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JOHANNIS GILPINI

HISTORIA LEPIDA.



THE DIVERTING

HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

**JOHANNIS GILPINI**

**HISTORIA LEPIDA,**

**Præmonstrans quomodò, quàm sibi proposuerat, longiùs  
iit, et tutus domum rediit.**

**GILPINUS erat municeps  
Honoris quàm famosi,  
Turmarum et centurio  
Londini fabulosi.**

**Gilpino uxor incipit :  
“ Connubio collocati  
Decennia duo longa jam,  
Non sumus feriat.**

**“ Cras dies nuptialis est,  
Cauponæ suburbanæ  
Tunc ibimus in bijugis,  
Cui symbolum ‘ Campanæ.’**

THE DIVERTING

HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and  
came safe home again.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown ;  
A trainband captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
" Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

“ Soror, nepos, et egomet,  
Cum tribus filiabus,  
Implebimus curriculum ;  
Tu poné equitabis.”

Respondit mox : “ Mulierum  
Cùm unicam amò :  
Hæc tu es, optima rerum,  
Hoc faciam ergò.

“ Impavidus sum Linteo  
Ut totus orbis sapit ;  
Et Panni-Expolitor  
Equum suppeditabit.”

Tum uxor : “ Bene dictum est,  
Et vinum cùm sit carum,  
Nostro instructi ibimus,  
Quod splendens est, et clarum.”

Johannes, illam osculans,  
Quam-maximè gaudebat,  
Ut, voluptatem cogitans,  
Mens parca remanebat.

Manè venerunt bijugæ,  
Ad portam non permissæ  
Stare, ne illam homines  
Dicant superbam esse.

“ My sister and my sister’s child,  
Myself and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “ I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear ;  
Therefore it shall be done.

“ I am a linendraper bold,  
As all the world doth know ;  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “ That’s well said ;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;  
O’erjoyed was he to find,  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

Ad portam pone-proximam,  
In currum irrepebant ;  
Sex animæ, quæ quodlibet  
Perruere cupiebant.

Sonat flagellum : circumit  
Rota : lætantur illi :  
Saxa subcrepitant, tanquàm  
Insaniit " Latus-vile."

Gilpinus equi jubam  
Fluentem apprehendit,  
Et citò supersiluit  
Sed citiùs descendit.

Vixdum, tacto ephippio,  
Iter incipiebat,  
Cùm, caput circumvertens,  
Emptores tres videbat.

Descendit : tempus perdere  
Vix illi cordi esset,  
At perdere denaria,  
Plùs eum doluisset.

Emptores multò prius-quàm  
Mentes accommodavit,  
Ancilla, " Vinum restat !"  
E scalâ exclamavit.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in ;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad ;  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane ;  
And up he got in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again :

For saddletree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs,  
" The wine is left behind !"



“ Eheu !” ait, “ sed illud da,  
Cum lori balteò,  
In quo ensem fidissimum  
Exercitans ferò.”

Gilpina (cauta anima !)  
Duas ampullas parat,  
In queis tutò amabilem  
Liquorem conservaret.

Et cuique erat ansula,  
Per quam lorùm tetendit,  
Ampulla et utrinquè  
Æquilibris pependit :

Et, supra totum, ostri  
(Ut cataphractus esset)  
Paludamentum nitidum  
Virilitèr coniecit.

Nunc illum, ecce ! iterùm  
In alacri manno,  
Per lapides tardigradum,  
Cum passu provideo.

Sed viam læviorem,  
Cum equus reperit,  
Festinat hinniens, clunes  
Et equitis terit.

