

Warm me then, Madam, by your Muses fire,
 And let me see the Works I shall admire,
 My Genius by your Influence shall breathe,
 And proudly bind your Bays into a wreath.

*An Epilogue intended for a late COMEDY,
 to be spoke by Mr. MONFORD, in a
 Presbyterian Cloak.*

From a strange Miracle which none can prove
 For sure no fool could e'er run mad for Love
 From antick whim, compos'd of Song and Rant
 Our hot-brain'd Scribler now will make me cant
 He says this Garb and a right Tone will fit
 Most of the City Wives that here are met,
 Which if it happen is a fair occasion
 To bring us all the Non-cons of the Nation:
 Things now, thank Heaven, are at a better pass
 Than late they were before the Act of Grace;
 And if this Project is but manag'd right,
 Gad we shall strip the Conventicles quite,

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If so, who values how your fence falls,
 There's many a Play-house full within the Walls:
 Sharp Judges with short Hair and little Bands,
 Will tear their Cuffs with clapping of their Hands:

I'll try for once.

Dear Sisters that to Prayers in Pattins go,
 And all the force of Bowel yernings know;
 Let not your Breafts for Sinners pant and heave,
 But seek the Truth, and to my Bosom cleave;
 Lewd frothy Bullies only can provoke,
 There's somthing worth your while under the Cloak,

I this will do.

This will my Female Friends from *Wapping* call,
 A Tone with Women brings the Devil and all:
 But Sirs, methinks, you malancholly grow,
 To teach you then what virtue is in show;
 Look ye, this * Wig translates me to a Bow:
 Now let me hear the proudest of ye say
 Amongst you all, that he dislikes the Play.

* Puts on a great Peruke.

If ye are Envious, vent it all at home,
 Wit pardons Faults, since every one has some;
 And that how few correctly use their Pen,
 I leave to th' Judgment of all witty Men,
 And so I'll be a * Canting Rogue agen.
 Friends, I would fain adapt to these our Times
 Religious Use of reasoning in Rhimes;
 Sincerely use the Laborer to day,
 W' are now united and may see a Play;
 Affinity of Works our liking calls,
 For all our Labors are a kind of Drolls.
 'Mongst all the Females here that want conduct
 For I've a great desire to be instructing,
 Hor to convince I do intreat alone,
 To come up to my Room and rub me down;
 And if she be not thoroughly fatisf'd,
 Let her from me my choicest Gifts divide,
 Make me a Scoff amongst the Sons of Men,
 As never able to hold forth agen.

* Pulls of a Peruke and claps on a broad Hatt.

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