

*The action takes place in eighteenth-century England.*

**Prelude**

**ACT ONE**

**SCENE 1**

*The garden of Trulove's house in the country on a spring afternoon. The house is on the right. There is a gate in the fence at the back. Anne and Rakewell are seated in an arbor to the left.*

**Duet and Trio**

ANNE

The woods are green, and bird and beast at play  
For all things keep this festival of May;  
With fragrant odours and with notes of cheer  
The pious earth observes the solemn year.

RAKEWELL

Now is the season when the Cyprian Queen  
With genial charm translates our mortal scene,  
When swains their nymphs in fervent arms enfold  
And with a kiss restore the Age of Gold.

ANNE

How sweet within the budding grove  
To walk, to love.  
How sweet beside the pliant stream  
To lie, to dream.

RAKEWELL

How sweet beside the pliant stream  
To lie, to dream.  
How sweet within the budding grove  
To walk, to love.

*(Trulove enters from the house and stands aside.)*

TRULOVE

O may a father's prudent fears  
Unfounded prove,  
And ready vows and loving looks  
Be all they seem.  
In youth we fancy we are wise,  
But time hath shown,  
Alas, too often and too late,  
We have not known  
The hearts of others or our own.

ANNE

Love tells no lies...

ANNE, RAKEWELL

...and in love's eyes  
We see our future state,  
Ever happy, ever fair;  
Sorrow, hate,  
Disdain, despair,  
Rule not there,  
But love alone  
Reigns o'er his own.

**Recitative**

TRULOVE

*(approaching Anne)*  
Anne, my dear...

ANNE

Yes, father.

TRULOVE

Your advice is needed in the kitchen.

*(Anne curtsies and goes into the house.)*

Tom, I have news for you. I have spoken on your behalf to a good friend in the City, and he offers

you a position in his counting house.

RAKEWELL

You are too generous, sir. You must not think me ungrateful if I do not immediately accept what you propose, but I have other prospects in view.

TRULOVE

Your reluctance to seek steady employment makes me uneasy.

RAKEWELL

Be assured your daughter shall not marry a poor man.

TRULOVE

So he be honest, she may take a poor husband if she choose, but I am resolved she shall never marry a lazy one.

*(He goes into the house.)*

RAKEWELL

The old fool!

### **Recitative and Aria**

Here I stand, my constitution sound, my frame not ill-favoured, my wit ready, my heart light. I play the industrious apprentice in a copy-book? I submit to the drudge's yoke? I slave through a lifetime to enrich others, and then be thrown away like a gnawed bone? Not I! Have not grave doctors assured us that good works are of no avail for Heaven predestines all? In my fashion I may profess

*(Rakewell rushes into the house. Shadow reaches over the garden gate, unlatches it and enters the garden. Rakewell returns with Anne and Trulove.)*

### **Recitative and Quartet**

SHADOW

Fair lady, gracious gentlemen, a servant begs your pardon for your time, but there is much to tell. Tom Rakewell had an uncle, one long parted from his native land. Him I served many years. Served him in the many trades he served in turn; and all to his profit. Yes, profit was perpetually his. It was, indeed, his family, his friend, his hour of amusement, his life. But all his brilliant progeny of gold could not caress him when he lay dying. Sick for his home, sick for a memory of pleasure or of love, his thoughts were but of England. There, at least, he felt, his profit could be pleasure to an eager youth; for such, by counting years upon his fumbling fingers, he knew that you must be, good sir. Well, he is dead. And I am here with this commission: to tell Tom Rakewell that an unloved and forgotten uncle loved and remembered. You are a rich man.

RAKEWELL

I wished but once. I knew  
That surely my wish would come true,  
That I  
Had but to speak at last  
And Fate would smile when Fortune cast  
The die.  
I knew!

*(to Shadow)*

Yet you, who bring  
The fateful end of questioning  
Here by a new and grateful master's side,

Be thanked, and as my Fortune and my guide,  
Remain, confirm, deny.

SHADOW

Be thanked, for masterless should I abide

Too long I soon would die.

RAKEWELL

Be thanked. *etc.*

ANNE

Be thanked, o God, for him, and may a bride  
Soon to his vows reply.

TRULOVE

Be thanked, o God, and curb in him all pride,  
That Anne may never sigh.

RAKEWELL

My Anne, behold, for doubt has fled our view,  
The skies are clear and every path is true.

ANNE

The joyous fount I see that brings increase  
To fields of promise and the groves of peace.

RAKEWELL, ANNE

O clement love!

TRULOVE

My children, may God bless you  
Even as a father.

SHADOW

Sir, may Nick address you  
A moment in your bliss? Even in carefree May  
A thriving fortune has its roots of care:

### **Arioso and Terzettino**

Dear father Trulove, the very moment my affairs are  
settled, I shall send for you and my dearest Anne.  
And, when she arrives, all London shall be at her  
feet. for all London shall be mine, and what is mine

must of needs at least adore what I must with all my  
being worship.

*(Rakewell and Trulove, shake hands affectionately. Rakewell  
kneels and kisses Anne's hand. Anne brings her hand quickly  
to her eyes and turns her head away. Rakewell steps forward.)*

RAKEWELL

(Laughter and light, and all charms that endear,  
All that dazzles or duns,  
Wisdom and wit shall adorn the career  
Of him who can play, and who wins.)

ANNE

(Heart, you are happy, yet why should a tear  
Dim our joyous designs?)

TRULOVE

(Fortune so swift and easy, I fear,  
May only encourage his sins.)

TRULOVE

Be well, be well advised.

ANNE

Be always near.

ANNE, TRULOVE

Farewell, farewell!

*(Anne, Rakewell and Trulove move towards the garden gate.  
Shadow holds it open for them and they pass through.)*

SHADOW

*(to the audience)*

The PROGRESS OF A RAKE begins!

