POEMS
ON SEVERAL
OCCASIONS:
By the
Right Honourable,
THE
E. of R-

Printed at ANTWERPEN.
An Epistolary Essay from M. G. to O. B. upon their Mutual Poems.

Dear Friend,

I hear this Town do's to abound
With saucy Censures, that faults are found
With what of late we (in Poetick Rage)
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age;
But (howso'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,
To obtain one Line of your well-worded Sense,
I'd be content t' have writ the Britifh 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)
To avoid with care all sort of Self-denial,
Which way so'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 Mule displeased,
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 I design'd to please, the way were then
To mend my Manners, rather then my Pen:
The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the second, I despair of it,
Since Grace is so hard to get as Wit.
Perhaps ill Verse ought to be confin'd,
In meer good Breeding, like unflavour'd Wind:
Were Reading forc'd, I should be apt to think
Men might no more write curvily, than flink:
But 'tis your choice whether you'll read or no;
If likewise of your smelling it were so,
I'd rather yet 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 Excrements of my Dull Brain
Flows in a harsher and insipid strain.
While your rich Head cazes it self of Wit,
Must none but Civer-Cats have leave to hit?
In all I write, thou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhime
Fail me at once, yet something to sublime
Shall stampt 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, Similes and Rhymes,
And Wit, or else 'tis hard that I alone
Of the whole Race of Mankind shou'd have
Of the partial Hand of Heaven,
Has all but this One only Blessing given.

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

In Wit alone 't been magnificent,
Of which to just a Share to each is sent.
That the most Avaricious are content;
For none e'er 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 Sense be taught, how shou'd I know
Whether another Man's 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, nor I.
Did e'er the Sawey World and I agree
To let it have its beautility on me?
Why shou'd my prostituted Sense be drawn
To ev'ry Rule their mutter Customs Span?
But men will censure you: 'tis two to one,
When 'r 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 Referv'd one, Mad,
Poor helpless Woman is not favour'd more;
She's a fly Hypocrite, or publick Whore.
Then who the Devil would give this—to be free
From the innocent Reproach of Inavail?
These things consider'd, make me (in despite
Of idle Rumor) keep at home and write.

S A T T R.

Were I (who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious Creatures, Man)
A Spirit free to chuse for my own share
WhatPart 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.

Reason, an Ignorant in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature (Sense) behind,
Pathless and dangerous wandering 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 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 the escaping Light.
The Vapour dances in his daunting 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,
Huddling in Dift the Reasoning Engine lies,
Who was so Proud, so Witt, and so Wife:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And makes him venture to be made a Wretch:
His Wildom did his Happines 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 kick out of Doors;
The Pleasure past, atheimating Doubt remains,
That frights the Enjoier with succeeding Pains,
Women and Men of Wit are dangerous Fools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleasure
Pleasure allure, and when the Fops escape,
'Tis not that they're below'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 wise
Against this gibing jangling knack call'd Wit,
Like's 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 degenerate 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 himing Reason dress'd,
To dignifie his Nature above Beate.
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 Ingel.

From P.—— Pilgrim, S.—— replies,
And 'tis this very Reason I defend.
This Supernatural Gift, that makes a Man,
Think he's the Image of the Infinite.
Comparing his short Life, void of all Rest,
To the Eternal and the ever Blest,
This busy, puzzling, fretting up of doubt,
That frames deep Mysteries, then finds'em out.
Filling with tantic Crowds of thinking Fools,
Thole Reverend Bisllams, Colleges and Schools,
Born on whose Wings each heavy Soul can pierce
The limits of the boundless Universe.
So Charming Ointments make an Old Witch fly,
And bear a Crippled Carcase through the Skies.
'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose bustle lies
In Nonsense and Impossibilities.
This made a whimsical Philosopher,
Before the spacious World his Foot prefer.
And we have modern Clerox'd Conceiver, who
Retire to think, because they have nothing to do.
But thoughts are given for Actions Government,
Where Action erects Thought, impertinent.
Our Sphere of Action is Life's happiness.
And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an Adept.
Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
I own right Reason, which I would obey.
That Reason that distinguishes by Sense,
And gives us Rules of good and ill from thence.
That boundless Deity with a reforming Will,
To keep 'em more in vigour, not to Kill,
Your Reason binders, mine helps to enjoy.
Renewing Appetites yours would destroy.
My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat;
Hunger calls our, my Reason bids me Eat;
Perverfly yours, your Appetite do's mock,
This asks for Food, that answers, What's a Clock?
This plain Distinction, Sir, your doubtSecures,
'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 wife 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 Fowl finds and kills his Hares
Better than M—supplies Committee-Chairs,
Though on'sa Stateman, 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,
Whole 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:
Prest by Necessity, they Kill for Food;
Man undoes Man to do himself no good:
With Teeth and Claws by Nature Arm'd, they

Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want;
But Man, with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships
Unhumanly his Fellows Life betrays,

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 Fear to Fear successively betray'd:
Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passion
(came,

His boasted Honour, and his dear bought Fame;
That Luft 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 design'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 Miter,
Under laborious, mean Hypocrite.
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.
Mercy for Safety, after Fame we Thrift;
For all Men wou'd be Cowards, if they durst:
And honestly against all common Sense.
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind's dishonst, 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, insult'd o'er, opprest,
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 hurled
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 it in Court to 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 ever laid,
Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade;
It so upright a States-Man you can find,
Whose Passions bend to his unbyas'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 Aural Bribs 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 Prelatrick Pride,
Whose reproof Sins does Man deride:
Whose envious Heart, with his obstreperous fancy
(Eloucience.
Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Senfe;

Who from his Pulpit vents more peevish Lies,
More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,
Than at a Gollipping 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 Luft 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 fee
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 Fourscore,
Fonder of, fierce Toys, affected more
Than the gay glittering Foul at Twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry Clothes and Loves
But a meek humble Man, of modest Sense,
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 Patadox to them:
Adore those Shrines of Virtue, Homage pay,
And with the Rable-world their Laws obey.
If such there are, yet grant me This, at least,
Man differs more from Man than Man from
(Beat.)
A Ramble in St. James's Park.

Much Wine had past, with grave Discourse,
Of who Fucks who, and who do's worse;
Such as you usually do hear
From them that Dine at the Bear;
When I, who still take care to see
Drunk'nness 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 Piety began to Whore;
Dulded of his Affi'gurion,
(Jilting it seens was then in fashion.)
Poor penive Lover in this place.
Would Frig upon his Mothers Face;
Whereas 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 Arc'tine:
And nightly now beneath their Shade
Are Bugg'ties, Rapes and Incfits made,
Unto this All-fin-clertring Grove,
Whores of the Bulk and the Alcoke,
Great Ladies, Chambermaids and Drudges,
The Rag-picker and Heirels trudges;

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 hollow'd Walks it was
That I beheld Corinnaпис;
Whoever had been by to see
The proud Disdain the caft on me,
Though Charming Eyes, he would have swore
She drop'd from Heav'n that very Hour,
Forfaking 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,
Grace'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 Bonfed 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 Befl:
But wanting common Sense, th' Ingredient
In chuffing well, not least expedient,
Converts Abortive Imitation
To universal Affection;
So he not only eats and talks,
But feels and smells, sits down and walks,

Nay
Nay looks and lives, and Loves by Rote,
In an Old Tawdry Birth-day Coat,
The Second was a Grafs-Tun-Witt,
A great Inhabiter of the Pit,
Where Critick-like he sits and Squints,
Seals 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 accomplisht Staring Blade.
One in a strain 'twixt Time and Nonsense,
Cries, Madam, I have lovd you long since,
Permit me your fair Hand to Kifs:
When at her Mouth her Cunt says Yes,
In short without much more ado,
Joyful and pleas'd away the few.
And with these Three confounded Asses
From Park to Hackney Coach she paffes.
So a Proud Bitch do's lead about
Of humble Curs the Amorous Rout,
Who most obsequiously do Hunt
The fav'ry Scent of Salt Swoln Cunt.
Some Pow'r more patient now relate
The Scenes of this surprizing Fate.
Gods! that a thing admir'd by me,
Should taste so much of Infamy!
Had the pick'd out to pub her Ale on,
Some still-Pricked Clown, or well-hung Parson,
Each

Each Job of whose Spermatick Sluice
Had fill'd her Cunts with wholesome Juice,
I the proceeding thou'd have praised,
In hope the had quench'd a Fire I rais'd:
Such nat'ral freedoms are but just,
There's something gen'rous in meer Lust;
But to turn Damned Abandon'd jade,
When neither Head nor Tail persuade:
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?
Ungrateful! why this Treachery
To humble, fond, believing me?
Who gave you Priviledges above
The Nice Allownces of Love?
Did ever I refuse to hear
The meanest part your Lust cou'd spare?
When your lewd Cunts came spewing home,
Drench'd with the Seed of half the Town.
My Dram of Sperm was sup'd up after,
For the digestive Surtie-Water.
Full gorged at another time
With a vast Meal of Natty Slime,
Which your devouring Cunts had drawn
From Porter's Backs, and Footmen's Brains;
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 Excess.

You
You that could make my Heart away,
For Noise and Colours and betray
The Secrets of my tender Hours,
To such Knight-Errant Paramounts,
When leaning on your faithless Breast,
Wap't in security and rest,
Soft Kindness all my Powers did move,
And Reason lay dissolved in Love.
May thinking Vapour choak your Thimb,
Such as the Man you depend upon,
May your deprav'd Appetite,
That cou'd in whistling 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 Blurter in your Gown.
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 Jesuit's Fraternity,
Shall leave the use of Buggery.
Crab-Laws, inspir'd with Grace Divine,
From Earthly God, to Heaven 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 Marry'd that is lim'd,
In that most lamentable State.
I'll make her feel my Scorn, and Hate;

Pelt her with Scandals, Truth, or Lies,
And her poor Cow with Jealousies.
Till I have torn him from her Breeches,
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 Mifery,
And know she owes it all to me.
And may no Woman better thrive,
Who dares profane the Cunt I swear.

A Letter fanc'd from Artemisia in the Town,
to Cle in the Country.

Cle, by your command in Verse I write,
Shortly you'd bid me ride at'tride and fight;
Such Talents better with our Sex agree,
Than lofty flights of danrous Poetry.
Among the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,
( At least they paft for such before they writ.)
How many bold adventurers for the Bays,
Proudly designing large returns of praise.
Who durst that stormy pathles World explore,
Were soon daft back, & wrackt on the dull shore.
Broke of that little flock they had before.
How would a Woman torn'ring Bourge be toft,
Where flottst cht Ship', the Men of Wite are lost?
When I reflect on this I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise.

