

Love given over:

OR, A

SATYR

AGAINST THE

Pride, Lust, and Inconstancy, &c.

OF

WOMAN.

Amended by the AUTHOR.

L O N D O N,

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TO THE READER.

THE Pious endeavours of the Gown,
have not prov'd more ineffectual to-
wards reclaiming the Errors of a vi-
tious Age, than Satyr (the better way, tho' less
practis'd) the amendment of Honesty, and good
Manners among us. Nor is it a wonder, when
we consider that Women, (as if they had the
ingredient of Fallen-Angel in their Composition)
the more they are lasb'd, are but the more bard-
ned in Impenitence: and as Children in some
violent Distemper, commonly spit out those cheri-
sing Cordials, which, if taken, might chase away
the Malady: So they (inspir'd as 'twere with a
natural averseness to Virtue) despise that whol-
som Counsel, which is Religiously design'd for
their future good, and happiness. Judge then,
if Satyr ever had more need of a sharper sting
than now: when he can look out of his Cell on

To the READER.

no side, but sees so many objects beyond the reach of indignation. Nor is it altogether unreasonable for me (while others are laſting the Rebellious Times into Obedience) to have one fling at Woman, the Original of Mischief. I'm ſensible I might as well expect to ſee Truth and Honesty uppermoſt in the World, as think to be free from the bitterness of their Reſentments: But I have no reaſon to be concernd at that; ſince I'm certain my design's as far from offendiſg the good, (if there are any amonſt 'em that can be ſaid to be ſo) as thoſe few that are good, would be offend'd at their Reception into the Eternal Inhabitatiōns of Peace, to be Crown'd there with the Sacred Reward of their Labours. As for thoſe that are ill, if it Gall them, it ſucceeds according to my wiſh; for I have no other design but the amendment of Vice, which if I could but in the leaſt accomplish, I ſhould be well pleas'd; and not without reaſon too; for it muſt needs be ſome ſatisfaction to a young unſkilful Archer, to hit the firſt Mark he ever aim'd at.

Love

I

Love given over:

OR A
SATYR
AGAINST
WOMAN.

A T length from Love's vile Slav'ry I am free,
And have regain'd my ancient Liberty :
I've shook those Chains off which my bondage wrought,
Am free as Air, and unconfin'd as thought ;

For faithless *Sylvia* I no more adore,
Kneel at her feet, and pray in vain no more :
No more my Verse shall her fled worth Proclaim,
And with soft praises celebrate her Name :
Her frowns do now no awful terrors bear ;
Her smiles no more can cure or cause despair.
I've banish'd her for ever from my Breast,
Banish'd the proud Invader of my rest,
Banish'd the Tyrant-Author of my woes,
That robb'd my Soul of all its sweet repose :
Not all her treach'rous Arts, bewitching wiles,
Her Sighs, her Tears, nor her deluding Smiles,
Shall my eternal resolution move,
Or make me talk, or think, or dream of Love :
The whining Curse I've banish'd from my Mind,
And with it, all the thoughts of Womankind.
Come then my Muse, and since th' occasion's fair,
Against that Sex proclaim an endless War ;

Which

A Satyr against Woman.

Which may renew as still my Verse is read,
And live, when I am mingled with the dead.

Woman! by Heav'ns the very Name's a Crime,
Enough to blast, and to debauch my Rhyme.
Sure Heav'n it self (intranc't) like *Adam* lay,
Or else some banish'd Fiend usurp't the fway
When *Eve* was form'd; and with her usher'd in
Plagues, Woes, and Death, and a new World of Sin.
The fatal Rib was crooked and unev'n,
From whence they have their Crab-like Nature giv'n;
Averse to all the Laws of Man and Heav'n.

O *Lucifer*, thy Regions had been thin,
Were't not for Womans propagating Sin:
'Tis they alone that all true Vices know;
And send such Throngds down to thy Courts below:
Nay there is hardly one among 'em all,
But envies *Eve* the glory of the Fall:
Be cautious then, and guard your Empire well;
For should they once get power to rebel,
They'd surely raise a Civil-War in Hell,
Add to the pains you feel; and make you know,
W're here above, as Curst as you below.

