

~~P.C. 30.1.3~~

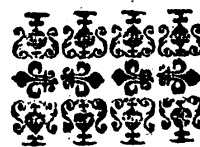
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# POEMS

ON SEVERAL  
OCCASIONS:

By the  
Right Honourable,

THE  
E. of R—



J. G. Stutz.  
Lond. 1770.

Printed at ANTWERPEN.

*An Epistolary Essay from M. G. to O. B.  
upon their Mutual Poems.*

*Dear Friend,*

**I** Hear this Town do's so abound  
With sawcy Censures, that faults are found  
With what of late we (in Poetick Rage)  
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age ;  
But (howsoe're Envy their Spleens may raise,  
To rob my Brows of their deserved Bays)  
Their Thanks at least I merit, since through me  
They are Partakers of your Poetry :  
And this is all I'll say in my Defence,  
T' obtain one Line of your well-worded Sense,  
I'd be content t' have writ the *British Prince*.  
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,  
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd ;  
But from a Rule I have (upon long trial)  
T' avoid with care all sort of Self-denial,  
Which way soe're Desire and Fancy lead,  
(Concerning Fame) that Path I boldly tread :  
and if exposing what I take for Wit,  
To my dear Self a Pleasure I beget,  
No matter tho' the cens'ring Criticks fret.  
Those whom my Muse displeases, are at strife,  
With equal Spleen, against my Course of Life,  
The least Delight of which I'll not forego,  
For all the flattering Praise Man can bestow.

A 2

If

( 4 )

If I design'd to please, the way were then  
To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:  
The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;  
And for the second, I despare of it,  
Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit.  
Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd,  
In meer good Breeding, like unsav'ry Wind:  
Were Reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think  
Men might no more write scurvily, than stink:  
But 'tis your choice whether you'll read or no;  
If likewise of your smelling it were so,  
I'd fart just as I write, for my own Ease,  
Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.  
I'll own, that you write better than I do;  
But I have as much need to write as you.  
What tho' the Excréments of my dull Brain  
Flows in a harsher and insipid strain.  
While your rich Head eases it self of Wit,  
Must none but Civer-Cats have leave to shit?  
In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhime  
Fail me at once, yet something so Sublime  
Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see  
It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me:  
And that's my End, for Man can wish no more  
Than so to write as none are writ before.  
Yet who am I no Poet of the Times?  
I have Allusions, Similies and Rhimes,  
And Wit, or else 'tis hard that I alone  
Of the whole Race of Mankind shou'd have  
Unequally the partial Hand of Heaven.  
Has all but this One only Blessing given.

The

( 5 )

The World appears like a great Family,  
Whose Lord oppress'd with Pride and Poverty,  
(That to a few great Bounty he may show)  
Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.  
Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,  
Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain:  
Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,  
And for one Prince, it makes Ten Thousand  
(Slaves.

In Wit alone 't been magnificent,  
Of which so just a Share to each is sent.  
That the most Avaticious are content;  
For none e're thought (the due Division's such)  
His own to little or his Friends too much.  
Yet most Men shew or find great want of Wit,  
Writing themselves, or judging what is writ:  
But I who am of Sprightly Vigour full,  
Look on Mankind as envious and dull;  
Born to my self, my self I like alone.  
And must conclude my judgment good or none,  
For cou'd my Sence be naught, how shou'd I know  
Whether another Mans were good or no?  
Thus I resolve of my own Poetry,  
That 'tis the best, and there's a Fame for me,  
If then I'm happy, what do's it advance,  
Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance?  
Oh, but the World will take offence hereby.  
Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I.  
Did e're the Sawcy World and I agree  
To let it have its beastly will on me?  
Why shou'd my prostituted Sence be drawn  
To ev'ry Rule their musty Customs Spawn?

A 3

But

( 6 )

But Men will censure you: 'Tis two to one,  
When e're they censure they'll be in the wrong.  
There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,  
So foolish and so false as Common Fame.  
It calls the Courtier Knave; the Plain Man, Rude;  
Haughty, the Grave, and the Delightful Lewd;  
Impertinent, the Brisk, Morose, the Sad;  
Mean, the Familiar; the Reserv'd one, Mad.  
Poor helpless Woman is not favour'd more;  
She's a sly Hypocrite, or publick Whore.  
Then who the Dev'l would give this—to be free  
From the innocent Reproach of Infamy?  
These things consider'd, make me (in despite  
Of idle Rumor) keep at home and write.

S A T I R.

**W**ere I (who to my cost already am  
One of those strange prodigious Crea-  
tures, Man)  
A Spirit free to chuse for my own share  
What Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear;  
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,  
Or any thing but that vain Animal  
Who is Proud of being Rational.  
The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive  
A Sixth, to contradict the other Five;  
And before certain Instinct, will prefer  
Reason, which fifty times for one do's err:  
Reason,

( 7 )

Reason, 'an *Ignis fatuus* in the Mind,  
Which leaving Light of Nature (Sense) behind,  
Pathless and dang'rous wandring Ways is taken,  
Thro' Errors Fenny Bogs and Thorny Brakes;  
Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with pain  
Mountains of Whimsies heap'd in his own Brain;  
Stumbling from Thought to I thought, falls head-  
(long down.

Into Doubts boundless Sea, where like to drown,  
Books bear him up a while, and make him try  
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,  
In hopes still to o'retake th' escaping Light;  
The Vapour dances in his dazzling light,  
Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night,  
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,  
Led him to Death, and make him understand,  
After a Search so painful and so long,  
That all his Life he has been in the wrong.  
Huddl'd in Dirt the Reas'ning Engine lies,  
Who was so Proud, so Witty, and so Wise:  
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,  
And makes him venture to be made a Wretch:  
His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,  
Aiming to know what World he should enjoy;  
And Wit was his vain frivolous Petence,  
Of pleasing others at his own Expence.  
For Wits are treated just like Common Whores  
First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of Doors;  
The Pleasure past, athreatning Doubt remains,  
That frights the Enjoyer with succeeding Pains,  
Women and Men of Wit are dangerous Fools,  
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

A 4

Pleasure

Pleasure allures, and when the *Fops* escape,  
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,  
 And therefore what they fear, at least they hate.

But now methinks some formal Band & Beard  
 Takes me to task; come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.

*Then by your favour any thing that's writ  
 Against this gibing jingling knack call'd Wit,  
 Likes me abundantly, but you take care  
 Upon this point not to be too severe.  
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part,  
 For I profess, I can be very smart  
 On Wit, which I abhor with all my Heart:  
 I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,  
 But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,  
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way.  
 What rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,  
 To make you Rail at Reason and Mankind?  
 Blest glorious Man! to whom alone kind Heav'n  
 An everlasting Soul has freely given,  
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,  
 That from himself he did the Image take,  
 And this fair frame in shining Reason dress,  
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast,  
 Reason, by whose aspiring influence  
 We take a flight beyond material Sense;  
 Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce  
 The flaming limits of the Universe,  
 Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's Acted there,  
 And give the World true grounds of hope and fear,  
 Hold mighty Man, I cry, all this we know  
 From the Pathetick Pen of Inghw;*

From

From *Pilgrims*, *S*—replies,  
 And 'tis this very Reason I despise,  
 This Supernatural Gift that makes a *Muse*  
 Think he's the *Image* of the *Infinite*,  
 Comparing his short Life, void of all Rest,  
 To the *Eternal* and the ever Blest,  
 This busie, puzzling, stirring up of doubt,  
 That frames deep *Mysteries*, then finds 'em out;  
 Filling with fantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,  
 Those Reverend *Bedlams*, *Colleges* and *Schools*;  
 Born on whose Wings each heavy *Sot* can pierce  
 The limits of the boundless *Universe*,  
 So Charming Ointments make an Old *Witch* flie;  
 And bear a Crippled Carcase through the Skie.  
 'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose business lies  
 In *Nonsense* and *Impossibilities*.  
 This made a whimsical *Philosopher*,  
 Before the spacious *World* his *Tub* prefer;  
 And we have modern *Cloyster'd Coxcombs*, who  
 Retire to think, because they have nought to do.  
 But thoughts are giv'n for Actions Government,  
 Where Action ceases Thoughts impertinent;  
 Our *Sphere* of Action is *Lifes* happiness,  
 And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an *Ass*.  
 Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,  
 I own right Reason, which I wou'd obey;  
 That Reason that distinguishes by Sense,  
 And gives us *Rules* of good and ill from thence;  
 That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,  
 To keep 'em more in vigour, not to Kill.  
 Your Reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,  
 Renewing Appetites yours wou'd destroy.

My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat;  
 Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me Eat;  
 Perversely yours, your Appetite do's mock,  
 This asks for Food, that answers, What's a Clock?  
 This plain Distinction, Sir, your doubt Secures,  
 'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.  
 Thus I think Reason righted; but for Man,  
 I'll ne're Recant, defend him if you can.  
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,  
 'Tis evident, Beasts are in their Degree  
 As wise at least, and better far than he?  
 Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain,  
 By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim:  
 If therefore *Fowler* finds and kills his Hares  
 Better than *M*— supplies Committee-Chairs,  
 Though on's a Statesman, th' other but a Hound,  
*Fowler* in Justice wou'd be wiser found.  
 You see how far Mans Wisdom here extends;  
 Look next if Humane Nature makes amends,  
 Whose Principles most gen'rous are, and just,  
 And to whose Morals you wou'd sooner trust.  
 Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,  
 Which is the basest Creature, Man or Beast.  
 Birds feed on Birds, Beast on each other prey,  
 But Savage Man alone do's Man betray:  
 Preest by Necessity, they Kill for Food;  
 Man undoes Man to do himself no good:  
 With Teeth and Claws by Nature Arm'd, they  
 (hunt  
 Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want;  
 But Man, with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships  
 Unhumanly his Fellows Life betrays, (praise,  
 With

With voluntary Pains works his distress,  
 Not through Necessity, but Wontonness.  
 For Hunger or for Love they fight or tear,  
 Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for fear,  
 For fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid,  
 By Feat to Fear successively betray'd:  
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passion  
 (came,  
 His boasted Honour, and his dear bought Fame;  
 That Lust of Pow'r to which he's such a Slave,  
 And for the which alone he dares be brave;  
 To which his various Projects are desgn'd,  
 Which makes him gen'rous affable and kind;  
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,  
 And screws his Actions in a forc'd Disguise,  
 Leading a tedious Life, in Misery,  
 Under laborious, mean Hypocrisy.  
 Look to the bottom of his vast Design,  
 Wherein Mans Wisdom, Pow'r and Glory join;  
 The Good he acts, the Ill he do's endure;  
 'Tis all for fear, to make himself Secure.  
 Meerly for Safety, after Fame we Thirst;  
 For all Men wou'd be Cowards, if they durst:  
 And honesty against all common Sence,  
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence.  
 Mankind's dishonest, if you think it fair,  
 Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the Square,  
 You'll be undone——  
 Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,  
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.  
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o're, oppress'd.  
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.

Thus

Thus Sir, you see what Human Nature craves,  
 Most Men are Cowards, all Men shou'd be Knaves;  
 The difference lies (as far as I can see)  
 Not in the thing it self, but the degree;  
 And all the Subject matter of debate,  
 Is only who's a Knave of the first Rate,  
 All this with indignation have I hurl'd  
 At the pretending part of the proud World,  
 Who swoln with selfish Vanity, devise  
 False Freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lies,  
 Over their Fellow-Slaves to Tyrannize.

But if in Court so just a Man there be,  
 (In Court a just Man, yet unknown to me.)  
 Who does his needful flattery direct  
 Not to oppose and ruin, but protect;  
 Since flattery, which way soever laid,  
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade;  
 If so upright a States-Man you can find,  
 Whose Passions bend to his unbiass'd Mind,  
 Who does his Arts and Policies apply  
 To raise his Country, not his Family?  
 Nor while his Pride own'd Avarice withstands,  
 Receives Aurcal Bribes from Friends corrupted  
 (Hands.

Is there a Church-Man who on God relies?  
 Whose Life, his Faith and Doctrine justifies?  
 Not one blown up, with vain Prelatick Pride,  
 Who for reproof Sins does Man deride:  
 Whose envious Heart, with his obstrep'ous sawcy  
 (Eloquence.  
 Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Sense;

Who

Who from his Pulpit vents more peevish Lies,  
 More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,  
 Than at a Gossiping are thrown about,  
 When the good *Wives* get drunk, and then fall out,  
 None of that Sensual *Tribe*, whose *Talents* lie,  
 In Avarice, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony;  
 Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good Lives;  
 Whose Lust exalted to that height arrives,  
 They act Adultery with their own *Wives*,  
 And e're a score of Years compleated be,  
 Can from the lofty Pulpit proudly see  
 Half a large Parish their own Progeny.

Nor doating *B*—— who would be ador'd  
 For domineering at the Council-Board;  
 A greater *Fop* in business at Four-score,  
 Fonder of serious Toys, affected more  
 Than the gay glittering Fool at Twenty proves,  
 With all his noise, his tawdry Clothes, and Loves.

But a meek humble *Man*, of modest Sence,  
 Whose Preaching Peace, does practice Conscience.  
 Whose pious life's a proof he does believe  
 Mysterious Truths, which no Man can conceive.  
 If upon Earth there dwell such God-like Men,  
 Then I'll Recant my Paradox to them:

Adore those *Shrines* of *Virtue*, Homage pay,  
 And with the Rabble-world their *Laws* obey.  
 If such there are, yet grant me *This*, at least,  
 Man differs more from Man, than Man from  
 (Beast.

*A Ramble in St. James's Park.*

**M**uch Wine had past, with grave Discourse,  
 Of who Fucks who, and who do's worse;  
 Such as you usually do hear  
 From them that Diet at the *Bear*;  
 When I, who still take care to see  
 Drunk'ness Reliev'd by Letchery,  
 Went out into St. *James's* Park,  
 To cool my Head, and fire my Heart;  
 But though St. *James* has the Honour ont!  
 'Tis Consecrate to *Prick* and *Cunt*.  
 There, by a most Incestuous Birth,  
 Strange Woods Spring from the teeming Earth:  
 For they relate how heretofore,  
 When Ancient *Piſt* began to Whore,  
 Deluded of his Affignation,  
 (Jilting it seems was then in fashion.)  
 Poor pensive Lover in this place.  
 Wou'd Frig upon his Mothers Face;  
 Whence Rows of Mandrakes tall did rise,  
 Whose Lewd tops Fuck'd the very Skies.  
 Each imitated Branch do's twine  
 In some Love Fold of *Arctine*:  
 And nightly now beneath their Shade  
 Are Bugg'ries, Rapes and Incests made,  
 Unto this All-sin-sheltring Grove,  
 Whores of the Bulk and the Alcove,  
 Great Ladies, Chambermaids and Drudges,  
 The Rag-picker and Heirels trudges;

Car-

Car-men, Divines, great Lords; and Taylers;  
 Prentices, Pimps, Poets, and Goalers,  
 Foot-boys, fine Fops, do here arrive,  
 And here promiscuously they Swive.

Along these hallow'd Walks it was  
 That I beheld *Corinna* pass;  
 Whoever had been by to see  
 The proud Disdain she cast on me,  
 Though Charming Eyes, he wou'd have Swore  
 She dropt from Heav'n that very Hour,  
 Forsaking the Divine Aboard  
 In scorn of some despairing God.  
 But mark what Creatures Women are,  
 So infinitely Vile and Fair.

Three Knights o' th' Elbow and the Slur,  
 With wrigling Tails made up to her.

The first was of your *White-ball* Blades,  
 Near Kin to the Mother of the Maids,  
 Grac'd by whose Favour he was able  
 To bring a Friend to the Waiters Table;  
 Where he had heard Sir *Edward S*—  
 Say how the K— lov'd *Bansted* Mutton,  
 Since when he'd ne're be brought to eat,  
 By's good will, any other Meat.  
 In this, as well as all the rest,  
 He ventures to do like the Best:

But wanting common Sence, th' Ingredient  
 In chusing well, not least expedient,  
 Converts Abortive Imitation  
 To universal Affectation;  
 So he not only eats and talks,  
 But fecels and smells, sits down and walks,

Nay



( 16 )

Nay looks, and lives, and Loves by Rote,  
In an old Tawdry Birth-day Coat.

The Second was a *Grays-Inn-Wit*,  
A great Inhabiter of the Pit,  
Where Critick-like he sits and *Squints*,  
Steals Pocket-handkerchiefs and *Hints*  
From's Neighbour and the Comedy,  
To Court and Pay his Landlady..

The Third a Ladies Eldest Son,  
Within few Years of Twenty One,  
Who hopes from his propitious Fate,  
Against he comes to his Estate,  
By these *Two Worthies* to be made  
A most accomplish'd rearing *Blade*.  
One in a strain'twixt *Tune* and *Nonsense*,  
Cries, *Madam, I have lov'd you long since,*  
*Permit me your fair Hund to Kiss:*

When at her Mouth her *Cunt* says Yes,

In short without much more ado,  
Joyful and pleas'd away she flew.  
And with these Three confounded Asses  
From Park to Hackney-Coach she passes.  
So a Proud Bitch do's lead about  
Of humble Curs the Amorous Rout,  
Who most obsequiously do Hunt  
The sav'ry Scent of Salt swoln *Cunt*.  
Some Pow'r more patient now relate  
The Scence of this surprizing Fate.

Gods! that a thing admir'd by me,  
Shou'd taste so much of Infamy!  
Had she pick'd out to pub her Ass on,  
Some stiff-Prick'd Clown, or well-hung Parson,

Each

( 17 )

Each Job of whose Spermatick Sluce  
Had fill'd her *Cunt* with whollome Juice,  
I the proceeding thou'd have prais'd,  
In hope she had quencht a Fire I rais'd:  
Such nat'ral freedoms are but Just,  
There's something gen'rous in meer Lust;  
But to turn Damu'd Abandu'd *Fade*,  
When neither *Head* nor *Tail* periwade:  
To be a *Whore* in-understanding,  
A Passive *Pot* for *Fools* to spend in,  
The *Devil* plaid Booty sure with thee,  
To bring a Blot of Infamy.  
But why was I, of all *Mankind*,  
To so severe a Fate design'd?  
Ungreatful! why this Treachery  
To humble, fond, believing me?  
Who gave you Priviledges above  
The Nice Allowances of Love?  
Did ever I refuse to bear  
The meanest part your Lust cou'd spare?  
When your lewd *Cunt* came spewing home,  
Drench'd with the Seed of half the *Town*,  
My Dram of Sperm was sup'd up after,  
For the digestive Surteit-Water.  
Full gorged at another time  
With a vast *Meal* of Nasty Slime,  
Which your devouring *Cunt* had drawr  
From *Porters Backs*, and *Foot-mens Brawn*;  
I was content to serve you up  
My *Ballocks* full, for your *Grace Cup*,  
Nor ever though it an Abuse,  
While you had Pleasure for Excuse.

B

You

You that could make my Heart away,  
 For Noise and Colours and betray  
 The Secrets of my tender Hours;  
 To such *Knight-Errant Paramours*,  
 When leaning on your faithless Breast,  
 Wrapt in security, and rest,  
 Soft Kindness all my Pow'rs did move,  
 And Reason lay dissolv'd in Love.  
 May stinking Vapour choak your Womb,  
 Such as the Men you deat upon;  
 May your deprav'd Appetite,  
 That cou'd in whiffing Fools delight,  
 Beget such Frenzies in your Mind,  
 You may go Mad for the North wind.  
 And fixing all your hopes upon't,  
 To have him Bluster in your Cunt.  
 Turn up your longing Arse to th' Air,  
 And Perish in a wild despair.  
 But Cowards shall forget to Rant,  
 School-boys to Frig, old Whores to Paint:  
 The Jesuits Fraternity,  
 Shall leave the use of Buggery.  
 Crab-Louse, inspir'd with Grace Divine,  
 From Earthly Cod, to Heav'n shall climb;  
 Physicians, shall believe in Jesus,  
 And disobedience cease to please us.  
 Ere I desist with all my Power,  
 To plague this Woman, and undo her.  
 But my Revenge will best be tim'd,  
 When she is Marri'd that is lim'd,  
 In that most lamentable State,  
 I'll make her feel my Scorn, and Hate;

Pelt

Pelt her with Scandals, Truth, or Lies,  
 And her poor Car with Jealousies.  
 Till I have torn him from her Breech,  
 While she whines like a Dog-drawn Bitch.  
 Loath'd, and depriv'd, kickt out of Town,  
 Into some dirty hole alone,  
 To Chew the Cud of Misery,  
 And know she owes it all to me.  
 And may no Woman better thrive,  
 Who dares profane the Cunt I Swive.

*A Letter fanc'd from Artemisa in the Town,  
 to Cleo in the Country.*

CLEO, by your command in Verse I write,  
 Shortly you'd bid me ride astride and fight;  
 Such Talents better with our Sex agree,  
 Than lofty flights of dan'rous Poetry.  
 Among the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,  
 (At least they pass for such before they writ.)  
 How many bold adventurers for the Bays,  
 Proudly designing large returns of praise.  
 Who durst that stormy pathless World explore,  
 Were soon dash't back, & wreckt on the dull shore,  
 Broke of that little stock they had before.  
 How wou'd a Woman's tottering Barque be tost,  
 Where stoutest Ships, the Men of Wit are lost?  
 When I reflect on this I straight grow wise,  
 And my own self I gravely thus advise.

Dear Artemisa, Poetry's a Snare,  
 Bedlam has many Mansions, have a care,

B 2

Your

Your *Muse* diverts you, makes the Reader sad,  
 You think your self inspir'd, he thinks you Mad:  
 Thus like an Arrant Woman as I am.  
 No sooner well convinc'd Writings a Shame,  
 That *Whore* is a scarce a more Reproachful Name  
 Than *Poetess* — — —

Like *Men* that Marry, or like *Maids* that Wooe,  
 Because 'tis the Worst Thing they can do:  
 Pleas'd with the Contradiction and the Sin,  
 Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin:

You expect to here at least, what Love has past  
 In this lewd *Town*, since you and I saw last:  
 What change has happen'd of *Intrigues*, and whe-

(ther

The Old one's last, and who and who's together?

But how (my dearest *Clæ*) should I set

My *Pen* to Write, what I would fain forget?

Or name the lost thing *Love* without a Tear,

Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here?

