SODOM

A PLAY

BY THE

E. OF R.

MENTULA CUM VULVA SAEPISSIME JUNGITUR UNA
DULCIUS EST MELLE, VULVAM TRACTARE PUELLAE

ANTWERP
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THE PROLOGUE.

By Heaven a noble audience here to day
Well Sirs, you're come to see this bawdy Play
And faith it is Debauchery compleat,
The very name of 't made you mad to see't;
I hope 't will please you well, by Yove, I think
You all love bawdy things as whores love chink.
I do presume there are no women here
't Is too debauch'd for their fair sex I fear,
Sure they'll not in pettiecoats appear
And yet I'am inform'd, here 's many a lass
Come for to ease the itching of her arse,
Damn'd pocky jades, whose cunts are hot as fire,
Yet they must see this Play to increase their desire.
Before three acts are done of this our farce
They'll scrape acquaintance with the standing tarse
And impudently move it to their arse;
Nay cunt itself; and if you will not venture,
They'll act the same as we, and let you enter
Their pocky false bare cunts, Loves proper center;
Their ulcer'd cunts by being so abus'd
And having too much prick there in infus'd,

And then not cleans'd till they beginn to stink
May well be styl'd, Love's nasty common sink;
When e're your fancy is to fuck inclin'd,
If they are sound or not, perhaps you'll find
Some of their cunts so stufft with gravy thick
That like an Irish Bogg, they'll drown your prick
Some swive so much their hair's worn off the spot
They're dead to sin and do beginn to rot;
Such as would board you first, avoid and hate,
Or else you will repent your pego's fate.
By a damn'd swinging clap, when 't is too late;
But to speak in the behalf o'th play
I see you're mad to know, what I have to say;
It is the most debauch'd heroick piece
That e're was wrote, what dare compare with this,
Here's that will fit your fancy with delight
't Will tickle every vein, and please your sight,
Nay make your prick to have an appetite
But pray Sr let me beg of you one favour
That is to bind you all to good behaviour;
Confine them close to codpiss monestry
O Sirs you should have brought a rope to tye
The unruly member, close down to your thigh
So fiery they are grown, when cunts in sight
Like mad and furious horses in the fight,
But when you see a woman stoutly arm'd
With swinging Dildoes, which to hilts are ram'd
You can't lie still, you can as well be damn'd.
Our scenes are drawn to th' Life in every shape

They'll make all pricks to stand and cunts to gape,
Are all young Persons, they at such command
They'll make both theirs, and old mens p—s to stand.
The author's prick was so unruly grown
Whilst writing this, he could not keep it down
But thinking on the postures of the play
Was forc'd at last to take his strength away,
And make him sick, by friging till he spews
A sweet revenge, cause he disturbs his Muse.
This Prologue certainly had ne're been made
Had not the little spirit been allay'd.
Noble Spectators, we hope this may be
A Play, to please your curiosity.
And as a garden, full of excellent flowers
And many an arbor in 't, well stuft with whores
Brisk any girls, that can abide the brunts
Of many pintles, in their lusty cunts.
That Lady who shall act the best her part,
Doth hope at least to have a fucking for 't,
By some of you, who are spectators come
And have the lustiest pricks in all the room.

THE PROLOGUE.

Al . . . ty Cunts, whom Bellioxinien here
Tir'd with her tedious toyl, doth quite cashier
From thence to arse he has his prick convey'd
And thinks it treason to behold a maid;

That sensual creature fitted for delight
Still spends in dreams and so debauches night.
Begins with little finger, thrusts that in,
Till she has taught her thumb, her hand to sin;
Then struggling nature from their veins to suck
And turn all over proselyte to fuck
But yet this saint shall on her own damnation
Swear, she's the only maid in all the nation.
Some gawdy fop, stoops to the creatures eyes,
Yields to the Magick of her charming thighs,
And at the Church beginns his miser'res;
At night convey'd to a well order'd bed;
Th' already cuckold gets a maiden head
Which is a toy, done by the powerfull aid,
Cunt washt with allom makes a whore a maid.
Wanting that art she clings her thighs so fast,
Having spent twice he shall come in at last,
Often she claps the unacquainted cheek,
And draws whole showers of Sperm, from laboring
[Pricks:
This was the cheat, 't was this made us retire
From humid cunt to humane arse all fire.
Buggery we chose and Buggery we allow
For none but fops alone to cunts will bow
The wenches parts expos'd at ev'ry door
And she that hath a cunt will be a whore.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

BOLLOXINION, King of Sodom.
CUNTIGRATIA, Queen.
PRICKET, Prince.
SWIVIA, Princess.
BUGGERANTHOS, General of the Army.
POCKENELLO, Prince, Collonel and Favorite of the King.
BORASTUS, Buggermaster-general.
PINE and TWELY, Two Pimps of Honour.
FUCKADILLA, OFFICINA, CUNTICULA, CLYTORIS, } Maids of Honour.
FLUX, Physician to the King.
VERTUOSO, Merkin and Dildoe-maker to the Royal Family.

With Boys, Rogues, Pimps and other Attendants.

ACT I *).

Representing an Antichamber hung round with Aretine's Postures.

Enter BOLLOXINION, BORASTUS, POCKENELLO, PINE *and* TWELY.

BOLLOXINION.

Thus in the Zenith of my Lust I reign:
I eat to swive, and swive to eat again;
Let other Monarchs, who their scepters bear
To keep their subjects less in aw **) than fear,
Be slaves to crowns, my Nation shall be free —
My Pintle only shall my scepter be;
My Laws shall act more pleasure than command
And with my Prick, I'll govern all the land.

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*) Unter Act I, steht: Scene I, im MS. Da aber, wo die Scene II anfangen soll, lesen wir: The end of the first act. Wir glauben also, richtiger zu thun, hier Scene I fortzulassen, und Act II in drei Scene zu teilen.