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

B 2

Your
(20)

Your Male divert you, makes the Reader sad,
You think your self in spirit, he thinks you Mad:
Thus like an Arrant Woman as I am,
Not sooner well convinced Writings a Shame,
That where is a scarce a more Reproachful Name
Than Poetcs————————

Like Men that Marry, or like Maids that Woe,
Because 'tis the Wit 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 Cle) should I let
My Pen to Write, what I would think forget?
Or name the loft thing Love without a Tear,
Since sin debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here?
Love, the most generous Passion of the Mind,
The lastest Refuge Innocence can find,
The face directer of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Withe's, and secur'd by Truth;
That Cordial drop Heaven in our Cup hast thrown,
To make the nasous draught of Life go down,
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheis'ts, Subsides of Spleue;
For none did e're to dully and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and Bless'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

(21)

The Rooks creep in, and it has got of late,
As many little Cheats and tricks as that,
But what's more a Woman's heart would vex,
'Tis chiefely carry'd on by her own Sex.
Oh! silly Sex! though born, like Monarch's, free,
Turn Gypsies for a meaner Liberty,
And hate restraint, though but from Infamy;
They call whatever is not common, Nice,
And deaf to Nature's Rule, or Loves Advice,
Forfake the Pleasure to pursue the Vice:
To an exact Perfection they have brought,
The Action Love, the passion is forgot,
'Tis below what 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

Bury's a Beauty, if some few agree (like,
To call him so, the rest to that degree Sir,
Affected are, that wish their Fears 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 stopp'd, I heard her Voice more loud,
Than a great Bellied Woman's in a Crowd,
Telling the Knight, that her Affairs require,
He for some Hours, obsequiously retire
I think the was a hand he should 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 he, the bus'ness you pretend,
Your Beauty 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 Breathe's enough to Kill,
Sowre Ale, corrected with a Lemmon-Pill.
Prithee farewell, we'll meet again anon,
The necessary thing, bows, and is gone.
She flies up stairs, and all the hait does show,
That silly Antick Poeture 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, with my being out of Town:
Rude, and untaight, 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 Marry'd, Fools were All-a-mode,
The Men of Wit, were in bold incommode,
Slow of beliefs, and fickle in desire,
Who're they will be persuad'd, must enquire,
As if they come to p'ry, not to admire.
With searching wisdom, fatal to their face,
They find out why, what may, and fond not please.
May take themselves for injur'd, when we dare,
Make'em thing better of us than we are:
And if we hide our Failures from their sights,
Call us deceitful fiels, and Hypocrites;
They little guess, (who at our Arts are griev'd)
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd:

Inquisitive, as Foolish Cockolds grow.
Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
What being known, creates their certain Wo.
Women, shall 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 light,
Must fly, when Reason brings the blazing light.
But the kind ease Fool, apt to admire,
Himself, trusts us; his Follies all Conspire,
To flatter his, and favour our desire:
Vain of his proper Merit, he will ease,
Believes we love him well, we bell can please:
On him our gross, dall, common, flatteries pass,
Ever most happy, when most made an Ais;
Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind,
Perceves as faile, the Fop himself, is blind,
Who doting on himself—
Thinks every one that sees him of his Mind.
These are true Womens Men here for'd to ease,
Through want of Breath, not Will, to hold her

peace;
She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd,
Her much oft'em 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 Chasting Monster, she embrac'd;
And made it this fine tender Speech at last.
Kiss me! thou curious Miniature of Man,
How odd thou art! bow pretty! bow Japan!
Oh I could love 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 Wife, yet so Impertinent.
One that knows ev'ry thing; that God thought fit,
Shou'd be an Adj., through choice, not want of wit.
Whole Foppery, without the help of Sense,
Could 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 Great;
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 Min. lov'd much, read more;
Had discerning Wit, to her was known
Ev'ry one's fault, or merit, but her own:
All the good Qualities that ever blest
A Woman, so distinguished from the rest,
Except Discretion only, the possesst.
But now Moncer, dear Peg, 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 Men's 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 Fop;
The meanest common Slut, who long was grown.
To make 't Jeff and Scorn of every Pit-Buffoon,
Had yet left Charms enough to have subdued
Some Fop or other, fond to be thought Loud.
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 Rising on her undoer, Man.
How long soe're, she'll find some lover more,
A more abandoned Fool, than she a Whore.
The wretched thing, Corinna, who was run
Through all the several ways of being undone;
Contem'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 she Town, her early Beauties knew;
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed,
Tomb in her Cheeks, and Pleasure in her Bed.
Tell Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit,
To make her doat upon a Man of Wit,
Who found 'twas dall to Love above a Day,
Made his ill-natur'd Jeff, and went away.
Now Scorn'd of all, forlorn and oppressed,
She's a Memento Mori to the Rest.
Dests'd, decay'd, to take up Half a Crown
Muff Mortgage her long Scarfe, and Mantoe-Gown,
Poor Creature! who un heard 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 Tauntly may appear:
In Easter-Term she gets her a new Gown,
When my young Matciss Worship comes to Town;
Believers, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
Morgages all, own to the Antient Seat,
To buy this Mistrius, 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 be starves.
Nature, who never made a thing in vain,
But does each Insect to some end ordain,
Vsely 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 Volumes of Impertinence.
But now 'tis time I should some pity shew
To Cæs, since I cannot chose but know
Readers must reap the dulness Writers bow.
By the next Post I will such stories tell,
As joint to thefe, 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.

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

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

The nimble Tongue (Love's jeffer Lightning) plaid  
Within my Mouth, and to my thoughts convey'd  
Swift Orders, that I should prepare to throw  
The All disolving Thunderbolts below  
My flatt'ring Soul, sprung with the pointed Kiss,  
Hangs hov'ring o're her Balmy Lips of Bliss.  
But whilst her bufet hand, would guide that part,  
Which thou'ld 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, the Chides in a kind murmur'ng Noize,  
And from her Body wip's the Clammy Joys:  
When with a Thousand Kisses, wand'ring o're  
My panting Breast, and is there then no more?  
She cries. All this to Love and Rapture's due  
Moll we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too?  
But I the most forlorn, left Man alive,  
To shew my wild Obedience vainly strive,  
I sigh alas! and Kiss, but cannot Swear.  
Eager desire confound my first intent,  
Successing flames do more success prevent,  
And Rage at last confirm's me Inseerent;  
Even her fair Hand, which might bid heat return  
To frozen Age, and make cold Hermit's burn;  
Applied to my dead Cunt warms no more,  
Than Fire to Athene could past Flammes restore:

Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,  
A wilting, weak unmoving Lump I lie;  
This Dare of Love, whole piercing point o'ft try'd  
With Virgin-blood, Ten Thousand Maidens has dy'd:  
Which Nature still directed with such Art,  
That it through every Cunt reach't e'ry Heart;  
Stiffly revolt'd, twound carelessly invade  
W'oman or Boy, nor ought its fury spair'd,  
Where e'er it pierc'd, a Cunt it found or made.  
Now languid lies in this unhappy hour,  
Shrunken up and Sapless, like a wither'd Flower.  
Thou treacherous, base deferrer of my flame,  
Fal'c to my Pasion, fatal to my Fame;  
By what mistaken Magick dost thou prove,  
So true to Lewdness, so untrue to Love?  
What Off'rer, Cunt, Beggar, Common VV'ore,  
Didst thou e'er fail in all thy Life before?  
When Vice, Disease and Scandal, lead the way,  
With what officious haste doest thou obey,  
Like a Rude roaring Heifer in the Streets,  
That Scuffles, Pulls, and Ruffles all he meets:  
But if his King or Country claim his Aid,  
The Rascal Villain shrinks and hides his Head:  
Even to thy Brutal Valor is dispaire'd,  
Breaks every Stew, does each small VV'ore invade,  
But if great Love, the onl'et does command,  
Bold Recreant, to thy Prince, thou darst not stand.  
Wor'h part of me, and henceforth hatest molt,  
Through all the Town, the common Fucking Post;  
On whom each VV'ore, relieves her tingling Cunt,  
As Hog's, on Goats do rub themselves and grunt.
May'st thou to
| ravious Sharmers, be a Prey, |
| Or in consuming | Wrappings wafte away. |
| May Strangers, and Stone, thy Days attend, |
| May'st thou there Pits, who didn't refuse to spend, |
| When all my Joys did on False the depend. |
| And may Ten Thou (and abler) Pricks agree, |
| To do the wrong'd Corinna, right for thee. |

To LOVE.

O! nunquam pro me satis indigne Cupido.

Oh Love! how cold, and how to take my part, 
Thou idle Wanderer, about my Heart, 
Why thy Old faithful Soldier, wilt thou see 
Opprest in thy own Tent? they Murder me. 
Thy Flames Consume, thy Arrows Pierce thy (Friends, 
Rather on Foot, pursue more Noble Ends, 
Achilles Sword, wou'd gen'tly bow, 
A Cure, as certain, as it gave the blow, 
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o' re, 
When the Pret's caught, hope still leads on before, 
We thy own Slaves feel thy Tyrannick blows, 
Whill thy name Handsunmov'd against thy Foot. 
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 Maid's, 
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 Graff. 
The harraff Vbore, who liv'd a wretch to please, 
Has leave to be a Brute, and take her care. 
For me then, who have freely spent my Blood (Love) in thy Service, and so boldly stood, 
In Celia's Trenches, were not wildly done. 
E'n to retire, and live at peace at home? 
No—might I gain a God-head, so declaring, 
My glorious Pyle, to my endless flame. 
Divinity, with scorn I would 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 soaming) Courtiers, wou'd restrain, 
As Ships, just when the Harbour they attain, 
Are Snatch'd by sudden Breeze, to Sea agast; 
So Loves fantastick forms, reduce my Heart. 
Half-receiv'd, and the God refuses his Dam, 
Strike here, this un indefend'D Bosome wound'd, 
And for to brave a Conquest be renown'd. 
Shal's fly so fast from me ev'ry part, 
You'll harsc'ly discern your Quiver from my Heart. 
What wretch can bear a live-long Night, as it refl, 
Or think himself in Lazy Slumbers blest. 

Fool—is not Deep the Image of pale Death? 
There's time, for refl, when Fate has form'd 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 Chide;
Oft 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 what 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 willful Scorns does Lovers Vex;
Submit their Hearts before thy Throne;
The Vassal World is then thy own.

The Maim'd Debauchee.

As some brave Admiral, in former War,
Deprived of Force, but preft 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 wife and daring Conduct of the Fight,
And each bold Action to his Mind renew'd
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 Foes,
And absent yet enjoys the Bloody Day.

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 Shore of Lazy Temperance.

My Pains at last some Respite shall afford,
Whilst I behold the Battels you maintain,
When Fleets of Glasse fail about the Board,
From whole Broad Sides Volleys of Wit shall rain.

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

Shou'd hopeful Youths (worth being drunk) prove
(Nice

And from their fair Invitations manly shrink,
'Twou'd please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
If at my Council they repent and drink.

Or shou'd some cold-complexion'd Scot 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 Quarter's beaten up, and Fortrefs won,
Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,
And handom' ills, by my contrivance done.

Nor shall our Love-sites, Gloria be forgot,
When each theewell-lookt Link-boy (prove t'enjoy,
And the best Kifs was the deciding Lot,
Whether the Boy us'd you, or I the Boy.
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 suawly impole,
And safe from Danger, valiantly advise,
Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to Blows,
And being good for nothing else, be wife.

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 by envious Fate,
To ruin Pego's happy Reign and State.

