

P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

By Mr. S M I T H.



L O N D O N:

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THE
Miller's TALE.

FROM

Geoffrey Chaucer.

IN Days of Old, if Story does notcir,
In *Oxford* dwelt an aged Carpenter ;
But tho' with Riches he was amply stor'd,
Greedy of Pelf, he *Scholars* kept at Board ;
Daily he thriv'd, and thriving learn'd to Save ,
A Jealous Dotard, and a Purse p'evd Knave.

It so besel, a Youngster of the Gown.
For his Diversion, took a Room in Town

Y

At

At this old Carpenter's good Mansion-House ;
He let the Room—the Scholar paid his Spouse.
A Youth He was of most accomplish'd Parts,
Deep read in Sciences, and learn'd in Arts ;
But to *Astrology* he most inclin'd,
To *that* the Stars had influenc'd his Mind.
You cou'd propose no Question e're so nice,
But he resolv'd the *Problem* in a Trice,
And drew infallible Conclusions by
The sure Determinations of the Sky ;
No *Almanack* cou'd half so well explain
The dire Contingences of Drought, or Rain ;
No Farmer in the Neighbourhood around,
Without Consulting him, broke up his Ground ;
And Husbandmen their Contributions pay,
To know when they shou'd Reap, or Cock their
[Hay:
He'd form a *Diagram*, and there descry
The *Horoscope* of a Nativit y ;

And

And much enlarge on num'rous *Cuckolds* born
Beneath the Forked Star of *Capricorn* :
He corresponded with the Heav'nly Signs,
Conjunctions, Aspects, Quartils, and their *Trines* ;
And Stars wou'd tip the Wink, to let him know
What Sublunary Thieves, or Lovers did below.

He by his Knowledge purchas'd goodly Fame,
And Gentle *Nich'las* was this Artist's Name ;
His Maiden Looks profes'd a Saint-like Grace,
And well-differmbl'd Truth bely'd his Face ;
The *Sophister* a *Graduate* might prove
In all th'Intrigues and secret Arts of Love ;
And when to solace, *Phillis* gave Occasion,
He punctually obey'd her Assignation.

With trusty *Fondle Wife* (as we have said)
 He boarded ; and to propagate his Trade,
 Alone Apartment to himself he had .

The Chamber well his blooming Thoughts ex-
 The Chamber well his blooming Thro'ghs expressed, {prest'd,
 Spruc'd up with chearful Greens, and qu'nn'ly
 Spruc'd up with chearful Greens, and quaintly dress'd, [dress'd,
 Mytles, and Flow'rs in Sweets confus'dly meet,
 Sweet were the Greens, and Flow'rs, but he himself
 [more sweet.

Sweet were the Greens, and Flow'rs, but he himself more sweet.

On a *Decyph'ring Table*, near the Bed,
 On a *Decyph'ring Table*, near the Bed,
 His *Astrologick Scheme*, and *Globes* were laid,
 His *Astrologick Table*, near the bed,
 His *Astrolabe*, that long'd to shew his Art,
 His *Astrolabe*, that long'd to shew his Art.
 With *Constellatory Stones*, were set apart :
 With *Constellation Stones*, were set apart:
 Upon a *Shel* were Authors rang'd on high,
 Upon a *Shel* were Authors rang'd on high,
 With the fam'd *Almag. of Ptolomy*,
 With the fam'd *Almagist of Ptolomy*,
 Whence he his *Cant purpoin'd* and learned Banters,
 Whence he his *Cant purpoin'd*, and learned Banters,
Colures, *Azimuthals*, and *Almicanters*.
 Colures, Azimuthals, and Almicanters.

His Pres' was with a Scarlet Carpet grac'd,
Where he his tuneful Instrument had plac'd,
On which a nights harmoniously he play'd,
With Strings and Voice such Melody he made,
He play'd so sweet, the Chamber echoing rung,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he sung .
Full many a Sonnet blefs'd his warbling Throat,
Shull as the Lark, as merry was his Note.

The Carpenter, devoid of Sense and Grace,
(As it is many an Honest Townsman's Case)
But newly wedded had a Buxom Wife,
That he more dearly tender'd than his Life ,
The gamesom Filly was about Eighteen,
By her Shape, her Pasterns strait and clean,
Which made the Sot his Charge in Durance keep,
I est She promiscuously shou'd steal a Leap

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For She was wild, and young ; He tame, and old,
And thought all Cuckolds sprung from Heat and
[Cold,
Unlearn'd, he ne're had read Sage *Cato's Rules*,
Which preach this Maxim from the Moral Schools,
That who in Disproportion wed, are Fools.
Man ought to Couple with an equal Mate,
For Youth and Age get nothing—but Debate ;
The Husband Aged, and a Youthful Dame,
His chilling Snow but ill requites her Flame :
But since the Gull was fall'n into the Snare,
He must endure what Fellow-Suff'rers bear,
And think that She from Others will receive
The Love He cannot, and which They can give.

The Wife was wond'rous Fair, and therewithal
Her gentle Body, as the Weezel, small ;
She wore a Girdle of *Brocaded Silk*,
Her *Apron* whiter was than Morning Milk,

Purfl'd about, it fell in *Pleats* all o're ;
Clean was her *Smock*—embroider'd down before,
The *Collar* round with *Needle Work* was wrought,
Black as her Eyes, and wanton as her Thought ;
In glossy Rounds the jetty *Bugles* deck
The graceful Column of her snowy Neck :
Her *Kercheif* was of *Lawn*, with *Ribbons* ty'd
In mazy *Knots*, and complicated Pridge ;
Just on the less'ning *Calf* her *Buskins* fall,
And gayly lac'd the well-proportion'd *Small* :
Her *Pillet* broad of *Silk*, was set full high ;
And the young Wanton had a liqu'rish Eye :
Her Eyebrows pincht like slender *Arches* grow,
Bending in Shades, and blacker than a *Sloe* ;
Her spangl'd Purse with tawdry Colours dy'd,
Tassell'd with *Silk*, hung dangling by her Side ;
Her ev'ry Garment, with a Rival Air,
Contended which shou'd most adorn the Fair :

Her

Her Beauty and Attire each other grace,
Her Face the Dress commends, the Dress her Face.

