

III.

Like wretches gull'd to Foreign Shores,
 I cruelly am serv'd,
 Instead of Loves dear promis'd Stores
 Am made a Slave and starv'd.

A

PROLOGUE

By way of SATYR, Spoke before
 King CHARLES II.
 New-Market.

EXpect no more th' old fawning Prologue
 way,
 For the rash spleenful Poet writes to day
 Something of you, Gallants, and not the Play.
 Since freedom's given to each man here resorts,
 He takes the priviledge t' abuse your sports;

Then

Then thus be
 And every J
 From the dull
 New-Market
 Made of Cri
 Much Noife,
 Where Men a
 To lose their
 Pray where's
 In Yap, hoh,
 Chattering o
 Snow.
 This and Fo
 Where you R
 Following th
 O'r Hedgean
 To kill, whe
 A stinking C
 This may be
 As th' *Monsie*

Then thus begins, this Court's a Theatre,
And every Jockey is an Actor here,
From the dull Knight up to the bawling Peer.

New-Market is in general a Place,

Made of Crimp and Chouse of Cocks and Race,
Much Noise, much Nonsense, little Wit or Grace,
Where Men all seem as Nature had design'd 'em,
To lose their Wits, then Gallop hard to find 'em:

Pray where's the Jest, for Faith I fain would know
In Yap, hoh, pugh, they start, they come, they go,
Chattering one's Teeth the while in Frost and
Snow.

This and Fox-Hunting, th' Ancients did detest,

Where you Ride ten or twenty Miles at least,

Following the eager Chase in busie Swarms,

O'r Hedge and Ditch, ventring Legs, Necks & Arms

To kill, when at the Journeys end you come

A stinking Creature not worth bringing home:

This may be your Delight, but 'tis to me,

As th' *Monsieur* says, *Diab!e de Plaisir*;

Yet

Yet one thing we must own, no Sport us four
 In th' World like that, to try if Men are found;
 Therefore all you that carry tender Fleeces,
 Shun this rude Sport, or gad you'll shake to pieces
 Another thing I know is worth your Care,
Claps are all fatal in *New-Market Air*:
 This caus'd an Amorous Groom that knew the
 danger

Lately to Hang himself over a Manger,
 And though a Vassal suffer'd this Disaster,
 My Friends, 'tis Ominous to every Master.
 Drink Brimmers then, Wine makes your
 compleat,

Locket's a Loyal Fellow, let him Cheat,
 Though stum'd Wine at three Shillings be too dear
Bacchus has safer Joys than *Venus* here,
 Especially for you who to your cost
 Kept Running Nags all the late bitter Frost.
 Jestings in fashion, 'tis the Modish way
 And for Example, if you please you may
 At the King's Dinner, hear 'em every day: *Jest*

Epithalamion
Right
Robe

R U N
Kn

M
 Jest's shew a
 But such as
 Make Learn
 Yet you all
 As if your
 So in a Vi
 VWith brok
 And Sneer
 As if the B
 Jockeys, Joh
 Cheat on, I
 Crimp is no

Jest's shew a Wit, if Modestly they come,
 But such as bluntly and too high presume,
 Make Learning & good Manners quit the Room.
 Yet you all laugh, and in as pleas'd a Fit,
 As if your Panegyrick had been writ.
 So in a Village have I seen a Clown
 With broken Noddle lay the Cudgels down,
 And Sneer to feel his bloody mangled Scull,
 As if the Blow had dignify'd the Fool.
 Jockeys; Joke on then, without fear or awe,
 Cheat on, be Friends, do any thing but draw,
 Crimp is no Treason, by *New Market Law*.

Epithalamy on the Marriage of the
Right Honourable the Lady Essex
 Roberts.

I.

RUN Lovers, run before her,
 Kneel once more and adore her,

The