

THREE NEW  
P O E M S.

V I Z.

FAMILY DUTY: Or, the *Monk* and the  
*Parson's Wife*. Being the *Shipman's Tale* from  
CHAUCER. Moderniz'd.

The CURIOUS WIFE, a Tale devised  
in the Manner of CHAUCER; By Mr. FENTON.  
Moderniz'd.

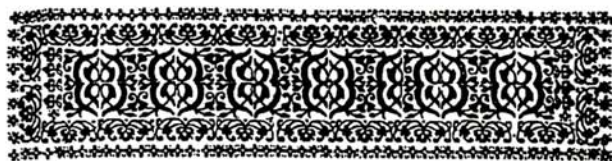
III. BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE, a Poem, after  
the Manner of Sir *John Denham's Cooper's-Hill*.  
With the Character of Queen *ANNE*. Writ-  
ten by his Grace the late Duke of *Buckingham-*  
*shire*, upon her Majesty's Picture, with which she  
presented him.

---


L O N D O N:

at for E. CURLL, at the *Dial* and *Bible*, over against  
*St. Martin's Church*, in the *Strand*, 1721. [Price 1 s.]





T H E  
**Shipman's Tale.**

 Hilome a Merchant at St. *Dennis* \* liv'd,  
Who in all trafficking Adventures thriv'd.  
A Wife he had, whose Beauty far excell'd  
All that in Competition might be held ;  
But she was too much given to be Gay,  
And in Dis-ports would revel out the Day.  
At ev'ry merry Meeting she was one,  
Which lost that Character her Charms had won.  
“ What Fruits can any find, what solid Joy,  
“ In Vanities that Soul and Fame destroy ?

---

\* In *France*.

" For Pleasure makes us to our Heaven blind ;  
" It wings the Soul indeed ; but swift as Wind  
" Outstrips its Flight, leaves Marks of Shame <sup>[behind.]</sup>  
" It passes like a Shadow on a Wall :  
" But wretched He, whose Purse must pay for all,  
" The Man whom Fate has ty'd to such a Wife,  
" That proves a Matrimonial-Curse for Life,  
" Altho' he grant her all she can desire  
" That Pride can wish, or Fashion may require.  
" Yet something will be ever wanting still :  
" And who can rest when *Woman* wants her Will ?  
" And should a Husband any thing deny  
" Her Brains she'll rack, her utmost Projects try,  
" Or from her Sparks (should all her Arts prove vain)  
" Borrow their Coin—and pay her own again.  
This Merchant kept a very handsome House,  
Had frequent Visits made—but more his Spouse.

What

( 3 )

What Wonder is't if many do repair,  
Where th' Entertainment's Good, and Lady Fair?

Among the other Vifiters who came  
To tipple with the Man, and court the Dame,  
A jovial *Monk*, a portly Man, and bold,  
Of Age about ten Winters three times told,  
Was feldom guilty of the leaft Neglect,  
Nor gave them Cause to tax his Difrefpect,  
But by continual Vifits grew fo great  
With this unwary Merchant and his Mate,  
That He was now as intimate and free  
As it is poffible for Friend to be.  
And to confirm this Knot of Friendship fure,  
And make the Cement ftronger to endure  
He reckon'd how their *Ancestry* then flood,  
And claim'd th' Affinity of Coufin's Blood.

( 4 )

The Merchant with the Name of Kin comply'd,  
And Pedigree a cloſer Friendſhip ty'd.

This Monk was of a free and merry Heart,  
Yet could inſinuate with cunning Art ;  
His Carriage ſhew'd the utmoſt Diligence,  
And pleaſant Looks pronounc'd a grateful Senſe ;  
To all in their Degree he Preſents gave,  
So that each Servant was his humble Slave.  
When e'er he came they made him goodly Cheer,  
And all were Holidays whilſt He was there.