Her shining Hue was brighter to behold
Than new coin'd *Angels*, or the *Noble-Gold*.
Her General Songs full gladsom Notes express'd,
So Sparrows chirping tread, and build their Nest
But to her Voice She like a Kid wou'd bound,
Frisking in Air, too light to touch the Ground.
Her lovely Mouth, and Lips of Ruby, shew
Like blushing Cherries pearl'd with Morning Dew:
Not spicy Wines such Fragrances display,
Nor Apples hoarded in new-tedded Hay:
Wincing She was, as is a jolly Colt,
Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt:
Not Down of Swans, or Blossoms on the Tice
Were half so soft, so sweet, so beautiful as She

The Charmer was created for Delight,
Form'd to provoke a Monarch's Appetite,
A *Venus* fit to wanton by *Jove's* Side,
Or yet to make a good convenient *Vulcan's* Bride.

Now Sir, and oft Sir, thus besel the Case,
Upon a Day this Gentle *Nicholas*
(While the good *Husband* was to *Osney* gone,
And the young *Wife* was kindly left alone)
Began his am'rous Passion to declare,
And with outrageous Love attack'd the Fair ;
He kiss'd—he ogl'd her—with Aidor ples'z
Her balmy Hand, and squeez'd her heaving Breast ;
Then wantonly he stole down by degrees,
First strok'd her swelling Thigh, then grasp'd her
[Knees,
Till his impatient Hand like Lightning flew
To a strange Place—which scarce her *Husband* knew ;

(There

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(There He had been indeed, but been in vain,
Gave Her small Pleasure, and Himself much Pain.)

One Arm in strictest Folds the Fair embrac'd,
Clinging like *Ivy* round her slender *Wife*.

“ For Love of You (says he) I inly mourn,
“ All Night I languish, and all Day I burn.
“ Permit me then—or I will ne’re remove,
“ O grant me—or I perish for your Love ;
“ Thus on your panting Bosom will I lie,
“ Here conquer, or—upon this Spot will die.

Now, as in Passion, from his Arms She sprung,
Far from his Kisses back her Head She flung,
Writhing her twining Neck, as rack'd with Pain,
But whisper'd Kindness, tho' She look'd Disdain ;
Half-smiling, and half-frowning She appears,
And *Venus* seem'd to chuckle thro' her Tears ;

Says

Says She—“ You shall not—Heav’ns—nay fie—for—
[bear,

“ I shall cry out,—and somebody may hear.
Thus as they in the wanton Battel strove,
He boldly storm’d, and seiz’d the Fort of Love ;
Nor cou’d She longer now the Foe withstand,
The Articles of Peace were in his Hand.

Yet Gentle *Nich’las*, fearing to displease,
Fell, and ask’d Pardon on his bended Knees ;
He pray’d—he swore—and promis’d her so fast,
That She as kindly promis’d him at last.

“ You naughty Men have the prevailing Arts
“ To tyrannize o’re silly Women’s Hearts,
“ Undone by You, we fondly seek no Aid,
“ In Love most happy, when by Love betray’d ;
Then swore devoutly by St. Becker’s Shrine,
“ Thine will I be (quoth She) and only thine,

“ When-

“ Whenever by kind Absence I am free
 “ From my old Husband’s watchful Jealousy
 “ But I enjoin You, that You cautious prove,
 “ And on your Life be secret in your Love ;
 “ For shou’d You not to Secrecy incline,
 “ The rash Discov’ry may endanger mine.

“ Since I am bless’d (said he) with your Con
 [sent,
 “ Leave this Intrigue to my sole Management ,
 “ The *Scholar* idly has employ’d his *Study*,
 “ That of thy *Logwood* cannot make a Noddy.
 Thus Both agreed, and mutually they swore
 To wait the Time, as ’tis express’d before—
 Then after he had taken lusty Pains
 To warm her Gaskins . . . To warm her Gaskins well, and thump’d her Loins
 . . . he patt’ring Kisses Thick on her Lips he patt’ring Kisses laid ;
 Then firk’d his Fiddle, . . . Then firk’d his Fiddle, and like wild he play’d,

With eager Joy elate, he loudly sings,
Swift flew his Bow, and scarcely touch'd the Strings.

It so befel, upon an *Holy-Day*,
The beauteous *Convert* went to *Church* to pray ;
But first bethought her to consult her *Glaſs*,
And there in private She *confes'd* her Face,
Alſo b'ſt from *venial* Stains her Beauties ſhone,
In Luftrē equal to the Mid-day Sun.

Now of this *Church* there was a *Pariſh-Clerk*
Icleped *Aſſolon*—a furious Spark,
His Goldy Locks were curl'd, and from his Head
On each Side op ning, like a Fan, they spread ;
His Countenance *Vermilion* was , his Eyes
Grey as a *Goſe's*, and he look'd as *wife* ,
He tripp'd full ſeatly with a mincing Pace,
In *Hoſe* red, and an affected Grace ;

And

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And as on *Bread and Butter* Children use,
He wore *Glass-Windows* printed on his *Shoes*.
His *Azure Vest* thick set with *Points*, embrac'd
And narrowly confin'd his spiny *Waſte* ;
His *Surplice* over all did downward flow,
Fair as the Blossom whit'ning on the Bough.

