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Poems

Poems on several occasions

Gay, John

Edinburgh, 1773

The shepherd's week. In six pastorals

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THE
SHEPHERD's WEEK.
IN
SIX PASTORALS.

———Libeat mihi ſordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare caſas.——— VIRG.

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THE PROEME TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily), to divers worthy wits, that, in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesie, highly flourishing, no poet, (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue, after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travelling in this plain high way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my natire country, Britain, much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise sure more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by

certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outragious conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. Whereof I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled Golden, as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) unto that ancient Dorick shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyl, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ὠπόλος ὄκκ' ἐσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας οἷα βατεῦνται
Τακεται ὀφθαλμὼς ὅτι ὁ τράγος αὐτὸς ἔγελο.
THEOC.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers (for which to call them rightly I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country-farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motely make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folks, such as be now tenants to the burgesses of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didest thou take a walk into the fields at the proper

ſeaſon: Even as Maiſter Milton hath elegantly ſet forth the ſame.

" As one who long in populous city pent,
" Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
" Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
" Among the pleaſant villages and farms
" Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
" The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
" Or dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound."

Thou wilt not find my ſhepherdeſſes idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the ſheaves, or, if the hogs are aſtray, driving them to their ſtyes. My ſhepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he ſleepeth not under myrtle ſhades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, becauſe there are none, as Maiſter Spencer well obſerveth.

" Well is known, that ſince the Saxon king
" Never was wolf ſeen, many or ſome
" Nor in all Kent, nor in Chriſtendom."

For as much as I have mentioned Maiſter Spencer, ſoothly I muſt acknowledge him a bard of ſweeteſt memorial. Yet hath his ſhepherd's boy at ſome times raiſed his ruſtick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverſe grave points alſo hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily ariſing, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me beſt

are his names, indeed right ſimple and meet for the country, ſuch as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, ſome of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, The Shepherd's Calendar, and divided the ſame into twelve months, I have choſen (peradventure not over raſhly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being ſuppoſed to be Chriſtian ſhepherds, and to be then at church-worſhip. Yet further, of many of Maiſter Spencer's eclogues it may be obſerved, though months they be called, of the ſaid months therein nothing is ſpecified; wherein I have alſo eſteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertiſed, (ſeeing I depart from the vulgar uſage), is touching the language of my ſhepherds; which is, ſoothly to ſay, ſuch as is neither ſpoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only ſuch as in the preſent times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times paſt: and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the preſent, too much of the preſent to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted alſo it is, that, in this my language, I ſeem unto myſelf as a London Maſon, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which ſoon turneth to rubbiſh and ruins. For

this point, no reaſon can I alledge, only deep learned enſamples having led me thereunto.

But here, again, much comfort ariſeth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when theſe words, in the courſe of tranſitory things, ſhall decay, it may ſo hap, in meet time, that ſome lover of ſimplicity ſhall ariſe, who ſhall have the hardineſs to render theſe mine eclogues into ſuch more modern dialect as ſhall be then underſtood.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyſelf with the proſpect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

LO, I who erſt beneath a tree,
Sung Bumkinet and Bouzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my ſonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and laſſes ſtood around
To hear my boxen hautboy ſound,
Our clerk came poſting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the queen;
That queen, he ſaid, to whom we owe
Sweet "Peace that maketh riches flow;"
That queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in ſtate.
At this, in tears was Cic'ly ſeen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean;
In doleful dumps ſtood ev'ry clown,
The parſon rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had ſnatch'd Queen Anne to El'zabeth,