## SCENE 2

*Mother Goose's Brothel. London. A cuckoo clock on the wall at the back Rakewell, Shadow and Mother Goose sit at a table, drinking. Whores and Roaring Boys*

### Chorus

#### ROARING BOYS

With air commanding and weapon handy  
We rove in a band through the streets at night,  
Our only notion to make commotion  
And find occasion to provoke a fight.

#### WHORES

In triumph glorious with trophies curious  
We return victorious from love's campaigns;  
No troops more practised in Cupid's tactics  
By feint and ambush the day to gain.

#### ROARING BOYS

For what is sweeter to human nature  
Than to quarrel over nothing at all.  
To hear the crashing of furniture smashing  
Or heads being bashed in a tavern brawl?

#### WHORES

With darting glances and bold advances  
We open fire upon young and old;  
Surprised by rapture, their hearts are captured,  
And into our laps they pour their gold.

#### WHORES, ROARING BOYS

A toast to our commanders then  
From their irregulars;  
A toast, ladies and gentlemen:  
To VENUS and to MARS!

#### RAKEWELL

I can.  
That source of pleasure to the eyes

Youth owns, wit snatches, money buys,  
Envy affects to scorn, but lies:  
One fatal flaw it has: it dies.

#### SHADOW

Exact, my scholar!

#### MOTHER GOOSE

What is Pleasure then?

#### RAKEWELL

The idol of all dreams, the same  
Whatever shape it wear or name;  
Whom flirts imagine as a hat,  
Old maids believe to be a cat.

#### MOTHER GOOSE

Bravo!

#### SHADOW

One final question. Love is...?

#### RAKEWELL

(Love!  
That precious word is like a fiery coal,  
It burns my lips, strikes terror to my soul.)

#### SHADOW

No answer? Will my scholar fail me?

#### RAKEWELL

No,  
No more.

#### SHADOW

Well, well.

#### MOTHER GOOSE

More wine, love?

RAKEWELL  
Let me go.

SHADOW  
Are you afraid?

*(The cuckoo clock coos one: Rakewell rises.)*

RAKEWELL  
Before it is too late.

SHADOW  
Wait.

*(He makes a sign and the clock turns backward and coos twelve.)*

See. Time is yours. The hours obey your pleasure.  
Fear not. Enjoy. You may repent at leisure.

*(Rakewell sits down again and drinks wildly.)*

### **Chorus**

WHORES, ROARING BOYS

Soon dawn will glitter outside the shutter  
And small birds twitter. But what of that?  
So long as we're able and wine's on the table,  
Who cares what the troubling day is at?  
While food has flavour and limbs are shapely,  
And hearts beat bravely to fiddle or drum.

WOMEN

Eat as much as she is able.  
What will he do when they lie in bed?

ALL  
Lanterloo, lanterloo!

MEN  
Draw his sword and chop off her head.

ALL  
Lanterloo, my lady.

SHADOW  
*(raising his glass)*  
Sweet dreams, my master. Dreams may lie,  
But dream. For when you wake, you die.

### **SCENE 3**

*The same as Scene 1. Autumn night full moon.*

### **Recitative and Aria**

ANNE

*(coming from the house in travelling clothes)*

No word from Tom.  
Has love no voice? Can love not keep  
A Maytime vow in cities?  
Fades it as the rose  
Cut for a rich display? Forgot! But no, to weep  
Is not enough. He needs my help.  
Love hears, love knows,  
Love answers him across the silent miles, and goes.

Quietly, night, o find him and caress,  
And may thou quiet find  
His heart, although it be unkind,  
Nor may its beat confess,  
Although I weep, it knows of loneliness.

Guide me, o moon, chastely when I depart,  
And warmly be the same  
He watches without grief or shame;  
It cannot be thou art

A colder moon upon a colder heart.

TRULOVE

*(calling from the house)*

Anne, Anne!

**Recitative**

ANNE

My father! Can I desert him and his devotion for a love who has deserted me? No, my father has strength of purpose, while Tom is weak and needs the comfort of a helping hand. O God, protect dear Tom, support my father, and strengthen my resolve.

**Cabaletta**

I go, I go to him.  
Love cannot falter,  
Cannot desert;  
Though it be shunned  
Or be forgotten,  
Though it be hurt,  
If love be love  
It will not alter.  
O should I see  
My love in need,  
It shall not matter,  
What he may be.  
Time cannot alter  
A loving heart, an ever-loving heart.

*(She runs and starts toward the garden gate.)*

**ACT TWO**

**SCENE 1**

*The morning room of Rakewell's house in a London square. A bright morning sun pours in through the window, also noises from the street. Rakewell is seated at the breakfast table. At a particularly loud noise he rises, walks quickly to the window and slams it shut.*

**Aria**

RAKEWELL

Vary the song, O London, change!  
Disband your notes and let them range;  
Let rumour scream, let folly purr,  
Let Tone desert the flatterer.  
Let Harmony no more obey  
The strident choristers of prey.  
Yet all your music cannot fill  
The gap that in my heart is still.

**Recitative**

O Nature, green unnatural mother, how I have followed where you led. Is it for this I left the country? No ploughman is more a slave to sun, moon and season than a gentleman to the clock of Fashion. City! City! What Caesar could have imagined the curious viands I have tasted? They choke me. And let Oporto and Provence keep all their precious wines. I would as soon be dry and wrinkled as a raisin as ever taste another. Cards! Living pictures! And, dear God, the matrons with their marriageable girls! Cover their charms a little, you well-bred bawds, or your goods will catch their death of the rheum long before they learn of the green sickness. The others, too, with their more candid charms - Pah! Who's honest, chaste, or kind? One, only one, and of her I dare not think.

*(He rises.)*

Up, Nature, up, the hunt is on; thy pack is in full cry. They smell the blood upon the bracing air. On, on, on, through every street and mansion, for every candle in this capital of light attends thy appetizing progress and burns in honour at thy shrine.

**Aria**

*(reprise)*

Always the quarry that I stalk  
Fades or evades me, and I walk  
An endless hall of chandeliers  
In light that blinds, in light that sears  
Reflected from a million smiles  
All empty as the country miles  
Of silly wood and senseless park;  
And only in my heart the dark.

