

AUNT LOUISA'S LONDON TOY BOOKS, 1/- or Mounted 2/-

JOHN GILPIN

FROM COLOURED DESIGNS BY J. F. SKILL.



Kronheim & Co.,

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London.

For dear Miss White from
his little niece

Helena Mary Jones

JOHN GILPIN.



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 holyday 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."

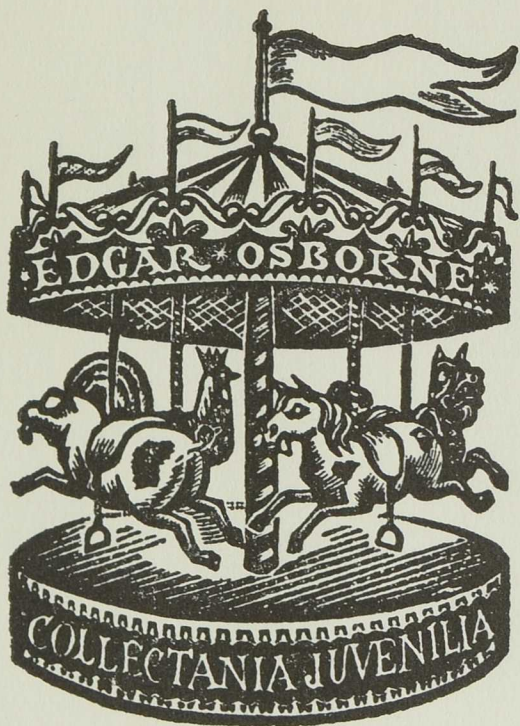
He soon replied, " I do admire
Of womankind but one ;
And you are she, my dearest dear ;
Therefore it shall be done.

" I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know ;
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, " That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both 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.





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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
stay'd,

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
Seized 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 head, he saw
Three customers come in.

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

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down-
stairs,

"The wine is left behind !"

"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 that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a 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 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," he cried,
 But John he cried in vain;
 The trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

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

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

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

The wind did blow, the coat 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 hath been said or sung.

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

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

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings
 tell,
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you come at all ? ”

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

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



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

Whence straight he came with hat and
 wig,
 A wig that flow'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 upon your face ;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

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

So, turning to his horse, he said,
 " I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came
 here—
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless
 boast !

For which he paid full dear,
 For, while he spake, a braying ass,
 Did sing most loud and clear.

