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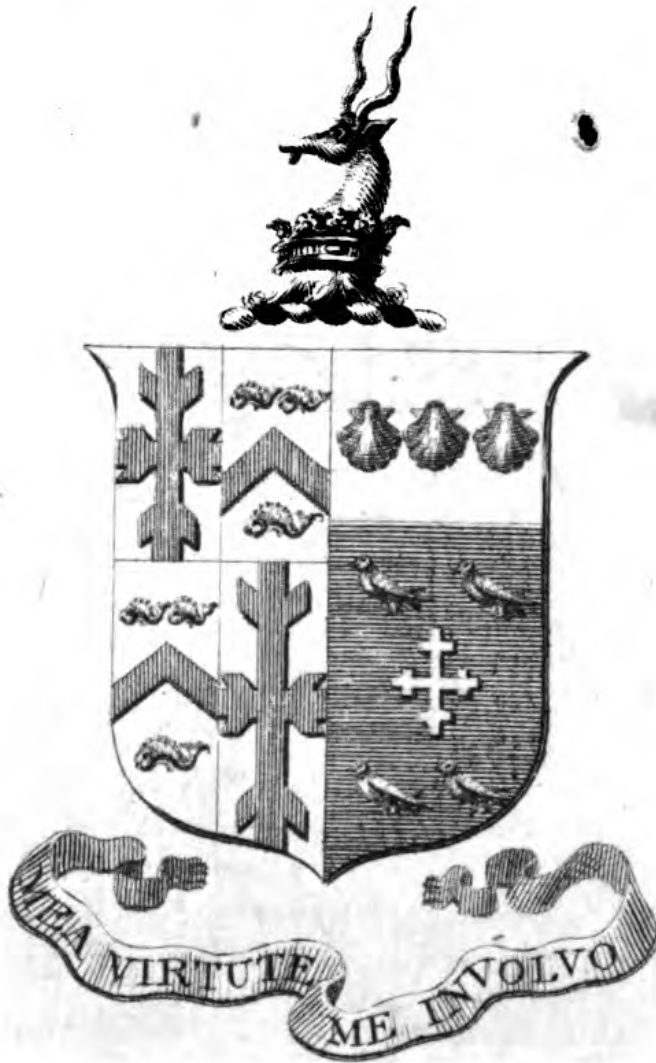
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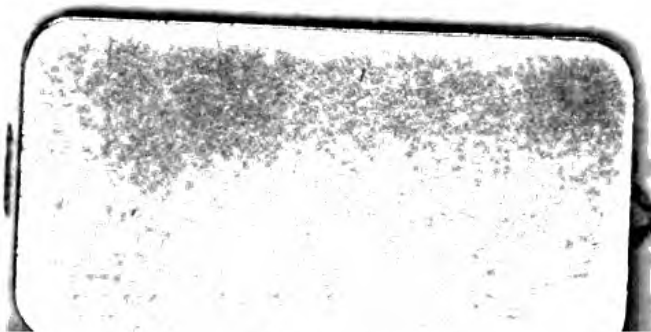


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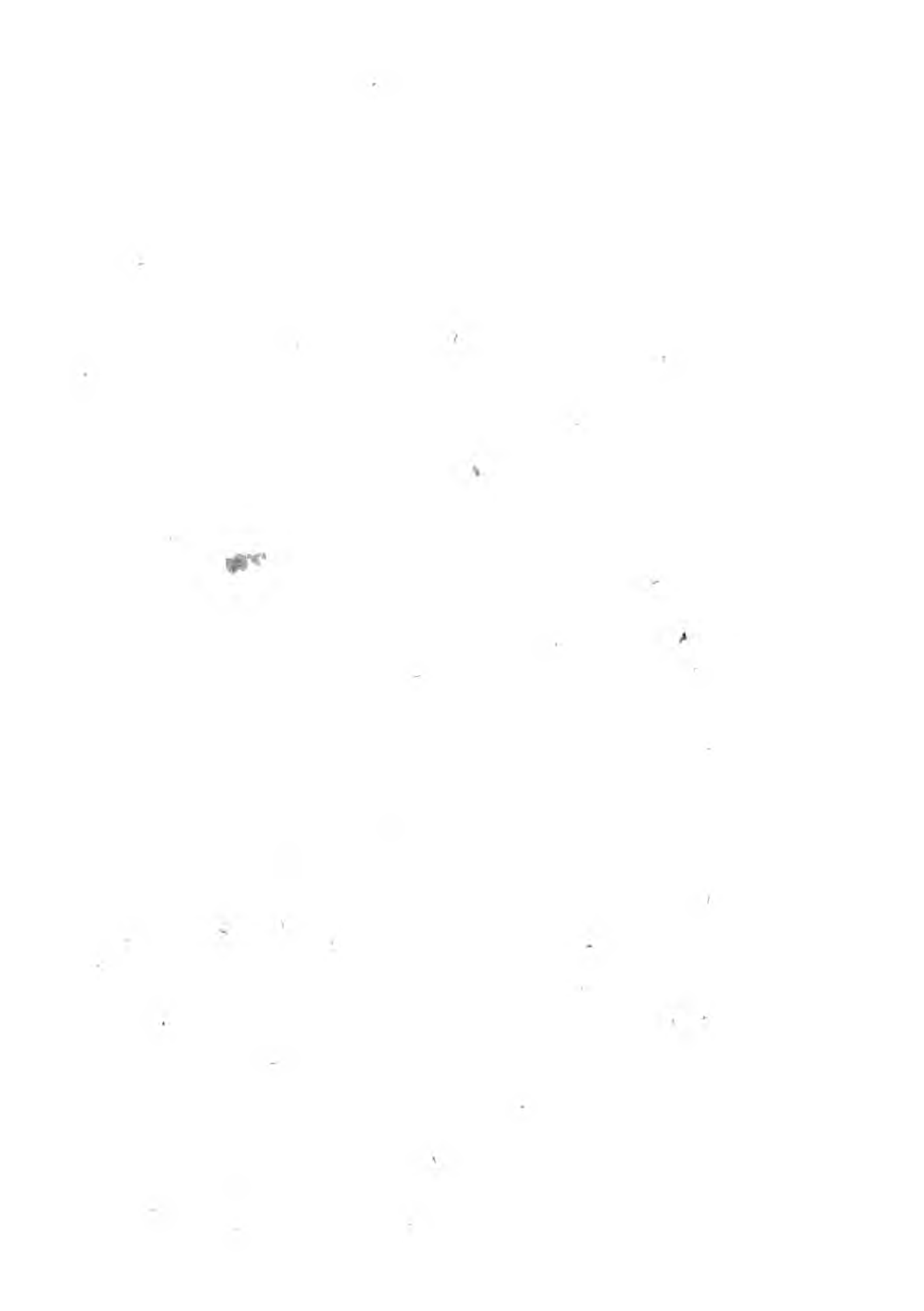
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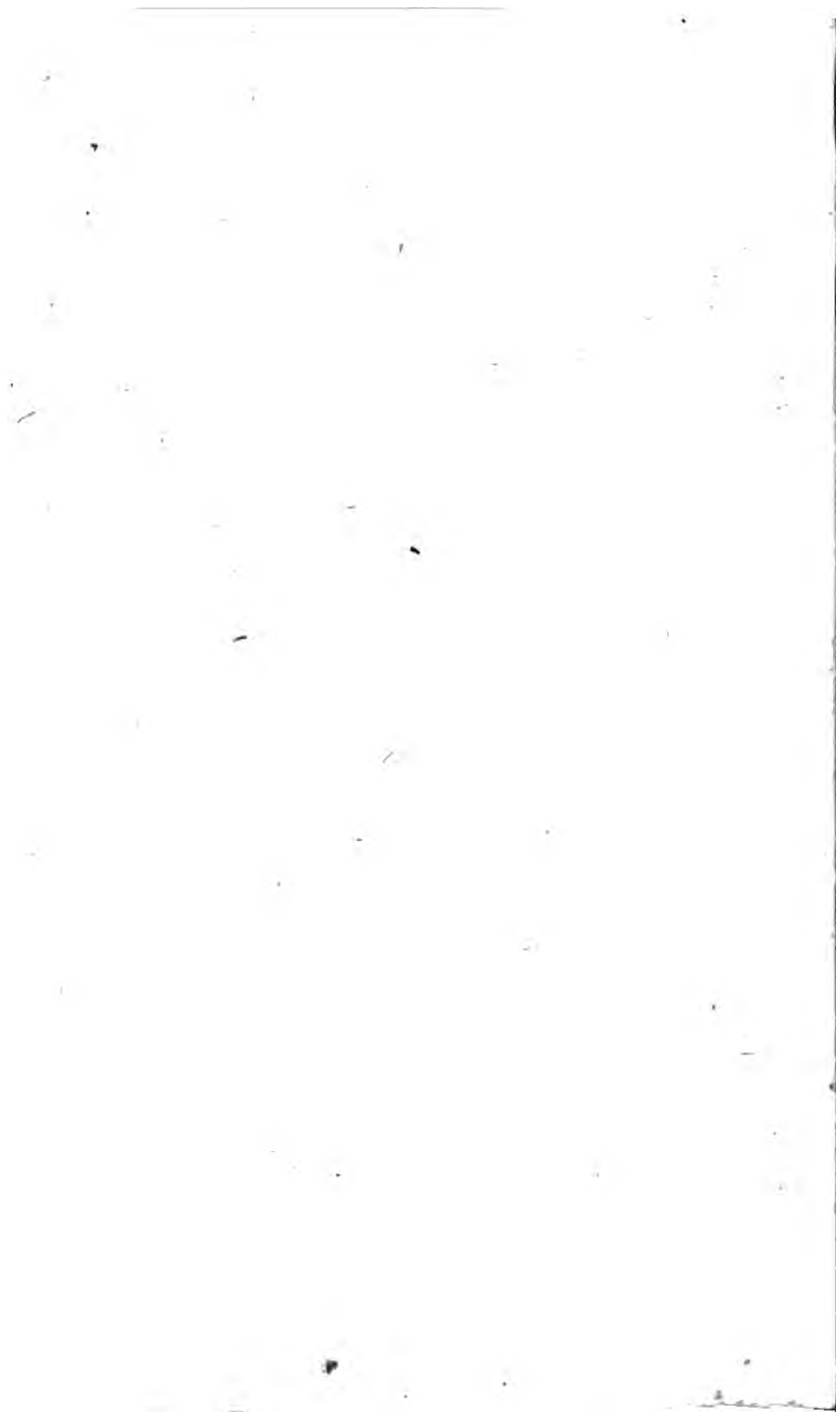


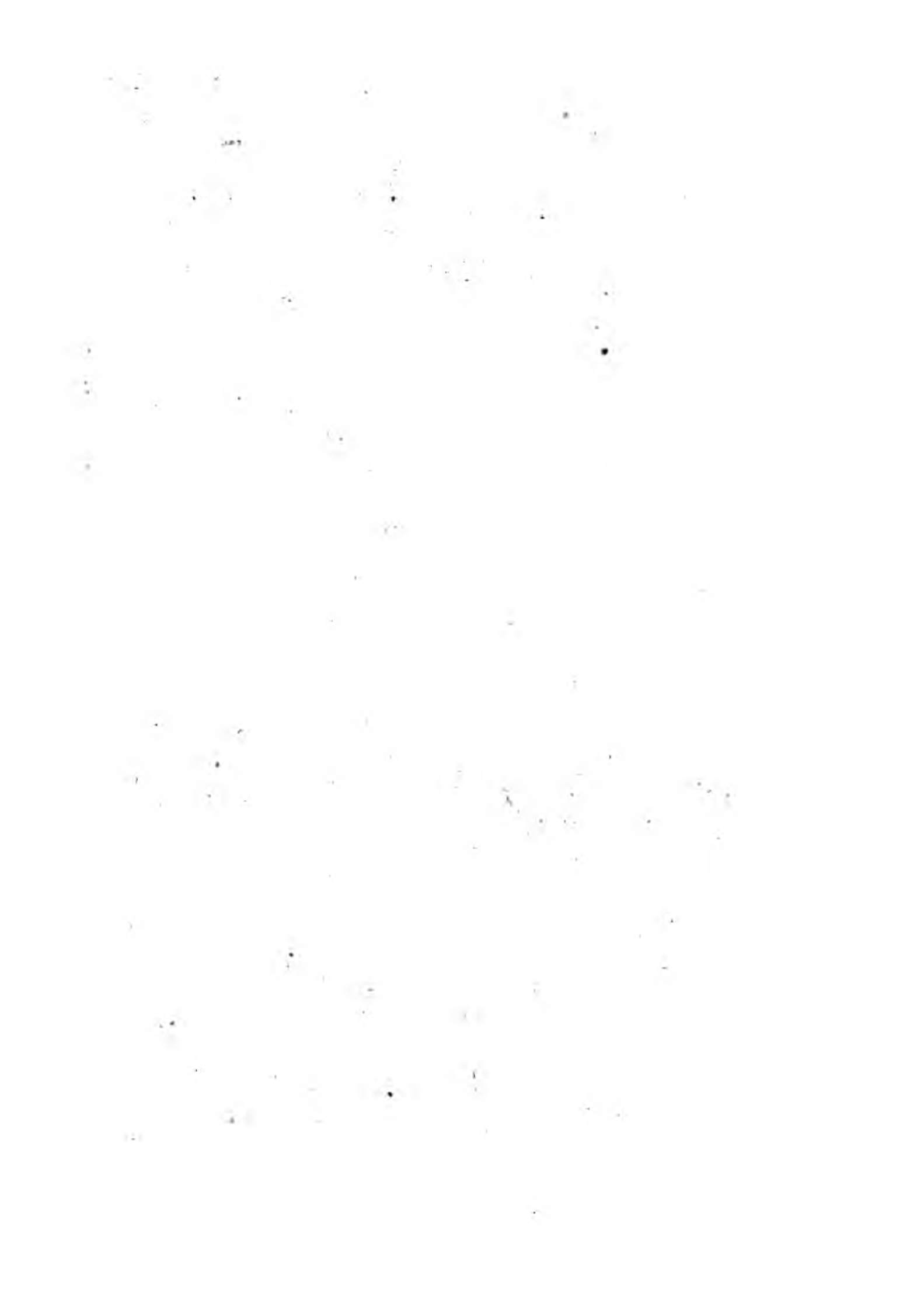
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11/15/2023









JOHN GAY.

