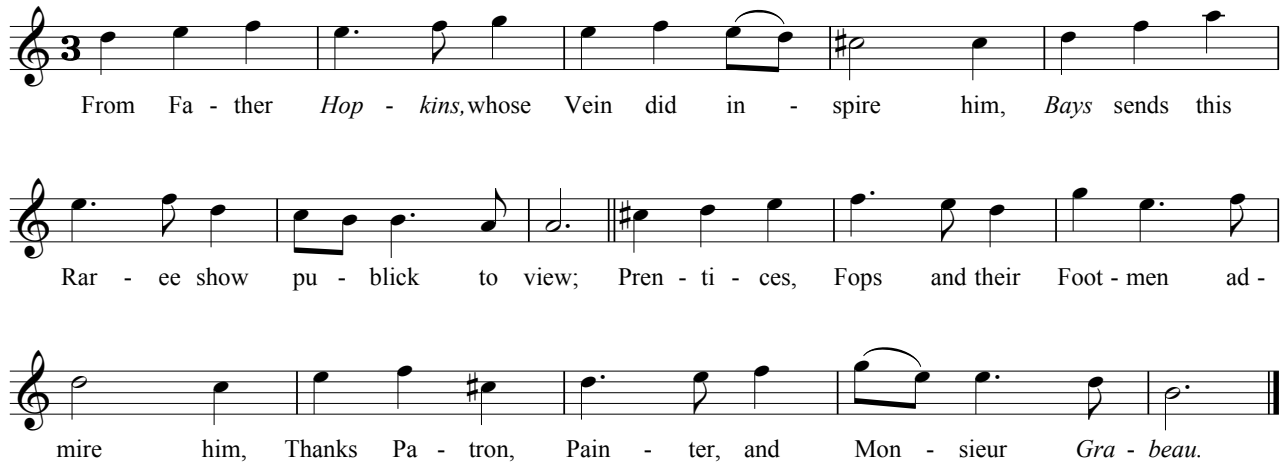


The Raree-show, from Father HOPKINS.



From Fa - ther Hop - kins, whose Vein did in - spire him, Bays sends this

Rar - ee show pu - blick to view; Pren - ti - ces, Fops and their Foot - men ad -

mire him, Thanks Pa - tron, Pain - ter, and Mon - sieur Gra - beau.

Each Actor on the Stage his luck bewailing,
Finds that his loss is Infallibly true;
Smith, Nokes, and Leigh in a Feaver with railing,
Curse Poet, Painter, and Monsieur *Grabeu*.

Betterton, Betterton, thy Decorations,
And the Machines were well written we knew;
But all the Words were such stuff we want Patience,
And little better is Monsieur *Grabeu*.

D--- me says *Underhill*, I'm out two hundred,
Hoping that Rain-bows and Peacocks would do;
Who thought infallible *Tom* could have blunder'd,
A Plague upon him and Monsieur *Grabeu*.

Lane thou hast no Applause for thy Capers,
Tho' all without thee would make a Man spew;
And a Month hence will not pay for the Tapers,
Spite of *Jack Laureat* and Monsieur *Grabeu*.

Bays thou wouldst have thy Skill thought universal,
Tho' thy dull Ear be to Musick untrue;
Then whilst we strive to confute the *Rehearsal*,
Prithee learn thrashing of Monsieur *Grabeu*.

With thy dull Prefaces still thou wouldst treat us,
Striving to make thy dull Bauble look fair;
So the horn'd Herd of the City do cheat us,
Still most commending the worst of their Ware.

Leave making *Opera's*, and Writing *Lyricks*,
'Till thou hast Ears and canst alter thy strain;
Stick to thy Talent of bold Panegyricks,
And still remember the breathing the Vein.

Yet if thou thinkest the Town will extol 'em,
Print thy dull Notes, but be thrifty and Wise;
Instead of Angels subscrib'd for the Volume,
Take a round Shilling, and thank my Advice.

In imitating thee this may be charming,
Gleaning from Laureats is no shame at all;
And let this Song be sung the next performing,
Else ten to one but the Prices will fall.