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**Poems On Several Occasions**

**Gay, John**

**London, 1745**

Thursday; or, the Spell. Hobnelia.

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*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. *Nesse tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores?*  
*Nesse, Amarylli, modò; & Veneris die vincula nesse.* 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 ἀνθρώπων δίωω

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!

