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Poems On Several Occasions

Gay, John

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The Shepherd's Week. In Six Pastorals.

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The Shepherd's Week.

P. Fourdrinier sculp.



THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.
IN
SIX PASTORALS.

*Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas.* Virg.



THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK
IN
SIX PASTORALS.

Libert mibi fexilla toro
Vig. ———
Vig. ———





THE
P R O E M E
To the Courteous
R E A D E R.

GREAT marvell hath it been,
(and that not unworthily to di-
verse worthy wits,) that in this
our Island of Britain, in all rare
sciences so greatly abounding, more
especially in all kinds of Poesie highly flourish-
ing, 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 my attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain high-
way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes,
such

The PROEME.

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 native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious plough-men, 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 gallimaufry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous 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 Idyll, maketh his louts give soul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ἄπειρος ἔσται ἡ ἐσομένη τὰς μιν κίβδηλας οἰαβατεῦντι
 τὰς ὀφθαλμοῦς ὅτι ἔτερον αὐτὸς ἔχειτο. Theoc.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled

The P R O E M E.

*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 motley make, instead of
plain downright hearty cleanly folk, 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 landschape 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 grafs or kine
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.*

*Thou wilt not find my shepberdesse 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 shepberd gathereth none other
nosegays but what are the growth of our own
fields,*



The P R O E M E.

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, soathly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepberd'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 shepberd's calendar, and divided the same into the 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 shepberds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many
of

The P R O E M E.

of maister Spencer's eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein, nothing is specified; where-in 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 my self, 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



The P R O E M E.

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, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

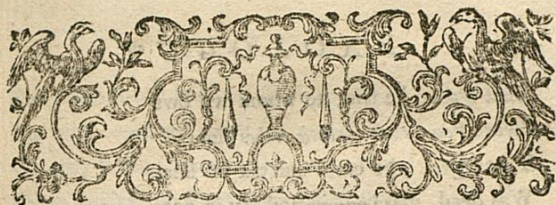
Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thy self with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy loving Countryman,

JOHN GAY.

P R O-





PROLOGUE

To the Right Honourable the

Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE.



O, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung *Bumkinet* and *Bowzybee*,
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 haut-boy sound,
Our *Clerk* came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *Queen*;

That

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 pinnars 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 *Elizabeth*,
 I broke my reed, and fighting swore
 I'd weep for *Blouzelind* no more.

While thus we stood as in a ffound,
 And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
 Full soon by bonfire and by bell
 We learnt our Liege was passing well.
 A skilful leach (so God him speed)
 They say had wrought this blessed deed,
 This leach *Arbutnot* was yclept,
 Who many a night not once had slept ;

But

But watch'd our gracious Sov'reign still :
For who could rest when she was ill ?
Oh, may't thou henceforth sweetly sleep !
Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch ; for well I ween,
He fav'd the realm who fav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hye with glee
To court, this *Arbutnot* to see.
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue :
My boxen haut-boy 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



No more I'll sing *Buxoma* brown,
 Like goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown;
 Nor *Clumfilis*, nor *Marian* bright,
 Nor damsel that *Hobnelia* hight.
 But *Landſdown* freſh as flow'r of *May*,
 And *Berkely* 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 wou'd 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 *Mofes* in our Bibles fair;
 Who for our traffick 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 ferges grow,

For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leafings leud affright the swain.

There saw I *St. John*, sweet of mein,
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 ev'n as my Lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not affairs of States and Kings
Wait, while our *Bowzybeus* 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,



M O N D A Y;
OR, THE
S Q U A B B L E.

Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.

L O B B I N C L O U T.



HY younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just awake,
No thrushes shrill the bramble bush forsake;
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes;
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;

O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear, 5
Then why does *Cuddy* leave his cott so rear?

Line

3. *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 Chaucer.

Ne in all the *Welkin* was no cloud.

Sheen or *Shine*, an old Word for shining or bright.

