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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Epilogue To Mary, Queen of Scots. Design'd to be spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.
By the Same.

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E P I L O G U E

TO M A R Y, QUEEN of S C O T S.

Design'd to be spoken by Mrs. O L D F I E L D.

By the Same.

WHAT cou'd luxurious woman wish for more,
 To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?
 Their ev'ry wish was in this Mary seen,
 Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen!
 Vain useles blessings with ill conduct join'd!
 Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.
 Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,
 Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou!
 Queen Befs had wisdom, council, power, and laws:
 How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause!
 Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to prize,
 Contemn the idle flatt'ers of your eyes.
 The brightest object shines but while 'tis new:
 That influence lessens by familiar view.
 Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway,
 All strive to serve, and glory to obey;
 Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,
 Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two

Two great examples have been shown to-day,
 To what sure ruin passion does betray ;
 What long repentance to short joys is due ;
 When reason rules, what glory does ensue !

If you will love, love like Eliza then ;
 Love for amusement, like those traytors men .
 Think that the pastime of a leisure hour
 She favour'd oft—but never shar'd her pow'r.
 The traveller by defart wolves pursu'd,
 If by his art the savage foe's subdu'd,
 The world will still the noble act applaud,
 Tho' victory was gain'd by needful fraud.

Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case ;
 And such the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face.
 By passion fir'd, and not with-held by shame,
 They cruel hunters are ; we, trembling game.
 Trust me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)
 They burn to triumph, and they sigh to tell :
 Cruel to them that yield, cullies to them that fell. }
 Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,
 Superior art should meet superior force :
 Hear, but be faithful to your int'rest still :
 Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