When R— with evil Eye beheld
The Three dear Friends, his Heart with Rancour (Iwcll'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 Breast sweeter Friendship to remove.
In a foul Day from bawdy Bath he flies,
To put in Act his hated Enterprise.
In the Bow'r of Blifs, where sacred Ballocks dwells,
There lives a Hag deep read in Charms and spells,
Philters and Potions, that by magic Skill
Can give an Ennuch 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, to implore her mighty Aid;
By Men she's call'd the Mother of the Maids.
Hail, worthy Dame, (said he) repeat with Grace,
Mother oth' Maids, Daughter of Noble Race!
Whil'st men of God to Betty E—go, (flow,
Whil't Prick and Pen with white an black do's
My lafting Verfe shall magnifie thy Fame,
And melting Tarfe adore thy wholy 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, Bath,
Where burthen'd Nature lays her naffy Tail;

C 2
Ten
Ten thousand Pilgrims thither do resort
For Eafe, Diufe, 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 Mine to th' young unfatiate Toy,
Who banish'd Cuck, cause Cunt he could not cloy.
Her upright Dam, Kill-Prick, the wife old Jew,
Told me, I must twelve times her Womb bedew.
Ere her Child, Suck-prick should her Bottoms twew.
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'd bit in high Rage
Appeal'd to the skillful Sticklers on the Stage;
With that fair Tall-boy and bold Suck-prick come
To squeeze my Tarle, and pass their fatal 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 Teft I did submit;
Priapus sneez'd, a Snow-ball did emit:
Yet these two partial Dames, A dry-bob cry;
Perform your Bargain (Peer) or Frig and die.
This was I rook'd of twelve substantial Bucks,
By the base flinking over itching Nocks.
Your Aid, your Aid, dear Mother me inspire
With a p REVENGE to feed my raging Fire.
The gracious Materion, smilling on him, said,
Be it as thou deifi'm my dear love'd Lad;
For this Abuse the Rump'd Runt shall mourn,
Till fliny Cunt to grimage Arse-hole turn.

By her Caves mouth a verdant Myrtle grows,
Bearing Loves Trophies on his sacred Boughs;
The Crowns of Kings were offer'd to this Shrine,
Dildoes and Merkins of the Royal Line;
Fair Ladies Hearts with mitred Pricks transfixt,
In myrtick manner make the Crucifix.
To the Tree she lead's him, froma Bough pulls
A mighty Tool, a Dildoe of Renown: (down,
A Dildoe long, and large, as Hector's Lance,
Inscribed, Homo Sotus Quo Mal y' Pense.
Knight of the Garter made for his vast Deferts,
As Modern Hero was for his monstrous Parts.
This, Pious Son, (laid the) Nail up in Box,
By Carrier send it the fault-burning Nocks,
Direct'd thus: To the Lady most deserving, (ving.
Who's made most Slaves, and kept most Pricks from fear-
Ore 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 Bluff Man,
Who can express how fast, how swift they ran,
Each for herself so seiz'd! No Dog at Deer,
Nor Hawk at Hern they'd such a swift Career;
At once they fouz'd on the beloved Prey,
And}worn Friends to engage in mortal Fray.
Old Kill-Prick, dreadful to her Friends and Foes,
Like Luxembourg in back and Breast-plate shows.
Gigantick Tall-Boy, famed in the Welt.
For Cornish-Hagg, to the Fight her self addresst;
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
'Noo's Prize, which the other crafty Suck-prick sell'd:
(38)

But looks, nor meanaces, nor crashing blow,
Could make stout Kill-Prick quit her lov'd Dido: Dido:
Undaunted, she maintain'd a cruel fight,
For conquest crackt, and tore with all her might.
So have I seen a crump-seconds cramble 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, enraged, from ballock tears
The Nock-born brat, and ends his hopeful years.
So had it fairest with Kill-Prick, had not fate
Sent Man of God to end the dire debate.

What rage, what fury (said he) do's ye sir,
To shed the blood of saints in cruel war?
How will you make the mother church to mourn,
And to fanatics let the publick scorn?
For shame, dear souls, reserve your noble blood
To prop and with man, ablaze the warriors clad
To see the holy Father in the place;
But stray 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 laymen wise to try,
Fit for plus ultra's deep divinity;
A cause for which blest saints above would die!
The model tall boy to devout appears,
Though stinking Pricks, you'd think she said her

(Pray's.
And though she'd almost won the bloody field,
With such Prick, babe of grace) to this so's yield.
The cause being flared, holy man do's pray
For a blessing on's endeavours; then do's say,

(39)

Whereas, Sage matrons, you all agree,
Your cafe to yield to my integrity,
Fitter for a general council than weak me;
Dido, a lawful tool, deny's who can,
I'll prove to be made for a meet help for man;
As mine Rectors, curate is assistant,
So Dido's to fall on prick, when cunt has puff'd on't.
But here's t' Elec't ordain'd for propagation,
Who trusts in this, is blest in generation.
This has done more than Tunbridge, Bath or epsom,
Though we're so barren this is sure to help'em.

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 Dido call;
As those in holy church to image pray,
When wonder-working saint is out o' th' way.
Thus all well-pleas'd to church away they go,
To sing Te Deum for their dear Dido.

An allusion to Harace,
The tenth satyr on the first book.
Nempe incomposito Dixi pede, &c.

Well sir, this is granted, I said D—Rhimes
Were stole, unequal, by 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 Scenes 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 blinding S— never could 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 to oppress the wearied Ear.
Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your Rhetoric with your Poetry unite:
For Elegance fake sometimes allay the force
Of Epithets, 'twill soften the Difcourfe.
A Jefl in scorn points out and hit the thing
More home than the morofer 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 meef Original.
Nor that flow Drug in wit Pindarick Straifns,
F—— who C—— imitates with pains,
And Rides a Jaded Mule whipt with loose Reins.

When Lee makes tem't rare Seipio fret and rave,
And Hannibal a whining Amorous Slave,
I laugh, and with the hot brain'd Gallian Fool
In B—— Hands to be well laft at School.
Of all our Modern Wits, none seems to me
One to have touch'd upon true Comedy,
But hafty Shadwell, and flow Wieberly.
Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of force of Nature, none of Art;
With just bold Strokes he dafhes 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 Wiebery earns 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 Panegyrics do's excel Mankind.
He beat can turn, enforce, and soften things,
To praise Great Conquerors, or to flatter Kings.

For pointed Satys I would Buckhurst chuse,
The beat good Man, with the worst natur'd Mule,
For Songs and Verfs, mannerly, obfene,
That then firr Nature up by Spring unfee.
And without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen.
Sidney has that prevailing, gentle Art,
That can with a refiiftlefs Charm impart
The lowleft Withee to the chaffeft Heart;
Raffe such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Betwixt declining Virtue and Defire,

Till
Till the poor vanquishd 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 would be sharp, he still was blunt,
To tris his frolick Fancy, he'd cry Cow,
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 then Faults abound;
Nor dear I from his Sacred Temples tear
That Lawrel which he best deservs to wear.

But do's not D — find even Johnson dull?
Fletcher and Beaumont uncorrect, and full
Of Lewd Lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's Stile
Stiff and affected; to his own the while
Allowing all the Juffness that his Pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To search and senfure D — Works, and try
If those gros 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 lofe his flattern Mufe?

Five Hundred Verses every Morning writ,
Proves you no more a Poet, than a Wit:
Such scribling Authors have been seen before;
Mansa, the English Princes, 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 leaft,

Compare each Phraife, examine every Line,
Weigh evry Word, and evry Thought refine;
Scorn all Applause the vile Rout can belowe,
And be content to please those few you know.
Can't thou be such a vain mitaken Thing,
To wish thy Works might make a Play-house ring

With the unthinking Laughter and prof Praise
Of Pops and Ladies, laziest for thy Plays?
Then lend 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 fitty Faults, and censures what I write?
Or when the poor-rid Poets of the Town
For Scraps and Coach room cry mu Verses down?
I loathe 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.

When Shakespeare, Johnson, Fletcher, rul'd the
(Stage,
They took so bold a Freedom with the Age,
That
That there was scare a Knave or Fool in Town,
Of any Note, but had his Picture shewn;
And (without doubt) though 'tis may offend,
Nothing helps more than Satyr to amend
Ill manners, or his truer 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 would seem, while ev'ry Luft
Whisks us about, as Whirlwinds do the Duff.
Here, for some neede's Gain, a Watch is hurl'd
From Pole to Pole, and flay'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 Afs,
And Play the Puding in a May-day Farce.
Here one, whom God to make a Fool thought
In spight of Providence will be a Wit;
But

But wanting Strength t' uphold his ill-madecchoise,
Sets up with Lewdness, Blasphemy, and Noise.
There, at his Mistres 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-natur'd Jeal,
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 pleasan witty Man you call.
To whet your dull Debuthes, up and down
You seek him, as top Fider of the Town.
But if I laugh when the Court Cox-combs
To see that Booby Sots dance.Provoc, (show)
Or chatt'ring Paris from the Side-Box grin,
Trickt like a Ladies Monkey new made clean,
To me the name of Raiser strait you give,
Call me a Man that knows not how to live.
But Wenchcs to their Keepers true shall turn,
Stail Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands scorn,
Great Statefulmen Flattery and Clinches hate,
And, long in Office, Die without Estate;
Again ? 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 Spire
Why shou'd your Fingers itch to have a Lath
At Simius the Buffoon, or Cully Bathy?
What is't to you, if Alcione'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 trait his Fellow-Curs the Quarrel own.
Each Knave or Fool that's conscious of a Crime;
Tho' he escapes now looks for't another time.
Sir, I confess all you have said is true;
But who has not some Folly to purifie?
Milos turn'd Laixot, fanc'd Battles Fights,
When the fifth Bottle had encreas'd the Eights.
War-like Dirt-pies out Heroe Paris forms,
Which desparate Bossin without Armour forms.
Coruvw, the kindlest 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 draines.

Grandio rhinks himself a Beau Garcon,
Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down,
And with his tauey 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 thou'd I all the crying Follies tell
That rowe the sleeping Satyr from his Cell,
I to my Reader shou'd in tedious prove
As that old Spark, Albanus, making Love;
Or florid Rosceus, when with some smooth flam
He gravely on the Publick tries to sham.
Hold then my Muf, tis time to make an end,
Left taxing others thou thy self offend.
The World's a Wood, in which all lose their way
Though by a different Path each goes at'ray.

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 molt 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,
 Frm'd for mee Sprot, who differ but in Shapes;
In thee are all these Contradictions joynd,
That make an As prodigious and refin'd.
A Lump deforme'd and shapeless were thou born,
Begot in Lov's despit, and Natures scorn,
And
And art grown up the most ungrateful Weight,  
Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight;  
Yet Love's thy Bus'ness, Beauty thy Delight.  
Curse on that silly Hour that first inspir'd  
Thy Madness to pretend to be admit'd,  
To paint thy ghastly Face, to dance, to dress,  
And all those awkward Follies that expres  
Thy loathsome Love, and filthy Daintiness;  
Who needs will be an ugly Beau Garcon,  
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 taffa:  
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, 'tendure to be belov'd.  
'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise,  
But thy half Wit will ne'er let the be wife:  
Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,  
Half-honnest (which is very much a Knave)  
Made up of all these hal's, thou canst not pass  
For any thing intirely but an Afi.

The Answer.

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 vext Toad,  
And full of Pox and Malice spitting abroad;  
Thou canst hurt no Man's Fame with thy ill word,  
Thy Pen is full as harmles as thy Sword.

Seneca's Troas, Act 2. Chorus.

