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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Epilogue to Shakespear's first Part of King Henry IV, Acted by young Gentleman 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 ...

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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.

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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 wer't wiser —

Thou art not fram'd or an *epiloguizer*.

Here'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.