

# A SATYR

*Upon a WOMAN, who by her Falshood and  
Scorn was the Death of my Friend.*

**N**O! she shall ne'er escape if Gods there be,  
Unless they perjur'd grow, and false as she;  
Tho' no strange Judgment yet the Murd'ress seize  
To punish her, and quit the partial Skies;  
Though no revenging Lightning yet has flash'd  
From thence, that might her crim'nal beauties blast;  
Tho' they in their old Lustre still prevail,  
By no Disease, nor Guilt it self made pale. (own,  
Guilt which should blackest *Moors* themselves but  
Would make thro' all their night new Blushes dawn:  
Tho' that kind Soul, who now augments the blest,  
Thither too soon by her unkindness chas'd.  
(Where may it be her small'st, and lightest doom,  
(For that's not half my curse) never to come)  
Though he when prompted by the high'st despair,  
Ne'er mention'd her, without an Hymn, or Pray'r,  
And could by all her scorn be forc'd no more  
Than Martyrs to revile what they adore,  
Who, had he curst her with his dying breath,  
Had done but just, and Heaven had forgave:  
Tho' ill made Law no sentence has ordain'd  
For her, no Statute has her Guilt arrain'd;

(For Hangmen, Womens Scorn, and Doctors Skill,  
All by a licenc'd way of murder kill)

Tho' she from Justice of all these go free,  
And boast perhaps in her success, and cry,  
'Twas but a little harmless perjury :

}

Yet thinks she not she still secure shall prove,  
Or that none dare avenge an injur'd Love:

I rise in Judgment, am to be to her

Both Witness, Judge, and Executioner :

Arm'd with dire Satyr, and resentful Spite,

I come to haunt her with the Ghosts of Wit.

My Ink unbid starts out and flies on her,

Like blood upon some touching Murderer :

And shou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd,

Like Hags, to curse her, write in my own blood.

Ye sprightful pow'rs (if any there can be,  
That boast a worse, and keener spight than I)

Assist with Malice, and your mighty aid

My sworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her dead :

Grant I may fix such brands of Infamy,

So plain, so deeply grav'd on her that she,

Her Skill, nor Patch, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide,

And which shall lasting as her Soul abide :

Grant my rank hate may such strong Poison cast,

That every breath may taint, and rot, and blast,

Till one large Gangrene quite o'erspread her fame

With foul Contagion ; till her odious name,

Spit at, and curst, by every mouth like mine,

Be terror to her self, and all her line.

Vilest of that vile Sex, which damn'd us all !

Ordain'd to cause, and plague us for our fall !

WOMAN! nay worse! for she can nought be said,  
 But Mummy by some Dev'l inhabited:  
 Not made in Heaven's Mint, but basely coin'd,  
 She wears an human Image stamp't on Fiend;  
 And whoſo Marriage would with her contract,  
 Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact.  
 Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)  
 By Hell was breath'd into her in a Lye,  
 And its whole ſtock of falſhood there was lent,  
 As if hereafter to be true it meant:  
 Baud Nature taught her jilting, when ſhe made,  
 And by her make design'd her for the trade:  
 Hence 'twas ſhe daub'd her with a painted Face,  
 That ſhe at once might better cheat, and pleaſe:  
 All thoſe gay charming looks, that court the Eye,  
 Are but an ambuſh to hide Treachery;  
 Miſchief adorn'd with Pomp, and ſmooth diſguiſe,  
 A painted Skin ſtuff'd full of Guile and Lyes;  
 Within a gawdy Caſe, a naſty Soul,  
 Like T——of quality in a gilt Cloſe-ſtool:  
 Such on a Cloud thoſe flatt'ring Colours are,  
 Which only ſerve to dreſs a Tempeſt fair.  
 So Men upon this Earth's fair ſurface dwell,  
 Within are Fiends, and at the Center, Hell:  
 Court-promiſes, the Leagues, which Stateſ-men  
     make,  
 With more convenience, and more eaſe to break.  
 The Faith, a Jeſuit in allegiance ſwears,  
 Or a Town jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,  
 Are firm, and certain all, compar'd with hers: }  
 Early in Falſhood, at her Font ſhe ly'd,  
 And ſhould ev'n then for Perjury been try'd:

