

A N  
EPILOGUE  
TO THE  
COURT,  
ON THE  
Queen's Birth-Day.

*By Roger, the Observator's Country-man.*

THE Rustick Muse thus having chang'd the Scene,  
From *Kent* to Court, to Kneel before the Queen,  
Thus prostrate falls, so many Queens to meet,  
And lays her *Oaken Towel* at your Feet :  
She boasts no Wit, and therefore dare not rise,  
But by the Influence of your brighter Eyes ;  
The *Happy Muses* Fate may be her own  
To be scorch'd dry beneath the Torrid Zone,  
As *Owls* are dazzled by the glaring Sun.

A Home-spun Suit your faithful *Roger* wears,  
But us'd so long, it Thread-bare now appears,  
Tho't hangs on yet, as you may see his Ears.  
Thanks to the Cause, for his industrious Care,  
To merit Graces from the Good and Fair ;

Such