*Love*, the most generous Passion of the Mind,

The softest Refuge Innocence can find,

The safe director of unguided *Youth*,

Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth;

That Cordial drop *Heaven* in our *Cup* has thrown,

To make the nauseous draught of Life go down,

On which one only Blessing *God* might raise,

In *Lands* of *Atheists*, *Subsidies* of praise;

For none did e're so dull and stupid prove,

But felt a *God*, and Blets'd his Power in Love;

This only Joy for which poor we were made,

Is only grown, like Play, to be an Arrant Trade,

The

The *Rooks* creep in, and it has got of late,  
 As many little Cheats and Tricks as that,  
 But what yet more a *Woman's* heart would Vex,  
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by her own Sex.  
 Oh! silly *Sex*! though born, like *Monarchs*, free,  
 Turn *Gipsies* for a meaner liberty,  
 And hate restraint, though but from Infamy;  
 They call whatever is not common, Nice,  
 And deaf to *Natures* Rule, or *Loves* Advice,  
 Forsake the Pleasure to pursue the Vice:  
 To an exact Perfection they have brought,  
 The Action Love, the passion is forgot,  
 'Tis below *Wit* they say if we admire,  
 And even without approving they desire:  
 Their private wish, obeys the publick Voice,  
 'Twixt good and bad, whimsies decides not choice;  
 Fashions grown up to taste, at forms they strike,  
 They know what they would have, not what they  
*Boy's* a *Beauty*, if some few agree (like  
 To call him so, the rest to that degree Sir  
 Affected are, that with their Ears they see. R.  
 Where I was Visiting the other Night. B.  
 Comes a fine *Lady* with her humble *Knight*,  
 Who had prevail'd with her thro' her own skill,  
 At his request, though much against his will  
 To come to *London* — — —  
 As the *Coach* stoppt, I heard her Voice more loud,  
 Than a great Bellic'd Woman's in a Crowd,  
 Telling the *Knight*, that her Affairs require,  
 He for some Hours, obsequiously retire  
 I think she was aham'd he shou'd be seen,  
 Hard fate of *Husband*, the *Gallant* had been.

B 3

Though

Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd Fool brought in  
 Dispatch, says she, the business you pretend,  
 Your Beastly Visit, to your drunken Friend;  
 A Bottle, ever makes you look so fine;  
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine:  
 Your Country drinking Breath's enough to Kill,  
 Sowre Ale, corrected with a Lemmon-Pill.  
 Prithee farewell, w'll meet again anon,  
 The necessary thing, bows, and is gone.  
 She flies up stairs, and all the hast does show,  
 That silly Antick Postures will allow.  
 And then bursts out—And Madam am not I,  
 The strangest alter'd Creature! let me Die,  
 I find my self ridiculously grown,  
 Embarrass'd, with my being out of Town:  
 Rude, and untaught, like any Indian Queen,  
 My Country Nakedness, is strangely seen.  
 How is Love govern'd, Love that rules the state  
 And pray who are the Men most worn of late?  
 When I was Marri'd, Fools, were All-a-mode,  
 The Men of Wit, were then held incommode,  
 Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,  
 Who e're they'll be perswaded, must enquire,  
 As if they came to spy, not to admire.  
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,  
 They find out why, what may, and shou'd not please.  
 Nay take themselves for injur'd, when we dare,  
 Make 'em thing better of us than we are:  
 And if we hide our Fraulities from their sights,  
 Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites;  
 They little guess, (who at our Arts are griev'd)  
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd:

Inqui-

Inquisitive, as *Felows Cuckolds* grow.  
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,  
 What being known, creates their certain Woe.  
 Women, shou'd these of all Mankind avoid,  
 For wonder my clear knowledge is destroy'd,  
 Woman, who is an Arrant Bird of Night,  
 Bold in the Dusk, before a Fools dull sight,  
 Must fly, when Reason brings the blazing light.  
 But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire  
 Himself, trusts us; his Follies all Conspire,  
 To flatter his, and favour our desire:  
 Vain of his proper Merit, he with ease,  
 Believes we love him best, we best can please:  
 On him our gross, dull, common, flatteries, pass,  
 Ever most happy, when most made an Ass;  
 Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind  
 Perceive us false, the Fop himself, is blind,  
 Who doating on himself——  
 Thinks ev'ry one that sees him of his Mind.  
 These are true Womens Men here forc'd to cease,  
 Through want of Breath, not Will, to hold her  
 (peace;

She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd,  
 Her much esteem'd dear Friend, the *Monkey* cy'd.  
 With Forty Smiles, as many Antick Bows,  
 As if 't had been the Lady of the House,  
 The dirty Chatt'ring Monster, she imbrac'd;  
 And made it this fine tender Speech at last.  
 Kiss me! thou curious Miniature of Man,  
 How odd thou art! how pretty! how japan!  
 Oh I cou'd live and dye with thee! Then on  
 For half an hour in Complements she ran.

I took this time to think what Nature meant  
 When this mixt thing into the World she sent,  
 So very Wise, yet so Impertinent.  
 One that knows ev'ry thing; that God thought fit,  
 Shou'd be an *Ass*, through chioice, not want of wit.  
 Whose Fopperry, without the help of Sense,  
 Cou'd ne're have rise to such an Excellence.  
 Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,  
 As a philosopher the very top  
 And dignity of Folly, we attain  
 By studious search, and labour of the Brain;  
 By observation, counsel, and deep thought;  
 God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat;  
 We owe that Name to Industry and Arts,  
 An eminent Fool must be a Man of parts:  
 And such a one was she, who had turn'd o're  
 As many *Books*, as *Mén*, lov'd much, read more;  
 Had discerning *Wit*, to her was known  
 Ev'ry ones fault, or merit, but her own:  
 All the good Qualities that ever blest  
 A Woman, so distinguish'd from the rest,  
 Except Discretion only, she possest.

But now *Moncher*, dear *Pug*, says she, adieu,  
 And the discourse broke off, does thus renew.

*You smile to see me, whom the World perchance*  
*Mistakes to have some Wit, so far advance*  
*The interest of Fools, that I approve*  
*Their Merit more than Mens of Wit, and Love:*  
*But in our Sex, too many proofs there are*  
*Of such whom Wits undo, and Fools repair:*  
*This in my time was so observ'd a Rule,*  
*Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool;*

*The*

*The meanest common Slut, who long was grown*  
*The Jest and Scorn of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon,*  
*Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd*  
*Some Fop or other, fond to be thought Lewd.*  
*I—could make an Irish Lord, a Nokes;*  
*And B——M——had her City Cokes.*  
*A Woman's ne're so Ruin'd, but she can*  
*Be still Reveng'd on her undoer, Mian.*  
*How lost you're, she'll find some Lover more,*  
*A more abandon'd Fool, than she a Whore.*  
*The wretched thing, Corinna, who was run*  
*Through all the several ways of being undone;*  
*Couzen'd at first by Love, and living then*  
*By turning the too dear-bought Cheat on Men.*  
*Gay were the hours, and wing'd with Joy they flew,*  
*When first the Town, her early Beauties knew;*  
*Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed,*  
*Youth in her Cheeks, and Pleasure in her Bed.*  
*Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit,*  
*To make her doat upon a Man of Wit,*  
*Who found't was dull to Love above a Day,*  
*Made his ill-natur'd Jest, and went away.*  
*Now Scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,*  
*She's a Memento Mori to the Rest.*  
*Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up Half a Crown*  
*Must Mortgage her long Scarfe, and Mantoe-Gown*  
*Poor Creature! who unheard of, as a Fly,*  
*In some dark Hole, must all the Winter lie.*  
*And want she must endure a whole Half Year,*  
*That for one Month, she Taudry may appear:*  
*In Easter-Term she gets her a new Gown,*  
*When my young Masters Worship comes to Town;*  
 From

From Pedagogue, and Mother, just set free,  
 The hopeful Heir of a great Family;  
 Who with strong Beer and Beef the Country rules,  
 And ever since the Conquest have been Fools.  
 And still with careful prospect, to maintain  
 This Character, lest crossing of the Strain,  
 Shou'd mend the Booby Breed, his Friends provide  
 A Cousin of his own to be his Bride.  
 And thus set out ———  
 With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,  
 The solids Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life;  
 Dunghil, and Pease, forsook, he comes to Town,  
 Turns Spark, learns to be Lewd, and is undone.  
 Nothing suits worse with Vice, than want of sense,  
 Fools are still wicked, at their own expence.  
 This o're grown School-Boy, lost Corinna, wins,  
 At the first dash, to make an Als, begins.  
 Pretends to like a Man, that has not known  
 The Vanities, nor Vices of the Town.  
 Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,  
 Eager of Joys, which he does seldom prove.  
 Healthful, and strong, he does no pains endure,  
 But what the fair one, he adores, can cure:  
 Grateful for favours, does the Sex esteem,  
 And Libels none, for being kind to him.  
 Then of the Lewdness of the Town complains,  
 Rails at the Wits, and Atheists, and maintains,  
 'Tis better than good sense, than Power, or Wealth,  
 To have a Blood untainted, Youth, and Health.  
 The ill-bred Puppy, who had never seen  
 A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine;

Believes,

Believers, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,  
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the Antient Seat,  
 To buy this Mistress, a new House, for Life;  
 To give her Plate, and Jewels, Robs his Wife.  
 And when to the height of fondness he is grown,  
 'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own.  
 Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,  
 He leaves her Bastard, Heir to his Estate;  
 And as the Race of such an Owl deserves,  
 His own dull lawful Progeny he starves.  
 Nature, who never made a thing in vain,  
 But does each Insect to some end ordain,  
 Wisely provides kind-keeping Fools, no doubt,  
 To patch up Vices, Men of Wit, wear out.  
 Thus she run on two hours, some grains of sense,  
 Still mixt with Volleys of Impertinence.  
 But now 'tis time I shou'd some pity show  
 To Clæ, since I cannot choose but know  
 Readers must reap the dulness Writers sow.  
 By the next Post I will such stories tell,  
 As join'd to these, shall to a Volume swell;  
 Truer than Heaven, more infamous than Hell.  
 But you are tir'd, and so am I ———

Farewell.

### *The Imperfect Enjoyment.*

N Aked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,  
 I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms,  
 Both equally inspir'd with eager fire,  
 Melting through kindness, flaming in desire;  
 With

With *Arms, Legs, Lips*, close clinging to embrace,  
She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her

(*Face.*)

The nimble *Tongue* (*Love's* lesser *Lightning*) plaid  
Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd  
Swift Orders, that I should prepare to throw  
The *All dissolving Thunderbolt* below.  
My flutt'ring *Soul*, sprung with the pointed Kiss,  
Hangs hovering o'er her *Balmy Lips* of Bliss.  
But whilst her busie hand, wou'd guide that part,  
Which shou'd convey my *Soul* up to her *Heart*.  
In Liquid *Raptures*, I dissolve all o're,  
Melt into *Sperm*, and spend at every *Pore* :  
A touch from any part from her had don't ;  
Her Hand, her Foot, her very Look's a *Cunt*.  
Smiling, she Chides in a kind murm'ring *Noise*,  
And from her *Body* wips the Clammy Joys ;  
When with a Thousand Kisses, wandring o're  
My panting *Breast*, and is there then no more ?  
She cries. All this to Love and Rapture's due  
Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too ?  
But I the most forlorn, lost Man alive,  
To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,  
I Sigh alas ! and Kiss, but cannot *Swirow*.  
Eager desire confound my first intent,  
Succeeding shames does more success prevent,  
And Rage at last confirms me Impotent ;  
Even her fair Hand, which might bid heat return  
To frozen Age, and make cold *Hermits* burn ;  
Applied to my dead *Cinder* warms no more,  
Than Fire to Ashes could past Flaines restore :

Trem-

Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,  
A willing, weak unmoving Lump I lie ;  
This *Dart* of Love, whose piercing point oft try'd  
With *Virgin-blood*, *Ten Thousand Maids* has dy'd :  
Which *Nature* still directed with such *Art*,  
That it through every *Cunt* reacht e'ry *Heart* ;  
Stiffly resolv'd, twou'd carelessly invade  
*Woman* or *Boy*, nor ought its fury staid,  
Where e're it pierc'd, a *Cunt* it found or made.  
Now languid lies in this unhappy hour,  
Shrunk up and Sapless, like a wither'd Flower.  
Thou treacherous, base deserter of my flame,  
False to my Passion, fatal to my Fame ;  
By what mistaken *Magick* dost thou prove,  
So true to Lewdneis, so untrue to Love ?  
What *Oyster*, *Cinder*, *Beggar*, *Common Whore*,  
Didst thou e're fail in all thy Life before ?  
When *Vice*, *Disease* and *Scandal*, lead the way,  
With what officious haste does thou obey :  
Like a Rude roaring *Hector* in the Streets,  
That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets :  
But if his King or Country claim his Aid,  
The *Rascal Villian* shrinks and hides his Head :  
Even so thy Brutal Valor is displaid,  
Breaks every *Stew*, does each small *Whore* invade,  
But if great *Love*, the onser does command,  
Base Recreant, to thy *Prince*, thou darst not stand.  
Worst part of me, and henceforth hatest most,  
Through all the *Town*, the common *Fucking Post* ;  
On whom each *Whore*, relieves her tingling *Cunt*,  
As *Hogs*, on *Goats* do rub themselves and grunt.

May't

May'st thou to rav'nous *Shankers*, be a *Prey*,  
 Or in consuming *Weepings* waste away.  
 May *Stranguaries*, and *Stone*, thy *Days* attend,  
 May'st thou ne're *Piss*, who didst refuse to spend,  
 When all my *Joys* did on *Fals*e the depend.  
 And may *Ten Thousand* abler *Pricks* agree,  
 To do the wrong'd *Corinna*, right for thee.

### TO LOVE.

*O! nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupido.*

**O** *Love*! how cold, and slow to take my part,  
 Thou idel *Wanderer*, about my *Heart*,  
 Why thy *Old* faithful *Soldier*, wilt thou see  
 Oppress'd in thy own *Tents*? they Murder me.  
 Thy *Flames* Consume, thy *Arrows* Pierce thy

(*Friends*,

Rather on *Foes*, pursue more Noble Ends.  
*Achilles* Sword, wou'd gen'rously bestow,  
 A Cure, as certain, as it gave the blow,  
*Hunters*, who follow flying Game, give o're,  
 When the *Prey's* caught, hope still leads on before,  
 We thy own *Slaves* feel thy *Tyrannick* blows,  
 Whilst thy tame Hands unmov'd against thy *Foes*.  
 On *Men* disarm'd, how can you gallant prove,  
 And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.  
 Millions of dull *Men* live, and scornful *Maids*,  
 We'll own *Love* valiant, when he these invades.  
*Rome*, from each Corner of the wide *World*, snatch'd  
 A *Lawrel*, or't had been to this Day thatch'd.

But --

But the *Old Soldier*, has his resting place,  
 And the good batter'd *Horse* is turn'd to *Grass*.  
 The harra'st *Whore*, who liv'd a wretch to please,  
 Has leave to be a *Bawd*, and take her ease.  
 For me then, who have freely spent my *Blood*,  
 (*Love*) in thy Service, and so boldly stood  
 In *Celia's* Trenches, weret not wisely done,  
 E'n to retire, and live at peace at home?  
 No—might I gain a *God-head*, to disclaim,  
 My glorious *Title*, to my endless flame:  
*Divinity*, with scorn, I wou'd forswear,  
 Such sweet, dear, tempting *Devils*, *Women* are.  
 When e're those flames grow faint, I quickly find,  
 A fierce black Storm, pour down upon my *Mind*:  
 Head-long, I'm hurl'd, like *Horse-men*, who in vain,  
 Their (fury foaming) *Coursers*, wou'd restrain,  
 As *Ships*, just when the *Harbour* they attain,  
 Are Snatcht by sudden *Blasts*, to *Sea* again:  
 So *Loves* fantasticks storms, reduce my *Heart*,  
 Half-rescu'd, and the *God* resumes his *Dart*.  
 Strike here, this undefended *Bosome* wound,  
 And for so brave a *Conquest* be renown'd.  
*Shafis* fly so fast to me from ev'ry part,  
 You'll scarce discern your *Quiver* from my *Heart*.  
 What wretch can bear a live-long *Nights* dull rest,  
 Or think himself in *Lazy Slumbers* blest?  
*Fool*— is not sleep the Image of pale *Death*?  
 There's time for rest, when Fate has stop't your

(*Breath*.

Me, may my soft deluding *Dear* deceive,  
 I'm happy in my hopes, whilst I believe.

Now



Now let her Flatter, then as fondly Clide;  
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.  
 With doubtful Steps the *God* of War does move,  
 By thy Example, in Ambiguous Love.  
 Blown to and fro like *Down* from thy own Wing;  
 Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt bring?  
 Yet at thy Mothers, and thy Slaves request.  
 Fix an Eternal Empire in my Breast;  
 And let the inconstant charming Sex;  
 Whose wilful Scorns does Lovers Vex;  
 Submit their Hearts before thy Throne;  
 The Vassal World is then thy own.

### *The Maim'd Debauchee.*

**A**S some brave Admiral, in former War,  
 Depriv'd of Force, but prest with Courage  
 Two Rival-Fleets appearing from afar, (still;  
 Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill,  
 From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he

( views

The wise and daring Conduct of the Fight,  
 And each bold Action to his Mind renews  
 His present Glory, and his past Delight.

From his fierce Eyes Flashes of Rage he throws,  
 As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks

(away,

Transported, thinks himself amidst his Fees,  
 And absent yet enjoys the Bloody Day.

So

So when my Days of Impotence approach,  
 And I'm by Pox and Wines unlucky Chance  
 Driv'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,  
 On the dull Shoar of Lazy Temperance.

My Pains at last some Respite shall afford,  
 Whilst I behold the Battels you maintain,  
 When Fleets of Glasses sail about the Board,  
 From whose Broad sides Volleys of Wit shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of Honourable Scars,  
 Which my too forward Valour did procure,  
 Frighten new-listed Souldiers from the Wars;  
 Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

Shou'd hopeful Youths (worth being drunk) prove

(Nice

And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink,  
 'Twou'd please the Ghost of my departed Vice,  
 If at my Counsel they repent and drink.

Or shou'd some cold-complexion'd Sor forbid,  
 With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarms,  
 I'll fire his Blood, by telling what I did  
 When I was strong, and able to bear Arms.

I'll tell of Whores attack'd, there Lords at home,  
 Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortrefs won,  
 Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,  
 And handsom ills, by my contrivance done.

Nor shall our Love-fits, *Cloris* be forgot,  
 When each the well-lookt Link-boy strove to enjoy,  
 And the best Kifs was the deciding Lot,  
 Whether the Boy us'd you, or I the Boy.

C

With

With Tales like these, I will such Heat inspire,  
 As to important Mischief shall incline ;  
 I'll make them long some Ancient Church to fire,  
 And fear no Lewdness they're call'd to by Wine.  
 Thus States-man like, I'll sawcily impole,  
 And safe from Danger, valiantly advise,  
 Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to Blows,  
 And being good for nothing else, be wise.

### The Argument,

*How Tall-Boy, Kill-Prick, Suck-Prick did contend.*

*For Bridegroom Dildo, Friend did fight with Friend ;*

*But Man of God, by Lay-men called Parson,  
 Contriv'd by turns, how each might rub her Arse on.*

Say, Heav'n-born Muse, for only thou canst tell,  
 How discord Dire between two Widows fell;  
 What made the Fair One, and her well-shap'd  
 (Mother,

Duty forget, and pious Nature smother.  
 Who was most Modest, Virtuous, or Fair,  
 Was not the cause of contest, I dare swear.  
 Nor Wit, nor Breeding, rais'd this Emulation ;  
 Those things with them are Trifles out of fashion:  
 Great was the Strife rais'd up by envious Fate,  
 To ruin Pego's happy Reign and State.

When

When R——with evil Eye beheld  
 The Three dear Friends, his Heart with Rancour  
 (I well'd,

That in one House they were of one accord,  
 Wanton in Bed, and Riotous at Board,  
 Preferring Brawny G——to Spiny Lord ;  
 He vow'd to break this Triple League of Love,  
 And from their Breasts sweet Friendship to remove.

In a foul Day from bawdy Bath he flies,  
 To put in Act his hasted Enterprize.  
 Ith' Bow'r of Bliss, where sacred Ballocks dwells,  
 There lives a Hag deep read in Charms and spells,  
 Philters and Potions, that by magick Skill  
 Can give an Eunuch Stones, and Cunt its fill ;  
 Babes at her call fly from the breeding Womb,  
 With neighbor Turd in loathsome Jakes to roam;  
 As oft as Finger, Dildo, Pego, rape  
 The Virgin Hymen, she repairs the Gap :  
 Frm'd through the World for the Cunt-mending

(Trade :

To her he goes, t' implore her mighty Aid ;  
 By Men she's call'd the Mother of the Maids.  
 Hail, worthy Dame, (said he) repleat with Grace,  
 Mother o'th' Maids, Daughter of Noble Race !  
 Whilst men of God to Betty B——go, (flow,  
 Whilst Prick and Pen with white an black do's  
 My lasting Verse shall magnific thy Fame,  
 And melting Tarfe adore thy holy Name ;  
 Therefore, dear mother lend thine equal Ear  
 To my Complaint, and favour my just Pray'r.  
 There is a Place, a down a gloomy Vale, Barb.  
 Where burthen'd Nature lays her nasty Tail ;

C 2

Ten

Ten thousand Pilgrims thither do resort  
 For Ease, Disease, for Letchery and Sport:  
 Thither two Beldams and a jilting Wife  
 Came to Swive of the tedious Hours of Life.  
 I willing to contribute to their joy,  
 Offer'd my *Mute* to th' young unsatiate Toy,  
 Who banish'd Cuck, cause Cunt he cou'd not cloy.  
 Her upright Dam, *Kill-Prick*, the wise old Jew,  
 Told me, I must twelve times her Womb bedew.  
 Ere her Child *Suck-prick* should her *Bottoms* shew.  
 Resolv'd to win (like *Hercules*) the Prize, (thighs;  
 Twelve times I scour'd the Kennel 'twixt her  
 The cheating Jilt, at the Twelfth, *A dry bob* cries.  
 My Prick and I thus cross-bit in high Rage  
 Appeal'd to the skilful Sticklers on the Stage;  
 With that fair *Tall-boy* and bold *Suck-prick* come  
 To squeeze my Tarle and pass their *final* Doom;  
 Saying, if one *Priapus* I could shew  
 One holy Relick of kind pearly Dew,  
 I the twelfth time in *Kill-prick's* Arse did spew.  
 To their deciding Test I did submit;  
*Priapus* squeez'd, a Snow-ball did emit:  
 Yet these two partial Dames, *A dry-bob* cry,  
 Perform your Bargain (Peer) or Frig and die.  
 Thus was I rook'd of twelve substantial Fucks,  
 By these base stinking over itching Nocks.  
 Your Aid, your Aid, dear *Mother* me inspire  
 VVith apt Revenge to feed my raging Fire.  
 The gracious *Matron*, smiling on him, said,  
 Be it as thou desir'st my dear lov'd Lad;  
 For this Abuse the Rump fed Runts shall mourn,  
 Till slimy Cunt to grimy Arse-hole turn.

