

THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cry'd, No more ;  
I will abroad.  
What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?  
My lines and life are free ; free as the roe,  
Loose as the winde, as large as store.  
Shall I be still in suit ?  
Have I no harvest but a thorn  
To let me bloud, and not restore  
What I have lost with cordiall fruit ?  
Sure there was wine,  
Before my sighs did drie it : there was corn  
Before my tears did drown it.  
Is the yeare onely lost to me ?  
Have I no bayes to crown it ?  
No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted ?  
All wasted ?  
Not so, my heart : but there is fruit,  
And thou hast hands.  
Recover all thy sigh-blown age  
On double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute  
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,  
Thy rope of sands,  
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee  
Good cable, to enforce and draw,  
And be thy law,  
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.  
Away ; take heed :  
I will abroad.  
Call in thy deaths head there : tie up thy fears.  
He that forbears  
To suit and serve his need,  
Deserves his load.  
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde,  
At every word,  
Methought I heard one calling, *Childe* :  
And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

1	I STRUCK the board, and cry'd, No more ; I will abroad.
2	What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?
3	My lines and life are free ; free as the rode, Loose as the winde, as large as store.
4	Shall I be still in suit ?
5	Have I no harvest but a thorn To let me bloud, and not restore What I have lost with cordiall fruit ?
6	Sure there was wine, Before my sighs did drie it :
7	there was corn Before my tears did drown it.
8	Is the yeare onely lost to me ? Have I no bayes to crown it ?
9	No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted ? All wasted ?
10	Not so, my heart : but there is fruit, And thou hast hands.
11	Recover all thy sigh-blown age On double pleasures :
12	leave thy cold dispute Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,
13	Thy rope of sands, Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee Good cable,
14	to enforce and draw, And be thy law, While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
15	Away ; take heed : I will abroad.
16	Call in thy deaths head there : tie up thy fears.
17	He that forbears To suit and serve his need, Deserves his load.
18	But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde,
19	Methought I heard one calling, Childe : And I reply'd, My Lord.