

Prologue to the Subscribers for *Julius Cæsar*,
Spoke by Mr. *Betterton*.

Written by Mr. *Dennis*.

[The Ghost of *Shakespear* rises 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 *Shakespear*, 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.

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*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 plagu'd 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 he Enslav'd, for which he dy'd once there;
But for his introducing Slav'ry here,
Ten times I sacrific'd him ev'ry 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,
Wise were our Councils, and our Arms were Strong.
With nervous Hands w' unty'd Batavia's Yoke,
And ev'ry Captive Nations Bonds we broke.*

*Those happy Glorious Tears rowl round again,
France struggles for a fifth Monarchique Reign,
Like our own Mad Fanaticks here, in vain.
For a more fam'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 Heroe warm'd.
No Eunuchs yet were come with melting Strain
T' emasculate the Generous English Vein.*

The

The Muses Mercury,

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The powerfullst 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 Fight!
So may your Glory, like my Genius Soar
And Tow'r to Heights ye never knew before.