Engraved by T. Cook from a beautiful Engraving by Zinck in the possession of Mr. Rawley.
Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Feb. 21. 1778.



DELLA FAMIGLIA

UNO DEI PIU' GRANITTI
DELLA FAMIGLIA
DELLA FAMIGLIA



Edwards del.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Sept

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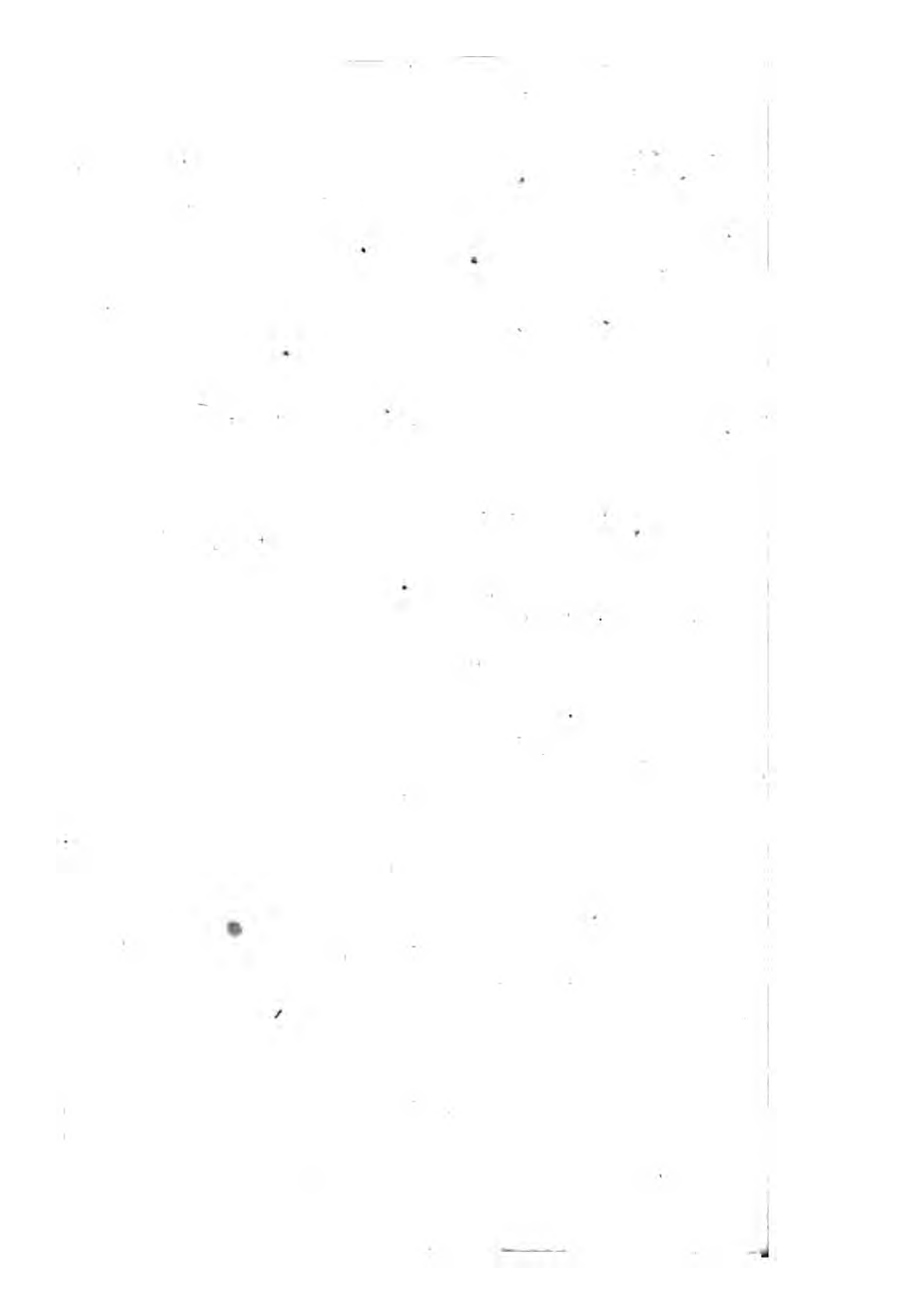
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by Zink in the possession of Mr. J. ...
E J
near Exeter Exchange Strand London Feb. 21. 1778.

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



GAY VOLUME I.
O'er yonder Stile see Lubberkin appears
shepherds Week Thursday Page 155.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GAY.

INCLUDING HIS
FABLES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1720.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur; describimus aliquid modo pressius, modo elatius: atque ipsa varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. PLIN. EPIST.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
Form'd to delight at once, and last the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n amongst the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend;
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:
These are thy honours!-----

POPE.

Bell's second edition.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GAY.

VOL. I.

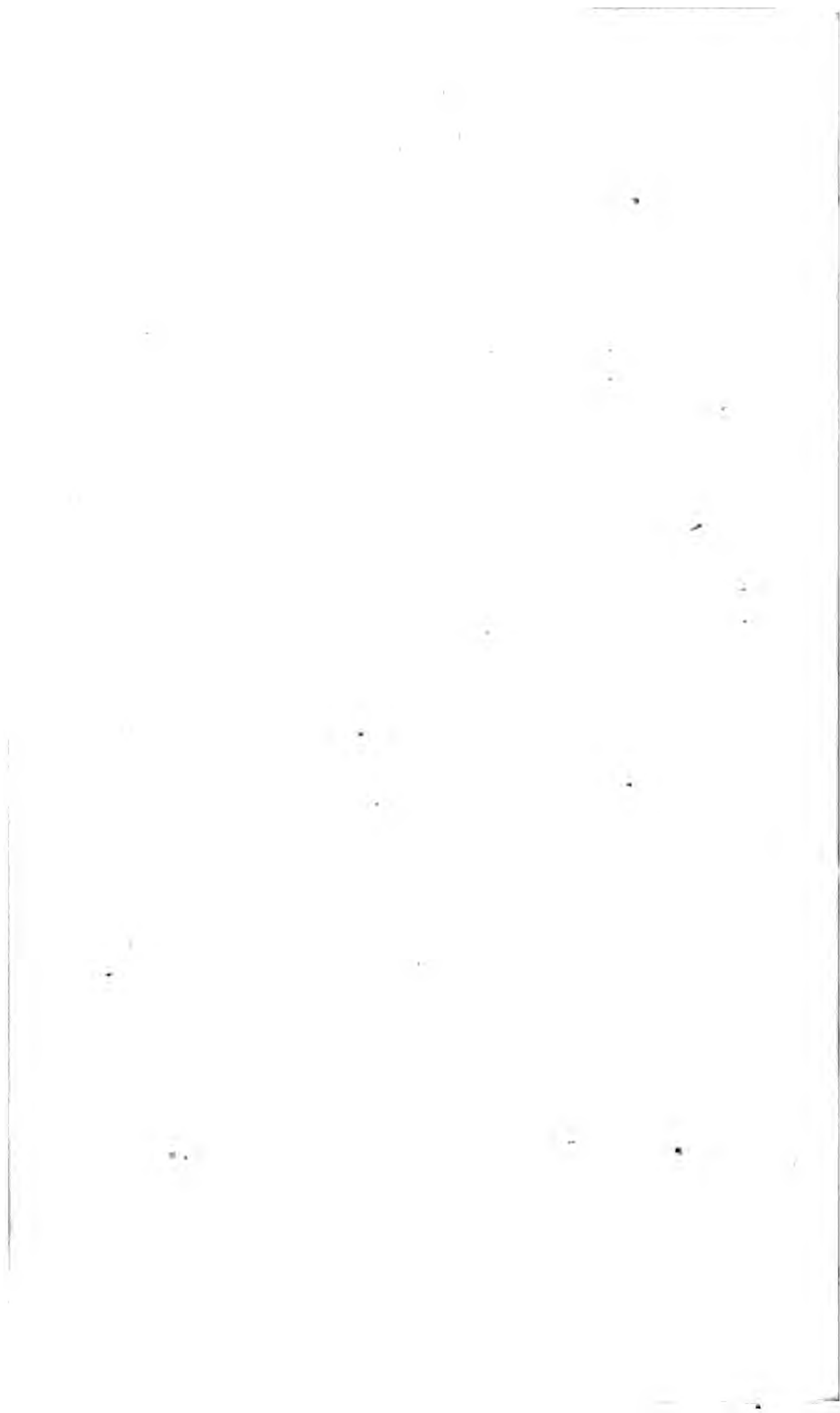
CONTAINING HIS

RURAL SPORTS. TWO CANTOS, | SHEPHERD'S WEEK. SIX PA-
TRIVIA. THREE BOOKS, | STORALS,
FAN. THREE BOOKS, | ACIS AND GALATEA.

Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat-I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose;
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove thro' flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

RURAL SPORTS. TO POPE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.



THE LIFE OF
JOHN GAY.

JOHN GAY, an original poetick genius, was descended of an ancient family, which derived its name from Gilbert le Gay of Hampton Gay in Oxfordshire, who, in right of his wife, the daughter and heir of the family of Curtoyse, or Curtis, became possessed of the lordship of Goldworthy in Devonshire, the ancient seat of the name of Gay for many generations. Our Author was born in the year of the revolution 1688, near Barnstaple in that county, and put to the free-school there under an excellent master, who, being bred at Westminster, taught in the method of that school. Thus he had the advantage of being imbued with a just taste of the classicks: but the family-estate being much reduced, his fortune was not sufficient to support him as a gentleman*, and therefore his friends chose to breed him to some genteel trade. Accordingly he was put apprentice to a silk-mercant in London: but this step was taken without consulting the youth's taste and temper. The condition of an apprentice appeared too illiberal: he was not made, it seems, for a counter castor. The shop soon became his aversion: he was seldom seen in it: and in a few years his master, upon the offer of a small considera-

* In his rural sports he says,

He never had been blest by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land.

tion, willingly consented to give up his indentures. Having thus purchased the ease of his mind, he indulged himself freely and fully in that course of life to which he was irresistibly drawn by Nature. Genius concurred with inclination; poetry was at once his delight and his talent; and he suffered not his Muse to be disturbed by any disagreeable attention to the expense of cultivating it.

These qualities recommended him to such company and acquaintance as he most affected, and, among others, to Dean Swift and Mr. Pope, who were exceedingly struck with the open sincerity and undisguised simplicity of his manners, and the easiness of his temper. To this last gentleman he addressed the first fruits of his Muse, entitled *Rural Sports*, a *Georgick*, printed in 1711. This piece discovered a rich poetical vein, peculiar to himself, and met with some agreeable attestations of its merit; that would have been enjoyed with a higher relish, had not the pleasure been interrupted by the ill state of his finances, which by an uncommon degree of thoughtlessness and cullibility * were reduced now to a low ebb. Our Poet's purse was an unerring barometer of his spirits, which sinking with it, left him in the apprehension of a servile dependence, a condition he dreaded above any thing

* These are the words of Dean Swift many years afterwards, who there observes, that Providence never designed him, for this reason, to be above two-and-twenty. Letter 33. in Pope's Works, vol. ix. edit. 1742.

that could befall him. However, the clouds were shortly dispelled by the kindness of the Duchess of Monmouth, who appointed him her Secretary in 1712, with a handsome salary. This seasonable favour seating him in a coach, though not his own, kindled his Muse into a new pregnancy. He first produced his celebrated poem called *Trivia*; or, *The Art of walking the Streets*. And the following year, at the instance of Mr. Pope, he formed the plan of his *Pastorals*. There is not perhaps in history a more remarkable example of the force of friendship in an author, than was the undertaking and finishing this inimitable poem. Mr. Pope, in his subscription of the Hanover club to his translation of the *Iliad*, had been ill used by Mr. Philips their Secretary, and his rival in this species of poetry: the translator highly resented the affront, and meditating revenge, intimates to his friend Gay how greatly it was in his power to pluck the bays from this envied rival's forehead. Our Author immediately engages in his friend's quarrel, and executes his request even beyond his expectation. The rural simplicity neglected by Pope, and admired in Philips, was found in its true guise only in the *Shepherd's Week*. Here only Nature was seen exactly such as the country affordeth, and the manner meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. This exquisite piece came out in 1714, with a dedication to Lord Bolingbroke.

In the mean-time, so noble a way of serving his friend was the sure way of serving himself. The most promising views opened to him at court; he was caressed by some leading persons in the ministry, and his patroness rejoiced to see him taken from her house to attend the Earl of Clarendon, as Secretary in his embassy to the court of Hanover the same year. But whatever were his hopes from this new advancement, it is certain they begun and ended almost together; for Queen Anne died in fifteen days after their arrival at Hanover. However this did not prove an irreparable loss; his present situation made him personally known to the succeeding Royal family, and, returning home, he made a proper use of it, in a handsome compliment on the Princess of Wales, consort to his Majesty King George II. at her arrival in England*. This address procured him a favourable admittance at the new court, and that raising a new flow of spirits, he wrote his incomparable farce, *The What D' ye Call it*, which was brought upon the stage before the end of the season, and honoured with their Royal Highnesses presence. The profits likewise brought some useful recruits to his fortune, and his poetical merit being endeared by the sweetness and sincerity of his nature, procured him an easy access to persons of the first distinction, and he passed his time among

* See his *Epistle to a Lady*, occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

the great with much satisfaction, notwithstanding the baulk of his expectation of some substantial favour from the new court, where he met with nothing better than a smile. In 1716, he made a visit to his native country at the expense of Lord Burlington, and he paid his Lordship with an humorous account of the journey. The like return was made for Mr. Pulteney's (late Earl of Bath) favour, who took him in his company the following year to Aix in France*.

This jaunting about, with some decent appointments, was one of the highest relished pleasures of Mr. Gay's life †, and never failed of calling forth his Muse. Soon after his return from France he introduced to the stage *The Three Hours after Marriage*. His friends, Mr. Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot, had both a hand in this performance, and the two principal characters were acted by two of the best comedians at that time; yet, with all these helps and advantages, it was very ill received, if not condemned the first night ‡. Our Author stood the brunt with an unusual degree of magnanimity, which seems to have been inspired by a hearty regard for his partners, especially Mr. Pope,

* They are both printed in the Works. This last shews on which side his friends lay, for Mr. Pulteney had resigned his place of Secretary of war in April preceding. Salmon's *Chron. Hist.* anno 1717.

