A STUDY OF HORATIAN INFLUENCE UPON THE ELIZABETHAN AND CAVALIER POETS

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INTRODUCTION

Previous Treatment of Horatian Influence and Related Subjects.

The works of the Roman writers have been a source of inspiration and of controversy in English literature--a source of inspiration to the poets, a possibility for controversy in the field of more prosaic writing, in opinions and in research. The works of the poet, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, have been no exception to the above statement. The influence of Horace has been treated in the following works:

> Horace and His Influence, Showerman.
> Studies in the Influence of the Classics on English Literature, Goldmark.
> The Influence of Horace on the Chief English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, Thayer.
> The Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. IV, VII; Ward, Waller.
> Robert Herrick Contribution a 'l' etude de la poesie lyrique en Angeleterre au diven septieme siecle, Delattre.

Professor Grant Showerman pays high praises to the odes, epodes, satires, and epistles of Horace as fountainheads of song through the ages, in his scholarly work, Horace and His Influence. This work offers a brief discussion of the dynamic influence of Horace through several ages and climes. The breadth of view of such a small work necessarily forces it to be brief in regard to each period; and Horace's influence on Elizabethan and Cavalier poets is treated within five pages.

Ruth Ingersoll Goldmark's work, Studies in the Influence of the Classics on English Literature, makes one mention of Horace's influence.

Mary Rebecca Thayer devotes a summarizing paragraph to the influence of Horace among the Elizabethans and a short paragraph to the influence of Horace on the Cavalier poets. Under the marginal heading, "With whom may we compare Horace?" she mentions Herrick.

Volume IV of The Cambridge History of English Literature treats Elizabethan poetry in a general account as one of the periods of the English lyric. One paragraph records the influence of Horace upon John Donne. Volume VII is given over to the Cavalier poets and five pages treat Horatian influence upon the period and the poet Herrick.

Floris Delattre devotes four pages to the repetition of certain Horatian themes in French and English poetry in his critical study of Herrick.

Method of Investigation.

The lack of material available to show Horatian influence on Elizabethan and Cavalier lyrists does not prove that such evidence is lacking in the English poets' works. The author has endeavoured to trace Horatian influence in the Elizabethan and Cavalier poets. The main themes of Horace were found; after these had been classified, these themes were traced in the complete poems of the Elizabethan and the chief Cavalier poets.

The sources of the Elizabethan poems used in this study are not exhaustive but extensive. They include:

The Poetical Works of Ben Jonson.
The Poetical Works of William Shakespeare.
An English Garner: Some Longer Elizabethan Poems with an introduction by A. H. Bullen.
An English Garner: Shorter Elizabethan Poems with an introduction by A. H. Bullen.
An English Garner: Elizabethan Sonnets Newly Arranged and Indexed with an introduction by Sidney Lee, Vol. I, II.
Elizabethan Verse and Prose (Non-dramatic), selected and edited by George Reuben Potter.

The sonnet sequences constitute the major poetic writings of the Elizabethan poets. The collection of sonnets in The English Garner is complete with the exception of Shakespeare's series. The sonnets and

other lyrics of Shakespeare and the complete lyrics of Jonson fill the gap left by this ommission in The Garner. Some Longer Elizabethan Poems, Shorter Elizabethan Poems and Elizabethan Verse and Prose contain the other Elizabethan lyrics preserved for us today.

The Cavalier poets whose works were consulted are Donne, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, and Herrick. The most copious indication of acquaintance with Horace were found in Herrick's lyrics. Finally, a comparison of the evidence found in the Elizabethan and the Cavalier poets was made.

Method of Presentation.

The method of presentation is such that a note of explanation is necessary to the reader. Chapter I gives a general survey of Horatian influence. Four major themes are found to be the centers from which Horace's philosophy radiated; each theme, which finds expression in Elizabethan and Cavalier poems, is treated in one of the following chapters, II, III, IV, V. The chronological order of giving the poems seemed best: the Latin quotation stands first in each group, followed by quotations from Elizabethan poems, and finally by pertinent lines from the Cavalier poems. Chapter VI on miscellaneous trends was necessary since unclassified parallels exist between the Latin and English poems.

Purpose.

The aim of this study is to trace the influence of Horace and his ideals through the lyrics of the Elizabethan and Cavalier poets.

CHAPTER I

BRIEF HISTORY OF HORATIAN INFLUENCE

That art of enjoyment which the Elizabethan and Cavalier poets let trickle gradually into their poetry--those slight draughts from the Bandusian spring--the fountainhead of Horatian philosophy--had their beginnings even before the birth of their chief Latin exponent, Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

That this philosophy was not entirely new but rather old in the history of the world is indicated by Anacreon's use of some of the fundamental ideas in the fifth century B. C. He it was who praised wine, love, and the Muses, and sang of the transient joys of the fleeting moment. The Greek bard went little beyond this idea of futility; he did not touch upon the lasting joys of life as does the Latin poet. Yet this view of life found at least partial adherents in the school of Epicurean philosophy, which passed from the boundaries of Greece to Rome and her provinces in later centuries. The degenerate followers of Epicurus stressed the sensual pleasures of the world; on the other hand, the Stoics praised virtue as the ultimate good.

In 62 B. C., when Catullus was only twenty-two years of age, he began writing his passionate Carmina to Lesbia, which indicate the shortness of life and love. These poems are a link in the continuous chain indicating the transcience of life and its joys; they have inspired a wealth of English love poetry in Elizabethan and later times.

Three years earlier had occurred the birth of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the poet-apostle of a true art of enjoyment--conservative and sometimes austere--which can be realized only with "the exercise of discrimination,

moderation, and a measure of spiritual culture."[1] What a contrast between the unrestrained passion and republican interests of the poet of Verona and the conservative and imperial yet independent verse of the poet of Apulia! Catullus was Epicurean; Horace, more Stoic than Epicurean, more often the follower of neither school, but the author of a new philosophy. His particular contribution to the chain of a higher philosophy was the addition of the cheering notes, "carpe diem," "aequus animus," and "aurea mediocritas."

His contemporaries make little mention of Horace, but the poet was loved and read for several centuries after his death. The Middle Ages saw his dynamic thoughts placed under cover of the Church, but not forgotten. During the Middle Ages, "it was the didactic works of the Roman poet that attracted most attention; the lyric fell more and more to the background."[2] The salient features of Horatian lyric philosophy made no appeal to the mind of the Middle Ages and were a significant loss.

With the restoration of Latin and Greek to a place of prominence and the new impulse given by them to thought and activity at the time of the Renaissance, Horace gained devout followers among the poets. With the Renaissance came the rebirth of Horace as the "soverign of the lyric measure," as Petrach hailed the poet.

In England, the pagan poet first appealed to the Elizabethans, who read his lyrics with great zeal and were truly familiar with his meters and ideas. Shakespeare's "small Latin" does not exclude the mention of Horace in Titus Andronicus:[3]

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1 Showerman, Horace and His Influence, p. 5.

2 Thayer, The Influence of Horace on the Chief English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, p. 24.

3 IV, ii: 18-23.

Demetrius: What's here? A scroll, and written about!
Let's see:
Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chiron: O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in a grammar long ago.

However, the glory of the Elizabethan age was drama; the idealism of Horace could not be set forth to its full value in dramatic performances.

The era of Elizabeth did not wholly neglect song; the lyric was infused with a natural spontaneity and reflected the vigorous youthfulness of the time. Longer poems were infected with artificiality; prose was Euphuistic. But the source of lyric inspiration of the Elizabethans wrought a perilous trap for the poets. This snare was the Petrarchan sonnet.

The Petrarchan sonnet is a lyric of fourteen lines, glorifying the Platonic ideal of love and expressing the spiritual exaltation of the mystical and religious. Refinement of feeling and language characterize the Petrarchan sonnet.[4]

The Italian writers of the thirteenth century had given sonnet writing a definite shape and character. Dante's Vita Nuova gave a special trend to the sonnet and sounded the keynote to this type of verse of the Renaissance. Petrarch devoted his main literary energies to sonneteering;[5] three hundred poems of this type bear witness to his prolific genius. Moreover, Petrarch dominated Western Europe; for the next two centuries, Italy, France, Spain, and England cultivated the Petrarchan sonnet. Sequences of poem after poem in fourteen lines appeared in profession of love for a certain lady and of the joys and sorrows of love.

In England, Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, pioneered

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[4] Legouis, Cazamian; A History of English Literature, pp. 113,278.

[5] An English Garner: Elizabethan Sonnets: introduction, p. cix.

in behalf of the sonnet. Although their culture was wide, Petrarch was their great inspiration. Thomas Watson, in the Passionate Centuries of Love and The Teares of Fancie; Edumund Spenser, in the Amoretti; Philip Sidney, in Astrophel and Stella, cultivated this poetry. Daniel's Delia and Constable's Diana form the zenith of the sonnet fashion. "Shakespeare was the greatest poetic genius who was drawn into the sonneteering current of the sixteenth century."[6] Analysis reveals his great debt to Italian writers. Later sonneteers were Lodge, Barnes, Fletcher, and Drayton. Many minor poets fashioned poems after Petrarch or Petrarchan models.

Gradually, there came a change in the fashions of poetry:

> There is a return to the greater directness and less ethereal temper of the classic lyric of Anacreon, Catullus, and Horace. The swift decline of the sonnet after the close of the sixteenth century is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the English lyric. The decline was due, in part, to exhaustion; in part, too, to the opposition which the sonnet encountered at the hands of two poets--Jonson and Donne--the impress of whose genius is felt in English poetry far into the seventeenth century. ...
>
> The classical lyric, as represented, in particular, by the odes of Anacreon and the songs of Catullus and Horace, had been regarded with due respect already in the early days of the renascence. ... But, until the coming of Ben Jonson, the influence of the classical lyric on English poetry was fitful and uncertain. Its supporters, only too often, had followed wandering fires; and led astray by metrical heresies, their classicism had found expression in the attempt to reproduce in rimeless quantitative verse the Sapphic or Anacreontic measures of antiquity.
>
> Jonson's attitude towards the classical lyric differed widely from that of his predecessors. Caring nothing at all for quantitative measures, he was conscious, in spite of his Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme, of the value of rime in English lyric verse; what he admired most of all in the lyric of Rome or Greece was its sense of proportion and structural beauty, its restraint, lucidity and concision of style and its freedom from extravagance and mannerism.

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[6] Ibid., p. cx.

> It is well known that several of his most famous songs are faithful transcripts of classical models; elsewhere--as, for instance, in the songs from The Masque of Augures or from Mercury Vindicated--he reproduces much of the atmosphere of the ancient world. And, even where there is neither direct imitation nor the reproduction of a classic atmosphere, his lyrics, in virtue of their style, show a certain classic feeling, which was immediately recognized by his contemporaries and successors, ...[7]

Only slightly removed in time and thought from the spontaneity, freshness, and ingenuity of the Elizabethans are the Cavalier poets, Donne, Suckling, Carew, and Lovelace. All of the Cavalier poets felt the attraction of Horace, but one poet in particular, Robert Herrick, was to use again and again the Horatian train of thought.

Jonson, who was the medium of the transition from the Elizabethan to the Caroline lyric, was a great dictator of lyric style during his later years; the "sons of Ben," had an opportunity to reflect his influence. Especially does Robert Herrick show his discipleship to Jonson in the utilization of the classic form and Augustan atmosphere. This does not mean that Herrick derived his acquaintance with Horace from Jonson's lyrics, but it signifies that through gentle persuassion and general influence Herrick "followed his master, Ben Jonson, in drawing his inspiration from the classical lyrists of Greece and Rome rather than from those of the renascence."[8]

Whereas, the poets of the years immediately following the flowering of Elizabethan drama were particularly attracted to the lyrical qualities of the Odes and Epodes, the influence of Horace upon the eighteenth century literature may be found partly in his "function as a teacher of the art of writing"[9] as a result of the study of one of the epistles, entitled the

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[7] Ward, Waller; The Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. VII, p.2.

[8] Ibid., p. 8.

[9] Thayer, op. cit., p. 26.

Ars Poetica. Addison, Steele, Pope, Johnson, and others were interested in form and consulted the epistolary selections of Horace.[10] Since that age, Horatian influence has varied from critical and functional to poetic and inspirational.

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10 Ibid., p. 26.

CHAPTER II

LIFE IS SHORT: SEIZE THE PRESENT HOUR.

A. Surety of Death.

The inevitable approach of death has been faced by many poets, but by none more specifically and persistently than by Quintus Horatius Flaccus and by those who have drawn their chief inspiration from him. Hebrew bard and Greek philosopher sang about and reasoned upon the surety of death. Roman philosopher and poet before Horace dwelt upon the fleeting quality of human existence and the dark realm of Pluto to which every mortal thing is destined to go. The surety of death is a theme of universal interest. Lucretius, in "De Rerum Natura," proclaims to the reader:

> Nil igitur mors estad
> nos neque pertinet hilum,
> Quandoquidem natura
> animi mortalis habetur.[1]

Catullus, the greatest lyrist of the Ciceronian period, bemoaned the death of his Lesbia's sparrow as well as the loss of his brother. Of the former he says in playful lament:

> Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque
> et quantum est hominum venustiorum.
> Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
> passer, deliciae meae puellae,
> .....
> Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
> illud, unde negant redire quemquam.
> At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
> Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis!
> Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
> O factum male! Io miselle passer!
> Tua nunc opera meae puellae
> flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.[2]

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[1] Lucretius, "De Rerum Natura:" 830, 831.

[2] Duckett, Catullus in English Poetry, p. 14.

In these lines he speaks of his brother:

> Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
> advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
> ut te postremo donarem muhere mortis
> et mutam nequiquam adloquerer cinerem,
> quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit epsum,
> heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi;
> nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
> tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias
> accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
> atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.[3]

Cicero philosophized on friendship and on old age; he has Laelius say:

> Dutius enim iam in hoc desiderio esse non possum; omnia autem brevia tolerabilia esse debent etiam si magna sunt.[4]

But, whereas Lucretius was unconcerned, the youthful Catullus was struck with sincere grief for his brother's death and voiced the ultimate of all things, and Cicero, looking back over an half-century of troublous times, was making accessible "the paths of noblest learning,"[5] Horace reiterates from youth to old age the surety of death.

> These poignant phrases are so impressive from their diction and their recurrence that one British scholar built up an elaborate theory to explain the underlying strain of melancholy in the odes of the first three books and another more recently has declared that Horace "is frequently obsessed with the fear of death."[6]

Miss Haight refuses to agree with the last statement but concedes that Horace knew what death involves--"the loss of life's possessions and joy."[7]

1.

The famous fourteenth ode of the second book addressed to Postumus,

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[3] Ibid., p. 196.

[4] Cicero, De Amicitia, p. xxvii.

[5] Cicero, De Divinatione, p. ii.

[6] Haight, Horace and His Art of Enjoyment, pp. 231, 232.

[7] Ibid., p. 232.

presents the impossibility of escape from death:[8]

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,[9]
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Adferet indomitaeque morti;

Non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice places inlacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicumque terrae munere vescimur;
Enaviganda, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
Frustra per autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum;

Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et danai genus
Infame damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Linguenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te praeter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet heres Caecuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus et mero
Tinguet pavimentum superbis
Pontificum potiore cenis.[10]

Robert Herrick, sixteen centuries later, made a partial translation of this ode and dedicated it to "his peculiar friend" and old Cambridge acquaintance, John Wickes. This "spirited and highly imaginative poem....is one of

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[8] Further citations from both the Latin and the English poems, bearing out similar ideas but not so clearly, will be found in the Appendix. These are grouped in correspondence with chapter headings and sub-titles.

[9] Selections quoted from Horace, the numbers, and the lines are those of the Latin text and are taken from Rolfe's edition of the Satires and Epistles and Bennett's edition of the Odes and Epodes.

[10] II Ode XIV: 1-28.

the most Horatian lyrics in English literature:"[11]

Ah Posthumus! our years hence flye.[12]
And leave no sound;no piety,
Or prayers or vow
Can keep the wrinkle from the brow,
As fate do's lead or draw us; none,
None, Posthumus, co'd ere decline
The doome of cruell Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house,the ground,
Must all be left, no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curst cipresse tree,
A merry mind
Looks forward, scornes what's left behind:
Let's live,my Wickes, then while we may,
And here enjoy our holiday.

W'ave seen the past-best times, and these
Will nere return; we see the seas
And moons to wain,
But they fill up their ebbs again:
But vanisht man,
Like to a lilly-lost, nere can,
Nere can repullulate, or bring
His dayes to see a second spring.

But on we must, and thither tend
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend
Their sacred seed:
Thus has infernall Jove decreed;
We must be made
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade.
Why then, since life to us is short
Lets make it full up by our sport.[13]

Lines seven and eight of Herrick's "His Age" and the exhortation "to live" echo the thought of Horace's still earlier satires. The satires were published in 30 B. C., whereas the first three books of the odes came out in 23 B. C.:

....Sed me
Imperiosa trahit Proserpina; vive valeque.[14]

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[11] Ward, Waller; The Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. VII, pp. 10, 11.

[12] The quotations and lines of Herrick's poems are taken from the Riverside Edition of The Hesperides.

[13] I Hesperides: "His Age: Dedicated To His Peculiar Friend M. John Wickes, Under the Name of Posthumus:" 1-32.

[14] II Ser. V: 109,110.

The mention of "invisas cupressos" is amplified by Herrick in an address to the yew and the cypress:

> Both you two have
> Relation to the grave;
> And where
> The funerall-trump sounds, you are there.
>
> I shall be made,
> Ere long, a fleeting shade;
> Pray come,
> And doe some honour to my tomb.
>
> Do not deny
> My last request; for I
> Will be
> Thankfull to you, or friends for me.[15]

After reading these poems, one notes the striking parallel of the words of Miss Haight on Horace and those of Rev. A. B. Grossart[16] upon what Herrick's poems tell of the poet, especially upon his melancholy:

> There is---an unlifted shadow of melancholy that must have lain broad and black over Herrick. Joyousness is not at all in contradiction with this, any more than is the shadow with the real brightness of the light whose shadow it is. Your 'merry' nature--merry toward others, through keen self-repression and self-denial--has often a dark thread interwoven in it. I find this melancholy....in the poetry of Herrick. The intermixture of his Poems.. is apt to hide this; but when you read, pencil in hand, you are struck with the fascinating frequency of allusion to 'the end of all;' your ear, once open, catches tones and semi-tones of an unmoving sense of mortality and uncertainty; you see the gleam of tears in the very sunbeams of laughter.

A serious tone pervades the verses of John Donne, and these lines refer to the power of Death:

> O, strong and long-lived Death, how
> cam'st thou in?[17]

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[15] I Hesperides: "To The Yew and Cypresse To Grace His Funerall:" 1-12.

[16] Herrick, The Complete Poems of Robert Herrick, memorial introduction, pp. clxx, clxxi.

[17] Donne, The Poetical Works of Shelton and Donne, Vol. II, p. 136, "Elegy on Mistress Boulstred:" 21.

2.

A serious but not fatal illness, which fell upon Maecenas in the fall of 31 B. C., called forth the ode in which Horace says:

> ..... ibimus, ibimus,
> Utcumque praecedes, supremum
> Capere iter comites parati.[18]

True to his premonition, the poet and his patron died in the same year, 8 B. C.