By

By her Caves mouth a verdant Myrtle grows,  
 Bearing Loves Trophies on his sacred Boughs;  
 The Crowns of Kiligs were offer'd to this Shrine,  
*Dildoes* and *Merkins* of the Royal Line;  
 Fair *Ladies Hearts* with mitred Pricks transfixt,  
 In mystick manner make the Crucifix.  
 To the Tree she leads him, from a Bough pulls  
 A mighty Tool, a *Dildoe* of Renown: (down,  
 A *Dildoe* long, and large, as *Hector's* Lance,  
 Inscribed, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*.  
 Knight of the Garter made for's vast Deserts,  
 As Modern *Heroe* was for's monstrous Parts,  
 This, Pious Son, (said she) Nail up in Box,  
 By Carrier send it these fault-burning Nocks,  
 Directed thus: *To the Lady most deserving*, (wing.  
*Who's made most Slaves, and kept most Pricks from star-*  
 O're-joy'd with hop'd Success, away he flies  
 To *Bath* disguis'd, to bear the welcome Prize;  
 But when they saw the Image of Blest Man,  
 Whocan express how fast, how swift they ran,  
 Each for herself so seized! No Dog at Deer,  
 Nor Hawk at Hern shew'd such a swift Career;  
 At once they fouse on the beloved Prey,  
 And sworn Friends to engage in mortal Fray.  
 Old *Kill-Prick*, dreadful to her Friends and Foes,  
 Like *Luxemburgh* in Back and Breast-plate shows.  
 Gigantick *Tall-Boy*, famed in the West  
 For *Cornish-Hugg*, to the Fight her self address;  
 Whilst the Child *Suck-Prick* hop'd to steal away,  
 By Stratagem, the Glory of the Day.  
 But all in vain, *Tall-Boy* with one Hand held  
*Jov's* Prize, which th' other crafty *Suck-prick* sell'd:  
 But

C 3

But Looks, nor Meanaces, nor crashing Blow,  
 Cou'd make stout *Kill-Prick* quit her lov'd *Dildo* :  
 Undaunted, she maintain'd a Cruel Fight,  
 For Conquest scratcht and tore with all her might.  
 So have I seen a Crump-back'd Crablouse stick  
 With fervent love to lick creating Prick ;  
 The more he pulls, the more the loving Wretch  
 Do's strive to stay, and to each Hair do's catch ;  
 Till Murd'ring Man, enrag'd, from Ballock tears  
 The Nock-born Brat, and ends his hopeful Years.  
 So had it fair'd with *Kill-Prick*, had not Fate  
 Sent *Man of God* to end the Dire Debate.

*What Rage, what Fury* (said he) *do's ye stir,*  
*To shed the Blood of Saints in Cruel War ?*  
*How will you make the Mother Church to Mourn,*  
*And to Fanatics be the Publick Scorn ?*  
*For shame, Dear Souls, reserve your Noble Blood*  
*To spend with Man.* Abasht the Warriors stood  
 To see the Holy Father in the Place ;  
 But strait on the Matter putting a good Face,  
 Thus *Kill-Prick* spake : *To you, O Reverend Sir,*  
*The Justness of the Cause I will transfer ;*  
*A Cause to great for Lay-men vile to try,*  
*Fit for Plus Ultra's deep Divinity ;*  
*A cause for which Blest Saints above would Die !*

The Modest *Tall-Boy* so devout appears,  
 Though stealing Pricks, you'd think she said her  
 (Pray's.  
 And though sh' had almost won the Bloody Field,  
 With *Suck Prick* Babe of Grace) to this do's yield.  
 The cause being stated, Holy Man do's pray  
 For a Blessing on's Endeavours, then do's say,  
 Whereas,

Whereas, *Sage Matrons*, you do all agree,  
 Your Cause to yield to my Integrity,  
 Fitter for General Council than weak me ;  
*Dildo's a lawful Tool*, deny't who can,  
 I'll prove 'tis made for a meet help for Man ;  
 As unto Rector, Curate is assistant,  
 So *Dildo's* to fall'n Prick, when Cunt has pist on't.  
 But here's th' Elest ordain'd for Propagation,  
 Who trusts in this, is blest in Generation :  
 This has done more than Tunbridge, Bath or Epsom,  
 Though ne're so barren this is sure to help 'm.

Then pulling out the Rector of the Females,  
 Nine times he bath'd him in their piping hot  
 Panting, quoth he, Now Peace be on you all, (Tails:  
 When I am absent, then on *Dildo* call ;  
 As those in Holy-Church to Image pray,  
 When Wonderworking Saint is out o' th' way.

Thus all well-pleas'd, to Church away they go,  
 To sing *Te Deum* for their dear *Dildo*.

An Allusion to Harace,  
 The Tenth Satyr on the First Book.  
*Nempe incompsto Dixi pede, &c.*

Well Sir, 'tis granted, I said D—Rhimes  
 Were stoln, unequal, nay dull many  
 (times :  
 What foolish Patron is there found of his,  
 So blindly partial to deny me this ?

But

But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down  
 With Wit and Learning, justly pleas'd the Town,  
 In the same Paper I as freely own.  
 Yet having this allow'd the heavy Mass  
 That stuffs up his loose Volumes must not pass :  
 For by that Rule I might as well admit  
*Crown's* tedious Scences for Poetry and Wit.  
 'Tis therefore not enough when your false Sense  
 Hits the false Judgment of an Audience,  
 Of Clapping Fools, assembled a vast Crowd,  
 Till the throng'd *Playhouse* crack with the dull Load;  
 Though ev'n that Talent merits, in some sort,  
 That can divert the Rabble, and the Court ;  
 Which blundring S— never cou'd attain,  
 And puzzling O— labours at in vain :  
 But within due Proportions circumscribe  
 What e're you write, that with a flowing Tide  
 The Stile may rise, yet in his rise forbear  
 With useless words t' oppress the wearied Ear.  
 Here be your Language lofty, there more light,  
 Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite :  
 For Elegance sake sometimes allay the force  
 Of Epithets, 'twill soften the Discourse.  
 A Jest in scorn points out and hit the thing  
 More home than the morose *Satyr's* Sting.  
*Shakespeare* and *Johnson* did herein excel,  
 And might in this be imitated well ;  
 Whom refin'd E—— Copies not at all,  
 But is himself a meer Original.  
 Nor that slow Drug in swift *Pindrick Strains*,  
 F—— who C—— imitates with pains,  
 And Rides a Jaded Muse whipt with loose Reins.  
 When

When *Lee* makes temp'rate *Scipio* fret and rave,  
 And *Hanibal* a whining Amorous Slave,  
 I laugh, and with the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool  
 In B—— Hands to be well lash'd at School.  
 Of all our Modern Wits, none seems to me  
 One to have touch'd upon true Comedy,  
 But hasty *Shadwel*, and slow *Wichery*.  
*Shadwel's* sunshin'd works do yet impart  
 Great proofs of force of Nature, none of Art ;  
 With just bold Strokes he dashes here and there,  
 Shewing great Mastery, with little Care ;  
 And scorns to varnish his great touches o're,  
 To make the Fools and Woman praise 'em more.  
 But *Wichery* earns hard what e're he gains,  
 He wants no Judgment, nor he spares no Pains ;  
 He frequently excels, and at the least  
 Makes fewer Faults than any of the best.  
*Waller*, by Nature for the Bays design'd,  
 With Force, and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd,  
 In *Panegyricks* do's excel Mankind.  
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,  
 To praise Great Conquerors, or to flatter Kings.  
 For pointed *Satyrs* I would *Buckhurst* chuse,  
 The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse,  
 For Songs and Verses, mannerly, obscene,  
 That then stir Nature up by Spring unseen,  
 And without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen.  
*Sidley* has that prevailing, gentle Art,  
 That can with a resistless Charm impart  
 The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart ;  
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,  
 Betwixt declining Vertue and Desire,

Till

Till the poor vanquish'd Maid desolves away,  
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

D— in vain try'd this nice way of Wit.  
For he to be a tearing Blade thought fit;  
But when he wou'd be sharp, he still was blunt,  
To frisk his frolick Fancy, he'd cry *Cunt*,  
Wou'd give the Ladies a dry Bawdy Bob,  
And thus he got the Name of *Poet-Squab*.  
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,  
His Excellencies more than Faults abound;  
Nor dear I from his Sacred Temples tear  
That Lawrel which he best deserves to wear.  
But do's not D— find even *Johnson* dull?  
*Fletcher* and *Beaumont* uncorrect, and full  
Of *Lewd Lines*, as he calls them? *Shakespear's* Stile  
Stiff and affected; to his own the while  
Allowing all the Justness that his Pride  
So arragantly had to these deny'd?  
And may not I have leave impartially  
To search and censure D— Works, and try  
If those gross Faults his choice Pen do's commit,  
Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?  
Or if his lumpish Fancy do's refuse  
Spirit and Grace, to lose his flattern Muse?  
Five Hundred Verses every Morning writ,  
Proves you no more a Poet, than a Wit:  
Such scribbling Authors have been seen before;  
*Mustapha*, the *English Princess*, Forty more,  
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour:  
To write what may securely stand the Test  
Of being well read over thrice at least,

Compare

Compare each Phraise, examine every Line,  
Weigh ev'ry *Word*, and ev'ry *Thought* refine;  
Scorn all *Applause* the vile Rout can bestow,  
And be content to please those few you know.  
Canst thou be such a vain mistaken *Thing*,  
To wish thy *Works* might mak't a Play-house ring  
With the unthinking *Laughter* and poof *Praise*  
Of Fops and Ladies, factious for thy *Plays*?  
Then send a cunning to learn thy Doom  
From the shrewd Judges of the Drawing Room.  
I've no *Ambition* on that idle score,  
But say with *Betty M—* heretofore,  
When a Court-Lady call'd her *B— Whore*;  
I please one Man of *Wit*, and Proud on't too,  
Let all the Coxcombs dance to *Bed* to you.  
Shou'd I be troubled when the pur-blind Knight,  
Who squints more in his Judgment than his Sight,  
Picks silly Faults, and censures what I write?  
Or when the poor-fed *Poets* of the *Town*  
For Scraps and Coach room cry mu Verses down?  
I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me  
If *S—*, *S—*, *W—*.  
*G—*, *B—*, *B—*, *B—*,  
And some few more, whom I omit to name,  
Approve my Sense, I count their Censure Fame.

### In Defence of Satyr.

W Hen *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, rul'd the  
(Stage,  
They took so bold a Freedom with the Age,  
That

That there was scarce a Knave or Fool in *Town*,  
 Of any Note, but had his Picture shown ;  
 And (without doubt) though some it may offend,  
 Nothing helps more than *Satyr* to amend  
 Ill manners, or his trulier Virtues Friend.  
 Princes may Laws ordain, Priests gravely Preach,  
 But Poets most successfully will teach.  
 For as a Passing-Bell frights from his Meat  
 The greedy sick Man that too much wou'd eat ;  
 So when a Vice ridiculous is made, (bad.  
 Our Neighbor's Shame keeps us from growing  
 But wholesome Remedies few Palates please,  
 Men rather loves that flatters their Disease ;  
 Pimps, Parasites Buffoons, and all their Crew  
 That under Friendships Name weak Man undo,  
 Find their false Service kindlier understood,  
 Than such as tell bold *Truths* to do us good.  
 Look where you will, and you shall hardly find  
 A Man without some sickness of the Mind.  
 In vain we *Wife* wou'd seem, while ev'ry Lust  
 Whisks us about, as *Whirlwinds* do the Dust.

Here, for some needless Gain, a *Wretch* is hurl'd  
 From Pole to Pole, and slav'd about the *World* ;  
 While the Reward of all his Pains and Care  
 End in that despicable Thing, his Heir.  
 There a vain Fop Mortgages all his Land,  
 To buy that gaud Play-thing, a Command :  
 To ride a Cock-horse wear a Scarf at's Ass,  
 And Play the *Puding* in a *May-day* Farce.

Here one, whom God to make a *Fool* thought  
 (fit,  
 In sight of Providence will be a Wit ;

But

But wanting strength t' uphold his ill-made choice,  
 Sets up with Lewdness, Blasphemy, and Noise.  
 There, at his Mistress Feet a Lover lies,  
 And for a Tawdery Painted Baby Dies ;  
 Fall on his Knees, Adores, and is afraid  
 Of the vain Idol he himself has made.  
 These, and a Thousand Fools unmention'd here,  
 Hate Poets all, because they Poets fear :  
 Take heed (they cry) yonder Mad Dog will bite,  
 He cares not whom he falls on in his Fit ;  
 Come but in's way, and straight a new *Lampoon*  
 Shall spread your manag'd Fame about the Town.

But why am I this Bug-bear to ye all ;  
 My Pen is dipt in no such bitter Gall.  
 He that can rain at one he call's his Friend,  
 Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend ;  
 who for the sake of some ill-naur'd Jest,  
 Tell what he shou'd conceal, invents the rest ;  
 To fatal Midnight Quarrels can betray  
 His brave Companion, and then run away,  
 Leaving him to be murder'd in the Street,  
 Then put it off with some Buffoon Conceit ;  
 This, this is he you shou'd beware of all,  
 Yet him a pleasant witty *Man* you call.  
 To wher your dull Debauches, up and down  
 You seek him, as top Fidler of the Town.

But if I laugh when the Court Cox-combs  
 To see that Booby *Sot* dance *Provee*, (show,  
 Or chattering *Porns* from the Side-Box grin,  
 Trickt like a Ladies Monkey new made clean,  
 To me the name of *Raïler* strait you give,  
 Call me a Man that knows not how to live.

But

But Wenches to their Keepers true shall turn,  
 Stail Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands scorn,  
 Great Statesmen Flattery and Clinches hate,  
 And, long in Office, Die without Estate;  
 Against a Bribe, Court-Judges shall decide  
 The City Knavery, the Clergy Pride,  
 E're that black Malice in my Rhimes you find,  
 That wrongs a Worthy Man, or hurts a Friend:  
 But then perhaps you'll say, Why do you write?  
 What you think harmless Mirth, the World

(thinks Spite;

Why shou'd your Fingers itch to have a Lash  
 At *Simius* the Buffoon, or *Cully Bash*?  
 What is't to you, if *Aliodore's* fine Whore  
 Fucks with some Fop, whilst he's shut out of door?  
 Consider pray; that dang'rous Weapon Wit;  
 Frightens a Million, when a few you hit.  
 Whip but a Cur, as you ride through a Town,  
 And strait his Fellow-Curs the Quarrel own.  
 Each Knave or Fool that's conscious of a Crime;  
 Tho' he scapes now looks for't another time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true;  
 But who has not some Folly to pursue?  
*Milo* turn'd *Quixot*, fanc'd Battles Fights,  
 When the fifth Bottle had encreas'd the Eights.

War-like Dirt-pies out *Heroe Paris* forms,  
 Which desp'rate *Bossus* without Armour storms.

*Corvus*, the kindest Husband e're was born,  
 Still courts the Spark that do's his Brows adorn?  
 Invites him home to Dine, and fills his Veins  
 With the hot Blood which his dear Doxy drains.

*Grandio*

*Grandio* rhinks himself a *Beau Garcon*,  
 Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down,  
 And with his sawcy Love plagues all the Town.  
 While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,  
 He's caught with G——, that old Hag a-bed,  
 But shou'd I all the crying Follies tell  
 That rowse the sleeping *Satyr* from his Cell,  
 I to my Reader shou'd as tedious prove,  
 As that old Spark, *Albanus*, making Love;  
 Or florid *Roscus*, when with some smooth flam  
 He gravely on the Publick tries to sham.

Hold then my Muse, 'tis time to make an end,  
 Lest taxing others thou thy self offend.  
 The World's a Wood, in which all lose their way  
 Though by a diff'rent Path each goes astray.

*On the supposed Author of a late Poem in  
 defence of Satyr.*

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain  
 In *Satyr's* praise, to a low untun'd Strain,  
 In the was most impertinent and vain.  
 When in thy *Person* we most clearly see  
 That *Satyr's* of Divine Authority,  
 For *God* made one on *Man*, when he made Thee;  
 To shew there were some *Men*, as there are *Apes*,  
 Fram'd for meer Sprot, who differ but in Shapes;  
 In thee are all these Contradictions joyn'd,  
 That make an *Ass* prodigious and refin'd.  
 A Lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,  
 Begot in Lov's despite, and Natures scorn,

And



And art grown up the most ungreatful Weight,  
 Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight;  
 Yet *Love's* thy Business, *Beauty* thy Delight.  
 Curse on that silly Hour that first inspir'd  
 Thy Madness to pretend to be admir'd,  
 To paint thy griev'd Face, to dance, to dress,  
 And all those awkward Follies that express  
 Thy loathsome Love, and filthy Daintiness;  
 Who needs will be an ugly *Beau Garoon*,  
 Spit at, and shun'd by ev'ry Girl in Town,  
 Where dreadfully *Loves Scarecrow* thou art plac'd,  
 To fright the tender Flock that long to taste:  
 While ev'ry coming *Maid*, when you appear,  
 Starts back for shame, and straight turns Chaste  
 (for fear.

For none so poor or *Prostitute* have prov'd,  
 Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.  
 'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise,  
 But thy half *Wit* will ne're let the be wise:  
 Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,  
 Half-honest (which is very much a *Knave*)  
 Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass  
 For any thing intirely but an *Ass*.

### *The Answer.*

**R**ail on, poor feeble *Scribler*, speak of me  
 In as bad Terms as the World speaks of thee.  
 Sit swelling in thy *Hole* like a vex'd *Toad*,  
 And full of *Pox* and *Malice* spit abroad;  
 Thou canst hurt no *Man's Fame* with thy ill word,  
 Thy Pen is full as harmless as thy Sword.

### Seneca's Troas, *Act. 2.* Chorus.

**A**fter Death Nothing is, and Nothing, Death,  
 The utmost Limits of a gasp of Breath:  
 Let the Ambitious Zealot lay aside  
 His Hopes of *Heav'n* (where Faith is but his Pride)  
 Let *Slavish Souls* lay by their Fear,  
 Nor be concern'd which way, nor where,  
 After this Life they shall be hurld,  
 Dead, we become the *Lumber* of the *World*,  
 And to that *Masi* of *Matter* shall be swept,  
 Where things *destroy'd* with things *unborn* are kept.  
 Devouring Time swallows us whole,  
 Impartial *Death* confounds *Body* and *Soul*:  
 For *Hell*, and the foul *Friend*, that rules  
 God's everlasting fiery *Goals*,  
 Devis'd by *Rogues*, dreaded by *Fools*,  
 (With his grim griev'd *Dog*, that keeps the *Door*,)  
 Are senseless *Stories*, idle *Tales*,  
*Dreams*, *Whimsies*, and no more.

### *Upon Nothing.*

**N**othing, thou *Elder Brother* even to *Shade*,  
 Thou hadst a Being e're the *World* was made,  
 And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

D

E're

2.  
E're Time & Place were, Time & Place were not,  
When *Primitive Nothing* something straight begot,  
Then all proceeded from the great United What?

3.  
Something the general *Attribute* of all,  
Sever'd from thee its sole *Original*,  
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

4.  
Yet something did thy Mighty Pow's command,  
And from thy fruitful Emptinesses Hand  
Snatch *Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air and Land*.

5.  
*Matter*, the wicked'st off-spring of thy Race,  
By *Form* assisted, flew from thy Embrace,  
And *Rebel Light* obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

6.  
With *Form* and *Matter*, *Time* and *Place* did join,  
*Body*, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,  
To spoil thy peaceful *Realm*, and ruin all thy *Line*.

7.  
But Turn-coat *Time* assists the Foe in vain,  
And Brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign,  
And to thy hungry *Womb* drives back thy Slaves

8. (again)  
Tho' *Mysteries* are barr'd from laick-Eyes,  
And the Divine alone with Warrant pries  
Into thy *Bosom*, where thy *Truth* in private lies:

9.  
Yet this of thee the *Wise* may freely say,  
Thou from the *Virtuous* nothing tak'st away,  
And to be part of thee, the *Wicked* wisely pray.

10. Great

10.  
Great *Negative*, how vainly wou'd the Wise  
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,  
Didst thou not stand to point their dull *Philosophies*.

11.  
Is, or Is not, the two great ends of Fate,  
And true or false the Subject of Debate,  
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate.

12.  
When they have rack'd the Politicians Breast,  
Within thy *Bosom* most securely rest,  
And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and

13. (best.  
But *Nothing*, why do's Something still permit  
That Sacred *Monarchs* shou'd at Council sit  
With *Persons* highly thought, at best, for *nothing* fit?

14.  
Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains  
From Princes *Coffers*, and from States-mens *Brains*,  
And *Nothing* there like stately *Nothing* reigns.

15.  
*Nothing*, who dwel'st with Fools in grave disguise,  
For whom the rev'rend *Shapes* and *Forms* devise,  
Lawn-Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they  
(like thee look Wise,

16.  
*French* Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *British* Policy,  
*Hybernian* Learning, *Scotch* Civility,  
*Spaniards* Dispatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly seen in  
(thee.

D 2

17. The

17.

The Great *Mans* Gratitude to his best *Friend*,  
*Kings* Promises, *Whores* Vows, towards thee they  
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end. (bend,

*Upon his leaving his Mistress.*

**T**IS not that I'm weary grown  
 Of being yours, and yours alone,  
 But with what Face can I incline  
 To Damn you to be only mine?  
 You whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,  
 By Merit, and by Inclination.  
 The Joy at least of one whole Nation.  
 Let meaner Spirits of your Sex  
 With humbler Aims there Thoughts perplex,  
 And boast if by their Arts they can  
 Contrive to make one happy Man;  
 Whilst mov'd with an impartial Sense,  
 Favours like Nature you dispense,  
 With Universal Influence.  
 See the kind receiving Earth  
 To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth;  
 On her no Show'rs unwelcom fall,  
 Her willing Womb retains them all;  
 And shall my Celia be confin'd?  
 No, live up to thy mighty Mind,  
 And be the Mistress of Mankind.

Song.

Song.

**I**N the *Fields* of *Lincoln-Inn*,  
 Underneath a tatter'd *Blanket*,  
 On a *Flock-Bed*, God be thanked,  
 Feats of active Love were seen.  
*Phillis*, who you know loves Swiving,  
 As the Gods love pious *Prayers*,  
 Lay most *Pensively* contriving  
 How to Fuck with *Pricks* by Pairs.  
*Coridon's* Aspiring *Tarse*,  
 Which to *Cunt* had ne're submitted,  
 Wet with Am'rous Kifs, she fitted  
 To her less frequented *Arse*.  
*Strephon's* was a *Handful* longer,  
 Stiffly propt with eager *Lust*,  
 None for *Champion* was more stronger,  
 This into her *Cunt* she thrust.  
 Now for Civil Wars prepare,  
 Rais'd by fierce intestine Bustle.  
 When these *Heroes* meeting Juggle  
 In the Bowels of the Fair.  
 They *Tilt* and *Thrust* with horrid pudder,  
 Blood and Slaughter is decreed,  
 Hurling Souls at one another,  
 Wrapt in flakey Clots of Seed.

