

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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The Reverend Citizen fixty and above,
 That by poor Inch of Candle barbers Love;
 Supposes, that his Son and Heir he got,
 But ask his Wife, and she supposes not.
 The Trees by *Rosamonds* Pond her Sins have known,
 And the dear Leaves still stick upon her Gown;
 Whilst the dull Sot, that's just a C——old made,
 Supposes she's at Church, and praying for a Trade.
 The Country Novice newly come to Town,
 Doom'd by his Parents to a dagled Gown;
 That wanting Grace, in Love most lewdly falls
 With some hot Nymph in these unhallow'd Walls,
 Supposes some bright Angel he has gotten,
 Till finding by sad signs the Wh——re was rotten;
 His sweating Study's chang'd to sweating Tubs,
 And Doctor *Littleton*, for Doctor *Hobs*,
 Pray tell me, who would marry here among ye,
 (For Whoring ye all hate, I scorn to wrong ye,)
 That did not first suppose his Wife a Maid,
 And Virgin Pleasures blest the Marriage Bed;
 Yet

Yet 'tis Opinion must your Peace secure,
 For no Experiment can do't I'm sure;
 In Paths of Love, no footsteps e'er were trac'd
 All you can do is to suppose her Chast;
 For Women are of that deep subtle kind
 The more you dive to know, the less you find
 Ah, Ladies, what strange Fate attends us Men
 For when we prudently would scape your gin
 Sweet Supposition draws the Woodcocks in:
 In all Affairs 'tis so, the Lawyer bawls,
 And with dam'd Noise and Nonfence plagues
 Halls,
 Supposing after seven years being a Drudge,
 'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge:
 The Parson too that prays against Ill Weathers
 That thumps the Cushion till he leaves no Feather
 Would let his Flock, I fear, grow very lean,
 Without a fat Suppose of being a Dean:
 In every thing is some by End, but Wit,
 And that has too much Virtue in't, to get;
 Then for our sakes that want a lucky Hit,

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Ler kind Suppose, for once possess your Mind,
 Think in that Charm all Pleasures are confin'd,
 Tho you mislike the Farce, pray don't disclose it;
 But if you are not satisf'd, — Suppose it.

An ELEGY

*On the Death of that true Perfection
 of Beauty and Goodness, the Lady
 ESSEX SPICKET, who dyed
 of the Small-Pox, immediately af-
 ter her Marriage.*

*Written by way of Dialogue betwixt Mors
 and Hymen.*

Mors **G**reat Second Cause, of Mans Original,
 Why does thy Head upon thy Bosom
 fall?

Why are thy active Spirits all dispers'd?

Why thy Robe torn, and genial Torch revers'd,

As if the end of Nature now were come,

And general Dissolution fill'd one Tomb.

Since