A therry Child he was, a parlous Knav,
Well cou'd he use the *Lancet*, *Clip*, or *Shave* ;
Or draw a *Leaf*, as if h' had learn'd by Heart
The *Barber-Surgeon's*, and the *Lawyer's* Art ;
His various Legs he threw in Figures rare,
And *coupee'd* with a Courtly *Oxford* Air ;
He to his Strings his tow'ring Voice cou'd raise,
And on his *Gittern* thrum Harmonious Lays ;
No publick *Inn*, no *Tavern* in the Town,
Where He, and where his *Fiddle* were not knownt ;
The merry *Maids* without him knew no Bliss,
They took a *License* from his *Strings* to *Kiss*.

Out

Our Jolly *Abſalon*, thus brisk and gay,
Went with his *Cenſer* on a *Sabbath-Day*,
To fume the *Pariſh-Wives* with pious *Haste*,
And on them many a *Holy Leer* he cast.
But when fair *Alfon* he view'd, each Glance
Made his Heart caper, and his Spirits dance ;
The *Votary* did more devoutly look
Upon her Heav'ly Eyes, than on his *Book*.
To Her he *bow'd*, unmindful of the *Altar*,
And on her Face repeats his *Lady's Psalter* ;
Before her Beauties *Shrine* devoutly whispers
His *Mattins* o're, and darkling sings his *Vespers*.
Her Lovely Form so gratify'd the Sense,
He cou'd not keep his wand'ring Eyes from thence :
Had now the Pow'rs of *Jeve*'s superior House
Transform'd our *Clergy-Spark*, and *City-Spouse* }
Into a *Mufti-Cat*, and a *Sultana-Mouse*,

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The fury *Orthodox* had born away,
In his rapacious Claws, the ravish'd Prey.

This *Abſolon*, o'recome with am'rous Care,
Felt such infatiate Longings for the Fair,
That for her Sake alone, he cou'd refuse
(What rarely *Pariſh-Clerk* remits) his Dues :
For tho' the Female-Off'rings were many,
He out of Kindness wou'd not touch a Penny ;
But that *Religion* might obliging prove,
He threw them in the *Service*—*All for Love.*

The Day was past, at length approach'd the
[Night,
Pale *Cynthia* glitter'd with her Silver Light ;
His trusty *Gittern* forth the Lover brings,
And softly humming preludes to his Strings,
Till his instructed Voice and Hand prepare
In goodly Strains to Serenade the Fair :
Along he trudg'd with thoughtful Love oppres'd,
While Jealousy consum'd his throbbing Breast ;

He just before the Ladies Bow'r appear'd,
When wakeful *Chanticleer's* first Crow was heard,
Which rouz'd the flumb'ring Strings, they soon
[obey'd,
And in an *Eunuch-Voice* he sung, and play'd,
His mournful Lays in doleful Notes express
A Canticle of Woe, and Lovers in Distress.

S O N G.

O *My dear Lady ! O my Lady dear !*
From gentle Flock-bed rouze, and eke vouch-
[safe to hear,
Tour Paramour, whose Brains (by the same Token)
Are like his Fiddle crackt, with Strings and Heart nigh
[broken.
O pity a disaff'rrous Lover weeping,
Who for You wakes all Night, while You are soundly
[sleeping.

While thus he Sings, the Carpenter awoke,
 And jogging *Alfon*, thus gently spoke ;
 “ Hear’it Thou not how beneath our Bow’ry Wall
 “ *Abfolon* chaunts blythe Notes, and Quavers small
 As scarce awake She yawn’d, and answer’d Gaping,
 “ God wot I hear,—but little mind his Scraping.

Day after Day he courts the scornful Dame,
 Who flights his Passion, and neglects his Flame ;
 His am’rous Cares each Hour augmented so,—
 The Love-sick Wretch was quite begon with Woe;
 Pleas’d with his Pains, he sooths the fond Disease,
 And try’d all Methods, Lovers take, to please.
 He *sleeks*, *careens*, *perfumes*, and *dresses high*,
 Affects soft *Airs*, and *gambols* in her Eye ;
 Now bribes some trusty Female Friend to try her,
 And *Billet-Doux* imparts his am’rous Fire,

*Righteously scrawl'd with many a Scripture-Portion,
To shew how much he was—at her Devotion.*

For Her he dainty *Cates*, and *Viands* got,
Flavns, *Custards*, *Cakes*, and *Wafers* piping hot,
And (for he knew the Dame was nicely bred)
He sent her fragrant *Hydromel*, and Mead ;
For well he deem'd some Nymphs, not over-chaste,
By Courtly Presents are subdu'd at last :
The heedless Sex too easily believe,
And Men by various *Stratagems* deceive :
The Young and Vain cheap glitt'ring Toys ap-
[prove,
Some flatter'd are, some bully'd into Love ;
But all his Skill can no Relief impart,
The Gentle *Nsch'las* so possess'd her Heart.

The *Delphian* God in vain his Songs inspire,
His Master-Hand no more provokes the Lyre,

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His Midnight Toils with no Reward are crown'd,
His flighted Gifts are unsuccessful found :
Th' Ungrate repays his Flames with cold Disdain,
Smiles at his Torments, and neglects his Pain,
With sportive Scorn insults her humble Slave,
And ridicules him for the Wounds She gave.

