

The Power of Verse.

Tho'thou'rt ug - ly — and Old, A damn'd Slut and a Scold, Yet —

if you will tip me a Gui - nea; By the help of my Rhimes, To the

lat - est of Times, Thou shalt have thy A - dor - ers dear Jen - ny.

We Bards have a knack,
To turn White into Black,
And make Vice seem Vertue, which odd is;
True Poetical Cant,
Dubbs a Rebel a Saint,
And refines a Jilt into a Goddess.

These trick Rhiming Sages,
Observ'd in all Ages,
To dress naked Truth in a Fable;
And tho' ev'ry story,
Out-did Purgatory,
They still were believ'd by the Rabble.

Pray what was *Acteon*,
Whom Dogs made a Prey on,
But a Sportsman undone by his Chasing;
Or the fam'd *Diomede*,
Of whom his Nags fled,
But a Jockey quite ruin'd by racing?

Medæa, 'tis sung,
Could make old Women Young.
Tho' she nought but a true waiting-Maid is;
Who with Comb of black Lead,
With Paint white and Red,
With Patch and wash, vamps up grey Ladies.

Vulcan left the Bellows,
And Sooty left good Fellows,
That he might take of Nectar a Cann full;
Venus was a gay Trull,
To the Cuckoldly Fool,
Mars a Bully that beat on her Anvil.

Neptune was a Tarpawling,
And *Phæbus* by calling,
A Mountebank, Wizard, and Harper;
Jolly *Bacchus* a Lad,
Of the Wine-drawing Trade,
And *Mercury* a Pimp and a Sharper.

Pallas was a stale Maid,
With a grim *Gorgon's* head,
Whose ugliness made her the Chaster,
A Scold great was *Juno*,
As I know, or you know,
And *Jove* was as great a Whore-master.

Then prithee dear Creature,
Now show thy good nature,
This once be my Female *Macænas*;
And Times yet unknown,
My *Jenny* shall own,
Chast as *Pallas*, but fairer than *Venus*.