I broke my reed, and ſighing, ſwore
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.
While thus we ſtood as in a ſtound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full ſoon by bonefire and by bell
We learnt our liege was paſſing well.
A ſkilful leech (ſo God him ſpeed)
They ſay had wrought this bleſſed deed;
This leech Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had ſlept;
But watch'd our gracious ſov'reign ſtill;
For who could reſt when ſhe was ill?
Oh, may'ſt thou henceforth ſweetly ſleep!
Sheer, ſwains, oh ſheer your ſofteſt ſheep
To ſwell his couch; for well I ween,
He ſav'd th' realm who ſav'd the queen.
Quoth I, Pleaſe God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to ſee.
I ſold my ſheep and lambkins too,
For ſilver loops and garment blue:
My boxen hautboy, ſweet of ſound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my ſcrip I got
A gorgeous ſword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with ſpeed,
Of ſoldier's drum withouten dread;
For peace allays the ſhepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of granadier.
There ſaw I ladies all a-row
Before their queen in ſeemly ſhow.
No more I'll ſing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;

Nor Clumſilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damſel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lanſdown freſh as flower of May,
And Berkley Lady blithe and gay,
And Angleſey whoſe ſpeech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes ſo rare,
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay or ſonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've ſeen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moſes, in our Bibles fair:
Who for our traffic forms deſigns,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, ſhepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your ſpinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers all your ſhuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and ſerges grow;
For trading free ſhall thrive again,
Nor leaſings leud affright the ſwain.

There ſaw I St John, ſweet of mien,
Full ſtedfaſt both to church and queen:
With whoſe fair name I'll deck my ſtrain,
St John, right courteous to the ſwain.

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy ſonnets, gentle Gay,
And certes, mirth it were to ſee
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.

All ſuddenly then home I ſped,
And did even as my Lord had ſaid.
Lo, here thou haſt mine eclogues fair,
But let not theſe detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of ſtates and kings
Wait, while our Bouzybeus ſings.
Rather than verſe of ſimple ſwain
Shou'd ſtay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parſon's maid,
Yon' Emp'ror's packets be delay'd;
In ſooth, I ſwear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

M O N D A Y;

OR, THE

S Q U A B B L E.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but juſt awake,
No thruſtles ſhrill the bramble-buſh forſake,
No chirping lark the welkin * ſheen invokes,
No damſel yet the ſwelling udder ſtroaks;
O'er yonder hill does ſcant † the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott ſo rear ‡?

CUDDY.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween §, my plight is gueſt,
For "he that loves a ſtranger, is to reſt;"

* Welkin the ſame as welken, an old Saxon word ſignifying a cloud; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or ſky, as may appear by this verſe in the Dream of Chaucher,

"Ne in all the welkin was no cloud."

Sheen or ſhine, an old word for ſhining or bright.

† Scant, uſed in the ancient Britiſh authors for ſcarce.

‡ Rear, an expreſſion in ſeveral counties of England, for early in the morning.

§ To ween, from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

If ſwains belye not, thou haſt prov'd the ſmart,
And Blouzelinda's miſtreſs of thy heart.
This riſing rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Thoſe arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda ſmites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their ſawns, or cows, the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may bliſters ſore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witleſs Lobbin Clout, I thee adviſe,
Leſt bliſters ſore on thy own tongue ariſe.
Lo yonder Cloddipole! the blitheſome ſwain,
The wiſeſt lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
From Cloddipole we learn'd to read the ſkies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds ariſe.
He taught us erſt * the heifer's tail to view,
When ſtuck aloft, that ſhow'rs would ſtrait enſue;
He firſt that uſeful ſecret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
When ſwallows fleet ſore high and ſport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearſe,
And praiſe his ſweetheart in alternate verſe.
I'll wager this ſame oaken ſtaff with thee,
That Cloddipole ſhall give the prize to me.

* Erſt, a contraction of ere this; it ſignifies ſometime ago, or formerly.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the ſkin of ſleekeſt fallow-deer;
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddeſt hue,
I'll wager, that the prize ſhall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting ſlouch,
Be thine the oaken ſtaff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blitheſt laſs,
Than primroſe ſweeter, or the clover graſs.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daiſy that beſide her grows,
Fair is the gilliflow'r, of gardens ſweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet.
But Blouzelind's than gilly-flow'r more fair,
Than daiſy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the feateſt maid,
That e'er at wake delightſome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins, or the gooſe's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witleſs lamb may ſport upon the plain,
The friſking kid delight the gaping ſwain,
The wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest * feats around;

* Deft, an old word, ſignifying briſk or nimble.

