

THE
Fifteen Comforts
OF
Cuckoldom.

*Written by a noted Cuckold in the New-Exchange
in the Strand.*



Printed in the Year 1706.

To the Reader.

THE Town being diverted of late with a great many Complots, several of the Gentlemen and others of the learned Society belonging to Non-Residence, being those Complots compleas without regard of Civildom, have engaged me to undertake to perform vice versa, as having had some experience for many Years in keeping the Wives of the very Monks, who, being tired of their own Heads for fear being yerd by their straightens; whilst other good Wives, as often Focking their Husbands Pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow: I have experienced those kind Wives too near commonly upon the religious Point of going to Lectures when also they had no other Business at Church than to meet their Gallants, who presently coach 'em, because they desire to sit. But for Brevity passing the several Dispositions of Men's Wives, as such as are Melancholly many Times for Delay or Defeat, whilst others are preparing to make the Markets at the Play-house or Spring-Garden; or else to take a Bath, when Bathing is the least part of their Errand, I shall draw to the Comforts which we enjoy by our Wives good Nature to others, which to their Fancies is as sweet as Muskad and Eggs.

The Fifteen Comforts, &c.

The first Comfort of Cuckoldom.

AS I last Night in Bed lay Snoring,
 I sweetly dreamt of Drinking and of Whoring,
 Which waking me from a most pleasant Sleep,
 To my dear Wife I very close did creep,
 And offering to give her what I shou'd,
 Quoth she, you Fumbler you can do no good,
 Give me the Man that never claps his Wings,
 But always Life and Courage with him brings,
 His such an one wou'd please ; but as for you
 At Night and Morning some small matter do ;
 You think you've done your due Benevolence,
 When I with thrice your Labour can dispence.
 This Reprimand my Courage soon did cool,
 And fearing Combing with a Three-Legg'd-Stool ;
 I very fairly went to Sleep again,
 And left her of my Manhood to complain.

The Second Comfort of Cuckoldom.

NO sooner had I chang'd my single Life,
 And had confin'd my Carcass to a Wife ;
 As she was always Gadding up and down,
 To take the various Pleasures of the Town ;
 Howe'er I only reckon'd this to be,
 The airy Frisks of her Minority,
 Till she by finding and old Hag wou'd pay
 Her Vint's oft, and take her Day by Day
 Good, indeed this gave me some Mistrust,
 That this old weather beaten Devil must
 Be some Procurer, and resolv'd to watch
 Their Waters, where shou'd I the Bitches catch,
 But in a Bowdy-house in Milford-lane ?
 Or going in a Passion home again,

At twelve at Night my Doxie likewise came,
 Whom I in moderate Terms began to blame;
 Telling her that old Witch with whom she went,
 Abroad a Days by Rogues was only sent
 About to wheedle young and tender Maids
 To Ruine, till they turned common Jades.
 You Lie, (reply'd my hopeful graceless Dear)
 I'll have you know, I'll never be in fear,
 To sides for she of whom you think amiss,
 That sweet obliging Gentlewoman is
 A tender-hearted Bird that ne'er made Whore,
 But ever such as were broke before.
 Now find I her so bad at Seventeen,
 Thinks I by that time she has Thirty seen,
 She'll be a Whore in Gaol; but by good hap,
 She dy'd within a Year of Pox and Clap.

The third Comfort of Cuckoldom.

IT was my Fortune to be joyn'd to one,
 As pretty as was shin'd on by the Sun;
 For on my Word her Eyes were full and gray,
 With ruddy Lips, round Cheeks, her Forehead lay
 Archt like a snowie Bank, which did uphold
 Her native Tresses, that did shine like Gold;
 Her azure Veins, which with a well sharp'd Nose,
 Her whiter Neck, broad Shoulders to compose;
 A slender Waste, a Body strait and Tall,
 With Swan-like Breasts, long Hands, and Fingers small,
 Her Ivory Knees, her Legs were neat and clean,
 A swelling Calf, with Ancles round and lean,
 Her Insteps thin, short Heels, with even Toes,
 A Sole most strait, proportion'd Feet, she goes
 With modest Grace; but yet her Company,
 Did not a Month enjoy, before that I
 Was prest for Sea, and being on the Main,
 For thirty Months I then return'd again,
 Where finding in my absence that my Wife
 Three Brats had got, a most uneasie Life;

both Day and Night I led the lech'rous Whore;
 who seeing how I Curst, and Bann'd, and Swore,
 a Bag or two she shew'd me cramn'd with Gold,
 which Treasure I no sooner did behold,
 as then I Kist my loving Wife and leapt,
 for very Gladness that my Horns were Tipt.

