

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. COOK;

OUR Hero's Happy in the Plays Conclusion,
The Holy Rogue at last has met Confusion;
Tho' *Arrius* all along appear'd a Saint,
The last Act shew'd him a True Protestant:

Ensebins (for you know I Read Greek Authors)
Reports, That after all these Plots and Slaughters,
The Court of *CONSTANTINE* was full of Glory,
And every *TRIMMER* turn'd Addressing *TORR*:

They Followed Him in Herds as they were Mad,
When *CAUSE* was King then all the World was Glad:

WHIGGS kept the Places they Possess'd before,
And most were in a Way of Getting more;

Which was as much as to say ——— *Gentlemen,*

Here's Power and Money to be ROGUES agen.

Indeed there were a sort of peaking Tools,

(Some call 'em Modest, but I call 'em Fools,

Men much more *Loyal*, though not half so *Loud*.)

But these Poor Devils were Cast *Behind* the Crowd.

For Bold Knaves Thrive without one Grain of Sense,

But Good Men Starve for want of Impudence.

Besides all these there were a sort of Wights,

I think my Authour calls 'em *Teckelites*:

Such hearty Rogues against the King and Laws,

They favour'd even a Forreign Rebells Cause.

When their own Damn'd Design was quasht and aw'd,

At last they gave it their Good Word abroad;

As many a Man, who for a quiet life,

Sends out his Bastard, not to Nose his Wife:

Thus o're their Darling *Treason Trimmers* Cry,

And though they dare not Her, it wants Supply,

They Bind it Prentice to Count *TECKELER*.

They believe not the last *PLOT*, may I be Curst,

If I believe, they e're believ'd the first.

No Wonder their own *PLOT*, no *PLOT* they think,

The Man that makes it never Smells the *STINK*.

And now it comes into my Mind, I'll tell,

Why those Damn'd *Trimmers* love the *TURK* so well;

Th' Original *Trimmer*, tho' a Friend to no Man,

Yet in his heart Ador'd a pretty Woman:

He knew that *MAHOMET* laid up for Ever

Kind Black-Ey'd Rogues for ev'ry True Believer.

And which was more then Mortal Man e're Tasted,

One Pleasure that for Threescore Twelve-Months lasted:

To Turn for this may surely be Forgiven,

Who'd not be Circumcis'd for such a *HEAVEN*?