

Chronohotonthologos by Henry Carey

M/M BS, R&D, S&S, SmS

Gilly Flow'r, c.
And twenty find Babies, all lovely and fair,
As the Dew, c.

Queen. O Thanks, Mr.Cupid! for this your good News,
Gilly Flow'r, c.
What Woman alive would such favours refuse?
While the Dew, c.

Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes off, and the
King of the Antipodes follows, walking on his Hands.
[Scene closes.

SCENE BOMBARDINIAN'S Tent.

Chronohotonthologos and Bombardinian, at a Table, with two Ladies.

Bombardinian.
This honour, royal sir! so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here? fill the goblet with Phalernian wine,
And, while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trumpet
Tell all the Gods, that we propine their healths.

Chro. Hold, Bombardinian, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread,
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe,
Bring every eatable that can be eat;
The king shall eat, though all mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his majesty will be starv'd, before
I can run round the world for a dinner -Besides,
where's the money?

Chro. Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave?
Guards, seize the villain! broil him, fry him, stew him;
Ourselves shall eat him out of mere revenge.

Cook. O pray your majesty, spare my life; there's
some nice cold pork in the pantry; I'll hash it for
your majesty in a minute.

Chro. Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave.

[Kills him, and turns to Bombardinian.

Hash'd pork! shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?
Now, by the Gods! thou dost insult us, general!

Bomb. The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your Majesty to other flesh than this
Had ought the least propensity.
[Pointing to the ladies.

Chro. Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs, as great as Chrononhotonthologos,
Have made a very hearty meal of worse.
Chron. Ha! traitor! dost thou brave me to my teeth?
Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.

[Strikes him

Bomb. A blow! shall Bombardinian take a blow?
Blush! blush, thou sun! start back, thou rapid ocean!
Hills! vales! seas! mountains! all commixing crumble,
And into Chaos pulverize the world;
For Bombardinian has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die.

[Draws. [The women run off, crying, help, murder, c.

Chro. What means the traitor?

Bomb. traitor, in thy teeth
Thus I defy thee!
[They fight he kills the king.

Ha! what have I done?
Go call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,
But coach! coach! coach! oh! for a coach, ye
gods!
[Exit raving. Returns with a Doctor.]

If any one can please a queen, he can.

Rig. Ay, that I can, and please your majesty.
So, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.

Queen. Oh! but the mourning takes up all my care
I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.

Rig. Never talk of mourning, madam,
One ounce of mirth, is worth a pound of sorrow,
Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow.
I'll make thee a great man, my little Phoscophorny.
[To ALDI, aside.

Aldi. I scorn your bounty, I'll be king, or nothing,
Draw, miscreant, draw!

Rig. No, Sir, I'll take the law.
[Runs behind the QUEEN.

Queen. Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy,
I'll have you both; and that, I hope will please ye.
And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care;
Where shall I find thee such another pair?
Pity that you, who've serv'd so long, so well,
Should die a virgin, and lead apes in hell.
Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round,
Your portion is, twelve hundred thousand pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody corpse away;
Make preparation for our wedding-day.
Instead of sad solemnity, and black,
Our hearts should swim in claret, and in Sack.

[Curtain drops

FINIS