Her Conscience stretch'd, and open as the Stews,  
 But laughs at Oaths, and plays with solemn Vows,  
 And at her mouth swallows down perjur'd breath,  
 More glib than bits of Lechery beneath:

Less serious known, when she doth most protest,  
 Than thoughts of arrantest Buffoons in jest:

More cheap, than the vile Mercenary Squire,  
 That plies for Half-crown-Fees at *Westminster*,  
 And trades in staple Oaths, and swears to hire: }

Less Guilt than hers, less breach of Oath and Word  
 Has stood aloft, and look'd through Penance-board;  
 And he that trusts her in a Death-bed Prayer,  
 Has Faith to merit, and save any thing, but her.

But since her Guilt description does out-go,  
 I'll try if it out-strip my Curses too;

Curses, which may they equal my just hate,  
 My Wish, and her Desert, be each so great,  
 Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heaven make 'em Fate. }

First, for her Beauties, which the mischief  
 brought, }

May she affected they be borrow'd thought,  
 By her own hand, not that of Nature wrought: }

Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, may those  
 Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith, and Vows.

Some base unnam'd Disease, her Carcass foul,  
 And make her Body ugly, as her Soul;

Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, till she be,  
 Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like infamy.

Strength quite expir'd, may she alone retain  
 The Snuff of Life, may that unquencht remain, }  
 As in the damn'd, to keep her fresh from pain: }



Hot Lust light on her, and the Plague of Pride  
 On that, this ever scorn'd, as that deny'd :  
 Ach, Anguish, Horror, Grief, Dishonour, Shame,  
 Pursue at once her Body, Soul, and Fame:  
 If e'er the Devil Love must enter her  
 (For nothing sure but Fiends can enter there)  
 May she a just and true Tormenter find,  
 And that, like an ill Conscience, rack her Mind:  
 Be some diseas'd and ugly Wretch her fate,  
 She doom'd to Love of one, whom all else hate,  
 May he hate her, and may her destiny  
 Be to despair, and yet love on, and die ;  
 Or to invent some wittier Punishment,  
 May he, to plague her, out of spite consent ;  
 May the old Fumbler, though disabled quite,  
 Have strength to give her Claps, but no Delight :  
 May he of her unjustly jealous be  
 For one that's worse and uglier far than he :  
 May's Impotence balk, and torment her lust,  
 Yet scarcely her to Dreams, or Wishes trust :  
 Forc'd to be chaste, may she suspected be,  
 Share none o'th' Pleasure, all the Infamy.

In fine, that I all Curses may compleat,  
 (For I've but curs'd in jest, but railed yet )  
 Whate'er the Sex deserves, or feels, or fears,  
 May all those Plagues be hers, and only hers ;  
 Whate'er great Favourites turn'd out of doors,  
 Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and disappointed Whores,  
 Or losing Gamesters vent, what Curses e'er  
 Are spoke by sinners raving in despair ;  
 All those fall on her, as they're all her due,  
 Till spite can't think, nor Heav'n inflict anew :

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May then ( for once I will be kind, and pray )  
No madnefs take her use of Sense away ;  
But may ſhe in full ſtrength of Reaſon be,  
To feel, and underſtand her Miſery ;  
Plagu'd ſo, till ſhe think damning a releaſe,  
And humbly pray to go to Hell for eaſe :  
Yet may not all theſe ſuff'rings here attone  
Her ſin, and may ſhe ſtill go ſinning on,  
Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th' Score,  
Till on her Soul ſhe can get truſt no more :  
Then may ſhe Stupid and Repentleſs die,  
And Heav'n it ſelf forgive no more than I,  
But ſo be damn'd of meer neceſſity.

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POEMS

AND

Translations.

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BY

JOHN OLDHAM.

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