But we may thank our selves; is there a Dog,
Who, when he may have freedom, wears the Clog?
Eut Man, vain Man, the more imprudent Beast,
Drags the dull weight when he may be releas't:
May such (and, ah! too many such we see)
While they live here, just only live, to be
The mark of Scorn, Contempt, and Infamy.
But if the Tide of Nature boist'rous grow,
And would Rebelliously its Banks o'erflow,
Then chuse a Wench, who (full of lewd desires)
Can meet your flouds of Love with equal fires;
She only damns the Soul: but an ill Wife
Damns that, and with it all the Joys of Life:
And what vain Blockhead is so dull, but knows,
That of two Ills the least is to be chose?

But

A Satyr against Woman

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But now, since Woman's Lust I chance to name,
Woman's unbounded Lust I'll first proclaim:
And show that our lewd Age has brought to view,
What *Sodom*, when at worst, had blusht to do.
True, I confess, that *Rome's* Imperial Whore,
(More Fam'd for Vice than for the Crown she wore)
Into the publick Stews (disguis'd) wou'd thrust,
To quench the raging fury of her Lust;
And by such Actions bravely got her Name,
Born up for ever on the Wings of Fame:
Yet this is poor, to what our Modern Age
Has hatch'd, brought forth, and acted on the Stage:
Which for the Sex's glory I'll reherse;
And make that deathless, as that makes my Verse.

Who knew not (for to whom was she unknown)
Our late prodigious *Bewley*? (true, she's gone
To answer for the num'rous Ills she's done;
For if there is no Hell for such as she,
Heav'n is unjust, and that it cannot be.)
As *Albion's* Isle fast rooted in the Main,
Does the rough Billows raging force disdain,
Which tho' they foam, and with loud terrour roar,
Yet they can never reach beyond their shore.
So she with Lust's Enthusiastick Rage,
Sustain'd all the salt Stallions of the Age.
Whole Legions she encounter'd, Legions tyr'd;
Insatiate yet, still fresh Supplies desir'd.
Illustrious Bawd! may thy name live, and be
Abhor'd by all, as 'tis abhor'd by me;
Thou formost in the Race of Infamy!
But Bodies must decay; for 'tis too sure,
There's nothing from the Jaws of Time secure.
Yet, when she found that she could do no more,
When all her Body was one putrid Sore,
Studded with Pox, and Ulcers quite all o're;
E'en then, by her delusive treach'rous Wiles,
(For that's most specious still, which most beguiles)

Sh'enroll'd!

A Satyr against Woman.

Sh'enroll'd more Females in the List of Whore,
 Than all the Arts of Man e're did before.
 Prest with the pond'rous guilt, at length she fell,
 And through the solid Centre sunk to Hell:
 The murmur ring Fiends all hover'd round about,
 And in hoarse howls did the great Bawd salute;
 Amaz'd to see a sordid lump of Clay,
 Stain'd with more various bolder Crimes than they:
 Nor were her torments less; for the dire Train,
 Soon sent her howling through the rowling flame,
 To the sad seat of everlasting pain. {
 Creswel, and Stratford, the same Path do tread,
 In Sin's black Volume so profoundly read,
 That whensoe'er they die, we well may fear,
 The very tincture of the Crimes they bear,
 With strange infusion may inspire the dust,
 And in the Grave commit true acts of Lust.

And now, if so much to the World's reveal'd,
 Reflect on the vast stores that lie conceal'd,
 How oft into their Closets they retire,
 Where flaming Dil— does inflame desire,
 And gentle Lap-d— feed the am'rous fire. {
 How curst is Man! when Brutes his Rivals prove,
 Ev'n in the sacred Business of his Love!
 Unless Religion pious thoughts instill,
 Show me the Woman that would not be ill,
 If she conveniently could have her will. {
 And when the Mind's corrupt, we all well know,
 The actions that proceed from't must be so.
 Their guilt's as great who any ill wou'd do,
 As their's who actually that ill pursue,
 That they would have it so their Crime assures;
 Thus, if they durst, most Women would be Whores.
 That is, (and 'tis what all Men will allow)
 There's many wou'd be so, that yet seem virtuous now.

