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HERRICK'S HESPERIDES & NOBLE NUMBERS

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.
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INTRODUCTION

In the natural order of the English poets, Herrick is to be counted, for all ordinary ends and purposes, among the redoubtable "Sons of Ben." His five poems addressed to Ben Jonson, especially his brief ode and the "lyric feasts" of which it speaks,—

"Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,"

recall at once the famous Fleet Street Academy, in which he studied to some purpose. If, in that school for poets, Jonson's "Underwoods" may represent the academic groves, Herrick's "Hesperides" brought us late fruits from the same noble stock.

From his father in poetry, Herrick learnt admirable doctrine. He learnt to qualify the Elizabethan music with a Latin note, without losing too much of the finer impulse of his own tongue. He went much further than his master, indeed, in keeping a lyric simplicity in his lines. He never let the new influences, which waxed hot in Donne and grew cold in Cowley, so much as breathe upon his verse. Ben Jonson, and his own genius and born sense of the lyric style, defended him against the fleeting fashions of the pseudo-metaphysical poetry. For Herrick's poems, which casual readers have thought artless, are really the result of consummate art, and of the happiest combination of natural inspiration and conscious
craftsmanship. In earlier youth, he was for a time a goldsmith's apprentice, and it is not too fanciful, perhaps, to consider, as some critics have done, that he gained something of his sense of form, and his fine art of turning the lyric into a sort of tiny and finished jewel, from his experiences in his uncle's workshop in Golden Cheapside.

In Golden Cheapside ("Golden," partly because of the goldsmiths' shops that abounded there, partly because of the cross at the end of Wood Street and other such gilded splendours) he was born, in August 1591. On the 24th of that month he was baptised at St Vedast's Church, Foster Lane, where his father, Nicholas Herrick, also practised the goldsmith's craft. Nicholas died, under suspicion of suicide, by a fall from an upper window of his house, in 1592. The suspicion is borne out by the action of the Bishop of Bristol, who, as High Almoner, attempted to sequester the goods and chattels of the deceased on grounds of *felo-de-se*, and succeeded in compounding his claim for £220. Meanwhile the dead goldsmith's family, eight in number, left town for Hampton Court, where a posthumous child was born, "at Harry Campion's house," a name which under the circumstances sounds suggestive. Robert, who more than once recalls Hampton with delight in his poems, was the youngest but one in the family. His school-days, according to the little evidence we have, were probably passed between Hampton and London. When he left school, in 1607, he was apprenticed for ten years to his uncle William, a younger brother of Nicholas Herrick, who still carried on his business, in which, it is likely, the widow still retained an interest. With his uncle, the poet did not, evidently, find himself much in sympathy; and a lyric fancy is not the best reconciler, when one is young, and one's elders and everyday avocation grow tedious.

Before his apprenticeship had run out, Herrick succeeded in persuading his uncle that the goldsmith's was not his destined rôle, and he was entered as an undergraduate of St John's College, Cambridge. It is quite possible that he affected this step by diplomatically hinting a decided leaning to the law; for with his guardian, who was on the way to make a fortune after gaining a knighthood, the law was like to be an intelligible argument; while he himself, no doubt, saw in the law only a convenient ladder to other things, with poetry at the top of all. At Cambridge his uncle kept him on a rather straitened allowance, as we find from more than one appeal, written in amusingly euphuistic terms, as if to make an impression on a guardian who was to be affected by a certain parade of Latin and fine phrases. On grounds of economy, the undergraduate presently converted himself from a law to an arts student, and migrated from St John's to Trinity Hall, on the time-honoured plea of the Church. This only shows again that he had no very clear idea of what he wanted to do, beyond putting himself in the liberal way to be a poet and a gentleman, and to get as much entertainment out of life as possible. But how did he live on leaving Cambridge? He did not take his M.A. till 1620. He did not receive his presentation to the vicarage of Dean Prior until nine years later. Probably he contrived to exist on the residue of the small means—some four or five hundred pounds—which came to him from his father's estate; and to study life and cultivate the lyric art in London in his own way, sitting at the feet of Ben Jonson. It is clear that he entered with zest into the life which some of his
poems, actively or retrospectively inspired, written then or afterwards, suggest:

"Wild I am now with heat;
O Bacchus, cool thy rays!
Or frantic, I shall eat
The thyrs, and bite the bays.

"Round, round, the roof does run;
And being ravished thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius!"

This is no divinity student’s note. In his “Farewell unto Poetrie” he is still more explicit. They kept it up in those days, as he reminds us in his most extravagant lines, morning, noon, and night; nay, “past noon of night,” and so on again, through “the fresh and fairest flourish of the morn”; fleeting the time,

"With flame and rapture, drinking to the odd
Number of wine, which makes us full with God.
And in that mystic frenzy, we have hurled
(As with a tempest) nature through the world;
And in a whirlwind twirl’d her home, aghast
At that which in her ecstasy had past."

Fortunately, if Ben Jonson lent his sanction to this valiant roystering, he did not let the illusions of sack disguise the true severity of poetry. He laid down the law for his sons with no uncertain sound. No son of mine, he said in effect, and how plainly one seems to hear him say it!—will think “he can leap forth suddenly a poet by dreaming he hath been in Parnassus, or by having washt his lips, as they say, in Helicon. There goes more to his making than so; for to Nature, Exercise, Imitation, and Study, Art must be added, to make all these perfect. And though these challenge much to themselves in the making up of our maker, it

is Art only can lead him to perfection.” This is very good gospel, and in Herrick’s case it fell on plastic ears.

"Let’s strive to be the best! the Gods, we know it,
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent poet."

There is the same text, paraphrased from Horace by himself, excellently concentrated in a couplet. To these splendid follies and Jonsonian dissertations over liberal sack and the rarer vintage of the “Underwoods” and the “Forest,” Herrick, all too soon for his own satisfaction, was to bid good-bye. His four or five hundred pounds could not last long, under stress of the lyric levees at “The Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun.” In 1829, as we said, he was presented to Dean Prior, and Devonshire seemed the end of the world to him.

His “Farewell unto Poetrie,” already quoted from, was written no doubt at this time; evidently he thought he was bidding farewell not only to town but to poetry. As a matter of fact, his own poetry was only at its beginning. Almost all the poems which have done most to win him a familiar fame in our own time—such lyrics as “To Daffadils,” “To Blossoms,” and the rest—were written after he went

... to banishment
Into the loathed West."

It was there, in the “dull Devonshire” that bored him often to extinction, that lyric moments came and inspired limpid rhymes of the country life, its festivals and its flowers. He carried his Catullus to the country with him, and the Devonshire daffodils and “July flowers,” the village maids and rural feasts, did the rest. If he had remained in London, London might
in the end have known him less. Even as it was, fame took a couple of centuries to gild his laurel.

Of Dean Bourne itself, I cannot do better than quote from Grosart's pleasant account of the place. From Brent, which lies some sixteen miles from Plymouth, the road approaches by quiet hamlets and pleasant meadows, with here and there glimpses of distant hills; and presently, fording a stream, where a little stone foot-bridge crosses alongside, reaches the narrow lane which leads down to Dean Church. Here, looking down from the high-road, the traveller sees the church and vicarage, with surrounding farm-buildings and cottages, set amid trees in a deep and narrow valley. Dean Prior lies about a mile further on. The "rude River... by which sometime he lived,"—Dean Bourne, flows down through the court and passes close to Dean Prior.

There, in that lonely vicarage, with his maid and housekeeper, Prue; his spaniel, Tracy; his pet lamb or pet pig; his hens and his geese; and, if we take the plain testimony of his "Thanksgiving," his cows, he settled down into the pastoral life which suited his genius better than it did his London-bred tastes. Both his disgust and his delight are vigorously expressed by him at different moments, according to his mood. His memories of Golden Cheapside, and of Fleet-Street, and the tavern nights of old, continually haunt him.

"London my home is; though by hard fate sent into a long and irksome banishment; Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be, O native country, repossess'd by thee!"

This he wrote in 1648, when, with his fellow-parsons, he was ejected on the coming of the Common-wealth. He was then fifty-seven, and he returned to town, only to find it sadly changed. It seems the thought of London, and the necessity of reminding his friends there of his existence, and his present predicament, prompted him at last to collect his poems, previously only published, to the number of some sixty pieces, in "Wit's Recreations." In 1648 his book, "Hesperides," and "Noble Numbers," was published—not with any conspicuous success. His old circle, indeed, was by this time broken up. Ben Jonson was gone, and his influence had waned. So the "Hesperides," anything but "timely fortunate," as their poet wished, must be counted among the books that have missed, in their author's lifetime, their golden moment.

Three years before Herrick's return to London, Milton's earlier poems had appeared. It was not Milton, however, but Cowley, who marks for us the taste and fashion in poetry of the time. Cowley's poems, finely conceived, admirably phrased, but hardly inspired, ran through edition after edition in this period. Herrick's passed all but unnoticed. The same thing goes on in every period; and no doubt we have our over-indulged Cowleys and our overlooked Herricks to-day. There is the consolation of those who do not please their public, and wish to believe they write poems for posterity.

With the publication of the "Hesperides" and the "Noble Numbers," Herrick's career as a poet closes. The years intervening, ere the Restoration restored him, too, to his living at Dean Prior, were not, clearly, fortunate ones for him. His income, in spite of the stated provision for outlawed parsons, soon dwindled almost to nothing. He had rich relations, it is true; but what is the proverbial lot of the poor relation? And Herrick had a restless wit, quite apt to revenge
itself for meagre hospitalities and to alarm diffident hosts. In the end he was as glad to get back to his parishioners, and to his dull Devonshire, as he had previously been to leave them. He died at Dean Prior in 1674, at the ripe age of eighty-four, and was buried in the church, where now a memorial tablet commemorates him.

Of his fame, if he sometimes expressed a naïve mistrust of it, he felt fairly secure, it is clear, on the whole. Mr Andrew Lang once objected, in a lost leader, to the rhyming of "Herrick" with "lyric" by a modern rhymer, but Herrick himself was fond of the rhyme, used it more than once, and in the following quatrain used it yet again, to emphasise his faith in himself and his poetry:

"Thou shalt not all die; for while Love's fire shines
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines;
And learned musicians shall, to honour Herrick's Fame, and his name, both set and sing his lyrics."

Herrick quite accepted the theory that lyric poetry must hold to music as well as to prosody. He was not, like Campion, a musician himself, but he shows in numerous places in the "Hesperides" how much music counted to him. To Henry Lawes, in particular, who set some six poems of his, Herrick wrote eight lines, in which he mentions also Jacques Gouter, and other famous lutinists and musicians of the time:

"Touch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere:
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I hear in thee the rare Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson. Tell me, canst thou be
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three,
Three unto whom the whole world gave applause?
Yet their three praises praise but one:
"That's Lawes."
his note is heard, clear, distinct among them all. Indeed, that note, so long neglected, is now grown almost too familiar, so that we are in danger, perhaps, of forgetting how fine it is. This as it may be, Herrick, as much as Burns or Shelley, can count today on that greater public, who know not Campion, and to whom his rare master, Ben Jonson, is little more than a name.

E. R.

HESPERIDES

——

The Argument of his Book.

Nos. 1-2

I sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers:
Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.
I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes,
Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridal-cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love, and have Access
By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonness.
I sing of Dewes, of Raines, and piece by piece
Of Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Greece.
I sing of Times trans-shifting; and I write
How Roses first came Red, and Lillies White.
I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairie-King.
I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

To his Muse.

Whither, Mad maiden, wilt thou roame?
For safer 'twere to stay at home:
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please
The poore and private Cottages.
Since Coats, and Hamlets, best agree
With this thy meaner Minstralzie.
There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse
The Shepherds Fleeceie happinesse:
And with thy Eclogues intermixe
Some smooth, and harmless Beucolicks.
There on a hillock thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome Shephardling;
Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat)
With breath more sweet than Violet.
There, there, (perhaps) such Lines as These
May take the simple Villages.
But for the Court, the Country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and do not goe
Or fly abroad to seeke for woe.
Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell;
No Critick haunts the Poore mans Cell:
Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read
By no one tongue, there, censured.
That man's unwise will search for Ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still.

To his Booke.
While thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd,
Decrely I lov'd thee; as my first-borne child:
But when I saw thee wantonly to roame
From house to house, and never stay at home;
I brake my bonds of Love, and bad thee goe,
Regardlesse whether well thou sped'st, or no.
On with thy fortunes then, what e're they be;
If good I'le smile, if bad I'le sigh for Thee.

Another.
To read my Booke the Virgin shie
May blush, (while Brutus standeth by;) But when He's gone, read through what's writ,
And never stain a cheeke for it.

To the soure Reader.
If thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first;
Think that of All, that I have writ, the worst:
But if thou read'st my Booke unto the end,
And still do'st this, and that verse, reprehend:
O Perverse man! If All disgustfull be,
The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

To his Booke.
Come thou not neere those men, who are like
Bread
O're-leven'd; or like Cheese o're-renetted.

When he would have his verses read.
In sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse;
But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,
Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read.
When Laurell spirts i' th' fire, and when the Hearth
Smiles to it selfe, and gilds the roose with mirth;
When up the Thyrse is rais'd, and when the sound
Of sacred Orgies flyes, A round, A round;
When the Rose raignes, and locks with ointments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these Lines of mine.
UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye Roses almost withered;
New strength, and newer Purple get,
Each here declining Violet.
O Primroses! let this day be
A Resurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood:
For Health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Clarret, and Cream commingled.
And those her lips doe now appeare
As beames of Coral, but more clear.

To Silvia to wed.

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

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA.

I dreamed the Roses one time went
To meet and sit in Parliament:
The place for these, and for the rest
Of flowers, was thy spotless breast:
Over the which a State was drawn
Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne;
Then in that Party, all those powers
Voted the Rose, the Queen of flowers.

Hesperides

But so, as that her self should be
The maid of Honour unto thee.

No Bashfulness in begging.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside;
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.

THE FROZEN HEART.

I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwells
In me but Snow, and yscicles.
For pitties sake, give your advice,
To melt this snow, and thaw this ice;
I'll drink down Flames, but if so be
Nothing but love can supple me;
I'll rather keep this frost, and snow,
Then to be thaw'd, or heated so.

To Perilla.

Ah, my Perilla! do'st thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?
Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home;
'Twill not be long (Perilla) after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kiss;
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that Religious Spring;
With which (Perilla) wash my hands and feet;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou
didst implore
The Gods protection, but the night before)
Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there
Let fall a Primrose, and with it a tear:
Herrick's Poems

Nos.15-17 Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me:
Then shall my Ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the coole, and silent shades of sleep.

A Song to the Maskers.
Come down, and dance ye in the toyle
Of pleasures, to a Heate;
But if to moisture, Let the oyle
Of Roses be your sweat.
Not only to your selves assume
These sweets, but let them fly;
From this, to that, and so Perfume
E'ne all the standers by.

As Goddesse Isis (when she went,
Or glided through the street)
Made all that touch't her, with her scent,
And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

To Perenna.
When I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie
In any one, the least indecencie:
But every Line and Limb diffused thence,
A faire, and unfamiliar excellence:
So, that the more I look, the more I prove,
Ther's still more cause, why I the more should love.

Treason.
The seeds of Treason choake up as they spring,
He Acts the Crime, that gives it Cherishing.

Hesperides

Two Things Odious.
Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd,
A lying Rich man, and a Poore man proud.

To his Mistresses.
Help me! helpe me! now I call
To my pretty Witchcrafts all;
Old I am, and cannot do
That, I was accustom'd to.
Bring your Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,
To enflish my thighes, and armes:
Is there no way to beget
In my limbs their former heat?
Æson had (as Poets faine)
Baths that made him young againe:
Find that Medicine (if you can)
For your drie-decrepid man:
Who would faine his strength renew,
Were it but to pleasure you.

The Wounded Heart.
Come bring your sampler, and with Art,
Draw in't a wounded Heart:
And dropping here, and there:
Not that I thinke, that any Dart,
Can make your's bleed a teare:
Or peirce it any where;
Yet doe it to this end: that I,
May by
This secret see,
Though you can make
That Heart to bleed, your's ne'r will ake
For me.
No Loathsomnesse in love.

What I fancy, I approve,
No Dislike there is in love:
Be my Mistresse short or tall,
And distorted there-withall:
Be she likewise one of those,
That an Acre hath of Nose:
Be her forehead, and her eyes
Full of incongruities:
Be her cheeks so shallow too,
As to shew her Tongue wag through:
Be her lips ill hung, or set,
And her grinders black as jet;
Ha's she thinne haire, hath she none,
She's to me a Paragon.

TO ANTHEA.

If, deare Anthea, my hard fate it be
To live some few-sad-howers after thee:
Thy sacred Corse with Odours I will burne;
And with my Lawrell crown thy Golden Vrne.
Then holding up (there) such religious Things,
As were (time past) thy holy Filtings:
Nere to thy Reverend Pitcher I will fall
Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall:
So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,
Anthea, Herrick, and his Poetry.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

I saw a Cherry weep, and why?
Why wept it? but for shame,
Because my Julia's lip was by,
And did out-red the same.

But, pretty Fondling, let not fall
A teare at all for that:
Which Rubies, Corralls, Scarlets, all
For tincture, wonder at.

SOFT MUSICK.

The mellow touch of musick most doth wound
The soule, when it doth rather sigh, then sound.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBJECTS.

Twixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty
odds,
Subjects are taught by Men; Kings by the Gods.

HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

Some would know
Why I so
Long still doe tarry,
And ask why
Here that I
Live, and not marry?
Thus I those
Doe oppose;
What man would be here,
Slave to Thrall,
If at all
He could live free here?

UPON JULIA'S FALL.

Julia was carelesse, and withall,
She rather took, then got a fall:
The wanton Ambler chanc'd to see
Part of her legs sinceritie:
And ravish'd thus, It came to passe,
The Nagge (like to the Prophets Assc),
Began to speak, and would have been
A telling what rare sights h'ad seen:
And had told all; but did refraine,
Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

The Nagge (like to the Prophets Assc)
Begun to speak, and would have been
A telling what rare sights h'ad seen:
And had told all; but did refraine,
Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

To me my Julia lately sent
A Bracelet richly Redolent:
The Beads I kist, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the Pomander.

My Julia lately sent me
A Bracelet richly Redolent:
The Beads I kist, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the Pomander.

To me my Julia lately sent
A Bracelet richly Redolent:
The Beads I kist, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the Pomander.

To me my Julia lately sent
A Bracelet richly Redolent:
The Beads I kist, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the Pomander.
Nos.35-38 But yet for Loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,
Give my dead picture one engendring kisse:
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance (Julia). So farewell.

**How the Wall-flowers came first, and why so called.**

Why this Flower is now call'd so,
List' sweet maids, and you shal know.
Understand, this First-ling was
Once a brisk and bonny Lasse,
Kept as close as Danae was:
Who a sprightly Springall lov'd,
And to have it fully prov'd,
Up she got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withall:
But the silken twist unt'y'd,
So she fell, and bruised she dy'd.
Love, in pitty of the deed,
And her loving-lucklesse speed,
Turn'd her to this Plant, we call
Now, The Flower of the Wall.

**Why Flowers change colour.**

These fresh beauties (we can prove)
Once were Virgins sick of love,
Turn'd to Flowers. Still in some
Colours goe, and colours come.

To his Mistresse objecting to him neither
Toying or Talking.
You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play
Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
You blame me too, because I cann't devise
Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes:

By Loves Religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least expresse it.
Small griefs find tongues: Full Casques are ever found
To give, (if any, yet) but little sound.
Deep waters noise-lesse are: And this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse
A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.
Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

Upon the Losse of his Mistresses.

I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty Mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sapho next, a principall:
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White, and Heaven-like Chrystalline:
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrha, for the Lute, and Voice.
Next, Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it:
With Perilla: All are gone;
Onely Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

The Dream.

Me thought (last night) Love in an anger came,
And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same:
Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply,
Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie.
Patience I was: Love pitiful grew then,  
And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole again.  
Thus like a Bee, Love-gentle still doth bring  
Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

The Vine.
I dream'd this mortal part of mine  
Was Metamorphoz'd to a Vine;  
Which crawling one and every way,  
Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.

About her head I writhing hung,  
And with rich clusters (hid among  
The leaves) her temples I behung:  
So that my Lucia seem'd to me  
Young Bacchus ravish'd by his tree.

To Love.
I'm free from thee; and thou no more shalt hear  
My puling Pipe to beat against thine ear.

Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they be)  
Such precious thraldom ne'er shall fetter me.  
He loves his bonds, who when the first are broke,  
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

On himselfe.
Young I was, but now am old;  
But I am not yet grown cold;  
I can play, and I can twine  
Bout a Virgin like a Vine:
In her lap too I can lye  
Melting, and in fancie die:  
And return to life, if she  
Claps my cheek, or kisses me;
Thus, and thus it now appears  
That our love out-lasts our yeeres.

Love's play at Push-pin.
Love and myselfe (believe me) on a day  
At childish Push-pin (for our sport) did play:  
I put, he push'd, and heedless of my skin,  
Love prick'd my finger with a golden pin:
Since which, it festers so, that I can prove  "Twas but a trick to poison me with love:  
Little the wound was; greater was the smart;
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

The Rosarie.
One ask'd me where the roses grew?  
I bade him not go seek;  
But forthwith bade my Julia shew  
A bud in either cheek.
Upon Cupid.

Old wives have often told, how they
Saw Cupid bitten by a flea:
And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,
He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound:
He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some
To bring him Lint, and Balsamum,
To make a Tent, and put it in,
Where the Steletto pierc'd the skin:
Which being done, the fretful paine
Asswag'd, and he was well again.

The Parcae, or, Three dainty Destinies.

The Armilet.

Three lovely Sisters working were
(As they were closely set)
Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,
A curious Armilet.
I smiling, ask'd them what they did?
(Faire Destinies all three)
Who told me, they had drawn a thred
Of Life, and 'twas for me.
They shew'd me then, how fine 'tis spun
And I reply'd thereto,
I care not now how soone 'tis done,
Or cut, if cut by you.

Sorrows succeed.

When one is past, another care we have,
Thus woe succeeds a woe; as wave a wave.

Julia and I did lately sit
Playing for sport, at Cherry-pit:
She threw; I cast; and having thrown,
I got the Pit, and she the Stone.

To Robin Red-brest.

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be
With leaves and moss-work for to cover me:
And while the Wood-nymphs my cold corps
inter,
Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling Chorister!
For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,
Here, here the Tomb of Robin Herrick is.

Discontents in Devon.

More discontents I never had
Since I was born, then here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devon-shire:
Yet justly too I must confess;
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the Presse,
Then where I loath'd so much.

To his Paternall Countrey.

O Earth! Earth! Earth! hear thy soul my voice,
and be
Loving, and gentle for to cover me:
Banish'd from thee I live; ne'er to return,
Unlesse thou giv'st my small Remains an Urne.
Cherrie-ripe.

Cherrie-ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,
Full and faire ones; come and buy:
If so be, you ask me where
They doe grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips doe smile;
There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile:
Whose Plantations fully show
All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

To his Mistresses.

Put on your silks; and piece by piece
Give them the scent of Amber-Greece;
And for your breaths too, let them smell
Ambrosia-like, or Nectarell;
While other Gums their sweets perspire,
By your owne jewels set on fire.

To Anthea.

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim;
And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me
Under that Holy-oke, or Gospel-tree:
Where (though thou see'st not) thou may'st think
Upon
Me, when thou yeerly go'st Procession:
Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe
In which thy sacred Reliques shall have roome.
For my Embalming (Sweetest) there will be
No Spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

Jullia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my Poetry;
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire:
Better twere my Book were dead,
Then to live not perfected.

The Vision to Electra.

I dream'd we both were in a bed
Of Roses, almost smothered:
The warmth and sweetnes had me there
Made lovingly familiar;
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night, will blush by day:
I kist thee (panting), and I call
Night to the Record! that was all.
But ah! if empty dreames so please,
Love, give me more such nights as these.

Dreames.

Here we are all, by day: By night w'are hurl'd
By dreames, each one, into a sev'rall world.

Ambition.

In man, Ambition is the common'st thing:
Each one, by nature, loves to be a king.

His Request to Julia.

If I chance to die
Ere I print my Poetry;
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire:
Better twere my Book were dead,
Then to live not perfected.

Money gets the materie.

Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'come,
When no force else can get the masterdome.
The Scar-fire.

Water, water I desire,
Here's a house of flesh on fire:
Ope' the fountains and the springs,
And come all to Buckittings:
What ye cannot quench pull downe;
Spoile a house, to save a towne:
Better 'tis that one shu'd fall,
Then by one to hazard all.

Upon Silvia, a Mistresse.

When some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was;
Thou wilt complaine, False now's thy Looking-glasse:
Which renders that quite tarnisht, which was green;
And Priceless now, what Peerless once had been:
Upon thy Forme more wrinkles yet will fall,
And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

Cheerfulness in Charitie; or,
The sweet Sacrifice.

'Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies
Can please those Heav'ny Deities,
If the Vower don't express
In his Offering, Cheerfulness.

Once poore, still penurious.

Goes the world now, it will with thee goe hard:
The fattest Hogs we grease the more with Lard.
To him that has, there shall be added more:
Who is penurious, he shall still be poore.

Sweetnesse in Sacrifice.

'Stis not greatness they require,
To be offer'd up by fire:
But 'tis sweetness that doth please
Those Eternall Essences.

Stame in Sacrifice.

If meat the Gods give, I the steame
High-towring wil devote to them:
Whose easie natures like it well,
If we the roste have, they the smell.

Upon Julia's Voice.

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the Damn'd would make no noise;
But listen to thee, (walking in thy chamber)
Melting melodious words to Lutes of Amber.

Again.

When 1 thy singing next shall heare,
Ile wish I might turne all to eare,
To drink in Notes, and Numbers; such
As blessed soules can't heare too much:
Then melted down, there let me lye
Entranc'd, and lost confusedly;
And by thy Musique strucken mute,
Die and be turn'd into a Lute.

All things decay and die.

All things decay with Time: The Forrest sees
The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees;
Nos. 69-73

That Timber tall, which three-score lusters stood
The proud Dictator of the State-like wood:
I meane (the Soveraigne of all Plants) the Oke
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleavers stroke.

The succession of the four sweet months.
First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Jems, then those two, that went before:
Then (lastly) July comes, and she
More wealth brings in, then all those three.

No Shipwrack of Vertue. To a friend.
Thou sail'st with others in this Argus here;
Nor wrack or Bulging thou hast cause to feare:
But trust to this, my noble passenger;
Who swims with Vertue, he shall still be sure
(Ulysses-like) all tempests to endure;
And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

Upon his Sister-in-Law, Mistresse Elizab: Herrick.
First, for Effusions due unto the dead,
My solemne Vowes have here accomplished:
Next, how I love thee, that my grieue must tell,
Wherein thou livest for ever. Deare farewell.

Of Love. A Sonet.
How Love came in, I do not know,
Whether by th' eye, or care, or no;

Nos. 73-75

Or whether with the soule it came
(At first) infused with the same:
Whether in part 'tis here or there,
Or, like the soule, whole every where:
This troubles me: but I as well
As any other, this can tell:
That when from hence she does depart
The out-let then is from the heart.

To Anthea.

Am my Anthea! Must my heart still break?
(Love makes me write, what shame forbids to speak.)
Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score;
Then to that twenty, adde an hundred more:
A thousand to that hundred: so kisse on,
To make that thousand up a million:
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.
But yet, though Love likes well such Scenes as these,
There is an Act that will more fully please:
Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way
But to the acting of this private Play:
Name it I would; but being blushing red,
The rest Ie speak, when we meet both in bed.

The Rock of Rubies: and The quarrie of Pearls.

Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew?
And nothing I did say:
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my Girle,
To part her lips, and shew'd them there
The Quarelets of Pearl.

Conformitie.
Conformity was ever knowne
A foe to Dissolution:
Nor can we that a ruine call,
Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMING WITH HIS ARMY INTO THE WEST.
Welcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us;
Most great, and universall Genius!
The Drooping West, which hitherto has stood
As one, in long-lamented-widow-hood,
Looks like a Bride now, or a bed of flowers,
Newly refresh'd, both by the Sun, and showers.
War, which before was horrid, now appears
Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers!
A deale of courage in each bosome springs
By your accesse; (O you the best of Kings!)
Ride on with all white Omens; so that where,
Your Standard's up, we fix a Conquest there.

UPON ROSES.
Under a Lawne, then skyes more cleare,
Some ruffled Roses nestling were:
And snuggling there, they seem'd to lye
As in a flowrie Nunnery:
They blush'd, and look'd more fresh then flowers
Quickned of late by Pearly showers;
And all, because they were possest

Hesperides.
But of the heat of Julia's breast:
Which as a warme, and moistned spring,
Gave them their ever flourishing.

TO THE KING AND QUEENE, UPON THEIR UNHAPPY DISTANCES.
Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife)
Doe, and have parted here a Man and Wife:
Charls the best Husband, while Maria strives
To be, and is, the very best of Wives:
Like Streams, you are divorc'd; but 't will come,
when
These eyes of mine shall see you mix azen.
Thus speaks the Oke, here; C. and M. shall meet,
Treading on Amber, with their silver-feet:
Nor will't be long, ere this accomplish'd be;
The words found true, C. M. remember me.

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.
As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne,
So oft, we'll think, we see a King new born.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID: OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.
One silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me molested.
Who's that (said I) beats there,
And troubles thus the Sleepie?
Cast off (said he) all feare,
And let not Locks thus keep ye.
For I a Boy am, who
By Moonlesse nights have swerved;
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pittifull arose,
And soon a Taper lighted;
And did my selfe disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a Bow,
And Wings too, which did shiver;
And looking down below,
I spy'd he had a Quiver.

I to my Chimney's shine
Brought him (as Love professes)
And chaf'd his hands with mine,
And dry'd his dropping Tresses:

But when he felt him warm'd,
Let's try this bow of ours,
And string, if they be harm'd,
Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow

Then laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said flying,
Adieu, mine Host, Adieu,
Ile leave thy heart a dying.
To his Muse.
We're I to give thee Baptisme, I wo'd chuse to Christen thee, the Bride, the Bashfull Muse, or Muse of Roses: since that name does fit best with those Virgin-verses thou hast writ: which are so clean, so chaste, as none may fear Cato the Censor, sh'd he scan each here.

Upon Love.
Love scorched my finger, but did spare the burning of my heart; to signify, in Love my share sh'd be a little part.

Little I love; but if that he wo'd but that heat recall, that joynt to ashes burnt sh'd be, ere I wo'd love at all.

To Dean-bourn, a rude River in Devon:
by which sometimes he lived.
Dean-bourn, farewell; I never look to see Deane, or thy warty incivility,
Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,
And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extremes;
To my content, I never sh'd behold,
Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.
Rockie thou art; and rockie we discover thy men; and rockie are thy ways all over.
O men, O manners; there and ever known to be a Rockie Generation!
A people currish; churlish as the seas; and rude (almost) as rudest Salvages:
With whom I did, and may re-sojourn when Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

To Julia.
How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia art,
In each thy dainty, and peculiar part!
First, for thy Queen-ship on thy head is set
Of flowers a sweet commingled Coronet:
About thy neck a Carcanet is bound,
Made of the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond:
A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb:
About thy wrist, the rich Dardanium.
Between thy Breasts (then Doune of Swans more white)
There playes the Saphire with the Chrysolite,
No part besides must of thy selfe be known,
But by the Topaze, Opal, Calcedon.

To Laurels.
A funerall stone,
Or Verse I covet none,
But onely crave
Of you, that I may have
A sacred Laurel springing from my grave :
Which being seen,
Blest with perpetuall greene,
May grow to be
Not so much call’d a tree,
As the eternall monument of me.

His Cavalier.
Give me that man, that dares bestride
The active sea-horse, & with pride,
Through that huge field of waters ride :
Who, with his looks too, can appease
The ruffling winds and raging Seas,
In mid'st of all their outrages.

This, this a virtuous man can doe,
Saile against Rocks, and split them too ;
I! and a world of Pikes passe through.

Zeal required in Love.
I'le doe my best to win, when'ere I wocc:
That man loves not, who is not zealous too.

About the sweet bag of a Bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,
They vow'd to ask the Gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them :
And taking thence from each his flame ;
With rods of Mirtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,
She kist, and wip'd thir dove-like eyes;
And gave the Bag between them.

Let me be warme; let me be fully fed :
Luxurious Love by Wealth is nourished.
Let me be leane, and cold, and once grown poore,
I shall dislike, what once I lov'd before.

Choose me your Valentine ;
Next, let us marry :
Love to the death will pine,
If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vowes.
Or vow ye never:
Loves doctrine disallowes
Troth-breakers ever.
Herrick's Poems

You have broke promise twice (Deare) to undoe me;
If you prove faithlesse thrice,
None then will wooe ye.

To the generous Reader.

See, and not see; and if thou chance t'espie
Some Aberrations in my Poetry;
Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'rt thelesse
Hide, and with them, their Father's nakedness.
Let's doe our best, our Watch and Ward to
keep:
Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

To Critics.

I'll write, because I give
You Critics means to live:
For sho'd I not supply
The Cause, th'effect wo'd die.

Duty to Tyrants.

Good princes must be pray'd for: for the bad
They must be borne with, and in rev'rence had.
Doe they first pill thee, next, pluck off thy skin?
Good children kiss the rods, that punish sin.
Touch not the Tyrant; Let the Gods alone
To strike him dead, that but usurps a Throne.

Being once blind, his request to Biancha.

When age or Chance has made me blind,
So that the path I cannot find:
And when my falls and stumblings are
More then the stones i'th street by farre:

Hesperides

Gee thou afore; and I shall well
Follow thy Perfumes by the smell:
Or be my guide; and I shall be
Led by some light that flows from thee.
Thus held, or led by thee, I shall
In wayes confus'd, not slip or fall.

Upon Blanch.

Blanch swears her Husband's lovely; when a
scald
Has blear'd his eyes: Besides, his head is bald.
Next, his wilde eares, like Lethern wings full
spread,
Flutter to flye, and beare away his head.

No want where there's little.

To Bread and Water none is poore;
And having these, what need of more?
Though much from out the Cess be spent,
Nature with little is content.

Barly-Break; or, Last in Hell.

We two are last in Hell: what may we feare?
To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here?
Alas! If kissing be of plagues the worst,
We'll wish, in Hell we had been Last and First.

The Definition of Beauty.

Beauty, no other thing is; then a Beame
Flasht out between the Middle and Extreame.
To Dianeme.

Deare, though to part it be a Hell,
Yet, Dianemè, now farewell:
Thy frown (last night) did bid me goe;
But whither, onely Grief do's know.
I doe beseech thee, ere we part,
(If mercifull, as faire thou art;
Or else desir’st that Maids sho’d tell
Thy pitty by Loves-Chronicle)
O Dianemè, rather kill
Me, then to make me languish stil!
’Tis cruelty in thee to’th’height,
Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right:
Yet there’s a way found (if thou please)
By sudden death to give me ease:
Bequeath to me one parting kisse:
So sup’rabundant joy shall be
The Executioner of me.

To Ansea Lying in Bed.

So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes,
Orecome, or halfe betray’d by Tiffanies:
Like to a Twi-light, or that simpring Dawn,
That Roses shew, when misted o’re with Lawn.
Twilight is yet, till that her Lawnes give way;
Which done, that Dawne, turns then to perfect day.

To Electra.

More white then whitest Lillies far,
Or Snow, or whitest Swans you are:
More white then are the whitest Creames,
Or Moone-light tinselling the streames:

More white then Pearls, or Juno’s thigh;
Or Pelops Arme of Yvorie.
True, I confesse; such Whites as these
May me delight, not fully please:
Till, like Ixion’s cloud you be
White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

A Country-life: to his Brother,

M. Tho: Herrick.

Thrice, and above, blest (my soules halfe) art thou,
In thy both Last, and Better Vow:
Could’st leave the City, for exchange, to see
The Countries sweet simplicity:
And it to know, and practice; with intent
To grow the sooner innocent:
By studying to know vertue; and to aime
More at her nature, then her name:
The last is but the least; the first doth tell
Ways lesse to live, then to live well:
And both are knowne to thee, who now can’t live
Led by thy conscience; to give
Justice to soone-pleas’d nature; and to show,
Wisdome and she together goe,
And keep one Centre: This with that conspires,
To teach Man to confine desires:
And know, that Riches have their proper stint,
In the contented mind, not mint.
And can’t instruct, that those who have the itch
Of craving more, are never rich.
These things thou know’st to’th’height, and dost prevent
That plague; because thou art content
With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,
(More blessed in thy Brasse, then Land)
To keep cheap Nature even, and upright;
To coole, not cocker Appetite.
Thus thou canst tearcely live to satisfie
The belly chiefly; not the eye:
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.
But that which most makes sweet thy country life,
Is, the fruition of a wife:
Whom (stars consenting with thy Fate) thou hast
Got, not so beautifull, as chast:
By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep
(While Love the Centinell doth keep)
With those deeds done by day, which ne'r affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darknesse power to usher in
Feare to those sheets, that know no sin.
But still thy wife, by chast intentions led,
Gives thee each night a Maidenhead.
The Damaskt medowes, and the peebly streames
Sweeten, and make soft your dreames:
The Purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weav'd Bowers,
With fields enameld with flowers,
Present their shapes; while fantasie discloses
Millions of Lillies mixt with Roses.
Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat
Woo'd to come suck the milkie Teat:
While Faunus in the Vision comes to keep,
From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie sheep:
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet:
Nor can these figures so thy rest endeare,
As not to rise when Chanticlere,
Warnes the last Watch; but with the Dawne
To work, but first to sacrifice;
Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,
With Holy-meale, and spirtling-salt.
Which done, thy painfull Thumb this sentence
tells us,
"Jove for our labour all things sells us.
Nor are thy daily and devout affaires
Attended with those desp'rate cares,
Th' industrious Merchant has; who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again, (tortur'd with fears) doth fly,
Untaught to suffer Poverty.
But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas,
And watrie dangers; while thy whiter hap,
But sees these things within thy Map.
And viewing them with a more safe survey,
Mak'st easie Feare unto thee say,
A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and brasse, that man
Had, first, durst plow the Ocean.
But thou at home without or tyde or gale,
Canst in thy Map securely saile:
Seeing those painted Countries; and so guesse
By those fine Shades, their Substances:
And from thy Compasse taking small advice,
Buy'st Travell at the lowest price.
Nor are thine cares so deafe, but thou canst hear,
(Far more with wonder, then with feare)
Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and Kings;
And beleev there be such things:
When of these truths, thy happier knowledge liest,
More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.
And when thou hearest by that too-true-Report,
Vice rules the Most, or All at Court:
Thy pious wishes are, (though thou not there)
Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.
But thou liv'st fearless; and thy face ne'er shewes
Fortune when she comes, or goes.
But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,
To take her by the either hand:
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire;
A wise man ev'ry way lies square.
And like a surly Oke with storms perplext;
Grows still the stronger, strongly vext.
Be so, bold spirit; Stand Center-like, unmov'd;
To be what I report thee; and imur
Thy selfe, if want comes to endure:
And so thou dost: for thy desires are
Confined to live with private Larr:
Not curious whether Appetite be fed,
Or with the first, or second bread.
Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates:
Hunger makes coarse meats, delicat.
Can'st, and unwring'd, forsake that Larded fare,
Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare:
To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate
These, and sourwe herbs, as dainty meat?
While soft Opinion makes thy Genius say,
Content makes all Ambrosia.
Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size
So much for want, as exercise:
To numb the sense of Dearth, which sho'd)
Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.

Yet can thy humble roofe maintaine a Quire
Of singing Crickits by thy fire:
And the brisk Mouse may feast her selfe with
crums,
Till that the green-ey'd Kitling comes.
Then to her Cabbin, blest she can escape
The sudden danger of a Rape.
And thus thy little-well-kept stock doth prove,
Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.
Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend
(Counsel concuring with the end)
As well as spare: still connn'g o'r this Theame,
To shun the first and last extreme.
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
Or to exceed thy Tether's reach:
But to live round, and close, and wisely true
To thine owne self; and knowne to few.
Thus let thy Rurall Sanctuary be
Elizium to thy wife and thee;
There to disport your selves with golden measure:
For sel'dom use commendeth the pleasure.
Live, and live blest; thrice happy Paire; Let
Breath,
But lost to one, be th' others death.
And as there is one Love, one Faith, one
Troth,
Be so one Death, one Grave to both.
Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
Nor feare, or wish your dying day.

DIVINATION by a Daffadill.

When a Daffadill I see,
Hanging down his head t'wards me;
Guesse I may, what I must be:
Herrick's Poems

First, I shall decline my head; Secondly, I shall be dead; Lastly, safely buryed.

TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE.
Come, skilfull Lupo, now, and take Thy Bice, thy Vmber, Pink, and Lake; And let it be thy Pensils strife, To paint a Bridgeman to the life: Draw him as like too, as you can, An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man: His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue; His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew. Then for an easie fansie; place A Burling iron for his face: Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell, And for to speak, if possible: But do not so; for feare, lest he Sho'd by his breathing, poysen thee.

UPON CUFFE. EPIC.
CUFFE comes to church much; but he keeps his bed Those Sundayes onely, whenas Briefs are read. This makes Cuffe dull; and troubles him the most, Because he cannot sleep 'ith Church, free-cost.

UPON FONE, A SCHOOL-MASTER. EPIC.
FONE sayes, those mighty whiskers he do's weare Are twigs of Birch, and willow, growing there: If so, we'll think too (when he do's condemne Boyes to the lash) that he do's whip with them.

A LYRIC TO MIRTH. NO. 110.
While the milder Pates consent, let's enjoy our merryment: Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play; Kisse our Dollies night and day: Crown'd with clusters of the Vine; Let us sit, and quaffe our wine. Call on Bacchus; chaut his praise; Shake the Thyrse, and bite the Bayes: Rouze Anacreon from the dead; And return him drunk to bed: Sing o're Horace; for ere long Death will come and mar the song: Then shall Wilson and Gotiere Never sing, or play more here.

TO THE EARLE OF WESTMERLAND.
When my date's done, and my gray age must die, Nurse up, great Lord, this my posterity: Weak though it be, long may it grow, and stand, Shor'd up by you, (Brave Earle of Westmerland).

AGAINST LOVE.
When ere my heart, Love's warmth, but entertaines, O Frost! O Snow! O Haile! forbide the Banes. One drop now deads a spark; but if the same Once gets a force, Floods cannot quench the flame Rather then love, let me be ever lost; Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.
As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd; So smiles that Riband 'bout my Julia's waste: Or like—Nay 'tis that Zonulet of love, Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.
Nos. 114

THE FROZEN ZONE: OR, JULIA DISDAINFUL.

Whither? Say, whither shall I fly,
To slack these flames wherein I fry?
To the Treasures, shall I goe,
Of the Raine, Frost, Haile, and Snow?
Shall I search the under-ground,
Where all damps and mists are found?
Shall I seek (for speedy ease)
All the floods, and frozen seas?
Or descend into the deep,
Where eternall cold does keep?
These may coole; but there's a Zone
Colder yet than any one:
That's my Julia's breast: where dwels
Such destructive Ysicles;
As that the Congelation will
Me sooner starve, then those can kill.

AN EPISTAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

With blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here,
To th' (almost) sev'n and fortieth yeare.
Stout sons I had, and those twice three;
One onely daughter lent to me:
The which was made a happy Bride,
But thrice three Moones before she dy'd.
My modest wedlock, that was known
Contented with the bed of one.

To the Patron of Poets, M. END: PORTER.

Let there be Patrons; Patrons like to thee,
Brave Porter! Poets ne'er will wanting be:
Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
In thee, thou Man of Men! who here do'st
give

Hesperides

Not onely subject-matter for our wit,
But likewise Oyle of Maintenance to it:
For which, before thy Threshold, we'll lay downe
Our Thyrsse, for Scepter; and our Baies for
Crown.
For to say truth, all Garlands are thy due;
The Laurell, Mirtle, Oke, and Ivie too.

THE SADNESS OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S
SICKNESS.

Lillies will languish; Violets look ill;
Sickly the Prim-rose; Pale the Daffadill;
That gallant Tulip will hang down his head,
Like to a Virgin newly ravished.
Pansies will weep; and Marygolds will wither;
And keep a Fast, and Funerall together,
If Sapho droop; Daisies will open never,
But bid Good-night, and close their lids for
ever.

LEANERS OBSOQUIES.

When as Leander young was drown'd,
No heart by love receive'd a wound;
But on a Rock himselfe sate by,
There weeping sup'r abundantly.
Sighs numberlesse he cast about,
And all his Tapers thus put out:
His head upon his hand he laid;
And sobbing deeply, thus he said,
Ah, cruel Sea! and looking on't,
Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont.
And sure his tongue had more exprest,
But that his teares forbad the rest.
Hope heartens.

Four things make us happy here:
Health is the first good lent to men;
A gentle disposition then:
Next, to be rich by no by-ways;
Lastly, with friends 't'enjoy our dayes.

His parting from Mrs Dorothy Kenedey.
When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart,
Which Bodies do, when Souls from them depart.
Thou did'st not mind it; though thou then
might'st see
Me turn'd to tears; yet did'st not weep for me.
'Tis true, I kist thee; but I co'd not heare
Thee spend a sigh, t'accompany my tearre.
Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard
sho'dst prove,
Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake
love.
Prethhee (lest Maids sho'd censure thee) but say
Thou shed'st one teare, whenas I went away;
And that will please me somewhat; though I know,
And Love will swear't, my Dearest did not so.

The Teare sent to her from Stanes.
Glide, gentle streams, and beare
Along with you my teare
To that coy Girle;
Who smiles, yet slayes
Me with delays;
And strings my tears as Pearle.

See! see, she's yonder set,
Making a Carkanet
Of Maiden-flowers!
There, there present
This Orient,
And Pendant Pearle of ours.
Then say, I've sent one more
Jem to enrich her store;
And that is all
Which I can send,
Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the spring's once drie;
But He devise
(Among the rest)
A way that's best
How I may save mine eyes.
Yet say; she'd she condemn me
to surrender them;
Then say; my part
Must be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poore, yet loving heart.
Say too, She wo'd have this;
She shall: Then my hope is,
That when I'm poore,
And nothing have
To send, or save;
I'm sure she'll ask no more.
Upon One Lillie, Who Married with a Maid Call'd Rose.

What times of sweetnesse this faire day fore­shews,
Whenas the Lilly marries with the Rose!
What next is lookef for? but we all sho'd see
To spring from these a sweet Posterity.

An Epitaph upon a Child.

Virgins promis'd when I dy'd,
That they wo'd each Primrose-tide,
Duely, Morn and Ev'ning come,
And with flowers dresse my Tomb.
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew Violets.

Upon Scobble. Epig.

.......

The Houre-Glasse.

That Houre-glass, which there ye see
With Water fill'd, (Sirs, credit me)
The humour was, (as I have read)
But Lovers tears inchristall'd.
Which, as they drop by drop doe passe
From th' upper to the under-glass,
Do in a trickling manner tell,
(By many a watrie syllable)
That Lovers tears in life-time shed,
Do restless run when they are dead.
Nos. 128-  'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
129  Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.

Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame,
Hadst thou not fill’d them with thy fire and flame.
Phoebean splendour! and thou Thespian spring!
Of which, sweet Swans must drink, before they sing

Their true-pac’d Numbers, and their Holy-Layes,
Which makes them worthy Cedar, and the bays.
But why? why longer doe I gaze upon
Thee with the eye of admiration?
Since I must leave thee; and enforce’d, must say
To all thy witching beauties, Goe, Away.
But if thy whimpering looks doe ask me why?
Then know, that Nature bids thee goe, not I.
'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine
Uncapable of such a Soveraigne.
As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee not smile;
Or smile more inly; lest thy looks beguile
My vowes denounc’d in zeale, which thus much show thee,
That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee.
Let others drink thee freely; and desire
Thee and their lips espous’d; while I admire,
And love thee; but not taste thee. Let my Muse
Faile of thy former helps; and onely use
Her inadult’rate strength; what’s done by me
Hereafter, shall smell of the Lamp, not thee.

Upon Glasco. Epig.
Glasco had none, but now some teeth has got;
Which though they furre, will neither ake, or rot.

Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known
Made of a Haft, that was a Mutton-bone.
Which not for use, but meerly for the sight,
He weares all day, and drawes those teeth at night.

Upon Mrs Eliz: Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis.

Sweet Amarillis, by a Spring’s soft and soule-melting murmuring’s,
Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A Robin-red-brest; who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and mosse to cover her:
But while, perking, there did prie
About the Arch of either eye;

The lid began to let out day;
At which poore Robin flew away:
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav’d;
He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav’d.

The Custard.

For second course, last night, a Custard came
To th’board, so hot, as none co’d touch the same:
Furze, three or foure times with his cheeks did blow
Upon the Custard, and thus cooled so;
It seem’d by this time to admit the touch:
But none co’d eate it, ‘cause it stunk so much.

To Myrrha hard-hearted.

Fold now thine armes; and hang the head,
Like to a Lillie withered:
Next, look thou like a sickly Moone;
Or like Jocasta in a swoone.
Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe,
Like to a widdow drown'd in woe:
Or like a Virgin full of ruth,
For the lost sweet-heart of her youth:
And all because, Faire Maid, thou art
Insensible of all my smart;
And of those evill dayes that be
Now posting on to punish thee.
The Gods are easie, and condemne
All such as are not soft like them.

The Eye.
Make me a heaven; and make me there
Many a lesse and greater sphære.
Make me the straight, and oblique lines;
The Motions, Lations, and the Signes.
Make me a Chariot, and a Sun;
And let them through a Zodiac run;
Next, place me Zones, and Tropicks there;
With all the Seasons of the Yeare.
Make me a Sun-set; and a Night:
And then present the Mornings-light
Cloath'd in her Chamlets of Delight.
To these, make Clouds to poure downe raine;
With weather foule, then faire againe.
And when, wise Artist, that thou hast,
With all that can be, this heaven grac't;
Ah! what is then this curious skie,
But onely my Corinna's eye?

Upon the much lamented Mr J. Warr.

What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth,
Youth, or sweet Nature, co'd bring forth,
Rests here with him; who was the Fame,
The Volumn of himselfe, and Name.

*Upon Gryll.*

Gryll cates, but ne're says Grace; To speak the troth,
Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth;
Or else because Grill's roste do's burn his Spit,
Gryll will not therefore say a Grace for it.

