

Our children's children shall our steps pursue,  
 And the same errors be for ever new.  
 Mean while, in hope a guiltless country swain,  
 My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.  
 Hail humble shades, where truth and silence dwell!  
 Thou noisy town, and faithless court farewell!  
 Farewel ambition, once my darling flame!  
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!  
 In life's by-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,  
 My days, tho' number'd, shall be all my own.  
 Here shall they end, (O might they twice begin),  
 And all be white the fates intend to spin.



## PROLOGUE upon PROLOGUES.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

**A**N old trite proverb let me quote!

As is your cloth, so cut your coat.—

To suit our *author* and his *farce*,

*Short* let me be! for wit is scarce.

Nor would I shew it, had I any,

The reasons why are strong and many.

Should I have wit, the piece have none,

A flash in pan with empty gun,

The piece is sure to be undone.

A tavern with a gaudy sign,

Whose bush is better than the wine,

May

May cheat you once. — Will that device,  
*Neat as imported*, cheat you twice ?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations:  
 Poets be dull in dedications !

Dulness in these to wit prefer——

But there indeed you seldom err.

In prologues, prefaces, be flat !

A silver button spoils your hat.

A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,

Did not the blockheads lace the cape.

A case in point to this before ye,

Allow me, pray, to tell a story !

To turn the penny, once, a wit

Upon a curious fancy hit ;

Hung out a board on which he boasted,

*Dinner for THREEPENCE ! Boil'd and roasted !*

The hungry read, and in they trip,

With eager eye and smacking lip :

“ Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray ! ”

——Enter POTATOES——*dress'd each way.*

All star'd and rose, the house forsook,

And damn'd the dinner——kick'd the cook,

My landlord found, (poor *Patrick Kelly*),

There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason :

——Wit in a prologue's out of season——

Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,

Like *Cock-lane* folks for *Fanny's* scratching ?

And here my simile's so fit,

For *Prologues* are but *Ghosts* of wit,

Which

Which mean to shew their art and skill,  
And scratch you to their Author's will.

In short, for reasous great and small,  
'Tis better to have none at all :

*Prologues* and *Ghosts*—a paltry trade,  
So let them both at once be *laid* !

Say but the word—give your commands——  
We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands :

Confine these culprits (*bolding up his hands*) bind'em tight,  
Nor *Girls* can *scratch* nor *Fools* can write.



MR. FOOTE'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC,

After a Prosecution against him for a LIBEL.

**H**USH! let me search before I speak aloud—  
Is no informer skulking in the croud !

With art laconic noting all that's said,

Malice at heart, indictments in his head,

Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,

And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar !

Is there none such ?—not one ?—then *entre nous*,

I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true ;

The application must be made by you.

}

At *Athens* once, fair queen of arms and arts,

There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts !

Precise his manner, and demure his looks,

His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books ;

Amorous,