After Death Nothing is, and Nothing, Death,  
The utmost Limits of a Gasp of Breath:  
Let the Ambitious Zealot lay aside  
His Hopes of Heaven (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 hur'd,  
Dead, we become the Lumber of the World,  
And to that Mass 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 ghastly Dog, that keeps the Door,)  
Are senile's Stories, idle Tales,  
Dreams, Whimsies, and no more.

Upon Nothing.

Nothing, 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
Great **Negative**, how vainly wou'd the Wife
Enquire, define, distinguishing, teach, devise,
Didst thou not first to point their dull **Philosophies**.

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.

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

But **Nothing**, why do's something still permit
That Sacred Monarchs shou'd at Council sit
With Persons highly thought, at bet, for **nothing** fit?

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

**Nothing**, who dwelv'd 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 Wife,

*French Truth, Dutch Prowes, British Policy,
Hyberian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniard Dispatch, Danes Wit, are mainly seen in* (thee.

**D 2**

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

Upon his leaving his Mistris.

'TIS 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 last of one whole Nation.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex 
With humbler Aims there Thoughts perplex, 
And boast it 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 e'ry Grain affords a Birth; 
On her no Show's 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 Mistris of Mankind.

Song.

In 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 Penitently contriving 
How to Fuck with Pricks by Pairs. 
Coridon's Aspiring Tarfe, 
Which to Cunt had ne're submitted, 
Wet with Am'rous Kifs, she fitted 
To her less frequented Arse. 
Strath's was a Handful longer, 
Stiffly prop'd with eager Lust, 
None for Champion was more stronger, 
This into her Cunt she thrust. 
Now for Civil Wars prepare, 
Raised by fierce intestine Battle. 
When these Heroes meeting Jumble 
In the Bowels of the Fair. 
They Tis and Throst with horrid Pudding, 
Blood and Slaughter is decreed, 
Hurling Souls at one another, 
Wreapt in flakey Clots of Seed.

D 3 Nature
(54)
Nature had'twixt Cupid and Aesculapius
Wisely plac'd firm separation,
God knows else what desolation
Had infir'd from Warring Tarses.
Though Fate a dismal end did threaten,
It prov'd no worse than was desir'd;
The Nymph was fondly Ballock-beaten,
Both the Shepherds fondly tir'd.

Upon his drinking a Bowl.

Vulcan, 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 Maitribe,
Nor Tarriob League knew,
Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars, or Constellation?
For I am no Sir Sydropol,
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.

(55)
Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are,
May Drink and Love still reign,
With Wine I wash away my Cares,
And then to Cupid again.

Song.

As Cloris full of harmless thoughts
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought
To pass the time away.
She blushed'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 every Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.
Ah Youth (said she) what Charms are these
That Conquer and Surprize?
Ah let me—for unless you please,
I have no power to rise.
She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear she should comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the Lie.
Thus she whom Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.
(56)

**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 Cant 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,
The open your Cafe, 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 Fukt with Porters & Carmen,
Than thus be abused by C—— and G——

(57)

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, Trail at my Men,
And in Bed lie yawning till Eleven agen.

**Song.**

Ovea Woman! you're an Afs,
'Tis a most insipid Passion,
To Cheafe out for Happiness,
The idlest part of God's Creation.
Let the Porter and the Groom,
Things design'd for Dirty Slaves,
Drugg'd in Fair Aurelia's Womb,
To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

Farewell Woman, I intend
Henceforth ev'ry Night to fit
With my Lewd Well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking, to engender Wit.
Then give me Health, Wealth, Mirth, and Wine,
And it be a Love intrenches,
There's a Sweet for Page of mine,
Do's the Trick worth Forty Wenchies.

**Song to Cloris.**

Fair Cloris in a Pig-fly lay,
Her tender Head lay by her;
She
She slept, in murm'ring Grumblings they
Complaining of the seorching 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 halting to her, cry'd;

Fly Nymph! Oh fly! 'tis too late,
A dear-lov'd Life to save;
Rescue your Befor'n 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 abhor'd by thee,
That ev'n the Darlings Lie from me
I know thou wou'dst refuse.

Struck with the News, as quick the flies
As Blushes to her Face;
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
No love shot from her bright Eyes.
Move half to swif't a pace.

This Plot it seems the Luftful 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 hears a broken Am'rous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Jilt in the happy Minute.

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

Song.

Give me leave to raile at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you faile, 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'st the Heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Saint grow pleas'd again.

She
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 Thirst, I will e're
By my Love my Empire lose,
You grow constant through Despair,
Love return'd you wou'd abuse.
Though you fill possess my Heart,
Scorn and Rigour I must resign.
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'ful Charms,
And fell the Rebel in your Arms.

Song.

Philis, be gentler I advise,
Make up for time milispent,
When Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to Repent.
Such is the Male of your Fate,
That makes you old too soon,
Your Pleasure ever comes to late,
How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is the
Whole Stars contrive in Slight,
The Morning of her Love shou'd be,
Her Fading Beauties Night.
Then if to make your Ruin more,
You'll Pevishly be Coy,
Dye with the Scandal of a Whore,
And never know the Joy.

Song.

What Cruel Pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless frown,
When not a Charm her Face forfakes,
Love cannot lose his own.
So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
Such Eyes so very kind,
Betrays,
Betray, alas! the silly Art,
Virtue had ill design'd.
Poor feeble Tyrant, who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Again kind Nature, to maintain
Afflicted 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 thou'd undo her.

Womans Honour.

LOVE bad me hope, and I obey'd,
Philis continu'd still unkind;
Then you may e'er despair here 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 Hecar dares not shew his Face.
Let me still languish and complain,
Be molt unhumanly deny'd,
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

I fall a Sacrifice to Love,
She lives a Wretch for Honour's sake,
Whole 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 mis-trustful 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 should 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 offer'd, or why should it putrify me?
And Wit has to please been ever a Friend,
Then what room for despair, since delight is.

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 Wis 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 dissolv in a Rapture of Charms,
At the thought of those Joys I should meet in her
(Arms.

Song.

HOW happy Chloris (were they free)
Might our Injoyments prove?
But you with formal Jealousy,
Are still tormenting Love.
Let us (since Wis instructs us how)
Raise Pleasure to the top,
If Rival Bottle you’ll allow,
I’ll suffer Rival Pop.
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 Gods be full.

(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 luyt Juice of Grapes, take you.
The luyt 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,
Whole 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,
Philis is wholly thine.
Then talk not of Inconstancy,
Fals Heart, and broken Vows,
If 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, e’re they fell,

E

Com-
(66)

Compass'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 with 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 duly pay,
The Nobler Tribute of my Heart,
Be not you so severe to say
You love me for a fairer part.

(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 Powers.
It is a thing unift,
That Men shou'd Fuck in time of Fowrs,
Or when the Smock's belshit.
Fair Nafty Nymph, be Clean and Kind,
And all my Joys restore;
By using Paper till behind,
And Spunges for before.
My spotles's Flames canne're decay,
If after ev'ry Clofe,
My smoaking Prick ecape the Fray,
Without a Bloody Nose.
If thou wou'dt have me true be kind,
And take to Cleanly Sinning;
None but fresh Loves Pricks can rise
At Philis 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;

But
That for the Noble Name of Spark,
Dares his Companions Rally;
Commits an Outrage in the Dark,
Then flinks 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 relenting Culk,
Is decently run through the Lung,
And there's an end of Bully.

Song.

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 Poets,
I'll write upon a double Clout,
And dip my Pen in Flowers.
Her Look's demurely Impudent,
Ungainly Beautiful,
Her Modesty is Infolent,
Her Mirth is pert and dull.
A Prostitute of all the Town,
And yet with no Man Friends,
She Railes, and Scolds, when she lies down,
And Curses when she spends.

Bawdy in Thoughts, Precife in Words,
Ill Natur'd, and a Whore,
Her Belly is a Bag of T—rs,
And her C—'s a Common Hoar.

Song.

I Cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor Swain, that stris for you,
For you alone was born.
No Phillis, no, your Heart to move,
A furer 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 thall call,
The Sighs that now un pity'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.

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

Why
Why Philis then, why will you Swive
With Forty Loucre more?
Can I (said she) with Nature strive,
Alas I am, alas I am a Whoore.
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 won’d never doubt,
In Amorous Rage and Exasie,
To with those Eyes, to with those Eyes fucck out.

Actus Primus, Scene Prima.
Enter Tarfander and Swiveanthe.
The Scene.
A Bed-Chamber.

Tar. FOR standing Tarfes we kind Nature thank.
And yet Adore those Cunts, that make
Them lank;
Unhappy Mortals! whose sublimest Joy,
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.
That th’t made it fall, will make it rise;
Though it a while the Amorous Combat shun,
And leems from mine, into thy Belly run;
Yet’t will return, more vigorous, and more fierce
Than flaming Drunkard, when he’s dy’d in Tierce.

Enter Celia.

Col. Madam, methinks those sleepy Eyes declare,
Too lately you have cast a Lovers Care;
I fear you have with Interest repaid,
Those eager thirsts, which in 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.

D

reaming last Night on Mrs. Farley,
My Prick was up this Morning early;
And I was faint, without my Gown,
To rile it the Cold, to get him down:
Hard thrift, alas! but yet a sure,
Although it be no pleasing Cure.
Of Old, the Fair Egyptian Slattern,
For luxury, that had no Pattern;
To Fortify her Roman Swinger,
Instead of Nymeg, Musc and Ginger,

Did
Did Spice his Bowl's (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 Conch,
And spar'd her Pearl and Diamond Brooch.
If I had serv'd 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—y 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 Board of Note,
Inform of a fresh Petticoat;
Inquire I pray, with Friendly care,
Where there respective Lodgings are.
Somedo 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, whichof force,
To Town, must shortly steer my Course.

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 spire 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 Mistisf, Nymph or Goddess title,
Send all his Labours down to me,
By the first oppertunity.
Or any Knights of your round Table,
To other Scribblers formidable,
Guilty themselves of the same Crime,
Dress Nonsense up in ragged Rhyme,
As once a Week, they seldom fail,
Inspire'd with Love and Gridron Ale.
Or any paulytery Poetry,
Tho' from the University;
Who when the K—— and L—— 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 Fussian 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 Fee, at my desire,
Refrain your nat'rul Profuseness,
And spare 'em, though you have a Looseness.

Mr.
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, would'd Fuck under Ten Pound:
So retty Jades, which scorne to stir,
Tho' oft provok'd by Whip and Spur,
By milder usage may be got
To fall into their wanted 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 pasturty 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 choke me,
What horrid Fury could provoke thee
To use thy railing furrious Wit
Gainst Cunt and Prick the Source of it:
For what but Cunt and Prick do’s raise
Our Thoughts to Songs and Roundelayes?
Enables us to Anagram,
And other Amorous Flam-flams?
Then we write Plays, and so proceed
To Bayes, 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 please’d their Sisters, Wives and Daughters,
Guarded their Pippins and Pomwaters;
For at the Orchar’s utmost Entry
This mighty Oeisy flood Centry,
Involved in a tatter’d Blanket,
To serve the Magpies from their Banquet.
But this may serve to shew we trample
On Rule and Method by example
Of Modern Authors, who to nap at all,
Will talk of Caesar in the Capitol,
Of Cynthia’s Beams, and Sol’s bright Ray,
Known Foe to Butter, Silk, and Wine,
Which softens Wax, but hardens Clay.

