

SODOM
or, the
Quintessence
of
Debauchery

*John Wilmot,
2nd Earl of Rochester*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

BOLLOXIMIAN, King of Sodom
CUNTIGRATIA, His Queen
PRICKETT, Young Prince
SWIVIA, Princess
BUGGERANTHUS, General of the Army
POCKENELLO, Pimp, catamite and the King's Favourite
BORASTUS, Buggermaster-general
PENE & TOOLY, Pimps of Honour
LADY OFFICINA, She-pimp of Honour
FUCKADILLA, Maid of Honour and Songstress
CUNTICULA, Maid of Honour and Drunken Songstress
CLITORIS, Maid of Honour
FLUX, Physician-in-ordinary to the King
VIRTUOSO, Dildo and Merkin maker to the Court
A YOUTH, who sings in a melancholy manner
Six NAKED MEN & six NAKED WOMEN who dance
Some DEMONS, who both sing and dance

ACTUS PRIMUS

SCENA PRIMA

[An antechamber hung with Aretine's postures. Enter BOLLOXIMIAN, BORASTUS, POCKENELLO, PENE and TOOLY]

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Thus in the zenith of my lust I reign,
I drink to swive, and swive to drink again,
Let other monarchs who their sceptres bear,
To keep their subjects less in love than fear,
Be slaves to crowns – my nation shall bee free,
My pintle only shall my sceptre be.
My laws shall act more pleasure than command,
And with my prick I'll govern all the land.

POCKENELLO:

Your grace at once hath from the powers above
A princely wisdom and a princely love,
Whilst you permit your subjects to enjoy
That freedom which a tyrant would destroy,
By this your royal tarse will purchase more
Than all the riches of the kings of Zoar.

BORASTUS:

May your most gracious cods and tarse be still
As boundless in your pleasure as your will.
May plentiful delights of cunt and arse
Be never wanting to your royal tarse.
May lust incite your prick with flame and sprite,
Ever to fuck with safety and delight.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

My prick, Borastus, thy judgement and thy care
Requires, in a nice juncture of affair.

BORASTUS:

My duty's still my service to prepare.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Ye are my council all.

POCKENELLO:

The bliss we own

BOLLOXIMIAN:

But this advice belongs to you alone
Borastus. No longer I my cunts admire,
The drudgery has worn out my desire.

BORASTUS:

Your grace may soon to human arse retire.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

My pleasures for new cunts I will uphold,
And have reserves of kindness for the old.
I grant in absence dildo may be used
With milk of goats, when once our seed's infused.
My prick no more to bald cunt shall resort –
Merkins rub off, and often spoil the sport.

POCKENELLO:

Let merkin, sir, be banished from the court.

PENE:

'Tis like a dead hedge when the land is poor.

TOOLY:

It is not fit that cunt should wear a tower.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

As for my queen, her cunt no more invites,
Clad with the filth of her most nasty whites.
Borastus, you spend your time I know not how.

BORASTUS:

The choice of buggery, sir, is wanting now.
I would advise you, sir, to make a pass
Once more at Pockenello's loyal arse.
Besides, sir, Pene has so soft a skin
'Twould tempt a saint to thrust his pintle in.

TOOLY:

When last, good sir, your pleasure did vouchsafe
To let poor Tooly's hand your pintle chafe,

You gently moved it to my arse – when lo!
Arse did the deed which light hand could not do.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

True, I remember how my sperm did flow.
Truly, I'm in arrears to thy rewards.
But let's be active while the time affords,
And Pockenello for a mate I'll choose.
His arse shall for a minute be my spouse.

POCKENELLO:

That spouse shall, mighty sire, though it be blind,
Prove to my lord both dutiful and kind.
'Tis all my wish that Pockenello's arse
May still find favour from your royal tarse.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

And next to Tooly, I will have a touch
With Pene.

PENE:

Oh sire, you honour me too much!
It was enough when me you did entrust
As harbinger unto your royal lust.
But as from heaven, your will can make us blest
Though we're unworthy. When we have done our best
Nor your affections dare we claim our right.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Those who my pleasure serve I must requite.
Henceforth, Borastus, set the nation free.
Let conscience have its force of liberty.
I do proclaim, that buggery may be used
O'er all the land, so cunt be not abused.
That's the provision. This shall be your trust.