JOHANNIS GILPINI

ITER,

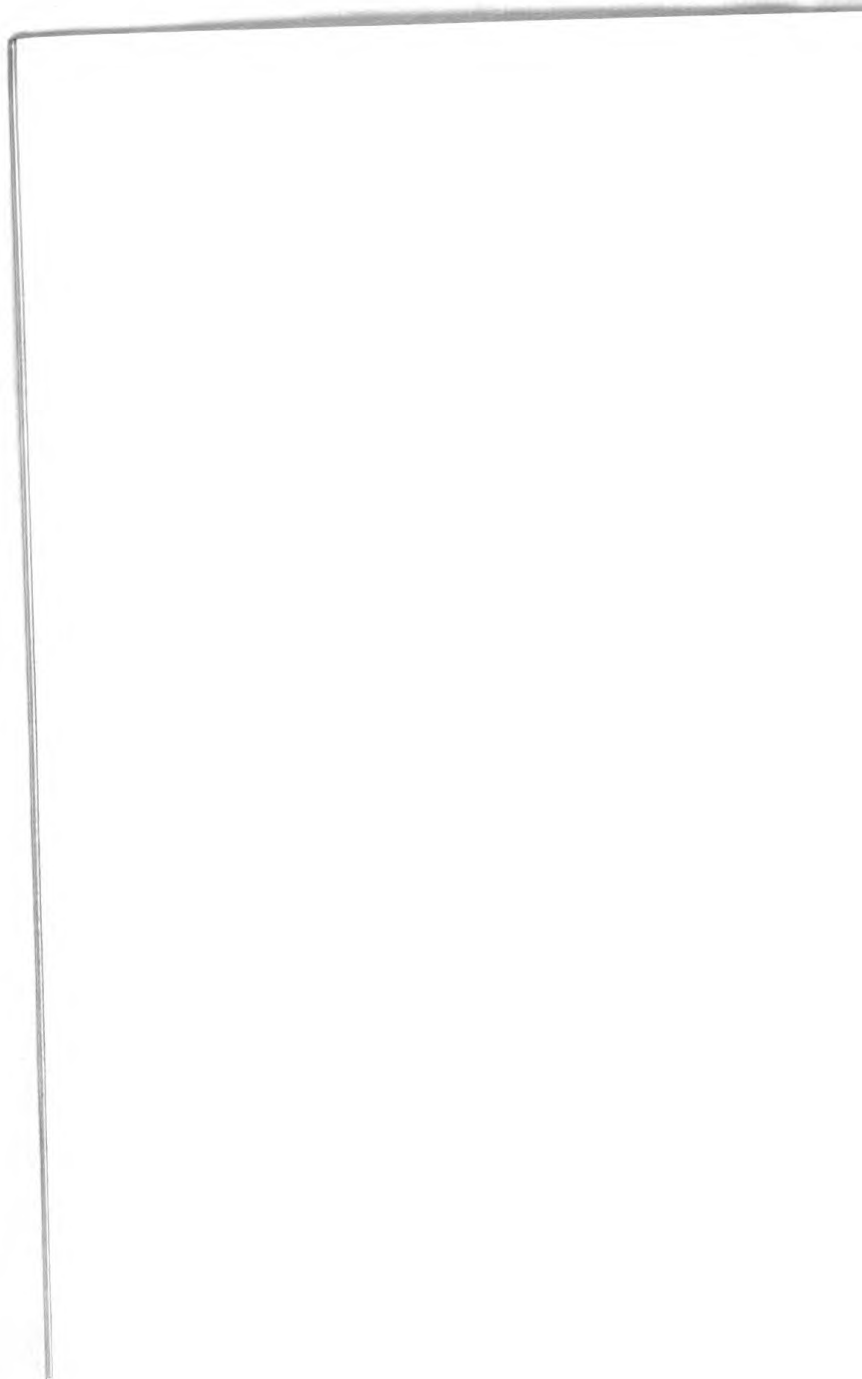
LATINE REDDITUM.

“POST EQUITEM SEDET ATRA CURA.”  
HOR.

*EDITIO ALTERA.*

OXONII,  
IMPENSIS J. VINCENT.

M DCCCXLI.



“ Good lack !” quoth he ; “ yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise.”

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung the bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o’er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

Fenestræ hiant :—pueri  
Et canes strepitabant,  
Et omnes, summis vocibus,  
“ Eugè, eugè ! ” clamabant.

Gilpinus it;—quis alter sit ?  
Fama ubique spargitur,  
“ Fert pondus ! cursu equitat,  
Immensum pignus agitur.”

Et illi propinqui,  
Mirandum est videri,  
Ut publica custodes  
Septa aperuère.

Et nunc, ut caput madidum  
Ad sellam declinebat,  
Ampullas ponè pensiles  
Percussio rumpebat.