But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the firſt of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year,
With her no ſultry ſummer's heat I know;
In winter, when ſhe's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, eaſe thy ſwain's deſire,
My ſummer's ſhadow, and my winter's fire!

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour ſeem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply ſhe were gone,
Like worky-days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.
Eftſoons *, O ſweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year ſhall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gameſome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing ſtood,
I ſlily ran and ſnatch'd a haſty kiſs,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiſs.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to ſay,
Her breath was ſweeter than the ripen'd hay.

* Eftſoons, from eft, an ancient Britiſh word, ſignifying ſoon. So that eftſoons is a doubling of the word ſoon, which is, as it were, to ſay twice ſoon, or very ſoon.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma in a morning fair,
With gentle finger ſtrok'd her milky care,
I queintly * ſtole a kiſs; at firſt, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two;
Lobbin, I ſwear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welch to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Iriſh ſwains potatoe is the chear;
Oats for their feaſts, the Scottiſh ſhepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While ſhe loves turnips, butter I'll deſpiſe,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

CUDDY.

In good roaſt-beef my landlord ſticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our Parſon eats, the ſquire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While ſhe loves white-pot, capon ne'er ſhall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

* Queint has various ſignifications in the ancient Engliſh authors. I have uſed it in this place in the ſame ſenſe as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale. "As Clerkes being full ſubtle and queint," (by which he means arch or waggiſh), and not in that obſcene ſenſe wherein he uſeth it in the line immediately following.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at blindman's-buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miſs'd the ſwains, and ſeiz'd on Blouzelind;
True ſpeaks that ancient proverb *Love is blind.*

CUDDY.

As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick roſe, and read ſoft miſchief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the ſlacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my Blouzelinda ſwung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment roſe,
And ſhow'd her taper leg, and ſcarlet hoſe.

CUDDY.

Acroſs the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myſelf pois'd againſt the tott'ring maid.
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I ſpy'd—but faithful ſweethearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canſt, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every ſwain.
" * What flow'r is that which bears the virgin's
" name,
The richeſt metal joined with the ſame?"

* Marygold.

CUDDY.

Anſwer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
" * What flow'r is that which royal honour craves,
" Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis ſtrown on graves!"

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your ſtrains,
An oaken ſtaff each merits for his pains.
But ſee the ſun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds for want of water ſtand a-dry,
They're weary of your ſongs—and ſo am I.

* Roſemary.

TUESDAY;

OR, THE

DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOung Colin Clout, a lad of peerleſs meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols ſweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were ſhown.
When in the ring the ruſtic routs he threw,
The damſels pleaſures with his conqueſts grew;
Or when aſlant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger ſmites the breaſt of ev'ry maid;
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the ſwain,
The parſon's maid, and neateſt of the plain.
Marian, that ſoft could ſtroak the udder'd cow,
Or leſſen with her ſieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with ſage the hard'ning cheeſe ſhe preſs'd,
And yellow butter Marian's ſkill confeſs'd.
But Marian, now devoid of country-cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor ſage-cheeſe prepares.
For yearning love the witleſs maid employs,
And love, ſay ſwains, *all buſy heed deſtroys.*

Colin makes mock at all her hideous ſmart,
A laſs that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart,
Cic'ly the weſtern laſs that tends the kee *,
The rival of the parſon's maid was ſhe.
In dreary ſhade now Marian lies along,
And mix'd with ſighs thus wails in plaining ſong.

Ah woful day! ah woful noon and morn!
When firſt by thee my younglings white were ſhorn:
Then firſt, I ween, I caſt a lover's eye,
My ſheep were ſilly, but more ſilly I.
Beneath the ſheers they felt no laſting ſmart;
They loſt but fleeces, while I loſt a heart.