It ſo befel this Merchant on a Day,  
Intending to make ready his Array,  
(To *Bruges* He his Journey had deſign'd  
To buy what Whole-Sale Goods he there could find)  
A Meſſenger in haſte to *Paris* ſent  
To beg to ſee his Friend before he went,

And

( 5 )

And pray'd with all Entreaty he would come,  
For he had but three Days to stay at home.  
The *Monk* most kindly granted his Request ;  
(For who e'er knew a *self-denying* Priest ?)  
For whensoever he pleas'd abroad he went  
With shew to gather in the *Abby-Rent*.  
Right forth with eager haste he wings his way,  
And reach'd his Friend, the Merchant's House, <sup>[Day.</sup> that  
Full glad were all, when *Monsieur John* arriv'd,  
For sure he was the kindest Man that liv'd.  
The Merchant kindly entertain'd his Friend,  
And thus in Revelling two Suns they spend.  
When the third Morn began to raise her Head,  
The Merchant early started from his Bed,  
Into his 'Compting-House he straight repairs  
To take an Audit of last Year's Affairs :  
His Books and Bags he laid upon the Board,  
Rich was his Treasure, ample was his Hoard.

His

His 'Compting-House close after him he lock'd,  
 Resolv'd to speak to none, whoever knock'd :  
 Thus careful, he beguil'd th' unheeded Time,  
 And brooded o'er his Bags, till after Prime.

*John* rose betimes too, and the Hours to baulk,  
 Around the Garden took a sober Walk :  
 Within a cool Recess, inscon'd from Heat,  
 The Mistress of the House he chanc'd to meet.  
 With haste they met, when they each other spy'd,  
 A Maiden Child was walking by her Side,  
 Whom as she pleas'd she made do *this* or *that*,  
 For she was young, and knew not *what* was *what*.  
 Dear Cousin *John*, quoth she, what makes you rise ?  
 You should take longer Sleep might I advise.  
 Five Hours, he answer'd, is sufficient Time  
 For any one that's young, and in his Prime.

But



( 7 )

But your dull Souls, whose Fate it is to wed,  
May lye and snore it out till Noon in Bed.  
But pray, dear Niece, acquaint me what you ail,  
Why are your Eyes so blue, your Cheeks so pale?  
I fancy (you'll excuse me) your Good Man  
Has much be-labour'd you since Night began.  
I fancy you have much more need of Rest,  
And therewithal he laugh'd *at his own Jest*,  
And chuckled till his Face was Scarlet-red.  
She deeply sigh'd, and shook her drooping Head;  
Nay, Cousin, she reply'd; you miss your Aim,  
For sure no Woman less desires *that same*.  
Too many Miseries attend my Life,  
Much *lighter Cares* would make a *heavy Wife*.  
For surely, Cousin, such a Life I lead,  
That I am always wishing I were dead.  
Yet dare I not to any one declare  
In what a Straight my Circumstances are:

So

So that I think no longer here to stay,  
 But take my miserable Life away.  
 The *Monk* Amazement in his Looks exprest ;  
 Surely, said he, you mention this in jest.  
 Heav'n shield, that an ungovernable Care,  
 Should drive you headlong into wild Despair.  
 But if you dare acquaint me with your Grief,  
*Counsel* I can bestow, perhaps *Relief*.  
 And here I vow (ye holy Saints attest !)  
 The *Cryptic Truth* shall die within my Breast.

The same again to you, said she, I swear,  
 Whate'er you *say*, I never will *declare*.  
 No, tho' a Secret of the grossest sort,  
 No Force, no Tortures ever shall extort.  
 Should it endanger me of Hell, I'd keep  
 My willing Promise, and my Tongue should sleep.

Thus

( 9 )

Thus mutually they swore, and *closely* kist,  
And *open-hearted* said whate'er they list.

Cousin, said she, if I had Time and Place,  
I'd have your Judgment of my wretched Case.  
I'd tell you all the Story of my Life,  
What I have suffer'd since I was a Wife.  
My Husband's froward Humours I'd declare,  
And tho' he be your Cousin, nothing spare.  
Nay Madam, answer'd he, You there mistake,  
I call him Cousin only for Your sake.  
For by the glorious Ruler of the Earth,  
We are of no Affinity by Birth.  
My claim of Kin, was by my Passion mov'd,  
For You, whom long, sincerely I have lov'd.  
No other Woman ever fir'd my Heart,  
No other Eye e'er shot so true a Dart.

C

Then

Then quickly tell what grieves my Charmer's Mind  
How you from me, I you, Relief may find.