5. *Scant*, used in the ancient British authors for scarce.
6. *Rear*, an expression in several counties of England, for early in the morning.

E 2

C U D D Y.

C U D D Y.

Ah *Lobbin Clout*! I ween my plight is gueft,
 For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
 If swans belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
 And *Blouzelinda's* mistress of thy heart. 10
 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.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Ah *Blouzelind*! I love thee more by half, 15
 Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
 Woe worth the tongue! may blisters fore it gall,
 That names *Buxoma*, *Blouzelind* withal.

C U D D Y.

Hold, witless *Lobbin Clout*, I thee advise,
 Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20
 Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithsome swain,
 The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
 From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the skies,
 To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.

7. To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

He

The S Q U A B B L E. 77

He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would straight ensue;
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the Welkin would be clear, 30
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.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with hair, 35
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.

C U D D Y.

Begin thy carrols then, thou vaunting slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

L O B B I N C L O U T.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blitheest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass,

25. *erst*, a contraction of *ere* this, it signifies sometime ago
or formerly.



78 *First PASTORAL.*

Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
 Fair is the daisie that beside her grows,
 Fair is the gilly-flow'r, of gardens sweet,
 Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet. 45
 But *Blouzelind's* than gilly-flow'r more fair,
 Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

C U D D Y.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateft maid,
 That e'er at Wake delightfome gambol play'd. 50
 Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
 And like the goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown.
 The witlefs lamb may sport upon the plain,
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55
 And my cur *Tray* play deftest feats around ;
 But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor *Tray*,
 Dance like *Buxoma* on the first of *May*.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouzelind* is near,
 Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year. 60
 With her no sultry summer's heat I know ;
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.

36. *Dest*, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

Come,



The S Q U A B B L E. 79

Come, *Blouzelinda*, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow and my winter's fire!

C U D D Y.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay, 65
E'en noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish would soon be done.
Eftsoon, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As *Blouzelinda* in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I sily 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, 75
Her Breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

C U D D Y.

As my *Buxoma* in a morning fair,
With gentle finger stroak'd her milky care,

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

80 *First PASTORAL.*

I quaintly 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.

80

LOBBIN CLOUT.

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

85

C U D D Y.

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.

90

79. *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 been 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.

83. *Populus Alcide gratissima, vitis Iaccho,*
Formosa Myrtus Veneri, sua Laurea Phæbo.
Phyllis amat Corylos. Ilias dum Phyllis amabit,
Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phæbi, &c. Virg.

While

The S Q U A B B L E.

81

While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As once I play'd at *Blindman's-Buff*, it hapt 95
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I mis'd the swains, and seiz'd on *Blouzelind*.
True speaks that ancient proverb, *Love is blind*.

C U D D Y.

As at *Hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a Clown; 100
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

On two near Elms, the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my *Blouzelinda* swung.
With the rude wind her rump'd garment rose, 105
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And my self pois'd against the tott'ring maid,
High leapt the plank; adown *Buxoma* fell;
I spy'd ----- but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain.

† *What Flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,
The richest metal joined with the same?*

C U D D Y.

Answer, thou *Carle*, and judge this riddle right, 115
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning *Wight*.

* *What Flower is that which royal honour craves?
Adjoin the Virgin, and 'tis strown on graves.*

C L O D D I P O L E.

Forbear contending louts, give o'er your frains, 120
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 adry,
They're weary of your songs----- and so am I.

† *Marygold*

* *Rosemary.*

117. *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum*

Nascantur flores.

Virg.

120. *Et vitula tu dignus & hic.*

Virg.



TUESDAY,



T U E S D A Y ;

O R, T H E

D I T T Y .

M A R I A N .



YOUNG *Colin Clout*, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the
reed ;

In ev'ry wood his carrols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.

