

Kick him JENNY, 5

A

MERRY TALE.

Est Modus in Rebus —————

Horæ



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Kick him, J E N N Y,

A

M E R R Y T A L E.

A Valiant Knight, and vertuous Dame,
Noble by Birth as well as Fame,
Enjoy'd a vast Estate at *Greenham*,
By dying Parents left between 'em.

This Lady had a waiting Maid,
On whom she signal Favours laid :
For she was of a Temper mild,
And kept the Damsel from a Child ;
And always us'd her, when alone,
To speak with Freedom as her own.

But what doth all this Talk avail ?
Why—'tis a Preface to my Tale.

R O G E R, a Jolly Country Swain,
Fell deep in Love with Mrs. **J A N E**.
A prettier Girl no Summer's Sun
Did e'er display his Beams upon.

A 2

With

With graceful Shape, enchanting Mien!
 On April Day but just Eighteen:
 Whence some would whisper, that for Wit,
 She had but little Share of it,
 As in the Sequel we shall find;
 But yet her Stars prov'd very kind:
 Which makes the Proverb true abide,
That Fools have Fortune on their Side.

When e'er she stir'd abroad, young R O G E R
 Took th' Opportunity to dodge her;
 And, all along the Way she went,
 He something of his Mind wou'd vent.
 Before Folks her he'd ne'er accost,
 Because such Conduct pleas'd her most;
 For she had warn'd him not to come,
 And court her openly at Home;
 Tho' many others came and woo'd,
 Which, that she lov'd him plainly shew'd.
 Sometimes indeed she wou'd permit him,
 Only to shew she'd not admit him.
 Before all People him she slighted;
 He guess'd the Trick—and ne'er was frightened.
 The Subtile Sex, thus, in their Breast,
 Conceal the Lover they like best.

J E N N Y wou'd Visits oft pretend,
 Sometimes to this, then t'other Friend;
 And always went a Mile around,
 For sake of passing R O G E R's Ground.
 Then at his Farm-house she would call,
 Pretend to've got an ugly Fall,
 In climbing over yonder Stile,
 And only came to rest a while.
 R O G E R would tell her, on his Troth,
 That he was glad and sorry both
 For her Mischance. She cry'd you've Room,
 Or else, good lack! d'ye think I'd come?—

Many

Many Excuses she would frame,
 No matter for their being lame;
 But when sh'ad nothing else to say,
 Alas! she found—sh'ad lost—her Way,
 And 'twas so late, she could not stay.
 Then gallant ROGER had the Honour,
 You may be sure, to wait upon her.
 How proud he was of the Occasion
 Kind Fortune gave to breath his Passion,
 In which he thought himself more blest
 Than the great Monarch of the East.
 He'd say—
 More Compliments he made than those;
 But all the rest were spoke in Prose;
 And 'tis my Meaning to rehearse
 Nothing but what was spoke in Verse.

Tho' sick, she'd go abroad—what then?
 'Twas but for Air, and in again.
 Whilst round the House her Swain wou'd lurk,
 And long e're Sun-set leave his Work.
 If ROGER met her, 'twas design'd
 By Chance, and much against her Mind:
 But when she all about the Place
 Had look'd, and could not see his Face,
 Around her Heart in Heaps wou'd gather,
 Pain (shall I say) Vexation rather:
 For sh'ad not Sense enough to love;
 To've something like it, she cou'd prove.
 But what still gave her most Vexation,
 She fear'd he counterfeited Passion.

Sometimes to go and see a Fair,
 She'd get a Day compleat—O rare!
 Then ROGER's privately sent Word,
 That he his Company might afford
 In which altho' she much delighted,
 He was by second-hand invited,

Who always Bus'ness would neglect:
 (No surer Token of Respect)
 To follow her, where'er she went,
 And thus, whole Days in Courtship spent:
 But chiefly *Sundays*, then being drest,
 As sure as could be, in his best,
 In bolder Terms he would address her,
 And eagerly to Marriage press her;
 Swear that he lov'd her from his Breast,
 More than in Words could be express'd.
 His ardent Love for JANE was such,
 Poor ROGER cogitated much.

