

A
P R O L O G U E

O N
C O M I C P O E T R Y,

A N D A N
E P I L O G U E

O N T H E
C o m i c C H A R A C T E R S o f W O M E N,

As spoke at the *Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden,*

W I T H A
P A S T O R A L D I A L O G U E

As performed at the same THEATRE:

To which is prefixed an

O D E

T O

J O H N R I C H, Esq;

L O N D O N:

Printed, and sold, by J. PURSER, in *Red-Lion Court Fleetstreet,*
and at the Pamphlet Shops in *London* and *Westminster*. 1753.

(Price One Shilling.)



A N


O D E

T O

JOHN RICH Esq;

At Cowley near Uxbridge.

I.

 FROM that great Theatre of Life
For Riches fam'd, the Source of Strife,

Where fair *Augusta* lifts her Head,
Like *Cybele* with Turrets crown'd,
Like her for mystic Rites renown'd,
Like her of earthly Pow'rs the Dread,

II.

Close at whose Feet prolific *Thame*,
Old *Ocean's* Son, to meet his Dame
Hastens with his replenish'd Urn,
Retir'd from these capacious Scenes,
And those where mimic Kings and Queens
With well feign'd Love and Anger burn,

B

III. From

III.

From thine own Kingdom, *Rich*, retir'd,
 Where thou hast often been admir'd,
 In *Cowley's* Shades what pleasing Cares
 Thy late tormented Mind relieve?
 From dewy Morn to fragrant Eve
 Thy Thoughts by Turns what Subject shares?

IV.

What tho thy Bosom's tend'rest Part
 (I feel it from my own fond Heart)
 Is fill'd with Images of Ease,
 Thy much lov'd Wife, and Pledges dear
 Of former Blifs, whom all, who hear,
 Whom all, who know them, wish to please,

V.

Yet must the public Weal employ
 Thy Thoughts amidst the Scenes of Joy
 Which Summer with a bounteous Hand
 Pours round thee now, the Morning's Dawn,
 The setting Sun which gilds the Lawn,
 The solemn Shade, and painted Land:

VI. Think

VI.

Think that of thee the rising Age
 Expects the Lessons of the Stage,
 Such as to Virtue form the Soul,
 Such as enlarge the manly Mind,
 And check the Passions ill inclin'd,
 Such as the Pow'rs of Vice controul.

VII.

Would'st thou effective Language chuse,
 Call to thine Aid the *Greecian* Muse,
 For she of Heav'n's great Sire was born;
 She'll fill with Tears the tender Eye,
 She'll bid heroic Bosoms fight,
 And Wisdom with her Words adorn:

VIII.

She reigns majestic in my Breast;
 By her my Dreams are often blest;
 Her Visits, in my waking Hours,
 Are constant with the rising Sun,
 And, when his dayly Race is run,
 I feel at Eve's Approach her Pow'rs.

IX. Late

IX.

Late by the Help of *Lambert's* Art,
 But more by thine own magic Part,
 Thou mad'st the drooping Muses smile:
 The Merit of the Feast was thine;
 You tempted to *Apollo's* Shrine
 The fair and brave of *Britain's* Isle.

X.

Go on, and prove the Muse's Friend;
 Nor scorn the Aid which I can lend;
 I shall no spurious Issue bring:
 The sacred Fillet's round my Head;
 On the *Aonian* Mount I tread,
 And drink of the *Castalian* Spring.

XI.

To no Disease nor Guile a Prey,
 May joyful pass thy Life's long Day;
 Nor let it be thy smallest Boast
 That thou art to the Muses true;
 Then shall they pay thy Merit's Due,
 And bear thy Name from Coast to Coast.

July. 1752.



A

PROLOGUE

ON

COMIC POETRY,

Spoke before Mr. ADDISON'S *Drummer*, or
the *haunted House*, by Mr. *Ryan*.

