

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Women's Complaint to Venus

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[1698. Bodleian MS Rawl. poet 159, also MS Eng. poet e. 50]

How happy were good English Faces

Till monseieur from France

Taught Pego a dance

To the tune of old Sodoms Embraces

But now we are quite out of fashion

Your whores may be Nuns

Since men turn their Guns

And vent on each other their passions

In the Reign of good Charles the Second

Full many a Jade

a Lady was made

And the Issue Right Noble was reckon'd

But now we find to our sorrow

We are overrun

By sparks of the Bum

And peers of the Land of Gommorah

The Beaus whom most we rely'd on

At Night makes a punk

of him that's first drunk

Tho' unfit for the Sport as John Dryden

The Souldiers, whom next we put trust in

No widdow can faine

Or virgin Reclaim

But at the wrong place will be a thrusting

Fair Venus, thou Goddess of Beauty

Receive our complaint

Make Rigby recant

And the Souldiers henceforth do their duty

Venus' Reply

Why Nymphs these pittiful storeys

But you are to blame

And have got a new game

Call'd Flatts with a swiving Clitoris

Besides I have heard of Wax Tapers  
With which you get up  
And each other Tup  
To cure the Green sickness and vapours

I'm told with a delicate Seignior  
Some Matrons do ease  
Their Lust and so please  
They have not been layn with these years

Your Frogmore Frolicks discover [Irish lord's residence  
Some Reasons of Art  
to play the Mans part  
You are for no masculine Lover

At all which I am so offend'd  
My son at Mens hearts  
Will throw no more darts  
'Till your lust and your lives are amended

Forsake but those odd ways of Sinning  
And I'll undertake  
The arrantest Rake  
Shall swinge you as at the beginning

Some Songs from Bassus, 1530

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