

Love given o're:  
OR, A  
SATYR  
AGAINST THE  
Pride, Lust, and Inconstancy, &c.  
OF  
WOMAN.

London,  
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TO THE  
READER.

*THE Pious Endeavours of the Gown, has not prov'd more ineffectual in the reclaiming the Errors of a vitious Age, than Satyr (the better way, tho' less practis'd) the amendment of Honesty, and good Manners amongst 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 lash'd, are but the more hardned in Impenitence: and as Children in some violent Distemper, commonly spit out those cherishing Cordials, which if taken might chace away the Malady: So they (inspir'd as 'twere with a natural aversness to Vertue) despise that wholesome 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 no side out sees so many Objects beyond the reach in indignation. Nor is it altogether unreasonable for me (while others are lashing the Rebellious Times into Obedience) to have one fling at Woman, the Original of Mischief. Altho' I'me 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 concern'd at that; since I'me certain my design's as far from offending the good, ( if there are any amongst 'em that can be said to be so) as those few that are good, would be offended at their*

*Reception into the Eternal inhabitations of Peace, to be Crown'd there with the Sacred Reward of their Labours. As for those that are ill, if it reflects on 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 to; for it must needs be a satisfaction to a young unskillful Archer, to hit the first Mark he ever aim'd at.*

Farewell.

## Love given o're:

OR,

# A SATYR

AGAINST

## WOMAN.

AT 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 Ayr, and unconfin'd as thought;  
For faithless *Silvia* 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 banished 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 Tear, 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,  
'Gainst the lewd Sex proclaimed an endless War;

Which may renew as still my Verse is read,  
And live, when I am mingle'd with the dead:

## **2 A Satyr Against Woman**

Discover all their various forts of Vice,  
The Rulesby which they ruine and intice,  
Their Folly, Falsehood, Lux'ry, Lust, and Pride,  
With all their num'rous Race of Crimes beside:  
Unvail'em quite to ev'ry vulgar Eye,  
And in that shameful posture let'em lie,  
Till they (as the deserve) become to be  
Abhorr'd by all Mankind, as they're abhorr'd by me.

Woman! by Heav'ns the very Name's a Crime,  
Enough to blast, and to debauch my Rhime.  
Sure Heav'n it felt (intranc't) like *Adam* lay,  
Or else some banish'd Fiend usher'd the sway  
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 fend such Throngs down to thy Courts. below:  
More Souls they've made obedient to thy Raign,  
Than Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas beside, contain.  
True, the first Woman gave the first bold Blow,  
And bravely sail'd down to th' Abyss below;  
But had the great Deed still been left undone,  
None of the daring Sex, no, hardly one,  
But in the very self-same path would go,  
Tho' sure 'twou'd lead 'em to eternal woe:  
Find me ye pow'rs, find one amongst 'em all,  
That does not envy Eve the glory of the fall:  
Be cautious then, and guard your Empire well;  
For shou'd 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'are here above, as Curse as you below.

How happy had we been, had Heaven design'd  
Some other way to propagate our kind?  
For whatso'ere those All-discerning Pow'rs  
Created sweet, Wife! Nauseous Wife! Turn'd few'r

## **3 A Satyr against Woman**

Debauch'd th' innocent, Ambrofial meat,  
 And (like *Eves* Apple) made it Death to eat:  
 But cursed be the vile Name, and cursed be they,  
 Who are so tamely Dull as to obey.  
 The Slaves they may command; Is there a Dog,  
 Who, when he may have freedom, wears a Clog?  
 But Man, base Man, the more imprudent Beast,  
 Drags the dull weight when he may be released:  
 May such ye Gods (too many such we see)  
 While they live here, just only live, to be  
 The marks of Scorn, Contempt, and Infamy.  
 But if the Tyde of Nature boist'rous grow,  
 And would Rebelliously its Banks o'reflow,  
 Then chuse a Wench, who (full of lewd defires)  
 Can meet your flouds of Love with equal fires;  
 And will, when e're you let the Deluge flie,  
 Through an extended Sluce strait drain it dry;  
 That Whirl-pool Sluce which never knows a Shore,  
 Ne're can be fill'd so full as to run ore,  
 For still it gapes, and still cries \_\_\_ room for more!  
 Such only damn the soul; but a damn'd 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 now, since Womans boundless Lust I name,  
 Womans unbounded Lust I'le first proclaim:  
 Trace it through all the secret various ways,  
 Where it still runs in an eternal Maze:  
 And show that our lewd Age has brought to view,  
 What impious Sodom, and Gomorrah too,  
 Were they what once ther were, would bluch to do.  
 True, I confess that Rome's Emperial Whore,  
 (More fam'd for lust, than for the Crown she wore)  
 Aspir'd to Deeds so impiously high,  
 That the immortal Fame will never die:  
 Into the publick Stews (disguis'd) she thrst,  
 To quench the raging Fury of her Lust:  
 Her part against th' Assembly she made good,  
 And all the Sallies of their Lust withstood,  
**4 A Satyr against Woman.**

And drain'd 'em dry; exhausted all their store;  
 Yet all could not content th' insatiate Whore,  
 Her C--like the dull Grave, still gap't for more.

