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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 for the Women, when they Acted at the old Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

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Our great Metropolis does far ſurpaſs
What'er is now, and equals all that was :
Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,
And, like a King, ſhou'd in a Palace dwell.
But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a Shed :
Your Preſence here (for which we humbly ſue)
Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

PROLOGUE *for the Women, when they Acted at the old* Theatre *in* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

WERE none of you, Gallants, e'er driven ſo hard,
As when the poor kind Soul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in ſome By-ſtreet
To take a Lodging, and in private meet ?
Such is our Caſe, we can't appoint our Houſe,
The Lovers old and wonted Rendezvouz ;
But hither to this truſty Nook remove ;
The worſe the Lodging is, the more the Love.
For much good Paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug,
Is ſtol'n in Garrets on the humble Rug.
Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
The Grave demurely in the midſt may ſit ;
And ſo the hot *Burgundian* on the Side
Ply Vizard Maſk, and o'er the Benches ſtride :
Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
For thoſe that make the moſt triumphant ſhow ;
All that keep Coaches muſt not ſit below.
There, Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire,
And at dull Plays have ſomething to admire :

We,