

John Gay (1685-1732)

2 *Molly Mog: or, the Fair Maid of the Inn*

A Ballad.

I.

Says my uncle, I pray you discover  
What hath been the cause of your woes,  
That you pine and you whine like a lover?  
— I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

II.

O nephew! your grief is but folly, 5  
In Town you may find better prog;  
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,  
A Molly much better than Mog.

III.

I know that by wits 'tis recited 10  
That women at best are a clog;  
But I'm not so easily frighted  
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

IV.

The schoolboy's desire is a playday, 15  
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;  
The milkmaid's delight is on Mayday,  
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

V.

Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding 20  
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire, and bog;  
But no light can set me a madding  
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

VI.

For guineas in other men's breeches  
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;  
But I envy them none of their riches,

So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

VII.

The heart when half wounded is changing, 25  
It here and there leaps like a frog;  
But my heart can never be ranging,  
'Tis fixt upon sweet Molly Mog.

VIII.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure, 30  
In pleasure is thought but a hog;  
All the sex cannot give so good measure  
Of joys as my sweet Molly Mog.

IX.

I feel I 'm in love to distraction, 35  
My senses all lost in a fog,  
And nothing can give satisfaction  
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

X.

A letter when I am enditing, 40  
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,  
And I fill all the paper with writing  
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

XI.

If I would not give up the three graces  
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,  
And at court all the drawingroom faces,  
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

XII.

Those faces want nature and spirit, 45  
And seem as cut out of a log;  
Juno, Venus, and Pallas' merit  
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

XIII.

Those who toast all the family royal 50  
In bumpers of Hegan and Nog,

Have hearts not more true or more loyal  
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

XIV.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,  
And writing another eclogue,  
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis 55  
He 'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

XV.

When she smiles on each guest like her liquor,  
Then jealousy sets me agog;  
To be sure she 's a bit for the Vicar,  
And so I shall lose Molly Mog. 60

*1726*

(From *The Poetical Works of John Gay*. Vol. 2. Edinburgh,  
1784)