

Sit, Sancho, by your lord's right hand,
These herdsmen good shall see that squires
Of errant knights are not despised.
Ye herdsmen good be not surprised.
Sancho, the second skin of wine
Thou watchest with those eyes of thine.

Good herdsmen, the umbrageous oak,
King of the forested campaign,
We thank for these delicious seeds.
This acorn feast within me breeds
For high discourse a pregnant theme,
Of lofty thoughts a fruitful stream.

Know ye, O simple goat-herd souls,
A time was, called the Golden Age,
In fair days of remotest Eld.
Man's labour then was uncompelled.
Happy those days, happy those times,
Unvexed by any sordid crimes.

We read in authors most antique
How men lived then in habits meek
And simple; even the homely plough
Tore not our mother's breast as now
Who gave her boons without request
To those who then her soil possessed.

Happy those days, happy those times.
Thé mind, my friends, looks oft behind.
We wander through those courts of time:
Their influence, like a pleasant chime,
Transports us; eat your humble cheese;
We sit here, 'neath these shades, in ease.

Happy those days, happy those times,
Happy those golden days now gone.
What can we do but sit and grieve
As banished souls without reprieve?
Yet, herdsmen, do not grieve too much;
Let sad regret your minds but touch.