BAUCIS
AND
PHILEMON.

Imitated, From the Eighth Book of OVID.

Written, 1706.

IN antient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And strole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hospitality.

IT happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write;

Two
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their Tour in Masquerade;
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a small Village down in Kent;
Where, in the Strolers Canting Strain,
They beg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let them in.

OUR wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate.
Having thro' all the Village pass'd,
To a small Cottage came at last;
Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,
Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, Philemon.
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his Poor Hut to pass the Night;
And then the Hospitable Sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the Fire.
While he from out of Chimney took
A Fitch of Bacon off the Hook;
And freely from the fatted Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd:
Then stept aside to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink;
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had toucht a Drop.
The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And just began to cry; — What art!
Then softly turn'd aside to view,
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle Pilgrims soon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant:
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but Saints, the Hermits said;
No Hurt shall come to You, or Yours;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd: 
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

T H E Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

T H E Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fastn'd to a Joist:
But with the Upside down, to shew
Its Inclinations for below;
In vain; for a Superior Force
Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,
Doom'd
Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A wooden Jack, which had almost
Lost, by Dilute, the Art to Roast,
A sudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new Intestine Wheels:
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion slow's:
The Flyer, tho't had Leaden Feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see't;
But slacken'd by some secret Power,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack wou'd not be left alone,
But up against the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and still adher'd:

And
AND still its Love to Household Cares
By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-maid, not to burn
That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.

THE Groaning Chair began to crawl
Like an huge Snail along the Wall;
There stuck aloft, in Publick View,
And with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

THE Porringer, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glittering Show,
To a less Noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.

THE Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood:
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;

And
And high in Order plac'd, describe

The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the Antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Ancestors did use,
Was Metamorphos'd into Pews;
Which still their antient Nature keep;
By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

THE Cottage by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
The Hermits then desir'd their Holt
To ask for what he fancy'd most:
Philemon, having pass'd a while,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Stile;
Then said; my House is grown so Fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine:
I'm Old, and 'fain wou'd live at Ease,
Make me the Parson, if you please.
HE spoke, and presently he feels,
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-sleeve;
His Waistcoat to a Calloch grew,
And both assum'd a Sable Hue;
But being Old, continu'd just
As Thread-bare, and as full of Duff.
His Talk was now of Tythes and Dues,
Cou'd smoak his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text;
At Christnings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart;
Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
And thought whose Son had farrow'd last;
Against Diversers wou'd repine,
And stood up firm for Right Divine.


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Found his Head fill'd with many a System,
But Clasick Authors—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

**THUS** having furnish'd up a Parson,
Dame Baucis next, they play'd their Farce on:
Instead of Home-spun Coifs were seen,
Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen:
Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
Became Black Sattin, Flounce'd with Lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down,
'Twas Madam, in her Grogram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprize,
And hardly could believe his Eyes,
Amaz'd to see Her look so Prim,
And she admir'd as much at Him.

**THUS** happy in their Change of Life,
Were severall Years this Man and Wife,
When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing on old Stories past,

Cc  They
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard, to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout.
Sprout, quoth the man, What's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And re'ly, yours is budding too——
Nay, —now I cannot stir my foot:
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

DESCRIPTION would but tire my Mule:
In short, they both were turn'd to Jews.
Old Good-man Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight:
On Sundays, after Ev'ning Prayer,
He gathers all the Parish there.
Baucis and Philemon.

Points out the Place of either Tem;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew.
Till once, a Parson of our Town,
To mend his Barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other Tree was griev'd,
Grew Scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted:
So, the next Parson stub'd and burn't it.