

Supposes that his Son and Heir he Got,  
 But Wife could tell that she supposes not.  
 The Trees by *Rosamonds* Pond, her Sins have known,  
 And tell-Tale Leaves, still stick upon the Gown:  
 Whilst the dull Sot, whilst he's a *Cuckold* made,  
 Supposes she's at *Church* Praying for Trade.  
 The Country Squire newly come to Town,  
 By Parents doom'd to a Lawyers daggl'd Gown.  
 supposes some Bright *Angel* he has gotten  
 In our Lewd Gallary, till proving Rotten:  
 His Study soon he leaves for Sweating Tubs,  
 And *Cook* and *Littleton*, for Doctor *Hobs*.  
 Nor had Dull *Cit* sent Spouse to Drink the *Waters*,  
 So found her helping to us Sons and Daughters.  
 Had he suppos'd when e're her Belly Swells,  
 There must be something in't besides the *Wells*.  
 Ther's no Man there had Married I'me afraid,  
 Had he not first suppos'd his Wife a Maid:  
 For 'tis Opinion must our Peace secure,  
 For no Experiment can do't I'me sure.  
 In Paths of Love no Foot-steps e're were Trac'd,  
 All we can do is to suppose her Chast;  
 For Women are of that deep subtilc kind,  
 The more we dive to Know, the less we find.  
*Ab Ladies!* what strange Fate still Rules us Men?  
 For whilst we Wisely would escape the *Gun*,  
 A kind suppose still draws the *Wedlock* in:  
 In all Affairs 'tis so, the Lawyers Baul,  
 And with damn'd Noise and Nonsense fill the *Hall*.  
 Supposing after Seven Years being a Drudge,  
 'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge.  
 The Parson too that Prays against ill Weathers  
 That thumps the Cushion till he leaves no *Feathers*.  
 would let his Flock I fear grow very Lean,  
 Without suppose at least of being a *Dean*.  
 All things are helpt out by suppose, but Wit  
 That we cannot now suppose to get.  
 Unless a kind suppose your Minds possess,  
 For on that Charm depends our Play's Success.  
 Then tho you like it not, Sirs don't Disclose it,  
 But if you think it Bad, pray Good suppose it.