*(He sits down.)*

I wish I were happy.

*(Enter Shadow. He has a broadsheet in his hand.)*

**Recitative**

SHADOW

Master, are you alone?

RAKEWELL

And sick at heart. What is it?

SHADOW

*(handing Rakewell the broadsheet)*

Do you know this lady?

RAKEWELL

Baba the Turk! I have not visited Saint Giles Fair as

yet. They say that brave warriors who never flinched at the sound of musketry have swooned after a mere glimpse of her. Is such a thing possible in Nature?

SHADOW

Two noted physicians have sworn that she is no imposter. Would you go see her?

RAKEWELL

Nick, I know that manner of yours. You have some scheme afoot. Come sir, out with it.

SHADOW

Consider her picture.

RAKEWELL

Would you see me turn to stone?

SHADOW

Do you desire her?

RAKEWELL

Like the gout or the falling sickness.

SHADOW

Are you obliged to her?

RAKEWELL

Heaven forbid.

SHADOW

Then marry her.

RAKEWELL

Have you taken leave of your senses?

SHADOW

I was never saner.

Come, master, observe the host of mankind. How

are they? Wretched. Why? Because they are not free. Why? Because the giddy multitude are driven by the unpredictable Must of their pleasures and the sober few are bound by the inflexible Ought of their duties, between which slaveries there is nothing to choose. Would you be happy? Then learn to act freely. Would you act freely? Then learn to ignore those twin tyrants of appetite and conscience. Therefore I counsel you, master, take Baba the Turk to wife. Consider her picture once more, and as you do so reflect upon my words.

### Aria

In youth the panting slave pursues  
The fair evasive dame;  
Then, caught in colder fetters, woos  
Wealth, Office or a name;  
Till, old, dishonoured, sick, downcast  
And failing in his wits,  
In Virtue's narrow cell at last  
The withered bondsman sits.  
That man alone his fate fulfils.  
For he alone is free  
Who chooses what to will, and wills  
His choice as destiny.  
No eye his future can foretell,  
No law his past explain  
Whom neither Passion may compel  
Nor Reason can restrain.

Well?

*(Rakewell looks up from the broadsheet he and Shadow look at each other. Pause. Then suddenly Rakewell begins to laugh. His laughter grows louder and louder. Shadow joins in. They shake hands. Shadow starts to help Rakewell get dressed to go out.)*

### Duet-Finale

RAKEWELL  
My tale shall be told  
Both by young and by old.

SHADOW  
Come, master prepare  
Your fate to dare.

RAKEWELL  
A favourite narration  
Throughout the nation  
Remembered by all  
In cottage and hall  
With song and laughter  
For ever after.

SHADOW  
Perfumed, well-dressed  
And looking your best,  
A bachelor of fashion,  
Eyes hinting passion,  
Your carriage young  
And upon your tongue  
The gallant speeches  
That Cupid teaches.

RAKEWELL  
For tongues will not tire  
Around the fire.

Or sitting at meat  
The tale to repeat  
Of the wooing and wedding,  
Likewise the bedding  
Of Baba the Turk  
That masterwork  
Whom Nature created  
to be celebrated,

For her features dire,  
To Tom Rakewell Esquire.

SHADOW

With Shadow to guide  
Come, seek your bride.  
Be up and doing,  
Attend to your wooing,  
On Baba the Turk  
Your charms to work,  
What deed could be as great  
As with this gorgon to mate?  
All the world shall admire  
Tom Rakewell Esquire.

RAKEWELL

My heart beats faster.  
Come, Shadow.

SHADOW

Come, master,  
And do not falter.

RAKEWELL, SHADOW

To Hymen's Altar.  
Ye powers, inspire  
Tom Rakewell Esquire.

*(They leave.)*

## SCENE 2

### [ Introduction ]

*Street in front of Rakewell's house. Autumn. Dusk. A flight of semi-circular steps leads up to the front door, which is in the middle. A servant's entrance to the left, a tree on the right.*

*(Anne enters. She looks anxiously at the entrance for a moment walks slowly up to the steps and hesitatingly lifts the*

*knocker. Then she glances to the left and, seeing a servant beginning to come out of the servant's entrance, she hurries down to the right and flattens herself against the wall under the tree, her hand held against her breast, until he passes and disappears to the right. Then she steps forward.)*

### Recitative and Arioso

ANNE

How strange!  
Although the heart for love dare everything,  
The hand draws back and finds  
No spring of courage.  
London! Alone! seems all that it can say.

O heart, be stronger, that what this coward hand  
Wishes beyond all bravery, the touch of his,  
May bring its daring to a close, unneeded:  
And love be all your bounty.  
No step in fear shall wander nor in weakness delay,  
Hear Thou or not, merciful Heaven, ease Thou or  
not my way;  
A love that is sworn before Thee can plunder Hell  
of its prey.

*(As she turns again towards the entrance, a noise from the right causes her to turn in that direction and come forward, as a procession of servants carrying wrapped yet strangely shaped packages arrives and then disappears through the servants' entrance. While this is going on, night begins to fall until finally the darkness is complete.)*

*(watching the servants)*

What can this mean? A ball? A journey? A dream?  
How evil in the purple dark they seem.  
Loot from dead fingers... Living mockery ...  
I tremble with no reason...

*(As the procession is completed, a sedan chair is carried in from the left, preceded by two servants carrying torches.*

*Anne turns suddenly towards it.)*

*(Surprised)*

Lights!

*(The chair is set down before the steps. Rakewell steps from it into the light.)*

... 'tis he!

*(Anne hurries to him, and he takes a few steps forward to meet her and holds her gently away from himself.)*

### Duet

RAKEWELL

*(confused and agitated)*

Anne! here!

ANNE

And, Tom, such splendour.

RAKEWELL

Leave pretences,

Anne, ask me, accuse me –

ANNE

Tom, no.

