CARPE DIEM:
THE RECOGNITION OF A GENRE

AN HONORS THESIS
SUBMITTED TO THE HONORS COMMITTEE
IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS
FOR THE DEGREE

BACHELOR OF ARTS

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MUNCIE, INDIANA

AUGUST, 1966
PREFACE

The underlying motive of this thesis is bifocal: the presentation of research in the proper form. The format of the paper, with an eye to future theses and dissertation work, is as important in this project as its content. To this end, the most recommended guide, A Manual For Writers, by Kate L. Turabian, has been used with the exception of footnoting procedure. Footnotes are numbered consecutively through the paper and collectively set down following the Appendix.

The scope of this paper is small; it is a brief collection and classification of shorter English poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which contain the idea, and by no means is it exhaustive of the literature. Its purpose is to fill a lack on this simple level of recognition of the genre and what it implies. Extensive research of the facilities available uncovered no similar study or references thereto.

Grateful acknowledgement is here formally presented to Dr. Robert Newcomb of the English Department for his original stimulus, guidance, and availability for discussion and often for symbolic reassurance.
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INTRODUCTION

A body of literature which can be distinguished by a particular subject matter, among other things, is known as a genre. The carpe diem genre is characterized by the sentiment which gives to it its name: carpe diem, roughly translated from the Latin, means "seize the day." All poems classified in this genre, then, contain either an implication, advocation, or exhortation to live for the day with little or no consideration of the morrow, or because of what the morrow may bring.

The poems in this paper run the gamut from implication of the idea to outright propositioning of a particular mistress. They have been gleaned from those available and categorized with intent to show some differentiation of nature. Often, category lines have been disregarded in order to develop a particular motif appearing in several poems of different natures.

Little attention has been paid to authors except where a particular point requires it, since few have contributed more than a few poems to the genre.

In order to make the paper read smoothly, the poems are taken from later collections of verse where the archaic spellings or words have been adapted to more contemporary usage. Readers desiring to have the original versions for study can refer to works listed in the bibliography under the author's name as a beginning.
I. THE IDEA AND ITS EXPRESSION

Philosophy

The genre encompassed by the words carpe diem is no simple exposition of the passing of time, the evanescence of beauty, the brevity of life, or the inevitability of death; these ideas are truths with which all writers of all ages have concerned themselves. These "eternal verities" are central in any philosophy of life, and the philosophy of carpe diem is one of the major modes of life incorporating answers to the questions concerning them. In its most exotic form, the carpe diem philosophy is antithetical to the Judeo-Christian tradition because it implies living only in the present, putting aside nothing for the future of society; it negates the religious attitude of spurning all present pleasures for those of a hoped-for afterlife. In its most mundane form the philosophy of seizing the moment for pleasure is with each of us in our daily lives--few are the men who at some time have not purchased a small extravagance instead of delaying and saving for a larger need. The mean between the extreme and the mundane is what should be sought, and it is truly an Epicurean philosophy: enjoy the finer things of life in just portion, reserving what will be necessary to make life enjoyable should it continue tomorrow.

Prose, drama, and the longer narratives may concern themselves with the clashes of philosophies, but the shorter forms of poetry often express only one idea or feeling. "A lyric poem is the direct
expression of a single, personal emotion, employing, as we shall see, only so much story, if any, as will serve to make clear the nature and source of that emotion. Since it expresses a single feeling at the moment of greatest intensity, the lyric is necessarily brief.\footnote{\textsuperscript{1}} Since one of the central emotions of life is love, carpe diem verse in its brief forms is most concerned with love and the male-female relationships revolving around it. Although the idea of "seize the day" conflicts with our customs, morals and mores, it must be considered a moderate rather than a radical philosophy; the fruits of love enjoyed may still leave much pleasure for the morrow. It is this particular stage of the carpe diem genre that predominates, both in the literature and in this paper.

Sources

In man's earliest stages of existence, the idea of living for the present was obvious. Without the elaborate philosophy of an afterlife, the only consideration of life was to stay alive, and when existence is on the subsistence level, not much planning is given to the future of society. The earliest recorded explication of the carpe diem idea was made about two thousand years before Christ\footnote{\textsuperscript{2}} in the Babylonian civilization, which had its form of religion, but which still seemed to advocate carpe diem as its major attitude toward life. The following quote is taken from Tablet X of the Old Babylonian Version of the Epic of Gilgamesh, an epic poem which greatly antedated and provided some source material for the Hebraic Old Testament.

\begin{verbatim}
Column iii
Gilgamesh, whither runnest thou?
The life which thou seekest thou wilt not find;
\end{verbatim}
(For) when the gods created mankind,
They allotted death to mankind,
(But) life they retained in their keeping.
Thou, O Gilgamesh, let thy belly be full;
Day and night by thou merry;
Make every day (a day of) rejoicing.
Day and night do thou dance and play.
Let thy raiment be clean,
Thy head by washed, (and) thyself be bathed in water.
Cherish the little one holding thy hand,
(And) let the wife rejoice in thy bosom.
This is the lot of Mankind.

The enjoyment of life in the present is certainly the main idea of these lines of verse, especially since the Babylonian gods seem to have jealously guarded the right to life.

The most compelling and concise statement of the seize the day philosophy is found in the Odes of Horace, and this is the source of the words carpe diem. One translation of Ode XI, Book I, reads as follows:

Ask not, Leuconoe (we cannot know), what end the gods have set for me, for thee, nor make trial of the Babylonian tables. How much better to endure whatever comes, whether Jupiter allots us added winters or whether this is last, which now wears out the Tuscan sea upon the barrier of the cliffs. Show wisdom. Busy thyself with household tasks; and since life is brief, cut short far-reaching hopes. Even while we speak, envious Time has sped. Reap the harvest of today, putting as little trust as may be in the morrow.

