



### To the Ladies

Wife and servant are the same,  
But only differ in the name:  
For when that fatal knot is tied,  
Which nothing, nothing can divide:  
When she the word *obey* has said,  
And man by law *supremé* has made,  
Then all that's kind is laid aside,  
And nothing left but state<sup>1</sup> and pride:  
Fierce as an Eastern prince he grows,  
And all his innate rigor shows:  
Then but to look, to laugh, or speak,  
Will the nuptial contract break.  
Like mutes she signs alone must make,  
And never any freedom take:  
But still be governed by a nod,  
And fear her husband as her God:  
Him still must serve, him still obey,  
And nothing act, and nothing say,

<sup>1</sup> Pomp: "kind": natural.

But what her haughty lord thinks fit,  
Who with the power, has all the wit.<sup>2</sup>  
Then shun, oh! shun that wretched state,  
And all the fawning flatt'ers hate:  
Value your selves, and men despise,  
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

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by LADY MARY CHUDLEIGH  
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