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Sir Courtly Nice, or, It cannot be

Crowley, John

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Prologue.

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PROLOGUE

What are the charmes, by which these happy
Isles

Have gain'd Heaven's brightest and eternal smiles?

What Nation upon Earth besides our own,

But by a loss like ours had been undone?

Ten Ages scarce such Royal worths display

As *England* lost, and found in one strange day;

One hour in sorrow and confusion hurl'd,

And yet the next the envy of the world.

Nay we are blest, in spite of us 'tis known;

Heavens choice for us was better than our own:

To stop the blessings that oreflow this day,

What heaps o' Rogues we pil'd up in the way!

We chose fit tools against all good to strive,

The sawciest, lewdest Protestants alive.

They wou'd have form'd a blessed Church indeed;

Upon a turn-coat Doctor's lying Creed.

To know if e're he took degree is hard,

'Tis thought he'l have one in the *Palace-Yard*;

Plot swallowsers sure will drink no more stuff
down,

From that foul pitcher when his ears are gone.

Let us rely on conscience, not on cheats,

On Heavens wisdom, not on Juglers feats.

How greatly Heav'n has our great loss supply'd?

'Tis no small vertue heals a wound so wide.

Nay in so little time to reer our head,

To our own wonder, & our neighbours dread:

They see that Valour crown'd with regal power,

They oft have seen what Lawrels crown'd before.

Verse is too narrow for so great a name,

Far sounding seas hourly repeat his fame.

Our neighbours vanquish'd Fleets oft wasted o're,

PROLOGUE.

His name to theirs and many a trembling shore;
 And we may go by his great conduct led
 As far in Fame as our Forefathers did.
 At home he milder ways to Glory chose,
 God like, by patience he subdued his foes;
 Now they and their designs are ruined all,
 Beneath their fallen, accurst, excluding wall.
 These are not all the blessings of this Isle,
 Heaven on our Nation in a Queen does smile.
 Whose Vertue's grace by beauty shine so bright,
 All the Fair-sex to Vertue she'l invite;
 And all the clouds turn to a glorious day,
 By that illustrious paire's united ray,
 Who both reform and grace us by their sway.

EPILOGUE.

TIs a hard case, an Audience now to please,
 For every pallat's spoyl'd with some disease.
 Poor Plays as fast as Women now decay,
 They'r seldom car'd for after the first day;
 How often have I heard true wit call'd stuff,
 By Men with nothing in their brains but sauff?
 Each shante spark, that can the fashion hit,
 Place his hat thus, role full, forsooth's a Wit;
 And thinks his cloaths allows him judge of it.
 The City Gallant, the Exchange being done,
 Takes sword at Temple-Bar which Nice stuck on.
 Comes here and passes for a Beau-garçon.
 Audacious Vizards too, so fast do grow,
 You hardly can the virtuous from 'em know.
 Nay Parents now not likely can endure,
 Their Childrens faults, but what is worse procure.
 Of old the Mother full of parent sway,
 Kept Miss a vassal to her work all day;

And