Now when one *Saturday* Uxorius *John*
On urgent Bus'ness was to Os'ney gone,
The *Scholar* with the *Wife* in *Counsel* join'd,
Disclos'd the Project, which he had design'd ;
Where 'twas concluded, if the Game went right,
Nich'las shou'd solace in her Arms all Night ;
T' effect the Plot, they both their Wits employ,
Both equally impatient to enjoy.

Then to his Room he secretly conveys
Provisions to subsist him for Two Days ;

Bid

Bidding her tell the Property, in Case
He ask'd for Him, She knew not where he was, }
Nor had She all the Day beheld his Face ; }
And that She fear'd some Accident befel
The moody *Scholar*, or he was not well ;
Since nor the Maid, nor She her self cou'd make,
With all their Art, the Gentle *Nich'las* speak.
In close Retirement thus he pass'd away,
Like some Recluse, the melancholy Day,
There eat, and slept till *Sunday-Night* came on,
And Light departed with the Setting-Sun.

The good old *Carpenter* with much Surprize,
And senseless Wonder, turn'd up both his Eyes,
Then wisely shook his Noddle sage, and said,
" Pray Heav'n he be not suddenly fall'n dead.
" Ah ! *Benedicite* by this good Light,
" I fear—much fear that all Things go not right.

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“ Book-Learning is, no doubt, a mighty Pain,
“ The Night-Sweat, and Day-Labour of the Brain,
“ Poring brings *Scholars* many a grievous Ill ;
“ An *Apoplexy*—and a Book may kill.
“ Life is uncertain too, and full of Sorrow ;
“ We’re in our Shops To-Day, and Graves To-
[Morrow.
“ Lately I saw a Neighbour work full hard,
“ Who now rests from his Toils—in our Church-
[yard :
“ Bankrupt of Life, I saw him, Trade forsaking,
“ Extended on a *Bier* of his own Making.

The Preachment done, he call’d in furious Fashion,
A Trusty’Squire to make an Application.

Up to the *Scholar’s* Room he flew in haste,
And jumbl’d at the Door—but found all fast :

Again

Again he storm'd it with a boist'rous Force,
There bawl'd, and hallow'd till the Slave grew
[hoarse,
“ What hoa ! why Master *Nicholas*, I say,
“ What ! will you doze thus all the live-long Day ?
But, tho' he thunder'd, till he shook the Room,
With trusty *Nich'las* not a Word—but *Mum*.
Below he spy'd a *Port-hole* wide and large,
Thro' which the stern *Grimalkin* us'd to charge
Pickeering Parties of the Vermin-Kind,
With whom he many a bloody Battel join'd ;
There he saw *Nich'las* sit, with Looks intent,
Gaping, and staring tow'rds the Firmament,
As if he was examining the *Moon*
For *Napkin* gone astray, or *Silver Spoon*,
Revolv'd to bring the *Planets* to Confession,
For Culprit Mortal's, not their own Transgression.
Surpriz'd at this unusual Sight, the Man
Down Stairs agast unto his Master ran,

Ready

Ready to break his Neck with eager Haste,
To tell what he had seen, and what had pass'd,
And gave a full and punctual Relation
Of the Result—of his Negotiation.

The strange disast'rous News his Servant brought
Roll'd in his Mind, and hung upon his Thought ;
At which both Hands across his Breast he laid,
“ Defend us good Saint *Frideswide*, he said ;
“ We're foil'd by Providence, nor can we know
“ What shall befall our *Pilgrimage* below.
“ Astrology, with Notions wild and vain,
“ Has made him giddy, and quite turn'd his Brain.
“ 'Tis a presumptuous daring Crime to pry
“ Into the Counsels of the Deity.
“ Unlearn'd my self, I still this Truth profess't,
“ Most Happy they that understand the least,
“ Who in Religious Offices advance
“ By an obedient, pious Ignorance,
“ And

“ And wisely in the beaten Path proceed,
“ Nor rashly venture on beyond their *Creed* ;
“ Thro’ winding *Labyrinths* we blindly stray,
“ And in the wand’ring Maze of Knowledge lose
[our Way.

“ A like Mischance befel, if Fame don’t lye,
“ A Brother *Student* in Astrology.
“ As He was saunt’ring out one Star-light Even,
“ To view the *Revolution-State* of Heav’n,
“ And poring thro’ his *Necromantick* Glas,
“ To see what, he ne’re thought shou’d come to
[passe,
“ Into a Pit he fell.—Nor He, nor all
“ His trusty Planets cou’d foresee his Fall :
“ Alas ! he saw not that.—And thus we find,
“ Tho’ Heav’n may wink, Astrologers are blind.

“ But

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“ But yet exceedingly I rue the Case,
“ And sore Mischance of Gentle *Nicholas* ;
“ He must be waken'd, on this sad Occasion,
“ From Musing deep, and death-like Contem-
[plation ;
“ If ought my Strength or Cunning can prevail,
“ If well-known *Spells*, and *Amulets* don't fail.
With that he call'd his Knave up from below,
And bid him bring along an *Iron-Crow*,
Which forcibly the brawny Rustick thrust
Between the yawning Door, and sturdy Post,
And with Three thund'ring Heaves the shatter'd
[Door,
Born from its Hinges, flew into the Floor.

But *Nich'las* well appriz'd, in sullen State,
Stiff, without Motion, like a Statue, sat.
His stony Eyes with wild Amazement stare,
And upward still he gap'd into the Air.