**) Variant: love.

POCKENELLO.

Your Grace alone hath from the Powers above
A princely wisdom, and a princely Love;
Whilst you permit the Nation to enjoy
That freedom, which a Tyrant would destroy.
By this your royal Tarse will credit more
Than all the riches of the Kings of Zoar:
May your most gracious Codds and Tarse be full
As boundless in your Pleasures, as your will.

BORASTUS.

May plentifull delight of Cunt and Arse
Be never wanting to your Royal Tarse;
May Lust inflame your Prick with ardent spright
Ever to fuck with safety and delight.

BOLLOXINION.

My Prick, Borastus, wants thy wonted Care,

BORASTUS.

My Duty still my Service does prepare.

BOLLOXINION.

You are my Councill all _____

BORASTUS.

_____ the Bliss we own:

BOLLOXINION.

But this advice belongs to you alone.

BORASTUS.

I no longer Cunts *) admire;
The drudgery has worn out my desire —
Your Grace may soon to human arse retire.

BOLLOXINION.

My pleasures for new Cunts I will uphold
And have reserves of Kindness for the old.
I grant in absence dildoes may be us'd,
With milk of goats instead of sperm infus'd.
My Prick no more shall to bold Cunt resort,
Merkin rubs off, and sometimes spoil the sport.

POCKENELLO.

Let merkin, Sir, be banisht from the court.

PINE.

Just like a sapless hedge, where th' land is poor.

TWELY.

It is not fit, that Cunt should wear a Tower.

BOLLOXINION.

As for the Queen her Cunt no more invites
Clad with the filth of all her nasty whites

*) Variant. I do no longer old stale Cunts admire.

Come, we miss-spend our time, we know not how
The choice of Buggery is wanting now.

BORASTUS.

I could advise you, Sir, to make a pass
Once more at loyal Pockenello's arse.
Besides, Sir, Pine has such a gentle skin,
It would tempt a Saint to thrust his Pintle in.

TWELY.

When last, great Sir, your pleasure did vouchsafe
To let poor Twely's hand your Pintle chafe
You gently mov'd it to my arse, when lee
Arse did that deed, which kind Hand could not do.

BOLLOXINION.

Pine I remember how my sperm did flow,
Twely, I'm in arrears to thy rewards
But let's be active, whilst the time affords;
Now Pockenello for a mate I'll choose
His arse shall for a moment be my spouse.

POCKENELLO.

That spouse shall, mighty Sir, thô it be blind,
Prove to my Lord, both dutiful and kind,
't Is all I wish, that Pockenello's Arse
May still find favour from your Royal Tarse.

BOLLOXINION.

And next with Twely, I will have a Touch
And Pine ———————————

PINE.

——— Oh Sir you honour us too much,
As harbingers into your mighty Lust,
It was enough, that us you did intrust;
But as from heaven, you can make us blest
Thô we 're unworthy, when we have done our best.

BOLLOXINION.

Can your perfections dare to claim a right?
Those, whom my pleasures serve, I will requite;
Henceforth Borastus, set the Nation free,
Let conscience have its force of Liberty.
I do proclaim, that Buggery may be us'd
Thrô all the Land, so Cunt be not abus'd
That, the proviso, this shall be your Trust *(to Borastus)*
All things shall to your order be adjust.
To Buggeranthos, let this charge be given
And let him bugger all things under h .. ven.

BORASTUS.

Straight [1]) these [2]) indulgences shall be issu'ed forth,
From East to West and from the South to North.

[1]) Im MS. stand: Strait.
[2]) MS.: this.

BOLLOXINION.

Let Pine assist you in this grand affair,
Then to our Royal Cittadel repair. —

BORASTUS.

We shall obey.

(Exeunt Borastus and Pine).

POCKENELLO.

Great Sir, when last yourself, you did intomb,
Within the strait [3]) of Fuckadilla's womb.

BOLLOXINION.

And what of that ———————

POCKENELLO.

——————— I would a Plot reveal.

BOLLOXINION.

Against my honour, Pockenello, tell.

POCKENELLO.

No wonder she not swives as she was wont
For Pine's been familiar with her Cunt.

TWELY.

My Liege, he swiv'd her in the Time of Term
I see him wipe, the gleaning of the sperm;

[3]) MS.: straight.

His reeking Tarse, in tail of shirt he packt
Seeking to shelter his bold treacherous act.

BOLLOXINION.

Alas, poor Pine, I cannot blame the deed,
When Nature propteth by impulse of seed.

POCKENELLO.

But 'was a Trespass, without leave to swive
Upon his Sovereigns Prerogative.

BOLLOXINION.

With crimes of this sort, I shall now dispent;
His arse shall suffer for his Prick's offence,
In ropy seed my spirit shall be sent
With joyfull tidings to his fundament.
Come Pockenello, o'er my Pintle burns
In and untruss, I'll bugger you by turns.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II *).

SCENE I.

A pleasant garden adorn'd with many statues of men and women in various postures; in the middle is a woman representing a fountain, standing upon her head and pissing upright. Soft music is heard after which is sung this song in a mornful tune.

THE SONG.

Unhappy cunt, and comfortless
From swelling plenty fall'n to distress,
Depriv'd of all its ornamental Hair,
Fed with the empty diet of the air;
Dwore'd and banisht from its dearest duck
That proselyte to Pagan-fuck.
Assist, assist, you Powers,
That bring down monthly flowers;
Come, come away and in a trice, congeal those
[thoughts of Ice.
Comforts my cunt, or give me your advice.

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*) Im Manuscript steht hier statt Act II, Scene II und folgt Act II erst nach: The song. Wir glauben aber, dass diese Umstellung erlaubt sein wird. Man sehe unsre Anmerkung beim ersten Akt.

SCENE II.