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,
Ere since we us’d her so offensively,
In dismal Shades, with Arms a crost,
I sit, lamenting of my los’d:
To Echo I her name commend,
Who has it now at her Tongues end,
And Parrot-like repeats the name;
For shou’d you talk of Tamerlaine,
Cuffe’y she cries at the same time,
Though the last Accents do not Rhime:
Far more than Echo e’re did yet
For Phyllis or bright Amoret.

When Pen-knife keen of moderate size,
As bright and piercing as her Eyes,
A glittering weapon, which would 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 Amorous 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 lofty 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 Thoughts all Night.
The weary Tree, who fear'd a Clap,
And new the Virtue of his Sap,
Dropt Balm into ev'ry Wound,
And in an Hours time was Sound.
But you are unacquainted yet
With half the pow'rs of Amoret;
For he can Drink as well as Swinge,
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 0 R——
A Man who's Word I much relie on;
He kept trust, and came down hither,
When thou war'st fear'd with the soul Vweather:
But if thou woul'dst forgiven be,
Say that a Cunt detained thee;
Cunt, whose strength Charms 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 have leave to prate;
But oh, the rigor of my Fate!
For want of bounting Bona-Roba,
Lasciviae est nobis pagina vita proba.
For that Rhime I was fain to tumble;
When Pegasus begins to stumble,
'Tis time to rest, your very humble.

Mr. E——s Answer.

So soft and Am'rously you Write
Of Cunt and Prick the Cunts Delight,
That were I still in Lantborn-Sweating,
Swallowing of Bole, 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 chiefeft 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 tast'd 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 Cuffey, that whose Paramount!

Cuffey 1
Cuffley! whose Beauty warms the Age,
And fill our Youth with Love and Rage;
Who, like fierce Wolves, pursue the Game,
While secretly the Leth'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.
Whils't you within some neighbor'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 passets through,
Must envy her, and pity you;
We at the Fleece or at the Bear,
With good Cape-Knife well whet on Stair,
A gentle Weapon, made to feed
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed,
A thousand Am'rous Fancies frape;
There's not a Pewter-Dish can escape
Without her Name, or Arms, which are
The fame 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 greasy Plate, with Care,
Carves the bright Image of the Fair.
Another, though a drunken Sot,
Neglects his Wine, and on the Pot
A Band of Naked Cupids draws,
With Pricks no bigger than wheat straws.

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,
Cuffley! 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 Mistres that employs our Care:
Your absence makes us melancholy,
Nor Drink nor Cunt can make us Jolly,
Unles's we've you within our Arms,
In whom there dwells Diviner Charms,
Then quit with speed the pestive Grove,
And here in Town pursue your Love;
Where, at your coming you shall find
Your Servant glad, your Mistres 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 Jets
On solid Nonsense, that abides all Test's.
Wit, like Tieve-Claret, when it begins to pall,
Neglected lies; and's of no use at all;

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 Corros,
Thou hast a Brain, such as thou hast indeed,
On what else thou'd 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 Toeme,
As some Digestions turns all Meat to Plegm.
Thy stumbling founder'd Jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly.
Assailful 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 linking,
Thou writ'st below even thy own natural Parts,
And with acquir'd Dulness and new Arts
Of studied Non-sense, 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 Critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant Libeller:
Thou send'st thy Name to what thy self do Hast write,
Did ever Libel yet so harply bite?

On the same Author, upon his New Vir

As when a Bully draws his Sword
Though no Man gives him a cross word,
And

On the same Author, upon his New Vir

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 thin'e own? or hast thou from Snow-ball
Th' assurance of some Ballard-making Quill?

F. 2

No,
No, they fly higher yet; thy \textit{Plays} are such
I'd swear they were translated out of \textit{Dutch}:
And what the Devil was 'ere yet to drunk,
To read the \textit{Volumes} of \textit{My Heer Van Dunck}?
Fair would I know what Diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure Hasty-pudding is thy chiefeest Dish,
With Lights and Livers, and with stinking Fish.
Ox-cheetripe garbage, thou dost treaeth thy Brain,
Which nobly pays this \textit{Tribute back} again.
With Dazy-roots, the Dwarfish Muse is fed,
A Giants Body, with a Pigmies Head.
Canst thou not find 'mongst all thy num'rous Race
One Friend so kind, to sell thee that thy Play's
Laught at by Box, Pit, Gallery, nay Stage,
And grown the naughteous Grievance of this Age?
Think its a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind,
No other use of Paper thou should'st make,
But carrying Loads of Rhimes upon thy Back;
Carry vault Burthens, till thy Shoulders shrink,
But Canst be he that gives thee Pen and Ink;
Thos' dangerous Weapons should be kept from Fools
As Nurses from their Children keep Edg-tools.
For thy dull \textit{Muse} a Muckender were fit,
To wipe the Stav'ring of her Infant wit;
Which, tho' tis late (if Justice could be found)
Should like blind new-born \textit{Poppies}, yet be drown'd
For were it not of Respect we must afford
To any \textit{Muse} that's Grand, child to a Lord,
Thine in the Ducking-stool should take her Seat,
Drench't like her self: in a great Chair of state,
Where

Where like a \textit{Muse} of \textit{Quality} she'd Die,
And thou thy self shalt make her \textit{Elegy};
In the same strain thou wert to thy \textit{Comedy}.

\textit{The Disappointment.}

1.

\textbf{ONE} Day the \textit{Amorous Lysander},
By an impatient \textit{Pasion} s'way'd,
Surpris'd fair \textit{Cloris}, that lov'd Maid,
Who cou'd defend her self no longer;
All things did with his Love confine,
The gilded Planet of the \textit{Day},
In his gay Chariot, drawn by \textit{Fire},
War now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the \textit{World},
But what from \textit{Cloris} brighter Eyes was hur'd.

2.

In alone \textit{Thicket}, made for \textit{Love},
Silent as yielding Maids Confin'd,
She with a charming \textit{Lanquishment}
Permits his Force, yet gently strow'd:
Her Hands his \textit{Bajant} softly meet,
But not to put him back design'd,
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilst he lay trembling at her feet,
Restance 'tis to late to flaw,
She wants the power to say -- \textit{Alas what do you die?}

3.

Her bright \textit{Eyes} sweat, and yet Severe,
Where Love and Shame contunding strive,
Fresh Vigor to Lifander give:
And whispering softly in his Ear,
She Cry'd—Cease—cease—your vain desire,
Or I'll call out—What won'd you do?
My dearer Honour, ev'n to you,
I cannot—must not give—retire,
Or take that Life whose chiefest part
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

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

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 whole Trills
The melted Soul in liquid Drops distils.

Her balmy Lips encountering his,
Their Bodies as their Souls they joy'n'd,
Where both in Transports were confin'd,
Extend themselves upon the Mos'd,
Clos'd 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-fights returns and goes.

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 dispence,
Offering her Virgin Innocence
A Victim to Loves Sacred Flame;
Whist th'o'te ravish'd Shepherd lies,
Unte able to perform the Sacrifice.

Ready to taste a Thousand Joys,
These 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 poff'ds, himself he threw
On the defenceless lovely Maid.

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

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,
The Infensible fell weeping in his Hands.

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

Claris returning from the Trance,
Which Love and Jealousy had bred,
Her tim'rous Hand she gently laid,
Or guided by Design or Chance,
Upon that Fabulous Prickes,
That Potent God (as Poets reign.)
For never did young, Shepherdess
Garth'ring Fern upon the Plain.

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

Then Claris her fair Hand withdrew,
Finding that God of her Desires
Diarm'd of all his powerfull Fires,
And cold as Flowers bath'd in the Morning-dew.
Who can the Nymphs Confusion guess?
The Blood for look the kinder place,
And strew'd with Flowers all her Face,
Which both Disdain and Shame express;
And from Lisander's Arms she flees.
Leaving him fainting on the glistening Bed.

Like Lightning through the Grove she hies,
Or Daphne from the Delphick God;
She leaves, in silence pur'ling 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'er the fatal Plain.

The Nymphs resentment, 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 mote the Shepherd's Charms;
Whose sooth bewitching influence,
Had damn'd him to the Hell of Impotence.

On a Giniper-Tree, now Cure down to make Buds.

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 hear
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 Blifs,
To rob the Shepherd of a Kiss.
Whils't he in Pleasures far above
The sense of that degree of Love!
Permitted ev'ry health I made,
Unjealous of his Rival shade.
I saw'em kindle to desire!
Whils't with soft Sighs, they blew the Fire!
Saw the approaches of their Joy,
He growing more fierce, and the 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 Cōtent,
But what the gave by Languishment.
The Blessed Minute he purrid,
Whils't Love her Fear and Shame subdu'd,
And now transported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conqueror all her Charms!
His panting Brest 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,
Could mingle Souls to that degree,
And melt 'em into Extasie!
Where, like the Phænx, both expire,
Whilst from the Ashes of their Fire
Sprung up a New, and soft desire:
Like Charmers, Twice they did invoke
The God: and Twice new Vigour took;
And had the Nymph been half so kind,
As was the Shepherd well inclin'd;
The Mystery had not ended there;
But Claris seamin'd her Fear,
And Chid the Swain, for having prest,
What she (alas) cou'd not refust:
Whilst he, in whom Love's sacred flame
Before, and after was the same,
Humbly implores she would forget
That fault, which he would yet repeat;
From active Joys, which flame they haft,
To a Reflection on the past;
A Thousand Times the Coward blest,
That did secure their Happiness;
Their Gratitude to ev'ry Tree
They pay, but most to happy me!
The Shepherd's my Bark Carried,
Whilst he my Rest (Love's Pillow) Kist,
And did with Signs their Fate deplore,
Since I must shelter 'em no more.
And if before my Joys were such,
In having seen, and heard so much;
My Gries must be as great and high,
When all abandon'd I must lie,
Doom'd to a silent Deity.
No more the Amorous Strife to hear,
The Shepherd's Vows, the Virgins fear;
No more a joyous locker on,
Whilst Lovers forlorn Battle's lost and won.
With Grief I bow'd my Mourn'ing Head,
And all my Chriftal Dew I shed
Which did in Claris pity move;
Clarins whole Soul is made of Love.
She could not, and did translate
My Being to a happier State?
No Martyr for Religion Dy'd,
With haft that unconsidering Pride;
My Top was on the Altar laid,
Where Love his finest Offerings paid,
And was a fragrant Incense burn'd;
My Body, into Barks 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.