Thomas Campion[19] in one of his "Airs" speaks to a friend thus:

> When thou must home, to shades of underground,
> And there arrive, a new admired guest,
> ....[20]

A similar expression of thought to the daffodils by Herrick shows the transcience of mortal life but lacks the sincere feeling found in the words of Horace:

> Faire Daffodills, we weep to see
> You haste away so soone;
> And yet the early-rising sun
> Has not attain'd his noone.
> Stay, stay,
> Until the hasting day
> Has run
> But to the even song;
> And, having pray'd together, we
> Will goe with you along.

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[18] II Ode XVII: 10-12.

[19] Interesting quotations from Campion appear in Duckett, Catullus in English Poetry, pp. 43, 47, 73, 149.

[20] Campion; "Air:" 1, 2. The quotations and lines of poems of the Elizabethans are taken from four volumes of the 1903 edition of An English Garner: Some Longer Elizabethan Poems, Shorter Elizabethan Sonnets Newly Arranged and Indexed, Vol. I, II., and Elizabethan Verse and Prose. Since these volumes are so well indexed, footnotes in this volume give the title of the Elizabethan collection where available and the name of the poem quoted along with the lines. Jonson's and Shakespeare's poems are from the poetical works of poets.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any things.
We die,
As your hours do, and drie
Away
Like to the summers raine,
Or as the pearles of morning's dew
N'er to be found againe.[21]

3.

Readers of Horace go to the epistles, 20 B. C., for the mature and genial philosophy of the poet. In the sixteenth epistle, the poet, fearing that Quinctius Hirpinus was too concerned with political favor, reminded him that virtue alone can bestow true happiness for:

....Mors ultima linea rerum est.[22]

After a narrow escape from death by the fall of a tree on the Sabine farm, Horace wrote:

... sed improvisa leti
Vis rapuit rapietque gentis.[23]

Several examples from the Elizabethan poets show that their poems are tinged with the Horatian idea of the inevitability of death. The author of "The Passion of Love" says:

Live as we will, Death makes, of all conclusion:[24]

Another unknown author writes:

As euery thing must dye, that earst was borne...[25]

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[21] I Hesperides: "To Daffadills:" 1-20.

[22] I Epist. XVI: 79.

[23] II Ode XIII: 15, 16.

[24] "The Passions of Love:" 965.

[25] Poems: in diuers humors: "Sonnet II:" 6, 7.

Benjamin Griffin recalls that since all things are subject to Death, though he is a poet, he is not immune from this final doom:

> These did through folly perish all and die:
> And, though I know it! even so do I![26]

Fletcher reiterates:

> My life must end;...[27]

A concise repitition of these statements occurs in Herrick's epigram:

> Time is the bound of things, wheree're we go:
> Fate gives a meeting, Death's the end of woe.[28]

4.

The introductory ode to the six patriotic odes of the third book has been entitled "Frugalitas"; in it the Latin poet speaks of the "equal law for all:"

> .... aequa lege Necessitas
> Sortitur insignis et imos;
> Omne capax movet urna nomen.[29]

Again Horace says:

> Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
> Regumque turris, o beate Sesti,
> Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
> Iam te premet nox fabulaeque manes
> Et domus exilis Plutonia; quo simul mearis,
> Nec regna vini sortiere talis,
> Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuventus
> Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.[30]

The poems attributed to no certain author often hint the concern of those ingenuous and pleasure-loving Elizabethans, as does the following:

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[26] Griffin, Fidessa: "Sonnet 26:" 13, 14.
[27] Fletcher, To Licia: "Sonnet 31:" 12.
[28] II Hesperides: "Death Ends All Woe:" 1, 2.
[29] III Ode I: 14-16.
[30] I Ode IV: 13-20.

> Loe here beholde the certaine Ende, of every liuing wight:
> No Creature is secure from Death, for Death will haue his Right.
> He spareth none: both rich and poore, both young and olde must die;
> So fraile is flesh, so short is Life, so sure Mortalitie.[31]

The poet, Herrick, wrote:

> Some storms w'ave past;
> Yet we must all
> Down fall
> And perish at the last.[32]

5.

Horace's acquaintance with nature arose from the early years spent in the countryside of Apulia and later years in the Sabine hills. What is more natural than that:

> Many similes which enrich his language are based on similarities between the life of man and the life of nature. The elaborate classifications of these made by Eduard Voss and Franz Hawrlant serve to show laboriously how many points of contact on both the physical and the spiritual side the poet found between man and his world. Whether life is represented as a vast sea on which man voyages, or a flowing river bearing everything with it, or whether the generations of men are compared to the generations of leaves on the trees, or man's fitful life is compared to the changing seasons of the year, the poet shows a sense of intimate nearness between the life of man and the outer world, and this feeling of closeness, developed in a score of smaller comparisons suggests an implicit sympathy between man and nature because of all their points in common.[33]

Death claims all: man cannot resist its claims, neither can the leaves of the forest nor the words of man, says Horace in the "Ars Poetica:"

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31 Poems: in diuers humors: "An Epitaph vpon the Death of his Aunt:" 1-4.

32 I Hesperides: "Upon The Troublesome Times:" 13-16.

33 Haight, op. cit., p. 196.

Ut silvae foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt, ita verborum vetus interit aetas,
Et iuvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos nostraque. ...[34]

Herrick parallels the change in nature with that in human existence:

Die ere long, I'm sure, I shall;
After leaves, the tree must fall.[35]

All things decay with time: The forest sees
The growth and down-fall of her aged trees;
That timber tall which three-score lusters stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood--
I meane the soveraigne of all plants, the oke--
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.[36]

6.

The passing of the seasons warns man of the inevitable doom: and the early hours of a spring day proclaim the lesson:

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
Quae rapit hora diem.[37]

The theme of an earlier ode is the "fair blossoms of the too-short-lived rose:"

Huc vina et unguenta et nimium brevis
Flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
Dum res et aetas et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.[38]

That the Elizabethan poets were alert to beauty is evidenced by their regret at its fading. An admirer of Sir Philip Sidney wrote a pastoral elegy upon the death of "the most noble and valorous knight" deploring the loss of all that is beautiful:

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[34] II Epist. III: 60-64.
[35] II Hesperides: "After Autumne, Winter;" 1, 2.
[36] I Hesperides: "All Things Decay and Die:" 1-6.
[37] IV Ode VII: 7, 8.
[38] II Ode III: 13-16.

Death! the devourer of all world's delight,[39]

Richard Barnfield expresses the same sentiment in his sonnet:

(But ah what hath not cruell death destroide?
Death, that enuies this worlds felicitie),[40]

Where the Latin poet uses the rose as a symbol of evanescent life, Herrick calls his mistress in turn a tulip, a July-flower, a rose, a vine, a well, a violet--all of which must meet the same fate:

You are a tulip seen today
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence, and in an houre,

You are a sparkling rose i'th' bud,
Yet lost, ere that chast flesh and blood
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

You are a full-spread faire-set vine,
And can with tendrills love intwine,
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your wine.

You are like balme inclosed well
In amber, or some chrystall shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die you must, faire maid, ere long
As he, the maker of this song.[41]

His address to Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler embodies the same sentiment:

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[39] "Astrophel: A Pastoral Elegy upon the death of the most noble and Valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney:" 265.

[40] Barnfield, "Sonnet 12:" 11, 12.

[41] I Hesperides: "A Meditation For His Mistresse:" 1-21.

For as these flowers, thy joyes must die,
And in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hope of her must wither,
Like those short sweets, ere knit together.[42]

Again it occurs:

As gilly-flowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away,
So you sweet lady, sweet as May,
....[43]

The brief life of the maiden is compared to that of the tulips:

Bright tulips, we do know,
You had your coming hither;
And fading time do's show
That ye must quickly wither.

Your sister-hoods may stay,
And smile here for your houre;
But dye ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins,then, and see
Your frailties,and bemone ye:
For, lost like these, 'twill be
As time had never known ye.[44]

or:

The lillie will not long endure,
Nor the snow continue pure:
The rose, the violet,--one day
See! both these lady-flowers decay;
And you must fade as well as they.[45]

In a similar mood Herrick questions the blossoms of the tree:

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[42] I Hesperides: "Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler, Under the Name of the Lost Shepardesse:" 19-22.

[43] I Hesperides: "Upon A Lady That Dyed in Child-Bed, and Left a Daughter Behind Her:" 1-3.

[44] I Hesperides: "To A Bed of Tulips:" 1-12.

[45] I Hesperides: "The Cruell Maid:" 14-18.

Faire pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be
An houre or half's delight,
'Twas pitie nature brought yee forth
Meerly to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.[46]

B. Shortness of Life.

1.

The surety of death is found upon the evidence of ever-fleeting time. The idea that "time and tide wait for no man," commonly conceived of as a result of the machine age, was prominent in ancient Rome and tormented the man in the market place and in the business house long before modern machinery caused so much leisure. It is a basic belief of the Roman poet stated generally:

... currit enim ferox
Aetas ...[47]

The diverse flowering of poetic genius in Elizabethan times makes allowance for a wide statement of time's hasty flight. Almost no poet neglected to include somewhere in his work at least a hasty suggestion that he was in agreement with the Roman poet's philosophy on time.

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[46] I Hesperides: "To Blossoms:" 1-18.

[47] II Ode V: 13, 14.

Shakespeare utilizes his "Sonnets" to mention "devouring Time"[48] and again "swift-footed Time."[49] In another, he is:

> ...with Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn:[50]

If time is fleeting for Shakespeare, so is its companion, Love:

> Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
> That Time will come and take my love away
> This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
> But weeps to have that which it fears to lose.[51]

Samuel Daniel in his sonnet sequence to Delia makes mention of the deteriorating effects of time:

> Swift speedy Time feathered with flying hours,
> Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.[52]

John Dowland requests:

> Stay Time, awhile, thy flying,
> Stay, and pity me dying![53]

While Thomas Campion says:

> Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly:[54]

Sir Francis Bacon makes this observation:

> The world's a bubble, and the life of man
> Less than a span:[55]

The Cavalier poets, Donne, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, and Herrick, have placed in their poems mention of this same characteristic of Time.

Herrick echoes:

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[48] Shakespeare, "Sonnet 19:" 1.

[49] Shakespeare, "Sonnet 19:" 6.

[50] Shakespeare, "Sonnet 63:" 2.

[51] Shakespeare, "Sonnet 64:" 11-14.

[52] Daniel, "Sonnet 34:" 11, 12.

[53] Dowland, "A Pilgrim's Solace: Sonnet 7:" 1, 2.

[54] Campion, "Song:" 5.

[55] Bacon, "The World's A Bubble:" 1, 2.

Time flyes away fast,
Our houres doe waste,
The while we never remember,
How soon our life here
Growes old with the yeere,
That dyes with the next December.[56]

Richard Lovelace does not fail to make one mention of this phrase:

.... all-devouring time.[57]

nor does Thomas Carew:

As old Time makes these decay
So his flowers must waste away.[58]

John Donne embodies in a lyric the futility of mortal life:

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance
And we join to it our strength
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.[59]

2.

The early fading of the day and the quick passing of the night show the basic changes which characterize natural phenomena:

.... veluti stet volucris dies,[60]

Truditur dies die,
Novaeque pergunt interire lunae.[61]

Passing day and its changing aspects caused Shakespeare to say:

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[56] I Hesperides: "To Electra:" 13-18.

[57] Lucasta The Poems of Richard Lovelace Esquire: Vol. II, "Peinture A Panegyrick To the Best Picture of Friendship Mr. Pet. Lilly:" 47.

[58] Carew, The Poems of Thomas Carew: "Disdain Returned:" 5, 6.

[59] Donne, op. cit., "Song:" 17-24.

[60] III Ode XXVIII: 6.

[61] II Ode XVIII: 15, 16.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debaseth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.[62]

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy th' herd,
And summer's green, all girded in sheaves,
Borned on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.[63]

As Horace noted the rush of business in the Forum and along the Appian Way, and as Shakespeare watched the shift upon "this huge stage," so Herrick saw time's flight and urged the use of the present day.

Now, now's the time; so oft by truth
Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.
Then faire ones, do not wrong
Your joys by staying long,
Or let love's fire go out,
By lingring thus in doubt:
But learn that time, once lost
Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.[64]

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62 Shakespeare, "Sonnet 15:" 1-14.

63 Shakespeare, "Sonnet 12:" 1-14.

64 I Hesperides: "An Epithalamie to Sir Thomas Southwell and His Ladie:" 1-8.

3.

A stream, perhaps the roaring Aufidus of Horace's youth or the Tiber of maturer recollections, furnished the poet with an example of the haste of the age and the extremes of business; so he writes to his friend, Maecenas:

> ... cetera fulminis
> Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
> Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
> In mare, nunc lapides adesos
>
> Stirpesque raptas et pecue et domos
> Volventis una non sine montium
> Clamore vicinaeque silvae,
> Cum fera diluvies quiesos
>
> Inritat amnis.[65]

An epistle ridicules the efforts of these who idly wait for the future in order to live:

> Qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
> Rusitcus exspectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum.[66]
>
> ... tamquam
> Sit proprium quicquam, puncto quod mobilis horae
> Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema
> Permutet dominos et cedat in altera iura.
> Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et heres
> Heredem alterius velut unda supervenit undam
> Quid vici prosunt aut horrea?[67]

Shakespeare's simile is like that of the Latin poet:

> Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
> So do our minutes hasten to their end;[68]

To his friend, M. John Wickes, Robert Herrick wrote in the same vein:

> Time steals away like to a stream,
> And we glide hence away with them.

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65 III Ode XXIX: 33-48.

66 IV Epist. II: 38-43.

67 II Epist. II: 171-179.

68 Shakespeare, "Sonnet 60:" 1, 2.

No sound recalls the houres once fled,
Or roses, being withered;[69]

These lines were sent to Herrick's intimate Cambridge friend much as Horace's ode was addressed to his patron-friend. Beside the similarity of context, a similarity of the relation of the persons addressed is significant.

4.

However, the loss of man's hope for lengthened days will be recompensed in the joys of the hour not hoped for:

Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum;
Grata superveniet, quae non sperabitur hora.[70]

For no mortal can assure another that the gods of heaven will give another dawn for life:

Quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
Tempora di superi?[71]

A Shakespearean sonnet grants the needlessness of man's hoping to stay time and embodies a note of defiance against Time's power:

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I do defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.[72]

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69 II Hesperides: "A Paranaeticall, or Advisive Verse, To His Friend, M. John Wickes;" 22-25.

70 I Epist. IV: 12-14.

71 IV Ode VII: 17, 18.

72 Shakespeare, "Sonnet 123:" 1-14.

Herrick, asking Time upon the wing to stop his flight, was asked:

> .... when
> False man would be content
> To pay agen
> What God and nature lent?[73]

C. Urge For Living in the Present.

1.

Beyond singing of the futility of the years, both Horace and the English poets went in their frequent injunction so well expressed in the phrase, "carpe diem." The full enjoyment of the present smiling hour bids one put no trust in the future. Definitely, this view was a cardinal point in Horace's art of enjoyment for he voices again and again the urge to live in the present.

This injunction connected with his liberal commendation of wine and his practicality antagonized the Middle Ages and brought about the neglect of Horatian manuscripts in the monasteries. The people from the sixth to the twelfth centuries were so neglectful of the joys of nature and of other present possibilities and so highly concerned with their future state that they forgot the fine import of such words as these in which the poet admonishes:

> Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere, et
> Quem Fors dierum cumque dibit, lucro
> Appone, nec dulcis amores
> Sperne puer neque tu choreas,
> Donec virenti canities abest
> Morasa. ...[74]

But with the Renaissance came a vision of what the present offers; the initiative and practical judgment of men of the day found complete harmony with Horace's ideas. Herrick epitomizes the sentiment:

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[73] Noble Numbers: "Upon Time:" 9-12.

[74] I Ode IX: 13-18.

Drink wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may:
The morrowes life too late is; live to day.[75]

2.

The flowers and "the glimmering lamp of night" remind Horace of life's transient cares and of the opportunities to escape these cares:

... nec trepides in usum

Poscentis aevi apauca: fugit retro
Levis iuventas et decor, arida
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie facilemque sonnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honor
Vernis, neque uno luna rubens nitet
Voltu: quid aeternia minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub alta vel platano vel haec
Pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti?[76]

He reiterates:

Cona prassentis cape laetus horae ac
Linquae severa.[77]

What could be more imperative and more Horatian than Shakespeare's command:

Now stand you on the top of happy hours;[78]

So Herrick also declares that the rose buds and the sun bids virgins "to make much of time;" this poem is truly a "lighter setting to music of an habitual thought in this so blithe and whole-hearted singer."[79]

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[75] II Hesperides: "To Youth:" 1, 2.
[76] II Ode XI: 4-17.
[77] III Ode VII: 27, 28.
[78] Shakespeare, "Sonnet 16:" 5.
[79] Herrick, op. cit., memorial-introduction, pp. clxx, clxxl.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sonner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, goe marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.[80]

A similar parallel in human life and the cycles of nature appears in these lines:

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the Sunne:
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'r be found againe:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.
Then while times serve, and we are but decaying;
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.[81]

3.

The imperatives of the ninth ode of book one reassert the demand for Leuconoe to follow Horace's "carpe diem" policy since no mortal can probe the future:

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[80] I Hesperides: "To The Virgins, To Make Much of Time:" 1-16.

[81] I Hesperides: "Corinna's Going a-Maying:" 56-70.

Tu ne quaesieris--scire nefas--quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
Temptaris numeros. Ut melius, quic viderit, pati!
Seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
Quae nunc oppisitis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Aetas: Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.[82]

Supreme wisdom is found in filling up the wine cup and living merrily, as is attested by the titles as well as by the contents of a series of short poems, mainly from The Hesperides:

Best To Be Merry.

Fooles are they who never know
How the times away doe goe.
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black death be
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratifie the genius.[83]

The Changes: To Corinna.

Time, ere long, will come and plow
Loathed furrowes in your brow:
And the dimnesse of your eye
Will no other thing imply,
But you must die
As well as I.[84]

To Be Merry.

Lets now take our time,
While we are in our prime,
And old, old age is a farre off;
For the evill, evill dayes
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.[85]

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[82] I Ode XI: 1-8.

[83] I Hesperides: "Best To Be Merry:" 1-6.

[84] I Hesperides: "The Changes: To Corinna:" 13-18.

[85] II Hesperides: "To Be Merry:" 1-6.

An End Decreed.

Let's be jocund while we may;
All things have an ending day;
And when once the work is done,
Fates revolve no flax th'ave spun.[86]

To Live Merrily, And To Trust to Good Verse.

Now is the time for Mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumbe;
For with the flowrie earth,
The golden pomp is come.[87]

The Wassaile

The time will come, when you'll be sad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.[88]

The only happy man is he who is wise enough in practical living to lay his hand upon the gifts of "now." He can truly say, "I have lived;" not even Jove himself can revoke his joys. The correspondence of ideas in the ode and citations from The Hesperides and The Noble Numbers are clear:

.... Quod adest memento
Componere aequos; ...
... Ille potens sui
Laetusque, deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse 'vixi:' cras vel atra
Nube polum pater occupato.
Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum,
Quodcumque retro est, efficiet, neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.[89]

Let's feast and frolick, sing and play,
And thus lesse last, then live, our day,
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last:
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well.[90]

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86 II Hesperides: "An End Decreed:" 1-4.

87 I Hesperides: "To Live Merrily, and To Trust To Good Verses:" 1-4.

88 I Hesperides: "The Wassaile:" 36-39.

89 III Ode XXIX: 32, 33; 41-48.

90 II Hesperides: "A Paranaeticall, Or Advisive Verse, To His Friend, M. John Wicks:" 30-35.

Nor makes it matter Nestors yeers to tell,
If man lives long, and if he live not well.[91]

6.

