Prologue to the Subscribers for *Julius Caesar*,
Spoke by Mr. Betterton.
Written by Mr. Dennis.

[The Ghost of Shakespeare rifes to Trumpets and Flutes playing
Alternately.]

Ye Sounds that with soft Passions Souls inspire,
And ye that Rouze them with a Martial Fire,
Be hush'd, while to my Britons I appear,
Who can no Musick like their Shakespeare hear.

Hail, My lov'd Britons! How I'm pleas'd to see
The great Assertors of Fair Liberty,

Assembled.
for the Month of January, 1707.

Assembled Here upon this Solemn Day
To see this Roman and this English Play.

This Tragedy in great Eliza's Reign
Was writ, when Philip plagued both Land and Main
To subjugate the Western World to Spain.
Then I brought Mighty Julius on the Stage,
Then Britain heard my God-like Romans Rage,
And came in Crowds, with Rapture came to see,
The World from its Proud Tyrant freed by me.
Rome be Enslav'd, for which he dy'd once there;
But for his introducing Slavery here,
Ten times I sacrific'd him every Year.

My noble Scenes Eliza's Soul inspir'd,
And Britain, with a just Disdain was fir'd;
That we who scorn'd Great Cæsar here should Reign,
Should take a universal King from Spain.
Then English Worthies did in Crowds appear,
Drake, Cecil, Rawleigh, Walsingham and Vere.
Then Strains were sung that were to flourish long,
Then Deeds were done for high Heroick Song,
Wife was our Councils, and our Arms were Strong.
With nervous Hands we unty'd Batavia's Yoke,
And ev'ry Captive Nations Bonds we broke.

Those happy Glorious Tears now round again,
France struggles for a fifth Monarchique Reign,
Like our own Mad Fanatics here, in vain.
For a more fair'd, more great Eliza's here,
A wiser Cecil, and a nobler Vere;
Whose growing Virtue in my School was form'd,
My raging Roman the Young Hero warm'd.
No Eunuchs yet were come with melting Strain
To emasculate the Generous English Vein.
The powerfulst Sounds of Musick never can
For the next Age form such a Matchless Man,
Or raise up such a God-like Queen as Anne.

Oh may my Scenes be still your chief Delight!
So may ye long be Fortunate in Light!
So may your Glory, like my Genius Soar
And Tow'r to Heights ye never knew before.