

TO APOLLO.

Calenian vineyards, thick as common weeds,
Prune them with hookèd knives!—I love the road.
And let Sir Dives quaff from cups of gold
The costliest liquor Syrian bales may buy,
And thank th' Immortal Gods for wealth untold!
The virtues of my farm with such may vie.
Me olives, succories, and mallows yield
A temperate sustenance and healthy cares.
O great Latona's son! Thou God reveal'd
To all who hear the Musio of the Spheres,
In daily toil! Grant me true labour's ease,
With joy of life, and unimpairèd mind,
And love of Poetry until my lease
Expires, and I fare onward with the wind!