Still you so friendly, so obliging prove,  
Thou only fittest to be call'd my Love.  
Tho' Duty bids me spare my Husband's Fame,  
Love gives the Reins to Speech, and curbs my Shame

My Husband is the most untoward Man,  
That ever liv'd since Human Race began.  
But as it derogates from true Respect,  
Plainly to speak of ev'ry small Defect,  
So Heav'n forbid I should disgrace my Lord,  
With ev'ry Failing, both at Bed and Board.  
To say thus much, indeed I will, and can,  
He scarce deserves to be esteem'd a *Man*.  
Yet I could bear with him, did not his Greed,  
And Avarice my Patience quite exceed.

An

( 11 )

And well you know, that our Desires are Six,  
On which our common Happiness we fix.  
An *hardy* Husband ev'ry Wife requires,  
Able to satisfy her *soft* Desires.  
Our Second Wish, abundant Riches fill,  
To *feed* our Pride, and satisfy our Will.  
A generous Husband for our Third we chuse,  
Willing to *give*, unwilling to *abuse*.  
A prudent Husband, not a stupid Fool,  
For our Fourth Blessing, is our constant Rule.  
Our Fifth Desire, would have him clean and neat,  
Whom without loathing, our Embrace may meet.  
Our Sixth, to crown the Happiness of Life,  
Would have him *fresh in Bed*, and buxom to *his Wife*.  
But mine is such, that for mine own Array,  
An hundred Crowns next Week my self must pay.  
And I an hundred times had rather dye,  
Than let my Husband my Expences spy.

Or by delaying the Account too long,  
 Produce a Subject for loud Slander's Tongue.  
 Therefore I pray you, this time stand my Friend,  
 Or to prevent Disgrace, my Life I'll end.  
 Lend me an hundred Crowns, and name your Day,  
 By holy *Austin*, I'll not fail to pay ;  
 And whatsoever else you shall command,  
 I'll willingly obey you out of hand.  
 If aught you ask, and my Compliance fail,  
 May never hence my Pray'rs with Heaven avail.

Madam, said he, such Pity moves my Breast,  
 With Sense of Grief so movingly exprest;  
 Such Sorrow pow'rful works its own Relief,  
 That I must needs participate your Grief.  
 And here in Token of my Truth, I swear  
 By the undoubted Pow'r of holy Pray'r,  
 My Labour 'tis, to free you from your Care.

}  
 }  
 }  
 For

For I will bring you soon an hundred Franks, \*  
 And therewithal he caught her by the Flanks ;  
 Then kiss'd her often, and embrac'd her hard,  
 Go now, said he, let Dinner be prepar'd,  
 And let us get our Meat, I pray you, soon,  
 For a *Priest's Stomach always points to Noon.*  
 Away she goes with Pleasure in her Looks,  
 And diligently hastens on the Cooks :  
 Bids them bestir themselves and bring away,  
 The *Monk* was hungry, and must Dinner stay.  
 Up to the Compting-house she goes in haste,  
 Why *Peter, Peter*, will you all Day fast ?  
 Come down for shame, and let your Money stand ;  
 Sure you have got enough of *Satan's* Sand.  
 You ought to be asham'd, that Cousin *John*  
 With empty Stomach all this Day has gone.

---

\* Crowns, or near that Sum.

Come, let us hear a Mass, and then go dine,  
 Wife, said the Man, you little can divine.  
 The dang'rous Bus'ness that we Merchants have,  
 To sell our Goods, and our Effects to save,  
 For by that blessed Saint, the holy *Ive*,  
 Of Twenty Chapmen scarcely Twelve shall thrive.  
 For when their Credit's at the highest run,  
 One fatal Tempest makes 'em quite undone.  
 Well therefore, should we play the Husband now  
 Whilst Fortune and our stronger Years allow ;  
 That when old Age brings on a shorter Date,  
 We still may live contemptive of ill Fate.  
 Who therefore, all Occasions takes to rise  
 Above the Frowns of Fate, is truly Wife.  
 For in a Merchant's Trade, the smallest slip,  
 May give occasion to a total Trip.

To



To morrow Morning I to *Bruges* go,  
But my return, as yet, I do not know.  
Wherefore I pray thee, my beloved Wife,  
Be humble in thy Deeds, meek in thy Life.  
To all thy Neighbours, shew thy self as such ;  
Be not too distant, nor presume too much.  
The Servants in good Order regulate ;  
Crouch not too low, nor shew thy self too great.  
Live well, thou hast enough in any wife,  
That to a thrifty Houfwife, may suffice.  
Good Cloaths and Ornaments are in thine Hand,  
And Silver in thy Purse, thou may'st command.

