

PROLOGUE to COMUS,

Perform'd for the Benefit of the General Hospital at
BATH, 1756.

By the Same.

Spoken by Miss MORRISON, in the Character of a Lady
of Fashion.

She enters with a Number of Tickets in her Hand.

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that——charity has got no ears.

I first attack'd a colonel of the guards——

Sir, charity——consider its rewards.

With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,

And covers—oh!—a multitude of sins.

He swore, the world was welcome to his thoughts:

'Twas damn'd *hypocrisy* to hide one's faults;

And with that sin his conscience ne'er was *twitted*——

The only *one* he never had committed.

Next, to my knight I plead. He—shook his head;

Complain'd the stocks were low——and trade was dead.

In these Bath-charities a tax he'd found

More heavy than—four shillings in the pound.

What

What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
 A man was *strip'd*—unless he'd look quite shabby.
 Then such a train, and such expence to fit!
 My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
 He'd steal, himself—perhaps—into the pit.

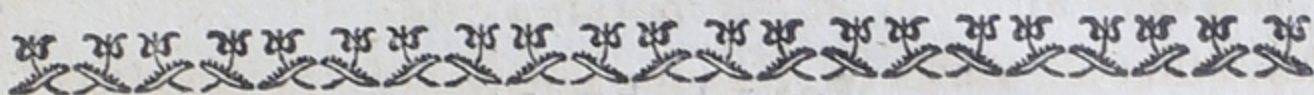
Old lady Slipflop, at her morning cards,
 Vows that all works of *genus* she regards;
 Raffles for Chinese Gods, card-houses, shells,
 Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,
 But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitels*.

I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—
 No doubt, the governors are—very wise;
 But, for the play, he—wonder'd at their choice.
 In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
 But faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaste.
 Then swears, he to the charity is hearty,
 But can't, in honour, break his evening party.

When to the gouty alderman I sued,
 The nasty fellow, ('gad!) was downright rude.
 Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox!
 The mayor should set such housewives in the stocks.
 Give you a guinea! z—ds! replied the beast,
 'Twou'd buy a ticket for a turtle-feast.
 Think what a guinea-a-head might set before ye—
 Sir—mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dorey.
 I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,
 Unless they gather 't in a dish, at dinner.

I trust,

I trust, by art and more polite addrefs,
You fairer advocates met more fuccefs ;
And not a man compaffion's caufe withftood,
When *beauty* pleaded for fuch *general good*.



EPIGRAMS from MARTIAL.

By the Same.

To JAMES HARRIS, Esq;

MARTIAL, Book IV. Ep. 87.

WOu'dst thou, by Attic taste approv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd,
To learned Harris' curious eye,
By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply :
In him the perfect judge you'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muscles moves,
Thou nor the critic's sneer shal'st mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper kites the sky,
Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lye.

}