RAKEWELL

Denounce me to the world, and go.

ANNE

Tom, no.

RAKEWELL

Return to your home, forget in your senses

What, senseless, you pursue.

ANNE

Do you return?

RAKEWELL

!!

ANNE

Then how shall I go?

RAKEWELL

You must!

*(O wilful powers, pummel to dust*

*And drive into the void one thought: return!)*

ANNE

*(Assist me, Heaven, since love I must*

*To calm his raging heart, his eyes that burn.)*

RAKEWELL

Listen, to me, for I know London well!

Here Virtue is a day coquette,

For what night hides, it can forget,

And Virtue is, till gallants talk and tell.

O Anne, that is the air we breathe; go home.

'Tis wisdom here to be afraid.

ANNE

How should I fear, who have your aid

And all my love for you beside, dear Tom?

RAKEWELL

My aid? London has done all that it can

With me. Unworthy am I, less

Than weak. Go back, go back.

ANNE

Let worthiness,

So you still love, reside in that!

RAKEWELL

*(touched, stepping towards her with emotion)*

O Anne!

*(Baba the Turk suddenly puts her head out through the curtains of the sedan-chair window. She is very elaborately coiffed, and her face is, below the eyes. heavily veiled in the eastern fashion.)*

### Recitative

BABA

*(interrupting with vexation)*

My love, am I to remain in here for ever? You know that I am not in the habit of stepping from my sedan unaided. Nor shall I wait, unmoved, much longer. Finish, if you please, whatever business is detaining you with this person.

*(She withdraws her head.)*

ANNE

*(surprised)*

Tom, what...?

RAKEWELL

My wife, Anne.

ANNE

Your wife!

I see, then, it is I who was unworthy.

*(She turns away. Rakewell again steps towards her, then checks himself.)*

### Trio

ANNE

Could it then have been known,  
When spring was love, and love took all our ken.

That I and I alone  
Upon that forsworn ground  
Should see love dead?

RAKEWELL

It is done, it is done.

I turn away, yet should I turn again,  
The arbour would be gone  
And on the frozen ground  
The birds lie dead.

BABA

*(poking her head out of the curtains for each remark)*

Why this delay? Away!

*(seeing Anne)*

Oh! Who is it, pray,

He prefers to his Baba on their wedding day?

RAKEWELL

O bury the heart there deeper than it sound,  
Upon its only bridal bed;  
And should it, dreaming love, ask: When  
Shall I awaken once again?  
O never, never, never, never;  
We shall this wint'ry promise keep:  
Obey thy exile. honour sleep  
Forever.

ANNE

O promise the heart to winter, swear it bound  
To nothing live, and you shall wed;  
But should you vow to love, o then  
See that you shall not feel again,  
Say never, never, never,

Lest you alone your promise keep,  
Walk the long aisle, and walking, weep

Forever.

BABA

A family friend? An ancient flame?  
I'm quite perplexed,  
And more, I confess. than a little vexed.

Enough is enough!  
Baba is not used  
To be so abused;  
She is not amused.  
Come here, my love,  
I hate waiting.  
I'm suffocating.  
Heavens above!  
Will you permit me to sit in this conveyance  
for ever and ever?

*(Anne leaves hurriedly.)*

**Finale**

BABA

*(from the carriage)*  
I have not run away, dear heart. Baba is still waiting  
patiently for her gallant.  
*(Rakewell helps her from the chair with a gallant bow.)*

RAKEWELL

I am with you, dear wife.

BABA

*(patting him affectionately on the cheek)*  
Who was that girl, my life?

RAKEWELL

Only a milkmaid, pet.  
To whom I was in debt.

*(As Rakewell takes his wife's hand and begins to conduct*

*her up the steps. the entrance doors are thrown open servants  
carrying torches line the sides of the steps and others  
carry off the sedan chair.)*

VOICES

*(offstage)*  
Baba the Turk is here!

*(At this. Baba draws herself up with obvious pride as she  
begins her ascent. When Baba and Rakewell reach the top  
of the steps. Rakewell enters the house.)*

Baba the Turk, before you retire,  
Show thyself once, o grant us our desire.

*(Baba, with an eloquent gesture, sweeps around to lace the  
town people, removes her veil and reveals a full and flowing  
black beard.)*

TOWN PEOPLE

Ah! Baba! Baba! Ah!

*(Baba blows them a kiss and keeps her arms outstretched  
with the practised manner of a great artiste.)*

**SCENE 3**

*The same room as Act Two, Scene 1, except that now it is  
cluttered up with every conceivable kind of object: stuffed  
animals and birds, cases of minerals. china. glass, etc.  
Rakewell and Baba are sitting at breakfast the former sulking.  
the latter breathlessly chattering.*

**Aria**

BABA

As I was saying, both brothers wore moustaches,  
But Sir John was taller; they gave me the musical  
glasses.  
That was in Vienna, no, it must have been Milan  
Because of the donkeys. Vienna was the Chinese

fan  
– Or was it the bottle of water from the River Jordan?  
I'm certain at least it was Vienna and Lord Gordon.  
I get so confused about all my travels.  
The snuff boxes came from Paris, and the fulminous  
gravels  
From a cardinal who admired me vastly in Rome.  
You're not eating, my love. Count Moldau gave me  
the gnome,  
And Prince Obolowsky the little statues of the  
Twelve Apostles,  
Which I like best of all my treasures except my  
fossils.  
Which reminds me I must tell Bridget never to touch  
the mummies.  
I'll dust them myself. She can do the waxwork  
dummies.  
Of course, I like my birds, too, especially my Great  
Auk;  
But the moths will get in them.  
My love. what's the matter, why don't you talk?  
What's the matter?

RAKEWELL  
Nothing.

BABA  
Speak to me!

RAKEWELL  
Why?

*(Baba rises and puts her arm lovingly around Rakewell's neck.)*

### **Baba 's Song**

BABA  
Come, sweet, come.  
Why so glum?