This said, he lockt the Door and went away ;  
The hungry *Monk*, a hasty Mafs did say.  
To Dinner down they sit, with utmost speed,  
The *Monk* (as usual) heartily did feed.

Soon

Soon after Dinner with a fly Intent,  
Into a bye Place, with his Friend he went :  
Where he began with sober look of Care,  
“ Since for your Journey, Cousin, you prepare ;  
“ God and St. *Auslin*, be your Speed and Guide,  
“ I pray you that you moderately ride :  
“ Rule well your Appetite in what you eat,  
“ And, as you can, avoid the Weather’s Heat.  
“ Betwixt us two, there needs no solemn Fare,  
“ Adieu, and live a Foreigner to Care.  
“ If I can ever serve you, name the Way,  
“ Secure, that I shall willingly obey.

“ One Thing before you go I would request,  
“ By an unlucky Exigency prest ;  
“ To stock a Farm that in our Land does lye,  
“ Some Heads of Cattle I’m oblig’d to buy.

“ And

“ And since, I know, ’tis in your Pow’r to lend,  
“ I’m forc’d to use the Freedom of a Friend.  
“ For all our Common Stock is almost spent,  
“ And I have fail’d of gath’ring in our Rent.  
“ If then an Hundred Crowns you can lay down,  
“ Were it a Thousand I would pay you soon;  
“ But I must beg you’d let it secret lye,  
“ Because next Week the Cattle I must buy.

The Noble Merchant answer’d him again,  
True Friendship needs not Ceremonies strain.  
Trust me, I think not your Request is such  
As that it needs Apologies so much.  
My Gold is yours, or any thing I have,  
Name but your Wish, and it shall be your Slave.  
One thing, indeed ’twere needless you were told,  
Our only currant Ware is ready Gold;

Whilst Money lasts, our Trade can Credit gain,  
 But to stop Payment is a Merchant's Bane.  
 However, pay me whenfoe'er you please,  
 Consulting nothing else but your own Ease.

The *Monk* return'd his Friend a thousand Thanks,  
 And he deliver'd him the hundred Franks.  
 To no one living Soul the Deed was known,  
 Except the Merchant and the *Monk* alone.  
 Some time in Drinking and Adieus they spent,  
 And then the *Monk* towards his Abbey went.  
 The Merchant in the Morn by Break of Day  
 With eager haste tow'rds *Bruges* took his way :  
 Where when arriv'd, whate'er he useful thought,  
 Or might to his Advantage turn, he bought.  
 No Money squander'd, no Occasions past,  
 But all his Care on his own Profit cast.

Thus

Thus did he live, where we will let him stay,  
And something of his subtle Cousin say.

The Sunday next, when all was safe and sure,  
Back comes the *Monk*, a *Woman's Care to cure*.  
No holy Beard his Features did disguise,  
But jolly Pleasure revell'd in his Eyes :  
No Servant in the House but was full fain,  
That their kind Master *John* was come again.  
The *Monk* and Wife a hasty Bargain wrought,  
That for these hundred Crowns so duely brought,  
He should enjoy her Company in Bed.  
This they perform'd, a busy Life they led,  
And *stock'd the Cattle on the Merchant's Head*.  
No sooner had the Sun put forth his Face,  
And warn'd the Lovers of their last Embrace,  
When up from Bed the *Monk* well-fated starts,  
And taking leave of all, in haste departs.

No conscious Witness could his Joys attest,  
 Nor fly Suspicion enter'd any Breast.  
 But leave we him, proceeding on his way,  
 And of the cheated Merchant something say.  
 At *Bruges* having finish'd his Affairs,  
 Back to St. *Dennis* quickly he repairs,  
 Where being welcom'd, he begins to tell  
 How he had chaffer'd, and what else befell.  
 Goods beyond Expectation were so dear,  
 That he was forc'd to leave a Bond to clear.  
 For he was bound in a Recognisance  
 A Thousand Pounds in Specie to advance.  
 Wherefore he must to *Paris* on the Morrow,  
 The Money of some Merchants there, to borrow.  
 Where being come, neglecting all Affairs,  
 He freed his Fancy from Mercantile Cares,  
 And without any fordid, mean Intent,  
 To pay a Visit to the *Monk* he went.