The suspition upon his over-much familiarity
with a Gentlewoman.

And must we part, because some say, small
Loud is our love, and loose our play,
And more then well becomes the day?
Alas for pitty! and for us
Most innocent, and injur'd thus!
Had we kept close, or play'd within,
Suspition now had been the sinne,
And shame had follow'd long ere this,
T'ave plagu'd, what now unpunisht is,
But we as fearlesse of the Sunne,
As faultlesse; will not wish undone,
What now is done: since where no sin
Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.
Then, comely and most fragrant Maid,
Be you more warie, then afraid
Of these Reports; because you see
The fairest most suspected be.
The common forme have no one eye,
Or eare of burning jealouse
Herrick’s Poems

To follow them: but chiefly, where
Love makes the cheek, and chin a sphere
To dance and play in: (Trust me) there
Suspicion questions every hair.
Come, you are faire; and sho’d be seen
While you are in your sprightfull green:
And what though you had been embrac’d
By me,—were you for that unchast?
No, no, no more then is yond’ Moone,
Which shining in her perfect Noone;
In all that great and glorious light,
Continues cold, as is the night.
Then, beauteous Maid, you may retire;
And as for me, my chast desire
Shall move t’wards you; although I see
Your face no more: So live you free
From Fames black lips, as you from me.

Suspicion, Discontent, and Strife,
Come in for Dowrie with a Wife.

The Curse. A Song.

Goe, perjur’d man; and if thou ere return
To see the small remainders in mine Urne:
When thou shalt laugh at my Religious dust;
And ask, Where’s now the colour, form and trust
Of Woman’s beauty? and with hand more rude
Rifle the Flowers which the Virgin strew’d:
Know, I have pray’d to Furie, that some wind
May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

The wounded Cupid. Song.

Cupid as he lay among
Roses, by a Bee was stung.

Whereupon in anger flying
To his Mother, said thus crying;
Help! O help! your Boy’s a dying.
And why, my pretty Lad, said she?
Then blubbering, reply’d he,
A wing’d Snake has bitten me,
Which Country people call a Bee.
At which she smil’d; then with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears:
Alas! said she, my Wag! if this
Such a pernicious torment is:
Come tell me then, how great’s the smart
Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart!

To Dewes. A Song.

I burn, I burn; and beg of you
To quench, or cool me with your Dew.
I frit in fire, and so consume,
Although the Bile be all perfume.
Alas! the heat and death’s the same;
Whether by choice, or common flame:
To be in Oyle of Roses drown’d,
Or water; where’s the comfort found?
Both bring one death; and I die here,
Unlesse you cool me with a Teare:
Alas! I call; but ah! I see
Ye cool, and comfort all, but me.

Some comfort in calamity.

To conquer’d men, some comfort ’tis to fall
By th’hand of him who is the Generall.

The Vision.

Sitting alone (as one forsook)
Close by a Silver-shedding Brook;
With hands held up to Love, I wept;
And after sorrowes spent, I slept:
Then in a Vision I did see
A glorious forme appeare to me:
A Virgins face she had; her dresse
Was like a sprightly Spartanessee.
A silver bow with green silk strung,
Down from her comely shoulders hung:
And as she stood, the wanton Aire
Dangled the ringlets of her haire.
Her legs were such Diana shows,
When tuckt up she a-hunting goes;
With Buskins shortned to descrie
The happy dawning of her thigh:
Which when I saw, I made accesse
To kisse that tempting nakednesse:
But she forbade me, with a wand
Of Mirtle she had in her hand:
And chiding me, said, Hence, Remove,
Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

Love me little, love me long.
You say, to me-wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
Slowly goes farre: the meane is best: Desire
Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

Upon a Virgin kissing a Rose.
'Twas but a single Rose,
Till you on it did breathe;
But since (me thinks) it shows
Not so much Rose, as Wreathe

Upon a Wife that dyd mad with Jealousie.
In this little Vault she lyes;
Here, with all her jealouesies:
Quiet yet; but if ye make
Any noise, they both will wake,
And such spirits raise, 'twill then
Trouble death to lay agen.

Upon the Bishop of Lincolne's Imprisonment.
Never was Day so over-sick with showres,
But that it had some intermitting houres:
Never was night so tedious, but it knew
The Last Watch out, and saw the Dawning too.
Never was Dungeon so obscurely deep,
Wherein or Light, or Day, did never peep.
Never did Moone so ebbe, or seas so wane,
But they left Hope-seed to fill up againe.
So you, my Lord, though you have now your stay,
Your Night, your Prison, and your Ebbe; you
may
Spring up afresh; when all these mists are spent,
And star-like, once more, gild our Firmament.
Let but That Mighty Cesar speak, and then,
All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave; as when
That Earth-quake shook the house, and gave the
stout
Apostles, way (unshackled) to goe out.
This, as I wish for, so I hope to see;
Though you (my Lord) have been unkind to me;
To wound my heart, and never to apply,
(When you had power) the meanest remedy:
Well; though my griefe by you was gall'd, the
more;
Yet I bring Balme and Oile to heal your sore.
DISSWASIONS FROM IDLENESSE.

Cynthia pluck ye by the ear,
That ye may good doctrine hear.
Play not with the maiden-haire;
For each Ringlet there's a snare.
Cheek and eye, and lip, and chin;
These are traps to take fools in.
Armes, and hands, and all parts else,
Are but Toiles, or Manicles.

Set on purpose to enthrall
Men, but Slothfulls most of all.
Live employ'd, and so live free
From these fetters; like to me
Who have found, and still can prove,
The lazie man the most doth love.

Upon Strutt.

AN EPIPHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL
AND HIS LADIE.

I.

Now, now's the time; so oft by truth
Promis'd shou'd come to crown your youth.
Then Faire ones, doe not wrong
Your joyes, by staying long:
Or let Love's fire goe out,
By linging thus in doubt:
But learn, that Time once lost,
Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.

Then away; come, Hymen guide
To the bed the bashfull Bride.

II.

Is it (sweet maid) your fault, these holy
Bridal-Rites goe on so slowly?
Deare, is it this you dread, but A
The losse of Maiden-head? but T
Beleeve me; you will most W
Bateeme it when 'tis lost: but F
Then it no longer keep, but M
Lest Issue lye asleep. but H

Then away; come, Hymen guide but M
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

III.

These Precious-Pearly-Purling teares,
But spring from ceremonious feares.
And 'tis but Native shame,
That hides the loving flame:
And may a while controule
The soft and am'rous soule;
But yet, Loves fire will wast
Such bashfulness at last.

Then away; come, Hymen guide but M
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

IV.

Night now hath watch'd her self half blind
Yet not a Maiden-head resign'd!
'Tis strange, ye will not flie
To Love's sweet mysterie.
Might yon Full-Moon the sweets
Have, promis'd to your sheets;
She soon wo'd leave her spheare,
To be admitted there.

Then away; come, Hymen guide but M
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.
On, on devoutly, make no stay:  
While Domiduca leads the way:  
And Genius who attends  
The bed for luckie ends:  
And Graces strewing flowers:  
Hymen, O Hymen bring:  
Home the Turtles:  
To the bed, the bashfull Bride:  
And now the yellow Vaile, at last,  
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.  
Now seems she to express of old  
A bashfull willingnesse:  
Shewing a heart consenting:  
As with a will repenting.  
Then gently lead her on:  
For that, Matrons say, a measure, and soul:  
Of that Passion sweetens Pleasure.  
And make, what ere they touch, turn sweet.  
May all, like flowrie Meads  
Smell, where your soft foot treads;  
And every thing assume  
To it, the like perfume:  
As Zephirus when he 'spires  
Through Woodbine, and Sweet-bryers.  
Then away; come, Hymen guide:  
To the bed, the bashfull Bride:  
And now o're the threshold force her in.  
But to avert the worst;  
Let her, her fillets first  
Knit to the posts:  
Rememb'ring, to anoint  
The sides:  
Strong against future harme:  
And the evil deeds, the which  
There was hidden by the Witch.  
O Venus! thou, to whom is known  
The best way how to loose the Zone  
Of Virgins! Tell the Maid,  
She need not be afraid:  
And bid the Youth apply  
Close kisses, if she cry:  
And charge, he not forbears  
Her, though she wooe with teares.  
Tel them, now they must adventer,  
Since that Love and Night bid enter.
No. 149

xi.
No Fatal Owle the Bedsted keeps, o
With direful notes to fright your sleeps;
No Furies, here about,
To put the Tapers out, o
Watch, or did make the bed:
'Tis Omen full of dread:
But all faire signs appeare
Within the Chamber here,
Juno here, far off, doth stand
Cooling sleep with charming wand.

xii.
Virgins, weep not; 'twill come, when,
As she, so you'l be ripe for men.
Then grieve her not, with saying
She must no more a Maying:
Or by Rose-buds devine,
Who'll be her Valentine.
Nor name those wanton reaks
Y'ave had at Barly-breaks.
But now kisse her, and thus say,
Take time Lady while ye may.

xiii.
Now barre the doors, the Bride-groom puts
The eager Boyes to gather Nuts.
And now, both Love and Time
To their full height doe clime:
O! give them active heat,
And moisture, both compleat:
Fit Organs for encrease,
To keep, and to release
That, which may the honour'd Stem
Circle with a Diadem.
Let bounteous Fate your spindles full
Fill, and wind up with whitest wool.
Let them not cut the thread
Of life, 'till ye bid.
May Death yet come at last;
And not with desp'rate hast:
But when ye both can say,
Come, let us now away.
Be ye to the Barn then born,
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

Tears are Tongues.

When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while,
As is the fish, or tongueless Crocodile;
Aire coy'd to words, my Julia co'd not hear;
But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare:
By which, mine angry Missesse might descry,
Tears are the noble language of the eye.
And when true love of words is destitute,
The Eyes by tears speak, while the tongue is mute.

Upon a Young Mother of Many Children.

Let all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see
My num'rous issue: Praise, and pity me.
Praise me, for having such a fruitful womb:
Pity me too, who found so soon a Tomb.

To Electra.

Ile come to thee in all those shapes
As Jove did, when he made his rapes:

His wish.

It is sufficient if we pray
To Jove, who gives, and takes away:
Let him the Land and Living finde;
Let me alone to fit the mind.

His Protestation to Perilla.

Noone-day and Midnight shall at once be scene:
Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and green:
Fire and water shall together lye
In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathie:
Summer and Winter shall at one time show
Ripe cares of corne, and up to th'eares in snow:
Seas shall be sandlesse; Fields devoid of grasse;
Shapelesse the world (as when all Chaos was)
Before, my deare Perilla, I will be False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

Love perfumes all parts.

If I kiss Anthea's brest,
There I smell the Phenix nest:
If her lip, the most sincere
Altar of Incense, I smell there.
Herrick's Poems

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Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all
Richly Aromaticall.
Goddess Isis can't transfer
Musks and Ambers more from her:
Nor can Juno sweeter be,
When she lies with Jove, then she.

To Julia.

Permit me, Julia, now to goe away;
Or by thy love, decree me here to stay.
If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee:
Here shall my endless Tabernacle be:
If not, (as banisht) I will live alone
There, where no language ever yet was known.

On himselfe.

Love-sick I am, and must endure
A desperate grief, that finds no cure.
Ah me! I try, and trying, prove,
No Herbs have power to cure Love.
Only one Sovereign salve, I know,
And that is Death, the end of Woe.

Vertue is sensible of suffering.

Though a wise man all pressures can sustaine;
His vertue still is sensible of paine:
Large shoulders though he has, and well can beare,
He feeleth when Packs do pinch him; and the where.

The cruel Maid.

And, Cruell Maid, because I see
You scornfull of my love, and me:
Ile trouble you no more; but goe
My way, where you shall never know

Hesperides

What is become of me: there I
Will find me out a path to die;
Or, learne some way how to forget
You, and your name, for ever: yet
Ere I go hence; know this from me,
What will, in time, your Fortune be:
This to your coyernes I will tell;
And having spoke it once, Farewell.
The Lillie will not long endure;
Nor the Snow continue pure:
The Rose, the Violet, one day
See, both these Lady-flowers decay:
And you must fade, as well as they.
And it may chance that Love may turn,
And (like to mine) make your heart burn
And weep to see't; yet this thing doe,
That my last Vow commends to you:
When you shall see that I am dead,
For pitty let a teare be shed;
And (with your Mantle o're me cast)
Give my cold lips a kiss at last:
If twice you kiss, you need not feare,
That I shall stir, or live more here.
Next, hollow out a Tomb to cover
Me; me, the most despised Lover:
And write thereon, This Reader, know,
Love kill'd this man. No more but so.

To Dianeme.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which Star-like sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours, yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich haire,
Which wants with the Love-sick aire:
Whenas that Rubie, which you weare,
Sunk from the tip of your soft care,
Will last to be a precious Stone,
When all your world of Beautie's gone.

TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVILL.

To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed,
And Leaves did heale, all sick of humane seed:
To finde Bethesda, and an Angel there,
Stirring the waters, I am come; and here,
At last, I find, (after my much to doe)
The Tree, Bethesda, and the Angel too:
And all in Your Blest Hand, which has the
powers
Of all those suppling-healing herbs and flowers.
To that soft Charm, that Spell, that Magick
Bough,
That high Enchantment I betake me now;
And to that Hand, (the Branch of Heavens faire Tree)
I kneele for help; O! lay that hand on me,
Adorèd Cesar! and my Faith is such,
I shall be heal'd, if that my KING but touch.
The Evill is not Yours: my sorrow sings,
Mine is the Evill, but the Cure, the KINGS.

HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESSE.

Water, Water I espie:
Come, and coole ye; all who frie
In your loves; but none as I.

Though a thousand showres be
Still a falling, yet I see
Not one drop to light on me.
To Cedars.
If 'mongst my many Poems, I can see
One, onely, worthy to be washt by thee:
I live for ever; let the rest all lye
In dennes of Darkness, or condemn'd to die.

Upon Cupid.
Love, like a Gypsie, lately came;
And did me much importune
To see my hand; that by the same
He might fore-tell my Fortune.

He saw my Palme; and then, said he,
I tell thee, by this score here;
That thou, within few months, shalt be
The youthfull Prince D'Amour here.

I smil'd; and bade him once more prove,
And by some crosse-line show it;
That I co'd ne'r be Prince of Love,
Though here the Princely Poet.

How Primroses came green.
Virgins, time-past, known were these,
Troubled with Green-sicknesses,
Turn'd to flowers: Stil the hieu,
Sickly Girles, they bear of you.

To Jos: Lo: Bishop of Exeter.
Whom sho'd I feare to write to, if I can
Stand before you, my learn'd Diocesan?
And never shew blood-guiltiness, or feare
To see my Lines Excathedrated here.
Since none so good are, but you may condemne;
Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.

Upon Pagget.
Pagget, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then
He vow'd Destruction both to Birch, and Men:
Who wo'd not think this Yonker fierce to fight?
Yet comming home, but somewhat late, (last night)
Untrusse, his Master bade him; and that word
Made him take up his shirt, lay down his sword.
A Ring presented to Julia.

Julia, I bring
To thee this Ring,
Made for thy finger fit;
To shew by this,
That our love is
(Or sho'd be) like to it.
Close though it be,
The joynt is free:
So when Love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it must play
Still either way;
And be, too, such a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-slide;
Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who beare,
This beame, must reare
Our selves to such a height:
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw, or else to sever:
So let our love
As endless prove;
And pure as Gold for ever.
That some conceit did melt me downe,
As Lovers fall into a swoone:
And all confus'd, I there did lie
Drown'd in Delights; but co'd not die.
That Leading Cloud, I follow'd still,
Hoping t'ave seen of it my fill;
But ah! I co'd not: sho'd it move
To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

To Musick.
Begin to charm, and as thou stroke'st mine ears
With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.
Then let thy active hand scud o'er thy Lyre;
And make my spirits frantick with the fire.
That done, sink down into a silver strain;
And make me smooth as Balm, and Oile againe.

Distrust.
To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing must
Be truer to him, then a wise Distrust,
And to thy selfe be best this sentence knowne,
Heare all men speak; but credit few or none.

Corinna's going a Maying.
Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how Aurora throws her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:
Get up, sweet Slugg-a-bed, and see
The Dew bespangling Herbe and Tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
Above an houre since; yet you not drest,
No. 178

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 goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deale of Youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with White-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,
Before that we have left to dreame:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,
And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kisse, both odde and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, Love's Firmament:
Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying
This night, and Locks pickt, yet ware not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old space, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as do's the Sunne:
And as a vapour, 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 drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

Breath, Julia, breathe, and I'le protest,
Nay more, I'le deeply sweare,
That all the Spices of the East
Are circumfusèd there.

But borne, and like a short Delight,
I glided by my Parents sight.
That done, the harder Fates deny'd
My longer stay, and so I dy'd.
If pittyng my sad Parents Teares,
You'l spill a tear or two, with theirs:
And with some flowers my grave bestrew,
Love and they'l thank you for't. Adieu.

While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me.
To hug thy whitest neck: Then I,
The Persian King liv'd not more happily.

While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Cloe was of more respect;
Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,
I flourish't more then Roman Ilia.
Nos. 181-182

Herrick’s Poems

Hor. Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
Skilfull i’ th’ Harpe, and Melodie:
For whose affection, Lydia, I
(So Fate spares her) am well content to die.

Lyd. My heart now set on fire is
By Ornithes sonne, young Calais;
For whose commutual flames here I
(To save his life) twice am content to die.

Hor. Say our first loves we sho’d revoke,
And sever’d, joyne in brazen yoke:
Admit I Cloe put away,
And love again love-cast-off Lydia?

Lyd. Though mine be brighter then the Star;
Thou lighter then the Cork by far;
Rough as th’ Adratick sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

THE CAPTV’D BEE: OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER.

As Julia once a-slumb’ring lay,
It chanc’t a Bee did flie that way,
(After a dew, or dew-like shower)
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt he suckt from thence
Hony, and in the quintessence:
He drank so much he scarce co’d stir;
So Julia took the pilferer.
And thus surpriz’d (as Filchers use)
He thus began himselfe t’excuse:
Sweet Lady-Flower, I never brought
Hither the least one theieving thought:
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers:

Hesperides

I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much sirrop ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing:
But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay
For Honie, that I beare away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of hony, for her Ladiship:
And told her, (as some tears did fall)
That that, he took, and that was all.
At which she smil’d; and bade him goe
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a-pilfring so,
He sho’d from her full lips derive,
Hony enough to fill his hive.

UPON PRIG.

PRIG now drinks Water, who before drank Beere:
What’s now the cause? we know the case is cleere:
Look in Prig’s purse, the chev’rell there tells you
Prig mony wants, either to buy, or brew.

UPON BATT.

An Ode to Master Endymion Porter, upon
his Brothers Death.

Not all thy flushing Sunnes are set,
Herrick, as yet:
Nor doth this far-drawn Hemisphere
Frown, and look sullen ev’ry where.
Daies may conclude in nights; and Suns may rest,
As dead, within the West;
Yet the next Morne, re-guild the fragrant East.
Nos. 185-186

Alas for me! that I have lost
E'en all almost:
Sunk is my sight; set is my Sun;
And all the loome of life undone:
The staffe, the Elme, the prop, the shelt'ring wall
Whereon my Vine did crawle,
Now, now, blowne downe; needs must the old stock fall.

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,
In death I thrive:
And like a Phenix re-aspir
From out my Narde, and Fun'rall fire:
And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I
Doe mar'll how I co'd die,
When I had Thee, my chiefe Preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and blesse that hand,
Which makes me stand
Now as I doe; and but for thee,
I must confess, I co'd not be.
The debt is paid: for he who doth resigne
Thanks to the gen'rous Vine;
Invites fresh Grapes to fill his Presse with Wine.

To his dying Brother, Master William Herrick.

Life of my life, take not so soone Thy flight,
But stay the time till we have bade Good night.
Thou hast both Wind and Tide with thee; Thy way
As soone dispatcht is by the Night, as Day.
Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe.
Till we have wept, kis, sigh't, shook hands, or so.
There's paine in parting; and a kind of hell,
When once true-lovers take their last Fare-well.

What? shall we two our endless leaves take here Nos. 186-
Without a sad looke, or a solemn teare?
He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth proved,
Love is most lust to leave the thing beloved.
Pay we our Vowes, and goe; yet when we part,
Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
Into thy loving hands: For Ie keep none
To warne my Breast, when thou my Pulse art gone.
No, here Ie last, and walk (a harmless shade)
About this Urne, wherein thy Dust is laid,
To guard it so, as nothing here shall be Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

The Olive Branch.

Sadly I walk't within the field,
To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld:
And as I went my private way,
An Olive-branch before me lay:
And seeing it, I made a stay.
Kissing the Omen, said Amen:
Be, be it so, and let this be
A Divination unto me:
That in short time my woes shall cease;
And Love shall crown my End with Peace.

Upon Much-more. Epig.

Much-more, provides, and hoords up like an Ant;
Yet Much-more still complains he is in want.
Let Much-more justly pay his tythes; then try
How both his Meale and Oile will multiply.
To Cherry-blossomes.

Ye may simper, blush, and smile,
And perfume the aire a-while:
But (sweet things) ye must be gone;
Fruit, ye know, is comming on:
Then, Ah! Then, where is your grace,
When as Cherries come in place?

How Lillies came white.

White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know,
From the first ye were not so:
But Ile tell ye
What befell ye;
Cupid and his Mother lay
In a Cloud; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger prest
The rubie niplet of her breast;
Out of the which, the cream of light,
Like to a Dew,
Fell downe on you,
And made ye white.

To Pansies.

Ah, cruel Love! must I endure
Thy many scorns, and find no cure?
Say, are thy medicines made to be
Helps to all others, but to me?
Ile leave thee, and to Pansies come;
Comforts you’ll afford me some;
You can ease my heart, and doe
What Love co’d ne’t be brought unto.

On Gelli-flowers begotten.

What was’t that fell but now
From that warme kiss of ours?
Look, look, by Love I vow
They were two Gelli-flowers:
Let’s kisse, and kisse a-gerne;
For if so be our closes
Make Gelli-flowers, then
I’m sure they’ll fashion Roses.

The Lilly in a Christal.

You have beheld a smiling Rose
When Virgins hands have drawn
O’r it a Cobweb-Lawne:
And here, you see, this Lilly shows,
Tomb’d in a Christal stone,
More faire in this transparent case,
Then when it grew alone;
And had but single grace.

You see how Creame but naked is;
Nor daunces in the eye
Without a Strawberrie:
Or some fine tincture, like to this,
Which draws the sight thereto,
More by that wantoning with it;
Then when the paler hieu
No mixture did admit.

You see how Amber through the streams
More gently stroaks the sight,
With some conceal’d delight;
Then when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundlesse aire:
Where either too much light, his worth
Doth all at once impaire,
Or set it little forth.

Put Purple grapes, or Cherries in-
To Glasse, and they will send
More beauty to commend
Them, from that cleane and subtile skin,
Then if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all,
But their own flesh and blood,
And tinctures naturall.

Thus Lillie, Rose, Grape, Cherry, Creame,
And Straw-berry do stir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beame;
Then if they sho’d discover
At full their proper excellence;
Without some Scean cast over,
To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this Christal’d Lillie be
A Rule, how far to teach,
Your nakednesse must reach:
And that, no further, then we see
Those glaring colours laid
By Arts wise hand, but to this end
They sho’d obey a shade;
Lest they too far extend.

So though y’are white as Swan, or Snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love:
Yet, when your Lawns & Silks sha’l flow;

And that white cloud divide I shall
Into a doubtful Twi-light; then,
Then will your hidden Pride
Raise greater fires in men.

To his Booke.
Like to a Bride, come forth, my Booke, at last,
With all thy richest jewels over-cast:
Say, if there be ’mongst many jems here; one
Deservelesse of the name of Paragon:
Blush not at all for that; since we have set
Some Pearls on Queens, that have been counterfet.

Upon some women.
Thou who wilt not love, doe this;
Learne of me what Woman is.
Something made of thred and thrumme;
A meere Botch of all and some.
Pieces, patches, ropes of hair;
In-laid Garbage ev’ry where.
Out-side silk, and out-side Lawne;
Sceanes to cheat us neatly drawne.
False in legs, and false in thighs;
False in breast, teeth, hair, and eyes:
False in head, and false enough;
Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

Supreme fortune falls soonest.
While leanest Beasts in Pastures feed,
The fittest Oxe the first must bleed.

The Welcome to Sack.
So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles
Meet after long divorcement by the Iles:
No. 197  When Love (the child of likenesse) urgeth on
Their Chrestal natures to an union.
So meet stolne kisses, when the Moonie nights
Call forth fierce Lovers to their wisht Delights:
So Kings & Queens meet, when Desire convinces
All thoughts, but such as aime at getting Princes,
As I meet thee. Soul of my life, and fame
Eternall Lamp of Love! whose radiant flame
Out-glares the Heav'n Osiris; and thy gleams
Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams.
Welcome, O welcome my illustrious Spouse;
Welcome as are the ends unto my Vowes:
I far more welcome then the happy soile,
The Sea-scourg'd Merchant, after all his toile,
Salutes with tears of joy; when fires betray
The smoakie chimneys of his Ithaca.
Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,
Poore pittyed Exile? Tell me, did thy Graces
Flie discontented hence, and for a time
Did rather choose to blesse another clime?
Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me,
By thy short absence, to desire and love thee?
Why frowns my Sweet? Why won't my Saint confer
Favours on me, her fierce Idolater?
Why are Those Looks, Those Looks the which have been
Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in
Like a dull Twi-light? Tell me; and the fault
Ile expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt:
And with the Chrestal humour of the spring,
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse?
Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,
Nos. 197-198

Come, come and kiss me; Love and lust commends
Thee, and thy beauties; kiss, we will be friends
Too strong for Fate to break us; Look upon
Me, with that full pride of complexion,
As Queens meet Queens; or come thou unto me,
As Cleopatra came to Antony;
When her high carriage did at once present
To the Triumvir, Love and wonderment.
Swell up my nerves with spirit; let my blood
Run through my veins, like to a hasty flood.
Fill each part full of fire, active to do
What thy commanding soul shall put it to.
And till I turn Apostate to thy love,
Which here I vow to serve, doe not remove
Thy Fiers from me; but Apollo's curse
Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse;
When these Circumstances shall but live to see
The time that I prevaricate from thee.
Call me The son of Beere, and then confine
Me to the Tap, the Tost, the Turfe; Let Wine
Ne'er shine upon me; May my Numbers all
Run to a sudden Death, and Funeeral.
And last, when thee (deare Spouse) I disavow,
Ne'er may Prophetique Daphne crown my Brow.

My faithful friend, if you can see
The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree:
If you can see the colour come
Into the blushing Pear or Plum:
If you can see the water grow
To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow:

If you can see, that drop of rain
Lost in the wild sea, once again:
If you can see, how Dreams do creep
Into the Brain by easie sleep;
Then there is hope that you may see
Her love me once, who now hates me.

GUBBS calls his children Kitlings: and wo'd bound
(Some say) for joy, to see those Kitlings drown'd.

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe:
For with the flowrie earth,
The golden Pomp is come.
The golden Pomp is come;
For now each tree do's weare
(Made of her Pap and Gum)
Rich beads of Amber here.
Now raignes the Rose, and now
Th' Arabian Dew besmears
My uncontroll'd brow,
And my retorted haires.
Homer, this Health to thee,
In Sack of such a kind,
That it wo'd make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next, Virgil, Ie call forth,
To pledge this second Health
In Wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian Common-wealth.

A Goblet next Ie drink
To Ovid; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one Nose.

Then this immense cup
Of Aromatike wine,
Catullus, I quaffe up
To that Terce Muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
O Bacchus coole thy Raies!
Or frantick I shall eate
Thy Thyrse, and bite the Bayes.

Round, round, the roof do's run;
And being ravish'd thus,
Come, I will drink a Tun
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus, next,
This flood I drink to thee:
But stay; I see a Text,
That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes, scarce suffice
To fill a little Urne.

Trust to good Verses then;
They onely will aspire,
When Pyramids, as men,
Are lost, i'th'funerall fire.

And when all Bodies meet
In Lethe to be drown'd;
Then onely Numbers sweet,
With endless life are crown'd.

FAIRE DAVIES: or, DAWNES DECIFULL.
FAIRE was the Dawne; and but e'ne now the Skies
Shew'd like to Creame, ensip'd with Strawberries:
But on a sudden, all was chang'd and gone
That smil'd in that first-sweet complexion.
Then Thunder-claps and Lightning did conspire
To tear the world, or set it all on fire.
What trust to things below, whenas we see,
As Men, the Heavens have their Hypocrisie?

LIPS TONGUELESS:
For my part I never care
For those lips, that tongue-ty'd are:
Tell-tales I wou'd have them be
Of my Mistresse, and of me.
Let them prattle how that I
Sometimes freeze, and sometimes frie:
Let them tell how she doth move
Fore or backward in her love:
Let them speak by gentle tones,
One and th'others passions:
How we watch, and seldom sleep:
How by Willows we doe weep:
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 203-205

How by stealth we meet, and then
Kisse, and sigh, so part agen.
This the lips we will permit.
For to tell, not publish it.

To the Fever, not to trouble Julia.
Th'ast dar'd too farre; but Furie now forbear
To give the least disturbance to her hai're:
But lesse presume to lay a Plait upon
Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion.
'Tis like a Lawnie-Firmament as yet
Quite disposset of either fray, or fret.
Come thou not neere that Filmne so finely spred,
Where no one piece is yet unlevelled.
This if thou dost, woe to thee Furie, woe,
He send such Frost, such Haile, such Sleet, and
Snow,
Such fears, quakes, Palsies, and such Heates as
shall
Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all.
And thou a thousand thousand times shall be
More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorch't by
thee.

To Violets.
Welcome, Maids of Honour,
You doe bring
In the Spring;
And wait upon her.
She has Virgins many,
Fresh and faire;
Yet you are
More sweet then any.

Hesperides

Y'are the Maiden Posies,
And so grac'd,
To be plac'd.
Fore Damask Roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye doe lie,
Poore Girles, neglected.

Upon Bunce. Epig.
Mony thou ow'st me; Prethee fix a day
For payment promis'd, though thou never pay:
Let it be Doomes-day; nay, take longer scope;
Pay when th'art honest; let me have some hope.

To Carnations. A Song.
Stay while ye will, or goe;
And leave no scent behind ye:
Yet trust me, I shall know
The place, where I may find ye:
Within my Lucia's cheek,
(Whose Livery ye wear)
Play ye at Hide or Seek,
I'm sure to find ye there.

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 to day,
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 nearer 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, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Safety to look to ones selfe.

For my neighbour He not know,
Whether high he builds or no:
Onely this He look upon,
Firm be my foundation.

Sound, or unsound, let it be;
'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.
He who to the ground do's fall,
Tar not whence to sink at all.

To his Friend, on the untuneable Times.

Play I co'd once; but (gentle friend) you see:
My Harp hung up, here on the Willow tree.
Sing I co'd once; and bravely too espy,
(With luscious Numbers) my melodious Lyre.

Draw I co'd once (although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like) men made of flesh and bones,

His Poetrie his Pillar.
Onely a little more
I have to write,
Then Ile give o're,
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute,
That I must stay,
Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

O time that cut'st down all!
And scarce leav'at here
Memoriall
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot
In Vaults beneath?
And piece-meale rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone,
I rear for me,
Ne'rr to be thrown
Downe, envious Time by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
(If so they please)
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramids.
Safety on the Shore.

What though the sea be calm? Trust to the shore:
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't before.

A Pastoral upon the Birth of Prince Charles, Presented to the King, and Set by Mr Nic: Lanier.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

Amin. Good day, Mirtillo. Mirt. And to you no lesse:
And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardesse.
Amar. With all white luck to you. Mirt. But say, what news
Stirs in our Sheep-walk? Amin. None, save that my Ewes,
My Weathers, Lambs, and wanton Kids are well,
Smooth, faire, and fat; none better I can tell:
Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast
For his Sheep-shearers. Mirt. True, these are the least.
But, dear Amintas, and, sweet Amarillis,
Rest but a while here, by this bank of Lillies.
And lend a gentle ear to one report
Three dayes before the Shutting in of May,
(With whitest Wool be ever crown'd that day!)
To all our joy, a sweet-fac't child was borne,
More tender then the childhood of the Morne.

Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and sheep,
Let Lullaby the pretty Prince asleep!
Mirt. And that his birth sho'd bmore singular,
At Noone of Day, was seen a Silver Star,
Bright as the Wise-men's Torch, which guided them
To God's sweet Babe, when borne at Bethlehem;
While Golden Angels (some have told to me)
Sung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minstralsie.
Amin. O rare! But is't a trespass if we three
Sho'd wend along his Baby-ship to see?
Mirt. Not so, not so. Chor. But if it chance to prove
At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love.
Amar. But, deare Mirtillo, I have heard it told,
Those learned men brought Incense, Myrrhe, and Gold,
From Countries far, with store of Spices, (sweet)
And laid them downe for Offerings at his feet.
Mirt. 'Tis true indeed; and each of us will bring
Unto our smiling, and our blooming King,
A neat, though not so great an Offering.
Amar. A Garland for my Gift shall be
Of flowers, ne'r suckt by th' theeving Bee:
And all most sweet; yet all lesse sweet then he.
Amin. And I will bear along with you leaves dropping downe the honeyed dew, in oaten pipes, as sweet as new.
Mirt. And I a Sheep-hook will bestow, To have his little King-ship know,
As he is Prince, he's Shepherd too.
She let's away, and quickly let's be drest,
And quickly give, The swiftest Grace is best,
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll bless the Babe, Then back to Countrie pleasures.

TO THE LARK.

Good speed, for I this day
Betwixt my Mattens say:
Because I doe
Begin to wooe:
Sweet singing Lark,
Be thou the Clark,
And know thy when
To say, Amen.
And if I prove
Blest in my love;
Then thou shalt be
High-Priest to me,
At my returne,
To Incense burne;
And so to solemnize
Love's, and my Sacrifice.

THE BUBBLE. A SONG.

To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares
Flie, thou made Bubble of my sighs, and tears.
In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about,
And (like a blasting Planet) found her out;
Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare
Like to a dreadful! Comet in the Aire:

Next, when thou dost perceive her fixèd sight,
For thy revenge to be most opposite;
Then like a Globe, or Ball of Wild-fire, flie,
And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

You are a Tulip seen to day,
But (Dearest) of so short a stay;
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence, (and in an houre).

You are a sparkling Rose i'th'bud,
Yet lost, ere that chast flesh and blood
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

You are a full-spread faire-set Vine,
And can with Tendrills love intwine,
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your Wine.

You are like Balme inclosed (well)
In Amber, or some Chrystall shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty Violet,
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the Virgins Coronet.

You are the Queen all flowers among,
But die you must (faire Maid) ere long,
As He, the maker of this Song.
The bleeding hand: or, The sprig of Eglantine given to a maid.

From this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of Eglantine.
Which (though sweet unto your smell)
Yet the fretful bryar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love.

Lyric for Legacies.

Gold I've none, for use or show,
Neither Silver to bestow
At my death; but thus much know,
That each Lyric here shall be
Of my love a Legacie,
Left to all posterity.

Gentle friends, then doe but please,
To accept such coynes as these;
As my last Remembrances.

A Dirge upon the Death of the Right Valiant Lord, Bernard Stuart.

Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have;
While we this Trentall sing about thy Grave.
Had Wolves or Tigers seen but thee,
They would have shew'd civility;
And, in compassion of thy yeeres,
Wash those thy purple wounds with tears.
But since th'art slaine; and in thy fall,
The drooping Kingdom suffers all.

Chor. This we will doe; we'll daily come
And offer Tears upon thy Tomb:

And if that they will not suffice,
Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.
Sleepe in thy peace, while we with spice perfume thee,
And Cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee

Live, live thou dost, and shalt; for why?
Soules do not with their bodies die:
Ignoble off-springs, they may fall
Into the flames of Funerall:
Whenas the chosen seed shall spring
Fresh, and for ever flourishing.

Chor. And times to come shall, weeping,
Read thy glory,
Lesse in these Marble stones, then in thy story.

To Perenna, a Mistresse.

Dear Perenna, prethee come,
And with Smallage dresse my Tomb:
Adde a Cypresse-sprig thereto,
With a teare; and so Adieu.

Great boast, small rost.

Of Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth Gorrell boast
He has at home; but who tastes boil'd or rost?
Look in his Brine-tub, and you shall find there
Two stiffe-blew-Pigs-feet, and a sow's cleft eare.

Upon a Bleare-ey'd woman.

Wither'd with yeeres, and bed-rid Mumma lyes;
Dry-roasted all, but raw yet in her eyes.
The Fairie Temple: or, Oberon's Chappell.
Dedicated to Mr John Merrifield, Counselor at Law.

Rare Temples thou hast seen, I know,
And rich for in and outward show:
Survey this Chappell, built, alone,
Without or Lime, or Wood, or Stone:
Then say, if one that's seen more fine
Then this, the Fairies once, now Thine.

The Temple.
Away enchant'd with glasse & beads
There is, that to the Chappel leads:
Whose structure (for his holy rest)
Is here the Halcion's curious nest:
Into the which who looks shall see
His Temple of Idolatry:
Where he of God-heads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a Neech, more black then jet,
His Idol-Cricket there is set:
Then in a Polisht Ovall by
There stands his Idol-Beetle-flie:
Next in an Arch, akin to this,
His Idol-Canker seated is:
Then in a Round, is plac'd by these,
His golden god, Cantharides:
So that where ere ye look, ye see,
No Capitoll, no Cornish free,
Or Freeze, from this fine Fripperie.
Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,
Thiers is a mixt Religion.

And some have heard the Elves it call
Part Pagan, part Papistical.

Hesperides

Part Pagan, part Papistical.
If unto me all Tongues were granted,
I co'd not speak the Saints here painted.
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
Who 'gainst Mabs-state plac't here right is.
Saint Will o'th' Wispe (of no great bignes)
But alias call'd here Fatuus ignis.
Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, S. Fillie,
Neither those other-Saint-ships will I
Here goe about for to recite
Their number (almost) infinite,
Which one by one here set downe are
In this most curious Calendar.
First, at the entrance of the gate,
A little Puppet-Priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the commers there,
Favour your tongues, who enter here.

Pure hands bring hither, without staine.
A second pules, Hence, hence, profane.
Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut,
The Holy-water there is put:
A little brush of Squirrels haires,
(Compos'd of odde, not even paires)
Stands in the Platter, or close by,
To purge the Fairie Family.
Neere to the Altar stands the Priest,
There off'ring up the Holy-Grist:
Ducking in Mood, and perfect Tense,
With (much-good-do't him) reverence.
The Altar is not here fourre-square,
Nor in a forme Triangular;
Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone;
But of a little Transverse bone:
Which boyes, and Bruckel'd children call

No. 224
No. 224 (Playing for Points and Pins) Cockall.

Whose Linnen-Drapery in a thin Subtile and ductile Codlin's skin;
Which o're the board is smoothly spied,
With little Scale-work Damasked.
The Fringe that circumbinds it too,
Is Spangle-work of trembling dew,
Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
Like Frost-work glitt'ring on the Snow.

Upon this fetuous board doth stand
Something for Shew-bread, and at hand
(Just in the middle of the Altar)
Upon an end, the Fairie-Psalter,
Grac't with the Trout-flies curious wings,
Which serve for watched Ribbanings.
Now, we must know, the Elves are led
Right by the Rubrick, which they read.
And if Report of them be true,
They have their Text for what they doe;
I, and their Book of Canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their Book of Articles:
And if that Fairie Knight not lies,
There ush'ring Vergers, here likewise,
Their Canons, and their Chaunteries:
Of Cloyster-Monks they have enow,
I, and their Abby-Lubbers too:
And if their Legend doe not lye,
They much affect the Papacie:
And since the last is dead, there's hope,
Elve Boniface, shall next be Pope.
Their Holy Oyle, their Fasting-Spittle;
Their sacred Salt here, (not a little.)
A Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease, & bones;
Beside their Fumigations,
To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece
Of the Fryar, (of work an odd's-piece.)
Many a trifle too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.
Next, then, upon the Chanters side
An Apples-core is hung up dry'd,
With ratling Kirnils, which is rung
To call to Morn, and Even-Song.
The Saint, to which the most he prayes;
And offers Incense Nights and days,
The Lady of the Lobster is,
Whose foot-pace he doth streak and kisse;
And, humbly, chives of Saffron brings,
For his most cheerful offerings.
When, after these, h'as paid his vows,
He lowly to the Altar bows:
And then he dons the Silk-worms shed,
(Like a Turks Turbant on his head),
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of Frankincense:
And by the glow-worms light wel guided,
Goes to the Feast that's now provided.

To Mistresse Katherine Bradshaw, the lovely,
that crowned him with Laurel.

My Muse in Meads has spent her many houres,
Sitting and sorting severall sorts of flowers,
To make for others garlands: and to set
On many a head here, many a Coronet:
But, amongst All encircled here, not one
Gave her a day of Coronation;
Till you (sweet Mistresse) came and enterwove
A Laurel for her, (ever young as love),
You first of all crown'd her ; she must of due,
Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

The Plaundite, or End of life.
If after rude and boystrous seas,
My wearyed Pinnace here finds ease:
If so it be I've gain'd the shore
With safety of a faithful Ore:
If having run my Barque on ground,
Ye see the aged Vessell crown'd:

What's to be done? but on the Sands
Ye dance, and sing, and now clap hands.
The first Act's doubtfull, (but we say)
It is the last commends the Play.

To the most vertuous Mistresse Pot,
who many times entertained him.

When I through all my many Poems look,
And see your selfe to beautifie my Book;
Me thinks that onely lustre doth appeare
A Light ful-filling all the Region here.
Guild still with flames this Firmament, and be
A Lamp Eternall to my Poetrie.
Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine,
'Twas by your splendour (Lady), not by mine.
The Oile was yours; and that I owe for yet:
He pays the half, who do's confess the Debt.

To Musique, to Requiem his Fever.
Charm me asleep, and melt me so
With thy Delicious Numbers;
That being ravish, hence I goe
Away in ease slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou Power that canst sever
From me this ill:
And quickly still:
Though thou not kill
My Fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My Pains asleep;
And give me such repose,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst Roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those Maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, doe strew
A Baptisme o're the flowers.
Melt, melt my paines,
With thy soft straines;
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light;
And take my flight
For Heaven.

Upon a Gentlewoman with a Sweet Voice.
So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute,
We knew 'twas Flesh and Blood, that there sate mute.
But when your Playing, and your Voice came in.
'Twas no more you then, but a Cherubin.

Upon Cupid.
As lately I a Garland bound,
'Mongst Roses, I there Cupid found:
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with Wine, I drank him up.
Hence then it is, that my poore brest
Co'd never since find any rest.

Upon Julia's Breasts.
Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me.
Behold that circummortal purity:
Betwene whose glories, there my lips Ile lay,
Ravisht, in that faire Via Lactea.

Best to be Merry.
Foole are they, who never know
How the times away doe goe:
But for us, who wisely see
Where the bounds of black Death be:
Let's live merrily, and thus
Gratifie the Genius.

The Changes to Corinna.
Be not proud, but now encline
Your soft eare to Discipline.
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife:
You have ebbes of face and flowes,
As your health or comes, or goes;
You have hopes, and doubts, and fears
Numberlesse, as are your haires.
You have Pulses that doe beat
High, and passions lesse of heat:
You are young, but must be old,
And, to these, ye must be told,
Time, ere long, will come and plow
Loathèd Furrowes in your brow:
And the dimnesse of your eye
Will no other thing imply,
But you must die
As well as I.
No Lock against Letcherie.

Art quickens Nature; Care will make a face;
Neglected beauty perishes apace.

Upon himself.

Mopey'd I am, as some have said,
Because I've liv'd so long a maid:
But grant that I sho'd wedded be,
She'd I a jot the better see?
No, I sho'd think, that Marriage might,
Rather then mend, put out the light.

Upon a Physician.

Thou cam'st to cure me (Doctor) of my cold,
And caught'st thy selfe the more by twenty fold:
Prethee goe home; and for thy credit be
First cur'd thy selfe; then come and cure me.

Upon Suds a Laundress.

To the Rose. Song.

Goe, happy Rose, and enterwove
With other Flowers, bind my Love.
Tell her too, she must not be,
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say (if she's fretfull) I have bands
Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands:
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have Mirtle rods, (at will)
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe,
And tell her this, but doe not so,
Lest a handsome anger flye,
Like a Lightning, from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

Upon Guesse. Epic.

Guesse cuts his shoos, and limping, goes about
To have men think he's troubled with the Gout:
But 'tis no Gout (believe it) but hard Beere,
Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

To his Booke.

Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never,
But like a Laurell, to grow green for ever.

Upon a painted Gentlewoman.

Men say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true:
But (Hark !) we praise the Painter now, not you.
UPON A CROOKED MAID.

Crooked you are, but that dislikes not me;
So you be straight, where Virgins straight shod be.

DRAW GLOVES.

At Draw-Gloves we’ll play,
And prethee, let’s lay
A wager, and let it be this;
Who first to the Summe
Of twenty shall come,
Shall have for his winning a kisse.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALME A SWEET-SICK-YOUTH.

CHARMS, that call down the moon from out her sphere,
On this sick youth work your enchantments here:
Bind up his senses with your numbers, so,
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep
Lost in the civil Wilderness of sleep:
That done, then let him, disposset of paine,
Like to a slumbering Bride, awake again.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE, GEORGE,
DUKE, MARQUESS, AND EARL OF BUCKINGHAM.

Never my Book’s perfection did appear,
Till I had gotten the name of Villars here.
Now ’tis so full, that when therein I look,
I see a Cloud of Glory fills my Book.
Here stand it stil to dignifie our Muse,
Your sober Hand-maid; who doth wisely chuse,
Your Name to be a Laureat-Wreath to Hir,
Who doth both love and feare you Honour’d Sir.

His Recantation.

Love, I recant,
And pardon crave.
That lately I offended,
But ’twas,
Alas,
To make a brave,
But no disdain intended.
No more I vaunt,
For now I see,
Thou onely hast the power,
To find,
And bind
A heart that’s free,
And slay it in an houre.

THE COMING OF GOOD LUCK.

So Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light,
Like noyse-lesse Snow; or as the dew of night:
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
Are, by the Sun-beams, tickeld by degrees.

THE PRESENT: OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE.

Fly to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee,
And say, thou bring’st this Hony-bag from me:
When on her lip, thou hast thy sweet dew plac’t,
Mark, if her tongue, but sily, steale a taste.
If so, we live; if not, with mournfull humme,
Tole forth my death; next, to my buryall come.
On Love.

Love bade me ask a gift,
And I no more did move,
But this, that I might shift
Still with my clothes, my Love:
That favour granted was;
Since which, though I love many,
Yet so it comes to passe,
That long I love not any.

The Hock-cart, or Harvest home: To the Right Honourable, Mildmay, Earl of Westmorland.

Come, Sons of Summer, by whose toile,
We are the Lords of Wine and Oile:
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And, to the Pipe, sing Harvest home.
Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart
Drest up with all the Country Art.
See, here a Maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure, as it is sweet:
The Horses, Mares, and frisking Fillies,
(Clad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.)
The Harvest Swaines, and Wenches bound
For joy, to see the Hock-cart crown'd.
About the Cart, hear, how the Rout
Of Rural Younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the Cart; some kisse the sheaves;
Some prank them up with Oaken leaves:

If smirking Wine be wanting here,
There's that, which drowns all care, stout Beere;
Which freely drink to your Lord's health,
Then to the Plough, (the Common-wealth)!
Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts;
Then to the Maids with Wheaten-Hats:
To the rough Sickle, and crookt Sythe,
Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.
Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat,
Be mindful, that the lab'ring Neat
(As you) may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient Oxe unto the Yoke,
And all goe back unto the Plough
And Harrow, (though they're hang'd up now.)
And, you must know, your Lords word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you.
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your paine,
But for to make it spring againe.

Some cross the Fill-horse; some with great Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat.
While other Rusticks, lesse attent
To Prayers, then to Merryment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lords Hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire; where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe
Foundation of your Feast, Fat Beefe:
With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale,
And Bacon, (which makes full the meale)
With sevrall dishes standing by,
As here a Custard, there a Pie,
And here all-tempting Frumentie.
And for to make the merry cheere,
With bevrage, that sobres all care.

Hesperides.
To-morrow, Julia, I betimes must rise,
For some small fault, to offer sacrifice:
The Altar's ready; Fire to consume
The fat; breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

Upon her Voice.
Let but thy voice engender with the string,
And Angels will be borne, while thou dost sing.

Not to Love.
He that will not love, must be
My Scholar, and learn this of me:
There be in Love as many feares
As the Summers Corne has eares:
Sighs, and sobes, and sorrowes more
Than the sand, that makes the shore:
Freezing cold, and flire heats,
Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats;
Now an Ague, then a Fever,
Both tormenting Lovers ever.
Wods't thou know, besides all these,
How hard a woman 'tis to please?
How crosse, how sullen, and how soone,
She shifts and changes like the Moone.
How false, how hollow she's in heart;
And how she is her owne least part;
Little thou'l love, or not at all.

To Musick. A Song.
Musick, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming spel,
That strik'at a stilnesse into hell:
Thou that tam'st Tygers, and fierce storms (that rise)
With thy soule-melting Lullabies:
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our eares.

To the Western Wind.
Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is,
(Made rivall with the aire)
To give Perenna's lip a kisse,
And fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile promise thee,
Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,
And all beset with flowers.

Upon the death of his Sparrow.
An Elegie.
Why doe not all fresh maids appeare
To work Love's Sampler only here,
Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare?
Are not here Rose-buds, Pinks, all flowers,
Nature begets by th' Sun and showers,
Met in one Hearce-cloth, to ore-spred
The body of the under-dead?
Phill, the late dead, the late dead Deare,
O! may no eye distill a Teare
For you once lost, who weep not here!
Had Lesbia (too-too-kind) but known
This Sparrow, she had scorn'd her own:
And for this dead which under-lies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
But endless Peace, sit here, and keep
My Phill, the time he has to sleep,
And thousand Virgins come and weep,
To make these flowrie Carpets show
Fresh, as their blood; and ever grow,
Till passengers shall spend their doom,
Not Virgil's Gnat had such a Tomb.

Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears
Speak griefe in you,
Who were but borne
Just as the modest Morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas, you have not known that shower,
That marres a flower;
Nor felt th'unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worne with yeares;
Or warpt, as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers, (like to Orphans young.)
To speak by Tears, before ye have a Tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring Younglings, and make known
The reason, why
Ye droop, and weep;
Is it for want of sleep?
Or childish Lullabie?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The Violet?
Or brought a kiss?
From that Sweet-heart, to this?

No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Wo'd have this Lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

How Roses came red.
Roses at first were white,
Till they co'd not agree,
Whether my Sapho's breast,
Or they more white sho'd be.

But being vanquish quite,
A blush their cheeks bespre'd;
Since which (believe the rest)
The Roses first came red.

Comfor't to a Lady upon the Death of her Husband.
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows raine;
Since Clouds disperse, Sun's guild the Aire again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile;
But turne soone after calme, as Balme, or Oile.
Winds have their time to rage; but when they cease,
The leavie-trees nod in a still-born peace.
Your storme is over; Lady, now appeare
Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.
Off then with grave clothes; put fresh colours on;
And flow, and flame, in your Vermillion.
Upon your cheek sate Ysicles awhile;
Now let the Rose raigne like a Queene, and smile.
How Violets came blew.

Love on a day (wise Poets tell)
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the Violets sho'd excell,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
Poore Girles, she fell on you;
And beat ye so, (as some dare say)
Her blowes did make ye blew.

Upon Groynes. Epic.

To the Willow-tree.

Thou art to all lost love the best,
The onely true plant found,
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the Lovers Rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorne ;
Then Willow-garlandes, 'bout the head,
Bedew'd with teares, are wonne.

When with Neglect, (the Lover's bane)
Poore Maids rewarded be,
For their love lost; their onely gaine
Is but a Wreathe from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
(When weary of the light)
The love-spent Youth, and love-sick Maid,
Come to weep out the night.

Mrs Eliz. Wheeler, under the name of the Nos. 264-
lost Shepardesse.

Among the Mittles, as I walkt,
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt:
Tell me, said I, in deep distresse,
Where I may find my Shepardesse.

Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
In every thing that's sweet, she is.
In yond' Carnation goe and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek ;
In that enamelled Pansie by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye :
In bloome of Peach, and Roses bud,
There waves the Streamer of her blood.

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union ;
But on a sudden all were gone.

To the King.

If when these Lyricks (Cesar) You shall heare,
And that Apollo shall so touch Your ear,
As for to make this, that, or any one
Number, Your owne, by free Adoption ;
That Verse, of all the Verses here, shall be
The Heire to This great Realme of Poetry.
To the QUEEN.

Good ESSE of Louth, and Lady of the Spring,
[Most fit to be the Consort to a King]

Be pleas'd to rest you in this Sacred Grove,
Beset with Mirtles; whose each leaf doth drop
Love.

Many a sweet-faced Wood-Nymph here is seen,
Of which chaste Order you are now the Queen:
Witness their Homage, when they come and strew
Your Walks with Flowers, and give their Crowns
to you.

Your Leavie-Throne (with Lilly-work) possess;
And be both Princess here, and Poetress.

The Poets good wishes for the most hope-
full and handsome Prince, the Duke
of York.

May his pretty Duke-ship grow
Like 't a Rose of Jericho:
Sweeter far, then ever yet
Showers or Sun-shines co'd beget.
May the Graces, and the Flowers
Strew his hopes, and Him with flowers:
And so dresse him up with Love,
As to be the Chick of Jove.

May the thrice-three-Sisters sing
Him the Sovereign of their Spring:
And entitle none to be
Prince of Helicon, but He.
May his soft foot, where it treads,
Gardens thence produce and Meadows:
And those Meadows full be set
With the Rose, and Violet.
That Prince takes soon enough the Victor's room,
Who first provides, not to be overcome.

Obey the Subjects.

The Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway:
The Subjects only glory to obey.

More potent, less polluted.

He that may sin, sins least; Leave to transgress
Enfeebles much the seeds of wickedness.

Upon a maid that dyed the day she was married.

That morne which saw me made a bride,
The e'ning witnesst that I dy'd.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashfull bride;
Serv'd, but as Tapers, for to burne,
And light my Reliques to their urne.
This Epitaph, which here you see,
Supply'd the Epithalamie.

Upon Pink, an ill-fac'd painter. Epig.

To paint the fiend, Pink would the devill see;
And so he may, if he'll be rul'd by me:
Let but Pink's face i' th' looking-glass be showne,
And Pink may paint the devill's by his owne.

Upon Brock. Epig.

To cleanse his eyes, Tom Brock makes much ado,
But not his mouth (the fouler of the two).
A clamme Reame makes loathsome both his eyes;
His mouth, worse fur'd with oaths and blasphemies.

To Meddowes.

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld, how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss, and bear away
The richer Couslips home.

You have heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round:
Each virgin, like a spring,
With honey-succles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,
Whose silv'rie feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd hair,
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrift, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
Y'are left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone.

Crosses.

Though good things answer many good intents;
Crosses doe still bring forth the best events.
MISERIES.

Though hourely comforts from the Gods we see,
No life is yet life-proof from miserie.

Laugh and Lie Down.

Y'ave laught enough (sweet), vary now your Text;
And laugh no more; or laugh, and lie down next.

To his Household gods.

Rise, Household-gods, and let us goe;
But whither, I my selfe not know.

First, let us dwell on rudest seas;
Next, with severest Salvages;
Last, let us make our best abode,
Where humane foot, as yet, n'er trod:
Search worlds of Ice; and rather there Dwell, then in lothed Devonshire.

To the Nightingale, and Robin Red-brest.

When I departed am, ring thou my knell,
Thou pittifull, and pretty Philomel:
And when I'm laid out for a Corse; then be Thou Sexton (Red-brest) for to cover me.

To the Yew and Cypresse, to grace his Funerall.

Both you two have Relation to the grave:
And where The Fun’rall-Trump sounds, you are there.

Hesperides

I shall be made Ere long a fleeting shade:
Pray come,
And doe some honour to my Tomb.

Do not deny
My last request; for I
Will be
Thankfull to you, or friends, for me.

I Call and I Call.

I call, I call: who doe ye call?
The Maids to catch this Cowslip-ball:
But since these Cowslips fading be,
Troth, leave the flowers, and Maids, take me.

Yet, if that neither you will doe,
Speak but the word, and I'll take you.

On a perfum’d Lady.

You say y'are sweet; how sho'd we know
Whether that you be sweet or no?
From Powders and Perfumes keep free;
Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

A Nuptiall Song, or Epithalamie, on Sir Clipseby Crew and his Lady.

What's that we see from far? the spring of Day
Bloom’d from the East, or faire Injewel’d May
Blowne out of April; or some New-Star fill’d with glory to our view,
Reaching at heaven,
To adde a nobler Planet to the seven?
Say, or doe we not descrie
Some Goddess, in a cloud of Tiffanie
To move, or rather the
Emergent Venus from the Sea?
'Tis she! 'tis she! or else some more Divine
Enlightned substance; mark how from the
Shrine
Of holy Saints she paces on,
Treading upon Vermilion
And Amber; Spicing the Chafte-Aire with fumes of Paradise,
Then come on, come on, and yeld
A savour like unto a blessed field,
When the bedabled Morn
Washes the golden eares of corne.
See where she comes; and smell how all the street
Breathes Vine-yards and Pomgranats: O how sweet!
As a fir'd Altar, is each stone,
Perspiring pounded Cynamon.
The Phenix nest,
Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.
Who therein wo'd not consume
His soule to Ash-heaps in that rich perfume?
Bestroaking Fate the while
He burnes to Embers on the Pile.
Himen, O Himen! tread the sacred ground;
Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram crown'd:
Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch
Display the Bridegroom in the porch,
In his desires
More towring, more disparkling then thy fires;

Shew her how his eyes do turne
And roule about, and in their motions burne
Their balls to Cindars: haste,
Or else to ashes he will waste.
Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe
The Shower's of Roses, lucky foure-leav'd grasse:
The while the cloud of younglings sing,
And drown yee with a flowrie Spring:
While some repeat
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with Wheat:
While that others doe divine;
Blest is the Bride, on whom the Sun doth shine;
And thousands gladly wish
You multiply, as doth a Fish.
And beatious Bride we do confess y'are wise,
In dealing forth these bashfull jealousies:
In Lov's name do so; and a price
Set on your selfe, by being nice:
But yet take heed;
What now you seem, be not the same indeed,
And turne Apostate: Love will
Part of the way be met; or sit stone-still.
On then, and though you slowly go, yet, howsoever, go.
And now y'are enter'd; see the Codled Cook
Runs from his Torrid Zone, to prie, and look,
And bless his dainty Mistresse: see,
The Aged point out, This is she,
Who now must sway
The House (Love shield her) with her Yea
and Nay:
And the smirk Butler thinks it
Sin, in’s Nap’rie, not to express his wit;
Each striving to devise
Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind Turtles, now, and write
This the short’st day, and this the longest
night;
But yet too short for you: ’tis we,
Who count this night as long as three,
lying alone,
Telling the Clock strike Ten, Eleven, Twelve,
One.
Quickly, quickly then prepare;
And let the Young-men and the Bride-maids
share
Your Garters; and their joynts
Encircle with the Bride-grooms Points.

By the Brides eyes, and by the teeming life
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no
strife,
(Farther then Gentlenes tends) gets place
Among ye, striving for her lace:
O doe not fall
Foule in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
Discord in, and so divide
The youthfull Bride-groom, and the fragrant
Bride:
Which Love fore-fend; but spoken
Be’t to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of Spring-time, tender-whimpring-
maids,
Now Autumne’s come, when all those flowrie
aids
Of her Delayes must end; Dispose
That Lady-smock, that Pansie, and that
Rose
Neatly apart;
But for Prick-madam, and for Gentle-heart;
And soft Maidens-blush, the Bride
Makes holy these, all others lay aside:
Then strip her, or unto her
Let him come, who dares undo her.
And to enchant yee more, see every where
About the Roofs a Syren in a Sphere;
(As we think) singing to the dinne
Of many a warbling Cherubin:
O marke yee how
The soule of Nature melts in numbers: now
See, a thousand Cupids flye,
To light their Tapers at the Brides bright eye.
To Bed; or her they’ll tire,
Were she an Element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud
Plumpe Bed bearup, and swelling like a cloud,
Tempting the two too modest; can
Yee see it brusle like a Swan,
And you be cold
To meet it, when it woo’s and seemes to fold
The Armes to hugge it? throw, throw
Your selves into the mighty over-flow
Of that white Pride, and Drown:
The night, with you, in floods of Downe.
The bed is ready, and the maze of Love
Lookes for the treaders; every where is wove
Wit and new misterie; read, and
Put in practise, to understand
And know each wile,
Each hieroglyphick of a kiss or smile;
And do it to the full; reach
High in your own conceipt, and some way
Teach
Nature and Art, one more
Play then they ever knew before.

If needs we must for Ceremonies-sake,
Blesse a Sack-posset; Luck go with it; take
The Night-Charme quickly; you have spells,
And magicks for to end, and hells,
To passe; but such
And of such Torture as no one would grutch
To live therein for ever: Frie
And consume, and grow again to die,
And live, and in that case,
Love the confusion of the place.

But since It must be done, dispatch, and sowe
Up in a sheet your Bride, and what if so
It be with Rock, or walles of Brasse;
Ye Towre her up, as Damae was;
Thinke you that this,
Or hell it selfe a powerfull Bulwarke is?
I tell yee no; but like a
Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
And rend the cloud, and throw
The sheet about, like flakes of snow.

All now is hush't in silence; Midwife-moone, Nos. 284-
With all her Owle-ey'd issue begs a boon
Which you must grant; that's entrance;
With
Which extract, all we can call pith
And quintiscence
Of Planetary bodies; so commence
All faire Constellations
Looking upon yee, That two Nations
Springing from two such Fires,
May blaze the vertue of their Sires.

The silken Snake.
For sport my Julia threw a Lace
Of silke and silver at my face:
Watchet the silke was; and did make
A shew, as if 't 'ad been a snake:
The suddenness did me affright;
But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

Upon himselfe.
I am Sive-like and can hold
Nothing hot, or nothing cold.
Put in Love, and put in too
Jealousie, and both will through:
Put in Peare, and hope, and doubt;
What comes in runnes quickly out:
Put in secrecies withall,
Whatere enters, out it shall:
But if you can stop the Sive,
For mine own part, I'de as lieve
Maides sho'd say, or Virgins sing,
Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.
Nos. 287-290

Upon Love.

Love's a thing, (as I do heare)
Ever full of pensive feare;
Rather then to which I'll fall,
Trust me, I'll not like at all:
If to love I should intend,
Let my haire then stand an end:
And that terrowr likewise prove,
Fatall to me in my love.
But if horror cannot slake
Flames, which wo'd an entrance make;
Then the next thing I desire,
Is to love, and live i' th' fire.

Reverence to Riches.

Like to the Income must be our expence;
Mans fortune must be had in reverence.

Devotion makes the Deity.

Who forms a Godhead out of Gold or Stone.
Makes not a God; but he that prays to one.

To all young men that love.

I could wish you all, who love,
That ye could your thoughts remove
From your Mistresses, and be,
Wisely wanton (like to me.)
I could wish you disposset;
Of that Fiend that marres your rest;
And with Tapers comes to fright
Your weake senses in the night.
I co'd wish, ye all, who frie;
Cold as Ice, or coole as I.

No Fault in Women.

No fault in women to refuse
The offer, which they most wo'd chuse.
No fault in women, to confesse
How tedious they are in their dresse.
No fault in women, to lay on
The tincture of Vermillion:
And there to give the cheek a die
Of white, where nature doth deny.
No fault in women, to make show
Of largeness, when th'are nothing so:
(When true it is, the out-side swels
With inward Buckram, little else.)
No fault in womankind, at all,
If they but slip, and never fall.

Hesperides

But if flames best like ye, then
Much good do't ye Gentlemen.
I a merry heart will keep,
While you wring your hands and weep.

The Eyes.

'Tis a known principle in War,
The eies be first, that conquer'd are.

No Fault in Women.

No fault in women to refuse
The offer, which they most wo'd chuse.
No fault in women, to confesse
How tedious they are in their dresse.
No fault in women, to lay on
The tincture of Vermillion:
And there to give the cheek a die
Of white, where nature doth deny.
No fault in women, to make show
Of largeness, when th'are nothing so:
(When true it is, the out-side swels
With inward Buckram, little else.)
No fault in womankind, at all,
If they but slip, and never fall.

Upon Shark. Epic.

Shark when he goes to any publick feast,
Eates to ones thinking, of all there, the least.
What saves the master of the House thereby?
When if the servants search, they may descry:
In his wide Codpeece, (dinner being done)
Two Napkins cram'd up, and a silver Spooone.
Oberons Feast.

Sapcot! to thee the Fairy State,
I with discretion, dedicate.
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious, and un-familiar.

Take first the feast; these dishes gone;
We'll see the Fairy-Court anon.

A little mushroome-table spred,
After short prayers, they set on bread;
A Moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate
His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
They make a feast lesse great then nice.

But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd:
But that there was in place to stir
His Spleen, the chirring Grasshopper;
The merry Cricket, puling Flie,
The piping Gnat for minstralcy.

And now, we must imagine first,
The Elves present to quench his thirst
A pure seed-Pearle of Infant dew,
Brought and besweetned in a blew
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to runne
Quite through the table, where he spies
The homes of paperie Butterflies:
Of which he eates, and tastes a little
Of that we call the Cuckoes spittle.

A little Fuz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coorse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith

Of sugred Rush, and eates the sagge
And well bestrutted Bees sweet bagge:
Gladding his pallat with some store
Of Emits eggs; what wo'd he more?
But Beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated Earwieg, and a Flie;
With the Red-capt worme, that's shut
Within the concave of a Nut,
Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth,
Late fainted in a piece of cloth:
With withered cherries; Mandrakes cares;
Moles eyes; to these, the slain-Stags teares:
The unctuous dewlaps of a Snaile;
The broke-heart of a Nightingale
Ore-come in musicke; with a wine,
Ne're ravisht from the flattering Vine,
But gently prest from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,
Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height; this done, commended
Grace by his Priest; The feast is ended.

Event of things not in our power.

By Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can,
Th'event is never in the power of man.

Upon her blush.

When Julia blushes, she do's show
Cheeks like to Roses, when they blow.

Merits make the man.

Our Honours, and our Commendations be
Due to the Merits, not Authoritie.
To Virgins.

Hear ye Virgins, and I'll teach,
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamond was in a Bower
Kept, as Danae in a Tower:
But yet Love (who subtle is)
Crept to that, and came to this.
Be ye lockt up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides;
Or those Babies in your eyes,
In their Christall Nunneries;
Notwithstanding Love will win,
Or else force a passage in:
And as coy be, as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

Vertue.

Each must, in vertue, strive for to excell;
That man lives twice, that lives the first life well.

The Bell-man.

From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,
From Murders Benedictive.
From all mischances, that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night:
Mercie secure ye all, and keep
The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one aclock, and almost two,
My Masters all, Good day to you.

Bashfulness.

Of all our parts, the eyes expresse
The sweetest kind of bashfulness.

To Apollo. A short Hymne.

Phæbus! when that I a Verse,
Or some numbers more rehearse;
Tune my words, that they may fall,
Each way smoothly Musical:
For which favour, there shall be
Swans devoted unto thee.

A Hymne to Bacchus.

Bacchus, let me drink no more;
Wild are Seas, that want a shore.
When our drinking has no stint,
There is no one pleasure in't,
I have drank up for to please
Thee, that great cup Hercules:
Urge no more; and there shall be
Daffadills g'en up to Thee.
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 306-309

UPON BUNGIE.

Bungie do's fast; looks pale; puts Sack-cloth on;
Not out of Conscience, or Religion:
Or that this Yonker keeps so strict a Lent,
Fearing to break the King's Commandement:
But being poor, and knowing Flesh is dear,
He keeps not one, but many Lents in the year.

Upon himselfe.

Here down my wearyed limbs Ie lay;
My Pilgrims staffe; my weed of gray:
My Palmers hat; my Scallops shell;
My Crosse; my Cord; and all farewell.

For having now my journey done,
(Just at the setting of the sun)

Here I have found a Chamber fit,
(God and good friends be thanked for it)
Where if I can a lodger be
A little while from Tramplers free;
At my up-rising next, I shall,
If not requite, yet thank ye all.

Meanwhile, the Holy-Rood hence fright
The fouler Fiend, and evil Spright,
From scaring you or yours this night.

Casualties.

Good things, that come of course, far lesse doe
please,
Then those, which come by sweet contingences.

Bribes and Gifts get all.

Dead falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute;
But let that speak, the Client gets the suit.

The End.

If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right;
It is the End that crowns us, not the Fight.

UPON A CHILD THAT DYED.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who, as soon, fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.

Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her.

Upon Snaape. Epic.

Snaape has a face so brittle, that it breaks
Forth into blushes, whensoever he speaks.

Content, not cates.

'Tis not the food, but the content
That makes the Tables merriment.

Where Trouble serves the board, we eate
The Platters there, as soon as meat.

A little Pipkin with a bit
Of Mutton, or of Veale in it,
Set on my Table, (Trouble-free)
More then a Feast contenteth me.

Welcome! but yet no entrance, till we bless
First you, then you, and both for white success.

Profane no Porch young man and maid, for fear
Ye wrong the Threshold-god, that keeps peace here:
Please him, and then all good-luck will betide
You, the brisk Bridegroome, you the dainty Bride.
Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise;
Put on your Garlands first, then Sacrifice:
That done; when both of you have seemly fed,
We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to Bed:
Where being laid, all Faire signses looking on,
Fish-like, encrease then to a million:
And millions of spring-times may ye have,
Which spent, one death bring to ye both one Grave.

The good-night or Blessing.

Blessings, in abundance come,
To the Bride, and to her Groom;
May the Bed, and this short night,
Know the fulness of delight!
Pleasures many, here attend ye,
And ere long, a Boy, Love send ye
curled and comely, and so trimme,
Maides (in time) may ravish him.
Thus a dew of Graces fall
On ye both; Goodnight to all.

Upon Leech.

Leech boasts, he has a Pill, that can alone,
With speed give sick men their salvation:
’Tis strange, his Father long time has been ill,
And credits Physick, yet not trusts his Pill:
And why? he knows he must of Cure despaire,
Who makes the slie Physitian his Heire.

To Daffadills.

Fair Daffadills, we weep to see,
You haste away so soone:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain’d his Noone.
Stay, stay,
Untill the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even-song;
And, having pray’d 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 doe, and drie
Away,
Like to the Summers raine;
Or as the pearles of Mornings dew,
Ne’r to be found againe.

To a Maid.

Upon a Lady that dyed in child-bed, and left a daughter behind her.

As Gilly flowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away;
So you sweet Lady (sweet as May)
The garden’s-glory liv’d a while,
To lend the world your scent and smile.
But when your own faire print was set
Once in a Virgin Flasculet,
(Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown)
To give that life, resign'd your own:
But so, as still the mothers power
Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

A New yeares gift sent to Sir Simeon
Steward.

No news of Navies burnt at Seas;
No noise of late spawn'd Tittyries:
No closet plot, or open vent,
That frights men with a Parliament:
No new devise, or late-found trick,
To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms sick:
No ginne to catch the State, or wring
The free-born Nosthrill of the King,
We send to you; but here a jolly
Verse crown'd with Yvie, and with Holly:
That tells of Winters Tales and Mirth,
That Milk-Maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the Wassell-boule,
That tost up, after Fox-i'th'hole:
Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the Mare:
Of Twelftide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes
Wherewith ye make those merry Scenees,
Whenas ye chuse your King and Queen,
And cry out, Hey, for our town green.
Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use
Husbands and Wives by streakes to chuse:
Of crackling Laurell, which fore-sounds,
A Plentious harvest to your grounds:
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send in stead of New-yeares gift.

Read then, and when your faces shine
With bucksome meat and capring Wine:
Remember us in Cups full crown'd,
And let our City-health go round.
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not tenne;
Until the fired Chesnuts leape
For joy, to see the fruits ye reap;
From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,
That tempts till it be toss'd up:
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers;
But think on these, that are t'appare,
As Daughters to the instant yeare:
Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse,
Till Liber Pater twirls the house
About your eares; and lay upon
The yeare (your cares) that's fled and gon.
And let the russet Swaines the Plough
And Harrow hang up resting now;
And to the Bag-pipe all address;
Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas plays
Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

Mattens, or morning Prayer.

When with the Virgin morning thou dost rise,
Crossing thy selfe; come thus to sacrifice:
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.
Next to the Altar humbly kneele, and thence,
Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence.
Thy golden Censors fill'd with odours sweet,
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.
Evensong.

Beginne with Jove; then is the worke halfe done;
And runnes most smoothly when tis well begunne.
Jove's is the first and last: the Morn's his due,
The midst is thine; but Joves the Evening too;
As sure a Mattins do's to him belong,
So sure he layes claim to the Evensong.

The Bracelet to Julia.

Why I tye about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist;
For what other reason is't, don't tell
But to shew thee how in part,
Thou my pretty Captive art?
But thy Bondslave is my heart:
'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread, and thou art free;
But 'tis otherwise with me;
I am bound, and fast bound so,
That from thee I cannot go,
If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

The Christian Militant.

A man prepar'd against all ills to come,
That dares to dead the fire of martirdome:
That sleeps at home; and saying there at ease,
Fears not the fierce sedition of the Seas:
That's counter-proof against the Farms mis-haps,
Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps:
That weares one face (like heaven) and never
showes;
A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes:
That keepes his own strong guard, in the despight
Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night:
That takes and re-delivers every stroake
Of Chance (as made up all of rock, and oake:)
That sighs at others death; smiles at his own
Most dire and horrid crucifixion.
Who for true glory suffers thus; we grant
Him to be here our Christian militant.

A short Hymne to Larr.

Though I cannot give thee fires
Glit'ring to my free desires:
These accept, and lie be free,
Offering Poppy unto thee.

Another to Neptune.

Mighty Neptune, may it please
Thee, the Rector of the Seas,
That my Barque may safely runne
Through thy watrie-region;
And a Tunny-fish shall be
Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

Upon Greedy. Epig.

An old, old widow Greedy needs wo'd wed,
Not for affection to her, or her Bed;
But in regard, 'twas often said, this old
Woman wo'd bring him more then co'd be told,
He tooke her; now the jest in this appeares
So old she was, that none co'd tell her yeares.

His Embalmimg to Julia.

For my embalming, Julia, do but this,
Give thou my lips but their supremest kiss:
Or else trans-fuse thy breath into the chest,
Where my small reliques must for ever rest:
Nos. 328- That breath the Balm, the myrrh, the Nard
shall be,
To give an incorruption unto me.

GOLD, BEFORE GOODNESS.
How rich a man is, all desire to know;
But none enquires if good he be, or no.

THE KISSE. A DIALOGUE.

1. Amongst thy Fancies, tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kisse?
2. I shall resolve ye, what it is.
It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, (all cherrie-red,)
By love and warme desires fed,

Chor. And makes more soft the Bridall bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,
First, to the Babies of the eyes;
And charms them there with lullabies;

Chor. And stils the Bride too, when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare,
It frisks, and flyes, now here, now there,
'Tis now farre off, and then tis nere;

Chor. And here, and there, and every where.

1. Ha's it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say! 2. Do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse;

Chor. And this Loves sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. I, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings:
And as it flies, it gently sings,

Chor. Love, honie yeelds; but never stings.
No. 333

As I did, not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow?
Griefe (ay me!) hath struck my Lute
And my tongue at one time mute.

To Larr.
No more shall I, since I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my grains of Frankinsence:
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang downe,
To honour thee, my little Parsly crown:
No more shall I (I feare me) to thee bring
My chives of Garlick for an offering:
No more shall I, from henceforth, heare a quire
Of merry Crickets by my Country fire.
Go where I will, thou luckie Larr stay here,
Warme by a glit'ring chimnie all the yeare.

The DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DEMON.

What can I do in Poetry,
Now the good Spirit's gone from me?
Why nothing now, but lonely sit,
And over-read what I have writ.

Clemency.
For punishment in warre, it will suffice,
If the chiefe author of the faction dies:
Let but few smart, but strike a feare through all:
Where the fault springs, there let the judgement fall.

His age, dedicated to his peculiar friend,
M. John Wickes, under the name of
Posthumus.

Ah Posthumus! Our yeares hence flye,
And leave no sound; nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow:

But we must on,
As Fate do's lead or draw us; none,
None, Posthumus, co'd ere decline,
The doome of cruel Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground
Must all be left, no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the Curst-Cipresse tree:
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind:
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may,
And here enjoy our Holiday.

We've seen the past-best Times, and these
Will nere return, we see the Seas,
And Moons to wain:
But they fill up their Ebbs again:
But vanish, man
Like to a Lily-lost, nere can
Nere can repullulate, or bring
His dayes to see a second Spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend:
Their sacred seed:
Thus has Infernall Jove decreed:
We must be made,
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade:
Why then, since life to us is short,
Let's make it full up, by our sport.

Crown we our Heads with Roses then,
And 'noint with Tirian Balme; for whom
We two are dead,
The world with us is buried.

Hesperides I
Then live we free,
As is the Air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and Luckie stone.

We are not poore; although we have
No roofs of Cedar, nor our brave
Baise, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep;
Nor Bullocks fed
To lard the shambles: Barbels bred
To kiss our hands, nor do we wish
For Pollio’s Lampries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so conferre,
Both by a shining Salt-seller;
And have our Rooffe,
Although not archt, yet weather-proofe,
And seeing free,
From that cheape Candle baudery:
We’ll eat our Beane with that full mirth
As we were Lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what Seas we are tost,
Our comfort is, we can’t be lost.
Let the winds drive
Our Barke; yet she will keepe alive
Amidst the deepes;
’Tis constancy (my Wickes) which keepe
The Pinnace up; which though she erres
I’th’ Seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part (sweet mercy blesse,
Us both i’th’ Sea, Camp, Wildernesse)
Can we so farre
Stray, to become lesse circular,

Then we are now?
No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow,
Which made us one, shall ne’r undoe;
Or ravell so, to make us two.

Live in thy peace; as for my selfs,
When I am bruised on the Shelve
Of Time, and show
My locks behung with frost and snow:
When with the reume,
The cough, the ptisick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing; then,
The Ages fled, Ile call agen:

And with a teare compare these last
Lame, and bad times, with those are past,
While Baucis by,
My old leane wife, shall kiss it dry:
And so we’ll sit
By th’fire, foretelling snow and slit,
And weather by our aches, grown
Now old enough to be our own

True Calenders, as Pusses care
Washt o’rs, to tell what change is neare:
Then to asswage
The gripings of the chine by age;
Ile call my young
liulus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia’s brest;
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flowre of mine
Enclos’d within a christall shrine:
A Primrose next;
A piece, then of a higher text:
For to beget
In me a more transcendant heate,
Then that insinuating fire,
Which crept into each aged Sire;

When the faire Hellen, from her eyes,
Shot forth her loving Sorceries:
At which He reare
Mine agbd limbs above my chaire:

And hearing it,
Flutter and crow, as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
No lust there's like to Poetry.
Thus frantick-crazie man (God wot)
Ile call to mind things half forgot:
And oft between,
Repeat the Times that I have seen!
Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Hilus hairs;
Doting, Ile weep and say (In Truth)
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next Ile cause my hopefull Lad
(If a wild Apple can be had)
To crown the Hearth,
(Larr thus conspiring with our mirth)
Then to infuse
Our browner Ale into the cruse:
Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse
Unto the Genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine
(Loving the brave Burgundian wine)
High sons of Pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolickt with:


A short hymne to Venus.
Goddesse, I do love a Girle
Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with Pearl:
If so be, I may but prove
Luckie in this Maide I love:
I will promise there shall be
Mirtles offer'd up to Thee.

To a Gentlewoman on just Dealing.
True to your self, and sheets, you'l have me swear,
You shall ; if righteous dealing I find there.
Do not you fall through frailty; Ile be sure
To keep my Bond still free from forfeiture.
The hand and tongue.
Two parts of us successively command;
The tongue in peace; but then in warre the hand.

Upon a delaying Lady.
Come come away,
Or let me go;
Must I here stay
Because y'are slow;
And will continue so?

Troth, Lady, no.
I scorne to be
A slave to state:
And since I'm free,
I will not wait,
Henceforth at such a rate,
For needy Fate.

If you desire
My spark sho'd glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow;
Or I shall quickly grow,
To Frost, or Snow.

To the Lady Mary Villars, Governess
To the Princesse Henrietta.
When I of Villars doe but heare the name,
It calls to mind, that mighty Buckingham,
Who was your brave exalted Uncle here,
(Binding the wheele of Fortune to his Sphere)
Who spurn'd at Envie; and co'd bring, with ease,
An end to all his stately purposes.

For his love then, whose sacred Reliques show
Their Resurrection, and their growth in you:
And for my sake, who ever did prefer
You, above all Those Sweets of Westminster:
Permit my Book to have a free access
To kisse your hand, most Dainty Governesses.

Upon his Julia.
Will ye heare, what I can say
Briefly of my Julia?
Black and rowling is her eye,
Double chinn'd, and forehead high:
Lips she has, all Rubie red,
Cheeks like Creame Enclaritéd:
And a nose that is the grace
And Proscenium of her face.
So that we may guesse by these,
The other parts will richly please.

To Flowers.
In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse;
Doe now your flowerie honours to my Herse.
You shall not languish, trust me: Virgins here
Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the yeere.

To my ill Reader.
Thou say'st my lines are hard;
And I the truth will tell;
They are both hard, and marr'd,
If thou not read'st them well.

The Power in the people.
Let Kings Command, and doe the best they may,
The saucie Subjects still will beare the sway.
A Hymne to Venus, and Cupid.

Sea-born Goddess, let me be,
By thy sonne thus grac’t, and thee;
That whenere I wooe, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.
Let me when I kisse a maid,
Taste her lips, so over-laid
With Loves-sirrop; that I may,
In your Temple, when I pray,
Kisse the Altar, and confess
Ther’s in love, no bitterness.

On Julia’s Picture.

How am I ravisht! when I do but see,
The Painters art in thy Sciography?
If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,
When once he gives it incarnation?

Her Bed.

See’st thou that Cloud as silver cleare,
Plump, soft, & swelling everywhere?
’Tis Julia’s Bed, and she sleeps there.

Her Legs.

Fain would I kiss my Julia’s dainty Leg,
Which is as white and hair-less as an egg.

Upon her Almes.

See how the poore do waiting stand,
For the expansion of thy hand.
A wafer Dol’d by thee, will swell
Thousands to feed by miracle.
The parting verse, the feast there ended.

Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one
Back must now go to his habitation:
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,
Whether or no, that we shall meet here ever.
As for myself, since time a thousand cares
And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs;
'Tis to be doubted whether I next yeer,
Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
You'll with a tear or two, remember me,
Your sometime Poet; but if fates do give
Me longer date, and more fresh Springs to live:
Oft as your field, shall her old age renew,
Herrick shall make the meddow-verse for you.

Upon Judith. Epig.

Judith has cast her old-skin, and got new;
And walks fresh varnished to the publick view.
Foule Judith was; and foule she will be known,
For all this fair Transfiguration.

Long and lazie.

That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be:
Lasie to others, but be long to me.

Upon Ralph. Epig.

Curse not the mice, no grist of thine they eat:
But curse thy children, they consume thy wheat.

To the right honourable, Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and Montgomerie.

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke, you!

Hesperides

You, who are High born, and a Lord no lesse
Free by your fate, then Fortune's mightiness,
Who hug our Poems (Honourd Sir) and then
The paper gild, and Laureat the pen.
Nor suffer you the Poets to sit cold,
But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.
Others there be, who righteously will swear
Those smooth-pac't Numbers, ambles everywhere;
And these brave Measures go a stately trot;
Love those, like these; regard, reward them not.
But you, my Lord, are One, whose hand along
Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue;
Paying before you praise; and cockering wit,
Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

An hymne to Juno.

Stately Goddesse, do thou please,
Who art chief at marriages,
But to dresse the Bridall-Bed,
When my Love and I shall wed:
And a Peacock proud shall be
Offered up by us, to thee.

Upon Mease. Epig.

Mease brags of Pullets which he eats: but Mease
Ne'r yet set tooth in stump, or rump of these.

Upon Sapho, sweetly playing, and
Sweetly singing.

When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,
Whether it be the voice or string,
Or both of them, that do agree
Thus to en-trance and ravish me:
This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute;
And dye away upon thy Lute.
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 364-366

Upon Paske a Draper.

Paske, though his debt be due upon the day
Demands no money by a craving way;
For why says he, all debts and their arrears,
Have reference to the shoulders, not the ears.

Chop-Cherry.

Thou gav'st me leave to kiss;
Thou gav'st me leave to woo;
Thou mad'st me thinke by this,
And that, thou lov'dst me too.

But I shall ne'r forget,
How for to make thee merry;
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,
Another snapt the Cherry.

To the most learned, wise, and Arch-Antiquary, M. John Selden.

I who have favour'd many, come to be
Grac't (now at last) or glorif'd by thee.
Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have set
On many a head the Delphick Coronet,
Come unto thee for Laurel!, having spent.
My wreaths on those, who little gave or lent.
Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,
Whom they neglected, thou hast crown'd a Poet.
A City here of Heroes I have made,
Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,
Shall never shrink, where making thine abode,
Live thou a Selden, that's a Demi-god.

Hesperides

Nos. 367-371

Upon himself.

Thou shalt not All die; for while Love's fire shines
Upon his Altar, men shall read thy lines;
And learn'd Musicians shall to honour Herricks Fame, and his Name, both set, and sing his Lyricks.

Upon wrinkles.

Wrinkles no more are, or no lesse,
Then beauty turned to soverness.

Upon Prigg.

Prigg, when he comes to houses, oft doth use
(Rather then fail) to steal from thence old shoes:
Sound or unsound, or be they rent or whole,
Prigg bears away the body and the sole.

Upon Moon

Moon is an Usurer, whose gain,
Seldome or never, knows a wain,
Onely Moons conscience, we confesse,
That ebs from pittie lesse and lesse.

Pray and prosper.

First offer Incense, then thy field and meads
Shall smile and smell the better by thy beeds.
The spangling Dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be
Turn'd all to Mell, and Manna there for thee.
Butter of Amber, Cream, and Wine, and Oile
Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl.
Wod'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy mold?
Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to gold.
Herrick's Poems

His Lachrime or Mirth, turn'd to Mourning.

Call me no more, As heretofore, The musick of a Feast; Since now (alas) The mirth, that was In me, is dead or ceas,

Before I went To banishment Into the loathed West; And I co'd rehearse A Lyritic verse, And speak it with the best.

But time (Ah me) Has laid, I see, My Organ fast asleep; And turn'd my voice Into the noise Of those that sit and weep.

Upon Shift.

Shift now has cast his clothes: got all things new; Save but his hat, and that he cannot mew.

Upon Cuts.

If wounds in clothes, Cuts calls his rag's tis cleere, His linings are the matter running there.

Gain and Gettings.

When others gain much by the present cast, The coblers getting time, is at the Last.

Hesperides

To the Most Fair and Lovely Mistres.

Anne Soame, now Lady Abeye.

So smell those odours that do rise From out the wealthy spiceries:

So smells the flower of blooming Clove; Or Roses smother'd in the stove:

So smells the Aire of spiced Wine; Or Essences of Jessimine:

So smells the Breath about the hives, When well the work of honey thrives:

And all the busy Factours come Laden with wax and honey home:

So smell those neat and woven Bowers, All over-archt with Oringe flowers, And Almond blossoms, that do mix To make rich these Aromatikes:

So smell those bracelets, and those bands Of Amber chafe't between the hands, When thus enkindled they transpire A noble perfume from the fire.

The wine of cherries, and to these, The cooling breath of Respasses; The smell of mornings milk, and cream; Butter of Cowslips mixt with them; Of rosted warden, or bak'd pear;

These are not to be reckon'd here; Whenas the meanest part of her, Smells like the maiden-Pomander.

Thus sweet she smells, or what can be More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

Upon his Kinswoman Mistres Elizabeth Herrick.

Sweet Virgin, that I do not set The pillars up of weeping Jet,
Or mournfull Marble; let thy shade
Not wrathfull seem, or fright the Maide,
Who hither at her wonted howers
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
No, know (Blest Maide) when there's not one
Remainder left of Brasse or stone,
Thy living Epitaph shall be,
Though lost in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy bed of Roses, then,
Till this world shall dissolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing thy curtains round: Good night.

A Panegyrick to Sir Lewis Pemberton.

Till I shall come again, let this suffice,
I send my salt, my sacrifice
To Thee, thy Lady, younglings, and as farre
As to thy Genius and thy Larre;
To the worn Threshold, Porch, Hall, Parlour,
Kitchin,
The fat-fed smoking Temple, which in
The wholesome savour of thy mighty Chines
Invites to supper him who dines,
Where laden spits, warp't with large Ribbs of
Beefe,
Not represent, but give reliefe
To the lanke-Stranger, and the sowre Swain;
Where both may feed, and come againe:
For no black-bearded Vigil from thy doore
Beats with a button’d-staffe the poore:
But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may
Take friendly morsels, and there stay
To Sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
For thou no Porter keep’st who strikes.

No commer to thy Roofe his Guest-rite wants;
Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts
Of some rough Groom, who (yirk't with Coras)
sayes, Sir,
Y'ave dipt too long i' th' Vinegar;
And with our Broth and bread, and bits; Sir,
yfriend,
Y'ave far’d well, pray make an end;
Two dayes y'ave larded here; a third, yee know,
Makes guests and fish smell strong; pray go
You to some other chimney, and there take
Essay of other giblets; make
You merry at anothers hearth; y'are here
Welcome as thunder to our beere:
Manners knowes distance, and a man unrudd
Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude
His Stomach to a second Meale. No, no,
Thy house, well fed and taught, can show
No such crab’d vizard: Thou hast learnt thy
Train,
With heart and hand to entertain:
And by the Armes-full (with a Brest unhid)
As the old Race of mankind did,
When eithers heart, and eithers hand did strive
To be the nearer Relative:
Thou do’st redeeme those times; and what was lost
Of antient honesty, may boast:
It keeps a growth in thee; and so will runne
A course in thy Flames-pledge, thy Sonne.
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate
Early sets ope to feast, and late:
Keeping no curish Waiter to affright,
With blasting eye, the appetite,
Which fain would waste upon thy Cates, but that
The Trencher-creature marketh what
No. 378 Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
Some private pinch tells danger's nie
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites
Skin-deepe into the Porke, or lights
Upon some part of Kid, as if mistooke,
When check'd by the Butlers look.
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund Beere
Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,
But all, who at thy table seated are,
Find equall freedome, equal! fare;
And thou, like to that Hospitable God,
Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode
To eate thy Bullocks thighs, thy Veales, thy fat
Weathers, and never grudged at.
The Phesant, Partridge, Gotwit, Reeve, Ruffe,
The Cock, the Curlew, and the quail;
These, and thy choicest viands do extend
Their taste unto the lower end
Of thy glad table: not a dish more known
To thee, then unto any one:
But as thy meate, so thy immortal Wine
Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
And spring fresh Rose-buds, while the salt, the wit
Flowes from the Wine, and graces it:
While Reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,
Honours my Lady and my Lord.
No scurrile jest; no open Scene is laid
Here, for to make the face affraid;
But temp'r rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
ly that it makes the meate more sweet:
And adds perfumes unto the Wine, which thou
Do'st rather poure forth, then allow.
By cruse and measure; thus devoting Wine,
As the Canary Isles were thine:

But with that wisdome, and that method, as No. 379
No One that's there his guilty glasse
Drinks of distemper, or has'cause to cry
Repentance to his liberty.
No, thou know'st order, Ethicks, and has't read
All Oeconomicks, know'st to lead
A House-dance neatly, and can't truly show,
How far a Figure ought to go,
Forward, or backward, side-ward, and what pace
Can give, and what retract a grace;
What Gesture, Courtship; Comliness agrees,
With those thy primitive decrees,
To give subsistance to thy house, and proofe,
What Genii support thy roofe,
Goodnes and Greatnes; not the oaken Piles;
For these, and marbles house their whiles
To last, but not their ever: Virtues Hand
It is, which builds, 'gainst Fate to stand.
Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust
Is more in thee, then in her dust,
Or depth; these last may yeeld, and yearly shrinke,
When what is strongly built, no chink
Or yawning rupture can the same devour,
But fixt it stands, by her own power,
And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,
Which tries, and counter-stands the shock,
And Ramme of time, and by vexation grows
The stronger: Virtue dies when foes
Are wanting to her exercise, but great
And large she spreads by dust, and sweat.
Safe stand thy Walls, and Thee, and so both will,
Since neithers height was rais'd by th'ill
Of others; since no Stud, no Stone, no Piece,
Was rear'd up by the Poore-mans fleece:
No Widowes Tenement was rackt to guild
Nos. 378-381
Or fret thy Seeling, or to build
A Sweating-Closet, to anoint the silke-
soft-skin, or bath in Asses milke :
No Orphans pittance, left him, serv'd to set
The pillars up of lasting Jet,
For which their cries might beate against thine
cares,
Or in the dampe Jet read their Teares.
No Planke from Hallowed Altar, do's appeale
To yond' Star-chamber, or do's scale
A curse to Thee, or Thine; but all things even
Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.
Go on directly so, as just men may
A thousand times, more swear'd, then say,
This is that Princely Pemberton, who can
Teach man to keepe a God in man :
And when wise Poets shall search out to see
Good men, They find them all in Thee.

To his Valentine, on S. Valentine's day.
Oft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say,
Birds chuse their Mates, and couple too, this
day :
But by their flight I never can divine,
When I shall couple with my Valentine.

Upon Doll. Epig.

Upon Skrew. Epig.
Skrew lives by shifts; yet sweares by no small
oathes;
For all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

Upon Linnit. Epig.

Linnit plays rarely on the Lute, we know;
And sweetly sings, but yet his breath sayes no.


After the rare Arch-Poet Johnson dy'd,
The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins pride;
Together with the Stages glory stood
Each like a poore and pitted widowhood.
The Cirque prophan'd was; and all postures
rack:
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words; and men did
squeake,
Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake;
No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,
Or flash about the spacious Theater.
No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proofe
Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her
roofe.
Artlesse the Scene was; and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist
At thy unequal'd Play, the Alchymist:
Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all witt
In utter darkenes did, and still will sit
Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she
Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee.

Another.
Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree;
That henceforth none be Laurel-crown'd but Thee.
Herrick's Poems

To his Nephew, to be prosperous in his art of Painting.

On, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get
The Palme from Urbain, Titian, Tintarret,
Brugel and Coxxu, and the works out-doe,
Of Holben, and That mighty Ruben too.
So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
No, not the glory of the World, Vandike.

Upon Glass. Epig.

Glass, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want,
Turn'd, from a Papist here, a Predicant.
A Vicarige at last Tom Glass got here,
Just upon five and thirty pounds a yeare.
Add to that thirty five, but five pounds more,
He'll turn a Papist, ranker then before.

A Vow to Mars.

Store of courage to me grant,
Now I'm turn'd a combatant:
Help me so, that I my shield,
(Fighting) lose not in the field.
That's the greatest shame of all,
That in warfare can befall.
Do but this; and there shall be
Offer'd up a Wolfe to thee.

To his Maid Prew.

These Summer-Birds did with thy master stay
The times of warmth; but then they flew away;
Leaving their Poet (being now grown old)
Expos'd to all the coming Winters cold.

Hesperides

But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide,
As well the Winters, as the Summers Tide:
For which thy love, live with thy master here,
Not one, but all the seasons of the yeare.

A Canticle to Apollo.

Play, Phebus on thy Lute;
And we will sit all mute:
By listening to thy Lire,
That sets all eares on fire.
Hark, hark, the God do's play!
And as he leads the way
Through heaven, the very Spheres,
As men, turne all to eares.

A Just Man.

A just man's like a Rock that turns the wroth
Of all the raging Waves, into a froth.

Upon a Hoarse Singer.

Sing me to death; for till thy voice be cleare,
'Twill never please the pallate of mine eare.

How Pansies or Hart-ease came first.

Frolick Virgins once these were,
Over-loving, (living here:)
Being here their ends deny'd
Ranne for Sweet-hearts mad, and di'd.
Love in pitie of their teares,
And their losse in blooming yeares;
For their restlesse here-spent houres,
Gave them Hearts-ease turn'd to flow'rs.
To his peculiar friend Sir Edward Fish, Knight Baronet.

Since for thy full deserts (with all the rest
Of these chaste spirits, that are here posset
Of Life eternall) Time has made thee one,
For growth in this my rich Plantation:
Live here: But know ’twas vertue, & not chance,
That gave thee this so high inheritance.
Keep it forever; grounded with the good,
Who hold fast here an endless lively-hood.

Larr’s portion, and the Poets part.

At my homely Country-seat,
I have there a little wheat;
Which I work to Meal, and make
Therewithall a Holy-cake:
Part of which I give to Larr,
Part is my peculiar.

Upon man.

Man is compos’d here of a two-fold part;
The first of Nature, and the next of Art:
Art presupposes Nature; Nature shee
Prepares the way for mans docility.

Liberty.

Those ills that mortall men endure
So long are capable of cure,
As they of freedome may be sure;
But that deni’d; a griefe, though small,
Shakes the whole Roofe, or ruines all.

Lots to be liked.

Learn this of me, where e’r thy Lot doth fall;
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

Griefes.

Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs;
Since man expos’d is to a world of griefs.

Upon Eeles. Epig.

Eeles winds and turnes, and cheats and steales;
yet Eeles
Driving these sharking trades, is out at heela.

The Dreame.

By Dream I saw, one of the three
Sisters of Fate, appeare to me.
Close to my Beds side she did stand
Shewing me there a fire brand;
She told me too, as that did spend,
So drew my life unto an end.
Three quarters were consum’d of it;
Onely remaind a little bit,
Which will be burnt up by and by;
Then Julia weep, for I must dy.

Upon Raspe. Epig.
Herrick's Poems

Upon Center a Spectacle-maker with a flat nose.
Center is known weak sighted, and he sells
To others store of helpful spectacles.
Why were he none? Because we may suppose,
Where Leaven wants, there Levill lies the nose.

Clothes do but cheat and cozen us.
Away with silks, away with Lawn,
Ile have no Scoans, or Curtains drawn:
Give me my Mistresse, as she is,
Drest in her nak't simplicities:
For as my Heart, ene so mine Eye
Is wone with flesh, not Drapery.

To Dianeme.
Shew me thy feet; shew me thy legs, thy thighs;
Shew me Those Fleshie Principalities;
Shew me that Hill (where smiling Love doth sit)
Having a living Fountain under it.
Shew me thy waste; then let me there withall,
By the Assentation of thy Lawn, see All.

Upon Electra.
When out of bed my Love doth spring,
’Tis but as day a-kindling:
But when She’s up and fully drest,
’Tis then broad Day throughout the East.

To his Book.
Have I not blest Thee? Then go forth; nor fear
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here.
But with thy fair Fates leading thee, Go on
With thy most white Predestination.

Of Love.
I do not love, nor can it be
Love will in vain spend shafts on me:
I did this God-head once defie;
Since which I freeze, but cannot frie.
Yet out, alas! the deaths the same,
Kil’d by a frost or by a flame.

Upon himself.
I dislike but even now;
Now I love I know not how.
Was I idle, and that while
Was I fier’d with a smile?
Ile too work, or pray; and then
I shall quite dislike agen.

Another.
Love he that will; it best likes me,
To have my neck from Loves yoke free.
Skins he dined well to day; how do you think? His Nails they were his meat, his Reume the drink.

Upon Pievish. Epig.

Pievish doth boast, that he's the very first Of English Poets, and 'tis thought the Worst.

Upon Jolly and Jilly. Epig.

The mad Maids song.

Good morrow to the Day so fair;
Good morning Sir to you:
Good morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedaled with the dew.
Good morning to this Prim-rose too;
Good morrow to each maid;
That will with flowers the Tomb bestrew,
Wherein my Love is laid.
Ah! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay!
For pity, Sir, find out that Bee,
Which bore my Love away.