Smile at Baba who  
Loving smiles at you.  
Do not frown, husband dear...

RAKEWELL  
*(pushing her away violently)*  
Sit down.

### **Aria**

BABA  
*(She bursts into tears and rage, strides about the room, picking up objects and smashing them.)*

Scorned! Abused! Neglected! Baited!  
Wretched me!  
Why is this?  
I can see.  
I know who is  
Your bliss, your love, your life,  
While I, your loving wife -  
Lie not! - am hated.

Young, demure, delightful, clever,  
Is she not?

*(shoving her face into Rakewell's)*

Not as I.  
That is what  
I know you sigh.  
Then sigh! Then cry! For she  
Your wife shall never be.  
Oh no! no, never. ne ...

*(Rakewell rises suddenly, seizes, his wig and plumps it down over her head, back to front cutting her off in mid-flight. Baba remains silent and motionless in her place for the rest of the scene.)*

## Recitative

RAKEWELL

O My heart is cold, I cannot weep;  
One remedy is left me: sleep.

*(He throws himself down on a sofa and falls asleep.)*

## Pantomime

*A door open, and Shadow peeps in. Seeing all clear, he withdraws his head and then enters, wheeling in front of him some large object covered by a dust sheet. When he has brought it to the middle of the room he removes the dust sheet, disclosing a fantastic baroque machine. He looks about, picks up a loaf of bread from the table, opens a door in the front of the machine, puts in the loaf and closes the door. Then he looks round again and picks off the floor a piece of a broken vase. This he drops into a hopper on the machine, He turns a wheel and the loaf of bread falls out of a chute. He opens the door, takes out the piece of china, replaces it by the loaf and repeats the performance so that the audience see that the mechanism is the crudest kind of false bottom. The second time he ends with the loaf in the machine and the piece of china in his hand. Then he puts back the dust sheet and wheels the machine close to Rakewell's sofa and takes up a position near Rakewell's head.*

SHADOW

*(singing to himself)*  
Fa la la, etc.

## Recitative – Arioso – Recitative

RAKEWELL

*(stirring in his sleep)*  
O, I wish it were true.

SHADOW

Awake?

RAKEWELL

*(starting up)*  
Who's there?

SHADOW

Your shadow, master.

RAKEWELL

You!

O Nick, I've had the strangest dream. I thought -  
How could I know what I was never taught,  
Or fancy objects I have never seen? -  
I had devised a marvellous machine,  
An engine that converted stones to bread  
Whereby all peoples were for nothing fed.  
I saw all want abolished by my skill  
And earth become an Eden of goodwill.

SHADOW

*(With a conjuror's gesture whipping the dust sheet off the machine.)*

Did your machine look anything like this?

RAKEWELL

I must be still asleep. That is my dream.

SHADOW

How does it work?

RAKEWELL

*(very excited)*  
I need a stone.

SHADOW

*(handing him a piece of china)*  
Try this.

RAKEWELL

I place it here. I turn the wheel – and then –

*{The loaf falls out.}*

The bread!

SHADOW

Be certain. Taste!

*(Rakewell does so, then falls to his knees.)*

RAKEWELL

O miracle!

O may I not, forgiven all my past,

For one good deed deserve dear Anne at last?

### **Duet**

RAKEWELL

*(beside his machine, highly exalted and oblivious to his surroundings)*

Thanks to this excellent device  
Man shall re-enter Paradise  
From which he once was driven.  
Secure from need, the cause of crime,  
The world shall for the second time  
Be similar to heaven.

SHADOW

*(in worldly-wise manner and taking the audience into his confidence)*

A word to all my friends, where'er you sit,  
The men of sense, in boxes or the pit.  
My master is a fool as you can see,  
But you may do good business with me.

RAKEWELL

When to his infinite relief

Toil, hunger, poverty and grief  
Have vanished like a dream,  
This engine Adam shall excite  
To hallelujahs of delight  
And ecstasy extreme.

SHADOW

The idle drone and the deserving poor  
Will give good money for this toy, be sure.  
For, so it please, there's no fantastic lie  
You cannot make men swallow if you try.

RAKEWELL

Omnipotent when armed with this,  
In secular abundant bliss

He shall ascend the Chain  
Of Being to its top to win  
The throne of Nature and begin  
His everlasting reign.

SHADOW

So you know your proper interest,  
Here is your golden chance. Invest.  
Come. Take your chance immediately, my friends,  
And praise the folly that pays dividends.

### **Recitative**

Forgive me, master, for intruding upon your transports;  
but your dream is still a long way from fulfilment.  
Here is the machine, it is true. But it must be  
manufactured in great quantities. It must be advertised,  
it must be sold. We shall need money and advice.  
We shall need partners, merchants of probity  
and reputation in the City.

RAKEWELL

Alas, good Shadow, your admonitions are only too

just; and they chill my spirit. For who am I, who am become a bye-word for extravagance and folly, to approach such men? Is this dream too, this noble vision, to prove as empty as the rest? What shall I do?

SHADOW

Have no fear, master. Leave such matters to me. Indeed, I have already spoken with several notable citizens concerning your invention; and they are as eager to see it as you to show.

RAKEWELL

Ingenious Shadow! How could I live without you? I cannot wait. Let's visit them immediately.

*(Rakewell and Shadow begin wheeling the machine out. Just as they reach the door, Shadow turns.)*

SHADOW

Should you not tell the good news to your wife?

RAKEWELL

My wife? I have no wife. I've buried her.

## ACT THREE

### SCENE 1

*The same as, Act Two, Scene 3. Everything is covered with cobwebs and dust. Afternoon, spring. Baba is still seated motionless at the table, the wig over her head, also covered with cobwebs and dust.*

CHORUS

*(offstage)*

Ruin. Disaster. Shame.

*{When the curtain rises, a Crowd of Respectable Citizens is examining the objects.}*

CROWD

*(in different groups)*

- What curious phenomena are up today for sale.
- What manner of remarkables.
- What squalor! What detail!
- I am so glad I did not miss the auction.
- So am I. I can't begin admiring.
- O fantastic!
- Let us buy!