In praise of native Tibur, Horace writes to Plancus and bids his friend enjoy the winter season even though it is chequered by rains:

Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
Saepe Notus neque parturit imbris
Perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam vitaeque labores
Molli, Plance, mero, ...[92]

Mortals may long for other climes and suppose that a change of skies will bring lasting pleasure, but not so did John Wilbye think, for he questions:

What needeth all this travail and turmoiling,
Shortening the life's sweet pleasure;
To seek this far-fetched treasure,
In those hot climates, under Phoebus broiling?[93]

"A New Yeares Gift Sent to Sir Simeon Steward" contains the same admonition to make the most of the present:

Call not to mind those fled Decembers,
But think on these that are t'appeare,
As daughters to the instant yeare.
Sit crown'd with rose-buds, and carouse
Till liber pater twirles the house
About your ears; and lay upon
The year, your cares, that's fled and gone.
And let the russet swaines the plough
And harrow hang up resting now,
And to the bag-pipe all addresse,
Till sleep takes place of weariness.[94]

6.

The expression, "dum licet" of ode twelve in book four embodies the

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91 Noble Numbers: "His Meditation:" 5, 6.

92 I Ode VII: 15-18.

93 "Madrigal:" 1-4.

94 I Hesperides: "New-Yeares Gift Sent to Sir Simeon Steward:" 38-48.

meaning of Herrick's expression, "while the milder fates consent" in "A Lyrick to Mirth:"

> Verum pone moras et studium lucri
> Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
> Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
> Dulce est desipere in loco.[95]

> While the milder fates consent,
> Let's enjoy our merryment:
> Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play:
> Kisse our dollies night and day.
> Crown'd with clusters of the vine,
> Let us sit and quaffe our wine;
> Call on Bacchus; chaunt his praise;
> Shake the thyrse, and bite the bayes:
> Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
> And return him drunk to bed:
> Sing o're Horace; for ere long
> Death will come and mar the song:
> Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
> Never sing, or play more here.[96]

7.

The ancient custom of marking lucky days with a white stone is mentioned by Horace:

> Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,
> Neu promptae modus amphorae,
> Neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum,
> Neu multi desint epulis rosae
> Neu vivax apium neu breve lilium;[97]

Herrick also writes of marking every day with such an emblem:

> Drown we our heads with roses then,
> And 'noint with Tirian balmn; for when
> We two are dead,
> The world with us is buried.
> Then live we free
> As is the air, and let us be
> Our own fair wind, and mark each one
> Day with the white and luckie stone.[98]

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95 IV Ode XII: 25-28.

96 I Hesperides: "A Lyrick to Mirth:" 1-14.

97 I Ode XXXVI: 10-14.

98 I Hesperides: "His Age: Dedicated To His Peculiar Friend M. John Wickes, Under the Name of Posthumus:" 32-39.

8.

From an ode comes this brief injunction:

> ... eripe te moræ,[99]

An epigram, entitled "Delay," admonishes:

> Break off delay, since we but read of one
> That ever prosper'd by cunctation.[100]

Richard Lovelace sounds a warning:

> And we are taught that substance is,
> If uninjoy'd, but th' shade of blisse.[101]

Thomas Carew counsels his mistress:

> Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
> Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.[102]

It is now evident how frequently occur the ideas of the uncertainty of life and the imminence of death in the poems of the Latin poet, Horace, from his early satires to his later epistles. These ideas find considerable expression in the works of the Elizabethan poets, and occur at intervals in the poems of the Cavalier poets, Lovelace, Donne, Carew, and Suckling. Yet the poets of the Elizabetnan poets and of the Cavalier poets mentioned are not as thoroughly and vitally infused with Horatian sentiments as are those of another Cavalier writer, Robert Herrick.

The author has observed that the ideas of surety of death and shortness of life recur in the early as well as the later works of Horace. This observation is likewise true of Herrick's poems.

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99 III Ode XXIX: 5.

100 II Hesperides: "Delay:" 1, 2.

101 Lovelace, op. cit., Vol. I, p. 101, "Amynter's Grove His Chloris, Arigo, and Gratiana an Elegie:" 43, 44.

102 Carew, op. cit., p. 21, "Song Persuasions to Enjoy:" 5, 6.

A striking parallel in the sentiments of the poets, Horace and Herrick, is not only to be found in their statement of the surety of an end to all things but in their constant rejoiner that man must live today--happy in the present. This admonition, the culminating Horatian sentiment in this chapter is noticeably lacking in the Elizabethan and other Cavalier poetry. When it appears at all, it is weak and not boldly stated. This would indicate that despite Horatian sentiments in Elizabethan and former Cavalier poets, and despite the possibility of indirect borrowing, Herrick went a step beyond his predecessors and capitalized upon the most Horatian expression in this theme, "carpe diem." This strongly suggests his reliance on Horace as the original source rather than an indirect knowledge of Horatian details through the Elizabethan's statement of life's fleeting qualities.

CHAPTER III

FORTUNE IS FICKLE: MAINTAIN A CALM MIND

Calamity and sorrow called forth many lines intended for consolation and fortitude, so characteristic of the stern doctrine of many Romans who were forced to contend with the fickle turns of human affairs, so often known as the will of Fate or the doings of Fortune.

It is small wonder that Horace, steeped in the stern tradition of his Apulian fathers and early acquainted with the reverses of good fortune to bad should choose to mingle snatches of Fortune's mutability with the other ideas on life and the art of enjoyment.

Characteristic of Roman practicality was the formulation of fortune into a divinity; this belief in a vague, supernatural power which could be attributed only to something beyond the power of the gods or of Providence found ground in the minds of the medieval poets, Dante and Chaucer. The theme is common property by the Renaissance and is repeated in diverse ways in the verses of the Elizabethan and Cavalier poets.

1.

Early Horace struck the note of Fortune's fickle and foolish ways. As the poet looked about Rome in his youthful years, he saw the rich host entertaining with costly food, ostentatious display, and trivial chatter, but with little true hospitality; in the satire this calls forth from the host's friend, Nomentanus, the comment which is truly representative of the poet himself:

> ... 'Heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
> Te deus? Ut semper gaudes in ludere regus
> Humanis! ...[1]

---

[1] II Ser. VIII: 61-63.

Many Elizabethan poets comment on Fortune and her fickle ways:

Richard Barnfield observes:

> Of cruell Fortune (mother of despaire,)
> Well art thou christen'd with a cruell name:[2]

Again, he calls a curse down upon Fortune:

> O frowning Fortune, cursed fickle dame![3]

Henry Constable writes:

> Of Fortune, as thou learn'sst to be unkind;
> So learn to be unconstant to disdain![4]

Sir William Watson upbraids this deity who opposes him so constantly:

> Fie fickle Fortune fie, thou art my foe,
> O heauie hap so froward is my chance,
> No daies nor nights nor worlds can me aduance.[5]

Noting the foolish ways of mankind, Herrick says in epigram:

> Fortune no higher project can devise,
> Then to sow discord 'mongst the enemies.[6]

These poems of the Elizabethans and of Robert Herrick show a general relationship to Horace but no striking verbal parallels.

2.

A few years of experience in the capital with its changes in political and social circles led the poet to attribute these to Fortune:

> ... Valet ima summis
>
> Mutare et insignem attenuat deus,
> Obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax
> Fortuna cum stridore acuto
> Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.[7]

---

[2] Barnfield, "Cassandra:" 318, 319.

[3] Barnfield, "My Flocks Feed Not:" 10.

[4] Constable, Diana: "Sonnet 10:" 9, 10.

[5] Watson, The Tears of Fancie: "Sonnet 11:" 12-14.

[6] I Hesperides: "Discord Not Disadvantageous:" 1, 2.

[7] I Ode XXXIV: 12-16.

In repition of the same idea, Barnfield says:

> Lest fickle Fortune should begin to frowne,
> And turne their mirth to extreame miseries;
> Nothing more certaine than incertainties;
> Fortune is full of fresh varietie:
> Constant in nothing but inconstancie.[8]

Michael Drayton hints to his rival that:

> None stands so fast
> But may be cast
> By Fortune, and disgraced:[9]

Among the longer poems of the Elizabethan collections is this ode, noting the mutability of Fortune:

> Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
> Thou and I, were both beguilde.
> Euerie one that flatters thee,
> Is no friend in miserie:
> Words are easie, like the winde;
> Faithfull friends are hard to find:
> Euerie man will be thy friend,
> Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
> But if store of Crownes be scant,
> No man will supply thy want.
> If that one be prodigall,
> Bountifull, they will him call.
> And with such-like flattering,
> Pitty but hee were a king!
> If hee bee adict to vice,
> Quickly him, they will intice,
> If to women hee be bent,
> They haue a Commaundement.
> But if Fortune once doe frowne,
> They that fawnd on him before,
> Vse his company no more.[10]

With similar feeling, Herrick writes of Fortune's favours and their brief sojourn with one person:

> Fortune did never favour one
> Fully, without exception;
> Though free she be, ther's something yet
> Still wanting to her favourite.[11]

---

8 Barnfield, "The Shepheards Content:" 73-77.

9 Drayton, Odes, With Other Lyric Poesies: "To His Rival:" 25-27.

10 Poems: in diuers humors: "An Ode:" 27-47.

11 I Hesperides: "Fortunes Favours:" 1-4.

3.

The repitition of this idea occurs in the ode, "To Fortune," in which the poet invokes the protection of the goddess for the emperor's expeditions of 27 B. C., one against the Britons, the other against Arabia Felix:

> O diva, gratum quae regis Antium,
> Praesens vel imo tollere de gradu
> Mortale corpus vel superbos
> Vetere funeribus triumphos,[12]

The wealth and glory of the great often serve only to hasten reverses; Fortune's characteristic symbol, the wheel, ever turns and ever causes new disasters, observes Sir John Davies in these lines:

> And Chance herself her nimble feet upbears
> On a round slippery wheel, that rolleth aye,
> And turns all states with her impetuous sway.[13]

Since Chance governs the world, Herrick feels that wealth and glory serve only for a burial ground.

> All things o'r-rul'd are here by chance;
> The greatest mans inheritance,
> Where ere the luckie lot doth fall,
> Serves but for place of buriall.[14]

4.

The will of Fortune is capricious and bids man exercise caution in that he take advantage of her joys while they are at hand and attain a state of acquiesence when she flies away. For all men are "the victims of insatiable desire" and "all are alike subject to the uncertainties of Fate. Insolent Fortune without notice flutters her swift wings and leaves"[15] man amid sorry circumstances:

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[12] I Ode XXXV: 1-4.

[13] Davies, "Orchestra, or, "A Poem of Dancing;" 411-413.

[14] I Hesperides: "Large Bounds Doe But Bury Us:" 1-4.

[15] Showerman, op. cit., p. 46.

Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et
Dudum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeris quatit
Pinnas, resigno quae dedit et mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quaero.[16]

Though Fate had not favoured Drayton, the poet suggested his unyielding faith and calm mind:

Declare what Fate unlucky stars have given'.
And ask a world upon my life to dwell!
Make known the faith that Fortune could not move!

Shakespeare, although "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," is roused to a more comprehensive view of his opportunities by thinking of his friend's faithfulness:

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy content least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.[18]

Richard Linche also is not cognizant of his danger on the great sea; his ship is steady for it is his Mind:

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[16] III Ode XXIX: 49-56.

[17] Drayton, Idea: "Sonnet 60:" 3, 4.

[18] Shakespeare, "Sonnet 29:" 1-14.

Weary with serving, where I naught could get;
I thought to cross great Neptune's greatest seas.
To live in exile: but my drift was let
By cruel Fortune, spiteful of such ease.
The ship I had to pass in, was my Mind:[19]

Again he says:

All things subjected are to fate;
Whom this morne sees most fortunate,
The ev'ning sees in poore estate.[20]

6.

The poets criticize phases of life and then give the remedy for the very situation--this is a part of their mature philosophy and grew out of the demands of the times. Horace knew that to say, "life is fleeting" is useless, but to suggest "carpe diem" aids the wise man to recognize the possibilities about him. The Elizabethans and Herrick in the same way declared that the present is full of means to make life a pleasure. As each poet points out the fickleness of Fortune, so he glorifies the maintainence of a calm mind. Horace speaks boldly upon "the steadfast mind:"

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram Sortem bene preparatum
Pectus Informis hiemis reducit
    Iuppiter, idem
Summonet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit: quondam cithara decentum
Suscitat musam neque semper arcum
    Tendit apollo.[21]

Not even Fortune's "fatal law" can disturb the author of this song set by William Byrd:

I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move,
For beauty bright nor force of love.[22]

---

[19]Linche, Diella: "Sonnet 28:" 1-6.

[20]I Hesperides: "Change Common To All:" 1-3.

[21]II Ode X: 13-24.

[22]Byrd, Sonnets and Pastorals: "Sonnet:" 4-6.

Herrick, likewise, addressed two short poems to Fortune and declares that the goddess' very unkindness reveals in mortals the need of a calm mind:

> Tumble me down, and I will sit
> Upon my ruines, smiling yet;
> Teare me to tatters, yet 'I'le be
> Patient in my necessitie.[23]
>
> This is my comfort, when she's most unkind;
> She can but spoile me of my meanes, not mind.[24]

5.

He whom Fortune raises to high estate today may be humbled tomorrow:

> Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras si volet auferet, ut si
> Detulerit fasces indigno, detrahet idem,[25]

Herrick suggests the contrary change in human fortune:

> But this
> Sweet is
> In our mourning,
> Times bad
> And sad
> Are a turning;
> And he
> Whom we
> See dejected,
> Next day
> We may
> See erected.[26]

That the Elizabethans were fond of this theme is evidenced by the occasional appearance of a translationsor phrases from Horace. Sir William Watson made a translation of the Latin poem:

> The steadfast mind, that to the end
> Is fortune's victor still,
> Hath yet a fear, though Fate befriend,
> A hope, though all seem ill.
> Jove can at will the winter send,
> Or call the spring at will.

---

[23] II Hesperides: "To Fortune:" 1-4.
[24] II Hesperides: "On Fortune:" 1, 2.
[25] I Epist. XVI: 33, 34.
[26] II Hesperides: "Anacreontike:" 19-30.

Full oft the darkest day may be
Of morrows bright the aire.
His bow not everlastingly
Apollo bends in ire.
At times the silent Muses he
Wakes with his dulcet lyre.

When stormy narrows round thee roar,
Be bold; naught else avails.
But when thy canvas swells before
Too proudly prospering gales,
For once be wise with coward's lore,
And timely reef thy sails.[27]

An Elizabethan wrote these lines:

Even as her State, so is her Mind
Lifted above the vulgar kind!
It treads proud Fortune under!
Sunlike, it sits above the wind;
Above the storms, and thunder.[28]

The deep calm of the mind is indicated by Andrew Marvel's lines:

How vainly, men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oak, or Bays!
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree;
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid:
While all flowers, and all trees do close
To weave the Garlands of Repose.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness.
The Mind, that Ocean! where each kind,
Does straight its own resemblance find:
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas!
Annihilating all that's made,
To a green Thought in a green Shade.[29]

The poem, commonly attributed to Edward Dyer and set to notes by Sir William Byrd is suggestive of the same sentiment:

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[27] Horace, The Odes of Horace In English Verse, Latin Text with Translations by various hands chosen by H. E. Butler, p. 11, translation by Watson.

[28] Hymns of Astraea: "Of Her Magnaminity:" 1-5.

[29] Marvel, "The Garden:" 1-8; 40-48.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
That God or Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want, that most I have;
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.[30]

Robert Greene sings of the quiet mind that scorns Fortune's angry crown:

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Begars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscured life seets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.[31]

Robert Harrick epitomizes the Latin ode:

In all thy need, be thou possest
Still with a well-prepared brest,
Nor let the shackles make thee sad;
Thou canst but have, what others had.
And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill won't still be so.
Clouds will not ever poure down raine;
A sullen day will cleere again,
First peales of thunder we must heare,
Then lutes and harpes shall stroke the ear.[32]

7.

Horace in mock seriousness praises his own virtues and the qualities of the righteous man, whose protection is assured:

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30 Dyer, "My Mind To Me A Kingdom Is:" 1-6.

31 Greene, Farewell To Folly: "Maesia's Song:" 1-12.

32 II Hesperides: "Good Precepts, or Counsell:" 1-10.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

Sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.[33]

As though in translation of the original, Thomas Campion writes:

The man of life upright
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds
Or thought of vanity:

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hore cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
Nor armous for defence;
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes,
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus storming all the cares,
That fate or fortune brings;
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom, heavenly things.

Good thoughts, his only friends;
His wealth a well-spent age:
The earth, his sober Inn,
And quiet Pilgrimage.[34]

Richard Alison gives another translation:

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[33] I Ode XXII: 1-8.

[34] Campion, Airs: "Song:" 1-24.

The man upright of life, whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds or thought of vanity:
That man whose silent days in harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude, nor sorrow discontent:
That man needs neither towers nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence.

He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes,
The horrors of the deep, and terrors of the skies,
Thus scorning all the cares, that Fate or Fortune brings,
He makes his heaven his book, his wisdom heavenly things;
Good thoughts, his only friends; his wealth, a well-spent age;
The earth, his sober inn, and quiet pilgrimage.[35]

Benjamin Griffin counsels:

But upon virtues, fix a stayed mind.[36]

The reiterative theme of Sir John Davies' poem, "Nosce Ipsum," is the maintainance of a calm mind:

And yet, alas, when all our lamps are burned,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turned,
Which yield men's wits, both help and ornament:
What can we know? or what can we discern?....
For this, few know themselves! for merchants broke,
View their estate with discontent and pain;
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.
And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet;
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself, herself can never meet.
Yet if Affliction once her wars begin
And threat the feeble Sense with sword and fire;
The Mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire,
As spiders touched, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms, unto their hives return;
As blood in danger, gathers to the heart;
And men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

---

[35] Alison, "An Hour's Recreation in Music:" 1-12.

[36] Griffin, Fidessa; "Sonnet 20:" 11.

> If ought can teach us ought, Affliction's looks
> (Making us look into ourselves so near)
> Teach us to Know ourselves, beyond a ll books,
> Or all the learned schools that ever were!
> .....
> Therefore of Death, we think with quiet mind;
> .....
> If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
> And view them by reflection of the mind;
> All these True Notes of Immortality,
> In our hearts' tales, we shall written find![37]

To this far-sighted Elizabethan true self-knowledge implies a calm mind in the midst of the most harrassing circumstances.

With true Roman fortitude Herrick praises the Christian militant. Of Herrick's devotion to classicism, The Cambridge History of English Literature[38] says:

> More than once, too, we are made to feel that there was more of the Roman flamen than the Christian priest in Herrick, and, even, in his Christian Militant, we discern more of Roman stoicism than of the sermon on the mount.

This Roman stoicism is mainly the claiming of a calm mind and "one face" despite all changes--Horatian in all phases.

> A man prepar'd against all ills to come,
> That dares to dread the fire of martirdom;
> That sleeps at home; and sayling there at ease,
> Feares not the fierce sedition of the seas;
> That's counter-proofe against the farms mis-haps,
> Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps;
> That weares one face, like heaven, and never showes
> A change when fortune either comes, or goes;
> That keepes his own strong guard, in the despight
> Of what can hurt by day or hame by night;
> That takes and re-delivers every stroake
> Of chance, as made up all of rock and oake;
> That sigs at other's death, smiles at his owne
> Most dire and horrid crucifixion,--
> Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant
> Him to be here our christian militant.[39]

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[37] Davies, "Nosce Teipsum."

