Kitty Clive
18th-Century Songstress and Actor

a Selection of
SONGS and *DIALOGUES*
as performed by
CATHERINE (Kitty) *CLIVE*, née *RAFTOR*
on the Stages of London
including
COVENT GARDEN and DRURY LANE

Sung by
MRS. LAURA HEIMES, soprano
with
MRS. KAREN FLINT, harpsichord
and the participation of
MR. JOHN BURKHALTER

on Sunday, November 8 at 3:00 in the afternoon

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recorded in
The Barn at Flintwoods
Wilmington, Delaware
Presented by *BRANDYWINE BAROQUE*

Catherine "Kitty" Clive [née Raftor] 1711-1785

How hard is the Fortune from *The Ladies Case, 1734* by Mr. Gouge

How hard is the Fortune of all Womankind,
Forever subjected, forever confin'd;
The Parent controls us until we are Wives,
The Husband enslaves us the rest of our lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;
Deny'd ev'ry freedom of Life to enjoy.
We're sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're coy.

Whilst endless Tears & Sighs from *The Fatal Falsehood, 1734* by John Frederick Lampe

Whilst endless Tears and Sighs declare,
Thy slighted Love and breaking Heart;
The little warblers of the Air,
In thy soft sorrow seem to share,
And plaintive notes like Sighs impart.

The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow,
And near thee glow'd with brighter Grace,
And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now,
Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow,
Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.

The God of Love, ev'n he, thy Foe,
Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart,
And soften'd with Louisa's woe,
Does all his cruel wiles forego,
And silent weeps his Fatal 'Art.

Young Roger came tapping from *Roger and Dolly, 1740*
by Henry Carey

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window:
Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tump.
He begg'd for admittance, She answer'd him, no.
Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump.
My Dolly, my dear, your true Love is here.
Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.
No, No, Roger No, as you come you may go.
Clumpaty, Clumpaty, Clump.

Oh what is the Reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,
Pumpaty, Pumpaty, Pump.
That thus I'm cast off and unkindly deny'd.
Frumpaty, Frumpaty, Frump.
Some Rival, my dear, I guess has been here.
Grumpaty, Grumpaty, Grump.
Suppose there's been two, pray sir, what's that to you?
Numpaty, Numpaty, Nump.

Of then with a Sigh, a sad Farewell he took.
Lumpaty, Lumpaty, Lump.
And all in Despair, he leap'd into the Brook.
Flumpaty, Flumpaty, Flump.
His courage it cool'd, He found himself fool'd.
Trumpaty, Trumpaty, Trump.
He swam to the shore and saw Dolly no more.
Rumpaty, Rumpaty, Rump.

O, then she recall'd and recall'd him again.
Humpaty, Humpaty, Hump.
But he like a Madman ran over the Plain.
Stumpaty, Stumpaty, Stump.
Determin'd to find, A Damsel more kind,
Plumpaty, Plumpaty, Plump.
While Dolly's afraid, she shall die an old maid.
Mumpaty, Mumpaty, Mump!

Crowds of Coxcombs from *Colombine Courtezan, 1740*
by Henry Carey

Crowds of Coxcombs thus deluding, cringing, chatt'ring,
Ogling, flatt'ring, By coquetting and by pruding,
All are Victims to my Art.
While at Will, ye Fools I'm leading,
They for Favours interceding,
With vain Hopes their Fancies feeding.
Still untouch'd I keep my Heart.

Each imagines he shall gain me.
Thinks I prize him, Who despise him,
All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me.
Born to baffle all Mankind.
Like ye Winds and Waves still changing,
Never constant, ever ranging,
Cupid from my Heart estranging.
That's as cold as he is Blind.

As musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone by Henry Carey
The Lady's Lamentation for the Loss of Senesino, 1724

As musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone,
A Beautiful Creature was making her Moan:
Oh the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes,
And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her Cries.

I gently requested the Cause of her Moan.
She told me her sweet Senesino was flown.
And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,
Unless ye dear Charmer would come back again.

Why, who is this Mortal, so cruel said I,
That draws such a Stream from so lovely an Eye?
To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind.
To Passion so tender, what Monster unkind.

'Tis neither for Man or for Woman said she,
That thus in lamenting I water the Lee.
My Warbler Celestial, sweet Darling of Fame,
Is a Shadow of Something, a Sex without name.