But all that he could say or do,
 Could not persuade her he was true;
 For she had ta'en it in her Head,
 That all was false whate'er Men said;
 And therefore further Proof wou'd have
 That he was, as he said, her Slave.
 And then, as she could not be cruel,
 She'd take him for her only Jewel.

ROGER, altho' a Country Swain,
 Had not a common Rustick's Brain;
 For he had read all *Ovid's* Stories,
 And dipt into his *Ars Amoris*
 In *English*, as translated true,
 By those who'ad little else to do.
 He knew the Oaths by which Men swear,
 When they their Love to Maids declare;
 All which to vent, on such Occasion,
 He would not fail, to shew his Passion.
 He'd call the Stars down to attest,
 That what he spoke was not in Jest;
 The Sun and Moon he'd likewise mention,
 To vouch his honourable Intention;
 Nay, all the Gods, and the Goddesses,
 That true he lov'd her, were Witnesses:

By Heav'n and Earth, and Sea, he swore,
 To such Degree he did adore,
 That if she did not him believe,
 A Moment longer he'd not live.

What Nymph such Rhet'rick cou'd withstand?
 Yet JENNY obstinate remain'd;
 And still did on some Proof insist,
 Or told him plainly to desist.

What is there I'd not do, he cry'd,
 To have thee, JENNY, for my Bride?
 Oh! tell me speak—what—can there be
 I wou'd not do for Love of thee?
 Demand my Heart if you wou'd see't,
 I'll lay it panting at your Feet.

Leave off your Rapture, silly Swain,
 It is not Words that shall me gain;
 'Tis something else, which till you do,
 I'll not believe that you are true,
 She blushing said—but much I fear,
 That you will scorn to do't my Dear—
 Scorn, my dear Charmer, scorn d'ye say?
 My utmost Pride is you t'obey.
 Then tell me—why the Time d'ye waste?
 Try my Obedience by my Haste.

It is—but turn your Head aside—
 Oh! where shall I my Blushes hide?
 I know not how to bring it out;
 Because—'tis something odd, I doubt.

ROGER, who saw'er in this Confusion,
 Guess'd she wou'd make an odd Conclusion;
 But urg'd—since Matters are so nigh,
 Why shou'd you blush 'twixt you and I?

Why

Why then—it is—but hark—come near,
 I'll whisper it into your Ear ;
 But keep it secret, I beseech,
 It is—that you wou'd—kiss my Breech—
 If you refuse, I'll ne'er believe,
 That you can love me, while I live :
 But when the thing you once have done
 Soon as you please we Two are One.

ROGER, with eager Gladness swore
 He'd do't with Joy, and ten times more.
 Nay if that Moment home she'd go,
 He'd kiss her o'er from top to toe,
 But all the while laugh'd in his Sleeve,
 Tho' he cou'd scarce his Ears believe,
 Had not her Visage, and her Tone,
 That she was serious plainly shown.

Well then, quoth JENNY, if I see
 You love me to such great degree,
 I'll be your Wife, as old Folks say,
 For ever after, and a day.

What need I mention ROGER's Rapture ?
 'T wou'd only serve to load my Chapter :
 The shorter that a Story's told
 Is always best the Poets hold.
 JENNY appointed that he shou'd,
 The next Day Morn, his Words make good,
 In her own Chamber, just at Eight,
 And charg'd him not to let her wait ;
 For fear her Lady might be stirring,
 Who then, to dress her, wou'd be hurr'ing.

So here they parted both content,
 Hodge snatch'd a Kiss, and home she went.

The first she found when she came home,
 Was Madam, fitting all alone ;

Who

Who had enquir'd for her, to play
 At Cards, to pass an Hour away :
 But now (for lucre of a Rhime,
 We'll say) 'twas almost Supper-time ;
 And too I find, they must, of course,
 (To grace my Tale) have some Discourse.

My Lady being in merry Mood,
 Ask'd her how Marriage Matters stood ?
 Whether sh'ad pitch'd upon the Man,
 She'd whisper Yes to, through her Fan
 Young JENNY cunningly reply'd,
 She did not wish to be a Bride ;
 But lik'd her present State so well,
 She thought of leading Apes in Hell:
 Jocosely then her Lady said,
 If you will live and die a Maid,
 Such Crowds of Suitors daily come,
 They'll eat me out of House and Home
 I'm sure you are not so inclin'd,
 Come, JENNY, freely speak your Mind.
 No Maiden chuses such an End ;
 What ! hide your Secrets from a Friend ?
 But, if you won't your Mind express,
 I'll make you tell me if I guess.