Enter OFFICINA, FUCKADILLA, CUNTIGRATIA, CLYTORIS *and* CUNTICULA.

OFFICINA.

Sure madam, he must think with some remorse
Of your divorcement from his Royal Tarse;
The day of Marriage you may justly rue,
Since he will neither swive nor suffer you.

CUNTIGRATIA.

That Tyranny doth much augment my grief,
I can command all but my cunt's relief;
My courses have been stopt with grief and care —
In all his Pleasures I have not a share.

OFFICINA.

These girls, I'll warrant, have enough to spare.

CUNTIGRATIA.

I am not jealous, but my Envy must
Declare to all my pleasures he's unjust,
Not that I would deprive your cunt of food
For you are all like me, of flesh and blood,
Yet youth, nor beauty can your crimes excuse.

FUCKADILLA.

What woman can a standing Prick refuse

When love makes courtship, then it may command,
What soul such generous influence can withstand?
I least offend you in your Royal Seed,
He fucks to please his will, but I for need.
He prest it hard, I would have turn'd the spring
But that my duty was to obey my King.

OFFICINA.

This I must needs on her behalf declare:
To reconcile the King was all her care.

CUNTIGRATIA.

Had I a Pintle's privilege to chuse
His Prick for any other I'd refuge.

CLYTORIS.

Madam I wonder such a noble mind
Shou'd be to singularity inclined,
He 's but a man and if you'll credit me
There 's many other swive, as well as he.

CUNTIGRATIA.

All this and more, Clytoris I allow
And thy experience very well I know.

OFFICINA.

Were I as you, a Pintle I would have
Thô it depriv'd me of the Crown I *) gave,

*) he.

Thô he a Tyrant to your Honour be
Your Cunt may claim a subject's liberty.

CUNTIGRATIA.

Your council bravely doth my cares expell
Whom would you wish me so, would swive me well?

OFFICINA.

Buggeranthos to a hair, your Cunt would nick *).

CUNTIGRATIA.

The general, I long to see his Prick
They say he fucks all women to a trance.

FUCKADILLA.

Madam you'll say so, when you see his Lance.

CLYTORIS.

He is as man no doubt _____

CUNTICULA.

_____ he has such charms
You'd swear you had a stallion in your arms,
He swives with so much vigour, in a word
His Prick is as good metal as his sword.

---

*) rick.

CUNTIGRATIA.

With open Cunt, then swift to him I'll fly.
I'll hug and kiss, and bear up, till I die.
O, let him swive me to Eternity
Come, come, o general, by he...n I fear
Twelve hours, twelve years, oh I shall ne'er contain.

OFFICINA.

Retire and frig a while, 't will ease your Pain

OMNES.

We've sprung a leak, all hands to pump a main.

SCENE III.

Scene changes and discovers the Queen in a chair of state, and is frigg'd by the Lady Officina, all the rest pulling out their Dildoes and frigg in point of honour.

CUNTIGRATIA.

So no more yet *). You do not make it spirt —
You frigg, as if you were afraid to hurt.

OFFICINA.

Madam, the fault in Virtuoso lies
He should have made it of a longer size.
This Dildoe by a hand full is too short.

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*) So! there's more yet.

CUNTIGRATIA.

Let him with speed to send for to the Court.

FUCKADILLA.

Madam, your Dildoes are not to compare
With what I've seen _____

OFFICINA.

_____ Indeed they're paltry ware.

FUCKADILLA.

Short Dildoes leave the Pleasure half undone.

CUNTIGRATIA.

Oh, how the general in my mind does run,
Let's to this grotto for a while repair,
And ring a bawdy song, perhaps the air
May Echo news, the general is come
To whose brisk Tarse, I'll sacrifice my womb.
Sing Fuckadilla charm us with a touch
So it not treat of Chastity too much.

FUCKADILLA.

That's a strange word, but if you bawdy crave
Madam, I've choice _____

CUNTIGRATIA.

_____ Ay, that's what I would have.

FUCKADILLA, *sings.*

Rouse stately Tarse.
And let thy Bollox grind for seed.
Heave up fair arse
And let thy Cunt be kind to th'deed.
Thrust Pintle with a force
Strong as my Horse
Spend till thy Cunt o'erflow.
Floods of neigbouring sperm below.
Then in a sound w'll lie as drown'd
And dead upon the shoal
Rather than when we wake
We should our sad Leaves take
Because we can spend no more
Where Pintle cannot gain new breath —
The Resurrection's worse than Death.

Then dance six naked men and women, the men doing obedience to the women's cunts, kissing and touching them often, the women in like manner to the men's Pricks, kissing and dandling their Codds, and then fall to fucking, after which the women sigh and the men look simple and so sneak off.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PRICKET *and* SWIVIA *embracing him.*

SWIVIA.

Twelve months must pass ere you can yet arrive
To be a perfect man, that is to swive,
As Pockenello doth *) _____
Your age to fifteen does but yet incline.

PRICKET.

You know I could have stript my Prick at nine.
(He shows).

SWIVIA **).

By h...en's a neat one, now we are alone
I'll shut the door and you shall see my thing.
(She shows).

PRICKET.

Strange how it looks, me thinks it smells of ling
It has a beard too, and the mouth's all raw.
The strangest Creature that I ever saw:
Are these the Beards that keep men in such aw?

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*) Why as I live.

**) SWIV. I ne'er saw 't since, let's see how much 't is grown.
(He shows).

SWIVIA.

't Was such as these Philosophers have taught
That all mankind into the world have brought.
't Was such a thing the King our Sire bestir'd *)
Out of whose whomb we came, ———————

PRICKET.

——————————————— the Devil we did.

SWIVIA.

This is the ware house of the world's chief Trade,
On this soft anvil all mankind was made.
Come 't is a harmless thing, draw near and try
You will desire no other Death to dye.

PRICKET.

Is 't death then?