† This foible is rallied by Dean Swift, with his usual kind severity to our Author. See Letters xlix. and lvii. in Pope's Works, vol. ix.

‡ Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, who observes, the two players were Johnson and Mrs. Oldfield.

who was greatly affected with it. Mr. Gay continued, as before, to mix with quality, and so encircled stood invulnerable. In 1718 he accompanied Mr. Pope to the Lord Harcourt's seat in Oxfordshire, where they clubbed wits in consecrating to posterity the death of two rustical lovers, unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a stroke of lightning*.

In 1720 he recruited his purse again by a handsome subscription to his Poems, which he collected and printed in two vols. quarto: but falling into the general infatuation of that remarkable year, he lost all his fortune in the South-sea scheme, and consequently all his spirits. In reality this stroke had almost proved fatal to him: he was seiz'd with a violent colick, and after languishing some time, removed, in 1722, to Hampstead, for the benefit of the air and waters; but by the assistance of Dr. Arbuthnot, who constantly attended him, at length he recovered, and set about writing his tragedy called *The Captives*, which, when finished, he had the honour of reading, from the manuscript, to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales; in 1724. Her Royal Highness also promised him further marks of her favour, if he would write some Fables in verse for the use of the Duke of Cumberland. Accordingly he undertook the task, and published the Fables in 1726, with a dedication to that Prince. All this was done against the advice of Mr. Pope, the

* See Mr. Gay's letter to Elijah Fenton, in *Biogr. Brit.*

Duke being then only an infant; and the result happened as that friend presaged, to be very disagreeable to him*.

Upon the accession of his late Majesty to the throne, he was offered the place of gentleman-usher to the then youngest princess, Louisa, a post which he thought beneath his acceptance†, and, resenting the offer as an affront, in that ill humour with the court he wrote the famous Beggars' Opera, which being brought upon the stage in the beginning of November 1727, was received with greater applause than had ever been known on any occasion: for besides being acted in London sixty-three nights, without interruption, and renewed the next season with success, it spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four nights successively; and, lastly, was acted in Minorca. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of it was not confined to the Author only, the person who acted Polly, till then obscure, being all at once the favourite of the Town; her pic-

* Dean Swift observes, that in the Fables he was thought to be something too bold with the court. *Intelligencer*, No. 111.

† He excused himself, as being too far advanced in life. Dean Swift is very merry upon it, and observes to him, that O. Cromwell did not begin to appear till he was older. *Ibid.* Lett. xxix.

tures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made of her sayings and jests*; and, to crown all, after being the mother of several antinuptial children, she obtained the title and rank of a Duchess by marriage. There is scarcely, if at all, to be found in history an example where a private subject, undistinguished either by birth or fortune, had it in his power to feast his resentment so richly at the expense of his sovereign. But this was not all; he went on in the same humour, and cast a Second Part in the like-fashioned mould; which, being excluded from the stage by the Lord Chamberlain, he was encouraged to print with the title of Polly, by subscription, and this, too, considering the powers employed against it, was incredibly large†. Neither yet did it end here. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took part in resenting the indignity put upon him by this last act of power, resigned their respective places at court, took our author into their house and family, and treated him with all the endearing kindness of an intimate and much-beloved friend.

These noble additions to his fame, his fortune, and his friendships, inspired him with fresh vigour, raised him to a degree of confidence and assurance, and he

* Swift's *Intelligencer*, No. 111.

† It was said, that he got more this way than he could have done by a bare theatrical representation. Cibber, the father, in his *Apology*, p. 144.

was even prompted to think that *The Wife of Bath*, despised and rejected as it had been *, might, with some improvements which he could now give it, be made to taste the sweets of this happy change in his fortune. In this temper he revised and altered it, and brought it again new dressed upon the stage in 1729, but had the mortification to see all his sanguine hopes of its success blasted: it met with the same fate in the playhouse as formerly. This rebuff happened in March 1729, 30; and thereupon the evil spirit of Melancholy entered into him, which, with the return of his constitutional distemper, the colick, gave a new edge to the sense of his disappointments at Court with respect to the *Beggars' Opera*. In that satire he had, it seems, flattered himself with the hopes of awing the court into a disposition to take him into favour, in the view of its being necessary to keep so powerful a pen in good humour, and engaging it on their side.

This last refinement upon his misery, added to the former indignities, threw him into a dejection, which he in vain endeavoured to remove by another tour into Somersetshire in 1731. In short, he grew incurable: but the state both of his body and mind cannot be so satisfactorily described as it is in his own account of it to Mr. Pope. "My melancholy (says he) increases, and every hour threatens me with some return of

* *Viz.* In 1714, when it was first acted. Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*.

“ my distemper: nay, I think I may rather say I
 “ have it on me. Not the divine looks, the kind fa-
 “ vours and expressions of the divine Duchess, who
 “ hereafter shall be in a place of a queen to me, nay,
 “ she shall be my queen, nor the inexpressible good-
 “ ness of the Duke, can in the least cheer me. The
 “ drawingroom no more receives light from these
 “ two stars. There is now (what Milton says in Hell)
 “ darkness visible. O that I had never known what
 “ a court was. Dear Pope! what a barren soil (to me
 “ so) have I been striving to produce something out
 “ of! Why did not I take your advice before my
 “ writing fables for the Duke, not to write them, or
 “ rather to write them for some young nobleman?
 “ It is my hard fate, I must get nothing, write for
 “ them or against them.” In this disposition, it is no
 wonder that we find him rejecting a proposal made
 to him by this last-mentioned friend in 1732, of try-
 ing his Muse upon the Hermitage, then lately built by
 Queen Caroline in Richmond gardens; to which he
 answers, with a fixed despondency, that “ he knew
 “ himself unworthy of Royal patronage.”

However, in the sweetly delightful retirement of
 Amesbury, a seat of his noble patron, near Stone-
 henge, upon Salisbury plain, he found lucid intervals
 enough to finish his opera called Achilles, and coming
 with the family to his Grace's house in Burlington
 gardens, to pass the winter season, he gave that piece

to the playhouse, and the week after was suddenly seized with a violent inflammatory fever, which ending in a mortification of his bowels, in three days put a period to his life, December 11. 1732. In his short illness he was attended by two physicians, besides Dr. Arbuthnot, who particularly observed, that it was the most precipitate case he ever knew; meaning, after the fever shewed itself: for there were prognosticks enough to predict his approaching end long before, and he himself was sensible of it. In the beginning of October he sent Mr. Pope the last gift, as a token to be kept in remembrance of his dying friend, declaring that he found, by many warnings, he had no continuing city here. “ I begin (says he) to look upon
 “ myself as one already dead, and desire, my dear
 “ Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you sur-
 “ vive me, as you certainly will, if a stone should
 “ mark the place of my grave, see these words put
 “ upon it;

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
 I thought so once, but now I know it.

“ With what else you may think proper.” This dying request was executed by that friend with remarkable piety*; and the whole epitaph (which is subjoined to this Life) inscribed on a very handsome

* His moral character is particularly insisted on; perhaps the more, as it had been aspersed by Jacob in his *Lives of the Poets*; which, however, had been revenged by Pope in the *Dunciad*, Bb. iii. ver. 149, 150, first edition.

marble monument, erected to his memory by the Duke and Duchefs of Queensberry, who took care to have his body interred with a fuitable funeral folemnity. The corpe was brought by the company of Upholders, from his Grace's houfe to Exeter-change in the Strand, where, after lying in a very decent ftate, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning coaches and fix horfes, to Westminster-abbey, at eight o'clock in the evening, on the 23d of December. The pall was fupported by the Earl of Chefterfield, the Lord Viscount Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Mr Pope; the fervice being performed by the then Dean, Dr. Wilcox, Bifhop of Rochefter, the choir attending. He was interred in the South crofs aifle, againft the tomb of Chaucer, near the place where ftands his monument.

The Opera of Achilles was brought upon the ftage foon after his death, and met with a very good reception, which was greatly promoted by the Duke of Queensberry, who was uncommonly affiduous in patronizing it, and who, as Mr. Pope obferves, acted in this, and every thing elfe, more than the part of a brother to his deceased friend. It was alfo through the influence of his example that the profits of the representation were given by the managers of the playhoufe to our Author's two widow fifters, Katharine and Johanna, relicts of Mr. Ballet and Mr. For-

tescue, who, as heirs at law, shared his fortune (about the sum of 3000*l.*) equally between them; which disposition was agreeable to his own desire, and therefore it was that he made no will. He left several manuscripts behind him, some of which came into the hands of Mr. Pope, who, for that part of them, took care, no doubt, (as he promised Dean Swift) to suppress such as he judged unworthy of him. A few years after his death, there was published, under his name, a comedy called *The Distressed Wife*, the second edition of which was printed in 1750; and in 1754 there appeared a humorous piece inscribed to him, with the title of *The Rehearsal at Gotham*.

E P I T A P H.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit a man, simplicity a child:
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n amongst the great:
 A safe companion and an easy friend;
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:
 These are thy honours! Not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms,—Here lies GAY.

Then follows this farther inscription.

Here lie the ashes of Mr. JOHN GAY,

The warmest friend,

The most benevolent man :

Who maintained

Independency

In low circumstances of fortune ;

Integrity

In the midst of a corrupt age ;

And that equal serenity of mind

Which conscious goodness alone can give,

Thro' the whole course of his life.

Favourite of the Muses,

He was led by them to every elegant art ;

Refin'd in taste,

And fraught with graces all his own :

In various kinds of poetry

Superiour to many,

Inferiour to none.

His Works continue to inspire

What his example taught,

Contempt of folly, however adorned ;

Detestation of vice, however dignified ;

Reverence of virtue, however disgraced.

RURAL SPORTS.
A GEORGICK.

IN TWO CANTOS.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

-----Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus.

Nemesian.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the Town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy:
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows, 5
And no rude wind thro' rustling oifers blows,
While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land; 10
Long in the noisy Town have been immur'd;
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politicks divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world, and ev'ry tongue 15
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;

Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
 And honesty forsakes them all by turns; 20
 While calumny upon each party's thrown,
 Which both promote, and both alike disown.
 Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
 And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose.
 Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime, 25
 Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
 My Muse shall rove thro' flow'ry meads and plains,
 And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,
 Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you. 30

'Tis not that Rural Sports alone invite,
 But all the grateful country breathes delight;
 Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day, 35
 Thro' dewy fields I take my frequent way,
 Where I behold the farmer's early care
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground, 40
 The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen
 Shaving the surface of the waving green;
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows, 45
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws;

But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sunburnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the sowing rake; 50
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake, 55
And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours!
Hide me, ye Forests! in your closest bow'rs:
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines; 60
Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bord'ring hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast, 65
And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgick strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes. 70
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:

Here I survey the purple vintage grow, 75
 Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
 Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
 And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
 The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
 While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein; 80
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
 The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs, 85
 And steer his distant journey thro' the skies;
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears. 90

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
 No warbling cheer the woods; the feather'd choir 95
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day; 100
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;

The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below;
Here pensive I behold the fading light, 105
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestow th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends; 110
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circle steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.

O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse, 115
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays! 120

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul;
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds, 125
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams: 130

Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
 And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare;
 His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
 Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain, 135
 Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
 And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide,
 Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
 And drive the liquid burden thro' the skies, 140
 The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
 Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
 Upon a rising border of the brook
 He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought, 145
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
 Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
 Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
 When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway 150
 Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
 He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
 Now, happy Fisherman! now twitch the line! 155
 How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use;
 Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse; 160
 The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morfel flies;
 And if too small, the naked fraud's in fight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains, 165
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the silly'd reptile race with moss;
 Amid the verdant bed they twine they toil,
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil. 170

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
 You now a more delusive art must try, 175
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
 To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
 Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require; 180
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the fable's tail.
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings:
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart, 185
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.

So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing displays,
 Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays. 190

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
 How the succeeding insect race appear;
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.

Oft' have I seen a skilful angler try 195

The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
 When he with fruitless pain hath skimma'd the brook,
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw, 200

When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, 205

And on the back a speckled feather binds;
 So just the colours shine thro' ev'ry part,
 That Nature seems to live again in Art.
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair; 210

The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,
 With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,

Against the stream now let it gently play, 215
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away :
 The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air ;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220
 When a brisk gale against the current blows,
 And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy, 225
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food,
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away : 230
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
 And now again, impatient of the wound, 235
 He rolls and wreaths his shining body round ;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide :
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ; 240
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
 While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;

Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
 Till tired at last, despoil'd of all his strength, 245
 The game art starts the stream unfolds his length.
 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his bloodshot eyes;
 Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air: 250
 Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.
 Would you preserve a numerous finny race?
 Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase:
 Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores, 255
 Darts thro' the waves; and ev'ry haunt explores:
 Or let the gill his roving steps betray,
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
 I never consider where the hord'ring reeds
 O'erlook the shuddy stream, whose tangling weeds
 Perplex the fisher; I nor chuse to bear 260
 The thievish, nightly net nor barbed spear;
 Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
 Nor trawl for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine, 265
 No blood of living insect stain my line:
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey: 270

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse! draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains:
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fishermen adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide-encircling net display, 275
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand,
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry song. 280

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye Reapers! to your task repair; 285
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gath'ring hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend thro' all the field.

Yet if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe: 290
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws:

She flies, he stretches: now with nimble bound 295
 Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground:
 She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
 Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
 What various sport does rural life afford!
 What thoughts dainties heap the wholesome board!
 Nor lets the spaniel skilful to betray, 300
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey:
 Soon as the lab'ring horse, with swelling veins,
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
 To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies, 305
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
 Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
 Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows; 310
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey:
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
 Then, (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry, 315
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head, 320
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:

Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around, 325
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But num'rous covies gratify thy pain.

When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade; 330
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moist'ned plains,
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear, 335
But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey:
The flutt'ring covies from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies; 340
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain fight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.

Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take, 345
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim:
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds; he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing, 351
 Who terrour bears upon his soaring wing :
 Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray,
 Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain, 355
 That greets the morning with his early strain;
 When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glafs betrays; }
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays, }
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
 Pride lures the little warbler from the skies: 360
 The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
 The hound must open in these rural strains.
 Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
 And edges eastern clouds with rosy light, 365
 The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled Morn :
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds :
 Wide thro' the furzy field their route they take, 370
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake :
 The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;
 The distant mountains echo from afar,
 And hanging woods resound the flying war: 375
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears :

The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
 Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain, 380
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
 Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
 Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies, 385
 Till, spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
 But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the force
 To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
 To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill, 390
 O'er the high gate and down the headlong hill?
 Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
 Or the strong fox thro' all his arts detect?
 The theme demands a more experienc'd lay;
 Ye mighty Hunters! spare this weak essay. 395

O happy Plains! remote from war's alarms,
 And all the ravages of hostile arms!
 And happy Shepherds! who, secure from fear,
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
 Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor: 400
 No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain; 405

No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
 The dreadful signal of invasive war;
 No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends, 410
 In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
 She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:

(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains, 415

Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;

Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies, 420
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs:

Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:

No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs, 425

If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
 An equal passion warms her happy swain.

No homebred jars her quiet state control,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul:

With secret joy she sees her little race 430

Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;

The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,

Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool,

Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind. 435
Ye happy Fields! unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady Woods! where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and love;
Ye murm'ring Streams! that in meanders roll, 440
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell.— The City calls me from your bow'rs:
Farewell amusing thoughts and peaceful hours. 443

TRIVIA:
OR,
THE ART OF WALKING
THE
STREETS OF LONDON
IN THREE BOOKS.

Quo te Mæri pede? An, quo via ducit, in urbem?

Virg.

Advertisement.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may see by this Poem that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers, that of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this Poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit, I shall acquaint you for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift: and if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto;

— Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?

TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

Of the implements for walking the streets, and signs of the weather.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou Trivia! goddess aid my song, 5
Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and op'ning square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a Civic crown; 20
But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

Volume I.

D

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
 And Clean your shoes resounds from ev'ry voice;
 When late their miry sides stagecoaches show, 25
 And their stiff horses thro' the Town move slow;
 When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
 And damsels first renew their oyster cries,
 Then let the prudent Walker shoes provide,
 Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide; 30
 The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
 And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd;
 Let firm well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
 Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking fleet.
 Should the big last extend the shoe too wide, 35
 Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
 Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
 And when too short the modest shoes are worn,
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care
 To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.
 Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
 The filken drugget ill can fence the cold;
 The freeze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain, 45
 And show'rs soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
 True Witney * broad cloth, with its shag unshorn,
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:

* A town in Oxfordshire.

Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
 Amid the Town the spoils of Russia's bear? 50
 Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
 Let the loop'd Bavaroy the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace;
 That garment best the winter's rage defends 55
 Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;
 By various names * in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true Surtout alone;
 Be thine of kersey firm, tho' small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60
 If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:
 Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65
 Tho' not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use,
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily ensure a life's disease; 70
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To court, to White's †, assemblies, or the play;
 Rosy complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

†. 56.] *Whose ample form without one plait depends.* 12mo
 edit. 1767.

* A Joseph, a Wrap-rascal, &c.

† White's chocolate-house in St. James's-Street.

Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane, 75
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
 The dirty point oft' checks the careless pace,
 And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace:
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious Walkers crowd the street; 80
 May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
 While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sing.
 Not that I wander from my native home,
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
 Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse, 85
 Where Slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes:
 Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
 No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90
 The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
 And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.
 Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
 And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
 Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones: 96
 Nor shall the Muse thro' narrow Venice stray,
 Where gondolas their painted oars display.
 O happy Streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
 No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town! 100
 Thus was of old Britannia's City blest'd,
 Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;

Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
 Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way :
 Then the proud lady tripp'd along the Town, 105
 And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
 Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd ;
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground, 110
 Her shoe disdains the street : the lazy fair
 With narrow step affects a limping air.
 Now gaudy Pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the streets flame with glaring equipage :
 The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115
 With Loves and Graces on his chariot's sides :
 In faucy state the griping broker sits,
 And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
 For you, O Honest Men ! these useful lays
 The Muse prepares, I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,
 From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
 Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
 Surpris'd in dreary fogs or driving rain.
 When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125
 Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn ;
 This knows the powder'd footman, and, with care,
 Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
 Be thou, for every season, justly dress'd,
 Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast; 130

And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy furtout defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal,
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You'll see the coals in brighter flames aspire, 135
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
Your tender skins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine:
Before her kitchen hearth the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140
Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the Town advise
Of milder weather and serener skies.

The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn 145
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught*,
Endu'd by Instinct, or by Reason taught; 150
The seasons operate on ev'ry breast:
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies dress.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly crowd, then ne'er refuse 155
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

* Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.

Virg. Georg. I.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames. 160

The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care
 Of learning strips the rails : the rowing crew,
 To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue.
 On hosiers' poles depending stockings ty'd, 165

Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side.
 Church-monuments foretel the changing air ;
 Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,

And sweats with secret grief. You 'll hear the sounds
 Of whistling winds ere kennels break their bounds ;
 Ungrateful odours common sewers diffuse, 171

And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
 Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking show'r,
 And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel. 175
 Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurses tell
 How, if the festival of Paul be clear,

Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year ;
 When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
 The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain ; 180

But if the threat'ning winds in tempests roar,
 Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.

How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
 And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,

Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain. 186
 Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind ;
 Nor Paul no Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
 And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190
 Others you 'll see when all the Town 's afloat,
 Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
 Or double-button'd freeze ; their guarded feet
 Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
 While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195
 Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
 Shun ev'ry dashing pool ; or idly stop,
 To seek the kind protection of a shop.
 But bus'ness summons ; now with hasty scud
 You jostle for the wall ; the spatter'd mud 200
 Hides all thy hose behind ; in vain you scour ;
 Thy wig, alas ! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.
 So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
 When Orpheus charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of hell ;
 Or thus hung Glaucus's beard, with briny dew 205
 Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous view
 Surpris'd the bathing fair ; the frightened maid
 Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
 Defended by the ridinghood's disguise ; 210
 Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shade,
 Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.

*. 193] Double-bottom'd freeze. 12mo edit. 1767.

Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse! the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220
Say, from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce the name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny foil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed, 225
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid; 230
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the gray-ey'd Morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235
And singing to the distant field repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
The milky burden smokes upon her head:
Deep thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
 He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
 Ah! Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows, 245
 Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;
 Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
 And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian Pow'r forsakes the realms above,
 His bosom glowing with terrestrial love. 250
 Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
 No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
 Here smokes his forge, he bares his finewy arm,
 And early strokes the founding anvil warm:
 Around his shop the steelly sparkles flew, 255
 As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
 His anvil rests his forge forgets to flame:
 To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays;
 What woman can resist the force of praise? 260

At first she coily ev'ry kiss withstood,
 And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
 With heedless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
 To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
 She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore, 265
 And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
 Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
 And on her cheek the fading rose declines;

No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270

This Vulcan saw, and in his heav'nly thought
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely thro' the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows, 275
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.

No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit: tho' flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280

The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name. 281

T R I V I A.

B O O K II.

Of walking the streets by day.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the Walker with judicious eyes
To read the various warnings of the skies :
Now venture, Muse ! from home to range the Town, 5
And for the publick safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch the morning's best ;
No tides of passengers the street molest :
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffick bear : 10
On doors the fallow milkmaid chalks her gains ;
Ah ! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains !
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;
These grave physicians, with their milky cheer, 15
The lovesick maid and dwindling beau repair.
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace ? 20
Now Industry awakes her busy sons ;
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs :
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy Town, 25
Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid. Oft' in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress:
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye;
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh. 30
Ye Walkers! too, that youthful colours wear,
Three fulying trades avoid with equal care.
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng:
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, 35
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When thro' the street a cloud of ashes flies:
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket on his shoulder borne, 40
With tallow spots thy coat: resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray;
Butchers! whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid; 45
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling Age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road: 50
But, above all, the groping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You 'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head :
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose, 55
 And risks to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes ;
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
 Left from his shoulder clouds of powder fly :
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace, 60
 Yield not the way ; defy his strutting pride,
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side :
 He never turns a gain, nor dares oppose,
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown, 65
 Let the sworn porter point thee thro' the Town.
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
 Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
 Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way ;
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray : 70
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right ;
 He ne'er deceives but when he profits by 't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head ;
 Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day, 75
 And from each other catch the circling ray :
 Here oft' the peasant, with inquiring face,
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place ;
 He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze ; 80

Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.

Thus hardy Theseus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of Crete;
But still the wand'ring passes forc'd his stay, 85
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.

But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
Where porters' hogsheds roll from carts aslope, 95
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen toft,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What tho' the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear?
The voice of Industry is always near. 100

Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105
And show the parent of the fable race.

Likemortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range

To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
 Soon thro' the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110
 And ev'n the proudest goddesses now and then
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
 To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
 Then Cloacina * (goddesses of the tide 115
 Whose fable streams beneath the City glide)
 Indulg'd the modish flame; the Town she rov'd;
 A mortal scavenger she saw; she lov'd;
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120
 She gaz'd; she sigh'd: for Love can beauties spy
 In what seems faults to ev'ry common eye,
 Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
 When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 125
 That pleasing thunder: swift the goddess rose,
 And thro' the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.
 With the night-wand'ring harlot's airs she past,
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast: 130
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
 When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;

* Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common sewer, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1, 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

To the dark alley arm in arm they move ;
 O may no linkboy interrupt their love !

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
 The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace) 136
 Descends to earth, but sought no midwife's aid,
 Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd ;
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy ;
 Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy. 140

The child thro' various risks in years improv'd ;
 At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd ;
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
 Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

O happy unown'd Youths ! your limbs can bear 145
 The scorching dogstar and the winter's air,
 While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain !

The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
 And long had sought his suff'rings to redress; 150
 She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
 To teach his hands some beneficial art
 Practis'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
 And made him useful to the walking crowd,
 To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew.

Each power contributes to relieve the poor :
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
 Diana forms his brush ; the god of Day
 A tripod gives, amid the crowded way 160

To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
 Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
 Prest from th' enormous whale; the god of Fire,
 From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
 Among these generous presents joins his part, 165
 And aids with foot the new japanning art.
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
 Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
 Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170
 Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
 And view'd below the black canal of mud,
 Where common sew'rs a lulling murmur keep,
 Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
 Pensive thro' idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;
 At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)
 Whom both a father and a mother own: 180
 But I, alas! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
 When time comes round, a Christmas box they bear,
 And one day makes them rich for all the year. 186
 Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
 Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd;

For leffer boys can drive : I thirsty stand,
 And see the double flagon charge their hand ; 190
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp a main,
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
 In widen'd circles beats on either side ;
 The goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195
 With wither'd turnip tops her temples crown'd ;
 Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
 As the smooth jet, or glossy ravens' back ;
 Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind : 200
 Now beck'ning to the boy, she thus begun ;
 Thy pray'rs are granted ; weep no more my son :
 Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand ;
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand ;
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil, 205
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil ;
 On this methinks I see the walking crew,
 At thy request, support the miry shoe ;
 The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
 And in thy pocket jingling halfpence found. 210
 The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud :
 The youth straight chose his post ; the labour ply'd,
 Where branching streets from Charingcross divide ;
 His treble voice resounds along the Muse, 215
 And Whitehall echoes—Clean your Honour's shoes.

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
 Too long detains the Walker on his way ;
 While he attends, new dangers round him throng ;
 The busy City asks instructive song. 220

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
 Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
 Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
 Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled show'r)
 Among the rabble rain : some random throw 225
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Tho' expedition bids, yet never stray
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
 Here laden carts with thund'ring wagons meet,
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street ;
 The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain, 231
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
 O barb'rous Men ! your cruel breasts assuage ;
 Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage ;
 Docs not his service earn your daily bread ? 235
 Your wives, your children, by his labours fed !
 If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the Town to range ; 240
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
 When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near ;

Or who that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245
 That stretches, O Fleet-ditch! from thy black shore
 To the Tow'r's moated walls * † here steams ascend
 That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
 Where chandlers' caldrons boil; where fishy prey
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250
 And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil;
 And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,
 Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I
 Pass where, in piles, Cornavian † cheeses lie?
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255
 And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.
 O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-Mall;
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260
 No lets would bar thy ways, where chairs deny'd
 The soft supports of laziness and pride;
 Shops breathe perfumes, thro' tashes ribands glow,
 The mutual arms of ladies and the beau:
 Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, 265
 Oft' the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
 Mortar and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

* Thames street.

† Cheshire, anciently so called.

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
 And silent wander in the close abodes,
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive
 In studious thought, the long uncrowded way. [stray,
 Here I remark each Walker's diff'rent face, 275
 And in their look their various bus'ness trace.
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
 He seeks by-streets, and savesth' expensive coach. 280
 Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,
 For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
 His Fleetstreet draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the Town, 285
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
 Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
 Pass'd by the Muse, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290
 And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
 The Parthian thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

* A cheat commonly practis'd with three thimbles and a little ball.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
 Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
 Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
 Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
 Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
 Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305
 With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
 Does not each Walker know the warning sign,
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
 Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
 Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310

Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
 Oft' with his flourish cuts the heedless eye?
 And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
 His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?
 Nor will I roam when summer's sultry rays 315
 Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
 With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
 Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines, whose nitry wind
 Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
 And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
 Let not the virgin tread these flipp'ry roads,
 The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;

But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost, 325
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
 On silent wheel the passing coaches roll,
 Oft' look behind, and ward the threat'ning pole.
 In harden'd orbs the schoolboy moulds the snow,
 To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw. 330
 Why do ye, Boys! the kennel's surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless paws the matron's tread?
 How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking-mourn?
 At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335
 And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
 The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose,
 The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows:
 In half-whipt muslin needles uselefs lie,
 And shuttlecocks across the counter fly. 340
 These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
 Deluded Maids! the dang'rous flame of love?
 Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
 That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
 And graceful porches lead along the square;
 Here oft' my course I bend, when, lo! from far,
 I spy the furies of the foot-ball'd war:
 The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
 Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
 The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.

But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
 The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
 And jingling fashes on the penthouse sound.

