


RICHARD LOVELACE

1618 — 1657

A Fly About A Glasse Of Burnt Claret.

 **forbear this**
liquid fire,
fly,

*it is more fatal then the dry, that singly, but embracing, wounds;
and this at once both burns and drowns. the salamander, that in
heat and flames doth cool his monstrous sweat, whose fan a
glowing cake is said, of this red furnace is afraid. viewing
the ruby-christal shine, thou tak'st it for heaven-christalline;
anon thou wilt be taught to groan: 'tis an ascended acheron.
a snow-ball heart in it let fall, and take it out a fire-ball;
ali icy breast in it betray'd breaks a destructive wild
granade. 'tis this makes venus altars shine, this kindles
frosty hymen's pine; when the boy grows old in his
desires, this flambeau doth new light his fires. Though
the cold hermit over wail, whose sighs do freeze,
and tears drop hail, once having pass'd this,
will ne'r another flaming purging fear. the
vestal drinking this doth burn now more
than in her fun'ral urn; her fires, that
with the sun kept race, are now
extinguish'd by her face. the
chymist, that himself doth
still, let him but tast this*

*limbecks bill, and
prove this sub
limated bowl,
he'll swear it
will calcine a
soul. noble, and
brave! now thou
dost know the
false prepared
decks below,
dost thou the
fatal liquor sup,
one drop, alas! thy
barque blowes
up. what airy
country hast
to save, whose
plagues thou'lt
bury in thy grave?
for even now thou
seem'st to us on
this gulphs brink
a curtius. and
now th' art faln*

(magnanimous fly)

*in, where thine ocean doth fry, like the
sun's son, who blush'd the flood to a complexion of blood.
yet, see! my glad auricular redeems thee (though dissolv'd) a star,
flaggy thy wings, and scorch'd thy thighs, thou ly'st a double sacrifice. and
now my warming, cooling breath shall a new life afford in death; see! in the hospital
of my hand already cur'd, thou fierce do'st stand. burnt insect! dost thou reaspire the moist-hot-
glasse and liquid fire? i see 'tis such a pleasing pain, thou would'st be scorch'd and drown'd again.*

NOTE:



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Richard_Lovelace

ABSTRACT

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A Fly About A Glasse Of Burnt Claret.

1. Forbear this liquid fire, Fly,
It is more fatal then the dry,
That singly, but embracing, wounds;
And this at once both burns and drowns.

2. The salamander, that in heat
And flames doth cool his monstrous sweat,
Whose fan a glowing cake is said,
Of this red furnace is afraid.

3. Viewing the ruby-christal shine,
Thou tak'st it for heaven-christalline;
Anon thou wilt be taught to groan:
'Tis an ascended Acheron.

4. A snow-ball heart in it let fall,
And take it out a fire-ball;
Ali icy breast in it betray'd
Breaks a destructive wild granade.

5. 'Tis this makes Venus altars shine,
This kindles frosty Hymen's pine;
When the boy grows old in his desires,
This flambeau doth new light his fires.

6. Though the cold hermit over wail,
Whose sighs do freeze, and tears drop hail,
Once having pass'd this, will ne'r
Another flaming purging fear.

7. The vestal drinking this doth burn
Now more than in her fun'ral urn;
Her fires, that with the sun kept race,
Are now extinguish'd by her face.

8. The chymist, that himself doth still,
Let him but tast this limbecks bill,
And prove this sublimated bowl,
He'll swear it will calcine a soul.

9. Noble, and brave! now thou dost know
The false prepared decks below,
Dost thou the fatal liquor sup,
One drop, alas! thy barque blowes up.

10. What airy country hast to save,
Whose plagues thou'lt bury in thy grave?
For even now thou seem'st to us
On this gulphs brink a Curtius.

11. And now th' art faln (magnanimous Fly)
In, where thine Ocean doth fry,
Like the Sun's son, who blush'd the flood
To a complexion of blood.

12. Yet, see! my glad auricular
Redeems thee (though dissolv'd) a star,
Flaggy thy wings, and scorch'd thy thighs,
Thou ly'st a double sacrifice.

13. And now my warming, cooling breath
Shall a new life afford in death;
See! in the hospital of my hand
Already cur'd, thou fierce do'st stand.

14. Burnt insect! dost thou reaspire
The moist-hot-glasse and liquid fire?
I see 'tis such a pleasing pain,
Thou would'st be scorch'd and drown'd again.