SWIVIA.

Ay, but with such plaisant pain,
That it will tickle you to live again.

PRICKET.

I feel my spirits in an agony.

SWIVIA.

These are the symptoms of young Letchery
Does not your Prick stand, and your Pulse beat fast?
Don't you desire some unknown bliss to taste?

*) bestrid.

PRICKET.

My heart invites me to some new desire,
My blood boils over.———————————

SWIVIA.

——————————— I can allay the fire.
Come little Rogue and on my belly lie *[lies on her]*
A little lower, yet, now, dearest, try.

PRICKET.

I am a stranger to these unknown parts
And never vers'd in Loves obliging arts:
Pray, guide me, I was ne'er this way before.

SWIVIA.

There, can't you enter? Now you've found the door.

PRICKET.

Now I am in, and 't is as soft as wool.

SWIVIA.

Then move it up and down, you little fool.

PRICKET.

I do, o he—vens, I am at my wits' end.

SWIVIA.

Is 't not such pleasure as I did commend?

PRICKET.

Yes. I find Cunt a most obliging friend
Speak to me sister ere my soul depart.

SWIVIA.

I cannot speak, you've stabb'd me to the heart.

PRICKET.

I faint, I can't one moment more survive,
I am dead ———————————

SWIVIA.

Oh, Brother, but . . . . . Alive
And why should you lie dead, to increase my pain,
Kiss me, dear rogue, and thou shalt live again;
Your Love grows cold, now you can do no more,
I love You better, than I did before. —
Prithee be kind ———————————

PRICKET.

Swie, I did lately dream,
That thrô my Prick there flow'd a mighty stream
Which to the eye, seem'd like the whites of Eggs.

SWIVIA.

I dreamt too, that it ran betwixt my Legs.

PRICKET.

What makes this Pearl upon my Pintle's snout?

SWIVIA.

Sir you fuckt lately now your dream's out.

PRICKET.

That I should loose my senses, h—n forbid
And yet I scarce remember what I did.

SWIVIA.

It was this Cunt, that made your Pintle weep
And lull'd you so unto a gentle sleep.
You gave those pleasures, which you waking thought
On all my senses had amusement brought.

PRICKET.

't Is strange to think that such a homely seat
With such delight, should all our senses treat,
That such a gaping, slimy, hairy beast,
Should from its maw give hungry Prick a feast,
But its strange influence, I more admire
My heart is glutted, yet I still desire
And turn my freezing atoms into fire.

SWIVIA.

All unknown pleasures do at first surprise,
Try but once more, you'll find new joys arise
It will your heart with more contentment fill,
Besides your Pleasure will improve your skill;

Come try again, 't will gratify your Pain
Whilst you enjoy what half the world restrain.

PRICKET.

I feel an agony my Blood infold
Betwixt a summer's heat and winter's cold.

SWIVIA.

No Resurrection yet, Prithee let' feel,
Poor little thing is as cold as steel.
I'll manage it, dispose it to my trust,
I'll make it strong to act, as well as lust.
Stroke cunt and Thigh _____

PRICKET.

_____ I do _____

SWIVIA.

_____ Now kiss my Dear,
Feel on my breasts _____

PRICKET.

_____ 't wont do _____

SWIVIA.

_____ Oh never fear
Thrust out your spirits with all might and main.

I hear one coming, put it in again.

Enter CUNTICULA, *drunkish.*
She sings.

't Was the pretty soft Touch of the finger and thumb
And a pretty soft Palm
That usher'd the Balm
And made it the sooner to come.

SWIVIA.

You did my thoughts surprise.

CUNTICULA.

My presence may disturb your privacies.

SWIVIA.

No we dare let you know what we have done
Come, w'll continue, what we have begun.
Sure I have lost the virtue of my hand.

CUNTICULA.

I hold a piece a *) make it stand.

PRICKET.

Sister let go. Cunticula shall try
Strange virtue from her hand I prophecy.

*) [and ?]

SWIVIA.

I'll not my good into her hands entrust
But on these terms, which aver, that she who first
Does by the power of her charming hand,
Make Codds shrink up, and Pintle stiff to stand,
So she no other stratagem employ,
Shall of her Labour, the first fruit enjoy.

CUNTICULA.

With all my heart, what says His powerfull Grace?

PRICKET.

Agreed. Sister I fear you've lost your Place
Now for your credit, hold not half so fast
The pleasure of it's self is apt to haste.
She does 't with art _____

SWIVIA.

_____ look how his cheeks do glow.
(He spends).

PRICKET.

There, there, oh there! _____

CUNTICULA.

_____ Oh, uds death it overflows.

PRICKET.

It's done, and you may thank your treacherous [4]) hand.

CUNTICULA.

I would have held, had you but giv' command.
That I should lose the Blessing of this Prize
I for the loss, in tears could lose my Eyes.
Pardon, sweet Prince, pardon this sad mistake,
If all I have a Recompense will make.
Here prostrate at your feet you may command
My cunt or arse, whene'er your Prick does stand.

PRICKET.

You've let out all the spirit of my blood,
You've ruin'd me, and done yourself no good.

SWIVIA.

't Was her new office did ambition move
To hasten to the center of my Love,
When in her journey, she receiv'd her fate
That hope and pleasure did anticipate.

CUNTICULA.

Muster your spirits up, and try again.

PRICKET.

Where power's wanting, will is but in vain.

[4]) MS.: trenterous.

I've spent my last row and would fain retire
To sleep an hour _____

CUNTICULA.

_____ that will restore desire
And power too, if that deceitfull prove;
Adieu to fuck—sleep will all care remove,
Come Cousin, let's convey him to the bed,
You see his spirits with your hopes are sled
Thô he be living, he's as bad as dead.

(Ex. leading him out mournfully).

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Enter CUNTIGRATIA *and* BUGGERANTHOS.

