

XI

Come happy oats and take a seat,
Come join your notes with sober wheat;
To rapid beat now tune your throats
While through the heat the music floats.
Blithe barley joins the lively measure
And jolly rye, full bent on pleasure
With blooming buckwheat fond of leisure,—
But yet, alas! bring back my treasure.

XII

My faithful friends you cheer my heart,
Your beauty blends with every art,
Each princely part a glory lends;
Let art depart, we gain our ends.
Peace. Let the turmoil of my sorrow cease;
Toward the sun I turn, I know it does not please
The holy, happy One, that I should moan for ease;
I move with nature now in universal peace.

