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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

Prologue to his Royal Highness, upon his first Appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his Return from Scotland, 1682.

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PROLOGUE *to his* ROYAL HIGHNESS, *upon his first Appearance at the* Duke's Theatre, *after his Return from* Scotland, 1682.

IN those cold Regions which no Summers chear,
Where brooding Darkness covers half the Year,
To hollow Caves the shiv'ring Natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in Tracks of Snow:
But when the tedious Twilight wears away,
And Stars grow paler at th' approach of Day,
The longing Crowds to frozen Mountains run;
Happy who first can see the glimm'ring Sun:
The surly savage Offspring disappear,
And curse the bright Successor of the Year.
Yet, though rough Bears in Covert seek Defence,
White Foxes stay, with seeming Innocence:
That crafty Kind with Day-light can dispense.
Still we are throng'd so full with *Reynard*'s Race,
That Loyal Subjects scarce can find a Place:
Thus modest Truth is cast behind the Croud:
Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisy too loud.
Let 'em be first to flatter in Success;
Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press.
Once, when true Zeal the Sons of God did call,
To make their solemn Shew at Heav'n's *Whitehall*,
The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a Courtier as the best.
The Friends of *Job*, who rail'd at him before,
Came Cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late Repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if Rebels can but sue:

A Ty-