

By Flatteries we prevail on Womankind;
 Ashollow Banks by Streams are undermin'd.
 Tell her, her Face is fair, her Eyes are sweet;
 Her taper Fingers praise, and little Feet.
 Such Praises e'en the Chaste are pleas'd to hear;
 Both Maids and Matrons hold their Beauty dear.

Once naked *Pallas* with *Jove's* Queen appear'd;
 And still they grieve that *Venus* was preferr'd.
 Praise the proud Peacock, and he spreads his Train:
 Be silent, and he pulls it in again.

Pleas'd is the Courser in his rapid Race;
 Applaud his Running, and he mends his Pace.

But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
 And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.

Jove sits above, forgiving with a Smile
 The Perjuries that easy Maids beguile.

He swore to *Juno* by the *Stygian* Lake:

Forsworn, he dares not an Example make,
 Or punish Falshood, for his own dear sake.

'Tis for our Int'rest that the Gods shou'd be;

Let us believe 'em: I believe, they see,

And both reward, and punish equally.

Not that they live above like lazy Drones,

Or Kings below, supine upon their Thrones.

Lead then your Lives as present in their Sight;

Be just in Dealings, and defend the Right;

By Fraud betray not, nor oppress by Might.

But 'tis a Venial Sin to cheat the Fair;

All Men have Liberty of Conscience there.

On cheating Nymphs a Cheat is well design'd;

'Tis a profane and a deceitful Kind.

'Tis said, that *Egypt* for nine Years was dry,

Nor *Nile* did Floods, nor Heav'n did Rain supply.