W hat doleful Cries are thes that fright my
Sad, as the Groans of dying Innocence!
The Killing Accent now more near approach,
And the infectious sound
Spreads, and enlarges all around,
And does all Hearts with grief and wonder touch!
The Famous Greenhill's Dead, ev'n He
That could to us give Immortality,
Is to th' Eternal, silent Groves withdrawn,
Those fallen Groves, of Everlasting Dawn;
Youthful as Flow'r's scarce blown, whose opening
A wondrous and a fragrant Prospect gives, (Leaves
Of what its Elder Beauties would display,
When it thou'd flourish up to ripening Myr !
Witty as Poets, warm'd with Love and Wine,
Yet still spair'd Heav'n and his Friend;
For both to him, were Sacred and Divine,
Nor cou'd he this, no more than that offend:
Fist as a Martyr, where he Friendship paid,
And gen'rous as a God !
Distributing his Beauties all abroad,
And soft, and gentle, as a Love-fick Maid.
Great Master, of the Noblest Mystery
That ever happy knowledge did inspire ;
Sacred as that of Poetry ! (mire !
And which the wondering World does equally adm.
Great Natures Works we do esteem,
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'renc in, his Beauties do beget
In the Enamour'd Soul a virtuous heat,
Whilst Nature groffer pieces move
In the course 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 puff
The lively imitating rifting Breast,
Which yields like Clouds, where little Angels rest !
The Limbs all seem, 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 experienced Age can teach ;
At once the vigorous Fire of this,
And ev'ry Virtue, which that can express,
In all the light that both cou'd reach !
And yet (alas) in this perfection Dy'd !
Drop't 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 wait !
So have I seen an unflit Star
Out-shine the rest of all the num'rous Train,
(As bright as that which guides the Mariners)
Dart swiftly from its dark'd Sphair,
And ne'er shall light the World again !
Oh why should so much Knowledge Die!
Or with his last kind Breath,
Why cou'd he not to some one Friend bequeath
The mighty Legacy !
But 'twas a knowledge giv'n to him alone,
That his Eternal Name might be
Admir'd to all Posterity,
By all to whom his greatfull Name was known !
Come all ye fater Beauties, come !
Bring Wreaths of Flow'r's to deck his Tomb,
Meet with the final Cypress, and Ten,
For he still gave your Charms their due, And
And from the Injuries of Age and Time,
Scur'd the sweetness of your prime,
And best know how t’ Adore that sweetnefs 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 Meter.

Have you seen the raging Stormy Main
Tossed a Ship up, then cait her down again?
Sometimes she seemes to touch the very Skies,
And then again upon the Sand the lies.
Or have you seen a Bull, when he is Jealous,
How he doth tear the ground, and Roars and Bell.
Or have you seen the pretty Turtle Dove,
When she laments the absence of her Love!
Or have you seen the Fairies when they Sing,
And Dance with Mirth together in a Ring?
Or have you seen our Gallants make a pudding
With Fair and Grace, and Grace, and Fair Anfrudget.
Or have you seen the Daughter of Apollo,
Pour’d down their Rhyming Liquors in a hollow
In Spungy Brain, congealing into Verse? (Cane?)
If you have seen all this, then Kit’s mine A—fe.

---

Satyr.

A What Time does old Age begin t’ approach,
That thus thou dropp’lt under a Nights
(Debauch? Hafft

Haft thou lost deep to needy Rogues on Tick,
Who ne’re could pay, and must be paid next Week?
Tim. Neither alas, but a daily Dining Sir.
Seiz’d I my Meas, 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 entices her Spark, the more,
The longer I deny’d the more he prays.
At last I’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 — unasifted former Scenes;
Which he admir’d, and prais’d at every Line,
At last it was too harsh, 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 Pintails 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 was in vain,
Thus to deny the Fashion of my Brain.
Choak’d with his flattry, I no Anfwer 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, Swin, come?
No, but there were a bove Half-wits and Huff,
Kickum, and Dingboy. Oh ’tis well enough,
They’re
They're all brave Fellows, cry mine Host, let's Dine.  
I long to have my Belly full of Wine;  
They'll write, and fight I dare affure you.  
They're Men, Tam Marte quam Mercuria.  
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 Son) is my Wife ready yet!  
A Wife, good Gods! a Pop 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 Bear Eyes to finite begun:  
Though nothing else, the (in despit of time)  
Preferr'd the affection of her prime;  
However you began, the brought in Love,  
And hardly from that Subject would remove.  
We change'd to speak of the French Kings success.  
My Lady wonder'd much how Heav'n cou'd blesse,  
A Man, that Lov'd two Women at one time;  
But more how he to them excess'd his Crime.  
She ask'd Host, it Loves flame he never felt?  
He answer'd bluntly, Do you think I'm gel't?  
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 would make some amends,  
When my good Host cryes out, you are all my Friends,  
Our own plain Fare, 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 have none. (thain  
Here's a good Dinner towards, thought I, when  
Up comes a piece a Reef, full Hostmans weight;  
Hard as the Arte of M——, under which  
The Coachman sweats, as Ridden by a Witch.  
A Dih 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 Visitors his flaming Hand spry'd.  
Pig, Goof, and Capon, follow'd in the Rear;  
With all that Country Bumpkin call good Cheer.  
Serv'd up with Sauces all of Eighty Eight,  
When our tough Youth, wrestl'd, and threw the  
And now the Battle briskly flies about, (Weight.  
Instead of Lee, wrap't 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 his old Italians Place;  
Each Man had as much room, as Porter B——.  
Or Harris had, in Calmns Bathcet.—t.  
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:  
Hetalke much of a Plot, and Many lent
In Cromwell's time. My Lady she
Complain'd our Love was coarse, our Poetry
Unitèd 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,
To rotten to consummate the Intrigue.
Falkland she praise'd, and Sucklings ease Pen,
And seem'd to taft their former parts again.
Mine Host drinks to the best in Christendom,
And decently why Lady quits the Room.
Left to our selves, of several things we prate,
Some regulate the Stage, and some the State.
Hafswit 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 easily 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 Pros,£
So little on the Sense, the Rhymes impose.
Damme (sais Ding-boy) in my mind Gods-sounds,
E—writes Any Songs, and soit Lampoons,
The best of any Man; for your Nouns,
Grammar, and Rule of Art, he knows 'em not,
Yet writ Two Talking Plays, without one Plot.
H—was for S—and Morocco praise'd, (rais'd.
Said rumbling words, like Drums, his Courage
W'holo broad-built barks, the boys from Billows bear;
Zaphen and Sally, Magadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tisuan.
Was ever braver Language writ by Man?

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, black his State,
Complain another sight afflicts him more;
(Videl.) The Queen's Galley rowing from the shore,
Fitting their Oars and Tacking to be gone,
W'hlf sport W'aves smil'd on the rising Sun.
Waves finikling on the Sun! I'm sure that's new,
And 'twas well thought on, give the Drum his due.
Mine Host, who had said nothing in an hour,
Rofe up and praise'd the Indian Emperor.
As if our Old World modestly withdrew,
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 he's brought to Bed!
What a brave Midwife is a Laureat's Head!
But Pox of all these Scriblers, what d'ye think,
Will Souches this Year any Champagne bring?
Will Turenne Fight him? without doubt says Huff,
If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.
Damme (sais Ding-boy) the French, Cowards are,
They pay, but the English, Scots, & Switzers make War:
In gawdy Troops, at a Review they shine,
But dare not with the Germans, Battle joine;
What now appear's like Courage, is not so,
'Tis a short Pride, which from incefs does grow.
On the'rt first Blow, they'll shrink into those Fears,
They shew'd at Creffy, Agincourt, Poynters;
Their loss was Infamous, Honour so stain'd,
Is by a Nation not to be regain'd.

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 greasy Plate, when suddenly they all
Together by the Ears in Parties fall:
Hulsum with Dingboy joyns, Kickum with Huff;
Their Swords were feste, and so we let 'em Cuff
Till they mine Hoist, 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-Glas, and hear the Heavens roar.

A Session of the Poets.

Since the Sons of the Muses grew num'rous, and
(loud, Forth appearing so factious, & clam'rous a Crowd
Apollo thought fit in so weigh'ty a Caufe,
'th Etabl'd a Government, Leader, and Laws.
The hopes of the Bay, at his Summoning Call,
Had drawn 'em together, the Devil and all; (ling,
All thronging and lifting, they gap'd for the Bic-
No Presbyterian Sermon had more crowding and pref-
In the Head of the Gang 'D,' appear'd, (ling,
That Ancient grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd;
But Apollo had heard a Story 'tis 'Town,
Of his quitting the Muses, to wear a Black Gown;
And to gave him leave, now his Poetry's done,
To let him turn Priest; now R—is turn'd Nun.

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

Brawny Wit—was the next Man shew'd his Face,
But Apollo c'n't think him too good for the place;
No Gentleman with Wit, that Office shou'd bear,
'Twas a Trader in Wit, the Laurel shou'd wear;
As none but a Citt, c'e're makes a Lord Mayor.

Next into the Crowd, Tom S—does wallow,
And Swears by his Guts, his Pann'd, and his Tallow,
'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age,
Himself and his Wit have supported the Stage.
Apollo, well pleas'd with so Bonny a Lad,
'To 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,
To bid him drink on, and keep his Old Trick
Of railing at Poets, and shewing his Prick.

N.--L.—kept in next, in hopes of a Prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in Three;
By the Ruby's in's Face, he cou'dn't deny,
But he had as much Wit as Wine cou'd supply;
Confident indeed he had a Musical Note,
But sometimes brain'd so hard, that he rattled it.
(Throat,
Yet owning he had Sense, t' encourage him for't,
He made him his Ovid in Augustus's Court,
G 4
Poet
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 senfe,  
And Ballocks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull Rogue;  
Apollo, consid'ring he was not in Vogue, (Fool,  
Wou'd not truft 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-boule, for the Prop of an Age.  
In the numerous Herd, that encompass him round,  
Little starcht Jonny C--- at his Elbow he found,  
His Creatus-bring new Iron'd, he gently did stretch  
His Lilly-white hand out. the Laurel to reach;  
Alluding that he had most right to the Bays,  
For writing Romances, and singing of Plays.  
Apollo rose up, and gravely confess'd,  
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 senfe of smart, & be past senfe of shame;  
And to perfect his Blifs, in Poetical Rapture,  
He bid him be dull to the end of the Chapter.  
The Poets Affra, next thew'd her sweet Face,  
And swore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,

The Laurel, 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.  
Anababaluthy put in for a share,  
And little Tom Essences Author, was there,  
Nor cou'd D--- forbear for the Laurel to sticke  
Protest'ning 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 to 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 Laureate, 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:  
Ene told'em to put his defeat to the Tolf,  
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'er came in Print.  

Satyr.
SATYR.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carere diguina
Sivis esse aliquis—Indem sat.

Suppos'd to be spoken by a Court Heelor.
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 damned, and all the Crew,
Of learn'd Idiots, who his steps pursue:
And those most silly Proselytes, whom his fond precepts drew!

Oh had his Eidoicks been with their wild Author
Or a like Fate, with those loft Writings found,
which that grand Plagiary, doom'd to Fire,
And made by unjust Flames expire,
They ne'er had then seduce'd Mortality,
Ne'er last'd 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're did the First Model of Religion frame,
And by that double Vassallage enthral'd Mankind?
By nought before, but their own pow'r, or will
(consin'd:

Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive liberty,
And Slaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny.
More happy Brutes! who the great Rule of tenle
(observe,

And

And ne're from their First Charter swerve.
Happy whose Lives are meely to enjoy,
And feel no ings of Sin, which may their Blifs an-
Still uncorrect'd, at Epitases of ill or good, (noy;)
Distinctions undulate rate Nature, never understood

Hence! hated Virtue, from our goodly Ile!
No more our Joys beguile!
(happy State
No more with thy leath'd preference plague our
Thou Enemy to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave, or
Be gone! with all thy pious meager Train, (great!
To some unfruitful, unfréquented Land,
And there an Empire gain,
And there extend thy rigorous command:
There where illiberal Natures Nigardice,
Has let 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 Nature's bounty could bellow, or Heav'n's
(kindest lend !