[38] Vol. VII, p. 11.

[39] I Hesperides: "The Christian Militant:" 1-16.

Herrick reiterates in the Noble Numbers:

> Adverse and prosperous fortunes both work on
> Here for the righteous mans salvation.
> Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,
> All serve to th' augmentation of his good.[40]

Felicity and adversity are states of mind and prove:

> Or both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
> Prosperitie more searching of the mind:[41]

8.

The "animus aequus" must be preserved when Jove gives and even when he takes away, the poets decree as a part of their philosophy:

> Sed satis est orare Iovem, quae ponit et aufert;
> Det vitam, det opes; aequum mi animum ipse parabo.[42]

> It is sufficient if we pray
> To Jove who gives and takes away,
> Let him the land and liveing finde;
> Let me alone to fit the mind.[43]

9.

Likewise, both of the poets, Horace and Herrick, commend patience. Thus writes the Latin poet:

> Durum: sed levius fit patientia,
> Quicquid corrigere est nefas.[44]

Among the Songs of Sundrie Natures set by William Byrd is this prayer for constancy:

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40 Noble Numbers: "All Things Run Well For the Righteous:" 1-4.

41 II Hesperides: "Felicitie Knowes No Fence:" 1, 2.

42 II Epist. XVIII: 111, 112.

43 I Hesperides: "His Wish:" 1-4.

44 I Ode XXIV: 19, 20.

But to resist, give fortitude,
Give patience to endure,
Give constancy that always Thine
I may persever sure.[45]

But Herrick's terse statements upon one's bearing a hard fate is more nearly stoic than Christian, as is the verse set by Byrd.

Do's fortune rend thee, Beare with thy hard fate:
Vertuous instruction ne'r are delicate.[46]

In similar epigramatic vein, Herrick writes of the "sauce for sorrowes:"

Although our suffering meet with no reliefe,
An equall mind is the best sauce for griefe.[47]

We know that Herrick was sometimes oppressed with "dull Devonshire," but his adaptibility enabled him to find satisfaction there and to express this Horatian sentiment, founded upon the quotation from ode twenty-four in book one:

For all our workes a recompence is sure.
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.[48]

From the poems of the other Cavalier poets, two short passages from Carew's poems set forth the fickle nature of Fortune and the need for calmness:

Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit.
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happiness create
Her ministers, Fortune and Worth
Had here that miracle brought forth:[49]

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[45] Byrd, Songs of Sundrie Natures: 9-12.

[46] II Hesperides: "Suffer That Thou Canst Not Shift:" 1, 2.

[47] II Hesperides: "Sauce For Sorrowes:" 1, 2.

[48] II Hesperides: "Satisfaction For Sufferings:" 1, 2.

[49] Carew, op. cit., p. 81, "Siste, Haspes, Sive Indigena, Sive Advena, Vicissitudinis Rerum Memor, Pauca Pellige:" 4-9.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.[50]

Richard Lovelace speaks of the "stable breast" in the midst of sorrows:

As smooth'd them to a calme, which still withstood
The ruffling passions of untamed blood
Without a wrinkle in thy face to show
Thy stable breast could a disturbance know.[51]

Horatian concern with the "aequus animus" makes this one of the recurring motifs in the poems of the Latin poet and marks his philosophy with a new stability. Through acquaintance with Latin manuscripts, the idea of Fortune's changeableness was firmly imbedded in the mind of the Elizabethans and appears in much Elizabethan literature. It was common in drama.[52]

That it permeated the emotional life of the Elizabethan poets is indicated by its restatement in many lyrics. The Cavalier poets, especially Herrick, utilized this theme, but it cannot be said that their statement of this theme reflects direct acquaintance with Horatian ideas and with Horace's works since they may have taken earlier English poets as indirect source of these ideas. This theme, the fickleness of Fortune and the necessity of maintaining a calm mind, by the time of Charles I, was common to poetry and a favorite plaint of the poets.

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50 Ibid., p. 24, "Disdained Returned:" 7-10.

51 Lovelace, op. cit., pp. 167, 168, "Elegy To The Memory of My Worthy Friend Coll. Richard Lovelace:" 17-20.

52 Alden, Master Spirits of Literature Shakespeare, p. 36.

CHAPTER IV

ENJOYMENT IS AN ART: SEEK THE GOLDEN MEAN

A. Praise of the Golden Mean.

The art of enjoyment in Horace's language comprised much; it was synonomous with the poet's philosophy of life--the sum of his doctrine on work and pleasure, ambition and content, virtue and happiness. The touchstone of his daily round was "Seek the golden mean: keep a moderation in all things." The Aristolean school of philosophy may have given him this keynote; this keynote to moderate living was enhanced by the counsel of his father and by a rich life-experience.

Since the days of his schooling at Athens, Horace had been a student of philosophy. His apparent devotion to wine, music, and love mark Horace as the perfect Epicurean to many. Horace recommends simplicity, virtuous living, and calmness, as the constituents of happiness, precisely the view held by the genuine Epicurean.

In his praise of wine, music, and love, the Roman poet argued for temperate mirth. The countryside was the scene of greatest content since here the mean of life was most surely attained.

1.

His final declaration is embodied in the thought that virtue is the mean between the extremes and must be sought in all activities:

Virtus est medium vitiorum et utrimque reductum.[1]

Among the Love Posies, found in a collection of about 1598, is this epigrammatic admonition:

---

[1] I Epist. XVIII: 9.

Keep a mean![2]

Richard Barnfield repeats:

The meane is best, and that I meane to keepe;[3]

These quotations are far from being peculiarly Horatian.

Robert Herrick, lured on by the fine sense of proportion of the mean, incorporated this in a wedding song:

.... Vertue keepes the measure.[4]

An epigram praises a central course:

In things a moderation keepe:[5]

In similar vein, John Donne writes:

.... Mean's blest. ....[6]

2.

This sound advice appears not only in the early odes but in the more mature writings, the epistles, in which Horace gave all of his energies to the study of philosophy:

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.[7]

A sonnet set to music by William Byrd advises the reader of the reason for his choice of the mean:

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[2] Love Posies. The ms. in which this collection is found was written about 1596. Harl, MS 6910.

[3] Barnfield, "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia:" 19.

[4] II Hesperides: "Connubii Flores, or the Well-Wishes at Weddings:" 25.

[5] II Hesperides: "Moderation:" 1.

[6] Donne, op. cit., p. 408, "Satire II:" 107-109.

[7] I Ser. I: 106, 107.

Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean, between them both,
Doth surest sit and fears no fall.
This is my choice, for why? I find
No wealth is like the quiet mind.[8]

Richard Barnfield speaks of the golden mean:

I cannot keepe the Meane: for why (alas)
Griefes haue no meane, though I for meane doe passe.[9]

The Hymns of Astraea record one who, though exalted in power and pleasures, practices moderation:

B eauty's Crown though She do wear;
E xalted into Fortune's Chair;
T hroned like the Queen of Pleasure:
H er virtues still possess her ear,
A nd counsel her to Measure!

R eason (if She incarnate were)
E ven reason's self could never bear
G reatness with Moderation![10]

A further note on moderation by the Cavalier poet, Herrick, refers to love:

Let moderation on thy passions waite:
Who loves too much too much the lov'd will hate.[11]

and Horace took his principle of the golden mean even into literary criticism:

In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte.[12]

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
Viribus.[13]

---

[8] Byrd, Sonnets and Pastorals: "Pastera 1:" 20-24.

[9] Barnfield, "The Shepheards Content:" 13, 14.

[10] Hymns Astraea: "Of Her Moderation:" 5-12.

[11] II Hesperides: "Moderation:" 1, 2.

[12] II Epist. III: 31.

[13] II Epist. III: 38, 39.

5.

The recurrence of this theme in the works of both Horace and Herrick is so consistent that it is like a refrain:

> Nimirum sapere est ... utile ...
> .....
> Sed verae numerosque modosque ediscere vitae.[14]

Richard Tofte calls out to his Laura from:

> ... doubtful dangerous extreme,
> Wretch that I am! myself am sore afraid:
> And doubt of thee, so far from Golden Mean:
> Nor know I well out of this depth to wade.
> Lest that my life be shortened, or I die;
> Whether it heavy, falls; or light, ascends on high.[15]

Herrick says:

> Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.[16]

The Latin poet states the fate of foolish men:

> Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.[17]

Herrick comments on the necessity of restraint:

> Men must have bounds how farre to walke, for we
> Are made farre worse by lawless liberty.[18]

Although Horace was an imperial favorite and was aiding Augustus in his reforms in social morality, religion, and patriotism, he stresses the necessity of "recte vivere" and "aurea mediocritas," neither of which he meant to confine to courtly circles or to his own time. His sense of proportion and balance of mind make his ideas universally applicable. The address to Licinius is significant:

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[14] II Epist. II: 141-144.

[15] "Laura:" part II: 7-12.

[16] II Hesperides: "The Meane:" 2.

[17] I Ser. II: 24.

[18] II Hesperides: "Rules For Our Reach:" 1, 2.

Rectius vives Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquom.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

Saepius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
Fulgura montis.

.....

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.[19]

Numerous translations of this ode were made by Elizabethan poets. One of Sidney's poetical translations is the address to Licinius.

You better sure shall live, not evenmore
Trying high seas; nor while seas rage, you flee,
Pressing too much upon ill harboured shore.

The golden mean who loves, lives safely free
From filth of foes worn house; and quiet lives,
Released from Court, where envy needs must be.

The winds most oft the hugest pine tree grieves;
The stately towers come down with greater fall;
The highest hills, the bolt of thunder cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hope; good haps appal
With fear of change, the courage well prepared:
Four winters, as they come; away, they shall!

Though present times and past with evils be snared,
They shall not last: with cithern, silent Muse,
Apollo wakes; and bow, hath sometimes spared.

---

[19] II Ode X: 1-12; 21-24.

In hard estate; with stout show, valour use!
The same man still, in whom wise doom prevails,
In too full wind, draw in thy swelling sails![20]

Richard Alison records in a short poem the final fall of the greatest:

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas, is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer's stroke:

The stately stag that seems so stout
By yelping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about;
At length is caught in fowler's net;
The greatest fish, in deepest brook,
Is soon deceived with subtle hook.[21]

In a later generation, Richard Lovelace echoed:

Frank, wil't live unhandsomely? trust not too far
Thy self to waving seas: ....
....
Yet settle here your rest, and take your estate
And in calm halcyon's nest ev'n build your fate:
Prethee lye down securely, Frank, and keep
With as much noyse the inconstant deep
As its inhabitants; nay, stedfast stand,
As if discover'd were a New-found-land,
.....
Nor be too confident, fix'd on the shore:
For even that too borrows from the store
Of her rich neighbour, since now wisest know
(And this to Galileo's judgement ow),
The palsie earth it self is every jot
As frail, inconstant, waveing, as that blot
We lay upon the deep, that sometimes lies
Chang'd, you would think, with's botoms properties;
But this eternal, strange Ixion's wheel
Of giddy earth ne'er whirling leaves to reel,
Till all things are inverted till they are
Turn'd to that antick confus'd state they were.

---

20 Sidney, Sonnets and Poetical Translations: "Translated from Horace, which begins Rectius vives:" 1-18.

21 Alison, "An Hour's Recreation:" 1-12.

Who loves the golden mean, doth safely want
A cobwebb'd cot and wrongs entail'd upon't;
.....
The blust'ring winds invisible rough stroak
More often shakes the stubborn'st prop'rest oak;
And in proud turrets we behold withal,
'Tis the imperial top declines to fall:
Nor does Heav'n's lightning strike the humble vales,
But high-aspiring mounts batters and scales.[22]

Herrick makes mention of only one instance in which supreme fortune falls soonest:

While leanest beasts in pastures feed,
The fattest oxe the first must bleed.[23]

4.

No craving for wealth and luxury enticed Horace; a simple meal will celebrate the emperor's birthday, says the Roman in his invitation to Manlius Torquatus, whom he asks:

Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti?[24]

The entire ode to Sallust elaborates the Stoic doctrine of happiness in wisdom and few desires:

Nullus argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, inimice lamnae
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeius aevo,
Notus infratres animi paterni:
Illum aget pinna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenas
Serviat uni.

---

22 Lovelace, op. cit. pp. 85-87, "Advise To My Best Brother Coll. Francis Lovelace:" 1, 2; 5-11; 17-30; 41-46.

23 I Hesperides: "Supreme Fortune Falls Soonest:" 1, 2.

24 I Epist. V: 12.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

Redditum Cypri solio Phraaten
Dissidens plebi numero beatorum
Eximit Virtus populumque falsis
Dedocet uti.

Vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
Deferens uni propriamque laurum,
Quisquis inentis oculo inretorto
Spectat acervos.[25]

A note of moderation and caution is found in a sonnet set by William Byrd:

Care to dispend, according to thy store,[26]

What could be more Horatian than these words on the "golden measure:"

To shun the first, and last extreame;
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
Or to exceed thy tether's reach:
But to live round, and close, and wisely true
To thine owne selfe, and knowne to few.
Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
Elizium to thy wife and thee;
There to disport your selves with golden measure;
For seldome use commends the pleasure.[27]

Imparitie doth ever discord bring:
The mean the musique makes in everything.[28]

The poems of Richard Lovelace contain this discriminating line:

Its use and rate values the gem:[29]

---

[25] II Ode II: 1-24.

[26] Byrd, Sonnets and Pastorals: "Sonnet:" 17.

[27] I Hesperides: "A Country Life: To His Brother, M. Tho Herrick:" 132-142.

[28] II Hesperides: "The Meane:" 1, 2.

[29] Lovelace, op. cit., p. 96, "To Chloe Courting Her For His Friend:" 13.

5.

Horace in his Sermones displays his frugal and austere nature which in the joys of the table aid in keeping the middle course:

> ... quin corpus onustum
> Hesternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una,
> Atque adfigit humo divinae particulam aurae.[30]
>
> Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum
> Adferat. ...[31]

Richard Tofte questions:

> And know'st not, Sweet extremes do sudden kill?[32]

The writer of "The Passion of Love" warns:

> Who surfeits, hardly lives![33]

A panegyrick to his patron, Sir Lewis Pemberton, praises the temperate mirth and frugal measure of the English countryside:

> But temp'rate mirth dealth forth, and so discreetly
> that it makes the meate more sweet,
> And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
> Do'st rather poure forth then allow
> By cruse and measure,--thus devoting wine,
> As the Canary Isles were thine,
> But with that wisdome and that method as
> No one that's there his quilty glasse
> Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry
> Repentance to his liberty.[34]

Herrick further speaks in concise epigrams:

> Excesse is sluttish: Keepe the meane; for why?
> Vertue's clean conclave is sobriety.[35]

---

30 II Ser. II: 77-79.

31 II Ser. II: 70, 71.

32 Tofte, "Laura:" Part IV: 8.

33 "The Passions of Love:" 890.

34 I Hesperides: "A Panegerick To Sir Lewis Pemberton:" 80-88.

35 II Hesperides: "Excesse:" 1, 2.

Health is no other, as the learned hold,
But a just measure both of heat and cold.[36]

Praise of the golden mean had become a favorite theme with the Elizabethans, through whom Robert Herrick may have become acquainted with this theme.

B. Power of Virtue.

1.

Intimately associated with the golden mean is the power of virtue in Horace's poems since this very quality is a protection and brings a reward. Unlike the Stoics, Horace did not praise the abstract quality of virtue but that practical and active upright spirit,--"the positive virtues of performance as well as the negative virtue of moderation,"[37] of which the poet speaks in the ode to Fuscus, quoted on page 43.

In strong parallel to the opening lines of the ode are these lines from The Hesperides:

A wise man ev'ry way lies square,
And like a surly oke with storms perplext,
Growes still the stronger, strongly vext.[38]

2.

Horace's independent spirit and firm resolve to resist any faction, despot, or raging element appears in these lines:

Iustum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava iubentium,
Non voltus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida neque Auster,

---

[36] II Hesperides: "Health:" 1, 2.

[37] Showerman, op. cit., p. 59.

[38] I Hesperides: "A Country Life: To His Brother, M. Tho. Herrick:" 98-100.

Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Iovis;
Si fractus inlabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.[39]

The repition occurs in these lines on "A Just Man:"

A just man's like a rock that turnes the wroth
Of all the raging saves into a froth.[40]

3.

That Herrick gave true recognition to Horace for this practical sentiment sent to the Earl of Westmoreland is indicated by:

Paulum sepultae distat inertiae
Celata virtus ...[41]

Vertue conceal'd, with Horace you'l confesse,
Differs not much from drowzie slothfulnesse.[42]

That Robert Herrick may have referred to Horace in his poems upon the power of virtue is indicated by the evidence presented in this section.

C. The Vanity of Ambition.

Within the realm of philosophy, the Roman poet's "supreme interest lies in Ethical problems," Professor D'Alton contends:[43]

> Horace's interest in Ethical questions was undoubtedly accentuated by the evils of his Age, to which he was keenly alive. He describes (Ep. I. i. 53, 77; ii. 44; xi. 27) for us the mad race for wealth, the unscrupulous legacy-hunting, the fruitless search for happiness in large villas and constant change of scene, which characterized the society of his day. ....

---

39 III Ode III: 1-8.

40 I Hesperides: "A Just Man:" 1, 2.

41 IV Ode IX: 33, 34.

42 I Hesperides: "To The Right Honourable Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland;" 13, 14.

43 Op. cit., p. 131.

> Horace would fine in Philosophy (Ep. I. i. 34; cf. ibid. ii. 36) a specific for all these ills. Again in showing a predilection for Ethical questions the poet is following the bent of the national character. The Roman was nothing if not practical and showed little zeal for the solution of the merely speculative problems of philosophy.

1.

So Horace treats the inherent drive of ambition and its useless fury:

> Sed fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
> Non minus ignotes generosi. ...[44]

Richard Barnfield degrades Ambition:

> Fie on ambition, fie on filthy pride,
> The roote of ill, the cause of all my woe:
> On whose fraile yoe my youth first slipt aside:
> And falling downe, receiu'd a fatall blow.[45]

Herrick, a lover of concise expression, perhaps derived his form of epigram from Martail, but the content is Horatian; the fitness of this thought to epigrammatic form is illustrated by the many quoted in this section:

> In wayes to greatness think on this,
> That slippery all ambition is.[46]

2.

To Virgil, the "animae dimidium meae," Horace addressed the third ode of book one in which he sets forth the nature of the human race:

> Audax omnia perpeti
> Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas:[47]

---

[44] I Ser. VI; 23, 24.

[45] Barnfield, "Cassandra:" 325-328.

[46] II Hesperides: "Ambition:" 1, 2.

[47] I Ode III: 25, 26.