Ah Colin! can'ſt thou leave thy ſweetheart true;
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?
Will ſhe thy linen waſh, or hoſen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own ſpun yarn?
Will ſhe with hufwife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kerſey doublet ſpreading wide,
In ſervice-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aſide.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new diſaſters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of aſhes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wiſt not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward ſhepherd ſwain,
Walks whiſtling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

* Kee, a weſt-country word for kine or cows.

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight,
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the ſoil you guide the crooked ſhare,
Your early breakfaſt is my conſtant care;
And when with even hand you ſtrow the grain,
I fright the thieviſh rooks from off the plain.
In miſling days when I my threſher heard,
With nappy bear I to the barn repair'd;
Loſt in the muſic of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the ſmoaking pale:
In harveſt when the ſun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought ſupply;
Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been ſun-burnt for thy ſake:
When in the welkin gath'ring ſhow'rs were ſeen,
I lagg'd the laſt with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
Straight on the fire the ſooty pot I plac'd;
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haſte.
When hungry thou ſtood'ſt *ſtaring, like an oaf*,
I ſlic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy meſs;
Ah love me more, or love thy pottage leſs!

Laſt Friday's eve, when as the ſun was ſet,
I, near yon ſtile, three ſallow gypſies met.
Upon my hand they caſt a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they ſhook;
They ſaid that many croſſes I muſt prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but moſt in love.
Next morn I miſs'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a ſmock.

I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake,
I bought the costly present for thy sake:
Couldst thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forget'st, I wot I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.
But wo is me! such presents luckless prove,
For *knives*, they tell me, *always sever love.*

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When Goody Dobins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

LYCEUM KARLSRUHE

WEDNESDAY;

OR, THE

DUMPS*.

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.
Such ſtrains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts ſo ſweet a note.
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
Nor ox was heard to low, nor aſs to bray;
No ruſtling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damſel ſung.

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made uſe of to expreſs a fit of the ſullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes, after the ſame manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the ſame diſtemper; but our Engliſh antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heavineſs of ſpirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heavieſt kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much uſed in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

A while, O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guiſe, my verſe diſdain;
Whether thou ſeek'ſt new kingdoms in the ſun *,
Whether thy muſe does at Newmarket run,
Or does with goſſips at a feaſt regale,
And heighten her conceits with ſack and ale;
Or elſe at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyrics ſwell in ev'ry voice;
Yet ſuffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed †,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the ſun drove adown the weſtern road,
And oxen laid at reſt forget the goad;
The clown, fatigu'd, trudg'd homeward with his ſpade,
Acroſs the meadow ſtretch'd the lengthen'd ſhade:
When Sparabella, penſive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and ſtrait with doleful guiſe,
Did this ſad plaint in moanful notes deviſe.

Come night as dark as pitch, ſurround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
Laſt Sunday happier Clumſilis put on.
Sure if he'd eyes, (*but Love*, they ſay, *has none*),
I whilhom by that ribbon had been known.

* An opera written by this author, called the World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds; he is alſo famous for his ſong on the Newmarket horſe-race, and ſeveral others that are ſung by the Britiſh ſwains.

† Meed, an old word for fame or renown.

Ah, well-a-day! I'm ſhent with baneful ſmart,*
For with that ribbon he beſtow'd his heart.
My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.

Shall heavy Clumſilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me deſpair.
Her blubber'd lip by ſmutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;
The cleanly cheeſe-preſs ſhe could never turn,
Her aukward fiſt did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er ſhe brew'd, the drink would ſtrait go ſour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r;
No huſwifery the dowdy creature knew;
To ſum up all, her tongue confeſs'd the ſhrew.
My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.