CUNTIGRATIA.

Let your siege with this success be crown'd
That what your Prick has lost, my Cunt has found,
Your seed with so much pleasure I will own
Was in my Cunt so plentifully thrown.
Had all mankind, whose Pintles I adore,
With well fill'd Bollox swiv'd me o'er and o'er,
None could in nature have oblig'd me more.

BUGGERANTHOS.

If Kings are God on Earth, their Queen may claim
Of goddesses, an unusurped Name.

CUNTIGRATIA.

And fate in him must great perfection show
Whose Tarse can please a deity below.

BUGGERANTHOS.

If I have treated to sublime a sense
Owe it to your Cunt's omnipotence.

CUNTIGRATIA.

This modesty doth ill in you appear
Whose virtues are to dare and not to fear;
Whose arms the strength of Mars alone can prove,
Whose Bollocks like a Twin of worlds contain.
Those minions of delight, in every vein,
This and much more, Lord General is due
To those perfections, which are all in you.
You must oblige me in this very hour,
For to deny my Cunt, You have no power.

BUGGERANTHOS.

Your favours, madam, are so far above
The utmost merits of your vassals Love,
That should I strive in Letchery to obey

And in obedience swive my soul away,
All my Endeavours would at last become
A poor oblation to your Royal Womb.

CUNTIGRATIA.

Still from my Love you modestly withdraw,
You are not by my favour kept in aw,
When friendship does approach, you seem to fly;
Do you do so before your Enemy?

BUGGERANTHOS.

No, by my head, and this Royal Star,
But toyls of Cunt are worse thans toyls of war.

CUNTIGRATIA.

Fucking a toyl, my Lord, you much mistake
Of ease and pleasure it does all partake
It's all that we can good or pleasure call.

BUGGERANTHOS.

But Love like war, must have its interval
Nature renews that strait, with kind repose
Which an untimely drudgery would lose,
Madam, with sighs, I celebrate the hour
That stole my Love, and robb'd me of its *) power.

[Offers to go].

*) my.

CUNTIGRATIA.

You shall not pass thus, dear Lord General, stay!

BUGGERANTHOS.

In what my power admits, I will obey.

CUNTIGRATIA.

In the first place, give me a parting kiss,
And next, my Lord, the consequence is this
Now Sir, a parting blow *), once and no more.

BUGGERANTHOS.

Could that have been, I had obey'd before
Your menstruous blood does om my vein supply.
With unexhausted letchery, whilst I
With Prick too weak to act with my desire.
(Ex.) **)

CUNTIGRATIA.

Does then my Passion to contempt remove,
The Trophies of his Honour and my Love?
Oh Buggeranthos, had my Passion been

---

*) _____ the consequence of this
One for a parting blow, _____

**) _____ my desire
Must leave unsatisfied your raging fire.
[Exit sadly].

Deckt with the State and Grandeur of a Queen
To loose a Love. I had not then betray'd
My Love had more my Majesty obey'd.
My Passion like a prodigal did treat
With all the chief varieties of meat
And now the pamper'd Letcher scornes to eat.
[Exit].

Enter BOLLOXINION, BORASTUS *and* POCKENELLO.

BOLLOXINION.

Since I have bugger'd human arse, I find
Pintle to Cunt is not so much inclin'd.
What thô the letchery be dry, 't is smart;
A Turkish arse I love with all my heart.
The lust, which in these animals I see
Does far exceed all human letchery.
Their Cunts, by use improve their influence
Whilst ours grow void of pleasure, bound or sence.
By oft fomenting, Cunt so big doth swell
That Prick works there, like Clapper in a Bell.
All Vacuum, no grasping flesh does hide
Or hug, the brawny muscles of its side
Tickling the nerves, their rowling Eyes do glance,
And all mankind with vast delight intrance.

BORASTUS.

Nature to them but one poor Rule does give
But man delights in various ways to swive.

POCKENELLO *).

How simple was the letchery of old?
How full of shame, how feeble and how cold?
Confin'd to a formality of Law,
When Women ne'er their husbands' Pintles saw,
But when their lust or duty did them draw,
Then fuckt with an indifferent delight,
As if Prick stood against their willing spright.
First rubb'd, then groan'd, then spent, and bid good night.
Now we the dictates of our sense pursue,
We study pleasures still and find out new.

POCKENELLO.

May as the G . . ds his name immortal be
That first receiv'd the gift of Buggery!

BOLLOXINION.

Faces may change, but Cunt is but cunt still,
And he that fucks is slave to woman's will.
't Is true, Borastus, should we daily bring
One dish to feast the pallate of a King,
And strive with various sauces to invite

*) Wahrscheinlich sind die zehn folgenden Verse auch von Borastus, und soll dieser Name Pockenello hier fortfallen. Möglich ist natürlich auch, dass zwischen: „We study etc." and „May as the G.", einige Zeilen durch den Copisten übersprungen worden sind.

The grandeur of his critic appetite;
Yet still the meat's the same, the change does lie
All in sauces' great variety.
So 't is with cunt's repeated dull delights
Sometimes yo've flowers for sauce, and sometimes [white
Or crablice which like butter'd shrimps appear
And may be serv'd for garnish all the year.

[*Enter* BUGGERANTHOS].

BORASTUS.

My Liege, the general ———

BOLLOXINION.

——— brave man of war!

BUGGERANTHOS.

——— great Sir, your soldiers
In double duty to your favour bound,
They own it all, and swear and tear the ground;
Protest they'l die in drinking of your Health
And creep into the other world by stealth,
Intending there amongst the Gods to vie
Their Sodom King with immortality.

BOLLOXINION.

How are they pleas'd with what I did proclaim?

BUGGERANTHOS.

They practise it in honour of your name;
If lust present they want no woman's aid
Each buggers with content his own comrade.

BOLLOXINION.

