

JOHN GILPIN,

(As humorously delivered by Mr. HENDERSON, with repeated Applause, at the *Free-Masons Tavern*,) shewing how he went *farther* than he intended, and came home safe at last.

JOHN 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 replied, I do admire
Of Women kind 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, the 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 he was proud.

So three Doors off the Chaise was staid,
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 Stones 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 loss of Time
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss 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 trusty Sword
When I do exercise

Now, Mistress Gilpin, careful Soul!
Had two Stone Bottles found,
To hold the liquor which she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

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 neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again,
Upon his nimble Steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the Stones,
With Caution and good Head.

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 feebly, 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 every Soul cried out, well done!
As loud as he could bawl,

Away went Gilpin, who but he!
His Fame soon spread around,
"He carries Weight, he rides a Race,
" 'Tis for a Thousand Pound."

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

And how, as he went bowing down
His reeking Head full low,
The Bottles twain behind his Back,
Where shatter'd at one blow.

Down ran the Wine into the Road,
Most piteous 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 lathern Girdle brac'd,
For still the Bottles Necks were left
Both dangling at his Waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These Gambols he did play,
And 'till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both Sides of the Way,
Just like unto a trundling Mop
Or a wild Goose at Play.

At Edmonton his loving Wife
From the Balcony spied,
Her tender Husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin, here's the House,
They all at once did cry,
The Dinner waits, and we are 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 he did fly—which brings me to
The Middle of my Song.

Away went Gilpin, out of Breath,
And fore against his Will,
Till at his Friends, the Callender's
His Horse at last stood still.

The Callender, surpris'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 the Callender
In merry Strains he spoke.

I came because your Horse would come,
And if I well forebode,
My Hat and Wig will soon be here,
They are upon the Road.

The 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 shew'd his ready Wit—
My Head is twice as big as your's,
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 Cafe.

Said John, this is my Wedding-Day,
And Folks will 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 left 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 Contry 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 your's 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 frighted Gilpin's Horse,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin,—and away
Went Post-boy as 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 Theif!—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 stop'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!