Ile seek him in your Bonnet brave;
Ile seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I’th’bed of strawburies.
To Bacchus, a Canticle.

Whither dost thou whorry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee?
This way, that way, that way, this,
Here, and there a fresh Love is.
That doth like me, this doth please;
Thus a thousand Mistresses,
I have now; yet I alone,
Having All, enjoy not One.

The Lawne.

How I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin?
It should be only in my Julia’s skin:
Which so betrays her blood, as we discover
The blush of cherries, when a Lawn’s cast over.

The Frankincense.

When my offering next I make,
Be thy hand the hallowed Cake:
And thy breast the Altar, whence
Love may smell the Frankincense.

Upon Patrick a Footman. Epig.

Now Patrick with his footman’s help has done,
His eyes and ears strive which should fastest run.

Upon Bridget. Epig.

Of four teeth only Bridget was possess’d;
Two she spat out, a cough forc’d out the rest.

To Sycamores.

I’m sick of Love; O let me lie
Under your shades, to sleep or die!
Either is welcome; so I have
Or here my Bed, or here my Grave.

Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
Time with the tears, that I do weep?
Say, have ye sense, or do ye prove
What Crucifixions are in Love?
I know ye do; and that’s the why,
You sigh for Love, as well as I.

A Pastorall sung to the King:

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepheards.

Mon. Bad are the times. Sil. And worse then they are we.
Mon. Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill the tree:
The feast of Shepheards fail. Sil. None crowns the cup
Of Wasseil now, or set the quintell up:
And He, who us’d to lead the Country-round,
Youthfull Mirtillo, Here he comes, Grief-drown’d.
Mirt. Ah! Amarillis, farewell mirth and pipe;
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,
To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.
Dear Amarillis! Mon. Hark! Sil. Mark!
Mirt. This earth grew sweet
Where, Amarillis, Thou didst set thy feet.
Ambo. Poor pitted youth! Mirt. And here the breath of kine
And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breath of Thine.
This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of Cow-slips, these she gave me here.
Sil. Words sweet as Love it self. Montano, Hark.
This way she came, and this way too
she went;
How each thing smells divinely redolent!
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown;
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mont. A sweet-sad passion.

Mirt. In dewie-mornings when she came this way,
Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day:
And when at night, she folded had her sheep,
Daysies wold shut, and closing, sigh and weep,
Besides (Ai me!) since she went hence to dwell,
The voices Daughter nea’r spake syllable.
But she is gone. Sil. Mirtillo, tell us whether:

Mont. Fore-fend it Pan, and Pale’s do thou please
To give an end: Mir. To what? Sil. such
griefs as these.

Mirt. Never, O never! Still I may endure
The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

Mont. Love for thy sake will bring her to
these hills
And dales again: Mir. No, I will languish still;
And all the while my part shall be to weep;
And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep:
And in the Rind of every comely tree
Ile carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee:

Mont. Set with the Sunne, thy woes: Sil.
The day grows old:
And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Chor. The shades grow great; but greater
growes our sorrow,

But yet I would not marry,
Ile hug, Ile kiss, Ile play,
And Cock-like, Hens Ile tread;
And sport it any way;
But in the Bridall Bed:

For why? that man is poore,
Who hath but one of many;
But crown’d he is with store,
That single may have any.

Why then, say, what is he
(To freedome so unknown)
Who having two or three,
Will be content with one?

UPON FLIMSEY. EPIG.

Why walkes Nick Flimsey like a Male-content?
Is it because his money all is spent?
No, but because the Ding-thrift now is poore,
And knowes not where i’th’world to borrow more.
Upon Shewbread. Epig.

Last night thou didst invite me home to eate;  
And shew'st me there much Plate, but little meate.  
Prithee, when next thou do'st invite, barre State,  
And give me meate, or give me else thy Plate.

The Willow Garland.

A willow Garland thou did'st send  
Perfum'd (last day) to me:  
Which did but only this portend,  
I was forsooke by thee.

Since so it is; Ile tell thee what,  
To morrow thou shalt see  
Me weare the Willow; after that,  
To dye upon the Tree.

As Beasts unto the Altars go  
With Garlands drest, so I  
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,  
Come forth and sweetly dye.

A Hymne to Sir Clipseby Crew.

'Twas not Lov's Dart;  
Or any blow  
Of want, or foe,  
Did wound my heart  
With an eternall smart:  
But only you,  
My sometimes known  
Companion,  
(My dearest Crew,)  
That me unkindly slew.

Hesperides.  

May your fault dye,  
And have no name  
In Bookes of fame;  
Or let it lye  
Forgotten now, as I.

We parted are,  
And now no more,  
As heretofore,  
By jocund Larr,  
Shall be familiar.

But though we Sever  
My Crew shall see,  
That I will be  
Here faithlesse never;  
But love my Clipseby ever.

Upon Roots. Epig.

Observation.

Empires.

Empires of Kings, are now, and ever were,  
(As Salust saith) co-incident to feare.
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FELICITY, QUICK OF FLIGHT.
Every time seems short to be,
That's measure'd by felicity:
But one halfe houre, that's made up here
With griefe; seems longer then a yeare.

PUSREFACIATION.
Pusrefaciation is the end
Of all that Nature doth entend.

PASSION.
Were there not a Matter known,
There wo'd be no Passion.

JACK AND JILL.
Since Jack and Jill both wicked be;
It seems a wonder unto me,
That they no better do agree.

UPON PARSON BEANES.
Old Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,
And on the seaventh, he has his Notes to seek.
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seaventh, he can nor preach, or pray.

THE CROWD AND COMPANY.
In holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the companie.

SHORT AND LONG BOTH LIKES.
This Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall;
But long or short, I'm well content with all.

POLLICIE IN PRINCES.
That Princes may possesse a surer seat,
'Tis fit they make no One with them too great.

UPON ROOK. EPIG.
Rook he sells feathers, yet he still doth cry
Fie on this pride, this Female vanitie.
Thus, though the Rooke do's raile against the sin,
He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.
Have ye beheld (with much delight)
A red-Rose peeping through a white?
Or else a cherrie (double grace')
Within a Lillie-center plac't?
Or ever mark't the pretty beam,
A Strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in Creame?
Or seen rich Rubies blushing through
A pure smooth Pearle, and Orient too?
So like to this, naie all the rest,
Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE.
Shut not so soon; the dull-eye'd night
Ha's not as yet begunne
To make a seisure on the light,
Or to seale up the Sun.
No Marigolds yet closed are;
No shadowes great appeare;
Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre
Shine like a spangle here.
Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
It selfe to live or dye.

Hesperides

Nos. 439-442

To Daisies, not to shut so soone.
Shut not so soon; the dull-eye'd night
Ha's not as yet begunne
To make a seisure on the light,
Or to scale up the Sun.
No Marigolds yet closed are;
No shadowes great appeare;
Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre
Shine like a spangle here.
Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
It selfe to live or dye.

Hesperides
To the little Spinners.

Yee pretty Huswives, wou'd ye know
The worke that I wou'd put ye too?
This, this it shou'd be, for to spin,
A Lawn for me, so fine and thin,
As it might serve me for my skin.

For cruell Love ha's me so whipt,
That of my skin, I all am stript;
And shall dispaire, that any art
Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart;
Unlesse you skin again each part.
Which mercy if you will but do,
I call all Maids to witnesse too
What here I promise, that no Broom
Shall now, or ever after come
To wrong a Spinner or her Loome.

Oberon's Palace.

After the Feast (my Shapcot) see,
The Fairie Court I give to thee:
Where we'le present our Oberon, led
Halfe tipsie to the Fairie Bed,
Where Mab he finds; who there doth lie
Not without mickle majesty.
Which, done; and thence remov'd the light,
We'1 wish both Them and Thee, good night.

Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,
As Cherry harvest, now high fed.
For Lust and action; on he'l go,
To lye with Mab, though all say no.
Lust ha's no eares; He's sharpe as thorn;
And firefull, carries Hay in's horne,
And lightning in his eyes; and flings
Among the Elves, (if mov'd) the stings

Hesperides
Half rotten, and without an eye,
Lies here abouts; and for to pave
The excellency of this Cave,
Squirrels and childrens teeth late shed,
Are neatly here enchequered.
With brownest Toadstones, and the Gum
That shines upon the blewer Plum.
The nails fall off by Whit-flawes: Art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,
Which we to others (from our selves)
Sell, and brought hither by the Elves.
The tempting Mole, stoln from the neck
Of the shee Virgin, seems to deck
The holy Entrance; where within
The roome is hung with the blew skin
Of shifted Snake: enfreeze'd throughout
With eyes of Peacocks Trains, & Trout-
flies curious wings; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-wormes eyes; the shining scales
Of silv'rie fish; wheat-strawes, the snakes
Soft Candle-light; the Kitling's eyne;
Corrupted wood; serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-fact Day,
Or other over-radiant Ray
Ransacks this roome; but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these jems,
And multiply; Such is the light,
But ever doubtfull Day, or night,
By this quaint Taper-light he winds
His Erourra up; and now he finds
His Moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And (Love knowes) tender as a chick.
Upon six plump Dandillions, high-
Rear'd, lies her Elvish-majestie:
Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne
Hir Mab-ship in obedient Downe.
For either sheet, was spread the Caule
That doth the Infants face enthrall,
When it is born: (by some enstyl'd
The luckie Omen of the child)
And next to these two blankets ore-
Cast of the finest Gossamore.
And then a Rug of carded wooll,
Which, Spunge-like drinking in the dull-
Light of the Moon, seem'd to comply,
Cloud-like, the daintie Deitie.
Thus soft she lies: and over-head
A Spinners circle is bespread,
With Cob-web-curtains: from the roof
So neatly sunck, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare.
What gives it hanging in the Aire.
The Fringe about this, are those Threds
Broke at the Losse of Maiden-heads:
And all behung with these pure Pearls,
Dropt from the eyes of ravisht Girles
Or writhing Brides; when (panting) they
Give unto Love the straiter way.
For Musick now; He has the cries
Of fain'd-lost-Virginities;
The which the Elves make to excite
A more unconquer'd appetite.
The Kings undrest; and now upon
The Gnats-watch-word the Elves are gone.
And now the bed, and Mab possesst
Of this great-little-kingly-Guest;
We'll nobly think, what's to be done,
He'll do no doubt; This flax is spun.
To his peculiar friend Master Thomas Shapcott, Lawyer.

I've paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All; Besides I give Thee here a Verse that shall (When hence thy Circum-mortall-part is gon) Arch-like, hold up, Thy Name's Inscription. Brave men can't die, whose Candid Actions are Writ in the Poets Endlesse-Kalendar: Whose velome, and whose volumne is the Skie, And the pure Starres the praising Poetrie. Farewell.

To Julia in the Temple.

Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one To make up now a Congregation. Let's to the Altar of perfumes then go And say short Prayers; and when we have done so, Then we shall see, how in a little space, Saints will come in to fill each Pew and Place.

To Oenone.

What Conscience, say, is it in thee When I a heart had one, To Take away that Heart from me, And to retain Thy own? For shame or pity now encline To play a loving part; Either to send me kindly thine, Or give me back my heart. Covet not both; but if thou dost Resolve to part with neither; Why! yet to shew that thou art just, Take me and mine together.

To Groves.

Yee silent shades, whose each tree here Some Relique of a Saint doth weare: Who for some sweet-hearts sake, did prove The fire, and martyrdom of love. Here is the Legend of those Saints That di'd for love; and their complaints: Their wounded hearts; and names we find Encarr'd upon the Leaves and Rind. Give way, give way to me, who come Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdom: And have deser'ved as much (Love knowes) As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those, Whose deeds, and deaths here written are Within your Greenie-Kalendar:

By all those Virgins Fillets hung Upon your Boughs, and Requiems sung For Saints and Soules departed hence, (Here honour'd still with Frankincense) By all those teares that have been shed, As a Drink-offering, to the dead: By all those True-love-knots, that be With Motto's carv'd on every tree, By sweet Saint Phillis; pitie me:
To Jealousie.

O Jealousie, that art
The Canker of the heart:
And mak'st all hell
Where thou do'st dwell;
For pitie be
No Furie, or no Fire-brand to me.
Farre from me Ie remove
All thoughts of irksome Love;
And turn to snow,
Or Christall grow;
To keep still free
(Oh! Soul-tormenting Jealousie,) from Thee.

To live Freely.
Let's live in haste; use pleasures while we may:
Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

Upon Sppunge. Epig.
Sppunge makes his boasts that he's the onely man
Can hold of Beere and Ale an Ocean;
Is this his Glory? then his Triumph's Poore;
I know the Tunne of Hildeberge holds more.

His Almes.
Here, here I live,
And somewhat give,
Of what I have,
To those, who crave.
Little or much,
My Almnes is such:
But if my deal
Of Oyl and Meal
Nos. 456-459

Shall fuller grow,
More Ie bestow:
Mean time be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crum,
The scrip hath some.

Upon himself.

Come, leave this loathed Country-life, and then
Grow up to be a Roman Citizen.
Those mites of Time, which yet remain unspent,
Waste thou in that most Civill Government.
Get their comportment, and the gilding tongue
Of those mild Men, thou art to live among:
Then being seated in that smoother Sphere,
Decree thy everlasting Topick there.
And to the Farm-house nere return at all,
Though Granges do not love thee, Cities shall.

To enjoy the time.

While Fates permit us, let's be merry;
Passe all we must the fallall Ferry:
And this our life too whirls away,
With the Rotation of the Day.

Upon Love.

Love, I have broke
Thy yoke;
The neck is free:
But when I'm next
Love-vext,
Then shackle me.

Hesperides

'Tis better yet
To fret.
The feet or hands;
Then to enthrall,
Or gall
The neck with bands.

To the Right Honourable Mildmay, Earle
Of Westmorland.

You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man,
Who writes sweet Numbers well as any can:
If so, why then are not These Verses hurld,
Like Sybels Leaves, throughout the ample world?
What is a Jewell if it be not set
Forth by a ring, or some rich Carkanet?
But being so; then the beholders cry,
See, see a Jemme (as rare as Bælus eye.)
Then publick praise do's runne upon the Stone,
For a most rich, a rare, a precious One.
Expose your jewels then unto the view,
That we may praise Them, or themselves praise
You.

Virtue conceal'd (with Horace you'll confess,) Differ not much from drowzie slothfulness.

The Plunder.

I am of all bereft;
Save but some few Beanes left,
And the rest (at last) to make,
For me, and mine a Cake:
Which eaten, they and I
Will say our grace, and die.
Nos. 462-466

Littlenesse no cause of Leanness.
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane;
And I but feasting with a Beane,
Grow fat and smooth: The reason is,
Jove prospers my meat, more then his.

Upon one who said she was always young.
You say y'are young; but when your Teeth are
told
To be but three, Black-ey'd, wee'! thine y'are
old.

Huncks. Epig.
Hunck's ha's do money (he do's sweare, or say)
About him, when the Taverns shot's to pay.
If he ha's none in's pockets, trust me, Huncks
Ha's none at home, in Coffers, Desks, or Trunks.

The Jamall Ring, or True-love-knot.
Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot; but I
Return'd a Ring of Jamms, to imply
Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

The parting Verse, or Charge to his
supposed Wife when he travelled.
Go hence, and with this parting kisse,
Which joyns two souls, remember this;
Though thou beest young, kind, soft and faire,
And may'et draw thousands with a hair.
Yet let these glib temptations be
Furies to others, Friends to me.
Looke upon all; and though on fire
Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire
Steere Thee to me; and thine (me gone)

In having all, that thou hast none. Oh and Ah
Nor so immured wold I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave;
But walk abroad, yet wisely well
Stand for my coming, Sentinel.
And think (as thou dost walk the street) W
Me, or my shadow thou dost meet.
I know a thousand greedy eyes
Will on thy Feature tirannize,
In my short absence; yet behold
Them like some Picture, or some Mould
Fashion'd like Thee; which though 'tave cares
And eyes, it neither sees or heares.
Gifts will be sent, and Letters, which
Are the expressions of that itch,
And salt, which frets thy Suters; fly
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty:
For that once lost, thou'lt fall to one,
Then prostrate to a million.
But if they wooe thee, do thou say,
(As that chaste Queen of Ithaca
Did to her suitors) this web done
(Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne;
I will not urge Thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou canst say no.
And no again, and so deny,
Those thy Lust-burning Incubi.
Let them enstille Thee Fairest faire,
The Pearle of Princes, yet despaire
That so thou art, because thou must
Believe, Love speaks it not, but Lust;
And this their Flatt'rie do's commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasures end.
I am not jealous of thy Faith,
Or will be; for the Axiome saith,
He that doth suspect, do's haste
A gentle mind to be unchaste.
No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep
Thy thoughts as cold, as in thy sleep
And let thy dreams be only fed
With this, that I am in thy bed.
And thou then turning in that Sphere,
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.
But yet if boundlesse Lust must skaile
Thy Fortress, and will needs prevaile;
And wildly force a passage in,
Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne
Of Thine; so Lucrece fell, and the
Chaste Syracusian Cyane.
So Medullina fell, yet none
Of these had imputation
For the least trespasse; 'cause the mind
Here was not with the act combin'd.
The body sins not, 'tis the Will
That makes the Action, good, or ill.
And if thy fall sho'd this way come,
Triumph in such a Martirdome.
I will not over-long enlarge
1 o thee, this my religious charge.
Take this compression, so by this
Means, I shall know what other kisse
Is mixt with mine; and truly know,ye seed T
Returning, if't be mine or no: I shall know
Kepe it till then; and now my Spouse, I'll T
For my wish safety thy vowe, I'll not T
And prayers to Venus; if it please me, I avoid T
The great-blew-ruler of the seas; she shall not T
Not many full-fac't-moons shall waine, nor T
Lean-horn'd, before I come againe to you ma I
As one triumphant; when I find
Mans dying-place uncertain.

Man knowes where first he ships himselfe; but he Never can tell, where shall his Landing be.

Nothing Free-cost.

Nothing comes Free-cost here; Jove will not let His gifts go from him; if not bought with sweat.

Few fortunate.

Many we are, and yet but few possess Those Fields of everlasting happiness.

To Perenna.

How long, Perenna, wilt thou see Me languish for the love of Thee? Consent and play a friendly part To save; when thou may'st kill a heart.

To the Ladies.

Trust me Ladies, I will do Nothing to distemper you; If I any fret or vex, Men they shall be, not your sex.

The Old Wives Prayer.

Holy-rood come forth and shield Us 'i th' Citie, and the Field: Safely guard us, now and aye, From the blast that burns by day; And those sounds that us affright In the dead of dampish night. Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro, By the Time the Cocks first crow.

Upon a cheap Laundress.

Upon his departure hence.

Thus I Passe by, And die: As One, Unknown, And gon: I' m made a shade, and laid And laid My Cave: There have I dwell, Farewell.

The Wassail.

Give way, give way ye Gates, and win An easie blessing to your Bin, And Basket, by our entering in.

May both with manchet stand replent; Your Larders too so hung with meat, That though a thousand, thousand eat;
Yet, ere twelve Moons shall whirl about
Their silv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt,
But more's sent in, then was serv'd out.

Next, may your Dairies Prosper so,
As that your Pans no Ebbe may know;
But if they do, the more to flow,
Like to a solemn sober Stream
Bankt all with Lillies and the Cream
Of sweetest Cow-slips filling Them.

Then, may your Plants be prest with Fruit,
Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute;
But sweetly sounding like a Lute.

Next may your Duck and teeming Hen
Both to the Cocks-tread, say Amen;
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes,
Your Stacks, your Stocks, your sweetest
Mowes,
All prosper by our Virgin-vowes.

Alas! we blesse, but see none here,
That brings us either Ale or Beer;
In a drie-house all things are dear.

Let's leave a longer Time to wait,
Where Rust and Cobwebs bind the gate;
And all live here with needy Fate.

Where chimneys do for ever weep,
For want of warmth, and stomachs keepe
With noise, the servants eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free-feet here; but we'll away:
Yet to the Lares this we'll say.

The time will come, when you'll be sad
And reckon this for fortune bad,
'Tave lost the good ye might have had.

UPON A LADY FAIRE BUT FRUITLESS.

Twice has Pudica been a Bride, and led
By holy Hymen to the Nuptial Bed.
Two Youths she's known thrice two, and twice
3 yeares:
Yet not a Lillie from the Bed appeares:
Nor will; for why, Pudica, this may know,
Trees never beare, unless they first do blow.

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

These Springs were Maidens once that lovd,
But lost to that, they most approvd:
My Story tells, by Love they were
Turn'd to these Springs, which we see here;
The pretty whimpering that they make,
When of the Banks their leave they take;
Tels yee but this, they are the same,
In nothing chang'd but in their name.

TO ROSEMARY, AND BAIES.

My wooing's ended: now my weddings neere:
When Gloves are giving, Guided be you there.

UPON SEURFFE.
Upon a Scarre in a Virgins Face.

'Tis Heresie in others: In your face
That Scarr's no Schisme, but the sign of grace.

Upon his eye-sight failing him.
I beginne to waine in sight;
Shortly I shall bid goodnight:
Then no gazing more about,
When the Tapers once are out.

To his worthy Friend, M. Tho. Falconbirge.
Stand with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise
High with thine own Auspicious Destinies:
Nor leave the search, and proofe, till Thou canst
find
These, or those ends, to which Thou wast design'd.
Thy lucky Genius, and thy guiding Starre,
Have made Thee prosperous in thy wayes, thus
farre:
Nor will they leave Thee, till they both have shown
Thee to the World a Prime and Publique One.
Then, when Thou see'st thine Age all turn'd to
gold,
Remember what thy Herrick Thee foretold,
When at the holy Threshold of thine house,
He Boded good-luck to thy Selfe and Spouse.
Lastly, be mindfull (when thou art grown great)
That Towers high rear'd dread most the lightnings
threat:
Whenas the humble Cottages not fear
The cleaving Bolt of Jove the Thunderer.

Upon Julia's haire fill'd with Dew.

Dew sate on Julia's haire,
And spangled too,
Like Leaves that laden are
With trembling Dew:
Or glitter'd to my sight,
As when the Beans
Have their reflected light,
Daunc't by the Streams.

Another on her.
How can I choose but love, and follow her,
Whose shadow smels like milder Pomander!
How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's
come
The Storax, Spiknard, Myrrhe, and Ladanum.

Losse from the least.
Great men by small meanes oft are overthrown:
He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own

Reward and Punishments.
All things are open to these two events,
Or to Rewards, or else to Punishments.

Shame, no Statist.
Shame is a bad attendant to a State:
He rents his Crown, That feares the Peoples bate.

To Sir Clifsebie Crew.
Since to th' Country first I came,
I have lost my former flame.
And, methinks, I not inherit,
As I did, my ravish't spirit.
If I write a Verse, or two,
'Tis with very much ado;
In regard I want that Wine,
Which sho'd conjure up a line,
Yet, though now of Muse bereft,
I have still the manners left
For to thanke you (Noble Sir)
For those gifts you do conferre
Upon him, who only can
Be in Prose a gratefull man.

Upon Himself.
I co'd never love indeed;
Never see mine own heart bleed:
Never crucifie my life;
Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife:
I co'd never seeke to please
One, or many Mistresses:
Never like their lips, to sweare
Oyle of Roses still smelt there.
I co'd never brake my sleepe,
Fold mine Armes, sob, sigh, or weep;
Never beg, or humbly wo
With oathes, and lies, (as others do.)
I co'd never walke alone;
Put a shirt of sackcloth on
Never keep a fast, or pray
For good luck in love (that day).
But have hitherto liv'd free,
As the aire that circles me:
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i' th' whole, or part.

Fresh Cheese and Cream.
Would yee have fresh Cheese and Cream?
Julia's Breast can give you them:
And if more; Each Nipple cries,
To your Cream, here's Strawberrie.

An Eclogue, or Pastorall between Endimion
Porter and Lycidas Herrick,
Set and Sung.

Endym. Ah! Lycidas, come tell me why
Thy whilome merry Oate
By thee doth so neglected lye;
And never purls a note?
I prithee speake: Lyc. I will. End.
Say on:
Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou,
That art the cause, Endimion;
End. For Loves-sake, tell me how.
Lyc. In this regard, that thou dost play
Upon another Plain:
And for a Rurall Roundelay,
Strik'st now a Courtly strain.
Thou leav'st our Hills, our Dales, our
Bowers,
Our finer fleeced sheep:
(Unkind to us) to spend thine houres,
Where Shepheardes sho'd not keep.
I meane the Court: Let Latmos be
My lov'd Endymions Court;
End. But I the Courtly State wo'd see:
Lyc. Then see it in report.
What ha's the Court to do with Swaines,
Where Phillis is not known?
Nor do's it mind the Rustick straines
Of us, or Coridon.

Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay;
Dear Lycidas, e're long,
I vow by Pan, to come away
And Pipe unto thy Song.

Then Jessimine, with Florabell;
And dainty Amarillis,
With handsome-handed Drosomell
Shall pranke thy Hooke with Lillies.

Then Tityrus, and Coridon,
And Thyris, they shall follow
With all the rest; while thou alone
Shalt lead, like young Apollo.

And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,
In every Gentall Cup,
Shall write in Spice, Endimion 'twas
That kept his Piping up.

And my most luckie Swain, when I shall live to see
Endimions Moon to fill up full, remember me:
Mean time, let Lycidas have leave to Pipe to thee.

TO A BED OF TULIPS.
Bright Tulips, we do know,
You had your coming hither;
And Fading-time do's show,
That Ye must quickly wither.
Nos. 497-499

Herrick's Poems

Come, thou Brave man! And bring with Thee
a Stone
Unto thine own Edification.

High are These Statues here, besides no lesse
Strong then the Heavens for everlastingnesse:
Where build aloft; and being fixt by These,
Set up Thine own eternall Images.

Upon a Flie.

A golden Flie one shew'd to me,
Clos'd in a Box of Yvorie:
Where both seem'd proud; the Flie to have
His buriall in an yvory grave:
The yvorie tooke State to hold
A Corps as bright as burnisht gold.
One Fate had both; both equall Grace;
The Buried, and the Burying-place.
Not Virgils Gnat, to whom the Spring
All Flowers sent to'is burying;
Not Marshals Bee, which in a Bead
Of Amber quick was buried;
Nor that fine Worme that do's interre
Her selfe i'th' silken Sepulchre;
Nor my rare Phil, that lately was
With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glasse;
More honour had, then this same Flie;
Dead, and closed up in Yvorie.

Upon Jack and Jill. Epic.

When Jill complains to Jack for want of meate;
Jack kisses Jill, and bids her freely eate:
Jill says, of what? says Jack, on that sweet kisse,
Which full of Nectar and Ambrosia is,

The food of Poets; so I thought says Jill,
That makes them looke so lanke, so Ghost-like still.
Let Poets feed on aire, or what they will;
Let me feed full, says Jill.

To Julia.

Julia, when thy Herrick dies,
Close thou up thy Poets eyes:
And his last breath, let it be
Taken in by none but Thee.

To Mistresse Dorothy Parsons.

If thou ask me (Deare) wherefore
I do write of thee no more:
I must answer (Sweet) thy part
Less is here, then in my heart.

Upon Parrat.

Parrat protests 'tis he, and only he
Can teach a man the Art of memory:
Believe him not; for he forgot it quite
Being drunke, who 'twas that Can'd his Ribs last night.

How he would drinke his Wine.

Fill me my Wine in Christall; thus, and thus
I see't in's puris naturalibus:
Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,
'Tis sin I know, 'tis sin to throtle Wine.
What Mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,
Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with snow!
Nos. 504

How marigolds came yellow.

Jealous Girles these sometimes were,
While they liv'd, or lasted here:
Turn'd to Flowers, still they be yellow, markt for Jealousie.

The broken Christall.

To Fetch me Wine my Lucia went,
Bearing a Christall continent:
But making haste, it came to passe,
She brake in two the purer Glasse,
Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed;
So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.

Precepts.

Good Precepts we must firmly hold,
By daily learning we wax old.

To the right Honourable Edward Earle of Dorset.

If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are
Of your own selfe, a Publick Theater,
And sitting, see the wiles, wayses, walkes of wit,
And give a righteous judgement upon it,
What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,
If Dorset say, what Herrick writes, is good?
We know y'are learn'd i'th' Muses, and no lesse
In our State-sanctions, deep, or bottomless.
Whose smile can make a Poet; and your glance
Dash all bad Poems out of countenance.
So, that an Author needs no other Bayes
For Coronation, then Your onely Praise.

And no one mischief greater then your frown,
To null his Numbers, and to blast his Crowne.
Few live the life immortall. He ensures
His Fame's long life, who strives to set up Yours.

Upon himself.

Th'art hence removing (like a Shepherd's Tent)
And walk thou must the way that others went:
Fall thou must first, then rise to life with These,
Markt in thy Book for faithfull Witnesses.

Hope well and have well: or, Fair,
After Foule Weather.

What though the Heaven be lowring now,
And look with a contracted brow?
We shall discover, by and by,
A Repurgation of the Skie:
And when those clouds away are driven,
Then will appeare a cheerfull Heaven.

Upon love.

I held Love's head while it did ake;
But so it chanc't to be;
The cruell paine did his forsake,
And forthwith came to me.

Ai me! how shall my grieue be stil'd?
Or where else shall we find
One like to me, who must be kill'd
For being too-too-kind?

To his Kinswoman, Mrs. Penelope Wheeler.

Next is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one,
Here in my Book's Canonization:
Late you come in; but you a Saint shall be,
In Chiefe, in this Poetick Liturgie.
Another upon her.

First, for your shape, the curious cannot shew
Any one part that's dissonant in you:
And 'gainst your chast behaviour there's no Plea,
Since you are knowne to be Penelope.
Thus fair and clean you are, although there be
A mighty strife 'twixt Forme and Chastitie.

Kissing and bussing.
Kissing and bussing differ both in this;
We buss our Wantons, but our Wives we kiss.

Cross and Pile.
Faire and foule dayes trip Cross and Pile; The faire
Far lesse in number, then our foule dayes are.

To the Lady Crew, upon the death of her Child.

Why, Madam, will ye longer weep,
Whenas your Baby's lull'd asleep?
And (pretty Child) feeles now no more
Those pains it lately felt before.
All now is silent; groanes are fled:
Your Child lyes still, yet is not dead:
But rather like a flower hid here
To spring againe another yeare.

His Winding-sheet.

Come thou, who art the Wine, and wis:
Of all I've writ:
The Grace, the Glorie, and the best
Piece of the rest.

Thou art of what I did intend
The All, and End.
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet.
Come then, and be to my chast side
Both Bed, and Bride.
We two (as Reliques left) will have
One Rest, one Grave:
And, hugging close, we will not feare
Lust entring here:
Where all Desires are dead, or cold
As is the mould:
And all Affections are forgot,
Or Trouble not.
Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be
From Shackles free:
And Weeping Widowes long opprest
Doe here find rest.
The wrong'd Client ends his Lawes
Here, and his Cause.
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die:
And all Star-chamber-Bils doe cease,
Or hold their peace.
Where Fortune bears no sway o're things
There all are Kings.
In this secure place we'll keep,
As lull'd asleep;
Or for a little time we'll lye,
As Robes laid by;
To be another day re-worne,
Turn'd, but not torn;
Or like old Testaments ingrost,
Lockt up, not lost:
And for a while lye here conceal'd,
To be reveal'd.
Next, at that great Platonick yeere,
And then meet here.

To Mistresse Mary Willand.

One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent,
T'enspangle this expansive Firmament.
O Flame of Beauty! come, appeare, appeare
A Virgin Taper, ever shining here.

Change gives Content.
What now we like, anon we disapprove;
The new successor drives away old Love.

Upon Magot a Frequentor of Ordinaries.

Magot frequents those houses of good-cheere,
Talkes most, eates most, of all the Feeders there.
He raves through lean, he rages through the fat;
(What gets the master of the Meal by that?)
He who with talking can devour so much,
How wold he eate, were not his hindrance such?

On Himself.
Borne I was to meet with Age,
And to walke Life's pilgrimage.
Much I know of Time is spent,
Tell I can't, what's Resident.

However, cares, adue;
Ie have nought to say to you:
But Ie spend my comming hours,
Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

Fortune favours.
Fortune did never favour one
Fully, without exception;
Though free she be, ther's something yet
Still wanting to her Favourite.

To Phillis to Love, and live with him.

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures Ie prepare for thee:
What sweets the Country can afford
Shall bless thy Bed, and bless thy Board.
The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,
With crawling Woodbine over-spread:
By which the silver-shedding streames
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne
Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.
The tongues of Kids shall be thy meat;
Their Milke thy drinke; and thou shalt eate
The Paste of Filberts for thy bread
With Cream of Cowslips buttered.
Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills
With Daisies spread, and Daffadils;
Where thou shalt sit, and Red-brest by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
Ie give thee Chaines and Carkanets
Of Primroses and Violets.
A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have;
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No. 522

That richly wrought, and This as brave;
So that as either shall expresse
The Wearer's no mean Shepheardesse.
At Sheering-times, and yearly Wakes,
When Themis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be; and be the wit,
Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.
On Holy-days, when Virgins meet
To dance the Heyes with nimble feet;
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The Queen of Roses for that yeere.
And having danc't ('bove all the best)
Carry the Garland from the rest.
In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring
To thee, (my dearest Shepharling)
The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,
And shame-fac't Plum, (all simp'ring there): Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the Rind
Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree;
Where kissing that, lie twice kisse thee.
To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,
Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,
This, this alluring Hook might be
Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.
Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine,
Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine;
To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth,
All sitting near the glitt'ring Hearth.
Thou shalt have Ribbands, Roses, Kings,
Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings
Of winning Colours, that shall move
Others to Lust, but me to Love.
These (nay) and more, thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love and live with me.

To his KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE SUSANNA Nos. 522-523.

WHEN I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay
But here awhile, to languish and decay;
Like to these Garden-glories, which here be
The Flowrie-sweet resemblances of Thee:
With griefe of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,
Wo'd thou hadst ne'r been born, or might'st not die.

UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL HER CHEEKS.

Rare are thy checks Susanna, which do show
Ripe Cherries smiling, while that others blow.

UPON HER EYES.

CLEERE are her eyes,
Like purest Skies.
Discovering from thence
A Babie there
That turns each Sphere,
Like an Intelligence.

UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet
Like smiles did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at Bo-Beep,
Did soon draw in agen.

To his HONOURED FRIEND, Sir JOHN MYNTS.

For civill, clean, and circumcised wit,
And for the comely carriage of it;
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 527
Thou art The Man, the onely Man best known, Mark for the True-wit of a Million:
From whom we'll reckon. Wit came in, but since The Calculation of thy Birth, Brave Mine.

Upon His Gray Haires.
Fly me not, though I be gray, 
Lady, this I know you'll say; 
Better look the Roses red, 
When with white commingled. 
Black your haires are; mine are white; 
This begets the more delight, 
When things meet most opposite: 
As in Pictures we descry, 
Venus standing Vulcan by.

Accusation.
If Accusation onely can draw blood, None shall be guiltlesse, be he n'er so good.

Pride allowable in Poets.
As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let The Muse give thee the Delphick Coronet.

A Vow to Minerva.
Goddess, I begin an Art; 
Come thou in, with thy best part, 
For to make the Texture lye 
Each way smooth and civilly: 
And a broad-face'd Owle shall be 
Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

On Jone.
Jone wou'd go tell her haires; and well she might, 
Having but seven in all; three black, foure white.

Upon Letcher. Epig.

To Electra.
'Tis Ev'n, my Sweet, 
And dark; let us meet; 
Long time w'ave here been a-toying, 
And never, as yet, 
That season co'd get, 
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pity or shame, 
Then let not Love's flame, 
Be ever and ever a-spending; 
Since now to the Port 
The path is but short; 
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flyes away fast; 
Our houres doe waste: 
The while we never remember, 
How soone our life, here, 
Growes old with the yeere, 
That dyes with the next December.

Discord not disadvantageous.
Fortune no higher Project can devise, 
Then to sow Discord 'mongst the Enemies.
ILL GOVERNMENT.

Preposterous is that Government, (and rude)
When Kings obey the wilder Multitude.

To MARYGOLDS.

Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun,
(And hang the head whenas the Act is done)
Spread as He spreads; wax lesse as He do's wane;
And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

To DIANEUM.

Give me one kisse,
And no more;
If so be, this
Makes you poore;
To enrich you,
Ie restore
For that one, two
Thousand score.

To JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS, OR,
QUEEN-PRIEST.

Thou know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne
This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne.
The Chaplet, and Inarculum here be,
With the white Vestures, all attending Thee.
This day, the Queen-Priest, thou art made t'appease
Love for our very-many Trespasses.
One chief transgression is among the rest,
Because with Flowers her Temple was not drest:
The next, because her Altars did not shine
With daily Fyers: The last, neglect of Wine:
For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume
Us all, unless preserv'd by thy Perfume.

To DIANEUM.

Give me one kisse,
And no more;
If so be, this
Makes you poore;
To enrich you,
Ie restore
For that one, two
Thousand score.

To JUlia, The Flaminica Dialis, Or,
Queen-Priest.

Thou know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne
This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne.
The Chaplet, and Inarculum here be,
With the white Vestures, all attending Thee.
This day, the Queen-Priest, thou art made t'appease
Love for our very-many Trespasses.
One chief transgression is among the rest,
Because with Flowers her Temple was not drest:
The next, because her Altars did not shine
With daily Fyers: The last, neglect of Wine:
For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume
Us all, unless preserv'd by thy Perfume.

Hesperides

Take then thy Censer; Put in Fire, and thus,
O Pious-Priestesse! make a Peace for us.
For our neglect, Love did our Death decree:
That we escape. Redemption comes by Thee.

ANACREONTIKE.

Born I was to be old,
And for to die here:
After that, in the mould
Long for to lye here.
But before that day comes,
Still I be Bousing;
For I know, in the Tombs
There's no Carousing.

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH.

Eaten I have; and though I had good cheere,
I did not sup, because no friends were there.
Where Mirth and friends are absent when we Dine
Or Sup, there wants the Incense and the Wine.

LARGE Bounds doe but bury us.

All things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance;
The greatest mans Inheritance.
Whereere the lucky Lot doth fall,
Serves but for place of Buriall.

UPON URSLEY.

Ursley, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace
The Candid Temples of her comely face:
But he will say, whose'r those Circlets seeth,
They be but signs of Ursleys hollow teeth,
An Ode to Sir Clipseby Crew.

Here we securely live, and eat The Cream of meat;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and doe Divine
As Wine
And Rage inspires.

If full we charm; then call upon Anacreon
To grace the frantick Thyrse:
And having drunk, we raise a shout Throughout
To praise his Verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung, or seyd,
A Goblet to the brim,
Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd
A Round
We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres
In Wine and Flowers:
And make the frollick yeere,
The Month, the Week, the instant Day
To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the Cell
Wherein I dwell;
And my Enchantments too;
Which Love and noble freedome is;
And this Shall fetter you.
Upon himselfe being buried.

Let me sleep this night away,
Till the Dawning of the day:
Then at th’ opening of mine eyes,
I, and all the world shall rise.

Pitie to the prostrate:
’Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show
No part of pitie on a conquer’d foe.
Way in a crowd.

His content in the country.
Here, here I live with what my Board,
Can with the smallest cost afford.
Though ne’r so mean the viands be,
They well content my Prew and me.
Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
Whatever comes, content makes sweet:
Here we rejoice, because no rent.
We pay for our poore Tenement:
Wherein we rest, and never fear.
The Landlord or the Usurer.
The quarter-day do’s ne’r affright.
Our Peacefull slumbers in the night.
We eate our own, andatten more;
Because we feed on no man’s score.

The credit of the conquerer.
He who commends the vanquisht, speaks the power,
And glorifies the worthy conquerer.

On himselfe.
Some parts may perish; dye thou canst not all:
The most of thee shall scape the funeral.

Upon one-ey’d broomsted.
Broomsted a lameness got by cold and Beere;
And to the Bath went, to be cur’d there:
His feet were helpt, and left his crutch behind:
But home return’d, as he went forth, halfe blind.

The Fairies.
If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place:
Rake the fier up, and get a good-steady A
Water in, ere sun be set:
Wash your pailes, and cleanse your Dairies;
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies:
Sweep your house: Who doth not so?
Mab will pinch her by the toe.
No. 558 To his Honoured friend, M. John Weare, Counsellour.

Did I or love, or could I others draw
To the indulgence of the rugged Law:
The first foundation of that zeal'd be
By Reading all her Paragraphs in Thee.
Who dost so fitly with the Lawes unite,
As if You Two, were one Hermophrodite:
Nor courts thou Her because she's well attended
With wealth, but for those ends she was entended:
Which were (and still her offices are known),
Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.
To shore the Feeble up, against the strong;
To shield the Stranger, and the Poore from wrong:
This was the Founder's grave and good intent,
To keepe the out-cast in his Tenement:
To free the Orphan from that Wolfe-like-man,
Who is his Butcher more then Guardian.
To dry the Widowes teares; and stop her Swoones,
By pouring Balme and Oyle into her wounds.
This was the old way; and 'tis yet thy course,
To keep those pious Principles in force.
Modest I will be; but one word I'll say
(like to a sound that's vanishing away)
Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow
Hisped, and hairie, ere thy Palm shall know
A Postern-bribe tooke, or a Forked-Feet to fetter Justice, when she might be free.

Eggs I'll not shave: But yet, brave man, if I was destin'd forth to golden Soveraignty:
A Prince I'd be, that I might Thee preferre To be my Counsell both, and Chancellor.

Nos. 559-561

Man is a Watch, wound up at first, but never
Wound up again: Once down, He's down for ever.
The Watch once downe, all motions then do cease;
And Mans Pulse stopt, All Passions sleep in Peace.

Lines have their Linings, and Bookes their Buckram.
As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes,
Shall find much farcing Buckram in our Bookes.

Art above Nature, to Julia.

When I behold a Forrest spread
With silken trees upon thy head;
And when I see that other Dresse
Of flowers set in comlinesse:
When I behold another grace
In the ascent of curious Lace,
Which like a Pinacle doth shew
The top, and the top-gallant too.
Then, when I see thy Tresses bound
Into an Oval, square, or round;
And knot in knots far more then I can tell by tongue; or true-love tie:
Next, when those Lawnie Filmes I see
Play with a wild civility:
And all those airy silks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting so:
I must confess, mine eye and heart
Dotes less on Nature, then on Art.
Herrick's Poems

Upon Shiilla.

Upon his kinswoman, Mistresse Bridget Herrick.
Sweet Bridget blushed, and therewithall,
Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall.
I thought at first 'twas but a dream,
Till after I had handled them;
And smelt them, then they smelt to me,
As Blossomes of the Almond tree.

Upon Love.

Upon a comely, and curious Maid.

Upon the losse of his Finger.

One of the five straight branches of my hand
Is lopt already; and the rest but stand
Expecting when to fall; which soon will be;
First dyes the Leafe, the Bough next, next the Tree.

Upon Irene.

Upon Electra's Tears.

Upon her cheekes she wept; and from those showers
Sprang up a sweet Nativity of Flowres.

Upon Tooly.

A Hymne to the Graces.

When I love, (as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old)
O ye Graces! Make me fit
For the welcoming of it.

Clean my Roomes, as Temples be,
T'entertain that Deity.
Give me words wherewith to wooe,
Suppling and successfull too:
Winning postures; and withall,
Manners each way musical:
Sweetnesse to allay my sowre
And unsmooth behaviour.
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill.
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

To Silvia.
No more my Silvia, do I mean to pray
For those good dayes that ne'r will come away.
I want beliefe; O gentle Silvia, be
The patient Saint, and send up vowes for me.

Upon Blach. Epig.

Upon Vmber. Epig.

The Poet hath lost his pipe.
I cannot pipe as I was wont to do,
Broke is my Reed, hoarse is my singing too:
My wearied Oat Ile hang upon the Tree,
And give it to the Silvan Deitie.

True Friendship,
Wilt thou my true Friend be?
Then love not mine, but me.

The Apparition of his Mistresse calling
him to Elizium.

Desunt nonnulla——

Come then, and like two Doves with sil'rie
wings
Let our soules lie to the' shades, where ever
springs:
Sit smiling in the Meads; where Balme and Oile,
Roses and Cassia crown the untill'd soyle.
Where no disease reignes, or infection comes
To blast the Aire, but Amber-greece and Gums
This, that, and ev'ry Thicket doth transpire
More sweet, then Storax from the hallowed
fire:
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares
Of fragrant Apples, blushing Plums, or Peares:
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like Morning-Sun-shine tinsilling the dew.
Here in green Meddowes sits eternal May,
Purling the Margents, while perpetuall Day
So double gilds the Aire, as that no night
Can ever rust th'Enamel of the light.
Here, naked Younglings, handsome Striplings run
Their Goales for Virgins kisses; which when
done,
Then unto Dancing forth the learned Round
Commixt they meet, with endlessse Roses crown'd.
And here we'll sit on Primrose-banks, and see
Love's Chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be

Hesperides H

233
No. 576 Two loving followers too unto the Grove,
Where Poets sing the stories of our love.
There thou shalt hear Divine Musæus sing
Of Hero, and Leander; then I'll bring
Thee to the Stand, where honour'd Homer reads
His Odysseas, and his high Iliads.
About whose Throne the crowd of Poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue:
To Linus, then to Pindar; and that done,
I'll bring thee Herrick to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning Wine,
And in his Raptures speaking Lines of Thine,
Like to His subject; and as his Frantic-
Looks, shew him truly Bacchanalian like,
Besmear'd with Grapes; welcome he shall thee
thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance
together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom faire Corinna sits, and doth comply
With Yvorie wrists, his Laureat head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
And towring Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And Snakie Perseus, these, and those, whom Rage
(Dropt from the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage
All times unto their frenzies; Thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious Theater.
Among which glories, (crown'd with sacred Bayes,
And flatt'ring Ivie) Two recite their Plays in,
Beumont and Fletcher, Swans, to whom all eare
Listen, while they (like Syrens in their Spheres)
Sing their Evadnes; and still more for thee
There yet remains to know, then thou canst see

Hesperides

By glim'ring of a fancie: Doe but come,
And there I'll shew thee that capacious roome
In which thy Father Johnson now is plac't,
As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grace:
To be in that Orbe crown'd (that doth include
Those Prophets of the former Magnitude)
And he one chiefe ; But harke, I hear the Cock,
(The Bell-man of the night) proclaime the clock
Of late struck one; and now I see the prime
Of Day break from the pregnant East, tis time
I vanish; more I had to say;
But Night determines here, Away.

Life is the Bodies Light.
Life is the Bodies light; which once declining,
Those crimson clouds i'th'cheeks and lips leave shining.
Those counter-changed Tabbies in the ayre,
(The Sun once set) all of one colour are.
So, when Death comes, Fresh tinctures lose their
place,
And dismal Darknesse then doth smutch the face.

Upon U. R. L. E. S. E. P. I. G.

U. R. L. E. S. H. E. D. H. A. D. had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand;
Then from his Feet, it shifted to his Hand:
When 'twas in's Feet, his Charity was small;
Now tis in's Hand, he gives no Aimes at all.

Upon F. R. A. N. C. K.
Love lightly pleased.

Let faire or foule my Mistresse be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me:
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture hers, I’m pleas’d with it,
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Gracefull is ev’ry thing from her.
Or let her Grant, or else Deny,
My Love will fit each Historie.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the yeere?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearl’d with dew?
I will whisper to your eares,
The sweets of Love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do’s shew
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending (yet it doth not break?)
I will answer, These discover
What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

The Tythe. To the Bride.

If nine times you your Bride-groome kisse
The tenth you know the Parsons is.
Pay then your Tythe; and doing thus,
Prove in your Bride-bed numerous.
If children you have ten, Sir John
Won’t for his tenth part ask you one.

No Luck in Love.

I doe love I know not what;
Sometimes this, and sometimes that:
All conditions I aime at.

But, as lucklesse, I have yet
Many shrewd disasters met,
To gaine her whom I wold get.

Therefore now Ile love no more,
As I’ve doted heretofore:
He who must be, shall be poore.
In the darke none dainty.

Night hides our thefts; all faults then pardon'd be:
All are alike faire, when no spots we see.
Lais and Lucrece, in the nighttime are
Pleasing alike; alike both singular:
Jone, and my lady have at that time one,
One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion.
Then please alike the Pewter and the Plate;
The chosen Rubie, and the Reprobate.

A charme, or an allay for love.
If so be a Toad be laid
In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid,
And that ty'd to man 'twill sever
Him and his affections ever.

Upon a free maid, with a foule breath.

Upon Coone. Epic.

To his Brother in Law Master John Wingfield.

For being comely, consonant, and free
To most of men, but most of all to me:
For so decreing, that thy clothes expence
Keeps still within a just circumference:
Then for contriving so to loade thy Board,
As that the Messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord.

Next for Ordaining, that thy words not swell
To any one unsoler syllable.
These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,
Wert thou a Winckfeld onely, not a Brother.

The head-ake.
My head doth ake,
O Sappho! take
Thy fillit,
And bind the paine;
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But lesse that part,
Then my poore heart,
Now is sick:
One kisse from thee
Will counsell be,
And Physick.

On himselfe.
Live by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die,
Leaving no Fame to long Posterity:
When Monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone;
Here shall endure thy vast Dominion.

Upon a maide.
Hence a blessed soule is fled,
Leaving here the body dead:
Which (since here they can't combine)
For the Saint, we'l keep the Shrine.

Upon spalt.
OF HORNE A COMB-MAKER.

Horne sells to others teeth; but has not one
To grace his own Gums, or of Box, or bone.

UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O! Times most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had!

Where shall I goe,
Or whither run
To shun
This publique overthrow?

No places are
(This I am sure)
Secure
In this our wasting Warre.

Some storms w'ave past;
Yet we must all
Down fall,
And perish at the last.

CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

Nothing can be more loathsome, then to see
Power conjoyn'd with Nature's Crueltie.

UPON A SOWRE-BREATH LADY. ENIG.

LITTLE AND LOUD.

LITTLE you are; for Women's sake be proud;
For my sake next (though little), be not loud.

SHIP-WRACK.

He, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to saile
Upon the Seas, though with a gentle gale.

PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

A LONG-lifes-day I've taken paines
For very little, or no gains:
The Ev'ning's come; here now I'll stop,
And work no more; but shut up Shop.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Be bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare
The cutting Thumb-naile, or the Brow severe.
But by the Muses sweare, all here is good,
If but well read; or ill read, understood.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JOHNSON.

