

THE
MAID OF BATH;
A COMEDY,
IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

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P R O L O G U E,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

W H O but has read, if you have read at all,
Of one, they *Jack the giant-killer* call?
He was a bold, stout, able-bodied man,
To clear the world of *fee, faw, fum*, his plan:
Whene'er a *monster* had within his power
A young and tender *virgin* to devour,
To cool his blood, *Jack*, like a skilful surgeon,
Bled well the *monster*, and releas'd the *virgin*;
Like the best doctors, did a method learn,
Of curing fevers never to return.

Mayn't I this *giant-killing* trade renew?
I have my *virgin* and my *monster* too.
Tho' I can't boast, like *Jack*, a list of slain,
I wield a lancet and can breathe a vein;
To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,
He cleft his foes, I only make mine squeak;
As Indians wound their slaves to please the court,
I'll tickle mine, *Great Sirs*, to make you sport.

To prove myself an humble imitator,
Giants are *vices*, and *Jack* stands for *satire*:
By tropes and figures, as it fancy suits,
Passions rise *monsters*, men sink down to brutes;
All talk and write in allegoric diction,
Court, city, town, and country run to fiction!
Each daily paper allegory teaches—
Placemen are *locusts*, and *contractors* *leeches*:
Nay, even *Change-Alley*, where no bard repairs,
Deals much in fiction to pass off their wares;
For whence the roaring there?—from *bulls* and *bears*!

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The

The gaming fools are *doves*, the *knaves* are *rooks*,
Change-Alley bankrupts waddle out *lame ducks* !
 But, ladies, blame not you your gaming spouses,
 For you, as well as they, have *pigeon-houfes*.

To change the figure—formerly I've been,
 To straggling follies only *whipper-in* ;
 By royal bounty rais'd, I mount the back
 Of my own *hunter*, and I keep the *pack* :
 Tallyo !—a rank old *fox* we now pursue,
 So strong the scent, you'll run him full in view :
 If we can't kill such *brutes* in human shape,
 Let's fright 'em, that your *chickens* may escape ;
 Rouse 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're grumbling,
 And rub their gums at least, to mar their mumbling.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

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