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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.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

*T*HE serious business of the night being over,
 Pray, Ladies, your opinion of our lover?
 Will you allow the man deserves the name,
 Who quits his mistress to preserve — his fame?
 And what was fame in that romantic age? —
 But sure such whims ne'er were but on the stage.
 A statesman rack his brains, a soldier fight —
 Merely to do an injur'd people right. — }
 What! serve his country, and get nothing by't! }
 Why, ay, says Bays, George Caltriot was the man; }
 'Tis a known truth — believe him those who can. }
 Not but we've patriots too, tho' I am told, }
 There's a vast diff'rence 'twixt the new and old: }
 Say, theirs cou'd fight, I'm sure that ours can scold }
 But to the glory of the present race, }
 No stubborn principles their worth debase; }
 Patriots when out, are courtiers when in place. }
 So, vice versa, turn a courtier out,
 No weather-cock more swiftly veers about.
 His country now, good man! claims all his care. —
 Who'd see it plunder'd? — that's deny'd his share.
 Since courtiers and anti-courtiers both have shewn
 That by the publick good they mean their own;
 What if each Briton, in his private station,
 Should try to bilk those who embroil the nation;
 Quit either faction, and, like men, unite
 To do their king and injur'd country right:
 Both have been wrong'd: prevent their guilty joy,
 Who wou'd your mutual amity destroy.

Wou'd

EPILOGUE.

*Wou'd you preserve your freedom? guard his throne,
Who makes your peace and happiness his own.*

*Wou'd you be grateful? let your monarch know
Which way you wou'd be best, and make him so.*

But soft! methinks, I hear some fops complain;

*Who came prepar'd to give the ladies pain,
That they have dress'd and spent—Gad's curse—
three hours in vain.* }

*No hints obscene, improv'd by their broad stare,
Have given confusion to the tortur'd fair.*

We own the charge. Let Monsieur Harlequin

And his trim troop your loose applauses win:

Too much already has each modest ear

Been there insulted; we'll protect them here.

END OF VOL. I.