IN antient *Greece*, the Parent of the Stage,
The comic Muse began to lash the Age:
Then sordid Av'rice, then Detraction, fled;
And Folly scarcely dar'd to raise her Head.
To cherish Mirth, and Laughter to excite,
And, by reprov'ing Vice, to give Delight,
The *Greecian* Genius drew the comic Pen,
Offensive only to offensive Men:
'Twas then *Philemon*, then *Menander*, writ;
And the State flourish'd with the Growth of Wit:
On their great Plans *Plautus* and *Terence* rose,
Of Mirth Promoters, yet to Folly Foes:
They *Attic* Wit and *Attic* Humour knew,
And from those living Springs their Subjects drew:

C

With

With the Fool's Coat they cloath'd the blust'ring Blade,
 And loaded with Contempt the Flatt'rer's Trade :
Scipio and *Lælius* thought it then as great
 To aid the Muses as to guard the State.
 In *England* when the shameless comic Band
 Spread their Contagion with a hostile Hand,
 Too gross their Wit for Wisdom to endure,
 In Bus'ness and in Style alike impure,
 Old *Bickerstaff* began, in Manners nice,
 To raise the Laugh without the Aids of Vice :
 Our Bard, a classic Candidate for Fame,
 Strove to retrieve with him the comic Name :
 In *George's* Reign these pleasing Scenes he drew
 Which the great Cenfor might with Pleasure view :
 No little Arts he us'd to force Applause,
 Where Wit and Humour join'd in Virtue's Cause.
 To *British* Wit, to *British* Virtue, just,
 Pay the fair Tribute to your Poet's Dust ;
 'Tis to your Country's Honour when ye raise
 The grateful Incense of judicious Praise.




A N

E P I L O G U E

O N T H E

Comic Characters of Women,

Spoke by Mrs. *Bland.*

OME Poets say, if such we Poets call,
*That Women have no Characters at * all :*
Whatever others think, I'm sure such Creatures
Can not be Men, or must be Women-haters.
No Characters at all ! What's Lady *Grace,*
Who's never absent, with her formal Face,
Soon as the Doors are open, from her Pew,
Yet the next Hour to Assignment true ?
Must Lady *Pride* too pass unheeded by,
Who views her Husband with a scornful Eye,
Because he's humbly born, but with Lord *Fool*
She'll condescend at Night to — play a Pool ?
What can such Poets think of Mrs. *Prude,*
Who says the fanning Zephyrs are too rude,

But

* This ungrammatical Expression had not been used here, if it was not a Quotation from a late popular Poet.

But, when Sir *Bluster* haul'd her from the Light,
 Was too good-natur'd to reprove the Knight?
 One Character has fill'd the comic Scene,
 Enough to give to gentle Minds the Spleen:
 When youthful *Cloe*, lovelyer than the Rose,
 Sweet and as chaste as when untouch'd it blows,
 Neglectful of her Charms and fairer Name,
 Sees the Sun rising on a losing Game,
 What Heart so hard as not to mourn her Fate,
 And wish her Fame retriev'd before too late!
 To see what Anguish shakes her tender Soul,
 When *Flora* sweeps the Table with a Vole,
 What Breast so steel'd as Grief can not invade,
 To see the Havock on her Beautys made!
 But these are Faults which distant Climes may own,
 To *British* Maids and *British* Wives unknown:
 No Imputation on their Fame can fall,
 Where all are *Trumans*, *Indianas* all.





A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

Set to Music by Mr. *Arne*,

And sung by Mr. *Lowe* and Mrs. *Lampe*.

Damon.



AST, my Love, thine Eyes around,
See the sportive Lambkins play ;
Nature gayly decks the Ground,
All in Honour of the *May* :
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

Florella.

Damon, thou hast found me long
Lift'ning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Song
Often held me in the Dale :
Take, O! *Damon*, while I live,
All which Virtue ought to give.

D

Damon.

Damon.

Not the Verdure of the Grove,
 Nor the Garden's fairest Flow'rs,
 Nor the Meads where Lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal Hours,
 Can delight thy *Damon's* Eye,
 If *Florella* is not by.

Florella.

Not the Water's gentle Fall
 By the Bank with Poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd Songsters all,
 Nor the Flute's melodious Sound,
 Can delight *Florella's* Ear,
 If her *Damon* is not near.

Both.

Let us love, and let us live,
 Like the cheerful Season gay ;
 Banish Care, and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant *May* :
 Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
 Listen to the Voice of Love.

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