D 3

Nature

Nature had'twixt *Cunt* and *Arse*  
Wifely plac'd firm separation,  
God knows else what desolation  
Had infu'd from Warring *Tarse*.

Though *Fate* a dismal end did threaten,  
It prov'd no worse than was desir'd;  
The *Nymph* was soundly Ballock-beaten,  
Both the *Shepherds* soundly tir'd.

*Upon his drinking a Bowl.*

**V**ulcan, contrive me such a Cup  
As *Nestor* us'd of old,  
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,  
Damask it round with Gold.  
Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack  
Up to the swelling Brim,  
Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,  
Like Ships at Sea may swim.  
Engrave not Battle on his Cheek,  
With War I've nought to do,  
I'm none of those that took *Mastrich*,  
Nor *Tarmouth* Leaguer knew,  
Let it no Name of Planets tell,  
Fix'd Stars, or Constellation?  
For I am no Sir *Sydropbel*,  
Nor none of his Relation?  
But Carve thereon a spreading Vine,  
Then add two lovely Boys,  
Their Limbs in Amorous Folds entwine,  
the Type of future Joys.

*Cupid*

*Cupid* and *Bacchus* my Saints are,  
May Drink and Love still reign,  
With Wine I wash away my Cares,  
And then to *Cunt* again.

*Song.*

**A**s *Cloris* full of harmless thoughts  
Beneath a *Willow* lay,  
Kind *Love* a youthful *Shepherd* brought  
To pass the time away.

She blush't to be encounter'd so,  
And chid the Amorous Swain;  
But as she strove to rise and go,  
He pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,  
In spite of her disdain,  
She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,  
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah Youth (said she) what *Charms* are these  
That Conquer and Surprise?  
Ah let me—for unless you please,  
I have no power to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,  
For fear she shou'd comply;  
Her lovely *Eyes* her *Heart* betray,  
And give her *Tongue* the Lie.

Thus she whom *Princes* had deny'd,  
With all their *Pomb* and *Train*,  
Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd,  
And yielded to the *Swain*.

D 4

*Song.*

## Song.

Quoth the Dutches of Cl— to Mrs. Kn—  
 I'd fain have a *Prick*, but how to come by't,  
 I desire you'll be secret, and give your Advice,  
 Though *Cunt* be not Coy, Reputation is Nice.  
 To some Cellar in *Sodom* your Grace must retire,  
 There *Porters* with Black Pots sit round a *Coal-fire*.  
 There open your Case, and your Grace cannot fail  
 Of a Dozen of *Pricks* for a Dozen of *Ale*.  
 Is't so, quoth the Dutches? Ay by God, quoth the  
 (Whore;  
 Then give me the Key that unlocks the Back door,  
 For I had rather be Fuckt with *Porters* & *Carmen*,  
 Than thus be abus'd by C— and G—

## Song.

I Rise at Eleven, I Dine about *Two*, (do,  
 I get Drunk before Seven, and the next thing I  
 I fend for my *Whore*, when for fear of a *Clap*,  
 I Spend in her Hand, and I Spew in her Lap;  
 There we Quarrel and Scold till I fall asleep,  
 When the Bitch growing bold, to my Pocket do's  
 (creep.  
 Then slyly she leaves me, and to revenge the Af-  
 (front,  
 At once she bereaves me of Money and *Cunt*.  
 If

If by chance then I wake, hot-headed and drunk,  
 What a Coil do I make for the loss of my Punk?  
 I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a rage,  
 And missing my Whore, I Bugger my Page.  
 Then Crop lick all Morning, I rail at my Men,  
 And in Bed I lie yawning till Eleven agen.

## Song.

Love a Woman! y'are an Ass,  
 'Tis a most insipid Passion,  
 To Chuse out for happiness  
 The idlest part of God's Creation.  
 Let the Porter and the Groom,  
 Things design'd for Dirty Slaves,  
 Drudg in Fair *Aurelia's* Womb,  
 To get Supplies for Age and Graves  
 Farewel Woman, I intend  
 Hencetorth ev'ry Night to sit  
 With my Lewd Well-natur'd Friend,  
 Drinking, to engender Wit.  
 Then give me Health, Wealth, Mirth, and Wine,  
 And it busie Love intrenches,  
 There's a sweet soft Page of mine,  
 Do's the Trick worth Forty Wenches.

## Song to Cloris.

Fair *Cloris* in a Pig-sty lay,  
 Her tender Head lay by her;

She

( 58 )

She slept, in murm'ring Gruntlings they  
Complaining of the scorching Day,  
Her slumbers thus inspire.

She dreamt, while she with careful pains  
Her snowy Arms employ'd,  
In Ivory Pails, to fill out Grains,  
One of her Love-convicted Swains  
Thus hasting to her, cry'd ;

Fly *Nymph* ! Oh fly ! e're 'tis too late,  
A dear-lov'd Life to save ;  
Rescue your Bosom-Pig from Fate,  
Who now expires, hung in the Gate  
That leads to yonder Cave.

My self had try'd to set him free,  
Rather than brought the News,  
But I am so abhorr'd by thee,  
That ev'n the Darlings Life from me  
I know thou wou'dst refuse.

Struck with the News, as quick she flies  
As Blushes to her Face ;  
Nor the bright Lightning from the Skies,  
No love shot from her bright Eyes,  
Move half so swif a pace.

This Plot it seems the Lustful Slave  
Had laid against her Honour,  
Which not one God took care to save,  
For he pursues her to the Cave,  
And throws himself upon her.

Now pierced is her *Virgin Zone*,  
She feels the *Foe* within it,

She

( 59 )

She hears a broken Am'rous Groan,  
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,  
Just in the happy *Minute*.

Frighted she wakes, and waking Friggs,  
Nature thus kindly eas'd ;  
In Dreams rais'd by her murm'ring *Piggs*,  
And her own Thumb between her *Leggs*,  
She innocent and pleas'd.

### Song.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,  
I ask nothing but my due ;  
To call you false, and then to say,  
You shall not keep my *Heart* a Day.  
But alas ! against my will,  
I must be your *Captive* still :  
Ah ! be kinder then, for I  
Cannot change, and would not Die.

Kindness has resistless Charms,  
All besides but weakly move,  
Fiercest Anger it disarms,  
And clips the Wings of flying *Love*.  
Beauty do's the Heart invade,  
Kindness only can persuade ;  
It gilds the *Lover's* servile Chain,  
And makes the Saint grow pleas'd again.

The

*The Answer.*

Nothing adds to your fond Fire  
 More than Scorn, and cold Disdain;  
 I, to cherish your Desire,  
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.  
 You insulted on your Slave,  
 Humble Love you soon refus'd,  
 Hope not then a Pow'r to have  
 Which ingloriously you us'd.

Think not *Thirsis*, I will e're  
 By my Love my Empire lose;  
 You grow constant through Despair,  
 Love return'd you wou'd abuse.  
 Though you still possels my Heart,  
 Scorn and Rigour I must feign.  
 Ah! forgive that only Art  
 Love has left you Love to gain.

You that cou'd my Heart subdue,  
 To new Conquests ne're pretend,  
 Let your Example make me true,  
 And of a Conquer'd Foe a Friend:  
 Then if e're I shou'd complain  
 Of your Empire, or my Chain,  
 Summon all your pow'rful Charms,  
 And sell the Rebel in your Arms.

*Song.**Song.*

*P*hillis, be gentler I advise,  
 Make up for time mispent,  
 When *Beauty* on its *Death-bed* lies,  
 'Tis high time to Repent.  
 Such is the *Malice* of your *Fate*,  
 That makes you old so soon,  
 Your Pleasure ever comes to late,  
 How early e're begun.  
 Think what a wretched thing is she  
 Whose *Stars* contrive in spight,  
 The *Morning* of her Love shou'd be,  
 Her Fading *Beauties Night*.  
 Then if to make your Ruin more,  
 You'll Peevishly be Coy,  
 Dye with the Scandal of a *Whore*,  
 And never know the Joy.

*Song.*

*W*hat Cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,  
 To force that harmless frown,  
 When not a Charm her *Face* forsakes,  
 Love cannot lose his own.  
 So sweet a *Face*, so soft a *Heart*,  
 Such *Eyes* so very kind,

Betrays,

( 62 )

Betrays, alas ! the silly Art,  
Virtue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble *Tyrant*, who in vain  
Wou'd proudly take upon her,  
Again kind *Nature*, to maintain  
Affected Rules of *Honour*.

The scorn she bears to helpless proves,  
When I plead passion to her,  
That much she fears, but more she loves,  
Her *Vassal* shou'd undo her.

### *Womans Honour.*

LOVE bad me hope, and I obey'd,  
*Phillis* continu'd still unkind ;  
Then you may e'ne despair he said,  
In vain I strive to change her *Mind*.

*Honour's* got in and keeps her *Heart*,  
Durst he but venture once abroad ;  
In my own right I'd take your part,  
And shew my self the mightier *God*.

This huffing *Honour* domineers,  
In *Breasts* alone, where he has place ;  
But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,  
The *Hero* dares not shew his *Face*.

Let me still languish and complain,  
Be most unhumanly deny'd,  
I have some pleasure in my pain,  
She can have none with all her *Pride*.

I fall

( 63 )

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,  
She lives a *Wretch* for *Honour's* sake,  
Whose *Tyrant* does most cruel prove,  
The difference is not hard to make.

Consider real *Honour* then,  
You'll find hers cannot be the same,  
'Tis Noble confidence in *Men*,  
In *Women*, mean mistrustful shame.

### *Song.*

TO this Moment a *Rebel* I throw down my  
(Arms,  
Great *Love*, at first sight of *Olinda's* bright charms,  
Made proud, and secure, by such forces as these,  
You may now play the *Tyrant* as soon as you  
(please.

When Innocent *Beauty*, and *Wit* do conspire,  
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire.  
Why shou'd I decline what I cannot avoid,  
And let pleasing hope, by base fear be destroy'd ?

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,  
Her *Beauty's* inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue me ?  
And *Wit* has to pleasure been ever a *Friend*,  
Then what room for despair, since delight is  
(*Love's* end ?

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,  
Where *Love* is secur'd by good nature and truth.  
On her *Beauty* I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain,  
While ev'ry kind look adds a *Link* to my *Chain*.

'Tis



( 64. )

'Tis to more maintain, than it was to surprize,  
But her *Wit* leads in triumph the *Slaves* of her *Eyes*,  
I beheld with the loss of my freedom before,  
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my *Goddess*, her *Temple* too weak,  
Retire Divine *Image*, I feel my *Heart* break;  
Help *Love*! I dissolve in a *Rapture* of *Charms*,  
At the thought of those Joys I should meet in her  
(Arms.

Song.

HOW happy *Cloris* (were they free)  
Might our Injoyments prove?  
But you with formal *jealousie*,  
Are still tormenting *Love*.

Let us (since *Wit* instructs us how)  
Raise Pleasure to the top,  
If *Rival Bottle* you'll allow,  
I'll suffer *Rival Fop*.

There's not a brisk insipid *Spark*  
That flutters in the *Town*,  
But with your wanton *Eyes* you mark  
The *Coxcomb* for your own.

You never think it worth your care,  
How empty, nor how dull,  
The *Heads* of your Admirers are,  
So that their *Cods* be full.

All

( 65 )

All this you freely may confess,  
Yet will not disagree;  
For did you love your Pleasure less,  
You were not fit for me.

While I my Passion to pursue,  
Am whole *Nights* taking in,  
The lusty *Juice* of *Grapes*, take you  
The lusty *Juice* of *Men*.

Love and Life, a Song.

ALL my past life is mine no more,  
The flying Hours are gone;  
Like transitory *Dreams* giv'n o're,  
Whose *Images* are kept in store,  
By *Memory* alone.

What ever is to come is not,  
How can it then be mine?  
The present *Moment's* all my *Lot*,  
And that as fast as it is got,  
*Phillis* is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,  
False *Hearts*, and broken *Vows*,  
If I by *Miracle* can be.  
This live-long *Minute* true to thee,  
'Tis all that *Heav'n* allows.

The Fall, a Song.

HOW Blest was the Created State  
Of *Man* and *Woman*, ere they fell,  
E Com-

( 66 )

Compar'd to our unhappy *Fate*;  
We need not fear another *Hell*.  
Naked beneath cool Shades they lay,  
Enjoyment waited on desire,  
Each *Member* did their Wills obey,  
Nor cou'd a wish set pleasure higher.  
But we poor *Slaves*, to hope and fear,  
Are never of our Joys secure;  
They lessen still as they draw near,  
And none but dull delights endure.  
Then *Cloris*, while I duty pay,  
The *Nobler Tribute* of my *Heart*,  
Be not you so severe to say  
You love me for a frailer part.

Song.

While on those lovely Looks I gaze,  
To see a *Wretch* pursuing,  
In *Raptures* of a Blest Amaze,  
This pleasing happy Ruin.  
'Tis not for pitty that I move,  
His Fate is too Aspiring,  
Whose *Heart*, broak with a *Load* of Love,  
Dyes, Wishing and Admiring.  
But if this *Murder* you'd forego,  
Your *Slave* from Death removing,  
Let me your Art of Charming know,  
Or learn you mine of Loving.

But

( 67 )

But whether Life or Death betide,  
In Love, 'tis equal measure,  
The *Victor* lives with empty pride,  
The *Vanquish'd* Dye with pleasure.

Song.

BY all *Loves* soft, yet mighty *Pow'rs*.  
It is a thing unfit,  
That *Men* shou'd Fuck in time of *Flow'rs*,  
Or when the *Smock's* belhit.  
Fair Nasty *Nymph*, be Clean and Kind,  
And all my Joys restore;  
By using Paper still behind,  
And Spunges for before.  
My spotless *Flames* can ne're decay,  
If after ev'ry Close,  
My smoking *Priok* escape the *Fray*,  
Without a *Bloody Nose*.  
If thou wou'dst have me true be kind,  
And take to Cleanly Sinning;  
None but fresh *Lovers Prioks* can rise  
At *Phillis* in Foul Linnen.

Song.

Room, room, for a *Blade* of the *Town*,  
That takes delight in Roaring,  
And Daily Rambles up and down,  
And at *Night* in the Street lies Snoaring;

E 2

That

( 68 )

That for the Noble Name of *Spark*,  
Dares his *Companions* Rally ;  
Commits an Out-*rage* in the Dark,  
Then slinks into an *Alley*.  
To every *Female* that he meets,  
He Swears he bares Affection,  
Defies all *Laws*, *Arrests*, and Fears,  
By the help of a kind *Protection*.  
Then he intending further Wrongs,  
By some resenting *Cully*,  
Is decently run through the *Lungs*,  
And there's an end of *Bully*.

*Song.*

A Gainst the Charms our *Ballocks* have,  
How weak all Humane Skill is ?  
Since they can make a *Man* a *Slave*  
To such a *Bitch* as *Phillis*.  
Whom that I may describe throughout,  
Assist me *Bawdy Pow'rs*,  
I'll write upon a double *Clout*,  
And dip my *Pen* in *Flow'rs*.  
Her Look's demurely Impudent,  
Ungainly *Beautiful*,  
Her *Modesty* is Insolent,  
Her Mirth is pert and dull.  
A *Prostitute* of all the *Town*,  
And yet with no *Man Friends*,  
She Rails, and Scolds, when she lies down,  
And Curles when she Spends. Bawdy

( 69 )

Bawdy in Thoughts, Precise in Words,  
Ill Natur'd, and a *Whore*,  
Her *Belly* is a *bag* of *T—rds*,  
And her C—t's a Common-shoar.

*Song.*

I Cannot change as others do,  
Though you unjustly scorn,  
Since that poor *Swain*, that sighs for you,  
For you alone was born.  
No *Phillis*, no, your *Heart* to move,  
A surer way I'll try,  
And to revenge my slighted Love,  
Will still Love on, will still Love on, and Die.  
When Kill'd with Grief *Amyntas* lies,  
And you to mind shall call,  
The Sighs that now unpy'd rise,  
The Tears that vainly fall ;  
That welcome Hour that ends this smart,  
Will then begin your pain,  
For such a faithful tender *Heart*  
Can never break, can never break in vain.

*The Mock Song.*

I Swive as well as others do,  
I'm Young not yet Deform'd,  
My tender Heart sincere and true,  
Deserves not to be Scorn'd.

E 3

Why

( 70 )

Why *Phillis* then, why will you Swive  
With *Forty Lovers* more?

Can I (said she) with *Nature* strive,  
Alas I am, alas I am a *Whore*.

Were all my Body Larded o're,  
With Darts of Love so Thick,  
That you might find in ev'ry Pore,  
A well stuck standing Prick:

Whilst yet mine *Eyes* alone were free,  
My *Heart* wou'd never doubt,  
In Am'rous Rage and Extasie,  
To wish those *Eyes*, to wish those *Eyes* fuckt out.

Actus Primus, Scene Prima.

Enter *Tarfander* and *Swive* and he.

The Scene.

A Bed-Chamber.

*Tar.* FOR standing *Tarfes* we kind *Nature* thank.  
And yet Adore those *Cunts* that make  
( 'em lank ;

Unhappy *Mortals* ! whose sublimest Joy,  
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

*Swi.* Do not thy *Tarfe*, *Natures* best gift, despise,  
That *C—* that made it fall, will make it rise ;  
Though it a while the Amorous Combat shun,  
And seems from mine, into thy *Belly* run ;  
Yet 'twill return, more vigorous, and more fierce  
Than flaming *Drunkard*, when he's dy'd in Tierce.  
It

( 71 )

It but retires, as loosing *Gamsters* do,  
Till they have rais'd a Stock to play a new.

*Tar.* What pleasure has a *Gamster*, if he knows,  
When e're he plays, that he must always lose ?

*Swi.* What *Pego* loses, 'twere a pain to keep,  
We say not that our Nights are lost in sleep ;  
What Pleasures we in those soft Wars employ,  
We do not wast, but to the full enjoy. (Ex. *Tar.*

Enter *Celia*.

*Cel.* Madam, methinks those sleepy *Eyes* declare,  
Too lately you have cas'd a *Lovers* Care ;  
I fear you have with Interest repaid,  
Those eager thirsts, which at your *Cunt* he made.

*Swi.* With force united, my soft *Heart* he storm'd,  
Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.  
She that alone her *Lover* can withstand,  
Is more than *Woman*, or he less than *Man*. (Ex.

The first Letter from B. to Mr. E.

DREAMING last Night on Mrs. Farley,  
My Prick was up this Morning early ;  
And I was fain, without my Gown,  
To rise i'th Cold, to get him down :  
Hard thirt, alas ! but yet a sure,  
Although it be no pleasing Cure.  
Of Old, the Fair *Egyptian* Slattern,  
For Luxury, that had no Pattern ;  
To Fortifie her *Roman* Swinger,  
Instead of *Nutmegs*, *Mace* and *Ginger*,  
E +

Did

Did Spice his Bow'ls (as Story tells)  
 With Warts of Rocks, and Spawn of Shells.  
 It had been happy for her Grace,  
 Had I been in the Rascal's place:  
 I who do scorn that any Stone,  
 Shou'd raise my *Pintle*, but my own;  
 Had laid her down on ev'ry *Couch*,  
 And spar'd her *Pearl* and *Diamond Brouch*,  
 Until her Hot-tail'd *Majesty*,  
 Being happily reclaim'd by me,  
 From all her wild expensive ways,  
 Had worn her *Gems* on *Holy-Days*:  
 But since her C— has long done itching,  
 Let us discourse of *Modern Bitching*.

I must intreat you by this Letter,  
 To enquire for *Whores*, the more the better:  
 Hunger makes any Man a *Glutton*,  
 If *Roberts*, *Thomas*, Mrs. *Dutton*.  
 Or any other *Bawd* of Note,  
 Inform of a fresh *Petticoat*;  
 Inquire I pray, with *Friendly* care,  
 Where there respective *Lodgings* are.  
 Some do compare a Man t'a *Bark*,  
 A pretty *Metaphor*, pray mark,  
 And with a long and tedious story,  
 Will all the *Tackling* lay before ye:  
 The *Sails* are Hope, the *Masts* Desire,  
 Till they the gentlest *Reader* Tire.  
 But howsoe're they keep a pudder,  
 I'm sure the *Pintle* is the *Rudder*.  
 The pow'rful *Rudder*, which of force,  
 To *Town*, must shortly steer my Course;

And

And if you do not there provide  
 A *Port*, where I may safely ride:  
 Landing in haste, in some foul *Creek*,  
 'Tis Ten to One, I spring a *Leak*.

Next, I must make it my request  
 If you have any interest,  
 Or can by any means discover,  
 Some lamentable Rhyming *Lover*,  
 Who shall in Numbers Harsh and Vile,  
 His *Mistress*, *Nymph* or *Goddess* stile,  
 Send all his Labours down to me,  
 By the first opportunity.

Or any *Knights* of your round *Table*,  
 To other *Scriblers* formidable,  
 Guilty themselves of the same *Crime*,  
 Dress *Nonsense* up in ragged *Rhyme*,  
 As once a *Week*, they seldom fail,  
 Inspir'd with *Love* and *Grid* from *Ale*.

Or any paultery *Poetry*,  
 Tho' from the *University*;  
 Who when the K— and Q— were there,  
 Did both their *Wit* and *Learning* spare;  
 And have (I hope) endeavour'd since,  
 To make the *World* some recompence.  
 Such damn'd *Fustian* when you meet,  
 Be not too rash, or indiscreet;  
 Tho' they can find no just *Excuses*,  
 To put 'em to their proper *Uses*;  
 Tho' fatal *Privy*, or the *Fire*,  
 Their Nobler *Foe*, at my desire,  
 Restrain your nat'ral *Profuseness*,  
 And spare 'em, though you have a *Looseness*

Mr.

## Mr. E--s Answer.

**A**S Crafty Harlots use to shrink  
 From Letchers, do's with Sleep and Drink,  
 When they intend to make up Pack,  
 By filching Sheets, or Shirt from Back;  
 So were you pleas'd to steal away  
 From me, whilst on your Bed I lay:  
 But long you had not been departed,  
 When pincht with Cold, from thence I started;  
 Where missing you, I stamp't and star'd,  
 Like Bacon, when he wak'd and heard  
 His Brazen Head in vain had spoke,  
 And saw it lie in pieces broke;  
 Sighing, I to my Chamber make,  
 And every Limb was stiff as Stake,  
 Unless poor Pego, which did feel,  
 Like slimey Skin of new stript Eel;  
 Or Pudding, that mischance had got,  
 And spent it self half in the Pot.  
 With care I cleans'd the sneaking Harlot,  
 That late had been in Pool of Harlot.  
 But neither Shirt nor Water cou'd  
 Remove the stench of Leach'rous Mud.  
 The Queen of Love from Sea did spring,  
 Whence the best C—ts still smell like Ling.  
 But sure this Damn'd Notorious Bitch,  
 Was made o'th' froth of Jane Shores Ditch;  
 Or else her C—t cou'd never stink  
 Like Pumb that's foul, or Nasty Sink.

