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## O D E T O

L O R D E D G E C O M B E ' S P I G .

Y<sup>E</sup> Muses quit your sacred stream,  
 And aid me like the bard of yore,  
 Hight Milton, for like his, my theme  
 In verse was never sung before.  
 Indeed the tale is often told in prose ;  
 Since all the world the mighty wonder knows !

Theme of sublimity ! my boar,  
 All hail ! Thou beast of high renown,  
 As famous as the horse of yore,  
 'That won his lucky Lord a crown\*:  
 Fam'd as Miss Lefbia's bird, in verse so soft  
 Recorded, or the rabbits of Moll Toft ?

Hail pig ! at Tunbridge born and bred,  
 Who singled out his L——p there,  
 Event that round the region spread,  
 And made the gaping millien stare ;  
 And strange it was to see, upon my word,  
 A pig for ever trotting with my L——d !

The gentry marvell'd at the sight :  
 The public walks, the rooms they rung :  
 'Twas L——d and pig from morn to night,  
 And pig and L——p all day long.  
 Soon did the wond'rous tale to London wing :  
 The nobles heard it, and they told the King.

\* Darius.

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Good Lord! says one, what can this mean?  
 And rais'd the whites of both his eyes:  
 It bodes some dire portent I ween.  
 I can't tell, sure, a second cries.  
 Thus did the world indulge conjecture vague,  
 For earthquakes some contending, some a plague!

But such the meaner world, the crew  
 Of dull uneducated brains;  
 But mark th' opinions of the few,  
 Hear what the learned world maintains:  
 Some deem'd the L—d, St. Anthony incog.  
 To earth re-travell'd with his fav'rite hog.

Others, in Oriental lore  
 Deep vers'd, that heard the peerless tale,  
 Declar'd, with judgment sage, the boar  
 Did secrets to my L—d reveal;  
 Like the fam'd Dove the Muffelman's reverse,  
 Which, billing, whisper'd in the Prophet's \* car.

While some as sagely as the rest,  
 Who firm believ'd in transmigrations,  
 Pronounc'd this friendly grunting beast  
 One of his L——p's near relations,  
 Doom'd by the fates, for certain deeds divine,  
 To animate the body of a swine!

\* Mahomet.

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Hail!

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Hail, pighog ! by whose potent aid,  
 My L—d his health had, and employ !  
 My L—y too was brought to bed,  
 Heav'n blefs it ! of a chopping boy.  
 Event that Fame fo founded with her horn,  
 As fear'd the very infants yet unborn !

Thrice happy hog ! with Mrs. Joan \*,  
 Who in a chariot cheek by jole,  
 Did'ft, Jehu-like, from Tunbridge Town  
 To Mount's enchanting manfions roll ;  
 Where to thy levee, thoufands did repair,  
 With nine fat Aldermen and Mr. Mayor.

The Mayor and Aldermen polite,  
 Swore that without or fee or purchafe,  
 If fo his Lordfhip thoft it right,  
 They'd choofe thee, gentle fwine, for burgefes.  
 'Thank ye, reply'd his Lordfhip ; but, odfnigs !  
 Though affes fit, 'tis never granted pigs.

Thrice happy hog ! who lov'ft to snore,  
 Reclining on my L—y's lap,  
 Who gives thy hiff'ry o'er and o'er,  
 While pigfnye gruntling takes his nap.  
 Delightful tale, that ftrikes all ftories dumb,  
 From Gog the mighty giant, to Tom Thumb.

\* My Lady's Waiting Woman.