

A

SATIRE UPON A WOMAN,

WHO BY HER

FALSHOOD AND SCORN,

WAS THE

DEATH OF MY FRIEND.

No, 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'ers seize,
To punish her, and quit the partial Skies:
Tho' 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 itself made pale.
Guilt, which should blackest *Moors* themselves but
own,
Would make, thro' all their Night, new blushes
dawn:

Tho' that kind Soul, who now augments the Blest,
 Thither too soon by her Unkindness chac'd.
 Where may it be her small'st and lightest Doom,
 (For that's not half my Curse) never to come ;
 Tho' 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,
 Whe, had he curst her sinking to the Grave,
 He had done just, and Heaven had forgave :
 Tho' ill-made Law no Sentence has ordain'd
 For her, no Statute has her Guilt arraign'd.
 (For Hangmen, Women's-Scorn, and Doctor's 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 glee,
 'Twas but a little harmless Perjury :
 Yet think 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 spiteful Pow'rs, if any there can be,
That boast a worse, and keener spite than me)
Assist with Malice, and your mighty Aid,
With sworn Revenge, help me to rhyme 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 can jointly hide,
And which shall lasting as her Soul abide :
Grant my strong 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 herself, and all her Line.

Vil'st of that viler Sex, which damn'd us all ;
Ordain'd to curse, and plague us, for our Fall ;
WOMAN ! nay, worse ! for she can nought be said
But Mummy by some Devil inhabited :
Not made in Heaven's Mint, but basely coin'd,
She wears a human Image stamp't on Fiend ;
And whose Marriage would with her contract,
Is Witch by Law, and that a mere Compact.
Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)
By Hell was breath'd into her in a Lie,

And its whole Stock of Falshood there was lent,
 As if hereafter to be true it meant :
 Bawd 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 Lies,
 Within a gaudy Case, a nasty Soul,
 Like a Peer's Excrement in gilt Closetool :
 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 Statesmen 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 Leachery 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 thro' Penance-board ;
 And he that trusts her in a death-bed Prayer,
 Hath Faith to merit, and save any thing but her.

But since her Guilt Description does outgo,
 I'll try if it outstrip 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 Heav'n 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, and 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 unquench'd remain, }
 As in the damn'd, to keep her fresh for Pain : }
 Hot Lust light on her, and the Plague of Pride
 On that, this ever scorn'd, as that deny'd :
 Ach, Anguish, Honour, 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, tho' 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 :
 Impotence balk him, 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 rallied 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 Heaven inflict anew :
May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)
No Madneſs 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 atone
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 Heaven itſelf forgive, no more than I,
But ſo be *damn'd* of mere Neceſſity.

E N D O F V O L. I.