This, this she did, and 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 OR the Stage:  
Which for the Sex's glory I'll rehearse;  
And make that deathless as that makes my Verse.

Who new not (for to whom was she unknown)  
Our late illustrious *Bewley*? (true, she's gone  
To answer for the num'rous Ills sh'as done;  
Who, tho' in Hell (in Hell, if any where)  
Hemm'd round with all the flames and tortures there,  
Finds 'em not fiercer, tho' {he feels the worst,  
Then when she liv'd, her *own* wild flames of Lust.)  
As *Albions isles fast* rooted in the Main,  
Does the rough Billows raging force disdain,  
" Which tho' they foam) and with loud terrors rore,  
*Yet* they can never reach beyond their shore.  
So she with Lusts Enthusiastick Rage,  
Sustain'd all the salt Stallions of the Age.  
Whole Legions She encounter'd, Legions tir'd;  
Insatiate yet, still fresh Supplies desir'd.  
Illustrious Bawd! whose Fame shall be display'd,  
When Heroes Glories are in Silence laid,  
In as profound a Silence, as the Slaves  
Their conqu'ring Swords dispatch'd into their Graves.  
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 ;  
Ev'n then, by her delusive treach'rous Wiles,  
(Which show'd most specious when they most beguil'd)  
Sh' enroll'd more Females in the Lift of Whore,  
Than all the Arts of Man ere did before.  
Prest with the ponderous guilt, at length she fell;  
And through the solid Centre funk to Hell;

## **5 A Satyr against Woman**

The murm'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 flames,  
To the sad Seat of everlasting pain.

*Cresswo/d*, and *Stratford*, the same path do tread;  
 In Lust's black Volumes so profoundly read,  
 That wheresoe're 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, when into their Closets they retire,  
 Where flaming Dil----s does inflame desire,  
 And gentle Lap-d--- feed the am'rous fire:  
 Lap-d---s! to whom they are more kind and free,  
 Than they themselves to their own Husbands be.  
 How curst is Man! when Bruits, his Rivals prove,  
 Ev'n in the sacred bus'ness of his Love.  
 Great was the *wife* Man's saying, great, as true;  
 And we well know, than he none better knew;  
 En'n he himself acknowledges the Womb  
 To be as greedy as the gaping Tomb:  
 Take Men, Dogs, Lions, Bears, all sorts of Stuff,  
 Yet it will never cry----- there is enough.  
 Nor are their Consciences (which can betray  
 Where e're they're sworn to love) less large than they;  
 Conscience; so lewdly unconfin'd !  
 That ev'ry one wou'd, cou'd they act their mind,  
 To their own Single share engross' ev'n all Mankind.  
 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 ills wou'd do,  
 As their's who freely do those ills pursue:  
 That they would have it so their Crime assures;  
 Thus if they durst, all Women wou'd bc Whores.

## **6 A Satyr against Woman**

Forgive me Modesty, if I have been  
 In any thing I've mention'd here, Obscene;  
 Since my Design is to detect their Crimes,  
 Which ( like a Deluge ) overflow the Times;  
 But hold – why shou'd I ask that Boon of thee,  
 When 'tis a doubt of such a thing there be?  
 For Woman, in whose Breasts thou'rt said to reign,  
 And show the glorious Conquests thou dost gain,  
 Despise thee, and only courts the Name;  
 ( Sounds tho' we cannot see, we may hear;  
 And wonder at their echoing through the Air. )  
 Thus led by what delusive Fame imparts;

We think they Throne is erected in their Hearts;  
 But we're deceiv'd; as faith we ever were,  
 For if thou art, I measure 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:  
 When she commands, her Dictates they obey  
 As freely, as the Lamp that guides the Day  
 Rowls round the Globe to its great Maker's Will;  
 Vain senseless Sex ! how swift they flie to ill ?  
 'Tis true, Pride revels chiefly in the Heart,  
 From whence she does diffuse with impious Art,  
 Her nauseous Poysons into ev'ry part :  
 Survey their very Looks, you'l find it there;  
 How can you miss it when 'tis ev'ry where?  
 Some, through all hunted Nature's Secrets trace,  
 To fill the Furrows of a wrinkl'd Face;  
 And after all their toys (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 more discover'd that 'twas Brass.  
 Nay those that are reputed to be fair,  
 And know how courted, and admir'd they are,  
 Who one would think, God had made so compleat,  
 They had no need to make his Gifts a Cheat;  
 Yet they too in adulteration share,  
 And would insight of Nature be more fair.