The fourth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

Above a Year or two I always thought
 My Wife so good that she cou'd not be naught,
 till one Night coming home I caught a Spark
 at in my Parlor by her in the Dark,
 a mighty Pet I call'd for Candles strait,
 doubting that I poor Fool was come too late:
 To avert the burthen which is made to grow
 on such who enters into Cuckolds-Kow.
 However as I was thinking of the best,
 and as I nothing saw contented rest,
 my am'rous Wife's Gallant, before he went,
 did shew enough to encrease my Discontent
 for he wou'd slyly pull her Petticoat,
 nod, Wink, and put into her Hand a Note,
 whisper her in the Ear, or touch her Foot
 with many other private Signs to boot,
 all which confirm'd my Jealousie the more,
 and made me think 'em to be Rogue and Whore,
 but as I knew my Wife a bawling Slut,
 my Horns into my Pocket did I put
 for Quietness, which yet I seldom had,
 so I thro' Cuckoldom run really Mad.

The fifth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

When I poor I unto a Wife was bound,
 I wish I had been Bury'd under Ground,
 for to my Grief I found her both before
 and after Marriage too to be a Whore.
 But when I found the Beast of such a Breed,
 Soldier turn'd, and with a Baw'd agreed

To let her out at half a Crown a Week,
 Who undertook she shou'd not be too seek ;
 For Custom, but said, she must for her pains,
 From th' insatiate Whore have double Gains.

The Sixth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

Finding my Wife by Whoring nothing get,
 But to maintain her Sparks ran me in Debt ;
 Her Whoring gratis made me really vext,
 So shop I shut, and fled to Holland next.

The Seventh Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHile I was but into the Country gone,
 To give some Chapmen there the gentle Dun
 Me a time a Rabbin with some had play'd,
 And in the Pewd ring Iub as quickly laid,
 Unknown to me, he had been secret still,
 But that the Surgeon singing in his Bill
 When I came Home, the Murder so came out,
 And thus my Wife is Whore enough I doubt.

The Eighth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

As soon as I was coming home,
 My Spouse with Silver and with Gold,
 She told me of't, and said she cou'd not fawn,
 On him, or's Gold, to lay her Soul in pawn.
 By this I thought her Honest, till my maid
 Inform'd me shortly what Lew'd Tricks she play'd
 I Twitted then my Wife's Hypocrisie,
 Who Impudently did Reply to me ;
 Old Flesh she Leath'd, as having in it left
 No Gravy, and of all it's Juice bereft,
 But if the Flesh was Young and to her mind,
 She'd to one Dish would never be confin'd.

The Ninth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

BY my Dear Wife, in turning up her Tail
 To bear the Threshing of her Gallant's Frail,
 A Groat (which always is a Cuckold's Fee)
 Under the Candlestick I've laid for me ;

besides good Peck and Booze, so till she's Dead,
 he may and will Whore on to get me Bread.

The Tenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

AS Strangers flatter'd with deceitful Snow,
 Fall in a Deadly Pit they do not know,
 So was I hamper'd in a Marriage Noose,
 In Marrying one that did frequent the Stews,
 As well as Cuckold me at Home; but she
 Transacting Whoredom with great Secrecie,
 Hid the other Neighbours, to avoid the Name
 of Cuckold, I, I wate hid her shame.

The Eleventh Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHEN I found Cuckoldom increas'd my space,
 I Marry'd one with such an Ugly Face
 That one wou'd thought a Dog wou'd buy a cat,
 So foul a Figure as my Wife to touch;
 Yet being at a Friendly Club one Night,
 A Raskal came and Cuckold me for spight.

The Twelfth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHAT signifies a Man to fret and fume,
 Till Grief and Sorrow makes his Flesh consume;
 Because his Wife in Actions may be right
 And his Face will horn him Day and Night;
 This Comfort may alleviate his Woe,
 That Cuckold's without doubt to Heaven go.

The Thirteenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

IF it's my Fate, (I oftentimes would cry)
 To have a Wife that will play wantonly,
 I soon wou'd tame her, or at least I shou'd
 Be Hang'd for her but I wou'd make her good.
 But faith it is my Luck to light upon
 Such Ware, that will a Caterwoulling run,
 And cannot help it, for to have her full
 Of sport, she's run away a Soldiers Trull.

The Fourteenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

WHEN at Horn-Fair I see how ev'ry Year
 Whole droves of Cuckold's thither do appear

The very sight thereof wou'd make one swear
 That none but Cuckolds in the Nation were;
 Especially if those who are not known
 For Cuckolds too the Title wou'd but own,
 And such as are not summon'd would appear,
 In those Accoutrements we ought to wear,
 Which are our Horns, a Pick-Axe and a Spade
 That Paths may for our Wives be even laid.

The Fifteenth Comfort of Cuckoldom.

IF that our wives will tick th'ir Souls on Sin,
 'Tis vain to make about their Ears a din,
 For that exasperates their will the more,
 And where in private may in publick whore;
 So then the Scandal coming to all Ears,
 Each Neighbour will not only fling his Jeers
 Upon us, but the Boys will hoot us too,
 And point their Fingers at us where we go,
 As if we were not come of human Blood,
 Because they do perceive we've Horns to bud;
 But to avoid so base and curst a Life,
 The only way's to Live without a wife.

F I N I S.