

EP S O M - W E L L S : *A Satyr by way*
of Dialogue, between Critick and
 Fame.

I.

Crit. **F** A M E, that doſt o'er the Univerſe ſcatter
 Satyrs and Libels, and Politicks tell
 Say who's in the Country drinking the Water;
 And firſt begin with *Epsom Well*.

II.

Crit. Who is that Lad there puffing and ſweating
 And who thoſe Rake hells that buz in his Ears
Fame. 'Tis the mad Lord that loves the Bul-baiting
 With all his Brethren Dogs and Bears.

III.

Crit. Who are thoſe two lank Tallow fac'd Doxies
 That look as juſt they from ſweating did crawl?
Fame. Two *London* Whores would waſh off the
 Poxes,

Dreading their Dooms when Leaves do fall.
 IV. Who

Cr. What C

Who with

Fa. One, wh

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Fa. A Pox

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Cr. What bo

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Fa. 'Tis an

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IV.

Cr. What City Wife's there on the Downs rowling,
Who with young Bully to *Box-Hill* repairs,
Fa. One, who whilst Husband' loses at Bowling,
Takes the right way to get him Heirs.

V.

Cr. But amongst all these, prithee dear Rumour
What *Jack* i'th' Box is that with Coach & four?
Fa. A Pox upon him, 'tis a Perfumer,
That makes a stink all *Fleet-street* o'er.

VI.

Cr. What Lady bright comes yonder a Tuning,
To whom the Wits and the Wittals so throng?
Fa. One that for all the Rooks is too cunning,
And Plays and Sings all Summer long.

VII.

Cr. What bonny Blade fits there above fifty,
Chewing the Cud amongst *Elmor's* Calves?
Fa. 'Tis an old Bachelor, that to be thrifty,
Purchases Land by fulls and halves.

VIII.

Cr. The Vicar here loves Wine above Water,
Chearing his Heart against wofuller Times;
Then

Fa. Then coaks the Justice, and kifs his Daughte
There no more subje&t left for Rhime.

*Prologue Spoken by Mr. H A I N
to T R A P O L I N, or a Duke
no Duke.*

T^{Rapolin} suppos'd a Prince, this humour show
Strange Matters do depend upon suppo&e
You wh—res * may be thought Chast,
You Criticks witty †

And I that have been kept for being pretty,
Suppos'd a Beau, through the well govern'd City
Fancy digested into strong Supposes,
Makes Cheeks fair, where no Lillies grow nor Roses
And Women beautiful that want their Noses:
'Tis that and Nature all the World inspires,
Fancy's the Bellows, kindling up new Fires
When th' Fuel's gone, that should supply desires;
And Nature is the Parent we all know,
By whom like Plants, we fructifie and grow.

* To the Eighteen penny Gallery. † To the Pit. The

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