BORASTUS:

All things shall to your orders be adjust.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

To Buggeranthus let this grant be given,
And let him bugger all things under heaven.

BORASTUS:

Straight your indulgence shall be issued forth

From East to West, and through the South to North.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Let Pene assist you in this grand affair,
Then to our royal citadel repair.

BORASTUS:

We shall obey.

[Exeunt BORASTUS and PENE]

POCKENELLO:

Great sir, when last you were entombed
Within the straits of Fuckadilla's womb,
You told her that her sperm did slowly come.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

And what of that?

POCKENELLO:

I would a plot reveal.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Against my honour? Pockenello, tell!

POCKENELLO:

No wonder she don't fuck as she was wont –
Pene has been too familiar with her cunt.
My liege, he swived her in her time of term.
I saw him wipe the gleanings of her sperm.
His reaking tarse in tail of shirt he packed,
Seeking to shelter't from the treacherous act.
But the strange dye the traitor did relate,
Which stiff with menst'rous blood stood up in state.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Alas, poor Pene! I cannot blame the deed
Where Nature urgeth by impulse of seed.

POCKENELLO:

Yet 'twas a trespass without leave to swive
Upon his sovereign's prerogative.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

His little tarse doth but for mine prepare,
So lightning before thunder clears the air.
With crimes of this sort I shall soon dispense –
His arse shall suffer for his prick's offence.
In ropy seed my spirit shall be sent
With joyful tidings to his fundament.
Come Pockenello, ere my pintle burns,
In and untruss. I'll bugger you by turns.

[Exeunt]

SCENA SECUNDA

[The scene changes to a fair portico joining to a pleasant garden adorned with naked statues of both sexes in various postures. In the middle of the garden is a woman representing a fountain, standing on her head and pissing bolt upright. Soft music is played, after which is sung, by a small voice, in a mournful key:]

VOICE:

Unhappy cunt, oh comfortless,
From swilling plenty, fallen into distress,
Deprived of all its ornamental hair,
Fed with the empty diet of the air.
Divorced and banished from its dearest duck,
That proselyte to pagan fuck.
Assist ye powers
That bring down monthly flowers,
Come, come away, and in a trice,
Congeal these thoughts of ice.
Comfort my cunt, or give me your advice.

[Enter CUNTIGRATIA, OFFICINA, FUCKADILLA, CUNTICULA and CLITORIS]

OFFICINA:

Sure madam, he must fuck with some remorse
Since 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 does much augment my grief,
I can command all but my cunt's relief.
My courses have been stopped with grief and care.
In all his pleasures I can have no share.

OFFICINA:

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

CUNTIGRATIA:

I am not jealous, but envy must
Declare to all: your pleasures are unjust.
Not that I would deprive your cunts of food.
For you like me are women, flesh and blood.
Yet youth nor beauty can your crimes excuse.

FUCKADILLA:

What woman can a standing prick refuse?
When love makes courtship, there it may command.
What soul such generous influence can withstand?
I least offend you in your royal seed –
He fucked for pleasure and for very need.
He pressed it hard, I would have turned the spring,
But that my duty was to obey my King.

OFFICINA:

This I must needs in her defence declare –
To reconcile the King it was her care.

CUNTIGRATIA:

Had I a pintle privilege to choose,
His prick for any other I'd refuse.

CLITORIS:

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

CUNTIGRATIA:

All that and more, Clitoris, I allow,
And do my faith to thy experience owe.

OFFICINA:

Troth, were I you, a pintle I would have,
Though he deprived me of the crown he gave.
Your cunt may claim a subject's liberty,
Though he a tyrant to your honour be.

CUNTIGRATIA:

Your counsel bravely does my care expel –
Whom could you recommend to swive me well?

OFFICINA:

Your cunt Buggeranthus to a hair would nick.

CUNTIGRATIA:

The General! I long to see his prick.
They say he swives all women to a trance!

FUCKADILLA:

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

CLITORIS:

He is a man, no doubt!

CUNTICULA:

He has such charms
You'll swear you have a stallion in your arms.
He swives with so much vigour, in a word,
His prick is as good mettle as his sword.

OFFICINA:

Truly I've heard it is both long and large.