When in the ring the rustick routs he threw, 5

The damsels pleasures with his conquests grew ;

Or when assant 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. 10

Marian that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,

Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow ;

Marbled

Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheefe she pres'd,
 And yellow butter *Marian's* skill confes'd;
 But *Marian* now devoid of country cares, 15
 Nor yellow butter nor sage cheefe prepares.
 For yearning love the witlefs maid employs,
 And *Love*, say swains, *all busy heed destroys*.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
 A las that *Cic'ly* hight, had won his heart, 20
Cic'ly the western las that tends the kee,
 The rival of the Parson's maid was she.
 In dreary shade now *Marian* lies along,
 And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song.

Ah woful day! ah woful noon and morn! 25
 When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
 Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
 My sheep were filly, but more filly I.
 Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
 They lost but fleeces while I lost a heart. 30

Ah *Colin*! canst thou leave thy Sweetheart true!
 What I have done for thee will *Cic'ly* do?

21. Kee, a *West-Country* Word for Kine or Cows.

Will

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, 35
 And ev'ry *Sunday* morn thy neckloth plait?
 Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
 In service time drew *Cic'ly's* eyes aside.

Where e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
 My new disasters in my look appear.
 White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown, 40
 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 devine, 45
 And wilt not that with thoughtful love I pine.
 Yet *Colin Clout*, untoward shepherd swain,
 Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas *Marian's* dear delight
 To moil all day, and merry-make at night, 50
 If in the foil 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

In misling days when I my thresher heard, 55
 With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd ;
 Loft in the musick of the whirling flail,
 To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail :
 In harvest when the Sun was mounted high,
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply ; 60
 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 carr, 65
 Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far ;
 Straight on the fire the footy pot I plac't,
 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, 70
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mefs.
 Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less ?

Last *Friday's* eve, when as the sun was set,
 I, near yon stile, three fallow gypfies met,
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook ;

They

They said that many crosses I must prove,
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
 Next morn I mis'd three hens and our old cock,
 And off the hedge two pinner and a smock. 80
 I bore these losses with a christian mind,
 And no mishap 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, 85
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not fate 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? 90
 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, 95
 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.

88 *Second PASTORAL.*

As this is grav'd upon this Knife of thine,
So is thy image on this Heart of mine. 100
But woe 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 Dobbins* brought her cow to bull,
With apron blue to dry her tears she fought, 105
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.



W E D.



W E D N E S D A Y ;

OR, THE

* D U M P S .

S P A R A B E L L A .



HE 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.

* *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 dy'd of Melancholy. So Mopes after the same manner is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian King that dy'd 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.*

No

No mag-pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
 No ox was heard to low, nor afs' to bray.
 No rusling breezes play'd the leaves among,
 While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O *Durfey*, 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* lyricks swell in ev'ry voice;
 Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Line 5. *Immemor Herbarum quos est mirata juventa
 Certantes, quorum stupefacta carmine Lynceus;
 Et mixtata suos requierunt flumina cursus.*

Virg.

9. *Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
 Sive oram Illyrici legis equoris* -----

11. *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*.

17. *Meed*, an old Word for *Fame or Renown*.

18. ----- *Hanc sine tempora circum
 Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.*

Now

Now the Sun drove adown the western road,
 And oxen laid at rest forget the goad, 20
 The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade:
 When *Sparabella* pensive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise 25
 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 *Clumfilis* put on. 30
 Sure if he'd eyes (*but Love, they say, has none*)
 I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
 Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 35
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

25. *Incumbens tereti Damon sic capit Olive.*

33. *Shent, an old word signifying hurt or harmed.*

Shall heavy *Clumfilis* 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 born; 40
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
 Her aukward fit did ne'er employ the churn;
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
 Before it ever felt the thunder's Pow'r:
 No hufwifry the dowdy creature knew; 45
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew:

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen 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. 50
 Though *Clumfilis* may boast a whiter dye,
 Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
 And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.

37. *Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus Amantes?* Virg.

49. *Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in Littore vidi.* Virg.

53. *Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.* Virg.

Her

Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek, 55
 While *Katharine*-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 clocking hen make friendſhip with the kite, 60
 Let the fox ſimply wear the nuptial nooſe,
 And join in wedlock with the wadling gooſe;
 For love hath brought a ſtranger thing to paſs,
 The faireſt ſhepherd weds the fouleſt laſs.