William Smith reiterates this theme in English:

> Although the flint most hard contains the fire,
> By force we do his virtue soon obtain:
>
> For with a steel you shall have your desire,
> This man may all things by industry gain.[48]

Giles Fletcher, upon seeing the high cedar tossed by the wind and men, spurred by ambition in the midst of a storm, declines a kingdom and a crown:

> I wish sometimes, although a worthless thing,
> Spurred by ambition, glad for to aspire,
> Myself a Monarch, or some mighty king:
> And then my thoughts do wish for to be higher.
> But when I view what winds the cedars toss,
> What storms men feel that covet for renown;
> I blame myself that I have wished my loss:
> And scorn a Kingdom, though it give a Crown.[49]

Horace closes his ode with these lines:

> Nil mortalibus ardui est;
> Caelum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque
> Per nostrum patimur scelus
> Iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.[50]

The restatement in Herrick is clear:

> In Man ambition is the common'st thing;
> Each one by nature loves to be a king.[51]
>
> Nothing comes free-cost here; Jove will not let
> His gifts go from him if not bought with sweat.[52]

A slightly different turn in the thought of an epistle attracted Herrick for it finds expression in varied ways: this urges steadfast preserverance but not ruthless ambition:

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[48] Smith, Chloris: "Sonnet 39:" 9-12.

[49] Fletcher, To Licia: "Sonnet 12:" 1-8.

[50] I Ode III: 25, 26.

[51] I Hesperides: "Ambition:" 1, 2.

[52] II Hesperides: "Nothing Free-Cost;" 1, 2.

Dimidum facti qui coepit habet: sapere aude;
Incipe: ...[53]

Begin with Jove, then is the worke halfe done,
And runnes most smoothly, when tis well begunne.[54]

If well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right:
It is the end that crownes us, not the fight.[55]

Hast thou begun an act? Ne're then give o're
No man despaires to do what's done before.[56]

Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.[57]

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.[58]

Other than the quotations from Barnfield and Fletcher, no references were found on the vanity of ambition in the volumes consulted. Herrick's consistent use of this theme in epigram indicates a possibility of close study of both the Latin poets, Horace for content; Martial for form.

D. The Pleasures of the Poets.

1. Wine.

Many songs in praise of Bacchus and of his gift, wine, have been written by ancient and modern poets. A great number of these have been literary drinking songs or inspirations of a bout, and so their value may be questioned on moral grounds.

Certain quotations from the Latin poet, Horace, illustrate his praise of the blessings which wine brings--rather conventional pieces of Anacreonitic verse:

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[53] I Epist. II: 40, 41.
[54] I Hesperides: "Evensong:" 1, 2.
[55] I Hesperides: "The End:" 1, 2.
[56] II Hesperides: "Perserverance:" 1, 2.
[57] II Hesperides: "Seeke and Finde:" 1, 2.
[58] II Hesperides: "The End:" 1, 2.

...tu sapientium
Curas et arcanum iocoso
Consilium retegis Lyaeo;[59]

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis
Viresque et addis cornua pauperi,[60]

...Dissipat Euhius
Curas edacis. ...[61]

Ben Jonson praises Bacchus and his beneficient influence in dispelling care:

For, Bacchus, thou art freer
Of cares, and overseer
Of feast and merry meering,
And still beginn'st the greeting;
See then thou dost attend him,
Lyaeus, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladness,
From any thought like sadness.
So mayst thou still be younger
Than Phoebus, and much stronger,
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the world's diseases![62]

Robert Herrick wrote in the same vein:

'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.
Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame,
Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.[63]

O thou the drink of gods and angels! Wine
That scatter'st spirit and lust: ...[64]

'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest Soule!
(Eternall in thy self) that canst controule
That which subverts whole nature, grief and care,
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despaire.[65]

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[59] III Ode XXI: 14-16.

[60] III Ode XXI: 17, 18.

[61] II Ode XI: 18, 19.

[62] Jonson, Underwoods: "The Dedication of the King's New Cellar to Bacchus:" 13-20.

[63] I Hesperides: "His Farewell to Sack:" 29-32.

[64] Ibid.: 11, 12.

[65] Ibid.: 19-22.

Horace joins wine and songs as pleasures:

> Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
> Defirmis aegrimoniae dulcibus alloquiis.[66]
>
> Oblivioso levia Massico
> Ciboria exple, ...[67]

Herrick also mentions these care-dispellers jointly:

> O Bacchus! let us be
> From cares and troubles free;
> And thou shalt heare how we
> Will chant new hymnes to thee.[68]

Another series of verses advises caution lest Bacchus' gifts be profaned in excess--a principle in accord with Horace's touchstone, "aurea mediocritas:"

> Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
> Circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili;
> Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit neque
> Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
> Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?
> Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus?
> Ac nequis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
> Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
> Debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Euhius,
> Cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
> Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
> Invitum quatiam nec variis obsita frondibus
> Sub divom rapiam. Saeva tene cum Berecyntio
> Cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus Amor sui
> Et tollens vacuom plus nimio Gloria verticem
> Arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.[69]

Robert Herrick shows his accord with the golden mean in these verses:

> Bacchus, let me drink no more;
> Wild are seas that want a shore.
> When our drinking has not stint
> There is no one pleasure in't.[70]

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[66] Epode XIII: 17, 18.

[67] II Ode VII; 21, 22.

[68] II Hesperides: "A Hymne To Bacchus:" 15-18.

[69] I Ode XVIII: 1-16.

[70] I Hesperides: "A Hymne To Bacchus:" 1-4.

Richard Barnfield praises the moderate use of wine:

> The iuyce of grapes, which is a soueraigne Thing
> To cheere the hart, and to reuiue the spirits;
> Being usde immoderatly (in surfetting)
> Rather Dispraise, then commendation merits:[71]

Herrick's praise of wine cannot be traced directly to Horace since former English poets recommend the moderate use of wine.

2. Music.

From Sappho, Alcaeus, and Anacreon, Horace may have drawn much of his inspiration for his songs in praise of music, one of the pleasures which serve to brighten human existence:

> ... minuentur atrae
> Carmine curae.[72]

Among the Elizabethan Poems: in diuers humors is this in praise of music:

> If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,
> As they must needes (the Sister and the Brother)
> Then must the Loue be great, twixt thee and mee,
> Because thou lou'st the one, and I the other.[73]

Robert Herrick numbered among his acquaintances the foremost musicians of the court, William and Henry Lawes, Ramsay and Lanier.[74] Many of his songs were set to music by these musicians of Charles' appointment. A Song praises music and her beneficient influence:

> Musick, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spel,
> That striketh stillnesse into hell;
> Thou that tam'st tygers, and fierce storms that rise,
> With thy soule-melting lullabies;
> Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
> To charme our soules as thou enchant'st our cares.[75]

---

71 Barnfield, "The Prayse of Lady Pecunia:" 277-280.
72 IV Ode XI: 35, 36.
73 Poems: in diuers humors: "Sonnet I:" 1-4.
74 Ward, Waller; op. cit., Vol. VII, p. 5.
75 I Hesperides: "To Music A Song:" 1-6.

To Apollo, who presided over song, the poets look for inspiration:

> O decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
> Grata testudo Iovis, o laborum
> Dulce lenimen, medicumque, salve
> Rite vocanti![76]

> Phoebus, when that I a verse
> Of some numbers more rehearse,
> Tune my words that they may fall
> Each way smoothly musicall;
> For which favour, there shall be
> Swans devoted unto thee.[77]

These poems indicate that Herrick drew directly from the Latin poet his inspiration.

3. Love.

Thus far we have traced Horatian influence alone in the poems of the Elizabethans and of the Cavalier poets; but the influence of one Latin poet on English poets may indicate further reading and thought-gathering from the field of the classics. In the case of Robert Herrick, where Horatian influence has been strongly marked, Catullus and the writers of Roman elegy, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid may have left deep impressions on the works of the poet.

Many poems from The Hesperides are modelled upon those of the Roman elegaic poet, but the question of influence of elegaic poetry is not of prime import in this thesis.

The Cambridge History of English Literature[78] speaks definitely upon the relation of Catullus to Herrick:

> He (Herrick) draws inspiration from Catullus in his epithalamia, and probably wrote his elegy Upon The Death of His Sparrow in imitation of Catullus's Luctus in morte passeris; moreover,

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[76] I Ode XXXII; 13-16.

[77] I Hesperides: "To Apollo A Short Hymne:" 1-6.

[78] Vol. VII, p. 10.

> some of his love-lyrics to Julia and Anthea
> are reminiscent of the famous songs to Lesbia;
> But he lacks the passion and poignancy of the Veronese
> lyrist, though he rivals him in terse precision of
> style.

The same source states definitely that "there is not much of Horace in Herrick's love-songs." However, a closer study of Horace and Herrick reveals definite indications of Horatian influence in the amorous songs of Robert Herrick. Far beyond the ken of Catullus or the Roman elegists is the note of content in the country of the happy pair mentioned in Herrick's "A Country Life: To His Brother, M. Tho. Herrick," which reflects the theme of this ode:

> Felices ter et amplius,
>
> Quos inrupta tenet corpula nec malis
> Divolsus querimoniis
> Suprema citius solvet amor die.[79]

> Live and live blest, thrice happy pair! let breath,
> But lost to one, be th' others death:
> And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
> Be so one death, one grave to both,
> Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
> Nor feare, or wish your dying day.[80]

The original Ode to Lydia reads:

> Donec gratus eram tibi,
> Nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
> Cervici iuvenis dabat,
> Persarum vigui rege beatior.
>
> Donec non alia magis
> Arsisti,neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
> Multi Lydia nominis
> Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

---

[79] I Ode XIII: 17-20.

[80] I Hesperides: "A Country Life:" 141-146.

Me nunc Thraessa Chloe regit,
Dulcis docta modos et citharae sciens,
Pro qua non me tuam mori,
Sin parcent animae fata superstiti.

Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornythi,
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Quid si prisca redit Venus
Diductosque iugo cogit aenea,
Si flava excutitur Chloe
Reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?[81]

The only poem among The Hesperides which is dated and which is conceded by Herrick as a translation is the dialogue between Horace and Lydia, composed before the poet took orders and left London for Devonshire:

Hor. While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
To hug thy whitest neck, then I
The Persian King liv'd not more happily.

Lyd. While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Cloe was of more respect,
Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,
I flourisht more then Roman Ilia.

Hor. Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
Skilfull i'th' harpe and melodie;
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

Lyd. My heart now set on fire is
By Ornityes sonne, Young Calais;
For whose commutuall flames here I,
To save his life, twice am content to die.

Hor. Say our first loves we sho'd revoke
And sever'd joyne in brazen yoke;
Admit I Cloe put away,
And love againe love-cast-off Lydia?

Lyd. Though mine be brighter then the star,
Thou lighter then the cork by far,
Rough as th' Adratick Sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.[82]

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[81] III Ode IX: 1-20.

[82] I Hesperides: "A Dialogue Betwixt Horace and Lydia, Translated Anno 1627, and Set by Mr. Ro. Ramsey:" 1-24.

Horace builds the sixteenth ode of book three around the story of Danae and her godly lover, while Herrick follows the same story:

> Inclusam Danaen turris aenea
> Robustaeque fores et vigilum canum
> Tristes excubiae munierant satis
> Nocturnis ab adulteris,
>
> Si non Acrisium virginis abditae
> Custodem pavidum Iuppiter et Venus
> Risissent; fore enim tutum iter et patens
> Converso in pretium deo.
>
> Aurum per medios ire satellites
> Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
> Ictu fulmineo: ....[83]

> Heare, ye virgins, and Ile teach
> What the times of old did preach.
> Rosamond was in a bower
> Kept, as Danae in a tower:
> But yet love, who subtile is,
> Crept to that, and came to this.
>
> Notwithstanding love will win,
> Or else force a passage in.[84]

The passages cited in this section show that Herrick made one translation direct from Horace and modelled another poem on the Danaean story as found in an Horatian ode. These are indications of Horace's influence upon Herrick in amorous poetry: the influence is slight but definite.

In fact, Horatian influence in The Hesperides in regard to the pleasures of the poets, wine, music, love was definite and direct but a minor phase of his dynamic power.

E. Joys of Rural Life.

With the restoration of the state to peace in 31 B. C., came the attempt on the part of Augustus to restore to the Roman people a sense

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[83] III Ode XVI: 1-11.

[84] I Hesperides: "To Virgins:" 1-6; 11, 12.

of religious and moral duty which had been sadly neglected in Italy on account of wars and internal dissension. The Emperor also encouraged agriculture; and in accordance with Maecenas' suggestion, in 29 B.C. Virgil wrote the Georgics, a composition of poetic beauty and of practical nature in its advice to the farmer. Virgil was not happy in Rome; his retiring nature found sure peace in his estate near Naples, a gift from the Emperor; here the poet wrote in praise of country life:

> O fortunatos, nimium, sua si bona norint.
> Agricolas! ...[85]

Are we to suppose that Horace's love of the country was so great as to call for complete absorption in the simple life of nature? Upon casual acquaintance with Horace's poems one finds that Horace praises the country; but a close reading of these passages reveals that the rational "aurea mediocritas" of Horace would not allow him to go into absurd and unreserved praise of rural life. His early life in the countryside of Apulia, where life was stern and a livelihood was earned with hard work kept him from too effusive utterance.

Professor Boissier[86] writes of Horace's reaction to the country:

> Horace will never pass for one of those great lovers of Nature whose happiness is to loose themselves in her. He was too witty, too indifferent, too rational for that. I add that up to a certain point his philosophy turned him from it. He several times rebelled against the madness of those morbid minds who are forever running about the world in search of internal peace. ...

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[85] Virgil, Geogric II:" 458, 459.

[86] The Country of Horace and Virgil, pp. 16, 17.

> It seemed to him then that those people who pretended to be passionately fond of the country, and who affected to say that there alone one can live, went much too far, and on one occasion he very slyly laughs at them. One of his most charming Epodes, the work of his youth, contains the liveliest and perhaps the most complete eulogy of rustic life that was ever penned.

The beginning verses of this epode read:

> Beata ille qui procul negotiis,
> Ut prisca gens mortalium,
> Paterna rura bobus exercet suis
> Solutus omni faenore,[87]

Boissier[88] continues:

> But let us wait till the end; the last lines have a surprise in store for us; they teach us, to our amazement, that it is not Horace we have been listening to. "Thus spoke the usurer Alfius," he tells us; "immediately resolved to become a countryman, he gets in all his money at the Ides. Then he changes his mind, and seeks a new investment at the Klends."
>
> The poet, then, has been laughing at us, and what adds cruelty to his pleasantry, the reader only perceives it at the end, and remains a dupe down to the last line. Of all the reasons that have been given in explanation of this Epode, only one seems to me natural and probable. He was irritated at seeing so many people frigidly admiring the country. He wanted to laugh at the expense of those who, having no personal opinion, thought themselves obliged to assume every fashionable taste and exaggerate it.

However, Horace liked to escape the burning months in Rome and to enjoy the quiet of his farm. In the tenth epistle of book one he tells Aristius Fuscus the advantage of country life, yet he concedes that each one should be free to follow hiw own likes.

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87 Epode II: 1-4.

88 Op. cit., p. 17.

We gather that Horace was delighted with Maecenas' presentation of the Sabine farm for he says:

> Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
> Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus iugis aquae fons
> Et paullum silvae super his foret. Auctius atque
> Di melius fecere. Bene est. Nil amplius oro,[89]

After a few words in praise of friendship, the inspiration of the Muse, and the possession of the Sabine farm, the poet says:

> ... nihil supra
> deos lacesso ...[90]

Of the Elizabethan poets, William Byrd praises country life:

> What pleasure have great princes
> More dainty to their choice,
> Than herdsmen wild? who careless,
> In Quiet life rejoice;
> And fortune's fate not fearing,
> Sing sweet in summer morning.
>
> O happy who thus liveth!
> Not caring much for gold;
> With clothing which sufficeth
> To keep him from the cold.
> Though poor and plain his diet;
> Yet merry it is, and quiet.[91]

Campion sings:

> Now, you courtly Dames and Knights!
> That study only strange delights;
> Though you scorn the homespun gray,
> And revel in your rich array:
> Though your tongues dissemble deep,
> And can your heads from danger keep;
> Yet, for all your pomp and train,
> Securer lives the silly swain.[92]

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89 II Ser. VI: 1-4.

90 I Ode XVIII: 11, 12.

91 Byrd, Pastorals and Sonnets: "Pastoral:" 1-6; 25-30.

92 Campion, Divine and Moral Songs: "Song:" 25-32.

Horace's love of the country is reflected in the verses of Herrick, but that the country was not essential to the English poet's happiness is suggested by his great joy upon his return to London in 1660. Nevertheless, when Thomas Herrick, a brother of the poet, retired to the country and settled on a farm, Robert called upon his muse for one of his "most Horatian and sustained poems."[93] These verses, entitled, "A Country Life: To His Brother, M. Tho. Herrick," "the first draft of which belongs to his 'prentice years, are directly modelled in thought and expression, upon the famous Beatus ille epode."[94] This poem contains precepts on the golden mean,[95] and on content.[96] The opening lines read:

> Thrice, and above blest, my soules halfe, art thou,
> In thy both last and better vow:
> Could'st leave the city, for exchange to see
> The countrie's sweet simplicity;
> And it to know, and practice, with intent
> To grow the soonere innocent,
> By studying to know vertue, and to aime
> More at her nature than her name.[97]

To the influential Endymion Porter, Herrick wrote much as Horace had written in his epistle to Aristius Fuscus:

> Sweet country life, to such unknown
> Whose lives are others, not their own![98]

Content in the simple fare of the country is expressed in these lines:

> Here, here I live with what my board
> Can with the smallest cost afford.
> Though ne'r so mean the viands be,
> They well content my Prew and me:

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93 Ward, Waller: op. cit., Vol. VII, p. 10.

94 Ibid., p. 10.

95 Cf. pp. 49-58.

96 Cf. pp. 75-80.

97 I Hesperides: "A Country Life: To His Brother, M. Tho. Herrick:" 1-8.

98 II Hesperides: "The Country Life. To The Honoured M. End. Porter, Groome of The Bed Chamber to His Maj:" 1, 2.

Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beets,
What ever comes, content makes sweet.
Here we rejoyce, because no rent
We pay for our poore tenement,
Wherein we rest, and never feare
The landlord or the usurer.
The quarter-day do's ne'r affright
Our peaceful slumbers in the night.
Because we feed on no mans score;
But pitie those whose flanks grow great
Swel'd with the lard of others meat.
We blesse our fortunes, when we see
Our own beloved privacie,
And like our living, where w'are known
To very few, or else to none.[99]

and again:

How well contented in this private Grange
Spend I my life that's subject unto change:[100]

One element in Herrick's poems of the country is so characteristic of the English countryside that it cannot be an outgrowth or influence of the classic poets. This is his Shakespeare-like proudness of being an Englishman and "comes out very delightfully in the fulness and fine credulity of his celebration of English superstitions."[101] Those songs:

...of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers.
...of May-poles, Hock-carts, Waissails, wakes,[102]

speak of the English village life of his Dean Prior years.

Horace's and Herrick's poems show a true interest in the country and real purpose in their having been written. The Elizabethan poems are comparatively inconsequential in their showing any bridge between the Latin poet and his English imitator.

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99 I Hesperides: "His Content in The Country:" 1-20.

