

Spoken by HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN, At the last performance.

Kind friends! for such indeed you've proved to us-Kinder than just I fear—and is it thus That we must quit you? Shall the curtain fall O'er this bright pageant like a funeral pall, And blot forever from your friendly sight The well-known forms and faces that to-night For the last time have used their mimic arts To tempt your laughter, and to touch your hearts, Without one word of thanks to let you know How irredeemable's the debt we owe, For that warm welcome, which year after year Has waited on our poor attempts to cheer With the gay humour of these trivial plays Some few hours stolen from your busy days? Despite ourselves, the grateful words WILL come, For love could teach a language to the dumb. 'Tis just one lustre, since—a tyro band— On paltry farce we tried our 'prentice hand, Treading at first a less pretentious stage E'en that the goatherds of the Thespian age;