WHEN I a Verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee,
For old Religions sake,
Saint Ben to aide me.
Make the way smooth for me, 
When I, thy Herrick, 
Honouring thee, on my knee 
Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee, 
And a new Altar; 
And thou Saint Ben, shalt be 
Writ in my Psalm.

Poverty and Riches.
Give Want her welcome if she comes; we find, 
Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

Again.
Who with a little cannot be content, 
Endures an everlasting punishment.

The Covetous still Captives.
Let's live with that small pittance that we have; 
Who covets more, is evermore a slave.

Lawes.
When Lawes full power have to sway, we see 
Little or no part there of Tyrannic.

Of Love.
I'll get me hence, 
Because no fence, 
Or Fort that I can make here; 
But Love by charmes, 
Or else by Armes 
Will storme, or starving take here.

Upon Cock.

To his Muse.
Go wooe young Charles no more to looke 
Then but to read this in my Booke: 
How Herrick beggs, if that he can- 
Not like the Muse; to love the man, 
Who by the Shepheards, sung (long since) 
The Starre-led-birth of Charles the Prince.

The bad season makes the Poet sad.
Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these 
My many fresh and fragrant Mistresses: 
Lost to all Musick now; since every thing 
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the Land to'th' heart; and doth endure 
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
But if that golden Age wo'd come again, 
And Charles here Rule, as he before did Raign; 
If smooth and unperplex the Seasons were, 
As when the sweet Maria liv'd here: 
I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd 
In Tyrian Dewes, and Head with Roses crown'd. 
And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead) 
Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.

To Vulcan.
Thy sooty Godhead, I desire 
Your that I should be ready with thy fire: 
That sho'd my Booke despisèd be, 
Acceptance it might find of thee.
LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

This is the height of Justice, that to doe
Thy selfe, which thou put'st other men unto.
As great men lead; the meaner follow on,
Or to the good, or evil action.

PURPOSES.

No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas
Can shake a just mans purposes:
No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim Visage of them can alter him;
But what he doth at first intend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABOORD.

Come sit we under yonder Tree,
Where merry as the Maids we'l be.
And as on Primroses we sit,
We'l venter (if we can) at wit:
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play;
So spend some minutes of the day:
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at Questions and Commands:
Or tell what strange Tricks Love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talke; but tell
No cruel truths of Philomell,
Or Philis, whom hard Fate forc't on,
To kill her selfe for Demophon.
But Fables we'l relate; how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a Love:
As now a Satyr, then a Swan;
A Bull but then; and now a man.

Next we will act, how young men wooe;
And sigh, and kiss, as Lovers do:
And talk of Brides; & who shall make
That wedding-smock, this Bridal-Cake;
That Dress, this Sprig, that Leaf, this Vine;
That smooth and silken Columbine.
This done, we'll draw lots, who shall buy
And guild the Baies and Rosemary:
What Posies for our Wedding Rings;
What gloves we'll give, and Ribanings:
And smiling at our selves, decree,
Who then the joning Priest shall be.
What short sweet Prayers shall be said;
And how the Posset shall be made
With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)
And Maiden's-blush, for spiced wine.
Thus, having talkt, we'll next commend
A kiss to each; and so we'll end.

HIS OWN EPIGRAPH.

As wearied Pilgrims, once posset
Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest:
So I, now having rid my way;
Fix here my Button'd Staffe and stay.
Youth (I confess) hath me mis-led;
But Age hath brought me right to Bed.

A Nuptiall Verse to Mistresse Elizabeth
Lee, now Lady Tracie.

Spring with the Larke, most comely Bride, and meet
Your eager Bridegroome with auspicious feet.
The Morn's farre spent; and the immortall Sunne
Corrols his cheeke, to see those Rites not done.
Nos. 619-626

Fie, Lovely maid! Indeed you are too slow,
When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then; and quickly wed:
Then feast, and coy't a little; then to bed.
This day is Loves day; and this busy night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe,
As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.
The Field is pitch't; but such must be your warres,
As that your kisses must out-vie the Starres.
Fall down together vanquish't both, and lye
Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not die.

The Night-piece, to Julia.

Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,
The Shooting Starres attend thee;
And the Elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
No Will-o' th'-Wispe mis-light thee;
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee:
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.
Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the Moon do's slumber?
The Starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like Tapers cleare without number.
Then Julia let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy sil'ry feet,
My soule Ile poure into thee.

To Sir Clipseby Crew.

Give me wine, and give me meate,
To create in me a beate,
That my pulses high may beate.
Cold and hunger never yet
Co'd a noble Verse beget;
But your Boules with Sack repleat.
Give me these (my Knight) and try
In a Minutes space how I
Can runne mad, and Prophesie.
Then if any Peece proves new,
And rare, Ile say (my dearest Crew)
It was full enspir'd by you.

Good Luck not lasting.

If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast:
The happy fortune will not always last.

A Kiss.

What is a Kiss? Why this, as some approve;
The sure sweet-Sement, Glue, and Lime of Love.

Glorie.

I make no haste to have my Numbers read:
Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.

Poets.

Wantons we are; and though our words be such,
Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

No DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

Reproach we may the living; not the dead:
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.
To his Verses.

What will ye (my poor Orphans) do
When I must leave the World (and you)
Who'll give ye then a sheltering shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead?
Who'll let ye by their fire sit?
Although ye have a stock of wit,
Already coin'd to pay for it.
I cannot tell; unless there be
Some Race of old humanitie
Left (of the large heart, and long hand)
Alive, as Noble Westmorland;
Or gallant Newark; which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not; expect to be no less
Us'd, then Babes left fatherless.

His Charge to Julia at his Death.

Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neare,
That with my Lines, my Life must full-stop here.
Cut off thy haires; and let thy Tears be shed
Over my Turfe, when I am buried.
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
Or other Rites that doe belong to me:
As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go hence
Unto thy everlasting residence.

Upon Love.
In a Dreame, Love bad me go
To the Gallies there to Rowe;
In the Vision, I askt why?
Love, as briefly did reply;

'Twas better there to toyle, then prove
The turmoiles they endure that love.
I awoke, and then I knew
What Love said was too too true:
Henceforth therefore I will be
As from Love, from trouble free,
None pities him that's in the snare,
And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.

The Cobler's Catch.
Come sit we by the fires side;
And roundly drinke we here;
Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd
And noses tann'd with Beere.

Upon Bran. Epig.

Upon Snake, an Usurer.

Upon Grudgings.
Grudgings turns bread to stones, when to the Poore,
He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.
CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT WEDDINGS.

Chorus Sacerdotum.

From the Temple to your home
May a thousand blessings come!
And a sweet concurring stream
Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

Chorus Virginum.

Luckie signes we have discri'd
To encourage on the Bride;
And to these we have espri'd,
Not a kissing Cupid flies
Here about, but has his eyes,
To imply your Love is wise.

Chorus Juvenum.

Happy day
Make no long stay
Here
In thy Sphere;
But give thy place to-night,
That she,
As Thee,
May be
Partaker of this sight.
And since it was thy care
To see the Younglings wed;
'Tis fit that Night, the Paire,
Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

Chorus Senum.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight,
So as to rise still with an appetite.
Love is a thing most nice; and must be fed
To such a height; but never surfeited.
What is beyond the mean is ever ill:
'Tis best to feed love; but not over-fill
Go then discreetly to the Bed of pleasure;
And this remember, Virtue keeps the measure.
Extremes have still their fault;
The softest Fire makes the sweetest Mault.
Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum.
Goddesse of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,
Give them the blessing of encrease:
And thou Lucina, that do'st heare
The vows of those, that children beare:
Whenas her Aprill houre drawes neare,
Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum.
Farre hence be all speech, that may anger move:
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.

Chorus Omnium.
Live in the Love of Doves, and having told
The Ravens yeares, go hence more Ripe
then old.

To his lovely Mistresses.
One night 't th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come
And bring those dew-drink-offerings to my Tomb.
When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,
And there to lick th' effused sacrifice:
Though palenes be the Livery that I weare,
Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.
Trust me, I will not hurt ye; or once shew
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you:
Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.
This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,
Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye:

Hesperides

Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost
The world so soon, and in it, you the most.
Then these, no feares more on your Fancies fall,
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

Upon Love.
A christall Violl Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it:
Of which who drank, he said no thought
Of Love he sho'd admit.
I greedy of the prize, did drinke,
And emptied soon the glasse;
Which burnt me so, that I do think
The fire of hell it was.
Give me my earthen Cups again,
The Christall I contemne;
Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain
A deadly draught in them.
And thou, O Cupid! come not to
My Threshold, since I see,
For all I have, or else can do,
Thou still wilt cozen me.

Upon Gander. Epig.

Upon lungs. Epig.
The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen.

Please your Grace, from out your Store,
Give an Almes to one that's poore,
That your mickle, may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat;
Give me then an Ant to eate;
Or the cleft care of a Mouse
Over-sowrd in drinke of Souce;
Or, sweet Lady, reach to me
The Abdomen of a Bee;
Or commend a Crickets-hip,
Or his Huckson, to my Scrip.
Give for bread, a little bit
Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood:
But the Meal of Mill-dust can
Well content a craving man.
Any Orts the Elves refuse
Well will serve the Beggars use.

An end decreed.

And when once the Work is done;
Fates revolve no Flax th'ave spun.

Farewell Frost, or Welcome the Spring.

Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare
Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.
Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring
Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.
The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every
Tree
Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.
The while the Daulian Minstrell sweetly sings
With warbling Notes, her Tyrrean sufferings.
What gentle Winds perspire? As if here
Never had been the Northern Plunderer
To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,
Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.
And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear
A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)
But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees:
So when this War (which tempest-like doth
spoil)
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)
The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her Bill, once more, the Branch of Peace.
The Hag.

The Hag is astride,
This night for to ride;
The Devil and shee together:
Through thick, and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A Thorn or a Burr
She takes for a Spurre:
With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,
Through Brakes and through Bryars,
O're Ditches, and Mires,
She followes the Spirit that guides now.

No Beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood;
But husht in his laire he lies lurking:
While mischeifs, by these,
On Land and on Seas,
At noone of Night are a-working.

The storme will arise,
And trouble the skies;
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the Tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.

Upon an old man, a Residenciarie.

Tread Sirs, as lightly as ye can (hops.
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice fortie (bating but one year,
And thrice three weekes) he liv'd here.
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy Residence.

Hesperides.

Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this
(Which from his ghost a promise is)
If here ye will some few teares shed,
He'll never haunt ye now he's dead.

Upon Teares.

Teares, though th'are here below the sinners brine,
Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

Physitians.

Physitians fight not against men; but these
Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

The Primitive to Parents.

Our Household-gods our Parents be;
And manners good requires, that we
The first-Fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

Upon Cob. Epig.

Sound Teeth has Lucie, pure as Pearl, and small,
With mellow Lips, and luscious there withall.

Upon Lucie. Epig.

Upon Skoles. Epig.
To Silvia.

I am holy, while I stand
Circum-crost by thy pure hand:
But when that is gone; Again,
I, as others, am Prophane.

To His Closet-Gods.

When I goe Hence, ye Closet-Gods, I feare
Never againe to have ingressio here:
Where I have had, what ever things co'd be
Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none
Co'd reade the Intext but my selfe alone.
About the Cover of this Book there went
A curious-comely clean Compartmente:
And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet:
But now 'tis clos'd; and being shut, & seal'd,
Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd!
Keep here still, Closet-Gods, 'fore whom I've set
Oblations oft, of sweetest Marmelet.

A Bacchanalian Verse.

Fill me a mighty Bowle
Up to the brim:
That I may drink
Unto my Johnsons soule.
Crowne it agen agen;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat;
To drink to Thee my Ben.

To Youth.

Drink Wine, and live hereblithefull, while ye may:
The morrowes life too late is, Live to-day.

Never too Late to Dye.

No man comes late unto that place from whence
Never man yet had a regredience.

A Hymne to the Muses.

O ! you the Virgins nine!
That doe our soules encline
To noble Discipline!
Nod to this vow of mine:
Come then, and now enspire
My violl and my lyre
With your eternall fire:
And make me one entire
Composer in your Quire.
Then Ilc your Altars strew
With Roses sweet and new;
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

On himselfe.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight:
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 656-662

I sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and Showers;
No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and wreaths of Flowers:
I will no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of Cupid, and his witty coozing:
I sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

Upon John and Jane.

Who read'st this Book that I have writ,
And can'st not mend, but carpe at it:
By all the muses! thou shalt be
Anathema to it, and me.

To Momus.

In ways to greatnesse, think on this,
That slippery all Ambition is.

Ambition.

Sweet Country life to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own!
But serving Courts, and Cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never Plow'st the Oceans foame
To seek, and bring rough Pepper home:
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched Clove.
No, thy Ambition's Master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece:
Or how to pay thy Hinds, and clear
All scores; and so to end the yeere:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds:
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.

When now the Cock (the Plow-mans Horne)
Calls forth the lily-wristed Morn;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know.
That the best compost for the Lands
Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.
There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,
With a Hind whistling there to them:
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The Kingdoms portion is the Plow:
This done, then to th' enamled Meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like Power.
No 663  Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower:
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,
Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat
Unto the Dew-laps up in meat:
And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,
The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'ft to view thy flocks
Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.
And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)
A Shepherd piping on a hill.
For Sports, for Pagentry, and Playes,
Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydays:
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet:
Tripping the comely country Round,
With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.
Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac'd:
Thy Morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;
Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.
Thy Harvest home; thy Wassail bolwe;
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.
Thy Mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide Kings
And Queenses; thy Christmas revellings:
Thy Nut-browne mirth; thy Russet wit;
And no man pays too deare for it.
To these, thou hast thy time to goe
And trace the Hare i' th' trecherous Snow:
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The Larke into the Trammell net:
Thou hast thy Cockrood, and thy Glade
To take the precious Pheasant made:
Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then
To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.
O happy life! if that their good
The Husbandmen but understood:
Who all the day themselves doe please,
And Younglings, with such sports as these.
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

To Electra.
I dare not ask a kisse;
I dare not beg a smile;
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire, shall be
Onely to kisse that Aire,
That lately kissed thee.

To his worthy friend, M. Arthur Barty.
When after many Lusters thou shalt be
Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine Ancestrie:
When of thy rag'd Escutcheons shall be seen
So little left, as if they ne'er had been:
Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Names best
Here with the Generation of my Just.

What kind of Mistresse he would have.
Be the Mistresse of my choice,
CLEANE IN MANNERS, CLEERE IN VOICE:
Be she witty, more then wise; 
Pure enough, though not precise; 
Be she shewing in her dress, 
Like a civil Wilderness; 
That the curious may detect 
Order in a sweet neglect: 
Be she rowling in her eye, 
Tempting all the passers by: 
And each Ringlet of her hair, 
An Enchantment, or a Snare, 
For to catch the Lookers on; 
But her self held fast by none. 
Let her Lucrece all day be, 
Thais in the night, to me. 
Be she such, as neither will 
Famish me, nor over-fill.

Upon Zelot.

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all, 
Be’t for my Bridal, or my Buriall.

The Rosemarie branch.

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all, 
Be’t for my Bridal, or my Buriall.

Upon Madam Ursly.

Crab faces gownes with sundry Furres; ’tis known, 
He keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

A Paranaeticaall, or Advisive Verse, to his friend, M. John Wicks.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep? 
To rise as soon as day doth peep? 
To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse 
By noone, and let thy good days passe? 
Not knowing This, that Jove decrees 
Some mirth, t’adulce mans miseries? 
No: ’tis a life, to have thine oyle, 
Without extortion, from thy soyle: 
Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine, 
Although with some, yet little paine 
To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed, 
With feares, and cares unumbered: 
A pleasing Wife, that by thy side 
Lies softly panting like a Bride. 
This is to live, and to endear 
Those minutes, Time has lent us here.

Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free, 
(As is that ayre that circles thee) 
And crown thy temples too, and let 
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat, 
To strut thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat. 
Time steals away like to a stream, 
And we glide hence away with them. 
No sound recalls the boweres once seld, 
Or Roses, being withered: 
Nor us (my Friend) when we are lost, 
Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.
Then live we mirthfull, while we should,
And turn the iron Age to Gold.
Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,
And thus lesse last, then live our Day.

Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last:
Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,
But for to live, that half seven well:
And that wee'll do; as men, who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the Urn,
From whence there's never a return.

Once seen, and no more.
Thousands each day passe by, which wee,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

Love.

This Axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd, then fear'd.

To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem.
Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown
To praise those Muses, and dislike our own?
Or did I walk those Pean-Gardens through,
To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too?
I might (and justly) be reputed (here)
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.
But by Apollo! as I worship wit,
(Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it.)
So, I confess, 'tis somewhat to do well
In our high art, although we can't excell,
Like thee; or dare the Buskins to unloose,
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian Muse.

But since I'm call'd (rare Denham) to be gone,
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion:
'Tis dignity in others, if they be
Crown'd Poets; yet live Princes under thee:
The while their wreathes and Purple Robes do shine,
Lease by their own jemms, then those beams of thine.

A Hymne, to the Lares.
It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest Parsley,
And Garlick chives not scarcely:
For favours here to warme me,
And not by fire to harme me.
For gladding so my hearth here,
With inoffensive mirth here;
That while the Wassail-Bowl here
With North-down Ale doth troule here,
No sillable doth fall here,
To marre the mirth at all here.
For which, O Chimney-keepers!
(I dare not call ye Sweepers)
So long as I am able
To keep a country-table,
Great be my fare, or small cheere,
Ie eat and drink up all here.

Deniall in women no disheartning to men.
Women, although they ne're so goodly make it,
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

Adversity.
Love is maintaine'd by wealth; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.
To Fortune.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruines (smiling yet):
Teare me to tatters; yet Ile be
Patient in my necessitie.
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me, as a fear'd infection:
Yet scarre-crow-like Ile walk, as one,
Neglecting thy derision.

To Anthea.

Come, Anthea, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is:
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push-pin (half the day):
Chains of sweet bents let us make,
Captive one, or both, to take:
In which bondage we will lie,
Soules transfusing thus, and die.

Cruelties.

Nero commanded; but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding Death, and cruelties.

Perseverance.

Hast thou begun an act? ne're then give o're:
No man despaires to do what's done before.

Upon his Verses.

What off-spring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not:
These are the Children I have left;
Adopted some; none got by theft.
But all are toucht (like lawfull plate)
And no Verse illegitimate.

Distance betters Dignities.

King's must not oft be seen by publike eyes;
State at a distance adds to dignities.

Health.

Health is no other (as the learned hold)
But a just measure both of Heat and Cold.

To Dianeme. A Ceremonie in Gloucester.

Ike to thee a Simnell bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering;
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

To the King.

Give way, give way, now, now my Charles
shines here,
A Publike Light (in this immense Sphere,)
Some starres were fixt before; but these are dim,
Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him.
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He
Appeares but in His Meaner Majestie.
Where, if such glory flashes from his Name,
Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame!
Princes, and such Publike Lights as these,
Must not be lookt on, but at distances:
For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too near,
Our eyes they'll blind, or if not blind, they'll bleer.

The Funerall Rites of the Rose.

The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd;
And (being to be sanctifi'd)
About the Bed, there sighing stood
The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.
Nos. 687-690

Some hung the head, while some did bring
(To wash her) water from the Spring.
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemn Fast there kept.
The holy Sisters some among
The sacred Dirge and Trentall sung.
But ah! what sweets smelt every where,
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And Rites were all accomplished;
They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Loome,
And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

The Rainbow: or, curious Covenant.

Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizling raine,
And as they thus did entertaine
The gentle Beams from Julia's sight
To mine eyes level'd opposite:
O Thing admir'd! there did appeare
A curious Rainbow smiling there;
Which was the Covenant, that she
No more wo'd drown mine eyes, or me.

The last stroke strikes sure.

Though by well-warding many blowes wave past,
That stroke most fear'd is, which is struck the last.

Fortune.

Fortune's a blind profuser of her own,
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.
BITING OF BEGGARS.

Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door,
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

THE MAY-POLE.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup;
He drink to the Garlands a-round it:
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,
Whose husbands may Earles
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
And when that ye wed
To the Bridall Bed,
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

That flow of Gallants which approach
To kisse thy hand from out the coach;
That fleet of Lackeeyes, which do run
Before thy swift Postilion:
Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold,
Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axeltree.
Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state
Of Persian Loomes, and antique Plate:
All these, and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity hurts none, but onely such
Whom whitest Fortune dangled has too much.

WANT.

Need is no vice at all; though here it be,
With men, a loathed inconveniencie.

GRIEFE.

Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse
Discructate a man in deep distresse.

LOVE PALPABLE.

I prest my Julia's lips, and in the kisse
Her Soule and Love were palpable in this.

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

Nothing hard, or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o'rethrown.
He's Lord of thy life, who contemns his own.

UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

Trigg having turn'd his sute, he struts in state,
And tells the world, he's now regenerate.

UPON SMEATON.

How co'd Luke Smeaton weare a shoe, or boot,
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot.
Nos. 706-710

The Bracelet of Pearle: to Silvia.

I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will;
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposed then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost; and I will get
A richer pearle for thee,
Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet
Was drunk to Antonie.

Or, for revenge, Ie tell thee what
Thou for the breach shalt do;
First, crack the strings, and after that,
Cleave thou my heart in two.

How Roses came red.

'Tis said, as Cupid dance't among
The Gods, he down the Nectar flung;
Which, on the white Rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

Kings.

Men are not born Kings, but are men renown'd;
Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are crown'd.

First work, and then wages.

Prepost'rous is that order, when we run
To ask our wages, e're our work be done.

Teares, and Laughter.

Knew'st thou, one month wo'd take thy life away,
Thou'dst weep; but laugh, she'd it not last a day.

Nos. 711-714

Glory.

Glory no other thing is (Tullie says)
Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with praise.

Possessions.

Those possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by warre

Laxare Fibulam.

His Returne to London.

From the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my Nativitie!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd.
O fruitfull Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O Place! O People! Manners! fram'd to please
All Nations, Customs, Kindreds, Languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then,
That I amongst you live a Citizen.
London my home is; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since cal'd back; henceforward let me be,
O native countrey, repossest by thee!
For, rather then Ie to the West return,
Ie beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

Hesperides
Not every day fit for Verse.

’Tis not ev’ry day, that I
Fitted am to prophesie:
No, but when the Spirit fills
The fantastick Pannicles
Full of fier; then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus inrag’d, my lines are hurl’d,
Like the Sybells, through the world.
Look how next the holy fier
Either slakes, or doth retire;
So the Fancie cooles, till when
That brave Spirit comes again.

Poverty the greatest pack.
To mortall men great loads alloted be,
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

A Beucolick, or discourse of Neatherdes.
1. Come blithefull Neatherds, let us lay
A wager, who the best shall play,
Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,
That fits the business of the Day.

Chor. And Lallage the Judge shall be,
To give the prize to thee, or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet
A Heifer smooth, and black as jet,
in every part alike compleat,
And wanton as a Kid as yet.

Chor. And Lallage (with cow-like eyes)
Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.

1. Against thy Heifer, I will here
Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere,
With gilded horns, and burnisht cleere.

Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purles from eithers Oat.

2. The stakes are laid: let’s now apply
Each one to make his melody:

Lal. The equall Umpire shall be I,
Who’l hear, and so judge righteousley.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win.

[1. Neatherd player.

2. That’s sweetly touch’t, I must confess:
Thou art a man of worthinesse:
But hark how I can now express
My love unto my Neatherdesse. [He sings.

Chor. A suger’d note! and sound as sweet
As Kine, when they at milking meet.

1. Now for to win thy Heifer faire,
I’le strike thee such a nimble Ayre,
That thou shalt say (thy selfe) ’tis rare;
And title me without compare.

Chor. Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,
Since both have here deserved best.

2. To get thy Steerling, once again,
I’le play thee such another strain;
That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do’s
raigne
Over thine Oat, as Soveraigne. [He sings.
And Lallage shall tell by this, 
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize: 2. The day is mine:
1. Not so; my Pipe has silence thinne:
   And hast thou wager'd twenty Kine,
   They were mine own. Lat. In love combine.

And lay we down our Pipes together,
As wearie, not o'recome by either.

True safety.

'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends
A Prince from Foes; but 'tis his Fort of Friends.

A Prognostick.

As many Laws and Lawyers do expresse
Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse:
Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases, where Physicians flow.

Upon Julia's sweat.

Wondrous ye oyle of Blossomes get?
Take it from my Julia's sweat:
Oyl of Lillies, and of Spike,
From her moisture take the like:
Let her breath, or let her blow,
All rich spices thence will flow.

Proof to no purpose.

You see this gentle streame, that glides,
Shov'd on, by quick-succeeding Tides:
Trie if this sober streame you can
Follow to th' wilder Ocean:

And see, if there it keeps unspent
In that congesting element.

Next, from that world of waters, then
By poares and cavernes back again
Induct that inadultrate same
Streame to the Spring from whence it came.

This with a wonder when ye do,
As easie, and els easier too:
Then may ye recollect the grains
Of my particular Remaines;

Fame.

'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings
The order, but the Sum of things.

By use comes easiness.

Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do,
What others can't with all their strength put to.

To the Genius of his house.

Command the Roofe, great Genius, and from thence
Into this house powre downe thy influence,
That through each room a golden pipe may run
Of living water by thy Benizon.

Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthening bread
Be evermore these Bynns replenished.

Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,
That luckie Fairies here may dance their Round:
And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
The Masters charge and care to recompence.
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 724-728

Charme then the chambers; make the beds for ease,
More then for peevish pining sicknesses.
Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proof.

His Grange, or private wealth.

Though Clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A Cock, I have, to sing how day draws on.
I have
A maid (my Prew) by good luck sent, to save
That little, Fates me gave or lent.
A Hen I keep, which creeking day by day, tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.
A Goose I have, which, with a jealous ear,
Lets loose
Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.
A Lamb I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
Whose Dam
An Orphan left him (lately dead.)
A Cat I keep, that plays about my House, grown fat,
With eating many a miching Mouse.
To these
A Trasy I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rurall privacie:

But toys, to give my heart some ease:
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

Good precepts, or counsell.

In all thy need, be thou possesst
Still with a well-prepared brest:
Nor let the shackles make thee sad;
Thou canst but have, what others had.
And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill wo'n still be so.
Clouds will not ever powre down raine;
A sullen day will clere againe.
First, peales of Thunder we must heare,
Then Lutes and Harpes shall stroke the eare.

Money makes the mirth.

When all Birds els do of their musick faile,
Money's the still-sweet-singing Nightingale.

Up tails all.

Begin with a kisse,
Go on too with this:
And thus, thus, thus let us anotha
Our lips for a while,
But let's not beguile
Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,
Long enough has endur'd,
Since more and more is exacted;
For love he doth call
For his Up tails all;
And that's the part to be acted.
Upon Lucia dabled in the deaw.
My Lucia in the deaw did go,
And prettily bedabled so,
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall,
Her decent legs, clean, long and small.
I follow'd after to descrie
Part of the nak't sincerity;
But still the envious Scene between
Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

Charon and Phylomel, a Dialogue sung.
Ph. Charon! O gentle Charon! let me wooe thee,
By tears and pittie now to come unto mee.
Cb. What voice so sweet and charming do I heare?
Say what thou art. Ph. I prithee first draw neare.
Cb. A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,
Speak where thou art. Ph. O Charon pitte me!
I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm Phylomel.
Cb. What's that to me, I waft nor fish nor fowles,
Nor Beasts (fond thing) but only humane soules.
Ph. Alas for me! Cb. Shame on thy witching note.
That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my Boat:

But I'le returne; what mischief brought thee hither?
Ph. A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe together.
Cb. What's thy request? Ph. That since she's now beneath
Who fed my life, I'le follow her in death.
Cb. And is that all? I'm gone. Ph. By love I pray thee.
Cb. Talk not of love, all pray, but few soules pay me.
Ph. I'le give thee vows & tears. Cb. Can tears pay skores
For mending sails, for patching Boat and Qares?
Ph. I'le beg a penny, or I'le sing so long,
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.
Cb. Why then begin, and all the while we make
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian Lake,
Thou & I'le sing to make these dull Shades merry,
Who els with tears wo'd doubtsles drown my ferry.

Upon Paul. Epigr.
Pauls hands do give; what give they, bread or meat,
Or money? no, but onely deaw and sweat.
As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so Pauls hands do give, nought else for ought we know.

Upon Sibb. Epigr.
Hesperides 285

Nos. 734-736

A Ternarie of littles, upon a pipkin of Jellie sent to a Lady.

A little Saint best fits a little Shrine,
A little prop best fits a little Vine,
As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle;
As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread,
A little Garland fits a little Head:
As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little streame best fits a little Boat;
A little lead best fits a little Float;
As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,
As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little Jellie.

Upon the Roses in Julia's bosome.

Three happy Roses, so much grac't, to have
Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,
Your Grave her bosome is, the Lawne the Stone.

Maids nay's are nothing.
Maids nay's are nothing, they are shie
But to desire what they deny.

Hesperides 285

The smell of the Sacrifice.

The Gods require the thighes
Of Beeves for sacrifice;
Which rosted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them:
Who though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

Lovers how they come and part.

A GYGES Ring they bear about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they will.
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steal into the Peare or Plum,
And Aire-like, leave no pression to be seen
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

To women, to hide their teeth, if they be rotten, or rusty.

Close keep your lips, if that you meane
To be accounted inside cleane:
For if you cleave them, we shall see
There in your teeth much Leprosie.

In praise of women.

O Jupiter, sho'd I speake ill
Of woman-kind first die I will;
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
Of creatures, woman is the best.
To gather Flowers Sappha went,
And homeward she did bring
Within her Lawnie Continent,
The treasure of the Spring.
She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She lookest as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.
Her Apron gave (as she did passe)
An Odor more divine,
More pleasing too, then ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

The Candor of Julias teeth,
White as Zenobias teeth, the which the Girles
Of Rome did weare for their most precious Pearles.

Upon her weeping.
She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,
She seem'd to quench loves fires that there did glow.

Another upon her weeping.
She by the River sate, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

Delay.
Break off Delay, since we but read of one
That ever prosper'd by Cunctation.

To Sir John Berkley, Governour of Exeter.
Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here
The Hector over Aged Exeter;

Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a poore Lady lost in Widdowhood:
But fears not now to see her safety sold
(As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,
By those ignoble Births, which shame the stem
That gave Progermination unto them:
Whose restless Ghosts shall hear their children sing,
Our Sires betraid their Country and their King.
True, if this Citie seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with brasse,
Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall profe,
The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe,
Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,
Leaving no shew, where stood the Capitoll.
But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please
Thy Genius with two strength'ning Buttresses,
Faith, and Affection: which will never slip
To weaken this thy great Dictator-ship.

To Electra. Love looks for Love.

Love love begets; then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)
For profer'd love will love repay:
None are so harsh, but if they find
Softnesse in others, will be kind;
Affection will affection move,
Then you must like, because I love.

Regression spoiles Resolution.

Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on,
Back-turning slackens Resolution.
Conteention.
Discreeet and prudent we that Discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

Consultation.
Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on
With all wise speed for execution.

Love dislikes nothing.
Whatsoever thing I see,
Rich or poore although it be ;
'Tis a Mistresse unto mee.

Be my Girle, or faire or browne,
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne :
Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin;
When I touch, I then begin
For to let Affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare
Locks incurl'd of other haire ;
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancie be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,
Be she sluttish, be she clean,
I'm a man for ev'ry Scene.

Our own sinnes unseen.

Other mens sins wee ever bear in mind ;
None sees the fardell of his faults behind.

No Paines, no Gaines.
If little labour, little are our gaines :
Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

Upon Slouch.

Vertue best united.
By so much, vertue is the lesse,
By how much, neere to singlenesse.

The eye.
A wanton and lascivious eye
Betrayes the Hearts Adulterie.

To Prince Charles upon his coming
to Exeter.

What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see
A Renovation of the West by Thee.
That Preternaturall Fever, which did threat
Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat :
And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore.

Something there yet remaines for Thee to do ;
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
Go on with Sylla's Fortune; let thy Fate
Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate :
Apollos Image side with Thee to blesse
Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white successse.
Nos. 757-781

**Hesperides** 291

Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch shall pray;
While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the day.
That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be Sung in the high Doxologie of Thee.
Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles from them
Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

**A Song.**
Burne, or drowne me, choose ye whether,
So I may but die together:
Thus to slay me by degrees,
Is the height of Cruelties.
What needs twenty stabs, when one Strikes me dead as any stone?
O shew mercy then, and be Kind at once to murder mee.

**Princes and Favourites.**
Princes and Fav'rites are most deere, while they By giving and receiving hold the play:
But the Relation then of both grows poor,
When these can aske, and Kings can give no more.

**Examples, or like Prince, like People.**
Examples lead us, and wee likely see,
Such as the Prince is, will his People be.

**Potentates.**
Love and the Graces evermore do wait
Upon the man that is a Potentate.
Who has not a Crosse,
Must sit with the losse,
And no whit further must venture;
Since the Porter he
Will paid have his fee,
Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift
Can't send for a gift
A Pig to the Priest for a Roster,
Shall heare his Clarke say,
By yea and by nay,
No pennie, no Pater Noster.

To Doctor Alabaster.
Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd
(Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost) the last:
In great Processions many lead the way
To him, who is the triumph of the day,
As these have done to Thee, who art the one,
One onely glory of a million:
In whom the spirit of the Gods do's dwell,
Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell
When this or that vast Dinastie must fall
Downe to a Fillit more Imperial.
When this or that Horne shall be broke, and when
Others shall spring up in their place agen:
When times and seasons and all yeares must lie
Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie:
When the Black Dooms-day Bookes (as yet
unseal'd)
Shall by the mighty Angell be reveal'd:
And when the Trumpet which thou late hast found
Shall call to Judgment; tell us when the sound

Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,
And next the Gospel wee will credit thee.
Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule
below,
And wonder at Those Things that thou dost
know.

UPON his KINSWOMAN MRS M. S.
Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet
As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.
Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,
The Marble speaks it Mary Stone:
Who dying in her blooming yeares,
This Stone, for names sake, melts to tears.
If fragrant Virgins you'll but keep
A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,
And praying, strew some Roses on her,
You'll do my Neice abundant honour.

FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.
Or both our Fortunes good and bad we find
Prosperitie more searching of the mind:
Felicitie flies o're the Wall and Fence,
While misery keeps in with patience.

DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.
Time is the Bound of things, where e're we go,
Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.

A CONJURATION, to ELECTRA.
By those soft Tods of wooll
With which the aire is full:
By all those Tinctures there,
That paint the Hemisphere:
Herrick’s Poems

No. 768-
By Dewes and drisling Raine,
That swell the Golden Graine:
By all those sweets that be
I’ th’ flowrie Nunnerie:
By silent Nights, and the
Three Formes of Heccate:
By all Aspects that blesse
The sober Sorceresse,
While juice she straines, and pith
To make her Philters with:
By Time, that hastens on
Things to perfection:
And by your self, the best
Conjurement of the rest:
O my Electra! be
In love with none but me.

COURAGE COOL'D.
I cannot love, as I have lov'd before:
For I'm grown old; &, with mine age, grown
poore:

Love must be fed by wealth : this blood of mine
Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

The Spell.
Holy Water come and bring;
Cast in Salt, for seasoning:
Set the Brush for sprinkling:
Sacred Spittle bring ye hither;
Meale and it now mix together;
And a little Oyle to either:
Give the Tapers here their light,
Ring the Saints-Bell, to affright
Far from hence the evill Spr’rite.

Hesperides

His wish to privacie.

Give me a Cell,
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path:
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied yeares
In teares.

A good Husband.

A master of a house (as I have read)
Must be the first man up, and last in bed:
With the Sun rising he must walk his grounds;
See this, View that, and all the other bounds:
Shut every gate; mend every hedge that’s torne,
Either with old, or plant therein new thorne:
Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

A Hymne to Bacchus.

I sing thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy Thyrse dost thwack us;
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we feare
No Brutus entering here;
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the Lictors threat us,
We know they dare not beate us;
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy Orgies sing,
Each Cobler is a King;
Nor dreads he any thing:
And though he do not rave,
Yet he'll the courage have
To call my Lord Maior knave;
Besides too, in a brave,
Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And skirts that want their stiches,
And shewes his naked flitches;
Yet he'll be thought or seen,
So good as George-a-Green;
And calls his Blouze, his Queene;
And speaks in language keene:
O Bacchus! let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou shalt heare how we
Will chant new Hymnes to thee.

Upon Pusse and her Prentice. EPIG.

Pusse and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves play;
That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day:
At night they draw to Supper; then well fed,
They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

Blame the reward of Princes.

Among disasters that discension brings,
This not the least is, which belongs to Kings.
If Wars goe well; each for a part layes claime:
If ill, then Kings, not Souldiers bear the blame.

Clemency in Kings.

Kings must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest bloud

Anger.

Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time,
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

A Psalm or Hymne to the Graces.

Glory be to the Graces!
That doe in publike places,
Drive thence what ere encumbers,
The listning to my numbers.
Honour be to the Graces!
Who doe with sweet embraces,
Shew they are well contented
With what I have invented.
Worship be to the Graces!
Who do from sowre faces,
And lungs that wo'd infect me,
For evermore protect me.

An Hymne to the Muses.

Honour to you who sit!
Neere to the well of wit;
And drink your fill of it.
Glory and worship be!
To you, sweet Maids (thrice three)
Who still inspire me.
And teach me how to sing
Unto the Lyrick string,
My measures ravishing.
Then while I sing your praise,
My Priest-hood crown with bayes
Green, to the end of dayes.

K*
Upon Julia's Clothes.

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave Vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!

Moderation.

In things a moderation keepe,
Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

To Anthea.

Let's call for Hymen if agreed thou art;
Delays in love but crucifie the heart.
Loves thornie Tapers yet neglected lye:
Speak thou the word they'll kindle by and by.
The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,
And Genius waits to have us both to bed,
Behold, for us the Naked Graces stay
With maunds of roses for to strew the way:
Besides, the most religious Prophet stands
Ready to joyce, as well our hearts as hands.
Juno yet smiles; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegrome and the Bride.

Tell me Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
The loss of that we call a Maydenhead?
Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier
Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

Upon Prew his Maid.

In this little Urne is laid
Prewdence Baldwin (once my maid),
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

The Invitation.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite;
And mad'st a promise that mine appetite,
Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious meat,
The like not Heliogabalus did eat:
And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest)
Then Roman Sylla pow'r'd out at his feast.
I came; (tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price,
The bastard Phenix; bird of Paradise;
And for no less then Aromatick Wine
Of Maydens-blush, commixt with Jessimine.
Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet;
Which wanting'Lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet;
At last, i' th' noone of winter, did appeare
A ragd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger:
And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by
Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.
At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood;
I curst the master; and I damn'd the souce;
And swore I'de got the ague of the house.
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
lie bring a Fever; since thou keep'st no fire.

Ceremonies for Christmass.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie merrie boyes,
The Christmas Log to the firing,
While my good Dame, she
Bids ye all be free;
And drink to your hearts desiring.
With the last yere's brand
Light the new 'block, And
For good success in his spending,
On your Psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the Log is a-teending.

Drink now the strong Beere,
Cut the white loafe here,
The while the meat is a-shredding;
For the rare Mince-Pie
And the Plums stand by
To fill the Paste that's a-kneading.

Christmas-Eve, another Ceremonie.
Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie,
That the Thiefe, though ne'er so elie,
With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie
To catch it.
From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deale of nightly feare
To watch it.

Another to the Maids.
Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not teend to your desire;
Unwasht hands, ye Maidens, know,
Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

Hesperides

Another.

Wassaile the Trees, that they may bear
You many a Plum, and many a Peare:
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
As you doe give them Wassailing.

Power and Peace.
'Tis never, or but seldom known,
Power and Peace to keep one Throne.

To his deare Valentine, Mistress
Margaret Falconbridge.

Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set
A Jem in this eternall Coronet:
'Twas rich before; but since your Name is downe,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's Crowne.
Blaze by this Sphere for ever: Or this doe,
Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

To Oenone.
Sweet Oenone, doe but say
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.
Speak me faire; for Lovers be
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

Verses.
Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men?

Happinesse.
That Happines do's still the longest thrive,
Where Joyes and Griefes have Turns Alternative.
Things of choice, long a coming.

We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace;
Desire deferred is, that it may increase.

Poetry perpetuates the Poet.

Here I myself might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lie,
But that eternal Poetrie
Repullication gives me here
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,
When all now dead shall re-appeare.

Upon Bice.

Upon Trencherman.
Tom shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can
Endure that luke-warme name of Serving-man:
Serve or not serve, let Tom doe what he can,
He is a serving, who's a Trencher-man.

Kisses.

Give me the food that satisfies a Guest:
Kisses are but dry banquets to a Feast.

Orpheus.

Orpheus he went (as Poets tell)
To fetch Euridice from Hell;
And had her; but it was upon
This short but strict condition:
Backward he should not looke while he
Led her through Hells obscuritie:

But ah! it hapned as he made
His passage through that dreadfull shade:
Revolve he did his loving eye:
(For gentle feare, or jelousie)
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Euridice for ever.

Upon Comely, a good speaker but
an ill Singer. Epig.

Comely Acts well; and when he speaks his part,
He doth it with the sweetest tones of Art:
But when he sings a Psalm, there's none can be
More curst for singing out of tune then he.

Any Way for Wealth.

E'en all Religious courses to be rich
Hath been rehearsed, by Joell Michelditch:
But now perceiving that it still do's please
The sterner Fates, to cross his purposes;
He tacks about, and now he doth profess
Rich he will be by all unrighteousness:
Thus if our ship fails of her Anchor hold,
We'll love the Devil, so he lands the gold.

Upon an Old Woman.

Old Widdow Prouse to do her neighbours evil
Wo'd give (some say) her soul unto the Devil.
Well, when she's kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or
Hen,
What wo'd she give to get that soul again?

Upon Pearch. Epig.
304. Herrick's Poems

To Sapho.

Sapho, I will chuse to go
Where the Northern Winds do blow
Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow:
Rather then I once wo'd see,
But a Winters face in thee,
To benumme my hopes and me.

To his faithfull friend, Master John Crofts,
Cup-bearer to the King.

For all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have (my Crofts) to send to Thee
For the requitall; save this only one
Halfe of my just remuneration,
For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout
To seeke, and find some few Immortals out
To circumsplash this my spacious Sphere,
(As Lamps for everlasting shining here :)
And having fixt Thee in mine Orbe a Starre,
(Amongst the rest) both bright and singular;
The present Age will tell the world thou art
If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.
As for the rest, being too great a summe
Here to be paid; Ie pay't i'th'world to come.

The Bride-Cake.

This day my Julia thou must make
For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake:
Knead but the Dow, and it will be
To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee:
Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,
And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

Hesperides

To be merry.

Lets now take our time;
While w'are in our Prime;
And old, old Age is a-farre off:
For the evil evil dayes
Will come on apace;
Before we can be aware of
Buriall.

Man may want Land to live in; but for all,
Nature finds out some place for buriall.

Lenitie.

'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art,
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

Penitence.

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is halfe, or altogether innocent.

Grieffe.

Consider sorrowes, how they are aright:
Grieffe, if't be great, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light.

The Maiden Blush.

So look the mornings when the Sun
Paints them with fresh Vermilion:
So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares,
And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares:
So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,
And Rubies lately polished:
So purest Diaper doth shine,
Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine:
As Julia looks when she doth dress
Her either cheeke with bashfulness.
Hesperides

THE MEANE.
Imparitie doth ever discord bring:
The Mean the Musique makes in ev'ry thing.

Haste hurftfull.
Haste is unhappy: what we Rashly do
Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too.
Where War with rashnesse is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the Field with equall feare.

Purgatory.
Readers, wee entreat ye pray
For the soule of Lucia;
That in little time she be
From her Purgatory free:
In th' intrim she desires
That your teares may cool her fires.

The Cloud.
Seest thou that Cloud that rides in State
Part Ruby-like, part Candidate?
It is no other then the Bed
Where Venus sleeps (halfe smothered.)

Upon Loach.

The Amber Bead.
I saw a Flie within a Beade
Of Amber cleanly buried:
The Urne was little, but the room
More rich then Cleopatra's Tombe.

To my dearest Sister M. Mercie Herrick.
Whenere I go, or what so ere befalls
Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,
This Blessing I will leave thee, ere I go,
Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.
Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead
And Bake the floure of Amber for thy bread.
Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs runne oyle,
And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile!
These I but wish for; but thy selfe shall see,
The blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

The Transfiguration.
Immortall clothing I put on,
So soone as Julia I am gon
To mine eternall Mansion.
Thou, thou art here, to humane sight
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;
But yet how more admir'dly bright
Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refultgent Thronelet,
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

Suffer that thou canst not shift.
Do's Fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard Fate:
Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.
Say, do's she frown? still countermand her threats:
Vertue best loves those children that she beates.
To the Passenger.

If I ly[e] unburied Sir,
These my Reliques, (pray) interre:
'Tis religious part to see
Stones, or turves to cover me.
One word more I had to say;
But it skills not; go your way;
He that wants a buriall roome
For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tomb.

Upon Nodes.

Wherever Nodes do's in the Summer come,
He prays his Harvest may be well brought home.
What store of Corn has carefull Nodes, thinke you,
Whose Field his foot is, and whose Barn his shoe?

To the King, upon his Taking of Leicester.

This Day is Yours, Great CHARLES! and
in this War
Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious are.
In her white Stole, now Victory do's rest
Enspher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Crest.
Fortune is now Your Captive; other Kings
Hold but her hands: You hold both hands and
wings.

To Julia, in her Dawn, or Day-break.

By the next kindling of the day
My Julia thou shalt see,
Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say
He come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glass,
Appeare thou to mine eyes
As smooth, and nak't, as she that was
The prime of Paradise.
If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A Lawn, that thou mayst looke
As purest Pearles, or Pebles do
When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so
Do thou to be appeare;
Or Damask Roses when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

Counsell.

'Twas Cesars saying: Kings no less Conquerors are
By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.

Bad Princes pill their People.
Like those infernall Deities which eate
The best of all the sacrific’d meate;
And leave their servants, but the smoak & sweat:
So many Kings, and Primates too there are,
Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,
And leave their subjects but the starvèd ware.

Most Words, lesse Workes.
In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known
Commanders, few for execution.

To Diane me.

I Co’d but see thee yesterday,
Stung by a fretfull Bee;
And I the Javelin suckt away,
And heal’d the wound in thee.
Nos. 829-833

A thousand thorns, and Bryars & Stings,
I have in my poore Brest;
Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings
My Passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire
How thou canst sit and smile,
To see me bleed, and not desire,
To stench the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould
Art so unkind to me;
What dismall Stories will be told
Of those that cruell be?

Upon Tap.

Tap (better known then trusted) as we heare,
Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere:
And not unlikely; rather too then fail,
He'll sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.

His Losse.

All has been plundered from me, but my wit
Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

Draw, and Drinke.

Milk still your Fountains, and your Springs, for why?
The moreth'are drawn, the lese they wil grow dry.

Upon Punchin.  Epig.

Give me a reason why men call
Punchin a dry plant-animal.
Because as Plants by water grow,
Punchin by Beere and Ale, spreads so.
Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love;
Your part's to grant; my Sea'n must be to move.
Dear, can you like, and liking love your Poet?
If you say "I," Blush-guiltiness will shew it.
Mine eyes must woo you, (though I sigh the while)
True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.
And you may find in Love these differing parts;
Wooers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.

Upon a Maid.
Here she liyes (in Bed of Spice)
Faire as Eve in Paradice:
For her beauty it was such
Poets co'd not praise too much.
Virgins come, and in a Ring
Her supremest Requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

Upon Love.
Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere;
From good to good, revolving here & there.

Beauty.
Beauty's no other but a lovely Grace
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

Upon Love.
Some salve to every sore, we may apply;
Only for my wound there's no remedy.
Yet if my Julia kisse me, there will be
A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

Hesperides

Upon Hanch a Schoolmaster. Epig.
Hanch, since he (lately) did interre his wife,
He weepes and sighs (as weary of his life.)
Say, is't for reall griefe he mourns? not so;
Teares have their springs from joy, as well as woe.

Upon Peason. Epig.
Long Locks of late our Zelot Peason weares,
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares;
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,
That Stubble stands, where once large eares have been.

To his Booke.
Make haste away, and let one be
A friendly Patron unto thee:
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye
Torn for the use of Pasterie:
Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,
To make loose Gownes for Mackarell:
Or see the Grocers in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

Readinesse.
The readinesse of doing, doth expresse,
No other, but the doers willingnesse.

Writing.
When words we want, Love teacheth to endite;
And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

Society.
Two things do make society to stand;
The first Commerce is, & the next Command.
Gone she is a long, long way,
But she has decreed a day
Back to come, (and make no stay.)
So we keepe, till her returne
Here, her ashes, or her Urne.

SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

For all our workes, a recompence is sure:
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t'endure.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

Why so slowly do you move
To the centre of your love?
On your niceness though we wait,
Yet the hours say 'tis late:
Coynesse takes us, to a measure:
But d'raeted deads the pleasure.

Go to Bed, and care not when
Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
One Brave Captain did command,
(By his word) the Sun to stand:
One short charme if you but say
Will enforce the Moon to stay,
Till you warn her hence (away)
T'ave your blushes seen by day.

TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT
COMPOSER OF HIS LYRICS.

Touch but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire,
Then if thy voice commingling with the String,
I heare in thee rare Laniere to sing;

Or curious Wilson: Tell me, canst thou be
Less then Apollo, that usurp' st such Three?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause;
Yet their Three praises, praise but One; that's
Lawes.

AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old:
Let me in my Glasse behold
Whether smooth or not I be,
Or if haire remains to me.

Well, or be' t or be' t not so,
This for certainty I know;
Ill it fits old men to play,
When that Death bids come away.

THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

Thou hast made many Houses for the Dead;
When my Lot calls me to be buried,
For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be
I' th' Church-yard, made, one Tenement for me.

TO ANTHEA.

Anthea, I am going hence
With some small stock of innocence:
But yet those blessed gates I see
Withstanding entrance unto me.

To pray for me doe thou begin,
The Porter then will let me in.

NEED.

Who begs to die for feare of humane need,
Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.
To Julia.

I am zealose; prethee pray
For my well-fare (Julia)
For I thinke the gods require
Male perfumes, but Female fire.