100 II Hesperides: "His Grange:" 1, 2.

101 Herrick, The Complete Poems of Robert Herrick, memorial introduction, p. clxx.

102 I Hesperides: "The Argument of His Book:" 1-3.

F. Praise of Contentment.

So intricately connected with the joys of rural life is the praise of contentment that they are almost one in many statements of the poets. The farm in Sabina and the vicarage of Devon were the scenes of rural content, but Horatian philosophy also pervades the atmosphere of the poems written while Horace and Herrick were surrounded by the bustle of commerce and social life. This state of satiety reached by the poets finds expression in complete resignation to:

> Otium ...
> ... non gemmis neque purpura venale neque auro.[103]

Richard Barnes, an Elizabethan, questions the reader on the abodes of content:

> Ah, sweet Content! where is thy mild abode,
> Is it with Shepherds, and light-hearted Swains,
> Which sing upon the downs, and pipe abroad,
> Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains,
> Ah, sweet Content! where dost thou safely rest,
> In heaven, with angels, which the praises sing
> Of Him that made, and rules at His behest,
> The minds and hearts of every living thing.
> Is it in churches, with Religious Men,
> Which please the gods with prayers manifold;
> And in their studies meditate it then,
> Whether thou dost in heaven, or earth appear;
> Be where thou wilt! thou wilt not harbour here![104]

Robert Herrick says of content:

> ... 'tis not th' extent
> Of land makes life, but sweet content.[105]

From the strenuous life of the Apulian peasant and his economical father, Horace the observer learned the lesson of thrift and content:

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[103] II Ode XVI: 5, 6.

[104] Barnes, Sonnets Parthenophil and Parthenopae: "Sonnet 46:" 1-14.

[105] II Hesperides: "The Country Life: To The Honoured M. End. Porter, Groome of The Bed-Chamber To His Maj:" 17, 18.

Cum me hortaretur, parce frugaliter atque
Vive rem uti contentus eo quod mi ipse parasset;[106]

Elizabethan lyrics are not lacking in praises of a content found in the mind not in circumstances. In a song set by William Byrd this picture of satiety is given:

I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more.
I like the plain, I climb no hill
In greatest storms, I sit on shore
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.[107]

Phillip Rossetter set this lyric to music:

What hearts' content can he find
What happy sleeps can his eyes embrace
That bears a guilty mind?
His taste, sweet wines will abhor,
No music's sound can appease the thoughts
That wicked deeds deplore.
The passion of a present fear,
Still makes his restless motion there;
And, all the day, he dreads the night.
And, all the night, as one aghast, he fears the morning light.
But he that loves to be loved,
And, in his deeds, doth adore heaven's power,
And is with pity moved;
The night gives rest to his heart,
The cheerful beams do awake his soul
Revived in every part.
He lives a comfort to his friends,
And heaven to him such blessing sends,
That fear of hell cannot dismay
His steadfast heart that is (?).[108]

Another poet bewails mankind's inconsistency:

The things we have, we most of all neglect;
And that we have not, greedily we crave.
The things we may have, little we respect;
And still we covet, that we cannot have.
Yet, howsoe'er, in our conceit, we prize them;
No sooner gotten, but we straight despise them.[109]

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106 I Ser. IV: 107, 108.
107 Byrd, Sonnets and Pastorals: "Pastoral:" 7-12.
108 Rossetter, "Poem:" 1-21.
109 Alcilia: Philoparthen's Loving Folly: "Sonnet 25:" 1-6.

Shakespeare also says:

> Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
> For what they have not that which they possess
> They scatter, and unloose it from their hand
> And so, by hoping more,they have but less;[110]

Dekker praises content and poverty in these lines:

> Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
> Oh sweet content!
> Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
> Oh punishment!
> Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
> To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
> Oh sweet content! Oh sweet, oh sweet content!
> Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
> Honest labor bears a lovely face;
> Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!
>
> Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
> Oh sweet content!
> Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
> Oh punishment!
> Then he that patiently want's burden bears
> No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
> Oh sweet content! Oh sweet, oh sweet content!
> Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
> Honest labor wears a lovely face;
> Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny![111]

The exhortation to small needs appears in The Hesperides:

> Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate:[112]

Greater gifts entail greater care; small means insures content:

> ...Multa petentibus
> Desunt multa: bene est, cuideus obtulit
> Parca quod satis est manu.[113]
>
> Happy's that man to whom God gives
> A stock of goods, whereby he lives
> Neer to the wishes of his heart;
> No man is blest through ev'ry part.[114]

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110 Shakespeare, "Lucrece:" 141-143.

111 Dekker, "Art Thou Poor?:" 1-20.

112 I Hesperides: "Expences Exhaust:" 1.

113 III Ode XVI: 42-44.

114 Noble Numbers: "None Truly Happy Here:" 1-4.

To teach man to confine desires;
And know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint.
And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch
Of craving more, are never rich.
These things thou know'st to th' height, and dost prevent
That plague, because thou art content
With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand.[115]

The reiteration of this sentiment in an ode corresponds with Herrick's epigrammatic observations in the West:

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
Ab dis plura feret;[116]

Why sho'd we covet much, when as we know
W'ave more to beare our charge then way to go?[117]

Let's live with that small pittance that we have;
Who covets more is evermore a slave.[118]

Who with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.[119]

Richard Lovelace comments on the vanity of riches as sources of true "Blisse:"

It is not, y' are deciv'd, it is not blisse
What you conceave as happy living is:
To have your hands with rubies bright to glos,
Then on your tortoise-bed your body throw,
And sink your self in down, to drink in gold,
And have your looser self in purple roll'd;
With royal fare to make the tables graon,
Or else with what from Lybick fields is mown,
Nor in one vault guard all your magazine,
But at no cowards fate t' have frighted bin;
Nor with the peoples breath to be swol'n great,
Nor at a drawn stiletto basely swear.
He that dares this, nothing to him's unfit,
But proud o' th' top of fortunes wheel may sit.[120]

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115 I Hesperides: "A Country Life: To His Brother, M. Tho. Herrick:" 16-22.
116 III Ode XVI: 21, 22.
117 II Hesperides: "Not To Covet Much Where Little Is The Charge:" 1, 2.
118 II Hesperides: "The Covetous Still Captives:" 1, 2.
119 II Hesperides: "Again:" 1, 2.
120 Lovelace, op. cit., pp. 130, 131, "Pentadii:" 1-14.

The second epistle of book one cautions:

> Quod satis est cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.[121]

Herrick urges complete acquiesence:

> Learn this of me, whee'r thy lot doth fall,
> Short lot, or not, to be content with all.[122]

The poets illustrate the uncertainty of riches and their inharmony with content and happiness:

> ... Scilicet improbae
> Crescunt divitiae; tamen
> Curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.[123]

> Things are uncertain, and the more we get,
> The more on ycie pavements we are set.[124]

But for Horace and for Herrick:

> Peace is neither in the repose of the fields nor in the bustle of travelling. It may be found everywhere when the mind is calm and the heart healthy. The legitimate conslusion of this moral is that we carry our happiness within us.[125]

This brings us back to the center of all Horatian philosophy: "aurea mediocritas" and the "aequus animus," the principles of which Horace, the Elizabethans, and Herricks briefly state the theme thus:

> ... quod petis hic est,
> Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit aequus.[126]

> Bent to content![127]

> Content makes all ambrosia.[128]

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121 I Epist. II: 46.
122 I Hesperides: "Lots To Be Liked:" 1, 2.
123 III Ode XXIV: 62-64.
124 II Hesperides: "Things Mortall Still Mutable:" 1, 2.
125 Boissier, op. cit., p. 16.
126 I Epist. XI: 29, 30.
127 I Hesperides: "A Country Life: To His Brother, M. Tho. Herrick:" 116.
128 Love Posies. The ms. in which this collection is found was written about 1596. Harl, MS 6910.

In praise of content sang many English poets. This Horatian theme was caught up by the Elizabethans and was reiterated in numerous lyrics of that day. Among the Cavalier poets, Robert Herrick and Richard Lovelace declared that content was free from limiting circumstances and inherent in the mind.

CHAPTER V

POETRY IS IMMORTAL: SEEK THE MUSE.

It is natural that the poet should be much concerned with the fate of his poetry for this is his means of perpetuity through the ages. Verse, to Horace, as well as to Shelly, was the poet's "trumpet of a prophecy!"[1] Horace's poetry has been an "unextinguished hearth" whose fires burned low in certain eras but were fanned into a living flame in others until he became a dynamic power in "the formation of the literary ideal, upon the actual creation of literature; and, upon living itself."[2]

The age of Pope and Dryden well illustrates the Latin poet's effect upon the literary ideal; but the poets of Elizabeth's time and Robert Herrick typify best the Roman poet's influence that operated to inspire living in accord with his rule and the art of adaptation and creation.

That the poet was aware of his qualities as a poet is suggested by Professor Showerman:[3]

> From infancy he has been set apart as the child of the Muses. At birth Melpomene marked him for her own. The doves of ancient story covered him over with the green leaves of the Apulian wood as, lost and overcome by weariness, he lay in peaceful slumber, and kept him safe from creeping and four-footed things, a babe secure in the favor of heaven. The sacred charm that rests upon him preserved him in the rout at Philippi, rescued him from the Sabine wolf, saved him from death by the falling tree and the waters of shipwreck.

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[1] Shelley, "Ode to the West Wind."

[2] Showerman, op. cit., pp. 130, 131.

[3] Ibid., p. 70.

Such is the protection under which this singer of verse moves; he is the child of Melpomene. His real self will ever soar above mankind as he voices in the last ode in book three, the epilogue to his books published in 23 B. C.

> Exegi monumentum aere perennius
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
> Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
> Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere aut innumerabilis.
> Annorum series et fuga temporum.
> Non omnia moriar multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera
> Crescan laude recens, Dum Capitolium
> Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex,
> Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
> Et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
> Regnavit populorum, ex humili potnes
> Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
> Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
> Quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
> Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.[4]

The immortality of poetry is a theme common to many Elizabethan poems. No matter how neglectful the poet was of his works, he took great pleasure in voicing the idea that his poetry should live for all ages. The actors might cut and manacle his lines of drama; the manuscripts of his poems might be burned or plagarized, yet he sang unconcernedly of his poetry which should outlast Time.

Shakespeare repeatedly made this declaration. As though in translation of Horace's ode, Shakespeare wrote:

> Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
> But you shall shine more bright in these contents
> Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
> When wasteful war shall statues overturn.
> And broils root out the work of masonry.

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[4] III Ode XXX: 1-16.

Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire
shall burn--
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity.
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.[5]

Michael Drayton in his collection, Idea, expresses the same idea:

So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.[6]

Richard Barnes writes in dedication of his "right noble Lord Henry:"

Deign, mighty Lord! these verses to persue,
....
...which shall outwear
Devouring Time itself, if my poor Muse
Divine aright; ...[7]

Again he praises the inspiration of the muse:

Whose lasting Chronicles shall Time outwear![8]

When reading these assertions of the ancient poet or of the Elizabethans, Herrick may not have sincerely hoped to find immortality in his delicate and unreproachable poems--the golden apples of the West although his publisher unskillfully mixed in his manuscripts of epigrams and the "Book of the Just" and thus "contributed to the weeds and thorns and nettles and pestilential growths of Hesperides;"[9] nevertheless, he writes in the fashion of former poets.

Professor Grosart[10] further remarks on the quality of his poet's work:

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[5] Shakespeare, "Sonnet 55:" 1-12.

[6] Drayton, Idea: "Sonnet 6:" 13, 14.

[7] Barnes, Dedicatory Sonnets: "To the right noble Lord Henry, Earl of Northumberland:" 1, 7-9.

[8] Barnes, Parthenophil and Parthenophe: "Canzon 1:" 94.

[9] Herrick, The Complete Poems of Robert Herrick, memorial introduction, p. ccxxviii.

[10] Ibid., p. ccxxviii.

> Horace has nothing to equal, much less surpass, "His Poetrie His Pillar." The light-hearted Latin poet knew little of the pathos of the unsurpassable little poem, if his shout of 'exegi' tells us he has the Poet's lofty self-estimate.

The poem reads:

> Fames pillar here at last we sat,
> Out-during marble, brasse, or jet;
> Charm'd and enchanted so,
> As to withstand the blow
> Of overthrow:
> Nor shall the seas,
> Or outrages
> Or storms orebear
> What we up-rear.
> Tho kingdoms fal,
> This pillar never shall
> Decline or waste at all,
> But stand for ever by his owne
> Firme and well fixt foundation.[11]

Again Herrick indicates that time is fleeting yet verses are an eternal monument:

> Onely a little more
> I have to write,
> Then Ile give o're,
> And bid the world good-night.
>
> 'Tis but a flying minute
> That I must stay,
> Or linger in it;
> And then I must away.
>
> O time that cut'st down all!
> And scarce leav'st here
> Memoriall
> Of any men that wer,
> How many lye forgot
> In vaults beneath,
> And piece-meale rot
> Without a fame in death!
>
> Behold this living stone
> I reare for me,
> Ne'r to be thrown
> Downe, envious Time, by thee.

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[11] II Hesperides: "The Pillar of Fame:" 1-14.

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please:--
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramides.[12]

The Latin poet reiterates the thought of his immortal verse and urges confidence in the Muse:

... Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, que vocas,
Dilecte Maecenas, obibo
Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.[13]

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori
Caelo Musa beat.[14]

Ne forte credas interitura, quae
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante volgatas per artis
Verba loquor socianda chordis:[15]

This comment upon the poets' praise of their works from the Harvard Shakespeare[16] is significant:

> This was a customary way of speaking among sonnet-writers of that age, and so is not to be taken as if the Poet really had any such conceit or forecase of immortality, but merely as an allowed train of poetical license.

Shakespeare, despite his utter neglect of manuscripts, wrote many lines upon the surety that his works would outlive Time:

Yet, do thy worst, Old Time; despite thy wrong
My love shall in my verse ever live young.[17]

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that fair moment;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

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[12] I Hesperides: "His Poetrie His Pillar:" 1-24.
[13] II Ode XX: 5-8.
[14] IV Ode VIII: 28, 29.
[15] IV Ode IX: 1-4.
[16] p. 97.
[17] Shakespeare, "Sonnet 19:" 13, 14.

When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.[18]

"Shakespeare alone excepted, no sonneteer repeated with greater emphasis than Spenser, Ronsard's favourite conceit that his verses are immortal, and give immortality to those they commemorate."[19]

Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
Shall be the reof immortal moniment;
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such world's rare wonderment.[20]

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize.
And in the heavens write your glorious name.[21]

Michael Drayton, in carrying out a sonnet sequence, found it appropriate to include these lines on his poetry:

To keep thee from oblivion and the grave
Ensuing ages yet my mhymes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;
And, though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.[22]

Daniel attributes to his verse power to eternize his mistress:

That grace which doth more than enwoman thee
Lives in my lines and must eternal be.[23]

The implication is present in Richard Tofte's verses that though the elements be disturbed, the laurel confers protection upon the poet:

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18 Shakespeare, "Sonnet 18:" 9-14.

19 An English Garner: Elizabethan Sonnets Newly Arranged and Indexed, Vol. I, p. xcvii.

20 Spenser, Amoretti and Epithalamion; "Sonnet 69:" 9-12.

21 Ibid., "Sonnet 75:" 11, 12.

22 Drayton, Idea: "Sonnet 44:" 10-14.

23 Daniel, Delia: "Sonnet 42:" 13, 14.

The heavens begin, with thunder, for to break
The troubled air; and to the coloured fields,
The lightning for to spil their pride doth threat.
Each thing unto the furious tempest yields.
And yet, methinks, within me I do heare.
A gentle voice hard at my heart, to say:
"Fear nothing, thou; but be of merry cheer!
Thou only safe, 'fore others all shalt stay.
To save thee from all hurt, thy shield shalt be
The shadow of the conquering Laurel Tree."[24]

Robert Herrick followed the same conceit:

Some parts may perish; dye thou canst not all:
The most of thee shall scape the funerall.[25]

Thou shalt not all die; for while love's fire shines
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines;
And learn'd musicians shall to honour Herrick's
Fame and his name, both set and sing his lyricks.[26]

Who will not honour noble number, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men?[27]

Here I my selfe might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lye,
But that eternall poetrie
Repullulation gives me here
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,
When all now dead shall re-appeare.[28]

Trust to good verses then;
They onely will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i'th' funerall fire.

And when all bodies meet
In Lethe to be drown'd,
Then onely numbers sweet
With endlesse life are crown'd.[29]

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[24] Tofte, "Laura:" Part III.

[25] I Hesperides: "On Himselfe:" 1, 2.

[26] I Hesperides: "Upon Himselfe:" 1-4.

[27] II Hesperides: "Verses:" 1, 2.

[28] II Hesperides: "Poetry Perpetuates the Poet:" 1-6.

[29] I Hesperides: "To Live Merrily, and to Trust to Good Verses:" 45-52.

Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never,
But, like a laurell, to grow green for ever.[30]

Live, by thy muse thou shalt, when others die,
Leaving no fame to long posterity:
When monarchies trans-shifted are and gone,
Here shall endure thy vast dominion.[31]

Within the poems of Horace and Herrick are evidences of patient and genuine workmanship: each constitutes an address to a mistress:

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
Quem criminosis cumque voles modum
Pones lambis, sive flama
Sive mari libet Hadriana.[32]

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry,
I most humble thee desire
To commit it to the fire;
Better 'twere my book were dead,
Than to live not perfected.[33]

Horace may have been following a fad of the capitol when he wrote his odes, praising his works and showing signs of a "superiority complex" in the poets, but by the time the Elizabethan poets had interwoven this thread back and forth through the fabric of their poems, it had become a "conceit." Robert Herrick,hardly as a result of impartial judgment and foresight, thoroughly sprinkles his fruit of the West with these favorable estimates of his works.

That these poems were composed while Herrick sat with the lines from Horace before him cannot be said. They undoubtedly betray Horatian sentiments and expressions, but that these may have come through the Elizabethan poets is possible.

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30 I Hesperides: "To His Booke:" 1, 2.
31 I Hesperides: "On Himselfe:" 1-4.
32 I Ode XVI: 1-4.
33 I Hesperides: "His Request to Julia:" 1-6.

CHAPTER VI

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. Praise of Patron.

The similarity of the poets, Horace and Herrick, in regard to royal patronage is evidenced by remarks and addresses in the poems. Many Elizabethan poets mention their patrons as their inspiration, but few poems found in the collection of Elizabethan verse used in this study pay tribute to the poets' patrons. Horace was closely connected with Maecenas, the great promoter of literature in accord with the beneficent policy of the emperor Augustus. From him, Horace received the Sabine farm and other courtesies; to him, Horace dedicated the three books of the odes and made more minute references to his patron. This relation with Maecenas brought Horace into close connection with the royal household; and, like Virgil, the author of the odes aided much in promoting Augustus' policy of reconstruction. In 17 B. C., Augustus chose Horace to celebrate in song the saeculum ending in that year; in this capacity as poet laureate the poet celebrates his sovereign and praises the policies inaugurated by him.[1]

To Augustus, Horace looked as the hope and deliverer of the state in the second ode of book one:

> Iam satis terris nivis atque dirae
> Grandinis misit Pater et rubente
> Dextera sacras iaculatus arces
> Terruit urbem,
>
> Terruit gentis, grave ne rediret
> Saeculum Pyrrhae nova monstra questae,
> Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
> Visere montes,

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[1] No quotation is given here since no reference is made to Augustus, but we know that the poem indirectly honors the emperor.

Piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo
Nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,
Et superiecto pavidae natarunt
Aequore dammae.

Vidimus flavom Tiberim, retortis
Litore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire, deiectum monumenta regis
Templaque Vestae,

Iliae dum se nimium querenti
Iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
Labitur ripa, Love, non probante, uxorius
amnis.

Audiet civis acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Persae melius perierent,
Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara iuventus.

Quem vocet divom populus ruentis
Imperi rebus? Prece qua fatigent
Virgines sanctae minus audientem
Carmina Vestam?

