

EPILOGUE

To The

LADIES.

WITH Joy we see this Circle of the Fair,
Since the late Trial of the Tuneful Pair:
Your Country's Friends, you love the Native Strains
Of Musick here, where *England's* Genius reigns.

In other Walls tho' Harmony be found,
You know 'tis foreign, and disdain the Sound:
Who haunt New Conforts, Faction wou'd create,
And are Dissenters in *Apollo's* State:

They shun our Stages, where he keeps his Court,
And to some gloomy Meeting-house Resort:
While you with Duty own his rightful Cause,
And guard this Place, Establish'd by his Laws.

But now your Charms a Nobler Task pursue,
And *Spain* a Revolution waits from you:

That blooming Hero, you at Court admir'd,
In Arms must Triumph, by your Praises fir'd:
Success is yours, and Victory inclines

Still to that Side, on which your Favour shines:

Mars will himself conduct our future Wars,

When ev'ry *Venus* for this Prince declares;

When freely serving this well-weigh'd Design,

Our Nation's Treasure and its Beauty join.

Yet, when this happy Scheme, by Wisdom wrought,
Is by his Valour to Perfection brought;

And his glad Subjects shall their King receive,

Grac'd with a Crown, which *Anne* alone cou'd give;

Reflecting then what Wonders he had seen,

The Court, these Beauties, and our Glorious Queen;

That warm Idea he must still retain:

And think, tho' Seated on the Throne of *Spain*,

Tho' with the Treasure of both *Indies* Crown'd,

He left a brighter Empire than he found.

F I N I S.

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