## **7 A Satyr Against Woman**

Deluded Woman! tell me, where's the gain,  
 In Spending Time upon a thing so vain?  
 Your precious Tim; (O to your selves unkind! )  
 When 'tis uncertain you've an hour behind  
 Which you can call your own:  
 For tho' y'are Fair,  
 And beautiful as Gaurdian Angels are;  
 Adorn'd by Nature, fitted out by Art, .  
 In all the Glories that delude the Heart:  
 Yet tell me, tell; have they the pow'r to save?

Or can they priviledge you from theGrave?  
 The Grave which favors not the Rich or Fair;  
 Beauty with Beaft lies undistinguish'd there.  
 But hold -- methinks I 'me interrupted here,  
 By some Gay-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;  
 Y'are so much theirs, y'are to your self a Foe,  
 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 cheers the Earth,  
 And gives the various Plants, and Blossoms birth.  
 How does the Winter look, that naked thing,  
 Compar'd with the fresh Glori of the Spring?  
 Rivers, adorn the Earth; The Fish, the Seas?  
 Flow'rs, and Grass, 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 Reason's why y'are so severe;  
 For envious as you are, you know they're Fair.  
 True Sir say I – so were those Apples, too,  
 Which in the midst of the first Garden grew;  
 But when they were examin'd, all within,  
 Wrapt in a sprecious and alluring skin,  
 Lay the rank baits of never-dying Sin.

### **8 A Satyr against Woman**

Nature made all things fair; 'tis not deny'd;  
 And dress'd 'em in an unaffected Pride:  
 The Earth, the Meadows, Rivers, Woods, and Flow'rs,  
 Proclaim the skill of their great Maker's pow'r;  
 And as they first were made, do yet remain,  
 And all their prim'tive Beauties still retain.  
 Nothing but vain fantastick Woman's chang'd;  
 And through all mischiesf's various Mazes rang'd:  
 And with strange frantick Folly they have shown,  
 (Folly peculiar to themselves alone)  
 More ways to Pride, Sloth, and all sorts of Sin,  
 Than there are Fires in Hell to plunge 'em in.  
 Thus, that they're Fair, you see is not deny'd;  
 But tell me, are the Unhansom free from Pride?  
 No, no; the Strait, the Crooked, Ugly, Fair,



Have all, promiscuously an equal share.  
 Thus Sir, yoe see how they're estrang'd, and stray'd,  
 From what by Nature they at first were made.  
 Yet, tho' so many of their Crimes I've nam'd,  
 That's still untold for which they mort are Fam'd:  
 A Sin! (tall as the Pyramids of old)  
 From whose aspiring top we may behold  
 Enough to damn a World ----- what shou'd it ben  
 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 their fatal Snares?  
 Fatal call 'em, for he's damn'd that's there.  
 Inspir'd then by your Wrongs, and my just spight,  
 I'll bring the Fiend unmask't to humane fight,  
 Tho' hid in the black Womb of deepest Night.  
 No more the Wind, the faithless Wind, shall be  
 A *Smile* for their Inconstancy,  
 For that sometimes is fixt; but Woman's mind,  
 Is never fixt, or to one Point inclin'd:  
 Less fixt then in a Storm the Billows be;  
 Or trembling Leaves upon all *Apsen* Tree,  
 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:

## **9 A Satyr against Woman**

Now yonder, now they're here, as soon are 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 touched the very Skies,  
 When strait upon the Sand it grov'ling lies.  
 Ev'n she her self, *Silvia* 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 scorn'd the Frowns of Fate;  
 Ev'n she her self (but Ah! I'me loth to tell,  
 Or blame the Crimes of one I lov'd so well;  
 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 Pow'rs above,  
 As Witness 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' *Epkesian* Matron; whose lewd Act,  
 Has made her Name immortal as the Fact:  
 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.  
 The wond'ring World extoll'd her faithful Mind,  
 Extoll'd her as the Best of Womankind:  
 But see the World's mistake; and with it see  
 The strange effects of wild Inconstancy!