No

No form'd Design to ask, or borrow aught  
 Inverted noble Friendship's purer Thought.  
 But a kind Care his Welfare to enquire,  
 And talk such Things as meeting Friends desire ;  
 The *Monk* with wondrous Kindness him receiv'd,  
 And he again, related how he thriv'd.  
 He told how all Acquaintance did at home,  
 And to what end to *Paris* he was come.  
 That if a Thousand Pounds he could but get,  
 He should be soon at Ease, and out of Debt.

The *Monk* reply'd, 'Twould be my utmost Joy,  
 Could you to serve your self your Friend employ.  
 And were I rich (as I have hopes of Bliss)  
 Of Twenty Thousand Pounds you should not miss :  
 For you so kindly lent what I requir'd,  
 Wherewith I purchas'd *all that I desir'd*.

But

But ne'ertheless, I made that matter clear,  
 As your own Wife, her self, will Witness bear.  
 For soon the ready Sum I paid her down,  
 By *certain Tokens* not to her *Unknown*.  
 But I am sorry that I cannot stay,  
 This Afternoon our *Abbot* goes away :  
 For he sometimes, does to our Manors ride,  
 To see all Necessaries well supply'd.  
 Wherefore excuse me pray ; my Cousin greet,  
 Adieu, my kindest Friend, till next we meet.

The Merchant straight about his Bus'ness went,  
 And ev'ry Thing dispatch'd to his Content.  
 And home he goes, with Mountains in his Head,  
 For well he knew his Bus'ness had so sped.  
 That he a Thousand Crowns had clear'd at large,  
 Exclusive of th' expensive Journey's Charge.



His Wife full ready met him at the Gate,  
 She knew with well-tim'd Diligence to wait :  
 So all that Night, for Joys, they set apart,  
 For he was Fresh, and Merry at the Heart.

At Morning he renew'd his *warm Embrace*,  
 And kiss'd her *Lips*, and sooth'd a *better Place*.  
 When making ready for th' Encounter tough,  
 No more (*said she*) in truth *you've had enough*.  
 Then wantonly she play'd, and *egg'd him on*,  
 Till all his *Force* was lost, and *Stength* was gone.

At length, he said, altho' this is no Place,  
 Nor fitting Time to mention my Disgrace :  
 Yet I must tell you, I'm a *little griev'd*,  
 That you ne'er told me *what you had receiv'd*.  
 You should have giv'n me notice e'er I 'ad gone,  
*How much* was *paid you* by my Cousin John.

I did but mention *being out of Debt*,  
 And straight a starch'd strange Countenance he set;  
 And told me he had paid my Money *due*,  
 As you *full well* by *certain Tokens* knew.  
 Altho' it came not once into my Thought,  
 Or to demand of him, or borrow aught.  
 'Therefore I prithee *ne'er do so again*,  
 But when my Debtors *pay thee*, *tell me plain*.  
 Left through thy Negligence, I lose my Trade,  
 By wrong Demanding what's already Paid.

His *Woe* and Change of Countenance could make,  
 But steady and unmov'd, she boldly spake;  
 Marry, that Traytor *Monk* do I defy,  
 I question not but he has told some Lie.  
 What can the Fellow by *his Tokens* mean?  
 When have I, any of *his Tokens* seen?

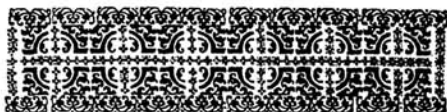
That

That he did bring a Sum of Gold is true,  
 But never told me what it was to do ;  
 I thought the *good-condition'd Church-man* meant,  
 With a new Suit his Cousin to present ;  
 Or that he paid it as for Belly-cheer,  
 Of which he has devour'd the Value here ;  
 If you desire to know which way it's gone,  
 I'll tell you very briefly what I've done ;  
 A single Crown I have not idly spent,  
 But laid it out in handsome Ornament ;  
 And since I have bestow'd it in such sort,  
 Your Anger ought not to continue for't :  
 Turn then, dear Husband, *hitherward*, I say,  
 And be not *wroth*, but let us *laugh* and *play*.  
 You've many Debtors that are *much more slack*,  
 For I will *pay you*, whensoever *you lack*.  
 And least, perhaps, you fancy I *shall fail*,  
 I am your Wife, you know— I'll *pay in Tail*.