The last sentence, in its original Latin, reads: "Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero." Although the words carpe diem are here rendered as "Reap the harvest of today," "seize the day" is more often heard, though almost as inaccurate. A closer rendering of the entire line would be "Pluck the flower of today, placing as little as possible foolish trust in the future." (Italics mine.)

The tables of Babylon refer to computations of the Chaldean astrologers, and here Horace is urging his friend "not to pry into the
future, but to enjoy the passing hour."8 Horace must not be regarded as recommending the life of a voluptuary. He is rather urging a wise enjoyment of life's blessings while they are present."9 This is the mean between the subsistence existence prompted attitude expressed in the Epic of Gilgamesh and the other-worldly attitude of the monotheists to follow. It is the most accurate expression of the idea and its meaning, not recommending foolish trust in the future, but, by Horace's example, a good and enjoyable life of moderation.

The progression from one extreme to the other ends in the Bible, the holy book of the major part of European civilization, from whence springs the American heritage and the Puritan tradition. The shorter examples in the Bible of the idea of seizing life's pleasures are most often placed in an undesirable context, such as in the mouth of an adultress attempting to seduce a young innocent: "Come, let us take our fill of love till morning; let us delight ourselves with love. For my husband is not at home ... "10 The most complete explication and refutation of the idea, however, occurs in a book of the Apocrypha, the Wisdom of Solomon. (See Appendix.) The author begins the chapter with a major quotation from the "mouths of the ungodly," and although the beginning contains a somewhat metaphysical discussion on the state of being of man, the speakers are represented in progressively worsening stages. They begin as expounders of the carpe diem philosophy, and as the statement becomes more radical, they become voluptuaries, oppressors with no respect for widows or the aged, men who "lie in wait for the righteous," believers in might makes right rather than in laws,
tormentors, and finally murderers in a shameful manner. By the
time the statement is finished, no self-respecting Christian would
dare mention the thought of enjoying the pleasures of life in any
way, shape or form.

The appearance of the *carpe diem* philosophy in the ages
this study is concerned with is marked by all of the traditions.
Some of the lyrical poetry advocates today's pleasure in excess;
most of it, love-centered, in moderation. The moralist influence
still existed, however, as these examples from Spenser's *The Faerie
Queene* show. This long, allegorical narrative concerns the battle
of good against evil, and uses the Biblical method of placing
advocation of the *carpe diem* philosophy in the mouths of the ungodly.
Both of the following examples are taken from Book II of *The Faerie
Queene*, in which Sir Guyon, representing Temperance, has a running
fight with a witch, Acrasia, the organizer of the "Bower of Bliss,"
which she uses to seduce young men and sway them from their rightful
course. In the first example, Acrasia speaks to Cymochles, an
incidental antagonist of Sir Guyon.

"Behold, O man, that toilsome paines doest take,
The floures, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing-envious nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pompous showes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

"The lilly, lady of the flowering field,
The floure-de-luce, her lovely paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:
Loe! loe, how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure!
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.
Imagery

The appeal of the rose as a sexual metaphor in *carpe diem* poetry arises from two facts—the sexually suggestive form of the flower itself and the brief period of full bloom, which may be as short as half a day. All flowers are used as imagery in the genre because of their simultaneous appeal to several senses at once: plucking the flower of today gives imagaic impetus to the thought of seizing the day, appealing to the sense of touch; the scent of the flower, especially with reference to its loss after dessication, appeals to the sense of smell; however, it is as a visual image that flowers are most commonly encountered. The reason for this preponderance of visual images is that the mind's eye can see the difference between initial beauty and later appearance after the ravages of time, with the dead or dessicated result implying the same for the beauty of womanhood. Any image that has initial beauty that yields to a less desirable state with the application of time is central to the *carpe diem* thesis. The following verse, "Fair is the Rose," of anonymous authorship, contains a few examples.

Fair is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold.  
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old.  
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done.  
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun.  
So white, so sweet was my fair mistress' face,  
Yet altered quite in one short hour's space.  
So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,  
Breathing delight to-day, but none tomorrow.\(^{14}\)

This is one standard format for the use of imagery in a *carpe diem* poem—presentation of images, the evanescence of beauty drawn from those images and applied to the mistress, and the conclusion—with the exception that this poem contains only implied advice to seize the beauty before it disappears and moralizes upon upon its loss instead.
"Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous howres in needlesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thrist, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasure chuse."

After lulling him to sleep, the witch receives a visit from Sir Guyon, who is immune to her charms and argument. Cymochles awakes and attacks him through jealousy. The fight ends inconclusively, and Sir Guyon is taken from the Bower of Bliss, but some half-dozen cantos later Sir Guyon returns when Acrasia has seduced another young lad. As the youth sleeps, she croons over him, as:

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
"Ah, see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day!
Ah, see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seems the lesse ye see her may!
Lo! see soome after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display!
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!

"So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure!
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre.
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime."

To finish briefly, Sir Guyon, the epitome of Christian Temperance, destroys the Bower of Bliss. The statement of the carpe diem theme is both lyrical and beautiful in the second example, and although presented in this context, is an example of what the lyricists were singing at the time. "Spenser's moralistic attitude was not the norm for the age, but the use of the rose as a sexual metaphor was."
Flowers in the abstract—blossoms—and daffodils provide the core imagery for the following two poems. Both poems have as their conclusion the idea of the brevity of beauty and life taken from the imagery and applied to mankind. Both are by Robert Herrick. In the first, "To Blossoms," the second stanza questions why the brevity of such beauty is necessary.

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

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely 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'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile: they glide
Into the grave.

In "To Daffodils," there is no questioning of the reason why; the poem speeds from exposition of the imagery—specific yet abstract, as a field of blazing yellow would appear—to the conclusion.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

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 thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again. 16

Other abstract images that have visual import are used as well; e.g., the seasons or names of months, often used in a mode of contrast; the lush beauty of spring contrasted with the sere, bleak landscape of winter; the May of life and beauty fading to the December of old age and death.

