Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq; Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two Volumes

Containing Translations, Epistles, Prologues, Epilogues, Elegies, Epitaphs, And Songs

Dryden, John

London, 1743

To Mr. Southerne, on his Comedy call'd The Wives Excuse.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1733

Visual Library

Then finiſh what you have began;
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no *George*, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten Years Warning.

To Mr. SOUTHERNE, *on his Comedy call'd The* Wives Excuſe.

SUre there's a Fate in Plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while theſe malignant Planets reign.
Some very fooliſh Influence rules the Pit,
Not always kind to Senſe, or juſt to Wit:
And whilſt it laſts, let Buffoonry ſucceed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in it ſelf, is of a naſty Scent;
But the Gain ſmells not of the Excrement.
The *Spaniſh* Nymph, a Wit and Beauty too,
With all her Charms, bore but a ſingle Show:
But let a Monſter *Muſcovite* appear,
He draws a crowded Audience round the Year.
May be thou haſt not pleas'd the Box and Pit;
Yet thoſe, who blame thy Tale, applaud thy Wit:
So *Terence* plotted, but ſo *Terence* writ.
Like his thy Thoughts are true, thy Language clean;
E'en Lewdneſs is made moral in thy Scene.
The Hearers may for want of *Nokes* repine;
But reſt ſecure, the Readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd *Drama* damn'd or hiſs'd,
But with a kind Civility diſmiſs'd;
With ſuch good Manners, as the * Wife did uſe,
Who, not accepting, did but juſt refuſe.

---

* *The Wife in the Play, Mrs.* Friendall.