The

The Carpenter advanc'd and shook him hard,
The more he shook, the more he gap'd, and star'd ;
Then piteously he yell'd, and in his Ear
Sent hideous Screams ;—but *Nick* refus'd to hear :
Then first to *Exorcise* the Room he falls,
Crossing the Door, the Threshold and the Walls,
And after mumbl'd o're in baleful Tone
The dreary Night-Spell thrice, which thus goes on :

“ From Fairy Elves, and Church-yard Sprights,
“ That walk their Ghostly Rounds a nights,
“ From the deaf Adder's forked Sting,
“ And the Night-Raven's sooty Wing,
“ From that seducing wand'ring Fire,
“ That Peasant leads thro' Dirt and Mire,
“ The Night-Mare that on Mortal gets,
“ And rides him till he groans, and sweats ;
“ Saint *Benedict* defend this Room ;
“ Nor let the foul Fiend hither come.

Thus

Thus, after he had charm'd, and shook him long,
He by degrees began to use his Tongue ;
Then with a Groan his Words a Passage found,
“ And shall (says he) eftsoons the World be
[drown'd]”
The *Carpenter* cry'd, Well-a-day ! Alas !
“ What is it you forebode must come to pass ?
“ Ah ! think on God—to Heav'n thy Pray'rs ad-
[drefs],
“ Like poor *Mechanick* Mortals in Distress.
“ Fetch me (said he)—again my Spirits fall ;
“ Fetch me—a potent *Mug* of *bumming Ale* ;
“ And afterward in private thou shalt hear
“ What much concerns us both—but first produce
[the Beer.]
Of mighty *Ale* he brought a Double *Quart*,
And after each had swallow'd down his Part,
The *Scholar* rais'd the Door, and made it fast,
And at his Side the *Carpenter* he plac'd.

“ Now

“ Now *John*, my kindest Host, and Landlord dear,
“ Thou on the *Gospel* of thy Faith shalt swear,
“ To living Wight thou never wilt betray
“ The *Tenor* of the Words I now shall say :
“ For know the Secrets I impart to thee,
“ Were first by Gracious Heav’n reveal’d to me ;
“ Distraction shall ensue, if I’m betray’d,
“ And Frenzy seize on thy perfidious Head.
Sage *John* rejoin’d, “ You do me mighty wrong,
“ Thus to suspect me lavish of my Tongue ;
“ I am no Cask, in which the Waters sink,
“ And loosely flow thro’ ev’ry leaky Chink ;
“ I’ll not disclose on Forfeit of my Life,
“ Not ev’n to *Alison* my dearest Wife.
Quoth *Nich’las* then—and paus’d as at a Stand,
And with a friendly Pressure grasp’d his Hand ;
“ To thee, and thee alone, I will declare
“ The secret Sentiments of ev’ry *Star*.

“ As

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“ As lately I the various *Moon* beheld,
“ 'Twas there by my *Astrology* reveal'd,
“ (Directed by her kind, auspicious Light)
“ That upon *Monday* next, at *Quarter-night*,
“ Rains shall descend too fierce to be withstood,
“ And greater far than those of *Noah's Flood* ;
“ The delug'd *Globe* shall sink within an Hour,
“ The *Storm* so great, so terrible the Show'r,
“ Mankind shall perish in the boisterous Tide.
“ Alas ! my Wife !-- (the *Carpenter* reply'd.)
“ Shall She be drown'd ? --Alas ! mine *Alison* !
Then almost sunk with Grief into a Swoon ;
“ Is there no Remedy in this sad Case ?
“ Yes, yes, full good (quoth Gentle *Nichollas*)
“ If thou wilt receive by *Solomon's Advice*,
“ And cheaply grow, by other's Counsels, wise.
“ Hast thou not been instructed, how of old
“ The *General Flood* to *Noah* was foretold ?

“ How

“ How he, by secret *Revelation*, found
“ *Mankind* must perish, and the *World* be drown’d !
“ What wily Projects fill’d his thoughtful Head,
“ To save the beauteous Consort of his Bed !
“ He at this *Nick* much rather wou’d incline
“ The *Patriarchal* Grandeur to resign
“ Of all his fleecy *Ewes*, and all his milky
Kine, }
“ Than not to have procur’d a single Ship,
“ To waft her safely o’re the rolling Deep
“ Therefore, without more Ceremony, go,
“ And instantly get ready for us Two
“ And *Alison*, three *Kneading-Troughs*, so large,
“ That we may ride secure as in a *Barge* ;
“ Then, after that, proportionably get
“ Provisions good of *Liquids*, and of *Meat*, }
“ To victual for a Day the little *Fleet* :
“ The Waters shall abate, and ebb away,
“ About the Prime upon th’ ensuing Day.

“ But ah ! beware that not a Word be said
 “ Or to thy Knave, or *Gillian* the Maid,
 “ Both doom’d to die ;—no kind Reprieve is giv’n,
 “ Such is the Sentence, such the Will of Heav’n !
 “ Ask me not *why*—You but in vain require,
 “ I may not gratify thy fond Desire ;
 “ As often as you ask, I will deny,
 “ Nor once divulge the Secrets of the Sky :
 “ Suffice it, that thy *Grandfire Noah’s* Fate
 “ Successfully shall on thy Fortunes wait,
 “ Thou shalt enjoy the wat’ry Globe alone,
 “ The boundless Riches of the World thine own.
 “ As for thy Wife—take thou no further Care,
 “ The *Stars* determine to preserve the *Fair*.