Forgive me, Modesty, if I have been,
 In any thing I have mention'd here, obscene;

Yet

A Satyr against Woman.

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Yet stay —— Why should I ask that Boon of thee,
When 'tis a doubt if such a thing there be?
For Woman, in whose Breasts thou'rt said to reign,
And shew the glorious Conquests thou dost gain,
Despises thee, and only courts the Name:
(Sounds, tho' we cannot see, yet we may hear,
And wonder at their echoing through the Air)
Thus, led by what delusive Fame imparts,
We think thy Throne's erected in their Hearts ;
But w'are deceiv'd, as faith we ever were,
For if thou art, I'me sure thou art not there:
Nothing in those vile Mansions does reside,
But rank Ambition, Luxury, and Pride,
Pride is the Deity they most adore,
Hardly their own dear selves they cherish more :
Survey their very Looks, you'll find it there ;
How can you miss it when 'tis ev'ry where ?
Some through all hunted Natures Secrets trace,
To fill the Furrows of a wrinkl'd Face ;
And after all their toyl (pray mark the Curse)
They've only made that which was bad much worse.
As some in striving to make ill Coin pass,
Have but the more discover'd that 'twas Brass.
Nay, those that are reputed to be fair,
And know how courted, how admir'd they are,
Who one would think God had form'd so compleat,
They had no need to make his Gifts a Cheat ;
Yet they too in adulteration share,
And wou'd in spight of Nature, be more fair.
Deluded Woman! tell me, where's the gain,
In spending Time upon a thing so vain ?
Your pretious Time, (O to your selves unkind !)
When 'tis uncertain you've an hour behind
Which you can call your own : For tho' y're Fair,
And beautiful as Guardian Angels are ;
Adorn'd by Nature, fitted out by Art,
In all the Glories that dekude the Heart :
Yet tell me, tell ; have they the pow'r to save ?
Or can they priviledge you from the Grave ?

B

The

A Satyr against Woman.

The Grave, which favours not the Rich or Fair;
Beauty with Beast lies undistinguish'd there.

But hold——methinks I'me interrupted here,
By some vain Fop I neither Love nor Fear:
Who in these words his weakness does reveal,
And hurts that Wound which he shou'd strive to heal.

“Soft, Sir, methinks you too inveterate grow ;
“And more your Envy than Discretion show.
“Who'd blame the Sun because he shines so bright,
“That we can't gaze upon his daz'ling light,
“When at the self same time he chears the Earth,
“And gives the various Plants and Blossoms Birth?
“How does the Winter look, that naked thing,
“Compar'd to the fresh Glories of the Spring?
“Rivers adorn the Earth; the Fish, the Seas;
“Flowers, and Grafs the Meadows; Fruit, the Trees;
“The Stars, the Fields of Air through which they ride;
“And Woman all the works of God beside :
“Yet base detracting Envy won't allow
“They should adorn themselves; then pray, Sir, now
“Produce some reasons why y're so severe;
“For, envious as you are, you know they're Fair.

And so were *Sodom's* Apples heretofore;
But they were still found rotten at the Core ;—
Nature without dispute made all things fair;
And dress'd 'em in an unaffected Air :—
The Earth, the Meadows, Rivers, ev'ry Flower,
Proclaim the skill of their great Maker's pow'r ;
But they, as they were made at first, remain,
And all their ancient Lustre still retain.
Nothing but vain fantastick Woman's chang'd;
And through all Mischief's various Mazes rang'd;
Yet that they're beautiful is not deny'd;
But tell me are the Unhandsom free from Pride ?
No, no; the Streight, the Crooked, Ugly, Fair,
Have all, promiscuously, an equal share. Thus,

A Satyr against Woman.

