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

Prologue to the King and Queen, Upon the Union of the two Companies in 1686.

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

Visual Library

With these Perfections, and what else he gleans,
The Spark sets up for Love behind our Scenes ;
Hot in pursuit of Princesses and Queens.
There, if they know their Man, with cunning Carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage.
He hires some homely Room, Love's Fruits to gather,
And Garret-high Rebels against his Father :
But he once dead———
Brings her in Triumph, with her Portion, down,
A Toilet, Dressing-Box, and Half a Crown.
Some marry first, and then they fall to Scowring,
Which is, Refining Marriage into Whoring.
Our Women batten well on their Good-nature ;
All they can rap and rend for the dear Creature.
But while abroad so liberal the Dolt is,
Poor Spouse at Home as ragged as a Colt is.
Last, some there are, who take their first Degrees
Of Lewdness in our middle Galleries.
The doughty Bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's Punk :
They Caterwaul, and make a dismal Rout,
Call Sons of Whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out :
Thus while for Paltry Punk they roar and stickle,
They make it Bawdier than a Conventicle.

PROLOGUE *to the* King *and* Queen, *Upon the Union of the two Companies in* 1686.

SInce Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Fashion,
Their penny-Scribes take care t'inform the Nation,
How well men thrive in this or that Plantation :

How

How *Pensylvania*'s Air agrees with Quakers,
And *Carolina*'s with Associators:
Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors.

Truth is, our Land with Saints is so run o'er,
And every Age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

What's this, you'll say, to Us and our Vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our Station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The Factious Natives never cou'd agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be Free,
Those Play-house Whigs set up for Property.

Some say, they no Obedience paid of late;
But would new Fears and Jealousies create;
'Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the State.

Plain Sense, without the Talent of Foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling:
For seldom comes there better of Rebelling.

When Men will, needlesly, their Freedom barter
For lawless Pow'r, sometimes the catch a Tartar:
There's a damn'd Word that rhimes to this, call'd Charter.

But, since the Victory with Us remains,
You shall be call'd to Twelve in all our Gains;
If you'll not think Us saucy for our Pains.

Old