

# THE ENGLISH PADLOCK

Unlock'd.

**T**HE Spanish Dons, as Authors tell us,  
They are so damn'd confounded Jealous;  
As not to Trust their Lawful Spouses;  
But in the compass of their Houses;

And daily Watch 'em with such Caution,  
The least of Glances, or of Motion  
Is deem'd a Lustful wicked Notion.

For if a Man but look upon her,  
He consequently wounds her Honour;  
And runs the hazard of his Life,  
By viewing of a Spaniard's Wife:  
For ten to one they'l do his jobb,  
With private Poison or a Scabb;  
Nay, still their Malice reaches further;  
For 'tis not ended with the Murder;  
The harmless Wife must be Tormented,  
Or else the Husband's not contented:

For fear his Spouse should steal a Gallant;  
And make use of her hidden Talent;  
Contrives (as I have been inform'd)  
To hinder it from being Storm'd:

*Dear Wife* (quoth he) *to make all sure,*  
*You must this little Lock endure;*  
*It keeps that safe, which I suspect*  
*May chance be lost by your neglect,*  
*Therefore 'tis vain to say me nay,*  
*All Lock it up and keep the Key:*

The trembling Wife (tho' Innocent)  
Is forced now to seem content;  
'Twill Smiles and Blushes she conceals,  
The Anger which her Eyes reveals;  
The Padlock being fast put on,  
The Key took out, and Husband gone;  
She then resolves to be a Whore,  
Because she was thought one before;  
The Female Pick-lock then begins,  
To Hatch a Multitude of Sins:  
A private Friend prepares a Key,  
And opens all without delay;  
He Locks and Unlocks all at Pleasure;  
And rifles her forbidden Treasure:  
Thus Jealous Coxcombs, make their Wives,  
Not only lead uneasy Lives;  
But many times (against their wills)  
Are forc'd into a thousand Ills;

For