The central image of some poems, especially the seductive type, is often human beauty itself; the maiden who is the object of the poem is described after the attack of time, with the wrinkled, painted result constructed to induce fear of loss of opportunity. There are also poems with images appealing more to the intellect than sheer memory. The poem "Are They Shadows That We See" is philosophically suggestive (see p. 14). Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress" has several lines of metaphorical language and imagery which cannot come from memory, but which are beautiful to the imagination (see p. 38). These are the types of imagery most often used, and anything descriptive of the brevity of life and beauty may be encountered.

Forms
A brief note on terminology and form might be of assistance to the casual reader. The term 'lyric' denotes a composition of personal feeling, an expression of emotion, and is meant to be or may easily be set to music. 17 It is inclusive of types of arrangements like the ballad, madrigal and air.
The ballad is a familiar form, with four line stanzas and varying rhyme schemes. The madrigal is much more complicated in arrangement, combining in its pure form "two or three tercets variously arranged as to rhyme, followed by one or two couplets or occasionally even by a quatrain. . . ." It is meant to be sung by voices in counterpoint, unaccompanied by instrumentation. "The air was a composition for solo voice or several voices in unison, accompanied by the lute or other instrument. It was generally a single musical idea, the parts conforming more to less to a single rhythm corresponding to the meter of the verse. The air gave prominence to the words and kept the stanzas entire and was thus suited to the performance of longer poems in which the structure of the stanzas and of the music was repeated."

The sonnet is an always popular and most enduring form of English poetry. It is not often set to music. The rhyme scheme varies with individual artists; it is usually, though not always, fourteen lines long, comprised of three quatrains and a closing couplet. A recommended text for the reader desiring more specialized knowledge of the forms, meters and terms of the times is Matthew W. Black's Elizabethan and Seventeenth-Century Lyrics; it is listed in the bibliography.
II. POEMS WITH ADVISORY INTENT

The poems categorized in this first of two major groupings represent those in which the intent is to advise the general reader to practice the carpe diem philosophy; the second major category is reserved for those poems more specific in their aim. The advice may be only by implication, plainly advocatory of the idea, or exhortative in its recommendation. The sub-categorizations of both major groups are the same, and are designed as guidelines rather than as strict patterns of development. The guidelines are sometimes overstepped in order to present related motifs in poems of different natures.

Implication

The poems in this classification might not be called true carpe diem genre. They only imply the theme, but so effectively do they put to use the imagery and ideas of the genre that they imply the conclusion as well. In Matthew Prior's "The Garland," the dessication of the flowers leads to application of the idea of the brevity of life to a young maid.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day;
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.
Undressed at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropped sense distinct and clear
As any muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
"My love, my life," said I, "explain
This change of humour: prithee tell,
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sighed; she smiled: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
"See! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

"Ah, me! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danced and sung;
The amorous youth around her bowed:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

"Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."22

The recollection of the loss of a friend brought by the dead garland
and the advice to "Damon" which results in the poem foretells the
fate of the lady speaking, yet no advice to action is presented, so
the carpe diem motif of the poem is only subtly implied. In John
Fletcher's "Love's Emblems," the carpe diem motif is stated in
images of flower and fruit.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view;
Everywhere on every green
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not plucked, we die."
Yet the lusty spring hath stayed;
Blushing red and purest white
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid:
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waste:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not plucked, we die." 23

All of love's emblems here make examples of themselves in order that the ladies receive the very strong implication that love must soon be plucked—the term itself reminiscent of the translation of carpe diem as "pluck the flower of today."

The following poem by Samuel Daniel, "Are They Shadows That We See," has no specific images, yet the carpe diem theme is stated in terms of observation rather than action.

Are they shadows that we see?
And can shadows pleasure give?
Pleasures only shadows be,
Cast by bodies we conceive,
And are made the things we deem
In those figures which they seem.

But these pleasures vanish fast
Which by shadows are expressed,
Pleasures are not, if they last;
In their passing is their best:
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace then, greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold:
Take it sudden as it flies,
Though you take it not to hold:
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the heart. 24

The exercise of the poem is an initial statement of the quality of perception based on Platonic principles, the qualification of beauty by making brevity one of its requisites, and the advice to seize in terms of observation and later intellectual rumination of its qualities. "The Question and Answer," by Thomas Beedome, concludes
with a couplet answering the questions presented in the first two stanzas; the third and fourth stanzas give the reasons for such a harsh answer.

When the sad ruines of that face
In its owne wrinkles buried lyes,
And the stiffe pride of all its grace,
By time undone, fals slack and dyes:
   Wilt thou not sigh, and wish in some vext fit,
   That it were now as when I courted it?

And when thy glasse shall it present,
Without those smiles which once were there,
Showing like some stale monument,
A scalpe departed from its haire,
   At thy selfe frightened wilt not start and sweare,
   That I belied thee, when I call'd thee faire?

Yes, yes, I know thou wilt, and so
Pitty the weaknesses of thy scorne,
That now hath humbled thee to know,
Though faire it was it is forlorne,
   Love's sweetes thy aged corps embalming not,
   What marvel if thy carkasse, beauty, rot?

Then shall I live, and live to be
Thy envie, thou my pitty; say
When e're thou see mee, or I thee,
(Being nighted from thy beautie's day),
   'Tis hee, and had my pride not wither'd mee,
   I had, perhaps, beene still as fresh as hee.

Then shall I smile, and answer: "True thy scorne
Left thee thus wrinkled, slackt, corrupt, forlorne."25

Here the human face is used as an image, in its aged state, with the lady's pride blamed by the speaker for her failure to use the beauty she once had. The implication of carpe diem is strong, and in addition there is the implication that use of beauty may prolong its life.

These examples serve to show what is meant by the idea of an implied carpe diem theme. The idea is present in all of them, but there is no explicit statement or call to action to seize the day.
Advocation

This classification could include the entire genre, because all of the poems in the genre, even when their intent is only implied, advocate the carpe diem philosophy. In this paper, the poems included here are those which state the idea quite plainly, with the most forcefully worded of these reserved for the category of exhortation to follow.