“ Now when thou hast perform’d what I have
 [said,
 “ And all my Precepts punctually obey’d,

“ (Hang-

" (Hanging the Vessels in the Roof so high,
" As scarce to be discern'd by Mortal Eye)
" And carefully in ev'ry *Wherry* stor'd
" A trusty Ax to cut th'impending Cord ;
" Next I enjoin thee, hew a Passage wide
" In Front of thy fair Mansion, and provide
" To back th'unruly Waves, and stem the boi- }
" [ll'rous Tide.
" Thus shall the floating *Navy* glide away,
" As from the *Dock*, and launch into the *Sea*.
" Then merrily we'll scud (I undertake)
" As the white *Duck*, when she pursues the *Drake*.
" Now will I call—*hoa Alison!*—*hoa John!*
" Chear y'my Hearts—the Flood will pass anon.
" But on that Night, when we the Vessels board,
" All must be silent, and not speak a Word,
" But secretly to Heav'n our Pray'r's address,
" And importune the Gods for our Succes.

340 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

“ Once more,—and then I have discharg’d my
[Heart,
“ Thou, and thy Wife must distant swing apart,
“ Least any impious, foul Offence arise
“ From Touch obscene, lewd Thoughts, or wan-
[ton Eyes.

Th’ Instructions giv’n, away the *Husband* went,
His Soul distracted, full of Discontent,
And to his Wife discover’d all, which She
Was conscious of, and better knew than He :
But yet pretending well-differbl’d Fear,
She beat her faithless Breast, and tore her Hair ;
True Sex all o’re,—the Nymph began to cry,
“ Ah ! do not let thy faithful Turtle die ;
“ Preserve thy *Alison*,—O save my Life !
“ I am thy true, thy very wedded Wife.

Affection can th’ External Senses blind,
And stamps such deep Impressions on the Mind,

Th’ Im-

Th' Imagination is so strongly wrought,
With Fancy we grow sick, and ev'n expire with
[Thought.

Hence Visionary Floods his Soul molest,
And roll and tumble in his troubl'd Breast ;
He thinks he sees mad Waves insult the Shore,
And hears the loud tempestuous Billows roar,
Then many a Tear he sheds, and inly groans,
Sighs to the Winds, and sends forth bitter Moans,
For Fear the rolling Deluge shou'd destroy
The darling Consort of his Nuptial Joy.

Under a Colour, and a *Sham* Pretence,
Of weighty Bus'ness, and of Consequence,
The *Prentice* and the *Maid* (not well aware on't)
Were sent to *London* on an *April-Errand*.

At length th' appointed *Monday-Night* was come,
The Doors fast shut, no *Taper* in the Room,

All Things adjusted as they ought to be,
The *Ladders* fixt,----and up they climb'd all Three.
First *Nich'las* stalk'd ; then gravely mounted *John* ;
With nimble Strides next tript Fair *Alison* :
There the good Husband sat with list'ning Ears,
At his Devotion, mutt'ring o're his Pray'rs,
Bidding his *Beads* from Peril to defend,
Expecting still to hear the Rains descend.
In Death-like Sleep the *Carpenter* soon lay,
Fatigu'd with toilso'm Labours of the Day ;
Much about Curfew-time, or little more,
His troubl'd Ghost in Travail groan'd full sore,
His Head mis-laid upon the naked Board,
Made him uneasy, and he soundly snor'd :
Which fairly seem'd the friendly Husband's *Cue*,
T' instruct the Lovers what they ought to do.

When Gentle *Nicholas* perceiv'd him fast,
Down by the *Ladder* he descends in Haste ;

Then

Then *Alison* full softly after sped,
And both *sans* Ceremony went to Bed.
What wanton Revellings ! what am'rous Feats
Were play'd between the Matrimonial Sheets !
What breathless Extasies ! what dying Charms !
And how they curl'd in one another's Arms !
In melting Pastime, Solace, and Delight,
They pass'd the pleasing Hours, and entertain'd the
[Night ;
Till ev'n the *Bell* of *Lauds* began to ring,
And *Friars* to the *Chancells* went to sing.

The *Parish Clerk*, the am'rous *Absolon*,
With vain Fantastick Love so wo begon,
To *Os'ney-Abby* on the *Monday* went,
Where he his Hours in anxious Pleasure spent ;
Of a *Monastick* privately he sought
If there the *Carpenter* had lately wrought :

The *Brotherhood* reply'd—“ His Ghostly Beard
 “ Has not since *Saturday* to us appear'd ;
 “ Or to the *Graunge*, our *Abbot* sends from thence,
 “ To get *Church-Timber* and *Cathedral-Pence*,
 “ Where frequently the *Wight*'s empow'rd to go,
 “ And often tarries there a Day or two ;
 “ Or *fluntring* in his *Shop*, he spends the Day,
 “ But where he plies, in sooth I cannot say.

This *Paramour* full jocund grew and light,
 And thus bethought himself—“ I, in Despite }
 “ Of Jealousy, will kiss fair *Alison* this Night : }
 “ I'm confident Old 'Grey-beard has not stirr'd
 “ About his Door, since Morning first appear'd ;
 “ So may I thrive, at Crowing of the Cock
 “ I'll at her Chamber-Window softly knock,
 “ Till the fair Dame, in Pity from above,
 “ Shall mourn the Story of my fruitless Love ;

“ How

“ Howe’re severe my Fate, I cannot miss
“ The Civil Favour of a welcome Kiss ;
“ Surely I shall some Comfort bear away,
“ My Lips have itch’d so merrily all Day.

Now when shrill *Chanticleer* first crow’d, anon
Up rose the Jolly Lover *Abfolon* ;
His Courtly Dress adjusted was, and nice
With Trappings gay, and many a quaint Device ;
And to put on a more surprizing Air,
He *tiff’d* his Locks, and *jeffamin’d* his Hair,
Sweet fragrant Seeds, and perfum’d *Pastills* eat,
To seem more gracious, and to breath more sweet.

