

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Mountfort.

YE mighty scowers of these narrow Seas,
Who suffer not a Bark to sail in peace,
But with your Tire of Culverins ye roar,
Bring 'em by th' Lee, and Rummidge all their store;
Our Poet duck'd, and look'd as if half dead,
At every Shot that whistled o're his Head.
Frequent Engagements ne're could make him bold,
He sneak'd into a corner of the Hold.
Since he submits, pray ease him of his fear,
And with a joynt Applause bid him appear,
Good Criticks dont insult and domineer.
He fears not Sparks, who with brisk drefs and mēen,
Come not to hear or see, but to be seen.
Each prunes himself, and with a languishing Eye,
Designs to kill a Lady by the by.
Let each fantastick ugly Beau and Skape,
Little of Man, and very much of Ape,
Admire himself, and let the Poet scape.
Ladies, Your Anger most he apprehends,
And is grown past the Age of making Friends
Of any of the Sex whom he offends.
No Princess frowns, no Hero rants and whines,
Nor is weak Sense embroyd'ed with strong lines;
No Battels, Trumpets, Drums, not any dye;
No Mortal Wounds, to please your Cruelty;
Who like nat any thing but Tragedy.
With fond, unnatural extravagancies,
Stolen from the silly Authors of Romances.
Let such the Chamber-maids diversion be,
Pray be you reconcil'd to Comedy.
For when we make you merry, you must own
You are much prettier than when you frown.
With charming smiles you use to conquer still,
The melancholly look's not apt to kill.
Our Poet begs you who adorn this Sphere,
This Shining Circle, will not be severe.
Here no Chit chat, here no Tea Tables are.
The Cant he hopes will not be long unknown,
'Tis almost grown the language of the Town.
For Fops, who feel a wretched want of Wit,
Still set up something that may pass for it.
He begs that you will often grace his Play,
And lets you know Munday's his visiting day.

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