When

When this was done to Bed I went,  
 And the whole day in sleep I spent;  
 But the next Morning fresh and gay  
 As Citizen on Holiday,  
 I wandred in the spacious Town,  
 Amongst the Bawds of best Renown:  
 To Temple I a Visit made,  
 Temple! the Beauty of her Trade!  
 The only Bawd that ever I,  
 For want of Whore, cou'd Occupy.  
 She made me friends with Mrs. Cuff'y,  
 Whom we indeed had us'd too roughly,  
 For by a gentler way I found.  
 The Whore wou'd Fuck under Ten Pound:  
 So resty Jades, which scorne to stir,  
 Tho' oft provok'd by Whip and Spur,  
 By milder usage may be got  
 To fall into their wonted Trot.

But what Success I further had,  
 And what discoveries, good and bad,  
 I made by roving up and down,  
 I'll tell you when you come to Town.  
 Further, I have obey'd your Motion.  
 Tho' much provok'd by Pill and Potion,  
 And sent you down some poultry Rhimes,  
 The greatest Grievance of our Times;  
 When such as Nature never made  
 For Poets, daily will invade  
 Wits Empire, both the Stage and Press,  
 And, which is worse, with good Success.

The

*The second Letter from B. to Mr. E.*

IF I can guess the Devil choak me,  
 What horrid Fury cou'd provoke thee  
 To use thy railing scurrilous Wit  
 'Gainst *Cunt* and *Prick* the Source of it:  
 For what but *Cunt* and *Prick* do's raise  
 Our Thoughts to Songs and Roundelays?  
 Enables us to *Anagrams*,  
 And other Amorous Flim-flams?  
 Then we write *Plays*, and so proceed  
 To *Bays*, the Poets sacred Weed.  
 Hast no Respect for God *Priapus*?  
 That antient *Story* shall not scape us.  
*Priapus* was a *Roman God*,  
 But in plain *English*, *Prick* and *Cod*.  
 That pleas'd their Sisters, Wives and Daughters,  
 Guarded their Pippins and Pomwaters;  
 For at the Orchards utmost *Entry*  
 This mighty *Deity* stood *Centry*,  
 Invested in a tatter'd *Blanket*,  
 To scare the *Magpies* from their Banquet:  
 But this may serve to shew we trample  
 On Rule and Method by example  
 Of Modern *Authors*, who to snap at all,  
 Will talk of *Cæsar* in the Capitol,  
 Of *Cintia's* Beams, and *Sol's* bright *Ray*,  
 Known Foe to Butter-milk and *Whey*,  
 Which softens *Wax*, but hardens *Clay*.

All

All this without the least Connexion,  
 Which to say truth's enough to vex one;  
 But farewell all Poetick Dizziness,  
 And now to come unto the business.

Tell the bright *Nymph* how sad and pensively,  
 E're since we us'd her so offensively,  
 In dismal Shades, with Arms a cross,  
 I sit, lamenting of my *Loss*;  
 To *Eccho* I her name commend,  
 Who has it now at her Tongues end,  
 And Parrot-like repeats the same;  
 For shou'd you talk of *Tamberlain*,  
*Cuffey* she cries at the same time,  
 Though the last Accents do not Rhime:  
 Far more than *Eccho* e're did yet  
 For *Phyllis* or bright *Amoret*.

When Pen-knife keen of moderate size,  
 As bright and piercing as her Eyes,  
 A glitt'ring weapon, which wou'd scorn  
 To pair a Nail, or cut a Corn,  
 Upon the Trees of smoothest Bark  
 I Carve her Name or else her Mark,  
 Which commonly's a bleeding Heart,  
 A weeping Eye or flaming Dart.

Here on a *Beech*, like *Am'rous* Sot,  
 I sometimes carve a True-loves Knot,  
 There a tall Oak her Name do's bear,  
 In a large spreading Character:  
 I chose the fairest and the best  
 Of all the Grove; among the rest,  
 I Carv'd it on a lusty Pine,  
 Which wept a Pint of Turpentine;

Such

Such was the terror of her Name,  
 By the Report of evil Fame,  
 Who tired with immoderate flight,  
 Had lodg'd upon his *Boughs* all Night.  
 The weary Tree, who fear'd a Clap,  
 And new the Virtue of his *Sap*,  
 Dropt Balsom into ev'ry Wound,  
 And in an Hours time was Sound.  
 But you are unacquainted yet  
 With half the pow'r of *Amoret*;  
 For she can Drink as well as *Swire*,  
 Her growing Empire still must thrive.  
 Our Hearts, weak Forts, we must resign,  
 When Beauty does it's forces join  
 With Man's strong Enemy, good Wine;  
 This I was told by my Lord O R——  
 A Man whose *Word* I much relie on;  
 He kept touch, and came down hither,  
 When thou wert scar'd with the foul *Weather*:  
 But if thou wou'dst forgiven be,  
 Say that a *Cunt* detained thee;  
*Cunt*, whose strong *Charmes* the *World* bewitches,  
 The Joy of Kings! the *Beggars* Riches!  
 The *Courtiers* *Business*! *States-mans* *Leisure*!  
 The tired *Tinkers* Ease and Pleasure!  
 Of which, alas! I've leave to prate;  
 But oh, the rigor of my Fate!  
 For want of bounding *Bona-Roba*,  
*Lascivia est nobis pagina vita proba.*  
 For that Rhime I was fain to fumble;  
 When *Pegasus* begins to stumble,  
 'Tis time to rest, your very humble.

Mr.

## Mr. E----s Answer.

SO soft and Am'rously you Write  
 Of *Cunt* and *Prick* the *Cunts* Delight,  
 That were I still in *Lamborn* Sweating,  
 Swallowing of *Bolus*, or a Spitting,  
 I shou'd forget each Injury  
 The Pocky Whores have offer'd me,  
 And only of my Fate complain,  
 Because I must from *Cunt* abstain;  
 The powerful *Cunt*! whose very Name  
 Kindles in me an Amorous Flame!  
 Begins to make my Pintle rise,  
 And long again to fight Loves Prize,  
 Forgetful of those many Scars  
 He has received in those Wars.  
 This shews Loves chiefest Magick lies  
 In Womens *Cunts*, not in their Eyes,  
 There *Cupid* does his Revels keep,  
 There Lovers all their Sorrows steep;  
 For having once but tasted that,  
 Our Miseries are quite forgot.  
 This may suffice to let you know  
 That I to *Cunt* am not a Foe.  
 Though you are pleas'd to think me so:  
 'Tis strange his Zeal shou'd be in *Suspicion*  
 Who dies a Martyr for's Religion.  
 But now to give you an Account  
 Of *Cussley*, that whore Paramount!

Cussley!



( 80 )

*Cuffey* ! whose Beauty warms the *Age*.  
And fill our Youth with Love and Rage ;  
Who, like fierce Wolves, pursue the Game,  
While secretly the Letch'rous Dame  
With some Choice Gallant takes her flight,  
And in a Corner Fucks all Night.  
Then the next Morning we all Hunt,  
To find whose Fingers Smell of *Cunt*,  
With Jealousie and Envy mov'd  
Against the Man that was belov'd.  
Whilst you within some neighb'ring Grove  
Indite the Story of your Love,  
And with your Penknife keen and bright  
On stately Trees your Passion write,  
So that each *Nymph* that passes through,  
Must envy her, and pity you ;  
We at the *Fleece* or at the *Bear*,  
With good Case-Knife well whet on Stair,  
A gentle *Weapon*, made to feed  
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed,  
A thousand *Am'rous* Fancies scrape ;  
There's not a Pewter-Dish can scape  
Without her *Name*, or *Arms*, which are  
The same that *Love* himself do's bear.  
Here one, to shew you *Love's* no *Glutton*,  
I th' midst of Supper leaves his Mutton,  
And on a greasie Plate, with Care,  
Carves the bright Image of the Fair.  
Another, though a drunken Sor,  
Neglects his Wine, and on the Pot  
A Band of Naked *Cupids* draws,  
With Pricks no bigger than wheat straws.

Then

( 81 )

Then on a Nasty Candlestick  
One Figures *Love's Hieroglyphick*,  
*A Couchant Cunt* and *Rampant Prick*.  
And that the sight may more inflame  
The Lookers on, subscribes her Name,  
*Cuffey* ! her Sexes Pride and Shame,  
There's not a Man but do's discover  
By some such *Actions* he's a Lover ;  
But now 'tis time to give her over,  
And let your Lordship know you are  
The Mistress that employs our Care :  
Your absence makes us melancholly,  
Nor Drink nor Cunt can make us Jolly,  
Unless w'ave you within our Arms,  
In whom there dwells Diviner Charms,  
Then quit with speed the pentive Grove,  
And here in Town pursue your Love ;  
Where, at your coming you shall find  
Your Servant glad, your Mistress kind,  
And all the things devoted to your Mind ;

With your very

Humble Servant.

---

On Mr. E—H— upon his B—P—

Come on ye Criticks, find one fault who dare,  
For read it backward, like a *Witches* Pray'r,  
'Till do as well ; throw not away your Jests  
On solid *Nonsense*, that abides all *Tests*.  
Wit, like *Tierce-Claret*, when't begins to pall,  
Neglected lies ; and's of no use at all ;

F

But

But in its full perfection of decay,  
 Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.  
 This *Simile* shall stand in thy defence,  
 'Gainst such *dull Rogues* as now and then write *Sense*.  
 He lies, dear *Ned*, who says thy brain is barren,  
 Where deep *Conceits*, like *Vermin*, bred in *Carren*,  
 Thou hast a *Brain*, such as thou hast indeed,  
 On what else shoud' thy worm of *Fancy* feed?  
 Yet in a *Philbert* I have often known  
 Maggots survive, when all the *Kernel's* gone.  
 Thy *Style's* the same, whatever be the *Töeme*,  
 As some *Digestions* turns all *Mear* to *Plegm*.  
 Thy stumbling founde'r'd *Jade* can trot as high  
 As any other *Pegasus* can fly.  
 Asskilful *Divers* to the bottom fall  
 Sooner than those that cannot *Swim* at all;  
 So in this way of writing, without thinking,  
 Thou hast a strange *Alacrity* in sinking,  
 Thou writ'st below even thy own nat'ral *Parts*,  
 And with acquir'd *Dulness* and new *Arts*  
 Of studied *Nonsense*, tak'st kind *Readers* *Hearts*.  
 So the *dull Eel* moves nimbler in the *Mud*,  
 Than all the swift fin'd *Racers* of the *Flood*.  
 Therefore dear *Ned*, at my *Advice* forbear  
 Such loud *Complaints* 'gainst *Criticks* to prefer,  
 Since thou art turn'd an arrant *Libeller*:  
 Thou sett'st thy *Name* to what thy self dost write,  
 Did ever *Libel* yet so sharply bite?

On the same Author, upon his B—P—

A S when a *Bully* draws his *Sword*  
 Though no *Man* gives him a cross word,  
 And

And all *Perfwasions* are in vain,  
 To make him put it up again;  
 Each *Man* draws too, and falls upon him,  
 To take the wicked *Weapon* from him:  
 Ev'n so, dear *Ned*, thy *desprate* *Pen*  
 No less disturbs all witty *Men*,  
 And makes 'em wonder what a *Devil*  
 Provokes thee to be so *Uncivil*;  
 When thou and all thy *Friends* must know 'em,  
 Thou yet wilt dare to *Print* thy *Poem*.  
 That poor *Curs* *Fate* and thine are one,  
 Who has his *Tail* pegg'd in a *Bone*;  
 About he runs, no body 'ill one him,  
*Men*, *Boys* and *Dogs* are all upon him.  
 And first the greater *Wits* were at thee;  
 Now ev'ry little *Fool* will pat thee;  
*Fellows* that ne're were heard or read of  
 (If thou writ'st on) will write thy *Head* off.  
 Thus *Mastives* only have the *knack*  
 To cast the *Bare* upon his back;  
 But when th' unwieldy *Beast* is thrown,  
*Mungrils* will serve to keep him down.

On the same Author, upon his *New Ut*—

THou damn'd *Antipodes* to *Common Sense*,  
 Thou *Foil of Fluence*! prithee tell from whence  
 Do's all this mighty *Rock of Dulness Spring*,  
 Which in such loads thou to the *Stage* dost bring?  
 It's all thine own? or hast thou from *Snow-bill*  
 Th' assurance of some *Ballard-making Quill*?

No, they fly higher yet ; thy *Plays* are such  
 I'd swear they were translated out of *Dutch* :  
 And who the Devil was e're yet so drunk,  
 To read the Volumes of *Myn Heer Van Dunk* ?  
 Fain would I know what Diet thou dost keep,  
 If thou dost always, or dost never sleep ?  
 Sure Hasty-pudding is thy chiefest Dish,  
 With Lights and Livers, and with stinking Fish.  
 Ox-check, tripe, garbage, thou dost treat thy Brain,  
 Which nobly pays this *Tribute back* again.  
 With Dazy-rooms, the Dwarfish Mule is fed,  
 A Giants Body, with a Pigmies Head.  
 Canst thou not find 'mongst all thy num'rous Race  
 One Friend so kind, to tell thee that thy *Play's*  
 Laught at by Box, Pit, Gallery, nay Stage,  
 And grown the nauseous Grievance of this *Age* ?  
 Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find  
 Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind,  
 No other use of Paper thou shoudst make,  
 But carrying Loads of Rhimes upon thy Back ;  
 Carry vast Burthens, till thy shouldiers shrink,  
 But Curst be he that gives thee Pen and Ink ;  
 Those dang'rous weapons shou'd be kept from Fools  
 As Nurses from their Children keep Edg-tools.  
 For thy dull *Muse* a Muckender were fit,  
 To wipe the Slav'rings of her Infant-wit ;  
 Which, tho' 'tis late (if Justice could be found)  
 Shou'd like blind new-born *Puppies*, yet be drown'd  
 For were it not Respect we must afford  
 To any *Muse* that's Grand-child to a Lord,  
 Thine in the Ducking-stool shou'd take her Seat,  
 Drencht like her self in a great Chair of state,  
 Where

Where like a *Muse* of *Quality* she'l Die,  
 And thou thy self shalt make her *Elegy* ;  
 In the same strain thou writ'st thy *Comedy*.

### *The Disappointment.*

1.  
 ONE Day the *Amarous Lisander*,  
 By an impatient Passion sway'd,  
 Surpris'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,  
 Who cou'd defend her self no longer ;  
 All things did with his Love conspire,  
 The gilded Planet of the Day,  
 In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,  
 War now descending to the Sea,  
 And left no Light to guide the *World*,  
 But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

2.  
 In alone *Thicket*, made for Love,  
 Silent as yielding Maids Consent,  
 She with a charming Languishment  
 Permits his force, yet gently strove ?  
 Her Hands his *Bosom* softly meet,  
 But not to put him back design'd,  
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,  
 Whilst he lay trembling at her feet ;  
 Resistance 'tis to late to shew,  
 She wants the power to say — *All* what do you do ?

3.  
 Her bright Eyes sweat, and yet Severe,  
 Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,

Fresh Vigor to *Lisander* give :  
 And whispering softly in his Ear,  
 She Cry'd—*Cease—cease—your vain desire,*  
*Or I'll call out—What wou'd you do ?*  
*My dearer Honour, ev'n to got,*  
*I cannot—must not give—retire,*  
*Or take that Life whose chiefeft part*  
*I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.*

4.

But he as much unus'd to fear,  
 As he was capable of Love,  
 The blessed Minutes to improve,  
 Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair !  
 Each touch her new Desires alarms !  
 His burning trembling *Hand* he prest  
 Upon her melting Snowy Breast,  
 While she lay panting in his Arms !  
 All her unguarded Beauties lie  
 The *Spoils* and *Trophies* of the Enemy.

5.

And now, without Respect or Fear,  
 He seeks the Objects of his Vows ;  
 His Love no Modesty allows :  
 By swift degrees advancing where  
 His daring *Hand* that Alter seiz'd,  
 Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice ;  
 That awful *Throne*, that Paradise,  
 Where Rage is tam'd, and *Anger* pleas'd ;  
 That Living *Fountain*, from whose *Trills*  
 The melted Soul in liquid Drops distils.

6 Her

6.

Her balmy Lips encountering his,  
 Their *Bodies* as their Souls they joyn'd,  
 Where both in *Transports* were confin'd,  
 Extend themselves upon the *Moss*.  
*Cloris* half dead and breathless lay,  
 Her Eyes appear'd like humid *Light*,  
 Such as divides the *Day* and *Night*,  
 Or falling Stars whose fires decay ;  
 And now no signs of Life she shows,  
 But what in short-breath-sighs returns and goes.

7.

He saw how at her length she lay,  
 He saw her rising *Bosom* bare,  
 Her loose thin *Robes*, through which appear  
 A Shape design'd for *Love* and *Play* ;  
 Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,  
 She do's her softest Sweets *dispen*ce,  
 Offring her Virgin-Innocence  
 A *Victim* to Loves Sacred Flame ;  
 Whilst th' or'e ravish'd Shepherd lies,  
 Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

8.

Ready to taste a *Thousand* Joys,  
 Thee too transported hapless Swain,  
 Found the vast *Pleasure* turn'd to Pain :  
*Pleasure*, which too much Love destroys !  
 The willing Garment by he laid,  
 And Heav'n all open to his view ;  
 Mad to possess, himself he threw  
 On the defenceless lovely Maid .

F 4

But

( 88 )

But oh ! what envious Gods conspire  
To snatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Desire !

9.

Natures support, without whose *Aid*  
She can no humane Being give,  
It self now wants the *Art* to live,  
Faintness it slacken'd *Nerves* invade :  
In vain th' enraged Youth affaid  
To call his fleeting Vigour back,  
No Motion 'twill from Motion take,  
Excess of Love is Love betray'd ;  
In vain he Toils, in vain Commands,  
Th' Insensible fell weeping in his Hands.

10

In this so *Am'rous* cruel strife,  
Where Love and Fate were too severe,  
The poor *Lisander* in *Despair*,  
Renounc'd his *Reason* with his *Life*.  
Now all the Brisk and Active *Fire*  
That should the Nobler *Part* inflame,  
Inactive Frigid, Dull became,  
And left no *Spark* for new Desire ;  
Not all her Naked Charms cou'd move,  
Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

11.

*Cloris* returning from the *Trance*.  
*Which* Love and soft Desire had bred,  
Her tim'rous *Hand* she gently laid,  
Or guided by Design or Chance,  
Upon that Fabulous *Priapus*,  
That Potent God (as Poets feign.)  
But never did young Shepherdess  
(Garth'ring of *Fern* upon the Plain)

More

( 89 )

More nimbly draw her Fingers back,  
Finding beneath the *Verdant Leaves* a Snake.

12.

Then *Cloris* her fair *Hand* withdrew,  
Finding that God of her Desires  
Disarm'd of all his pow'ful Fires,  
And cold as *Flowers* barb'd in the *Morning-dew*.  
Who can the *Nymphs* Confusion guess ?  
The Blood forsook the kinder place,  
And strew'd with *Blushes* all her Face,  
Which both Disdain and Shame express ;  
And from *Lisanders* Arms she fled  
Leaving him fainting on the gloom *Bed*.

13.

Like *Lightning* through the *Grove* she hies,  
Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God ;  
No Print upon the Grassie Road  
She leaves, & instruct pursuing Eyes.  
The Wind that wanton'd in her *Hair*,  
And with her ruffled Garments plaid,  
Discover'd in the flying Maid  
All that the Gods e're made of *Fair*.  
So *Venus*, when her Love was Slain,  
With *fear* and *haste* flew o're the fatal Plain.

14.

The *Nymphs* resentments, none but I  
Can well imagin, and Condole ;  
But none can guess *Lisander's* Soul,  
But those who sway'd his *Destiny* :  
His silent Griefs, swell up to *Storms*,  
And not one God, his Fury spares,  
He Curs'd his *Birth*, his *Fate*, his *Stars*,

But

But more the *Shepherd's* Charms;  
Whose sof bewitching influence,  
Had Damn'd him to the *Hell* of *Impotence*.

x On a *Giniper-Tree*, now Cut down to make *Busks*.

**W**Hilst happy I triumphant stood,  
The Pride and Glory of the *Wood*,  
My *Aromatick Poughs* and *Fruit*,  
Did with all other *Trees* dispute;  
Had right by *Nature* to excel,  
In pleasing both the *Taste* and *Smell*.  
But to the touch, I must confess,  
Bore an unwilling fullness:  
My *Wealth*, like *Bashful Virgins*, I,  
Yielding with some reluctancy;  
For which my value shou'd be more,  
Not giving easily my store.  
My *Verdant Branches*, all the Year,  
Did an *Eternal Beauty* wear,  
Did ever *Yong and Gay* appear;  
Nor needed any *Tribute* pay,  
For *Bounties* from the *God of Day*.  
Nor do I hold *Supremacy*,  
In all the *Wood*, o're every *Tree*,  
But ev'n those too of my own *Race*,  
That grew not in this happy place;  
But that in which I glory most.  
And do my self with reason boast;  
Beneath my shade the other *Day*,  
Young *Philocles*, and *Cloris*, lay.

Upon

Upon my *Root*, he plac'd her *Head*,  
And where I grew, he made her *Bed*;  
Their trembling *Limbs* did gently press,  
The kind supporting yielding *Moss*;  
Ne're half so blest as now to bear  
A *Swain* so Young, a *Nymph* so Fair.  
My grateful *Shade*! kindly lent,  
And ev'ry aiding *Bough* I bent  
So low, as sometimes had the *Bliss*,  
To rob the *Shepherd* of a *Kiss*.  
Whilst he in *Pleasures* far above  
The sense of that degree of *Love*!  
Permitted ev'ry stealth I made,  
Unjealous of his *Rival* shade.  
I saw 'em kindle to desire!  
Whilst with soft *Sighs*, they blew the *Fire*!  
Saw the approaches of their *Joy*,  
He growing more fierce, and she less *Coy*!  
Saw how they mingled melting *Rays*!  
Exchanging *Love* a *Thousand* ways!  
Kind was the force on ev'ry side:  
Her new *Desires* she cou'd not hid,  
Nor wou'd the *Shepherd* be deny'd!  
Impatient, he waits no *Consent*,  
But what she gave by *Languishment*.  
The *Blessed Minute* he pursu'd,  
Whilst *Love* her *Fear* and *Shame* subdu'd;  
And now transported in his *Arms*,  
Yields to the *Conqueror* all her *Charms*!  
His panting *Breast* to hers new join'd,  
They feast on *Raptures*, unconfin'd!