CUNTIGRATIA:

Then with my open cunt I'll give him charge.
I'll hug and kiss and bear up till I die.
Oh, let him swive me to eternity.
Come, come, dear General! Oh heavens, I fear
Twelve hours will pass before I find him here.
Twelve hours? Twelve years! Oh, I shall ne'er contain –

OFFICINA:

Sit down and frig awhile – 'twill ease your pain.

CUNTIGRATIA:

I spring a leak. All hands to pump amain!

[Here the QUEEN, sitting in a chair of state, is frigged with a dildo by Lady OFFICINA. And the rest pull out their dildos and frig too, in point of honour.]

CUNTIGRATIA:

So there, yet more, you do not make it spurt.
You do as if you were afraid to hurt.

OFFICINA:

Madam, the fault in Virtuoso lies –
He should have made it of a larger size.
This dildo by a handful is too short.

CUNTIGRATIA:

Let him with speed be sent for to the Court.

FUCKADILLA:

Madam, your dildos are not to compare
With what I've seen.

OFFICINA:

Indeed, they're paltry ware.

CUNTICULA:

Short dildos leave the pleasure half begun.

CUNTIGRATIA:

Oh, how the General in my mind does run!
Let's to the grotto for a while repair,
And sing a bawdy song. Perhaps the air
May echo news the General is to come,
To whose stiff tarse I'll sacrifice my womb.
Sing, Fuckadilla, charm us with a touch.
See it not treat of chastity too much.

FUCKADILLA:

That's a strange word! But if you bawdy crave,
I've choice.

CUNTIGRATIA:

Aye, that's what we would have.

SONG

FUCKADILLA:

Rouse stately tarse,

And let thy bollocks grind
For seed.
Heave up fair arse,
And let thy cunt be kind
To the deed.

Thrust, pintle, with a force
Strong as any horse.
Spend, till her cunt o'er flow,
Joined with the neighboring flood of sperm below.

There in a swoond
We'll lie as drowned
And dead upon the shore,
Rather than we wake
We should our own sad leave take
'Cause we can spend no more.

CHORUS:

When pintle cannot gain new breath
Resurrection is worse than death.

ACTUS SECUNDUS

[Six naked women and six naked men appear, and dance, the men doing obeisance to the women's cunts, kissing and touching them often, the women doing ceremonies to the men's pricks, kissing them, dandling their cods, etc., and so fall to fucking, after which the women sing, and the men look simple and sneak off.]

[Enter PRICKETT and SWIVIA]

SWIVIA:

Twelve months must pass ere you will yet arrive
To be a perfect man. That is, to swive as Pockenello does.
Your age to fifteen does but now incline.

PRICKETT:

You know I would have stripped my prick at nine.

SWIVIA:

I ne'er saw it since. Let's see how much 'tis grown?
By heavens, a neat one! Now we are alone,
I'll shut the door, and you shall see my thing.

PRICKETT:

Strange how it looks – methinks it smells like ling:
It has a beard, yes, and a mouth all raw –

The strangest creature that I ever saw.
Are these the beasts that keep men so in awe?

SWIVIA:

'Twas such a thing, philosophers have thought,
That all mankind into the world had brought.
'Twas such a thing our sire the King bestride,
Out of whose mouth we came.

PRICKETT:

The devil we did!

SWIVIA:

This is the workhorse of the world's chief trade
On this soft anvil all mankind was made.
Come, 'tis a harmless thing, draw near, and try.
You will desire no other death to die.

PRICKETT:

Is't death, then?

SWIVIA:

Aye, but such a pleasing pain

That it straight tickles you to life again.

PRICKETT:

I feel my spirits in an agony –

SWIVIA:

These are the symptoms of lechery.
Does not your prick stand, and your pulse beat fast?
And you desire some unknown bliss to taste?

PRICKETT:

My heart incites me to some new desires,
My blood boils o'er –

SWIVIA:

I can allay the fire.
Come, little rogue, and on my body lie –
A little lower yet – now, dearest – try!

PRICKETT:

I am a stranger to these unknown parts,
And never versed in love's obliging arts.
Pray guide me, I was ne'er this way before.

SWIVIA:

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

PRICKETT:

I'm in, I trow. It is as soft as wool.

SWIVIA:

Thrust then, and move it up and down, you fool.

