

# Sarah Fyge Egerton, "The Emulation"

## Description

Â [SARAH FYGE EGERTON]

### •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 Womankindâ€™s in every State, a Slave.  
The Nurse, the Mistress, Parent and the Swain, Â  
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 5  
For Love she must, thereâ€™s none escape that Pain;  
Then comes the last, the fatal Slavery,  
The Husband with insulting Tyranny  
Can have ill Manners justifyâ€™d by Law;  
For Men all join to keep the Wife in awe. Â  
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Moses who first our Freedom did rebuke,  
Was Marryâ€™d when he writ the Pentateuch;  
Theyâ€™re Wise to keep us Slaves, for well they know,  
If we were loose, we soon should make them, so.  
We yield like vanquishâ€™d Kings whom Fetters bind, Â  
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 15  
When chance of War is to Usurpers kind;  
Submit in Form; but theyâ€™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. Â  
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Pretend they were designâ€™d for them alone,  
So keep us Fools to raise their own Renown;  
Thus Priests of old their Graudeur to maintain,  
Cryâ€™d vulgar Eyes would sacred Laws Prophane.  
So kept the Mysteries behind a Screen, Â  
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 25  
There Homage and the Name were lost had they been seen:  
But in this blessed Age, such Freedomâ€™s given,  
That every Man explains the Will of Heaven;  
And shall we Women now sit tamely by,  
Make no excursions in Philosophy, Â  
Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Â 30  
Or grace our Thoughts in tuneful Poetry?

