

A TRUE COPPY  
OF THE  
EPILOGUE  
TO  
CONSTANTINE the GREAT.

That which was first Published being false printed  
and surreptitious.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

O Ur Hero's happy in the Plays Conclusion,  
The holy Rogue at last has met Confusion :  
Tho' *Arius* all along appear'd a Saint,  
The last Act shew'd him a true Protestant.  
*Eusebius*, (for you know I read Greek Authors,)  
Reports, that after all these Plots and Slaughters,  
The Court of *Constantine* was full of Glory,  
And every *Trimmer* turn'd Addressing *Tory* ;  
They follow'd him in Heards as they were mad :  
When *Claude* was King, then all the World was glad.  
*Whigs* kept the Places they possess'd before,  
And most were in a Way of getting more ;  
Which was much as saying, Gentlemen,  
Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.  
Indeed there were a sort of peaking Tools,  
Some call them Modest, but I call 'em Fools,  
Men much more Loyal, tho' not half so loud ;  
But these poor Devils were cast behind the Croud.  
For bold Knaves thrive without one grain of Sence,  
But good men starve for want of Impudence.  
Besides all these, there were a sort of Wights,  
(I think my Author calls them *Teckelites* ;)  
Such hearty Rogues, against the King and Laws,  
They favour'd even a Foreign Rebel's Cause.  
When their own damn'd Design was quash'd and aw'd,  
At least they gave it their good Word abroad.  
As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,  
Breeds out his Bastard, not to nose his Wife ;  
Thus o're their Darling Plot, these *Trimmers* cry ; }  
And tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye,  
They bind it Prentice to Count *Teckely*. }  
They believe not the last Plot, may I be curst,  
If I believe they e're believ'd the first ;  
No wonder their own Plot, no Plot they think ;  
The Man that makes it, never smells the Stink.  
And, now it comes into my Head, I'll tell  
Why these damn'd *Trimmers* lov'd the *Turks* so well.  
The Original *Trimmer*, tho' a Friend to no man,  
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty Woman :  
He knew that *Mahomet* laid up for ever,  
Kind black-eyed Rogues, for every true Believer :  
And, which was more than mortal Man e're tasted,  
One Pleasure that for threecore Twelve-months lasted :  
To turn for this, may surely be forgiven :  
Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a Heav'n !

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