

# PROLOGUE

*Spoken at the First Opening of the  
QUEEN'S New Theatre in  
the Hay-Market.*

**S**UCH was our Builder's Art, that soon as nam'd,  
This Fabrick, like the Infant-World, was fram'd.  
The Architect must on dull Order wait,  
But 'tis the Poet only can Create.  
None else, at Pleasure, can Duration give,  
When Marble fails, the Muses Structures live,  
The *Cyprian* Fane is now no longer seen,  
Tho' Sacred to the Name of Love's Fair Queen.  
Ev'n *Athens* scarce in pompous Ruin stands,  
Tho' finish'd by the Learn'd *Minerva's* Hands.  
More sure Presages from these Walls we find  
By Beauty founded, and by Wit design'd;  
In the good Age of Ghostly Ignorance,  
How did Cathedrals rise, and Zeal Advance!  
The Merry Monks said *Orisons* at Ease,  
Large were their Meals, and light their Penances;  
Pardon for Sins was purchas'd with Estates,  
And none but Rogues in Rags dy'd Reprobates:  
But now that Pious Pageantry's no more,  
And Stages thrive as Churches did before.  
Your own Magnificence you here Survey,  
Majestick Columns stand where Dunghills lay,  
And Carrs Triumphal rise from Carts of Hay.  
Swains here are taught to hope, and Nymphs to fear,  
And big *Almanzor's* Fight mock---*Blenheim's* here.  
Descending Goddesses adorn our Scenes,  
And quit their bright Abodes for gilt Machines,  
Shou'd *Jove* for this Fair Circle leave his Throne,  
He'd meet a Lightning fiercer than his own:  
Tho' to the *Sun* his tow'ring *Eagles* Rise,  
They scarce could bear the Lustre of these Eyes.

(2)

Lady H—C—n.

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