Vast

Vast and Luxuriant, such as prove  
 The Immortality of Love!  
 For who but a Divinity,  
 Cou'd mingle Souls to that degree,  
 And melt 'em into Extasie!  
 Where, like the *Phoenix*, both expire,  
 Whilst from the *Ashes* of their Fire  
 Sprung up a *New*, and soft desire:  
 Like *Charmers*, Thrice they did invoke  
 The *God*; and Thrice new Vigour took;  
 And had the *Nymph* been halt so kind,  
 As was the *Shepherd* well inclin'd;  
 The *Myst'ry* had not ended there;  
 But *Cloris* reassum'd her Fear,  
 And Chid the *Swain*, for having prest,  
 What she (alas) cou'd not resist:  
 Whilst he, in whom *Love's* sacred flame  
 Before, and after was the same,  
 Humbly implores she wou'd forget  
 That fault, which he wou'd yet repeat;  
 From active Joys, which shame they hast,  
 To a Reflection on the past;  
 A Thousand Times the *Covert* bless,  
 That did secure their Happiness;  
 Their Gratitude to ev'ry *Tree*  
 They pay, but most to happy me!  
 The *Shepherdes* my *Bark* Carrest,  
 Whilst he my *Root* (*Love's Pillow*) Kist,  
 And did with Sighs thier *Fate* deplore,  
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.  
 And if before. my Joys were such,  
 In having seen, and heard to much;

My

My Griefs must be as great and high,  
 When all abandon'd I must lie,  
 Doom'd to a silent Destiny:  
 No more the Am'rous Strife to hear,  
 The *Shepherds* Vows, the *Virgins* fear;  
 No, more a joyful locker on,  
 Whilst *Loves* soft *Battel's* lost and won.  
 With Grief I bow'd my murr'ring Head,  
 And all my *Christal Dew* I shed,  
 Which did in *Cloris* pity move;  
*Cloris* whose *Soul* is made of Love.  
 She cut me down, and did translate  
 My Being to a happier State?  
 No *Martyr* for *Religion* Dy'd,  
 With halt that unconsidering Pride;  
 My Top was on the *Altar* laid,  
 Where *Love* his softest Off'rings paid,  
 And was a fragrant *Incence* burn'd;  
 My *Body*, into *Busks* was turn'd.  
 Where I still guard the sacred Store,  
 And of *Loves Temple*, keep the Door.

---

On the Death of Mr Greenhill, the Famous Painter.

What doleful Cries are these that fright my  
 (Sense,  
 Sad, as the Groans of dying Innocence!  
 The Killing *Accents* now more near approach,  
 And the infectious sound  
 Spreads, and enlarges all around,  
 And does all *Hearts* with grief and wonder touch!  
 The

The Famous *Greenhill's* Dead, ev'n He  
 That cou'd to us give Immortality,  
 Is to th' Eternal, silent *Groves* withdrawn,  
 Those fallen *Groves*, of Everlasting Dawn;  
 Youthful as *Flow'rs* scarce blown, whose opening  
 A wond'rous and a fragrant *Prospect* gives, (*Leaves*  
 Of what its Elder *Beauties* wou'd display,  
 When it shou'd flourish up to ripening *May*!  
 Witty as *Poets*, warm'd with *Love* and *Wine*,  
 Yet still spar'd *Heav'n* and his *Friend*;  
 For both to him, were Sacred and Divine,  
 Nor cou'd he this, no more than that offend:  
 Fixt as a *Martyr*, where he *Friendship* paid,  
 And gen'rous as a *God*!  
 Distributing his *Bounties* all abroad,  
 And soft, and gentle, as a *Love-sick Maid*.  
 Great *Master*, of the Noblest *Mystery*  
 That ever happy knowledg did inspire;  
 Sacred as that of *Poetry*! (mire!)  
 And which the wondring *World* does equally ad-  
 Great *Natures* Works we do contemn,  
 When on his glorious *Births* we meditate,  
 The *Face*, and *Eyes*, more *Darts* receiv'd from him,  
 Than all the *Charms* she can create:  
 The diff'nce is, his *Beauties* do beget  
 In the Enamour'd *Soul* a virtuous heat,  
 Whilst *Nature* grosser pieces move  
 In the course *Road* of common *Love*.  
 So bold, yet soft, his touches were,  
 So round each part, so Sweet and Fair,  
 That as his *Pencil* mov'd, Men thought it prest  
 The lively imitating rising *Breast*,  
 Which yields like *Clouds*, where little *Angels* rest!

The *Limbs* all easie, as his *Temper* was,  
 Strong as his *Mind*, and *Manly* too;  
 Large as his *Soul*, his *Fancy* was, and new;  
 And from himself he Copy'd ev'ry grace,  
 For he had all that cou'd Adorn a *Face*,  
 All that cou'd either *Sex* subdue.  
 Each excellence he had that *Youth* has in its pride,  
 And all experienc'd *Age* can teach;  
 At once the vig'rous *Fire* of this,  
 And ev'ry *Virtue*, which that can express,  
 In all the hight that both cou'd reach!  
 And yet (alas) in this perfection Dy'd!  
 Dropt like a Blossom, with a *Northern* blast,  
 When all the scatter'd *Leaves* abroad are cast,  
 As quick! as if his *Fate* had been in hast!  
 So have I seen an unfit *Star*  
 Out-shine the rest of all the num'rous *Train*,  
 (As bright as that which guides the *Marriner*)  
 Dart swiftly from its darkn'd *Spear*,  
 And ne're shall light the *World* again!  
 Oh why shou'd so much knowledg Die!  
 Or with his last kind *Breath*,  
 Why cou'd he not to some one *Friend* bequeath  
 The mighty *Legacy*!  
 But 'twas a knowledg giv'n to him alone,  
 That his Eterniz'd *Name* might be  
 Admir'd to all *Posterity*,  
 By all to whom his greatful *Name* was known!  
 Come all ye foster *Beauties*, come!  
 Bring *Wreaths* of *Flow'rs* to deck his *Tomb*,  
 Mixt with the dismal *Cypress*, and *Tew*,  
 For he still gave your *Charms* their due,

And



And from the Injuries of *Age* and *Time*,  
 Secur'd the sweetness of your prime,  
 And best know how t' Adore that sweetness too !  
 Bring all your Mournful *Tributes* here,  
 And let your *Eyes* a silent sorrow wear,  
 Till ev'ry *Virgin* for a while become  
 Sad as his *Fate*, and like his *Pictures* dumb.

To all curious Criticks and Admirers of Meeter.

**H**AVE you seen the raging Stormy *Main*-  
 Toss a *Ship* up; then cast her down again ?  
 Sometimes she seems to touch the very *Skies*,  
 And then again upon the *Sand* she lies.  
 Or have you seen a *Bull*, when he is Jealous,  
 How he does tear the ground, and Roars and Bel-  
 Or have you seen the pretty *Turtle Dove*, (lows ?  
 When she laments the absence of her Love !  
 Or have you seen the *Faries*, when they Sing,  
 And Dance with Mirth together in a *Ring* ?  
 Or have you seen our *Gallants* make a pudder  
 With *Fair* and *Grace*, and *Grace*, and *Fair Anstrud*-  
 Or have you seen the *Daughter* of *Apollo*, (dirt ?  
 Pour down their Rhyming *Liquors* in a hallow  
 In spongy *Brain*, congealing into *Verse* ; (Cane ?  
 If you have seen all this, then Kiss mine *A—se*.

Satyr.

**A.** **W**Hat *Tim'n* does old *Age* begin t' approach,  
 That thus thou droop'it under a *Nights*  
 (Debauch ?  
 Ha!t

Ha!t thou lost deep to needy *Rogues* on Tick,  
 Who ne're cou'd pay, and must be paid next *Week* ?  
*Tim*. Neither alas, but a dull Dining *Sot*,  
 Seiz'd me ith' *Mail*, who just my Name had got ;  
 He runs upon me, cries dear *Rogue* I'm thine,  
 With me some *Wits*, of thy acquaintance Dine.  
 I tell him I'm engag'd, but as a *Whore*  
 With Modesty enslaves her *Spark*, the more,  
 The longer I deny'd the more he press'd,  
 At last I e'ne consent to be his *Guest*.  
 He takes me in his *Coach*, and as we go  
 Pulls out a *Libel*, of a Sheet or two ;  
 Insipid, as, *The praise of pious Queens*,  
 Or S—— unassisted former *Scenes* ;  
 Which he admir'd, and prais'd at every *Line*,  
 At last it was so sharp, it must be mine.  
 I Vow'd I was no more a *Wit* than he,  
 Unpractic'd, and unblest in *Poetry* :  
 A *Song* to *Phillis*, I perhaps might make,  
 But never Rhym'd but for my *Pintles* sake :  
 I envy'd no *Man's* Fortune, nor his Fame,  
 Nor ever thought of a *Revenge* so tame.  
 He knew my *Stile*, he swore, and 'twas in vain,  
 Thus to deny the Issue of my *Brain*.  
 Choak'd with his flatt'ry, I no Answer make,  
 But silent leave him to his dear mistake.  
 Of a well meaning *Fool* I'm most afraid,  
 Who sillily repeats what was well said.  
 But this was not the worst, when he came home,  
 He askt, are *Sidley*, *Buckhurst*, *Savil*, come ?  
 No, but there were a bove *Half-wit* and *Huff*,  
*Kickum*, and *Dingboy*. Oh 'tis well enough,  
 G They're

They're all brave *Fellows*, crys mine *Host*, let's Dine;  
 I long to have my *Belly* full of *Wine*;  
 They'l Write, and Fight I dare assure you,  
 They're Men, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*.  
 I saw my error, but 'twas now too late,  
 No means, nor hopes, appears of a retreat.  
 Well we salute, and each *Man* takes his Seat.  
*Boy* (says my *Sot*) is my *Wife* ready yet!  
 A *Wife*, good *Gods*! a *Fop* and *Bullys* too!  
 For one poor *Meal*, what must I undergo?  
 In comes my *Lady* strait, she had been *Fair*,  
 Fit to give Love, and prevent Despair,  
 But *Age*, *Beauties* incurable Disease,  
 Had left her more desire, than pow'r to please.  
 As *Cocks* will strike, although their *Spurs* be gone,  
 She with her old blear *Eyes* to smite begun:  
 Though nothing else, she (in despite of time)  
 Preserv'd the affectation of her prime;  
 However you begun, she brought in Love,  
 And hardly from that Subject wou'd remove.  
 We chang'd to speak of the *French Kings* success.  
 My *Lady* wonder'd much how *Heav'n* cou'd bless,  
 A *Man*, that Lov'd two *Women* at one time;  
 But more how he to them excus'd his Crime.  
 She askt *Fluff*: it *Loves* flame he never felt?  
 He answer'd bluntly, Do you think I'm gelt?  
 She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,  
*Love* in Young *Minds*, proceeds ev'n *Poetry*.  
 You to that *Passion* can no *Stranger* be,  
 But *Wits* are giv'n to *Inconstancy*.  
 She had run on I think till now, but *Meat*.  
 Came up, and suddenly she took her Seat,

I thought the *Dinner* wou'd make some amends,  
 When my good *Host* crys out, y'are all my *Friends*,  
 Our own plain *Fair*, and the best *Terse* the *Bull*  
*Affords*, I'll give you and your *Bellies* full:  
 As for *French Kickshaws*, *Cellery*, and *Champoon*,  
*Ragous* and *Fricasses*, in troth we've none. (thait  
 Here's a good *Dinner* towards, thought I, when  
 Up comes a piece a *Beef*, full *Horsmans* weight;  
 Hard as the *Arse* of *M——*, under which  
 The *Coachman* sweats, as *Ridden* by a *Witch*.  
 A Dish of *Carrets*, each of them as long  
 As *Tool*, that to fair *Countess* did belong;  
 Which her small *Pillow* cou'd not so well hide,  
 But *Visters* his flaming *Hand* espy'd.  
*Pig*, *Goose*, and *Capon*, follow'd in the *Rear*,  
 With all that *Country Bumpkins* call good *Cheer*.  
 Serv'd up with *Sauces* all of *Eighty Eight*,  
 When our tough *Youth*, wrestled, and threw the  
 And now the *Battle* briskly flies about, (*Weight*.  
 Instead of *Ice*, wrapt in a wet *Clout*.  
 A *Brimmer* follows the *Third Bit* we Eat,  
 Small *Beer* becomes our drink, and *Wine* our *Meat*.  
 The *Table* was so large, that in less space,  
 A *Man* might save six old *Italians* place:  
 Each *Man* had as much room, as *Porter B——*,  
 Or *Harris* had, in *Cullens Raskel C——*.  
 And now the *Wine* began to work, mine *Host*  
 Had been a *Colonel*, we must hear him boast  
 Not of *Towns* won, but an *Estate* he lost  
 For the *Kings Service*, which indeed he spent  
 Whoring, and Drinking, but with good intent:  
 He talkt much of a *Plot*, and *Mony* lent

In *Cromwell's* time. My *Lady* she  
Complain'd our Love was course, our Poetry  
Unfit for modest Ears, small Whores, and Play'rs.  
Were of our Hair-brain'd Youth, the only cares ;  
Who were too wild for any virtuous League,  
Too rotten to consummate the Intrigue.

*Falkland* she prais'd, and *Sucklings* easie Pen,  
And seem'd to tast their former parts again.  
Mine *Host* drinks to the best in *Chrifendom*,  
And decently wy *Lady* quits the Room.

Left to our selves, of several things we prate,  
Some regulate the Stage, and some the State.

*Halfwit* cries up my Lord of O —,

Ah how well *Mustapha*, and *Zanger Dye* !

His Sense so little forc'd, that by one Line,

You may the other easly Divine :

*And which is worse, if any worse can be,*

*He never said one word of it to me.*

There's fine Poetry ! you'd swear 'twere Prose,

So little on the Sense, the Rhymes inipose.

Damme (says *Ding-boy*) in my mind Gods-swounds,

*E*—writes *Airy Songs*, and soft *Lampoons*,

The best of any Man ; as for your *Nouns*,

*Grammer*, and Rules of Art, he knows 'em not,

Yet writ Two Talking Plays, without one Plot.

*H*—was for *S*—and *Morocco* prais'd, (rais'd.

Said rumbling words, like Drums, his Courage

*Whose* broad-built bulks, the boyf'rons *Billows* bear ;

*Zaphce* and *Sally*, *Mugadore*, *Oran*,

*The* sum'd *Arzile*, *Alcazer*, *Tituan*.

Was ever braver Language writ by Man ?

*Kickum*

*Kickum* for *Crown* declar'd, said in *Romance*,  
He had out-done the very *Wits* of *France*.

Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles* the *Eight*,  
Where a young *Monarch*, careless of his Fate,  
Though Foreign Troops, & *Rebels*, thock his State,  
Complains another sight afflicts him more ;

(*Videl.*) The *Queens* *Galleys* rowing from the shoar,

*Fitting* their *Oars* and *Tacking* to be gone,

*Whilft* sporting *Waves* smil'd on the rising Sun.

*Waves* smiling on the Sun ! I'm sure that's new,  
And 'twas well thought on, give the *Diuel* his due.

Mine *Host*, who had said nothing in an hour,  
Rose up and prais'd the *Indian* *Emperour*.

*As if* our *Old World* modestly with-drew,

*And here* in private had brought forth a *New*.

There are two *Lines* ! who but he durst presume  
To make the old *World* a new withdrawing Room,

Where of another *World* she's brought to *Bed* !

What a brave *Midwife* is a *Laureat's* Head !

But *Pox* of all these *Scriblers*, what d'e think,

Will *Seuches* this Year any *Champoon* dring ?

Will *Turenne* Fight him ? without doubt, says *Huff*,

If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.

Damme (says *Dingboy*) the *French*, *Cowards* are,

They pay, but the *English*, *Scots*, & *Swiths* make *War* :

In gawdy *Troops*, at a *Review* they shine,

But dare not with the *Germans*, *Battle* joine ;

What now appears like Courage, is not so,

'Tis a short *Pride*, which from success does grow

On the'r first *Blow*, they'll shrink into those *Fears*

They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, *Poytiers* ;

Their loss was Infamous, *Honour* so stain'd,  
 Is by a *Nation* not to be regain'd. (brave,  
 What they were then I know not, now they're  
 He that denies it, lies, and is a *Slave*,  
 (Says *Huff*, and frown'd;) says *Dingboy*, that do I,  
 And at that word, at t'others *Head* let fly  
 A greasie *Plate*, when suddenly they all  
 Together by the *Ears* in Parties fall:  
*Halfwit* with *Dingboy* joyns, *Kickum* with *Huff*;  
 Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em Cuff  
 Till they mine *Host*, and I, had all enough.  
 Their Rage once over, they begin to Treat,  
 And Six fresh *Bottles* must the Peace Compleat.  
 I ran down Stairs with a Vow never more  
 To drink Beer-Glass, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

*A Session of the Poets.*

Since the *Sons* of the *Muses* grew num'rous, and (loud,  
 For th' appeasing so factious, & clam'rous a Crowd  
*Apollo* thought fit in so weighty a Cause,  
 T' Establish a Government, *Leader*, and *Laws*.  
 The hopes of the *Bays*, at his Summoning Call,  
 Had drawn 'em together, the *Devil* and all; (sing,  
 All thronging and listning, they gap'd for the Bless-  
 No *Presbyter Sermon* had more crowding and pref-  
 In the *Head* of the *Gang* *J--D--* appear'd, (sing.  
 That Ancient grave *Wit*, so long lov'd and fear'd;  
 But *Apollo* had heard a Story i'th' *Town*,  
 Of his quitting the *Muses*, to wear a *Black Gown*;  
 And so gave him leave, now his *Poetry*'s done,  
 To let him turn *Priest*, now *R---* is turn'd *Nun*.  
 This

This Reverend *Author* was no sooner set by,  
 But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye,  
 And frankly confest, of all Men that writ, (Wit;  
 There's none had more Fancy, Sense, Judgment, &  
 But i'th' crying Sin, Idleness, he was so harden'd,  
 That his long Sev'n Years silence, was not to be  
 (pardon'd.

*Brawny W--* was the next Man shew'd his Face,  
 But *Apollo* e'ne thought him too good for the place;  
 No *Gentleman* *Writer* that Office shou'd bear,  
 'Twas a *Trader* in *Wit*, the *Lawrel* shou'd wear;  
 As none but a *Citt*, e're makes a *Lord Mayor*.

Next into the Crowd, *Tom S---* does wallow,  
 And Swears by his *Guts*, his *Faunch*, and his *Tallow*;  
 'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age,  
 Himself and his *Wife* have supported the Stage.  
*Apollo*, well pleas'd with so Bonny a *Lad*,  
 T'oblige him, he told him he shou'd be huge glad,  
 Had he half so much *Wit*, as he fancy'd he had.  
 However to please so *Jovial* a *Wit*,  
 And to keep him in humour, *Apollo* thought fit,  
 T'bid him drink on, and keep his Old Trick  
 Of railing at *Poets*, and shewing his *Prick*.

*N---L---* stept in next, in hopes of a *Prize*,  
*Apollo* remember'd he had hit once in *Thrice*;  
 By the *Ruby's* in's Face, he cou'd not deny,  
 But he had as much *Wit* as *Wine* cou'd supply;  
 Confest that indeed he had a *Musical Note*,  
 But sometimes strain'd so hard, that he rattled i'th'

(Throat,  
 Yet owning he had *Sense*, t' encourage him for't,  
 He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's Court*.

Poet S--- his Tryal, was the next came about,  
He brought him an *Ibrahim*, with the Preface torn  
(out;

And humbly desir'd, he might give no offence;  
God damme cry S--- he cannot write sence,  
And Ballocks, cry'd *Newport*, I hate that dull *Rogue*;  
*Apollo*, consid'ring he was not in Vogue, (Fool,  
Wou'd not trust his dear *Bays*, with so modest a  
And bid the great *Boy*, shou'd be sent back to *School*;

*Tom O*---came next, *Tom S*---, dear *Zany*;  
And swears for *Heroicks*, he writes best of any;  
*Don C*---his Pockets so amply had fill'd, (all kill'd.  
That his *Mange* was quite cur'd, and his *Lice* were  
But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,  
And prudently did not think fit to engage,  
The scum of a *Play-house*, for the Prop of an *Age*.  
In the numerous Herd, that encompass him round,  
Little starcht *Fonny C*---at his Elbow he found,  
His *Crevat-string* new Iron'd, he gently did stretch  
His Lilly-white hand out, the *Lawrel* to reach;  
All'edging that he had most right to the *Bays*,  
For writing *Romances*, and shiting of *Plays*.

*Apollo* rose up, and gravely confest,  
Of all *Men* that writ, his *Talent* was best:  
For since pain, and dishonor, *Mans* life only damn,  
The greatest felicity *Mankind* can claim,  
Is to want sence of smart, & be past sence of shame:  
And to perfect his *Bliss*, in *Poetical Rapture*,  
He bid him be dull to the end of the *Chapter*.

The *Poetess Afra*, next shew'd her sweet Face,  
And swore by her *Poetry*, and her black *Ace*,

The

The *Lawrel*, by a double right was her own,  
For the *Plays* she had writ, and the *Conquests* she  
(had won:

*Apollo* acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,  
Yet to deal frankly, and ingeniously by her,  
He told her, were *Conquests*, and *Charms*, her pre-  
(tence,

She ought to have pleaded a *Dozen* Years since.

*Anababaluthu* put in for a share,  
And little *Tom Essences Author*, was there,  
Nor cou'd D--- forbear for the *Lawrel* to stickle  
Protesting he had had the *Honour* to tickle  
The Ears of the *Town*, with his dear *Madam Fickle*.

With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,  
But they're too long too stand in my *Verse*.

*Apollo*, quite tir'd with their tedious *Harrangue*,  
Finds at last *Tom B*--- Face in the Gang,  
And since Poets, with the kind *Play'rs*, may hang,  
By his own light, he solemnly swore,  
That in search of a *Laureat*, he'd look out no more.

A general murmur ran quite through the *Hall*,  
To think that the *Bays* to an *Actor* shou'd fall,  
But *Apollo*, to quiet, and pacifie all;  
E'ne told, 'em to put his desert to the Test,  
That he made *Plays*, as well as the best:

And was the greatest wonder the *Age* ever bore,  
For of all the *Play-Scriblers*, that e're writ before,  
His wit, had most worth, and most modest in't,  
For he had writ, *Plays*, yet ne'e came in Print.

Satyr.

## S A T Y R.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carcere dignum  
Sivis esse aliquis--Indemfat.*

Suppos'd to be spoken by a Court Heſtor.

Pindarique.

NOW Curses on ye all, ye virtuous *Fools*,  
Who think to Fetter Free-born *Souls*,  
And tie 'em up to dull *Mortality*, and *Rules*;  
The *Stagyrite*, be damn'd, and all the *Crew*,  
Of learn'd *Idiots*, who his steps pursue:  
And those most silly *Proselites*, whom his fond pre-  
cepts drew! (drown'd,

Oh had his *Ethicks* been with their wild *Author*  
Or a like Fate, with those lost Writings found,  
which that grand *Plagiary*, doom'd to *Fire*,  
And made by unjust *Flames* expire,

They ne're had then seduc'd *Mortality*,  
Ne're lusted to debauch the *World*, with their lewd  
(*Pedantry*.