How do you fancy *Collinet* ?
 He's young, with Eyes as black as Jet ;
 And when his Uncl. *Dobson* dies,
 He'll have th'Estate which yonder lies--
 What, Madam, marry with a Boy,
 Sure he'll dispense but little Joy--
 But, JENNY, he sedate appears,
 With Sense and Wit above his Years ;
 I wonder much to hear you say,
 He has not stol'n your Heart away :
 Howe'er, 'tis prudent in a Maid,
 To chuse a Man grown up and staid.

Alexis ? I have his the Man ;
 Deny it, JENNY, if you can.
 Nature has finish'd him with Care
 On purpose to delight the Fair ;
 And well display'd her utmost Art,
 In modellizing ev'ry part ;
 His lovely Air, his youthful Grace,
 His sparkling Eyes, his charming Face,
 His curious Shape, and Garments gay,
 Resistless all, must needs betray.
 I never saw a lovelier Youth !
 Come, my dear JENNY, tell the Truth
 Besides, he loves you, I am sure,
 And thousand Torments does endure.--
 You're pretty nigh, I must confess
 He seem'd as if contriv'd to please ;
 Yet I don't love him — 'tis e'en so—
 The Reason why, I do not know ;
 But Madam, do be plain, tho' rough,
 I do not love him—that's enough.
 Why shou'd I tell you any Lies ?
 He never speaks but with his Eyes.—
 Alas ! poor Swain ! too true a sign
 His Passion is the more divine.
 But he must die, you say then—sure
 THYRSIS does not your Heart secure ?

Indeed Madam you have told me right ;
 His Pride is all the Sex to slight ;
 As soon as he has gain'd their Loves,
 Away the faithless Shepherd roves :
 He ne'er shall draw me in the Snare.—
 And let him range from Fair to Fair,
 I must commend you for't, my Child ;
 For I have heard he's very wild :
 And Rakes too oft their Wives obtain,
 Whilst dying Lovers sigh in vain.

But

But now he has *Salinda* seen,
 They say, he's changed quite and clear,
 And grown a mighty sober Man.
 Let her believe it if she can.

Is't *Lysidas*?—why there's another,
 He's sure *Adonis*, or his Brother!

No, Madam, no; his Haughtiness
 Will never make me hate him less.
 Nor will I e'er by him be won,
 Who has his thousand Nymphs undone.
 With him I shou'd be made, they say,
 A Mother on my Wedding-day.
 As we were Dancing on the Green,
 No sooner *Amoret* was seen,
 But the rude Lubber from me ran;
 No—really, Ma'am he's not the Man.

Then sure it must fair *Damon* be:—
 What, Madam, he that is so free?
 Who all Day long will with me stay,
 For all I bid him go away?
 Who laughs at Love, and does but make
 It for his Jest and Pastime's sake?
 Who thinks he's sure of ev'ry Heart,
 And therefore needless to use Art?
 Who rudely forc'd from me a Kiss,
 And when I chid him, car'd—not this?
 And one Day too my Breast he kiss;
 I'm glad I struck him with my Fist.

Well then, I find, I cannot guess,
 Unless it shou'd be *Philocles*;
 So soft, so charming ev'ry way,
 And dresses too extremely gay.
 The Lasses all to him encline,
 He seems to wound without design.

Oh!

Oh ! Madam it is that I fear ;
 I ne'er shou'd be from Rivals clear.
 His Pity too's so great, that he
 Cou'd ne'er a dying Damsel see,
 But he must grant her all she asks,
 And weeps the while he them forsakes.
 Look in the Woods, you'll read his Fame:
 For ev'ry Bark there bears his Name.
 Whome'er I wed, I wou'd not share
 His Love ev'n with a Princess fair.
 No ; I wou'd all his Soul engross :
 One grain of Love is too much Loss.