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Thus, Sir, you see how they're estrang'd and stray'd,
From what by Nature they at first were made.

Already many of their Crimes I've nam'd,
Yet that's untold for which they most are Fam'd :
A Sin (tall as the Pyramids of old)
From whose aspiring top we may behold
Enough to damn a World ! — what should it be,
But (Curse upon the name !) *Inconstancy* ?
O tell me, does the World those Men contain,
(For I have look't for such, but look't in vain)
Who ne're were drawn into that fatal Snare ?
Fatal I call it, for he's curst that's there.
Inspir'd then by my Fellow-sufferers wrongs,
And glad I am, the Task to me belongs ;
I'll bring the Fiend unmaskt to humane sight,
Tho' hid in the black Womb of deepest Night.
No more the Wind, the faithless Wind, shall be
A *Simile* for their Inconstancy,
For that sometimes is fixt ; but Woman's Mind
Is never fixt, or to one Point inclin'd :
Less fixt than in a Storm the Billows are,
Or trembling Leaves the *Aspen*-Tree does bear,
Which ne're stand still, but (ev'ry way inclin'd)
Turn twenty times with the least breath of Wind.
Less fixt than wanton Swallows while they play
In the Sun-beams, to welcome in the day :
Now yonder, now they're here, as soon as there,
In no place long, and yet are ev'ry where.
Like a toss'd Ship their Passions fall and rise,
One while you'd think it touch'd the very Skies,
When streight upon the Sand it grovling lies.
Ev'n she her self, *Sylvia*, th' lov'd and fair,
Whose one kind look cou'd save me from despair ;
She, she whose Smiles I valu'd at that rate,
To enjoy them I scorn'd the frowns of Fate ;
Ev'n she her self, (but Ah ! I'm loth to tell,
Or blame the Crimes of one I lov'd so well ;

A Satyr against Woman.

But it must out) ev'n she, swift as the Wind,
 Swift as the airy motions of the Mind,
 At once prov'd false, and perjur'd, and unkind.
 Here they to day invoke the Power's above,
 As Witnesses to their Immortal Love;
 When (lo!) away the airy Fantom flies,
 And e're it can be said to live, it dies:
 Thus all Religious Vows, and Oaths they break,
 With the same ease and freedom as they speak.
 Nor is that sacred Idol, Marriage, free,
 Marriage! which musty Drones affirm to be
 The tye of Souls, as well as Bodies! nay,
 The Spring that does through unseen Pipes convey
 Fresh sweets to Life, and drives the bitter dregs away!
 The Sacred Flame, the Guardian Pile of Fire,
 That guides our steps to peace! nor does expire,
 Till it has left us nothing to desire!
 Ev'n thus adorn'd, the Idol is not free
 From the swift turns of their Inconstancy.

Witness th' *Ephesian Matron*—
 Who to the Grave with her dead Husband went,
 And clos'd her self up in his Monument;
 Where on cold Marble she lamenting lay,
 In sighs, she spent the Night; in Tears, the Day,
 And seem'd to have no use of Life, but mourn it all away.
 The wond'ring World extoll'd her faithful Mind,
 Extoll'd her as the best of Woman-kind:
 But see the World's mistake; and with it, see
 The strange effect of wild Inconstancy!
 For she her self, ev'n in that sacred Room,
 With one brisk, vig'rous On-set was o'recome,
 And made a Brothel of her Husband's Tomb:
 Whose pale Ghost trembl'd in its Sacred Shroud,
 Wond'ring that Heav'n th'Impious Act allow'd:
 Horror in Robes of Darkness stalkt around;
 And through the frightened Tomb did Groans resound.
 The very Marbles wept, the Furies howl'd,
 And in hoarse Murmurs their amazement told.

A Satyr against Woman.