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year,
 When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air:
 When hoary Thames, with frosted oifers crown'd,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound, 360

The watermen, forlorn along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
 Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony Town,
 And wander roads unstable, not their own;
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365
 And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.

Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
 Booths sudden hide the Thames. long streets appear,
 And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair. 370

So when a general bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
 Thick rising tents a canvass city built,
 And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate; 375
 Let elegiack lay the wo relate,
 Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
 When silent ev'ning closes up the flowers,
 Lulling as falling water's hollow noise,
 Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treach'rous roads,
 Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
 Of various fruit; she now a basket bore;
 That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.

Each booth she frequent past in quest of gain, 385
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
 Ah! Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
 And Industry itself submit to death.

The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies;
 Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies: 390
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
 And pip,-pip,-pip, along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
 His fever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395
 His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
 Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
 And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,
 The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 401
 And Thames' fullurn rolls down his plenteous waves;
 From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
 And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405
 Need not the calendar to count their days,
 When thro' the Town, with slow and solemn air,
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear,

Behind him moves, majestically dull,
 The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull, 410
 Learn hence the periods of the week to name :
 Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid,
 The golden-belly'd carp, the broad finn'd maid,
 Red speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl, 415
 The jointed lobster, and unskaly sole,
 And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
 Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts,
 Wednesdays and Fridays, you'll observe from hence,
 Days when our fires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
 And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
 And cleanse the spatter'd fash, and scrub the stairs,
 Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Succeffive cries the seasons' change declare, 425
 And mark the monthly progress of the year.
 Hark ! how the streets with treble voices ring,
 To sell the bounteous product of the spring :
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood: 430
 And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
 Ev'n Sundays are profan'd by mack'rel cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
 Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain ;
 Next oranges the longing boys entice 435
 To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poets' crown,
 Are bawl'd in frequent cries thro' all the Town,
 'Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
 Christmas! the joyous period of the year. 440

Now with bright holly all your temples flow,
 With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe:
 Now, heav'n-born Charity! thy blessings shed,
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head:

Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl 445
 In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.

See, see! the heavenborn maid her blessings shed;

Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;

Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,

While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan

Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan,

While Charity still moves the Walker's mind,

His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind:

Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd, 455

Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.

Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,

Nor let Old Age long stretch his palsy'd hand.

Those who give late are importun'd each day,

And still are teas'd because they still delay. 460

If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,

He thinly spreads them thro' the publick square,

Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,

And from each other catch the doleful cry:

With heav'n, for twopence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more. 466

Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470
As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.

Here canst thou pass unmindful of a pray'r,
That Heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F***! sincere, experienc'd friend, 475
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees, suspend:
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls:
Thro' the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing I forget the way. 480

Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains an empty name. 484

Where Titian's glowing paint the canvass warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.

Where statutes breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump or lonely watchhouse stands. 490

There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's Bedford's Villiers', now no more.

Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns,
 Beneath his eye declining Art revives, 495
 The wall with animated picture lives.
 There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
 Transports the soul, and thrills thro' ev'ry vein.
 There oft' I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)
 For Burlington's belov'd by ev'ry Muse. 500
 O ye associate Walkers! O my Friends!
 Upon your state what happiness attends!
 What tho' no coach to frequent visit rolls,
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles?
 Yet still your nerves rheumatick pains defy, 505
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
 Of burning gout or sedentary stone. 510
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,
 Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
 Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
 And trust their safety to another's feet:
 Still let me walk; for oft' the sudden gale 515
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous fail:
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore
 The whelming billow and the faithless oar;
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520

Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the show'r,
In gilded chariot loll, he with disdain 525

Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage, 529

His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face. 535

So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong courfers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale Walker pant with weak'ning ills, 540
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills;
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame;
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords. 544
Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St James's sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-street old suits,

Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife. 550

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye ;
The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown :
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, Learning's flow'rs may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil ;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage, 560
Here faunt'ring 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D * * sleep :
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
And Squirts * read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot ! let my labours obvious lie, 565
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye ;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What Walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and fix ? 570
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon' bright chariot on its harness swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring :

* The name of an apothecary's boy in the Poem of *The Dispensary*.

'That wretch, to gain an equipage and place, 575
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps: 580
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a clust'ring train behind,
Owes his new honours to a fordid mind.
This next in court-fidelity excels, 585
The publick rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate:
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue and a good furtout! 590

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

Of walking the streets by night.

O TRIVIA! goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celestial Queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword, 5
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from heav'n's high bow'r
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread
Where the shop windows falling threat thy head:
Now lab'ers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tott'ring plank or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15
And as the passers open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the Walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space, 21
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware:

Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds 25
 Drag the black load; another cart succeeds,
 Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
 And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
 Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
 And the mixt hurry barricades the street. 30
 Entangled here, the wagon's lengthen'd team
 Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam
 Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
 Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
 Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35
 And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war:
 From the high box they whirl the thong around,
 And with the twining lash their shins resound,
 Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
 And the blood gushes down their painful eye. 40
 And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
 And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;
 Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
 Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
 So when two boars, in wild Ytene* bred, 45
 Or on Westphalia's fatt'ning chesnuts fed,
 Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
 Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire,
 In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
 Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

* New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so call'd,

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
 Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
 Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm
 The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
 Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn; 55
 High on the shoulder in a basket borne
 Lurks the fly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
 Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
 Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight
 And unfelt fingers makes thy pocket light. 60
 Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
 And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
 But, lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
 Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
 Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds, 65
 Whilst ev'ry honest tongue Stop thief resounds.
 So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
 Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
 Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
 And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70
 Breathless he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
 Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
 Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
 And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout;
 Or plung'd in miry ponds he gasping lies, 75
 Mud chokes his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.
 Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
 Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain;

Guard well thy pocket ; for these Syrens stand
 To aid the labours of the diving hand : 80
 Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
 And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.
 But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
 The rabble part, in shoals they backward run :
 So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85
 And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
 And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
 Stop short; nor struggle thro' the crowd in vain,
 But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90
 Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide,
 Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,
 Impatient venture back ; despising harm,
 I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
 Thus his lost bride the Trojan fought in vain 95
 Thro' night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain:
 Thus Nifus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
 To find the brave companion of his love :
 The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er ;
 Euryalus, alas! is now no more. 100

That Walker who, regardless of his pace,
 Turns oft' to pore upon the damsel's face,
 From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
 Shall strike his akeing breast against a post ;
 Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain 105
 His hapless coat with spurts of scaly rain.

But if unwarily he chance to stray,
 Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
 The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
 And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide, 118
 And wary circumspection guard thy side;
 Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
 Nor need th' officious linkboy's smoky light.

Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road 115
 Where alehouse benches rest the porter's load,
 Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
 That bruises oft' the truant schoolboy's heel,
 Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
 Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120

Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh
 Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
 Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
 And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;
 The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125
 But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Tho' you thro' cleaner alleys wind by day,
 To shun the hurries of the publick way,
 Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
 Mind only safety, and contemn the mire. 130
 Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
 Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
 Cross not with vent'rous step; there oft' is found

The lurking thief, who, while the day light shone,
 Made the walls echo with his begging tone : 136
 That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
 Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
 Tho' thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
 Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ; 140
 In the midway he 'll quench the flaming brand,
 And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.
 Still keep the publick streets, where oily rays,
 Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta! law-defended Town! 145
 Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown ;
 No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
 Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast ;
 Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
 But Liberty and Justice guard the land : 150
 No braves here profess the bloody trade,
 Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
 Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side ;
 The laws have set him bounds ; his servile feet 155
 Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
 Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
 Whose flambeau gilds the shades of Pall-Mall,
 When in long rank a train of torches flame,
 To light the midnight visits of the dame ? 160
 Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
 May where the chairman rests with safety tread ;

Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost: 166

He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.

Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll; 170

Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride:

Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air:

Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,

Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand,
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,

And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180

Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.

So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands, 185
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;

There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.

If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows 190

Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
 And with the fav'ry fish indulge thy taste:
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 195
 With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
 First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
 And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
 What will not Lux'ry taste? Earth, sea, and air,
 Are daily ranfack'd for the bill of fare, 200
 Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christian's food,
 And France robs marshes of the croaking brood;
 Spongy morels in strong ragouits are found,
 And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
 Ever be watchful to maintain the wall; 206
 For shouldst thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
 Will with impetuous fury drive along;
 All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
 And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210
 Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
 Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
 Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,
 Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
 O think on Oedipus' detested state, 215
 And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd he met his sire unknown;
 (Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!)

Each claim'd the way; their swords the strife decide;
 The hoary monarch fell; he groan'd and dy'd! 220
 Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
 Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
 Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
 Thro' Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, Mortal! on thy fleeting years; 225
 See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
 Whether some heir attends in sable state,
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate,
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
 A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb; 230
 Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
 No; the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
 It only serves to prove the living vain.

How short is life! how frail is human trust! 235
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
 Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
 Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
 And spot indelible thy pocket foil. 240

Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
 With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
 Has she not giv'n us hands to grope aright,
 Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
 And thinks thou not the double nostril meant 245
 To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various City frauds recite*,
 With all the petty rapines of the night?
 Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice or juggler's cards? 250
 Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray
 Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
 Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths or threat'ning frown?
 I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care, 255
 When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair:
 Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
 Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee thro' the roads
 Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes, 260
 The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
 Where Catherine-street descends into the Strand.
 Say, vagrant Muse! their wiles and subtle arts,
 To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts;
 So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265
 And City cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,
 No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
 Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribands glare,
 The new-scour'd manteau and the flattern air; 270
 High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
 And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

With flatt'ring sounds she sooths the cred'ulous ear,
 My noble Captain! Charmer! Love! my Dear!
 In ridinghood near tavern-doors she plies, 275
 Or muffled pinner's hide her livid eyes:
 With empty bandbox she delights to range,
 And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change:
 Nay, she will oft' the Quaker's hood profane,
 And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane: 280
 She darts from sarcenet ambush wily lears,
 Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
 Her fan will pat thy cheek: these snares disdain,
 Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman who, for thirst of gain, 285
 To the great City drove, from Devon's plain,
 His num'rous lowing herd: his herds he sold,
 And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold:
 Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
 Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
 She leads the willing victim to his doom,
 Thro' winding alleys to her cobweb room.
 Thence thro' the street he reels, from post to post,
 Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
 The vagrantwretch th' assembled watchmen spies, 295
 He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
 Deep in the Roundhouse pent, all night he snores,
 And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah! hapless Swain! unus'd to pains and ills,
 Canst thou forego roast beef for nauseous pills? 300

How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
 When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands !
 Or else (ye Gods! avert that worst disgrace)
 Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face;
 Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain, 305
 And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who, with friendly light,
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
 For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
 And home conduct thee safe from nightly harm; 310
 But if they shake their lanterns, from afar
 To call their brethren to confed'rate war,
 When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you
 Should chance to wander with the scouring crew!
 Tho' Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 315
 But seek the constable's confid'rate ear;
 He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
 Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.
 Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word,
 Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
 His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker * flings,
 And with the copper show'r the casement rings.
 Who has not heard the Scourer's midnight fame?
 Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name? 326

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
 Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
 I pass their desp'rate deeds and mischiefs done,
 Wherefrom Snowhill black steepy torrents run; 330
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hoghead's womb,
 Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
 So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws 335
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
 Or the dark caves to common sew'rs descend;
 Oft' by the winds extinct the signal lies,
 Or smother'd in the glimm'ring socket dies, 340
 Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne,
 In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
 Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
 And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
 So when fam'd Eddylton's far-shooting ray, 345
 That led the sailor thro' the stormy way,
 Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
 And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
 Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
 And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350

Who then thro' night would hire the harness'd steed?
 And who would chuse the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark, Distress with screaming voice draws nigher,
 And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.

At first a glowing red enwraps the skies, 355
 And borne by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise;
 From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
 The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
 Thro' the burst fast a blazing deluge pours,
 And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360
 Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement
 The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms; [swarms,
 A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,
 Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
 Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
 The helpless infant thro' the flame he bears, 366
 With no less virtue than thro' hostile fire
 The Dardan hero bore his aged fire.
 See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
 To quench the blaze that runs along the beams; 370
 The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.
 Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
 Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
 The heav'ns are all ablaze, the face of Night 375
 Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light;
 'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs O Rome!
 The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
 When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
 And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread. 380
 Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye Crowds! retire:
 Behold! the ready match is tip'd with fire,

'The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
 With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
 Flames sudden wrap the walls; with fullen sound
 The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground. 386
 So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
 Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate.

Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
 And heave and tofs upon the sulph'rous lake; 390
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
 And in th' abyfs her plunging tow'rs descend.

Consider, Reader! what fatigues I've known,
 The toils, the perils of the wintry Town;
 What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bor'd, 395
 How oft' I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
 Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
 Their future safety from my dangers find.
 Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
 Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil, 400
 The barb'rous Arabs' haunt, or shiv'ring coast
 Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost,
 Whom Providence in length of years restores
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
 Sets forth his journals to the publick view, 405
 To caution, by his woes, the wand'ring crew.

And now complete my gen'rous labours ly,
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
 Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410

When W* and G**, mighty Names! are dead,
 Or but a Chelsea under custards read;
 When criticks crazy handboxes repair,
 And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air, 414
 High-rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
 This Work shall shine, and Walkers blefs my name.

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THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

— εἰνθά δε θεληήρια πάνλα τέλυλο
"Ενθα εν μὲν φιλότης, εν δ' ἴμερος, εν δ' ὀαρισύς,
Πάρφασις ἢτ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύχα περ φρονεόντων
Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν. HOM. IL. 14.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,
Not the wide Fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade,
Nor that long known in China's artful land, 5
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand :
Nor shall the Muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies, 10
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading Fans refresh the fair ;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly, 15
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend; 20

Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,
 Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows;
 Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
 From the broad top depending branches spread;
 No knotty limbs the taper body bears, 25
 Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
 Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
 Like a clos'd Fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
 But as the seasons in their circle run,
 Ope its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun: 30
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring Muse! nor rove in foreign climes;
 To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
 Assist, ye Nine! your loftiest notes employ, 35
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
 Say how this instrument of love began,
 And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,
 Which gay Corinna rally'd with disdain: 40
 Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair:
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he danc'd:
 Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid, 45
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid:
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,
 The surest charm to bend the force of pride;

But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame. 50

When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
 He sought in solitude to lose his care;
 Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
 It serv'd, like musick, but to feed his pain.

