

PROLOGUE

For The

MUSIC,

Spoken on Tuesday, *January* the
4th, 1703.

SUCH is, Yee Fair, your Universal Sway,
That all our Joys to you their Homage pay;
We find not one sincere, if Beauty be away. }
Bacchus no longer Rival Charms can boast,

No Son of his can drink without a Toast.
The circling Glafs no sprightly Thoughts can raise,
That bears not Numbers sacred to your Praise.
Love must be there, and mingle with the Charm,
To teach the dull insipid Juice to warm.
Inspir'd by you, the teeming Muse brings forth,
And Wit and Musick are the lovely Birth.
Well pleas'd the Masters touch the trembling Strings,
And bless their Art which such an Audience brings:
Yet vain those Strings, and vain were all that Art,
If Beauty did not join to fire the Heart.
Some pleasing Thoughts their Harmony may move,
But the true real Joy we taste is Love.

Thus Loyally we own your rightful Reign,
Think Life well spent with you, and Loss of Freedom Gain:
From you our God of Verse derives his Lays,
To you he consecrates his Lyre and Bays;
To you he bids his tuneful Sons submit,
You, who refine their Pleasures and their Wit.
What Praise, what Honours might the Muses hope,
Wou'd you vouchsafe the sinking Stage to prop!
Well wou'd your Presence pay the Poet's Pain,
The Comick Art, and lofty Tragick Strain: }
Since what was Sung to you cou'd ne'er be Sung in vain.

A

EPI-

