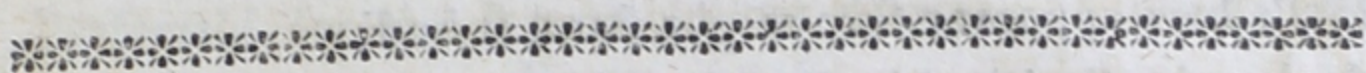


But what her resolves when her Colin appear'd?
 The stream it stood still, and no tempest was hear'd;
 The flowers recover'd their beautiful hue:
 She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true.



EPILOGUE to SHAKESPEAR's first Part
 of King HENRY IV.

ACTED BY

Young GENTLEMEN at Mr. NEWCOME's School
 at HACKNEY, 1748;

Spoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of FALSTAFF,
 Push'd in upon the Stage by Prince HENRY.

By the Same.

A Plague upon all cowards still I say—
 Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
 And be the master-fool beyond the play—
 Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
 By miracle of wit I sav'd my life,
 And now stand foolishly expos'd again
 To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.

Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—
 Thou art not fram'd for an *epiloguizer*.

There's

There's *Hal* now, or his nimble shadow *Poins*,
 Strait in the back, and lissome in the loins,
 Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
 And shining as the glass she dresses in;
 Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog and lye——
 Which honest *Jack* cou'd never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
 And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue enough;
 But I am old, and stiff—nay, bashful grown,
 For Shakespear's humour is not now my own.
 I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;
 And if for *sterling* wit I give you *brass*,
 It is his *royal image* makes it pass.
 Fancy now works; and here I stand and stew
 In mine own greasy fears, which set to view
 Eleven buckram critics in each man of you.
 Wights, who with no out-faceings will be sham'd,
 Nor into risibility be *bamm'd*;
 Will, tho' she shake their sides, think *nature* treason,
 And see one damn'd, ere —— laugh without a reason.
 Then how shall one *not of the virtuous* speed,
 Who merely has a wicked *wit* to plead——
 Wit without measure, humour without rule,
 Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?
 'Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen——
 The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the dozen.
 So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
 I'll in, and swear to *Hal*—I've done the feat.