How do you like *Philander* ? who
 (To give the pretty Youth his due)
 In all his Phrase so innocent,
 Conquers without the least Intent:
 He looks so many charming things,
 Dances so well, so sweetly sings,
 And witty Sonnets too he writes,
 Which set to Tunes, he sings o' nights,
 Whilst Nymphs and Swains around him sit,
 Praising his Beauty and his Wit.
 Look, there's his House upon that Hill ;
 I'll introduce him, if you will.—
 Hang him a self conceited Beau,
 Who like *Narcissus*, does bestow
 All his Address to's own dear Face,
 And courts his Image in a Glass.
 I curstied to him t'other Day ;
 He laugh'd and look'd another way.
 I saw once, something he had writ,
 (But did not like the Lines a bit)
 Wherein he praises *Cloe's* Charms,
 Swears Raptures dwell within her Arms,
 And to have prov'd 'em seems to hint ;
 But I am sure there's nothing in't.

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May be he'll say so too of me,
If I shou'd keep his Company

But are you sure 'tis none of these?
Methinks your mighty hard to please.
I fain wou'd see you ere I die,
Marry'd and have a Family.
What if we shou'd the Squire carouze,
And try to take him in the Noose,
His Head's so soft, he'd quickly fix;
And then he keeps his Coach and Six;
What do you say? come be not nics;
We'll make this Match up in a trice.—
O Lard! don't name him, filthy Lout,
I wou'd not touch him with a Clout.
I value not his Wealth a Louse,
Nor him tho' Member of the House.
Dear Madam I shou'd be afraid
He'd bring his Pack of Hounds to Bed.
Not for the World—and then the Beast
Get's drunk, and let's no Mortal rest.
Nor will himself to Bed repair;
But snores the night out in a Chair.
Small Comfort he a Wife wou'd give,
I'll never have him whilst I live.
Of mereest Ideots he's the Fool,
I'd rather wed a Knave than Fool.

Well, I have thought on one for you,
If you cou'd stay a Year or two;
But that perhaps is hard to do.
'Tis young *Amintas*, *Chloe's* Brother,
You ne'er cou'd light of such another.
No Vice has e'er betray'd his Youth,
His perfect Innocence and Truth.

Dear Madam, isn't time to go?
The Hammer knocks for Supper; no?

Stay,

Stay, JENNY, you're so fond to part ;
 Some Lover still lurks in your Hearts
 In vain Confession you demur,
 I'll have him out before I stir.
 There's ROGER, — ever neat and trim,
 Pray *Jenny*, what d'ye think o'him ?
 He has good Lands and Money too,
 And pays his Rents as soon as due. —
 Young *Jenny's* Colour went and came,
 On the bare mention of his Name.
 Conscious of what had pass'd between
 The Swain and her upon the Green.
 My Lady seeing the Tell-tale blush,
 And more and more her Colour flush,
 Embrac'd her tenderly, and smil'd —
 So have I caught you, my dear Child ?
 And have I found it out at last ?
 Indeed he's one that suits my Taste.
 Truly were I for you to chuse,
 You shou'd not such a Man refuse.
 I did not think, I must declare it,
 You was so good a Judge of Merit.
 I'm really *Jenny*, very glad,
 That you have pitch'd upon the Lad.
 Come, come, you must no longer tarry ;
 I'll give you something when you marry.

Young *Jenny* finding her so kind,
 Open'd and told her all her Mind.
 In short o'erjoy'd among the rest.
 The Assignment too confess ;
 Which made her Lady strangely stare !
 And how cou'd any one forbear ?

What various Arguments she made,
 Miss from this Project to dissuade ;
 How many silly Reasons *Jenny*
 Advanc'd her Crotchet to maintain ;

Might here in pompous Verse be sung ;
 But it wou'd make my Tale too long :
 Let it suffice my Lady fail'd,
 And *Jenny's* Rhetorick prevail'd.——
 But, to prevent what might ensue,
 Madam wou'd have a *Peep-hole* through,
 Which *JANE* reluctant yielded to.

Thus things went on till Supper ready
 A Servant came to tell my Lady.
 Iv'e no Occasion to relate,
 How much she ate, how long she sat.
 The time being come to go to rest,
 She rung the Bell to be undrest.
 So nothing more there need be said ;
 It growing late all went to Bed.

When did you know a Woman rest,
 That had a Secret in her Breast ?
 My Lady to the Knight disclos'd
 The Trust that in her was repos'd :
 And, Mischief to prevent said she,
 There is a *Peep-hole* made for me.