Perhaps, 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, said I,
Perhaps 'tis your Lark, it has soar'd to the Sky.
Come dry up your Tears & abandon your Grief,
I'll bring you another to give you Relief.

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Skylark, said she,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three.
My sweet Senesino for whom thus I cry,
Is sweeter than all ye wing'd Songsters that fly.

Adieu, Farinelli, Cuzzoni, likewise,
Whom Stars & whom Garters extol to ye Skies.
Adieu, to the Op'ra, adieu to the Ball,
My Darling is gone and a Fig for 'em all!

These Old Fellows from *The Wanton Wife*
by Henry Carey

These Old Fellows, when they're Jealous, are a Woman's curse,
Forever teasing, never pleasing, nothing can be worse.
Nature made 'em sure to vex us, to torment us and perplex us,
Full of satyr, and ill Nature, to their Passion blind.
For now we're, bid, anon we're chid, they never know their Mind.
What a Pity, Damsels pretty, should be so confin'd.

Tho' we're virtuous, if we're Courteous, Forward we're esteem'd;
Or if reserv'd, Tho' undeserv'd, We then are sullen deem'd.
Kept forever in subjection, to Reproaches and Reflection,
Contradiction, and Restriction, Endless Noise and strife.
'Tis wond'rous hard to be debar'd of ev'ry Joy in Life.
Happy never, Plagu'd forever, Whether Maid or Wife.

Blab not what you ought to smother from *The Tell Tale, 1740*
by Henry Carey

Blab not what you ought to smother,
Honours Laws shou'd sacred be,
Boasting Favours from another,
Ne'er will Favour gain with me.
But inspir'd with Indignation,
Sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell,
E'er I'd trust my Reputation,
With such Fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden Treasure,
Never should the same reveal,
He whom Beauty crowns with Pleasure,
Cautious should he Joy conceal.
Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,
Shall my Fame from Censure save.
One where Truth and Prudence centre,
And as secret as the Grave.

Lady Hertford writes to her son on January 23, 1743:
About ten days ago Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Clive met in the Green Room. Mrs.Woffington came up to Mrs. Clive and told her she had long looked for the favor of a visit from her . . . Mrs. Clive paused a little and then answered, "Madam, I have been thinking of it, and upon consideration find I have a reputation to lose." "Madam" said Mrs. Woffington, "so should I have too, if I had a face like yours!"

The Green Room Scuffle, 1746
set to Ballad tune, *Good Morrow, Gossip Joan*

ROXANNA on the Stage, wou'd but appear a *Baby*,
Shou'd she with KATE engage, Yet she's Nought to a Lady,
Call'd PEGGY.

KATE, who was long ill-us'd, Depended on her *Merit*,
But PEG, by all abus'd, Said, She had only Spirit,
Pretty Girl!

None knew from whence it rose, but 'twas about their *Duty:*
To rise by *Wit*, one chose, And t'other by her beauty;
Both are Vain!

PEG in a taste Polite, At once began the *Battle:*
Says she, "You may be right; but this is Tittle Tattle;
Red-fac'd Bitch!"

Now bristles bonny KATE; All ready, fierce and fiery,
Such BRIMS cries she, "I hate, Could DAVEY e'er admire Ye?
PROSTITUTE!

"My Beauty Me defends, Cries *lovely, pretty PE*GGY;
Whilst you abuse your Friends; And so no more, I beg you,
HELL'S DUCHESS!

Upstarts the *grey-hair'd Sage*, Says KATE, 'tis most provoking!
Why should you *rule* the STAGE? Mind *Building, Pimping, Joking,*
Old STAGE-GOAT!

From this, sad Work endu'd: Old LIMPO got a slap, Sir?
Which he return'd; quite rude! And fell'd an *harmless Chap*, Sir,
Sad JEMMEE.

"My Child shan't be abus'd", Says limping am'rous Swiney,
Though POLLY me refus'd, Shou'd you, The Devil's in Ye,
Saucy PEG!

Oh Lacy! Then beware How you such Belles do trust to;
For tho' they speak you fair, They treat you as a BUST-O,
PLAYERS ALL!

The Life of a Belle from *The Agreeable Amusement, 1749* by Henry Carey

What Lives are so happy as those of the Fair,
Who scarcely one moment from Pleasure can spare,
But leave to their Husbands Reflection and Care.
Such, such is the Life of a Belle.

