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Poems

Poems on several occasions

Gay, John

Edinburgh, 1773

Monday; or, the squabble

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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.