PRICKETT:

I do, oh heavens, I am at my wit's end.

SWIVIA:

Is't not such pleasure as I did commend?

PRICKETT:

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

SWIVIA:

I cannot speak – you've stabbed me to the heart.

PRICKETT:

I faint. I can't one minute more survive.
I'm dead.

SWIVIA:

Oh! Brother! But I am alive
And why should you lie dead t'increase my pain?
Kiss me, dear bird, and you shall live again.
Your love's grown cold, now you can do no more.
I love you better than I did before:
Prithee be kind.

PRICKETT:

Sure I did lately dream,

That through my prick there flowed a mighty stream,
Which to my eye seemed like the whites of eggs.

SWIVIA:

I dreamt too, that it ran between my legs.

PRICKETT:

What makes this pearl upon my pintle's snout?

SWIVIA:

Sure, you fucked lately. Now your dream is out.

PRICKETT:

That I should lose my sense, heaven forbid!
And yet, I scarce remember what I did.

SWIVIA:

It was this cunt that made your pintle weep,
And lulled you into such a gentle sleep.
Gave you those pleasures which your waking thought
On all your senses has amazement wrought.

PRICKETT:

'Tis strange, methinks, that such a homely feat
With such delight should all my senses treat,
That such a gaping, hungry, hairy beast
Should from its maw give squeamish prick a feast.
But its strange influence I do admire –
My heart is glutted, yet I still desire –
Which turns my freezing body into fire.

SWIVIA:

All unknown pleasure do at first surprise.
Try but one more, you'll find new joys arise.
It will your heart with more contentment fill.
Besides the pleasure, 'twill improve your skills.
Come, try again, 'twill gratify your pain,
When you enjoy what half the world refrain.

PRICKETT:

I feel an air, which does my blood unfold,
Betwixt a summer's heat and winter's cold.

SWIVIA:

And no erection yet – prithee, let's feel.
Poor little thing, it 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 thighs.

PRICKETT:

I do.

SWIVIA:

'Twon't do, no doubt.

PRICKETT:

Oh, never fear.

Thrust out your spirit, with might and main.

[Noise within]

PRICKETT:

I hear someone coming.

SWIVIA:

Put it up again.

[Enter CUNTICULA, and drunkish she sings:]

CUNTICULA:

'Twas the touch of the finger and thumb,
And pretty soft palm,
That ushered the balm,
And made it the sooner to come.

SWIVIA:

You did my thoughts surprise.

CUNTICULA:

Did my presence disturb your privacies?

SWIVIA:

No. We dare let you know what we have done.
Come, we'll continue what we have begun.

Sure I have lost the virtue of my hand.

CUNTICULA:

Madam, I'll hold a piece, I'll make it stand.

PRICKETT:

Sister, let go! Cunticula shall try.
Great virtue from her hand I prophesy.

SWIVIA:

I'll not my goods into her hands entrust,
But on these terms: that she who first
Does by the power of her prevailing hand
Make cods shrink up, and pintle swiftly stand,
Shall have the flowing juice.

CUNTICULA:

With all my heart – what says his princely grace?

PRICKETT:

Agreed: sister, I fear you've lost your place.
Now for your credit. Hold, not quite so fast!
The pleasure of itself is apt to waste –
She does't with art.

SWIVIA:

Look how his cheek glows.

PRICKETT:

There, there –

CUNTICULA:

Oh death, it overflows!

PRICKETT:

'Tis done, and you may thank your treacherous hand.

CUNTICULA:

I would have held it, if you had given command.
That I should lose a blessing of this price,
For this loss I in tears could spend my eyes.
Pardon, sweet prince, pardon this mistake.
If all that I have recompense can make

Here, prostrate at your foot you may command
My cunt or arse, where'er your prick will stand.

PRICKETT:

You've let out all the spirits of my blood,
You've ruined me, and done yourself no good.

SWIVIA:

'Twas your new office did ambition move
To hasten to the centre of your love.
When in her journey she received a fate
Which hope and pleasure did anticipate.
Muster your spirits up, and try again.

PRICKETT:

Where power is wanting, will is but in vain.
I've spent my last, and would fain retire,
To sleep an hour.

SWIVIA:

Will that restore desire?

