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Poems On Several Occasions

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Saturday; or the Flights.

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SATURDAY;
OR, THE
FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.



UBLIMER 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 *Bowzybeus'* songs exalt thy verse,

While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

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'Twas in the season when the reapers toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;

Wide

Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
 Clean damfels bound the gather'd sheaves about, 10
 The lads with sharpen'd hooks 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,
 What-e'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15
 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 damfels ran to *Susan's* aid,
 Who thought some adder had the lasfs dismay'd. 20

When fast asleep they *Bowzybeus* spy'd,
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside.
 That *Bowzybeus* who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string:
 That *Bowzybeus* who with finger's speed 25
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
 That *Bowzybeus* who with jocond tongue,
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung,
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
 And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

22. *Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.* Virg.

Ah

Ah *Bowzybee*, why didst thou stay so long ?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong !
 Thou shouldst 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, 35
 And kiss'd with smack ing lip the snoring lout.
 For custom says, *Who'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. 40
 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, 45
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-finger plac'd above the croud
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,

40. *Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit.* Virg.
 43. *Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis.*
Huic aliud mercedis erit. Virg.
 47. *Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes;*
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea. Virg.
 Nor

Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like *Bowrybeus* sooths th' attentive air. 50

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owle can never face the sun.
For owles, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below, 55
And how the closing colworts upwards grow ;
How *Will-a-Wisp* mis leads 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. 60
He sung where wood-cocks 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 season keep, 65
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.

51. *Our swain had possibly read Tuller, from whence he might
have collected these philosophical observations.
Namque canebat mi magnum per inane coacta &c.*

For

For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppy's still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

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 filken laces hung upon the twine, 75
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lads, knives, combs, and scissars spys,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold. 80
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crouded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs, 85
And on the rope the ventrous maiden swings;
Jack-Pudding in his parti-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
Of *Raree-shows* he sung, and *Punch's* feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90

Then

Then sad he sung *the children in the Wood*.
 Ah barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood !
 How blackberries they pluck'd in defarts wild,
 And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd ;
 Their little corps the robin-red-breasts found, 95
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
 Ah gentle birds ! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom *Joan* he sung the doubtful strife,
 How the sly sailer made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woeful wars in *Cherry-chase* befell,
 When *Piercy* drove the deer with bound and horn,
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn !
 Ah *With'rington*, more years thy life had crown'd, 105
 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.

97. *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo.* Virg.
 99. *A Song in the Comedy of Love for Love, beginning
 A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.*



All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
 How to fleek mares starch quakers turn gallants : 116
 How the grave 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 *Taffy Welch*, and *Sawney Scot*, 115
Lilly-bullero and the *Irish Trot*.
 Why should I tell of *Bateman* or of *Shore*,
 Or *Wantley's Dragon* slain by valiant *Moore*,
The bow'r of Rosamond, or *Robin Hood*, 119
 And how the *grafs* 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.

109. *A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.*

112. *Et fortunatam si nunquam Armenta fuissent
 Paspisæen.*

117. *Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.*

117. *Old English Ballads.*

Virg.

The

The F L I G H T S. 123

The damsels laughing fly : the giddy clown 125
Again upon a wheat-sheaf, drops adown ;
The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
'Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.



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