One of the non-romantic themes found in the genre is that concerning an always popular pastime of man—drinking. The lyrics containing advice of this nature are often titled "Drinking Song," as is the following by William Cartwright.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it:
It helps the head-ache, cough and tisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

The same of the use of drink to stem the tide of age is tempered in the next poem, "Song," by Thomas Otway, by the advice to enjoy the other pleasures of life while the ability still exists.

How blest he appears
That revels and loves out his happy years,
That fiercely spurs on till he finish his race,
And knowing life's short, chooses living apace!
To cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it,
Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

Each day we grow older;
But as fate approaches, the brave still are bolder.
The joys of love with our youth slide away,
But yet there are pleasures that never decay:
When beauty grows dull, and our passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its charms, and we drink when we're old.

The most radical poem of this type is "The Epicure," by Abraham Cowley. The speaker sounds more the alcoholic than the epicure, and the poem is more exhortative than advocatory since it desires
the banishment of all thoughts of tomorrow.

Fill the Bowl with rosie Wine,
Around our temples Roses twine.
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the Wine and Roses smile.
Crown'd with Roses we contemn
Cyges' wealthy Diadem.
To-day is Ours; what do we fear?
To-day is Ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish Business, banish Sorrow;
To the Gods belongs Tomorrow.

The last poem presented on this theme contains the most complete statement of the idea of "eat, drink, and make merry," with extensive reasons and examples included. Thomas Jordan has drawn an excellent verbal picture of "The Careless Gallant."

Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice,
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice;
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure 's uncertain, then down with your dust;
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We 'll sport and be free with Frank, Betty, and Dolly,
Have lobsters and oysters to cure melancholy;
Fish dinners will make a man spring like a flea,
Dame Venus, love's lady, was born of the sea,
With her and with Bacchus we 'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your beautiful bit who hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty sells for a hogo of honour,
Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splendour,
That none are thought fit but the stars to attend her,
Though now she seems pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Your usurer that in the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth and pines in his plenty,
Lays up for a season which he shall ne'er see,
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three,
Shall have changed all his bags, his houses and rents,
For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

Your Chancery lawyer, who by conscience thrives,
In spinning a suit to the length of three lives,
A suit which the client doth wear out in slavery,
Whilst pleader makes conscience a cloak for his knavery,
Can boast of his cunning i' the present tense,
For non est inventus a hundred years hence.
Then why should we turmoil in cares and fears,
And turn our tranquillity to sighs and tears?
Let's eat, drink and play ere the worms do corrupt us,
For I say that Post mortem nulla voluptas;
Let's deal with our damsels that we may from thence
Have broods to succeed us a hundred years hence. 29

Another sometimes encountered theme of the genre is that of seizing the moment, because love may fly for other reasons than age or death. One possible reason for the poet's inclination to stress the moment may be what precedes it and follows it, as described in "Love's Delights," by Nahum Tate.

Love's delights were past expressing
Could our happy visions last;
Pity 'tis they fly so fast!
Pity 'tis so short a blessing!
Love's delights were past expressing
Could our happy visions last;
Tides of pleasure in possessing
Sweetly flow, but soon are past.

Calms in love are fleeting treasure,
Only visit and away;
Hasty blessing we enjoy,
Tender hours of grief we measure:
Calms in love are fleeting treasure,
Only visit and away;
Sighs and tears fore-run the pleasure,
Jealous rage succeeds the joy. 30

Although the carpe diem idea is only implied in the above poem, the implication is to enjoy the brief moment of peace between storms. In the next poem, Sir George Etherege's "To a Lady, Asking Him How Long He Would Love Her," the poem is directed to a specific mistress, but the statement of the seize the moment theme in the second stanza has a general quality of advocacy about it.

It is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste:
The blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.
Then, since we mortal lovers are,
   Ask not how long our love will last;
But, while it does, let us take care
   Each minute be with pleasure passed.
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

Once the moment is lost, it cannot be regained. Beauty, once faded, never returns, and the love that is lost in youth cannot be brought back by crying over it, as is explicated in this anonymous "Madrigal."

Love in thy youth, fair maid; be wise,
   Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise
   Yet we each day grow older.
Thou as heaven are fair and young,
   Thine eyes like twin stars shining:
But ere another day be sprung,
   All these will be declining.
Then winter comes with all his fears
   And all thy sweets shall borrow;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,
   And I too late shall sorrow.

Women often attempt to preserve the beauty once held by artifice, but beauty is never that shallow, as Aphra Behn tells in his lilting "Serenade."

When maidens are young, and in their spring,
   Of pleasure, of pleasure, let 'em take their full swing,
   Full swing, full swing,
   And love, and dance, and play, and sing.
For Silvia, believe it, when youth is done,
   There's nought but hum-drum, hum-drum, hum-drum,
   There's nought but hum-drum, hum-drum, hum-drum.

Then Silvia, be wise, be wise, be wise,
The painting and dressing for a while are supplies,
   Any may surprise--
But when the fire's going out in your eyes,
   It twinkles, it twinkles, and dies,
   And then to hear love, to hear love from you,
I'd as live hear an owl cry, "Wit to woo! Wit to woo!" Wit to woo!

It is better, then, to "Pluck the Fruit and Taste the Pleasure," as Thomas Lodge advocates. His advice to the male side of the eternal struggle will be followed by counseling to the female.
Pluck the fruit and taste the pleasure,
Youthful Lordings, of delight;
Whilst occasion gives you seizure,
Feed your fancies and your sight:
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Here on earth nothing is stable,
Fortune's changes well are known;
Whilst as youth doth then enable,
Let your seeds of joy be sown:
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Feast is freely with your lovers,
Blithe and wanton sweets do fade,
Whilst that lovely Cupid hovers
Round about this lovely shade:
Sport it freely one to one,
After death is pleasure none.