Cui dabit partis scelus expiandi
Iuppiter? Tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentis umeros amictus,
Augur Apollo;

Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
Quam Iocus circum volat et Cupido;
Sive neclectum genus et nepotes
Respicis, auctor,

Heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
Quem iuvat clamor galeaeque leves
Acer et Marsi peditis cruentum
Voltus in hostem.

Sive mutata iuvenem figura
Ales in terris imitaris almae
Filius Maiae, patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor:

Serus in caelum redeas, diuque
Laetus intersis populo Quirini,
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquom
Ocior aura

Tollat; hic magnos potius triumphos,
His ames dici pater atque princeps.
Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
Te duce, Caesar.[2]

Robert Herrick, like a good Englishman, shows his loyalty to Charles I and to other patrons, among whom were the influential courtiers--Endymion Porter, Mildmay Fane, earl of Westmoreland, and Philip Herbert, earl of Pembroke. Although he received no court appointment, he says that to them he owed "the oil of maintenance:"

Let there be patrons; patrons like to thee,
Brave Porter! Poets ne'r will wanting be:
Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
In thee, thou man of men! who here do'st give
Noe onely subject-matter for our wit,
But likewise oyle of maintenance to it:
For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay downe
Our thyrse, for scepter; and oure baies for crown.
For to say truth, all garlands are thy due;
The Laurell, Mirtle, Oke, and Ivie too.[3]

After receiving the vicarage of Dean Prior, Herrick maintained a keen interest in his king and celebrated his sovereign in various poems.

He celebrated the victories of Charles in the western campaigns of 1643-5, wrote a beautiful dirge on the death of lord Bernard Stuart, slain at the battle of Rowton heath in 1646, and still clung to hope when Charles came to reside, a virtual prisoner, at Hampton Court, in 1647[4]

Welcome, great Cesar, welcome now you are,
As dearest peace after destructive ware;
Welcome as slumbers, or as beds of ease
After our long and peevish sicknesses.
O pompe of glory! welcome now, and come
To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.
A thousand altars smoake, a thousand thighes
Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice.

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[2] I Ode II: 1-52.

[3] I Hesperides: "To The Patron of Poets, M. End. Porter:" 1-10.

[4] Ward, Waller, op. cit., Vol. VII, p. 7.

Enter and prosper, while our eyes doe waite
For an ascendent throughly auspicate;
Under which signe we may the former stone
Lay of our safeties now foundation
That done, O cesar! live, and be to us
Our fate, our fortune, and our genius,
To whose free knees we may our temples tye
As to a still protecting deitie:
That sho'd you stirre, we and our altars too
May, Great Augustus, goe along with you.
Chor. Long live the king! and to accomplish this,
We'l from our owne adde far more years to his.[5]

This poem accords Charles the honour of a Caesar and contains sentiments like those in the ode addressed by Horace to Augustus.

The beneficence of the king is also indicated in these lines:

To find the tree of life whose fruits did feed
And leaves did heale all sick of human seed;
To find Bethesda, and an angel there,
Stirring the waters, I am come; and here
At last I find, after my much to doe,
The tree, Bethesda, and the angel too:
And all in your lest hand, which has the powers
Of all those suppling, healing herbs and flowers.
To that self charm, that spell, that magick bough,
That high enchantment, I betake me now;
And to that hand, the branch of Heaven's faire tree,
I kneele for help. O! lay that hand on me,
Adored Cesar, and my faith is such,
I shall be heal'd if that my king but touch
The evill is not yours; my sorrow sings:
Mine is the evill, but the cure the kings.[6]

If when these lyricks, Cesar, you shall heare,
And that Apollo shall so touch your eare,
As for to make this that, or any one
Number your owne by free adoption,
That vers, of all the verses here, shall be
The heire of this great realme of poetry.[7]

An elaborate compliment is embodied in these words of Horace:

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[5] II Hesperides: "To The King, Upon His Welcome To Hampton-Court, Set and Sung:" 1-20.

[6] I Hesperides: "To The King, To Cure the Evill:" 1-16.

[7] I Hesperides: "To The King:" 1-6.

Divis orte bonis, optume Romulae
Custos gentis, abes iam nimium diu;
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto concilio redi.

Lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae;
Instar veris enim voltus ubi tuos
Adfulsit populo, gratior it dies
Et soles melius nitent.[8]

In The Hesperides we read a similar compliment:

Give way, give way; now, now my Charles shines here,
A publike light in this immensive sphere.
Some starres were fixt before; but these are dim,
Compar'd in this my ample orbe to him.
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that he
Appeares but in his meaner majestie;
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame!
Princes, and such like publick lights as these,
Must not be lookt on but at distances:
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too neer,
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.[9]

But underlying this loyalty to patrons in the poems of each poet is a dis-interestedness and independence of spirit which attest displeasure in mere obessiance and subservience. Both poets set forth in their lives the fine art of courtesy and friendship that made for happiness and was a great motor force in their writing.[10] Many Elizabethan poets pay tribute to their patrons, but no quotation showing borrowings from Horace was found in the volumes used.

B. Similar Expressions.

The surety of the influence of one writer upon another cannot be determined by a few similar expressions, but as a final indication of the effect of Horace's poems upon Herrick the following groups are submitted.

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[8] IV Ode V: 1-8.

[9] II Hesperides: "To The King:" 1-12.

[10] Haight, op. cit., p. 269.

Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, ...[11]

A heart thrice wall'd with oke, and brasse that man
Had, first durst plow the ocean.[12]

... namque deos didici securum agere aevum,[13]

The gods are easie, and condemne
All such as are not soft like them.[14]

Phoebus volentem proelia me loqui
Victas et urbes increpuit lyra,[15]

Cynthius plucke ye by the eare,
That ye may good doctrine heare.
Play not with the maiden-haire,
For each ringlet there's a snare.[16]

The mere mention of the name of Horace chiefly in the Bacchanalian verse of Herrick is not sufficient to become a criterion for judging influence but its presence indicates at least an acquaintance with the Latin author, as is indicated in an ode, written by Herrick, the particular form of poetry which Horace immortalized:

Here we securely live and eate
The creame of meat;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and doe divine,
As wine
And rage inspires.

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[11] I Ode III: 9-12.

[12] I Hesperides: "A Country Life: To His Brother, M. Tho. Herrick:" 75, 76.

[13] I Ser. V: 101.

[14] I Hesperides: "To Myrrah, Hard-hearted:" 13, 14.

[15] IV Ode XV: 1, 2.

[16] I Hesperides: "Disswasions From Idlenesse:" 1-4.

If full we charme, then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantick Thyrse;
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout,
To praise his verse.
Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung or seyd,
A goblet to the brim,
Of lyrick wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
A round
We quaffe to him.

This, thus we live, and spend the houres
In wine, and flowers,
And make the frollick yeere,
The month, the week, the instant day,
To stay
The longer here.[17]

The mention of Horace in another of Herrick's poems occurs in an address to the Earl of Westmoreland,[18] as well as in the following ode by Michael Drayton:

Or him that Rome did grace,
Whose Airs we all embrace:
That scarcely found his peer; Horace, first of the
Nor giveth PHOEBUS place, Romans, in that kind.
For strokes divinely clear.[19]

Ben Jonson says:

Let me be what I am; as Virgil cold,
As Horace fat, or as Anacreon old;
No poet's verses yet did ever move,
Whose readers did not think he was in love.[20]

In another part of the Underwoods, Jonson writes "A Speech According To Horace." Jonson, in his book of epigrams, makes a play upon the name of Verus and of Horace in addressing Sir Horace Vere:

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17 I Hesperides: "An Ode To Sir Clipsibie Crew:" 1-24.
18 Cf. p. 59.
19 Drayton, Odes, 1606: "Ode I: To Himself, and the Harp:" 66-70.
20 Jonson, Underwoods: "An Elegy:" 1-4.

> Which of thy names I take, not only bears
> A Roman sound, but Roman virtue wears,
> Illustrious Vere, or Horace, fit to be
> Sung by a Horace, or a muse as free;[21]

The parallels between Horace's and Herrick's praise of their patrons is definite; it is sufficient to call attention to Herrick's close study of his Latin model. A corresponding conformity to Horatian style and content is found in the quotations under the similar expressions.

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[21] Jonson, Epigrams: "To Sir Horace Vere;" 1-4.

CHAPTER VII

PARALLELS IN THE LIVES OF HORACE AND HERRICK.

Of all the English poets treated in this study, one poet has displayed as much or more of Horace's influence than all of the rest together; that is Herrick. Not only has Herrick imitated more lines of Horace's verse, he has exhibited an adherence to the main tenor of the Roman poet's philosophy and in all things proves himself spiritually akin to Horace. There is, moreover, a striking similarity in many of the external circumstances of their lives, relationship to patrons, environments, and poetry-development--all of which serve to accentuate their relationship.

The poet-patron relations of the seventeenth century English court were singularly similar to those of the Augustan age. The coterie of brilliant young poets at the court of Charles I resembles, in several ways, the group gathered about Maecenas and Augustus. As Virgil and Horace made public the reconstruction principles of Augustus, gave him their personal friendship, and celebrated him in ode and epic, so the Cavalier poets gave their loyalty to their prince and patron, showed an interest in his state policies and affairs, and hailed him as the Caesar of their age.

But the parallel between Horace and Herrick extends beyond the poet-patron similarity and is even more striking in poet-environment and poetry-development analysis.

Since a poet can be better understood when known in his setting, let us turn to the relation of poet and environment, and the poetry-development parallels between Horace and Herrick.

Each poet loved the capital of his time. Horace loved Rome and its customs, and we see him wandering along the Sacred Way, and mingling with his worthy friends on the Esquiline. Herrick loved London and sang its praises when he returned from the West; and we surmise that he frequently joined Ben Jonson, Charles Cotton, Denham, and other wits at the Mermaid Tavern or the Dog, where were held:

> .... those Lyrick Feasts,
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the triple Tunne?[1]

But for each poet a love of rural retreats and of simple fare far outweigh the short-lived joys found in the strife and restless activity of the city.

Horace, the son of a freedman of Apulia, was early trained to the simplicity and thrift of southern Italy by his father, who sold out his bank, invested his meager savings so that he and his son might go to Rome for the latter's education and live on the income from the investments.

After defeat at the battle of Phillipi in opposition to Octavian, Horace found himself deprived of his father's Venusian estate by an allotment of lands to Octavian's soldiers. So the youthful Horace betook himself to the capital, where he obtained a clerkship in the state treasury.

At this time a few satires and lampoons, the work of leisure time, came from the pen of the young poet, who, at this stage of his experience, was particularly fond of regarding himself as an interested observer of

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[1] II Hesperides: "An Ode For Him:" 4-6.

those about him. Smilingly, he noted the over-zealous ambition of statesman, merchant, and artisan; the futility of all human desires beyond bare necessity; the ever-changing tide of Dame Fortune; and the short span of life. These earlier observations of Horace the spectator appear in the Sermones, discourses easily adapted to this purpose. These satires are not bitter, but they embody a definite spirit of independence against Octavian.

Virgil and Varus introduced the independent Venusian to Maecenas in the hope that the latter would be favourably impressed with the poet's efforts and become Horace's patron. Not until the year, 33 B. C., five years after the first meeting of poet and patron, did Maecenas secure for Horace the Sabine farm, twenty-eight miles from Rome, and leisure for writing. This occurred only after the poet had ceased to rebel against the regime of Octavian and had given his support to the policy of the Emperor.

Most of Horace's pieces, satires, epistles, and lyrics, were written after Horace had left the city to live at ease among his books and hills. In Rome, Horace had pointed out the vanity of ambition, care and anxiety in regard to other men; in the Sabine hills, he became more than a spectator of mankind, for he pointed to himself as an example of the power of virtue and hard work. In the Sabine hills, the flowers reminded him not alone of the Venusian landscape of boyhood but again of the fleeting quality of mortal joys. There the poet formulated for himself the commands: live today; maintain a calm mind; injunctions which were to be mellowed by his years in quiet contentment. For later, the poet saw the

worth-whileness of content, the rich joys of the country, and, finally, the immortal monument for himself in his verse. The discovery of these substantial joys led to his embodying in his poetry further hints on the art of enjoyment: in these he went beyond Anacreon, the Epicureans, and the other schools known to the Romans.

Just as Horace found the source of the Bandusian spring on his estate, so he found the source of happiness and poetry; and repeatedly he calls to the reader of his poems that he seek the golden mean and the Muse for poetic inspiration as the ultimate good and the source of everlasting glory. With this view of the immortality of the poet found in his ever-living verse, is it to be wondered at that Horace never married or sought to perpetuate his family line? No absorbing passion filled his life; and, although Horace was considered immoral by the authorities of the Middle Ages, yet he was consistent in declaring until his death that love, as well as wine, was a pleasure to be enjoyed moderately.

Let us now turn to the English poet, Herrick, who was born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. He, the son of a goldsmith, was counseled in youth by his conservative uncle and guardian, Sir William Heyrick of Beaumanor, much as Horace had been by his father. Although we know that Horace received unusual educational advantages, critics do not agree whether Herrick attended Oxford or not.

Nevertheless, after taking the holy orders, he was presented in 1629 with the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, a second Sabine farm in its opening the fountain-head of poetry for the Englishman. For in Devon,

this young vicar "acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance which imparted to his verse the beauty of one and the sweetness of the other."[2] For nineteen years the king maintained this post for Herrick and made possible the fruits of the West, The Hesperides. The ever-flowing river of Denborum, "rockie" and "rude," and the rosebuds of the Devon garden furnished illustrations for his verses of the transient joys of life. One of the sources of poetic inspiration was the Odes of Horace found along with other Latin works on the shelves of the clergyman's library. That the Englishman had read Horace's poems previous to his removal to Devon we do not know, but that he had written some verse during his earlier years in London Herrick affirms in his own lines:

> Before I went
> To banishment
> Into the loathed West,
> I could rehearse
> A lyric verse,
> And speak it with the best.[3]

The long winter evenings in Devon furnished much time for the vicar to peruse his favorite poets. As he read more widely, Herrick discovered the consistency of Horace's philosophy and became a living disciple of the Roman poet's art of living.

Like Horace, who had used the satire, Herrick early embodied in apt and pointed epigrams remarks of Herrick the observer on nodding parishoners, the uselessness of over-ambition, and the substantial joys of the countryside and of small possessions.

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[2] Herrick, Hesperides: or Works Both Humane and Divine, biographical notice, p. 5.

[3] Ibid., p. 6.

Modeling his content on that of Horace, the English poet prophesied either in line with literary convention or as a detached and judicial estimate of his work the immortality of his poems. As in the case of Horace, Herrick looked to no other source for the preservation of his name.

The Englishman lived a conventional and modest life under the scrutinous gaze of parishoners who were more Puritan than Cavalier. Herrick lived and wrote for the rest of his years at Dean Prior with the exception of twelve years spent in London during the time of the Protectorate. His restoration to the vicarage in 1660 lasted until his death in about 1674, the year conjectured as that of his death.

I have noted a similarity in the outward circumstances of the poets' lives: a likeness in their relationships to patrons, a similarity in their environments, and finally a similitude in the development of their poetry.

The great parallel, however, lies not in the actual events of the poets' lives or in the form of their works but in the recurrence of similar ideas: in the English poet's utilization of the Latin poet's even temper and sense of proportion, which are epitomized in the expression "carpe diem," "aequus animus," "aurea mediocritas."

CONCLUSION

The solution to every research problem is beset by certain limitations. The problem, in order to be reliably presented must be narrowed to definite bounds but must be broad enough to allow comparisons.

The problem in this study is narrowed to Horatian influence in the Elizabethan and Cavalier poets. The evidences in this thesis suggest a chain of influence, although not unbroken, from Horace to the Elizabethan poets and into and through the Cavalier poets. In the poems of Robert Herrick are found the best and most prolific illustrations of Horatian philosophy among the poets of Elizabethan and Caroline England.

The great design of Horatian philosophy is brought out in a triple motif: "carpe diem," "aequus animus," "aurea mediocritas." The belief in the immortality of poetry and a high self-estimate characterized the English poets of the Elizabethan and Cavalier ages. The recurring admonition to seek the Muse for inspiration and immortality completes the four themes from which Horatian devotion chiefly arises.

A summary of the findings of each chapter is appropriate here. The restatement of Time's fleeting quality occurs in the Elizabethan poets quite variedly, but these writers do not capture the most Horatian phrase, "carpe diem," as does the Cavalier poet, Herrick, who repeatedly urges his reader to make the most of the present hour. This indicates a deeper study of Horace by Herrick than had been carried forward by the Elizabethan poets and the other Cavalier poets.

Fortune's ever-circling wheel held the attention of the Elizabethan

poets in the midst of the most varied poetic attractions, and they urged the maintanence of a calm mind. Robert Herrick may well have gone to his English predecessors in place of referring to the original Latin for his poems on Fortune. However, no conclusive evidence can be offered that he did not consult Horace since so many of his poems follow closely the thought of the original Latin.

The art of enjoyment with its "aurea mediocritas" is such a fruitful field for study that its treatment by subdivisions is necessary. That the Elizabethans did not neglect the praise of the golden mean is evidenced by the citations quoted.

The lack of quotations from Elizabethan poems signifies their passing by, in the main, the theme, the power of virtue.

Numerous Elizabethan poets enlarged upon the vanity of pursuing ambitious schemes. Whether their deductions were derived from Horatian philosophy, wide reading, or life experience is difficult to say.

A comparative dearth of material bearing on the pleasures of the poets, wine, music and love, is noticeable in Elizabethan poets. Herrick's motto is in accord with the golden mean and reflects a direct acquaintance with his Latin model. His translation of "A Dialogue Betwixt Horace and Lydia, Translated Anno 1627, and Set By Mr. Ro. Ramsey," being the only acknowledged rendition of Horace's works into English, is significant.

The joys of rural life were sincerely and effectively treated by Horace and in turn by Herrick. The poems found in the sources consulted show that the Elizabethan poets did not grasp the true significance of Horace's love for the country. Their view of rural life was pastoral and

artificial; Horace's and Herrick's views were realistic in that they knew the Sabine farm and Devonshire and the opportunities for quiet.

The Elizabethans were able to appraise and to appropriate to their poetry Horace's idea of content; from them, Herrick may have derived his use of this theme.

The immortality of verse is an especially common theme on which Elizabethan writers dwelt. Their lack of copyright laws and disregard of original manuscripts did not deter them from speaking of their eternal glory to come to them through their poems. From Spenser to Herrick are indications of this theme of Horatian philosophy, not once in each poet, but many times.

Shakespeare's fiftieth sonnet follows Horace's thirtieth ode of book three closely. Herrick may have sought the original or he may have used a poem of his predecessors for his poem, "The Pillar of Fame."

In spite of the possibility that Herrick may have consulted English poems, it is particularly significant that not only do his works contain the most lines showing Horatian influence but his poems embody the essence of Horatian philosophy most clearly. Herrick neglects no single phase of the Horatian themes treated in this study, while the quotations from no other poet are found under all of the themes. This indicates that Herrick went to the original source for a clear understanding of Horatian philosophy rather than that bee-like he gathered his honey from many flowers and sought both the Latin poet and his English predecessors as models.

The chief difficulty in working out this study was obtaining a complete collection of Elizabethan lyrics. Library facilities restricted Elizabethan

lyrics to four volumes of The English Garner, Elizabethan Verse and Prose, and The Poetical Works of William Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is evident that these volumes cover the field of Elizabethan lyrics comprehensively though not exhaustively.

