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Poems On Several Occasions

Gay, John

London, 1745

Friday; or the Dirge. Bumkinet, Grubbinol.

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F R I D A Y;

OR, THE

* D I R G E.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.



W H Y, *Grubbinol*, dost thou so wittful 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 sweet, 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-