

His best friends wou'd not like this over-care :
Or think him e're the safer for that pray'r.
Five Praying Saints are by an Act allow'd :
But not the whole Church-Militant, in crowd.
Yet, should heav'n all the true Petitions drain
Of *Presbyterians*, who wou'd Kings maintain ;
Of Forty thousand, five wou'd scarce remain.

*The EPILOGUE by the same Hand ;
Spoken by Mrs. Sarah Cook.*

A Virgin Poet was serv'd up to day ;
Who till this hour, ne're cackled for a Play :
He's neither yet a Whigg nor Tory-Boy ;
But, like a Girl, whom several wou'd enjoy,
Begs leave to make the best of his own natural Toy. }
Were I to play my callow Author's game,
The King's House wou'd instruct me, by the Name :
There's Loyalty to one : I wish no more :
A Commonwealth sounds like a Common Whore.
Let Husband or Gallant be what they will,
One part of Woman is true Tory still.
If any Factious spirit shou'd rebell,
Our Sex, with ease, can every rising quell.
Then, as you hope we shou'd your failings hide,
An honest Jury for our play provide :
Whiggs, at their Poets never take offence ;
They save dull Culprits who have Murther'd Sense :
Tho Nonsense is a nauseous heavy Mass,
The Vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.
Faction in Play's the Commonwealths man's bribe :
The leaden farthing of the Canting Tribe :
Though void in payment Laws and Statutes make it,
The Neighbourhood, that knows the Man, will take it.
'Tis Faction buys the Votes of half the Pit ;
Theirs is the Pention-Parliament of wit.
In City-Clubs their venom let 'em vent ;
For there 'tis safe, in its own Element :
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
Let 'em forget themselves an hour in sense.
In one poor Isle, why shou'd two Factions be ? }
Small difference in your Vices I can see ;
In Drink and Drabs both sides too well agree. }
Wou'd there were more Preferments in the Land ;
If Places fell, the party cou'd not stand.
Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whigg complains ;
They grunt like Hogs, till they have got their Grains.
Mean time you see what Trade our Plots advance,
We send each year good Money into *France* :
And they, that know what Merchandise we need,
Send o're true Protestants, to mend our breed.

F I N I S.

London, Printed for J. Tonson.