VOICES

*(offstage)*

Ruin. Disaster. Shame.

*(The Crowd pauses in its examination, exchanges glances, then comes forward and addresses the audience with hushed voices that barely conceal a touch of complacency.)*

CROWD

Blasted! Blasted! so many hopes of gain:  
Hundreds of sober merchants are insane;  
Widows have sold their mourning-clothes to eat;  
Herds of pale orphans forage in the street;  
Many a duchess divested of gems,  
Has crossed the dread Styx by way of the Thames.

O stricken, take heart in placing the blame.  
Rakewell! Rakewell! Ruin. Disaster. Shame.

*(They begin to disperse again into groups examining the object. Anne enters. She looks about quickly and then approaches the Crowd, group by group.)*

ANNE  
Do you know where Tom Rakewell is?

CROWD  
– America. He fled.  
– Spontaneous combustion caught him hurrying.  
He's dead.

ANNE  
Do you know what's become of him?

CROWD  
– Tom Rakewell? How should we?  
– He's Methodist.  
– He's Papist.  
– He's converting Jewery.

ANNE  
Can no one tell me where he is?

CROWD  
We're certain he's in debt  
They're after him, they're after him,  
And they will catch him yet.

ANNE  
(I'll seek him in the house myself.)

*(She leaves.)*

CROWD  
– I wonder at her quest.  
– She's probably some silly girl he ruined like the

rest.  
*(They return to their examination unconcerned. The door is flung open and Sellem enters with a great flurry followed by a few servants who begin clearing a space and setting up a dais.)*

SELLEM  
Aha!

CROWD  
He's here!  
The auctioneer.

SELLEM  
*(to the servant)*  
No! over there.

*(They begin nervously setting up again in another spot.)*

Be quick. Take care.

CROWD  
*(to each other)*  
Your bids prepare.  
Be quick. Take care.

*(Sellem mounts the dais and bows.)*

### **Recitative**

SELLEM  
Ladies both fair and gracious, gentlemen: be all welcome to this miracle of, this most widely heralded of, this – I am sure you follow – ne plus ultra of auctions. Truly there is a divine balance in Nature: a thousand lose that a thousand may gain; and you who are the fortunate are not so only in yourselves, but also in being Nature's missionaries. You are her instruments for the restoration of that order we all so worship, and it is granted to, ah! so

few of us to serve.

*(He bows again. Applause.)*

Let us proceed at once. Lots one and two: which cover all objects subsumed under the categories: animal, vegetable and mineral.

*(During the following, Sellem is continuously on the move, indulging in elaborate by-play, holding up objects; servants are running on and off the dais with objects; the Crowd is eager and attentive.)*

### **Aria**

Who hears me, knows me  
A man with value; look at this...

*(holding up the stuffed auk)*

What is it? Wit  
And Profit: no one, no one  
Could fail to conquer, fail to charm,  
Who had it by  
To watch. And who could not be  
A nimble planner, having this...

*(holding up a mounted fish)*

...before him? Bid  
To get them, get them, hurry!

La! come bid.  
Hmm! come buy.  
Aha! the auk.  
Witty, lovely, wealthy. Poof! go high!  
La! some more.  
Hmm! come on.  
Aha! the pike.

CROWD

*(Various individuals in the Crowd begin to bid excitedly.)*

One – two – three – five –

### **Bidding Scene**

CROWD, SELLEM

Seven – eleven – fourteen – nineteen – twenty –  
twenty-three –

SELLEM

Going at twenty-three... going... going...

*(He raps with his mallet.)*

... gone!

CROWD

Hurrah!

### **Aria**

*(continuing)*

SELLEM

*(holding up a marble bust)*

Behold it, Roman, moral.  
The man who has it. has it  
Forever, yes!

*(holding up a palm branch)*

And holy, holy, curing  
The body, soul and spirit;  
a gift of God's!

*(holding up various objects)*

And not to mention this or  
The other, more and more and –  
So help me – more!

Then bid, o get them, hurry!

La! come bid.

Hmm! come buy.

Aha! the bust.

Feel them, life eternal. Poof! go high!

Lal some more.

Hmm! come on.

Aha! the palm.

CROWD

*(bidding as before)*

Four – six – nine – twelve –

### **Bidding Scene**

CROWD, SELLEM

Fifteen – and a half – three quarters – sixteen –  
seventeen –

SELLEM

Going at seventeen... going... going...  
...gone!

*(He raps with his mallet)*

CHORUS

Hurrah!

### **Recitative**

SELLEM

Wonderful. Yes, yes. And now for the truly adventurous...

*(walking over slowly to the covered Baba)*

**Aria**

*(continued)*

An unknown object draws us, draws us near.

A cake? An organ? Golden Apple Tree?

A block of copal? Mint of Alchemy?

Oracle? Pillar? Octopus? Who'll see?

Be brave! Perhaps an angel will appear.

La! come bid.

Hmm! come buy.

Aha! The it.

This may be salvation. Poof! go high!

La! be calm.

Hmm! come on.

Aha! the what.

CROWD

*(bidding as before, but this time they get so excited that they almost drown out Sellem, and they begin fighting among themselves)*

Ten – twenty – twenty-five – thirty – thirty-one –  
thirty-two – thirty-three – thirty-five – thirty-seven –  
thirty-eight – forty – forty-three – forty-five – forty-six  
– forty-eight –

### **Final Bidding Scene**

CROWD, SELLEM

Fifty – fifty-five – sixty – sixty-one – sixty-two –  
seventy – ninety –

SELLEM

... going at ninety...

CROWD

– hundred –

SELLEM

... going at a hundred...  
going... going... gone!

*(He raps with his mallet. In order to quieten the Crowd,*

*Sellem, as he shouts his last "gone," snatches the wig off Baba's head. The effect quietens them immediately and she, for the moment completely impervious to her surroundings, finishes the word she began in the last scene.)*

BABA  
... ever.