Thus in his gawdy Trim he took his Road
To the good *Carpenter*’s desir’d Abode,
The *Casement* beat with many a Gentle Stroke,
And as his busy Knuckle play’d, he spoke :

“ My

“ My Honycomb---my Fair---my Breath of Spice,
“ Dear of all Dears---sweet Bird of Paradise,
“ Awake---and to thy faithful Lover speak,
“ Who sighs for Grief, with Woe whose Heart-
 [strings break.
“ You disregard the Suff’rings which I bear,
“ Unmindful to reward my am’rous Care ;
“ Wounded with Love, and bleeding with Disdain,
“ I faint, and stagger underneath the Pain ;
“ I for thy Beauties pant, desire, and burn,
“ Like Infant-Lambs that for the Nipple mourn ;
“ All Night I weep, lament my doleful State,
“ The Turtle true ne’re mourn’d so for her Mate ,
“ Listless of Food, I like fond Virgins prove,
“ That will admit no Nourishment—but Love.
“ Away---be gone—*Jack Fool*---be gone---away,
“ If this is all your *Clerkship* has to say ;
“ So help me Heav’n and sweet St *James* (says She)
“ I love another better far than thee.

“ Mortal,

“ Mortal, Avaunt—(She cry’d)—no more molest
“ My foster Dreams, nor interrupt my Rest ;
“ A Score of Devils seize thee ;—prithee keep
“ No longer whining here—but let me sleep,
“ Unhappy Youth, ungrateful Nymph (he said)
“ Are thus my Suff’rings in the Ballance weigh’d ?
“ Never was faithful Love so shamefully repaid :
“ Since ’twill no better be--yet grant me this,
“ Vouchsafe the Favour of a single Kiss.
“ If so, wilt thou contentedly be gone ?
“ Upon thy Lips I’ll swear (quoth *Abolon*)
“ Prepare to *Kiss the Book*--I come anon.
Then whisp’ring *Nicholas*, She cry’d, “ Lie still,
“ Of mirthful Laughter thou shalt have thy fill.
Down on his *Marrow-bones* he falls, and there
To Love’s propitious Pow’rs directs his Pray’r,
And Thanks returning, silently confess’d
“ No Lord so happy, and no King so bleſſ’d ;

“ This

“ This Pledge may prove an Earnest of a Sum
 “ Of Endless Wealth, and Golden Joys to come.
 The *Casement* then Sh’ unloos’d with eager Haste ;
 “ Quickly (says She) dispatch, and speed thee
 [*fast*,
 “ For fear our envious Neighbours shou’d prove
 [*Spies*,
 “ And then they will have Tongues as well as
 [*Eyes*.
 With fresh Perfumes his Mouth he then supply’d,
 First lightly brush’d his Lips, and then more nicely
 [*dry’d*.

Blind was the Night, and black as *Pitch* or *Cole*,
 When fair and soft She to the Window stole,
 And thro’ the *Casement* jutted out behind
 Her *Nether Countenance* with *Cheeks* as blind ;
 Where *Absolon* close buckling to the Matter,
 Kiss’d her full fav’rily—’twixt *Wind* and *Water*.

At first he started back, surpriz'd with Fear,
Something he felt bush'd o're with curling Hair, }
Monstrously rough, and shaggy as a Bear ; }
On second Thoughts his Error soon appear'd,
He well consider'd Woman wore no Beard ;
Whence he profoundly guess'd, he might accost
The Fair One in Reverse—and kiss—*a Parte post.*
Fretting he scrubs to wipe away the *Savour*
Of Olid *Salts*, and *Ammoniack Flavour*.
He spit—he sputter'd—made a foul ado ;
“ *Te-He* (quoth She) and clapt the Window too.
Wrathful away he stalk'd a sullen Pace,
Wild with his Wrongs, impatient of Disgrace,
Distracted when his Rival's Voice he heard
Insulting cry within—“ *A Beard! a Beard!*
He bit his Lips between his Teeth, like Food
He ground the Flesh, and churn'd the frothy Blood.

Resent-

Resentment now had cool'd his warm Desire,
No more he glows with Love's impetuous Fire ;
The Fever in his Blood no longer burns,
The *Brand* extinguish'd, into Aches turns.
Averse to Love, he shuns the hateful Cause
Of *Paramours*, and disavows their Laws :
This *Backward Kiss* had eas'd his Love-sick Heart,
Reliev'd the Malady, and cur'd the Smart :
Love and the *faithless Sex* he now defy'd,
And sobbing, like a *School-Boy* flogg'd, he cry'd ;
“ Alas ! (said he) that I shou'd be so blind,
“ Not to consider, fickle Womankind,
“ Like *Weather Cocks*, are light, and veering
{with the Wind.)

“ Down will I go to *Satan's* Darksome Cell,
“ Thence will I fetch Revenge, if there's Revenge
[in Hell.