Now the pleasant spring allureth,
And both place and time invites:
But, alas, what heart endureth
To disclaim his sweet delights?
After death, when we are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.\(^{34}\)

Although the preceding song was primarily directed to "Youthful Lordings," the concomitant message directed to the distaff side is easily found; for instance, the anonymous "Do Not, Oh, Do Not Prize" is directed to maidens with the advice to make their love available for the plucking.

Do not, oh, do not prize thy beauty at too high a rate;
Love to be loved while thou art lovely, lest thou love too late:
Frowns print wrinkles in thy brows
At which spiteful age doth smile,
Women in their froward vows
Glorying to beguile.

Wert thou the only world's admired, thou canst love but one;
And many have before been loved, thou art not loved alone:
Couldst thou speak with heavenly grace,
Sappho might with thee compare;
Blush the roses in thy face,
Rosamund was as fair.

Pride is the canker that consumeth beauty in her prime;
They that delight in long debating feel the curse of time:
All things with the time do change
That will not the time obey;
Some even to themselves seem strange
Thorough their own delay.35

If the maidens should seem to resist advances, it would be best to take the advice of Nathaniel Lee and "Blush Not Redder Than the Morning."

Blush not redder than the morning,
Though the virgins gave you warning;
Sigh not at the chance befell ye,
Though they smile and dare not tell ye.

Maids, like turtles, love the cooing,
Bill and murmur in their wooing.
Thus like you, they start and tremble
And their troubled joys dissemble.

Grasp the pleasure while 'tis coming;
Though your beauties now are blooming,
Time at last your joys will sever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever.36

Since one of the central ideas of love-centered carpe diem poetry is the seizure of beauty at its peak, it is often interesting to note that age at which some poets consider the maiden ready for love. John Dryden, in the following "Song: To a Minuet," is rather general about it, and the implication is that the peak has passed when age begins "to furrow faces."

How happy the lover,
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain!
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain!
For love, every creature
Is formed by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

In vain are our graces,
In vain are your eyes,
If love you despise;
When age furrows faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short blessing
That flies is possessing:
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.  

More the norm for our times, the age included in the second stanza of the following verse is part of one of the most concise yet rhythmic statements of the *carpe diem* idea; the touch of the master shows quite well in this lyric of Shakespeare's from *Twelfth Night*.

Oh mostress mine! where are you roaming?
Oh! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure. 

During the seventeenth century, the age a maiden was ready for marriage was a little younger; it is doubtful that most men would "pull their roses yet unblown," even if fifteen was the age of motherhood as stated in Francis Beaumont's creation of an artificial utopia, "Lovers, Rejoice."

Lovers, rejoice! your pains shall be rewarded;
The god of love himself grieves at your crying;
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid denying.
No more shall virgins sigh, and say "We dare not,
For men are false, and what they do they care not."
All shall be well again; then do not grieve;
Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice! what you shall say henceforth,
When you have caught your sweethearts in your arms,
It shall be accounted oracle and worth;
No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of harms,
And cry they are too young; the god hath said,
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid:
Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown:
Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.
The situation described in "Lovers Rejoice." would be too good to be true, if it existed; however, the lines are taken from a play entitled Cupid's Revenge, and with this knowledge, the poem is better understood. The next poem is to be taken as a straight piece of advice, though, and the ages for wandering in Thomas D'Urfey's "Kingston Church" are quite young.

```
Sweet, use your time, abuse your time
   No longer, but be wise;
Young lovers now discover you
   Have beauty to be prized;
But if you're coy you'll lose the joy,
   So curst will be your fate,
The flower will fade, you'll die a maid,
   And mourn your chance too late.

At thirteen years and fourteen years
   The virgin's heart may range;
'Twixt fifteen years and fifty years
   You'll find a wondrous change:
Then whilst in tune, in May and June,
   Let love and youth agree,
For if you stay till Christmas day
   The devil shall we for me. 40
```

In closing this section of the paper, two poems exceptional in their use of imagery are presented. "Enjoy Thy April Now," by Samuel Daniel, is quite different from his poem presented on page 14, "Are They Shadows That We See." The lack of specific images in the latter is greatly contrasted by the lush language and numerous images of the following poem.

```
Enjoy thy April now,
 Whilst it doth freely shine;
 This lightning flash and show,
 With that clear spirit of thine,
 Will suddenly decline;
 And thou, fair murdering eyes,
 Shall be Love's tombs, where now his cradle lies.

Thy gold and scarlet shall
 Pale silver colour be;
 Thy row of pearls shall fall
 Like withered leaves from tree;
```
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and hair to grow
All ploughed with furrows, over-swoln with snow.

That which on Flora's breast,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora, newly dressed,
Saw in her dawning spring;
Quite dry and languishing,
Deprived of honour quite,
Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Fair is the lily, fair
The rose, of flowers the eye;
Both wither in the air,
Their beauteous colours die:
And so at length shall lie
Deprived of former grace,
The lilies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face.

What then will it avail,
O youth, advised ill,
In lap of Beauty frail
To nurse a wayward will,
Like snake in sun-warm hill?
Pluck, pluck betime thy flower,
That springs and parcheth in one short hour!

The last poem presented here, Lord Herbert of Cherbury's "Ditty in Imitation of the Spanish "'Entre Tanto que L'Avril,'" is notable for the image of the horse contained in the fourth stanza, unusual for this type of poetry, and for its definitions of beauty and virtue.

Now that the April of your youth adorns
The Garden of your face,
Now that for you each knowing Lover mourns,
And all seek to your Grace:
Do not repay affection with Scorns.

What though you may a matchless Beauty vaunt,
And that all Hearts can move,
By such a power, as seemeth to enchant?
Yet without help of Love
Beauty no pleasure to it self can grant.

