

The Emulation.

Love like the sacred Tree which *Eden* grac't,
 To entertain the fight is only plac't;
 Safely we gaze, but if we venter on,
 To touch and tast, we blush and are undone.

The Emulation.

SAY Tyrant Custom, why must we obey,
 The impositions of thy haughty Sway;
 From the first dawn of Life, unto the Grave,
 Poor Womankind's in every State, a Slave.
 The Nurse, the Mistress, Parent and the Swain,
 For Love she must, there's none escape that Pain;
 Then comes the last, the fatal Slavery,
 The Husband with insulting Tyranny
 Can have ill Manners justify'd by Law;
 For Men all join to keep the Wife in awe.
Moses who first our Freedom did rebuke,
 Was Marry'd when he writ the Pentateuch;
 They're Wife to keep us Slaves, for well they know,
 If we were loose, we soon should make them, so.
 We yeild like vanquish'd Kings whom Fetters bind,
 When chance of War is to Usurpers kind;

Sub.

submit in F
 And lay ref
 They fear v
 Should we a
 Pretend the
 So keep us
 Thus Priest
 Cry'd vulga
 So kept the
 There Hom
 But in this
 That every
 And shall w
 Make no ex
 Or grace ou
 We will ou
 Wits Empir
 Come all ye
 Divinely im
 There's ten
 And but two
 And shall th
 * No, we'll be

For we
 To at

Emulation.

... which Eden gract,
... only plac't;
... ve venter on,
... lush and are undone.

Emulation.

... n, why must we obey,
... thy haughty Sway;
... Life, unto the Grave,
... every State, a Slave.
... s, Parent and the Swain,
... e's none escape that Pain;
... e fatal Slavery,
... tting Tyranny
... stify'd by Law;
... the Wife in awe.
... dom did rebuke,
... writ the Pentateuch;
... Slaves, for well they know,
... on should make them, so.
... Kings whom Fetters bind,
... to Usurper's kind;
Sub.

The Emulation.

Submit in Form; but they'd our Thoughts controul,
And lay restraints on the impassive Soul:
They fear we should excel their sluggish Parts,
Should we attempt the Sciences and Arts.
Pretend they were design'd for them alone,
So keep us Fools to raise their own Renown;
Thus Priests of old their Grandeur to maintain,
Cry'd vulgar Eyes would sacred Laws Prophane.
So kept the Mysteries behind a Screen,
There Homage and the Name were lost had they
(been seen:
But in this blessed Age, such Freedom's given,
That every Man explains the Will of Heaven;
And shall we Women now sit tamely by,
Make no excursions in Philosophy,
Or grace our Thoughts in tuneful Poetry?
We will our Rights in Learning's World maintain,
Wits Empire, now, shall know a Female Reign;
Come all ye Fair, the great Attempt improve,
Divinely imitate the Realms above:
There's ten celestial Females govern Wit,
And but two Gods that dare pretend to it;
And shall these finite Males reverse their Rules,
* No, we'll be Wits, and then Men must be Fools.

~~For we shall catch them in their craft~~
~~For we shall catch them in the just of their~~
~~to at best our purpose of being to be~~
catch to be