Sweet are my Julia's lips and cleane,
As if or'ewasht in Hippocrene.

Twilight.

Twilight, no other thing is, Poets say,
Then the last part of night, and first of day.

To his Friend, Master J. Jincks.

Love, love me now, because I place
Thee here among my righteous race:
The bastard Slips may droop and die
Wanting both Root, and Earth; but thy
Immortal selfe, shall boldly trust
To live for ever, with my Just.

On himselfe.

If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,
And so soone stopp'd my longer living here;
What was't (ye Gods!) a dying man to save,
But while he met with his Paternall grave;
Though while we living 'bout the world do roame,
We love to rest in peacefull Urnes at home,
Where we may snug, and close together lye
By the dead bones of our deare Ancestrie.

Kings and Tyrants.

'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference known,
Kings seek their Subjects' good: Tyrants their owne.

Crosses.

Our Crosses are no other then the rods,
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods:
Each griefe we feel, that likewise is a Kite
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.

Upon Love.

Love brought me to a silent Grove,
And shew'd me there a Tree,
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
And gave a Twist to me.

The Halter was of silk, and gold,
That he reacht forth unto me:
No otherwise, then if he would
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Necklace use;
And told me too, he makest
A glorious end by such a Noose,
His Death for Love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been
There really alone;
My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen
Mine Execution.

No difference 'twixt the dark.

Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clark;
Jone as my Lady is as good 'thi' dark.
318 Herrick’s Poems

**The Body.**

The Body is the Soules poore house, or home,
Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh the Loame.

**To Sapho.**

Thou sayst thou lov’st me Sapho; I say no;
But would to Love I could beleive ’twas so!
Pardon my feares (sweet Sapho) I desire
That thou be righteous found; and I the Lyer.

**Out of Time, out of Tune.**

We blame, nay, we despise her paines
That wets her Garden when it raines;
But when the drought has dri’d the knot,
Then let her use the wattering-pot.
We pray for showers (at our need)
To drench, but not to drown our seed.

**To his Booke.**

Take mine advise, and go not neere
Those faces (sower as Vineger.)
For these, and Nobler numbers can
Ne’r please the supercilious man.

**To his Honour’d Friend, Sir Thomas Heale.**

Stand by the Magick of my powerfull Rhymes
’Gainst all the inclination of the Times.
Age shall not wrong thee; or one jot abate
Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.
While others perish, here’s thy life decreed
Because begot of my Immortall seed.

Hesperides 319

**The Sacrifice, by way of Discourse betwixt**

**Himselfe and Julia.**

**Herr.** Come and let’s in solemn wise
Both addresse to sacrifice:
Old Religion first commands
That we wash our hearts, and hands.
Is the beast exempt from staine,
Altar cleane, no fire prophane?
Are the Garlands? Is the Nard
Ready here?

**Jul.** All well prepar’d,
With the Wine that must be shed
(Twixt the horns) upon the head,
Of the holy Beast we bring
For our Trespasse-offering.

**Herr.** All is well; now next to these
Put we on pure Surplices;
And with Chaplets crown’d, we’l rost
With perfumes the Holocaust:
And (while we the gods invoke)
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

**To Apollo.**

Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre,
Unshorn Apollo, come, and re-inspire
My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,
That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

**On Love.**

Love is a kind of warre: Hence those who feare;
No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.
**Hesperides H**

But gathering Roses as she was; (Not knowing what would come to passe)
It chanst a ringlet of her hair,
Caught my poor soul, as in a snare:
Which ever since has been in thrall;
Yet freedom, she enjoys withall.

**Factions.**

The factions of the great ones call,
To side with them, the Commons all.

**Kisses Loathsome.**

Upon Reape.

Upon Teage.

Teage has told lies so long, that when Teage tells
Truth, yet Teages truths are untruths, (nothing else.)

Upon Julia's Hair, bundled up in a
golden net.

Tell me, what needs those rich deceits,
These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,
To take thine hairs when they are knowne
Already tame, and all thine owne?
"Tis I am wild, and more then hairs
Deserve these Mashes and those snares.

---

**Another.**

Where love begins, there dead thy first desire:
*A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.*

**An Hymne to Cupid.**

Thou, thou that bear'st the sway
With whom the Sea-Nymphs play;
And Venus, every way:
When I embrace thy knee;
And make short prayers to thee:
In love, then prosper me.
This day I goe to wooe;
Instruct me how to doe.
This worke thou put'st me too.
This day I goe to wooe;
Instruct me how to doe.

**To Electra.**

Let not thy Tomb-stone be laid by me:
Nor let my Herse, be wept upon by thee:
But let that instant when thou di'st be known,
The minute of mine expiration.
One knell be rung for both; and let one grave
To hold us two, an endless honour have.

**How his soule came ensnared.**

My soule would one day goe and seeke
For Roses, and in Julia's cheeke
A richess of those sweets she found,
(As in another Rosamond.)
Hesperides 323

Nos. 882-885

Set free thy Tresses, let them flow
As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow:
And let such curious Net-works be
Less set for them, then spred for me.

Upon Truggin.

Truggin a Footman was; but now, growne lame,
Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

The Showre of Blossomes.

Love in a showre of Blossomes came
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same:
The Blooms that fell were white and red;
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether (this) I cannot tell
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell:
But true it was, as I rowl'd there,
Without a thought of hurt, or feare;
Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,
And with his Javelin wounded me:
From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lies a Snake:
Kisses and Favours are sweet things;
But Those have thorns, and These have stings.

Upon Spenke.

Spenke has a strong breath, yet short Prayers saith:
Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

A Defence for Women.

Naught are all Women: I say no,
Since for one Bad, one Good I know:
For Clytemnestra most unkind,
Loving Alcestis there we find:
For one Medea that was bad,
A good Penelope was had:
For wanton Lais, then we have
Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave:
And thus through Woman-kind we see
A Good and Bad. Sirs credit me.

Slavery.

'Tis liberty to serve one Lord; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

Charmes.

Bring the holy crust of Bread,
Lay it underneath the head;
'Tis a certain Charm to keep
Hags away, while Children sleep.

Another.

Let the superstitious wife
Neer the child's heart lay a knife:
Point be up, and Haft be downe;
(While she gossips in the towne)
This 'mongst other mystick charmes
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.
Another to bring in the Witch.

To house the Hag, you must doe this;
Commix with Meale a little Pisse
Of him bewitcht: then forthwith make
A little Wafer or a Cake:
And this rawly bak't will bring
The old Hag in. No surer thing.

Another Charme for Stables.

Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare
Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,
Till they be all over wet,
With the mire, and the sweat:
This observ'd, the Manes shall be
Of your horses, all knot-free.

Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve.

Down with the Rosemary and Bayes,
Down with the Misleto;
Instead of Holly, now up-raise
The greener Box (for show).

The Holly hitherto did sway;
Let Box now Domineere;
Until the dancing Easter-day,
Or Easter's Eve appeare.

Then youthful Box which now hath grace,
Your houses to renew;
Grown old, surrender must his place,
Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
And many Flowers beside;
Both of a fresh, and fragrant kinne
To honour Whitson tide.

The Ceremonies for Candlemasse Day.

Kindle the Christmas Brand and then
Till Sunne-set, let it burne;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas Log next yeare;
And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend,
Can do no mischief (there).

Upon Candlemasse Day.

End now the White-loafe, & the Pye,
And let all sports with Christmas dye.

Surfeits.

Bad are all surfeits: but Physicians call
That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

Upon Nis.

Nis, he makes Verses; but the Lines he writes,
Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

To Biancha, to bless him.

Wo'd I woee, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my worke begin?
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound?
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent
All Aspects malevolent?
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies:
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy Parallels?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kist, or blest by thee.

Julia's Churching, or Purification.

Put on thy Holy Fillings, and so
To th' Temple with the sober Midwife go.
Attended thus (in a most solemn wise)
By those who serve the Child-bed mysteries.
Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou see'st
The candid Stole thrown on the Pious Priest;
With reverend Curtseys come, and to him bring
Thy free (and not decurted) offering.
All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come
(As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home:
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
Provide a second Epithalamie.
She who keeps chastly to her husbands side
Is not for one, but every night his Bride:
And stealing still with love, and fear to Bed,
Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.

To his Book.

Before the Press scarce one co'd see
A little-peeking-part of thee:
But since th' art Printed, thou dost call
To shew thy nakedness to all.

Hesperides

My care for thee is now the less,
(Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness:)
Go with thy Faults and Fates; yet stay
And take this sentence, then away;
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
She'll runne to all adulteries.

Teares.

Teares most prevale; with teares too thou
Mayst move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

To his Friend to avoid contention of words.

Words beget Anger; Anger brings forth blowes:
Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.
For which prevention (Sociate) let there be
Betwixt us two no more Logomachie.
Farre better twere for either to be mute,
Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

Truth.

Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes;
Falsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.

Upon Prickles. Epig.

Prickles is waspish, and puts forth his sting,
For Bread, Drinke, Butter, Cheese; for every thing
That Prickles buyes, puts Prickles out of frame;
How well his nature's fitted to his name!

The Eyes before the Eares.

We credit most our sight; one eye doth please
Our trust farre more then ten care-witnesses.
WANT

Want is a softer Wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impression.

To a Friend.

Looke in my Book, and herein see,
Life endless sign'd to thee and me.
We o're the tombs, and Fates shall flye;
While other generations dye.

Upon M. William Lawes, the rarest of Musitians.

Sho'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here
Comes with his Cypress, and devotes a teare?
Sho'd I not grieve (my Lawes) when every Lute,
Violl, and Voice, is (by thy losse) struck mute?
Thy loss, brave man! whose Numbers have been hurl'd,
And no less praise'd, then spread throughout the world.
Some have Thee call'd Amphion; some of us,
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus:
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
Musique had both her birth and death with Thee.

A Song upon Silvia.

From me my Silvia ranne away,
And running therewithall,
A Primrose Banke did cross her way,
And gave my Love a fall.

Hesperides

But trust me now, I dare not say,
What I by chance did see;
But such the Drap'ry did betray
That fully ravished me.

The Honey-combe.

If thou hast found an honie-combe,
Eate thou not all, but taste on some:
For if thou eat'st it to excess;
That sweetness turns to Loathsomeness.
Taste it to Temper; then 'twill be Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

Upon Ben. Johnson.

Here lies Johnson with the rest of the Poets; but the Best.
Reader, woldst thou more have known?
Aske his Story, not this Stone.
That will speake what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

An Ode for him.

Ah Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy Guests
Meet at those Lyric Feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tunne?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each Verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

L*
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 912-915

My Ben!
Or come a'gen:
Or send to us;
Thy wits great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that Talent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock; the store
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

Upon a Virgin.

Spend Harmless shade, thy nightly Hours,
Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers;
Of which make Garlands here, and there,
To dress thy silent sepulchre.
Nor do thou feare the want of these,
In everlasting Properties.
Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
Farre faster then the first can wither.

Blame.

In Battailes what disasters fall,
The King he beares the blame of all.

A request to the Graces.

Ponder my words, if so that any be Known guilty here of incivility:
Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.
Teach it to blush, to curtsie, liep, and shew
Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.

Hesperides

Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,
Unless they have some wanton carriages.
This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,
And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

Upon himselfe.

I lately fri'd, but now behold
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.
And in good faith I'd thought it strange
T'ave found in me this sudden change;
But that I understood by dreams,
These only were but Loves extreames;
Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,
And starves with cold the self-same part.

Multitude.

We Trust not to the multitude in Warre,
But to the stout; and those that skilfull are.

Fear.

Man must do well out of a good intent;
Not for the servile feare of punishment.

To M. Kellam.

What! can my Kellam drink his Sack
In Goblets to the brim,
And see his Robin Herrick lack,
Yet send no Boules to him?

For love or pitie to his Muse,
(That she may flow in Verse)
Contemne to recommend a Cruce,
But send to her a Tearce.
Happinesse to hospitalitie, or a hearty to good house-keeping.

First, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision; such a store,
Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.
Upon your hogheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beere, at all;
But, like full clouds, may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.
Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here
Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare;
And this good blessing back them still,
To Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will.
Then from the porch may many a Bride
Unto the Holy Temple ride:
And thence return, (short prayers seyd)
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the Bride and Bridegroome be
Untoucht by cold sterility;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in Lusters few they may,
By laughing too, and lying downe,
People a City or a Towne.

Cunctation in Correction.
The Lictors bundl'd up their rods: beside,
Knit them with knots (with much adooe unty'd)
That if (unknitting) men wo'd yet repent,
They might escape the lash of punishment.

Present Government grievous.

Men are suspicious; prone to discontent:
Subjects still loath the present Government.

Rest Refreshes.

Lay by the good a while; a resting field
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield:
Trees this year beare; next, they their wealth withhold;
Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.

Revenge.

Mans disposition is for to requite
An injurie, before a benefite:
Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine;
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.

The first mar's or makes.

In all our high designments, 'twill appeare,
The first event breeds confidence or feare.

Beginning, difficult.

Hard are the two first staires unto a Crowne;
Which got, the third bids him a King come downe.

Faith four-square.

Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

The present time best pleaseth.

Praise they that will Times past, I joy to see
My selfe now live: this age best pleaseth mee.

Cloathes are conspirators.

Though from without no foes at all we feare;
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.
Cruelty.

Tis but a dog-like madness in bad Kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings.
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes;
So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

Faire after foule.

Tears quickly dry; griefes will in time decay;
A clear will come after a cloudy day.

Hunger.

Ask me what hunger is, and Ie reply,
"Tis but a fierce desire of hot and dry.

Bad wages for good service.

In this misfortune Kings doe most excell,
To heare the worst from men, when they doe well.

The End.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend;
"Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the end.

The Bondman.

Bind me but to thee with thine hair,
And quickly I shall be
Made by that fetter or that snare
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
Then bore me through the eare;
And by the Law I ought to stay
For ever with thee here.

Choose for the best.

Give house-room to the best; 'Tis never known
Virtue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.

To Silvia.

Pardon my trespass (Silvia,) I confess,
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse:
None is discreet at all times; no, not Jove Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.

Faire shewes deceive.

Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call
To prettie girls to play withall:
Who paddling there, the Sea soone frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd:
What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these?

His wish.

Fat be my Hinde; unlearn'd be my wife;
Peacefull my night; my day devoid of strife:
To these a comely off-spring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

Upon Julia's washing her self in the river.

How fierce was I, when I did see
My Julia wash her self in thee!
So Lillies thorough Christall look:
So purest pebbles in the brook:
As in the River Julia did,
Halfe with a Lawne of water hid.
Hesperides

Nos. 940-943

Into thy streames my self I threw,
And strugling there, I kist thee too;
And more had done (it is confest)
Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

Though Frankinsense the Deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
As for our selves to leave some frankinsence.

UPON CLUNN.

A rowle of Parchment Clunn about him beares,
Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors:
And seems halfe ravished, when he looks upon
That Bar, this Bend ; that Fess, this Cheveron ;
This Manch, that Moone ; this Martlet, and
that Mound ;
This counterchange of Perle and Diamond.
What joy can Clun have in that Coat, or this,
Whenas his owne still out at elboes is?

UPON CUPID.

Love, like a Beggar, came to me
With Hose and Doublet tore:
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

He askt an almes ; I gave him bread,
And meat too, for his need :
Of which, when he had fully fed,
He wished me all Good speed.
Away he went, but as he turn'd
(In faith I know not how)
He toucht me so, as that I burn,
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure
Then crept into my heart;
And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure,
His finger was the dart.

UPON BLISS.

Burr is a smell-feast, and a man alone,
That (where meat is) will be a hanger on.

UPON MEGG.

I will confess
With Cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day,
He kiss the hand that strikes me.
I will not, I
Now blubb'ring, cry,
It (Ah !) too late repents me,
That I did fail
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.
No, no, Ile be
In fetters free :
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for paine;
I cleare entertaine
The wounds of love with singing.

With Flowers and Wine,
And Cakes Divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee:
Which done; no more
I cleare come before
Thee and thine Altars emptie.

To his honoured and most ingenuous friend Mr Charles Cotton.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,
Words fully flowing, yet of influence:
Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
Worthy the Publicke Admiration:
Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe write,
And giv'st our Numbers Euphonic, and weight.
Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not, borne of the Royall-blood.
What State above, what Symmetrie below,
Lines have, or shou'd have, thou the best canst show.
For which (my Charles) it is my pride to be,
Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.
Long may I live so, and my wreath of Bayes,
Be lesse anothers Laurell, then thy praise.

Women uselesse.

What need we marry Women, when
Without their use we may have men?
And such as will in short time be,
For murder fit, or mutinie;

As Cadmus once a new way found,
By throwing teeth into the ground;
From which poore seed, and rudely sown
Sprung up a War-like Nation.
So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,
Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould;
And we shall see in little space
Rise up of men, a fighting race.
If this can be, say then, what need
Have we of Women or their seed?

Love is a sircup.
Love is a sircup; and who er'e we see
Sick and surcharg'd with this satietie :
Shall by this pleasing trespass quickly prove,
Their loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.

Leven.

Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse
The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

Repletion.

Physitians say Repletion springs
More from the sweet then sower things.

On Himselfe.

Weep for the dead, for they have lost this light;
And weep for me, lost in an endless night.
Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me,
Who writ for many. Benedicite.

No Man without Money.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,
If favour or occasion helpe not him.
On Himselfe.

Lost to the world; lost to myselfe; alone
Here now I rest under this Marble stone:
In depth of silence, heard, and scene of none.

To M. Leonard Willan his peculiar friend.

I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live Thou throughout the world;
Who art a man for all Scenes; unto whom
What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.
Can'st write the Comick, Tragick straine, and fall
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall:
Who flit at all heights: Prose and Verse run'st through;
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespass too:
For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,
Because thy selfe are comming to the Presse:
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

To his worthy friend M. John Hall,
Student of Grayes-Inne.

Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring
Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their Spring;
That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee?
What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee knowne,
At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one?
Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence
Thou had'st, and hast thy mighty influence,

That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd.

Put on thy Laurell then; and in that trimme
Be thou Apollo, or the type of him:
Or let the Unshorne God lend thee his Lyre,
And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

To Julia.

Offer thy gift; but first the Law commands
Thee, Julia, first, to sanctifie thy hands:
Doe that, my Julia which the rites require,
Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

To the most comely and proper
M. Elizabeth Finch.

Handsome you are, and Proper you will be
Despight of all your infortunitie:
Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse
In that your owne prefixed comelinesse:
Spend on that stock: and when your life must fall,
Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

Upon Ralph.

To his Booke.

If hap it must, that I must see thee lye
Absyrtus-like, all torne confusedly:
With solelme tears, and with much grief of heart,
Ile recollect thee (weeping) part by part;
And having washt thee, close thee in a chest
With spice; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.
TO THE KING,
UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON-COURT.
SET AND SUNG.

Welcome, Great Cesar, welcome now you are,
As dearest Peace, after destructive Warre;
Welcome as slumbers; or as beds of ease
After our long, and peevish sicknesses.
O Pompe of Glory! Welcome now, and come
To re-possess once more your long’d-for home.
A thousand Altars smoke; a thousand thighes
Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.
Enter and prosper; while our eyes doe waite
For an Ascendent throughly Auspicate:
Under which signe we may the former stone
Lay of our safeties new foundation:
That done; O Cesar! live, and be to us,
Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius;
To whose free knees we may our temples tye
As to a still protecting Deitie:
That shou’d you stirre, we and our Altars too
May (Great Augustus) goe along with You.

Chor. Long live the King; and to accomplish this,
We’ll from our owne, add more years to his.

ULTIMUS HEROUm:
OR, TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE, HENRY, MARQUESSE OF DORCHESTER.

And as time past when Cato the Severe
Entred the circum-spacious Theater;
In reverence of his person, every one
Stood as he had been turn’d from flesh to stone:
E’ne so my numbers will astonish be
If but lookt on; struck dead, if scan’d by Thee.

To his Muse, another to the same.

TELL that Brave Man, sain thou wou’dst have access
To kiss his hands, but that for fearfulness;
Or else because th’ art like a modest Bride,
Ready to blush to death, shou’d he but chide.

UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other I define,
Then the dead Corps, or Carcase of the Wine.

UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the Postern comes,
(His teeth all out) to rince and wash his gummres.

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND M. JO. HARMAR,
PHISITIAN TO THE COLLEGE OF WESTMINSTER.

When first I find those Numbers thou do’st write,
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite:
Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,
In an expansion no less large then high;
Then, in that compass, saying here and there,
And with Circumgyration every where;
Following with love and active heate thy game,
And then at last to truss the Epigram;
I must confess, distinction none I see
Between Domitians Martiall then, and Thee.
But this I know, should Jupiter agen
Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men;
The Romane Language full, and superfine,
If Jove wo’d speake, he wo’d accept of thine.
Upon His Spaniell Tracie.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
For shape and service, Spaniell like to thee.
This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one
Teare, that deserves of me a million.

The Deluge.

Drowning, drowning, I espie,
Coming from my Julia's eye:
'Tis some solace in our smart,
To have friends to beare a part:
I have none; but must be sure
Th' inundation to endure.
Shall not times hereafter tell
This for no meane miracle;
When the waters by their fall
Threatned ruine unto all?
Yet the deluge here was known,
Of a world to drowne but One.

Upon Lupes.

Lupes for the outside of his suite has paide;
But for his heart, he cannot have it made:
The reason is, his credit cannot get
The inward carbage for his cloathes as yet.

Raggs.

What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents,
But the base dregs and lees of vestiments?

Strength to support Soveraignty.

Let Kings and Rulers learn this line from me;
Where power is weak, unsafe is Majestie.

For thirty yeares, Tubbs has been proud and poor;
'Tis now his habit, which he can't give o'er.

Crutches.

Thou seest me Lucia, this year droope,
Three Zodiaks fill'd more I shall stoope;
Let Crutches then provided be
To shore up my debilitie.
Then while thou laugh'st; Ile, sighing, crie,
A Ruine underpropt am I:
Don will I then my Beadsmans gown,
And when so feeble I am grown,
As my weake shoulders cannot beare
The burden of a Grasshopper:
Yet with the bench of aged sires,
When I and they keep tearmly fires;
With my weake voice Ile sing, or say
Some Odes I made of Lucia:
Then will I heave my wither'd hand
To Jove the Mighty, for to stand
Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe
Upon thee many a Benizon.

To Julia.

Holy waters hither bring
For the sacred sprinkling:
Baptize me and thee, and so
Let us to the Altar go.
And (ere we our rites commence)
Wash our hands in innocence.
Then Ile be the Rex Sacerorum,
Thou the Queen of Peace and Quorum.
Upon Case.

Case is a Lawyer, that ne'er pleads alone,
But when he hears the like confusion,
As when the disagreeing Commons throw
About their House, their clamourous I, or No:
Then Case, as loud as any Serjeant there,
Cries out (My lord, my Lord) the Case is clear:
But when all's hush't, Case then a fish more
Bestirs his Hand, but starves in hand the Suite.

To Perenna.

I a Dirge will pen for thee;
Thou a Trentall make for me:
That the Monks and Fryers together,
Here may sing the rest of either:
Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have
Candlemas to grace the Grave.

To his Sister in Law, M. Susanna Herrick.

The Person crowns the Place; your lot doth fall
Last, yet to be with These a Principall.
Howere it fortuned; know for Truth, I meant
You a fore-leader in this Testament.

Upon the Lady Crew.

This Stone can tell the storie of my life,
What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife:
In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,
Where now I rest, these may be known by Jet
For other things, my many Children be
The best and truest Chronicles of me.

On Tomasin Parsons.

Grow up in Beauty, as thou dost begin,
And be of all admired, Tomasin.

Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve.

Down with the Rosemary, and so
Down with the Baies, & mistletoe:
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall:
That so the superstitious find
No one least Branch there left behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there (maids trust to me)
So many Goblins you shall see.

Suspicion makes secure.

He that will live of all cares dispossess,
Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

Upon Spokes.

Spokes, when he sees a rosted Pig, he swears
Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears:
But carve to him the fat flanks; and he shall
Kid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

To his Kinsman, M. Tho. Herrick, who
Desired to be in his Book.

Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late
Th'ast got a place here (standing candidate)
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.
A Bucolick betwixt Two: Lacon and Thyris.

Lacon. For a kiss or two, confess,
      What doth cause this pensiveness,
      Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse?
      Why so lonely on the hill?
      Why thy pipe by thee so still,
      That erewhile was heard so shrill?
      Tell me, do thy kine now fail
      To fulfill the milkin-paile?
      Say, what is’t that thou do’st aile?

Thyr. None of these; but out, alas!
      A mischance is come to pass,
      And I will tell thee what ’twas:
      See mine eyes are weeping ripe,
      Tell, and I will lay down my Pipe.

Lacon. Tell, and I will lay down my Pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steer,
      That to me was far more dear,
      Then these kine, which I milk here,
      Broad of fore-head, large of eye,
      Party-colour’d like a Pie;
      Smooth in each limb as a die; 
      Clear of hoof, and clear of horn;
      Sharply pointed as a thorn:
      With a neck by yoke unworn.
      From the which hung down by stringe,
      Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,
      Enterplac’t with ribbonings.
      Faultless every way for shape;
      Not a straw co’d him escape;
      Ever gamesome as an ape:
      But yet harmless as a sheep.
      (Pardon, Lacon, if I weep)
      Tears will spring, where woes are deep.

Hesperides

Now (ai me!) (ai me!) Last night came a mad dog, and did bite, I, and kil’d my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief!

Thyr. But I will be brief.
      Hence I must, for time doth call
      Me, and my sad Play-mates all,
      To his Evening Funerall.
      Live long, Lacon, so adew!

Lacon. Mournfull maid, farewell to you;
      Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

Upo’n Sapho.

Look upo’n Sapho’s lip, and you will swear,
      There is a love-like leven rising there.

Upo’n Faunus.

We read how Faunus, he the shepheards God,
      His wife to death whipt with a Mirtle Rod.
      The Rod (perhaps) was better’d by the name;
      But had it been of Birch, the death’s the same.

The Quintell.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

Drink up Your Cup,
      But not spill Wine.
      For if you Do,
      ’Tis an ill signe;
Herrick's Poems

That we Foresee,
You are cloy'd here,
If so, no
Hoe,
But avoid here.

CARE a GOOD KEEPER.

CARE keeps the Conquest; 'tis no less renown,
To keepe a Citie then to winne a Towne.

RULES FOR OUR REACH.

Men must have Bounds how farre to walke; for we
Are made farre worse, by lawless liberty.

To Biancha,

An Biancha! now I see,
It is Noone and past with me:
In a while it will strike one;
Then, Biancha, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have,
Offer'd on my holy Grave;
Then, Biancha, let me rest
With my face towards the East.

To the handsome Mistresse Grace Potter.

As is your name, so is your comely face,
Toucht everywhere with such diffusèd grace,
As that in all that admirable round,
There is not one least solécisme found;
And as that part, so every portion else,
Keepes line for line with Beauties Parallels.

Hesperides

ANACREONTIKE.

I must Not trust
Here to any;
Here to any:

Bereav'd,

Deceiv'd

By so many: As one

Undone

By my losses;

Comply

Will I

With my crosses.

Yet still

I will

Not be grieving;

Since thence

And hence

Comes relieving.

But this

Sweet is

In our mourning:

Times bad

And sad

Are a turning;

And he

Whom we

See dejected;

Next day

Wee may

See erected.

More modest, more manly.
'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are,
That are most modest ere they come to warre.
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 996-1000

Not to Covet Much Where Little Is the Charge.

Why should we covet much, when we know,
W'ave more to bear our charge then way to go?

Anacreontick Verse.

Brisk methinks I am, and fine,
When I drink my capring wine:
Then to love I do encline,
When I drink my wanton wine:
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drink my sprightly wine:
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drink my frolick wine:
But I languish, lowre, and Pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

Upon Pennie.

Brown bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of right,
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

Patience in Princes.

Kings must not use the Axe for each offence:
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

Fear gets force.

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed:
The Coward then takes Arms, and do's the deed.

Hesperides

Parcell-gilt-Poetry.

Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it,
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

Upon love, by way of question and answer.

I bring ye Love. Quest. What will love do?
Ans. Like, and dislike ye:
I bring ye love: Quest. What will Love do?
Ans. Stroake ye to strive ye:
I bring ye love: Quest. What will Love do?
Ans. Love will be-soole ye:
I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?
Ans. Heate ye to coole ye:
I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye:
I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?
Ans. Stock ye to spend ye:
I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?
Ans. Love will fulfill ye:
I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?
Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in Cornwall.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that
Which we, and times to come, shall wonder at.
Lift up thy Sword; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that One blow set an end to all.

His Grange.

How well contented in this private Grange
Spend I my life (that's subject unto change:)
Under whose Roofe with Mosse-worke wrought,
there I
Kisse my Brown wife, and black Posterity.
Leprosie in Houses.

When to a House I come, and see
The Genius wasteful, more than free:
The servants thimblestone, yet to eat,
With lawless tooth the flour of wheate:
The Sons to suck the milk of Kine,
More than the teats of Discipline:
The Daughters wild and loose in dresse;
Their cheeks unstain'd with shamefastnesse:
The Husband drunk, the Wife to be
A Baud to incivility:
I must confess, I there descrie,
A House spred through with Leprosie.

Good Manners at meat.

This rule of manners I will teach my guests,
To come with their own bellies unto feasts:
Not to eat equal portions; but to rise
Farc't with the food, that may themselves suffice.

Anthea's Retraction.

Anthea laught, and fearing lest excess
Might stretch the cords of civill comeliness:
She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face;
And call'd each line back to his rule and space.

Comforts in crosses.

Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe;
Thy fall is but the rising to a Crowne.

Seek and finde.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit!
Ah cruel maides! I'll go my way,
Whereas (perchance) my fortunes may
Find out a Threshold or a doore,
That may far sooner speed the poore:
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate,
Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

My many cares and much distress,
Has made me like a wilderness:
Or (discompos'd) I'm like a rude,
And all-confus'd multitude:
Out of my comely manners worn;
And as in meanes, in minde all torn.

Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)
A crawling Vine about Anacreon's head:
Flusht was his face; his haires with oyle did shine;
And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.
Tipled he was; and tipling lispt withall;
And lisping reeld, and reeling like to fall.
A young Enchantresse close by him did stand
Tapping his plump thighes with a mirtle wand:
She smil'd; he kist; and kissing, cull'd her too;
And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.

For which (me thought) in prittie anger she
Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to me:
Since when (me thinks) my braines about doe swim,
And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

Happily I had a sight
Of my dearest deare last night;
Make her this day smile on me,
And Ile Roses give to thee.

The bound (almost) now of my book I see,
But yet no end of those therein or me:
Here we begin new life; while thousands quite
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

Then did I live when I did see
Perilla smile on none but me.
But (ah!) by starres malignant crost,
The life I got I quickly lost:
But yet a way there doth remaine,
For me embalm'd to live againe;
And that's to love me; in which state
He live as one Regenerate.

Man may at first transgress, but next do well:
*Vice doth in some but lodge awhile, not dwell.*
POSTING TO PRINTING.

Let others to the Printing Presse run fast,
Since after death comes glory, let not haste.

RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

What's got by Justice is establish'd sure;
No Kingdoms got by Rapine long endure.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

What needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of Saints?
In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth:
She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears:
Nor do's she minde,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy Love.
Forbear therefore,
And lull asleep.
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lies; yet
Boreman,
For all the Devil helps, will be a poor man.

SAINT DISTAFFS DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER
TWELFTH DAY.

Partly work and partly play
Ye must on S. Distaffs day:
From the Plough soon free your team;
Then come home and foster them.
If the Maides a-spinning go,
Burne the flax, and fire the tow:
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-haire.
Bring in pales of water then,
Let the Maides bewash the men.
Give S. Distaffe all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good night;
And next morrow, every one
To his owne vocation.

SUFFERANCE.

In the hope of ease to come,
Let's endure one Martyrdom.

HIS TEARS TO THAMASIS.

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
Whereon so many Stately Structures stand:
Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
To bath in thee (as thousand others doe,)

358 Herrick's Poems

359 Hesperides

Nos. 1023-1029
Nos. 1029-1031
No more shall I along thy christall glide,
In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautifi'd)
With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chast disport)
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court:
Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore
Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore:
And Landing here, or safely Landing there,
Make way to my Beloved Westminster:
Or to the Golden-cheap-side, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my Birth.
May all clean Nimphs and curious water Dames,
With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy
streams:
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
To make them Leane, and languishing at all.
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure, and Silver-wristed Naiades.
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.
Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye
never,
Receive this vow, so fare-ye-well for ever.

PARDONS.

THOSE ends in War the best contentment bring,
Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.

PEACE not PERMANENT.

GREAT Cities seldom rest: If there be none
'Twainde from far; They'll find worse foes at home.

Hesperides

TWIXT Truth and Error, there's this difference known,
Error is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.

THINGS mortall, still mutable.
THINGS are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on yce pavements we are set.

STUDIES to be supported.
STUDIES themselves will languish and decay,
When either price, or praise is ta'ne away.

WIT punisht, PROSPERS most.
Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent;
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

TWELFE night, or KING and QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plumes,
Where Beane's the King of the sport here;
Beside we must know,
The Pea also
Must revell, as Queene, in the Court here.

Begin then to chuse,
(This night as ye use)
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a King by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day Queene for the night here,

M*
Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drinke
To the base from the brink
A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lambs-wooll ;
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too ;
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the King
And Queene wassailing:
And though with ale ye be wet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

Give me a man that is not dull,
When all the world with rifts is full:
But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,
Wenas the roof's a-tottering:
And, though it falls, continues still
Tickling the Citterne with his quill.

Know when to speake; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to Kings.

Let moderation on thy passions waite
Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate.
Twilight.
The Twi-light is no other thing (we say)
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the Day.

False Mourning.
He who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the Dead,
Do's but deride the Party buried.

The will makes the work, or consent makes the Cure.
No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill
Is half way cured, if the party will.

Diet.
If wholesome Diet can re-cure a man, T
What need of Physick, or Physitian?

Smart.
Stripes justly given yerk us (with their fall)
But causeless whipping smarts the most of all.

The Tinkers Song.
Along, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of Tinkers;
And quaffe up a Bowle
As big as a Cowle
To Beer Drinkers.
The pole of the Hop
Place in the Ale-shop
To Bethwack us;

Hesperides II

If ever we think
So much as to drink
Unto Bacchus.
Who frolick will be,
For little cost he
Must not vary,
For Beer-broth at all,
So much as to call
For Canary.

His comfort.
The only comfort of my life
Is, that I never yet had wife;
Nor will hereafter; since I know
Who Weds, ore-buys his weal with woe.

Sincerity.
Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure
Whatever Liquor in ye powre

To Anthea.
Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing;
The while my dear Anthea do's but droop,
The Tulips, Lillies, Daffadills do stoop;
But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

Nor buying or selling.
Now, if you love me, tell me,
For as I will not sell ye,
So not one cross to buy thee
Ile give, if thou deny me.
To his peculiar friend M. Jo. Wicks.

Since shed or Cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one;
To whose glad threshold, and free door
I may a Poet come, though poor;
And eat with thee a savory bit,
Paying but common thanks for it.
Yet sho'd I chance, (my Wicks) to see
An over-leven-looke in thee,
To soure the Bread, and turn the Beer
To an exalted vineger;
Or sho'dst thou prize me as a Dish
Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third dayes fish;
I'de rather hungry go and come,
Then to thy house be Burdensome;
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be
One that sho'd drop his Beads for thee.

The more mighty, the more mercifull.

Who may do most, do's least: The bravest will
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

After Autumnne, Winter.

Die ere long, I'm sure, I shall;
After leaves, the tree must fall,

A Good Death.

For truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill, that breath well.

Recompence.

Who plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile?
Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.
An Another.
If ye feare to be affrighted
When ye are (by chance) benighted:
In your Pocket for a trust,
Carrie nothing but a Crust:
For that holy piece of Bread
Charms the danger, and the dread.

Upon Gorgonius.

Gentlenesse.

That Prince must govern with a gentle hand,
Who will have love comply with his command.

A Dialogue betwixt himselfe and Mistresse Eliza. Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis.

My dearest Love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee;
For love or pitie let me know
The place where I may find thee.

Amaril. In country Meadowes pearl'd with Dew,
And set about with Lillies;
There filling Maunds with Cowslips, you
May find your Amarillis.

Her. What have the Meades to do with thee,
Or with thy youthfull hours?
Live thou at Court, where thou mayest be
The Queen of men, not flowers.
Let Country wenches make 'em fine
With Posies, since 'tis fitter

To Julia.

Help me, Julia, for to pray,
Mattens sing, or Mattens say:
This I know, the Fiend will fly
Far away, if thou beest by.
Bring the Holy-water hither;
Let us wash, and pray together:
When our Beads are thus united,
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

To Roses in Julia's Bosome.
Roses, you can never die,
Since the place wherein ye lye,
Heat and moisture mixt are so,
As to make ye ever grow.

To the Honour'd, Master Endimion Porter.

When to thy Porch I come, and (ravish) see
The State of Poets there attending Thee:
Those Bardes and I, all in a Chorus sing,
We are Thy Prophets, Porter; Thou our King.
SPEAKE IN SEASON.

When times are troubled, then forbear; but speak,
When a clear day, out of a cloud do's break.

OBEEDIENCE.

The power of princes rests in the consent
Of only those, who are obedient:
Which if away, proud scepters then will lie low,
And of thrones the ancient majesty.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

No man so well a kingdom rules, as he,
Who hath himselfe obey'd the sovereignty.

Of Love.

1. Instruct me now, what love will do;
2. 'Twill make a tongueless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next, what love will do;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides, what love will do;
2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

UPON TRAP.

Trap, of a player turn'd a priest now is;
Behold a sudden metamorphosis.
If tythe-pigs fail, then will he shift the scene,
And, from a priest, turn player once again.

UPON GRUBS.

Grubs loves his wife and children, while they
Can live by love, or else grow fat by play:

But when they call or cry on Grubs for meat;
Instead of bread, Grubs gives them stones to eat.
He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
His wife and children fast to death for fear.
Hesperides 373

Upon Chub.

_WHEN Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries,  
Aha my boys! here's wheat for Christmas Pies!  
Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,  
That at the tide, he has not bread to eate._

PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

_Where Pleasures rule a Kingdom, never there  
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere._

On Himself.

_A weary Pilgrim, I have wandred here  
Twice five and twenty (bate me but one yeer)  
Long I have lasted in this world; ('tis true)  
But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.  
Who by his gray Haire doth his lusters tell,  
Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well  
One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he  
Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three;  
He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast  
Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last._

To M. Laurence Swetnaham.

_Reader thou my Lines, my Swetnaham, if there be  
A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.  
Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please;  
How will it drop pure hony, speaking these?_  

His Covenant or Protestation to Julia.

_Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart,  
As if we sho'd for ever part?  
Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,  
After a day, or two, or three,  
I wo'd come back and live with thee?_
Take, if thou do'st distrust that Vow;
This second Protestation now.
Upon thy cheek that spangled Tear,
Which sits as Dew of Roses there:
That Tear shall scarce be dry'd before
I'll kiss the Threshold of thy door.
Then weep not, sweet; but thus much know,
I'm half return'd before I go.

ON HIMSELF.
I will no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay;
The way of all Flesh is,
That I must go this day:
Since longer I can't live,
My frolick Youths adieu;
My Lamp to you I'll give,
And all my troubles too.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN MASTER
MICHAEL OULSWORTH.
Nor think that Thou in this my Book art
worth,
Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.
Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before
Those, that must live with thee for evermore.
That Fame, and Fame's rear'd Pillar, thou shalt see
In the next sheet, Brave Man, to follow Thee.
Fix on that Column then, and never fall;
Held up by Fame's eternall Pedestall.

TO HIS GIRLES WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFULL.
ALAS! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome (aged now:)

Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.
And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.
TRUTH by her own simplicity is known;
Falsehood by Varnish and Vermillion.

HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.
I have been wanton, and too bold I fear,
To chafe o're much the Virgin's cheek or ear;
Beg for my Pardon, Julia; He doth winne
Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
And go with me to choose my Buriall roome:
My Fates are ended; when thy Herrick dies,
Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his Eyes.

ON HIMSELF.
One Ear tingles; some there be,
That are snarling now at me:
Be they those that Homer bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

UPON KINGS.
Kings must be dauntless: Subjects will contemn
Those, who want Hearts, and wear a Diadem.

TO HIS GIRLES.
WANTON Wenches doe not bring
For my haires black colouring:
For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be
Gray or white, all's one to me.
Upon Spur.

Spur jingles now, and swears by no meane oathes,
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay clothes:
Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim;
And thus they praise the Sumpter; but not him:
As to the Goddess, people did conferre Worship, and not to' th' Ass that carried her.

To his Brother Nicolas Herrick.

What others have with cheapnesse scene, and case,
In Varnish Maps; by' th' helpe of Compasses:
Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with all their large Narrations, Incanonical)
Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre;
And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.
So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate
This Kingdomes fortune, and that Empires fate:
Canst talke to us of Sharon; where a spring
Of Roses have an endless flourishing.
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them,
Make knowne to us the new Jerusalem.
The Mount of Olives; Calverie, and where
Is (and hast scene) thy Saviours Sepulcher.
So that the man that will but lay his eares,
As Inapostate, to the thing he hears,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of Travails lesse in bookes then Thee.

The Voice and Violl.

Rare is the voice itself; but when we sing
To' th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.
Upon Croot.
One silver spoon shines in the house of Croot;
Who cannot buie, or steale a second to’t.

The Soul is the salt.
The body’s salt, the soule is; which when gon,
The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

Upon Flood, or a thankfull man.
Flood, if he has for him and his a bit,
He says his fare and after Grace for it:
If meate he wants, then Grace he says to see
His hungry belly borne by Legs Jaile-free.
Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,
To this our poore, yet ever patient Flood.

Upon Pimpe.

Upon Luske.

Foolishnesse.
In’s Tusc’lanes, Tullie doth confesse,
No plague ther’s like to foolishnesse.

Upon Rush.
Rush saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether;
And fears in summer to weare out the lether:
This is strong thrift that warie Rush doth use
Summer and Winter still to save his shooes.

Abstinence.
Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.

No danger to men desperate.
When fear admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

Sauce for sorrowes.
Although our suffering meet with no reliefe,
An euall mind is the best sauce for griefe.

To Cupid.
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold;
Thou kil’st with heat, and I strike dead with cold.
Let’s trie of us who shall the first expire;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire:
Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike.
And bring to’t heart destruction both alike.

Distrust.
Whatever men for Loyalty pretend,
’Tis Wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.

The Hagg.
In a dirtie Haire-lace
She leads on a brace
Of black-bore-cats to attend her;
Who scratch at the Moone,
And threaten at noone
Of night from Heaven for to rend her
Herrick's Poems

A-hunting she goes;  
A crackt horn she blowes;  
At which the hounds fall a-bounding;  
While th' Moone in her sphere  
Peepes trembling for feare,  
And night's afraid of the sounding.

The mount of the Muses.

After thy labour take thine ease,  
Here with the sweet Pierides.  
But if so be that men will not  
Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot;  
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one  
Not subject to corruption.

On Himselfe.

I'll write no more of Love; but now repent  
Of all those times that I in it have spent.  
I'll write no more of life; but wish 'twas ended,  
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

To his Book.

Go, thou forth, my booke, though late;  
Yet be timely fortunate.  
It may chance good-luck may send  
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,  
That may harbour thee, when I,  
With my fates neglected lye.  
If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
See, the fier's by: Farewell.

The end of his worke.

Part of the worke remaines; one part is past:  
And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

To Crowne it.

My wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd!  
The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

On Himselfe.

The worke is done: young men and maidens, set  
Upon my curies the Mirtle Coronet,  
Washt with sweet ointments; Thus at last I come  
To suffer in the Muses Martyrdom:  
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,  
The Muses will ware blackes, when I am dead.

The pillar of Fame.

Fames pillar here, at last, we set;  
Out-during Marble, Brasse, or Jet,  
Charmed and enchanted so,  
As to withstand the blow,  
Of overthrow,  
Nor shall the seas,  
Of outrages  
What we up-rear:  
Tho Kingdoms fall,  
This pillar never shall  
Decline or waste at all;  
But stand for ever by his owne  
Firme and well-fixt foundation.

To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't;  
Jocund his Muse was; but his Life was chast.
No. 1

ADDITIONAL POEMS

NOT INCLUDED IN HESPERIDES

The Discription of a Woman.

Whose head befringèd with be-scatterèd tresses,
Shews like Apolloes, when the morn he dresses:
Or like Aurora, when with Pearle she sets
Her long disheveld Rose-crown'd Tramelets:
Her forehead smooth, full-polish'd, bright and high,
Bears in itself a gracefull Majesty;
Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine
Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine:
Under whose shade, two starry sparkling eyes
Are beautifi'd with faire fring'd Canopies
Her comely nose with uniformall grace,
Like purest white, stands in the middle place,
Parting the paire, as wee may well suppose,
Each cheek resembling still a damase Rose:
Which like a Garden manifestelye shew
How Roses, Lillies, and Carnations growe;
Which sweetly mixed both with white and red,
Like Rose leaves, white and red, seem mingled;
Then nature, for a sweet allurement sets
Two smelling, swelling, bashfull Cherrylets;
The which, with ruby-rednesse being tip'd,
Do speake a Virgin, merry, Cherry-lip'd.
Over the which a neat sweet skin is drawne,
Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawne;
These be the Ruby-portals, and divine,
Which ope themselves, to shew a holy shrine,
Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense
Smells like the burn'd Sabean Frankinsense;
In which the tongue, though but a member small,
Stands guarded with a Rosie-hilly-wall;
And her white teeth, which in her gums are set,
Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.
Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty strive
For his white, plump, and smooth, prerogative;
At whose faire top, to please the sight there grows
The fairest image of a blushing rose;
Mov'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss,
Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd
On eyther side, with rich rare Jewels grac'd:
Moving a question, whether that by them,
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.
But the foundation of the Architect
Is the Swan-staining, faire, rare, stately neck,
Which with ambitious humblenesse stands under,
Bearing aloft this rich-round world of wonder.
In which the veynes implanted, seeme to lye
Like loving vines hidde under ivorie;
So full of clarrett, that whosoe prickes this vine
May see it sprout forth streams like Muskadine.
Her breast, a place for beauties throne most lit,
Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure sit;
Which, headed with two rich round Rubies, show
Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,
And in the milky valley that's between,
Sits Cupid, kissing of his mother Queen:
Fingering the papps that feelè like sieved silke,
And prest a little, thay will weep pure milke.
Then comes the belly, seated next below,
Like a faire mountain of Riphean snow;
Whear Nature, in a whitenesse without spot,
No. 1 Hath in the middle tied a Gordian knot; or else that she in that white waxen hill Hath seal'd the primrose of her utmost skill. But now my muse hath spied a darke descent From this soe precious pearly permanent, A milkye highe-way that direction yelds Unto the port-mouth of the Elizean feilds: A place desired of all, but got by these Whom love admitts to the Hesperides. Heres goulden fruitt, that doth exceede all price Growing in this Love-guarded paradice; Above the entrance, there is wrighten this, This is the portail to the bower of blisse, Through mid'st wheetrof, a chrisall streame there flowers Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose. Now Love invites me to survey her thighs, Swelling in likenesse like to Cristall skyes, With plump softe flesh, of mettall pure and fine, Resembling sheildes, both pure and christaline. Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke Into the middle sweet sight-stealing crooke, Which for the better bewtifying shrowds Its humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes; Which to the knees by nature fastned on, Derive their ever well 'greed motion. Her legs with two clear calves, like silver try'd, Kindly swell up, with little pretty pride, Leaving a distance for the comely small To beautifie the leg and foot withall. Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet, Round, short and clear, like pounded Spices sweet; And whatsoever thing they tread upon They make it scent like bruised Cinnamon.

The lovely shoulders now allure the eye, To see two Tablets of pure ivorie: From which two arms like branches seem to spread, With tender vein'd and silver coloured; With little hands and fingers long and small, To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginal. In length each finger doth his next excell, Each richly headed with a pearly shell; Richer then that fayre, pretious, vertuous horse That arms the forehead of the unicorne. Thus every parte in contrariety meet in the whole and make an harmony; As divers strings do singly disagree, But form'd by Number, make sweet melodie. Unto the idol of the worke devine I consecrate this loving life of myne, Bowing my lipps unto that stately roote Where beauty springs; and thus I kiss her foote.

Mr. Herrick his Daughters Dowrye.
Ere I goe hence and bee noe more Seene to the world, Ile give the skore I owe unto a female child, And that is this, a verse instylde My daughters dowrye; having which, Ile leave thee then compleatly riche; In length each finger doth his next excell, Each richly seeded, both pure and fine, Resembling sheildes, both pure and christaline. Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke Into the middle sweet sight-stealing crooke, Which for the better bewtifying shrowds Its humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes; Which to the knees by nature fastned on, Derive their ever well 'greed motion. Her legs with two clear calves, like silver try'd, Kindly swell up, with little pretty pride, Leaving a distance for the comely small To beautifie the leg and foot withall. Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet, Round, short and clear, like pounded Spices sweet; And whatsoever thing they tread upon They make it scent like bruised Cinnamon.
No. 2

Thou fortune ow'st for tenement; however after times will praise,
This portion, my prophetique bayes,
Cannot deliver up to th' rust,
Yet I keepe peacefull in my dust.

As for thy birth, and better seeds
(Those which must growe to vertuous deeds
Thou didst derive from that old stem
Love and Mercie, cherish them),
Which, like a vestall virgin ply
With holye fyer, least that it dye.
Growe up with milder lawes to knowe
At what time to say I or noe;
Let manners teach thee whear to bee
More comely flowing, where les free:
These bringe thy husband, like to those
Old coynes and meddalls wee expose
To th' shew, but never part with; next
As in a more conspicuous text,
(Thy forehead) lett therin bee sign'd
The mayden candour of thy mynde;
And under it two chast-borne spyes
To barr out bolde adulteryes:
For through these optickes, fly the darest
Of lust, which set on fier our hartes;
Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned fears,
Which sweeten love, yet ne're come nighest
The plague of wilder jelousie.

Then let each cheeke of thyne, intice
To th' shew, but never part with; next
On eyther side of these, quickc eares
That in their flight may not escape.
Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned fears,
The plague of wilder jelousie.

