



## EPILOGUE to TAMERLANE.

On the Suppression of the REBELLION.

Spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, in the Character of the  
COMICK MUSE, Nov. 4, 1746.

By the same.

**B**RITONS, once more in annual joy we meet,  
This genial night in Freedom's fav'rite feat:  
And o'er the <sup>z</sup> two great empires still I reign  
Of Covent-Garden, and of Drury-Lane.  
But ah! what clouds o'er all our realm impended!  
Our ruin artless prodigies portended.  
Chains, real chains, our Heroes had in view,  
And scenes of mimick dungeons chang'd to true.  
An equal fate the Stage and Britain dreaded,  
Had Rome's young missionary Spark succeeded.  
But Laws and Liberties are trifling treasures:  
He threaten'd that grave property, your Pleasures.  
For me, an idle Muse, I ne'er dissembled  
My fears; but ev'n my tragick Sister trembled:  
O'er all her sons she cast her mournful eyes,  
And heav'd her breast more than dramatick sighs;

<sup>z</sup> *The two great empires of the world I know,  
This of Peru, and that of Mexico.* Indian Emperor.

To eyes well tutor'd in the trade of grief,  
 She rais'd a small and well lac'd handkerchief;  
 And then with decent pause—and accent broke,  
 Her buskin'd progeny the Dame bespoke:  
 “ Ah! Sons <sup>b</sup> our dawn is over-cast, and all  
 “ Theatrick glories nodding to their fall;  
 “ From foreign realms a bloody Chief is come,  
 “ Big with the work of Slav'ry and of Rome.  
 “ A general ruin on his sword he wears,  
 “ Fatal alike to Audience and to Play'rs.  
 “ For ah! my Sons, what freedom for the Stage,  
 “ When Bigotry with Sense shall battle wage?  
 “ When monkish Laureats only wear the bays,  
 “ <sup>c</sup> Inquisitors Lord Chamberlains of plays?  
 “ Plays shall be damn'd that 'scap'd the Critick's rage,  
 “ For Priests are still worse Tyrants to the Stage.  
 “ Cato, receiv'd by audiences so gracious,  
 “ Shall find ten Cæsars in one St. Ignatius:  
 “ And godlike Brutus here shall meet again  
 “ His evil Genius in a Capuchin.  
 “ For heresy the fav'rites of the pit  
 “ Must burn, and excommunicated wit;  
 “ And at one stake we shall behold expire  
 “ My Anna Bullen, and the Spanish Fryar.

<sup>b</sup> *The dawn is over-cast, the morning lours,  
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
 The great, th' important day, big with the fate  
 Of Cato and of Rome.*

<sup>c</sup> *Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of Plays.*

“ Ev'n <sup>d</sup> Tamerlane, whose fainted name appears  
 “ Red-letter'd in the calendar of play'rs,  
 “ Oft as these festal rites attend the morn  
 “ Of Liberty restor'd and WILLIAM born —  
 “ But at That Name, what transports flood my eyes?  
 “ What golden vision's this I see arise?  
 “ What Youth is he with comeliest conquest crown'd,  
 “ His warlike brow with full-blown laurels bound?  
 “ What wreaths are these that Vict'ry dares to join,  
 “ And blend with trophies of my fav'rite Boyn?  
 “ Oh! if the Muse can happy aught presage  
 “ Of new deliv'rance to the State and Stage;  
 “ If not untaught the characters to spell  
 “ Of all who bravely fight or conquer well;  
 “ <sup>e</sup> Thou shalt be WILLIAM—like the Last design'd  
 “ The tyrant's scourge, and blessing of mankind;  
 “ Born civil tumult and blind zeal to quell,  
 “ That teaches happy subjects to rebel.  
 “ Nassau himself but half our vows shall share,  
 “ Divide our incense and divide our pray'r;  
 “ And oft as Tamerlane shall lend his fame  
 “ To shadow His, thy rival Star shall claim  
 “ <sup>f</sup> Th' ambiguous laurel and the double name.

<sup>d</sup> Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and 5th of November, the Anniversaries of King William's birth and landing.

<sup>e</sup> Tu Marcellus eris.

VIRG.

<sup>f</sup> Conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis  
 Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.

JUV.

The