

Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818)

14 *Giles Jollup the Grave, and Brown Sally Green*

A Doctor so prim and a sempstress so tight  
Hob-a-nobb'd in some right marasquin;  
They suck'd up the cordial with truest delight:  
Giles Jollup the Grave *was just five feet in height,*  
*And four feet the brown Sally Green.* 5

—“And as,” said Giles Jollup, “to-morrow I go  
*To physic a feverish land,*  
“At some sixpenny hop, or perhaps the Mayor’s show,  
“You’ll tumble in love with some smart city beau,  
“And with him share your shop in the Strand.”— 10

—“Lord! how can you think so?” brown Sally Green said:  
“You must know mighty little of me;  
“For if you be living, or if you be dead,  
“I swear, ’pon my honour, that none in your stead  
“Shall husband of Sally Green be. 15

“And if e’er for another my heart should decide,  
“False to you and the faith which I gave,  
“God grant that, at dinner too amply supplied,  
“Over-eating may give me a pain in my side;  
“May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic the bride, 20  
“And send her well-dosed to the grave!”—

Away went poor Giles, to what place is not told:  
Sally wept, till she blew her nose sore!  
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold!  
A brewer, quite stylish, his gig that way roll’d, 25  
And stopp’d it at Sally Green’s door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whisky of cane,  
Soon made her untrue to her vows;

*The steam of strong beer now bewildering her brain,*  
He caught her while tipsy! denials were vain, 30  
So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast beef had been bless'd by the priest,  
To cram now the guests had begun:  
Tooth and nail like a wolf fell the bride on the feast;  
Nor yet had the clash of her knife and fork ceased, 35  
*When a bell—('twas a dustman's)—toll'd—“one!”*

Then first with amazement Brown Sally Green found  
That a stranger was stuck by her side:  
His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were embrown'd;  
He ate not, he drank not, but, turning him round, 40  
Sent some pudding away to be fried!!!

*His wig was turn'd forwards, and short was his height;*  
His apron was dirty to view:  
The women (oh! wondrous) were hush'd at his sight:  
*The cats, as they eyed him, drew back (well they might),* 45  
*For his body was pea-green and blue!*

Now, as all wish'd to speak, but none knew what to say,  
They look'd mighty foolish and queer:  
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled—“I pray,  
“*Dear sir, your peruke that aside you would lay,* 50  
“*And partake of some strong or small beer!”—*

The sempstress is silent; the stranger complies,  
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.  
Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave through surprize!  
Like a pig that is stuck how she open'd her eyes, 55  
When she recognized Jollup's bare skull!

Each miss then exclaim'd, while she turn'd up her snout,  
—“Sir, your head isn't fit to be seen!”—  
The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,  
And couldn't conceive what the noise was about, 60

While the Doctor address'd Sally Green:

—“Behold me, thou jilt-flirt! behold me!” he cried;  
“You’ve broken the faith which you gave!  
“God grants, that, to punish your falsehood and pride,  
“Over-eating should give you a pain in your side: 65  
“Come, swallow this rhubarb! I’ll physic the bride,  
“And send her well-dosed to the grave!”—

Thus saying, the physic her throat he forced down,  
In spite of whate’er she could say;  
Then bore to his chariot the damsel so brown; 70  
Nor ever again was she seen in that town,  
Or the Doctor who whisk’d her away.

Not long liv’d the Brewer: and none since that time  
To make use of the brewhouse presume;  
For ’tis firmly believed, that, by order sublime, 75  
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her crime,  
And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite  
With shrieks make the chamber resound:  
—“I won’t take the rhubarb!” she squalls in affright, 80  
While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,  
Giles Jollup pursues her around!

With wigs so well powder’d, their fees while they crave,  
Dancing round them twelve doctors are seen:  
They drink chicken-broth, while this horrible stave 85  
Is twang’d through each nose—“To Giles Jollup the Grave,  
“And his patient, the sick Sally Green!”—

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