The Merchant saw she must not be withstood,  
And that no Remedy could do him good ;  
Well Wife, said he, *this Thing* I will *forgive*,  
If you will never so *profusely live*.

Then Husband, *Sign the Peace*, since we're agree  
I'll *hold the Parchment*, you shall *Seal the Deed*.





THE  
CURIOUS WIFE  
A  
T A L E.

THERE liv'd in *Derby*, near the Peak,  
A Parson fam'd for many a Freak ;  
Who had no Stomach to his Work :  
But cramm'd, and guzled like a *Turk*.  
His comely Paunch was swoln so high,  
As if the very Rim would fly :

Stuff during *Lent*, as tho' he'd burst,  
 Nor car'd if *Fish* or *Flesh* came first ;  
 No Days of Abstinence he kept,  
 But eat, and drank, and read, and slept,  
 To *Acts of Vener*y was prone,  
 Or with my *Lady*, or with *Joan*,  
 For *Hag*, or *Angel*, was all one.

}  
 }  
 }

He had a sharp, and leering Eye,  
 A blyth, and buxom Lais to spy,  
 His Mother-Tongue could write, or speak,  
 But fell in Fits at sight of Greek ;  
 Thought Plays, and Novels dainty Fare,  
 To *Homilies*, or *Common-Prayer* ;  
 And *Bonifonius* \* pleas'd him better,  
 Than *Nottingham's* or *Whiston's* Letter.

---

\* A *Latin Poet* of the last Century, whose Amorous Pieces have be-  
 lately Translated into *English*, viz. *The Pleasures of Cotton*, *The Art*  
*Kissing*, *Cupid's Bee-Hive*, &c.

He'd talk of Daggers, Darts, and Flames,  
 And Forty other Pagan Names;  
 Of Lovers shrunk to Skeletons,  
 With hardly Skin to hide their Bones;  
 But he took most especial care,  
 To keep his Ribs from growing bare.  
 His stately Jowls he thought no trouble,  
 His Nose was rich, his Chin was double;  
 His flushing Cheeks, with Nature's Paint,  
 Prov'd him a Toper, tho' no Saint.

This Priest, as modern Stories teach,  
 For a young Doxie, felt an Itch,  
 A Cockney of no scanty Fame,  
 Whose ev'ry Grace her Worth proclaim;  
 Was Brisk, and Buxom, Blyth, and Gay,  
 And Pert as any *Popping-jay*;

**Had**

Had Wit at Will, of Tales was fond,  
 For ev'ry *New Romance* she conn'd ;  
 Had all CURLL's *Letchery* by Heart,  
 Which he in *Tryals* \* does impart :  
 O'er Racy-Sack, and Nut-brown Ale,  
 Would sing like any *Nightingall*.  
 Chaunt all the Tunes, both New and Old,  
 And drink her Tea, or hot, or cold ;  
 Could heave her Breasts, or roul her Eye,  
 And softly breathe, and sweetly sigh ;  
 And fundry other Motions reach,  
 Without one Syllable of Speech ;  
 All which were certain signs the Dame,  
 Was a Well-wisher to—— *that same*.

Soon was this Nymph, by *Isaac* won,  
 The Knot was ty'd, the Feat was done,

---

\* Case of *Impotency* and *Deceit*. Treatise of *Flogging*. *Eunuchism*  
 and *Onanism* Display'd.



Here, might I sum up all the Feast,  
 And tell the Temper of each Guest ;  
 Who gave the Bride, who carv'd the Mear,  
 How long they drank, how much they eat ;  
 But shorter Bounds I mean to fix,  
 For fear my Story prove prolix :  
 Else, I could ramble in this Stile,  
 And spin it out to half a Mile.

But right has *Matthew Prior* sung,  
 A Tale should never be too long.  
 And ne'er a Bard from Sea to Sea,  
 Can tell a Tale so well as he.

Our Bride with Vapours much cast down,  
 To leave the Pleasures of the Town ;  
 Yet must to *Derbyshire* repair,  
 (For *Isaac's* Vicaridge was there.)