I've often ſeen my viſage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homelieſt make.
Though Clumſilis may boaſt a whiter dye,
Yet the black ſloe turns in my rolling eye;
And faireſt bloſſoms drop with ev'ry blaſt,
But the brown beauty will like hollies laſt.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet ſhe, alas! the witleſs lout hath won,
And by her gain, poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling ſtraps unite,
The clucking hen make friendſhip with the kite,
Let the fox ſimply wear the nuptial nooſe,
And join in wedlock with the wadling gooſe;

* Shent, an old word ſignifying hurt or harmed.

For love hath brought a ſtranger thing to paſs,
The faireſt ſhepherd weds the fouleſt laſs.
My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.

Sooner ſhall cats diſport in waters clear,
And ſpeckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,
Sooner ſhall ſcreech-owls baſk in ſunny day,
And the ſlow aſs on trees, like ſquirrels, play,
Sooner ſhall ſnails on inſect pinions rove,
Than I forget my ſhepherd's wonted love.
My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.

Ah! didſt thou know what proffers I withſtood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
To me he ſped, regardleſs of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with ſhame;
My lip he kiſs'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purſe of ſilk a guinea took,
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modeſt ſtruggling broke his hold.
He ſwore that Dick in liv'ry ſtripp'd with lace,
Should wed me ſoon, to keep me from diſgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken † whence Love his riſe begun;
Sure he was born ſome bloody butcher's ſon,

† To ken. Scire, Chaucero, to kên, and kende notus A. S. cunnan Goth. Kunnan. Germanis ken-

Bred up in ſhambles, where our younglings ſlain,
Erſt taught him miſchief and to ſport with pain.
The father only ſilly ſheep annoys,
The ſon the ſillier ſhepherdeſs deſtroys.
Does ſon or father greater miſchief do?
The ſire is cruel, ſo the ſon is too.
My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.

Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye ſtreams that flow;
A ſudden death ſhall rid me of my wo.
This penknife keen my windwipe ſhall divide.
What, ſhall I fall as ſqueaking pigs have dy'd!
No—To ſome tree this carcaſe I'll ſuſpend;
But worrying curs find ſuch untimely end!
I'll ſpeed me to the pond, where the high ſtool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That ſtool, the dread of ev'ry ſcolding quean;
Yet, ſure a lover ſhould not die ſo mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the pariſh ſay I've loſt my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myſelf I'll throw,
And quench my paſſion in the lake below.
Ye laſſes, eaſe your burden, ceaſe to moan,
And, by my caſe forewarn'd, go mind your own.

nen. Danis kiende. Iſlandis kunna. Belgis kennen. This word is of general uſe, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken, for proſpicere, is well known, and uſed to diſcover by the eye. Ray, F. R. S.

The ſun was ſet; the night came on a-pace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarſe owl his woful dirges ſings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And, till to-morrow comes, defers her fate.

THURSDAY;

OR, THE

SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, ſeated in a dreary vale,
In penſive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in ſighs bemoan,
And pining Eccho anſwers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight * he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forſakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, theſe ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and ſpells ſhall eaſe my care.
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When firſt the year, I heard the cuckow ſing,
And call with welcome note the budding ſpring,

* Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word dightan, which ſignifies to ſet in order.

I ſtraightway ſet a-running with ſuch haſte,
Deb'rah that won the ſmock ſcarce ran ſo faſt;
'Till ſpent for lack of breath quite weary grown,
Upon a riſing bank I ſat adown,
Then doff'd † my ſhoe, and by my troth, I ſwear,
Therein I ſpy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve laſt Midſummer no ſleep I ſought,
But to the field a bag of hempſeed brought,
I ſcatter'd round the ſeed on every ſide,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
This hempſeed with my virgin hand I ſow,
Who ſhall my true-love be, the crop ſhall mow.
I ſtraight look'd back, and if my eyes ſpeak truth,
With his keen ſcythe behind me came the youth.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Laſt Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early roſe, juſt at the break of day,
Before the ſun had chas'd the ſtars away;
A field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for ſo ſhould huſwives do)
Thee firſt I ſpy'd, and the firſt ſwain we ſee,
In ſpite of fortune ſhall our true love be;
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take,
And canſt thou then thy ſweetheart dear forſake?

