

# The Collar. By George Herbert

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more.  
I will abroad.  
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?  
My lines and life are free; free as the rode,  
Loose as the winde, as large as store.  
Shall I be still in suit?  
Have I no harvest but a thorn  
To let me bloud, and not restore  
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?  
Sure there was wine  
Before my sighs did drie it: there was corn  
Before my tears did drown it.  
Is the yeare onely lost to me?  
Have I no bayes to crown it?  
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?  
All wasted?  
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,  
And thou hast hands.  
Recover all thy sigh-blown age  
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute  
Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,  
Thy rope of sands,<sup>1</sup>  
Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee  
Good cable, to enforce and draw,  
And be thy law,  
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.  
Away; take heed:  
I will abroad.  
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.  
He that forbears  
To suit and serve his need,  
Deserves his load.  
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde  
At every word,  
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Childe*:  
And I reply'd, *My Lord*.