

On My First Son
Ben Jonson

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;

My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.

Seven years thou'wert lent to me, and I thee pay,

Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.

O, could I lose all father now! For why

Will man lament the state he should envy?

To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage,

And, if no other misery, yet age?

Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lie

Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.

For whose sake, henceforth, all his vows be such,

As what he loves may never like too much.