† Doff, and Don, contracted from the words do off, and do on.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Laſt May-day fair I ſearched to find a ſnail
That might my ſecret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooſeberry-buſh a ſnail I found,
For always ſnails near ſweeteſt fruit abound.
I ſciz'd the vermine, home I quickly ſped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers ſpread.
Slow crawl'd the ſnail, and if I right can ſpell,
In the ſoft aſhes mark'd a curious L:
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and love.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a ſweetheart's name.
This with the loudeſt bounce me ſore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brighteſt colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut ſo may thy paſſion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did ſo brightly glow.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peaſcods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to ſee
One that was cloſely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I crop'd I ſafely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the ſpell in ſecret laid,
My wheel I turn'd, and ſung a ballad new,
While from the ſpindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who ſhould firſt come in,
[But in his proper perſon,—Lubberkin.

I broke my yarn, ſurpris'd the ſight to ſee,
Sure ſign that he would break his word with me.
Eftſoons I join'd it with my wonted ſlight,
So may again his love with mine unite!

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This Lady-fly I take from off the graſs,
Whoſe ſpotted back might ſcarlet red ſurpaſs.
Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or Eaſt, or Weſt,
Fly where the man is found that I love beſt.
He leaves my hand, ſee to the Weſt he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithleſs town.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My ſhepherd's name to flouriſh on the plain.
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the graſs a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is ſeen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin ſhall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t'other ſide is borne.
But Boobyclod ſoon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unſound,
While Lubberkin ſticks firmly to the laſt;
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd ſo faſt!

With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once ſlept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wiſt not when the hempen ſtring I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together faſt I tye the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this ſtrain:
Three times a true-love's knot I tye ſecure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd laſt market-day
To town, with new laid eggs preſerv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purſe grew heavy, and my baſket light.
Strait to the 'pothecary's ſhop I went,
And in love-powder all my money ſpent;
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the ale-houſe Lubberkin repairs,
Theſe golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And ſoon the ſwain with fervent love ſhall glow.
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder ſtile ſee Lubberkin appears.
He comes, he comes, Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor ſhall ſhe, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he ſwears he'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

FRIDAY;

OR, THE

DIRGE*.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, doſt thou ſo wiſtful ſeem?
There's ſorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blaſts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a ſhower of leaves is borne,
And their loſt beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet even this ſeaſon pleaſance blithe affords,
Now the ſqueez'd preſs foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheary bowl,
Let cyder now *waſh ſorrow from thy ſoul.*

* Dirge or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or ſong of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin Dirige in the Popiſh hymn *Dirige greſſus meos*, as ſome pretend. But from the Teutonic Dyrke, *Laudare*, to praiſe and extol. Whence it is poſſible their dyrke and our dirge was a laudatory ſong to commemorate and applaud the dead. *Cowell's Interpreter.*

GRUBBINOL.

Ah Bumkinet! ſince thou from hence wert gone,
From theſe ſad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 'twould ſpoil thy chear,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

Hang ſorrow! Let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim ſonnets *caſt away our care*,
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou ſing'ſt moſt ſweet, *O'er hills and far away*,
Of patient Griſſel I deviſe to ſing,
And catches quaint ſhall make the vaillies ring.
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this ſhelter, come,
From hence we view our flocks ſecurely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blitheſome lad, a tale I mean to ſing,
But with my wo ſhall diſtant vallies ring;
The tale ſhall make our kidlings droop their head,
For wo is me!——our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewel my glee! †
No happineſs is now reſerv'd for me.
As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
So ſhall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerleſs maid that did all maids excel.

† Glee, joy; from the Dutch glooren, to recreate.