*(She looks quickly around, snatches up a veil that is lying on the table, stands up indignantly and brushes herself off.)*

### **Aria**

Sold! Annoyed! I've caught you thieving!

If you dare  
Touch a thing,  
Then beware  
My reckoning;  
Be off, begone, desist:  
I, Baba, must insist  
Upon your leaving.

CROWD  
*(murmuring in the background)*  
It's Baba, his wife. It passes believing.

*(The voices of Rakewell and Shadow are heard giving a street-cry from outside.)*

RAKEWELL, SHADOW  
Old wives for sale, old wives for sale!  
Stale wives, prim wives, silly and grim wives!  
Old wives for sale!

### **Recitative**

CROWD  
Now what was that!

BABA  
(The pigs of plunder!)

ANNE  
*(entering)*  
Was that his voice?

SELLEM, CROWD  
What next, I wonder?

BABA  
(The milkmaid haunts me.)

ANNE  
Gone.

BABA  
*(after glancing about)*  
All I possessed  
Seems gone.

*(shrugging her shoulders)*

Well, well.

*(to Anne)*  
My dear!

ANNE  
His wife!

BABA  
His jest...  
No matter now. Come here, my child, to Baba.  
*(Anne goes over to her)*

SELLEM  
*(obviously under a strain)*  
Ladies, the sale... if you could go out.

BABA  
*(impatiently)*  
Robber,  
Don't interrupt.

CROWD  
*(to Sellem)*  
Don't interrupt or rail.

ONE VOICE  
A scene like this is better than a sale.

**Duet**

BABA  
*(to Anne)*  
You love him, seek to set him right:  
He's but a shuttle-headed lad:  
Not quite a gentleman. nor quite  
Completely vanquished by the bad:

Who knows what care and love might do?  
But good or bad. I know he still loves you.

ANNE  
He loves me still! Then I alone  
In weeping doubt have been untrue.

O hope, endear my love, atone,  
Enlighten, grace whatever may ensue.

SELLEM, CROWD (GROUP I)  
He loves her.

GROUP II  
Who?

SELLEM, GROUP  
That isn't known.

GROUP II  
He loves her still.

SELLEM, GROUP  
The tale is sad...

GROUP II  
... if true.

BABA  
But good or bad, I know he still loves you.  
So find him, and his man beware!  
I may have made a bad mistake  
Yet I can tell who in that pair  
Is poisoned victim and who snake.  
Then go...

ANNE  
But where shall you...?

BABA  
*(lifting her hand to interrupt gently)*

My dear,  
A gifted lady never need have fear.

I shall go back and grace the stage  
Where manner rules and wealth attends.

*(with an all-inclusive gesture)*

Can I deny my time its rage?  
My self-indulgent intermezzo ends.

ANNE  
Can I for him all love engage,  
And yet believe her happy when love ends?

BABA  
Can I deny, *etc.*

CROWD  
*(in different groups)*

- She will go back.
- Her view is sage.
- That's life.
- We came to buy,
- See how it ends.

SELLEM  
Money, farewell. Who'll buy? The auction ends.  
*(The voices of Rakewell and Shadow are again heard from the street. Everyone in the room pauses to listen.)*

### **Ballad Tune**

RAKEWELL, SHADOW  
If boys had wings and girl had stings  
And gold fell from the sky,  
If new-laid eggs wore wooden legs  
I should not laugh or cry.

ANNE  
It's Tom, I know!

BABA  
The two, then go!

SELLEM, CROWD  
The thief, below!

### **Stretto – Finale**

ANNE  
I go to him.  
O love, be brave,  
Be swift, be true,

Be strong for him and save.

BABA  
Then go to him,  
In love be brave,  
Be swift, be true,  
Be strong for him and save.

SELLEM, CROWD  
They're after him.  
His crime was grave.  
Be swift if you  
Want time enough to save.

ANNE  
*(to Baba)*  
May God bless you.

BABA, SELLEM, CROWD  
Be swift if you  
Want time enough to save.

*(Anne rushes out.)*

**Ballad Tune**  
*(reprise)*

RAKEWELL, SHADOW  
*(offstage)*  
Who cares a fig for Tory or Whig?  
Not I, not I, not I.

BABA  
*(to Sellem, with lofty command)*

You! Summon my carriage!

*(Sellem, impressed in spite of himself and certainly forgetting that he came to auction off her carriage, bows, goes to*

*the door and opens it for her.)*

*(to the Crowd)*  
Out of my way!

*(They fall back and she starts out. At the door she pauses to remark:)*

The next time you see Baba, you shall pay!

*(Grand exit of Baba)*

CROWD

*(murmuring)*

We've never been through such a hectic day.

## SCENE 2

*A starless night. A churchyard. Tombs. A newly dug grave, behind which a sexton's spade is leaning against a flat raised tomb. A yew tree on the right.*

### Prelude

*(Rakewell and Shadow enter, the former out of breath, the latter carrying a little black bag.)*

### Duet

RAKEWELL

How dark and dreadful is this place.  
Why have you led me here?  
There's something, Shadow, in your face  
That fills my soul with fear!

SHADOW

A year and a day have passed away  
Since first to you I came.  
All things you bid, I duly did  
And now my wages claim.

RAKEWELL

Shadow, good Shadow, be patient;  
I am beggared as you know,  
But promise when I am rich again  
To pay you all I owe.

SHADOW

'tis not your money but your soul  
Which I this night require.  
Look in my eyes and recognise  
Whom, fool! you chose to hire.

*(pointing out the grave)*

Behold your waiting grave, behold  
Steel, halter, poison, gun.

*(taking the objects mentioned out of his bag)*

Make no excuse, your exit choose:  
Tom Rakewell's race is run.

RAKEWELL

O let the wild hills cover me,  
Or the abounding wave.  
O why did an uncle I never knew  
Select me for his heir?

