

To Cervantes

So charming your epistle of tradition
With every story perfect in fruition
And full of humour, wit and every blessing
That one could ride an ass and feel no pressing
Of vain irritation or unhappy thought
Which in your tale is vanquished and unsought.

Such is your power to hold us to old ways
Tis nothing to succumb to happy days
And keep the verse aabb so flowing
That even such a fool as I is glowing
By the light of your faultless harmony
Brings our mind to rest-so little calumny.

And fortune favours deeds like your devotion
Your God has made the trees a peroration
And nymphs can live there in loving promise
No head in hand to stretch the mind amiss
See we live and die by our most holy wish
Her trophy hung-what can be more bliss.