Then think each minute that you lose, a day;
The longest Youth is short,
The shortest Age is long; time flies away,
And makes us but his sport;
And that which is not Youth's is Age's prey.
See but the bravest Horse, that prodeth most,
Though he escape the War,
Either from master to the man is lost,
Or turn'd unto the Car,
Or else must die with being ridden Post.

Then lose not beauty, Lovers, time, and all,
Too late your fault you see,
When that in vain you would these dayes recall;
Nor can you vertuous be,
When without these you have not wherewithall. 42

The qualification of beauty as being without pleasure unless love
is present gives definite statement to an idea often hinted at
or stated in indirect ways in the genre, and the idea of temptation
as a prerequisite of virtue is a distinct touch.

The advocatory carpe diem poem, then, makes use of many
different themes and varying types of imagery to advise the
enjoyment of today, often reinforcing its argument with the
negative qualities that the future will bring.

Exhortation

The exhortative mode is only slightly different from that
of advocacy; the differentiation might lie in the manner of
presentation rather than of content, or the rhythmic quality may
often lend itself to an hortatory reading of a poem, as in "Pluck
the Fruit and Taste the Pleasure" or "Do Not, Oh, Do Not Prize,"
both found on page 20. The intensity of development of one
particular idea general to the whole genre might be classified
as exhortative, as in the following advice to seize pleasure
exactly at "Love's Prime," by Thomas May.

Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong
In thinking still you are too young;
The rose and lilies in your cheek
Flourish, and no more ripeness seek;
Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet;
Then lose no time, for love has wings,
And flies away from aged things. 43

The same type of advice "To A Very Young Lady" was given a tinge of seductive intent by Edmund Waller.

Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity,
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love?

Yet, fairest blossom, do not slight
That age which you may know so soon:
The rosy morn resigns her light
And milder glory to the noon:
And then what wonders shall you do
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not looked on as a time
Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promised by the spring. 44

This category is also reserved for the exhortation or request to marry, in which most lovers wax the strongest. Robert Herrick's advice "To Sylvia, To Wed" is personally directed, yet draws a quite general conclusion.

Let us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed;
And loving lie in one devoted bed.
Try Watch may stand, my minutes fly poste haste;
No sound calls back the yeere that once is past.
True love, we know, precipitates delay.
Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove;
No man at one time, can be wise, and love. 45

Herrick has also given the genre one of its most favorite poems, the first line of which is often used to characterize the genre. It is the best example of exhortative verse without seduction as intent since it advises marriage, and its meter and rhythm are
extremely catching. The advice is directed "To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time."

Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying:
And this same flower that smiles today,
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting;
The sooner 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.\textsuperscript{46}

The notable use here of the sun, which makes the day, as a symbol of the period of life compressed into a day will later be used by the metaphysical poets, and such an example will appear later in this paper. Herrick's poem has inspired several rebuttals and copies, but the most interesting of these is the following anonymous example, which rebuts his advice while still advocating the \textit{carpe diem} idea.

Rose-buds that's gath'red in the Spring
Can't be preserv'd from dying:
And though yo' enjoy the wisht-for Thing,
The pleasure will be flying.

The glorious Lamp that mounteth high,
And to his Noon arriving,
Must not stay there continually,
But downwards will be driving.

The last is best, for though that Time
With Age and Sickness sieze us;
Yet on our crutches do we climb
Unto a height shall ease us:

Then though I may, yet will I not
Possess me of't, but tarry;
He lives the best that hath forgot
What means your word, \textit{Go Marry}.\textsuperscript{47}
The poem may be considered a refutation of Herrick's in the vein of religious-inspired celibacy; however, it is ambiguous enough to permit a quite licentious interpretation if one so desires.

Thus the exhortative mode; a slight distinction except in the case of advice to marry, where the poet ennobles his use of the carpe diem idea.
III. POEMS WITH SEDUCTIVE INTENT

This second and last major group is designed for those poems dedicated to specific mistresses where the intent is almost purely seductive, with few overtones of general advocacy of the carpe diem philosophy in any other sense. Although all carpe diem poems may be used as seductive devices, this separation is necessary to show that not all poets had this specific aim in mind, since it is much more specific than love in the general sense.

Implication

Poems of a seductive nature do not often merely imply at what they are driving to accomplish, but Edmund Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose" has no stated request other than that the lady "suffer herself to be admired; it achieves its seductive intent by the logical yet brutal conclusion—the best use of the brevity of a rose's beauty.

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.
Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.\textsuperscript{48}

One more brief example of an implied \textit{carpe diem} idea; "Love and Life," by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, has the 'seize the moment' motif, with less of an implication of \textit{carpe diem} than of dissuading his mistress' concern for her future.

\begin{verbatim}
All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phyllis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.\textsuperscript{49}
\end{verbatim}

\textbf{Advocation}

The poems in this classification state their purpose,
sometimes with a modicum of sublety, often directly. Thomas Carew's statement of his "Persuasions to Enjoy" is direct and built on the theme of preservation of enjoyment by its practice, with the defeat of Time as its purpose.

\begin{verbatim}
If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face,
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
Forever, free from aged snow;
\end{verbatim}
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade,
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What, still being gathered, still must grow:
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings. 50

The description of time in a metaphorical manner is found often in the genre. In Jasper Mayne's "Time" the beginning device to catch the attention is the attribution of birdlike qualities to time, and the poem continues in rich images, especially of color.

Time is a feathered thing,
And, whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks and call them rays,
Takes wing,
Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.
His minutes whilst they're told
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there
Where flowers and roses do appear.
Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost,
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

Since, then, the night hath hurled
Darkness, love's shade,
Over its enemy the day, and made
The world
Just such a blind and shapeless thing
As 'twas before light did from the darkness spring,
Let us employ its treasure
And make shade pleasure;
Let's number out the hours by blisses,
And count the minutes by our kisses;
Let the heavens new motions feel
And by our embraces wheel.
And, whilst we try the way
By which love doth convey
Soul into soul,
And mingling so
Makes them such raptures know
As makes them entranced lie
In mutual ecstasy,
Let the harmonious spheres in music roll.51
Edmund Spenser was not always the stern moralist of the Faerie Queene. One of his sonnets of *carpe diem* motif contains a most fabled attribute of Time personified—the forelock on an otherwise bald head which can only be seized when coming or present, never when past.

