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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 the Loyal Brother; or, The Persian Prince (By Mr. Southerne. 1682.)

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PROLOGUE *to the* LOYAL BROTHER; *Or, The* PERSIAN PRINCE.

(By Mr. SOUTHERNE. 1682.)

POets, like lawful Monarchs, rul'd the Stage, [Age.
Till Critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our
Mark how they jump: Critics wou'd regulate
Our Theatres, and Whigs reform our State:
Both pretend Love, and both (Plague rot 'em!) hate.
The Critic humbly ſeems Advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the King:
But one's Advice into a Satire ſlides;
T'other's Petition a Remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no Taxes give, and thoſe no Pence;
Critics wou'd ſtarve the Poet, Whigs the Prince.
The Critic all our Troops of Friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the Whig wou'd fain pull down the Guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive Foes away,
As watchful Shepherds, that fright Beaſts of prey.
Kings, who disband ſuch needleſs Aids as theſe,
Are ſafe——as long as e'er their Subjects pleaſe:
And that wou'd be 'till next Queen *Beſs*'s Night:
Which thus grave Penny Chroniclers indite.
Sir *Edmond-Bury* firſt, in woful wiſe,
Leads up the Show, and milks their maudlin Eyes.
There's not a Butcher's Wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor Pageant from her Heart;
Who, to provoke Revenge, rides round the Fire,
And, with a civil Congé, does retire.
But guiltleſs Blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's *Antichriſt* behind, to pay for all.
The Punk of *Babylon* in Pomp appears,
A lewd old Gentleman of ſeventy Years:

Whoſe