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The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Clive, on her quitting the Stage

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E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE, on her quitting the Stage,
 April 24, 1709.

WITH glory fatiate, from the bustling stage,
 Still in his prime—and much about my age—
 Imperial Charles (if Robertson says true),
 Retiring, bid the jarring world adieu!

Thus I, long honour'd with your partial praise,
 A debt my swelling heart with tears repays,
 —Scarce can I speak—forgive the grateful pause—
 Relinquish the noblest triumph, your applause.
 Content with humble means, yet proud to own
 I owe my pittance to your smiles alone;
 To private shades I bear the glorious prize,
 The meed of favour in a nation's eyes;
 A nation brave, and sensible, and free—
 Poor Charles! how little, when compar'd to me!
 His mad ambition had disturb'd the globe,
 And sanguine, which he quitted, was the robe.

Too blest, could he have dar'd to tell mankind,
 When Pow'r's full goblet he forbore to quaff,
 That, conscious of benevolence of mind,
 For thirty years he had but made them laugh.

Ill was that mind with sweet retirement pleas'd:
 The very cloister that he sought, he teas'd;

And