

PROLOGUE.

WELL! you expect a Prologue to the Play,
And you expect it too Petition-way;
With Chapeau bas, beseeching you t'excuse,
A damn'd Intrigue of an unpractic'd Muse;
Tell you it's fortune waits upon your smiles,
And when you frown, Lord how you kill the whites!
Or else to rally up the sins of th' Age,
And bring each Fop in Town upon the Stage;
And in one Prologue run more vices o're,
Then either Court or City knew before;
And that's a wonder which will please you too,
But my Commission's not to please you now.

First then for you grave Dons who love no Play
But what is regular, Great Johnson's way;
Who hate the Monsieur with the Farce and Droll,
But are for things well said with spirit and soul;
'Tis you I mean whose judgments will admit,
No Interludes of fooling with your Wit;
You're here defeated, and anon will cry
s' Death! wou'd 'twere treason to write Comedy.

So! there's a party lost; now for the rest,
Who swear they'd rather hear a smutty jest
Spoken by Nokes or Angel, than a Scene
Of the admir'd and well-penn'd Cataline;
Who love the Comick Hat, the Jig and Dance,
Things that are fitted to their Ignorance:
You too are quite undone, for here's no Farce,
Damn me! you'll cry, this Play will be mine A—
Not serious, nor ye: Comick, what is't then?
Th' imperfect issue of a Lukewarm brain:
'Twas born before it's time, and such a whelp,
As all the after-lickings could not help.
Bait it then as ye please, we'll not defend it,
But he that dis-approves it, let him mend it.

Actors