Go follow that nice Goddes to the Skies!
Who heretofore dishographer an increasing Vice,
Dilflik'd the World, and thought it too profane.
And timely hence retir'd, & kindly ne're return'd
Hence! to those Airy Mantions rove, (again;
Converse with Saints, and holy Flocks above!
Those may thy preference woe,
Whose lazy cafe, affords 'em nothing else to do;
Where
Where haughty scornful I, (Company: And my great Friends, will ye not face 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

Virtue! thou solemn grave impertinence Abhor'red by all the Man of Wit and Sense! (here, Thou damn'd Fatigue! that clogs it's Life's Journey Thou, thou no weight of Wealh or Profit bear! Thou puling, fond, Green-sicknes of the Minds That makes us prove to our own selves unkind; Wherby we Coals and Dirt, for Diet choose, And pleasures better Food retuse. Curt' fift! that leadst deluded Mortals on, Till they too late perceive themselves undone. Chows'd by a Dowry, in Reveries! The greatest Votary, thou e're cou'dst boast, Pity so brave a Soul, was in thy service loft, What wonders he in wickedness had done! Whom thy weak pow'r, cou'dst so inspire alone! Thou long with fond Amours he courted thee, Yet dying did Recant his vain Idolatry, At length (to late) he did repent with shame, For't he cou'd confess thee nothing but an empty name; So was the Leterchi gull'd, whose haughty love, Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent, of the Gods (above.
When he a Goddes thought he had in chafe, 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; 't oblige an unperforming Cloud.

If human kind to thee e're Worship paid, Then were by Ignorance mil'd, That only them devout, and thee a Goddes made: Know hapy ly in the Worlds rude untaught Infanty, 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, dullest times, When crafty Pagans had engross'd all Crimes: When Christian Fools, were obstinately good, Nor yet their Gospel freedom understood, Tame eacse Fops, who cou'd so prodigally bleed, To be thought Saints, and dye a Kalender with red. No prudent Heathen, e're seduc'd cou'd be, To suffer Martyrdom for thee; (wife: Only that Arrant Aife, 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 unashionably good; And exercis' his whinnying Gifts to rail at Vice, Him all the Wits, of Aibens, damn'd; And justly with Lampoons, defam'd. But when the Mad Fanatic should not shin'd, From broaching of Divinity, The wife Republick, made him for prevention dye, And kindly sent him to the Gods, and better Com- (pany.
Let surmising Age, be grave, and wise, And Virtues poor contemn'd Idea prize. Who never knew, now art past the sweets of Vice, Whilst we whose Active Pulses beat, With lub'y Youth, and vig'rous heat, Can
Which does from Brain-sick-heads, or ill digesting
Stomachs, stream.

Conscience! the vain Fanatrick Fear,
Of Punishments, we know not when, or where:
Project of crafty States-men, to support weak Law,
Whereby they Slavish Spirits awe,
And daftard Souls, to force'd Obedience draw.

Grand Wheedle! which our Gown'd-Impeators life,
The poor unthinking Rabble, to abuse?

Scare-Crow, to fright from the forbidden Fruit of
Their own beloved Paradise!

Vice,
Let those Vile Canters, Wickednesses decry,
Whole Mercenary Tongues take pay
For what they say;

And yet commend in practice, what their words
While we discerning Heads, who farther pray,
Their Holy Cheats defie,

And scorn their Frauds, and scorn their fandiffr'd
None but dull unbred Fools, discredite 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 wife Manage, from a Sin can
Atrue, and brave Transgresser ougth; (taize.

To Sin with the same height of Spirit, Coliar fought
Mean-foul'd Offenders, now no honour gain,
Only Debauches of the Nobler strain;

Vice, well improv'd, yields Bliss, and Fame be;
And fame for Sinning have been Deify'd! (tide,
Thus the Lewd Gods, of old, did move,
By these Brave Methods, to the Seats above!

Ev'n
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 Heaven one large Seraglio made,
Each Goddefs turn'd a glorious Punk, oth' Trade,
And all the Sacred place,
Was fill'd with Ball and Gods, of his own Race!
Almighty Leteb'ry got his first repute, (but)
And everlasting Whoring, was his chiefest Attri-

How gallant was that Wretch, whose happy guilt,
A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built?
Let Fools (said he) Impiety alledge,
And urge the no greatFault of Sacrilege?
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 would 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 Beautiful can now Immortal write,
While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

Yet great was that mighty Emperor,
(A greater Crime, beheld his high pow'rt)
Who Sacrific'd a City to a Jeff, (bet)
And th'w'd he knew the grand Intrigues of honor
He made all Rome a Bonfire to his Fame!
And sung, and plaid, and danced amidst the
Bravely begun yet pity there he staid, (Flame!
One step to glory more he shou'd have made!
He shou'd have heaved the noble Frolick higher,
And made the People on, that Fun's Pile expire!
Or providently with their Blood put out the Fire!
Had this been done,
The utmost pitch of Glory he had worn!
No greater Monument cou'd be,
To Consecrate him to Eternity! (but me!)
Nor shou'd there need another Herald of his praise

And thou yet greater Faux, the glory of our Isle,
Whom baffled Hell, e're seems its chiefest Foe
(T'were injury shou'd I omit thy Name
Whole action merits all the breath of Fame!
Methinks I see the trembling shades below,
Around in humble Rev'nence, how
Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their Loyalty
To their dear Monarch, or to thee!
No wonder he's 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 Grandeur last.

How
(114)

However the regret not mighty Ghost;
Thy Plot by treach'rous Fortune croft,
Nor think thy well deserved glory loft!
Thou the full praise of Villany shalt ever share,
And all will judge thy Act compleat enough, when
 thou couldst dare

So thy great Master fear'd, whom 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 desigts he fell,
O'errow'd by's Almighty Pow'r,
Yet gain'd he Vi'try in his overthrow;
He gain'd sufficient Triumph, that he durst rebel,
And 'twas some pleasure, to be thought the greatest

Tell me ye great Triumvirate, what shall I do,
To be Illustrious as you?

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, unpatternd, by all past,
(And present time!
'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks I feel the pow'ful

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

Let the unpity'd Vulgar, tamely go, (low:
And flock for company, the wide Plantations be-

Such

(115)

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

For our good service, as on Earth we share.
In them, Sin is but a meer private of good,
The frailty and defect of Flesh and Blood;
In us 'tis a perfection, who profest,
A study'd, and Elaborate Wickedness:
We're the great Royal Society of Vice,
Whole 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 unapproachable Iniquity.

12.

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

Unworthy me,
And all the braver part of his Posity
Had the just Fates design'd me in his stead,
I'd done some great, and unexampled Deed!
A Deed! which thou'd descry,
The Stoicks dull Equality,
And shew that Sin admits Transcendency!
A deed! wherein the Tempter shou'd not share,
Above what Heav'n cou'd punisht 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.

My part is done, and you'll I hope excuse
The extravagance, of a repenting Muse;
Pardon what e're she has to boldly saie,
She only acted here in Masquerade;
And the flight Arguments she did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce:
So we Buffoons, in Princely dress expole,
Not to be Gay but more ridiculous
When she a Hecator for her Subject had,
She thought she must be Turmanguant and Mad;
That made her speak like a lewd Punch's, of th' Town,
Who by converse with Bully's, 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 different taste of Wit,
Nor will to th' common Vogue, himself submit.
Let some admire the Fay, whole Talents lye,
Inventing dull insipid Blasphemy;
He swears he cannot with those terms dispense,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of fens:
Wits Name, was never to Profane's 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 Reader's Eye,
Not lurk in Fly unprinted Privacy.
But Criminal Writers, like dull Birds of Night,
For weakness, or for shame, avoid the light:
May such a Jury, for the Audience have,
And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive:
May they the Tower for their due merits share,
And a Just Wreath of Hemp, not Laurel 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,
Whole Nauseous Poetry can reach no higher,
Than what the Cod-piece, or its God inspire:
So lewd they spend at Quill, you'd justly think,
They wrote with something Naftier 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 attone.
If Ribaldry defer the praise of Wit,
He must resign to each illiterate Cit,
And Prentices, and Ser-men, challenge it:
Ev'n they too, can be sneer, and witty there,
For all Men on that Subject, Poets are.
Hence forth he lays, if ever more he find,
Himself to the bare Itch of Verie inclin'd,
If he's given up fo far to Write,
He never means to make his end delight;
Shou'd he do so, he must despise 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 dislay:
Though against Virtue once he drew his Pen,
He'll ne'er for ought, but her defence agen.
Had he a Genius, and Poeticke 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, thou'd learn to blush—
And dread the Vengeance of his angry Wit, (fright;
Which more than their own Confessions 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 Majesties, prithee tell, (Hell,
What damn'd Pow'r invok'd, and sent from
(If Hell were bad enough) did thee inspire, (hear? Haft thou of late embrace, some Succubus?
And us'd the lewd Familiar, for a Muse?
Or didst thy Soul, by Inch o'th' Candle fell,
Togain the glorious Name of Pimp, to Hell?
If no, go, and its vow'd Allegiance swear,
Without Preys-Mony, be its Volunteer:
May he who envieth, deserve thy Fate,
Delerve both Heav'n, and Mankind, for & hate,
Disgrace to Libels! Foil to very flame,
Whom 'tis a scandal to vouchefaire to damn.

What foul descriptions, foul enough for thee,
Sunk quite below the reach of Infamy?
Thou coverst to be lewd, but want'st the mite,
And art all over Devil, but in Wit.
Weak feeble Steamer, at meek Ribaldry,
Whose Muse is Impotent to that degree,
That need, like Age, be whipt to Latchery.
Vile Sat! who clapt with Poetry art sick,
And void'd Corruption, like a Shanker'd Prick.
Like Ulcers, the Imposthum'd Addle Brains,
Drop out in Matter, which thy Paper stains:
Whence naufeous Rhymes, by filthy Births proceed,
As Maggots, in some T—d, ingendring breed.
Thy Muse has got the Flowers, and they ascend,
As in some Green-sick Girl, at upper end.
Sure Nature made, or meant at least you have don't,
Thy Tongue a Chytrum, thy Mouth a C—t:
How well a Dildo, would that plate become,
To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb?
At least it shou'd be Syring'd—
Or wear some flinking Merkin for a Beard,
That all from its base converse might be scare'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 may doit,)
When Suburb Prentices comes to hire delight
And wants Incentives to duil Appetite, (hears, There Punk, perhaps, may thy brave works re-
Frugging the senseless thing, with Hand and Verfe;
Which after shall prefer'd to Dressing Box.
Hold Turpentine, and Medicines for the Pox:

What
Or (if I may ordain a Fate more fit)
For such foul naught Excruciations of Wit,
May they condemn'd to the publick fakes be lent,
For me I'd fear the Pilots, in Vengeance sent,
Shou'd I with them prophane my Fundament.
Therefore bugger wiping Porters when they blite,
And so thy Book it felt turn Sedomite.

A Call to the Guard by a Drum.

Rat too, Rat too, Rat too, Rat too, (Blow,
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 haste to repair.

