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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

Epilogue, spoken at Oxford By Mrs. Marshall.

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EPILOGUE, *Spoken at* OXFORD

By Mrs. MARSHALL.

OFT has our Poet wiſh'd, this happy Seat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt Retreat:
I wonder'd at his Wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of Mind;
Which noiſeful Towns, and Courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like Laurels grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the World, here ſtudies Reſt,
And Age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that Happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching e'en you, while the vext World we ſhow,
Your Peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy Memory ſhall ever laſt,
For Patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er ev'ry noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe;
Whoſe Age enjoys but what his Youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His Learning, and untainted Manners too,
We find, *Athenians*, are deriv'd to you:
Such antient Hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt *Grecian* Breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was Religion to their Gueſts.
Such Modeſty did to our Sex appear,
As, had there been no Laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our Protector here.

Con-