They knew 't is chargeable with Cunts to play.

BUGGERANTHOS.

It saves them, Sire, at least a fortnight's pay.

BOLLOXINION.

Then arse they fuck and bugger one another.

BUGGERANTHOS.

And live like man and wife, sister and brother.
Dildoes and dogs, with women do prevail *)
I caught one frigging with a bob'd Cur's tail **)
My Lord, said she, I do it with remorse,
For I had once a passion for a Horse,
Who in a moment, griv'd and pleas'd my heart

---

*) BOLLOX. They know 't is chargeable with cunts to play?
BUGGER. It saves (etc.) _____
BOLLOX. Then arse they fuck and (etc.) _____
And live like man and wife sister and brother?
BUGGER. Dildoes and dogs (etc.) _____.

**) _____ with a cur's bob tail.

I saw him standing pensive in a cart;
With padded eyes, and back with sores opprest
And heavy halter hanging on his crest,
I griev'd for the poor beast, and strook his Main,
Pitty'd his daily labour and his pain;
Then on a sudden from his scabbard flew
The stateliest Tarse, that ever mortal drew,
Which clinging to his Belly, stiff did stand.
I took, and graspt it in my loving hand,
And in a passion mov'd it to my cunt,
But he to woman kind not being wont
Drew back his Engine, thô my cunt could spare
Perhaps as much room as his Lady Mare.
At length I found his constancy was such,
That he would none [5]) but his dear Mrs touch.
Urg'd by his scorn, I did his right depart,
And so despair surrender'd up my heart.
Now wand'ring o'er this vile cunt starving land
I am content with what comes next by hand.

BOLLOXINION.

Such woman ought to live, pray find her out;
She shall a Pintle have, both stiff and stout,
Bollocks shall hourly by her Cunt be suckt;
She shall be daily by all Nations fuckt.
Industrious Cunt shall never Pintle want,
She shall be mistress to an Elephant.

[5]) MS.: Known.

BUGGERANTHOS.

Your Honour's matchless _____

BOLLOXINION.

_____ do it, let her swive
I'll encourage virtue whilst I live.

POCKENELLO.

Were Officina here, she should aver
The Title [6]) of great Cunt belongs to her;
With ease you may thrust in your double fist.

BORASTUS.

She has as good a Cunt, as ever pist.

BOLLOXINION.

That mighty orrifice of Nature's gate
Gave one delight, but ne'er did propagate.
Products spoil cunt, that Learned Flux allows,
And what like woman's was, makes like a cow's.

POCKENELLO.

But fruitful Cunts by frigging may be spoil'd
When they use dildoes, big as newborn child.

[*Enter* TWELY].

TWELY.

My Liege, [7]) a stranger at your Royal gate

[6]) MS.: Tittle.
[7]) MS.: Liedge.

Does from Gomorrah with a message wait
And forty striplings for a present bring.

BOLLOXINION.

Oh, it's a present from our Brother King —
Conduct them in, 't was very kindly done,
Oh, Brother Tarsehole, this hath sav'd my son.
I love strange flesh, a man's Prick cannot stand
Within the limits of his own command.
And I have fuckt and bugger'd all the land.

BORASTUS *).

Pleasure should strive, so much in time of Peace
As Power in time of Battle to increase.

BOLLOXINION.

The end of war is to make Peace at last —
When Pleasure pays for all, the sorrow is past.

[Enter TWELY *with 40 young striplings].*

BUGGERANTHOS.

So beautiful a troop I have not seen.

BOLLOXINION.

How fares my Brother Tarsehole and his Queen?

*) Im Manuscript steht COR. Wahrscheinlich aber ist, dass dieses C ein lapsus calami darstelt, und BOR. gelesen werden muss.

STRANGER.

All hail and health was sent from them by me.
All hail and this vouchsafe o King, to see.
[Gives him a letter].

BOLLOXINION (*reads*).

„For the fairest of the Damosells in manifold
„Remembrance I express Joy in your gates, honour
„in the high Places, and in Retirement, Peace
„and Posture abundance,
from Gomorrah
Tarsehole."

Stranger, I thank you, and go tell my Lord
That what the Limits of my Lord afford
He may like me command, what cunts do live
Within my precincts, that are fit to swive.
By Twely we intend to send a score
Of o're rid virgin, if we send no more.
Twely, divert your stranger while he stays,
With wine and other sodominian plays;
Receive him kindly, my commands fulfil
And let him fuck and bugger whom he will.
Here my valued Gems, these are to me.
[pointing to the boys].
More than the riches of my treasury —
What does my crown and jewels do me good.
Jewels and Gold are clay to flesh and blood.
Grace every chamber with a pretty boy,

But here's my chiefest darling of my Joy.
[pointing to one of the boys] [*]).
Go and prepare what's to my Pleasure due
The choice of their appartments [*]) is left to you.
(Ex. all but the king and a boy).

BOLLOXINION.

Come my soft flesh of Sodom's dear delight,
To honoured lust thou art betray'd this night.
Lust with thy beauty cannot brook delay —
Between thy pretty haunches I will play.

---

[*]) Im Manuscript folgen hier noch einmal die fünf letzte Zeilen.

[*]) MS. Appartment's.

ACT V.

Enter OFFICINA, FUCKADILLA, CUNTICULA, CLYTORIS *and* VIRTUOSO.

OFFICINA.

Let's see the great improvement of your art;
The simple dildoes are not worth a fart.

FUCKADILLA.

This is not stiff _____
_____ The mussel *) is too small

CUNTICULA.

Nor long enough _____

CLYTORIS.

_____ Why that is all in all.**)

OFFICINA.

Lord Virtuoso! Wherefore do you bring
So weak and simple bauble of a thing?

---

*) Muscle.
**) It is no good at all.

VIRTUOSO.