My plaints, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid, 65
'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 ſcricch-owls baſk in ſunny day,
 And the ſlow aſs on trees, like ſquirrels, play, 70
 Sooner ſhall ſnails on inſect pinions rove,
 Than I forget my ſhepherd's wonted love.

59. *Fungentur jam Gryphes equis; avoque ſequenti*
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula Dame.

67. *Ante leves ergo paſcentur in athere Corvi,*
Es freta deſtituent nudos in littore piſces----
Quæ a neſtro illius labatur pectore vultus.

Virg.

Virg.

My

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood, 75
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, 80
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that *Dick* in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from Disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee, 85
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Now plain I ken whence *Love* his rife begun.
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son. 90

Bred

89. To ken. *Scire* Chaucero, to ken, and Kende notus A. S. cunnan Gath. Kunnan. Germanis Kennen. Danis Kiende. Islandis

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 fillier shepherdeſs deſtroys,
 Does ſon or father greater miſchief do?
 The fire is cruel, ſo the ſon is too.

95

*My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.*

Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye ſreams that flow;
 A ſudden death ſhall rid me of my woe. 100
 This penknife keen my windpipe 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!

*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.
 Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor, &c.*

*Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
 Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater,*

Virg.

99. ----- vivite Sylva.

*Præcepſ aeris ſpecula de montis in undas
 Deſerar.*

Virg.

III



I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
 On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool, 10;
 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; 110
 And thence, if courage holds, my self I'll throw,
 And quench my passion in the lake below.

*Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
 And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.*

The sun was set; the night came on apace, 115
 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;



T H U R S D A Y;

OR, THE

S P E L L.

H O B N E L I A.



O B N E L I A, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the Day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!

5

V O L. I.

F

When

When *Lubberkin* to town his cattle drove,
 A maiden fine bedight he apt to love ;
 The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
 And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10
 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, 15
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,
 I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rab that won the smock scarce ran so fast.
 'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
 Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizled hair,
 As like to *Lubberkin's* in curl and hue,
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

Line

8. Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word *dightan*, which signifies to set in order.
 21. Doff and don, contracted from the words do off and do on.

With

With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground, 25
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve last *Midsummer* no sleep I fought,
 But to the field a bag of hempseed brought,
 I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
This hemp-seed 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 beel I three times mark the ground, 35
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last *Valentine*, the day when birds of kind
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
 I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away; 40
 A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
 To milk my kine (for so should hufwives 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, 45
 And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

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

Last *May-day* fair I search'd to find a snail
 That might my secret lover's name reveal; 50
 Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
 I seiz'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, 55
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:
 Oh, may this wond'rous 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 sweet-heart's name.

This

This with the loudest bounce me fore amaz'd,
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
 As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow, 65
 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, 70
 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. 76
 I broke my yarn surpriz'd the sight to see,
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted flight,
 So may again his love with mine unite! 80

64. ——— ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δίφαιδι δάφναν
 Αἰθα. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίει μίγα καππυρ'σασα.

66. *Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.*

102 Fourth PASTORAL.

*With my sharp beel 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, 85
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 beel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.* 90

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 95
Than what the paring makes upon the green.

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

93. *Transque Caput jace; ne respexeris.*

Virg.
This

This pippin shall another tryal make,
 See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100
 This on my cheek for *Lubberkin* is worn,
 And *Boobyclod* on t'other side is born,
 But *Boobyclod* soon drops upon the ground,
 A certain token that his Love's unsound,
 While *Lubberkin* sticks firmly to the last; 105
 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; 110
 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; 115
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

109. *Neste tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores?*
Neste, Amarylli, modò; & Veneris die vincula neste. Virg.