PRICKETT:

If it deceitful prove –
Adieu to fucking. Sleep will all care remove.

SWIVIA:

Come cousin, we'll convey him to my bed.
You see his spirits with our hopes are fled.
Though he be living, he's as bad as dead.

[Exeunt, leading him mournfully]

ACTUS TERTIUS

[Enter CUNTIGRATIA and BUGGERANTHUS]

CUNTIGRATIA:

Let the last seige with this content be crowned,
That with your prick has lost, my cunt has found.
Your seed, sir (with my pleasure) I will own
Was in my cunt so plentifully thrown
That had all mankind – whose pintles I adore –

With well-filled bollocks swived me o'er and o'er –
None could in nature have obliged me more.

BUGGERANTHUS:

If kings are gods on earth, their queens may claim
Of goddesses an usurped name.

CUNTIGRATIA:

And Fate in him must great perfection show
Whose tarse can please a deity below.

BUGGERANTHUS:

If I have pleased in so sublime a sense –
I owe it to your cunt's omnipotence.

CUNTIGRATIA:

This modesty in you does ill appear,
Whose virtues are to dare, and not to fear.
Whose arms the strength of mighty Mars can prove.
Whose prick's the standard of the Queen of Love,
Whose bollocks (like a twin of worlds) contain
Those millions of delight in every vein.
This, and much more, Lord General, is due
To those perfections which I find in you.
You must oblige me in this very hour –
You know 'gainst all denial cunt has power.

BUGGERANTHUS:

Your favours, madam, are so far above
The utmost merits of my vassal-love,
That should I court in lechery 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,
And are not by my favours kept in awe.
When friendship does approach, you seem to fly.
Do you so before your enemy?

BUGGERANTHUS:

No, by my head, and by this honoured scar.
But toils of cunt are more than toils of war.

CUNTIGRATIA:

Fucking a toil! Good lord! You do mistake.
Of ease and pleasure it does all partake,
'Tis all that we can dear or happy call.

BUGGERANTHUS:

But love, like war, must have its interval:
Nature renews the strength by kind repose,
Which an untimely drudgery would lose.
Madam, with sighs I celebrate the hour
That stole away my love and robber me of my power.

[Offers to go]

CUNTIGRATIA:

You shall not go thus, dear Lord General. Stay!

BUGGERANTHUS:

In what my power admits, your will I must obey.

CUNTIGRATIA:

In the first place, give me a parting kiss,
And next, my lord, the consequence of this –
Once for a parting blow, once and no more.

BUGGERANTHUS:

Could that have been I had obeyed before.
Your menst'rous blood does all your veins supply
With unexhausted lechery, whilst I
Like a decrepit lecher, must retire,
With prick too weak to act what I desire.

[Exit]

CUNTIGRATIA:

Does my new passion to contempt remove
The trophies of his honour and my love?
Ah, Buggeranthus, had my passion been
Decked with the state and grandeur of a queen
So loose a love I had not then betrayed!
My love had more my majesty obeyed.
My passion, like a prodigal, did treat
With all the coice variety of meat –
And now the glutton lecher scorns to eat.

[Exit]

[Enter BOLLOXIMIAN, BORASTUS, POCKENELLO and TOOLY]

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Since I have buggered human arse I find
Pintle to cunt is not so much inclined
What though the lechery is dry, 'tis smart –
And turkey's arse I love with all my heart:
The lust in which those animals I see
Does far exceed all human lechery.
Their cunts by use improve their influence
Whilst ours grow void of pleasure and of sense.
By oft formenting, cunt so big doth swell,
That pintle works like clappers in a bell:
All vacuum. No grasping flesh doth guide
Or hug the brawny muscles of its side,
Tickling the nerves, the prepuce or glans,
Which all mankind with great delight entrance.

BORASTUS:

Nature to them but one poor way doth give,
But man delights in various ways to swive.

POCKENELLO:

How simple was the lechery of old,
How full of shame, how feeble, and how cold.
Confined to a formality of law –
When wives their husbands' pintles never saw,
But when their lust or duty made 'em draw.
They fucked with such indifferent delight,
As if prick stood against its will, in spite,
First rubbed, then spent, then groaned, and bid goodnight.
We the kind dictates of our sense pursue,
We study pleasures still, and find out new.

