

ODE XI

TO HIS PAGE

COME ho! sweet page, pray fetch for me
A flagon of my favourite wine,
And let it mixed with water be.
(I will be moderate, I opine)
For I am fain once more to prove
The nectarous joys of wine and love.

ODE XII

PRAISE OF BEAUTY

ON manchet bread, and cake, and wine
In simple dainty wise I dine,
And then I take my sounding lyre
And sing with rapt poetic fire
The maid who is my soul's desire—
A graceful nymph with starlight eyne,
And purple hair, and form divine.