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All this shook not the dictates of her Mind,
But with a boldness, suited to her kind,
She made her Husband's Ghost, (in Death, a Slave!)
Her necessary Pimp ev'n in his Grave!
What need I fetch these Instances from old?
There now live those that are as bad, and bold,
Of Quality too, Young, Vig'rous, Lustful, Fair;
But for their Husbands takes their Names I spair.
Are these (ye Gods) the Virtues of a Wife?
The Peace that Crowns a Matrimonial Life?
Is this the Sacred Prize for which we fight,
And hazard Life and Honour with delight?
Bliss of the Day? and Rapture of the Night?
The Reins, that guide us in our wild Careers?
And the Supporter of our feeble Years?
No, no, 'tis Contradiction; rather far
They are the cause of all our Bosom-war:
The very Source, and Fountain of our Woe,
From whence Despair, and Doubt for ever flow:
The Gall, that mingles with our best delight;
Rank to the Taste, and nauseous to the Sight:
A Days, the weight of Care that clogs the Breast,
At Night the Hagg that does disturb our rest,
Our mortal Sicknes in the midst of Health;
Chains in our Freedom; Poverty in Wealth:
Th' Eternal Pestilence, and Plague of Life;
Th' Original, and Spring of all our Strife;
These rather are the Virtues of a clam'rous Wife!

O why, ye awful Pow'rs, why was't your Will
To mix our solid Good with so much Ill?
But you foresaw our Crimes wou'd soar too high,
And so made them your Vengeance to supply;
For not the wild destructive waste of War,
Nor all the endless Lab'rinths of the Bar,
Famine, Revenge, perpetual loss of Health,
No, nor that grinning Fiend, Despair it self,

Wherr

A Satyr against Woman.

When it insults with most tyrannick sway,
 Can plague or torture man so much as they.
 But hold——don't let me blame the Pow'rs Divine;
 Or at the wondrous Works they made, repine.
 All first was good, form'd by th' unerring Will,
 Tho' much has since degenerated to ill:
 Ev'n Woman was (say they) made chaste and good;
 But Ah! not long in that blest State she stood:
 Swift as a Meteor glides thro' air she fell,
 And show'd, to love that Sex too much, is one sure way to Hell.

But stop my Pen; for who can comprehend,
 Or trace thole Crimes which ne're can have an end?
 The Sun, the Moon, the Stars that gild the Sky,
 The World, and all its glories too must dye,
 And in one universal Ruine lye:

But they ev'n Immortality will gain,
 And live——but must for ever live in pain;
 For ever live, damn'd to eternal Night,
 And never more review the Sacred Light.
 Beware then, dull, deluded Man, beware;
 And let not vicious Women be the Snare,
 To make you the Companions with 'em there:
 Scorn their vain Smiles, their little Arts despise,
 And your Content at that just value prize,
 As not to let those rav'ous Thieves of Prey
 Rifle, and bear the sacred Guest away;
 'Tis they, 'tis they that rob us of that Gem;
 How could we lose it were it not for them?
 Avoid 'em then, with all the gaudy Arts,
 They daily practise to amuse our Hearts;
 Avoid 'em, as you wou'd avoid their Crimes,
 Or the mad Follies that infest the Times.

But now, shou'd some (for doubtless we may find
 Many a stupid Ass among Mankind,) —————
 Shou'd such contemn the wholesome Rules I give,
 And in contempt of what I've spoke, still live

A Satyr against Woman.

II

Like base soul'd Slaves, and Fetter chuse to wear,
When they may be as unconfin'd as Air,
Or the wing'd Race that do inhabit there;
May all the Plagues an ill Wife can invent,
Pursue 'em with eternal Punishment :
May they —— but stay, my Curses I forestall ;
For in that Curse I've comprehended all ——
But say, Sir, if some Pilot on the Main
Shou'd be so mad, so resolutely vain,
To steer his Bark upon that fatal Shore,
Where he has seen ten thousand wrack't before,
Tho' he shou'd perish there; say, wou'd you not
Bestow a Curse on the Notorious Sot?
Trust me, the Man's as much to blame as he,
Who ventures his frail Bark out wilfully,
On the Wild, Rocky, Matrimonial Sea;
When round about, and just before his Eyes,
Such a destructive waste of fatal Ruine lies.

F I N I S.

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