BORASTUS:

May as the gods his name immortal be
That first received the gift of buggery.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Faces may change, but cunt is but cunt still,
And he that fucks is slave to women's will.
And why, Borastus, should we daily bring
One dish to feast the palate of a king?
And strive with various sauces to invite
The grandeur of his critic appetite –

And still the meat's the same? The change doth lie
But in the sauces' great variety.
'Tis so with cunt's repeated dull delights –
Sometimes you've flowers for sauce, and sometimes whites,
And crab-lice, which like buttered shrimps appear,
And may be served for garnish all the year.

[Enter BUGGERANTHUS]

BORASTUS:

My liege, the General.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Brave man of war!

How fares the camp?

BUGGERANTHUS:

Great sir, your soldiers are
In double-duty to your favour bound.
They own it all, they swear and tear the ground,
Protest they'll die in drinking of your health,
And creep into the other world by stealth,
Intending there among the gods to vie
Their Sodom King with immortality.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

How are they pleased with what I did proclaim?

BUGGERANTHUS:

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

BOLLOXIMIAN:

They know 'tis chargeable with cunts to play.

BUGGERANTHUS:

It saves them, sir, at least a fortnight's pay
But arse they fuck, and bugger one another,
And live like man and wife, sister and brother.
Dildos and dogs with women doth prevail –
I saw one frigging with a dig's bob-tail.
'My lord,' said she, 'I do it with remorse,
For I had once a passion for a horse,
Who in a moment grieved and pleased my heart.

I saw him standing pensive, in a cart,
With padded eyes, and back with sores oppressed,
And heavy halter hanging on his crest.
I grieved for the poor beast, and scratched his mane,
Pitied his daily labour and his pain,
When on a sudden from his scabbard flew
The statliest tarse that ever mortal drew,
Which clinging to his belly stiff did stand.
I took and grasped it with my loving hand,
And in a passion moved it to my cunt.
But he to womankind being not wont
Drew back his engine, though my cunt could spare
Perhaps as much room as his lady mare.
At length I found his constancy was such
That he would none but his dear mistress touch.
Urged by his scorn I did his sight depart,
And to despair surrendered up my heart.
Now wandering o'er this vile cunt-starving land
I am content with what comes next to hand.'

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Such women ought to live, pray find her out.
She shall a pintle have, both stiff and stout.
Bollocks shall hourly by her cunt be sucked,
She shall be daily by all nations fucked.
Industrious cunts should never pintle want –
She shall be mistress to my elephant.

BUGGERANTHUS:

Your honour's matchless!

BOLLOXIMIAN:

I'll do't. Let her swive!
I will encourage virtue while I live.

POCKENELLO:

Were Officina here she would aver
The title of Grand Cunt belonged to her.
With ease you may thrust in your double-fist.

BUGGERANTHUS:

She has as good a cunt as ever pissed.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

That might orifice of Nature's gate
Gave once delight, but ne'er did propagate.
Products spoil cunts. Flux does allow

That what like woman was, it makes like cow.

POCKENELLO:

But fruitless cunts by frigging may be spoiled
When they use dildos big as new-born child.

[Enter TOOLY]

TOOLY:

My liege, a stranger at your royal gate
Does from Gomorrah for a message wait,
Who forty striplings now does with him bring.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Oh, 'tis a present from our brother-king.
Conduct him in. 'Twas very kindly done
Of brother Tarsehole. This has saved my son.
I love strange flesh. A man's prick cannot stand
Within the limits of his own command,
And I have fucked and buggered all the land.
Pleasure should strive as much in time of peace
As power in time of battle to increase.

[TOOLY enters with the striplings]

BOLLOXIMIAN:

So beautiful a troop I have not seen!
How fares our brother Tarsehole and his Queen?

MESSENGER:

All hail and health from these were sent by me,
And this from them vouchsafe, O King, to see.

[Delivers a letter]

BOLLOXIMIAN:

"Of the fairest of the damsels, for the remembrance
- in manifold expressions -
Joy in your gates, honour in your high places
And in your retirements, pleasure in abundance.
Gomorrah.

Tarsehole."