In viam vinum defluit,  
Miserrimus aspectus !  
Et equus fumat, quasi sit  
Liquamine humectus.

Ast pondus ferre etiamnùm  
Omnes illum credebant,  
Cincturâ enim ansulæ  
Suspensæ remanebant.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all ;  
And every soul cried out " Well done !"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?  
His fame soon spread around ;  
" He carries weight, he rides a race !  
'Tis for a thousand pound !"

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike men,  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Sic lusit ille plateas  
 Per lætas Islingtonæ,  
 Usque ad natatoriam  
 Jucundæ Edmontonæ.

Et hïc utrinque pedibus  
 Equi jactatur rivus,  
 Velut scopa volubilis,  
 Vel anser ut festivus.

Hic amans uxor tenerum  
 Maritum speculata  
 A portico, quam-multùm, cur  
 Sic eat, est mirata.

“Siste, siste! est domus hæc,”  
 Clamant unaninë;  
 “Paratur prandium; tædet nos.”  
 Respondet; “Sic et me.”

Ast equus, nihilominùs,  
 Illic noluit restare;—  
 Cur? decem millia longiùs  
 Habebat domum Waræ.

Ergò, sagittæ similis  
 Ab arcu forti missæ,  
 Sic volat.—(Hic me gratulor  
 In mediis rebus esse.)

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here’s the house,”  
They all at once did cry;  
“The dinner waits, and we are tired;”  
Said Gilpin, “So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why?—His owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.



Gilpinus it ;—anhelus, et  
Minervâ repugnante,  
Donec ad portam sonipes  
Herilem stetit spontè.

Vicinum Expolitor cùm  
Sic videt, admiratur,  
Nicotiæ tubam ponit, et,  
Ad portam currens, fatur ;

“ Quid novi ? quid ? quid nuntias ?  
Ut narres est necesse,  
Miror te, nudo capite,  
Omninò vel adesse.”

Gilpinus opportunas  
Facetias amabat,  
Et sic Expolitori  
Responsum lætum dabat ;

“ Veni, quod equus voluit,  
Et, ni decipiar omine,  
Venit cum comis pileus—  
Sunt ambo in itinere.”

Amicum videns hilarem  
Expolitòr gaudebat,  
Et, domum citò repetens,  
Nil ei respondebat.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
 And sore against his will,  
 Till at his friend the calender's  
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
 His neighbour in such trim,  
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
 And thus accosted him :

“What news? what news? Your tidings tell;  
 Tell me you must and shall!—  
 Say why bareheaded you are come,  
 Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
 And loved a timely joke,  
 And thus unto the calender  
 In merry guise he spoke :

“I came because your horse would come;  
 And if I well forbode,  
 My hat and wig will soon be here—  
 They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
 His friend in merry pin,  
 Returned him not a single word,  
 But to the house went in ;

Redit statim cum pileo,  
Et comis defluentibus,  
Cum pileo haud pexissimo,  
Ambobus at nitentibus.

Attollit hæc, et invicem  
Facetias demonstrat :  
“ Est duplò majus caput hoc ;  
Aptabunt ergò, constat.

“ At vellem cœnum tergere,  
Quo facies fœdatur .  
Descende, ede aliquid,  
Vix enim eris satur.”

Respondet : “ Festa dies est,  
Et liceat mirari,  
Si uxor Edmontonæ, at  
Pranderem ego Waræ.”

Compellat tum quadrupedem :  
“ Volo prandere citò ;  
Hic es pro tuo genio,  
Pro meo retrò-ito.”

Eheu ! jactatio irrita !  
Et quam exsolvit carè,  
Nam fortè rudens asinus  
Cantavit juxtà clarè.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig—  
 A wig that flowed behind ;  
 A hat not much the worse for wear ;  
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
 Thus shewed his ready wit :  
 “ My head is twice as big as yours—  
 They therefore needs must fit.

“ But let me scrape the dirt away,  
 That hangs upon your face ;  
 And stop and eat, for well you may  
 Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,  
 And all the world would stare  
 If wife should dine at Edmonton  
 And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,  
 “ I am in haste to dine,  
 ’Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
 You shall go back for mine.”