All Morning when others are up and employ'd,
She's dreaming of Pleasures, the last night enjoy'd,
Whilst Betty for orders attends at her side.
Such, such is the Life of a Belle.

She breakfasts at Noon, and just slips on her Gown,
Calls a Chair to the Door, And away round ye Town,
And just about two in the Park is set down.
Such, such is the Life of a Belle.

Then trips up the Mall and soon joyns with ye rest,
Of each awkward Creature she meets, makes a jest,
Kills two or three Beaus, and away to be drest.
Such, such is the Life of a Belle.

She seldom attends either high Church or low,
But never is absent when other Belles go,
Nor scruples to pray, if the fashion be so.
Such, such is the Life of a Belle.

Her Dinner and dressing employ her till Eve,
Some troublesome Tradesman to see her, begs leave,
But the Coach at the door soon procures a reprive.
Such, such is the Life of a Belle.

All Evening she visits, drinks Tea, plays her Fan,
Collects all the News, and what Chit-Chat she can,
And wonders her Sex can be fond of a Man.
Such, such is the Life of a Belle.

Plays, Balls, and Ridotto, each Night she attends,
And sometimes Quadrille with her few female Friends,
And sometimes in Secret, But there my song ends.
Such, such is the Life of a Belle.

EPILOGUE TO *LETHE, 1740*

by David Garrick
Spoken by Mrs. Clive and Mr. Raftor,
In the Characters of Miss Lucy and Mr. Thomas

Thomas: Farewell my cares;
Farewell, domestic strife;
How blest the husband!
when reform'd the wife!

Lucy. I'm not reform'd—

Tho. Not reform'd, my dear!

Lucy. No—

Tho. No!

Lucy. No! no! no! can't you hear?

Tho. Then all my hopes are gone!

Lucy. With all my heart; You may go, too—I'm ready, sir, to part.

Tho. Did you not promise, Lucy, to reform?

Lucy. You promis'd too—and how did you perform? You well may drop your lip and change your saucy tone! Go, get you hence, you worthless drone!

Tho. Pray follow, Lucy, do.

Lucy.
I'll follow straight, My pleasures—not you—
When thou art gone, I'll ne'er on man rely;
Next time, by golls, I'll taste before I buy:
Contented now, the husband is retir'd;
Like other wives, I'll stay, and be admir'd.
And now, I'll chuse a lover to my goust,
Irish and French I've try'd, but they'll not do,
I must have British fare, and one of you.
First, I'll beg leave to view the upper places—
Ha! ha! they grin so, one can't distinguish faces.
I'll pass the footmen; they're not worth my care;
I married one—and lazy rogues they are!
Next to the boxes let my eyes descend;
I surely, there, shall find someone my friend—
O lack! how fine they are! but we shall ne'er agree;
They like themselves so well—they'll ne'er like me:
Besides, of all things, I abhor a beau,
For, when try'd, 'tis doubtful, whether man or no.
Next, let me view my last resort—the Pit;
Here's choice enough; the Merchant, Soldier, Cit,
The surly Critic, and the threadbare Wit.
As for the Rakes, they are too common grown,
For Men, who strive at all, are good at none:
Nor will the Wit or surly Critic serve me;
For, one would beat me; and the other starve me.
The Merchant now and Soldier's left behind;
To both I feel my heart somewhat inclin'd:
Which shall I choose? Each has a noble soul!
Which shall I have? I'll have 'em both, by goll.
No doubt, you'll all approve my patriot passion;
My heart is fix'd for Trade and Navigation:
I hope you'll not refuse your gen'rous voice;
Applaud me, Britons, and approve my choice.

The Card Invites from *Lethe, 1740*
by Thomas Arne

The Card invites, in Crowds we fly
To join the jovial Rout, full Cry:
What Joy from Cares and Plagues all Day,
To hie to the Midnight Hark-a-way.
Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
Nor Dronish Husbands enter there;
The Brisk, the Bold, the Young, and Gay,
All hie to the Midnight Hark-a-way!

Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
And drowsy Watchmen idly knock;
Till Daylight peeps, we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly Hark-a-way.
When tir'd with Sport, to Bed we creep,
And kill the tedious Day with Sleep,
Tomorrow's welcome Call obey,
And again to the Midnight Hark-a-way!