

T H E
P R O L O G U E
To the last new Play
A Duke and no Duke.

Spoken by Mr. Jevon.

Gallants,

W H O Would have thought to have seen so many here,
At such a Rambling season of the Year;
And what's more strange? all Well and Sound to the Eye,
Pray Gentlemen forgive me if I Lye.

I thought this Season to have turn'd *Physician*,
But now I see small hopes in that condition:
Yet how if I should hire a Black Flower'd *Jump*,
And ply at *Islington*, Doctor to *Sadlers Pump*.
But first let me Consult old *Erra Pater*,
And see what he advises in the Matter.

Let's see———

Venus and *Mars*, I find in *Aries* are,
In the Ninth *House*. a Damn'd dry Bobbing Year.
The price of *Mutton*, will run high 'tis thought,
And *Vizard Masks* will fall to ten a Groat.
The *Moon's* in *Scorpio's House* or *Capricorns*,
Friends of the City govern well your *Hornes*:
Your Wives will have a mighty Trade this *Quarter*,
I find they'll never leave their Natural *Charter*.
For once take my Advice as a true Friend,
When they a Walk to the new *Wells* pretend,
If you avoid your Sail, quick hasten after,
They use more ways to Cool, than Drinking *Water*.

T H E
E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. Haines.

T *Rapolin*, suppos'd a *Duke*, in this place shows
Strange matters may depend on meer suppose.
One may suppose *Masks* chaſt lov'd Nonſenſe Witty,
No Flattery at *Court*, nor *Whig* i'th' *City* }
I am by one i'th' *World* ſuppoſed Pretty. }
Fantasiſe digeſted unto Storms ſuppoſes, }
Whereas you ſee no *Lillies* grow nor *Rofes*, }
So *Masks* for Beauty paſs that want their *Noſes*. }
The Reverend *Cityzen*, Sixty and above,
That by poor inch of *Candle* buys his Love,

Suppoſes

