

Shall tell what bloody battles Britons won,
 How Gaul's ambitious kings were crush'd, and Gaul her-
 self undone.

III.

The beauteous sex, by maxim free or coy,
 Who, by a thousand meretricious arts,
 Captivate inconstant hearts,
 A sex, still full of love and joy,
 Studying fashions, studying grace,
 Dazzling with a painted face,
 And tripping on the toe with minc'd affected pace,
 Hence shall lead domestic lives,
 Tender mothers, careful wives ;
 No noble now shall effenc'd sit,
 Lift'ning to modish beauty's wit ;
 No more the saint without a shirt
 With holy tales grifettes divert,
 Or offer up a tender pray'r,
 Like Gerard to his dear Cadière :
 No more complaints by harlots shall be made,
 That hypocrites their rights invade,
 And matrons carry on a dark, illicit trade.

IV.

Lewis, aim at mighty things ;
 Scorn, royal Gaul, ungen'rous kings,

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Who,