To Venus now the slighted boy complains, 55
 And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent Queen! from Neptune's empire sprung,
 Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
 Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
 Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove, 60
 Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
 And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;

O beauteous Goddess! teach me how to move,
 Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.

If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd, 65

If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
 Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
 Think on the restless fever of thy heart;

Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain;
 By those uneasy minutes know my pain. 70

Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
 And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,

The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
 She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:

Oh! may my flame, like thine, Acontius! prove, 75
 May Venus dictate, and reward my love,

When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd;
 She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
 Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
 Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race; 80
 Like the swift hind the bounding damsel flies,
 Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.

Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,
 Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes, 85
 She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
 Say, Cyprian Deity! what gift, what art,
 Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
 If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
 Teach me what present may suspend her flight. 90
 Thus the desponding youth his flame declares;
 The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
 Sacred to Venus and the god of Love;
 Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95
 Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
 Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
 And paintsth' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
 Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
 Wide thro' the craggy rock an arch extends, 100
 The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
 And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
 Form the stiff bow and forge the fatal dart:

All share the toil: while some the bellows ply, 105
 Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
 Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
 Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;
 Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
 And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs;
 Here the loud hammer fashions female toys;
 Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,
 Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;
 Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 115
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
 Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,
 To which soft lovers adoration pay;
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
 That with quick scents revives the modish spleen: 120
 Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
 Which serves the rally'd fop for smart replies;
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
 The future records of the lover's flames:
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found, 125
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground:
 There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
 Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
 The patch, the powderbox, pulville, perfumes,
 Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs,
 The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide, 131
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide;

From the load anvil the quick blow rebounds,
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
 Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days, 135
 Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
 A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend :
 Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,
 With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones; 140
 The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
 Till the proud battlements her tow'rs enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car ; she shakes the reins,
 And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains ;
 Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes, 145
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows ;
 The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
 All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;
 In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
 While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious Loves! your present toils forbear, 151
 A more important task demands your care ;
 Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
 By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
 That glorious bird have ye not often seen 155
 Who draws the car of the celestial Queen ?
 Have ye not oft' survey'd his varying dyes,
 His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
 Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
 Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display, 160

Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art,
 Thin taper sticks must from one centre part;
 Let these into the quadrant's form divide, 165
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
 And make a miniature creation grow:
 Let the machine in equal foldings close,
 And now its plaited surface wide dispose; 170
 So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
 And grace each motion with the restless toy,
 With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
 While love in ev'ry grateful zephyr flies.
 The master Cupid traces out the lines, 175
 And with judicious hand the draught designs;
 Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
 And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
 Some flit their arrows with the nicest art,
 And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart; 180
 The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
 Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
 Their arrows' point they soften in the flame,
 And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
 Of this the little pin they neatly mould, 185
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;
 In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend,

Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
And finish instantly the new machine. 190

The goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy Lovers! how will you withstand, 195
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd, 200
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair,
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts! 205
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew; 210
In the bright air the dreadful falchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death from thund'ring cannon flies;
One hour with more battalions strows the plain 215
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.

So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
 Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
 The bosom now its panting beauties shows,
 Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws; 220
 Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
 And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
 The fickle headdress sinks, and now aspires,
 A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires:
 The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows, 225
 Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unwearied wing
 Trace varying habits upward to their spring?
 What force of thought, what numbers can express
 Th' inconstant equipage of female dress? 230
 How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
 How to adjust the mantua's sweeping train?
 What fancy can the petticoat surround,
 With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
 But stay, presumptuous Muse! nor boldly dare 235
 The toilette's sacred mysteries declare;
 Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
 None here must enter but the trusty maid.
 Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
 And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse; 240
 Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
 Where rising flows grow stiff with frosted gold,
 The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
 And in a maze of fashions lose her way. 244

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in heav'n's high tow'rs
Appear in council all th' immortal pow'rs;
Great Jove above the rest exalted fate;
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
His awful eye with ray superiour shone, 5
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair Venus comes in all her state!
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait; 10
With her loose robe officious zephyrs play,
And strow with odorif'rous flow'rs the way;
In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring Fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled Pow'rs! who fickle mortals guide, 15
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside;
Ye Fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground, 20
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind, 25
And all her native charms with dress refin'd:

Celestial Synod! this machine survey,
 That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
 If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
 With this she veils them from her lover's eyes: 30
 No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
 From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
 The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
 And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command:
 On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears, 35
 And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears:
 Ceres is with the bending fickle seen,
 And the strung bow points out the Cynthian Queen:
 Henceforth the waving Fan my hand shall grace,
 The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place. 40
 Who shall, ye Pow'rs! the forming pencil hold?
 What story shall the wide machine unfold?
 Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
 With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;
 Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains 45
 With unresisting nymphs and am'rous swains;
 May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
 To melt slow virgins with the warm design.
 Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
 And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground; 50
 Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
 And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:
 Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
 The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?

Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove, 55
 Or are the sex grown novices in love?
 Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
 From this slight ambush conquer by surprize?
 No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
 And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows: 60
 Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
 Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
 Let Cupid rather give up his command,
 And trust his arrows in a female hand.
 Have not the gods already cherish'd pride, 65
 And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
 Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
 For her the chambers of the deep explores;
 The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
 And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines: 70
 Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
 Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
 Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
 Where the green em'erald pays the searcher's toil.
 Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear, 75
 Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
 From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
 And imitates the lightning of her eyes,
 But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,
 And this fantastick engine be decreed, 80
 May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
 To speak the virgin's joy and Hymen's wo.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
 Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
 Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind, 85
 The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind ;
 The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,
 And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
 Be still, ye Winds! she cries ; stay, Theseus, stay ;
 But faithless Theseus hears no more than they. 90
 All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
 And spreads a well-known signal in the skies ;
 His less'ning vessel ploughs the foamy main ;
 She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress, 95
 Pale cheeks and bloodshot eyes her grief express ;
 Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,
 And gushing blood streams purple from the wound ;
 Her sister Anna hov'ring o'er her stands,
 Accuses Heav'n with lifted eyes and hands, 100
 Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
 And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
 View this, ye Maids! and then each swain believe ;
 They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove, 105
 Where Paris first betray'd her into love :
 Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
 Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow :
 The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
 And like their odours all his vows are fled ; 110



On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
 And Xanthus' waves with mournful looks surveys,
 That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
 When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame ;
 These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
 Than I forget my dear Oenone's love. 116

Roll back, ye Streams! back to your fountain run,
 Paris is false, Oenone is undone.

Ah! wretched Maid! think how the moments flew,
 Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew, 120
 When groves could please and when you lov'd the
 Without the presence of your perjur'd swain. [plain,

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the Fan,
 In his true colours view perfidious man ;
 Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove, 125
 And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The goddess ended, merry Momus rose ;
 With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
 Then with a noisy laugh forestals his joke,
 Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke. 130

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
 And by your own examples teach the fair.
 Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
 And the bright crescent own the Cynthian Queen.
 On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies, 135
 Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes ;
 See to his soft embraces how she steals,
 And on his lips her warm caresses seals ;

No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds. 140

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace, 145

And glowing expectation paints her face.

O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye Shepherds! fear Actæon's head;
Let vig'rous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please. 150

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise, 155

While she provokes him with desiring eyes:
'To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force, his heart persuade,
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid. 160

Here let dissolving Læda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its pow'r, 165
And soften Danae in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
 Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
 On the machine the sage Minerva place,
 With lineaments of wisdom mark her face: 176
 See where she lies near some transparent flood,
 And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:
 Her image in the floating glass she spies,
 Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes:
 She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 178
 Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain:
 With the loud reed no more her cheeks shall swell;
 What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.
 Shall arts—shall sciences, employ the fair?
 Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care. 180
 From Venus let her learn the marry'd life,
 And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
 Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
 Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;
 The god of war within her clinging arms, 183
 Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
 Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
 And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
 Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
 Their limbs entangled in a close embrace. 190
 Let these amours adorn the new machine,
 And female nature on the piece be seen;
 So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
 Learn from your bright examples to be chaste. 194

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,
Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are blest'd with a superiour skill, 5
And swift as mortal thought perform their will,
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
Th' assembled pow'rs consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan. 10

O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow,
Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales, appear, 15
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Thro' the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies. 20

She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of pride in Niobe she drew:
Be wise, ye Nymphs! that scornful vice subdue:
In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood, 25
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;

Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround : 30
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name ;
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loins were born, 35
Sev'n graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw, 40
His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corpse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face, 45
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;
When Heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midst his humble adoration dies. 50
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.

The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear, 55
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping flood;
 Some with their tresses stop't the gushing blood,
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
 And in the pious action share their fate. 60
 Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
 With her wide robe protects her only care;
 To save her only care in vain she tries,
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 65
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
 Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
 The plain all purple with her children's blood:
 She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air; 70
 Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
 All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.
 Ye haughty Fair! your painted Fans display, 75
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey;
 Tho' lovers oft' extol your beauty's pow'r,
 And in celestial families adore;
 Tho' from your features Cupid borrows arms,
 And goddesses confess inferiour charms, 80
 Do not, vain Maid! the flatt'ring tale believe,
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
 Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
 Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85
 Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
 Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
 What guilt, what horror on his face appears!
 See, his red eyelid seems to swell with tears, 90
 With agony his wringing hands he strains,
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
 Lose not in fullen discontent your peace;
 For when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents;
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian Queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd; 100
 Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
 Fearless she follows bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
 Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground 105
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound:
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in embroid'ry plays; 110

His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright swordknot lure her wand'ring eyes;
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood, 115
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood,
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd, 120
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires;
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Thro' his pale veins green sap now gently flows, 125
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best;
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair. 130
 Oh! Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the Fan the breathing figure shine, 135
 And all the pow'rs applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian Queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves:

To the low world she bends her steepy way,
 Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day : 140
 She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His downcast eyes betray'd desponding love ;
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
 And ev'ry tree bore false Corinna's name :
 In a cool shade he lay with folded arms, 145
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
 When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy Youth ! this bright machine survey,
 Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway, 150
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands :
 For this shall elephants their iv'ry shed, 155
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread ;
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine :
 On this shall Indians all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy ; 160
 Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show ;
 So shall the British fair their minds improve,
 And on the Fan to distant climates rove.
 Here China's ladies shall their pride display, 165
 And silver figures gild their loose array :

'This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
 That tunes the pipe, or tinkling cymbal plies:
 Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170
 The peeping Fan in modern times shall rise,
 Thro' which unseen the female ogle flies:
 This shall in temples the fly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath Devotion's veil.
 Gay France shall make the Fan her artists' care, 175
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue: 180
 So shall each fashion by the Fan be seen,
 From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes,
 Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
 But Cupid (who delights in am'rousill, 185
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to Leander's panting bosom flew:
 Leander lov'd, and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame; 190
 Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
 And for the fop in equal passion burns.

Lo, Strephon comes! and with a suppliant bow
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld, 195
Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
She sighing cry'd: disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart, 200
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eyes she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns:
She learns Leander's passion to despise, 205
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye Virgins! ere the blossom dies. 210

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame. 212

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK. IN SIX PASTORALS.

-----Libeat mihi fordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas.-----

Virg.

THE PROEME

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvell hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesie highly flourishing, no poet (though otherwise of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue, after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet trawailing in this plain highway of pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, 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 ploughmen, 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 gallimawfry 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 foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ὀπόλος ὄκκ' ἔσορῃ τὰς μπηάδας διαβαλεῦντι
 Ταχέλαι ὀφθαλμῶε ὄκι ἔτραγος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο. Theoc.

Verily as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred tast from all the fine finical newfangled fooleries of this gay Gothick 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 burgessees 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 grass or kine,
 Or daisie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses 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 shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own 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 Spenser well obserueth,

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 Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet bath his shepherd's boy at sometimes raised his rustic reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also bath 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 Shepherd'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 shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of Maister Spenser's Eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified, wherein 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 myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a groundrent 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 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 thyself
with the prospect of thine own country, linn'd by the
painful band of*

thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo 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, 5
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke,
As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen; 10
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, 15
Buxoma tore her pinners 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 El'zabeth, 20
I broke my reed, and sighing swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
 And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
 Full soon by bonfire and by bell 25
 We learnt our liege was passing well.

A skilful leach (so God him speed)
 They say had wrought this blessed deed;
 This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
 Who many a night not once had slept, 30

But watch'd our gracious sov'reign still;
 For who could rest while she was ill?
 Oh! may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep:
 Sheer, Swains! oh! sheer your softest sheep
 To swell his couch; for well I ween, 35
 He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, Please God I'll hie with glee
 To court, this Arbuthnot to see.
 I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
 For silver loops and garment blue, 40
 My boxen hautboy, 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, 45
 Of soldier's drum withouten dread;
 For peace allays the shepherd's fear
 Of wearing cap of grenadier.

There saw I ladies all-a-row
 Before their Queen in seemly show. 50

No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
 Like goldfinch, in her Sunday gown;
 Nor Clumfilis, nor Marian bright,
 Nor damsel that Hobaelia hight;
 But Lansdown fresh as flow'r of May, 55
 And Berkeley 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, 60
 Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint
 In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
 In riband blue and riband green;
 As Oxford, who a wand doth bear, 65
 Like Moses, 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, 70
 Ye Weavers! all your shuttles throw,
 And bid broad-cloths and serges grow,
 For trading free shall thrive again,
 Nor leafings leud affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien, 75
 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 ! 80
 And, certes, mirth it were to see
 Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
 With preface meet, and notes profound,
 Imprinted fair, and well ybound.
 All suddenly then home I sped, 85
 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 th' affairs of states and kings
 Wait while our Bowzybeus sings. 90
 Rather than verse of simple swain
 Shou'd stay the trade of France or Spain,
 Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
 You' Emp'rour's packets be delay'd,
 In sooth I swear by holy Paul,
 I'd burn book, preface, notes and all. 96

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

M O N D A Y :

OR,

THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirpin lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
Q'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear, 5
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

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

☞. 3.] Welkin, the same as Welken; an old Saxon word, signifying a cloud; by poetical license 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——

Ibid.] Sheen, or Shine, an old word for shining, or bright.

☞. 5.] Scant, used in ancient British authors, for scarce.

☞. 6.] Rear, an expression in several counties of England for early in the morning.