Who

Who made the cunning Gypsie know,  
 'Twas vain against the Stream to row.  
 And let her for her Heart, contrive,  
 She needs must go, when Spouse does drive;  
 So on they jog a Market Trot,  
 For each a sober Palfrey got.  
 Still fondly calling Duck, and Dear,  
 And chatting of their late good Cheer,  
 Till they arriv'd in *Derbyshire*.



Where, Madam first appear'd in View,  
 In decent Garb of Sable Hue,  
 A Scarf to touch her very Toe,  
 Flounc'd with a coulour'd Furbeloe,  
 A Diamond Ring on Finger worn,  
 Such as a Lady might adorn,  
 A Muff, and Tippet, fine and neat,  
 As soft as Silk, as black as Jett.

The Farmer's Wives around her throng,  
 And call her Handsom, Fair, and Young;  
 Applaud her Charms, admire her Tongue.  
 Yet tho' so jocund, brisk and blythe,  
 Still plot to cheat 'em of their Tythe.  
 Their chiefest Honours They bestow,  
 Where-ever Madam comes in view ;  
 And none presumes to make a Feast,  
 But she's invited as a Guest,  
 Has the first Slice, the largest Share,  
 The highest Place, the Elbow-Chair.  
 A *Hoard of Wealth*, her Husband hath,  
 Nor wants he aught, but *Works* and *Faith* ;  
 Keeps *Bull*, and *Stallion* to dispense,  
 Large Doles of due Benevolence ;  
 His Glebes were stock'd, his Cellars fill'd,  
 His Lands the best of Grain did yield ;

}

His Barns were cramm'd, and a huge Store  
Of Poultry cackled at the Door.

Whom Madam Fed with pleasing Look,  
Yet still she wonder'd at the *Cock*,  
That in his Amorous Carrear,  
On every Hen bestow'd a Share :  
Yet could she never see the Toys,  
That made his crowing Courage rise.  
Full oft she peep't, full oft she view'd,  
When he his jovial Game pursu'd :  
Her Brains she beat, her Wits she strain'd,  
Yet still the *mighty Doubt* remain'd.

One Night, before they went to rest,  
In folded Arms she closely prest,  
And gave soft Kisses to her Spouse,  
As every married Woman does

When

When first the Fetters are put on,  
For this was all but *Honey-moon*,

Says she, If tender Love may plead,  
May my Intreaties then succeed.  
One Thing remains a Myftery  
Far from my Thoughts, as from my Eye :  
Let me the naked Truth discern,  
And Teach me what I long to Learn;  
Or may old Satan pick thy Bones,  
If thou deceiv'ft me for the nonce.

Our *sprightly Cock* Gallants each Hen,  
Altho' we keep no lefs than Ten.  
Yet romps he o're both great and fmall,  
Nor know I what he *fwinks* withall.  
But on his Legs Two Truncheons grow,  
With which, he whims their Gigs I trow.

Can he with these maintain the Freak ?  
Or play so much at *Hide* and *Seek* ?  
Can he so many Hens run o'er ?  
In troth there's Work for half a Score.

Quoth *Isaac*, Surely by Saint *Paul*,  
My Duck, thou art a simple Soul :  
Fowls, from the *Eagle* to the *Wren*,  
Are harness'd, otherwise than Men,  
For the Male's Engines of Delight,  
Lye in their Bellies, out of Sight.  
Else all the goodly Ware they boast,  
Amongst the Thorns would soon be lost.  
Thus, ever *warm* they much advance,  
The pleasing Sports of Dalliance,  
Which in a Month, more Courage rears,  
Than any Man in Twenty Years.

Oh Gemini! says she, I'm blest,  
 If there's the bottom of the Jest,  
 By all the Holy Powers above,  
 If Warmth so much engenders Love,  
 High, in thy Bowels trusts thy Gear,  
 And Jewels eke, that dangle here.

That never can be done, I ween,  
 For as I hope to be a Dean,  
 This *Falstaff-Belly* round, and big,  
 Was built for Home-Brew'd Ale, and Pig;  
 There's not one Cranny left for *These*,  
 Nor for a *Wheat-straw*, nor two *Pease*.  
 If in thy Belly there's no room,  
 Sweet *Isaac* hide 'em in my *Womb*.

F I N I S.