MR. GAY
BEING THE SEQUEL TO
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA
NOW FREELY ADAPTED
BY
CLIFFORD BAX



NEW YORK
MOFFAT YARD & COMPANY

APOLOGY

In perusing the lyrics of this play the reader will be distressed by many graceless irregularities of rhythm. A long apprenticeship to the craft of making words fit music has convinced me that the more precisely they follow the musical pattern the more disagreeable they are to read. I trust that the reader whose ear is offended by a line that is too long or by one that slips away too flowingly will remember that the lyrics are intended to be sung.

C. B.

POLLY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN :—

DUCAT	.	.	<i>a wealthy coffee-planter</i>
MORANO	.	.	<i>Macheath in disguise</i>
VANDERBLUFF	.	}	<i>pirates</i>
LAGUERRE	.		
HACKER	.		
CULVERIN	.		
CAPSTERN	.		
CUTLACE	.		
POHETOHEE	.	.	<i>an Indian Chief</i>
CAWWAWKEE	.	.	<i>his son</i>
FIRST FOOTMAN	.	.	<i>attending on DUCAT</i>
SECOND FOOTMAN	.	.	<i>attending on DUCAT</i>

WOMEN :—

POLLY PEACHUM
JENNY DIVER
MRS. DIANA TRAPES
MRS. DUCAT
TWO SLAVE-GIRLS <i>of DUCAT'S household</i>

SUPERS :—

INDIANS, PIRATES, WOMEN OF THE TOWN

SCENE :—*An Island in the West Indies*

ACT I

ACT I

SCENE :—*Front, an open space in hard sunlight. Entrances right and left.*

Back, a verandah of DUCAT's house. It is in deep shadow. Centre back, a doorway, covered by a curtain of reeds and beads, from the house onto the verandah.

DUCAT is discovered in a chair on the verandah, snoring. By his side, a small table on which stand a bottle of rum and two mugs.

Enter left MRS. TRAPES.

SCENE I

DUCAT and MRS. TRAPES

Mrs. Trapes. Fie, fie, Mr. Ducat—asleep? . . . Shall I give him a kiss? He might call me a forward minx. . . . And yet what is sweeter than a kiss? . . . [*seeing the bottle*] Ah—Jamaica rum! 'Tis the one commodity that reconciles me to these barbarous parts. [*drinks a mugful*] Now—wake up, Mr. Ducat, wake up!

Ducat. [*Waking*]. Eh?—[*rising and bowing*] Mrs. Trapes—your servant.

Mrs. Trapes. For shame, Mr. Ducat—asleep at the very hour of appointment?

Ducat. Sure, Madam, sleep is an innocent and gentlemanly occupation.

Mrs. Trapes. It depends. Had you gentlemanly dreams? Fie, fie!

Ducat. Not so loud, I beseech you. My wife is in the house there, and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon account of my visits to your establishment.

Mrs. Trapes. Your visits! In truth, Mr. Ducat, you are doing yourself small credit by abstaining so long from the charms that I can supply. 'Tis now a half year since I landed on this island and opened my Academy for Young Gentlewomen; yet I vow you have not been near it beyond a dozen occasions. Though you were born and bred in the Indies, as you are a subject of Britain you should live up to our British customs. You are the wealthiest man in the island and should set an example to the rest. Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expensive in your pleasures.

Air 1

The manners of the great affect;
Stint not your pleasure:
If conscience had their genius checked,
How got they treasure?
The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careless who is undone;
Morals and honesty leave to the poor,
As they do in London.

Ducat. I never thought to hear thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in all the Indies who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

Mrs. Trapes. There it is now. What man of wealth in England would talk of the necessaries of life? Indeed, 'tis the same with all of us. Whether we can afford them or no, we must have superfluities. As to woman, now—why look you, Mr. Ducat, a man has what we may call the mere necessaries in a wife.

Ducat. He has—and more.