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

This rising rear betok' neth well thy mind;
 Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind :
 And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
 Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

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

CUD. Hold, witlefs Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
 Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arife. 20
 Lo, yonder Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
 The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain !
 From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
 To know when hail will fall or winds arife :
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25
 When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait 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. 34

LOB. CL. See this tobacco pouch that 's lin'd with
 Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer; [hair,

v. 25.] Erst, a contraction of ere this; it signifies some-
 time ago, or formerly.

This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddell hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

COB. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting fouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

LOB. CL. My Blouzelinda is the blithest las,
Than prinrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the kingcup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
Fair is the jelliflow'r, of gardens sweet, 45
Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet;
But Blouzelind's than jelliflow'r more fair
Than daisie, marigold, or kingcup rare.

CUB. My brown Buxoma is the feateft maid
That e'er at wake delightfome gambol play'd; 50
Clean as young lambkins or the goole'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 deffest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

LOB. CL. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
Of her bereft, 't is winter all the year. 60
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.

*. 56.] Dett, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

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

CUD. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay, 65
Ev'n noontide labour seem'd an holyday;
And holydays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky days I wish'd would soon be done.
Estsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holyday. 70

LOB. CL. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I flily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kifs,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amifs.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say, 75
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUD. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kifs; at first, 't is true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

LOB. CL. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's
Of Irish fwains potatoe is the cheer; [dear,

ψ. 69.] Estsoons, 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.

ψ. 79.] Quaint 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 *Millar's Tale*,

As clerkes being full subtle and quaint.
(by which he means arch or waggish) and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind, 85
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
While she loves turnips butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

CUD. IN good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife; 90
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOB. CL. A once I play'd at Blindman's buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt: 96
I mis'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

CUD. 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.

LOB. CL. 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.

CUD. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid:

Ver. 83.] *Populus Alcidae gratissima, vitis laccho,
Formosae myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo.
Phyllis amat corylos. Illas dum Phyllis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos nec laurea Phœbi, &c.*

High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

LOB. CL. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain;
What flow'r is that which bears the Virgin's name*,
The richest metal joined with the same? 114

CUD. Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight; [right,
What flow'r is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin†, and 't is strown on graves?

CLOP. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. [strains;

But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn, 121
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. 124

* Marygold.

† Rosemary.

Ver. 117.] *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores.*

Ver. 120.] *Et vitula tu dignus et hic.*

Virg.
Virg.

TUESDAY.

OR,

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols 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 aiant 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 with sage the hard'ning cheese she pres'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now devoid of country cares, 15
Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese 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,

☛. 21.] Kee, a West-country word for kine, or cows.

M iij

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 silly, but more silly 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?
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 neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

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

Whilom with thee 't was Marian's dear delight
To toil 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 misting days when I my thresher heard, 55
With nappy beer † to the barn repair'd ;
Lost 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 sunburnt 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 car, 65
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far :
Straight on the fire the sooty 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 mess.
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 gipsies met :
Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook ;
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 mishaps 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 Gipsies! 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 posie on thy knife, 95
 And with another change thy state of life?
 If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
 As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
 So is thy image on this heart of mine. 100
 But wo 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,
 Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat. 106

WEDNESDAY;

OR,

THE DUMPS*.

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnets' throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

Awhile, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy Muse does at New-market run,

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the
follens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumopes,
a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melanco-
ly. So Mopes, after the same manner, is thought to have come
from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the same di-
stemper; 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 coun-
ties of England.

Ver. 5.] *Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantes quorum stupefactae carmine lynce;*
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.

Virg.

Ver. 9.] *Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa timavi,
Siveoram Illyrico legis aequiris-----*

ŷ. 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 New-market Horse-race, and several o-
thers that are sung by the British swains.

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, 15
 Where D'Urfey's lyricks swell in ev'ry voice;
 Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

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
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise. 26

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
 From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
 The riband that his val'rous cudgel won,
 Last Sunday happier Clumfilis put on: 30
 Sure if he had eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
 I whilom by that riband had been known.
 Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with the riband he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid, 35
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

ψ. 17.] Meed, an old word for fame or renown.

Ver. 18.]-----Hanc sine tempora circum

Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.

Ver. 25.] Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit Olivæ.

ψ. 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 borne; 40
The cleanly cheefe-prefs she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:
No hufwifery the dowdy creature knew; 45
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden 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
Tho' Clumfilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with ev'ry blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek, 55
While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witlefs lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell 's undone !
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite; 60

Ver. 37.] *Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes?*

Virg.

Ver. 49.] *Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi.*

Virg.

Ver. 53.] *Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.*

Virg.

Ver. 59.] *Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti*

Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.

Virg.

Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
 And join in wedlock with the waddling goose,
 For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
 'The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid, 65
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
 And speckled mack'rels graze the meadows fair;
 Sooner shall screechows bask in sunny day,
 And the slow as on trees, like squirrels, play; 70
 Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
 Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
 When late I met the Squire in yonder wood! 75
 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 straggling 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?

Ver. 67.] Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere cervi
 Et freta destituent nudos in litore pisces.-----
 Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

Virg.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence love his rise begun;
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90
 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 shepherds destroys.
 Does son or father greater mischief do? 95
 The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewell, ye Woods! ye Meads! ye Streams! that
 A sudden death shall rid me of my wo. [flow;

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide; 100
 What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!

No—To some tree this carcass I'll suspend;
 But worrying curs find such untimely end!
 I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool 105
 On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,

✱. 89.] To ken. *Scire Chaucero*, to ken, and kende, *notus*
A. S. cunnan. *Gotb.* kunnan. *Germanis* kennen. *Danis* kiende,
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.

Ver. 99.] ---vivite Sylva,

Præcepserat acrii specula de montis in undas

Defcerat.

Virg.

That fool, 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,
 Tho' all the parish say I 've lost my wits; 113
 And thence, if courage holds, myself I 'll throw,
 And quench my passion in the lake below.

Ye Lasses! cease your burden, 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. 120

THURSDAY:

OR,

THE SPELL.

HOENELIA.

HOENELIA, 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, 5
The woful day, a day indeed of wo!
When Lubberkin to Town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt 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 cuckoo sing, 15
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deb'rah 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

v. 8.] Dight, or bedight, from the Saxon word Dightan, which signifies to set in order.

Then doff'd my shoe, and, by my troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
 As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around. 26

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 hempseed 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 sight behind me came the youth.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around. 36

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
 I rearily rose, just at the break of day,
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away; 40
 Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
 To milk my kine (for so should huswives 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?

*. 21.] Doff, and don, contracted from the words do off,
 and do on.

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 milkwhite 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 wondrous 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. 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
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 't was 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 pease-cods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three, 70
Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;

Ver. 64.] — ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
Aἴθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακίει μέγα καπυρίσασα. Theoc.
Ver. 66.] Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in daphnide.

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, surpris'd the sight to see,
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight ;
 So may again his love with mine unite ! 80

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

This ladyfly I take from off the grafs,
 Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
 Fly, ladybird, 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 truelove from the faithless Town.

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

This mellow pippin which I pare around,
 My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground :
 I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
 Upon the grafs a perfect L is read ;
 Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen 95

Than what the paring marks upon the green.

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

†. 91.] *I pare this pippin round and round again,*
 My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain. 12mo ed. 1767.
 Ver. 93.] *Transque caput jace; ne respexeris.* Virg.

Part. IV. THURSDAY: OR, THE SPELL. 83

This pippin shall another trial 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 borne :
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love 's unfound,
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last; 105
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharpheel 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 tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;
Three times a true love's knot I tie secure, 115
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

With my sharp heel 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 't was 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;

Ver. 109.] Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores
Necte, Amarylli modo; et Veneris die vincula necto.

Virg.

Ver. 123.] Has herbas, atque hæc ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipse dedit Maeris.

Virg.

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 heel 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 stile see Lubberkin appears.

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! 136

Ver. 127.] ——— Ποτόν κακόν ἀνρίον ὀισῶ. Θεοῦ

Ver. 131.] Nescio quid certe est; et hylax in limine latrat.

FRIDAY:

OR,

THE DIRGE*.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful 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 shew'r of leaves is borne, 5
And their lost beauty river beeches mourn;
Yet ev'n this season pleafance blithe affords;
Now the squeez'd prefs foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul. 10

GRUB. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert
From these sad plains all merriment is flown; [gone,
Should I reveal my grief 't would spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMK. Hang sorrow! let 's to yonder hut repair, 15
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.

* Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirigie*, in the Popish hymn, *Dirigie 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*.

Ver. 15.] Incipe Mopse prior si quos aut Phyllidis ignes.
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut Jurgia Codri.

Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou sing'st most sweet O'er hills and far away.
 Of Patient Griffel I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring, 20
 Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter come,
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUB. Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my wo shall distant vallies ring;
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head, 25
 For wo is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMK. 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 excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
 The rolling streams with wat'ry 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 't was in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

Where'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 I've often been the damsel's guide, 45
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 miss'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 espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound, 60
Whilom 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 furround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye Swine ! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding 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;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers 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.
GRUB. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,

Ver. 84.] Pro molli viola, pro puspureo Narcisso
Carduus, et spinis surgit Paliurus acutis.

Virg.

Ver. 90.] Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.

Ver. 93.] Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per ætam
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphnæque tuum tollemus ad astra.

Virg.

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 wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; **100**
The solemn deathwatch 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 her fate;
'The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, **105**
Dropp'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?
While on her darling'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 sister'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**

Ver. 96.] Κρέσσον Μελοπομένα τευακούμεν ἢ μέλι λείχειν.
Theoc.

Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
 Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid :
 The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake,
 Let Susan keep for her dear sister'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 ninepence bent,
 A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent. 130

Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, 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 lasses bore, 135
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.

Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
 The daisie, 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 Heav'n would take her soul, no doubt, 140
 And spoke the hourglass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
 O'er her new 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 rase,
 For both his horse and cow the churchyard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm: 150
For Gaffer Treadwell told us by the by,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft strokings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire, 155
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain: 160
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs. 164

*Ver. 153.] Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudisque manebunt.*

SATURDAY:

OR,

THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustick Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile 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, 5
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide thro' the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about; 10
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'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 damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lads dismay'd. 20
When fast asleep they Bouzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;

That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who with fingers' speed 25
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches, fung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah! Bouzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 't was night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout;
For custom says, whoe'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.

Ver. 22.] Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant. Virg.
Ver. 40.] Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit. Virg.
Ver. 43.] Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis. Virg.
Huic aliud mercedis erit.

Not ballad-finger plac'd above the crowd
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
 Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
 Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear. 50

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
 Why the grave owl can never face the sun ;
 For owls, 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 coleworts upwards grow ;
 How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
 O'er hills, and sinking hogs, 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 woodcocks 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's season keep, 65
 And how the droufy bat and dormouse sleep :
 How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
 Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose :
 For huntsmen by their long experience find
 That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

Ver. 47.] *Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassa rupes,
 Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Hæmarus Orphea.*

Virg.

ψ 51.] Our swain had probably read Tuffer, from whence
 he might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

Virg.

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 silken laces hang upon the twine, 75
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:
How the tight lase knives, combs, and scissars spies,
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 crowded 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 vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet:
Of rareshows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90
Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood;
Ah! barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glitt'ring fauchion smil'd:
Their little corpse 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.

Ver. 97. *Fortunate ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

Virg.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the fly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,
When Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn! 104

Ah! With'rington! more years thy life had crown'd
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.

All in the Land of Essex next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakersturn gallants: 110
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 Taffey 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 grassnow grows where Troy town stood?

ψ. 99.] A Song in the Comedy of *Love for Love*, beginning, A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

ψ. 109.] A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his *Poems*.

Ver. 112.] Et fortunatam si nunquam armenta fuissent
Pasiphæan.

Ver. 117.] Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.

ψ. 117.] Old English ballads.

Virg.

His catols 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.
 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. 128

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ACIS AND GALATEA.

A SERENATA.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE MUSICK BY MR. HANDEL.

PART I.

A rural prospect, diversified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea seated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and shepherds, distributed about the landscape, and Polyphemus discovered sitting upon a mountain.

CHORUS.

O THE pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains!
(Harmless, merry, free and gay)
Dance and sport the hours away,
For us the zephyr blows, 5
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:
For us the winter's rain,
For us the summer's shine; 10
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Ye verdant plains and woody Mountains!
Purling streams and bubbling Fountains!
Ye painted Glories of the Field! 15

Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
 Too thin the shadow of the grove,
 Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
 Your thrilling strains;
 Awake my pains,
 And kindle fierce desire:
 Cease your song, and take your flight;
 Bring back my Acis to my sight.

20

Da capo.

AIR.

ACIS. Where shall I seek the charming fair? 25
 Direct the way, kind Genius of the Mountains:
 O tell me if you saw my dear;
 Seeks she the groves, or bathes in chrystal fountains?

Da capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAM. Stay, Shepherd! stay;
 See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray. 30
 What means this melancholy air?
 No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

30

AIR.

Shepherd! what art thou pursuing?
 Heedless running to thy ruin!
 Share our joy, our pleasure share: 35
 Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
 Let the day be free from sorrow,
 Free from love and free from care.

35

Da capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Lo here, my Love!
 Turn, Galatea! hither turn thine eyes;
 See at thy feet the longing Acis lies. 40

AIR,

Love in her eyes sits playing,
 And sheds delicious death;
 Love in her lips is straying,
 And warbling in her breath: 45
 Love on her breast sits panting,
 And swells with soft desire;
 Her grace nor charm is wanting
 To set the heart on fire. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GAL. O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
 Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove. 51

AIR.

As when the dove
 Laments his love
 All on the naked spray,
 When he returns, 55
 No more she mourns,
 But loves the livelong day,
 Billing, cooing,
 Panting, wooing,
 Melting murmurs fill the grove; 60
 Melting murmurs, lasting love. *Da capo.*

DUET.

ACIS, GAL. Happy we.

What joys I feel!—What charms I see!

Of all youths thou dearest Boy!

Of all nymphs thou brightest fair!

Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy! *Da capo.* **66**

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

PART II. —

A concerto on the organ.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED LOVERS! Fate has past
This sad decree, No joy shall last.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polypheme;
See what ample strides he takes, 5
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores:
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

POLYPH. I rage, I melt, I burn;
The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart. 10
Thou trusty Pine!
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe 15
Sweet Galatea's beauty and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!