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
 For which he paid full dear ;  
 For while he spake, a braying ass  
 Did sing most loud and clear :

Quo equus fremit, rugiens  
Quasi leæna sit,  
Et iterùm, quàm venerat,  
Rapidius rediit.

Gilpinus it : it pileus,  
Et capitis honores,  
Quos citius primo perdidit,  
Cur? erant grandiores!

Gilpina festinantem  
Sponsum in rus cernit,  
Dimidium et coronæ  
E loculis promit,

Et servo, ad Campanam  
Qui illos aurigavit,  
“ Si sponsum tutò redderet,  
Hoc proprium dicavit.”

Johanni redeunti  
Auriga mox offendit,  
Et, illum tentans sistere,  
Habenam apprehendit :

Sed quod volebat admodùm  
Perficere, non perfecit,  
Ast animal perterritum  
Magis perterrefecit.

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away  
She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,  
That drove them to the Bell,  
“ This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain ;  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein :

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frighted steed he frighted more,  
And made him faster run.

Gilpinus it, et calcibus  
Instat equus aurigæ,  
Equus perquàm lætificans  
Carere sono bigæ.

Sex generosi in viâ  
Gilpinum quùm vidère,  
Aurigam et vestigiis  
Instantem, clamavère :

“ Fur est : insidiator est ! ”  
Et nemo jam silescit,  
Ac, junctis viatoribus,  
Venatio accrescit.

Nunc raptim septa publica  
Aperiuntur rursùm,  
Credientibus custodibus  
Hunc equitare cursum :

Et verum est : nec vincitur ;  
In urbem primus tendit,  
Nec sistit, dum in loco quo  
Ascenderat, descendat.

Et nunc canamus—Vivat Rex ;  
Gilpinus vivax sit,  
Et sim spectator, iterùm  
Quùm foràs eques it.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry :

“Stop thief! Stop thief! a highwayman!”  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too !  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,  
And Gilpin long live he ;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see !



## GULIELMUS SARTOR.

*Ἔρχεται τιμὰ γυναικίω γένοι.*

EUR. MED.

GULIELMUS SARTOR, juvenis bonus,  
 Vitæ plenus, lætitiæque,  
 Et ostendit cordis onus  
 Virgini pulchræ, liberæque.

Bis duodeni adolescentes  
 Vestæ cæruleâ venerunt,  
 Ac Sartorem comprimentes  
 Ad oceanum miserunt.

Illicò amans consecuta est  
 Sub cognomine "Dicky Carr,"  
 Liliaceas et polluta est  
 Manus pice et resinâ.

At, certamine accidente,  
 Inter fortes pugnavit,  
 Bombâ vestem sed pandente,  
 Candidas mammas monstravit.

Quod Navarchus audiens, ait :  
 " Quo venisti huc ventò ?"  
 " Sartorem amantem peto,  
 Quem tu pressisti, et ego amò."

## BILLY TAYLOR.

Revenge is sweet, especially to women.

BYRON.

BILLY TAYLOR, brisk young fellow,  
Full of mirth and full of glee,  
And his heart he did discover  
To a lady, fair and free.

Four-and-twenty brisk young fellows,  
All of them clad in blue array,  
Came and took poor Billy Taylor ;  
Him they pressed, and sent to sea.

Straight his true-love followed after,  
Under the name of Dicky Carr,  
And her hands were daubed all over  
With the nasty pitch and tar.

In the very first engagement,  
Bold she fought among the rest,  
Till a cannon-ball did her bosom open,  
And discovered her lily-white breast.

When the captain came for to hear it,  
Says he, "What wind has blowed you here?"  
Says she, "I come to seek my true-love,  
Whom you have pressed, and I love so dear."

“ Si est Sartor nomen ejus,  
Ferox est et crudelis,  
Et, si matutina surgas,  
Hunc cum scorto videbìs.”

Matutina tùm surrexit  
Jubare solis cum primò,  
Et Sartorem, heu! aspexit  
Ambulantem cum scortò.

Illicò ensem demandavit  
Qui venit suo jussù,  
Et Sartorem enecavit,  
Atque scortum in manù.

Cùm Navarchus comperiebat,  
Approbavit hoc factùm,  
Et Legatum primum fecit  
Bellicosæ Thunderbomb.