104 Fourth PASTORAL.

*With my sharp beel 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, 120
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purſe grew heavy and my basket light,
Straight to the pothecary's ſhop I went,
And in love-powder all my money ſpent;
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers, 125
When to the alehouſe *Lubberkin* repairs,
Theſe golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And ſoon the ſwain with fervent love ſhall glow.

*With my ſharp beel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.* 130

But hold ----- our *Lightfoot* barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder file ſee *Lubberkin* appears.

123. *Has Herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi læta venena
Ipſe dedit Mæris.* Virg.

127. ——— Ποτόν κακὸν ἀγορεύεισθε

Theoc.

131. *Nefcio quid certe eſt: & Hylax in limine laſtrat.*

He

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!





F R I D A Y;
OR, THE
* D I R G E.
BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.



HY, *Grubbinol*, dost thou so wiftful 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 show'r of leaves is born, 5
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.

* *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 Teutonick 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.

Yet

Yet e'en this season pleafance blithe affords,
 Now the fqueeze'd prefs foams with our apple hoards.
 Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheary bowl,
 Let cider new *wafh sorrow from thy foul.* 10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah *Bumkinet!* fince thou from hence wert gone,
 From thefe fad plains all merriment is flown;
 Should I reveal my grief 'twould fpoil thy cheer,
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

Hang sorrow! Let's to yonder hutt repair, 15
 And with trim fonnets *caft away our care.*
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou fing'ft moft fweet, o'er hills and far away,
 Of *Patient Griffel* I devise to fing,
 And catches quaint fhall make the valleys ring. 20
 Come, *Grubbinol*, beneath this fhelter come,
 From hence we view our flocks fecurely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithfome lad, a tale I mean to fing,
 But with my woe fhall diftant valleys ring.

15. *Incipe Mofe prior, fi quos aut Phyllidis ignet,
 Ante Alconis habes Landes, aut jurgia Codri.*

The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head, 25
 For woe is me! ----- our *Blouzelind* is dead.

B U M K I N E T.

Is *Blouzelinda* dead? farewell 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. 30
 Of *Blouzelinda* fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excell.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
 The rowling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35
 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. 40

Where-e'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.

27. Glee, *Joy*; from the Dutch, *Glooren*, to recreate.

Thither

Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 25
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 ; 50
Or when her feeding hogs had mis'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay ;
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way ----- or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
I shall her goodly countenance espie,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinders clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60
Whilome 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 hallow tray, 65
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.

Lament,



Lament, ye swine, in gruntings spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the founding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70
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, 75
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 kifs my courtship has explain'd, 80
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;

84. *Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo Narcisso
Carduus, & spinis surgit Paliurus acutis.*

Virg.

Let

Let weeds instead of butter-flow'rs appear, 85
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
 For *Blouzelinda*, blithsome maid, is dead!
 Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone. 90
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, 95
 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; 100

90. Et Tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite Carmen.

93. Tale tuum carmen nobis, Divine Poeta,
 Quale sepor fessis in gramine: quale per astum
 Dulcis aqua saliente sitim restringere rivo.
 Nos tamen hac quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
 Dicemus, Daphninq; tuum tollemus ad astra. Virg.

96. Κρέσσον μελοποιμένω τευ ακέμεν ἢ μίλι λείχειν.

Theoc.

The

The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
 The boding raven on her cottage fate,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of our fate;
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105
 Drop'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,
 When on her dearling's bed her mother fate! 110
 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 sifter's care ----- and ev'ry morn 115
 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. 120
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
 Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid.

The

The rest is yours ----- my spinning-wheel and rake,
 Let *Susan* keep for her dear filter's sake;
 My new straw-hat that's trimly lin'd with green, 125
 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. 130
 Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lambs, 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 lassies bore, 135
 While dismally the Parson walk'd before.
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
 The daisy, 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 heaven would take her soul, no doubt, 141
 And spoke the hour-glafs in her praise ---- quite out.

To

114 *Fifth* PASTORAL.