'Tis well, stranger. Thanks, and go tell thy lord
That what the limits of my land afford
He may command like me what cunts do live

Within my precincts that are fit to swive.
By Tooly we intend to send a score
Of modern virgins – if we can find more,
We shall with careful expedition send.
Meanwhile, our love and honour recommend.
Tooly, divert the stranger while he stays,
With wine, and with our Sodomian plays.
Receive him kindly, my commands fulfil,
And let him fuck and bugger what he will.
Here are my valued gems, these are to me
More than the riches of the treasury.

[Pointing to the boys]

What! Does my crown and jewels do me good?
Jewels and gold are clay to flesh and blood.
Grace every chamber with a handsome boy,
And here's my pretty darling and my joy!

[Pointing to one of the boys]

Go, and prepare what to my pleasure's due:
The choice of their apartment's left to you

[Exeunt all but the King and a boy]

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Come, my soft flesh, and Sodom's dear delight,
To honoured lust thou art betrayed tonight.
Lust with thy beauty cannot brook delay.
Between thy pretty haunches I will play.

[Exeunt omnes]

ACTUS QUARTUS

[Enter OFFICINA, FUCKADILLA, CUNTICULA, CLITORIS and VIRTUOSO]

OFFICINA:

Let's see the late improvement of your art –
These dildos are not worth a fart.

FUCKADILLA:

They are not stiff.

CUNTICULA:

The muzzle is too small.

CLITORIS:

Nor long enough.

OFFICINA:

Lord! That's all in all.
Wherefore, Virtuoso, do you bring
So weak, and such a bauble of a thing?

VIRTUOSO:

Madam, the philosophical demonstration:
These are invented with a full intention
To gratify the most ingestive veins
That course in blood or seed in yoke restrain.

OFFICINA:

Oh fie! They scarce exceed a virgin's span,
Yet should exceed what Nature gives to man.

FUCKADILLA:

I'll hold a fucking! Let the truth be known,
He made it by the measure of his own.

VIRTUOSO:

Madam, 'tis done, and I'll be judged by all.
The copy does exceed th'original.

OFFICINA:

Who shall try first?

CLITORIS:

I'll –

OFFICINA:

– Think no disgrace
If I before your ladyship take place.
More pricks have I enjoyed, I'll make appear,
And I have more experience by five year.

FUCKADILLA:

If by seniority you claim your due,
I had a cunt when no man thought of you.
It makes me laugh to see those gossips strive
For an estate when the true heir's alive.

All your properties are secure, I think –
I bore a child when you was meat and drink.
Produce, sweet sire, a lively yard. I'll vow
I would pawn honour to make trial now.
So long, so trim –

OFFICINA:

So plump, so lily-white –

CUNTICULA:

So rough, so stiff –

FUCKADILLA:

So jointly, so upright.
Damn silly dildos, had I but the bliss
Of once enjoying such a prick as this,
I would his will eternally obey,
And every minute cunt should tribute pay.

OFFICINA:

You are too amorous, fie, look off away.

FUCKADILLA:

Let me look on until my thoughts do give
By strength of fancy what I should receive.

OFFICINA:

Time and experience does my judgement tell,
Though you work dildos and make merkins well,
You have the finest yard that e'er I saw.

FUCKADILLA:

A god to rule and keep our sex in awe.
Oh let me kiss't – I'll have it in my hand.

VIRTUOSO:

Madam, you are all power, all command.
In every charm you rally and surprise.
From your kind looks such influence does arise,
You raise my prick and frig it with your eyes.

FUCKADILLA:

Oh now my dearer part of womankind
Can give what your abortive love can find,

My loving cunt will give more joys to you
Than all the beauty of mine eyes can do.

[Takes him by the prick]

This engine made of human flesh and grain,
My drudging pleasure, our delight and pain,
The prince's profit, the poor man's joy and care,
The cuckold's surety, the rich man's despair.
Direct thyself to my indulgent cunt,
Thou kind reliever of all women's want.

VIRTUOSO:

My power long since was in the puddle drowned,
See and behold – the seed lies on the ground.

FUCKADILLA:

Hell on't, 'tis so! Oh, madam, I am cursed!

[She seems indisposed]

OFFICINA:

What now, not well?

FUCKADILLA:

Now prick has done his worst,
That bliss for which my cunt so long did stay,
He gave to fancy, and 'tis thrown away.

