

T H E
FOLLIES OF A DAY;

O R, T H E
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

A C O M E D Y,

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L,
C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

F R O M T H E
FRENCH OF M. DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

B Y T H O M A S H O L C R O F T.

AUTHOR OF DUPLICITY, A COMEDY, THE NOBLE
PEASANT, AN OPERA, &c.

L O N D O N:

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M D C C L X X X V.

Susan. What if I have no reason?—What if I don't chuse to give my reason?

Figaro. “ Ah, ah!—Thus it is when once they think they have us fast.

Susan. “ Are you, or are you not my most obedient very humble servant?

Figaro. “ Your slave——(*Bows very low.*)

Susan. “ Oh!

Figaro. “ But wherefore take exception to the most convenient room in the whole house?

Susan. “ Yes, yes!—The most convenient!—(*Satirically.*)

Figaro. “ If during the night my Lady should be taken ill, she rings her bell, and crack!—in two steps thou art standing at her side.—In the morning when my Lord wakes, he calls, I start, and pop—three skips and I am there.

Susan. “ Very true—And in the morning when my Lord has sent thee on some fine errand of an hour long, he starts from his bed as soon as Mr. Figaro's back is turn'd, and crack!—in three skips—he—(*significantly.*)

Figaro. “ He?

Susan. “ Yes—he——

Figaro. “ (*Keeps rubbing his forehead and looking at Susan.*) He!

Susan. “ He!——Dost thou feel any thing?

Figaro. “ (*Presses his finger and thumb against his forehead*) Buttons!—In pairs!——Mushrooms sprout not so suddenly—Yes, yes—it's a fruitful spot.”

Susan. Thou knowest how our generous Count when he by thy help obtained Rosina's hand, and made her Countess of Almaviva, during the first transports of love abolished a certain gothic right——

Figaro.

Figaro. Of sleeping the first night with every Bride.

Susan. Which as Lord of the Manor he could claim.

Figaro. Know it!—To be sure I do, or I would not have married even my charming Susan in his Domain:

Susan. Tired of prowling among the rustic beauties of the neighbourhood he returned to the Castle—

Figaro. And his wife.

Susan. And *thy* wife—(*Figaro stares*)—Dost thou understand me?

Figaro. Perfectly!

Susan. And endeavours, once more, secretly to purchase from her, a right which he now most sincerely repents he ever parted with.

Figaro. Most gracious Penitent!

Susan. This is what he hints to me every instant, and this the faithful Basil, honest agent of his pleasures, and my most noble music master, every day repeats with my lesson.

Figaro. Basil!

Susan. Basil.

Figaro. Indeed! But if tough ashen plant or supple-jack twine not round thy lazy sides, Rascal—

Susan. Ha, ha, ha! Why wert thou ever wise enough to imagine the portion the Count intends to give us was meant as a reward for thy services?

Figaro. I think I had some reason to hope as much.

Susan. Lord, lord! What great fools are you men of wit!

Figaro. I believe so.

Susan. I am sure so.