A lip inkyndeld with that coale,
With which Love chafes and warmes the soule,
As in a bedd of frankensence;
A lip inkyndled with that coale,
Bee sure thou bringe a mayden-head,
That is a Margarite, which lost,
Thou bring'st unto his bedd a frost
Or a colde poyson, which his blood
Benummes like the forgetfull floode.
Now for some jewells to supplye
The wante of eare-rings bravereye,
For publike eyes; take onlye these,
Ne're broughte far beyonde the seas;
They're nobly-home-breed, yet have price
Beyond the fare-fetch marchandize.
Obedience, wise-distrust, peace, shy,
Distance, and sweet urbanitie:
Safe modestie, lov'd patience, feare
Of offeding, temperance, deare
Constandie, bashfullnes, and all
The vertues lesse, or cardinall,
Take with my blessinge: and goe forth
Injewelld with thy native worthe.
And now if ther a man bee founde,
That lookes for such prepared grownd,
Let him, but with indifferent skill,
Soe good a soile bee-stocke and till;
Hee may ere longe have such a wife,
Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.

I have behelde two lovers, in a night
Hatcht o're with moone-shine, from their stolen
delight,—
When this to that, and that to this, had given
A kisse to such a jewell of the heven:

Healthes to the rose, the violet, or pinke,—
Call'd on the súddayne by the jealouse mother,
Some strickter Mistresse or suspitious other,
Urging divorcement (worse then death to these)
By the soone jingling of some sleepy keyes,
Parte with a hastye kisse; and in that shew
How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe.
Even such are we : and in our parting, doe
Noe otherwise then as those former two;
Natures like ours, wee who have spent our time
Both from the morning to the evening chime;
Nay, till the bell-man of the night had told
Past noone of night, yet ware the howers not old,
Nor dull'd with iron sleeps, but have out-worne
The fresh and fayrest flourish of the mome
With flame, and rapture; drincking to the odd
Number of nine, which makes us full with God,
And in that mistick frenzie, wee have hurl'de,
(As with a tempeste) nature through the worlde,
And in a whirl-wynd twirl'd her home, agast
Att that which in her extasie had past;
Thus crownd with rose-budds, sacke, thou mad'st mee flye
Like fier-drakes, yet didst mee no harme therby.
O thou allmightye nature, who did'st give
True heate, whearwith humanitie doth live
Beyond its stinted circle; giving foode.
White fame, and resurrection to the good;
Soaring them up, 'bove ruyne, till the doome,
The generall Aprill of the worlde dothe come,
That makes all æuall. Manye thousands should
(Wert not for thee) have crumbled into mould.
And with their earclothes rotted, not to show
Whether the world such spirits had or no,
Wheeas by thee, those, and a million since,
Nor fate, nor envy, can their fames convince.
Homer, Musaeus, Ovid, Maro, more,
Of those godfull prophets longe before
Helde there etemall fiers; and ours of late
(Thy mercie helping) shall resist strong fate,
Nor stooped in the center, but surcive as longe
As fame or rumour, hath or trumpe or tongue;
But unto mee, bee onlye hoarse, since now
(Heaven and my soule bear record of my vowe)
I, my desires screw from thee, and directe
Them and my thoughts to that sublimed respecte
And conscience unto priesthood; tis not need
(The skarclown unto mankinde) that doth breed
Wiser conclusions in mee, since I knowe
I've more to beare my chariges, then way to goe;
Or had I not, I'de stop the spreading itch
Of craveing more: soo in conceipt bee rich;
But tis the god of nature who intends,
And shapes my function for more glorious ends:
Kisse, soo depart S; yet stay awhile to see
The lines of sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee
In speach, in picture; noe otherwise then
When Judgment and death, denouncd against guilty men,
Each takes a weeping farewell, rackt in mynde
With joyes before, and pleasures left behind:
Shaking the head, whilst each to each doth mourne
With thought thy goe, whence thy must not return.
Soo with like lookes, as once the ministrell
Cast, leading his Eurydice through hell,
I strike thy love, and greedily pursue
Thee, with myne eyes, or in, or out, of view.
Soo look't the Grecian orator when sent
From's native countrye, into banishment,
Throwing his eye-balls backward to survaye
The smoke of his beloved Attica:
Soo Tullye look't, when from the brooks of Rome
The sad soule went, not with his love, but doome:
Shooting his eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise
It, or to drawe the cittie to his eyes.
Such is my parting with thee; and to prove
Ther was not varnish (only) in my love,
But substance, lo! receave this pearlye teare
Frozen with greife, and place it in thyne eare,
Then parte in name of peace; and softly on
With numerous feete to Hoofy Helicon;
And when thou art upon that forked hill
Amongst the thrice three sacred virgins, fill
A full brimm'd bowle of furye and of rage,
And quaff it to the prophets of our age;
When drunk with rapture, curse the blind and lame
Base ballad-mongers, who usurpe thy name
And fowle thy altar; charme some into frogs,
Some to bee rats, and others to bee hogs;
Into the loathsoms's shapes thou causst devise
To make fools hate them, onely by disguise;
Thus with a kisse of warmth, and love, I parte
Not soo, but that some relique in my harte
Nos. 3-4

Shall stand for ever, though I doe address,
Chiefely my selfe to what I must profess:
Knowe yet (rare soule) when my diviner muse
Shall want a hand-mayde (as she ofte will use),
Bee readye, thou for mee, to wayte upon her,
Though as a servant, yet a mayde of honor.
The crowne of dutye is our dutye: well
Doing's the fruit of doing well. Farewell.

A Charroll presented to Dr Williams, By,
of Lincoln, as a Newyears Guift.

Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember
Past sorrowes with the fled December,
But let each plesant cheeke appear
Smooth as the childhood of the yeare,
And sing a carroll here,

'Twas brave, 'twas brave could we command the hand
Of Youths swift watch to stand
As you have done your day;
Then should we not decay.
But all we wither, & our light
Is spilt in everlasting night;
When as your sight
Shewes like the heavens above the moone
Like an eternall moone,
That sees no setting sun.

Keep up those flames, & though you shroud
Awhile your forehead in a cloud.
Doe it like the sun to write
I'th ayre, a greater text of light;
Welcome to all our vowes,

And since you pay
To us the day
Soe longe desir'd,
See we have fyrd,
Our holy spicknard, and ther's none
But brings his stick of cynamon,
His eager eye, or smoother smyle;
And layes it gently on the pyle,
Which thus enkindled, we invoke
Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

Chorus. Come, then, greate Lord,
And see our Alter burne
With love of your returne,
And not a man here but consumes
His soule to glad you in perfumes.

Song. His Mistris to him at his
Farewell

You may vow Ie not forget
To pay the debt,
Which to thy Memorie stands as due
As faith can seal it you:
Take then tribute of my teares,
So long as I have feares
To prompt mee, I shall ever
Languish and looke, but thy returne see never:
Oh then to lessen my dispaire,
Print thy lips into the ayre,
So by this
Meanes, I may kisse thy kisse,
Whenas some kinde
Winde
I shall hither waft it; and in leiw,
My lips shall send a 1000 back to you.

N*
Upon Parting.

Go hence away, and in thy parting know
'Tis not my voice, but heavens that bids thee go.
Spring hence thy faith, nor think it ill desert,
I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part.
But voice of fame, and voice of heaven have thunders
We both were lost, if both of us not sunderd:
Fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare
One Sigh of love, and coole it with a teare:
Since part we must, let's kisse; that done, retire
With such white vowes as fate can nere dissever
But truth knit fast; and so farewell for ever.

Upon Master Fletchers Incomparable Plays.

Apollo sings, his harpe resounds: give roome,
For now behold the golden Pompe is come,
Thy Pompe of playes, which thousands come to see,
With admiration both of them and thee.
O Volume worthy, leaf by leaf, and cover,
To be with juice of Cedar wash't all over;
Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent,
To raise an Act to full astonishment;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move Young men to swoone, and Maides to dye for love.
Love eyes a-bleeding here, Evadne, there,
Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where;

The New Charon.

Upon the death of Henry Lord Hastings.

The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.
The Speakers—Charon and Eucosmeia.

Euc. Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore,
And to thy many, take in one soul more.
Cha. Who calls? who calls? Euc. One overwhelm'd with ruth;
Have pity either on my tears or Youth,
And take me in, who am in deep Distress;
But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness.
Cha. I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds
A breath of Balm along th' Elizean fields.
Speak, what art thou? Euc. One, once that had a lover,
Then which, thy self ne'er wafted sweeter over.
He was— Cha. Say what. Euc. Ay me, my woes are deep.
Cha. Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.
Euc. He was an Hastings; and that one Name has
In it all good, that is, and ever was.
No. 8

He was my Life, my Love, my Joy; but
did
Some hours before I shou’d have been his
Bride.

Chorus. Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,
For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.

Euc. The hallowed Tapers all prepar’d were,
And Hymen call’d to bless the Rites.

Cha. Stop there.

Euc. Great are my woes. Cha. And great
must that Grief be,
That makes grim Charon thus to pity thee.
But now come in. Euc. More let me yet
relate.

Cha. I cannot stay; more souls for waftage wait,
And I must hence. Euc. Yet let me thus
much know,
Departing hence, where Good and Bad
souls go.

Cha. Those souls which ne’er were drencht in
pleasures stream,
The Fields of Pluto are reserv’d for them;
Where, drest with garlands, there they
walk the ground,
Whose blessed Youth with endless flow’rs
is crown’d.

But such as have been drown’d in this
wilde sea,
For those is kept the Gulf of Hecatē;
Where, with their own contagion they are
fed;
And there do punish, and are punished.

This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,
When on the Flood that nine times circles
Hell.

Chorus. We sail along, to visit mortals never; Nos. 8-9
But there to live, where Love shall last for
ever.

Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles
& his wife in the South Aisle of Dean
Prior Church, Devon.

No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when
These have their Pate, and wear away as Men;
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and Spent;
But Vertue Rears the eternal Monument.

What more than these can Tombs or Tomb­stones Pay?
But here’s the Sun-set of a Tedious day:
These Two asleep are: I’ll but be Undrest
And so to Bed: Pray wish us all Good Rest.

Additional Poems

Herrick’s Poems
HIS NOBLE NUMBERS

Or

HIS PIOUS PIECES

His Confession.

Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire; And as our bad, more then our good Works are, Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit, Treble the number of these good I've writ. Things precious are least num'rous: Men are prone To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

His Prayer for Absolution.

For Those my unbaptizM Rhimes, Writ in my wild unhallowed Times; For every sentence, clause, and word, That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord) Forgive me, God, and blot each Line Out of my Book, that is not Thine. But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one Worthy thy Benediction; That One of all the rest, shall be The Glory of my Work, and Me.

To finde God. No. 3-6

Weigh me the Fire; or canst thou find A way to measure out the Wind; Distinguish all those Floods that are Mixt in the watrie Theater; And taste thou them as saltlesse there, As in their Channell first they were. Tell me the People that do keep Within the Kingdomes of the Deep; Or fetch me back that Cloud againe, Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine; Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares; Shew me that world of Starres, and whence They noiselesse spill their Influence: This if thou canst; then shew me Him That rides the glorious Cherubim.

What God is.

God is above the sphere of our esteem, And is the best known, not defining Him.

Upon God.

God is not onely said to be An Ens, but Supraentitie.

Mercy and Love.

God hath two wings, which He doth ever move; The one is Mercy, and the next is Love: Under the first the Sinners ever trust; And with the last he still directs the Just.
Gods Anger Without Affection.

God when He's angry here with any one,
His wrath is free from perturbation;
And when we think His looks are sour and grim,
The alteration is in us, not Him.

God not to be Comprehended.

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend Him, as He is, is labour without end.

Gods part.

Prayers and Praises are those spotlesse two Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

Affliction.

God n'e're afflicts us more then our desert,
Though He may seem to over-act His part:
Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can bear;
But yet still less then Grace can suffer here.

Three fatal Sisters.

Three fatal Sisters wait upon each sin;
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

Silence.

Suffer thy legs, but not thy tongue to talk:
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

Mirth.

True mirth resides not in the smiling skin:
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

Loading and Unloading.

God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

Gods Mercy.

Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean:
Which though it sends forth thousand streams,
'tis ne're Known, or els seen to be the emptier;
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more Full, and full-full, then when full-full before.

Prayers must have Poise.

God, He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,
And want their Poise: words ought to have their weight.

To God: an Anthem, sung in the Chapel at White-Hall, before the King.

Verse. My God, I'm wounded by my sin,
And sore without, and sick within:

Ver. Chor. I come to Thee, in hope to find
Salve for my body, and my mind.

Verse. In Gilead though no Balm be found,
To ease this smart, or cure this wound;

Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee
All saving health, and help for me.

Verse. Then reach Thou forth that hand of Thine,
That powres in oyle, as well as wine.

Ver. Chor. And let it work, for Ie endure
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.
Upon God.

God is all fore-part; for, we never see
Any part backward in the Deitie.

Calling, and correcting.

God is not onely mercifull, to call,
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

No Escaping the Scourging.

God scourgeth some severely, some He spares;
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

The Rod.

Gos Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & then
The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

God has a twofold part.

God, when for sin He makes His Children smart,
His own He acts not, but anothers part:
But when by stripes He saves them,then 'tis known,
He comes to play the part that is His own.

God is One.

God, as He is most Holy knowne,
So He is said to be most One.

Persecutions profitable.

Afflictions they most profitable are
To the beholder, and the sufferer:
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

To God.

Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with John,
(Who writ that heavenly Revelation);
Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder heare;
Then let the Harps enchantments strike mine eare;
Here give me thornes; there, in thy Kingdom, set
Upon my head the golden coronet;
There give me day; but here my dreadfull night:
My sackcloth here; but there my Stole of white.

Whips.

God has His whips here to a twofold end,
The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

Gods Providence.

If all transgressions here should have their pay,
What need there then be of a reckning day?
If God should punish no sin, here, of men,
His Providence who would not question then?

Temptation.

Those Saints, which God loves best,
The Devill tempts not least.

His Ejaculation to God.

My God! looke on me with Thine eye
Of pittie, not of scrutinie;
For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see
Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.
O then! for mercies sake, behold
These my eruptions manifold;
And heale me with Thy looke, or touch:
But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,
Because I'm odious in Thy sight,
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

GOD'S GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED.
God heares us when we pray, but yet defers
His gifts, to exercise Petitioners:
And though awhile He makes Requesters stay,
With Princely hand He'll recompence delay.

PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE.
God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,
To make, not marre her, by this punishment:
So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,
'Tis not to poysen, but to make thee pure.

PARDON.
God pardons those, who do through frailty sin;
But never those that persevere therein.

AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.
In Numbers, and but these few,
I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU!
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,
With sup'rabundant scorn here:
Who for Thy Princely Port here,
Hadst for Thy place Of Birth, a base
Out-stable for thy Court here.
Instead of neat Inclosures
Of inter-woven Osiers;
Instead of fragrant Posies
Of Daffadills, and Roses;
Instead of neat Inclosures
Of inter-woven Osiers;
Instead of fragrant Posies
Of Daffadills, and Roses;

THY CRADLE, Kingly Stranger,
As Gospell tells,
Was nothing els,
But, here, a homely manger.
But we with Silks, (not Crewells,) With sundry precious Jewells, And Lilly-work will dresse Thee; And as we dispossesse Thee Of clouts, wee'll make a chamber.

Sweet Babe, for Thee, Of Ivorie,
And plaister'd round with Amber.
The Jewes they did disdaine Thee, But we will entertaine Thee With Glories to await here Upon Thy Princely State here, And more for love then pittie,
From yeere to yeere Wee'll make Thee, here, A Free-born of our Citie.

LIP-LABOUR.
In the old Scripture I have often read,
The calfe without meale n'ere was offered;
To figure to us, nothing more then this,
Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

THE HEART.
In Prayer the Lips ne're act the winning part,
Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

EARE-RINGS.
Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare?
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,
When we obey, by acting what we heare.
Sin seen.

When once the sin has fully acted been,
Then is the horror of the trespass seen.

Upon Time.

Time was upon
The wing, to fly away;
And I call'd on
Him but awhile to stay;
But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say.

He held out then,
A Writing, as he went;
And ask'd me, when
False man would be content
To pay again,
What God and Nature lent.

An hour-glass,
In which were sands but few,
As he did pass,
He shew'd, and told me, too,
Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

His Petition.

If warre, or want shall make me grow so poor,
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore;
Lord! let me never act that beggar's part,
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart.
He who asks alms in that so sacred Name,
Without due reverence, plays the cheat's game.

To God.

Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be
With me in my miserie;
Suffer me to be so bold,
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

His Litany, to the Holy Spirit.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless Doctor sees
No one hope, but of his Fees,
And his skill runs on the lees;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his Potion and his Pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the Furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soul;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!
When the tapers now burne blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decaid;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When (God knowes) I'm tost about,
Either with despaire, or doubt;
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu' th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe damns me with untruth;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine eares and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprize;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite
God to bestow a second benefit.

Cock-crow.
Bell-man of Night, if I about shall go
For to deny my Master, do thou crow.
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat:
Like as my Parlour, so my Hall
And Kitchin's small:
A little Butterie, and therein
A little Bryn,
Which keeps my little loafe of Bread
Unchipt, unblead:
Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The Pulse is Thine,
And all those other Bits, that bee
There plac'd by Thee;
The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messes
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved Beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crownest my glittering Hearth
With guiltlesse mirth;
And givest me Wassail Bowles to drink,
Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That soiles my land;
And givest me, for my Bushell sowne.

Twice ten for one: Nos. 47-
Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay
Her egg each day:
Besides my healthfull Ewe to bear:
Me twins each yeare:
The while the conduits of my Kine
Run Creame, (for Wine.)
All these, and better Thou dost send
To me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfull heart;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resign,
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

Lord, do not beat me,
Since I do sob and cry,
Ere Thou dost threat me,
Lord, do not scourge me,
If I by lies and oaths
Have soild my selfe, or cloaths,
But rather purge me.

None truly happy here.

Happy's that man, to whom God gives
A stock of Goods, whereby he lives
Near to the wishes of his heart:
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

To his ever-loving God.

Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these
So very-many-meeting hindrances,
That slack my pace; but yet not make me stay?
Who slowly goes, rides (in the end) his way.
Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,
Remove the bars, or lift me o're the stiles:
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
And take me up; or else prevent the fall.
I kenn my home; and it affords some ease,
To see far off the smoking Villages.
Fain would I rest; yet covet not to die,
For feare of future-biting penurie:
No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

Another.

Thou bidst me come; I cannot come; for why,
Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to fly.
To mount my Soule, she must have pineons given;
For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

To his ever-loving God.

Through all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping;
And day, by day,
My Cup can say,
My wine is mixt with weeping.
Nos. 56-58

Herrick’s Poems

Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead,
Each evening and each morrow:
Mine eye and ear
do see, and heare
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,
(Ay me!) I feele,
Upon me beating ever:
While my sick heart
With dismall smart
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I’m sure,
This can’t endure;
But in short time ‘twill please Thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
Or strike so as to ease me.

Patience, or Comforts in Crosses.

Abundant plagues I late have had,
Yet none of these have made me sad:
For why? My Saviour, with the sense
Of sufferings gives me patience.

Eternitie.

O yeares! and Age! Farewell!
Behold I go,
Where I do know
Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i’ th’ Sea
Of vast Eternitie.

Noble Numbers

Where never Moone shall sway
The Starres; but she
And Night, shall be
Drown’d in one endless Day.

To his Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a Child.

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known:
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher:
And tell Him, (for good handsell too)
That thou hast brought a Whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charm His cries, (at time of need:)
Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none;
But if thou hadst, He sho’d have one;
But poore thou art, and knowne to be
Even as monilesse, as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
From those mellifluous lips of His;
Then never take a second on,
To spoile the first impression.

The New-yeares Gift.

Let others looke for Pearle and Gold,
Tissues, or Tabbies manifold:
One onely lock of that sweet Hay
Whereon the blessed Babie lay,
Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be
The richest New-yeares Gift to me.
To God.

If any thing delight me for to print
My Book, 'tis this; that, Thou, my God, art in't.

God, and the King.

How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give
The mind; the King, the means whereby I live.

God's mirth, Man's mourning.

Where God is merry, there write down thy fears:
What He with laughter speaks, hear thou with tears.

Honours are hindrances.

Give me Honours! what are these,
But the pleasing hindrances?
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
In the way 'twixt me, and home:
Cleer the walk, and then shall I
To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

The Parasceve, or Preparation.

To a Love Feast we both invited are;
The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,
Over the golden Altar now is spread,
With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnished;
The sacred Towell, and the holy Eure
Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure:
Let's go (my Alma) yet, e're we receive,
Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve.
Who to that sweet Bread unprepar'd doth come,
Better he starv'd, then but to tast one crumme.

To God.

God gives not onely corn, for need,
But likewise sup'rabundant seed;
Bread for our service, bread for show;
Meat for our meales, and fragments too:
He gives not poorly, taking some
Between the finger, and the thumb;
But, for our glut, and for our store,
Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

A will to be working.

Although we cannot turne the fervent fit
Of sin, we must strive against the streame of it:
And howsoe're we have the conquest mist;
'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

Christ's part.

Christ, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,
To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes:
Give Him the choice; grant Him the nobler part
Of all the House: the best of all's the Heart.

Riches and Poverty.

God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore;
But why He did not, let me tell wherefore:
Had all been rich, where then had Patience been?
Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen?

 Sobriety in Search.

To seek of God more then we well can find,
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.
To his Conscience.

Can I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private Protonotarie?
Can I not wooe thee to passe by
A short and sweet iniquity?
Ile cast a mist and cloud, upon
My delicate transgression,
So utter dark, as that no eye
Shall see the hug'd impietie:
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,
And winde all other witnesses:
And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd
To lay thy pen and ink aside?
That in the mink and tonguelesse night,
Wanton I may, and thou not write?
It will not be: And, therefore, now,
For times to come, Ile make this Vow,
From aberrations to live free:
So Ile not feare the Judge, or thee.

To his Saviour.

Lord, I confesse, that Thou alone art able
To purifie this my Augeane stable:
Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,
Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

To God.

God is all-sufferance here; here He doth show
No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow:
His Arrows die, and all his stones are hurl'd A
Against the wicked, in another world.

His Dreame.

I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse
Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze;
And powring still, Thy wealthy store,
The vessell full did then run ore:
Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,
To see the waste; but 'twas repli'd
By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed
Oft-times for waste, as for his need.
Then I co'd say, that house is bare,
That has not bread, and some to spare.

Gods Bounty.

Gods Bounty, that ebb's lesse and lesse,
As men do wane in thankfulnesse.

To his sweet Saviour.

Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep;
And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep;
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
The winds, to blow the tedious night away;
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
Sick is my heart! O Saviour! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses:
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death.
Nos. 77- Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare; 
Call, and Ile come; say Thou, the when, and where.
Draw me but first, and after Thee Ile run,
And make no one stop, till my race be done.

His Creed.
I do believe, that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust:
I do believe, that when I rise,
Christ I shall see, with these same eyes:
With others, to the dreadful Doome:
I do believe, the bad must goe
From thence, to everlasting woe:
I do believe, the good, and I,
Shall live with Him eternally:
I do believe, I shall inherit
Heaven, by Christ's mercies, not my merit:
I do believe, the One in Three,
Lastly, that Jesus is a Deed
Of Gift from God: And here is my Creed.

Temptations.
Temptations hurt not, though they have access:
Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnes.

The Lamp.
When a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead;
Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguished.

Sorrows.
Sorrows our portion are: Ere hence we goe,
Crosses we must have; or, hereafter woe.
No. 83 Thy Father brought with him along
The Olive branch, and Victors Song:
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our Peace,
The Cure was worse then the Disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine,
We offer here, before thy Shrine,
Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine;
And to make fine,
And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, here,
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares:
Receive this offering of our Haires:
Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd
With teares, distil'd
From teeming eyes; to these we bring,
Each Maid, her silver Filleting.

To guild thy Tombe; besides, these Caules,
These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules,
These Veiles, wherewith we use to hide
The Bashfull Bride,
When we conduct her to her Groome:
And, all we lay upon thy Tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we ere bring coy Brides to bed;
No more, at yearly Festivalls
We Cowslip balls,
Or chains of Columbines shall make,
For this, or that occasions sake.

No, no; our Maiden-pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee:
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave:
Or, if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of Spice;
And make this place all Paradise:
May sweets grow here! & smoke from hence,
Fat Frankincense:
Let Balme and Cassia, send their scent
From out thy Maiden-Monument.

May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir
A wing about thy Sepulcher!
No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither,
To starve, or wither
Thy soft sweet Earth! but (like a spring)
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie Maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth, to strew thy Tombe with
flow'rs:
May Virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-Incense burn
Upon thine Altar! then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.

To God, on his sickness.

What though my Harp, and Violl be
Both hung upon the Willow-tree?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darknesse have?
What though my healthfull dayes are fled, 
And I lie numbred with the dead?
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
To spring; though now a wither'd flower.

Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd.
Shame checks our first attempts; but then 'tis prov'd,
Sins first dislik'd, are after that belov'd.

Sin.
Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it feels
The following plague still treading on his heels.

Upon God.
God when He takes my goods and chattels hence,
Gives me a portion, giving patience:
What is in God is God; if so it be,
He patience gives; He gives himselfe to me.

Faith.
What here we hope for, we shall once inherit:
By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

Humility.
Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go:
High is the roof there; but the gate is low:
When e're thou speake'st, look with a lowly eye:
Grace is increased by humility.

Tears.
Our present tears here (not our present laughter)
Are but the handseals of our joyes hereafter.
Herrick's Poems

G O D T O B E F I R S T S E R V ' D.
Honour thy Parents; but good manners call
Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

A N O T H E R G R A C E F O R A C H I L D.
Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as Paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a Benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.


Chor. What sweeter musick can we bring,
Then a Caroll, for to sing
The Birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the Voice! awake the String!
Heart, Ear, and Eye, and every thing
Awake! the while the active Finger
Runs division with the Singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song.

1. Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honour to this Day,
That sees December turn'd to May.

2. If we may ask the reason, say;
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere?

3. Why do's the chilling Winters morn
Smile, like a field beset with corn?
Or smell, like to a meade new-shorne,
Thus, on the sudden?

4. Come and see

The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth
Gives life and lustre, publick mirth,
To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know him ours,
Who, with His Sun-shine, and His showers,
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is, we finde a roome
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,
Chor. Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,
To do Him honour; who's our King,
And Lord of all this Revelling.

The Musical Part was composed by
M. Henry Lawes.


1. Prepare for Songs; He's come, He's come;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.

2. Cast Holy Water all about,
And have a care no fire go out,
But 'cense the porch and place, throughout.

3. The Altars all on fire be;
The Storax fries; and ye may see,
How heart and hand do all agree,
To make things sweet. Chor. Yet all less
sweet then He.
428 Herrick's Poems

Nos. 97-98

4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,
And tell us then, whenas thou seest
His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,
And hearest His whimpering, and His cries;
How canst thou this Babe circumcise?

5. Ye must not be more pitiful than wise;
For, now unless ye see Him bleed,
Which makes the Baptism; 'tis decreed,
The Birth is fruitless: Chor. Then the work
God speed.

1. Touch gently, gently touch; and here
Spring Tulips up through all the year;
And from His sacred Blood, here shed,
May Roses grow, to crown His own dear Head.

Chor. Back, back again; each thing is done
With zeal alike, as 'twas begun;
Now singing, homeward let us carry
The Babe unto His Mother Maria;
And when we have the Child commended
To her warm bosom, then our Rites are ended.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes.

Another New-yeares Gift, or Song for
the Circumcision.

1. Hence, hence prophane, and none appears
With any thing unhallowed, here:
No jot of Leven must be found
Conceal'd in this most holy Ground:

2. What is corrupt, or sour'd with sin,
Leave that without, then enter in;

Chor. But let no Christmas mirth begin
Before ye purge, and circumcise
Your hearts, and hands, lips, ears, and eyes.

3. Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see
That all things sweet and clean may be:
For, here's a Babe, that (like a Bride)
Will blush to death, if ought be spied
Ill-scenting, or unpurify'd.

Chor. The room is cens'd; help, help t'invoke
Heaven to come down, the while we choke
The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the Birth
Of Him, Who's Lord of Heav'n and Earth;

5. And softly handle Him: 'tis need,
Because the pretty Babe do's bleed.
Poore-pitied Child! Who from Thy Stall
Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall
Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

1. Let's bless the Babe: And, as we sing
His praise; so let us bless the King:

Chor. Long may He live, till He hath told
His New-yeares trebled to His old:
And, when that's done, to re-aspir
A new-born Phoenix from His own chast fire.

God's Pardon.

When I shall sin, pardon my trespass here;
For, once in hell, none knows Remission there.
Sin.

Sin once reach'd up to God's eternall Sphere,
And was committed, not remitted there.

Evill.

Evill no Nature hath; the losse of good
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

The Star-Song: A Caroll to the King;
sung at White-Hall.

The flourish of Music: then followed the Song.

1. Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,
   Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
   Lies He the Lillie-banks among?

2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
   Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,
   Spangled with dew-light; thou canst cleere
   All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
   Him in the Morning's blushing cheek,
   Or search the beds of Spices through,
   To find him out?

   Star. No, this ye need not do;
   But only come, and see Him rest
   A Princely Babe in's Mother's Brest.

Chor. He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,
   Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground;
   And all rejoice, that we have found
   A King, before conception crown'd.

Chor. And when night comes, we'll give Him
   Wassailing;
   And that His treble Honours may be seen,
   We'll chuse Him King, and make His Mother
   Queen.

To God.

With golden Censers, and with Incense, here,
Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,
To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see
In, or without, all, all belongs to Thee:
Where shall I now begin to make, for one
Least loane of Thine, half Restitution?
Alas! I cannot pay a jot; therefore
He kiss the Tally, and confesses the score.
Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost write:
'Tis true, my God; but I can't pay one mite.

To His Deere God.

I'll hope no more,
   For things that will not come:
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome;
   Wealth brings much woe:
   And, since it fortunes so;
   'Tis better to be poore,
   Than so t'abound,
   As to be drown'd,
   Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avart,
   I'll learn to be content
With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthfull use,
Almighty God me grant;
But that, or this,
That hurtfull is,
Denie thy suppliant.

To God, his good will.

Gold I have none, but I present my need,
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the deed.

Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks' thighs,
There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.

Take then his Vowes, who, if he had it, would Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold,
Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd both with the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond.

On Heaven.

Permit mine eyes to see Part, or the whole of Thee, O happy place!
Where all have Grace, And Garlands shar'd, For their reward;
Where each chast Soule In long white stole, And Palmes in hand, Do ravish stand;
So in a ring, The praises sing Of Three in One, That fill the Throne; While Harps, and Violls then To Voices, say, Amen.

Good men afflicted most.

God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing; With trialls those, with terrors these He proves, And hazards those most, whom He most loves; For Sceva, darts; for Coclcs, dangers; thus He finds a fire for mighty Mutius; Death for stout Cato; and besides all these, A poyson too He has for Socrates; Torments for high Attilius; and, with want, Brings in Fabricius for a Combatant: But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes, He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

Good Christians.

Play their offensive and defensive parts, Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.
The Will the cause of Woe.

When man is punish'd, he is plagu'd still,
Not for the fault of Nature, but of Will.

To Heaven.

Open thy gates
To him, who weeping waits,
And might come in,
But that held back by sin.
Let mercy be
So kind, to set me free,
And I will strait
Come in, or force the gate.

The Recompence.

All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me;
And fare it well: yet Herrick, if so be,
Thy Dearest Saviour renders thee but one
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

To God.

Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat)
That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,
Where round about Thou seest but all things vaine,
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby:
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
But take no tincture from my sinfull Book:
Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,
And that will make me, and my Work divine.

Satan.

When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more
He teares and tugs us, then he did before;
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

Hell.

Hell is no other, but a soundlesse pit,
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

His wish to God.

I would to God, that mine old age might have:
Before my last, but here a living grave,
Some one poore Almes-house; there to lie, or stir,
Ghost-like, as in my meaneer sepulcher;
A little piggin, and a pipkin by,
To hold things fitting my necessity:
Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,
Might me excite to fore and after-grace.
Thy Crosse, my Christ, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd be,
Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.
So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,
Reading Thy Bible, and my Book; so end.

To God.

Lord, I am like to Misletoe,
Which has no root, and cannot grow,
Or prosper, but by that same tree
It clings about; so I by Thee.
What need I then to feare at all,
So long as I about Thee craule?
But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

Noble Numbers
NOS. 118-
121

THE WAY.

When I a ship see on the Seas,
Cleft with those wat'ry savages,
And therewithall, behold, it hath
In all that way no beaten path;
Then, with a wonder, I confesse,
Thou art our way 'th' wildernesse:
And while we blunder in the dark,
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY.

The lesse our sorrowes here and sufferings cease,
The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

HELL.

Hell is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,
But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

THE BELL-MAN.

Along the dark, and silent night,
With my Lantern, and my Light,
And the tinkling of my Bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulnesse call on,
To the gen'rall Session;
To whose dismal Barre, we there
All accompts must come to cleere:
Scores of sins w'ave made here many,
Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any,
Rise, ye Debtors, then, and fall
To make paiment, while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone;
By the clock 'tis almost One.

NOS. 122-
123

THE GOODNESS OF HIS GOD.

When Winds and Seas do rage,
And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath asswage,
If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night
Did seek my soule to swallow,
But by the peep of light
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,
Though ills stand round about me;
Since mischiefs neither dare
To bark, or bite, without Thee?

THE WIDOWES TEARES: OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS.

Come pitie us, all ye, who see
Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree:
Come pitie us; ye Passers by,
Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie:
Come pitie us, and bring your eares,
And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.

Chor. And when you are come hither;
Then we will keep
A Fast, and weep
Our eyes out all together.

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,
Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere;
O modest Matrons, weep and waile!
For now the Corne and Wine must faile:
The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,
Wherewith so many soules were fed,
No. 123

Chor. Stand empty here for ever:
And ah! the Poore,
At thy worene Doore,
Shall be releev'd never.

Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,
That reav'd us of thee Tabitha!

For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,
The Bits, the Morsells, and the deale
Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow,
That thou on Widdowes didst bestow.

Chor. All's gone, and Death hath taken
Away from us
Our Maundie; thus,
Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.

Ah Dorcas, Dorcas! now adieu
We bid the Creuse and Pannier too;
I and the flesh, for and the fish,
Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.

We take our leaves now of the Loome,
From whence the house-wives' cloth did come;

Chor. The web affords now nothing;
Thou being dead,
The woosted thred
Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the Flax and Reaming wooll,
With which thy house was plentiful.
Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and
The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.
Farewell thy Fier and thy Light,
That ne're went out by Day or Night:

Chor. No, or thy zeale so speedy,
That found a way
By peep of day,
To feed and cloth the Needy.

Farewell thy Zeal and thy hast,
That ever liv'd to ease the Needy.

Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing:
Nor did the street
Accuse thy feet
Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here liest dead, we see
A deale of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all diffused grace!
Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse, white,
And comely as the Chrysolite.

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Cleane heap of wheat
All set about with Lillies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will shew these garments made by thee;
These were the Coats, in these are read
The monuments of Dorcas dead.
These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have these hung, as honours o'er thy Grave:

Chor. And after us (distressed)
Sho'd fame be dumb;
Thy very Tomb
Would cry out Thou art blessed.

TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.

Rapine has yet tooke nought from me;
But if it please my God, I be
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,
God make me thankfull still for it.
I have been gratefull for my store:
Let me say grace when there's no more.

TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS GIFT.

That little prettie bleeding part
Of Foreskin send to me:
And Ie returne a bleeding Heart
For New-yeers gift to Thee.
Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,
Mine's faulty too, and small:
But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,
Because I send Thee all.

DOOMES-DAY.

LET not that Day God's Friends and Servants scare:
The Bench is then their place; and not the Barre.

THE POORES PORTION.

The sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poore:
Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats; what is't?
But he takes tole of? all the Griest.

Two raiments have I: Christ then makes
This Law; that He and I part stakes.
Or have I two loaves; then I use
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

THE WHITE ISLAND: OR PLACE OF THE BLEST.

In this world (the Isle of Dreames)
While we sit by sorrowes streames,
Teares and terrors are our theames
Reciting:

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity

In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candor here, and lustre there
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horrour call,
To create (or cause at all)
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternall watch shall keep,
Attending.

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortaliz'd, and you;
And fresh joys, as never to
Have ending.
To Christ.

I crawl, I creep; my Christ, I come
To Thee, for curing Balsamum:
Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,
Affording salve of Sovereignty.
My mouth I'll lay unto Thy wound
Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground:
For, rather then one drop shall fall
To waste, my JESU, I'll take all.

To God.

God! to my little meat and oyle,
Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle:
And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,
Give a wave-offering unto Thee.

Free Welcome.

God He refuseth no man; but makes way
For All that now come, or hereafter may.

God's Grace.

God's Grace deserves here to be daily fed,
That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

Coming to Christ.

To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,
Celerity even itself is slow.

Correction.

God had but one Son free from sin; but none
Of all His sons free from correction.

Noble Numbers

God's Bounty.

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

Knowledge.

Science in God, is known to be
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

Salutation.

Christ, I have read, did to His Chaplains say
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way:
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be
Unsmooth, or sore, to all civilitie;
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares
Of tardidation in the Lords Affaires.
Manners are good: but till his errand ends,
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

Lasciviousnesse.

Lasciviousnesse is known to be
The sister to saturetie.

Tears.

God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,
And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes.

God's Blessing.

In vain our labours are, whatsoe'er they be,
Unlesse God give the Benedict.

God, and Lord.

God, is His Name of Nature; but that word
Implies His Power, when He's cal'd the Lord.
The Judgment-Day.

God hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He
May feare it ever for uncertaintie:
That being ignorant of that one, he may
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

Angells.

Angells are called Gods; yet of them, none
Are Gods but by participation:
As just Men are intitled Gods, yet none
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

Long Life.

The longer thread of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

Tears.

The teares of Saints more sweet by farre,
Then all the songs of sinners are.

Manna.

That Manna, which God on His people cast,
Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeder tast.

Reverence.

True rev'rence is (as Cassiodore doth prove)
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

Mercy.

Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be
Not an affection, but a Deitie.

Wages.

After this life, the wages shall
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

Temptation.

God tempteth no one (as S. Aug'stine saith)
For any ill; but, for the proof of Faith:
Unto temptation God exposeth some;
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

Gods Hands.

Gods hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

Labour.

Labour we must, and labour hard
I'th' Forum here, or Vineyard.

Mora Sporti, the stay of the Bridegrome.

The time the Bridegroom stayes from hence,
Is but the time of penitence.

Roaring.

Roaring is nothing but a weeping part
Fore'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

The Eucharist.

He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound;
The salve for this i'th' Eucharist is found.

Sin severely punisht.

God in His own Day will be then severe
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here
Montes Scripturarum, the Mounts of the Scriptures.
The Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say) Moses, and Jesus, called Joshua:
The Prophets, Mountains of the Old are meant; The Apostles, Mounts of the New Testament.

Prayer.

A Prayer, that is said alone,
Starves, having no companion.
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,
And those great are, which we're decay:
Pray not for silver, rust eats this;
Ask not for gold, which metall is:
Nor yet for houses, which are here
But earth: such vows are reach God's ear.

Christ's Sadness.

Christ was not sad, 'twas his garden, for His own Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

God Heares us.

God, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence; If not to th' sound, yet, to the sense.

God.

God (as the learned Damascen doth write)
A Sea of Substance is, Indefinite.

Clouds.

He that ascended in a cloud, shall come.
In clouds, descending to the publike Doome.

Heaven.

Heav'n is most faire; but fairer He.
That made that fairest Canopie.

God.

In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be Ev'n God Himself, in perfect Entity.

His Power.

God can do all things, save but what are known For to imply a contradiction.

Christ's Words on the Cross, My God, My God.

Christ, when He hung the dreadful Cross upon, Had (as it were) a Dereliction; In this regard, in those great terrors He Had no one Beame from God's sweet Majestie.

Jehovah.

Jehovah, as Boetius saith, No number of the Plurall hath.

Confusion of Face.

God then confounds man's face, when he not hears The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

Another.

The shame of man's face is no more Then prayers repel'd, (says Cassiodore.)
Herrick's Poems

Nos. 171-178

Beggars.
Jacob God's Beggar was; and so we wait
(Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

Good, and Bad.
The Bad among the Good are here mixt ever:
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

Sin.
Sin no existence; Nature none it hath,
Or Good at all, (as learn'd Aquinas saith.)

Martha, Martha.
The repetition of the name made known
No other, then Christ's full Affection.

Youth, and Age.
God on our Youth bestowes but little ease;
But on our Age most sweet Indulgences.

God's Power.
God is so potent, as His Power can
Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

Paradise.
Paradise is (as from the Learn'd I gather)
A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.

Observation.
The Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)
One part thereof left still unfinished:
To make them, thereby, mindful of their own
Cité's most sad and dire destruction.

The Asse.

God did forbid the Israelites, to bring
An Asse unto Him, for an offering:
Onely, by this dull creature, to express
His detestation to all slothfulness.

Observation.
The Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)
From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a teare:
Because the Law forbad to sit and cry
For those, who did as malefactors die.
So she, to keep her mighty woes in aue,
Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.
Observe we may, how Mary Jones then,
And th' other Mary (Mary Magdalene)
Sate by the Grave; and sadly sitting there,
Shed for their Master many a bitter teare:
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead;
And then to weep they both were licensed.

Tapers.
Those Tapers, which we set upon the grave,
In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have;
That soules departed are not put out quite;
But, as they walk't here in their vestures white,
So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

Christ's Birth.
One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet
Was, or will be a second like to it.

The Virgin Mary.
To work a wonder, God would have her shown,
At once, a Bud, and yet a Rose full-blowne.
Another of God.

God's said to leave this place, and for to come
Nearer to that place, then to other some:
Of locall motion, in no least respect,
But only by impression of effect.

Another.

God is Jehovah cal'd; which name of His
Implyes or Essence, or the He that Is.

God's presence.

God's evident, and may be said to be
Present with just men, to the veritie:
But with the wicked if He doth comply,
'Tis (as S. Bernard saith) but seemingly.

God's dwelling.

God's said to dwell there, whereoever He
Puts down some prints of His high Majestie:
As when to man He comes, and there doth place
His holy Spirit, or doth plant His Grace.

The Virgin Mary.

The Virgin Marie was (as I have read)
The House of God, by Christ inhabited;
Into the which He enter'd: but, the Doores
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

To God.

God's undivided, One in Persons Three;
And Three in Inconfus'd Unity:
Originall of Essence there is none,
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne:
And though the Father be the first of Three,
'Tis but by Order, not by Entity.

Upon Woman and Mary.

So long (it seem'd) as Maries Faith was small,
Christ did her Woman, not her Mary call:
But no more Woman, being strong in Faith;
But Mary cal'd then (as S. Ambrose saith.)

North and South.

The Jewes their beds, and offices of ease,
Plac'd North and South, for these cleane purposes;
That man's uncomely froth might not molest
Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and West.

Sabbaths.

Sabbaths are threefold, (as S. Austine sayes:)
The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes;
The second is a Conscience trespass-ease;
The last the Sabbath of Eternitie.
The Fast, or Lent.

Noah the first was (as Tradition says)
That did ordaine the Fast of forty Days.

The Fast, or Lent.

Noah the first was (as Tradition says)
That did ordaine the Fast of forty Days.

There is no evil that we do commit,
But hath th' extraction of some good from it:
As when we sin; God, the great Chymist thence
Draws out th' Elixir of true penitence.

God is more here, then in another place,
Not by his Essence, but commerce of Grace.

God hath this world for many made; 'tis true:
But He hath made the world to come for few.

God gives to none so absolute an Ease,
As not to know, or feel some Grievances.

Paul, he began ill, but he ended well;
Judas began well, but he foully fell:
In godliness, not the beginnings, so
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

Temporall Goods.

These temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commends
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends:
GOD'S PRESENCE.

God's present ev'ry where; but most of all
Present by Union Hypostaticall:
God, He is there, where's nothing else (Schooles say)
And nothing else is there, where He's away.

THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE.

For each one Body, that i'th' earth is sowne,
There's an up-rising but of one for one:
But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown,
Threescore or fourscore spring up thence for one:
So that the wonder is not halfe so great,
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING.

Justly our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

SINNERS.

Sinners confounded are a twofold way,
Either as when (the learned Schoolemen say)
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent;
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

TEMPTATIONS.

No man is tempted so, but may o'recome,
If that he has a will to Masterdome.

PITTIE, AND PUNISHMENT.

God doth embrace the good with love; and gaines
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.
Sin is the cause of death; and sin's alone
The cause of God's Predestination:
And from God's Prescience of man's sin doth flow
Our Destination to eternal woe.

Prescience.

God's Prescience makes none sinfull; but th' offence
Of man's the chief cause of God's Prescience.

Christ.

To all our wounds, here, whatsoever they be,
Christ is the one sufficient Remedie.

Christ's Incarnation.

Christ took our Nature on Him, not that He 'Bove all things lov'd it, for the purifie:
No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

Heaven.

Heaven is not given for our good works here:
Yet it is given to the Labourer.

God's keyes.

God has foure keyes, which He reserves alone;
The first of Raine, the key of Hell next known:
With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe;
And with the fourth key He unlocks the tombe.

Sin.

There's no constraint to do amisse,
Whereas but one enforcement is.
To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not Bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

No time in Eternitie.

By hours we all live here, in Heaven is known
No spring of Time, or Times succession.

His Meditation upon Death.

Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend,
Blest with the Meditation of my end:
Though they be few in number, I’m content;
If otherwise, I stand indifferent:
Nor makes it matter, Nestors yeers to tell,
If man lives long, and if he live not well.
A multitude of days still heaped on,
Seldome brings order, but confusion.
Might I make choice, long life shou’d be withstood;
Nor wo’d I care how short it were, if good:
Which to effect, let every passing Bell
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my doleful knell:
And when the night persuades me to my bed,
I’le think I’M going to be buried:
So shall the Blankets which come over me,
Present those Turfs, which once must cover me:
And with as firm behaviour I will meet
The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet,
When sleep shall bathe his body in mine eyes,
I will believe, that then my body dies:
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
Ile have in mind my Resurrection,
Noble Numbers 461

THE POORE MANS PART.
Tell me rich man, for what intent
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?
Whenas the poore crie out, to us
Belongs all gold superfluous.

THE RIGHT HAND.
God has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

THE STAFFE AND ROD.
Two instruments belong unto our God;
The one a Staffe is, and the next a Rod:
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.
God still rewards us more than our desert:
But when he strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

CONFESION.
Confession twofold is (as Austine sayes)
The first of sin is, and the next of praise:
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse:
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulness.

GODS DESCENT.
God is then said for to descend, when He
Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie:
As when, in humane nature He works more
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

Another.
That there's a God, we all do know,
But what God is, we cannot show.

An instrument belongs to our God;
The one a Staffe is, and the next a Rod:
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

God still rewards us more than our desert:
But when he strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

Confession twofold is (as Austine sayes)
The first of sin is, and the next of praise:
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse:
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulness.

Gods descent.
God is then said for to descend, when He
Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie:
As when, in humane nature He works more
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

Another.
That there's a God, we all do know,
But what God is, we cannot show.
No coming to God without Christ.

Good and great God! how should I fear
To come to Thee, if Christ not there!
Co'd I but think, He would not be
Present, to plead my cause for me;
To Hell I'd rather run, then I
Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

No more to God.

Though Thou beest all that Active Love,
Which heats those ravish Soules above;
And though all joyes spring from the glance
Of Thy most winning countenance;
Yet sour and grim Thou'dst seem to me;
If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

'Tis never read there (as the Fathers say)
God blest His work done on the second day:
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

Hardening of hearts.

God's said our hearts to harden then,
Whenas His grace not supplies men.

The Rose.

Before Man's fall, the Rose was born,
(S. Ambrose says) without the Thorn:
But, for Man's fault, then was the Thorn,
Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born;
But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

Gods time must end our trouble.

God doth not promise here to man, that He
Will free him quickly from his miserie;
But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,
Then He will give a happy end to it.

The number of two.

God hates the Daul Number; being known
The luckless number of division:
And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon
He did His curious operation;

Gold and Frankincense.

Gold serves for Tribute to the King;
The Frankincense for God's Offering.
To God.

God, who me gives a will for to repent;
Will add a power, to keep me innocent;
That I shall ne’re that trespass recommit,
When I have done true Penance here for it.

The chewing the Cud.

When well we speak, & nothing do that’s good,
We not divide the Hoof, but chew the Cud:
But when good words, by good works, have
their proof,
We then both chew the Cud, and cleave the
Hoof.

Christ’s twofold coming.

Thy former coming was to cure
My soule’s most desp’rate Calenture;
Thy second Advent, that must be
To heale my Earth’s infirmitie.

To God, his gift.

As my little Pot doth boyle,
We will keep this Levell-Coyle;
That a Wave, and I will bring
To my God, a Heave-offering.

God’s anger.

God can’t be wrathfull; but we may conclude,
Wrathfull He may be, by similitude:
God’s wrathfull said to be, when He doth do
That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

God’s commands.

In God’s commands, ne’re ask the reason why;
Let thy obedience be the best Reply.

To God.

If I have plaid the Truant, or have here
Fail’d in my part; Oh! Thou that art my deare,
My mild, my loving Tutor, Lord and God!
Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.
I know, that faults will many here be found,
But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

To God.

The work is done; now let my Lawrell be
Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me:
That done, with Honour Thou dost me create
Thy Poet, and Thy Prophet Lawreat.

Good Friday: Rex Tragicus, or Christ
going to His Crosse.

Put off Thy Robe of Purple, then go on
To the sad place of execution:
Thine houre is come; and the Tormentor stands
Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,
Th’ inconstant, and unpurg’d Multitude
Yawne for Thy coming; some e’re this time crie,
How He deferres, how loath He is to die!
Amongst this scumme, the Souldier with his
speare,
And that sowre Fellow, with his vineger,
No. 263

His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost
stay?
So do the Skurfe and Bran too: Go Thy
way,
Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie
By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.
Not as a Thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,
But like a Person of some high account:
The Crosse shall be Thy Stage; and Thou shalt
there
The spacious field have for Thy Theater.
Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man,
That must this day act the Tragedian,
To wonder and affrightment: Thou art He,
Whom all the flux of Nations comes to see;
Not those poor Theeves that act their parts
with Thee:
Those act without regard, when once a King,
And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.
No, No, this Scene from Thee takes life and
sense,
And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.
Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy
Throne,
And thence proceed to act Thy Passion
To such an height, to such a period rais’d,
As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand
amaz’d.
God, and good Angells guide Thee; and so
blesse
Thee in Thy severall parts of bitternesse;
That those, who see Thee nail’d unto the
Tree,
May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie
Thee.