Quùm Rex Georgius hoc cognovit,  
Dixit esse mirificùm,  
Et pro pensione dedit  
Centum libras per annùm.

Sed Senatus dixit esse  
Regulare negotiùm,  
Nec è pensione dedit  
Singulum Robertulùm.

“ If his name is Billy Taylor,  
He is both cruel and severe ;  
If you rise up in the morning early,  
You'll see him walking with his lady fair.”

Up she rose in the morning early,  
Early as by break of day,  
And she saw her Billy Taylor,  
Walking with a lady gay.

Straight she called for sword and pistol,  
Which did come at her command ;  
And she shot her Billy Taylor,  
And his true-love in his hand.

When the captain came for to hear it,  
He very much approved what she had done,  
And he made her first-lieutenant  
Of the gallant Thunder-bomb.

But when King George he came for to know it,  
He said it was most wonderful queer,  
And he gave her an annual pension  
Of one hundred pounds a year.

But when the House of Commons twigg'd it,  
They said it was a regular job,  
And, instead of her annual pension,  
They wouldn't give her a single Bob.

Παρίοντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις  
οὔτ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων.

SIMONIDES.

FUREBAT nox, et plurimus  
Marinus mons surgebat,  
Cum Barnabas, volutans quid,  
Bolino hæc dicebat ;

“ Audisne ? sævus venit Lybs,  
En ! rauca vox frementis ?  
Mehercle, ut misereor  
In littore degentis !

“ Urbanis temerariis  
Pericla quæ minantur  
In toro horrescentibus,  
Ne tecta illabantur :

“ Infausti ! nobis invident,  
Et optent est necesse,  
Ut ipsis sors sit nostra, hæc  
Nocte in mari esse.

“ Et illis, diem integrum  
Negotio absentibus,  
At serò lætas conjuges  
Natosque revisentibus,

And I have loved thee, Ocean!

BYRON.

ONE night it blew a hurricane,  
The sea in mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid  
And said to Billy Bowline :

“ A strong sow-wester’s coming, Bill,  
Sure don’t you hear it roar now ?  
Oh Crikey ! how I pities those  
Unhappy folks ashore now !

“ Fool-hardy chaps that lives in towns,  
What dangers they are all in,  
And some lies quaking in their beds  
For fear the roof should fall in :

“ Poor creatures ! how they envies us,  
And wishes—I’ve a notion—  
For our good luck in such a night  
To be upon the ocean.

“ And as for they who’s out all day  
On bus’ness from their houses,  
And late at night are coming home  
To cheer their babes and spouses

“ Ocelli ! dum per transtra nos  
Sic juvat recubare,  
Quot imbrices et tegulas  
Credis pervolitare !

“ Londinî sæpe perhibent  
Exitium, obrutorum  
Vel furibus, vel igne, vel  
Strage vehiculorum ;

“ Terrestrium, à duce ad  
Sartorem, cum sciamus  
Pericla, esse navitas  
Nos gratias agamus.”

#### ALAUDA.

Fer novos flores, roseumque sertum  
Ut coronatus, puer, hic avitum  
Cœcubum potem, laqueare donec  
Omne revolvat.

“ Whilst you and I upon the deck  
Are comfortably lying,  
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots  
About their heads is flying!

“ And often have we seen and heard  
Of men who's killed and undone  
By overturn of carriages,  
By thieves and fires in London ;

“ We knows what risks all landsmen run,  
From noblemen to tailors,  
Then, Billy, let's thank Providence  
That you and I are sailors.”

### A FROLICK,

BY HERRICK.

Bring me rose-buds, drawer, come ;  
So while I thus sit crowned,  
I'll drink the aged Cœcubum  
Until the roof turns round.



## PRIMULA.

Poscis cur tibi dedicem

Hanc anni teneram progeniem novi ?

Mittam cur tibi primulam

Quæ gemmata nitet rore madens adhuc ?

Et reddo—" Sua sic amor

Æternùm lacrymis gaudia temperat."

Poscis cur mea primula

Languescat fragili pallida flosculo ?

Cur caulem Zephyrus levem

Flectat perpetuò, frangere nec queat ?

Reddo—" Semper amantium

Pectus non alitè languida spes alit."

FINIS.