True Philosophical Dimensions.
These are invented to *) a full intention
To satisfy the most retentive Veins
That lust or blood, or seed in womb retains.

OFFICINA.

Oh fie! they scarce exceed a virgin span **)
Art should exceed what nature gave to man.

FUCKADILLA.

I'll hold a fucking, if the truth were known
He made it by the measure of his own.

VIRTUOSO.

Madam 't is done; and I'll be judged by all
The copy doth exceed the original.

FUCKADILLA.

Who shall toy first? _____

CUNTICULA.

_____ I think it no disgrace
If I before your Ladyship take place,
For Pricks I have enjoy'd, I'll make 't appear
And I have more experience by five year.

---

*) With.
**) extend a virgin's spen.

FUCKADILLA.

If by seniority you claim your due —
I had a cunt when no man thought of you.

OFFICINA.

You make me laugh, to see you vainly strive
For the Estate, when true heir's alive.
Your Properties are all secure you think —
I bore a child, when you were meat and drink.
[shows his Prick].
Produce, sweet sir, a lovely yard I vow
So long, so true _____

FUCKADILLA.

_____ so plum, so lilly white.

CUNTICULA.

So ruff, so stiff, so comely, so upright.

FUCKADILLA.

Damm silly dildoes, had I but the bliss
Of once enjoying such a Prick as this,
I would his will eternally obey
And every minute cunt shall tribute pay.

OFFICINA.

You are too amorous, fie look away.

FUCKADILLA.

Let me look on until my thought doth grieve

By strength of fancy, that I shall receive.

OFFICINA.

My long experience, and my judgment tell
Thô you work merkins and make dildoes well;
You have the finest Prick that e'er I saw.

FUCKADILLA.

A God to rule and keep your sex in awe;
Oh let me kiss't, I'll have it in my hand.

VIRTUOSO.

You are all Power—o'er me you shall command —
On every charm you rally and surprise,
From your kind looks such influences rise,
You raise my Prick and frig it with your Eyes.

FUCKADILLA.

Oh no, my dearest part of womankind
Can give what your abortive love does find,
My loving cunt can give more joy to you,
Than all the beauty of our Eyes can do!
Thou Engine made of human loss and gain
Man's drudging pleasure, our delight and pain.
[takes him by the Prick].
The prince's profit, poor man's joy and care,
The cuckolds caution, the great man's despair,
Direct thyself in my indulgent cunt.

VIRTUOSO.

My power long since was in that puddle drown'd
See and behold, my seed lies on the ground.

FUCKADILLA.

Hell on't. 't Is so, oh, Madam, I'm accurst.

OFFICINA.

What not well? _____ [*she spends*].

FUCKADILLA.

_____ No, Prick has done its worst;
That bliss for which my cunt so long did stay,
He gave to fancy, and she threw't away.

OFFICINA.

't Is so, with Lovers young and full of fire,
For fancy is as forward as desire;
They 're apt to utter their complaints before
They come to find the key hole of the door.

CUNTICULA.

How impotent are cunts to perfect joy?
That do loves fruit before 't is ripe, distroy.

OFFICINA.

The worst of Tarses well may make its moan,
Since the Prickmaker cannot rull its own.

SCENE II.

A grove of cypress trees, and others, cut in the shape of Pricks, several arbours, figures and pleasant ornaments in a Banquetting house; men are discover'd playing on dulcimers with their Pricks, and women with jews Harps in their cunts; a youth sitting under a Palmtree, in a melancholly posture, sings:

SONG.

O gentle Venus ease a Tarse
That owns that Cunt's a Queen;
Who lately suffer'd by a Lars
And shankers harth fifteen.
Under her hand it panting lies
And fain it would, but cannot rise,
And when it is between her thighs
I grieve to fell such pocky pain
And draw my Pintle back again.

[*Exit*].

[*Enter* BOLLOXINION, BORASTHUS *and* POCKENELLO].

BOLLOXINION.

Which of the G . ds more than myself can do?

POCKENELLO.

Alas! Sir, they are Pimps, instead *) of you.

*) Compar'd.

BOLLOXINION.

I'll than invade and bugger all the G . ds
And drain the spring of their immortal c . ds,
Then make them rub their arse *) till they cry:
You've frigg'd us out of immortality.

[*Enter* FLUX].

Man of Philosophy, who does Prick prepare.
How chance so long thy council and thy care
Have been a stranger to our court **) ———

FLUX.

——————————————— o King,
I have this ten days been endeavouring
With all my skill and arts poor cunt to cure,
The tortur'd ***) pains your nation doth endure.
The heavy symptoms have infected all,
I now may ****) call it epidemical.
Men's pricks are eaten of the secret parts *****)
Of women, wither'd and despairing heart

———

*) Arses.

**) Man of philosophy, who with great care
And counsel doth sick pricks repair,
And for renew'd encounters them prepare,
Why thus a stranger to our court?

***) torturing.

****) must.

*****) Men's Pricks are eaten off, the secret parts of women.

The children harbor mournful discontents,
Complaining sorely of their fundaments.
The old do curse and envy those that swive;
Some fuck and bugger, thô they stink alive;
The young, who ne'er on nature did impose
To rob the *) charter, or corrupt her laws
Are taught at last to break al former vows,
And do but **) what love and nature disalows.

BOLLOXINION.

What Art doth Love and Nature contradict?

FLUX.

That he...n doth all these grievous pains inflict;
Nor do the Beauties of the Throne ***) escape —
The Queen is dead and Pricket has a clap,
Raving and mad the Princess is become,
With pains and ulcerations in her womb.

BOLLOXINION.

Curse upon fate to punish us of ****) nought;
Can no redress nor remedy be sought?

FLUX.

To Love and nature all their rights restore —

---

*) her.
**) And do what Love etc.
***) Nor do the darlings of thy throne.
****) for.