SHADOW

The sins you did may not be hid.  
Think not your soul to save.  
It pleases well the damned in Hell  
To bring another there.  
Midnight is come: by rope or gun  
Or medicine or knife,  
On the stroke of twelve you shall slay yourself  
For forfeit is your life.

*(A clock begins to strike.)*

Count one, count two, count three, count four,

Count five and six and seven...

RAKEWELL

Have mercy on me, Heaven.

SHADOW

Count eight...

RAKEWELL

Too late.

SHADOW

No, wait.

*(He holds up his hand and the clock stops after the ninth stroke.)*

### Recitative

Very well then, my dear and good Tom, perhaps you impose a bit upon our friendship; but Nick, as you know, is a gentleman at heart, forgives your dilatoriness and suggests a game.

RAKEWELL

A game?

SHADOW

A game of chance to finally decide your fate. Have you a pack of cards?

RAKEWELL

*(taking a pack from his pocket)*

All that remains me of this world – and for the next.

SHADOW

You jest. Fine, fine. Good spirits make a game go well. I shall explain. The rules are simple and the outcome simpler still: Nick will cut three cards. If

you can name them, you are free; if not...

*(pointing to the instruments of death)*

...you choose the path to follow me. You understand?

*(Rakewell nods.)*

Let us begin.

*(He shuffles the cards, places the pack in the palm of his left hand and cuts with his right holding then the portion with the exposed card toward the audience and away from Rakewell.)*

Defeated, mocked, again I sink  
In ice and flame to lie.  
But Heaven's will I'll hate and till  
Eternity defy.

*(looking at Rakewell)*

Your sins, my foe, before I go  
Give me some power to pain:

*(with a magic gesture)*

To reason blind shall be your mind;  
Henceforth be you insane!

*(He sinks slowly into the grave. The dawn comes up. It is spring. The open grove is now covered with a green mound upon which Rakewell sits smiling, putting grass on his head and singing to himself in a child-like voice.)*

RAKEWELL

With roses crowned, I sit on ground;  
Adonis is my name,  
The only dear of Venus fair;  
Methinks it is no shame.

### SCENE 3

*Bedlam. Rakewell stands facing a group of madmen who include a blind man with a broken fiddle, a crippled soldier, a man with a telescope and three old hags. Behind him, on a raised eminence, a straw pallet.*

#### Arioso

RAKEWELL

Prepare yourselves, heroic shades. Wash you and make you clean. Anoint your limbs with oil, put on your wedding garments and crown your heads with flowers. Let music strike. Venus, queen of Love, will visit her unworthy Adonis.

#### Dialogue

MADMEN

Madmen's words are all untrue;  
She will never come to you.

RAKEWELL

She gave me her promise.

MADMEN

Madness cancels every vow;  
She will never keep it now.

RAKEWELL

Come quickly, Venus, or I die.

*(Rakewell sits down on the pallet and buries his face in his hands. The madmen dance before him with mocking gestures.)*

#### Chorus – Minuet

MADMEN

Leave all love and hope behind.  
Out of sight is out of mind  
In these caverns of the dead.

In the city overhead  
Former lover, former foe  
To their works and pleasures go,  
Nor consider who beneath  
Weep and howl and gnash their teeth.  
Down in Hell as up in Heaven  
No hands are in marriage given,  
Nor is honour or degree  
Known in our society.  
Banker. beggar, whore and wit  
In a common darkness sit.  
Seasons, fashions. never change;  
All is stale yet all is strange;  
All are foes and none are friends  
In a night that never ends.

*(The sound of a key being turned in a rusty lock is heard.)*

Hark! Minos comes who cruel is and strong:  
Beware! Away! His whip is keen and long.

*(They scatter to their cells. The Keeper and Anne enter. Rakewell does not raise his head.)*

#### Recitative

KEEPER

*(pointing to Rakewell)*

There he is. Have no fear. He is not dangerous.

ANNE

Tom!

*(Rakewell still does not stir.)*

KEEPER

He believes that he is Adonis and will answer to no other name. Humour him in that, and you will find him easy to manage. So, as you desire, I'll leave you.

ANNE

*(giving him money)*

You are kind.

KEEPER

I thank you. lady.

*(He leaves. Anne goes up and stands close to Rakewell, who still has not moved.)*

RAKEWELL

My heart breaks. I feel the chill of death's approaching wing. Orpheus, strike from thy lyre a swan-like music, and weep, ye nymphs and shepherds of these Stygian fields, weep for Adonis, the beautiful, the young; weep for Adonis whom Venus loved.

*(He falls back on the pallet.)*

### **Mourning Chorus**

CHORUS

Mourn for Adonis, ever young.  
Mourn for Adonis, Venus's dear.  
Weep, tread softly round his bier.  
Weep, for the dear of Venus.

### **EPILOGUE**

*(Before the curtain; house lights up. Enter Baba, Rakewell. Shadow, Anne and Trulove, the men without wigs, Baba without her beard.)*

ALL

Good people, just a moment:  
Though our story now is ended,  
There's the moral to draw  
From what you saw  
Since the curtain first ascended.

ANNE

Not every rake is rescued  
At the last by Love and Beauty;  
Not every man  
Is given an Anne  
To take the place of Duty.

BABA

Let Baba warn the ladies:  
You will find out sooner or later  
That, good or bad,  
All men are mad;  
All they say or do is theatre.

RAKEWELL

Beware, young men who fancy  
You are Virgil or Julius Caesar,  
Lest when you wake  
You be only a rake.

TRULOVE

I heartily agree, sir!

SHADOW

Day in, day out, poor Shadow  
Must do as he is bidden.  
Many insist  
I do not exist.  
At times I wish I didn't.

ALL

So let us sing as one.  
At all times, in all lands  
Beneath the moon and sun,  
This proverb has proved true,  
Since Eve went out with Adam:  
For idle hands  
And hearts and minds  
The Devil finds

A work to do,  
A work, dear sir, fair madam,  
For you and you.

*(They all bow and leave.)*