Henceforth the morn ſhall dewy ſorrow ſhed,
And ev'ning tears upon the graſs be ſpread;
The rolling ſtreams with wat'ry grief ſhall flow,
And winds ſhall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn ſhall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, ſhall mourn:
This ſeaſon quite ſhall ſtrip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind ſhall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows our paſſion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Freſh riſing ſorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damſel's guide,
When rotten ſticks our fuel have ſupply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently theſe happy ſhoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And ſtuff'd her apron wide with nuts ſo brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miſs'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feaſt of acorns lay,
Th' untoward creatures to the ſtye I drove,
And whiſtled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I ſhall her goodly countenance eſpy;
For there her goodly countenance I've ſeen,
Set off with kerchief ſtarch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, ſhe rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound.
Whilom I've ſeen her ſkim the clouted cream,
And preſs from ſpongy curds the milky ſtream.
But now, alas! theſe ears ſhall hear no more
The whining ſwine ſurround the dairy door,

No more her care ſhall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye ſwine, in grunting ſpend your grief,
For you, like me, have loſt your ſole relief.
When in the barn the ſounding flail I ply,
Where from her ſieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will ſeem around to ſtand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand;
No ſuccour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have loſt their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon barley mow I paſs,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy laſs.
I pitch'd the ſheaves, (oh could I do ſo now),
Which ſhe in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the ſweet kiſs my courtſhip has explain'd.
Ah Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er ſhall ſee,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields, and rueful ſymptoms ſhow,
Henceforth let not the ſmelling primroſe grow;
Let weeds inſtead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads, inſtead of daiſies, hemlock bear;
For couſlips ſweet let dandelions ſpread,
For Blouzelinda, blitheſome maid, is dead!
Lament, ye ſwains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And ſpell ye right, this verſe upon her ſtone:
Here Blouzelinda lies——Alas, alas!
Weep, ſhepherds——and remember fleſh is graſs.

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy ſongs are ſweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirſty cattle rivers clear;

Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
Or buns and ſugar to the damſel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name ſhall tune my lay;
Of her I'll ſing for ever and for aye.
When Blouzelind expir'd, the weather's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The ſolemn death-watch click'd the hour ſhe dy'd,
And ſhrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The bodding raven on her cottage ſat,
And with hoarſe croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal inſtant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten ſtick the bees I ſpy'd,
Which erſt I ſaw when Goody Dobſon dy'd.
How ſhall I, void of tears, her death relate,
While on her darling's bed her mother ſat!
Theſe words the dying Blouzelinda ſpoke,
And *of the dead let none the will revoke.*
Mother, quoth ſhe, let not the poultry need,
And give the gooſe wherewith to raiſe her breed;
Be theſe my ſiſter's care—and ev'ry morn
Amid the ducklings let her ſcatter corn;
The ſickly calf that's hous'd, be ſure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet, ere I die—ſee, mother, yonder ſhelf,
There ſecretly I've hid my worldly pelf,
Twenty good ſhillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parſon's, for my ſermon paid.
The reſt is your's—my ſpinning-wheel and rake,
Let Suſan keep for her dear ſiſter's ſake;
My new ſtraw-hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for ſhe's a damſel clean.

My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent.
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisie, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
He said, that Heav'n would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze;
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.
For gaffer Tread-well told us by the bye,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
While padling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy ſtrain,
Till bonny Suſan ſped a-croſs the plain;
They ſeiz'd the laſs in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-houſe forc'd the willing maid:
In ale and kiſſes they forgot their cares,
And Suſan Blouzelinda's loſs repairs.

SATURDAY;

OR, THE

FLIGHTS.

BOUZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER ſtrains, O ruſtic Muſe, prepare;
Forget a while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raiſe,
The drunkard's flights require ſonorous lays;
With Bouzybeus' ſongs exalt thy verſe,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearſe.
'Twas in the ſeaſon when the reapers toil
Of the ripe harveſt 'gan to rid the ſoil;
Wide through the field was ſeen a goodly rout,
Clean damſels bound the gather'd ſheaves about;
The lads with ſharpen'd hook, and ſweating brow,
Cut down the labours of the winter plow.
To the near hedge young Suſan ſteps aſide,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd:
Whate'er ſhe did, ſhe ſtoop'd adown unſeen,
And merry reapers, what they liſt, will ween.