Fuck women and let buggery be no more:
It doth the procreative End destroy,
Which nature gave with pleasure to enjoy.
Please her, and she'll be kind: if you displease,
She turns into corruption and disease.

BOLLOXINION.

How can I leave my old *) beloved son,
Which **) has so long my dear companion been?

FLUX.

Sir! it will prove the shortning of your live!

BOLLOXINION.

Then must I go to the old whore my wife.
Why did the G . ds, that gave leave to be
A king, not give me immortality?
To be a substitute to h . . . en at will
I scorn the gift, I'll reign and bugger still.
[*The clouds break forth, then firy demons rise and sing*].

DEMONS.

Kiss, Rise up and Dally
Prig, Swive and rally;
Curse, blaspheme and swear
Those that will witness bear.

*) Most.
**) Who.

For the Bollox singes
Sodome off the hinges,
Bugger, bugger, bugger
All in hugger-mugger,
Fire doth descend:
't Is too late to amend.

[*They vanish in smoke*].

[*The Ghost of Cuntigratia arises*].

GHOST.

Tyrant thy day of doom is now come
My wretched fears
Thy want of penitence and tears.
I now Hell's plagues partake
For thy damn'd sake.
We'll shortly meet again
With howlings, plague and pain.

[*Dreadful shrieks and groan heard and horrid apparitions seen*].

POCKENELLO.

Pox on these sights, I'd rather have a whore.

BOLLOXINION.

Or cunts rival.

FLUX.

_____ For he . . ens sake no more;
Nature puts on me prophetic ear,
Behold, the heavens all in a flame appear.

BOLLOXINION.

Let heaven descend, and set the world on fire —
We to some darker cavern will retire.
[*Fire brimstone, a cloud of smoke rises*].
THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY CUNTICULA.

You see gallants, the Effects of Letchery
Why will you suffer cunts by hands to die?
Curse on the fop, that first devis'd the way
Pumping to spend, and frigg the soul away.
Can arsehole fire, thô it fierce and great
Infuse more than a cunt's immortal heat?
Or can a hand that dull uncharming thing
Flowers and whites, crown Prick, the female's king.
View the intreagues of swelling cunt and arse.
And tell me which of these best keeps the Tarse.
The hairs of Cunt and Prick about do roul
Curles in pure love, and tickles down each soul.
These are made pregnant, whilst bose *) dirty drabs
Fling spermy months and so engender crabs.
To shun which **) cunts, is to shun spreadings Evils;
A mercenary cunt is food for devils:
But we cunts sodomites made up of sperm
And full of last vacation Time and Term,

*) [base]?
**) [?].

We who for pleasures and great joys were born,
Powder the hair, and wash the cunt each morn,
Expels those heats, which might perhaps arise;
Cloth in perfume our alabaster thighs,
And make cunt fit for nose, for lips and eyes:
Thus drest in Charmes, you should in crowds resort,
And hourly swive us, beauties at the court,
Naked, we lie to entertain your tarses,
If you will but forsake men's beastly arses.
You need but come, when we our pleasures grant,
And swive us all, all over willing cunts;
Then foot not nature with your silly hand,
But come to us, whene'er your Pricks do stand.

THE EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY FUCKADILLA.

Damn ye my Lads, what never a word to say
In praise or commandation of the play?
Nor me, how well I've acted here to day?
You look so sottish, now the play is done,
By G . d so sure, so squeamish every one
As if your Pricks had all besput'd your breeches
For want of cunts, oh h .... ns how my cunt itches;
See how it frets and soams at mouth, because
So much good seed was spent against Cunt Laws.
It makes me wish for some good brawny arse,

Well hung with a stiff lustly swinging *) tarse.
Oh, how we love and hug a great Priapus;
He that has such a one shall ne'er escape us.
And after once, if we can make it rise?
Must on again and bravely fight love's price.
Hard fate it is, we should be so unjust
So cruel to the thing which feeds our lust,
But when we are once heated with delight,
A little fuck can't stay our appetite.
And yet our pleasures, but to them a foyl,
They plunder off them strength and wear the spoil.
Damn'd feeble pricks, we hate them, they're but toys;
We're for the more substantial solid joys
Of a brave stiff romantic swinging Prick
That's twice five inches long and seven thick.
My Cunt can well dispense with such as this,
Or pleasure like it, o, t'is all our bliss,
Our Heaven on earth, our chiefest happiness.
But oh, the damn'd fates that attend excess:
Hard cruell fate that I could weep an ocean
When I behold poor pintle without motion
Hanging upon his masters thighs as dead:
Not having power for to raise its head.
I strook'd and frigg'd him with my charming hand —
Yet he's insensible, and will not stand;
I shew'd my cunt, and both my plumy whits thighs,
Yet all won't make the little spirit rise.

---

*) Im Manuscript steht: swingin.

When that won't do, even then my hot desire
Wants some new flesh for all to allay the fire.
Then I do wish, the G . ds had given Man Power
To swive a woman briskly for an hour,
Oh, then I should have thought with all the rest
Of our lewd sex, we'd been for ever blest.
But now I find my wishes are in vain —
Alas, they serve but to increase my pain.
And now my cunt is a fucking strain.
Come my dear sons of whores, why don't you come?
And sacrifice your pintles to my womb?
The best of cunts is like a common shore,
Come 7 or 8 at least, come half a score:
I'll swive with all, till I can swive no more!

MADAM SWIVIA IN THE PRAISE OF HER CUNT.

Here is a mine or ocean full of treasure,
't is we alone enjoy the chiefest pleasure,
Whilst men do toil and moil spend their strength,
The pleasure does to us rebound at length.
Men when they've spent are like some piece of wood
Or an insipid thing, thô flesh and blood,
Whilst we are still desirous of more
And valiantly dare challenge half a score,
Nay canthes like we'll swive with forty men;
Then home to our husbands and there swive again.

FINIS.