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,  
In whose coat-armour richly are displayed  
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,  
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed,  
Go to my Love, where she is careless laid  
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake;  
Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed  
Unless she do him by the forelock take.  
Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make,  
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;  
Where every one that misseth then her make,  
Shall be by him amerced with penance due,  
Make haste therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime,  
For none can call again the passed time.52

Benjamin Hawkshaw, in his "The Advice," makes a different comment than the usual on the quality of love. In the second stanza, Love as the due for nature's bounty is cited as contributing to purity—when loves are combined, it will double the "Vestal Fire."

Chloe be kind, I say;  
Beauty has Wings as well as Time;  
To suffer either pass away  
Without Advantage, is a Crime.  
See, Heav'n itself with conscious Smiles approves  
The future Union of our tender Loves.

Then why, my Dear, should you  
So fatal to your Beauties prove?  
Pay unto Nature what's her due  
And then you'll ne're refuse my Love;  
Take my Advice, preserve that Vestal Fire;  
When it is doubl'd it will ne're expire.

Sweet Chloe, hear my call,  
And think to live no more alone;  
Tho' Man was born as Lord of all  
Himself but odly fills a Throne;  
Eden was not compos'd of That or This,  
Woman and Man made up the Paradise.53
Pride, scorn, and coyness are the usual excuses attributed
to recalcitrant mistresses. The following poem, John Oldmixon's
"To Corinna," has a most novel expression of excuse and resolution
as its advocatory conclusion.

Those arts which common beauties move,
Corinna, you despise;
You think there's nothing wise in love,
Or eloquent in sighs,
You laugh at ogle, cant, and song,
And promises abuse;
But say--for I have courted long--
What methods shall I use?

We must not praise your charms and wit,
Nor talk of dart and flame;
But sometimes you can think it fit
To smile at what you blame,
Your sex's forms, which you disown,
Alas! you can't forbear,
But, in a minute, smile and frown,
Are tender and severe.

Corinna, let us now be free,
No more your arts pursue,
Unless you suffer me to be
As whimsical as you.
At last the vain dispute desist,
To love resign the field;
'Twas custom forced you to resist,
And custom bids you yield.54

The last poem in this category is one which has both a
popular philosophical comment and the promise of love until death
as mitigating factors in its seductive intent. "My Sweetest Lesbia,"
by Thomas Campion, is an air containing a sixteenth century statement
of the "make love, not war" idea so popular with the present protest
generation.

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 set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.
If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armor 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 fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends,
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb;
And Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

Exhortation

Seductive verse placed in this exhortative classification
is quite blatant in its proposition. Thomas Shipman's "The Resolute Courtier" is a fine example—"let us to 't" is as blunt as possible.

Prithee, say aye or no;
If thou'lt not have me, tell me so;
I cannot stay,
Nor will I wait upon
A smile or frown.
If thou wilt have me, say;
Then I am thine, or else I am mine own.

Be white or black; I hate
Dependence on a checkered fate;
Let go, or hold;
Come, either kiss or not:
Now to be hot,
And then again as cold,
Is a fantastic fever you have got.

A tedious woo is base,
And worse by far than a long grace:
For whilst we stay,
Our lingering spoils the roast,
Or stomach's lost;
Nor can, nor will I stay;
For if I sup not quickly, I will fast.

Whilst we are fresh and stout
And vigorous, let us to't;
Alas, what good
From wrinkled man appears,
Gelded with years,
When his thin wheyish blood
Is far less comfortable than his tears?
The theme of "Corinna's Going A Maying" by Robert Herrick is fully developed, but the part pertinent to the *carpe diem* genre is in the last two stanzas. (See Appendix for complete poem.)

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
A deal of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.  
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,  
Before that we have left to dream:  
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.  
Many a green-gown has been given;  
Many a kiss, both odd and even;  
Many a glance too has been sent  
From out the eye, love's firmament;  
Many a jest told of the keys betraying  
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,  
And take the harmless folly of the time.  
We shall grow old apace, and die  
Before we know our liberty.  
Our life is short, and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun;  
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
All love, all liking, all delight,  
Lies drowned with us in endless night.  
Then while time serves, and we are but deceiving;  
Aome, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.  

The welcoming of May is quite well described for our purposes here, from the references to green gowns given--from rolling in the grass--to the midnight picking of locks.

Another famous set of question and answer poems is places in this category, although the proposition is not very firmly stated. The proposition is made by "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love"; the poem is by Christopher Marlowe.

Come live with me and be my Love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.
And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

The best of many answers written to this poem, Sir Walter Raleigh's
"Her Reply," uses all of the arguments of carpe diem in their
negative connotations to refute Marlowe's proposition.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and by thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and woaten fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither--soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,--
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy Love.
But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee and by thy Love.59

One of the most direct propositions of the genre—other than in poems which are suppressed by censors and not easily found in print—is the song "Come, My Celia," sung by Volpone in Ben Jonson's play Volpone.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,  
While we can, the sports of love.  
Time will not be ours for ever,  
He, at length, our good will sever.  
Spend not then his gifts in vain.  
Suns that set may rise again;  
But if once we lose this light,  
'Tis with us perpetual night.  
Why should we defer our joys?  
Fame and rumor are but toys.  
Cannot we delude the eyes  
Of a few poor household spies?  
Or his easier ears beguile,  
Thus removed by our wile?  
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal,  
But the sweet thefts to reveal;  
To be taken, to be seen,  
These have crimes accounted been.60