To the Guard, &c.

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To the Guard, &c.
As the Tinker wears a Rag, whilst the Dog wears the Badders, 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 in his own Arms to convey, When he Marches o' er loaden with Ten other Men's pay.

To the Guard, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at least, With Jings Sixteen deep, and about Five a Brass, Made of Ale and Mundy, at, Snuff, Rags, and Brown Crust, for, While he wants Twenty Tailors to make up the Clutter, Which declares that his journey's not new to the Myster.

But to the Guard, &c.

Some with Muskets and Billy uncharg'd, march away, With Pipes black at their Mouths are, and stout at their pay; With their Coats made of holes, &c. like Bone lace about 'em, And their Badeers hang like the Bobbins without 'em, And whilst Horfemen do cloath 'em, these Foot-scrubs do cloath 'em.

For the Guard, &c.

Some with that said on one side, &c. Wit said on another, (heifer, Wear Gray Coats, and Gray Caster, see their Wench's run For to peep through Red Lattices, &c. 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 Needlework, Needlework, whilst we beat a dub a dub) Keep the base Scato's Noise, &c. as base Scato's scrub; Then with Body contral'ted, a Rop open spread, Comes a thing with Red Colours, &c. Nose full as Red, Like an Efton, 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 so be next him the other takes care not to fail, (Powder Monkey by name) that comes stink by wholesale; For where 'twould the Fart be, but just with the Tail.

Of the Guard, &c.

And now hay for the King, Boys, and they for the Court, Which is guarded by these, as the Tower's by Dirt; These White-hall must admis, &c. and seek other unchaste, Each Day lets in the drinkers, whilst it lets out the drunks, And no place in the World, which is so off to be Lowery,

Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to Scotland-yard sneak, &c. the Sutlers wife kissis, But despairing of Drink, till some Countryman pisseis, And pays too (for no place in the Court must be given), To the Can, Office then all, a Foot Soldiers Head, Where he finds a foul Fox, &c. and cures Sir Stephen.

On the Guard, &c.

Some at Shite-house publick, where a Reg always goes, At once empty their Guits, &c. and diminish their Cloths, That their Mouths are poor Pimps (Where and Bacon being all), Their chief Food, yes 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 Sentry, Which in bad Hours of Bords, stand to tell what a Clock's, Where they keep up tame Red Coats, as Men keep up tame Fo- Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs T--ds, in Boxes. (xex)

Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of these are planted (though it has been their luck) Of to feed Country Geese now to watch the King's Ducks; While some others are fat, in the side that has Wodd in, To fland Pims to black Mosques, that are of stouter footing, Just as His swife's for Cuckolds, to send their Black-puddin'.

Oh the Guard, &c.

Whil'st another true Trojan, to some passage run, As to keep in the Debtor, so to keep out the Duns; Or a Prentice, or his Mijgris; with Oatis so confound, Till he bies him from the Park, as from forbidden ground, Cauf his credit is whole, and his Wench may be found,

And quits the Guard, &c. Now
Now 'tis Night, and the Patrole in Ale-house drownd'd,
For nought else, but the Pot, and their Brains walk the round;
Woolst like Hell, the Commanders, Guard Chamber, does shee, There's such damning their selves, and all else of the Crew;
For she's chear their Men, they give the Devil hit due.
On the Guard, &c.

Woolst a Main, after Main, at old Hazard they throw,
And their Quarrels grow high, as their Money grows low;
Strait they threaten hard (using bad Faces for frowns)
To revenge on the Fleas, the fault of the Bones,
But the Blood's in their Hope, 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;
And now hey for fat Alewives, and Tablemen, grown lean,
For the Captains, grown Bankrupt, recruits him again,
With sending out Tickets, and turning out Men.
For the Guard, &c.

Strait the poor Rogue's Coffer'd, with a Case, and a Curse,
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purse:
And what then? Men's a Worm, these Glue-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 Bajafet.

How far are they deceiv'd who hope in vain,
A lasting Leaf of Joys from Love e'ert obtain?
All the dear sweets, we promise or expect,
After enjoyment, turns to cold neglect. Could

Could love, a constant happiness have known,
The mighty wonder, had in me been shown,
Our passions are so favour'd by Fate,
As if he mean'd 'em an Eternal Date;
So kind he look'd, such tender words he spoke,
'Twas past belief such Vows thou'd e'er be broke.
Fixt on my Eyes, how often would he say,
He cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away!
When thoughts too great for words had made him
In Kiffes, he would tell my hand his Suit. (mute,
So great his passions was, so far above.
The common Gallantry, 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 loath, alas! what loath 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 express'd!
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,
My thoughts I pity'd them that dwelt above!
Think then thou greatest, loveliest, fairest Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then. My
My faithles Dear, be Cruel if you can!
How I have Lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
No, ev'ry Act has shewn 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 trealy 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 liv'd 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 would my whole love infect,
Less than your Love I scorn Sir to expect.
Let me not live in dull indifferency,
But give me Rage enough to make me Die!
For if from you, I needs must meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I would choose your Hate.

A very Heroical Epistle in Answer to Ephelia.

Madam,

If you're 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 unconfant am?
He changes not who always is the fame.
In my dear self I center ev'ry thing,
My Servants, Friends, my Mrs. and my King.

Nay, Heav'n and Earth to that one point I bring.
Well Manner'd, Honest, Generous and Stout,
Names by dull Fools, to plague Mankind found.
Shout'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 fall'hood 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 'th' Shies,
'Tis never seen, but some great Lady Dies.
The boast'd favour, you so precious hold,
To me's no more than changing of Gold.
What e're you gave, I paid you back in Bliss.
Then where's the Obligation pray of this?
If heretofore you found grace in my Eyes,
Benthankful 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 thou above us all:
Who envies not the Joys of thy Servant?
Thee like some God! the trembling Crow'd adore.
Each Men's thy Slave, and Woman-kind thy Slave.
Methinks I see thee underneath the Shade,
Of Golden Canopy, finely laid,
Thy crowing 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, Courtst thee with a Withing Eye,
While thou with awful Pride, walkst careless by;
Till thy kind Pledge, at last marks out the Dame,
Thou fancy'd, molt, to quench thy present flame.
Then from thy Bed, submissive the retire,
And thankful for the grace, no more requires.
No loud reproach, nor fond unhelpful found,
Of Women's Tongues, thy sacred Ear does wound;
If any do, a nimble Mate Strait ties
The True-Lovers knot, and stops her foolish Cries;
Thou fear'st no injur'd Kin's mans threatening Blaze,
Nor Mid-night Ambushes of Rivals laid;
While here with aking Hearts, our Joys we taft,
Disturb'd by Words, like Democles his Feast.

On Poet Ninny.

Cruft by that just Contempt his Follies bring
On his Crown'd Head, the Vomits fain would
But never Satyr did so softly bite, (lying.
Or gentle George himself, more genly write.
Born to no other, but thy own disgrace,
Thou art a thing to wretch'd, and to bale,
Thou can't noe en offend, but with thy Face.
And doft at once a fad example prove,
Of harmeles malice, and of hopeless love.
All Pride! and Ugliness! oh how we loath,
A Nausous Creature, so compos'd of both!
How oft have we thy Crying Person seen,
With dismal Look, and Melancholly Meene.
The just Reverse of Nokes, when he would be,
Some mighty Hero, and makes love like thee!
Thou art below being laugh'd at, ought of sight,
Men gaze upon thee, as a hideous figh.
And cry, there goes the Melancholy 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 Fool.
With a Face of Farse, joynd to a Head Romance,
There's no such Coxcomb as your Fool of Fancy:
But 'tis too much on so delpis'd a Sheem,
No Man woud 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.

Butting with Pride, the loath'd impos'd swells,
Prick him, he sheds his Venoms, and smells;
But 'tis so lowd a Scribiller 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 compe'll'd to rake,
Among the Excrements of others Wit,
To make a flinking Meal of what they Shit.
So Swine, for nasty Meat, to Dung 'till run, (done:
And toss their grunting Smuts up when they've
Against his Stars, the Coxcomb ever strives,
And to be something they forbid, contrives.

With
With a Red Nose, Splay Foot, and Goggle Eyes,
A Plough Man, Looby meene, Face all awry;
With fainting Breath, and every loathsome mark,
The Puckishness, lets 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 Hackmatack, in jest.

So have I seen at Smithfield's wondrous Fair,
When all his Brother Monkeys, flourith there;
A Lubber Elephant, diverts the Town,
With making Legs, and shooting off a Gun.
Go where he will, he never finds a Friend,
Shame, and derision, all his feats attend;
Alike abroad, at home, 'tis Camp, and Court,
This Knight o'th' Burning Pestle, makes us sport.

Captain Ramble.

W"Hilfe! Duns were knocking at my Door,
I lay in Bed with Wrecking Whore,
With Back so weak, and Pr--k to fore
You'd wonder.
I rais'd my Doe, and lai'd her Gown,
I pin'd her Whisk, and drooped a Crown,
She Piff, and then I droved 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

Choré. 1

I sat at Mucott's, in the dark,
And heard a Tradesman, and a Spark,
A Scrivner and a Lawyer's Clerk,
Tell Stories.
From thence I went with muffled Face,
To the Duke's 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. Margaret Hows.

So fine is.
When Play was done, I call'd a Link,
Hearing some pulchery Pieces Chink
Within my Breeches, how d'ye think
I employ'd 'em.

Why Sir, I went to Mrs. Speirings,
Where some were Curling, others Swearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring.

Seav'n's the Main, 'tis Eight God damn me,
'Tis Six (laid I) as God shall save me,
And being true, they cou'd not blame me
So saying.
Save me (quoth one) what Shamrooine,
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 nor, for I am willing,
And able both to drop a Shilling.

Or Two Sir.

Well
Well said my Lad, (Quoth Bully Hack)
With Whiskers stern, and Cordibecck,
Finn'd up behind his scabby neck
To shew Sir.

With Manly Fist, he graspt the Box,
Giving the Table bloody knocks,
Calling upon the Plague and Pox
To affist 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 mift 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 sour but clean
Contrary.

Our Hoß Eclipsed Thomas Hammond,
Presented a slice of Bacon Gammon,
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,
And ends on drinking Wine so late,
I drew my Sword on honest Kate
Ith' Kitchin.

Which

Which Hammond's 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, Southerdan,
Or Ogle.

Then I cry'd up Sir Henry Fain,
And swore by God I wou'd maintain,
Episcopacy, was too plain
A Juggle.

And having now discharge'd the Houle,
We did referve a gentle Soupe,
With which we drank another Rout,
At the Bar.

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

For lo the Mortal, here behold,
Who Cautions 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 Caesar.

A Constable, both stern and dread,
Who is from Mustard, Brooms and Thread,
Prefer'd to be the Brain'ds-head
Oth' People.
A Gown, 'had 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;
Molt true 'tis.

The Lowley Curts, that thither come,
To keep the Kings Peace, safe at home,
Yet cannot keep thee Vermin from
Their Crits.

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, 'th' 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,
North' Dispute with the Dutch; not 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: Befides

Befides (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 Fanazaries 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 Sunk,
To hide it.

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

On Rome's Pardons.

If 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.
At this rate they are happy't that have most,
They'll purchase Heau'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.

FINIS.