

## PROLOGUE TO ELMERICK,

*By Mr. HAMMOND.*

“ NO laboured scenes to-night adorn our stage,  
 LILLO's plain sense wou'd here the heart engage.  
 He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought  
 From passions force, and as he felt he wrote.  
 His BARNWELL once no criticks test could bear,  
 Yet from each eye still draws the natural tear.  
 With generous candour hear his latest strains,  
 And let kind pity shelter his remains.  
 Deprest by want, afflicted by disease,  
 Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please.  
 Oh may that wish be now humanely paid,  
 And no harsh critic vex his gentle shade.  
 'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,  
 And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.”

## E P I L O G U E.

*By the SAME.*

“ YOU, who supreme o'er ev'ry work of wit }  
 In judgement here unaw'd, unbiass'd sit,  
 The palatines and guardians of the pit;  
 If to your minds this merely-modern play,  
 No useful sense, no gen'rous warmth convey;  
 If fustian here, thro' each unnat'ral scene,  
 In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;  
 If lofty dulness for your vengeance call;  
 Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall.  
 But if simplicity, with force and fire,  
 Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire; }