

# PROLOGUE

To a NEW PLAY, Call'd,

## The Disappointment:

OR,

## The Mother in Fashion.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

**H**OW comes it, Gentlemen, that now aday's  
When all of you so shrewdly judge of Plays,  
Our Poets tax you still with want of Sense?  
All Prologues treat you at your own Expence.

Sharp Citizens a wiser way can go;  
They make you Fools, but never call you so.  
They, in good Manners, seldom make a Slip,  
But, Treat a Common Whore with Ladyship:  
But here each fawcy Wit at Random writes,  
And uses Ladies as he uses Knights.  
Our Author, Young, and Grateful in his Nature,  
Vows, that from him no Nymph deserves a Satyr.  
Nor will he ever Draw—I mean his Rhime,  
Against the sweet Partaker of his Crime.  
Nor is he yet so bold an Undertaker  
To call MEN Fools, 'tis Railing at their MAKE R.  
Besides, he fears to split upon that Shelf;  
He's young enough to be a FOPP himself.  
And, if his Praise can bring you all A-bed,  
He swears such hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred.

Your Nurfes, we presume, in such a Case,  
Your Father chose, because he lik'd the Face;  
And, often, they supply'd your Mothers place. }  
The Dry Nurf was your Mothers ancient Maid,  
Who knew some former Slip she ne're betray'd.  
Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar Candy,  
Your sucking Bottles were well stor'd with Brandy.  
Your Father to initiate your Discourse }  
Meant to have taught you first to Swear and Curse;  
But was prevented by each careful Nurf.  
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as Names too common,  
They taught you certain parts of Man and Woman.  
I pass your Schools, for there when first you came,  
You wou'd be sure to learn the Latin name.  
In Colledges you scorn'd their Art of thinking,  
But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good Drinking:  
Thence, come to Town you practise Play, to know  
The Vertues of the High Dice, and the Low.  
Each thinks himself a SHARPER most profound:  
He cheats by Pence; is cheated by the Pound:  
With these Perfections, and what else he Gleans, }  
The SPARK sets up for Love behind our Scenes;  
Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens.  
There, if they know their Man, with cunning Carriage,  
Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage.  
He hires some Homely Room, Love's Fruits to gather,  
And, Garret-high, Rebels against his Father.  
But he once dead—  
Brings her in Triumph, with her Portion down,  
A Twiller, Dressing-Box, and Half a Crown.  
Some Marry first, and then they fall to Scowring,  
Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring.

Our