The restriction of the Cavalier poets to Donne, Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, and Herrick is arbitrary but necessary. However, the use of the complete works of these poets makes this study reliable in the field of the Caroline lyric.

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APPENDIX

The Appendix includes additional source material from both the Latin and English poets, bearing out similar ideas as found in the text, but not so specifically. The poems are grouped in correspondence with chapter headings and sub-titles.

CHAPTER II

LIFE IS SHORT: SEIZE THE PRESENT HOUR.

A. Surety of Death.

1.

Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo
Villaque, flavos quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.

Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris;
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura et nos in a eternum
Exsilium impositura cumbae.[1]

Mors et fugacem persequitur virum
Nec parcit imbellis iuventae
Poplitibus timidove tergo.[2]

Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci fine destinata
Aula divitem manet
Erum. Quid ultra tendis? Aequa tellus

Pauperi recluditur
Regnumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum

---

[1] II Ode III: 17-28.

[2] III Ode II: 14-16.

Tantalum atque Tantali
Genus coercet, hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.[3]

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest

Aerias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum morituro.[4]

Cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas;

Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum,
Nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.[5]

Inactis opulentior
Thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiae
Caementis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum;

Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus dira Necessitas
Clavos, non animum metu,
Non mortis laqueis expedies caput.[6]

2.

... Sed omnis una manet nox
Et calcanda semel via leti.[7]

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[3] II Ode XVIII: 29-40.

[4] I Ode XXVIII: 1-6.

[5] IV Ode: 21-28.

[6] III Ode XXIV: 1-8.

[7] I Ode XXVI: 15, 16.

What is a day, what is a year
Of vain delight and pleasure?
Like to a dream, it endless dies,
And from us like a vapour flies.[8]

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing,
Time hath a while, which none can stay:[9]

The weary year his race now having run,
The new begins his compass'd course anew:[10]

5.

.... mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax.[11]

Thus I
Passe by
And die
As one
Unknown
And gone:
I'm made
A shade,
And laid
I'th grave;
There have
My cave:
Where tell
I dwell.
Farewell.[12]

Thousands each day passe by, which wee,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.[13]

Go I must; when I am gone,
Write but this upon my stone:---[14]

I do believe that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust:[15]

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[8] Rosseter, Songs Set by Philip Rosseter: "Song:" 1-4.

[9] Ibid., "Song:" 6-8.

[10] Spenser, Amoretti: "Sonnet 62:" 1, 2.

[11] II Epist. III: 68, 69.

[12] I Hesperides: "Upon His Departure Hence:" 1-16.

[13] II Hesperides: "Once Seen, and No More:" 1, 2.

[14] I Hesperides: "To His Tomb-Maker:" 1, 2.

[15] Noble Numbers: "His Creed:" 1, 2.

C. Urge For Living in the Present.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar deorum
Tempus erat dapibus sodales.[16]

'Carpe viam, mihi crede, comes; terrestria quando
Mortalis animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est
Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga; quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus iucundis vive beatus,
Vive memor, quam sis aevi brevis.'[17]

Vive, vale, si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperii; si nil, his autere mecum.[18]

'O fortes peioraque passi
Mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.'[19]

Born I was to be old,
And for to die here:
After that, in the mould
Long for to lye here.

But before that day comes,
Still I be bousing:
For I know in the tombs
There's no carousing.[20]

Praise they that will times past, I joy to see
My selfe now live: this age best pleaseth mee.[21]

I Fear no earthly powers,
But care for crowns of flowers;
And love to have my beard
With wine and oile besmear'd.
This day Ile drowne all sorrow;
Who knowes to live to-morrow?[22]

---

16 I Ode XXXVII: 1-4.
17 II Ser. VI: 93-97.
18 I Epist. VI: 67, 68.
19 I Ode VII: 30-32.
20 I Hesperides: "Anacreontike:" 1-8.
21 II Hesperides: "The Present Time Best Pleaseth:" 1, 2.
22 I Hesperides: "On Himselfe:" 1-6.

Let's live in hast, use pleasures while we may:
Go'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.[23]

While fates permit us, let's be merry;
Passe all we must the fatall ferry;
And this our life too whirles away
With the rotation of the day.[24]

This is to live, and to endeer
Those minutes Time has lent us here.
Then, while the fates suffer, live thou free
As is that ayre that circles thee,[25]

CHAPTER III

FORTUNE IS FICKLE: MAINTAIN A CALM MIND.

1.

Ludumque Fortunae ....[26]

2.

Unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,[27]

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
Ne currente retro funis erat rota.[28]

Was it decreed by Fate's too certain doom
That under Cancer's Tropic (where the Sun
Still doth his race, in hottest circuitrun)
My mind should dwell (and in none other room),
Where comforts all be burnt before the bloom,
Was it concluded by remorseless Fate
That underneath th' Erymanthian Bear,
Beneath the Lycaonian axletree
(Where ceaseless snows, and frost's extremity
Hold jurisdiction) should remain my Fear;
Where all mine hopes be nipt before the Bear,
Was it thus ordered that, till my death's date,
When Phoebus runs on our meridian line,
When mists fall down beneath our hemisphere,

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[23] I Hesperides: "To Live Freely:" 1, 2.
[24] I Hesperides: "To Enjoy The Time:" 1-4.
[25] II Hesperides: "A Paranaeticall, Or Advisive Verse, to his Friend, M. John Wicks:" 15-18.
[26] II Ode I: 3.
[27] II Ode VI: 9.
[28] III Ode X: 8, 9.

And Cynthia, with dark antipodes doth shine,
That my Despair should hold his Mansion there,
Where did the fatal Sisters this assign,
Even then the judgement to them was awarded;
The silent Sentence issued from her eyne,
Which neither pity, nor my cares regarded.[29]

3.

Si forte in medio positorum abstemius herbis
Vivis et urtica, sic vives protinus, ut te
Confestim liquidus Fortunae rivus inauret,
Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit,
Vel quia cuncta putas una virtute minora.[30]

4.

Fortune's a blind profuser of her own;
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.[31]

To him that has, there shall be added more;
Who is penurious,he shall still be poore.[32]

Quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
Ibimus, o socii comitesque!33

5.

If well the dice runne, lets applaud the cast;
The happy fortune will not always last.[34]

Non enim gazae neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantis.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum
Nec levis somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentis
Sole mutamus? Patriae quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?

---

29 Barnes, Parthenophil and Parthenophe: "Elegy XI:" 1-20.
30 I Epist. XII: 7-11.
31 II Hesperides: "Fortune:" 1, 2.
32 I Hesperides: "Once Poor, Still Penurious:" 3, 4.
33 I Ode VII: 25-27.
34 II Hesperides: "Good Luck Not Lasting:" 1, 2.

Scandit aeratas vitiosa navis
Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis etagente nimbos
Ocior Euro.[35]

6.

.... Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens et secundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus,[36]

.... Quocirca vivite fortes
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.[37]

Et mihi res, non me rebus, subiungere conor.[38]

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Laetitia, moriture Delli,

Seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.[39]

Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoe, dones, et, precor, integra
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere nec cithara carentem.[40]

But if that reason rule thy will
And govern all thy mind,
A blessed life then shalt thou lead
And fewest dangers find.[41]

7.

.... Vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia, aut quicquid vita meliore parasti
Ponendum aequo animo. .....[42]

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35 II Ode XVI: 7-32.
36 IV Ode IX: 34-36.
37 II Ser. II: 135, 136.
38 I Epist. I: 19.
39 II Ode III: 1-8.
40 I Ode XXXI: 17-20.
41 Byrd, Songs of Sundrie Natures: "Song:" 17-21.
42 II Ser. III: 14-16.

Live here:--but know 'twas vertue, and not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.[43]

8.

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus,
Quem neque pauperies neque mors neque vincula terrent,
Responsare cuidinibus, contemmere honores
Fortis, et in se ipso totus ....
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna. ....[44]

9.

In the hope of ease to come,
Let's endure one martyrdome.[45]

CHAPTER IV

ENJOYMENT IS AN ART: SEEK THE GOLDEN MEAN.

A. Praise of the Golden Mean.

Nimirum hic ego sum; nam tuta et parvola laudo,
Cum res deficiunt, satis inter vilia fortis:
Verum ubi quid melius contingit et unctius, idem
Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.[46]

Quamvis nil extra numerum fecisse modumque
Curas, ...[47]

Though frankinsence the deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire;
Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
As for ourselves to leave some frankinsence.[48]

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons:[49]

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43 I Hesperides: "To His Peculiar Friend Sir Edward Fish, Knight Baronet:" 5, 6.
44 II Ser. VII: 83-88.
45 II Hesperides: "Sufferance:" 1, 2.
46 I Epist. XV: 42-46.
47 I Epist. XVIII: 58, 59.
48 II Hesperides: "A Meane In Our Meanes:" 1-4.
49 II Epist. III: 309.

B. Power of Virtue.

Ad summam: sapiens uno minor est Iove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum,
Praecipue sanus, ...[50]

Though a wise man all pressures can sustaine,
His vertue still is sensible of paine:[51]

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.[52]

Virtus est vitium fugere et sapientia prima
Stultitia caruisse. ....[53]

True mirth resides not in the smiling skin;
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.[54]

Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit securis
Arbitrio popularis aurae.

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Caelum, negata temptat iter via,
Coetusque volgaris et udam
Spernit humum fugiente pinna.[55]

Virtutem incolumen odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quaerimus, invidi.[56]

He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.[57]

Each must in vertue strive for to excell:
That man lives twice that lives the first life well.[58]

.... Vertue dies when foes
Are wanting to her exercise, but great
And large she spreads by dust and sweat.[59]

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[50] I Epist. I: 106-108.
[51] I Hesperides: "Virtue Is Sensible of Suffering:" 1, 2.
[52] I Epist. XVI: 52.
[53] I Epist. I: 41, 42.
[54] Noble Numbers: "Mirth:" 1, 2.
[55] III Ode II: 17-24.
[56] III Ode XXIV: 31, 32.
[57] II Hesperides: "On Himself:" 9, 10.
[58] I Hesperides: "Vertue:" 1, 2.
[59] I Hesperides: "A Panegerick To Sir Lewis Pemberton:" 112-114.

Where pleasures rule a kingdome, never there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.[60]

.... 'tis never known
Vertue and pleasure both to dwell in one.[61]

Vir bonus est quis?
'Qui consulta patrum, qui leges iuraque servat,
Quo multae magnaeque secantur iudice lites,
Quo res sponsore et quo causae teste tenentur.'[62]

Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.[63]

C. Vanity of Ambition.

.... avidusque futuri,[64]

.... Haec est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.
His me consolor victurum suavius, ac si
Quaestor avus pater atque meus patruusque fuisset.[65]

.... Caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? Caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures portentaque Thessala rides?
Natalis grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?

Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te exempta iuvat spinis de pluribus una?
Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis edisti satis atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius aequo
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.[66]

Retire my soul, consider thine estate,
And justly sum: thy lavish sin's account,
Time's dear expence, and costly pleasure's rate.
How follies grow, how vanities amount.
Write all these down in pale Death's reckoning tables,
Thy days will seem but dreams, thy hopes but fables.[67]

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60 II Hesperides: "Pleasures Pernicious:" 1, 2.
61 II Hesperides: "Choose For The Best:" 1, 2.
62 I Epist. XVI: 40-43.
63 I Epist. I: 52.
64 II Epist. III: 172.
65 I Ser. VI: 128-131.
66 II Epist. II: 206-216.
67 Byrd, Songs of Sundrie Natures: "Song:" 1-8.

And Covetous, I never mean can keep
In craving, wishing, and in working this;[68]

By time and counsell doe the best we can
Th' event is never in the power of man.[69]

D. Pleasures of the Poets.

1. Wine

Quid non ebrietas dissignat? Operta recludit,
Sollicitis animis onus eximit, addocet artis.
Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum,
Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum?[70]

.... Dulce periculum est,
O Lenaee, sequi deum
Congentem viridi tempora pampino.[71]

Curam metumque Caesaris rerum iuvat
Dulci Lyaeo solvere.[72]

Fill me a mighty bowle
Up to the brim,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonsons soule.[73]

Brisk methinks I am and fine,
When I drinke my capring wine:
Then to love I do encline,
When I drinke my wanton wine:
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drinke my sprightly wine:
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drinke my frolick wine;
But I languish, lowre, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.[74]

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[68] Barnes, Parthenophil and Parthenophe: "Sonnet 97:" 12, 13.

[69] I Hesperides: "Event of Things Not In Our Power:" 1, 2.

[70] I Epist. V: 16-20.

[71] III Ode XXV: 18-20.

[72] Epode IX: 37, 38.

[73] II Hesperides: "A Bacchanalian Verse:" 1-4.

[74] II Hesperides: "Anacreontick Verse:" 1-10.

3. Love

My sweetest Lesbia! Let us live and love!
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them! Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive:
But soon as once, is set our little light;
Then must we sleep one ever-enduring night!
If all would lead their lives in love like me
Then bloody swords and armour should not be
No drum, nor trumpet, peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the Camp of Love:
But fools do live, and waste their little light;
And seek, with pain, their ever-during night.
When timely death, my life and fortunes ends,
Let not my hearse be vest with mourning friends![75]

But love! whilst that thou may'st be loved again!
Now, whilst thy May hath filled thy lep with flowers!
Now, whilst thy beauty bears without a stain!
Now, use thy summer smiles, ere Winter lowers!
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising sun,
The fairest flower that ever saw the light;
Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done!
And DELIA! think thy morning must have night!
And that thy brightness sets at length to West;
When thou wilt close up that, which now thou showest!
And think the smae becomes thy fading best,
Which, then, shall hide it most, and cover lowest!
Men do not weigh the stalk, for that it was;
When once they find her flower, her glory pass.[76]

For where chaste love and likeing sets the plant
And concord waters with a firm goodwill,
Of no good thing there can be any want.
Pari jugo dulcis tractus.[77]

E. Joys of Rural Life.

Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum:[78]

Quam scit uterque, libens, censebo, exerceat artem.[79]

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[75] Campion, "Song:" 1-14.

[76] Daniel, Delia: "Sonnet 35:" 1-14.

[77] Byrd, Sonnets and Pastorals: "Sonnet:" 6-8.

[78] I Epist. XIV: 10.

[79] I Epist. XIV: 44.

Of all the kindes of common Countrey life,
Me thinkes a Shepherds life is most Content;[80]

F. Praise of Contentment.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti

Duramque callet pauperiem pati
Peiusque leto flagitium timet,
Non ille proccaris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.[81]

Laudas Fortunam et mores antiquae plebis, et idem,
Si quis ad illa deus subito te agat, usque recuses.[82]

Laetus sorte tua vives sapienter, Aristi,[83]

.... Atqui
Hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus. ....[84]

Desiderantem quod satis est neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare
Nec saevos Arcturi cadentis
Impetus aut orientis Haedi,

Non verberatae grandine veneae
Fundusque mendax, arbote nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.[85]

.... Sed Timor et Minae
Scandunt eodem quo dominus, neque
Decedit aerata triremi et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus nec Falerna
Vitis Achaemeniumque costum:

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80 Barnfield, "The Shepherds Content:" 1, 2.

81 IV Ode IX: 45-52.

82 II Ser. VII: 22-24.

83 I Epist. X: 44.

84 I Epist. XVIII: 38, 39.

85 III Ode I: 25-32.

Cur invidendis postibus et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?[86]

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.[87]

' .... est locus uni
Cuique suus.' ....[88]

.... Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederunt artemque fruendi.[89]

Like to the income must be our expence;
Man's fortune must be had in reverence.[90]

Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit seu fors obiecerit, illa
Contentus vivat, ...[91]

Inde fit, ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat et exacto contentus tempore vita
Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.[92]

So bitter is their sweet, that True Content,
Unhappy men, in them may never find:
Ah! but without them, none. Both must consent,
Else uncouth ere the joys of either kind.
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill!
Men must be men; and women, women still.[93]

Once attain, Astrea! then, from heaven to earth descend!
And couch safe, in their behalf, these errors to amend!
Aid from heaven must make all even, things are so out of frame,
For let man strive all he can, he needs must please his dame.
Happy man! content that gives; and what he gives enjoys!
Happy dame! content that lives; and breaks no sleep for toys![94]

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86 III Ode I: 37-48.

87 I Epist. VIII: 98.

88 I Ser. IX: 51, 52.

89 I Epist. IV: 6, 7.

90 I Hesperides: "Reverence to Riches:" 1, 2.

91 I Ser. I: 1-3.

92 I Ser. I: 117-119.

93 Campion, "Light Conceits of Lovers:" 13-18.

94 Campion, Fourth Book of Airs: "Air:" 1-6.

I see that plenty surfeits oft
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear,
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I presse to bear no haughty sway,
I wish no more than may suffice;
I do no more than well I may,
Look what I want, my mind supplies;
Lo thus, I triumph like a king,
My mind content with anything.[95]

Honour and Pleasure both are in thy Mind,
And all that in the world is counted Good.[96]

Whatever comes, let's be content with all:
Among God's blessings there is no one small.[97]

Give want her welcome if she comes; we find
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.[98]

Give me honours, what are these
But the pleasing hindrances,
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
In the way 'twixt me and home?
Cleer the walk, and then shall I
To my heaven lesse run then flie.[99]

When one is past, another care we have:
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.[100]

Though hourely comforts from the gods we see
No life is yet life-proofe from miserie.[101]

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95 Byrd, Sonnets and Pastorals: "Pastoral:" 13-24.

96 Davies, "Nosce Teipsum:"

97 Noble Numbers: "Welcome What Comes:" 1, 2.

98 II Hesperides: "Poverty and Riches:" 1, 2.

99 Noble Numbers: "Honours Are Hindrances:" 1-6.

100 I Hesperides: "Sorrowes Succeed:" 1, 2.

101 I Hesperides: "Miseries:" 1, 2.

CHAPTER V

POETRY IS IMMORTAL: SEEK THE MUSE.

... Siquid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et pluris age dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen,[102]

But what this verse, that never shall expire,
Shall to your purchase with her thankless pain!
Fair: be no longer proud of that shall perish,
But that, which shall you make immortal, cherish.[103]

Vivit post funera virtue.[104]

Thou gav'st me life, but mortall; for that one
Favour, Ile make full satisfaction;
For my life mortall, rise from out thy herse,
And take a life immortall from my verse.[105]

Our mortall parts may wrapt in seare-cloths lye:
Great spirits never with their bodies dye.[106]

Live by thy muse thou shalt, when others die,
Leaving no fame to long posterity:
When monarchies trans-shifted are and gone,
Here shall endure thy vast dominion.[107]

If mongst my poems, I can see
One onely worthy to be washt by thee,
I live for ever; let the rest all lye
In dennes of darkness, or condemn'd to die.[108]

A Funeral stone,
Or verse, I covet none;
But onely crave
Of you that I may have
A sacred laurel springing from my grave,
Which being seen,
Blest with perpetuall greene,
May grow to be
Not so much call'd a tree,
As the eternall monument of me.[109]

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102 I Ode XXXII: 1-4.
103 Spenser, Amoretti and Epithalamion: "Sonnet 27:" 11-14.
104 "The Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie:" Motto.
105 I Hesperides: "To The Reverend Shade of His Religious Father:" 13-16.
106 I Hesperides: "Great Spirits Supervive:" 1, 2.
107 I Hesperides: "n Himselfe:" 1-4.
108 I Hesperides: "To Cedars:" 1-4.
109 I Hesperides: "To Laurels:" 1-10.