Soon ſhe roſe up, and cry'd with voice ſo ſhrill
That Echo anſwer'd from the diſtant hill;
The youths and damſels ran to Suſan's aid,
Who thought ſome adder had the laſs diſmay'd.
When faſt aſleep they Bouzybeus ſpy'd,
His hat and oaken ſtaff lay cloſe beſide:
That Bouzybeus who could ſweetly ſing,
Or with the roſin'd bow torment the ſtring:
That Bouzybeus who with finger's ſpeed
Could call ſoft warblings from the breathing reed:
That Bouzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches ſung.
They loudly laugh to ſee the damſel's fright,
And in diſport ſurround the drunken wight.
Ah Bouzybee, why didſt thou ſtay ſo long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous ſtrong!
Thou ſhould'ſt have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou ſat'ſt toping till the morning light.
Cic'ly, briſk maid, ſteps forth before the rout,
And kiſs'd with ſmacking lips the ſnoring lout;
For cuſtom ſays, *Whoe'er this venture proves,*
For ſuch a kiſs demands a pair of gloves.
By her example, Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling ſtraw within his noſe;
He rubs his noſtril, and in wonted joke
The ſneering ſwains with ſtamm'ring ſpeech beſpoke:
To you, my lads, I'll ſing my carols o'er;
As for the maids—I've ſomething elſe in ſtore.
No ſooner 'gan he raiſe his tuneful ſong,
But lads and laſſes round about him throng.
Not ballad-ſinger, plac'd above the crowd,
Sings with a note ſo ſhrilling, ſweet, and loud;

Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bouzybeus soothes th' attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun †,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing colworts upward grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns,
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep.
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose;
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;

† Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations.

How the tight lafs knives, combs, and feiffars fpies,
And looks on thimbles with defiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where filver fpoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and laffes trudge the ftreet along,
And all the fair is crowded in his fong.
The mountebank now treads the ftage, and fells
His pills, his balfams, and his ague-fpells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler fprings,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden fwings;
Jack Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,
Toffes the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
Of raree-fhows he fung, and Punch's fates,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then fad he fung, *The children in the wood*,
Ah, barb'rous uncle, ftain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in defarts wild,
And, fearlefs, at the glitt'ring faulchion fmil'd;
Their little corps the Robin-red-breaft found,
And ftrow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah, gentle birds! if this verfe lafts fo long,
Your names fhall live for ever in my fong.

For buxom Joan he fung the doubtful ftrife *,
How the fly failor made the maid a wife.

To louder ftrains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befel,
When *Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,*
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!

* A fong in the comedy of Love for Love, beginning, A foldier and a failor, &c.

Ah With'rington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadſt never heard the horn or hound!
Yet ſhall the ſquire who fought on bloody ſtumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
All in the land of Eſſex next he chaunts *,
How to ſleek mares ſtarch quakers turn gallants:
How the brave brother ſtood on bank ſo green,
Happy for him if mares had never been.
Then he was ſeiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a ſudden ſung the hundredth pſalm.
He ſung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilybullero, and the Iriſh Trot.
Why ſhould I tell of Bateman, or of Shore †,
Or Wantley's dragon, ſlain by valiant Moore,
The bower of Roſamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the *graſs now grows where Troy town ſtood*?
His carols ceas'd: The liſt'ning maids and ſwains
Seem ſtill to hear ſome ſoft imperfect ſtrains.
Sudden he roſe; and, as he reels along,
Swears kiſſes ſweet ſhould well reward his ſong.
The damſels laughing fly: The giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-ſheaf drops a-down;
The pow'r that guards the drunk his ſleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the ſun deſcends.

* A ſong of Sir J. Denham's. See his poems.
† Old Engliſh ballads.