But damn'd, and more (if *Hell* can do't) be that  
(Thrice Curſed Name,

Who are the Rudiments of Law design'd;  
Who'er did the First *Model* of *Religion* frame,  
And by that double *Vassalage* enthral'd *Mankind*;  
By nought before, but their own pow'r, or will  
(confin'd:

Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive liberty,  
And *Slaves* to each capricious *Monarchs* Tyranny.  
More happy *Bruites*! who the great Rule of sense  
(observe,

And

And ne're from their First Charter ſwerve.  
Happy whose Lives are meerly to enjoy,  
And feel no stings of Sin, which may their Bliss an-  
Still unconcern'd, at *Epithetes* of ill or good, (noy;  
Distinctions unadult'rate *Nature*, never understood

2.

Hence! hated *Virtue*, from our goodly *Iſle*!  
No more our Joys beguile! (happy State;  
No more with thy leath'd presence plague our  
Thou *Enemy* to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave, or  
Be gonel with all thy pious meager *Train*, (great!  
To some unfruitful, unfrequented *Land*,

And there an *Empire* gain,  
And there extend thy rigorous command:  
There where illib'ral *Natures* Nigardice,  
Has set a *Tax* on *Vice*!

Where the lean barren *Region* does enhance,  
The worth of dear intemperance!  
And for each pleasurable Sin, exacts *Excise*!  
We (thanks to *Heav'n*) more cheaply can offend.

And want no tempting *Luxuries*,  
No good convenient Sinning opportunities.  
Which *Natures* bounty cou'd bellow, or *Heav'n's*  
(kindness lend!

Go follow that Nice *Goddeſs* to the *Skies*!  
Who heretofore disgust'd an encreasing *Vice*,  
Dislik'd the *World*, and thought it too profane,  
And timely hence retir'd, & kindly ne're return'd  
Hence! to those Airy *Mansions* rove, (again;  
Converse with *Saints*, and holy *Flocks* above!

Those may thy presence wooe,  
Whose lazy ease, affords 'em nothing else to do;  
Where

Where haughty scornful I, (Company :  
And my great *Friends*, will ne're vouch safe thee  
Thou art now a hard unpracticable good,  
Too difficult for *Flesh* and *Blood*, (practice thee.  
Where I all Soul like them, perhaps I'd learn to

3.

*Virtue* ! thou solemn grave impertinence,  
Abhor'd by all the *Men of Wit* and *Sense* ! (here,  
Thou damn'd *Fatigue* ! that clogg'st *Lifes Journey*  
Tho' thou no weight of *Wealth* or *Profit* bear !  
Thou puling, fond, Green-sickness of the *Minds*,  
That makes us prove to our own selves unkind ;  
Whereby we *Coals* and *Dirt*, for *Diet* choose,  
And pleasures better *Food* refuse.

Curst *Jilt* ! that lead'st deluded *Mortals* on,  
Till they too late perceive themselves undone.  
Chow'd by a *Dowry*, in *Réversion* !

The greatest *Votary*, thou e're cou'dst boast,  
Pity so brave a Soul, was in thy service lost,  
What wonders he in wickedness had done !  
Whom thy weak pow'r, cou'd so inspire alone !

Thou long with fond *Amours* he courted thee,  
Yet dying did Recant his vain *Idolatry* ;  
At length (tho late) he did repent with shame,  
Forc'd to confess thee nothing but an empty name ;

So was the *Letcher* gull'd, whose haughty love,  
Design'd a *Rape* on the *Queen Regent*, of the *Gods*  
(above.

When he a *Goddeſs* thought he had in chase,  
He found a gawdy *Vapour* in the place,  
And with thin *Air*, beguil'd his starv'd embrace,  
Idly he spent his *Vigour* ! spent his *Blood*,  
And tir'd himself, & oblige an unperforming *Cloud*.

4.

If human kind to thee e're *Worship* paid,  
Then were by *Ignorance* misled ;  
That only them devout, and thee a *Goddeſs* made :  
Know hap'ly in the *Worlds* rude untaught *Infancy*,  
Before it had out-grown its *Childish Innocence* ;

Before it had arriv'd at *Sense*, (bauchery ;  
Or reach'd the *Manhood*, and discretion of *De-*  
Known in those *Ancient*, *Godly*, duller times,  
When crafty *Pagans* had engross'd all *Crimes* :

When *Christian Fools*, were obstinately good,  
Nor yet their *Gospel* freedom understood,  
Tame easie *Fops*, who cou'd so prodigally bleed,  
To be thought *Saints*, and dye a *Kalendar* with red.

No prudent *Heathen*, e're seduc'd cou'd be,  
To suffer *Martyrdom* for thee, (wise :  
Only that *Arrant Ass*, whom the false *Oracle* call'd  
(No wonder if the *Devil* utter'd *Lies*)

That sniv'ling *Puritan*, who spite of all the *Mode*,  
Wou'd be unfashionably good ;

And exercis'd his winning *Gifts* to rail at *Vice*,  
Him all the *Wits*, of *Athens*, damn'd,  
And justly with *Lampoons*, defam'd.

But when the Mad *Fanatick* cou'd not silence'd be,  
From broaching of *Divinity*,

The wise *Republick*, made him for prevention dye,  
And kindly sent him to the *Gods*, and better Com-  
(pany.

5.

Let fumbling *Age*, be grave, and wise,  
And *Virtues* poor condemn'd *Idea* prize,  
Who never knew, now art past the sweets of *Vice*,  
Whilst we whose *Active Pulses* beat,  
With lusty *Youth*, and vig'rous heat, Can

( 110 )

Can all their *Birds*, and *Morals* too despise ;  
Whilst my plump *Veins* are fill'd with Lust and  
Let not one thought of her intrude, (Blood,  
Or dare approach my *Breast* ;  
But now 'tis all posselt,  
By a more welcome *Guest* ;  
And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good :  
If ever unkind *Destiny*,  
Shall force long Life on me ;  
If e're I must the Curse of *Dotage* bear,  
Perhaps I'll dedicate those *Dregs* of time to her,  
And come with *Crutches*, her most humble *Votary*.  
When Sprightly *Vice* retreats from hence,  
And quits the Ruins of decayed Sense,  
She'll serve to *Usher* in a fair petence, (potence!  
And vanish with her Name, a well dissembled Im-  
When Pthifick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies  
And all the *Bill of Maladies*, (seize,  
Which *Heav'n*, to punish over-living *Mortals* sends ;  
Then let her enter, with th' num'rous infirmities,  
Her self the greatest plague, which wrinkles and  
6. (gray Hairs attends.  
Tell me, ye Venerable *Sots*, who Court her most,  
What small advantage can she boast, (gross'd?  
Which her great *Rival*, has not in a greater store en-  
Her quiet, calm, and peace of Mind,  
In *Wine* and Company, we better find,  
Find it with pleasure. too combin'd !  
In mighty *Wine*, where we our Senses steep,  
And lull our Cares and *Consciences* asleep !  
But why do I, that wild *Chimera* name ?  
*Conscience* ! that giddy *Airy Dream* ;

Which

( 111 )

Which does from *Brain-sick-heads*, or ill digesting  
(Stomachs, stream.  
*Conscience* ! the vain Fantastick Fear,  
Of Punishments, we know not when, or where :  
Project of crafty *States-men*, to support weak Law,  
Whereby they Slavish Spirits awe,  
And dastard Souls, to forc'd Obedience draw.  
Grand Wheedle! which our *Gown'd-Impostors* use,  
The poor unthinking *Rabble*, to abuse ?  
*Scare-Crow*, to fright from the forbidden Fruit of  
Their own beloved *Paradise* ! (Vice,  
Let those Vile *Canters*, Wickedness decry,  
Whose Mercenary Tongues take pay  
For what they say ; (deny.  
And yet commend in practice, what their words  
While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,  
Their Holy *Cheats* descie, (Cajollery.  
And scorn their Frauds, and scorn their sanctifi'd  
None but dull unbred *Fools*, discredit Vice,  
Who act their Wickedness, with an ill grace ;  
Such their Profession scandalize,  
And justly forfeit all that praise,  
All that esteem, that credit, and applause.  
Which we by our wise *Manage*, from a Sin can  
A true, and brave Transgressor ought, (raise.  
To Sin with the same height of Spirit, *Cæsar* fought  
Mean-soul'd Offenders, now no honour gain,  
Only Debauches of the Nobler strain ;  
Vice, well improv'd, yields Bliss, and Fame be-  
And some for Sinning have been *Deify'd* ! (sice,  
Thus the lewd *Gods*, of old, did move,  
By these Brave *Methods*, to the Seats above !  
Ev'n



( 112 )

Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sov'raign *Deity*,  
*Father*, and *King*, of all th' immortal Progeny,  
Ascended to that high degree,  
By Crimes above the reach of weak *Mortality*;  
He *Heav'n* one large *Seraglio* made,  
Each *Goddess*, turn'd a glorious *Punk*, o'th' Trade,  
And all the Sacred place,  
Was fill'd with *Ballard Gods*, of his own Race!  
Almighty *Letch'ry* got his first repute, (bute.  
And everlasting Whoring, was his chiefest Attri-

8.

How gallant was that *Wretch*, whose happy guilt,  
A Fame upon the Ruins of a *Temple* built?  
Let *Fools* (said he) Impiety alledg,  
And urge the no great Faul of *Sacriledg*?  
I'll set the Sacred *Pile* on flame,  
And in its *Ashes*, write my lasting Name!  
My Name! which thus shall be,  
Deathless as its own *Deity*!  
Thus the vain glorious *Carian*, I'll out-do,  
And *Egypt's* proudest *Monarchs* too!  
Those lavish *Prodigals*, who idly did consume  
Their Lives, and Treasures to erect a *Tomb*,  
And only great, by being buried wou'd become.  
At cheaper Rates than they, I'll buy Renown,  
And my lowd Fame, shall all their silent Glories  
(drown!  
So spake the daring *Hector*, so did Prophecy,  
And so it prov'd— in vain did envious Fate,  
By fruitless *Methods* try,  
To raise his well built *Fame* and *Memory*  
Amongst *Posterity* :

The

( 113 )

The *Beautifou* can now Immortal write,  
While the inglorious *Founder* is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet great was that mighty *Emperor*.  
(A greater Crime, befitted his high pow'r)  
Who Sacrific'd a *City* to a Jest, (best!  
And shew'd he knew the grand Inrigues of humor  
He made all *Rome* a *Bonfire* to his Fame!  
And sung, and plaid, and danc'd amidst the  
Bravely begun! yet pity there he staid, (Flame!  
One step to glory more he shou'd have made!  
He shou'd have heav'd the noble *Frollick* higher,  
And made the *People* on that *Fun'r.* *Pile* expire!  
Or providently with their *Blood* put out the *Fire*!  
Had this been done,  
The utmost pitch of Glory he had won!  
No greater *Monument* cou'd be,  
To Consecrate him to *Eternity*! (but me!  
Nor shou'd there need another *Herald* of his praise

10.

And thou yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Isle,  
Whom baffled *Hell*, esteems its chiefest *Foyl*;  
(Twere injury shou'd I omit thy Name)  
Whose action merits all the breath of *Fame*!  
Methinks I see the trembling shades below,  
Around in humble Rev'rence, how  
Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their *Loyalty*  
To their dread *Monarch*, or to thee!  
No wonder he grown jealous of thy fear'd success,  
Envy'd *Mankind*, the Honour of thy Wickedness,  
And spoil'd that brave attempt, which must have  
(made his grandure less.  
H How

Howe'er regret not mighty *Ghost*;  
 Thy *Plot* by treach'rous Fortune crost,  
 Nor think thy well deserved glory lost!  
 Thou the full praise of *Villany* shalt ever share,  
 And all will judg thy Act compleat enough, when

(thou could'st dare  
 So thy great *Master* fear'd, whose high disdain,  
 Contemn'd that *Heav'n*, where he cou'd not  
 When he with bold Ambition strove, (Reign:  
 T' Usurp the *Throne* above,  
 And led against the *Deity* an Armed Train,  
 Though from his vast designs he fell,  
 O're pow'rd by's *Almighty* *Foe*,  
 Yet gain'd he *Vict'ry* in his overthrow;  
 He gain'd sufficient *Triumph*, that he durst rebel,  
 And 'twas some pleasure, to be thought the great'st

14. (in *Hell* !  
 Tell me ye great *Triumvirate*, what shall I do,  
 To be Illustrious as you? (Fire!

Let your example move me with a gen'rous  
 Let 'em into my daring thoughts inspire (Crime,  
 Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast *Gyant*  
 Unthought unknown, unpattern'd, by all past,  
 (and present time!  
 'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks I feel the pow'rful  
 (Charms!

And a new heat of Sin, my Spirits warms!  
 I travel with a glorious Mischief, for whose *Birth*  
 My Souls too narrow, and weak, Fate too feeble,  
 (yet to bring it forth!

Let the unpitty'd *Vulgar*, tamely go, (low:  
 And stock for company, the wide *Plantations* be-  
 Such

Such their Vile Souls, for Viler *Barter* sell,  
 Scarce worth the damning, or their room in *Hell*.  
 We are its *Grandees*, and expect as high prefer-  
 (ment there,

For our good service, as on *Earth* we share.  
 In them, Sin is but a meer privative of good,  
 The frailty and defect of *Flesh* and *Blood*;  
 In us 'tis a perfection, who profess,  
 A study'd, and Elaborate Wickedness:  
 We're the great *Royal Society* of Vice,  
 Whose Talents, are to make Discoveries,  
 And advance Sin, like other *Arts* and *Sciences*.  
 'Tis I, the bold *Columbus*, only I,  
 Who must new *Worlds*, in Vice descry,  
 And fix the *Pillars*, of unpassable Iniquity.

12.

How sneaking was the first *Debauch* that sin'd,  
 Who for so small a Sin, sold *Human* kind!  
 How undeserving that high place,  
 To be thought *Parent* of our Sin, and Race;  
 Who by low guilt, our *Nature* doubly did debase.  
 Unworthy was he to be thought,  
*Father* of the great *First-born* *Cain*, which he begot.  
 The Noble *Cain*! whose bold, and gallant Act,  
 Proclaim'd him of more high *Extract*!

Unworthy me,  
 And all the braver part of his *Posterity*;  
 Had the just *Fates* design'd me in his stead,  
 I'd done some great, and unexampled Deed!  
 A Deed! which shou'd decry,  
 The *Stoicks* dull Equality,  
 And shew that Sin admits Transcendency!

2 H

A

A deed ! wherein the *Tempter* shou'd not share,  
Above what *Heav'n* cou'd punish, and above what  
(he cou'd dare !

For greater Crimes than his, I wou'd have fell,  
And acted somewhat, which might merit more  
(than *Hell*.

*An Apology to the fore-going Satyr, by way of Epilogue.*

**M**Y part is done, and you'll I hope excuse  
The extravagance, of a repenting *Muse* ;  
Pardon what e're she has to boldly said,  
She only acted here in *Masquerade* ;  
And the slight *Arguments* she did produce,  
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce :  
So we *Buffoones*, in *Princely* dress expole,  
Not to be Gay but more Ridiculous  
When she a *Hector* for her *Subject* had,  
She thought she must be *Tarmagant*, and Mad ;  
That made her speak like a lewd *Punch*, o'th' *Town*,  
Who by converse with *Bullys*, wicked grown,  
Has learn'd the *Mode* to cry all *Virtue* down :  
But now the *Vizor's* off, she changes *Scene*,  
And turns a Modest Civil *Girl* again.  
Our *Poet* has a diff'rent taste of *Wit*,  
Nor will to th' common *Vogue*, himself submit.  
Let some admire the *Fops*, whose *Talents* lye,  
Inventing dull insipid *Blasphemy* ;  
He swears he cannot with those terms dispence,  
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of sense.  
Wits Name, was never to *Profaness* due,  
For then you see, he cou'd be witty too :  
He cou'd *Lampoon* the *State*, and *Libel Kings*,  
But that he's *Loyal*, and knows better things,  
Than *Fame*, whose guilty *Birth* from *Treason* springs.

He likes not *Wit* which can no *Licence* claim,  
To which the *Author* dares not set his Name ;  
*Wit* shou'd be open, court each *Readers Eye*,  
Nor lurk in fly unprinted *Privacy*.  
But Criminal *Writers*, like dull *Birds* of *Night*,  
For weakness, or for shame, avoid the light :  
May such a *Fury*, for the *Audience* have,  
And from the *Reuch*, not *Pit*, their doom receive :  
May they the *Tower* for their due merits share,  
And a just Wreath of *Hemp*, not *Lawrel* wear.  
He cou'd be *Bawdy* too, and Nick the *Times*,  
In what they dearly love, damn'd *Placket*  
Such as our *Nobles* Write—— (Rhymes,  
Whose Nauseous *Poetry* can reach no higher,  
Than what the *Cod-peice*, or its *God* inspire :  
So lewd they spend at *Quill*, you'd justly think,  
They wrote with something Nastier than *Ink*.  
But he still thought that little *Wit*, or none,  
Which a just *Modesty* must never own,  
And a meer *Redder* with a blush atone.  
If *Ribauldry* deserve the praise of *Wit*,  
He must resign to each illit'rate *Cit*,  
And *Prentices*, and *Car-men*, challenge it :  
Ev'n they too, can be smart, and witty there,  
For all *Men* on that *Subject*, *Poets* are.  
Hence forth he says, if ever more he find,  
Himself to the base *Itch* of *Verse* inclin'd,  
If e're he's given up so far to *Write*,  
He never means to make his end delight ;  
Shou'd he do so, he must despare success,  
For he's not now *Debauch'd* enough to please,  
And must be Damn'd for want of *Wickedness*.

He'll therefore use his gift another way,  
 And next the ugliness of Vice display :  
 Though against *Virtue* once he drew his Pen,  
 He'll ne're for ought, but her defence agen.  
 Had he a *Genius*, and *Poetick* Rage,  
 Great as the *Vices* of this guilty Age ;  
 Were he all *Gaul*, and arm'd with store of spight,  
 'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write :  
 To Noble *Satyr*, he'd direct his aim,  
 And by't *Mankind*, and *Poetry* reclaim :  
 He'd shoot his Quills, just like a *Porcupine*,  
 At *Vice*, and make 'em stab in ev'ry Line ;  
 The *World*, shou'd learn to blush——  
 And dread the Vengeance of his angry Wit, (fright;  
 Which more than their own *Consciences* shou'd  
 And all shou'd think him *Heavens* just Plague de-  
 To visit for the Sins of lewd *Mankind*. (sign'd,

Upon the Author of the Play call'd Sodom.

TELL me abandon'd *Miscreant*, prithee tell, (*Hell*,  
 What damn'd Pow'r invoc'd, and sent from  
 (If *Hell*, were bad enough) did thee inspire, (hear ?  
 Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Sucubus* ?  
 And us'd the lewd *Familiar*, for a *Muse* ?  
 Or didst thy Soul, by Inch o'th' Candle sell,  
 To gain the glorious Name of *Pimp*, to *Hell* ?  
 If so, go, and its vow'd *Allegiance* swear,  
 Without *Dress-Mony*, be its *Volunteer* :  
 May he wh' envies thee, deserve thy Fate,  
 Deserve both *Heav'n's*, and *Mankind's*, scorn & hate.  
 Disgrace to *Libels* ! Foil to very shame,  
 Whom 'tis a scandal to vouchsafe to damn.

What

What foul descriptions, foul enough for thee,  
 Sunk quite below the reach of Infamy ?  
 Thou cover' st. to be lewd, but want' st the mite,  
 And art all over *Devil*, but in Wit.  
 Weak feeble *Strainer*, at meer Ribaldry,  
 Whose *Muse* is Impotent to that degree,  
 That need, like Age, be whipt to *Lechery*.  
 Vile *Sot* ! who clapt with *Poetry* art sick,  
 And void' st Corruption, like a *Shanker'd* Prick.  
 Like *Ulcers*, the *Impostum'd* Addle Brains,  
 Drop out in *Matter*, which thy Paper stains :  
 Whence nauseous *Rhymes*, by filthy *Births* proceed,  
 As *Maggots*, in some *T—rd*, ingendring breed.  
 Thy *Muse* has got the *Flow'rs*, and they ascend,  
 As in some *Green-sick* Girl, at upper end.  
 Sure *Nature* made, or meant at least t' have don't,  
 Thy Tongue a *Clytoris*, thy Mouth a *C—t* :  
 How well a *Dildo*, wou'd that place become,  
 To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb ?  
 At least it shou'd be Syring'd——  
 Or wear some stinking *Merkin* for a Beard,  
 That all from its base converse might be scar'd ;  
 As they a *Door* shut up, and mark'd beware,  
 That tells infection, and the *Plague* is there.  
 Thou *Moorfields* Author, fit for *Bawds* to quote,  
 (If *Bawds* themselves with honour safe may do't,)  
 When *Suburd* Prentice comes to hire delight  
 And wants Incentives to duil Appetite, (hearse,  
 There *Punk*, perhaps, may thy brave works re-  
 Frigging the senseless thing, with Hand and Verse,  
 Which after shall prefer'd to *Dressing Box*)  
 Hold *Turpentine*, and *Medicines* for the Pox :

H 4

Or

Or (if I may ordain a Fate more fit)  
 For such foul nasty Excrements of Wit,  
 May they condemn'd to th' publick Fakes be lent,  
 For me I'd fear the Piles, in Vengeance sent,  
 Shou'd I with them prophane my Fundament)  
 Therefore bugger wiping Porters when they hit,  
 And so thy Book it self turn Sodomite.

*A Call to the Guard by a Drum.*

**R**AT too, Rat too, Rat tat too, Rat tat too, (Blew,  
 With your Noses all scabb'd, and your Eyes Black and  
 All ye hungry poor Sinners, that Foot-Soldiers are,  
 Though with very small Coin, yet with very much care,  
 From your Quarters in Garrets, make hast to repair,  
 To the Guard, to the Guard.

From your sorry Straw-beds, and your bonny white Fleas,  
 From your Dreams of small drink, and your very small ease,  
 From your plenty of stink, and no plenty of room, (Gum,  
 From your Wallis daub'd with Pblem sticking on 'em like  
 And Ceiling hung with Cobwebs, to stanch a cut Thumb,  
 To the Guard, &c.

From your crackt Earthen piss-pots, where no piss can stay,  
 From Roofs bewrit with snuffs in letters the wrong way,  
 From one old broken Stool, with one unbroken Leg,  
 One Box with ne're a Lid, to keep ne're a Rag,  
 And Windows that of Storms more than your selves can brag,  
 To the Guard, &c.

