INTERVIEW
BETWEEN
The GHOST of
SHAKESPEAR
AND
D-V-D G-R R--K, Esq;

"Now rape the Graves, and through their Yawns let loose,
"Impress’d Spirits to revisit Earth."

Marston’s Antonio, and Meynthia.

"Will ye not then be wise, nor ever learn
"What Wisdom dictates? By their Lives alone,
"To esteem Mankind, and let their Deeds
"Be the sole Test of true Nobility."

Electra, of Euripides.

LONDON,
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OW Morpheus had, his Mace of Lead
Strok'd o'er each sober, prudent Head;
Time seem'd to stop, and this great Town,
In a lethargic State was thrown;
Save drousy Watchmen, here and there,
Of Libertines, and Thieves, the Care;
A 2 And
And some few Women of the Town,
By Name of (Pleasure Ladies) known,
(Of whom there's those, who still maintain
They deal in Pleasure, less than Pain)
The Streets were clear, nor Man nor Beast,
That had a Home, but was at Rest.

The Night was silent and serene,
Illumin'd by its silver Queen,
Diana, peerless may she boast,
Compar'd with all the starry Host.

Let this suffice—'twas such a Night
As might a guilty Soul affright,
When busy Ghosts, as we have read,
Stalk round the Curtains of a Bed,
Or lay a cold Hand o'er a Face
And cause a fearful, smelling Case.
In Country Villages it's found,
That Sprites and Goblins most abound,
There Ghosts are made of Stocks and Stones,
And nothing's heard save dismal Groans;
In every Bush, and every Grove,
Utter'd by Spirits cross'd in Love,
Who sometimes choose the Shape to wear,
Of an old Post, or white neck'd Mare.

On such a Night great Shakespeare's Shade,
Appear'd to G-rr-k, as he laid
Involv'd in serious Contemplation,
Of his late dang'rous Situation.

The little Hero struck with Fear,
Like Richard look'd, or mad like Lear,
Like
Like *Romeo* in the Pangs of Death,
Or like sleep murdering *Macbeth*,
Each several Passion seiz'd the Play'r,
Rage, Sorrow, Terror and Despair;
Thrice he essay'd—I dauntless dare,
The Shade as often cry'd "Beware!"
"To clear thy Conduct ne'er pretend,
"Nor vile Ingratitude defend;
"For know to thee I can impart,
"The closest Secrets of thy Heart.
"(Perhaps, you have forgot the Day,
"When in Obscurity you lay,
"For Favours past, I have been told.
"May be forgotten e're we're old)
"Could'st thou, with base ignoble Mind,
"To *Fortune*, and my Favours blind,
"Forget I chose thee out, and sought,
"To teach thee all, e're Nature taught?
"Taught thee to feel, each nice Sensation,
"And reign unrival'd in a Nation?
"Rais'd thee from nothing to high Glory,
"Making all Actors bow before ye,
"Acknowledging themselves unequal
"To equal you?—now mark the Sequel,
"You have of late, why best you know,
"Deserted those, that serv'd you so;
"Contemn'd that Pow'r, you lately priz'd,
"And follow'd Arts you once despis'd;
"Oe'rbearing all, with haughty Spirit,
"Buoy'd up by self-sufficient Merit;
"Preferr'd Toll Loll, and what's akin,
"Compar'd with Drama—Harlequin;
"Aids
"Aids that the *Grecian* Stage ne'er knew,
"Aids that Dame *Nature* never drew;
"Besides you late brought on a *Dance*,
"Perform'd by servile Slaves from *France*,
"(Slaves whose chief *Worth*, who'ee'r reveals,
"Must own it center'd in their *Heels*)
"But that, *my Sons* by me inspir'd,
"With noble Indignation sir'd,
"Condemn'd——
"Enrag'd they join'd with one Accord,
"Nor fear'd they *Officer*, or *Lord*,
"They storm'd your *House*, and clearly prov'd
"Without me you'd ne'er been belov'd.

The *British Roscius* thus reply'd,
"Dread Sir, I own you for my *Guide*,
"Acknowledge you, and you alone,
"Could make me shine as I have shone;
"But
"But, Sir, 'twas not in my Ability
To stem the Will of our Nobility,
Whose Appetites are quite deprav'd,
By foreign Foppery enslav'd,
They in the Drama find no Joys,
But doat on Mimickry and Toys.
Thus when a Dance is in my Bill,
Nobility my Boxes fill;
Or send three Days before the Time
To crowd a new made Pantomime.
Int'rest, dread Sir, will often cause
A Man to spurn at Reason's Laws,
And holding all Things else as Light,
Prove right is wrong, or wrong is right
Howe'er for Time to come I swear,
No Dance, nor Pantomime, nor Air:
B "Will
(10)

"Will I exhibit on the Stage,
"Tho' Ladies fumè or Nobles rage,
"Let them when next they want a Dance
"Repair to Italy, or France;
"I'll henceforth rest on you alone,
"As chief Supporter of my Throne."

The *Bard* afflicted pensive grew,
And wept as Spirits us'd to do:
Then thus he cry'd in moving Sort,
"Are these the Sinews of a *C--r*?
"These who no Spark of Worth retain,
"But prove a Star may hide a Stain,
"These *Moths* in Honour's sacred *Flame*,
"Noble in nothing, but in Name,
"Ah!"
Ah! how the Times are alter'd quite,
Since last my Eyes beheld the Light?
Then Nobles strove with noble Deeds,
To cleanse the Land of all such Weeds.
They danc'd, it's true, from Night to Noon,
They danc'd—but 'twas another Tune,
They danc'd at Agincourt one Day,
And took in bloody Crowns their Pay;
But needless 'tis to tell you more,
You've often read my Works before.

Now, as in Lucy, 'tis concern'd
You strove to please a vicious Taste,
And thence, perhaps, might think it due,
To pleasure those that profit you.
"To give you Pardon, I encline,
"If you'll revive a Work of mine;
"You need not fear it will miscarry,
"What Play d'ye mean, Sir?—My fifth Har.
The Bard now snuff'd the Morning Air,
And found 'twas time to disappear—
Then seal'd a Pardon (on Condition)
Error was cancell'd by Contrition.
As G-rr-k mus'd (the Shade retir'd)
Reflecting what was late requir'd;
He thought to acquiesce with Speed,
Would in his Favour intercede;
So now you'll see in little Space,
Shakespeare's fifth Harry show his Face.
Oh may the Scene each Bosom fire,
With martial Rage, and vengeful Ire!

Once more our Flags shall then advance,
And quell the haughty Pride of France;
Who urg'd by Envy, and Ambition,
By Poverty and Superstition,
Seeks to disturb our State of Peace,
And rob all Europe of its Ease,

Of stern Adversity a Child,
On whom kind Fortune never smil'd;
Who Peace or War must be the same,
Too low to hope to grasp at Fame.

Thus prays, that Providence may pour,
Bliss without End on Briton's Shore!

May
May her triumphant matchless Fleet,
Where'er it moves, fresh Conquests meet,
And, oh! blest Pow'r's indulgent shine,
On George and his illustrious Line,
And grant that Line may never cease,
(Under whose Sway we live at Base)
Till Time shall feel a near Decay,
And Nature's self shall melt away.

F I N I S.