

HERRICK.

Lyrist light-lipped, half Pagan, half devout,
 With smiling scholar-eyes, the centuries
 Bear thy bright notes upon the fragrant breeze;
Thou standest yet thy garden's gate without,—
Fair Julia, sweet Bianca, swell the rout
 Of maidens laughing 'neath green summer-trees;
 Gentle Perilla will thy hands swift seize,
In mirthful grace leading thee all about.

The sweet-browed Horace lived again in thee;—
 Fair Devon held the famous Sabine farm:
Thy mellow'd singing lends the minstrelsy
 Of England's golden age a silver charm,—
Thy lips the easy notes still yielding free,
 A laughing English maiden on each arm.