

And witty Females were to be Spectators;  
*Towzer* had made a Crown of *Observers*  
 For the brisk Boy to wear, but now the Elf  
 May bravely take it up and wear't himself.  
 Nay 'tother day, when Lords and Taylors met,  
 And Loyal Prentices in Rank were set,  
 To *Hans-en-kelder* they did quaff each Glas,  
 And who e're did Refuse was Dub'd an Afs.  
 Grandees would find Cor'alls to rub his Gums,  
 And Prentices would in vain Sugar Plums,  
 And this they did Confirm with Loyal Oaths,  
 But *Whip-stich* he did Hire to make him Cloaths.  
 But we're deceiv'd; for *Madam* in your Arms  
 Is held a Girl, that is all over Charms.  
 A Girl, though fair, yet is the bane of Bliss,  
 'Tis Gloomy Woman Darkens Paradise;  
 Women, though fair, yet ugly are their Wills,  
 Born to do Mischief, and Triumph in ills.  
*Madam*, how many longing Hearts did Groan  
 With Tedious Sighs to see your wish-for Son?  
 But if it be a Maid, we'll Chear our Hearts,  
 And once again Rely upon our Arts:  
 Nature shall never our Fedg'd Hopes destroy;  
 I'll swear if it be a *Maia*, we'll mak't a Boy.  
 But 'twas a Boy, the Fault is only this,  
 The Midwife Circumcis'd the Babe amiss.  
 And if it be cut off, we won't Complain  
 The Child is young and it may grow again.  
 But if it be a Maid, what need we Care?  
 We make no use of the *Porphyry Chair*.  
 Then rouze up all you Tories of our Isle!  
 Fortune on us can never chuse but Smile;  
 We have the best of all her Pleasant Gifts,  
 Her Lucky hand doth Help us at dead Lifts;  
 And if untimely Death by Chance destroy  
 The happy Infant, either Maid or Boy;  
 Yet will we Revel at a well set Board,  
 And drink a Loyal Health, to Royal *Charles the Third*.

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