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The Works Of Mr. George Lillo; With Some Account Of His Life

Containing, Silvia; or, The Country Burial. A Ballad Opera. George Barnwell, A Tragedy. The Life of Scanderbeg. And The Christian Hero, A Tragedy

Lillo, George

London, 1775

Epilogue.

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EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq; Poet Laureat.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

SINCE fate has robb'd me of the hapless youth,
For whom my heart had hoarded up its truth;
By all the laws of love and honour, now,
I'm free again to choose,—and one of you.

But soft;—with caution first I'll round me peep;
Maids, in my case, should look before they leap:
Here's choice enough of various sorts, and hue,
The cit, the wit, the rake cock'd up in cue,
The fair spruce mercer, and the tawny Jew. }

Suppose I search the sober gallery; no,
There's none but prentices—and cuckolds all a row;
And these, I doubt, are those that make e'm so.
[Pointing to the boxes.]

'Tis very well, enjoy the jest:—But you,
Fine powder'd sparks;—nay, I'm told 'tis true,
Your happy spouses—can make cuckolds too.
Twixt you and them, the diff'rence this perhaps,
The cit's asham'd whene'er his duck he traps;
But you, when madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your hats, and take no shame at all.

What if some favour'd poet I cou'd meet?
Whose love wou'd lay his laurels at my feet.
No—Painted passion real love abhors—
His flame wou'd prove the suit of creditors.

Not to detain you then with longer pause,
In short, my heart to this conclusion draws,
I yield it to the hand that's loudest in applause. }