### **10 A Satyr against Woman**

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 stalk't around;  
 And through the frighted Tomb did groans resound.  
 The very Marbles wept; the Furies howl'd,  
 And in hoarse murmurs their amazement told.  
 All this shook not the Dictates of her Mind,  
 But with a bo'dness bold as her Crime,  
 She made her Husband's Ghost (in Death, a Slave!)  
 Her necessary Pimp, cv'n in his Grave!  
 Are these (ye Gods) the Virtues of a Wife?  
 The Peace that crowns a matrimonial Life?  
 Is this the Sacred Prize for which Man fights?  
 Bliss, of his Days? and Rapture, of his Nights?  
 The Rains, that guides him in his wild Careers?  
 And the Supporter of his feeble Years?

His freedom, in his Chains? in want, his Store?  
 His Health, in Sickness? and his Wealth when Poor?  
 No, no, 'tis contradiction; opposite,  
 As much as Heav'n's to Hell, or Day's to Night.  
 They crown Man's. Life with Peace? no, rather far,  
 They are the cause of all his bosom-war;  
 The very Source, and Fountain of his Woes,  
 From whence Despair, and Doubt for ever flows:  
 The Gall, that mingles with his best delight;  
 Rank, to the taste; and nauseous, to the sight:  
 A days, the weight of Care that clogs his breast,  
 At Night the Hagg that does disturb his rest:  
 His mortal sickness, in the midst of health;  
 Chains, in his Freedom; Poverty, in Wealth:  
 Th' eternal Pestilence, and Plague of Life;  
 Th' original, and spring of all his Strife;  
 There rather are the Virtues of a Wife!  
 Yet if all these should not sufficient be,  
 To make us understand our misery,  
 Sec it summed up in their Inconstancy:

### **11 A Satyr against Woman**

In which, so many various ways they move,  
 They now inconstant in their Follies prove,  
 Ev'n as inconstant as they do in Love:  
 Nor is't alone confin'd in those to range,  
 Their Vices too themselves admit of change,  
 Their dearest darling Vices, Lust, and Pride,  
 With all they promise, think, or dream beside  
 O how inconstant then must Woman be,  
 When constant onely in Inconstancy?

O why, ye awful Pow'rs, why was't your Will  
 To mix our solid good with so much ill?  
 Unless 'twere when you found Rebellious Man,  
 (For 'ere time was you cou'd their Actions scan)  
 Would commit Crimes so impious, and high,  
 That they were made your veng'ance to supply :  
 For not the wild destructive waste of War,  
 Nor all the endless Lab'rinth of the Bar,  
 Famine, Revenge, perpetual loss of health,  
 No that grinning Fiend Despair it self,  
 When it insults with most tyranick sway,  
 Can plague or torture Mankind more: than they.  
 But hold----don't let me blame the Pow'rs Divine;  
 Or at the wond'rous Works they made, repine.

All first was good, form'd by th' eternal Will,  
Tho' some has since degenerated to ill:  
Ev'n Woman was (they say) made chaste, and good;  
But Ah! not long in that blest State she stood :  
She fell, she fell, and sow'd the poys'nous Seeds  
Of Murder, Rapine, all inhumane Deeds;  
Which now so very firm have taken root,  
That Heav'n in vain wou'd strive to raze 'em out.

But stop my Pen; for who can comprehend,  
Or trace those Crimes which ne're can have an end?  
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars that guild the Sky,  
The World and all its Glories too must dy,  
And in one universal Ruine ly :  
But they ev'n Immortality will gain,  
And live-----but must forever live in pain;  
For ever live, damned to eternal Night,  
And never more review the sacred Light.

## **12 A Satyr against Woman.**

Beware then, dull deluded Man, beware;  
And let not treach'rous Woman be the snare,  
To make you the Companions with 'em there:  
Scorn their vain Smiles, and all their Arts despise,  
And your Content at that just value prize,  
As not to let those rav'nous Thieves of Prey,  
Rifle, and bear the Sacred Prize away :  
'Tis they, 'tis they that robs us of that Gem;  
How cou'd we lose it were it not for them?  
Avoid 'em then, with all the gawdy Arts,  
Which they still practice to amuse our Hearts;  
Avoid 'em, as you wou'd avoid their Crimes,  
Or the mad Follies that infest the Times;  
Avoid 'em, as you wou'd the pains of Hell,  
For in them, as in that, Damnation dwells.

But now, shou'd some (for doubtless we may find  
Many a true bred Beast amongst Mankind)  
Shou'd such contemn the wholsom Rules I give,  
And in contempt of what I've spoke, still live  
Like bare soul'd Slaves, (still those vile Fetters wear,  
When they may be as unconfi'd as Air,  
Or the wing'd Race that does inhabit there;  
May all the Plagues that Woman can invent,  
Pursue 'em with eternal punishment:  
May they ----- but stay, my Curses I forestall;  
For in one 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 frenzical 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.

FINIS.