

GEORGE HERBERT

The Collar

I STRUCK the board, and cried, No more.
I will abroad.
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
 Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
 Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
 All wasted?
No 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 death's 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 wild
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, Child:
And I reply'd, My Lord.