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, 145
 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 cider mull'd, with ginger warm. 150
 For gaffer *Tread-well* told us by the by,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
 Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
 While padding ducks the standing lake desire, 155
 Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
 While moles the crumbling 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-crofs the plain; 160

153. *Dum juga montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit,
 Dumque Thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicada,
 Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudisque manebunt.*

They

They seiz'd the las in apron clean aray'd,
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid ;
In ale and kiffes they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's los repairs.



SATUR-



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.

5

'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 damfel'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.



G 2

40

AN
ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE
OF

*Names, Plants, Flowers, Fruits, Birds,
Beasts, Insects, and other material things
mentioned in these Pastorals.*

A		Bran	2, 44	
A	CORNS	Paft. 5, v. 52	Blackberry	6, 93
	Adder	6, 20	Blind-man's-buff	1, 95
	Ale-Houfe	5, 8	Bramble	1, 2
	Apple	4, 126	<i>Blouzelind</i>	1, 10. 5, 26
	Apron	2, 105. 5, 50	Breakfast	2, 52
	Afs	3, 6. 3, 70	Bull	2, 104
	Autumn	5, 3. 5, 37	<i>Bumkinet</i>	3, 28
			Bun	5, 96
B		<i>Booyclod</i>	4, 102	
Barley	2, 70. 5, 78	Butter	1, 33	
Ballad-finger	6, 47	<i>Boawzybeus</i>	6	
Bat	3, 117	Butcher	3, 90	
<i>Bateman</i>	6, 117	Butterflower	5, 85	
Bays	3, 18	<i>Luxoma</i>	1, 14	
Barn	1, 122. 5, 69	C		
Beech	5, 6	Calf	1, 16. 1, 55	
Bee	5, 107	Capo 1	1, 90	
			Carr	

I N D E X.

Carr	2, 65	Doe	1, 16
Cat	2, 90. 3, 67	<i>Dorcas</i>	6, 39
<i>Cicily</i>	2, 20. 6, 35	Dragon	6, 118
Clover-grafs	1, 42	Drink	3, 43
<i>Cloddipole</i>	1	Goody <i>Dobson</i>	5, 108
Churn	3, 42	Duck	5, 155
Colworts	6, 56	Duckling	5, 116
<i>Clumfils</i>	3, 30	Ducking-stool	3, 105
Cock	2, 79		
Comb	6, 77	E	
Cow	1, 16. 1, 82. 2, 104	Eggs	4, 120
<i>Colin Clout</i>	2, 1	Elm	5, 5
Clouted Cream	5, 61	Endive	5, 138
Cowslips.	5, 87	Epitaph	5, 90
Chalk	2, 44		
Cricket	5, 102	F	
Curd	5, 62	Fair	6, 71
<i>Cuddy</i>	1	Fawn	1, 16
Church-yard	5, 148	Fox	3, 61
Cuckow	4, 15	Fuel	5, 46
Cur	1, 56		
Cyder	5, 150	G	
Corns	1, 28	Gilly-flower	1, 45
		Gloves	6, 38
D		Glow-worm	6, 60
Dairy	5, 42	Garter	4, 110
Daisy	1, 44	Goldfinch	1, 52
Dandelion	5, 87	Ginger	5, 150
<i>Deborah</i>	4, 18	Goole	5, 114
Death-watch	5, 101	<i>Gillian of Croydon</i>	5, 17
<i>D'Urfe</i>	3, 9	Gooseberry	4, 51
Goody <i>Dobbins</i>	2, 104	Green Gown	4, 135
Deer	1, 36		
<i>Dick</i>	3, 83	G 3	Graf

I N D E X.