With trusty Pike, and Gun, and the other rusty Tool,  
 With Heads extreemly hot, and with Hearts wondrous cool;  
 With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and Sutlers) burr,  
 With two old totter'd Shooes, that disgrace the Town Dirt,  
 With 40 shreds of Breeches, and not one shred of Shirt.  
 To the Guard, &c.

See

See they come, see they come, see they come, see they come,  
 With Allarms in their Pates, to the call of a Drum;  
 Some lodging with the Barnds (whom the modest call Bitches)  
 With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shurnk to Switches;  
 With the Plague in the purse and the Pox in the Breeches.  
 To the Guard, &c.

Some from snoring and farting, and spewing on Breeches,  
 Some from damn'd fulsome Ale, & more damn'd fulsome Wenches  
 Some from Put, and Size Ace, and old Sim, this way stalk,  
 Each Mans reeling's his Gate, and his Hycop his talk,  
 With two new Cheeks of red, from ten old Rows of Chalk.  
 To the Guard, &c.

Here comes others from scuffling and darning mine Host,  
 With their Tongues at last tam'd, but with Faces that boast,  
 Of some Scars by the Jordan, or War-like Quart Pot,  
 For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,  
 Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but discharg'd ne're a Groat.  
 To the Guard, &c.

Then for Valour in black too! the Chaplain does come!  
 From his Preaching o're Pots, now to pray o're a Drum.  
 All ye Whoreing and Swearing old Red Coats, draw near,  
 Like to Saints in Red Letters, listen and give ear,  
 And be Godly a while ho, and then as you were.  
 To the Guard, &c.

After some canting Terms, to your Arms, and the like,  
 Such as poysing your Musket, or porting your Pike;  
 To the Right, to the Left, or else Face about,  
 After rattling your Sticks, and your shaking a Clout,  
 Hast your Infantry Troops, that mount the Guard on Foot.  
 To the Guard, &c.

Captain Hector first marches, but not he of Troy,  
 But a Trifle made up of a Man and a Boy.  
 See the Mimsant at Arms, in a Scarf does abound,  
 Which presages some stragg'ring, but no blood nor wound,  
 Like a Rain bow that shews the World shan't be drown'd.  
 To the Guard, &c.

As

*As the Tinker wears Rags, whilst the Dog bears the Budget  
So the Man stalks with Staff, whilst the Foot-boy does trudge it,  
With the Tool he shou'd work with (that's Half pike you'll say)  
But what Captain's so strong his own Arms to convey,  
When he Marches o're loaden with Ten other Mens pay.*

To the Guard, &c.

*In his March (if you mark) he's attended at least,  
With stings Sixteen deep, and about Five a Breast,  
Made of Ale and Mundungas, Snuff, Rags, and Brown Crust, for,  
While he wants Twenty Taylors to make up the Cluster,  
Which declares that his journey's not new to the Muster.*

But to the Guard, &c.

*Some with Musket and Bzly uncharg'd, march away,  
With Pipes black as their Mouths are, and short as their pay;  
Woilst their Coats made of holes, shew like Bone lace about 'em,  
And their Bandileers hang like the Bobbins without 'em,  
And whilst Horsemen do cloath 'em, these Foot-scrubs do  
clout 'em.*

For the Guard, &c.

*Some with that t'd on one side, Wit tid on neither, (hither,  
Wear Gray Coats, and Gray Cattle, see their Wenches run  
For to peep through Red Lettice, and dark Cellar doors,  
To behold 'em wear Pikes rusty, just like their Whores,  
As slender as their Meals, and as long as their Scores.*

To the Guard, &c.

*Some with Tweedle, Weedle, Weede (whilst we beat dub a dub)  
Keep the base Scotish Noise, and as base Scotish scrub;  
Then with Body contracted, a Rag open spread,  
Comes a thing with Red Colours, and Nose full as Red,  
Like an Ensign, to the King, and to the Kings Head.*

Towards the Guard, &c.

*Two Commanders, come last, the Lieutenant perhaps,  
Full of Low Country Story, and Low Country Claps,  
To to be next him the other takes care not to fail,  
(Powder Monkey by name) that vents stink by wholesale;  
For where wou'd the Fart be, but just with the Tail.*

Of the Guard, &c.

And

*And now bay for the King, Boys, and they for the Court,  
Which is guarded by these. as the Tow'r is by Dirt;  
These White-hail must admit, and such other unhorse ye,  
Each Day lets in the drunk, whilst it lets out the drowsie,  
And no place in the World, shifts so oft to be Lowsey.*

Thank the Guard, &c.

*Some to Scotland-yard sneak, and the Sutlers Wife kisses,  
But despairing of Drink, till some Countryman pisses,  
And pays too (for no place in the Court must be given)  
To the Can. Office then all, a Foot Soldiers Heav'n,  
Where he finds a foul Fox, soon, and cures Sir Stephen.*

On the Guard, &c.

*Some at Shite-house publick (where a Rag always goes)  
At once empty their Guts, and diminish their Cloths,  
Tho' their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore and Bacon being all)  
Their chief Food, (yet their Bums we true Courtiers may call,  
For what they eat in the Suburbs, they shite at White-hall.*

For the Guard, &c.

*Such a like pack of Cards, to the Park, making entry,  
Here, and there, deal an Ace, which the Jews, call a Centry,  
Which in bad Houses of Bords, stand to tell what a Clock 'tis,  
Where they keep up tame Red Coats, as Men keep up tame Fo-  
Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs T--ds, in Boxes. (yes,*

Oh the Guard, &c.

*Some of these are planted (though it has been their lucks  
Oft to steal Country Geese) now to watch the King's Ducks;  
While some others are set, in the side that has Wood in,  
To stand Pimps to black Masques, that are oft thither footing,  
Just as Huswifes set Cuckholds, to tend their Black-pudding.*

Oh the Guard, &c.

*Whilst another true Trojan, to some passage runs,  
As to keep in the Debtor, so to keep out the Duns;  
Or a Prentice, or his Mistriss; with Oaths to confound,  
Till he bies him from the Park, as from forbidden ground,  
Cause his credit is whole, and his Wench may be found.*

And quits the Guard, &c.

Now

*Now it's Night, and the Parole in Ale-house drown'd,  
For nought else, but the Pot, and their Brains walk the round ;  
Whilst like Hell, the Commanders, Guard Chamber, does sheer,  
There's such damning their selves, and all else of the Crew ;  
For tho' these cheat their Men, they give the Devil his due.*

On the Guard, &c.

*Whilst a Main, after Main, at old Hazard they throw,  
And their Quarrels grow high, as their Mony grows low ;  
Strait they threaten hard (using bad Faces for frowns)  
To revenge on the Flesh, the default of the Bones,  
But the Blood's in their Hofs, and in Oaths all their Wounds.*

Like the Guard, &c.

*In the Morning they fight, just as much as they pray,  
For some one to the King, does the tidings convey,  
For preventing of Murder ; Oh'tis a wise way !  
Though not one of 'em knows (as a Thousand dare say)  
What belongs to a dead Man, unless in his pay.*

For the Guard, &c.

*With their skins, they march home, no more hurt than their  
But for scratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs ; (Drums,  
And now hey for fat Alewives, and Tradesmen grown lean,  
For the Captain, grown Bankrupt, recruits him agen,  
With sending out Tickets, and turning out Men.*

From the Guard, &c.

*Strait the poor Rogue's Cashier'd, with a Cane, and a Curse,  
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purse :  
And what then? Man's a Worm, these Glow-worms may name,  
For as they're dark of Body, have Tails all of flame,  
So though these liv'd in Oaths, yet they dye with a Psalm.*

Farewel Guard, &c.

#### Epelia to Bajazet.

**H**OW far are they deceiv'd who hope in vain,  
A lasting Lease of Joys from Love to obtain ?  
All the dear sweets, we promise or expect,  
After enjoyment, turns to cold neglect.      Cou'd

Cou'd love, a constant happiness have known,  
The mighty wonder, had in me been shown,  
Our passions are so favoured by Fate,  
As if she meant 'em an Eternal Date ;  
So kind he look'd, such tender words he spoke,  
'Twas past belief such Vows shou'd e're be broke.  
Fixt on my Eyes, how often wou'd he say,  
He cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away !  
When thoughts too great for words had made him  
In Kisses, he wou'd tell my hand his Suit.      (mute,  
So great his passions was, so far above  
The common Gallantries, that pass for love,  
At worst I thought if he unkind shou'd prove,  
His ebbing passion, wou'd be kinder far,  
Than the First transports of all other are.  
Nor was my love, or fondness less than his,  
In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliss !  
For him my duty to my Friends forgot,  
For him I lost, alas ! what lost I not ?  
Fame, all the valuable things of Life,  
To meet his Love, by a less Name than Wife ;  
How happy was I then, how dearly blest,  
When this great Man lay panting on my Breast,  
Looking such things as ne're can be exprest !  
Thousand fresh looks he gave me ev'ry hour,  
Whilst greedily I did his looks devour !  
Till quite o'recome with Charms, I trembling lay,  
At ev'ry look he gave, melted away !  
I was so highly happy in his Love,  
Met thoughts I pittied them that dwelt above !  
Think then thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man,  
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then,  
My

My faithless Dear, be Cruel if you can !  
 How I have Lov'd, I cannot, need nor tell,  
 No, ev'ry Act has shown I lov'd to well.  
 Since firſt I ſay you, I ne're had a thought  
 Since firſt I ſaw you, I ne're had a thought  
 Was not entirely yours, to you I brought  
 My *Virgin* Innocence, and freely made  
 My Love an Off'ring, to your Noble Bed :  
 Since when ye've been the *Star*, by which I ſteer'd,  
 And nothing elſe but you I lov'd or Fear'd.  
 Your ſmiles I only live by, and I muſt,  
 When e're you frown, be ſhatter'd into Duſt.  
 Oh ! can the coldneſs that you ſhew me now,  
 Suit with the gen'rous heat you once did ſhew ?  
 I cannot live on Pity, or Reſpect,  
 A thought ſo mean wou'd my whole love infect,  
 Leſs than your Love I ſcorn Sir to expect.  
 Let me not live in dull indiſſerency,  
 But give me Rage enough to make me Die !  
 For if from you, I needs muſt meet my Fate,  
 Before your Pity, I wou'd chooſe your Hate.

*A very Heroical Epiſtle in Answer to Ephelia.*

*Madam,*

I F you'r deceiv'd, 'tis not by my Cheat,  
 For all diſguiſes are below the great.  
 What *Man* or *Woman* upon *Earth*, can ſay  
 I ever us'd them well above a Day ?  
 How is it then, that I unconstant am ?  
 He changes not who always is the ſame.  
 In my dear ſelf I center ev'ry thing,  
 My *Servants*, *Friends*, my *Mrs.* and my *King*,  
 Nay,

Nay, *Heav'n* and *Earth* to that one point I bring.  
 Well Manner'd, Honelt, Generous and Stout,  
 Names by dull *Fools*, to plague Mankind found  
 Shou'd I regard, I muſt my ſelf conſtrain,  
 And 'tis my *Maxim* to avoid all pain.  
 You fondly look for what none e're cou'd find,  
 Deceive your ſelf, and then call me unkind,  
 And by falſe Reaſons, wou'd my falſhood prove,  
 For 'tis as natural to change, as love :  
 You may as juſtly at the *Sun* repine,  
 Becauſe alike it does not always ſhine :  
 No glorious thing, was ever made to ſtay,  
 My *Blazing Star*, but viſits and away,  
 As fatal too it ſhines, as thoſe i'th' *Skies*,  
 'Tis never ſeen, but ſome great *Lady Dies*.  
 The boaſted favour, you ſo precious hold,  
 To me's no more than changing of Gold.  
 What e're you gave, I paid you back in Blifs,  
 Then where's the Obligation pray of this ?  
 If heretofore you found grace in my *Eyes*,  
 Be thankful for it, and let that ſuffice,  
 But *Woman*, *Beggar-like*, ſtill haunt the Door,  
 Where they've receiv'd a *Charity* before.  
 Oh happy *Sultan* ! whom we barbarous call,  
 How much refin'd art thou above us all :  
 Who envies not the Joys of thy *Serail* ?  
 Thee like ſome *God* ! the trembling Crowd adore,  
 Each *Man*'s thy *Slave*, and *Woman-kind* thy *Whore*.  
 Methinks I ſee thee underneath the Shade,  
 Of Golden Canopy, ſupinely laid,  
 Thy crowding *Slaves*, all ſilent as the Night,  
 But at thy Nod, all active, as the light !

Secure.



Secure in solid Sloth, thou there dost reign,  
 And feel'st the Joys of Love, without the pain.  
 Each *Female*, Courts thee with a wishing Eye,  
 While thou with awful Pride, walk'st careless by;  
 Till thy kind Pledg, at last marks out the *Dame*,  
 Thou fancy'st most, to quench thy present flame.  
 Then from thy Bed, submissive she retires,  
 And thankful for the grace, no more requires.  
 No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome sound,  
 Of *Womens* Tongues, thy sacred Ear does wound;  
 If any do, a nimble *Mute* strait ties  
 The *True-Lovers-knot*, and stops her foolish Cries:  
 Thou fear'st no injur'd *Kinsmans* threatening Blade,  
 Nor Mid-night Ambushes by *Rivals* laid;  
 While here with aking Hearts, our Joys we tast,  
 Disturb'd by Swords, like *Democles* his Feast.

On Poet Ninny.

**C**Rusht by that just Contempt his *Follies* bring  
 On his Craz'd Head, the *Vermin* fain wou'd  
 But never *Satyr* did so softly bite, (sting.  
 Or gentle *Geoge* himself, more genly write.  
 Born to no other, but thy own disgrace,  
 Thou art a thing so wretch'd, and so base,  
 Thou can'st not ev'n offend, but with thy Face.  
 And dost at once a sad example prove,  
 Of harmless malice, and of hopeless love.  
 All Pride! and Uglinefs! oh how we loath,  
 A Nauscous *Creature*, so compos'd of both!  
 How oft have we thy *Cap'ring Person* seen,  
 With dismal Look, and Melancholly *Meene*,  
 The

The just Reverse of *Nokes*, when he wou'd be,  
 Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes love like thee!  
 Thou art below being laught at, ought of spight,  
 Men gaze upon thee, as a hideous sight,  
 And cry, there goes the Melancholly *Knight*.  
 There are some Modest *Fools*, we daily see,  
 Modest, and dull, why they are *Wits*, to thee!  
 For of all *Folly*, sure the very top,  
 Is a Conceited *Ninny*, and a *Fop*.  
 With a Face of *Farce*, joyn'd to a Head *Romancy*,  
 There's no such *Coxcomb* as your *Fool* of Fancy:  
 But 'tis too much on so despis'd a *Theam*,  
 No *Man* wou'd dabble, in a Dirty Stream;  
 The worst that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more,  
 Than what thy very Friends have said before.

My Lord All-Pride.

**B**ursting with Pride, the loath'd *Impostum* swells,  
 Prick him, he sheds his *Venom* strait, & smells;  
 But 'tis so lewd a Scribler that he writes,  
 With as much force to Nature, as he fights.  
 Hardned in shame, 'tis such a baffled *Fop*,  
 That every School-boy, whips him like a Top:  
 And with his Arm, and Head, his Brain's so weak,  
 That his starved fancy, is compell'd to rake,  
 Among the Excrements of others Wit,  
 To make a stinking Meal of what they Shit.  
 So *Swine*, for nasty *Meat*, to *Dungbil* run, (done:  
 And toss their grunting *Snouts* up when they've  
 Against his Stars, the *Coxcomb* ever strives,  
 And to be something they forbid, contrives.

I

With

With a *Red Nose*, *Splay Foot*, and *Goggle Eyes*,  
 A *Plough Mans*, *Looby meene*, *Face* all awry;  
 With stinking *Breath*, and ev'ry loathsome mark,  
 The *Punchianello*, sets up for a *Spark*,  
 With equal *Self-Conceit* too, he bears *Arms*,  
 But with that *Vile success*, his part performs;  
 That he *Burlesques* his *Trade*, and what is best  
 In others, turns like *Harlequin*, in jest.

So have I seen at *Smithfields* wondrous Fair,  
 When all his *Brother Monst'rs*, flourish there;  
 A *Lubbar'd Elephant*, divert the *Town*,  
 With making *Legs*, and shooting off a *Gun*.  
 Go where he will, he never finds a *Friend*,  
 Shame, and derision, all his steps attend;  
 Alike abroad, at home, i'th' *Camp*, and *Court*,  
 This *Knight o'th' Burning Pestle*, makes us sport.

### Captain Ramble.

W<sup>H</sup>ilst *Duns* were knocking at my Door,  
 I lay in Bed with Wreeking Whore,  
 With Back so weak, and Pr—k so fore  
 You'd wonder.

I rais'd my *Doe*, and laist her Gown,  
 I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,  
 She Pist, and then I drove her down,  
 Like Thunder.

From Chamber then I went to Dinner,  
 And drank small Beer, like mournful Sinner,  
 But still I thought the Devil in her

*Clytoris.*

1

I sat at *Muscots*, in the dark,  
 And heard a *Tradesman*, and a *Spark*,  
 A *Scriv'ner* and a *Lawyers Clerk*,

Tell Stories:

From thence I went with muffled Face,  
 To the *Dukes House*, and took a place,  
 In which I spew'd, may't please his Grace,  
 Or Highness.

Had I been hang'd, I cou'd not choose,  
 But laugh at Whores, who dropt from Stews,  
 Seeing that Mrs. *Marg'ret Hews*.

So fine is.

When *Play* was done, I call'd a *Link*,  
 Hearing some paultery Pieces Chink  
 Within my Breeches, how d'ye think  
 I employ'd 'em;

Why Sir, I went to Mrs *Speerings*,  
 Where some were Cursing, others Swearing,  
 Never a Barrel better Herring,

*Per fidem.*

Seav'ns the Main, 'tis Eight God damn me,  
 'Tis Six (said I) as God shall save me;  
 And being true, they cou'd not blame me  
 So saying.

Save me (quoth one) what *Shamaroone*,  
 Is this has beg'd an Afternoon  
 Of's Mother, to go up, and down,

A playing?

Now this to me, was worse than Killing,  
 Mistake me not; for I am willing,  
 And able both to drop a Shilling.

Or Two Sir.

Well

I 2

Well said my Lad, (Quoth *Bully Hack*)  
 With Whiskers stern, and Cordibeck,  
 Pinn'd up behind his scabby neck

To shew Sir.

With Mangy Fist, he graspt the Box,  
 Giving the Table bloody knocks,  
 Calling upon the Plague and Pox

To assist him.

Ten Shillings from me he did snatch,  
 He'd like to have made a quick dispatch,  
 Nor wou'd time Register, my Watch,

Have mist him.

As luck wou'd have it, in came *Will*,  
 Perceiving things went very ill,  
 Quoth he, thou'dst better go and swill,

Canary.

We steer'd our Course to *Dragon Green*,  
 Which is in *Fleet-street* to be seen,  
 Where we drank Wine not foul but clean

Contrary.

Our Host Ecclipsed *Thomas Hammond*,  
 Presented a slice of *Bacon Gamon*,  
 Which made us swallow *Sack*, as *Salmon*

Does Water.

Being over-warm with the last Debauch,  
 I grew as drunk as any *Roach*,  
 When hot Bak'd Wardens did approach ;

Or later,

But see the damn'd confounded Fate,  
 Attends on drinking Wine so late,  
 I drew my Sword on honest *Kate*

Ith' Kitchen.

Which

Which *Hammonds* Wife cou'd not endure,  
 I told her though she look'd demure,  
 That she came lately I was sure,

From Bitching.

We broke our Glasses out of hand,  
 As many Oaths, we did command,  
 As *Hastings*, *Savin*, *Southerland*,

Or Ogle.

Then I cry'd up Sir *Harry Fain*,  
 And swore by God I wou'd maintain,  
*Episcopacy*, was too plain

A Juggle.

And having now discharg'd the Houle,  
 We did reserve a gentle Soule,  
 With which we drank another Rouse,

At the Bar.

And now good Christians, all attend,  
 To Drunkenness, pray put an end,  
 I do advise you as a Friend,

And Neighbour.

For lo the Mortal, here behold,  
 Who Cautious was in Days of old,  
 Is now become rash, sturdy, bold,

And free Sir.

For having scap't the Tavern so,  
 There never was a greater Foe,  
 Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, No

Nor *Cæsar*.

A *Constable*, both stern and dread,  
 Who is from Mustard, Brooms and Thread,  
 Prefer'd to be the Brainless-head

Oth' People.

( 134 )

A Gown, h'ad on with Age made gray,  
A Hat too, which as Folks do say,  
Is Sir-nam'd to this very Day,

A Steeple.

His Staff which knew as well as he,  
The Business of Authority,  
Stood bold upright at sight of me ;

Most true 'tis.

The Lowsey Currs, that thither come,  
To keep the Kings Peace, safe at home,  
Yet cannot keep thee Vermin from

Their Cutis.

Stand, stand, says one, and come before,  
You lie, said I, like a Son of a Whore,  
I can't, nor will not stand, that's more,

De' mutter ?

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,  
Your Officer, 't' h' May-Pole-Hat,  
I'll make as Drunk as any Rat,

Or Otter.

The Constable began to swell,  
Although he lik'd the motion well,  
Quoth he, my Friends, this I must tell  
You clearly.

The Pestilence you can't forget,  
Nor th' Dispute with the Dutch; nor yet  
The dreadful Fire, that made us get

Up early.

From which (Quoth he) I this infer,  
To have a Bodies Conscience clear,  
Excelleth any Costly Cheer,

Or Banquet.

Besides

( 135 )

Besides (and Faith I think he wept)  
Were it not better you had kept,  
Within your Chamber, and have slept,  
In Blanket.

But I'll advise you by and by,  
— A Pox of all Advice, said I,  
Your Janazaries look as dry,

As Vulcan.

We came not here to talk of Sin,  
— Come—here's a Shilling fetch it in,  
Our Business now is to begin,

A full Can.

At last, I made the Watch-men Drunk,  
Examin'd here, and there a Punch,  
And then away to Bed I Slunk,

To hide it.

Now these my Wistles are to you,  
Who will those Dangers not Eschue,  
That ye may all go home, and Spew,  
As I did.

### On Rome's Pardons.

I F Rome can Pardon Sins, as Romans hold,  
And if those Pardons can be bought and sold,  
It were no Sin, t' Adore, and Worship Gold.

If they can Purchase Pardons with a Sum,  
For Sins they may commit in time to come,  
And for Sins past, 'tis very well for Rome.

A

( 136 )

At this rate they are happy't that have most,  
They'll Purchase *Heav'n*, at their own proper cost,  
Alas! the Poor! all that are so, are lost.

Whence came this knack, or when did it begin?  
What Author have they, or who brought it in?  
Did *Christ* e're keep a *Custom-House* for Sin?

Some subtle Devil, without more ado,  
Did certainly this fly Invention brew,  
To gull 'em of their Souls, and Mony too.

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FINIS.

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