If e'er the Marriage-bed did shake
 Twas then—he laugh'd till Sides did ake ;
 And vow'd by all that's good and true,
 That he wou'd have a *Peep-hole* too :
 The Fancy pleas'd Sir *John* so much,
 He gave his Lady—t'other Touch.

But now to *JENNY* let's repair,
 Who dreamt not of it's taking air.

All the Night long (we may suppose)
 The Nymph cou'd hardly take a Dose ;
 So up she got before 'twas Day,
 And dress'd her self extremely gay.

Then

Then while the Moments slowly pass,
 Her Charms consulted in a Glass;
 And fancying she look'd well enough,
 Sigh'd with Impatience for the Proof.—
 Now came the time of Assignment;
 The Knight took his, the Dame her Station.
 JENNY being sure the Hour was right,
 For she had told the Clock all Night,
 Threw up the Window tow'rd the Yard,
 Where punctual ROGER stood prepar'd,
 Waiting the Signal— which when giv'n,
 He thought himself just going to Heav'n.
 Felt such unusual Joy and Dread,
 That whether on his Heels or Head
 He went alas! he hardly knew;
 But in a Moment, up he flew,
 Enter'd her Chamber in a flutter,
 Took her about the Neck and buss'd her,
 And without further Ceremony,
 Come—let me do't. (quoth he) dear Honey.
 I long by all the Pow'rs above,
 To shew how ardently I love.
 Hold hasty Sir, all things in Order,
 Before I venture to go further,
 Let's shut the Door says she and lock it
 The Key I'll put into my Pocket.
 Ah! but I'm sure you think it mean;
 It's plainly in your Visage seen.
 Now you look' red as Turkey-cock,
 Anon turn paler than my Smock,
 Dear! how you! tremble too as if
 You were just taken for a Thief.
 I cannot think you love me still,
 Unless you do it with good Will—
 Why do you wonder at th' Emotion?
 My Soul I'm all at your Devotion:
 But since I must the Truth disclose,
 Why so much Colour comes and goes

I fear that you will—*I will what?*
 Laugh when I've done, and wed me not—
 No ROGER, no; I scorn to break
 My Word, when Honour is at Stake.
 But you must do it with your Face,
 Not kiss your Hand upon the Place;
 For if you sham it, how can I
 Be sure of your Fidelity?
 Prithee, dear JENNY don't invent
 A thing contrary to m' Intent;
 Think not I need my Task be taught;
 Trust me, I'll kiss it, as I ought—
 Here a long Pause ensu'd—and then
 ROGER the Silence broke again;
 With so much Willingness consented,
 That JENNY was at Heart contented;
 Vow'd when she felt the Kiss he gave her,
 To yield that Morning he should have her.
 The Deed should seal 'em both together;
 And, smiling bid him do it clever.

So on her Face, upon the Bed,
 He lightly down my Damsel laid,
 Her Petticoats he o'er her Head throws.
 And pins e'm right unto the Bedcloaths
 With two great Corking Pins h'ad brought
 On purpose for't—a lucky Thought!
 Now down his Leathern Trowzers dropt,
 And out a monstrous live-thing popt.
 (Whate'er it was, it made the Tail
 Of's Shirt swell out just like a Sail
 Before the Wind a Mack'el Gale)
 But this was unperceiv'd by 'er,
 (As well as by each Peep-hole Spyer)
 For all the while the silly Chit
 Ne'er dreamt how finely she was bit—
 Her scarlet Stockings then he laid
 Aside, in order to invade—

At this the Nymph began to grumble,
 What is it makes the Fellow fumble?
 Methinks you're very long about it,
 Come do't at once, or go without it:
 Make haste I tell you, if you can;
 Dear me! your such another Man——
 Patience (quoth' HEDGE)——don't be a fear'd——
 I'm only wiping of my Beard.
 So round her Thighs his Hands he cast,
 Lifted her up, and held her fast.
 Then like a not-unpractis'd Spark,
 He aim'd directly at the Mark.