Grafs	4, 94	Kid	1, 54
<i>Grubbinol</i>	5.	Kerchief	5, 58
Gypsy	2, 74	Kidling	5, 25
H		Kifs	1, 73
Hare	3, 59	Kite	3, 60
Holy-day	1, 66	Kerfey Doublet	2, 37
Haycock	1, 72	Knife	1, 89
Hazel Nut	4, 61	Kingcup	1, 43
Harvest	6, 8	L	
Hemlock	5, 86	Lady-Bird	4, 85
Hempseed	4, 28	Leather	2, 44
Heifer	1, 25	Lamb	1, 53
Hen	3, 60	<i>Lobin Clout</i>	1.
Hour-glass	5, 142	Love Powder	4, 124
Holly	3, 54	Lambkin	5, 105
Hofen	2, 33	Lottery	6, 79
<i>Hobnelia</i>	4.	Lark	1, 3
Hot-cockles	1, 99	Leathern Bottle	5, 127
Hog	5, 51	<i>Lubberkin</i>	4, 7
<i>Hodge</i>	3, 15	Lilly	5, 60
Horfe	5, 148	Leek	3, 55
Goodman <i>Hodges</i>	1, 122	Lily-bullero	6, 116
Hound	3, 59	Linnet	3, 3
I.		M	
Jack-Pudding	6, 87	Mackerell	3, 68
Jay	3, 5	May-Day	1, 58
<i>Foan</i>	6, 99	Mag-pye	3, 5
Irish Trott	6, 166	Milk-pail	2, 58
K		Mare	6, 110
Katharine-Pear	3, 56	Mug	6, 32
		<i>Marian</i>	2, 9
		<i>Moore</i>	6, 118
		Mary-	

I N D E X.

Marygold	1, 46	<i>Patient Griffel</i>	5, 19
Midsummer-Eve	4, 27	Poultry	5, 113
Mole	5, 157	Parish Clerk	6, 49
Mountebank	6, 83	Puppy	6, 67
Mow	5, 75		

N

Neckcloth,	2, 36
Nuts	5, 50
Ninepence	5, 129

O

Oak	5, 3
Oatmeal	2, 44
Owl	6, 52
Oxen	3, 20

P

Ploughing	2, 51
Pease-cod	4, 69
Penny	5, 129
<i>Peggy</i>	5, 126
Penknife	3, 101
Pidgeon	5, 29
Pedlar	6, 73
Pig	3, 102
Pinner	5, 58
Pippin	4, 91
Pottage	5, 95
Potatoe	1, 84
Pudding	1, 91
Primrose	5, 84

R

Rake	1, 123
Raven	5, 103
<i>Robin-hood</i>	6, 119
Robin-re-breast	6, 95
Ring	6, 80
Rook	2, 54
<i>Rosamond</i>	6, 119
Roast Beef	1, 89
Ribbon	3, 29
Rosemary	5, 137
Riddle	1, 111

S

Swinging	1, 103
Spring	4, 16
<i>Sawney</i>	6, 115
Sage	2, 13
Scissars	6, 77
Sheep	2, 28
Straw-Hat	5, 125
Sloe	3, 52
Smock	4, 18
Snail	3, 71
Spinning Wheel	5, 123
Squirrel	3, 70
Sugar	5, 96
<i>Susan</i>	124

G 4

Squire

I N D E X.

Squire	3, 76				V
Sowing	2, 53				
Swallow	1, 29		<i>Valentine's Day</i>	4, 37	
<i>Sbore</i>	6, 117		Udder	1, 4	
Swine	5, 64				W
Summer	1, 61		Wake	2, 4	
Silver Spoon	6, 80		Weather	5, 99	
<i>Sparabella</i>	3,		Winter	1, 60	
See-sawing	1, 107		Weed	5, 85	
			<i>Will-a-Wisp</i>	6, 57	
T			Wheat-sheaf	6, 126	
Thimble	6, 79		Whey	5, 66	
Thrortle	1, 2		Whitepot	1, 92	
Tobacco	3, 40		Wood	5, 43	
Gaffer <i>Treadwell</i>	5, 151		Worky Day	1, 63	
<i>Troy Town</i>	6, 120		Woodcock	6, 61	
Turnip	1, 86		Whistling	5, 54	
Threshing	2, 55				Y
True-love's Knot	4, 115		Yarn	4, 77	
			Youngling	2, 26	



T R I V I A ;