The excuse for Jonson's strong language of seduction for such a delicate lady as the heroine of the play is his penchant for quoting the classics. The entire poem is influenced by his study of Catullus, and the three lines beginning with "Suns that set . . ." are a direct quotation of Catullus' Carmina, Act V, lines 4-6.61

The last poem in this category, and in the paper, is as famous as Herrick's "To the Virgins" as a representative of the genre, and a much better poetical statement in terms of imagery and metaphor. Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress" should possibly be placed in a lighter category because of his metaphysical manner and intent. One critic, representative of a consensus, has said, concerning
his intent:

It is one of the many ironies of literary history that Andrew Marvell is best known for his impassioned argument against the coyness of a mistress; for almost all of his other love poems express a fear that sexuality will destroy the spiritual qualities of love. 62

The poem as it reads, however, is a classic in expression of time, the ages of its passage in terms of desire contrasted with the image of its "winged Charriot"; slowly growing (vegetable) love, but "Vaster than Empires"; and the end of wasted beauty and honour.

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 Loves Day.
Thou be the Indian Ganges side
Should'ist 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.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster than Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.
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.
But at my back I alwaies hear
Times 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 echoing Song: then Worms shall try
That long preserv'd Virginity:
And your quaint Honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my Lust.
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.
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
Stand still, yet we will make him run.63

Thus the lovers, creating their own Sun of sweetness and pleasure,
cannot make Time stop; yet they can tear him "thorough the Iron
gates of life," and so into immortality.
IV. CONCLUSION

Hence we have the carpe diem genre. The idea of the enjoyment of pleasure in the present unifies it, from the mere implication of the idea to the exhortation to the enjoyment of specific pleasures, such as the fruits of love which promise the benefits of the future after experiencing death—la petite morte. All of the poems carry the philosophical idea of the negation of what is not known—tomorrow—by acceptance of life today. All of them may be and are often used to combat the idea of Virtue in women—defined by La Rochefoucauld as compounded of fear, ignorance, apathy, and lack of opportunity in one of his maxims. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the period of the height of the versification of the idea, but it is always found in poetry, prose, or in any from of art. It always will be as long as men enjoy life and love.
V. APPENDIX

Collected in this appendix are the two works of length which would have slowed the text too considerably if included.

The first is from the Apocrypha, the book of the Wisdom of Solomon, Chapter 2, complete.

For the ungodly said, reasoning with themselves, but not aright,
"Our life is short and tedious,
And in the death of a man there is no remedy:
Neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave.
For we are born at all adventure:
And we shall be hereafter as though we had never been:
For the breath in our nostrils is as smoke,
And a little spark in the moving of our hearts:
Which being extinguished, our body shall be turned into ashes,
And our spirit shall vanish as the soft air,
And our name shall be forgotten in time,
And no man shall have our words in remembrance,
And our life shall pass away as the life of a could,
And shall be dispersed as a mist,
That is driven away with the beams of the sun,
And overcome with the heat thereof.
For our time is a very shadow that passeth away;
And after our end there is no returning:
For it is fast sealed, that no man cometh again.
Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present:
And let us speedily use the creatures like as in youth.
Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments:
And let no flower of the spring pass by us:
Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered:
Let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness:
Let us leave tokens of our joyfullness in every place:
For this is our portion, and our lot is this.
Let us oppress the poor, righteous man,
Let us not spare the widow,
Nor reverence the ancient gray hairs of the aged.
Let our strength be the law of justice:
For that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth.
Therefore let us lie in wait for the righteous;
Because he is not for our turn,
And he is clean contrary to our doings:
He upbraideth us with our offending the law,
And objecteth to our infamy the transgressions of our education.
He professeth to have the knowledge of God:
And he calleth himself the child of the Lord.
He was made to reprove our thoughts.
He is grievous unto us even to behold:
For his life is not like other men's;
His ways are of another fashion.
We are esteemed of him as counterfeits:
He abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness:
He pronounceth the end of the just to be blessed,
And maketh his boast that God is his father.
Let us see if his words be true:
And let us prove what shall happen in the end of him.
For if the just man be the son of God, he will help him,
And deliver him from the hands of his enemies.
Let us examine him with despitefulness and torture,
That we may know his meekness,
And prove his patience,
Let us condemn him with a shameful death:
For by his own saying he shall be respected."

Such things they did imagine, and were deceived:
For their own wickedness hath blinded them.
As for the mysteries of God, they knew them not;
Neither hoped they for the wages of righteousness,
Nor discerned a reward for blameless souls.
For God created man to be immortal,
And made him to be an image of his own eternity.
Nevertheless through envy of the devil came death into the world:
And they that do hold of his side do find it.64

The second work included here is the entire text of
"Corinna's Going a Maying."

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air!
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not dressed,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 't is sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.
Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the springtime, fresh and green
   And sweet as Flora. Take no care
   For jewels for your gown or hair.
   Fear not; the leaves will strew
   Gems in abundance upon you.
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
   Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
   Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
   An ark, a tabernacle is,
   Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
   Can such delights be in the street
   And open fields, and we not see't?
   Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
   The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May
   A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
   Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
   Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
   And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.
   Many a green-gown has been given;
   Many a kiss, both odd and even;
   Many a glance too has been sent
   From out the eye, love's firmament;
   Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
   We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
   Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
    So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
    All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.
VI. LIST OF REFERENCES


3. Ibid., p. 70.


5. Ibid., p. 32.


12. Ibid., II, Bk. II, Canto XII, Vs. 74,75, pp. 153-54.


16. Ibid., p. 221.

18. Ibid.
24. Ibid., p. 418.
30. Ibid., p. 421.
31. Ibid., p. 356.
32. Ibid., p. 82.
33. Ibid., p. 439.
35. Ibid., p. 397.
37. Ibid., p. 447.
38. Abrams, p. 635.
42. Grierson, p. 226.


64. Apocrypha: Wisd. of Sol. Chap. 2.

65. Untermeyer, pp. 52-54.
VII. BIBLIOGRAPHY


