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**Poems On Several Occasions**

**Gay, John**

**London, 1745**

Monday; or the Squabble. Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.

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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.



HY younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just awake,  
No thruffles 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,