

*The* H E A D - A C H.*To* A U R E L I A.

A U R E L I A, when your Zeal makes known
Each Woman's Failing but your own,
How charming *Silvia's* Teeth decay,
And *Celia's* Hair is turning gray:
Yet *Celia* gay has sparkling Eyes,
But (to your Comfort) is not wise:
Methinks you take a world of pains,
To tell us *Celia* has no Brains.

Now you wise Folk, who make such a pother
About the Wit of one another,
With Pleasure wou'd your Brains resign,
Did all your Noddles ach like mine.

Not Cuckolds half my Anguish know,
When budding Horns begin to grow;

Nor batter'd Skull of wrestling *Dick*,
 Who late was drubb'd at single Stick ;
 Not Wretches that in Fevers fry,
 Not *Sappho* when her Cap's awry,
 E'er felt such tort'ring Pangs as I ;
 Nor Forehead of Sir *Jeff'ry Strife*,
 When smiling *Cynthia* kiss'd his Wife.

Not love-sick *Marcia's* languid Eyes,
 Who for her simp'ring *Corin* dies,
 So sleepy look or dimly shine,
 As these dejected Eyes of mine :
 Nor *Claudia's* Brow such Wrinkles made
 At sight of *Cynthia's* new Brocade.

Just so, *Aurelia*, you complain
 Of Vapours, Rheums, and gouty Pain ;
 Yet I am patient, so shou'd you,
 For Cramps and Head-achs are our due :
 We suffer justly for our Crimes ;
 For Scandal you, and I for Rhymes :

Yet

Yet we (as harden'd Wretches do)
Still the enchanting Vice pursue ;
Our Reformation ne'er begin,
But fondly hug the Darling Sin.

Yet there's a mighty diff'rence too,
Between the Fate of me and you ;
Tho' you with tott'ring Age shall bow,
And Wrinkles scar your lovely Brow ;
Your busy Tongue may still proclaim
The Faults of ev'ry sinful Dame :
You still may prattle nor give o'er,
When wretched I must sin no more.
The sprightly Nine must leave me then,
This trembling Hand resign its Pen ;
No Matron ever sweetly sung,
Apollo only courts the young ;
Then who wou'd not (*Aurelia*, pray)
Enjoy his Favours while they may ?
Nor Cramps nor Head-achs shall prevail ;
I'll still write on, and you shall rail.