
THE
EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. LACY'S *New Play*, Sir HERCULES
BUFFOON, *or the Poetical Esquire*.

Wrote and Spoke by J. H. Com.

Methinks (*Right Worthy Friends*) you seem to sit,
As if you had all ta'ne *Physick* in the *Pit* ;
When the *Play's* done, your jaded *Fancies* pall ;
After *Enjoyment*, thus 'tis with us all.

You are

Meer *Epicures* in thinking, and, in fine,
As difficult to please in *Playes*, as *Wine* :

You've no true *taste* of either, judge at randome,
And Cry—*De Gustibus non disputandum*.

One's for *Vin d' Hermitage*, Loves *Lofty* inditing ;

Another *Old Hoc*, he a *style* that's biting ;

Both hate *Champaign*, and *Damn* soft natural *Writing*. }

And some forsooth

Love *Rhenish Wine* and *Sugar* ; *Playes* in meeter,

Like *Dead Wine*, swallowing *Nonsense*, *Rhimes* make sweeter :

There's one's for a *Cup of Nants*, and he, 'tis odds

Like *Old Buffoon*, loves *Plays* that *swinge* the *Gods*.

True English *Topers* *Racy Sack* ne're fail,

With such *Ben Johnsons Humming* *Plays* prevail ;

Whil'st some at *Tricks*, and *Grimace*, only flear ;

To such, must *Noisy*, *Frotby*, *Farce* appear ;

These new *Wits* *Relish*, *small*, *smart*, *Bottle Beer*. }

French Gouts, that mingle *Water* with their *Wine*,

Cry—*Ab de French Song Gofoun Dat is ver' fine*.

Who

