



PROLOGUE to Theodosius: Spoken by  
*Athenais at the Theatre in Dublin, when  
Lord and Lady Carteret were in Ireland.*

*Written by Mrs. Grierfon.*

**Y**OU look surpriz'd, in this deriding Age,  
To find that Love dares venture on the Stage;  
Where you, of late, seem nothing to approve,  
But what, in Men of Sense, Contempt must move;  
That after all your Concerts, Farces, Shows,  
You must attend a dying Lover's Woes.

I KNOW you'll be amaz'd at what I mean,  
In all my Height of Fortune to complain:  
Ador'd by Monarchs, and an Empror's Bride,  
You'll say, I need not in a Fret have dy'd.

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Forbear;



Forbear; nor witless Jests on Love employ,  
Alike unknowing in its Pain and Joy:  
When you despise its Happinefs, or Woe,  
You but your Want of Sense, or Virtue, show:  
Be humane then; be touch'd with Scenes refin'd;  
Which, while they raise the Passions, mend the Mind:  
And, by your Pity of my Woes To-night,  
Convince the World, your Hearts are form'd aright.

OR, if you scorn to hear what I advise,  
Let great Examples teach you to be wife.  
Lovers are not so out of Fashion here,  
That *Athenais* blushes to appear:  
As fam'd \* a Pair adorns this Isle and Age,  
As ever could each other's Heart engage;  
Endow'd with ev'ry Grace of Form and Mind,  
To raise the Love and Wonder of Mankind;

\* *Lord and Lady Carteret.*



Tho' blest'd with ev'ry Gift to merit Fame,  
Their highest Glory is their mutual Flame;  
A Flame, like that my tender Bosom fir'd;  
But rul'd by Reason, and by Heav'n inspir'd;  
Their Love like mine, but diff'rent far their Fate;  
As happy they, as I unfortunate.  
But my Distress had never reach'd the Stage,  
Had Heav'n reserv'd me to the present Age:  
None would have dar'd my Fondness to abuse,  
Had I from beauteous WORSLEY learn'd to chuse;  
Nor I my Heart on rash VARANES set,  
Had I, like her, but known a CARTERET.

