

Whom she hath sprucely cloath'd in rich Array,
 Proudly in Mall to strut each sunny Day,
 With Golden Cane, a Gem, and all that's fit,
 To make a Beau shine charming in the Pit;
 Where she that keeps him may from Box admire,
 The brawny Back of her Teaguelandish Squire.
 How vile a Creature is a wanton Woman?
 When she turns up to e'ry Man in common,
 Or wastes her Husband's Substance on a Stranger,
 And lets his Credit run to rack and manger.
 This was the good Man's Cafe that now is dead,
 Then on his Grave a briny Tear let's shed;
 And may the Earth lie light upon his Head!
 But oh! may she be pointed at by all,
 And the rude Mob in publick Street be-call
 Her by her proper Name a W——e;
 For which, I doubt me, none can find a Cure:
 Then cast her Carcase in a Ditch of Mire,
 Where, like *Jane Shore*, she starving may expire.

Thus