EPILOGUE
TO THE SAME PLAY.
BY THE SAME.

SPITE of art tricks, of sorrow, madness, pain,
I've buffeted all, and am myself again.
O Ladies! what cannot our sex perform?
A buffing woman lives thru' every frown.
Have I not drest my character with spirit?
To bully Jack King was no small merit.
To leave a woman in the lurch,
Who dares to leave a woman in the lurch,
My self amus'd by hopes, cajol'd, betray'd,
My jointure left me but my tongue,
I had no weapon left me but my tongue.
Who when man blunders, is afraid to speak,
Should any. Fair be here whole nerves are weak,
Whole gentle bones no resentiment fires,
But wish her can't live in hand, expires,
She'll think, no doubt, my voice too loud, thunders;
Trust me, this female instrument does wonders.
Those who turn o'er the page of ancient story,
Must own the tongue was ever Woman's glory.
Who has not heard of fam'd Xantippe's lute?
That play'd her philosophic husband mute:
Or her, whose artful notes so well could slander
Her rival, and subdue great Alexander?
What gifts of speech had Egypt's queen to boast,
Who talk'd till Antony the world well lost!
Think of the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc,
There was an enterprizing, female spark!
Whole armies she harangued, whole hosts withstood;
Her tongue was surely more than flesh and blood!
Tho' last, not least shall Bess of England stand,
Who box'd her courtiers with her own fair hand,
To female rules profess'd a brave dislike,
Her majesty could swear as well as strike.

Ladies! might I advise, let's urge our power,
Dethrone usurping man, and take him lower;
He'd only have us learn the gentle arts
Of studying graces, and subduing hearts.
These are but schemes to trifle Life away,
Our nobler aim is ——— universal sway.