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1741

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# PROLOGUE

Written by Mr. Dryden, to a New Play,  
call'd, The Loyal Brother, &c.

**P**Oets, like Lawfull Monarchs, ruf'd the Stage,  
 Till Criticks, like Damn'd Whiggs, debauch'd our Age,  
 Mark how they jump: Criticks wou'd regulate  
 Our Theatres, and Whiggs reform our State: }  
 Both pretend love, and both ( Plague rot 'em ) hate. }  
 The Critick humbly seems Advice to bring,  
 The fawning Whigg Petitions to the King:  
 But ones advice into a Satyr slides;  
 Tothers Petition a Remonfrance hides.  
 These will no Taxes give, and those no Pence:  
 Criticks wou'd starve the Poet, Whiggs the Prince.  
 The Critick all our troops of friends discards;  
 Just to the Whigg wou'd fain pull down the Guards.  
 Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,  
 As watchfull Shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.  
 Kings, who Disband such needles Aids as these,  
 Are safe----- as long as ere their Subjects please.  
 And that would be till next Queen *Besses* night:  
 Which thus, grave penny Chroniclers endite.  
 Sir *Edmond-berry*, first, in wofull wife,  
 Leads up the show, and Milks their Maudlin eyes.  
 There's not a Butcher's Wife but Dribs her part,  
 And pities the poor Pageant from her heart;  
 Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,  
 And, with a civil congee, does retire.  
 But guiltless blood to ground must never fall:  
 There's *Antichrist* behind, to pay for all.  
 The Punk of *Babylon* in Pomp appears,  
 A lewd Old Gentleman of Seventy years,  
 Whose Age in vain our Mercy wou'd implore;  
 For few take pity on an Old-cast Whore.  
 The Devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part; }  
 Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart: }  
 Like Thief and Parson in a *Tyburn* Cart. }  
 The word is giv'n; and with a loud Huzzaw  
 The Miter'd Moppet from his Chair they draw:  
 On the slain Corps contending Nations fall:  
 Alas, what's one poor Pope among 'em all!  
 He burns; now all true hearts your Triumphs ring;  
 And next (for fashion) cry, *God save the King*.  
 A needful Cry in midst of such Alarms:  
 When Forty thousand Men are up in Arms.  
 But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,  
 In each succeeding Health they Damn his Friends: }  
 So God begins, but still the Devil ends. }  
 What if some one inspir'd with Zeal, thou'd call,  
 Come let's go cry, *God save him at White Hall?*

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