OFFICINA:

Thus 'tis, with lovers young and full of fire.
Fruition is as forward as desire.
They're apt to make their compliments before
They come to see the keyhole of the door.
Oh cursed imposter, quashed to perfect joy
That does love's fruit before 'tis ripe destroy.
The worst of tares may well make such moan
When the prick-maker cannot rule his own.

[Exeunt omnes]

ACTUS QUINTUS

[A grove of cypress and other trees cut in shapes of pricks. Several arbours, figures, and pleasant ornaments. In a banqueting-house are discovered men playing on tabours and dulcimers with their pricks, and women with jews' harps in their cunts.]

[A youth, under a palm-tree sitting, in a melancholy manner sings:]

YOUTH:

Oh! Gentle Venus, ease a prick
That owns thy cunt a Queen,
That lately suffered by a lass,
And spits out blood as green as grass
And cankers has fifteen.

Under her hand it panting lies
And fain it would, but cannot rise.
And when it's got betwixt her thighs,
It grieves to feel such poxy pain,
And it draws back again.

[Enter BOLLOXIMIAN, BORASTUS and POCKENELLO]

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Which of the gods more than myself can do?

BORASTUS:

Alas sir, they are pimps compared with you.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

I'll heaven invade, and bugger all the gods,
And drain the springs of their immortal cods.
I'll make them rub till prick and bollocks cry –
'You've frigged us out of immortality.'

[Enter FLUX]

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Man of philosophy, who pricks repairs,
How chance so long thy counsels and thy cares
Have been a stranger to our courts?

FLUX:

Oh King,
I have these ten days been a-simpling,
Endeavouring with all my art to cure
The crying pains your nation does endure.
The heavy symptoms have infected all –
I now may call it epidemical.
The pricks are eaten off, the women's parts
Are withered more than their despairing hearts.

The children harbour heavy discontents,
Complaining sorely of their fundamentals.
The old do curse and envy all that swive,
And yet – in spite of impotence – will strive
To fuck and bugger, though they stink alive.
The young who ne'er on Nature did impose
To rob her charter or pervert her laws,
Are taught at last to break all former vows,
And do what Love and Nature disallows.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

What act does Love and Nature contradict?

FLUX:

That for which Heaven does these pain inflict.
Nor do the beauties of thy throne escape –
The Queen is damned, Prince Prickett has a clap.
Raving and mad the Princess is become,
With pains and ulcerations in her womb.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Curse upon Fate to punish us for nought.
Can no redress, no punishment be sought?

FLUX:

To Love and Nature all their rights restore,
Fuck no men, and let buggery be no more.
It does the propagable 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.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

How can I leave my own beloved sin,
That has so long my dear companion been?

FLUX:

Sir, it will prove the shortening of your life.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Then must I go to the old whore, my wife?
Why did the Gods, who gave me leave to be
A King, not grant me immortality?
To be a substitute for heaven at will –
I'll scorn the gift – I'll reign and bugger still.

[The clouds break up and fiery demons appear in the air. They dance and sing:]

DEMONS:

Frig, swive and dally,
Kiss rise up, and rally,
Curse, blaspheme and swear,
Here are in the air
Those will witness bear

Fire your bollocks singes,
Sodom on the hinges.
Bugger, bugger, bugger.
All in hugger-mugger,
Fire does descend.
'Tis too late to mend.

[They vanish in smoke]

[The Ghost of CUNTIGRATIA appears]

CUNTIGRATIA:

Tyrant, thy day of doom just now is come,
When thou, and all thy skill,
Shall be one funeral pile.
My wretched spirit fears
Thy want of penitence and tears.
I now hell's miseries partake
For thy damned sake.
We'll shortly meet again
With howlings, plague, and pain.
I'll stay for you on t'other side of the lake.

[Descends]

POCKENELLO:

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

BORASTUS:

Or I a cunt's rival.

FLUX:

For heaven's sake, no more.
Nature puts me in prophetic fear.
Behold, the heavens in a flame appear.

BOLLOXIMIAN:

Let heaven descend, and set the world on fire
We to some darker cavern will retire.
There on thy buggered arse I will expire.

[Leaning all the while on POCKENELLO]

[Enter FIRE and BRIMSTONE, and a CLOUD OF SMOKE appears]

[The curtain is drawn]

FINIS