O nymph more bright
 Than moonshine night, 20
 Like kidlings, blithe and merry!
 Ripe as the melting cluster!
 No lily has such lustre;
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging flame,
 And fierce as storms that bluster! *Da capo.* 26

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, ACIS, GALATEA, DAMON.

POLYPH. Whither, Fairest! art thou running,
 Still my warm embraces shunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey,
 Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay. 30

POLYPH. Thee Polyphemus! great as Jove,
 Calls to empire and to love;
 To his palace in the rock,
 To his dairy, to his flock;
 To the grape of purple hue, 35
 To the plum of glossy blue;
 Wildings which expecting stand,
 Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,
 And swill full draughts of human blood! 40
 Go, Monster! bid some other guest:
 I loathe the host; I loathe the feast.

AIR.

POLYPH. Cease to beauty to be suing;
 Ever whining love disdaining,

Let the brave their aims pursuing, 45
 Still be conqu'ring, not complaining. *Da capo.*

AIR.

DAMON. Would you gain the tender creature ?
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her :
 Suff'ring is the lover's part :
 Beauty, by constraint, possessing, 50
 You enjoy but half the blessing ;
 Lifeless charms without the heart. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. His hideous love provokes my rage ;
 Weak as I am I must engage :
 Inspir'd with thy victorious charms, 55
 The god of love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds th' alarm,
 And fear is a flying :
 When beauty 's the prize,
 What mortal fears dying ? 60
 In defence of my treasure
 I'd bleed at each vein :
 Without her no pleasure,
 For life is a pain. *Da capo.*

AIR.

DAM. Consider, fond Shepherd ! 65
 How fleeting 's the pleasure
 That flatters our hopes
 In pursuit of the fair :

'The joys that attend it
By moments we measure ; — 70
But life is too little
To measure our care. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Cease, O cease, thou gentle Youth !
Trust my constancy and truth ;
Trust my truth, and pow'rs above, 75
The pow'rs propitious still to love. *Da capo.*

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, POLYPHEME.

ACIS, GAL. The flock shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love. 80

POLYPH. Torture ! fury ! rage ! despair !
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS, GAL. Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee ;
Not sleep to toil so easing, 85
As these dear smiles to me.

POLYPH. Fly swift, thou massy Ruin ! fly :
Die, presumptuous Acis ! die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Help, Galatea ! help, ye Parent Gods !
And take me dying to your deep abodes. 90

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muses ! weep, ye Swains !
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains ;

Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring shore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GAL. Must I my Acis still bemoan, 95
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind. 100

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea! cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canst relieve;
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return, 105
Thro' verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. 'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart! thou seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright; 110
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood:
Rock! thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Thro' the plains he joys to rove, 115
Murm'ring still his gentle love. *Da capo.*

CHORUS.

Galatea ! dry thy tears ;

Acis now a god appears ;

See how he rears him from his bed ;

See the wreath that binds his head.

120

Hail ! thou gentle murm'ring Stream !

Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme ;

Thro' the plain still joy to rove,

Murm'ring still thy gentle love.

124

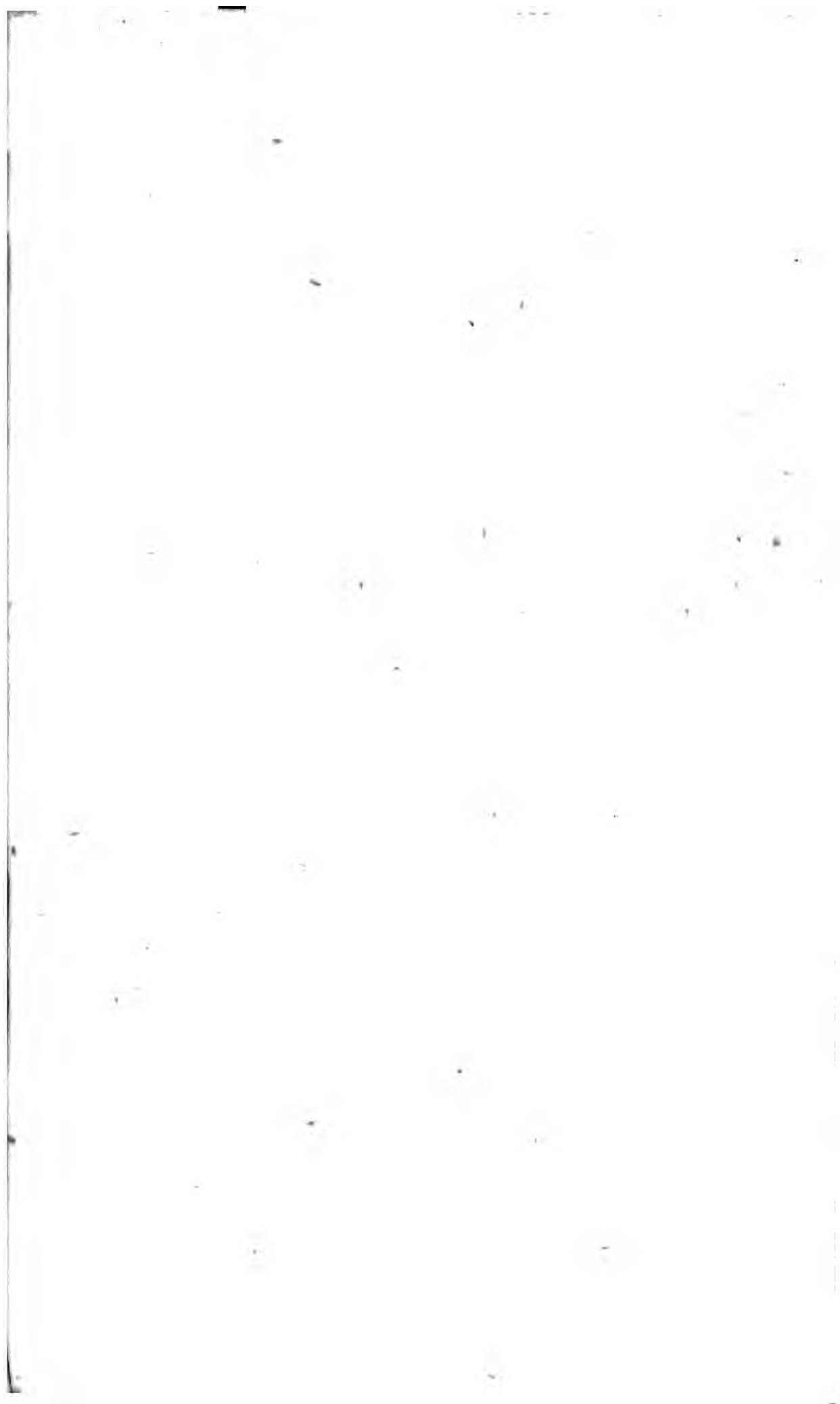
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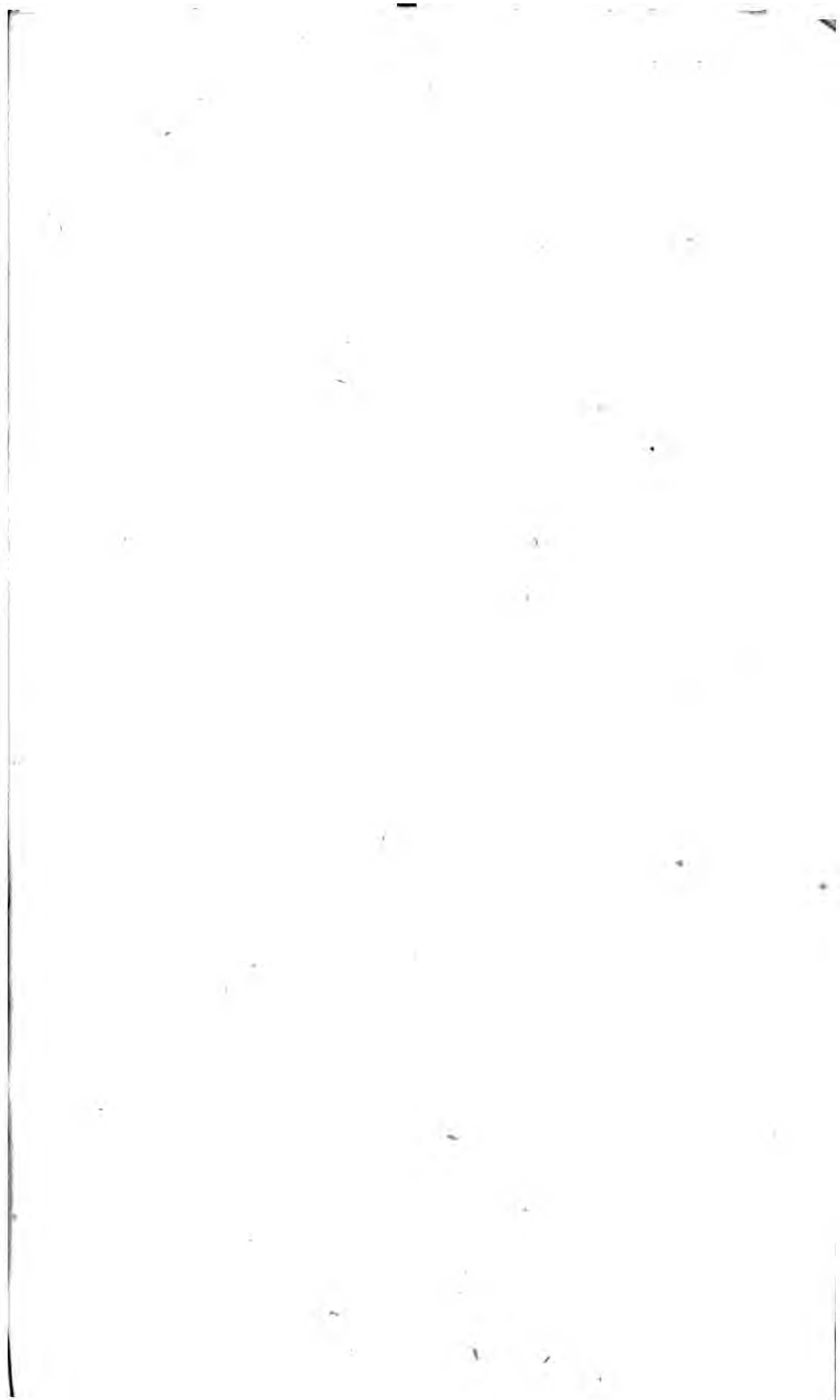
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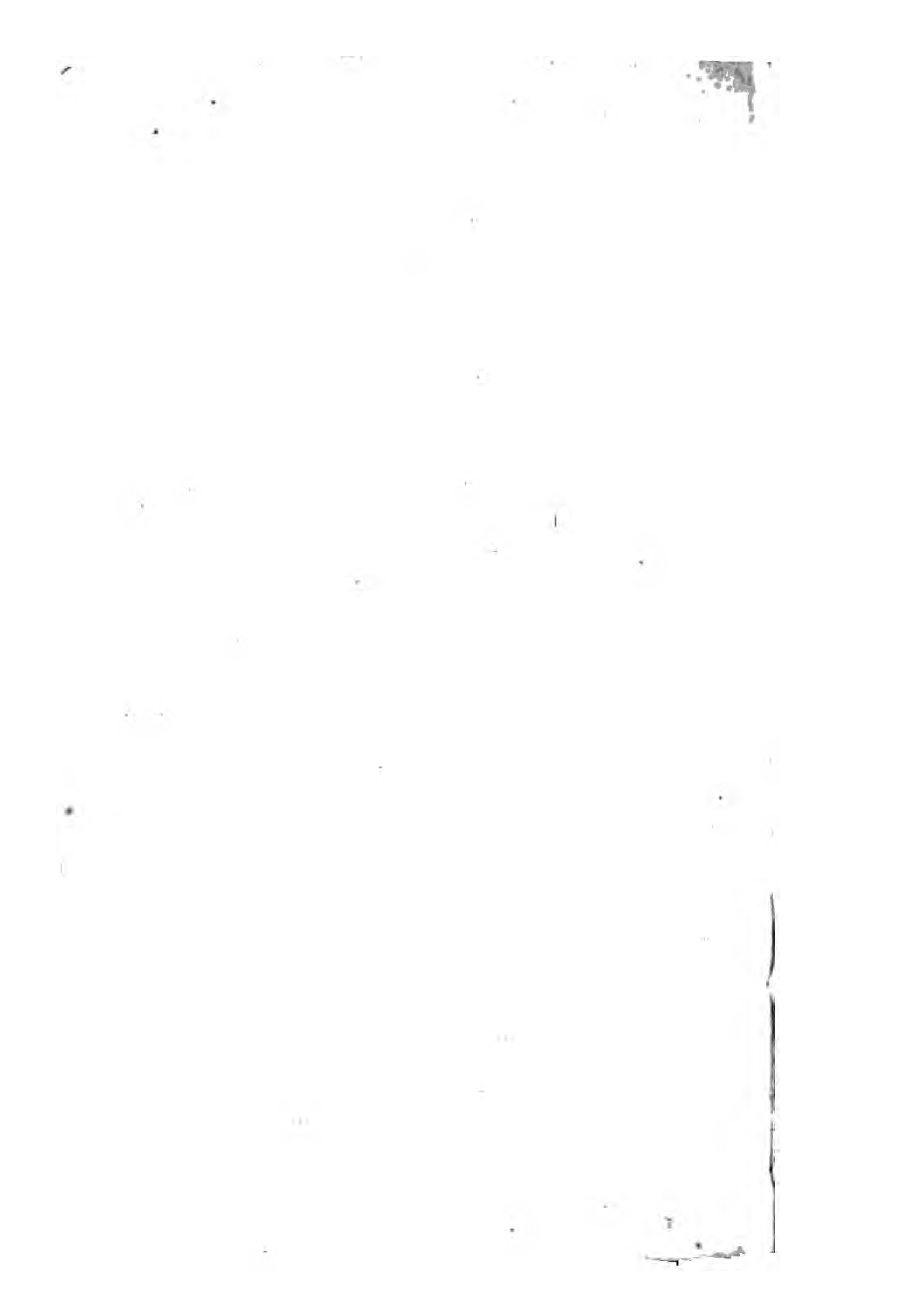
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