

A Foreigner at length inform'd the King,
 'That slaughter'd Guests would kindly Moisture bring.
 'The King reply'd : On thee the Lot shall fall ;
 Be thou, my Guest, the Sacrifice for all.
 Thus *Phalaris Perillas* taught to low,
 And made him season first the brazen Cow.
 A rightful Doom, the Laws of Nature cry,
 'Tis, the Artificers of Death should die.
 'Thus justly Women suffer by Deceit ;
 'Their Practice authorizes us to cheat.
 Beg her, with Tears, thy warm Desires to grant ;
 For Tears will pierce a Heart of Adamant.
 If Tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your Eye,
 Or 'noint the Lids, and seem at least to cry.
 Kifs, if you can : Resistance if she make,
 And will not give you Kisses, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty Man, are Words of course ;
 She struggles but to be subdu'd by Force.
 Kifs only soft, I charge you, and beware,
 With your hard Bristles not to brush the Fair.
 He who has gain'd a Kiss, and gains no more,
 Deserves to lose the Bliss he got before.
 If once she kifs, her Meaning is exprest ;
 There wants but little Pushing for the rest :
 Which if thou dost not gain, by Strength or Art,
 The Name of Clown then suits with thy Desert ;
 'Tis downright Dulness, and a shameful Part.
 Perhaps, she calls it Force ; but, if she 'scape,
 She will not thank you for th' omitted Rape.
 The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires ;
 They would be forc'd e'en to their own Desires.
 They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast Sight,
 But in their Souls confess you did them right.