

ON MR ***** ACTOR.

GREAT child of nature, well you play your part,
 Yet nature sure would need a little art.
 Excuse me ***** but I'm forc'd to tell,
 In nought so much as bawling you excell.
 And where there's no occasion for a storm,
 Your head's too giddy, and your blood too warm.
 For instance now, when men are making love,
 They bill and coo, as gentle as the dove;
 But you, all foaming like a savage bear,
 Attempt with blust'ring cries to move the fair.
 How inconsistent, vain unthinking boy,
 To rage a tyrant, while you look a toy.
 You gain applause—good faith, I grant it true,
 Nothing like roaring charms the vulgar crew.
 But men, whose judgement's rather more acute,
 Astonish'd stare, with indignation mute.