But as he drove the Coast being clear,
 Stopp'd short he was in mid Career.
 My Lady saw it thro' the Hole,
 And furious Anger fill'd her Soul.
 Hot, to prevent the wicked Whoredom,
 She thunder'd like to beat the Door down.
 By all that's good, cry'd she, I'll stick him,
Kick bim——why kick bim, Jenny, kick bim——

JENNY was in a strange Quandary,
 And cry'd out, Madam oh! where are ye?——
 Why here I am you silly Whore,
 What made you lock the Chamber-door?
 Is there no Method to get in,
 And hinder such a damning Sin?
 Look there again! ——a Smith, a Smith——
 What can I break it open with?
 Why, ROGER, is the Devil in ye?
 You cursed Villian—*Kick bim, JENNY.*
 Wou'd I were there—I'd kick the Dog;
 Look; how the Jade lies like a Log—
 Hereto Sir *John* was still, we hear,
 Yet whisper'd in his Lady's Ear,
 Prithee, my Love don't make a Pother,
 She'll bear't as well as did her Mother—

While

While ROGER, startled at the Noise,
 Much more to hear my Lady's Voice.
 Who still continuing to scold,
 Was just about to lose his Hold—
 When good Sir John, who lov'd the Sport,
 And wou'd not have the Lad retort,
 Mad at his Wife he cou'd have struck her,
 Aloud cry'd, —her, ROGER, —her
Kick him —as loud the Dame went on,
 —her—still louder cry'd Sir John.
 So—not to make my Tale too long,
 This was the Burthen of their Song.

ROGER, encourag'd by the Knight.
 Took Heart of Grace, and seiz'd her by't.
 She scream'd—how busy is the Devil!
 Who could have thought you so uncivil?
 I beg, Sir, you will let me rise;
 For what you're doing I can't devise—
 First let me give the Proof, said he,
 You'll pardon me for being so free.
 Then drawing close, he with a Jerk,
 Like a stout Plow-man fell to Work;
 And by the strong, brisk sudden Motion,
 Made a most desperate Displasion.
 Nought interpos'd to her Protection,
 Or sav'd her from the Interjection.
 She winch'd ('twas faith, a merry Farce)
 As if a Gad-Bee stung her—
 And loudly bellow'd at the Smart,
 But from the Bed-cloaths cou'd not part.
 She strove to rise with all her Strength,
 But he had gone too great a Length.
 The more she mov'd the more she found,
 Young sturdy ROGER gained ground.
 Inch after Inch he thrust it then,
 Nor stopt 'till he had given her ten.

While into Prayers and Tears she fell,
 (Nor Prayers nor Tears could not avail.)
 For Heaven's sake ROGER, let me go;
 I do believe that you are—oh!
 That you—oh! are oh!—are true,
 O Lud!—what do you mean to do—
 I'm sure you're oh! are true enough—
 You've giv'n me—oh!—sufficient Proof.
 Bless me!—indeed—to-morrow you—
 Whate'er you please—shall do, uh, uh—
 I vow you shall—upon my—Life,
 And I'll consent—to be your—Wife,
 Dear now leave off—I'm sick to death—
 I'm dying—I can't fetch my Breadth.
 Dear ROGER,—oh!—wouldst give me Proof
 How much you love—oh! don't—leave off—
 Oh!—do not ROGER, let me go,—
 Or you will kill me!—oh!—oh! oh—
 O mercy!—how shall I get from it?
 I cannot bear it!—I shall vomit;—
 Such burning Pain!—why RRR you split me—
 See now! how you've all over wet me.

The Knight laugh'd out to hear her roar;
 For no one merrier he swore,
 Did ever y-t commence a Whore.
 But tho' so much JANE thought she had on't,
 Many a Prude had been full glad on't;
 And rather than have gone without,
 Contented been with th' awkward Bout.