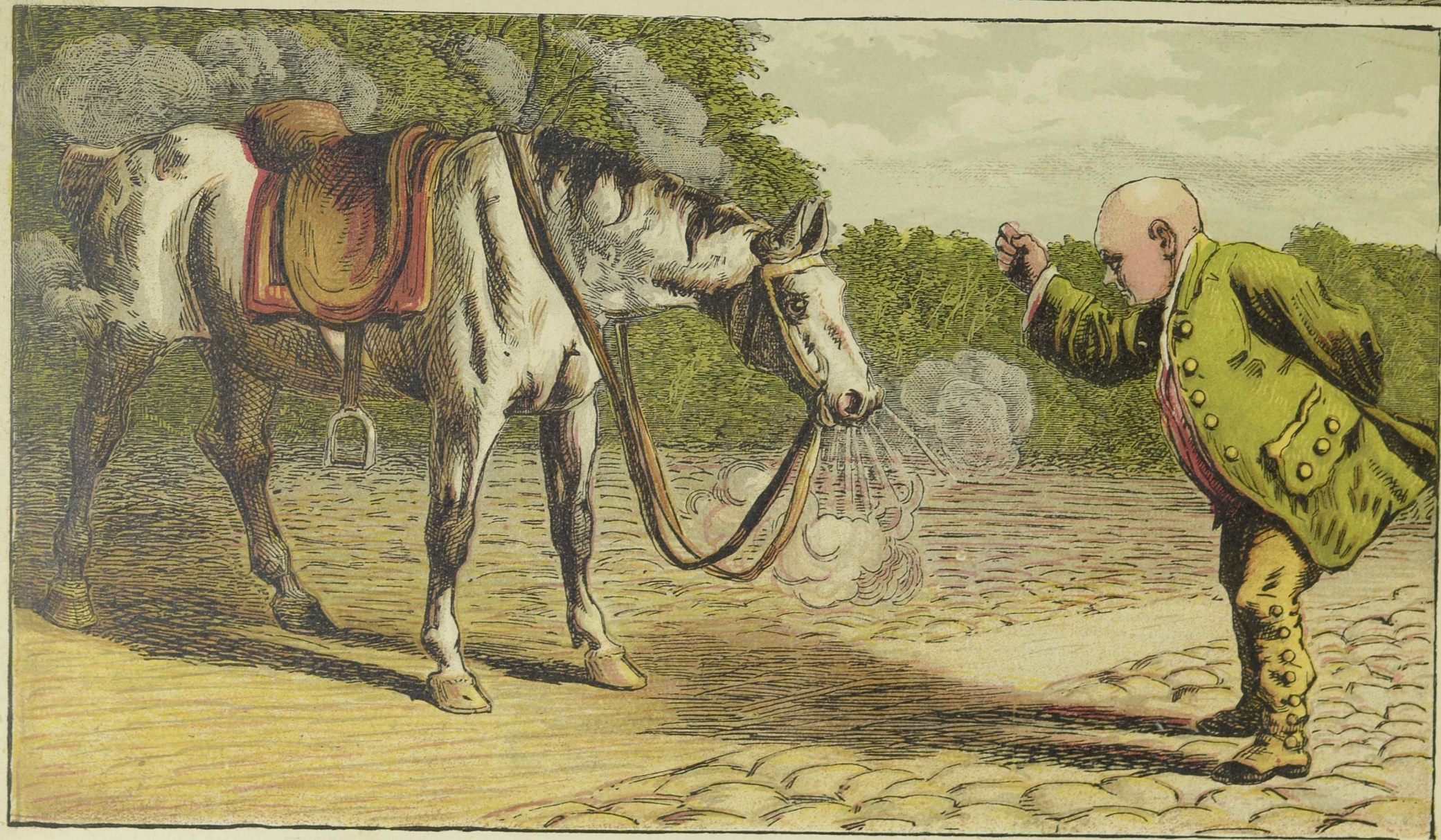
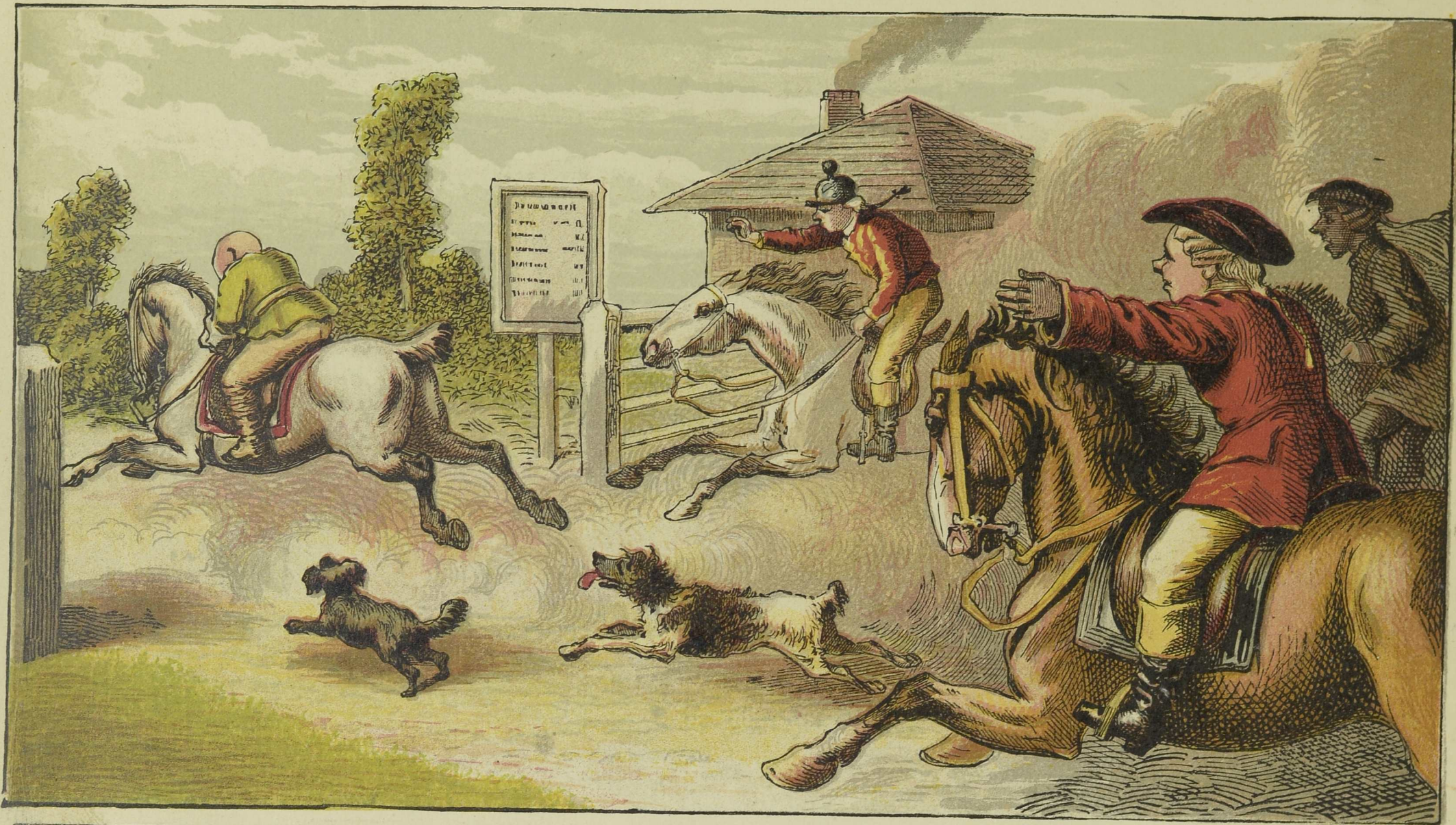
Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

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 Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 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 did meet
 John coming back again ;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein ;



But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 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 lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scampering in the rear,
 Thus raised the hue and cry :

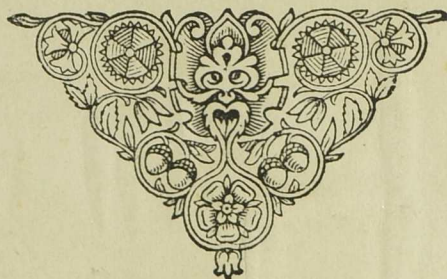
“Stop thief! stop thief!—a highway-
 man!”

Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

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

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

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



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