

THE
 FACETIOUS HISTORY
 OF
 JOHN GILPIN.

BY MR. COWPER.

To which is added,
 THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN
 AND
 RAZOR-SELLER.

*So flooping down, as he needs must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.*

*Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.*

GLASGOW:
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T H E
FACETIOUS HISTORY
O F
J O H N G I L P I N .

JOH N GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he;
Of famous London town.

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

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

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

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

I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world does know;
 And my good friend, Tom Callender,
 Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—' That's well said;
 And, for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnish'd with our own,
 Which is so bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
 O'erjoy'd was he to find,
 That though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

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

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

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

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

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his face, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for los of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet los of pence, full well he knew,
Would grieve him still much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty scream'd into his ears—
' The wine is left behind !'

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

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul !
 Had two stone bottles found
 To hold the liquor which she lov’d,
 And keep it safe and found.

Each bottle had two curling ears,
 Through which the belt he drew ;
 He hung one bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
 Equipp’d from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brush’d and new,
 He manfully did throw.

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

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

So ' fair and softly,' John did cry ;
 But John he cry'd in vain ;
 That trot became a gallop soon
 In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as he needs must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig ;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The horse, who never had before
 Been handled in this kind,
 Affrighted fled ; and, as he flew,
 Left all the world behind.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay ;
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung ;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As has been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all ;
 And ev'ry soul cry'd out, ' Well done !'
 As loud as he could bawl.

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

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

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

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most pitcous to be seen,
 And made his horse's flanks to smoke,
 As he had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle brac'd ;
 For still the bottle necks were left
 Both dangling at his waist,

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

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

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

' Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! here's the house !'
 They all at once did cry ;
 ' The dinner waits, and we are tir'd !'
 Said Gilpin—' So am I !'

But, ah ! his horse was not a whit
 Inclin'd to tarry there ;
 For why ?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

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

Away went Gilpin out of breath
 And fore against his will,
 Till at his friend's, Tom Callender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

Tom Callender, surpriz'd to see
 His friend in such a trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him—

‘ What news, what news!—the tidings tell;
 Make haste and tell me all!
 Say, why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you come at all?’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke;
 And thus unto Tom Callender,
 In merry strains, he spake—

‘ I come because your horse would come,
 And if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here;
 They are upon the road.’

Tom Callender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in.

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

He held them up ; and, in his turn,
 Thus show'd his ready wit—
 ‘ My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs about your face ;
 And stop and eat—for well you may
 Be in a hungry case !’

Said John—‘ It is my wedding-day ;
 And folks would gape and stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.’

Then, speaking to his horse, he said,
 ‘ I am in haste to dine ;
 ’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.’

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

Whereat his horse did snort; as if
 He heard a lion roar ;
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

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

Now Gilpin's wife, when she had seen
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half-a-crown :

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

The youth did ride, and soon they met :
 He tried to stop John's horse
 By seizing fast the flowing rein :
 But only made things worse :

For not performing what he meant
 And gladly would have done,
 He, thereby, frightened Gilpin's horse
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin—and away
 Went post-boy at his heels :
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumber of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue-and-cry.

' Stop thief!—stop thief!—a highwayman !'
 Not one of them was mute,
 So they, and all that pass'd that way,
 Soon join'd in the pursuit.

But all the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The men still thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race :

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

Now let us sing—'Long live the king ;
 And Gilpin, long live he :
 And when he next does ride abroad,
 May I be there to see !'

T H E
COUNTRY BUMPKIN

A N D

RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence ;
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard :
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a long black beard,
That seem'd a shoe brush stuck beneath his nose,
With chearfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers said,
“ This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.”

" No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave,
 " Provided that the razors *shave* ;
 " It certainly will be a monstrous prize :"
 So home the clown with his good fortune, went,
 Smiling in heart, and soul content,
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :
 'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he try'd—
 All were imposters—" Ah," Hodge sigh'd !
 " I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chace his beard and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore :
 Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry
 faces,
 And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
 " Razors !—a damn'd confounded dog—
 " Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge fought the fellow—found him, and begun—

“ Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you ’tis fun,
 “ That people flay themselves out of their lives :
 “ You rascal !—for an hour have I been grubbing,
 “ Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,
 “ With razors just like oyster knives.
 “ Sirrah ! I tell you you’re a knave,
 “ To cry up razors that can’t *shave*.”

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I’m not a knave :
 “ As for the razors you have bought,
 “ Upon my soul I never thought
 “ That they would *shave*.”

“ Not think they’d shave !” quoth Hodge, with wond’ring
 eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;
 “ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he cries :
 “ Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile, “ to *sell*.”