Noble Numbers

And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep Nos. 263-
The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep;
And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead;
That done, wee’l see Thee sweetly buried.

His words to Christ, going to the Crosse.

When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,
All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled.
Let their example not a pattern be
For me to fly, but now to follow Thee.

Another, to his Saviour.

If Thou beest taken, God forbid,
I flie from Thee, as others did:
But if Thou wilt so honour me,
As to accept my companie,
I’le follow Thee, hap hap what shall,
Both to the Judge, and Judgment-Hall:
And, if I see Thee posted there,
To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
Ie take my share; or els, my God,
Thy stripes Ie kisse, or burn the Rod.

His Saviours words, going to the Crosse.

Have, have ye no regard, all ye
Who passe this way, to pitie me,
Who am a man of miserie!

A man both bruis’d, and broke, and one
Who suffers not here for mine own,
But for my friends transgression!
Ah! Sion's Daughters, do not fear
The Cross, the Cords, the Nails, the Spear,
The Myrrh, the Gall, the Vinegar,
For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath;
Onely, there's left a little froth,
Less for to taste, then for to shew,
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had He not drank them up for you.

His Anthem, to Christ on the Cross.

When I behold Thee, almost slain,
With one, and all parts, full of pain:
When I thy gentle heart do see
Pierced through, and dropping blood,
for me,
I calls, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

Ver. But yet it wounds my soul, to think,
That for my sin, Thou must drink,
Even Thou alone, the bitter cup
Of fury, and of vengeance up.

Chor. Lor, He not see Thee to drink all
The Vinegar, the Myrrh, the Gall:

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine;
Which done, Lord, say, The rest is mine.
To his Saviours Sepulcher: his Devotion.

Haile, holy and all-honour'd Tomb,
By no ill haunted; here I come,
With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.
Ile not prophane, by soile of sin,
Thy Doore, as I do enter in:
For I have washt both hand and heart,
This, that, and e'ry other part;
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,
Then full affection, enter here.
Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone
With a warm lip, and solemne one:
And as I kisse, Ile here and there
Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.
How sweet this place is! as from hence
Flow'd all Panchaia's Frankincense;
Or rich Arabia did commix,
Here, all her rare Aromaticks.
Let me live ever here, and stir
No one step from this Sepulcher.
Ravisht I am! and down I lie,
Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.
Here let me rest; and let me have
This for my Heaven, that was Thy Grave:
And, coveting no higher sphere,
Ile my Eternitie spend here.

His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulcher.

To joyn with them who here confer
Gifts to my Saviour's Sepulcher;
Devotion bids me hither bring

His coming to the Sepulcher.

Hence they have born my Lord; Behold! the Stone
Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.
Tell me, white Angell, what is now become
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe?
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,
To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death?
If so, Ile thither follow, without feare,
And live in Hell, if that my Christ stays there,

Of all the good things whatso'e're we do,
God is the ΑΡΧΗ, and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.
GLOSSARY

In the Glossary, Notes, and Index of First Lines, a signifies Additional Poems, and n signifies Noble Numbers; the reference is otherwise to the Hesperides.

AMEEB-GREECE, ambergris, grey amber. An article of perfumery, i, 376, &c.

Barley-Break, a game resembling prisoners' base. The captives were said to be 'in hell,' 101, 149, xii.

Benjamin, the resinous gum benzoin, 332.

Bent, bent grass, 224, 422, 679, &c.

Bestrutted, swollen, 294.

BRSS, money, 106.

Bruckel'd, dirty, begrimed, 224.

Bruit, a Dutch landscape-painter, identified with one of the Breughels, 385.

Briquets, conventional type of rigid virtue, 4, 373, &c. Cp. Martial, x., xvi.

Burling-Iron, pincers to extract knots in cloth, 108.

Button'd-Staffe, a knobbled staff, 375, 678.


Candidate, clothed in white, 816.

Carkanet, carcanet, bracelet, 34, 88, 123, 221, 522, &c.

Cato, conventional type of rigid virtue, 8, 373, &c. Cp. Martial, x., xix.

Cauls, nets for holding the hair, 5, 82.

Cece, synonym with Juno, goddess of marriage, signifying home-bringer, 149, v.

Conscripts, conscript fathers, civic worthies, 467.

Cox, a Flemish painter, identified with M. Van Coccie, 385.

Cup-Shot, tipsy, 1018.

Dardanium, "a bracelet, from Dardanus so called" (orig. note), 88.

Domed, synonym with Juno, goddess of marriage, signifying home-bringer, 149, v.

Draw-Gloves, a game of talking by the fingers, 244, 577, 774.

Drosomell, honeydew, 452.

Espumones, libations, drink-offerings, 72, 628.
Herrick's Poems

FANGASTICK Panicles, the brain-cells of the fancy, 715.
PARDDELI, bundle, burden, 772.
PATTYs, vats, 931.
FELLOWS, a sort, especially in the finger, 773.
PENTUDESS, feet, near 224.
PUEH-MORSE, horse, that fills the shafts, 757.
FORIVED-PIED, a fly from both contending parties, 553.
FOX-RET-HOLE, a rustic hopping-game, 250, 563.
FRUMENTIT, a decoction of wheat and milk, 921.
GOTHIE, or Goire, identified with Jacques Gaultier, a French musician at the Court of Charles I., 137, 852.
GREEN-GOWN, a tumbler in the grass, 171.
GRUTCH, grudge, object, 284.
GUIDED BAYES, gill bays, a former custom in wedding decorations, 618, 480.
HANDEIL, earnest money, pledge, N. 50, 90.
HEVES, a country-dance, 522.
HISPED, hisped, rough with short hairs, 566.
HOCK-CARTS, the laden carts at the festival of harvest-home, 1, 351.
HUCKSON, huckle-bone, knuckle-bone, 653.
INARCOLUM, described in the original edition as a twig of a pomegranate which the queen-priestess wore on her head at sacrificing, 540.
I CANNONICALL, unstirring, worthy, 1701.
INCUS, Mr Pollard glosses as "adulterous spirits," 466.
JIMMAL, double or treble links in a ring, 495.
LADY OF THE LOBSTER, a part of the lobster's digestive organs. Herrick was presumably writing by the sound, 224.
LAIS, conventional type of impurity, 657, 386.
LANIERE, Nicholas Laniere, Master of the King's Music in 1626, 854.
LAITONS, attractions of the stars, 173.
LEMSTER ORE, Leonminster (Herefordshire) wool, 444.
LEWELL-COYLE, even consecration, a term formerly applied to the game of "musical chairs," 1012, N. 358.
LUCRECIE, conventional type of chastity, 587, 666, &c.
LUSTRE, lustre, period of five years, 69, 82, &c.
Maidenhead, virginity, 706, &c.
MARCHIT, white bread, 477.
MAUKIN, cloth, 251.
MAUNDS, baskets, 782, 1609.
MICHING, skulking, 725.
MOP-VEY, a short-sighted, 736.
NITS, nits, 724.
ORS-RENETTED, with too much admixture of remit, an ingrediente of calf's-maw used to make curds in cheeses, 6.
ORGIES, hymnus to Bacchus, 8, 733.
ORTS, scraps of food, 639.
PACK, pack, 94.
PACHAIA, conventional kind of spiced, 149, N. 259.
PARASCIVE, preparation, N. 64.
PELTIER, pelting (K. Rich. II., ii. 1, 60), petty, petty, 444.
PETLLE, pet-name used as synonym with sparrow, 257, 478.
PIGGIN, small wooden vessel, N. 175.
PILLS, pillage, plunder, 97.
PLACKETS, petticoats, 1079.
PLATONICK YREES, the Great Year of the revolution to the original condition of things, 516. Cp. the "thirteenth thousand yeeres," 795.
POMANER, pomme d'amour, a hollow head or ball filled with perfume. The beads were strung together to make a "pomander bracelet," 77, 157, 406.
POSTERN-BRIBE, a bribe at the back-door, 552.
PARK, or Prin, Prudence Baldwin, the poet's maid-servant, 725, &c.
PROZNOTARY, chief clerk, n. 72.
PURPLES, embossing, embellishing, 576.
PURSELAIN, a herb, N. 47.
PUSH-PIN, a childish game, 44, 679.
QUARAELS, quarells, small squares, 72.
QUINVELL, quintain, tilting-board, a village sport, 422, 665.
REAS, pranks, 149, v.
REMORA, a sea lamprey, alleged to retard a vessel by fixing its suckers in the keel, 35.
REPSASES, raspberries, 376.
ROUND, a country-dance, 8, 275, 422, &c.
SAUGS, laden, 294.
SHOTS, debts, 28.
SIMMELL, Lenten cake, 658.
SMALLAGE, water parsley, 82, 879.
SODICK, pickle, 630. Cp. souvet, pickled, 784.
SPicer, laventer, 730.
SQUIRELL, stripling, 36.

Glossary

STORAX, styrax, a resinous gum, 332, &c.
TABNES, shot silks, 577, N. 60.
TANSIE, cake made of dairy produce and sweet herbs, 657.
TARIDATION, tardation, delay, N. 157.
THROH, thistle, 785, 787, &c.
TIRRAT, scab, N. 931.
THYRS, thyrsus, a javelin twined with ivy, used in the Bacchanalian rites, 6, 111, 337, &c.
TITTLES, the 'Titire TUES,' members of a club which took its name from Virgil, Ec. l. 1. Mr Saintbury happily calls them "the Mohocks of Charles the First's reign." This explanation, due to Mr Alfred Pollard, disposes of the "bunotics" (Harlitt) and "titularies" (Grosart), 370.
TRASY, Tracy, the poet's favourite spaniel, 725.
THREATLY, a set of thirty (masses for the dead), a dirge, 219, 585, 697, &c.
URBIN, Raffaele d'Urbino, 385.
YEFICT, seared, afflicted, 378; cp. yeke, smart, 1051.
WAKE, village-festival, strictly at the consecration of a church, 1, 224.
NOTES

HESPERIDES

8. For the motive of this poem cp. Martial, X. xix.
For the Bacchanalian figures of the Thyrse and Orgies
cp. Catullus, LXIV., vv. 235 ff. For the festive custom
of setting laurel to crackle in the fire, cp. Tibullus, II.
i. 31-2, and the modern practice of snapdragon.
21. The sentiment is amplified in 751.
38. Babies in your eyes. Cp. 298, 330 and 325. The
"baby" refers either to the pupil of the eye or to the
miniature reflection of the gazer.
72. Elizabeth Herrick, wife of the poet's brother,
Thomas, to whom 106 is inscribed.
74. Cp. Catullus, V.
81. Cp. Anacreon, III.
82. The reason of the omission to acquaint the poet
with his father's resting-place till "seven lusters" after
his death is unknown. The elder Herrick was killed
by a fall from the window when the poet was fifteen
months old, and the suspicious manner of the death
involved the widow and her family in some trouble
about the inheritance.
36. An alleged extempore effusion when the poet
was ejected from his Devonshire living in 1648. He
was reinstated after the Restoration.
Warty. MS. reading, emended in some editions to
"watry (watery)."
106. From the first line (cp. Hor. Odes, I. xiii. 7
and iii. 8) till the last (cp. Martial, X. xvii. 13) this
fine epistle is full of reminiscences of the classics.
112. Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland, is further
honoured by the poet in 251 and 460.
117. Endymion Porter, a Caroline Maccenas, Groom
of the Bedchamber to Charles I., is likewise addressed
in 185, 493, 663 and 1072. For the Roman prototypes
mentioned here, cp. Juvenal, vii. 94.
130. Mrs Elizabeth Wheeler's identity has not been
established, but a Martha Herrick, first cousin to the
poet, was married to a Mr John Wheeler. For the
lady here complimented cp. 264 and 1069.
139. Cp. Anacreon, X.
142. The "Vision" is Virgilian; cp. Aeneid, I. 315.
The "wand" and "chiding" are Anacreon's; cp. VII.
146. Cp. the "Charroll" to the same Bishop, Add.
Poems, 4. The Bishop was imprisoned for three years
(1637-40) on a charge of disloyalty to the Crown. In
the following year he was preferred to the Archbishopric
of York. There is no evidence of his relations with the
poet.
149. Herrick lays many marriage-customs under
contribution in this Epithalamy to a worthy Sussex
Knight. The 61st carmen of Catullus may be profitably
read in connection with it.
159. Mr Pollard adduces the lament of the lover in
(Pseudo P) Theocritus, xxiii., to illustrate this poem.
197. Two MS. variants of this poem are in the
British Museum.
Heav'n Osiris
is glossed as "the sun" and the
heavenly Isis
as "the moon" in the orig. ed.
201. The opening recalls Horace, Odes, I. xxxvii. 1.
The rest of the poem is full of Ovidian reminiscences,
including the reference in one Note to Ovid's name of
Naso.
211. Cp. the famous "Exegi monumentum," Horace,
Odes, Ill. xxx. The theme is common in Herrick. Cp.,
e.g., 219, fn.
215. The Virgilian opening recurs in n. 98. The
hero of the dirge is the Earl of Lichfield, a son of the
third Duke of Lennox, who lost his life in command
of the King's Guard at Rowton Heath in 1645.
224. Mr. Pollard, in the Muses' Library, includes
"The Temple" under No. 223, and regrets that "the
publisher's freak" separated it from 254 and 444.
Some other differences of numeration, it may here be
mentioned, are due to original sin on Mr Pollard's
Notes

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part. There is a confusion at No. 422 and elsewhere between his text of the Hesperides and his Appendix of Epigrams omitted.
The fairy calendar of saints in this poem is doubtless fictitious.
Vergil’s Gnat is the Culex of doubtful authorship.

The real lament for a sparrow. Vergil’s Gnat.

294. See Note on 224.

Shapcott. Cp. 444 and 445. The poet’s peculiar friend, Mr Thomas Shapcott, Lawyer, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1632.

332. Cp. 467 and 546. The subjects of these poems are the sons of Sir Stephen Soame, once Lord Mayor of London, who married the poet’s maternal aunt.

337. Mr Pollard collates this poem with an indifferent version in Egerton MS., 2725, where, he states, “it is entitled Mr Herrick’s Old Age to Mr Weekes.” Dr Weekes, or Wickes, is mentioned by Anthony à Wood. Cp. 671, 1057.

Posthumous. The name gives the key to the poet to whom many phrases in these stanzas are due.

376. Cp. 332. Anne was the daughter of Sir Thomas Soame.

588. Vergil’s Gnat is the Culex. See supra, 257.


685. Mothering is explained as the custom of visiting

near relations on Mid-Lent Sunday, when the words “Jerusalem, quae est Mater nostra” occurred in the Epistle (Galat. iv. 21).

773, 777, 789, 808, 826. These five epigrams, among others, are suggested by phrases in Tacitus.

935. A neat combination of Herrick, the lyric lover, with Herrick, the Devonshire divine. Cp. Exod. xxi. 5, 6.


967. The “learned Friend” was educated at Winchester and Magdalen Coll., Oxford, in which University he was subsequently Professor of Greek. The poet’s compliment to his “Romane Language” is based on classical models.

968. Tracie is the Trasy of 725.

1027. This Saint’s-day is otherwise unknown.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

1. This poem is found in Ashmole MS. 38, where it is signed “Finis. Robert Herrick.” It was also printed in Wit’s Recreations (1645) with the omission of the following lines: “In which the veins implanted . . . like Muscadine”; “Or else that she in that white waxen hill . . . Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose”; “With plump softe fleshe . . . ’twixt two aspiring cloudes”; “Richer then that faire, pretious, vertuous home . . . of the unicorne”; and “Unto the idoll of the work devine . . . I kiss her foot.” Mr Pollard, in the Muses’ Library, follows the abridged recension.

2. Similarly signed in same MS.

3. A signed version exists in same MS. Mr Pollard has collated it with a British Museum copy, to which is owed the reading “drinking to the odd Number of nine” (cp. Hesperides, 654) instead of the Ashmole reading “wyne (wine),” which previous editors failed to make intelligible.

The poem was obviously written at the date of Herrick’s presentation to his Devonshire living.
Noble Numbers

The full title of this collection of poems is "His Noble Numbers; or, His Pious Pieces, wherein (amongst other things) he sings the Birth of his Christ; and sighes for his Saviour's suffering on the Cross."
Alas! I can't, for tell me how.

All are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile.

All has been plunder'd from me, but my wit.

All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me.

All things are open to these two events.

All things decay with Time:

The Forrest sees.

All things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance .

All things subjected are to Fate .

Along, come along.

Along the dark, and silent night.

Although our suffering meet with no reliefe.

Although we cannot turne the fervent fit.

Am I despis'd, because you say.

Among disasters that discention brings.

Among the Mirtles, as I walkt .

Among these Tempests great and manifold.

Among thy. Fancies, tell me this.

An old, old widow Greedy needs wo'd wed.

And as time past when Cato the Severe.

And, Cruell, Maid, because I see.

And must we part, because some say .

Angells are callfed Gods ; yet of them, none.

Angry if Irene be .

Anthea bade me tye her shooe .

Anthea, I am going hence.

Anthea laught, and fearing lest excesse.

Apollo sings, his harpe resounds : give roome.

Art quickens Nature ; Care will make a face.

Art thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on.

As Gilly Flowers do but stay.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who looks.

As is your name, so is your comely face.

As Julia once a-slumb'ring lay .

As lately I a Garland bound.

As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse.

As my little Pot doth Boyle.

As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne.

As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd.

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming

in

As thou deserv'st, be proud ; then gladly let.

As weareid Pilgrims, once possesst.

Aske me what hunger is, and Ie reply.

Aske me, why I do not sing.

Aske me why I send you here.

At Draw-Gloves we'll play.

At my homely Country-seat.
Come, tell full Lupo, now, and take

Come, Sons of Summer, by whose toile

Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings

Come thou not neere those men, who are like Bread

Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit

Come to me God; but do not come

Come with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid, and be

Comely Acts well; and when he speaks his part

Command the Roofe, great Genius, and from thence

Confession twofold is (as Austine says)

Conformity gives comeliness to things

Conformity was ever knowne

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend

Consider sorrowes, how they are aright

Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on

Crab faces gowmnes with sundry Furres; tis known

Crooked you are, but that dislikes not me

Cuffe comes to church much; but he keeps his bed

Cupid as he lay among

Curse not the mice, no grist of thine they eat

Cynthius pluck ye by the eare

Dread falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute

Dean-bourn, farewell; I never look to see

Deare Perenna, prethee come

Deare, though to part it be a Hell

Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere

Deer God

Despaire takes heart, when there's no hope to speed

Dew sate on Julia's hair

Did I or love, or could I others draw

Die ere long, I'm sure, I shall

Discreet and prudent we that Discord call

Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me

Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with John

Do's Fortune rend me? Beare with thy hard Fate

Down with the Rosemary and Bayes

Down with the Rosemary, and so

Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent

Drinke up
Drink Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may.
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head.
Drowning, drowning, I espie.
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows raine.
Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these.
Each must, in vertue, strive for to excell.
Eaten I have; and though I had good cheere.
E'yene all Religious courses to be rich.
Empires of Kings, are now, and ever were.
End now the White-loafe, & the Pye.
Ere I goe hence and bee noe more.
Every time seemes short to be.
Evill no Nature hath; the losse of good
Examples lead us, and wee likely see.
Excesse is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why?
Fain would I kisse my Julia's dainty Leg.
Faire and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile;
The faire.
Faire Daffadills, we weep to see.
Faire was the Dawne; and but e'ne now the Skies.
Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall.
Fames pillar here, at last, we set.
Farewell thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so deare.
Fat be my Hinde: unlearned be my wife.
Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome.
Fill me a mighty Bowie.
Fill me my Wine in Christall; thus, and thus.
First, April, she with mellow showers.
First, for Edusions due unto the dead.
First, for your shape, the curious cannot show.
First, Jollies wife is lame; then next, loose-hipt.
First, may the hand of bounty bring.
First offer Incense, then thy field and meads.
Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appears.
Flood, if he has for him and his a bit.
Fly me not, though I be gray.
Fly to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee.
Fold now thine armes; and hang the head.
Fone says, those mighty whiskers he do's weare.
Foolish are they, who never know.
For a kisse occurr, confess.
For all our works, a recompence is sure.
For all thy many courtesies to me.
For being comely, consonant, and free.
For brave comportment, wit without offence.
For civil, Clarke, and circumcised wit.
For each one Body, that i'th earth is sowne.
For my embalming, Julia, do but this.
For my neighbour lie not know.
For my part I never care.
For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts.
For punishment in warre, it will suffice.
For second course, last night, a Custard came.
For sport my Julia threw a Lace.
For thirtyyeares, Tubbs has been proud and poor.
For Those my unbaptiz'd Rhimes.
For truth I may this sentence tell.
Fortune did never favour one.
Fortune's a blind profuser of her own.
Fresh strowings allow.
Frollick Virgins once these were.
From me my Silvia ranne away.
From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free.
From the dull confines of the drooping West.
From the Temple to your home.
From this bleeding hand of mine.
Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may.
Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne.
Give house-room to the best; 'Tis never known.
Give, if thou canst, an Aimes; if not, afford.
Give me a Cell.
Give me a man that is not dull.
Give me a reason why men call.
Give me honours! what are these.
Give me one kisse.
Give me the food that satisfies a Guest.
Give me Wine, and give me meate.
Give unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st.
Give Want her welcome if she comes; we find.
Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun.
Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun.
Give way, now, now, now, my Charles shines here.
Give way, give way ye Gates, and win.
Glascó had none, but now some teeth has got.
Glide, gentle streams, and beare.
Glory be to the Graces I.
Go hence, and with this parting kisse.
Go I must; when I am gone.
Go prettie child, and beare this Flower.
Go wooe young Charles no more to looke.
God, as He is most Holy knowne.
God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known.
God bought man here with his hearts blood expence.
God can do all things, save but what are known.
God can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude.
God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore'.
God did forbid the Israelites, to bring.
God doth embrace the good with love; & gaines.
God doth not promise here to man, that He.
God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes.
God gives not only corne, for need.
God gives to none so absolute an Ease.
God had but one Son free from sin; but none.
God has foure keyes, which He reserves alone.
God has His whips here to a twofold end.
God hates the Duall Number; being known.
God hath this world for many made; 'tis true.
God hath two wings, which He doth ever move.
God heares us when we pray, but yet defers.
God He refuseth no man; but makes way.
God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight.
God hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He.
God in His own Day will be then severe.
God is above the sphere of our esteem.
God is all-present to whate're we do.
God is all-sufferance here; here He doth show man.
God, is His Name of Nature; but that word.
God is Jehovah cal'd; which name of His.
God is more here, then in another place.
God is not onely mercifull, to call.
God is not onely said to be.
God is so potent, as His Power can.
God is then said for to descend, when He.
Gold I have none, but I present my need.
Gold I've none, for use or show.
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<td>Gold serves for Tribute to the King</td>
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<td>Gone she is a long, long way</td>
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<td>Good and Great God! how shd I feare</td>
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<td>Good day, Mirtillo. Mirt. And to you no lesse</td>
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<td>Good morrow to the day so fair</td>
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<td>Good Precepts we must firmly hold</td>
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<td>Good Princes must be pray’d for: for the bad</td>
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<td>Good speed, for this day</td>
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<td>Good things, that come of course, far lesse doe please</td>
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<td>Great Cities seldome rest: If there be none</td>
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<td>Great men by small meanes oft are overthrowd</td>
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<td>Grow for two ends, it matters not at all</td>
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<td>Grow up in Beauty, as thou do’t begin</td>
<td>491</td>
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<td>Grubs loves his Wife and Children, while that they</td>
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<td>Grudgings turns bread to stones, when to the Poore</td>
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<td>Gryll eates, but ne’er says grace; to speak the troth</td>
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<td>Gubbs calls his children Kitlings: and would bound</td>
<td>491</td>
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<td>Guesses cuts his shoes, and limping, goes about</td>
<td>491</td>
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<td>HAILE holy, and all-honour’d Tomb</td>
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<td>Hanch, since he (lately) did interre his wife</td>
<td>491</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare</td>
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<td>Handsome you are, and Proper you will be</td>
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<td>Happily I had a sight</td>
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<td>Happy’s that man, to whom God gives</td>
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<td>Hard are the twofirst stair es unto a Crowne</td>
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<td>Hast thou attempted greatness? then go on</td>
<td>491</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hast thou begun an act? ne’re then give o’re</td>
<td>491</td>
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<tr>
<td>Haste is unhappy: what we hastily do</td>
<td>491</td>
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<tr>
<td>Have, have ye no regard, all ye.</td>
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<td>Have I not blest Thee? Then go forth; nor fear</td>
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<td>Have ye beheld (with much delight)</td>
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<td>He that ascended in a cloud, shall come</td>
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<td>He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound</td>
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<td>He that may sin, sins least; Leave to transgresse</td>
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<td>He that will live of all cares disposset</td>
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<td>He that will not love, must be</td>
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<td>He who has suffer’d Ship-wrick, fears to sail</td>
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<td>He who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the Dead</td>
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<td>Health is no other (as the learned hold)</td>
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<td>Health is the first good lent to men</td>
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<td>Heare, ye Virgins, and Ie teach</td>
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<td>Heaven is most faire; but fairer Ie</td>
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<td>Heaven is not given for our good works here</td>
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<td>Hell is no other, but a soundlesse pit</td>
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<td>Hell is the place where whipping-cheer abounds</td>
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<td>Help me, Julia, to for pray</td>
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<td>Helpe me! helpe me! I now I call</td>
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<td>Hence a blessed soule is fled</td>
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<td>Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have</td>
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<td>Hence, hence profane, and none appeare</td>
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<td>Hence they have born my Lord; behold! the Stone</td>
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<td>Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee</td>
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<td>Her pretty feet</td>
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<td>Here a little child I stand</td>
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<td>Here a pretty Baby lies</td>
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<td>Here a solemn Fast we keepe</td>
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<td>Here down my wearyed limbs Ie lay</td>
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<td>Here, here I live</td>
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<td>Here, here I live with what my Board</td>
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<td>Here I my selfe might likewise die</td>
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<td>Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet</td>
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<td>Here lies Johnson with the rest</td>
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<td>Here she lies, a pretty bud</td>
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<td>Here she lies (in Bed of Spice)</td>
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<td>Here we are all, by day: by night w’are hurl’d</td>
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<td>Here we securely live, and eate</td>
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<td>Holy-rood come forth and shield</td>
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<td>Holy Water come and bring</td>
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<td>Holy waters hither bring</td>
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<td>Honour thy Parents; but good manners call</td>
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<td>Honour to you who sit</td>
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<td>Horne sells to others teeth: but has not one</td>
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<td>How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give</td>
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<td>How am I ravisht 1 when I do but see</td>
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<td>How can I choose but love, and follow her</td>
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<td>How co’d Luke Smeaton wear a shoe, or boot</td>
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<td>How dull and dead are books, that cannot show</td>
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<td>How fierce was I, when I did see</td>
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<td>How long, Perenna, wilt thou see</td>
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<td>How Love came in, I do not know</td>
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<td>How rich a man is, all desire to know</td>
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<td>How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia art</td>
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<td>How well contented in this private Grange</td>
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<td>Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go</td>
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</table>
I am holy, while I stand
I am of all bereft
I am Sive-like, and can hold
I am zeallesse; prethee pray
I askt my Lucia but a kisse
I ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read
I beginne to waine in sight
I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will
I bring ye Love. Quest. What will love do I burn, I burn; and beg of you
I call, I call: who doe ye call ?
I can but name thee, and methinks I call
I cannot love, as I have lov'd before
I cannot pipe as I was wont to do
I cannot suffer ; and in this, my part
I co'd but see thee yesterday
I co'd never love indeed .
I could wish you all, who love
I crawle, I creep; my Christ, I
I dare not ask a kisse
I dislikt but even now .
I do believe, that die I must
I do not love, nor can it be
I do not love to wed
I do love I know not what
I dream'd this mortal part of mine
I dream't last night, Thou didst transfuse
I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse
I dreamt the Roses one time went
I dreamt the Roses one time went
I fear no Earthly Powers
I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold
I have been wanton, and too bold I fear
I have behelde two lovers, in a night
I have lost, and lately, these
I have my Laurel Chaplet on my head
I heard ye co'd coole heat; and came
I held Love's head while it did ake
I lateely flid, but now behold
I make no haste to have my Numbers read
I must
I plaid with Love, as with the fire
I prest my Julia's lips, and in the kisse
I xc. 554
I xc. 554
In a Dream, Love bad me go . . .
In all our high designments, 'twill appear .
In all thy need, be thou possest .
In Battailes what disasters fall . . .
In desp rate cases, all, or most are known .
In doing justice, God shall then be known .
In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be .
In Gods commands, ne'er ask the reason why .
In holy meetings, there a man may be .
In Inman, Ambition is the common'st thing .
In Numbers, and but these few . . .
In Prayer the Lips ne'er act the winning part .
In sobre mornings, doe not thou rehearse .
In the hope of ease to come . . .
In the houre of my distresse . . .
In the morning when ye rise . . .
In the old Scripture I have often read . .
In things a moderation keepe . .
In this little Urne is laid . .
In this little Vault she lyes . .
In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse .
In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be .
In ways to greatness, think on this .
In's Tusclanes, Tullie doth confesse .
Instruct me now, what love will do .
Is this a Fast, to keep . . .
Is this a life, to break thy sleep .
It is sufficient if we pray .
It was, and still my care is .
I've paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All .

Jacob Gods Beggar was; and so we wait .
Jealous Girles these sometimes were .
Jeovah, as Boetius saith .
Jone wo'd go tel her haires; and well she might .
Let's be jocund while we may.
Let's call for Hymen if agreed thou art.
Let's live with that small pittance that we have.
Let's now take our time.
Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it.
Life is the Body's light; which once declining.
Life of my life, take not so soon Thy flight.
Like to a Bride, come forth, my Book, at last.
Like will to like, each Creature loves his kind.
Lillies will languish; Violets look ill.
Linnit plays rarely on the Lute, we know.
Little you are; for Woman's sake be proud.
Live by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die.
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see.
Live with a thrifty, not a needy Fate.
Long Locks of late our Zelot Peason weares.
Look how our foul Days do exceed our fair.
Look, how the Rainbow doth appear.
Look upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear.
Looke in my Book, and herein see.
Lord, do not beat me.
Lord, I am like to Misletoe.
Lord, I confess, that thou alone art able.
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell.
Lost to the world; lost to my selfe; alone.
Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one.
Love and my selfe (believe me) on a day.
Love and the Graces evermore do wait.
Love bade me aske a gift.
Love brought me a silent Grove.
Love he that will; it best likes me.
Love, I have broke.
Love, I recant.
Love in a showre of Blossomes came.
Love is a Circle, and an Endless Sphere.
Love is a kind of warre: Hence those who fear.
Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse.
Love is a sirrup; and who e'er we see.
Love make, if it please.
Love me now, because I place
Love on a day (wise Poets tell).
Love's a thing, (as I do hear).
Love-sick I am, and must endure.
Love's of it self, too sweet; the best of all.
Lull's swears he is all heart; but you'll suppose.
Lupes for the outside of his suite has paide.
MAGOR frequents those houses of good-chores.
Maidens tell me I am old.
Maids nay's are nothing, they are shie.
Make haste away, and let one be.
Make, make me Thine, my gracious God.
Make me a heaven; and make me there.
Man is a Watch, wound up at first, but never.
Man is compos'd here of a two-fold part.
Man knows where first he ships himselfe; but he.
Man may at first transgress, but next do well.
Man must do well out of a good intent.
Mans disposition is for to requite.
Many we are, and yet but few possess.
May his pretty Duke-ship grow.
Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed).
Me thought last night Love in an anger came.
Mease brags of Pullets which he eats; but Mease.
Men are not born Kings, but are men renown'd.
Men are suspicious; prone to discontent.
Men must have Bounds how farre to walke; for men.
Men say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true.
Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be.
Mighty Neptune, may it please.
Milk still your Fountains, and your Springs, for why?
Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine.
Many thou first me; Prethoe fix a day.
Moon is an Unurer, whose gain
Mop-oy'd I am, as some have said.
More discontent I never had.
More white then whitest Lillies far.
Muc-h more, provides, and hoords up like an Ant.
Mudge every morning to the Postern comes.
Muscik, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming spel.
My dearest Love, since thou wilt go.

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim
Now is your turn, (my Dearest) to be set
Now, now the mirth comes
Now, now's the time; so oft by truth
Now Patrick with his footmanship has done
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see

O Earth! Earth! Earth I hear thee my voice, and be
O Jealousie, that art
O Jupiter, sho'd I speak ill
O Thou, the wonder of all dayes I
O! Times most bad
O Yeares! and Age! Farewell
O! you the Virgins nine!

Of all our parts, the eyes expresse
Of all the good things whatsoe're we do
Of all those three-brave-brothers, faint if this
Warre

Of both our Fortunes good and bad we find
Of Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth Gorrell boast
Of fourteeth onely Bridget was possest
Offer thy gift; but first the Law commands
Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shall do
Oft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say
Old Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week
Old Widdow Prouse to do her neighbours evill
Old wives have often told, how they
On, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get
On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly
One ask'd me where the roses grew?
One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet
One Eare tingles; some there be
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane
One man repentant is of more esteem.
One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent
One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties,
Onely a little more
One ask'd me where the roses grew?
One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet
One Eare tingles; some there be
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane
One man repentant is of more esteem.
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One Eare tingles; some there be
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane
One man repentant is of more esteem.
One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent
One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties,
Other men's sins we ever bear in mind
Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate
Our Crosses are no other than the rods
Our Honours, and our Commendations be
Our Household-gods our Parents be
Our mortal parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths ly
Our present Tears here (not our present laughter)
Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate
Our present Tears here (not our present laughter)
Out of the world he must, when once comes in
Pagget, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then
Paradise is (as from the Learned I gather)
Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat)
Pardon my trespasses (Silvia,) I confess
Part of the work remaines; one part is past
Partly work and partly play
Paske, though his debt be due upon the day
Paul, he began ill, but he ended well
Paul's hands do give; what give they, bread or meat?
Peapes he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if
Permit me, Julia, now to go away
Permit mine eyes to see
Phebus! when that I a Verse
Physitians say Repletion springs
Physitians fight not against men; but these
Pievish doth boast, that he's the very first
Play I co'd once; but (gentle friend) you see
Play, Phoebus, on thy Lute
Play their offensive and defensive parts
Please your Grace, from out your Store
Ponder my words, if so that any be
Praise they that will; Times past, I joy to see
Prat he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault
Predestination is the Cause alone
Preposterous is that Government, (and rude)
Prepost'rous is that order, when we run
Prickes is waspish, and puts forth his sting
Prig now drinks Water, who before drank Beere
Prigo, when he comes to houses, oft doth use
Princes and Favourites are most deere, while they
Prise, my dearest Maid, is sick
Passe and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves play
Put off Thy Robe of Purple; then go on
Put on thy Holy Fillings, and so
Put on your silks; and piece by piece
Putrefaction is the end
Rapine has yet tooke nought from me
Rare are thy cheeks Susanna, which do show
Rare is the voice itself; but when we sing
Read thou my Lines, my Sweetnam, if there be
Readers, we entreat ye pray
Reproach we may the living; not the dead
Rise, Household-Gods, and let us go
Roaring is nothing but a weeping part
Rook he sells feathers, yet he still doth cry
Roses at first were white
Roses, you can never die
Rumpe is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can
Rush saves his shoes, in wet and snowie weather
Sabbaths are threefold, as S. Austin says
Sadly I walk't within the field
Sappho, I will chuse to go
Science in God, is known to be
Sea-born Goddess, let me be
See, and not see; and if thou chance t'espy
See, bow the poor do waiting stand
Seeing thee Soame, I see a Goodly man
Seest thou that Cloud as silver clear
Seest thou that Cloud that rides in State
Seest thou those Diamonds which she weares
Shall I a daily Beggar be
Shall I go to Love and tell
Shame checks our first attempts; but then 'tis prov'd
Shame is a bad attendant to a State
Shapecot I to thee the Fairy State
Shark when he goes to any publick feast
She by the River sate, and sitting there
She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so
Shew me thy feet; shew me thy legs, thy thighs
Shift now he cast his clothes; got all things new
Shol'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here
Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
Sick is Anthus, sickly is the spring
Sin is an act so free, that if we shall
Sin is the cause of death; and sin's alone
Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it feels
Sin never slew a soul, unless there went
Sin no existence; Nature none it hath.
Sin once reach'd up to God's eternal Sphere
Since for thy full deserts (with all the rest)
Since Jack and Jill both wicked be
Since shed or Cottage I have none
Since to the Country first I came
Sing me to death; for till thy voice be clear.
Sinners confounded are a twofold way.
Sitting alone (as one forsaken)
Skinns he dined well to-day; how do you think?
Skrew lives by shifts; yet swears by no small oathes.......
Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call
Sneape has a face so brittle, that it breaks
So Good-luck came, and on my roof did light
So long (it seem'd) as Marie's Faith was small.
So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute
So look the mornings when the Sun
So looks Anthea, when in bed she lies
So smell those odours that do rise
So smooth, so sweet, so silvy is thy voice
So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles.......
Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew?
Some parts may perish; dye thou canst not all
Some salve to every sore, we may apply
Some would know.......
Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse
Sorrowes our portion are: Ere hence we goe
So Teeth has Lucie, pure as Pearl, and small
Speak, did the blood of Abel cry
Spends harmless shade, thy nightly Hours
Spenke has a strong breath, yet short Prayers saith
Spokes, when he sees a roasted Pig, he swears
Spring with the Lark, most comely Bride, and meet.
Spunge makes his boasts that he's the only man
Spur jingles now, and swears by no meane oaths
Stand by the Magick of my powerfull Rhymes
Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made
Thee here.......

Index of First Lines

Stand with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise
Stately Goddess, do thou please
Stay while ye will, or goe
Still take advice; though counsels, when they fly
Still to our gains our chief respect is had.
Store of courage to me grant
Stripes justly given yerk us (with their fall)
Studies themselves will languish and decay
Suffer thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk
Suspicion, Discontent, and Stife
Sweet Amarillis, by a Spring's
Sweet are my Julia's lips and clean.
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Sweet Bridget blush't, & therewithal
Sweet Country life, to such unknown
Sweet Oenone, doe but say
Sweet virgin, that I do not set
Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is.
TAKEN mine advise, and go not neere
Tap (better known than trusted) as we hear.
Teage has told lies so long, that when Teage tells
Teares most prevale; with teares too thin;
mayst move.
Teares quickly drye; griefes will in time decay
Teares, though th'are here below the sinners bine.
Tell, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth come
Tell me rich man, for what intent
Tell me, what needs those rich deceits
Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring
Tell that Brave Man, fain thou wouldst have
Teage has told lies so long, that when Teage tells
Teasures, through th'are here below the sinners bine.
Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue
Temptations hurt not, though they have access
Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite.
Th'art hence removing, (like a Shepherd's Tent)
Th'ast dar'd too farre; but Furie now forbear
That Christ did die, the Pagan saith
That flow of Gallants which approach
That for seven Lusters I did never come
That Happiness do's still the longest thrive
That Houre-glasse, which there ye see
That little prettie bleeding part.......

Herrick's Poems
That Love last long; let it thy first care be.
That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last.
That Manna, which God on His people cast.
That Morne which saw me made a Bride.
That Prince must govern with a gentle hand.
That Prince takes soone enough the Pictors room.
That Prince, who may do nothing but what's just.
That Princes may possess a surer seat.
That there's a God, we all do know.
That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be.
The Bad among the Good are here mixt ever.
The bloud of Abel was a thing.
The Body is the Soule's poor house, or home.
The body's salt, the soul is; which when gon.
The bound (almost) now of my book I see.
The Doctors, in the Talmud, say.
The factions of the great ones call.
The fire of Hell this strange condition hath.
The Gods require the thighes.
The Gods to Kings the Judgment give to sway.
The Hag is astride.
The Jewes their beds, and offices of ease.
The Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read).
The longer thred of life we spin.
The May-pole is up.
The mellow touch of musick most doth wound.
The Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say).
The only comfort of my life.
The Person crowns the Place; your lot doth fall.
The Power of Princes rests in the Consent.
The repetition of the name made known.
The rose was sick, and smiling did.
The Saints-bell calls; and, Julia, I must read.
The same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be.
The seeds of Treason choke up as they spring.
The shame of mans face is no more.
The staffe is now greas'd.
The strength of Baptisme, that's within.
The sup'rabundance of my store.
The teares of Saints more sweet by farre.
The time the Bridegroom stays from hence.
The Twi-light is no other thing (we say).
The Virgin Marie was (as I have read).
Thou seest me Lucia this year droope 
Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot; but I 
Thou shalt not All die; for while Love's fire 
shines 
Thou, thou that bear'st the sway 
Thou who wilt not love, doe this 
Though a wise man all pressures can sustaine . 
Though by well-warding many blowes w'ave past 
Though Clock 
Though Frankinsense the Deities require 
Though from without no foes at all we feare 
Though good things answer many good intents 
Though I cannot give thee fires 
Though long it be, yeeres may repay the debt 
Though Thou beest all that Active Love 
Thousands each day passse by, which wee 
Three fatall Sisters wait upon each sin . 
Three lovely Sisters working were 
Thrice, and above, blest (my soules halfe) art thou...... 
Thrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have 
Through all the night 
Thus I 
Thy Azure Robe, I did behold 
Thy former coming was to cure 
Thy sooty Godhead, I desire . 
Till I shall come again, let this suffice . 
Time is the Bound of things, where e're we go 
'Tis a known principle in War 
'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad Kings 
'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehending 
'Tis Heresie in others; In your face 
'Tis liberty to serve one Lord; but he . 
'Tis much among the filthy to be clean 
'Tis never, or but seldom knowne 
'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall 
'Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies 
'Tis never ev'ry day, that I 
'Tis not greatnesse they require 
'Tis not the food, but the content 
'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends 
'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among 
'Tis still observ'd that Fame we're singing 
'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are 
'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art 
'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show 
To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be 
To a Love-Feast we both invited are 
To an old sort a long cure must go on 
To Bread and Water none is poore 
To cleanse his eyes, Tom Brock makes much use 
To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall 
To fetch me Wine my Lucia went 
To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed 
To gather Flowers Sappha went 
To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside 
To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go 
To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't 
To house the Hag, you must doe this . 
To joyn with them who here confer 
To me my Julia lately sent 
To-morrow, Julia, I betimes must rise 
To mortall men great loads allotted be 
To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares 
To paint the fiend, Pink would the Devill see 
To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause 
To read my Booke the Virgin shie 
To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing must 
To seek of God more then we well can find 
To sup with thee thou didst me home invite 
To this white Temple of my Heroes, here 
To work a wonder, God would have her shown 
Tom Blinks his Nose, is full of wheales, and 
Tom shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can 
Touch but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare 
Trigg having turn'd his sute, he struts in state 
True mirth resides not in the smiling skin 
True rev'rence is (as Cassiodore doth prove) 
True to your self, and sheets, you'l have me swear 
Truggin a Footman was; yet he never can 
Trust me Ladies, I will do 
Truth by her own simplicity is known 
Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes 
Tumble me down, and I will sit 
Try to order me, I pray do but 
'Twixt yeary plants and yeary flowers 
'Twixt what yeer with what yeer 
'Twoling his Sute in State 
'Ye are my best of Friends, my best of Friends 
'Ye are my best of Friends, my best of Friends 
'Ye are my best of Friends, my best of Friends
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'Twas but a single Rose .......
'Twas Cesars saying:
Kings no lesse Conquerors
'Twas not Lov's Dart 427
Twice has Pudica been a Bride, and led ' 478
Twilight, no other thing is, Poets say . . 859
'Twixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty odds...... 2c
'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference
known ..... 862
'Twixt Truth and Errour; there's this difference
known

Two instruments belong unto our God .
Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd ,
Two parts of us successively command .
Two things do make society to stand . ,
Under a Lawne, then skyes more cleare .
Upon her cheekes she wept, and from those showers
Urles had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand .
Ursley, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace .

Vineger is no other I define . . . Q6-
Virgins promis'd when I dy'd .
Virgins, time-past, known were these ,
Want is a softer Wax, that takes thereon
Wanton Wenches do not bring .
Wantons we are ; and though our words be such
Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure .
Wash your hands, or else the fire
Wassalle the Trees, that they may bearre
Water, water I desire ....
Water, Water I espie.
We are Coheires with Christ ; nor shall His own
We blame, nay, we despise her pains.
We credit most our sight; one eye doth please
We merit all we suffer, and by far
We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace
We read now Faunus, he the shepheards God:
We Trust not to the multitude in Warre
We two are last in Hell: what may we feare.
Welcom! but yet no entrance, till we blesse
Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light
Weigh me the Fire; or canst thou find
Welcome, Great Cesar, welcome now you are

Welcome, Maids of Honour . . . 205
Welcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us
Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late
We 1 to give thee Baptisme, I wo'd chuse
Were there not a Matter known
What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents
What can I do in Poetry
What I can my Kellam drink his Sack
What Conscience, say, is it in thee
What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see
What God gives, and what we take
What here we hope for, we shall once inherit
What I fancy, I approve
What is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve
What is't that wastes a Prince? example shows in
What need we marry Women, when
What needs complaints
What now we like, anon we disapprove
What off-spring other men have got
What others have with cheapeenes scene, and
What's got by Justice is establisht sure
What's that we see from far? the spring of Day
What though my Harp, and Violl be
What though the Heaven be lowering now
What though the sea be calm? Trust to the
What times of sweetnesse this faire day fore­
shows
What was't that fell but now
What will ye (my poor Orphans) do
What Wisdom, Learning, Wit, or Worth
Whatever comes, let's be content withall
Whatever men for Loyalty pretend
Whatever thing I see
When a Daffadill I see ....
When a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead
When after many Lusters thou shalt be
When age or Chance has made me blind
When all Birds els do of their musick failre
When as Leander young was drown'd
When Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries
When ere my heart, Love's warmth but enter­
taines
When feare admits no hope of safety, then
When first I find those Numbers thou do'st write
When flowing garments I behold, N. 231
When I a ship see on the Seas N. 318
When I a Verse shall make N. 365
When I behold a Forrest spread N. 473
When I behold Thee, almost slain N. 1148
When I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay N. 2123
When I departed am, ring thou my knell N. 280
When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart N. 122
When I goe Hence, ye Closet-Gods, I feare N. 633
When I love, (as some have told) N. 570
When I of Villars doe but heare the name N. 342
When I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here N. 99
When I through all my many Poems look N. 227
When I thy Parts runne ore, I can't espie N. 16
When I thy singing next shall heare N. 68
When Jill complaines to Jack for want of meate N. 499
When Julia blushes, she do's show N. 296
When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while N. 150
When Lawes full power have to sway, we see N. 609
When man is punisht, he is plagued still N. 72
When my date's done, and my gray age must die N. 112
When once the sin has fully acted been N. 37
When once the Soule has lost her way N. 233
When one is past, another care we have N. 48
When others gain much by the present cast N. 375
When out of bed my Love doth spring N. 403
When some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was N. 62
When that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm gone N. 222
When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read N. 264
When times are troubled, then forbeare; but speak N. 1072
When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more N. 116
When we speak, & nothing do that's good & true N. 256
When Winds and Seas do rage N. 122
When with the Virgin morning thou dost arise N. 321
When words we want, Love teacheth to endite N. 847
Whenas in silks my Julia goes N. 760
Where God is merry, there write down thy fears N. 63
Where love begins, there dead thy first desire N. 874
Where others love, and praise my Verses; still I live N. 173
Where Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there N. 828
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Whether I was my selfe, or else did see N. 821
While Fates permit us, let's be merry N. 458
While leastest Beasts in Pastures feed N. 766
While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee N. 114
While the milder Fates consent N. 453
While thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd N. 111
White as Zenobias teeth, the which the Girles N. 742
White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know N. 750
Whither dost thou whorry me N. 416
Whither, Mad-maiden, wilt thou roame? N. 172
Whither? Say, whither shall I fly N. 115
Who begs to die for feare of humane need N. 826
Who formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone N. 269
Who may do most, do's least; The bravest will N. 705
Who plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile? N. 1061
Who, railing, drives the Lazer from his door N. 695
Who read'st this Book that I have writ N. 661
Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health N. 1042
Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when N. 792
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Whom shou'd I fear to write to, if I can N. 168
Whose head befringid with be-scattered tresses N. 257
Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Teares N. 258
Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart N. 1091
Why I tye about thy wrist N. 323
Why, Madam, will ye longer weep N. 515
Why shou'd we covet much, whenas we know N. 996
Why so slowly do you move N. 857
Why this Flower is now call'd so N. 424
Why walkes Nick Flimsey like a Male-content? N. 874
Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare? N. 875
Wilt thou my true Friend be? N. 575
Wilt thou my true Friend be? N. 116
With blameless carriage, I live'd here N. 103
With golden Censers, and with Incense, here N. 222
Wither'd with yeeres, and bed-rid Mumma lyes N. 477
Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin? N. 477
Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin? N. 477
Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get? N. 720
Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream? N. 492
Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife) N. 79
Women, although they ne're so goodly make it N. 675
Words beget Anger; Anger brings forth blows.
Wrinkles no more are, or no less.
Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time.

Ye've laughed enough (sweet), vary now your text.
Ye have been fresh and green.
Ye may simper, blush, and smile.
Yee pretty Husbwives, wo'd ye know.
Yee silent shades, whose each tree here.
You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man.
You are a Tulip seen to day.
You ask me what I doe, and how I live?
You have beheld a smiling Rose.
You may vow lie not forget.
You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play.
You say, to me-wards your affection's strong.
You say y'are sweet; how sho'd we know.
You say y'are young; but when your Teeth are told.

You see this gentle streame, that glides.
Young I was, but now am old.
EVERYMAN, I WILL GO WITH THEE, 
& BE THY GUIDE 
IN THY MOST NEED 
TO GO BY THY SIDE.