

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. ii. line 4. 'tinsel wing:' = spuriously gilded. Curious but accurate, hope being bright and versicolor, but not the reality. Cf. 'The Garden' (ll. 53-7). These lines explain the full meaning of 'tinsel' as glittering, alluring and versicolor, but unreal.

St. viii. reminds of *Down* again. See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'). G.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS.<sup>1</sup>

HAD we but world enough, and time,  
 This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
 We would sit down, and think which way  
 To walk, and pass our long love's day.  
 Thou by the Indian Ganges' side 5  
 Should'st rubies find : I by the tide  
 Of Humber would complain. I would  
 Love you ten years before the Flood,  
 And you should, if you please, refuse  
 Till the conversion of the Jews ; 10  
 My vegetable love should grow  
 Vaster then empires and more slow ; than  
 An hundred years should go to praise  
 Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze ;  
 Two hundred to adore each breast, 15  
 But thirty thousand to the rest ;

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 19-20). G.

An age at least to every part,  
 And the last age should show your heart.  
 For, lady, you deserve this state,  
 Nor would I love at lower rate.

20

But at my back I alwaies hear  
 Time's winged charriot hurrying near;  
 And yonder all before us lye  
 Desarts of vast Eternity.

Thy beauty shall no more be found,  
 Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
 My ecchoing song; then, worms shall try  
 That long preserv'd virginity;  
 And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
 And into ashes all my lust:

25

30

The grave's a fine and private place,  
 But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew  
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
 And while thy willing soul transpires  
 At every pore with instant fires,  
 Now let us sport us while we may,  
 And now, like am'rous birds of prey,  
 Rather at once our time devour,  
 Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.

35

40

Let us roll all our strength, and all  
 Our sweetness up into one ball;  
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife,  
 Thorough the iron gates of life;

Thus, though we cannot make our sun      45  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

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Line 7, 'Humber.' See our Memorial-Introduction for Mason's references to this passage in his 'Ode to Independency' (Works, 1811, i. 38-40). Mason was a native of Hull.

Line 40, '*slow-chapt.*' In 1726, 1772, and 1776, '*slow-chap'd.*' In the American edition and its reprint of 1870 '*slow chaped.*' From substantive '*chap.*' the jaw, and cf. also *chop* and *champ* = slowly devouring, the -ed form representing *edax rerum*, as in the state or habit of devouring. The meaning is, 'Let us devour Time in our joys, rather than by your coyness languish in his slow-devouring jaws.' G.

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THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C. IN A  
PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

SEE with what simplicity

This nimph begins her golden daies !

In the green grass she loves to lie,

And there with her fair aspect tames

The wilder flow'rs, and gives them names ;

But only with the roses playes,

And them does tell

What colours best become them, and what smell. ]

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 33-35). G.