The Curious seem to make a Wonder,
 How he cou'd cleverly come under:
 But tho' their Notions widely run,
 Methinks—I see how it was done.
 Thus in a Chair, the cautious Dame,
 Who loves a little of *That Same*,
 Will take it on her Lovers Lap,
 Sure to prevent this way Mishap:

The subtle Lecher knowing that
 They cannot so be got with Brat.
 I grant indeed, they may with Ease,
 When resting on their Hands and Knees,
 And soonest so, perhaps conceive,
 If we *Lucretius* may believe.
 But I such Methods ne'er will reach,
 I hate to be so nigh the Breech
 No—let me lean upon the Breast,
 And bite their Lips as at a Feast;
 Behold 'em roll their dying Eyes,
 And see the kindling Blushes rise;
 Feel their Arms wreath around my Waist,
 Their Hands on Honour's Mansion plac'd;
 At ev'ry Thrust their Bodies heave,
 Pant, rattle, quiver, warmly cleave.
 Nor should their Limbs, tho' laid aside
 At first, long in the Form abide;
 They should not mix with mine, 'tis true,
 Nor always frame the Letter V.
 I'd have them both unite in Bands,
 And play Har-cockels with their Hands;
 Till all entranc'd in Bliss we lye,
 And in dissolving Raptures die.
 Thus I'd enjoy the Girl I love,
 When *Cupid's* soft Delights we prove.

Conclusion now draws on apace,
 The Knight good natur'd weigh'd the Case,
 And at his Lady's kind Request,
 Promis'd poor JANE should be redress'd.
 He was too civil to intrude
 Upon the Couple in this Mood,
 A Time not proper for Intrusion,
 So spar'd their Blushes and Confusion.
 She hid her Head in ROGER's Breast,
 And beg'd him to perform the rest.

I will

I will my Dear, the Lad reply'd,
 And gladly take thee for my Bride.
 Come to old Tuckem's let us go ;
 For he can do the Job, you know.

Then Hand in Hand full glad went they,
 The Parson met 'em by the way.
 For good Sir John had taken Care
 ROGER no slipp'ry Trick should play'er ;
 And not to make his Bargain dear,
 Gave her a Hundred Pound a Year.

So ROGER did fair JENNY wed,
 And crown'd their mutual Joys a-bed.



T H E

C U R I O U S M A I D.

BEauty's a gaudy Sign no more
 To tempt the gazer to the Door ;
 Within the Entertainment lies,
 Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus

Thus *Chloe*, beautiful and gay,
 As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
 Hardly awake from dreaming o'er
 Her Conquests of the Day before :

And what's this hidden Charm (she cry'd)
 And spurn'd th' embracing Clothes aside
 From Limbs of such a Shape and Hue,
 As *Tritian's* Pencil never drew,
 Resolv'd the dark Abode to trace
 Of Female Honour or Disgrace,
 Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
 And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt she makes, and buckles too,
 With all her Might ; but 'twould not do :
 Still as she bent the Part requir'd,
 As conscious of its Shame, retir'd.

What's to be done? we're all a-ground !
 Some other Method must be found——
 Water *Narcissus'* Face cou'd show,
 And why not *Chloe's* Charms below ?
 Big with this Project, she applies
 The *Jordan* to her Virgin Thighs ;
 But the dull Lake her Wish denies.

What Luck is here? we're foil'd again ?
 The *Devil's* in the Dice, that's plain !
 No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd !
 No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd ;
 No *Bard*, whose gentle Music excels
 At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epsom Wells*,
 Ordain'd by *Phebus'* special Grace,
 To sing the Beauties of the Place,
 E'er pump'd and chaf'd to that Degree,
 To tag his fav'rite Similie.

Thus

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
 When Remedies are near at Hand ;
 To seek what easy is to find,
 They puzzle and perplex their Mind.
 For lo ! the Glass ! ——— Ay, that indeed !
 'Tis ten to one we now succeed !
 To this Relief she flies amain,
 And straddles o'er the shining Plain ;
 The shining Plain reflects at large
 All Damon's Wish and Chloe's Charge.
 The Curious Maid in deep Surprise,
 On the grim Feature fix'd her Eyes :
 Far less amaz'd Æneas stood,
 When by *Avernus*' sacred Flood,
 He saw *Hell's Portal* fring'd with Wood.

And is this all ? is this (she cry'd)
 Man's great Desire, and Woman's Pride ?
 The Spring whence flows the Lovers Pain,
 The Ocean where 'tis lost again.
 By Fate for ever doom'd to prove
 The Nursery and Grave of Love ?
 O ! thou of dire and horrid Mien,
 And always better felt than seen !
 Fit Rapture of the gloomy Night,
 O, never more approach the Light !
 Like other *Myst'ries* Men adore,
 Be bid to be rever'd the more.

F I N I S.