It happen'd, as he Ruminating stood,
An early *Vulcan* in the Neighbourhood
Ply'd at his Forge,—across the Street he went,
And quickly reach'd the smoky Tenement ;
He, forming Plough-shares, on the Anvil beat,
Mid day Repast to earn by Morning-Sweat ;
At *Gervase's* he knock'd, who answer'd strait ;
One open'd, and one stooping pass'd the Gate.
“ Friend *Abſolon*, what makes you up so soon ?
“ Hast thou been *Catterwawling* by the Moon ?
“ Some bonny *Lass* (*I trow*) or *Damsel* bright
“ Has to thy wanton *Fiddle* danc'd all Night.
Busy in Thought, revolving oft his Wrong,
His ſtifl'd Words within ne're reach'd his Tongue :
He from the *Dſtaff* had more *Flax* to draw
Of finer *Thread* than what good *Gervase* saw :

Moody

352 Poems upon several Occasions.

Moody he frown'd, refus'd to tell his Case,
But ask'd the *Culter* for a little Space,
That sparkl'd in the Forge, a glowing Mass. }
Quoth *Smutty-Face*, " To gratify a Friend,
" I wou'd not, tho' 'twas Gold, refuse to lend ;
" But—prithee say—on what Design you borrow :
" Ask me not now,—I'll tell thee more To Morrow.
Pleas'd with the Grant, his eager Gripe laid hold
Fast on the *Culter*, where the Steel was cold,
Then with impatient Strides began to steal
Tow'rds Antique *John*'s more aged *Citadel*.
Thither arriv'd, he nimbly patter'd o're
The rattling *Cyfement*, as he did before ;
But first he *cough'd*, and *hem'd*,—sure Signs to know
When an unpatient Lover waits below.

She heard, and hearing thus her self exprest ;
" What Vagabond that thus disturbs my Rest ?

" Some

“ Some Midnight Robber sent on vile Design,
“ Feloniously attempting to purloin }
“ My Husband’s best *Commodities*—his *Wife*, and }
[Coyne.]

Soft he reply’d—“ ’Tis I—and I alone.

“ You !—who are You ?—I am thine *Absolon*
“ I here present thee with a precious Thing,
“ My Mother’s Gift, a fair Enamel’d Ring
“ Of well-wrought Gold—I’ll freely give thee
[this,
“ And give it only for another Kiss.

Nich’las was from the tumbl’d *Blankets* got,
From using of the *Wife*, to use the *Pot* ;
And to promote the *Jest*, and mend the *Story*,
Sware he shou’d kill him—à *Posteriori* ;
Then up he climbs, and thro’ the *Window* launches
His mounted *Cannon-bore* quite to the *Haunches*.

Quoth *Abſolon*,—“ My precious Sweet, my Heart,
 “ Speak, Dearest, speak ; I know not where thou
 [art.

Nich'las full-charg'd, in loud Return let fly
 A *Bomb*, that burst like *Thunder* from the *Sky* ;
 The Sulph'rous Exhalation from behind,
 Blasted the Sight, and almost struck him blind ;
 'The other flood prepar'd with Iron hot,

And Nich'las *Nich'las* on the *Fundamentals* smote.

Off goes the Skin *he* in a full Hand's Breadth, or more,
The Patient *ent* with the Blow tormented sore, }
For Anguish *Anguish of the Smart began to roar* ; }
Furious he rag'd *he rag'd, confonnded at the Matter*,
“ Help-Water “ *Help - Water*, loud he cry'd,— “ *Help-Water*,
 [Water.

The Husband starting from his Slumber rose,
 And in Confusion quitted his Repose ;
 Now comes the Flood, thought he,—*sans* more ado
 He snatch'd his *Ax*, and cut the *Cord* a-two.

Descend-

Descending—down he fell;—and tumbling down,

Lay breathless on the *Pavement* in a *Swoon*;

The *Lovers* start from their polluted *Sheets*,

And yelling Murder cry about the Streets.

In Flocks the Neighbours scamper'd far and near;

With stupid Eyes, and gaping Wonder stare

Upon the poor deluded Carpenter.

Men, Women, Dogs, and Boys together ran,

And stood agast to see him look so wan;

Scholars and *Cits*— the *Wife* and the *Wifeces*,

Wives with their *Cuckolds*, and their *Cuckoldwives*

So forc the Fall, that in Precipitation

Some Bones were broke, some suffer'd *Disfigurem'*,

In vain he pleaded in his own Defence,

The *Wife* and *Scholar* form'd some *sh'm* Pretence,

And jointly ran him down with frontl's Impa-
{dence;

Banting the Neighbours that around him stood,

Like entertain'd with *Whims* of *Noah's Flood*,

356 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Notions so wild, fantastick, and so vain
They made him frantick, and had crack'd his Brain.
For this Three *Kneading-Troughs* aloft he hung,
For this all Night aloft he dangling swung,
And by Intreaties long prevail'd, that we
Wou'd kindly Sit with him for Company.
Upward they gape into the Roof, and there
Espy Two Vessels waving in the Air.
Soon the Sagacious Mob his *Forb'e* found,
They sneer'd in Confort, and the Laugh went
[round,
They laugh'd the more, the more he did protest,
And lightly turn'd his *Earneſt* into *Jeſt* :
The sober Plea, his Reason offer'd, went
For *Bellum-Proof*, and *Moorfield Argument* .
In Ridicule Confed'iate *Scholars* join,
! or well they smok'd the Jocular Design ;
Brother to Brother's bound by mutual Laws,
There's *Party Laugh*, as well as *Party Cause*.

Hence

Hence in a Moment was the Story known,
And he a Madman deem'd thro' all the Town.

Thus *Nich'las* all Night clasp'd the wanton Dame,
And the Good Wife had Plenty of that Same ;
Spruce *Absolon* was bilkt of his Desire,
One Jilted was, and One felt Ordeal Fire.
Night made our Vocal *Sternbold* misapply,
And Kiss prepost'rously her Nether Eye.
The *Gown's-Man* he his *Clergy* claim'd, and so
Was only *branded* on the *Cheek* below.
As for the *Clerk* I leave him to resent,
The injur'd *Husband* to his Discontent,
The *Philomath* and Wife for ever to repent.